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The Cloister and the Hearth

BY CHARLES READE



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of the FAMOUS
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RALPH EDWARDS, the "Truth or Consequence" man, believes firmly in the number 13. He was born on Friday the 13th of June 1913, at 13 minutes past 9 A.M. The grammar school he attended was No. 13 where he sat in Room 13. Most of his important auditions have been on the 13th of the month and he signs contracts only on the 13th of the month.

MORTON DOWNEY'S favorite superstition had to do with the pecuniary advantages of going hatless. It seems that when Morton left home the morning he was to audition for his first radio job, he left his hat at home. He landed the job, and he hasn't worn a hat since. Downey has another odd one. He always keeps a small safety pin, pinned under his left lapel and whenever he spots another pin on the ground or lying around a table, he changes the one under his lapel, carrying on with the new one in its place.

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THE CLOISTER and the HEARTH

by CHARLES READE

TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF TERDOU, HOLLAND, THERE LIVED AN HONEST COUPLE NAMED ELIAS AND CATHERINE. WITH THEM, LIVED THEIR FIVE CHILDREN. THIS IS THE TALE OF GERARD, THEIR YOUNGEST SON, WHOSE EXCITING ADVENTURES AS AN ARTIST AND A TRAVELLER WE ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN.



GERARD



MARGARET



MARTIN



MOTHER



GHYSBRECHT



LADY VAN EYCK



FATHER



KATE



DENTE



CORNELIS



GELY



LUDOVICO



PRINCESS



THE MOST PROMISING CHILD WAS GERARD, OF WHOM HIS MOTHER, CORNELIS AND SYBRANDT, WERE JEALOUS...

GERARD WASTES HIS TIME WITH INK AND PARCHMENT.

THE LADY VAN EYCK SAYS HE'S AN EXCELLENT SCRIBE, HE WILL SOMEDAY JOIN THE CLERGY!



LITTLE KATE, A CRIPPLE, AND GILES, A DWARF, LOVED GERARD YOU'RE JEALOUS, SYBRANDT. DON'T MIND HIM, GERARD.

ONE DAY GERARD VISITED THE RICH LADY VAN EYCK, SISTER OF A FAMOUS ARTIST...

THIS IS EXCELLENT, GERARD... YOU MUST ENTER IT IN THE DUKE'S CONTEST AT ROTTERDAM. I SHALL GIVE YOU A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO THE DUCHESS.

THANK YOU, DEAR LADY!



GERARD SET OUT FOR ROTTERDAM WITH HIGH HOPES. ON THE WAY, HE CAME UPON AN OLD MAN AND A YOUNG GIRL...

I WILL SHARE MY MEAL WITH YOU.

I AM GERARD OF TERGOU, CAN I BE OF HELP?

I AM MARGARET BRANDT, AND THIS IS MY FATHER. HE IS WEARY AND HUNGRY.

YOU ARE VERY KIND, SIR.



GERARD FELT STRANGELY HAPPY WITH THE CHARMING MARGARET



BODY, SOME PEOPLE PASSED THEM. AMONG THEM WAS GHYSSBRECHT, THE BURGOMASTER OF TERGOU...

GERARD OF TERGOU WITH MARGARET OF SEVENBERGEN A BAD PAIR. THE LAD IS SMART, HE MAY FRY AND DISCOVER I HAVE CHEATED HER FATHER OF HIS MONEY!



AFTER EATING THEIR MEAL, THE THREE MADE THEIR WAY TO ROTTERDAM...



THEY FINALLY ARRIVED IN ROTTERDAM. AT A FEAST HELD TO CELEBRATE THE CONTEST, GERARD IMPULSIVELY BLURTED OUT...

I LOVE YOU, MARGARET. PLEASE GIVE ME YOUR HAND.



MARGARET BUSHYNDLY PUT HER HAND INTO GERARD'S AND THEY LOOKED WITH LOVE AT EACH OTHER



JUST THEN, GERARD RECEIVED AN ANSWER TO LADY VAN ECK'S LETTER...

MONSIEUR GERARD, THE DUCHESS WISHED TO SEE YOU.

WAIT HERE FOR ME, MARGARET!



GERARD WAS DETAINED LONGER THAN EXPECTED AND MARGARET HAD TO LEAVE, WHEN GERARD RETURNED.

SHE'S GONE! BUT WHERE?



WE SEARCHED THE CITY, BUT TO NO AVAIL...



AFTER WINNING SEVERAL HIGH PRIZES IN THE CONTEST, HE STARTED FOR HOME... FULL OF DESPAIR.

THE DUCHESS PROMISED TO HELP ME BECOME A PRIEST, BUT I WON'T BE A PRIEST, IF I CAN FIND MARGARET.



BACK AT HOME...

MARGARET... WHERE IS MARGARET?

OUR SON HAS WON PRIZES AND WILL BE A PRIEST. WHY IS HE SAD?



EYE SAWHOLE, THE BURGO-MASTER BROODING ON HIS EVIL DEEDS...

THAT GERARD MAY BE SEEING MARGARET BRANDT, I MUST STOP HIM.





HYSBRIHT SUMMONED GERARD...

WELL, YOUNG PRIEST-TO-BE, YOU'D BETTER STOP RUNNING AFTER GIRLS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THE WILY BURGOMASTER TRIED TO TRICK GERARD INTO ADMITTING THAT HE WAS SEEING MARGARET.

DON'T PRETEND! YOU'VE BEEN SEEN VISITING MARGARET BRANDT OF SEVENBERGEN.



BUT THE TRICK BACKFIRED...

SEVENBERGEN! SO THAT'S WHERE SHE LIVES! THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME!



GERARD HURRIED TO SEVENBERGEN...



I FEARED I HAD LOST YOU FOREVER!

WE SHALL NEVER PART. I WILL NOT BE A PRIEST!



GERARD KEPT HIS LOVE A SECRET... BUT THE BURGOMASTER WENT TO SEE HIS FATHER.

GOOD DAY, BURGOMASTER. WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

MY DUTY! GERARD
IS SECRETLY
SEEING A GIRL!

AND HE TO BE A
PRIEST! THE REASCAL...
I'LL TEACH HIM!

GERARD
WENT
TO THE
LADY
VAN EYCK
FOR
ADVICE.

YOU NEED NOT
BE A PRIEST...
BE AN ARTIST...
MARRY THE GIRL
YOU LOVE!

IF YOUR FATHER DISOWNS
YOU, YOU CAN GO TO ITALY.
ARTISTS ARE APPRECIATED
THERE... I WILL LOAN YOU MONEY!

FULL OF
NEW HOPES
AND PLANS,
GERARD
AND
MARGARET
WERE
SECRETLY
ENGAGED TO
BE MARRIED.
THEIR
WEDDING
DAY WAS SET..



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH



1 MARGARET MEANTIME MADE PLANS TO RESCUE GERARD.

CAN YOU FREE HIM, FATHER?

YES, WITH THE HELP OF FRIEND MARTIN HERE.



2 LITTLE KATE LEARNED OF GERARD'S RATE, AND TOLD HER BROTHER OLE.

... AND OUR WICKED BROTHERS TOLD THE BURGOMASTER GERARD WAS TO BE MARRIED. I HEARD THEM PLOTTING!

THE VILLAINS! LET'S GO TO THE TOWER!



3 WHAT WONT I AT THE TOWER...



The silk became string, the string cord, and the cord rope.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

GERARD TIED THE ROPE TO THE HEAVY CHEST, BUT IT SUDDENLY OPENED.



I MUST HAVE TOUCHED A SECRET SPRING!

HE QUICKLY TIED THE ROPE TO THE WINDOW BAG, AND CLIMBED OUT.



THEY STOLE AWAY...



I HEAR VOICES!

KATE AND GILES HAD JUST ARRIVED.



A ROPE! I'LL CLIMB UP!

TAKE THE LANTERN WITH YOU!



A GHOST!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER.



PARCHMENTS! PARCHMENTS!

THAT IS GILES' VOICE!



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING, MARGARET AND MARTIN ACCOMPANIED GERARD TO THE FOREST WHERE HIS JOURNEY WAS TO BEGIN. SUDDENLY

WE ARE BEING PURSUED!

THE BURDOMASTER AND HIS MEN!



INTO THE WOODS! WE'LL LOSE THEM THERE!

THEY OUTRAN THEIR PURSUERS, BUT THE BURDOMASTER, ON HIS KILLE, ROSE AHEAD AND CUT THEM OFF...



GERARD, IN A FURY, KNOCKED THE BURDOMASTER DOWN...



IN THE DARK FOREST,

THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US HERE.

LET US HURRY ON NONETHELESS.





HUSH! I HEAR SOMETHING. THEY HAVE BLOODHOUNDS AFTER US!

I HAVE AN IDEA.

AS THEY PRESSED ON..

THIS WILL LET THE DOGS THROUGH, BUT SLOW UP THE MEN!

HURRY! THEY ARE CLOSE UPON US!



AT A CLEARING IN THE WOODS...

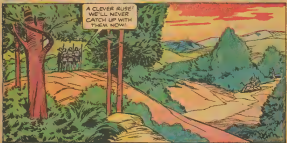
THE DOGS WILL ARRIVE FIRST I'LL CLIMB THE TREE, YOU HIDE THERE AND SHOOT THEM.



AS THE DOGS LEAPED OUT OF THE THICKET...

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH





THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

SAFE AT LAST, THE TRIO RELAXED THEIR PACE...

THE PATH LEADING TO THE BORDER IS NOT FAR FROM HERE.



AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS...



WILL I EVER SEE MY BELOVED GERARD AGAIN?



GERARD DREW MARTIN ASIDE.

WATCH OVER MARGARET WHILE I AM GONE, MARTIN... AND LEAVE US FOR A MOMENT NOW.



AND GERARD, NOT LOOKING BACK, HIS HANDS CLASPED IN PRAYER, ENTERED THE WIDE WORLD ALONE, TO SEEK FAME AND FORTUNE, AND AN EARLY RETURN TO THE DWELF HE LOVED.



AT AN INN, GERARD MADE FRIENDS WITH A ROUGH, GOOD-HEARTED SOLDIER NAMED DENYS. THEY AGREED TO TRAVEL TOGETHER AS THEY TRAVELLED THROUGH GERMANY, HEADING SOUTH.

COURAGE, COMRADE, THE DEVIL IS DEAD!

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING THAT, DENYS... IT IS PLAGUEY!

YOU TALK LIKE A PRIEST, GERARD, BUT ARE A GOOD FELLOW NONE-THELESS!

AND GERARD TOLD DENYS OF MARGARET.

AND SO I GO TO ITALY TO SEEK MY FORTUNE.

AS THEY PASSED THROUGH A TOWN...

COURAGE, COMRADE, THE DEVIL IS DEAD! WHY NOT SMILE AT A PRETTY GIRL? YOU ARE YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

THERE'S ONLY ONE GIRL FOR ME SHE IS IN HOLLAND.



ONE DAY, AS THEY PASSED THROUGH A FOREST.

LOOK OUT! RUN!



THOUGH GERARD HAD NEVER SHOT A CROSSBOW, HE PICKED IT UP AND LET FLY AN ARROW... BUT HE ONLY WOUNDED THE BEAR.

IN HIS HASTE, BEAWE DROPPED HIS CROSSBOW AND RAN FOR A NEARBY TREE. THE BEAR FOLLOWED HIM.

THE WOUNDED BEAR TURNED ON HIM...

RUN GERARD! RUN!



GERARD MADE FOR A TREE WITH THE RAGING ANIMAL AT HIS HEELS

GERARD WAS SOON AT THE END OF THE LINE

I AM LOST!



SUDDENLY...

THE ARROW FOUND ITS MARK BUT GERARD LOST HIS GRIP!



THE CLOSTER AND THE HEARTH



▲ MET AN INN IN BURLINGDY. THEY MET WITH AN ATTACK BY MURDERERS



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

AFTER THEY HAD DEFEATED THE ATTACKERS...

YOU CAN'T TRAVEL ALONE, I'LL GO WITH YOU TO ITALY.

YOU ARE THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

HALT IN THE NAME OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY!



YOU MUST JOIN ME, SOLDIER. WE ARE AT WAR WITH HOLLAND!

THE DUKE SPoke TO DENY...



GO BACK TO HOLLAND, GERARD. I'LL MEET YOU THERE!

FAREWELL, MY FRIEND.

SIR, THIS YOUTH IS ALONE! I CAN'T LEAVE HIM!

YOU MUST! SEND HIM, MEN!

I MUST GO ON TO ITALY ALONE!—OH, MARGARET... WILL I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN HOLLAND, MARGARET WENT TO SEE GERARD'S FRIEND AND PATRON, THE LADY VAN EYCK, WITH AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF NEWS...

GERARD HAS BEEN PARDONED! THE BURGOMASTER HAS BEEN ORDERED NOT TO HARM HIM IF HE RETURNS!



I HAVE NOT HEARD A WORD FROM GERARD SINCE I SAW HIM FROM HARM!



GOOD! A FRIEND OF MINE IS GOING TO ITALY IF GERARD IS THERE, MY FRIEND CAN FIND HIM AND GIVE HIM A LETTER FROM US!



CHEER UP! LET US WRITE THE LETTER, WE WILL TELL GERARD TO RETURN.



THE LETTER WAS WRITTEN AND GIVEN TO LADY VAN EYCK'S FRIEND.



ON HIS
WAY
THE MAN
STOPPED
AT A
TAVERN IN
TERGOLI,
GERARD'S
HOMETOWN
AFTER
A FEW
DRINKS...



I AM WRITING A LETTER
TO A MAN NAMED GERARD
IN ITALY.

GERARD'S EVIL BROTHERS, CORNELIUS
AND SIBRANDT, OVERHEARD HIM.

LET'S GO TELL THE
BURGMASSTER
ABOUT THIS!



AT THE BURGMASSTER'S HOUSE...

'YOU MUST TAKE THIS LETTER
FROM HIM, AND SUBSTITUTE
A LETTER I WILL WRITE TELLING
GERARD THAT MARGARET IS DEAD.
HE WILL NEVER RETURN!



THE BROTHERS, DISGUISED, SOON
OVERTOOK THE MAN AND
ROBBED HIM.

TAKE MY MONEY, IF
YOU WILL, BUT I
BEG YOU TO GIVE
ME MY PURSE!



THEY SUBSTITUTED THE FALSE
LETTER FOR THE TRUE
AND RETURNED THE PURSE...

HERE, NOW RUN
IF YOU VALUE
YOUR LIFE!



THIS, THE
LUNNARY
MAN
TRAVELLED
ON,
WITH A
FALSE
LETTER
WHICH
WOULD
BRING
GRIEF
RATHER
THAN
JOY
TO GERARD.

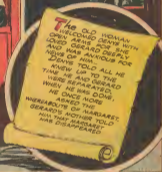
SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, DENYS FOUND HIMSELF IN HOLLAND, RELEASED FROM MILITARY SERVICE. HE WENT TO GERARD'S HOME TO FIND MARGARET...

DOST THOU KNOW WHERE IS MARGARET, WIFE OF GERARD?



I AM GERARD'S MOTHER, WHO ARE YOU TO ASK?

I AM DENYS, GERARD'S COMRADE IN HIS TRAVELS.



THE OLD WOMAN WELCOMED DENYS WITH OPEN ARMS FOR SHE LOVED GERARD DEEPLY AND WAS ANXIOUS FOR NEWS OF HIM. DENYS TOLD ALL HE KNEW UP TO THE TIME HE AND GERARD WERE SEPARATED. WHEN HE WAS DONE, HE ONCE MORE ASKED THE WHEREABOUTS OF MARGARET. GERARD'S MOTHER TOLD HIM THAT MARGARET HAD DISAPPEARED.

SHE TOLD DENYS THAT MARGARET WAS GOING TO HAVE A CHILD AND HAD LEFT SEVENBERGEN...

A CHILD, GERARD'S CHILD.

YES, HER LOVE KEPT GERARD FROM BECOMING A PEBBLE. BUT WHEN I HEARD SHE WAS WITH CHILD MY HEART SCOTCHED.



THE CLOSTER AND THE HEARTH

I WAS TOO LATE. SHE AND HER FATHER LEFT BEMBERSBERG AND HAVE GONE HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE.

BUT GERARD IS RETURNING SOON. I TOLD HIM TO. SHE MUST BE FOUND!



AND THE FAITHFUL DEVS SET OUT TO SEARCH ALL HOLLAND, DETERMINED TO FIND MARGARET.

WHY DO WE SO HEAVILY ARMED AND GUARDED?

THESE MOUNTAIN PASSES ARE FULL OF THIEVES, MY BOY!



IMPATIENT WITH THE SLOWNESS OF THE JOURNEY, GERARD ONE DAY PRESSSED AHEAD ALONE. SOON, NIGHT CAME ON.

I MUST HAVE TURNED ON THE WRONG ROAD, OR WELL I CAN STAY OVERNIGHT IN THAT WINDMILL.



I HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THIEVES!



THE THIEVES TOOK GERARD TO THE TOP OF THE MILL AND LOCKED HIM IN A LITTLE ROOM...

I... AM... SO TIRED...



HE LEAPED FOR A PASSING BLADE AND CLUTCHED IT...

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, BE- NEATH THE BED, A TRAP-DOOR OPENED!

THE FIENDS!



...AND JUMPED WHEN IT NEARED THE GROUND!



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

AS HE TRIED TO RISE AND RUN AWAY

MY LEG IS
BROKEN!
THEY WILL
CATCH ME!



BUT DEBARD HAD A SUDDEN INSPIRATION

THIS WILL
TRAP THEM,
BUT SAVE
ME!



HE WILL, DRY AS THORN, WENT UP IN FLAMES!



THE MERCHANTS DEBARD HAD BEEN
TRAVELLING WITH WERE ATTRACTED
BY THE FLAMES



THANK YOU
YOU'VE DONE!

THE PARTY MOVED ON, AND
SOON REACHED VENICE



ITALY AT LAST
I MUST RECOVER
MY STRENGTH,
MONEY, AND
RETURN RICH
TO HARGREAVE

THE NEXT MORNING HE TOOK A SHIP BOUND FOR ROME



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

GERARD! ARE YOU MARGARET BRANDT? I AM DENYS GERARDE FRIEND, I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU.

JOYOUS TO HAVE NEWS OF GERARD, AND GRATEFUL TO DENYS, MARGARET TOOK HIM TO HER POOR HOME.



GERARD WOULD GRIEVE TO SEE YOU THUS ALONE AND UNDEFENDED.



HIS PARENTS ARE ASKING ME I TAKE IN WASHING TO PROVIDE FOR MY FATHER, AND FOR THE COOING OF MY CHILD GERARD'S CHILD

I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU UNTIL GERARD RETURNS, HERE IS MONEY COURAGE, WE'LL RETURN!



THOUGH DENYS REALIZED THE PEOPLE GERARD MIGHT HAVE TO FACE ON HIS TRAVELS, HE SAID NOT A WORD, AND TRULY, GERARD HAD BEEN CLOSE TO DEATH.

WHILE SAILING FROM VENICE TO ROME, HIS SHIP HAD BEEN WRECKED. HE HAD SAVED THE LIFE OF A FELLOW PASSENGER, A WOMAN NAMED THERESA, AND MANAGED TO SWIM TO SHORE. **T**HREE MONTHS PASSED AND HE BEFRIENDED BY THERESA AND HER HUSBAND, LUDOVICO, GERARD WAS BECOMING A SUCCESS IN ROME...

SO NOW YOU ARE COPYING MANUSCRIPTS FOR THE POPE, AND PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF A PRINCESS, I HEAR.



YES, THERESA, I AM A SUCCESS, THANKS TO YOU!

YOU SAVED MY WIFE'S LIFE IN THAT SHIPWRECK. INTRODUCING YOU TO WEALTHY PATRONS IS THE LEAST WE CAN DO!



RICH AND INDEPENDENT AT LAST GERARD MADE PLANS TO RETURN SOON TO MARGARET ONE DAY, WHEN GOING OVER HIS PAPERS...

THIS IS THE BUREAUMASTER'S PARCHMENT I BROUGHT FROM HOLLAND.



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

THIS PARCHMENT PROVED THAT THE BURGOMASTER HAD STOLEN MARGARET'S MONEY!



GERARD PLANNED REVENGE, AND DAY-DREAMED OF MARGARET, WHILE PAINTING THE ITALIAN PRINCESS' PORTRAIT.

THOUGH YOUR EYES ARE UPON ME, MASTER BERARD, YOUR THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY.



FORGET HER, I, A PRINCESS, ORDER YOU MY LOVE!



I AM THINKING OF MY BELOVED MARGARET, WHO IS IN HOLLAND!



WHAT! YOU DARE PREFER A COMMONER TO ME, A PRINCESS!

I CANNOT FORGET HER, YOUR HIGHNESS!



GERARD REMAINED FAITHFUL TO MARGARET AND LEFT THE PRINCESS.



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEATH

FOR WEEKS, GERARD LAY RAAGED BY FEVER, HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, NURSED BY HIS LANDLADY.



WHEN HE RECOVERED, HE WAS A CHANGED MAN..

MARGARET DEAD! THEN THERE IS NO GOD, AND I WILL LIVE LIKE SATAN!



A DARK CLOUD COVERED HIS WORLD AND HE PLUNGED INTO A LIFE OF LUXURY AND VICE.



SPENT ALL HIS MONEY, RUINED HIS HEALTH.

DRINK UP, GERARD.





THE ITALIAN PRINCESS, WHO STILL LOVED GERARD, HAPPENED TO PASS BY...

HE GAZED SPURN MY LOVE FOR THAT! I'LL HAVE HIM MURDERED!

UPON HER RETURN TO ROME, SHE HIRED AN ASSASSIN... NONE OTHER THAN GERARD'S FRIEND, LUYCCO...

HERE'S GOLD... YOU'RE TO KILL THE MAN WHO LIVES AT THIS ADDRESS...

WHOEVER THIS FELLOW IS, HIS FATE IS SEALED!



MEANWHILE, ASHAMED OF THE LIFE HE HAD SLIPPED INTO...

SINCE MARGARET IS DEAD, THERE'S NO USE LIVING! I SHALL DROWN MYSELF. THE RIVER WILL END MY SORROW!



THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S THE MAN! ALL RIGHT.



AS GERARD PREPARED TO LEAP INTO THE RIVER, LUYCCO RECOGNIZED HIM...

GOOD LORD! IT'S GERARD!

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

JUST THEN, GERARD JUMPED.

HE HAS JUMPED INTO
THE RIVER, POOR FOOL...
I MUST SAVE HIM!



AND LUDWIG LEAPED TO SAVE
THE LIFE OF THE MAN HE HAD
BEEN PAID TO KILL...



MARGARET,
MARGARET!

SOON...

HE STILL
BREATHES, BUT
WHERE SHALL
I TAKE HIM?

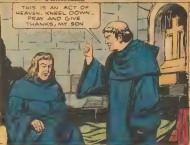


THE MONASTERY!
THEY WILL PROTECT
HIM THERE!



WHEN GERARD REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FOUND HIMSELF BEING NURSED BY FATHER JEROME, A MONK. FATHER JEROME TOLD GERARD THAT HE HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO THE MONASTERY BY A MAN WHO HAD SAVED HIM FROM DROWNING...

THIS IS AN ACT OF HEAVEN. KNEEL DOWN... PRAY AND GIVE THANKS, MY SON



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MONTHS GERARD WAS ABLE TO PRAY

GOD FORGIVE ME, AND GIVE ME THE WILL TO LIVE



AND GERARD REMAINED IN THE MONASTERY, AND STUDIED THE SCRIPTURES... AVOIDING THE WORLD.

PENITENCE, I MUST BE PENITENT



AFTER MONTHS OF STUDY AND PENITENCE, HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE HOLY ORDER...



SOON...

YOUR NAME SHALL NO LONGER BE GERARD, FROM THIS DAY FORTH YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS BROTHER CLEMENT

HE'S LEARNED SIX LANGUAGES— HIS RELIGIOUS ZEAL IS VERY GREAT

SUCH A MAN AS HE SHOULD BE SENT NORTH TO PREACH IN ENGLAND OR HOLLAND



AND GERARD, AS BROTHER CLEMENT, WAS SENT FROM ITALY AND PREACHED ON THE WAY, HE TRAVELLED THROUGH SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY, GOING TOWARD HOLLAND, UNAWARE THAT MARGARET WAS STILL ALIVE AND WAITING FOR HIM— WITH A SON!



SEVERAL YEARS PASSED BROTHER CLEMENT, TRAVELLING.

WITH HIS COMPANION AND TEACHER, FATHER JEROME, PREACHED AT EVERY TOWN HE WENT THROUGH ON HIS WAY NORTH. HE TRAVELLED ALONG THE RAINE RIVER, SCENE OF HIS FORMER ADVENTURES, AND FINALLY ARRIVED IN HOLLAND.

AT SEVENBERGEN, MARGARET'S FORMER HOME, HE SEARCHED FOR THE GRAVE BUT COULD NOT FIND IT.

STRANGE... PERHAPS SHE IS BURIED IN ROTTERDAM... I WILL FIND OUT WHEN I GO TO PREACH THERE.



HIS MIND WAS A CLOISTER, BUT THOUGH HE KNEW IT NOT, HIS HEARTH WAS AT ROTTERDAM...

BUT MARGARET STILL HAD FAITH IN HER LOVE...

THINK YOU GERARD WILL NEVER RETURN!

EITHER HE'S DEAD, OR FAITHLESS. FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR CHILD, YOU SHOULD SEEK ANOTHER HUSBAND.

IF ONLY HE COULD SEE OUR CHILD... IT WOULD MAKE HIM SO HAPPY!



SUSPECTING THAT GHYSBERGHT, THE BURGOMASTER, MAY BE KEEPING GERARD AWAY, MARGARET WENT TO PAY THE OLD MAN A VISIT...

I KNOW NOTHING.



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

B USHARTENHO, MARGARET RETURNED TO ROTTERDAM, SOON AFTER...

A PRIEST FROM ITALY IS GOING TO PREACH IN CHURCH TODAY.

I WILL GO HEAR HIM.

THAT AFTERNOON, BROTHER CLEMENT PREACHED AT THE ROTTERDAM CHURCH, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SERVICE.

IT IS MARGARET! I SEE.

WHY DOES THE PREACHER STARE AT ME?

AFTER THE SERVICE...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VISION OF HER! HER GRAVE MUST BE NEARBY.

GERARD APPROACHED THE SEXTON...

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE MARGARET BRANDT IS BURIED?

MARGARET BRANDT! WHY SHE WAS ALIVE AS YOU OR I!

ALIVE!

AY, FATHER, AND WAITING IN VAN FOR A LAD NAMED GERARD!

ALIVE! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.

AY, FATHER, AND I KNOW OF IT!

AND THE SEXTON, WHO KNOWS OF GYSBRONDT'S TRISACREY, NOT RECOGNIZING GERARD, TELLS OF THE FALSE LETTER AND HOW CORNELIS, STERNANT AND GYSBRICHT SENT IT.

WHEN GERARD LEARNED OF THE CRUEL TRICK PLAYED ON HIM, A PURY SIELED HIM, AND HE RUSHED OFF SUDDENLY.



AND JUST THEN, MARGARET APPEARED...

THAT HOLY FATHER ASKED IF YOU WERE DEAD, AND WHEN I TOLD HIM NO, HE RUSHED OFF.

IT IS GERARD! HE HAS RETURNED AT LAST!



GERARD HAS RETURNED. HAS HE BEEN HERE?



MARGARET WENT DIRECTLY TO GERARD'S HOME...

YES, AND HE TOLD ALL I WOULD HAVE KILLED THOSE TWO, BUT GERARD PREVENTED ME.

WHERE IS GERARD NOW?



HE LEFT IN ANGER.

I WILL SEARCH FOR HIM!



THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

IN A FURY, BUT REMEMBERING HIS HOLY VOWS, BERARD WENT TO GUYBRECHT, AND FOUND THE OLD MAN ON HIS DEATH BED.



CONFESS THY SINS, RESTORE TO MARGARET BRANDT HER FATHER'S LAND AND MONEY WHICH YOU STOLE.



HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS, HOLY FATHER?



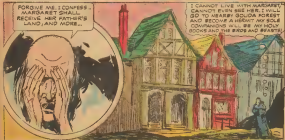
I AM GERARD!



FORGIVE ME, I CONFESS. MARGARET SHALL RECEIVE HER FATHER'S LAND, AND MORE...



I CANNOT LIVE WITH MARGARET, CANNOT EVEN SEE HER. I WILL GO TO NEARBY GOLDA FOREST AND BECOME A HERMIT. MY SOLE COMPANIONS WILL BE MY HOLY BOOKS AND THE BREAD AND BEANS.



MONTHS PASSED AND NO WORD CAME TO MARGARET FROM GERARD. DESPERATE, SHE WENT ONE DAY TO SEEK THE ADVICE OF THE STRANGE HERMIT OF GOLDEN FOREST.



NO ONE HERE... I WILL WAIT.



THE VISION OF MARGARET AGAIN!



GERARD!

IT IS YOU!



TEMPT ME NOT, MY LOVE!

YOU BRIBED ME! OH, CRUEL, CRUEL! I WILL NOT LIVE!



AND MARGARET RUSHED FROM THE CAVE, LEAVING HER CHILD BRAND.



GERARD, HALF MAD WITH DESPAIR, DISCOVERED THE CHILD...

IT IS AN ANGEL, SENT ME FROM HEAVEN,

MAMA, I WANT MAMA!

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

MARGARET, MEANWHILE, REMEMBERED HER CHILD AND GAINED CONTROL OF HER EMOTIONS

MY CHILD I MUST LIVE FOR THE SAKE OF MY CHILD. I LEFT HIM IN THE CAVE.



IT IS YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD YOU HOLD IN YOUR ARMS. THE CHILD IS OUR SON. YOUR DUTY TOWARD GOD IS YOUR DUTY TOWARD YOUR LOVE ONE. ME AND LITTLE GERARD!

FORGIVE ME, I WILL COME WITH YOU!





I NSTALLLED AS THE VICAR
 OF GOUDEA, GERARD WAS
 LOVED AND REVERED BY
 HIS CONGREGATION. HE
 PREACHED, BUILT HOUSES
 TO PROVIDE FOR THE POOR,
 AND LIVED THE LIFE OF
 A MAN OF GOD, THE LIFE
 OF THE CLOISTER.
 MARGARET MET
 GERARD OFTEN,
 AND HELPED HIM
 WITH HIS WORKS
 OF CHARITY, BUT
 HER LIFE WAS
 ABSORBED IN
 TAKING CARE OF
 LITTLE GERARD.
 SHE LIVED THE LIFE
 OF THE HEARTH.



AND THUS THEY LIVED TILL
 THE END OF THEIR DAYS
 JOYFULLY CLOSE TO EACH
 OTHER... YET PAINFULLY
 SEPARATED BY THE
**CLOISTER and
 the HEARTH.**

CHARLES READE

IN THE last chapters of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, Charles Reade, the author, speaks of himself as rescuing Gerard and Margaret "from long and unmerited oblivion." These two, the hero and heroine of his tale, are in real history the parents of Erasmus (1466-1536), who was the greatest humanist of the Renaissance period and the first "man of letters" in Europe after the many centuries that had passed since the fall of the Roman Empire. The little Gerard of the novel grew up to become a major personality and force in the revival of learning and the revival of the enjoyment of life, which had disappeared during the so-called Dark Ages, and came to life in the Renaissance.

Like the parents of many another famous man, the parents of Erasmus were forgotten by history, until Charles Reade came upon the story in old Latin manuscripts and in Erasmus' own writings.

Taking what facts he could find, after a tremendous labour of research and documentation, Charles Reade wove them into this novel, which is considered his masterpiece, and one of the best historical novels ever written.



Reade was proud of the amount of historical information included in the work. All the customs of Holland, Germany, Burgundy, and Italy which are pictured



in the novel give an accurate and graphic view of the manners and beliefs of European peoples in the fifteenth century. Much of the plot is based on the inhuman custom, in practise at the time, that priests could not marry.

Several of the six novels he wrote before *The Cloister and the Hearth* are concerned with social injustices in Reade's own lifetime, and which he so greatly hoped to reform. *It's Never Too Late to Mend* is about the abuse of prisoners and the treatment of criminals in England. Others deal with abuses in lunatic asylums, trade unions, and the degrading conditions of village life.

Charles Reade was born June 8, 1814 at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, England, the son of an English squire. After graduating, with honors, from Magdalen College, Oxford, he became a scholar there, and rose to the position of Dean of Arts. In 1842, he was called to the bar. He became a dramatist, and wrote many popular plays before he turned to writing novels as well. He lived most of his life in London.

When he died, April 11, 1884, he left his vast collection of notes and research open to the public, so that other writers could study his methods. Reade's writing is sometimes compared to that of his French contemporary, Zola, and to those of his English contemporary, Charles Dickens, because of its realism.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE
MARCHESE GUGLIELMO MARCONI
Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy

MARCHESE GUGLIELMO MARCONI was born at Bologna, Italy, April 25, 1874, the son of an Italian father and an Irish mother. His father was a man of wealth and the young Guglielmo was educated privately at Bologna, Florence and Leghorn.

As a boy, Guglielmo was intensely interested in physical science and electrical research. He read with avid interest the predictions of a mathematical genius named James Clerk Maxwell that there existed electric waves. In 1887, a brilliant German physicist, Heinrich Rudolf Hertz, conducting a series of experiments at Karlsruhe, completely confirmed Maxwell's predictions. At the time, Marconi was a pupil of Italian scientist Righi, professor of physics at the University of Bologna. Marconi later said that Hertz's results led him to speculate "... that these waves might, in the not distant future, furnish mankind with a new and powerful means of communication."

In 1895, Guglielmo began his experiments. His crude apparatus consisted of an induction coil and a Morse signaling key. His transmitter was a multiple spark gap as used by Righi. His receiver was a coherer as used by Branly, the filings being decolorized by taps from the hammer of an electric bell, and the local circuit was closed by a relay.

Toward the end of these first experiments, he broke new ground by connecting one side of the spark gap to an aerial wire, and the other side to earth, thus producing for the first time a practical system of wireless signaling with which he managed to transmit messages for a distance of over a mile.

In 1896, he had increased the distance to two miles. In the same year, he took his apparatus to England, where he applied for a provisional patent. In 1897, Marconi made tests of his apparatus in the presence of King



Humbert and Queen Margherita of Italy. That same year, wireless became a commercial reality with the formation in London of the Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company, which later became Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company.

In 1898, the English Channel was bridged by wireless for the first time, and in the summer, messages were sent a distance of seventy-four miles between ships on naval maneuvers. Using higher aerials and longer waves, Marconi was slowly increasing distances of transmission. Scientists scoffed, however, at the possibility of Marconi spanning the Atlantic. Marconi, nevertheless, proceeded with his plans and in October, 1900, built the first long-distance wireless station at Poldhu, in Cornwall. He put up two-hundred-foot-high aerial masts but they were smashed in a gale. A set of masts thirty feet shorter was erected. When his transmitting station was complete, the inventor hurried across to St. John's, Newfoundland. After many difficulties, Marconi succeeded in sending an aerial to a height of four hundred feet by using kites, and then he established his receiving station. In December, 1901, Poldhu transmitted a series of signals and they were received at Newfoundland. Marconi had bridged the Atlantic on his first attempt!

In 1919, Marconi received a message from Buenos Aires at his station at Glenties, Ireland, a distance of six thousand miles! In the same year, his company set up the first broadcasting station in the world.

And now, from Poldhu, a series of trial transmissions on short waves began. In 1923, Marconi made a trip on his yacht to the West Indies and continuously received short-wave messages from Poldhu.

Marconi's genius brought benefit after benefit upon the world and the great inventor was showered with honors before he died in 1937.



DOG HEROES

THE MONGREL AND THE PUMA

ABOUT a mile outside of Kane, Pennsylvania, a 150 pound puma escaped from a private zoo. The puma was mad — mad with the torture of having been kept in a cage, of having been forced to pace back and forth behind iron bars. A killer by instinct (a single puma had been known to kill 100 sheep in one night), this enraged beast stalked along the roads looking for prey. Yes, this sneaky, crafty, wanton murderer was looking to kill somebody, to enable him to get his revenge upon society for having made him a captive.

In the yard of one of the houses in the city itself, a four-year-old boy, Claude Mollander, Jr., played with his mongrel dog, not knowing the horror that was soon to befall him.

Strange are the workings of Fate, for how else can one explain the puma's feet being directed to the peaceful scene of a little boy playing with his faithful dog? But there he was, his bloodshot eyes wickedly taking in the situation and his evil tongue drooping. The puma was satisfied. Here were two puny opponents, who could be crushed by a few strokes of his paw and his lust to kill would be temporarily satisfied.

But the puma never reckoned on the courage of a mongrel dog whose master's life was endangered. The dog coldly sized up his opponent, as he crouched in a corner, ready for the spring. Instinct told the mongrel that there would be death at the end of the battle, but the sacrifice would be worthwhile if his little master's life could be spared.

The dog prepared to meet the puma in mid-air. Two bodies left the ground at the same time, from opposite directions and



crashed into each other. The puma was taken by surprise and fell backwards to the ground, while the dog fell back from the weight of its opponent's big body.

Meanwhile, little Claude, screaming as loudly as his small lungs would allow ran to the door of his house. He screamed for the door to be opened so that he would be protected from the beast that was hurting his poor friend.

The puma sprang again. Once more the faithful dog met the challenge in mid-air. But this time, the puma was not surprised. The momentum of his charge knocked the dog backwards with the puma's teeth gripping into his flank. But the courageous dog shook himself loose, rolled away, and then, bleeding and limping, stood up to meet the next charge.

By this time, members of the family heard Claude's screams at the door. They ran to let him in. Inside, behind the safety of the door, Claude turned around to look at his dear friend. He saw the end of the fight between his faithful pal and the brown killer. Fortunately, it was mercifully short.

Claude's family quickly notified the police and a state trooper answered the call. He came upon the puma licking his bloody paws. The beast saw the man and ran towards him. The trooper took aim and pulled the trigger of his rifle. It jammed. The beast kept coming closer, intent on more killing. The policeman dropped his rifle and drew his service pistol. The beast sprang, there was the sound of a shot, and the puma fell to the ground. It was the end of the trail for both the plucky mongrel hero and the crafty villain.



FAMOUS OPERAS

PARSIFAL

By Richard Wagner

THIS BEAUTIFUL OPERA is based on the legend of the Holy Grail, the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper with His disciples, and the Sacred Spear, which caused Christ's wounds on the Cross.

Titurel, a knight, appointed by holy messengers to guard the Grail and the Sacred Spear, built a fine church, the castle of Monsalvat, to house them. Each year a dove descended from Heaven to express approval of Titurel's devotion. As Titurel became old, he felt that a younger man should take his place, and appointed his son Amfortas as his successor.

Near the castle lived Klingsor, a knight who had tried to join the Order but was unsuccessful. In revenge Klingsor became an evil magician, and kept a company of Sirens, women who were half-flowers, called flower maidens, by whose help he attempted to bring the knights to disgrace. Kundry was a creature having two natures. Sometimes she was a flower maiden under the spell of Klingsor, while she could also transform herself into a faithful follower of the Grail.

Amfortas had once gone forth carrying the Sacred Spear, but the enemy against whom he wished to use it had wounded Amfortas himself with it and kept the Spear. As a result Amfortas is suffering an agonizingly painful wound, which will not heal until "one who can resist temptation" appears at Monsalvat.

One day while Gurnemanz and several other knights are in the forest they come upon a young man named Parsifal, who has just shot a wild swan, being ignorant of the fact that swans are under the King's protection. He's an orphan and a wanderer in the forest. The knights take him to Monsalvat. Wide-eyed

with wonder, Parsifal watches the ceremonies conducted by Amfortas in the Temple of the Grail and sees the light from Heaven shine down upon the Cup.

Parsifal is again on his way through the forest, unaware that he's approaching Klingsor's castle. Suddenly, the magician causes the building to sink into the ground. Parsifal sees in its place a beautiful garden filled with flower maidens. Kundry entices him into the garden, coaxes him to stay, but Parsifal sees through her evil purposes and rushes out. Klingsor hurls the Sacred Spear at Parsifal, but it hovers over the young man's head, and floats in the air. Parsifal senses it, triumphantly making the Sign of the Cross, whereupon the walls of the castle fall in ruins.

It is Good Friday, years later, and Gurnemanz, an old man, is before his hut in the forest of Monsalvat, being cared for by Kundry. A knight in shining armor approaches and kneels in prayer. It is Parsifal, and he carries the Sacred Spear. Gurnemanz recognizes him, and tells him of the sad state of affairs at Monsalvat, since Amfortas is no longer able to conduct the ceremonies, and there is no knight who can take his place.

Having dressed Parsifal in the coat-of-mail and mantle of the Knights of the Grail, Gurnemanz and Kundry conduct him to Monsalvat. The priests prepare for a ceremony. Amfortas, suffering dreadfully from his wounds, is brought out on his couch. Parsifal touches the wound with the point of the Sacred Spear, Amfortas is immediately healed, and all acknowledge Parsifal as the one pure knight. A white dove descends and hovers over Parsifal's head, the Holy Grail glows with light. A halo of glory pours down over all.



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