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Washington Irving



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Rip Van Winkle

and
The Headless Horseman

By Washington Irving

ALMOST TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, NESTING AT THE FOOT OF THE FANTY MOUNTAINS CALLED THE CATSKILLS, THERE WAS A LITTLE DUTCH VILLAGE. THE VILLAGERS, IN THOSE FAR-OFF DAYS, WERE PEACEFUL AND INDUSTRIOUS. THEIR LIVES FLOWED ALONG AS CALMLY AS THE WATERS OF THE NEARBY HUDSON RIVER.

IN THIS VILLAGE THERE LIVED A SIMPLE,
GOOD-NATURED FELLOW ...
KIP VAN WINNIE.



KIP WAS WELLOVED BY EVERYONE ... ESPECIALLY
THE CHILDREN.

Well, there I was ... surrounded by thousands of Indians,
all after my scalp.



"OF COURSE, I HAD MY BRAVE DOG, WOLF ..."



"THE REDSKINS CAME CLOSER! ..."



"I KNEW ONE BULLET WOULDN'T HELP MUCH, BUT I RAN
MY TRUSTY DOG AND FIRED ..."



"I HAD FORGOTTEN TO LEAD
IT . . ."



"UNDAUNTED, I BEGAN TO FIGHT . . ."



"I FLIPPED OUT MY TRUSTY BULLS AND STARTED TO COVER
MY WAY OUT . . ."



"BUT THEY WERE TOO MANY AND I WAS
OVER-POWERED . . ."



"THEY WERE GOING TO BURN ME AT THE
STAKE . . ."



"SUDDENLY, BIG CHIEF CRACK-BULL THREW HIS
TOMAHAWK AT MY HEAD . . . !"





Look out!

You scolded the best three terms miserably! Back to school immediately as there will be books burned a plenty!



Thanks Derrick! You've just saved my head from being split by an teacher's speechbook!



Well, Rip, I see you're up to your old tricks again! How can I teach the youngsters reading and writing when you teach them with games and lousy tales?

This is they seem to be happy . . . while they're young! Besides, I've been content all my life without being able to read or write!



Rip You Winkle, you're a worthless worm, but I can't help liking you.

Aye, Derrick Van Bommel, that is what everyone tells me. Well I shall meet you later at the Town!

THE TAVERN A CLUB FOR THE SAGES, PHILOSOPHERS AND
FOOLERS OF THE VILLAGE

There will be no rain tonight

There will be no rain tonight!

Gentlemen, let us not quarrel. What say you,
Master Vadder?

There will be no rain tonight, but
there will be thunder!

Thunder without rain?

Aye, There will be no rain and there will be
no lightning. But there will be thunder!

How is Wick Vadder?

One night, every twenty years, the ghosts of
Hendrik Musher and his crew of the good ship
Half Moon meet in these mountains to hear their
creeps. The sound of their howling resounds in
these mountains as the clash of thunder. Tonight
they are to meet again. Only one man has
ever seen them.

What because of him?

He went crazy and has talked himself ! !

Come, gentlemen, it is too beautiful a day to talk
of ghosts and death.

Aye, there comes that merry good fellow, Sir
Van Winkle. He seems not to be over-mindering
himself.

Rip is a good fellow. He has never been known to put in a day's work on his farm. Yet, he will lend a helping hand to his neighbors.



Aye. And run around for our wives!



Rip would be a very happy man were he not vexed with the worst shrew of a wife that ever snarled a man's life.



You see, that is the way to make a top spin.



May now be off with your pranks or I'll bend you all over my knee!





These youngsters are always playing tricks!

Come, Rip, what do you say to a glass?



What do I always say to a glass? It's a fine thing if there's plenty in it . . . especially on a hot day as this!

Look, Rip! Here is your wife coming!



I beg of you, Gentlemen, my nothing to my wife about me.

Don't worry, Rip. We'll protect your



Well, you old wretch! Where is that lazy son, Rip Van Winkle?

Good day, Dame Van Winkle. We have not seen your husband today!



Yes he . . . all of you? If he isn't here, what is he doing, well, doing there under the table?

We is chasing a mouse!



Well I have found the mouse!

So, you drank! Your wife and children starve to death. Our house is falling apart. There are no crops in the little field we have left. But you go on leading a merry life...

Please, Game Van Winkle, Rip is a good dog.



You, Winkler, with your rotten whiskey! You are the pest of this village!

You can't beat my friend, landlord Winkler!



BARL!!



Please do not beat wolf. I'd rather you beat me! I'm more used to it than he is!



How dare you growl at me! Lazy, little cat!



Never fear! Four tons will come! Wait till I get you home, Big Tom Whisker!

Please, Grandma, do not ever cross me any further in front of my friends! I will do anything you say!



Very well! Don't think I'm letting you off easy, but our children must not take your rifle into the woods and bring back some meat for tonight's supper!

Yes, dear!



And on your way home stop at the pasture. I've sold our last cow to Farmer Van Buren to pay our bills. You must drive her to his farm tonight.

Remember! Deliver the cow and about at least a squirrel for supper! If you don't, you had better think yourself! Don't come home empty-handed!

Yes, dear!



IN THE WOODS LATER THAT DAY, THE SUN WAS BEGINNING TO DESCEND BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS.

Well, well, we have been hunting all day and still no trace of game. We can't go back empty-handed.



Fear Wolf. You are forced to live with this woman when you aren't mean married to her as I am. I'm afraid she leads you a dog's life.



We must find something for the supper pot I could shoot a duck but they are all too greedy to kill!



And how can I eat my own friend, the rabbit?
He trusts me! What shall I do?



Wolf! You see that big animal all there between the trees? It's almost dark but I think it's a bear. Oh ha! We shall have most tonight!



Now, Wolf, be a good dog! Don't move my arm!
I must shoot straight this time!



AN HOUR LATER IN RIP'S COTTAGE

Young Rip and Judith: Has your father come home yet?

No mother.



So much the better for him. Never let him show his face in these doors again! What! What are you crying about?

Because my poor father is not in this thunderstorm.



Leave him right! He gets no supper here tonight!



Is there a way to talk to my own children about me?

Never mind about that! What did you bring for supper?



Why it's empty! Do you mean to tell me

Wait, dear! Don't be hasty. Here was this big fat rabbit and I aimed my gun very carefully slowly I pulled the trigger... and missed!



But there were these ducks on the lake. Thousands of them. Slowly I aimed my gun and carefully pulled the trigger, and... got em!"



Ah! So you shot one duck? Where is it?

He was one duck! One was! One was!



Big Man Wicket! Do you mean to say you shot one last year? The one I sold this morning to Farmer Bushman?

The man had said it was dark, I thought it was a bear!



This is the first street you had to shoot the one thing we had left . . . my cow!



Please let me explain!

It's too late to explain. Get out and take your filthy dog with you. I don't want to see either of you again.



Well, old Well! I wouldn't chase a dog out on a night like this but it looks like another night on the mountains for us!



SO INTO THE BLANK, EMPTY NIGHT FLOODED BY VAN WINKLE AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG, WOLF WEARILY THEY SOLED UP THE STEEP MOUNTAIN-SIDE ONWARD INTO A DEADLY SILENCE. THE HEAVY SILENCE WAS BROKEN NOW AND THEN BY TRUENDOUS CRASHES OF THUNDER WHICH RUMBLLED TO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

Well, you and the trees are my best and last friends



AS RIF ASCENDED THE MOUNTAINS, THE THUNDER ROAR BECAME LOUDER!



This terrible thunder comes from the trees of Frankia!



Suddenly

Wait the tree it's going to hit us!



WOLF MANAGED TO SQUIRM OUT BUT RIP LAY STUNNED



My dear, sweet wife!



Where am I? ... Out away from me, you foolish dog!



I can't get out! I'm trapped! Wolf, help me!



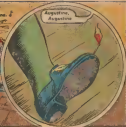
It's no use! Wolf ... what are you looking out

A HUGE SQUID, LOCKED BY THE STORM, ROLLED DIRECTLY TOWARD RIP, WHO LAY HELPLESS IN THE PATH OF CRUSHING DEATH!





Ach, du lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin
Augustin



Augustin, Augustin

Ach Du Dicker!



Ah, schandvoller Von Dammel, what mean?



Bad news. Rip Van Winkle's wife has chased him out into this terrible night!



AS WE RETURN TO BIP

Goodbye Wolf! We die together!



I wonder if they allow dogs in Moscow!



Wolf! We're not dead! The rock pushed the tree away! I'm free! It's a miracle!



Come Wolf! We'll try to find a cave to shelter us from the storm!



What are you waiting for? Do you see something in the under-brush?



I see something too. It looks like a man. WHO GOES THERE?



Are you a forest or fool? Why don't you answer?



I have only three bullets with me, but if I fire my gun perhaps I will frighten him away.



He is coming closer! I must shoot at him!



He says nothing and will come nearer! I pray that my last bullet will stop him!



He comes closer! I have no more bullets but my brave dog, Wolf, will protect me!



WHILE BACK IN RIPS' COTTAGE

When is father coming back?

Never. Not all I care!



Well, why don't you eat?

We can't eat when we think of poor father out in the terrible storm.



Do you waste good food and are disrespectful to your mother?



Perhaps this will teach you better manners.



Never mention your father's name in this house again. You will go to bed at once without supper.



Please God, take care of our father. Amen.

Protect him from danger for he is a good man!







You must be a stranger here. My name is Rip Van Winkle. What's yours?



Well, if you won't ask ... what may you do a sip of liquor?

You need not run off! I was only trying to be friendly. Perhaps I can help you carry that heavy bag to wherever you are going!



While I carry OUR bag you carry my rifle. How load on!



THUS BEGAN A WEIRD JOURNEY THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT INTO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION



THEY TOOK THIS WAY UP THROUGH A NARROW GULCH . . . THE NOW DRY BED OF WHAT WAS ONCE A RUSHING MOUNTAIN STREAM.



WHEN RIP TIRED, THE LITTLE MAN WOULD CARRY THE KID THIS, NATURALLY BELIEVING EACH OTHER, THEY CLIMBED EVER HIGHER.



Where are you taking me?

THE HIGHER THEY CLIMBED . . . THE LOUDER WAS THE CRACK OF THUNDER ON ALL SIDES.



AS RIP AND HIS STRANGE COMPANION REACHED THE TOP OF THE GULCH THEY STOOD BEFORE THE ENTRANCE TO A FOREST CLEARING



This is indeed a strange thicket. Even the elements are drunk!



WHEN HE ENTERED THIS NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE, RIP BEHOLD THE STRANDEST SIGHT EVER SEEN BY MORTAL EYES.



AS THE MEN NEAR THE BOWLING STOPPED:

Why don't they say something? I wonder who is the leader of this group?



I was their leader and captain! My name is Mandrik Nudson!



Captain Nudson, I did not mean to intrude. I was only helping the old man carry the bag of liquor!



This man is a mortal. He does not belong here. We must die with the proper reverence!



Aye, he must die!

Pluck out his eyes!

It will not be pleasant for him!

Tear off his nose!



Wait! Before he dies, let him serve us!
He shall be our bar-maid!



Do not tremble! If you spill my liquor, your final tortures will
be increased!



AS THEY DRANK, THE LITTLE MEN BEGAN TO
DANCE ABOUT POOR RIP.



SOME BEGAN TO TELL JOSES.

Who was that fiddle I saw you with last night?

That was no fiddle . . . that was my wife!



Farewell! My dear wife and my darling
children! I shall never see you again!



Enough of this merry-making! We have some serious business to attend to!



A leg of your spare, say! I have a wife and two little children to take care of!

Hah! You have neglected them all your life!



There is only one way you can save yourself. We shall have a drinking match.

March! A drinking match!



If you drink more than I, you shall go free!



Agreed! For three years I have been the drinking champion of the village tavern!

Bring the large flagons! No mortal can drink more than me!



CAPTAIN HENDRICK HUSSON
WAS TO DRINK FIRST!



Merrill! The captain has finished
his!

Drink, Skip. If you do not
finish the flagon . . . you
die!



Am! This liquor is very good! It
makes me feel warm!



And it makes me very sleepy!



I will just lie down for a moment! Only a moment!



HE SANK INTO A
SILENT POOL OF SLEEP,
AND WHILE HE SLEPT,
HIS BEARD GREW
LONG, HIS HAIR
TURNED WHITE . . . FOR
TWENTY LONG YEARS
WERE PASSING . . .

AT LAST RIP STIRRED FROM HIS SLUMBER.



Surely, I have not slept here all night!



This is what I get for sleeping on the ground! My joints are all stiff and sore!



Those little ones last night! They were
stupid! They stole my own rifle and
left this old rusty one!



When I find them, they will learn that
Rip Van Winkle is not a man to fool
with!



RIP STARTED OFF TO
FIND THE GULLY BY
WHICH HE AND THE
LITTLE MAN HAD
CLIMBED TO THE
AMPHITHEATRE.

BUT WHEN HE FOUND IT . . .

Last night the stream was dry and today it is filled with water!



There must have been a heavy dew!



I certainly can't drink this gummy stuff!
I will call Wolf! Perhaps he is nearby!



Only the wolves survive me! I am hungry!
Perhaps I can get some breakfast at
home if Dame Widdie has forgiven me!



WOLF!
WOLF!!



Wolf! Wolf!



SO HE BEGAN A
PAINFUL ASCENT
OF THE
MOUNTAIN

AS RIP APPROACHED THE TOWN . . .

I wonder who these people are! I thought I knew everyone in the country round!



And their clothes are strange, too!

Look at the graybeard.



This is very peculiar! I do have a beard! And it is gray and two feet long!

THERE WERE MANY SURPRISES IN STORE FOR RIP.

This cannot be my village! It is three times as large! What has happened to me?



HIP MADE STRAIGHTWAY FOR HOME . . .

These rooms on the doors are all strange. Perhaps I slept a little too long! Dame Winkle will be very angry!



BUT WHEN HE REACHED HIS HOME . . .



I should have repaired the hinges of this door when Dame Winkle asked me to!



Dame Winkle? . . . Are you here?



No one is home! Only my daughter Judith's doll whose can they be?

I will go to the tavern there I can get a drink and perhaps news of my family!



THE TAVERN HAD BECOME . . .



INSTEAD OF KING GEORGE . . .



AT THE TAVERN AS RIP LOOKED ABOUT HE SAW



... THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION.

... And I tell you, if my opponent is elected, we might as well give the country back to the Indians!

Ayat ... We're right!

You're a liar!



I'll put it up to the old man! Whom are you voting for, Grandpa?



WOW!

Are you a Republican or a Democrat?



I am a poor quiet man, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!

WHAT! I



A Tory! A capitalist! A spy ... punch him or spy!



Wait! He is my old man! Let us hear him out!



Prison no longer! I have only come to find my friends who used to work at this factory!



Who are they?

Where is Nicholas Vadder, owner of this tavern?

Dead these eighteen years!



And Brass Dutcher? . . . Where is he?

Dead! Killed at Valley Forge!



Is everyone dead? Don't you know Rip Van Winkle?

Rip Van Winkle? There he is!



Dead?



Has Van Winkle like Rip Van Winkle who are?







HE TOLD HIS TALE . . .

... and the liquor made me sleep for twenty years without waking! But where is your mother?



She died when she broke a blood vessel arguing with a peddler!



You will live with me father. You may have anything you like! I will never sold you!



HE WENT OFF TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

HE TOLD HIS TALE MANY TIMES

(I don't believe it. It never happened.)



BUT . . . DEAR READERS WE SAW IT WITH OUR OWN EYES WE KNOW IT HAPPENED DON'T WE?

THE END

A dramatic illustration for a book cover. In the center, a man in a dark suit and red waistcoat is shown in a state of panic, running towards the viewer. Behind him, a spectral, headless figure with long, dark hair and a pale, greenish face is chasing him. To the left, a woman in a white dress is being dragged away by a spectral force. In the background, a dark horse with a headless rider is galloping across a landscape. The scene is set against a dark, stormy sky with swirling clouds. The overall style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine illustrations.

The HEADLESS HORSEMAN

*or The Legend of
Sleepy Hollow*

By Washington Irving

READER, DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT YOU SAW A BLEEDING HAND BATTING YOUR WINDOW, AND YOU HEARD GEIGANS AND THE CLANKING OF CHAINS? THEN YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THE TERROR ICHABOD CRANE FELT WHEN — BUT LET US START THE STORY AT THE BIDDING . . .

STAR TARTTOWN, WHICH IS ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN MILES FROM NEW YORK, THERE IS A LITTLE VALLEY CALLED SLEEPY HOLLOW.

SLEEPY HOLLOW WAS SO-CALLED BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WERE VERY BUSY AND INDUSTRIOUS BOYS.



I should be going home to bed.



THE LAND WAS RICH AND FERTILE, OVERFLOWING WITH GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

SLEEPY HOLLOW HAD ONE POVERTY-STRECKEN SCHOOL TEACHER . . . ICHABOD CRANE.



THE PUPILS WERE QUIET AND STUDIOUS. . .



The School's Education is progressing in the right direction.
1937

. . . AND CHARLES CRANE WAS A GENTLE, LOVING TEACHER!



Share the red and read the child!

I am only doing my duty by your parents!



BUT EVEN THE SCHOOLDAY ENDED

I hear your mother has a fatal shocker for supper. I'll just walk home with you, William. . . to protect you from ghosts!



GHOSTS?

I don't believe in ghosts! Do you?

A lot, of course! There are many ghosts in Sleepy Hollow! People have seen them! Tell!



This is Sleepy's Park, haunted by a woman who died in the snow! I have heard her weeping all night in winter night!



... and this is a tree from which the Headless Horseman rides at night!

The Headless Horseman! Who is he?



"HE WAS A GERMAN SOLDIER WHO LOST HIS HEAD WHEN DURING THE REVOLUTION HIS HEADLESS GHOST RIDES HERE EACH NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT!"



Some say he rides to find his head but others say he carries it in his hand!

Ohhh! I hope I don't ever see him! Where you ever seen him?



But it would be a hot day in December before you see him again at midnight!



Farmer Van Blipert! I brought your
own ham!

I wager you also
brought your appetites!



Why are you always rude to poor
Ichabod?

Poor Ichabod is a vampire! I wish I
have been living all my life and the
other farmers!



I think that's the only real gentleman in
Sleepy Hollow! Come right on Ichabod!

AFTER ALL . . . HOW ELSE COULD ICHABOD GET HIS SUPPER? A
SCHOOL-MASTER WAS PAID VERY LITTLE AND ICHABOD WAS A
MAN OF TASTE!



AFTER SUPPER ICHABOD WOULD ENTERTAIN HIS
GUESTS

and so the witch was burned to death! These
tales are true . . . I read them myself!



Ichabod said there are ghosts all
about Sleepy Hollow . . . even a
Headless Horseman!



ONE EVENING A WEEK, SCHWABE TAUGHT SINGING TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE VILLAGE!



AFTER THE SINGING WAS OVER

Misses Van Bogaart? Please stop a moment!
I want to talk to you!



What is it, Schwabe?

Katrina, when I look at you I see
only beauty!

and your
father's money!

KATRINA WAS THE BEAUTIFUL
VILLAGE BELLE WHOSE
FATHER WAS ONE OF THE
RICHEST FARMERS IN
SLEEPY HOLLOW



I see you in your

after we're married!

I AND MY LITTLE WIFE EATING SUPPER





We will be so happy you and I and your father's robes
That is . . . I mean . . .



Perhaps you'd better not walk home with me all the way. Even Van Brunt wouldn't like to . . .



My uncle! We're being attacked by Indians!





I meant no harm, Master Bones... I mean Master Bones!

He was only walking me home, Bram!



You won't have to worry! My horse Dore-Dore will carry you home, and so for you Master Bones!



... if I ever find you near my Bettle again, I'll double you up and lay you on a shelf in your own schoolhouse!



Come on, Dore-Dore!



THE NEXT MORNING HIS PUPILS PREPARED A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR ISHABOD

Look out! He's coming!



This is the way I like to find you... quiet and ready for the day's work!



Let me find the boy who did this and he won't sit down for a month!



I'll show the school-master what it means to try and take my girl away! Did you bring the blankets?



Yes, I have them here.

Good! Let's go!



When the smoke boils down the chimney our school-master will turn into a smoked ham.









THAT EVENING . . .



Master
Robert!

So you came after all! Well, remember that I warned you!

Welcome, gentlemen! Come in and enjoy yourselves.



You'll find Barrine inside, Master Cross. I think she wants to dance with you!

Miss Barrine, may I have the pleasure of this dance?

Oh, excuse us, Brown!



Where does that skinny school master get all his energy?

We does look like a scare-crowd doesn't he?



That labeled sure can dance!



I thank you for the dance, Kavalier!

Come, labeled, there is food in the next room. Fall to and help yourself!



FOOD!!





The other night I met the Marquis de M... offered to race with him for a bowl of punch and just as I was... he disappeared.

The Marquis de M...



Wasn't other than that before he disappeared he said, "Tell Ishak Cross to beware! I'm coming to get him!"

He... he... said... that? I... I... don't believe it!



Why, Ishak! You're trembling!

Uh... I don't feel well! I must have eaten too much.



Excuse me! It is getting late! I must go!



I must make haste and get home quickly before the clock strikes twelve!



Faster, Greenwinder, faster! We must get home
before the clock strikes!



SUDDENLY . . .

Midnight! The witching
hour!



I am not afraid of witches!



Where there? No . . . It can't be . . . But it is . . .!



THE HEADLESS HORSERMAN !!



THEN ESCAPED
A FEARFUL
DREAM . . .

Whoo! Crude! Prepare to die!



Hangover! Why didn't you turn off to the farm? Now we **ALL** doomed!



Van Brown's Sunday saddle! He'll kill me if I get out of this alive!



There is the bridge where the ghost always disappeared if I can reach it, I am safe!





STRUCK BY THE
HEAD, THE
TERRIFIED
SCHABOD FELL
FROM HIS
MOBILE STEEP
AND KNEW NO
MORE!

THE NEXT MORNING THE WHOLE TOWN WAS PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE
DISAPPEARANCE OF ITS SCHOOL-MASTER!



PROMINENT
CITIZENS OF
SLEPT
HOLLOW
WERE HEARD
TO SAY

THE MAYOR

My friends I promise that this
crime will be solved in short
time or I will resign!



THE CHIEF
OF POLICE

We've thrown a net of men
around here if the criminal
escapes, I will resign!



BROOK VAN BRUNT AND

KATHERINA VAN TASSER!

Katherine and I think it was the Headless
Horseman who made off with Ichabod!
We're getting married!



Well, it reminds me of the time when
Merry Weather and I

Met that scary spirit!
Not that!



ICHABOD NEVER RETURNED, AND NO
ONE REMEMBERED YEARS LATER. A
TRAVELER REPORTED THAT ICHABOD
KEPT RUNNING ON THAT FATEFUL
NIGHT UNTIL HE REACHED A SMALL
CONNECTICUT TOWN A GOOD
DISTANCE AWAY THAT HE SETTLED
DOWN THERE AND BECAME A JUDGE
BUT WHATEVER HE DID, ONE THING
IS CERTAIN NONE OF HIS PUPILS
EVER MISSED HIM

THE END.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING

On the 27th of April 1784 you eight years after the battle of Lexington the commanding general of the American forces sent the joyful news of peace to his long suffering army. On the third day of the same month in the city of New York the youngest of the eleven children of William and Sarah Irving was born. To the child was given the Christian name of Washington.

Washington Irving's father had come from Scotland and his mother claimed Cornish ancestry. Thus he was influenced by this English ancestry, we may easily see from the fact that in his boyhood his favorite reading was found in the poems of Chaucer and Spenser.

Irving was employed as a law-pupil when at nineteen, he began writing light humorous articles in a paper edited by his brother. His health showed signs of weakness when he was twenty-one and he went over to England and the continent of Europe for a long holiday which did him so much good that he lived to be nearly seventy years!

As a boy, he must have been of a very quiet and gentle nature. Books and voyages and watch became my passion, he writes, and, in devoting their concerns I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wretchedly would I wander about the parterre with my wreaths and with the pattering steps behind me, dreamy, dazed! With what longing eyes would I gaze after their laughing walk and with my will to imagination to the ends of the earth!

When he returned to New York in 1802 as a lawyer but instead of practicing law he found that of his brothers and a friend in starting a journal. This proved so successful that he determined to devote himself to a literary life.

The most important period of his literary work began in 1815 when he paid his second visit to Europe a visit that lasted, for no less than seventeen years. Here he wrote that charming work, *The Sketch Book*, which contains some of the most beautiful descriptions of nature, places ever penned. Two of these sketches are, *Knickerbocker* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, which is also referred to as *The Headless Horseman*.



His gift of making the description of a place alive with human interests, and abiding in the mind of the reader that reader feeling which comes from the memory of a happy visit to some interesting spot, was quite unrivalled. Now nearly a hundred years after the *Sketch Book* was written it stands widely read in Great Britain, as well as in his native land.

Irving's last great work was the *Life of Washington*, our great hero, which he completed only a few months before his own death on November 28, 1859. He excelled equally as a humorous describer, writer, and a teller of tales. Born with the new Republic, and through the whole of his life an ardent lover of his country, it seems no stretch of the imagination to conceive that Irving was inspired from the beginning with the high resolve to add something to its glory, as well as to make his himself a name of renown. His arduous labor proved that he succeeded in achieving both of these goals.

... AND ONE CAME BACK

The true story of a lone survivor of a bomber crew

A bearded youth of 21, his hair thickly matted, his sparse clothing smacking of native dress, stumbled into an American base at Guadalcanal. An officer stared at him, then uttered a cry of astonishment. "Tail-Gun Charlie! Can it be . . . ?"

"It is!" Tail-Gun Charlie smiled broadly, despite his fatigue, for it was good to return among friends, and amusing to wrangle them as if you had just stepped out of the grave. Corporal Joseph Edgar Hartman, known to his men as Tail-Gun Charlie, had been reported killed in action 67 days before, when the flying fortress in which he served as tail gunner was split in two by a rushing Zero that had smashed directly into it.

Soon after his dramatic entrance at the American base, Hartman comfortably supplied with food, drink, and fresh clothes unfolded the story of how he came to be sole survivor of his ill-fated B-17 . . . a story as thrilling as anything fiction can produce.

The B-17's wreckage lay back from a search and photographic mission when suddenly from out of the clouds soared 6 Zeros, pouring a

rat-a-tat of fire. The men in the fortress sprang into action . . . tail turrets, waist and tail gunners spitting fire that downed all six. In fact, two of the enemy planes exploded in mid-air. But just as the B-17 was ready to continue its course, another Zero appeared breaking through white clouds above. Straight for the American bombing ship it headed, into the top of the bomber's fuselage just in back of the radio compartment. The flying fortress split in two. The forward part burst into flames and crashed, carrying to death all men of an occupation.

By a miracle the other portion of the B-17 . . . the tail . . . hurried clear from the blazing forepart and began to descend. In the tail was a lone gunner, Corporal Hartman.

The head-on crash had knocked him senseless. But as the tail section descended with almost incredible stability . . . he regained consciousness and

hardly opened the escape hatch. Then he recovered his parachute and just in time pulled the ripcord.

A few feet above the water he slipped out of the chest strap and dropped into the calm



was about 175 yards from shore. His heavy flying suit weighed him down so that he stripped off his clothing as he swam, and moments later staggered onto the beach practically denuded.

About a half hour later Hartman was found by two friendly natives, who took him by canoe to a village where he was well-received, given native dress, and had his head wounds bandaged. After a week there . . . a week in which he was puzzled about what was to be done with him, he was abruptly hauled off on a barefoot trek through the jungle, accompanied by a party of natives. Mile after mile they traveled, in narrow heat. But the dirty swamp and thick, bristly underbrush painful to Hartman's bare feet did not disturb him half as much as wondering, where the natives were taking him.

Three days later the answer came. They arrived at a large village, designated apparently for the corporals' permanent residence. The white visitor who had dropped from the skies, was well-typed by the natives. The best foods were heaped on Hartman . . . the meat of birds and native fruits and vegetables. He was housed in what was considered the most lavish native quarters, and he was berthed to accompany them on hunting and fishing trips.

Pleasant, sun-drenched days for young 'Tail-Gun' . . . were being away from the battering of bombs and shells away from an earth exploding in fire and fume. But he knew where

he belonged and was anxious to return to Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

Finally, after days of trying, he prevailed upon his dark-skinned companions to furnish him with a canoe by which he could attempt a journey back to Guadalcanal.

The loyal natives arranged for a crew to set out with him. They proceeded cautiously through enemy-infested waters. Once a Japanese warship played an searchlight beam as close as a foot away from the frail canoe. Sometimes when the waters were too congested with the fighting craft of the little yellow dogs, Hartman and his party had to put up in jungle cover during the day and proceed in blackened night . . . and their narrow, harrowing escapes were prolonged because of the slowness of canoe-paddling.

Finally, fortune favored them with a wind-fall, in the shape of an abandoned but still serviceable motor launch. Paring from his faithful native friends, the corporal put pointed his way alone to Tulagi, where he was transferred to an American PT boat that carried him to Guadalcanal . . . and there he made his sudden, dramatic appearance before his squadron. Heroism and resourcefulness, when luck played into his hands, had lifted his name from among the dead to a very much alive York, ready for another crack at the Japs!

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

(Dubuque, October 25, 1857)

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"

Charge for the gun!" he said

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"

Was there a girl in them?

Not a man, the general said

Some of the best

That ever was bred

That ever was bred

That ever was bred

That ever was bred

That ever was bred

Cannon in front of them

Cannon in front of them

Cannon in front of them

And fired and thundered

Never in war did they

Billie, but rode and well

Well they did it

For the cause of their

For the cause of their

Flushed all their horses here,

Flushed as they ranged in air

Along the narrow street

Along the narrow street

All the world was

Stood in the bloody ruts

Stood through the fire they broke,

Cannon in front

Rooted from the very earth,

Staggered and reeled

Then they rode back, but not

Not the six hundred.

Stood in front of them

Chips to left of them,

Chips to right of them

Chips to left of them

Chips to right of them

Chips to left of them

Chips to right of them

Chips to left of them

Chips to right of them

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