

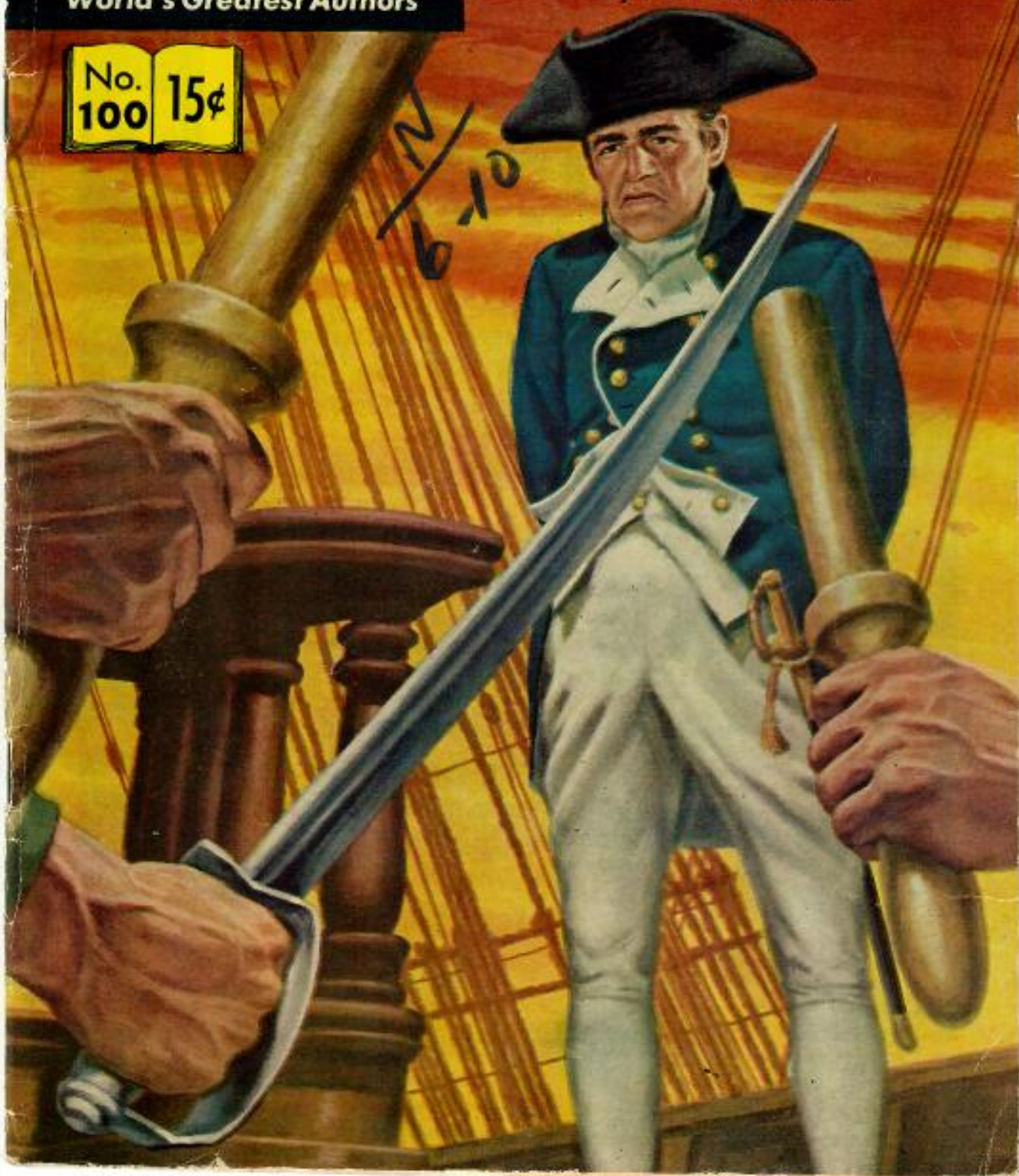
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MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

By NORDHOFF & HALL



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MUTINY on the BOUNTY



 IN THE
23RD OF
DECEMBER, 1787,
HIS MAJESTY'S ARMED
TRANSPORT, "BOUNTY,"
SAILED FROM PORTSMOUTH,
ENGLAND, ON AS STRANGE
AND EVENTFUL A VOYAGE
AS EVER BEFELL AN
ENGLISH SHIP. HER ERRAND
WAS TO PROCEED TO THE
ISLAND OF TAHITI, IN THE
GREAT SOUTH SEA, THERE
TO COLLECT A CARGO OF
YOUNG BREADFRUIT TREES
FOR TRANSPORTATION TO
THE WEST INDIES. BUT
TRAGEDY STALKED THE
"BOUNTY" AND BLIGHTED
HER VOYAGE WITH--
MUTINY... AND DEATH.
HERE IS THE "BOUNTY'S"
STORY AS TOLD BY
ONE OF HER MID-
SHIPMEN,
ROSER BYAM.

BY
CHARLES NORDHOFF
JAMES NORMAN HALL

This edition of MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY is reprinted by arrangement with Little, Brown & Company, Boston, by whom the work is published in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press.

CLASSICS Illustrated

ON THE DAY IN NOVEMBER, 1787, WHEN I JOINED THE "BOUNTY," ITS CAPTAIN BLISH TOOK ME TO THE "TIGRESS," ANCHORED NEARBY, TO MEET CAPTAIN COURTNEY, HER MASTER. WE WERE STARTING DINNER WHEN CAPTAIN COURTNEY STARTED TO HIS FEET...

MY APOLOGIES, THEY'RE FLOSSING A MAN THROUGH THE FLEET. I MUST READ THE SENTENCE.

GO ALONG, WE'LL WATCH.

I FOLLOWED CAPTAIN BLISH TO THE POOP DECK. MY STOMACH TURNED AT THE SIGHT WHICH GREETED MY EYES...

CAPTAIN COURTNEY READ THE ARTICLE OF WAR WHICH PRESCRIBES THE PUNISHMENT FOR STRIKING AN OFFICER OF HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY. THE PRISONER WAS TIED AND THE SHIP'S SURGEON EXAMINED HIM, THEN TURNED QUICKLY TO CAPTAIN COURTNEY...

THIS MAN IS DEAD, SIR.

DEAD! LUCKY DEVIL! MASTER-AT-ARMS, DO YOUR DUTY! TWO DOZEN LASHES, I BELIEVE.

WE RETURNED TO THE CABIN. CAPTAIN COURTNEY AND MR. BLISH FELL TO ATONCE...

NOW THE SOUP'S COLD! HARDSHIPS OF A SEAMAN'S LIFE, EH, BLISH?

AHE, UH... WHAT'S WRONG, MR. BYAM? YOU'RE NOT EATING!

I WAS WONDERING, SIR, IF SUCH CRUELTY IS NECESSARY. WHY DID THEY NOT HANG THE POOR FELLOW AND BE DONE WITH IT?

POOR FELLOW? YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, MY LAD. A YEAR OR TWO AT SEA WILL HARDEN HIM UP, EH, BLISH?

I'LL SEE TO THAT.



SUCH WAS MY INTRODUCTION TO LIFE ABOARD SAIR. A FAR CRY IT WAS FROM WITCOMBE WHERE I HAD BEEN BORN AND WHERE I HAD LIVED FOR ALMOST EIGHTEEN YEARS...



MY FATHER HAD DIED IN THE EARLY SPRING OF 1787 AND MY MOTHER AND I HAD FOUND MUCH COMFORT IN EACH OTHER'S COMPANY. I REMEMBER THAT JULY DAY, WHEN WE WERE STROLLING IN THE GARDEN...

WHAT IS IT, THACKER?

A LETTER, MA'AM, FROM SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

OH, ROGER. YOU'VE HEARD OF LIEUTENANT BLISH. YOUR FATHER THOUGHT HIGHLY OF HIM. SIR JOSEPH SAYS HE'S STOPPING NEAR TAUNTON AND WOULD LIKE TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH US.

HE WAS WITH CAPTAIN COOK, WASN'T HE, MOTHER? ASK HIM, BY ALL MEANS!

MR. BLISH'S MANNER WAS AS REBEABLE AND UNPRE-TENTIOUS. WE SAT DOWN TO DINNER AT ONCE AND, OF COURSE, THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO HIS VOYAGE WITH COOK, AND THE SOUTH SEAS...

I'LL DO HIM JUSTICE MR. BLISH. HE HAS A GIFT FOR LANGUAGES. HE MIGHT PASS FOR A NATIVE OF FRANCE OR ITALY, AND IS MAKING PROGRESS IN GERMAN. HIS LATIN WON HIM A PRIZE LAST YEAR.



ROGER AND I HAVE BEEN STUDYING J. J. ROUSSEAU, WHO BELIEVES IN LIVING NATURALLY, AS THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND NATIVES DO.

ROUSSEAU, EH? DO YOU UNDER- STAND FRENCH, LAD?



CONVERSATION TOUCHED ON OTHER MATTERS, BUT NEAR THE END OF THE MEAL, MR. BLISH QUESTIONED ME THOROUGHLY ABOUT MY STUDY OF LANGUAGES. SUDDENLY, HE ASKED...

YOUNG MAN, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAIL WITH ME?

DO YOU MEAN IT, SIR? WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE?

COULD AN INEXPERIENCED LAD BE OF USE TO YOU ON BOARD?

I COULD PUT HIS GIFT FOR LANGUAGES TO GOOD USE IN TAHITI. BUT WE WILL BE GONE PERHAPS TWO YEARS.

ROSER WAS TO HAVE ENTERED OXFORD— BUT I SUPPOSE THAT COULD WAIT. IF I WERE A LAD, I WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN A TRIP TO THE SOUTH SEAS.



IN OCTOBER, I TOOK LEAVE OF MY MOTHER AND WENT TO LONDON, WHERE I PAID MY RESPECTS TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS. HE WAS A FORMER EXPLORER AND MUCH INTERESTED IN MY TRIP...



THIS IS MY OWN VOCABULARY OF THE TAHITIAN LANGUAGE, MR. BYAM. IT IS MOST INADEQUATE.

I HAVE BLIGH'S PROMISE TO GIVE YOU WHATEVER TIME YOU NEED TO MAKE A REALLY GOOD DICTIONARY OF THEIR LANGUAGE. IT SHOULD BE OF GREAT VALUE TO TRADERS.

I AM MUCH INTERESTED IN LANGUAGES, SIR. I HOPE I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU.



I TOOK THE COACH FROM LONDON TO SPITHEAD LATE IN NOVEMBER. I HAD LAID OUT MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR CLOTHING, UNIFORMS AND TRINKETS TO USE IN TRADE WITH THE SOUTH SEA NATIVES. ALTHOUGH THE TRINKETS SERVED THEIR PURPOSE, IT MAKES ME SMILE TODAY TO THINK OF THAT FINERY... FOR I STOWED IT AWAY FOR GOOD WHEN THE "BOUNTY" SAILED...



UPON REACHING SPITHEAD, I PRESENTED MYSELF TO CAPTAIN BLIGH...

AH, MR. BYAM! COME, I WANT YOU TO MEET MR. CHRISTIAN.



ALL WAS NEW AND STRANGE TO ME. THE SHIP WAS CROWDED WITH WOMEN-- THE SAILORS' WIVES. RUM SEEMED TO FLOW LIKE WATER, AND SHOUTS AND CURSES MADE A PANDEMONIUM STUNNING TO A LANDSMAN'S EAR...

MR. CHRISTIAN IS THE MASTER'S MATE. HE WILL SHOW YOU YOUR QUARTERS AND INSTRUCT YOU IN SOME OF YOUR DUTIES. AND, BY THE WAY, WE WILL DINE IN AN HOUR ON THE "TIGRESS". CAPTAIN COURTNEY KNEW YOUR FATHER AND ASKED ME TO BRING YOU.



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

ALTHOUGH ONLY A MASTER'S MATE, A STEP ABOVE A MIDSHIPMAN, FLETCHER CHRISTIAN WAS OF GENTLE BIRTH-- BETTER BORN THAN BUSH AND A GENTLEMAN IN MANNER AND SPEECH...



YOU WILL BE EXPECTED TO GO ALOFT WITH THE MEN AND--

AH, MR. CHRISTIAN, THERE YOU ARE!

WHAT A MADHOUSE! I'D LIKE TO HEAVE THE LOT OF THEM OVERBOARD! YOU'D BETTER GATHER A BOAT'S CREW FOR CAPTAIN BLIGH WHILE THERE ARE A FEW MEN STILL SOBER.



A GOOD IDEA, BY THE WAY, BYAM, MEET MR. FRYER, THE MASTER.



AHOY THERE, MR. FRYER! HAVE YOU SEEN NELSON, THE BOTANIST? I PRESCRIBED A DROP OF BRANDY FOR HIS RHEUMATIC LEG. IT'S TIME HE TOOK HIS MEDICINE.

HE'S GONE ASHORE, BACCHUS.

HE'LL GIVE HIS SHILLINGS TO SOME PORTSMOUTH QUACK. YET, HERE ON BOARD, FREE AND GRATIS, I GIVE HIM THE MOST ENLIGHTENED MEDICAL OPINION. I HAVE HERE IN MY HAND THE REMEDY FOR NINE TENTHS OF HUMAN ILLS.



MR. CHRISTIAN SHOWED ME TO MY QUARTERS, GAVE ME MY GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS AND LED ME BACK ON DECK, THERE I MUSED ON THE 'BOUNTY'S' SAILS AND ROPES, WONDERING HOW I SHOULD GO ABOUT OBEYING ORDERS, WHEN I HEARD BLIGH'S VOICE-- HARSH AND ABRUPT...



MR. BYAM, LET US BE ON!

YES, SIR.

OUR BOAT'S CREW, IF NOT STRICTLY SOBER, WERE ABLE TO ROW AND PUT THEIR BACKS TO IT WITH A WILL. WE WERE SOON APPROACHING CAPTAIN COURTNEY'S TALL SEVENTY-FOUR, THE 'TIGRESS,' WHERE I WAS TO WITNESS, ON MY FIRST DAY AFLOAT, THE TERRIBLE SCENE I HAVE ALREADY DESCRIBED AND WAS TO LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD DISCIPLINE...





WE WERE READY TO SAIL TOWARD THE END OF NOVEMBER, 1787, BUT GOT NO FURTHER THAN ST. HELEN'S, WHERE WE WERE DETAINED FOR NEARLY A MONTH BY CONTRARY WINDS. IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE 23RD OF DECEMBER THAT WE SET SAIL DOWN THE CHANNEL WITH A FAIR WIND...

I HAD MADE GOOD PROGRESS IN MY APPRENTICESHIP AND HAD MADE MANY FRIENDS ABOARD. THUS FAR, WE HAD HAD GOOD WEATHER. THEN ONE NIGHT, IN OLD BACCHUS' CABIN...

A FIRST-RATE MAN, THAT PURCELL. A BETTER SHIP'S CARPENTER NEVER SWUNG AN ADZE. SHOULD YOU LOSE A LEG, NELSON, PURCELL CAN ALWAYS MAKE YOU A BETTER ONE.

VERY KIND, I'M SURE. I HOPE NEVER TO TROUBLE HIM!



I LOST MY LEG IN '78. I WAS ON THE OLD "DRAKE". WHOOPS!



I GUESS WE'RE IN FOR IT, LADS! UP WITH YOU, BYAM!



THE "BOUNTY" STAGGERED UNDER THE SHOCK OF A GREAT SEA. I FOUND MYSELF IN AN UPROAR AND CONFUSION VERY STRANGE AFTER THE SURGEON'S SNUG CABIN...

ARE YOU ALL ASLEEP, YOU CRAWLING CATERpillARS? LOOK ALIVE!

IT WAS ROUGH UNTIL WE REACHED LATITUDE 33° N. FROM THERE ON, WE HAD FINE WINDS AND GOOD WEATHER AND ON JANUARY 5TH, WE REACHED TENERIFFE, ONE OF THE CANARY ISLANDS OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA...

IT'S BEEN A SAD VOYAGE, BYAM, BUT THE MEN WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO CATCH THEIR BREATH IN TENERIFFE. A SHORE BREAK WILL DO THEM GOOD.

ME, CHRISTIAN!

NOT ONE OF THIS SOUM LEAVES THE SHIP AT TENERIFFE, MR. CHRISTIAN!

DURING THE FIVE DAYS WE LAY AT ANCHOR, THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT WERE SOWN AMONG THE "BOUNTY" PEOPLE...

THE CAPTAIN HIRES SUPPLIES BROUGHT TO THE SHIP BY NATIVES AND KEEPS US SLAVING ON REPAIRS FROM MORN TILL NIGHT!

MOREOVER, WHILE AT TENERIFFE, THE ALLOWANCE OF SALT BEEF WAS STOPPED AND FRESH BEEF, OBTAINED ON SHORE, WAS ISSUED INSTEAD...

THE "BOUNTY'S" SALT BEEF IS THE WORST I EVER ATE, BUT THIS SLOP MUST HAVE COME FROM THE CARCASSES OF DEAD MULES AND HORSES.

WE GOT A COMPLAINT AND WE OUGHT TO SPEAK TO MR. FRYER.

WHEN MR. FRYER INFORMED CAPTAIN BLISH OF THE COMPLAINT, THE CAPTAIN FLEW INTO A PASSION...

SO YOU DON'T LIKE THE FOOD, EH? WELL, YOU'LL EAT FRESH BEEF OR NOTHING... AND YOU'LL GET LESS OF THAT WHEN WE SET OUT FOR CAPE HORN... BECAUSE THERE'S NO WAY TO TELL HOW LONG THE TRIP WILL TAKE!

MR. SAMUEL, THE SHIP'S CLERK, WAS A TIGHT-LIPPED MAN, BELIEVED TO BE THE CAPTAIN'S "NARKER" OR SPY. IT WAS HIS TASK TO ISSUE PROVISIONS TO THE COOKS...

YOU'VE MARKED THIS PIECE OF MEAT FOUR POUNDS, MR. SAMUEL. I'LL WAGER IT DOESN'T WEIGH OVER THREE! HOW ABOUT PUTTING IT ON THE SCALES?

I SAID IT WAS FOUR POUNDS AND THAT'S HOW IT GOES!



GRIEVANCES GREW DURING THE VOYAGE FROM TENERIFFE TO CAPE HORN...

I TELL YOU THIS HAS GOT TO STOP. NOT ONLY HAVE THEY CUT OUR RATIONS, BUT THE COOK SAYS THEY'RE SHORT IN WEIGHT!

AND NOW FOR BREAD THEY GIVE US ROTTING PUMPKINS PICKED UP AT TENERIFFE! I SUSPECT BLIGH IS LINING HIS POCKETS AT OUR EXPENSE!

PERCEIVING NO REDRESS COULD BE HOPED FOR BEFORE THE END OF THE VOYAGE, THE MEN BORE THEIR SUFFERING SILENTLY. THEN, OFF BRAZIL, WE WERE BECALMED AND JOHN MILLS, THE GUNNER'S MATE, CAST A LINE BATED WITH SALT FORK...



I'VE GOT A STRIKE!



HEAVE HO! WE'LL EAT WELL TONIGHT!



I CAN SMELL THIS COOKING ON THE PAN ALREADY!



A FINE CATCH, MR. MILLS. I COULD USE THAT SLICE YOU HAVE THERE VERY WELL.

THEN CATCH A SHARK FOR YOURSELF. YOU GET THE BEST OF THE FOOD RATIONS AS IT IS!



YOU FORGET YOURSELF, MILLS. COME, GIVE ME A SLICE. THAT ONE IN YOUR HAND. IT'S FOR CAPTAIN BLIGH, YOU KNOW!

OH, IT IS, EH? ALL RIGHT, MR. SAMUEL...



THEN TAKE IT, BLAST YOU!



AS HAD BEEN PREDICTED AMONG THE MEN, MILLS SPENT THE NIGHT IN IRONS. THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE COOK TOOK HIM HIS SCANTY MEAL...

HERE, JOHN. EVERY MAN HAS SAVED HIS RATION OF GROS FOR YOU AGAINST WHAT'S COMING.

GIVE THEM MY THANKS. I'LL LIKELY NEED IT!



ON DECK...

MR. PURCELL, RIG THE GRATINGS! MR. CHRISTIAN, HAVE MILLS BROUGHT UP ON DECK!

ONE BLOW OF THE CAT-O-NINE-TAILS TAKES THE SKIN OFF AND DRAWS BLOOD. SIX BLOWS MAKE THE WHOLE BACK RAW. TWELVE CUT DEEPLY INTO THE FLESH AND LEAVE IT A HORRIBLE RED MASS...



THREE DOZEN, MR. MORRISON, AND SEE THAT YOU LAY IT ON WITH A WILL!



MORRISON WAS A KINDLY, REFLECTIVE MAN WHO HATED FLOGGING. YET, UNDER THE KEEN EYE OF THE CAPTAIN, HE DARED NOT LIGHTEN HIS BLOWS...

I'LL SHOW THE MAN WHO'S CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP!

MILLS WAS A STRONG MAN BUT THE EIGHTEENTH BLOW BROKE THE IRON OF HIS SELF-CONTROL....



OH! OH, MY GOD! OH!

WHEN THEY CUT MILLS DOWN, HE COLLAPSED AT ONCE...



TAKE HIM BELOW TO THE SICK BAY, LADS!



IT'S WELL HE'S UNCONSCIOUS WHILE I POUR THIS BRINE OVER HIS CUTS.



HERE, TAKE THIS CUP OF BRANDY. NOTHING BETTER FOR WHAT AILS A MAN. YE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW WHEN YE WOUNDS HEAL!

AND IF I HAD TO DO IT OVER, BACCHUS I'D DO THE SAME THING.



THE MONTHS SPENT ROUNDING CAPE HORN WERE A NIGHTMARE, AS EVERY NEW DAY FOUND BUSH'S TYRANNY INCREASING...

FINKLER, A MISCHIEVOUS YOUNGSTER, WAS KEPT ALOFT ALL NIGHT IN A BLIZZARD FOR A MINOR INFRACTION OF RULES...

PURCELL RECEIVED FIFTEEN DAYS IN IRONS WHEN HIS BETTER JUDGMENT AS A CARPENTER CONFLICTED WITH BUSH'S ORDERS...

EDWARD YOUNG, AN OFFICER, WAS GIVEN A PUBLIC FLOGGING FOR A MINOR ERROR...

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

ONE DAY, I COULD NOT AVOID OVERHEARING A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MR. FRYER AND CAPTAIN BLIGH. MR. FRYER, HIMSELF SECOND IN COMMAND, WAS HARDLY ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH BLIGH BECAUSE HE SUSPECTED THE CAPTAIN OF LINING HIS POCKETS AT OUR EXPENSE...



WE WILL SOON BE IN TAHITI. I DESIRE YOUR SIGNATURE TO THIS INVENTORY WHICH MR. SAMUEL HAS TAKEN.

I CANNOT SIGN, SIR. MR. SAMUEL HAS MADE NO SUCH ISSUES OF BEEF AS YOU ASK ME TO ACKNOWLEDGE.



YOU CAN SIGN, AND WHAT IS MORE, YOU WILL! GET OUT ON DECK!

YES, SIR.

IN HIS FURY, BLIGH ORDERED ALL HANDS ON DECK. THEN HE TURNED TO MR. FRYER...



NOW, SIR, SIGN THIS BOOK!

MR. BLIGH, THE SHIP'S PEOPLE WILL BEAR WITNESS THAT I SIGN IN OBEDIENCE TO YOUR ORDERS, BUT PLEASE RECOLLECT, SIR, THAT THIS MATTER MAY BE REOPENED LATER.



AT THAT MOMENT, A LONG-DRAWN SHOUT CAME FROM THE MAN IN THE FORETOP...

LAND HO!



STARED AHEAD, HALF INCREDULOUSLY, AT THE TINY, MOTIONLESS PROJECTION ON THE HORIZON...

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IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE FOLLOWING MORNING THAT WE ANCHORED OFF TAHITI. IN MY EXCITEMENT, I HAD BEEN AWAKE MOST OF THE NIGHT AND HAD SEEN THE SUN RISE. CAPTAIN BLISH CAME ON DECK IN A RARE PLEASANT MOOD...

THERE IT IS, YOUNG MAN. IT'S BEEN A LONG, HARD PASSAGE BUT THERE IT IS, AT LAST! WE'LL BE HERE SEVERAL MONTHS WHILE MR. NELSON COLLECTS YOUNG BREADFRUIT PLANTS.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND, SIR.



I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU FROM FURTHER DUTIES ON BOARD SO YOU MAY WORK ON YOUR DICTIONARY FOR SIR JOSEPH BANKS. SELECT A TAIC-- A FRIEND-- FOR YOURSELF. HE CAN HELP YOU A GREAT DEAL. GO ASHORE WHENEVER YOU ARE READY.



THE SHIP WAS SOON SWARMING WITH FRIENDLY NATIVES AND I FOUND IT POSSIBLE TO BE TAKEN ASHORE. THERE I WAS GREETED BY ONE OF THE CHIEFTAINS...

ME HITIHITI. YOU MIDSHIPMAN. WHAT NAME?

BYAM. BY-AM.



SOON I HEARD A SHOUT GO UP FROM THE CROWD AND SAW THE "BOUNTY'S" LAUNCH COMING IN THROUGH THE SURF...

AHOY THERE, HITIHITI!

O, PARAI!



YOU'VE GROWN LITTLE OLDER SINCE I WAS HERE, MY FRIEND, THOUGH YOU'VE SOME GRAY HAIRS NOW.

TEN YEARS, EH? PLENTY LONG TIME, PARAI. YOU GET FAT.



WHERE CAPTAIN COOK? HE COME TAHITI, TOO?

YOU MEAN MY FATHER? HE'S ON ANOTHER TRIP.



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



HITIHI, WITH EXTRAORDINARY ANIMATION, TURNED TO HIS PEOPLE. BUGH DREW CLOSE TO ME AND WHISPERED...

HE'S TELLING THE PEOPLE THAT CAPTAIN COOK IS MY FATHER...

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, SIR.

I'VE INSTRUCTED ALL ON BOARD NOT TO LET THE NATIVES KNOW CAPTAIN COOK IS DEAD, AND I BELIEVE I SHALL ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION QUICKER FOR THEIR BELIEF THAT I AM HIS SON. THEY HOLD GREAT REVERENCE FOR CAPTAIN COOK.



I HAD FOUND MY TAIO, AND THAT NIGHT ACCOMPANIED MY HOST TO A PLACE THAT WAS TO BE MY HOME FOR A LONG WHILE. HINA, HITIHI'S DAUGHTER, CAME TO GREET US AND HINA'S CHILDREN RAN JOYFULLY TO THEIR GRANDFATHER...

O, HINA, THIS BYAM -- TAIO.

I CAN LOOK BACK ON MY STAY AT TAHITI WITH NOTHING BUT PLEASURE. I HAD NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD, SAVE THE MAKING OF MY DICTIONARY, IN WHICH HINA AND MY HOST WERE OF THE GREATEST HELP...

I MUST HAVE BEEN AN INFINITE NUISANCE WITH MY ENDLESS QUESTIONS, FOR ONE DAY I REMEMBER...

MAIMITI WAS HITIHI'S NIECE, A PROUD, SHY GIRL OF SEVENTEEN, WHO HAD BEEN VISITING AT ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND. AS A GREETING, SHE TOUCHED HER NOSE TO MY CHEEK AND SNIFFED -- THE COMMON FORM OF GREETING IN TAHITI...



YOU SAY TO BREAK A BOTTLE IS "PARARI"?

IS SO, BYAM. TO BREAK A BONE IS "FATI".

AND TO BREAK A ROPE IS "MOTU".



LET US SLEEP, BYAM. TAKE CARE OR YOU WILL CRACK YOUR HEAD AND MINE WITH TOO MUCH THINKING. UH... NO, COME. HERE IS MAIMITI.



WHEN I HAD BEEN ABOUT A FORTNIGHT AT MY TAO'S HOUSE, I WAS ABRUPTLY SURPRISED ONE MORNING TO RECEIVE A VISIT FROM SOME OF MY SHIPMATES...

IT'S CHRISTIAN, PECKOVER AND BACCHUS!

WELL, BYAM! BLAMED IF I DIDN'T THINK YOU AN INDIAN AT FIRST.



BACCHUS AND PECKOVER WERE SOON WELL UNDER WAY ON A MORNING'S CAROUSE, BUT MORE THAN ONCE DURING THE SHORT WALK TO THE HOUSE, I SAW MAIMITI GIVE CHRISTIAN A SIDELONG GLANCE, AND I COULD SEE, TOO, THAT CHRISTIAN WAS SMITTEN...



THEY MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE--THE YOUNG ENGLISH SEAMAN AND THE INDIAN GIRL. DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, I WATCHED THEIR AFFECTION FOR EACH OTHER GROW. THE KINDLY FATE WHICH VEILS THE FUTURE GAVE NO INKLING OF WHAT LAY IN STORE FOR THESE TWO...

THEY OFTEN STROLLED ALONE...

...OR SWAM IN THE COOL, FRESH RIVER...



CHRISTIAN CALLED OFTEN AT THE ISLAND NOW. AND ONE NIGHT, ABOUT SIX WEEKS AFTER OUR ARRIVAL, CHRISTIAN AWAKENED ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. "COME OUT, BYAM," HE SAID. "I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU."

BACCHUS DIED LAST NIGHT, POISONOUS FISH. HE'LL BE BURIED HERE TOMORROW.

GOOD GRIEF!



OLD BACCHUS WAS LAID TO REST THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, BLUSH READING THE BURIAL SERVICE. WITHOUT BACCHUS, LIFE ON THE BOUNT COULD NOT BE THE SAME. BUT LIFE WOULD GO ON, BYAM AND THE COMPANY WOULD RETURN TO THE SHIP TO AUCTION OFF THE DEAD MAN'S EFFECTS WHEN THIS WAS OVER...



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



HAND IT UP. I'LL SEE THAT TAO GETS IT.

GIFT... TAO.



YOU MEN WILL TURN THESE GIFTS OVER TO MR. SAMUELS TO BE PLACED IN THE SHIP'S STORES. ANY MAN HOLDING OUT WILL BE PUNISHED.

YES, SIR.

UNPLEASANT SCENES TOOK PLACE ABOARD SHIP...



JOHN HALLET, A SNEAKY MIDSHIPMAN STANDING GUARD, ONE DAY DEMANDED FROM TOM ELLISON, ONLY TWELVE, YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE CREW, AN ORNATE FAN WHICH WAS A PERSONAL GIFT...

WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU THIS FAN, MR. HALLET? THEY CAN'T EAT THAT!

NONE OF YOUR LIP. HAND IT OVER!

ANOTHER TIME, MAIMITI'S SERVANT BROUGHT A GIFT TO CHRISTIAN...

SO YOUR SWEETHEART SENT YOU SOME PEARLS, CHRISTIAN? LET'S SEE THEM!



MR. BLIGH, THESE PEARLS WERE GIVEN TO ME FOR MY MOTHER. SURELY YOU DO NOT MEAN TO SEIZE THEM!

PEARLS ARE HIGHLY PRIZED IN THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS. WE'LL USE THEM FOR TRADING! DELIVER THEM TO MR. SAMUEL!



I REFUSE!

HE TURNED AWAY ABRUPTLY, CLOSING HIS HAND ON HIS PEARLS, AND WENT BELOW. THOUGH BLIGH'S HANDS WERE CLASPING AND UNCLASPING BEHIND HIS BACK, HE SAID NOTHING...

THE GROWING FRICTION BETWEEN BLIGH AND CHRISTIAN WAS NOT YET AT THE BREAKING POINT. BUT WITH RATIONING IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY, THERE WAS INCREASING DISCONTENT IN THE FORECASTLE. ONE NIGHT, SEVERAL OF THE MEN DESERTED...



THE NEXT DAY, WHEN I REPORTED WITH MY MANUSCRIPT TO CAPTAIN BLIGH...

I CAN'T GO OVER YOUR WORK TODAY, BYAM. CHURCHILL, MUSPRATT AND MILLWARD HAVE DESERTED. GET YOUR TAO'S CANOE AND BRING THEM BACK!

YES, SIR.



WE SAILED AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON TOWARD TETIAROA, THE MOST LIKELY PLACE FOR THE DESERTERS TO STOP...

YOU SURE THEM GOT NO PISTOLS?

THEY HAVE MUSKETS, BUT NO PISTOLS. WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE SO THE MUSKETS WILL BE OF NO USE TO THEM.



WE REACHED TETIAROA ABOUT SUNSET AND NATIVES CLUSTERED ABOUT US SPEAKING EAGERLY TO HITIHI...

WHITE MEN HERE SAIL AWAY, MAYBE TOWARD SUN, MAYBE NOT.

BETTER STAY HERE, BYAM, TOMORROW, GO TELL CAPTAIN BLIGH.



I SHALL NOT FORGET THE NIGHT SPENT ON TETIAROA. THERE THE PEOPLE WERE GIVEN OVER TO PLEASURE. THAT NIGHT, HITIHI AND I ATTENDED A HEIVA--OR INDIAN ENTERTAINMENT...

THAT GIRL, HITIHI-- SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

SHE TEHANI, WHICH MEANS THE DARLING, SHE NIECE OF VEHIATUA, A GREAT CHIEF.



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

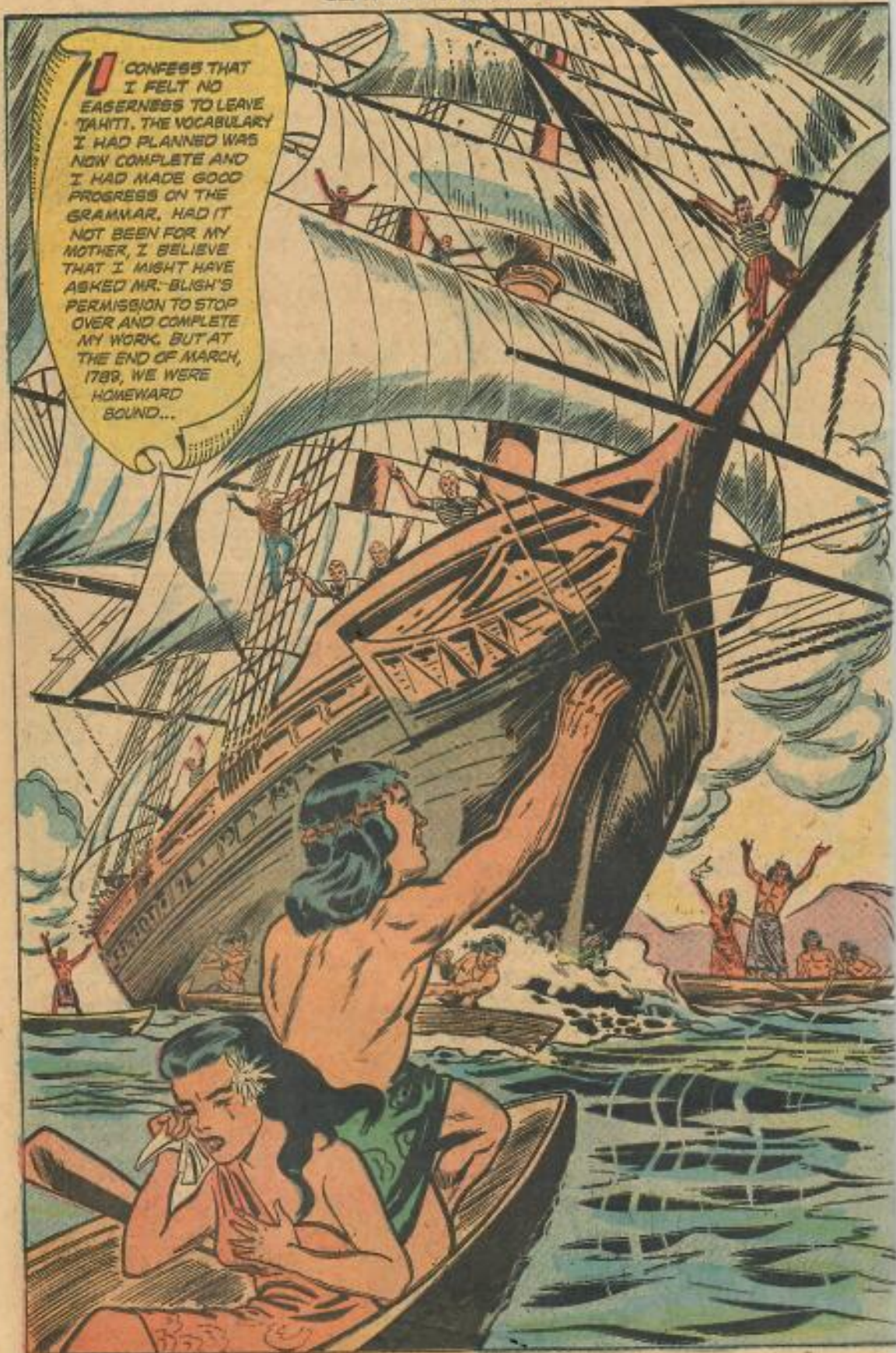


RETURNED TO THE "BOUNTY" THE FOLLOWING MORNING AND MADE MY REPORT TO CAPTAIN BLIGH. THREE WEEKS LATER, THE DESERTERS GAVE THEMSELVES UP, WORN OUT FROM GUARDING THEMSELVES AGAINST CAPTURE BY INDIANS...

TOWARD THE END OF MARCH, IT BECAME EVIDENT THAT THE "BOUNTY" WOULD SOON SET SAIL. MORE THAN A THOUSAND BREADFRUIT TREES HAD BEEN TAKEN ABOARD AND THE GREAT CABIN AFT RESEMBLED A BOTANICAL GARDEN...



I CONFESS THAT I FELT NO EASINESS TO LEAVE TAHITI. THE VOCABULARY I HAD PLANNED WAS NOW COMPLETE AND I HAD MADE GOOD PROGRESS ON THE GRAMMAR. HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MY MOTHER, I BELIEVE THAT I MIGHT HAVE ASKED MR. BLIGH'S PERMISSION TO STOP OVER AND COMPLETE MY WORK, BUT AT THE END OF MARCH, 1789, WE WERE HOMEWARD BOUND...



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

NEVER, I FANCY, HAS ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS BEEN WORKED HOMEWARD, AFTER LONG ABSENCE, WITH LESS ENTHUSIASM. I MENTIONED AS MUCH TO MR. NELSON ONE DAY...



EVEN I, A FAMILY MAN, AM SORRY TO LEAVE THIS PARADISE, BYAM, THEN HOW MUST THESE MEN FEEL?

AS THE DAYS PASSED, TAHITI SEEMED LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM. ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 29TH, WE ANCHORED OFF NAMUKA, ONE OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS...



BUT THE NATIVES SEEMED ANYTHING BUT FRIENDLY, AND APPEARED TO BE THIEVES OF THE WORST ORDER...



GET AWAY FROM THOSE THINGS!

CAPTAIN BLISH, WE NEED A STRONG GUARD TO GO ASHORE WITH THE WATER AND WOOD PARTIES. I DON'T TRUST THE NATIVES HERE.

I THINK YOU'RE AFRAID OF THEM, MR. CHRISTIAN.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, WOOD AND WATERING PARTIES WERE SENT ASHORE IN CHRISTIAN'S CHARGE. CAPTAIN BLISH HAD NOT REFUSED TO SEND A GUARD, BUT HAD GIVEN STRICT ORDERS THAT THE ARMS WERE NOT TO BE USED. HAYWARD WAS IN CHARGE OF THE CUTTER AND I OF THE LAUNCH, AND CHRISTIAN WENT WITH THE SHORE PARTIES. THE INDIANS THRONSED TO THE WATERING PLACE, SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE BEACH. EVERY EFFORT WAS MADE TO KEEP THEM AT A DISTANCE, BUT THEY BECAME INCREASINGLY BOLD AS THE WORK WENT ON. THEN, WHEN WE WERE GETTING OFF TOWARD SUNSET, THEY RUSHED US.

THEY OUTNUMBERED US FIFTY TO ONE BUT MANAGED TO MAKE OFF WITH ONLY THE GRAPNEL OF THE CUTTER BEFORE WE WERE ABLE TO SHOVE OFF. FORTUNATELY, WE SUFFERED NO PERSONAL LOSSES...



LANDING OF SHAL BOAT

ON OUR RETURN, BLIGH FLEW INTO A RAGE AT THE LOSS OF THE GRAPNEL...

YOU'RE AN INCOMPETENT, COWARDLY RASCAL! AFRAID OF A CROWD OF BLOODY SAVAGES, WHILE YOU HAVE ARMS WITH YOU.

WHAT USE ARE THE ARMS, SIR, WHEN YOU ORDERED US NOT TO USE THEM?



BLIGH IGNORED THIS QUESTION AND CONTINUED TO RAVE ON UNTIL CHRISTIAN TURNED ABRUPTLY AND LEFT HIM...

WE SAILED FROM NAMUKA SEVERAL DAYS LATER. ON THE 27TH OF APRIL, 1789, SAMUEL WAS INVENTORYING SUPPLIES. SUDDENLY, BLIGH CALLED ALL OFFICERS ON DECK AND QUESTIONED THEM ABOUT SOME MISSING COCONUTS. ALL DENIED ANY SUCH KNOWLEDGE. AT LENGTH, BLIGH CAME TO CHRISTIAN...

MR. CHRISTIAN, HOW MANY COCONUTS DID YOU PURCHASE FOR YOUR OWN USE?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW, SIR. BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK ME SOMEWHAT AS TO BE GUILTY OF STEALING YOURS.



YES YOU BLOODY HOUND! I DO THINK SO! YOU'RE A BUNCH OF THIEVES, ALL OF YOU!



I'LL TEACH YOU DOGS TO STEAL! BEFORE WE REACH ENGLAND, YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER SEEN ME! MR. SAMUEL, YOU'LL STOP THE VILLAINS' GROS UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS. AND INSTEAD OF A POUND OF YAMS PER MAN, YOU'LL ISSUE A HALF POUND PER MAN AT ALL MESSES!

WHEN IN ONE OF HIS RAGES, BLIGH SEEMED INSANE. BEING UNWILLING TO ADMIT A FAULT IN HIS OWN CONDUCT, IT SEEMED NECESSARY TO CONVINCHE HIMSELF THROUGH ANGER, THAT THE BLAME LAY ELSEWHERE.



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

THAT NIGHT, I FOUND IT MUCH TOO HOT TO SLEEP. TINKLER AND I CAME ON DECK TOGETHER AND STOOD FOR A WHILE BY THE RAIL AFT. SUDDENLY, TINKLER SAID...

BYAM, DO YOU KNOW I AM THE DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN? I STOLE ONE OF MR. BLISH'S MISSING COCONUTS.

SO IT'S YOU WE HAVE TO THANK FOR OUR DRESSING-DOWN, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!



ALAS, YES! I AM ONE OF THE ROGUES AND THIEVES! I COULD TELL YOU THE NAMES OF TWO OTHERS, BUT I WON'T!

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW, ANYWAY. WITH ALL THE SHIP'S WATER BEING USED FOR THE BREAD-FRUIT TREES, A DRINK OF COCONUT MILK IS WORTH THE RISK.



WELL, IF I SLEEP OVER MY SINS, PERHAPS THEY WON'T SEEM SO BLACK TOMORROW! I'LL SLEEP RIGHT HERE ON DECK. GOOD NIGHT, BYAM.

PLEASANT DREAMS, TINKLER.



TINKLER WAS LIKE A CAT. HE COULD SLEEP ANYWHERE. I WAS STANDING AT THE RAIL, WHEN A VOICE INTERRUPTED MY THOUGHTS...

OH, IT'S YOU, BYAM!

YES.. MR. CHRISTIAN, ENJOYING THE SEA BREEZES.



IHAD NEVER SEEN A MAN IN A MOOD OF SUCH BLACK DESPAIR...

WE'RE IN HIS POWER. HE CONSIDERS US SO MANY DOGS, THERE CAN BE NO RELIEF. BYAM, THERE'S SOMETHING I WISH YOU WOULD DO FOR ME...

OF COURSE.



YOU NEVER KNOW ON A VOYAGE LIKE THIS WHAT MAY HAPPEN, IF, FOR ANY REASON, I SHOULD FAIL TO REACH HOME, I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE MY FOLKS IN CUMBERLAND.

CERTAINLY. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.





GOOD. THAT'S SETTLED THEN.

WELL, MR. CHRISTIAN, YOU'RE UP LATE.



WE TURNED QUICKLY TO FIND BLSH STANDING BY...

YES, SIR.

IT'S VERY WARM BELOW, SIR.

I HADN'T NOTICED IT. A TRUE SAILOR CAN SLEEP IN AN OVEN IF THE CASE REQUIRES. OR ON A CAKE OF ICE.

BLSH RETURNED TO HIS CABIN AND SOON CHRISTIAN MADE ME GOOD-NIGHT. THEN...



GET BELOW, BYAM, AND SHOW YOU ARE A TRUE SEAMAN. YOU AND CHRISTIAN AND YOUR GABBLE! I WAS JUST GETTING DROWSY WHEN HE CAME ALONG.

DID YOU HEAR WHAT CHRISTIAN SAID?



ABOUT NOTIFYING HIS FATHER IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED? YES. I COULDN'T HELP EAVESDROPPING.



AS WE WENT BELOW, I HEARD THREE BELLS * STRIKE, AND THE FAR-OFF CALL OF THE LOOKOUT, "ALL'S WELL!". I SETTLED MYSELF IN MY HAMMOCK AND WAS SOON ASLEEP.

11:30 A.M.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

SHORTLY AFTER DAYBREAK, I WAS AWAKENED. IT WAS CHURCHILL, THE MASTER-AT-ARMS...

PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES AND LOSE NO TIME! WE'VE TAKEN THE SHIP AND CAPTAIN BLISH IS A PRISONER!

WHAT'S UP, CHURCHILL? HAVE WE BEEN ATTACKED?



THEY'VE MUTINIED, BYAM! GOOD GOOD, CHURCHILL, ARE YOU MAD? HAVE YOU ANY CONCEPTION OF WHAT YOU ARE DOING?

BLISH HAS BROUGHT ALL THIS ON HIMSELF! NOW WE'LL MAKE HIM SUFFER!



WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT THE DOG, AND DON'T TRY ANY OF YOUR GENTLEMAN'S TRICKS, OR WE'LL MURDER YOU!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE AND MIND THE ARMS CHEST, THOMPSON. QUINTAL, YOU STAND GUARD BY THE DOOR THERE!



MR. CHURCHILL, SIR! ALLOW ME TO SPEAK TO YOU!

GET BACK, YOU SWINE! OR I'LL RUN YOU THROUGH!

GIVE HIM THE BOOT, QUINTAL!



NOW SET UP ON DECK AND MAKE IT FAST!



WITHOUT WEAPONS, STEWART AND I COULD DO NOTHING BUT OBEY CHURCHILL'S ORDERS, WHEN WE REACHED THE DECK, I SAW QUICKLY ENOUGH THAT THE MUTINEERS WERE BY FAR THE GREATER IN NUMBER...



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



STEWART AND I HAD TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT CHURCHILL WAS THE RINGLEADER. STEWART WAS THE FIRST TO REALIZE THE REAL TRUTH...

CHRISTIAN! THEN THERE'S NO HOPE!

YOU MUTINOUS DOGS, I'LL SEE YOU HUNG! I'LL HAVE YOU FLOGGED TO RIBBONS!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE! I'M MASTER OF THIS SHIP NOW!

SLIT HIS THROAT!

FEED HIM TO THE SHARKS!

YOU OLD VILLAIN! YOU'LL STOP OUR GROS, WILL YOU? YOU'LL MAKE US EAT GRASS, WILL YOU? YOU AND SAMUEL, YOU'RE BOTH A COUPLE OF THIEVES!

SIVE IT TO HIM, TOMMY!

RUN THAT KNIFE RIGHT THROUGH HIM, ELLISON!

ELLISON WAS A MERE BOY AND WHAT HE DID SEEMED MORE LIKE A PRANK. YET IT WAS HIS SLIB SPEECH THAT DISTRACTED THE MEN AND KEPT THEM FROM MURDERING BLISH. THE "BOUNTY'S" LAUNCH WAS MADE READY...

WE'LL *START THEM OFF WITH ENOUGH TO EAT.

SEE IF BLISH CAN LIVE ON HALF A POUND OF YAMS A DAY!

MR. CHRISTIAN, FOR THE LAST TIME, I BEG YOU TO REFLECT. CONSIDER MY WIFE AND FAMILY.

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF YOUR FAMILY LONG BEFORE THIS. GET INTO THE BOAT, SIR.

BOTH HALLET AND MAYNARD, MIDSHIPMEN, WERE FORCED TO GO WITH BLISH, FOR THE MUTINEERS REMEMBERED MANY MEAN TRICKS EACH ONE HAD PERFORMED DURING THE VOYAGE...

PLEASE LET ME STAY WITH YOU, MR. CHRISTIAN!

I'LL WORK FOR YOU, MR. CHRISTIAN, ONLY DON'T PUT ME IN THAT BOAT! IT WILL NEVER MAKE SHORE!

GET INTO THE BOAT, THE PAIR OF YOU! WE DON'T NEED YOU HERE!

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



CLASSICS Illustrated

WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, THE LAUNCH BECAME A SPECK ON THE HORIZON, AND THEN IT VANISHED AS THOUGH SWALLOWED UP BY THE SEA. CHRISTIAN ADDRESSED THOSE OF US WHO HAD HAD NO PART IN THE MUTINY...

YOU MEN HAD NO CHOICE IN REMAINING OR LEAVING. SO LONG AS YOU HELP RUN THE SHIP, YOU WILL RECEIVE EVERY CONSIDERATION.

WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE, MR. CHRISTIAN, THAN TO FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS.



THERE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN A MAN LONELIER THAN FLETCHER CHRISTIAN. HE FACED THE DECK HOUR AFTER HOUR, DAY AFTER DAY. ONE EVENING, HE SENT FOR ME AND EXPLAINED HOW THE MUTINY HAD COME ABOUT...

BYAM, I HAD ACTUALLY DECIDED TO DESERT THE SHIP ALONE. THEN, AS THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN SPOKEN, I HEARD THE WORDS: SEIZE THE SHIP! FROM THAT MOMENT, MY BRAIN WORKED WITH UTMOST CLEARNESS AND PRECISION. ALL WORKED PERFECTLY AND IN A MATTER OF JUST FIVE MINUTES, I HAD MY MEN TOGETHER AND ARMED—AND BUGH WAS OUR PRISONER. THE REST YOU KNOW.



AND THAT WAS THE STORY OF THE UNPREMEDITATED MUTINY. WE CRUISED FOR A MONTH IN SEARCH OF A LANDING—UNTIL WE WERE AT OUR NERVES' END. THEN WE CAME UPON TUPUAI...



THE NATIVES LOOK HOSTILE, BUT PERHAPS WE CAN CONVINCE THEM WE MEAN NO HARM.



OUR RECEPTION ON TUPUAI WAS AT FIRST FRIENDLY...

CHIEF, WE WOULD LIKE TO BUY SOME OF YOUR LAND AND SETTLE HERE.

VERY GOOD. I SELL YOU SOME OF MINE.



WITH INCREDIBLE LABOR, WE HAULED THE "BOUNTY" UP ON LAND...

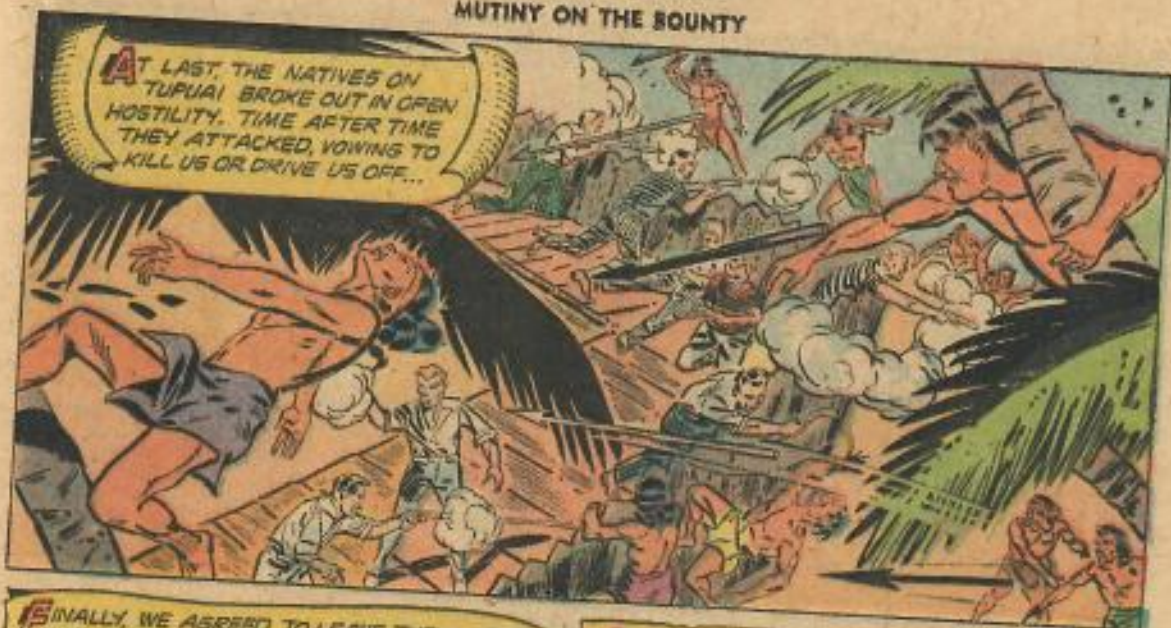


WE THEN BUILT A FORT AND SURROUNDED IT WITH A MOAT TWENTY FEET DEEP AND TWICE AS WIDE...



WE ALL GRUMBLED AT THIS HERCULEAN LABOR, BUT SOON SAW CHRISTIAN'S WISDOM IN PROVIDING THIS PROTECTION. OUR GOATS GOT INTO THE NATIVES' GARDENS AND CAUSED MUCH FRICTION BETWEEN US AND THE NATIVES.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



AT LAST, THE NATIVES ON TUPUAI BROKE OUT IN OPEN HOSTILITY. TIME AFTER TIME THEY ATTACKED, VOWING TO KILL US OR DRIVE US OFF...



FINALLY, WE AGREED TO LEAVE TUPUAI AND THE INDIANS CEASED HOSTILITIES. WE SAILED AWAY, BOUND FOR TAHITI, AND WITHIN FIVE DAYS WERE ANCHORED AGAIN AT THAT BEAUTIFUL ISLAND...



IT WAS LIKE A HOMECOMING, RETURNING TO HITHITI'S HOUSE, AND I SAW THE JOY WITH WHICH CHRISTIAN GREETED HIS BELOVED.

MAIMITI!



STEWART RETURNED TO THE HOME OF HIS SWEETHEART, WHOM HE HAD NAMED PEGGY...

YES, I'M BACK, DARLING. WE'LL BE MARRIED AND MAKE THIS GARDEN OF OURS A PARADISE...



SEVERAL OF THE MUTINEERS HAD DECIDED TO STAY ON TAHITI, BUT CHRISTIAN TOOK MAIMITI AND SAILED INTO THE NIGHT WITH THOSE WHO WISHED TO GO WITH HIM...

THE FIRST OF US TO REACH ENGLAND WILL SEE YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER, CHRISTIAN.

GOD BLESS YOU BOTH!

ONE MORNING, ABOUT TEN DAYS AFTER THE "BOUNTY'S" DEPARTURE, I GET OUT ON A WALK ALONE, PONDERING ON OUR STRANGE FATE. TOM ELLISON WAS ON MY MIND. TO TOM, THE MUTINY WAS A LARK. HE HAD NO IDEA OF THE GRAVITY OF THE PART HE HAD PLAYED. YET, WERE HE CAUGHT, HE'D CERTAINLY BE CONDEMNED TO DEATH...



AS I REACHED THE ISLAND'S SHORE, I SAW A LARGE SAILING CANOE HAD LANDED, AND JUDGED THE VESSEL CARRIED PASSENGERS OF CONSEQUENCE...



I THOUGHT LITTLE ABOUT THE VISITORS AND STRODE INLAND TO WHERE THE LAND FORMED A COVE THAT MET THE CLEAR COOL RIVER IN WHICH I LOVED TO SWIM...



AS I DRIFTED DOWNSTREAM, I SUDDENLY PERCEIVED A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL-- ONE OF THE VISITORS TO OUR ISLAND-- AND RECOGNIZED HER AT ONCE...

YOU ARE TEHANI! I SAW YOU DANCING IN TETIAROA!

AND YOU ARE BYAM, THE TAIO OF HITHITI. DID I DANCE WELL?



SO BEAUTIFULLY I HAVE NEVER FORGOTTEN THAT NIGHT.

ARERO MONA!¹



¹ SWEET-TONGUE, FLATTERER

I SAID TO HITHITI, "WHO IS THAT GIRL, LOVELIER THAN THE GODDESS OF THE DANCE HERSELF?"

ARERO MONA! COME, LET US SEE WHICH OF US CAN SWIM THE FARTHER UNDER WATER.



TEHANI DIVED SO SMOOTHLY THAT SHE SCARCELY RIPPLED THE WATER. AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ENDLESS TIME...

NOW IT IS YOUR TURN.

HERE I COME!



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



DOVE AND BEGAN TO SWIM DOWN-STREAM, DETERMINED NO GIRL SHOULD BEAT ME...



TEHANI! YOU MEAN YOU SWAM THAT FAR? FARTHER THAN I DID?

I HAVE NOT CHEATED!



THAT I SHOULD FIND HER LIPS WITH MINE WAS INEVITABLE...

THAT MORNING I MET HER UNCLE AND GUARDIAN, VEHIATUA, AT THE SHORE...

THE TAO OF HITHITI. BYAM IS HIS NAME.

I HAVE HEARD OF HIM.



TOLD HITHITI OF MY LOVE FOR TEHANI...

WHY NOT MARRY HER IF SHE IS WILLING? I WILL SPEAK WITH VEHIATUA, IF YOU LIKE.



I HAVE SPOKEN TO MY TAO AND HE HAS PROMISED TO ASK VEHIATUA FOR YOUR HAND. HAVE I DONE WRONG?

OH, NO!



I HAVE ALREADY TOLD MY UNCLE THAT I MUST HAVE YOU FOR MY HUSBAND. "DO YOU WANT ME TO MAKE WAR ON HITHITI AND CAPTURE HIS TAO?" HE ASKED ME. "YES," I SAID. "FIT COMES TO THAT."

DARLING!



ALL FORMALITIES WERE SOON COMPLETED AND TEHANI AND I WERE BRETROTHED. MY GIFT TO TEHANI WAS A GOLD NECKLACE I HAD PURCHASED IN LONDON SO LONG AGO.

THE YEARS 1790 AND EARLY 1791 WERE THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE. DURING THIS TIME, I CHANGED FROM A BOY TO A MAN, AS LITTLE BY LITTLE FATE COUNTED OUT THE SANDS OF TIME...

TEHANI AND I WERE MARRIED...

NOW YOU MAY RISE. YOU ARE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

AND WE MOVED TO A NEW HOUSE, THE GIFT OF VEHIATUA...



MORRISON AND THE CARPENTERS, NORMAN AND MINTOSH, WERE BUILDING A BOAT-- WITHOUT TOOLS, BUT SEAWORTHY, NEVERTHELESS...

STEWART AND PEGGY AND THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER WERE A HAPPY FAMILY...



IN A FIT OF MADNESS, THOMPSON SHOT CHURCHILL AND WAS HIMSELF KILLED BY THE INDIANS...

AND HERE THE YEAR WAS OUT, THERE CAME LITTLE TEHANI, NAMED FOR HER MOTHER. I ALSO GAVE THE CHILD MY MOTHER'S NAME, HELEN. MY HAPPINESS WAS COMPLETE...

I HOPE NOTHING MAY EVER HAPPEN TO CHANGE ALL THIS, SWEETHEART.



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

WHEN, EARLY ONE MORNING IN THE MIDDLE OF MARCH, 1791, I WAS AWAKENED BY TUAHU, TEHANI'S BROTHER...



BYAM, WAKE UP! A SHIP! A SHIP!

ALL DAY, STEWART AND I WATCHED THE SHIP APPROACHING, UNTIL WE COULD TELL FOR A CERTAINTY THAT IT WAS AN ENGLISH FRIGATE...



WHAT OF OUR WIVES AND CHILDREN, BYAM? I NEVER THOUGHT WE WOULD EVER HAVE TO GO TO ENGLAND AGAIN.

I DON'T KNOW. I FEEL THE SAME AS YOU DO.



I'M SORRY FOR POOR MORRISON. HE SAILED HIS SHIP AWAY ONLY FOUR DAYS AGO. HE MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIMSELF THE TROUBLE AND THE DANGER.

THE SHIP, THE "PANDORA" WAS A FRIGATE OF TWENTY-FOUR GUNS. TUAHU AND I SET OUT FOR HER AT ONCE. MY HEART LEAPED WHEN I FIRST SAW THE ENGLISH COLORS...



I WILL SIGNAL THEM, TUAHU. WE MUST GO ABOARD.

A LIEUTENANT GREETED US ABOARD SHIP, BECAUSE OF MY DEEP TAN, HE TOOK ME FOR A TAHITIAN... AND GREETED US WITH SIGNS OF WELCOME...



YOU MAY ADDRESS US IN ENGLISH, SIR. I AM ROGER BYAM, LATE MIDSHIPMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, "BOUNTY".

GUARDS! TAKE THIS MAN TO CAPTAIN EDWARDS!

JUST A MINUTE, SIR! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?





CAPTAIN EDWARDS, SIR, HERE IS ONE OF THE PIRATES.

THAT IS NOT SO!

SILENCE, YOU SCOUNDREL!



MR. HAYWARD, DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

YES, SIR. HE IS ROGER BYAM, A FORMER MIDSHIPMAN ON THE "BOUNTY."



"I AM AS FREE OF GUILT IN THAT AFFAIR AS ANY MEMBER OF YOUR OWN SHIP'S COMPANY!"

DO YOU DARE DENY YOU PLOTTED WITH CHRISTIAN TO SEIZE THE "BOUNTY"? YOU MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT CAPTAIN BLIGH, WHO REACHED ENGLAND SAFELY, HAS TOLD A DIFFERENT STORY.



NOW, MR. BYAM, WHERE IS FLETCHER CHRISTIAN?

I DO NOT KNOW, SIR.



LIEUTENANT FERKINS, PUT THIS MAN IN IRONS AND SCOUR THE ISLAND FOR THE REST OF HIS KIND! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, NEVER FEAR!



WITHIN THE NEXT FOUR DAYS, STEWART, COLEMAN AND SKINNER WERE ARRESTED...

IRON THESE DOGS UP WELL AND DON'T BOTHER TO MAKE THEM TOO COMFORTABLE!

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

IN THE FIFTH MORNING, I WAS TAKEN TO THE CABIN OF DR. HAMILTON, THE "PANDORA'S" SURGEON. HE WAS THE ONLY KIND PERSON I HAD FOUND DURING THIS WHOLE HEART-BREAKING ORDEAL. AT HIS REQUEST, I Poured OUT MY STORY OF THE MUTINY...

UNFORTUNATELY, BLIGH OVERHEARD YOU TELL CHRISTIAN HE COULD COUNT ON YOU, THERE'S BUT ONE PERSON WHO CAN HELP YOU AND THAT IS TINKLER.

I AM SURE TINKLER WILL CLEAR MY NAME, DR. HAMILTON.



I'M SURE HE CAN. NOW, ANOTHER THING: SIR JOSEPH BANKS HAS ASKED ME TO INQUIRE ABOUT A CERTAIN DICTIONARY.

I HAVE MADE QUITE A COMPLETE STUDY OF THE TAHITIAN LANGUAGE. THE MANUSCRIPT IS ON SHORE, HOWEVER.



I WILL MAKE IT A POINT TO OBTAIN THE MANUSCRIPT, IF POSSIBLE. NOW HERE, BYAM. SIR JOSEPH GAVE ME THIS TO GIVE TO YOU, IF YOU WERE FOUND.



IT WAS A LETTER I RECALL WORD-FOR-WORD TO THIS DAY. A LETTER OF COMPLETE FAITH IN MY INNOCENCE...

... I ENCLOSE CAPTAIN BLIGH'S LETTER TO ME, BUT BELIEVE ME, MY DEAR BOY, I CAN SMILE AT THE PREPOSTEROUS CHARGE AGAINST YOU. MAY ENGLAND BREED MANY MORE SUCH VILLAINS AS YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE. YOUR LOVING MOTHER.



THE ENCLOSED LETTER WAS SURELY THE MOST CRUEL AND HEARTLESS MESSAGE EVER SENT TO THE MOTHER OF AN ABSENT SON...

Madame:
I received your letter this day, and feel for you very much, being perfectly sensible of the extreme distress you must suffer from the conduct of your son, Roger Byam. His baseness is beyond description, but I hope you will endeavour to prevent the loss of him, heavy as the misfortune is, from affecting you too severely.

I am, madame,
William Bligh

THE INTERVIEW WITH DR. HAMILTON HEARTENED ME, BUT MY MOST UNHAPPY MOMENT CAME A SHORT TIME LATER. I WAS ALLOWED A FEW MINUTES TO BID TEHANI FAREWELL...

I HAVE NO TIME FOR WEeping. I MUST SPEAK QUICKLY. THERE ARE THREE HUNDRED MEN-- THE BEST WARRIORS-- WAITING TO FREE YOU.

NO, DARLING, YOU MUST NOT! IT WOULD MEAN ONLY DEATH. WE ARE CHAINED HAND AND FOOT AND CAPTAIN EDWARDS EXPECTS SUCH AN ATTACK. NOW, JUST LET ME HOLD YOU AND OUR LITTLE ONE.



AS I KISSED MY WIFE GOOD-BYE, AND HELD MY CHILD IN MY ARMS FOR THE LAST TIME, I TASTED TO THE FULL, THE BITTERNESS OF TRUE MISERY...



CLASSICS Illustrated



SHORTLY AFTER MY PARTING WITH TEHANI, WE WERE TRANSFERRED TO A STRUCTURE BUILT ON DECK...

MAKE SURE THE PRISONERS ARE ALL CHAINED FAST.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, WE SAILED. NOT LONG AFTER THAT, MORRISON'S BOAT WAS OVERTAKEN. WITH HIM WERE ELLISON, MILLWARD, BURKITT, HILLBRANDT, SKINNER, NORMAN, MUSPRATT AND BYRNES. IT MADE A CROWDED PRISON INDEED...



DURING THE NEXT TWO MONTHS, THE "PANDORA" SAILED ABOUT THE ISLANDS IN SEARCH OF THE "BOUNTY". WE IN THE PRISON SWELTERED IN THE HEAT OF THE SUN, OR TUMBLED ABOUT UNTIL OUR WRISTS AND ANKLES WERE RAW FROM THE PITCHING OF THE SHIP IN BAD WEATHER...

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY





ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE WAVES, DASHING THE "PANDORA" AGAINST THE ROCKS, WE COULD HEAR THE ORDER TO ABANDON SHIP-- BUT THERE WAS NO ORDER TO UNSHACKLE US...

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, FREE US FROM THESE IRONS!



IT WAS CRUEL OF CAPTAIN EDWARDS TO LEAVE US TO DIE LIKE TRAPPED RATS; HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR JAMES MOULTER, THE "PANDORA'S" BOATSWAIN'S MATE, WE ALL WOULD HAVE DROWNED...

I'LL SET YOU FREE, LADS, OR I'LL GO DOWN WITH YOU!



AT LAST WE WERE FREE. DR. HAMILTON HAD OBTAINED MY MANUSCRIPT FOR ME IN TAHITI, AND CLUTCHING IT TO ME IN THE WATERPROOF BAG IN WHICH I HAD ALWAYS KEPT IT, I SPRANG INTO THE SEA...



I SAW A SPAR FALL AND STRIKE STEWART, BUT I WAS POWERLESS TO HELP HIM. I KNEW I HAD LOST THE BEST COMPANION A MAN EVER HAD...



EVENTUALLY, THE SHIP'S SMALL BOATS PICKED UP MANY OF US. WE REACHED A BARREN ISLAND AND BLISTERED IN THE HEAT OF THE SUN. THIRTY-THREE OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY AND FOUR PRISONERS, STEWART, SUMNER, HILLBRANDT AND SKINNER WERE LOST...



AFTER DAYS OF SUFFERING... WE'RE GOING TO SET OUT FOR TIMOR. BUT DON'T YOU PRISONERS FORGET THAT YOU ARE PIRATES AND MUTINEERS ON THE WAY TO THE PUNISHMENT YOU DESERVE.



AND SO BEGAN A WEARY, HEART-BREAKING TRIP IN THE SMALL BOATS OF THE "PANDORA"-- TO TIMOR, MORE THAN A THOUSAND MILES AWAY...

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, WE REACHED TIMOR, WHERE WE WERE TRANSFERRED TO A DUTCH VESSEL AND LATER TO AN ENGLISH SHIP. ON JUNE 19, 1792, WE ANCHORED IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOR AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FOUR AND A HALF YEARS, FIFTEEN MONTHS OF WHICH HAD BEEN SPENT IN IRONS...

WE PRISONERS WERE PLACED ABOARD THE "HECTOR," ONLY A FEW DAYS AFTER OUR ARRIVAL, SIR JOSEPH BANKS CAME TO SEE ME. HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A MR. GRAHAM, AN ADMIRALTY LAWYER. MY FIRST SHOCK WAS TO LEARN FROM HIM OF MY MOTHER'S DEATH...

I TOLD MY STORY IN DETAIL AND SIR JOSEPH PROMISED TO BEGIN A SEARCH FOR TINKLER AT ONCE. I SPENT THE ANXIOUS DAYS OF WAITING BY WORKING ON MY MANUSCRIPT. AT LAST, A LETTER ARRIVED FROM SIR JOSEPH... A LETTER WHICH ALL BUT SOUNDED THE DEATH-KNELL FOR ME...



YOU MUST BEAR UP, DEAR BOY. TELL MR. GRAHAM AND ME THE WHOLE STORY.

"MY DEAR BYAM, I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT TINKLER WAS LOST ABOARD THE "CARIB MAID" IN A HURRICANE NEAR CUBA. IT WOULD BE USELESS FOR ME TO DENY THAT THIS IS A GREAT MISFORTUNE..."



I BELIEVE THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT BYAM ASSISTED THE MUTINEERS!

AT LAST, ABOARD THE "DUKE," OUR COURT-MARTIAL PROGRESSED. MANY OF THOSE WHO HAD SAILED WITH BLUSH TESTIFIED IN MY BEHALF, BUT THOMAS HAYWARD DID ME IRREPARABLE HARM...



ON THE 18TH OF OCTOBER, 1792...

HAVING HEARD THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU, AND HAVING HEARD WHAT YOU HAVE SAID IN YOUR DEFENSE, THIS COURT IS OF THE OPINION THAT THE CHARGES HAVE BEEN PROVED, IT DOETH THEREFORE JUDGE THAT YOU SHALL BE HANGED.

MORRISON, MUSPRATT, ELLISON, BURKITT, MILLWARD AND I WERE CONDEMNED MEN, ONLY AWAITING THE NOOSE, AND ONE MORNING...



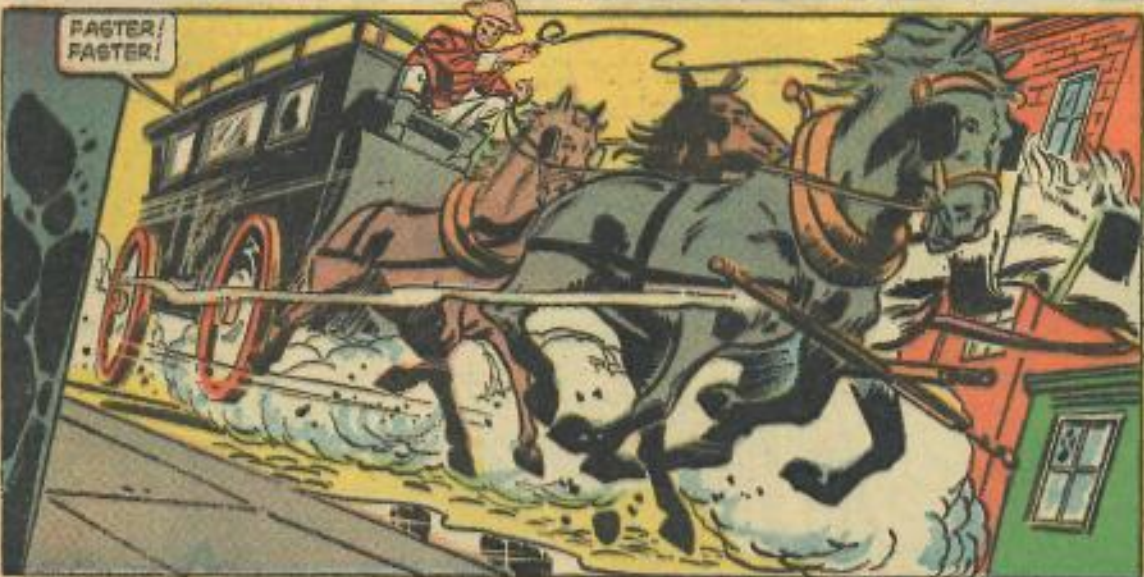
THOMAS BURKITT-- JOHN MILLWARD-- THOMAS ELLISON! STEP FORWARD!



FOR SOME REASON, THE EXECUTION OF MUSPRATT, MORRISON AND ME HAD BEEN DELAYED. UNKNOWN TO US, SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE IN LONDON, EVEN WHILE I AWAITED DEATH...

MR. TINKLER! MR. TINKLER! I JUST LEARNED OF YOUR ARRIVAL ON THIS SHIP! COME WITH ME AT ONCE! IT'S A MATTER OF GREATEST IMPORTANCE!

WH... WHAT-- HOW-- WHO--



FASTER! FASTER!

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

TINKLER HAD BEEN FOUND ALIVE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME. HIS TESTIMONY AS TO WHAT CHRISTIAN AND I HAD REALLY SAID SAVED MY LIFE. PARDONS FOR MUSPRATT AND MORRISON HAD ALSO COME THROUGH THAT SAME MORNING. BUT AS WE WERE BEING ROWED ASHORE, A GUN BOOMED. WELL WE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED...



I HAD WRITTEN TO TINKLER, GIVING HIM MY THANKS, AND INVITING HIM TO VISIT ME AT WITHYCOMBE...

TINKLER, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SAVED OFF CUBA, I WOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE END OF A ROPE. MAN, I OWE YOU A LOT.

SOME TIME I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY OF THE "CARIB MAID", BUT WE HAVE A LOT TO CATCHUP ON ABOUT THE "BOUNTY".



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, I VISITED SIR JOSEPH BANKS. WE SPENT A MOST PLEASANT EVENING TOGETHER. HE WAS OVERJOYED WITH MY DICTIONARY, BUT TOWARD THE END OF THE EVENING HE SAID...

BYAM, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS? SHALL YOU RETURN TO THE NAVY, OR GO UP TO OXFORD?

NEITHER, SIR. I SHALL RETURN TO THE SOUTH SEAS... TO TAHITI.



YOU CAN'T, BYAM. YOU HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED AND TRIED FOR MUTINY. THAT YOU WERE ACQUITTED IS NOT ENOUGH. YOU MUST CLEAR YOUR FAMILY NAME BEYOND ALL SHADOW OF A DOUBT. THINK IT OVER AND LET ME KNOW.

IF I MAY SPEAK PLAINLY, SIR, I AM INNOCENT AND THE DEVIL WITH PUBLIC OPINION?



I RETURNED TO WITHYCOMBE AFTER GOING UP TO CUMBERLAND TO VISIT CHRISTIAN'S PARENTS. OF THAT INTERVIEW I SHALL NOT SPEAK. BUT THE ATMOSPHERE OF MY HOME GREW ON ME IN THE MONTH I STAYED THERE, AND ALL ELSE SEEMED TO LOSE REALITY...



MY DEAR SIR JOSEPH: AFTER DUE CONSIDERATION, I HAVE DECIDED TO ENTER HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY...



I JOINED THE "HECTOR" IN JANUARY, 1793. THIS WAS THE VERY SHIP ON WHICH I HAD BEEN HELD WHILE AWAITING MY COURT-MARTIAL AND EXECUTION. AS WE SAILED FROM THE HARBOR, I HOPED THAT MY DUTIES MIGHT SOMEHOW TAKE ME TO TAHITI. BUT I WAS DOOMED TO DELAYS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS...

WE FOUGHT THE DUTCH AT CAMPERDOWN, THE DANES AT COPENHAGEN, AND THE SPANISH AND FRENCH AT TRAFALGAR.

HOSTILITIES BROKE OUT THE FOLLOWING MONTH, THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR WITH THE ALLIED NATIONS OF EUROPE—THE STORMIEST PERIOD IN BRITISH NAVAL HISTORY...



AND SO THE YEARS PASSED. AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, I WAS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF CAPTAIN. IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE SUMMER OF 1809 THAT MY DREAM OF RETURNING TO TAHITI WAS REALIZED. I RECEIVED ORDERS TO SET SAIL FOR FORT JACKSON, IN NEW SOUTH WALES, AND THENCE TO VALPARAISO, TOUCHING AT TAHITI ON THE WAY. AND SO, IN APRIL OF 1810, WE LAY ANCHORED OFF THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND WHICH HAD COME TO BE SO MUCH A PART OF ME...

I REACHED THE SHORE AND IT WAS QUIET, FAR MORE QUIET THAN I HAD EVER SEEN IT. IT SEEMED TO BE INHABITED BY GHOSTS RATHER THAN PEOPLE. ONLY THE RIVER WAS UNCHANGED; THE RIVER—AND A DREAM.



THERE WAS NO SIGN WHATEVER OF THE PLACE WHERE I HAD LIVED SO LONG, SO HAPPILY—NO SIGN OF HITIMITI'S HOUSE. STEWART'S HOUSE HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE PAST, PERHAPS THOSE FEW STONES OVERGROWN WITH WEEDS HAD BEEN HIS ROCK GARDEN. THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF STEWART'S WIFE OR CHILD. WARS AND DISEASES, BROUGHT BY EUROPEAN SHIPS, HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL.



I WENT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND. I STRAINED MY EYES FOR VENIATUA'S HOUSE, BUT IT, TOO, WAS GONE. THEN, SUDDENLY, I SAW TEHANI'S BROTHER...

TUAHU!

BYAM!



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



WHERE IS TEHANI? AND OUR CHILD?

TEHANI IS DEAD. SHE DIED WHEN YOU WERE THREE MOONS GONE, BUT THE CHILD LIVES, A WOMAN NOW, WITH A CHILD OF HER OWN. YOU SHALL SEE HER PRESENTLY.



OLD FRIEND AND KINSMAN, I WISH TO SEE MY DAUGHTER, BUT NOT TO MAKE MYSELF KNOWN TO HER, TO TELL HER THAT I'M HER FATHER, TO EMBRACE HER, TO SPEAK TO HER OF HER MOTHER WOULD BE MORE THAN I COULD ENDURE. YOU UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND. LOOK! YOUR DAUGHTER, TEHANI, COMES NOW.

WHEN I LOOKED AT MY DAUGHTER, SHE REALLY WAS MY BEAUTIFUL TEHANI, JUST AS I HAD KNOWN HER SO MANY YEARS BEFORE. AND AROUND HER NECK SHE WORE THE NECKLACE I HAD GIVEN HER MOTHER...

SHE HAD DRAWN ASIDE THE CURTAIN OF ALL THOSE PAST YEARS, AND WITH MY DAUGHTER'S SLIM, GRACEFUL HAND IN MINE, I STOOD SPEECHLESS WITH EMOTION, A MIXTURE OF BOTH JOY AND SORROW AT WHAT TIME HAD BROUGHT. THEN...



THIS IS THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, TEHANI.

HOW DO YOU DO?



WE MUST GO NOW, I PROMISED THE CHILD SHE SHOULD SEE THE ENGLISH SHIP.

AYE, GO.



THE MOON WAS BRIGHT WHEN I WENT DOWN TO MY BOAT AND THE PLACE WAS FILLED WITH GHOSTS, MY OWN AMONG THEM...

I HAVE BEEN RETIRED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, AFTER FORTY YEARS AT SEA. SEVEN GENERATIONS OF BYAMS HAVE LIVED AND DIED HERE AT WITHYCOMBE. IT IS STRANGE TO THINK THAT AT MY DEATH, WHAT REMAINS OF OUR BLOOD WILL FLOW IN THE VEINS OF AN INDIAN WOMAN IN THE SOUTH SEAS. BUT I LIVE ON HERE WITH THACKER AND MY JOURNAL-- AND MY MEMORIES.



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



THE FAMOUS WRITING team of Nordhoff and Hall began functioning shortly after World War I, during which both were members of the Lafayette Flying

Corps, better known as Escadrille Lafayette.

James Norman Hall was born in Colfax, Iowa, on April 22, 1887. He attended public schools there and graduated from Grinnell College in 1910. He then spent four years in social service work as an agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Restless and endowed with a vivid imagination, he was forever seeking new fields of experience. In 1914, he went to Europe. World War I broke out in August of that year and 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 during the spring, summer, fall and early winter of 1915-1916 and took part in the Battle of Loos.

In time, he became intensely interested in flying. He obtained his release from the British Army and re-enlisted, in October of 1916, in the Aviation Division of the French Foreign Legion. He became a member of the Escadrille Lafayette and met Charles Nordhoff, another member of that famous flying squadron.

When the Escadrille Lafayette was incorporated into the United States Air Service, James Norman Hall received the commission of captain. He was shot down behind German lines in May, 1918, and remained a prisoner until the end of the war.

After the war was over, Hall and his friend Nordhoff spent some months in the United States, writing the history of the Escadrille Lafayette. When the assignment was completed, they decided to go to Tahiti. There the two men lived and wrote for many years, their best-known work being the

"Bounty" trilogy consisting of "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Men Against the Sea," and "Pitcairn's Island."

Although Hall's later years were spent in the United States, it was in Tahiti, to which he had returned to work on his autobiography, that he died in July of 1951.

Charles Nordhoff was born on February 1, 1887, in London, England, of American parents. He was brought to the United States when he was three years old and spent his boyhood in Pennsylvania, in California and on his father's ranch in Mexico. After attending Stanford University for one year, he transferred to Harvard. He graduated from Harvard in 1909.

Like James Norman Hall, Nordhoff was an adventurer. During World War I, he volunteered to serve as an ambulance driver in France and won the Croix de Guerre with star and citation for meritorious service.

Like Hall, he became interested in flying and transferred to the Escadrille Lafayette and, finally, to the United States Air Service. By the end of the war, he had been commissioned a first lieutenant in the U.S.A.S.

In spite of his exciting and dangerous mode of living, Nordhoff was always shy and modest, loathing formal society. It was natural, therefore, for him to choose to go to Tahiti with his friend and collaborator, Hall.

The work of the talented team of Nordhoff and Hall was abruptly brought to a halt by the death of Charles Nordhoff in April, 1947.

Both Nordhoff and Hall exercised great care in examining and re-examining the basic idea of each of their books before they began to write. It is just that care that has made their novels develop naturally, their scenes and episodes grow vivid, their characters live and breathe and has made their work immortal.



AMERICAN PRESIDENTS

An Incident in the Life of Franklin D. Roosevelt

IN 1932, THE UNITED STATES was in the throes of one of the worst depressions the country had ever experienced. Millions of people were jobless, thousands of banks had failed and more and more people were losing their homes every day.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, presidential candidate of the Democratic Party in November, 1932, held out new hope to the nation. His reform policy, while he was governor of New York, convinced the people that he was the man to guide them out of those black days of despair.

In the election, he defeated his opponent, President Herbert Hoover, by a total of 7,054,520 votes.

The people anxiously awaited the day of Roosevelt's inauguration, March 4, 1933. In February, Roosevelt, realizing the tremendous task ahead of him, took a vacation with his friend, Vincent Astor. On February 15, 1933, returning from a cruise off the Florida coast in Astor's yacht, they came ashore at Miami, Florida.

Mayor Gauthier of Miami had arranged for a welcoming committee to meet the yacht at the dock. In addition to the mayor's official car, a motorcycle escort, the usual movie cameramen, press photographers and reporters were waiting to greet the president-elect.

It had been announced that Roosevelt would make a short speech at Miami's Bay Front Park and thousands of people lined the route from the dock to the park.

Seated in the back of the mayor's car, together with Mr. Astor and the mayor, and flanked by secret service men, Roosevelt was driven to the park, with the motorcycle escort preceding him. He was greeted with deafening cheers all along the route.

At the park's bandstand, Roosevelt stood up in the back of the car and made a short speech which was received with more cheers. In the midst of the cheering crowd stood a



little man with a mad expression on his face, a revolver in his pocket and murder in his heart. He was determined to assassinate Roosevelt! Quietly, he awaited the opportunity to strike. The right moment came when he observed one of the spectators approach Roosevelt's car. It was the new mayor of

Chicago, Anthony Cermak.

Roosevelt recognized Cermak and rose from his seat to greet the mayor. The assassin, Joseph Zangara, edged his way to the front row of spectators. Just as Roosevelt and Cermak shook hands, Zangara opened fire. The first three shots hit a man and woman on the far side of the car and another woman at the bandstand; two more shots were fired and Mayor Cermak toppled from the running board of Roosevelt's car.

A secret serviceman lunged for and grabbed the assassin. Fearing that there might be more than just one in the assassination party, the secret serviceman sitting next to the chauffeur ordered the car driven away. Roosevelt, who had remained calm through it all, ordered the driver to go back and pick up Mayor Cermak.

Cermak was placed in the back of the car and Zangara was thrown on the trunk with three policemen sitting on him to hold him down. The police had worked so swiftly that spectators, standing 75 feet away from the shooting, did not realize what had occurred. The car was driven to Jackson Memorial Hospital and the people lining the streets, unaware of what had happened, cheered the saddened presidential group. Roosevelt, thankful that panic had been averted, acknowledged the cheers.

Mayor Cermak died of his wounds on March 6th and not long after, Zangara was convicted of murder and sentenced to death.

And so, by the grace of God and the bad aim of a madman, Franklin Delano Roosevelt went on to become the 32nd President of the United States of America.

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