

Writings

Collected Writings of

Samuel R. Natelson

AN OUTLINE OF THE THEME OF THE BOOK

The overall objective of “The Learned Aged and the young” is to present the true nature of the aged and their relationship with the young. This is necessary for the following reasons.

1) Both at school and at home the children are propagandized to believe that the aged are evil. Thus they are afraid of old people. For example the “witch” is always pictured as an “old crone” with the deformities of the aged. The old man is referred to as “that dirty old man” and children are warned against old men.

2) Old people are always forced into retirement even though they are better able to perform their duties than their replacement. Old people should, “Get out of they way, Do they want to live forever?”

3) Old people usually have a sophisticated sense of humor resulting from the many years of dealing with the “important problems” of the young. This is not understood by many.

4) It is often the grandparents who take the children to the Park, Zoo, Rodeo, Circus and Ice show. The parents are usually “too busy”.

How, “The Learned Aged and the young,” treats with the problems above is discussed in the “Foreword” to the book, which is attached.

FOREWORD

This booklet of short presentations is intended for the entertainment of older people whose vision may have been somewhat dimmed with age. For this reason, it is presented in large type.

In the first story, “The Oldest and the Wisest”, the fact that older people have much to contribute, and can be very useful citizens, is presented. The model for this story was employed by the author to do this literature search for a commercial project in which he was engaged. Most of the material presented is biographical, based on the material available to the author, from the papers left by the prototype when he died at the age of 84 in 1940.

After this story a short poem is presented of a lecture by an old cat as a counterpoint to the first depressing story.

This poem is followed by an experience related to the author by a physician who passed on at the age of 93 in 1985. It is a glimpse into a period of history during the Russian revolution.

A special relationship exists between grandparents and grandchildren that are not shared by their parents. The next story illustrates this fact.

“Grandpa and Henry” is a collection of experiences and adventures by the author, his parents or children. All of the events described actually occurred.

It is intended that the grandparents read the adventures of the small boy to their grandchildren. For this reason the language used is that which would be understandable to a child. It is also intended that as these children learn to read that they read the story themselves. For this purpose, the large type in which the stories are set should facilitate this application.

Children love to go to Grandma’s House, especially where they are served delicious food that they cannot get anywhere else.

This is presented as a bit of “doggerel”, which should be entertaining when read to children.

Table of Contents

AN OUTLINE OF THE THEME OF THE BOOK	104
FOREWORD	105
THE OLDEST AND THE WISEST	107
THE OLD GREY MOUSER or Why Cats Are So Independent	134
Catharsis	136
GRANDPA AND HENRY	140
Grandma’s House	162
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	168

THE OLDEST AND THE WISEST

By

Samuel Natelson

(Written in 1942)

He had passed several times, before I noticed him. What sense is it that tells us that a present experience has occurred before, even though we are certain that this is the first time that we have taken cognizance of that experience.

The heat had driven us out to the little patio, which was the only shaded area for miles, in that wide treeless desert. The patio was shaded by the overhang of the three-story structure, which served as our sleeping quarters. It faced a road; one would be straining the meaning of the word to call it a street, even though it was the main thoroughfare of the village. Native straw-thatched, stone huts hugged its sides as though for protection from the bitter loneliness of that vast expanse of nothingness.

As we lolled in the canvas chairs which had been placed in the patio for our convenience, I became aware that it was amazing to see a stereotype of an Englishman strolling here with what looked like a prayer-book under his arm. I marveled that I had not seen the incongruity when he passed, at the same time, yesterday, and the day before.

I stepped out to the road to see where he was going. He continued at his leisurely pace until he came to the village church, and then ascending the few steps, disappeared into the relative darkness of the interior.

I pondered this for a few minutes and tried to recall whether he could possibly be in the employ of the company, but could not remember seeing him at the numerous conferences that had been held since I had arrived. I knew the Spanish padre who ministered to the spiritual needs of the natives, and it was difficult for me to visualize intimate friendship between him and the priest. I turned to my fellow engineers and asked causally who he was. They all admitted that they had seen him pass on numerous occasions but had not "noticed" him. After a few minutes of inquiry among ourselves as to whom he might be, and what he might be doing here, we all returned to the lethargic state of indifference and silence to which the high altitude and intense heat lulled us.

We were located on a plateau almost equidistant from Chimborazo with its more than 20,000 foot peak and Cotopaxi only one thousand feet lower. Only on rare occasions did any vestige of clouds shield us from the brilliant sun, for we were near the equator. During the day, the rocky surface heated quickly to a temperature, which required even the natives to don their sandals made from the hide of the llama. At night a clammy cold embraced the village. The suddenness with which the change took place was disarming to the newcomer. With the temperatures in the nineties, I saw our mozo make preparations for the night by piling large blocks of soft coal on top of the dried dung from the alpaca and the llama in the open fireplace, which was present in every room. At the first sign of dusk, he calmly lighted the fires, shuffling from room to room, holding a large modern table lighter before him. This ridiculous situation added to the sense of unrealness that this isolated village had inspired in me.

With the setting of the sun, a cold wind began pouring into the partial vacuum which the heated rising air had created. I felt as though I had been thrust into a cold shower. The coldness penetrated everything. The very walls of the stone building which had been hot to the touch, cooled so quickly that small slivers chipped off with crackling noises from time to time, due to the sudden contractions. As suddenly as it had come, the wind subsided, and gave way to biting cold. The light clothing I was wearing and which was soaked with the perspiration of the day was poor protection for temperatures below zero.

It was no surprise to me to find that for almost one hundred years after Quito had meekly surrendered to the Spanish conquistador, this village was unknown. While less than two hundred air miles separated the village from Quito, the trip with llamas took almost a month. One was either descending almost vertical paths or ascending roads which were so narrow and steep that the animals and their masters had to travel in single file. What had brought civilization was the inevitable lure of precious metals. For centuries, with hand tools, the natives had been scratching the

hard rock surface to obtain ore containing specks of gold and some silver and copper. As far as I could determine, no refining or isolation of the metals had taken place here. The crude ore was then laboriously carried on the backs of animals to be traded at larger native villages, where civilization was possible, for tapioca, potatoes and other necessities of life.

There were numerous deep fissures crisscrossing the plateau, and it was these natural mines which the natives have been exploiting.

Samples of magnetite from this area had somehow reached our field office in South America, and it was to investigate this source of iron that had brought us here. Our findings had exceeded our hopes. The readily available seams of soft coal with which the natives had heated their huts had decided us to set up here for the manufacture of iron and steel.

I was tempted to recall a picture I had seen in a geography book when I was still in the elementary grades. It pictured a Mexican peon sitting in rags on a large bag labeled silver, gold and platinum. The inscription read "Mexico has great Natural Resources but the Mexicans are too lazy to develop them." I could no help but think that we, too, were to use the sweat of the native to wrest the very treasure from him which could make his native land a leading industrial country of the world. Where does shrewd training end and exploitation begin?

Our beginnings were slow, but the desperate need of our war machines and industry for steel accelerated our pace so that within one year, we were stockpiling coal and ore. Every able-bodied native had been enlisted so that the peaceful pace of the village had been changed to the frantic rush of the boomtown. We had imported over a thousand Indians from neighboring areas, being careful not to "upset the economy of the nation", by paying more than the few sucres a month paid similar workers in that country. In all fairness to the company, the company store allowed the natives to eat better than they ever had.

A medical center had been set up, although crude by our standards, adequate for the needs for minor medical care, and well stocked in drugs and antibiotics for infectious diseases. I now had my first intimate contact with peonage. For the necessities of life, the native was a ward of the company.

An unusual event required an immediate conference of all the executive personnel. Our furnaces had been consuming coal and iron ore at a tremendous rate. We were now an important producing center of steel. We had followed the coal seams to a depth of several hundreds of feet, when it happened. In one of the coal seams, a break had been made into a fine crystalline material, which was not coal but almost black in appearance. The mine superintendent reported that it tasted salty. Samples sent back to our main laboratory had proven that we had uncovered a reservoir of salt. That the deposit was extensive was quickly proven by our staff of geologists.

The value of salt in a region thousands of feet above sea level could only be paralleled by its value in the Belgian Congo. The salt was almost black. Ordinarily this would have engendered no difficulty but water was scarce. One cannot purify salt economically without first dissolving it in water. Samples were sent back to our main research laboratories. Months passed but no practical solution to this apparently simple problem was forthcoming. Even the natives would not feed the black salt to their precious animals. As the technical supervisor of the project, I was constantly subjected to directives to find a solution to this problem.

I was pondering the problem one evening, when my mozo entered the room to do some tidying. I must have had my perplexity mirrored in my face when he approached me.

“El Senor has bad news?”

“No, a problem. So simple, yet I cannot solve it.”

“Is it the black salt?” Apparently the problem had become a topic of discussion among the natives.

“Yes, it is the black salt.”

“You want to make it white?”

“I do but I do not know how. In fact, our chemists don’t know either.”

“It is so simple, why do you not ask El Professor?”

“Who is El Professor?” I was not aware of any school within hundreds of miles.

“Why, it is Senor Ogsby.”

“Senor Ogsby?”

“Si, si, Senor Ethan Ogsby.”

“Who is Senor Ethan Ogsby?”

“No sabe Usted? He is the little man with the white hat and the cane.”

There was only one cane that I had ever seen here. That was hooked over the arm of the mysterious gentleman who passed my barracks everyday precisely at 6 p.m. “

“Is he the man who goes to church as the night approaches?”

“Yes it is he, you have seen him many times.”

“What makes you think he can help me?”

“I do not think, I know. Such problem is so simple to him.”

“Is he a chemist? I thought he was a padre?”

“No, I do not know what he is, but for fifteen years he has been El Jefe of the village.”

“El Jefe?”

“Si, El Jefe.” It has been the custom for many years to choose El Jefe at the time of the New Year. We choose, always, the oldest and the wisest.”

“The oldest and the wisest? How do you know that the oldest is the wisest?”

“It is simple. The oldest has seen more so he must know more.”

I did not follow his logic but he said this with such conviction that I evaded the issue. As he turned to go, he stood for a full minute facing me, framed in the doorway.

“Anything you need?” I asked.

“Then you will talk to El Professor?”

“Why, yes—of course,” I uttered the syllables still deep in thought, and probably with little conviction, for he shrugged his shoulders and silently moved out.

We found it necessary to dismantle several of the native huts in order to make room for an office building to house our rapidly expanding staff. In order to retain the good will of the natives, we purchased the huts and also agreed to move them to a new location at our expense. It was a the scene to see that proper care was given to every detail in this operation, since I knew little about the psychology of the Indians and what attachment they had to their personal possessions. I, therefore, ordered the workmen to work slowly and carefully.

The roof of the first hut was in the process of removal when I arrived. This seemed to be made of interlocking squares of straw, each square being of the order of three feet on one side. The straw had been carefully braided to a thickness of approximately six inches. These squares came off readily and were handed down and piled. Directly underneath was a lacework of what looked like two inch braided hemp but on closer inspection turned out to be straw. It became immediately apparent that here was the work of a clever artisan skilled in the application of basic principles of insulation.

With the lacework removed, a second layer of braided straw was revealed. The squares of the second layer had apparently been dipped in tar, before being mounted, to act as a water repellent. Apparently, the topmost layer protected this lower layer against the heat of the sun which would cause the tar to run. The walls of the huts were built of flat rocks which were everywhere in abundance. Little effort had been made to trim the rocks and they were set on one another in a cement which consisted essentially of mud which had been allowed to dry in situ. The wall facing the main road was higher than the rear wall so that the roof sloped to allow the water to drain away from the road. Some of the huts had been whitewashed or stuccoed, but, in the main, the native rock was left as is. The roof was supported by the trunks of dried saplings, laid

from wall to wall, which must have been important since no such trees grew in the region.

While the huts were ancient, and what one would expect to find among primitive people, the construction of the roof intrigued me. This must have had a similar effect on the engineer supervising demolition operations.

“Did you notice the construction of the roof? Air spaces, waterproofed! No wonder the huts are so cool inside during the day, and retain the heat at night. I have always maintained that the way an architect designs a roof is a measure of his competence.”

“The thing that impresses me,” I replied, “is the fact that these roofs were put on rather recently, yet the main structures are centuries old.”

“Whoever built these roofs worked with nothing. Did you notice the boulders we removed from the corners and edges. They must have been put there to prevent the roof from blowing away. Whoever built that roof might have been in Switzerland.”

Our conversation prompted the owner of the hut to express himself with pride.

“That roof is ten years old and has never leaked nor had to be fixed. It was El Profesor.”

“El Profesor?” I turned on him so sharply that he stepped back a pace.

“Si, El Profesor. He showed us how to build the roof.”

“Where did he get the tar?”

“He showed us how to make it from the coal.”

Recalling the conversation with my mozo of the previous evening, I began to realize why the natives held the meek little gentleman in such respect. I determined to meet Ethan Ogsby that evening.

On the way to my barracks, I began to look at the village with a new point of view. First there was the series of thousand-gallon cedar water tanks which were perched on solid rock supports. This was a touch of civilization which was not characteristic of the native mind. Then there was the coal-fired

steam generator, which, though antique in appearance, served faithfully in generating the electric power which turned the water pumps to fill the tanks.

This was no mean task, for the water was pumped from a natural spring which broke out of the side of a cliff 500 feet below the level of the tableland on which the village was perched. The natives would gather around the tanks in the early morning to fill their porous jars from the spigots of the tanks. How much simpler was their task now than when the trip to the spring was made by llama with casks strung to his back, as I had seen in other villages in this region. Being accustomed to taking a supply of water for granted, I had not observed anything out of the ordinary until this moment.

By this time I had reached my barracks. I sought out my mozo with the express purpose of asking about the water supply.

“How long have you been getting water from the tanks?”

“Since El Profesor came.”

“You mean he built them?”

“They were imported as staves and put together here. El Profesor showed us how to do it.”

“How did you get the water before?”

“We brought it from the water carriers.”

“they brought it up from the stream by llama trains?”

“Yes. We pay for the water in coal and food, for the water carriers now operate the steam pumps.

I understood this since the government of the village was a simple one. Once “El Jefe” had been elected, he had dictatorial powers. He assigned work to various “public servants” for such services as water supply and sanitary chores. Once a public servant had been so chosen, it was the duty of the villagers to keep him supplied with the necessities of life. Disputes were settled by “El Jefe” or the padre depending upon whether the dispute was of worldly or spiritual origin.

I now realized that the extra workers we had brought in, had added a burden to the public services of the village. I wondered why we had not received any complaint on this score.

Fearing to miss the little man, I gulped a glass of llama milk, in lieu of supper, and waited in the patio. Exactly at six, the gentleman, to whom the title “El Jefe” seemed incongruous, came strolling along with his short, slow, shuffling gait. His head was held high and the book was held in his left hand in the way a school girl is wont to carry a book.

The cane was hooked over his left hand while his right hand swung back and forth in slow cadence with his walk. He seemed oblivious to his surroundings and passed three feet from me without turning his eyes in my direction.

I hastened after him and coming abreast of him uttered, “Mr. Ogsby, I presume?”

He stopped, turning his blue gray eyes in my direction which looked mild astonishment at being addressed.

“You presume, sir, correctly.” Rolling the r’s on the tip of his tongue.

“I am the senior engineer in charge of production here—“

“Yes, I know”, he said.

I was a bit baffled that he knew me, for I was certain he had never seen me. At least I had never seen him look at me when he passed the patio. Even if he had done so, I was in the company of the other engineers when he did pass. How could he pick me out, unless someone had pointed me out. Or perhaps he was being polite and didn’t know me all. That must be it, for I had never seen him at the mines or mills.

“I have been looking forward to the pleasure of meeting you”, I blundered clumsily. Somehow, he set me ill at ease.

“The natives have informed me that you are a man of science. I wonder if we could—if you could—“

I suddenly realized that I, who was at ease in the presence of a stern board of directors, was self conscious in the present of this mild little man, over whom I towered.

“I will be returning from the church at eight. I would enjoy a chat with you then. I will meet you in the patio of our hotel.”

I did not notice that he had glorified our barracks, in the jubilant feeling that my interview had been successful. He smiled pleasantly, nodded and continued on his way.

I set out two easy chairs in the patio and began to move a small bridge table out of my room when I encountered my smiling mozo.

“You have spoken to El Profesor?” He did not ask; he told me.

His knowledge did not surprise me for I knew how the natives noticed every trivial occurrence and how every fact or rumor swiftly swept the village.

“Yes, I expect him here, in the patio at eight.”

This information galvanized him into action. He practically pushed me aside and in a few minutes had set up the table and was brewing something over the fire.

“El Profesor, he likes Yerba Mate, but he does not like it too hot.”

“Don’t you think he might like some of this brandy?”

“He never drinks the spirits, not even wine.” He set a kerosene lamp on the table.

Promptly at the appointed hour, Mr. Ogsby appeared at the entrance to the patio.

“May I come in?”

“I have been waiting for you, would you care to sit down?”

He sat down slowly in the chair I indicated.

“Are you going to work the salt mine? You see salt is a problem here. A llama can consume his owner’s income in salt.” He plunged into the problem which I had intended to broach tactfully.

“It seems that without large amounts of water, the chemists tell me that the salt cannot be purified for purposes of market.” I anxiously awaited his reaction to this remark. Somehow I was sure he had the answer.

“I seem to remember a similar problem in salt. You may recall that back in the nineties a salt mine was worked, in the Isthmus of Panama, under similar circumstances. Of course the equipment was not as elegant as what you have here. However, the salt was heated to incandescence, and air was blown through to burn off the carbonaceous impurities. The product was white and quite satisfactory. Of course with the coming of the canal and better transportation the process was not practical. Or the salt gave out. I do not remember which.”

This was said with a faint trace of a twinkle about the eyes, sort of expression of triumph. I was later to learn that this was of suggesting a solution to a problem without embarrassing me. I never did find out whether a salt mine of his description ever did exist. The solution was now obvious.

“You believe then that if we heated the salt and blew air through it in our Bessemer converters, it would be suitable for market?” I assumed that this was what he referred to when he mentioned “elegant equipment.”

“I believe it is worth a try. The impurity is probably only a minute percentage. Burn off the organic material and the product should be edible.” He was referring indirectly to the fact that sulphur and phosphorous impurities are burned out of molten iron by a blast of air. We were set up perfectly for so simple a process.

He sipped his mate quietly. Pondering the simplicity of the solution, I unconsciously surveyed the man. He was thin. His clothes were well worn but neat. He must have been in his seventies (I was later to learn that he was past eighty). His blond hair had almost completely turned gray and had thinned out evenly. He wore high soft black buttoned shoes which were commonly worn not later than the twenties.

Although it was obvious that he was beyond the prime of life, he was quite vigorous. I marveled that his hearing and vision were so acute. His pale complexion was typical of the anemia that comes with advancing age. His voice was pitched a bit higher than

one expects in a man but I believe that this may also have been a sign of well advanced years.

He removed a large watch from his vest, probably the only vest in the village, and looked at the time. It was apparent that he considered the interview over.

“Thank you for your hospitality. It is quite late for me. You will pardon me.”

I stood up and escorted him to the street. He removed a small flashlight from his coat pocket, and with a faint smile of dismissal moved away into the darkness.

The next morning found me in the laboratory heating salt in a steel crucible. When the material was incandescent, I blew a slow stream of air from a small compressor into the material by means of a steel tube. Quickly the carbonaceous material disappeared leaving a colorless melt. The small cake of white salt obtained on cooling was convincing proof to me that the problem had been solved. The application of the same principle on the commercial scale proved to be just as simple. Salt was now available in almost unlimited quantities.

In the ensuing months, I became as intimately acquainted with Ethan Ogsby as anyone possibly could. He was always friendly and yet mildly aloof. Our conversations were always of a technical or general nature but never personal. I respected his apparent desire for privacy in his personal affairs and allowed him to lead our discussions. I was amazed at his detailed knowledge and expertness in a variety of fields.

His favorite topic for discussion was the Old Testament; as a source book for archaeological information. He had traveled widely and had witnessed excavations at Ur, Ninevah, Jericho, Babylon and numerous other places mentioned in the Old Testament. He had his pet theories about the personalities mentioned in the Old Testament.

He would discourse at length about the origin of Moses. To him, Moses was an Egyptian nobleman who was a follower of Aton. The Hebrews came into Egypt with a god named Ya. They

left with Adonai as equivalent to Ya. He pointed out that the “T” and “D” were often interchanged.

He pointed out that the name Moshe as listed in the Hebrew could also be pronounced Mose and signified “Is born,” Thus many Pharaohs had the term “Mose,” added to the name of a God. For examples, Tutmose (The God Tut is born), Amose, the God Amen is born, Kamose, the spirit is born. Thus Moses is only a piece of a name. But it does signify royalty.

He also pointed out, that the name “Joseph” was written “Hotep” in ancient Egyptian. The symbol H and Y were interchangeable, and the s and t could be exchanged. Similarly in Hebrew the symbols for F and P are the same. Thus in many foreign languages the name Joseph, is pronounced Yosep. or Yosef.

Hotep means “Is chosen.” Thus the name Imhotep (The genius who designed the great pyramid) means, the God “Im,” is chosen.

The name Joseph (Hotep), for the Joseph of the bible, may have indicated, (a genius), just as we refer to a genius, as an “Einstein”.

The tablets to him were a code of laws, written by Moses, on small clay tablets, after the method of international intercourse of the times. Thus the Ten Commandments were only a small fraction of their contents. He pointed out that mention is made that the tablets were still in possession of the Hebrews, and kept in the temple at the time of Solomon. He felt that some day, there was still a possibility of them being unearthed.

When I pointed out that the Holy Scriptures differed widely in their content from his point of view, he would dismiss it lightly. He claimed that the Pentateuch as it stood now was the result of the writings

The name Joseph (Hotep) , for the Joseph of the bible, may have indicated, (a genius) , just as we refer to a genius, as an “Einstein”.

The tablets to him were a code of laws, written by Moses, on

small clay tablets, after the method of international intercourse of the times. Thus the Ten Commandments were only a small fraction of their contents. He pointed out that mention is made that the tablets were still in possession of the Hebrews, and kept in the temple at the time of Solomon. He felt that some day, there was still a possibility of them being unearthed.

When I pointed out that the Holy Scriptures differed widely in their content from his point of view, he would dismiss it lightly. He claimed that the Pentateuch as it stood now was the result of the writings, revisions and interjections of numerous priests so that anachronisms had crept in, such as the mentioning of the Philistines in Genesis. He felt, from evidence he deduced from the Book of Exodus, that the finding of the tablets would reveal Moses as a remarkably modern liberal. He also pointed out that ethnically Moses was an Egyptian. When he comes down from the mountain he is described as having beams (horns) of light emanating from his face. It makes no mention of a beard. Thus he was probably an Egyptian (Hamite) and not a Semite.

In the course of our conversations he related that in his youth he had married outside of his religion. He would stress the fact that numerous major figures in the Old Testament married outside of their religion. He referred to Ruth, the Moabite, Joseph, Solomon, David and others. The bitterness with which he discussed this topic made me feel that he had suffered much on this score.

In a lighter vein he would compare the local native woman with the civilized lady. He would point out that the burden of the female in our civilized world had been so lightened that she could afford the luxury of being neurotic.

“Assumption of equal rights with the male should entail equal responsibilities and loss of privilege,” he would say. The tone of voice he used in these discussions always left me with the feeling that he was having his little joke. The more vigorously I would come to the defense of the fair sex, to greater length would he go on his thesis of “unequal distribution of duties and rights.”

As our friendship progressed, I found myself relying on his

advice more and more in connection with my technical commitments with the company. It might be a problem in bridge design, or in design of industrial equipment, or in higher mathematics; Ethan Ogsby usually had a better solution or at least the equal of our staff of technical experts. His consultation was always given in similar manner. It was always indirect and suggestive so that the conclusion was obvious.

When I offered expressions of gratitude, He would always object, insisting that it was I who had actually solved the problem. On one occasion, I offered consultation fees for his service but he brushed me off in a manner to suggest that I had been guilty of bad manners.

My fellow engineers, refusing to accept the fact that my consistent success was due to the advice of Ethan Ogsby, held me in awe. My protestations only resulted in them intimating that I was being overly modest to hide a suppressed ego.

On the evenings when no problem of technical significance or difficulty existed, Mr. Ogsby would linger, suggesting in loathness to leave, his disappointment. If, however, I would greet him with a pressing dilemma, his face would light up and he would enthusiastically press me for details.

An opportunity finally presented itself where I was to be of some service to Ethan Ogsby. The need for technical literature had decided us to assemble a scientific library. Plans had been drawn for the required building to house the thousands of volumes which were to be brought in. There remained the problem of the librarian. When I suggested Mr. Ogsby to the board for this post, they had no objection.

I was so elated at the turn of events that I rushed from the conference room and sought Mr. Ogsby at his home.

On my way to the edge of town where Mr. Ogsby resided, I realized that I had never been to his home. On previous occasions when I had suggested visiting him, he had always avoided the issue. I did not press the point out of common courtesy. Now I wondered whether I was acting properly in this matter. Mr. Ogsby

visited me because I had invited him. However, he had never extended the reciprocal invitation.

I slowed my hasty walk and proceeded less enthusiastically, so as to give me time to think of the mode of approach that I might use. While mused in thought I found that I had arrived at my objective. After a few moments hesitation, I knocked with the aid of a brass knocker which was bolted to the door. The brass knocker was typical of the way in which Mr. Ogsby was atypical of his surroundings. It was highly polished and was in the shape of a hexagon. The plate on which the knocker struck had the one name, Kekulé, engraved. To one versed in chemistry, this was obviously meant to represent the benzene ring.

I waited fully thirty seconds before I heard a stirring inside the hut. The door was only partly opened, Mr. Ogsby sliding out and closing the door behind him. While it was obvious that he was not displeased at seeing me, he also felt annoyed apparently at the circumstance.

“You will pardon me, Mr. Ogsby, but something has come up which required that I contact you. I felt that it would be better if I came myself rather than send a messenger.”

“I understand. Is something wrong at the plant?”

“No, it concerns yourself. You have seen the plans for our new library?”

“The problem of a librarian has presented itself.” I have been asked to contact you as to the possibility of your accepting the post.”

An expression, the meaning of which I could not analyze at that moment, slowly spread itself over his face. I waited for a reply but none seemed to be forthcoming.

“The duties won’t be too strenuous, and I believe that we can arrange remuneration which will be satisfactory to you.”

He seemed to resent the first part of the remark.

“I am not afraid of hard work, but are you certain that your company will accept a man who is.....beyond his prime?”

“I am certain of only one thing, that you are eminently suited

for the position.”

“There would be some difficulty with references. I am quite distant from those who would vouch for me.”

“We have gone into that. Your references are satisfactory as they stand. The whole community stands behind you as a reference.”

“Under such circumstances, I accept the offer.”

“I feel honored to be in the same employ as yourself, Mr. Ogsby.” I shook his proffered hand with this last remark. He seemed to be dazed by the whole development. With a few further courtesies, I left Mr. Ogsby thoroughly pleased, in that I had found some small way of returning the many favors he had done me.

From the moment that Mr. Ogsby took over the management of the technical library, his frequent visits ceased. I found myself visiting the library regularly to consult Mr. Ogsby about various details associated with my work, for I had come to rely on his judgment more than even I had realized. I would often wait hours before I could wean his attention from his own duties. I was gratified at the joyous feeling which he exuded. He seemed elated with the responsibility thrust upon him. He had instituted a library research service which he carried out personally. Regardless of the topic, the inquirer would usually obtain an elaborate list of references on the subject he had submitted. Often this would be accompanied by a neatly typed report summarizing the data to be obtained in the original articles. The whole community of technical personnel came to rely upon his searches, with complete confidence.

I was always in the habit of doing my own research. I soon realized that Mr. Ogsby resented my perusal through the abstracts in search of a solution to a problem. In a paternalistic manner, he would intimate that I was wasting valuable time on an activity which was his duty. It was apparent that a responsibility of the sort with which he was now entrusted had been a desire which had been denied him for many years. Although I continued to do my own research, I often would ask him to compile the literature for

me on topics of lesser interest to me to assure him that I appreciated his ability.

The intensive activity and long hours soon began to tell on his vitality. At his age, it was surprising to me that he was able to carry on at the pace that he did, for more than a year.

At suggestions that vacation was due him, he would counter with the proposal that as soon as he had completed the particular project on which he was working, he would take the time off that was due him. Somehow, he never seemed to find the time to take the rest which it was becoming increasingly apparent that he needed.

I was awakened early one morning by a visit from the village padre. The agitation on his physiognomy caused apprehension in me. I had never seen him show emotion even under the most dire circumstances. The visit and his appearance told me that some major calamity had occurred.

“El Profesor has asked that I call you.”

“He is ill?” I countered. He had telegraphed the thought to my mind without mentioning it directly.

“He will not last the day.” A sick feeling pervaded my stomach.

“Has the physician seen him?” I was dressing hastily.

“He is beyond the healing arts of man.”

A feeling of desperation overtook me.

“Was there an accident?” I had to slow my pace to his as he walked toward the home of Mr. Ogsby, which I had never entered while he was in good health.

“No, he is just worn out. He has lived his allotted time on this earth.” The tears were flowing unashamedly from his eyes.

At the door of his hut, a large crowd of natives had gathered in spite of the fact that the sun had barely risen. They looked at me hopefully as though I had it in my power to avert the tragedy which threatened.

The padre pushed the door of the hut open and beckoned me in. I slowly entered with a sense of unreality. I could not bring

myself to believe that his illness was irreversible. Ethan Ogsby was shielded from me by the back of the company physician. As the physician turned at the sound of my footsteps, I could see that I could expect no expression of hope from him.

Ethan Ogsby turned his head slowly in my direction, as I approached. He motioned to the physician and the padre to leave, more by the expression in his face than by any other sign. The physician rose quietly, took his bag and his hat and slowly left the room. As I turned to watch him go, I noticed that the padre had already left without a sound.

Mr. Ogsby smiled wanly and motioned for me to sit beside him. The alert expression had left his eyes. He was extremely pale and his respirations came with difficulty. His thin, pale hands rested motionless on the coverlets.

“I wish to leave some instructions with you. There is some unfinished business which needs to be completed.” I felt honored that he had signaled me out for this service.

He launched haltingly into matters of detail which he had left unfinished at the library. I had difficulty communicating with him since his hearing had almost completely left him. I had to shout into his ears, affirmation that I had understood him. In spite of the matters which he was presenting to me, I knew that there was something else on his mind.

“There is the matter of paying for my burial.” You will find a green metal box with some money in the closet behind the curtains. If there is any left, you will give it to the padre. He will use it in the way I have asked.” I assured him that I would carry out his instructions.

“There is also a debt. In my trunk, the large one, you will find the information as to where to send the money. That is very important, please hold this matter confidential.” I nodded.

“My papers and personal things of value.....send them to my niece, Elissa, in England. The information is all explained in a letter in my trunk addressed to you. Please destroy the letter after you have carried out the instructions.”

I remonstrated with him, assuring him that he might still get well.

“I am very tired and all worn out. It is better this way.”

I could see that he was at the end of the road. I did not want to exhaust the little strength he still had.

“Rest, Mr. Ogsby, I will sit here while you regain your strength.”

He smiled weakly and closed his eyes. As I sat I gazed about the one room hut in which he lived. Everything was neatly arranged with the greatest of care. An old Oliver typewriter with keys opposing each other rested on his neatly arranged work bench. It looked well oiled and in good condition. Three drapes covered cubicles which were probably the closets. Only a small kerosene stove looked in disarray. On it some bacon, fried some time ago still remained in the pan. Apparently he had been taken ill rather suddenly, or more likely although ill he continued to attempt to take care of himself.

On the opposite side of the room, layers of shelves made the whole wall into a giant bookcase. From where I sat, I could make out the titles. Most of the books were on technical chemical subjects. A large number of them were written in German, a few in French. Only a few were written within the last twenty years. As my eyes drifted along the shelves, they were suddenly arrested by an incongruity. The technical volumes ceased and now began an extensive collection of books of music. While there were books of the scores of some operas, most of them seemed to be scores of music, especially written for stringed instruments.

While I sat there musing on the versatility of the man, my attention was again called to him by the clearing of his throat. When I turned around, he was looking at me from a half sitting position.

“When you leave here you will take the green box and the trunk!”

“I understand.”

“You promise that you will carry out the instructions in the

letter in confidence?”

I felt like a witness being cross examined. Somehow, I did not resent it. “Yes, I am to destroy the letter as soon as I have carried out your instructions!”

“Good!”after a few minutes of silence, he fell into a fit of coughing. I helped him to a little water. I then gently lowered him back into a supine position. After looking at his fading complexion, I hastily left the cottage to get the physician.

As I opened the door to the outside, the padre and physician brushed past me. Obviously, they had been waiting anxiously at the door. I returned with them. As they busied themselves at the bedside, I walked nervously back and forth. A sense of anxiety gripped me and tied my stomach in knots. I felt as though one of my most intimate and beloved friends was in the gravest of danger, and I was powerless to help. I now realized the hold this meek little man held over the natives.

Through my peripheral vision, I saw the physician draw the cover over the face of the little man. The padre, reciting in Latin the final ritual, stopped repeatedly, choked up with emotion. As though it had been telegraphed to them, a wail went up from the natives outside the door.

I wanted to be of some assistance, but did not know what to do. The physician was preparing to leave, when I approached him, for want of anyone else to speak to.

“I was given some instructions to carry out by Mr. Ogsby.”

“So he told me.” He said this barely moving his lips.

“I have to remove a green metal box and a trunk.”

“If he told you to do so, why don’t you do it?” He nodded his head to me, turned and left the cottage.

I walked to the closet that Mr. Ogsby had indicated to me, pushed back the curtain and examined its contents. Underneath a series of small shelves I spotted a large antiquated valise. I pulled it forth with some difficulty for it was quite heavy. I then looked on the shelves until I found a small green metal filing cabinet. I put it under one arm and carried it and the valise out of the room. Once

outside, I spotted my mozo and handed him the box and the valise. We slowly made our way back to our quarters.

Back in my own room, I sat in an easy chair, staring at the valise my servant had brought, with that inertia which comes with despair. My mozo had placed the green box on a little table at my elbow. More out of a desire for something to do, than curiosity, I picked up the box and placed it in my lap. Fingering the cover, I flipped it open. As my eyes focused on its interior, I noticed a large number of green bills of low denomination. Methodically, I began to count the money. There was a total of sixteen hundred dollars in American money in the box. A quick mental calculation indicated to me that this was probably money which had been paid to Mr. Ogsby, by our company. We paid our technical help in American money.

I realized that this money was really not required for taking care of the burial expenses of Mr. Ogsby since the natives would undoubtedly take care of that. I decided then that this money should go to the community in which Mr. Ogsby had spent his last few years. With increased interest, I turned to the large valise.

I crossed the room, and with a little difficulty, was able to open the rusty locks. As I opened the valise, I looked for the letter which Mr. Ogsby said that I would find there. However, although I thumbed through all the papers and materials that I found, I could see no letter.

It was easy to reconstruct the history of Mr. Ogsby's life from the contents of the valise. First, there was his doctorate thesis, neatly bound. He had received his doctorate degree in 1890, having worked with the great German chemist by the name of Vorlander. The thesis was on an organic chemical project. From there, he had apparently gone to work with the younger De Lesseps at the Panama Canal, as a chemical engineer. He had also worked with the Americans at the Canal. During that period, he apparently had come down with a fever which had left him ill for many, many months.

The record showed that he had traveled and worked in many

South American countries for different companies. Apparently, in about 1914, he had gone to the United States and accepted a professorship in a small Mid-Western college. There, he taught organic chemistry for many years and retired in 1928 with what he must have thought at that time, an adequate sum to take care of his retirement.

Voluminous reports from brokers in the years 1929 and 1930, showed the rapidly dwindling disappearance of his accumulated reserve. By 1931, he apparently was destitute and heavily in debt.

The next ten years must have been difficult ones for I could find no record of employment. However, I did find numerous receipted relief checks that he had been receiving in the States. Continuous correspondence with numerous institutions of learning and commercial companies indicated that he had made vigorous effort to find re-employment. The sum of the answers he received were, essentially, that he was too old for the particular job that was available.

Apparently, he had worked as a volunteer in several museums, in cataloging data and acting as consultant on the authenticity of various collected specimens, but there was no indication that he had ever received any remuneration for this work.

An interesting collection of newspaper clippings attested to the fact that in his prime, he was an excellent cellist. On numerous occasions, these notices stated that the particular string quartet with which he had played, had been received very warmly by the audience. He had also played before many church gatherings which also received favorable notice in the newspapers.

I thought back to his library collection of music and realized that his interest in string music was not that of a dilettante, but that of a highly polished expert.

Somehow, in the early 1940's, he had come in possession of some money, and had migrated to this village. He must have worked here many years before, in conjunction with some other

company.

In one of his letters to his niece, Elissa, in England, written about the time that he was coming to South America, I noticed this illuminating paragraph.

“In our Western civilization, an old man has no place. For him, we build old men’s homes and convalescent sanitoriums. He is like an obsolete pocket watch that we have no use for, but still keep in our closet for old time’s sake.”

“He is like antique furniture that we may even prize and respect, but which we never intend to use. Gray hairs in Biblical and in ancient Greece were a mark which required respect. In our modern civilization, it is a symbol of decadence. It is not so all over the world, because in South America, in Ecuador, Peru and Colombia, in the little villages, the old man, “El Viejo” is the most highly respected man in the community, the man to whom the younger people come to, for guidance and counsel.”

Having searched through all the papers and not having found the letter I sought, I was in a bit of a quandary. Trying to reconstruct the scene, just before Mr. Ogsby had died, I visualized the room in which I was standing. I remembered that he had gestured toward a closet, which I had then assumed was the closet in which I would find the trunk he had referred to, and the letter. But then I recalled that he had said “trunk” and not “valise.” Mr. Ogsby was too precise in his language to say “trunk” when he meant “valise.”

There were three closets and perhaps, in his confusion, he had pointed in the wrong direction. The finding of the green box might have set me off on the wrong track in assuming that the valise that I had taken was the one which contained the letter.

It was late and dark outside, but, nevertheless, I walked out into the street toward Mr. Ogsby’s home. I pushed the unlatched door open and entered the dark room. After fumbling on different walls, I found the switch, and flooded the room with light.

I turned to the wall where I had seen the three closets and walked in that direction. I pushed the second drape, covering the

closet, aside, and found nothing but canned foods, pots and pans. I then went to the third closet and pushed the drape aside. The closet was deeper than I had expected it to be. In the closet was a large trunk, the type that the immigrants to the United States used in the 1890's, only this trunk was about twice as long as the conventional one. I expected difficulty in moving it out into the center of the room. but it was lighter than I thought. I slid it under the light and then with my penknife, managed to open the lock. I swung back the cover and there on top of a pile of straw was a letter in a sealed envelope.

I opened the envelope hastily, because by this time, I was consumed with curiosity. The letter was addressed to me.

“During the crash of 1929 and 1930, I lost all my worldly possessions with the exception of my cello which you will find in the trunk, packed in straw, ready for shipment. In spite of many efforts to find employment, I was unsuccessful. During the years from 1930 until the beginning of the second World War, I profess, I had to accept relief payments from Public Agencies.

Unfortunately, these payments were very small and even with my meager requirements, I was not able to make ends meet. I, therefore, sought and found part time employment as typist and librarian for various institutions.

Actually I worked for individuals writing books or manuscripts for publication. I did their literature research and edited their manuscripts. For this, I was paid varying sums of money which made it possible for me to purchase the necessary clothing and food.

It was a stipulation of these relief agencies that if any outside income was obtained, that they had to be so informed, and in many cases it resulted in removal from the relief rolls. Since my income from my work was uncertain, I did not report this. At that time, I justified my actions by saying that since my income, other than that from the relief agency was uncertain, that I could not give up the relief since this might result in no income at all. I realize now that that was a specious form of rationalization.”

“I have calculated the total sum of money paid to me in relief from the years 1930 to 1940. It comes to a sizable sum of exactly four thousand and eight dollars and forty six cents.

The cello is worth at least ten thousand dollars in the present market. If you send it to my niece in England, she will dispose of it. There is another letter which you see attached to this one, which instructs her where to send the money and to which agencies so that I can be relieved of this debt.”

I tried to read the letter a second time but found it difficult because of the mist that I had to keep brushing from my eyes. Finally, I lit a match and put the flame to the letter, watching it burn slowly at first then blaze up. I stood motionless, frozen with emotion until the heat of the flame on my fingers caused me to throw the remains into the fireplace. I watched it until it was completely consumed. I closed the trunk and returned it to its original abode.

The next morning, I sent my mozo to Mr. Ogsby’s home to prepare the package for shipment. As he stood at the door, I asked him to wait.

“Do you remember what you told me?”

His facial expression formed a query.

“Do you remember what you said to me, when you first told me about El Jefe?”

He still did not get the gist of my thought.

“Do you remember, ...you said, “He is the oldest and therefore the wisest?”

His face broke out into a smile of triumph. I smiled back at him as he left the room.

THE OLD GREY MOUSER or Why Cats Are So Independent

The old gray mouser,
With a kitten on his knee,
Was holding forth
 For his progeny.

“It is an obvious fact,
Which cats do accord,
They rely on the human
For bed and board.”

“This does not mean,
And mind what I say,
That we curry favor
Or go out of our way”

“Accept the morsels
And proferred caress,
With no sign of approval
Or of gratefulness.”

“For the human being
Is an aberrant beast,
Rather unpredictable
“Now take my mistress
Who is plump (not fat),
And was frightened one day
 By an ugly rat.”

“With screams of terror
She climbed a chair,
And yelled for help
From her perch up there.”

“I dashed into the room,
In response to her cry,
And dispatched the monster
In the blink of an eye.”

“Proud of my performance,
So effective and neat,
I stretched the rat out
At my ladies feet.”

“I lifted my head,
And extended my paws,
For a sign of approval,
With great applause.

“But to my dismay
She turned ashen gray,
And with a dreadful shriek
Fainted dead away.”

“Forever thereafter
I was kept outside,
Denied my cozy sanctum
Where I was wont to hide.”

“So mind what I say,
And keep aloof,
For my present discomfort
Is living proof.

“That the human being
Is an aberrant beast,
Rather unpredictable
To say the least.”

Samuel Natelson

Writings

Catharsis

by

Samuel Natelson

The dim light which illuminated his face exaggerated the deep furrows which years of toil and frustration had carved into his physiognomy. His breathing was labored. It was apparent that he was having a terrible nightmare which undoubtedly was aggravating the tired condition of his heart.

He was mumbling in his sleep and he seemed to be reciting this phrase "I had no right to do it." He kept repeating this with increasing emotion.

I decided to wake him, in order for him to be relieved of the terrible events which he seemed to be reliving.

He responded slowly by opening his eyes and gazing at me, without showing any signs of recognition.

After a few minutes he was wide awake, and greeted me with a simple, "Hi". I talked to him about routine matters of the Pediatric Service, of which he was the chairman and I the Chief resident.

Somehow I got the impression that he wanted me to stay. I pulled up a chair and sat at his bedside.

"I'm not going to make it.", he said. "You will have to carry on without me until they get a new chairman."

I assured him that he had a long way to go, reciting the usual platitudes one says to a person who is terminally ill.

He brushed me aside with a wave of his hand, and said, "I feel the need to share with someone a horrible experience, in order to help me relieve my conscience. Something has plagued me almost all my adult life. In technical psychiatric terms, I feel the need for a catharsis".

I replied by remaining silent, waiting to hear what he had to say.

He hesitated for a few minutes, and then spoke in a monotone, as though he were reciting a catechism.

"In 1917, I was about 20 yrs old, and a medical resident in a hospital on a hill overlooking a small town in the Ukraine. The town had about 2000 inhabitants, most of whom were Jews."

“There were three armies contending for the area. First there was the White Russian Army, loyal to the Czar. Then there was the Red (Bolshevik) Army under the direction of Leon Trotsky. Finally, there was the Ukranian Liberation Army under the leadership of Bogdan Petliura.”

“Petliura was a violent Anti-Semite and was notorious for his unrelenting persecution of the Jews. Petliura was eventually assassinated in Paris by a Jew whose family had been wiped out by his army.”

“The town was first occupied by the Red Army. The townspeople were sympathetic to the Red Army. Under its direction they organized a defence force, of about 400 residents, under the leadership of a young man named Rusby. They were armed with light weapons and had a limited amount of ammunition. This force was actually intended to police the town and govern it. None of its members were experienced soldiers.”

“The Red Army then left the town. Petliura’s army of Ukrainians approached the town with about 100,000 men. They had served under the Czar, and were armed with heavy artillery.”

“The bloody battle which ensued lasted for about three days. On the second day Rusby was admitted to the hospital riddled with bullets but still alive. We could do nothing for him and he died on the operating table.”

“The townspeople finally ran out of ammunition and were overwhelmed. Petliura’s troops then entered the town and proceeded to systematically murder the inhabitants, including the women and children. It was a holocaust.”

“Not long after, a contingent of wounded soldiers from Petliura’s army presented themselves at the hospital for treatment of their wounds”.

“All we could do for them was wash their wounds, remove any bullets, and bandage them, until we ran out of bandages. For those in extreme pain we had some morphine with which we could sedate them.”

“One boisterous soldier attracted my attention. I removed his

coat and found that his hands and arms were covered with blood. I washed them with soap and water to locate the wounds. To my surprise there were no wounds on his arms.”

“I asked him how his arms had gotten so soaked with blood. He laughed and said, “This is the blood of a fat little Jewish boy I bayoneted. I waved him like a flag while he screamed like a stuck pig. He had a lot of blood and it ran all over my arms.”

“Hiding my disgust, I asked him why he was here at the hospital. He pointed to his right thigh. “I want you to get the bullet out, it hurts terribly. Have you got anything for the pain?”

“I did not comment but filled a 10 ml syringe with all of the morphine I had and injected it slowly into his vein. After he was asleep I continued to inject the morphine until he stopped breathing. I then went out to the lavatory and vomited my guts out.”

“Since that time I have regretted my loss of self control. I cannot sleep without reliving that awful day. I had no right to do it.”

He drifted off into a deep sleep. His breathing was now easy and regular. I adjusted his covers and quietly left the room.

GRANDPA AND HENRY

CHAPTER 1

HENRY GOES TO THE FARM WHERE HE LEARNS TO DRIVE A WAGON.

Once upon a time there was a five and a half year old boy named Henry, who lived with his father and mother in an apartment in a big, crowded city. There were no trees and heavy traffic, so Henry could not play outside, except with careful supervision.

Both of his parents worked, so every morning they took him to a day camp, where he stayed until his parents came home. On weekends his parents took him to the movies, the zoo ,the botanic gardens or just spent the time at home.

When summer came, the boy's parents decided to send him to his grandpa's farm in the country. The boy's mother packed his clothes and put the valise in the car. His father then drove all day before he reached the farm.

Henry enjoyed the trip. He saw many cows and horses on the way, but he was very tired when he reached the farm.

His grandpa was very glad to see him and hugged his daddy and him. He gave both of them a very good supper. Henry and his daddy then went to bed.

The next morning, while he slept, his daddy drove home since he had to go to work the next day.

Grandpa had a stable in back of the house where he kept his horse named "Birdie". He called her this because she was a lady horse. A lady horse is called a mare.

Every morning grandpa would hitch the horse to a wagon and load it with vegetables, which he grew on his farm. He would then drive to the market and sell them.

When he drove to the market he would take Henry with him. Sometimes he would give the reins to Henry so Henry could drive the horse, and Henry was very good at it. Every time the horse would drift to the right, Henry would pull on the left rein to make

him get back on the road. When he wanted the horse to trot he would flip the reins and say, “Giddy yap!” Birdie knew what this meant, and she would start to trot. When he wanted her to stop, he pulled on both reins and said, “Whoa.”

On the way to the market grandpa would tell Henry stories. Henry liked the ones about witches the best, even though they scared him.

One day Henry woke up late, because no one had awakened him. Henry got dressed and went into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator, took out the bottle of milk, and poured some into a bowl. He then added some Cheerios and ate the cereal. He was still hungry so he drank a glass of apple juice. He noticed that the house was very quiet.

“Grandpa must be outside,” he said. So he went outside. Birdie was in her stall, and no one had given her oats and hay to eat. Henry pitched some hay into her feeding trough, and added some oats from a bag. He then gave Birdie a pail of water.

“Where is grandpa?” he said.

He then went back into the house to look for his grandpa. He looked in the living room and the dining room, but there was no grandpa. Finally he went into grandpa’s bedroom. There on the bed lay grandpa. He was awake but looked very pale. In a very weak voice he said, “Water!”

Henry brought him a glass of water, which he sipped slowly. He then told Henry that he thought that he had gotten food poisoning from some custard he had eaten the night before.

Henry then rushed to the telephone, and called his father, long distance, but there was no one home. His father and mother were at work.

Henry ran to the barn, and led Birdie out of her stall. He hitched her to the wagon. He knew how to do this because his grandpa had shown him. He had no trouble with the reins since they were much lighter than a saddle. He then entered the house.

“Grandpa,” he said, “I am going for help, don’t worry, Birdie knows the way”. Grandpa was too weak to say anything.

Henry then climbed up on the wagon and flipped the reins, “Giddy yap,” he said.

As Birdie broke into a trot, Henry talked to her as though she were human. “Run all the way, Birdie, grandpa needs a doctor.” Now Birdie was very old for a horse, but she seemed to understand, and ran faster than Henry had ever seen until they came to the market.

Henry stopped the first man he saw, and asked where he could find a doctor. The man told him, and Henry drove there.

Henry described to the doctor, what had happened.

The doctor said, “We must rush, but I have no car, it is being fixed.”

“Don’t worry, Birdie will get us there in time”, said Henry.

“Where is the driver?”, asked the doctor.

“I am the driver”, said little Henry, as Birdie galloped off, with Henry at the reins.

All the doctor could say was, “My word!”

The doctor examined grandpa carefully and shook his head. “Old man, you have been working too hard.” he said. “You don’t have food poisoning, you have had a mild *heart attack*”. He then gave grandpa some medicine, while he said,

“Grandpa you are lucky that we got here in time, you will have to remain in bed for several weeks. You will need a nurse, I will send one”. He then paused a moment and said, “That old horse sure can run.”

The doctor then got in touch with Henry’s father and told him what had happened. He also told the father how Henry had saved his grandpa’s life.

Several weeks later, when grandpa had recovered, he was told by his doctor that he could never do farming again. The old man then hired a man to take care of the farm.

As for Birdie, she was let loose in the pasture for her part in saving grandpa’s life. Henry learned how to ride her bareback, and they raced all over together.

In the fall, Henry had to go back to the city because he now

had to go to first grade. His daddy had come for him, so Henry said goodby to Birdie and grandpa.

“Don’t forget to come back next summer,” said grandpa.

I work”, said Henry, as his father drove him off in his new car.

CHAPTER 2
HENRY CHASES A CALF

More than a year passed, and Henry was now six and a half years old. He had finished first grade, and was promoted to the second grade.

His daddy said to him, "You did very well in school so I will give you a reward. What shall it be?"

Without hesitating, Henry said, "I want to go to grandpa's farm and see Birdie".

"I was hoping that you would say that, because grandpa is' lonesome, and loves to have you around. We will go there tomorrow".

When Henry arrived at the farm, with his daddy, grandpa was eating his lunch. Daddy honked the horn of his car and grandpa came running out. He grabbed Henry and gave him a big hug. He reminded daddy of how Henry had saved his life.

"Where is Birdie?" said Henry.

"She is in the field grazing," said grandpa. "Go over and say hello to her."

Henry went to the field. as soon as Birdie saw Henry, she ran over and nuzzled him. Henry patted her on the head and fed her a carrot. "I will ride you tomorrow", said Henry.

The next morning, Henry waved goodbye to his daddy, and went into the barn to get a bridle to put on Birdie's head. While he was there he saw a brand new saddle. "I wonder who that belongs to?", said Henry.

"It is yours," said grandpa, who was just entering the barn. "That is your reward for being such a brave boy."

Grandpa carried the saddle to the field and put it on Birdie. He shortened the stirrups so that Henry's feet would reach them. He then adjusted the bridle and gave the reins to Henry, whom he helped to mount. Henry drove Birdie all over the field, while grandpa went back to the house.

The new saddle had a lasso attached to it, for it was a

cowboy saddle. Henry took the lasso and swung it around his head. He then saw the calf next to its mother in the field. He tried to lasso the calf, as he had seen cowboys do, but the calf was too quick and ran away. Henry kicked Birdie to chase the calf. So round and round they went in the field while Henry was trying to lasso the calf.

Finally the cow became very angry and began to bellow. She rushed at Birdie to chase her away from her calf.

Just then grandpa came out, because of the noise. He saw the cow chasing Birdie and Birdie chasing the calf.

Grandpa was very angry but he could not bring himself to scold Henry. So he yelled at the top of his lungs, "You shouldn't excite the cow, because then she will not give any milk."

Henry then reined in Birdie and drove over to where grandpa was standing. The calf ran over to her mother and began nursing.

Grandpa then told Henry that it was time for his baseball lesson.

CHAPTER 3

HENRY MEETS A WOLF

Grandpa hitched Birdie to the wagon and put all of the baseball equipment into the wagon because they had to ride to town where the school was, and where there was a baseball field.

When they got to the field there were some boys playing there. Grandpa put down a home plate, and gave Henry his bat. He then showed Henry where to stand, and how to hold the bat. Grandpa then pitched to Henry and the other boys fielded the ball and threw it to grandpa.

Everybody got a turn at bat, but Henry hit the ball the hardest, and was the fastest in chasing the ball.

Grandpa then showed Henry how to pitch. He showed him how to put his foot on the rubber and wind up. Grandpa was the catcher. Soon Henry was throwing the ball straight, right over the plate. The other boys tried, but they were not as good as Henry.

“That is enough,” said grandpa. “It is getting late and it will be dark soon, and we have a long way to go home.”

They put all of the equipment into the wagon and started to drive home. Grandpa was driving because they were in a hurry. Henry was dozing off because he was very tired from a hard day’s work. Suddenly, Birdie stopped and stood up on her hind legs and whinnied. That is, she made high pitched noises.

Henry woke with a start, and couldn't believe his eyes. There in the middle of the road was the largest wolf anyone had ever seen, lazily sunning himself.

Birdie continued to jump up and down and whinny. Grandpa looked confused, and did not seem to know what to do.

Henry looked for something to throw at the wolf. He picked up the baseball, stood up on his seat, and wound up like a pitcher. He then threw a perfect strike, right on the ear of the wolf. The wolf let out a yelp and darted into the woods.'

As soon as the wolf was out of the way, Birdie took off and began to run with all her might. She jerked the wagon so hard that Henry fell back on his seat. He held on for dear life while grandpa kept pulling on the reins, yelling, "Whoa! Whoa!"

Birdie paid no attention to grandpa and continued galloping. Henry began to talk to Birdie quietly. "Take it easy Birdie, no one is chasing you". It had no effect.

Finally, Henry began to sing in a loud voice, "I love coffee, I love tea, I love Birdie and Birdie loves me". After singing this a few times, Birdie slowed down, and grandpa brought her to a walk.

Grandpa had Birdie walk all the way home so that she would cool off.

That night Henry wrote a long letter to his daddy about all the adventures he had that day. He fell asleep in the middle of the letter, and grandpa carried him to bed, undressed and covered him. He then looked at Henry sleeping soundly and quietly muttered, "What a boy!"

CHAPTER 4
HENRY WINS A FISHING CONTEST

Near to grandpa's farm was a large lake. Around the lake was a wide dirt path where people who wanted to go horseback riding could exercise their horses. Henry liked to bring Birdie to this track so he could ride safely.

The lake was a mile across, and the track was about three miles long. Henry could thus gallop or trot Birdie, as he chose. Near the track was a hotel, where people came to go boating, horseback riding or fishing, on their vacation.

One day Henry rode past the hotel and saw a group of people talking about something. They were all holding papers and talking. One of them took some of the papers and nailed them to a tree. Others came past taking one of the sheets off the tree. Henry rode over, took one, and put it in his pocket.

When Henry got home he gave the paper to grandpa to read. Grandpa then read. "Great fishing contest, all welcome to enter. Registration fee, one dollar."

"First prize \$100, second prize \$50, third prize \$25."

"Rules: Only artificial bait allowed. The fishes have to be weighed just after they are caught. All fish will be returned alive to the lake."

"Can we enter the contest?" asked Henry.

"Of course", said grandpa. "I will get out the fishing gear, but first I will have to teach you how to fish."

"I know how to fish," said Henry, "My daddy taught me."

"Anyway, tomorrow morning we will go and practice for the contest," said grandpa. "We have two days before the contest begins."

The next morning, Henry took his safety vest, and put it on. Henry could swim well, but he was taking no chances.

He then took his goggles and snorkel, because Henry liked to put his head in the water, and look at the fish while his grandpa rowed.

"Eat your breakfast," said grandpa, "We will be out for a

long time”.

Henry ate quickly, and waited for grandpa to finish. In the meantime, he took out one of the fishing poles, and attached the lead weights.

Grandpa took out his tackle box and selected a plastic frog, with hooks for feet. He then took out what looked like a crayfish, with hooks for claws and feet. “This is for you.” said grandpa, “The rules say that we have to use artificial bait. that means that we cannot use worms or live frogs or crayfish.”

Grandpa hitched up Birdie to the wagon, and they rode to the lake. There grandpa pushed his rowboat, which he kept at the edge of the lake, into the water, and they both got in.

There were many boats in the water because everybody was practicing. When they caught a fish, they removed the hook carefully, so as not to kill the fish, and put him back in the water.

Grandpa caught a few small fish, but Henry didn’t catch any, even though he was very quiet, so as not to frighten the fish away.

Henry stopped fishing, and started looking in the water, by putting on his goggles and his snorkel, so he could keep his head under the water for some time. He saw that the fish were coming to his bait and then ignoring it. He also saw that most of them were ignoring his grandpa’s bait also. It seemed that the bait was too big for the small fish.

Henry then said to grandpa, “Let’s move over to the weeds, I have seen big fish over there.”

“You can’t fish in the weeds, your line will get all tangled up,” said grandpa.

“Lets go over there and take a look anyway”, said Henry.

“All right, we are not doing any good here,” said grandpa.

Grandpa rowed until he came to the weeds. There he dropped his anchor. Henry then put his head in the water.

At first he could not see anything, but as he got used to the dark water he began to see all kinds of fish, big ones and little ones.

Henry took some line and attached his crayfish bait. He lowered it into the water. He then looked to see where it went. The bait was right under the nose of a fish. He wiggled it, but the fish paid no attention to the bait and swam away.

Henry pulled up his bait (fisherman call it a lure) and said to grandpa. This bait is no good. The fish will not bite on it.

“Try mine!” said grandpa.

Henry tried the artificial frog, with no better results.

“Just a moment!” said grandpa. “I have a special solution which is supposed to attract fish.”

He rubbed the solution on the plastic frog and Henry tried it again. This time the fish swam way from the lure faster than before.

Henry sat back and said to grandpa, “I don’t think that we are going to win the contest, unless we get better lures.”

At that moment there was a big splash as a huge bass jumped out of the water, grabbed a dragon fly (also called a darning needle) and fell back into the water.

As Henry watched, this happened several times, as the bass were jumping at a swarm of dragonflies.

Henry emptied out a small jar he had with drinking water and seta about catching a dragonfly. This was easy, since the weeds seemed to attract the dragonflies, and Henry picked one off the leaves of one of the plants. He then put the live dragonflies in the jar, and said to his grandpa, “I am ready to go home now.”

“Don’t you want to fish some more?” said grandpa. “You still haven’t caught a fish.”

“Don’t worry”, said Henry, “When the contest starts I will catch a big fish.”

Grandpa did not question him anymore because he was tired, and wanted to go home and lie down. So they drove home in silence. Only the clop, clop of Birdie’s hooves could be heard.

Henry went to his room. He carefully examined the dragonfly. It was close to two inches in length. It had two wings on each side, which were thin and clear. It also had six legs.

Henry now took a fishhook with a long handle on it and laid a wooden matchstick on it. He now wound black thread round and round until it covered the matchstick, and pinned it to the hook stem. He then tied a knot.

He then cut little pieces of clear colorless cellophane into the shape of wings of the dragonfly, and glued them to the covered matchstick to look like wings. He then cut short pieces of black thread and pasted them to the covered matchstick, on the opposite side of the cellophane, to make them look like legs.

When it was dry, he took it to grandpa, lying on the sofa, and said, “look at this, grandpa!”

Grandpa smiled and said, “You little rascal, you have made a dragon fly lure. That should really catch a fish. Make two more, Henry, in case the first fish you catch is too small.”

On the morning of the contest, grandpa and Henry drove Birdie to the hotel. There Henry signed his name in a big book and gave the man a dollar, which his grandpa had given him.

“Aren’t you going to register?”, asked the man of grandpa.

“No, one fisherman in the family is enough,” answered grandpa.

They then drove to the lake and grandpa pushed his rowboat into the water. Henry got in and they rowed slowly around the lake. All the time Henry kept his head in the water using his snorkel to breathe.

“Can’t we stop here and fish?”, said grandpa.

“No”, said Henry, “There are no big fish here, lets go to where the weeds are.”

Grandpa rowed slowly over to the weeds. On the way they saw many fishermen. Some of them had very big fish, and grandpa felt discouraged, but he did not say anything to Henry.

When they got to the weeds, Henry had his grandpa row right into the middle of the weeds. He then said, “We will try it here.”

Henry looked down into the water and saw what looked like a huge shadow. On looking closer, he couldn’t believe his eyes.

The fish looked to be almost three feet long. He knew it was a fish because its gill slits kept opening and closing.

Henry took the line to which he had attached his dragon fly lure and a lead sinker and slowly lowered it into the water, by turning the reel of his fishing rod.

The lure was still at the top of the water, when there was a sudden explosion. Into the air burst a giant of a fish, shaking its head from side to side to free itself of the line.

Henry held on as the fish drove to the bottom.

“Give it some line”, yelled grandpa, in excitement.

Henry let go his hold on the reel, and the reel spun around wildly as the fish tried to get away.

“Hold the reel Henry, and put the brake on it, as I showed you”, said grandpa in a loud voice.

By this time, everybody on the lake was watching Henry battle the huge fish. The fish broke for clear water, in trying to get away. He was actually pulling the boat, since grandpa had not had a chance to drop the anchor.

Soon the fish had pulled all the line off the reel, working against the brake. The fish then turned around and swam rapidly toward the boat, jumping out of the water and falling back with a big splash, repeatedly, in trying to dislodge the hook.

Every time the fish jumped out of the water, the spectators let out a big cheer. Henry did not even hear them since he was concentrating on trying to land the fish.

“You will have to do it alone, Henry”, said grandpa, trying to stay calm, “That is the rule. Let the fish run out, then haul him in, after you do this a few times he will be tired and you can land him.”

At that moment the fish took off again. Henry put the brake on the reel so that the fish had to work against friction.

When there was no more line Henry slowly hauled the fish in by turning the reel. He then let him run out again. After a few times it was clear that the fish was exhausted.

“Row to the hotel”, said Henry, “This fish is too heavy for me to lift. I want to get him into shallow water.”

Grandpa rowed slowly until he came to the beach near the hotel. Henry stepped into the shallow water, and struggled to try and put the fish into the boat. Grandpa gave him a net but it was too small. Finally the lifeguard came over and helped Henry put the fish in the boat.

A big crowd of people gathered to see the boy who had caught a fish almost as big as he was.

A man came out with a big scale and weighed the fish. It was a Large Mouthed Bass, and weighed 23 pounds, a record for that lake.

Grandpa took the hook out of the fish’s mouth carefully, and was about to release the fish, when a newspaper photographer came over and photographed Henry with the fish.

Grandpa put the fish back in the lake, and it swam away slowly.

A man came out of the hotel with a check for \$100 dollars. It was certified, and made out to cash. Henry gave it to his grandpa. “What do you want to do with the money, Henry?” said grandpa.

“I don’t know”, said Henry.

Why don’t you open a savings account in a bank, then when you grow up you can use it when you go to college.

The next morning Henry went to the bank with his grandpa and opened up an account in grandpa’s name, in trust for Henry, so he could use it when he grew up.

When they came back, Henry’s father was waiting to take him home, so that he could go to school.

CHAPTER 5

HENRY MEETS A SKUNK AND A FOX

Henry was now seven and one half years old. He was now big for his age, and all the boys in his class looked up to him. He was the captain of his soccer team and scored more goals than any one else, but now the summer vacations had come and Henry had a problem.

His parents were going to England on business and they could not take Henry along, since they would have no time for him. They decided to send him to grandpa's for the summer. Henry liked this. However they could not drive him there. They decided to send him by bus.

They wrote a letter to his grandpa and told him on which bus Henry was coming. They then took Henry to the bus at 6 am, and bought him a ticket. They made him promise that he would be no trouble for grandpa, and sent him on his way.

The bus ride took eight hours, and stopped several times on the way so that the passengers could refresh themselves. Henry was very tired and sleepy when the bus finally rode into the bus depot.

As soon as he got off the bus, he spotted grandpa. Grandpa picked him up and gave him a big hug.

“Are you hungry?”, asked grandpa.

“No.”, said Henry. “My mom gave me sandwiches and cookies, and I have been eating all the way.” “Then let us go right home”, said grandpa.

They went outside, and there was Birdie hitched to the wagon.

“May I drive?”, said Henry.

“Of course”, said grandpa. “You are a big boy now.”

Henry drove all the way home, without any trouble. He then drank a glass of milk and ate an apple. He felt very tired and went upstairs to go to sleep.

It was now getting dark outside, but since it was July, it took a long time for the sun to set.

Henry looked out of the window. He saw the place where grandpa put his garbage. Grandpa dug a shallow, but wide hole. He lined it with branches and twigs, and then put his garbage there in plastic bags. When the pile was high, he lit the wood. All the wood and garbage would burn down to ashes. Grandpa would then collect the ashes and spread it over the fields as a substitute for lime. Because of this the meadow was very green.

On this day Henry saw a skunk with two of its kittens come out of the bush. They began to forage among the garbage looking for scraps to eat. Henry thought they looked very cute with the white line on their backs and tails.

The mother skunk ripped open a plastic bag and scattered its contents all over. She found a half-eaten chicken leg and chewed on it. The kittens found a piece of bread and began to tear it apart.

Just then a shadow seemed to separate itself from a bush, which was near the garbage dump. The light was clear enough for Henry to see that it was a big red fox with a long bushy tail.

The skunk sensed danger and made a noise. The kittens rushed to her side. The fox circled the skunk in a wide circle staying about ten feet away from the skunk.

The skunk kept her backside toward the fox, threatening to squirt out her stench, stamping her rear feet up and down. The fox was not deterred. He continued to circle slowly.

Henry called out to grandpa. Grandpa came into the room. When he saw what was going on, he closed the window tightly.

“I have to get my gun”, said grandpa.

Henry continued to watch, through the closed window.

The fox now started a new tactic. He began to circle in a spiral, the circle getting smaller and smaller.

When the fox was about five feet from the skunk, the skunk let go a blast. The spray hit the fox in the face. He ran a short distance, howling in agony. He then began to rub his face in the grass.

Soon the fox was back, circling more cautiously. He made short lunges, jumping back each time.

On one of these lunges he got within a few feet of the skunk, and the skunk let go a second blast. Again, the fox ran away a short distance, and wiped his face in the grass. He now came back more determined than ever.

This time he circled slowly getting closer and closer to the skunk. When the skunk let out a blast this time, there was very little spray, and the fox jumped in and got the skunk by the neck.

It looked bad for the skunk, and Henry was very unhappy. At that moment there was a blast from grandpa's shotgun, right over the head of the fox, missing him by inches.

The fox dropped the skunk and ran off into the bushes. Grandpa let loose a second shot in order to keep the fox running.

"She's been bitten pretty hard, we better take her into the barn," said grandpa.

Grandpa carried the skunk into the barn and put her on some hay. He then washed her wound with soap and water, and put a mild disinfectant on the wound. He then fed her some milk from a spoon. The skunk liked this and drank half a glass full. Henry gave milk to the kittens in a saucer, and they lapped it up like a cat.

"She'll be alright now, let's go into the house and wash up."

Grandpa put Henry in the tub, and scrubbed him with deodorant soap to get rid of some of the skunk smell. He then gave Henry his pajamas and put him to bed.

"Keep the windows closed," said grandpa, "Or the skunk stench will get into the house."

Grandpa started to leave the room when Henry asked, "Grandpa, how come you missed the fox? You were only a few feet away from him?"

Grandpa smiled and said, "I wasn't trying to hit her, I only wanted to scare her away. That fox is my friend. She is a vixen that is a female fox. "

"In the spring, animals have their young, like the skunk and the fox. That is in April or May. The baby foxes are called kits,

and this fox has brought her two around several times. She usually hangs out near the barn, where the hay is stored and catches mice. She also hunts mice in the haystack in the field. If it weren't for her, I would be swamped with mice."

"Why didn't the skunk run away, when she sprayed the fox the first time?" asked Henry.

"She wouldn't run because she wanted to protect her kittens", answered grandpa. "Besides she probably thought that the fox wanted to take over the garbage site. She didn't realize that the fox was after her."

"Normally a fox will avoid a skunk, but she must have been desperately hungry to tackle the skunk. Foxes usually look for food in the twilight or very early morning. I will put out some stale bread and dog food for the fox, near the haystack, where she will be sure to find it."

The next morning Henry went to the barn to see if the skunk and its kittens were still there, but they were gone.

During the summer he saw the skunk many times near the garbage dump, but never saw the fox bother any more. The fox had learned her lesson.

CHAPTER 6

HORSES, HORSES, HORSES

Henry was now eight and a half years old. He was in the third grade, and it was near the end of the term. The teacher was telling the class about famous horses.

“Many great men in history had special horses.”

She showed the class a picture of General Lee with his horse, whose name was “Traveler.” She asked the class if anyone knew the name of other famous horses. Matthew raised his hand and said that Roy Roger’s horse was called, “Trigger.” He also said that Gene Autry’s horse was called, “Champion.”

The teacher told the class that the most famous horse in history was that of Alexander The Great, a Greek Hero. His horse had a head, which resembled that of a bull, so he called him “Bull Head”. In Greek it came out “Bucephalus”, pronounced, “Bu-Sefalus”.

The teacher asked the class if anyone knew the name of George Washington’s horse. Many took a guess but no one had the right answer. The teacher then told the class that when George Washington was President he rode a beautiful white Arabian horse called “Magnolia”, but that was not his favorite horse. All during the war against the British he rode a horse called “Nelson”, which was chestnut in color. At that time, it was custom for an officer in the army to ride a white horse, but George Washington was not proud and he rode the best horse he could find.

When the teacher said, “Nelson!” everyone turned around and looked at Henry, because that was his last name. But Henry did not notice because he was gazing out of the window at the green fields, and thinking of the farm, Grandpa and Birdie.

The teacher was very angry because Henry was not paying attention, and said, “Henry! What was the name of George Washington’s horse.”

Henry looked up and said “Birdie”.

The class burst out laughing, and poor Henry turned red in the face.

When Henry got home he told his mother that when school was out he wanted to go back to the farm. His mother told him that he would have to ask his father.

When his father came home he was in a good mood. His business was doing very well. He said that he had done so well that he would take a trip to Hawaii in the summer for a vacation.

Henry said that he didn't want to go to Hawaii, he wanted to go to grandpa's for the summer. After some discussion, his father said that he could go to grandpa's, if he would take the bus by himself.

Henry agreed quickly, and ran up to his room to pack. His mother came in and said, "Vacation is at least two weeks away. Put everything back where you got it from."

The two weeks passed very slowly for Henry, but at last he came home to find everything packed into a big valise, by his mother. "You will leave tomorrow at 7AM so you will have to go to bed early," she said.

Henry got up several times during the night but it was not 7AM. Finally he fell into a deep sleep and his mother had to wake him or he would have overslept.

His mother drove him to the bus and told the bus driver where he was to get off. She also gave him a lunch box with sandwiches and milk for him to eat on the way.

The trip took many hours, and there were numerous stops, but Henry did not mind. At long last they came to the small town near grandpa's farm.

The bus was one hour earlier than scheduled, and Henry expected that he would have to wait for Grandpa, but Grandpa was there before the bus arrived.

Grandpa took the big valise and put it in the wagon. Henry climbed up to the driver's seat and told Birdie to giddyap.

While they were riding along, Henry asked if Birdie was an Arabian horse. Grandpa laughed and told Henry that Birdie was a Morgan horse.

“A Morgan horse”, said Grandpa, “Is somewhat smaller than most riding horses, but is very strong. Thus he can be used as a saddle horse or to pull a wagon. He is also very fast, as you well know, and I won many races with him. He is also very gentle and easy to ride. He also has much stamina. That is he can work all day.

“Some people believe that the Morgan horse is descended from the Shire. The Shire was a big horse used by the knights to carry them in combat. He had to be big and strong since the armor they wore was very heavy. The Morgan horse would then be called a “runt”, that is he was abnormally small compared to his brothers and sisters. However he would be very sturdy.”

“On the other hand the Arabian horse is prettier and a good show horse, but he would not be very good around a farm.”

“Did you ever have any other kind of horse Grandpa.”

“Yes, when I was younger, I used to ride a “Quarter Horse”. That horse was developed for working with cattle. Cowboys ride that horse ten or more hours a day, but they are not very good for pulling a wagon.”

“You said you used to race Birdie. Did you ever have a really fast horse.” asked Henry.

“The fastest horses are the “Thoroughbreds”, which they race at the track. They are very expensive and I never owned one, but when I was a little older than you, I owned a Buckskin.”

“A Buckskin’s hide is a sort of yellowish green. He has very long legs and is very tall. When I rode him no one could catch me. He loved to run. But his hooves seemed to go bad, I don’t know why except, that his legs were so thin. My father said that it was the fault of the farrier who put his shoes on wrong. In any case, my father sold him.”

“What is a Roan?” asked Henry, “Gene Autry’s Champion was a Roan.”

“A Roan”, said grandpa, “is a reddish brown horse, often with a white streak on his head and a beautiful light colored tail.”

“Roy Rogers had a very nice horse. What was that?” asked Henry.

“Oh, that was a “Palomino”. A Palomino is a light golden color with an ivory mane and tail. They are beautiful animals and show up well in the movies.”

“There are many types of horses which are not so pretty but are useful, like the Appaloosa, which has black and white dots all over the rear of the animal. They are named after the Palouse Indians who lived in the northwest. They were raised for speed, and are still used in racing. They were developed from the wild mustang which the Indians loved to ride.”

“We could go on forever, Henry, but we are getting near the farm. It is also getting dark and is near your bedtime.”

Henry ate some French toast for supper and was glad to get to bed. Before Grandpa had a chance to put the lights out, he was fast asleep.

Grandma's House

Jessica Hana Townsly
As sweet as she could be
Saw a little pussycat
Perched up in a tree

“Come down little pussycat
Don't you want to play?
It's so nice and sunny now
And there's no school today.”

“Oh no,” said the pussycat,
“I'm doing my very best
To catch a little birdie
Flying to her nest.”

“Shame on you, you pussycat,
That's such a nasty thing
To do to little birdies
Flying on the wing.”

“They're so sweet and pretty
With such endearing charm
You should try to help them
Not do them any harm.”

“Oh no, said the pussycat,
I haven't had by lunch.
I'm hungry and I need some food
That I can bite and crunch.”

“Now you Jessica Townsly
Have no complaint to tell
'Cause when you go to Grandma's house
She feeds you very well.”

“But I must hunt and seek
A scrap of food or prey
Often, I don’t find a thing
And go hungry that day.”

“If you’ll climb down, dear pussy,
With your little furry feet,
I’ll take you to Grandma’s house
For something good to eat.”

“I’ll be right down sweet Jessica,
Since I am in the mood
To go to grandma’s residence
To eat some tasty food.”

And so the pretty pussy
With a smile on his sweet face
Left his perch upon the limb
To go to grandma’s place.

As Jessica and the pussycat
Proceeded on their hike
They came across young Benjamin
Riding on his bike.

“Where are you going?” said Benjamin,
“You seem to be in haste.
You act as though you’re very late,
And there’s no time to waste.

“We’re on our way to Grandma’s house
Where we can fill our bellies
With hamburger and chicken legs,
And cookies filled with jellies.”

“Oh wait for me, I’ll get my coat.
I want to go along.
Grandma says that ice cream cones
Will make me very strong.”

So pell-mell, on their way
Down the shaded trail,
When there in front Semper stood
Wagging his little tail.

“Where are you going all you three
At such a rapid rate?
You’ll soon be very very tired
If you keep such a gait.”

“We’re on our way to Grandma’s house
To get something to eat.
For the way she prepare a chicken
No chef or cook could beat.”

“May I go, said the little dog,
For I am hungry too.
I’d like to eat a few fish sticks.
They’re tasty things to chew.”

“Of course you may,” said Jessica,
I know you like to chew
On all the bones she leaves behind
When Grandma makes a stew.”

So down the road the four advanced
At such a rapid pace
That those who did not understand
Would think it was a race.

When there appeared aside the road
Another little dog,
A poodle by the name of Precious
Perched upon a log.

“Wherever you go, may I go too?”
Said Precious in a whine.
“I don’t like being left behind
And I’ll behave just fine.”

“Just get in line,” said Jessica
“And do not slow us down.”
We want to get to Grandma’s house
Before she goes to town.”

So Jessica, Semper and Benjamin,
And pussy with the furry ear
Went rapidly to Grandma’s place
With Precious in the rear.

Now when they came to Grandma’s house,
They saw her with a pack
Picking up sticks, stones and leaves,
And stuffing them in a sack.

“Oh, Jessica, how good to see you,
And Benjamin you dear.
It makes me feel so very good
To know that you are here.

“We are all very hungry,
And have come so a long way.
We would like to have some chicken legs
Or hamburgers, if we may.”

“Of course you may, dear Jessica,
My very little mouse.
Just rub your feet on this rug here,
And come into the house.”

“You know how much I love
To feed you very well.
The chicken is about done now,
And that is what you smell.

She gave the first leg to Jessica,
And Benjamin the last,
And opened a can of salmon
For pussy to break his fast.

To Semper and to Precious
She gave them two large bones,
With so much meat around them
They looked like huge corn pones.

And when they all had eaten,
Grandma gave each an ice cream cone.
So they could lick it all the way,
As they took the long way home.

Now Jessica’s ma is careful,
And weighs her now and then
To see she doesn’t get too fat
And resemble a big fat hen.

But when she weighed the children,
She found to her dismay,
That each had gained an awful lot,
Just in that one short day.

And Semper and Precious went to sleep
As soon as they came home.
Since they were also full of food
And didn't want to roam.

And pussy curled up in a chair,
Resting from her chores.
She needn't chase the birdies now,
Just lick her furry paws.

So anytime you're hungry,
And need something to eat,
Just make your way to Grandma's house,
And she'll give you a treat.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The Author has been married for over 56 years to the same lady and has four children. The elder two sons are both physicians. The third child has her Ph.D. Degree in Linguistics and is employed by the U.S. Government. Her younger sister is full time employed as a director of an organization, which raises and supplies funds for humanitarian purposes for animals in Israel. The organization is called CHAI, which stands for, Committee to help the Animals of Israel.

The Author is a well-known Clinical Chemist and has received many awards in this field. He is the author of numerous scientific papers and U.S. patents. He is the author and editor of several books on Clinical Chemistry subjects.

At present, the Author is an Adjunct Professor in the Department of Environmental Practice at the University of Tennessee Veterinary Medical School.