

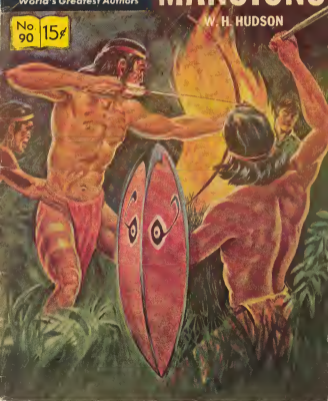
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GREEN MANSIONS

By W. H. HUDSON



ABEL



RIMA



CHIEF RUMI



ILLUSTRATED BY
ALEX A. BLUM

I MY NAME IS ABEL, GUERRA DE ARRIOLA. THE STRANGE STORY WHICH I AM ABOUT TO RELATE STARTED WHEN I WAS FORCED, FOR POLITICAL REASONS, TO FLEE MY NATIVE VENEZUELA INTO THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES. THERE I CAME UPON A BAND OF SAVAGE INDIANS AND TRIED TO WIN THEIR FRIENDSHIP BY BRINGING THEM MUSIC WHICH I PLAYED ON A CRUDE GUITAR.

THOUGH CHIEF RUII REMAINED VERY SOLEMN, I FELT MY MAGIC HAD RELEASED HIM. NOW I MEANT TO GIVE HIM A PRESENT . . .

I DO NOT HAVE TO USE A COAL FROM THE FIRE TO LIGHT MY CIGARETTE, CHIEF RUII, AS LONG AS I HAVE THIS MAGIC BOX.

LIGHT WHITE MAN'S MAGIC GOOD!

AND NOW I GIVE YOU THE BOX AS A PRESENT

MANY THANKS.



AT FIRST I WISHED TO KILL YOU, BUT NOW I KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT LIKE OTHER BAD WHITE MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN . . .

I WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND.

BRING THE CASSAVA? MINE MY FRIEND AND I WILL DRINK A PLEASURE OF FRIENDSHIP.



IN TROPICAL AMERICAN ISLAND ON HERO

CASSAVA, WHO IT MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD IN THE HEAD.

YES, I AM BEGINNING TO FEEL IT.

FAIR TO THE NORTH, I HAVE AN ENEMY NAMED CHIEF KUM-HEE HE HAS KILLED MANY OF MY PEOPLE. I WILL KILL HIM.

THAT FOR KUM-HEE! I WILL FIGHT HIM, I WILL KILL HIM WITH ONE SHOT FROM MY MAGIC WEAPON.



AND KIR-RO, RUMI'S NEPHEW, OFFERED ME HIS YOUNG SISTER AS A WIFE...

YOU CAN HAVE MY SISTER AS A WIFE.

SHE IS BEAUTIFUL BUT I AM ENGAGED TO A GIRL IN CARACAS.



I WAS NOW ADOPTED AS A MEMBER OF THE TRIBE. I DIPPED WITH THEM INTO THEIR COMMUNAL MEAT POT.



THEY MADE AND GAVE ME A HAMMOCK IN WHICH I SLEPT...



ONE DAY I TOOK A WALK ACROSS A WIDE SAVANNAH TO A BEAUTIFUL GREEN WOOD BEYOND MOUNT YTADE.



THE WOODS WERE COVERED IN PART BY TREES AND GRASS GRASSES.

THE WOOD WAS BEAUTIFUL INDEED—FILLED WITH BIRDS AND ANIMALS.



WHILE LISTENING TO THE STRANGE, TROPICAL BIRD CALLS...

CHIRP, CHIRP, CHEE-CHEE TRA-LA-LA.

THAT WAS NO BIRD CALL. THAT VOICE SOUNDED HUMAN, THOUGH VERY SWEET AND MUSICAL...





BACK IN THE VILLAGE, I TOLD THE INDIANS WHAT I HAD HEARD.

GO NO MORE IN TO THE ENCHANTED FOREST; THERE, THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI OWELLS.

YES, WE TRIED TO KILL HER ONCE SHE CAUGHT THE ARROW IN HER HAND AND THREW IT BACK INTO THE INDIAN'S HEART.

THIS IS SUPERSTITION-- I WILL GO AHEAD INTO THE FOREST.



AND NEXT DAY, IN THE SAME GREEN WOOD...

CHIRUP, CHIRUP
CHEE-CHEE-CHEE,
ZILLA, LILLA,
LOWELA!

THE VOICE OF A HUMAN, A GIRL. BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE.



IT SEEMED THAT THE VOICE WAS CALLING ME TO FOLLOW...

CHEE-CHEE-CHEE
LOWELA, LOWELA,
TOOD-TRALA-LA.



HOW, SOMEHOW, I LOST IT, I WENT BACK TO THE VILLAGE WHERE I SCOURED AGAIN AND TO GO WITH ME INTO THE WOOD.

COME INTO THE WOOD WITH ME, LEAD ME TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI AND I WILL GIVE YOU THIS SILVER MATCH BOX.

SHE WILL KILL US, BUT THE MATCH-BOX IS BEAUTIFUL, I WILL LEAD YOU.



NEXT DAY, IN THE FOREST, WE HEARD A MIGHTY ROARING...

GRUR-OH!
GRUR-OH!
OH-OH-OH!

IT IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI RUN FOR YOUR LIFE !!



THE COMRADELY KONGRO RETURNED TO HIS POLICE. I RETURNED TO THE FOREST TO INVESTIGATE.

GRUR-OH!
OH-OH-OH!

ONLY HOWLING MONKEYS. BUT, WHEN THEY ROAR TOGETHER, THE NOISE IS LOUDER THAN THE ROAR OF AN AFRICAN LION.

THAT NIGHT, CHIEF KUY NAMED ME ADAM...

DO NOT GO AGAIN INTO THE WOOD IF YOU ARE MY FRIEND, YOU ARE NOT THE FRIEND OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI.



SO THE NEXT DAY, I WENT BLOW-GUN HUNTING WITH KUA-KO IN ANOTHER FOREST...

MAYBE IF THE BIRD WERE AS BIG AS A WOMAN, YOU WOULD NOT MISS IT.

I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT, KUA-KO.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, STILL CURIOUS, I IGNORED KUY'S WARNING AND WENT BACK TO THE FOREST. THERE, I SAW THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI FOR THE FIRST TIME...



SHE BROKE LIKE A CLOUD OF ANT-EYES FIXED ON MINE.



FOR ONLY A FEW MOMENTS I SAW HER, THEN SHE FADDED AWAY LIKE AN EVENING MIST.



THE NEXT DAY, AS I WALKED THROUGH THE JUNGLE AGAIN...

A DEADLY CORAL SNAKE! HIS FANGS ARE VERY POISONOUS!



I ADVISE YOU, OUR SERPENT, BUT YOU ARE DANGEROUS.



SCORPIONED I THREW THE ROCK, BUT MISSED...

I AM DONE FOR!



WHEN I HEARD A MILDLOW VOICE AND TURNING, SAW THE GIRL...

CHITRA, CHITRA, CHEER-UP! DICKORY!

OH, IT IS HER PET. AND SHE IS ANGRY BECAUSE I TRIED TO KILL IT.



THE REPTILE COILED ITSELF ABOUT THE GIRL'S ANKLE AND THREATENED ANYONE WHO MIGHT COME NEAR HER.



NOT KNOWING HER SPEECH, I SPoke TO HER IN THE INDIAN LANGUAGE...

HAVE NO FEAR—I SHALL NOT HARM IT.

FELLA, FELLA— PWWWWW!



HE TOOK NO NOTICE OF MY WORDS AND CONTINUED SPEAKING IN A TONE OF RESENTMENT. I SHOOK MY HEAD, REALIZING THAT HER LANGUAGE WAS UNKNOWN TO ME.

CASHA SABA! EYOL MUNGUB!



AS I TOUCHED HER— THE SNAKE STRUCK...

I ADVANCED TOWARD HER, WANTING JUST TO TOUCH HER TO SEE IF SHE WERE REAL.

NOHOMO! NO CASHA DE!



OUCH!

KELLA, BEE! KOLLA MUNG!



WHEN THE SNAKE SLID AWAY, LEAVING HER LOOKING MOST FITTINGLY AT ME...

THE SNAKE HAS BITTEN ME? IS THERE NO LEAD, NO ROOT YOU KNOW THAT WOULD SAVE ME FROM DEATH? HELP ME! HELP ME!

AH!



SHE SEEMED POWERLESS TO HELP ME, IT WAS GROWING LATE AND AN IMPENDING STORM WAS DARKENING THE SKY. COME WHAT MAY, I DECIDED TO TRY TO GET BACK TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE...



SUDDENLY, THE STORM BROKE. I TRIED TO GET OUT OF THE WOODS AND REACH THE INDIAN VILLAGE. I HOPED THAT CASEY BLOW AND HIS WOMEN KNEW SOME CURE FOR SHAKESBITE...



I LOST MY BALANCE AND PLUNGED DOWN CLUTCHING AT BRANCHES TO BREAK MY FALL.



I LOST MY WAY IN THE STORM AND CAME TO A GREAT PRECIPICE I HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE. I THOUGHT THAT IF I COULD GET DOWN THE SLOPE I SHOULD REACH THE INDIAN VILLAGE ACROSS WHICH I COULD MAKE MY WAY TO THE VILLAGE. AS I STOOD THERE, I BEGAN TO FEEL FAINT AND WEAK...



I LANDED HEAVEN AND MUST HAVE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS BECAUSE...





THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS IN THE MUD HOT OF A WRINKLED WEATHER-BEATEN OLD MAN WHO SEEMED TO BE VERY POOR.

AHA, THE DEAD MAN IS ALIVE AGAIN!

AND YOU, OLD MAN, WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT I AM IS PLAINLY WRITTEN IN MY FACE— A SPANIARD LIKE YOURSELF, THOUGH NOT OF NOBLE BIRTH. I AM SO POOR THAT I EVEN HAVE NO TOBACCO.

MY TOBACCO POUCH IS FULL. YOU WILL FIND IT IN A POCKET OF MY COAT IF I DID NOT LIESE IT.



WHEN I NOTICED ANOTHER PERSON WAS IN THE HUT— A SLIM YOUNG GIRL...

THE SAINTS FORSE! SK-NOOCHLO—SINA, HAVE YOU GOT A TOBACCO POUCH WITH THE OTHER THINGS? GIVE IT TO ME.



THE HAVING HATE AND FEAR THIS CHILD... MY GRANDDAUGHTER. A POOR, INNOCENT GIRL OF SEVENTEEN WHO WOULD NOT HURT THE SMALLEST THING THAT GOD HAS MADE. IT IS DUE TO HER TENDER HEART THAT YOU ARE SAFELY SHELTERED HERE.

NOW SHE SPOKE--NOT IN THAT STRANGE LANGUAGE-- BUT IN MY OWN TONGUE ..

DID RIMA CURE MY SNAKEBITE?

I DO NOT KNOW, BUT THROUGH GOD, SHE HAS GREAT POWERS.

THE FEVER OF THE SNAKEBITE IS GONE. YOU HAVE ONLY A SPRAINED ANKLE CAUSED BY YOUR FALL.

THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT.

TELL ME, SWEET CHILD, WAS IT REALLY YOU I SAW ONE DAY LYING ON THE GROUND PLAYING WITH A BIRD? AND WAS IT YOU THAT FOLLOWED ME SO OFTEN AMONG THE TREES, CALLING TO ME, YET ALWAYS HIDING SO THAT I COULD NOT SEE YOU?

YES, SENOR.

BUT TELL ME, SWEET GIRL, YOU NEVER BEFORE SPOKE IN STRANGE, WHAT STRANGE MUSICAL LANGUAGE WAS IT THAT YOU USED?

SPARE HER THAT QUESTION. IT IS THE LANGUAGE GOD HAS GIVEN HER.



"WHA, YOU MUST BE TIRED. IT IS THOUGHT-LESS OF ME TO KEEP YOU STANDING HERE SO LONG."

"I AM NOT SO TIRED, HENOR. LET ME GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT."



"SHE PRESENTLY RETURNED WITH AN EARTHENWARE DISH OF ROASTED PUMPKIN AND SWEET POTATOS, KNEELING AT MY SIDE, SHE FED ME DEFTLY WITH A SMALL WOODEN SPOON ...

"NO MEAT, ONLY TASTELESS VEGETABLES BITTERLY SALT, BUT IT IS A SUNDUCIOUS FEAST AS I AM FED BY HER HAND."



"HAVING SATISFIED MY WANTS, SHE MOVED QUIETLY AWAY, AND DRINKING A STRAIN WAT JUICE, DISAPPEARED INTO HER OWN SLEEPING APARTMENT ...



"WHEN THE OLD MAN, HAVING PUT ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE, LIT UP ANOTHER CIGARETTE AND, CALLING TO HIS TWO DOGS, BECAME VERY TALKATIVE ...

"THESE ARE MY TWO DOGS -- BULLO* AND COLOSSO*! MOST USEFUL COMPANIONS THEY ARE. NOW THESE DOGS CAN CATCH AN ...

"THEY ARE BURLY-LOOKING BRUTES AND DO NOT WIN MY HEART, BUT I SUPPOSE THEY POSSESS THE USUAL CANINE VIRTUES."



"FORTY
OF GREASY

"HE WAS STILL HOLDING FORTH ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS DOGS WHEN I FELL ASLEEP."



WHEN MORNING
CAME I HAD TO
GO TO MOVE, MY
OLD HOST, WHOSE
NAME WAS AMLO,
WENT OFF WITH HIS
DOG, LEAVING THE
GIRL TO ATTEND
TO MY WANTS...



TWO OR THREE TIMES
A DAY, SHE APPEARED
TO SERVE ME WITH
FOOD AND DRINK,
BUT SHE CONTINUED
SILENT...



LATE IN THE
AFTERNOON,
AMLO RETURNED
BUT DID NOT SAY
WHERE HE HAD
BEEN...

AFTERWARDS, AMLO
RETURNED, DRESSED
AS USUAL, IN HER
FADED COTTON DRESS...



HER CLOUD OF
HAIR CONFINED IN TWO
LONG PLAITS.



RESOLVED
TO GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF HER MYSTERIOUS LIFE...



WHO IS THIS
GIRL WHO SERVES
HER PEOPLE?

SHE IS MY GRAND-
DAUGHTER, AND I
AM HER PEOPLE.

GREEN MANSIONS

RIMA INTERRUPTED US TO FEED ME...

WHY DOES SHE NOT GIVE ME SOME MEAT?



AFTER EATING, I RETURNED TO THE TOPIC OF RIMA...

I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT SHE IS YOUR GRAND-DAUGHTER.

SENOR, WE ARE NEVER SURE OF ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD.



SEEMS THAT HE WOULD NOT TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GIRL, I RESOLVED TO BE PATIENT AND CHANGED THE SUBJECT.

WHY DO YOU NOT HAVE MEAT? NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANIMALS SO ABUNDANT AND TAME AS IN THIS WOOD.

SENOR, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR ADVENTURE WITH THE SHARKET BY GRANDCHILD WOULD NOT LIVE WITH ME FOR ONE DAY IF I WERE TO LIFT MY HAND AGAINST ANY LIVING CREATURE.



AND YOUR DOGS, OLD MAN? DO THEY NOT CHASE ANIMALS? DO THEY NOT EAT MEAT?

SIR, AS A MAN IS, SO IS HIS DOG.



AT LENGTH, I WAS WELL ENOUGH TO BE ABOUT WITH RIMA IN THE WOODS...

I CANNOT CATCH HER-- SHE IS TOO SWIFT AND BIRD-LIKE.



SAT DOWN ON A LOG, RESOLVED TO MAKE HER COME TO ME...

COME HERE, RIMA, AND STAY WITH ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I CANNOT FOLLOW YOU NOW.



AT LENGTH, SHE CAME TO ME.

RIMA, TALK TO ME, NOT IN YOUR TONGUE BUT IN MINE, SO I CAN UNDERSTAND.

YES, GRAND.



WHERE DOES YOUR GRANDFATHER BRING HIS DAW WHEN HE GOES OUT WITH HIS DOWS?

DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER, RIMAP?

OH, SHE IS DEAD. I OFTEN TALK TO HER IN MY LANGUAGE.



SHE SHOOK HER HEAD SLIGHTLY BUT WOULD NOT ANSWER...

WHERE DID YOU SEE YOUR MOTHER LAST?

AT VOA, THE FOREST BLOODED HER WHEN SHE DIED.



SHE DECIDED TO SPEAK TO ME NO MORE AND HE RAN THROUGH THE WOODS AGAIN, I STILL TRYING TO CATCH HER.



AFTER A WHILE, SHE STOPPED AND SHOWED ME HOW SHE CAUGHT A SPIDER AND MADE HIM WEAVE THE DRESS SHE WORE...



THE SPIDER SPINS THE THREAD. I DOUBLE BACK THE THREAD AND MAKE A DRESS LIKE THE ONE THAT I HAVE ON.

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL. I NEVER DREAMED OF SUCH BEAUTY.

BUT I WAS SO STARVED FOR MEAT THAT I JOINED THEM IN THEIR FOUL RITUAL OF LIZZARD MEAT...

SHE STOPPED THE CONVERSATION RIGHT THERE AND WE WENT BACK TO THE HUT. NEXT DAY, I FOLLOWED THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOGS TO SEE WHAT THEY WERE UP TO...



AFTER MAKING OUTS A DISTANCE, I CAKE ACROSS THE OLD MAN SMOKING SOME FOUL MEAT OVER A FIRE...

THE OLD HYPERCITE, HE EATS MEAT.



SENSE, DO NOT TELL MY GRAND-DAUGHTER ABOUT THIS. SHE WOULD LEAVE ME, BUT I MUST HAVE MEAT.

I UNDERSTAND. I WILL NOT TELL HER.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, I RETURNED TO THE AOVAN VILLAGE, FINDING IT DESERTED EXCEPT FOR CL-A-CL...

ON MY WAY BACK TO THE HUT, I BATHED IN A POOL TO WASH AWAY THE SMELL OF NUPLO'S FOUL MEAT.



I GOT OUT BY HOME-MADE
GUITAR AND SANG AND
DANCED A SPANISH TUNE
FOR HER...



THAT DAY, I WAS IN A CAREFREE MOOD
AND WE HAD A LOT OF FUN TOGETHER...

CLA-CLA, WHEN
YOU ARE OLD
ENOUGH, I WILL
MARRY YOU.

OH, YOU MAKE
SPORT WITH ME
— YOU KNOW I AM
TOO OLD TO THINK
OF MARRIAGE
AND CHILDREN.



BUT NEXT DAY TOWARD EVENING, I COULD
NO LONGER REMAIN AWAY FROM RIMA...

DO NOT LEAVE
THE VILLAGE TO-
NIGHT MY FRIEND.
THERE WILL BE A
DREAFFUL STORM.

I CANNOT
HELP IT, CLA-
CLA— I MUST
BE ON MY WAY.



SOME TIME
LATER...

I AM
LOST.



THEN I REACHED
OUT AND TOUCHED
HER...

HOW HOT YOU
ARE, POOR CHILD.
HOW DID
YOU FIND ME?

I WAS BAUNTING—WATCHING
ALL DAY. I SAW YOU COMING
AND FOLLOWED AT A DIS-
TANCE THROUGH THE WOOD.



THEN I HEARD THAT
LOW WHISPERING VOICE...

TRA-LA-LA,
TRA-LA-LA,
TWEE-
TWEE-TWEE

WHERE ARE YOU,
SWEET CHILD?
I AM LOST.

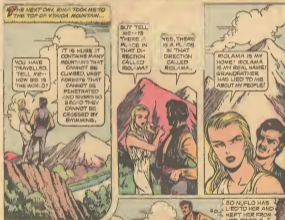




She led me through the forest and we were soon inside the warm dry hut.

I AM SORRY THAT IT WAS MY FAULT THAT THE CHILD WAS EXPOSED TO SUCH WEATHER.

O SENOR, RAIN AND WIND AND HOT SUNS, FROM WHICH WE SEEK SHELTER, DO NOT HARM HER. SHE NEVER HAS A COLD OR FEVER.



The next day, Nuflo took us to the top of Ydoun Mountain...

YOU HAVE TRAVELLED. TELL ME-- HOW BIG IS THE WORLD?

IT IS HUGE. IT CONTAINS MANY MOUNTAINS THAT CANNOT BE CLIMBED, VAST FORESTS THAT CANNOT BE PENETRATED AND RIVERS SO BROAD THEY CANNOT BE CROSSED BY SWIMMING.

BUT TELL ME-- IS THERE A PLACE IN THAT DIRECTION CALLED ROLAMA?

YES, THERE IS A PLACE IN THAT DIRECTION CALLED ROLAMA.

ROLAMA IS MY HOME! ROLAMA IS AN REAL NAME! GRANDFATHER HAS LIED TO ME ABOUT MY PEOPLE!



She fled away in anger to find Nuflo.

SO NUFLO HAS LIED TO HER AND KEPT HER FROM HER PEOPLE. I RHY WOULD WHEN SHE FINDS HIM.



WATER, I FOUND NURLO HIDING IN THE WOODS.

SO AWAY! CURSED BE THE DAY I FOUND YOU! YOU HAVE TURNED MY OLD AGAINST ME!

AH, RIMA HAS ALREADY FOUND HIM AND TOLD HIM OF HIS LIES.



YOU TOLD HER ABOUT ROLAMA, NOW SHE HATES ME! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU!

REALIZE THAT YOU ARE TALKING TO A YOUNGER MAN, AND I HAVE A PISTOL.

RIMA WAS NOT SURPRISED TO SEE RINA APPEAR OUT OF THE FOREST...



YOU THOUGHT TO ESCAPE ME! TO HIDE FROM MY EYES IN THE WOODS! YOU HAVE LIED AND KEPT ME FROM MY PEOPLE!

DEAR CHILD, DO NOT HATE ME! I HAVE DONE ALL I COULD DO FOR YOU!

I NEVER BELIEVED SHE WAS HIS OR NO CHILD, BUT HOW DID HE EVER GET POSSESSION OF HER, THE OLD RASCAL.



DO YOU KNOW HIS HUNTING KNIFE, NURLO THREATENED TO KILL NAWZELA.

SHALL YOU DIE, OLD MAN? NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE SHOWN ME THE WAY TO ROLAMA! COME NOW TO ROLAMA! RISE INSTANTLY, I COMMAND YOU!

FORGIVE ME, RIMA, OR I WILL KILL MYSELF!

RINA PREPARED TO TELL HER MOTHER IN HEAVEN ABOUT NURLO'S LIES...



OH, WICKED MAN! ALL SHALL NOW BE TOLD TO MY MOTHER, HEAR MY WORDS. THEN KILL YOURSELF, OH, MOTHER, MOTHER IN HEAVEN, LISTEN TO ME. ALL THESE YEARS I HAVE BEEN WICKEDLY DECEIVED BY THE OLD MAN WHO FOUND YOU, MANY TIMES I HAVE SPOKE OF ROLAMA, WHERE YOU ONCE WERE. HE HAS LIED AND SAID HE KNOW OF NO SUCH PLACE.

AH! I AM LEARNING MORE ABOUT THIS MYSTERY.

ALAS! I SHALL NOT GO TO HEAVEN, AND I KNOW HER MOTHER HAS A SAINT.



RIWA, PRAY AGAIN AND ASK YOUR SAINTLY MOTHER NOT TO KEEP ME OUT OF HEAVEN.

HE IS REPENTANT, RIWA, TELL YOUR MOTHER.

ONLY FOR YOUR SAKE, ABEL, I WILL DO IT.



I WILL TAKE HER TO IGG-LAMA.

SEE THAT YOU DO.

O MOTHER, LISTEN TO ME. GRANDFATHER HAS REPENTED AND WILL TAKE ME TO IGG-LAMA. PARDON HIM AND MOTHER A WONDERFUL MAN HAS COME INTO MY LIFE. HIS NAME IS ABEL.

When RIWA and I went alone into the woods...



DO YOU WISH FOR ME TO GO WITH YOU AND MURLO TO IGG-LAMA?

YOU MUST. I WISH IT SO.



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BEST TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH MY INDIAN FRIENDS BEFORE SETTING OUT ON MY JOURNEY, SO NEXT MORNING I FOUND THEM ALL AT HOME AGAIN AND NOT THE LEAST BIT FRIENDLY...

YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY FOR A LONG TIME, HAVE YOU BEEN WITH MANAGA, MY ENEMY?

I ASSURE YOU—I HAVE NOT SEEN MANAGA.

THEY REMAINED SOLEMN AND UNFRIENDLY AS I DIPPED INTO THE MEAT POT WITH THEM...



I DO NOT SHOW THAT I MISTRUST THEM OR AM AFRAID.

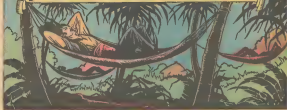
THEN, TAKING UP MY GUITAR, I SANG THEM AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD...



ALTHOUGH THE OTHERS DON'T SING, I LIKE THE MUSIC.

UGH! MUSIC IS GOOD, BUT I THINK MAYBE I KILL HIM. HE HAS BEEN AWAY AND IS TOO MYSTICIOUS.

I WENT TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT IN MY HAMMOCK AS IF I DID NOT FEAR THEM...





THE NEXT DAY MY REVOLVER WAS MISSING FROM ITS HOLSTER. I RESTED IN MY HARBORHOOD PRETENDING NOT TO KNOW MY DANGER.

CHIEF RUI MUST HAVE TAKEN MY REVOLVER.

MYN RUI RETURNED FROM HUNTING.



CHIEF RUI, WHILE I WAS ASLEEP LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE TOOK MY REVOLVER.

YEB, I TOOK IT HUNTING AND LOST IT IN THE WOOD.

CHIEF, MY FRIEND, IF YOU LOST MY REVOLVER, ACCORDING TO INDIAN CUSTOM, YOU MUST PAY ME FOR IT.

YUH? HE WILL GO IN TO THE FOREST WHERE I DROPPED IT AND YOU MAYSEARD FOR IT.

I KNEW HE WAS LYING...



I DROPPED THE REVOLVER HERE.

BUT HE DO NOT FIND IT HERE.

BACK IN THE VILLAGE, RUI-KO OFFERED ME HIS SYSTEM IN MARRIAGE AGAIN...



IT IS NOT GOOD FOR A YOUNG MAN TO BE WITH-OUT A WIFE.

NOW THAT I HAVE LOST MY REVOLVER, I HAVE NOTHING TO PURCHASE DALANA WITH.

HE SUSPECTS THAT I HAVE BEEN IN THE WOOD WITH RUI, AND IS TRYING ME OUT.

MYN RUI-KO AND I SEARCHED THE WOOD AGAIN FOR THE GUN...



MAYBE WHITE MAN'S GUN IS FOREVER LOST.

CHIEF RUI HAS THE GUN AND DOES NOT INTEND TO RETURN IT.

WE FELT THEY WERE PLOTTING TO KILL ME AND THAT I MUST GET AWAY FROM THEM.



WHEN THEY WERE ALL ASLEEP IN THE HEAT OF THE AFTERNOON, I LEFT THE VILLAGE AND RAN STRAIGHT FOR THE ENCHANTED FOREST.



WHEN I REACHED THE HUT, I FOUND EVERYTHING IN READINESS FOR THE TRIP TO KOLAMA. KOPLO GREETED ME WITH MUCH ENTUSIASM WHILE RIMA WAS, AS USUAL, RESERVED...

WE WERE AFRAID YOU HAD ABANDONED US.

HAPPY THE EYES THAT SEE YOU! ALL IS READY FOR THE JOURNEY. WE HAD ONLY AWAITED YOUR RETURN TO SET OUT.



THEY THEN LED ME INTO THE WOOD WHERE WE FILLED OUR SACKS FROM HIS SECRET STORES HIDDEN FROM THE INDIANS...

YOU AND I MUST CARRY MEAT AND VEGETABLES TO SUSTAIN US ON OUR JOURNEY. RIMA NEEDS TO CARRY NOTHING AS SHE CAN LIVE LIKE A BEAR ON THE FRUITS AND HERBS SHE FINDS IN THE WOODS.



THIS STONE WILL KEEP THE INDIANS FROM OUR REMAINING STORES OF FOOD WHILE WE ARE GONE.



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AS WE STARTED, I WAS DISAPPOINTED TO SEE THAT ROMA WOULD NOT TRAVEL BY MY SIDE...



BUT WHEN WE STOPPED TO REST AND EAT, ROMA WAS ALWAYS THERE—A LITTLE WAY IN THE DISTANCE...

SHE MUST COME FROM A MOST STRANGE RACE OF BEINGS IN-DEED—SHE DOES NOT GET HUNGRY AND TIRED AS WE DO.



AT LENGTH, HE MET THREE TRAVELLERS...

THESE ARE STRANGERS—HE MUST NOT TELL THEM WHO HE IS. THEY MAY FEEL AND TELL THE AGENTS THAT ROMA HAS GONE FROM THE WOOD.

I SEE—OF RUMI HERE TO KNOW THAT THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUC IS NO LONGER IN HIS WOOD. HE WANTED TO FIND AND DELIVER HER HOME.



WE ARE GOING TO SEARCH FOR GOLD IN THOSE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.

WHO ARE YOU, GOOD FRIENDS, AND WHY ARE YOU TRAVELLING?



WE QUICKLY TOOK OUR LEAVE OF THE STRANGERS AND JOURNEYED ON...

SEVEN YEARS BEFORE THE CAMP FIRE, ONE NIGHT, RUFLO TOLD ME THE STORY OF HOW HE HAD SEEN A MEMBER OF A GANG OF OUTLANDS BOWE 17 YEARS AGO!



KILL THE MEN AND CARRY OFF THE GOLD AND WOMEN!

BUT RUFLO WAS GETTING OLD—AND BEGINNING TO FEAR FOR HIS SOUL AFTER DEATH...



WE HAVE NO FURTHER NEED FOR THIS WOMAN. LET THE CROCODILES EAT HER.

NO—DO NOT DO THIS EVIL DEED!

PAY NO ATTENTION TO AN FLO. HE IS GETTING OLD AND RELIGIOUS.



LET THEM EAT HER UP IT IS GREAT SPORT.

OH, I MUST QUIT THIS EVIL BAND OF MEN AND REPENT MY SINS.



THEN THE BAND FOUND A CAVE IN A MOUNTAIN...

WE CAN STICK AWAY OUR LOOT HERE AND NO ONE WILL FIND IT.

I WANT NO PART OF THEIR LOOT. I MUST REPENT MY SINS.

GREEN HANSIONS

THIS IS A SAFE COMFORTABLE PLACE YOU KNOW THIS PART OF SOUTH AMERICA, MURLO WHAT PLACE IS THIS?

THIS IS A CAVE IN BOLAMA MOUNTAIN.



THEY KILLED A DEER FOR FOOD.



AH, THIS IS GOOD MEAT.

YES, AND THAT WHICH WE ARE SMOKING OVER THE FIRE WILL KEEP FOR MANY DAYS.



SUDDENLY THERE APPEARED IN THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE A BEAST



A WOMAN! LET US TAKE HER!

NO! SHE SURELY IS A SAINT FROM HEAVEN.

BUT THE RUFFIANS HAD NO NEED TO HURD AND CHASED THE ROMAN...



COME BACK! DO NOT HARBOR THAT SAINTLY CREATURE!

WE ESCAPED BY JUMPING OVER THE CLIFF, BUT WHEN HURLO AND HIS BAND GOT TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, THEY SAW... NOTHING.

SHE SEEMS TO HAVE WASHED INTO THE AIR.

I TELL YOU THAT WAS NO WOMAN, BUT A SAINT.



AHEAD TO TRY ON THE MOUNTAIN ANY LOWER, THE RUFFIANS LEFT HURLO IN THE CARE AND WENT THEIR WAY.

LEAVE OLD HURLO HERE. HE IS TOO RELIGIOUS TO BE OF ANY USE TO US.

LET THEM GO. I AM HAPPY THAT THEY DID NOT KILL ME.



FOLLOWING AN INKED IMPULSE, HURLO LATER WENT DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHERE EARLIER THE WOMAN HAD DISAPPEARED, AND FOUND HER...

AH, POOR WOMAN, I WILL LOOSE HER FOOT FROM THE ROCKS AND CARE FOR HER.



HE BATHED HER WOUNDED FOOT IN A COOL SPRING...

SHE FEELS BETTER, BUT SHE SAYS NOTHING. I WONDER IF SHE SPEAKS AN EARTHLY LANGUAGE.



NO-NOMA, NON-NON TAPPA...

SHE IS REFUSING THE MEAT—BUT IN WHAT LANGUAGE, I DO NOT KNOW.



GREEN MANSIONS

BUT SHE WAS HAPPY WHEN HE BROUGHT HER, HER, IS AND DEVICES FROM THE FOREST.

AT LENGTH, SHE WAS ABLE TO WALK A BIT.

YILLA-YILLA, TRA-LA-LA!



BUT SHE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF HER TIME IN WEeping...

AH, SHE MUST HAVE SUFFERED SOME GREAT SORROW.



BY SIGN LANGUAGE, HE FOUND OUT THAT ALL HER PEOPLE HAD BEEN KILLED AND THAT SHE WAS WITH CHILD...

NO DOUBT RUFFIANS OR INDIANS FELL UPON HER VILLAGE, KILLING HER HUSBAND AND ALL HER PEOPLE. I WILL TAKE HER TO THE PRIEST AT VOA.



HE SOON DELIVERED HER TO THE PRIEST AT VOA...

AT LENGTH, A CHILD WAS BORN TO HER AND GREW UP IN VOA. AND SO THE YEARS PASSES PEACEFULLY.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HER LANGUAGE, BUT SHE SEEMS A GOOD WOMAN. I RECEIVE HER INTO THE CHURCH.

NOW I HAVE DONE A GOOD DEED—PERHAPS MY SOUL WILL REST IN HEAVEN.



THEY ARE SINGING IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.

BIRD-LIKE AND VERY STRANGE SOUNDS.

TRA-LA-LA, EFFA-TWEET, TWEET, TWEET!

TRA-LA-LA, LA-LA, CHEE-CHEE!





AFTER
A TIME...

SHE IS DYING. WE
MUST LEARN FROM
RIMA. WHAT HER
LAST WORDS ARE!

CELA VELA
COTA MAE!

O MAHAMA!
CELLA YELLA
COTA MAE!

THIS CHILD IS TOO DELICATE
FOR THIS HOT WET CLIMATE.
YOU MUST TAKE HER TO
SOME SWEET COOL WOOD IN
THE HILLS.

I KNOW
JUST SUCH
A PLACE.



BEFORE SHE
DIED, SHE SAID
I MUST ALWAYS
LIVE WITH
NURLO AND HE
WILL BE TO ME
A GRAND-
FATHER.

AH, I AM
BLESSED
AT LAST!



RIMA GROW INTO
A BEAUTIFUL
MAIDEN...

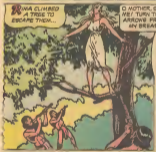
SO THEY JOURNEYED TO THE BEAUTI-
FUL GREEN WOOD WHERE I, ARL,
WAS LATER TO FIND THEM...



ARE YOU HAPPY
HERE, RIMAP?

VERY HAPPY,
GRANDFATHER.





AS I FINALLY KNEW RIMA'S HISTORY.

NOW I HAVE TOLD YOU THE STORY ABOUT RIMA AND WHY THE INDIANS FEAR AND HATE HER.

A REMARKABLE STORY INDEED.



NOT LONGER, WE REACHED BOLAMA MOUNTAIN AND STOOD BEFORE THE CAVE...

IS THIS BOLAMA? NOTHING BUT A CAVE!

BOLAMA.

NOTHING BUT A CAVE, RIMA -- NO VILLAGE AND NO PEOPLE.



THAT NIGHT...

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A FIRE TO WARM ONE'S BONES.

POOR CHILD, SHE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HER PEOPLE ARE ALL DEAD.



RECENTLY, SHE RUSHED OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

TO EXPLORE THE MOUNTAIN.

RIMA! RIMA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



COME WITH ME TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

RIMA, IT IS NIGHT AND THERE IS NOTHING UP THERE.





SWA, MULO HAD TOLD ME YOUR WHOLE STORY, YOUR PEOPLE ARE ALL DEAD.

DEAD!



HE PAINTED IN MY ARMS.

I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER SHE HAS BURNED OR IS DEAD.

IS SHE DEAD?



I HEAR NO HEART-BEAT AND NO BREATH COMES FROM HER LIPS.



O, MY CHILD!
O, MY CHILD!
SHE IS DEAD!



I BELIEVED HER DEAD AND COULD NOT REFRAIN FROM KISSING THOSE SWEET LIPS...

AH, THESE SWEET LIPS WILL NO MORE MARBLE TONGUE IN THE WOODS.



THEN THE LIPS PARTED AND SHE OPENED HER EYES!

AH, SHE LIVES!



I LEAVE YOU TWO LOVERS TOGETHER AND WILL REST MY WEARY BONES.

RIHA, DARLING.

I HAD DIED, BUT YOUR KISSES BROUGHT BACK LIFE TO ME.



WILL YOU MARRY ME, RIHA?

YES, ADEL--GLADLY.



I MUST RETURN HOME AT ONCE --TONIGHT, I MUST GO ALONE.

RIHA!



YOU CANNOT GO TONIGHT, RIHA. WAIT UNTIL THE MORNING AND I WILL GO WITH YOU.

I MUST GO ALONE SO I CAN GO EMPTY. THEN, WHEN YOU RETURN I WILL BE ALL PRETTY LIKE MY MOTHER IN A NEW WHITE DRESS.

HE SPED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN INTO THE NIGHT. I COULD NOT CATCH HER...

TRA-LA-LA! I'LL
BE WAITING
FOR YOU, ABEL...

TRA-LA,
TRA-LA,
TRA-LA-LA-LA!

SHE WAS
SOON LOST
FROM SIGHT,
BUT ONCE
MORE I HEARD
THAT WHIRLING
VOICE.

WORLD WAS NOT
FRIGHTENED—
THAT SHE HAD
GONE ALONE...

BUT I CANNOT
BEAR TO THINK
OF HER OUT
THERE ALONE

IT DOES NOT MATTER
THAT SHE HAS GONE
ALONE. NO WILD BEAST
WILL HARM HER AND
THE INDIANS ARE
AFRAID OF HER.



WORLD WAS IN
A HURRY TO
GET BACK...

WE CAN REST HERE
THREE DAYS LONGER—
NOW THAT RIMA IS AT
HOME. THE INDIANS
WILL NOT DARE
TO COME INTO
THE CREEK WITH
RIMA THERE.

I HOPE NOT,
I FEEL AFRAID
FOR HER.



AT LENGTH, WE STARTED BACK.

I WISH WE COULD GO SWIFTLY AND UNBURDENED THROUGH THE WOODS LIKE RINA.

AH, WE DO NOT HAVE HER BIRD-LIKE SPIRIT.



AFTER A FEW DAYS, OUR MEAT GAVE OUT AND OUR DOGS COULD CATCH NOTHING.

THEN, ONE OF THE DOGS WENT LAME.

HE'S NO GOOD ANY MORE. LET'S KILL AND EAT HIM.

MURDO, HOW COULD YOU KILL THE POOR, FAITHFUL ANIMAL?



WITH HEAVY HEARTS, WE ATE THE REMAINS OF WHAT HAD BEEN A DOG.

I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD COME TO EAT DOG MEAT.

WE ORDINARY HUMANS CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT SOME KIND OF MEAT. ONLY RINA CAN DO THAT.



GREEN HANSIONS

FINALLY, NURLO AND I RETURNED FROM ISLAMBA... TO FIND NURLO'S HUT BURNED TO THE GROUND...

ALAS! RUMA AND HIS SAVAGES HAVE BEEN HERE!

WHERE IS RUMA?



I RAN THROUGH THE WOOD LOOKING FOR HER...

RUMA!
RUMA!



WHEN I HEARD A BIRD-CALL...

TWEET-TWEET-TWEET!

A BIRD-CALL, BUT NOT RUMA'S. AND INDIANMEN MAKE SOUNDS LIKE BIRDS.



RUMA-HO SUDDENLY LEAPED INTO VIEW. AS I HAD NO WEAPON, I PRETENDED TO BE FRIENDLY TOWARD HIM...

USH! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO YOUR VILLAGE



AS HE SPOKE, I FELT THAT HE WAS LYING...

HOW IS IT THAT YOU WERE HUNTING IN THIS WOOD? DOES THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI NO LONGER LIVE HERE?

I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I AM NOT AFRAID ANYMORE



IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO RUMA, I BELIEVE HE KNOWS ABOUT IT.





AT THE VILLAGE, I WAS GREETED BY A HOSTILE RUMI...

LOH! YOU HERE AGAIN?

I AM NOW BE PRISONER. I MUST NOT SHOW FEAR.



HAVE YOU BEEN VISITING MY SIBLING, JAKASA?

NO-- I HAVE BEEN ON A LONG JOURNEY.

WHERE DID YOU GO ON THE LONG JOURNEY?

I WENT TO SEARCH FOR GOLD.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR ME, HE BELIEVED MY STORY...

WHY DID YOU SEEK GOLD?

I WANTED WEALTH SO THAT I COULD MARRY CAL. NO, HOWEVER, I FOUND NONE.

I KNEW I WAS NOT WELCOME
THOUGH I ATE WITH THEM...

UGH—VERY
MUCH YOUR
FRIEND.

AH, CLA-CLA, YOU ARE
STILL MY FRIEND.



AND AFTER SUPPER I
PLAYED AND SANG AN
INDIAN SONG I MADE UP
SPECIALLY FOR THEM...

VERY
PRETTY
SONG.

THOSE WERE SOME TWO
YOUNG INDIAN LOVERS...



AND THAT NIGHT, I
WENT TO BED IN MY
OLD HANNOCK...

I MUST
STILL ACT AS IF I DO
NOT FEAR THEM...YET I
WISH I HAD MY REVOLVER.



THE NEXT DAY, THEY BATHERED IN A WARLIKE PARTY...

I MUST FIND OUT WHAT IS UP.



WHERE HAD MY REVOLVER IN THE BELT...

THEN YOU ARE STILL MY FRIEND, VERY GOOD!

IF YOU ARE GOING TO FIGHT AGAINST MANAGA, LET ME GO AND HELP YOU IN THE FIGHT.



BUT I CAN FIGHT ONLY WITH THE WHITE MAN'S WEAPON WHICH YOU DO NOT KNOW HOW TO USE AS WELL AS I

UGH! I GIVE YOU REVOLVER ONLY WHEN WE REACH THE SCENE OF BATTLE. I WANT TO BE SURE YOU USE IT ONLY ON MANAGA



EXCEPT FOR MY HUNTING KNIFE, I SIT OUT WITH THEM...



NOW IS THE TIME TO QUESTION HIM FURTHER ABOUT RIMA, I KNOW I CAN OUTWIT THE SAVAGE

He
TORNELLED
HORTHWARD
ALL DAY
AND WHEN
HE CAMPED
THAT
NIGHT,
KUM-KOP
STAYED
CLOSE
TO ME...



I HAD BUCK AT HEART, BUT I WANTED THE WHOLE STORY

I HAVE HEARD THAT THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF IS NO LONGER IN THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN WOOD, IS THAT TRUE, KUM-KOP?

YOU HAVE HEARD TRUE, FOR WE KILLED HER.

HOW WERE YOU INDIANS GO CLEVER AS TO KILL SUCH AN EVIL SPIRIT, KUM-KOP?

WHEN SHE RETURNED FROM HER JOURNEY, WE CHASSED HER INTO A TREE AND BURIED THE TREE DOWN



I STILL HAD A LITTLE HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED THEM

ARE YOU SURE SHE DIED IN THE FIRE, KUM-KOP?

VERY SURE LISTEN AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW SHE DIED.



ONE DAY, WE CAPTURED THREE OF YOUR PEOPLE...

THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI HAS GONE FROM HER WOOD. TELL US - HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

PLEASE DO NOT KILL US. WE SAW A YOUNG MAN, AN OLD MAN AND A GIRL ON THE WAY TO BILARRA.

AH, IT WAS ABEL, THE OLD MAN THAT LIVES IN THE WOOD, AND THE DYLONE HERSELF!

NOW WE CAN HUNT IN THE WOOD AGAIN - THE DYLONE IS NOT THERE.



WE WENT INTO THE WOOD AND BURNED THE OLD MAN'S HOUSE...



AND WE HUNTED THROUGH THE WOOD...



SOON, WE SAW THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI RETURNING THROUGH THE WOOD...

IT IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE DIDI!

THIS TIME, WE WILL KILL HER!



WE SAW US AND
RAN TO A
TREE WHICH
SHE CLIMBED.



O MOTHER IN
HEAVEN, SAVED ME!

O ABBY! WHERE
ARE YOU? I AM
DYING, ABBY!



DO NOT
SHOOT AT
HER! SHE
WILL
THROW THE
ARROW
BACK AND
KILL YOU!

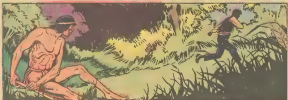
NO! LET US
BURN
DOWN THE
TREE!



WHEN KUA-KO HAD DONE, HE LAY DOWN AND SEEMED TO GO TO SLEEP. I PRETENDED TO BE ASLEEP ALSO, BUT I WAS AWARE WITH A DESIRE FOR REVENGE...

WHEN I AM SURE HE IS ASLEEP I MUST GET AWAY.

HE DOES NOT MOVE. HE MUST BE ASLEEP THIS IS MY CHANCE.



HE HURLED HIS SPEAR. IT STRUCK ME ON THE ARM, MAKING A DEEP FLESH WOUND.

I DREW MY HUNTING KNIFE AND TURNED TO FACE HIM.

HE HAS NO SPEAR NOW. I KNOW HE IS NOT MY EQUAL WITH A KNIFE.





STABBED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN, LIKE A MAN GONE STARK, RAVING MAD...

TAKE THAT! AND THAT! FOR KILLING RUM!



I WILL NEED THIS WHEN I JOIN MAN-AGA AND FIGHT AGAINST RUM AND HIS BAND.



AND LATER, AT MAN-AGA'S VILLAGE...

RUM AND HIS WARRIORS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SURPRISE AND KILL YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE!

I WILL MEET HIM WITH MY WARRIORS. LEAD ME TO HIM.

WE WILL KILL THEM—EVERYONE!



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

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON was born in the little town of Quilmes near Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America in 1841. As a boy and young man, he ranged the pampas or plains of Argentina and roved far northward into the tropical forest and high mountains of Venezuela. What he saw, learned and admired in nature on these rambles affected his whole life and enriched his later writings.

In 1874, he went to England where began the period of his life which was marked by a long struggle with poverty and illness. He settled in London where his wife, Emily, ran a boarding-house to help support them. Though he was then writing books that later made him famous, he remained unrecognized except by a small circle of close friends who admired and appreciated him. At length, in 1901, when he was 60, he was awarded a government pension which somewhat eased his hardships. Later on, however, when he had gained success, he refused the pension and lived on the income from his writings.

Hudson called himself a field naturalist, his chief interest being ornithology (study of bird-life); he also understood human beings and sympathized with them as their sufferers, joys and sorrows. Though he gives us wonderful reports on wild-life in his writings, there is also in them an understanding of and interest in the life and ways of people. Two of his books which are his best in illustrating this quality are **GREEN MANSIONS**, published when he was 63, and **A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK**, the last book he wrote, which was published some time after his death.

Hudson's writings are chiefly reflections on his own experiences as an adventuresome and nature-loving youth in South America; or, as an aging man, a more sober observer of the quiet thrills to be seen in an English countryside. His books reflecting his youth in South



America are as follows: **THE PURPLE LAND**, published in 1885; **A CRYSTAL AGE** — 1887; **EL OMBU** — 1903; **GREEN MANSIONS** — 1904; **FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO** — (the real story of his boyhood) — 1918. Those which reflect his observations of English country life are **AFOOT IN ENGLAND** — 1909; **A SHEPHERD'S LIFE** — 1910; **DEAD MAN'S PLACE** — 1920.

Two of Hudson's books are pure studies of bird-life and are distinct contributions to the field of Ornithology. These are **ARGENTINA ORNITHOLOGY**, written with the help of another bird enthusiast, P. L. Selater, published in 1883, and **BRITISH BIRDS**, written by Hudson alone and published in 1890.

No doubt, **GREEN MANSIONS** is Hudson's most popular and best-loved book; for in it he tells a story as interesting to readers who are unmoved by the mysteries and beauties of nature as to those who have Hudson's own enthusiasm for nature and wild-life. And, in the story, Hudson gives us Rima who is a sort of bird-goddess and yet so human that an ordinary man can fall in love with her and have that love returned. In fact, in her cruel death, Rima becomes so much like an ordinary girl that the reader regrets that she could not have lived on and married Abel and the two lived happily ever after in the beautiful green wood. But we also feel that Hudson wants to tell us in this story that, long before this present meeting and destructive race took over all the world, there was a race of beings on the earth — beautiful, innocent and bird-like, who lived in peace with nature and themselves, and of whom Rima and her mother were the last.

After a long and productive life, Hudson died in London in 1922, at the age of 81. He died a famous man who had done much to make people understand and love birds. In 1925, just three years after his death, a bird sanctuary was erected to his memory in Hyde Park.

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT

Father of the Modern Factory

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT was born in Preston, Lancashire, England, on December 23, 1732, of poor parents. The youngest of thirteen children, he received very little schooling and his father, struggling to provide for his large family, had Richard learn the barber's trade. Later, Richard opened a barber shop in a cellar in Bolton.

Arkwright grew up in a district where cotton spinning was carried on in individual homes. Because the machines used were very crude, it was a costly job to convert the raw cotton sent from the colonies into workable thread. With time on his hands, he became interested in improving the machines. In 1767, he gave up barbering to devote all his time to the invention of a better machine.

That year, James Hargreaves had invented a spinning machine which he called a "jenny" in honor of his daughter. He did not patent this invention as it was not a very practical machine. Although the cotton spinner was now able to spin a number of threads at a time (where before each thread had to be handled separately), the threads were not strong enough to be used as warp (the threads running up and down in a woven cloth) and could be used only as weft (the threads running crosswise). This was because Hargreaves had no way of making the threads either fine or hard.

After much study and experiment, Arkwright brought out his spinning frame which was able to spin a vast number of threads to any degree of fineness or hardness.

Arkwright's invention was based on a system of rollers. The roving or corded (the soft, loose strips of cotton) was passed through one pair of rollers and then was received by another pair revolving 3, 4, or 5 times as fast as the first pair. In this way, the roving was drawn out



into a thread of the desired degree of hardness, the speed of the rollers determining the tenacity (thickness) of the thread. The thread was twisted by a spindle as it was spun.

Patenting his invention in 1769, Arkwright was afraid to set up a factory in his home town of Preston, because the spinners believed his machine would throw them out of jobs. They threatened to destroy all the "monsters" he had made. Accordingly, he set up his first mill, which was run by horsepower, in Nottingham.

Arkwright was on the road to success, but he needed money for expansion, since all good business enterprises must grow in order to prosper. He therefore took in two wealthy men as partners, Jedediah Strutt and Samuel Need. He now opened his second, and much larger factory in Cromford, with the machinery now being turned by a water wheel. He also made improvements on his spinning frame, so that it now was a perfected giant spinner.

Others began to infringe on Arkwright's patents and Arkwright spent much of his time in court, fighting the men who were using his invention. Finally, a ruling was handed down that, because of Hargreaves' previous, although unworkable invention, the spinning frame could be used by anybody, without payment to Arkwright. Thus, a great number of cotton cloth factories appeared all over England and later in the United States.

The effect of Arkwright's invention was that it influenced the industrial revolution of the 18th century, substituted the machine for the handworker, and was the foundation of British industrial power.

Arkwright was knighted by King George III. He died August 3, 1792.



BARNUM'S BUFFALO HUNT

P. T. BARNUM always had an eye out for the unusual. Once, while on a visit to Boston, he saw a herd of buffalo in a side-show tent. The show was doing poorly, but Barnum saw great possibilities in the herd of yearling buffalo.

After buying the herd, Barnum searched for just the right spot to exhibit. He chose a race track in Hoboken, New Jersey, just across the Hudson River from New York City. In Hoboken were parks and wooden paths, beer gardens and band stands.

Barnum hired the race track and then chartered the ferry boats that crossed the river. Then he put up posters in New York which read: "Grand Buffalo Hunt (Free of Charge) at Hoboken, near the ferry, on Thursday, August 31, 1843 at 3, 4 and 5 P M . . . C. D. French, one of the most daring and experienced hunters of the West, with a herd of buffalo captured by himself near Santa Fe. He will exhibit the method of hunting wild buffalo and throwing the lasso." Barnum was careful not to state the age of the buffalo.

Actually, the public didn't know who was sponsoring the event. From the posters, they thought it must be C. D. French. But they little cared, for it was, after all, free of charge.

The appointed day of the "Hunt" was warm and sunny, and as early as ten in the morning, people began to cross the river on the ferries. Early arrivals spread picnic lunches on the grass around the race track, while a brass band played to keep the crowd amused.

By three o'clock 24,000 people had paid their six and a quarter cents to cross the river on the ferries. A hush fell over the throng surrounding the track, as C. D. French, in typical western backskins, mounted a grey horse and rode to the shed in the center of the course.



With a loud whoop, he flung open the door of the shed and jumped back. Out came twenty, thin and scrawny buffalo. Not realising what was expected of them, the bewildered buffalo calves merely huddled together.

Seeing the buffalo, the crowd let out a roar of laughter. The little herd, startled by the noise, started slowly in a weak gallop around the track. After trailing them for some distance, French threw his lasso over the head of the largest calf. This raised an even louder roar of laughter from the crowd.

This time, the roar really frightened the buffalo and they took off on a dead run around the track. A little further on, they smashed into the low, wooden guard rail. There was a crash, the fence gave way, and the herd dashed out into the crowd.

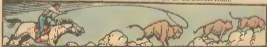
Men climbed trees, women screamed and ran. Barnum, himself, couldn't have planned more confusion or excitement. Most of the calves headed for a nearby swamp.

Not until five o'clock was French able to drive three scared buffalo back to the track, where they again escaped into the crowd. Afterwards, the hunter amused the people as best he could by lassoing horses and riders.

Naturally, the event was panned as a humbug, but most of the crowd enjoyed their day in Hoboken. It was well after midnight when the chartered ferries carried the last of the people back to New York.

A few days later, P. T. Barnum announced that he had been the producer of the "humbug." But then, what could people say; hadn't it been free of charge?

Barnum never mentioned the thirty-five hundred dollars he collected in fares by chartering ferries to carry the crowd across the river to the Grand Buffalo Hunt.



FAMOUS OPERAS DON GIOVANNI

By Wolfgang Mozart

NIGHT has long since fallen in 17th century Seville, Spain. Leporello, faithful servant to Don Giovanni, awaits his master outside the house of the Commandant, the beautiful Donna Anna's father.

At the sound of angry voices, Leporello hides and watches as Don Giovanni pursues Donna Anna. The Commandant rushes out and angrily challenges Don Giovanni to a duel. The Commandant is slain.

Don Giovanni and Leporello make a hasty escape. The grief-stricken Donna Anna and her betrothed, Don Ottavio, swear vengeance upon the unknown assailant.

Meanwhile, as Don Giovanni and Leporello are fleeing, they meet a weeping woman. She is Donna Elvira, deserted by Giovanni even while he was sleeping with her. He bids Leporello to distract her and sneak away to escape her wrath. When she discovers the trick, she, too, swears vengeance upon Don Giovanni.

Finally, Giovanni reaches the country village of his castle. The townfolk are celebrating the forthcoming marriage of Zerlina and Masetto. Don Giovanni flatters Zerlina and invites all to his castle. Donna Elvira arrives in time to warn Zerlina about Giovanni's true character.

Among the crowd gathered are Donna Anna and Don Ottavio. When Donna Anna hears Giovanni's voice, she recognizes him as her father's murderer. She and her betrothed renew their vow of vengeance.

Later, there is a festival at Giovanni's palace. Three masked figures arrive at the garden and Leporello invites them to the festival. They are Donna Anna, Don Ottavio and Donna Elvira. Inside, Don Giovanni is confronted by the three but escapes through an open passageway.

Still in love with Don Giovanni, Donna Elvira tries to attract him by taking Zerlina into her care. Don

Giovanni does visit them but comes disguised as Leporello and Leporello goes along disguised as Giovanni. Leporello courts Donna Elvira who believes him to be Giovanni while Giovanni courts Zerlina.

Masetto, who wants to give Giovanni a beating, finally comes upon him but is fooled by his disguise as Leporello. Instead, it is Masetto who receives the beating. Zerlina is shocked to find her betrothed and Masetto lying in the street.

Leporello, in the meantime, is seized by an angry crowd who believe him to be Giovanni. Leporello is forced to reveal his true identity and flee.

It is past midnight when Giovanni and Leporello meet near a recently erected statue of the murdered Commandant. The roguish Giovanni invites the statue to dinner. It nods acceptance as Leporello trembles.

The next night, a banquet is prepared. Donna Elvira comes to Giovanni and falling to her knees, begs him to change his ways. He coldly refuses. She leaves and is heard screaming as she runs out through another room. Giovanni sends Leporello to see what it is. Leporello returns and reports that it is the "man of stone." Giovanni bids Leporello to open the door but he refuses. Sword in hand, and taking a candle, Giovanni goes to greet his guest. It is the statue.

"You have invited me, I am here," it says. Giovanni orders Leporello out from under the table where he has hidden and bids him to serve dinner.

The statue refuses, saying, "Those who have partaken of heavenly food desire not food of the earth." Upon the statue's request, Giovanni takes his cold hand. The statue orders Giovanni to repent in his last hour. Giovanni exclaims, "Never!"

A fiery pit opens and demons drag the unrepentant but brave Giovanni into the abyss.



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