

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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ROGER'S THANKSGIVING DISCOVERY BY: Clara J. Smith

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Roger's mother had just taken a big pan of cookies out of the oven when he and his new friend Norman came running through the house and into the kitchen.

"Whoopee, I knew it," shouted Roger, swooping up two cookies in each hand and motioning to Norman to help himself.

Norman hesitated. The cook at his house always shoed him out of their kitchen.

"Go ahead," said Mother. "Take all you want. Roger can smell freshly baked cookies miles away. If ever he gets lost, I'll bake a batch of cookies and his nose will lead him home."

The boys both grinned and Roger said between bites, "Mmmm, they're the best ever, Mom. Could we have some for a picnic lunch? Norman wants me to hike to Bear Mountain with him. I can, can't I?"

Mother stopped cutting out cookie dough and looked up.

"You mean just you and Norman? No, I'm sorry, but it's too far."

"You never let me go anywhere," protested Roger. "Norm's mother lets him go. He does anything he wants to, don't you, Norm?"

"Well," answered Norm, "almost anything, I guess. My mom and dad do what they want to, too."

"See," argued Roger. "Why can't we do that way? Then everybody would be happy."

"I wonder," said Mother. "Anyhow, I don't think your daddy would agree to it. Suppose I should want to read a book just when he wanted his dinner. I'm sorry, but no Bear Mountain today. Besides, I need your help, with all the company coming tomorrow."

"What fun is that?" grumbled Roger. "Norm's folks take their company to the restaurant. He never has to help."

Mother went back to her cookies and Roger knew there was no use arguing the matter further. Norman, feeling pretty sorry for Roger, edged his way to the door.

"Be seeing you, Rog. Thanks for the cookies, Mrs. Martin."

"You're welcome," smiled Mother. "Come any time. I bake real often."

He was off, and as soon as the door closed behind him, Roger fled upstairs to his room, muttering, "I wish I was Norm! I wish I was Norm!"

Early the next morning the relatives began arriving. Roger forgot about Bear Mountain with the house full of uncles and aunts and cousins--and delicious smells. A huge turkey was roasting in the oven. Every time his mother opened the door to baste it, Roger leaned over her shoulder and sniffed hungrily.

Everybody was helping and bumping into one another and laughing. Roger whipped the cream topping for the pumpkin pies until it stood up in little peaks like snow on a picket fence. He glanced out of the window. Hooray! it was snowing. His daddy, carrying an armful of logs, was covered with the feathery flakes. Roger ran to open the door for him.

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Roger knew that after dinner was over and the dishes washed and the table set again for supper they would all gather around the crackling open fire and pop corn and play games. Great-Grandfather would tell them about when he was a boy and the Indians came.

"Why," thought Roger, "Thanksgiving is 'most as good as Christmas."

When the phone rang, Roger answered it. In a minute or two he rushed back into the kitchen all excited.

"It was Norm," he said, "and do you know what? His folks went out of town to a party and left him with the housekeeper. On Thanksgiving! They gave him some money and told him he could do whatever he wanted to do. But there isn't anything he wants to do. He invited me to go to a movie, but I told him I couldn't that I was helping. Can't he eat with us?"

"Of course, he can," said Mother. "Get him right away. You know, I believe he'd like to help, too."

Roger was already putting on his coat as his mother was talking. He pulled his coonskin cap down over his ears and started for the door.

Then he came back and whispered so just his mother could hear, "I like our way the best. I'm glad I'm me!"

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THANKSGIVING DAY

BY: Margaret Good Gregory

The turkey's on the platter,
The Cranberry sauce is done,
There're mountains of mashed potatoes,
Oh, we're ready for the fun!

The house is warm and steamy
With smells of mince and spice
And pumpkin pies and pudding
Make all the air so nice.

Mother's pink and pretty,
As she does last minute things,
And Dad seems all excited--
Inside my heart just sings!

Aunt Martha's driving in now,
Hurrah! Let's shout a cheer--
Thanksgiving Day for my family and me
Is the grandest day of the year!

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AUTUMN ON THE FARM

BY: Edna Hull Miller

Autumn is a time to work
Gathering ripe things in--
Apples, popcorn, squash, and pears
To fill Grandmother's bin.

When winter days are cold
And a fire feels good,
We will sit by Grandmother's side,
Eating this fine food.

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