

Junior TREASURE Chest

EDITED BY RUTH DIXON

Elk By Hans Kreis



Find an Indian, an old trapper, a fish, a bird, and a young elk.

Skip the Stick

A Game for Indoors or Outdoors

By Albert Lee

Provide each player with three flat sticks, such as tongue sticks or ice-cream sticks. Players write their names on the sticks. With chalk or a string, mark a standing line and a goal line five or more feet away, depending on the weight of the sticks. Each player in turn skips his three sticks as far as he can. After all have played, the one whose stick has gone farthest is the winner of the round. Five rounds are played. The one with the best score wins the game.

With a High Heart

By Ida M. Pardue

Here is a game to play with an old deck of playing cards. It doesn't matter whether some cards are missing. Stack the cards face down. Each player in turn takes the top card and starts a stack of his own. All cards go face down except hearts, which go face up.

A player may capture another's whole stack by placing a higher heart on top. The player with the most cards after all have been turned is the winner.

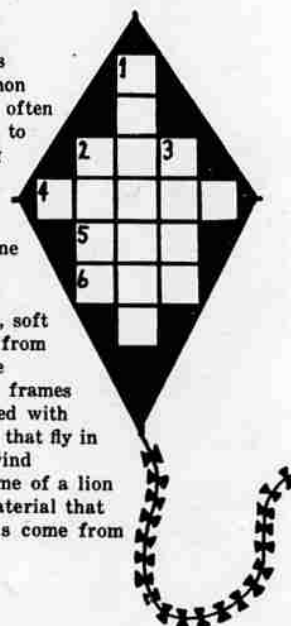
Flying High By Rose Mae

Down

1. Authors
2. A common name often given to a dog
3. A nickname for Eugene

Across

2. A small, soft fruit from a tree
4. Wooden frames covered with paper that fly in the wind
5. The home of a lion
6. Raw material that metals come from



Answers:
 1. Authors
 2. Fido
 3. Gene
 4. Kites
 5. Den
 6. Ore



I was just thinking...

THE MALLARDS down the road are a horrible example of a couple who entered marriage with their eyes shut and have since made a grand mess of it.

Someone ought to call the Family Service League, except that they've never undertaken to straighten out domestic dilemmas for ducks.

It's apparent to all of us that the Mallards haven't shown the slightest talent in proper selection of a home, the duties of approaching parenthood, or choice of friends. Any one of these can founder even a proper marriage. Observers of the Mallards wonder if this one qualifies even under that classification.

Rather than locate in an area with others of their own, the Mallards selected a warm climate devoid of other ducks and inhabited entirely by

people and dogs. Then, instead of building a home in a suburban area, the Mallards chose a rotten log in the center of a throughway.

Furthermore, they're expecting 12 children any day now, but neither of them seems to care. Mrs. Mallard rushes off to the beauty shop and sits before the watery mirror preening her locks and manicuring her nails while the blessed event back home is left to fend for itself.

MR. MALLARD, an even more reprehensible type, spends most of his time across town with friends from his bachelor days.

Now and then when Mrs. Mallard comes home and discovers a burglar, she calls her husband and he lurches in, accompanied by a couple of cronies. The Mallards have heated battles about this right out on the road in front of everybody.

Sometimes Mr. Mallard's side-kick tries to poke Mrs. Mallard in the nose. Then Mr. Mallard kicks her in the shins and bites Mrs. Mallard all the way back to the nursery.

The rest of us have seen unhappy marital situations but never one to tie this. Last night another brawl at the Mallards' kept us awake, and now we're afraid to look in the log windows for fear the anticipated babies have fallen out. Even if they have, Mr. Mallard is probably back at some tavern this morning, sleeping it off.

Really, what can any of us expect from children who will be raised in such an environment? We face the appalling prospect of having 12 juvenile delinquents about.

No wonder people have so much trouble when even a duck can't manage his own affairs.

Fatty Johnson