

CAROL RYRIE BRINK

# Baby Island

by the Newbery author of  
*Caddie Woodlawn*



**BABY ISLAND**

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by  
CAROL RYRIE BRINK



*Pictures by Helen Sewell*

Aladdin Paperbacks

**BABY ISLAND**

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**Aladdin Paperbacks**

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## *Foreword*

When I was a small girl, it was the fashion in our circle to borrow the neighbors' babies. I myself was never a very accomplished nursemaid, although I had many happy hours pushing the perambulator of a young cousin; but some of my friends had a positive genius for taking care of and amusing babies. They never thought of receiving pay for this delightful pastime. Minding a baby was its own reward.

It is more difficult to borrow babies now, I understand. Whether this is due to a scarcity of babies or to more particular mothers, I am unable to say. But I am quite sure of this: there are just as many little girls who love babies as there ever were, and it is especially for them that I have written the story of *BABY ISLAND*.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK





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CHAPTER ONE

**BABY ISLAND**

## *The Wreck*

ON THE night of September twentieth the *S.S. Orminta*, two weeks outward bound from San Francisco to Australia, was struck by a tropical storm and badly disabled. In the general panic which followed, nobody thought of the two little girls who were traveling alone to meet their father in Australia. But, although nobody remembered *her*, twelve-year-old Mary Wallace immediately thought of the babies. She was a motherly girl who was never so happy as when she had borrowed a baby to cuddle or care for.

So, when she woke up and found that the boat was sinking, she thought at once of the three Snodgrass babies. She dressed herself, shook her sister Jean and made her dress, and ran to help Mrs. Snodgrass rescue them. Jean, who was ten and a sound sleeper, followed her sister down the corridor with just one eye open and that open only part way. She had been dreaming that she had already reached Australia and was riding beside her father in a big red wagon. When Mary made her get up and dress and follow her through the corridor, she really didn't wake up at all, but



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kept on dreaming that the wagon had broken down and that she was obliged to walk.

Mary, however, was as wide awake as a girl can be. She saw at once that she must be very quick if she were to help the Snodgrasses save their babies, for the big ocean liner was already tipping far over toward one side, and people were frantically rushing hither and thither in the darkness. Somewhere a woman was screaming, and the great engines deep inside the boat were pounding and throbbing terribly. Most girls of twelve would have been frightened, but Mary Wallace was not an ordinary girl. She made her way very coolly and deliberately to the far end of the boat, where Mr. Snodgrass, the Methodist field missionary, shared a large cabin with his wife and three babies. When she reached the cabin, she found the door open and the room apparently deserted.

"They are gone!" cried Mary, and she couldn't help feeling a little disappointed that they had not needed her help. "The babies are saved!"

But she had spoken too soon, for just then a feeble wail arose from one of the berths. Mary plunged into the dark cabin, calling: "Mrs. Snodgrass! Mr. Snodgrass! The boat is sinking!"

There was no response. Whether the missionary and his wife had gone for help or merely to ascertain the gravity

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of the wreck, Mary did not know. But it became plain to her at once that, if the babies were to be saved, she must save them herself. She took Jonah, the very young Snodgrass baby up quickly, and wrapped him as warmly as possible in his blankets. Finding his half-emptied bottle of milk beside him, she wrapped it in the blanket with him, and thrust the whole bundle into the arms of sleepy Jean.

"Don't you dare to drop him, Jean," she cautioned.

"Do, I wod't," said Jean with a long sigh.

Then, wrapping the twins with the same hurried care, Mary took one under each arm, and, staggering under their



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combined weight, made her way up on deck. There the first thing she saw was a group of frightened sailors who were hurriedly preparing a lifeboat. Without a moment's delay Mary presented herself before them and said, "Will you please save us?" The sailors readily did what they could for her, and Mary and the twins, the still-drowsy Jean and Jonah were securely installed in the small open boat.

"Oh," murmured Mary to herself, "if I only could have saved Ann Elizabeth, too! But, of course, she has two parents with only Ann Elizabeth and the white poodle to save, so she will probably be taken care of."

A great creaking windlass suddenly swung the lifeboat out over the side of the sinking vessel. They hung suspended in midair.

"Hey!" called a hoarse voice on the deck above, "don't let that boat down yet. She's not half full."

Mary's boat was drawn back toward the side of the vessel.

"Don't go without Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass," called Mary, but her voice was entirely drowned by the noise of wind and wave and the shouting of the people on the steamer. The lifeboat swung back and forth in the wind like a hammockful of dolls. Jean had sunk down in the bottom of the boat in deep slumber, with the Snodgrass baby's head pillowed on her shoulder. Now she dreamed that they had reached the end of the journey and that she had at last been

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allowed to go to bed. Mary made the twins as comfortable as she could in the bottom of the boat, arranging a sort of bed and cover for them out of a large tarpaulin which she had found in the boat. Fortunately they were good sleepers and very calm. Then she kept her small, scared face turned toward the ship's railing looking for Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass.

Presently someone whom she knew looked over the rail. It was neither the missionary nor his wife, but it was the father of Ann Elizabeth Arlington, the cutest baby on the steamship. Mr. Arlington's face looked very much frightened, but the sight of the half-empty boat seemed to give him courage. Then, seeing Mary, his face lost its anxious look entirely, and he cried: "Why, it's Mary Wallace! Here, will you just take Ann Elizabeth for a moment while I go back for Mrs. Arlington and the poodle? I am very much afraid that Mrs. Arlington has fainted. We'll be with you in just a moment."

Mary stretched out eager arms for Ann Elizabeth. Even if she was a teenty-weenty bit spoiled, she was the darlinest baby on the boat. The baby came smiling and cooing into Mary's arms, for Mary had often borrowed her in the happy days before the wreck; and with a sigh of relief Mr. Arlington disappeared on the deck of the great steamer. The wind howled; the waves crashed. Mary drew her last-winter's coat, which was a little too small this year, closer

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about her and Ann Elizabeth. She was growing more and more anxious for the Arlington and Snodgrass parents to come.

Suddenly there was a terrific crashing and creaking noise. Then in the stillness which followed, Mary heard a voice above her cry: "She's going to sink! Cast off the lifeboats!"

An instant later someone began lowering Mary's lifeboat. It struck the water with a splash, and bobbed there like a cork. For an instant it spun around and around, and Mary thought that it was going to be dashed against the side of the huge sinking steamer. But just then the wind and waves caught it and bore it safely away.

The great ship did not sink at once as the voice on deck had said that it would. For a long time Mary could see it with its lighted portholes tilted up at an odd angle. Then, as her little boat drifted swiftly away, fog and darkness closed in and the sinking ship was lost to view. At last Mary realized with a strange thrill that she and Jean were adrift on an unknown sea with a boatful of parentless babies. Seeing that there was nothing she could do about it, she settled down with her usual patience and good sense to get what pleasure she could out of the voyage, and to wait for whatever events the morrow would bring.

When the first flush of dawn broke over the troubled sea, Jean began to stir and waken. Her right arm and



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shoulder were terribly lame from the weight of the youngest Snodgrass baby, and she had just been dreaming that she had been hunting and an Australian kangaroo had kicked her in the shoulder.

"Kesh kang-roo, Mary," she mumbled sleepily. "He's a'most killed me."

"There, there, Jeannie, you're only dreaming," said Mary kindly, reaching over the sleeping twins to pat Jean's shoulder.

Jean sat up and rubbed her eyes. She was tremendously surprised to find herself holding the Snodgrass baby. "Where am I?" she asked in a startled voice. For the first time since she had crawled into her berth on the big ocean liner the night before, she was wide awake.

"Well," said Mary, wishing to break it to her gently, "we're at sea, dear."

"Great fishes! I should think so!" said Jean, gazing about her at the miles and miles of water spread out on every side. "But how did we get here? I thought—"

"You see, Jean, there was a sort of a wreck," admitted Mary.

"A sort of a wreck?" repeated Jean with round eyes. "But how in the world—"

"We're in a lifeboat," said Mary. "Can't you remember how we rescued the babies and got in here and were lowered into the sea?"

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Jean thought hard, but finally Mary had to tell her the whole story.

"But it's terrible, Mary," she said, when Mary had finished. "Why, what will the Snodgrasses and the Arlingtons do without their babies? And there is poor Father waiting for us in Australia and knowing very well that Aunt Emma put us on a boat. And most likely we'll perish at sea and never see any of them again." Jeannie began to fumble in her pockets for her handkerchief. Finally in desperation she took the blue one that always stuck out of the upper left-hand pocket of her coat. Mary was horrified.

"Oh, Jeannie!" she cried. "Don't cry on that! It's your best one that Aunt Emma gave you two years ago Christmas! Besides you mustn't cry at all. Do you suppose that Robinson Crusoe cried?"

"N-n-no," said Jean, "bu-bu-but I can't help it."

"Remember who you are," said Mary firmly. "Remember you're a Wallace. Sing 'Scots, Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled' and you'll be all right."

"'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!'" sang Jean in a quavering voice.

*"Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!  
Now's the day an' now's the hour.*

## THE WRECK

*See the front of battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
Chains and slaverie!"*

"Well, go on," prompted Mary. "You don't look very cheerful yet."

Jeannie swung mournfully into the second verse:

*"Wha would be a traitor knave?  
Wha would fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn an' flee!  
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,  
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, and freeman fa',  
Let him on wi' me!"*

But Jeannie never reached the third stanza, for just then the tiny Snodgrass baby woke up and began to cry.

"I guess he doesn't like my singing," said Jean dolefully.

"Rock him," said Mary, "and let him have his thumb to suck. We'll have to spoil them a little in order to keep them quiet for a few days."

Jean obeyed, and the Snodgrass baby unwrinkled his little red face and went back to sleep with his thumb in his mouth. Jean began to cry softly again. "It's this terrible water," she said; "there's so much more of it than I ever thought there would be. Won't we ever see land again?"

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"Now, Jean," said Mary firmly, "we've just got to be brave. I planned everything out last night while you were asleep and the boat was drifting along. Mr. Snodgrass was telling me only the other day that there are hundreds of little islands in this part of the sea, and I'm hoping to reach one before night."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because shipwrecked people always do," said Mary decidedly. "Why, the public library at home is just full of books about shipwrecked people who landed on tropical islands. And did you ever see a book written by a person who was drowned at sea? I never did."

Jean thought hard. "No," she said doubtfully, "but all I can say is, I wish we'd hurry up and get there."

"Goodness!" said Mary. "You can't expect everything to happen at once. Why, we just got wrecked last night. If Mr. Snodgrass said there were lots of little islands around here, there must be. You wouldn't catch a missionary making up a fib, Jeannie. I'm sure we're due at one of those islands right now. Of course, we *might* be a little late, like the Interurban cars used to be at home."

Jean gulped three times at all this sisterly good sense, and then she managed a bleak and watery smile.

## *The Lifeboat*

THE sea grew more and more calm as the round southern sun came higher and higher above the horizon. A stiff breeze still carried the lifeboat forward; but the waves no longer crashed about it, hurling it hither and thither as they had in the night.

"The thing I'm most worried about is milk," said Mary, with a little pucker between her eyes. "When these babies wake up, they will want milk, and all I have is what's left in Jonah's bottle."

"In my pocket," said Jean, "I have the cake of milk cho'late that cousin Alex gave me before I left. I've been saving it for some special occasion. This *is* a special occasion, isn't it, Mary? Don't you wish you'd saved yours?"

"Yes," said Mary, "I do. But milk chocolate won't help the babies any. Do you s'pose they could live on cocoanut milk, Jean?"

"Wherever would you get the cocoanuts?"

"Why on the desert island, silly!"

Just then one of the Snodgrass twins sat up. Mary couldn't



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tell whether he was Elijah or Elisha, because they were exactly alike. But this one had on a pink outing-flannel jacket, so Mary judged it to be Elisha or Pink as he was familiarly called. He was a fat baby nearly two years old. He wrinkled up his nose in a funny way and said, "Moo!"

"Oh, the funny rascal!" said Jean. "He thinks he's a cow."

The baby looked imploringly at Mary and stretched out his hands. "Me-me, moo," he entreated.

"The time has come," said Mary tragically.

He staggered to his feet and began to toddle unsteadily toward her. "Me-me, ba-ba moo," he said.

Mary knelt in the bottom of the boat and gathered him into her arms.

"What does he say?" asked Jean, who never understood babies quite so well as Mary did.

"He says, 'Mary, give baby some milk,'" translated Mary.

"What shall we do?" sighed Jean.

"Me-me no have moo," said Mary sadly, shaking her head at the baby.

"Mary Wallace, I'm ashamed of you," said Jean severely. "How many times have you heard Mr. Snodgrass say that the only way to help babies learn to talk is to speak to them sensibly as if they were grown-ups?"

"Well, what should I say?" asked Mary, on the verge of tears.

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"Say: 'Elisha, we have no food at the present time, but with good luck and a fair wind we hope to land on a cocoanut island where you shall be fed.'"

At this speech Pink raised a terrible wail of protest.

"Now see what you've gone and done," said Mary.

Without a moment's delay the three other babies awoke and began to cry.

"Mool Mool" yelled the twins in chorus. The tiny Snodgrass baby sent up a thin, shrill wail, and Ann Elizabeth Arlington kicked her fat legs up and down and roared. Poor distracted Mary bent over one after another, comforting and caressing, but it was of no use. They were all hungry, and the best way they knew of getting food was to cry for it.

"I'm hungry, too," said Jean, putting her hand to her empty stomach. "Do you mind if I cry, too?"

"You can just bet I do!" replied her sister. "You must look around and see if you can find anything to eat."

"Yes," said Jean sarcastically, "if there's a bowl of soup or a strawberry shortcake hidden anywhere about, I'll be sure to find it."

"This is no time to joke, Jeannie Wallace. If you can't hunt for food, you can just jounce a few of these babies."

"I don't know which job is worse," said Jean, gazing dismally at the four crying babies, "but I guess I'll look for

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food." She began to peer under seats and life preservers. Stowed neatly under the seat in the bow, she found two hatchets, a lantern, a can of oil, some blankets, a coil of rope, some canvas which looked as if it might be intended for a sail, a tin bucket, a canvas bucket, a wrench, some bailing tins, and a tin box of matches.

"What a lot of truck!" she exclaimed. "I s'pose the blankets may come in handy, but I'm sure that none of us want to drink the oil. It isn't even cod liver, and, goodness knows, that's about the worst kind there is."

"That oil must be for the lantern," said Mary. "Are you sure there isn't any food there, Jean?"

"Not a crumb to be seen," remarked Jean gloomily.

"Well, it's mighty queer," said Mary, giving a detachable oarlock to each of the twins and so for a moment quieting them. "It's mighty queer that they wouldn't put *something* to eat on a lifesaving boat, isn't it? They can't expect to save lives without any food, even if we did leave sort of unexpectedly."

But Jean did not answer at once, for she had just made a discovery. She was at the stern of the boat now, and she went down on her knees and began to rap on a wooden panel with her knuckles.

"Mary, I b'lieve there's a hollow place here at this end of the boat. I b'lieve this wooden panel must come out, and

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that there must be some sort of cupboard inside. Come and help me!"

"Oh, I can't, Jean. The Blue Twin almost jumped overboard just now."

Jean stuck her fingers in the crack of the paneling and struggled manfully. "I see I'll have to be the father of this family," she said. Suddenly the panel came loose, and she toppled backward with the piece of wood in her hands. Inside the small cupboard space, which was thus revealed, were several neatly arranged rows of tin boxes and cans.

"What is it?" called Mary over the terrific howling of the four babies, which was growing worse every minute. Jean regained her balance and began to investigate.



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"Two jugs of water," she called. "That'll be something for them to drink."

"Water! Oh, dear! Are you sure it isn't milk?"

"Sure. And hardtack. Ugh! I hate hardtack."

"But, Jean," cried Mary delightedly, "hardtack will be the very thing for the babies to cut their teeth on!"

"Canned beans," continued Jean, "and canned beef."

"Not so good," said Mary, "the babies can't digest such heavy food."

"Believe me," said Jean, "*I can.*" She was busy pulling out cans. Suddenly she gave a shout and waved a can in the air.

"Canned milk!" she screamed. "Canned milk!"

"What?" cried Mary, beaming with joy and almost unable to believe her ears. "Canned milk?"

"Moo! Moo!" shrieked the Snodgrass twins, tumbling over each other to try to reach Jean. Jean triumphantly produced a can opener and several tin cups, and began to prepare the babies' breakfast.

"Oh," said Mary, "it's too good to be true. I never was so pleased to find anything in my life." In a moment Mary knew exactly what to do. "Light the lantern, Jean, and mix some of the water and the milk together in a cup and warm it over the lantern."



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This was a rather slow process, but while the milk was warming, Jean beguiled the time with an oration.

"The hen that laid this milk—" she began dramatically, flourishing a can.

"Be sensible, Jean," said Mary, laughing. "Hens don't lay milk."

"Well, what I mean to say is, the cow that gave this milk shall have my internal gratitude."

"You mean 'eternal gratitude,'" corrected Mary. "We mustn't forget our grammar just because we've become sailors, Jean."

The twins were able to feed themselves without spilling more than a fourth of each cup, and Jean held the cup for Ann Elizabeth, who began to smile and gurgle as soon as she tasted the milk. Mary reserved for herself the more difficult task of feeding the tiny Snodgrass baby. How glad she was now that she had thought to bring his bottle!

"We should never have been able to teach him to drink out of a cup, Jean!"

"I've seen Cousin Alex teach a young calf to drink by putting his finger down in the milk pail and letting the calf suck his finger," remarked Jean.

"But Mrs. Snodgrass was always so particular about having everything boiled and sanitary and not touching any-

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thing with her fingers. It would have been awful to do it that way."

"Well, it never killed the calf," observed Jean, as she wiped Ann Elizabeth's mouth and nose on a corner of the tarpaulin.

Finally all the hungry babies were fed, and Mary laid Jonah in the bottom of the boat on her folded coat. The sun had become delightfully warm, and he soon went to sleep again. Ann Elizabeth, her head wreathed in shiny curls, sat up sedately and played with her fingers. The twins were more trouble, for everything small which they could lay hands on must be put in their mouths, and everything too large to go in their mouths must be thrown overboard. Jean just caught the Blue Twin in time as he was about to hurl one of the precious cans of milk into the sea. They had already thrown over all the detachable oarlocks, and Mary remarked with a sigh that the mermaids down below would certainly know that the Snodgrass twins were going by, by the number of loose objects which were thrown down.

"Well, it's *something* not to be *able* to pick the things up again," said Jean. "Do you remember how the twins used to fling the knives and forks and spoons off the table fifty times during a meal on the steamship? I used to get a cramp in my back helping poor Mrs. Snodgrass pick them up."

"This *will* be something of a vacation for poor Mrs.

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Snodgrass," said Mary thoughtfully. "I hope she's where she can enjoy it."

Finally Jean thought of providing the twins with pieces of hardtack, which kept them happy for some time. The girls opened a can of beef.

"I like milk, too," hinted Jeannie in a gentle voice.

"Jean," said Mary severely, "we are parents now, and parents must always think first of their children. These babies will need every speck of that milk."

"Yes'm," said Jean humbly, reaching for the canned beef.

In this moment of comparative quiet the two girls from the United States began to take stock of their belongings and plan for the future. They were very independent and self-reliant little girls, for, ever since they could remember, they had had to do almost everything for themselves. Their mother had died when they were quite small, and their father, although a very kind man, had been too busy making a living for them to lavish much attention upon them. There had been housekeepers, of course, but it was always wise little Mary who took the responsibility of the household. When Mary was ten, their father had been offered the management of a big ranch in Australia. He did not wish to take his children to such a faraway country until he was sure that he liked it and wished to settle there. So for two years Mary and Jean had lived with Aunt Emma,

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Uncle Angus, and grown-up Cousin Alex in Scotsville, Iowa.

In Scotsville they had never had time to be lonely. They went to school, of course, and there was a great deal to do to help Aunt Emma, and, after school and chores were done, they went out and borrowed the neighbors' babies. They played with them, and wheeled them and jounced them and put them to sleep. The tired and work-worn mothers of Scotsville considered Mary and Jean nature's greatest blessings, the babies loved them, and Mary and Jean themselves were perfectly happy.

At the end of the two years, their father had sent for them, and with many tears at parting, Aunt Emma had put them on the train that would take them to San Francisco. There they had been met by another relative who had put them on the steamship *Orminta*. For nearly two weeks they had had a most delightful time, wandering about her decks, making friends with the captain, and most of all helping Mrs. Snodgrass and Mrs. Arlington with their babies. Then came the wreck, and now, of course, they were obliged to change all their plans for the future. For here they were with four babies to care for in an open boat, and the prospect of reaching their father in Australia seemed now very dim.

"It's too bad you didn't bring along some of our baggage, Mary," said Jean regretfully.

## THE LIFEBOAT

"Good gracious! I had all I could do to rescue the twins and you and Jonah. I didn't have time to think of toothbrushes and nightgowns."

"Well, I don't feel so bad about toothbrushes," said Jean. "But what I do feel bad about is my pink taffeta—the only silk dress I ever had, and now it's gone to the bottom of the sea! I'm afraid the fish won't 'preciate it."

"Never mind," consoled Mary. "Just think how sweet a baby whale would look in it, Jeannie."

"And there's Miranda," continued Jean plaintively. "She's the best doll I ever had, even if her skull is cracked and her front teeth knocked out."

"Goodness," said Mary. "I shouldn't feel sorry about that dreadful old doll, if I were you. Here we have four live ones. As long as I can remember we've had to borrow other people's babies. It's a perfect shame the way we've had to go around and beg and borrow, and say, 'Please, ma'am, may we take your baby out?' And then we could only keep 'em a half an hour or so. Now we have four, and they're *ours!* We ought to be the happiest girls in the world!"

Jean nodded vigorously. Her mouth was too full of canned beef to reply.



## *A Wild Night*

WHILE the babies napped and the lifeboat bobbed over the waters, Mary and Jean turned out their pockets to see what useful things chance might have sent along with them. Out of Jean's came a ball of string, a piece of tinfoil, a chain of safety pins, a stubby pencil, and a half-written postal card for Aunt Emma.

"There's no use in *that* anyway," said Mary, looking at the card.

It was a picture of the *Orminta*, floating upon a calm blue sea. On the other side, Jean had written:

Dear Aunt: The wether is fine. We are all fine. This is a fine boat.

"Oh, what fibs!" exclaimed Jean.

"They're not fibs at all," said Mary, smiling, "only the picture on the other side ought to show our lifeboat instead of the steamer. For the weather really is fine today, we are all well, and this is a fine boat even if it is a very little one."

Jean was already busy filling up the rest of the space on the card. She wrote:

## A WILD NIGHT

We are on our way to a dessert island with the Snodgrass babies and Ann Elizabeth Arlington. We are all well and happy, hoping you are the same.

Your loving neece,

Jean.

P.S. The boat in the picture was recked. We are in a fine little lifeboat.

"I promised Aunt Emma I'd write her every week," said Jean solemnly, "so here goes number one by deep-water express." She wrote her aunt's name and address on the card, folded it several times, wrapped it in the piece of tinfoil, put it in the empty beef can, bent down the cover, and set the can floating across the water.

"Well, of all things!" said Mary. "I suppose you expect the postman to come by and collect it."

"No," admitted Jean, "but Aunt Emma can't say I didn't try, can she?"

The two girls laughed, but somehow their laughter wasn't very mirthful, for they kept thinking of Aunt Emma's sorrowful face when she would hear of the wreck and receive no news of them.

Mary's pockets were always more orderly than Jean's. She had a small purse with a few coins in it, a very neat notebook with a calendar in the back, and a "housewife." The housewife was a small leather case containing a pair of scissors, a thimble, thread, and needles, which Mary

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declared would be very useful in keeping the babies' clothes tidy.

"And it's lucky I have this notebook, too," she said, "for the calendar will help us keep track of time, and that's important. If we didn't have a calendar, we might forget when Sunday comes, and the babies must be brought up to respect the Sabbath day and keep it holy, just as they would if they were at home."

"But we can't go to Sunday school on a desert island," objected Jean.

"No," replied Mary, "but we can lay aside our labors and sing a hymn, and you can repeat the twenty-third Psalm to the children so's you won't forget it."

Jean heaved a heavy sigh. The twenty-third Psalm had always been a great trial to her.

"And in the rest of the notebook," Mary continued, "we'll make a record, like a family Bible." Taking the pencil, Mary sat with it poised for a moment, lost in thought. Then on the first page of the notebook, she wrote in a clear round hand the following record:

Elisha (Pink)	} aged 20 months	} sons of Rev. Jonah E. Snodgrass, missionary, and his wife, Edith
Elijah (Blue)		
Jonah	aged 4 months	
Ann Elizabeth	aged 1 year	} daughter of Mr. Christopher Arlington, lawyer, and his wife, Rebecca

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Shipwrecked! For twelve-year-old Mary Wallace and her ten-year-old sister Jean, floating on the sea in a lifeboat seems more like a dream than reality—actually, more like a nightmare. But they're not the only survivors of the ocean liner, sunk on its way to Australia. On board their tiny boat with them are four bouncing babies. Whether or not any of them will survive, though, is questionable.

Hope comes in the form of a deserted island. But will this become their home for the rest of their lives?

This is the classic tale of courage and dedication by one of the most popular authors of children's books, CAROL RYRIE BRINK. Her other titles include Newbery Medal-winner *Caddie Woodlawn*, *Magical Melons*, and *The Bad Times of Irma Baumlein*, all available from Aladdin Paperbacks.

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