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No. 13 15¢

DR. JEKYLL

and

MR. HYDE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



DR. HENRY JEKYLL, A WELL-KNOWN LONDON PHYSICIAN, WAS LOVED AND HONORED BY HIS MANY FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES. ONE DAY, HE SUMMONED MR. UTTERSON, HIS ATTORNEY AND CLOSEST FRIEND, FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRAWING UP HIS WILL. THIS SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT AND BUSINESSLIKE INCIDENT WAS REALLY MUCH MORE. IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES YOU HAVE EVER HEARD.

1911

UTTERSON, I WISH TO DRAW UP A NEW WILL.

VERY WELL, HENRY. HOW SHALL IT BE READ?



IT IS MY WISH THAT ALL MY POSSESSIONS PASS INTO THE HANDS OF MY FRIEND, EDWARD HYDE, IN CASE OF MY DEATH.



IN CASE OF MY DISAPPEARANCE OR UNEXPLAINED ABSENCE FOR ANY PERIOD TO EXCEED THREE CALENDAR MONTHS, THE SAID MR. HYDE SHALL INHERIT MY ENTIRE ESTATE.

UTTERSON WAS ASTOUNDED BY THIS REQUEST...

WHY—WHO IS THIS EDWARD HYDE?



I WISH YOU WOULD CONSIDER THIS MY PERSONAL AFFAIR AND NOT PURSUE THE MATTER FURTHER.

VERY WELL, HENRY I SHALL HAVE THE WILL READY FOR YOUR SIGNATURE, TOMORROW.

WORRIED AND PUZZLED BY HIS FRIEND'S STRANGE REQUEST, UTTERSON LEFT JEKYLL'S HOUSE.



SOMETIME LATER, UTTERSON WAS OUT FOR A STROLL WITH HIS FRIEND, RICHARD ENFIELD. AS THEY TURNED DOWN A STREET IN A BUSY QUARTER OF LONDON, ENFIELD POINTED TO THE DOOR OF A HOUSE ON THE OPPOSITE CORNER . . .

DO YOU SEE THAT DOOR, UTTERSON?

WHAT ABOUT IT?



IT IS CONNECTED IN MY MIND WITH A VERY ODD STORY.

INDEED? AND WHAT IS THAT?



THIS IS THE STORY THAT MR. ENFIELD TOLD MR. UTTERSON, AND WHICH STARTED THE LATTER OFF IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION TO A STRANGE SERIES OF INCIDENTS . . .



I WAS ON MY WAY HOME ONE EVENING, AS I APPROACHED A CORNER, I SAW A LITTLE MAN STUMPING ALONG AND A LITTLE GIRL RUNNING AT TOP SPEED TOWARD HIM

AT THE CORNER, THEY
RAN INTO EACH OTHER...



FLYING INTO A RAGE, THE MAN TRAMPLED
THE POOR GIRL UNDER HIS FEET...



LEAVING THE CHILD SCREAMING ON THE
GROUND, THE MAN CALMLY WALKED AWAY



I WENT AFTER
THE RUFFIAN AND
COLLARED HIM...

YOU ARE A VICIOUS
SCOUNDREL AND I'LL
SEE THAT YOU PAY
DEARLY FOR WHAT
YOU HAVE DONE! WHY,
YOU COULD HAVE
KILLED THAT CHILD!



THE LOATHFUL APPEARANCE OF THE FELLOW INSPIRED THE GROUP WITH HATRED AND THEY WANTED TO KILL HIM.

STAND BACK PLEASE
LET'S NOT LOSE
OUR HEADS.



THE CHILD'S FAMILY COULD SUE YOU FOR
WHAT YOU DID, AND YOU WOULD BE
RUINED FINANCIALLY.



IT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY FOR THEM TO
SUE ME. I'M SURE WE CAN GET TOGETHER
ON A PRICE.



*AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF BARBAINING, HE AGREED TO
PAY ONE HUNDRED POUNDS* TO THE CHILD'S PARENTS...*

COME WITH ME AND
I SHALL GIVE YOU
THE MONEY.



*Approximately \$480.00 in U.S. currency at that time.

HE LED THE WAY TO THAT VERY BUILDING, PUT HIS KEY IN THE DOOR AND ENTERED.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

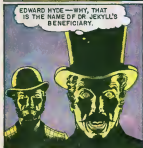


THE CHECK WAS SIGNED BY A PERSON WELL-KNOWN TO ME.



IF YOU DOUBT THE WORTH OF THAT CHECK, I'LL PERSONALLY TAKE YOU TO THE BANK IN THE MORNING AND CASH IT.





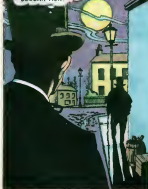
FROM THAT TIME FORWARD, UTTERSON CONTINUED TO HAUNT THE HOUSE ON THE BY-STREET OF SHOPS.

THIS FELLOW HYDE IS BOUND TO SHOW UP SOME TIME OR OTHER IF HE BE MR HYDE, THEN I SHALL BE MR. SEEK



ONE NIGHT, HIS VIGIL WAS REWARDED

THAT MUST BE HYDE, NOW. I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM ENFIELD'S DESCRIPTION.



AS HE NEARED THE HOUSE, HYDE TOOK A KEY FROM HIS POCKET. UTTERSON STOPPED HIM BEFORE HE COULD ENTER...

MR. HYDE, I THINK?

THAT IS MY NAME. WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF DR. JEKYLL AND WOULD LIKE TO COME IN.

DR. JEKYLL IS NOT HERE. HOW DID YOU KNOW ME?



UTTERSON DISREGARDED HIS QUESTION. . .

WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?

WITH PLEASURE, WHAT SHALL IT BE?



WILL YOU LET ME SEE YOUR FACE?



HYDE REFLECTED FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN TURNED AROUND WITH AN AIR OF DEFIANCE...



NOW I SHALL KNOW YOU IF WE SHOULD MEET AGAIN.



BUT YOU HAVE NOT TOLD ME HOW YOU LEARNED MY IDENTITY.

DR. JEKYLL TOLD ME.



FLUSHED WITH ANGER,
HYDE CRIED OUT



HE NEVER TOLD
YOU! YOU LIE!

AS HYDE ENTERED THE HOUSE, LOCKING THE
DOOR BEHIND HIM, WALKING JUST AROUND
THE CORNER, UTTERSON KNOCKED ON THE
DOOR OF A FINE LOOKING HOUSE AND WAS
ADMITTED BY THE BUTLER.



IS MR. JEKYLL
AT HOME,
POOLE?

COME IN,
SIR, AND I'LL SEE

A FEW MINUTES LATER



I'M SORRY,
SIR, BUT
MR. JEKYLL
IS OUT



I SAY, POOLE, IT SEEMS TO ME
I SAW A MR. HYDE GO IN BY THE
OLD DISSECTING ROOM DOOR.
IS IT CUSTOMARY FOR
HIM TO DO SO?

YES, SIR
HE HAS
A KEY.



YOUR MASTER
SEEMS TO REPOSE
A GREAT DEAL OF
TRUST IN THAT
MAN, POOLE.

YES, MR. UTTERSON.
WE ALL HAVE ORDERS
TO OBEY HIM.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

SOME DAYS LATER, UTTERSON HAD DINNER IN DR. JEKYLL'S HOME. AFTER DINNER, THEY RETIRED TO THE DRAWING ROOM.



I SAY, HENRY, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR WILL.

MY POOR UTTERSON. YOU ARE UNFORTUNATE IN SUCH A CLIENT AS I. I NEVER SAW ANYONE SO DISTRESSED AS YOU ARE ABOUT MY WILL.



I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW I'VE BEEN LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT MR. HYDE.

JEKYLL WAS VISIBLY DISTURBED . . .

I WOULD RATHER NOT HEAR ANYTHING MORE ABOUT IT!



WHAT I HEARD ABOUT THE MAN WAS HORRIBLE.

WHATEVER YOU MAY THINK ABOUT HIM, UTTERSON, I HAVE A VERY GREAT INTEREST IN POOR HYDE. HE TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN HIM, AND I THINK HE WAS RUDE. I CANNOT TELL YOU ANY MORE, BUT YOU MUST PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL SEE THAT HE GETS HIS RIGHTS.

UTTERSON PROMISED AND SOON LEFT. A SHORT TIME LATER, DR. Jekyll WENT INTO HIS LABORATORY AND MIXED A SOLUTION FROM THE VARIOUS VIALS IN HIS CABINET. . . .



WHEN HE WAS DONE, HE HELD THE GLASS UP TO THE LIGHT, HIS FACE ABLAZE WITH WILD EXPECTANCY. . . .



THEN HE SWALLOWED THE STRANGE MIXTURE. . . .



IN A MOMENT, HE WAS OVERCOME BY CONVULSIVE TORTURES. . . .



HIS FEATURES TOOK ON A
DISTORTED APPEARANCE...



HIS BODY SLOWLY SHRANK TILL
HIS CLOTHES HUNG LOOSELY
ON HIS FRAME...



HIS FINGERS STUCK OUT
FROM THE SLEEVES OF
HIS SHIRT...



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE COMPLETE TRANS-
FORMATION HAD TAKEN PLACE. DR. HENRY
JEKYLL, THE EMINENT AND RESPECTED
PHYSICIAN, HAD BECOME



...EDWARD HYDE!

NOW I AM ONCE MORE FREE FROM THAT
RIGHTEOUS OLD DOCTOR. I SHALL GO OUT
AND TASTE OF LIFE AS HENRY JEKYLL
HAS NEVER DARED DREAM.



CHANGING HIS CLOTHES,
HYDE STEALTHILY WENT
OUT INTO THE NIGHT...



DR Jekyll spent his daylight hours as a beloved physician; but at night, as Mr Hyde, he roamed the ill-reputed sections of London, plying his career of sin and wanton crime.



When he was ready to return to the personality of Dr Jekyll, he would return to his home and enter through the laboratory door.



...SWALLOW IT



He would then prepare the drug potion.

...AND AFTER A CHANGE OF CLOTHES, BECOME THE DISTINGUISHED DOCTOR AGAIN.



THIS DUAL PERSONALITY OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE WOULD HAVE PROBABLY GONE ON WITHOUT DETECTION IF IT WERE NOT FOR AN INCIDENT THAT OCCURED NEARLY A YEAR LATER.



ONE NIGHT, A SERVANT IN A HOUSE NEAR THE RIVER WAS SEATED BY HER WINDOW...



BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON SHE SAW TWO FIGURES APPROACHING EACH OTHER FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...



SHE RECOGNIZED THE LITTLE MAN AS MR. HYDE, WHO HAD ON OCCASION VISITED HER MASTER...

AS THEY MET, THE OTHER GENTLEMAN BOWED AND SPOKE SOFTLY TO MR. HYDE...



SUDDENLY SEIZED WITH AN UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE, HYDE STRUCK THE OLD GENTLEMAN WITH HIS STICK AND CLUBBED HIM TO THE GROUND.



WITH APE-LIKE FURY, HYDE TRAMPLED HIS VICTIM . . .



THEN HE AGAIN LOOSED A RAIN OF BLOWS WITH HIS STICK ON THE POOR MAN . . .



LEAVING THE BROKEN, DEAD BODY IN THE ROADWAY, HYDE HURRIED AWAY AND DISAPPEARED IN THE SHADOWS . . .



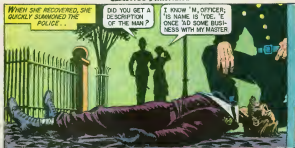
STUNNED BY WHAT SHE HAD SEEN, THE MAID LET OUT A SCREAM AND FAINTED DEAD AWAY . . .



WHEN SHE RECOVERED, SHE QUICKLY SURMISED THE POLICE...

DID YOU GET A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN?

I KNOW 'M, OFFICER; HIS NAME IS 'YDE. 'E ONCE 'AD SOME BUSINESS WITH MY MASTER



THE POLICEMAN PICKED UP A BROKEN WALKING-STICK FROM BESIDE THE BODY

THIS MUST BE THE MURDER WEAPON, OR PART OF IT.



THE MURDERER MUST HAVE CARRIED THE OTHER HALF AWAY WITH HIM.

THEY QUICKLY SEARCHED THROUGH THE VICTIM'S POCKETS AND

HERE'S A LETTER ADDRESSED TO A MR. UTTERSON. MAYBE HE HAS A CLUE TO THIS THING.





THE OFFICER TOLD HIM OF THE CRIME, AS THE MAID HAD WITNESSED IT.



IN A MOMENT, THEY WERE OFF TO THE STATION...



AT THE STATION, UTTERSON WAS LED TO THE CELL CONTAINING THE BODY...



SIR DANVERS? WELL, THIS MAKES THE CASE DOUBLY IMPORTANT. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US WITH THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER

WE FOUND THIS BROKEN STICK BESIDE THE BODY, SIR.

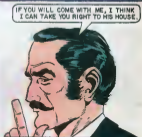
THIS VERY MUCH RESEMBLES THE STICK I PRESENTED TO DR. JEKYLL ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



YOU SAY THIS MAN IS OF SMALL STATURE?

PARTICULARLY SMALL, AND PARTICULARLY EVIL LOOKING, THE MAID CALLS 'IM. HIS NAME IS MR. HYDE.

IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME, I THINK I CAN TAKE YOU RIGHT TO HIS HOUSE.



THEY RODE OFF TO A HOUSE IN SOHO THAT DR. JEKYLL HAD RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR THE SOLE USE OF MR. HYDE. MR. UTTERSON KNEW OF THIS HOUSE, AS HE HAD TAKEN CARE OF THE MATTER AT DR. JEKYLL'S REQUEST.



THEY STOPPED BEFORE A DIRTY
LOOKING HOUSE IN A DISMAL
QUARTER OF THE TOWN. HERE
LIVED EDWARD HYDE, NEAR TO
A QUARTER OF A MILLION POUNDS



THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A
SILVERY HAired OLD WOMAN

IS EDWARD HYDE
AT HOME ?

NO, SIR,
HE IS NOT



HE WAS IN LAST NIGHT VERY LATE, BUT LEFT AGAIN IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, SIR.



I'M AFRAID I SHALL HAVE TO SEE HIS ROOM



I CANNOT LET YOU IN, SIR, MY MASTER WILL BE FURIOUS.

THIS IS INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN OF SCOTLAND YARD. WE ARE HERE ON OFFICIAL POLICE BUSINESS.



THE WOMAN'S FACE LIT UP WITH JOY...

AH! HE IS IN TROUBLE. WHAT HAS HE DONE?



HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A VERY POPULAR CHARACTER.



AND NOW, MY GOOD WOMAN, JUST LET ME AND THIS GENTLEMAN HAVE A LOOK ABOUT.





A VISIT TO THE BANK SHOWED SEVERAL THOUSAND POUNDS TO THE MURDERER'S CREDIT. HOWEVER, NO TRACE OF HYDE COULD BE FOUND. HE HAD NEVER BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED, THE ONLY IDENTITY BEING THE INCONGRUOUS APPEARANCE OF THE MAN AND THE SENSE OF REVULSION WITH WHICH THE FUGITIVE IMPRESSED ALL THOSE THAT HAD SEEN HIM.



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, UTTERSON SHOWED UP AT DR. Jekyll'S HOME...



COME IN, SIR.

POOLE LED HIM THROUGH THE BACK YARD TO A SMALL HOUSE WHERE THE DOCTOR HAD HIS LABORATORY...



DR. JEKYL SAT BEFORE THE FIRE LOOKING DEATHLY SICK...



OH! UTTERSON!
COME IN, COME IN!
POOLE, PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE.

AND NOW, HENRY, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE HEARD THE NEWS?



THE DOCTOR SHUDDERED...

THEY ARE CRYING IT IN THE SQUARE. I HEARD IT IN MY DINING ROOM.



ONE WORD, CAREW WAS MY CLIENT, BUT SO ARE YOU, AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT I AM DOING. YOU HAVE NOT BEEN MAD ENOUGH TO HIDE THIS FELLOW?



UTTERSON, I SWEAR TO GOD I WILL NEVER SET EYES ON HIM AGAIN. I BIND MY HONOR THAT I AM DONE WITH HIM IN THIS WORLD.



IT IS ALL AT AN END. INDEED, HE DOES NOT WANT MY HELP; YOU DO NOT KNOW HIM AS I DO. HE IS SAFE, HE IS QUITE SAFE, MARK MY WORD; HE WILL NEVER MORE BE HEARD OF.



YOU SEEM PRETTY SURE OF HIM FOR YOUR SAKE. I HOPE YOU MAY BE RIGHT. IF IT CAME TO A TRIAL, YOUR NAME MIGHT BE INVOLVED.



I HAVE RECEIVED A LETTER AND AM AT A LOSS WHETHER I SHOULD SHOW IT TO THE POLICE. I GIVE IT TO YOU, UTTERSON, AS I HAVE SUCH GREAT TRUST IN YOU.

YOU FEAR, OF COURSE, THAT IT MAY LEAD TO HIS DETECTION.



NO, I CANNOT SAY THAT I CARE WHAT BECOMES OF MR. HYDE. I AM QUITE DONE WITH HIM. I WAS THINKING OF MY OWN CHARACTER THAT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS MAY EXPOSE.



UTTERSON WAS SURPRISED AT HIS FRIEND'S SELFISHNESS, YET WAS RELIEVED BY IT.



My Dear Dr. Jekyll -
 You, whom I have so long repaid for a thousand good exoristics unworthily, need not concern yourself for my safety. I have means of escape on which I place a sure dependence...
 Edward Hyde

I LIKE THIS LETTER WELL ENOUGH, AS IT SEEMS TO PUT A MUCH MORE FAVORABLE LIGHT ON THE INTIMACY BETWEEN THE TWO MEN.



DO YOU HAVE THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH THIS LETTER CAME?

I BURNED IT BEFORE I THOUGHT WHAT I WAS ABOUT. IT BORE NO POST MARK, AS IT WAS BROUGHT BY A MESSENGER.

AND NOW, ONE MORE WORD. IT WAS HYDE WHO DICTATED THE TERMS IN YOUR WILL ABOUT YOUR DISAPPEARANCE?



THE DOCTOR WAS SEIZED WITH A SUDDEN FAINTNESS. HE SHUT HIS MOUTH TIGHT AND NODDED. . .



I KNEW IT. HE MEANT TO MURDER YOU. YOU HAVE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

I HAVE HAD WHAT IS FAR MORE TO THE PURPOSE.



OH, WHAT A LESSON I HAVE HAD!



ON HIS WAY OUT, UTTERSON STOPPED TO HAVE A WORD WITH PODLE. . .

WHAT WAS THAT MESSENGER LIKE, THE ONE WHO HANDED IN THAT LETTER TO DR. JEKYLL?

THERE WAS NO MESSENGER HERE TO-DAY, SIR; ONLY THE POST, AND THEY CONTAINED NOTHING BUT BILLS.



AS THE LAWYER WALKED AWAY, HIS FEARS WERE AGAIN AROUSED BY THE MYSTERY OF THE LETTER.



SPECIAL EDITION! READ ALL ABOUT THE SHOCKING MURDER OF SIR DANVERS CAREW!

I PRAY THE GOOD NAME OF JEKYLL BE NOT SUCKED DOWN IN THE EDGY OF THIS SCANDAL.





ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, UTTERSON WAS IN HIS STUDY WITH HIS HEAD CLERK, MR. GUEST...

I SAY, GUEST, THIS IS A SAD BUSINESS ABOUT SIR GAWVERS.

YES, SIR, INDEED.



I SHOULD LIKE YOUR VIEWS ON THIS LETTER. IT IS A DOCUMENT IN HYDE'S HANDWRITING. YOU MIGHT CALL IT A MURDERER'S AUTOGRAPH.



MR. GUEST, A KEEN STUDENT OF HANDWRITING, EXAMINED THE DOCUMENT...

IT IS RATHER AN ODD HAND.

AND BY ALL ACCOUNTS, A VERY ODD WRITER.



JUST THEN, A SERVANT ENTERED WITH A NOTE AND THE KEEN EYE OF GUEST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE HANDWRITING

IS THIS FROM DR. JEKYLL, SIR? I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THE HANDWRITING. ANYTHING PRIVATE?



ONLY AN INVITATION
TO DINNER. HERE,
YOU MAY LOOK AT IT.



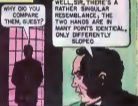
GUEST Laid THE TWO PAPERS SIDE BY SIDE
AND COMPARED THEM CAREFULLY...



THANK YOU, SIR. IT'S A VERY
INTERESTING AUTOGRAPH.



THERE WAS A PAUSE, DURING WHICH
UTTERSON STRUGGLED WITH HIMSELF.
THEN...



WHY DID YOU
COMPARE
THEM, GUEST?

WELL, SIR, THERE'S A
RATHER SINGULAR
RESEMBLANCE. THE
TWO HANDS ARE IN
MANY POINTS IDENTICAL,
ONLY DIFFERENTLY
SLOPED.

I WOULDN'T SPEAK
OF THIS NOTE
TO ANYONE. YOU
UNDERSTAND?

I UNDER-
STAND, SIR.



WHEN THE HEAD CLERK HAD LEFT, UTTERSON
LOCKED THE NOTE IN HIS SAFE...

HENRY JEKYL, FORGE FOR A
MURDERER? IT'S ALL
LIKE A BAD DREAM.



THOUSANDS OF POUNDS WERE OFFERED IN REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE MURDERER OF SIR GAWVER. BUT MR. HYDE HAD DISAPPEARED AS THOUGH HE NEVER EXISTED.



DR. Jekyll, who had been in seclusion for some time after these events, gradually renewed relations with his friends.



HE CONTINUED HIS PRACTICE, TENDING GENTLY TO THE SICK.



HIS FACE SEEMED TO OPEN AND BRIGHTEN AS IF WITH AN INWARD CONSCIOUSNESS OF SERVICE . . .

AND FOR MORE THAN TWO MONTHS, DR. HENRY JEKYLL WAS AT PEACE . . .



BUT DR JEKYLL'S PEACE OF MIND WAS, UNFORTUNATELY, SHORT-LIVED. LIKE A DRUNKEN MAN WHO IS A SLAVE TO DRINK, JEKYLL WAS SOON OVERCOME WITH AN UNCONTROLLABLE URGE TO DRINK AGAIN OF THE WICKED POTION. . .

He ENTERED HIS LABORATORY. . .



PREPARED THE POTION. . .



AND DRANK IT DOWN.



THE TRANSFORMATION COMPLETE, DR JEKYLL, NOW IN THE FORM OF HYDE, CHANGED HIS CLOTHES AND STOLE OUT INTO THE SHADOWS





HE THEN HURRIED BACK TO HIS LABORATORY...



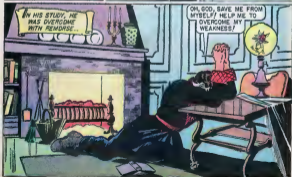
MIXED THE POTION AND DRANK IT...



RESTORED TO RESPECTABILITY, HE LEFT FOR HIS STUDY...



IN HIS STUDY, HE WAS OVERCOME WITH REMORSE...



OH, GOD, SAVE ME FROM MYSELF! HELP ME TO OVERCOME MY WEAKNESS!

A WEEK PASSED AND DR. JERYLL, WITH A SUPREME EFFORT, MANAGED TO CONTROL HIS SAVAGE DESIRE TO AGAIN TAKE THE VILE DRINK OF TRANSFORMATION.



ONE NIGHT HE RETIRED TO HIS BEDROOM, TOOK A SEDATIVE AND SOON FELL ASLEEP.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HE AWOKE FEELING SOMEWHAT STRANGE.



SLOWLY, HE FELT FAMILIAR AND TERRIBLE RACING PAINS...



AS HE LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR, A CHILL CREEPT DOWN HIS SPINE. HE HAD GONE TO BED AS DR. JERYLL AND HAD AWAKENED AS MR. HYDE...



THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. THE RESTORATIVE DRUG MUST BE LOSING ITS STRENGTH.



UNSEEN BY THE SERVANTS, HE SLIPPED INTO THE LABORATORY AND PREPARED A DOUBLE DOSE OF THE RESTORATIVE DRUG...



THE DOUBLE DOSE WAS EFFECTIVE. RESTORED TO THE PERSONALITY OF JEKYLL, HE SUMMONED POOLE.

TAKE THIS NOTE TO MR. MAW AND TELL THAT THE VIKING PHARMACIST THAT UNLESS HE FILLS MY PRESCRIPTION EXACTLY AS ORDERED, I SHALL TAKE MY BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.



YES, SIR

WHEN POOLE LEFT, DR. JEKYLL SANK INTO A CHAIR, EXHAUSTED BY THE CONFLICT WITHIN HIM AND FEARFUL THAT THE PERSONALITY OF HYDE WOULD SOON CONTROL HIS ENTIRE BEING...



ONE FINE MORNING, DR. JEKYLL WAS SEATED IN REGENT'S PARK, ENRAGED IN HIS THOUGHTS AND REGALMED BY THE SCENIC BEAUTY ALL ABOUT HIM...



SUDDENLY, HE BECAME CONSCIOUS OF A CHANGE IN HIS THOUGHTS AND WAS OVERCOME BY A HORRID NAUSEA AND MOST DEADLY SHUDDERING...



HE LOOKED DOWN AND, TO HIS HORROR, HIS CLOTHES HUNG FORMLESSLY ON HIS SHRUNKEN LIMBS. . .



THE HAND RESTING ON HIS KNEE WAS CORDED AND HARD...



THE DRUG HAS FAILED ME AGAIN. I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET BACK TO THE LABORATORY NOW.



JUST A MOMENT AGO, I HAD THE RESPECT OF MY FELLOW-MEN, WEALTHY, BELOVED; NOW I AM HUNTED, HOMELESS, AND A KNOWN MURDERER.



SHIELDING HIS FACE FROM PASSERSBY, HE SLIPPED OUT OF THE PARK AND DOWN A SIDE STREET.



SUDDENLY, HYDE THOUGHT OF DR. LANYON, A COLLEAGUE AND FRIEND OF DR. JEKYLL...

LANYON! THAT'S IT. DR. LANYON WILL HELP ME. I MUST FIND A WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH HIM.

LUCKILY ESCAPING DETECTION, HE REACHED AN INN AND WAS SHOWN INTO A PRIVATE ROOM...

SHALL I BRING YOU ANYTHING, SIR?

PAPER AND PEN, IF YOU PLEASE, AND HURRY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE HAD WRITTEN TWO LETTERS, ONE TO DR. LANYON AND THE OTHER TO POOLE, JEKYLL'S BUTLER...

THE LETTERS POSTED, HE SAT IN THE PRIVATE ROOM, IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR NIGHTFALL.



WHEN NIGHT FINALLY CAME, HYDE HAILED A CLOSED CAB AND WAS DRIVEN TO AND FRO ABOUT THE STREETS OF THE CITY...



DR LAYTON, A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN AND FRIEND OF BOTH DR JEKYLL AND MR. UTTERSON, WAS DUMBFOUNDED WHEN HE READ THE LETTER ADDRESSED TO HIM BY DR JEKYLL. ALTHOUGH THE LETTER SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A MAN DEVOID OF HIS SENSES, HIS LOYALTY TO HIS FRIEND IMPELLED HIM TO CARRY OUT HIS WISHES AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.



HE DROVE STRAIGHT TO DR. JEKYLL'S HOUSE WHERE THE BUTLER AWAITED HIS ARRIVAL...

I HAVE RECEIVED A NOTE FROM MY MASTER INSTRUCTING ME TO ADMIT YOU INTO HIS LABORATORY, SIR.



FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS, DR LAYTON REMOVED A DRAWER FROM ONE OF THE CABINETS...

THIS MUST BE THE DRAWER.



WRAPPING IT IN A SHEET, HE RETURNED WITH IT TO HIS OWN STUDY



THERE HE AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF THE MESSENGER WHO WAS TO CALL FOR THE DRAWER...

THIS IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC! POOR JEKYLL; HIS MIND MUST BE GREATLY TROUBLED.



AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT, DR. LANYON OPENED THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO A KNOCK.



JEKYLL MUST BE EITHER BEWITCHED OR OUT OF HIS MIND TO ENTRUST AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO SUCH A VICKOUS-LOOKING FELLOW.



AS THEY ENTERED THE STUDY, HYDE CRIED OUT EXCITEDLY.



LANYON WAS CONSCIOUS OF AN ICY PANG IN HIS VEINS...



HYDE CONTROLLED HIS FEELINGS IN AN EFFORT TO BE CIVIL.



CLASSICS Illustrated

HYDE SPRANG TO THE TABLE AND, VISIBLY SHAKEN, PLACED HIS HAND OVER HIS HEART.

HYDE SOON REBAINED HIS COMPOSURE AND PULLED OFF THE SHEET...



GRABBING THE GLASS, HYDE MIXED THE VARIOUS INGREDIENTS...

DR. LANYON, REMEMBER YOUR VOWS. WHAT FOLLOWS IS UNDER THE SEAL OF YOUR PROFESSION. BEHOLD!

GULPING DOWN THE DRAUGHT, HYDE REELED, STAGGERED, AND CLUTCHED AT THE TABLE...



THE TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE BEFORE THE UNBELIEVING EYES OF DR. LAYTON. THERE STOOD DR. JEKYL, PALE, SHAKEN, AND HALF FANTOM, LIKE A MAN RESTORED FROM DEATH.

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS CAN'T BE REAL— IT'S JUST A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! JEKYL, HOW CAN THIS BE?

I CANNOT TELL YOU THAT I CAN ONLY PRAY YOU TO KEEP THIS DREAD SECRET OF MINE.



AFTER AGAIN RECEIVING LAYTON'S PROMISE OF SECRECY, JEKYL LEFT. LAYTON THEN DROPPED INTO HIS CHAIR AS THOUGH IN A DAZE.

ALAS, THIS IS NO DREAM. THE CREATURE WHO WAS HERE A FEW MOMENTS AGO WAS EDWARD HYDE, WANTED FOR MURDER IN EVERY CORNER OF THE LAND. POOR, POOR JEKYL!



A FEW DAYS LATER, UTTERSON RECEIVED A VISIT FROM POOLE.

BLESS ME, POOLE, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? IS THE DOCTOR ILL?

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, SIR.





WRONG, YOU SAY?

DR. Jekyll HAS SHUT HIMSELF IN HIS LABORATORY AND I DON'T LIKE IT, SIR. MR. UTTERSON, SIR, I'M AFRAID.

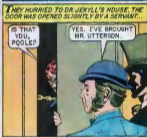


EXPLAIN YOURSELF, POOLE.

I'VE BEEN AFRAID FOR MORE THAN A WEEK AND CAN BEAR IT NO MORE, SIR.



I THINK THERE'S BEEN FOUL PLAY, SIR, AND I WISH YOU WOULD COME ALONG AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.



THEY HURRIED TO DR. JEKYL'S HOUSE. THE DOOR WAS OPENED SLIGHTLY BY A SERVANT...

IS THAT YOU, POOLE?

YES. I'VE BROUGHT MR. UTTERSON.



IN THE STUDY, THEY FOUND ALL THE SERVANTS GATHERED AROUND THE HEARTH, TALKING EXCITEDLY.

WHAT ARE THEY ALL DOING HERE? IT SEEMS TO ME YOUR MASTER WOULD BE FAR FROM PLEASED.

THEY'RE ALL AFRAID, SIR.

POOLE LED UTTERSON TO THE LABORATORY DOOR AND KNOCKED. . .

LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THE VOICE, SIR

MR UTTERSON, SIR, ASKING TO SEE YOU.

TELL HIM I CANNOT SEE ANYONE.

THE BUTLER LED MR UTTERSON THROUGH THE HALL TO THE KITCHEN OF THE HOUSE. . .

SIR, WAS THAT MY MASTER'S VOICE?

IT SEEMS MUCH CHANGED.

I'VE BEEN TWENTY YEARS IN THIS HOUSE, SIR, AND I WOULD SWEAR THAT IS NOT THE DOCTOR'S VOICE. NO, SIR, MY MASTER WAS DONE AWAY WITH EIGHT DAYS AGO WHEN WE HEARD HIM CRY OUT IN ANGUISH.

THIS IS A STRANGE TALE, POOLE. SUPPOSING YOUR MASTER WAS MURDERED, AS YOU FEAR. WHAT COULD INDUCE THE MURDERER TO STAY. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

WELL, MR. UTTERSON, YOU ARE A HARD MAN TO SATISFY, BUT I'LL TELL YOU JUST WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING THE PAST WEEK.



ABOUT A WEEK AGO, I HEARD A LOUD BANGING AT THE DOOR...

POOLE, POOLE!
COME HERE
AT ONCE!



I AM HERE,
SIR, WHAT
IS IT?

THERE'S A PAPER
UNDER THE DOOR.
TAKE IT TO THE
PHARMACIST AND
BE QUICK
ABOUT IT.



AM I TO
WAIT FOR A
MESSAGE
SIR?

YOU WILL BRING BACK
A DRUG MR MAW WILL
GIVE YOU AND YOU ARE
TO LEAVE IT HERE ON
THE FLOOR. NOW IN
HEAVEN'S NAME,
POOLE, HURRY!



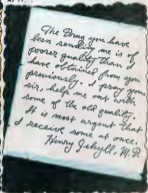
I WENT IMMEDIATELY.

MY MASTER, DR. JEKYLL,
WANTS THIS FILLED
IMMEDIATELY.



MR. MAW ASKED ME TO WAIT AND LEFT THE NOTE LYING ON THE COUNTER. I GLANCED AT IT.

The Drug you have
been sending me is of
poorer quality than I
have obtained from you
previously. I pray you
sir, help me out with
some of the old quality.
It is most urgent that
I receive some at once.
Henry Jekyll, M.D.



MR. MAW SOON RETURNED.

TELL YOUR MASTER I CANNOT
OBTAIN THE DRUG HE DESIRES,
AS HE, HIMSELF, TOOK THE
LAST FROM MY SHELF SOME
TIME AGO.



WHEN I GAVE MR. MAW'S ANSWER TO
MY MASTER, OR THAT MAN INSIDE,
WHOEVER HE MAY BE, HE WAS FURIOUS AND
CARRIED ON LIKE A MADMAN, SIR.



DO YOU HAVE THE NOTE WITH YOU?

HERE IT IS, SIR.

UTTERSON READ THE NOTE AND SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY...

THIS IS INDEED A STRANGE NOTE, AND IN THE DOCTOR'S OWN HANDWRITING, DON'T YOU THINK, POOLE?



BUT WHAT MATTER HIS HANDWRITING? I'VE REALLY SEEN HIM!

SEEN HIM?

ONE NIGHT, HE SLIPPED OUT OF THE DOOR AND I CAUGHT HIM BEFORE HE COULD GET BACK.

I TELL YOU, SIR, HE WAS A MOST HORRIBLE MONSTER, MORE LIKE A DWARF WITH CLOTHES TOO LARGE FOR HIS FRAME

UTTERSON WAS NOW CONVINCED THAT THERE HAD BEEN FOUL PLAY...

SUMMON THE FOOTMEN AT ONCE, POOLE. WE'RE GOING TO BREAK THAT DOOR DOWN!



WHEN THE FOOTMEN ARRIVED, THEY PROCEEDED TO BATTER THE DOOR DOWN. INSIDE, THEY FOUND A BODY SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR...

IT IS HYDE! AND FROM EVERY APPEARANCE, HE HAS DONE AWAY WITH HIMSELF!



BUT WHERE IS MY MASTER? WHAT HAS THIS MONSTER DONE TO HIM?

THAT, POOLE, IS A MYSTERY FOR THE POLICE TO SOLVE. WE CAN ONLY HOPE HE WILL BE FOUND ALIVE.

WHEN UTTERSON RETURNED TO HIS STUDY HE FOUND A NOTE WAITING FOR HIM. IT WAS FROM DR. LAYTON, RELATING THE EXPERIENCE OF THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT AT HIS HOME...

POOR JEKYLL! HOW HE MUST HAVE SUFFERED! A GENIUS IN HIS PROFESSION, HE WAS VICTIM OF HIS OWN FOLLY.



THE END

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. As a child, he was extremely delicate in health but active in mind and listened eagerly to the Scottish legends told him by his nurse. Stevenson never enjoyed robust health during his lifetime but of his childhood he wrote, "My ill health principally chronicles itself by the terrible, long nights that I lay awake, troubled continually with a hacking, exhausting cough, and praying for sleep or morning from the bottom of my shaken little body."

Robert's family dreamed of their son practicing law before the London bar and so, Robert entered Edinburgh University; but upon graduation, the young law student was afflicted with severe lung trouble and was obliged to travel for his health.

When he was twenty-nine, Stevenson journeyed to America, still in pursuit of his health. He travelled west to the dry mountain climate beyond Monterey, California, and there, one day, collapsed in the desert wasteland. For two nights, Stevenson lay in a stupor in the wasteland and would probably have died there but for his discovery by two frontiersmen in charge of a goat herd. The herdsmen carried him to their shack and there tended him for several weeks, until his indomitable spirit put him on his feet again.

During his weeks with the goat-herders, Stevenson worked hard at his writing, but he was not satisfied. He wrote to a friend: "There is something in me worth saying, though I can't find what it is just yet."

In the following year, Stevenson married an old friend, Fanny Van de Grift, at San Francisco. Mrs. Van de Grift was a widow with a son, Lloyd. Stevenson and Lloyd became great friends and the author told his stepson



stories by the hour. One evening, to amuse Lloyd, Stevenson drew an elaborate map and began a wild tale of pirates, buried treasure, shipwreck and mutiny. Lloyd listened breathlessly until the finish, then looking up into his stepfather's kindly face, he asked, "Why don't you write a good story like that?" And thus was born the rip-roaring yarn of Jim Hawkins,

Dr. Livesey and Long John Silver—**TREASURE ISLAND.**

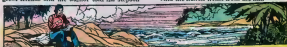
If he had never written another story, Stevenson won a lasting place in literature with **TREASURE ISLAND**, but this was followed a few years later by the story he dreamed—**DR. JEKYLL** and **MR. HYDE**. Next, he gave the world **KIDNAPPED**, the story which many critics declare to be his masterpiece.

When he was thirty-seven, Stevenson left England with his wife for the United States. He spent a winter at Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains trying to improve his health.

In June of 1893, Stevenson sailed for the Samoan Islands. The natives called him "Tututala," which means "teller of tales," and made him head of a clan. Three weeks after his forty-fourth birthday, Stevenson died, not from the illness which he had fought all of his life, but from a stroke of apoplexy.

The natives buried him on the top of a mountain and on the gray stone which covered his grave, Stevenson's own epitaph was carved:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will,
This be the verse you 'grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."



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