

Junior TREASURE Chest

EDITED BY RUTH DIXON

Things I Like

AND PLUMS AND  R
MY FAVORITE FRUITS.  LIKE
2  IN FUNNY  S
AND BIG RED  MY FAVOR-
ITE FOOD IS HOT  S AND
 LIKE 2 RIDE IN  S
BUT BEST OF ALL, AT NIGHT 
LIKE 2 COUNT AND COUNT THE 

Potato Pounce

By Ruth Dixon

Here's fun! Get some potatoes—good-sized rounded ones—and wash off the dirt. Let them roll on an uncarpeted floor. How about the kitchen floor? Now let each player try for several minutes to scoop up the potatoes in a teaspoon and put them in a basket. You can't touch the potatoes with your fingers, so it isn't easy! Give a prize to the winner and make the worst player pay a forfeit!

Crabs!

By Betty Kahn

Have you ever tried being a crab? You prop yourself on your hands and feet with your back to the ground and then walk backward like a crab. Try to win a race to a special goal using the crab walk. You mustn't laugh, either!

Tongue Twister

Six thick thistle sticks.

Let's Draw a Doll

By Ann Davidow



This bell will make
a pretty doll
in a pretty gown.



Who shuts her eyes and
goes to sleep.
When you lay her down.



I was just thinking...

AGE MAY BRING infirmity, loneliness, and a feeling of uselessness.

But there is a wondrous compensation, a beautiful beanstalk which flourishes with the years. It is called remembrance.

Old people often find what others politely call the "golden years" are only tarnished with time. But the gold of their recollection is very pure.

Have you noticed that, among your oldest friends, today is mundane but an incident of 40 years past is crystal clear in their minds? A long-ago visit to a small place, an experience before most of the rest of us were alive is as perfect in their resurrection of it as though it were a gift of the present.

I believe the old have been given this total recall as a special alternative for the legs no longer limber, the eyes no longer eager. Because their todays and yesterdays are not filled with urgency, their yesteryears are returned like fallen stars reclaimed into the firmament of memory.

It is a kind of seventh sense of the senior citi-



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WOOLHISER

zen, but the effect is sometimes another matter. The impatient among us juniors call the old folks garrulous. Yet in the true charm of age, a man who was once only ordinary is wise and witty in remembrance.

Children are charming colts, adolescents a painful pride, young adults vibrant, the mature a little of everything.

But the old, with their towers of history, their skyscrapers of experience, can be a delight. A woman homely all her life may become exquisite at 80. The wrinkles of character in her face and hands are what make photographers great.

The convolutions of the brain at 80 may have smoothed out in small things, but they have deepened in the great. There is surely the right to peace in age, the earned privilege of reflection and relaxation. There is also and undeniably a certain loss of living.

But in this special quality of remembrance there is the special glory of the afterglow.

Patty Johnson