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FREEKIDS eBOOKS 2 of 5

Knowledge presented at the speed of Light
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Volume 2 of 5: Men who Dared

All 5 volumes are originally from Eagle Comics 1950-69
70 fully illustrated pages suitable for 8-16 year old, suitable for boys and girls.
Real stories with titles about bravery, their names made into words.
British History and 50 years of aircraft and shipping.
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like choice cutaways, drawings for land, sea and air.
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our new selection of Illustrated History

Our eBooks explain how the Past can help us understand humankind’s action and reaction.
Wisdom and knowledge applied with factual evidence.
Today’s 24 hour NEWS can be twisted with misleading headlines.
We must realize there are political and commercial forces willing to bend the truth. Social Media can multiply REAL or FAKE in equal quantities.
If it is cheap and undervalued, beware, it might bite back.

All these illustrated stories are taken from the great English Eagle Comics between 1950-69.
This was a golden age before computers and before digital war games took over, sending a lot of printed papers to the bin.
MumfordEbooks in its small way like’s to balance fiction with true FACTS.
Your Editor and Publisher Michael Robert Mumford ©
It couldn’t happen . . . but it did!

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE WORLD

On March 25th, AD 195, the world was sold for a sum roughly equivalent to a million pounds. The Praetorian Guard was a very powerful influence in the Government of Rome. On the death of the previous emperor they elected a certain Petronius as his successor, thinking to use him as a tool. When, however, the new emperor showed himself to be a constitutional ruler, put an end to plundering and enforced discipline, the Praetorians decided that they had chosen the wrong man. They invaded the palace in force, and emerged with the head of their Petronius, who had ruled for only 87 days. They then put up the whole of the world, as it was then known, for auction to the highest bidder.

The purchaser, Julia Julianus, a rich and unscrupulous Senator, paid twenty-five thousand sesterces to each of the Guards. But he “used” the world for only two months. Governor Severus of Panaria was at heart a conservative, and he marched on Rome at the head of his Damascene legions, Julianus, in panic, prepared to defend himself, and put several people to death where he suspected of favouring Severus, but the Praetorian Guard deserted him, and on June 1st he was killed in the palace by order of the Senate. Shortly afterwards Severus ceremonially entered Rome and became the next emperor. The world was never sold again—perhaps because there was no market for so dangerous a commodity.
ADVENTURES OF THE CROWN

THE STORY OF THE CROWN GOES BACK OVER 1,000 YEARS, IN THOSE DAYS ENGLAND WAS NOT A SINGLE COUNTRY, IT WAS SPLIT INTO EIGHT SMALL KINGDOMS RULED BY WARRIOR KINGS. THEY QUARRELED AND RUGGED WITH EACH OTHER, EACH GREEDY TO WIN POWER AND LINE FOR HIMSELF.

EGCERIJT LED HIS PEOPLE AGAINST THE DAMES AGAIN AND AGAIN, CURTAILING THEIR STRENGTH. BUT IN A BLOODY BATTLE IN 858 HIS ARMY WAS DEFEATED. HE ESCAPED AND SAVED THE CROWN. RALLIED HIS MEN AND TRIUMPHANTLY TURNED THE TABLES ON THE DAMES TWO YEARS LATER.

THE FAMOUS KING ALFRED THE GREAT WAS THE YOUNGEST GRAND-SON OF EGCERIJT. ALFRED TOO WAS IN A NAVY, FIRST AGAINST ENGLISH KINGS. HE WAS THE FIRST ONE TO SEE THAT THE SUPREME TASK OF A KING IS TO SERVE HIS PEOPLE. HE WAS ALSO THE FIRST KING TO BUILD A NAVY. THE GREATNESS OF BRITAIN AS A SEA-FARING NATION GOES BACK TO HIM.

IN 803 THE CROWN OF THE TINY KINGDOM OF WESSEX FELL TO EGCERIJT. WHO HAD LEARNT THE ART OF BATTLE, WHILE IN MIDNIGHT AT THE COURT OF THE GREAT EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE. BY 809 HE HAD DEFEATED ALL THE OTHER PETTY KINGS. THEY ACCEPTED HIM AS THEIR SUPREME KING — THE KING OF ALL ENGLAND.

BUT NO SOONER WAS ENGLAND MADE ONE COUNTRY THAN SHE WAS THREATENED BY A TERRIBLE ENEMY FROM THE SEA — THE PIRATE KINGS. ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH CROWN WERE IN DEADLY DANGER.

GUARDED BY THE STRONG ARMS OF SUCH MEN AS EGCERIJT AND ALFRED, THOUGH GUESTS TO THE DAMES FOR A TIME, THE CROWN OF ENGLAND FELL IN 1066 TO THE GREAT, GREAT, GREAT-GRAND-SON OF ALFRED CALLED EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. THIS GENTLE KING WAS CROWNED AFTER HIS DEATH AS ST. EDWARD.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND IS STILL GUARDED BY HEROIC CROWN. MANY ADVENTURES HAVE BEFALLEN IT IN THE YEARS SINCE.

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It couldn’t happen... but it did!

AIRBORNE TROOPS

During the Crusades, one of the strangest forms of the Saracen was the walled city of Acre. It had been besieged by the Crusaders for seven years, and still held out. Any attempt to scale its massive walls was repulsed with heavy losses, and the battering-rams could not be brought to bear because of the withering fire and rain of missiles from above.

At last Richard ‘Coeur de Lion’ (Lion-Heart) brought the siege to an end by an ingenious stratagem. He decided to use airborne troops — millions of them — to keep the defenders busy whilst his battering-rams breached the walls.

There were, of course, no planes in those days. Caspades had been developed to such a pitch that they could be used as “carriers”, flinging large stones, but they could not hurt men into the city and have them land in any condition for fighting. So Richard had to find soldiers who could fly, and who could be relied on to attack anyone who got in their way.

IN THE CRUSADES

It seemed impossible, and his companions thought he was crazy when he sent picked men to scale the city walls by beehives (a thousand was the number he ordered).

Eventually his men returned, piously carrying hundreds of beehives up to the top and hurling them in, and these buzzing, stinging insects were enough to keep the defenders occupied. Even the bravest Saracen ran when cornered from head to foot with enraged bees. The entire population of the city fled to the castle. When the Saracens emerged, the Crusaders had breached the walls with their battering-rams, and the rest of the battle was a foregone conclusion.

It couldn’t happen that a battle was won by enlisting millions of bees as airborne soldiers. But it did!
MEN WHO DARED

Blondel

RICHARD CŒUR-D’LION, THE WARRIOR KING,
LOVED TO WRITE SONGS. OFTEN HE WOULD JOIN
HIS FAVOURITE MINSTREL, BLONDELS OF MELESE,
IN COMPOSING SOME BALLAD OF LOVE OR WAR.

RICHARD’S CRUSADE TO THE HOLY LANDS
HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL, BUT THE JEWS
ATTACKED THE CHRISTIAN ARMY, AND IN THE
DESERT HE BOUND HIS JOURNEY HOME.

BUT THE KING HAD MANY ENEMIES; OUT
ONE NIGHT THEY WENT TO JERUSALEM. THEY
WENT, AND PLUNGED HIM INTO A DUNGEON.

THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHRONICLE OF REIMS
TELLS THAT BLONDELS, AS A ROVING MINSTREL,
SANG HIS WAY ACROSS EUROPE, SERVING NEWS
OF HIS MASTER. HE KNEW THAT, WHEN HE
CAUGHT, HE WOULD HANG AS A SPY, BUT MONTH
AFTER MONTH HIS PERILOUS SEARCH DRAGGED
ON. ONLY HIS DUGGED COURAGE AND HIS
LOVE FOR HIS KING SUSTAINED HIM.

AT LAST HE DISCOVERED A CLUE, OBERNISTEN CASTLE IN AUSTRIA
HELD AN ONCE SANG A VERSE UNDER THE WALLS. SANG A VERSE
OF A SONG THEY HAD WRITTEN.
ONLY THEY KNEW THE WORDS, YET
THE NEXT VERSE CAME FASTEN BACK TO HIM ACROSS THE MOAT,
HE HAD FOUND HIS KING.

BLONDELS SPED HOME WITH THE NEWS, THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND
WERE ABLE TO RESCUE RICHARD, AND AT LAST
HE RETURNED TO HIS KINGDOM, AND
TO THE FAITHFUL SUBJECTS WHO HAD
STALKED HIS LIFE TO HELP AND FREE HIS KING.
FROM THE DAYS OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR UNTIL JOHN CAME TO THE THRONE IN 1199 ENGLAND GREW GRADUALLY STRONGER. BUT KING JOHN BROUGHT THE CROWN INTO SAD AND SICKLY YEARS WITHOUT FRIENDS. MEANWHILE, POWERFUL KING PHILIP OF FRANCE PLANNED THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

THE BARONS AND KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND KNEW THAT THEY MUST SOMEHOW CONTROL THE WILD BEHAVIOUR OF THE YOUNG KING IN ORDER TO UNITE THE COUNTRY TO FACE THE ENEMY FROM FRANCE. THEY GREW IF A CHARTER WAS NEEDED TO MAKE KING JOHN TO SIGN IT. THIS WAS THE FAMOUS MANGA CORDA — FOUNDATION OF ENGLISH LIBERTIES.

JOHN SIGNED THE CHARTER BECAUSE HE HAD TO. BUT HE AT ONCE RAISED AN ARMY TO TAKE REVENGE ON THE LEAGUE OF BARONS AND KNIGHTS. MEANWHILE, KING PHILIP — INVITING HIM TO JOIN THEM AGAINST JOHN AND BECOME KING IN HIS PLACE.

PRINCE LOUIS Landed WITH AN ARMY AND CIVIL WAR Erupted IN ENGLAND. JOHN THEN KEPT ON THE RUN, SWORN TO HIM WHAT ROYAL TREASURE HE COULD LEAVE BEHIND. HE FELL SOME LUCKY CHANCE WOULD GIVE HIS ARMY VICTORY. BUT DURING A HURRIED MARCH ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR THE WASH BROAD ENGLAND WAS OVERWHELMED BY A HIGH TIDE. JOHN'S TREASURE WAS LOST. FORTUNATELY THE CROWN OF ENGLAND WAS NOT AMONGST IT.

THE NEXT OF THE DISASTER PUT KING JOHN INTO A GREAT RAGE. BY WAY OF CONSOLATION HE STUFFED HIMSELF FULL OF PEACHES AND NEW CIDR. HE WAS UNWELL AT THE TIME AND THE NEW CIDR PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM. HE DIED THAT SAME NIGHT.

DIONE THE TYRANT KING WAS DEAD, THE BARONS RALLIED TO THE SUPPORT OF HIS SON, THE NINE-YEAR-OLD HENRY II. WITHIN A FEW MONTHS PRINCE LOUIS AND HIS SOLDIERS WERE DRIVEN OUT. BY A HABIT OF BREADTH ENGLAND WAS SAVED FROM BECOMING A VASSAL STATE OF FRANCE.
THE FIRST MAN TO...

GEORGE CHAUCER

The first man to... use the modern English of his day to write a great poem was Geoffrey Chaucer. He was born about 1340, the son of a wine merchant of Upper Thames Street, London. At the age of seventeen he was appointed to the position of page in the household of one of the Royal Dukes. Two years later the future poet took service in the Hundred Years War against the French. He was taken prisoner but was soon released on payment of a ransom. King Edward III himself contributed to the ransom money.

On his return to England the King made Chaucer a member of his household. As one of his trusted servants the King sent him on several secret service missions to France and Italy. Other royal honours came Chaucer's way when he was made Comptroller of the Customs and was elected a member of the Parliament of Westminster.

This was in 1386. But in that same year misfortune befell the poet when a young man died in his place. The following year worse was to come when his wife died.

Towards the end of his life, some of Chaucer's old prosperity returned. He is known to have become member of a commission set up to repair the banks of the Thames; and in 1390 he was made responsible for putting up coaches in smithy-field where the King and Queens were to witness a Tournament.

Chaucer's greatest poem — "The Canterbury Tales" — is the forerunner of all modern English poetry. It tells the tale of a party of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury. All sorts of people are represented, as Chaucer had known them from his own experience — a knight, nun, priest, cook, farmer, bailiff and many others. It is a panorama of English life written in a language that, although slightly strange to us today, was an unprecedented achievement at the time and has made Geoffrey Chaucer one of the immortals.
THE FIRST MAN TO...

WILLIAM CAXTON

The first man... to print a book in England was William Caxton. He was born about 1422 in the Weald of Kent and as a young man was apprenticed to a rich silk merchant in London. While still in his early twenties, William was sent to Bruges in the Low Countries; then the commercial capital of the European trade in wool and silk. Soon he rose to be head of the company of British merchants in Bruges, whom he had to represent in their dealings with the Duke of Burgundy and other European rulers.

But Caxton was not satisfied with a merchant's career. He "began of making the works of the mind freely accessible to all who might be interested. He made several translations of French books into English to achieve this. But not until 1471 when Caxton went to Cologne in Germany did he learn how he might realize his ambitions on a far wider scale. For it was there that he studied the new art of printing. Caxton saw at once the possibilities of the invention. All the great tales of the world could be reproduced again and again for the benefit of all who could read.

On his return to England he set up the first printing press ever known in this country. It was in Westminster, at the sign of the Red Rose. There Caxton privileged his republicans of enriching the life of his country. He himself made new translations of French books which he then printed. He also printed many tales of the age of chivalry and the Crusades. Above all, Caxton printed from rough manuscripts many of the poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great English poet. His output as a printer was altogether over 18,000 pages and included 96 separate works or editions of works. Caxton died in 1491, strengthenened by the conviction that he had played a vital part in making the glories of literature available to the whole world.
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VASCO DA GAMA

The first man...to sail from Europe to India was the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama. It was a time, the fifteenth century, when all Europe was alive with tales of strange lands beyond the seas.

But Vasco da Gama meant to see for himself! Above all he meant to see India – the land that was reputed to be the richest of them all.

King Manuel of Portugal specially picked Vasco da Gama for the task. The navigator chose his own fleet of four ships and a hundred and seventy of the most skilled Portuguese sailors. One blazing hot summer day in 1497 the crew rowed out to their ships from the little Portuguese town of Belém.

The little fleet of four ships sailed down the west coast of Africa. As they approached the Cape of Good Hope, furious storms tossed the vessels right off their course. Many of the sailors begged their commander to return to Portugal.

To add to da Gama’s trouble, at this very moment the dreaded sailors’ disease of scurvy broke out amongst the crew, and many died.

Once again the crew pleaded with da Gama to return. But he held fast to his great plan. For him it was India or not.

He stopped at Malindi on the East coast of Africa to give the crew a brief respite. Eleven months after leaving Belém came the cry of “Land!” It was India, at last.

Vasco da Gama and his weary crew landed at the town of Calicut. There they were given a royal reception by the Rajah who loaded them with gifts. They spent several months at Calicut as the Rajah’s guests.

Ten months later, watchers at the town of Belém again saw the four little ships. What is more, they were bringing with them news of the discovery of India, one of man’s greatest feats.
The first man... to cross America from the Atlantic to the Pacific was the Spaniard Vasco Núñez de Balboa. He was at the time under sentence of death from the Spanish King. But he hoped to discover a new route to the fabulous land of El Dorado and thereby win his pardon.

He set out on September 1, 1513, at the head of a band of 190 soldiers armed with spears, swords and muskets, and accompanied by a large pack of dreaded bloodhounds. The plan was to cross what is now known as the Isthmus of Panama, the link between North and South America.

Balboa led his men through the first stage of swampland, fever-stained jungle. They had to use their swords to hack a way through the clinging undergrowth. Bloodsucking insects drained the energy of the men. Handfuls of snake were their only food. At the end of the first week, many of the men were at their last gasp. Balboa rallied their flagging spirits.

Now the ground began to rise and the jungle thinned out. But this meant that the vertical rays of the tropical sun shone down pitilessly. They no longer had the trees to protect them.

Eighteen more days of climbing brought them into cooler air. They began to approach the crest of the Isthmus. A new enemy appeared - tribes of Indians tried to bar their path. They had to be dispersed by the bloodhounds and muskets. Only 67 of the original 190 remained. The next morning they had the reward of their endurance.

Balboa ordered his men to halt where they were. He wanted to be alone when he saw the unknown ocean. He climbed slowly up the last hill-top. In one hand he carried a long-awaited vision. Before him, sparkling in the sun, lay the Pacific Ocean. He called down to his men to join him. They then looked on while he planted the Spanish flag at the topmost point.
MEN WHO DARED

Gaw Hong

200 years ago the mountains of the island of Formosa, off the coast of China, were infested with ferocious head hunters and terrorized the people for inhabitants of the plains.

The plainsmen decided to send an ambassador among their fierce neighbours, hoping to persuade them to stop raiding and killing. Gaw Hong was a fine man, loved by all, so they asked him to go.

Fearlessly he accepted and set off alone into the mountains. There he was soon surrounded by head hunters, but instead of running away he faced his danger.

Respecting his courage, the head hunters let him live with them and learn their language. He showed them the evil of killing and they even stopped their slaughter for a while. Then came the time for the annual sacrifice. They were determined to have one head at least.

Gaw Hong, seeing he could not sway them, grimly accepted. At dawn a man will come along the road by my house, wearing a brown coat and a red hat,” he said. “His head you may take.”

Only when they had ambushed and killed their victim did they see that it was their friend. Gaw Hong himself stroked with remorse never ventured again to kill for sacrifice, and buried a stone to mark their promise — which has been kept ever since. Gaw Hong’s sublime self-sacrifice had not been in vain.
Tong Elizabeth, Grand-daughter of Henry VII, began her Stirling reign in 1556, but even as they cheered at her coronation, people could not forget the danger in which the English crown was placed. Philip II of Spain, rich with gold plundered from South America, sought to subdue England to his will, and his powerful galleons ruled the seas.

Fortunately for England, a group of bold sea captains — Frobisher, Howard, Drake, especially Drake, and others — made it their job to curb the power of Spain. The Spaniards strove the riches of America and, on the high seas, the English captains subdued the rovers, providing their country’s home and strengthen England.

In a week fighting up the Channel, the English won all the way. The galleons were forced to sail past the army waiting for them and were driven out into the North Sea. What was still left of the Spanish armada tried to sail back to Spain around the North of Scotland and Ireland. Many fell victims to the fierce storms and added feuds — and the wild inhabitants of those rugged coasts.

The defeat of the Spanish armada was a triumph of new tactics. Her old “fashioned ones” of free British crews over the slave, gave the British a new significance in the world — set them exploring everywhere by land and sea. As a reminder of how much Britain owed to the Spanish fleet, the girls of St. George’s in the Crown still carries the arms of Elizabeth — the good Queen Bess who inspired the English to save themselves by their own exertions.
THE FIRST MAN TO...

The first man—really to open men's eyes to the wonders of the heavens was the Italian, Galileo. As a youth he was too poor to study long at the University. But nothing could hold back his genius. He was born in 1564, in the small Italian town of Pisa. Even as a boy he invented a new kind of mechanical toy. He was also soon known as a painter, a musician and a poet. Yet his favourite pastimes remained science and mathematics.

Galileo

He leapt into European fame overnight when he showed that objects of different weight fell at the same speed. Until that it was universally believed that the heavier one fell quicker. But by an experiment Galileo proved that he was right. One morning he climbed to the top of the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa, holding in one hand a weight of ten pounds and in the other a weight of one pound. Then he let both fall. They reached the ground at exactly the same time. Galileo is best remembered for his discovery of the modern telescope in 1609. The original idea of holding one lens close to the eye and the other at some distance from it, was not his. But it was Galileo who developed the idea. He progressed so fast that in a few months he had perfected a telescope that magnified an object more than a thousand times.

He first explored the moon and found that its surface was not smooth, as was generally assumed, but indented and full of ridges. Then he turned his attentions to the sun and made the revolutionary discovery that it was round like a top.

In later years Galileo lost the sight of first his right eye and then both eyes. No more would he be able to see the starry heavens he had been the first to reveal in all their glory. But he kept on working right till the very end. Even on his death-bed he was explaining to his son various plans that he had worked out for a new type of pendulum clock.
In 1346, little England, with only 4,000,000 inhabitants, was at war with France. Five times her size. Yet England was on top. There were two reasons for this. She had splendid leaders, and the finest weapon of the age — the English longbow. It could drive a thirty-six inch arrow 180 yards, pierce oak four inches thick, or penetrate a suit of armour.

One of the most precious jewels in the state crown is an immense ruby — the size of a small hen's egg. It came to England as a result of a curious chain of events.

At last, up the lane thundered three hundred wicked French knights. They planned to mow down the English in one charge. But suddenly the air was filled with arrows, horses and riders fell in seething confusion. Seeing their leaders down, the French broke and fled. King John of France was himself captured.

Best of the English commanders was the Prince of Wales — called the Black Prince because his always wore black armour. He led the right wing at the famous victory of Crécy when he was only sixteen six days following success. But in 1360, he found himself in deadly peril. His small, tired army was cut off near Poictiers by a much larger French force.

The Black Prince drew up his small body of men-at-arms at the top of a steep lane. He told his archers to hide themselves in the vineyards and hedges on either side. Then they waited. The French, sure of victory, took their time.
The first man to discover the circulation of the blood and to grasp the true function of the heart was William Harvey. Born at Folkestone in 1578, he went to school in Canterbury and then studied at Cambridge.

At the age of nineteen, Harvey went on to Padua, at that time considered to be the greatest school of medicine in the world. There he learnt that there were valves in the veins of the human body.

When he returned from Padua to London, Harvey became a doctor at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital. He developed the habit of dissecting everything that came his way—frogs, mice, etc. The results of these experiments and observations of his hospital patients convinced Harvey that the accepted ideas on the circulation of the blood were incorrect.

For the previous fifteen hundred years it had been taught that the blood originated in the liver and that it was of two kinds—the first travelled from the left ventricle of the heart through the arteries and the second from the right ventricle through the veins, both streams being entirely different.

But Harvey could not believe this. He knew, for one thing, that owing to the valves in the veins, the blood could only travel towards the heart and not away from it. Secondly, he saw that the blood entering the arteries was far too much for them to contain on their own. What was the explanation?

Patiently Harvey continued with his researches and dissections. Then came the answer—the body did not contain two kinds of blood but only one kind, which was being constantly renewed by the heart in its journey round the body. The blood stream was an unbroken circle, with the heart acting as a pump. Harvey died in 1657, secure in the knowledge that he had made a great discovery for medicine.
ADVENTURES OF THE CROWN

The Charm of Colonel Blood

England soon grew tired of having no king. In 1649, Parliament had Charles I beheaded and took the throne as Charles II. Britain went gay to welcome him back, but there was no crown for Robert Vyner, the chieflord of all. At once started a hunt to get back the famous gems. He had an exact copy made of Edward the Conqueror's crown.

Blood and his wife followed the people with frequent calls on the Edwardii. Blood was a master at taking people in with his charms. When he caught the time was ripe, Blood went one step further—he suggested a marriage between a rich nephew of his and the Edwards daughter. The Edwards were delighted.

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Blood arranged to bring his nephew along one evening and asked if two friends could also come—to see the crown. Edwards met the pretty and took them to the jewel house. Once inside, they knocked out the old man with a mallet and started to hide away the crown and other treasures.

Blood disguised himself as a clergyman, took an acquaintance with him as he would and paid a visit to old Edwards. The queen of the crown. The man begged to be shown the crown. As soon as they had seen it, the woman pretended to faint. While she was resting, Blood made friends with Edwards.

Blood might have got clean away but for a remarkable coincidence. That very evening, the Edwardian son arrived home from abroad with a friend. The thieves fled, Blood taking the crown with him. After a chase, he and one of the others were caught at the doors and were shut up in the white tower. King Charles himself self-questioned whether or not to let him off.
ADVENTURES OF THE CROWN

Bloodless Revolution

Charles I lost his throne because he would not accept the right of Parliament to help him defend his son James, who became king when Charles II died. He made the same mistake as his father. As well, he interfered in the bitter religious quarrels of his time. People grew very angry and even rebellious.

While William gathered an army in the south, in the north Mary's younger sister, Anne, supported a revolt in her sister's favor. William was captured and imprisoned in Rochester Castle, but William escaped. The king had no name. The rebels were encouraged to be slack and James escaped to France on Christmas Eve 1688.

On April 7th the following year, William and Mary were crowned as joint monarchs. The Second British Revolution. Within fifty years had come to an end. This time without bloodshed. It brought to an end the long struggle for supremacy, and Britain was to be governed by king and Parliament. James II was the result.

Jeffrey's Cruelty: Mary and William's marriage was a joint venture. James' daughter, Mary, was popular and people hoped their first, ready to wait until she became queen. However, things grew worse, and Parliament invited Mary and her Dutch husband, William, to become joint monarchs. Immediately William landed at Torbay. On grey January morning, 1688.
THE GUARDIANS OF THE ROCK

No one has ever discovered how the monkeys – man-like apes, to be precise – ever reached their home in the rocky heights above Gibraltar. But they are there today and they were there long before their ancestors saw fanatic Moorish warriors beaten back from vain assaults on the Rock.

Hundreds of years ago, there used to be several hundreds of these mischievous little animals. In those days their favourite amusement was hurling stones at red-coated British soldiers who behaved in turn Gibraltar into a strong fortress. There are only eight apes now. “When there are no monkeys in Gibraltar, the English will leave,” say the local Spaniards.

Almost at the summit of the Rock a winding path leads to St. Michael’s cave. The dark and gloomy recesses of this enormous cavern have never been fully explored. It is probably as old as Europe. Skeletons of prehistoric animals have been found in it, including those of an unknown species of lynx and a rhinoceros. The Spaniards say that St. Michael’s Cave communicates with a tunnel leading under the sea to the African shore. There are times when no monkeys are seen in their usual cliffs for days on end. That is when they are supposed to have gone along the seven-mile tunnel under the sea to the shores of Spanish Morocco.

There is another peculiar fact. Legend declares that the other monkeys always carry a dead companion back to Africa. One thing is certain: no one in Gibraltar has ever discovered the body of a dead monkey.
GREAT ESCAPES

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

After the Highland clans were defeated, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Scotland's pretender, was a survivor for five months in the Scottish islands, hunted by fleet and army with a price of £30,000 on his head.

With his supporters, he set sail for the Hebrides in an open boat without compass, lantern or plum, only to be caught in a fierce hurricane.

Later, near Harris, two men off Forty-Four sail chased them ashore.

Rich lamb's feet, black laces, and the powder raised her mantle.

She's not Scots, she's Irish—and expert with the spinning-wheel.

Changling his disguise for that of a servant, he obtained entry to where the ship lay, and at last reached safety.

But last, in September—five months later—and after many narrow escapes, he managed to board a ship in Loch Bideall Round, for France and sailed away to freedom.

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FOR HALF THE THIRTY—TWO YEARS OF HIS SHORT LIFE, JAMES WOLFE WAS AN INJURED STRUGGLING AGAINST ILL-HEALTH AS WELL AS HIS COUNTRY'S ENEMIES. BORN AT KESTERHAM IN 1727, HE WAS ONLY A LAD WHEN HE Fought IN FLANDERS, WHERE AT GETTINGEN, HIS HORSE WAS SHOT UNDER HIM. BY THE AGE OF SIXTEEN HE WAS A LEUTENANT; AT TWENTY HE WAS A BRIGADE MAJOR!

THE YOUNG MAN'S BRILLIANT AND COURAGEOUS RECORD SO IMPRESSED WILLIAM PITT THAT IN 1759 HE GAVE HIM COMMAND OF AN EXPEDITION TO TAKE QUÉBEC, AND WITH IT ALL CANADA, FROM THE FRENCH.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, HE LED HIS MEN UP THE PERILOUS CLIFF PATH TO THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM, ABOVE QUÉBEC.

BY DAWN, ON SEPTEMBER 13TH, HE HAD 9,000 MEN UP THERE; 7,000 FRENCH Faced HIm. BY BRILLIANT GENERAL-ship HE WITHSTOOD THE FRENCH CHARGE, THEN LED A COUNTERCHARGE, ALTHOUGH SUFFERING FROM TWO BULLET WOUNDS. A THIRD BULLET PIERCED HIS LUNGS, AND HE FELL.

QUÉBEC, UNDER THE GALLANT FRENCHMAN MONTALIN, WITH 12,000 MEN AND 100 GUNS, STOOD HIGH ABOVE THE MIGHTY ST. LAWRENCE RIVER. TWO BRITISH COLUMNs, WHEre TO JOIN THE ASSAULT, FAILED TO ARRIVE, SO WOLFE TOOK HIS SHIPS IN ALONE. SEVERAL ATTACKS FAILED, AND QUÉBEC SEEMED IMPREGNABLE. WOLFE SERIOUSLY ILL, BEGAN PRIVATELY TO DESPAIR. HE KNEW SOMETHING THAT DEATH WOULD COME SOON. THEN HE HIT UPON A DESPERATE PLAN.
ADVENTURES OF THE CROWN

THE CORONATION WENT OFF IN GREAT STYLE. THE CROWN JEWELS WERE THEN PLACED IN THE STRONG MARTIN TOWER OF THE TOWER OF LONDON. THERE THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE. BUT FOR A ROGUE "COLONEL" CALLED THOMAS BLOOD. HE STOOD IN THE MARTIN TOWER AND HATCHED AN INCREDIBLE PLAN TO STEAL THE CROWN AND ESCAPE WITH IT.

BLOOD DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A CLERGYMAN, TOOK AN ACCOMPlice WITH HIM AS HIS "FRIEND" AND MADE A VISIT TO OLD EDWARD, THE GUARDIAN OF THE CROWN. THE KING BEGDED TO BE SHOWN THE CROWN. AS SOON AS THEY HAD SEEN IT, THE WOman PROTESTED TO FAINT. WHILE SHE WAS RESTING, BLOOD HAD "FRIENDS" WITH EDWARDS.

BLOOD AND HIS "FRIEND" FOLLOWED UP THE IDEA AND PLANNED THE CORONATION. BLOOD WAS A MAESTRO AT TAKING PEOPLE IN WITH HIS CHARMS. WHEN HE THOUGHT THE TIME WAS Ripe, BLOOD WENT ONE Step FURTHER—HE SUGGESTED A MARRIAGE BETWEEN A "RICH NEPHEW" OF HIs AND THE EDWARDS DAUGHTER. THE EDWARDS WERE DELIGHTED.

BLOOD ARRANGED TO BRING HIS NEPHEW ALONG ONE EVENING AND PRONOUNCED THE FRIENDS COULD ALSO COME TO SEE THE CROWN. EDWARDS MET THE PARTY AND TOOK THEM TO THE JEWEL HOUSES. ONCE MORE, THEY PEELED OUT THE OLD MAN WITH A MALLET AND STARTED TO MOVE AWAY THE CROWN AND OTHER TREASURES.

BLOOD MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY BUT FOR A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE. THAT VERY EVENING, THE EDWARD'S SON ARRIVED HOME FROM ABROAD WITH A FRIEND. THE THIEVES FLED. BLOOD TAKING THE CROWN WITH HIM. AFTER A CHASE HE AND ONE OF THE OTHERS WERE CAUGHT AT THE DOORS AND WERE SENT UP IN THE WHITE TOWER. KING CHARLES HIMSELF QUESTIONED HIM—"WHAT HE MEANT OR NOT—LET HIM OFF!"
JAMES WATT

The first man to... manufacture the modern steam engine was James Watt. He was born in Greenock in 1736. His father was a carpenter and craftsman and James, who was very rarely strong enough to play with his companions, spent most of his time reading books on all subjects and, above all, in rummaging about in his father's workshop. Later, when his father died, James went from one job to another. He worked first for an instrument maker and then in the laboratories of the University of Glasgow. Everywhere he went he soon gained the esteem and respect of his fellow workers. At the same time he kept up his reading so that although much younger than the Professors at the University, he was still to be able to converse with them on equal terms.

But what Watt did was most of all to harness the power of steam to human use. A steam-engine known as the Newcomen already existed. But Watt knew it to be slow and inefficient. How could it be improved? He built model after model; he experimented in the use of steam in all possible ways: he even learnt various foreign languages in order to study what scientists from other countries had written. At length, Watt’s engine was ready, its epoch-making novelty being the method of circulating the steam away from the cylinder it set in motion.

It was in 1769; at the age of 33, that Watt received his patent on the steam-engine. Since then the invention has served as the model for countless later engines. But Watt had not yet finished—out of his extraordinarily prolific mind he devised a micrometer, a marine screw-propeller, a copying-press, new surveying instruments and many other inventions.
THERE NAMES MADE WORDS

Sandwich

John Montagu 4th Earl of Sandwich (1718-1792)

John Montagu succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Sandwich in 1730. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and took his seat in the House of Lords in 1739 as a follower of the Powerful Duke of Bedford.

His only good action was his encouragement of Captain Cook in his explorations. In 1775, when Cook discovered some islands in the Pacific, he called them the Sandwich Islands, (They are now called Hawaii.)

John Montagu preferred gambling to any other guise and would spend long hours at the card table. One day, he was so busy playing cards at his club, that he did not want to stop for dinner, so he told the waiter to bring him a slice of meat between two slices of bread.

Thanks to the influence of the Duke of Bedford he held many important and well-paid posts. Although he was interested in none of them, he was first used of the Admiralty from 1773 to 1782. While the American War of Independence was being fought, and it was partly due to his bad administration that Britain lost the war.

Never before had the Royal Navy been so many ships taken, stores stolen, sails sent to war (unaccountably) and without enough ammunition, food or stores. The Royal George sank in the Mediterranean with heavy losses of life, because a great piece of her bottom fell out.
SON OF A FARMER, WHO SACRIFICED ALL TO EDUCATE HIM, VINCENT DE PAUL, WAS A YOUNG PRIEST WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED BY BARBARY PIRATES AND SOLD AS A SLAVE IN TUNIS.

THERE HE RE-CONVERTED HIS REMIGARDE ITALIAN MASTER AND HIS THREE MESSMATES, AND TOGETHER THEY ESCAPED TO FRANCE. THEN PENNED AND ALONE VINCENT MADE FOR PARIS.

THE SIGHT OF THE REGGARS — THERE WERE FOUR THOUSAND IN PARIS — MOVED HIM DEEPLY AND HE SET TO WORK TO HELP THEM IN THE CHARITY HOSPITAL.

NIGHT AND DAY HE SLAVED TO FEED AND CLOTHE HIS TRAMPS, REGGARS AND FOUNDLINGS, FINDING HIS RICH PATRONS POOR SOCIAL WORKERS. HE CAUSED UNTALED COUNTRY GIRLS, LATER WORKING FROM THEM THE FAMOUS ‘SISTERS OF CHARITY’.

A PLAGUE AMONG THE KING’S GALLEY SLAVES TOOK MEN TO MARSEILLE — HE HAD ONCE BEEN A SLAVE HIMSELF AND HE NEVER FORGOT IT. IN INDESCRIBABLE CONDITIONS HE Fought TO ESTABLISH A HOSPITAL THERE.

BEFORE HE DIED, THIS BRILLIANT PEASANT, WHO LOVED THE POOR AND REJECTED LUXURY, HAD ACHIEVED IMMORTAL PACE AS THE MAN WHO DARED TO CHALLENGE THE GLARING EVILS OF HIS DAY. HE BUILT ON SOLID FOUNDATIONS AND HIS GREAT WORK HAS LIVED ON.

THE HUMBLE, HARD-WORKING MONSIEUR VINCENT STRATED FINDING GREAT FAVOUR AT COURT, PREACHING LOVE FOR ALL MEN, HE MADE THE RICH GIVE MONEY TO HELP HIM TRAIN YOUNG PRIESTS — LAZARITES — TO SERVE THE POOR.
Etienne de Silhouette (1709-1767)

Silhouette was born at Limoges, in France, of well-to-do but not noble parents. He travelled widely when he was young, both through France and in other European countries.

He visited England and studied the way in which the finances of the country were organized. On his return to France King Louis XV made him Minister of Finance. Silhouette decided to put into practice in France what he had learnt in England.

At that time the French nobles were practically exempt from taxation, which consequently fell very heavily on the middle and lower classes. This meant that very great wealth was contrasted with the most extreme poverty. Silhouette decided that the nobles must be taxed for the sake of the poor.

The nobles were furiously indignant and demanded that King Louis dismiss Silhouette from office. They said scornfully that the new taxes would reduce them to such a low level that they would be mere "silhouettes" of what they were before, the king gave in and Silhouette went.

After Silhouette's financial reforms went from bad to worse until the poor had nothing to lose. On July 14th, 1789, they stormed the Bastille Prison in Paris and so began the French Revolution. If Silhouette had been allowed to put his reforms through, the French Revolution might never have happened.

In Silhouette's time people had portraits in black made of them-selves. The word "silhouette" had passed into popular use for something resembling its simplest forms and so it was used for these portraits. From this it came to mean anything seen against the light.
MEN WHO DARED

John MacArthur

SON OF A SCOTS JACHER, JOHN MACARTHUR WAS, IN 1799, CAUGHT IN AUSTRALIA AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE. HE TOOK UP THE DUTIES OF A LIEUTENANT IN THE ROYAL NAVY. HIS DUTIES INCLUDED THE CARE OF DEPORTED CONVICTS. HE TOOK THE FIRST PLOUGH TO REACH THE COUNTRY.

TOLD BY M.R. BUNNETT DRAWN BY PATRICK WILLIAMS

BRIGADIER MACARTHUR USED THE PLOUGH HIMSELF, RABINV A GRANT OF LAND NEAR PARRAMATTA, THE PARM, NAMED AFTER HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH, DEVELOPED RAPIDLY. BUT THREE YEARS LATER, HE COLONIZED HIS OWN LAND, WITHEY. HE TOOK A DUTY AS A COLONIAL MARSHAL, TO VINDICATE HIMSELF. MACARTHUR RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION.

FEELING THAT HE COULD INCOURAGE THE COUNTRY BY LEARNING, HE RETURNED TO ENGLAND FOR A VISIT, WHERE HE ACQUIRED HIS OWN LAND IN NEW SOUTH WALES AND GAVE HIS TWO COWS AND THREE CAME TO TAKE BACK.

BY 1830 THERE WERE 500,000 SHEEP IN AUSTRALIA, ALMOST ALL OF THEM TAKEN FROM THE PLAINS TO THE FIELDS. THE FIRST VINES AND OLIVE TREES SURE THAT GOOD WOULD COME OF THESE 'WINE AND OLIVE' INDUSTRIES. MACARTHUR'S VINEYARDS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE.

THROUGH HIS EFFORTS, AUSTRALIA'S GREAT SHEEP FARMING AND VINE-GROWING INDUSTRIES GREW INTO LARGE, PROFITABLE ENTERPRISES. MACARTHUR'S DARING INNOVATIONS.
The first man to discover how to prevent smallpox was Edward Jenner, an English country doctor. This was in 1796. At that time smallpox was a disease killing and disfiguring many millions every year.

It was a young milkmaid who first drew Jenner’s attention to a possible defence against the disease. He heard her say: “I cannot take smallpox for I have had cow-pox.”

Jenner was then only a medical student but he never forgot the remark. Was it true that a person who’d had cow-pox could never catch smallpox? He lived in the Gloucestershire countryside and often heard other peasants tell the same story.

The London doctors were not impressed when Jenner later described the matter to them. He was only a little country doctor, they said.

Jenner was not discouraged. He saw that he would have to have definite proof of what might only be a real country superstition. The great test was made on a healthy eight-year-old boy named James Phipps. He was at first inoculated with cow-pox, later he was exposed to smallpox. For a little while the result was in doubt. Would little James Phipps contract the dread disease or would Jenner’s theory be, indeed, correct?

It was a period of anxious tension. But finally the result was certain. James Phipps remained every bit as healthy as before. Jenner’s inoculation of cow-pox, or vaccination, as it came to be called, had made him invulnerable to smallpox.

For many years May 14, 1796—the day of the vaccination of Phipps—was celebrated every year in honour of the great discovery. But before this happened, much opposition had to be fought and Jenner had to struggle with all his energy to spread the boon of vaccination throughout the world. He has his reward. His name will live for ever.
**THEIR NAMES MADE WORDS**

**Tram**

*Benjamin Outram (1764-1803)*

Benjamin Outram was born at Alfreton in Derbyshire. He was called Benjamin after Benjamin Franklin, the great American scientist and statesman, who was a friend of his father. Outram was trained as a civil engineer.

He soon made a success of his calling and was greatly in demand for the construction of roads and canals in different parts of the country. He was also responsible for the construction of an aqueduct over the Mersey at Chapel-en-le-Fryth.

His work led him to take an interest in the best method of moving away the heavy load from the constructions. Work was often slowed down, and even stopped in bad weather, because the wagons could not move the earth away fast enough.

His interest was increased when his help was sought at a quarry. Quarry owners had used flat surfaces of wood on which to run their horse-drawn wagons for many years. But these had never proved really satisfactory. They wore out quickly and wagons often skidded off them.

Outram saw that the answer was to lay rails, which would stop these things happening. He had iron rails made with an upright post to stop the wagon wheels sliding off the track. These became known as “Outram-ways” and were widely adopted throughout the country.

He did not soon drop the idea that iron horses became known as trains. He thought of them as a short step to calling the vehicles for men, and them “trams,” a name which has been used for them ever since. Trams in London have now been replaced by trolley-buses, but they are still used elsewhere.
The first man to become involved in the abolition of the slave trade was William Wilberforce. He was born in 1759 in Hull. His family were wealthy and young Wilberforce had all the advantages of his position. He went to Cambridge University and soon won a reputation for his oratory. He had a fine voice and used to entertain his guests with his songs.

When he left Cambridge, he settled in London and was soon elected to Parliament as member for Hull. This was in 1780. The capital welcomed the wealthy young man. He was witty and charming. At the exclusive gaming-tables in London, Wilberforce was a frequent visitor. Amongst his friends were the political leaders Fox and Pitt and the famous dramatist Richard Sheridan.

But in 1784 a great change came over Wilberforce. After a tour of Europe, during which he was accompanied by a staggeringly tall man, Miller, and after much study of the Bible, Wilberforce formed the resolve to devote his life to good works. Above all, he aimed at ending the trade in slaves between West Africa and the Southern States of America and the West Indies. Beneath a tree in Pitt’s country estate near Bromley in Kent, Wilberforce set himself the task of his life.

From that moment he would become the champion of the slaves. He spoke in Parliament against the slave trade. He formed organisations throughout the country to gain support for the campaign. Again and again Wilberforce introduced motions in Parliament denouncing the slave trade, but he failed on every occasion. It was not until 1807 that his efforts met with success. By 265 votes to 16 the slave-trade was abolished.

Wilberforce himself was overwhelmed by emotion. His last triumph came in 1833 when Parliament passed a law freeing the slaves on the plantations. Soon afterwards Wilberforce died.
ONE DAY IN 1814, A NEWCASTLE CLERGYMAN, THE REV.
JOHN HODGSON, SET OUT FOR A NEARBY COAL MINE TO
EXAMINE LIFE ON A FRIEND’S INVENTION. IN HIS HAND
HE CARRIED THE SAFETY LAMP DESIGNED BY SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

AS HE WENT DOWN THE MINE, HE REALISED THE GREAT
RISK HE WAS ranING. IT HAD NEVER BEEN PROVED THAT SIR
HUMPHREY’S LAMP WAS, IN FACT, SAFE. THIS WAS THE
FIRST TEST IN AN ACTUAL, GAS-FILLED MINE.

HE KNEW WELL
THAT A FLAME IN THE LAMP WOULD COST HIM HIS
LIFE AND YET HE HAD SO MUCH
FAITH IN HIS FRIENDS’ INVENTION THAT
HE FACED THE DANGER WITHOUT
A TSKNOW. ONLY WHEN HE REALISED
THAT HE SHOULD HAVE HAD
THE MINERS OUT OF THE PIT BEFORE
EXPERIMENTING DID HE HAVE ANY MUSINGS.

PUT THAT LIGHT OUT! YELLED THE TERRIFIED
MINERS AS HE PASSED. “QUICK, BEFORE WE’RE
ALL BURNING TO PIECES,” BUT THE CLERGYMAN
WENT CALMLY ON.

THE FLAMING GAS WAS BURNING ROUND
THE FLAME INSIDE THE LAMP GAUGE
CHAMBER— BUT AS SIR HUMPHREY
HAD SAID, NO FLAME ESCAPED TO IGNITE
THE GAS OUTSIDE. AS THE MINERS REALISED
THEIR CRISIS SLOWLY DIED AWAY AND THEY RETURNED WORKING, RELIEVED
AND AMAZED. SO BEGAN A NEW ERA IN
COALMINING BUT IT TOOK MANY INVENTING
NEW, AND ANOTHERS COOL EARRING.
Charles Macintosh (1766-1843),

Charles Macintosh was born in Glasgow when he left school, his father placed him in the office of a merchant in the city, but his heart was in science, and in 1786 he left the office and started on a life of discovery in science.

In partnership with a man named Thomas Hancock, he formed a company to sell "Macintoshes". The early ones were not very successful, in hot weather the material became smelly and sticky and in cold weather it lost its elasticity and became stiff and rigid.

Macintosh did not become really satisfactory until Goodyear, in America, found a way of using the waste materials of the gasworks. This was a way of making fabric waterproof by using the by-products of the gasworks. In 1831 he took out a patent for "Macintosh" caps and cloaks.

Mackintosh was a way of making fabric waterproof by cementing two thin layers together with India-rubber dissolved in naphtha, which is one of the by-products of making tar. He used India-rubber, a new way of making steel, and methods of using the waste products of gasworks. The gasworks method directly to his most famous invention.

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From then on, the "Macintosh" became more and more popular. The name Mackintosh is now used on any waterproof garment. The name of the man, Mackintosh, is always remembered.
MEN WHO DARED

Father Damien

FATHER DAMIEN WAS A YOUNG MISSIONARY IN HAWAII WHEN A DECREED APPEARED BANISHING ALL LEPROS TO MOULAI, A DESERTED ISLAND AND A NATURAL ISLAND FROM WHICH none returned. He resolved to get there somehow and help the poor creatures.

At last obtaining permission, he sailed to Moulai. The living grave—well knowing the awful danger he faced — long drawn suffering, with eventually certain death.

He found the island, through a wilderness. The lepers, with no hope, living in squalor and misery — The lack of food, water and clothing, drink was their only solace. Out of 2,000 who had been sent there, only eight women survived.

Hoping Father Damien set to work, thanking God for his strength and energy, this son of Flemish peasants, earth-hut found water, obtained fire for it washed and dressed the lepers' wounds, fought the authorities for food, clothes and bandages and built a hospital, a church.

Robert Louis Stevenson called Moulai, a hell to dwell in — the wretched conditions would have broken any man's spirit, but Father Damien laboured on quietly, heroically, until.

After twelve years, there he knew that he, too, was a leper, with the kind of courage that only learns more from suffering, he laboured with four more years of the disease spreading, dying, he was asked for a message for a certain Prelate, he sent his thanks for sending him to Moulai.
THEIR NAMES MADE WORDS

Macadam

John Loudon McAdam (1756-1836)

In 1776, when he was fourteen, John Loudon McAdam went to New York, to work in the country. McAdam was apprenticed to an uncle. Thirteen years later he came back to England a rich man, having made a fortune by buying and selling property.

He then put down thin layers of broken stones on the surface of roads, and gave them to the country. The stones had to be nearly spherical, and McAdam's method of laying them was very simple: he used a roller to press the stones down.
THE YEARS 1805 TO 1815 WERE TROUBLED TIMES FOR ENGLAND AND THE CROWN. IN A SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SURVIVED ALL EUROPE TO HIS WILL. IN 1805, NAPOLEON'S LAST孤LO AGAINST THE INVADE, EXPECTING TO WIN AT ANY MOMENT. MASTED TOWERS WERE BUILT, WE LINED THE COAST WITH GUARDS AND CLOSE-UPS—AND WAITED.

NAPOLEON KEPT AN ARMY SEASONED NEAR BONAPARTE IF HE COULD GET HIS SOLDIERS ACROSS THE CHANNEL. HE FELL BARE OF VICTORY. HE HAD PROVED HIMSELF ALMOST UNBEATABLE ON LAND. BUT THE BRITISH NAVY HELD THE OCEAN. NAPOLEON WAITED FOR HIS OWN FLStEAM TO REACH BAYSWATER AND FERRY HIS FORCES TO ENGLAND.

BUT HORATIO NELSON, MOST FAMOUS OF IF ALL ADVISERS, WAS DETERMINED TO STOP NAPOLEON. HE AND HIS COMMANDERS—FIRST TWO SHIPS' CAPTAIN—HE CALLED THEM—SURE NAPOLEON AH SHOULDN'T SMASH IT UP OFF CEP TRAFALGAR. SO ENDED NAPOLEON'S HOPES OF CONQUERING ENGLISH. NELSON, HIS BACK BROKEN BY A BULLET, DIED IN THE FIGHTING.

TRAFFALGAR CHECKED NAPOLEON, BUT HE REMAINED A MENACE. HE HAD STILL TO BE DEFENDED ON LAND. ENGLAND HAD BEEN IN ORDER AND DARNING GROUND AND ALLIES. IN 1805, NAPOLEON WAS FINALLY DEFEATED BY WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO. ONCE AGAIN NAPOLEON HAD SECURED HIS LIBERTY BY HIS OWN EFFORTS.

AD THE EAGLE OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH II MAKES ITS TRIUMPHAL WAY THROUGH LONDON ON JUNE 21, IT WILL PASS THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE, RIGHT BY NELSON'S COLUMN. THIS WILL HELP TO REMIND US ON THAT DAY OF WHAT NELSON AND OTHERS LIKE HIM HAVE DONE TO KEEP BRITAIN INDEPENDENT THROUGH THE YEARS.

THERE NAMES MADE WORDS

**Morse**

**Samuel Morse**

Samuel Morse was born in America and educated at Yale University. For the first forty years of his life he was almost entirely occupied with the study of music, but in 1832, when the telegraph was invented, he turned his attention to a new science of electricity. He was deeply interested in electricity and had an inspiration.

In 1832, he was returning to the United States in a packet-boat when the conversation turned to the telegraph. Having read about the previous experiments, he decided to challenge them. He believed that the telegraph could revolutionize communication.

It took him four years to make one that worked. He used a pencil, fitted to a key, which was connected to a battery, and could send and receive messages over a distance of a mile. His first complete electrical circuit was completed in 1837.

He then presented letters in the now-famous Morse code.

It was not until 1846—eight years later—that a friend of Morse discovered that messages could be received, by sound alone, and that the men and women of the world could send and receive messages much more quickly. Morse was awarded the honour of having his name inscribed in history.

Morse was rewarded by being made Superintendent of Telegraphs for the United States Government. He still used wires in these days of wireless telegraphy. Morse's telegraph was the only one that worked, and it was used for sending and receiving Morse at high speed. The message in the picture reads: ' suing to Eagle Readers'.

He saw that Parady's discovery meant that signals could be received at a distance and that the telegraph could change communication. He began to plan an electric telegraph.
THEIR NAMES MADE WORDS

Cardigan

James Thomas Bridgeman
7th Earl of Cardigan (1797-1868)

In 1854 the Crimean War with Russia broke out
and Lord Cardigan went out with the army in
command of a cavalry brigade.

His brother officers voted him
for entering his way over their heads,
and his fierce temper did not make things easy.
In 1806 he murdered one of his
officers in a duel. On Wimbledon
Common, dueling was illegal, so
Lord Cardigan was arrested
and tried in the锗et of the
brigade. He was found
guilty on a technical point.

At the Battle of Balaklava on
October 25, 1854, a message from
officers led to the famous charge of
the Light Brigade. Lord Cardigan,
commanding in front of his men,
led them in the deadly attack on
the heavily defended Russian batteries.

Writing in the Crimean War
in 1854, he said that
it was said the
Light Brigade
General fought
him—generals over
and Foy leading our troops
wrapped them in
their coats and
when his coat was
as "Balaklava helmets,"
still in use today.

Lord Cardigan
invented for
his own use
against the
cold the
he described
as a large
moisson over
wristcoat.

They ordered
what they
called
"Cardigans"
after him.
SIR CHARLES BRIGHT

The first man to lay an electric cable across the Atlantic linking England and America was Sir Charles Bright. This was in 1858. Charles Bright made his first attempt in 1857. The ships used were the husslehip H.M.S. Agamemnon and the U.S. Frigate Niagara. Each carried half the length of cable. The plan was for one ship to lay half the cable as far as the middle of the Atlantic, and for the second ship to continue to America with the remainder. They set sail from Victoria, off the Irish coast. All went well for five days. Suddenly the cable snapped and the tow end vanished into the depths.

At that time no grappling gear existed which could reclaim a cable from 2,000 fathoms. Bright continued to press his idea. New gear was devised and in spite of great opposition, vast sums of money were found and operations began again. This time the two ships were directed to sail first to the middle of the Atlantic. The idea was to pay out the cable in opposite directions - one ship carrying on to America and the second returning to England. Again the attempt was ill-fated and continuous storms forced them to return.

At the third try Bright was successful and England and America were linked by cable. Queen Victoria sent the first message to which James Buchanan, the President of the U.S.A., replied. Charles Bright was knighted; a great dream had been realised. The Old World was linked with the New.
It couldn’t happen ... but it did!

They hid a house

Somewhere in the Southern States of the U.S.A. stands a large mansion which was once hidden from the Yankee army. But no one knows where it is, because as soon as the danger was past it was un-hidden again.

It was during the Civil War. In 1864, General Sherman’s army was approaching, and once the men of the family were away from home, fighting for the Confederacy against Sherman, it seemed certain that the house would be looted and burned. With only children and slaves to help them, the owners of the family felt that the only thing to do was to try to move the silver in the bed of a brook and the valuable paintings under leaves in the woods, and remain themselves to have their home gutted. Then one of them decided that it would be worth while trying to hide the big house itself. She had a long – the house owners were only a day’s march away.

You couldn’t see the house as you passed along the road, but you couldn’t miss the huge gates with massive pillars at the end of the drive. You’d only to ride up close and look through, and the house would be in sight. The problem seemed insoluble.

But it was solved; and Sherman’s men rode past this impressive gateway with hardly a glance. Why should they bother about a cemetery? The people on that estate, men, women, children and slaves, had cheated for the week of the previous 24 hours, hearing up thunderous from a nearby Churchyard, dragging them along to the laws that could be seen through the gates, and arranging them in neat rows, each grave with its mound, and some with Buttons and swords. The poor people, as soon as the battle had passed on, everything was restored to its former condition so carefully that even a close examination wouldn’t have revealed that a house had been hidden at all.

It couldn’t happen, of course. It’s one of those things that someone might think of, but they couldn’t do it; and if they did, it wouldn’t come off. But it had! And the man who told the story, years afterwards, was none other than General Sherman.
The first man to... make surgery into a science was Joseph Lister, a young English doctor. He began his career in Glasgow Hospital in 1860 and was soon horrified at the conditions he found there. Almost none of the patients ever recovered from the operations they underwent. All acceded to the rough treatment they received. It moved to Lister that even the slightest of wounds or operations was certain to bring on death. He determined to do all he could to remedy this shocking state of affairs.

He soon noticed one strange thing: many more of the patients died if their wounds were open to the air than if the skin was not broken. From this he concluded that there must be something in the air itself that did all the harm. For if the air had no chance of getting to the wound, then the patient had a much better chance of surviving. But what could that something be? The mystery of why air, so essential to health, should at the same time be so dangerous, tantalized Lister for a long time.

Then one day he heard of Pasteur's theory that there were poisonous microbes in the air causing, for example, milk to go sour.

In a flash Lister saw that the same applied to the human body. The air, or rather the microbes in it, could attack that too, and cause the flesh to die.

But Lister had not yet completely solved his problem. How could he kill the microbes before they had a chance to do their deadly work? Finally, in 1864, he discovered an answer— carbolic acid, the first germicide.

His fellow doctors scoffed at him, until one day Lister had the final proof of his theory. In the Glasgow hospital two watch stood side by side, only ten feet apart. In one, all the patients died of blood poisoning. In the other, Lister's ward, they all remained alive. Since that day, anyone who has ever been in a hospital has reason to thank young Joseph Lister.
NO MAN HAD EVER CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN WHEN A YOUNG ENGLISH MAN, EDWARD WHYMPER, FIRST SAW THE PEAK. HE DETERMINED TO BE THE FIRST. NOTES MADE BY HIS GUIDE SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. ON HIS FIRST ATTEMPT HE HAD TO RETURN WHEN HIS GUIDE REFUSED TO FOLLOW.

IN 1865, AFTER SEVEN ATTEMPTS, WHYMPER AND HIS GUIDE REACHED THE SADDLE OF THE MOUNTAIN. THE GUIDE HAD GOTTEN SICK FROM FEAR OF DEATH AND FELL AND DIED. WHYMPER WENT ON ALONE AND REACHED THE SADDLE. HE FITTED HIS SHOES AND CABLES AND KNEW THEY WERE RIGHT. ON THE 18TH OF JUNE, WHYMPER'S PARTY REACHED THE SUMMIT. THE GUIDE'S BLUE SHIRT WAS FLOWN AS A FLAG. THE SEVEN MEN REACHED THE PEAK OF THE MOUNTAIN. THEY STOOD TOGETHER, MOUNTAIN BILL, BILL BONE, BILL BONE, BILL BONE, BILL BONE, MILLER, AND MILLER. MILLER'S SAD DEATH HAD BEEN THE ENDING OF THE DREAM. BUT WHYMPER HAD DARED TO CHALLENGE....

DRAWN AND TOLD BY PATRICK WILLIAMS

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Samuel Plimsoll (1824-1898)

After working for some years in an office, Samuel Plimsoll decided in 1852 to set up his own as a coal merchant in London. He failed at first and was reduced to complete poverty.

For a time, he lived on a cow that he had bought for a few pence. He had to do everything for himself, from getting coal to selling it. He died in poverty and was buried in a poor man's grave.

A "Lyttelton" was the seaman's name for an old, leaky vessel which had been sent to sea heavily loaded. The crew were sure they would die either at sea or in the hold and they often mutinied. The crew was often paid in kind, such as grog or tobacco.

IT TOOK PLIMSOLL EIGHT YEARS TO GET AN ACT PASSED PROVIDING THAT NO SHIP SHOULD BE LAUNCHED SO THAT IT SANK BOW DOWNSHIFTED WITH THE numérique. IT LOST THE USE OF ITS WARNING SYSTEMS AND ITS PROTECTIVE FEATURES, AND ITS SEAMEN CAME IN Contact WITH THE RIVER, CALLED THE SEAMAN'S NATIONAL VILLAGE AND SHOOK HIM AT THE SPEAKER.

He became Liberal M.P. for Derby in 1880 and took up in Parliament the cause of those who sailed in "Coffin Ships".

The line through the circle is the general line below which a ship may not go. It is based on the density of water, which changes according to its temperature and saltiness. A ship may be made heavier by loading it with cargo or by watering it. It may also be made lighter by removing cargo or by discharging it.

Variations allowed: T = TUNA, W = WINTER, A = ATLANTIC, M = MEDITERRANEAN, L = INLAND, F = FRESHWATER, T = TROPICAL, R = RESERVOIR.
Sir HENRY MORTON STANLEY

The first man to conquer the African jungle and open up the Dark Continent to Europeans was Sir Henry Morton Stanley. He was born in Wales in 1841, the son of very poor parents. After running away from school and a variety of jobs, Stanley set out on the first of his many travels overseas. In 1869 he sailed to New Orleans as a cabin-boy. Then his adventures began. He took part in the American Civil War, returned to Wales, took to the sea again, was shipwrecked and finally became a wandering journalist.

He reported expeditions against the Red Indians in North America and against the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia. The first of his famous African quests was the search for Livingstone, the British missionary and explorer, whose continued silence had led the world to think he had died in the jungle. But Stanley discovered Livingstone at the little village of Ujiji in East Africa, at once becoming world-famous. Stanley made a second trip and discovered the whole course of the Congo River, previously never before traversed by a white man. On one occasion, his party was charged by a herd of wild buffalos. Ten years later Stanley led an expedition to help found a British Protectorate in East Equatorial Africa. He landed at Zanzibar and moved north in the direction of Lake Albert, Nyasa. The journey was the most dreadful of all Stanley’s experience. For five and a half months the party had to hack its way through jungle and forest. Food ran short, there were fights with hostile tribes, the native bearers threatened mutiny. In the end, only 246 men remained alive out of 446, with whom Stanley had first entered the jungle. But Stanley and the survivors, despite all their sacrifices, had the satisfaction of knowing that they had played a vital part in founding the British Protectorate in East Africa.
CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB

The first man to swim the Channel was Captain Matthew Webb. It was on August 12, 1875 that he made his first attempt. He wore an ordinary swimming costume and used the usual strokes. But after nine miles, he had to give up. Nothing daunted, twelve days later, Webb made his second attempt. At noon he dived off Dover Pier and set out for the coast of France. His body was covered in fishnet, but this was the only artificial aid he had. Friends and journalists accompanied him in a small yawl. Yet, throughout the whole afternoon and the following night, the people in the yawl fed him with strong coffee and beef tea. Webb tired faster while the liquid was poured down his throat.

At dawn next day the French coast loomed on the horizon. Webb renewed his efforts, for the twenty hours that he had already spent in the water were beginning to tax even his strong physique. But just off Cape Gris Nez the weather suddenly became very choppy. Webb was now almost at his last gasp. He struggled gamely on, until finally, at a quarter to eleven, he entered Calais Harbour. He had been in the water for nineteen hours and had covered forty miles altogether.

Eight years later, in 1883, Webb gave further proof of his indomitable courage. He determined to swim across the Niagara Rapids. He was warned that this was far more dangerous than the Channel. But he stuck to his vision of being among the first man to conquer the depths. This time, however, he had overestimated his strength. After eight minutes among the eddies and cross-currents, watchers from the shore saw him throw up his arms in despair. His body has never been recovered. But his name lives on as an example of endurance and courage.
**THEIR NAMES MADE WORDS**

**Charles Cunningham Boycott**

CHARLES BOYCOTT WAS EDUCATED AT BLACKHEATH AND AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WOOLwich. HE JOINED THE ARMY AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN AND AFTER SEVERAL YEARS WAS PROMOTED WITH THE RANK OF CAPTAIN. IN 1873 HE WAS INVITED TO MEET LORD ERNE.

WHICH LAND IN IRELAND WAS THEN OWNED BY ENGLISH- OWNED LANDOWNERS. NO LANDOWNER CALLED BOYCOTT WAS TOLD BY LORD ERNE TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST THEM. THIS MEANT TURNING THEM OUT OF THEIR HOUSES INTO THE STREET. THE LEAGUE DECIDED TO ORGANIZE THE PEOPLE AGAINST HIM AND TO FREEZE HIM OUT.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT WAS SHUNNED COMPLETELY. PEOPLE REFUSED TO SELL TO HIM. NO ONE WOULD SPEAK TO HIM. NO ONE WOULD SERVE HIM IN A SHOP. HIS SERVANTS ALL LEFT AND NO ONE WOULD WORK FOR HIM. IN THE END HE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE IRELAND.

WHICH LAND IN IRELAND WAS THEN OWNED BY ENGLISH- OWNED LANDOWNERS AS THEY WERE CALLED. HE ASKED CAPTAIN BOYCOTT TO BE HIS LAND AGENT AND TO COLLECT RENT. THE LEAGUE DECIDED TO BOYCOTT THE CAPTAIN. BOYCOTT ACCEPTED AND SANK IN IRELAND.

**Home Rule for Ireland**

AT THAT TIME THERE WAS A STRONG AGITATION FOR HOME RULE IN IRELAND. FOR ITS OWN PARLIAMENT. THE IRELAND LEAGUE WAS FORMED IN 1879. ITS AIM WAS TO PROTEST AT THE ABSENCE OF LANDOWNERS. UNTIL IRELAND HAD HOME RULE THE LEAGUE GREW RAPIDLY IN NUMBERS, BECOMING VERY POWERFUL.

CHEERING CROWDS SAW HIM OFF — THE PETITION THAT HAD BEEN TAKEN OF HIM FOR WEEKS! THE LAND LEAGUE DECIDED TO DO THE SAME THING TO OTHER AGENTS, AND SO THE PHRASE "BOYCOTT" (SHUNNING) CAME TO BE USED PRIMERED INTO EVERYDAY USE AND NOW 1s USED IN MANY EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.
SEVENTY YEARS AGO CENTRAL ASIA WAS A LAND OF MYSTERY AND PERIL. MAP-MAKERS WERE AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES, IF NOT IMPRISIONED... OR EVEN KILLED.

BUT MANY INDIANS TRAINED BY BRITISH SURVEYORS WERE WILLING TO RISK THEIR ALL TO DISCOVER THE LAND OF MYSTERY.

HE SET OUT IN 1815 GOING NORTH INTO UBANGAN TIBET.

A DAY'S RIDE AWAY MONGOLIA OVER MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS.

DISGUISED AS A MERCHANT, AND CARRYING HIS INSTRUMENTS AND NOTEBOOKS IN THE FOLDS OF HIS GARMENTS, HE COUNTED HIS STEPS AS HE WALKED TO CHECK DISTANCES. WHEN HE RODE HE MADE A POINT OF COUNTING HIS MOUNT'S PACE.

HE REACHED BIRGANBUT THE STRAIN OF HIS JOURNEY HAD BROKEN THE HEART OF HIS MOUNT.

BUT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HONOURED HIM WITH A LITTLE TOKEN, AND KISHEN SINGH HAD GIVEN ALL TO DO HIS JOB WELL.

LONG NOT GIVEN UP FOR LOST, HE MET UP WITH KISHEN SINGH. IN 1820 NEARLY FIVE YEARS AFTER HEARING OF HIS MISFORTUNE, A WANDERING PRIEST AND THEY SET HIM FREE.

KISHEN SINGH STOLE ALL HIS QUANTAS, SO HE BECAME A TAX-Driver for A LIVING, MEASURING AND TESTING STILTS, AT GREAT PERIL.

HE RELATED THEIR STORIES FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, IMPRISONED AS A SPY. HE CONVIOCTED HIS CAPTORS THAT HE WAS A WANDERING PRIEST...
MEN WHO DARED

Sir Henry Rawlinson

AT ONE POINT RAWLINSON HAD TO CARRY A LADDER ACROSS A CANYON BETWEEN TWO EIGHTEEN INCH ROCK LEDGES. THE LADDER BROKE IN HALF AND HE WAS LEFT HANGING IN SPACE. HAND OVER HAND HE WORKED HIS WAY BACK TO THE TOP, THEN RUSHED FORWARD TO FIND THE TERRORISED NATIVE BEHIND STEADED THE REMAINS OF THE LADDER.

TO REACH THE TOPMOST PEAK OF HIS MISSION HE STOOD ON THE HIGHEST RUNG OF A LADDER PlACED ON THE Ledge AND RUNNING STRAIGHT TO THE CLIFF FACE. THIS SUITABLE LADDER WOULD HAVE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH, BUT HIS CHANCE EVICTION TO SAVE THE TWO THOUGHT YOUNG OFFICERS, THE MERRY MYSTERIES OF THE LEGEND OF CAINUS.

PART OF THE COPY OF THE INSCRIPTION

AND IN THE END HE SUCCESSFULLY DISTILLED HIGH RESOLVED IN THE READING OF THIS FORGOTTEN PLACARD. AT LAST, TURNING EVERYWHERE, HE WAS ABLE TO READ THE ANCIENT IMPORTANCE OF THE REMARKABLE MESSAGES AND OF THE JACO OF PERSIA — SIR HENRY RAWLINSON BART.

THEN ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, HENRY RAWLINSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER, SET OUT TO DESCEND THE STRANGE INSCRIPTIONS, THINKING THEM MERELY IRONIC OR GREEK ORIGIN. BUT HE COULD NOT BELIEVE THE CLIFF CLIFF COMING DOWN WITH HIS FINGERS AT TEN, FINGERED THE KOPING HEAD EVERY MOMENT.
Sir RONALD ROSS

The first man... to discover in Anophelus, a member of the mosquito family, the source of malaria, thereby helping to make the tropical war for man, was Ronald Ross. This was the triumphant climax to many years of exhausting and dangerous work. For malaria was at one time a dreaded disease which every year killed millions of people in the tropics.

Ronald Ross, who later became Sir Ronald Ross, was at first an officer in the Indian Medical Service which he joined in 1881. His efforts were all directed to ridding the Asian part of this scourge of malaria. The rest had tried before him and achieved partial success.

Ross examined the blood of patients suffering from malaria and discovered that the causative agent, the sporozoite, was present in the blood of infected individuals. He then proceeded to infect healthy volunteers with the infected blood, proving that the sporozoite was the causative agent of malaria.

Then his microscope revealed to Ross one unusual feature in the new specimen. Each of its stomach cells contained a number of small granules, looking like innumerable small black dots. These he found later to be the actual malaria, carrying granules. When he observed them the next day, they had almost doubled in size. The path of the germ was followed from the stomach of the Anophelus mosquito to its proboscis, or nose. From there the germ was injected into the victim.

But now that Ronald Ross had identified the carrier of the malaria germ, its reign of terror was almost over. Thanks to one man’s perseverance, millions of lives were to be saved.
ON NOV 17TH 1940, WHEN WINSTON CHURCHILL, THEN AGE 70, WAS ON DUTY AS COMMISSIONER FOR THE NORTH FRONT, AN ARMoured-SCOUT TRAIN ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT, WAS ATTACKED AND TWO SOLDIERS WERE KILLED. THE TRAIN WAS HAVING TO AVOID A HILL WHERE THE GERMAN LINES WERE, AND THE ENEMY HIT IT. ONE OF THE SOLDIERS WAS KILLED AND THE OTHER WAS INJURED. THE TRAIN STOPPED AND THE PASSENGERS WERE INJURED.

STORY BY GUTI
HORAN DADD
BY P. NEVIN

I'M GOING TO CHANCE IT "WHILE BOTH THE SENTRIES WERE TURNS.


IT'S A WASTE OF TIME! I HAD TO GET AWAY DISGUISED AS A WOMAN.

YOU'RE WRONG!

THE BOOS HAD 3 DOG POUCHES AND 4 LUGGAGE PIECES, ALL DESTINED FOR THE CONGO. THE BOOS CAME DOWN A HILL AND JUMPED INTO THE TRAIN, WHICH WAS TAKEN TO A TRAIN STATION. THE POLICE SEARCHED THE TRAIN AND FOUND THE MAN HIDDEN UNDER THE COAL SACKS.

...THE POLICE ACTUALLY SEARCHED UNDER THE TARPAULIN OF HIS TRUCK, BUT DID NOT LOOK DEEP ENOUGH. THE BRITISH CONSUL STUCK HIM ON THE SHIP FOR A STOWER, FROM ONE OF THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR.
MEN WHO DARED

Reed's Heroes

In the hot summer of that year, an American scientist, Louis Reed, with three volunteers arrived in Ceylon to treat the disease — yellow fever. The disease spread rapidly, and the local doctors were unable to treat it.

So the insecticides were invented, covering areas attacked by drainage and spraying — and the fever vanished. Major Reed and his team had not saved the world, but they had saved thousands of lives.

Their sacrifice made such achievements possible at the Panama Canal, through which had been a feverでも.

Atlantic

[Further text not visible]
heroes of the clouds

If we’ve seen now men have built a plane in which they could fly it was only after many experiments. They’ve built a plane in which they could fly but it was only after many experiments that we’ve seen men who could fly it.

The Wright brothers were Americans. They were born in 1867. They were not great inventors but they were interested in flight. They built a glider and they built a plane. They tried to fly but they failed.

In 1903 they built a plane that could fly. They flew it and they came to fame. They were the first men to fly a plane.

We have to focus on a more efficient wing section.

Their plane was very much better than the plane that the Wrights built. They built a plane that could fly but it was only after many experiments that we’ve seen men who could fly it.

All we need now is an engine.
Last week we left the Wright Brothers experimenting with their glider. Now we leave them with an engine and wings of steel. Just experiments.

The Wright Brothers, 17th December 1903

When the Wrights looked around for a suitable place to perform their glider they found an ideal spot in a hilly, wooded area. They built a wind tunnel and tested their design. In 1899, they built a powered glider. By 1902, they had a working prototype.

Only Five T beast up!

So confident were the Wrights of success that the day was set for the actual flight. The finest hour of the century, but only five people thought of it. The spot for the test was at Kill Devil Hill, Kitty Hawk, Inc. The aeroplane was no mere experiment, but a real working prototype. In fact, the Wrights ran their aeroplane for a year before the actual flight. They decided to name it the Wright Flyer.

The Wright Flyer

The Wright Flyer was quite strong, about 6.2 m wide. The machine was only 8.5 m long. However, it was built to withstand rough conditions. The Wrights were so confident of success that they gave a demonstration flight, which included a distance of 132.5 feet. The Wrights had invented the engine of steel years ago and learned flying from their early experiments with the glider.

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WHAT'S HIS NAME?

ON NOVEMBER 29TH, 1867, A BABY WAS BORN. HE WAS EDUCATED AT ETON AND SANDHURST AND JOINED THE ARMY IN 1885. CAN YOU GUESS THE NAME OF THIS WEEK'S PERSONALITY?

DURING THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR (1900–1902), HE WAS A CORRESPONDENT FOR THE "DAILY POST." HE WAS CAPTURED BY THE BOERS, BUT MADE A DARING AND FAMOUS ESCAPE.

ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT, HE BECAME HOME SECRETARY, AND IN 1911 HE WAS PRESENT AT THE BATTLE OF ELDORADO. PICTURED ABOVE, DURING WORLD WAR I, HE WAS FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

HE HAS ALSO WON NAME AS A PAINTER AND HERE, HIS DOG, RUFUS, GUARDS A NEW CANVAS. WHILE HIS MASTER RESTS. HAVE YOU GUESSED HIS NAME YET?

AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR—DURING WHICH HE MADE THE LETTER "F" FAMOUS—HE WROTE HIS MEMOIRS WHICH THE WORLD HAIRED AS A MASTERPIECE.

AT SEVENTY-NINE HE IS STILL AT THE HELM OF THE SHIP OF STATE AND CROWDS ONLY LINE THE STREET OUTSIDE HIS WESTMINSTER HOME, HOPING FOR A GLIMPSE OF HIM. NOW THEN... WHAT'S HIS NAME?

(ANSWER ON PAGE 12.)
The first man to reach the North Pole was the American, Robert Edwin Peary. It was the first time that an explorer followed completely the example of the Eskimos. Peary travelled in winter, as they did. Like them, he also used sledges dragged by harnessed and fooded by huskies. In 1905-06 Peary made his first trip along the coast. In January 1906 he reached the coordinates of the Pole and turned back. In his next expedition, which started in September 1909 his ship arrived off the coast of Greenland. The expedition consisted of five white men, seventeen Eskimos, one Negro and 133 dogs, specially packed for toughness.

They needed every ounce of their strength. It was several hundred miles to the Pole and the journey was across an unbroken wilderness of ice. Peary lived in the constant fear that a gale might blow up suddenly and disturb the even surface of the sea. If this happened, the gay sceptre became impossible; first at the beginning all went well and they covered 25 miles per day. Peary always stayed in the rear of the party to encourage anyone who might lag behind. Ice fell from the sledges and cracked with a loud crash. The bitter wind cracked the skin of their faces. This caused a terrible moment when they had to cross a patch of very thin ice. It was touch and go whether it would support their weight. Sometimes they fell into their sleighs and crawled on all fours over the dangerous.

On April 5, 1909, they were only 35 miles from the Pole. Spurred on by the end of the journey, Peary made better progress than ever before. And the next day he reached his goal. He was exhausted but as soon as he had hoisted the flag of the expedition, he reeled over in his sledge and fell into a deep sleep. When he woke up, he wrote in his diary: "The Pole at last. The price of thirty centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mission at last!"
FOR BRAVERY

The Albert Medal

In the year 18, an Aboriginal native by the name of "Hi-Gorier" had been placed under the care of the Police Benevolent Fund and was sent to the Riverina Police Station, in Australia, by Trooper Jones.

On the way, the Hinton River had to be crossed, but it was in flood. Trooper Jones, on horseback, was holding the reins of the, now prisoner, who entered the water and started to swim in front.

Nearby, refused the invitation of the officer who volunteered, instead, went to the Mounted Policeman's assistance.

Soon he had his captor safely ashore but, in doing so, the prisoner had risked his own life, and forfeited his liberty.

But when they were half-way across, the horse was flung into difficulties and kicked by the trooper, who then quickly carried away by the current.

For this selfless direct the Australian, native has been awarded the Albert Medal, one of the foremost awards British non-military decorations awarded for self-sacrifice in saving, or attempting to save, life by land or sea.
Great headlines of the past

THE BATTLE OF SYDNEY STREET

JAIL:

THE COMIC BOOK CHRONICLE 1950-69

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Great headlines of the past

At the beginning of the First World War, fighting was fierce. Right up to Christmas Eve, both British and German trenchers faced one another over a barren "no man's land."

Then came a lull in the fighting. As men of both sides turned their thoughts to Christmas and home, one or two "carries" left their cramped, muddy trenches...

And instead of shooting them, some "tommies" followed their example. More and more joined the two parties, which began cautiously to approach one another.

Before long, it was impossible to stop the stream of men going out to meet the enemy. For an impromptu Christmas party.

At last a Tommy and a Jerry met. Not knowing one another's language, they shook hands and exchanged presents. Others quickly followed suit.

It was "peace on Earth to men of goodwill" for a few hours...
Four Zeppelins which had raidied London in October 1917 ran into a gate on their way home and wound up all their fuel. One of them, the L-49, came down in a field near Chalton, the American Army Headquarters in France. One of the officers, Colonel Richard Williams of the U.S. Army Intelligence, had a diagram. It struck him that the Germans had had to get rid of their coded books, but wouldn't do so until the last possible moment, so they wouldn't have thrown them into the sea. They couldn't burn them without setting the Zepp on fire, so he decided that they must have thrown them up onto little piles and concealed them with the scrapings of the roofs. It was clear the spy was going to land and he captured it.

Everybody thought he was crazy when he took a party of men to search the roofs. The Zepp had followed. But after a few hundred yards he began to find scraps of paper, and before the day was out he had enough to fill 22 luggages.

Williams and his bred-out helpers were turning the map room into an initiation of a jongleurs when a certain Linde, Samuel Hubbard walked in. Hug jigsaw puzzles were being attempted all over the place, but there were far too many pieces for any type of succession, even if all the pieces had been collected. Hubbard casually picked up a fragment about the size of a luggage label, and instantly recognised what it was. It was a bit of a chart showing a bay on the coast of one of the Danish Islands, with the sea in very pale blue. He knew the bay because he'd been there on holiday before the war - yachting was his hobby.

He got everyone picking out scraps of paper with bits of Not on them, and it wasn't long before he had put together a chart of the waters in which German submarines were working. This chart was now scanned with thin lines, with a lot of markers and intersections. Two lines crossed the Otto which German U-boats used in bargaining their position to their head U-67, and which the Allies believed was the Norwegian port.

The following month, November, with the aid of this diagram, itelling of Allied ships were reduced to a small fraction of what they had been, and half a dozen U-boats were sent to enemy territory. It couldn't happen that the submarine war was won through a crazy fellow attempting an impossible jigsaw puzzle. But it did!
It couldn’t happen... but it did!

NO THOROUGHFARE

You can’t cross a field that’s being shelled continuously with high-explosive shells and being swept by machine-gun fire without being killed. Even if some brave one could do it, it’s certain that ten couldn’t. Or is it?

During the first Great War, a young Yorkshireman named John Harold Rhodes joined up in the Grenadier Guards. He was a cadet even to a regiment on attack between two lines of trenches. He was with the Companions at Mons, was wounded at Flers, and was invalided home. This was in May 1915; in August he was awarded the Military Cross, which meant that a chip was added to the medal he had already got. His specialty was paralyzing enemy trenches under hazardous conditions to obtain information. As a rule, he went in for capturing dead wounded enemies under fire. In addition to his English decorations, he received the French Croix de Guerre.

Two years later, 1917, Lance-Battalion Rhodes was in Flanders with the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, in charge of the Lewis gun section, covering the right flank company of his battalion. The company was re-forming after taking one attack which had been repulsed by machine-gun fire from the German “pill-boxes”. It was difficult to see how a further attack could be successful, so the British Artillery put down a barrage. The area between Rhodes’ section and the enemy became a churned-up mess of high-explosives.

While this was going on, Rhodes saw three German infantrymen scurry around a “pill-box”. With a Lewis gun in one hand and a rifle in the other, he went out alone, making for the “pill-box”. It was, of course, quite impossible to get there through our own barrage, he alone the enemy machine-guns. Rhodes made for the “pill-box” and even more, he did it coldly and calmly. He was able to extract it and capture the contents of it, who included a forward observation officer conversant by phone with a German battery. Rhodes took charge from his phone.

When he had got the information he wanted, he drove his prisoners back to our lines. He nestled both his Lewis gun and his rifle into a knapsack and walked through the remnants, and none of them really expected to make it. But he and his nine prisoners came through that curtain of fire and met alive. It couldn’t happen, admittance – but it did, on 30th Oct 1917; and because it happened, the London Gazette of 26th Nov. announced that the 26-year-old hero had been awarded the more coveted decoration of all – the V.C.
A young student and archaeologist, T.E. Lawrence knew the Arabs and dressed among them even before he went, in 1916, as a British officer, to help them in their revolt against the common enemy, Turkey.

Deep in the interior he advised the Turks, leading Arab leaders like Arab and Lewis and helping them to fight and repel the British. His underground strategy was brilliantly successful.

In 1917, scouting alone at Zjebed, he was caught. Though not captured at once, he was beaten senseless by the Turks. When he had recovered, he returned to the merciless struggle.

At last, led the Arabs to Damascus, and his work was ended later. Today, a great hero, he lives in obscurity.

For Lawrence of Arabia, Prince of Mecca, who won freedom for his Arab friends, wrote a history changing his name, he fought the R.A.F. as an Airmen. In 1918, near his cottage, deep among the tents in Arabia, he died from his wounds and died in hospital, as plain Mr. David.
The Climbers of Everest

Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, is the highest mountain in the world. Its summit is 29,002 feet – nearly 5% miles – above the sea. Would-be climbers must face glaciers, dagger-like cliffs, and wind so strong that it is almost impossible to breathe. Yet in 1924 two gallant men may have reached the top.

George Mallory was a thirty-three-year-old schoolmaster. Andrew Irvine was twenty-two, an Oxford rowing blue. Both men were skilled mountaineers. With several fellow-climbers they came to India, intending to climb Everest. No mountain had ever been climbed higher than 24,000 feet anywhere in the world.

Security wise Tibetans provided the Englishmen. Six camps were built on the slopes of Everest. Camp V was at 24,000 feet. Camp VI – the highest – at 26,000 feet. Each camp was manned by a few tents, cases of provisions and some oil stoves to keep out the appalling cold. There were several accidents and cases of snow-blindness. The Tibetans suffered badly. Only four of them were still alive when Camp VI was reached.

Mallory and Irvine left this camp, where they spent their last night, at 8.30 a.m. on 16 June. Everest’s towering summit was 2,200 feet above them. The sun was shining, the wind was from the west, only a slight mist shrouded the highest peak.

At midnight, Mr. Odell, a member of the party at Camp V, saw two figures moving slowly but resolutely towards an ice-covered but passable ridge only 500 feet from the top of Everest.

That was the last ever seen of the climbers. Some doubt the truth of this. No one knows if Mallory and Irvine succeeded in reaching that final peak.
THE FIRST MAN TO...

CAPTAIN BERT HINKLER

The first man... to fly solo from England to Australia.

Half-way round the world, was Captain Bert Hinkler. His plane was small and dark, with bright sparkling eyes. His plane was an "Eagle," weighing only six hundred and seventy-five pounds. It had a special under-carriage, designed by Hinkler himself, which enabled the plane to remain upright in the open, even during the strongest gales.

It was a cold, foggy morning in February 1928 when Hinkler set out. All he took with him was a packet of chocolate, a few biscuits and sandwiches, and a thermos of hot coffee. In the first day he covered twelve hundred miles, a world record. He shot down the coast of West Africa and then crossed the South Atlantic. The next day he passed through the dust clouds of the Sahara.

The weather in the region of the journey was beginning to take on the character of the desert. A cloud of dust developed on the beach from the passing of the plane. This cloud was a test with which Hinkler had to deal, as he was flying without a compass. Hour after hour he sat at the controls, watching the gauge going down. But he managed to land safely and at Karachi he got the tank repaired.

Hinkler's course took him on to Rangoon, Java and Singapore - through tropical thunderstorms, the heat of the sun and occasional cloudbursts. The last stage was the nine hundred mile crossing of the shark-infested seas between Burma and Darwin, in North Australia.

He started early, after a breakfast of only two bananas. At half past three on the afternoon of the same day, Captain Bert Hinkler landed safely at Darwin. His solo journey half-way round the world had taken altogether fifteen days and had broken all records.

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GREAT ESCAPES
OF THE LAST WAR

DURING THE LAST WAR MORE PRISONERS WERE TAKEN FOR A LONGER PERIOD OF CAPTIVITY THAN IN ANY OTHER WAR THROUGHOUT HISTORY AS A RESULT, THE ART OF ESCAPING WAS Brought To Its Highest Peak. THE FOLLOWING WERE SOME OF THE MOST DARING AND FABULOUS METHODS USED...

ON ANOTHER OCCASION A SOLDIER SAW HOW A PRISONER WAS SPAGHETTIED UNDER THE COLLAR OF A BIG DUTCH OFFICER WHEN THE WIRE NET CUT FOR EXAMPLE. WHILE THE LARGE OFFICER SAT READING A BOOK THE JOGER MAN PULLED HIMSELF INTO THE GROUND BeneATH Him To BE LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE PRISONERS RETURNED TO THEIR BUNKS.

AND NOW, IN THE LAST WAR, HOW THE NEW ZEALAND OFFICERS ABANDONED AND WENT OVER THE WALL IN THE SHADOW OF THE SENTINEL-SOLDIERS TO CARRY OFF THE WAR TO THEIR BUNKS.

HE THEN GRABBED THE FACTORY OF THE TWO SENTINEL-SOLDIERS, SO THAT THE COULD CARRY OVER THE OUTER WALL WHILE THEY RETURNED TO THEIR BUNKS.
It couldn’t happen . . . but it did!

HASSAN

In the year 1942 an officer whom we shall call Major X was attached to the Sudan Defence Force for Special Duties. He had a personal servant, a Sudanese called Hassan, who came from a village named Shendi. There are pyramids there which are said to be hundreds of years older than the more famous ones at Giza, and the natives say the village used to be the capital of the Queen of Sheba.

One day Major X received news that he was to go to a new post, far away from the Sudan. He told Hassan that he was going away and thanked him for all he had done. Hassan replied that all would be well because the Major would return in a few years and with a higher rank. Major X was touched by his servant’s faith in him, but he could not help being slightly worried, since promotion at that time was very unlikely . . . and so for returning . . . !

In the Sudan, Major X is driven sometimes in a small boat, sometimes in a car, sometimes in a bus. He has to travel quickly from one place to another. Sometimes he has to cross the whole of the Sudan by car, sometimes by plane. He has to be very careful not to be caught by the enemy.

In August 1944 Major X, now Lt. Colonel X, was due to return to England for some well-earned leave. Three days before he received a special order to go on a secret mission to the Sudan. He was to travel under another officer’s name and take his boat and the train and on the boat between Egypt and the Sudan. He was to arrive at Shendi. He was to travel under another officer’s name and take his boat and the train and on the boat between Egypt and the Sudan. He was to arrive at Shendi. At the train in the Sudan stop at all stations for a few minutes. Lt. Colonel X got out for some fresh air. To his surprise, he saw Hassan sitting on an old box, of the kind in which all natives carry their belongings. He asked him what he was doing there. Hassan replied that he was waiting for him and had done so for three days. That meant that he had started waiting one day before even the Colonel had been told of his secret mission.

It couldn’t happen that a native would forecast the return of his master with a higher rank, and then start waiting for him to arrive before the officer knew that he was coming himself . . . but it did!
It couldn't happen . . . but it did!

FROZEN NIGHT

This story was written by Eagler, Camron Brown, aged 11, of Glasgow. He was second prize in our "It Couldn't Happen" Competition which we ran recently for EAGLE Club members.

Cannocn receives a prize of 3 gns.

A liner was chugging through the sea on her regular run between South America and Glasgow. The last meal of the day had been served and the assistant cook had gathered a few things to lock away in the refrigerator.

He opened the heavy door, left a bit ajar, quickly set his goods in the ice-space and turned to go out. At that moment the ship rolled, throwing him slightly back and, with a heavy thud, the door swung shut. With alarm he heard the locking-bar fall into its socket. Hehammered on the door too loudly realized that no one could hear him through the thud insulation. Then he remembered that no one was likely to visit the fridge space at night and he would usually be the first to go there in the morning to draw the meat for the day.

Having only his thick clothes on, the cook soon felt the cold air strike through his flesh and realized that if he did not do something about it he would soon be frozen as stiff as the meat hanging around him. However, he showed great initiative. Fortunately the guide light still burned in the chamber and by its light he improvised a sawing set to work. Starting with some carcasses of mutton he began to rearrange the meat hanging from the hooks.

All through the night he worked frenziedly moving the mutton to the beef hooks, shifting sides of pork to where the mutton had been and so on, keeping himself active and the blood flowing through his veins.

"Well a talk and cry eventually was silent," it was the Chief's voice who first thought of looking in the refrigerator. As he opened the door the cook fell out. His clothes were covered with frost, his eyes blurred and his hands numb—but he was alive.

After a short stay in hospital for treatment for frost-bite, he again sailed the seas.

It could not happen that a man would survive hours of freezing in a refrigerator—but it did!
Lightning very often starts a fire, but there's only one case on record of it putting one out. The people of Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A., are still glad to tell the story, yet it's nine years since it happened. A furniture factory was struck by lightning and set on fire. Furniture makes a pretty good insulator, so the place was sure to be gutted unless the fire brigade could be called to the spot at once, if not sooner. The only difficulty about that was that there was no one around to notice, and if there had been he'd have been sheltering from the storm.

Yet four fire brigades were called by the ringing of their alarm-bells, and arrived on the scene in time to deal with the outbreak before it could become spectacular, much to the disappointment of the small boys (many of whom were fathers and grandfathers) who couldn't resist learning after the fire-engines in the wakening rain to see the show. The firemen naturally didn't stop to find out who had called them before tackling the conflagration but, once the fire was under control, one of the officers began to make enquiries. It was fairly certain that the fire had been caused by lightning, but insurance companies like to know the details, so everyone in the neighbourhood was asked. No one seemed to want to take the credit or claim any little reward there might be, so the officer made his way through the debris to the factory fire-alarm box. He could hardly believe his eyes when he examined the alarm, but experts who were called confirmed his opinion. The alarm had been rung by a second flash of lightning which had struck direct at the box. Eventually a witness was dug up who had seen the flashes from a distance, and he was able to testify that the interval between the two "Thunderbolts" in the direction of the factory was one minute. It couldn't happen that lightning obligingly called the fire-brigade to put out a fire it had itself started a minute before, but it did.
IN HER MAJESTY'S LIFETIME

The Progress of the R.A.F.

The last quarter of a century has been one of progress in the air, on the land and on the sea. This series will show you what has been achieved.

1927-34
BRISTOL "BULLDOG"
VICKERS "VIRGINIA" 1932-35

1939-45
SUPERMARINE "SPITFIRE"
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AVRO "LANCASTER"
GLOSTER "METEOR"

1951-53
EDFOLTON & PAUL "EVERSHARD"
ENGLISH ELECTRIC "CANBERRA" GLOSTER "JAVELIN"

1936-38
GAWKER "HURRICANE"
GLASTON "GLADIATOR"
BRISTOL "ELLENHEIM"
In Her Majesty's Lifetime

Progress of Civil Aircraft

The last 25 years have seen the development of the small private plane (1927) to the large airliners (1931); the last of the large biplanes (1933) to the coming of jets (1952).

1927-30
- De Havilland "Moth"
- Armstrong Whitworth "Argosy"
- G-AACH

1931-33
- De Havilland "Dragon"
- Armstrong Whitworth "Walrus"
- Handley Page "Hercules"

1934-37
- Short "Caesar"
- Armstrong Whitworth "Gull"
- Handley Page "Hercules"

1938-44
- Armstrong Whitworth "Ensign"
- The War Years: No Production

1946-50
- De Havilland "Dove"
- Vickers "Viking"

1951
- Handley Page "Hercules"

1952-53
- Vickers "Viscount"
- De Havilland "Comet"
- Bristol "Britannia"
They owe their lives to fireworks by Brock's!

S.S. Petunia 52' 22' 1"/0.5
S.O.S. Out of Control and Sinking on Jack-Knife Rocks...

The note above was sent by the boat's navigation officer, Major Tom's non-stop Tramp. They send up such high signals that they appear to be moving at incredible speeds. The note states that the boat is in danger and that they are running aground.

Well, John, when a ship's crew need help from the ship, the ship's crew need help from the ship. In other words, we are not only going to save the lives of the crew, but also to save the lives of the passengers.

The message asks for help in getting the boat to safety. The crew is told to expect help from the boat's navigation officer.

Every passenger of the boat has been warned by the message that the boat is in danger, and that the boat is running aground. The passengers are told to expect help from the boat's navigation officer.

After leaving the scene, the boat's navigation officer asks John to take care of the passengers. The boat's navigation officer explains that the boat is running aground, and that the passengers must be taken to safety.

Don't just sit there, Bill! There's 100's of lives at stake! Get on the boat and come back with the boat's navigation officer. The passengers must be taken to safety.

The boat's navigation officer asks John to take care of the passengers. The boat's navigation officer explains that the boat is running aground, and that the passengers must be taken to safety.

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