A Message from Aunt Carol & Uncle Dan

Hey there! It's time to haul out the pumpkins and have fun like the kids in our cover photo, and play in the leaves. Whatever this autumn holds for you, we hope it's a happy time, full of family outings and great memories. And speaking of families, always remember that your Heavenly Father has great plans for you and deary loves you. God bless!
Carl stopped suddenly. The road ahead looked strange–almost eerie. He felt an unexplainable chill run up his spine. "Where are we?" he asked.

Ned came up beside him. The two stood a moment, looking around them at the thick, spooky woods which grew close to the road on both sides. "We took the wrong turn!" whispered Ned. "This is old Shadow Hollow Road!"

"Yes," Carl agreed. "You're right. We must be near Henry Clifford's old house–you know, the one that belonged to his grandfather, old Silas Clifford."

"The...old place...that they say...is haunted?" Ned swallowed hard. "You know. The chair!"

They stared ahead. That chair story was pretty awful.

"Henry Clifford has to sell that old house or lose his sports store," said Carl. "He's plenty worried about it, too."

Henry Clifford was a great favorite with the two boys. He always let them play baseball back of his store. He had even given them a dandy catcher's mitt. He had said it was "Just in the way."

"Mr. Rogers at Dawson City wanted to buy the old house," Carl continued. "Until he heard it was haunted. Then he backed out."

"And the worst is...the chair!" Ned repeated the word and shuddered. "And people have really seen it, Carl spoke hoarsely. "A chair that rocks all by itself, with no one in it!"

"Wish we could help Mr. Clifford sell his house," Carl said as he stared towards the old house. "Let's take a look at the place," he said as he started in the direction of the property.

"Well...er...I will, if you will, I guess," Ned gulped. "Are you really going close to the house?"

"Aw, come on!" Carl urged. Ned looked doubtful. "I really should be getting home and cleaning my room. But, oh well. Let's go."

The boys moved carefully along, eyeing the dark woods to their side. They came to a small clearing. Beyond a sagging gate was the old gray house. The house looked forbidding. The windows were narrow and dark. Ghostly shadows flickered eerily across the roof. Somewhere in the trees at the back, two branches rubbed together with a mournful sigh.

They approached the house. They stopped. Ned bumped his head on the dark glass as he peered in. They could see dim forms of a table and a desk. But, in the middle of the room, facing the massive fireplace, was the big wooden chair. It was covered with dust and cobwebs. They stood rigidly for a moment. What if it...?

Then as they stared in wordless horror, the chair started rocking. Slowly rocking. No one was in it.

"We know it can't really be a ghost," Carl whispered. "Sure! There has to be a logical explanation..."

Suddenly, Carl was very excited. "Let's go inside and find out!"

"Inside? Are you crazy?" Ned trembled. "I really should be getting home."

"I think we can help Mr. Clifford, Ned," Carl insisted. "Come on!"

They moved carefully into the old room. The door closed behind them. Carl turned the knob. It turned hard, but the door finally squeaked open. The old front room was cold and still. The boys looked at the chair. It had stopped rocking.

They stood like wooden statues for a moment, listening. Had someone crept stealthily in behind them? Were
there muffled voices upstairs? Had the hall door slowly closed, cutting off their exit? They swallowed hard.

The Carl bent down slowly and felt along the floor. He gave a sudden shout.

"What is it!" squeaked Ned. "Stay here a minute."

Ned shook all over. "Stay here? Hey, wait, Carl, old pal." Ned flattened himself against the wall as he watched Carl zip back down the hall.

He wished he were someplace else. Anywhere else.

Carl was out on the porch in seconds, squinting through the window. Suddenly, the chair started rocking...slowly rocking. And no one was in it!

Ned knew he had aged 99 years in just three seconds.

Then Carl rushed back inside the porch and asked 99 years in

"Slowly rocking. And no one was

in it..." Suddenly, the chair started rocking

and the secret of the ghost chair

read to the boys in their imagination.

Henry answered the door and lis-

tened to the boys tell their adventure

and the secret of the ghost chair.

was once a part of this room. Look—this

chair rock! Where makes the chair? That is what makes the chair! The board moves under

the boards. Read through the boards.

He wished he were someplace else. He wished he were someplace else.

"He's in the closet!" Red answered.

"I know what to say, fellas. Just thanks isn't nearly enough," he said. "I don't know what to say, fellows. Just thanks isn't nearly enough," he said. "I don't know what to say, fellows. Just thanks isn't nearly enough," he said.

"Carl figured it out," said Ned. "But not without you, pal!"

"Really?" "You'd better believe it!"

They closed the door and said, "That look some brink work and

it."

"Just three seconds. Then Carl rushed back inside the

Room. Have Bailey Harvest Leaves.

Words: PUMPKIN; BLACK CAT; COSTUME: BOO.

Columbus Day: Scarecrow, Frosted

Halloween: Owl; Jack o' Lantern; Rake.

Indian Corn; Hay Bale; Harvest Leaves.
A Baker, so he can loaf around.

Lazy man!

What is the best profession for a man?

Referee?

With flood lights.

A sponge.

drive?

Cattle-lacs!

Cattle-lacs go around the milk at night.

What kind of milk do cattle drive?

Water?

holes in it and still hold

What can have many eyes?

Just between us, something smells.

What did one eye say to the other eye?

CREDIBLE KIDS

Black is a great cloth looking unique on someone.

Black is the sky.

Looking thousands of stories.

Holding thousands of words.

Waiting for someone to write.

Black is a blackboard.

Black is a cake.

Which sometimes frightens people.

Which was burnt in the oven.

Black is the right.

On it.

Who dreamt he was eating his shoe in the middle of the night.

The wolf put on a fright.

Perfectly true,

And found out it was.

Black was an old man from Peru.

There was an old man from Peru.

Black

The Man from Peru

CREDIBLE KIDS

49103

Berne Springs, W.

Box 15

Clubhouse:

Yours to:

Readers.

Jokes and riddles sent.
David goes to find his brothers in battle and hears the challenge of Goliath, the Philistine champion. Israel's soldiers are afraid of Goliath, who is a giant. Every morning and every evening Goliath taunts Israel with his challenges.

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David is shocked that all the Israelite soldiers are afraid. Soon Israel's King Saul hears of David's protests and calls for him. David asks Saul for permission to fight Goliath. At first Saul refuses, but then gives his permission.

Saul gives David his own armor to wear for protection, but it is too heavy. Instead he takes off the armor, goes to the small brook nearby and picks up 5 small, smooth stones to use in his slingshot.

Goliath wastes no time in mocking him. "Come to me," says Goliath, and I will feed you to the birds and beasts of the field." But David says, "I come to you in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom you have defied." He then kills Goliath with a well-placed stone to Goliath's forehead, and the battle is won for the Israelites by a boy whose faith is in God.

Put a T or an F in each blank to indicate if the sentence is true or false.

1. _____ David was glad to have King Saul's armor to wear.
2. _____ Goliath mocked David when David came to the protection.
3. _____ The weapon David used to kill Goliath was a slingshot.
4. _____ David told Saul of the times that God had saved him.
5. _____ Israel's army bravely fought Goliath in spite of his gigantic size.

Below you'll find a list of words (in capital letters) that are taken from the story. Find them in the puzzle by looking up, down, backwards, forwards and diagonally. Then circle the letters in the puzzle that you did not use and write them down in order (left to right, top to bottom), and you will find the real reason for David's victory over Goliath:

SLINGSHOT: LORD OF HOSTS, JEHOVAH, DAVID, BROTHERS, ARMY, BEAR, DAVID, BEASTS, DAVID'S, ARMOR, ISRAEL, GOLIATH, FAITH, FEED, FIGHT, FORHEAD, STONES, BROOM, TAUNTS, PROTECTOR, BEARS, SALVATION, BULL, FeSTURES, PHILISTINES.
Benjamin, or “Benjy,” as he was known by his friends, was a lively, red-haired 11-year-old, who lived in the village of Centerville, New Jersey. One day in 1864, during the Civil War, he was to be drawn into a plot that endangered his life.

That afternoon, he stood by the entrance to the wheelwright’s shop, always the center of activity, and watched. As usual, there was the clatter of tools and the smell of sawdust. He watched the workers fit hickory spokes into wheel hubs. Their best customer was the Union Army.

Suddenly he noticed a strange man standing behind him. Benjy guessed he had arrived on the Swift Sure Stage Coach, which brought passengers and mail four times a week from New York City. Passengers stayed overnight at the inn, and the driver hitched up fresh horses before going on to Philadelphia. The passengers got out of the wagon, and the driver started the coach. The man who called himself a reporter stepped off the wagon, looked around the shop, and then wandered into it. Benjy watched him from the shadows. He heard the reporter say, “What is your name, boy?” Benjy answered, “Benjamin.”

“Your name is Benjamin, sir?” the reporter asked. “Yes, sir,” Benjy replied. “You hang around here often?” “Most every day,” Benjy answered. “There’s so much going on. They make wagon wheels and do repairs for the Union Army. We have a mill, a post office, a blacksmith shop, and a store.”

The reporter interrupted him. “My word, you must hear a great deal of war news here. I’m a reporter. Want to earn some money? All you have to do is remember conversations for me to report to my newspaper on my return. Some money will really help. You have to do it. Some money will mean a lot to you.”

Benjy’s eyes widened as he took the silver dollar from the reporter. He’d never seen so much money before. He put the dollar in his pocket and said, “I’ll put everything in my notebook. Tell me more.”

The reporter said, “For my newspaper. I write a column on Philadelphia. You can write for me if you want. I need a column on the war. I need a column on the soldiers. I need a column on the war.”

Benjy’s heart raced. He had never had a job before. He had never had a chance to earn money. He had never had a chance to earn money. He had never had a chance to earn money.

Benjy walked over to the orchard and stayed out of sight behind a tree. All at once he heard the coachman’s horn and the thud of horse’s hooves galloping into the courtyard. He remained hidden and watched the passengers get off the coach. The reporter stepped down and walked toward the wheelwright’s shop. Benjy watched him from the shadows, thinking of escape. The treehouse on top of the hill? No, he must warn the soldiers of a spy in their midst.

Benjy darted out from the orchard, making his way past the wheelwright’s shop. Before he could attract anyone’s attention, the reporter appeared beside him.
"Let's take a walk, Benjamin. You can tell me all the news."

Benjy pulled away. "There's nothing to tell. Here's your dollar." He tossed it on the ground and started to run for home. The reporter was much too quick for Benjy. He grabbed him by the collar and marched him into the orchard, out of sight of the soldiers. Benjy was too scared to scream, even when the stranger pushed him against a tree and pulled a knife from his pocket.

"I'll cut your throat from ear to ear," he warned. "First, though, tell me all you've heard at the wheelwright's shop this week."

Benjy's heart beat so fast he thought he'd choke. "Well," he began. Suddenly he heard a crackle in the underbrush...probably Boss Craig's hounddog. The spy glanced away for a second. Benjy knocked the knife on the ground and ran into the road yelling, "Rebel spy! Rebel spy! Quick! In the orchard!"

The soldiers ran into the orchard shouting, and firing shots. The spy limped out of the orchard and collapsed on the road.

As he was carried past Benjy, he hissed, "You're lucky. I should have split your throat from ear to ear."

The Union Army sergeant ordered the spy's pockets to be searched. They found a notebook with valuable information for the Southern Army, and the man's name on the back cover.

"He's the notorious spy who has escaped all our efforts to capture him. That is until now," chuckled the sergeant.

He turned to Benjy saying, "You are a very brave boy."

Benjy's silver dollar lay glistening in the sun where he had dropped it. It would make a good souvenir, but there were so many things to spend that he wanted to buy something to commemorate his brave act. He decided to buy a watch for Miss Nicole, who was his teacher.

As the news of Benjy's help in the capture of the notorious spy reached President Lincoln, he sent Benjy a letter praising him for his bravery and patriotism. President Lincoln's letter meant more to Benjy than the shining silver dollar, and he treasured it all his life.
"Why do you teach me to read and write?"

"Knowledge is man's best friend, Jim," she answered.

Jim nodded. "Yes'm. But why me? I mean, is there something about me that I don't know? I mean," Jim asked, looking down at his light brown arms, "you might not even know, and may be ashamed to admit it, but I got to know. Do we have the same father?"

There! It was out. Jim could feel the tightness in his chest easing. Now he would know who and what he was. He would know what to say when the other slaves bothered him again.

Jim almost smiled with relief until he realized he hadn't received an answer yet.

"Miss Nicole?"

She had put aside the material, and her hands lay idle in her lap. When she looked up at him, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright.

"I don't know," she said. Jim sighed. He was back where he had started. But Nicole continued. "I mean, I can't be sure. I just know that when you were born, your mother was sold to another plantation. That's very rare. I mean, Papa doesn't usually separate families, if he can help it....I just don't know what to think."

So many questions ran through Jim's mind, he didn't know where to start. "If you don't know, then why do you teach me? I thought my mother died? Why did you lie? Why?"

"I don't know, Jim. I just felt so bad, you growing up without a family and all. And I was just an overseer when she looked up at me, and the hands I'd laid in the dirt. And I thought if I could just, I mean...Oh, I almost smiled with relief."

Jim stood to leave. "And my mother? Where is she?"

"All I know is that a man named Diamant came to pick her up. Maybe he was the owner, but perhaps he was just an overseer or something. She's not in Louisiana today, though. I think it's farther North."

Nicole brushed out her skirts and looked at Jim with concern. "But it really doesn't matter now. I mean, you're almost a man. And, whatever the reasons, you're getting an education. I thought you'd be glad." And she left the room.

Later that night, Jim lay on his cot, thinking about all he had learned that day and trying to figure what it meant to him. A man's got to know who he is, he thought. And then he corrected himself. A man has a right to know. He wants to know, he needs to know. He has to know. And then he corrected him again. He needs to know who he is.

A man's got to know who he is. And then he thought that maybe a man's got to know where he came from. He's got to know who his family is. He's got to know who he is. And then he thought that maybe a man's got to know who his family is.

That's why he asked his mother, "Where is she?"

"I don't know," she said. "I just know that when you were born, your mother was sold to another plantation. That's very rare. I mean, Papa doesn't usually separate families, if he can help it....I just don't know what to think."

So many questions ran through Jim's mind, he didn't know where to start. A man's got to know who he is, he thought. And then he corrected himself. A man has a right to know who he is--and to be free. A man has a right to know who he got from. A man has a right to know who he's got from. A man has a right to know who he's got from.

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By Nancy Harding Groves

These delicious frozen treats will give you a taste of fall, and they’re easy to make! To make them you will need:

1 can of pumpkin
1 half gallon vanilla ice cream (softened, but not mushy)
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon cinnamon
Paper cups (like the Dixie cups)
Popsicle sticks

Mix all the ingredients in a large bowl and spoon into the paper cups. Pop the sticks into the middle of the mixture. Place these into the freezer and let harden. Enjoy!

Illustrated by Debbie Farber

What Am I?

(A poem especially for you. Put your name in the blanks.)
Mr. Clifford headed for the phone. "This was one afternoon they wouldn't soon forget."

"For Better, for Worse online at www.yourstoryhour.org"

""They all had a good laugh. The boys decided to stay for the baseball and not pull out the house."

"I'll call Mr. Rogers right away. I'm sure he'll want to buy the house now."

"And say, there are some extra baseballs in my store room. Could you take them off my hands?"

"Thanks a billion, Mr. Clifford."

"Yeah, thanks," Ned said. "I hope I'm not too old to play baseball, though!"

"I haven't dared look, but..."

"But what?" asked Carl and Mr. Clifford together.

"Er..." Ned hesitated and then glanced up and grinned. "Do I have a long white beard?"

"No," said Carl, with a twinkle in his eyes. "But you do have a longer nose from all those excuses you came up with at the house!"

They all had a good laugh. The boys headed for the baseball, and this was one afternoon they wouldn't soon forget.