

CLASSICS

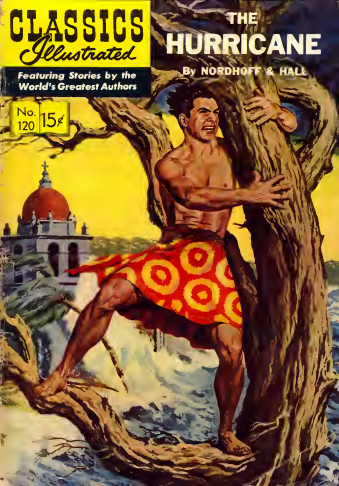
Illustrated

THE HURRICANE

Featuring Stories by the
World's Greatest Authors

By NORDHOFF & HALL

No. 120 15¢



COMING NEXT MONTH



INTO THE lawless West rode United States Marshal James Butler Hickok, better known as Wild Bill. A gentleman, always, Wild Bill wore a frock coat, string tie . . . and a pair of pistols. This is the story of the famous marshal and how he tamed the Western badmen by shooting straighter, cleaner and faster.

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WHO AM I?

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

CLUE I: I was born in France in the year 1880. When I was two years old, I was sold to a group of evil men called the Comprachicos.

CLUE II: The Comprachicos disfigured my face and made me seem always to be laughing. When I was ten years old, they deserted me. As I wandered cold and hungry through a snowstorm looking for shelter, I stumbled over the body of a dead woman with a barely living little girl.

CLUE III: I took the little girl and went on through the storm. An old man, Ursus, finally gave me shelter. The little girl, Den, and I grew up with Ursus. Den was blind and could not see my hideous face. As we grew older, we fell in love.

CLUE IV: When I was grown, I became a freak and was exhibited around the countryside. Then one day, one of the Comprachicos, under torture, confessed that I was of noble birth. The King of France himself had ordered me kidnapped and mutilated so I could not inherit my father's titles.

CLUE V: My titles were recognized and my property restored. Overnight I became a man of position and wealth. But my hideous laugh remained. If I accepted my titles, I would gain the scorn of my fellow nobles and lose the love of my cherished Den. Read my decision and my story as told in the powerful and moving novel, *The Men Who Laugh* by Victor Hugo.

ENTERTAINMENT

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THE HURRICANE

BY
CHARLES HORNHOFF
JAMES NORMAN HALL



ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF MINUKURA, A FRENCH COLONY GOVERNED BY AN ADMINISTRATION, THERE LIVED A YOUNG POLYNESIAN NAMED TERANGI. TERANGI WHO WAS BRAVE, SUPPLE AND STRONG, WAS FIRST MET ON A SCHOONER, THE KATOPUA, BRINGING SUPPLIES TO THE ISLAND AND TAKING AWAY TONS OF COFFEE, WHICH IS THE DRIED KERNEL OF COCONUT.

ONE AFTERNOON TERANGI AND TWO OF HIS FRIENDS WERE SHARING A BOTTLE OF BEER IN A WATERFRONT BAR IN TAHITI.



CAPTAIN NABLE, OWNER OF THE KATOPUA, WAS AT A NEARBY TABLE.



PRESENTLY, A PAUNCHY, RED-FACED MAN CAME IN AND LOOKED FOR A VACANT TABLE.



FINDING NONE, HE TURNED TO THE THREE NATIVES.

COME ON, YOU—LET A WHITE MAN SIT DOWN!



HIS FRIENDS ROSE, BUT TERANGI WENT ON QUIETLY DRINKING HIS BEER.

WON'T MOVE, EH? THEN I'LL MAKE YOU!





UNFORTUNATELY, THE MAN'S JAW WAS BROKEN AND BECAUSE THE DRUNK WAS AN IMPORTANT BRITISH POLITICIAN, TERANGI WAS SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS IN JAIL FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY.



HIS FIRST VISITOR WAS CAPTAIN ANGLE.

YOU'RE TOO STRONG FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, TERANGI. BUT CHEER UP, LAD, THE SIX MONTHS WILL PASS QUICKLY. AND YOUR MOTHER WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR WIFE AND THE BABY WHEN IT COMES.



SIX MONTHS. I DOUBT THAT TERANGI'S SPIRIT CAN SUBMIT TO PRISON LIFE FOR EVEN THAT SHORT TIME.



CAPTAIN ANGLE'S FEARS WERE SOON JUSTIFIED. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE KATOPUA SAILED, TERANGI ESCAPED FROM TAHITI PRISON.



THE CHIEF OF POLICE AND SOME OF HIS MEN CAME TO SEARCH THE SCHOONER AS IT WAS ABOUT TO CAST OFF FROM THE WHARF.



YOU DON'T THINK I'D BE HARBORING A CRIMINAL ABOARD MY VESSEL, DO YOU?

NO, I DON'T, CAPTAIN, BUT THE FUGITIVE MAY HAVE STOWED AWAY WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE.



AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE KATOPUA, THE POLICE OFFICER APOLOGIZED AND WENT ASHORE.



TERANGI, MEANWHILE, WAS STILL ON TAHITI, WHERE HE HAD BEEN TAKEN IN BY A PIG HUNTER.



THE HUNTER, KNOWING THERE WAS A REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF HIS GUEST, BETRAYED TERANGI TO THE POLICE.



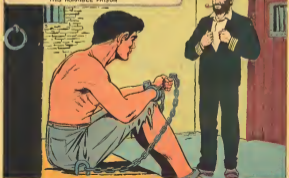
TO PUNISH TERANGI FOR ESCAPING, HIS JAIL TERM WAS INCREASED. BUT TERANGI ESCAPED AGAIN, AND AGAIN HE WAS CAUGHT AND HIS SENTENCE LEIGHTENED. AT THE END OF FIVE YEARS, TERANGI HAD ESCAPED EIGHT TIMES AND HAD BEEN GIVEN A TOTAL OF SIXTEEN YEARS IN PRISON.



AT THIS TIME, CAPTAIN NAGLE RECEIVED SPECIAL PERMISSION FROM THE GOVERNOR OF TAHITI TO VISIT TERANGI IN JAIL.



I WISH I COULD MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND, TERANGI, HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO ESCAPE THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW. I KNOW YOU WERE UNJUSTLY SENTENCED, AND I PROMISE TO MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO HAVE YOU RELEASED FROM THIS HORRIBLE PRISON.



HOW ARE MY WIFE, MY MOTHER AND MY LITTLE DAUGHTER, WHOM I HAVE NEVER SEEN?

THEY ARE ALL WELL, TERANGI



THREE MONTHS AFTER CAPTAIN HAGLE'S VISIT, TERANGI WAS ENJOYING A BRIEF WALK UP AND DOWN THE YARD OF THE PRISON, WHEN THE ROAD GANG WAS BROUGHT IN.



THE LAST OF THE PRISONERS HAD BEEN CHECKED IN, WHEN TERANGI MADE A DASH FOR FREEDOM.



THE GATEKEEPER JERKED OUT HIS REVOLVER AND FIRED, AS TERANGI SEIZED HIS WRIST.



THE OTHER GUARDS CAME RUNNING, BUT THEY DIDN'T SHOOT, FOR FEAR OF HITTING THE GATEKEEPER.



A HEAVY BLOW OVER THE HEART KNOCKED THE GATEKEEPER SENSELESS. BEFORE ANOTHER SHOT COULD BE FIRED, TERANGI WAS OUTSIDE.



IT WAS A SENSATIONAL ESCAPE, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, BUT AGAIN TERANGI STRUCK TOO HARD. THE GATEKEEPER DIED FROM THE BLOW.



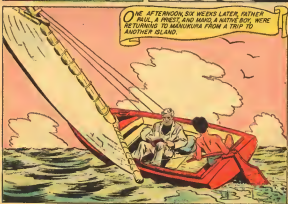
A REWARD WAS OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE FUGITIVE, AND THE VALLEYS WERE SCOURED BY BOAT HUNTERS AND THEIR DOGS.



BUT TERANGI COULD NOT BE FOUND



ONE AFTERNOON, SIX WEEKS LATER, FATHER PAUL, A PRIEST, AND MANG, A NATIVE BOY, WERE RETURNING TO MANUKURA FROM A TRIP TO ANOTHER ISLAND.



GLANCING OFF TO HIS LEFT, MARO'S ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED BY A BLACK OBJECT FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.



FATHER! FATHER PAUL!

WHAT IS IT, MY SON?



THERE IS SOMETHING OFF TO LEEWARD!



YOU HAVE SHARP EYES, MY LAD, WHAT IS IT?

A CAPSIZED CANOE. I THINK THERE'S A MAN CLINGING TO IT.



YES, THERE IS. HE SEES US. STAND BY NOW, TO GRASP HIS ARM.



TOGETHER
THEY
DRAGGED
THE
MAN
INTO
THE
BOAT



IT'S
TERANGI!

SO IT IS. THE
WRETCHED MAN IS
HALF DEAD, MAKO.
WE HAVE A DUTY
TO LOOK AFTER HIM

TERANGI SLEPT THROUGH UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING. THEN MAKO PREPARED FOOD FOR HIM, AND HE ATE RAVENOUSLY.



MAKO'S HEART WAS FILLED WITH HAPPINESS. HE HAD HELPED SAVE THE LIFE OF THE MAN WHO WAS A HERO TO EVERY BOY ON MANUKURA.



LIFE IS GOOD FATHER I
LITTLE BELIEVED THAT I
WOULD SEE THE SUN OF
ANOTHER DAY



WHEN WE PICKED YOU UP,
YOU WERE SIX HUNDRED
MILES FROM TAHITI, IT IS
UNBELIEVABLE THAT YOU
COVERED THAT DISTANCE
IN A SMALL OUTRIGGER
CANOE.



IT WAS MY DESIRE TO
SEE MY FAMILY AGAIN,
BEFORE I AM RECAP-
TURED. THAT KEPT ME
ALIVE UNTIL YOU
PICKED ME UP.



NO ONE
KNOWS THAT
YOU HAVE
LEFT
TAHITI?

NO ONE, FATHER. THEY
MUST STILL BE
SEARCHING
THE MOUNTAINS
FOR ME.



WHAT
WOULD
YOU DO
NOW?

I WOULD SEE MY
WIFE ONCE AGAIN,
AND MY MOTHER,
AND THE CHILD
THAT I HAVE
NEVER SEEN.



MY DUTY IS CLEAR. I AM
CONCERNED ONLY WITH
DIVINE LAW. I KNOW,
AS DOES EVERYONE ELSE
ON THE ISLAND, EXCEPT
THE FRENCH ADMINIS-
TRATOR, THAT TERRANGI
IS A DEEPLY
WRONGED MAN



THE ADMINISTRATOR, MONSIEUR DE LAZE, IS RETURNING ON THE KAPOPA THIS WEEK FROM A TRIP TO THE ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH. HE IS CERTAIN TO SEARCH MANUKURA FOR YOU. WE WILL PUT YOU OFF AT MOTU TONGA, AND I WILL HAVE YOUR FAMILY COME TO SEE YOU THERE.



TERANGI WAS SET ASHORE AT MOTU TONGA, AN UNINHABITED LITTLE ISLAND ACROSS THE LAGOON FROM MANUKURA.



THAT EVENING, FATHER PAUL VISITED TERANGI'S MOTHER AND TOLD HER OF TERANGI'S WHEREABOUTS.

TERANGI'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER LEFT TWO DAYS AGO TO GATHER SHELLS ON MOTU TONGA. THEY ARE CERTAIN TO SEE HIM THERE.



ON MOTU TONGA, THE NEXT MORNING, TERANGI'S WIFE WAS PREPARING BREAKFAST WHEN TIED, THEIR DAUGHTER CAME RUNNING TO HER.

MOTHER, I SAW A STRANGE MAN SLEEPING ON THE BEACH.





HE'S THERE
DON'T GO, MOTHER.
MAYBE IT'S AN
EVIL SPIRIT



TERANDI!



MARMA! IT IS GOOD TO BE
WITH YOU AGAIN, AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS. AND THIS IS
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER, TITA!



I HAVE COME HOME, MARMA. I HAVE
SEEN YOU AND TITA, AND I SHALL SEE
MY MOTHER ONCE MORE. I SHALL STAY
AS LONG AS I CAN



AND
THEN
WHAT?

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I, THEY
WILL FIND ME. THERE IS A REWARD
OF FIVE THOUSAND FRANCS FOR
HIM WHO BETRAYS ME AGAIN.

CAPTAIN NAGLE WILL GO SOUTH ON HIS NEXT VOYAGE. WE COULD HIDE ON THE *AMTORPA*, BEFORE IT SAILS.



WE MUST NOT CALL ON HIM FOR HELP. I KNOW HE WOULD GLADLY GIVE IT, BUT I WOULD NOT HAVE HIM INVOLVED.



SUDDENLY

WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED!



BUT FEAR TURNED TO JOY WHEN THE TWO PEOPLE WERE RECOGNIZED. THEY WERE TERANGI'S MOTHER AND MARAMA'S FATHER, FARAHAI, THE ISLAND CHIEF.

IT HAS DONE ME GOOD TO KEEP A LITTLE NOW, WE MUST TALK MARAMA, YOU AND TITI MUST COME WITH US WHEN WE RETURN TO MANUKURA TONIGHT.



TONIGHT?



YOU CAN STAY NO LONGER, NOW. THE REASON IS PLAIN, THERE MUST BE NO SUSPICION OF TERANGI'S PRESENCE HERE.

BUT WHAT ABOUT TERANGI?



THIS IS OUR PLAN MONSIEUR DE LAAGE IS EXPECTED BACK ON THE KOTOPUA ANY DAY. TERANGI MUST LEAVE BEFORE HE CAN FIND HIM HERE.



BUT WHERE CAN HE GO? I WILL NOT LET HIM GO AWAY ALONE!

YOU AND TITA WILL GO WITH HIM TO FENUA INO.



FENUA INO?

NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER BEEN TOLD OF THE ISLAND. IT IS ABOUT EIGHTY MILES FROM HERE AND WILL BE A REFUGE FOR THE THREE OF YOU HANO WILL FIX A BOAT WITH THE SUPPLIES YOU WILL NEED.



YOU COULD NOT COME WITH US, MOTHER.

I AM AFRAID IT IS NOT TO BE, TERANGI, I KNEW THAT YOU WERE TO COME, THOUGH I DID NOT SPEAK OF IT TO MARAMA.



YOUR FATHER CAME TO ME IN A DREAM, TWENTY-SIX NIGHTS AGO. THERE IS NO DOUBTING WHAT HE TOLD US. HE TOLD ME THAT I SHOULD SEE YOU HERE ON MOTU TONGA FOR THE LAST TIME.



AND
WHAT
MORE?

HE TOLD ME I
SHOULD BE WITH
HIM SOON IT IS
TRUE. I KNOW IT
I FEEL IT



*THERE WAS A LONG, SAD
PAUSE, THEN...*

YOU HAVE YET TO SAY,
FATHER, HOW TITA AND I
ARE TO GO WITH TERANGI.
HOW CAN OUR ABSENCE
BE EXPLAINED?



YOU AND TITA WILL RETURN
TO MOTU TONGA IN A FEW
DAYS. SEVERAL DAYS LATER,
WE WILL FIND NOTHING BUT
YOUR EMPTY CHAIR. WE
WILL TELL EVERYONE THAT
YOU HAVE DROWNED.



THE NEXT MORNING, THE ADMINISTRATOR RETURNED TO MANUKURA ABOARD THE KATOPUA. HIS WIFE AND MANY NATIVES WERE AT THE DOCK TO MEET HIM.



AFTER GREETING HIS WIFE, De LAAGE TURNED TO FAKAHU.

WHERE IS FATHER PAUL? HE HAS NEVER MISSED MEETING THE SCHOONER BEFORE. IS HE ILL?

I HAVE NOT SEEN HIM FOR SEVERAL DAYS, SIR.



IT WAS THE CUSTOM, ON THE DAY THE SCHOONER CAME, TO HAVE FATHER PAUL, CAPTAIN MADLE AND THE ISLAND DOCTOR, KERSAINT, COME TO De LAAGE'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE FOR DINNER.

I HAVE RECEIVED WORD FROM FATHER PAUL ASKING TO BE EXCUSED. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM, DOCTOR? IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

I SAW HIM AT WORK IN HIS GARDEN EARLY THIS AFTERNOON, AND HE SEEMED QUITE WELL.



I AM PROFOUNDLY GLAD HE IS NOT TO COME THIS EVENING. EUGENE, HAVE YOU TOLD THEM THE NEWS?

I HAVE RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THE BISHOP IN PARIS TELLING ME TO ADVISE FATHER PAUL THAT HE IS BEING RECALLED TO FRANCE.



THINK OF IT, DOCTOR KERBARY. WHAT STUPIDITY! THE NEWS WILL KILL HIM-- I KNOW IT!

IT WILL COME AS A SHOCK TO HIM. IT IS HIS WISH TO SPEND HIS LAST YEARS AMONG THE ISLANDERS HE LOVES SO WELL.

PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM YET, EUGENE. HE CAN'T LEAVE, ANYWAY, UNTIL THE SCHOONER'S NEXT TRIP GIVE HIM ONE MORE MONTH OF HAPPINESS.

I CAN'T SEE WHAT GOOD IT WILL DO, BUT IF YOU INSIST, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING, YET.

THE CONVERSATION THEN DROVE TO TERNARD AND HIS LATEST ESCAPE.

I AM AWARE, CAPTAIN NADLE, THAT HE WAS ONCE YOUR FIRST MATE. DO YOU THINK THERE IS A CHANCE OF HIS MAKING HIS WAY BACK TO THIS ISLAND?



YOU DON'T BELIEVE, MONSIEUR DE LAAGE, THAT HE WOULD STOW AWAY ON MY SHIP?

NOT WITH YOUR CONSENT SIR BUT YOUR SAILORS ARE ALL MANUKURA

BOYS THEY MIGHT CONCEAL HIM ABOARD WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE

THE POLICE ON TAHITI SHARE YOUR BELIEF. AS USUAL, THEY MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF MY SHIP BEFORE WE LEFT.

THE POLICE ON TAHITI BELIEVE THAT MANUKURA IS HIS GOAL AND WHEN HE IS CAUGHT THIS TIME, HE WILL BE SENT TO THE PENAL COLONY IN FRENCH GUIANA. HE WILL NEVER ESCAPE AGAIN!



WHEN DR LAAGE WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT HE COULD NOT SLEEP



IT IS NOW PAST ONE. I THINK I WILL TAKE A WALK DOWN TO THE BEACH. MAYBE IT WILL HELP ME SLEEP.



HE DRESSED, STEPPED OUT ON THE VERANDA, AND THEN WALKED ALONG THE PATH THAT LED AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE



REACHING THE END OF THE ISLAND, HE SAT DOWN ON A LOG

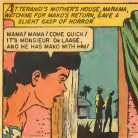


TURNING HIS HEAD, HE SAW SOMEONE APPROACHING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE VILLAGE

WHERE CAN HE BE GOING AT THIS HOUR?







RECOVERING QUICKLY, SHE STOLE DOWN THE VERANDA STEPS AND RAN TOWARD HER FATHER'S HOUSE.



INSIDE THE RESIDENCY, De LAUGE FINALLY FORCED THE TERROR-STROKEN BOY TO TELL HIS STORY THEN HE SUMMONED HIS WIFE.



I MUST ASK YOU TO REMAIN WITH THE BOY, MY DEAR. IF YOU WANT ME, I SHALL BE AT FATHER PAUL'S.



IT IS AMAZING THAT FATHER PAUL COULD HAVE BROUGHT TERANGI TO THESE ISLANDS.



PUZZLED AT THE UNTIMELY VISIT, FATHER PAUL, DRESSED AND RECEIVED De LAUGE.

FATHER PAUL, I WILL COME TO THE POINT. I HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT YOU BROUGHT TERANGI TO THESE ISLANDS IN YOUR CUTTER.

IT IS TRUE.

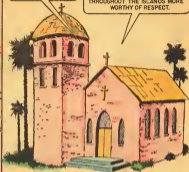


MAY I ASK WHY I WAS NOT INFORMED?

A PRIEST OF THE CHURCH HAS DUTIES TO PERFORM THAT DIFFER FROM YOUR OWN, SIR. SUCH A DUTY IS CONCERNED HERE.

THEN YOU CONSIDER IT YOUR DUTY TO DEFY THE JUST LAWS OF THE STATE?

MONSIEUR, I HAVE KNOWN TERANGI ALL OF HIS LIFE. I HAVE KNOWN HIS PARENTS AND THEIR PARENTS BEFORE THEM. THERE IS NO FAMILY THROUGHOUT THE ISLANDS MORE WORTHY OF RESPECT.



TERANGI IS A DEEPLY WRONGED MAN HE MADE THE DANGEROUS VOYAGE FROM TAHITI JUST TO SEE HIS FAMILY WOULD YOU HAVE ME GIVE HIM UP?

BUT WHAT OF THE WRONG YOU DO ME? IF HE SUCCEEDS IN ESCAPING, IT WILL BE A BLOT UPON MY RECORD THAT COULD MEAN THE END OF MY CAREER.

IF A WRONG HAS BEEN COMMITTED, THE FAULT IS MINE, AND I SHALL TAKE IT UPON MYSELF.

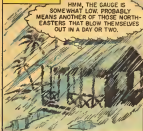


WHEN MORNING CAME, DE LAASE AND THE ISLANDS SEARCHED THOROUGHLY BUT TERRANSI, WHO HAD BEEN WARNED BY MARAMA, WAS WELL HIDDEN. THE SEARCHERS FOUND NO TRACE OF HIM.



UP BEFORE HIS USUAL TIME THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DE LAASE STOPPED TO LOOK AT THE BAROMETER.

HMM, THE GAUGE IS SOMEWHAT LOW. PROBABLY MEANS ANOTHER OF THOSE NORTHEASTERS THAT BLOW THEMSELVES OUT IN A DAY OR TWO.



HE JOINED HIS WIFE IN THE DINING ROOM

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR LEAVING, EUGENE, WITH THE WEATHER THREATENING AS IT IS.

THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MY DEAR. HAS THE MAID DELIVERED MY NOTE TO CAPTAIN NAGLE?



HE'S COMING UP THE WALK NOW



RELIEVED OF HIS DILSONS, CAPTAIN NAGLE WAS INVITED TO A CUP OF COFFEE

I CAN DO WITH A SECOND CUP THIS MORNING. A WET NIGHT, EH? THERE'LL BE WATER TO SPARE IN THE TANKS THIS MORNING



HOW DOES IT
LOOK TO YOU?

THE WEATHER? NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT MY BAROMETER
IS AT TWENTY-NINE POINT
EIGHT.



CAPTAIN NABLE, I HAVE ASKED
YOU HERE TO TELL YOU THAT
I MUST COMMANDEER YOUR
SCHOONER IN THE NAME OF
THE GOVERNMENT.

THIS IS A
BIT SUDDEN
WHERE DO
YOU WISH
TO GO?



TO TAHITI, FIRST, YOU WILL GUESS MY ERRAND.
I MUST FIND TERANGI. IF HE IS NOT THERE, WE
SHALL HAVE TO VISIT THE NEIGHBORING
ISLANDS AS WELL.

OH, WELL, I SUPPOSE A
MAN CAN'T ARGUE WITH
THE GOVERNMENT. I WILL
BE READY WHEN YOU LIKE.

THEN I SHALL BE
ABOARD IN HALF
AN HOUR, IF THAT
IS NOT HURRYING
YOU TOO MUCH.



AN HOUR LATER, THE
KATOPUS WAS HEADED
AWAY FROM THE ISLAND,
RECKING A LITTLE
TO THE INCREASING WINDS.



THE WEATHER GREW STEADILY WORSE, AND MME. DE LAAGE, ALONE AT HER HOME, MADE FAST ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS.



THIS STORM FRIGHTENS ME I HOPE THE KATOPUM REACHES TAHITI SAFELY.



DR KERSAINT DROPPED IN TO CONSULT THE BAROMETER

THERE ARE ACRES OF COCONUT PALMS AROUND THE VILLAGE THAT ARE AT LEAST FIFTY YEARS OLD. THEY ARE PROOF THAT HURRICANES ARE NOT COMMON ON MANUKURA.

DO YOU THINK WE ARE IN THE PATH OF A HURRICANE, DOCTOR KERSAINT?

THERE'LL BE TIME ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT THAT IF THE GLASS DROPS BELOW TWENTY-NINE.



AS DR KERSAINT WAS RETURNING TO HIS HOME, A NATIVE STOPPED HIM

YOU HAVE HEARD, DOCTOR? TERANGI'S MOTHER IS DYING.



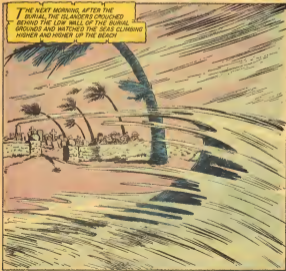
THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED THE NATIVE TO TERANG'S MOTHER'S HOUSE



HE FOUND FATHER PAUL, GIVING HER THE LAST RITES OF THE CHURCH. SOON AFTERWARD, SHE DIED, JUST AS SHE HAD PREDICTED



THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER THE BURIAL, THE ISLANDERS CROUCHED BEHIND THE LOW WALL OF THE BURIAL GROUNDS AND WATCHED THE SEAS CLIMBING HIGHER AND HIGHER UP THE BEACH



WHAT DO YOU
THINK,
FAKAHAI?
WILL THE SEA
COVER THE
LAND?

IT MAY. A
GREAT STORM
IS UPON US.
IT MAY BE
WHAT YOU
CALL A
HURRICANE.

THE CHURCH WILL STAND,
HOWEVER STRONG THE WIND
COME, WE CAN DO NOTHING
HERE. WE MUST NOW THINK
OF THE LIVING.

THROUGH CLOUDS OF SPRAY,
MEN AND WOMEN BEGAN
TO WORK DESPERATELY IN AN
EFFORT TO ANCHOR DOWN
THEIR FLimsY THATCHED
DWELLINGS.



90 THE SMALL HOUSE
WENT SKITTERING OVER AN OPEN SPACE
UNTIL IT WAS BROUGHT UP AGAINST TWO PALM TRUNKS,
WHERE IT BURST APART AND VANISHED IN
THIRTY SECONDS.





AS THE CANOE RUSHED INTO THE SHALLOWS, HALF A DOZEN PEOPLE DASHED OUT TO GIVE THEIR AID.



MARANA AND TITA RAN FORWARD TO GREET TERANGI.



YOU HAVE COME TOO LATE, TERANGI. YOUR MOTHER IS DEAD, DEAD AND BURIED.



TERANGI WITHOUT A WORD, LED THE WAY INTO TAW'S STORE.



CONTROLLING HIS GRIEF, TERANGI
RAISED HIS HAND FOR SILENCE.

I HAVE SEEN THAT A GREAT STORM IS
APPROACHING. OUR HIGHEST LAND IS ON
MOTU TONGA. I HAVE COME TO TELL
YOU THAT THOSE WHO WILL MUST TAKE
REFUGE THERE AT ONCE.



*DURING THE NEXT HOUR, CANOES BEARING THOSE
WILLING TO RISK THE TRIP TO MOTU TONGA WERE LITERALLY CARRIED
AWAY BY THE EVER-INCREASING WINDS.*

I ADMIRE THE COURAGE OF THOSE
PEOPLE, FATHER, NOTHING COULD
INDUCE ME TO TAKE SUCH A CHANCE.



IT WAS SOON CLEAR THAT THE RISK HAD BECOME TOO GREAT FOR FURTHER CROSSINGS.

IT IS NOW TOO LATE. THE HURRICANE IS UPON US. YOU WILL SAIL HER UNDER IF YOU MAKE THE ATTEMPT.



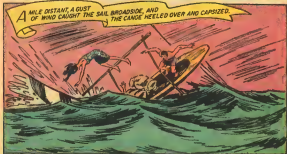
DISREGARDING TERANG'S WARNING, THE MAN TOOK UP HIS STEERING PADDLE AND SHOUTED TO THE OTHERS TO LET GO.



THE SMALL CRAFT MOVED SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE SCANTY SHELTER OF THE LAND, YAWING WILDLY AS IT TORE OVER THE SMOKING WATERS.



A MILE DISTANT, A GUST OF WIND CAUGHT THE SAIL BROADSIDE, AND THE CRAFT HEeled OVER AND CAPSIZED.



ON THE BEACH, BR KERSANT FOUND MORE ON-LAISE, AND THEY MADE THEIR WAY WITH DIFFICULTY TO TAVI'S STORE.



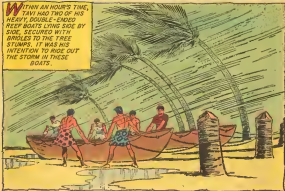
TAVI WAS EXAMINING SOME NEW MANILLA LINE, LOOKING CAREFULLY FOR FLAWS.



OUTSIDE, MEN WERE CHOPPING DOWN COCONUT PALMS ON THE BEACH.



WITHIN AN HOUR'S TIME, TAVI HAD TWO OF HIS HEAVY, DOUBLE-ENDED REEF BOATS LYING SIDE BY SIDE, SECURED WITH BRIDLES TO THE TREE STUMPS. IT WAS HIS INTENTION TO RIDE OUT THE STORM IN THESE BOATS.



THEN TAVI ENTERED HIS STORE AND TOOK
MINE. *Oh LARGE AND Oh KERSAINT ASIDE.*

THIS WILL BE SUCH A
STORM AS MANUKORA
HAS NOT KNOWN
WITHIN THE MEMORY
OF ITS PEOPLE



BY TONIGHT, THE SEA WILL COVER THE LAND.
WE HAVE ROOM IN THE BOATS. COME WITH
US, YOU TWO



NO, TAVI IT MAY BE AS YOU SAY, BUT
I AM TERRORIZED AT THE THOUGHT
OF THE BOATS. I PUT GREATER TRUST
IN FATHER PAUL'S CHURCH

I WILL
GO WITH
YOU
TAVI.

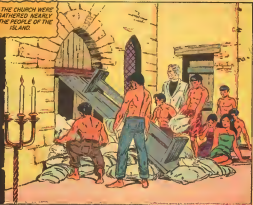


A MOMENT LATER...

THE SEA! IT IS
CROSSING THE
LAND! FATHER PAUL SAYS MAKE
HASTE THOSE WHO ARE GOING
TO THE CHURCH!



AT THE CHURCH WERE
GATHERED NEARLY
ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE
ISLAND.





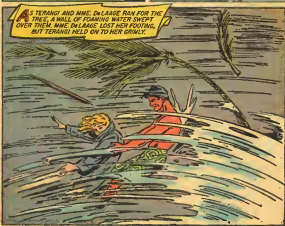
WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD, TERANGI RAN FOR THE NEAREST OF THE OLD PURAU TREES.



GO GET MADAME De LAAGE



AS TERANGI AND MADAME De LAAGE RAN FOR THE TREE, A WALL OF FOAMING WATER SWEEPED OVER THEM. MADAME De LAAGE LOST HER FOOTING, BUT TERANGI HELD ON TO HER GRIMLY.



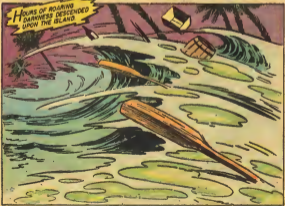
WHEN THEY HAD GAINED THE SHELTER OF THE TREE, FERANGI TIED THE WOMAN IN SECURELY.



NOW WE MUST WAIT OUT THE STORM.



HOURS OF ROARING DARKNESS DESCENDED UPON THE ISLAND



AT THE PEAK OF THE HURRICANE,
A FURIOUS BLAST OF WIND AND
WAVES TORE UP THE ROOTS OF THE
OLD PURAU TREE AND SWEPT IT
OUT TO SEA.



THE NEXT MORNING, THE
PUMU TREE FLOATED OUT
ON THE CALM PACIFIC.



IS MADAME
DE LAAGE
ALIVE?

YES, BUT SHE
IS VERY WEAK.



THERE IS SOME
LAND A FEW
MILES AWAY.

WE COULD SWIM
IT EASILY, BUT
WE CANNOT LEAVE
MADAME DE LAAGE.



IF WE STAY HERE, WE WILL DRIFT
OUT TO SEA. THEN WE WILL ALL
BE LOST. I WILL TRY TO FIND
POLES TO MAKE A RAFT TO
CARRY MADAME DE LAAGE.





TERANGI SWAM OUT AND RIGGED THE CARGE. THEN MME. De LAAGE WAS LOWERED INTO THE BOAT, AND TERANGI AND NARANA ROWED TOWARD THE SHORE.



ON THE BEACH, THEY MADE A SHELTER FOR MME. De LAAGE. TERANGI THEN FOUND SOME FOOD AND CLOTHING IN A STOREHOUSE ON THE ISLAND. WITH IT, HIS WIFE NURSED MME. De LAAGE BACK TO HEALTH.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE TWO WOMEN WERE TALKING...

I'M GLAD TERANGI ESCAPED FROM PRISON. WHERE WERE YOU GOING TO HIDE?

ON AN ISLAND CALLED PENUA IMO. WHITE MEN DO NOT KNOW OF IT.



ALL THOSE ON MAHUKURA MUST BE DEAD. MY HUSBAND AND CAPTAIN NAGLE, TOO. NO VESSEL COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE HURRICANE.



THE GOVERNOR OF TAHITI WILL SEND A WARSHIP HERE TO PICK UP SURVIVORS. THEN THEY WILL TAKE TERANGI.



BUT THEY WILL TAKE HIM THAT IS CERTAIN AND I SHALL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



WHAT IF MY HUSBAND IS ALIVE AND FINDS TERANGI HERE? WILL HE ARREST HIM, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I OWE MY LIFE TO HIM?



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THEY PREPARED FOR THE EVENING MEAL, THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY TITIA.



PAPA! PAPA! A BOAT!

LOW ON THE HORIZON, THE PEAK OF A SAIL AND THE UPPER PORTION OF A SINGLE MAST WERE VISIBLE.

IF IT IS THE KAROPOM, THEN HER MAINMAST IS GONE.



BUT IT MAY BE THE KAROPOM? THERE IS SOME HOPE OF THAT, YOU SAY?

YES, IT IS LIKE HER FORESAIL.



TERANGI QUICKLY BEGAN TO GATHER MATERIAL FOR A LARGE FIRE.

YOU MUST NOT LIGHT A FIRE SIGNAL, TERANGI. I KNOW YOU ARE THINKING OF ME, BUT YOU HAVE YOURSELVES TO CONSIDER FIRST.



IF IT IS THE KAROPOM, MY HUSBAND WILL BE ON BOARD. IF HE COMES HERE, YOU WILL BE RECOGNIZED AND ARRESTED. YOU MUST CARRY OUT YOUR ORIGINAL PLAN AND GO TO FENUA IMA.

YOU MEAN WE ARE TO TAKE THE CANOE AND MAKE OUR ESCAPE, WHILE YOU REMAIN HERE?

YES. WHEN THEY COME HERE, I SHALL SAY NOTHING. ALL MEN WILL BELIEVE YOU ARE DEAD.



WE WILL GO, THEN IF IT IS THE KATOPUM, SHE IS HEADED FOR MANUKURA. IN A FEW DAYS, THEY WILL HAVE BOATS SEARCHING THESE ISLANDS FOR SURVIVORS. WE SHALL PREPARE TO LEAVE AS SOON AS THEY COME.



DURING THE NEXT TWO DAYS, TERANGI REPAIRED THE CANOE AND STOCKED IT WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE JOURNEY TO FENUU MO.



ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY...



MAKE HASTE! A BOAT COMES. IT IS WITHIN A MILE!

QUICKLY, TERANGI PLACED HIS WIFE AND CHILD INTO THE CANOE.



THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING, MADAME OULADE.

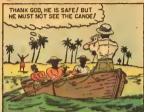
IT IS I WHO SHOULD BE GRATEFUL, TERANGI. I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU, AND I SHALL ALWAYS PRAY FOR THE SAFETY OF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.



AS MME DE LAAGE CROSSED THE ISLAND, SHE REHEARSED MUMBLY IN HER MIND THE STORY SHE HAD PREPARED.



SHE SOON CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BOAT AND RECOGNIZED HER HUSBAND IN THE STERN



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE ADMINISTRATOR SPRANG OUT OF THE BOAT AND TOOK HIS WIFE IN HIS ARMS.



THANK GOD! THANK GOD! ARE YOU UNHURT? WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

I AM ALONE, EUGENE.

YOU REACHED THIS PLACE ALONE? WHY, IT IS A MIRACLE. WOULD IT DISTRESS YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?



I WAS LASHED TO A PURAU TREE WHICH WAS SWEEPED OUT TO THIS ISLAND. I MANAGED TO FREE MYSELF AND SWIM ASHORE. ALL THE OTHERS WERE DROWNED.

WE WILL SPEAK NO MORE OF THIS. YOU MUST TRY TO ERASE IT FROM YOUR MIND.



CAPTAIN HAGLE AND I SURVIVED THE STORM, BUT ONLY A FEW ON THE ISLAND AND IN THE BOATS WERE SO LUCKY. FATHER PAUL, AND THE OTHERS IN THE CHURCH WERE SWEEPED AWAY TO THEIR DEATHS.

THEN HE DIED AS HE WISHED, ON THE ISLAND HE SO DEARLY LOVED.



WAIT HERE AND REST, MY DEAR. I WANT TO CHECK THIS ISLAND.

WHAT FOR, EUGENE?



IF IT IS IN GOOD CONDITION, WE WILL BRING THE SURVIVORS FROM MANUKURA HERE TO LIVE.

I AM NOT TIRED. I WILL COME WITH YOU.



SHE TRIED TO DIRECT HER HUSBAND'S ATTENTION TO VARIOUS THINGS ON THE BEACH, DOING ALL IN HER POWER TO GAIN TIME FOR THOSE IN THE CANOE.

BUT DE LAIGE GLANCED UP AND...

THERE IS SOMETHING OFF THERE.



IT IS ONLY A FLOATING LOG. COME, LET US GO BACK TO THE BOAT.





SHE WAITED IN HELPLESS TERROR WHILE HE GAZED OUT STEADY THROUGH THE BINOCULARS



GOOD GOD! IT'S TERANGI AND HIS FAMILY, ROWING AWAY FROM THE ISLAND. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HERE WITH MY WIFE. THEY MUST HAVE SAVED HER LIFE!

TERANGI DE LAISSE TURNED TO HIS WIFE.

YOU WERE RIGHT, MY DEAR. IT WAS ONLY A DRIFTING LOG. COME, LET US GO BACK TO THE BOAT.



THE 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

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 Croix 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 1931, 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 "Piscara'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 1916. In that service, he took part in the Battle of Loos.

Like Nordhoff, Hall became greatly interested in flying and in 1916 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.



THE DREYFUS CASE



fight to redeem justice and establish truth.

One of the most famous cases of this nature rocked France and disturbed the entire world at the end of the nineteenth century. The victim was Captain Alfred Dreyfus and the man of honor were the novelist, Emile Zola, and a French army officer, Colonel Charles Picquart.

During the summer of 1894, the French obtained possession of a letter, called the *bordereau*, written by a French officer to a German, Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, detailing how the Frenchman planned to betray his country to the German.

On October 14, Captain Dreyfus was arrested and charged with writing the *bordereau*. A secret courtmartial was held in December. Dreyfus' handwriting was similar to that on the *bordereau*, but the prosecution had little other evidence to offer. Therefore, unknown to Dreyfus' lawyer, it secretly presented to the courtmartial certain papers which it thought would prove Dreyfus' guilt. This move was highly successful. Dreyfus was found guilty of treason and condemned to life imprisonment on Devil's Island.

On June 1, 1895, Colonel Picquart became head of the Army Intelligence Department. In March, 1896, he discovered a letter from von Schwarzkoppen addressed to a French officer, Major Marie Charles Esterhazy. Picquart investigated Esterhazy and discovered, beyond question, that the *bordereau* was in Esterhazy's handwriting.

When Picquart gave this information to his superior, he was immediately ordered to drop his inquiry. Furthermore, he was relieved of his position and sent on a dangerous mission to Tunis, Africa, in the hope that he would not return.

On November 15, 1897, a brother of Drey-

EVERY SO often justice is sorely violated and an innocent man's condemned.

When this happens, the falseness of the accusers is frequently counterbalanced by men who, at great personal sacrifice,

has accused Esterhazy of the treason. Esterhazy was tried in a closed door courtmartial and, contrary to all evidence, he was acquitted. Picquart was called back from Tunis and thrown into prison, accused of forging the letter from von Schwarzkoppen to Esterhazy.

Two days after Esterhazy's acquittal, on January 13, 1898, Emile Zola, a novelist of international reputation, published an open letter to the President of France. It began with the words *J'accuse* (I accuse). It accused the government and the army of error and dishonesty in their handling of the Dreyfus case.

The letter shook France and the world. Zola was sued for libel and condemned to prison and a heavy fine. He had to escape France and take refuge in England for several years. But the libel suit and the resulting publicity focused public attention on the injustice. It eventually forced the government to reopen the case.

In the summer of 1898, the War Minister, in order to quiet the rising public clamor for a rehearing, made public a number of documents which he said further proved Dreyfus' guilt. Several days later, Picquart, who had been released from prison, denounced these papers as forgeries. Picquart was rearrested, but his charge of forgery was proven. The confessed forger, an army officer, committed suicide in prison.

The government finally, under intense pressure, turned the matter over to the court of appeal. The court declared the first sentence invalid and called for a second courtmartial. But the army did not admit its error easily. Again, Dreyfus was found guilty.

Ten days later, the President of France granted Dreyfus a full pardon.

In 1906, the court of appeal released the case. It reversed the verdict of the second courtmartial. It found that Dreyfus was innocent, and that the *bordereau* had been written by Esterhazy. Picquart was cleared of all charges against him. He was later promoted and became War Minister.

Dreyfus was reinstated in the army as a major. But Emile Zola had died in 1902, before the case was finally decided. Among the many mourners at his funeral was Alfred Dreyfus.

THE GREAT FIRE

AT ABOUT 9:15 P.M. on Sunday, October 8, 1871, Mrs. Patrick O'Leary left her home on DeKoven Street in Chicago, Illinois, and went around to the barn in back to milk her cow.

Mrs. O'Leary put her lantern down and set about her task. Suddenly, the cow kicked out and knocked the lantern over. The flame leapt to the straw strewn about the barn and, within minutes, the building was a mass of fire. But the fire did not stop there. It spread from the barn to the houses behind it. In less than ten minutes, two blocks were ablaze.

At 9:32 P.M., the first fire alarm was sounded. But the firemen who arrived found they could do little. The fire would not be stopped. It leapt from block to block, from house to store to school to factory to bridge, until one-third of the buildings of Chicago were engulfed. The fire burned for eighteen hours. When it was done, 250 people were dead, 93,300 were homeless and the heart of the city was destroyed.

The Great Fire in Chicago was the worst fire of modern times. There were several reasons for the completeness and the extent of the destruction. Chicago, the leading city of the West, was in an area baked dry by fourteen weeks without rain. The city itself was built almost entirely of wood, with wooden buildings, sidewalks and fixtures. And the wind, that day, blew with the force of a hurricane.

It is difficult today to imagine the horror of the holocaust that almost ruined a city. A number of firsthand accounts, however, have been preserved. One observer wrote, in part:

"None but an eyewitness can form an idea of the fury and power of the fire among the buildings and warehouses. At times it seemed but the work of a moment for the fire to enter the south ends of buildings and reappear at the north doors and windows, belching forth in fierce flames which often reached the opposite buildings. Then the flames, issuing forth from the buildings on both sides of the street, would unite and present a solid mass

of fire, completely filling the street from side to side, and shooting upward a hundred feet into the air."

The account also describes the "men, women and children fleeing, by every available street and alley, attempting to save their clothing and their lives. Thousands of persons commingled with horses and vehicles. People of all colors and shades, and of every nationality, mad with excitement, struggled with each other to get away. Many were trampled underfoot."

Another observer, a minister, wrote, "The earth and sky were fire and flames; the atmosphere was smoke. A perfect hurricane was blowing and drew the fiery billows with a screech through the narrow alleys between the tall buildings as if it were sucking them through a tube. Great sheets of flames literally flapped in the air like sails on shipboard.

"The sidewalks were all ablaze and the fire ran along them almost as rapidly as a man could walk.

"The people were mad. Seized with wild and causeless panic, they surged together backwards and forwards in the narrow streets, cursing, threatening, imploring, fighting to get free.

"One woman was drawn out of a burning house three times and rushed wildly back into the blazing ruin each time, insane for the

moment.

"Everywhere there was dust, smoke, flames, heat, thunder of falling walls, crackle of fire, hissing of water, peating of engines, shouts, roar of wind, tumult, confusion and uproar."

The minister added that gazing down at the frightful scene from a rooftop, "it required but little imagination to believe oneself looking over the bulwarks of hell into the bottomless pit."

When the disastrous fire was over, a house still stood on DeKoven Street. It was the house out of which Mrs. O'Leary had come, eighteen hours before, to milk her cow. While Chicago perished around it, the house stood unharmed.

