

Re Financial Statement (cont'd)

afford at this time. Also how can we thank Miss Vivian Kitchen who operates the wonder machine.

Thanks very very much to all who have taken the trouble to contribute poems, articles, news etc, and hope you'll continue.

From a start of 50 editions weekly, 250 editions are now required every week. Tekawennake has grown! Thanks to the supporters.

Recipe - Queen Elizabeth Cake - (This is easy and delicious, sent in by Bea Smith.)

- 4 Tbsp. butter or shortening
- 1 Cup white sugar
- 1 1/2 Cup flour
- 1/2 Tsp. salt
- 1 Tsp. baking powder
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cup chopped dates

Put all these ingredients in a bowl and stir well.

1 Tsp. baking soda in 1 cup of boiling water added to the above ingredients. Stir until well mixed.

Bake in a square or loaf pan. Bake about 1/2 hour at 350°. It's good as is, but if desired put on this topping:

- 5 Tbsp. B. sugar
 - 2 Tsp. cream or milk
 - 3 Tbsp. butter
- Let come to a boil and add 1/2 cup cocoanut or chopped nuts.

New Credit

On The Death of Martin Luther King (submitted anonymously)

Where were You, Lord, when the gunshot roared?
 Where were You, when his life's blood poured?
 The greatest man on earth is dead, Lord
 Where were you?

He worked for peace in a troubled land;
 Could You not stop the assassin's hand?
 Isn't it time, Lord, You made Your stand?
 Where were You?

His load was heavy, he'd much to bear,
 He walked where others would never dare;
 Lord is it possible You don't care?
 Are You there?

Like You, he lived for love, oh Lord,
 And like You, too, died by the sword;
 Lord, couldn't You still the angry horde?
 Were You there?

My faith is weak: I must ask why
 Should bad men live while good ones die?
 Can You answer me, Lord, from Your throne on high?
 Are You there?

He lived as all men on earth should,
 Upholding truth and brotherhood;
 You must know, Lord, that he was good
 Where are You?

The Nobel prize for peace he earned
 Lord, hate and force he always spurned;
 Has he to Your bosom been returned?
 Are You there?

Where were You, Lord, when the gunshot roared?
 Where were You when his life's blood poured?
 The greatest man on earth is dead, Lord.
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For your funny bone

Teacher - If you had seven apples and I asked you for two, how many would you have left? Johnny - Seven.