

Good Morning, Mr. President

Chapter Six - by Kay Hively

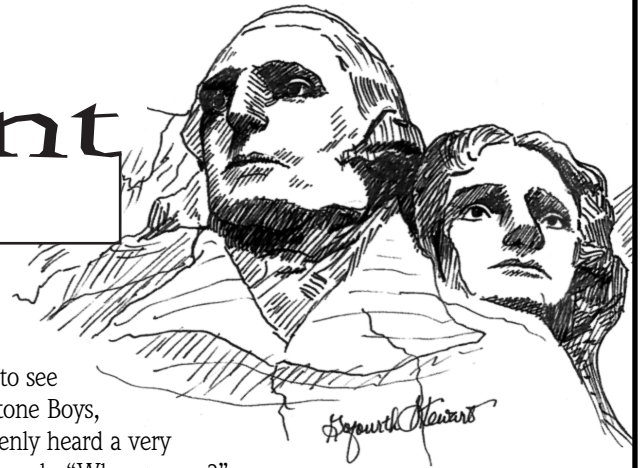
Peggy decided it would be more interesting to see the Potter place than go back to the cabin. Hugging her bouquet close to her heart, she started walking. After only a few steps, she came to a bend in the road. Making the turn, Peggy found herself standing in front of a big house.

Made of stones and logs, it didn't look like any house she had ever seen.

It was more like the log cabin where the Jansen family was staying. But the Potter place was much bigger than the cabin. The stones in the house looked just like those on Mount Rushmore.

Across the front of the house was a long porch. From there, a person could see the entire mountain. Peggy thought it would be a great place to sit and read or play checkers.

Looking up, Peggy could see that men were back at work. Some were on top of the mountain and others were strapped into harnesses, hanging down where Mr. Lincoln's face would be. Peggy wondered if one of them was her father.



As
Peggy
strained
her eyes to see
the Keystone Boys,
she suddenly heard a very
loud voice ask, "Who are you?"

Peggy whirled around and saw a stern-looking woman standing on the porch of the big house. Trying not to be afraid, Peggy told the old woman her name.

The old woman didn't say anything for a moment. Then she asked what Peggy was doing in her yard. Peggy said she lived just up the hill and had come to pick flowers.

The old lady looked at the flowers in Peggy's arm. Then she changed the tone of her voice and invited Peggy to come up on the porch. Peggy wasn't sure what to do. Thinking for a moment, she thought it would be all right.

If Mrs. Potter started to hit her, Peggy knew she could outrun an old lady.

Soon Peggy was seated in a big wicker chair with her bouquet lying on a wicker table. Mrs. Potter introduced herself and poured Peggy a glass of ice water.

From her chair, Peggy had a wonderful view of Mount Rushmore. She thanked Mrs. Potter for inviting her up on the porch. Then she said that her father was working on the head of President Lincoln.

Like a jay bird, Peggy chatted and chatted. She told about driving all the way from Nebraska. She talked about her mother and her father and her brother, Mike. When she finished telling all about herself, Peggy asked Mrs. Potter if she knew how to play checkers.

Mrs. Potter laughed and said she hadn't played checkers in years. She said she spent most of her time reading books. Peggy asked where she got books to read. Mrs. Potter said she had her own library and it had 2,000 books.

Peggy could not imagine that many books in someone's house. They would fill a whole room. She wondered if Mrs. Potter had any books about the Presidents who were on the mountain. But Peggy decided she had already talked too much. She would ask that question on her next visit.

Author Kay Hively and Illustrator Billie Gofourth-Stewart are both of Neosho, Missouri. Produced in partnership with this newspaper and the Missouri Press Foundation with support from Verizon Foundation. Copyright 2002.

Classroom Extensions

Things to Think About and Do -

- Have you ever seen a wicker chair? What is a wicker chair made of? How is it made?
- Peggy chatted like a jay bird. Is there really a jay bird? Look up the word "ornithology."

STANDARDS - G1:1; G1:2; S1; S8; S3

Next Week: Chapter Seven - Lessons of Life