

CLASSICS

Illustrated

FEATURING STORIES
BY THE WORLD'S
GREATEST AUTHORS

ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY DANIEL DEFOE

No. 10

15¢



ROBINSON CRUSOE

DANIEL DEFOE



Illustrated by
STANLEY MAXWELL

THESE PAGES ARE FROM THE DIARY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE
WHO SPENT 28 YEARS ON A DESERTED ISLAND - 28 ADVENTUROUS YEARS...

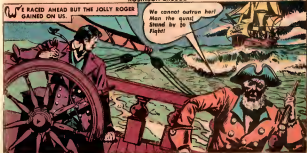


WE SAILED SOUTH EAST, ACROSS THE OCEAN. WE SAILED CALMLY, EASILY, UNTIL WE ENTERED PIRATE-INFESTED WATERS OF THE CARIBBEAN.



WE RACED AHEAD BUT THE JOLLY ROGER GAINED ON US.

We cannot outrun her!
Man the guns!
Stand by to
fight!



THE DREADED PIRATE SHIP LOOMED ARAFT OUR REAR, BUT WE SURPRISED HER WITH AN OPENING SALVO.



AS THE SMOKE CLEARED WE COULD SEE THE PIRATE SHIP LISTING BADLY.



BUT OUR ENEMY RECOVERED QUICKLY, AND BEFORE WE COULD RETURN HER FIRE.

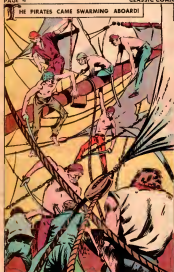


THE PIRATE SHIP CREEPT CLOSER AND GRAPPLING HOOKS CLAWED AT US.



WITH A GRINDING IMPACT THE TWO VESSELS LOCKED IN A DEATH GRIP, AND . . .





BUT WE SMASHED BACK WITH A GROWING FEROCITY.



FOLLOWED SWIFTLY, HE TURNED ON ME, HIS BLADE FLASHING.



SIDESTEPPING NIMBLY, I PASSES HIS BLOW, AND HIS QUIVERING BLADE BURIED ITSELF IN THE WOODEN RAIL.



THEN SUDDENLY FROM THE CROW'S NEST...



Tarreda Water spout to the star board.

OUR SHIPS WERE SPUN HELPLESSLY INTO THE SPOUT, IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST, I HAVE ONLY A FLERTING MEMORY OF THE TRAGIC SIGHT OF DROWNING MEN.



THE FIGHTING CEASED AS THE GREAT SPOUT WHIRLED CLOSER, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT AWAIT THE IMPENDING DOOM.



FRANTICALLY, I LEAPED:

BY A GREAT STROKE OF FORTUNE, I STERRED CLEAR OF THE DERRIS, BUT A MOUNTAINOUS WAVE IN THE RAGING SEA CAUGHT HOLD OF ME.

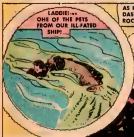


I REGAINED MY BREATH LONG ENOUGH TO SWIM A FEW STROKES, THEN BEGAN TO SINK, EXHAUSTED, WHEN . . .

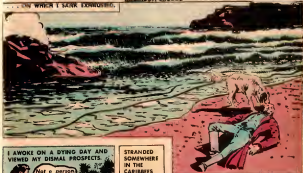


LADDIE! . . .
ONE OF THE PETS
FROM OUR ILL-FATED
SHIP!

AS HE TUGGED ME TO THE SURFACE, ANOTHER WAVE DASHED INTO US, WASHING US THIS TIME TOWARD A ROCKY SHORE . . .



... ON WHICH I SOON FLOWERED.



I AWOKE ON A DYING DAY AND VIEWED MY DISMAL PROSPECTS.

Not a person, not a house. I'll either die of hunger or be devoured by wild beasts or savages.



STRANDED SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEES I SENSED DANGER ON EVERY SIDE AS THE NIGHT DEEPENED.



... I SOUGHT REFUGE FROM MY TERROR.



I SPENT THE NIGHT THAT WAY, DOZING OFF FITFULLY AT INTERVALS.



MORNING WAS WELCOME.



THE WATER WAS AT LOW TIDE, WHERE GREAT WAVES HAD ROARED THE PREVIOUS DAY THERE WAS NOTHING NOW BUT ROCKS AND BEEPS... AND SOMETHING ELSE I HAD TO BLINK TO BELIEVE!



OUR SUNKEN SHIP! THE TIDE HAD UNCOVERED HER!



PARTS OF THE SHIP HAD BEEN LEFT UNTOUCHED
THE BREAD ROOM.



I COLLECTED AMMUNITION AND ARMS
AS WELL.



TO GET THESE PROVISIONS ASHORE REQUIRED A
RAFT, FINDING SOME SPARS, PLANKS AND ROPE.
I FASTENED THEM TOGETHER SECURELY, AND
DROPPED THEM OVERBOARD.



I THEN LOWERED MY PROVISIONS,
AND PADDED TO SHORE.



SEVERAL MORE TRIPS TO THE SHIP FURNISHED ME
WITH OTHER NECESSITIES . . .



MY NEXT STEP WAS TO PROVIDE
MYSELF WITH A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE,
FOR THE FEAR OF WILD BEASTS AND
SAVAGES TORMENTED ME AND
IMMEDIATE HOPE OF
RESCUE SEEMED REMOTE.





INTO THIS ENCLOSURE I CARRIED ALL MY GOODS. A TARPULIN I HAD SALVAGED FROM THE SAILED SERVED AS A COVER.



SECURE!... EVEN TO THE DOOR, WHICH WAS A LADDER THAT I TOOK WITH ME INSIDE THE CAVE.



AND SNIFF... MY BED WAS A HAMMOCK THAT HAD BELONGED TO THE SHIP'S MATE!



BUT MY PLEASURE AT BEING SAVED FROM HUNGER AND EXPOSURE SOON DIED WITHIN ME. I LACKED MANY THINGS, ESPECIALLY HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP. I DECIDED TO BUILD FURNITURE, IMPLEMENTS.



... NOT ONLY BECAUSE I NEEDED THEM, BUT BECAUSE KEEPING MYSELF BUSY HELPED SHUT OUT THE LONELINESS.



I HAD NO SAW, TO GET ONE SMOOTH PLANK OF WOOD, I HAD TO SPLIT AN ENTIRE TREE.



IT TOOK DAYS TO GET ENOUGH PLANKS FOR A TABLE . . .



... FIVE DAYS TO BE EXACT. I KNOW BECAUSE I HAD A CALENDAR—MY OWN SPECIAL MAKE!

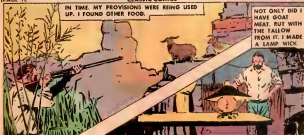


FOR EVERY DAY I CUT A NOTCH INTO THE STICK . . . LITTLE DID I DREAM THAT MY STAY ON THE ISLAND WOULD USE UP HUNDREDS OF THESE STICKS!



IN TIME, MY PROVISIONS WERE BEING USED UP. I FOUND OTHER FOOD.

NOT ONLY DID I HAVE GOAT MEAT, BUT WITH THE TALLOW FROM IT, I MADE A LAMP WICK.



I ALSO MADE A GRINDSTONE, IN ORDER TO HAVE BOTH MY HANDS FREE. I CONTRIVED A WHEEL WITH A STRING.



I REALLY WAS SURPRISING MYSELF, FOR I HAD NEVER BEFORE HANDLED A TOOL IN MY LIFE.



MY TENT BECAME QUITE WELL EQUIPPED.



THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED. ONE DAY I FELT
THE EARTH QUIVER BENEATH ME.



THE TARPULIN COLLAPSED.





A PARROT! . . . I HAD NO IDEA WHERE IT CAME FROM, BUT I WAS DELIGHTED WITH THIS NEW COMPANION.



SUDDENLY . . .



BOWDA SWE UNGWA! STRANGE WORDS THESE WERE -- WORDS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN LEARNED ONLY FROM SAVAGES, SAVAGES! . . . WHERE?

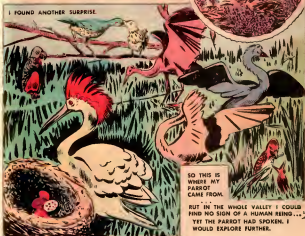
AS SOON AS I REPAIRED MY TENT, I DECIDED TO EXPLORE THE ISLAND.



THE CREEK RIPPLED DOWN INTO A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY, RICH IN FRUITS, GRAPES, LIONS AND LEMONS.



I FOUND ANOTHER SURPRISE.



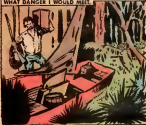
SO THIS IS WHERE MY PARROT CAME FROM.

BUT IN THE WHOLE VALLEY I COULD FIND NO SIGN OF A HUMAN BEING... YET THE PARROT HAD SPOKEN. I WOULD EXPLORE FURTHER.

THIS TIME I BUILT A BOAT THAT WAS TO TAKE ME CLEAR AROUND THE ISLAND.



I FITTED IT WITH NECESSITIES, FOR I KNEW NOT WHAT DANGER I WOULD MEET.



I WAS READY TO LEAVE.



THEN I HEARD HIS BARKS -- QUICK, EXCITED! ... FROM AROUND THE BEND IN THE SHORE.



I FOUND HIM, SHIFFING AND BARKING AT ...



THEY WERE MUCH LARGER THAN MINE.



I FOLLOWED THEM.



AT THE HILL, THEY DISAPPEARED.



MAN-EATING SAVAGES!

RACING DOWN THE HILL TO THE SPOT WHENCE
THEY HAD COME, I SAW THE REMAINS OF A
BARBARIC FEAST!



I SHUDDERED AT WHAT THEY WOULD HAVE DONE TO ME IF THEY HAD SEEN ME.

Bowling
Saw Unga...
Poor Robinson.



FORTUNATELY, MY BOAT WAS OUT OF THEIR RANGE. I HAD NOT REALIZED HOW FAR I HAD FOLLOWED THE FOOTPRINTS... NO WONDER THAT I HAD NOT HEARD THEM IN THEIR BLOOD-THIRSTY REVELRY.



OF COURSE, THEY MIGHT RETURN AT ANY TIME. HOWEVER, I STARTED ON MY TRIP AROUND THE ISLAND...



... AND REACHED THE OTHER SIDE WHERE...

Fears!





SUDDENLY, I STOPPED ALARMED. I SHOULD NOT HAVE FIRED. IF SAVAGES WERE ABOUT, THE SHOOTING WOULD ATTRACT THEM.



WHEN NOTHING HAPPENED, I GAINED COURAGE.



ANIMALS ABUNDIED ON THIS SIDE OF THE ISLAND—BUT ONLY ANIMALS.

I PUT AS MANY INTO THE BOAT AS IT WOULD HOLD.



I GLIDED EASILY, NOT AWARE THAT THE CURRENT WAS CHANGING GRADUALLY UNTIL . . .



A FURIOUS CURRENT, LIKE THE SLICE OF A MILL, SWIRLED ME!





THEN I SPIED ANOTHER CANOE AHEAD OF ME,
OUT OF THE PATH OF THE CURRENT.



This current will sweep me past them. They'll see me and give chase.

AS I SWIFT BY A COVE . . .



I WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE
CURRENT TO SUBSIDE.



I'll have to
spend the night
here.

NEXT MORNING I TRY TO ROW ACROSS, BUT . . .



I WAS BARELY ABLE TO SWIM BACK TO THE COVE. MY OVERTURNED BOAT WAS FLUNG IN AFTER ME. THIS TIME I WAITED THREE DAYS. MY PROVISIONS WERE ALL USED UP WHEN THE CALM FINALLY CAME.



I REACHED MY SIDE OF THE ISLAND, VERY GRATEFUL.



SO HASTILY HAD I BUNK TO MY KNEES THAT I HAD NOT NOTICED THE HORRIBLE SIGHT UNTIL I STOOD UP . . . MORE HUMAN BONES!



EXPECTING THE RETURN OF THE SAVAGES AT ANY TIME, I TOOK PRECAUTIONS . . . I SET UP GUNS POINTING IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



DAYS OF TENSE WAITING PASSED. WEEKS PASSED . . . DURING THAT TIME I TOOK MORE TRIPS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND, AFTER FINDING A WAY TO AVOID THE CURRENT.



I MADE GOOD USE OF THE SKINS OF THE MANY ANIMALS I SHOT THERE . . . I REPLACED MY TORN GARMENTS WITH A FINE SET OF O-DAT-SKINS . . . EVEN AN UMBRELLA TO PROTECT ME FROM THE SUN.



AND STILL I WAITED FOR THE CANNIBALS.



AND WHILE WAITING, I FOUND NEW DIVERSION. MY AMMUNITION WAS BEING USED UP.



I DUG A DEEP PITFALL ...



... AND COVERED IT WITH LEAVES.



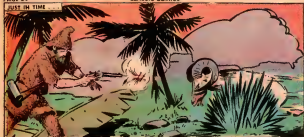
AT FIRST I HAD NO SUCCESS. THEN ONE MORNING ...



I TIED UP MY PRISONERS. BUT AS I WAS LIFTING THEM OUT ...







APPARENTLY, THEY HAD JUST ARRIVED AND HEARD THE SHOT. THEY WERE SET ON TRACKING IT DOWN.



I FIRED A WILD SHOT—AND RAN.



THEY WERE ALMOST ON ME . . .



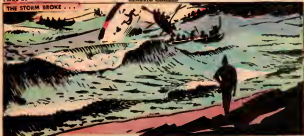
WHEN . . .



THEN, THEY TURNED BACK, AND . . .



THE STORM BROKE . . .



I MADE MY WAY QUICKLY BACK TO MY SHELTER. I HOPED THAT THEY HAD FAILED TO SURVIVE THE STORM. FOR, IF THEY LIVED, THEY WOULD RETURN AND HUNT ME DOWN.



BUT MONTHS PASSED — YEARS PASSED. NO ONE CAME BACK.



I FOUND MANY NEW OCCUPATIONS . . .



AND EARTHENWARE JARS. AFTER MUCH EXPERIMENTING, I FOUND A CLAY THAT BAKED HARD IN THE SUN.



I HAD NEW FOODS TO EAT. SOME CORN SEED HAD SPILLED FROM A GRAIN SACK THAT I HAD TAKEN FROM THE SHIP. A FEW MONTHS LATER...



I PREPARED TO MAKE CORN BREAD.



I BUILT A STONE OVEN AND BAKED LOAVES OF THIS NUTRITIOUS FOOD.



AND MORE TIME PASSED...



MY TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR ON THE ISLAND!... AND IN THIS YEAR THE CANNIBALS RETURNED - TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF MY LIFE - THERE!



I SAW THEM FIRST FROM THE HILL.



THEY LANDED—GATHERED WOOD AND LEAVES,
AND BUILT A GREAT FIRE.



AROUND THE FIRE THEY DANCED WEIRDLY, AS IF IN
PREPARATION FOR AN ORGY.



ABRUPTLY THE DANCING STOPPED.
THREE SAVAGES WERE SENT BACK TO
THE CANOES, WHERE . . .



VICTIMS FOR THEIR FEAST! . . . A
GREAT POT WAS PLACED ON THE
FIRE, AND . . .



WHILE THIS POOR WRETCH WAS BEING SLAUGHTERED, THE OTHER—A FINE-LOOKING YOUTH, APPARENTLY OF ANOTHER TRIBE—STOOD ASIDE, TREMBLING . . .



. . . BUT, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ONE UNGUARDED MOMENT, HE BOKE AWAY.



A CHASE BEGAN.



THE HUNTED YOUTH WAS HEADED MY WAY. ALL THAT SEPARATED US WAS A CREEK WHICH HE NEATLY SCALED.



BUT THE CREEK STOPPED HIS LESS NIMBLE PURSUERS.



THEY HAD TO WADE ACROSS THE STREAM, BUT WERE SOON AFTER HIM AGAIN. IT WAS THEN THAT I ACTED!



DASHING FROM BEHIND MY SHELTER . . .



THE SECOND ONE WAS ABOUT TO DRIVE HIS LANCE INTO ME, BUT . . .



THIS WAS EVIDENTLY A TOKEN GESTURE THAT HE WOULD BE MY SLAVE FOREVER.



THE YOUTH WHO HAD FLED STOPPED REWILDERED AT SIGHT OF HIS FELLER BREWIS.



FINALLY HE UNDERSTOOD MY FRIENDLINESS, AND BUSHING TO ME HE KNELT AND KISSED THE GROUND . . .



BUT THE BANGOR WAS NOT OVER. THE SAVAGE I HAD KNOCKED DOWN HAD NOT BEEN KILLED.



THE NEXT MOMENT . . .

AS I ROLLED OVER, MY RESCUED SAVAGE
DEFTLY SNATCHED MY SWORD . . .

. . . AND CUT OFF HIS HEAD! THEN WITHIN TEN MINUTES MY SAVAGE DUG A DEEP GRAVE FOR BOTH THE BODIES, AFTER WHICH I TOOK HIM TO MY TENT, WHERE HE HESITATINGLY TASTED SOME OF MY BREAD AND RAISINS.

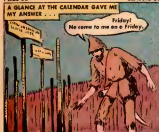


WHEN HE FINISHED, HE AGAIN SIGNIFIED HIS DEVOTION.



I HAD A FRIEND, THOUGH HE COULD NOT SPEAK A WORD TO ME . . . I WOULD TEACH HIM MY LANGUAGE, BUT FIRST I MUST GIVE HIM A NAME . . . WHAT SHOULD I CALL MY NEW-FOUND COMPANION?







In place me was, nation have less men than enemy. My nation beat enemy, take many prisoners—but enemy take me prisoner.

What does your nation do with prisoners?

My nation eat them, eat all up.



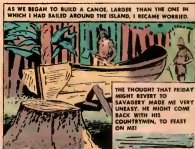
Except white men. White men come to us — shipwreck — live with us much time. We all friends.

White men among your people?



Friday, how would you like to go back to your nation and tell the white man I am here? Then they will come and rescue me.

I like.



AS WE BEGAN TO BUILD A CANOE, LARGER THAN THE ONE IN WHICH I HAD SAILED AROUND THE ISLAND, I BECAME WORRIED.

THE THOUGHT THAT FRIDAY MIGHT REVERT TO SAVAGERY MADE ME VERY UNEASY. HE MIGHT COME BACK WITH HIS COUNTRYMEN, TO FEAST ON ME!

THE DAY CAME FOR FRIDAY TO SAIL. AS THE MOMENT NEARED, FRIDAY SUDDINLY TURNED BACK.



You my master. I go with you, or stay with you—~~not~~ without you.



NO LONGER COULD I DUBBYE FRIDAY'S FAITHFULNESS AND DEVOTION.



I WAS ABOUT TO STEP INTO THE BOAT WHEN . . .





WE STOLE SWIFTLY FROM TREE TO TREE, UNTIL . . .



KNIVES WERE POISED IN MID-AIR READY TO SLAY. THE CANNIBALS BROKE INTO A WILD TRIUMPHANT DANCE



FRIDAY FOLLOWED MY EXAMPLE AND FIRED INTO THEIR MIST.



WE PURSUED THEM AS THEY FLED.



THE REMAINING SAVAGES SCRAMBLED INTO A CANOE.



THE CANOE FILLED WITH WATER, AND . . .



. . . NOT ONE SAVAGE CAME UP AGAIN.



IF EITHER FRIDAY OR I HAD LOOKED BEHIND US AT THAT MOMENT, WE WOULD NOT HAVE FELT SO CONFIDENT.



HE WAS ABOUT TO CRASH IT DOWN ON FRIDAY'S SKULL . . .



WHEN . . .



. . . BUT THE HUGE SAVAGE HAD A MIGHTY GRIP.



You save me, master . . .
I save you.

I am glad I taught you
how to use a gun.

AT THAT MOMENT WE WERE STARTLED BY A GROOM.



Another prisoner!



AS WE TOOK HIM OUT, FRIDAY, SCREAMED AND LEAPED INTO THE AIR.



THE MOMENT FRIDAY TOUCHED EARTH AGAIN, HE DANCED AROUND THE CANOES.



Friday . . . Stop!
What is it?



Ma . . . My father!
My father!



Take care of your father. Ask him how he came to be prisoner. I am going back for the white man.



Thank you. I certainly would have been roasted by now.



These savages had me tied up tight . . . I can hardly walk.

You may rest in my tent . . . and then tell me all about it.



I am a Spaniard. I was on the way to Mexico when I was shipwrecked and with a number of my mates, fell among savages. We became friends.



Friday has told me about the Spaniards living with his people. But how did you become a prisoner?

Always
So Badly/Very
Mean.



My father say he and white man go far from my nation to hunt. Enemy find them . . . take them here to eat.

I never expected anyone to be living on this island. How long have you been here?



I TOLD HIM THE ENTIRE STORY OF MY ADVENTURES.

You have lived all those years alone here with no chance of escape?

Not until Friday came. I was about to go back with him to his country when you came.

It would do you no good. We cannot leave there. We do not have the tools to build a boat large enough for all of us.

I have tools and weapons . . . and with so many hands we can build the boat. But under one condition . . .



. . . that you do not make me a prisoner in Spain. I am an Englishman. Our countries are enemies.

I shall speak to my friends and get their guarantee.



IT WAS ARRANGED THAT THE SPANIARD AND FRIDAY'S FATHER RETURN TO THE MAINLAND AND GET A SOLEMN OATH IN WRITING FROM HIS COMPANIONS THAT I WOULD BE SAFE, THEN HE WOULD RETURN FOR FRIDAY AND ME.



Take this grain to them.

They will appreciate it. They have little food.



BUT . . . AS WE REACHED THE HILL, I STOPPED, ASTONISHED . . .

Out there! A ship!





THEY, TOO, BROUGHT PRISONERS!



See. White men are prisoner some as savage men.

They do not eat them, though they may murder them.



I SENT FRIDAY BACK TO THE TENT FOR FIREARMS, WHILE WE CONTINUED TO WATCH.

Drink, lubbers! Then we will look about this blasted island!

BUT IN A SHORT TIME . . .



FRIDAY BROUGHT THE ARMS, AND WE HEADED FOR THE BEACH.



There they are.

WE SURPRISED THE PRISONERS.

Who are you?
Why are you
bound up?



I was
captain of
the ship out
there. My
men have
mutinied.

They have been influenced
by cut-throat leaders to
turn my ship into a pirate
ship. They are planning to
plunder the high seas. If I
can only stop them . . . If
I can only get command of
my ship again.



A pirate ship caused my trouble.
They are a greater menace than
a squall. We must prevent this
one from setting forth.



But how?



SOME TRIED TO RISE, BUT . . .



FRIDAY PICKED UP THEIR FALLEN WEAPONS AS WE CLOSED IN.



I ORDERED WILL BOUND.



Our next step is to recover the ship.



SUDDENLY, FROM THE STEEP SIDE OF THE SHIP WE PERCEIVED THAT OTHER BOATS WERE BEING LOWERED.



There are more than a dozen men.

They must be coming ashore to find out why the rest of us haven't returned.



When they go inland, we'll take their boats and row back to the ship. When we've recovered it, we'll come back and take these men prisoners.



A good plan.

THE BOATS REACH SHORE, AND . . .



Wait here while we scout about for the others.

MEANWHILE . . .

No answer. Something's happened to them.

Let's look around more . . . they might be wandering around half drunk.



They are leaving these men behind. That changes everything! If they see us, they'll raise an outcry.





WE HAD THEM WELL IN HAND, FINDING THEMSELVES HELPLESS, THEY SURRENDERED, AND WE HEARD THE SAME STORY FROM THEM THAT THE OTHERS HAD TOLD . . .



Now, Friday, to take our next step . . . We must recapture the ship.



BACK AT THE BOAT . . .



It's useless for you to put up a fight. They're all with me.



THEY, TOO JOINED US WILLINGLY, WE WERE ABOUT TO FILL INTO THE BOATS WHEN . . .





ALL WATCHED BREATHLESSLY AS THE FLAGS WERE
HANDLED TO ME.



I RAISED THE FLAGS . . .



. . . AND WITH A SWIFT STEP BACKWARDS . . .



BUT WILL'S FINGERS HAD GROPED FOR HIS
GUN, AND . . .



THE NEXT MOMENT ANOTHER SHOT RANG OUT.



WILL WAS DEAD. LUCKILY, HOWEVER, THE SEAMAN HE HAD SHOT WAS WOUNDED ONLY SLIGHTLY. HIS SIDE HAD BEEN GRAZED. WE HELPED HIM INTO A BOAT . . . THEN FILLED OURSELVES IN AFTER I HAD DONNED A SEAMAN'S SUIT.



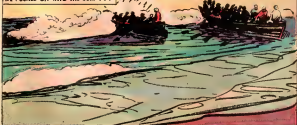
WE WERE ABOUT TO ROW FOR THE SHIP WHEN . . .



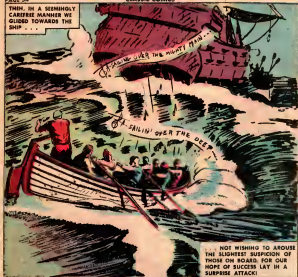
IN THE EXCITEMENT I HAD FORGOTTEN MY FAITHFUL DOG.



WE PUSHED OFF INTO THE SURF . . .



THIN, IN A SEEMINGLY
CAREFREE MANNER WE
GLIDED TOWARDS THE
SHIP . . .



. . . NOT WISHING TO AROUSE
THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICION OF
THOSE ON BOARD, FOR OUR
HOPE OF SUCCESS LAY IN A
SURPRISE ATTACK!



What took
ya so long?

We had to
find the other
men. They
rowed inland
and got
themselves lost!





IN THE MEANTIME, OUR SURPRISE ATTACK HAD SUCCEEDED.



JUST THEN . . .



Turned against me, eh? . . . I'll show you what! This bag's full o' blasting powder. One touch of the torch to it . . . and this ship will blow up! And I ain't afraid to blow it up with all of us on board . . . unless you do what I say!



You'll either give in . . . and be put in irons as my prisoners . . . or this ship blows up!



WE KNEW TOM SMITH MEANT EVERY WORD HE SAID. LIKE THE LATE REBEL, WILL, HE WOULD RATHER DIE THAN YIELD AND BE BROUGHT BACK TO ENGLAND IN IRONS.



WE LOOKED TO OUR CAPTAIN FOR HIS DECISION. AGAIN, HE THOUGHT ONLY OF PRESERVING THE LIVES OF HIS MEN.



TOM SMITH HELD THE TORCH AND POWDER AS HIS MEN BEGAN TO CHAIN US . . .



I DELIBERATELY HAD EDGED TOWARDS A SPOT ON DECK THAT I HAD NOTICED.



WITH THEIR ATTENTION DIVERTED I HASTILY PICKED UP A BUCKET OF WATER BESIDE ME, AND . . .



THE MOMENT I HAD DRINCHED THE POWDER BACK . . .



. . . IN THE MELEE TOM SMITH BROKE AWAY





HE EWING UP ON THE YARD AND STREAKED ACROSS. SWIFTLY I FOLLOWED.



SUDDENLY, IN A GREAT SHEET OF SAIL, TOM SMITH DISAPPEARED.



THE SHIP BEGAN TO CAREEN CRAZILY.



I HEARD MEN SHOUTING . . .

Stop him!
He'll wreck
the ship!

LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE, I SAW TOM SMITH AT THE HELM . . .

Hel . . . hel
PE! Kill you all!
Hel . . . hel
Hel Hel



THERE WAS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE. THE SHIP WAS HEADED TOWARDS A ROCK.



I GOT HOLD OF THE HELM IN SPLIT SECOND TIMEING.



WITH TOM SMITH IN IRONS AND ALL THE OTHER MUTINEERS TURNED LOYAL SEAMEN AGAIN, WE WERE SAFELY ON OUR WAY TO ENGLAND.



I REACHED HOME IN JUNE OF SIXTEEN-EIGHTY-SEVEN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF NEARLY THIRTY-NINE YEARS. IS THERE ANY MAN ON EARTH WHO HAS GONE ON A SINGLE VOYAGE LASTING THAT LONG?

We like big city!



DANIEL DEFOE

In the early 18th century, the pillory was still a popular instrument of torture in England. On this day it held as its victim a man who gathered about him a great crowd of sympathizers. The prisoner, a thin, middle-sized man about 40, with sharp grey eyes and hooked nose, was the noteworthy author, Daniel Defoe.

Defoe's "crime" had been his writing of a pamphlet that satirized the Church of England for its attacks on Dissenters. In his pamphlet "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," he pretended that he was on the side of the Tory Government and recommended ridiculously severe punishments for the Dissenters. He was immediately seized by the Tories, sentenced to 30 days in the pillory, and an indefinite term in prison.

But this did not stop the keen-minded Defoe. While in prison he began a newspaper, "The Review," which expressed more of his political ideas, and was a forerunner of newspapers of today. For Defoe possessed one of the most fearless minds in the England of that bigoted time.

Not much is known of Defoe's early life. Born in 1661, the son of a butcher, he was educated for the ministry. However, he found the calling not to his liking and abandoned it to become a hosiery, which trade also failed to excite him, for his temperament was not that of a merchant. Instead he dipped into politics and writing, which though it gave him no real monetary remuneration, was forging his reputation with incisive strokes. His first and instant recognition came in 1701, when he wrote a satirical poem, "The True-Born Englishman," defending the King, William of Orange. A year later he was arrested, but a

few months later, was released through the influence of friends.

But despite his brilliant political writings, Defoe's imperishable fame lies in the true fiction stories he created. These were true histories that his facile imagination wrought into exciting adventures — yarns replete with pirates, thieves, and adventurers. The most famous of them, of course, was "Robinson Crusoe," which still ranks among the greatest adventure stories in all literature. Written in 1719, its idea-germ was founded on the true story of a sailor, Alexander Selkirk, who was shipwrecked on a lonely island for four and a half years and survived. One can well imagine the eager Defoe learning intensely as the story of Selkirk's adventure spread. Out of this account Defoe's inventive mind whipped up the white foam of thrilling fiction. But underlying Robinson Crusoe is the basic character of an Englishman

stranded on a desert island, yet wishing to live like an Englishman. Robinson's steadfastness, patience, and ingenuity in the face of difficulties emphasize this theme—and these qualities give to the book its authentic ring.

In 1722 Defoe published "Moll Flanders," as well as the morbidly moving "Journal of the Plague Year." . . . Two years later he produced "A Tour of the Whole Island of Great Britain" (in 3 volumes).

In 1731 Defoe died, leaving behind him an enviable literary reputation. His views on religion, politics, commerce, banking and the education of women evoked the rightful comment that he was "born before his time"—while his remarkable power of presenting his "fact fictions" gained for him literary immortality.



POEMS OF THE SEA

DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE sea is calm to-night.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits,—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone, the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Lined with white, you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
As they return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophtodes long ago

Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery, we

Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith

Was once, ere, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the steady ships go on,
To their haven, under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the power grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLY

THREE fishers were sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three waves ran up in the lighthouse tower
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

JOAN FERNANDEZ . . . DESERT EXPLORER

One of the first men on record to trek into a wilderness and live by his own devices was a young explorer called Joan Fernandez. Contrary to fiction, young Fernandez' adventure was deliberate. He wished to serve Prince Henry of Portugal, better known in history as Henry the Navigator—to whose court he was attached. Prince Henry had expressed a desire for the exploration of West African territory that would furnish him with information not only about the land but about the natives and their customs. Fernandez resolved to fulfill the Prince's request.

In 1445 Fernandez was put ashore on a barren strip of land on the Bay of Arguin in West Africa, with much foreboding on the part of his shipmates. "Don't go. You will either perish of want, or be killed at the hands of natives," they warned. But the youthful adventurer was determined. "I will survive. . . I know the native languages. . . I'm not afraid. . . Meet me on this shore in 7 months. I will have a full report for Prince Henry."

When the ship disappeared over the horizon, Fernandez was already making his way across the desert coast. The sands were hot—more burning than he had imagined. His clothes did not make the going easier, for he wore the heavy velvet and broadcloth suit and high leather boots with sword, dagger, and pistol case was the habitual Portuguese armor of the man in service at the time. But Fernandez was ready to meet conditions. He cut his boots down into light shoes and turned his breeches into what we today would term shorts.

For two days he traveled without water. He found food, however. He shot deer, quail, partridges, hares and other animals and birds that crossed the desert.

Then he encountered his first people—a wandering Mohammedan tribe of Berber shepherds. They were friendly to the young man, but when he asked to accompany them on their travels, they refused. "These are dangerous tribes inland," they explained. "They will not be friendly to an unbeliever—and it will go hard with us, too." But Fernandez convinced them that he would be able to deal with the natives. This time Fernandez put on the light desert garb of a Berber tribesman.

They penetrated the heart of the Sahara desert. For days they saw nothing but sand—hills and mountains of sand—and the occasional trees were of thorns or palms. In a sanctuary somewhere in the interior, the Berbers came to the end of their journey, but Fernandez insisted on pressing onward. He made friends among the natives wherever they went.

Now he had heard of an interesting tribe, partly Moors, ruled by the potentate Abade Meyman. He set out alone for Meyman's stronghold on camel. He learned that the natives found their way across the desert by observing the wind and flight of the birds—and this observation guided him safely to his destination.

Meyman proved to be a rich chieftain with a retinue of 150 men. The likable young explorer made friends with him quickly and was invited to stay with him as long as he wished. Fernandez could not stay long. He intended to keep that rendezvous with his ship friends at the Bay of Arguin.

Fernandez noted the customs and habits of Meyman and his people. The high-ranking men possessed abundance gold, which they brought back from journeys to the Western Sudan. But despite their wealth, meat and bread were rare luxuries, obtained with difficulty. They subsisted mainly on milk of camels and the seeds of wild mountain herbs and roots. They were constantly at war with nearby tribes.

Armed with vivid accounts of his life in the desert, Fernandez began his trek back to the barren coast on which he was deposited.

It was 7 months to the day when his ship reached the appointed spot on the Bay of Arguin. The sea-men never expected to see the straggled Fernandez again. When they saw a figure in native African costume waving to them, they took it to be a Moor. But the figure called to them in Portuguese. They were surrounded. "It's Fernandez!"

They all marvelled at the exploits of the young explorer, who had stepped from a life of luxury into the perils of the desert wastelands. But if it were not for such courageous explorers, there would still be too many unknown parts of the earth.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN

With Leg Shot Away—Mans Gun for 8 Hours



THE DIEPPE RAID, that had so much to do with foreshadowing the coming events of D-Day on the continent, added a glorious page of stark stoicism and heroism of the Canadian contingent which chiefly made up this planned adventure.

The story of Pte. Harry Wickstoss, the 21-year-old Timmins, Ontario, boy, is but one of the many heroic figures that stands out like a clear cut comet against a background of unmatched ferocity.

The winner of the Distinguished Conduct Medal, Pte. Harry Wickstoss continued fighting at Dieppe after his leg was shot away. But then, let's read Harry's own description of how he manned a Bren gun for eight hours on the embattled beach, his stump tied with a makeshift bandage.

"We had been training for a long time, half commander training and half straight infantry. That lasted over five months. Then on August 18th, we were taken on board a ship and when we were all on board, a general—don't know who he was—got up and gave us a little talk. He said, 'This is it, boys!'—and we all cheered because we had been waiting a long time to get a crack at the Japs."

"Each man was given his own job to do. I was to be part bombardier and part infantryman. My job was to blow up barbed wire, then go and look out for what was in front. When we were about three miles from the Dieppe shore line we were lowered into barges. We got about one quarter of a mile from the coast when the Germans opened fire. Cassicles were heavy as we ran down the ramp of the landing barge.

"We rushed to a seawall. That didn't last long because we were ordered to blow up the barbed wire.

"For some reason the Bangalore torpedo, made in sections especially for smashing barbed wire, came apart and my section leader and I were each left with six feet of it. That wasn't enough to do the job. The section leader went one way and I went the other. We left the barbed wire bombing up to a platoon coming up from behind.



"Just as we started to leave Pte. Webster pointed out a pill box and ordered me to 'Take it out!' I jumped over the seawall, in behind the pill box and yanked open one of the rear doors. Then I let fly with my hail of the torpedos.

"I had about seven seconds to throw the torpedos and get to cover. As I ran away, I felt something hit me in the leg. I dropped and waited. My leg seemed to go numb as if it had been put down a cold hole. Then the feeling went out of it. I looked through the darkness and saw it hanging.

"We had been issued field dressings and bandages. I grabbed mine and then picked up a big rock. I took the rock and held it beside the main artery just above the knee and then tied a bandage around it. Then I took out my bayonet and twisted it tight, later sticking one end of the bayonet into my web belt to keep everything tight."

From behind the pill box which blew up with its 10 men, two machine guns and more than a dozen boxes of German hand grenades, Harry made his way to the Caiste. He was joined by Sgt. George Hickson, also awarded the D.C.M., and who had been put in charge of the platoon when the officer in command was wounded in the legs.

Hickson got a bunch of men together and headed up the road for the town, Harry said. "I knew my leg was gone. I could do nothing about it, so I decided I might just as well fight. I asked for a Bren gun and peppered lead at a row of houses for 8 hours. Maybe I got the guy who got me.

"Sgt. Hickson and his platoon were away for eight hours. When they returned they brought a bunch of German prisoners with them. They picked me up and carried me to the barge."

He had to change boats three times when they were sunk by dive bombers. He made the rest of the trip to England in a motor launch. Now back home with his parents, Harry is learning to be a farmer, away from the unforgettable nightmarish hours of Dieppe.

