



# An Old Secret



## Chapter Three - by Russ and Kay Hively

Joe reached in the box and pulled out a candy bar. Daddy smiled and said that Mr. Wardlaw sometimes slipped a treat to kids he thought had been good. Joe's father said the grocer had even slipped him candy when he was a boy.

Joe had never thought about Daddy being a boy. He wondered how old Mr. Wardlaw was if he was running his store when Daddy was a boy. While being bounced around in the truck, Joe broke the candy into four pieces, one piece for everyone in the family. Daddy looked at Joe and told him he did not want any. He said Joe could have his piece. Joe wolfed down one piece and saved the second for later.

When Joe and his father got back to the farm, Grant joined them and they went back to the patch. Throughout the day Daddy and Grant took turns driving the truck into town and unloading the melons. About mid-afternoon Joe realized that they had picked about two-thirds of the crop. When they had first started, Joe thought they were never going to get all the work done.

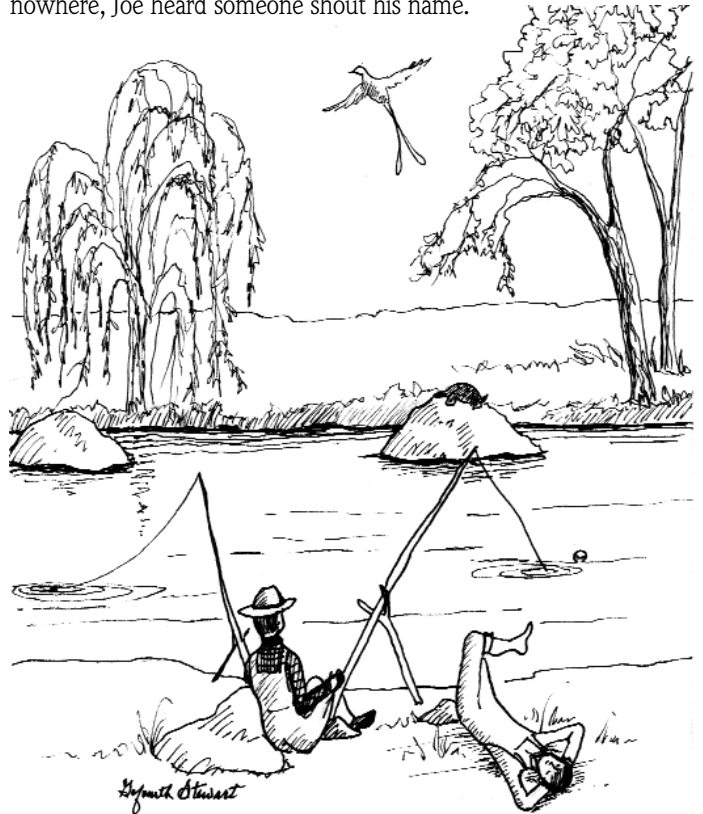
Late that afternoon, Daddy pulled two fishing poles from behind the seat of the truck. Joe's eyes widened. He had never seen Daddy do that before. Then Daddy told the boys that while he took this load of melons to town, they could go to the creek and fish. Daddy said he would be home in time for supper.

Joe liked to fish, but even better than fishing he liked cooling off in the creek on a hot day. In an instant, Grant had the fishing poles in his hand and was headed to the creek. Joe had to hurry to keep up with him.

On the way to the creek the boys stopped and looked for bait. In no time they had managed to collect about a dozen worms and grasshoppers. As they neared the creek bank, Joe heard a turtle plop into the water. Both boys immediately waded into the cool water and rinsed off some of the dust. Joe thought the cool water felt wonderful.

Clean and cool, the boys got down to the serious business of fishing. At least it was serious to Grant. Joe was less concerned about catching fish than his brother. He was known to fall asleep while holding his fishing rod. Ready for a rest, Joe settled into his favorite spot and cast his line into the water. Quietly he sat and watched a scissortail moving among the trees on the other side of the creek.

Between naps Joe caught a couple of small catfish and threaded them on a piece of string. To pass the time he watched them swim and wiggle in the cool creek water. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Joe heard someone shout his name.



Author Kay Hively and Illustrator Billie Goforth-Stewart are both of Neosho, Mo. Russ Hively lives in Newtonia, Mo. Produced by the Missouri Press Foundation. Copyright 2006.

## Things to Think About and Do

- Joe realized they had picked two-thirds of the watermelons in the patch. If they had been picking for six days, how many days of picking did they have left?
- The Porters used poles to fish in the creek. What other things are used to catch fish? Draw pictures of people catching fish with the various fish catching methods and find out why these methods are used.

STANDARDS - G3:3; M:1; G2:5; FA:5; S:8

Next Week: Chapter Four – Grant needs help.