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Two Years before The Mast

R.H. Dana, Jr.

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WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II—excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

CLUE I: I lived in a village in a valley not far from the eastern shore of the Hudson river.

CLUE II: I was courted by a very popular girl named Katrina Van Tassel. I had a host of rivals. The most persistent was the local schoolmaster. He was a rather superstitious fellow and very much intrigued by ghosts and goblins. He was especially intrigued by stories of the headless horseman, a spectre which was said to haunt the region.

CLUE III: A deadly feud arose between the schoolmaster and myself. He would not take the field openly against me and I was forced to resort to playing practical jokes. Once I smoked out the school by stopping up the chimney. On another occasion, I strung the schoolhouse furniture to the ceiling.

CLUE IV: One day the schoolmaster and I received invitations to a frolic at the Van Tassel mansion. Soon after the schoolmaster arrived, he began to dance with Katrina. Though I was jealous, I knew the night wasn't over yet. When the dance ended, the schoolmaster was attracted to a group telling ghost stories. Most of these stories were about the terrific spectre of the valley, the headless horseman.

CLUE V: When I joined the group, I told a hair raising story about the headless horseman. It was plain that the schoolmaster was so frightened as he was intrigued. At length, the revel broke up. The schoolmaster was the last to leave. It was almost the witching hour when he started on the long ride home. The exciting climax of our rivalry can be found in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* by Washington Irving.

—SINCE BORN—

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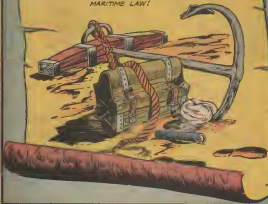
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TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

R.H. Dana, Jr.

With due admiration for the knowledge of professional detail, I feel that enthusiasm will overcome the want of acquaintance. . . . Such was the conviction of the strong young man who lived and wrote this account of his days in the American Merchant Service before the sail-less, spar-less days of engine driven hulks, when the sea brewed a witchery seasoned with hardships, and the great ships that dipped into Neptune's briny cup quaffed the gall of drudgery. It is not the pleasant memoirs of the pleasure-seeking passenger, nor the anniversary speech of 'Lord Paramount,' the Captain, but the unexaggerated testimony of a voice from the fore-castle. . . . Presenting such shocking evidence of the seaman's life that it revolutionized the entire administration of maritime law!



ON THE MORNING OF JULY 14, 1874, THE BRIG "PIPER" IN BOSTON HARBOR, TAKES CREW.



YOU MUST BE THE UNDERGRADUATE FROM CAMBRIDGE. I HEARD ABOUT, EH, HARRY?

I WAS HOPE THESE CLOTHES MADE ME LOOK LIKE AN OLD SALT, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS MY FIRST SAIL. TRYING TO GIVE MY EYES A BERTH, USED AT MY DOCTOR'S SUGGESTION.



FOLLOW ME, MATE. I'LL SHOW YOU THE STEERAGE WHERE YOU BUNK.

STEERAGE!



THIS OUGHT TO BE EXTREMELY COMFORTABLE!

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH, THEY MAY MOVE YOU AFT. UNTIL THEN, THE STEERAGE IS AT YOUR SERVICE, FELLOW.



HEY YOU, WE'RE GOING WOODS! BERTH! GOOD, THE FIRST WATCH, YOU'LL BE RELIEVED AT EIGHT BELLS.

YEE, SIR, SIR. AYE, AYE, MATE.



THROUGHOUT THE CALM, STARRY NIGHT, AT ANCHOR, IN A SAFE HARBOR, ODDA KEEPS A VIGILANT WATCH... UNTIL EIGHT BELLS.



THE NEXT MORNING, CAPTAIN THOMPSON SUMMONS HIS CREW BEFORE HIM.

WE HAVE BEGUN A LONG VOYAGE, IF WE GET ALONG TOGETHER, WE'LL HAVE A COMFORTABLE TIME. IF NOT WE'LL HAVE A FLOATING HADES. IF WE PULL TOGETHER, YOU'LL FIND ME A CLEVER FELLOW. IF WE DON'T, YOU'LL FIND ME A SLOBOY. BLASPHEMOUS! NOW GET TO WORK! I WANT MIND IN THOSE SAILS... IN A HURRY!



WE OUGHT TO HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT, DANA. WE'RE BOTH FROM BOSTON AND TAKING OUR FIRST SAIL.

MY PLEASURE, SMITH. I WAS JUST THINKING WHAT MY FRIENDS AT HOME WOULD SAY IF THEY COULD SEE ME NOW.



THE HORN BARKS ABOARD AND IT IS AGAIN NIGHT, WITH DANA AND SMITH TAKING THE FIRST WATCH.

THIS IS A STROKE WHEN WE'D BETTER WARN THE CAPTAIN.

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE ANGRISQUE, MATE? LOOK, WE'RE COMING OUR RELIEF NOW.



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS WIND, MATE?

YOU MEN DO BELLOW AND DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL BE CALLED IF WE'RE NEEDED.



I KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO BE A STORM. LISTEN TO THAT RAIN BEAT THE SEA.



ALL HANDS ABOARD, BLUKEY!











RIGHTS
LATER.

SOMEHOW I CANT
FIND THE WATCH.
THE NIGHTS ARE
SO BEAUTIFUL AT
SEA.

THAT'S FINE
YE CAN CARRY
ON WITHOUT
ME, HATE.



AND FOSTER OUTBASED
HIS RANK BY BREAKING
A GOLDEN RULE.



BLAST YE
THEY WALKING
IN SLEEP WITH A
JOB TO DO!

ER...AYE, AYE,
CAPTAIN!



IN DAWN'S LIGHT, THE ENTIRE
CREW IS SUMMONED.

I WANT YE TO KNOW FOSTER
IS NO LONGER FIRST MATE. A
SPECIALTY OF THE SEA GIVES
YE THE RIGHT TO SELECT
ANOTHER.



I'M GLAD YE RECOGNIZE
THE FACT THAT I'M THE
ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS
WHO TO REPORT, AND
THAT'S IN HALL.
FOSTER'S WILL GO
TO THE ROSE-
CASTLE AS A
COMMON
SEAMAN.

WELL,
I'LL GO.



HE BROKE ME.
I'LL GET EVEN.



THE RESCUE LASTS AN HOUR. SHARK TAILS SWAMP THE SURFACE AS THEY OAST BY THE SCENT MEN WHO SCAM THE WAVES, HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT THEIR FATE HAD NOT SURRENDERED TO THE MASTER OF THE ALL... THE SEA!



WITHIN SIGHT OF THE PEVAL COLONY, JUAN PROVADES, THEY ARE CALLED BY A CHIEFMAN OF WAR.



AND THERE! SAID
"HULLAH" FROM
BORTON... REPORTING
THE ONE HUNDRED
DAVE AT SEA!

ANDER DOWN...
BUT ALL MUST STAY
ABOARD THAT
NIGHT.



IN THE GRAY DAWN...

HEY, NEW LEAPIN' DAVE,
HE WANTS YOU...
TURNS TO GO
ABOARD, MAYBE
WE'LL GET A CHANCE
TO TRADE WITH THE
NATIVES... LET'S GO!



WHAT ARE
WE WAITING
FOR?

TOW THE BARK!
MIGHT'VE KNOWN
THAT BLACK HEATED
DEVIL HAD A TRICK
IN MAKING SUCH
AN ORDER, MORE
WORK!



WH... NEED MORE WATER, THAT'LL
KEEP 'EM BUSY, TOO MUCH TIME
FOR RELAXING ISN'T GOOD FOR
ANY MAN, I'LL GIVE 'EM A
SHORE LEAVE.



AND SO, THEY ARE
MET BY A GUARD.



AND WE
CAME FOR
WATER.

YOU'LL HAVE TO CLIMB THE
HILL TO GET IT, MEN, IT'S
STUCK UP AND MUDDY
DOWN HERE.

A RISE SHORE
BEAT THE IS!
HILL CLIMBING,
NOW!





ADDS, SINCERELY SAYS, "I HOPE YOUR NEXT STOP FOR WATER GIVES YOU LESS TROUBLE THAN YOU FOUND HERE."

THANK YE, MAN. AS MUCH WORK AS WE HAVY, I DON'T BAVY YOUR LONESOME JOB!



DO YEE FINALLY BACK TWE NEWS FOR YE. THE CARO WE BEAK IS TO BE SOLD EAKH THE SHIP'S DECK, INSTEAD OF THE SHORE. KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT?



DO WE KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, HIS BUSINESS ASKS, "TAKE A HENDIN', BOON, CLEAN AND WORKIN'. THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS!"

A YE, MANK A SALES COUNTER, TOO, IF YOU PLEASE!



WORK, WORK, AND MORE WORK! I THINK OF IT JUST TO TRYTAIN US, 'E GOOD!



CAPTAIN, SIR, SMITH AND I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU, SIR, IF WE COULD MOVE TO THE FORECASTLE, SIR. WE BELIEVE WE'VE HAD THE NECESSARY EXPERIENCE TO BE FULL-FLEDGED SEAHEN!

BETTER, TOO, GOOD FOR STEERAGE, EH?



I'LL GRANT YE THAT REQUEST. I CAN SEE WHERE YE HEDD BETTER SLEEPIN' QUARTERS TO GIVE YE MORE STRENGTH FOR WORK. WE'LL BE BRUFTING TWE SHIP INSIDE AND OUT, SENDS THAT LITTLE MESSAGE BACK TO THE CREW WITH YE!

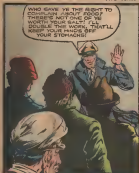
YES, SIR.



FROM EVERY DIRECTION, UNREST GROWS.

CHARGED OUR BREAD BATHIN' AGAIN? THERE'S NOT ENOUGH HERE TO SERVE ONE MAN!

WHY DON'T YE SEE, THE CAPTIN?



ENTERING THE HARBOR OF SANTA BARBARA, THEY SPY AN ENGLISH SHIP, THE CREW OF WHICH ARE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.





LATER, WHEN THE CAPTAIN RETURNS TO THE "ALGON" WITH PASSENGERS FOR THE MONTEREY, THE SKY IS GATHERING BLACK SQUALL CLOUDS.



THEY ARE IN DEEP WATERS WHEN THE WIND BREAKS INTO A FURY ABOUT THEM. THE CREW OBEYS THE ORDER FOR MORE SAIL, KNOWING WELL THEY HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH ALREADY.



SUNDAY, THE ONE DAY THE CREW MAY CALL THEIR OWN. TO ATTEND TO PERSONAL DUTIES SUCH AS MENDING OR WASHING CLOTHES, FISHING OR BATHING AT THE BULK. BUT THIS SUNDAY...



STALLING ABOUT, EH? YE'LL KEEP GOING 'TIL ALL REPAIRS ARE FINISHED IF IT TAKES YE A WEEK OF NIGHTS! MOVE YOUR HANCS! WORK, YE BLOTTERS!

GO AHEAD! JER, YE BLOODY BLAVERS!



AWAY HATES! GOOD NEWS! I'VE PERSUADED THE CAPT'N TO LET YE GO FISHIN' AFTER YE FINISH!



WAL, NOW! THAT'S VERY CONSIDERATE OF 'IS MAJESTY!

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE, MAN, WE'RE GOING ASHORE, AREN'T WE?



WITH WHOSE PERMISSION? THE MATE GODDAMN, IS TOO MUCH. IF THE MEXICAN CUSTOMS AUTHORITIES WEREN'T COMIN' AROUND TO INSPECT OUR CARGO, I'D FIND SOMETHIN' BETTER FOR YE TO DO THAN FISHIN'! AN' YE CAN GO THAT FISH JEWEL BOATS!



SAY! HOW LONG ARE YE GOIN' TO HOLD US FROM OUR WORK?

SURELY A FEW HOURS! WON'T SPOIL YOUR DAY, SENOR. WE FIND EVERYTHIN' IN ORDER.

PAY THE DUTY, SENOR, AND WE'LL BE GLAD TO LEAVE!





THE "FLESH" DROPS ANCHOR AND HIS CREW BLOODY-LOOKS FORWARD TO A SESSION OF COLLECTING THE CARGO OF RAW HIDES.



DARK-FACED SPANARDS STEWBLEE THEIR CARTS ACROSS THE ROCKY BATH TO DELIVER THE STIFF, DRY HIDES TO THE BEACH.



HEAVY AND AWKWARD, THE HIDES MUST BE KEPT DRY AS THEY ARE WAGED TO THE SMALL BOATS THAT WILL FERRY THEM TO THE SHIP.

THE BLOODY HEAT'S ENOUGH TO FINISH A MAN!



ANDY, CREW! WE WORK LIKE ANTS, TRY LUGGING THEM TWO AT A TIME, CALIFORNIA STYLE!

THE HAN MUST BE HAID, TWO AT A TIME!



CLUMSY DAF! I OUGHT TO HAVE YOU HELD UNDER WATER FOR A WEEK!

OH! SLIPPERY ROCK!

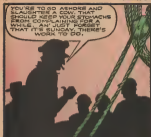


FINALLY THE TIRED CREW AND THE IRATE CAPTAIN RETURN TO THE SHIP AFTER A DAY OF STEADY LABOR ON THE SUN-SWEET BEACH.

GET THE CLOUD OF SLEEP OFF YER FACES! WE'RE SHIFTIM CARGO, SO THE ORCKS TO BE SWARDED DOWN! HELP YOUSSELVES TO THE HOPS, OR MUST I HAND THEM TO YE?

HE GOES TOO FAR... THERE'LL BE MURDER!





PERSONAL BUSINESS, BUT HE BRINGS BACK ANOTHER OFFICER. AN US SHIRT HANDED FOR A CREW.

THE NEXT PORT, SAN PEDRO, USABLE FROM THE SHIP IS THE SHACK ATOP THE STEEP, BREAK CLIFFS WHERE WATCHMEN AWAIT THEM.



WHAT DO YE MEAN THE CARTS CAN'T BE HAILED TO THE BEACH?

HIDE 'EM TOO HEAVY. TOO MUCH WORK. YOU WANT, YOU DO!

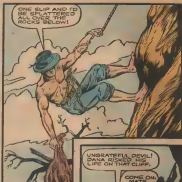


WE CAN'T WASTE ALL THAT TIME. WE'LL COME ABOUT BENEATH THE CLIFFS AND THE HORSE CAN BE TOSSED DOWN TO THE DECK.



CLEAR OFF BELOW!





WHILE IN THE GALLERY ON BOARD, CAPTAIN THOMPSON TURNED HIS WRATH ELSEWHERE

WE'VE GOT AN IMPUDENT WAG ABOUT YE THAT I DON'T LIKE.

THAT'S AN UNTRUTH, CAPTAIN.



DON'T STAND ABOUT MEN, THEE'S GENOALS TRUCKLE BREWIN' THERE.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YE AND THE SULLEN WAYS ABOUT YE!



DROPPING HARLINE SPIKES
FROM THE MAINMAST ON
SHIFLESS, CLUMSY DOG!



SEIZE HIM UP!
EAGLE SPREAD
HIM!

AWE,
SIR!



JOHN! HOLD BACK,
MAN. THIS IS NO
TIME FOR YOU TO
ACT UP!

I WANT TO
KNOW THE
REASON FOR
THAT DEVEL
TO BEAT SAM!



THERE'LL
SWEETEN
YOU. I'LL
BURY YOU
HERE FOR
YOUR JAW!



I DEMAND TO
KNOW WHY YE
LASH SAM.

OH, YE DO. I'M
THE CAPTAIN
'ROUND HERE.
NOBODY
QUESTIONS
ME!



DO THEY
SAMP?





SOON JOHN'S BODY
CAME FORWARD,
HIS EYES CLOSED.

EASY HATE WE'LL
GET THE POOK DEVL
BELOW WITH SAH.

HOURS LATER JOHN
APPEARS ON DECK.

I FIND IT NECESSARY TO ASK
YE FOR SOME BALM OR BALSAM
MY BACK PAINS SOMETHING
EVL, AS DOES
POOK SAM'S.

POOK SAH, EH?
BUT YOUR
SHIRT IS
THAT'S THE
BEST CURE.
NOBODY'S
LAYING TO LAY
UPON BOARD
THIS VESSEL.

THAT'LL HOLD YE!



YE BOTH CAN HAVE
THE PLEASURE OF
TAKIN ME TO
SHORE. THAT'LL
MAKE YE FOR-
GET SOME
BACKS. DANA
WILL GIVE A
HAND, ALSO.



GIVE WAY,
GIVE WAY!



SILENCE REIGNED, BUT EACH HATE
KNOWS IN HIS HEART THAT THE BEST
OF THE VOYAGE WILL BE INTOLERABLE
UNDER CAPTAIN THOMPSON'S RUTH-
LESS TYRANNY. YET TO LIFT A HAND
AGAINST HIM WOULD BE MUTINY
TO GIVE KNOWS HIM A REASON
WITH THESE GLOOMY THOUGHTS THE
MEN SEND PAIN-KICKEN BACKS TO
THE HEAVY GAINS.

ON THE BEACH, DANA LEARNS THAT HE WILL REMAIN WITH THE CAPTAIN TO GUARD A SUPPLY OF HIDES DURING THE NIGHT.

YE TWO CAN SHED ANY EXTRA GEAR AND LEAVE THEM. IT BLOWS COLD ON THIS STRETCH DURING THE NIGHT.

THANKS, JOHN.

ALL I HAVE IS THIS JACKET, MATE.



AND AFTER THE LONG, BITTER COLD NIGHT, DANA BEHINDS THE DARKNESS, BRINGS THE CREW-COOKING TO JACK UP MEN AND CARGO.

TELL 'EM TO MOVE! BE-FOR-RE WE CAN DO CARGO, WE'RE GONNA TO SAN DIEGO!



HAVING A GOOD BREEZE AND STEADY HAULING WIND, THE CALIFORNIANS ENTER THE HARBOR OF SAN DIEGO, BUT THE CURRENT SHOWS UNEXPECTED STRENGTH.



THE ANCHOR CAN'T BRING THEM UP AND THEY DRIFT HEAVILY ON, INTO THE LAGODA'S BROADSIDE.





WE'RE BEARING DOWN ON THE
LOCATE, BLAST YE! THERE'S
NOT ENOUGH CHAIN FORWARD
OF THE WINDLESS!
PAY OUT CHAIN,
YOU SEA
DOGS!



THE DEVIL TAKE YE ALL!
WE'RE STILL DRIFTING!
ANCHOR MUST HAVE
POOLED UP!
THE APACUCHO!



AWAY, MATE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT CAPTAIN OF YOURS? DOES HE INTEND SINKING HIS SHIP WITH HIM WHEREVER HE GOES? HA, HA, HA

THAT SHOULD HOLD HIM.

BLAST 'EM! THEY'LL PLAGUE ME FOREVER ABOUT THIS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY SENSE A LONG-AWAITED SHORE LEAVE.

WHEN WE GET TO THE GROW HOUSE, SARK, IT'S THE CUSTOM FOR EVERY MATE TO BUY A SCHOONER FOR THE BEST OF THE CREW. AN' IF YE DON'T, THEY'LL THINK YE'RE A PRUDE.

EACH MATE IS AWARE THAT POSTER IS SPOONING, BUT THEY SAY NOTHING AS IS THE UNWRITTEN RULE OF SEA-GOING MEN.

SARK! BOTH THE AIR AND COMPANY IN HERE ARE SOUL. I'M GOING TO GO SIGHTSEEING!

HE BROKE ME THE SLIGHTER. I'LL FIX HIM.



I'M GOING TO RIDE AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE, SARK. I'LL HAVE YOUR HORSE BACK IN AN HOUR.

SO-

MEANWHILE, POSTER POURS OUT HIS HEART TO THE DISRESPECTED NATIVES.

FLISSIN' AN' BROWIN' MEN DOWN! THAT'S THE SPECIALTY OF CAPTAIN THOMPSON, MATE. THAT'S THE KIND OF A SCURVY EEL HE IS.

CLEAR, SARK?



HE'LL NEVER GET TO FLOG ME... THOUGH HE'D LIKE AN EXCUSE TO.

NO, NO, NO, BUT POSTER IS LAGGIN' BEHIND US, MATE. HE AIN'T IN THE BEST OF HUMOR.



IN THE ENSULFING QUIET OF THE NIGHT, POSTER ELDS PART THE WATCH, HIS SCANT POSSESSIONS CLUTCHED IN HIS FIST, HE SWINGS OVER THE RAIL AND DROPS

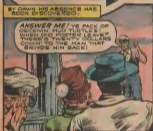


MADE IT!



GOODBYE, PILGRIM! I'VE SEEN THE LAST OF POSTER! HE MAY HAVE BOOKE MY RANK, BUT YE'LL NOT GET THE CHANCE TO BREAK MY BACK!

BY DAWN HIS ABSENCE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.



ANSWER ME! YE'VE BACK OF OCEAN' MUD TURTLES! WHEN DID POSTER LEAVE? THERE'S TWENTY DOLLARS DOWN TO THE MAN THAT BRINGS HIM BACK!

BUT A LITTLE AMOUNT OF MONEY HAS BOUGHT POSTER A HAVEN ON THE BEACH IN A NATIVE ABODE, AND HE AWAITS THE PILGRIM'S SAILING.



THAT SHE GOES, BLAST HER.

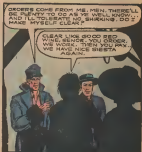
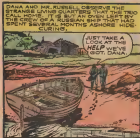
YOU SARE NOW, MR. POSTER.

EASTER SUNDAY FINDS THEM IN SANTA BARBARA, A NEIGHBORING ITALIAN VESSEL HAS ALLOWED HER CREW A THREE DAY CELEBRATION, BUT THE PILGRIM SHIPS ARE SCHEDULED TO TAKE DOWN SAIS.



KEEP YOUR EYES OFF THAT BLASTED ITALIAN VESSEL! IF ALL THEY'VE GOT TO DO IS MOOP ABOUT, LET 'EM. ANOTHER THING, I'LL SKIN ALIVE THE MAN THAT'S BEEN TELLIN' THE NATIVES NOT TO WORK FOR ME IF I CATCH 'EM!

POSTER'S WORK.



THE PROCESS OF HIDE-CURING WAS SLOW, TORDOUS AND UNROMANTIC. SCORCH, BRESH CUT FROM THE BULLDOG WERE CUT ALONG THE SPINES IN HOLES TO BE STAKED OUT TO DRY.

THE SUN BAKING PREVENTED SHRINKAGE.



AT LOW TIDE THE HIDES WERE GATHERED IN SHALLOU BAYS, MADE BAST BY SCORCH AND ROCKS TO AVOID THE RISING TIDE TO WASH OVER THEM. EACH MAN HANDLED 35 HIDES A DAY.



TIDE'S GOING OUT STRONG, TOO!



THEN WERE TONED AWAY IN WHEEL-BARROWS FOR THE NEXT STEP IN CURING...



... WHICH WAS THE CUTTING AWAY OF BAD PARTS THAT WOULD CORRUPT IF STOWED IN A VESSEL. THIS CURING WAS CONSIDERED THE MOST CRUCIAL PART OF THE JOB. BEGINNERS SUFFERED BACK-ACHES AND EVEN WITKANS FELT THE STEAM OF THE WORK THAT HAD TO BE FINISHED BY NOON.



NEXT THE HOOPS WERE PLACED IN WATS OF SALT WATER WHICH AGAIN CLEANED AND ALSO SORTED THEM.



FINALLY THEY WERE THROWN ACROSS HORIZONTAL POLES ONE AT A TIME AND WHEN DRY BURNED WITH FLAME TO REMOVE ALL DUST.



THIS SALTED, SCORPED, CLEANED, DRIED AND BURNED, THEY WERE STOWED AWAY TO AWAIT THE VESSELS THAT WOULD BRING THEM TO SUCH PORTS AS BOSTON HARBOR FOR CONVERSION.



WE HAVE SOME SPARE TIME, LAD AND A NEED OF KINDLING WOOD. WHERE DO WE GET IT?



NICHOLAS WILL TAKE YOU TO THE HILLS, BRENK. YOU FOLLOW, SI?

I DO THE WAY YOU GATHER WOOD HERE, AHSO.



AS YOU CAN NOOK, WHEW! WHAT A DISTANCE WE'VE GOT TO FETCH IT!



BATTLE! I DARE NOT MOVE!

NICHOLAS!



DO NOT MOVE, SPYGLASS DANA!

PERHAPS YOU GOT HIM, MATE!



THANKS, YOUNGESTER! THAT WAS A TIMELY RESCUE. NOW LET'S GET THE WOOD BACK TO THE 'OVEN'. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!

MANY ISLANDS IN THESE PARTS OF COUNTRY, BUT NICHOLAS NO FEAR THEM!

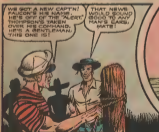


WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT? WHY THE A SAIL! IT'S THE 'ALBERT'!



AHOO, MATE! WE'VE NEWS FOR YE!

SOON THE CREW IS UNLOADING BOGS FROM THE 'ALBERT'... FOR ANOTHER ROUND OF HILICUSING.



WE GOT A NEW CAPTIN! FALCON'S HIS NAME. HE'S OFF OF THE 'ALBERT'! TRIPPON'S TAKEN OVER HIS COMMAND. HE'S A GENTLEMAN. THIS ONE IS!

THAT NEWS WOULD SOUND GOOD TO ANY BOLD MAN'S GARD, MATE!





HOWDY DANIA, HEARD ABOUT YE FROM THE CREW GUYS. YOU'LL WELCOME THIS MAIL AND MEAD-ING MATTER FROM BOSTON. SHE'VE EVEN BROUGHT SOME OVEN SAYS YE CAN MAKE YOURSELF A NEW GUTTIT!

THAT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU, CAPTAIN FALCON!



CARGO UNLOADED, THE FLOKIN' BERT'S SAIL WINDWARD.

AHISE! SMOOTH SAILING, MATED.



WILL ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS CURE THIS NEW BATCH OF HOGS AND WAIT FOR THE "ALEXTY."

WE CAN DO FEEDING, SENDS. THEY LEFT UP BOOKS.

LIFE ON THE BEACH WAS DULL.

ASIDE FROM THE TREE SKIRT IN CLIVING GAIN HOGS, THE NEW SCOUT ANY FORM OF AMUSE-MENT THEY PRE-SENTED ITSELF AND THE JUST SPORT OF FEED-ING AND BEE-ING COMED BY ALL, PARTICULARLY WITH THE PRO-SPECTS OF OTCO AND A "JEWELRY SARK."

AND SOON THE KANAKAS (SANDWICH ISLANDERS) ARE SHOWING THEM HOW IT'S DONE.



LOOK AT HIM SLASH THE WATER! THAT LINE WILL NEVER HOLD HIM.

HOLD TIGHT, SENDS! HE MAY PULL THE BOAT OVER!

THE FURY OF THE FIGHTING SHAKS THE STOUT LINE, BUT UNABASHED AND UNCOUNTED, THE NATIVE DIVES INTO THE CHURNING WATERS AFTER HIM.



HE GOES TO GET LING AGAIN.



PULL, ANBOR, PULL!
WE TONY JOHNNY
SHARK TO BEACH!



HE FIGHT LIKE DEVILFISH!
TASTE MY KNIFE, JOHNNY!
DON'T STOP CLUBBING HIM.
HE NO GET AWAY THIS
TIME!



SO HE GOT AWAY
AFTER ALL!

SAW HE SEE YOU
STRONG FOR US!

BEST LET HIM GO!
HE WANT VERY
FLUSH TO LIVE!



THE WATCH FOR THE ALBERT IS CONSTANT.
ASUAL WILL RELEASE THE TWO MEN
FROM THEIR LONG STRETCH OF DUTY
ASHORE.

STILL NO
SIGN OF
HER...

I WONDER IF THE SHIP
ARRIVED WITH
CAPTAIN
THORPENT?



FINALLY, ONE NIGHT A CHEERFUL GHOUL
IS HEARD ACROSS THE BEACH.

WAKE UP,
BARROO!
SAL-RO!



THE "ALBERT," A TORSAL SCHOONER, PULLS
IN CLOSE TO THE BEACH.

ANDY!

WELCOME
MATE!

CAPTAIN THOMPSON
WAS I REQUEST A
CHANGE, SIR. THE
BRACKENING IS
GETTING ME DOWN.
TO LIKE TO SHIP OUT
WITH YOU ON THE
"ALERT" WHEN YOU
LEAVE.

SHIP OUT, SIR? WELL I'VE
NO OBJECTION TO THAT
IF YOU CAN FIND A PLACE
WILLING TO TAKE YOUR
PLACE HERE ON THE
BRACK.

AFTER QUESTIONING MEMBERS OF THE
"ALERT'S" CREW, DANA FINALLY ENCOUNTERS
THE ONE MAN THAT AGREES TO MAKE
THE CHANGE.

FRANKY HATE,
I DON'T SEE WHY
YOU PREFER THE
BRACK.

I DON'T LIKE SHIPIN'
OUT IN WINTER. NEVER
DID, TOO
COLD.

AND SO DANA BOARDS THE "ALERT"
BUT WHAT HE HOPES IS THE VOYAGE
THAT WILL BRING HIM HOME TO BOSTON.

COMPARED TO
THE "FLORIN"
SHE'S A BEAUTY.

UNLIKE THE "FLORIN'S" RIGID SCHEDULE,
THE CREW OF THE "ALERT" HAVE A
HALF HOUR BREAKFAST.

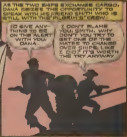
THIS IS A PLEASURE! A
MATE GOT A CHANCE
TO WAKE UP BEFORE HE
KINDS HIMSELF
EMBARASSING DOWN A
DECK, OR SOME
OTHER DUTY.

BRACKEN, AND SPEEDY,
THE "ALERT" HOBBES WHO
WAS TO JOIN THE
"FLORIN" IN ANOTHER
PORT.

AS THE TWO SHIPS EXCHANGE CARGO,
DANA SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO
SPEAK WITH HIS CREWMATE SMITH WHO IS
STILL WITH THE "FLORIN'S" CREW.

TO GIVE ANY-
THING TO BE
ON THE "ALERT"
WITH YOU,
DANA.

I DON'T BLAME
YOU, SMITH. WHY
DON'T YOU TRY TO
GET ONE OF THE
MATES TO CHANGE
OVER SHIPS. LIKE
I DID. IT'S WORTH
THE TRY ANYWAY.





WELL, NICHOLAS, NEXT PORT IS SAN DIEGO... AND SMITH IS STILL ON THE "PLIGHT," GUSSIE HE COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO MAKE AN EXCHANGE WITH HIM.

WHILE AT ANCHOR, TWO OLD SEAFARERS, THE "LOBOTS" AND "WAVALLONS" HAD ALWAYS SIGNED UP NEXT TO THEM, OFFER A TIDBIT OF HOME NEWS.



ANDY ALERT DID YOU HEAR THAT FRANCE AND THE STATES WERE GOING TO WAR OVER AN UNPAID DEBT?

ANDY "LOBOTE" DUMP THAT NEWS INTO THE BRINE! THE LATEST IS THAT THE WHOLE SITUATION WAS SETTLED UP FRIENDLY LIKE!

THEIR SHIP'S LEAVE IS SOON THREATENED BY A SUDDEN GATHERING OF STORM CLOUDS.



DEAT THE LUCK!

THE ARRIVAL OF RAIN AND WIND SENDS THE MEN SCOURING BACK TO THEIR RESPECTIVE VESSELS.





CAPTAIN THOMPSON,
LOOK! THE "LOSCOTE"
SHE'S ABOUT!

STRAINING AGAINST THE
WIND, BOTH THE "WYCUCHO"
AND "ALERT" MAKE FOR THE
UNDER-MANNED VESSEL,
THAT MOVES SWIFTLY NAKED
OF SAIL.



EVERY HAND ON BOTH BRIGGS
IS NOW WORKING FURIOUSLY,
THE COLD-BLINDING RAIN WHIPS
AGAINST THEIR FACES, BUT
THEY FINALLY MANAGE TO
SNAG THE DECKLETS WITH TOW
LINES.



REASSURED THAT THE
"LOSCOTE" IS SAFE AGAIN,
THE "ALERT" MOVES TO HER
SPENCER SAILS.



SEND YOUR BACKS, THE HUNT
WORKS! OUR NEXT PORT WILL BE
SAN FRANCISCO AND WE'LL BE
DRYING HIDES ON THEIR DECKS.
TOM WILL KNOW WHAT IT IS TO
ACHE!



TWO DAYS PAST, BUT RAIN STILL POURS
DOWN WITH HEAVY SAILS AS THE
"ALERT" ENTERS THE PORT OF SAN
FRANCISCO.





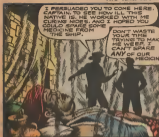


CAPTAIN THOMPSON PROCEEDED TO LOOK ABOUT FOR HIS HATE, MR. RUSSELL, WHO STRANGELY ENOUGH DIDN'T COME TO THE BEACH TO GREET THEM.



EARLY THE FOLLOWING DAY THE ALERT'S CLEARED OF MOST OF THE CREW AND ALL CARED TO PREPARE FOR THE BURNING OF CHARCOAL AND SULPHUR... A RUMSATING PROCESS.





I PERSUADED YOU TO COME HERE, CAPTAIN, TO SEE HOW ILL THIS NATIVE IS. HE WORKED WITH ME DURING HOPE'S, AND I HOPED YOU COULD BRING SOME MEDICINE FROM THE SHIP.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TRYING TO MAKE ME WELL. I CAN'T SPARE ANY OF OUR MEDICINE!



MERCILESS BLOKE! HE MUST HAVE A STEEL HEART!

SAIL HO! IT'S THE BRIG TUGGINS' MATE!

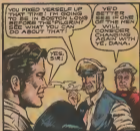


LATER...

DANA! COME HERE, YE'D A WORD WITH YE!

I UNDERSTAND YOU MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO COME BACK TO BOSTON WITH ME, DANA?

AYE, CAPTAIN!



YOU FIXED YERSELF UP THAT TIME! I'M GOING TO BE IN BOSTON LONG BEFORE THE FUGGIN' SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT THAT!

YES, SIR!

YE'D BETTER BE SURE YE GIVE ONE OF THE MEN WILL CONSIDER CHANGING AGAIN WITH YE, DANA.



WHAT DO YOU SAY, MATE? SIX MONTHS OF MY SALARY, FIVE BOOKS AND MY CLOTHES IS THE OFFER I MAKE TO SWITCH PLACES WITH ONE OF YE!



HE CAN'T RESIST THAT, MATE! YOU'RE ON! I'M IN NO BLOOMIN' MERRY TO 'GO ANY PLACE'!

LEAVE IT TO ENGLISH MEN, THE LIKEY!

WE'VE GOT NO USE FOR A MATE WHO CAN BUY HIS WAY AROUND SHIPS!



IT'S KIND OF YOU TO COME TO SEE THE NATIVE, CAPTAIN CALCOM, HE'S SERIOUSLY STRICKEN AND IN GREAT PAIN.

I ADMIRE YOUR CONCERN ABOUT THE MAN, DANA, THOUGH I'M NOT SURE I CAN BE A HELP.



HMM. WED BETTER SEND WHAT MEDICINE WE CAN SPARE FROM THE SHIP.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!



LIFE IS ALWAYS SHORTER THAN WE CALCULATE, WHICH REMINDS ME... I UNDERSTAND YOU DON'T WANT TO SPEND ALL OF YOURS AT SEA, DANA.

NO, SIR! I'M GLAD THE NEXT PORT WILL BE BOSTON... HOME!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A FULL TIDE, THE ALERT SPARROW HEADS FOR OPEN WATER.



BUT SUDDENLY A WEST WIND BLASTS THROUGH HER TIBBERS AND THE BOATS PLE WHIP WITH THE SURGE BLAST OF A HOLEYBUSH THAT HAS BROKEN ITS LEASH.



A DEFT WAVE THUNDER TO, CRASHING THE STURDY DECK. IT WRENCHES A SWEEP PEN FROM ITS LASHES AND SWEEPS IT HEADLONG INTO THE DEEP.

THE FREEZING BLASTS OF WIND BEGAN THE BLINDING RAN INTO PELLETS OF ICE.

INADEQUATELY DRESSED FOR SUCH WEATHER, THE MEN SLIPPED THE CLIMBERS UNABLE TO ABANDON THEIR POSTS. DANNA'S OUTRIG BOATS HIM HIGH ON THE ROBBINS.

"OH!
TOOTHACHE!"

THIS CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE WILL BRING HAVOC WITH THE CREW'S HEALTH.

ABRUPTLY THE STORM VANISHES AND A GREY CALM SPREADS OVER SEA AND SKY. A CRY OF "CALM HO!" RINGS ACROSS THE DECKS, BUT LATER THEY DISCOVER THE "CALM" TO BE A GIANT ICEBERG.

AS IF NATURE WOULD DISPLAY EVERY ITEM IN HER BAG OF TRICKS, A FURTHER-UPPER SHED OF FOG ENVELOPES THE SHIP. DANNA'S TOOTHACHE IS UNBELIEVED NOR CAN HE GO BELOW TO TREAT IT.

"IF I EVER
SEE HORN
AGAIN..."

IN AN EFFORT TO CHEER THE MISERIES OF THE MEN, CAPTAIN THOMPSON ORDERS STEAMING COFFEE SERVED ON DECK.



AT THE STRAITS OF MABELLAN THE SKY AND SEAS EXTEND A PLACID WELCOME.



AHOY THERE! WHO ORDERED THAT EXTRA SALT? TAKE IT DOWN!



DAYS OF CALM AND RESTLESS MEN BREED MUTINY. THE CREW HAS DISAGREED WITH THEIR CAPTAIN OVER THE HOISTING OF SAIL TO CATCH ANY BREATH OF AIR THAT MAY MOVE THEM HOMEWARD.

A GENTLE BOLT OCCURS, BUT THE SAILS REMAIN SLACK.



AND IN THE MACE'S CABIN...

IT'S ONLY HE, THE CARPENTER, SIR. THERE ARE SOME THINGS GOING ON AMONG THE CREW I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.



HOW LONG DOES HE EXPECT US TO JUST STAND BY?



SAY, CAPTAIN, THE CARPENTER JUST TOLD ME IN PRIVATE THAT THERE'S BROODING' BIRDS ON THE MAIN. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, DO, THAT IT COULD MEAN TROUBLE AN...

WHAT? YOU MEAN MUTINY?



ALL HANDS AFT!



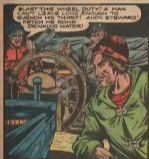


ANY MAN WHO ACTS UP ON THIS SHIP WILL BE IMPRISONED IMMEDIATELY! I DON'T WANT ANY EXTRA TROUBLE. THE SEA IS BRAVING US ENOUGH AS IT IS. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

NOW THAT WE'RE ON THE WAY HOME HIS LORDSHIP SEEMS TO BE SWEETENING UP! ALMOST ACTS HUMAN... FINALLY!



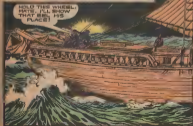
LOOK, MATE, WE'RE GOING 'ROUND CAPE HORN. THE SEAS ARE GETTING HIGH. WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE SPEED WE NEED.



BLAST THIS WHEEL, DUTY! A MAN CAN'T LEAVE LONG ENOUGH TO QUENCH HIS THROAT! ANDY STEWARD! FETCH ME SOME DRINKING WATER!



GET IT YOURSELF! I'M NO PERSONAL SERVANT!



HOLD THIS WHEEL, MATE. I'LL SHOW THAT BEL HIS PLACE!



SO YOUR DUTIES AEBN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YE! NO MAN SPEAKS THAT WAY TO ME AS LONG AS I'M FIRST MATE ON ANY VESSEL!



WHAT'S THIS? CAPTAIN'S
LASHING THE STEWARDS.
CAN'T SEE VERY WELL
FROM THIS TOP-GALLANT
YARD. GUESSES
I'LL STEP
DOWN.



DANA NEVER MADE A WISER MOVE
FOR HIM TWO FEET SO SOONER
TOUCH THE ROOFS WHEN THE
TOP-GALLANT SHIPS IN HALF.



BY THE BLAD,
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

ABRAHAM SCALDED WHILE CROSSING THE EQUATOR, THE MEN HAVE AMBLE TIME TO REGAIN ALL DANGER COME TO THE TOP-YARD MEANWHILE MUCH INTEREST IS SHOWN IN A DISTANT VESSEL THAT BEARERS THEIR LUCK OF COASTING WHOLESSE AND HOLSE MENSATH A LOW-HANGING MACKEREL SKY



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE TWO SHIPS PASSING CLOSE, CAPTAIN TROOPER SENDS HIS MEN FOR BOARD TO HOLD OFF THE SEAMAN'S DREADED BLIGHT, SCURVY.



"RAW POTATOES AND GARLIC, YET THEY TASTE BETTER THAN A ROAST SUCKLING PIG. AFTER ALL THE SALT WE'VE BEEN DOWNING."



THE GULF STREAM



AS THE ALERT FLOWS NORTH, COMING HEAD-ON AND NEARER HOME PORT, SCOURGERS ARE TAKEN TO GIVE THEM ADDED INFORMATION AS TO THEIR POSITION.

"STILL MUD, BUT WE'LL BE GETTING SAND BEFORE LONG. I'LL WAGER!"



AT LONG LAST THERE'S LAND
AHEAD. A SALUTE FROM THE
GUNNERS BLASTS OUT.



IT IS ONLY DAWN, BUT ALL MEN HAVE TURNED
OUT WITH A WILL, MORE THAN ANXIOUS TO DO
THEIR SHARE OF WORK.



WITH REHANTS FLYING THEY
GLIDE INTO THE BAY.



ON SHORE, "SUMMERS" HURRY TO
CARRY THE SAILORS' CHESTS.



"JUST VOICES YIELD A HOME-
COMING SONG THAT ECHOES THROUGH
THE DECK AS THEY ROUND TO IN THE
BAY. A SCORE OF CALLOUSED, WILY
TWO HANDS DROP THE ANCHOR AND
REACH TO EASE THE NIGHTY CABLES.
THE FIRST SIGHTY MINUTE AFTER
THE GUN TURN IS MADE FAST THE
DISPERSED CREW JOYOUSLY CLAMBER
TO DECKBY THE DECKS.

"THEN ALL IS SILENT ON THE GOOD
SHIP "ALERT" SAVE FOR THE RATTLE
CREAKING OF A BULLY BENTY BOTTLES
CONSIDERABLY OFF THE SHIP'S
WATERS THAT LAP AGAINST HER
SEA-WORN SIDES. A MARINER
GIVES A TWISTING GRIN AND HOLDS
HER TENDERLY TO THE MOORING.
SHE'S A BRIDE AND THIS SHIP
CARDS A LITTLE THAT THE DUTY
SHE'S PERFORMED WOULD SOME
DAY BRING INTO HER
TRADITION."

The End

Notes on the Life of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.



Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was born in 1815, in Cambridge, Mass., the son of a distinguished writer.

In 1836, while a student at Harvard, an attack of measles so weakened Dana that he was forced to discontinue his studies. Faced with a long convalescence, he decided to seek fortune in Europe, allowing to sail as a seaman. This two-year voyage changed the whole course of Dana's life.

On his return to Boston, he re-entered Harvard to complete his studies. In 1840 he opened a law office, devoting most of his legal career to marine cases. Particularly, he espoused the cause of the common seaman, he knew so well.

Two Years Before the Mast was the first accurate account of life at sea from the point of view of the ordinary sailor. Through many people

have written of the sea, most of them were men who called in gentlemen, "with their glasses on," as officers or passengers. In such capacity, they could have little contact with the sailors, the men "before the mast."

The reader everywhere for his suffering fellow-men, and the simple honesty that show so clearly in Dana's book, characterized his life. He did much to bring to the attention of the public the injustices practiced at sea, and he worked continually to improve the lot of the sailor.

In 1859, suffering from overwork, Dana made a voyage around the world. On his return, he was appointed by President Lincoln U. S. Attorney for Massachusetts.

In 1870 he went to Europe to prepare a book on International Law. Dana died in Rome in 1882.

DUGOUT TO DIESEL



STREAMS and rivers have always existed and so has the problem of how to cross them. In the time of the cavewoman, this problem was probably solved by the use of

a log that floated men across the water. Later, cavemen hollowed out these logs with shells or sharp stones and made a boat in which they could sit.

The earliest known ships were those of the Egyptians. These people, who lived on the shores of the Nile River, knew that with ships, the river could become a great road. We know what their ships looked like because they painted pictures of them on their tombs and palaces. The ships had oars, one square sail and the men stood as they rowed.

Although the Egyptians spent much of their time rowing up and down the Nile, the first really great sailors were the Phoenicians. They lived near the Mediterranean Sea and many of them were rich traders and merchants. These men were dependent upon ships for their living, and they used larger ships than the Egyptians did. Phoenician ships had high bows and sterns and sails, as well as many oars. To increase the speed and power of their ships, the Phoenicians used two rows of oars, one above the other.

Gradually, Phoenicia was replaced by Greece as the greatest sea power. The Greeks used ships mainly for war. The ships had a large beak of iron or bronze at the prow which could be driven into an enemy ship to sink it or smash the lines of oars. The Greeks painted eyes on the front of a ship so that it could "see" its way over rough water. The oars were

arranged in rows or banks called galleys.

In the early days of the galley, the crew was probably made up of sailors who elected a captain. Everyone would both fight and row. Then slowly a change came about, and two distinct classes developed. The officers and fighting men belonged to one class and the oarsmen to another. The job of the oarsmen was very strenuous and it was difficult to get free men to do it. Finally, in order to get men for the galleys, prisoners of war, as well as civil and political prisoners, were dragged from jail and impressed into service. A term in the galley was almost a death penalty. Those who lived to serve out their 7 years were released in such wretched condition they might better have died.

Life aboard the early Roman ships was also very hard. The Romans set out to conquer the world and to do so they built up a powerful navy. Before their ships went into battle, the sails and masts were taken down so they would not interfere with the fighting. Then the ships depended entirely upon the oarsmen.

The oars were long, heavy and clumsy, and often each one was worked by several men. This hard, cruel labor was done by slaves crowded together on benches and chained to their oars. They were frequently whipped by whip masters to spur their efforts. The galley slaves had to eat, work and sleep chained like animals to their few square inches of bench. During a battle, they often suffered horrible deaths from arrows, stones and fire hurled by the enemy. If the ship sank, there was no hope of rescue for them.

During the Mid-



die Ages, the Vikings came along. These great seamen of the North were wonderful sailors and shipbuilders. Their rowers were free men who considered it an honor to be chosen for a Viking crew. We know what Viking ships looked like because of the method of burying a Viking captain when he died at sea. The sailors would put one of the captain's ships on shore. Then they would place the captain's body in the ship and cover the ship with a mound of earth. Many of these ships have been found. They had a single row of oars and one square sail. At the prow was a fierce-looking dragon or serpent's head.

In the Middle Ages, ships not only carried traders and warriors, but thousands of pilgrims traveling from Europe to Jerusalem. This was in the time of the Crusades, which lasted for about two hundred years. Much was learned about ship building during this period. Fighting platforms were constructed at the prow and stern, from which stones and spears could be hurled at an enemy. These platforms were the beginning of decks.

All ships sailing the seas in those days had to be on the lookout for pirate ships. Pirates watched for ships loaded with precious cargo. When they spotted one they pursued and attacked it. Daring pirates roamed the sea in fast sailing ships for hundreds of years.

With the 15th and 16th centuries came the age of exploration. Men set out on long and hazardous voyages to find new trading routes and to discover new lands. These men went to sea in wooden ships which, after several months on the water, leaked badly. The sailors did not have much food and their fresh water often turned bad. Since food had to be cooked in a fireplace on deck, cooking was impossible in rough, stormy weather.

When guns were placed on board ships, the fighting platforms, or decks, became larger. The ships began to look like top heavy castles rising out of the water. They were gilded and carved, with flags and banners

waving from the masts and sails.

In the 18th century, England became mistress of the sea. The personnel of an English ship were headed by a captain who held the power of life and death over everyone on board. Life on these ships was hard and dangerous. Not many men volunteered to sail, and when a captain found himself short handed, he sent out recruiting parties to find a crew. Often men were kidnapped by these recruiting parties. Convicts were also forced into service.

Aboard ship, life was a story of toil, danger, misery and low wages. The sailors worked long hours, lived in crowded quarters, ate miserable food and drank small rations of water. They bathed only when it rained.

Discipline was very severe. Men were commonly whipped with cords studded with lead weights. For theft or insubordination, a man might be strung up by his thumbs, put in irons on bread and water, or keel hauled. When a man was keel hauled, he was stripped and bound and lowered over the ship's side on a rope which led under the ship to the opposite side. He was hauled under the ship's keel, and even if this was done fast enough to keep him from drowning, he came up a mass of cuts from sharp edged barnacles. For mutiny, a man was hanged.

Gradually, changes and improvements came about in sailing ships. By the 19th century, Yankee Clipper ships were winning great fame for breaking all speed records. Then these ships were replaced by steamships which moved without either oars or sails.

With the development of steam, life aboard ship became less strenuous. Shorter voyages and more regular schedules became possible. Food became less of a problem because of the shorter voyages. Harsh discipline gave way to more humane treatment.

The problem of crossing streams and rivers and oceans still exists. But the modern ship has replaced the floating log and the modern sailor has replaced the galley slave.



BURIED TREASURE

WOULD YOU like to find \$4,000,000?

If you would, get out your diving helmet and head straight into the East River in New York City. One hundred yards off the shore, fourteen chests of gold and silver lie buried.

The chests are concealed among the rotted timbers of the *H.M.S. Hussar*, a British frigate which sank in Hell Gate in the nineteenth century, after colliding with a rock lying below the surface of the water. The chests contain the pay of a British infantry regiment.

Many people have tried to recover this treasure, but with little success. The man who came the closest was an engineer. In 1856, he sent divers equipped with air hoses down to the wreck. They found the ship under three feet of mud. With their air hoses, they cleaned the mud from the hull. Then the engineer went down to investigate.

He found quite a few gold coins and finally located the door of the ship's cockpit, where the treasure is supposed to be. He battered against the door, trying to force it open, but it would not give. He came back up to the surface and told the men to raise the hull out of the water. They tried, but just as it was nearly clear, the rotted timbers gave way. The hull sank back to the bottom of the river, where it remains to this day.

Another place you might look for buried treasure is the Florida Straits. For three hundred years, until about 1820,

Spanish galleons took gold and silver valued at nearly eight billion dollars from the New World back to Europe. Some of these galleons were sunk by warships or privateers, and some were lost in hurricanes. The Florida Straits are only twenty miles wide, and a death trap in a storm. They serve as the tomb of many a galleon and its uncounted wealth.

Fishermen in the Florida Keys often look down and see anchors or cannon from one of these lost ships. The old-fashioned cannon, especially if made of bronze, are valuable. Some years ago, a couple of fishermen discovered two ancient bronze cannon caught in the coral on a reef. They managed to get the cannon ashore and cleaned away the lime, seaweed, coral and marine growths which covered them.

When they had finished cleaning the outside, they set to work digging out the sand and shells which filled the inside of the cannon. With knives and crowbars, they dug into the tightly packed mass and to their amazement, out came dozens of old silver coins.

Each of the cannon was packed full of coins, mostly silver, but some gold. By the time the fishermen were finished, they were richer by about one hundred thousand dollars.

So, while many search in vain for buried treasure, others have found it. A good place to look is beneath the surface of the water. There great treasures lie, waiting to be discovered.



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Herewith is \$ _____ for _____ issues of **CLASSICS Illustrated** as circled below:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156
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Name _____ Age _____

(Please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____