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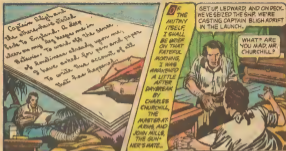
# MEN AGAINST THE SEA

By MORROWOFF & HALL



ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 28, 1791, THE CREW OF HIS MAJESTY'S ARMED TRANSPORT, "BOUNTY," MUTINIED AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL RULE OF THE CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT WILLIAM BUSH, NINETEEN MEN, INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN, WERE SET ADRIFT IN MID-OCEAN TO FACE THE TERRIBLE PROSPECT OF TRAVELING THREE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED MILES OVER THE TURBULENT PACIFIC IN AN OPEN, UNARMED BOAT ONLY TWENTY-THREE FEET LONG. THOSE WHO PLACED THEIR LIVES IN BUSH'S HANDS, HOWEVER, HAD ABSOLUTE FAITH IN HIS QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP, HIS INDOMITABLE WILL AND HIS SKILL IN NAVIGATION. THIS ACCOUNT, TOLD IN THE WORDS OF THOMAS LEONARD, THE "BOUNTY'S" ACTING SURGEON, IS, MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, A MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN BUSH.

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Captain Bligh and  
the crew were taken  
back to England. A day  
later on my way home in  
the "Hesperus" we were off the coast  
of Andaman Island. Upon me,  
I have written for you and paper  
to write the account of all  
that has happened.

OF  
THE  
MUTINY  
ITSELF,  
I SHALL  
BE WRITING  
ON THAT  
FUTURE  
MOMENT,  
I WAS  
ARRIVED  
A LITTLE  
AFTER  
DUSK  
BY  
CHARLES  
CHURCHILL,  
THE  
MUTINEER  
AT  
LEAD,  
AND  
JOHN  
HILL,  
THE  
GUN-  
NER'S  
MATE...

SET UP LEWARD, AND ON PECK,  
WE'VE SEIZED THE SHIP, WE'RE  
CASTING CAPTAIN BLIGH ABOARD  
IN THE LAUNCH.

WHAT? ARE  
YOU MAD, MR.  
CHURCHILL?

DRESSED  
IN GREAT  
HASTE  
AND WAS  
MATCHED  
TO THE  
OFFICER  
TO MY  
AMAZEMENT,  
I FOUND  
THAT THE  
MUTINY  
WAS LED BY  
FLETCHER  
CHRISTIAN,  
THE  
MUSTER'S  
MATE AND  
THIRD IN  
COMMAND.



MR. LEWARD, YOU  
MUST CHOOSE...  
STAY WITH THE  
SHIP OR GO WITH  
CAPTAIN BLIGH.

I SHALL FOLLOW  
CAPTAIN BLIGH, BUT  
SURELY YOU CANNOT  
SEND US OFF WITHOUT  
MEDICAL SUPPLIES!

I  
WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE MY SMALL MEDICINE CHEST AND A BUNDLE OF  
CLOTHING. THERE WERE NINETEEN OF US IN THE LAUNCH. EACH MAN HAD  
BROUGHT WITH HIM A BUNDLE OF CLOTHING, AND WITH THESE AND THE  
SUPPLIES OF FOOD ALLOWED US BY THE MUTINEERS, WE WERE DANGEROUSLY  
OVERLADEN...



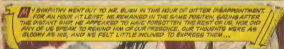


SEE HOW SOON YOU GET TO ENGLAND NOW, YOU DOG!

I'LL GET TO ENGLAND AND I'LL HAVE VENGEANCE, YOU BLOODY SCOUNDRELS! I'LL SEE EVERY ONE OF YOU SWIMMING FROM A YACHTSMAN BEFORE TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED!



I WILL REMEMBER THE SILENCE THAT SEEMED TO FLOW IN UPON OUR LITTLE COMPANY-- THE SILENCE OF MID-OCEAN ACCENTUATED BY THE FANTASY OF THE GARS. IN TWO HOURS TIME, THE "BOUNTY" WERE HULL DOWN ON THE HORIZON...



MY SHIPMATE WENT OUT TO ME. BLIND IN THIS HOUR OF BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT FOR AN HOUR AT LEAST, HE REMAINED IN THE SAME POSITION, GAZING AFTER THE INSTANT SMIRK HE APPEARED TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THE REST OF US, NOR DID ANY OF US SPEAK TO REMIND HIM OF OUR PRESENCE. OUR THOUGHTS WERE AS GLOOMY AS HIS, AND WE FELT LITTLE INCLINED TO EXPRESS THEM...



**W**HEN AT LENGTH BLIGH TURNED AWAY, IT WAS NEVER TO LOOK AT THE "BOUNTY" AGAIN. HE NOW TOOK CHARGE OF HIS NEW COMMAND WITH AN ASSURANCE, A QUIET CHEERFULNESS, THAT HEARTENED US ALL...

WE'LL CHANGE MEN AT THE GARS EVERY HOUR, THE REST OF YOU STOW THE PROVISIONS IN BETTER ORDER.



**W**E MOVED SLOWLY ON TOWARD TOPGA, THE MOST NORTHWESTERLY ISLAND OF THE GROUP CALLED THE FRIENDLY ARCHPELAGO. THE SUN DIPPED INTO THE SEA AND IN THE LIGHT THAT STREAMED UP FROM THE HORIZON, THE ISLAND STOOD OUT IN CLEAR RELIEF...



**W**E ESTIMATED THE HEIGHT OF THE ISLAND'S CENTRAL MOUNTAIN TO BE ABOUT TWO THOUSAND FEET. IT WAS A VOLCANO, AND A THIN CLOUD OF WARDER HUNG ABOVE IT AND REFLECTED A PULL RED GLOW...



**W**E APPROACHED THE ROCKY SHORE UNTIL THE THUNDER OF THE SURF WAS LOUD IN OUR EARS, BUT IN THE DARKNESS WE COULD SEE NO PLACE WHERE A LANDING MIGHT BE MADE...



WHEN WE HAD COASTED A DISTANCE OF SEVERAL MILES, WE DISCOVERED A LONG ADDINGING SPOT WHERE WE MIGHT LIE IN COMPARATIVE SAFETY THROUGH THE NIGHT...

THIS WILL DO. TWO MEN WILL MAN THE OARS AT ALL TIMES TO KEEP US OFF THE ROCKS.



LUSH SUGGESTED THAT WE KEEP OUR FAST UNTIL MORNING. HE DID, HOWEVER, SERVE A RATION OF Grog TO EACH OF US IN A HALF-DOZEN WINE GLASSES I HAD IN MY MEDICINE CHEST. NO ONE MISSED THE MEAL, THE Grog PUT US IN A MORE CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND...



\*GRANDY

AT BRYEBREAK WE PROCEEDED ALONG THE COAST. IT WAS A FORBIDDING-LOOKING PLACE, ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK WE RETURNED TO THE COVE AND DROPPED A GEAR. "WELL" ABOUT TWENTY YARDS FROM THE BEACH, FRYER AND SIX MEN REMAINED ABOARD. THE REST OF US WAVED ASHORE...

BOTANIST THOUGH YOU MAY BE, MR. NELSON, IF YOU FIND SO MUCH AS AN EDIBLE BERRY, YOU SHALL HAVE MY RATION OF Grog AT SUPPER.

I THINK YOU ARE SAFE ENOUGH IN MAKING THIS WAGER, BUT WE'RE LIKELY TO FIND NEITHER WATER NOR FOOD HERE.



\*FANNOO

AS ROBERT LAMB, THE "BOUNTY'S" BUTCHER, NEARED THE SHORE, HE BEGAN TO RUN. SUDDENLY HE FELL...

LAMB HAD TO BE CARRIED TO THE BEACH. HE HAD PROCEEDED AS WITH MY FIRST TASK AS SURGEON OF THE LAUNCH, FOR HE HAD A BAD BROOK.

YOU BLASTED IDIOT! WE'RE IN NO POSITION TO HAVE HELPLESS MEN TO CARE FOR! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO LEAVE YOU HERE TO ROT!

AIN'T-Y-Y-AY! MY ANKLE!



**1** MR. BLUSH IN HOPE OF FINDING FOOD AND WATER, DIVIDED THE PARTY INTO SMALL EXPLODING GROUPS. PURCELL, THE CARPENTER, CARRIED ONE OF FOUR GUY LASSES, THE ONLY WEAPONS ALLOWED TO US BY THE AUTO EDEK. HE WAS TO LEAD FOUR OTHERS IN AN ATTEMPT TO SCALE THE CLIFF...



THE REST OF US WILL SCOUR THE SHORE FOR SHELLFISH.

**2** SHORTLY AFTER HEARDY, PURCELL'S EXPLODING PARTY RETURNED, UTTERLY HEARDY AND COVERED WITH SCRATCHES AND BUBBLES. THE REST OF US LONG SINCE HAD ABANDONED HOPE OF FINDING SHELLFISH...

**3** SUDDENLY, BLUSH'S VOICE SHOUTED TO US FROM THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF...

ANY LUCK, PURCELL?

NARY A THING EXCEPT A FEW QUARTS OF WATER.



COME HERE, ALL OF YOU! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING!



**4** BLUSH HAD DISCOVERED A ROCK CAVEN IN THE CLIFFSIDE. BUT MORE THAN THAT HE HAD MADE A DISCOVERY THAT WAS NOT OF A REASSURING NATURE...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, MR. LEWARD?

THE SKULL OF A HUMAN WHO WAS MURDERED NOT MORE THAN A YEAR OR TWO AGO.





IT'S MELSON'S OPINION, AND FROM WHAT I HAVE SEEN OF THE ISLAND, YINE ALSO, THAT NO ONE COULD LIVE HERE AMONGST THESE ROCKS AND CRAGS. I BELIEVE THESE ARE THE GAULS OF WASTING SAVAGES.



THE FOLLOWING DAY WAS SPENT IN FRUITLESS EXPLORATION OF THE COAST. THEN ON THE THIRD, HALF THE PARTY AGAIN LANDED ON THE ISLAND. SIX MEN UNDER JONKE WERE SENT IN A NORTH-WESTERLY DIRECTION. AFTER FIVE HOURS THEY RETURNED...

HAVE YOU HAD ANY LUCK YINE?

NOT A BIT, AND MORE-OVER, TINKLER IS HIDING.



HE DISAPPEARED OR BECAME SEPARATED FROM US JUST BEFORE WE WERE READY TO RETURN.

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU, THE SHIP'S MASTER, CANNOT KEEP A PARTY OF SIX MEN TOGETHER? BLAST YOUR EYES! MUST I GO EVERYWHERE WITH YOU?



GET BACK AT ONCE AND FIND HIM! ALL OF YOU! AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT HIM!

ANDY, EVERYBODY!

LOOK! COMPANY!



**F**ORTUNATELY, BLUSH FORGOT HIS ANKLE. TWINKLER HAD FOUND THE NATIVES IN A HUT IN A SMALL WOODED VALLEY, NEAR ANDERSON, THE BEST LINGUIST AMONG US. FOUND THE NATIVE LANGUAGE SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO TAHITIAN...

FOOD? WATER?

NO FOOD HERE. WE GO, BRING FOOD BRING MEN.



**T**HE NATIVE PARTY LEFT AT ONCE AND CAPTAIN BLUSH SET ABOUT COLLECTING WHATEVER SMALL ARTICLES WE COULD BRIBE FROM OUR PERSONAL BELONGINGS—HANDKERCHIEFS, CLASP KNIVES, BUTTONS, BUCKLES, AND THE LIKE...

WE CAN'T BE LIVELY WITH GIFTS, BUT THESE MAY GIVE US A SLIGHT ADVANTAGE.



**B**LUSH LEFT SOON WITH FIVE MEN IN THE LAUNCH, ANCHORED ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YARDS OUT. THE REST OF US WE ORDERED AHEAD. WITHIN AN HOUR, TWENTY TO THIRTY MEN CAME DOWN THE CLIFF...



**B**Y THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON, THERE WERE FORTY OR FIFTY PEOPLE IN THE COVE. OF FOOD AND WATER THEY HAD BROUGHT LITTLE, BUT WE MANAGED TO "BUY" A DOZEN BREADFRUIT FROM THEM. BLUSH SET ABOUT LIGHTING A FIRE...

FROM WHAT I CAN GLEAN OF THEIR DIALECT, THEY'RE NOT LIKELY TO BE TOO FRIENDLY. THEY SEEM TO WANT THAT WASHING MACHINE GLASS OF BLUSH'S, THOUGH.

I DOUBT THAT THE CAPTAIN WILL LET THAT GO. IT'S THE ONLY MEANS WE HAVE OF MAKING FIRE.



WE DINED ON A QUARTER OF A BREAD-FRUIT PER MAN. AT SUNSET, THE INDIANS BEGAN TO LEAVE THE COVE, PROMISING TO RETURN WITH THEIR CHIEF THE FOLLOWING DAY. BLUSH WATCHED THEM AS THEY LEFT...

THEY HEAR NO GOOD, TOMORROW WILL BE OUR LAST DAY IN THIS DESOLATE SPOT.

THAT NIGHT WE SLEPT ASHORE. THE NEXT DAY THE NATIVES RETURNED WITH THEIR CHIEF WHOSE NAME, AS BEST WE COULD MAKE OUT, WAS MACCA-ADONOV. WE WERE DISAPPOINTED BY THEIR ATTITUDE, FOR THEY WOULD PART WITH NOTHING, LATE IN THE DAY...

THE CHIEF SAYS HE WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE FOOD YOU WANT IF YOU GIVE HIM THE MAGNIFYING GLASS.

TELL HIM THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. WE HAVE NO OTHER WAY TO MAKE FIRE.

TO TURN MACCA-ADONOV'S ATTENTION FROM THE GLASS, BLUSH ASKED NELSON ABOUT THE SKULLS FOUND IN THE CAVE. THE SAVAGE'S FACE LIT UP WITH CRUEL CUNNING. HE SPOKE LONG AND EARNESTLY, ENDING WITH...

REEVE!  
REEVE!

HE SAYS THE SKULLS ARE THOSE OF FLEI ISLANDERS. HE KILLED TWO OF THEM HIMSELF!

HERE-AFTER, THE CHIEF WALKED AWAY AND BEGAN SPEAKING TO HIS MEN. BLUSH'S FACE WAS SET...

I SENT COLE AND THREE OTHER MEN OUT TO LOOK FOR WATER. AND THEY HAVEN'T RETURNED. OTHERWISE, WE'D MAKE A BREAK FOR IT. THOSE NATIVES ARE DANGEROUS.



BLIGH, HOWEVER, MOTIONED TO THE LAUNCH WITH A WAIVE OF HIS ARM, AND MEN STARTED TO TAKE SUPPLIES TO IT...

LET THE REST OF US APPEAR TO BE PREPARING FOR THE NIGHT, WHEN THE RIGHT TIME COMES, WE'LL TRY TO GET AWAY.

THE LAUNCH CAME CLOSE TO THE SHORE AND FRYER THREW A SEAPINEL, SURELY...

BY THUNDER! THOSE GAIASES ARE AFTER THE LAUNCH!

BLIGH'S COURAGE AND FORCE OF CHARACTER NEVER SHOWED TO BETTER ADVANTAGE...

BLIGH SO OVERDREW THE ARTIVES BY HIS MANNER THAT OUR DANGER WAS AVERTED TEMPORARILY, AS THEY FELL BACK, BLIGH SHOUTED...

GET AWAY FROM THAT BOAT, YOU VILAINS!

"YOU KEEP BACK FROM HERE OR I'LL CUT YOUR HEADS CLEAN FROM YOUR SHOULDERS!"

THE SIGNAL OF THE SEAPINEL ROPE EVIDENTLY HAD NOT BEEN ORDERED BY THE CHIEF, BUT WE WERE NOT DECEAED, SURELY THE NATIVES STARTED ANCHORING ROCKS TOGETHER...

CONFOUND THEM, NELSON! WHAT'S THAT FOR?

THE CHIEF SAYS IT'S A GAME. FRANKLY, I THINK THAT'S A LIE. IT'S SOME SORT OF SIGNAL TO MURDER US!



IT WAS NEAR SUNDOWN WHEN GOLD AND THREE MEN RETURNED...

WE GOT A LITTLE WATER, MR. BUSH. NOTHING ELSE.



DRINK YOUR FILL, MEN. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HULL WATER WHEN WE START MOVING. WE'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR THE RIGHT TIME, THEN TAKE OUR CHANCES.



THE CHIEF EVENTUALLY GREW SUSPICIOUS OF ALL OUR ACTIVITY AND APPROACHED BUSH. BUSH ASKED NELSON WHAT WAS BEING SAID...

HE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE INTEND TO STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT. SHALL I DECEIVE HIM, P?

NO, BLAST HIM! TELL HIM WE'RE SAILING!



THEN YOU DYE?

WE'D BETTER MAKE A BREAK NOW, NELSON. TELL THE MEN TO FOLLOW WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL. NO RUSHING, TELL THEM TO COME I DO.



BUSH'S ACTIONS WERE BEYOND PRAISE. WE TOOK OUR GUE AND FOLLOWED HIM TO THE WATER. I BELIEVE THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF THE ACTION WAS THE CAUSE OF OUR SUCCESS.

LET THESE FOOLS SEE HOW ENGLISH MEN BEHAVE!



THEY ALL RUSH INTO THE WATER, FOLLOWING BLISH...

NOW! LOOK ALIVE, LADS!



**Alyyy!!**



IN A RUSH, WE JUST MADE OUR ESCAPE, BUT NORTON SUDDENLY TURNED TO REACH FOR THE GRAPNEL...

LET THE GRAPNEL GO, NORTON! SAVE YOUR HIDE!





**W**E WERE OVERTAKEN BY CANOES BEFORE WE WERE OUT OF THE COVE. THE NATIVES WERE MOSTLY UNARMED, BUT THEY HURLED STONES AND THEIR FEW SPEARS WITH AMAZING ACCURACY. NOT ONE OF US EXPECTED TO GET OUT ALIVE...





**T**HE SAVAGES  
HAD US AT THEIR  
MERCY. THEN BLUSH  
TOOK SOME PIECES  
OF CLOTHING FROM  
THE SCANT STOCK...

IF THIS DOESN'T  
WORK, WE HAVEN'T  
MUCH CHANCE!



**T**O OUR JOY, THE SAVAGES STOPPED  
TO TAKE THEM ALL. IT WAS NOW BEGIN-  
NING TO GET DARK, AND AS WE PASSED  
THE ENTRANCE TO THE COVE, WE CAUGHT  
A BREeze AND WERE SOON FREE ALL  
DANGER OF PURSUIT...

**A**S NIGHT SETTLED UPON US, WE BREATHED  
A SIGH OF RELIEF, AND AT COLLE'S RE-  
QUEST, BLUSH ASKED FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE...

ALMIGHTY GOD, THOU SEEST OUR  
AFFLICTION, THOU KNOWEST OUR  
NEED. GRANT THAT WE MAY OUI  
OURSELVES LIKE MEN IN THE  
TRIALS AND DANGERS THAT LIE  
BEFORE US. WATCH OVER US,  
STRENGTHEN OUR HEARTS, AND  
IN THY PRIME MERCY AND COM-  
PASSION, BRING US ALL IN SAFETY  
TO THE HAVEN TOWARD WHICH WE  
NOW DIRECT OUR COURSE. AMEN.



I WAS BUSY THE NEXT HOUR OR SO TENDING TO OUR WOUNDED PURCELL AND BEEN STRUCK ON THE HEAD WITH A BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED MOST MEN BUT AFTER A HALF-DOZEN BITCHES, HE SEEMED LITTLE WORSE FOR HIS EXPERIENCE...



TOWARD MORNING THE WIND BLEW WOXY COLD WHILE THE SEA GREW HIGH AND CONFUSED...



I SWAM, THE SKY WAS OVERCAST WITH LOW, DIRTY CLOUDS. WE WERE A GOREY CREW, Haggard-eyed, wet to the skin, WE HAD PICKED UP SOME COCONUTS, ANYHOW...



TAKE THOSE COCONUT SHELLS AND START SAILING!

FOUR OF US RAILED FRANTICALLY AND CONTINUOUSLY. YET THE WATER CAME IN AS FAST AS WE LAPPED IT OUT...



WE WERE ALL WEARY AND COLD AND STIFF WITH SALT SPOCK, WHEN CAPTAIN BUSH CALLED OUT...

THE BREAD!  
THE BREAD!



FORGAS WENT AWAY IN THE BOAT NEAREST TO BREAST THE BREAD WAS GONED. HE REMOVED THE SPARE GAIL THAT COVERED THE BREAD GONED IN THE BOAT...

ONE BAG IS WET, SIR, THE LOT WILL BE SPOILED IF LEFT HERE.

MR. FURCELL, CLEAR YOUR TOOL CHEST, PLACE THE TOOLS IN THE BELGES.



NOW, LADS, LOOK AHEAD! ONE BACK AT A TIME INTO THE TOOL CHEST! WORK FAST! IT'LL BE EMPTY BELLING OTHERWISE!



**T**HE SEA ROSE SO HIGH THAT IT SEEMED LIKELY THAT WE WOULD BE UNABLE TO KEEP FROM FLOUNDERING. TO LIGHTEN OUR LOAD—FOR OUR GUN WHALLED AROUND ALMOST LEVEL WITH THE SEA—I HAD ORDERED THE JETTISONING OF EVERY THING EXCEPT TWO SUITS OF CLOTHING FOR EACH MAN AND SOME SPARE CANNES...



**F**OUR AFTER HOUR, WE ALTERNATED BETWEEN FIERCE WIND AND SPRAY ON THE WAVE CRESTS, AND THE BLACK TROUSERS, WHERE TWO LAUNCH ALL BUT LOST STEERAGEWAY...



**F**OR BREAKFAST AFTER THAT AWFUL NIGHT CONSISTED OF ONE TEASPOON OF RUM PER MAN AND SOME PIECES OF YAK FOUND IN THE BOAT, AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE...

LOOK—  
PORPOISE!

AH, MY MOUTH WATERS FOR A PORPOISE STEAK, NO MATTER HOW RAW, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TRIGG THAT UP.



WE HAD A FISHING LINE WHICH WE HAD KEPT TOWING BEHIND THE LAUNCH, NOW COLE RE-EXAMINED IT AND FASTENED STRIPS OF WHITE LINEN TO IT...

WE SHALL SEE IF THE LINE WILL ATTRACT ANY FISH.

LOOK, SIR! THERE IS LAND AHEAD!



IT WAS INDEED, BLUSH SAID, "IT IS ONE OF THE FIJI ISLANDS. WE MAY BE THE FIRST WHITE MEN TO SET EYES ON THEM!" THEN HIS GROW CLOSED AS PURCELL SPoke...

CAN'T WE LAND HERE, SIR?

SPOKE LIKE A FOOL, MR. PURCELL. YOU'VE A SHORT HE WARY IF YOU'VE SO GOOD FORGOTTEN TODAY, WE SHALL NOT RISK IT.



THE SEA WAS CHOPPY AND WE HAD TO SAIL. LEROUX WAS STANDING ON THE BOAT TOWARD SUDDENLY HE CALLED OUT...

MR. BLUSH! THERE'S A MONSTRIOUS TORTOISE... ASLEEP! IF YOU MOVE UP QUICK, I'LL GRAB HIS FLIPPERS, I'VE DONE IT BLAW A TIME IN THE WEST INDEED.

LET NO MAN MAKE A SOUND.



THE SLIGHTEST SOUND WOULD WAKEN THE ANIMAL. WE HELD OUR BREATH. BLUSH WAS ASLEEP AT THE TILDE. LEROUX REACHED OUT OVER THE GUNWALE...







WITH AN  
GATH BUSH  
SPRING TO THE  
SIDE, "HOLD ON!  
HE SHOUTED.  
THEN HE  
SEIZED  
LEBORUE  
BY THE  
COLLAR...



LEBORUE THOUGHT NOTHING OF THE MEETING, BUT CURSED HIS BAD LUCK FOR LOSING THE TORTOISE. BUSH FRAMED HIS TENDRILY AND BLAMED THE MEN SEATED NEAR LEBORUE FOR NOT HOLDING FAST TO THEIR MATE...

HAD YOU MEN ACTED PROMPTLY, INSTEAD OF SITTING AWAPE, WE SHOULD HAVE HAD A PEAST TONIGHT! SAMUEL GIVE LEBORUE A SPOONFUL OF RUM. HE HAS EARNED IT.

FOR NOT HOLDING FAST TO THEIR MATE...

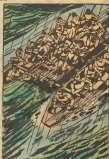


THERE ARE TWO DANES—  
DOUBLE DANES—THAT SEEM  
TO BE IN PURSUIT OF US.

THE CON-  
TINUATION  
FOR SOMETHREE  
DAYS AND  
NIGHTS AND  
STILL THE FLY  
ISLANDS REMAINED  
IN SIGHT.  
THEN, ON THE  
NEXT AFTERNOON,  
HE HAD  
ORDERED TO  
GO THROUGH A  
CHANNEL  
BETWEEN  
TWO ISLANDS—  
MUCH CLOSER  
TO SHORE  
THAN HE  
WOULD HAVE  
DEEMED...

**B**EFORE LONG IT WAS EVIDENT THE SAVAGES WERE COMING TOWARD US. BLASH ORDERED US TO THE GUNS, FOR THE WIND WAS ONLY SLIGHT...

THEY MAY ONLY WANT TO BARTER, YET IT IS BETTER TO CHANCE NO CONTACT WITH THEM.



**S**UDDENLY A BLACK SQUALL BORE DOWN ON US, PRECIPITATED BY A FIERCE WIND. WE CAUGHT ENOUGH OF THE RAIN TO REPLACE ALL THE WATER WE HAD DRUNK FROM THE EGGS. FOR A TIME THE PURSUING CANOES WERE LOST FROM VIEW AND WE TOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY TO REPAIR OUR TORN SAILS...



**T**HE SQUALL PASSED, AND THE WIND FELL DEAD CALM. WE SAW THE CANOES WERE STILL AFTER US AND HAD, IN FACT, GAINED CONSIDERABLE...

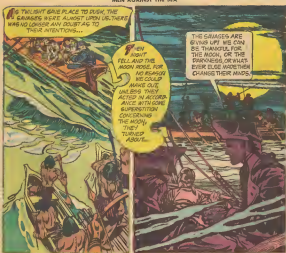




AS TWILIGHT GAVE PLACE TO DUSK, THE GAUGES WERE ALMOST UPON US. THERE WAS NO LONGER ANY DOUBT AS TO THEIR INTENTIONS...

WHEN NIGHT FELL AND THE MOON ROSE, FOR NO REASON WE COULD MAKE OUT UNLESS THEY ACTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH SOME SUPERSTITION CONCERNING THE MOON, THEY TURNED ABOUT...

THE GAUGES ARE BRING UP! WE CAN BE THANKFUL FOR THE MOON, OR THE DARKNESS, OR WHAT EVER ELSE MIGHT CHANGE THEIR MINDS.



MR. BUSH SET PURCELL TO WORK PREPARING A WEATHER CLOTH OF SOME SPARE CANVAS. IT MADE THE BOAT AS WELL-PREPARED FOR ROUGH WEATHER AS IT COULD BE. PURCELL HAD JUST FINISHED WHEN A GALE SUDDENLY CAME UPON US IN TORRENTIAL SHEETS, DRIVEN BY FORCE WINDS...

BAIL FOR YOUR LIVES!



**I** CANNOT RECALL THE THIRTY-SIX HOURS THAT FOLLOWED WITHOUT EXPERIENCING SOMETHING OF THE HORROR I FELT AT THE TIME. WIND AND RAIN, RAIN AND WIND, UNDER A SKY THAT HELD NO PROMISE OF RELIEF. IN ALL THAT TIME MR. BUSH DID NOT LEAVE THE TILLER, AND HE SEEMED TO HAVE AN IDEALIZATION OF HIM THAT GREW GREATER AS OUR PERIL INCREASED. THERE I SAW HIM IN AN ALMOST BLINDING GLARE OF LIGHT. HE SAT AS ON A THRONE, LIFTED HIGH ABOVE US ALL....





**T**HE NEXT MORNING, THE WEATHER RELAXED. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIFTEEN DAYS, WE FOUND IT UNNECESSARY TO BAIL. WE WERE FIFTLE, LOOKING OBJECTS, BUT THE SUN CHEERED US, AND DROCKED AS WE HEARD, WE MANAGED SOME UNBROKEN SLEEP. I MIGHT MENTION HERE THAT OUR DAILY RATION WAS NOW ONE TWENTY-FIFTH OF A POUND OF BREAD AND ONE-QUARTER OF A PINT OF WATER, SERVED THREE TIMES A DAY...



**T**HE MORNING BECAME AS BEAUTIFUL AS ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN AT SEA, AS WE SLEPT PEACEFULLY AT LAST, MY PRY REACHED OVER THE SIDE AND LIFTED UP...



A COONAN SHELL!

IT HAS BEEN REMOVED BY A MAN, TOO. WE ARE HEARING NEW HOLLAND! NO DOUBT OF IT! LOOK AT THOSE BIRDS!

4 ADRIAN LLOYD

**A**LTHOUGH THE WEATHER WAS FINE, I SUFFERED FROM NAUSEA AND MY STOMACH ALL DAY. NEAR NIGHTFALL, I LAY DOWN IN A KIND OF STUPOR. I WAS AWAKENED BY BUBBLE NOISE...



DON'T MOVE!



GOODLAD! DON'T WINK HIS NECK, WE'LL BUT THE THROAT FOR THE BLOOD!

THAT'S IT, HALL. USE YOUR KNIFE.



**T**HE BIRD'S BLOOD ALMOST FILLED A WINE GLASS, WHICH BLUSH ORRISSED NELSON, WHO WAS IN WORSE CONDITION THAN THE REST OF US, TO DRINK...



THE BIRD WAS CUT INTO EIGHTEEN PARTS AND THE PARTS WERE DRAINED BY LOT SO THAT NO ONE WOULD BE FAVORED. THE HEAD AND BEAK FELL TO ME. I SWALLOWED EYES AND EGG BEANS WITH AN ENJOYMENT THAT AMAZES ME AS I WRITE...



IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS, WE CAUGHT THREE BOOBIES, LARGE BIRDS WITH A FIVE-FOOT WING SPREAD. BUT MANY OF US WERE NOW IN AN AWFUL CONDITION, ESPECIALLY NELSON...

ABOUT MIDNIGHT, I HEARD MR. BLIGH CALL OUT. THE MOON WAS DOWN, BUT BY THE LIGHT OF THE STARS, I COULD SEE...



UNLESS WE CAN REACH LAND AND GET FRESH FOOD SOON, NELSON WILL DIE.



THE REEFS OF NEW HOLLAND! WHAT A CURSE!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WE LOOKED IN VAIN FOR A CHANNEL THROUGH THE REEFS. THE PROSPECT OF SMOTHERING THE BOOBIES WAS ENOUGH TO HAVE ANY GERMAN PRIZE. JUST AS WE WERE APPROACHING THE REEFS THAT SEEMED CERTAIN TO CRUSH OUR CRAFT, TINKLER CALLED OUT...

MR. BLIGH! THERE'S A PASSAGE

CEASE PULLING, LADS. PROVIDENCE HAS BEEN GOOD TO US. YONDER LIES OUR CHANNEL. WE CAN FETCH IT UNDER SAIL.



WE HAD FOUND AN ISLAND THAT PROVED TO BE LITTLE MORE THAN A HEAP OF STONE. THEN WE FOUND A LARGE HOODED ONE THAT APPEARED UNINHABITED. BEYOND THAT, JUST WITHIN SIGHT, LAY THE MAINLAND OF NEW HOLLAND.

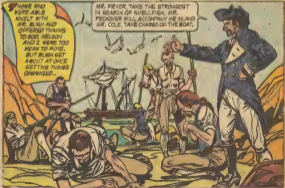


FOR TWENTY-SIX DAYS WE HAD NOT SET FOOT ON LAND. SOME OF THE MEN—THE YOUNG ONES ESPECIALLY—WERE ABLE TO WALK ASHORE. BUT MANY OF US HAD TO BE HELPED...

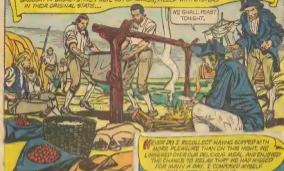


THOSE WHO WERE ABLE TO WALK WITH ME, BUSH AND OFFERED THANKS TO GOD, NELSON AND I WERE TOO WEAK TO MOVE. BUT BUSH GOT ABOUT AT ONCE GETTING THINGS ORGANIZED...

MR. PEYER, TAKE THE STRONGEST IN SEARCH OF SHELLFISH. MR. PECKOVER WILL ACCOMPANY ME INLAND. MR. COLE, TAKE CHARGE OF THE BOAT.



BEFORE BREAKDOWN, BISHOP AND PECKER returned with their hats filled with berries. FEWER FOUND OYSTERS SALORE, SOME OF WHICH HE SHELLED ON THE SPOT. THE MEN BROUGHT IN BASKETS, THEY WOVE OUT OF GRASS, FILLED WITH OYSTERS IN THEIR ORIGINAL STATE...



NEVER DO I RECOLLECT HAVING SUPPED WITH MORE PLEASURE THAN ON THIS NIGHT. WE LINGERED OVER OUR DELICIOUS MEAL, AND ENJOYED THE CHANCE TO RELAX THAT WE HAD MISSED FOR MANY A DAY. I COMPOSED MYSELF FOR SLEEP ON THE SAND...



THAT NIGHT, RETURNING STRENGTH MADE ME WAKE... PURCELL AND FRYER ALSO WERE A WAKE, FOR I COULD HEAR THEM TALKING IN LOW TONES. I PERCEIVED THEIR TALK WAS OF THE MUTINY...

IF THAT'S YOUR FEELING, WHY DIDN'T YOU JOIN CHRISTIAN PURCELL?

IT WAS NO LOVE FOR CAPTAIN BUSH, I'LL TELL YOU, BUT I'M AN ENGLISH SEAMAN, WHATEVER ELSE. EVEN THOUGH I DON'T GO IN FOR MUTINY, I THINK IF EVER A CAPTAIN DESERVED TO LOSE HIS SHIP, OURS DID.

WE SPENT THREE NIGHTS ON THE ISLAND, THEN, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE FOURTH DAY, WE SAW THE SMOKE OF MANY FIRES ON THE MAINLAND...



I DO NOT BELIEVE THOSE ON THE MAINLAND COULD HAVE BEEN OUR FIRE, AS IT SHED OUT NO SMOKE. WE SHALL SAIL ABOUT TWO HOURS BEFORE SUNSET. WITH A MOON COMING ON, WE CAN AVOID DANGER BY TRAVELING AS DARK AS POSSIBLE DURING THE NIGHT.



MR. FRYER, TAKE MR. PURCELL AND AS MANY AS CAN GO AND GATHER OYSTERS FOR OUR JOURNEY!

CAN WE NOT REST THIS AFTERNOON, SIR? NO ONE HAS RILL SPEECH YET, AND SURELY WE WILL FIND OYSTERS AT EVERY LANDING PLACE.

AHE, YOU PROMISED WE SHOULD TOUCH MANY ISLANDS BEFORE CLEARING FOR NEW HOLLAND.



**B**LIGH FLUSHED, CONTROLLING HIMSELF WITH DIFFICULTY. "WHAT ASSURANCE HAVE WE," HE ASKED, "THAT WE SHALL FIND OYSTERS ON ANY OTHER ISLAND? WE'VE NOTHING BUT BREAD AND LITTLE ENOUGH OF THAT. FETCH WHAT OYSTERS YOU WISH OR NONE AT ALL! I'M TIRED OF YOUR MISERABLE COMPLAINTS." FRYER AND THE CARPENTER SHAMED INTO OBEYING HIM, THEN SET FORTH...



**B**LIGH HAD CALLED OUR HOLEN "RESTORATION ISLAND," AND IT PROVED WORTHY OF ITS NAME. A DAY OR TWO LONDER IN REACHING IT AND SEVERAL OF US WOULD HAVE DIED...



**A** NUMBER OF SMALL ISLANDS WERE BETWEEN US AND THE MAINLAND, AND WE MISSED ONE. A SMALL PARTY OF SAVAGES STOOD LOOKING AT US. INSTEAD OF THEIR SAVAGE APPEARANCE, THEY SEEMED TAME. IN ONE HAND, EACH MAN CARRIED A SPEAR, AND IN THE OTHER, A STRANGE WEAPON NONE OF US RECOGNIZED...



**A**FTER SOME DELIBERATION, WE HAD ALREADY DECIDED TO RISK CALLING TO THEM, BUT...



IT'S HOUSE, WE'VE ALREADY PUT THEM IN A PANG.

**T**HE NEXT AFTERNOON, WE REACHED A ROCKY, BARREN ISLAND, AND THERE MR. BLUSH DECIDED TO LAND...

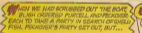


IN THESE CALM WATERS, WE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD CHANCE TO CHECK THE LAUNCH AND MAKE ALL NECESSARY REPAIRS.

**W**E BROUGHT EVERYTHING ASHORE IN ORDER THAT THE BOAT MIGHT BE THOROUGHLY CLEANED AND REPAIRED...



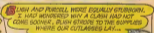
**W**HEN WE HAD SCRUBBED OUT THE BOAT, BLUSH ORDERED FURCELL AND PECKER, EACH TO TAKE A PARTY IN SEARCH OF CATCH FISH. PECKER'S PARTY SET OUT, BUT...



COME, MR. FURCELL, LOOK ALIVE! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE HERE!

YOU CAN SEND SOME ONE ELSE. I'M STAYING WHERE I AM! YOU'RE GOING TO ORDER ME AROUND NO MORE! I'M AS GOOD A MAN AS YOU ARE!

**B**LUSH AND FURCELL WERE EQUALLY STUBBORN. I HAD WONDERED WHY A CLASH HAD NOT COME SOONER, BLUSH STRODE TO THE SUPPLIES WHERE OUR CUTLASSES LAY...



IF YOU'RE AS GOOD A MAN AS I AM, YOU SHALL PROVE IT HERE AND NOW! STAND UP AND DEFEND YOURSELF!



YOU RUTHLESS VILLAIN! I'LL SOON PROVE WHETHER YOU ARE A MAN OR NOT! YOU'LL DEFEND YOURSELF OR I'LL CUT YOU DOWN WHERE YOU STAND!



PURCELL, THOUGH A LARGER MAN THAN BLUSH, HAD LITTLE OF THE LATTER'S INNER FIRE AND STRENGTH. AS BLUSH ADVANCED PURCELL MADE AN ABRUPT ABOUT FACE AND RAN. BLUSH CALLED AFTER HIM...

COME BACK, MR. PURCELL, YOU HAVE EVEN LESS SPIRIT THAN I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR! NOW THEN, DO YOU RETRACT WHAT YOU HAVE SAID?

YES, SIR.



VERY WELL. LET ME HAVE NO MORE OF YOUR INSOLENCE.



IT IS TO BLUSH'S CREDIT THAT HE NEVER AFTERWARD MENTIONED THIS INCIDENT. THE MEN RETURNED WITH A FINE SUPPLY OF SHALLFISH AND THAT DAY WE HAD A FEAST. WHILE WE ATE, BLUSH SPOKE LIBERALLY OF THE LAUNCH WHICH HAD SEEN US THROUGH SCOTLAND...

IT WAS MIDAFTERNOON WHEN WE FINISHED OUR MEAL. BLUSH POINTED TO A BARREN ISLAND THAT COULD BE REACHED BY A NARROW CAUBERRY...

I LOVE EVERY STRAKE OF PLANKING, EVERY NAIL IN HER, WOULD-YOU BELIEVE SHE WOULD HAVE CARRIED US THIS FAR! CLOSE TO TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED MILES, AS NEAR AS I CAN FIGURE.



THAT ISLAND IS A NESTING PLACE FOR BIRDS. I BELIEVE YOU SHOULD TAKE A PARTY THERE TONIGHT, MR. COLE. AFTER THE BIRDS HAVE SETTLED IN THEIR NESTS, THEY WILL MAKE GOOD EATING.



THAT NIGHT COLE, SAMUEL, TINKLER, LAMB AND I STARTED FOR BIRD ISLAND. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL EVENING, BRIGHT WITH MOONLIGHT, NOT A BREATH OF AIR WAS STIRRING. TINKLER AND LAMB WERE SOON FAR AHEAD OF COLE, SAMUEL AND ME. OUR CONVERSATION CENTERED ABOUT THE NATIVE...

I BELIEVE FLETCHER CHRISTIAN WILL NEVER AGAIN KNOW PEACE OF MIND FOR SETTING US ADRIFT AS HE DID.

ONCE MR. BUSH GETS ON HIS TRAIL, CHRISTIAN AND ALL THOSE WHO BAILED WITH HIM WILL HANG.



WE THREE, WHO HAD HUNG BACK, STOPPED TO EXAMINE THE ROCK POOLS ALONG THE REEF FOR CLAMS AND OYSTERS. WE FOUND NOTHING BUT A FEW SNAILS...

THEY'LL BE EDIBLE, SMALL AS THEY ARE!



WHEN HE REACHED "BIRD ISLAND..."

WHERE'S LAMB, TINKLER? I TOLD YOU BOTH TO WAIT FOR US!

I DON'T KNOW. HE WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO.



IT'S YOUR PLACE TO KNOW, MR. TINKLER, CAPTAIN BUSH SHALL HEAR OF THIS IF ANYTHING GOOD COMES.

DON'T BE A TELLTALE, SAMUEL. DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SIT ON HIS HEAD?

WAIT! LOOK AT THOSE BIRDS! THOUSANDS OF THEM! DO YOU SUPPOSE LAMB...



NO LAWS APPEARED FOR ALL OUR SIGHTING, THE BIRDS CIRCLED IN THOUSANDS OVER THE ISLAND, FILLING THE AIR WITH THEIR CRISP, TRILLER, COO AND SANGING, SET OFF AT A RUN ACROSS "WIND ISLAND" AND WHEN I, IN MY REARWARD STAGE, CLIMBED UP WITH THEM...

LOOK AT THIS WRETCH MR. LEONARD! DO YOU SEE WHAT HE HAS DONE! HE HAS CAUGHT AND EATEN HIS BIRDS BY HIMSELF... AND GORGED THE REST JAWY!

I WAS OUT OF MY HEAD! I KNOW I WAS THAT STARVED!

YOU TELL THAT TO CAPTAIN BUSH! YOU BLOODY THIEF! WHAT OF THE REST OF US?

COLE SUGGESTED THAT HE SHOULD NOT TELL BUSH THE WHOLE TRUTH...

WOULD YOU SHIELD SUCH A VILLAIN? WHEN HE'S ROBBED US, PERHAPS, OF THE VERY CHANCE OF LIFE!

WE'LL TELL HIM WHOSE FAULT IT WAS THAT THE BIRDS FLEW OFF THAT WE OWE GURDLEARS. BUT I'D BE ASHAMED TO LET THE CAPTAIN KNOW WHAT A POOR THIEF WE HAVE AMONG US.



CAPTAIN BUSH, OF COURSE, WAS FURIOUS...

YOU WRETCHABLE CREATURE! YOU'VE BEEN A DEAD WEIGHT ALL THE WAY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU WITH ANYTHING!

DON'T, MR. BUSH! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME! I COULDN'T HELP IT!



WE SPENT A MISERABLE NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING, LAMB WAS ILL FROM HIS SCORING OF THE NIGHT BEFORE. I WAS TEMPTED TO TELL THE CAPTAIN THE REAL REASON FOR HIS ILLNESS, BUT I HELD MY TONGUE...

GET THIS WORSE THAN USELESS FELLOW ABOARD, AND LET'S LOOK AHEAD! THIS MAY BE OUR LAST STOP BEFORE TIMOR.



A MOMENT OF GREAT MOMENT CAME TO US IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING OUR DEPARTURE. WE MADE GOOD TIME ALONG THE COAST OF NEW HOLLAND AND FINALLY PASSED GHAAL CAPE. NOW WE WERE CLEAR OF NEW HOLLAND ITSELF AND APPROXIMATELY NINE HUNDRED MILES OF EMPTY SEA LAY BETWEEN US AND TIMOR...



WITHIN THE REEFS OF NEW HOLLAND, THE BARRIERS OF CORAL HAD SHIELDED US FROM OUR OLD ENEMY, THE SEAL, BUT THE SEA HAD NOT FORGOTTEN US. IT HAD LAIN IN WAIT, ARMED WITH STORM WAVES FROM THE EAST AND RELIEFS OF RAIN THAT CONTINUED UNABATED FOR SEVEN DAYS. I THINK THE WINDS WERE EVEN GREATER NOW, AND WE SOON WERE ONCE MORE FITFULLY WEAK AND ILL...



BY THE MORNING OF JUNE 20TH I LAY DOULDED UP IN THE GREEN SAILS, LAMB, BUNION AND NELSON WERE AS BOLDY OFF AS I, SURENDY I WAS REUSED FROM A BOUT OF STURGE TO HEAR ONE EXCLAIMING...



A FISH! WE'VE GOT A FISH ON OUR LINE!

BADY! THE BAWT GET AWAY!



A DOLPHIN AND ALL OF TWENTY POUNDS!

THE FISH WAS CUT UP AND BRIBED, BUT AT THE SIGHT OF THE RAW FLESH, MY STOMACH REBELTED. I TRIED TO MAKE A PRETENCE OF EATING, UNTIL NELSON SAID TO ME SOFTLY...



I CANNOT SWALLOW IT, LEONARD!

NOR CAN I! NOR CAN ANY OF THE OTHERS!

THE WIND SHIFTED AND A BLACK RAIN SQUALL BORE DOWN ON US. WHEN THE RAIN CLEARED, THE SKY WAS HEAVY. SUDDENLY...



LOOK, MR. BLIGH!

GREAT GUNS! WHAT IS THAT?



ONLY A WATERSPOUT I'LL GET US OUT OF ITS WAY! BUT LOOK ALIVE IF I GIVE THE WORD!



FOR A TIME THE WATERSPOUT SEEMED TO REMAIN STATIONARY, BROKING TALLER AND TACKLER, THEN IT BEGAN TO MOVE, BEARING STRAIGHT DOWN ON US. BLUSH SHOUTED "HOLD UP LADS! TO THE SHEETS! TRIM THEM FLAT!" WE CHANGED OUR COURSE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. THE WATERSPOUT PASSES ASTERN OF US. A SIGHT OF AWE-INSPIRING MAJESTY!



TO SET AN EXAMPLE FOR THE MEN, MR. BLUSH ATE THE LIVER OF THE DOLPHIN. IT MADE HIM DEPENDENTLY ILL. STILL, HE REFUSED TO LIE DOWN. HE STOOD AT THE TILLER UNTIL FOUR IN THE MORNING, WHEN HE HANDED OVER THE TILLER TO ELPHINSTONE...



"DOWN, ELPHINSTONE! WHISPERED TO ME, GODDAMN WITH US, MR. LEONARD! THE WIND HAS SHIFTED AND TAKEN US STRAIGHT TO TOWER!" BLUSH HEARD HIM, AND WAS ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT...



WHAT IS THIS, MR. ELPHINSTONE? WHO ORDERED YOU TO CHANGE THE COURSE?

THE LAND, CAPTAIN BLUSH! I SIGHTED THE MOUNTAINS AN HOUR AGO!

CAN'T YOU SEE THE GREAT VALLEY YONDER, MR. BLUSH? IT'S AN ISLANDS RICH AS TAHITI!

GO FORWARD, MR. ELPHINSTONE, LIE DOWN AND GET SOME SLEEP!



DURING THE ENTIRE VOYAGE, CAPTAIN BLUSH, BY MEANS OF HIS SEXTANT AND THE HEAVENS, HAD CALCULATED OUR POSITION, AND AT THIS POINT ELPHINSTONE HAD BEEN BUT A HOLE AND A HOLE. WE KNEW TOWER COULD NOT BE FAR AWAY. HE SAILED ALL DAY AND IT WAS FAR INTO THE NIGHT WHEN TACKLER CALLED BACK FROM THE BOAT...

THE LAND! THE LAND, SR!

ONLY A CLOUD, NO NO! IT IS LANDY TOWER, LADS!



OUR CAPACITIES FOR JOY AND GRATITUDE WERE NOT ADEQUATE FOR THE OCCASION. MR. BLISH WAS, I BELIEVE, AS NEAR TO TEARS AS HE HAD EVER BEEN IN HIS LIFE, BUT HE HELD HIMSELF WELL UNDER CONTROL. OTHERS SAHE RAY AND WREST FULLY. ONLY POOR BLIMMINGTON WAS ROBBER OF THE JOY OF THAT HEIR TO BE FORGOTTEN MORNING. HIS SUFFERINGS HAD DEPRIVED HIM TEMPORARILY OF ALL REASON. BY COURSE, WE WERE WITHIN TWO LEAGUES OF THE COAST, BUT WE SAILED ALL DRY WITHOUT FINDING THE DUTCH HARBOR BLISH HAD ASSURED US WAS THERE. I KNEW



IF WE DO NOT FIND A HARBOR BY NIGHTFALL, WE'LL CAST A GRAVEL NEAR SHORE AND WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT.

WAGGED THE NIGHT IN A STUPOR. AT DAWN, I HARDLY KNEW WE WERE MOVING AND ONLY HEARD THE CAPTAIN SAY...

THERE'S THE HARBOR! HERE! LEWARD NELSON! HERE! HERE!



WHEN WE ENTERED THE HARBOR, THE TOWN WAS FAST ASLEEP. WE CAST A GRAVEL AND GAVE THANKS TO ALMIGHTY GOD AFTER WHAT SEEMED AGES. A MAN APPEARED.



YES, I AM CAPTAIN SPIKEMAN, MASTER OF YONDER VESSEL.

AH! CAN YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

AFTER CAPTAIN BLISH EXPLAINED OUR SITUATION, HELP WAS GOTTEN FOR US. CAPTAIN SPIKEMAN WAS MOST KIND...

YOU ARE ALL IN AWFUL SHAPE! YOU WILL GO DIRECTLY TO MY HOME, AFTERWARD YOU MAY TELL OF YOUR BUSINESS HERE.



THE NAME OF THE PORT WAS COURAGE. AT CAPTAIN SPIKEMAN'S HOUSE, WE WERE BATHED AND OUR SORES WERE DRESSED BY THE TOWN SURGEON, THEN WE RESTED—GLORIOUSLY—ON REAL BEDS!



WITHIN A WEEK WE WERE NEW MEN, AND ON JUNE 19<sup>TH</sup> THE CREW WAS SERVED A FEAST AT THE ORDERS OF CAPTAIN SPERHORN, NELSON AND I ACCOMPANIED BLIGH TO THE CREW'S TABLE. ALL WERE IN A JOLLY MOOD, ESPECIALLY TINKLER...

HERE, SIR, WE HAVE AN APPETIZER FOR YOU. WE'VE ALL TRIED IT.

THAT LOOKS LIKE... YES, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THE BREAD FROM THE BOUNTY LAUND!



THE DINNER AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE PROCEEDED MORE SOBERLY. YET, THERE WAS FOOD AND MORE FOOD TO WHICH WE DID FULL JUSTICE.

THE GOVERNOR HAS TOLD US TO PLACE WHATEVER FUNDS YOU NEED AT YOUR DISPOSAL, CAPTAIN BLIGH.

THAT'S UNCOMMON KIND OF HIM. FOR I SHOULD LIKE TO DRAW ON HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT TO BUY A SMALL VESSEL, IF POSSIBLE.



NELSON RECEIVED PERMISSION TO STUDY THE BOTANICAL SPECIMENS OF THE ISLAND. HE ENTERED INTO THE STUDY WITH HEART AND SOUL...



AT FIRST HE TURNED ON HIS WORK, BUT BEFORE WE REALIZED IT, HE CAME DOWN WITH AN INFLAMMATORY FEVER FROM OVEREXERCISE...



AND THEN ON JULY 27<sup>TH</sup>, AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING...

MR. BUSH MR. NELSON HAS PROCEEDED AWAY.

AFTER ESTIMATING ALL THE HARDSHIPS OF THE TRIP! HE WAS FINE, LEONARD... IT WILL BE HARD TO REALIZE HE IS GONE...

WE BURIED MR. NELSON THE FOLLOWING DAY. MR. BUSH READ THE SERVICE. IT WAS AS MUCH AS HE COULD DO TO GO THROUGH WITH IT. THE BODY WAS LAD TO REST BEHIND THE CHANCEL, IN THAT PART OF THE CHURCH SET ASIDE FOR EUROPEANS...



BY THE TWENTIETH OF AUGUST, CAPTAIN BUSH HAD PURCHASED A SMALL BOAT WHICH HE NAMED "RESOURCE." ON THAT DAY, WE ENTERTAINED OUR FORMER HOSTS AS WELL AS OUR FOOT MEN AS WOULD ALLOW. THEN WE SET SAIL TO SAGINA TO PREPARE TO JOIN THE RUBY FLEET THAT WOULD SAIL FOR EUROPE. IN OCTOBER, THE LAUNCH WAS TOWED AFTER THE "RESOURCE" WITH BAWLER PROUDLY AT THE SMALL BOAT'S TILER.

LEONARD, THOUGH THE LAUNCH HAD NO LINE TO HER, I RECKON SHE'D STILL FOLLOW CAPTAIN BUSH.

I BELIEVE SHE WOULD RECOVER.



BY THE FIRST OF OCTOBER, WE CAST ANCHOR IN BATAVA ROAD. WE FOUND THE CLIMATE ONE OF THE MOST UNPLEASANT IN THE WORLD...



WE WERE GENERALLY HIT BY MR. SPARKLING'S CURSE—SPIRAL OF JAM, TO LIVE AT HIS RESIDENCE IN THE SEAWARD'S HOSPITAL. AFTER ONE NIGHT IN THAT COUNTRY MR. BUSH WAS TAKEN WITH A VIOLENT FEVER...

IT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO REMAIN IN BED, MR. BUSH...

YOU CAN NOT FIGHT THIS COUNTRY, SIR, PLEASE RELAX.

NEVER LIVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO AND I'M GOING TO DO IT.



ONLY BUSH'S COURAGE KEPT HIM GOING, BUT THOMAS HALL, ONE OF THE "BOUNTY'S" COOKS, WAS NOT SO STRONG, EITHER IN BODY OR WILL...

THE MAN WILL NOT SURVIVE.

HE HAS JUST NOW DIED, MR. SPARKLING, A GOOD MAN HE WAS, I'M AT A LOSS FOR WORDS TO STATE MY GORROW.



A N ULCER ON MY LEG MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO HOPE TO GO HOME WITH THE OCTOBER FLEET. ALSO LEFT BEHIND WERE LENKLESTER AND ELPHINSTONE, ALL WITH THE FEVER, ON OCTOBER SIXTEENTH, CAPTAIN BUSH BARE US FAREWELL...

WE WILL MEET AGAIN, I HOPE, GENTLEMEN, BUT FOR NOW... GOOD-BYE... AND GOOD LUCK.

I WISH YOU A GOOD VOYAGE, CAPTAIN BUSH.



MY GOOD FRIENDS, PETER LENKLETTER AND WILLIAM ELPHINSTONE DID SOON AFTERMIDNIGHT AND WERE LAID TO REST IN THE LUTHERAN GRAVEYARD NEAR THE HOSPITAL. EACH TIME MR. SPURLING HELPED ME TO A LETTER AND TWO OF HIS MAJORITY SERVANTS CONVEYED ME TO THE GRAVES...



And so, I am now done and as I have said, I can only hope now that I shall soon be well and able to journey home at the first opportunity.



NOW CAPTAIN BUSH AND MY DEAR COMPANIONS OF SO MANY MONTHS ARE LEAVING THE SEAS EACH HOUR DRAWING THEM NEARER HOME. AS FOR CAPTAIN BUSH I CAN SAY WITHOUT REGRET THAT HE WAS THE FINEST SEAMAN UNDER WHOM I HAVE HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO SAIL. FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART, I WISH HIM GOD'S SPEED!

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY

# CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

## DURING WORLD WAR I,

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall were members of the Lafayette Flying Corps of the French Foreign Legion. It was there, experiencing the same dangers and the same triumphs, that their friendship was cemented. That friendship was to become a working partnership that would one day be recognized as the most famous writing team in modern literature.

Charles Nordhoff was born in London, England, on February 1, 1887, of American parents. He was brought to the United States when he was three years old and spent his boyhood in Pennsylvania, California, and on a Mexican ranch owned by his father. He attended Stanford University for a year, then transferred to Harvard from which he graduated in 1909.

Nordhoff became interested in flying while he was serving as an ambulance driver in France during World War I. He served with outstanding valor in the ambulance corps and earned the Cross de Guerre with star and citation for meritorious service. Then he transferred to the Lafayette Flying Corps, known also as the Escadrille Lafayette, and finally, after the United States entered the war, to the United States Air Service. Before the end of the war, he had been commissioned a first lieutenant in the U.S.A.S.

In spite of an adventurous spirit that ever prodded him along dangerous and exciting paths, Charles Nordhoff was a shy and modest man who scorned formal society. When, after the war, he teamed with James Norman Hall to write the history of the Escadrille Lafayette, he realized that he had found a kindred spirit with whom he could work toward a goal that interested both.

In 1921, therefore, he and Hall set out for Tahiti. There the two men lived and wrote for many years. The most famous product of the two collaborators was the "Bounty" trilogy, consisting of "Mutiny On The Bounty," "Men Against The Sea," and "Pitcairn's Island."

Charles Nordhoff was the first of this



talented team to die. His death, in April, 1947, abruptly broke the partnership that had been so successful for so long a time.

The early life of James Norman Hall in many ways paralleled that of Charles Nordhoff. Although he was born in Colfax, Iowa, on April 22, 1887, and spent his boyhood there, he had the same restless urge to seek new horizons and new experiences. After graduating from Grinnell College in 1910, he spent four years in social service work as an agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He went on a tour of Europe in 1914 and while he was there, World War I broke out. Hall enlisted as a private in the 9th Battalion Royal Fusiliers of Lord Kitchener's Volunteer Army. He served as a machine gunner with that unit from the spring of 1915 through the early winter of 1918. In that service, he took part in the Battle of Loos.

Like Nordhoff, Hall became greatly interested in flying and in 1918 obtained a release from the British Army in order to enlist in the aviation division of the French Foreign Legion. He became a member of the Escadrille Lafayette, where he served until the corps was incorporated into the United States Air Service. In the U.S.A.S., he was commissioned a captain. In 1918, he was shot down behind the German lines and remained a prisoner until the end of the war. Then he entered into his partnership with Charles Nordhoff.

Hall returned to the United States from Tahiti after Nordhoff's death. Then, shortly before his own death, he went back once more to Tahiti, where he was at work on his autobiography when he died in July, 1951, with his book still unfinished.



# STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

## The Panama Canal



**A BRIDGE OF WATER** joining the Atlantic with the Pacific Oceans across the Isthmus of Panama had been the dream of men since 1501. In 1859, a railroad was completed

across the Isthmus but only after years of heartbreak, toil and expense. How then could a canal ever be built if a railroad had been such a task? It seemed that ships would always be destined to sail around Cape Horn, an extra 8,000 miles.

In 1877, however, a French company was organized to build a Panama Canal. Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, began its construction in 1881. Tropical fevers caused terrible loss of life. There was mismanagement, corruption and theft. Finally, after nine years, the French abandoned the project leaving behind them rusting machines and the graves of countless thousands of workers.

In 1903, the United States acquired the French rights and a strip of land fifty miles long and ten miles wide—the Canal Zone. A Canal Commission was given full charge of engineering and administration and construction was begun. The first chief engineer, John F. Wallace, resigned after a year and his successor, John Stevens, retired in 1907.

President Theodore Roosevelt knew that if there was to be a Panama Canal, the mistakes made by the French must not be repeated. In 1907, the Canal Commission was turned over to the Army and Colonel George Washington Goethals was put in charge.

Goethals had a good background for the assignment. A West Point graduate, he had served in the Army Engineer Corps, worked on Muscle Shoals Canal and construction locks. He had also been chief engineer in the Porto Rican campaign of the Spanish-American War.

Colonel Goethals took over as Chief Engineer in an atmosphere of opposition and hostility. The appointment of an army man was not welcomed by the canal employees.

More than just being required to direct the engineering, Goethals had to solve the problems of everyday living for 40,000 employees of many nationalities.

Shortly after his arrival, Goethals attended a dinner given by a club of skilled workers. Colonel Goethals, clothed in civilian whites, addressed the workers.

He reviewed the work already done and the task still ahead. Goethals concluded by saying, "There will be no more militarism in the future than there has been in the past. The enemy we are going to combat is the Culebra Cut and the locks and dams at both ends of the canal. Every man who does his duty will never have any cause to complain on account of militarism."

This speech paved the way to better relations with the men.

Goethals threw himself wholeheartedly into the job. He met with work gangs, talked with union delegates. He heard and acted on the grievances of the workers as well as he handled the problems of planning and construction.

The canal was not to be a direct link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans as the French had planned, but a land-locked waterway built on the high back of the Isthmus. From the Atlantic, ships would enter a sea-level channel seven miles long. Three huge locks would lift the ships eighty-five feet above sea-level to the actual canal. They would then have thirty-two miles of clear sailing on the Gatun Lake and through the Culebra (Galliard) Cut to the Pacific locks. Pedro Miguel, the first lock, would lower the ships thirty feet to the artificial Miraflores Lake, two miles wide. Then two more locks would lower them the remaining fifty-four feet to the sea-level channel. From there it was but eight and a half miles of channel to the Pacific Ocean.

This was the Herculean task confronting Goethals. The sea-level channels on either side of the Isthmus were little more than routine jobs of digging and dredging. The huge locks, with their great sea doors, offered many more problems. But the biggest obstacle was the inner canal, for here the Continental Divide rose high above the 85 foot level of the proposed waterway. These hills



had to be sliced through a distance of nine miles, the Culebra Cut. The Chagres River was to be their source of water but it was much lower than the proposed 85 foot level. Thus, the Gatun Dam was built.

There is another name which cannot be left from any story of the Panama Canal, the name of Colonel William Crawford Gorgas. As chief sanitary officer, it was Gorgas' task to free the Canal Zone of filth and disease, malaria and yellow fever.

In 1904, there had been an epidemic of yellow fever; many died, hundreds fled. Men would not stay to work at any wage.

Dr. Gorgas fought the fever by fighting filth and the mosquito. Every possible breeding place was sprayed with oil. The muddy streets of Colon and Panama City were paved. Every house was fumigated. Gorgas cleaned up the Canal Zone and made it sanitary.

Although much had been discovered about tropical diseases after the time of the French construction, Colonel Gorgas must be given the credit for making Panama a fairly healthy place to live. Had he not done so, the canal could not have been completed without an appalling loss of life.

Goethals worked from seven-thirty in the morning till ten at night. He spent his mornings riding from place to place inspecting construction. In afternoons, he did that which he found most difficult, the paper work.

Goethals knew every phase of the work, every inch of the ground. The tall, gray colonel was not only a master engineer, but an organizer and commander of men.

The early resentment toward him soon gave way to respect and admiration. By his own example, he instilled in his men a feeling of team work.

There were always problems and tremendous odds to be met. In the Culebra Cut,

where men and machines dug year after year like ants in the V-shaped trough of the mountain, millions of cubic yards of dirt and rock were removed, most of which went into Gatun Dam. During the rainy season, there was the danger of slides when tons of dirt might roar down to cover months of work, and work on the dam was hampered by floods of the Chagres River.

The locks had to be large enough for the biggest ships of the navy. They were a thousand feet long and one-hundred and ten feet wide. Their sides were as high as a six-story building.

The total amount of earth which was removed in building the canal amounted to nearly 240 million tons and would have made a line of 63 pyramids, each the size of the Great Pyramid of Egypt.

Finally the work was done. On September 16, 1913, the lake sluices were opened and the water rose in the canal. The gates were opened and water from the Atlantic filled the first lock. Throngs of proud workmen and their families cheered as the first ship, the tug "Gatun," bedecked with flags and tooting its whistle, steamed into the lock.

Engineers and officials were aboard the tug but George Washington Goethals was not with them. He was walking up and down the lock wall watching how the valves and wheels were working and how the "Gatun" was locked through to the lake.

A year later, the Panama Canal was open for commerce, nearly a year ahead of schedule. The passage required 6 to 8 hours, and about 48 ships a day could pass each way.

Upon completion of the canal, Goethals was promoted to the rank of major-general and appointed the first civil governor of the Canal Zone.



Great Lives

## THE GREAT HOUDINI



**I**N 1900, a brash young American walked into London's Scotland Yard and told the superintendent of that famous police force that he could escape from any pair of handcuffs available. The superintendent looked at the young man unbelievably and said, "All right, put out your hands!"

He clapped heavy metal cuffs tight over the young man's wrists and added, "Let me know when you want to be let out." But as the policeman started to leave the room, he heard the handcuffs drop free to the floor. The police officer was amazed. Thus did Harry Houdini score his first European triumph.

Houdini was merely his stage name. He was born Ehrich Weisz on April 6, 1874, in Appleton, Wisconsin, the fifth son of a Jewish rabbi who had emigrated from Budapest only a short time before.

Ehrich saw his first magician when he was nine years old and magic was his life from that day forth. When he was twelve, Ehrich ran away from home and, in time, reached New York. He did occasional magic shows for neighborhood gatherings. He was constantly practicing, buying tricks and books on magic.

As Harry Houdini, he worked at a variety of jobs in sidewalks and circuses. In June, 1894, he married and his wife became his stage assistant. During the next six years, the young couple lived on meager earnings from music halls, dime museums and traveling circuses. But all the while, Houdini was perfecting his equipment and learning about locks, handcuffs, trunks and knots.

In 1900, Houdini decided to travel to Europe. Other performers had gone there and succeeded; so would he.

English booking agents were no more receptive than Americans until Houdini escaped from the Scotland Yard handcuffs. Then he was engaged at a London theatre

and billed as "The Great Houdini, the Handcuff King." He was an overnight sensation. He challenged that he could escape not only from any pair of handcuffs but also from any other restraint device. And so he did, all over Europe. He escaped from them all . . . jails, trunks, ropes, sheets, straitjackets, wooden boxes.

In 1905, Houdini returned to America . . . this time as a star attraction. In a federal prison in Washington, D. C., he was thoroughly searched, to make certain he had no concealed tools, and locked in the same cell that had held President Garfield's assassin. Within minutes, he was free and in the warden's office. The story made headlines across the nation and prison officials were thankful that Houdini was an honest man. The publicity brought people flocking to see his performances.

Houdini allowed himself to be hung, head down in a straitjacket, from a window high over Broadway. He had himself tied with a rope and locked in a packing case bound with steel strapping and then dropped into the water off the Battery, New York. He had himself locked in bank vaults, iron boilers, milk cans full of water. From all, he escaped within moments. To further prove his ability as a magician, he even made an elephant vanish from a huge New York stage.

How did Houdini accomplish his amazing feats? For one thing, he had great muscular control. He could even tie and untie ropes with his toes. His escapes were achieved by strength, dexterity, concealed instruments and the ability to invent intricate escape devices. Probably more than anything else, though, his endless hours of study and training made him world-famous as "The Great Houdini."

In his last years, Houdini wrote books, published a magazine on magic and debunked fraudulent spiritualists. He died October 31, 1931, of peritonitis.



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