All in the Family Joy in a Box Of Crayons By Sarah Child



I was picking up some bits and pieces of crayon the other day, preparatory to throwing them out and thinking I really shouldn't. It would merely lead to the necessity of buying another box which would all too soon become broken bits and pieces which would have to be thrown out which would lead to ... but you get the idea.

Staring at the crayons, I remembered as I haven't in years, the absolute joy I once felt in opening a brand new package of crayons.

Do they have a smell? I don't know, don't remember. But the sight of the unworn familiar green and orange box, usually handed out at the start of the school year was enough to throw me into quiet rapture.

Inside, the true colors, the symmetry, the unused tips, the clean wrappers, neither smudged nor torn somehow represented a new start to me, a different kind of life.

Clutching the crayons, I could picture myself becoming a neat, ordered little girl with a schedule for everything, followed scrupulously. I would think neat thoughts, rise and go to bed at the proper times and maybe even keep my ankle socks up with rubber bands as a classmate did.

So much for dreams. The crayons would break, usually sooner than later, the top of the box would get torn and I would lose the purple or maybe the brown. Still, the next box of crayons, all the same feelings of discipline and order would descend again.

Such pleasure from a box of colors. There were other such pleasures then. Simple, uncluttered by price tags.

There was the first snow of every winter, falling usually on green, green grass still unfrozen. Would it stay long enough for us to get our sleds out to the hill?

Later when the deep snow had come for good, too deep almost for sledding, we made "angels" on the ground, swinging arms and legs in arcs.

In spring there was the thrill of finding a strawberry patch, high up the hill far past the houses in grassy fields not far from the edge of the wood.

Birthdays and Christmas and visits to my grandmother's all were the same kind of pleasures. Intense and extremely enjoyable and much too fleeting.

Catching sight of a brook in the woods, here and there a patch of sunlight breaking through the trees, reflecting on the water. A tiny clump of wood violets nearby, rotted leaves and the smell of pines.

And, maybe best of all, taking my book, an apple and scrunching down in the little place between the pot belly stove and the wall and listening to the frozen wind roar and whistle and whisper down the chimney while one's back grew icy and one's face tingled with the heat.



Members of "GI Morale" group in Greece recently filled 125 five-pound cartons with food, candy, coffee, soap, paperback books and other items for U.S. servicemen in Vietnam. Pictured are members of Women's Guild of Holy Name of Jesus parish: Mrs. Stanley Welstead, Mrs. Matthew McBride, Mrs. Evan Llewellyn, Mrs. William J. Smith, Mrs. Edward B. Walsh.

## New Krause Exhibit At Nazareth College

A display of 59 paintings and 13 prints by Rochester artist and naturalist, Erik Hans Krause, will be exhibited at the Nazareth College Arts Center until Jan. 5.

The acrylic paintings include mysterious microforms, Andean volcanoes, Pacific beaches and lagoons on the Gulf of Mexico.

Abstract forms and symbolic expressions blend with realism as the artist uses a variety of technical means to interpret manifestations of nature and life. A student of the art academies of Liepzig and Dresden, Krause has exhibited extensively in Europe, New York and Philadelphia, in addition to the Rochester area where he has received numerous awards. He has done several covers for the National Audubon Society magazine.

Krause and his wife, Charlot, former head of the art department of Rush Henrietta High School, recently returned from one of the Georgia Sea Islands. They maintain a studio-workshop in their home at 78 Kirk Drive.

## K of C Party Benefits Three

Irondequoit Knights of Columbus produced some thoughtfully chosen gifts for guests at their Christmas party. It

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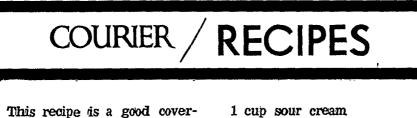
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Brother Edward Tracey, principal of Bishop Kearney High School, received a check for the education fund that represented receipts from the council's harvest dance. Sister M. Seraphine, SJ., principal of Holy Childhood School, was given money and canned food.

The guest of honor was Father William J. Schifferli, pastor of Christ the King. He walked off with a paid-up membership card.



come dine with us j

up for leftover ham, even though the dairy association that provided it puts the emphasis elsewhere. Swiss Scalloped Potatoes is the title; Swiss, for cheese. (It is not known whether the people of Switzerland are much interested, one way or the other.)

A shallow three-quart baking dish is recommended. The yield is eight to 10 servings; baking time, half an hour at 350 degrees, until the whole thing is good and hot.

## Swiss Scalloped Potatoes

- 1½ cup (6 oz.) shredded Swiss cheese
- 1/2 cup sliced green onions, tops included.
- 1 tablespoon dill weed
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk

COURIER/2

6-7 cups cooked, thinly sliced potatoes (4 large)
3 cups diced cooked ham, cut ¼-inch thick (1 lb.)
½ cup shredded Swiss cheese

 14 cup fine dry bread crumbs
 14 cup (1/2 stick) butter, melted

In a small bowl toss tog 1 cup Swiss cheese, oniona dill weed; set aside. In quart saucepan melt b stir in flour and salt. Re from heat; gradually st milk. Cook over medium stirring constantly, until ened. Cook 2 additional utes. Remove from heat; s sour cream. In buttered b dish layer  $\frac{1}{3}$  the potatoe the ham,  $\frac{1}{2}$  the Swiss c mixture and  $\frac{1}{2}$  the sour c mixture. Repeat, making top layer with last 1/3 o potatoes. Combine 1/2 cup cheese, bread crumbs and ed butter and sprinkle top.

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