

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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Children's Page  
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MR. BIMBO AND HIS BRINDLE COW  
BY: Rose Ross

Mr. Bimbo and his brindle cow didn't always agree on everything. Especially on Mrs. Brindle's bad habit of climbing through the fence into someone else's lot. In fact, nearly every neighbor in Pickerpoff Town had chased Mrs. Brindle out of his garden. That didn't make for very good friendships. At least, not for the very best friendships.

"Dear me! Oh, dearie me!" cried Mr. Bimbo. "What shall I ever do? I've tried being nice, and I've tried being gruff and acting quite mad. What shall I ever do with Mrs. Brindle?"

"I'd give her a good spanking," said Young Sally Ann. "If she is bad, that's what she deserves."

"She is bad," said little Tim Brown. "Mrs. Brindle tramped across our potato patch and Papa said she ought to have a rope around her neck."

"She skedaddled right down our sweet corn row," said Beverly Sue. "Mother says she is the troubling-makingest cow in all Pickerpoff Town."

"Oh, my me!" groaned Mr. Bimbo. "Now I must do something. I s'pose I'll just have to take Mrs. Brindle off to the market this very morning. Much as I hate to part with her, I simply can't have her making trouble all over Pickerpoff Town."

"Do you want us to help you dress her for market?" asked Young Sally Ann.

"We can curry and comb and brush her for you," said little Tim Brown.

"And put a rose in her halter to make her look nice," said Beverly Sue.

"And polish her hoofs till they're shiny and bright," said kind Steven Lay.

"We want to help you, Mr. Bimbo. We are sorry you must take Mrs. Brindle away."

"Well, there's no use to fumble and falter on such a sad matter," sighed Mr. Bimbo. "I'll be pleased if you'll help me dress Mrs. Brindle for market."

Young Sally Ann and Little Tim Brown ran to fetch a pail of soapy water. Beverly Sue and kind Steven Lay got down the brushes and combs from the stall. Then they all set to work, getting Mrs. Brindle ready for her trip to market.

They combed and curried and brushed and brushed until Mrs. Brindle's tawny coat shone like the sun.

They shined her hoofs and polished her horns and tied a rose in her halter.

She looked stunning, indeed, when completely dressed up.

"Now, I must be on my way," said Mr. Bimbo. "Thank you kindly for helping me get Mrs. Brindle ready for market."

Mr. Bimbo took down his best straw hat from off the peg by the kitchen door and put it on his head. Then he and Mrs. Brindle started down the road, jig, jog, jig, to market.

The children followed after them.

Presently Steven Lay said, "I shall miss the warm sweet milk that Mrs. Brindle gave me each morning for my breakfast."

"I shall miss my ride on her back to the water tank," said Little Tim Brown.

"Mother and I shall miss the golden butter she gave for our cakes," said Beverly Sue.

"I shall miss her thick yellow cream for my red strawberries," said Young Sally Ann.

"I am afraid we shall miss our friend very much," said kind Steven Lay. "Maybe she ought not go to market. Maybe we should think of something else to do with her."

"Maybe we should," cried the others. "Maybe that would be better."

Mr. Bimbo stopped and ruffled his hair.

Mrs. Brindle lifted her head and moaned softly. She wasn't happy about going away from Pickerpoff.

"I think if we shared our good things with Mrs. Brindle she might not crawl through the fence," said Little Tim Brown. "I could fetch her a carrot or two every day."

"We could give her turnips and red beet tops," said Young Sally Ann. "That ought to make her so happy that she wouldn't want to leave home."

"Please bring her back," cried the children to Mr. Bimbo.

"Please bring her back," cried the neighbors and friends. "We're used to Mrs. Brindle's visits and we would miss her, now. Please bring her back to Pickerpoff Town where she belongs."

(more)

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Mr. Bimbo smiled and turned around. He led Mrs. Brindle back to her own neat meadow and put her inside.

"I'll fetch her a carrot right now," said Little Tim Brown. "Maybe she will understand that we would rather fetch them to her than have her go help herself."

The children brought Mrs. Brindle some vegetables from their gardens, each morning, after that; so she had no excuse for crawling through the fence. At least she never did do such a thing again. Never!

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## MY STAR

By: Ila Lewis Funderburgh

Far and high in the night time sky  
Hangs a little star that's mine;  
Though it's high up and I'm low down,  
Our signal code works fine.

We wink and blink, we smile and wave  
Through my window pane each night;  
Oh I am proud and lucky too  
To have my own night light!  
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## PET HOMES BY: Ellen Brown

(Fill in the rhyme with the name of the pet that lives here.)

If their cage were not wired so nice  
They'd gnaw right through for they're white \_\_\_\_\_.

This pet lives in a coup and pen  
Because it is a little \_\_\_\_\_.

This pet lives in a clean round dish  
With water for it is a \_\_\_\_\_.

You made a house for me of logs  
And gave me bones for I'm your \_\_\_\_\_.

Ans: mice, hen, fish, dog.

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