The Cave of Treasures Written by György Szinetár Drawings by Ernő Zórád and Antal Szemere Edited by Sándor Ják 1963

Before starting to tell you this exciting story, we'll introduce the characters to you. First, let's meet the members of the "Miklós Zrínyi" pioneer troop's "Butterfly" patrol: Imre Pál, the whistler, smart Ákos Zaránd, lazy Pista Kövér, and plump Laci Máté.

The rest of the patrol members are: tousled-haired Misi Péter, tall Laci Bodza, snub-nosed Gyuri Remete and freckled Miklós Veres.

– The patrol was named "Butterfly" because last year they gave a beautiful butterfly collection to the school's biology lab.

And finally, two other important characters: the resourceful Tibi Gazsó, leader of the "Butterflies" and András Perczel, captain of the Miklós Zrínyi pioneer troop. And now let the story begin!

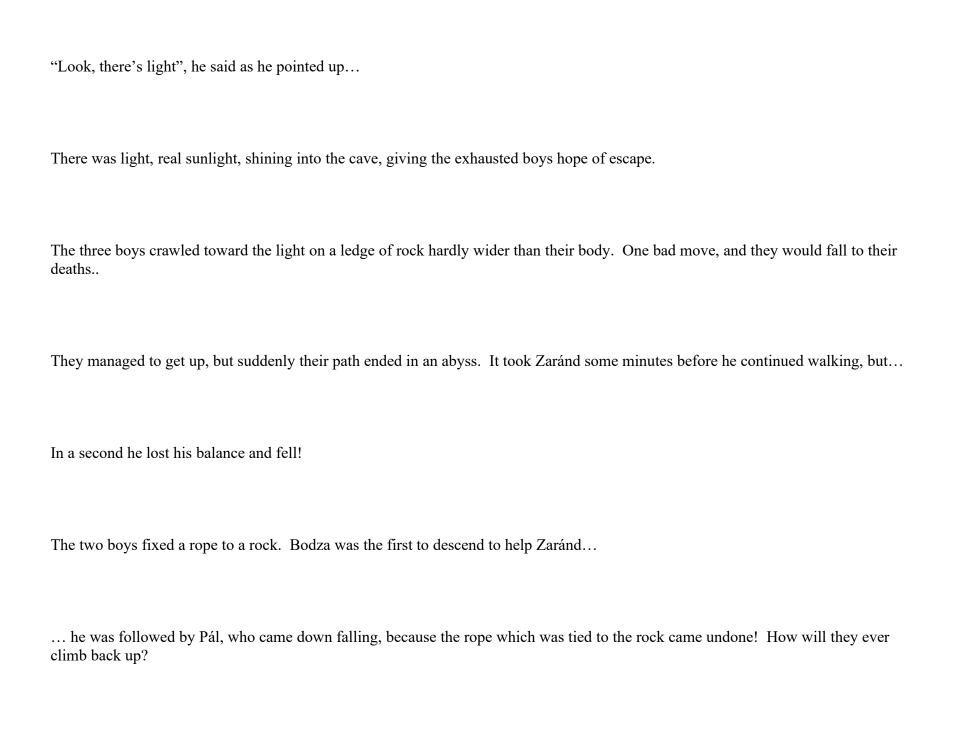
The Zrínyi pioneers were marching toward their summer camp through beautiful scenery in a merry mood.

After putting up the tents, Imre Pál and Laci Bodza listened attentively to Ákos Zaránd. "I have an idea.", says Zaránd, who is known for his sharp mind. "Let's give the school an insect collection!

In the evening he told everyone in the Butterfly patrol about his plan. They liked it! They decided that on their first free day they would form three groups and go off to collect insects.
And the first Sunday came! Zaránd, Bodza and Pál set out on their hunting trip. "Just wait until we get you, snails and bugs!"
The three eager hunters moved farther and farther away. Their endeavors were not in vain: they swooped down on valuable prey, one bug after another.
But before they noticed, the landscape had changed. The adventurous Zaránd had led his expedition down untrodden paths and up dangerous slopes. Their hunger reminded them that it was already lunchtime.
They started eating their meal with real pioneer relish, and they were even in the mood to grill bacon.
Bodza immediately went off to get some wood. He is an expert at grilling bacon. When he does it no fat will be wasted!

"Help! Help!" they unexpectedly heard Bodza's voice, who just left. Zaránd and Pál started running towards the sound, fully equipped for all events.
"I'm fine!" They heard his yell again. "Come, quickly, quickly! I fell in through the entrance of a cave!"
In the next moment the three friends were together again. Zaránd at once established that the cave was not indicated on the map, and therefore the glory of discovery could be theirs. They decided to walk through the unknown cave.
After just a half-hour walk, they came upon a beautiful fairy-tale land. It was a stalactite cave, doubled by its own reflection in the still water of a pond.
But the deeper they advanced, the scarier the fairy-tale land became. It seemed like the mountain sighed every once in a while, as if spirits had sped past inside.
"Oh my God, a ghost!" Bodza cried out. The two other boys laughed at him, and continued stumbling on.

"Let's turn back! I'm scared," Bodza whimpered again. This time Zaránd and Pál heeded his words, and decided to leave the spooky place.
It was easy to decide that they would go back up; but actually doing so was much harder. They were unable to find the way they had come. They had been wandering around for hours when they finally realized that they were lost.
Hour after hour passed, and the boys grew more and more exhausted lost hope. They took turns sleeping. Zaránd was so nervous that he forgot to rewind his watch, so now they didn't even know if it was day or night.
"Guys, I hear something rumbling here!" Bodza, now on guard, said gravely. Indeed, a monotonous, muffled murmur filtered in from across the wall, as if giants were banging on the mountain with a huge hammer.
They started walking toward the mysterious noise. The higher they climbed, the louder it got. What could it be?
After a few hundred paces, they stared at the wonder of nature with awe. "Guys" Zaránd's face brightened up, "I'm sure this water feeds into a river. Let's follow it and we'll find our way out!



Their horror was forgotten as they got an unexpected surprise: the flashlight directed in a corner of the cave revealed lavish old treasures!
Zaránd "the scholar" was exalted to conclude that they had found some wonderful objects from the Bronze Age. Bodza, however, insisted that everything was made of pure gold.
But their joy soon vanished when Pál made a terse, objective remark: "Who cares what we found, if we can't get out of this hole!"
The sudden disappearance of the boys stirred up the camp. András Perczel, the camp leader, carefully studied the map of the vicinity, and
he divided the boys in three groups. "Peter will lead on the right, Veres on the left, and I will direct the center section" The command was given, and the pioneers started out to find their missing friends.
Péter's group soon found an old, decrepit well. "Get the rope! Someone will scuba dive and search the bottom of the water," he ordered.

The resourceful Gazsó blew his trumpet: if Zaránd and his friends are nearby, they'll be sure to hear the sound, which was a hundred fold multiplied in volume as it echoed through the zigzags of the cave tunnels.	l-

As chance would have it, Veres's group went the same way as Zaránd did. Little did Péter know that Bodza also mistook the very same rock for a ghost the night before...

In the meantime, Zaránd and his friends huddled together in the cave, hopeless and downhearted. They were losing strength. In vain was Gazsó blowing his trumpet loud: its sound did not reach them.

The leaders of the groups sadly report that they have found no trace of the lost boys. Perczel issues his order: "We must continue the search!" So they start out again.

"Look, a pioneer cap!" The resourceful Gazsó cries out. "This must be theirs!" The newly found cap gave new strength to the members of the expedition. They had a feeling that they were on the right track. Forward! Let's go on!

And the boys, worrying about the lives of their comrades, crawled along the same low corridor that Zaránd and his companions scrambled through just a day ago.

"Careful, and hold the rope tight! One missed step, and they will have to start looking for us, too!" Gazsó said, and grabbed his trumpet again. He blew it and blew it, without stopping.
"Wake up, boys! I hear a trumpet! This must be Gazsó! Wake up! We're saved! Here! Here!" Bodza jumped up.
"Hurray! They're alive! They're alive!" The joyous clamor of the reunited boys traveled through the cave, louder than the rumble of the waterfall.
The love of the pioneer comrades for one another, their valor and loyalty overcome all obstacles.
Their joy grew even greater when the three rescued boys proudly showed their friends the treasures which they had been fortunate to stumble upon.
After the great adventure the pioneers lined up in front of András Perczel, whose hard words crackled: "Because they carelessly endangered themselves, I reprimand the pioneer comrades Ákos Zaránd, Imre Pál and László Bodza." But then, his strict face seemed to lighten up. "Hoist the flag!"

Because they are giving the valuable items they found to the museum, I give pioneers comrades Ákos Zaránd, Imre Pál and Lászlo Bodza the Captain's Commendation.

The next day, the three boys were delighted to receive compliments from the Museum's representative, too. They promised, however, that next time they would be more careful.

The end

What You Need To Know About Alcohol...

Text by Dr. Istvan Balint Drawings by Balazs Piri-Balazs Commissioned by the Ministry of Health, Health Education Department Published by the Hungarian Slide Production Company Budapest, 1965

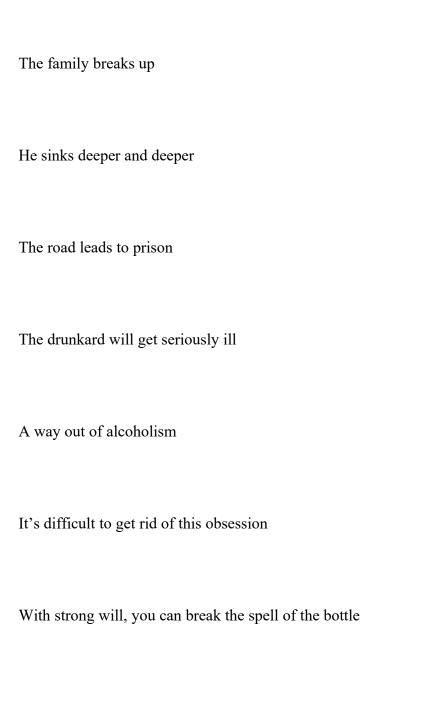
Beer: 4 - 12 % Wine: 10 - 15% Liquor / Spirits: 40 - 70 % alcohol content

The damaging effects of alcohol
Alcohol primarily damages the liver, the stomach and the heart
Alcohol penetrates the brain and upsets the balance of the nervous system
It causes delusions
Why do people still drink?
Family affairs?
Many people think it's what makes them adults

Some people expect success from it
Even a wedding is a chance to get drunk
Social obligations?
In company, there's no stopping.
A little drop of comfort before work?
On payday
A little encouragement

Alcohol never helps sickness!	
She was alone with her sorrow	
The consequences of drinking alcoholic beverages	
Drinking before or during work may lead to an accide	ent
The driver loses control over his vehicle	
The drunkard is often rude at work	
He ruins the life of his family	

Often elders are the ones who start it
The drunkard leaves his family for a passing fancy
Inebriation seems to make life easy
After drinking
From Drinking to Being a Drunkard
Glass after glass
He becomes a migrating bird



Medical treatment helps	
The family's help is needed to get better	
Society and the workplace also lend a helping hand	
A sober, moderate life can save you from troubles, but even an addict can h	elp!
The end	