

THE ONLY FROG IN THE POND
BY: Isole Baker

Ozzie was a merry little tadpole, not much bigger than a bubble. He could dart, skim, and wiggle into the tiniest crevices of the rocks around the edge of the pond.

Ozzie hoped that someday he would grow up. He wanted to become a big green frog like Grandpa Croak. He grew four legs and lost his tail, and before Ozzie knew what was happening to him, he was a little frog.

As he grew Ozzie became a very selfish little frog. He wished for the day when he could leave home and find a pond all to himself. He wanted a place where he could sit on a log in the choice spot of sunshine and not be crowded by other frogs that wanted in the sunshine too. He wanted the biggest lily pad in the pond for his own. He wanted the best hiding place among the cattails if mean boys should come along.

"No frog will ever be happy if he won't associate with other frogs," warned Grandpa Croak. "You must learn to share with others and to be happy with them. Don't try to be the only frog in the pond."

But Ozzie didn't listen to the wise old frog. When he was old enough, he wandered from stream to stream looking for just the right place. Finally he came to an old mill that had been abandoned long ago. At one end of the millpond rushes were growing in the shallow water. Along one side were water lilies with big pads that looked inviting to Ozzie. There was even a log sticking out of the deep water where he could sit in the sun or dive into the deep water. Just the spot Ozzie had been looking for!

"This is where I shall make my home," he said. "I shall always be content here. I will never worry about what happened yesterday. I will never worry about what might happen tomorrow. I'll be happy the rest of my days."

Ozzie enjoyed the old millpond that day. He took no thought of time. He leisurely swam out to the log for a sun bath, and there practiced his deep tones.

"Croak! Croak! Croak!" he sang. Then he winked and blinked and went to sleep.

After his nap Ozzie practiced diving. The exercise made him hungry, and so he swam to the bank and had a luscious meal of insects. With no other frogs around to catch them it was easy to find plenty of insects.

(more)

Release April 28, 1955

When night came though, he missed Grandpa Croak's deep bass voice saying,
"Kerchunk! Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

He missed the singing convention that started soon after dusk and lasted most of the night.

Everything was so very quiet at the old millpond that Ozzie couldn't sleep. He tried burying himself in the mud. He tried the biggest lily pad. He tried the old rotten log. He grew more and more restless.

"I'm lonsesome," he thought, "but I don't want to go back home. Grandpa Croak warned me that I would never be happy as long as I was selfish."

Finally sunrise came. How happy Ozzie was when the long black quietness was gone. Even the splash that he made when he dived into the pond was a welcome noise to him.

After a swim around the pond, Ozzie started down the mill stream to look for some companions. Along the way he watched dragonflies skimming over the water. He saw turtles floating quietly, and a red-winged blackbird that had his nest in the rushes. He saw a mother deer showing her baby how to drink.

The stream tumbled and splashed as it wound its way among the hills. It jumped over big stones and fell into deep pools.

At the edge of one of these deep pools Ozzie met Bog and Tog, twin frogs, practicing their tones. Tog had a high soprano voice. He could make notes go
here

up
way

But Bog had a deep bass voice. His notes went
way

down
here.

Ozzie thought, "What a good time we could have together, practicing our tones every night, and playing leapfrog and follow-the-leader every day. It's no fun to be the only frog in the pond."

So Ozzie told Bog and Tog about the lovely place he had found near the old mill and invited them to share it with him. They decided to go with Ozzie.

The trip upstream was lots of fun. They played leapfrog over the big stones, and had races in the deep pools. They played follow-the-leader through the cattails and around the lily pads.

How happy Ozzie was when they at last came to the old millpond. He was glad to have friends with whom to share it. He was glad he would not have another lonesome night there. He was never again going to try to be the only frog in the pond.

LEARNING GOD'S GOOD WAY
WHICH ONE?

Karen's and Mary's mother was not feeling well. She asked Karen and Mary to wash and dry the breakfast dishes.

When they had finished the dishes, Mary said, "Let's surprise Mother! I will make the beds and you can empty the wastebaskets."

"No!" said Karen. "Mother just asked us to do the breakfast dishes. I am going to play with Helen." And she ran out the door.

Mary put the dishes away. Then she made the beds and emptied the wastebaskets. Which one--Mary or Karen---showed best her love for her mother?

A VERSE FOR YOU

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain (two).--Matt: 5:41

(Prepared by Esther F. Thom)
Copyrighted material used by permission

SOME SOUNDS TO GUESS
BY: Enola Chamberlin

Whether they're white or brown or black,
Ducks will always say, "-----,-----."
Dogs will whine or say "Bow-wow,"
But your kitten greets you-"-----."
Donkeys bray and mules do too,
But bossy cows say, only,"----."
Horses whinny, songbirds sing,
But boys and girls say any-----.

Answers

Quack, quack; meow; moo; thing.

(Copyrighted material used by permission)

NOTE TO EDITORS: In setting type for the above, please turn the line of answers upside down.

RAIN

BY: Nona Keen Duffy

The thunder is rumbling,
It's storming today;
It's raining and raining
So we cannot play.

We look through our windows
At garden and street
And see how the water
Falls down in a sheet.

The raindrops are washing
The faces of flowers,
The dainty, white blossoms
Are taking their showers!

The thunder is rumbling
The rain's beating down,
It's washing the windows
And showering the town!

SOMETHING TO DO.

Read the poem above. Then ask your mother to help you find and read some Bible verses about the rain: Job 5:10; 36:27-28; 37:11; Psalms 147:7-8.

Copyright, 1955, all rights reserved.