

SUMMER EDITION

# Treasure Chest

OF FUN & FACT

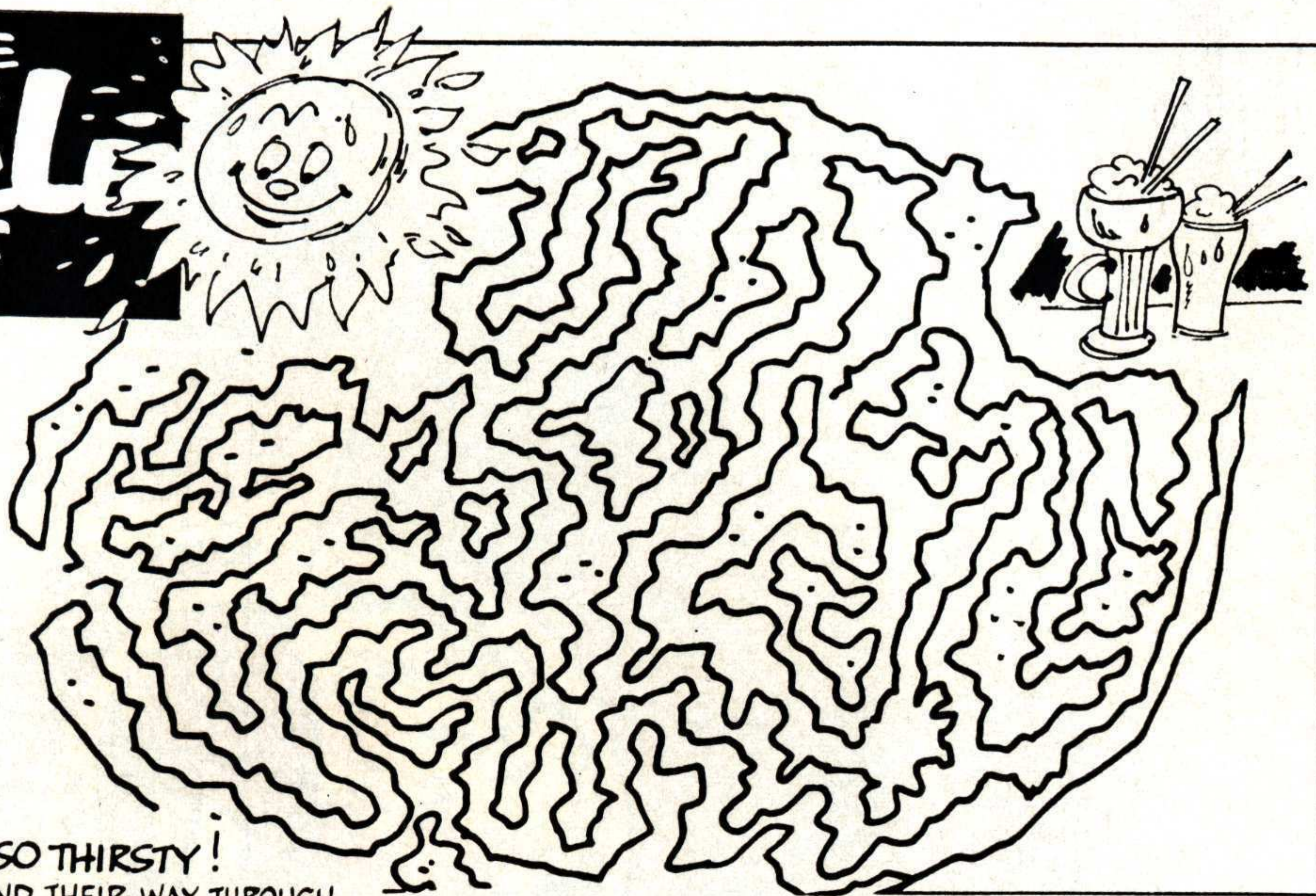
Vol. 2 No. 3  
July 20, 1967



# TREASURE CHEST'S Puzzle PAGE



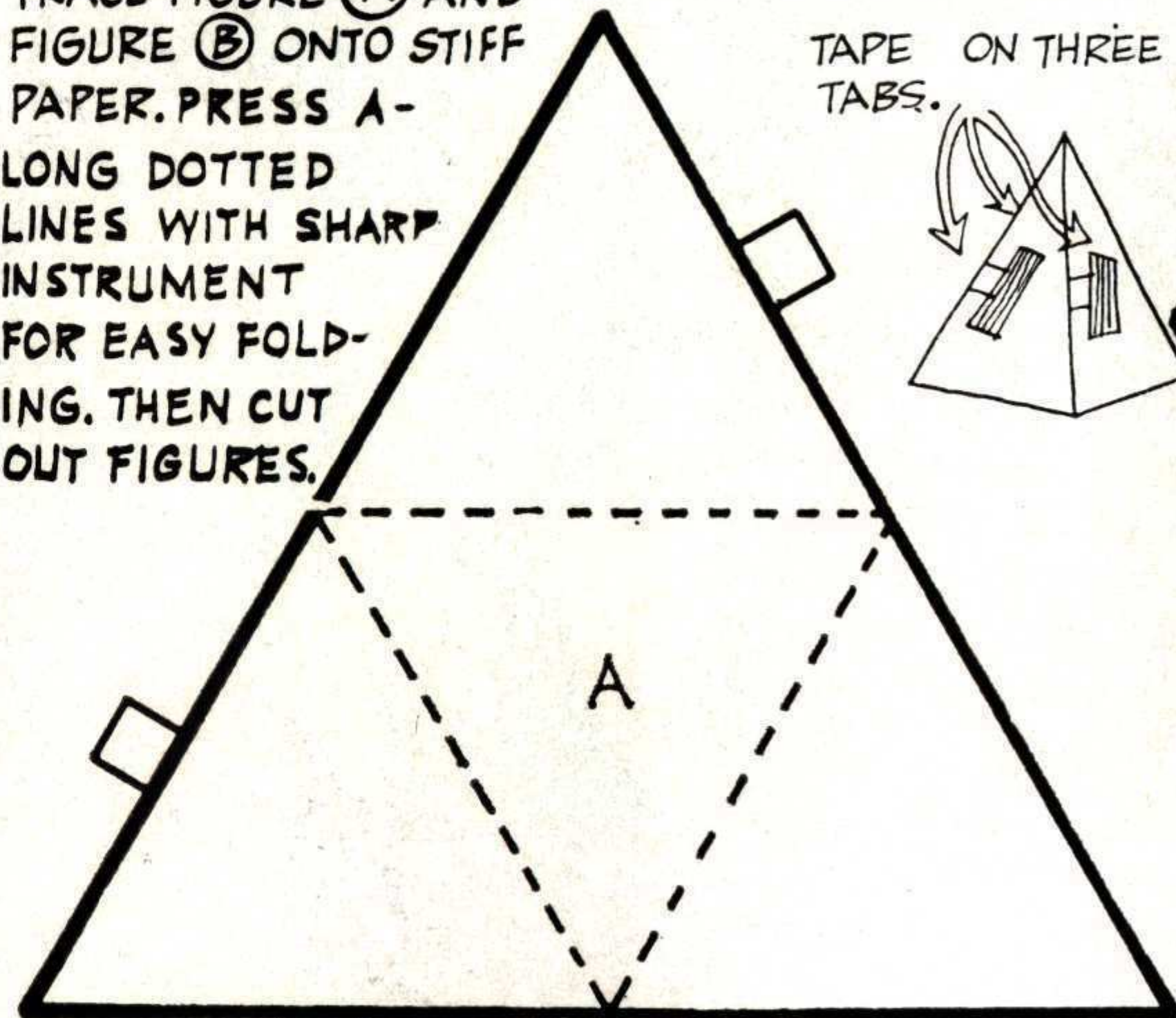
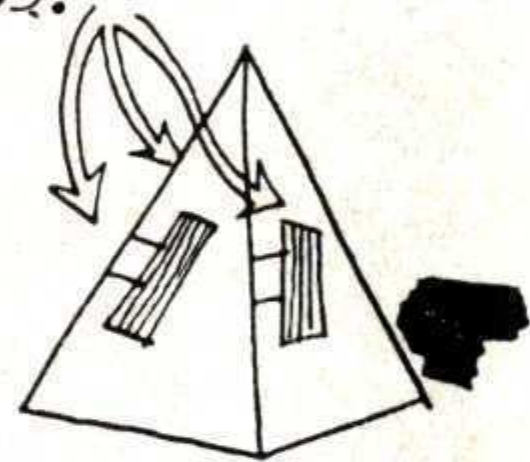
THE CHILDREN ARE SO THIRSTY!  
CAN YOU HELP THEM WEND THEIR WAY THROUGH  
THE MAZE AND TO THE REFRESHING DRINKS?  
(IF YOU CAN'T "WEND YOUR WAY," START FROM THE  
DRINKS AND WORK BACK.)



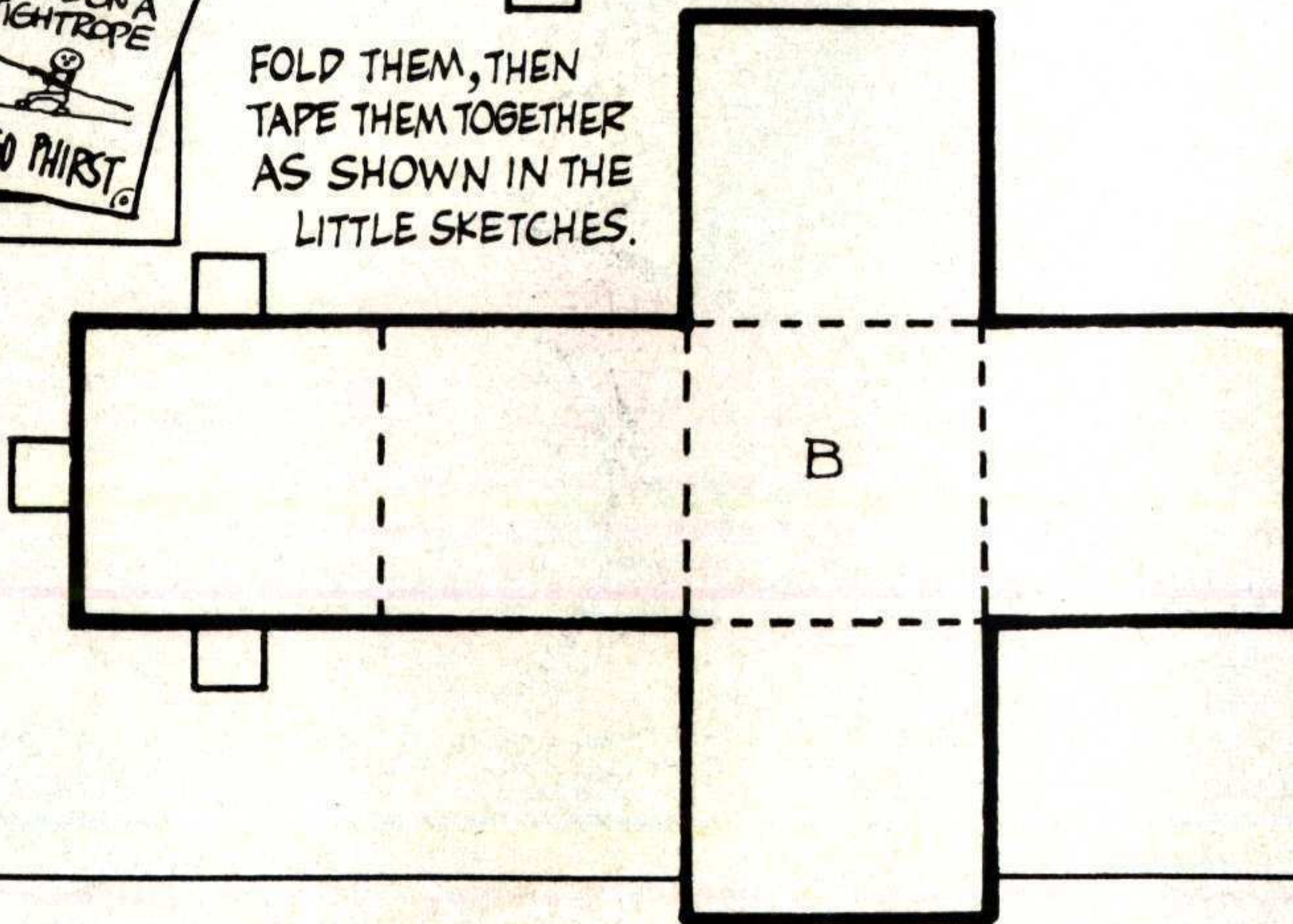
## HERE'S HOW TO MAKE A CUBE AND A PYRAMID (HANDY CARDBOARD FIGURES FOR ARITHMETIC AND GEOMETRY.)

TRACE FIGURE (A) AND  
FIGURE (B) ONTO STIFF  
PAPER. PRESS A-  
LONG DOTTED  
LINES WITH SHARP  
INSTRUMENT  
FOR EASY FOLD-  
ING. THEN CUT  
OUT FIGURES.

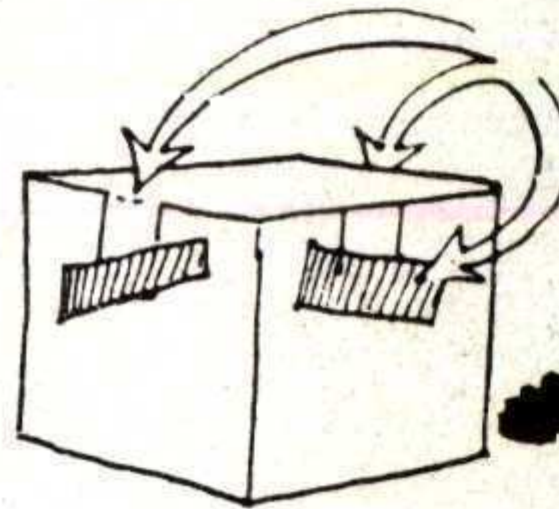
TAPE ON THREE  
TABS.



FOLD THEM, THEN  
TAPE THEM TOGETHER  
AS SHOWN IN THE  
LITTLE SKETCHES.



TAPE ON  
THREE  
TABS.



**T.G.'S FUNNY LIBRARY...** HERE ARE SOME  
FUNNY BOOKS WRITTEN BY FUNNY AUTHORS.  
THE NAMES GO WITH THE TITLES. CAN YOU  
THINK OF SOMETHING LIKE THESE FOR YOUR  
OWN BOOK?

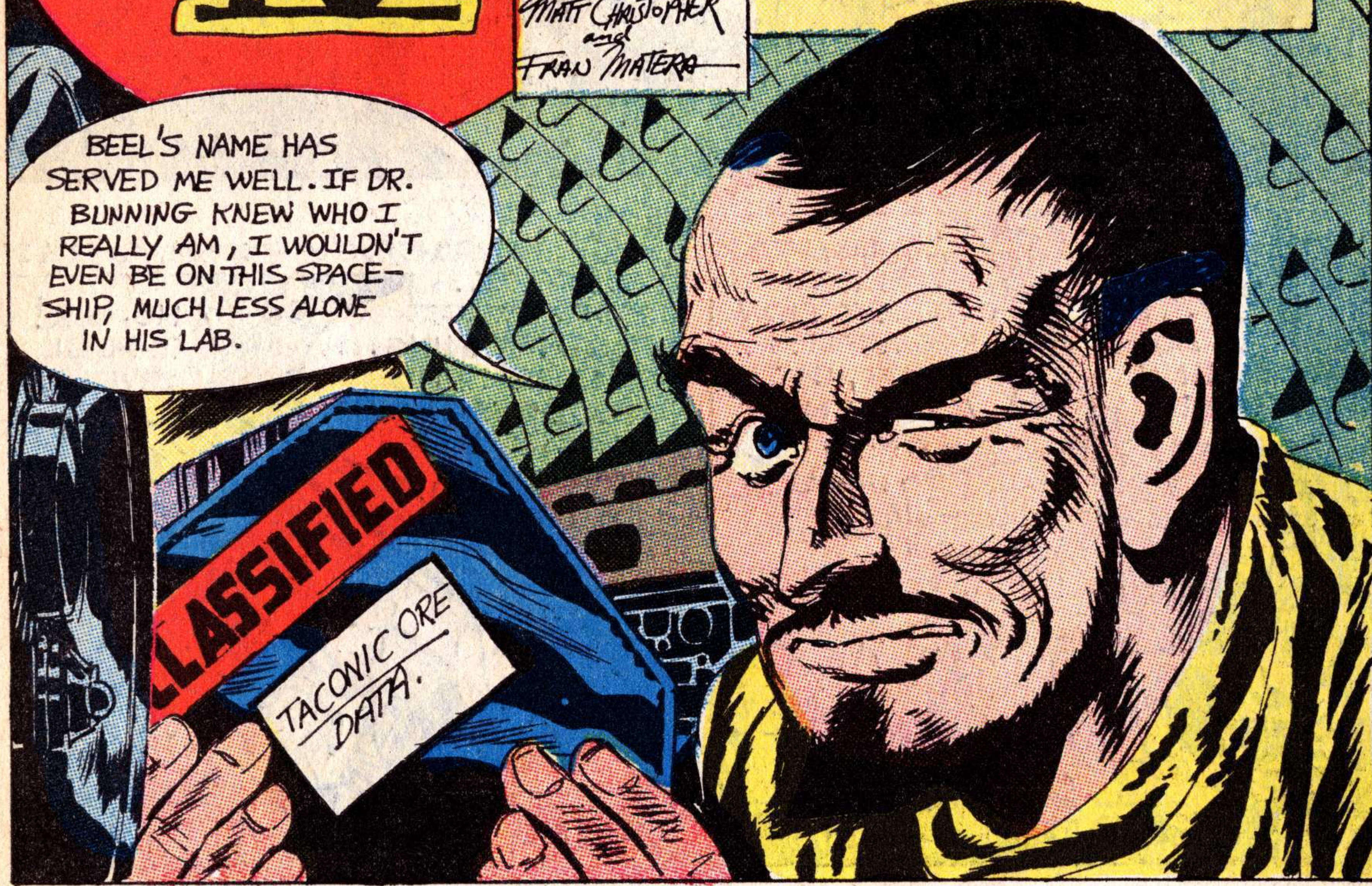


# SPY On ALPHA IV

by *MATT CHRISTOPHER*  
and  
*FRAN MATERA*

DR. BEEL, ALONE IN DR. BLINNING'S LABORATORY, OPENS THE VAULT CONTAINING HIGHLY VALLIABLE DATA ON TACONIC ORE WHICH AN INFRA RED SENSOR HAS FOUND IN AN UNEXPLORED REGION OF NORTH AMERICA.

BEEL'S NAME HAS SERVED ME WELL. IF DR. BLINNING KNEW WHO I REALLY AM, I WOULDN'T EVEN BE ON THIS SPACE-SHIP, MUCH LESS ALONE IN HIS LAB.



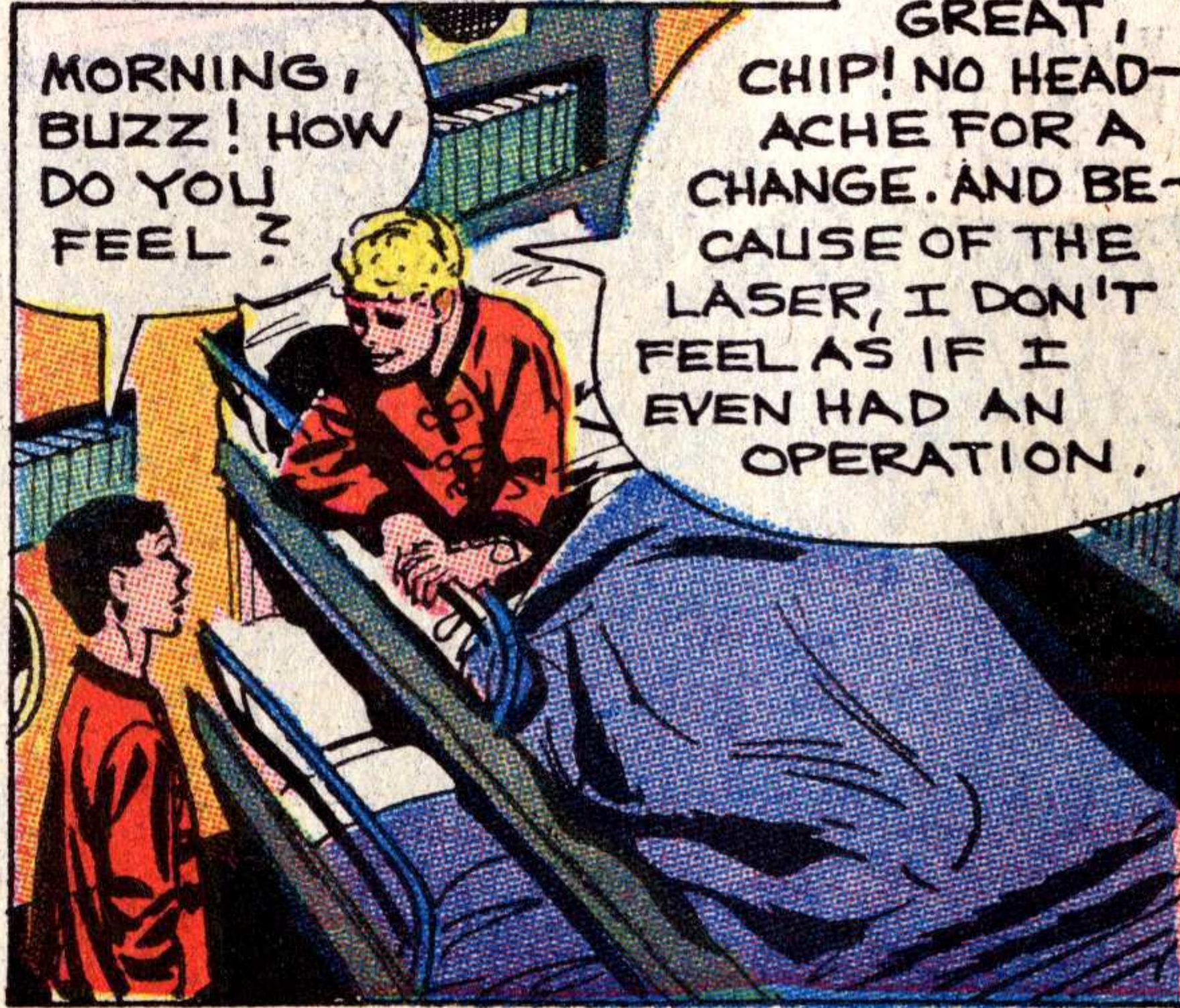
## A FEW MINLITES LATER...



OKAY, DR. BEEL, THANKS. I'VE HAD MY COFFEE.

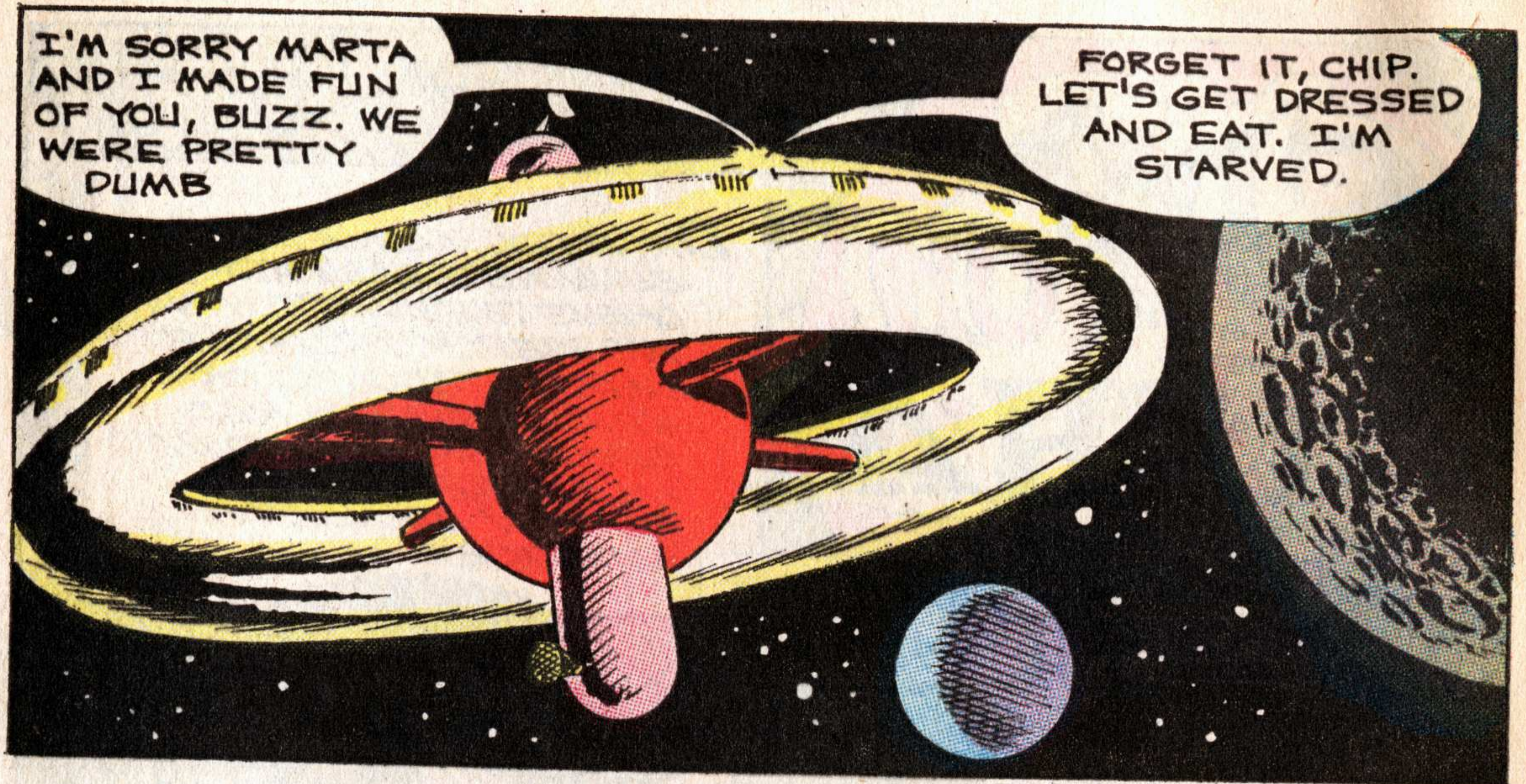
GOOD! GUESS I'LL HIT THE SACK, JIM. GOOD NIGHT.

## THE "NEXT" MORNING...



MORNING, BUZZ! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

JUST GREAT, CHIP! NO HEAD-ACHE FOR A CHANGE. AND BECAUSE OF THE LASER, I DON'T FEEL AS IF I EVEN HAD AN OPERATION.



I'M SORRY MARTA AND I MADE FUN OF YOU, BUZZ. WE WERE PRETTY DUMB

FORGET IT, CHIP. LET'S GET DRESSED AND EAT. I'M STARVED.



YOU LOOK FINE, BUZZ. EAT HEARTILY. THEN YOU CAN JOIN DR. BUNNING IN THE LAB.

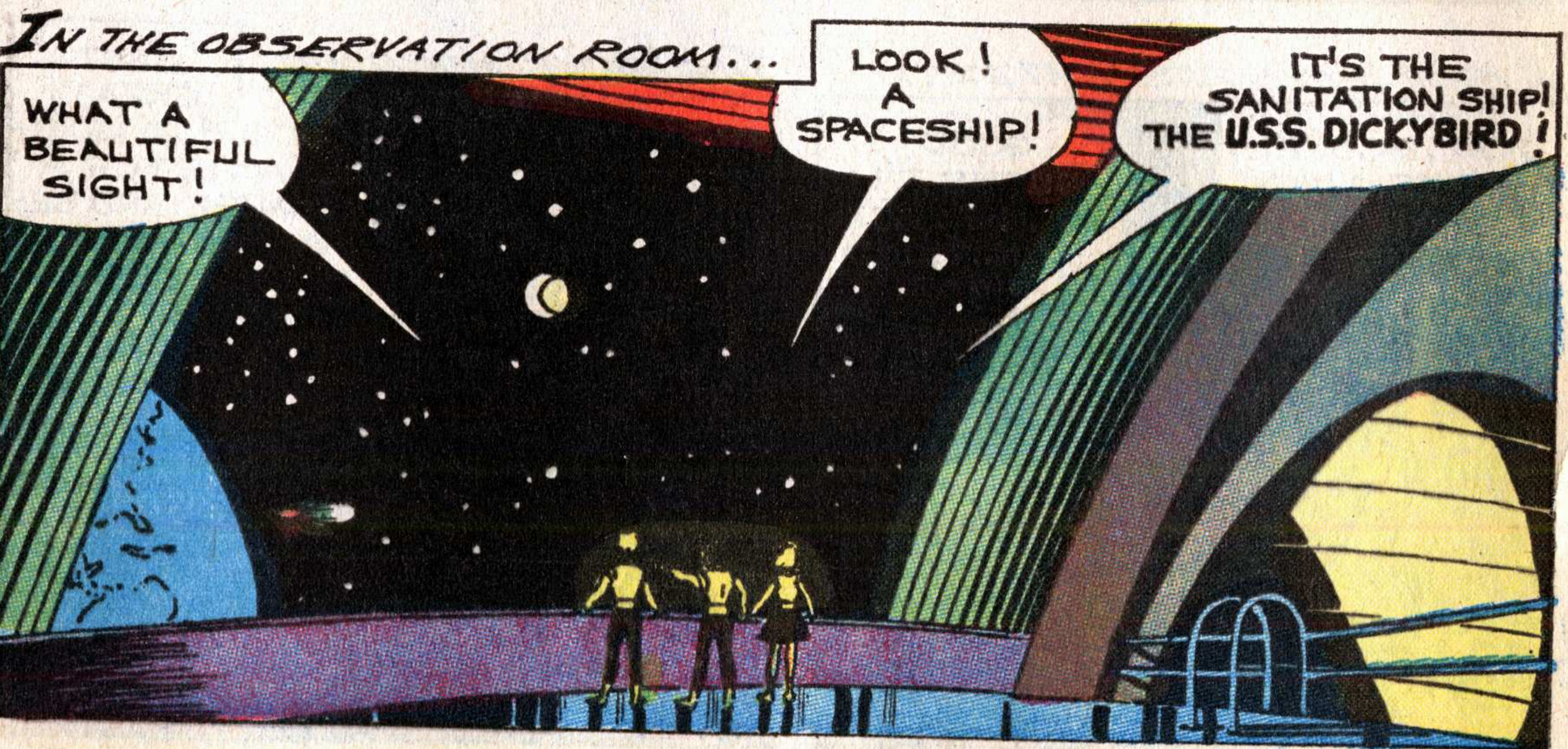
I'D LIKE TO VISIT THE OBSERVATION ROOM FOR A WHILE, IF I MAY, AUNT FRAN.



*IN THE CORRIDOR THEY MEET DR. BEEL.*

GOOD MORNING, CHILDREN! NO MORE HEADACHE, BUZZ?

NO, SIR! I FEEL SWELL!

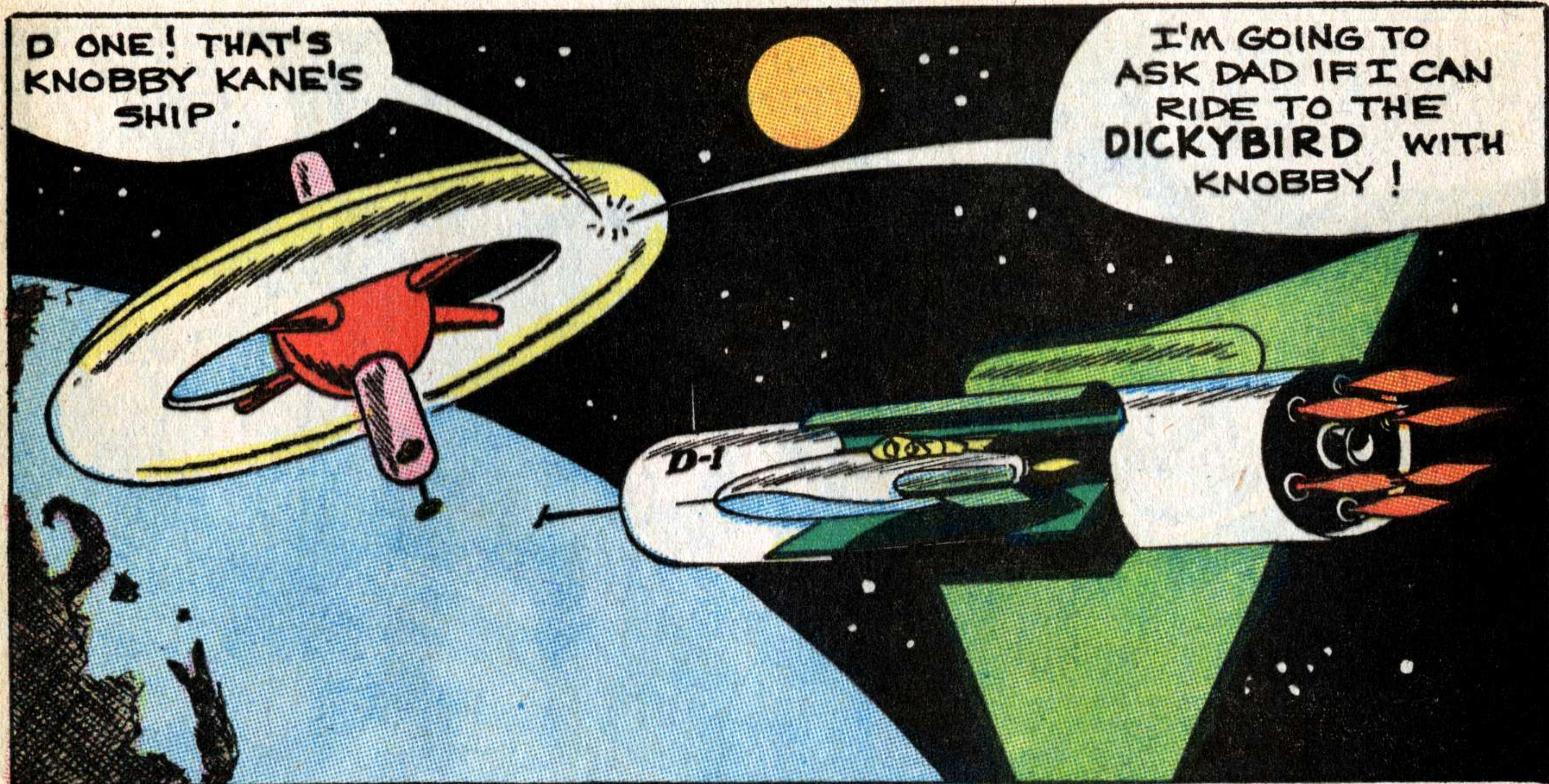


*IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM...*

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT!

LOOK! A SPACESHIP!

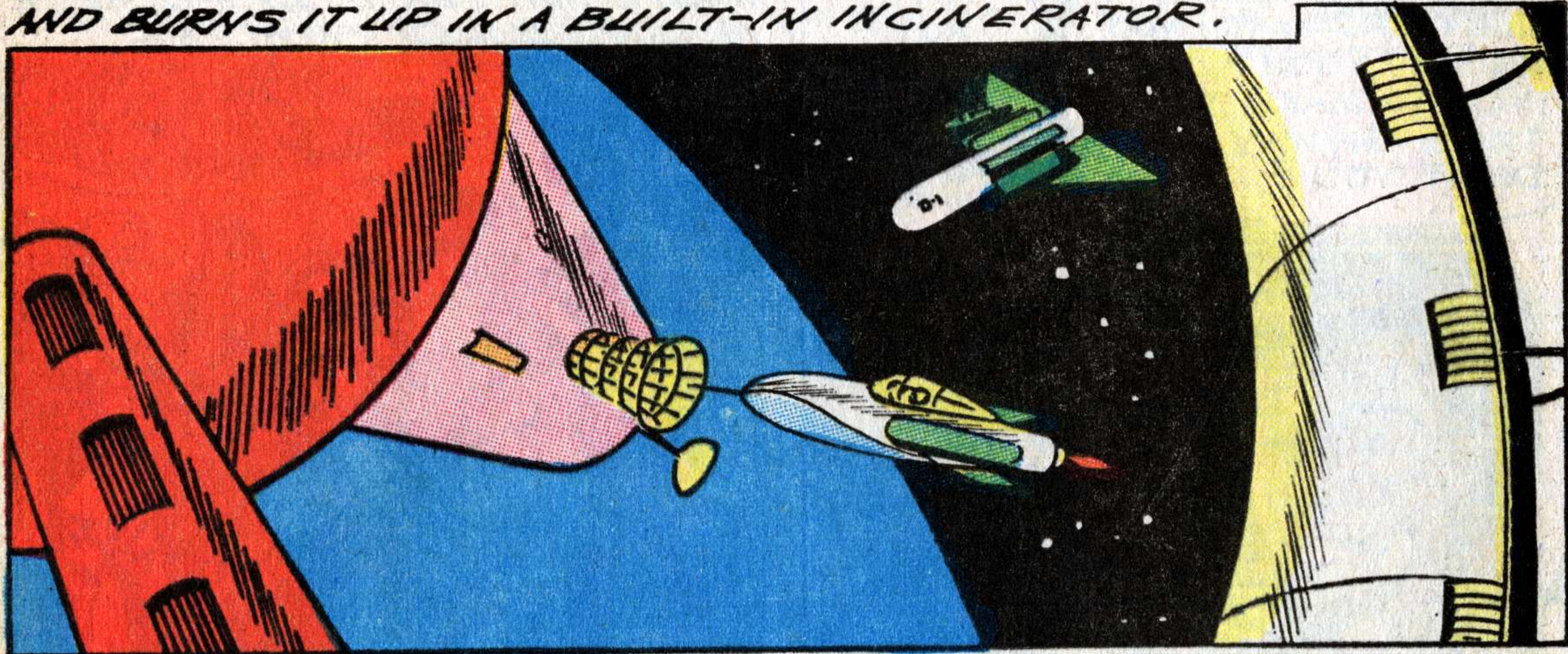
IT'S THE SANITATION SHIP! THE U.S.S. DICKYBIRD!



D ONE! THAT'S KNOBBY KANE'S SHIP.

I'M GOING TO ASK DAD IF I CAN RIDE TO THE DICKYBIRD WITH KNOBBY!

ONCE A WEEK THE DICKYBIRD MAKES ITS ROUNDS OF THE SPACE STATIONS IN ORBIT AROUND EARTH, PICKS UP WASTE AND BURNS IT UP IN A BUILT-IN INCINERATOR.



COME ON, BUZZ! LET'S GO SEE KNOBBY! HE'S A LOT OF FUN.



IN DR. BLUNNING'S LABORATORY...

MOM! DAD! CAN I... I MEAN MAY I RIDE BACK WITH KNOBBY KANE? HE'S HERE NOW.

WELL, I SUPPOSE...

IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH KNOBBY, YOU MAY. WHERE ARE CHIP AND BUZZ?

TREASURE CHEST



WELL, HI, CHIP!  
HI, BUZZ! HOW  
ARE YOU BOYS?

HI,  
KNOBBY!

WE'RE  
FINE,  
KNOBBY!



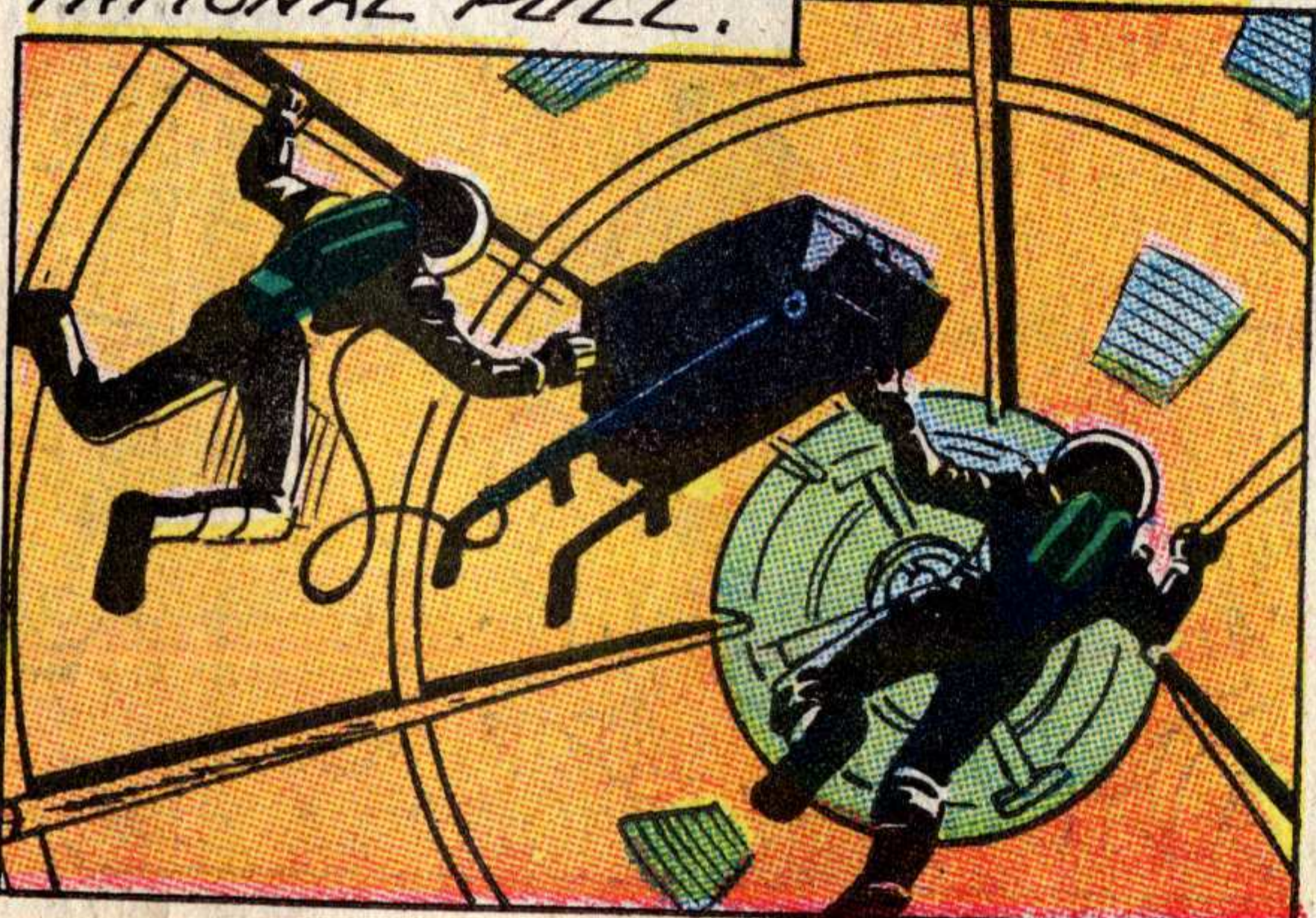
CAN BUZZ, MARTA  
AND I RIDE TO THE  
**DICKYBIRD** WITH YOU  
KNOBBY? YOU ALWAYS  
HAVE TO MAKE TWO  
TRIPS ANYWAY,  
DON'T YOU?

CERTAINLY!  
WHY  
NOT?

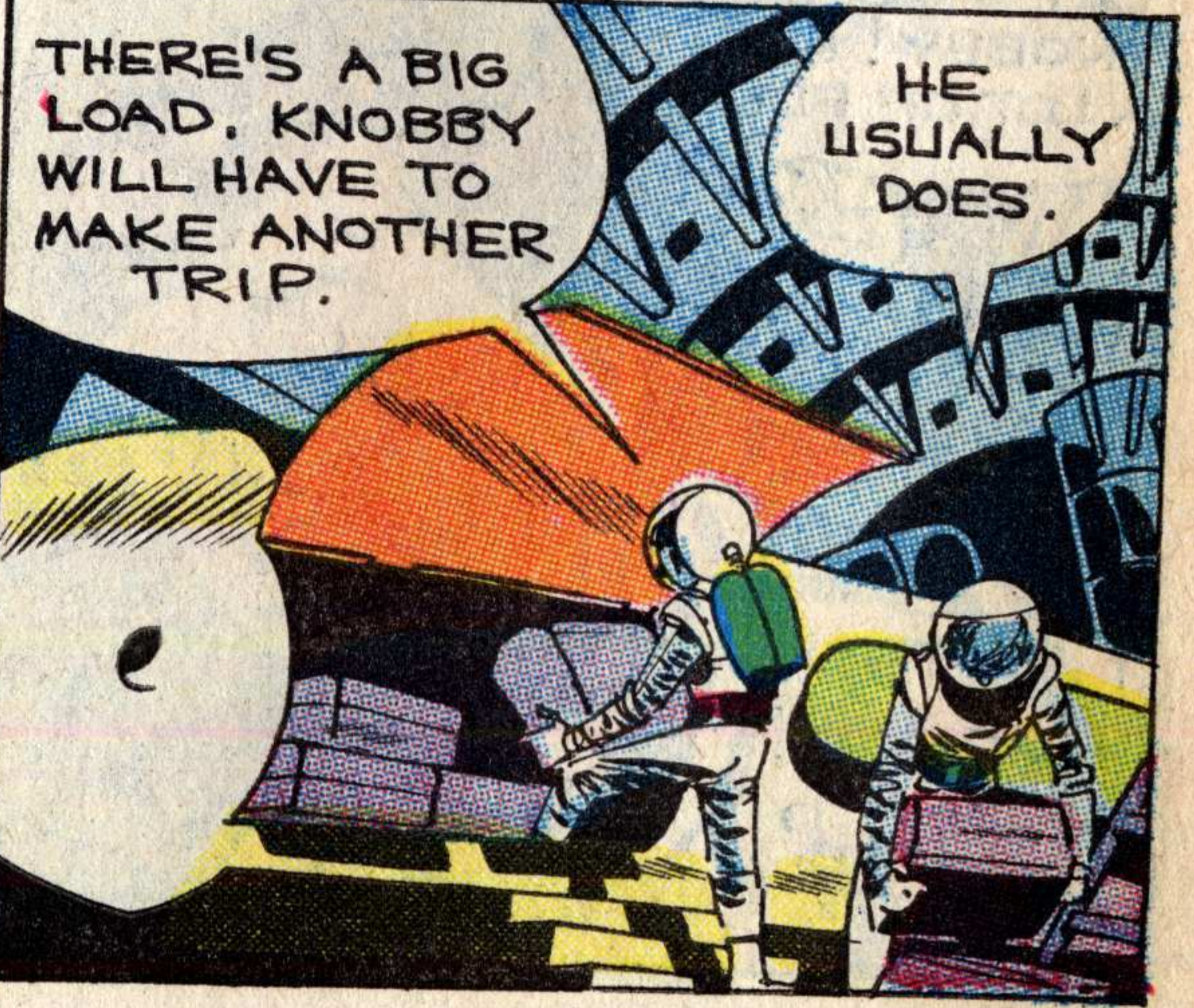
*CREWMEN BEGIN HALLING  
WASTE MATTER IN DISPOSABLE  
PLASTIC BOXES FROM THE  
WASTE ROOM...*



*... IN THE TUNNEL THEY ARE  
WEIGHTLESS. THIS PART OF  
THE SPACE STATION DOES NOT  
REVOLVE TO CREATE A GRAVI-  
TATIONAL PULL.*

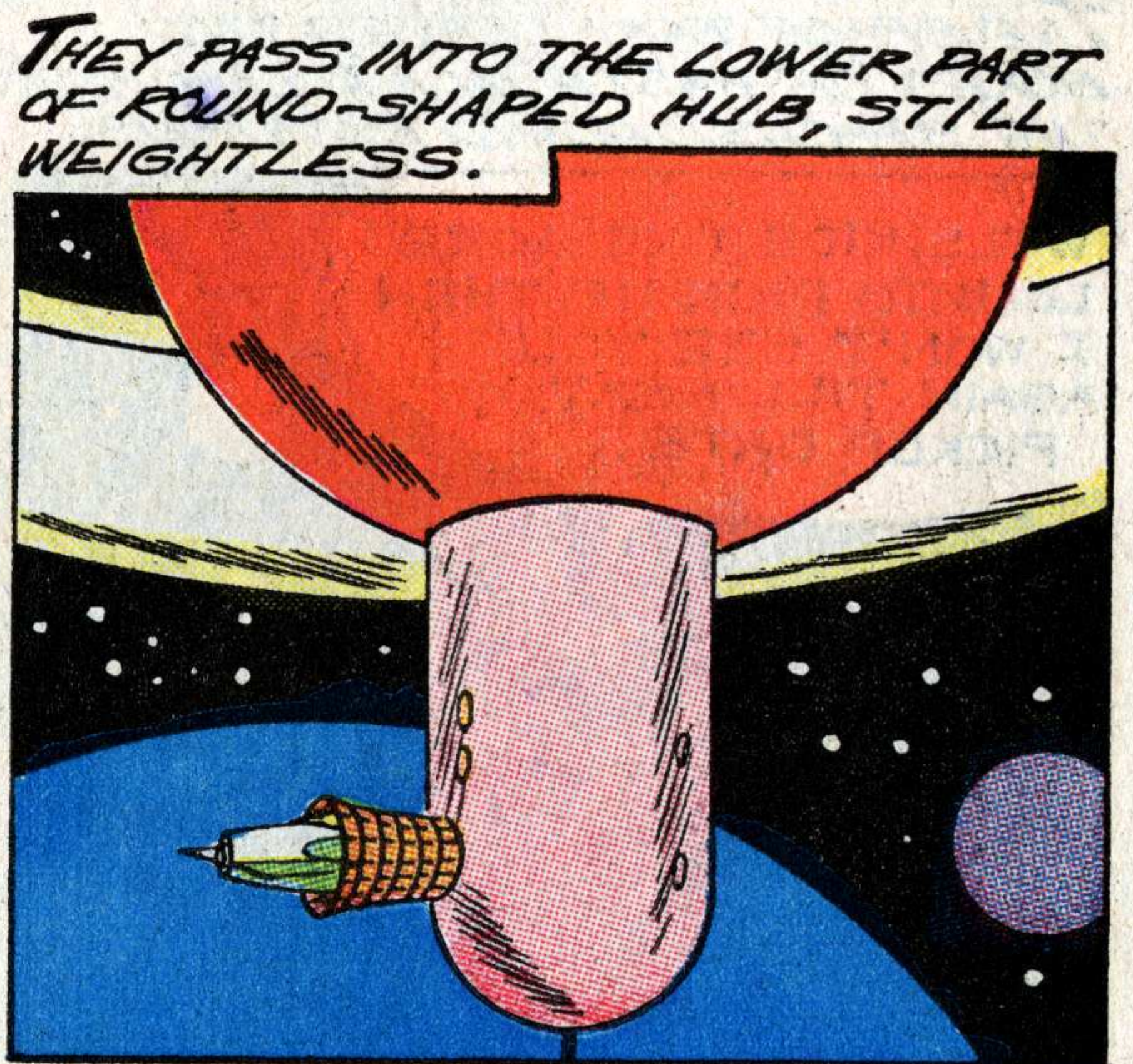
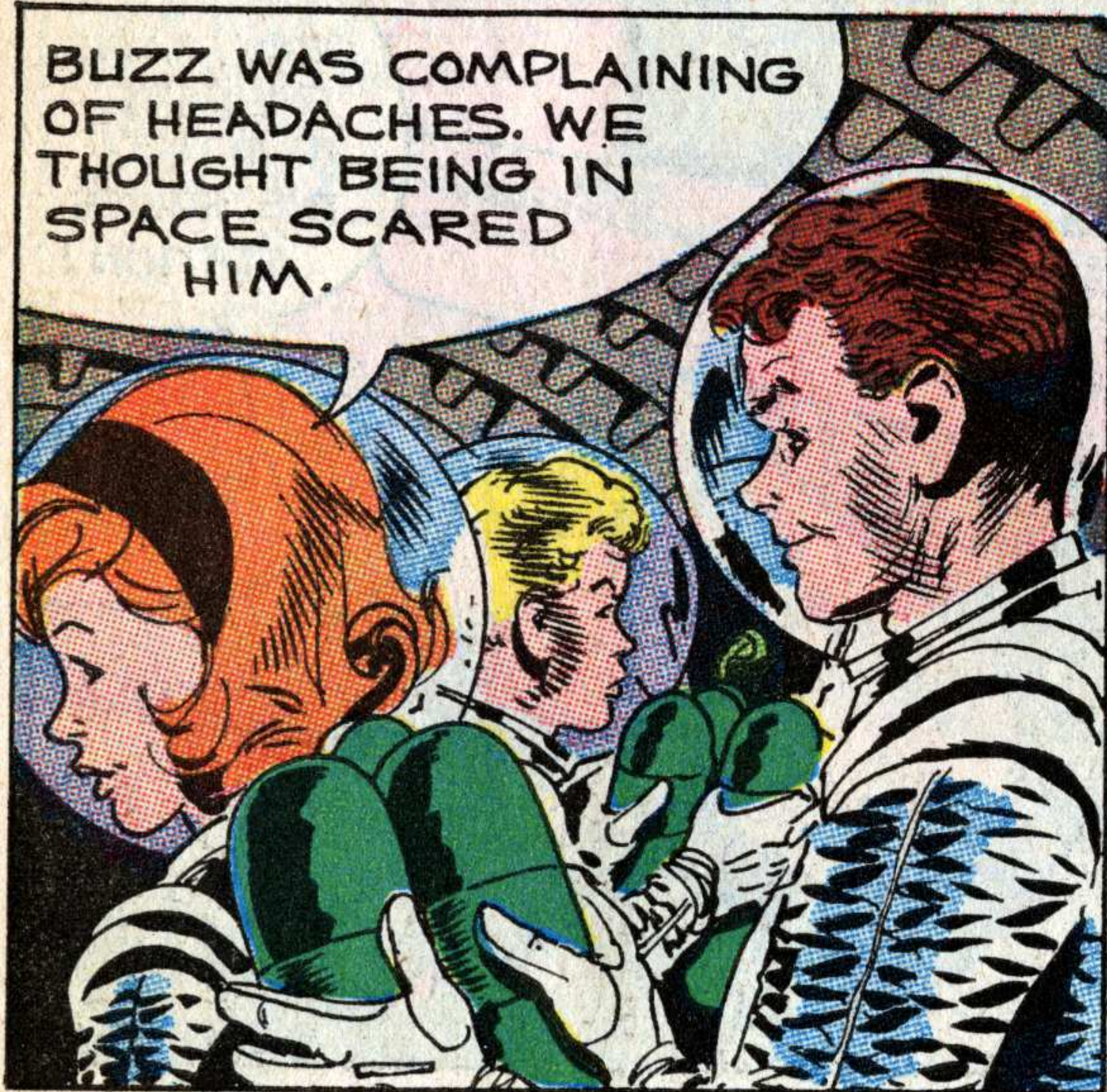
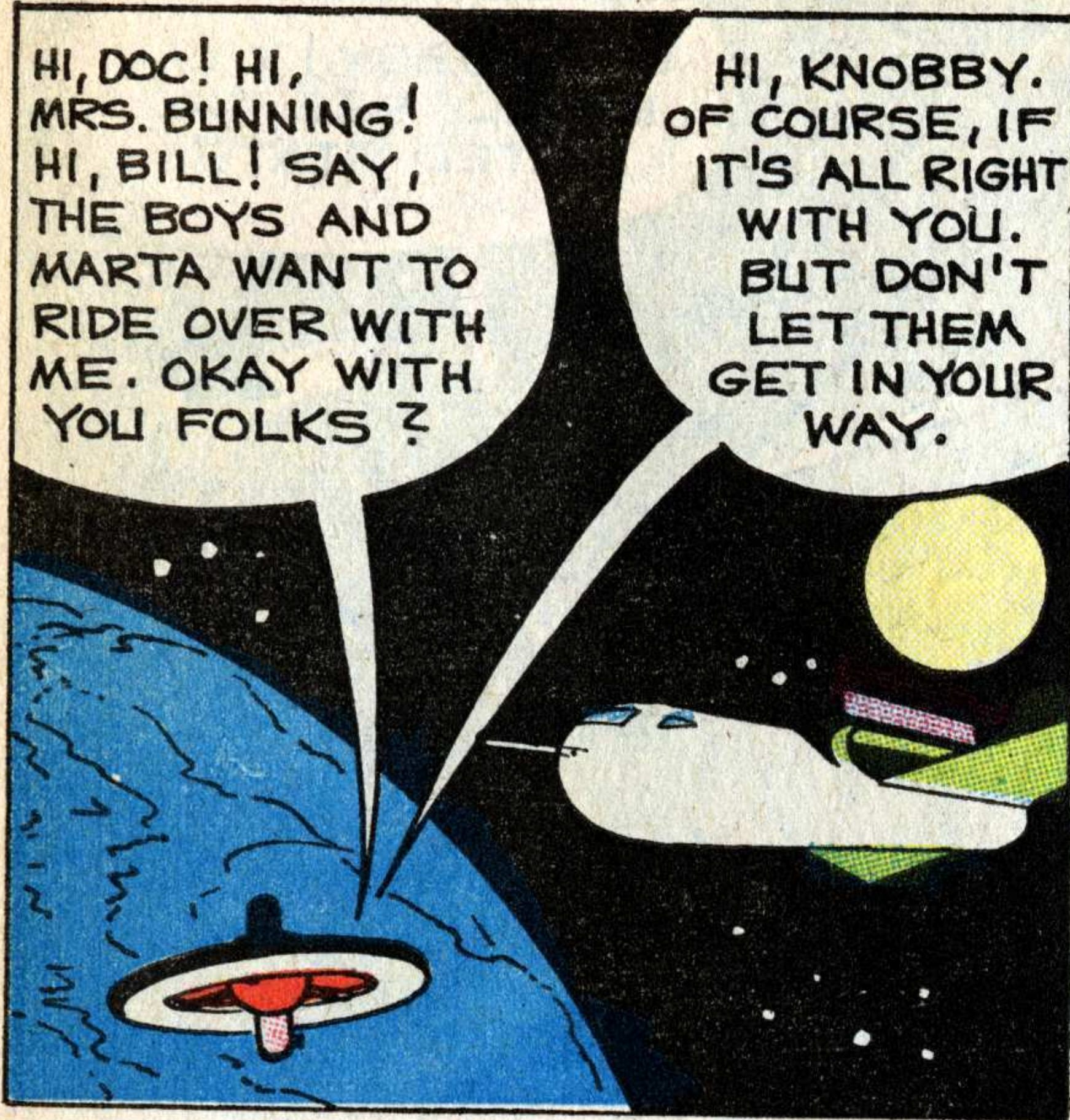


*THEY ENTER THE SPACE TAXI.*

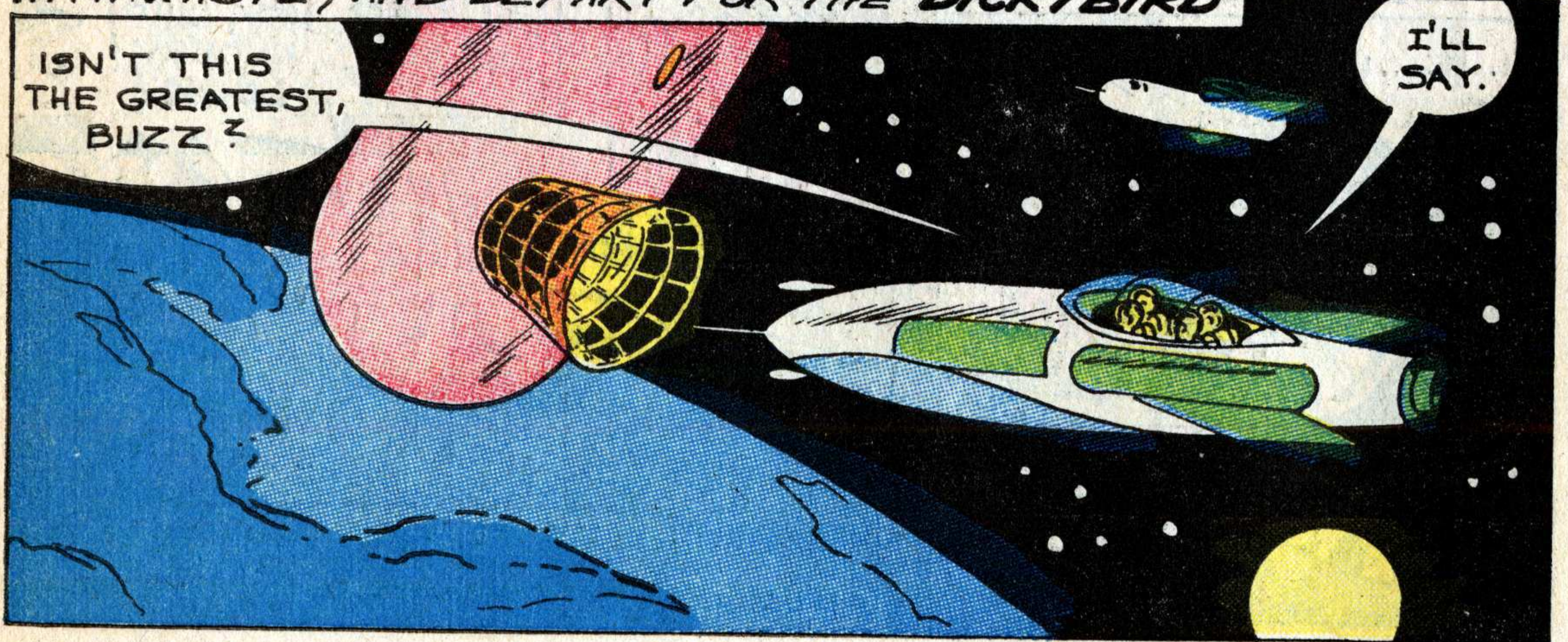


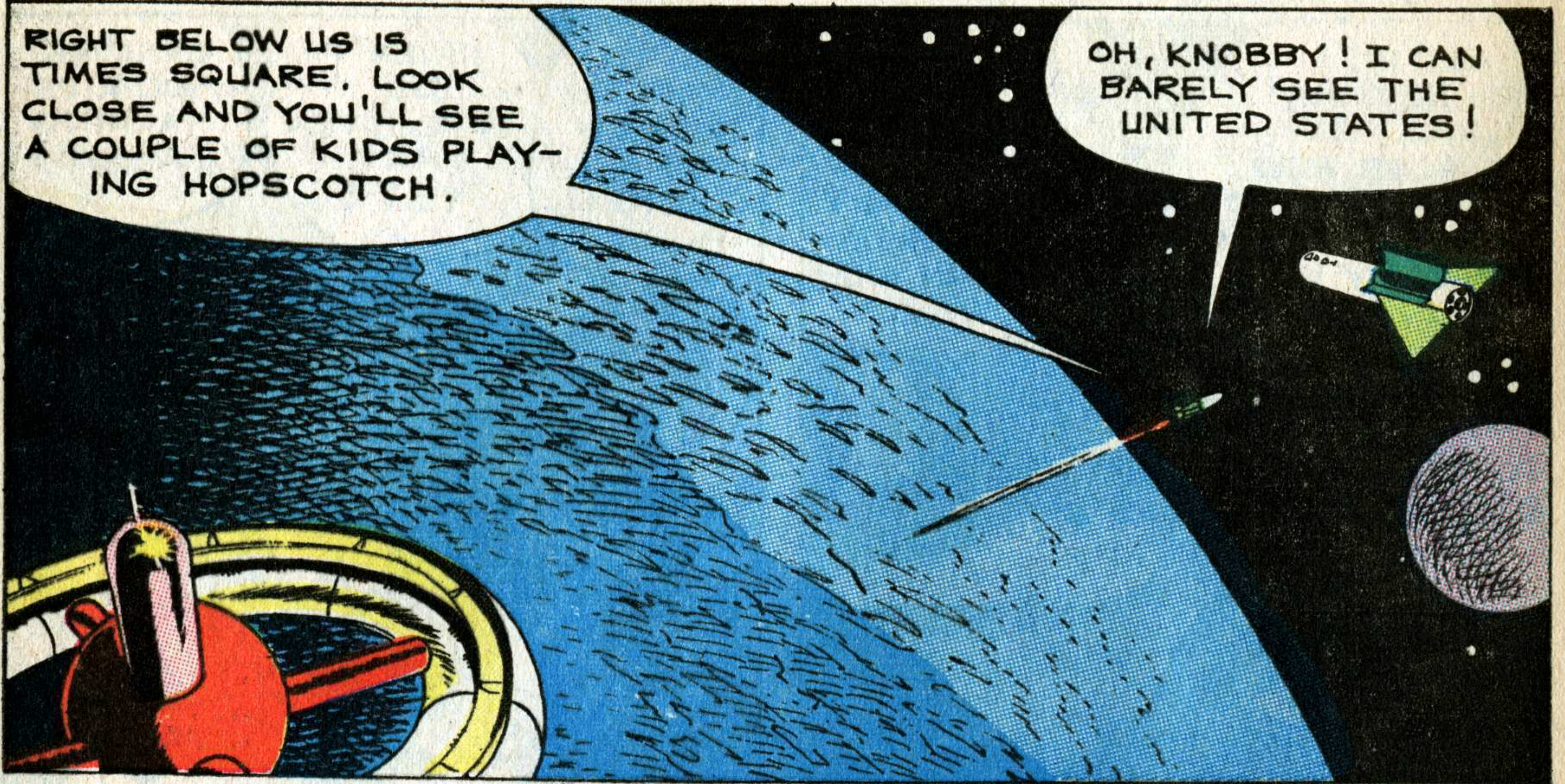
THERE'S A BIG  
LOAD. KNOBBY  
WILL HAVE TO  
MAKE ANOTHER  
TRIP.

HE  
USUALLY  
DOES.



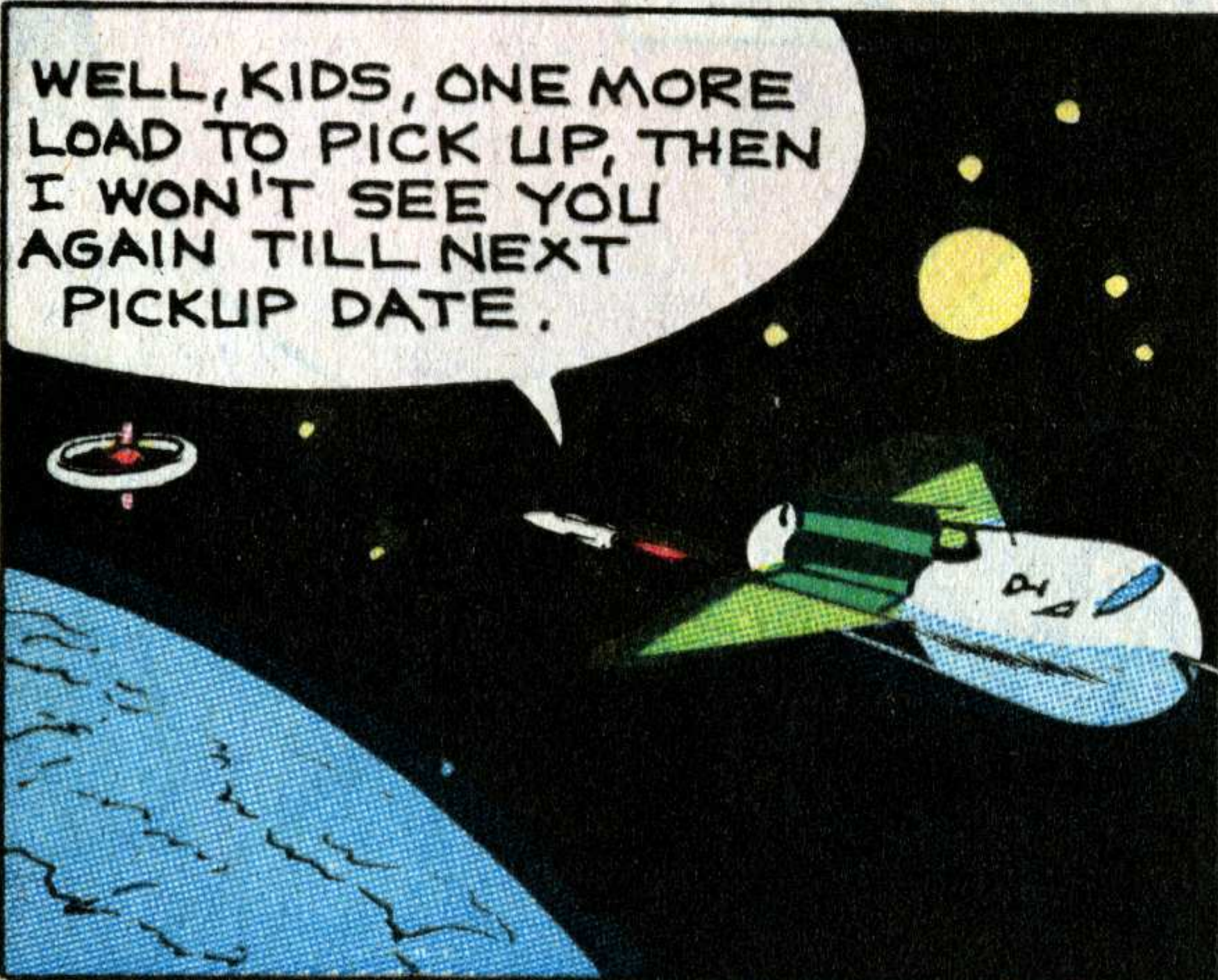
*IN LOCK CHAMBER BELOW THEY ENTER SPACE TAXI, LOADED WITH WASTE, AND DEPART FOR THE DICKYBIRD*



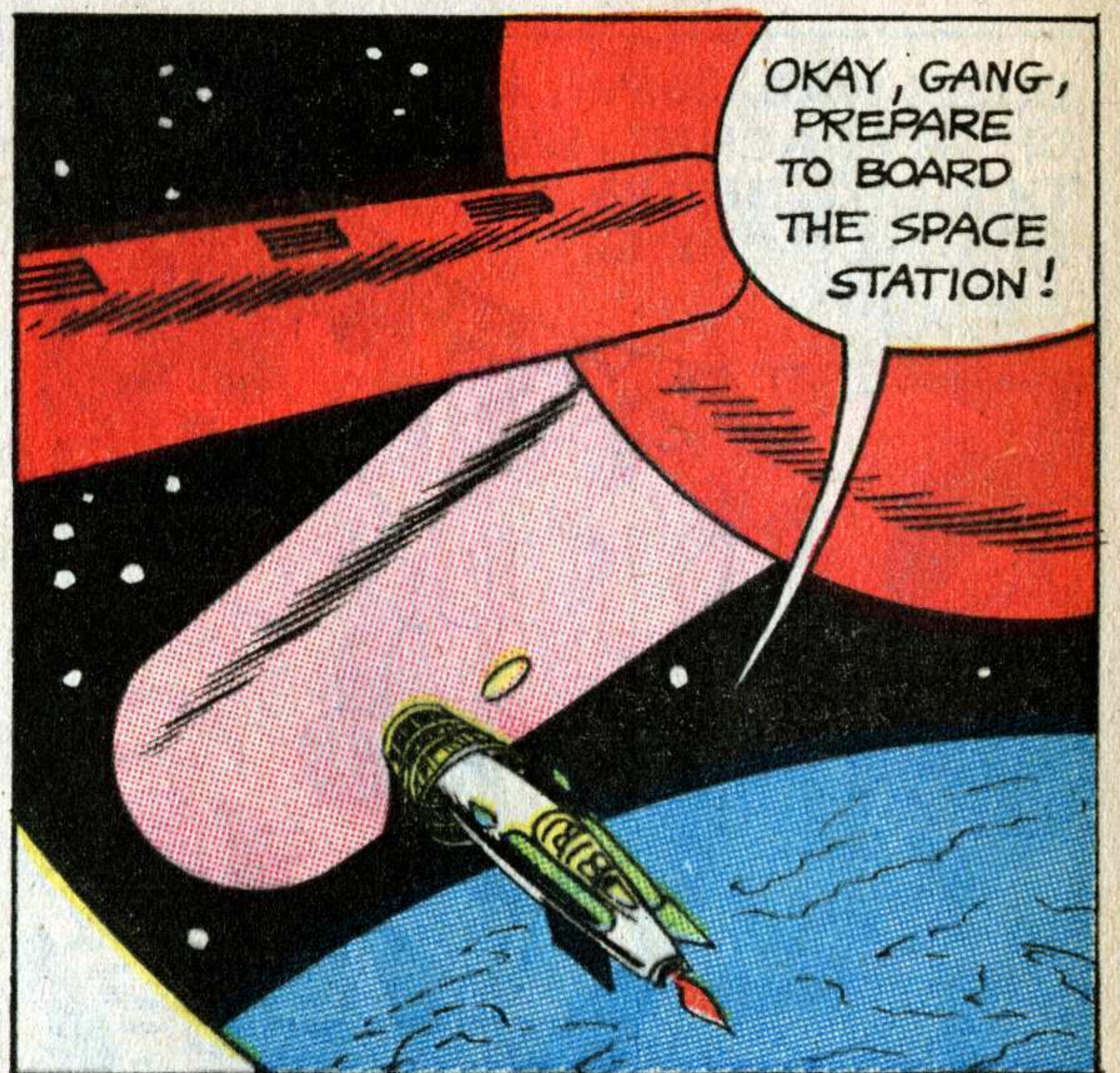


OH, KNOBBY! I CAN BARELY SEE THE UNITED STATES!

THE SPACE TAXI LEAVES THE BOXES OF WASTE IN A HOLD OF THE SPACESHIP AND RETURNS.

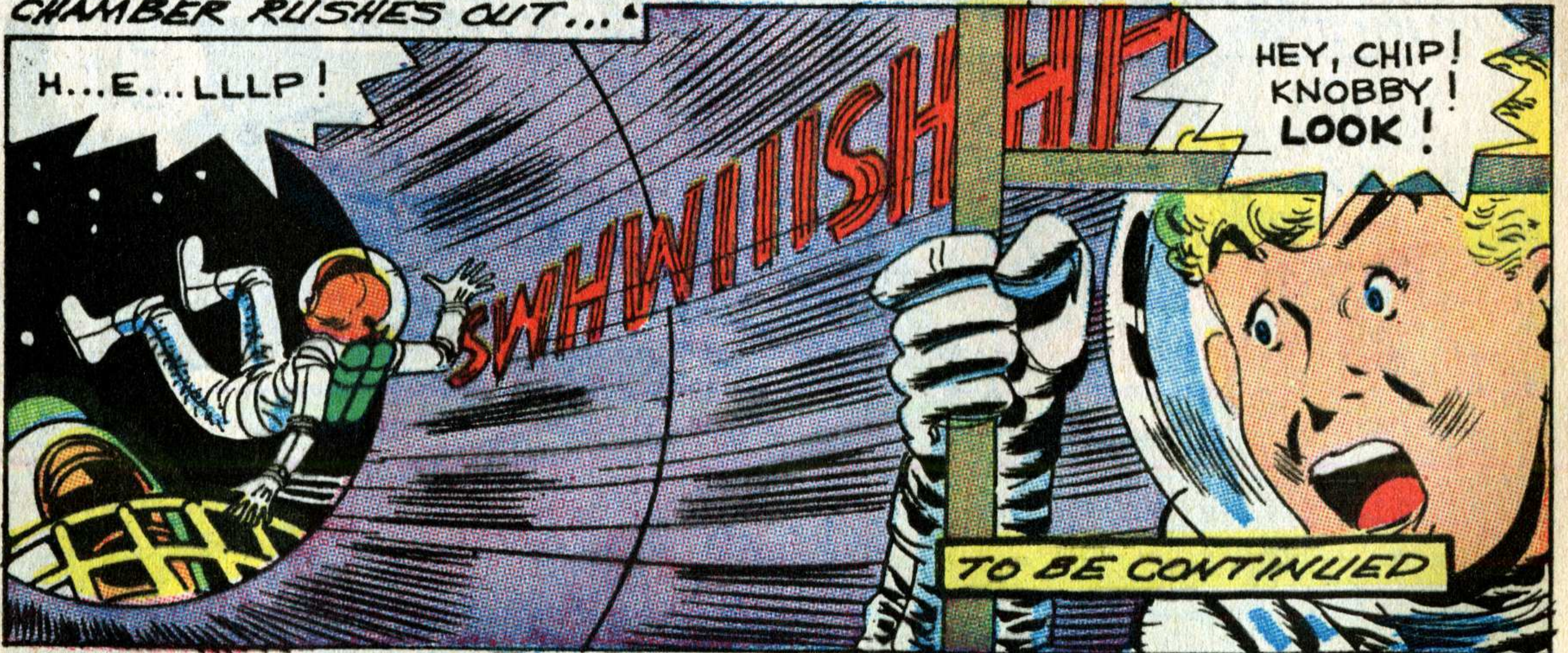


WELL, KIDS, ONE MORE LOAD TO PICK UP, THEN I WON'T SEE YOU AGAIN TILL NEXT PICKUP DATE.



OKAY, GANG, PREPARE TO BOARD THE SPACE STATION!

KNOBBY OPENS THE HATCH. AIR PRESSURE FROM THE UPPER CHAMBER RUSHES OUT...



H...E...LLL!

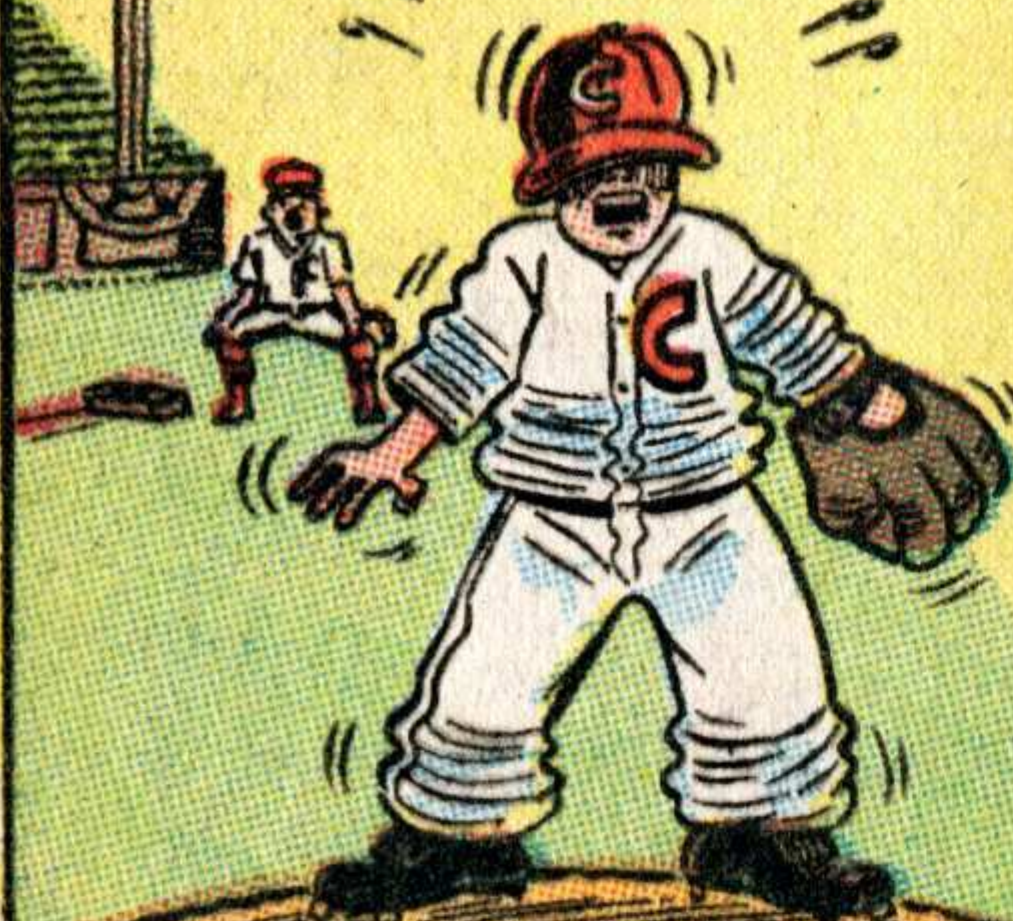
HEY, CHIP! KNOBBY! LOOK!

TO BE CONTINUED



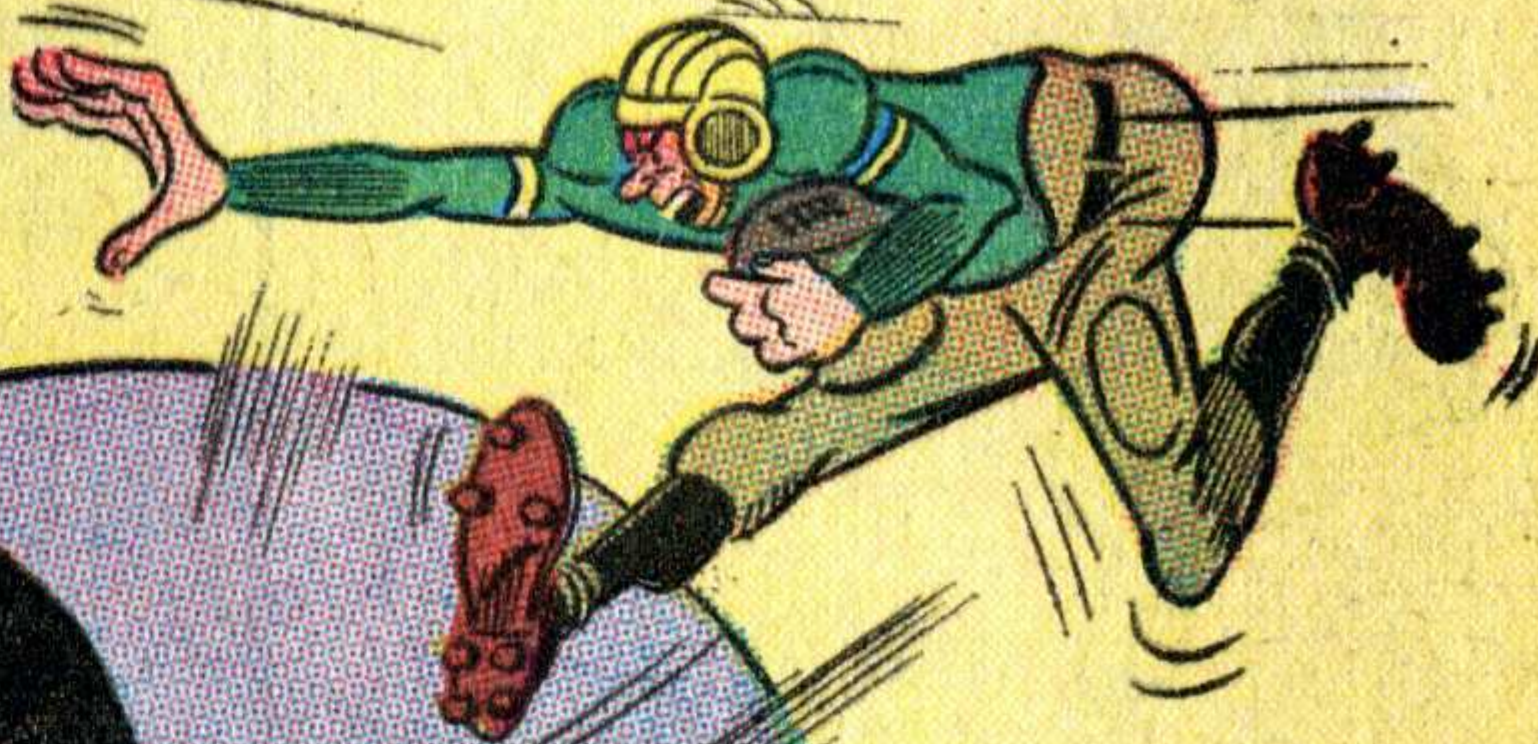
# DID YOU KNOW?

HEY!! THIS SUIT IS TOO BIG!



... JOE NUXHALL WAS THE YOUNGEST MAJOR LEAGUE BALL PLAYER... HE STARTED HIS CAREER AS A PITCHER WITH THE CINCINNATI REDS BACK IN JUNE 1944 - AGE FIFTEEN YEARS!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TACKLE OR RUN!

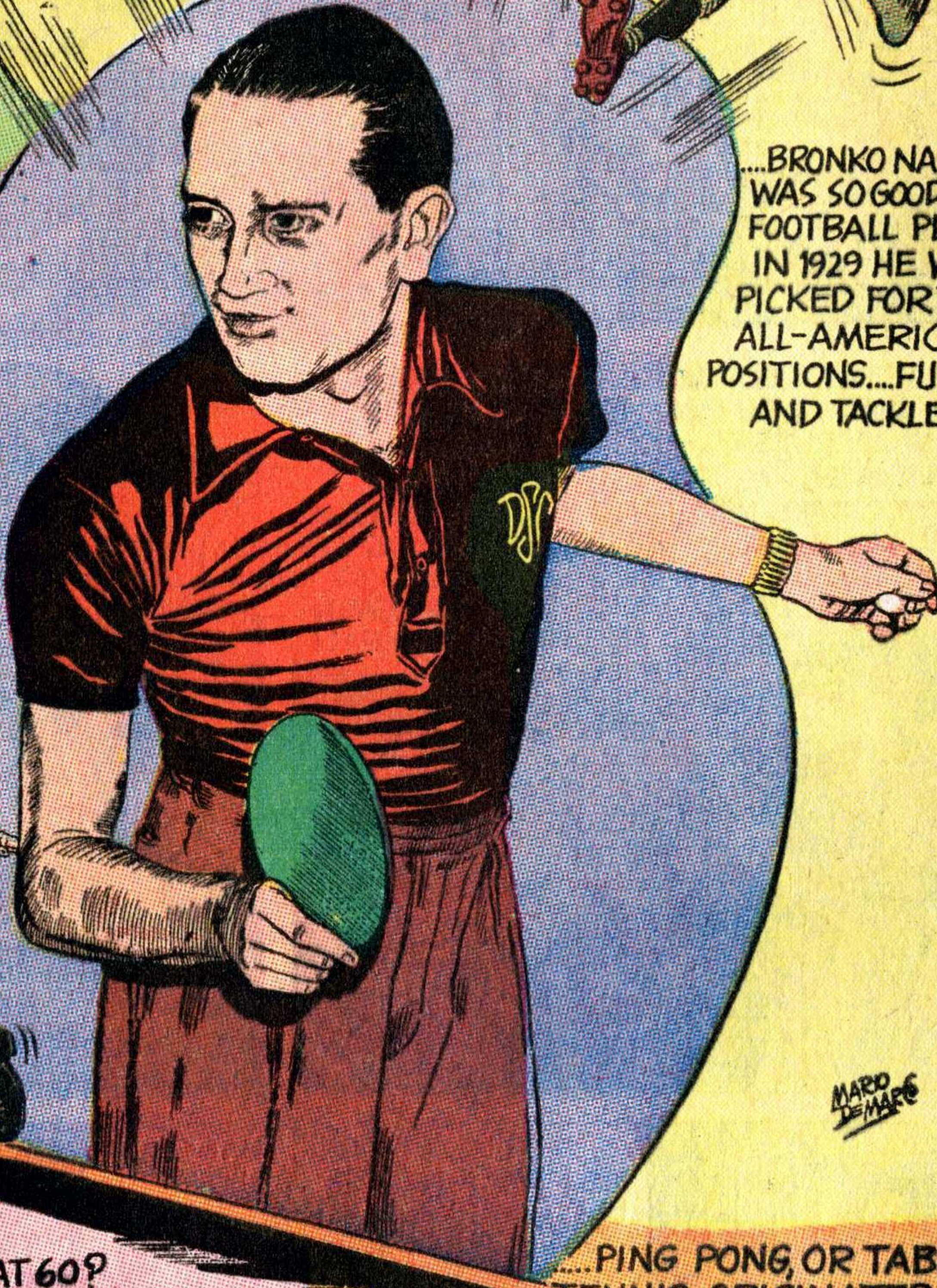


...BRONKO NAGURSKI WAS SO GOOD AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER IN 1929 HE WAS PICKED FOR TWO ALL-AMERICAN POSITIONS... FULLBACK AND TACKLE!

I MUST BE RELATED TO RIP VAN WINKLE!



...WHO SAYS YOU'RE OLD AT 60? PHIL WOLF BOWLED HIS FIRST A.B.C. TOURNEY WAY BACK IN 1905 AND HIS LAST IN 1931... WITHOUT MISSING A SINGLE SEASON. HE WON HIS LAST TITLE AT AGE 60. HIS LIFETIME AVERAGE WAS A HEALTHY 195!



MARCO DE MARCO

...PING PONG, OR TABLE TENNIS, ORIGINATED IN ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY... THE GREATEST TABLE TENNIS CHAMP WAS VIKTOR BARNA OF HUNGARY. HE WON FIFTEEN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS DURING THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES! THIS FEAT HAS NOT BEEN EQUALED TO THIS DAY!

THINK YOU KNOW YOUR SPORTS? HOW MANY MEN ON A SOCCER TEAM, A LACROSSE TEAM AND A POLO TEAM?



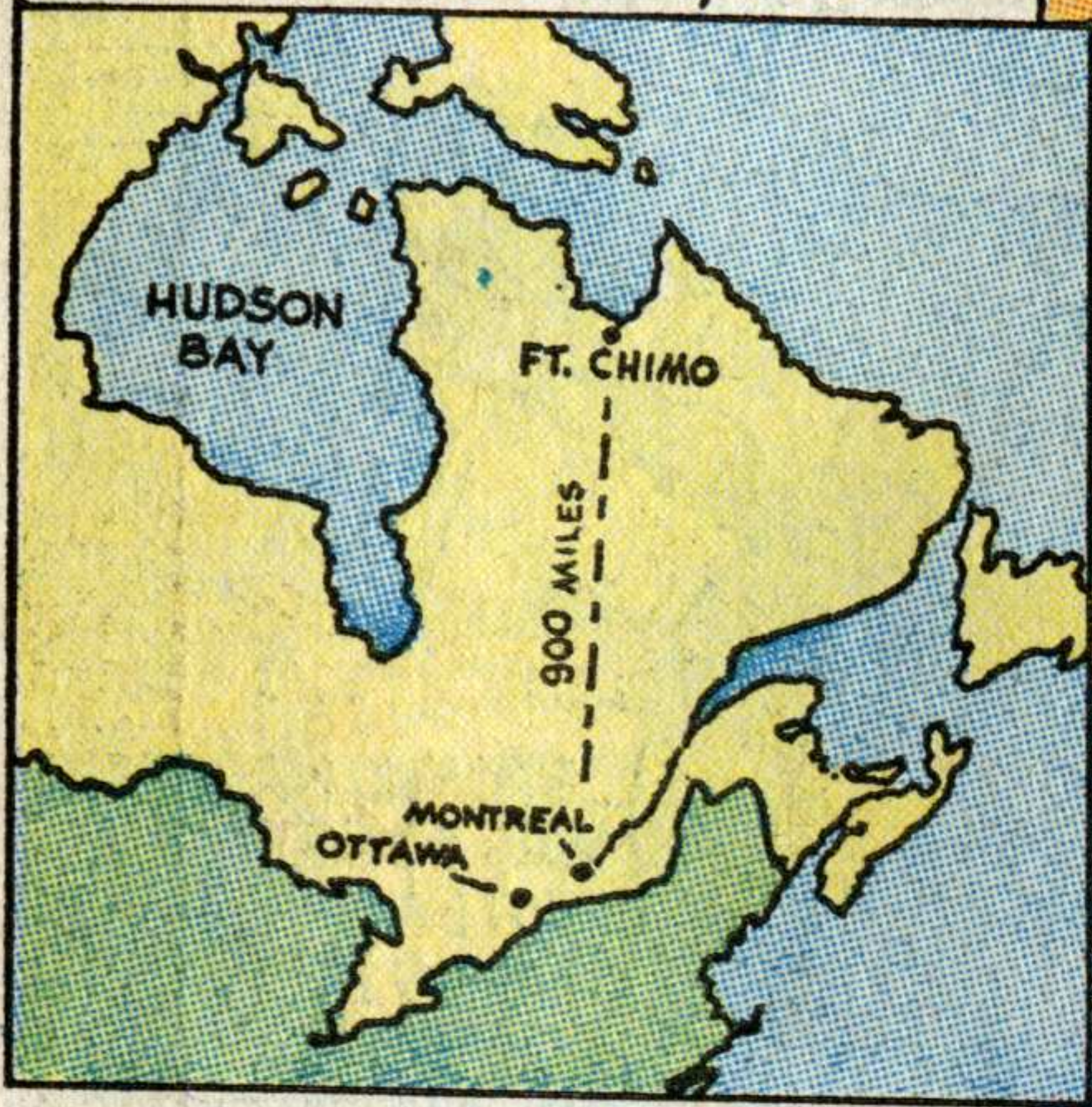
ANSWERS -  
SOCCER - 11 MEN  
LACROSSE - 10 MEN  
POLO - 4 MEN

# OOKPIK

## JEANNIE SNOWBALL'S WIDE-EYED WONDER

BY WILLIS BLENKINSOP

LATE IN OCTOBER, 1964...



WRITER DUDLEY COPLAND AND REPORTER AL PALMER CHAT ABOUT EARLIER DAYS IN THIS ARCTIC WILDERNESS.

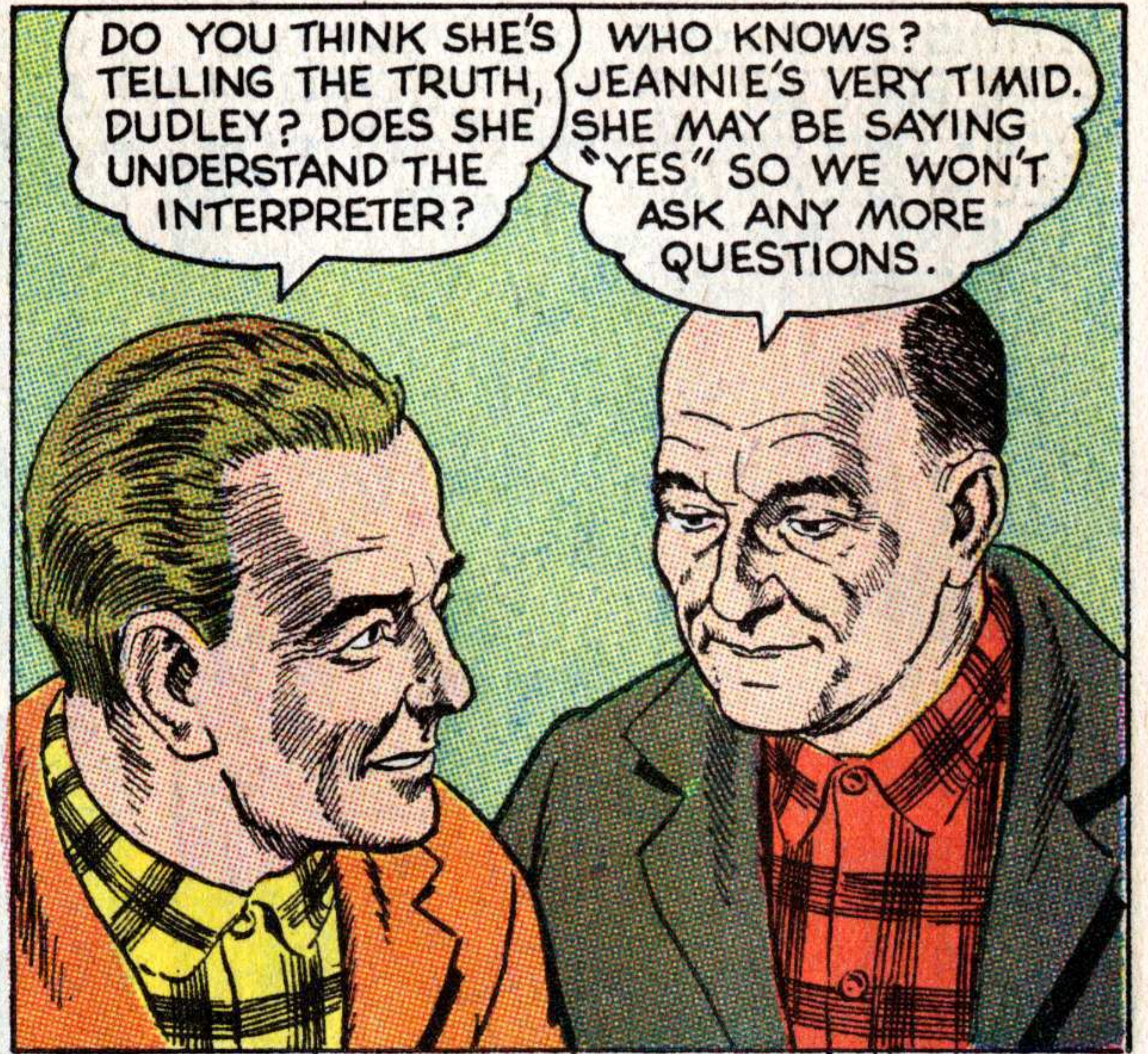
BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOUR DAYS HERE AS A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY TRADER HASN'T IT, DUDLEY?

CERTAINLY HAS, AL. AND I'LL BET MY OLD FRIEND, JEANNIE SNOWBALL, WILL BE SURPRISED TO KNOW WE'RE HERE TO LEARN ABOUT HER OOKPIK!



IS IT TRUE, JEANNIE, THAT ONCE YOU WERE LOST IN A BLIZZARD BUT FOUND AND ATE AN ARCTIC OWL... AN OOKPIK AS YOU CALL IT... WHICH KEPT YOU ALIVE UNTIL YOU REACHED SAFETY?

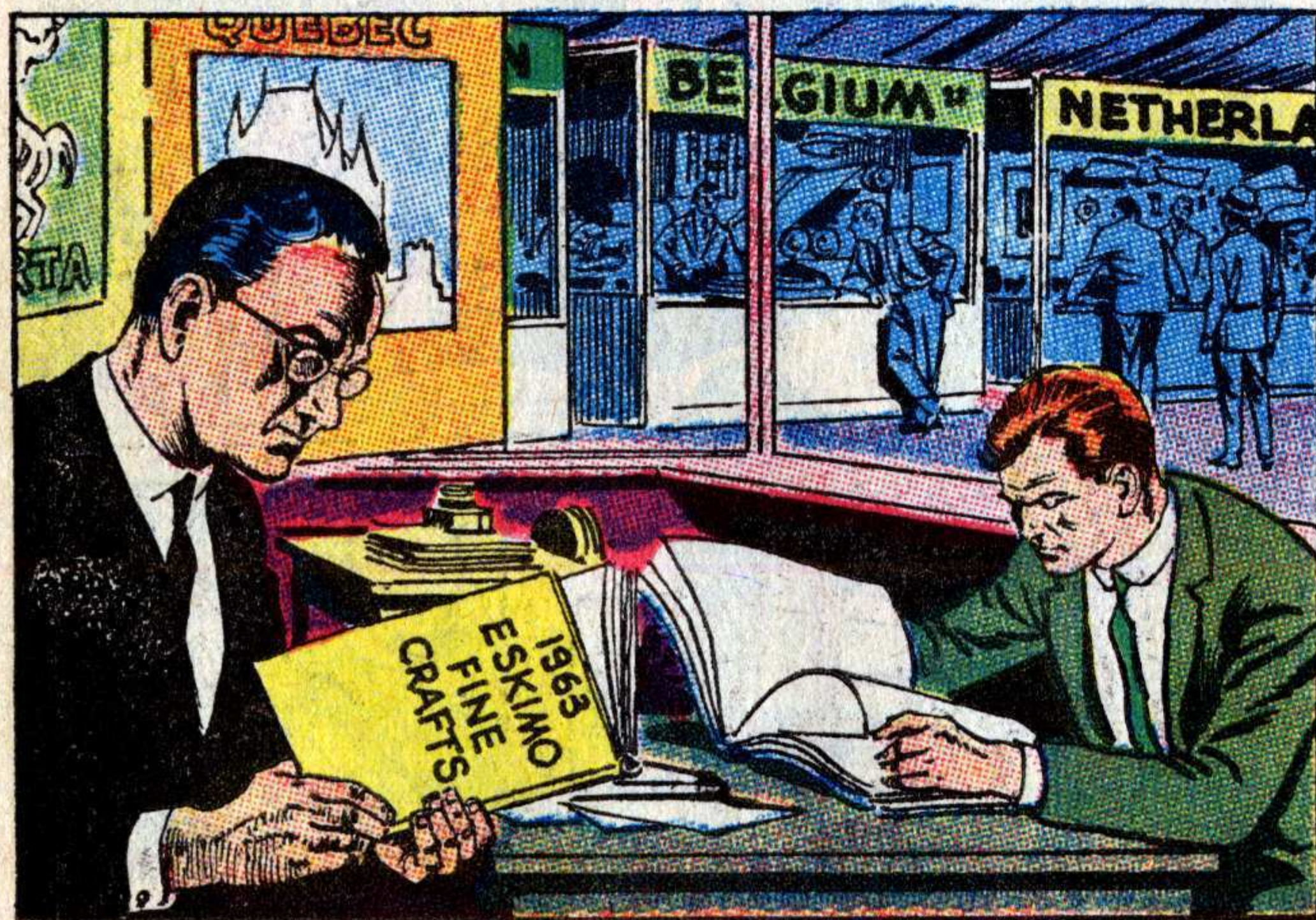
YES, TRUE.



JEANNIE SNOWBALL'S STORY STILL IS UNCERTAIN. BUT THE STORY OF THE OOKPIK DOLL SHE CREATED IS ONE OF GREAT INTEREST AND IMAGINATION. IT BEGINS AT A WORLD TRADE FAIR IN 1963...



AND AGAIN IN NOVEMBER, 1963, AT THE PHILADELPHIA TRADE FAIR WHEN CANADIANS SEARCH DESPERATELY FOR A SYMBOL, A STUNT, A GIMMICK... ANYTHING TO ATTRACT PEOPLE TO THE CANADIAN EXHIBITS.



GETTING AN OOKPIK DOLL WASN'T EASY.

WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE ONLY ONE OOKPIK DOLL IN ALL CANADA! IT'S AT FORT CHIMO.

GET IT!



WITH THE OPENING OF THE FAIR ONLY A WEEK AWAY...

MESSENGER

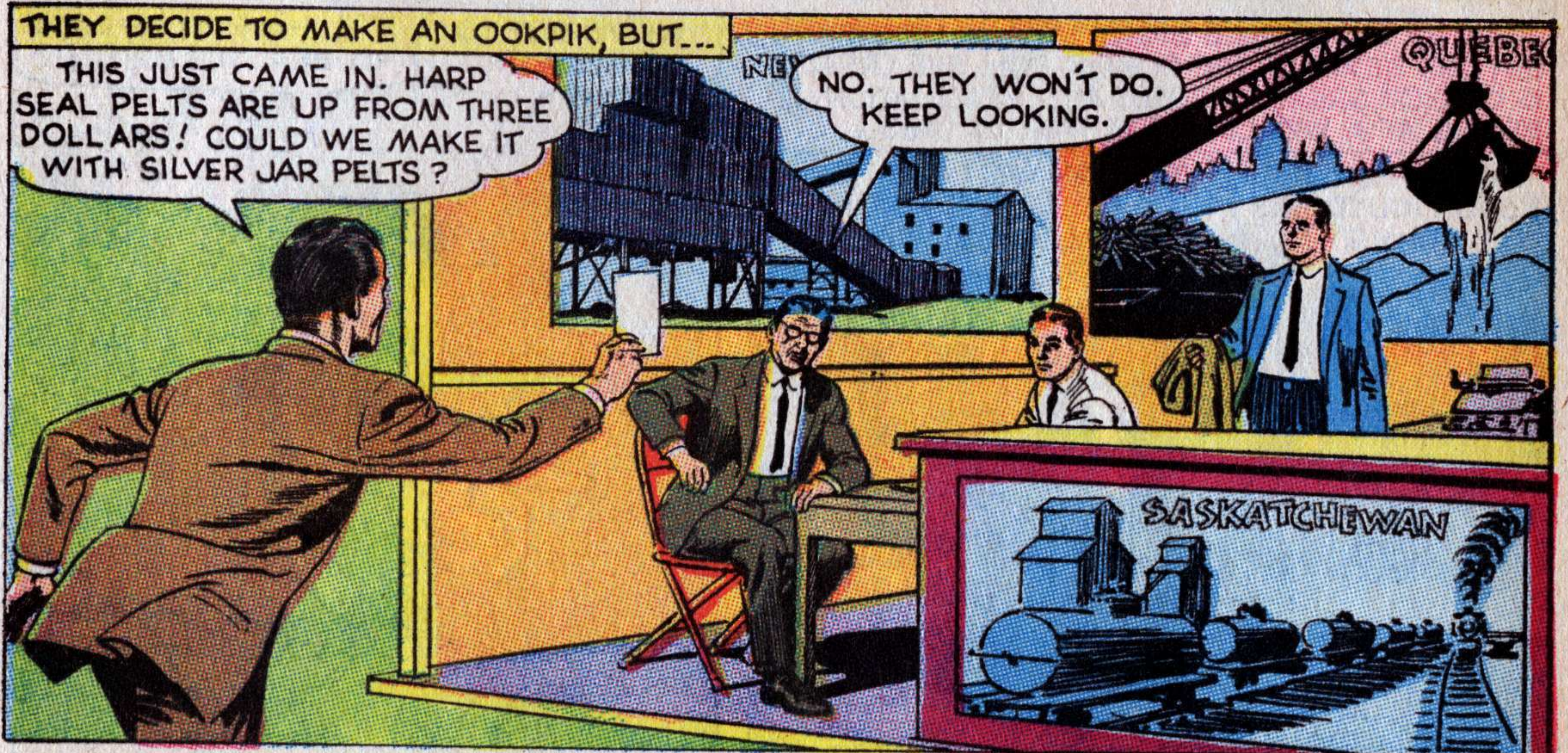
ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO NORTHEASTERN PROVINCES OUT OF SERVICE. UNABLE TO REACH FORT CHIMO.



THEY DECIDE TO MAKE AN OOKPIK, BUT...

THIS JUST CAME IN. HARP SEAL PELTS ARE UP FROM THREE DOLLARS! COULD WE MAKE IT WITH SILVER JAR PELTS?

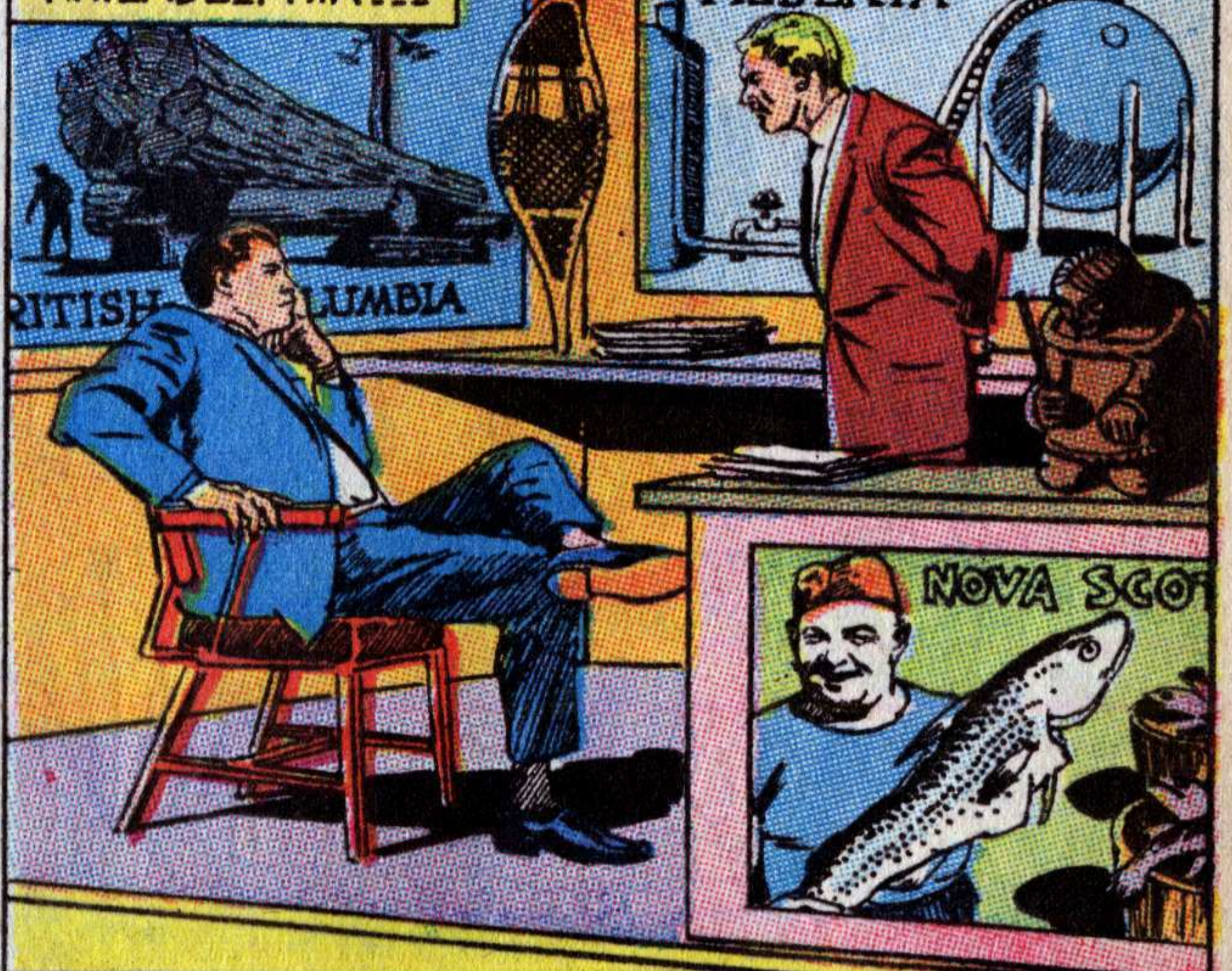
NO. THEY WON'T DO. KEEP LOOKING.



AT LAST ONE HARP PELT IS LOCATED IN OTTAWA. AN ESKIMO WOMAN THERE, GUIDED ONLY BY A PHOTO OF OOKPIK, GOES TO WORK.



MEANWHILE, OFFICIALS AT THE TRADE FAIR IN PHILADELPHIA...



FINALLY THE CALL COMES FROM OTTAWA. BUT...

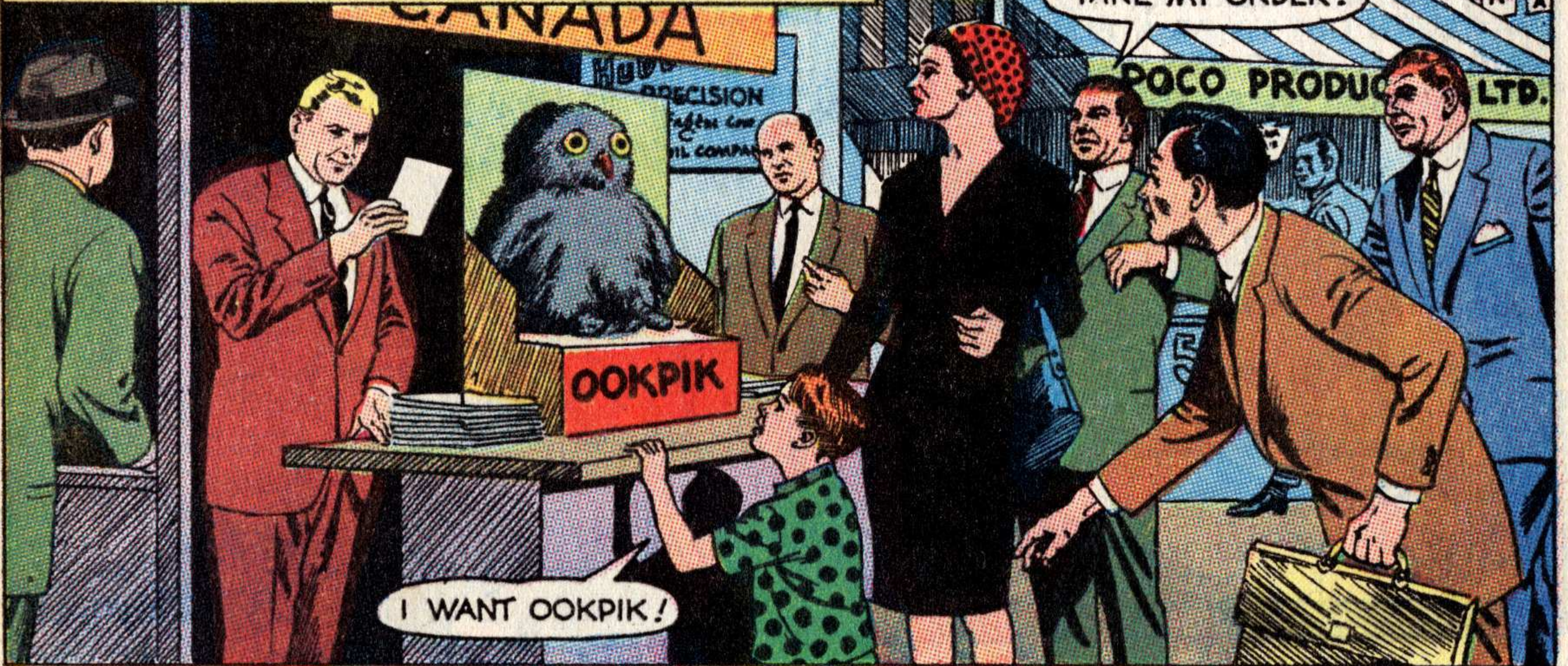
OOKPIK IS READY, HAMILTON. BUT FROM THE BACK HE LOOKS LIKE A DUCK WITH BIG CLUMSY FEET.



SEND HIM ANYWAY! WE WON'T SHOW HIS BACK!



NO ONE EVEN IMAGINED HOW GREAT A SENSATION JEANNIE SNOWBALL'S OOKPIK WOULD CAUSE....



TAKE MY ORDER!

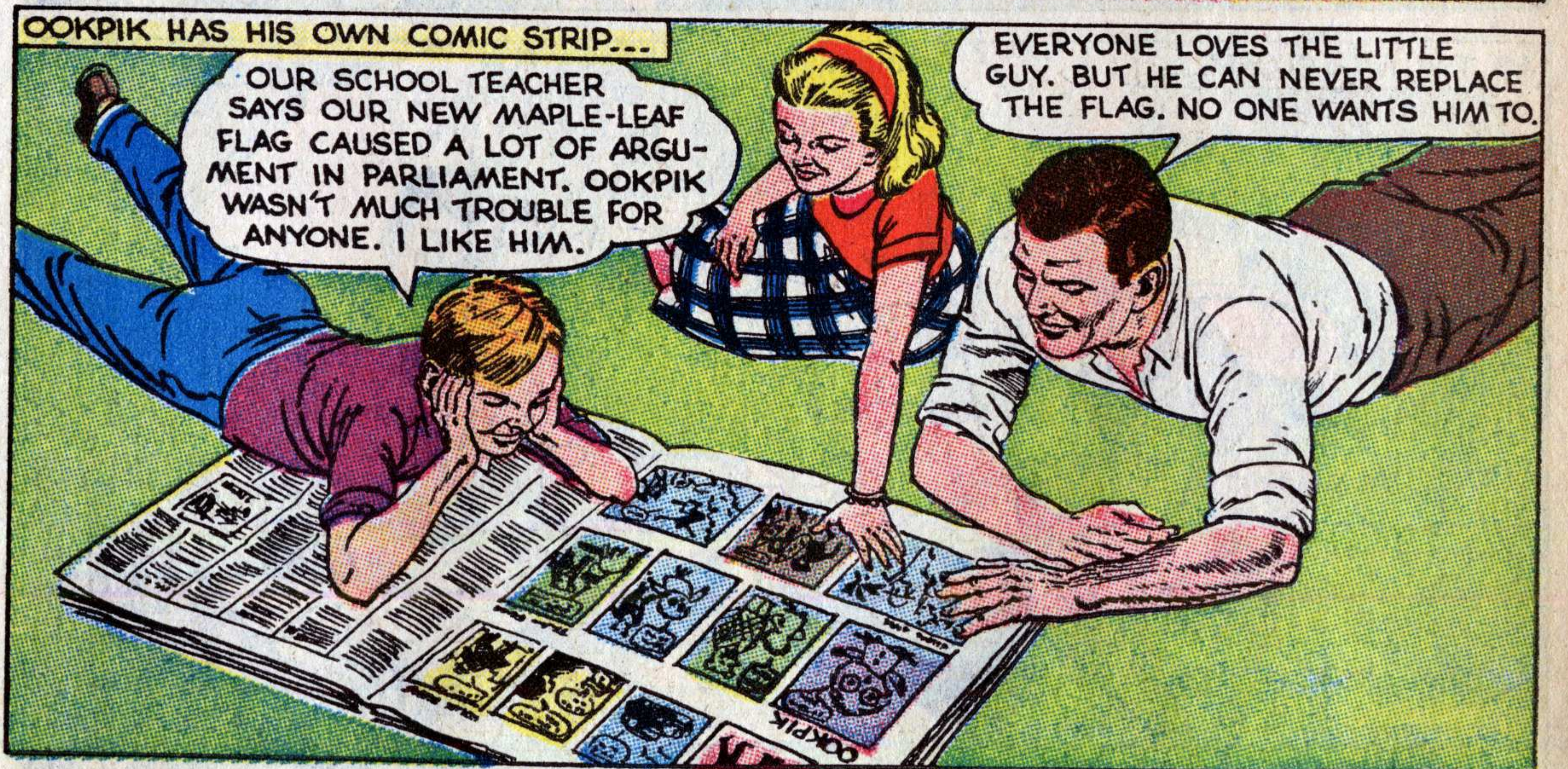
I WANT OOKPIK!

POCO PRODUCTS LTD.

AS THE FAIR CLOSES....

UNBELIEVABLE! ORDERS FOR TWELVE THOUSAND OOKPIK DOLLS! OOKPIK WILL SOON BE KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND SO WILL CANADA'S PRODUCTS!

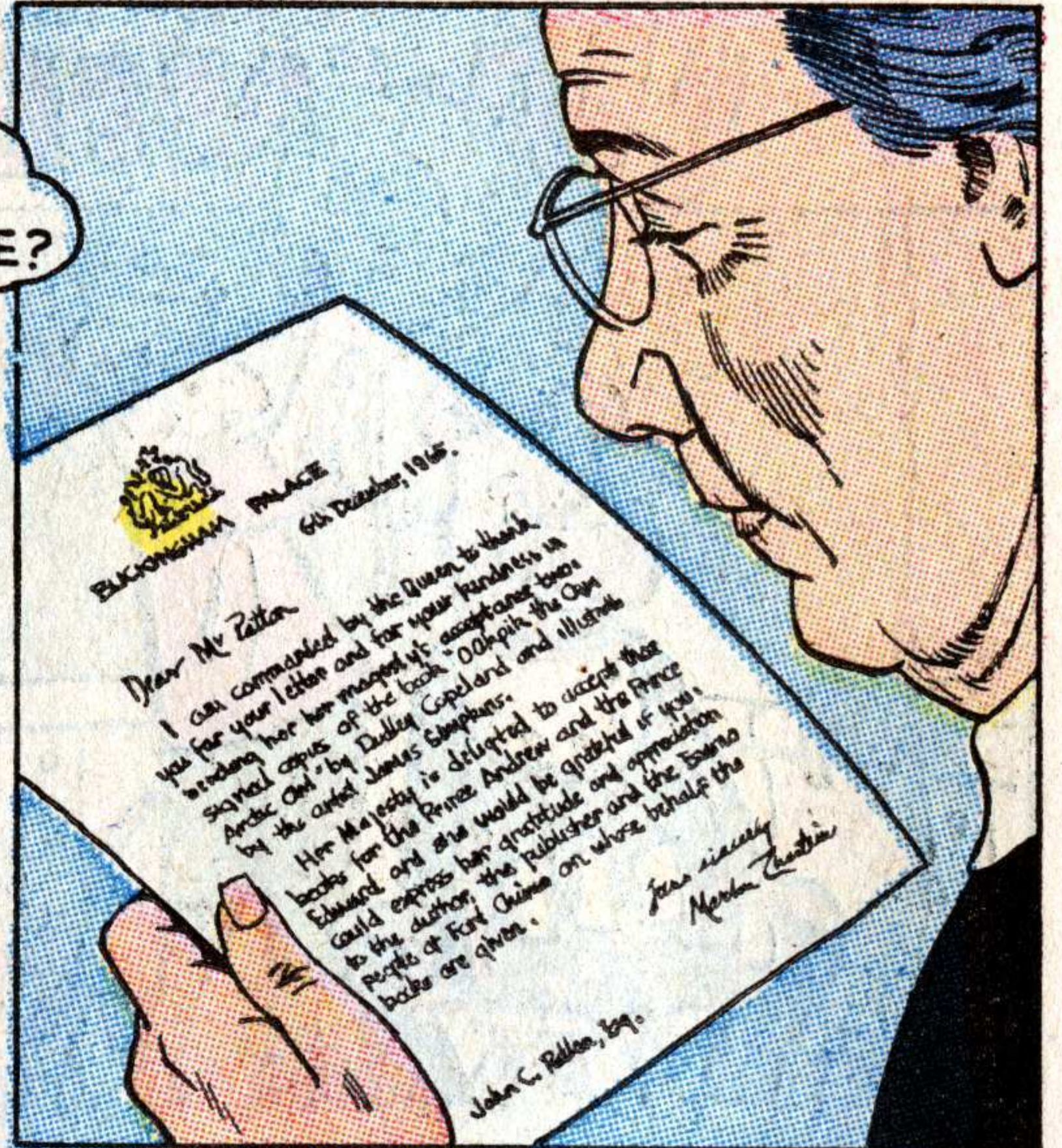
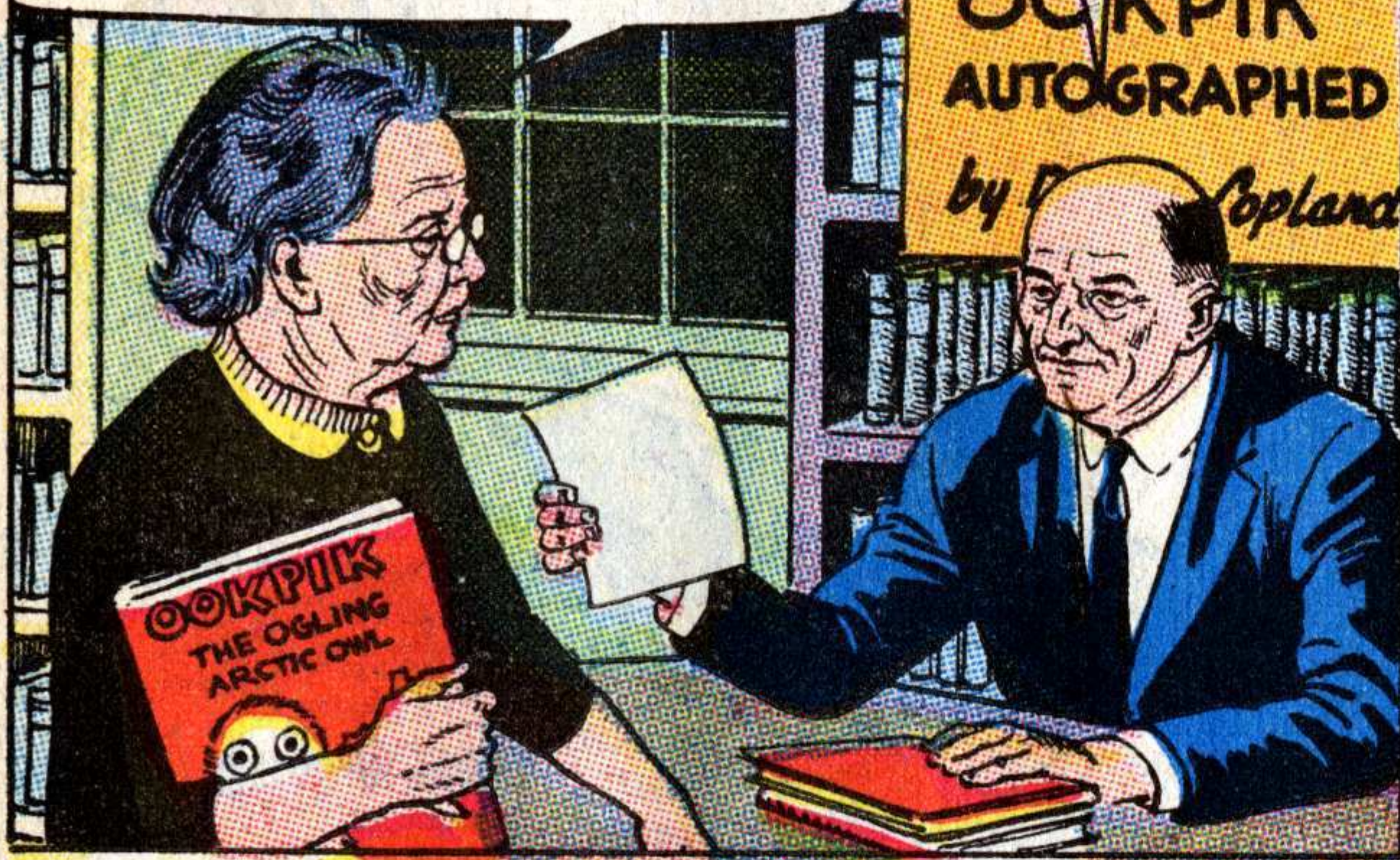




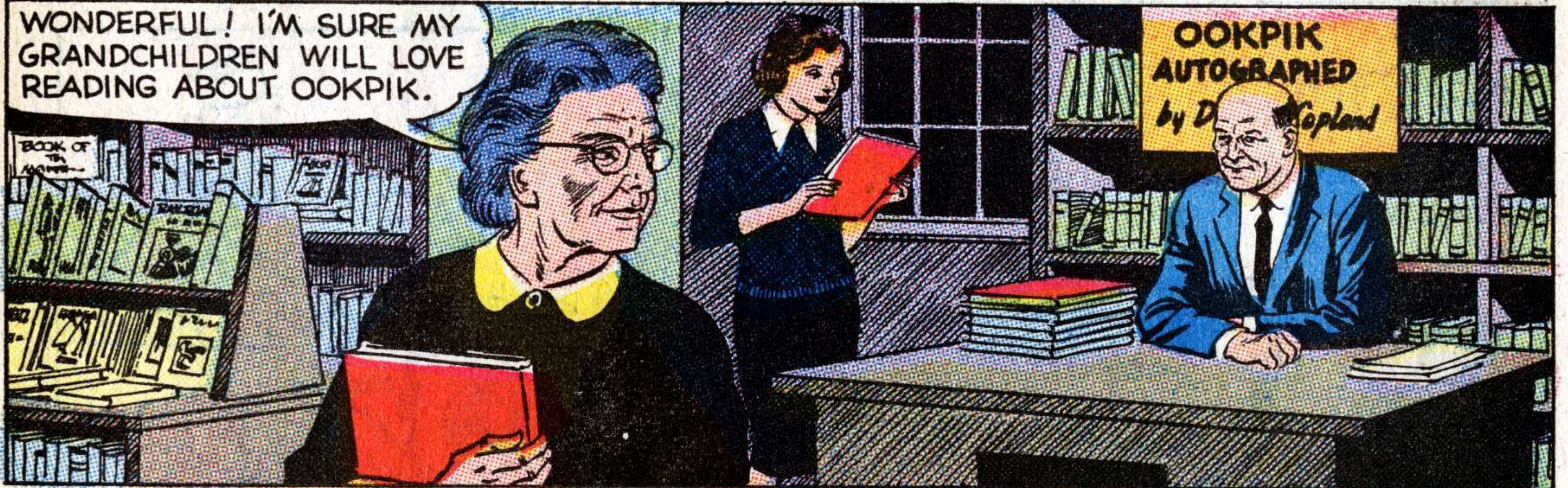
DUDLEY COPLAND'S CHILDREN'S BOOK ABOUT OOKPIK IS A BEST SELLER.

I HEAR YOUR BOOK ABOUT OOKPIK HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, MR. COPLAND. CONGRATULATIONS!

THANK YOU. WOULD YOU LIKE TO READ THE LETTER FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE?



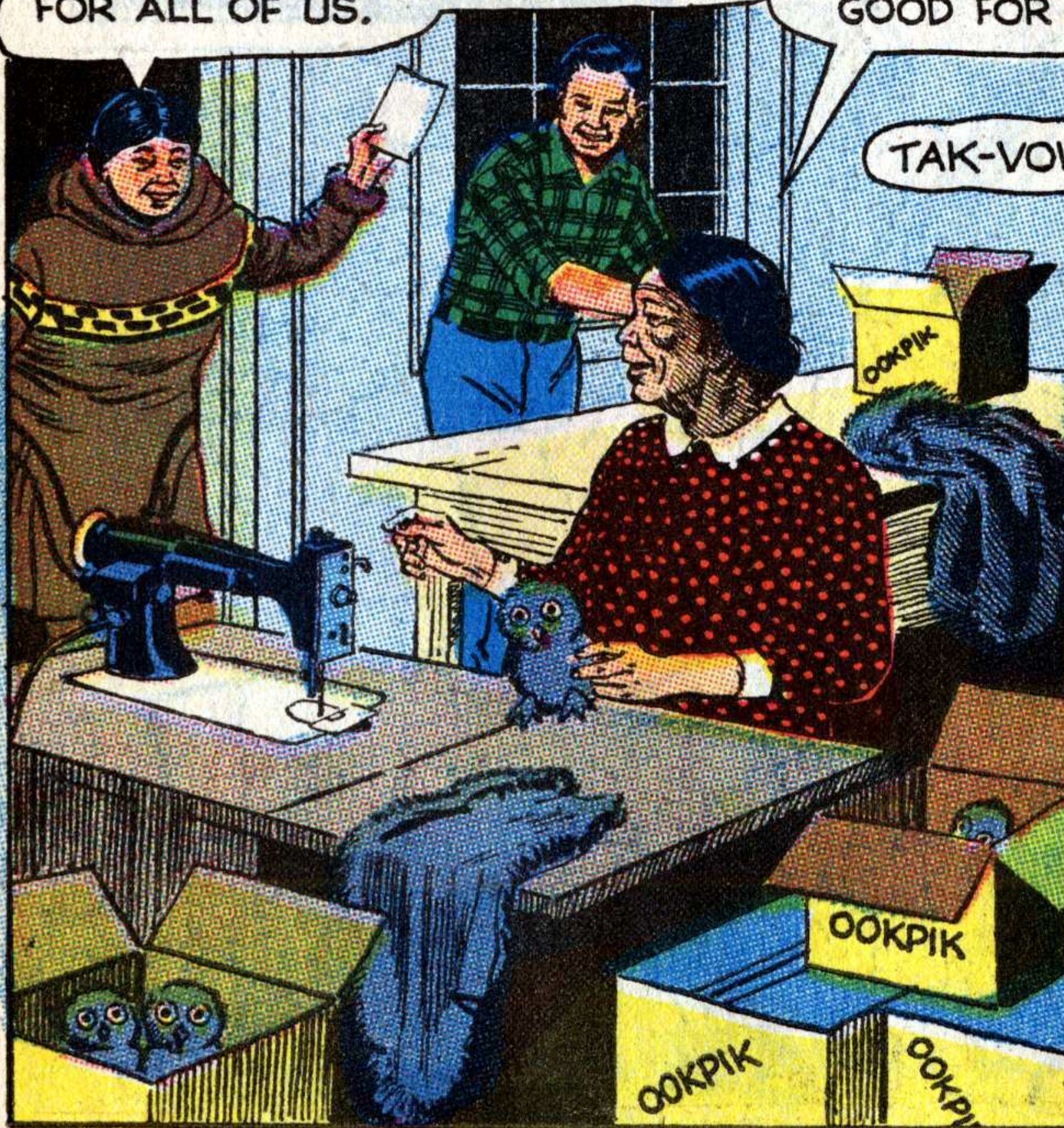
WONDERFUL! I'M SURE MY GRANDCHILDREN WILL LOVE READING ABOUT OOKPIK.



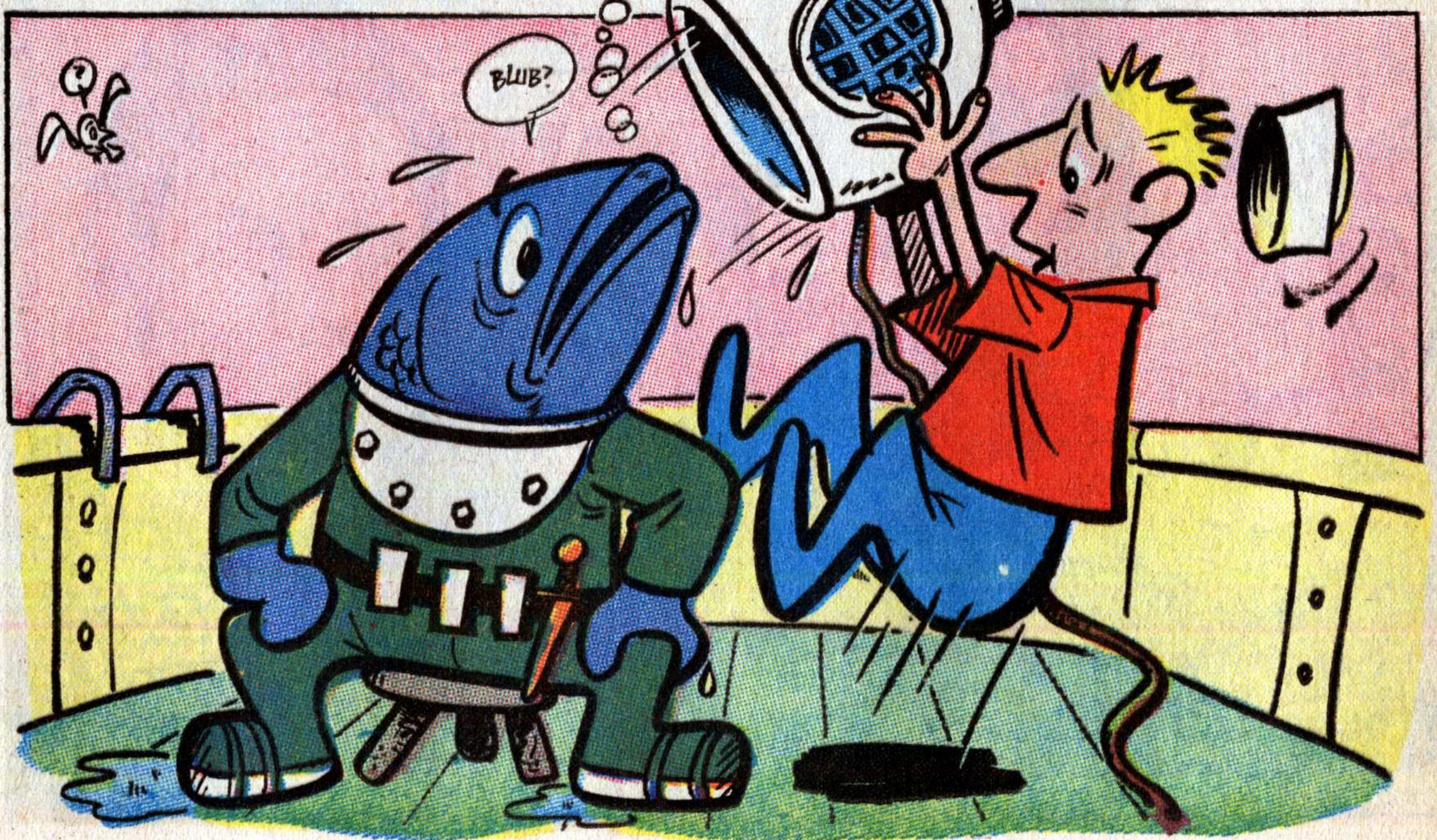
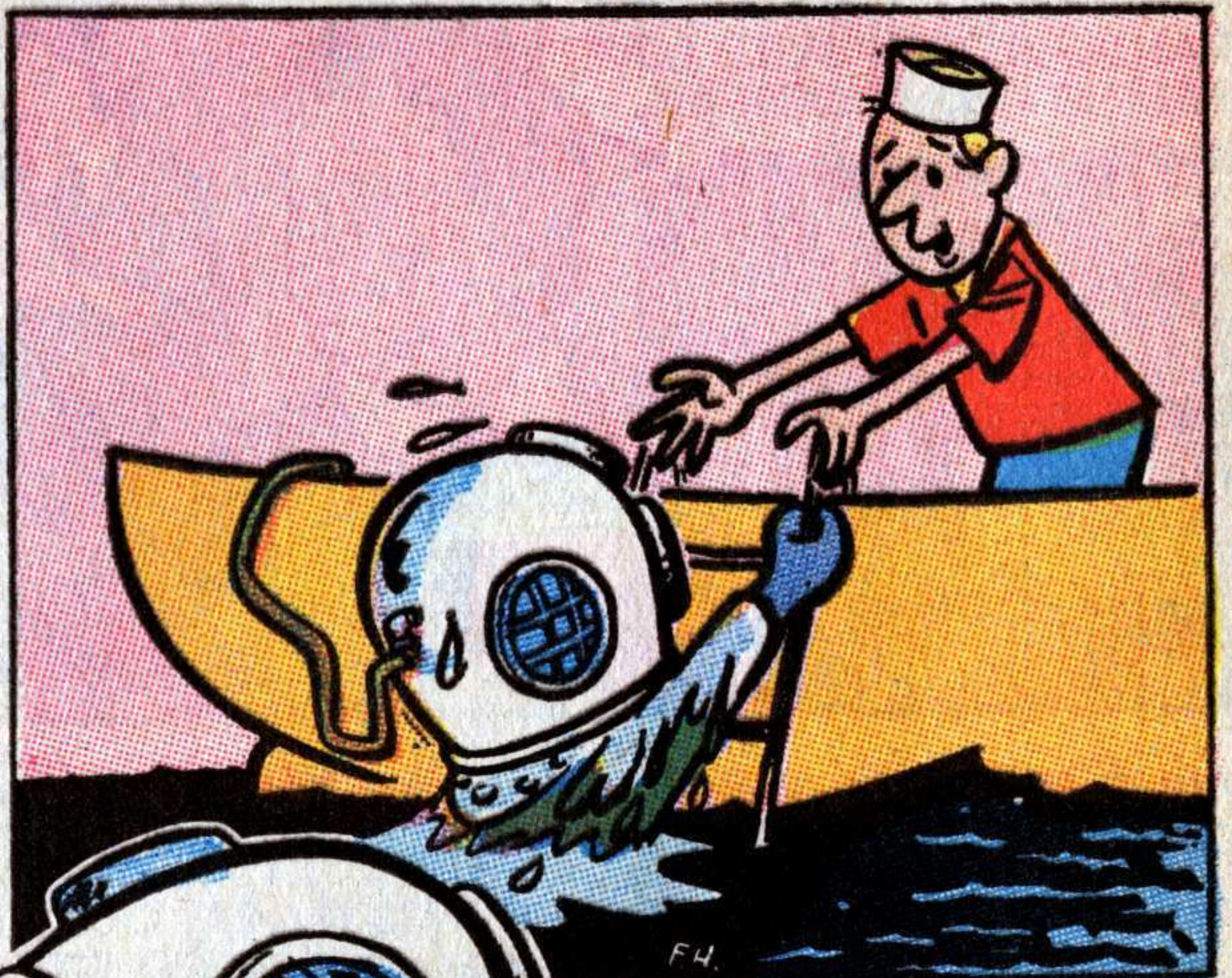
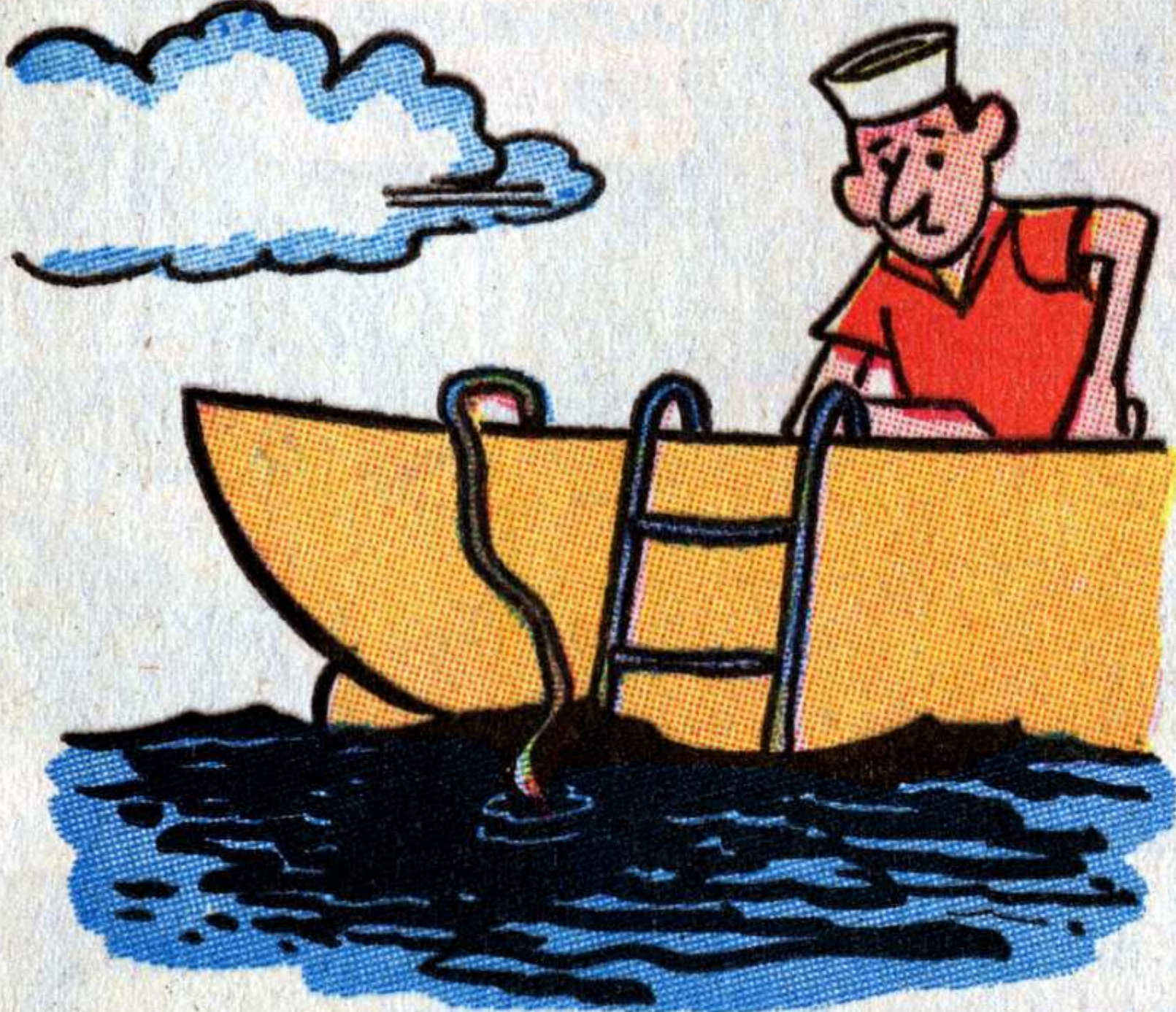
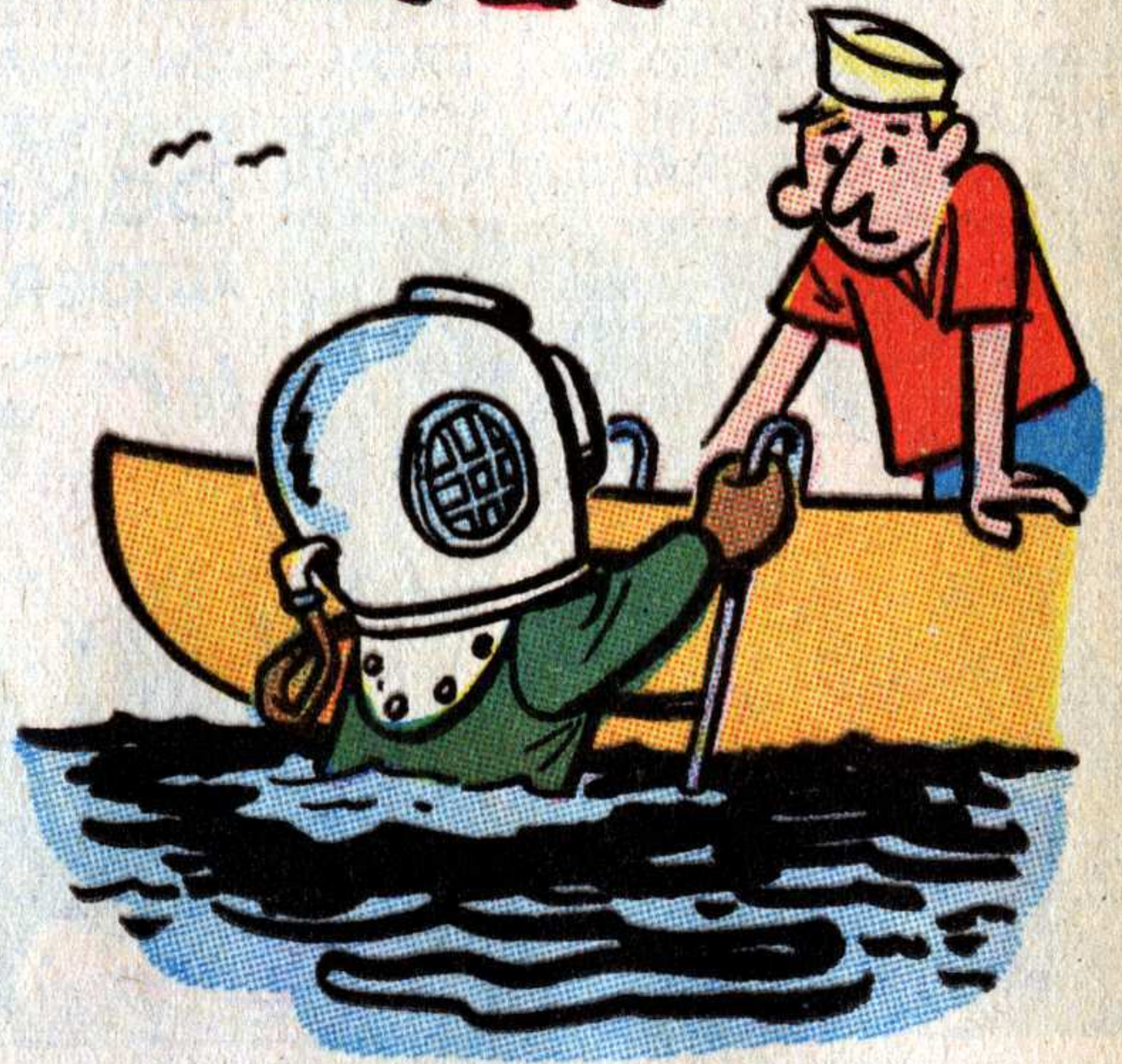
WHILE AT FAR-AWAY FORT CHIMO, AN ESKIMO GRANDMOTHER, JEANNIE SNOWBALL...

LOOK JEANNIE! MORE ORDERS! YOUR OOKPIK BRINGS GOOD THINGS FOR ALL OF US.

YES. AND MR. COPLAND SAYS OOKPIK BRINGS MUCH GOOD FOR ALL CANADA!



# HAUNIBAL BEAR





**FACTS** FROM THE **ANIMAL** **WORLD**



NEXT TO MAN, THE BEAVER IS THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED BUILDER.... IT MAKES DAMS AND LODGES, DEEPENS POOLS, AND DIGS ELABORATE TUNNELS AND CANALS.



**T**HE ZEBRA IS PROBABLY ONE OF NATURE'S BEST CAMOUFLAGE EXPERTS... HUNTERS HAVE FAILED TO SPOT THE ANIMALS AT A DISTANCE OF 40 YARDS.... THEY WERE DETECTED ONLY WHEN THEY MOVED OR SWITCHED THEIR TAILS.



A COELACANTH.... A FISH THOUGHT TO BE EXTINCT... WAS CAUGHT BY FISHERMEN ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO! HIS ANCESTORS SWAM THE SEAS 60 MILLION YEARS AGO, AND, AS PROVED BY FOSSILS, THIS FISH HAS NOT CHANGED IN LOOKS IN ALL THAT TIME!



A RHINO'S HORN DOES NOT GROW OUT OF HIS SKULL BUT OUT OF HIS SCALP! IT IS NOT MADE OUT OF BONE BUT OF TIGHTLY PACKED HAIR THAT CAN WITHSTAND A CHARGE AGAINST A SOLID OBJECT!

MARIO DE MARCO

# Anyone for Deltiology?

By Thomas R. Lane



A steadily growing hobby that is as yet nowhere near as well known as numismatics (coin collecting) or philately (stamp collecting) is one with an equally strange name—deltiology. "Deltiology" is the fancy name for picture postcard collecting, and one day this pastime may rank with numismatics and philately. It is growing more popular every day.

An estimated 50,000 Americans are deltiologists or card collectors. They are not interested in the more than four billion cards that are now being printed each year. What they seek are the old-fashioned postcards of 30, 40 or more years ago, back to the turn of the century and earlier. Shrewd indeed were the deltiologists who bought such cards for pennies ten years ago. Today, many of those same cards are worth as much as \$150 apiece!

The plain postcard is believed to have been invented in 1869 by an Austrian, Dr. Emanuel Herman. A year later the Germans improved Dr. Herman's invention by adding illustrations and so created the first *picture* postcard, which was sold in 1870. Ever since, Germans have been the most enthusiastic users of postcards, not only for mailing purposes but also classroom instruction! As early as 1908, German schools used postcards to help teach nat-

ural history, geography, political history and even the German language.

People began saving postcards around 1898 simply because they liked the pictures. But collecting cards didn't really catch on as a hobby until 1940. After World War II, deltiology began to boom.

Of course, there were colored postcards long before this. The old cards were printed with plates made of stone. Pictures were laboriously drawn by hand with grease crayons onto the stone or they were made on transfer paper and then transferred to the stone plate. One stone was needed for each color. It was a long, involved process compared to the modern, high-speed, four-color presses that can produce 6,000 beautiful cards per hour. However, it is those early "pioneer postals" that bring the best price in today's market.

Collectors usually specialize in one type of card, such as those showing specific places, bridges, trains, autos, animals. One collector, for example, is interested only in America's Main Streets. He has 10,000 cards from 1900 to 1905 and every one of them shows a town and city square or a Main Street from communities all over the United States. Another card collector specializes in nothing but views of New York City.



In every field of collecting, certain items are prized above all others. Among deltiologists the most sought-after cards are those from world's fairs. It is in this class that the most enthusiastic buying and selling takes place. A man named Ben Shiffrin collects many types of postcards but he specializes in world's fair postcards.

About six years ago Mr. Shiffrin wrote to a stamp dealer in Ohio asking for world's fair postcards. The dealer had 31, for which he wanted seven dollars. "I thought the price was rather high," said Mr. Shiffrin, "but I bought them anyway. Turned out to be the best deal I ever made." In going over them, he discovered five rare cards from the World's Columbian Exposition (Chicago) of 1893, in brand-new condition. "Those particular cards," said Mr. Shiffrin, "cost me \$1.25. Today, they're worth \$100 each."

Postcards don't always have to be "antique" to be valuable. Already, cards from the New York World's Fair that closed in the fall of 1965 are worth 15 to 50 cents apiece. It is quite likely that in time these cards will be as sought after as those of past fairs. A set of 10 cards from the Columbian Exposition now costs \$15. A Boston 1883 card and one from the Fifth Cincinnati Industrial Exhibition of 1874 will

bring \$50 each. Cards from the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, sell for \$1 to \$3. Some cards from the Jamestown Tercentenary Exposition of 1907 can be had as cheaply as 50 cents while others from the same fair bring \$10 apiece.

Just as it is with stamps and coins, the value of a postcard is determined by how few of them are around, then condition and the demand for them. The *condition* of a card means that the card is still flat, with no holes or creases in it. It doesn't matter that it was once sent through the mail and has a personal message written on it. Sometimes this even adds to its value!

The greatest of all deltiologists was a man named Jefferson Burdick, who during his lifetime collected a *million* postcards! That collection is now on display in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

Both foreign and American picture postcards are collected. If you should find any cards printed by Raphael Tuck & Son, a famous English postcard publisher, hang onto them; especially those of 1910 and earlier. They're valuable!

Aside from the fun of collecting and the possible profit to be realized, postcards can be educational. That was what got another man, Herbert Schwartz, Jr., started. Schwartz was a student at Columbia University. "I was doing research in American history," he explained, "and I discovered that in postcards I could find pictorial scenes of this country that didn't seem to be available anywhere else." Now he's a deltiologist for fun and profit.

How about you? Search that cellar, attic or garage. Maybe you'll turn up some forgotten items to delight a deltiologist's eye. And if you ever have an opportunity to buy really old postcards for pennies, do it. Deltiology is growing, and as the ranks of card collectors swell, the supply of these old cards will diminish. And that in turn means that the value of your cards—if you have any—can go in only one direction—straight up!

If you go on a trip this summer, send some postcards to your friends at home. Someday, when you're President of the United States, these cards could be worth a fortune.

# Chuck White

AND HIS FRIENDS

by  
MATT  
CHRISTOPHER  
and  
FRAN  
MARTER

IN A COAL MINE  
SHAFT EXHIBIT,  
ENEMIES OF  
SHINDI'S FATHER  
ONCE AGAIN  
TRACK DOWN  
THE BOY.

expo67



KEEP  
RUNNING, SHINDI!  
THIS WILL SLOW  
THEM DOWN.



AAAGH....!

PFWUP!



NOW I KNOW  
WHAT THAT EMPTY  
FEELING INSIDE  
ME IS!



SHINDI, LOOK!  
A LOADED WALLET!  
FINDERS KEEPERS!



THAT'S MINE,  
KID. I JUST  
DROPPED IT.

OKAY,  
OKAY. DON'T  
LOOK AT ME  
AS THOUGH  
I'D STOLEN  
IT!



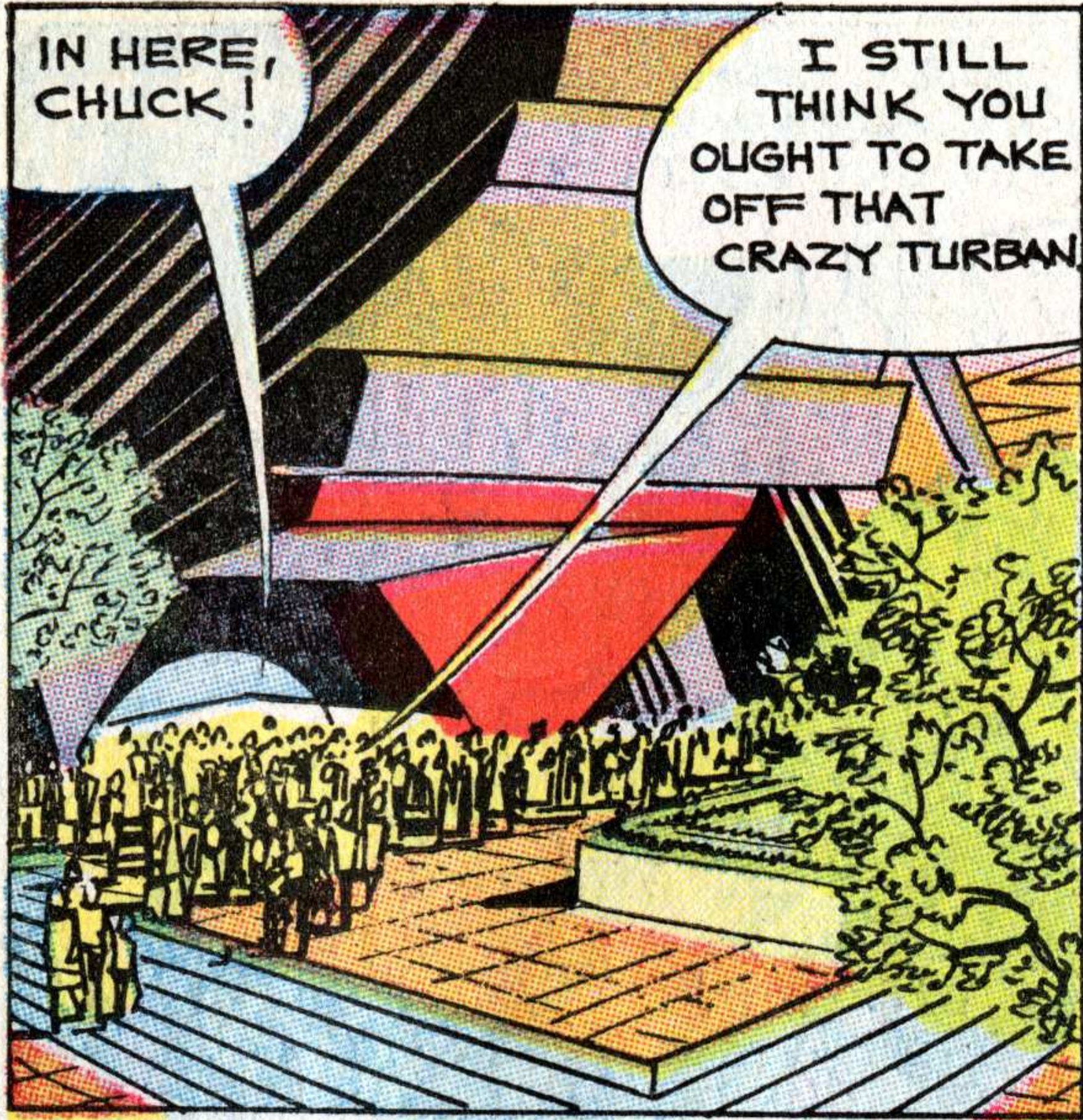
NO! LET US  
SEE IF WALLET  
BELONGS TO YOU  
FIRST!

OH! A  
WISE ONE,  
HUH?



THANKS BOYS.  
THAT WALLET'S  
MINE. MY NAME,  
JEFFERY HILL, IS  
ON THE ....

THAT IS RIGHT.  
IT IS YOUR WALLET.  
CHUCK! THERE  
THEY ARE  
AGAIN!



IN HERE, CHUCK!

I STILL THINK YOU OUGHT TO TAKE OFF THAT CRAZY TURBAN!



CHUCK! A HUMAN CELL!

GREAT! BUT WE HAVEN'T TIME TO STUDY IT! LET'S HIDE SOMEWHERE, THEN EAT. I'M STARVED.



TWO-THIRTY! NO WONDER I'M HUNGRY!

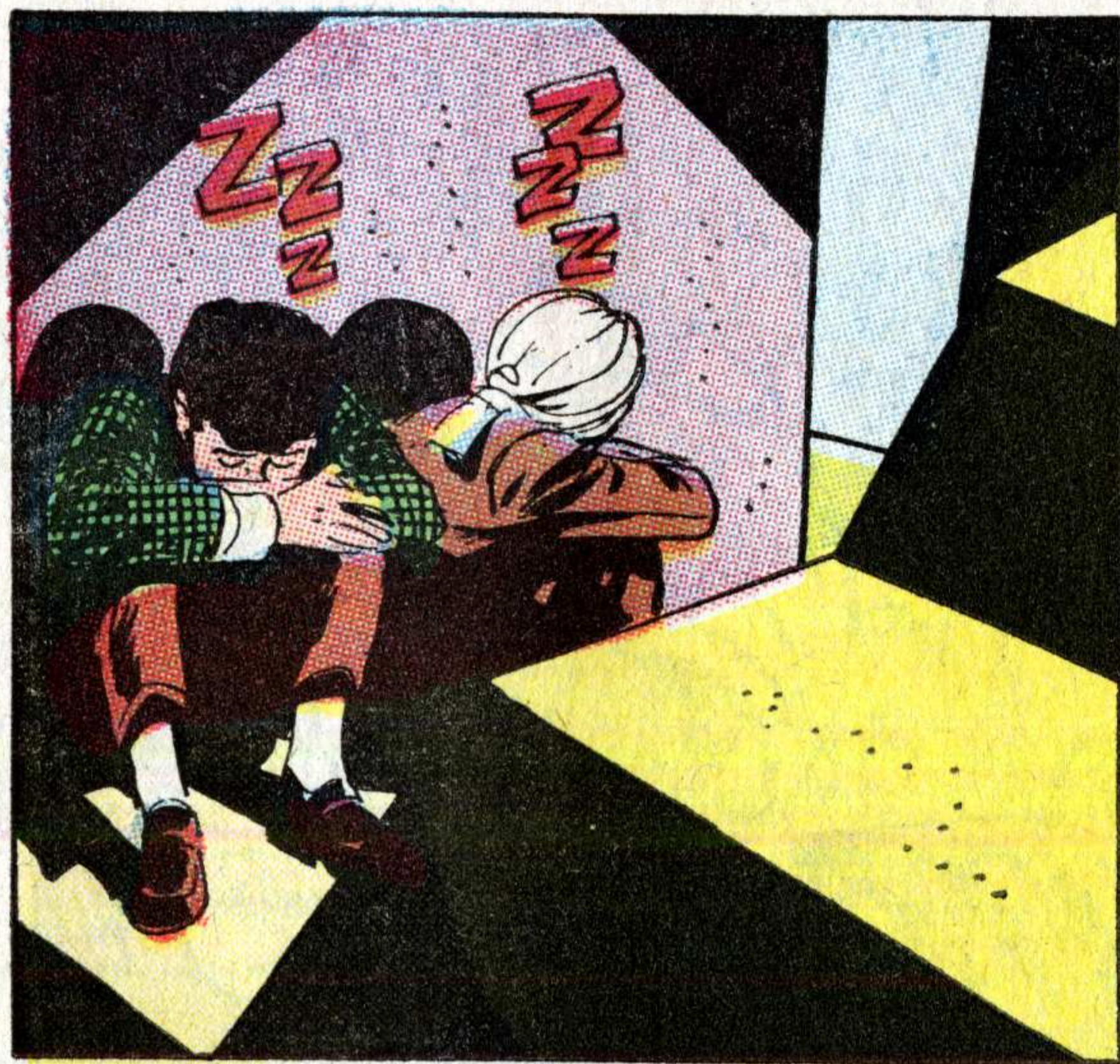
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR YOUR UNCLE AND MRS. WHITE, CHUCK. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.



CHUCK AND SHINDI HIDE

I'M NOT LEAVING YOU. LET'S HIDE HERE FOR A WHILE.

I AM TIRED.... AND HUNGRY, TOO



HOURS LATER

WE MUST'VE SLEPT FOR HOURS! SHINDI! WAKE UP!

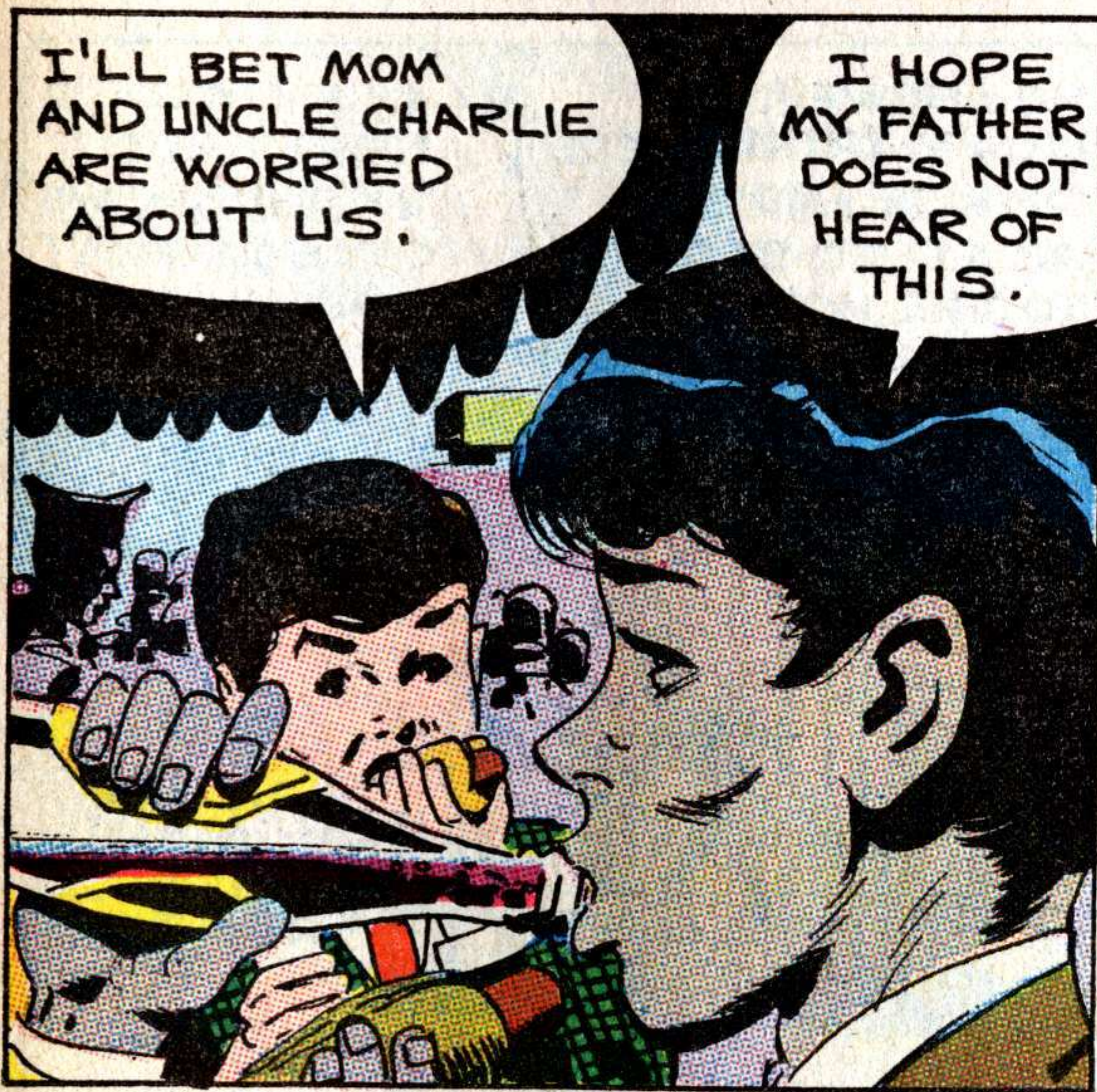


FORBIDDEN OR NOT, THAT TURBAN'S COMING OFF!



THERE'S A FOOD STAND. COME ON, IT'S SAFE.

MY STOMACH IS CRYING FOR FOOD!



I'LL BET MOM AND UNCLE CHARLIE ARE WORRIED ABOUT US.

I HOPE MY FATHER DOES NOT HEAR OF THIS.

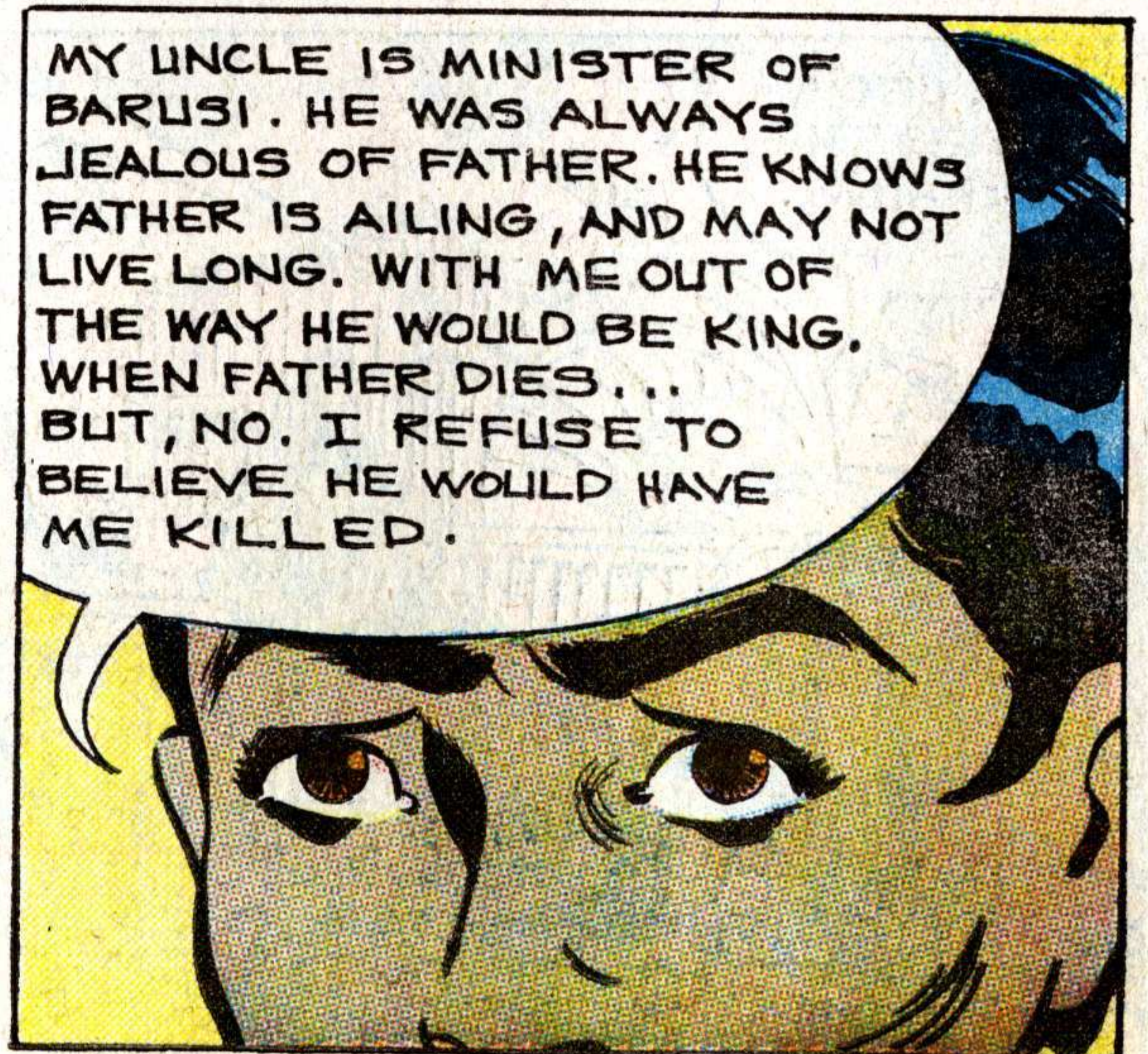


SHINDI, DON'T YOU KNOW WHY THOSE GUYS ARE AFTER YOU?

I THINK I DO, CHUCK. BUT, NO.... IT IS NOT POSSIBLE.



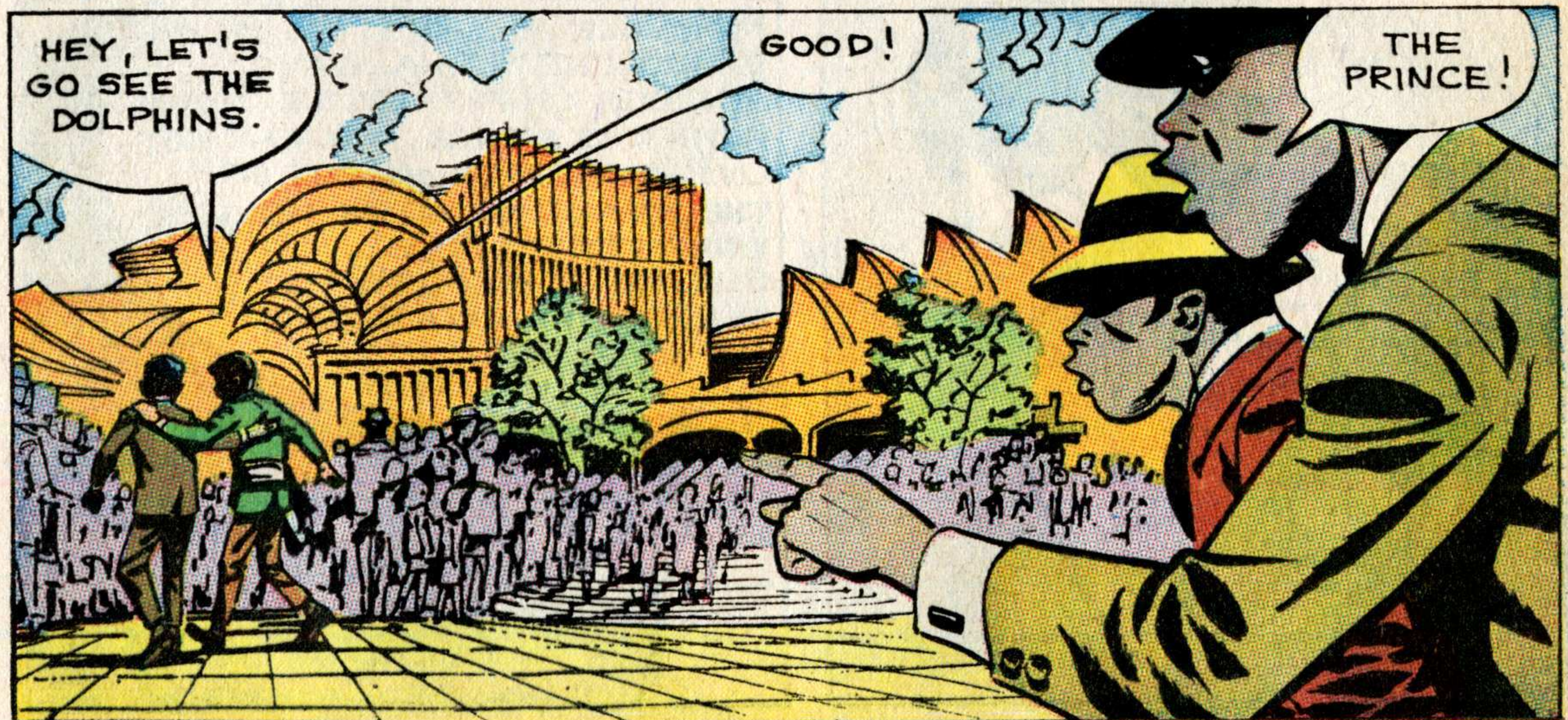
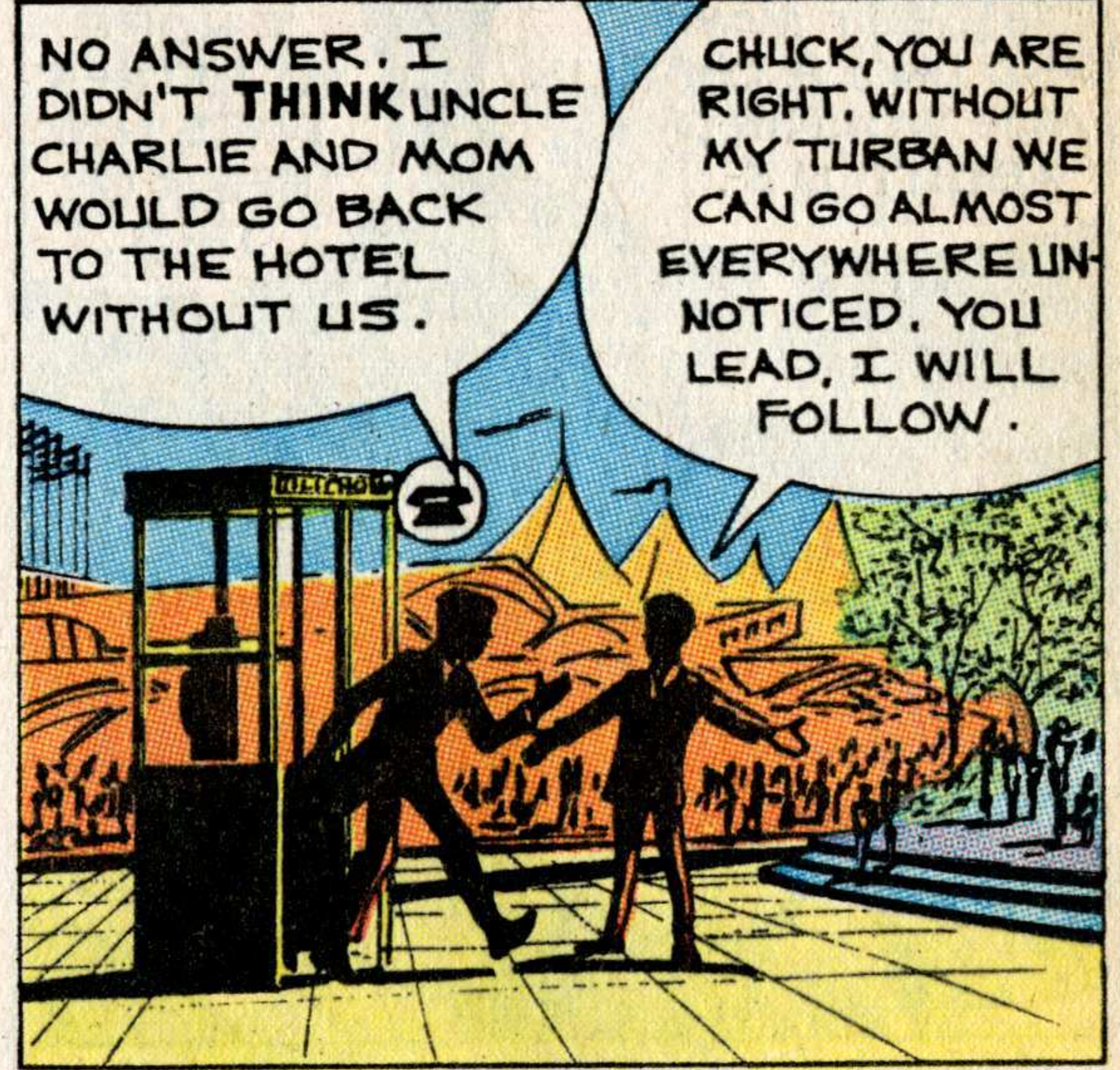
WHAT ISN'T POSSIBLE, SHINDI?



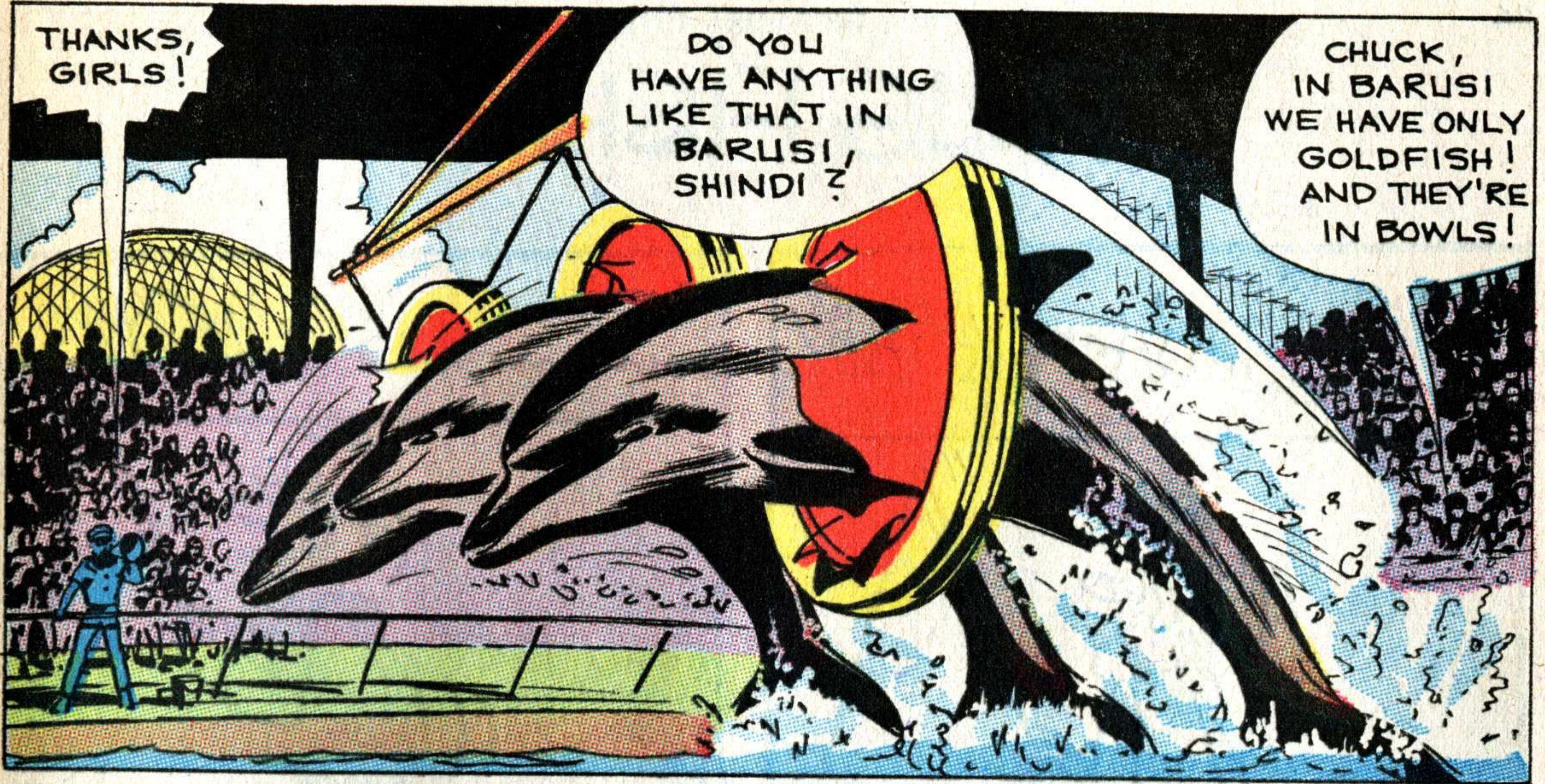
MY UNCLE IS MINISTER OF BARUSI. HE WAS ALWAYS JEALOUS OF FATHER. HE KNOWS FATHER IS AILING, AND MAY NOT LIVE LONG. WITH ME OUT OF THE WAY HE WOULD BE KING. WHEN FATHER DIES... BUT, NO. I REFUSE TO BELIEVE HE WOULD HAVE ME KILLED.



IN A POLICE STATION ON THE GROUNDS...



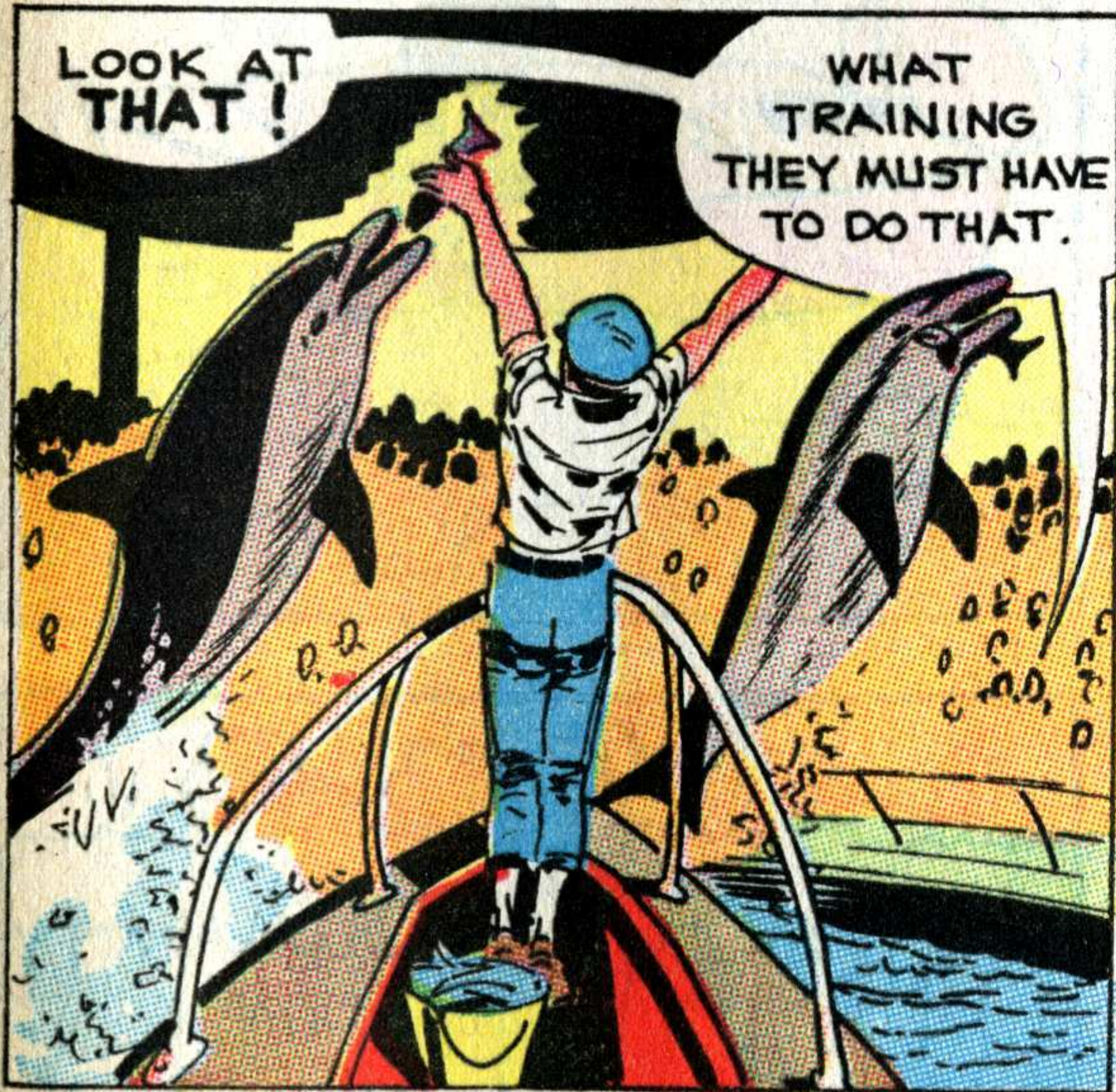




THANKS, GIRLS!

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN BARUSI, SHINDI?

CHUCK, IN BARUSI WE HAVE ONLY GOLDFISH! AND THEY'RE IN BOWLS!

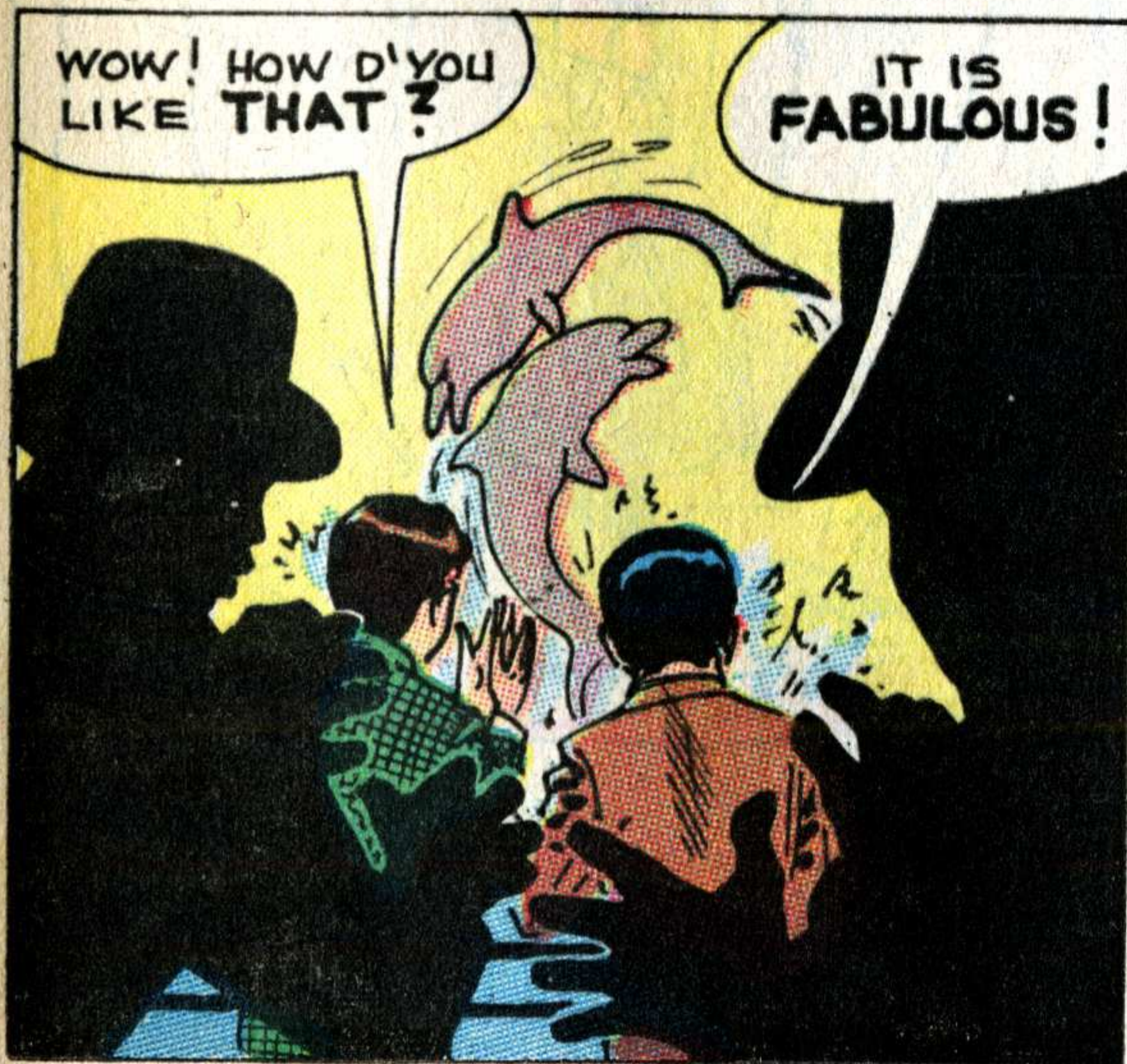


LOOK AT THAT!

WHAT TRAINING THEY MUST HAVE TO DO THAT.

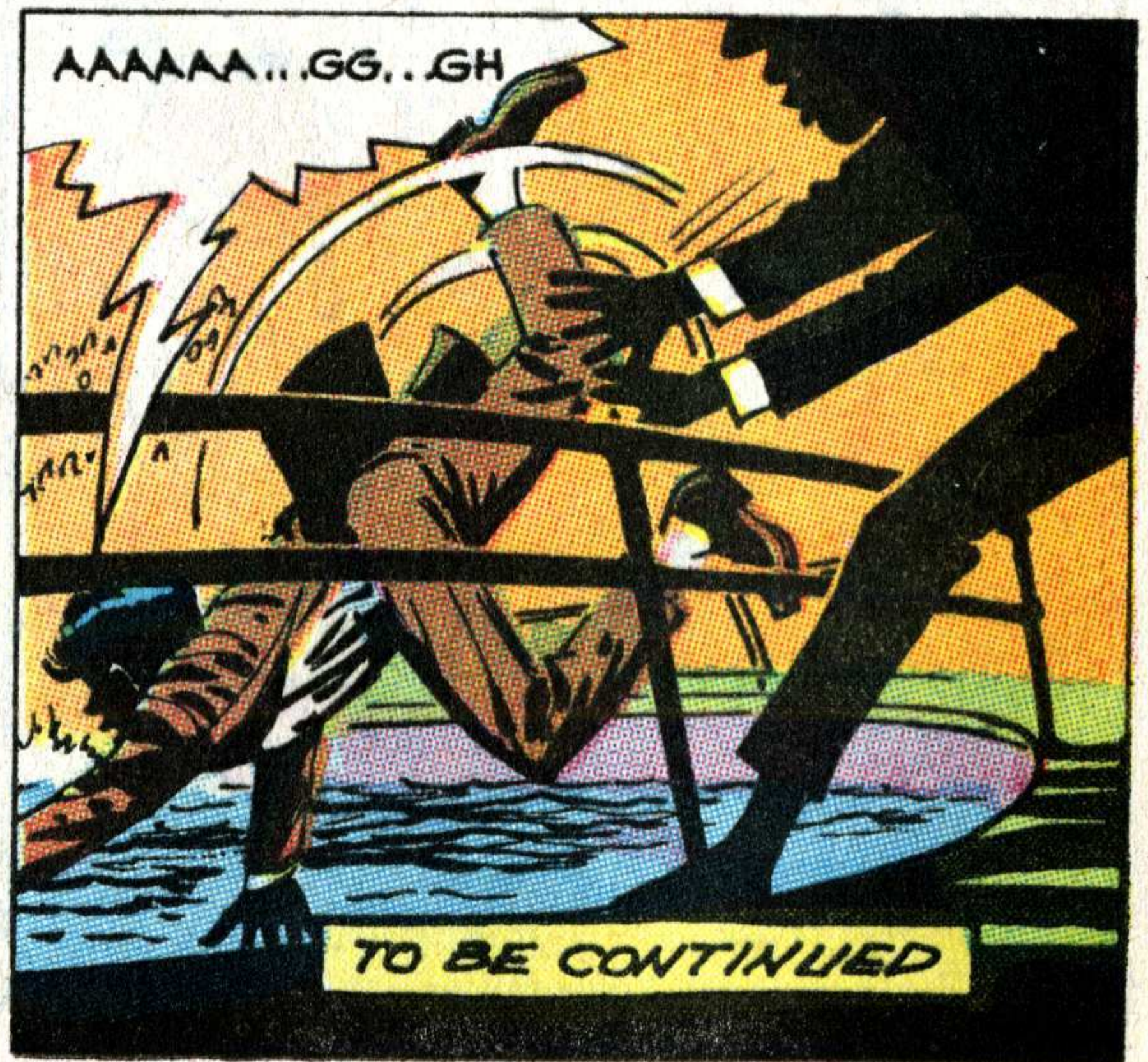


THIS IS OUR CHANCE! HE CANNOT SWIM!



WOW! HOW D'YOU LIKE THAT?

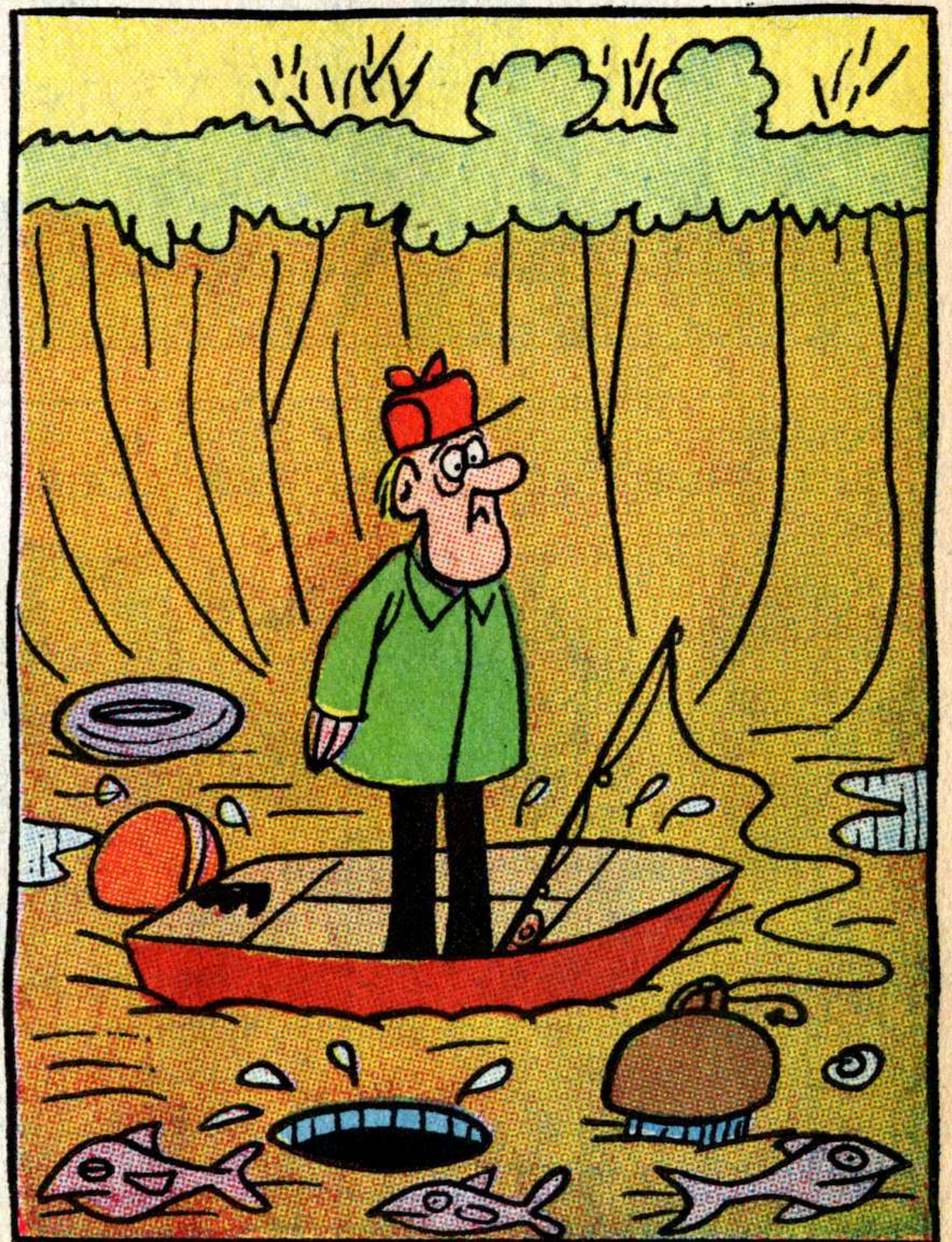
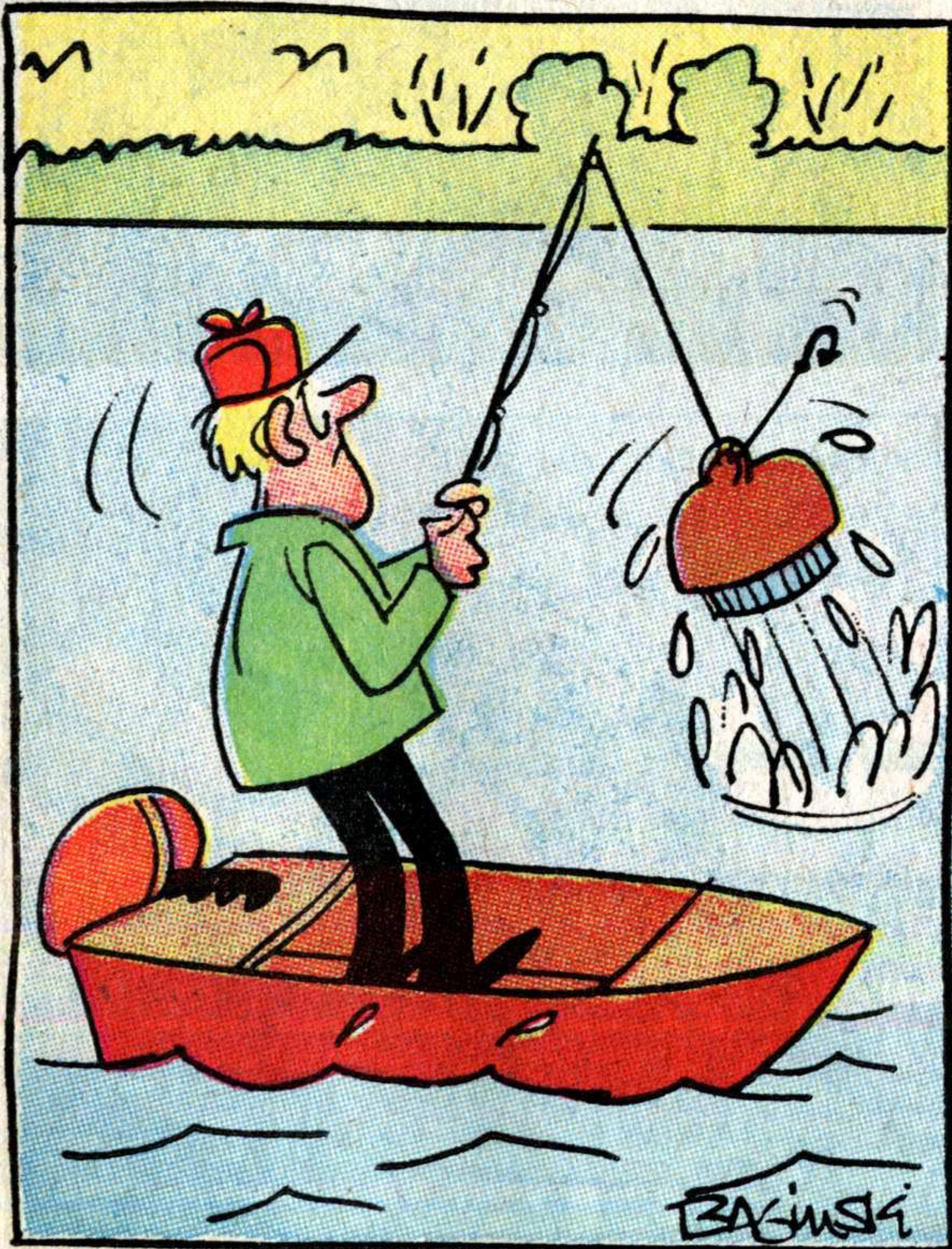
IT IS FABULOUS!



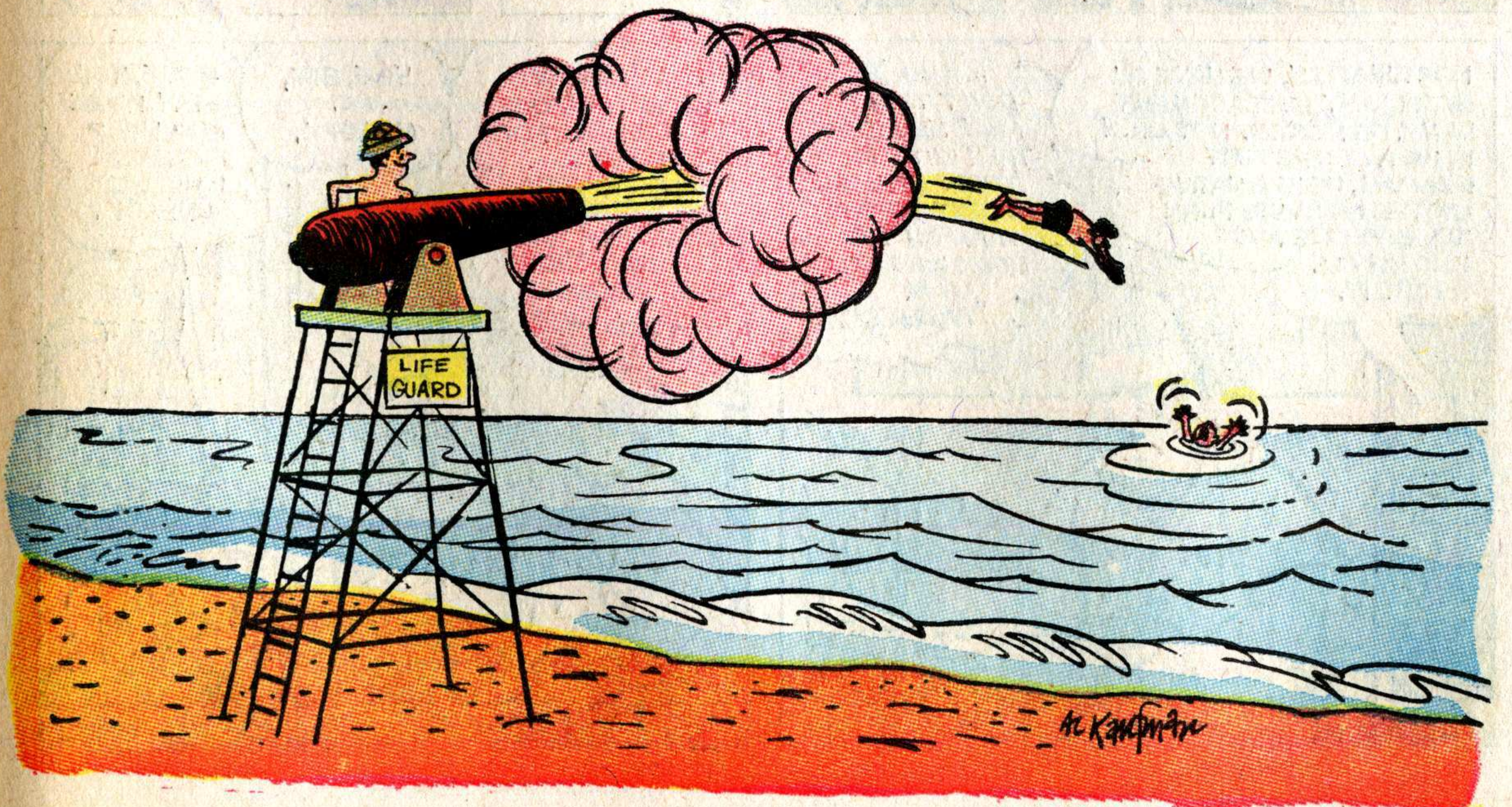
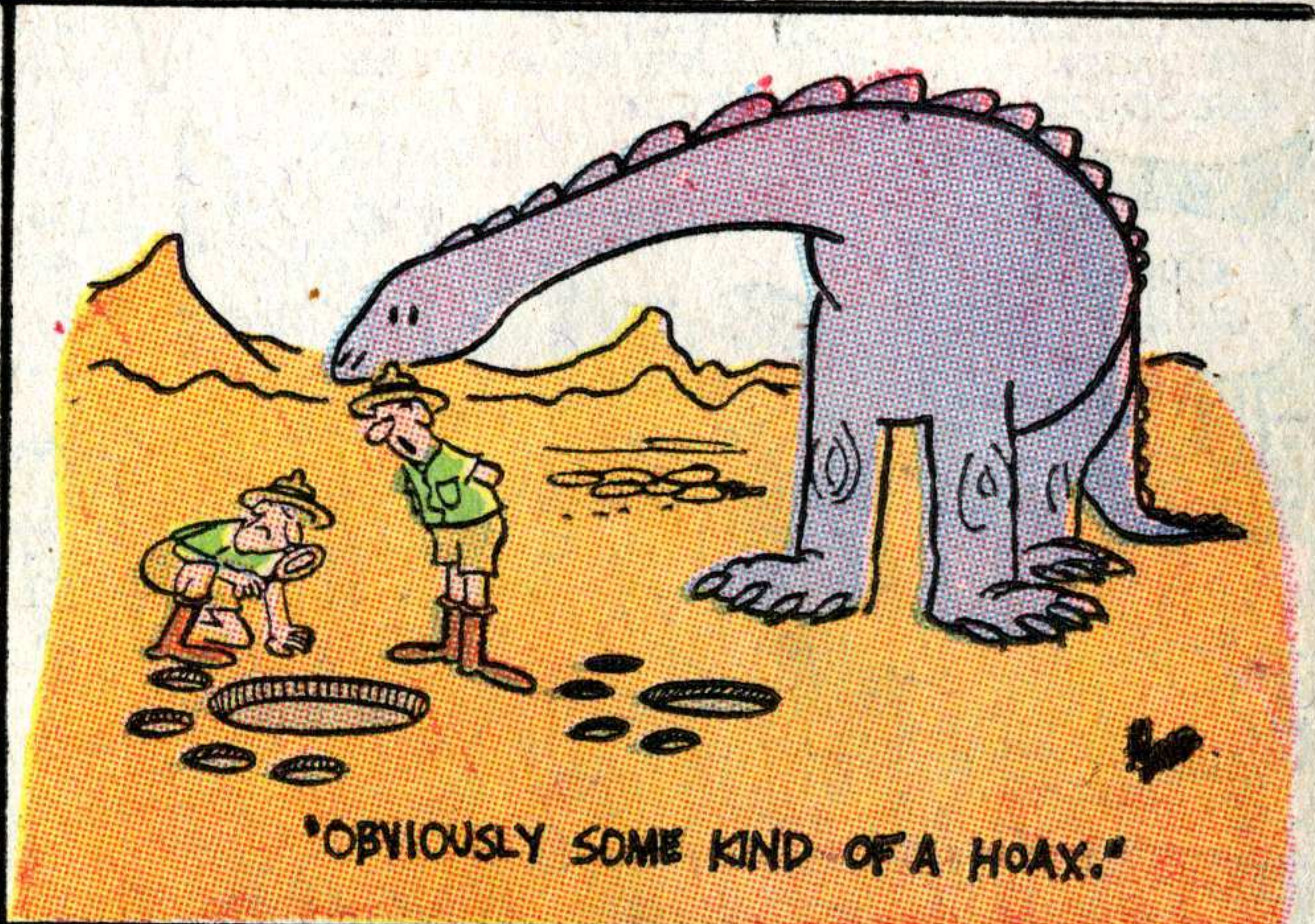
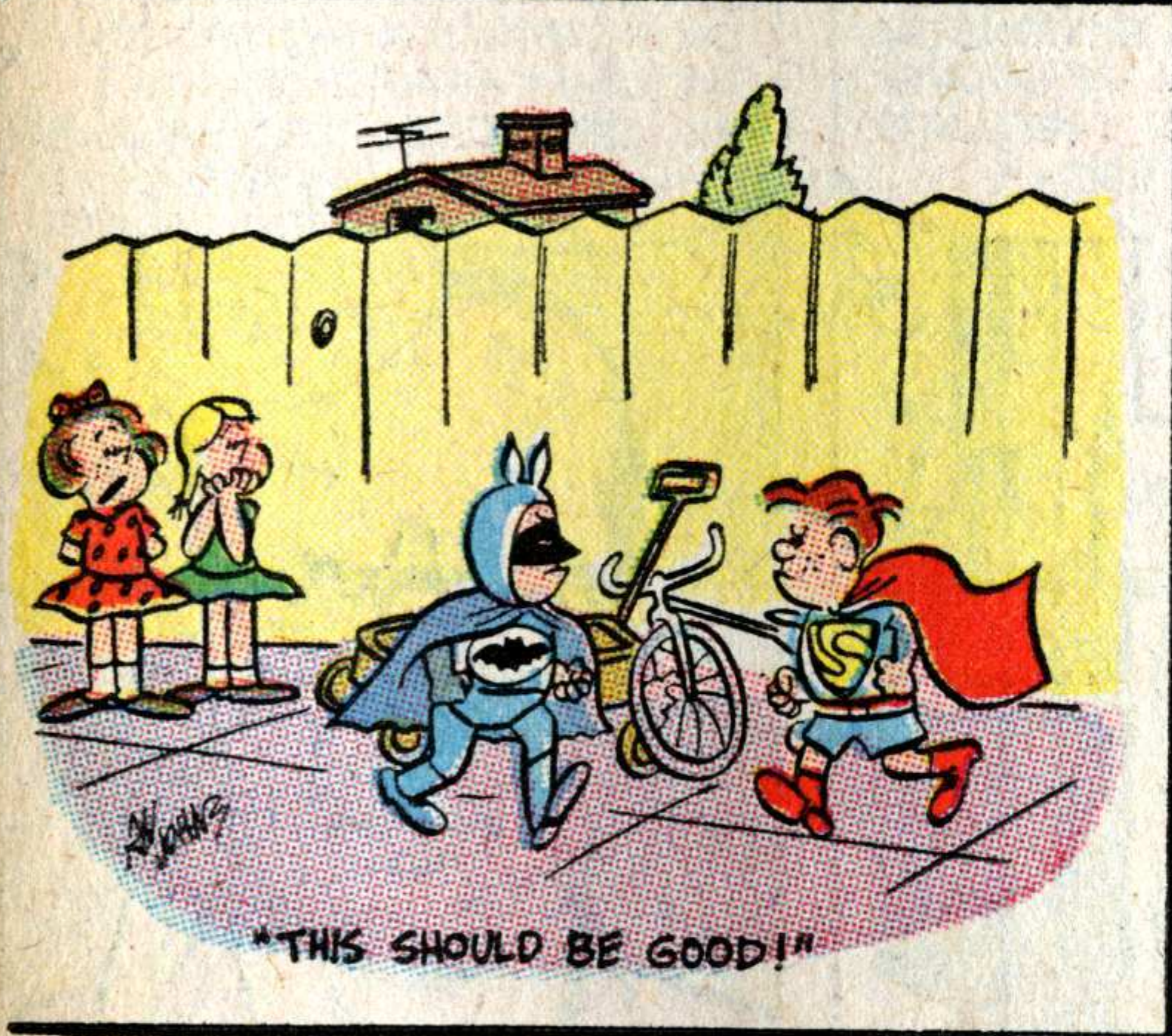
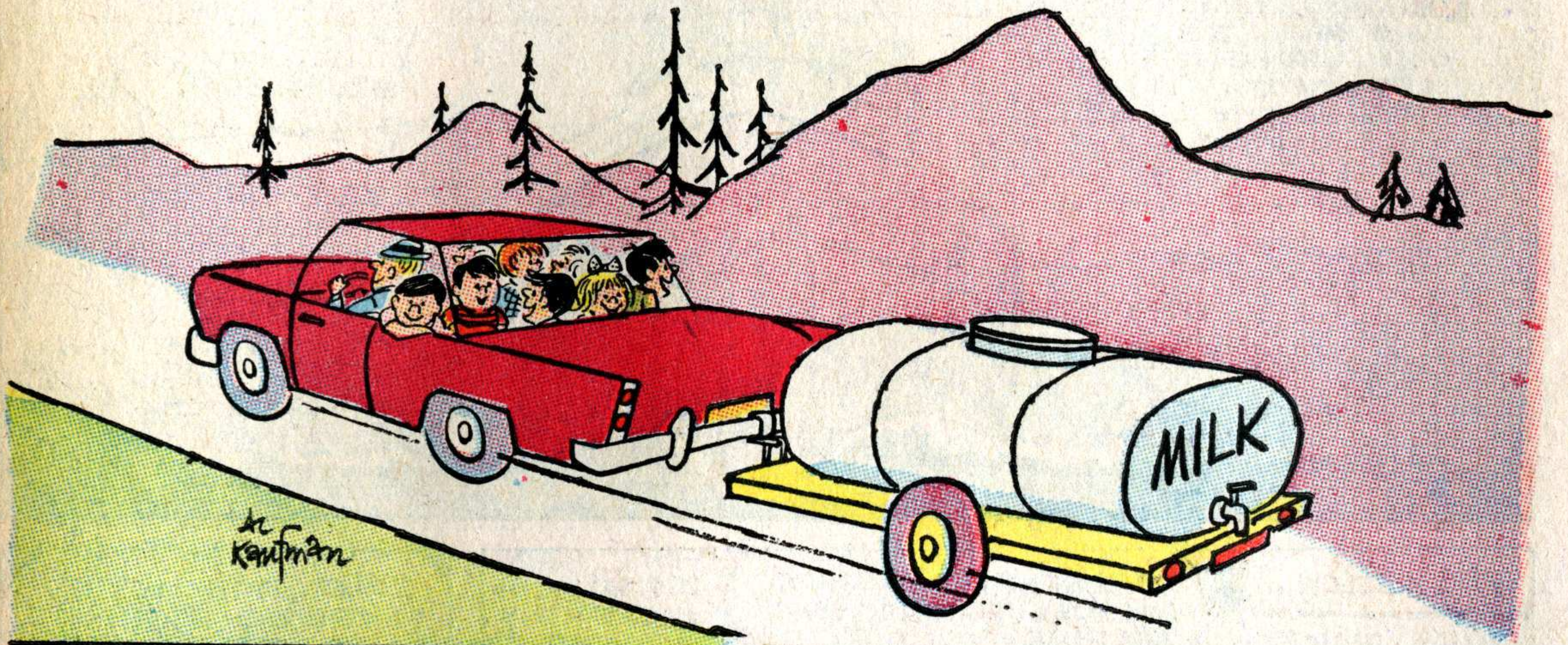
AAAAAA...GG..GH

TO BE CONTINUED

# "PLUG FISHING"



# LOTS A LAUGHS



# THE CHAMP GOES DOWN

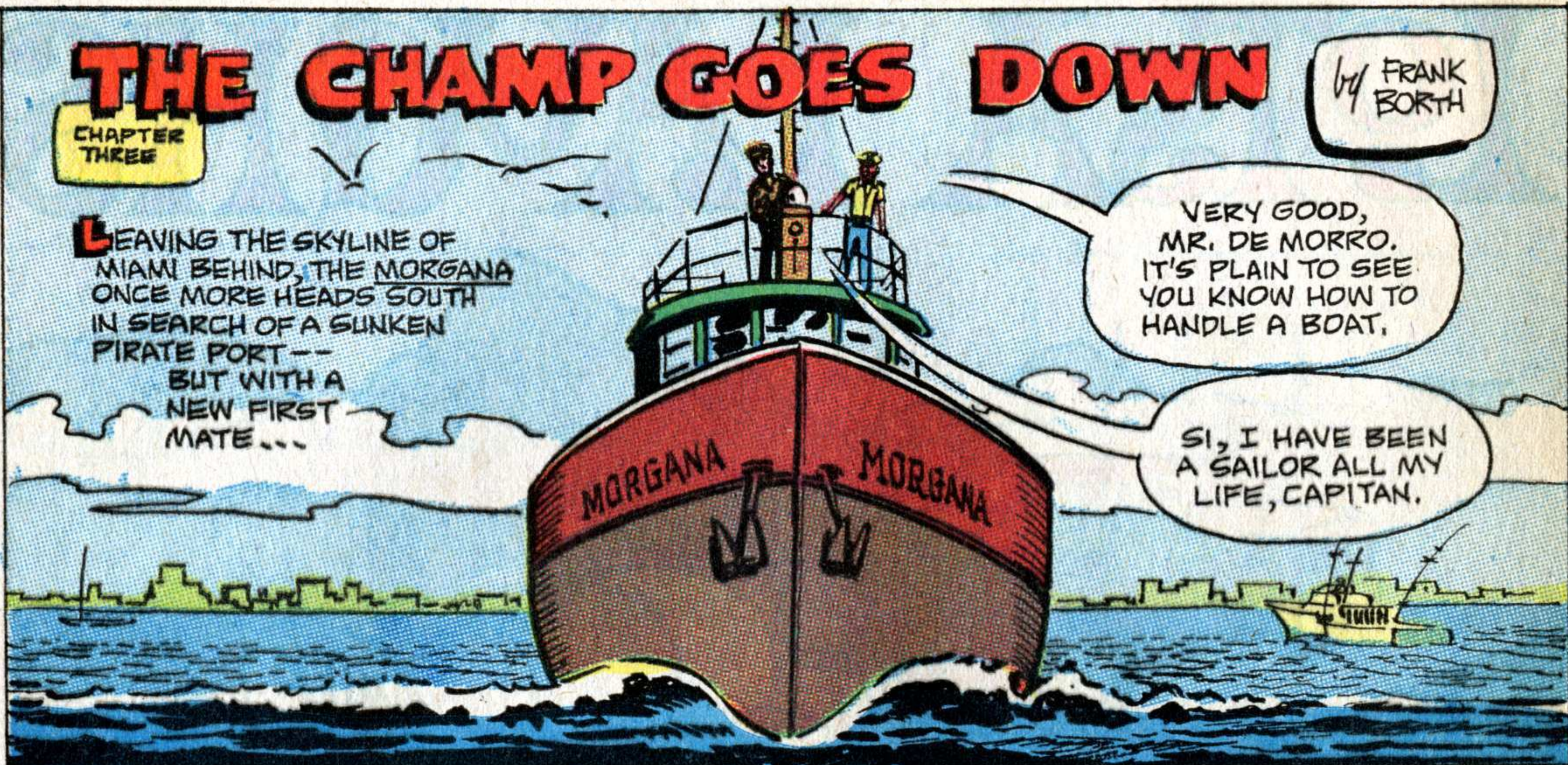
by FRANK BORTH

CHAPTER THREE

LEAVING THE SKYLINE OF MIAMI BEHIND, THE MORGANA ONCE MORE HEADS SOUTH IN SEARCH OF A SUNKEN PIRATE PORT -- BUT WITH A NEW FIRST MATE...

VERY GOOD, MR. DE MORRO. IT'S PLAIN TO SEE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A BOAT.

SI, I HAVE BEEN A SAILOR ALL MY LIFE, CAPITAN.



WHILE BELOW...

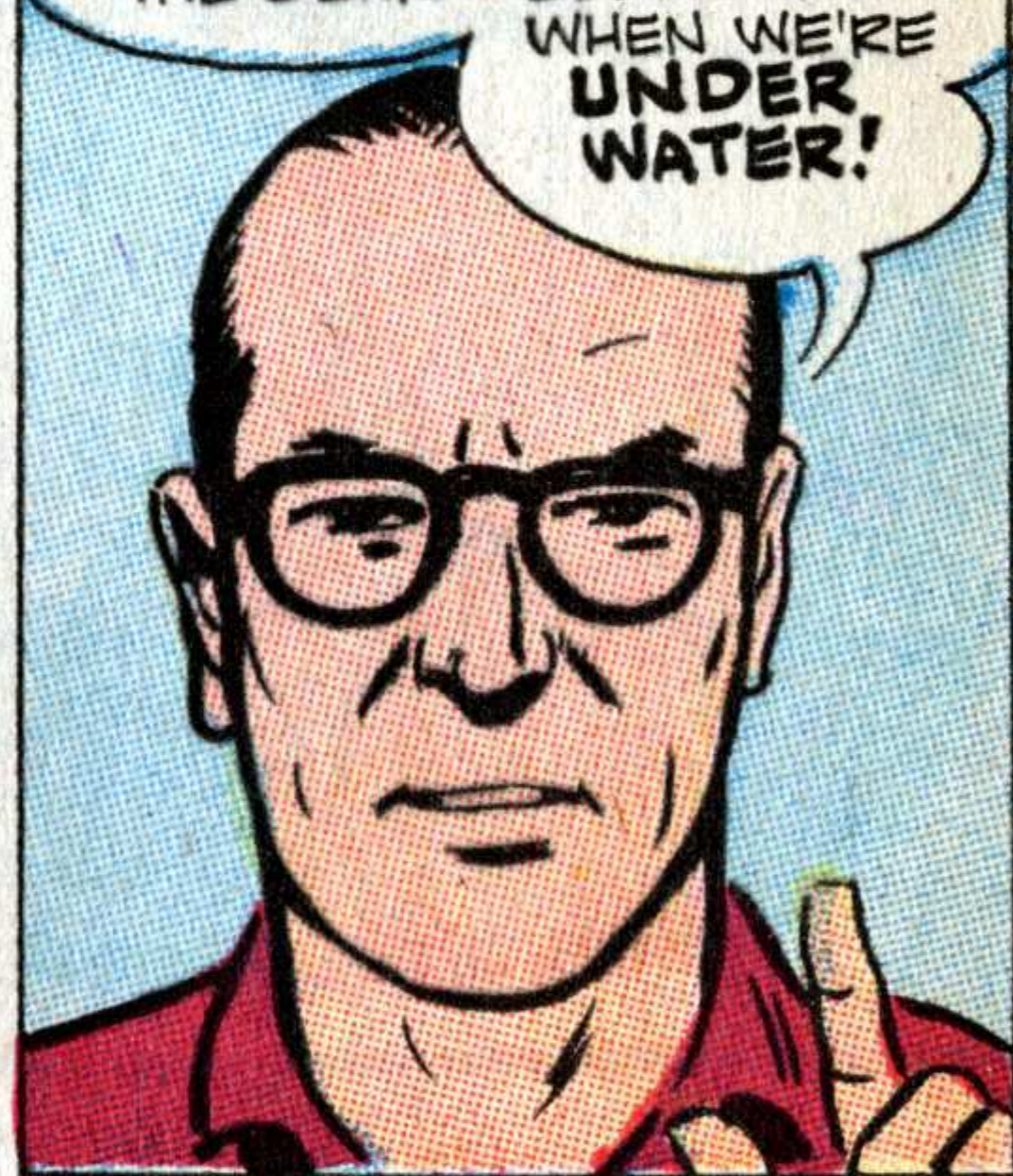
MMM... DELICIOUS FISH CHOWDER! FRUMSON IS A GOOD COOK!

SLURP! SLURP!

THERE'S NO DENYING THAT, I ALMOST DECIDED TO SEND HIM HOME AFTER THE ACCIDENT, BUT I'M SURE HE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE IF WE KEEP HIM IN THE GALLEY.

IT REALLY WASN'T HIS FAULT, DAD. HE'S STRONGER THAN HE LOOKS AND THE MATE JUST --

I KNOW, PATRICIA, BUT WE'RE GOING TO A REMOTE ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN ON A DIFFICULT EXPEDITION. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE AMATEUR CREWMEN HANDLING THE GEAR -- ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'RE UNDER WATER!



FORTUNATELY, WE HAVE AN EXCELLENT REPLACEMENT IN MR. DE MORRO. NOT ONLY IS HE A COMPETENT SEAMAN, HE IS A NATIVE OF THE AREA WE PLAN TO EXPLORE AND KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

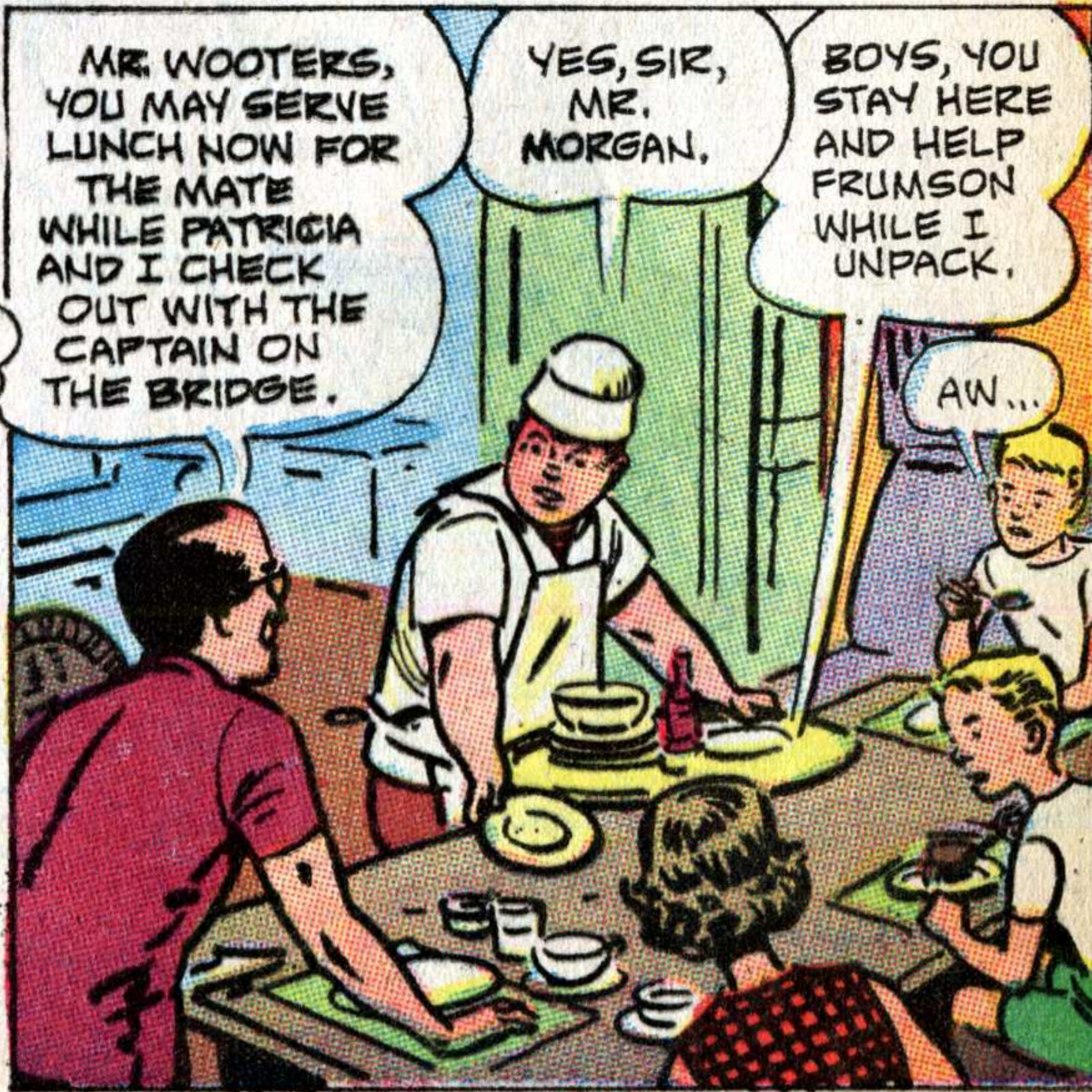
...AND I DON'T TRUST HIM! HE DIDN'T TALK WITH A THICK SPANISH ACCENT TO THAT MAN ON THE DOCK WHO CALLED HIM "MAKO"...

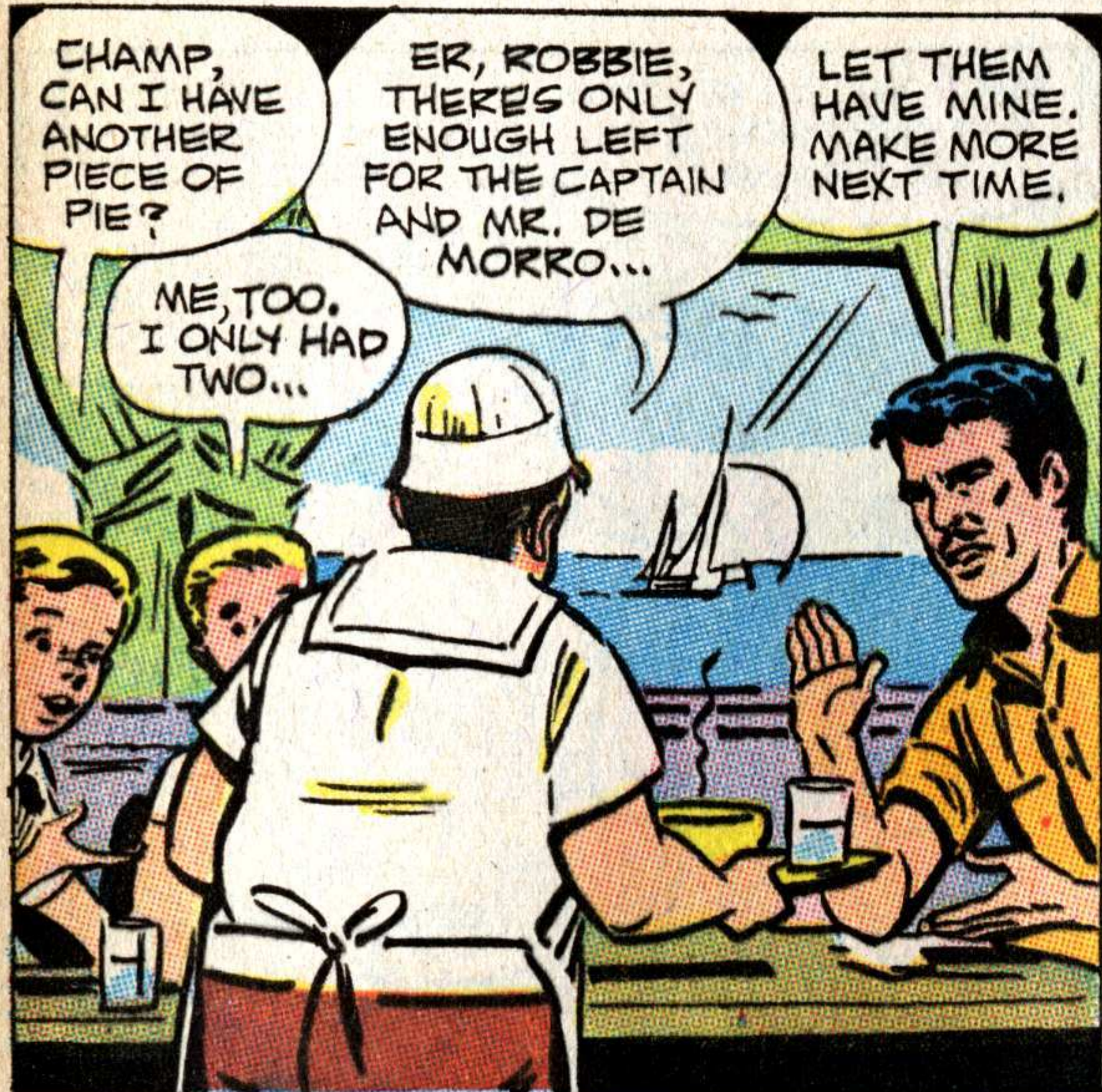
MR. WOOTERS, YOU MAY SERVE LUNCH NOW FOR THE MATE WHILE PATRICIA AND I CHECK OUT WITH THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE.

YES, SIR, MR. MORGAN.

BOYS, YOU STAY HERE AND HELP FRUMSON WHILE I UNPACK.

AW...





CHAMP, CAN I HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE?

ER, ROBBIE, THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH LEFT FOR THE CAPTAIN AND MR. DE MORRO...

LET THEM HAVE MINE. MAKE MORE NEXT TIME.

ME, TOO. I ONLY HAD TWO...



A GOOD COOK SHOULD KNOW HOW MUCH IS NEEDED. WHY THEY CALL YOU A CHAMP?

OHH... IT'S JUST A NICKNAME, REALLY...

IT'S BECAUSE HE'S SO STRONG. HE LIFTED A TRUNK THE OTHER MATE COULDN'T...



SO? **THIS** MATE COULD. LET US TEST THIS GREAT STRENGTH. YOU CAN INDIAN WRESTLE, CHAMP?

YESSIR, BUT I HAVE WORK TO DO NOW.



YOU WILL LEARN TO TAKE ORDERS AND OBEY THEM. SIT DOWN AND GIVE ME YOUR ARM!

SHOW HIM, CHAMP!

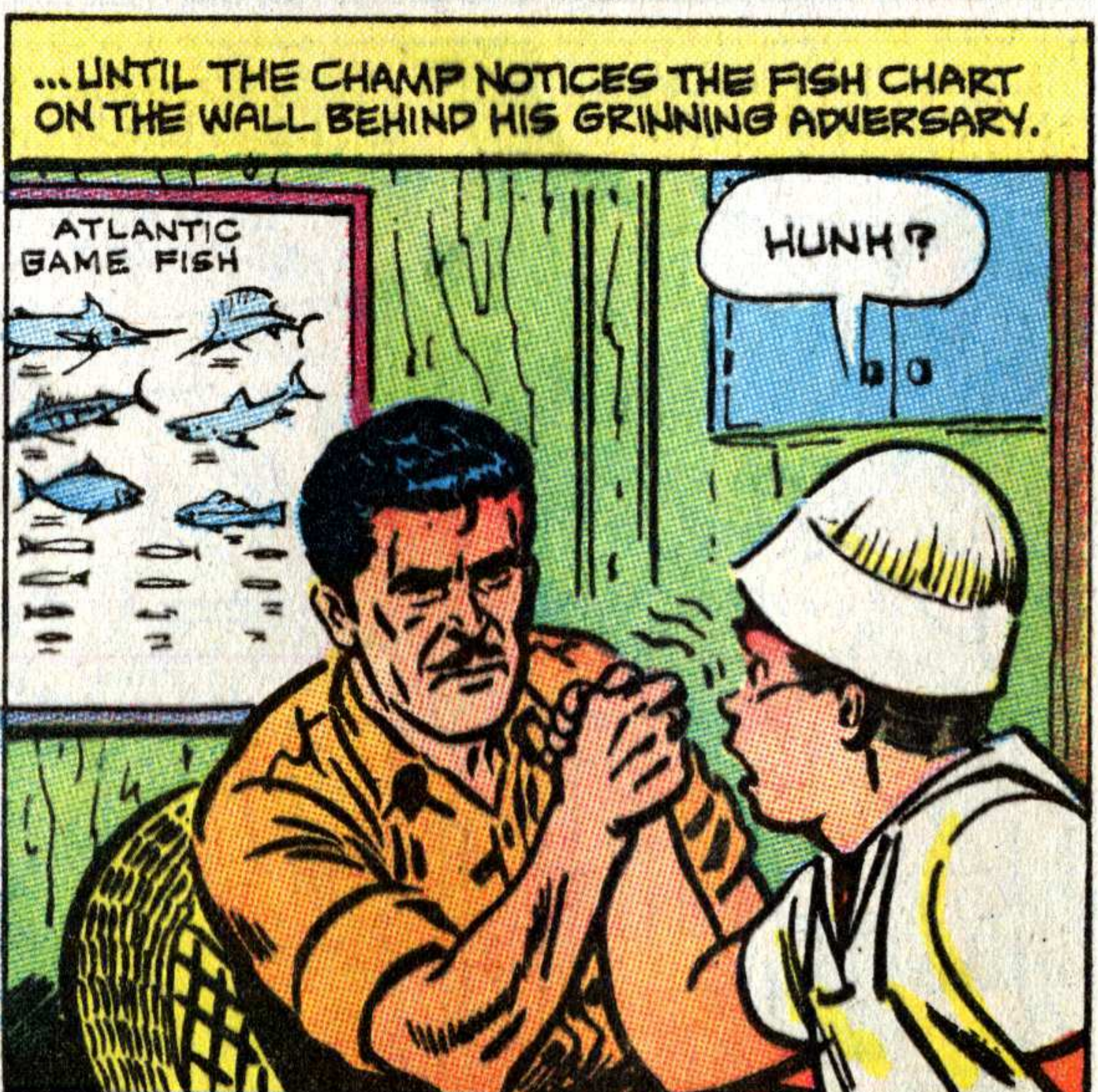
AW, HE'S AFRAID HE'LL LOSE...



FOR THE FIRST FEW MOMENTS, THE CONTEST IS EQUAL...

HMMM... THIS KID ISN'T ALL FAT...

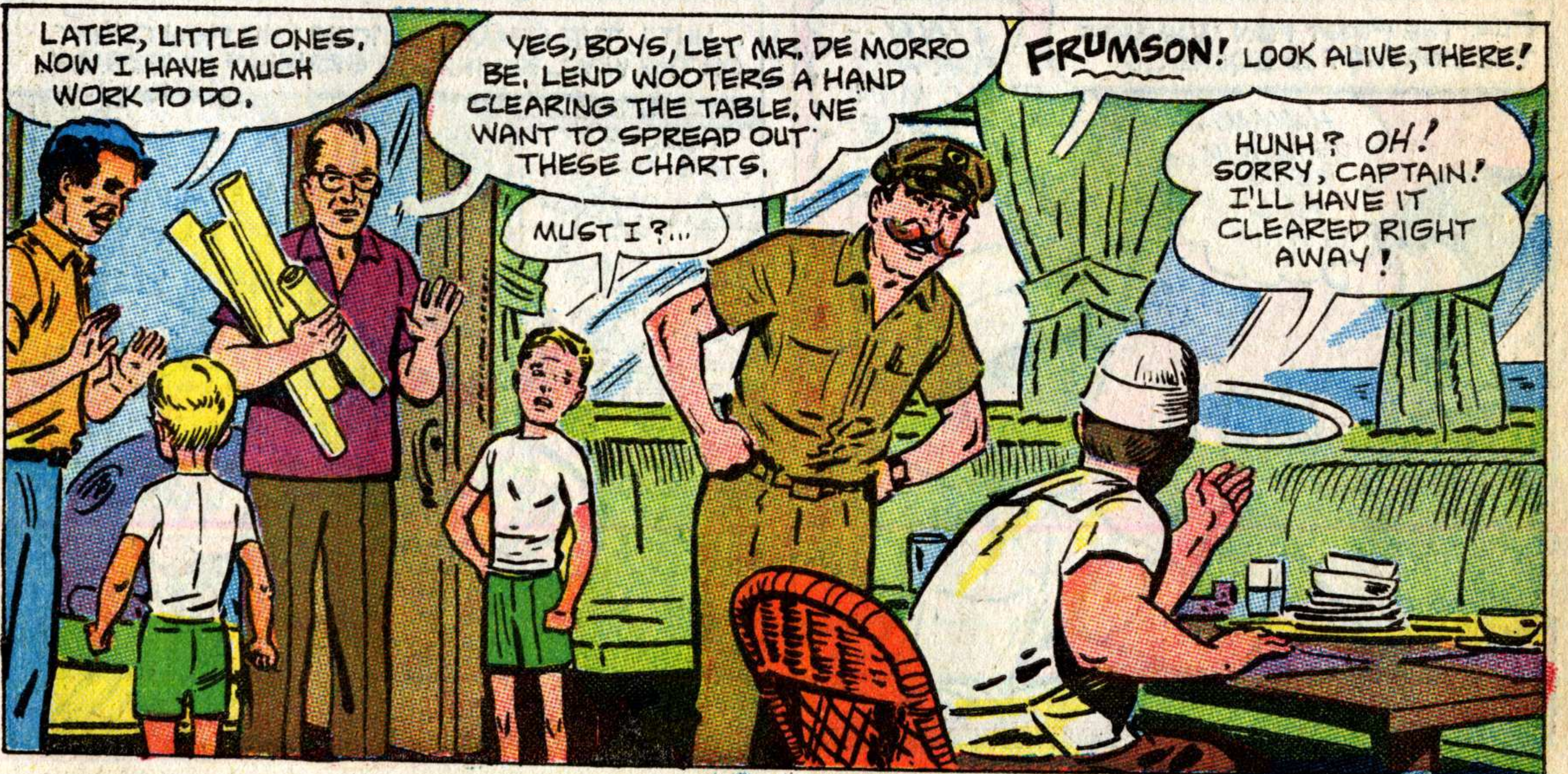
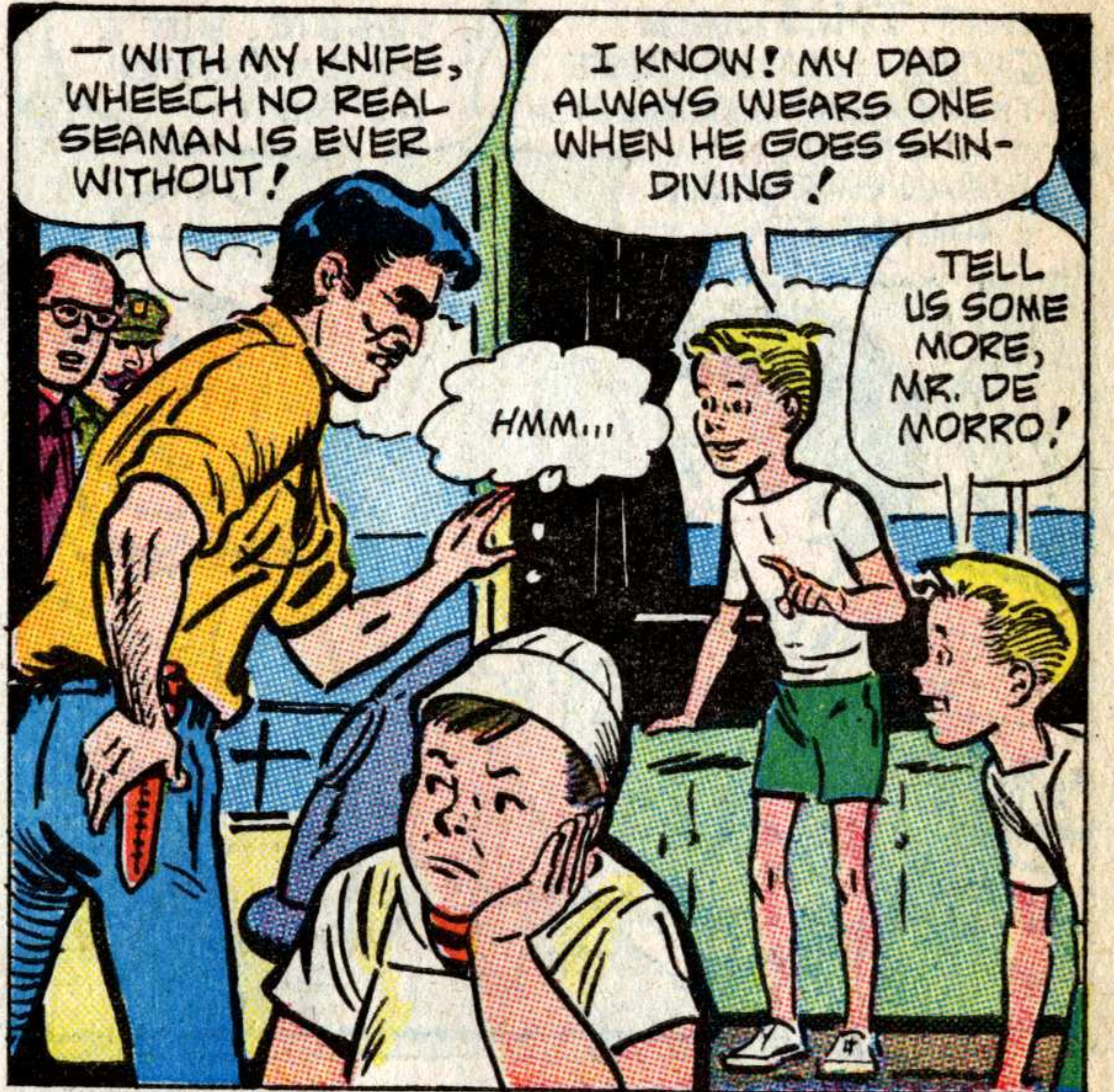
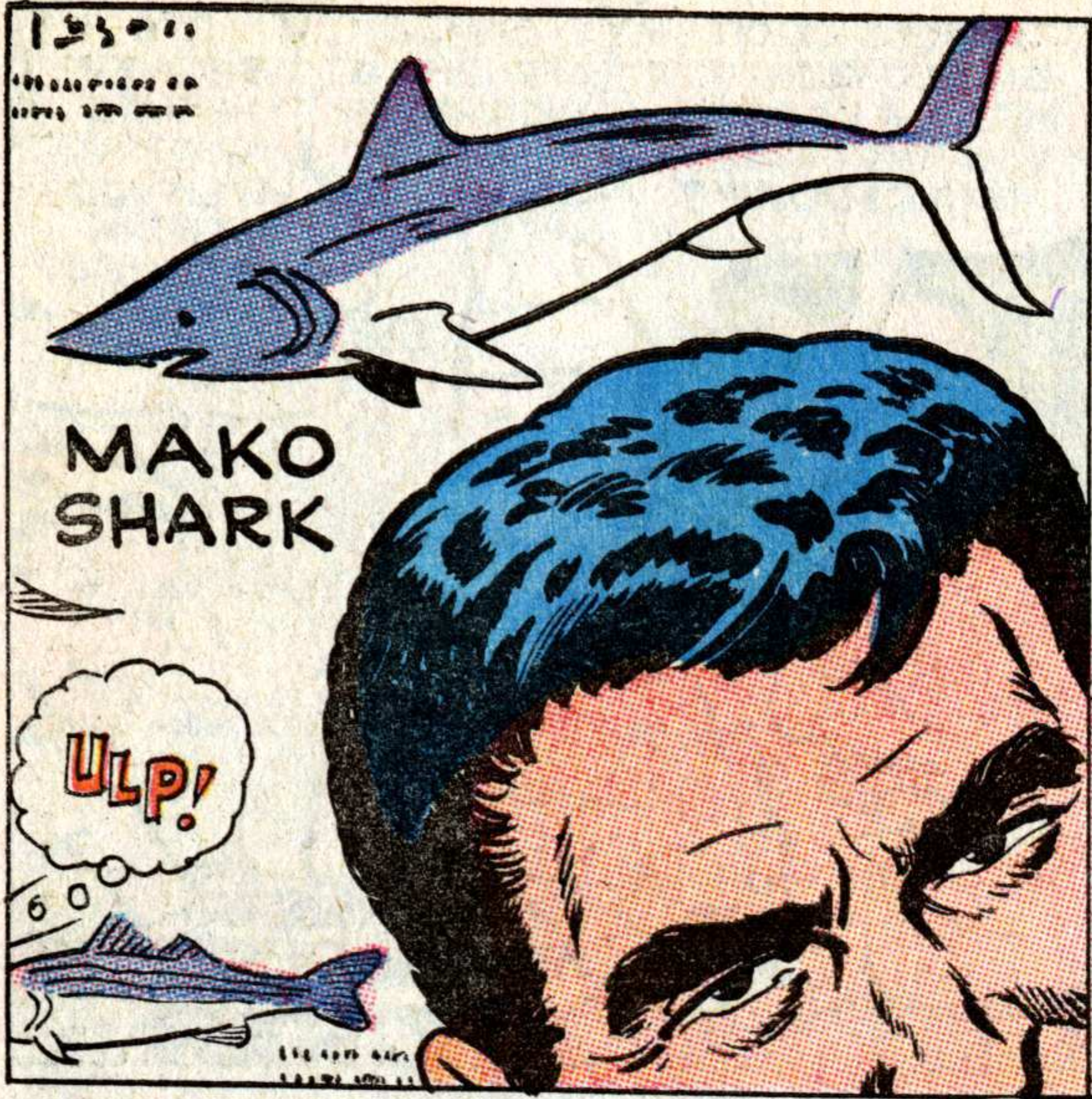
UNH -- FOR A SMALL MAN HE'S QUITE STRONG...



...UNTIL THE CHAMP NOTICES THE FISH CHART ON THE WALL BEHIND HIS GRINNING ADVERSARY.

ATLANTIC GAME FISH

HUNKH?



THUS FRUMSON'S DREAM OF AN IDYLIC SOUTH-SEA CRUISE IS SHATTERED BY REALITY...

MR. MORGAN DOESN'T TRUST HIM...

CAPTAIN BASCOME IS DISAPPOINTED IN HIM...

PATRICIA TOLERATES HIM...

RICH AND ROB TEASE AND TORMENT HIM.

AND MAKO DE MORRO WORRIES HIM...



YOUR JOB IS TO COOK AND CLEAN, MR. WOOTERS, THAT'S ALL!

SORRY, FRUMSON, YOU WERE A GOOD BOATSWAIN ON THE SCHOONER RESOLUTE, BUT...

IF YOU CAN POSSIBLY MANAGE IT, THE LAUNDRY NEEDS TO BE DONE TODAY...

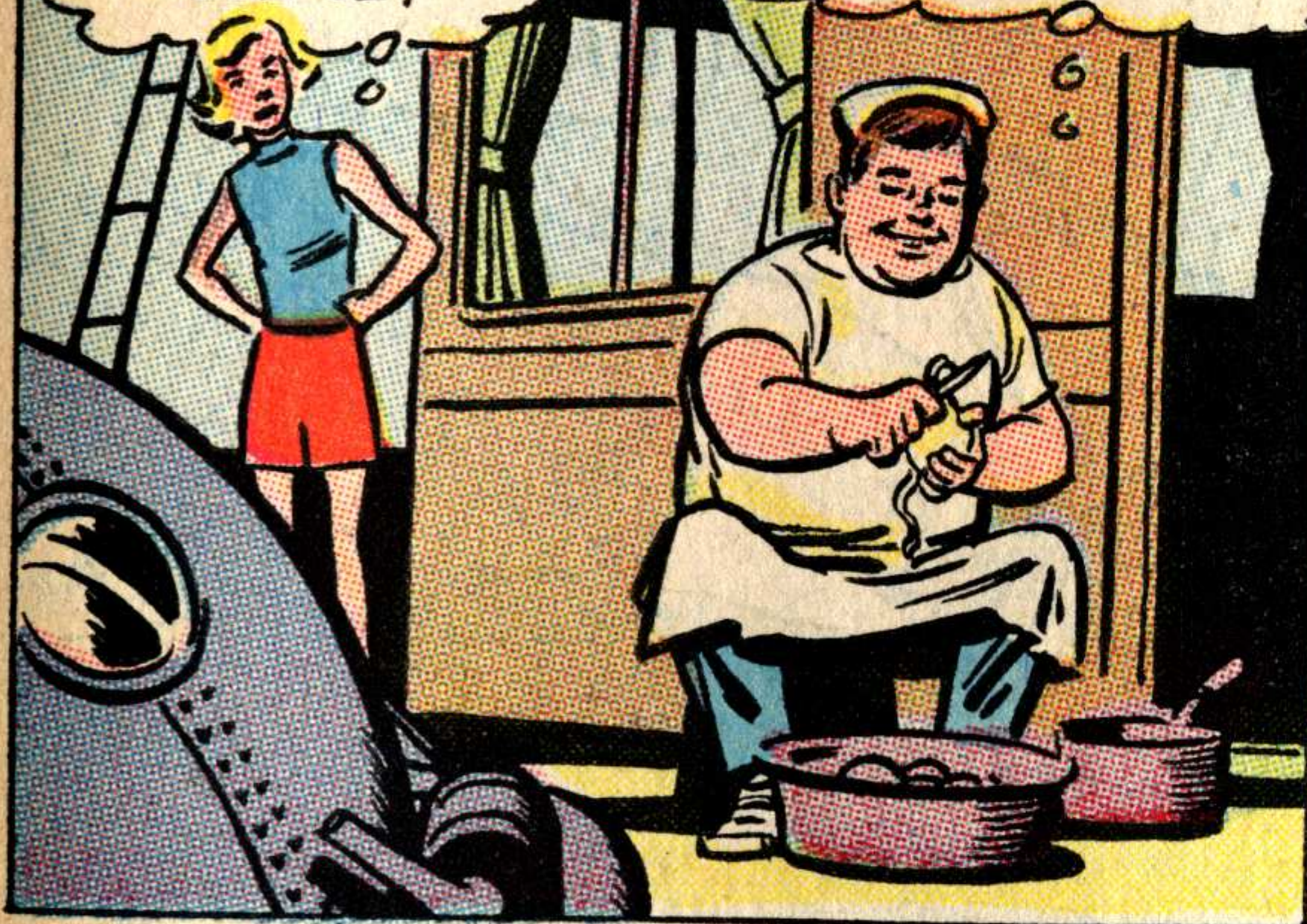
WHISPER-WHISPER...  
HEE-HEE! WILL HE BE SURPRISED!

ONLY MY FRIENDS OR ENEMIES CALL ME "MAKO". YOU UNDERSTAND, EX-CHAMP?

BUT FRUMSON KNOWS THAT A REAL CHAMPION MUST BE ABLE TO FACE TEMPORARY DEFEAT WITH PATIENCE, COURAGE AND DETERMINATION!

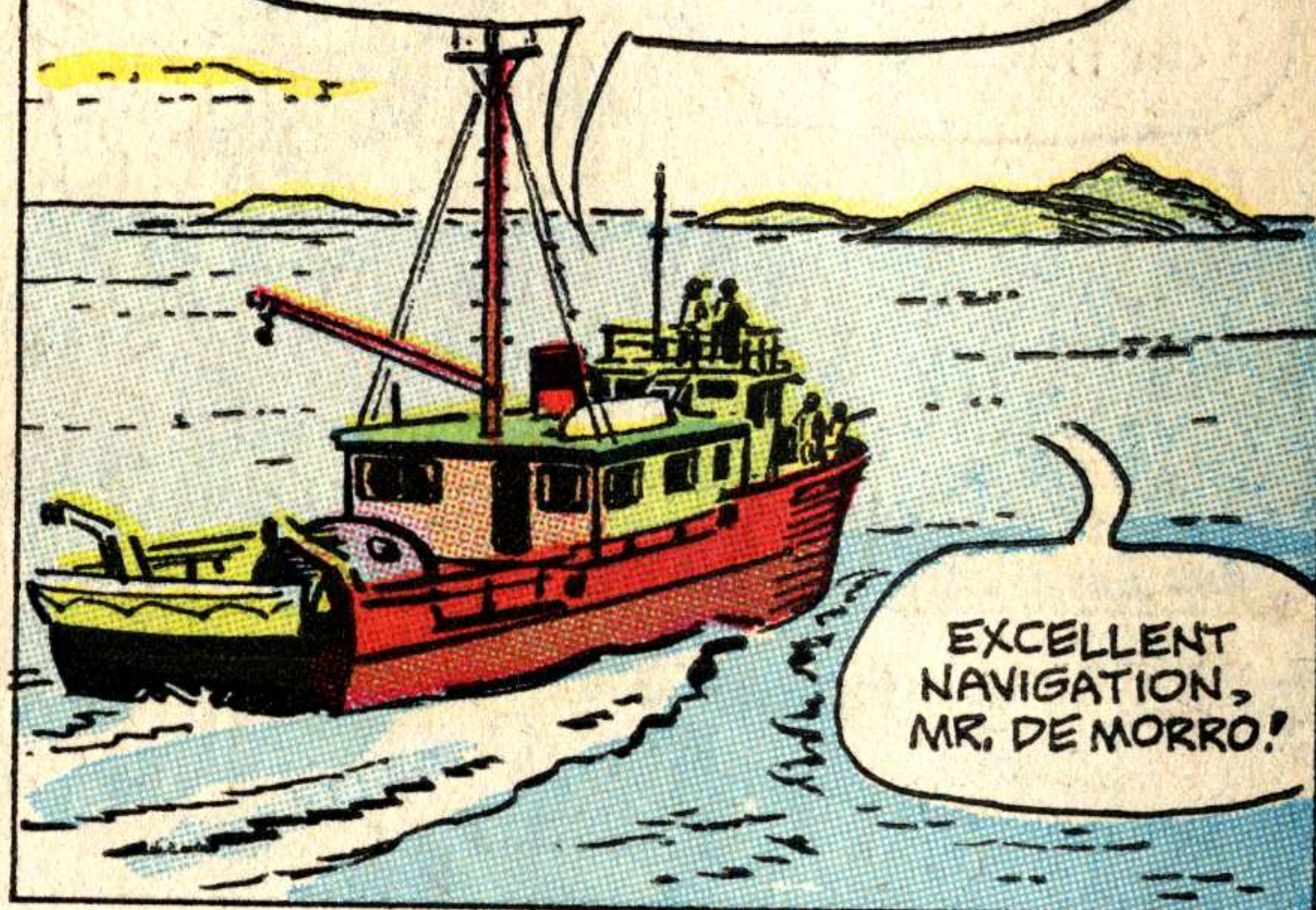
HOW CAN HE ALWAYS BE SO CHEERFUL?

TUM-DE-DUM-DUM, MY DAY SHALL COME...



...AND THAT DAY DOES COME...

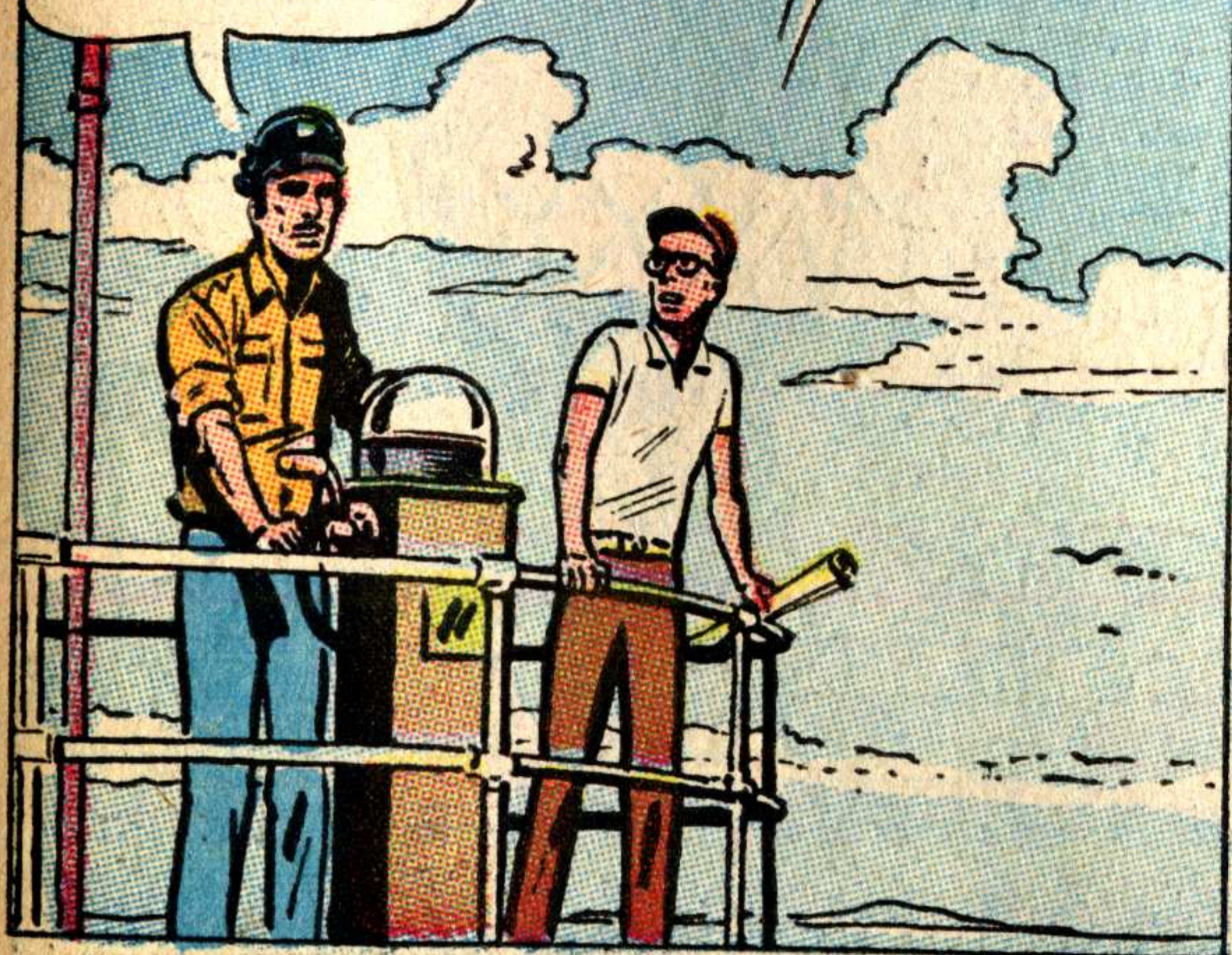
THERE THEY ARE, CAYOS DE LOS BOUCANS, ISLANDS OF THE BUCCANEERS, DEAD AHEAD!



EXCELLENT NAVIGATION, MR. DE MORRO!

I HAVE FISHED HERE OFTEN, MR. MORGAN. I KNOW OF THIS PLACE.

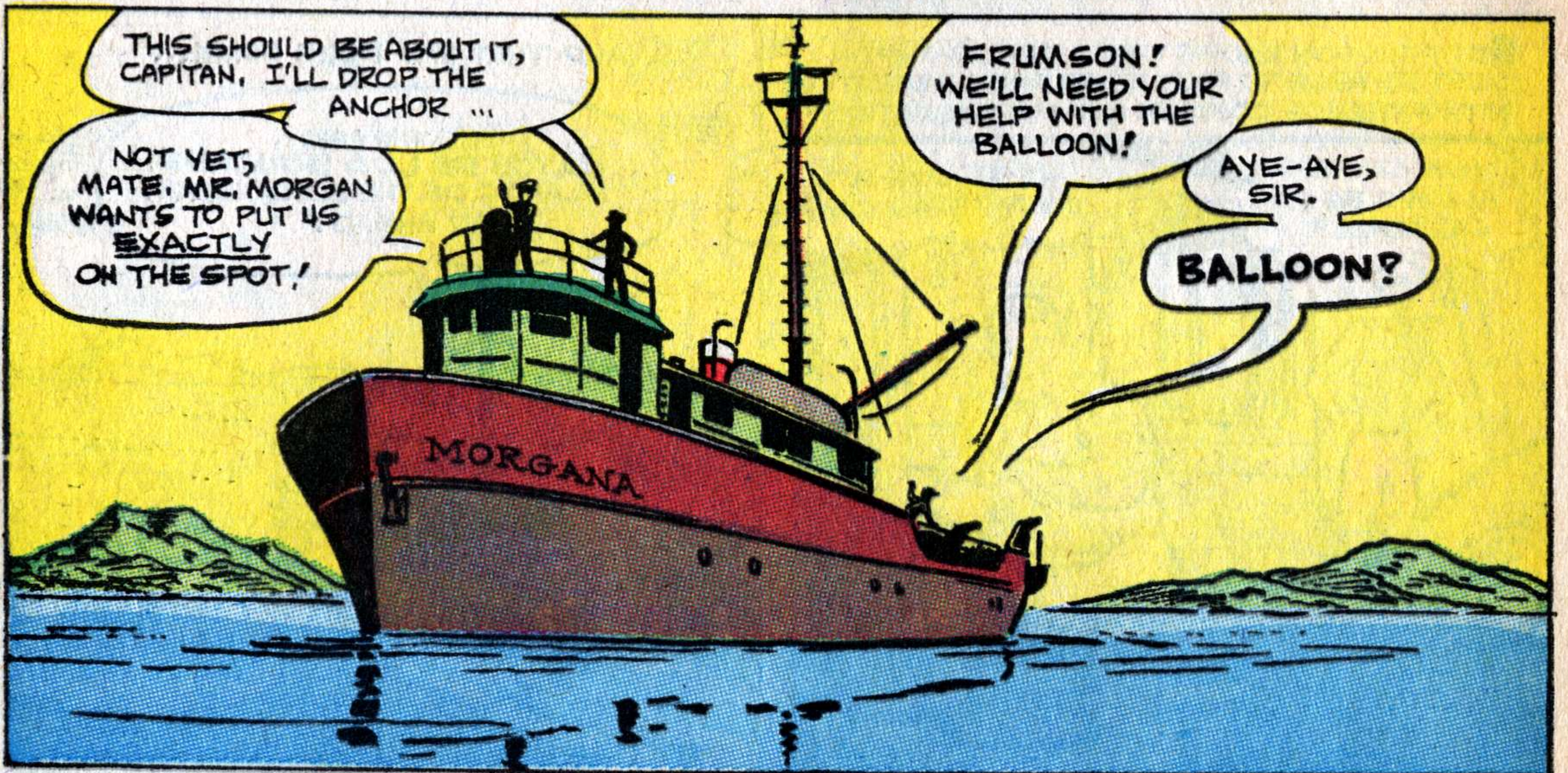
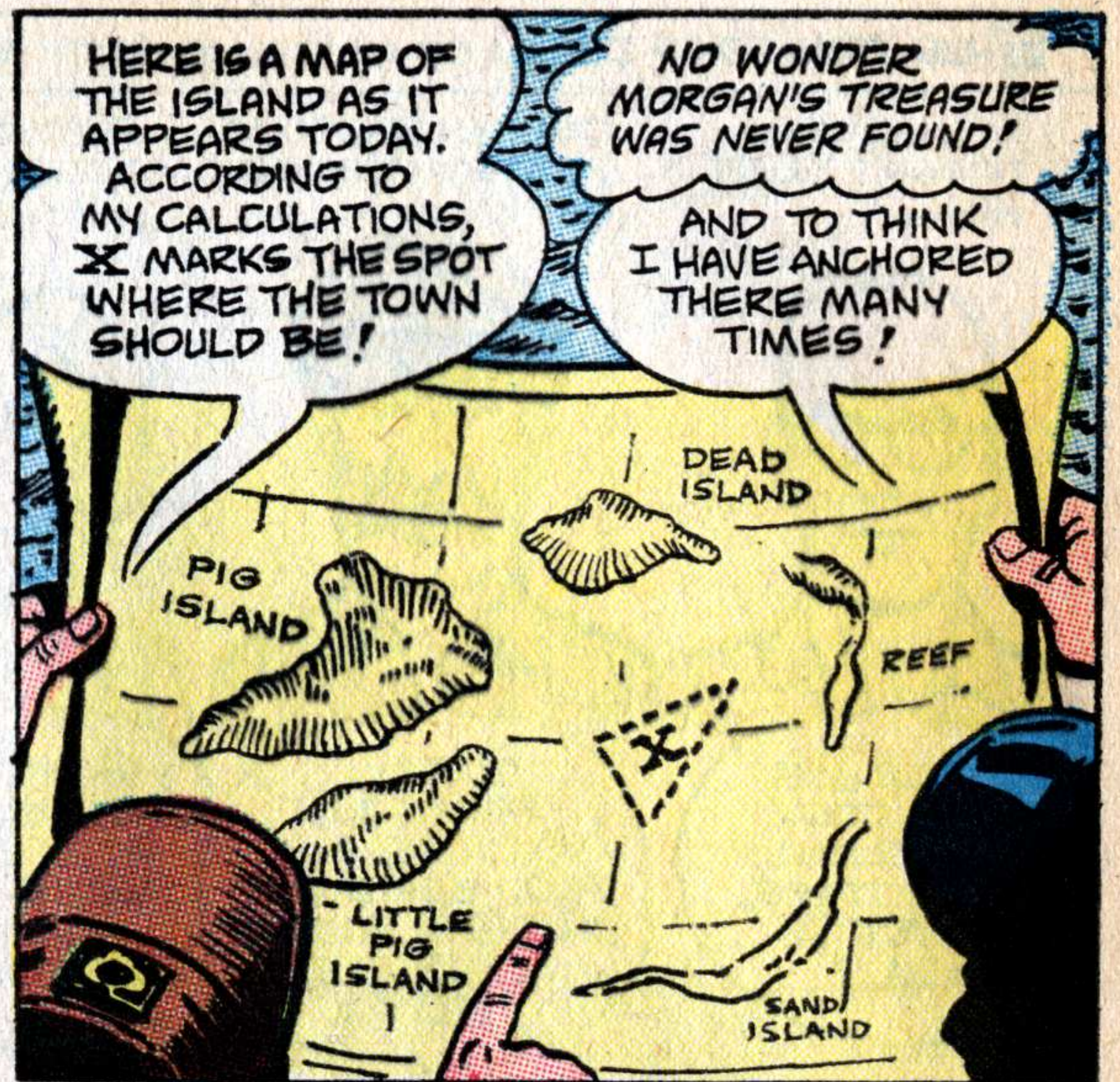
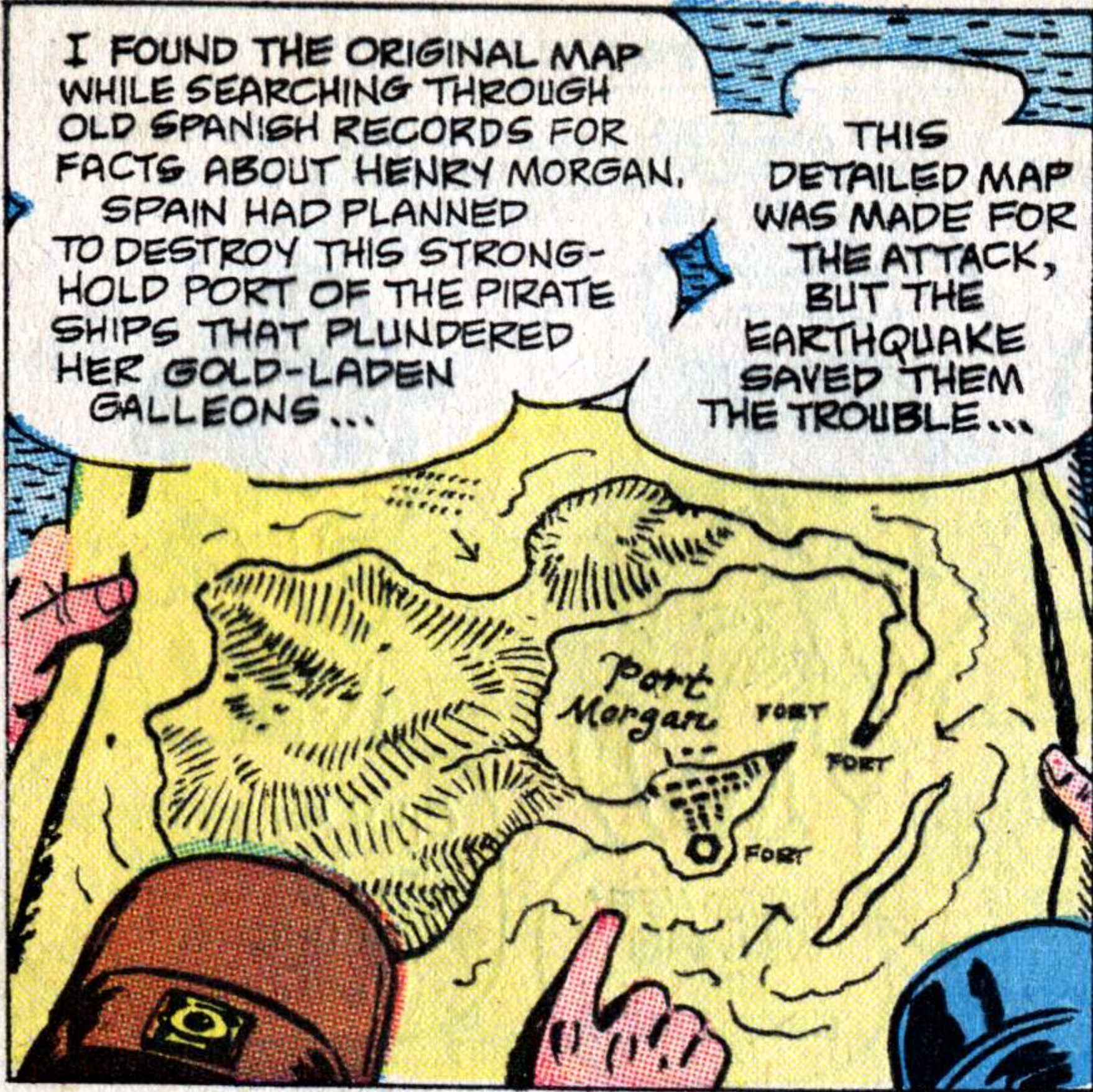
OH? DO YOU KNOW THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE OLD PIRATE PORT?



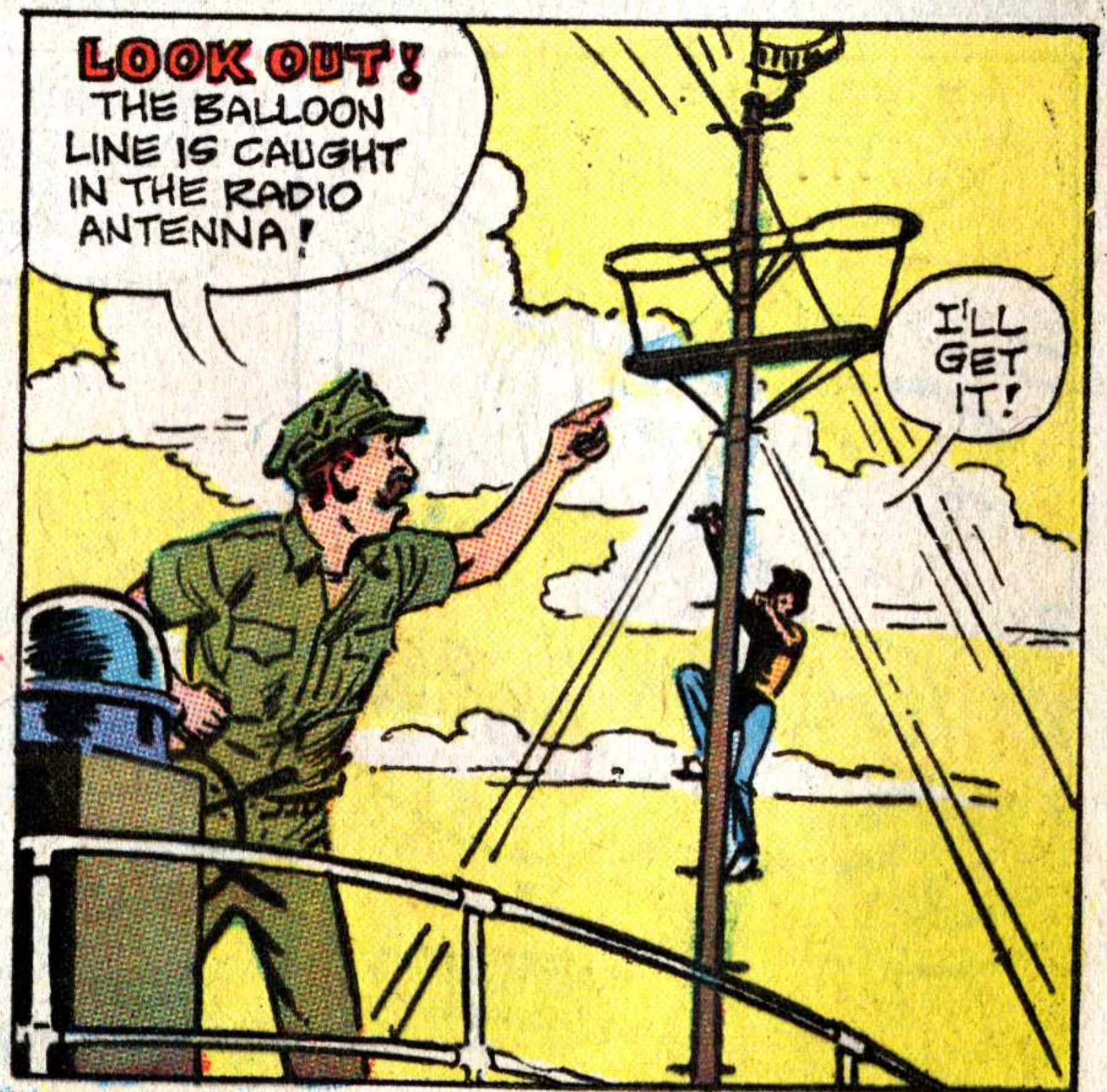
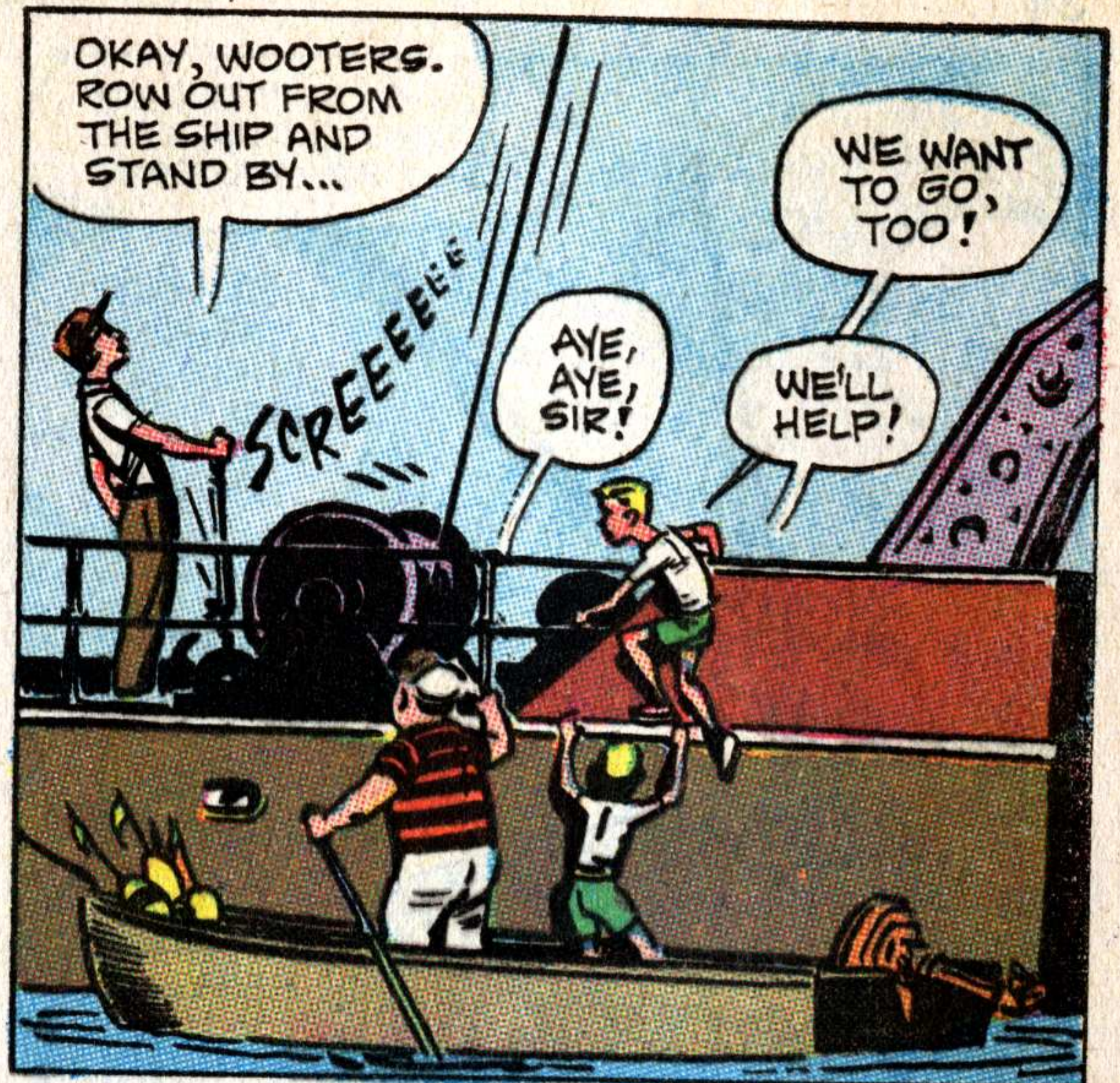
NO, NO. MANY HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT IN VAIN. IT SUNK BENEATH THE SEA DURING AN EARTHQUAKE CENTURIES AGO. NOTHING REMAINS TO MARK ITS GRAVE...

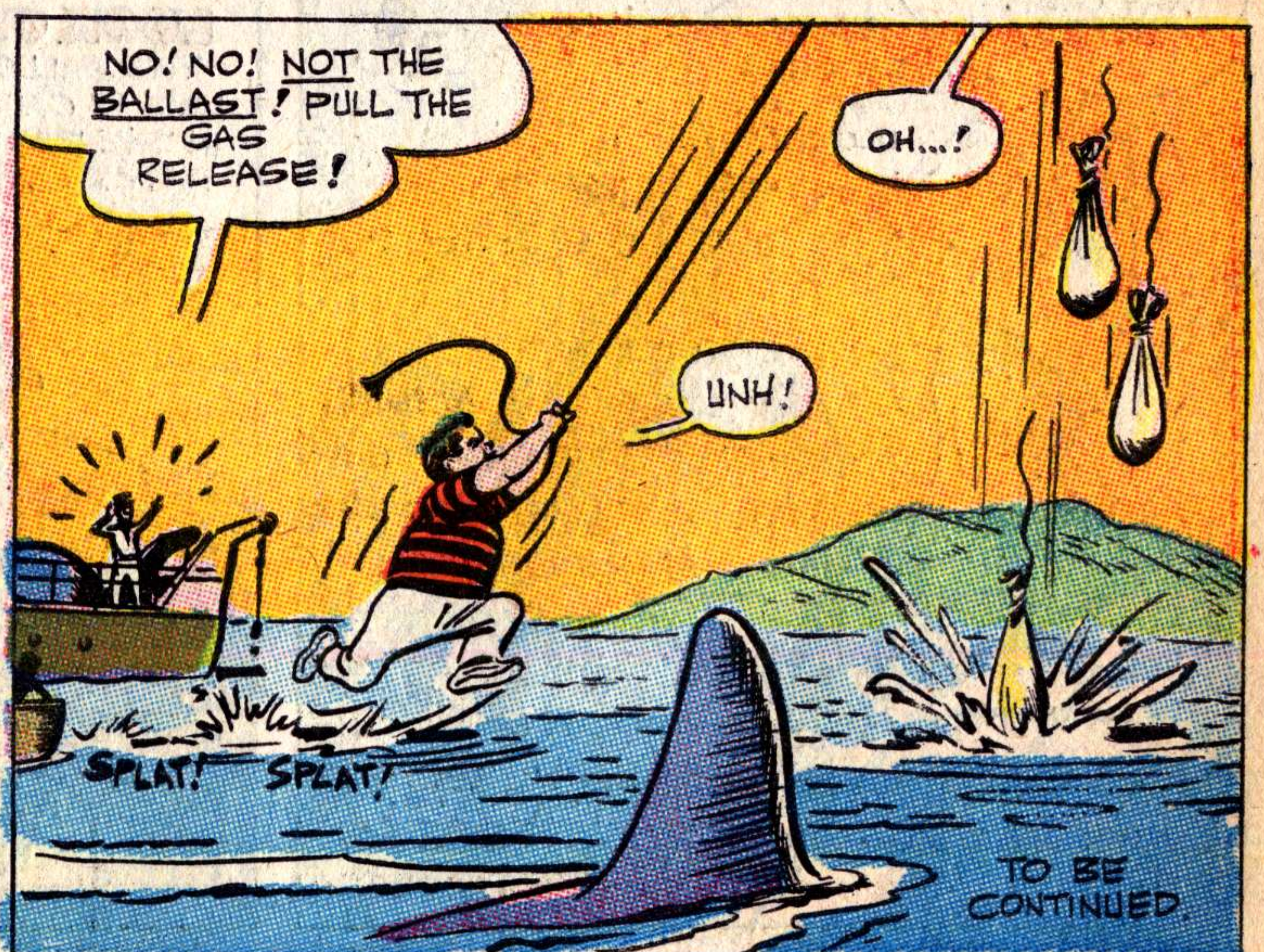
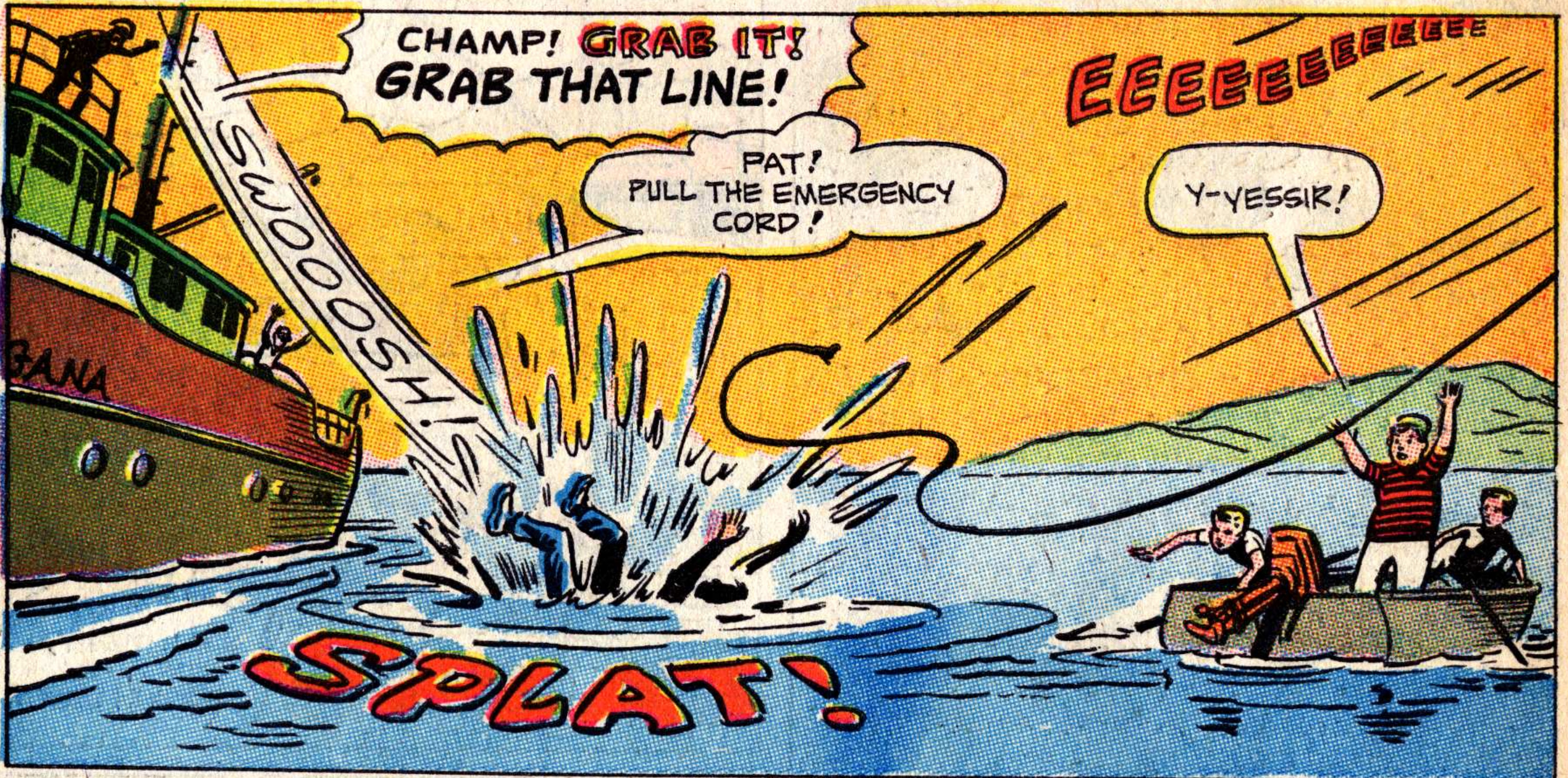
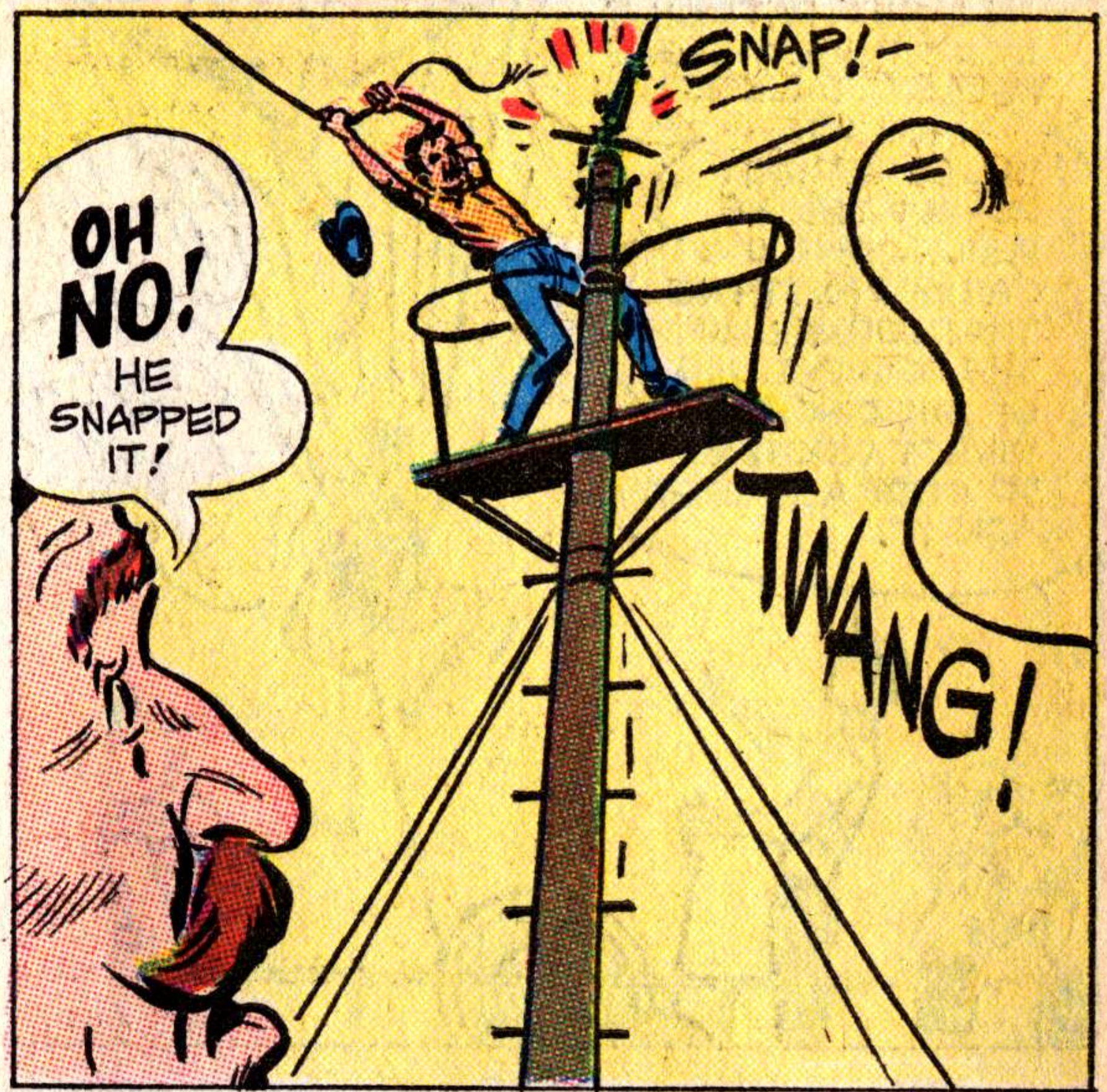
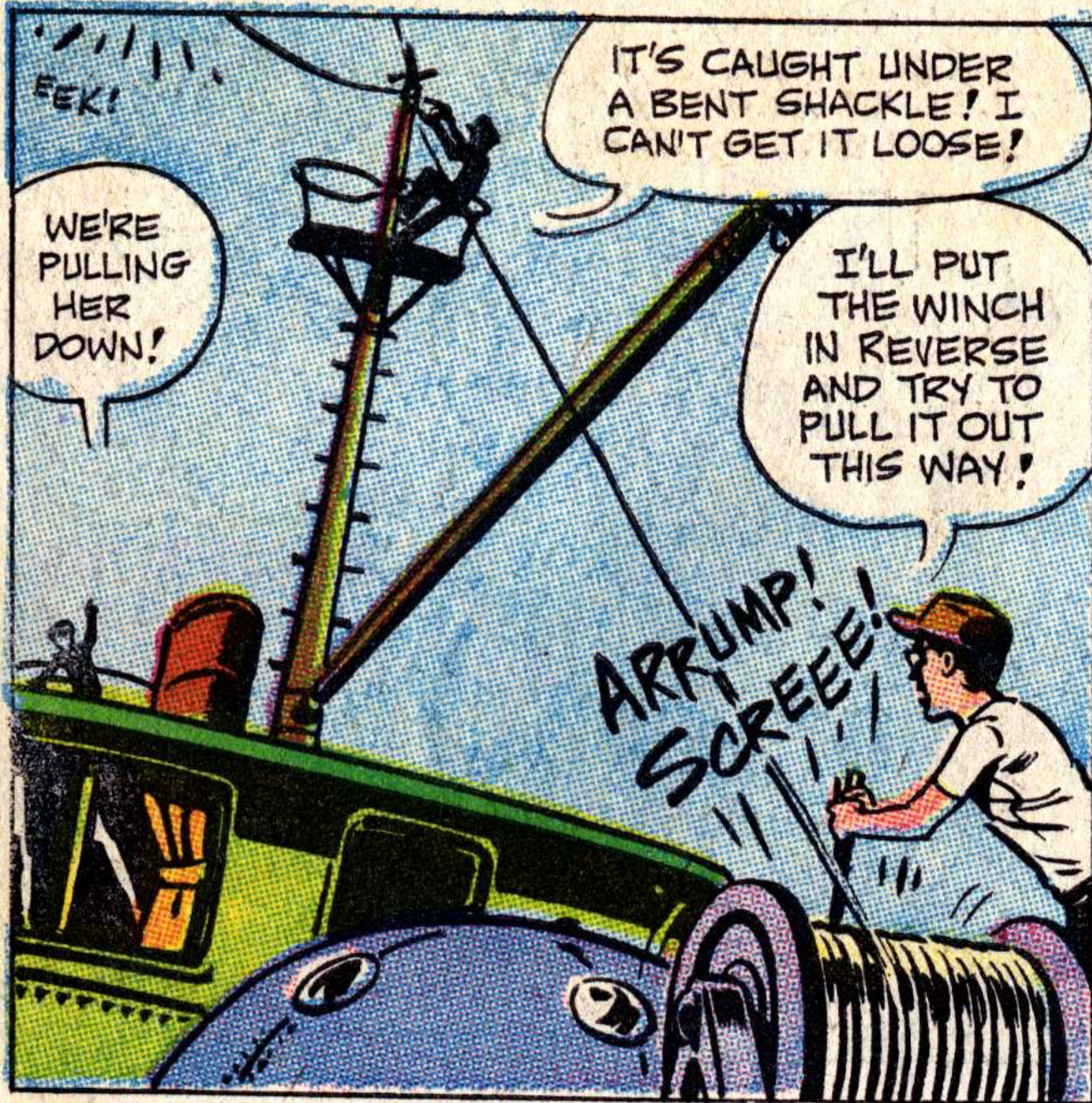
GOOD! THEN WE ARE CERTAIN TO BE THE FIRST TO FIND IT! I HAVE HERE A COPY OF AN OLD MAP...











# BACKTALK



Dear BACKTALK: I especially like mysteries. I like TREASURE CHEST because most stories make you wonder what's going to happen next.

Mary Grosko . . . Kansas City, Kansas

Dear TC: I like jokes, questions, puzzles and riddles. I dislike poems.

Michel Amyotte . . . Alberta, Canada

*The next letter has a poem in it, Michel, which we think you'll like. It also has a riddle, which we know you'll like.*

Dear Editor: I've got a riddle for BACKTALK: After the harvest, there were nine ears of corn left for Mr. Rabbit. Each night Mr. Rabbit left the field with three ears. How many nights did it take him to get all the corn out? Answer—nine nights. You see, each night he left with three ears, but two were his own. Now, here is a poem

Thor, the thunder-god went out to ride,  
Upon his favorite filly.

"I'm THOR," he cried.

The horse replied,

"Of course you're thore; you

Forgot your thaddle, thilly."

Phil Taterczynski . . . Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Editor: I saw your picture in TC and I can say only one thing:

Mary, Mary quite contrary,

You look like a dead canary.

I think that my dog looks better than you!

Marie Silverman . . . (No address)

*I feel sorry for your dog, Marie. Actually, people have told me that I am rather dark and handsome. What they said was that when it is rather dark, I am handsome.*

Dear Editor-in-grief: You might be inclined in the mind to agree with me, sir (and certainly no vaguely-stated, premeditated insult implied), but simply judging from your picture you do possess some rather unique—even edging on the odd—facial traits. They were quite evidently destiny-

determining qualities of a notorious name and glorious fame. But, sir, if I may ask: would you attribute these creature's features to putting forth your best in a TREASURE CHEST and being left with the rest, which is the worst; or having had a rather wild childhood?

Tom Kimmel . . . Louisville, Kentucky

*Uh . . . ah . . . what did you say, Tom? You sound like the kind of guy who could talk his head off—and never miss it!*

Dear Sirs: Here is a joke to put in your book.

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

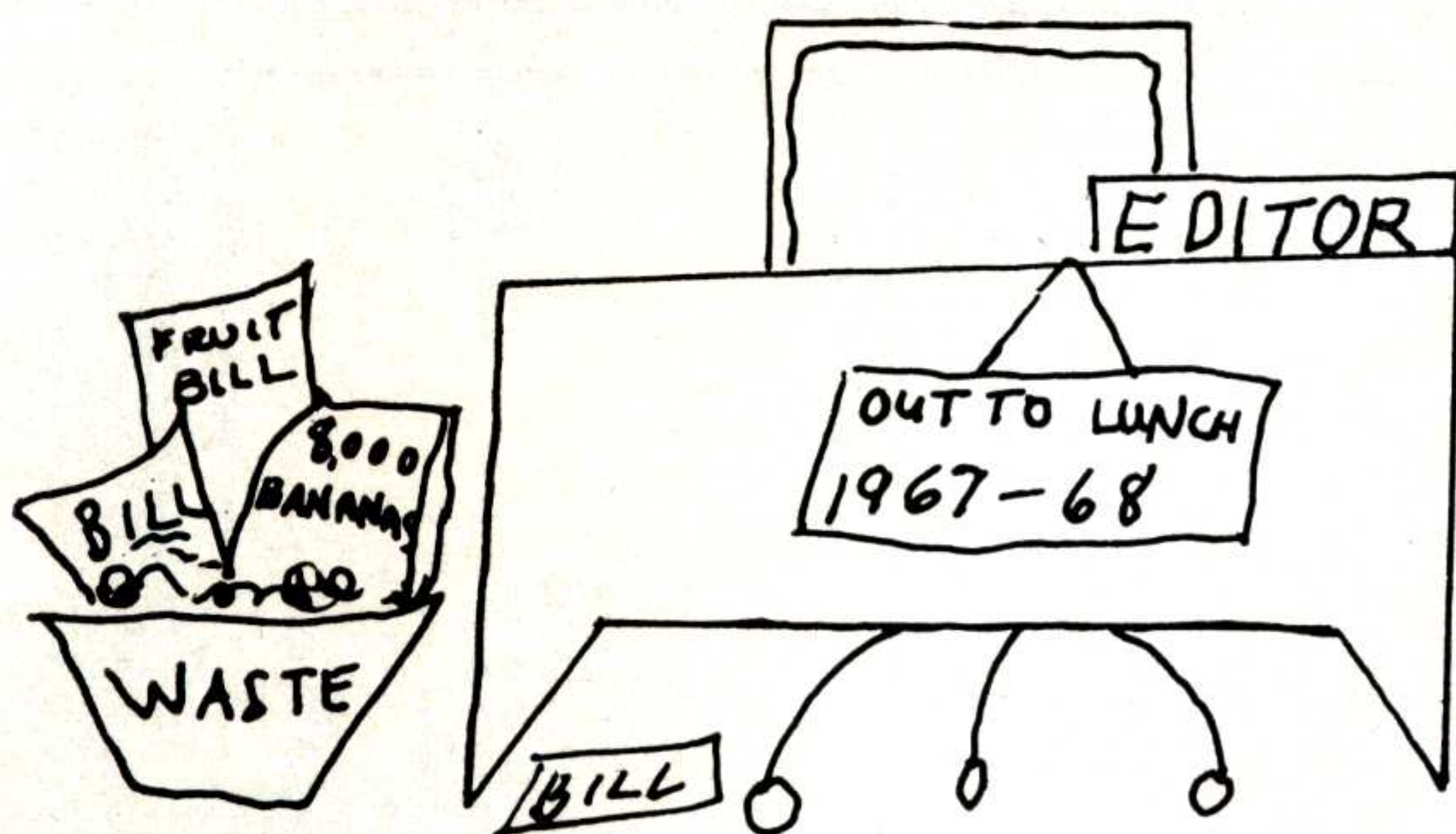
Prisoner: I don't know, your honor. What time do you get up?

Frank Fiorentino . . . Needham, Massachusetts

Dear Editor: Please send me a life-size photo of you. I enclose one cent for it. (Please return the change.) I do say you look very handsome—considering you are an ape. I'll give you some advice: Don't make a monkey out of yourself. Say "hello" to the other monkeys that write the junk in TREASURE CHEST. Print my beautiful name.

Steve Bollman . . . Belleville, Illinois

*Steve was kind enough to draw a picture of my desk. It is remarkable how accurate he is since he has never seen it.*



Dear Editor: I have a joke I would like to tell you.

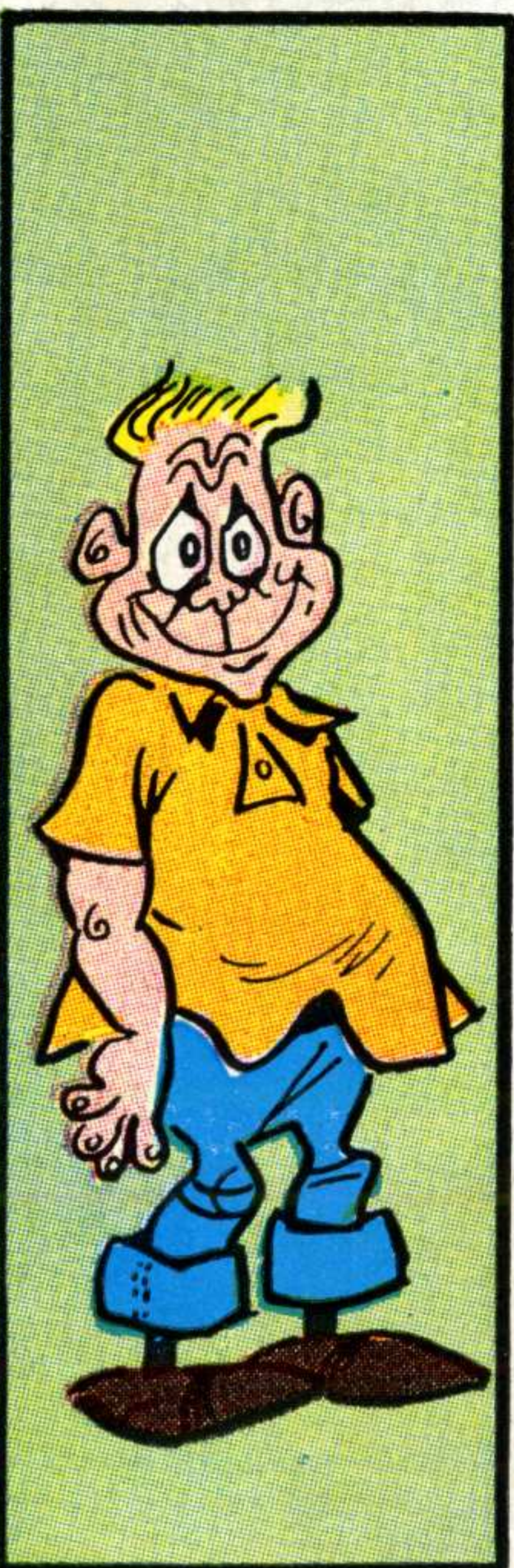
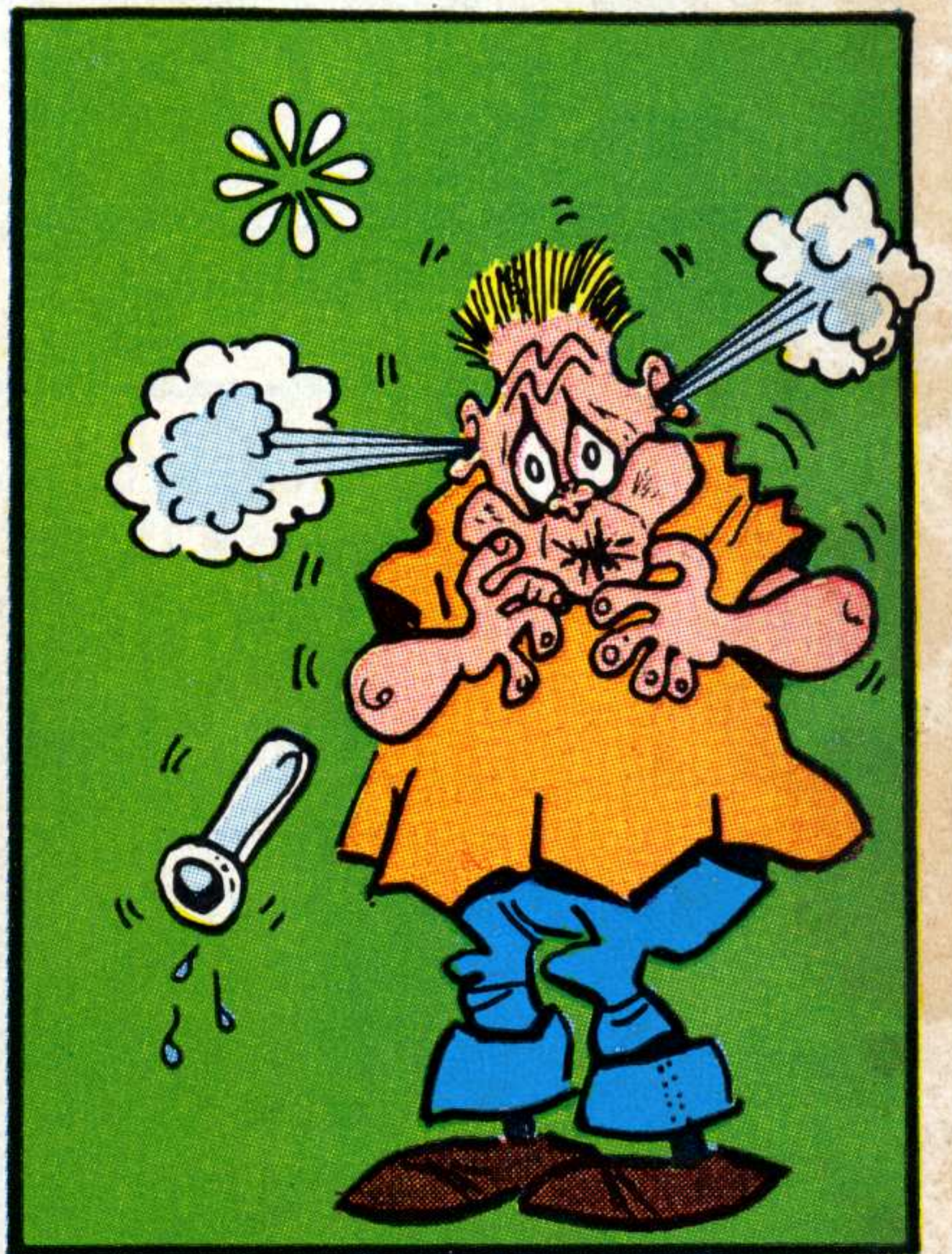
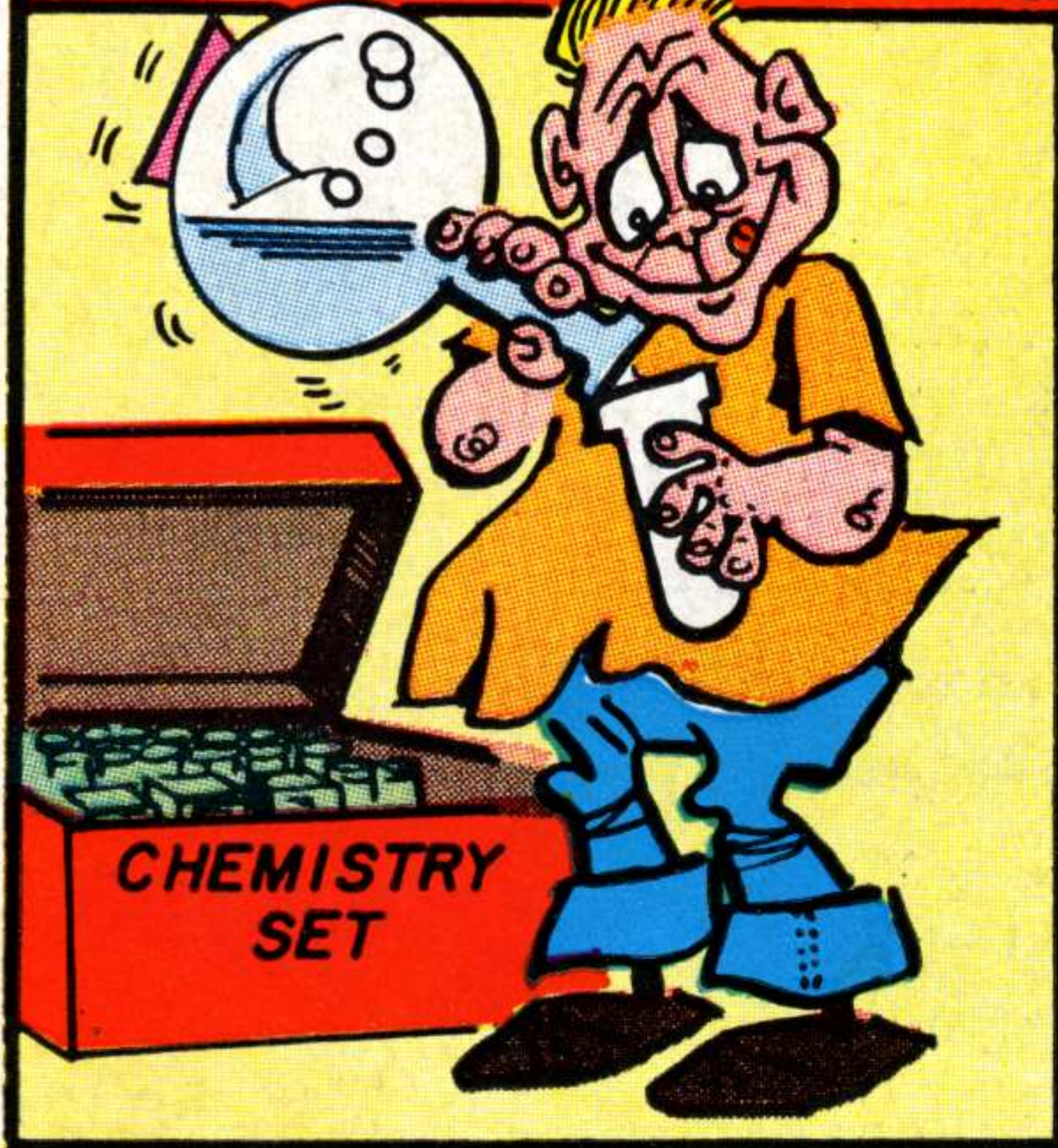
Teacher: In what battle, when hearing of victory, did General Wolfe cry, "I die happy?"

Corny: His last battle?

Peggy Steffler . . . Detroit, Michigan

And that's our last letter for this issue. Write to us—TC BACKTALK, 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

# YOUNG 'DOC' JEKYLL



E. B. Wagner