

CLASSICS

Illustrated

FEATURING STORIES
BY THE WORLD'S
GREATEST AUTHORS

WESTWARD HO!

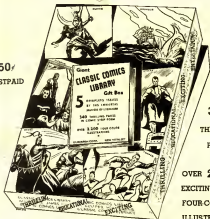
No. 14

By
Charles Kingsley



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GILBERTON CORP. • 510 Sixth Avenue • New York, N. Y.

WESTWARD HO!

By CHARLES
KINGSLEY

Early Adaptation by
DAVID SUMNER

Illustrated by
ELTH SIMON



IN A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN FIFTEEN SEVENTY-FIVE, A TALL FAIR-HAIRED BOY OF FIFTEEN LINGERS ALONG RIBSFORD QUAY ON HIS WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL, DRAWN BY THE LURE OF THE SEA AND SHIPS AND SAILORS.

WESTWARD HO!





WESTWARD HO!



Do you think he would take me as cabin boy?

No, there, John Overton, here's a lad wants to sail with you!

A fine, strapping lad, if I ever saw one! But you are so young. Let us see what your parents have to say. Whose son are you?

Mr. Leigh of Barrough Court!



William Leigh I know him as well as I do the shores of the Spanish Main. Tell him I shall stop at Barrough Court tonight.

And will you ask if I may sail with you, sir?



Of course, my boy! Now home with you and let me fetch gathering my crew.



Well, man, who sails with me for gold and adventure?

I will! And I, sir!

Westward ho! with a rumble,
And hurrah for the Spanish Main, O!

CLASSIC COMICS

You, Sir Richard, know the sea as well as any man. Do you not think it would do young Anyos good to sail with me?

What say his father and mother?



My son is too young to become a mariner.

He must first bide at home and learn to be a gentleman.



It seems I am outvoted. But this I predict . . . that Anyos Leigh will one day sail the seas and make for himself a great name!

We will all drink to that!



Good night, my friend. I am off to Plymouth . . . Then my men and I sail west.

And God be with you, John Gunnham!



WESTWARD HO!

... and when you have completed your schooling, then you may think of becoming a great mariner.

I will think of nothing else, then.



AND SO AMYAS LEIGH GOES BACK TO SCHOOL, AND JOHN GREENHAM SAILS WITHOUT HIM FOR THE SPANISH MAIN!



TIME MOVES SLOWLY FOR SEA-HUNGRY AMYAS.



AMYAS' IMPATIENCE WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY UNBEARABLE IF IT WERE NOT FOR...





NOT ONLY AMYAS, BUT EVERY LAD IN BEDFORD STRIVES TO WIN HER FAVOR. . .



If I go to sea . . . perhaps for years . . . will you miss me, Amyas?

Of course I shall miss you, Amyas.



...And will you wait for me to return . . . and marry me?

Well, Amyas, I shall have to think about that. . .



Farewell, Amyas! Good luck!

I shall have no sons left. Frank is leaving for London to serve in the court of Queen Elizabeth . . . Amyas already gone . . . I am worried . . .

Amyas is sailing with Sir Francis Drake! He cannot be in better hands.

MEANWHILE, MR. LEIGH DIES. MRS. LEIGH IS LEFT ALONE TO BRING UP AMYAS AND HIS OLDER BROTHER, FRANK. BUT VERY SOON AMYAS' BIG DAY ARRIVES. SIR EDWARD ARRANGES FOR HIM TO GO TO SEA!

WESTWARD HO!



Amyes leigh! You have been gone a long time, I HAVI missed you!

Ah! That sounds good coming from you, Rose.

Have you missed me enough to want to marry me, now that I'm back?

I'm afraid, Amyes, I shall still have to think about that.

... and she said her mind is not yet made up.

And how can it be, with every young gallant in Devon begging her to be his?

Dear Rose . . . for three years, during long, lonely watches at sea I have thought of nothing but you. Say you will be mine.

Perhaps I shall say that sometime. But not today, Amyes. I am not sure.



WESTWARD HO!

THEN, ONE DAY AT SIR RICHARD GRINVILLE'S HOME . . .

You will sail for Ireland in a few days, for hard fighting and hard work.

There is nothing I want more, Sir.

There is a ragged-looking fellow at the door, Sir Richard, a sailor by the name of Sebastian Yeo.

I shall see who he is and what he wants.



CLASSIC COMICS

THUS DID ANYAS COME TO LEARN THE TRAGIC STORY OF JOHN ORENHAM'S LAST VOYAGE . . .

After we set sail Orenham told me the real reason for the voyage . . .



We are sailing to rescue my wife and child, whom I brought to Lima six years ago, when we fled from the Spanish Inquisition.



"After many days of sailing . . ."

It is dangerous to put into port here, if the Spaniards see us, they will not be friendly.

To God! They will wear our throats! We will land a few miles down.

Live ahead, sir!



"In twilight shadows they anchored close to a deserted beach."

I know the way to my wife's house from here. I hope they are safe.



Here is my house . . . And thank the Saints there are my loved ones . . .



Oh Jeshé! I have prayed every night that you come back to us!

Spanish Soldiers approach! We must run for it . . .



WESTWARD HO!

Into the woods for cover, men!



"They outnumbered us five to one. Soon we were surrounded."



"We fought like lions . . . But they were too many for us . . ."



. . . And you, Madam, I shall have to take to Carthage . . . and the Inquisition!

Never! Never! I will die first!



CLASSIC COMICS

Unbind me, and let me follow her example!

No! You will hang, and all your men with you!

Oh, mama . . . my poor mama . . .

And the little girl . . . what will you do with her?

That will be decided later.

"They marched us off to prison."

Salvation, I have a feeling that this time I shall not escape death. Will you swear an oath to me?

Yes, my captain.

Promise me that if I die and you live, you will not rest until you have found my little Carlotta, and brought her safely to England.

WESTWARD HO!

"Soon afterwards, Captain Greenham was removed from the prison and hanged at Ulm. I was taken before the Inquisition at Carthage and sentenced to life service as a guilty slave."

Row, ye slaves, or ye'll feel the lash!



"For two years I endured the agonies of that life. Then, one night in Nombre de Dios, where we were loading a plate-ship to sail for Spain..."

All right, dogs, you may rest now.



"We were shackled for the night..."

These chains are killing me! Oh Lord, free me!

We are doomed. We will never be free!



"BUT... THAT NIGHT..."

The guards are getting drunk on the quay. Now is our chance. If we can get aboard the ship, we can be out to sea in five minutes!



CLASSIC COMICS

"I took the key ring and freed the slaves."

Free at last!



"I led the men quietly across the deck, past drunken soldiers who were fast asleep."



... And thus we cheated the Inquisition of its prey. After a long journey, full of narrow escapes, we reached Falmouth harbor, and I at once hurried here.

A fragile and heroic tale. But you must be hungry and thirsty . . .



Before you feed me, Sir Richard, promise to make a place for me on your next expedition to the Indies?

What? Have you not had enough?



Not while a Spanish desper still lives! And I swore an oath to Queenhen to rescue his child.

And you shall keep it, my man.



WESTWARD HO!

Take the man downstairs and strike him.

Yes, Sir Richard.



There, sir! Watch him now!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER . . .

Oh, sir, that man is a devil . . . breathing fire and smoke he is!

I shall go down and find out what this is about.

Come, now, what nonsense is this?



That must be Indian tobacco of which I have heard.

Yes, sir. And a wonderful weed it is . . . a love man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's comfort, a weak man's sleep and a chilly man's fire.



WHILE WAITING TO SAIL FOR IRELAND, AMYAS DILIGENTLY PURSUES HIS COURTSHIP OF ROSE SALTERNE. THAT YOUNG LADY IS FINDING IT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE FROM AMONG THE MANY GALLANT, UPSTANDING YOUNG MEN OF DEVON WHO SEEK HER HAND.



Amyas, you need I and all our friends love Rose of Ferridge. Soon we shall all be going off to different parts of the world to fight for England. That gives me an idea.

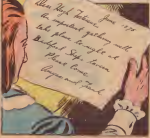


That's an excellent idea, Frank.

Good! Then let's send out the invitations at once.



June 1270
Dear Will Cary,
An important party will take place in the beautiful Ship's Cabin. Please come.
Amyas and Frank



Miss Hugh Ferridge, June 1270
An important gathering will take place tonight at Beautiful Ship's Cabin. Please come.
Amyas and Frank



Robert Brown
R. Coffin
Catherine St. ...
John Chatterton

WESTWARD HO!



Each of us loves her and would do great deeds for her. Let us then tonight form a "brotherhood of the Rose" and vow to stand by each other and by her, to guard her honor and to dare great feats of arms in her name!

Well, I guess none of us can refuse you on that. Here's my hand on it!



TO THE ROSE OF TORRIDGE
AND THE
BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE!!!



THUS DID AMYAS
AND FRANK TAKE A
VOW IN FULFILLMENT
OF WHICH THEY
WOULD ONE DAY
EMBARK ON THE
GREATEST
ADVENTURE OF THEIR
LIVES.



THE NEXT DAY AFTER THE FORMATION OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE, AMYAS RECEIVES HIS ORDERS TO SAIL FOR IRELAND.

I may be gone for years again. But wherever I am, my thoughts will be only with you, dear Rose.



Goodbye, my son. The Lord be with you.

Be yourself proud, Amyas... for God, for England... and for Rose!



WESTWARD HO!





WESTWARD HO!





WESTWARD HO!

ALL DAY LONG, THE ARTILLERY DUEL CONTINUES. WITH AMYAS' MEN HOLDING THE BEACH, ADMIRAL WINTER LANDS REINFORCEMENTS. . .



AS NIGHT APPROACHES, THE ENGLISH BRACE THEMSELVES FOR A SPANISH ATTEMPT TO DRIVE THEM BACK INTO THE SEA . . . AN ATTEMPT THEY ARE SURE WILL BE MADE. . .

THEY ARE RIGHT! . . .

Here they come!

Wake the men! The next ten minutes will tell the story.



Get to the top of the breastworks! And load your guns!



Into the sea with the English!

Take that for Queenhen!





Another man for
Captain
Dreadford!



WESTWARD HO!

You are a brave man, sir, but you must consider yourself my prisoner.

To be the prisoner of so courageous a man as you is no shame, sir.



You are an officer, sir, are you not?

Yes, I am Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto.



I am honored to have as my prisoner and guest one who represents so ancient a family of Spain. My name is Amyas Leigh . . . Captain Leigh . . . of Bideford.

They are giving up, sir . . . retreating back to the fort!



Give the signal to pursue! Now is our chance to take the fort!



CLASSIC COMICS

LED BY ANYAS, THE ENGLISH TAKE THE FORT AND THUS ENDS THE SPANISH MENACE TO IRELAND. . . ANYAS RETURNS TO THE SHIP WHERE DON GUZMAN IS BEING HELD. . .

Under the rules of war, sir, I shall hold you as my prisoner until your family in Spain has ransomed you.

That is your right, sir.



I must remain in Ireland, but I shall send you to stay with Sir Richard Grenville in Bideford until your ransom arrives.

Ah! I know Sir Richard well in Paris. I shall enjoy my enforced captivity in his home.



COULD ANYAS BUT KNOW THE OUTCOME OF HIS SENDING DON GUZMAN TO BIDEFORD, HE WOULD HAVE RELEASED HIS PRISONER WITHOUT A PENNY'S RANSOM, RATHER THAN LET HIM SET FOOT IN THAT PORT.

Goodbye, sir. And should your ransom arrive before I return to England, may we meet again in battle as honorable gentlemen.

Good luck to you, sir!



I doubt that you will ever see him again. . . Your work of clearing out the Irish rebels here will take at least two years.

But perhaps we will meet . . . England and Spain will be at war for some time yet.

Anyas, if you two ever do meet, I'll wager he comes off second best!



WESTWARD HO!

IN SIDEFORD, SIR RICHARD WELCOMES

AMYAS' PRISONER.

I trust, Don Guzman, you will not find your stay here unduly boring.

In your company, sir, that would be impossible.



And how was Captaine Leigh when you left him?

Very well, sir. I could not have found a finer, more honorable soldier to take me prisoner.



KNOWING THAT A LONG TIME MUST PASS BEFORE DON GUZMAN'S RANSOM ARRIVES, SIR RICHARD LIGHTENS HIS GUEST'S BURDEN OF SEPARATION FROM HOME BY PROVIDING HIM WITH WHATEVER DIVERSION SIDEFORD CAN OFFER. . .

I have been asked by Mayer Solferino to invite you to dine at his home tonight.

I shall be pleased to accept the invitation.



LATER THAT EVENING . . .

Welcome, sir, welcome. It is good of you to grace our simple home with your presence.



My daughter, Rose, will join us for dinner.

A-a-a-O-M!

May I propose a toast to your daughter . . . her future happiness!

Yes indeed . . . To the happiness of Rose . . . now and forever!





WISE IN THE WAYS OF ROMANCE, DON GUZMAN, BY HIS CHARM AND ELOQUENCE HAS ALREADY WON ACCESS TO ROSA'S HEART. BUT, CUNNINGLY, HE IS CONTENT TO WAIT AND LET HER FEELINGS DEVELOP BEFORE MAKING KNOWN HIS OWN.

WESTWARD HO!

MONTHS LATER . . .

For a prisoner, that Don Guzman seems in no great hurry to leave here.

Yes . . . it is almost a year since he came and he seems to be enjoying himself more than ever.

And have you noticed how much time he spends with the Solterra girl?

Yes . . . and they are saying that she . . . shhh!

Perhaps it is true . . . what they are saying about them.

Rose . . . dearest . . . I love you, I adore you. Will you let me take you back to Spain, to be my bride?

Yes . . . I will.

But this must remain a secret until we are gone. My father would never permit me to . . .

. . . Merry o' Spenser? Yes, I understand. We will keep our love a secret until we leave.

MEANWHILE, FRANK LEIGH HAS COME FROM LONDON TO VISIT HIS MOTHER . . . AND TO RENEW HIS COURTSHIP OF ROSE.

How good to see you back, Frank! This is Don Guzman de Soto, who is staying of Sir Richard's.



Ah, yes, I have heard of you, Don Guzman. Hoping to be redeemed from my brother's hands, aren't you?

Yes. But waiting can be very pleasant, as you see.



She seemed startled, when I walked in. I wonder . . .



FRANK STROLLS THROUGH THE WOODS, WHEN SUDDENLY . . .

Do my eyes deceive me?



I see why his waiting is so pleasant.



The Spanish curf! He has loved her with his smooth wiles. She does not know her own mind . . . she can not!



WESTWARD HO!

LATER THAT EVENING . . .

I do not care if he is a great hero! I am going to challenge him, the dog!



If your mind is made up to it, I shall be your second . . . Look! Here is your man, now.



Ah, Mr. Leigh. Good evening to you.

Let us rather talk about the afternoon. You seem to have spent it rather pleasantly.



I do not understand, sir!

Perhaps you will . . . I do not shake hands with one who abuses hospitality behind his host's back.



This puzzles me . . . But since you desire a meeting with me at sunrise tomorrow, I shall ask Sir Richard to be my second . . . Rapier and dagger, Mr. Leigh.

Your participation is as acute as your gifts, Don Guzman. Rapier and dagger it will be, Mr. St. Leger will second me.



Now we shall find out if he can play with cold steel as he plays with young hearts.



CLASSIC COMICS

We must not let them be killed. Frank is too good a boy to lose, and I am responsible to Amyas for Dan Guzman.

Right! We will strike up their swords at the first scratch.





A hit! A hit! Strike up, St. Sagar.



But I have only been scratched. Let me of him!

No, young hot-head! Honor has been satisfied . . . The duel is over!



UNWILLINGLY, FRANK BOWS TO SIR RICHARD'S WISHES . . .

I am not finished with him yet!

Now don't do anything rash, Frank.



BUT EVENTS MOVE TOO SWIFTLY FOR FRANK. THAT NIGHT . . .

Dearest, my ransom arrived today and I am free to go. A ship leaves for France in a few hours. Will you sell with me?

Oh, Lord . . . I don't . . . Yes! I will go with you.

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, AMYAS RETURNS FROM IRELAND, AND LISTENS TO FRANK'S STORY . . .

The deceitful rogue of a Spensard! But if she loves him, what right have we to interfere?

But he does not love her . . . I'm sure of that. How then, can she be happy with him?



Well, Frank, the Brotherhood of the Rose has work to do. We took a vow, remember, to guard her happiness forever.

Only you and I and Will Cory are here to act on it. The others are scattered all over the world.



Three of us are enough. You say Don Guzman is governor of La Guayra in Caracas. That is a long way off.

Mayer Saltorne wants his daughter back. He may give us a ship and supplies . . .



Yes, gentlemen, my wealth is at your disposal if you can bring back my child.

That, sir, we aim to do!



AMYAS SEEKS OUT SALVATION YET . . .

We sail for the Spanish Main. You. Come along . . . You may find John Guzman's child after all.

Glory be to God! Of course I will go!



Good! Now I want you to help me pick a crew of five Brethren who know the Spanish Main well.



WESTWARD HO!

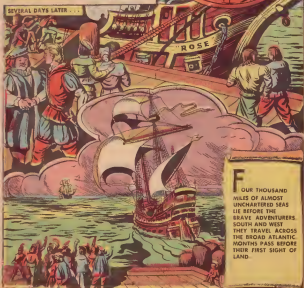
There she is, man. Best-wooded, best-measured ship in the Bideford Harbor.

She's a beauty. I'd watch her against anything the Spaniards can put up. What shall we call her?

There is only one name for this ship . . . The Rose!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER . . .



FOUR THOUSAND MILES OF ALMOST UNCHARTERED SEAS LIE BEFORE THE BRAVE ADVENTURERS. SOUTH AND WEST THEY TRAVEL ACROSS THE BROAD ATLANTIC. MONTHS PASS BEFORE THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.



GREEDILY, THE SCURVY-STUCK SAILORS DEVOUR THE GOLD AND YELLOW FRUITS WHICH CURE THE BOODS OF MEN WHO SPEND LONG PERIODS AT SEA.



I think that will be enough water and fruit until we reach another island.



SOUTH AND WEST THE ROSE SAILS AGAIN, THIS TIME TO MARGARITA ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MAINLAND.



WESTWARD HO!

There is Margarita, gentlemen . . . famed for her pearl fisheries.

And isn't that, a Spanish pearl-ship in the inlet?



Right you are! She probably has a fortune in pearls aboard her. Shall we go in and take her?

Why not? We need some action after all these months at sea.



We'll never get the ship past those rocks unless we know where each one is.

We'll have to use our boats.



Surrender, or be killed!

In whose name?



In the name of common sense, ye fools! Can't you see we are fifty to your twenty?



CLASSIC COMICS



WESTWARD-HO THE ROSE SAILS, PAST CAPE
COBERA AND UNDER THE MIGHTY NORTHERN
WALL THAT RISES SEVEN THOUSAND FEET OFF
THE SEA FOR MILES ALONG THAT SHORE OF THE
SPANISH MAIN.



WESTWARD HO!

LA QUATRA . . . IN GHOST OF WHICH AMTAS AND HIS MEN
HAVE SAILED FOUR THOUSAND MILES OF SEA.



Evil lord! Half the Spanish fleet seems to be waiting for us there.

I guess we'll have to forget our original plan of taking the town by storm.



They're welcoming us!

Let's get out of range and hold a council of war.



We could never land enough men to attack the city. Let us wait till night falls, then take one boat up to the beach before the Governor's house . . .

. . . Then we will find Rose and learn if she is really happy with Don Guzman. If not, we will carry her off with us. If she is happy, then we will leave, having done our duty.

I think Frank is right. That is all we can do as members of the Brotherhood of the Rose.



One of us must remain with the ship to command her if the others are killed or captured by the Spaniards. The short straw drops.

I'm the unlucky one who must allow you to share the glory and the danger. Well, I must accept the verdict of chance.



I'll round up a crew of ten good men to go with us.

Good bye, Will. And remember . . . if we are not back by morning, don't try to save us. You'll never get through the guns of the fort and the warships. Sail straight home.



Can you see anything yet, Frank?

A few lights on the starboard!



WESTWARD HO!

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE LOOMS BEFORE THEM.



Frank and I will go up to the house alone. Follow us only if you hear the noise of fighting. If we are not back by dawn, go back to the ship.



Look! There she is!

Let us speak to her . . . now!



Frank! Anybody Here?

Yes, here! To take you back to England, where you belong!



You are mistaken, gentlemen. I belong here. I am Donna Rosa de Solo, who loves her husband and is loved by him. Now go, quickly, before you are captured.



CLASSIC COMICS

But Rose! Your country! Your religion!

And does love count for nothing? Go! Go!



Frank! Soldiers! We must run for it!



Her mind is made up! Come along, or we shall both be killed!

Rose, once more, I beg you to listen to your conscience!



Only a few yards to go!



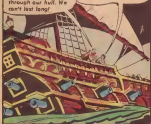
Amazed! You have hit!

WESTWARD HO!



We got away . . . but they shot a hole through our hull. We can't last long!

We had better find an inlet somewhere.



This is as good a spot as any!



The Spaniards will never find us here . . . But I fear we can never sail back to England in the "Rose." She needs too many repairs!

You are right, Cory. I shall speak to the men.



Men, do not despair! More adventure lies before us . . . You have all heard of Manoa . . . The Indian City of Gold and Jewels. What say we find it?

AYE!



THUS BEGAN THE SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN CITY OF MANOA. FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS AMYAS AND HIS MEN JOURNEY THROUGH UNTRODDEN HILLS AND TRACKLESS FORESTS SEEKING THE CITY IN VAIN . . . FINALLY, THEY REACH THE BANKS OF THE MESA RIVER . . . AND COME UPON A STRANGE GIRL!

AMYAS QUESTIONS THE GIRL IN THE INDIAN TONGUE HE HAS LEARNED.

Are you an Indian, Miss?

I live with the Indians.



WESTWARD HO!



But ARE you Indian?

I do not know. The Indians found me alone in the forest many years ago.

It is Captain Guzman's little girl! . . . I remember this birthmark on her arm. At last I have found her!

YES, THIS IS CAPTAIN GUZMAN'S DAUGHTER—NAMED ATACANORA BY THE INDIANS. THE MEN TAKE HER WITH THEM . . . AND WITH HER AS THEIR GUIDE THEY REACH THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. THERE THEY DISCOVER A SPANISH GALLEON ALL SET TO SAIL. BY A RUSE THEY WIN THE SHIP FROM THE SPANIARDS, TAKING MANY OF THEM PRISONERS . . . AND SET SAIL FOR ENGLAND.

AMTAS QUESTIONS A SPANISH PRISONER CONCERNING THE FATE OF ROSE

I have heard that Don Guzman's wife was burnt at the stake.

And Guzman did nothing to stop them? I will have my revenge on that villain!



ENGLAND . . . AT LAST!



ON THE DECK OF A BRITISH BATTLESHIP

IN ENGLAND AMTAS HAS NOT LONG TO WAIT BEFORE GIVING VENT TO HIS HATRED. IT IS THE YEAR FIFTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT . . . AND THE MIGHTY SPANISH ARMADA IS ON ITS WAY TO DESTROY THE BRITISH FLEET AND INVADY ENGLAND.

Well, Cary, we are on our way to battle. Praise God one of the Spanish ships is commanded by Don Guzman!



CLASSIC COMICS



A message to you, Sir, from Admiral Francis Drake.

Listen to this, Cary, Drake tells me Don Guzman is commanding a ship in the Armada . . . the SANTA CATHERINA!

Just what you wanted! We will keep a special watch for her!



SOON, INTO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL SAILS THE HUGE ARMADA WHICH THE SPANIARDS CALL "INVINCIBLE" . . . BUT ENGLISH SHIPS ARE WAITING FROM CALAIS ROADS TO LANDS END . . . WAITING TO POUNCE UPON THE "INVINCIBLE"!

WESTWARD HO!



WITHERING UNDER SUPERIOR ENGLISH GUN FIRE THE SANTA CATHERINA WITHDRAWS, AMTAS IN HOT PURSUIT. FOR TWO HOURS THE CHASE CONTINUES, OUT OF THE CHANNEL, INTO THE NORTH SEA.



THE SKY, LIT UP BY A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, SHOWS A HORRIBLE SIGHT.



Lord dead ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm... she's sinking fast!



Unmerciful God! To take my vengeance from me when it was in my grasp! Unmerciful...



WESTWARD HO!

He has been struck blind! . . . Blind!



YES, BLIND GOD HAS JUDGED THE QUARREL BETWEEN AMYAS AND DON GUZMAN . . . TAKING THE ONE'S SIGHT . . . THE OTHER'S LIFE . . . AND IN HIS TRAGEDY, AMYAS FINDS HIS SOUL PURGED OF THE HATRED THAT HAD ALMOST CONSUMED IT. NOW HE LONGS ONLY TO BE HOME AND AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF AND ALL MEN.

I must leave you for a little while now to go to Biddeford.



Is that you Agocanore?

Yes, and I will be forever at your side!

Is it possible? Can you still love me now . . . even though I am blind?

More than ever. Be hopeful, Amyas! I have been told that with great love and infinite care you may be healed.



God in His wisdom has given me a greater treasure than I ever dreamed possible.



THE

END

LIFE OF CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley, the author of "Westward Ho!", was also a famous English clergyman. He was born on June 12, 1819, at Dartmoor, Devon, England.

Much of his youth was spent in the beautiful Devonshire country which he later described with such skill in his books. He lived for some years in Clovelly, which readers of "Westward Ho!" will remember as the scene of much of the action in the story.

Kingsley was educated in the English public schools, completing his education at Magdalene College, Cambridge University, from 1838 to 1841. He studied for the ministry and, in 1842, was ordained curate of Eversley in Hampshire. He married Fanny Grenfell in 1844.

His first book, "The Saint's Tragedy", was published in 1848. From that year on, he turned out a steady stream of novels and poems.

In 1859, Kingsley was accorded the great honor of being appointed chaplain to Queen Victoria. Further distinction came to him in 1860 when he was named to the faculty of Cambridge University, as professor of modern history. He continued teaching at Cambridge until 1869.

In 1873, he achieved the crowning reward of his ecclesiastical career: he was chosen Canon of Westminster. Two years later, on January 23, 1875, he died at Eversley.

Early in his life, Kingsley threw himself into the Christian Socialist movement, which at that time was considered radical, and for a while was sympathetic to the even more radical Chartist movement. He later however, turned closer to Toryism than to liberalism.



As a writer, Kingsley's greatest asset is generally considered to be his ability to describe the scenery of the countryside in which his stories take place. For instance, his accounts of the jungles and rivers of South America in "Westward Ho!" and of the Egyptian deserts in "Hypatia"

are among the most vivid prose-paintings in the English language.

Because of his great interest in children, Kingsley was able to make his books appeal to them and he has for this reason always been a favorite with the younger generation. In fact, he wrote a number of books especially for children, including "The Heroes", a re-telling of the stories of ancient Greece.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN
by Emily Dickson

*I like to see it top the miles,
And lick the valleys up.*



*And stop to feed itself at tanks:
And then, prodigious, stop*



*Around a pile of mountains,
And, caparivious, peer*



*In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pore*



CLASSIC COMICS

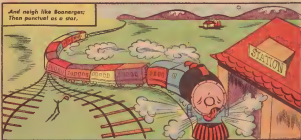
To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while



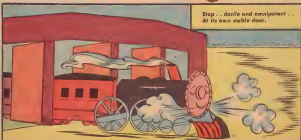
In haste, heeling steamer;
Then chase itself down hill



And neigh like Boomerang;
Then punctual as a star,



Stop... docile and unrepentant...
At its own stable door.



VICTORY MARCH

by EVELYN GOODMAN

THE ALLIED VICTORY MARCH made history. For unlike all conquerors of the past, the Allied army is one of liberation. That is the pattern of things to come. Wherever the armies of the United Nations move in, they are welcomed with a delicious delight by peoples who have suffered miserably under the heavy yoke of Axis domination.

The Allied march into North Africa was evidence of the tremendous welcome awaiting them in Europe and the Far East. Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, Bizerte . . . in short, every town taken over by them became at once a city of joy.

Algiers greeted itself in its grateful greeting to the Allied troops. The French . . . men, women, and children . . . poured into the streets, waving improvised Allied flags and carrying flowers and wine to the grumpy but happy soldiers who rumbled in on those big tanks that helped chase the Axis. The crowds cheered, wept, and applauded in hysterical joy . . . "You have been a long time in coming . . . but it was worth it!" an elderly Frenchman told a smiling British lieutenant as he wrung the soldier's hand in gratitude.

Tunis echoed even this welcome. The big Allied tanks rolled in during a driving rain that swept in from the Mediterranean, but the storm did not deter the populace. They surged out on the streets, and at the first sight of the tanks and long files of dusty infantry, they broke loose. They jumped aboard trucks, tanks and guns, shouting "Victoire!" . . . They pelted the soldiers with flowers and bombarded them with invitations to wine and dine at their homes. Some of the soldiers received kisses on both cheeks from enthusiastic men and women . . . A young girl kissed a slightly embarrassed, though grinning, British major . . . then her husband kissed him, too!

One elderly Frenchman, wearing the Legion of Honor in his lapel, stood quietly watching, and tears were rolling down his cheeks. That was not an unusual sight. Yes . . . emotions ran high that glorious day.

Nearly as satisfying to all those men engaged in the African campaign were the columns of prisoners marching slowly out of Tunis. Thousands of them passed slowly by American and

British guns, trucks, and tanks that signified the coming mighty Axis defeat. "We've got about 25,000 of them now!" shouted a British sergeant to an American buddy, pointing to the prisoners. "We'll have 90,000,000 before it's over!" was the Yank's answering shout.

Damage in Tunis outside of the bomb target areas . . . docks, and other military objectives . . . was slight. Occasionally and unavoidably a few bombs missed their objectives and fell in residential areas. Typical of the attitude of the civilians in this, was the remark of two elderly dress-makers whose shop had been ruined. "It was the R.A.F. and Americans who did it, so we don't mind at all. But if it had been the Boche . . . !"

Bizerte's reception to the American Second United States Corps that had captured the city was equally as overwhelming . . . The Germans abandoned Bizerte quicker than they did Tunis, but the victory was just as dear. Even Italians rejoiced. One Italian told an American, "Our German allies treated us the same as the conquered peoples of Europe. With you we KNOW our homes and lives will be safe."

One of the first concerns of the Allies when they take over a country is rehabilitation of the despoiled lands. Mine fields must be cleaned out, hunger wiped out, and men and industries put to work. As soon as they won Tunis, the Allies arranged for the shipment of 103 tons of lend-lease food and medicine for the weakened populace. All food distribution is under the supervision of British and American authorities.

The Germans, before fleeing Tripoli, Tunis, and elsewhere, smashed stores, looted grain elevators, and broke into houses, pillaging and robbing. This made the Allied problem of rehabilitation all the more difficult. When they entered Tripoli, the men of the English Army discovered that the people had not a morsel of bread in eat. Pot food ships soon arrived from Alexandria and other Allied shipping points.

It was no wonder then . . . when the Allies moved through North Africa in their march of victory . . . that the starved and spiritually beaten populace they liberated could not control their great demonstrations of joy.

THE COST OF CARELESSNESS*

by DAVID BUTLER, JR.

Joe Bologna was angry. This was the third time in one week the foreman had complained of his carelessness. "Well, thought Joe, "they can't find any men to hire, so they can't fire me anyway."

With that he dismissed the foreman from his mind, and turned back to the lathe where he was making breech bolts for Garand rifles.

As he turned, his elbow hit the tool rest, causing the tool to bite in deeply. Quickly he turned off the power, but the damage was done. . . . The bolt was deeply scored. "Now", thought Joe, "if I tell the foreman of this he will be very mad, so I'll just finish it and hope it won't be seen". He finished it, and the hurrying inspectors did not notice the cut. Soon it was put into a rifle that was boxed and sent to an Army camp.

Months later Private Bill Drecher got that rifle. He trained with it, was sent to The Solomons, and at last found himself sitting in a foxhole waiting for a long expected Jap charge. His commander yelled "All right boys, fire as soon as you see any of them." Bill detected a movement in the underbrush 150 yards away. He rained his

rifle and started shooting. He soon emptied his magazine and put in another clip.

Just then the Japs charged. Bill put his rifle to his shoulder and fired rapidly, emptying his clip in twenty seconds. He pushed in another and resumed shooting. His gun got hot then from fast firing and he burned himself putting in the new clip. He fired three shots, but when he pulled the trigger for the fourth it just snapped. He brought the gun down and noticed that the bolt was back. Quick! the Japs were almost there! Bill banged it against the side of the dugout. There was a click as the spring forced its way forward, and then he noticed that the bolt had snapped in half along the scored groove. Grounding his useless rifle he turned to fix his

bayonet. A Jap leaped up on the dirt mound in front of the foxhole . . . paused a second . . . and lunged with the long bayonet on his rifle gleaming in the sun.

Three days later, when the Americans pushed the Japs back again, they found Bill curled up in the bottom of his foxhole, his hand still on the half drawn bayonet, and the broken rifle that had cost him his life, beside him.



*This timely story which teaches a tragic lesson, won first prize in the Mamaroneck High School Short Story contest. David is fifteen years old.

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