

BAPTIST FEATURES

Released by BAPTIST PRESS
127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE
June 30, 1955

THE LITTLE RED SAILBOAT
BY: Florence J. Johnson

"I wish we could think of something to do," sighed Jimmy.

For seven whole days he and Susan had been here at the camp where the doctor had said Mother must stay until she was stronger. There did not seem to be anyone their own age in the cabins scattered through the woods and along the river.

Suddenly Jimmy jumped up. "Susan," he cried, "isn't that a boat in the reeds?"

He kicked off his sneakers, and waded out into the stream, and pulled a little red sailboat free from the reeds.

"What a beauty!" Susan said. "Look! There's a name." She pointed to the small white letters painted on one side of the boat.

"D-a-n-n-y R-u-t-h," Jimmy spelled it out. "Do you suppose that's the name of the owner, Danny Ruth somebody? Maybe the boat floated away from him or her."

Susan looked at the river. "Water flows down," she said. "It must have come from that direction," and she pointed to the north.

"There are several cabins around the bend. We haven't been there yet."

Jimmy examined the boat. The paint was bright and shiny and red and new-looking. The sails were snowy-white. But, that wasn't what had caught his eye. There was a piece of oilcloth wrapped around one of the masts. He had never heard of seamen wrapping oilcloth around a mast when the sails were spread out. Carefully he unfastened the heavy thread, and unrolled the oilcloth. A small slip of paper fluttered to the ground.

Susan picked it up and read:

"A northern trail,
An old tin pail,
A big oak tree,
And there we'll be."

"What in the world!" Jimmy examined the paper, then looked at the boat. "Susan, someone wants to meet us. They made a mystery out of it. Instead of coming here, they've sent us a riddle to solve and find them."

"'A northern trail!' Must mean to go north," Susan said slowly. "I'm sure the boat came from that direction."

"North to an old tin pail." Jimmy turned toward the cabin. "Let's ask Mother if we can go."

A few minutes later they were following the trail along the riverbank and around the bend. They went past two cabins, but no tin pail did they see.

Finally Susan saw a tin pail lying on its side beside a cabin.

"There's no oak tree," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "Let's go on."

They went past two more cabins, then Jimmy saw the big oak tree. It stood straight and tall, and beneath it was a log cabin with flowers blooming around the step. The door was wide open, but there was no one in sight.

Jimmy and Susan looked at it.

"There's no tin pail," said Jimmy.

"Oh, dear! I did hope this was the place.

Oh!" Susan stopped, and pointed. "There is a tin pail. Look! They have flowers growing in it."

Jimmy turned quickly. He saw the big tin pail on the stump of a tree. It was filled with geraniums. He and Susan ran toward the open door.

(more)

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"Hi!" A boy and girl stepped out, giggling. "What sleepy-heads you are! We didn't hear a sound when we went to leave the ship early this morning," said the boy.

"Didn't it float down?" Susan asked in disappointment.

"Sure. But we followed to make sure that it would stop at your place. Mr. Bright, the grocery store man, told us about you," the girl said. "I'm Ruth Oliver. He's Danny," nodding toward her brother.

"Then the boat is named after both of you!" Jimmy handed it to the other boy. "It's a peach of a boat."

"We almost got side-tracked. There was a tin pail by another cabin, but when we didn't see the oak tree, we came on." Susan looked around. "Do you live here all the time?"

"Oh, no. But we've been coming here every summer for years. We saw the tin pail by Mrs. Gridley's cabin this morning, and wondered if you'd see it, too," laughed Ruth.

"Oh," Jimmy exclaimed. He was staring at a boat Danny had brought out. "Why, it's just like yours, except it's white instead of red." He looked at it admiringly. It was a beauty--the white sails, the white boat with red lines for trim.

"It's yours," Danny told him. "Cap Smith makes them. He'll paint the name on it when you decide what to call it."

Jimmy looked at his sister. She nodded.

"Jimmy Sue and Danny Ruth! Come, let's see how they race," said Danny. "You can stay for lunch, can't you? Mom's over at Mrs. Nelson's but she'll be back soon. We'll go part way with you this afternoon, to Cap Smith's cabin, to leave the boat so he can paint on the name."

"Oh, boy! What a summer we'll have this year," Jimmy said as he lined the white boat up even with the little red boat that had started him and his sister on a mysterious trip up the northern trail, a trail to two new friends.

Follow the numbers in the picture and see if you can draw "The Little Red Sailboat."

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A VISIT WITH GRANDMA

BY: Margaret Good Gregory

I like to visit Grandma's house
When Mother's going out,
We find such happy things to do
And things to talk about!

Sometimes we play a checker game
Or make a puzzle map,
And often Grandma reads to me
All snuggled on her lap.

She tells me of the days long past
When she would romp and play
And do her chores and walk to school
About three miles away.

She always has some goodies
Just made for us to eat,
Oh! Going to visit Grandma
Is such a lovely treat!!

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