

# CLASSICS

*Illustrated*

Featuring Stories by the  
World's Greatest Authors

No. 109 15¢

# PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

By NORDHOFF & HALL



# PITCAIRN'S ISLAND

By Nordhoff & Hall



**C**OULD ANY AMOUNT OF TYRANNY ON THE PART OF A SHIP'S CAPTAIN JUSTIFY MUTINY? HERE IS A TALE AS STRANGE AS ANY EVER TOLD: A STORY OF LOVE AND HATE, OF SACRIFICE SELFISHNESS, OF TRUST AND JEALOUSY. IT IS THE HUMAN DOCUMENT OF TWENTY-SEVEN, LIVES WHOM FATE AND FLETCHER CHRISTIAN SET DOWN IN MID-PACIFIC ON A LITTLE STRIP OF LAND KNOWN AS . . . *PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.*

This edition of PITCAIRN'S ISLAND is reprinted by arrangement with Little, Brown & Company, Boston, by whom the work is published in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press.

LATE ON A DECEMBER DAY IN THE YEAR 1791, THE SUN SHONE ON THE WRINKLED BLUE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND ON A PIECE OF LAND A THOUSAND MILES FROM SOUTH AMERICA. PEACE AND LONELINESS WERE HERE IN A LITTLE WORLD SET APART, AND HERE A LONE VESSEL WAS APPROACHING. IT WAS HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "BOUNTY".



LAND HO!  
LAND HO!

ABOARD THE "BOUNTY" WAS A STRANGE HUMAN CARGO. THERE WERE FIFTEEN MEN—NINE ENGLISH AND SIX POLYNESIAN NATIVES OF TAHITI. ALSO THERE WERE TWELVE WOMEN—ALL TAHITIAN—WIVES OF THE MEN. FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, IN COMMAND, SPOKE WITH THE NATIVE CHIEFTAINS...

I UNDERSTAND. YOU KILLED HIM AND TOOK THE SHIP.



MINARI, TAHITI, THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO KNOW, CAPTAIN BUSH WAS NOT THE MAN YOU THOUGHT HIM TO BE. HE WAS CRUEL, TYRANNICAL...

"NO, I RESOLVED TO SEIZE THE SHIP AND PUT HIM IN IRONS," REPLIED CHRISTIAN "BUT THE MEN HAD SUFFERED TOO MUCH AT BUSH'S HANDS. THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, SO TO SAVE HIS LIFE, I PUT HIM ABOARD IN THE BOUNTY'S LAUNCH."

I HAVE NOT SPOKEN SOONER, AS TOO MUCH TALK IS NOT GOOD ON SHIPBOARD. YOU UNDERSTAND?

WE SHALL BE CONTENT WITH YOU, CHRISTIAN.



WHEN CHRISTIAN CAME ON DECK, THE "BOUNTY" WAS DRAWING NEAR THE LAND. THE NATIVE PASSENGERS RECOGNIZED THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL, AND EXCLAIMED WITH SURPRISE AND PLEASURE AT THE RAIL WHERE THEY WERE GROUNDED. THE "BOUNTY" ANCHORED OFF A COVE...



WE WILL GO ASHORE IN THE MORNING!

THE NEXT DAY, AN EXPLOYING PARTY WENT ASHORE. NO DECISION TO STAY COULD BE REACHED UNTIL ALL HAD SEEN THE NEW LAND.



LET US SPREAD OUT OVER THE LAND AND MEET HERE AT MID-DAY.

ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE ABOVE THE PLACE WHERE THE LAND FELL STEEPLY TO THE SEA, CHRISTIAN AND HIS WIFE FOUND AN ENCHANTED SPOT.



THIS IS WHERE I WOULD CHOOSE TO BUILD OUR HOME, MAHITI!

I WISHED YOU TO SAY THAT, IT IS THE VERY PLACE.

THERE WAS SOME DISSENSON AMONG THE PARTY BECAUSE OF THE ISLAND'S LIMITED SIZE, BUT THE MAJORITY VOTED TO STAY AT PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. THE WEATHER REMAINED CLEAR FOR FIVE DAYS. BY THE END OF THAT TIME, MOST PROVISIONS WERE LANDED FROM THE "BOUNTY".



WHEN ALL HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE "BOUNTY" AND SHE HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF EVERY USABLE THING, CHRISTIAN, EDWARD YOUNG AND JACK WILLIAMS WENT ABOARD AND SET THE SHIP AFIRE.

SHE... SHE MAKES A GRAND LIGHT.

AYE, A GRAND LIGHT.



THERE WAS MUCH WORK TO BE DONE TO MAKE THE ISLAND HABITABLE DURING THOSE FIRST MONTHS. SOON HOUSES BEGAN TO GROW AS THE MEN AND WOMEN LABORED TOGETHER.



ONE DAY, JACK WILLIAMS, THE BLACKSMITH, COMPLAINED TO PASTO, HIS WIFE, THAT THERE WERE NOT ENOUGH EGGS FOR LUNCH. PASTO FELT THAT SHE HAD FAILED IN HER DUTY. SO LATER...

THE SOUTHEAST SIDE OF THE ISLAND WAS HIGH, BREAKING AT A STEEP CLIFF THE MUTINEERS CALLED "THE ROPE." HUNDREDS OF BIRDS NESTED UPON THE ROCKY LEDGES ALONG THE FACE OF THE CLIFF. PASTO HASTENED TO "THE ROPE" TO COLLECT EGGS FOR HER HUSBAND'S MEAL.

GET MORE EGGS, SUPPER.

THAT'S A GOOD GIRL.



HMM. HUTIA, TARARU'S WIFE. SHE'S A PRETTY THING, SHE IS.

WHILE FASTO SOUGHT EGGS FROM THE ROPE WILLIAMS CONTINUED WORKING ON HIS HOUSE, UNTIL...



SOON WILLIAMS HAD CAUGHT UP WITH HUTIA AS HE TOUCHED HER ON THE SHOULDER, SHE TURNED SMILING...

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAGEDY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKING ME BY SURPRISE, WILLIAMS, BUT I KNEW YOU WERE ON THE PATH. WHERE IS FASTO?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT FASTO, SHE'LL NOT BE BACK TILL DARK. NOW GIVE ME A KISS, OH, LASS?



HUTIA AND WILLIAMS CARRIED OUT MANY A SECRET RENDEZVOUS AND ALTHOUGH THEY THOUGHT NO ONE KNEW OF THEIR MEETINGS THEY HAD NOT DECEIVED THE OTHER WOMEN. ONE EVENING WILLIAM SPOTTED THE COMMUNITY'S HEAD GARDENER, AND HIS WIFE JENNY, RESTING AFTER A DAY'S HARD WORK...

THERE IS TROUBLE COMING AND WILLIAMS IS THE CAUSE OF IT. DO YOU KNOW WHY WILLIAMS SENDS FASTO TO 'THE ROPE' EACH DAY?

WHY, TO BATHER EGGS, OF COURSE. WHAT ELSE?



ON A DAY EARLY IN MARCH, HUTIA HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH HER HUSBAND. SHE WAS IN AN ANGRY MOOD WHEN SHE REACHED THE BATHING POOL LATE THAT AFTERNOON.

MAKE HASTE, PRUDENCE! I WISH TO USE THE POOL BY MYSELF!

WHO ARE YOU? QUEEN OF THE ISLAND? AM I YOUR SERVANT?



YOU ARE A RED DOG!

PIG!

NOW WILL YOU GET OUT OF THE POOL? OR WOULD YOU RATHER DROWN?



PRUDENCE ESCAPED, TREMBLING WITH ANGER. SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO THE COOKHOUSE, WHERE SHE KNEW FASTO WOULD BE AT WORK.

FASTO COULD NOT BELIEVE, BUT SHE FOLLOWED PRUDENCE'S SUGGESTION. FROM A HIDING PLACE, SHE SAW HER HUSBAND MEET HUTIA.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS HARD TO TELL YOU, BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WILLIAMS AND HUTIA MEET EACH DAY, WHILE YOU GO FOR EGGS. I SUGGEST YOU WATCH THEM.



THAT EVENING, FASTO, WITH HER EGG BASKET ON HER ARM, WENT AS USUAL TO "THE ROPE" BUT, SHE DID NOT GO FOR EGGS.



AT DAYBREAK THE NEXT MORNING, WILLIAMS SET OUT WITH ISAG MARTIN AND TE MOA TO SEARCH FOR FASTO. WHEN THEY WERE OFF "THE ROPE"



DEAD, ISAAC? FASTO IS DEAD! THE FINEST WOMAN ON THIS ISLAND, PRETTY OR NOT!







SHORTLY AFTER THE BURNING OF THE "BOUJTY MINARI" HAD CHOSEN A SITE FOR A TEMPLE TO THE NATIVE GOD, TAVAROA. IN APRIL, THE EDIFICE WAS FINISHED. ONE EARLY MORNING, THE NATIVES WERE BUSY TOILING THE TEMPLE FOR THEIR MORNING CEREMONY, WHEN

WHAT'S THIS, MICOBY?

IT'S THEIR KIRK<sup>®</sup>, MILLS.

Church



YOU HAVE TO BARE YOUR SHOULDERS, JOHN, LIKE YOU'D DOFF YOUR HAT WHEN YOU ENTER YOUR OWN KIRK

A KIRK YE CALL IT? IT'S A BLOODY, HEATHEN TEMPLE. I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT AND I'LL PEEL MY SHIRT FOR NO INDIAN!

BEFORE MILLS HAD ADVANCED THREE STEPS

YE FOOL, JOHN! YE'VE INSULTED THEM AND WE'LL BE LUCKY IF THERE'S NO BLOOD SHED!



LET YOUR ANGER COOL, MINARI. YOU ARE RIGHT, BUT THIS MAN MEANT NO HARM. HE IS IGNORANT, THAT'S ALL.

TAKE HIM AWAY! GIVE HIM NO MORE. THIS IS OUR SACRED PLACE!

LET US THINK NO MORE ABOUT THIS. INDEED THE MAN IS IGNORANT, THERE ARE GOOD WHITE MEN AMONG US; YET SOME ARE GODLESS.

AYE. SOME OF THEM YEARN FOR MADRI SLAVES, CRUEL MEN. I DO NOT LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, MINARI.

FOR A MONTH AFTER THE BURIAL OF FASTO, WILLIAMS KEPT HARD AT WORK TRYING TO DRIVE OUT HIS LONELINESS. HE SAID NOTHING OF HUTIA DURING THAT TIME.



BUT THE LONELINESS GOT THE BEST OF HIM AND ONE DAY, WHILE HE AND MILLS WERE AT WORK AT THE FORGE...

JOHN, I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS. ALL OF YE HAVE WIVES, BUT I'VE NONE. I'VE A MIND TO TAKE ONE FROM ONE OF THE INDIANS. I'VE A MIND TO TAKE HUTIA.

YE'VE THE RIGHT. WHERE'D WE BE WITHOUT JACK WILLIAMS AND HIS FORGE? SEE CHRISTIAN AND ASK FOR A SHOW OF HANDS.



WILLIAMS WAITED NO LONGER. HE WENT DIRECTLY TO CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE AND FOUND CHRISTIAN JUST FINISHING HIS MOONSHINE MEAL. WITHOUT DELAY, HE TOLD WHY HE HAD COME.

HUTIA'S CAST A SPELL ON ME, SIR, AND SINCE SHE'S THE WIFE OF AN INDIAN, I FEEL I'VE A BETTER RIGHT TO HAVE HER FOR MY OWN WIFE. I WANT A SHOW OF HANDS, SIR.

YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO ASK THAT, WILLIAMS, BUT IT IS A QUESTION THAT CONCERNS US ALL. I WILL DO AS YOU ASK, BUT YOU MUST ABIDE BY THE MAJORITY OPINION.



THE MEN WERE CALLED TO THE HOUSE AND A VOTE WAS TAKEN AT ONCE. THOSE IN FAVOR OF WILLIAMS' TAKING TARARU'S WIFE FROM HIM RAISED THEIR HANDS.

ONLY MILLS AND MARTIN IN FAVOR, WILLIAMS. WE'RE SIX TO THREE AGAINST YOU. I BELIEVE THAT ONE DAY YOU WILL BE GLAD OF THIS DECISION.

I'LL ABIDE BY THE VOTE, SIR.



**A**FTER THE NIGHT OF THE MEETING, WILLIAMS BECAME MORE AND MORE GLOOMY. THEN ONE MORNING IN JUNE, MILLS MISSED THE SOUND OF WILLIAMS' HAMMERS, ON INVESTIGATING, HE FOUND NO ONE AT THE FORGE. HE WENT TO MARTIN'S HOUSE.

YOU SAY THAT JACK WILLIAMS IS NOT AT THE FORGE? I'D THINK NOTHING OF IT. MILLS, BUT JUST AN HOUR AGO, ALEX SMITH SAID THE LARGE CUTTER'S SONE!

THEN THERE'S NO DOUBT OF IT: JACK TOOK THE BOAT AND MADE OFF!



**C**HRISTIAN, MILLS AND MINNRY TOOK ONE OF THE GARGES, SHOT THE SURF, AND HASTENED OUT OVER THE WASTY OCEAN. CHRISTIAN DIRECTED THE SEARCH. AN HOUR OUT OF COUNTY BAY, THEY FOUND WILLIAMS, WHO LEVELLED A MUSKET AT THEM AS THEY APPROACHED.

WILLIAMS, LAY DOWN YOUR MUSKET! ARE YOU MAD? WHERE WOULD YOU HOPE TO FETCH UP?

AYE, MR. CHRISTIAN, YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL GO BACK WITH YE. BUT IF TROUBLE COMES O' THIS, LET NO MAN HOLD ME TO ACCOUNT!



**D**URING JUNE, JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, WILLIAMS KEPT BUSY BUILDING A NEW HOUSE, FAR AWAY FROM THE SETTLEMENT. HE DID NOT SHOW HIS WORK AT THE FORGE, BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO WITHDRAW FROM THE COMPANY OF THE OTHERS.



**T**HE WEATHER WAS HOT AND TETAHI, WHO HAD BECOME FOND OF ALEX SMITH, CALLED FOR HIM EARLY ONE MORNING. HE HAD TAUGHT SMITH TO FISH IN THE WATERS OF THE ISLAND. ABOUT MID-MORNING, THEIR PATIENCE WAS REWARDED.

AN ALBACORE<sup>®</sup>, TETAHI! THIS WILL MAKE AN AMPLE MEAL FOR EVERYONE!



® A large fish of the tuna variety, weighing about 100 lbs

THE FISH WAS CUT IN PORTIONS AND DELIVERED BY THE NATIVES. SMITH, HOWEVER, TOOK WILLIAMS' SHARE TO HIM AT HIS NEW HOME.

SUDDENLY SMITH NOTICED SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR. IT WAS A COIN—A WOMAN'S COIN—AND HE THOUGHT "PROBABLY HUIFUA"

SMITH LOOKED AROUND QUICKLY, AS HE TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR, HE CAUGHT WILLIAMS' MOVEMENT OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE...

COME IN AND SIT DOWN, ALEX.

GANT, JACK, CHRISTIAN SAID WE MAY ALL BE NEEDED AT THE COVE. IT'LL BE BLOWING A GALE AND HE'S AFRAID FOR THE BOATS.

I'LL GO ALONG WITH YE, ALEX.

GOOD ENOUGH.



THE WIND BLEW WITH EVER INCREASING FORCE. THE BOATS AND GANGES WERE CARRIED A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE ROARING OCEAN, FAR ABOVE WHERE THEY WERE USUALLY KEPT.





**B**Y HIGH FALL THE GALE TURNED INTO A HURRICANE IT SEEMED CERTAIN THAT THE HOUSES WOULD BE SHEPT FROM THE ISLAND NO ONE SLEPT. AT DAYLIGHT ALL THE BOATS EXCEPT THE CUTTER WERE GONE. THEN THE STORM ABATED AND YOUNG CHRISTIAN, AND SMITH MADE THEIR WAY TO CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE...



ON THE SURFACE, ALL WAS WELL ON PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. BUT UNDERNEATH, THERE WERE BAD CURRENTS. TARRAU, ONE OF THE YOUNG NATIVES, HAD JUST COME FROM A FISHING TRIP WHEN NU, A NAUHY OF LOWER CASTE, CAME TO HIM WITH A TALE OF WOE.

"IF MARTIN BEAT YOU, YOU SHOULD POISON HIM, OR PUSH HIM OFF THE CLIFF."

"PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT. MARTIN HAS ORDERED ME TO GO FOR EGGS TODAY WITH HIM TODAY."



TOWARD MID-AFTERNOON, MARTIN AND ALEX SMITH SAUNTERED DOWN THE PATH TO THE HOUSE OF THE NATIVES WHERE NU WAITED FOR THEM.

"COME ON, YE LAZY INDIAN SWINE."



SMITH WAS THE FIRST TO GO OVER THE EDGE OF "THE ROPE". AS HE LET HIMSELF DOWN, HE SURVEYED THE STEEP CLIFF-SIDE FOR THE BEST LOCATION FOR GATHERING EGGS.

SUDDENLY . . .

"TAKE THAT, YOU DIRTY INDIAN! TRY THAT ON ME, WOULD YOU? TRY IT, EH?"



SMITH CLIMBED BACK TO THE TOP OF "THE ROPE". THERE, ON THE LEVEL STRETCH OF GROUND, HE SAW . . .

"YE MISERABLE WHELP!"

"HOLD ON, THERE, ISAAC, YOU FOOL!"



THIS IS MY AFFAIR,  
ALEX! STAND ASIDE,  
OR D'YE WANT A  
CLOUT IN THE JAW?

I'LL NOT STAND  
BY AND SEE THE  
LIKES OF THAT!



MANY'S THE TIME I'VE SEEN YE BEATIN' THE NATIVES! IT'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!

BLAST YOUR BLOOD, ALEX! I TELL YE HE TRIED TO PUSH ME OVER THE CLIFF!

O'YE THINK I'M BLIND, MAN? YE'VE GIVEN HIM CAUSE APLENTY! WE'LL SAY NO MORE OF THIS, BUT MIND IT'LL GO HARD WITH YE IF I CATCH YE BULLYIN' THIS MAN AGAIN!



TARARU HAD LONG SUSPECTED HIS WIFE OF BEING MORE FOND OF JACK WILLIAMS THAN SHE WAS OF HIM. IT HURT HIS PRIDE, BUT TARARU WAS NOT A FIGHTING MAN, YET EVEN A PEACEFUL MAN CANNOT BE RIDICULED PUBLICLY THUS, IN FEBRUARY 1792, TARARU SUMMONED COURAGE AND ONE DAY FOLLOWED HIS WIFE



FOR AN INSTANT, TARARU'S ANGER OVERCAME HIS FEAR, TO SEE WILLIAMS OPENLY DISGRACE HIM WAS TOO MUCH

YOU WHITE OGG! GIVE ME BACK MY WIFE!

GET OUT OF HERE! SHE'S NOT YOUR WIFE ANY MORE!



TAKE THAT, YOU PIG, AND CLEAR OUT!





TARARU BROODED LONG OVER THE INSULT TO HIS PRIDE. THAT ONE EVENING...

MILLS IS NOT HERE HE WENT TO THE WOODS TO KILL A HOG.

IT IS NOT MILLS I WANT...IT IS THE USE OF HIS GRINDSTONE. I WANT TO SHARPEN MY AXE.



THE "BOUNTY'S" GRINDSTONE STOOD OUTSIDE MILLS' HOUSE. PRUDENCE NOTICED IT. TARARU SET TO WORK AND CONTINUED FOR AN HOUR, GRINDING FIRST ONE SIDE AND THEN THE OTHER.

NEVER HAVE I SEEN AN AXE SO SHARPENED, TARARU.

WHILE I WAS CLEARING A FIELD FOR YAMS, I FOUND A FINE TREE. TOMORROW, I SHALL FELL IT AND BEGIN TO SHAPE A CANOE.



PRUDENCE WAS AT ONCE SUSPICIOUS. TARARU WAS A LAZY, SHIFTLSS FELLOW. MOREOVER, ALL CANOES IN TAHITI HAD BEEN MADE BY A GUILD OF CARPENTERS. WHY WAS TARARU LYING TO HER? HALF AN HOUR LATER...

HUTIA, YOU MUST WARN WILLIAMS. I FEAR TARARU IS PLANNING TO KILL HIM!

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT. HE WILL COME AT NIGHT. HE IS A COWARD.



HUTIA SAID NOTHING TO WILLIAMS THAT NIGHT. SHE TOOK WILLIAMS' MURDER. THEN SHE WENT OUTSIDE AND WAITED.

TARARU IS COMING NOW.



HALT! COME NO CLOSER. I'VE A MIND TO SHOOT YOU WHERE YOU STAND! I KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE AND IF WILLIAMS KNEW, HE'D KILL YOU. NOW LEAVE!

YOU ARE MISTAKEN. BUT I WILL GO. DO NOT SHOOT, HUTIA.



THE FOLLOWING DAY TARARU WAS AT WORK ON THE COMMUNITY GARDEN IN THE AUTE VALLEY. IT WAS NOT THAT HE WAS SO VERY INDUSTRIOUS, BUT THERE, AT PRESENT, HE COULD BE ALONE IN HIS MISERY AND DISGRACE.



BUT TARARU WAS NOT QUITE ALONE. NUTIA STOLE UP TO HIS FOOD BASKET AND REMOVED A LARGE BAKED FISH.



CAREFULLY, THE GIRL SQUEEZED A FEW DROPS OF COLORLESS LIQUID INTO THE FISH, GIVING IT TIME TO SOAK IN BEFORE REPLACING THE FISH IN THE BASKET.



THEY MINUTES LATER, NU CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE GARDEN.

YOU HAVE NOT EATEN? THAT IS WELL, FOR I HAVE BROUGHT SOME BAKED PLANTAINS! THE WOMAN SAID YOU HAD NONE.

FETCH A BANANA LEAF TO SPREAD THE FOOD ON AND YOU SHALL SHARE MY MEAL!



\*A tropical fruit

THE TWO MEN ATE WITH GOOD APPETITES WHEN THE LAST OF THE FOOD WAS GONE, BOTH LAY DOWN TO SLEEP--A SLEEP FROM WHICH NEITHER WOULD EVER AWAKE! THE POISON LEFT NO TRACE AND SO THERE COULD BE NO CHARGES OF MURDER MADE AGAINST ANYONE. THE BODIES WERE BURIED AND THE MATTER DROPPED.



**T**HREE YEARS PASSED. THE COB HUNTY PRESENTED A PROSPEROUS APPEARANCE. NEAT, WELL-BUILT AND WELL-CARED FOR HOUSES LINED THE HIGH RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE BAY. THE FERTILE LAND HAD BEEN CULTIVATED TO PROVIDE AN ABUNDANCE OF VEGETABLES AND THERE WAS PLENTY OF FISH TO BE HAD FROM THE SEA.

UNDERNEATH THE PEACEFUL SURFACE, HOWEVER, WAS AN UNDERCURRENT OF IMPENDING TRAGEDY. LIFE HAD BECOME TOO EASY FOR SOME.

QUANTAL, MILLS AND MARTIN MADE SLAVES OF THE NATIVES, WHILE THEY LIVED IN IDLENESS.

WILLIAMS NOW WAS HAPPY WITH HUTIA AS HIS WIFE.

MICKEY HAD REPLACED THE "BOUNTY'S" EXHAUSTED SUPPLY OF WHISKEY BY MAKING HIS OWN.



CHRISTIAN AND SALMITI WERE VERY HAPPY WITH THEIR TWO CHILDREN.



ONE DAY, QUINTAL WAS STROLLING IN THE VALLEY. THERE WAS A SPOT THERE WHICH HE HAD BEEN THINKING OF SOWING WITH CLOTH-PLANT\* WHEN HE REACHED THE PLACE, HE FOUND MURRAY CLEARING THE BUSH.

CHOP AS MANY TREES AS YOU LIKE. BUT MIND, THIS VALLEY IS MINE.

YOURS?  
YOURS?

\*A plant whose leaves have a cloth-like quality.

THIS LAND BELONGS TO ALL AND HERE I INTEND TO BUILD A HOUSE!

YOU DO, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

WHEN MURPHY PASSED BY QUINTAL'S PLACE LATE THAT AFTERNOON, HE FOUND HIM MOROSE AND BROODING. "WHAT'S WRONG, MATT?" MURPHY ASKED, AND QUINTAL TOLD HIM...

IT'S TRUE THIS LAND WAS DIVIDED UP AMONG US WHITES. IT'S THEN WE'LL PUT THE INDIANS IN THEIR PLACE.

WE'VE A RIGHT TO A SHOW OF HANDS. I'LL SEE WILLIAMS, HILLS AND MARTIN, AND TELL THEM WHAT'S UP. THEN WE'LL GO TO CHRISTIAN.



THE NEXT EVENING, THE MOTINEERS ASSEMBLED BEFORE CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE. IT WAS MICOY WHO TOLD CHRISTIAN THEIR PURPOSE IN COMING THERE.

QUITE RIGHT, MICOY, A MAN WORKS WITH MORE PLEASURE WHEN HE KNOWS THE LAND IS HIS. THE LAND CAN BE DIVIDED EASILY INTO THIRTEEN SHARES.

IT'LL DIVIDE MORE NATURALLY INTO NINE SHARES, SIR. THERE'S NO CALL TO COUNT THE INDIANS.



IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF JUSTICE, MICOY? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES WILL BE? BLOODSHED WILL COME OF IT, I'M SURE.

I CANNOT SEE IT THAT WAY, SIR, AND WE'VE A RIGHT TO A SHOW OF HANDS. YOU HAVE PROMISED THAT!



WITH TREMBLING VOICE, CHRISTIAN PUT THE MOTION BEFORE THE GROUP. THEN CAME THE SHOW OF HANDS.

THERE ARE FIVE AGAINST FOUR IN FAVOR OF DEPRIVING THE INDIANS. THIS DECISION IS SO CHARGED WITH FATAL CONSEQUENCES, THAT YOU MUST GIVE IT FURTHER THOUGHT. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN THE FIRST OF OCTOBER. I TRUST THAT ONE OR MORE OF YOU WILL CHANGE HIS IDEAS, FOR THE STEP YOU PROPOSE WILL BE THE RUIN OF THE SETTLEMENT!



WHEN ALL HAD LEFT, CHRISTIAN ENTERED HIS HOUSELAND LIT A TAPER OF CANDLE-WITSE. HE READ AT RANDOM FROM THE "BIBLE". HE DREADED TO BE ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.



Fruit of the condouat tree

THOUGH THE BEARING OF THE FIVE TROUBLE MAKERS GREW MORE ARROGANT, MINARI WENT ON BUILDING HIS HOUSE, CONTENTIOUS OF QUINTAL'S WARNING THAT HE WAS A TREASASSER

BUT YER TIME, MATT, WE'LL SOON PUT HIM OFF, LAW-FUL AND SHIPSHAPE

WAIT TILL HIS HOUSE IS FINISHED -- I'LL SHOW HIM WHO OWNS THE LAND!



ONE MORNING, TETANTI WENT FROM HIS SIESTA TO FIND NAAMI, HIS WIFE, WITH A BASKET OF FOOD. AFTER HE HAD EATEN, NAAMI SAID

I HAVE HEARD THAT THE WHITE MEN WILL DIVIDE THE LAND AMONG THEMSELVES, AND WILL MAKE SLAVES OF US.

A WOMAN'S TALE. I CANNOT BELIEVE IT.



HOWEVER, HE RUSHED TO CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE.

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ARE TO DIVIDE THE LAND, LEAVING US OUT? IS IT TRUE?

WHO TOLD YOU, TETANTI? IT WAS SO VOTED, BUT--



LET ME EXPLAIN, TETANTI? SIT DOWN!

ENOUGH! IF YOU ALLOW THIS YOU ARE NO BETTER THAN QUINTAL--AND THE REST! IT IS SHAME I FEEL THAT I REGARDED YOU AS MY FRIEND!



TETANTI WENT ANGRILY FROM CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE AND LOCATED MINARI AT THE SITE OF HIS NEW HOME, BUT INSTEAD OF A HOUSE, TETANTI SAW ONLY SMOKING EMBERS

IT IS QUINTAL'S WORK.

LET US SIT DOWN, MINARI, THERE IS SOMETHING YOU MUST KNOW!



THAT NIGHT THE FOUR NATIVES, MOGARI, TETAHITI, TE MOA AND MINARI, MET IN A NARROW ROCKY GORGE OF THE VALLEY.

WE HAVE MUSKETS, POWDER AND BALL. THERE MUST BE NO BLUNDERING AND YOU MUST EACH DO EXACTLY AS YOU ARE TOLD. BEFORE THE NEXT SUN SETS, EVERY WHITE MAN ON THE ISLAND MUST DIE!

THE PLAN IS IN YOUR HANDS, MINARI! WE WILL NOT FAIL YOU!



IT WAS EARLY MORNING WHEN MILLS AND MARTIN STOPPED TO REST ON THEIR WAY TO CLEAR SOME LAND.

CONFOUND YE, JOHN! CAN'T YE SIT A LITTLE LONGER? THE DAY IS YOUNG YET!

GAHDLIE IF YE LIKE, YE LAZY HOUND! I'M GOING!



A SHORT TIME AFTER MILLS HAD LEFT, MARTIN SAW TETAHITI AND TE MOA WALKING ALONG THE PATH.

SO YE THINK YE'RE HIS HUNTERS, DO YE? I WARRANT YE'LL GET NO RS, THOUGH. GIVE ME YER PIECE AND I'LL SHOW YE HOW TO PUT IN A CHARGE!



WHAT'S THE GAME, YE BROWN WHELPS! LET ME GO!

WALK, MARTIN!



MARTIN'S LEGS WENT LIMP AND HE FELL TO HIS KNEES. BUT THE NATIVES DRAGGED HIM DOWN INTO THE VALLEY.

WHAT DO YE WANT? FOR GOD'S SAKE, CAN'T YE SPEAK?

MILLS! MILLS! 'HELP!



OH, MY GOD! DON'T! DON'T! DON'T! KILL ME!



THE AIR SEEMED TO BE STILL RINGING WITH THE LAST DESPAIRING CRY OF THE MURDERED MAN WHEN MILLS APPEARED, AXE IN HAND.

YE BROWN DEVILS!

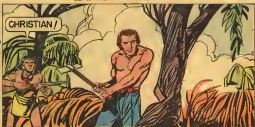




WITH THE LITHENESS OF A CAT, ANOARU SPRANG UPON MILLS, BENDING AND BREAKING HIS ARM, WHILE NIHAU WELDED A CLUB OF IRONWOOD.



THE NEXT TASK MINARI PERFORMED ALONE, FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF ALEX STROVE'S, HE STOLE TOWARD A CLEARING



BROWN!  
BROWN!



HE'S DEAD!  
I MUST  
MOURN THE  
OTHER  
WHITE MEN!



THE  
FIRST  
WHITE  
JENNY  
FOUND  
WAS  
ALEX  
SMITH

WHAT IS  
IT, JENNY?



THE MAORIS ARE KILLING  
THE WHITE MEN! THEY HAVE  
ALREADY KILLED BROWN!  
COME QUICKLY! ARM  
YOURSELF!

SMITH SPED  
TO CHRISTIAN'S  
HOUSE

ALEX, HAVE YOU SEEN  
CHRISTIAN? MAIMITI HAS  
JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO  
A BABY GIRL.



CHRISTIAN IS NOT HERE! QUICK!  
GIVE ME HIS MUSKET! THE  
MAORIS ARE KILLING THE  
WHITES! DON'T TELL MAIMITI!  
I WILL TRY TO FIND HIM!

SMITH HURRIED AT ONCE TO YOUNG'S

TAURUA, WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND?

I DO NOT KNOW, ALEX



YOU MUST FIND HIM! YOU MUST! HE IS NOT STRONG, SO GIVE HIM THIS MUSKET! I WILL USE THAT OUTLASS ON THE WALL! I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR CHRISTIAN!

HE SHALL FIND HIM IF HE IS ALIVE, BUT WE CANNOT CALL OUT!



THE THREE WOMEN SEPARATED. TAURUA FOUND YOUNG ASLEEP ON A GRASSY KNOLL. QUICKLY SHE INFORMED HIM OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

ALEX LEFT HIS MUSKET FOR ME? WHY DID YOU LET HIM, TAURUA?

BECAUSE HE IS STRONGER THAN YOU... HE CAN DEFEND HIMSELF WITH THE OUTLASS.



YOUNG RETURNED WITH TAURUA. LATER, THE OTHER WOMEN CAME. THEN PRUDENCE CALLED FROM NEAR THE DOOR, "HIDE, HIDE!" A MOMENT LATER, MINARO ENTERED.

IS IT YOU SHOOTING PIGS THIS MORNING, MINARO?

YES, A LARGE BOAR. WHERE IS YOUNG, TAURUA?

FISHING AT THE COVE?



AFTER MINARO LEFT...

WE FOOLED HIM. HE IS OUT OF SIGHT NOW.

THEN I WILL GO TO THE FOREST. I MUST RETURN ALEX'S MUSKET TO HIM!



SOME TIME LATER, THERE CAME THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE.

IT CAME FROM JUST BEYOND THE CLEARING!

COME! PERHAPS WE MAY FIND OUT WHO IT IS!



IT IS ALEX. HE IS STILL ALIVE! CARRY HIM TO THE HOUSE!

HERE IS HUTIA! HELP US CARRY ALEX! WHAT OF WILLIAMS?

THEY HAVE KILLED HIM. HE LIES IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS HOUSE.



**T**URUMA TOOK BALHADI'S PLACE IN CARING FOR MAHITI. BALHADI WENT TO HER HUSBAND'S SIDE COVERING SMITH WITH TAPA CLOTH AS IF HE WERE DEAD. HIS WIFE AND THE OTHER WOMEN BEGAN TO WAIL AND MOURN ACCORDING TO MACHICUSTOM. SHOULD MINARI COME, HE WOULD NOT INTERFERE WITH THE GRIEVING WIDOW.



McGARRRETT, AT CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE.

BALHADI? OH, IT IS YOU, TAURGA. CHRISTIAN HAS NOT COME?

NO, CHRISTIAN HAS NOT COME YET.



HE WILL COME SOON. YOU MAY BE SURE OF IT.

WHAT A STRANGE FATHER HE IS. YOU WOULD THINK HE HAD A LITTLE DAUGHTER BORN TO HIM EVERY DAY.



HE TOLD ME HE WOULD COME EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON, AND ALREADY IT IS PAST SUNDOWN. GO UP THE PATH TO MEET HIM. HE MUST SURELY BE COMING NOW.

YES, MAHATI!



**T**AURGA TURN'D HASTILY AWAY. 'SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT OUTSIDE THE DOOR, GAZING UP THE PATH. THEN SHE SEATED HERSELF ON A BENCH AND BURIED HER HEAD IN HER ARMS, WEeping.



*D*AWN OF THE FOLLOWING DAY FOUND THE FOUR NATIVES HIDDEN IN THE DEEP FERN GROWTH OF THE VALLEY.

THERE ARE STILL QUINAL, MOODY AND YOUNG TO BE FOUND.

WE WILL FIND THEM, TETAHITI. YOU GO WITH NIHAU. WITH TE MOA, I WILL COMB THIS END OF THE ISLAND. WE WILL ALL MEET HERE AT DAY'S END.



*A*T THE BRINK OF "THE ROPE", NIHARI AND TE MOA STOPPED AND PEERED OVER THE EDGE.

LOOK DOWN THERE! AH... HE IS GONE! WHO IS IT?

THERE IS TOO MUCH SPRAY! BUT HE IS TRAPPED THERE! GET THE GANGE READY. I WILL WAIT HERE TILL YOU RETURN.



*N*O ONE COULD CLIMB THE CLIFF OR BRAVE THE SHELLS AND LIVE, SO NIHARI WAITED CONFIDENTLY IN THE BRUSH FOR TE MOA TO TELL HIM THE GANGE WAS READY. SUDDENLY

*S*O MUCH DID NIHARI HATE QUINAL FOR HIS CRUELTY, THAT THE BACRI SET DOWN HIS MUSKET HE YEARNS TO KILL QUINAL WITH HIS HANDS, AND CHALLENGED HIM TO COMBAT.



QUINAL!



AS NIMARI FELL, QUINTAL FELL ON HIM AND THYSTED HIS ARM BACK... BACK... BACK UNTIL, WITH A LOUD SNAP, IT BROKE.

THEN QUINTAL LIFTED NIMARI AND THREW HIM OVER THE SIDE OF "THE ROPE".



ALL DAY TETIANTI AND NIMARI HAD SEARCHED HARDLY FOR THE WHITE MEN, WHEN TE MOA DID NOT FIND NIMARI AT "THE ROPE", HE RETURNED TO THE APPOINTED PLACE TO WAIT FOR HIM.

YOU TWO ARE WEARY, I HAVE DONE LITTLE ALL DAY, SLEEP AND I WILL WATCH. I WILL ROUSE NIMARI WHEN I CAN KEEP AWAKE NO LONGER.





PRUDENCE HAD GONE HOME TO MILLS' HOUSE TO GET THEIR WITH HUTU. SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENED.

OUR TIME HAS COME! I HAVE FOUND TETAHITI, NIHAU AND TE MOA ASLEEP! IT APPEARS TE MOA WAS THE SENTINEL, BUT SLEEP OVERCAME HIM.



WE HAVE THESE TWO CUTLASSES AND AN AXE. LET US HOPE WE MAY SUCCEED!

I CLAIM TETAHITI FOR MINE! HE IS THE ONE WHO KILLED BROWN!



TETAHITI! NIHAU! TE MOA! WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS?

**T**HE MOON HUNG LOW AS DUNNAL CAUTIOUSLY MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE SETTLE-NEAT, AS HE GREPT THROUGH THE BRUSH.



WHEN CHRISTIAN DID NOT COME TO MAMITI, THEY TRIED TO SOFTEN THE NEWS, BUT MAMITI GUESSED WHAT THEY HAD BACK. SHE ROSE FROM HER BED AND WENT TO CHRISTIAN'S SIDE.

I'M GOING TO DIE, MAMITI. CALL NED AND ALEX HERE.

THEY ARE NEAR YOU, BUT YOU MUST BE QUIET.

MAMITI, NED, ALEX NEVER LET THE CHILDREN KNOW...

CHRISTIAN? MAMITI, HE'S HE'S...



THE MONTH THAT FOLLOWED WAS A SORRY TIME. MAMITI LIVED AS IF A GUESS, AND ONLY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT OTHERS NEEDED HELP BROUGHT HER AROUND. BY THE END OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH, SMITH WAS ABLE TO WALK A LITTLE...



QUINTAL AND MADDY, WHO HAD BEEN LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS, KEPT TO THEMSELVES, DRINKING THE DRUG THAT MADDY DISTILLED. THEY WERE NOT MISSED BY MOST, FOR THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL OF BITTERNESS TOWARD THEM.

BUT AFTER A WHILE, ALEX SMITH, AND NED YOUNG, TOO, TOOK TO GOING TO MADDY'S PLACE FOR SOME OF THE GOOD. IT MADE THEM FORGET, FOR A TIME.

WITHIN THREE MONTHS, MATTERS GREW WORSE AND WORSE UNTIL SOME OF THE WOMEN BECAME AFRAID OF THE MEN AND WENT WITH THEIR CHILDREN TO MAMITI'S HOUSE TO LIVE WITH HER.

I HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD IN MANY A DAY!

WE WILL BARRICADE THIS DOOR, FOR QUINTAL IS A MADMAN WHEN HE'S DRUNK.



Illustrated by [Signature]

ONE NIGHT, AFTER SMITH AND YOUNG HAD LEFT MCCOY'S, QUINTAL WENT ON A RAMPAGE. HIS WIFE, SARAH, AND MCCOY'S WIFE, MARY, HAD GONE TO LIVE WITH MAMMIE!

AT SMITH'S HOUSE.

QUICK, ALEX! ROUSE THE OTHERS! QUINTAL'S BREAKING IN MAMMIE'S DOOR!

OPEN THAT DOOR! I'VE HEARD! OPEN IT!

UH, WHAT IS IT, BALHADI?



SMITH GOT MCCOY AND YOUNG AND THEY HURRIED TO MAMMIE'S.

SARAH'S HERE 'N I'M GOIN' TO TAKE HER, D'YE HEAR?

I'LL SHOOT YOU, QUINTAL, IF YOU SET ONE FOOT INSIDE THIS HOUSE!



MCCOY, YOUNG AND SMITH JUMPED ON QUINTAL, BUT HE WAS A RAGING BULL. THEN THE WOMEN ALSO TOOK A HAND AND TOGETHER THEY BROUGHT HIM DOWN.



THE MEN DETERMINED TO BE BETTER, BUT THEY WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE. THREE MORE YEARS PASSED FINALLY THE WOMEN'S PATIENCE ENDED, TAKING ALL THE FOOD, SUPPLIES AND ARMS, THE WOMEN MOVED TO THE AUTE VALLEY WHILE THE MEN WERE IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, FOR THREE MONTHS, THE MEN STAYED AWAY, THEN SMITH WENT TO THE VALLEY . . .

I WANT BALTHADI BACK, MAIMITI!

BALTHADI WANTS NOTHING MORE TO DO WITH YOU. GO BACK, ALEX. TELL THE OTHERS, YOU COME HERE AT YOUR PERIL.



WHEN MADDY AND GUNTAL AWOKE FROM THEIR DRUNKEN SLEEP, SMITH TOLD THEM WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

THE MOMENT GUNTAL SHOWED HIMSELF IN THE CLEARING, THE WOMEN OPENED FIRE WITH SOME EFFECT.

THEY'LL PLAY NO GAMES WITH ME! I'LL FETCH A PAIR OF 'EM BACK! YE'LL SEE!



**IT TOOK TWO MONTHS FOR QUINTAL'S WOUNDS TO HEAL. BY THAT TIME, HE WAS CRAZIER THAN EVER.**

I'M GOIN' BACK, I TELL YE, AN THIS TIME I WON'T FAL!

BLAST ME, MATT, I THINK I'LL GO ALONG!



**THIS TIME, QUINTAL WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP UNDER COVER. SOON, JENNY AND NANAI LEFT THE STOCRADE. A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY RETURNED WITH BASKETS FULL OF PLANTAIN.**

HERE THEY COME NOW. I'LL TAKE JENNY AND YOU NANAI.



**Q**UINTAL AND MCCOY VENTED THEIR ANGER ON THE TWO WOMEN AND BEAT THEM SHAMEFULLY. BUT BY NIGHTFALL, THE MEN HAD THROWN THEMSELVES INTO A STUPID AND JENNY AND NANAI ESCAPED.



**THE NEXT DAY, YOUNG STOPPED AT MCCOY'S. YOUNG WAS ILL WITH ASTHMA AND WAS REDUCED TO SKIN AND BONE.**

HAIMITI CALLED ON ME THIS MORNIN'. SHE SAYS SHE WILL GIVE THE THREE OF YOU THREE DAYS TO GET OFF THE ISLAND. I'LL GO WITH YOU.

YOU'LL NOT GO, MED, BE-CAUSE WE'RE NOT GOING! LET THE WENCHES TRY SOMETHING!

**YOUNG KEPT TO HIS OWN HOUSE. BUT QUINTAL, MCCOY AND SMITH LOCKED THEMSELVES IN AT MCCOY'S AND SHUTTERED THE WINDOWS. NOTHING HAPPENED FOR THREE DAYS. THEN**

BLAST ME, MATT, THEY'RE SHOOTIN'!

LET 'EM SHOOT TELL THEY'RE OUT OF POWDER!



**T**HAT NIGHT, THE WOMEN SET THE HOUSE ABLAZE AND THE MEN HAD TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT. AS THEY RAN FROM THE HOUSE, THE WOMEN OPENED FIRE. ONE SHOT GRAZED QUINTAL'S HIP



QUINTAL RAN OFF INTO THE WOODS AND MCCOY, SMITH AND YOUNG STAYED ON IN YOUNG'S HOUSE. HOWEVER, MCCOY BECAME SO UGLY THAT THE OTHER TWO LEFT HIM THERE AND WENT TO CHRISTIAN'S EMPTY HOUSE.



LATE THE NEXT DAY, SMITH TOOK A BASKET OF FOOD TO MCCOY. IT WAS EVIDENT THAT MCCOY HAD GONE TO HIS STILL DURING THE NIGHT, FOR EMPTY BOTTLES WERE ALL OVER THE PLACE. AS FOR MCCOY...

DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME! THERE HE IS-- BY THE DOOR!

WELL, YE DRAFT LOON! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT ME!



THERE IS, I TELL YE! IT'S MURDER! AND HE'S COMIN' AFTER ME! BUT HE'LL NOT GET ME!



MCCOY RAN FROM THE HOUSE AND, IN HIS BLIND MADNESS, WENT OVER "THE ROPE"...



MCCOY'S BODY WAS CRUSHED. SMITH CARRIED IT UP TO THE RIDGE AND BURIED IT.



THEY HE WENT STRAIGHT TO THE STORE OF SPIRITS AND CARRIED THEM AND THE STILL TO THE CLIFF-SIDE, WHERE HE DASHED THEM ON THE ROCKS.



IT WAS A BITTER FIGHT TO REGAIN HIS SELF-RESPECT, BUT IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, SMITH CONSIDERED HIS GRAVING FOR GREG. HE SET ABOUT CLEANING AND PUTTING HIS AND THE OTHER HORSES IN ORDER, AND CARING FOR YOUNG THEM ONE DAY.



ALEX!

BALHADI!  
BALHADI!

SMITH TOLD ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED, AND THAT HE HAD DESTROYED THE STILL AND THE SPIRITS. THEY SAT FOR A LONG TIME, TALKING AND HOLDING HANDS, AS IN THEIR EARLY DAYS.



WO'N'T YOU COME BACK WITH ME, ALEX? THERE WILL BE NONE HAPPIER THAN MANNI!

NO, BALHADI. I'LL STAY HERE. TELL THE REST HOW THINGS ARE. THEY CAN DO AS THEY WISH ABOUT COMING BACK.

THREE HOURS LATER, THEY CAME HOME AND CHILDREN - AND IT WAS AS HAPPY A SIGHT AS THE MEN HAD SEEN IN A LONG TIME.



WELCOME BACK!



**I**N A FEW DAYS, ALL THE WOMEN'S THINGS WERE MOVED UP FROM AUTE VALLEY. HOUSES THAT HAD STOOD EMPTY FOR SO LONG WERE NOW FILLED WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN. THE PATHS AND DOORYARDS WERE CLEANED AND THE GARDENS WERE PLANTED.



**S**MITH TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN THE CHILDREN. ONE MORNING, HE SET OFF WITH SEVERAL OF THEM IN HIS CARE.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WALK TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND WITH ME?

OH, YES! WE HAVE NEVER BEEN ALONE TO GO THERE! AND CAN WE HUNT FOR BIRDS' EGGS?



**T**HERE HAD BEEN A PATH DOWN TO THE WESTERN SHORE. IT WAS NOW QUITE OVERGROWN. SMITH SAT DOWN TO REST AND LET THE CHILDREN ROAM AT WILL. SUDDENLY, YOUNG MATT QUENTAL CAME RUNNING UP THE PATH.

WHAT IS IT, MATTY? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FATHER ALEX! FATHER ALEX! AN EVIL SPIRIT! I SAW IT MOVE!



SMITH TOLD THE CHILDREN HE WOULD CHASE AWAY THE EVIL SPIRIT. HE MADE THEM SIT DOWN TO WAIT FOR HIM AND WANDERED DOWN THE PATH OUT OF THEIR SIGHT. BUT SUDDENLY HE GASPED IN ASTONISHMENT.



SMITH KNEW NOW THAT IT WAS NO CHILD'S IMAGINATION, AND HE CREEPT CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE BRUSH. SUDDENLY



SMITH HAD NO MORE THAN SPOKEN, WHEN QUINTAL GRABBED A CLUB AND MADE A RUSH AT HIM. WITH A BELLOW THAT WAS NEITHER BRUTE NOR HUMAN. IN THE MAN'S EYES WAS AN INSANE FUR THAT MADE SMITH RUN AWAY IN HORROR.



SMITH LOST QUINTAL WITHOUT DIFFICULTY AND HURRIED THE CHILDREN BACK TO THE SETTLEMENT. THE WOMEN WERE TERROR-STROKEN AT THE NEWS. SOME OF THEM WANTED HIM TRACKED DOWN AND SHOT IMMEDIATELY, BUT SARAH, QUINTAL'S WIFE, WOULD NOT HEAR OF IT. THEN TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE SETTLEMENT



SARAH TURNED AND RAN... RIGHT OFF "THE MOUNT".



QUANTAL DISAPPEARED AS QUICKLY AS HE HAD COME. SARAH WAS STILL BREATHING WHEN THEY BROUGHT HER UP, BUT SHE DIED WITHIN A HALF HOUR.



THE DECISION WAS MADE. QUANTAL MUST DIE AT ONCE. NOTHING COULD BE DONE THAT NIGHT, BUT EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, ALEX SMITH SET OUT FOR THE KILL. AED YOUNG WANTED TO GO ALONG, BUT HE WAS TOO ILL...



SMITH CRAWLED SILENTLY THROUGH THE BUSHES. HE FOUND QUANTAL ASLEEP, AND COULD HAVE KILLED HIM WHERE HE LAY. BUT HE COULDN'T BRING HIMSELF TO DO IT THAT WAY. HE PICKED UP A HANDFUL OF PEBBLES AND TOSSED THEM ON THE SLEEPING MAN.

QUANTAL AWOKE AND SPRANG UP AT ONCE. AS HE RUSHED WITH MURDEROUS INTENT, SMITH PULLED THE TRIGGER.



AFTER QUANTAL'S DEATH, TRUE PEACE AT LAST CAME TO THE ISLAND...

HOW CHRISTIAN WOULD HAVE LOVED TO SEE THESE CHILDREN, NED.

INDEED HE WOULD. HAD HE LIVED, SO MANY TRADES WOULD NOT HAVE COME TO PASS.



THEN YOUNG'S HEALTH GAVE WAY COMPLETELY JUST BEFORE HE DIED, YOUNG SAID.

IF EVER A SHIP SHOULD COME, WITH A GOOD MAN ABOARD, TELL HIM ALL, ALEX.

I WILL, MED.



NINE MORE YEARS WENT BY AND IN THAT TIME SMITH TAUGHT THE CHILDREN TO READ AND WRITE. HIS ONLY TEXT BOOK WAS THE "BIBLE". FROM THE READINGS OF IT, THE LITTLE COMMUNITY FOUND GOD AND PEACE AND HAPPINESS. THEN ONE DAY, A SHIP CAME INTO VIEW.



THURSDAY OCTOBER CHRISTIAN, NOW SEVENTEEN, DIRECTED THE PARTY OF YOUNGSTERS WHO WENT OUT TO GREET THE VISITORS.



THE SHIP WAS THE "TORAZ", AN AMERICAN SEALING VESSEL. CAPTAIN MATHEW FOLGER WAS THE FIRST VISITOR TO THE ISLAND IN EIGHTEEN YEARS. HE LISTENED WITH ASTONISHMENT TO THE AMAZING TALE OF THE SETTLERS ON PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.



AFTER FIVE DAYS, THE "TORAZ" SAILED AWAY. THEY WATCHED HER BECOME A MERE SPECK ON THE HORIZON. THE HUSH OF EARLY EVENING WAS OVER LAND AND SEA. ALEX SMITH WAS THOUGHTFUL, FOR HE KNEW SOONER OR LATER OTHER SHIPS WOULD COME. ALREADY THE CHILDREN WERE EAGER WITH THEIR QUESTIONS, SOME DAY HE WOULD ANSWER THEM. END

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

**JAMES NORMAN HALL** and Charles Nordhoff collaborated in a great deal of their writing, the most well known of their work being, "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Men Against The Sea," and "Pacalim's Island." These three novels compose a trilogy, each novel highlighting one part of the results of the mutiny itself. In addition, each author has written a vast amount of material independently of the other.

James Norman Hall was born April 22, 1887, at Colfax, Iowa. He was graduated from Grinnell College in 1910. After college, he worked for four years as an agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In 1914, while he was touring Europe, World War I broke out.

Hall enlisted in the 9th Battalion British Royal Fusiliers and fought as a machine gunner during the first two years of the war. He became interested in flying and in 1916, he obtained his release from the British Army and immediately re-enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. There he became a member of the Lafayette Flying Corps, also known as the Escadrille Lafayette. When America entered the war, he transferred from the Escadrille Lafayette to the United States Air Service and was commissioned a captain in Pursuit Squadron 193. In May, 1918, Hall was shot down behind the German lines and remained a prisoner until the war ended.

After release from the United States Army in January, 1919, Hall, with Charles Nordhoff, who had served in the Escadrille Lafayette and the U.S.A.S., with him, was commissioned to write a history of the Lafayette Flying Corps. That assignment marked the beginning of the now famous writing partnership. When that first task was completed, Hall and Nordhoff went together to Tahiti. There they both lived and



wrote for many years. In later life, Hall came back to the United States, but when he decided to write his autobiography, he went once more to Tahiti. There, in July, 1953, while he was still at work on the book, Hall died.

Charles Nordhoff was born of American parents on February 1, 1887, in London, England. When he was three years old, his parents brought him to the United States. He spent his boyhood in Pennsylvania, California, and on his father's ranch in Mexico. He entered Stanford University, but after a year there, transferred to Harvard, from which he graduated in 1909.

In 1916, Nordhoff became an ambulance driver in France and won the French Croix de Guerre, with star and citation. He, like James Norman Hall, became interested in flying and joined the Escadrille Lafayette. When the United States entered the war, Nordhoff received a commission as lieutenant in the United States Air Service.

Although he lived dangerously, Charles Nordhoff has been described by those who knew him as very shy and modest. He was a lover of nature, with a fondness for hunting and fishing. He died on April 11, 1947, and his death brought to an abrupt end the long and successful writing partnership he had with James Hall.

So adept did Nordhoff and Hall become in adapting each other's style of writing, that sometimes both would work on the same paragraph of a story, blending the sentences in such a way that the reader would never know that they were not written by the same person.

Both men were extremely careful in examining over and over the basic idea of their books and both found the first chapters the most difficult to write. It is just that care in writing their stories that has made their books develop naturally.

# THE HUMOR OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



**M**ANY YEARS ago, a New York firm wrote to a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, asking about the financial standing of a certain Springfield man. The lawyer replied: "Yours of the

19th received. First of all, he has a wife and a baby; together they ought to be worth \$500,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say, \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into. . . . Respectfully, A. Lincoln."

This is the answer of a man who would one day be President of the United States—one of our greatest presidents, and certainly the most human.

One of Lincoln's most outstanding traits was his sense of humor, yet his life was far from happy. Born in 1809 in a log cabin on the Kentucky frontier, his family moved to Indiana when he was eight. At ten, his mother died. He had little schooling, but he avidly read every book he could find. At twenty-one, he went out on his own and entered into several business ventures; but by the time he was twenty-four, he had the debts of three bankrupt stores on his hands. He became engaged to lovely Anne Rutledge. But she died before they could be married.

Abe Lincoln then took up law and hung out his shingle in Springfield, Illinois. Moderately successful as a lawyer, he went on to politics. At thirty-three, he married Mary Todd, a rather calculating woman. After some success but many political defeats, Abe was elected President of the United States. He was in the White House only a few weeks when the Civil War broke out. His years in office were probably the most trying for any chief executive. Then, less than a week after Appomattox, he was assassinated.

Though tragedy seemed to mark every turn of Lincoln's life, there was always time for a laugh, a smile. This was one of the traits that carried him to greatness.

The humor of Abe Lincoln was the good

earthly humor of frontier life and the common folk. His philosophy of life seemed to be based on but a few books and writings to which he was always referring. These were the Bible, Shakespeare, the Declaration of Independence, and Joe Miller's Joke Book.

When Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield, he would sometimes take out Joe Miller's Joke Book and read it to his fellow lawyers. Here is one of the jokes he liked and told: "Lieutenant Connelly, an Irishman in the service of the United States during the American War, chanced to take three Heaman prisoners himself, without any assistance; being asked by the commander-in-chief how he had taken them—'I surrounded them,' was the answer."

Though many stories Lincoln told seemed to be revised versions of some of Joe Miller's jokes, most of his tales were his own or ones he remembered from his contacts with every type and class of men.

Much of the time it was his quick wit that gave laughs to those around him. Once in a courtroom, another lawyer tore the seat of his pants. A paper asking for contributions to fix the trousers was passed among the lawyers. When it came to Lincoln, he wrote, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

One morning in court, a circle of people around Lincoln started to laugh. The judge angrily said, "Mr. Lincoln, I'm not going to stand for your tom-foolery any longer. And he fined Lincoln \$5.00 for disorderly conduct. Someone whispered to the judge the joke Lincoln had told. Trying to keep a straight face, the judge said, "The clerk may remit Mr. Lincoln's fine."

In 1845, Lincoln was nominated by the Whigs of Illinois to run for Congress. His opponent, a Democratic candidate, was Peter Cartwright, a Methodist minister and circuit rider. Lincoln made many campaign speeches, as did Cartwright, but near the end of the campaign, Lincoln attended a religious meeting at which Cartwright was to preach. The minister spoke and then asked of his audience that those desiring to go to heaven, "stand up." Cartwright then asked those who did not wish to go to hell to stand up. At this point, everyone was stand-

ing except "Honest Abe." Peter Cartwright looked down at him and asked, "Mr. Lincoln, where are you going?"

Lincoln rose and answered, "Brother Cartwright, I am going to Congress." And he went, too, by a large majority of votes.

Once in the years before he became President, Lincoln tried his hand at lecturing. He wrote and delivered a lecture entitled, "Discoberies and Inventions." The lecture was a flop, or as Lincoln said, "It just didn't have enough 'git' to it." But in this lecture, he said that the invention of laughter, if it could be called an invention, was one of the most important. He described laughter as "the joyous, beautiful, universal evergreen of life."

Abe Lincoln had a nice, human way of saying things that sometimes combined a touch of the poet and philosopher. Commenting on a long needed summer shower, he said, "This makes the corn laugh." When he was a young man and still unknown in New Salem, Illinois, Abe applied for a job as clerk at the polling place on Election Day. When he was asked if he could write, Abe said, "Oh, I guess I can make a few rabbit tracks." And he got the job.

He could even find a touch of humor in the fact that a store of his had gone bankrupt. He smiled and said it had "skinked out."

During 1858, Lincoln campaigned vigorously against Stephen A. Douglas for the election as Senator from Illinois. The now famous Lincoln-Douglas debates were waged, but though Lincoln bested Douglas on the platform, his views on slavery were still too advanced for the time, and he lost the election. It was a bitter defeat for Abe and he summed up his feelings by saying, "I felt like the boy who had stubbed his toe—too badly to laugh, and too big to cry."

Lincoln could often use a pun to good advantage. Once during the trying of a law case, Abe kept using the legal term "lien" with his own pronunciation as "lean." The fussy judge kept correcting him, telling him the word was pronounced "heen." After being corrected several times by the judge, Abe said, "If my client had known there was a *don* on his farm, he wouldn't have stayed there long enough to bring this suit."

Perhaps it came naturally to Lincoln to have a touch of the comic in his nature. He stood head and shoulders above other men and wore a "stove-pipe" hat which added nearly another foot to his height. The usual look on his face was sad, solemn, calm, but this he could quickly change into a smile. The proof of a man's good humor is that he can laugh at himself, and this Abe Lincoln could do. He was not a handsome

man, some even described Lincoln as ugly; others, said that his face held a hidden beauty or light. In either case, Lincoln could joke about himself and told this story as a parallel to his own appearance: Once a woman on horseback met a man also riding a horse. The woman stopped, looked at the man and exclaimed, "Well, you're the homeliest man I ever saw!" To which the man replied that he could not help it. "No, I suppose not," the woman answered, "but, at least, you might stay at home."

Abraham Lincoln's years in the White House were probably the toughest any President has ever had to bear. The ever mounting casualty lists of both North and South weighed on Lincoln like a cross. But as humor is often very close to tragedy, so Abe Lincoln could find laughter in the midst of the war years. Once it was reported to him that a brigadier with a troop of cavalry had strayed into Confederate lines and was captured. "I can make a better brigadier any day," he remarked, "but those horses cost the government \$125 a head."

Almost daily, in the White House, Lincoln was confronted with mothers, wives, and sympathizers of soldiers condemned to be shot for some breach of military law. The women came pleading for pardon of their loved ones and usually he granted their requests. Lincoln's generals said his leniency was ruining the discipline of the Army, but his remarks on granting pardons show how he felt about taking the life of a man. Some of these were: "I don't see that shooting will do him any good." Of a soldier condemned for falling asleep on sentry duty, "I might have done the same thing, myself." And this message was wired to Colonel Mulligan, "If you haven't shot Barney D. yet, don't."

From his taste in the White House, Lincoln took the time to read books of humor. He even read selections at his Cabinet meetings. It is said that the day after the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, a congressman entered Lincoln's office and was shocked to find him reading a humorous piece by Artemus Ward.

But the men close to Lincoln knew that his reading of humor and his story telling was "a safety-valve . . . a relief from oppressed cares." Usually, when Abe told a story, it was a parable on the situation at hand. Though he was criticized and called "the White House joker," it may have been the saving grace for the nation that Lincoln had a sense of humor. Had this not been a part of his personality, he might have cracked under the weight of his responsibility.

## JOHNNY APPLESEED

IT WAS evening on the Ohio frontier. The sun was fast fading when into the clearing in front of a frontier cabin strolled an odd little man. The settlers watched from the cabin door as the man came nearer. He wore a tin pan on his head, his clothes were a harlap sack and his feet were bare. Two leather bags hung from his shoulders. Then the settlers recognized him. "Why, it's Johnny Appleseed!" they shouted.

The family welcomed the way, little fellow. They shared their supper with him, but Johnny would only eat when he knew there was enough for the children.

After supper, the family gathered around Johnny to hear "some news right fresh from Heaven." Johnny got out his old, tattered Bible and in eloquent tones, read and discussed the Scriptures and the Gospel of Love. When the fire had died to embers, the family went to bed and Johnny lay down where he always chose to sleep, on the floor.

The next morning, Johnny Appleseed was up with the sun. After a breakfast of dew-wet berries, he took his leather bags full of seeds to a fertile spot nearby. Then, making a clearing and fencing it in, he planted several of his apple seeds.

Johnny told the settlers how to reset the seedling, and then, with a tip of his tin pan hat, he was off to seek other planting places for his apple seeds.

This is a typical incident in the life of Jonathan Chapman, who was known to the settlers on the Ohio and Indiana frontier as "Johnny Appleseed."

No one knows what turned Johnny to his self-appointed mission of planting apple seeds. It is known that he was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775. Then for a time, he lived near Pittsburgh where he owned a farm and an apple orchard. History next reports him in the Ohio Valley. Johnny was then in his mid-twenties. He was seen then tending a horse loaded with apple seeds.

Thus the pattern of Johnny's life took

form. During the winter, he gathered his apple seeds from cider-presses in Western Pennsylvania. Then, usually on foot and carrying the seeds in leather bags strapped to his shoulders, he hiked west, planting seeds, reading the Bible, doing good and gentle deeds wherever he could.

For all of his queer traits and his ridiculous style of dress, Johnny was always welcomed by grown-ups and children alike and treated with respect. Even the Indians were kind to Johnny and looked upon him as a "great medicine man."

Johnny completely lived his religion. He was humble, kind, and always shared his few possessions with those "less fortunate." And Johnny would not harm a living thing,

whether it was a horse, a snake, an insect or a bear. One winter night, Johnny had built a fire in a hollow log to keep warm. Then he discovered that a mother bear and her cubs were sleeping in the log. He put out the fire and slept in the snow, rather than burn or disturb the bears.

Around 1838, Johnny Appleseed found that Ohio was becoming too crowded for him. It was no longer the frontier. He bid all his

friends good-bye and carried on his planting further west in Indiana. One summer evening, in 1847, Johnny stopped at a settler's cabin near Fort Wayne, Indiana. He would accept only a supper of bread and milk. Afterwards, he read "some news right fresh from Heaven." That night, as usual, he slept on the cabin floor.

The next morning, Johnny was dead, but there was a smile on his old, bearded face. Johnny died a happy man, knowing that his life had borne fruit. He knew that men for untold generations would eat apples from the countless trees that he had planted.





# FREE FREE

## THIS BEAUTIFUL 3-PIECE PEN AND PENCIL SET



A BALL-POINT PEN  
A LEVER FOUNTAIN PEN  
AND A MECHANICAL PENCIL

Yours absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE** with a 1-year subscription to

**CLASSICS** FOR ONLY **\$1.80**  
*Illustrated*

This set is our gift to you and will be mailed promptly. Your subscription will begin with next month's issue and will bring you a new reading thrill each month for a full year.

The supply of these beautiful sets is limited. So fill out the coupon below and **MAIL IT NOW!** TODAY!

FOR YOUR  
CONVENIENCE  
FILL OUT  
COUPON OR A  
FACSIMILE  
AND MAIL NOW!

GREENBORN CO., INC. DEPT. 3 165 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.  
Herewith is \_\_\_\_\_ Enter my subscription for \_\_\_\_\_ forthcoming  
issues of CLASSICS Illustrated, to be sent postpaid on issued. I am also to receive,  
ADDITIONALLY FREE, the 3-piece PEN AND PENCIL SET illustrated above.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

READ THE BEST IN THE WORLD'S FINEST

JUVENILE PUBLICATION **CLASSICS**  
*Illustrated*

MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM THESE THRILLING -

EXCITING - ROMANTIC ADVENTURE STORIES.

THEY'RE ONLY 15¢ EACH POSTPAID



- |  |  |                                       |
|--|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1 The Three Musketeers                     | 39 Jane Eyre                             | 62 The Jungle Book                    |
| 2 Tom Sawyer                               | 40 Myra Sam                              | 63 The Gold Bug                       |
| 3 The Count of Monte Cristo                | 41 Twenty Years After                    | 64 The Sea Wolf                       |
| 4 The Last of the Mohicans                 | 42 Seven Years' Misadventure             | 65 Under Two Flags                    |
| 5 Moby Dick                                | 43 Mysterious Island                     | 67 A Midsummer Night's Dream          |
| 6 A Tale of Two Cities                     | 44 Robinson Crusoe                       | 68 Men of Iron                        |
| 7 Robin Hood                               | 45 Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea | 69 Curio and Perichonnet              |
| 8 Les Misérables                           | 46 David Copperfield                     | 70 Green Mansions                     |
| 9 Robinson Crusoe                          | 47 Alice in Wonderland                   | 71 The Earl of the Wind               |
| 10 Ben Hur                                 | 48 The Adventures of Tom Sawyer          | 72 The Countess of Monte-Cristo       |
| 11 Big Tom Huckle and the Maddest Marooner | 49 The Spy                               | 73 Grandfather and Grandmother        |
| 12 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde                 | 50 The House of the Seven Gables         | 74 Red-Headed Woodpecker              |
| 13 Uncle Tom's Cabin                       | 51 The Man on the Moon                   | 75 All Grown up on the Maddest Island |
| 14 Gulliver's Travels                      | 52 John Bull                             | 76 Grandfather                        |
| 15 The Deserted Village                    | 53 The Song of Bernadette                | 77 Long Solomon's Song                |
| 16 The Red Rover of the West               | 54 The Prince                            | 78 The Red Badge of Courage           |
| 17 Huckberry Finley                        | 55 Waterbury Knight                      | 79 Merlin                             |
| 18 The Emerald Isle                        | 56 What are You?                         | 100 Mystery on the Bounty             |
| 19 The Emerald Isle                        | 57 Greenaway Island                      | 101 William Tell                      |
| 20 The Emerald Isle                        | 58 The Spanish Chicks                    | 102 The White Company                 |
| 21 The Emerald Isle                        | 59 John Bull                             | 103 Man Against the Sea               |
| 22 The Emerald Isle                        | 60 Around the World in Eighty Days       | 104 Long, On Earth Alone              |
| 23 Oliver Twist                            | 61 The Pilot                             | 105 From the South to the Moon        |
| 24 A Christmas Carol                       | 62 The Broom                             | 106 Gulliver's Travels                |
| 25 Ten Years Before the Mast               | 63 The Lady of the Lake                  | 107 King of the Skyline Cities        |
| 26 Frankenstein                            | 64 The Princess of Zenda                 | 108 Knight of the Round Table         |
| 27 The Adventures of Marco Polo            | 65 The Road                              | 109 Robin Hood                        |
| 28 The Prince and the Pauper               | 66 Jack of All                           | 110 A Study on Scotland               |
| 29 The Black Rover                         | 67 Captain de Beignose                   |                                       |
| 30 The Black Rover                         | 68 White Fang                            |                                       |
| 31 The Black Rover                         | 69 The Story                             |                                       |
| 32 The Black Rover                         | 70 The Waves of Belshazzar               |                                       |
| 33 The Adventures of Tom Sawyer            |  |                                       |
| 34 Mysterious Island                       |  |                                       |
| 35 The Prince                              |  |                                       |

MAIL COUPON BELOW OR A FACSIMILE . . .

GILBERTON CO., INC. DEPT. 5, 101 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.  
IN CANADA: GILBERTON CO. (CANADA) LTD., 311 TERMINAL "A" TORONTO 1

Here with 15¢ per \_\_\_\_\_ issues of CLASSICS Illustrated as circled below:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27  
28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60  
61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92  
93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_