This is a story about an Eastern Star family and when I mention Father or Mother or Freddie or Mary, these two individuals will put on the proper hat, so watch to make sure they don’t make a mistake with the wrong hat.

Once upon a time in the Bitterroot Valley, there lived a typical Montana family consisting of Father, who was a retired forester and now a gentleman farmer, Mother, who was a good farmer’s wife, Freddie, their son and Mary, their daughter.

One fine day as Father donned his irrigation boots and as Mother was packing Freddie’s and Mary’s lunches for school, Freddie called from upstairs, “Father,” he shouted. “Mother!” he shouted even louder, “Don’t forget you are coming to my baseball game tonight.”

“Oh darn, is that tonight?” said Father. “Mother, is he right?”

“Oh no!” said Mother. “I am going to Chapter tonight.”

“Oh,” said Mary, who had come into the kitchen, “I have a game tonight, too.”

“Are you sure, Freddie?” asked Father. “Mother told me it was tomorrow.”

“That’s right, Father,” said Mother.

“Mary,” said Freddie coming down the stairs, “I told you last night.”

“Sorry, Freddie,” said Mary, “I forget these things if Father or Mother don’t remind me.”

“Did we promise to come, Freddie?” asked Father.

“Yes, and you promised to bring Mother and Mary, Father,” replied Freddie.

“I did?” said Father.

“Oh, I remember now,” cried Mother. “but I forgot it was Chapter night.”

“What about MY game,” cried Mary. “Mother, you always come to MY game, you too, Father and I don’t care about Freddie and HIS game.”

Freddie replied “I told all my friends that my Father, my Mother and you too, Mary, would be there to cheer us on in our very last game!! Well Father, you and Mother and Mary have to make up your minds soon!”

“Freddie,” Father said sternly, “Mother, Mary and I will decide for ourselves what to do without any advice from you!”

“I will, Father?” said Mother.

“Oh, Father, do I have to too?” wailed Mary.

“Yes!” said Father emphatically.

“Oh look,” said Mother who was standing in the kitchen window. “Look, Father, Freddie and Mary!”

Father, Freddie and Mary all rushed over to look out the window with Mother.

“Look, Father. Look, Freddie and you, too, Mary” said Mother.

“Oh my,” said Father. “It is snowing so hard they will cancel the game for sure.”

“Oh,” said Mother and Mary, “that’s Montana in June for you.”

“Don’t worry, Freddie,” said Father, “we will all come to your next game”