

CLASSICS
Illustrated

Featuring Stories by the
World's Greatest Authors

Cyrano de Bergerac

EDMOND ROSTAND

No. 79 15¢



FREE! FREE! FREE!

40 OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS IN

TATTOOS

(also known as Transfers or Decalcomanias)
are yours FREE with a subscription
for only 10 coming issues of

CLASSICS *Illustrated*

YOU'LL have a barrel of fun with these tattoos. POPEYE, WIMPY, OLIVE OIL, SWEET PEA, BLONDIE, DAGWOOD, COOKIE, ZAROV, THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS, JIGGS and MAGGIE, BARNEY GOOGLE, THE PHANTOM and many more of your favorite comic personalities come to life in colorful reproductions. They are easily applied on your hand, wrist, arms, legs, books, glasses or any other articles of smooth surface.

DON'T DELAY! SUBSCRIBE NOW!

for 10 coming issues of **\$1.50**
CLASSICS Illustrated for

and receive **ABSOLUTELY FREE**

40 TATTOOS
of your favorite comic
strip characters in full color.

TO SUBSCRIBE
FOR
CLASSICS
Illustrated
PLEASE USE
THIS BLANK
OR FACSIMILE

SILVERTON CO., INC. 181 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Herewith is \$_____ Enter my subscription for _____
issues of CLASSICS Illustrated to be sent postpaid as billed. I am
also to receive 40 Tattoos absolutely FREE.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____

CLASSICS Illustrated JANUARY, 1951 Number 19 Published monthly by SILVERTON COMPANY, INC., 181
Brooklyn, New York 1, N. Y. Subscription \$1.50 for 10 issues. Delivery as ordered (check mailing March 18, 1951). Registered 2d
second-class matter March 28, 1947, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1949. HARRY M. ADLER
Managing Editor. MEYER A. KARLAN, Editorial Assistant. Copyright 1951 by S.I.A. and all foreign countries. All rights reserved.
Including the right to reproduce this publication or portions thereof in any form. Printed in U.S.A.

CYRANO de BERGERAC

Illustrated by
ALEX. A. BLUM

By EDMOND ROSTAND



THIS IS THE FANTASTIC STORY OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC, WHO LIVED IN ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND DANGEROUS PERIODS OF THE SENATIONAL HISTORY OF FRANCE ABOUT 1640. IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC'S NOSE, A VERY LARGE NOSE, INDEED, SO SENSITIVE WAS CYRANO ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS NOSE THAT HE MADE HIMSELF HIS COUNTRY'S FOREMOST SWORDSMAN DEFENDING IT BECAUSE HER MOST TALKED OF POET IN SPIRE OF IT, AND YET RAN AWAY FROM THE ONE GREAT LOVE OF HIS LIFE BECAUSE OF IT!

FOR SIX YEARS CYRANO DE BERGERAC HAD ATTENDED THE COLLEGE OF BEAU-VOIS IN PARIS. HE WAS A GOOD STUDENT, BUT NOW IN 1637, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN, HE WAS RESTLESS TO BE ON, EITHER WITH NEW LEARNINGS OR NEW LIVING...

PRECATIONIBUS, OMNES MENDACIIS ET SEROTINIS ETIAN.

BY THE SAINTS' GRANGER DRONES THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER, YEAR AFTER YEAR! WILL HE NEVER STRIKE A NEW NOTE?



THAT WILL END THE CLASSES FOR THE DAY.

HA! SO YOU PRETEND TO BE INTERESTED IN THE STUDIES, BERGERAC?

EVEN AS A YOUTH IN SCHOOL, CYRANO HAD LONG ENJOYED ANOTHER DREAM: THAT ONE DAY HE WOULD BECOME THE FIRST SWORDSMAN IN THE KINGDOM. BUT JEALOUSY CAN READ EYE INTO THE BEST INTENTIONS.

HOW THE MAITRE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE READING BEHIND THE LESSON BOOK.

GO AHEAD! TELL HIM, LAON! LONG AGO I LEARNED BY HEART THE NON-SENSE HE TEACHES OVER AND OVER! WHAT HARM FOR ME TO LEARN SOMETHING NEW?



BAH! WITH SUCH A NOSE AS YOURS TO POKE INTO BOOKS, IT'S NO WONDER YOU LEARN YOUR LESSONS FAST!

THAT'S ONE THING NO ONE CAN SAY WITHOUT RESPECT! STAND UP AND FIGHT, OR I'LL BRING YOU UNDER MY HEEL!



NO, BERGERAC! NO! IT WAS ONLY A JOKE!

THE JOKE WAS NOT FUNNY! PERHAPS MY MITT IS GULLED BY THE DULL COMPANY I KEEP!

CYRANO DE BERGERAC



IF I HAD A
RAPER, I WOULD
GUA YOU
THROUGH!

STOP
CYRANO!
STOP!

OWWWW!



MY BOY! MY
BOY! LET ME
HELP YOU!

MAITRE, I WAS
THINKING OF
YOUR INTERESTS
BERGERAC WAS
READING GODE-
MAUSHEP BEHIND
HIS LESSON
BOOK!



FIG! SCUM OF THE
GUTTERS! GET OUT OF
THIS PLACE! NEVER
RETURN! NEVER!

NEVER WILL BE
MUCH TOO SOON,
MONSIEUR!



THIS ENDED ABRUPTLY THE SCHOOLING
OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC WITH HIS FRIEND
LE BRET, HE WALKED SLOWLY AWAY FROM
THE COLLEGE...

IT'S LIKE A WEIGHT
LIFTED FROM ME, LE BRET!
LIFE THERE WAS SO STALE
IT WAS CHOKING ME!

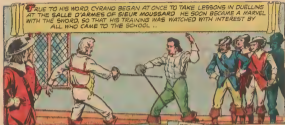
YOU'RE TOO
IMPULSIVE, CYR-
ANO! YOU'LL
NOT LIVE TILL
YOU'RE TWENTY,
THE WAY YOU
CARRY ON WHAT
WILL YOU
DO NOW?



PREPARE MYSELF
FOR SURVIVAL, OF
COURSE! DON'T
FEAR FOR ME, LE
BRET! I SHALL BE-
COME THE GREATEST
SWORDSMAN IN
ALL FRANCE!

THEN I'LL SAY
AU REVOIR AND
NOT GOOD-BYE.
WE'LL MEET
AGAIN--
I HOPE!

TRUE TO HIS WORD, CYRANO BEGAN AT ONCE TO TAKE LESSONS IN DUELLING AT THE SALLE D'ARMES OF BIEUX MOUSSEARD. HE SOON BECAME A MARVEL WITH THE SWORD, SO THAT HIS TRAINING WAS WATCHED WITH INTEREST BY ALL WHO CAME TO THE SCHOOL...



"THIS IS A NEW THRUST I CONCEIVED IN MY DREAMS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, MONSIEUR?"

"WH...WHAT HAPPENED?"

"BRAVO! BRAVO!"

"THANK YOU! GENTLEMEN! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!"

"BRAVO?"



BY THE TIME HE WAS TWENTY, CYRANO HAD FOUND THAT PROMINENCE WITH THE SWORD WAS NOT ENOUGH. HE BECAME INTERESTED IN THE THEATER. HIS QUACK WIT AND GARING, HOWEVER, WERE SURE TO BRING HIM INTO TROUBLE. EVEN THERE, ONE NIGHT WHILE MONTELEURY, THE GREAT FRENCH ACTOR, WAS ON THE STAGE...

"THREE HAPPY WE WHO HIDE FROM POMPAND POWER..."

"CLOWN! KING OF CLOWNS! LEAVE THE STAGE AT ONCE!"





ON THE PIT WERE LE BRET AND CASSENEAU, A PASTRY-COOK.

IT'S CYRANO! I WAS AFRAID HE'D DO THIS!

GOOD! I BET THE BOYS AT THE PASTRY SHOP HE WOULD! NOW I WIN MY BET!



WHAT SHALL I DO?

QUIET, OUT THERE! SOON MONTFLEURY

WRETCH! DID I NOT FORBID YOU TO APPEAR THIS MONTH?



IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO TELL HOW WELL THE MAN PLAYS HIS PART IF THE AUDIENCE CONTINUES TO INTERRUPT.

IT IS AN INSULT TO YOUR Eminence, CARDINAL RICHELIEU!



YES, MICE, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE HIDE ENOUGH LEFT WORTH HONORING! OR MUST I COME AND HELP YOU OFF THE STAGE? PRESENTLY I SHALL GROW ANGRY!

THREE HAPPIER HE WHO HIDES



WE'LL TOLERATE NO MORE OF THIS! SO ON WITH THE PLAY, MONTFLEURY!

WHERE ARE THE PORTERS? THROW THAT MAN OUT!

UNLESS THOSE GENTLEMEN RETAIN THEIR SEATS, MY SWORD MAY BITE THEIR RIBBONS! WELL, MONTFLEURY, STILL NO EXIT? VERY GOOD. THEN I BITE WITH KNIFE--TO CARVE THIS FAT STUFFED GOOSE!





THROW HIM OUT!

ENOUGH OF THIS!

WE WANT MONTFLEURY!

WITH A LEAP EYEBAND SPRING TO THE STAGE...

I SAY BE SILENT! I OFFER ONE UNIVERSAL CHALLENGE! WILL ALL WHO WISH TO DIE PLEASE RAISE THEIR HANDS? WHAT? NOT ONE HAND?



WHO IS THIS BRAGGART MY DEAR ROXANE?

MY COUSIN SIR

YOUR COUSIN? WHAT A REMARKABLE APPEARANCE!



I CLAP MY HANDS THREE TIMES THIS! AT THE THIRD YOU WILL EQUIP YOURSELF, READY!



ONE TWO THREE!

HA-HA-HA!



MONSIEUR DE BERBERAC, WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS TO OUR MONTFLEURY—AN ADMIRABLE ACTOR?

I HAVE TWO REASONS! FIRST HE IS A DEPLORABLE ACTOR! AND SECOND WELL THAT'S MY SECRET!

STRAND DE BERGERAC



BUT YOU HAVE CLOSED THE PLAY! WHO IS GOING TO RETURN THE MONEY TO THESE GOOD PEOPLE?

MONEY? HERE'S A WHOLE BAGFUL!



MONSIEUR! YOU ARE HEREBY AUTHORIZED TO CLOSE THE PLAY EVERY NIGHT ON THE SAME TERMS!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED. KINDLY PASS OUT QUIETLY. GOOD NIGHT!



STRAND, YOU IDIOT!

AH, CAPTAIN LE BRET! IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO COME!



YOUR COUSIN IS AN EXTRA-ORDINARY MAN. TELL ME: THAT NOSE—WILL HE TAKE IT OFF?



NO, MONSIEUR VALBERT, HE KEEPS IT. AND HEAVEN HELP THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. GOOD NIGHT!



MONSIEUR, DID YOU KNOW THAT COUSIN DE BRICHE IS MONT-PLURIS'S RIVALRY? YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR WHAT YOU DID. DE BRICHE HAS A LONG ARM!

GAH! MINE IS LONGER BY THREE FEET! AND WHY ARE YOU STARING AT MY NOSE? IS IT A TRIPLE LARGE?



OH, NO! SMALL! VERY TINY! CUCK!

SMALL? MY NOSE SMALL? WHY YOU BUTTON-BAD? I GLORY IN THIS GREAT NOSE. IT INDICATES A GREAT MAN!



READY TO DRIVE YOU BACK TO THE WALL,
THEN AS I END THE REFRAIN...



... THRUST HOME!



«SUPER!»

«COMPLIMENTS!»

«BRAND!»



PLEASE! THE PERFORMANCE IS AT AN END! CLOSE THE HOUSE, BUT LEAVE THE LIGHTS! WE REHEARSE A NEW PLAY TONIGHT!



COME, THIS CROWD WILL HAVE YOU RUINED IF YOU LISTEN. DO YOU KNOW THE CARDINAL WAS HERE TONIGHT?

HE WAS? HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT ME ORIGINAL!



THE CARDINAL IS THE UNCLE OF THE COMTE DE SUICH, THE ENEMIES YOU'VE MADE AND WHY DO YOU HATE MONTRUSQUET?

HE GARED TO SMILE UPON THE WOMAN I LOVE, ON ROMANE, MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD!



...BUT AS CYRANO REACHED THE DOOR...

WELL IF YOU LOVE HER, TELL HER SO!

MY OLD FRIEND, LOOK AT THIS NOSE AND TELL ME HOW MUCH HOPE I HAVE SHE MIGHT LAUGH AT ME.

MONSIEUR, MADAMOISSELLE WISHES TO KNOW WHEN AND WHERE SHE MAY SEE YOU PRIVATELY, SHE HAS CERTAIN THINGS TO TELL YOU!

WE'LL RETURN WANTS TO SEE ME? WHY OR TELL HER AT THE SHOP OF RAGUENEAU, THE PASTRY-COOK, TOMORROW MORNING!



...THEN, AS THE TWO STEPPED INTO THE STREET...

THANK GOODNESS I'VE FOUND YOU! DE GUYCHE HAS MEN WAITING TO KILL ME ALMOST A HUNDRED OF THEM!

ONLY A HUNDRED MEN, RAGUENEAU? IS THAT ALL?



SO NOW YOU'LL BE HAPPY.

HAPPY? I COULD FIGHT WHOLE ARMIES ALL ALONE!

...BUT THE PORT DE NEBLE...

TAKE THAT LANTERN, RAGUENEAU! I'LL SEE YOU HOME TONIGHT! LE BRET, STAY HERE. I WANT NO HELP FROM ANYONE!



YOU ARE ALMOST HOME, RAGUENEAU. PREPARE FOR BED.

NOW!









IT'S NO PASTRY-
COOK! IT'S CYRANO
DE BERGERAC!

I'M NOT FIGHTING
THE MAD GASCON!

WITH THAT, THE
ENTIRE MOB RANGES.

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, RAQUEL!
NEAR! YOU CAN GO HOME!

OH, THANK
YOU, CYRANO!
THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!



THE FOLLOW-
ING MORNING,
AT BASQUENEAU'S
PASTRY SHOP.

YOU WERE MARRIED AT
LAST NIGHT, CYRANO!
WHAT A LINE!
NOW AS I
SAY THE RE-
FRAIN, TRUST
ME!

WHAT IS ROXANE
DOES NOT SHOW
UP? WHAT IF SHE
HAS CHANGED
BY HER MIND?

NEW FINALLY...



AH, ROXANE,
YOU DID COME!
BLESSED BE
THE HOUR WHEN
YOU REMEM-
BERED TO REMEM-
BER ME!

DID YOU THINK
I WOULD FORGET?
CAN WE GO WHERE
WE MAY SPEAK
ALONE? FOR I
COME TO TALK
OF LOVE!

LOVE, ROXANE? YOU
SAY YOU'VE COME TO SPEAK
OF LOVE? WITH ME? YES,
DEAR ONE, POUND OUT
YOUR HEART! NO ONE
CAN HEAR YOU
BUT ME!

CYRANO, I'M TERRIBLY
IN LOVE! WITH CADET
CHRISTIAN DE NEUIL-
LETTE! HE'S IN
THE GUARDS!



YOU SAY WITH
CHRISTIAN DE NEU-
VILLETTE? BUT
HE ISN'T IN
THE GUARDS!

YES! SINCE LAST
WEEK! AND I'M AFRAID
THE GUARDS WILL QUAR-
REL WITH HIM. HE'S AN
OUTSIDER, YOU KNOW! A
NORMAN! WILL YOU...
DEPEND HIM FOR ME,
CYRANO? SAY
THAT YOU WILL!

I'LL LOVE HIM
LIKE A BROTHER—
FOR YOU, ROXANE,
I'LL BE HIS
STALWARTEST
FRIEND!

OH, THANK YOU, CYR-
ANO! AND NEVER LET
HIM FIGHT A DUEL! AND
SEE THAT HE WRITES TO
ME WHEN HE'S AWAY! I
LOVE HIM SO!
NOW I MUST GO!



AFTER ROYANE HAD SOME CHEERFUL WALKED SLOWLY BACK TO THE WASTRY-GHAR, SO THIS WAS HIS BIG MOMENT! AN INVITATION TO CARRY THE TORCH FOR ROYANE'S LOVER! JUST THEN LE BRET BREZZED IN. "WELL," HE ASKED, "DO YOU MEET HERE? WHAT LUCK?"

LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE

BUT THE WHOLE COMPANY IS ON ITS WAY HERE! NATURALLY I TOLD THEM ABOUT LAST NIGHT AND THEY'RE WILD!



AND EVEN AS LE BRET WAS SPEAKING...

BRAVO, CHRANO!

WONDERFUL!

EIGHT DEAD MEN IN THE STREETS MARVELOUS!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU!



ABOUT THE SAME TIME, AT THE HOME OF CARDINAL MACHUEU, UNCLE OF THE COMPTES DE BRANCE...

EIGHT DEAD MEN IN THE STREETS! SCANDALOUS! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR LAST NIGHT'S OUTRAGE! AND THAT DUEL IN RHYME! THAT GASSON WITH THE NOSE!

YOU MEAN DE BERGERAC, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

I THINK I SHALL LEAVE DE BERGERAC TO YOU, PLACE HIM SOMEWHERE IN YOUR SERVICE HE HAS A RARE TALENT.

BY ALL MEANS, YOUR EMINENCE, I BELIEVE HE HAS WRITTEN A PLAY PERHAPS YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT THERE WOULD INFLUENCE HIM TO JOIN MY GUARDS



VERY WELL, TELL HIM IF HE'LL JOIN YOUR COMPANY, I'LL HELP HIM TO PRODUCE HIS PLAY.

THANK YOU, I SHALL FIND HIM OUT AT ONCE.

HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE THAT BRAG-GART UNDER MY COMMAND.

THEN AS I END THE REFRAN-- THRUST HOME!

300N AFTER, AT THE BASTY SHOP



COME ON, CYRANO! TELL US ABOUT LAST NIGHT!

AH, NO! I SEE WE HAVE COMPANY WHO MIGHT CONSIDER ME WASTOEST.



MONSIEUR DE BERGERAC, I EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION FOR BOTH OF YOUR EXPLOITS LAST NIGHT! YOU'RE A MAN OF MANY SKILLS. IF YOU WOULD JOIN MY FOLLOWING, MY UNCLE, WHO IS A PLAYWRIGHT, COULD HELP YOU WITH THE PLAY YOU'VE WRITTEN!

SIR, I CARE TO FOLLOW NO ONE!



LOOK, CYRANO! THE HATS OF THE MEN YOU ROUGHT LAST NIGHT! WHOEVER HIRSD THESE BOGUSNORSELS MUST BE AN ANGRY MAN TODAY! WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN?



SINCE YOU ASK, IT WAS I WHO HIRSD THEM-- TO DO THE SORT OF WORK I WOULD NOT SOIL MY HANDS WITH PUNISHING AN INSOLENT POET

SIR, WILL YOU NOT RETURN THESE HATS TO YOUR FRIENDS?



QUICHE ANDREY LEFT THE SHOP

THERE YOU GO AGAIN! YOUR PREDICED INDEPENDENCE HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO SUCCEED IN LIFE?

IF I STAND AT ALL I AM NOT TOWER LIKE A MOUNTAIN PINE BUT I SHALL STAND ALONE!



MEANWHILE, A GROUP OF CADETS HAD CROWDED ABOUT CHRISTIAN...

DO YOU WISH SOMETHING OF ME?

LISTEN! THIS IS A WARNING! THERE'S A CERTAIN OBJECT THAT'S NEVER MENTIONED AMONG US-- THE NOSE OF MONSIEUR DE BERGERAC! TO EVEN SPEAK THE WORD IS TO DIE BEFORE YOUR TIME!



AS SOON AS THE GUESTS LEFT HIM, CHRISTIAN TURNED TO LE BRET...

CAPTAIN LE BRET, WHAT IS THE THING TO DO WHEN CARICONS BECOM TOO BOISTROUS?

PROVE TO THEM THAT ONE MAY BE A NORMAN AND STILL HAVE COURAGE!



CYRANO, WE ALL CAME HERE TO LEARN ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURE LAST NIGHT!

YES, LET'S HEAR IT!

OH, VERY WELL!



NOW WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN? WELL, IT WAS SO DARK LAST NIGHT, YOU COULD NOT SEE BEYOND...

YOUR NOSE!

THERE WAS A STUNNED SILENCE FOR A MOMENT, THEN CYRANO TURNED TO LE BRET AND ASKED THE FELLOW'S NAME...



A RECRUIT, CYRANO. HIS NAME IS CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE.

OH, I SEE.



TO GO ON, SUDDENLY A SWORD FLASHED IN THE DARK. I CAUGHT IT FAIR...

ON THE NOSE!



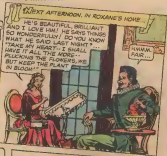
"BY THUNDER





WORDS! I'M SICK OF WORDS! WHY DOES SHE SEE DE GUICHE AS OFTEN AS SHE SEES ME? DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE'S MAKING A FOOL OF ME? CYRANO AND YOU'D BUD FIND OUT!

OH, VERY WELL, I'LL SCOUT THE TERRAIN.



NEXT AFTERNOON, IN ROMANE'S HOME... HE'S BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT AND I LOVE HIM! HE SAYS THINGS SO WONDERFULLY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID LAST NIGHT? "TAKE MY HEART-- I SHALL HAVE IT ALL THE MORE-- PLUCKING THE FLOWERS, WE BUT KEEP THE PLANT IN BLOOM!"

WWW, FAIR...



CHRISTIAN TELLS ME YOU MEET TONIGHT, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE HIM SPEAK ABOUT?

OH, I SHALL SAY, "SPEAK OF LOVE IN YOUR OWN WORDS," BUT YOU'LL NOT TELL HIM, WILL YOU?

JUST THEN, THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...



IT WAS COUNT DE GUICHE...

MADAMESELLE... MONSIEUR...

MONSIEUR... MADAMESELLE



CYRANO LEFT AT ONCE, AND WHEN HE HAD GONE...

ROMANE, I COME TO SAY FAREWELL. I LEAVE PARIS TONIGHT FOR THE FRONT, WITH MY REGIMENT OF THE GUARDS.

THE GUARDS!



YES, YOUR COUSIN'S REGIMENT OUT THERE, WE MAY HAVE AN ACCOUNTING, HE AND I!

YOU MEAN TO BE REVENGED ON CYRANO? I KNOW HOW I SHOULD DO IT! LEAVE HIM HERE WITH HIS ENTIRE COMPANY-- ALL THE CADETS-- BITING HIS NAILS WHILE THE REGIMENT GOES ON TO GLORY. IF YOU HATE THE MAN, DEPRIVE HIM OF DANGER!

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

ROXANE! MAKING AN ENEMY YOUR OWN! I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THAT A SIGN OF LOVE OH, YOU KNOW HOW I ADORE YOU! LET ME CALL ON YOU TONIGHT, AFTER EVERYONE THINKS I'VE GONE!

BUT THE WAR! YOUR DUTY! I MUST HAVE YOU A HERO!

THEN I'LL GO! WILL THAT CONTENT YOU?

YES, MY FRIEND!



EARLY EVENING, OUTSIDE ROXANE'S GARDEN WALL...



CHRISTIAN, WAIT! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!

NO! I'M NOT AFRAID ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT NOWHERE FOLLOWING YOUR ADVICE! I'LL SPEAK FOR MYSELF NOW! THANK YOU AND GOOD-BYE!

AFTER CYRANO'S CURT DEMISSAL, HE WALKS SO WRETCHEDLY AWAY, AND CHRISTIAN WAT WITH ROXANE IN THE GARDEN...



I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE EARLY! NOW SPEAK TO ME! BE ELOQUENT!

I... I LOVE YOU...

FIVE AFTER TIME, AS ROXANE PLEADED WITH HIM TO BE ELOQUENT, CHRISTIAN COULD ONLY REPEAT "I LOVE YOU"



AND I HAD SOME BRILLIANT PHRASES FOR HIM, TOO!

AFTER A WHILE, ROXANE ROSE TO LEAVE...



BUT WAIT! PLEASE! I WAS GOING TO SAY...

I KNOW, YOU LOVE ME, ADEU!

WELL / A GREAT SUCCESS!

HELP ME CYRANO! I CAN NOT LIVE UNLESS I WIN HER BACK-NOW! THIS MOMENT!



HELP YOU! IT'S MORE THAN YOU OBSERVE! BUT WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA! DO YOU SEE THE LIGHT IN HER WINDOW?



STAND THERE I'LL WHISPER TO YOU WHAT TO SAY NOW CALL HER!

ROXANE!



WHO IS CALLING?

CHRISTIAN! I HAD TO TELL YOU!



NO SO AWAY, YOU TELL ME NOTHING YOU DO NOT LOVE ME ANY MORE!

NO- NO NOT ANY MORE I LOVE YOU EVER MORE - AND EVER MORE AND MORE!



CYRANO SPOKE SO LOW THAT ROXANE COULD NOT HEAR

HERE, THIS GROWS TOO DIFFICULT! LET ME DO THE TALKING! I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE AND DISGUISE MY VOICE TO SOUND LIKE YOURS.

WHY VERY GOOD! ONLY TELL ME, ARE YOU STILL THERE? WHY DO YOUR WORDS HESITATE?





THEY GROPE IN THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE LIGHT OF YOU / YOUR NAME IS LIKE A GOLDEN BELL HUNG IN MY HEART AND WHEN I THINK OF YOU I TREMBLE, AND THE BELLS RING AND RING—ROXANE! ROXANE!

YES, THAT IS LOVE! YOU NEVER SPOKE TO ME LIKE THIS! EVEN YOUR VOICE SOUNDS DIFFERENT!



YES I DO TREMBLE—AND I WEEP—AND I LOVE YOU—AND I AM YOURS—AND YOU HAVE MADE ME YOURS!

TONIGHT I SPEAK FROM MY HEART FOR THE FIRST TIME! IT'S MY VOICE, MAE, ANYWAY, THAT MAKES YOU TREMBLE THERE IN THE GREEN GLOOM ABOVE ME!

CYRANO-SHOOES IN A HURSPER TO CHRISTIAN...



GO! CLIMB UP! ANIMAL!



RECENTLY THE LIGHT OF A LANTERN STREAMED ACROSS THE GARDEN. ROXANE, FRIGHTENED, QUICKLY DREW CHRISTIAN INSIDE THE HOUSE AND CLOSED THE DOOR. CYRANO WENT TO MEET THE STRANGER...



OH, ROXANE! I HAVE WON WHAT I HAVE WON! THE FEAST OF LOVE, AND I AM RENT WITH HUNGER!



CAN I HELP YOU, GOOD FATHER?

I'M LOOKING FOR THE HOUSE OF MADAME ROXANE! I'VE A MESSAGE FOR HER.

CHRISTIAN LED THE MONK INTO ROMANE'S HOUSE...

ON MY WAY TO CALL ON YOU, ROMANE, I MET THIS GOOD FATHER, SO I LEAD HIM HERE

I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU, A VERY NOBLE LORD GAVE IT TO ME

FOR ME? A VERY NOBLE LORD?

ROMANE READ THE NOTE QUICKLY TO HERSELF...

*I have decided I shall do with you soon. I send this by an old monk, who understands nothing of this. Be wailing for one who dares to hope you will forgive.
Antoine de Guise.*

WHAT IS IT?

THIS NOTE CONCERNS YOU, CHRISTIAN, AS WELL AS THE GOOD FATHER. HERE LISTEN.

ROMANE THEM READ THE NOTE TO THEM AS SHE WANTED THEM TO HEAR IT.

"MADAMOISSELLE: THE CARDINAL IS SENDING THIS TO YOU BY A MOST HOLY MAN, TO WHOM YOU WILL COMMUNICATE OUR ORDER TO PERFORM, HERE AND AT ONCE THE RITE OF HOLY MATRIMONY. YOU AND CHRISTIAN WILL BE MARRIED PRIVATELY IN YOUR HOUSE BE DEIGNED TO THE COMMAND OF THE CARDINAL, WHO SENDS HERETH WITH HIS BLESSING, SIGNED, YOUR VERY HUMBLE, AND ET CETERA."

YOU ARE TO BE THE

I AM THE BRIDE-GROOM!

TAKE THE GOOD FATHER INTO THE OTHER ROOM, CHRISTIAN!



CHRISTIAN AND THE HORN LEFT REDGANE RUSHED TO THE OBESED CYRANO...

DE SUCHE IS COMING! GO OUTSIDE AND DO NOT LET HIM ENTER!

I UNDERSTAND. HURRY!



WHAT MUST BE, MUST BE. I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!



WHAT IS THAT?



FROM THE MOON! WHAT COUNTRY IS THIS? I ARRIVED BY THE LAST THUNDERBOLT! THESE LONG JOURNEYS YOU KNOW! THERE ARE SO FAR CELESTIAL ENDS! MY EYES ARE FULL OF STAR DUST!

HOW WERE YOU CALLED FROM?



RAYING MAD! BUT AN INTERESTING DOT!

AND NOW YOU WISH TO KNOW BY WHAT MYSTERIOUS MEANS I REACHED THE MOON? WELL, I LL TELL YOU...



CYRANO KEPT ON GUICHÉ IN THE GARDEN UNTIL, BLANCHED IN THE MIRROR, HE SAW THAT THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY WAS OVER. THEN HE REVEALED HIS TRUE IDENTITY. SUSPICIOUS, DE GUICHÉ RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE, REALIZING WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE QUICKLY DEvised A SCHEME OF REVENGE.

FIRST MY SINCERE COMPLIMENTS! NEXT, MADAME BID YOUR HUSBAND PARDELL. HIS REGIMENT LEAVES TONIGHT. I HAVE THE ORDERS HERE, DE BERBERAC, TOO!



AFTER HER HUSBAND HAD GONE, ROSALE HAD A LAST REQUEST TO MAKE OF CYRANO.

TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR ME... HAVE HIM WRITE ME EVERY SINGLE DAY.

THAT I PROMISE YOU!



THE FRENCH CAMP AT ARRAS...

WHO GOES THERE? STAND OR I FIRE!

DE BERBERAC, IDIOT!



THOSE SHOTS--ARE YOU HURT? RISKING A LIFE LIKE YOURS TO CARRY LETTERS--TO KEEP A FOOLISH PROMISE!

CALM YOURSELF, LE BRST. I'M ONLY HUNGRY NOW. I SHALL GO TO MY TENT AND WRITE ANOTHER LETTER.



PARIS...

CHRISTIAN'S LETTERS ARE SO BEAUTIFUL! TO THINK HE RISKED HIS LIFE EACH DAY THAT I MAY HEAR FROM HIM. I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

BACK AT ARRAS...

FOR A MONTH, WE'VE BESIEGED ARRAS. THE PRINCE OF SPAIN HAS BESIEGED US, AND CONSEQUENTLY, WE ARE SURROUNDED.

A FINE WAR—WHERE THE BESIEGERS ARE BESIEGED AND STARVE TO DEATH!



...YES, BUT THE MARSHAL HAS A PLAN FOR BRINGING IN FOOD THIS VERY NIGHT. HE HAS WITHDRAWN HALF THE FORCES HERE! THE SPANISH KNOW IT—THEY HAVE SPIES EVERYWHERE—AND THEY'LL ATTACK TONIGHT, THINKING US WEAK. AND THE MARSHAL WILL BE ABLE TO BRING OUR FOOD TRAINING THROUGH.

AND IN ORDER TO GET FOOD, WE'LL ALL BE SO KIND AS TO LAY DOWN OUR LIVES!

A FINE WAR!



YOU HEARD WHAT THEY SAID. I SHOULD LIKE TO SAY FAREWELL TO HER, WITH MY WHOLE HEART WRITTEN FOR HER TO KEEP.

I THOUGHT OF THAT I'VE WRITTEN YOUR FAREWELL.



THANK YOU, CYRANO, BUT WHAT'S THIS? THIS SPOT—A TEAR?

SO IT IS! I'VE MADE THE LETTER SO RATHERIC THAT I WENT AS I WAS WRITING IT!



MEANWHILE, ON A ROAD THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND



THE SPANISH STOPPED THE COACH AND ASKED SEVERAL QUESTIONS. AT THE ANSWERS...

'OH-HUH! THAT'S DIFFERENT! LET THEM PASS!'



WITH THE SPANISH ATTACK IMMINENT, A RESTLESSNESS PREVAILED THROUGHOUT THE CAMP. AS THE HOURS PASSED, THE SOLDIERS CLUNG TO ANY MATTER THAT MIGHT LEAD TO EXCITEMENT.

IT HAS COME TO MY MIND THAT IF THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT FOR MANY DAYS MORE, IT WILL SHRIVEL YOUR NOSE DOWN TO PROPER SIZE UNLESS OF COURSE YOU WEAR AN EXTRA HAT UPON IT FOR PROTECTION!



'YOU'RE TIRED OF LYING, I SEE! PREPARE!'

'I'LL LIVE TO BURY YOU WHERE YOU FALL, I'M READY!'



CYRANO DE BERGERAC

WITH A SUDDEN TURN OF THE WEIST, CYRANO THREW BACK THE OTHER SOLDIER'S GUARD AND THEN A THRUST AS FAST AS LIGHTNING ITSELF!



AS CYRANO'S OPPONENT FELL, A BOOK DROPPED FROM HIS JACKET.



'HOT-HEAD THAT I AM! I'VE KILLED A LOVER OF POETRY! I MUST HONOR HIM! I MUST KILL ENOUGH OF THE ENEMY TO PAY FOR THOSE HE WOULD HAVE GAINED!



BEFORE NIGHTFALL, ALL PREPARATIONS FOR WITHSTANDING AN ENEMY ATTACK HAD BEEN MADE THEY NOW COULD ONLY WAIT IMPATIENTLY FOR WHATEVER MIGHT COME

WHO GOES THERE?

ON THE SERVICE OF THE KING!



'GOOD EVENING'

'ROXANE!'



LATER THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL WAS QUIET

YOUR LETTERS, CHRISTIAN! EVERY ONE WAS LIKE HEARING YOUR VOICE THAT NIGHT IN THE DARK. REMEMBER? NOW I LOVE YOU NOT ONLY FOR YOUR HAND SOME FACE BUT FOR YOURSELF. FOR WHAT YOU ARE! EVEN WERE YOU UGLY, I WOULD LOVE YOU. AND HOW MANY TIMES YOU WROTE EVERY DAY!

EVERY DAY? UN SA. CHRANO HE HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU, ROXANE! I-I ILL RETURN IN A MOMENT!

CHRISTIAN HEARTBROKEN, NOW KNOWING THAT ROXANE'S LOVE WAS ONLY FOR THE ONE WHO HAD GIVEN HIS SOUL TO HER IN HIS LETTERS, RUSHED IN A DELIRIUM OF GRIEF TO CHRANO.

SHE DOES! SHE DOES! SHE DOES! SHE LOVES ONLY YOU! AND YOU LOVE HER! TELL HER SO AND LET HER CHOOSE BETWEEN US!

NO... AM I TO RUN YOUR RACE? I HAPPEN TO HAVE THE POWER TO SAY WHAT YOU PERHAPS... I LOVE HER! BUT SHE WOULD CHOOSE YOU!

HARDLY CONSCIOUS OF WHAT HE WAS DOING, CHRISTIAN HURLED TO THE PARAPET, CHRANO DASHED AHEAD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, WENT TO SEE ROXANE AT THE PARAPET, A SENTRY CALLED TOLE DRET.

IT BEGINS! I NEED A SCOUT! WHERE IS CHRANO?

CAPTAIN! SEE THE SPANISH FIRE? ARE SONS OUT!

CAPTAIN! LET ME GO! PLEASE!

BUT CHRANO KNOWS THE LAND VERY WELL. WE MUST KNOW THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE ADVANCE COMES. THEIR NUMBERS AND WEIGHT!

CHRISTIAN CLIMBED OVER THE PARAPET. THEN HIS FACE SET IN STEEL DETERMINATION, HE PLUNGED ON AHEAD AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS. ROXANE, HIDDEN IN A NICHE IN THE CHATEAU WALL, SOON HEARD FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. IT WAS CYRANO...

ROXANE, CHRISTIAN IS AT THE PARAPET... HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW.

BUT I DO KNOW HE COUNTS WHAT I TOLD HIM! I SAID THAT I WOULD LOVE HIM, EVEN.

SUDDENLY THERE CAME THE SOUND OF SHOTS...

WHAT'S HAPPENING? ARE THEY FIGHTING? OH, CHRISTIAN!

THE SPANISH ADVANCE! BUT WE HAVE THEM!



CHRISTIAN! CHRISTIAN!
I'LL NOT LET
HIM DIE!

AND WITH A SMILE,
CHRISTIAN DIED



MY FRIEND I'VE
TOLD HER SHE
LOVES YOU!

ROXANE



A LETTER
FOR ME
OVER HIS
HEART --
HIS LAST
LETTER!

COME
YOU MUST
DO NOW
RUSH --
REAL --
TAKE HER
AWAY
QUICKLY!



STRAND HIS HEART AND MIND
ALIVE WITH GRIEF, SOZED ROX-
ANE'S STANDARD FROM A FALLEN
CADET AND RUSHED INTO
THE BATTLE.

FLY! LITTLE
BANNER WITH
HER NAME! I
HAVE TWO
DEATHS TO
AVENGE NOW
-- CHRISTIAN'S
AND MY OWN!

IF WE CAN
HOLD ON A
LITTLE
LONGER!

THEY'RE
COMING!
THEY'RE
COMING!



GOOD! LET THEM COME! SALUTE THEM!



COME ON! FIGHT! FIGHT!



FIGHTING FERCELY, CYRANO SPRANG FROM THE WALL TO THE GROUND AS SPANARDS SWARMED LIKE FLIES UPON THE FRENCH...



DROP YOUR MUSKETS, CADETS! THIS IS GOING TO BE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING!

THIS WAS THE BATTLE OF ARRAS! THE LONG SIEGE WAS OVER! FOR WITH THE ATTACK OF THE SPANARDS, THE STALEMATE SUDDENLY BECAME A BITTER AND BLOODY CONTEST TO THE FINISH



ISN'T THIS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR?



I'VE A LARGE SCORE TO SETTLE!



NOW LET ME SEE! THOSE THREE THERE LOOK AS IF THEY WOULD GIVE ME SOME EXCITEMENT!

BOY-H-H! I'M DONE! FINISHED!



HA! THIS IS THE THING I'VE WANTED! THREE AT ONE TIME!



HE EEGS A MAD MAN, BUT I WEDD KILL HIM!

WITH TWO OF THE THREE ADVERSARIES DOWN, CYRANO TURNED ON THE THIRD ENEMY WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A TIGER AT THE MOMENT OF THE KILL.



THREE IN SUCCESSION AND WITHOUT A SCRATCH TO MYSELF! THE SPANARDS WILL NOT SOON FORGET THIS BATTLE!

CYRANO DE BERGERAC



IT IS FIFTEEN YEARS LATER.

WE FOUGHT. WE DIED.
WE FOUGHT AGAIN! ON AND
ON THE GRASSHOPPS CAME,
THEN WHEN ALL SEEMED
LOST AT ARRAS THE TIDE
OF BATTLE TURNED AND
VICTORY WAS OURS!

GLORIOUS FAY,
YOU'VE LIVED
MONSIEUR DE BERGERAC! WE
WASTE OUR YOUTH
THERE'S NO WAR
AND NO HOPE
OF ANY!

NO HOPE FOR SON?
I'VE JUST REALIZED
THAT WE'RE BOTH
FOOLS, BUT MINE IS
THE GREATER FOOLY
FOR I'M OLDER
THAN YOU!



AS CHIRAO
LETSDANS CLOCK

OH, THERE'S MY
MANUSCRIPT!

ANOTHER BATTLE FOR
THE GAZETTE? CHIRAO
WHY DO YOU DO IT? WHY
DO YOU ATTACK ...

STURDIDY DEBIT
CORRUPTION! BECAUSE
I'M TOO OLD TO CHANGE



I'M AN OLD DOG
WITH NOTHING LEFT
BUT HIS TEETH!
MY REVOK!

SO THAT'S THE
GREAT DE BERGERAC! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM!

MONSIEUR WITH A
NOSE LIKE YOURS, IT
IS NO WONDER YOU
WON THE BATTLE. IT
IS A FORTRESS IN IT-
SELF!

A FORTRESS,
IS IT?



CYRANO DE BERGERAC

AND THAT HAND WITH WHICH YOU WRITE NEEDS HACKING OFF! I SHALL DO IT ON THE FIELD OF HONOR IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID!

AFRAID? THAT'S A POINT OF HONOR COME LET'S GO!

CYRANO SUMMONED HIS OLD FRIEND LE BRET TO ACT AS SECOND. WITHIN AN HOUR, HE WAS ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

HA! YOU'RE HERE! LET THIS BE AN END OF IT!

I'LL MAKE A SUDDEN END OF IT FOR YOU MONSIEUR!



HA! HA! IT'S TO BEGIN!

CA! CA! LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME!



LIKE FELINE REARTS, THE TWO MEN SPRANG INTO ACTION, THEIR STEEL RANGING THROUGH THE AFTERNOON AIR.

NOT QUITE SO FAST, MY DEAR! DO YOU THINK YOU DEAL WITH A SCHOOL BOY?

A SCHOOL BOY WOULD NOT TRY SUCH STUPID STRATEGY AS YOU, MY LONG-TONGUED FRIEND!





WITH THE SPEED OF A LIGHTNING FLASH THE SWORDSMAN FIRST PARSED AND THEN RAN AWAY AND TO THE REAR OF CHIRARD...



FOUND WITH A SHIFT WELL-TIMED, WELL-THIED BUDY...



AND THAT'S THAT! WHEN WILL THOSE FOOLS STOP HANG AROUND TRYING TO KILL ME?

BUT CHIRARD WAS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING HE SWUNG ABOUT WITH THE MOTION OF HIS OPPONENT...



CHIRARD'S CONSTANT BITTER ATTACKS UPON THOSE IN POWER MADE HIM MANY ENEMIES...

THAT INSOLENT WRETCH DE SUCHE! THIS TIME HE HAS GONE TOO FAR I SWEAR IT! HE'S SIGNING HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT!

AND WHO'LL DELIVER IT? HIS SWORD IS STILL POWERFUL, MY FRIEND!



TRUE! HE CANNOT BE CONQUERED BY THE SWORD BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO DIE—WHO KNOWS? HE MAY HAVE AN ACCIDENT—SOON!



CYRANO DE BERGERAC

AFTER CHRISTIAN'S DEATH, ROMANE, HEARTBROKEN, RETURNED TO LIVE HER DAYS IN PROVERB FOR HER LOST LOVED ONE IN THE SANCTITY OF A CONVENT



ROMANE!



I HOPED I MIGHT FIND YOU HERE!

ANTOINE!



TELL ME, NOW LORD, WILL YOU REMAIN HEREIN MOURNING?

FOR EVER CHRISTIAN MEANT SO MUCH TO ME SOMETIMES I THINK HE HAS NOT ALTOGETHER DIED.



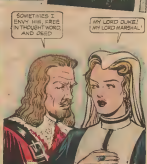
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

OUR HEARTS MEET AND HIS LOVE FLOWS ALL AROUND ME, LIVING. HIS LAST LETTER, STILL AT MY HEART KEEPS ME WARM.



AND CYRANO? DO YOU SEE HIM OFTEN?

EVERY WEEK, MY OLD FRIEND TAKES THE PLACE OF MY GAZETTE... BRINGS ME ALL THE NEWS EVERY SATURDAY UNDER THAT TREE I AM TALKING.



SOMETIMES I ENVY HIM, FREE IN THOUGHT WORD AND DEED

MY LORD DUKE! MY LORD MARSHAL!

I KNOW, I HAVE EVERYTHING, HE NOTHING! YET I SHOULD BE PROUD HIM TO SHAKE HIS HAND, ... BUT HIS SATIRES HAVE MADE HIM MANY ENEMIES

THEY STILL FEAR THAT SWORD OF HIS! IT'S NOT VIOLENCE I FEAR FOR HIM BUT SOLITUDE-POVERTY! IT SEEMS HE HAS HORN THE SAME OLD BLACK SERGE SUIT FOR MANY MONTHS NOW ...

IT'S TRUE ABOUT HIS SWORD, ONLY YESTERDAY HE DISPOSED OF A HIRED ASSASSIN. NEVERTHELESS, AT THE THEATER LAST NIGHT, I HEARD SOME THINGS, KEEP HIM MOORE ALL YOU CAN, WHEN YOU SEE HIM TOMORROW, TELL HIM TO BE CAREFUL

OH! I THANK YOU!



WATER, THAT SAME DAY...

THAT FINISHES THE SECOND ACT!

CYRANO YOU'RE NOT LEAVING? WILL YOU NOT DINE HERE WITH ME?

MY REGRETS, RAGNIBALL, I HAVE A MESSAGE I CAN'T ROAST MY WAITING FOR ME, WAITING FOR MY PUBLISHER!



POOR CYRANO! HE HAS NO ROAST WAITING! BUT HE'S SO PROUD!

THIS CYRANO PREPARED TO LEAVE THE ANSTORY SUDD A MAN IN LACKNEY'S CLOTHES, WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING HIM, SUDDENLY LEFT THE TABLE TO FOLLOW CYRANO OUTSIDE...



CYRANO DE BERGERAC

THE MAN PASSED OUTSIDE BUT RABUENEAU CALLED TO CYRANO, WHO STOPPED TO REPLY TO HIM.

AN CYRANO HAVE YOU SEEN MOULIER'S NEW PLAY? HE STOLE A SCENE FROM YOU, WORD FOR WORD! IT PLAYED BEAUTIFULLY! THEY LAUGHED AND LAUGHED!

HE SHOWED GOOD TASTE IN STEALING MY PLAY MOULIER HAS GENIUS... CHRISTIAN HAD GOOD LOOKS WITH MY TARS ALONG THE BARE GOOD NIGHT MY FRIEND!



OUTSIDE THE PASTRY SHOP THE MAN RECKONED...



WAIT HERE ALMOST TO THE PASTRY SHOP UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



CYRANO EMERGED FROM THE SHOP AND WALKED DOWN THE STREET THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS LET HIM GET SOME DISTANCE FROM THE SHOP THEN FOLLOWED HALF WAY ACROSS THE STREET...

HO THERE YOU! MONSIEUR OF THE LONG NOSE! LIAR! PLAGIARIST!

INSOLENT LADDERY!



IF THE MAN WERE BUT ARMED I WOULD CARVE HIM! BUT I'LL TEACH HIM A GOOD LESSON ANYWAY.



THE MAN STOPPED SUDDENLY IN THE ROAD AND MADE A SIGNAL...



THE CARRIAGE STARTED TO ROLL...



TOO LATE CYRANO BECAME AWARE OF HIS DANGER...



CYRANO DE BERGERAC



TELL ME ABOUT
MY COURT NEWS,
MY GAZETTE...

YES... THE NEWS, FRIDAY,
THE 25TH, THE KING FELL
ILL... AFTER EIGHT HELP-
LESS OF BRASS MARCHALDS WILL... NO LONG-
ER BE SERVED AT COURT
SATURDAY, THE 26TH...

SATURDAY...
THE TWENTY-SIXTH
... THE TWENTY-SIX...



CYRANO! MY
POOR FRIEND!
WHAT IS IT?

NO, NO... IT IS NOTHING!
MY OLD WOUNDS... IT
WILL SOON BE GONE...



WE ALL HAVE OUR
OLD WOUNDS. MINE
IS HERE. IT IS HARD
TO READ NOW...
READ IT...

"FAREWELL,
CRISTIANE, BECAUSE
TODAY I DIE..."



AS CYRANO READ THE WORDS
POURED BACK INTO HIS MEMORY...

"I KNOW THAT IT WILL
BE TODAY, MY OWN DEARLY
BELOVED--AND MY HEART
SO HEAVY WITH LOVE I
HAVE NOT TOLD..."

THAT VOICE! HOW I
REMEMBER HEARING
IT SO LONG AGO!...
STRANGE I HAD NOT
NOTICED BEFORE!
AND CYRANO'S EYES
ARE CLOSED... YET
HE REPEATS
THE WORDS!



TWAS YOU, CYRANO? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN EVERY TIME I HEARD YOU SPEAK MY NAME! I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING NOW! THE LETTERS—WERE YOU? THE DEAR FOOLISH WORDS IN THE GARDEN—WERE YOU?

NO, NO! IT WAS NOT I!

EVEN NOW YOU LOVE ME? WHY WERE YOU SILENT FOR SO MANY YEARS? YOU KNEW THE LETTER LYING ON MY BREAST WAS YOURS? THE TEARS THAT STAINED IT WERE YOURS?

I NEVER LOVED YOU!



LAST THAT MOMENT.

AH THERE HE IS! I KNEW IT! HE'S KILLED HIMSELF IN COMING HERE!

NO, NO! LET ME FINISH MY CIGARETTE! SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SIXTH, CYRANO DE BERGERAC DIED NORTH BY AMBUSHING BATTLEFIELD A GUTTER!



THE BLOOD WAS HIS BROTHERS.



CYRANO, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? REST HERE, DEAR FRIEND! I SHALL CALL THE SURGEON.

NO, DON'T GO AWAY! I MAY NOT BE HERE WHEN YOU RETURN.



NO, ROSANE, YOU REMEMBER THE FAIRY TALE, WHEN BEAUTY SAID, "I LOVE YOU!" THE BEAST LOST ALL HIS UGLINESS AND BECAME A FAIRY PRINCE! BUT I, I AM STILL THE SAME.

YOU SHALL NOT DIE, CYRANO! I LOVE YOU!



I'VE NEVER LOVED BUT ONE MAN IN MY LIFE AND I'VE LOST HIM TWICE!

I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU MOURN ANY THE LESS THE GOOD BRAVE NOBLE CHRISTIAN - BUT WHILE YOU WEEP FOR CHRISTIAN PERHAPS A LITTLE - YOUR TEARS MAY FALL ALSO FOR ME!



COME LET US HELP YOU HOME!

NO NO! NO ONE! LET ME STAND ALONE!

OH MY LOVE!

CYRANO... NOW DELIRIOUS!



LET THE OLD FELLOW COME NOW! HE SHALL FIND ME ON MY FEET - SWORD IN HAND! I KNOW THEM NOW! - MY ANCIENT FRIENDS! FALSHOOD! PRE JUDICE, COM PROMISE!



CYRANO!

ONE THING IS WISEDOM! WITHOUT BRAIN UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD! MY WHITE PLUME!

AND AN BY OLD ACQUAINTANCE HE COULD NOT WAIT FOR MY RETURN! HE HAS COME FOR ME!



CYRANO!
CYRANO!

AND AS CYRANO ENDED HIS REFRAIN DEATH THRUST HOME.



THE END

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS *Illustrated* EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

EDMOND ROSTAND

EDMOND ROSTAND was born at Marseilles, France, April 1, 1858. He grew into a brilliant, dreamy sort of a child, not exactly the type of son his father had hoped he would be. For the father, Eugene, although himself a poet, was best known as an economist. It was the father's hope that the young Edmond would become a career diplomat and enter the diplomatic service of his country. Such a means of livelihood was not for Edmond Rostand. He wanted to be a playwright, a poet. He wanted a calling where his fancy could roam.

Even as a small boy, he had built himself a set of marionettes and worked with them until he could manipulate the strange expertly. Then he, even as a boy, wrote plays for the characters. Never in his entire life did he lose his love for puppets and marionettes. Perhaps this early practice and training was what later gave his plays the fine touch of the expert dramatist, for their timing and concise instructions for stage business make Rostand's plays a delight for actors even to the present day.

Had the play, **CYRANO De BERGERAC**, been adapted in French instead of English for our story in this issue of *Classics Illustrated*, it might have been written in verse; for that is the way Edmond Rostand first wrote it. It is not often that a play written in poetic verse has enjoyed the popularity accorded **CYRANO De BERGERAC** when it was first produced in Paris in 1897. But Rostand's fine sensitivity as a poet and his genius for dramatic expression left nothing to be desired from an artistic standpoint.

CYRANO De BERGERAC, in original form, was a five-act drama in verse and proved to be one of the greatest successes in modern dramatic production. It played, after its opening, five hundred consecutive perform-



ances in Paris, with the famous French actor, Coquelin, in the title role. It was no accident that Coquelin played the title role. Rostand, in his dedication, wrote, "It was to the soul of Cyrano that I intended to dedicate this poem. But since that soul has been reborn in you, Coquelin, it is to you that I dedicate it."

In 1910, at the height of his career, Rostand wrote **CHANTECLER**, a fantasy in verse. When it was produced that year in Paris, seats sold for as much as \$50 each. The rights to produce the play in America cost a small fortune. As a popular dramatic production, however, it was not too successful. But as a work of art, it was acclaimed far and wide. For this work, Rostand received the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor from the French Academy, and also received the grand diploma of the Academy. He had been made a member of the French Academy on May 30, 1901—the youngest member ever to be admitted into that honorable society.

Early in the outbreak of World War I in Europe, Rostand tried to enlist to fight as a soldier, but his services were declined by his government, who believed his value by the "pen" too great to endanger by his use of the "sword." And so, Rostand spent his time writing patriotic verse and prose for the morale of his beloved country.

Edmond Rostand had early in life married Rosemond Gerard, granddaughter of a former Marshal of France. They had two sons, Maurice and Jean, both of whom became writers of note. Rostand died December 2, 1918.

It is a fitting tribute to Rostand's genius to say that the **Cyrano de Bergerac** he created for his play is the one now generally accepted in the public imagination, rather than the swashbuckling **Cyrano de Bergerac** who really lived.



FAMOUS OPERAS

DON CARLOS

By Giuseppe Verdi

"DON CARLOS," based on a story by Johann Schiller, belongs to the intermediate stage of Verdi's career as a composer. Coming after the magnificent successes of "Traviata," "Traviata" and "The Masked Ball," it shows Verdi reaching out towards the fuller, richer style with which he was later to establish the musical world in "Aida."

The opera takes place in the Court of Spain during the days of the Inquisition.

Don Carlos, son of Philip II, King of Spain, has fallen in love with the beautiful Elizabeth de Valois, daughter of Henry II, of France. She returns his affection, but for reasons of state is compelled to marry not Don Carlos but Philip II himself, thus the young prince finds himself in love with his own stepmother.

Don Carlos tells his most loyal friend, Rodrigo, of the sorry plight fate has bestowed upon him and asks his advice. At that time, Spain ruled the Netherlands. The Flemings were subjected to cruel treatment under the reign of these tyrannical Spaniards.

Rodrigo advises Don Carlos to obtain permission from the King to leave the Spanish court and be commissioned to go to the Netherlands in order to help relieve the down-trodden Flemings.

Don Carlos goes to Elizabeth and urges her to influence the king to grant his request. Their meeting less the embers of their love, and it returns with an even greater intensity.

Elizabeth goes to Philip and requests the commission for Don Carlos. Posing as a benevolent king, Philip is actually in favor of the method of rule of the Spanish tyrants. The request infuriates him. His refusal now widens the gap between father and son.

In the meantime, there is another woman who deeply adores Don Carlos. She is Princess Eboli. Don Carlos

pays little attention to her. When she learns that Don Carlos and the queen are still in love with each other, she is overcome with jealousy. She decides to inform the king of the truth concerning the feelings of his son and his wife.

After Princess Eboli tells Philip the true state of affairs and leaves, we find Philip alone in his library. It has been a long and sleepless night for him. The thought of his betrayal by his son and his unhappy, loveless condition keeps him awake. It is now dawn, and his weary eyes long for sleep. The more he thinks about the situation, the more agitated he becomes. "Yet," he meditates, "I shall sleep only as my royal mantle when the day of my doom shall have come."

The king takes action upon the information given him by Princess Eboli. Acting on the advice of the Grand Inquisitor, he orders Don Carlos thrown into prison for his actions against the king.

Princess Eboli learns that she has caused Don Carlos to be imprisoned. Realizing what she has done, she repents her jealous deed and confesses to Queen Elizabeth that she is the cause of Don Carlos' imprisonment. Elizabeth orders the princess to leave the court on the threat of death or exile.

Alone now, the princess is grief-stricken with her marvellous circumstances which she alone has caused.

After some time, Don Carlos' friend, Rodrigo, visits him in prison. Rodrigo, under suspicion for going aid to the Flemings, is shot there by order of the king. As he dies, he bids farewell to earth.

Don Carlos is set free. He cannot keep away from Elizabeth, however. One day, while keeping an appointment with her, he is discovered by the king. He is handed over to the Officers of the Inquisition for punishment and as the final curtain comes down, Don Carlos is led away to death.



DOG HEROES "FOXY"

Hero of the Underground

ON October 8, 1949, a big, trans-Atlantic airplane landed at International Airport, great terminal near New York City. Among the plane's passengers was a 30-pound fox terrier, Foxy, by name. We immediately wonder why this dog, from among the thousands and thousands of fox terriers which live on the European Continent, should be honored with an expensive plane trip to the United States.

To get the answer, we must first go back to a day in 1939, at Brussels, Belgium. Foxy, then a lonely, unwanted pup, was roaming the streets of this beautiful city. On that day, the wretched little canine walked timidly over to a young lady whose step was heavy and uncertain, and whose eyes looked sad and tired.

Hope came to the homeless pup. The tail wagged, a bark came from the throat. The dog got up on its hind legs and placed its fore paws upon the lady's dress, begging for a home and shelter.

Some of the refugees went out of the lady's eyes as she bent down to caress the terrier. "Poor, little thing," she said in German, "you are homeless, like myself. Come with me, and we will give each other courage." So saying, the lady picked the dog up in her arms, and straightening her shoulders, walked more firmly down the street.

Shortly before, the lady had been forced to flee her native Germany, since she was not a Nazi. At that time, Belgium was a haven for those Germans who could not or would not accept the Nazi doctrine. And so, this lady came to Brussels, where she had lived alone until she met a friend, a homeless terrier pup which she named Foxy.

The lady spent a lonely, fearful year in Brussels, not knowing what the future held for her. But the dog gave her courage, for she was no longer alone.

Then the blow fell. The Nazi troops poured into Belgium, and the lady was once more forced to flee. But this time she had a companion, Foxy, and together they traveled the road to France. On the road, the lady met a



man from Austria, who also had been fleeing the Nazis. The man admired the lady's dog, and Foxy sniffed the man thoroughly, and then barked that the man was a friend.

So, together, the three, the lady, the man, and the dog, traveled to Calais. Here they hid for six weeks, at which time they learned that they could be useful in the Belgium underground against the Nazis.

They returned.

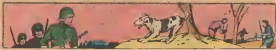
While working together for the underground, the lady and the man fell in love. Once, when the man went to visit the lady, the Gestapo was informed that they could trap the underground soldier at the lady's home. But Foxy heard them coming stealthily up the road, and Foxy barked a warning. When the Nazis came, all they found in the house was a small dog.

Shortly afterwards, the lady and the man were married. The underground ordered them to leave Brussels and to move to a farm, where together with other people they worked against the enemy.

Foxy also worked, barking a warning whenever strangers approached and enabling the group always to hide in time. Foxy's fame spread throughout the Belgium underground, and the fox terrier was given the rank of a first class soldier for freedom.

Eventually, the Nazis were driven out of Belgium, and for the underground heroes, the fight was over. The lady and the man, although grateful to Belgium for her shelter and hospitality, wished to come to the greatest land, the land of democracy, the United States.

They had to wait their turn together with hundreds of thousands of other unfortunate people who wished to start life anew in this land of freedom. They were admitted in April, 1949, but not having enough money, they were unable to bring Foxy with them. But Americans and Belgians came to their aid, and on October 8, 1949, the lady, the man, and the dog were reunited in a land where there is no room for Nazism, Communism or any other sin except Americanism.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

Father of the Modern Kindergarten

MANY years ago, all children started school at the age of six. Today, the education of American children begins at the age of four, or five, in the kindergarten. This change was brought about by Friedrich Froebel, who established the first kindergarten in Germany, in 1837. This educator ranks high on the honor roll of great men of science, for he gave the world the proper training of little children.

Friedrich Froebel was born at Oberweisbach, Germany, April 21, 1782. Froebel knew the tragedy of neglected childhood, for his mother died when he was four years old. His father, who was the pastor of the town, had no time to take care of him. So, Froebel suffered from a lack of love, understanding and training.

Finally an uncle of his took pity on him and he was given a home at Stadt-Ilm, where he attended the village school.

Because of his serious-mindedness, Froebel was considered a backward scholar by fellow students who could not understand his approach to studies. If Froebel liked a subject, he studied it intently, and soon knew more about that particular subject than his teacher. If he disliked a subject, he simply ignored it.

and liked. Therefore, instead of sending Froebel to college, the uncle had him apprenticed to a forester for two years.

As a forester, Froebel studied the wonders of nature. He learned that in a flock of birds, or in a pack of animals, the individual member worked for the good of all. He wondered if people, especially children, couldn't be taught the same philosophy. He saw also that, through play, a mother animal taught her young how to be prepared for life in the forest. He believed the same principle could be applied to children of pre-school age.

Unsuccessful as a forester, Froebel wandered over Germany working as a surveyor, accountant and secretary. In 1803, he became a teacher in a model school at Frankfurt-on-Main. After four years of teaching, he went



to the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin for special studies pertaining to young children.

Froebel fought for Prussia (Germany) against Napoleon and upon his release from the army, opened his first school, composed of students who were all his orphaned relatives. These children were all beyond kindergarten age, but Froebel used his advance child treatment theories.

He struggled for years in poverty; but slowly, his fame as an educator spread throughout Europe. His break came when the Swiss Government started sending young teachers to study his methods.

And so, in 1837, at Blankenburg, Germany, Froebel was able to open his first kindergarten, which means "child garden", with the firm belief that education and body development go hand in hand. He believed that the whole training of a child was based on a good or bad start, so the start was most important.

Soon, the system spread. In 1840, the first kindergarten in America was established at College Point, New York, with instruction being given in German. The first American free public kindergarten was founded by Dr. Thomas Hunter (for whom Hunter College, New York was named) two years later, in 1851.

Look into any kindergarten today. You will find children's furniture, toys and games, blocks and other building materials, paper, crayons, scissors, etc. These are used for projects that are a combination of work and play. Children are taught to make things, do little tasks and achieve results, all in a spirit of play, and yet under scientific guidance. And what is more important, they learn to work and play together harmoniously, regardless of sex, race, creed or color.

For the blessings of a happier childhood and firmer foundation for future growth, we give thanks to the memory of Friedrich Froebel, founder of the modern kindergarten who died June 21, 1852.



READ THE BEST IN THE WORLD'S FINEST
JUVENILE PUBLICATION



CLASSICS
Illustrated

MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM THESE
THRILLING - EXCITING - ROMANTIC
ADVENTURE STORIES.
THEY'RE ONLY 15¢ EACH POSTPAID

- | | | | |
|--|--|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1 The Three Musketeers | 32 The Adventures of
Satanstoe | 63 Waterbury Heights | 133 Paddy Shaws Willows |
| 2 Ivanhoe | 33 Richard Shugart | 64 Western Stories | 141 David Bellamy |
| 3 The Count of Monte Cristo | 34 The Prince and the Peasent | 65 Tomson Island | 142 All Stout on the
Western Front |
| 4 The Last of the Mohicans | 35 The Black Horse | 66 The Turkish Ditch | 143 David Basso |
| 5 Holly Hobb | 36 Lemmings | 67 Julius Caesar | 144 King Solomon's Mines |
| 6 A Tale of Two Cities | 37 The Adventures of
Shalick Holmes | 68 Around the World in
Eighty Days | 145 The Red Badge of Courage |
| 7 Robin Hood | 38 Rhydriwyn Island | 69 The Pilot | 146 Hamlet |
| 8 Guy Rizzardelli | 39 The Princess | 70 The Dragon Trail | 147 Nancy on the Beach |
| 9 Robinson Crusoe | 40 Jane Eyre | 71 The Lady of the Lake | 148 William Tell |
| 10 Don Quixote | 41 Rhydriwyn | 72 The Pleasure of Sin | 149 The White Company |
| 11 Rip Van Winkle and
The Headless Horseman | 42 Swiss Family Robinson | 73 The Plowman of Brink | 150 My Against the Sea |
| 12 The Arabian Nights | 43 Rhydriwyn | 74 The Last | 151 Being in Back Miles |
| 13 Gulliver's Travels | 44 Twain's Family Robinson | 75 Jean of Arc | 152 From the Earth to the Moon |
| 14 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 45 Rhydriwyn | 76 Captain Morgan | 153 Buffalo Bill |
| 15 The Windmill of
Wales | 46 Twain's Thorough Legend | 77 White Fang | 154 King of the Rhyler Bros |
| 16 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 47 David Copperfield | 78 The Odyssey | 155 Knights of the Round Table |
| 17 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 48 Alice in Wonderland | 79 The Revival of Belshazzar | 156 Prince's Island |
| 18 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 49 The Adventures of
Tom Sawyer | 80 The Jungle Book | 157 A Study in Scarlet |
| 19 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 50 The Spy | 81 The Sled Dog | 158 The Tailor |
| 20 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 51 The Prince of the Dark Castle | 82 The Sea Wolf | 159 The Foot-Down Gunshots |
| 21 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 52 The Man in the Iron Mask | 83 The Treasure of Captain
Jack | 160 The Red Rover |
| 22 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 53 Silver Wings | 84 Water Ten Hogs | 161 How I Found Unlabeled |
| 23 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 54 The Jew of Malta | 85 A Wilderness Night's Dream | 162 The Berlin Inn |
| 24 The Hunchback of
Notre Dame | 55 The Prince | 86 Men of Iron | 163 Captain Tompkins |
| | | 87 Crime and Punishment | 164 The Boy |
| | | 88 Green Romance | |
| | | 89 The Call of the Wild | |
| | | 90 The Story of the
Soviet and Venezuela | |

MAIL COUPON BELOW OR A FACSIMILE . . .

GILBERTON CO., INC. DEPT. S. 101 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.
IN CANADA: GILBERTON CO. (CANADA) LTD., 311 TERMINAL "A" TORONTO 1

Herewith is \$_____ for _____ issues of CLASSICS Illustrated as circled below:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	
107	108																									

Name _____

 Address _____

 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

BUILD YOUR OWN LIBRARY

COLLECT AND PRESERVE YOUR COPIES OF

CLASSICS

Illustrated

IN AN ATTRACTIVE, PERMANENT BINDER



HANDSOME, durable, permanent—made to last a lifetime of handling. Each binder holds 12 books securely. Each is covered in beautiful, brown simulated leather and is richly imprinted in gold on both cover and backbone.

Simple instructions make binding possible in a matter of minutes.

GET YOURS **\$1.00** EACH
NOW POSTPAID
(\$1.50 in Canada)

Fill out coupon below or a facsimile and

MAIL NOW! TODAY!

GILBERTON CO., Inc. DEPT. 5 101 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK 3, N. Y.
IN CANADA: GILBERTON CO. (CANADA) LTD. BOX 311 TERMINAL "A" TORONTO 1, CAN.

Herewith is \$ Please send binders, postpaid.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____