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No.
15

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

BY MARK TWAIN

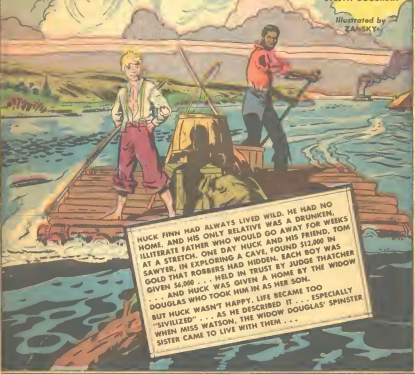


HUCKLEBERRY FINN

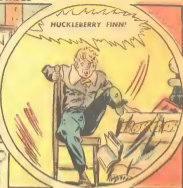
by MARK TWAIN

Story Adaptation by
EVELYN GOODMAN

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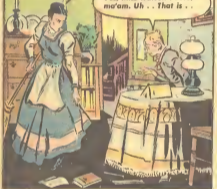


HUCK FINN HAD ALWAYS LIVED WILD. HE HAD NO HOME, AND HIS ONLY RELATIVE WAS A DRUNKEN, ILLITERATE FATHER WHO WOULD GO AWAY FOR WEEKS AT A STRETCH. ONE DAY HUCK AND HIS FRIEND, TOM SAWYER, IN EXPLORING A CAVE, FOUND \$12,000 IN GOLD THAT ROBBERS HAD HIDDEN. EACH BOY WAS GIVEN \$6,000 . . . HELD IN TRUST BY JUDGE THATCHER DOUGLAS WHO TOOK HIM IN AS HER SON. BUT HUCK WASN'T HAPPY. LIFE BECAME TOO "SIVILIZED" . . . AS HE DESCRIBED IT . . . ESPECIALLY WHEN MISS WATSON, THE WIDOW DOUGLAS' SPINSTER SISTER CAME TO LIVE WITH THEM . . .



Huckleberry Finn! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I suppose you know every bit of your spelling?

Yes, Miss Watson . . . No, ma'am. Uh . . . That is . . .



..And you just sit here until you write every word one hundred times. Do you understand?

No, ma'am . . . Yes, ma'am . . . Uh . . .



And when you finish your school work, you're going to take a bath.

ANOTHER BATH? . . . Suffering cats . . . I had one Saturday . . . SUFFERING CATS! I



YES . . . THESE ARE "LONG-SUFFERING" DAYS FOR HUCK. HIS ONLY HAPPINESS COMES IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WHEN



TO HIS PAL, TOM SAWYER, HUCK CONFIDES HIS WOES



Studyin' . . . washin' . . . bathin' . . . prayin' . . . and Miss Watson peckin' at me. All the fun I get is at our secret night meetings.

We're gonna have fun now, Huck. Look!



It's Jim . . . Miss Watson's slave.

We'll tie him up and put his hat on a tree.



Help! . . . I'so bewitched! De witches done tied me up . . . and hunged up mah hah!



Jim'll be talkin' about how he got bewitched for the next ten years . . . We gotta hurry now.

We'll become a band of robbers. Everyone who wants to join got to write his name in blood.



I'll join... if we're goin' to do exciting things.

We will be highway men and rob the rich.



Gosh! That's big! I'll join!

THE NEXT DAY...

What in the world?



It's the signal for us to meet! Something big must be up!

I got secret news by my spies that a parcel of rich Arabs is camping nearby with elephants and mules loaded down with diamonds. We'll ambush them!



BUT... Charge! At them!



A Sunday School picnic! You said there were Arabs with diamonds!

They're enchanted into children! Charge!

You got to imagine those things.





HUCK GETS, NOT ONLY A WHIPPING, BUT MORE SEVERE PUNISHMENT IN THE FORM OF ADDITIONAL SCHOOL WORK AND THE LEARNING OF HYMNS AND PRAYERS. IN DESPAIR, HE CONSULTS JIM WHO HAS A HAIR-BALL WHICH IS SAID TO FORETELL THE FUTURE . . .





Is my trouble that bad?

Yah trouble! Dis time it's my trouble . . . De hair-ball say I gwyne to have a heap ob lit



JIM FINDS HIS PROPHECY COMING TRUE A DAY LATER WHEN . . .

I promised Jim that I wouldn't sell ' him . . . But eight hundred dollars is a good price . . .



Glory be! Ah don't want to get sold.



HUCK'S TROUBLES ALSO BEGIN! ONE NIGHT . . .

PAPI!

WHILE JIM PONDERES OVER HIS WOES . . .



Look at, yah Starchy clothes, education! I'll teach ya to be better'n yer father . . . And they say ya got money. I'll take that money from ya!

You can't! Judge Thatcher has it!



That money is signed over to your son. Legally, you cannot touch a cent of it.

That don't stop me from touchin' my son. I'll get that scamp from the Widow Douglas.

LATER AT THE WIDOW DOUGLAS' . . .

I just received a court summons . . . Old Finn has asked to be Huckleberry's legal guardian. That awful tramp wants to take Huck from me.

Don't worry, Mrs. Douglas. The law won't let him.



You don't want to go with your father, do you, Huck?

No. He'd beat the daylight's outta me . . . I don't like living at the widow's either. But I'd choose HER to HIM.



BUT A NEW JUDGE IS ON THE BENCH AND FAILS TO UNDERSTAND . . .

A boy should not be separated from his father. Families should remain together.

You see! You're goin' with me, Huck!



We'll cross over to the Illinois shore. I got a cabin there . . . and you'll stay in it.



HUCK'S FATHER KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH OVER HIM, HIDING THE KEY UNDER HIS PILLOW WHEN HE SLEEPS . . . AND CONCEALING THE SKIFF WHILE HE GOES HUNTING. HUCK HAS NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE . . .

You're the ongel of death! I got to kill you!

ONE NIGHT . . .

Soon as I lock you in . . . hic . . . I'm goin' to kill you . . .

He's reeling drunk . . .



Where are you? Angel of Death, WHERE ARE YOU?



FINALLY, EXHAUSTING HIMSELF . . .

Gosh! He's lying on the door key . . .



FEARFUL THAT HIS FATHER MIGHT WAKE UP AT ANY MINUTE TO KILL HIM, HUCK TAKES UP A GUN AND SITS NEAR HIS FATHER, GUARDEDLY. BUT HUCK FALLS ASLEEP . . .

Git up! What are you doin' with that gun?

I'm goin' to town to buy some things. You git out and gather some wood.

I got to run away as soon as he gets out of sight . . . I got to . . . But how?

NEXT MORNING . . .



Someone was tryin' to get in. I was ready for him.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .

A drift canoe! What luck! I'll swim out and get it.



HUCKLEBERRY FINN

I don't want nobody to find me ... not the Widow Douglas either ... I got it! I'll make it look like I've been murdered ...



HUCK SHOOTS A WILD PIG AND KNIFES IT ...



It'll look like someone broke in and killed me!



I got to do away with my body ... I'll drag the pig to the river ... the body'll leave a trail and folks'll think I was dragged out.



NEXT HUCK WEIGHS THE PIG DOWN WITH ROCKS AND DUMPS IT IN THE RIVER. WITH THE BODY DISPOSED OF, HUCK DRIFTS AWAY ... INTO A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF ADVENTURES!



HUCK HEADS UP THE MISSISSIPPI, FOR A PLACE WHERE HE IS SURE HE WILL BE SAFE . . . A HEAVY-TIMBERED CLUMP OF LAND KNOWN AS JACKSON'S ISLAND . . . WHICH IS RARELY VISITED BY ANYONE . . .



IT WAS BELIEVED THEN THAT IF LOAVES OF BREAD WERE FLOATED BY QUICKSILVER PLACED INSIDE THEM . . . THEY WOULD REACH A DROWNED BODY.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, HUCK HEARS THE TOOT OF A FERRY-BOAT. FROM A SAFE PLACE HE WATCHES . . .

Maybe the body washed ashore and tangled in some underbrush.

We'll blast for it!





ONE FOOT CLOSER . . . AND HUCK WOULD REALLY HAVE HAD A CORPSE TO OFFER THEM.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

THE FERRY-BOAT DISAPPEARS DOWN THE RIVER. HUCK WAITS UNTIL NIGHTFALL TO VENTURE FORTH. BUT THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS CAUSES HIM TO DUCK AGAIN . . .



I could have swore he headed for this island.

There ain't no use lookin' any more. Nobody here . . .



I ain't dead, Jim. Look, I'm prickin' my finger and real blood's runnin' . . . That shows I'm no ghost!

Lawdy me! You is real!

Sure . . . I wanted folks to think I'm dead, so's they'd leave me be. But what are you doing here, Jim?

I've run off!

I overheard Miss Watson say she gwynes to sell me . . . So I lit out fast. Ah figures ain't no one comin' to Jackson's Island.

I'll stay with you . . . We can hunt and fish . . .



LAZY, HAPPY DAYS FOR HUCK AND JIM . . . BUT ONE DAY THEIR SAFETY IS INTERRUPTED BY . . .

The river's rising!

... FLOOD WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI PLUNGING MADLY OVER THE RIVER BANKS!



Look! A house! We might pick up some things we can use!



JIMI! LOOK THERE! . . . A MAN!



You stay back. I'll go and see.



Dar mon warent' sleepin', Huck. He's dead! Let's get outo dis house fast!

Wait! Here's some clothes and stuff we can use.



Why do we need dresses fah ... on' sunboannts?

I'd like to go into some town and find out if anything's new ... I'll have to disguise myself.



LATER ...

Can I pass as a girl, Jim?

You shoh kin ... if you keeps yah legs closer together!



PADDLING TO A SMALL ILLINOIS TOWN, HUCK STOPS AT THE FIRST HOUSE HE SEES ...

I'll knock on her door.



'Evenin', Ma'am ...

As I live and breath ... a sweet little girl! Come in!



Where do you come from? What's your name?

Sarah Williams, Ma'am . . . I'm from Hookerville, seven miles below. My mother's sick . . . I came to tell my uncle Abner Moore who lives in this town.



You must be done in, honey. Stay and rest. Take off your bonnet.

I couldn't Ma'am. I have to get to my Uncle Abner.



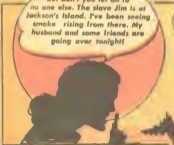
Sit down. My husband will be along soon, and go with you . . . He's been away so much these days . . . ever since the murder of poor Huck.

Huck? . . . Uh . . . Who is Huck?



Huck Finn . . . haven't you heard? . . . Folks say the runaway slave did it . . . There's a reward for him . . . and I know where he is!

You know where the runaway is?



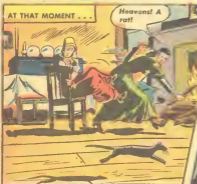
I'll let an to you, but don't you let an to no one else. The slave Jim is at Jackson's Island. I've been seeing smoke rising from there. My husband and some friends are going over tonight!



But . . . but couldn't the posse wait until daylight? . . . They could see so much better then.

By morning the slave might get away.

THUS, HUCK HEARS THE STORY OF HIS MURDER . . . AND THE STARTLING NEWS THAT JIM IS SUSPECTED OF HAVING DONE AWAY WITH HIM.



Take the lead, and when the rat comes back, try again.

Yes Me'om . . .
But . . . but I
can't stay much
longer.



Why not? What's your hurry, Bob? . . . Or
Tom? or Bill? . . . Come now, I KNOW
you're a boy. I knew when you threw
the lead pipe.



When a woman throws something, she hitches
herself up on tiptoes, and fetches her hand up
over her head.



Like this?



And when a girl catches something in
her lap, she throws her knees apart . . .
doesn't clamp them together like you
did.



Now what's your
real name?

George Peters. I'm a
runaway . . . My mother and
father died, and the law
bound me out to a mean old
former. I couldn't stand it
no longer . . . You won't tell
on me?



HUCK LEAVES WITH HER ASSURANCE THAT HIS SECRET IS SAFE.

If you get into any trouble, call on me . . . and don't forget your name is George . . . not Alex!



HASTILY PADDLING BACK TO THE ISLAND . . .

Jim . . . Jim . . . where are you?

Here I is . . . Come quick! I got a s'prise!



Look! A raft! Ah seen it floatin' by and swum out fah it. Ah figures we kin always use a raft.

We can . . . right now! They're after us!

We got to git goin' . . . and not stop until we get to a free tawn!



Lawd, save Huck and me . . . Help us git to the free town ob-ob . . . What's de nome ob dot town?

Coira. Illinois. But looky yonder, Jim!



She's wrecked. Let's land on her. We may pick up some more stuff we can use.

We gwyne to pick up somethin' we coln't use nathin' more of. And dat's trouble!



AFTER FASTENING THE RAFT TO THE STARBOARD SIDE, THEY CREEP ALONG THE DECK TO THE CAPTAIN'S DOOR.



We'll kill him!

Shh!

I got a better idea. Let's shove far shore with the load and leave him here. This wreck'll break in less than two hours... he'll be drowned.

That's what we'll do!



Murderers! We got to find their boat and send it drifting so they can't get away. Then we'll get the sheriff after them!



But how'll we git out? Our raft is done gone!

She must of broke loose! We've got to find their skiff. It's our only chance!



Ah smelled trouble fahm a-way off!



There's the skiff! Hurry!

I am... But I thinks we gwyne to git there second best. Here dey comes.



A good drowning will serve our friend right.

Wait! We forgot to take his cash . . . and he's got plenty of it! Let's go back for it.



We got to work fast! They'll be back any minute!



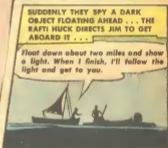
Now to get a sheriff after them! . . .

. . . If de sheriff dan' git after us!



SUDDENLY THEY SPY A DARK OBJECT FLOATING AHEAD . . . THE RAFTI HUCK DIRECTS JIM TO GET ABOARD IT . . .

float down about two miles and show a light. When I finish, I'll follow the light and get to you.



SKIMMING SOFTLY THROUGH WATERS, HUCK DRAWS ALONGSIDE A FERRYBOAT AND SEEKS OUT THE WATCHMAN. THE MOMENT HE FINDS HIM, HE BURSTS INTO TEARS . . .

What's the trouble, Bub?

Pap and Mam . . . They're in trouble . . . Are you the night watchman?



I'm captain, owner, mate, pilot, watchman, and head deck-hand. I ain't as rich as old Hornback, but I wouldn't trade places with him. A sailor's life's the life for me



Now, what's this about your pap and mom?



We were all on the steamboat that got wrecked on the rock. I worked my way free and came for help. Please help them!

By Jackson, I'd like to . . . but who would pay for the rescue work?



Pap said his Uncle Hornback would . . .



He's your pap's uncle? . . . Bub, don't worry. I'll get an engineer . . . a whole crew . . . and even the sheriff for the rescue!



Why, this is Trigger Mike and that's "Bad" Blake! Thought you said the boy's Pap and Mom needed restung?



We ought to be in Cairo by morning, sure.

I can't wait to be in free territory.



DISAPPOINTMENT LIES AHEAD . . . FOR AT THE FIRST FLUSH OF DAWN . . .

It's the Mississippi again. We must've taken the wrong branch someplace . . . We're back down South!

Den I still ain't free! Woe is me!

GOING ASHORE ON A WOODED STRIP OF LAND, THEY FIND BERRIES AND CATCH FISH, WHICH THEY COOK OVER A LOW FIRE. THEIR REPAST FINISHED, THEY ARE ABOUT TO PULL OUT WHEN . . .

Wait! Save us! Dogs and men are o-coming!

Why was the townfalks after you?

I been selling them on article to take tartar off teeth. But it took the enamel off, too. What was yours?

I been runnin' o little temperance revival . . . making five and six dollars o night . . . when the word got around that I been drinking on the sly.

Let's team up! I can cure people of paralysis, warts, and dandruff . . . and tell fortunes.

I can throw theater acting in . . . It's a deal, partner . . . and the boy'll work with us!

HUCK DOES NOT FOR ONE MOMENT DOUBT THAT HE IS MIXED UP WITH A PAIR OF RASCALS AND THAT THEY ARE FRAUDS ON A GRAND SCALE!

It is espec'ly humiliating for me to have fallen to this. Me . . . a duke! The Duke of Bridgewater!

That ain't nothing . . .

. . . Bilgewater, I am the late dauphin! Looy seventeenth, son of Looy sixteen . . . I escaped from the Bastilly to America and been wandering these many years.



There's a town. We'll go ashore and start work.

What about the runaway darky?

He's no runaway. He was my pa's. And my pa died. I was the only one to 'herit him.



I got it! We'll get ourselves saved.

WHETHER THE DUKE AND DAUPHIN BELIEVE HUCK'S STORY IS SOMETHING THAT TIME ALONE WILL TELL. IN ANY EVENT, THEY HIDE JIM ON THE RAFT AND MAKE A SCOUTING TRIP ABOUT TOWN.



You who are black with sin!
You who are worn and soiled
and suffering! Come, you
sinners, and be saved! Who
will be saved?

I . . . I, a poor sinner,
wants to be saved!



I was a pirate for thirty years in
the Indian Ocean. I come back for
a fresh crew . . . but I'm saved
now!

Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! He is
saved!

Hallelujah!



I'd go right back to the Indian Ocean and reform the pirates! I'd go . . . if I had the passage money! Last night I was robbed of my last cent!

We'll give you the money! Let's take up a collection!

Pass the hat!



LATER . . .

We made eighty-seven eighty-five . . . not counting the three dollars spent on whiskey.

Some more . . . ?



THE NEXT TOWN . . .

ROMEO
and
JULIET

—STARRING THE
WORLD RENOWNED
TRAGEDIANS

DAVID GARICK THE
YOUNGER
EDMUND KEAN THE
ELDER

BOTH FREIN FROM
LONDON TRIUMPHS

ADMISSION 50¢



THAT NIGHT . . .

Every seat taken!



BUT . . .

They can't act!

Boo!

Take them off!

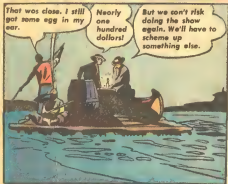
Hooll!

Sneert!



To the raft!

I didn't think they'd know the difference.



That was close. I still got some egg in my ear.

Nearly one hundred dollars!

But we can't risk doing the show again. We'll have to scheme up something else.



We got to get rid of them somehow, Jim.

I say we does! But they're mean ones to shake off!

THE RAFT REACHES A JUNCTURE IN THE RIVER ON EITHER SIDE OF WHICH A TOWN IS BUILT. THE DUKE AND DAUPHIN INVAD E ONE TOWN TO BUY STORE CLOTHES FOR THEMSELVES . . . AND WITH HUCK PLAN TO "DO" THE OTHER TOWN.

FIRST, THEY INSURE JIM'S SAFETY.

No one will take him for a negro slave. Hold still now!



Lawdy me!

SILE ARAB BUT HARMLESS WHEN NOT OUT OF HIS HEAD.

Seein' how we're dressed, we better arrive from some big place like St. Louis or Cincinnati.

Right! Paddle us to the steamboat, Huck. We'll come down to the villoge on her. We'll leave Jim on the raft.

RIDING TOWARD THE STEAMBOAT, CLOSE TO THE RIVER BANK, THEY SPOT A YOUNG MAN SEATED ON A LOG.

Where you bound for, young man?

For the steamboat . . . going to Orleans.

Come aboard . . . We was just cruising.

When I first saw you, I thought sure it was Horvey Wilks and his brother Williom. But I reckon they ain't coming at all. Maybe they didn't get the letter sayin' Horvey's on heir.

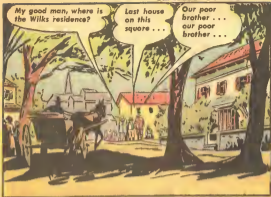
MEIR? ! ?

Peter Wilks, the brother, lives in the next villoge . . . Well, he died and left his money to Horvey. But Horvey lives in England.

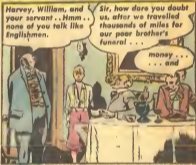
I'm going to Orleans and from there catch a boat to Rio Janeiro to live with my uncle.

Good! He'll be out of our way!

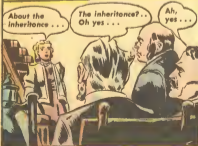
BY THE TIME THEY NEAR THE STEAMBOAT, THE PAIR HAVE DRAWN FROM THE YOUNG MAN A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE WILKS FAMILY . . . THEN THE YOUNG MAN BOARDS THE STEAMBOAT . . . BUT THE FRAUDS HAVE OTHER PLANS . . .

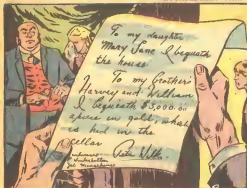


THEY ARE WARMLY RECEIVED BY EVERYONE ... EVERYONE BUT THE FAMILY DOCTOR ...



THE FUNERAL HAS NOT YET TAKEN PLACE ... THE COFFIN IS STILL IN THE PARLOR. THE FRAUDS IMPATIENTLY PAY THEIR WEeping RESPECTS TO THE DEAD, THEN ...







... Don't turn over any money to them. I still think these men are frauds.

They are not! ... And to show my trust in them even more ...

... Take this thousand dollars of my own money too ... and invest it ... and don't give me a receipt!



We'll hide the money here in our room until after the funeral ... then light out.



I can't let them get away with the money.



I'll hide it someplace ... then run away and write Mary Jane where to look for the money and to have her "auncle" arrested.

HUCK DECIDES TO HIDE THE MONEY OUT-OF-DOORS . . . FOR IF THE ROGUES DISCOVERED THE MONEY GONE, THEY WOULD RANSACK THE HOUSE. AS SOON AS THE HOUSEHOLD IS ASLEEP, HE TIPTOES OUT TO LOOK FOR A HIDING-PLACE.



SUDDENLY, HUCK HEARS FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM. HURRIEDLY HE DUCKS INTO THE PARLOR AND SPIES A PLACE TO HIDE THE MONEY . . . A SAFE PLACE THAT WOULD SOON BE CARRIED OUT-OF-DOORS.



THEN HUCK QUICKLY RETREATS TO HIS ROOM.



The funeral's already starting. I must've over-slept.

Hold on! I got something to say to you!



HUCK RESOLVES TO ESCAPE FROM THEM THAT VERY NIGHT. BUT, ON THE WAY FROM THE FUNERAL . .





Broke his arm! A likely story! They're the frauds, not us!

Sure they are!

No . . . they ain't! The first ones are frauds!



We will see . . . If you aren't frauds, you shouldn't object to letting us keep the money you were given . . . until you prove your innocence.



But I ain't got the money. It was stolen.



Arrest them! Arrest the boy, too! They're swindlers!

You're making a big mistake. THEY'RE the swindlers!

SOON EVERYONE IS CONFUSED. WHICH ONES, IF ANY, ARE THE REAL UNCLE? THE TOWN'S MOST PROMINENT LAWYER . . . IN FACT, ITS ONLY ONE . . . STEPS IN. LIKE SOLOMON, HE, TOO, HAS A WAY OF DECIDING.



Peter Wilks had something tattooed on his breast when he was a boy. The real Harvey and William Wilks will know what that mark is.

The tattoo? Why . . . why . . . it's a small blue arrow so thin you can hardly see it!

No . . . it ain't. The initials P. B. are tattooed on him in thin letters.

If I remember rightly, neither of those marks was tattooed on him.

To be certain, we'll dig up the corpse and look. Caller all four men and the boy. If we don't find the marks . . .

. . . They'll spend the rest of their lives in jail!

We'll lynch them!

We'll tar and feather them!

THE LID OF THE COFFIN IS UNSCREWED. THE CROWD SURGES FORWARD . . . TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE DEAD PETER'S BARE CHEST. INSTEAD . . .



THE BAG OF GOLD!



Well, I'll be . . .

It's my chance to get away!



Cut the raft loose! And let her slide!



We're rid of the Duke and Dauphin. That's the best part of it!

That's where you is wrong!



Tryin' to give us the slip, you young pup! Soon as we git aboard, we'll show you!

I wasn't giving you the slip. The man who had hold of me told me to run . . . What else could I do?



What else could the boy do? When we saw a chance to break away, we didn't ask about him? What I'd like to know is . . . how that bag of gold got in the coffin.



DON'T LOOK AT ME. Maybe you hid it there . . . planning to dig it up later and light out on me.



THAT'S A LIE! You hid the gold! YOU DONE IT!



I'll kill you for that! I'll murder you!



FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMS THAT THE FRAUDS ARE GOING TO DESTROY EACH OTHER . . . BUT THEIR ANGER SOON BECOMES SPENT . . . AND THEY TEAM UP AGAIN, GOING ASHORE IN THE NEXT VILLAGE AFTER INSTRUCTING HUCK.

GENERAL STORE

They said for me to meet them here and not to try to run away. But I'm going back to the raft!

Jim's gone!

AFTER SEARCHING IN THE SURROUNDING WOODS, HUCK STARTS BACK TO TOWN.

Did you see a darky, dressed funny around here? 'Bout so high . . .

He's down at Silas Phelps' place. A man sold him for forty dollars.

I bet it's the Dauphin! He sold him out!

Where's the Phelps' place?

Two miles below Pottsville.

Now to find Jim and get him out.

PHELPS



AS THEY LEAVE THE BREAKFAST TABLE, HUCK HEARS A SOUND THAT MAKES HIM APPREHENSIVE . . . A STEAMBOAT WHISTLE

Tom may be coming along on the steamboat now. I got to waylay him and explain.

I reckon I'll go to town and fetch my baggage.



Someone's walking up the road. It looks like Tom . . .



Huck Finn! No . . . can't be! You're dead!

I ain't . . . Feel of me and see. I got a lot to tell you. I'm in a fix. They think I'm you . . . so listen . . .



Well, I never! How dare this impudent young rascal kiss me?

Because it's your own nephew, Sid!



Sure . . . I'll do like you say, Huck . . . and I'll also help you free Jim!



Sid, you sweet boy! Aunt Polly never wrote me you were coming!

She decided the last minute. Tom and I thought it would be fun to surprise you.

AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY THE BOYS HUNT FOR HIM.

I bet Jim's in there.

Maybe not. Maybe they keep a dog in there.



Does a dog eat watermelon? Let's boost ourselves up and look through the window.



What you see, Huck?



They keep Jim locked in. We can steal the key from this darky's pocket . . . then run out to the raft and shove all.

Nah That's too easy!



No one rescues prisoners that easy. In books they run all sorts of risks! . . . We got to dig Jim out! And it may take thirty-eight years!



We'll sneak a saw into him, have him saw the bed leg in half, and slip the chain off.

But, all we have to do is lift up the bed and slip off his chain.



That's too easy! Don't you want any excitement? Next time the darky goes to the hut, we'll go in with him . . .



What's in the hut?

Yah wants to see what we keeps in heah? . . . Come along.



HUCK!

What did you say?

What did WHO say? . . . No one said anything. You must be bewitched.

Go out, catch a little green snake, and spit three times on it.

That's the only thing will break your spell.

I'so goin' fast!



THE RESCUE PLAN IS DESCRIBED TO HIM.

It sounds mighty complicated . . . But you knows best . . . I'll do like you say.

We'll get in here . . . and tell you just what to do.

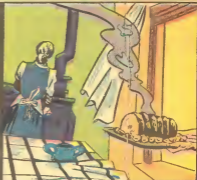


MYSTERIOUSLY THINGS BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR.

Did anyone see my file?



Jim will saw the bed leg with this and swallow the sawdust.



You want Jim to write an H? But he can't even write.

He can make marks. Mysterious marks. It's got to all look very mysterious.



MEANWHILE AT NIGHT . . .

We'll be done in a couple of nights.

That's awful! We'll have to pretend it took thirty-eight years! . . . And I got another swell idea . . .

TOM ADDS A POETIC TOUCH TO THE RESCUE PLAN . . . HE SMUGGLES IN QUOTATIONS FROM BOOKS THAT JIM MUST COPY . . . QUOTATIONS TO BE LEFT FOR POSTERITY . . .



THE DAY OF THE GRAND RESCUE.

It's no fun rescuing, without someone trying to stop us. We'll send the Phelps'a warning and they'll be on guard.

It could've been so easy!





HUCK AND JIM SCRAMBLE OVER A FENCE . . .



I can't.

Hurry, Tam!

THEIR PURSUERS HEAR THE SNAPPING SPLINTER.



They went that way . . .
over the fence!

That means they've broke
for the river. Call out the
dogs.



We ain't gwine
to make it! The
dogs are after
us!

I got an idea . . .
Wait!

They've gone by
us!

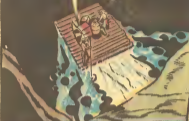
Sure . . . they're the
Pholps' dogs. They
know us as friends!

Praise de Lawd! We got to de raft' on time! But wassa matter, Mars Huck?

Tom's wounded!
Shot in the leg!

At last, I've been in a real fight. Save the bullet that shot me, Huck.

Sure . . . Just be quiet, Tom. You got to rest.



He sinking . . . Go quick to the next town and fetch a doctor, Mars Huck. Even if it mean I get caught.

It won't. We'll hold the doctor prisoner while he tends Tom.

When Tom's all well, we'll let the doctor go . . . and we'll have escaped before he can do anything.



What can I do for you, my boy?

My brother is very sick, doctor. He shot hisself in the leg.

Shot himself in the leg?

Yes sir . . . We wuz out hunting on Spanish Island and camped on a raft. He musta kicked his gun in his dreams . . . and it shot him!



Your story doesn't sound too likely, but a life's a life. Come on!

That canoe's too small for both of us. I'll paddle over. You wait here.

Well . . . I guess so . . .

A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .

I'll kill a little time in town . . . then go back to the island, even if I have to swim.

BUT AS HUCK TURNS A CORNER . . .

Tom! Where've you been all this time? And where's Sid?

Uncle Phelps!

Where? . . . Uh . . . Sid and I was chasin' the gang that freed Jim but we lost 'em. Sid's at the post-office to see what he can hear.

I guess he ain't here. I better stay and wait for him.

You come home with me, Tom. We don't want to lose two of you.

AN HOUR LATER "UNCLE" AND "NEPHEW" ENTER A SOB-FILLED ROOM.

She's sorrowing over you and Sid. Don't tell her Sid's lost.

.. And Sid stopped to visit some friends overnight... He'll be back in the morning.

Thank heavens! Promise me you boys won't run away again.

Yes mam!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

I got to get back to Tom. Gosh, what if he's dead!

SUDDENLY...

TOM! Where are you going?

Huh? Where?.. Uh...

Uh... I thought I saw Sid comin', Aunt Sally! Guess I was wrong.

Wrong? Saint's alive! There he is!

He's dead! Sid's dead!

No... he's alive and almost well. He just needs rest.

JUST AS HUCK IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW THEM INTO THE HOUSE.

A CLAMOR ARISES ...



Where did you pick him up?

He was with the boy ... the block devil!

I've done for ... now.



Lynch him!

Tor him!

I've done!

WAIT! STOP!



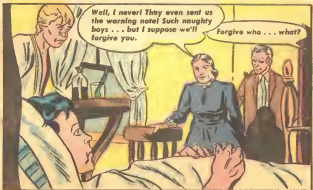
That runaway's a good man. I found him taking care of the boy ... I sent him into town for medicine. He could have run away then, but he didn't!



When I came back with the man to capture him, he was still there watching the boy. Yet, he's a good man.

Untie him ... take him to the hut ... we'll decide what to do.

HUCK RETURNS TO THE HOUSE TO FACE A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS ABOUT HOW HE AND "SID" CAME TO BE WITH THE RUNAWAY. HUCK AND TOM "COME CLEAN" ABOUT EVERYTHING BUT THEIR REAL IDENTITIES.



Well, I never! They even sent us the warning note! Such naughty boys ... but I suppose we'll forgive you.

Forgive who ... what?



TOM'S AUNT POLLY ...

I came on a surprise visit ...
Why ... Why ... Huck Finn!

She's fainted! What
did she mean ...
Who's Huck Finn?

AS HUCK LATER
DESCRIBED IT,
THE PHELPS AT
THAT MOMENT
BECAME THE
"MOST MIXED-
UPEST-LOOKING
PEOPLE" HE HAD
EVER SEEN ...
UNTIL HE TOLD
THE WHOLE
STORY OF HIS
FAKED DEATH.

Saint's alive!

ANOTHER LOOSE THREAD IS
TIED UP ... JIM'S FUTURE.

THAT SETTLES EVERYONE
EXCEPT HUCK FINN.

The Widow Douglas died last
week and in her will she set
you free, Jim!

Free!
Hallelujah!

Pap'll come
after me agin,
I guess ... and
tan my hide.

Na, mars
Huck. Yer
pap ain't
alive no
more.
'Member
dat dead
man we
dane see in
de house
in de flood.
Dat man
was him.

She mean's she's goin' to civilize me
... and I can't stand it ... Studyin',
prayin', bathin' ... I KNOW ... I BEEN
THERE BEFORE!

BUT HUCK IS STILL FACED WITH A FATE WORSE
THAN DEATH!

Silas, I know just what we'll do about
this dear boy. We'll adapt him, send
him to school, and make a real little
gentleman of him!

THE END.

MARK TWAIN— GREAT AMERICAN HUMORIST

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, American humorist and author, was born at Florida, Miss., on November 30, 1830. As he grew up, he had various jobs . . . among them printer, river pilot, and miner; none of which particularly satisfied him.

In the early 1860's, he decided that he would try his hand at writing. First, in the fashion of many writers at that time, he adapted a pseudonym—Mark Twain—, and then he wrote a humorous story entitled, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. Completing the story, he decided that he didn't like it at all—but sold it, and discovered that everybody else did. The story made him famous overnight.

As a result, a San Francisco newspaper assigned him to write a series of letters descriptive of a European trip. These were later published in book form under the title of *The Innocents Abroad*, and enjoyed a tremendous sale.

Among his many other books are *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and *The Man Who Corrupted Hodleyburg*. He published one pessimistic novel—*The Mysterious Stranger*—but the majority of Clemens' novels were humorous.

Strangely, though, Mr. Clemens never considered himself a humorist. All of his books started out as moderately serious stories — the humor "somehow managed to creep in."

Some of these pieces of humor are still widely quoted. Here are a few of this writer's favorites:

I'm quite sure that . . . I have no race prejudices, and I think I have no color prejudices, nor creed prejudices, nor caste prejudices. Indeed, I know it. I can stand any society. All that I care to know is that a man is a human being—that is enough for me; he can't be any worse.

* * *

Presently Mr. Bixby turned to me and said: "What is the name of the first point above New Orleans?"

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly and I did. I said I didn't know.

* * *

Let us not be too particular. It is better to have old second-hand diamonds than to have none at all.

* * *

These and dozens of others are found peppered throughout all his novels, articles, speeches and letters. Whether he considered himself a humorist or not, the world considers him one — and rightfully, placed him along with such other comic greats as Charles Dickens, Lewis Carroll, (whose real name, incidentally, was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson).

* * *

Samuel Clemens enjoyed considerable success as a lecturer—and once succeeded in what was then considered an impossible task; — making Ulysses S. Grant laugh!

In 1907, Samuel Clemens reached the peak of his career when a degree was conferred upon him by Oxford University. He died several years later, on April 21, 1910.



AIR SPIES, THEIR MISSIONS — THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Every military step the Allies take, whether the actual bombing or contemplated invasion of enemy territory, has as a basis of its preparation and ultimate success or failure the reports of Allied Air Spies.

These are pilots engaged in a dangerous job—that of combining great adventure and resourcefulness with scientific accuracy. These boys are our photo reconnaissance experts. They are rightfully called the "eyes" of our army, navy and air corps chiefs-of-staff for, on the intrepidity and accuracy of their mission so much depends.

Though they drop no bombs, their mission is deadly far the enemy because they take pictures of everything important to the Allied Military plan for procedure — everything vital to the enemy—such as damage done on air raids, movements of enemy troops, installations, terrain, location of the fleet, air bases, etc.

The picture takers are called "Focus Cats". A "cat" is the pilot, too, and has more jobs than a bomber pilot. Not only must he at times, watch out for enemy planes and dodge anti-aircraft guns, but he must handle his own radio communications, check constantly on the weather,

which is such an important part of his job, and take care not to leave a "vapor trail" which would be a giveaway. These trails are composed of ice particles and are made by the passage of a plane through subzero air.

The pilot has no bombsight; nothing on his battery of cameras to give him the location of his objective in perfect detail. Many times he will lose sight of his objective, and under these circumstances is forced

to fly over it again and again before he can adjust the camera to the proper focus in order to photograph it. Yet, most of the time he brings back the pictures!

The Nazis are on the lookout for these "cat" fellows. They have standing patrols over the European theater of war, trying to trap them. One "Focus Cat", First Lieutenant George F. Owen, of Redstone, Montana, was over Occupied France, cruising

in search of his target area. All of a sudden, seemingly out of nowhere, four enemy fighters closed in on him. He zigzagged over a radius of one hundred miles, but the enemy planes chased him over every inch of the way. Finally, in order to shake them off his tail, he had to fly in the opposite direction of his base. Yes, he lost



them—but, with it, he also lost a large quantity of his gas supply. He was running so low on gas, that it was a great temptation to light out for England, but he wanted those pictures. He looked again for his target—and, finding it, quickly photographed the valuable ore, turned and streaked for home. To conserve what little gasoline he had left in his tanks, he had to fly over rooftops from whence he could have been fired upon at any moment. However, he had thrown the Nazis into a state of utter confusion, and so fortunately wasn't spotted. When he landed in England, he had just five minutes' worth of gas left!

The "Focus Cat" also brings back important information about weather, enemy shipping and anything else he sees on his flight, other than what he gets on his pictures.

So important is his work, that for forty-eight hours during the final stages of the Tunisian campaign, action had to halt because bad weather kept the "Focus Cat" boys from going out for pictures of Axis

positions. The "cats" have covered as many as two hundred enemy bases in a week. Even in the clearest weather, their photographs may not be too distinct because of obstructions, but the experts who interpret the pictures are trained to evaluate every microscopic spot . . . and there are plenty of them.

"Focus Cats" are told to keep their cameras running—using up all their film on the trip home because every bit of information they photograph is a step ahead of the enemy!

One pilot, off the Norwegian coast, spotted enemy warships. He was out to get pictures—but could do no more: he radioed the warships' position to a British base, and British torpedo planes soon raced out and finished the warships.



Yes, these Air Spies are vital to the Allies . . . and their job is most dangerous. Their only weapons are their cameras—and their prayers.

"OLD IRONSIDES"

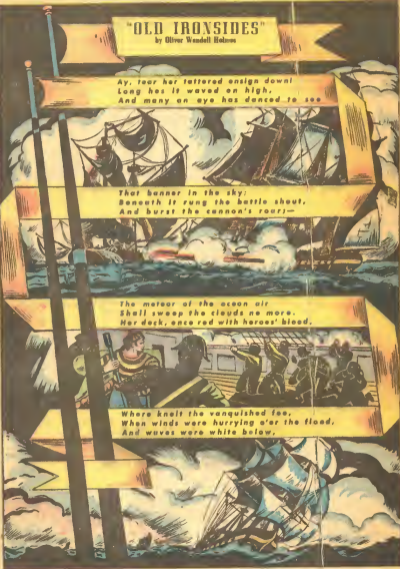
by Oliver Wendell Holmes

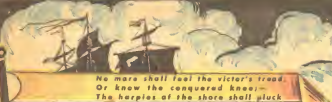
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—


The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.
Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

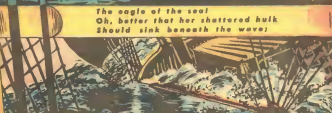




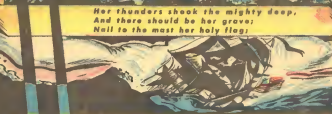
*No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck*



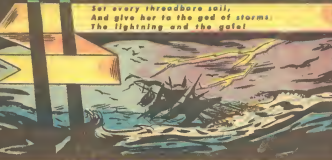
*The eagle of the sea!
Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;*



*Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag;*



*Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms;
The lightning and the gale!*



A DAY'S WORK — HEROES ALL

To the heroic thrill-studded pages of our war history, new feats of courage and intrepidity are daily being added,

On land, sea and in the air, the flower of our American youth, in unparalleled acts of heroism, resourcefulness, cool, unadulterated nerve, gives answer to the "works that make America tick."

Here is a shining and concrete example of a recent naval exploit of how our boys play the game of war.

This happened in the South Pacific. One of our submarines was on her way home for replenishment of sorely needed supplies after having exhausted her ammunition in inflicting damage of enemy transport, shipping and troop movements. Before surfacing, a careful periscope survey showed no enemy ships in sight.

To the surface came our sub and "full speed ahead" was the signal that gladdened the heart of every man aboard. With good breaks, they'd be home in port within a few days. This would mean shore leave, complete relaxation, play, letters to and from home, and a thousand-and-one things that our boys imagine they'll do once they land.

These were the thoughts, hopes and dreams of every man on that happy ship as the passing hours drew them closer to their base.

But,

Suddenly, out of the horizon, enemy destroyers, apparently coming from every direction, caught our ship unprepared and unable to give battle.

Split second thinking made our commander realize the extremely dangerous predicament he was in and, acting on impulse, gave orders to submerge. Responding to the command, the motors seemed living, human things, as in reverse, they quickly started the ship's descent.

What seemed interminable hours to the crew were but a few minutes before our sub rested on the ocean's floor. Promptly shutting off all motors, they lay there, tenseness permeating every member of the crew. Had they escaped? Was the enemy outwitted? Will they see port after all? Anxious, terrifying thoughts ran through the minds of every member of the crew.

The answers quickly came. The enemy, calculating the position at which we had submerged, soon sent down a barrage of depth charges (ash-cans) and the detonations seemed to loosen every rivet on our craft and make every piece of armor plate quiver.

But for the sturdiness of our sub, the courage and resourcefulness of its commander and crew, the end might easily have come right then and there.

However, Tojo's warriors hadn't reckoned with some of the tricks we, too, can play; that while "down", we weren't "out". Our skipper, fearing that it would be but a matter of minutes before an enemy "ash-can" would strike its mortal blow ordered the discharge of oil from a spare tank as well as bits of clothing and furnishings driven from a torpedo tube—and then, waited.

The oil slick spread over the water's surface, and the floating debris added to the realism of a destroyed submarine. Cautiously the enemy destroyers circled the area of the oil-calmed water, their observers tricked and lulled into a false sense of success. With "banzais" echoing and re-echoing over their apparent victory, they speedily steamed away.

Our commander's quick thinking had saved the day. Soon, "up periscope" and a careful survey in all directions. Then, the "all clear"—"surfacing" and "full speed ahead" to port—**HEROES ALL!**