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# MEN OF IRON

By  
HOWARD PYLE



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## WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II—excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

**CLUE I:** I was a subconductor in a village in a valley not far from the eastern shore of the Indian River.

**CLUE II:** I was a firm believer in ghosts and poltergeists and read all I could on the subject. The valley I lived in was said to be haunted by all sorts of weird creatures. The dominant spirit was an apparition known as the headless horseman.

**CLUE III:** One day I met a human creature more perplexing than any ghost or goblin. This beautiful creature's name was Katrina Van Tassel. She was not only beautiful, but her father was the richest farmer in the countryside.

**CLUE IV:** In my courtship of the fair Katrina, I had to encounter a host of adversaries—Katrina's rustic suitors. Among the most formidable of these was Brom Bones, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength. To have taken the field openly against my rival would have been madness and I wasn't mad.

**CLUE V:** A deadly feud arose between Brom and me. I was forced to endure all sorts of insults from him, as well as practical jokes. Once he snuck out the school by stopping up the chimney. On another occasion, he string the school-house furniture to the ceiling.

One day Brom and I received invitations to a frolic at the Van Tassel mansion. Joy filled my heart that night, as I danced Katrina part the brooding, jealous Brom. When the dancing was at an end, I was attracted to a group telling tales of ghosts and apparitions. The most chilling story was told by Brom Bones about the headless horseman. When I was ready to leave, I was really quite frightened. And I had reason to be. The exciting climax of my story can be found in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* by Washington Irving.

EVERETT ROSS/CHI

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# Men of Iron

BY HOWARD PYLE



EARL OF ALESAU



SIR JAMES LEE



EARL OF WACKWORTH



LORD FALWORTH



MYLES



LADY ALICE

REBELLION OF SOME NOBLES AGAINST KING HENRY III OF ENGLAND IN THE YEAR 1260 BROUGHT SHAME AND DISGRACE TO THE REBELS WHO SHELTERED THEM FROM THE KING'S VENGEANCE.



ONE DAY, THE EARL OF ALBAN, A FAVORITE OF KING HENRY, CAME TO RALFWORTH'S CASTLE.



THE YEAR 1400 OPENED IN ENGLAND WITH HENRY IV ON THE THRONE. ONLY A FEW MONTHS BEFORE, RICHARD II HAD BEEN DE-THRONED. RICHARD'S SUP-PORTERS WERE STRIPPED OF LAND AND WEALTH. THESE NOBLES PLOTTED TO KILL KING HENRY AND RESTORE RICHARD. BUT THE PLOT WAS DISCOVERED AND THEY WERE ALL CAUGHT AND EXECUTED. THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT SIR JOHN DALE WHO FOUND REFUGE IN THE HOME OF HIS FRIEND, THE BLIND LORD RALFWORTH.



IT IS KNOWN, LORD RALFWORTH, THAT YOU HAVE GIVEN SANCTUARY TO AN ENEMY OF THE KING.

I HAVE NAUGHT TO SAY, MY LORD.



DO YOU DENY THAT SIR JOHN DALE HAS TAKEN REFUGE WITH YOU?



THEN I CAN ONLY SAY THAT UNLESS SIR JOHN DALE DELIVERS HIMSELF TO THE KING'S JUSTICE, YOU SHALL SUFFER IN HIS STEAD.

I NEITHER DENY NOR AFFIRM.



SIR JOHN DALE SUDDENLY APPEARED IN THE ROOM.

I YEILD TO MY LORD'S GRACE AND MERCY.



THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS SIR JOHN DALE EVER UTTERED...

THOU TRAITOR! THOU COWARD! THOU MURDERER!

DIE, YOU DOG!

THEN THE EARL OF ALBAN AND HIS PARTY LEFT.



TELL ME, MY SON, IN WHAT DIRECTION DO THEY TURN?

THEY ARE RIDING TO THE NORTH, FATHER.



JUST THEN, A STRANGE MESSENGER APPROACHED...

MY LORD, ALBAN RIDER TO SECURE THE KING'S WARRANT AGAINST YOU FOR SHELTERING SIR JOHN.

THEN WE MUST TAKE LEAVE OF FALWORTH CASTLE TO AWAIT BETTER TIMES.



LORD FALWORTH, HIS WIFE AND SON, AND DICCON BOWMAN, A FAITHFUL SERVANT, TOOK THEIR LEAVE OF THE CASTLE...

WHITHER DO WE GO, MY LORD?

SANCTUARY AT ST. MARY'S PRIORY. WE SHALL HIDE THERE IN A PARISHOUSE CALLED CROSSKEY-HOLT, OWNED BY THE CHURCH.

MY LORD OF ALBANWILL NEVER SEEK US IN A PARISHOUSE.

SAFE AT CROSSKEY-HOLT, DICCON, THE OLD MASTER BOWMAN, UNDERTOOK THE MILITARY EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG NOBLEMAN, WYLES...



WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED THE USE OF THE BOW, THEN WE'LL TAKE UP THE BROAD-SWORD, THE SHORT SWORD AND THE THROWING OF THE KNIFE.

SAVING ONLY THE BROADSWORD, THE DAGGER AND THE LANCE, THERE IS BUT LITTLE A GENTLEMAN OF HIS STRAIN MAY USE, DICCON.

HIS BOOK LESSONS HE LEARNED AT THE PRIORY, IN THE EVENINGS, WYLES WAS TAUGHT FRENCH BY HIS MOTHER, BUT HE OFTEN REBELLIED.



WHY MUST I LEARN THAT VILE TONGUE?

WHEN THOU ART A CROWN MAN, PERHAPS THOU'LL HAVE TO SEEK THY FORTUNE IN FRANCE, FOR ENGLAND IS NO PLACE FOR A FALWORTH.



MEN OF IRON



MYLES WAS AWED AT THE SIGHT OF DERLEY CASTLE. NEVER HAD HE IMAGINED IT WOULD BE SO IMPRESSIVE...

THE EARL OF MACKWORTH MUST BE INDIVIDUALLY POWERFUL, DICCON, JUDGING BY THOSE MASSIVE WALLS.

IT IS SAID, MASTER MYLES, THAT HE BE ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL LORDS IN THE KINGDOM.

THE TWO MENCHARGERS FELT A HUNDREDEYES UPON THEM AS THEY THUNDERED ACROSS THE STONE BRIDGE...

FALL BEHIND ME, MASTER MYLES, WHILE I SPEAK TO THE GATE-KEEPER.

I WONDER HOW MANY MEN-AT-ARMS THIS CASTLE CONTAINS!



WE WILL LEARN SOON ENOUGH IF WE ARE ADMITTED, MASTER MYLES.

I WONDER WHAT RECEPTION MY FATHER'S OLD FRIEND WILL BESTOW ON ME.



MY YOUNG MASTER HAS A LETTER FOR THE EARL OF MACKWORTH

ENTER.

PASSED FROM GATE-KEEPER TO MAN-AT-ARMS AND THEN TO HOUSE-SERVANT, THE VISITORS AT LAST FOUND THEMSELVES IN A GREAT HALL, AWAITING THE EARL OF MACKWORTH. MYLES BEGAN FEELING A LITTLE HORRIFIED, AND VERY INDEPENDENT IN THE GREAT CASTLE...

IF YOU MAKE YOUR FORTUNE, MASTER MYLES, YOU MIGHT ONE DAY HAVE SUCH A CASTLE AS THIS IN YOUR OWN NAME--GALWORTH!



THE EARL SOON ENTERED WITH HIS RETINUE AND MYLES PRESENTED THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION...



MYLES' HEART SANK AT THE EARL'S REPLY...



HERE IS A LETTER FROM ONE I KNEW A DOZEN YEARS AGO WHO THINKS HE HAS A CLAIM UPON ME.



I SUPPOSE I MUST TAKE THE LAD FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE AND QUIETNESS.



THE EARL ADDRESSED A YOUTHFUL SQUIRE...



THEN GIBSON TOOK LEAVE OF MYLES...





**MEN OF IRON**

IT WAS THE CUSTOM FOR GREAT LORDS TO MAINTAIN SMALL PRIVATE ARMS OF KNIGHTS AND RETAINERS. FROM THIS ARMY, THE LORD SUPPLIED HIS CHOICE OF FIGHTING MEN WHEN CALLED UPON TO DO SO BY THE KING. NOVICE SOLDIERS IN THE LORD'S CASTLE WERE CALLED SQUIRES, RANGING IN AGE FROM 14 TO 18, AND THE BACHELORS, YOUNG MEN FROM 18 TO 20. PAGES RANGED FROM 9 TO 14, AND SERVED THE GREAT LORDS UNTIL THEY WERE OLD ENOUGH TO BECOME SQUIRES.



KNIGHTS SOON LEARNED THAT THE BACHELORS, THIRTY-SEVEN IN NUMBER, RULED THE SIXTY-FOUR SQUIRES AND PAGES, AND WERE HARD, EXACTING AND COOL. WALTER BLUNT WAS THEIR LEADER...



WHO IS THIS COUNTRY OLD, SQUIRE GASCOINE?

HE IS MYLES FALWORTH, MASTER BLUNT.



I WANT THIS LOUT TO DRAW MY BATH WATER TOMORROW MORNING.

THAT IS SOMETHING I WILL NEVER DO, MASTER BLUNT.

YES, SIR.



IT IS THE CUSTOM, MYLES, FOR SQUIRES TO SERVE THE BACHELORS.

I WILL NOT OBEY SUCH A CUSTOM.



DON'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE, MYLES. NOW YOU WILL MEET OUR MASTER, SIR JAMES LEE. HE IS CAPTAIN OF SQUIRES AND TEACHES US THE ARTS OF WAR.



COME IN!



SIR, MY LORD MACKNORTH SAYS HE WOULD HAVE ME ENTERED AS A SQUIRE OF THE BODY SO THAT HE NEED NOT SERVE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

IS THAT SO? I WILL ENTER NO LAD AS A SQUIRE WITHOUT FIRST TESTING IF HE BE FIT AT ARMS TO HOLD THAT PLACE.



TOMORROW YOU WILL COME TO THE TILT YARD IN ORDER THAT WE MAY SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. MEANWHILE, GET ASSIGNED TO QUARTERS.

YES, SIR.



FROM SIR JAMES' QUARTERS, GASCOMME LED AYLES TO THE ARMOR-SMITHY. THE SMITHY SHOWED THEM A DAGGER OF RARE BEAUTY AND WORKMANSHIP...

SEVENTEEN SHILLINGS FOR THIS DAGGER? IT IS HALF AGAIN AS WELL MY NEARLY WAGE.

IT IS IMPORTED FROM MILAN.

MASTER SMITH, GIVE MY FRIEND THE BLADE.

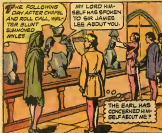


IT IS A LORDLY GIFT, IS IT NOT, MASTER GASCOMME?

YES, I WILL TAKE THE DAGGER AND WILL GOUD BY THEE AS A TRUE FRIEND FROM THIS TIME FORTH.

I THINK THEE, AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THEE AS MY FRIEND, GASCOMME.

SUCH WAS THE MANNER IN WHICH AYLES FORMED THE FIRST GREAT FRIENDSHIP OF HIS LIFE, A FRIENDSHIP THAT WAS TO REMAIN TRUE FOR ALL HIS LIFE.



THE FOLLOWING DAY AFTER CHIVAL AND ROLL CALL, MORTIMER BLUNT SUMMONED AWLES.

"MY LORD HIMSELF HAS SPOKEN TO SIR JAMES LEE ABOUT YOU."

"THE EARL HAS CONCERNED HIMSELF ABOUT ME?"

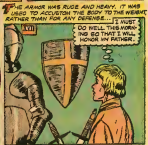


"HAVE YOU EVER PRACTICED WITH THE SHIELD AND BROADSWORD?"

"EVERY DAY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS, AND SOMETIMES WITH THE SHORT SWORD."

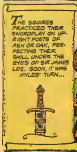


"SIR JAMES HIMSELF WILL TAKE YOU IN HAND THIS MORNING TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. USE THE ARMS ON NUMBER SEVENTEEN RACK."



"THE ARMOR WAS RUDE AND HEAVY, IT WAS USED TO ACCUSTOM THE BODY TO THE WEIGHT, RATHER THAN FOR ANY DEFENSE..."

"I MUST DO WELL THIS MORNING SO THAT I WILL HONOR MY FATHER."



THE SQUIRES PRACTICED THEIR SWORDPLAY ON UP-EIGHT POSTS OF ASH OR OAK, PERFECTING THEIR SKILL UNDER THE EYES OF SIR JAMES LEE. SOON, IT WAS AWLES' TURN...



"NOW SHOW ME WHAT YOU KNOW OF UPPER CUT, UNDER CUT, THRUST AND BACKHAND STRIKE WITH YOUR BROADSWORD."

"YES, MY LORD."



YOU FIGHT LIKE A CLOUPEL. DELIVER THE STROKE AGAIN AND GET IN GUARD MORE QUICKLY!

DR. JAMES BECAME IMPATIENT WITH THE NEW SQUIRE...

YOU ARE TOO SLOW BY A WEEK. STRIKE THE BLOW AT ME.



HYLES HESITATED, AS EXCEPT FOR A STOUT STAFF DR. JAMES WAS UNARMED.

HYLES' STROKE, DELIVERED IN ANGER, WAS MET WITH A JARRING BLOW THAT MADE HIS KNIGHT AND ARM TINGLE.



STRIKE, I SAY! ARE YOU AFRAID?

I FEAR NOT THEE, NOR ANY MAN!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, HYLES RECEIVED A BLOW UPON THE HEAD THAT CAUSED HIS EARS TO RING AND SPARKS TO DANCE BEFORE HIS EYES.



AND HAD I A MACE IN MY HANDS, I WOULD HAVE KNOCKED OUT THY COCKEREL BRAINS THAT TIME. THAT WAS FOR ANSWERING ME SO PERTLY. AND NOW WE ARE EVEN. NOW STRIKE ME THE SLOWGAGAN!



THE LESSON CONTINUED WITH CHRISTENED MYLES...

WHEN YOU STRIKE THAT LOWER CUT AT THE LEG, RECOVER YOURSELF MORE QUICKLY.



THOUGHT A COOL BLADE, MYLES, TO SPEAK TO SIR JAMES.

I WOULD NOT HAVE HAD THE BLOW HE FETCHED YOU, MYLES, FOR A SILVER PENNY.

MYLES' EXCHANGE OF BLOWS WITH SIR JAMES LEE MADE HIM AN OBJECT OF INTEREST TO WALTER BLUNT.

EACH MORNING, WALTER BLUNT ORDERED THE SQUIRES TO DRAG TRUNGS IN CARRYING WATER FOR THE TROUGH IN WHICH THE BACHELORS BATHED...



IT IS STRANGE THAT SIR JAMES SHOULD TAKE SO MUCH NOTICE OF A NEW SQUIRE.

HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO RECOVER FROM THE UNDER CUT.



CARRYING WATER FOR THE BACHELORS AND WALTER BLUNT? I WOULD DIE SOONER THAN YIELD TO SUCH WILF SERVICE!



BUT, MYLES, IT IS THE CUSTOM FOR SQUIRES TO SERVE THE BACHELORS.



I WILL NOT SERVE THEM THOUGH THEY BE THIRTY AGAINST ME INSTEAD OF THIRTEEN.

ALL THESE STORIES WERE WRITTEN BY THE GREAT ENGLISH WRITER AND POET CHAUCER IN HIS BOOK OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

BY MY FAITH, I HAVE A NEED TO MAKE REPARATION FOR YOUR UNKIND TALK!



WHEN MY FRIENDS SEENED AND FELT MY HEART TO BE SO UNKINDLY TALKED

AND EL-CORON TALKED FORGIVE ME THEN I DID SEE THIS WIFES COMPLAINT.

WYF MY WYF SPEKE THAT SHE WOLDE HAVE MY WYF!

I CANE NOT FORTYF YOU HEAR ME WYF CALL ME AN EL-CORON-FORCOWNE!



AS IT SEEMETH TO COME TO THIS PLACE AND NOT SUBMIT TO THE WYF AS THE BEST OF US DO UNDO!

YOU SPEAK NOT UNDE A TRUTE WIFING TO CHURCH ME TUNE!

IF I WERE NOT, I WOULD LET YOU AND YOUR OWN WYF, IF AFRAYD BY MY WORDS TO HAVE YOURS BROUGHT!



THE NEXT DAY CHAUCER WROTE ABOUT THE WYF WHOSE HEART WAS SO UNKIND TO SPEAK UNTRUTE WIFING BY TALKING WYF AND WYFING UNDO!



SOME DAY I WILL SHOW HIM I AM AS GOOD AS HE TO BE AN UNKIND-FORTYF TO PUT SHAME ON ME!



SIR JAMES TOLD  
AYLES THAT THE  
EARL WAS UNABLE  
TO HELP HIS  
BROTHER...

AND MOREOVER, BE  
CERTAIN TO LIVE AT  
PEACE WITH YOUR  
FELLOW BODILERS,  
FOR YOUR FATHER'S SAKE,  
KEEP OUT OF  
FIGHTS AND  
QUARRELS.



LEAVING SIR JAMES, AYLES ENTERED THE  
COURTYARD AND WAS CONFRONTED BY  
WALTER BLUNT...

WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING,  
PALWORTH?

I GO TO  
THE RIVER  
TO SWIM.



NO, YOU MUST  
DO PENANCE FOR  
INSULTING ME.  
GO TO THE ARM-  
ORY AND SCOUR  
MY BROWPLATE.

YOU DOB? DO YOU THINK  
I WILL DO YOUR DIRTY  
WORK  
FOR YOU?

AYLES...  
PLEASE! NO  
QUARRELS!



I WILL BREAK  
YOUR COCKADEL  
HEAD FOR THAT  
SPEECH!

I TELL THEE NOW,  
BLUNT, A BETTER MAN  
THAN YOU COULDN'T  
KEEP ME FROM SWIM-  
MING WHERE I PLEASE.



STALTED BY THE BLUNT DETERMINATION IN AYLES'  
FACE, BLUNT INFERED AND CALLED FOR ASSIS-  
TANCE. GARDIENS LEFT TO SUMMON HELP...

TOM, WAT, NED!  
COME LEND ME A  
HAND WITH THIS  
INSOLENT KNAVE!

IF YOU COME  
NEAR ME, I WILL  
BRING THE FIRST  
WITHIN REACH!



BLUNT TUMBLED AYLES TO THE GROUND  
AND HIMSELF WAS SENT SPRANKING  
BY A WELL-PLACED KICK...





WHEN THE OTHER BACHELORS JUMPED AWAY SUCH WAS THE AWE OF THE SQUIRES FOR THE BACHELORS, NOT ONE WENT TO HYLES' AID AND HE HAD TO FIGHT ALONE AGAINST FOUR



SOON THE ODDS BECAME TOO GREAT. WHILE HIS THREE FRIENDS HELD AWAY, BLUNT HIT HIM ON THE HEAD WITH A HEAVY CLOG. HE WAS ABOUT TO HIT HIM AGAIN, WHEN SIR JAMES ENTERED...



THE BACHELORS CEASED THEIR ATTACK AT THE SIGHT OF SIR JAMES

YOU FOUL TRAITOR, BLUNT! I WILL HAVE YOUR BLOOD! YOU CONARD!

STOP!



SIR JAMES BROUGHT THE COMBATANTS TO HIS OFFICE.

I WILL NOW LISTEN TO YOUR EXPLANATIONS, ONE AT A TIME. YOU FIRST, BLUNT!

I WOULD PUNISH THIS SALWORTH BECAUSE HE HAS BEEN BREEDING MUTINY AND REBELT SINCE HE CAME AMONG US

IN THAT YOU LIE!



SIR JAMES QUIETED AWAY AND TOLD BLUNT TO CONTINUE. THIS TIME BLUNT TOLD THE TRUE STORY OF FORBIDDING AWAY TO GO BARRING. THEN AWAY TOLD HIS GOD OF THE CASE. WHEN HE WAS DONE...

I SAID THE LADS LEAVE TO BATHE IN THE RIVER, HOW COME YOU, BLUNT, TO FORBID ONE OF THEM?

I THOUGHT WE, AT THEIR HEAD, WERE TO HAVE SUPERVISION OF THE SQUIRES.



SO YOU ARE, BUT DO NOT GAIN SAY MY ORDERS OR PERHITS. NEVER LET HE HEAR MORE OF SUCH DONORS.





FEWER WEEKS LATER, MYLES' CURIOSITY WAS AROUSED BY AN OLD ABANDONED PART OF THE CASTLE.

SARGOLAS,  
WHAT IS  
YOUR PLACE?

THEY CALL IT BRUTUS  
TOWER, FOR THEY SAY  
THAT BRUTUS BUILT IT  
WHEN HE CAME TO  
ENGLAND.

ROBIN-THE-FLETCHER  
TELLS ME THERE BE  
PASSAGEWAYS AND A  
MAZE IN IT WHEREIN  
A BODY MAY GET LOST  
AND NEVER SEE THE  
LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN.

THESE BE  
STRANGE  
SAYINGS,  
WHO LIVES  
THERE NOW?



NO ONE LIVES THERE  
SAY THE  
STABLE BOYS  
WHO DWELL IN  
THE WALLS BE  
HEATH LIKE  
RABBITS IN  
ANY WARREN.

IT IS A  
STRANGE  
SEEMING  
PLACE...  
HAVE YOU  
EVER SEEN  
WITEN?

NO ONE HAS  
BEEN THERE  
SINCE A HUN-  
DRED YEARS..

IF I HAD  
LIVED IN THIS  
PLACE AS LONG  
AS YOU, I  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN IN IT BE-  
FORE THIS.



HOW WOULD  
YOU GO ABOUT  
GETTING WITHIN?

SEE THAT HOLE IN  
THE IVY BRANCHES?  
THERE IS A WIN-  
DOW IN THAT PLACE



A BODY MIGHT COME UP  
BY THE RAGOT PILE TO THE  
ROOF OF THE HEN HOUSE,  
AND THENCE CLIMB  
THE IVY TO THAT HOLE.

LEAD THE WY,  
MYLES, AND I  
WILL FOLLOW  
AFTER YOU.

THE YOUNG SQUIRES CLIMBED FROM ROOF TO ROOF UNTIL THEY REACHED THE WALL OF THE TOWER ITSELF.



I THINK I CAN CLIMB TO YOUR PLACE, GRONNE.

YOU WILL BREAK YOUR NECK IF YOU TRY.



THE ADVENTUROUS SQUIRE CLIMBED FROM ONE KNOTTED, CLANGING VINE TO ANOTHER...

I TRUST NOT, BUT MAKE OR BREAK, WE CAN'T GET THERE WITHOUT TRYING. SO HERE GOES.

AND YOU BE JACK FOOL AND LEAD THE WAY, SO, AND I WILL TOM FOOL BE AND FOLLOW AFTER.

YOU ARE A HARD-BRAINED KNAVE, RILES, AND WILL CAUSE ME TO COME TO GRIEF SOME ONE OF THESE FINE DAYS.

SAVE YOUR BREATH.



HERE IS FATHER TIME'S GARRET FOR SURE. LOOK AT HOW HIS LIST'S GONE BRUISED HIMSELF SUCH A ONE!



THEY WENT THROUGH THE CASTLE AND CAME OUT ON THE TOP FLOOR. THE ROOF HAD CAVED IN, LEAVING IT OPEN TO THE SKY. FROM THIS PLACE, THE BOYS COULD SEE EVERYTHING GOING ON BELOW WITHOUT EVER BEING SEEN... A PERFECT HIDE-A-WAY.



THE NEXT DAY, AYLES HAD THE ARMORER MAKE HIM A SCORE OF LARGE SPIRES...

CAN YOU TELL FOR WHAT PURPOSE YOU PLAN TO USE THESE SPIRES?

TO FASHION A PASSAGEWAY, MASTER SMITHY.



THE SPIRES, DRIVEN INTO THE CEILING, MADE A SAFE PASSAGEWAY TO THE WINDOW ARCHES IN THE TOWER WALL...

WE WILL CALL THIS HIDDEN PLACE OUR EYE, AYLES.

AND WE WILL BE THE HAWKS THAT LIVE HERE.



"HAWK'S NEST" PERCHED ON HIGH PLACE.

IN TIME, BRUTUS' TOWER BECAME THE MEETING PLACE OF A SECRET SOCIETY OF THE SQUARES. "THE HAWKS OF THE ROSE." THE SOCIETY WAS CREATED AND FORMED BY AYLES.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS SOCIETY WILL BE TO RIGHT THE WRONGS IN THIS PLACE.

BUT TELL ME, WHAT WRONGS ARE THERE TO RIGHT?



WHY, FIRST OF ALL, THAT WE GET THOSE VILE BACHELORS IN THEIR RIGHT PLACE, AND THAT IS, THAT THEY NO LONGER BE OUR MASTERS.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AYLES CHALLENGED THE AUTHORITY OF THE BACHELORS. HE ADDRESSED TWO SQUARES CARRYING WATER...

STOP! WE DRAW NO MORE WATER FOR ANYONE IN THIS HOUSE. SET DOWN THOSE BUCKETS AND GO BACK TO YOUR PLACES!

FETCH THAT WATER, YOU MISERABLE DOGS!



**WALTER BLUNT** CAME STRONG FORWARD WITH THREE OF THE ELDER BACHELERS AT HIS HEEL.



NOW THEN, FALWORTH, WHAT IS TO DO? WE WILL FETCH NO MORE WATER, BY HEAVEN, I WILL KNOW THE REASON WHY!

YOU HAD BEST STAND BACK, BLUNT, ELSE YOU MAY BE HURT! WE WILL NOT HAVE YOU BANG FALWORTH AGAIN AS YOU DID ONCE!



WILL YOU LET THIS QUARREL STAND BETWEEN YOU AND ME, AND ARREST THE MAN TO MAN WITHOUT WEAPON? SEE, I THROW DOWN MINE, AND WILL MEET YOU WITH BARE HANDS!

WHY, DO NOT? HE HAS A KNIFE HIDDEN IN HIS DOUBLET!

SO BE IT!



YOU LIE, BACHELERS. I SWEAR BY MY FAITH, I BE AS BAREHANDED AS YOU SEE ME!



YOUR FRIEND ACCUSES ME, WYLES FALWORTH, BECAUSE HE KNOWS YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME!

THERE YOU LIE, MOST VILELY, I WILL MEET YOU!



ONLY WYLES' UNWARRANTED COURAGE COULD HAVE LED HIM TO DARE TO FACE AN ENEMY SO MUCH OLDER AND STRONGER THAN HIMSELF, AS THEY APPROACHED ONE ANOTHER, THEY STOPPED AND STOOD FOR A MOMENT APART...

**BLUNT** SUDDENLY PULLED A KNIFE FROM HIS DOUBLET. QUICK AS A FLASH, WYLES WAS UPON BLUNT AND HOLD HIS HAND AS IN A WEE...



EDWARD AND TRAITOR!

WYLES FORCED BLUNT TO DROP THE KNIFE AND THEN SLAM HIM THROUGH THE AIR WITH A WRESTLING TRICK...



AFTER A WHILE, WYLES CALMED DOWN AND WAS TRULY ANNOYED FOR NEWS OF BLUNT. THEN, ONE OF HIS COMPAGNES BROUGHT THE NEWS...

THANK HEAVEN, YOU DID NOT KILL BLUNT... HE IS ALL RIGHT.

AH, I DO THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT.



BLUNT'S HEAD STRUCK THE GROUND WITH A SCREECHING THUD, AND HE LAY motionless...

GET WATER AND DOING HIM!

METHINKS HE IS DEAD!

HE CRACKED HIS SKULL SEVERELY!



I CARE NOT! HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME!

WYLES, YOU ARE MAD. WHAT IF YOU HAVE KILLED HIM?



HELLO, FA'NORTH! DO YOU KNOW THAT BLUNT IS NEAR WELL AGAIN?

HE SWEARS WHEN HE COMES AT YOU AGAIN, HE WILL CARVE YOU SMOOTHLY.



4 WEEKS PASSED, AND THEN ONE DAY, WYLES WAS HALLED BY A GROUP OF BLUNT'S COMPES...

I DO NOT FEAR HE MEANS YOU EVIL, WYLES.

I FEAR HIM NOT.



**F**EW DAYS LATER, MYLES LEARNED THAT BLUNT WAS TO BE RELEASED FROM THE INFIRMARY AND WAS SENT ON REVENGE...

KNIGHTS, BARONS, AND SEVERAL OF THE "KNIGHTS OF THE ROSE" REUNDED TO THEM AROUND THE SWYTH, FOR DINNER, BUT RECEIVED ADVICE INSTEAD...

I OVERHEARD MASTER BLUNT PLANNING TO SLIT YOUR EARS. HE AND SIXTEEN OTHERS ARE WAITING TO AMBUSH YOU.

HE WOULD NOT DARE. THE EARL WOULD PUNISH HIM.

PERHAPS NOT BLUNT'S FATHER IS A GREAT MAN.

WITH SUCH WEAPONS, MURDER WOULD BE DONE. I'D RATHER A STOUT CUDGEL IN MY HAND THAN THE BEST BLADE EVER FORGED.

PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT. IT WOULD BE ALL TO HAVE BLOOD ON OUR HANDS.



**A**CCORDING TO THE PLOT, AS TOLD TO MYLES, HE HAS TO BE AMBUSHED IN THE COURTYARD BY BLUNT'S BACHELORS...

THE SQUIRES WATCHED AND WAITED FOR THE FIRST SIGN OF ASSAULT ON THEIR LEADER...

HERE HE COMES, PONCE UPON US AT MY SIGNAL AND I'LL SLIT HIS EARS LIKE THOSE OF A COMMON TIGER!

THERE IS NO SIGN OF BLUNT AND HIS ROGUES, BUT THIS PLACE IS VERY STILL...

SEE HOW FALMOUTH WALKS WITH-OUT FEAR IN-TO AMBUSH!



**A**ND BLUNT LED HIS ATTACK ON MYLES. HE WAS SURPRISED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE SQUIRES.

WHY? IF YOU KNOWEN SQUIRES? FALMOUTH MUST BE PUNISHED!

TO THE RESCUE!

BLUNT IS A THREAT!





AFTER SOME FIERCE FIGHTING, BLUNT CHALLENGED HYLES TO SETTLE THE FEUD BETWEEN THEM, MAN TO MAN...

I CHALLENGE YOU TO FIGHT. THIS BATTLE OUT BETWEEN OURSELVES WITH SWORD AND BUCKLER.

I WILL FIGHT YOU, BLUNT.

YOU ARE A COMBOD, BLUNT. YOU ARE FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN FALNORTH AND HAVE THREE TIMES THE PRACTICE IN ARMS.



SO BE IT. LET US GO TO THE ARMORY.

DO NOT FIGHT HIM, HYLES. HE WILL MURDER YOU.



AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF BATTLES, BLUNT STOOD UPRIS AND SOUND AS EVER, BUT NOT HYLES, WHO WAS OVERMATCHED...

YOU ARE SORE HURT, FALNORTH, AND I WOULD NOT KILL YOU, YELD YOUR-SELF AS HASTEN, AND I WILL FOR-GIVE YOU.

NEVER WILL I YELD. YOU MUST WILL ME TO CON-QUER WALTERSBLUNT



NO, I WILL FIGHT YOU NO MORE, ANLES FALNORTH. YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH.

FIGHT, YOU COWARD!



THE SHOUTING AND SHOUTING OF THE SPECTATORS DIED DOWN. THERE WAS A DEATHLY SILENCE AMONG THE SUPPORTERS OF BOTH DUELISTS...

YOU ARE SORELY HURT, FALNORTH. PUT DOWN YOUR SWORD AND I WILL NOT HARM YOU.

NEVER! COME AND FIGHT ON, YOU COWARD!



THE SAVAGE BULL-DOG TENACITY OF HIS OPPONENT BEGAN TO HAVE A DEMORALIZING EFFECT ON WALTER BLUNT. HE GREW CARELESS AND MYLES DREW BLOOD.



I WILL FIGHT NO MORE

THEN YIELD!

THE TRIUMPHANT SHOUTS OF THE "KNIGHTS" STOOD BLUNT LIKE A LASH AND THE BATTLE BEGAN AGAIN. MYLES PARRIED A BLOW, THEN STRUCK BACK AND FELT HIS SWORD BITE THROUGH BLUNT'S LIGHT STEEL CAP.



MYLES, YOU'VE WON A VICTORY!

BUT WHAT A VICTORY! I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL HIM!



IS HE DEAD?

I KNOW NOT, BUT COME AWAY, MYLES. I WILL DRESS YOUR WOUNDS.

SOME TIME LATER, MYLES WAS SUMMONED BEFORE SIR JAMES.

NEVER DID I KNOW A SQUIRE TO GET INTO SO MANY BROLS AS YOU, FALMOUTH. DID YOU INTEND TO TAKE THIS LAD'S LIFE?

HEAVEN FORBID, SIR.



THROUGH NO FAULT OF YOURS, BLUNT WILL LIVE TO DO MORE ARCHERY FOR ABOUT YOU' ARE YOU WOUNDED SOBBY?

NO, BUT I AM SICK IN MY STOMACH.



MYLES LISTENED TO HIS PUNISHMENT FOR DEALING WITH BLUNT.

GET TO THE DORMITORY AND ABIDE THERE A WEEK WITHOUT COMING OUT. YOU WILL LIVE ON BREAD AND WATER, AND WE SHALL SEE IF THAT PAIN WILL COOL YOUR HOT TEMPER.

THE EARL AND SIR JAMES LEE ENJOINED TOGETHER THE STORY OF MYLES' ENCOUNTER WITH WALTER BLUNT...

WE MUST TRANSPLANT BLUNT TO THE OFFICE OF GENTLEMAN-IN-WAITING. HE'S OLD ENOUGH NOW. BESIDES, IF HE STAYS IN HIS PRESENT PLACE, EITHER HE OR THE BOY WILL COME TO HARM.



SO BLUNT NEVER TROUBLED THE DOONES AGAIN, AND THE YOUNGSTERS RENDERED NO MORE SERVICES TO THE BLOOD. MYLES' FIRST GREAT FIGHT IN LIFE WAS NOW...



ALTHOUGH THE EARL CONTINUED TO IGNORE MYLES, LORD GORSE, THE EARL'S BROTHER, TOOK A LIKING TO MYLES. THIS HELPED SOMEWHAT TO OVERCOME HIS HURT AT THE EARL'S MISDEED...

SUMMER AND FALL PASSED, AND GRIM WINTER CAME TO THE GREAT CASTLE. THE YULETIDE SEASON HELPED TO BRIGHTEN THE DREARY WINTER.

THAT WAS QUITE A BATTLE YOU WON, LAD. I'M PROUD OF YOU.

THANK YOU, SIR.



SPRING CALLED THE SQUADS TO THE PLAYING FIELD.

MYLES, YOU HAVE CAUSED US TO LOSE THE BALL.

THERE'LL BE NO MORE PLAY FOR US UNTIL WE GET ANOTHER.

I'LL CLIMB THE WALL FOR IT.





IT'S FORBIDDEN FOR ANYONE TO CLIMB THE WALL, WILLES.

STILL I WILL CLIMB THE WALL AND FETCH THE BALL.



WILLES CLIMBED THE TREE AND DROPPED INTO THE GARDEN...

WHO ARE YOU AND WHENCE DO YOU COME?

I HAVE SEEN THIS YOUNG MAN IN LORD GEORGE'S TRAIN.

I AM WILLES FALWORTH, ONE OF THE SQUIRES.



IF MY UNCLE SHOULD FIND YOU HERE, HE WOULD PUNISH YOU FOR SUCH TRESPASSING.

YES, I KNOW OF ONE WHO WAS SHOT, BUT I CAME TO GET THE BALL.

YOU ARE A BOLD FELLOW. I WILL GET THE BALL FOR YOU.



I WAS FRIGHTENED WHEN YOU DROPPED INTO OUR GARDEN.

I WOULD NOT FRIGHTEN YOU FOR ALL THE WORLD.

LADY ALICE, THE EARL'S NICE, WAS AMUSED BY WILLES' SPEECH.



ALL THE WORLD IS A GREAT MATTER.

UPON RETURNING WITH THE BELL, LADY ANNE, THE EARL'S DAUGHTER, DARED MYLES TO RETURN TO THE GARDEN AGAIN...

IF YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO COME AGAIN, WE WILL BE IN THE GARDEN SATURDAY AT THIS HOUR.

I HAVE THE COURAGE.



LADY ANNE TEASED MYLES ABOUT HER COUSIN, LADY ALICE...

YOU SURELY ARE A BOLD KNIGHT, AND STRIVE EVERY KNIGHT WASTING A LADY TO SERVE. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE AN COUSIN ALICE?

I WOULD LIKE IT RIGHT WELL.

CHOOSE HIM YOURSELF FOR YOUR PAINE COUSIN ANNE.



I SAY HE SHALL BE YOUR TRUE KNIGHT, AND YOU SHALL BE HIS TRUE LADY.



BE WARY IN COMING, MYLES, LEST YOU BE CAUGHT AND HAVE YOUR BARD CLIPPED.



THAT NIGHT, MYLES WROTE A LETTER HOME TELLING OF HIS ADVENTURE THAT DAY BEHIND THE GARDEN WALL.



AND SO, DEAR PARENTS, I HAVE MET THE LADY ANNE AND HER COUSIN, THE LADY ALICE, WITH WHOM I WOULD GLADLY SERVE.



**FOR THE NEXT MONTH, HYLES MADE SIX MORE TRIPS TO THE BARON. THEN ONE DAY, THE GREAT EARL DISCOVERED HYLES MEETING WITH THE GIRLS...**

"YE WENCHES, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, MEETING SECRETLY WITH THIS FELLOW? GET TO YOUR ROOMS! I WILL DEAL WITH HIM!"

"RATHER, SPARE THE YOUNG MAN, HE CAME ONLY AT OUR BIDDING."



GO TO YOUR ROOMS AND STAY THERE, BOTH OF YOU!



**AFTER THE GIRLS WERE GONE...**

"NOW, DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WILL SUFFER?"

"PERHAPS YOU WILL KILL ME."



"NO, BUT WHAT IF I SHOULD CLIP YOUR EARS FROM YOUR HEAD, OR HAVE YOU WHIPPED?"

"I BE YOUR PRER, SIR, IN BLOOD. YOU MAY KILL ME, BUT NOT SHAME ME."



**THE EARL'S BARBARISM STUNG HYLES AND THE BOY'S FEAR WAS REPLACED BY WRATH...**

"I BE NO LORD OR PRINCE, BUT I AM AS GOOD AS YOU FOR AM I NOT THE SON OF YOUR ONE-TIME TRUE COMRADE, LORD FALWORTH?"

"WHOM I CAUGHT BREAKING HIRE AND TALKING TO THOSE TWO FOOLISH LASSES."

"THOUGH MY FATHER IS BLIND AND POOR, I WOULD RATHER BE IN HIS PLACE THAN YOURS."

"WHY?"



"BECAUSE YOU ARE ATTACHED WITH SHAME!"





BY'R LADY, YOU ARE A BOLD, IMPUDENT WAGLET AS EVER LIVED. YOU SAY THAT I THINK NAUGHT OF MY OLD COMRADE. I WILL SHOW THAT YOU BELIEVE.



FOR YOUR FATHER'S SAKE, I WILL SUFFER WHAT YOU SAID TO ME AND FORGIVE YOUR COMING HERE, WHICH I WOULD NOT DO FOR ANY OTHER MAN. NOW, HONOUR IS THE GATE. GET YOU GONE!



OLD BRITTLE-BEARD, IF I HAD NOT FACED HIM WITH A BOLD FRONT, HE MIGHT HAVE PUT SHAME UPON ME. I WONDER WHY HE STARED SO AFTER ME.



THE DAYS PASSED WITHOUT EVENT, AND THEN ONE EVENING, ANKLES WAS SUMMONED TO THE EARL'S CHAMBER.

MY LORD WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU.

WHAT HAVE I DONE NOW?

PRESENTLY, ANKLES STOOD BEFORE THE EARL.

I SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE YOU HAVE WRITTEN A LETTER TO THE LADY ALICE.

SHE HATH CHOSEN ME TO BE HER KNIGHT. THE LAWS OF CHIVALRY GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO SERVE HER AS A TRUE KNIGHT MAY.

AS A TRUE FOOL, YOU MEAN, YOU ARE NOT A KNIGHT NOR ANYTHING BUT A RAW LIMP OF A BOY.

I KNOW THAT YOU HOLD ME IN CONTEMPT.



HAD YOU BEEN OTHER THAN YOUR FATHER'S SON, I WOULD HAVE HAD YOU WHIPPED-OUT OF MY HOUSE, HOW OLD ARE YOU?

SEVENTEEN LAST APRIL...

SUDDENLY IT DAWNED UPON AYLES THAT THE EARL HAD SHOWN GREAT PATIENCE WITH HIM. COULD IT BE THAT LORD MACK-NORTH WAS REALLY HIS FRIEND?

THEN YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE THE THOUGHTS OF A MAN, AND TO LEAVE BEHIND THOSE OF A BOY.

THE LADY ALICE IS A GREAT HEROINE AND MAY COMMAND THE BEST ALLIANCE IN ENGLAND--AN EARL, A DUKE. AS FOR YOU, YOU ARE A POOR LAD, PENNILESS AND WITHOUT FRIENDS TO HELP YOU TO OPEN ADVANCEMENT.

BESIDES, YOUR FATHER IS ATTAINED, AND ONE WORD OF WHERE HE IS HE WOULD BRING HIM TO THE TOWER, AND THENCE TO THE BLOCK. HE HAS AN ENEMY MORE POWERFUL THAN MYSELF WHO WATCHES FOR HIM AND FOR YOU.

SIR, I WILL NEVER AGAIN RAISE MY EYES TO LOOK UPON THE LADY ALICE.

I SAY NOT THAT EITHER, BOY, BUT BEFORE YOU GO...

... YOU MUST FIRST PLACE YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY BACK TO WHERE YOU WERE BEFORE. TILL THEN, PLEASE TROUBLE HER NOT, NOW GO.

YES, SIR.

THE NEXT DAY, SIR JAMES SUMMONED AYLES TO TELL HIM THAT HE HAD BEEN SELECTED, BY THE EARL HIMSELF, FOR SPECIAL HANGHTEN TRAINING. IN ADDITION, AYLES WAS GIVEN, AS A GIFT FROM THE EARL, A WONDERFUL HORSE AND A SUIT OF ARMOR. AYLES WAS OVERWHELMED WITH JOY AND GRATITUDE. THE FOLLOWING WEEK, HIS TRAINING BEGAN...





HYLES BEGAN TO LEARN THE HARD WAY...



A YEAR AND A HALF PASSED AND STILL HYLES' TRAINING CONTINUED. THE YOUNG MAN GREW IMPATIENT TO JOUST WITH OTHERS BESIDE SIR JAMES.

SIR, TELL ME, DO I GET ANY SKILL AT ALL? IS IT IN ME TO HOLD SWORD AND LANCE? TROTHER KEN?

DO YOU THINK TO LEARN ALL OF KNIGHTLY PROMISE IN A YEAR AND A HALF?



WHEN YOU ARE FIT TO RIDE A COURSE WITH A KNIGHT, I WILL TELL YOU, HYLES.



A YEAR AND A HALF MORE PASSED AND HYLES WAS NOW ENGAGED IN FRIENDLY BATTLES WITH THE CASTLE KNIGHTS.



HE IS ENGAGING THE CASTLE'S BEST KNIGHTS AND HOLDING HIS OWN. SOON HE WILL BE READY.



THREE YEARS HAD BROUGHT GREAT CHANGES IN THE MASTER HYLES WHO CLIMBED THE GARDEN HILL.

SOME DAY, MY LADY, I WILL BE YOUR TRUE KNIGHT IN EARNEST.



Occasionally Hyles saw Lady Alice, but he remembered his promise to her uncle and kept his distance...

ONE DAY, AYLES RECEIVED A SUMMONS TO SIR JAMES' OFFICE. A SUMMONS THAT WOULD ALTER THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE...



AYLES, FALWORTH, WE HAVE BEEN TRAINING YOU FOR THESE PAST THREE YEARS.



IT HAS ALL BEEN SO THAT YOU SHOULD BE A KNIGHT OF PROUD. SO THAT YOU WILL BE READY SHOULD YOU ENCOUNTER YOUR FATHER'S ENEMY IN BATTLE. FOR YOU THERE IS NO WASTY WAY PLACE, YOU MUST BE GREAT, OR ELSE NOTHING.



THE TIME HAS COME TO SHOW YOUR METTLE. HAVE YOU HEARD OF SIR DE LA MONTAGNE?

YES, MY LORD. IT WAS HE WHO WON THE PRIZE AT THE GREAT TOURNAMENT AT ROCHILL LAST YEAR.



HE IS IN THE TRAIN OF THE COMTE DE VERMOREL WHO IS VISITING WITH HIS MAJESTY, KING HENRY.



TELL ME, AYLES, IF YOU WERE A KNIGHT AND OF RANK FIT TO JOUST WITH THE FRENCHMAN, WOULD YOU DARE TO MEET HIM?

IF YOU THINK I CAN BRING HONOR TO HIS GREAT NAME, AND IF YOU BECOME TO DO SO, MY LORD, I WILL FIGHT HIM.

MEN OF IRON

THE GREAT KING HAD ARRANGED FOR MYLES TO BE KNIGHTED BY THE KING SO THAT HE WOULD BE ADMITTED TO JOSEF WITH THE FRENCH CHAMPION AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES WHICH ONLY HE KNEW.

FOR YOUR FATHER'S SAKE, BE TIMID, POLITE AND CAUTIOUS. DO NOT SPEAK HIS NAME IN NO WAY BETTER THAN YOU ARE HIS SON.



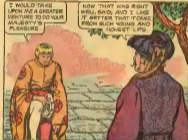
BEFORE BEING KNIGHTED, HOWEVER, MYLES HAD FIRST TO BE PRESENTED TO THE KING AND TO THE KING'S COURT.

SUCH AS YOU ARE, PERHAPS, WERE WE CALLED WHEN HE CAME TO ANTHONY'S COURT. DO YOU KNOW WHAT A GREAT THING IT IS THAT YOU HAVE SET YOURSELF TO BATTLE THE FRENCHMAN, EVEN IN SPORT?



I WOULD TAKE UPON ME A GREATER VENTURE TO DO YOUR MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

NOW THAT WAS RIGHT REUL SAID, AND I LIKE IT BETTER THAT IT CAME FROM SUCH YOUNG AND HONEST LIPS.



THEN MYLES RETIRED TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR KNIGHTHOOD. THIS IS TOO LENGTHY A CEREMONY TO BE HERE DESCRIBED, BUT THERE ARE MANY OLD BOOKS OF KNIGHTHOOD AND CHEVALRY WHICH GIVE A FULL AND DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CEREMONY OR A CREATION OF A KNIGHT...



THE ENTIRE PREPARATION TOOK TWO FULL DAYS. FINALLY, MYLES FOUND HIMSELF (HE WAS TOO BUSY TO BE FULLY AWARE OF WHAT HE WAS DOING) BEFORE THE KING, BEING KNIGHTED...

BE THOU A GOOD KNIGHT.



MYLES WAS NO LONGER MYLES CALWORTH, BUT SIR MYLES CALWORTH, KNIGHT BY ORDER OF THE BATH AND BY GRACE OF THE KING.

SOON AFTER HE HAD BEEN KNIGHTED, MYLES WAS SURPRISED TO PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH THE EARL OF BLACKWORTH. IT WAS THEN THAT MYLES LEARNED THE NAME OF HIS FATHER'S DEADLY ENEMY, EARL OF ALBAN, THE SAME MAN WHO HAD YEARS BEFORE INVADED LORD FALMOUTH'S HOUSE AND KILLED SIR JOHN DALE. MYLES ALSO LEARNED THAT IT WAS THIS SAME FELLOW WHO HAD CAUSED LORD FALMOUTH'S BLINDNESS AND LOSS OF PROPERTY AND HONOR. THE EARL OF BLACKWORTH IMPRESSED UPON MYLES THE NECESSITY OF KEEPING HIS TRUE IDENTITY SECRET. HIS PATRON TOLD MYLES HE HAD BEEN TRAINED AND KNIGHTED FOR ONE REASON—SO THAT SOME DAY, WHEN THE TIME WAS RIFE, HE COULD CHALLENGE THE EARL OF ALBAN TO HORRIBLE COMBAT AND DEFEAT HIM, THIS CARRYPING HIS FATHER'S CRUSE AS WELL AS HIS OWN.

SOMETIME LATER, HAVING FIRST RECEIVED LORD BLACKWORTH'S PERMISSION, MYLES SOUGHT A FAVOR, OR KEEPASAKE, OF THE LADY ALICE TO WEAR INTO HIS FORTHCOMING MOCK BATTLE WITH THE FRENCH KNIGHT.

WOULD YOU GIVE ME SOME FAVOR TO WEAR YOUR VEIL OR YOUR NECKLACE?

I WOULD BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU WEAR MY FAVOR.

I GIVE YOU THIS CHAIN, SIR MYLES, AND WITH IT, I DO WISH YOU ALL SUCCESS.



AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF DAYS FOR MYLES: FALMOUTH, THE DAY WHEN HE WAS TO PUT TO THE TEST ALL THAT HE HAD ACQUIRED IN THE THREE LONG, HARD YEARS OF TRAINING.





**A** BLAST OF TRUMPETS AND THEN THE KING APPEARED, RIDING UPON A WHITE HORSE, FOLLOWED BY THE SAIL AND HIS COURT.

**S**IR JAMES LEE EXAMINED HIS PROTEGE'S ARMOR PIECE BY PIECE, WHILE MYLES' GOOD FRIEND GABRIEL WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR APPROVAL.



I DO TRUST, SIR, THAT I HAVE DONE ALL WELL.

I SEE NOTHING AMISS. HE IS READY TO MOUNT.

**A**T THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD, MYLES' ADVERSARY PREPARED FOR BATTLE, TOO...



I WILL AMUSE MYSELF WITH THIS BOY. I NEED THE EXERCISE.

**T**HE CHEF DE LA MONTAGNE WAS AN ACKNOWLEDGED CHAMPION IN THE TOURNAYS...



WHY DO THE ENGLISH SEND A CHICKEN TO FIGHT AN EAGLE?

PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO EGLES.

BE QUIET, YOU FOOLS, AND SEE THAT MY GUARDS ARE SECURE.

**O**NLY MINUTES REMAINED BEFORE BATTLE. MYLES LISTENED TO SIR JAMES' LAST INSTRUCTIONS.



REMEMBER WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU TEN THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE. HOLD YOUR TOES WELL DOWN AND GRIP THE STIRRUP HORN, ESPECIALLY AT THE INSTANT OF MEETING.

YES, SIR.

I THINK THE FRENCHMAN MEANS ONLY TO BREAK THREE LANCES WITH YOU AND WILL NOT ATTEMPT TO UNHORSE YOU, BUT BE EVER BOLD AND WATCHFUL...

I WILL DO MY BEST NOT TO SURRENDER YOU!



SIR MYLES KNEW THAT THE NEXT MOMENT WOULD BRING HIM GLORY OR SHAME. HE REMEMBERED A GOOD PRAYER IN THE HOLLY DARKNESS OF HIS HELMET...



AT THE OTHER END OF THE LIST HE OPPONENT WAITED CALMLY...



THE LOUD, CLEAR CALL OF A BUGLE SENT THE RIDERS CHARGING AT EACH OTHER...



MYLES HEARD A THUNDEROUS CRASH THAT SEEMED TO RACK EVERY JOINT. HE FELT THE TREMBLING RECOIL OF THE HORSE BENEATH HIM.



MYLES HAD BORNE HIS FIRST TRIAL WELL, HIS HEART THUMPED WITH EXCITEMENT.





IT WAS  
WORTHY GOOE,  
MY BOY!

OH, WYLES,  
KNOCK HIM  
OUT OF HIS  
SADDLE!

AS THEY MET IN MIDFIELD, THERE WAS AGAIN THE TROUBLED CRASH, AND THE SAME SPLINTERING OF BROKEN SPEARS...



AGAIN THE FLEEBLING KNIGHT HURLED HIMSELF AT THE FRENCH CHAMPION OF THE TOURNEYS...



SIR WYLES, I HAD NOT THOUGHT TO FIND IN YOU SUCH AN OPPONENT. I THOUGHT TO FIND A RAW BOY, BUT FIND, INSTEAD, A PALADIN.

YOU ARE VERY KIND IN YOUR PRAISE, SIR.

A MODEL OF KNIGHTLY EXCELLENCE.

HEREFORE, I THOUGHT NOTHING BUT TO GIVE YOU OPPORTUNITY TO BRUSH YOUR LANCE. NOW I SHALL ATTEMPT TO UNHORSE YOU AS I WOULD AN ACONY-LEGGED PEER IN ARMS.



SIR JAMES WAS DELIGHTED WITH JOY BECAUSE OF WYLES' SHOWING...

YOU BRING HONOR TO ME, FOR YOU RIDE LIKE A KNIGHT SEASONED IN TWENTY TOURNEYS.

IT GIVES ME TEN-FOLD COURAGE TO HEAR YOU SAY SO, DEAR MASTER.



AYLES VOICED TO SIR JAMES THE FRENCHMAN'S THREAT TO UNHORSE HIM...

HE MEANS TO STRIKE AT YOUR HELM, YOUR BEST CHANCE IS TO STRIKE AT HIS, ALSO, NOW GO, AND GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU.



THE HORSES AND KNIGHTS WERE AT EACH OTHER AT THE SOUND OF THE BUGLE...



AYLES BRACED HIMSELF FOR THE TERRIFIC BLOW WHICH HE KNEW MUST MEET HIM, AND THEN DROPPED HIS LANCE POINT STRAIGHT AND TRUE. THE NEXT INSTANT, THERE WAS A DEAFENING, STUNNING CRASH--A CRASH LIKE THE STROKE OF A THUNDER-BOLT. AYLES FELT HIS HORSE STAMMER UNDER HIM WITH THE REEDEL. THEN CHEERS RESOUNDED ACROSS THE FIELD AT THE SIGHT OF THE NOBLE UNHORSED FRANCE'S GREATEST KNIGHT...





## MEN OF IRON

ONE DAY, MYLES RECEIVED A PROMPT ORDERING HIM TO RETURN TO ENGLAND AND THE MACKWORTH HOUSE NEAR LONDON...

THREE WEEKS LATER, MYLES WAS SENT TO FRANCE AS A SOLDIER UNDER LORD GEORGE TO FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE DAUPHIN AGAINST BURGUNDY. HE WAS IN FRANCE A SCANTY SIX MONTHS, BUT THOSE SIX MONTHS PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS YOUTH AND HE EMERGED A TRUE MAN...



MYLES HURRY THAT THE EARL SENT FOR HIM CONCERNING THE EARL OF ALBAN, LORD MACKWORTH'S ENEMY...

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD FIND TROUBLE IN THE DAUPHIN'S CAMP, ELSE I WOULD NOT HAVE SENT YOU TO FRANCE.



YOU ARE UNWILLING TO CHANGE, SIR MYLES, FROM THE BAY YOUTH I KNOW.

I HAVE SEEN THINGS IN FRANCE, MY LORD, TO MAKE A LAD A MAN BEFORE HIS TIME.



DO YOU KNOW WHY I SENT FOR YOU?

YES—TO FIGHT THE EARL OF ALBAN.



YES, THE TIME IS SOON NEAR. I WILL SEND FOR YOU RATHER TO COME TO LONDON.

SIR, I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU A PLAIN QUESTION.



SAY YOUR SAY.

DO YOU HAVE AIMS OF YOUR OWN TO GAIN IF I WIN THIS BATTLE AGAINST THE EARL OF ALBAN?



WITH MUCH CAREFUL PLANNING, MACKWORTH FINALLY ARRANGED TO BRING WYLLIS' FATHER BEFORE THE KING AND TO HAVE WYLLIS ACCUSE ALBAN OF TREACHERY AND UNWORTHY CONDUCT...

MY LORD AND KING, I OFFER MYSELF AS MY FATHER'S GUARANTEE AND ACCUSE WILLIAM OF ALBAN OF TREACHERY, AND UNWORTHY CONDUCT.



WELL, THIS IS THE ATTEMPTED TRAITOR WHO HARBORED SIR JOHN DALE ELEVEN YEARS AGO!



WYLLIS DROPT DOWN HIS SWORD BEFORE THE EARL OF ALBAN, CHALLENGING HIM TO COMBAT...



# MEN OF IRON

THE CHALLENGE WAS ACCEPTED AND THE DATE FOR THE DUEL SET. TOGETHER WITH THE EARL OF MARCHWORTH, MYLES FOUND A POWERFUL ALLY IN THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE EARL OF ALSBAN IS ONE OF THE BEST-SKILLED KNIGHTS IN ALL ENGLAND.

I AM NOT AFRAID, MY LORD.

NOR AM I AFRAID FOR YOU. FOR FORTY YEARS, WERE YOU A KNIGHT OF FORTY YEARS, INSTEAD OF TWENTY, YOU COULD NOT BEAR YOURSELF WITH MORE COURAGE.



ONE DAY, SIR MYLES AND HIS OPPONENT VISITED THE FIELD OF BATTLE TO INSPECT THE PREPARATIONS. AS THEY PASSED ONE ANOTHER...

YONDER IS THE GRIND OF PALWORTH. I HAVE FACED AND OVERTHROWN MANY A BETTER KNIGHT THAN THAT BOY.

OUR QUARREL WILL NOT BE DECIDED BY WORDS, MY LORD.

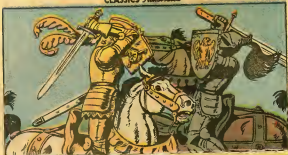
FINALLY, THE FATEFUL DAY ARRIVED, FAIR AND WARM...



AFTER ADMINISTERING VARIOUS OATHS TO BOTH COMBATANTS, THE CONSULES GAVE THE SIGNAL TO START THE BATTLE...

LET THEM GO AND DO THEIR ENDSAVOR IN GOD'S NAME!





LOOK, IF  
FALWORTH'S  
SWORD SET  
THAT TIME!

FALWORTH!  
FALWORTH!

WELL STRUCK,  
ALBAN WILL  
RECOVERED!



ALBAN'S FATHER SAT STREAKING HIS  
BLIND EYES AT THE SOUNDS OF  
BATTLE BELOW. MACKMETH SAT  
BESIDE HIM...

FEAR NOT, DE BERT,  
HE HOLDS HIS OWN RIGHT WELL. ALBAN  
IS TWICE WOUNDED AND HIS HORSE  
FALLS. A LITTLE WHILE LONGER AND  
THE VICTORY IS OURS.

THE EARL OF ALBAN DEFENDED HIMSELF DESPERATELY, BUT WAS BORNE BACK,  
BACK, BACK, FARTHER AND FARTHER...



IN A DESPERATE, DESPERATE MANUEVER, ALBAN BURIED HIS WEAPON IN THE NECK OF MYLES' HORSE...



A BATTLE KNIGHT IN FULL ARMOR WAS UTTERLY POWERLESS TO RISE WITHOUT ASSISTANCE. MYLES WAS AT THE MERCY OF HIS... FOE...



ALBAN IS GOING TO RIDE OVER HIM!

LOOK... ALBAN HAS BURIED HIS SWORD IN HIS HORSE'S ANKLE.



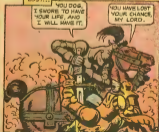
ALBAN HELD STUBBORNLY TO HIS WEAPON. HAD HE LET GOOSE OF IT WITH MYLES ON THE GROUND, THE BOY WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST...

MYLES FELT THE BITE OF THE WEAPON THROUGH HIS ARMOR, BUT SEIZED ON IT TO PULL HIMSELF TO HIS FEET...



YOU DOG, I SWORE TO HAVE YOUR LIFE, AND I WILL HAVE IT.

YOU HAVE LOST YOUR CHANCE, MY LORD.



CLASSICS Illustrated

WHEN HE SAW THE BATTLE MADE HANGING AT THE SADDLE-BOW.



RENCHING THE BATTLE MADE FROM ITS LEATHER THONGS, ARLES STRUCK THE EARL ONCE, TWICE, TWICE, FULL UPON THE FRONT OF THE HELMET. THE IRON PLATES SPURT AND CRACKED...



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE EARL OF ALBAN WAS ON THE BRACING DEAD. AS ARLES HELD TIGHT TO THE HORSE, HE FELT THE HOT BLOODGUSH FROM HIS SIDE, FILLING HIS BODY ARMOR, AND STRAINING THE GROUND UPON WHICH HE STOOD...



ARLES' VICTORY HAD SERVED TO CLEAR HIS FATHER AND TO RESTORE LORD MALMOROTH TO HIS PRIOR POSITION OF HONOR AND PROSPERITY. MONTHS OF SLOW RECOVERY PASSED BY AND THEN ONE DAY, ARLES SPoke TO THE EARL OF MACKNIGHTH CONCERNING LADY ALICE.

HAVE I WON THE RIGHT TO ASK FOR THE LADY ALICE TO WIFE, MY LORD?

YOU HAVE WON IT.



WHAT DID YOU THINK OF ME WHEN I FIRST FELL ALMOST INTO YOUR LAP, LIKE AN APPLE FROM HEAVEN?

I THOUGHT YOU A GREAT GOOD-HEARTED BOY, AS I THINK YOU ARE NOW.



SO SIR ARLES WAS MARRIED AND ONE DAY, BROUGHT HIS WIFE HOME TO MALMOROTH CASTLE WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS FATHER.



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.

## HOWARD PYLE

A descendant of early Pennsylvania settlers, Howard Pyle was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on March 5, 1833. Both his mother, Margaret, and his father, William, were of Quaker faith.

Howard's formal schooling began in the old Friend's School in Wilmington and ended in a private secondary school. Although a popular student, his school career was not outstanding. He had a distinct dislike for academic routine and much to his parents' distress, did not go on to college.

Even as a child, Howard showed a talent for drawing and writing. To develop these talents, he studied art in Philadelphia, but continued to live at home. Much of his time was spent working in his father's leather business and he probably would have remained there had it not been for one accidental incident. One day, he visited an island in Virginia. He was so impressed with it, he went home to write and illustrate a full-length article on this subject. The article was submitted to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. As a result, one of the magazine's owners encouraged Howard to come to New York to launch a career as a magazine illustrator.

At the age of 23, Howard moved to New York. His first efforts to sell his drawings were unsuccessful. His ideas were acceptable but his technique needed improvement. Taking his initial failure as a challenge, Howard went to the Art Students League and associated with capable illustrators. There, under expert guidance, he finally began to succeed. By 1860, his work was so well accepted by magazines, he was able to return to Wilmington where he was well supplied with work.

He married Anne Poole in April 1861 and settled down to a harmonious family life. Although he had an unbounding enthusiasm for his work and took it seriously, he never



let it interfere with his family life. Of robust build and jovial nature, Howard was generally well-liked.

The type of illustration in which he excelled was pen and ink sketching. His favorite subjects were early American scenes and historic events.

For some time, Howard Pyle had a desire to write stories for children. In 1863, he wrote and illustrated the now famous "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood", a work which is sure to have a permanent place in the world of literature. Subjects for his stories were the legends of King Arthur's Court, medieval England and pirate legends. Included in his works are "The Wonder Clock" (1868), "Twilight Land" (1890) and "Men of Iron" (1892).

Invited to teach at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, Pyle accepted. However, he was highly criticized by some for his unorthodox teaching methods. He stayed at the Drexel Institute from 1864 to 1868, at which time he left to establish his own art school in Wilmington.

Later in life, he decided to devote himself completely to mural decoration. He received commissions to paint murals for the State Capitol of Minnesota and also for several New Jersey court houses.

Pyle, through his busy career, believed that a thorough knowledge of America was sufficient to create his illustrations. He discovered, however, that in order to paint murals, a broader knowledge of the great masters of art was necessary.

In 1910, he set sail for Italy, accompanied by his family. His usual enthusiasm and vitality for work suddenly slackened. His health failed and his ability to absorb new knowledge waned.

After he had been abroad for only one year, he was attacked with a severe ailment. He died in Florence, Italy, November 9, 1911.



## COURTSHIP IN MINIATURE

**L**AVINIA WARREN was a pretty young lady of twenty-two, demure and spirited . . . and only twenty-four inches tall.

One day in 1862, General Tom Thumb stopped at P. T. Barnum's New York Museum, where Lavinia was "on display", and was introduced to her. Tom Thumb was himself a midget and had once been an attraction at Barnum's museum.

Tom Thumb rushed to the office of his old employer. "Mr. Barnum," he said, "I've just met Miss Warren. She's the most charming little lady I ever saw. I believe she was created to be my wife."

"But, General," the pottly Barnum answered, "Lavinia is already engaged."

"To whom? Commodore Nutt?" Tom asked, suspicious of the midget who had taken his place in the museum.

"No," Barnum said, "to me."

The general was greatly relieved. He had heard Barnum use this pun before about someone under his contract.

"I hope you will favor my suit with her," the general said, lighting a midget cigar.

"I'll not oppose your suit, General, but you must do your own courting," Barnum answered. "Commodore Nutt will be jealous of you, and Miss Warren is nobody's fool."

But Tom Thumb had confidence in himself. Wasn't he rich at twenty-five, with a home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and a string of ponies and a yacht? And wasn't the commodore only seventeen years old?

Tom soon began to shun these things and it became a matter of curiosity to his normal-sized family that Tom had suddenly taken such a fancy to New York.

Most of the winter, Tom chatted shyly with Lavinia whenever he could. Finally, he thought it time to propose. He begged Barnum to invite Lavinia for a week-end to Barnum's Bridgeport, Connecticut home. Barnum agreed but the commodore wanted to come, too. Not wanting to lose favor with either midget, there was little Barnum could do but invite the commodore, but he

warned him that he must remain in New York for his evening performance.

Lavinia and Barnum came on an early train and Tom met them with his best coach and horses. After dropping Barnum at his home, the general took Lavinia for a drive, showing her his own house with rooms in miniature size.

When they returned to Barnum's house,

Tom took his host aside, asking if he might stay the night. "You see," the general said, "I intend to ask her to marry me before the commodore arrives."

After dinner, Lavinia and the general played backgammon. At nine o'clock, Barnum yawned and announced it was time for him to retire.

"We'll stay and wait for the commodore," Tom offered and Lavinia agreed.

Backgammon soon grew tiresome and the two midgets settled back in conversation. After a time, Tom

pulled his chair closer to Lavinia and questioned, "So you're going to Europe soon with Barnum? I wish I were going over. I know all the countries and could explain them to you."

"That would be very nice," Lavinia answered demurely.

Boldly, Tom put his arm around her tiny waist and softly said, "Don't you think it would be nice if we went as man and wife?"

Lavinia acted surprised and removed the general's arm, but a sudden kiss overcame her doubts and she consented to become Mrs. Tom Thumb.

It was a few weeks before Commodore Nutt was told of the engagement. He was quite taken back, but agreed to serve as best man. Wedding cards were sent and the little couple received hundreds of tiny presents. Even President and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln sent a gift.

The wedding of Lavinia Warren and General Tom Thumb took place at Grace Church in New York on February 10, 1863.

Thus ended the courtship in miniature. No fairy tale of tiny people ever had a happier ending, especially in real life.





## DOG HEROES

# JUST A WANDERING DOG

**T**HIS IS the story of a wandering German Shepherd dog which had to make a split-second decision one May night several years back. The dog came upon two men engaged in a fierce fist fight, with a third man, standing aside, watching the battle in the moonlight. To whose aid should the dog go? The man who appeared to be winning or the one who seemed to be getting the worst of it? It was an important decision for the dog to make, for one man represented the law, while his adversary represented the law-breaker.

This is the way it all started. Patrolman Thomas Grady, of the Lynn, Massachusetts police force was patrolling his dark and lonely beat; at the same time, a huge shepherd dog, hungry and tired, was wandering over the countryside, hoping to find some kind human who might give him some affection and shelter.

A foot patrolman, with a night beat, must be prepared for any emergency. For it is during the night, while the city sleeps, that most of the criminal element operates. So it was that Patrolman Grady approached with caution as he heard two men argue loudly in a parked car on the lonely street.

He ordered the two men out of the car. They obeyed his command, slowly, and they seemed to be under the influence of alcohol. Grady then ordered them to walk toward a street lamppost further down the block, where he might examine them to better advantage.

They began walking in the gloom, with Grady behind them. Suddenly, one of the two men whirled and struck Grady flush in the face with his fist. Grady staggered back from the unexpected blow, and the man rushed in swinging his fist, taking advantage of his surprise attack on the policeman. The other man just stood there, offering en-

couragement to his friend.

Meanwhile, in the shadows, the big shepherd dog had stopped in his tracks as the fight started. He saw the first blow struck, and then he crouched and began to growl. Then, as the policeman staggered back from the shower of blows that he was receiving, the huge dog sprang out of the darkness.

His teeth sank into the clothing of the man who had struck the policeman. The man stopped throwing punches at the battered officer and tried to shake loose from the big dog. In truth, the man had become terrified by the sudden attack of the huge canine.

Grady quickly took in the changed situation, and summoning his reserve strength, went to work on the man who had attacked him. The policeman returned the beating in kind, and the law-breaker was at a loss as to defend himself against the policeman or the dog. The man was quickly subdued. The other fellow gave up without a struggle.

Grady obtained the man's car keys and ordered the two men back to their own car. The dog kept alongside the two men, growling continuously. Ruefully, the men sat in the back seat of the car, while the dog jumped in and sat down alongside the policeman driver. As the car sped along to the police station, the dog turned around in its seat and, baring his sharp teeth, growled to the two men to behave themselves.

The men were booked without any further trouble; and Grady went back to finish his tour of duty. For the rest of the night, the dog kept at the patrolman's side as he walked his beat. As morning came, and the night's work was over, the policeman and the dog went home to a good meal and a good sleep. For the dog, it meant that his wanderings were forever over.



# PIONEERS OF SCIENCE EUCLID

Father of Geometry

(Born 350-300 B.C.—Died (?)

IT HAS been more than 2,300 years since Euclid lived, yet high school students throughout the world still study the principles of geometry which he drew up. No mathematician, in the 21 centuries which have followed, has been able to surpass his methods, and his "Elements of Geometry" is still considered the fundamental work in the study of geometry.

Little is known of Euclid's life, for it was not until about 700 years after his death that the first meager biography of Euclid was written by Proclus.

Euclid was born and lived in Alexandria, Egypt, where many wealthy and educated Greeks lived. In Alexandria, Euclid founded a school and taught mathematics during the reign of King Ptolemy.

During this time, Euclid wrote his famous "Elements of Geometry." It is a work of 13 volumes and was the result of many years of effort. Euclid first studied all the available material on geometry which had been gathered by his predecessors . . . Hippocrates, Eudoxus and Theaetetus, the latter's work being the standard book of the time.

Euclid found a lot of Theaetetus' teaching to be unsound. Some of the propositions were absolutely false; some were of doubtful proof. Euclid rejected the false propositions and proved the doubtful ones.

Euclid's original writings were lost, but fortunately, not before they were translated into Arabic. The Arabs, for many centuries, saved their paper translations of the "Elements of Geometry." But it was not until 1574 that the first Arabic translation was published. However, by this time, the original Arabic translations had been retranslated into Latin, English and back to the original Greek.

Two anecdotes give us some insight to Euclid's character. The first tells of how King Ptolemy, after having read Euclid's books, asked the great mathematician, "Is



there no shorter way to geometry than that of the 'Elements'?" Euclid replied, "There is no royal road to geometry."

The second anecdote tells of a rich pupil, after having laboriously learned the first proposition of geometry (which deals with the congruency of triangles), complaining to his teacher, "What shall I gain by learning

such things?" Euclid turned to his slave and told him to give the student a coin "since he must need make gain of what he learns."

Actually, the study of geometry trains the mind for clear, logical thinking and has a very practical value. It serves as the basis of all measurement. Any conception of a distance, either along a straight line or along a curved line, involves thinking in terms of geometry.

Euclid's development of geometry in the "Elements" is amazingly simple. First, he states certain axioms and postulates (self-evident truths) which he accepted. The most important of these are: If equals are added to equals, the sums will be equal; if equals are subtracted from equals (multiplied, divided) the remainders will be equal; the whole is greater than any of its parts and is equal to the sum of all its parts; any magnitude (length, area, volume) can be divided into two equal parts; a straight line can be extended indefinitely in either direction; a circle can be drawn with any radius and from any point as center; only one straight line can be drawn through two points; through a given point, only one line can be parallel to a given line.

With these truths as his only facts, Euclid established hundreds of geometric truths, called theorems or propositions. In this way, after proving any one of his theorems, he was able to use it in proving something else. Thus, Euclid built the science of geometry.

\*An act or condition of agreement; approximation; the conformity of one thing to another



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