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# The Song of Hiawatha

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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# The SONG of HIAWATHA

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



## The SONG OF HIAWATHA

IS FOUNDED ON A TRADITION  
AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN  
INDIANS OF A PERSONAGE OF  
MIRACULOUS BIRTH WHO WAS  
SENT AMONG THEM TO CLEAR  
THE FORESTS, ROBERTS AND  
FISHING GROUNDS AND TO  
TEACH THEM THE ARTS OF  
PEACE.

INTO THIS OLD TRADITION,  
I HAVE WOVEN OTHER  
CURIOUS INDIAN LEGENDS.

THE SCENE OF THE POEM IS  
AMONG THE CUSHKES ON  
THE SOUTHERN SHORES OF  
LAKE SUPERIOR...

*Henry Wadsworth  
Longfellow*

HIAWATHA'S  
FATHER WAS  
MAGWICKING,  
THE WEST WIND, AND HIS MOTHER WAS  
WENONAH, THE CHILD OF MORNINGS,  
DAUGHTER OF THE MOON.

Illustrated by  
Alex. A. Blunt

LISTEN TO THESE WILD TRADITIONS...  
TO THE SONG OF HIAWATHA!

LISTEN TO THIS SIMPLE STORY...  
TO THE SONG OF HIAWATHA!





BY THE SHORES OF STICHE GAUDE,  
BY THE SHINING BIR-SEA-WATER  
STOOD THE MIGNON OF MORDANS,  
DAUGHTER OF THE MOON, MORDANS.  
THERE THE WINKLED OLD MORDANS  
MURDERED THE LITTLE HAMAATHA...

—PAGE 1, 1930—



What is that Mordans?

Once a woman very angry  
killed his grandmother  
and threw her  
up into the sky at midnight.  
Right against the moon  
to show her  
'Tis her body that you see  
there.

AT THE DOOR ON SUMMER EVENINGS  
SAT THE LITTLE HAMAATHA,  
SAW THE MOON RISE FROM THE WARE,  
PEPPING ROUNDING FROM THE WATER,  
SAW THE FLOCKS AND SHADOWS ON IT.

WHEN HE HEARD THE OWLS AT  
MIDNIGHT  
HOOTING LAUGHING IN THE FOREST



What is that Mordans?

That is but the owl  
and owls  
Talking in their  
own language...



WHEN THE LITTLE HAMAATHA  
LEARNED OF EVERY BIRD'S LANGUAGE,  
LEARNED THEIR NAMES AND ALL THEIR SECRETS...  
CALLED THEM "HAMAATHA'S CHILDREN"



OF ALL BEASTS HE LEARNED THE LANGUAGE, LEARNED THEIR NAMES AND ALL THEIR SECRETS... TALKED WITH THEM WHATEVER HE MET THEM, CALLED THEM "HAWATHA'S BROTHERS."



Go, my son, into the forest, where the red deer herd together... Kill for us a deer with onions!

THEN (ASOQ, THE GRAY SCOUTER, HE THE MARVELOUS STORY TELLER, HE THE TRAVELER AND THE TALKER, MADE A BOY FOR HAWATHA...)

WENT INTO THE FOREST STRAIGHT AWAY ALL ALONE WALKED HAWATHA...

Do not shoot me, Hicowah!

Do not shoot U.S. HICOWAH!

BUT HE HEARD NOT, NOR HEARD THEM, FOR HIS THOUGHTS WERE WITH THE RED DEER, ON THEIR TRACKS HIS EYES WERE FOCUSED...



SOON IN THE ALDER-BUSHES THERE HE WAITED TILL THE DEER CAME...



THEN, UPON ONE KNEE UPRISING, HAWATHA AIMED AN ARROW; SCARCE A TWIG MOVED WITH HIS BOW... BUT THE WILD SOBELACK STARTED...



LEAPED AS IF TO MEET THE ARROW  
 AND THE SINGING, FATAL ARROW...  
 DEAD HE LAY THERE IN THE FOREST...  
 BEAT HIS THUMB HEART NO LONGER...



BUT THE HEART OF HANATHA  
 THROBBER AND SHOUTED AND EXULTED  
 AS HE BOYS THE RED DEER HONORABLE,  
 AND JAGGO AND HONOMIS  
 RAISED HIS COMING WITH APPLAUSES.



FROM THE RED DEER'S HIDE,  
 HONOMIS  
 MADE A CLOAK FOR  
 HANATHA...



FROM THE RED DEER'S FLESH, HONOMIS  
 MADE A BANQUET IN HIS HONOR,  
 ALL THE VILLAGE CAME AND FEASTED,  
 ALL THE GUESTS PRAISED HANATHA...

OUT OF CHILDHOOD INTO MANHOOD  
NOW HAD GROWN MY HAWATHA,  
SKILLED IN ALL THE CRAFT OF HUNTERS,  
LEARNED IN ALL THE LORE OF OLD MEN.



HE COULD SHOOT TEN ARROWS UPWARD,  
SHOOT THEM WITH SUCH STRENGTH  
AND SWIFTHNESS  
THAT THE BIRDS HAD LEFT THE SKY  
BEFORE THE FIRST TO EARTH HAD FALLEN!

HE HAD BITTERS, WALLEGANPUN,  
MAGIC BITTERS MADE OF BEAR-SKIN,  
WHICH UPON HIS HANDS HE WORE TIGHT,  
HE COULD STRIKE THE ROCKS  
ASUNDER.

I will go to Mudekloona  
See how long it will  
my father  
At the doorway of the  
west wind...

Go not forth, O Hawatha  
Lest he harm you with  
his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his  
curtains!



WHEN HE QUESTIONED OLD MOKONS  
OF HIS FATHER MUDKLOONA'S...  
LEARNED FROM HER THE REAL SECRET...  
AND HIS HEART WAS HOT WITH HER...

HE HAD MOKKANS ENCHANTED,  
MAGIC MOKKANS OF BEAR-SKIN...  
WHICH UPON HIS FEET HE WORE TIGHT,  
AT EACH STRIDE A MILE HE MEASURED!



BUT THE FEARLESS HAWATHA  
NEEDED NOT HER WOMAN'S WARNING,  
FORTH HE STEPPED INTO THE FOREST...  
SO HE JOURNEYED WESTWARD UNSTOPPED...  
CROSSED THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI...  
CAME UNTO THE SPOKY MOUNTAINS...

...LLED WITH HIS WIFE HANATHA,  
OF THE ASPECT OF HIS FATHER...  
...LLED WITH JOY HIS MURDERERS  
WHEN HE LOOKED ON HANATHA.  
...SAW THE BEAUTY OF WENCHAM.



WHEN THEY TALKED OF OTHER  
WATERS,  
... OF HANATHA'S MOTHER,  
OF THE BEAUTIFUL WENCHAM.



WHY DON'T THEY TALK TOGETHER,  
... SUCH THE MIGHTY MURDERERS  
BOASTED OF HIS ANCIENT PROMISES  
OF HIS PREVIOUS ADVENTURES...  
... PATIENTLY SAID HANATHA,  
... LISTENING TO HIS FATHER'S BOASTING...  
... BUT HIS HEART WAS NOT WITH HIM.

O MUCKY MUCKY,  
IT WAS YOU WHO  
DIED WENCHAM...  
YOU CONFESS IT?  
YOU CONFESS IT?



WHEN HE STARTED HANATHA...  
... LAD HIS HAND UPON THE BLACK ROCK  
SHORE AND CHUNGED IT INTO FRAGMENTS  
KILLED THEM MADLY AT HIS FATHER...  
... BUT THE RULER OF THE WEST HAD  
... BLOWN THE FRAGMENTS BACKWARD  
FROM HIM.

ILLUSTRATION BY JACQUES-ANTOINETTE





THEY BEGAN THE DEADLY CONFLICT  
HAND TO HAND AMONG THE MOUNTAINS...  
TILL THE EARTH SHOOK WITH THE TURMOIL...  
AND THE SUMMER OF THE MOUNTAINS  
STARTING, ANSWERED, "WAAH-WAAH."

SCENE 10



"I DESERVED NOT WHAT HAWAIIA...  
FOR THE BITTERNESS OF ASHER,  
HAD DEPARTED WHOLLY FROM ME...  
ONLY ONCE HIS FACE HE GLANCED...  
IN THE LAND OF THE DACTYLS...  
THAT THE AMONG MEN-MAKER  
MADE HIS ARROW-HEADS OF BARKSTONE  
WITH HIS BENT HIS ONE-EYED BANGORER  
FROM THE WATER-HALL HE NAMED HER  
HONEYFACE, LAUGHING WATER."

A SCENE INCLUDING MANY HEADS OF THE  
MOUNTAINS' DACTYLS WERE BEFORE  
THE MOUNTAIN BLOOD (1900)

"TOLD MY SON, MY HAWAIIA!  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL ME...  
GO BACK TO YOUR HOME AND PEOPLE  
LIVE AMONG THEM, YOU AMONG THEM...  
AND AT LAST WHEN DEATH CROWS NEAR  
YOU...  
I WILL SHARE MY KINGDOM WITH YOU."



WAAH RETREATED INDULGENTLY,  
LIVING UPON THE MOUNTAINS...  
THREE WHOLE DAYS REPEATED SIGHTING...  
TO THE PORTALS OF THE SUNSET  
TO THE DACTYLS' BRACING BORDER...



WHO SHALL SAY WHAT THOUGHTS AND WORDS  
FILLED THE HEART OF HAWAIIA?  
ALL HE TOLD TO OLD HONORER  
WHEN HE REACHED THE LODGE AT SUNSET...  
WAS HIS FIGHT WITH HIS FATHER,  
AND HIS FIGHT WITH MUDGROGERS...  
NOT A WORD HE SAID OF ARROWS...  
NOT A WORD OF LAUGHING WATER.

YOU SHALL HEAR HOW MANATHA  
 HUNTED AND FASTED IN THE FOREST...  
 ... FOR FORTUNE OF THE PEOPLE,  
 FOR ADVANTAGE OF THE NATIONS.



FIRST HE BUILT A LODGE  
 FOR FASTING,  
 BUILT A WIGWAM IN  
 THE FOREST...

ON THE FIRST DAY OF HIS FASTING,  
 THROUGH THE LEAFY WOODS HE WANDERED...



Master of Life!  
 Must our lives depend  
 on these things?

ON THE NEXT DAY OF HIS FASTING  
 BY THE RIVER'S BEND HE WANDERED...



Master of Life!  
 Must our lives depend  
 on these things?

ON THE THIRD DAY OF HIS FASTING  
 BY THE LAKE HE SAT AND MEDITATED



Master of Life!  
 Must our lives depend  
 on these things?

From the Master of Life descending,  
 I, the friend of man, Manathant,  
 Come to warn you and instruct you,  
 How by struggle and by labor  
 You shall gain what you have  
 prayed for.  
 Rise, O youth, and wrestle  
 with me!



ON THE FOURTH DAY OF HIS FASTING  
 AT HIS LODGE HE LAY EXHAUSTED...  
 AND HE SAW A YOUTH APPROACHING,  
 DRESSED IN GARMENTS GREEN AND YELLOW...



AND THE MORE THEY STROVE AND STRUGGLED STRONGER STILL GREW HIWATHA, TILL THE DARKNESS FELL AROUND THEM...

'Tis enough! But tomorrow when the sun beams, I will come again to try you!



WRESTLING WITH FAIRNESS, HIWATHA... CAME AND WRESTLED WITH MOKOMIS. AT HIS TOUCH HE FELT NEW COURAGE... FELT NEW LIFE AND HOPE AND MADE RUN THROUGH EVERY NERVE AND FIBRE...



AND HE VANISHED, AND WAS BEEN HOT...



O, Hiwatha! Bravely have you wrestled with me... And the Master of Life who sees us, He will give you the triumph!

ON THE MORROW AND THE NEXT DAY... CAME MOKOMIS FOR THE TEST, FOR THE STREVS WITH HIWATHA... THERE THEY WRESTLED THEM TOGETHER.

You will conquer and overcome me, Make a bed for me to lie in, Where the rain may fall upon me, Where the sun may come and warm me... Lay me in the earth and make it soft and loose and light above me. Let no hand disturb my slumber Till I wake and start, and quicken, Till I leap into the sunshine.



AND THIS SAYING, HE DEPARTED...



ON THE MORROW CAME MOKOMIS... CAME WITH FOOD FOR HIWATHA... BUT HE TASTED NOT, AND TOUCHED NOT... HOMERRED WEeping WENT MOKOMIS...



MEANWHILE SAT HEAVY WAITING FOR THE COMING OF MONDAMN... TILL THE SUN DROPPED FROM THE HEAVEN...



AND BEHOLD! THE YOUTH MONDAMN STOOD AND RECEIVED AT THE DOORWAY, FROM THE WINDY, HANATHA CAME AND WRESTLED WITH MONDAMN.



SUDDENLY FROM THE GREENSHARD ALL AROUND STOOD HANATHA... AND BEFORE HIM BREATHELESS LIFELESS, LAY THE YOUTH... DEAD HE LAY THERE IN THE SUNSET.



AND THE VICTORIOUS HANATHA MADE THE GRAVE AS HE COMMANDED... AND THE SEVEN DAYS OF HIS FADING WICK ACCOMPLISHED AND COMPLETED.



BUT THE PLACE WAS NOT FORGOTTEN... WHERE HE WRESTLED WITH MONDAMN... DAY BY DAY DID HANATHA GO TO BRIT AND WATCH BESIDE IT... TILL AT LENGTH A SMALL GREEN FEATHER FROM THE EARTH SPOKE SLOWLY UPWARD, THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...

AND BEFORE THE SUNSET BEAM  
STOOD THE MAIZE IN ALL ITS BEAUTY...  
AND IN RAPTURE, HAWATHA CRIED ALOUD...



AND STILL LATER, WHEN THE SUN  
CRANED THE LONG GREEN LEAVES TO YELLOW...  
THEN THE BUSHED EARS HE GATHERED...  
GAVE THE FIRST FEAST OF MONODAMIN  
AND MADE KNOWN UNTO THE PEOPLE  
THE NEW GIFT OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.



TWO GOOD FRIENDS SAID HAWATHA,  
SINGLED OUT FROM ALL THE OTHERS...  
CHIBABOON, THE MUSKIAN,  
AND THE VERY STRONG MAN, EDWASINDA!

A FEW OF THE  
WARRIORS...

THE STRONG MAN...



MOST BELoved BY HAWATHA  
AND THE GENTLE CHIBABOON,  
HE THE BEST OF ALL MUSKIANS,  
HE THE SWEETEST OF ALL  
SINGERS,  
WHEN HE SANG, THE VILLAGE  
LISTENED...



BEAR TOOK INTO NUMATHA,  
 WAS THE VERY STRONG MAN,  
 KNOWN...  
 FOR HIS VERY STRENGTH, HE  
 LOVED HIM...  
 FOR HIS STRENGTH ALLIED  
 TO GOODNESS...



In my work you never help me...  
 At the door my nets are  
 hanging...  
 Go and wing them, Yonakke?  
 Go and dry them in the  
 sunshine!

SOLE IN HIS YOUTH WAS MARKED  
 VERY UNLIFE, DULL AND DREAMY,  
 NEVER PLAYED WITH OTHER  
 CHILDREN,  
 NEVER FISHED AND NEVER HUNTED...  
 "LADY WASHED" SAID HIS MOTHER.



ALONG FROM THE ASHES, SEARCHED  
 HOLE BUT MADE NO ANGRY ANSWER...  
 USE A WISP OF STRAW HE WOUND THEM,  
 USE A WIP OF STRAW HE BROKE THEM,  
 COULD NOT BRING THEM WITHOUT BREAKING,  
 SUCH THE STRENGTH WAS IN HIS FINGERS.



In the hunt you never help me,  
 Every bow you touch is broken,  
 Chopped splinter every  
 arrow,  
 Let come with me to the forest,  
 You shall bring the hunting  
 homeward.

DOWN A NARROW PASS THEY WANDERED  
 WHERE A BROOKLET LED THEM ONWARD...  
 TILL THEY FOUND ALL FURTHER PASSAGE  
 SHUT AGAINST THEM, BARRIED SECURELY  
 BY THE TRUNKS OF TREES UPROOTED.



We must go back...  
 Over these logs we  
 cannot pass...

CAMP STRAIGHTAWAY HIS PIPE HE LIGHTED,  
 AND SAT DOWN TO SMOKE AND  
 PONDER...



JUST BEFORE HIS RUFF WAS FINISHED  
LO! THE PATH WAS CLEARED BEFORE HIM  
ALL THE TRUNKS HAD HAWAIIA LIFTED ...  
SAFELY THE FIRE TRIBE'S SAFT AS ARROWS,  
HURLED THE CEDARS LIGHT AS LANCES.



Why stand idly look-  
ing at us? Come and  
wrestle with the others.

"LADY HAWAIIA" SAID THE YOUNG MEN,  
AS THEY JOCKED ON THE MEADOW...



"LADY HAWAIIA" MADE NO ANSWER...  
ONLY ROSE AND SLOWLY TURNING,  
GLANCED THE WARE DOWN IN HIS  
FINGERS...  
POISED IT IN THE AIR A MOMENT,  
PITCHED IT DOWN INTO THE  
RIVER...



AND THERE TWO AS I HAVE TOLD YOU,  
WERE THE FRIENDS OF HAWAIIA ...  
LONG THEY LIVED IN PEACE TOGETHER  
POURING SUCH AND SUCH  
CONTENDING  
NOW THE TRIBES OF HAWAIIA  
PROSPER.

Give me of your  
bank O Bush-tree.  
I, O light canoe  
will build me ...  
That shall float  
upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf  
in autumn.



WITH HIS KNEE THE TRUNK HE GRASPED...  
DOWN THE TRUNK FROM TOP TO  
BOTTOM...  
STEPPED IT FROM THE TRUNK,  
UNBROKEN...

Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strength and plant  
branches,  
My canoe to make more  
steady...



DOWN HE HURLED THE BOWHS OF CEDAR,  
SHAPED THEM STRAIGHTWAY TO A  
FRAME-WORK...

Give me of your roots, O  
Tomorrow!  
My canoe to bind together.



1918 MARCH 1918



FROM THE EARTH HE TORN THE FIRTS,  
TORN THE TOUGH ROOTS OF THE  
LARCH-TREE,  
CLOSELY SEWED THE BARK TOGETHER...

Give me of your balm,  
O, Fir-tree!  
Of your balmion and  
your resin,  
So to close the seams  
together.



AND HE TOOK THE TEARS OF BALSAM...  
SWEARED THEM WITH EACH SEAM AND  
FISURE,  
MADE EACH CREVICE SAFE FROM WATER.



AND HE TOOK THE TEARS OF BALSAM...  
SWEARED THEM WITH EACH SEAM AND  
FISURE,  
MADE EACH CREVICE SAFE FROM WATER.





Give me of your quills, O  
Hedgenog!  
I will make a necklace  
of them,  
Make a circle for my  
beauty,  
And two snags to cleft  
her bosom!

Take my quills,  
Quodnag!



FROM THE GROUND THE GULLS HE GATHERED,  
STAINED THEM RED AND BLUE AND YELLOW  
WITH THE JUICE OF BERRIES AND BERRIES,  
INTO HIS CANOE HE BROUGHT THEM.



THUS THE BIRCH CANOE WAS BUILT  
IN THE VALLEY, BY THE RIVER...  
PADDLES MOVED AND MURMURA...  
FOR HIS THOUGHTS AS PADDLES SWEPT HIM,  
AND HIS WISHES SEEMED TO GUIDE HIM.



Help me clear this river  
Of its rotten logs and  
sand bars.

WHEN HE CALLED ALOUD TO COURAGE  
TO HIS FRIEND, THE STRONG MAN,  
KAWASNO...



HE DROUGHT INTO THE RIVER KAWASNO  
FLUNG AS IF HE WERE A BRANT...  
TUMBLING AT SUDDEN LOGS AND BRANCHES,  
WITH RESOURCES HE SCOOPED THE  
SAND-BARS...



UP AND DOWN THE RIVER WENT THEY...  
MADE ITS PASSAGE SAFE AND CERTAIN,  
MADE A PATH-WAY FOR THE PEOPLE,  
FROM ITS SPRING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS  
TO THE WATERS OF RAHWATHING.



FORTH UPON THE BRINE-GUMS  
ON THE SHINING BIG-SEA-WATER...  
FORTH TO CATCH THE STURGEON, MAHHA,  
MINE-MAHHA, KING OF FISHES...  
ALL ALONE WENT HAWKTHA...



ON THE WHITE SAND OF THE BOTTOM  
LAY THE MONSTER MINE-MAHHA,  
LAY THE STURGEON, KING OF FISHES...  
AS ABOVE HIM, HAWKTHA,  
IN HIS BIRCH CANOE DAMP SAILING...

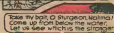


JUST LAY THE STURGEON, MAHHA...  
TILL HE HEARD OF THE SHOUTING,  
AND HE SAID TO THE KINGDIA,  
"TO THE FINE, THE  
HAWKTHA..."

Take the bait of  
this ruck fellow.  
Break the line of  
Hawkthah!



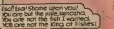
THROUGH THE CLEAR, TRANSPARENT WATER,  
HE COULD SEE THE FISHES SWIMMING  
DUE DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, BELOW HIM...



Take thy bait, O Sturgeon, Mahha!  
Come up from below the water.  
Let us see which is the stronger!



FULL OF SOOTY WAS HAWKTHA  
WHEN HE SAW THE FISH BEING LIFTED...



Isst! Isst! Shame upon you!  
You are not the wise Hawkthah,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes!



BEING DOWNWARD TO THE BOTTOM  
SAW THE FISH IN GREAT CONFUSION.



Take the bait of  
this great booster  
Break the line of  
Hawaia!



Eso! Eso! Shame upon you!  
You are Ugudwah the surf-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the king of fishes!

AND THE MIGHTY STURGEON MAMA,  
SAID TO WILDWASH, THE 'SUN-FISH'...

AND AGAIN THE STURGEON MAMA,  
HEARD THE SHOUT OF HAWAIIA,  
HEARD THE CHALLENGE OF DEFIANCE...



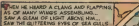
AS HE BOKE WITH ANGRY RESOLVE,  
CLASHING, LEAPED INTO THE SURFERS,  
OPENED HIS GREAT JAWS, AND SWALLOWED  
BOTH CANOE AND HAWAIIA.



DOWN INTO THAT DARKSOME OVERTHROW  
 PLUNGED THE HEADLONG HIAMATHA...  
 GROINED ABOUT IN HELPLESS WONDER,  
 TILL HE FELT A GREAT HEART BEATING...  
 AND HE SMOTE IT IN HIS ANGER,  
 WITH HIS FIST, THE HEART OF HANNA...  
 FELT THE MIGHTY KING OF FISHES  
 GAUDDER, THROUGH SACKS AND FIBRE,  
 TORN AT HEART, AND TAUNT AND REAR.



GROINED AND GROINED IN THE WATER,  
 THEN WAS STILL AND DRIFTED LANDWARD...  
 TILL THE LISTENING HIAMATHA...  
 FELT HIM SWEARD UPON THE PEBBLES,  
 KNEW THAT HANNA, KING OF FISHES  
 LAY THERE DEAD UPON THE MARGIN



'Tis our brother  
 Hiawatha.

O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!  
 I have slain the stubborn HANNA,  
 Make the rifts a little larger,  
 Get me free from this dark  
 prison.



AND THE WILD AND CLAMOROUS SEA-GULLS  
 TOOK WITH BEAK AND CLAW TOGETHER...  
 FROM THE BODY OF THE STURGEON,  
 FROM THE FEEL OF THE WATER,  
 THEY RELEASED BY HIAMATHA.

HE WAS STANDING NEAR HIS WIGWAM  
 AND HE CALLED TO OLD HODDINS...

I have slain the MIGHTY HANNA,  
 Slain the king of fishes...  
 Look... the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
 Wait until their meal is eaded...  
 Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
 And make oil for us in winter.



THREE WHOLE DAYS AND NIGHT ALTERNATE  
 OLD HODDINS AND THE SEA-GULLS  
 STEPPED THE OILY FLESH OF HANNA...  
 TILL THE SEA-GULLS CAME NO LONGER,  
 AND UPON THE SANDS LAY HODDINS  
 BUT THE SKELETON OF HANNA.

THE SONS OF HAWAIIA

ON THE SHORES OF STONE-ISLAND,  
OF THE SHINING BLUE-SEA-WATER,  
STOOD HAWAIIA, THE OLD HAWAIIAN,  
POINTING WITH HER FINGER WESTWARD.

Yonder dwells the great Roan-Feather...  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water...  
He, the mightiest of magicians...  
Sends disease and death among us!  
Take your bow, O HawaiiA...  
Slay this merciless magician!



STRAIGHTAWAY THEN MY HAWAIIA  
ARMED HIMSELF WITH ALL HIS FIRE-ARROW,  
LAUNCHED HIS BISHI CANOE FOR SAUCE...

O my Bish-oo-ee, leap forward  
where you see the fiery serpents,  
where you see the black pitch-  
water!



Back,  
go  
back!

Let me pass my way...  
Let me go upon my  
journey!

Back to old Ho-  
lonis faint-heart!



Onward...  
Onward to  
the black  
pitch-  
water!



SOON, HE REACHED THE  
FIERY SERPENTS...  
LYING HISS UPON  
THE WATER...  
SO THAT NONE COULD  
PASS BEYOND THEM.

WHEN THE ANGRY HAWAIIA  
RAISED HIS MIGHTY BOW OF FIRE-TIPS,  
EVERY WHIZZING OF AN ARROW  
WAS A DEATH BLOW...



RETURNS THIS MIGHTY HAWAIIA...  
TOWARD THE LAND OF THE PEARL FEATHER,  
TILL THE LEVEL MOON STARED AT HIM...  
TILL THE SUN WAS NOT BEHIND HIM...  
AND BEFORE HIM ON THE UPLAND  
HE COULD SEE THE SHINING WIGWAM...  
OF THE MIGHTIEST OF MAGICIANS...



Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather! Howatha waits your coming!

AND UPON THE BEACH... DREW SHAD LAIDED HOWATHA...



FRIGHTENED FROM THE SHYING MOHAM CAME THE WIGHTY MESSERSON...

Well I know you, Howatha! 'Deter' back' among the women, 'Back' to old Nokonis, faint-heart! I will stay you as you stand here.

Deeds are better things than words are. Actions mightier than boostings!

P. A. AMERICAN



THEN BEGAN THE GREATEST BATTLE THAT THE SUN HAD EVER LOOKED ON. ALL A SUMMER'S DAY IT LASTED, FROM THE SUNRISE TO THE SUNSET...



Am you arrows, Howatha, at the head of MIGHTYSON. There alone can he be wounded!

WILL AT SUNSET, HOWATHA... WOUNDED, WEARIED AND DESPONDENT, PAUSED TO REST BENEATH A PINE-TREE... SLIPPERY FROM THE SOLENS ABOVE HIM SANG THE MAMA, THE WOODPECKER...



SWIFT FROM HIAWATHA'S ARROW...  
SWIFTER FLEW THE SECOND ARROW...  
BUT THE THIRD AND LATEST ARROW  
SWIFTEST FLEW AND WOUNDED DEEPEST!



USELESS LAY THE GREAT PEARL-FEATHER,  
LAY THE MIGHTIEST OF WARRIORS.  
THEN THE GRATEFUL HIAWATHA  
STAINED WITH BLOOD THE TUFT OF FEATHERS  
ON THE LITTLE HEAD OF MAMA...  
AS A SIGN OF HIS SERVICE.

Honor be to  
Hiawatha!

He has slain the Great Pearl-  
feather,  
him who sent the fiery fever,  
sent of disease and death  
among us!



AND THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE  
WILDED HIM WITH SONGS AND  
DANCES  
MADE A JOYOUS FEAST AND SHOUTED...



AND FROM THE WOMAN HIAWATHA  
BORE THE WEALTH OF  
NEGROSKOON,  
ALL HIS WEALTH OF SKINS  
AND WAMPUM...  
HOWEVER THEN HE SAILED  
EGLINTON...



DEAR TO HIAWATHA  
WAS THE MEMORY OF MAMA  
AND IN TOUCH OF HIS  
FRIENDSHIP  
HE ADORNEY AND INJOYED  
HIS FINEST

WITH THE BLOOD-RED-CREST OF  
MAMA.  
BUT THE WEALTH OF NEGROSKOON,  
HE DIVIDED WITH HIS PEOPLE,  
SHARED IT EQUALLY AMONG  
THEM.

*As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Quivers do not without the latter.*



WAS THE YOUTHFUL MIAMTHA  
SAY WITHIN HIMSELF AND  
FONDED...  
DEPARTING STILL OF MIAMTHAMA,  
OF THE LOVELY LAUGHING WIFE.

In the land of the Dakotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Miamthaha, Laughing Wife...  
I will bring her to your wigwam...



WAS DEPARTED MIAMTHA  
TO THE LAND OF THE DAKOTAS,  
TO THE LAND OF MIAMTHAMA WIFE,  
AND HIS HEART OBTAIN HIS FOOTSTEP,  
AND HE JOURNEYED WITHOUT RESTING.



Miamthaha,  
you are  
welcome!

ON THE OUTSIGHTS OF  
THE FORESTS...  
HEARD OF FALLOW DEER  
WERE FEEDING  
BUT THEY SAW NOT  
MIAMTHA .

OF THE DOORWAY OF HIS WIGWAM  
SAT THE ANCIENT ARROW-MAKER,  
AT HIS SIDE, IN ALL HER BEAUTY,  
SAT HIS DAUGHTER, LAUGHING  
WIFE.  
OF THE PAST THE OLD MAN'S  
THOUGHTS WERE,  
AND THE MARCHES OF THE FUTURE.

APPEARED FROM OUT THE  
WOODLANDS...  
MIAMTHA STOOD BEFORE THEM



Give me as my wife  
this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing  
Water,  
Lowliest of Dacotah  
women!

Yes, if Minnehaha  
wishes,  
Let your foot speak,  
Minnehaha!

I will follow  
you, my  
husband!

THEN UPON THE LAUGHING WATER,  
BROUGHT NORTH FOOD AND SET BEHIND THEM  
NIGHT BROUGHT THEM FROM THE BROOKLET,  
LITERING WHILE THE GUEST WAS STEERING,  
LISTENED WHILE HER PARTNER ANSWERED...

AND THE LOVELY LAUGHING WATER...  
SOFTLY TOOK THE SEAT BESIDE HIM,  
WHILE SHE SAID, AND LISTENED TO SAY IT,



FROM THE MOUNTAIN HE DEPARTED  
LEADING WITH HER LAUGHING WATER  
MAMA INSTEAD THEY WENT TOGETHER,  
LEFT THE OLD MAN STANDING  
LOVELY  
AT THE DOORWAY OF HIS  
WIGWAG...



Happy are you  
Heawatha  
Loving such a wife  
to love you

Happy are you  
Laughing Water  
Having such a  
noble husband!

PLEASANT WAS THE JOURNEY  
HOMeward  
ALL THE BIRDS SANG LOUD  
AND SWEETLY  
SONGS OF HAPPINESS AND  
HEART-EASE...

THIS IT WAS THAT HEAWATHA  
TO THE LODGE OF OLD WOMANS  
BROUGHT THE MOONLIGHT, STARLIGHT,  
FRESHLIGHT,  
BROUGHT THE SUNSHINE OF HIS  
PEOPLE,  
MINNEHANA, LAUGHING WATER.

AND THE WEDDING GUESTS ASSEMBLED,  
CLAP IN ALL THEIR RICHEST RAIMENT...  
FIRST THEY ATE THE STURGEON, HAIRRA,  
AND THE PINE, THE MASHKINODNA,  
CAUGHT AND COOKED BY OLD MOKOMAN.  
THEN COME PEWICAN, THEY FEASTED,  
PEWICAN AND BUFFALO HARBON,  
HAUGHON OF DEER AND HUMP OF BISON,  
YELLOW CAKES OF THE MENDAMIN,  
AND THE WILD RICE OF THE RIVER.

... FIRST OF THE FEAST  
ON BUFFALO DEER  
AND PEWICAN

LUMPTIOUS WAS THE FEAST PEWICAN  
MADE AT MANKINAH'S WEDDING...  
SHE HAD SENT THROUGH ALL THE  
VILLAGE  
MESSENGERS WITH WANDS OF WILLOW  
AS A SIGN OF INVITATION.



LOMP WITH ALL THE GUESTS WERE  
PARTIED  
OUP PEWICAN, BOISE AND BUSY...  
FILLED THE RED-STONE PIPES  
FOR SMOOKING...  
THEN SHE SAID:

"O Tou-Puk-shewin,"  
Dance for us your  
merry dances,  
Dance the Second  
Dance to please  
us...  
That the feast may  
be more joyous.



TO THE SOUND OF FLUTES  
AND SINGING,  
TO THE SOUND OF DRUMS  
AND VOICES,  
ROSE THE HANDSOME  
PAU-PUK-KEEWAY.  
FIRST HE DANCED A  
SOLEMN MOURNER.  
VERY SLOW IN STEP AND  
GESTURE...



THEN THEY SAID TO CHELAIKOS,  
TO THE FRIEND OF HEAWATHA...  
TO THE BEST OF ALL MUSICIANS...

Sing to us, O Chelaikos,  
Songs of love and songs  
of longing.

AND THE GENTLE CHELAIKOS  
SANG IN ACCENTS SWEET AND TENDER...

THEN MORE SWIFTLY AND STILL SWIFTER,  
WHIRLING SPINNING SOUND IN CIRCLES...  
TILL THE WIND BECAME A WHIRLWIND  
TILL THE SAND WAS BLOWN AND SPINNED...  
HEARING ALL THE DANCERS WITH SAND DUMBS...  
THUS THE MERRY PAU-PUK-KEEWAY  
DANCED HIS BEGGAR'S DANCE TO PLEASE THEM.

AT MY HEAWATHA'S WEDDING  
SAT MASOO, OLD AND UGLY,  
SAT THE MARVELLOUS STORY-  
TELLER  
AND THEY SAID...

Tell us some  
stories of ad-  
venture.

You shall  
hear a tale  
of wonder...



ALL THE WEDDING GUESTS  
DELIGHTED...  
LISTENED TO THE MARVELLOUS  
STORY...



THEN AGAIN SANG CHELAIKOS,  
SANG A MAIDEN'S LAMENTATION  
FOR HER LOVER, HER ALGONQUIN...  
THUS THE WEDDING GUESTS DEPARTED  
LEAVING HEAWATHA HAPPY  
WITH THE NIGHT AND MINNEHAA.

THE SONGS OF HIWATHA,  
OF THE HAPPY DAYS THAT  
FOLLOWED  
IN THE LAND OF THE  
COURTAINS,  
IN THE PLEASANT LAND  
AND PEACEFUL!

You shall bless tonight the  
cornfields,  
Draw a magic circle round  
them,  
To protect them from  
destruction...

ONCE, WHEN ALL THE MAIZE WAS PLANTED,  
HIWATHA, WISE AND THOUGHTFUL,  
SPoke AND SAID TO MINNEHAMA,  
TO HIS WIFE, THE LAUGHING WATER:



Hear him!

Hear the wise man,

Hear the words of Hiwatha!

ON THE TREETOPS NEAR THE  
CORNFIELDS  
SAT THE MURDERY CROWS AND  
RAVENS,  
BANGSUNG, THE KING OF RAVENS  
AND HIS BAND OF BLACK  
MARAUDERS.



FROM THE HOLELESS NIGHT  
DESCENDED...  
FROM HER BED CHINE LAUGHING WATER...  
Laid aside her garments wholly...  
DREW THE SACRED MAGIC CIRCLE  
OF HER FOOTPRINTS ROUND THE  
CORN-FIELDS



We will drag Mondamin  
from the grave where he  
is buried  
Spite of all the magic circles  
laughing water draws  
around it.



I will knock you out of Heaven  
That shall not be soon  
forgotten!

ON THE MORROW AS THE DAY DREW  
BARBAROUS, THE KING OF RAVENS  
OUTRAGED ALL THE BLACK MARAUDERS...

SAID THE WIFE HIWATHA,  
HAD SHE HEARD THEIR SCORNFUL LAUGHTER,  
HE HAD SPREAD OVER ALL THE CORNFIELDS  
TIMBERS, SO CATCH THE BLACK MARAUDERS



WITHOUT HEED HE DEFTLY THREW  
RIGHT AND LEFT BY TEN AND  
TWENTY!

HEY KAWAIIKI THE LEADER...  
HE ALONE WAS SPARED AMONG THEM!



CLIMBERS RAN...  
AND THE MAIZE-FIELD GREW AND  
EXPANDED  
TILL IT STOOD IN ALL THE SPLENDOR  
OF ITS GARMENTS GREEN AND YELLOW



AND THE MERRY LAUGHING WIFE,  
WENT REJOICING FROM THE HIBERNIA,  
WITH HONOHU'S OLD AND WITHERED...  
CALLED THE YOUNG MEN AND THE  
MARRIAGE  
TO THE HARVEST OF THE CORNFIELDS...



WHEN THEY LAUGHED AND SANG  
TOGETHER...  
TILL THE CORN FIELDS WERE WITH  
LAUGHTER...  
AND FROM ALL THE NEIGHBORING  
TERRITORIES  
CAME AND CROWNED THE BLACK  
MAKAOHUKU.

IN THOSE DAYS THE EVIL SPIRITS,  
ALL THE MANIFOLDS OF MISCHIEF,  
FEARING HIAWATHA'S WISDOM,  
AND HIS LOVE FOR CHIBABOS...  
MADE AT LENGTH A LEAGUE  
AGAINST THEM,  
TO ROUSE THEM AND DESTROY  
THEM.

HIAWATHA, WISE AND WARY,  
OFTEN SAID TO CHIBABOS...

O my brother, do  
not leave me,  
lest the Evil spirits  
harm you!

Do not fear for  
me, O brother!  
Harm and evil come  
not near me.



FORTH TO HUNT THE DEER WITH  
ANTLERS  
ALL ALONE WENT CHIBABOS—  
RIGHT ACROSS THE BIG-SEA-  
WADE  
SPRING WITH SPEED THE DEER  
BEFORE HIM...  
OVER THE TREACHEROUS ICE HE  
FOLLOWED.

BUT BEHIND, THE EVIL SPIRITS  
LAY IN AMBUSH, WAITING FOR HIM,  
BROKE THE TREACHEROUS ICE BETWEEN  
HIM...  
DROPPED HIM IN THE DEEP ARMS  
OF THE LAKE OF STONE GAMES.



FROM THE HEADLANDS, HIAWATHA  
SENT NORTH SUCH A WAIL OF ANGER...

THEN WITH BLACK HIS FACE HE PAINTED...  
SEVEN LONG WEEKS HE SAT LAMENTING...

He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He is gone from us forever...  
O my brother, Chibabos!



SAME THE SPRING AND ALL THE FOREST  
LOOKED IN VAIN FOR CHIBABOS...

Chibabos!  
Chibabos!

He is dead,  
the sweet musician!





WHEN THE MEDICINE-MAN, THE MEDIC,  
CAME TO VISIT HIAMATHA,  
BUILT A SACRED LODGE BRIDGE HIM,  
TO APPEASE HIM, TO CONSOLE HIM...

WORE A WASH DRINK THEY GAVE HIM,  
DANCE OF SAKMA-WING, THE SPREADER...  
BOOTS OF POWER, AND BELLS OF HEALING,  
BEAT THEIR DRUMS, AND SHOOK THEIR RATTLES,  
CHANTED SINGLY AND IN CHORUS...



All the unseen spirits help me...  
I can blow you strong by breath,  
I can heal you, HONORARY!



WHEN THEY SHOOK THEIR MEDICINE-POUCHES  
OVER THE HEAD OF HIAMATHA,  
DANCED THEIR MEDICINE DANCE AROUND  
AND UPSURTING WILD AND WAGGARD...  
HE WAS HEALED OF ALL HIS WASTINGS



WHEN THEY SUMMONED CHIBIASOS  
FROM HIS GRAVE BENEATH THE WATERS...  
RULER, IN THE LAND OF SPIRITS,  
KELER OVER THE DEAD, THEY MADE HIM.



FROM THE KILLAGE OF HIS CHILDHOOD...  
FROM THE HONORS OF THOSE WHO KNEW HIM...  
SLOWLY WANDERED CHIBIASOS...



BIRTH THEN ISSUED HIAMATHA,  
WANDERED EASTWARD, WANDERED WESTWARD,  
TEACHING MEN THE USE OF SIMPLER  
AND THE ANTIDOTES FOR POISONS...  
THIS WAS FIRST MADE KNOWN TO MORTALS...  
ALL THE SACRED ART OF HEALING.



ON THE SHORES OF GITCHE QUINNE... STOOD THE LORD OF PAU-PUK-KEEWE. IT WAS HE WHO IN HIS FRENZY... DANCED AT NAWATHA'S WEDDINGS...



I am tired of all this talking. Tired of legends stories. Tired of Hideotha's wisdom. Here is something to amuse you.

NOW IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURES, FROM HIS LODGE WENT PAU-PUK-KEEWE. CAME WITH SPEED INTO THE VILLAGE, FOUND THE YOUNG MEN ALL ASSEMBLED IN THE LODGE OF OLD AGOOD...

WHEN FROM OUT HIS POUCH OF MOLE-SKIN FORTH HE DREW WITH SOLEMN MANNER, ALL THE GAME OF BOWL AND COUNTERS.



I can beat you Pau-Puk-keewe, I can even give you lessons in your game of Bowl and Counters!



ALL THE OLD MEN AND THE YOUNG MEN... PLAYED TILL MIDNIGHT. PLAYED TILL MORNING... TILL THE CUNNING PAU-PUK-KEEWE, OF THEIR TREASURES HAD DEPLETED THEM.



Carry them... To my wigwam far to eastward...



Gone is wavy Hlowatha, Gone the silly laughing water. Gone Hlowaths, And the lodge is left unguarded!



BY THE ROCK HE BEGGED THE BARK... STRUNGLED WANGAGNEE, THE BARK, AS AN INSULT TO HIS MASTER AS A TRUNK TO NAWATHA... THREW THE HOUSEHOLD THINGS ABOUT HIM...

AND THE HEART OF PAU-PUK-KEEWE SAWE WITH PLEASURE AS THE BIRD SANG AS HE WANDERED THROUGH THE VILLAGE TILL HE REACHED THE FARTHEST WIGWAM, REACHED THE LODGE OF NAWATHA.



WHEN HE CLIMBED THE ROCKY HEADLANDS,  
LOOKING OVER THE STITCHED GUMMEL  
WAITING FULL OF FAITH AND WISDOM  
THE RETURN OF HAWATHA...



It is Pau-Puk-Keewis...  
Send a message to our  
brother...  
Things send to Hawatha!



AROUND HIM HOVERED FLUTTERING, BUSTLED  
HAWATHA'S MOUNTAIN CHICKENS...  
AND HE KILLED THEM AS HE LAY THERE...  
TILL AT LENGTH KAYOSHUK, THE SEA-GULL...  
SHOUTED:



FULL OF WRATH WAS HAWATHA  
WHEN HE CAME INTO THE VILLAGE...

Not so long and wide the world is,  
That my vengeance shall not reach  
THEY!



WHEN IN SWIFT PURSUIT DEPARTED  
HAWATHA AND THE MURDERS...  
BUT THEY FOUND NOT PAU-PUK-KEEWIS...

Very pleasant is your dwelling  
O my friends and sons, for danger  
Can you not, with all your cunning,  
Change me, too, into a beaver?



Yes! Let yourself slide  
down among us,  
Down into the tranquil  
water!

THROUGH BUSH AND BRACK AND FOREST,  
WENT THE CURRING PAU-PUK-KEEWIS...  
TILL HE CAME UNTO A STREAMLET...  
TO A DAM MADE BY THE BEAVERS...





Make me large and make me larger, larger than the other beavers.

When our lodge below you enter in our wisdom we will make you ten times larger than the others... you shall be our river.



Here is Hiawatha! Hiawatha! with his hunters?

DOWN INTO THE FORD AMONG THEM SILENTLY SANK PAU-FUK-KEEWS... HE WAS CHANGED INTO A BEAVER...

You are all your craft and cunning... with your manifold disguises?



ON THE LOG'S ROOF THE HUNTERS LEAPED, AND BROKE IT ALL AROUND... SPRANG THE BEAVERS THROUGH THE DOORWAY... BUT THE SILENT PAU-FUK-KEEWS COULD NOT PASS BENEATH THE DOORWAY... WITH THEIR CLUBS THEY BEAT AND BRUISED, BEAT TO DEATH THE POOR PAU-FUK-KEEWS...



BY TRAIL HUNTERS, LIVE AND LUMBER, MORE WIM POME ON POLES AND BRANCHES... BUT THE GREAT THE JERK IN HIM... STILL LIVED ON AS PAU-FUK-KEEWS... TILL A ROSE UP FROM HIS BODY...



BUT THE WARY HIAWATHA SAW THE FLOURS EYE IF WHISPER SAW THE FORM OF PAU-FUK-KEEWS...



"Fishneku! My brothers! Change me to a brant with plumage Ten times longer than the others."

TO A LAKE WITH MANY ISLANDS CAME THE BREATH-LESS PAU-FUK-KEEWE. BEING BRANT THE WATER LILIES FISHNEKUH, THE BRANT, WERE SAILING...



"In your flying, look not downward— Lest some great rishop befall you!"

TRAGICALLY TO A BRANT THEY CHANGED HIM... JUST AS SHOUTING FROM THE FOREST ON THE SHORE SPOOK HIWATHA...

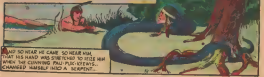


IN THE HORROR AS THEY JOURNED, FROM THE LODGES OF A VILLAGE... FROM THE PEOPLE MEN'S BELOW THEM, PAU-FUK-KEEWE HEARD THE SHOUTING... HEARD THE VOICE OF HIWATHA... DREW HIS KNEE UP AND LOOKED DOWNWARD ALL IN VAIN DID PAU-FUK-KEEWE STRUGGLE TO REGAIN HIS BALANCE!



NOT SO WIDE THE WORLD IS BUT MY WRATH SHAL OVERTAKE YOU...

WITH A HEAVY GRIND AND GULLEN, TELL THE BRANT WITH BRONCH PAINS, BUT HIS SOUL, HIS GHOST HIS SHADOW, STILL SURVIVED AS PAU-FUK-KEEWE...



AND SO HEARD HE CAME, SO HEARD HIM THAT HIS HAND WAS DISTENDED TO HOLD HIM WHEN THE CRAWLING PAU-FUK-KEEWE... CHANGED HIMSELF INTO A SERPENT...

WITH HIS RIGHT HAND HIAMATHA  
SMOTE AGAIN THE HOLLOW DEER-TREE...  
BUT IN RAIN, ACH PAU-PU-KEEBWA,  
SPED AWAY IN DUST AND WHIRLWIND,  
WESTWARD BY THE BIG-SEA-WATER...



CAME UNTO THE ROCKY HEADLANDS...  
AND THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN...  
OPENED WIDE HIS ROCKY DOORWAYS...  
GIVING PAU-PUK-KEEWIS SHELTER...



HERE WITHOUT STOOD HIAMATHA...  
WITH HIS MITTENS, MALIKICAHKUN,  
SMOTE GREAT CAVERNS IN  
THE SAND-STONE...  
BUT THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN  
OPENED NOT AND MADE NO ANSWER...



Open! I on  
Hiawatha!

O Pau-Puk-Keewis...  
I will change you to Onigloo...  
Chief of all the toms with  
feathers...



AND THE GRASS-YELL AND  
BENEATH THEM  
DEAD AMONG THE ROCKY BUNKS  
LAY THE CLIPPING PAU-PUK-KEEWIS  
ENJOY WERE HIS BIRD ADVENTURES  
ENDED HERE HIS TRUCKS AND  
DANCEBOL'S  
ENDED ALL HIS WISHES MAKING  
THEN THE NOBLE HIAMATHA  
TOOK HIS SOUL HIS GHOST  
HIS SHADOW  
WINGS AND SAID TO PAU-PUK-  
KEEWIS  
NEVER MORE IN HUMAN FORM  
SHALL YOU SEARCH FOR NEW  
ADVENTURES  
NINEE MORE WITH JENY AND  
LAUMETZ  
DANCE THE DUST AND LEAVES  
IN WHIRLANDS  
BUT ABOVE THERE IN THE HEAVENS  
YOU SHALL SOAR AND SAIL IN  
1911-1912



AND THE NAME OF PAU-PUK-  
KEEWIS  
LINGERS STILL AMONG THE  
PEOPLE



FAIR AND WISE AMONG THE NATIONS... SPREAD THE NAME AND GLORY OF KWANINDO... NO MAN DARED TO DARE WITH CHAINED... NO MAN COULD COMPETE WITH KWANINDO!



"If this great outrageous fellow dares on this a little longer, what becomes of the Tuk-Wujjies?"

"He will head us down like mushrooms!"

BUT THE MISCHIEVOUS TUK-WUJIES... THEY THE DANGEROUS LITTLE PEOPLE... PLOTTED AND CONSPIRED AGAINST HIM...  
*Leaving a trail of death for Kwansind!*



THE TUK-WUJIES KNEW THE SECRET, KNEW THE ONLY WAY TO KILL HIM... SO THEY GATHERED COMES TOGETHER... BROUGHT THEM TO THE EVER'S MOUTH... THERE THEY LAY IN WAIT FOR KWANINDO...



IT WAS AN AFTERNOON IN SUMMER, VERY HOT AND STILL, THE AIR WAS... IN HIS BIRCH CANOE CAME KWANINDO, FLOATING SLOWLY DOWN THE RIVER... VERY SLEPT WITH THE SILENCE...



Death to Kwansind!



AND THE BIRCH CANOE, ABANDONED, DRIFTED SLEETLY DOWN THE RIVER...



Kwasind!

That is Kwasind!  
He is gathering in  
his firewood!

NOTHING MORE WAS SEEN OF KWASIND,  
BUT THE MEMORY OF THE STRONG MAN  
LINGERED LONG AMONG THE PEOPLE,  
AND WHISPER THROUGH THE FOREST  
BASED AND BOARED THE WINTER TEMPEST.



DOWN OVER ALL THE DREARY NORTHLAND,  
MOODY FOGGAM, THE WINTER,  
BOASTING ON THE LAKES AND RIVERS,  
INTO STONE HAD CRASHED THEIR WATERS...  
THROUGH THE FOREST WIND AND HAILING,  
BOARED THE HURTLE ON HIS SNOW SHOES.



IN THE VILLAGE WORKED THE WOMEN...  
AND THE YOUNG MEN PLAYED TOGETHER...



ONE DARK EVENING, AFTER SUPPER,  
IN RED AND BLUE, LAUGHING WATER,  
SAT WITH OLD HOKOMAS, WAITING  
FOR THE STEPS OF HAWAHA  
HOMeward FROM THE HUNT RETURNING.



WHEN THE CURTAIN OF THE DOORWAY FROM WITHOUT WAS SLOWLY LIFTED... AS TWO WOMEN ENTERED SOFTLY... PASSED THE DOORWAY UNNOTICED.

Let them eat for they are famished.



WHEN THE EVENING MEAL WAS READY... BOTH THE PALID GUESTS AND THE STRANGERS... REGARD UPON THE FINEST PORTIONS.



DAY BY DAY THE GUESTS UNWAKINGLY SAW THEIR SILENT IN THE HIGWAM... ALWAYS SAD AND ALWAYS SILENT.



Who are they? What strange guests has Hianatha?

NOW CAME HIANATHA WITH HIS HUNTING IN THE FOREST... AT THE FEET OF LAUGHING WATER DOWN HE TOOK HIS LITTLE BROWN... THEY RETURNED AND SAW THE STRANGERS.



Guests! why is it that your hearts are so afflicted. That you sob so in the midnight?

ONCE AT MIDNIGHT, HIANATHA HEARD A SORROW AS OF SORROW... SAW THE PALID GUESTS, THE SHADOWS... WEeping IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT.

We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you  
From the realms of CHIBIGOS  
Hither have we come to try you...



Cries of anguish  
From the living  
Coiling back their  
friends departed  
Sadden us with  
Useless sorrow

Speak of it to all the  
people that hence-  
forth and forever  
They go more with  
lamentations sad-  
den the souls of  
the departed...



Rosewell, noble Mowatlo!  
We have put you to the trial...  
By the inkblot of our presence  
By the outrage of our  
actions

We have  
found you  
great and  
noble...



WHEN THEY CEASED A SUDDEN DARKNESS  
FELL AND FILLED THE BENT WIGWAM  
... HE SAW THE GHOSTS NO LONGER,  
SAW NO MORE THE WANDERING SPIRITS  
FROM THE LAND OF THE HEREFTER.



ON THE LONG AND DREARY WINTER!  
ON THE COLD AND CRUEL WATER!  
EVER DESPERE, DESPERE, DESPERE,  
FEEL THE SNOW OVER ALL THE LANDSCAPE...

HARDY FROM HIS BURIED WIGWAM  
COULD THE HUNTER FORCE A PASSAGE...  
SOUGHT FOR BEET OR BEAST AND FOUND NONE...  
ALL THE EARTH WAS ICE AND PAWISHED...





I am forming  
Buckdodowit!

Behold me, I am  
never Ahsoewit!

IN HAWAIIA'S WIGWAM  
CAME TWO OTHER GUESTS, AS SILENT  
AS THE GHOSTS WERE, AND AS GLOOMY...



Look, I see my father  
Standing lonely at his  
doorway...  
In the land of the  
Doodowit!

Ho my child,  
It is the  
smoke that  
beckons!

IN THE WIGWAM WITH HOOKIMS...  
SHE WAS LYING, THE BELOVED,  
SHE, THE DYING MINNEHAWA.



Give me, Minnie the Mighty!  
Give your children food O father!  
Give us food or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehawa!

HEARD THE SILENT FORMS!  
WISHED THE MADDED HAWAIIA  
ON HIS BROTHER'S STRIDE HE FORWARDED...



Ah... the eyes of Iboogik!  
Glow upon me in the darkness...  
I can feel his icy fingers...  
Hawaita! Hawaita!



HAWAIIA!  
HAWAIIA!



OVER SNOWFIELDS WASTE AND PATHLESS—  
HOMERARD HURRIED HUANATHA...  
AND HE RUSHED INTO THE WIGWAM...  
SAW HIS LOVELY ANNENHANA  
LYING DEAD AND COLD BEFORE HIM...

WHEN THEY BURIED MINNEHANA,  
IN THE SNOW A GRAVE THEY MADE HER...  
AND AT NIGHT A FIRE WAS LIGHTED...  
FROM HIS DOORWAY, HUANATHA  
SAW IT BURNING IN THE FOREST

FOREVER, O MY LAUGHING WIFE...  
ALL MY HEART IS BOUND WITH YOU...  
SOON MY TASK WILL BE COMPLETED,  
SOON YOUR FOOTSTEPS I WILL FOLLOW...  
TO THE LAND OF THE HEREAFTER!



AFTER THAT YEAR OF GRIEF,  
THAT INTOLERABLE WINTER,  
CAME THE SPRING WITH ALL ITS SPLENDOR...  
AND THE SOJOURNING HUANATHA  
WENT FORTH FROM HIS GIBBY DOORWAY...



FROM HIS WIGWAM HEK TO FASTWARD...  
ALONGHAWK HUN-BOWHARDER TRUDD...  
THE GREAT TRAVELLING THE GREAT BOWHARDER,  
FULL OF NEWS AND STRANGE ADVENTURES...



AND THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE  
LISTENED TO HIM AS HE TOLD THEM  
OF HIS MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES...

"I HAVE SEEN... A WATER BIGGER THAN THE BIG-SEA-WATER BROADER THAN THE OYCHO-CHAMEL, BETTER SO THAT SOME COULD DRINK IT!"



"SEE IT... OVER THIS WATER, A CANOE WITH WINGS-CANT FLYING BIGGER THAN A GROVE OF PINE-TREES TALLER THAN THE TALLEST TREE-TOPE!"



IN THE GREAT CANOE WITH PINE-TREE CANES... A HUNDRED WARRIORS, PAINTED WHITE WERE ALL THEIR FACES AND WITH HAIR THEIR COMBS WERE COVERED!"



AND THE WARRIORS AND THE WOMEN LAUGHED AND SQUOILED IN DELIRIUM, LIKE THE SWAINS FROM THE TREE-TOPS.



"What has you tell us?"

"Do not think that we believe them?"

"MY BEAUFIA LAUGHED NOT, BUT HE DEARLY SPAKE AN ANSWER..."

"There is all I know tell us, I have seen it in a vision... OYCHO MONTO the mighty! The great spirit, the Creator Sends them hither on his errand. Let us welcome them, the strangers HOLD them as our friends and brothers."





I beheld, too, in that vision  
All the laborers of the future...  
All the land was full of people...  
In the woodlands ring their cast,  
Smoked their tents in all the solace.



Then a darker, darker vision,  
Brought before the light and daylight,  
I beheld our nation scattered,  
Sleeping westward, wild and woful...  
Like the withered leaves of  
Autumn...



OVER THE WATER, FLOATING, FLYING,  
SOMETHING IN THE HAZY DISTANCE...  
LOOKED AND LISTED FROM THE WATER,  
CAME NEARER, NEARER, NEARER...



BY THE SHORE OF SICHU GUMER,  
BY THE SHINING BIRCH-SEA WATER...  
IN THE PLEASANT SUMMER MORNING,  
HIAWATHA STOOD AND WAITED...



THROUGH THE SHINING MIST OF MORNING,  
...A BIRCH CANOE WITH PADDLES...  
AND WITHIN IT CAME A PEOPLE...  
HE THE PRIEST OF PRAYER, THE PALE FACE,  
WITH HIS GUIDES AND HIS COMPANIONS.



AND THE NOBLE MAWATHA ...  
WAITED, FULL OF EXALTIATION  
TILL THE BRON CANOE WITH PADDLES  
GLIDED ON THE SHIMING PEBBLES ...



WHEN THE JOYOUS MAWATHA  
CRIED ALoud AND SPoke IN THIS WISE ...

How can I be with  
you and your  
people?

All our town in  
peace awaits  
you.



It is well for us, O brothers,  
that you come so far to see us.

THEN THE GENEROUS MAWATHA  
LED THE STRANGERS TO HIS WIGWAM.  
ALL THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE  
CAME TO BID THE STRANGERS  
WELCOME ...



We have received your message,  
we have heard your words of wisdom.  
We will think on what you tell us.

THEN THE BLACK-BONE CHIEF, THE PROPHET,  
TOLD HIS MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE,  
TOLD THE PURPOSE OF HIS MISSION ...  
AND THE CHIEFS MADE ANSWER, SAYING ...



THEN THEY ROSE UP AND DEPARTED  
EACH ONE HOMEWARD TO HIS WIGWAM  
TO THE YOUNG MAN AND THE WOMEN  
TOLD THE STORY OF THE STRANGERS ...

I am going, O Makomik,  
Christian journey  
To the portals of the sunset  
But these youths I leave  
    behind me...  
See that never again  
    comes near him...



DAY WITH THE HEAT AND SILENCE  
GREEN THE AFTERNOON OF SUMMER...  
AND THE GURTS OF HIAWATHA...  
SILLIBERD IN THE SILTRY MISHAN...  
FROM HIS PLACE EDGE HIAWATHA,  
SADE FAREWELL TO OLD HONDYNS...

WORTH INTO THE VILLAGE WENT HE,  
SADE FAREWELL TO ALL THE HARBORS;  
SADE FAREWELL TO ALL THE YOUNG MEN.

Many moons and many winters  
will flow come and will have vanished  
ere I come again to see you  
But my guests I leave behind me,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
for the master of life has sent them  
from the land of light and morning.



ON THE SHOES STOOD HIAWATHA...  
LAUNCHED HIS BUSH CANOE FOR SAILE,  
WYPERED TO IT 'WESTWARD, WESTWARD,'  
AND WITH SPEED IT DAPPED FORWARD.

'WESTWARD' WESTWARD HIAWATHA  
SAILED INTO THE DEEP; SURED,  
SAILED INTO THE PURPLE HARORS,  
SAILED INTO THE DUSE OF EVENING,  
THUS DEPARTED HIAWATHA,  
HIAWATHA THE BELONED.



THE REGIONS OF THE HOME-WIND  
OF THE NORTH-WEST WIND ERENWAPON  
TO THE ISLANDS OF THE BLESSED  
TO THE KINGDOM OF FONGHAI,  
TO THE LAND OF THE HEREAFTER!

# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

**H**ENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW has been described as the poet of the common people. Certainly we know that his influence in literature has lasted to the present day, and that in his own day he was one of the foremost American scholars. His stature as a scholar was heightened by Longfellow's recognition in his college lectures of the beauty and spirit in foreign literature. Perhaps it was his recognition of truths told with the beauty and simplicity of his verse which endeared him so to the American people.

One of the best-loved and most widely read of our poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, at Portland, Maine. His mother, who claimed descent from John Alden, was a gentle and devout woman, and his father was a man of culture and breadth of view.

At the age of fourteen, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College, where he so distinguished himself in the study of modern languages that later he was offered the professorship of that department. In 1829, at the age of 22, Longfellow undertook his teaching at Bowdoin. Two years later, in 1831, he married Miss Mary Porter of Portland. When he was 27, the budding poet published his first work of importance, "Ottie May," a volume of prose sketches.

In 1835, Longfellow was elected to the chair of modern languages in Harvard University and, following a year in Europe in the study of Scandinavian languages and literature, he entered on a professorship which was to last for seventeen years. Before his return to America, however, he lost his wife, who died in Rotterdam in 1835. Longfellow was then 28 years of age. The following year, 1836, he returned to Harvard. In 1839 he published



"Hyperion" and "The Voices of the Night." 1842 saw his "Poems on Slavery" and the "Spanish Student," a drama in three acts.

In 1847, when he was 40 years of age, Longfellow published the first of his three great American epics on which his fame chiefly rests. This was "Evangeline"; "The Song of Hiawatha" followed in 1855, and in 1858, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," all thoroughly American in theme and

sentiment.

In 1862, when he was a man 56 years of age, Longfellow brought out his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In order followed "Flower de Luze" (1867); "The New England Tragedy" (1868) and "The Divine Tragedy" (1872).

Longfellow's later years were spent quietly and uneventfully except for the one tragedy which marred their serenity—the death of his second wife, who was burned to death in their Cambridge, Massachusetts home. In company with his three daughters, Longfellow made a last trip to Europe in 1868-1869. While abroad, he received the degrees of LL.D. and D.C.L. from the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, respectively, and when he died in 1882, his bust was placed in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, an honor which had never been accorded to any other American.

"Three Books of Song," "Albion," "The Hanging of the Crane," "Mortimer Selousian," "The Masque of Pandora," "Keramos," and "Ultima Thule" were the chief productions of Longfellow's later years.

Longfellow's power of graceful translation is seen in "The Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845) and in the translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" (1867), but his fame rests on his great American epics. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is still one of the most potent influences in American literature.



## GREAT LIVES

# JOHN FLAMSTEED

*Father of Modern Astronomy*

**B**ORN August 19, 1646, the son of Stephen Flamsteed, a maltster, John Flamsteed never knew a mother's care after his third year. One day, when he was fourteen years old, he caught a cold from swimming in a cold stream. The cold brought on a rheumatic affliction of the joints. Rheumatism crippled the boy so badly that he was unable to walk and was forced to leave school when he was sixteen.

Since he could not go to school, John Flamsteed struggled to educate himself. His indomitable spirit refused to surrender to the physical agony that racked his weakened frame. Someone presented him with a book on astronomy, and he began a study of Sacrobosco's "De Sphaera." He read other works on the same subject and at once began to practice.

In September, 1662, this sixteen year old boy observed a partial solar eclipse. He made himself a rough quadrant and compiled a table of the sun's altitudes. Already the sick, crippled boy was an astronomer. It was not long before he attracted notice. His first published observation was of the solar eclipse of 1668. He accompanied it with the statement that "the tables differed very much from the heavens." The correction of the tables became his chief object and the "greatest work of his life."

When he was twenty-three, the crippled young astronomer sent his first paper to the Royal Society on some calculations of apulices of the moon to fixed stars. The paper was published and brought John Flamsteed immediate correspondence from some of



the great scientists and mathematicians of his day.

In 1673, Flamsteed's personal star was in the ascendency, and he wrote a tract on the real and apparent diameters of the planets which gave Isaac Newton the data for the subject of the third book of his "Principia."

In 1674, he compiled a table of tides for the king's use. He

also supplied the king and the Duke of York each with a barometer and a thermometer made from his own models, and a copy of his rules for forecasting the weather by them. Early in the next year, a Frenchman put forward a scheme for finding the longitude at sea. Flamsteed proved to King Charles II that the Frenchman's plan was hopeless until they had far more accurate knowledge of the moon's course and of the places of fixed stars. Thereupon the king ordered Flamsteed to seek out this information.

So, by royal warrant, in 1675, the Royal Observatory at Greenwich was founded, the most important and famous astronomical observatory in the world.

In his observatory, John Flamsteed proved himself the father of modern astronomy. As first Astronomer Royal, he corrected all the astronomical tables in use in the 17th century, and provided Isaac Newton with the observations that made that great man's own discoveries possible.

Racked with pain, handicapped by poverty, cramped and thwarted by his contemporaries, John Flamsteed gave to the world in his life's work, which ended in 1719, one of the greatest contributions to practical astronomy ever made by one man.





FAMOUS OPERAS  
**AIDA**  
By GIUSEPPI VERDI

**A**IDA is an Ethiopian princess, who, through the misfortune of war, has become the slave of Amneris, Princess of Egypt. Radames, a young and handsome Egyptian general, falls in love with her. But this love affair cannot be admitted openly.

Amid the pleasures of the court at Memphis, capital of Egypt, comes the message that Egypt is again invaded by the Ethiopians. Radames is happy to be named head of the Egyptian army, for if he wins, he intends to honor Aida as his victory and raise her above all women.

The Egyptians win and Radames returns with many captives. Among the captives, Aida recognizes her father, Amosaro, King of Ethiopia. But Amosaro has disguised himself as an ordinary officer and the Egyptians do not know that they have the king.

At the victory celebration, the King of Egypt asks Radames to name any lover he might wish. Instead of asking for the hand of Amneris as the king had supposed he would, he asks that all the Ethiopian prisoners be released and returned to their native land. The high priests object to this but Radames reminds the king that he had promised to grant whatever was asked. The king finally agrees to release all Ethiopians except Aida and her father. Then, turning to Radames, he gives what Radames did not ask for and does not want—Amneris as a wife.

Wishing to assist Aida, that he loves only her, Radames bids her meet him at a grove of palms outside the city. Aida goes to the appointed place. Before Radames arrives, however, Amosaro comes. He has learned of this secret love and asks Aida to use her power over Radames' heart to gain knowledge of the secret road by which the Egyptian army will march to meet a new attack by the Ethiopians. She promises.

As Radames approaches, Amosaro slips within the grove of



palms to hide where he can overhear their conversation. Radames reassures Aida of his love for her. She chides him by saying that if he loves her so much, he will flee the country with her at once. This is a hard demand for Radames to make but he finally consents. Aida then asks by what road will it be safe for them to go and he replies by naming the secret road which he has ordered left open for the passage of his army. On hearing the name of the road, Amosaro comes from his hiding, makes himself known as the King of Ethiopia and invites Radames to join his forces. Radames is shocked to see how he has been tricked into giving his enemy information, but still he loves Aida.

The jealous Amneris, who with the high priests and soldiers has been spying on the lovers, presents herself and accuses Radames of plotting with the enemy against his king and country. As Radames is marched off to stand trial, Aida and Amosaro flee.

Radames is found guilty and the punishment decreed is burial alive in the vault beneath the temple of Vulcan. Amneris offers to save him if he will marry her, Radames, however, only wants to know what they have done with Aida. Amneris truthfully replies that Aida fled with her father and then escaped again when Amosaro was killed in battle. Still Radames clings to his love for Aida and will not marry Amneris.

As the heavy stone is rolled into place, sealing forever the vast opening above his head, Radames turns on the steps of the vault to peer into the shadows. He sees Aida. She rushes into his arms, telling him that knowing what has and would be, she had slipped into the vault before him.

As the lovers await death in the vault, Amneris comes to the altar to pray for the soul of him who, through her jealousy, is lost to her forever.



## DOG HEROES "AMIGO"

Here of the Andes

**I**N OUR series of true dog-hero stories, the action has always taken place in the United States. However, there have been many foreign dogs gifted with the badge of courage, but only in rare instances have their acts of heroism been recorded in this country. The following is one of the few such written tales.

The action took place along the Uspallata Pass which connects Chile and Argentina. Times were very bad during the year 1934 in Chile. No wonder then that three stalwart young Chileans left their homes near the Andes to try to cross into Argentina to obtain work.

They left their native land in the latter part of June, which is during the middle of the winter in that part of South America. The three young men had little food to take along for their journey, but with the courage of youth, they were confident that they would be able to reach the other side of the Andes without any trouble.

Along the way, they met a forlorn, non-descript dog which showed all the symptoms of starvation. The three kind youths quickly gave the pitiful beg of bones some of their meager rations. The dog quickly perked up and licked the hands of the three men. One of the youths suggested that they take the dog along with them to Argentina. The other two readily agreed. They decided to call him Amigo, which in Spanish means friend.

After traveling all day, and consuming most of their food, the young men were overtaken by a snow storm. Fortunately, they found an abandoned hut and took refuge from the raging wind and blinding snow.

The storm lasted three more days and when it finally stopped, the young men were



weak from hunger. They had not eaten for almost three days. And Amigo, who had not eaten either, was even weaker than the men for the poor dog had been already half starved when the men had found him.

Weakly, the men pushed open the hut's door and took to the pass. In the distance could be seen the world famous monument of "Christ of the Andes." The men knew that at the base of the monument was a weather station and a first aid station. Here, they would be given food. Their heavy footprints became a little lighter as they set out for the mountain. And the faithful Amigo wearily trudged on behind them.

But, unfortunately, the men's strength was spent. First one collapsed in the snow and a short distance on, the second fell down exhausted. A half mile away from the monument, the last man's body gave up the struggle.

Weakly, Amigo had kept going until the last man had collapsed. Now, he alone was left to go for aid. The men had befriended him and he sensed it was his duty to now befriend them. He forced his weary body to go on, although all his teeth bones cried for him to lie down in the snow.

After what seemed an eternity, the courageous dog reached the weather station at the foot of the monument. His barking attracted the attention of a radio operator. The man came out and seeing that the dog wanted him to follow him, let Amigo lead him to his three fallen friends. The Chileans were so exhausted that they were unable to speak or move when they were brought into the station. However, they eventually recovered, and taking their faithful Amigo with them, continued their journey.



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