

Good Morning, Mr. President

Chapter Seven – by Kay Hively

“Good morning, Mr. President,” Peggy chirped as she awoke each morning in South Dakota. Seeing President Washington the first thing every day was very special. Sometimes at night when she went to bed, she could hardly wait to get to sleep so she could wake up and see the President.

Peggy did not visit Mrs. Potter for more than a week. She was busy learning to piece material for her mother’s quilt. Peggy could not make small stitches, but her mother never complained.

While Peggy was learning to quilt, Mike was taking music lessons. When he learned that Mrs. Foster had a guitar and could teach music, Mike begged for lessons.

Mrs. Jansen was happy that Peggy and Mike were learning the lessons of life.

At night when Peggy’s father came home, he told about working on the mountain. He talked about the Keystone Boys and about



Classroom Extensions

Things to Think About and Do –

- A. What kind of artist was Mr. Borglum? Using clay or some other molding material, make your own copy of Mount Rushmore.
- B. What is the height of Mount Rushmore? How tall are the heads of the Presidents on the mountain? How tall is Mr. Lincoln’s nose?

STANDARDS – G1:1; FA5; M2; FA1

Mr. Borglum, the artist who was in charge of carving Mount Rushmore. Peggy liked hearing about Mr. Borglum. She thought he might be a bit strange, like Mrs. Potter.

Her father promised to take Peggy to the top of the mountain one day. He said she would have to climb more than 500 steps to get there.

One morning Peggy decided to go see Mrs. Potter rather than work on the quilt.

It didn’t take her long to get to the big house. Mrs. Potter was sitting on her porch reading a book. Peggy stood in the road and called out to the old lady. Mrs. Potter stared over the top of her glasses and then motioned for Peggy to join her.

As soon as she was seated in the wicker chair, Peggy looked up at Mount Rushmore. She never got tired of the mountain. In the past two or three days, she had begun to see Mr. Lincoln’s face. Every day, the face took on personality.

Turning to her hostess, Peggy asked what Mrs. Potter was reading. The old lady put a strip of paper in the book to mark her place, and then laid the book in her lap. It was a book about Abraham Lincoln, she said. Peggy’s eyes popped wide open. She had been hoping to find a book about all the Presidents who would be on the mountain.

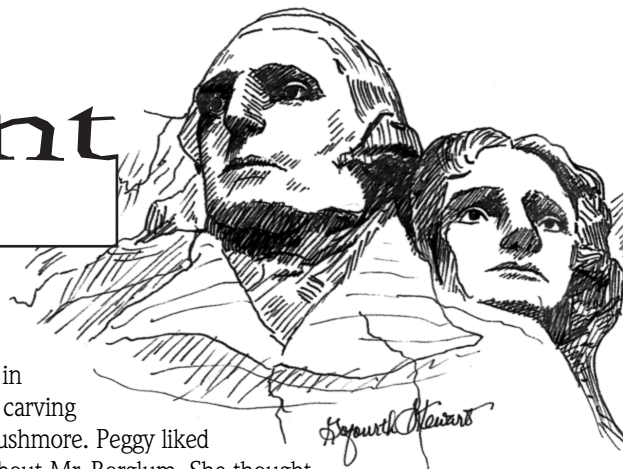
Mrs. Potter asked Peggy how old she was and if she could read. Peggy said she was 10 years old and that she was a good reader. Mrs. Potter asked if she had any books. Peggy said she had books back in Nebraska, but the Bible was the only book the family had brought to South Dakota.

Then Peggy told Mrs. Potter that she would like to read about the Presidents. The old lady looked over the top of her glasses again and said she had many books about the Presidents. But, she said, most of them might be too hard for Peggy to read.

Peggy said she would like to try.

Mrs. Potter was silent for a moment, then she made a suggestion. Peggy thought it was the best idea in the world.

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Next Week:

Chapter Eight – Good-bye, Mr. President