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No. 8



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The

# ARABIAN NIGHTS

ILLUSTRATED  
by  
WILLIAM CHESTNEY

LETTERING  
Fred Erix

IF IT WERE  
NOT FOR THE TYRANNY  
OF AN ANCIENT KING OF INDIA  
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS STORIES  
WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRIT-  
TEN. THIS KING, CALLED SHARIAR,  
WAS SO CRUELLY FANATIC THAT  
HE TOOK AS HIS BRIDE EVERY  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO CAUGHT  
HIS EYE, ONLY TO BEHEAD HER WITH  
IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. THE POP-  
ULACE TREMBLED WITH GREAT  
FEAR, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS  
PARENTS TRIED TO WHISK THEIR  
DAUGHTERS OUT OF THE COUN-  
TRY BUT FEW WERE ABLE TO  
ESCAPE THE QUICK EYE OF

## SHARIAR

ONE DAY KING SHADIAS WAS RIDING DOWN THE STREET WITH HIS GRAND VIZIER WHEN...

WHAT BEAUTEIOUS DANSEL IS SHE? I MUST MAKE HER MY NEXT BRIDE. WHO IS SHE GRAND VIZIER? WHY DO YOU TREMBLE?

OH MY MASTER, HAVE MERCY PLEASE! THAT LOVELY DANSEL IS MY ONLY DAUGHTER, SCHEHEREZADE!

THE KING DEMANDS THAT YOU BE HIS NEXT BRIDE I MUST TAKE YOU TO THE PALACE TODAY. YOU KNOW WHAT WILL BE IN STORE FOR YOU!

WORRY NOT, FATHER. I AM TOO FOND OF MY HEAD, I WILL FIND A WAY TO KEEP IT!

FATHER DEAR, WHY SO SAD? WHAT BRINGS YOU HOME SO EARLY?

SCHEHEREZADE WAS MARRIED TO THE KING BUT BEFORE THE CERAMONY SHE WHISPERED TO HER FATHER... ON THE NIGHT SHE WAS DOOMED TO DIE...

I DID YOU, MY MASTER. LET ME SAY FAREWELL TO MY DAUGHTER...

VERY WELL SHE IS IN THE NEXT CHAMBER. BUT BE QUICK ABOUT IT! THE AXEMAN WILL BE HERE SHORTLY!

THE GRAND VIZIER ENTERED THE NEXT ROOM TAKING CARE TO LEAVE THE DOOR BETWEEN, PARTLY OPEN.

I SHALL RETURN TO YOU AND THOSE WHOSE TALKS YOU TELL ME. YOU COULD HEAR ONE MORE!



THERE IS STILL A LITTLE TIME. I SHALL TELL YOU A TALE OF ARABIAN NIGHTS.



MEANWHILE IN THE NEXT CHAMBER

YOUR MAJESTY, I AM READY TO CUT OFF HER HEAD.

WAIT! EVERYONE KNOWS HOW WELL I LIKE A GOOD

TALE! LET ME HEAR HER STORY, AS SOON AS I WEARY OF WHAT SHE SAYS, REMOVE HER HEAD.



THE SHADOW ON THE DOOR TOLD SCHEHERAZADE THAT THE KING WAS LISTENING. HER LIFE WOULD BE SPARED ONLY AS LONG AS SHE KEPT HIM LISTENING, AND SO SHE BEGAN TO WEAVE A FASCINATING STORY WEB - WITH

## ALI BABA

AND THE FORTY THIEVES

IN PERSIA LIVED TWO BROTHERS, ALI BABA AND CASSIA. CASSIA BECAME RICH BY MARRYING A WOMAN WHO OWNED A WAREHOUSE, WHILE ALI BABA TOOK A WIFE AS POOR AS HIMSELF, AND EARNED A BARE LIVING AS A WOOD-CUTTER.



FOR MANY YEARS ALI BABA LIVED IN THE MEAGER MANNER - SCORNED BY HIS RICH AND GREEDY BROTHER. THEN, A STRANGE EVENT BEFELL HIM - VERY STRANGE...



ONE DAY, WHILE BRINGING HIS LOAD OF WOOD INTO TOWN, HE SAW IN THE FOREST...



ROBBERS! FORTY OF THEM! THE FRIGHTENED ALI SABA HID THE ASSES IN A THICKET AND QUICKLY CLIMBED A TREE. BREATHLESSLY, HE WATCHED.....



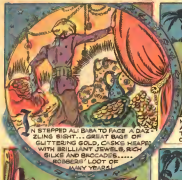
AT THE ROCK THE ROBBERS' CAPTAIN BARKED AN ODD COMMAND "OPEN, SESAME" A DOOR FLUNG ITSELF OPEN- AND WHEN ALL THE BAND ENTERED, IT SHUT ITSELF!



AFTER SOME TIME, THE ROBBERS CAME OUT, THE CAPTAIN BARKED ANOTHER COMMAND, "SHUT, SESAME!" THEN THEY ALL BOGE AWAY.



BURNING WITH CURIOSITY, ALI SABA HASTENED TO SAY THE MAGIC WORDS "OPEN, SESAME!" ... THEY WORKED FOR HIM, TOO!



HE STEPPED ALI BABA TO FACE A DAZZLING SIGHT... GREAT BAGS OF GLITTERING GOLD, CASKS HEAPED WITH BRILLIANT JEWELS, RICH SILKS AND BROCADES..... ROBBERS' LOOT OF MANY YEARS!



HASTILY GATHERING AS MUCH GOLD AS HE COULD, ALI BABA LOADED THE BAGS ON THE ASSES AND COVERED THEM WITH WOOD.



HE COMMANDED THE DOOR TO SHUT, THEN RODE HOME.... TO HIS WIFE HE CONFIDED HIS AMAZING ADVENTURES



ALI BABA'S WIFE WAS EAGER TO LEARN THE EXTENT OF THIS FORTUNE. "IT IS TOO MUCH TO COUNT," SHE SAID. "I WILL BORROW A MEASURE AT CASSIM'S."



THIS REQUEST AROUSED THE CURIOSITY OF CASSIM'S WIFE. WHAT WOULD SUCH BEGGARS HAVE TO MEASURE?... "I WILL PUT SOME SUBTLE ON THE MEASURE, SO WHATEVER THEY HAVE WILL STICK TO IT."



AND ALI BABA'S WIFE RETURNED THE MEASURE - UNAWARE OF SOMETHING BRIGHT THAT CLUNG TO IT...!



CASSIM LOST NO TIME IN HURRY, NO TOALI BADA, AND THROUGH THREATS FORCED THE SECRET FROM HIM. "HE" THOUGHT CASSIM. "I, TOO, WILL SHARE THOSE RICHES."



REMEMBERING ALI BABA'S DIRECTIONS, CASSIM WAS ABLE TO ENTER THE CAVE. HE STOOD TRANSFIXED, HIS EYES DRINKING IN THE VAST TREASURE.

CASSIM FILLED HIS BAGS WITH GOLD.



BUT SO FILLED WAS HIS MIND WITH THOUGHTS OF GOLD THAT HE FORGOT THE MAGIC WORD TO OPEN THE DOOR. "OPEN, BARLEY!" HE CALLED.



HE TRIED "OPEN, CORN!" "OPEN, WHEAT!" AND OTHER KINDS OF GRAIN. THE MORE DESPERATELY HE TRIED TO THINK OF THE WORD, THE MORE MADLY CONFUSED HE BECAME.



SUDDENLY, HE HEARD THE SOUNDING OF HOOPS AND SHOUTING VOICES. THE ROBBERS HAD RETURNED!... AS THE DOOR OPENED, CASSIM RUSHED WILDLY OUT, HEADLONG INTO THE FERCE CAPTAIN.



BUT HE WAS TRAPPED - DOOMED BY HIS GREED!





AT HOME, CASSIM'S WIFE ANXIOUSLY AWAITED HIS RETURN. BY NIGHTFALL, THOROUGHLY ALARMED, SHE APPEALED TO ALI BABA TO SET OUT AFTER HIM.



HE ENTERED THE CAVE AND STARED AT A GLOOMY SIGHT - CASSIM'S BODY - CUT AND QUARTERED - /



ALI BABA, GRIEVED, LOADED THE REMAINS ON HIS BACK ANIMALS AND RODE TO CASSIM'S HOUSE, WHERE HE WAS MET BY CASSIM'S FAITHFUL AND CLEVER SLAVE, MORSIANA.

ALI BABA EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND CAUTIONED SECRECY. "THE TOWN PEOPLE MUST THINK CASSIM DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES"..... MORSIANA WAS SENT TO AN APOTHECARY TO BUY MEDICINE



"MY MASTER IS QUITE ILL," SHE TOLD THE APOTHECARY. THE NEXT DAY SHE BOUGHT MORE MEDICINE - AND THE THIRD DAY SHE GAVE OUT THAT CASSIM WAS DEAD.



THE FUNERAL WAS THE NEXT PROBLEM... MORSIANA WENT TO A COBBLER, THE OLD MAN MUSTAFA.



A PRESENT OF A PIECE OF GOLD PERSUADED THE COBBLER TO GO, BLIND-FOLDED, WITH HER ... HE HAD NO IDEA THAT SHE LED HIM TO CASSIM'S HOUSE.



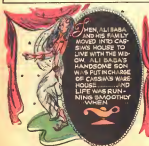
MUSTAPHA WAS TOLD TO SEW TOGETHER THE PIECES IN THE BASKET. THE TASK DONE, HE WAS LED BACK BLIND-FOLDED.



TWO MORE PIECES OF GOLD - AND HE SWORE TO SECRECY ... THOUGH HE KNEW HE HAD SEWN UP A CORPSE!



UNSUSPECTING NEIGHBORS VIEWED HIS BODY, THEN CARRIED IT TO THE BURIAL-GROUND. SO 'T WAS A NATURAL FUNERAL CASSIM HAD.



THEN ALI BABA AND HIS FAMILY MOVED INTO CASSIM'S HOUSE TO LIVE WITH THE WIDOW. ALI BABA'S HANDSOME SON WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF CASSIM'S WAREHOUSE ... AND LIFE WAS RUNNING SMOOTHLY WHEN



THE ROBBERS DISCOVERED THE BODY GONE FROM THE CAVE. THEIR FURIOUS LEADER CRAWLED IMMEDIATE ACTION, "WHICH ONE OF YOU WILL TRACK DOWN THE ONE WHO REMOVED THE BODY?"



IT DAY BREAK GO YOU INTO THE TOWN DISGUISED AS A TRAVELER. IF YOU HEAR ANY TALK OF THE MAN WE KILLED, LEARN HIS IDENTITY THEN COME BACK OFF WENT THE ROBBER.



REACHING TOWN AT AN EARLY HOUR, HE COULD ONLY FIND ONE SHOP OPEN... ONE MAN AT WORK...



THE THIEF WISHED TO MAKE CONVERSATION. "YOU SEW WELL, OLD MAN," HE BEGAN. BUT MUSTAPHA ASSURED HIM HE COULD DO BETTER. WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY, HAD HE NOT, BLINDFOLDED, SEWED TOGETHER A DEAD MAN?



JUST WHAT THE ROBBER WANTED! HE DANGLED A PIECE OF GOLD BEFORE MUSTAPHA. "THIS IS YOURS IF YOU TELL ME WHO THE CORPSE WAS."



MUSTAPHA WAS TEMPTED BUT HE REALLY DID NOT KNOW. "I WAS LED THERE BLINDFOLDED," HE EXPLAINED.



COULD MUSTAPHA, IF BLINDFOLDED AGAIN, REMEMBER THE DIRECTION IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN LED?... THE GLITTERING GOING PROVED IRRESISTIBLE TO THE OLD COBBLER.



LOWLY, CAREFULLY MUSTARNA THREADED HIS WAY, TRYING TO RECALL EVERY TURN. AT LAST HE STOPPED BEFORE A HOUSE, CERTAIN HE HAD BEEN LED NO FURTHER.



THE ROBBER CHALKED A MARK ON THE DOOR, TO REMEMBER THE HOUSE WHEN HE RETURNED WITH HIS BAND.



BACK WITH HIS BAND, HE DESCRIBED HIS SUCCESS. "BEFORE WE TAKE ACTION," DECIDED THE CAPTAIN, "SHOW ME THE HOUSE."



MEANWHILE, THE KEEN-EYED MORGIANA, NOTICING THE CHALK-MARK, SUSPECTED A PLOT. SO.....



THUS, WHEN THE FIRST ROBBER LED THE CAPTAIN TO THE STREET WHERE HE HAD MARKED THE DOOR, HE WAS ASTONISHED TO FIND -



BACK IN THE CAVE, THE ENRAGED CAPTAIN DEALT WITH HIS FOLLOWER. "YOU FAILED, SO YOU MUST DIE!"



NOTHING BANDIT VOLUNTEERED TO FIND THE HOUSE OF THE MURDERED MAN. LIKEWISE, HE TEMPTED MUSTAPHA, AND REACHED THE RIGHT DOOR.



AGAIN, THE QUICK EYE OF MORGIANA DETECTED PERIL.



AND ONCE MORE CHALK MARKS CONFUSE!



ANOTHER ROBBER WAS PUT TO DEATH FOR HIS BLUNDER! THE MADDED CAPTAN COULD TAKE NO MORE RISKS!  
"I'LL GO MYSELF TO FIND THE HOUSE."



INSTEAD OF CHALK MARKS, HE MADE CAREFUL OBSERVATIONS.



ON RETURN TO THE FOREST, HE DEVISED A MAMMOTH SCHEME. PURCHASING THIRTY-EIGHT HUGE LEATHER JARS, HE PUT ONE OF HIS CUTTHROATS, ARMED TO THE TEETH, INTO EACH OF THEM.— LEAVING ONE JAR EMPTY.



THIRTY-SEVEN JARS, EACH CONTAINING A DESFEZAO... THE EMPTY JAR HE FILLED WITH OIL.



LOADING THE JARS ON THE FRAME OF MULES, THE CAPTAIN, DISGUISED AS AN OIL MERCHANT, DROVE TO CASSIA'S HOUSE.



THE CAPTAIN, CLAIMING TO BE A STRANGER IN TOWN, ASKED FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING. ALI SABA CORDIALLY MADE HIM WELCOME.



AFTER SUPPER, THE "OIL MERCHANT" WENT OUTSIDE ON THE PRETEXT OF LOOKING AFTER HIS MULES. INSTEAD, HE ENTERED THE COURTYARD WHERE SLAVES HAD UNLOADED THE JARS.



INTO EACH JAR HE WHISPERED, "WHEN YOU HEAR ME THROW STONES INTO THE COURTYARD, STEP OUT OF THE JAR. IT WILL BE THE SIGNAL TO ACT!"



AS TIME CAME, THE CAPTAIN WAS SHOWN TO HIS ROOM, AND PUTTING OUT THE LIGHT, SAT WAITING - WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO STRIKE!



WHILE HE WAITED, MORGIANA, DOWNSTAIRS, WAS PREPARING FOR THE NEXT DAY. SUDDENLY HER LAMP FLICKERED—AND WENT OUT.



THERE WAS NOT A DROP OF OIL IN THE HOUSE WITH WHICH TO RELIGHT IT..... SHE REMEMBERED THE OIL JARS IN THE COURTYARD. SURELY THE MERCHANT WOULD NOT MISS A BIT.



HEARING FOOT STEPS, THE ROBBERS THOUGHT IT WAS THEIR CAPTAIN, AS MORGIANA APPROACHED THE FIRST HUSBLE JUG. A VOICE ASKED, "IS IT TIME?"



IN A MOMENT THE CLEVER SLAVE REGAINED HER POISE. IN A LOW VOICE SHE REPLIED, "NOT YET, BUT PRESENTLY."

BY GOING TO ALL THE JARS SHE MADE THE DISCOVERY THAT HER MASTER HAD ADMITTED A GANG OF BANDITS TO THE HOUSE. QUICKLY AND DECISIVELY SHE ACTED, HEARING A KETTLE WITH OIL FROM THE LAST JAR.....



SHE Poured THE BURNING LIQUID INTO THIRTY-SEVEN JARS, SCALDING EACH ROBBER TO DEATH.

WHEN HURRYING TO HER ROOM, SHE WATCHED IN A FEW MINUTES SHE SAW A WINDOW SLOWLY RAISED.



AND STONES CLINKED INTO THE COURTYARD.



BUT NO ANSWER. THE CAPTAIN, SENSING SOMETHING WAS WRONG, STOLE TO THE COURTYARD. THE RURGENT FLAMES OF BOILING OIL FILLED HIS NOSTRILS, CHOKING HIM.



A QUICK GLANCE INTO THE JARS, AND HE KNEW. "DEAD! ALL OF THEM!" ENRAGED, ALARMED, HE FLED!



WHEN THE HOUSEHOLD WAS AWAKENED THE NEXT MORNING, MORGIANA SHOWED ALI BABA THE UNPLEASANT EVIDENCE OF THE PLOT AGAINST HIM.



"O GRATEFUL, WAS ALI BABA HE PROCLAIMED THAT SHE WAS NO LONGER A SLAVE." MORGIANA RESPONDED TO CONTINUE WORKING FOR HIM.



BURYING THE BODIES IN A DEEP TRENCH, THEY RESUMED THEIR NORMAL LIVES.... BUT THEIR DANGER WAS NOT OVER. FOR THE CAPTAIN, LAST OF THE ROBBER BAND, VOWED REVENGE!





GOING NOW AS  
A MERCHANT HE  
RENTED A WARE-  
HOUSE ACROSS  
THE STREET FROM  
CASSIUS, AND  
GRADUALLY  
TRANSPORTED  
MANY RICH MAT-  
TERIALS FROM  
THE CAVE.



AS A RESPECTABLE NEWCOMER IN  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD HE EARLY BECAME  
ACQUAINTED WITH FELLOW MERCHANTS,  
NAMELY, ALI SABA'S SON,



THE CONSPIRATORS THEN CONTINUED TO  
EXTEND THE YOUTH MANY INVITATIONS.  
"GOOD FRIEND, I SEE YOU'LL BE MY DIN-  
NER GUEST."



RECIPROCATING, ALI SABA'S SON  
INVITED HIM TO DINE AT HIS HOUSE.  
AT LAST THE RIGHT MOMENT HAD  
COME - THE CUT-THROAT MADE  
HIMSELF READY FOR REVENGE!



ONCE AGAIN THEY MET ALI SABA AND  
HIS MORTAL ENEMY. BUT AGAIN, THE  
SHARP-EYED MORGIANA PENETRATED  
THE SCOUNDREL'S DISGUISE.



RESOLVING QUICKLY UPON A  
PLAN OF ACTION, SHE DRESSED  
HERSELF AS A MASKED  
DANCING GIRL TO ENTER  
AND ATTAINT THE GUESTS.



DRAWING A GLEAMING DAGGER FROM HER SILVER GIRDLE, SHE BEGAN THE DANCE OF THE PONIARD.



SHE TWIRLED LITHELY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER, POINTING THE BLADE AT EACH BREAST. FIRST CAME ALI BABA.



WHEN CAME THE FALSE MERCHANT'S TURN, WITH SEEMING GAIETY SHE POINTED THE SHINING PONIARD AT HIM, THEN SPRINKLING FORWARD PLUNGED IT UP TO ITS JEWELLED HILT, DEEP INTO HIS VITALS.



ALI BABA AND HIS SON WERE SHOCKED. "YOU'VE RUINED US!" "NAY, MASTER," SAID MORGIANA, "I'VE SAVED YOU. THIS IS YOUR ENEMY AND SHE REMOVED THE DESPERADO'S DISGUISE."



OVERWHELMED WITH GRATITUDE, AL BABA SHOWED HER WITH GIFTS WHILE HIS SON BEGGED HER TO BE HIS WIFE. MORGIANA WAS PLEASED BECAUSE SHE HAD ALWAYS LOVED THE DASHING SON.



AS A WEDDING PRESENT AL BABA HANDED ON TO THE PAIR THE SECRETS OF THE TREASURE CAVE, AND ALL OF THEM SHARED HAPPINESS AND GREAT WEALTH THE REST OF THEIR LIVES...

THE STORY HAD ENDED. SUDDENLY, THE SPELL WAS BROKEN BY THE RAUCOUS VOICE OF THE AXEBAAN.

"SHALL I BE-  
HEAD HER NOW,  
YOUR MAJESTY?"

"NOT NOW, YOU  
KNAVE. IT IS  
DAYBREAK. WE  
WILL HAVE TO  
WAIT AGAIN FOR  
THE NIGHT. AH!  
THAT WAS A  
SPLENDID TALE

SCHERERZADE'S HEAD SUDDENLY POKED THROUGH THE DOOR.



"TIS NO MORE  
SPLENDID THAN  
THE TALE I CAN  
TELL TONIGHT.  
IF YOU WILL  
LET ME KEEP  
MY HEAD

"ANOTHER TALE?  
INDEED YOU MAY  
KEEP YOUR HEAD  
...LONG ENOUGH  
TO TELL IT."

THE NIGHT CAME  
SCHERERZADE  
BEGAN TO  
**THE STORY**  
OF THE  
**MAGIC HORSE**



ON A FESTIVAL DAY, A SAGE PRESENTED A GREAT PERSIAN KING WITH A GIFT OF A GOLD PEACOCK. "EXACTLY ON THE HOUR," SAID THE SAGE, "THE BIRD FLAPS ITS WINGS AND UTTERS A CRY. ... JUST THEN, THE HOUR STRUCK.



THE KING WAS SO PLEASED HE TOLD THE SAGE, "REQUEST OF ME WHAT YOU WILL." THE SAGE ASKED FOR ONE OF HIS THREE DAUGHTERS, AND THE MONARCH CONSENTED.



ANOTHER GAVE BROUGHT A TRUMPET OF BRASS "PLACE THIS TRUMPET AT THE CITY GATES, AND IF AN ENEMY APPROACHES, IT WILL BLOW TO WARN YOU!"



ON TESTING, THE TRUMPET WAS FOUND TO BE ALL THAT THE WISE MAN PROMISED. AS A REWARD, HE WAS GIVEN THE SECOND PRINCESS..... THEN CAME THE THIRD GAVE..... A VERY UGLY MAN..



"MY WONDERFUL GIFT SHOULD WIN ME ONE OF YOUR DAUGHTERS, TOO?," "NEVER," THOUGHT THE KING, "BUT HE ANSWERED DISCREETLY, "SHOW WHAT GIFT YOU BRING"..... THE GAVE LED IN AN INDY HORSE.



"MY LORD, WHOEVER MOUNTS THIS HORSE WILL BE CONVEYED TO ANY COUNTRY HE DESIRES. ONE TURN OF THIS PIN WILL CAUSE THE HORSE TO FLY."



NOW, THE KING ALSO HAD A SON, A HANDSOME YOUTH, WHO LEAPED ON THE HORSE, "LET ME FIND OUT IF THE GAVE LIES"



A TOUCH OF THE PIN, AND HORSE AND PRINCE SOARED UPWARD. ON AND UP, THEY WENT, SOON THE PALACE WAS OUT OF SIGHT.



AFTER HOURS OF FLYING THE PRINCE BECAME WORRIED HOW WOULD HE SET THE HORSE DOWN... ON CLOSE EXAMINATION HE DISCOVERED TWO BUTTONS... BUT ON PRESSING ONE.....



THE HORSE SOARED INTO THE CLOUDS, HIGHER, YET HIGHER—WITH EVER-INCREASING SPEED!



FRANTICALLY THE PRINCE PRESSED THE OTHER BUTTON AND THE HORSE BEGAN TO DESCEND, LANDING SLOWLY GRACEFULLY ATOP A MAGNIFICENT PALACE ROOF.



THE PRINCE, HURRYING DOWN A STAIRWAY, ENTERED A MARBLE COLONY WITH AN EXQUISITE GARDEN, WHERE BATHED A LOVELY PRINCESS. THE PRINCE WAS CAPTIVATED.

THE PRINCESS WAS LAUGHING OVER HER FATHER'S DESCRIPTION OF HER LATEST SUITOR, THE SON OF A KING OF INDIA, WHOM SHE HAD NEVER SEEN. HER FATHER REPORTED THAT THE YOUNG MAN WAS SO UGLY THAT HE HAD BEEN REJECTED AS A SON-IN-LAW.



BUT WHEN THE PRINCESS LAID EYES ON THE HANDSOME STRANGER, SHE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS THE SUITOR FROM INDIA, AND THAT HER FATHER HAD BEEN JESTING WITH HER.



"O, THE LOVELY PRINCESS WELCOMED HIM, AND THE PRINCE WAS OVERJOYED. THEY WERE SO DEEPLY ABSORBED IN EACH OTHER THAT THEY DID NOT NOTICE THAT THE KING HAD STORMED IN. "WHO IS THIS YOUTH," HE DEMANDED!"



"THE PRISONER COULD NOT CONVINCE THE KING THAT HE, TOO, WAS A PRINCE. "YOU ARE A GENIE, COME TO SWITCH MY DAUGHTER," THE KING INSISTED, "AND YOU WILL DIE."



"IS HE NOT THE KING OF INDIA'S SON? ERG, THE PRINCESS? ALAS, NO, DAUGHTER, HE IS AN IMPOSTER. I SHALL HAVE HIM ARRESTED... GUARDS!"



"ONE MOMENT! THE PRINCE HAD A BRIGHT IDEA. "IF I MUST DIE, LET ME DO SO AS A PRINCE, IN BATTLE. IT WILL BE BETTER FOR YOU, TOO, THAN TO SLAY A MAN OUTRIGHT."



"SEND TROOPS AGAINST ME, IF THEY SUSPECT ME, THAT WILL BE MY EXECUTION; THE KING CONSENTED, AND INSTRUCTED HIS SOLDIERS ACCORDINGLY."



"AT DAWN, THE TROOPS MASED FOR ACTION, BUT WHEN THE PRINCE SAW THEM IN BATTLE ARRAY, HE RAISED AN OBJECTION. "YOUR MEN ARE MOUNTED, I AM ON FOOT. LET ME HAVE ANY HORSE."



"WILLINGLY, BUT WHERE IS YOUR HORSE?" QUERIED THE KING. "ON THE PALACE ROOF," THE PRINCE REPLIED - AND THE KING WAS STARTLED. A HORSE ON A ROOF!



SEEING THE IVORY HORSE, THE THOUGHT SUDDENLY STRUCK THE KING THAT HE WAS DEALING - NOT WITH A GENIE OR AN IMPOSTER - BUT WITH A MADMAN.



HUMORING THE INSANE, SOOTH SOON TO BE SLAIN, THE KING ORDERED HIM TO MOUNT... THE TROOPS RACED OFF, POISED TO STRIKE.



A TRUMPET SOUNDED, MOUNTED SOLDIERS WITH GLEAMING SWORD-BLADES POINTED PERILOUSLY, CHARGED FULL-GALLOP INTO SPACE - SPACE VACATED BY A FLYING HORSE!



ALL EYES POPPED AMAZED AT THE DISAPPEARING HORSE - ALL EYES, BUT ONE TEAR-DRENCHED PAIR THAT COULD ONLY SEE THE LOSS OF A HANDSOME LOVER.



THAT'S HOW THE KING FOUND HER WHEN HE CAME TO REPORT THE ASTONISHING OCCURRENCE. HE COULD DO NOTHING FOR HER. WHENEVER HE MENTIONED THE PRINCE, SHE SHED TEARS AND, AS HE TURNED AWAY, HE THOUGHT "IN A SHORT TIME SHE WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS FOOLISH FANCY."

SINCE THE WONDERS OF THE HORSE WERE PROVEN, THE KING RELEASED THE USLY SAGE, BUT HE STILL REFUSED TO HAVE HIM FOR A SON-IN-LAW. THE SAGE LEFT THE PALACE, VOWING REVENGE, WHILE THE KING, DISMISSING THE MATTER, PROCEEDED TO CELEBRATE HIS SON'S RETURN WITH A GREAT FEAST.



MEANWHILE, THE PERSIAN KING, GRIEVING OVER HIS SON'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE, ARRESTED THE SAGE AND WAS PREPARING TO EXECUTE HIM WHEN, OUT OF THE CLOUDS.....



AFTER THE FEAST, SLAVE-GIRLS DANCED AND SANG BEFORE THEM. THE KING NOTICED, HOWEVER, THAT HIS SON BECAME SUDDENLY SAD.



"THINK NOT THAT ASSEMBLY HAS IN IT  
SAGE AND SORCERER,  
I FORGET YOU, WHAT SHALL I REMEMBER?"

"WHY DO YOU BROOD, MY SON?" THE PRINCE DID NOT HEAR HIS FATHER, FOR HE WAS LISTENING TOO INTENTLY TO A SONG.





VISIONS OF THE LOVELY PRINCESS FILLED HIS MIND, TORTURING HIM. SUDDENLY, HE RAN FROM THE BANQUET HALL.



AND LEAPING ON THE MAGIC HORSE, HE SET THE TURNING-POINT BACK TO THE LAND FROM WHICH HE HAD FLED.



AT DAWN, THE PRINCE ALIGHTED AGAIN ON THE GILDED ROOF, AND STEALTHILY BEGAN A SEARCH FOR THE PRINCESS. FINALLY.....



AFTER MANY EMBRACES THEY MOVED NEVER TO SEPARATE, AND THE PRINCESS CONSENTED TO GO WITH THE PRINCE BACK TO HIS OWN KINGDOM.



JUST THEN, THE KING AWOKES -- AND GLANCED OUT OF HIS WINDOW DAUGHTER, DAUGHTER!" HE CRIED AS HE RAN OUT... BUT HE WAS TOO LATE.....



ON AND ON THEY FLEW, UNTIL THEY REACHED THE GATES OF THE PRINCESS' CITY, WHERE THEY LANDED IN A PRIVATE GARDEN BELONGING TO HIS FATHER.



"I WILL LEAVE YOU HERE WHILE I GO TO MY FATHER AND HAVE A RECEPTION PREPARED. WAIT HERE UNTIL I SEND A MESSENGER."



THE HAPPY KING ARRANGED A GREAT PROCESSION TO ESCORT HIS SON'S FUTURE BRIDE AND ORDERED THE CITY TO BE DECORATED FOR THE GREAT OCCASION.



BUT ONE BELIEVED IN AN EVIL WAY, THE UGLY SAGE, FOR HE SAW HERE A PLAN OF REVENGE. HASTENING TO THE GARDEN, FAR AHEAD OF THE PROCESSION, HE PRESENTED HIMSELF AS THE MESSENGER.



"MOUNT THE HORSE, AND FOLLOW ME TO THE PALACE," HE SAID. "BUT, I KNOW NOT HOW TO RIDE THIS HORSE," ANSWERED THE PRINCESS.



THE SAGE SEIZED HIS OPPORTUNITY. "I KNOW THE HORSE WELL AND WILL RIDE WITH YOU," BUT AS SOON AS THE HORSE MOVED FROM THE GROUND HE TURNED IT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



"WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?" CRIED THE TERRIFIED PRINCESS. THE SAGES ONLY ANSWER WAS TO DRIVE THE HORSE FASTER, FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM THE CITY.



"FOUR DAYS LATER, THEY DESCENDED IN A MEADOW IN SYRIA. THIS, THE SAGE REVEALED, "IS MY REVENGE ON THE KING. YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN SEE THE PRINCE. WE WILL TRAVEL EVEN FARTHER."



WHEN THE PRINCE DISCOVERED THAT HIS PRINCESS AND THE MAGIC HORSE HAD DISAPPEARED, HE SET OUT AT ONCE ON A SEARCH.



FROM TOWN TO TOWN HE WENT INQUIRING IF ANYONE HAD SEEN A FLYING HORSE. PEOPLE RIDICULED HIM. NO ONE SAW A FLYING HORSE ANY MORE THAN THEY HAD SEEN A FLYING ELEPHANT!



AFTER DAYS OF FUTILE SEARCHING, HE ARRIVED IN SYRIA, IN A TOWN WHERE THE PEOPLE DID NOT LAUGH. THEY HAD SEEN THE FLYING HORSE, THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS - AND A HIDEOUS SAGE!



IT HAPPENED SO THEY TOLD THE PRINCE. "ONE DAY, AS OUR KING WAS OUT HUNTING, HE CAME UPON..."



"THE UGLY ONE CLAIMED TO BE HER HUSBAND BUT SHE DENIED IT. OUR KING BELIEVED HER STORY, AND IMMEDIATELY HAD THE SAGE IMPRISONED."



BUT OUR KING STRUCK BY HER GREAT BEAUTY, FELL MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER AND DESIRED TO MARRY HER. ALAS, THOUGH! A STRANGE ILLNESS BEFELL HER..... FITS, SPASMS.



"MANY MEN OF SCIENCE WERE CALLED TO LOOK AFTER HER, BUT NO CURE WAS FOUND."



"HEARING THIS, THE PRINCE PRESENTED HIMSELF TO THE SYRIAN KING WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED THE MONARCH, THE PRINCE REPLIED, "I AM A MAN OF SCIENCE, I CURE THE SICK AND THE MAD."



IMMEDIATELY, THE KING DESCRIBED THE STRANGE MALADY OF THE PRINCESS AND ASKED IF HE COULD CURE HER.



THE PRINCE WHISPERED BUT SHE DID NOT HEAR, SO BUSY WAS SHE FEIGNING HER SICKNESS. FEIGNING - TO KISS FROM MARRYING THE KING!



FINALLY, SHE LOOKED UP HE CAUTIONED HER AGAINST AN OUTCRY, AND WHISPERED "I AM ROSING AS A MAN OF SCIENCE, IF YOU WILL BECOME NORMAL AGAIN, THE KING WILL THINK I HAVE CURED YOU AND WILL TRUST ME FURTHER. THEN, I CAN HELP YOU TO ESCAPE."



"A GENIE CAUSED HER ILLNESS," HE TOLD THE DELIGHTED KING. "SHE CAN BE CURED PERMANENTLY IF I CAN IMPRISON THE GENIE FOREVER IN YOURS HORSE."



"I MUST BURN CERTAIN PERFUMES AND INCENSE," THE PRINCE EXPLAINED. "THEN I MUST MOUNT THE HORSE WITH THE PRINCESS."



THE "MADISONING-THE-GENIE" CEREMONY BEGAN. PERFUMES AND INCENSE SHROUDED THE HORSE.



THE PRINCE WENT ON. AFTER MOUNTING THE HORSE WILL TREMBLE VIOLENTLY FOR A FEW MOMENTS. WHEN IT STOPS THE GENIE WILL BE CONFINED FOREVER.



NEED IT BE SAID THAT MOUNTING THE HORSE WAS THE FINAL STEP IN CURING THE PRINCESS? NEED IT BE DESCRIBED HOW THE SYRIAN KING WAITED ALL DAY FOR THE PAIR TO RETURN ON THE FLYING HORSE? I THINK NOT... BUT LET IT BE TOLD WHAT A SPLENDID WEDDING THE PAIR HAD WHEN THEY REACHED THE PRINCESS' HOME... AND HOW THE PRINCESS' FATHER ATTENDED AND HOW EVERYONE REJOICED AT THE YOUNG PAIR'S HAPPINESS.





SAILE SPREAD WIDE, WHITE  
FOAM WHIPPING, THE SHIP  
LEFT THE BAGDAD  
SHORES.



THROUGH THE PERSIAN GULF  
THEY SAILED, TOWARDS THE  
INDIES, STOPPING AT VARIOUS  
ISLANDS TO TRADE GOODS.



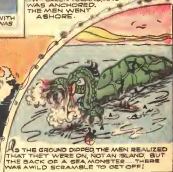
SMOOTHLY, SWIFTLY, THEY SAILED WITH  
THE BREEZE...UNTIL ONE DAY THERE WAS  
NO BREEZE.



THE SHIP DRIFTED TOWARDS A SMALL  
TWO-GREEN ISLAND, AND  
WAS ANCHORED.  
THE MEN WENT  
ASHORE.



THE MEN WERE EATING AND DRINKING  
LIGHT-HEARTEDLY, WHEN SUDDENLY  
THE ISLAND SHOOK WITH VIOLENCE.



AS THE GROUND DIPPED, THE MEN REALIZED  
THAT THEY WERE ON, NOT AN ISLAND, BUT  
THE BACK OF A SEA MONSTER...THERE  
WAS A WILD SCRAMBLE TO GET OFF!



SINBAD WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO LEAP OFF...HE CAUGHT A PIECE OF BASSING DRIETWOOD.



FANTINO, HE LOOKED ABOUT, AND SAW A SIGHT THAT MADE HIM DESPAIR. "MY SHIP... IT HAS SAILED!"



BUT A RAFT, WITH OTHERS WHO HAD MISSED THE SHIP, DRIFTED BY, AND.....



ALL DAY AND NIGHT SINBAD AND HIS COMPANIONS TOSSED ON A MERCILESS SEA.



THEN, SUDDENLY A GREAT WAVE CAUGHT THEM UP AND HURLED THEM, RAFT AND ALL, THROUGH A SEA-SPRAY TO THE SHORE!



JAYED! REJOICED SINBAD AND HIS COMPANIONS BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT. A HORRIBLE GIANT WAS THUNDERING TOWARDS THEM.



THE GIANT HAND STRETCHED OUT TO THE FIRST MAN WITHIN HIS REACH-SINBAD!...AND SLOWLY LIKE MEAT ON A BROLING SPIT, HE TURNED SINBAD AROUND.





HE DROPPED HIM!..... THE NEXT MAN WAS SEIZED, SLOWLY TURNED - AND DISCARDED! THE PERFORMANCE CONTINUED UNTIL THE CAPTAIN'S TURN.



AFTER FORCING HIS CAPTIVES INTO HIS A-BODE AND LOCKING THE GATES, THE GIANT ROASTED AND ATE THE CAPTAIN, WHOSE ONLY MISTAKE WAS BEING FAT.



EACH DAY THE GIANT CHOSE ANOTHER OF THEM FOR HIS FEAST, UNTIL ONLY THREE MEN WERE LEFT - THE LEANEST THREE.



THEY LOOKED IN VAIN FOR SOME ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE EVERYTHING WAS BARRED, AND THE HEAVY FATEFUL FOOT STEPS WERE HEARD, DRAWING NEARER.....



SINBAD COULD STAND NO MORE, WHEN THE MONSTER'S BACK WAS TURNED FROM THE FIRE HE HAD KINDLED FOR HIS NEXT VICTIM, SINBAD DIPPED THE SPIT INTO THE FLAMES - AND LUNGED!



TOWLING THE BLINDED GIANT GROATED FOR SINBAD AND HIS COMPANIONS



HIS MASSIVE BODY RAMMED THROUGH THE GATE, AS THE TROU OF SURVIVORS FLED IN THE OTHER DIRECTION - TO FREEDOM.



BUT, SUDDENLY THEY HEARD EVEN FIERCER CRIES, AND FOOT-STEPS THAT ROCKED THE ISLAND. LOOKING BACK, THEY SAW A HORDE OF PURSUERS!



THE HUGE CREATURES WERE GAINING FAST ON THEM... IF THEY WERE CAUGHT, THEY WOULD ALL BE ROASTED FRANTICALLY. THEY WERE ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO THE SEA, WHEN ENDAO CRIED OUT, "OUR RAFT!"



JUST IN TIME, THEY REACHED THE RAFT.



THE GIANTS SNATCHED UP STONES, AND BUNNING INTO THE WATER, HURLED THEM.



BY FRACKING THE ROCKS MISSED FINALLY, THE RAFT DRIFTED TOO FAR AWAY. WITH TERRIBLE SHRIEKS, THE GIANTS RETREATED INLAND... AND THE RAFT FLOATED OUT, FARTHER, FARTHER...



TWO HOPELESS DAYS AND NIGHTS AT SEA... AND THEN A SHIP APPEARED ON THE HORIZON... BOA SASSAD, THE SHIP SIGHTED THEM!

IT WAS A FINELY BUILT, STURDY SHIP THAT WELL WITHSTOOD THE ONE STORM THEY ENCOUNTERED BACK TO THE PERSIAN GULF THEY SAILED, AND NEARING BAGDAD, MADE A STOP AT A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND RICH IN FRUITS.



SINBAD, WANDERING FROM THE PARTY, DISCOVERED A LARGE SHADE TREE, AND SAT DOWN TO EAT ITS FRUIT. THE SOFT BREEZE AND THE SWEET SCENT OF FLOWERS MADE HIM DROWSY.



WHEN HE AWOKE, HIS SHIP HAD SAILED. "WAS WHAT MISFORTUNES BEFALL ME?" SINBAD MOANED. BUT HE WAS NOT STRANDED... LONG. FOR HE MET A PARTY GATHERING COCONUTS.



"TO GATHER COCONUTS" THE MEN TOLD HIM. "ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS MAKE THE APES ANGRY BY THROWING STONES... AND"

**T**HE COCONUT MEN TOOK SINBAD TO THE NEXT ISLAND. WHENCE THEY CAME, SINBAD WAS PRESENTED TO THE KING, A GENEROUS MAN WHO ORDERED THAT HE BE HOUSED AND GIVEN GOOD CLOTHES.



IN ONE OF SINBAD'S FIRST EXCURSIONS IN THE CITY HE NOTICED SOMETHING ODD. THE KING AND PEOPLE RIDE HORSE BACK WITHOUT STIRRUPS. WHEREUPON, HE MADE A PAIR AND PRESENTED THEM TO THE KING.



"O PLEASED WAS THE KING THAT HE NOT ONLY HEARD COSTLY GOODS ON HIM, BUT SELECTED A WIFE FOR HIM. "I WANT YOU TO MARRY AND REMAIN IN MY KINGDOM, I HAVE CHOSEN FOR YOU A WOMAN OF HIGH STATION."



SINBAD COULD NOT REFUSE THE KING'S COMMAND BUT NO SOONER WAS HE MARRIED, THEN A NEW FRIGHTENING COMPLICATION AROSE. HIS WIFE BECAME ILL AND DIED!



IT WAS THEN THAT SINBAD LEARNED OF A LAW OF THE LAND, RELENTLESS IRREVOCABLE. WHEN HUSBAND OR WIFE DIED, THE OTHER MATE MUST BE BURIED ALSO!



TOO SOON DID THE FUNERAL DAY COME FOR SINBAD HIS WIFE'S COFFIN WAS CARRIED TO THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN WHERE PALI-BEARERS REMOVED A BOULDER.



AFTER THE CORPSE WAS LOWERED INTO THE PIT, SINBAD'S COFFIN WAS PREPARED. PROVISIONS OF WATER AND SEVEN LOAVES OF BREAD WERE PLACED INTO IT.



DOWN, DOWN INTO A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS CAVERN HE DESCENDED.

AT THE BOTTOM HE LEFT THE COFFIN AND WANDERED IN THE DARK. BUT HE ALWAYS FOUND THE OUBESOME BOX WITH ITS BREAD AND WATER.



WHEN HIS SCANTY PROVISIONS WERE ALL EATEN UP SINBAD CLIMBED INTO THE COFFIN TO DIE. "ALLAH, HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL," HE PRAYED.



SUDDENLY HE HEARD A HEAVY BREATHING NEAR HIM. SOMETHING SWISHED BY THE COFFIN SINBAD LEAPED OUT AND FOLLOWED THE PANTING SOUND.



"PERHAPS IT WILL LEAD ME TO AN OUTLET," BUT THE BREATHING STOPPED. "ALAS, I HAVE LOST IT," SIGHED POOR SINBAD. AS HE TURNED HE BLINKED AND SPOTTED A LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE.



THE HOT, HEAVY BREATHING CIRCLED ABOUT HIM AGAIN. ANOTHER SWISH AND A WILD BEAST LEAPED THROUGH THE OPENING.

BY FOLLOWING THE CREATURE THROUGH THE HOLE, SINBAD FOUND HIMSELF ON A SEA-SHORE. THE BEAST SOUNDED INTO THE WAVES. SINBAD REALIZED THAT SEA-BEASTS HAD MADE THE OPENING IN THE CAVE WHICH THEY SOUGHT WHEN THE TIDES WERE HIGH.



SINBAD STOOD A MOMENT, TASTING AND FEELING OF DAYLIGHT AGAIN. HE SANK TO HIS KNEES. "ALLAH, BE PRAISED."



HIS GRATITUDE BEAR FRUIT. A SHIP ROSE ON THE SWELL OF THE SEA, AGAINST THE BLUE BACK OF THE SKY. SINBAD SIGNALLED!



HE WAS SEEN AND RESCUED, A JOVIAL CAPTAIN GREETED HIM, PLEASED TO HAVE SAVED A HUMAN LIFE.



THIS WAS ANOTHER MERCHANT SHIP ON ITS WAY FROM BAGDAD. "AM I NEVER DESTINED TO REACH HOME?" SINBAD WONDERED... OUT OF THE PERSIAN GULF THEY SAILED AND TOUCHED AT AN ISLAND.



A FEAST WAS SPREAD THEY EAT FULLY UNDISTURBED - UNTIL A MERCHANT NOTICED A GREAT WHITE DOVE.



ON CLOSER INSPECTION IT PROVED TO BE THE EGG OF SOME HUGE BIRD. THE EGG OF A YOUNG BIRD, JUST READY TO BE HATCHED, HAD PIERCED THROUGH THE SHELL.



"LET US TAKE THE BIRD OUT AND FEAST ON IT," THE MERCHANTS DECIDED - ALL EXCEPT SINBAD, WHO TRIED TO STOP THEM.



SINBAD REMEMBERED SAILORS' STORIES. THE EGG BELONGED TO THE BOO, A FIERCE BIRD. "IF SHE FINDS THE EGG HAS BEEN MESSLED WITH, SHE WILL BE DANGEROUS," SINBAD WARNED.



THEY HAD REACHED THE BIRD AND WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A FINE REFEAT WHEN THE SKY WAS DARKENED BY TWO GREAT BLACK CLOUDS THAT SWIFTLY BECAME TWO DREADFUL BOCS.



AT SIGHT OF THE ENRAGED PARENT BIRDS, THE MERCHANTS KNEW SINBAD HAD SPOKEN TRUE WORDS AND FLED TO THE SHIP.



BUT SINBAD SAILED BACK HE SAW THE BOCS GRAB HUGE STONES IN THEIR ENORMOUS TALONS. HIS FRIENDS COULD NOT HEAR HIS FRANTIC SHOUTS.



THE BOCS EASILY CAUGHT UP WITH THE SAILING SHIP FOR A MOMENT THEY HOVERED OVER IT, AND THEN HEAVED THE STONES....



IN A MINUTE ONLY PIECES OF WOOD AND BITS OF WHITE SAIL FLUTED ON AN OIL-BLACKED SEA. HEADS BOBBED OCCASIONALLY, THEN DISAPPEARED. SINBAD DIVED AROUND IN THE WRECKAGE IN A HOPELESS QUEST FOR HIS COMPANIONS.



SINBAD SWAM BACK TO THE ISLAND. HE FOUND FRESH FRUIT, AND A COOL STREAM BY WHICH SAT A WEAK, AGED MAN WHO BECKONED TO HIM.



IN SIGN LANGUAGE THE OLD FELLOW REQUESTED SINBAD TO CARRY HIM ACROSS THE STREAM. SINBAD OBLIGED, HIS BURDEN WAS LIGHT.



SINBAD WAS JUST LOWERING THE OLD MAN FROM HIS BACK WHEN SUDDENLY HE STRAIGHTENED UP AND IN ONE BOUND WAS ASTRIDE SINBAD'S SHOULDERS.



LEGS THAT HAD SEEMED THIN AND WEAK, TIGHTENED IN A NEAR STRANGLE-HOLD ABOUT SINBAD'S NECK.



SET OFF! CRIED SINBAD FOR ANGLER HE RECEIVED A MIGHTY KICK IN THE STOMACH THAT KNOCKED HIM DOWN.



BUT AND THEN THE OLD MAN CLUNG TO SINBAD, EVEN WHILE THE POOR GUY OR SLEPT.

THEN THE DEVILISH MAN BEAT HIM, AND FORCED HIM TO RISE AND GATHER FRUIT!

SINBAD FOUND ONE BIT OF SOLACE A DRY CALASH HAD FALLEN FROM A TREE. PRESSING INTO IT THE JUICE OF GRAPES, HE LEFT IT IN THE SUN. THE JUICE OF THE GRAPES BECAME PURE WINE.





THE WINE LIFTED HIS SPIRITS. DESPITE HIS LOAD HE WALKED JAUNTILY, SINGING ... THE OLD MAN ASKED FOR A DRINK FROM THE CALABASH.



DRINKING THE WINE SO MUCH, THE AGED CREATURE DRAINED THE VESSEL AND BECAME INTOXICATED. HIS LEGS LOOSENED THEIR HOLD

NO SINBAD RAN! HE WAS PICKED UP BY SOME KINDLY MEN ON THE RIVER, WHO WERE AMAZED AT HIS ESCAPE FROM THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA. AS THE CREATURE WAS KNOWN, THE FIRST TO ESCAPE WOULD BREAK HIS POWER. SINBAD WAS THE FIRST.



AND SO BECAME A HERO TO THESE PEOPLE. THEY PRESENTED HIM TO THEIR KING WHO BESTOWED RICH PRESENTS ON HIM AND GAVE HIM A SHIP FOR HIS RETURN TO SHIRAZ.



THIS TIME THERE WAS NO NISBAR. SINBAD REACHED BAGDAD A WEALTHY MAN. THE CALIPH, HEARING OF HIS REMARKABLE ADVENTURES, SENT FOR HIM AND HEADED UPON HIM MORE RICHES AND HIGH HONORS.





THE MAGICIAN CALLED HIM BY NAME. "ALADDIN, ARE YOU NOT THE SON OF MUSTAPHA, THE TAILOR?" YES SIR, SAID THE SURPRISED LAD, "THOUGH MY FATHER HAS BEEN DEAD MANY YEARS."



WHERE UPON THE MAGICIAN CLAIMED HIMSELF TO BE ALADDIN'S LONG LOST UNCLE. "I WILL COME TONIGHT TO YOUR HOUSE TO BUY THREE GOLD PIECES AND BUY FOOD."



ALADDIN HAD NOW EXCITED WITH THE GOLD PIECES HIS MOTHER WAS PUZZLED. "YOUR FATHER HAD NO BROTHER."

HOWEVER, THE MAGICIAN CAME, LADEN WITH GIFTS AND CONVINCED HER, TOO.



THE MAGICIAN WENT FURTHER TO WIN THE CONFIDENCE OF THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER BY OFFERING TO SET HIM UP AS A MERCHANT. FIRST, HE CLOTHED HIM HANDSOMELY.



THE FOLLOWING DAY WAS A HOLIDAY, THE MAGICIAN SUGGESTED THAT ALADDIN SPEND THE DAY WITH HIM IN THE COUNTRY WHERE HE WOULD SHOW HIM FINE GARDENS AND PALACES.



THE YOUTH WAS LED FAR PAST THE GARDENS AND WAS PUZZLED BUT THE MAGICIAN REASSURED HIM. "I AM TAKING YOU TO A GARDEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANY YOU HAVE EVER SEEN."



THEY FINALLY STOPPED IN A NARROW VALLEY. HERE WAS THE PLACE THE MAGICIAN HAD TOLD HIM. HE ASKED ALADIN TO GATHER LOOSE DRY STICKS AND KINDLE A FIRE.



OVER A BLAZING FIRE THE SORCERER SPREAD AN INCENSE THAT BLEW INTO A CLOUD OF SMOKE. INTO THIS HE SPOKE MYSTICAL WORDS.



SUDDENLY THE EARTH TREMBLED AND OPENED, UNCOVERING A STONE THAT HELD A BRASS RING. AT THIS WONDER ALADIN WAS READY TO FLEE IN TERROR!



THE MAGICIAN HELD HIM BACK. "STAY, YOUTH! UNDERNEATH THAT STONE IS A HIDDEN TREASURE THAT WILL MAKE YOU A FORTUNE. TAKE HOLD OF THE BRASS RING. THE STONE WILL LIFT EASILY."



THE OPENING LED TO A CAVE. "BEFORE YOU GO IN TO THE CAVE," SAID THE MAGICIAN, "PUT ON THIS RING, IT WILL PRESERVE YOU FROM EVIL."



AFTER ALADDIN RECEIVED DIRECTIONS ON WHAT TO DO INSIDE THE CAVE, HE DESCENDED INTO A SPACIOUS VAULT.



THE MAGICIAN HAD TOLD HIM OF FOUR CISTERNS FILLED WITH GOLD. "WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD, DO NOT TOUCH THE CISTERNS ON THE WALL, OR YOU WILL DIE INSTANTLY!"



NEXT, HE ENTERED A MAGNIFICENT GARDEN. ITS TREES WERE LOADED WITH PRICELESS GEMS. ALADDIN NEVER HAVING SEEN JEWELS BEFORE, THOUGHT THEM TO BE MERE COLORED GLASS.



HE FOLLOWED HIS UNCLE'S FURTHER DIRECTIONS. WALK ACROSS THE GARDEN TO A TERRACE. THERE YOU WILL SEE A NICHE IN WHICH IS A LIGHTED LAMP."



"BLOW OUT THE LIGHT, THROW AWAY THE WICK.... PLACE THE LAMP IN YOUR VEST AND COME BACK!"



ALADDIN STOPPED TO GATHER SOME OF THE "GLASS" FROM THE TREES THE AFRICAN HAD TOLD HIM THAT ON THE WAY BACK HE COULD PICK WHAT HE WANTED.



THE MAGICIAN ASKED EAGERLY FOR THE LAMP, BUT THE YOUTH WAS LOADED WITH JEWELS. HE COULD NOT GET AT IT. "FIRST, UNCLE, HELP ME OUT OF THE CAVE."



THE SORCERER KNEW THAT UNLESS HE RECEIVED THE LAMP WILLINGLY FROM ALADDIN, HE WOULD HAVE NO POWER OVER IT. "HAND ME THE LAMP, DEAR GOOD NEPHEW," HE COAXED.



AGAIN ALADDIN HAD TO REFUSE. THE ENRAGED SORCERER THREW INCENSE IN THE FIRE. A CLOUD OF SMOKE AROSE AND THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE SHUT TIGHTLY.



THE MAGICIAN STARTED BACK TO AFRICA. "IF I CANNOT HAVE THE LAMP, LET ITS SECRET BE FOREVER SEALED. THE BOY WILL DIE IN THE CAVE..."



ALADDIN COULD NOT GET OUT OF THE CAVE,  
BURIED ALIVE! DESPAIRINGLY HE CLASPED  
HIS HANDS...



UNCONSCIOUSLY RUBBED THE RING  
WHICH THE MAGICIAN HAD GIVEN HIM. AN  
ENORMOUS GENIE APPEARED!



THE GENIE  
VANISHED,  
STUNNED HOW  
ALADDIN TOLD HIS  
MOTHER OF THE  
FALSE UNCLE'S  
TREACHERY.

"WHAT DO YOU WISH? AS A SLAVE OF THE RING, I WILL OBEY....."  
"OH GENIE, GET ME OUT OF THE CAVE! IF YOU CAN! IN AN INSTANT  
THE ROCKS PARTED AND ALADDIN  
WAS WHIZZED OUT!



"WE ARE POOR AGAIN, MY SON," SHE  
WAILED. "ALAS, WE HAVE NOWHERE  
FOR FOOD!" "WE CAN SELL  
THE LAMP FOR A FEW  
COINS," SUGGESTED  
THE BOY.



HIS MOTHER DECIDED TO SHINE UP THE LAMP  
SO THAT IT COULD BRING A BETTER PRICE ...  
AS SHE STARTED TO RUB IT.....



"WHAT DO YOU WISH? THE GENIE ASKED, AS A SLAVE OF THE LAMP I AM READY TO OBEY." ALADDIN, SNATCHING THE LAMP FROM HIS SPEECHLESS MOTHER, SPOKE, "BRING FOOD."



"THE GENIE DISAPPEARED A MOMENT LATER. HE CAME BACK WITH A SILVER TRAY LADEN WITH SAVORY DISHES.....AND VANISHED."



GLADDIN AND HIS MOTHER THEN REALIZED THE WORTH OF THE WONDEROUS LAMP BUT THEY USED IT MODERATELY, MAINLY FOR FOOD, AND EACH TIME THEY ATE ALADDIN WOULD THE SILVER DISHES.



IN DEALING WITH MERCHANTS, HE SAW IN THE SHOPS THE SAME KIND OF GLASS THAT HE HAD PLUCKED FROM THE TREES HE WAS SURPRISED TO LEARN THEY WERE COSTLY JEWELS.



HE SAID NOTHING TO HIS MOTHER OF THEIR REAL VALUE UNTIL ON ONE DAY OF GREAT EXCITEMENT, WHEN PEOPLE WERE HURRYING FROM THE STREETS



SO SOMEONE TAPPED HIM ON THE SHOULDER. OFF THE STREET, LAD! THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER IS TO MARRY, ON THE WAY TO A MOSQUE, NONE OF US IS ALLOWED TO SEE HER.





NOW, ALADDIN HAD HEARD MUCH OF THE SULTAN'S LOVELY DAUGHTER, AND HAD A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE HER. HE MANAGED TO PLACE HIMSELF BEHIND THE DOOR OF THE MOSQUE.



ALADDIN STARED LONG AT THE PRINCESS. NEVER BEFORE HAD HE SEEN ANY ONE SO BEAUTIFUL.



AT HOME HE BECAME SO MOODY THAT HIS MOTHER THOUGHT HE MUST BE ILL. "MY ILLNESS IS A VIOLENT LOVE FOR THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER. I WANT TO MARRY HER," HE ANNOUNCED.



"YOU, A TAIDORS SON, MARRYING A PRINCESS? MY MOTHER LAUGHED. "I MEAN IT, MOTHER. GO TO THE SULTAN AND ASK HER HAND IN MARRIAGE. BRING HIM A MAGNIFICENT GIFT." ALADDIN TOOK OUT THE STONES. "THESE ARE NOT GLASS, BUT PRICELESS GEMS. WEAR THEM IN A CHINA DISH AND GO TO THE PALACE."



EVERY DAY THE SULTAN SAT IN COUNCIL, LISTENING TO THE PROBLEMS OF HIS SUBJECTS. ALADDIN'S MOTHER TOOK HER PLACE IN A LONG LINE OF WAITING PEOPLE.



HE WAITED ALL DAY BUT BEFORE SHE WAS CALLED, THE COUNCIL ADJOURNED.



"SUCH SHE CAME, BUT WAS NEVER CALLED... ON THE SIXTH DAY THE SULTAN NOTICED HER AND BADE HER COME FORWARD."



"WHAT IS YOUR COMPLAINT, GOOD WOMAN? DID SOMEONE SELL YOU BAD FLOUR?... SPEAK!"



"FIRST, WITH MANY APOLOGIES, SHE SET FORTH HER SON'S REQUEST, EXPECTING THE SULTAN TO DRIVE HER OUT, BUT THE JEWELS GAZELLED HIM."



"DESPITE HIS RICHES, HE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN SUCH MAGNIFICENT STONES. HE TURNED TO HIS GRAND VIZIER, 'IS SUCH A PRESENT NOT WORTHY OF MY DAUGHTER?'"




"BUT THE GRAND VIZIER HAD A BETTER WOOD THE PRINCESS." WAIT THREE MONTHS, YOUR MAJESTY. BY THAT TIME, MY SON, MAY MAKE YOU A BETTER PRESENT!:"



"THE SULTAN AGREED TO WAIT BUT HE MADE ALADDIN'S MOTHER BELIEVE HER SON WOULD MARRY THE PRINCESS IN THREE MONTHS... SHE WENT HOME OVERJOYED."



TWO MONTHS HAD PASSED WHEN ONE DAY ALADDIN SAW THAT THE CITY WAS DECORATED AS IF FOR A FESTIVAL.



ALADDIN INQUIRED OF A PASSERBY, 'HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER IS TO MARRY THE GRAND VIZIER'S SON,' THE STRANGER ANSWERED.



ANGRY, ALADDIN SAID HE WOULD RUBBIS HIS MAGIC LAMP AND COMMANDED THE GENIE. 'TONIGHT BRING ME THE PRINCESS AND HER NEW HUSBAND.'

AS SOON AS THE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE, THE GENIE, INVISIBLE TO THE END, WHISKED THEM AWAY.



ALADDIN HAD THE GENIE LOCK EACH UP IN A SEPARATE ROOM - ... SO NEITHER OF THEM HAD A GLIMPSE OF THEIR CAPTOR.



NEXT MORNING THE GENIE FLEW THEM BACK TO THE PALACE. THEY DECIDED TO SAY NOTHING TO THE SULTAN, AS THING SO STRANGE CANNOT OCCUR AGAIN, THEY DECIDED.



IT DID THAT NIGHT SO THE PRINCESS TOLD HER FATHER, WHO DECIDED QUICKLY 'A MARriage WITH SUCH UNHAPPY RESULTS MUST BE ANNULLED'



ALADDIN REJOICED AT THE SUCCESS OF HIS PLAN. IN THREE MONTHS TIME HE SENT HIS MOTHER BACK TO THE PALACE... A STARTLING REMINDER TO THE SULTAN!



NOT WISHING TO FULFILL HIS PROMISE, THE SULTAN AGAIN CONSULTED HIS GRAND VIZIER. 'SET SO HIGH A PRICE ON THE PRINCESS THAT NO MATTER HOW RICH HE IS, HE COULD NOT COMPLY,' THE VIZIER ADVISED.



'YOUR SON MUST BRING ME FORTY TRAYS OF GOLD, EACH FILLED WITH PRICELESS JEWELS... THESE TRAYS MUST BE BORNE BY FORTY BLACK SLAVES AND FORTY WHITE SLAVES, ALL RICHLY DRESSED.'



ALADDIN COMMANDED THE GENIE... SO DAZZLING WAS THE PROCESSION TO THE PALACE THAT PEOPLE LINED THE STREETS, SPELL-BOUND. 'WHAT PRINCE SENT THIS?' THEY ASKED.



THE SULTAN COULD  
PROTEST NO MORE. A  
SUITOR THAT SUCH SHOULD  
NOT BE REJECTED "YOUR  
S ON MAY COME AT ONCE  
TO CLAIM MY DAUGHTER,"  
HE SAID.



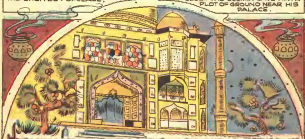
ALADDIN ASKED THE GENIE FOR THE  
RICHEST DRESS EVER WORN BY A  
MONARCH... AND THE FINEST  
OF HORSES.



HE WAS ESCORTED BY SIXTY SLAVES  
WHO CARRIED TEN THOUSAND  
PIECES OF GOLD TO SCATTER AMONG  
THE EXCITED POPULACE!



ALADDIN WAS ROYALLY RECEIVED... BUT  
HE ASKED TO DELAY THE MARRIAGE UNTIL  
HE COULD BUILD A PALACE FIT FOR THE PRIN-  
CESS. THE SULTAN GAVE HIM A  
PLOT OF GROUND NEAR HIS  
PALACE.



ONCE AGAIN, ALADDIN SUMMONED THE GENIE. IN A TWINKLING A SLITTING PALACE  
APPEARED... THE OUTSIDE OF FINEST MARBLE, THE WALLS OF GOLD AND  
SILVER, AND THE WINDOWS BEJEWELLED.



"THE SULTAN ACCEPTED THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE PALACE WITHOUT QUESTION. 'MY SON,' HE BEAMED, 'ADVISE YOU FOR DOING WONDEROUS THINGS IN A TWINKING...'



"THEN, NEAR HIS OWN PALACE, ALADDIN RECEIVED THE PRINCESS. 'I WILL OBEY MY FATHER GLADLY,' SHE SAILED, PLEASED.



ALADDIN ARRANGED WITH THE GENIE FOR A GREAT FEAST AFTER THE WEDDING.

"NO SO TIME PASSED HAPPILY FOR ALADDIN AND HIS BRIDE. THEY NEVER CEASED ANYTHING COULD MAR THEIR CONTENTMENT.



"THE MAGICIAN HAD TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT ALADDIN HAD PERISHED. BUT, ONE DAY, AS HE WAS PEERING INTO A CRYSTAL BALL...



"ALADDIN! ALIVE AND RICH!... THE MAGICIAN FUMED... LEARNING FROM THE CRYSTAL BALL THAT THE PRINCESS LIVED IN ALADDIN'S PALACE, THE MAGICIAN STEPPED IN HATE AND REVENGE SET OUT FOR CHINA.



**T**HIS TIME THE FATES FAVORED THE SOO-CERER. HE LEARNED THAT ALADDIN WAS LEAVING THE CITY FOR SEVERAL DAYS, AND HE PLANNED A WAY TO GET THE LAMP AS A WILLING GIFT.

BUYING A DOZEN NEW, NICELY POLISHED LAMPS FROM A COPPER-SMITH, HE HAYKED 'OLD LAMPS FOR NEW! WHO WILL CHANGE OLD LAMPS FOR NEW!'



EVERYWHERE HE WALKED PEOPLE HOOTED A MAN WHO WOULD STIR UP SUCH A BAD BARGAIN FOR HIMSELF. . . . HE MADE HIS WAY TO ALADDIN'S PALACE.



"MY HUSBAND HAS AN OLD LAMP HE NEVER LOSES. EXCHANGE IT WITH THAT SILLY OLD MAN FOR A NEW ONE," SAID THE PRINCESS TO ONE OF HER SLAVES.



EXACTLY WHAT THE CURNING MAGICIAN HAD COUNTED ON HIS FINGERS CLOSED CARESSINGLY ON THE WONDROUS LAMP.



IN A SECLUDED SPOT HE RUBBED THE LAMP. THE GENIE'S WORDS "AS A SLAVE OF THE LAMP I AM READY TO OBEY," RANG IN HIS EARS.



TRANSPORT ALADDIN'S PALACE, WITH ALL THE PEOPLE IN IT, TO AFRICA," SAID THE MAGICIAN.





THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE SULTAN AWOKED, HE RUBBED HIS EYES ASIAN AND AGAIN THE PALACE! HE ALWAYS SAW IT FROM HIS WINDOW! IT WAS GONE!



THE GRAND VIZIER ADVISED THE SULTAN TO ARREST ALADDIN HE WILL TELL YOU HOW THE PALACE DISAPPEARED. ... ARMED GUARDS OVERTOOK THE STARTLED ALADDIN.



ALADDIN INSISTED HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PALACE "YOU LIE!" ROARED THE SULTAN. "I WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD."



THE EXECUTION WAS ORDERED THE DEADLY AXE WAS SUSPENDED OVER ALADDIN'S HEAD READY TO STRIKE



WHEN THE GRAND VIZIER CHANCED TO GLANCE OUT OF THE WINDOW....

"STOP! THE PEBBLES ARE CLAMORING OUTSIDE. ALADDIN WAS THEIR FAVORITE. HE GAVE THEM MONEY, HE SAYS, THEY WILL STORM THE PALACE!"



ALADDIN WAS ORDERED RELEASED FOR FORTY DAYS, WITH THE SULTAN'S THREAT THAT UNLESS THE PRINCESS WAS RETURNED BY THEN, NOTHING WOULD SAVE HIM!





"IF I DO NOT RESTORE HER IN FORTY DAYS, ALADDIN VOWED, WILL OFFER MY HEAD AT THE FOOT OF YOUR THRONE!" AND HE DASHED OUT!



BUT ALADDIN HAD NO IDEA WHERE TO SEARCH FOR THE PRINCESS. HE WALKED THOUGHTFULLY ALONG, NOT NOTICING A DEEP CREVICE IN THE ROCK. SUDDENLY....



HE GRABBED A ROCK TO SAVE HIMSELF HE GRABBED SO TIGHTLY THAT THE RING HE WORE RUBBED HARD ON THE STONE. THE SLAVE OF THE RING APPEARED!



ALADDIN STILL HAD A POWER HE HAD OVERLOOKED. FIRST HE ASKED FOR FIRM GROUND.



BUT THE GENIE COULD NOT OBEY HE HEYD COMAND "ONLY THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP CAN BRING BACK YOUR PALACE." THEN TAKE ME TO WHERE IT IS "



IN A SPIT BEING SNOW-TOPPED MOUNTAINS, SPARKLING RIVERS, WHITE DESERT SANDS, THE THICK GREEN OF THE TROPICAL FOLIAGE - ALL PASSED UNDER THE FLYING ALADDIN.



AFRICA! HIS SHINING PALACE! ON  
A TERRACE STOOD THE PRINCESS  
BATHED IN MOONLIGHT,  
SIGHING SORTLY.



"WHAT HAVE I DONE?" SHE MURMURED.  
"I SHALL NEVER SEE MY LOVED ONE  
AGAIN."



JOYFUL REUNION.



... BUT A QUICK ONE! FOR THE HATED  
MAGICIAN WOULD SOON COME IN TO  
SUP WITH HER. THIS GAVE ALADDIN  
AN IDEA. HE RUBBED HIS RING.



"BRING ME A BAGGAM OF ROISON POWDER,  
THE GENIE OBEYED THEN ALADDIN INSTRUCTED  
THE PRINCESS AND HID HIMSELF IN A  
CLOSET. SOON, THE CRAFTY MAGICIAN CAME.

SHE PRINCESS GREETED  
HIM SO PLEASANTLY,  
HE WAS DELIGHTED FOR  
SHE HAD SCORNEH ALL  
HIS PREVIOUS VISITS,  
HAD SCARCELY SPOKEN  
A WORD  
TO HIM.



THE DELIGHTED MAGICIAN RAN OUT TO FETCH BOTTLES OF WINE TO DRINK TO OUR HAPPINESS. THE MOMENT HE LEFT THE ROOM.....



THE MAGICIAN RETURNED AND "POURED THE WINE. AT THE PRINCESS' PLACE WAS THE POISON CUP.



BEFORE THEY DRANK THE PRINCESS CRIED OUT. SHE HEARD A NOISE BY THE WINDOW, AS THE MAGICIAN WENT TO INVESTIGATE.....



FINDING NOTHING THE MAGICIAN CAME BACK AND AGAIN RAISED THE CUP TO HIS LIPS... THIS TIME THE POISON ONE.....!



A MOMENT LATER HE THROUDED LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR. ALADDIN RAN TO THE BODY AND DREW OUT THE LAMP.

"OH, BLESSED GENE," ALADDIN CALLED OUT. "SPEEDY TRANSPORT THIS PALACE TO CHINA AND THE EXACT PLACE WHERE IT STOOD."

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE PALACE ONLY FELT TWO SLIGHT JOLTS - ONE WHEN IT WAS LIFTED UP, THE OTHER WHEN IT WAS ONCE MORE SET DOWN.



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE SULTAN AWOKE IN BORROW SINCE THE LOSS OF HIS DAUGHTER. HE GRIEVED CONSTANTLY, DREADING EACH EMPTY DAY.



FEARFULLY HE GAZED OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE FATAL SPOT WHERE THE PALACE HAD STOOD. AT FIRST HE THOUGHT HE SAW A FOG.



HE STARED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE PALACE!



LIKE A JACK RABBIT HE BOUNDED OVER TO IT! NEVER WAS THERE A HAPPIER RE-UNION!



TOLD OF THE MAGICIAN'S EVIL PLOT, THE SULTAN ORDERED THE CORPSE BURIED IN A CAVE AND THE CAVE SEALED FOREVER. A GREAT TEN-DAY FESTIVAL WAS HELD THROUGHOUT THE CITY TO HONOR THE RETURN OF ALADDIN AND HIS PRINCESS, AND ALADDIN AND HIS BRIDE LIVED HAPPILY TO THE END OF THIRTY DAYS.

WHEN SCHEHERAZADE FINISHED THIS STORY, THE KING WAS NOWHERE ABOUT THE PALACE. HE HAD GIVEN UPON OF EVER REMOVING THAT IMAGINATIVE HEAD FROM THE LOVE BY STORY-TELLER. AND HE WAS RIGHT. FOR SCHEHERAZADE'S STORIES LASTED 1001 NIGHTS. BY THAT TIME THE KING DECIDED TO PARDON HER.

ONE WHO CAN SO OUTWIT HER KING DESERVES TO LIVE AND BE HIS QUEEN.

AND SO ENDED KING SHARIAR'S MANIA FOR BEHEADING LOVELY DANGELS. THE PEOPLE REJOICED. NO NAME WAS MORE CHERISHED BY THEM THAN

SCHEHERAZADE

LONG LIVE SCHEHERAZADE!!



## THE TYRANT OF ETREUS

By EVELYN GOODMAN

There was great excitement in the ancient Egyptian city of Etrous. Not a happy excitement for its people, but one filled with bitter hatred. All day long the people watched grimly as workmen unloaded sacks from barges that had skinned down on the Nile from the big quarry several miles away . . . gleaming, square-cut rocks, enough for the building of the great treasure chamber ordered by their tyrant king.

This tyrant, Istar, levied exorbitant taxes on the people. Those who failed to pay were condemned to death. Money wrenched from the poor, flowed into the palace . . . flowed and overflowed! There was so much ill-gotten gold for Istar that he desired a great treasure house attached to his palace to hold all of it.

"The treasure house must have only one door, to be entered from inside the palace," Istar decreed. "There must be one key to it. I will watch that key being made, and will always carry it with me."

Thus did Istar plan to safeguard his treasure chamber. No one could possibly break into it!

But the money-mad monarch did not reckon with one of the builders, a kindly-faced, white-haired old man. When no one was looking, the old man loosened a rock in the treasure chamber.

Soon after the treasure house was finished, the elderly builder fell ill with a fever. For days he lay helpless in his wooden bed, sinking beyond any cure. On his death-bed, he called his two suitors, handsome sons to him, Allias and Menander. They were identical twins but for one difference . . . Allias, unlike his brother, was left-handed!

"Listen carefully, my sons," the old man gasped. "In the treasure chamber, on a level with the trunk of an old olive tree is a loose rock. This rock will open outward to your touch. You will be able to enter the treasure house!

"We are poor. Our people are poor. Take the money. Give it back to the people each time Istar collects it from them." . . . And the old man died.

On a night when the moon hung like a dark lantern over the Nile, Allias and Menander crept to the plundering Istar's treasure chamber. In the thicket they left pack mules. A quick torch flare illuminated the rock for them. It opened!

A half hour later the brothers were stealthily riding

away from the palace grounds on mules laden with the coins.

People did not know how their money was returned to them. All they knew the next day was that they found coins in their grain sacks, on their fields, and at their doors. They knew that their cruel sovereign would not give back his loot to them. Silently, they rejoiced and offered thanks to their gods for this bounty.

That noon Istar paid a visit to his treasure house. His sharp face purpled with fury when he discovered his dwindled stocks of coin. But how could anyone cover a door to which he alone had the key?

"I will set traps and catch the thief like a rat," Istar decided. On the great tile floor of the chamber, between the rows of money, the traps were cleverly concealed.

Thus he ordered another, heavy taxation on the people.

For several nights the moon shone brightly. Every morning the king entered his treasure chamber with new bags of money and found that no one had touched the gold! "The thief must be afraid to return," Istar remarked.

Then, one night the moon, low and yellow, hid behind the great cypress trees banking the Nile. Allias and Menander repeated their trip to the treasure house.

They had barely stepped inside when Menander cried out, "Something has caught me! I cannot move!"

Allias looked down. The iron-wrought jaws of a trap had clamped down on Menander's foot, enclosing it ankle deep in a large hollowed oak square imbedded on the floor.

From the palace running footsteps were heard drawing near. The brothers faced each other anxiously.

"I am doomed," said Menander. "Behold me, so that they will never know my identity. Then go quickly and do not come back!"

"I cannot take your life." . . . But already, as Allias spoke, Menander had with a swift motion plunged a knife into his own heart. Then Allias followed out his brother's wishes.

Ishbar's fury mounted, when breaking into the chamber with his guards the next morning, he found he had trapped only a headless body.

Ishbar called in his favorite sage. After inspecting the corpse, the sage spoke. "That man surely could not have cut off his own head. Someone was here with him."

"Who? . . . How can this accomplice be captured? I want nothing better than to see him die!"

"You will, your majesty, if you follow my plan. Hold a great feast tonight for all your subjects. Jewels throwing, dart throwing . . . with prizes to the victors . . . And I promise you, you will capture your robber."

When Allias learned of the great feast, he at first was sceptical. "It is not like the wicked Ishbar to amuse his subjects."

But all of the men of Eremu were participating. It was expected of him. "I have nothing to fear," reasoned Allias. "Ishbar has no way to suspect me."

Like a god in his shining armor, the valiant Allias joined the other champions in the contest arena. The arena was ablaze with color. Banners of brilliant hue waved in the sunlight. Armor glistened.

The tight-lipped Ishbar, in robes of gold and jewels, took his place in the royal box. Beside him was the sage.

As they gazed down into the vast arena at the milling crowd, poised for combat, Ishbar asked, "How can you find the accomplice among all those men?" The sage smiled.

In a moment, the jewels contest began. Thin light spears sped through the air. One flew further than the others. It belonged to Allias.

The crowd cheered the tall, fine-looking youth. His pleasing appearance caught their fancy.

"That one whom they see cheering is the accomplice you seek," whispered the sage to Ishbar. "In the entire multitude he is the only one who hurled the jewels with his left hand. The head was cut off with a left-handed stroke!"

Allias saw armed guards fringe the arena. But he was not aware that they wanted him and the second contest began . . . the throwing of darts. He had just

stepped forward for his turn when the leader of the guards lunged toward him, with a mighty roar. "Take the thief!"

Allias broke away. In a flash he had sprized through a low narrow passageway. He was outside the arena. His feet touched rock. Before him rose a jagged cliff, atop which lay the ruins of an ancient temple dedicated to the Sun-God, Ra. Far behind the cliff stretched the long green valley of the Nile.

Just as he circled the cliff, he saw the guards. They were surrounding him on all sides. With lightning speed, he started up the cliff to a narrow path that ended a short distance ahead.

Hand-on-hand, Allias began to climb the sheer rocks. Suddenly, he looked down. At the end of the path waited the guards. At the base of the cliff stood the great throng of people, gazing up at the huzzard youth. In their hands they still bore their shining weapons for games and sports.

It came over Allias like a lightning-bolt. He stood up on a rock, glowing like their Sun-God, Ra. He stood tall, erect, though he was balancing perilously. And he shouted down to those people bearing bright weapons.

"People of Eremu! My life is sought because I broke into the king's treasure house and returned to you money that he wratched from you! Whose was the greater crime—mine or his? If you judge his the greater, at once! You are armed! Turn against the tyrant, Ishbar!"

For seconds the people stood motionless, as if paralyzed. Then came an answering shout. "The youth speaks well!"

At once the holiday multitude became an army. Swords and javelins struck down the guards. Then, led by Allias, the people of Eremu marched to the palace, whence Ishbar fled to call out his troops.

In bloody fight, the cruel Ishbar and his troops were vanquished; they bowed before a people whose fury had finally been unleashed.

Allias was proclaimed king. Dressed in simple raiment, he spoke before a cheering, happy people.

"I pledge to keep you free from all oppressions, and when I am gone," he warned, "let no other ruler take away from you the freedom for which you paid so dearly."



## SOME WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD



THE PYRAMID OF KING KHUFU AT GIZA, EGYPT, CONTAINED 2,300,000 BLOCKS OF STONE AND TOOK 20 YEARS TO BUILD.



THE WALLS OF BABYLON WERE THE LOFTIEST EVER TO PROTECT A CITY.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES IN THE GREEK HARBOR, STOOD AS A BEACON, LIGHT TO GUIDE SHIPS.



THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA WAS A GREAT LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SUMMIT OF WHICH A POWERFUL MIRROR REFLECTED THE SUN'S RAYS FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES OUT TO SEA.



THE TOMB OF KING MAUSOLUS WAS FAMED FOR ITS WONDERFUL FRIEZE AND GIANTIC BRONZE CHARIOT GROUP.



Christy

## THREE MEN NAMED SMITH

**R**OBERT SMITH of 43-11 Parsons Boulevard, Jamaica, N. Y., was just another sailor in the United States Navy. He joined up right after graduating from high school in New York. When the ill-fated U.S.S. Utah was shattered by Japanese bombs in that infamous sneak attack on Sunday, December 7, 1941, he manned his bottle station, fighting with everything he had until his ship went down in flames. He went down with it.

Robert Smith was a Protestant.

**H**OWARD SMITH of 188 West End Avenue, Ridgewood, N. J., was a captain in the Artillery. A handsome six-footer, he was a graduate of Lawrenceville Prep and Princeton. When the Yanks landed in North Africa, he was there, doing his part in that portentous campaign. After victory in that theatre of war, he went on to the battle of Sicily, and won the much coveted Silver Star for gallantry. Then, on November 1, 1943, when the drive for Rome was in full force, he was killed in action somewhere below Cassino.

Howard Smith was a Catholic.

**J**ASON SMITH, a New Yorker who had moved to Atlanta, Georgia, was a lieutenant in the Army Air Force. For two years he flew a Thunderbolt Fighter, completing dozens of hazardous missions, bagging his share of enemy planes, taking the risks and dangers in his stride. He received the Air Medal in June, 1943. On August 15, returning from a successful mission, he met the enemy unexpectedly. In the dog fight that followed his plane was shot down, and he was killed.

Jason Smith was a Jew.

... JUST THREE  
AMERICANS NAMED SMITH





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## A letter to the Editor

Wington, London, N L

Dear Sir

I am English, and I work in one of the American Red Cross Clubs in London, so being able to read your "Classic Comics," I would like to add a few words of thanks.

I have always appreciated the American publishing, and your Classic Comics is typical of it. It's great, it's smashing, it's not only a comic, it's a library and it's educational. I am proud to be an English Reader and although in England, I love to read your Comics, and the American boys are nuts about them.

Already they are in great demand by all my friends and you can be sure the post will be read off them. So keep up the "Victory" work, Gents! Your Classic Comics are beyond praise. Just one of your thousands of Admiring readers.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Harold W Ford

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