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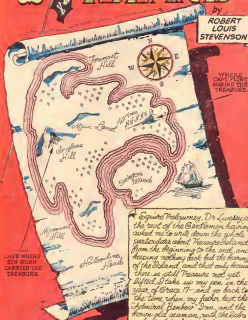
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# TREASURE ISLAND

by  
**ROBERT  
LOUIS  
STEVENSON**



WHERE  
CAPT. PLINT  
BURIED THE  
TREASURE.

CAVE WHERE  
BEN GUNN  
CARRIED THE  
TREASURE

Illustrated by  
**ALEX. A. BLISS**

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Lister, and the rest of the Gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, and keeping nothing back but the bearings of the Island, and that only because there is still Treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of Grace 17— and go back to the time when my father left the Admiral Bonbow Inn, and the downy old seaman, with the lubber cut, first took up lodging under our roof.

*Jim Hawkins*

CLASSICS Illustrated

REMEMBER HIM AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY, AS HE CAME FLOODING TO THE INN DOOR...



HE RAPPED AT THE DOOR AND MY FATHER LET HIM IN...

I'LL TAKE A GLASS OF RUM, MATE. THIS SEEMS TO BE A HANDY COVE. MUCH COMPANY, MATE?

NO, THAT'S THE PITY OF IT.



WELL, THEN, THIS IS THE BERTH FOR ME. I'M A PLAIN MAN... RUM AND BACON AND EGGS IS WHAT I WANT, AND THAT SPOT UP THERE TO WATCH SHIPS OFF. YOU MAY CALL ME CAPTAIN.

HE WAS A VERY SILENT MAN. ALL DAY, HE HUNG AROUND THE COVE...



ALL EVENING, HE SAT IN THE CORNER, DRINKING RUM AND WATER, VERY STRONG.

FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST, YOH-HO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!



ONE DAY,

YOU'LL GET A SILVER FOURPENNY\* ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH TO KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN FOR A SAILOR WITH ONE LEG. I WANT TO KNOW THE MOMENT HE APPEARS, LAD.



\*EIGHT CENTS

THE MONTHS PASSED AND THE OLD SEAMAN BECAME A PART OF THE INN WITH HIS HEAVY DRINKING, ROARING VOICE, AND FEARFUL STORIES OF THE SEA. ONE DAY, DR. LINESY CAME TO VISIT MY AILING FATHER...



SILENCE, THERE, BETWEEN DECKS!

KEEP ON DRINKING RUM, AND THE WORLD WILL SOON BE RID OF A DIRTY SCOUNDREL!

PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN THIS INSTANT, OR YOU'LL HANG AT THE NEXT ASSIZES! I'M NOT ONLY A DOCTOR, BUT A MAGISTRATE AS WELL!



"MAGISTER...THE COURTS IN ENGLAND."

THE CAPTAIN HELD HIS PEACE FOR MANY DAYS TO COME. MY FATHER'S HEALTH WAS FAILING AND MOTHER AND I WERE KEPT BUSY WITH THE INN. I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR OUR UNPLEASANT GUEST...

ONE MORNING, WHILE THE CAPTAIN WAS OUT FOR A WALK...

IS THIS TABLE FOR MY MATE BILL?

I DON'T KNOW YOUR MATE BILL. THIS IS FOR OUR GUEST, THE CAPTAIN.



BILL, YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD SHIPMATE.

BILL WOULD BE CALLED "THE CAPTAIN" AS LIKE AS NOT, WE'LL GO INTO THE PARLOR AND GIVE 'EM A LITTLE SURPRISE.



BLACK OGS!

**B**ILL AND BLACK DOG SAT AT THE TABLE DRINKING AND ARGUING IN LOW VOICES. SUDDENLY...



IF IT COMES TO SWINGING, SAYING ALL, SAY I!

**A**FTER RECEIVING A CUT ON HIS SHOULDER, BLACK DOG RAN FROM THE INN...



RUM, I MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE. FETCH ME RUM!

ARE YOU HURTI?



JUST AS HE FELL OVER IN A FAINT, DR. LIVESEY WALKED IN...

DR. LIVESEY! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, WHAT SHALL WE DO!



WHERE IS BLACK DOG?



THERE IS NO BLACK DOG HERE, YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN AND YOU HAVE HAD A CHANCE PRECISELY AS I TOLD YOU.

LATER, IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM...

THAT BLACK DOG IS A BAD 'UN, BUT THERE'S WORSE WITH HIM. IF THEY TIF ME THE BLACK SPOT, YOU GO TO THAT DOCTOR AND TELL HIM TO PIPE ALL HANDS, MAGISTRATES AND SUCH, AND HE'LL CATCH ALL OF OLD FLINT'S CREW... ALL OF THEM THAT'S LEFT.

I WAS OLD FLINT'S FIRST MATE, AND I AM THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS THE PLACE. BUT DON'T YOU TELL ABOUT THIS UNLESS THEY GET THE BLACK SPOT ON ME... OR UNLESS YOU SEE A SEA-FARIN' MAN WITH ONE LEG.



WHAT IS A BLACK SPOT, CAPTAIN?

THAT'S A SURMON, MATE, BUT YOU KEEP YOUR WEATHER-EYE OPEN AND I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.

MY FATHER DIED QUITE SUDDENLY THAT NIGHT, AND IN MY DISTRESS, I FORGOT ABOUT THE CAPTAIN...



SUDDENLY, HE DRIPPED MY HAND AS IN A WIFE...

TAKE ME IN TO THE CAPTAIN, BOY.

THEN, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

WILL ANY KIND FRIEND INFORM A POOR BLIND MAN WHERE HE MAY NOW BE?

YOU ARE AT THE ADMIRAL BENSLOW, BLACK HILL COVE, MY GOOD MAN.





I DARE NOT, THE CAPTAIN SAYS WITH A DRAWN CUTLASS, ANOTHER GENTLEMAN...

TAKE ME IN STRAIGHT, OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARMS!



I DID AS I WAS TOLD, THE CAPTAIN WAS TERRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF THE BLIND MAN...

HERE NOW, BILL, BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, TAKE THIS INTO YOUR LEFT HAND.

SAYING THIS, THE BLIND MAN LEFT.



THE CAPTAIN READ THE NOTE, CLUTCHED AT HIS THROAT AND FELL OVER, DEAD.

WHEN I REALIZED THAT THE CAPTAIN WAS DEAD, I TOLD MY MOTHER ALL THAT I KNEW AND WE REALIZED OUR DANGER. I COULD NOT LEAVE MY MOTHER TO RIDE FOR DR. LINDSEY, WE DECIDED TO GO SEEK AID IN THE NEARBY HAMLET, BUT THE NAME OF CAPTAIN FLINT WAS ENOUGH TO KEEP OTHERS AWAY FROM OUR INN THAT NIGHT...



WELL, IF YOU WON'T COME HELP US, WILL YOU RIDE TO DR. LINDSEY AND TELL HIM TO COME AT ONCE!

COME, JIM, WE'LL GO BACK AND GET THE MONEY DYED US OUT OF THAT SEA-CHRIST BEFORE THOSE PIRATES RETURN.



BACK AT THE INN...

HERE'S THE KEY TO HIS CHEST NOW TO GET OUR LAWFUL MONEY BEFORE THE OTHERS RETURN.



LISTEN, MOTHER, I HEAR THE TAPPING OF A BLIND MAN'S CANE DOWNSTAIRS, TAKE THE MONEY AND LET'S BE GOING!

I'LL JUST TAKE WHAT IS OWED ME AND NOT A BIT OVER!



TREASURE ISLAND



AND I'LL TAKE THIS OLDSKIN PACKET TO SQUARE THE COUNT.



MOTHER, AND I RUSHED OUT INTO THE ROGGY NIGHT, SCARED OF BEING CAUGHT BY THE PIRATES...

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN ON, I AM GOING TO PAINT.

NO, MOTHER WE CAN HIDE UNDER THE BRIDGE HERE.

MOVING NEAR THE BRIDGE, I COULD WATCH THE ADMIRAL BEGONE...



DOWN WITH THE DOOR!



BILL'S DEAD!

SEARCH HIM, AND THE REST OF YOU ALOFT AND GET THE CHEST.



IT'S HUBBING, THE CHEST HAS BEEN GONE THROUGH!



IT'S THAT BOY OF THE INN, HE HASN'T BEEN GONE LONG. SCATTER AND FIND HIM, I WISH I HAD PUT HIS EYES OUT!



JUST THEN A WHISTLE WAS HEARD...

THERE'S DIRK'S SIGNAL! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY, PEW!

DIRK'S A COWARD, YOU HAVE YOUR HANDS ON THOUSANDS UP YOU COULD FIND IT! AND YOU JUST STAND THERE!



WHILE THEY WERE ARGUING, A GROUP OF HORSEMEN CAME RIDING UP THE ROAD...

JOHNNY BLACK DOG! YOU WON'T LEAVE OLD PEW, MATES, NOT OLD PEW!



THE PEWERS WERE REVENUE MEN SUMMONED BY ONE OF THE NEIGHBORS...



I QUICKLY RETURNED TO THE INN...

WHAT COULD THEY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR?

I BELIEVE I HAVE THE THING IN MY POCKET, AND I'D LIKE TO TAKE IT TO DOCTOR LIVERY.



WE FINALLY LOCATED DR. LIVERY AT SQUIRE TRELAWNEY'S HOME, AND I TOLD HIM OF THE VISIT BY THE PIRATES.

HERE IS THE THING THAT THEY SEEMED TO BE LOOKING FOR.

YOU'VE HEARD OF THIS FLINT, SQUIRE?

HEARD OF HIM! HE WAS THE BLOOD-THIRSTIEST BUCCANER THAT SAILED. HIS TREASURE WAS THE GREATEST EVER, AND I'D SEARCH FOR IT A YEAR IF I HAD A CLUB TO WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN.



WE THEN OPENED THE PACKET AND FOUND... THE MAP LOCATING FLINT'S TREASURE!

TREASURE ISLAND

LIVESY, GIVE UP YOUR PRACTICE AT ONCE! YOU'LL BE CABIN BOY, HAWKINS, WE'LL HAVE THE BEST SHIP IN ENGLAND IN THREE WEEKS. THERE'LL BE NO DIFFICULTY IN FINDING THE TREASURE AND WE'LL HAVE ALL THE MONEY WE WANT FOREVER.



**S**EVERAL WEEKS LATER, WORD CAME FROM SQUIRE TRELAWNEY IN BRISTOL TELLING US THAT HE HAD PURCHASED A WORTHY SHIP, THE HIBERNOL. AT FIRST, HE HAD TROUBLE SECURING A CREW, BUT AN OLD SEA-DOG, LONG JOHN SILVER, WHO WAS ENGAGED AS COOK, SOON COLLECTED A CREW OF TOUGH OLD SALTS.

AFTER SAYING FAREWELL TO MY MOTHER, I WENT TO BRISTOL...

BRAND JIM! THE SHIP'S COMPANY IS COMPLETE. WE SAIL TOMORROW!



SQUIRE TRELAWNEY GAVE ME A NOTE TO DELIVER TO JOHN SILVER...



MR. SILVER, SIR, I HAVE A NOTE FOR YOU.

OH! YOU'RE THE NEW CABIN BOY... PLEASED TO SEE YOU.



SUDDENLY...

STOP HIM! IT'S BLACK DOG!



WHO WAS THAT? BLACK WHAT?

BLACK DOG. HE WAS ONE OF THE BUCCANNERS. DON'T YOU KNOW HIM!



CLASSICS Illustrated

SEEMS I'VE BEEN  
HEARD BEFORE. HE  
USED TO COME  
HERE WITH A  
BLIND BEGGAR

I KNEW  
THAT  
BLIND  
MAN, TOO.  
HIS NAME  
WAS PEW.



REPORTED THE INCIDENT TO THE  
SQUIRE AND DOCTOR LIVESEY...

IT'S TOO BAD THAT THE RASCAL  
HAD TO GET AWAY, BUT  
THERE'S NOTHING CAN BE  
DONE ABOUT IT NOW.



SILVER WAS DISMISSED

ALL HANDS ASSEMBLED  
BY FOUR THIS  
AFTERNOON.

AYE, AYE,  
SIR.



AS A GENERAL  
THING, I DON'T LIKE  
YOUR DISCOVERIES,  
BUT THIS MAN  
SUITS ME.

THE MAN'S A  
PERFECT TRUMP  
COME NOW,  
HAWKINS, WE'LL  
SEE THE SHIP.



A WHILE LATER, IN  
THE SQUIRE'S CABIN...

CAPTAIN  
BAGWELLET  
SIR, ASKS  
TO SPEAK  
WITH YOU.

SHOW  
HIM IN.



TREASURE ISLAND



WELL, CAPTAIN SHOLLETT, IS ALL SHIPSHAPE?

NO BETTER SPEAK PLAIN, SIR. I DON'T LIKE THIS CRUISE.

I HEAR THAT WE'RE GOING AFTER TREASURE AND I DON'T LIKE TREASURE VOYAGES, ESPECIALLY WHEN EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THEM.



I DON'T LIKE THE CREW, SIR. I THINK I SHOULD HAVE HAD THE CHOOSING OF MY OWN HANDS.

TELL US, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?



I WANT THE POWER AND ARMS STORED UNDER THE CABIN INSTEAD OF THE FORE-HOLD. THE LOOSE BABBLING MUST BE STOPPED. THE HANDS SAY YOU HAVE A MAP SHOWING THE TREASURES AND EVEN THE EXACT POSITION OF THE ISLAND.



AS CAPTAIN, I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SHIP'S SAFETY, AND I ASK FOR THESE PRECAUTIONS, OR ELSE RELIEF OF MY BIRTH.

I WILL DO AS YOU DESIRE, CAPTAIN SHOLLETT BUT I THINK THE WORSE OF YOU.



TRELAHNEY, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE TWO HONEST MEN ON BOARD. THAT MAN AND JOHN SILVER.

SILVER, YES - BUT THAT MAN IS DOWNRIGHT UNLAWFUL AND UNSAUNDRY!

WITH THAT CAPTAIN SHOLLETT TOOK HIS LEAVE.

THE VOYAGE STARTED WELL. THE SHIP PROVED ITSELF WORTHY, THE CREW WERE CAPABLE SEAMEN AND THE CAPTAIN UNDERSTOOD HIS BUSINESS. ALTHOUGH THINGS ON BOARD THE "MADRIGALA" WERE GOING SMOOTHLY, CAPTAIN SMOLETT WAS NOT ENTIRELY PLEASED... HE STILL DID NOT LIKE THE COURSE. THE DAY BEFORE WE EXPECTED TO SIGHT TREASURE ISLAND, I WENT TO THE APPLE BARREL WHICH WAS NEARLY EMPTY. I CLIMBED INSIDE OF IT, THEN...



FLINT WAS CAP'N AND I WAS QUARTERMASTER. THAT WAS THE BROADSIDE I LOST MY LEG AND OLD FIM LOST HIS ORNAMENTALS. & THOSE DAYS RATTENED UP MY BANK ACCOUNT, BUT IT'S THIS TRIP THAT'LL SET ME UP AS A GENTLEMAN. HOW ABOUT YOU, LAD?

HERE'S MY HAND ON IT!

HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO STAND OFF? I WANT TO TAKE OVER THE SHIP RIGHT NOW AND TAKE LIFE EASY.

WHO'S TO SET THE COURSE IF WE GO AWAY WITH CAPTAIN SMOLETT? WE CAN ALL STEER A COURSE, BUT WE NEED SOMEONE IN THE CABIN TO PLOT THE WAY FOR US.



FLINT



I'LL FINISH 'EM ALL OFF WHEN WE'VE GOT THE BULLY'S ON BOARD. WE'VE GOT TO WAIT OUR TIME HERE'S CAPTAIN SMOLETT TO SAIL THE SHIP FOR US... HERE'S THE SQUIRE AND DOCTOR WITH A MAP TO FIND THE STUFF AND HELP US GET IT ABOARD! ONLY ONE THING I CLAIM... I CLAIM TRELAWNEY, AND I'LL WRING HIS NECK OFF WITH THESE HANDS OF IRON.

LAY QUIET IN THE APPLE BARREL, FERRISS... NOT KNOWING HOW I'D GET OUT TO TELL MY FRIENDS WHAT I HAD OVERHEARD, WHRY SUDDENTLY...

LAND HO!



SMOLETT





IN THE CONFUSION, I JUMPED FROM THE BARREL.



AT MY FIRST OPPORTUNITY—

DOCTOR, GET THE SQUIRE AND THE CAPTAIN AND GO TO YOUR CABIN AND SEND FOR ME, I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS.



IN THE CABIN, I TOLD THEM WHAT I HAD OVERHEARD.

WE HAVE TIME UNTIL THE TREASURE IS FOUND, AND WE HAVE SOME FAITHFUL HANDS ON BOARD. WE MUST START THE BLOWE WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT THEM.



YOU CAN COUNT ON THE MAN I BROUGHT WITH ME, WITH US FOUR, THAT WILL BE SEVEN.

JIM CAN HELP US MORE THAN ANYONE. THE MEN ARE NOT SHY WITH HIM.



HAWKING, WE ARE DEPENDING ON YOU TO DO A MAN'S JOB.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, SIR.

BY THE MORNING, THE HIRAGOLA LAY JUST OFF-SHORE. THE CREW WERE ALL BITTER AND HORNED GRUDGILY. ONLY SILVER'S SPEAKS WERE HIGH.



YO-HO, MY LADS, YO-HO!

THE CAPTAIN CALLED A COUNCIL IN THE CABIN.

I'M GOING TO ALLOW THE MEN ASHORE. THEY'RE SO BILLEN THAT IF I GIVE THEM MORE WORK, THEY'RE BOUND TO MUTINY. ASHORE, SILVER WILL TALK TO THEM AND BRING THEM BACK AID AS LARGE. IF NOT, WE'LL HOLD THE CARN AND HEAVEN DEFEND THE RIGHT.



IT OCCURRED TO ME TO GO ASHORE AND I THOUGHT IN THE MORNING THAT SILVER WOULD JUST AS IT SHOULD BE...

WE'VE HAD A HOT DAY, AND ARE ALL TIRED OUT. AS MANY AS PLEASE CAN GO ASHORE FOR THE AFTERNOON.



THE CREW LOST NO TIME IN MAKING THE BOATS.



AFTER LANDING UNDETECTED, I STARTED LOOKING AROUND THE ISLAND. SOON, I HEARD VOICES...

BECAUSE I THINK THE WORLD OF YOU, TOM, I'M WARNING YOU, IT'S TO SAVE YOUR NECK THAT I'M SPEAKING. ALL'S UP. YOU CAN'T MAKE NOR AING.



I'LL NOT BE LED AWAY BY THAT MESS OF GUARD... I'D SOONER LOSE MY ARM...





THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH A HORRID SCREAM...

"IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT WAS THAT?"

"THAT, I BECKON, WAS ALAN."

"THEN REST HIS SOUL FOR A TRILE SEAMAN! YOU'VE KILLED ALAN LIKE A DOG. KILL ME, TOO, IF YOU CAN. I DEFY YOU!"



JUST AS THE SAILOR STARTED TO WALK AWAY, SILVER GRABBED HOLD OF A TREE BRANCH AND HURLED HIS CRUTCH AT HIM.

THEN HE SIGNALLED WITH HIS WHISTLE.



WITHOUT LEG OR CRUTCH, SILVER QUICKLY MOVED TO THE FALLEN MAN AND PLUNGED HIS KNIFE INTO HIM.



"IT'S ALL OVER NOW, I'M AHEAD!"



TREASURE ISLAND



THE EVENTS TAKING PLACE ON THE SHIP WHILE I WAS ON SHORE WILL BE RELATED BY DR. LIVESEY AS HE TOLD THEM TO ME LATER...

WE CAN JUMP THE SIX RASCALS LEFT ON BOARD, AND PUT OUT TO SEA AT ONCE.

THERE'S NOT A BREATH OF WIND OUT THERE TO HELP US!



SUDDENLY, HUNTER APPEARED AT THE DOORWAY.

PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT YOUNG JIM HAS SLIPPED INTO A BOAT AND GONE ASHORE.

WHAT? WITH THE TEMPER THOSE MEN ARE IN, I WONDER IF WE'LL SEE THE LAD AGAIN!



"WAITING WAS A STRAIN, AND IT WAS DECIDED THAT HUNTER AND I WOULD GO ASHORE IN QUEST OF INFORMATION."

HEAD FOR THE STOCKADE ON THE MAP, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT!



HUNTER, STAY HERE AND WATCH THE BOAT. I'M GOING UP TO THE STOCKADE.

I'LL BE READY IF YOU NEED HELP!



REMOVED YARDS AWAY WAS THE STOCKADE...



TREASURE ISLAND

"LIVING THROUGH THE STOCKAGE WAS SOMETHING THAT TOOK MY BREAD."

"HMM... A SPRING THIS IS BETTER THAN THE SHIP. OUR WATER SUPPLY IS LIMITED THERE."



"SUDDENLY THE CRY OF A MAN AT THE POINT OF DEATH RANG THROUGH THE AIR."

"COULD THAT BE JIM? WE'D BEST HURRY... THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF THE MATTING!"



"BACK AT THE HISPANIOLA..."

"THERE'S A MAN, GRAY BY NAME, PRACTICALLY PAINTED WHEN HE HEARD THE CRY. HE'LL BE EASY TO GET ON OUR SIDE."



"COME ON, HUNTER, WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE."



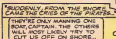
"GOOD! LET'S GET WHAT ARMS AND PROVISIONS THERE THAT WE CAN BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGINS."

"THE STOCKAGE IS FINE FOR US, THERE'S A GOOD SPRING AND A FORTRESS THAT WOULD BE HARD TO TAKE!"



"HUNTER, JOYCE AND I MADE SEVERAL TRIPS WITH PROVISIONS. AFTER THE SECOND TRIP, I LEFT THE OTHER TWO TO GUARD THE STOCKAGE AND SUPPLIES AND RETURNED TO THE HISPANIOLA FOR THE REST. BEFORE LEAVING, SHOLLETT CALLED UPON GRAY TO JOIN US, AND AFTER SOME THOUGHT, HE DID THE FINE ON US. THEN JUMPED INTO THE BOAT AND STARTED FOR SHORE..."





TREASURE ISLAND

"WE BEGAN TO REJOICE AT OUR SUCCESS WHEN A PISTOL CRACKED IN THE BRUSH AND A BULLET HIT TOM REDRUTH..."



"THE SOLDIER AND I RETURNED THE SHOT THOUGH NO PRINTS WERE VISIBLE..."



"SCREAMING AND BLEEDING, TOM REDRUTH WAS CARRIED INTO THE STOCKADE..."



TOM, MY MAN, YOU'RE GOING HOME.

I WISH I... HAD A LICK AT... THEM WITH A... GUN FIRST...



HE DIED IN HIS DUTY TO HIS CAPTAIN AND SHIP.

AND TOM WENT HOME...

CAPTAIN SWOLLETT HAD BROUGHT A VARIETY OF THINGS: A BIBLE, A COIL OF ROPE, PEN AND INK, THE LOG BOOK, AND THE BRITISH COLONY...



WHEN, BY ERECTING A FLAG POLE WITH A FIRE TREE, HE RAN UP HIS FLAG...

THAT EVENING, WHILE BEING BOWARDED AWAYLESSLY FROM THE SHIP, WE HEARD...

HULLO, STOCKADE, IT'S JIM HAWKINS!

JIM HAWKINS! COME ABOARD, LAD!



JIM, WILL NOW REVEAL MY ASSURANCE IT WAS A WARM RECEPTION I RECEIVED...

JIM, BOY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! COME INSIDE WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!



LET TOLD THE OTHERS OF MY ADVENTURES AND MY CHANCE MEETING WITH BEN GUNN, WHOM I HAD LEFT BEHIND...

WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK. WE CAN USE ALL THE HANDS WE CAN GET. MEANTIME, WE'VE SOME CHORES TO DO.



FIRST, THE BODY OF REDLUTH WAS LAID TO REST IN A SIMPLE GRAVE...



THEN A MEETING WAS HELD TO DISCUSS THE PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

WE'LL HAVE TO KILL THEM OFF UNTIL THEY HULL DOWN THEIR PIRATE'S FLAG OR RUN OFF WITH THE HOPANOLA.

THEY WERE NINE-TEEN STRONG... THEY'RE ONLY FIFTEEN NOW... WITH AT LEAST TWO OTHERS WOUNDED.



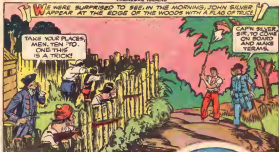
EVERY CRACK AT THEM, TAKE IT... ONLY STAY OUT OF DANGER!

WE'VE TWO ALLIES TO HELP US. THERE'S FEVER IN THE AIR IN THOSE MARKS, AND THEY HAVE NO REMEDIES, THEN, TOO, THEY LOVE THEIR RUM... HALF OF THEM WILL BE ON THEIR BACKS IN A WEEK.





TREASURE ISLAND



TAKE YOUR PLACES, MEN. TEN 'O. ONE THIS IS A TRUCK!

CAPTAIN SILVER, SIR, TO COME ON BOARD AND MAKE TERMS.



CAPTAIN SILVER! DON'T KNOW HIM, WHO'S HE?

ME, SIR, THEY'VE CHOSEN ME CAPTAIN, WE'RE WILLING TO SURRENDER TO TERRA. ALL I ASK IS YOUR WORD, CAPTAIN, TO LET ME SAFE AND SOUND IN AND OUT OF THE STOCKADE.



IF YOU WISH TO TALK TO ME YOU CAN DO SO. IF THERE'S TREACHERY, IT'LL BE ON YOUR SIDE, AND THE LORD HELP YOU!

THAT'S ENOUGH, CAPTAIN. A WORD FROM YOUR ENOUGH FOR ME!



WITH GREAT FORCE AND SKILL, SILVER SUCCEEDED IN SURMOUNTING THE FENCE, AND DROPPED SAFELY TO OUR SIDE...



YOU HAD BETTER SIT DOWN HERE...

YOU AIN'T GOING TO LET ME INSIDE, CAPTAIN? IT'S A COLD MORNING TO SIT OUTSIDE ON THE SAND.

IF YOU HAD CHOSEN TO BE AN HONEST MAN, YOU'D BE SITTING IN YOUR GALLEY. AS MY SHIP'S COOK, YOU'RE TREATED HANDSOME... AS A COMMON MALTINEER AND PIRATE, YOU CAN GO HANG.



GIVE US THE TREASURE CHART AND STOP SHOOTING AT US AND WE'LL OFFER A CHOICE... YOU COME ABOARD AND WE'LL DROP YOU OFF SOMEWHERE OR WE'LL DIVIDE YOURS WITH YOU AND WE'NO THE FIRST SHIP WE SEE TO PICK YOU UP!



NOW, HEAR ME, IF YOU'LL COME UP ONE BY ONE UNARMED, I'LL CLAP YOU IN IRONS AND TAKE YOU TO BRISLAND FOR A FAIR TRIAL... IF YOU WON'T I'LL SEE YOU ALL IN DAWY JONK'S THERE ARE THE LAST GOOD WORDS YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME... FOR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOU WHEN NEXT WE MEET... NOW TRAMP, LAD, AND COME QUICK!



GIVE ME A HAND UP.

NOT I!

LAUGH, BY THUNDER, BEFORE AN HOUR'S UP, YOU'LL LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE!



WITH THAT, HE HURRIED AWAY AS FAST AS HIS CRUTCH WOULD TAKE HIM.

I'VE GIVEN SILVER A BROADSIDE ON PURPOSE... AND BEFORE THE HOUR'S OUT WE'LL BE BOARDED, NOW!



TREASURE ISLAND

AN HOUR PASSES AND ALL HIS GUESTS SUDDENLY JUMP WHOPPED UP HIS MUSKET AND AROD.



WATCH OUT! THEY'RE ATTACKING FROM ALL SIDES NOW.

I MISSED HIM!

SUDDENLY, A SMALL CLOUD OF PIRATES LEAPED FROM THE WOODS AND RAN STRAIGHT ON THE STOCKADE.



AT 'EM, ALL HANDS!

ONE OF THE PIRATES WRENCHED HUNTER'S MUSKET FROM HIM AND KNOCKED HIM SPARKLESS WITH IT.



WHILE ANOTHER ATTACKED DE LASSY WITH A CUTLASS...



OUTSIDE, AND FIGHT THEM IN THE OPEN WITH CUTLASSES!



THE FIGHT WAS FURIOUS BUT SHORT OF THE PIRATES WHO HAD STORMED THE STOCKADE, FIVE WERE DEAD, AND THE OTHERS RAN OFF. ON OUR SIDE, JOYCE AND HUNTER WERE DEAD, AND CAPT. SMOLLETT HOUNDED. THE ODDS NOW WERE NINE TO FOUR. THERE WAS NO RETURN OF THE HUTCHES, AND AFTER DARKER, I STOLE AWAY TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND FOR MYSELF.

I WENT TO FIND BEN BUNNY'S BOAT... AND SOON SUCCEEDED...

I CAN SLIP OUT AND CUT THE HISPANIOLA ADEPT WITHOUT ANYONE SEEING ME IN THIS DARKNESS.

AFTER CUTTING THE HANSEER\*, I DECIDED TO HAVE A LOOK ON BOARD.

JUST ONE LOOK IN THAT WINDOW AND I'LL BE SATISFIED!

\* LARGE ROPE ATTACHED TO ANCHOR.

LOOKING THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOW, I SAW TWO OF THE PIRATES LOCKED IN DEADLY WRESTLE...

I THEN RETURNED TO THE SMALL BOAT...

NO-HUR, I'M GETTING SLEEPY...

And SO THE NIGHT PASSED, AS I DREAMED OF HOME...

I AWAKE IN THE MORNING TO SEE THE "HISPANIOLA" AFLOAT NEARBY...

IT'S CLEAR THAT NO ONE IS STEERING... THOSE CLUMSY FELLOWS MUST STILL BE DRINKING AS OWLS.

I THOUGHT THAT IF I COULD GET ON BOARD, I MIGHT RETURN THE VESSEL TO HER CAPTAIN...



ON DECK, ALL WAS DIRT AND CONFUSION. THE ONLY PERSONS ON BOARD WERE THE WRESTLERS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE, ONE DEAD AND THE OTHER ALMOST SO...



MY BOAT CAPSIZED AND I WAS NOW LEFT WITH NO RETREAT, ON THE "HISPANIOLA"...



COME ABOARD, MR. HANDS.

BRANDY...



THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE, NOW.

**A**FTER BREAKFASTING ON CHEESE AND BISCUITS, I TOOK SOME BRANDY UP TO HANDS...

YOU'LL REBOARD ME AS CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

I KNOW WHEN I'VE LOST. GIVE ME FOOD AND DRINK, AND I'LL HELP YOU SAIL HERE.



WITH BRASS HANDS' AID, I SET THE 'HISPANIOLA' ON A COURSE FOR NORTH INLET...

GET ME A BOTTLE O' WINE, JIM... THIS IS TOO STRONG.

I WONDER WHAT THAT SCOUNDREL IS UP TO NOW!



I'LL SURELY HATE TO WATCH HER CLOSELY NOW.

I WAVED UNTIL HE HAD HIDDEN THE KEYS IN HIS BELT AND RETURNED TO HIS OLD POSITION, THEN FEELING THAT I HAD SEEN NOTHING, I CAME UP ON DECK. ONE HANDS HAD NO WINE, AND AGAIN TOOK CHARGE OF THE SHIP. I KNEW HE WOULDN'T TRY ANYTHING UNTIL THE SHIP WAS SAFELY BEACHED...

I KEPT CLOSE WATCH ON HANDS WHILE STEERING TO NORTH INLET, HOWEVER, IN THE EXCITEMENT OF BEACHING THE SHIP, I ROCKED THE REEL AT MY BACK, SUDDENLY...



**S**OME INSTINCT WARNED ME OF DANGER AND AS I JUMPED AWAY FROM THE YELLER, IT SPUN AROUND AND STRUCK HANDS IN THE CHEST, KNOCKING HIM DOWN MOMENTARILY. I TRIED TO FIRE MY PISTOL, BUT THE POWDER WAS WET AND THE WEAPON WOULD NOT RESPOND. I MADE A DASH FOR THE MAST WITH HANDS IN PURSUIT.



AS SOON AS I REACHED THE CROSS-TREES, I CHANGED THE PRUNING OF MY PISTOLS...

ONE MORE STEP, MR. HANDE, AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT



SUDDENLY, HANDE THREW THE KNIFE. AS I FELT IT BITE INTO MY SHOULDER, I FIRED...



...AND SAW HANDE FALL HEAD FIRST INTO THE WATER...



I WORKED THE KNIFE FREE FROM MY SHOULDER, LOWERED MYSELF AND IMMEDIATELY SET TO MAKING THE BOAT FAST...



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE STOCKADE AND TELL THEM WHAT I'VE DONE.

HAVE SOMETHING GONE WRONG? SUCH A LARGE FIRE... NO SENTRY... I WONDER



I'LL GO IN AND FALL ASLEEP. I BET THEY'LL BE SURPRISED IN THE MORNING...



AS I APPROACHED THE STOCKADE, I STOPPED, WITH MUCH WONDER IN MY HEART...

SUDDENLY, A BELL VOICE  
BORE FORTH OUT OF  
THE DARKNESS...

PIECE OF  
EIGHT!  
PIECE OF  
EIGHT!



STARTLED BY THE REALIZATION THAT IT WAS  
LONG JOHN SILVER'S PATRIOT, I TURNED TO  
RUN, BUT...

WHO GOES? BRING  
A TORCH, DICK.



WHAT'S HAPPENED  
WITH MY FRIENDS?

SO, HERE'S JIM  
HAWKINS, GIVE  
MY TIMBERS! I TAKE  
THAT FRIENDLY.

AS A  
TORCH WAS  
LIGHTED,  
I SAW THAT  
THE LOG-  
HOUSE  
WAS NOW  
IN SILVER'S  
HANDS. MY  
IMMEDIATE  
CONCERN WAS  
NOT FOR  
MYSELF,  
BUT FOR  
DOCTOR  
LIVSEY  
AND THE  
OTHERS...



IF YOU WANT TO JINE ME,  
GOOD... AND IF YOU DON'T,  
JIMA, WHY YOU'RE FREE  
TO SAY SO.

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, JIM,  
I'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE OF MY  
MIND. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED YOU  
AND WANTED YOU TO JOIN  
AND TAKE YOUR SHARE. YOUR  
FRIENDS HAVE GONE AWAY!  
YOU, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO  
JINE WITH CAPTAIN SILVER.

WELL, IF I'M TO  
CHOOSE, I WANT  
TO KNOW WHAT'S  
WHAT... WHY YOU  
ARE HERE, AND  
WHERE MY  
FRIENDS ARE.





DR. LIVESY  
CAME WITH  
A FLAG OF  
TRUCE, AND WE  
BARGAINED,  
AND HERE WE  
ARE. AS FOR  
THEM, I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
THEY ARE.

I'M NOT SUCH  
A FOOL THAT  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO LOOK FOR,  
BUT THERE'S  
A THING  
OR TWO I  
HAVE TO  
TELL YOU!

EXACTLY,  
I REVEALED  
THAT IT WAS  
I WHO HAD  
OVERHEARD  
THE PLAN OF  
THE CREW TO  
MURDER WHILE  
IN THE APPLE  
BARREL, RELEASED THE  
HISPANIOLA  
THE NIGHT  
BEFORE AND  
KILLED THE  
GUARD LEFT  
ON HER.

KILL ME OR SPARE ME,  
ONE THING I'LL SAY... IF  
YOU SPARE ME, I'LL GIVE  
YOU FROM HANDING ALL I  
CAN KILL ANOTHER AND  
DO YOURSELVES NO GOOD.



AWAY THERE!  
MAYBE YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
CAPTAIN HERE!



I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU  
YOUNG WHELP!



BY THE POWERS, I'LL  
TEACH YOU BETTER!  
CROSS ME, AND  
YOU'LL NEVER SEE  
ANOTHER DAY.



I STOOD  
HATING FOR  
LONG ENOUGH!

I'LL BE HATED IF  
I'LL BE HATED BY  
YOU, JOHN SILVER!



ANY OF YOU WANT IT OUT WITH ME? HIM THAT WANTS IT SHALL GET IT. TAKE A CUTLASS, HIM THAT DARES, AND I'LL SEE THE COLOR OF HIS INSIDES!



YOU HAVE A LOT TO SAY, PIPE UP AND LET ME HEAR IT, OR LAY TO!

I ASK YOUR PARDON, SIR, I CLAIM MY RIGHT AND STEP OUTSIDE FOR A COUNCIL!



FOLLOWING HIS EXAMPLE, THE OTHERS STEPPED OUTSIDE THE LOG-HOUSE.



ACCORDING TO RULES...

DOC'S LE COUNCIL!

YOU'RE WITHIN A PLANK'S LENGTH OF TORTURE AND DEATH, BUT, I'LL STAND BY YOU, AND YOU SAVE JOHN SILVER FROM HANGING.



WILL YOU TASTE? THERE'S TROUBLE ON HAND, AND WHY DID THE DOCTOR GIVE ME THE TREASURE MAP?

DOCTOR LIVEREY GAVE YOU THE MAP?



HE DID, THERE'S SOMETHING UNDER THAT FOR SURE, BAD OR GOOD.



THE COUNCIL FINALLY RE-ENTERED THE LOG-HOUSE.

STEP UP, I WON'T EAT YOU. HAND IT OVER, LUBBER!



THE BLACK SPOT! WHERE MIGHT YOU HAVE GOT THIS PAPER? YOU'VE GONE AND CUT THIS OUT OF A BIBLE. WHAT FOOL HAS CUT A BIBLE!



RELAY THAT TALK, SILVER. YOU'VE A LOT TO ANSWER. YOU HAVE, FIRST, YOU MADE A HASH OF THIS CRUISE.

THEN, YOU LET THE ENEMY OUT OF THIS TRAP FOR NOTHING! AND THEN, WHAT ABOUT THIS BOY!



THERE! WHAT DID I SAY! NO GOOD WILL COME OF THAT!

IT WAS DICK! HE'S SEEN HIS SLICE OF LUCK, NOW.



AND HERE'S WHY I MADE THE BARGAIN WITH THE DOCTOR. LOOK AT THAT! THE MAP!

HASH OF THIS CRUISE, EH? WHO MADE THIS MESS? YOU KNOWD MY PLAN AND IF YOU HAD LISTENED, WE'D BE ON BOARD THE GIP THIS VERY MINUTE... BUT YOU HAD TO START ALL THIS ABOUT THIS BOY... HNT HE A HOSTAGE? HE MIGHT BE OUR LAST CHANCE!





SO THAT'S THE TUNE, IS IT? NOW, SHIPMATE, THIS BLACK SPOT AIN'T MUCH GOOD, IS IT? 'SOLT ALL YOU DID WAS TO RUIN YOUR SHIELD AND YOUR LUCK.



CONTENT FOR THE TIME BEING, THE PIRATES LAY DOWN TO SLEEP, THEN, THE FOLLOWING MORNING



HELLO, DOCTOR? YOUR PATIENTS ARE ALL WELL AND MERRY. WE'VE GOT A NEW BOARDER



TREASURE ISLAND



THE VERY SAME  
JIM AS EVER WAS.

WELL, BUSINESS  
BEFORE PLEASURE.  
LET'S SEE, NOW.



WELL, THAT'S  
DONE FOR  
TODAY, NOW,  
I SHOULD  
LIKE TO  
TALK TO  
JIM, PLEASE.

JUST STEP OUTSIDE  
THE STOCKADE,  
AND I'LL BRING  
THE BOY DOWN  
ON THE INSIDE  
AND YOU CAN  
YARN THROUGH  
THE SPARS.



AS SOON AS WE WERE SITUATED, I  
RECOUNTED AN ADVENTURE...

THERE IS RAYE IN THIS,  
EVERY STEP, IT'S YOU THAT  
SAVED OUR LIVES... THE  
APPLE BARREL, BEN GUNN,  
AND NOW THE SHIP!



AS WE FINISHED SPEAKING, THE  
DOCTOR ADDRESSED SILVER.

SILVER, IF WE GET  
OUT OF THIS WOLF-  
TRAP, I'LL DO MY  
BEST TO SAVE YOU.  
NOW, KEEP JIM  
NEAR YOU, AND  
WHEN YOU NEED  
HELP, HALLOO!



WITH THAT PROMISE, THE DOCTOR  
SET OFF INTO THE WOODS.

NOW, JIM, WE'LL HAVE TO  
STICK TOGETHER... AND  
WE'LL SAVE OUR NECKS  
IN SPITE OF RAGE  
AND FORTUNE.



AH, LADS, I HAVE THE MAP,  
AND THE BOY HERE WILL  
GET US THE SHIP AS HOS-  
TAGE. ONCE WE'RE OFF TO  
SEA, WE'LL TALK THE BOY  
OVER, AND GIVE HIM HIS  
SHARE FOR ALL HIS  
KINDNESS, EH, MATE?

AWARE THAT SILVER SHOULD NOT BE TRUSTED, SINCE HE WAS SCRAMBLING ON BOTH SIDES, I REALIZED THE DANGER I WAS IN.



WHEN BREAKFAST WAS DONE...



WE ROWED AROUND THE ISLAND IN THE TWO SMALL BOATS.



STEP LIVELY THERE, MATEYS.



TREASURE ISLAND

SHAKE LIVELY!  
FOCUS YOUR  
EYES ON THIS!

IT CAN'T BE THE  
TREASURE, FOR THAT'S  
CLEAR ON PAST IT!



AYE, BUT WHAT SORT  
OF WAY IS THAT FOR  
BONES TO LIE?  
T AINT NATURAL!

HE WAS A  
SEAMAN,  
LEASTWAYS,  
THAT WAS  
GOOD SEA  
CLOTH ON  
HIS BODY.

THERE, ATOP THE HILL,  
LYING ON THE GROUND...



THIS HERE'S A  
POINTER! TAKE  
A BEARING WITH  
THIS COMPASS  
ALONG THEM BONES  
AND YOU'LL SEE  
IT RUNS TO  
THE POLE STAR.

THIS WAS ONE OF FLINT'S JOKES.  
HE KILLED ALL THEM THAT WAS  
WITH HIM WHEN HE BURIED  
THE TREASURE. THIS ONE HE  
HALLED DOWN HERE AND LAID  
DOWN BY COMPASS, SHIVER  
MY TIMBERS!



THE NORTH POLE...





GREAT GUNS, BUT IF FLINT WAS LYING, THIS WOULD BE A HOT SPOT FOR YOU AND ME.

SURE ENOUGH, HE'S DEAD AND ODNE, BUT IF SPIRITS EVER WALKED, IT WOULD BE FLINT'S.

HE DIED BAD, HE DID. NOW HE RAISED, NOW HE HOLLERED FOR FLIN, NOW HE SANG, 'FIFTEEN MEN' WERE HIS ONLY SONG, AND I'LL TELL YOU I NEVER LIKED TO HEAR IT SINCE. IT SOUNDED LIKE HIS DEATH RATTLE!



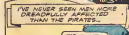
I DON'T FEEL SHARP, THINKING OF FLINT HAS DONE IT!

STOW THE TALK, FETCH AHEAD FOR THE TREASURE!



THE SIGHT OF THE SKELETON AND THE THOUGHTS THAT FOLLOWED HAD CAUSED THE PIRATES TO LOWER THEIR VOICES! SUDDENLY FROM THE WOODS...

FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST...YO-HO-HO... AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!



I'VE NEVER SEEN MEN MORE DREADFULLY AFFECTED THAN THE PIRATES...



IT'S FLINT, BY MY SOUL!



THE SONG ENDED AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED...

STAND BY TO GO ABOUT, IT'S SOMEONE SKYLARKING... SOMEONE THAT'S FLESH AND BLOOD, EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T NAME THE VOICE!





TREASURE ISLAND





TREASURE ISLAND

AS THE PIRATES RAN AWAY, DR. LINSEY, BEN GUINN, AND ABBE GRAY CAME OUT OF THE BUSHES...

DOUBLE QUICK, MY LADS! WE MUST HEAD 'EM OFF THE BOATS.



AND WE SET OFF AT A GREAT PACE AT TWICE PLUNGING THROUGH BUSHES TO THE CHEST.



DOCTOR LINSEY SOON HAD US HALT...

THERE THEY GO, WE HAVE THEM CUT OFF FROM THE BOATS! NOW, I SUPPOSE, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING, JIM.



**B**EN GUINN, IN HIS WANDERING ABOUT THE ISLAND, HAD FOUND THE TREASURE, AND HAD CARRIED IT ON HIS BACK, IN MANY WEARY JOURNEYS, TO A CAVE HE HAD FOUND AND HABITATED. WHEN DR. LINSEY LEARNED THIS HE HAD GONE TO SILVER AND GIVEN HIM THE MAP, WHICH WAS NO LONGER VALUABLE, GIVEN HIM THE STORES. FOR BEN GUINN'S CAVE WAS WELL SUPPLIED WITH GOAT'S MEAT SALTED BY HIMSELF, GIVEN ANYTHING FOR A CHANCE TO MOVE IN SAFETY FROM THE STOCKADE TO THE CAVE WHERE THEY WOULD BE FREE FROM MALARIA AND COULD GUARD THE TREASURE.

WHEN I REALIZED THAT YOU WOULD BE INVOLVED IN THE DISAPPOINTMENT I HAD PREPARED FOR THE MUTINEERS, BEN GUINN, GRAY, AND I RAN TO THE SPOT TO BE ON HAND, SEEING THAT YOU HAD A HEAD START ON US, BEN GUINN RAN AHEAD TO SCARE YOU OFF UNTIL WE COULD GET UP THERE!



FORTUNATE FOR ME THAT I HAD JIM HERE. YOU WOULD HAVE LET OLD JOHN BE CUT TO PIECES.

THAT'S RIGHT, JOHN.



CLASSICS Illustrated

DESTROYING ONE OF THE BOATS, WE SET OUT TO RECLAIM THE "HISPANIOLA".

THERE'S THE "HISPANIOLA" SHE'S FLOATING LIKE A GHOST SHIP!

THE TIDE MUST HAVE LIFTED HER CLEAR. COME ON, LET'S BOARD HER.



ABOARD THE SHIP, HE FOUND IT UNCHAINED, EXCEPT FOR THE MAINSAIL...

YOU'LL TAKE UP ANCHOR AND THEN COME BACK AND STAND GUARD UNTIL MORNING.



A BIT OF A WALK UP THE HILL, AND WE'LL BE IN MY CAVE.



INSIDE THE CAVE, I SAW CAPTAIN SMOLLETT.

ATOP THE HILL, WE WERE GREETED BY TRELANNEY...

HAWKING, MY BOY! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

COME IN, JIM.



TREASURE ISLAND

AND FINALLY, THE TREASURE



WE SPENT A NIGHT OF MERRIMENT AFTER A SUMPTUOUS MEAL OF SALTED GOAT AND DELICACIES FROM THE HISPANOLA...



WELL, WE'VE HAD MORE EXCITEMENT THAN WE DREAMED FOR THIS TRIP, EH, MEN?

WE'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL WE'RE BACK IN ENGLAND BEFORE WE TALK ABOUT IT!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WE FELL TO WORK TRANSPORTING THE GOLD TO THE SHIP



FOR THREE DAYS, WE BUSIED OURSELVES WITH MOVING THE GOLD TO THE HISPANOLA...



FINALLY...

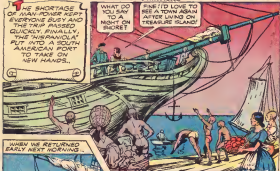
WE'VE LEFT SOME STORES FOR THE MUTINEERS STILL HERE. EVERYTHING WE NEED IS ON BOARD, SO WE CAN SET SAIL WITH THE SUN.



**T**HE SHORTAGE OF MAN-POWER KEPT EVERYONE BUSY AND THE TRIP PASSED QUICKLY. FINALLY, THE "HISPANOLA" PUT INTO A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT TO TAKE ON NEW HANDS.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NIGHT ON SHORE?

FINE! I'D LOVE TO SEE A TOWN AGAIN AFTER LIVING ON TREASURE ISLAND!



WHEN WE RETURNED EARLY NEXT MORNING...

JOHN SILVER'S SOME. HE STOLE AWAY LAST NIGHT WITH A SACK FULL OF GOLD.

WE'RE LUCKY TO BE RID OF HIM SO CHEAPLY.



WITH NEW HANDS ON BOARD, THE YOUNG MICHAS WAS A GOOD ONE, AND IT WAS A HAPPY CREW THAT FINALLY SAW THE PORT OF BRISTOL... AND THE END OF THE CRUISE TO TREASURE ISLAND.



We all had a share of the treasure. Captain Smollett retired from the life. Gray saved his money and became pilot owner of a fishing boat. Gunn, don't his small fortune in just nineteen days and went to keep a lodge in the country of Glendon Butler. We've heard no more that formidable seaman, with one leg, has at last gone out of my life.

Jim Hawkins



THE END

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

**R**OBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. As a child, he was extremely delicate in health but active in mind and listened eagerly to the Scottish legends told him by his nurse. Stevenson never enjoyed robust health during his lifetime but of his childhood he wrote, "My ill health principally chronicles itself by the terrible, long nights that I lay awake, troubled continuously with a hacking, exhausting cough, and praying for sleep or morning from the bottom of my shaken little body."

Robert's family dreamed of their son practicing law before the London bar and so, Robert entered Edinburgh University; but upon graduation, the young law student was afflicted with severe lung trouble and was obliged to travel for his health.

When he was twenty-nine, Stevenson journeyed to America, still in pursuit of his health. He travelled west to the dry mountain climate beyond Monterey, California, and there, one day, collapsed in the desert wasteland. For two nights, Stevenson lay in a stupor in the wasteland and would probably have died there but for his discovery by two frontiersmen in charge of a goat herd. The herdsmen carried him to their shack and there tended him for several weeks, until his indomitable spirit put him on his feet again.

During his weeks with the goat-herders, Stevenson worked hard at his writing, but he was not satisfied. He wrote to a friend: "There is something in me worth saying, though I can't find what it is just yet."

In the following year, Stevenson married an old friend, Fanny Van de Grift, at San Francisco. Mrs. Van de Grift was a widow with a son, Lloyd Stevenson and Lloyd became great friends and the author told his stepson



stories by the hour. One evening, to amuse Lloyd, Stevenson drew an elaborate map and began a wild tale of pirates, buried treasure, shipwreck and mutiny. Lloyd listened breathlessly until the finish, then looking up into his stepfather's kindly face, he asked, "Why don't you write a good story like that?" And thus was born the rip-roaring yarn of Jim Hawkins.

Dr. Livesey and Long John Silver—TREASURE ISLAND.

If he had never written another story, Stevenson won a lasting place in literature with TREASURE ISLAND, but this was followed a few years later by the story he dreamed—DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE. Next, he gave the world KIDNAPPED, the story which many critics declare to be his masterpiece.

When he was thirty-seven, Stevenson left England with his wife for the United States. He spent a winter at Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains trying to improve his health.

In June of 1888, Stevenson sailed for the Samoan Islands. The natives called him "Tututala," which means "teller of tales," and made him head of a clan. Three weeks after his forty-fourth birthday, Stevenson died, not from the illness which he had fought all of his life, but from a stroke of apoplexy.

The natives buried him on the top of a mountain and on the gray stone which covered his grave, Stevenson's own epitaph was carved:

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you 'grave for me;  
Here he lies where he longed to be,  
Home in the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."



## PIONEERS OF SCIENCE JOHN A. ROEBLING Master of Modern Bridge Building

**J**OHN AUGUST ROEBLING was born June 12, 1806, in Germany, the son of a tobacconist in the sleepy, old-world town of Muhlhausen in Thuringia. His father's friends and neighbors who toasted the child's health in foaming steins of beer did not dream that one day that baby boy was destined to become the master pioneer of modern bridge-building.

Unlike his father, John's mother was ambitious for her son. She scrimped and practiced every self-denial to save money for her son's education. Thanks to her thrift, John was able to enroll at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Berlin when he was 17. There he studied engineering and architecture, foundation construction and bridgebuilding; also hydraulics and dike construction. John Roebling was 20 when he began his professional career. He had ideas of his own. He wanted to be a builder of great bridges.

A boyhood friend returned to Muhlhausen and suggested to John August that he make up a party of friends and go to America to establish a colony. John decided he would give the matter some serious thought. Then in midsummer of 1839, word flashed through Europe of the revolution against Charles X in France. The German liberals hoped for relief from Prussian oppression. Next came news of the Belgian uprising. A new nation was born — Belgium! The frightened rulers of the German states began tightening their controls, attempting to stifle independence of thought and liberty of speech. Spies were spread everywhere. New tyrannical edicts were issued. It was made illegal for a skilled workman or a trained technician to leave the country without official permit. Roebling came to his decision to organize a colonizing party and leave for America.



Roebling and his party settled in western Pennsylvania. There the refugees from Prussian oppression established a farming colony. Roebling saw, however, that America's great need was for canals, railroads, and bridges to make its vast resources humanly useful.

It was in 1841 that Roebling's first wire rope was made. In the following year a patent was granted to Roebling on "Methods of Manufacture of Wire Rope," one of our most important industrial inventions. Almost immediately the wire ropes began to supplant the hemp ones on canal portages, greatly reducing the costs and hazards of carrying the boats and their cargoes over the mountains.

However, Roebling's main ambition was to build bridges. He fought for years to prove that suspension bridges could be built that would safely carry the heaviest loads over the longest conceivable spans. When others said it could not be done, he built a span across Niagara to carry railroad trains. He completed the Ohio River bridge at Cincinnati. His dream, however, was to build the bridge connecting Brooklyn and New York.

On April 16, 1867 an Act of the Legislature provided for the construction of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. Roebling was named as the man to build it. While the world of engineers watched anxiously, the work of the bridge began and progressed, despite insurmountable difficulties. The greatest possible disaster occurred when Roebling himself was injured and nearly lost his life. The great engineer named his son Washington Roebling to carry forward the work while he directed operations from his Brooklyn home overlooking the bridge. Washington Roebling had been trained by his father for just such an emergency.



In 1883, to the acclaim of the entire world, the Brooklyn Bridge was officially opened. It had been built by the brain of a man destined never to walk upon it, for he had been injured and paralyzed in its building—  
John A. Roebling.





# DOG HEROES

## "MAJOR," THE FAITHFUL COLLIE

ON A COLD, bleak, winter afternoon in December, 1939, little Raymond Proute left the shelter of his warm Brunswick, Maine home to do some exploring outdoors. Bundled warmly against the bitter cold, Raymond was a carefree tyke as he walked along the crisp snow with his big Collie dog, Major, at his side.

As the afternoon wore along the wise Collie would cast an eye at his carefree master and then gaze up at the sky. He would then bark for Raymond to go home. For, you see, dogs have a way of telling time, and Major knew that darkness would soon overtake them. But Raymond failed to heed the dog's warning barks. He mistook them for barks of joy, and he continued on his merry way, with Major ruefully tagging along.

Darkness fell suddenly, and then Raymond decided he wanted to go home. But a three year old boy has no sense of direction in a gloomy night, and after wandering around in circles for some time, Raymond knew that he was lost. The cold air and the warmth of the exercise of so much walking made Raymond very drowsy, and he wanted very much to go to sleep. His heavy eyelids were closing, and Raymond, who happened to be walking along the railroad tracks, stepped over the rails and laid down on the embankment.

Raymond was soon missed at home. The police department was notified. Soon, the cry spread all over the picturesque Maine town that little Raymond Proute was missing.

Bowdoin College students, more than one hundred high school pupils, and the city firemen joined in the search for the missing boy. But after searching for hours in the gloomy night, they sadly returned to town, empty



handed and utterly discouraged.

Meanwhile, Raymond slept soundly while Major, wise to the ways of nature, and careful not to disturb his master's slumber, wrapped his furry body around that of the child's. And so they passed the long night, the master blissfully unaware of the cold hand of death, and the dog striving to keep the spark of life burning in his master's body.

With the patience that dogs possess, Major calmly waited until the night faded into day. He got up and snuffed the boy's face. Raymond was breathing easily. Then he tugged at Raymond's sleeve to awaken him. But Raymond slept soundly. Major went back to his vigil, and gave the slumbering boy the protection of his warm fur.

Suddenly, Major alerted his ears. In the distance, he could distinguish a peculiar sound. Had Major been able to describe it, he would have said that it was the noise of a railroad handcar. Major waited until the noise grew louder and began to bark fiercely. The barking was a warning that the thing must not hurt his master. And yet there was a plea in the bark, too. A plea for help.

There were two men on the handcar. They heeded the unusual barks and they stopped the handcar. They ran along the embankment to investigate. About a hundred yards ahead, a very strange sight greeted them. They saw a big Collie dog covering the body of a sleeping little boy. The dog was growling and whining in turns. The men were fearless. They boldly walked over to Major. Without leaving his spot, he sniffed them thoroughly, and decided that they were friends. Only then did Major step aside and let them pick up the still sleeping boy.



## FAMOUS OPERAS

# THE MAGIC FLUTE

By Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

**T**AMINO, an Egyptian Prince, is traveling through a forest. Accidentally becoming separated from his friends, Tamino is chased by a huge serpent and falls, exhausted and fasting, before the Temple of Astarte, Queen of Night. The Queen's three ladies find him, kill the serpent, and rush into the Temple to tell the Queen. Meanwhile, Tamino revives, sees the dead serpent, and hales when he hears the piping of a flute.

The paper, who is Papageno, the fowler, now appears and sings merrily about his profession of bird-catching. Tamino comes forth and thanks Papageno for killing the snake, thus saving his life. But at this moment the Queen's three ladies return and scold Papageno for accepting the credit for destroying the serpent.

The lovely Pamina, daughter of Astarte, has been taken from her mother by Sarastro, the High Priest of Isis, who hopes to save Pamina from the evils wrought by her mother, the Queen. When the Queen's three ladies show Tamino the picture of Pamina, he falls in love with her, and determines to rescue her. They give him a magic Flute, which has the power to control men, animals, birds, and even the elements of nature. Accompanied by Papageno, he sets out for Sarastro's palace.

In a room in the Palace, closely guarded by the Moor Monostatos, chief of the slaves of the Temple of Isis, waits Pamina. Papageno enters, drives Monostatos away and tells Pamina about Tamino and his love for her, and promises to take her to him. However, Pamina and Tamino have many adventures before they meet each other. Then, just as they are about to depart together from the Palace, through the help of the magic flute, Sarastro discovers the m

and prevents their attempt to escape.

Sarastro finally agrees to unite the lovers, if they are willing to abide by the sacred rites of Isis. He orders the priests to come to the Temple of Wisdom, and attend for the lovers. When all are assembled, Pamina and Tamino are allowed to enter the Temple, and Sarastro invokes the gods of Isis and Osiris to watch over them and protect them. The lovers now begin the period of probation necessary to prove their loyalty and devotion to each other.

Meanwhile, the Queen becomes more and more angry at Sarastro for interfering with her daughter's affairs. One day, while Pamina is asleep in a bower of roses, the Queen runs out of the earth and gives Pamina a dagger with which she is to kill Sarastro. The Queen promises that if she fails to do so, Tamino will never be hers. When Pamina hesitates, the Queen threatens to bring vengeance on all of them.

Sarastro comforts Pamina and calms her fears, telling her that his greatest wish is for her happiness.

During their probationary trials, the lovers encounter many difficulties. Pamina meets Tamino, and unaware that he has been forbidden to talk to any woman, Pamina thinks he has deserted her. In her despair, she tries to kill herself with the dagger her mother gave her, but is prevented by three gods, who have been sent to her by Sarastro.

All misunderstandings having been finally cleared up, the lovers are united in the sacred Temple. The Queen tries to prevent the ceremony, but is unsuccessful. In the final scene, the powers of goodness have triumphed over the forces of evil, and in the Temple of the Sun, Sarastro is seated on his throne with Tamino and Pamina beside him, while the Queen of Night and her attendants sink into the earth.



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