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By STEPHEN CRANE



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# The **RED BADGE** of **COURAGE**

by **STEPHEN  
CRANE**



**T**HIS IS NO Epic  
HISTORY OF  
GREAT GENERALS,  
GLORIOUS VICTORIES  
OR DARE DEEDS.  
THIS IS SIMPLY THE  
STORY OF WHAT  
SEPPLE DID ONE  
YOUNG LAD ON  
THE FATEFUL DAY  
WHEN HE CAME  
FACE TO FACE  
WITH THE MONSTER  
CALLED WAR.

**IN THE SPRING OF 1861...**  
 JUST AFTER THE START OF THE CIVIL WAR, HENRY FLEMING WAS READERLICKLY ABOUT HIS CHOICE OF HIS MOTHER'S IDEAS. IN HIS THOUGHTS, THOUGH HE SAW HIMSELF ON THE BATTLE-FIELD PERFORMING SHAMEFUL DEEDS OF SLAVERY.



**FAMILY, ONE NIGHT...**

MA, I'M GOING TO ENLIST.

HENRY, DON'T YOU BE A FOOL. NOW, GO BACK TO SLEEP.



**NEVERTHELESS, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...**



**WHEN HENRY RETURNED HOME...**

MA, I'VE ENLISTED.

THE LORDS WILL BE DONE.



YOU WATCH OUT, HENRY, AN' TAKE GOOD KEER OF YOURSELF IN THIS HERE FIGHTIN' BUSINESS. DON'T GO A-THINKIN' YOU CAN LICK THE HELL REBEL ARMY, AN' ALLUS BE MERRILL AN' CHOOSE YER COMPANY. DON'T EVER DO ANYTHING YOU WOULD BE ASHAMED TO LET US KNOW ABOUT. ALSO, NEVER DO NO SHIRKING ON MY ACCOUNT, IF SO BE A TIME COMES WHEN YOU HAVE TO BE KICK, DON'T THINK OF ANYTHING 'CEPT WHAT'S RIGHT, BECAUSE THERE'S WALLY A WOMAN HAS TO BEAR UP 'GAINST DEED THINGS THESE TIMES. AN' THE LORD'LL TAKE KEER OF US ALL.



THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE



FEW DAYS LATER, HENRY, ARRIVING WITH REBEKah AND HIS SCHOOLMATES, BOGGERS...

DOESN'T HE LOOK JUST WONDERFUL!

BOY, OH BOY! ENLIST, TOO!

GET UP, CRAFTY BAIT TO SHOW THEM REBELS SOMETHIN'! HUH, HENRY!



ALL ABOARD!

DON'T WORRY, MA, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

GOODBYE, SON. GOD BLESS YOU.

HENRY FEELS SHAME AND GUILT FOR HAVING SLOWLY DULLED BY MONTHS OF MONOTONOUS INACTIVITY IN CAMP WITH HIS REGIMENT THE 304 TH NEW YORK...



WHEN WE GO ONNA DO SOME FIGHTIN'?

I HEARD WE'RE MOVIN' UP TOMORROW.

WE BIN HEARIN' THAT FOR WEEKS.

ALL WE DO IS LOAF AROUND OR DILL WITH FWD SEE SOME REAL ACTION.

ALL RIGHT, ADAM - THORNTON? DO YOU WANT TO BE FRESH FISH? ALL YER LIVES?



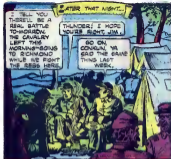
SO RARE, THE COMRADES PICKETS WITHOUT LEAVING THEIR SIDE OF THE RIVER WERE THE ONLY BRIGHT SOLDIERS HENRY HAD SEEN. OCCASIONALLY THEY CONVERSED WITH EACH OTHER...

WHY DON'T YOU RECK THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND GO HOME? YOU CAN'T WIN.

YANK, YEA, A RIGHT GOOD FELLOW, IT'S A SHAME YA GOTTA GET KILT.



WELL, HENRY, SOMETIMES THEY TAKE POT SHOTS AT US, YOU KNOW.



I TELL YOU THERE'LL BE A REAL BATTLE TOMORROW. THE CAVALRY LEFT THIS MORNING-SONS TO RICHMOND WHILE HE FIGHT THE BGS HERE.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

THUNDER! I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, JIM.

SO ON, CONKLIN, YA SAID THE SAME THING LAST WEEK.



SUCCESSFULLY UNBURY AT THE NEWS. CONKLIN BRIGAD TO REMEMBER OF HIS COURAGE WOULD FEEL HIM DURING THE IMPENDING BATTLE.

JIM, THINK ANY OF THE BOYS WILL RUN?

WELL, A FEW ANYWAY. OF COURSE, THE HELL-KIT-AND-BOGGLE MIGHT REAL FIST TAKE THEY GET SHOT AT. BUT I FIGURE THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT ONCE THEY GET T' SHOOTIN'.



DO YOU-DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT RUN, JIM?



WELL, IF A LOT OF OTHERS RUN, PROBABLY TO RUN, BUT IF EVERYBODY WAS A-STRONG AND A-FIGHTIN', I'D FIGHT TOO.

HUH! BET YA'D RUN LIKE A JACKRABBIT. NOT ME! I JUST WISH THEY'D LET ME AT 'EM. THAT'S ALL.



THE BATTLE DID NOT COME THE NEXT DAY AS JIM CONKLIN HAD DECLARED. HOWEVER, ONE MORNING SOON AFTER, THE REGIMENT WAS FINALLY ORDERED TO MOVE OUT...



WERE IN FOR IT NOW. THEY'RE TAKING US OUT TO GET SLAUGHTERED. WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN TO MA AND BRY HOMER?

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE



GRAY WILSON, DO YOU THINK YOU'D SACRIFICE IF THE JOHNNIES HAD TO CHARGE YOU?

NOT A CHANCE, HENRY. THE MAN THAT SETS ON MY BLANKET WILL LOSE HIS MONEY.

YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE SOON, WILSON. WE'RE ACROSS THE BRIDGE AND WILL PROBABLY COME UP ON THEM REAR ENDS.

DRAFT COME SOON ENOUGH FOR ME.



BUT THE REGIMENT MARCHED FOR MANY DAYS. WHILE THE OTHER MEN SCOURGED ABOUT SORE FEET AND SHORT RATIONS, HENRY CONTINUED TO WORRY ABOUT RUNNING AWAY FROM BATTLE. FINALLY ONE DAY DAWN, HENRY WAS AWAKENED BY A NOISE...

COME ON, HENRY, WE'RE MOVIN' AGAIN. HURRY!



WHAT'S UP, JIM? WHERE WE RUSHIN' IN SUCH AN ALL-PIED HURRY?

IT'S THE REAL THING THIS TIME. THE HELL BRIGADE IS MOVING OVER THE HILL.



NO WAY OUT NOW. I'M TRAPPED... IT'S LIKE BEING IN A MOVING BOX.



THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A BATTLEFIELD. IT'S-IT'S TOO SMALL. WHAT KIND OF OFFICERS HAVE WE GOT ANNOY?

ALL RIGHT, MEN, WE'RE HEARING FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS. SPREAD OUT WIDE!



IT'S STUPID TO ADVANCE OVER AN OPEN FIELD. I OUGHT TO WARN THEM, THEY DON'T REALIZE...

GET ALONG THERE, YOU! NO CHATTERING HERE!



AFTER A TIME, THE BATTALION WAS HELD...

DIG IN, MEN! WE'LL HOLD THESE POSITIONS!



BUT AS SOON AS THEY HAD DIG IN, THE ORDER CAME TO MOVE OUT AGAIN...

FIRST THEY SAY "DIG IN" AND THEN "MOVE ON". WHY DON'T THEY ALIVE UP THEIR WINGS?



A GUY GAVE THE ORDER TO "DIG IN"...

FINE KIND O' WAR! WHEN WE GOIN' TO DO SOME FIGHTIN' IF ANYONE WITH ANY SENSE WAS A-BUNNY THIS ARMY...

SHUT YER BIG TALK! YOU HAVEN'T HAD THAT THERE LIMPONA ON SIX MONTHS, WILSON, AND YOU TALK LIKE A GENERAL!



JUST THEN, THE ENEMY'S ARTILLERY CHIRPED FINE.

GET DOWN, WILSON! YOU WANT TO GET KILLED, YOU DARN FOOL?



TH--TH A GONER, GURE. I'LL NEVER GO HOME ALIVE. I KNOW IT.

o  
o  
o  
o



THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

HENRY, WILL YOU, WILL YOU GIVE THESE LETTERS AND PICTURES TO MY FOLKS WHEN YOU GET HOME & RELEASE.

WHAT? I DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, YOU'LL BE GOING HOME!

SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE, HENRY, MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE.

WHY, HE'S MORE FRIGHTENED THAN I AM—FOR ALL HE'S...



GO IN SOLD, MEN! THEY'RE GOING TO CHARGE! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THIS POSITION!

WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW, THAT'S SURE.



COME AWAY, MEN, GET THEM DRAGGONESSES!

CHARGE!



HERE THEY COME!

I HOPE I DON'T RUN—I HOPE I DON'T RUN.



AS THE BATTLE RAGED, A SOLDIER NEAR HENRY TURNED AND STARTED TO RUN TOWARD THE REAR.

I DON'T WANT TO BE KILLED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

GET BACK THERE AND FIGHT OR I'LL CUT YOU DOWN!



AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, THE FIGHTING SLOWED DOWN AND THE BACKS WERE CLEARED...

LOOK, MILSON, THEY'RE PULLING BACK! BY GUM, WE'VE HELD THEM!

THANK GOD, THANK GOD, IT'S OVER.



WE DONE IT, HENRY, WE DONE IT!

GUESS WE SHOWED THEM REBS, HUH, JIM? I'M GLAD IT'S OVER, THOUGH, SURE FEELS GOOD TO REST, DOESN'T IT?



BUT JUST A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HENRY! LOOK! THEY'RE COMING AGAIN!

WHAT'S SO SOON'S ON NO-NO!



IT HAIN'T FAIR TO COME AT US AGAIN SO SOON. WE'LL NEVER STAND A SECOND BANGING.



STUNNED BY THE SECOND REBEL CHARGE, SEVERAL SOLDIERS NEAR HENRY TURNED FROM THE FIRING LINE AND TOOK TO THEIR HEELS...



THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

THEY'RE ALL  
RUNNING...  
THEY'RE LEAVING  
ME ALONE. I  
WON'T STAY HERE  
AND GET BUTCHERED.



HENRY DROPPED HIS RIFLE AND RAN AND RAN FROM THE SPOT AS FAST AS HIS FEAR-IMPARED LEGS COULD TAKE HIM...

I'LL BE KILLED.  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
AWAY.

HALT! YOU THERE!  
STAND AND FIGHT!



CHOUGING WITH FEAR AND DUST, HENRY FLED THROUGH THE WOODS AND STUMBLER BLINDLY INTO A TREE, FANG-STRICKEN, BELIEVING THE ENEMY WERE AT HIS HEELS, HE GOT UP AND RAN AGAIN.



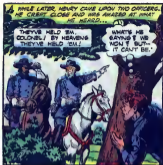
I CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR RUNNING--THEY'RE ALL DOING IT. AT LEAST THOSE BEHIND ME WILL GET SHOT FIRST.



FROM A SMALL HIDE IN THE BRUCLAD, HENRY SAW A MESSAGE GOING TO THE RELIEF OF HIS ENHATTLED COMRADES...

THE IDIOTS. WHY DON'T THEY RETREAT? THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED.





A WHILE LATER, HENRY CAME UPON TWO OFFICERS. HE GREATLY GLOOM AND WAS AWARDED AT WHAT HE HEARD...

THEY'VE HELD 'EM, COLONEL! BY HEAVENS THEY'VE HELD 'EM!

WHAT'S HE SAYING? I'VE NOW 'EM BUT IT CAN'T BE!



OVERWHELMED WITH SHAME AT HIS OWN CONDUCT, HENRY FLUNG HIMSELF DEEPER INTO THE FOREST...

WE NOW, AND I RAAG, I'M A CONARD I CAN'T GO BACK NOW, THEY'D LAUGH AT ME... AND IT ISN'T FAIR, I ONLY RAAG BECAUSE I HAVE MORE SENSE THAN THE OTHERS, IT'S A NATURAL INSTINCT.



SPYING A SQUIRREL IN A TREE, HENRY HURLED A PINE CONE AT HIM, AS THE ANIMAL FIRED IN TERROR, HENRY'S PATH IN HIMSELF WAS PARTIALLY RESTORED...

THESE, THAT PROVED IT, EVEN A SQUIRREL'S GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO RUN FROM DANGER.



AS HE STUMBLED ALONG, HENRY SUDDENLY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A DEAD MOUNTAINMAN WHOSE APPEARANCE INDICATED THAT HE HAD BEEN DEAD QUITE SOME TIME...

FE-FO-YO!



JIMINY, IT'S A CORPSE. HE-HE'S LOOKING AT ME.



DISCOURAGED BY THE GRIMLY EIGHT ARMY BACKED SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE SPOT BEFORE AGAIN TRYING TO HE HIDE IN PANIC...

IF I TURN MY BACK TOO SOON, HE MAY SPRING UP AND CHASE AFTER ME.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

EMERGING OUT OF THE WOODS, ARMYTAGE AND BRILLIANT HENRY CAME UPON A GROUP OF WOUNDED UNION SOLDIERS TRUDGING HEAVILY TO THE REAR. TOO AFRAID OF HIMSELF TO GO BACK TO HIS OWN REGIMENT, HENRY SLIPPED FORWARD TO JOIN THE THROES OF WOUNDED MEN.

SING A SONG  
A VICT'RY,  
A POCKETFUL  
O' BULLETS  
FIVE AN' TWENTY  
DEAD MEN  
BAKED IN  
A PIE.







HE RAN WITH HIM FROM HIS HOUND AND TERRIFIED BY THE APPROACHING HORSE, JIM SUDDENLY SPRANG FROM HENRY AND FLEW INTO THE OPEN FIELD...

JIM! JIM! WHERE 'YA GON' STOP! YOU'LL HURT YER-SELF!

HE'S RUNNIN' OFF, RATHER HE GOT HIS STRENGTH 'T I DON'T SEE HOW HE CAN EVEN STAND WITH A HOLE IN HIS CHEST.

THE BRIDGE

AFTER A MOMENT OF THIS, JIM STOPPED AND TURNED TO FACE HIS PURSUERS...

JIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER? LET ME HELP YOU!

LEAVE ME BE! DON'T TOUCH ME! LEAVE ME BE!

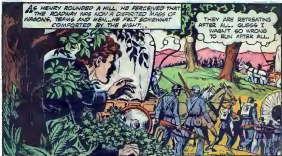




PREPARED AND SHAKED BY THE MAN'S PERSISTENT QUESTIONING, HARRY BLUSHED HIM AWAY AND RAN OFF DOWN THE ROAD.

WHAT'S WRONG, BOY? WHERE YEH GOIN'?

DON'T BOTHER ME! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!



AS HENRY ROLANDED A HILL, HE PERCEIVED THAT THE ROADWAY WAS NOW A DISTORTED MESS OF HORNS, TEARS AND MEN. HE FELT SOMEWHAT COMFORTED BY THE SIGHT...

THEY ARE RETREATING AFTER ALL... GLASS I WASN'T GO WROUD TO RUN AFTER ALL.



SOON, A SECOND COLUMN FORMED ON THE ROAD... A FORWARD-GOING COLUMN. AS HENRY LOOKED AT THE FRESH CONFIDENT TROOPS, THE BLACK HEART OF HIS RES RETURNED TO HIM...

THEY'RE ADVANCING. THEY'RE MOVING UP FRESH TROOPS, JIMMY. I'D LIKE TO BE WITH THEM. IF ONLY I WASN'T SUCH A COWARD.

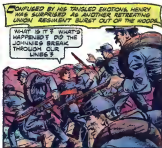
WHY CAN'T I BE BRAVE LIKE THOSE FELLOWS? BUT EVEN IF I GO BACK TO MY REGIMENT, THE FELLOWS'LL CALL ME YELLOW AND LAUGH AT ME.







I ALMOST WISH THE JOHNNIES WOULD DRIVE 'EM BACK AGAIN, THEN NOBODY'D THINK I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO RAN. NO, NO, I DON'T. I HOPE WE WIN, I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ME. OH, I WISH I WAS DEAD.



CONFUSED BY HIS DAZZLED EXOTIONS, HENRY WAS SURPRISED AS ANOTHER RETREATING UNION REGIMENT BURST OUT OF THE WOODS.

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENED? DID THE JOHNNIES BREAK THROUGH OUR LINE?



WAIT! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TELL ME!

GET OUT OF MY WAY! LET GO OF ME! LET GO, I SAY!



BLAST YEH! I TOLD YEH TO LET ME GO!



STUNNED BY THE BLOW, HENRY TUMBLED TO HIS KNEES, HIS HEAD A BALL OF FIRE AND BURN...

OH-H-H!

GAZZED AND BLEEDING HENRY GOT UP AND STUMBLED ALONG BLINDLY. BEFORE LONG A TROOPER CAME TO HIS AID...

YEH GIBBA IN A PRETTY BAD WAY, BOY. I'LL HELP YEH BACK TO YER REGIMENT.



AS THEY WALKED ALONG, THE TROOPER KEPT TALKING TO HENRY. SOMETIMES HE ASKED QUESTIONS, BUT MOSTLY HE JUST TALKED...

YEH SAY YER'S WITH THE 304<sup>TH</sup> AT YORK. WELL, YELL BE BACK WITH THEM IN NO TIME AT ALL.

WELL, I TELL THEM I MUST MAKE UP A STORY ABOUT WHERE I'VE BEEN.



AFTER WALKING AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE...

WELL, THERE THEY ARE, BOY. I'LL LEAVE YEH WITH YER FRIENDS, NOW.



HALT! HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

WELSON! IT'S ME, HENRY REBUND! I'VE BEEN OVER ON THE RIGHT. THE-BUF FIGHTIN' THERE—HAD AN AURL THE—GOT SHOT!



HENRY! BY GAZZED, I THOUGHT YEH WERE A GONER! HEY, CORPORAL! FLEMING'S BACK, AN' HE'S WOUNDED!



TO HENRY'S GREAT SURPRISE AND JOY, NO ONE DOUBTED HIS STORY. AFTER A WHILE, HE ACTUALLY BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE A REAL HERO...

I-2 GOT SEPARATED FROM THE REGIMENT DURING THE FIGHTIN'. I-2 WAS HIT IN THE HEAD.

LUCKY FOR YEH, YEH WAS JUST GRAZED, BY THE LOOKS OF THAT LUMAR THOUGH, IT'S ALMOST LIKE YEH WAS LAUNCHED WITH A CLUB.

THERE'S BEEN LOTS MEN "LUMAR" UP ALL NIGHT.



THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

WILSON TREATED HENRY'S HOUND AND THEN BEDDED HIM DOWN IN HIS OWN BLANKETS...

BUT THESE ARE YOUR BLANKETS, WILSON. WHERE WILL YOU SLEEP?

W-HET UP AND GO TO SLEEP. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

HEATED BEYOND WORDS, HENRY QUICKLY FELL INTO SOUND SLEEP, EARLY NEXT MORNING, WILSON PREPARED BREAKFAST AND TENDED HENRY AS DELICATELY AS A MOTHER HER NEW CHICKENS...

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER YA GET SOME GOOD IN YA HENRY.

HE CERTAINLY SEEMS CHANGED FROM THE LOUD-TALKING BRAWNIEST HE WAS YESTERDAY.

WE'LL BE GREEN AGAIN ACTION TODAY, HENRY. THINK WE CAN HALLOP 'EM?

SHUCKS, YES. YOU'VE CHANGED WILSON. YESTERDAY YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SICK ALL THE JOHNNIES YOURSELF.

GUESS I WAS A PRETTY BIG FOOL THEN. BUT A FELLOW CHANGED WHEN HE'S BEEN IN A BATTLE. YOU KNOW THAT, GAVE AS ME.

EE-SURE! YOU'RE RIGHT.

BUT HE'D REGRET IF I REMINDED HIM OF THE ENVELOPE HE ASKED ME TO TAKE HOME TO HIS FOLKS THAT TIME HE WAS SCARED OF BEING KILLED. BUT I'LL HOLD ON TO IT TO USE TO THROW HIM OFF IF HE STARTS ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME YESTERDAY.

HE BELIEVED THAT NO ONE IN HIS REGIMENT QUESTIONED HIS COURAGE. HENRY WELCOMED THE CHANCE TO PROVE TO HIMSELF THAT HE COULD BE AS BRAVE AS ANY OF THE OTHERS...

COME ON, HENRY! WE'RE MOVING UP AGAIN!

BY GINGER, I'LL SHOW 'EM THIS TIME.



HEY, HENRY, I—  
UH—I GUESS YA  
WIGHT AS WELL  
GIVE ME BACK  
THOSE—UH—THOSE  
LETTERS I GAVE  
YA.

WHY,  
SURE, WILSON.

POOR DEVIL—  
HE FEELS BAD  
ABOUT IT NOW,  
I WON'T SAY  
ANYTHING TO  
ADD TO HIS  
EMBARRASS—  
MENT.

WE'RE MOVING  
UP AGAIN, MEN!  
LET'S GO!

THE REGIMENT TOOK UP ITS POSITION ON THE  
LINE AND WAITED FOR THE EXPECTED  
ENEMY ATTACK...



THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TOUGH  
ONE, HENRY. THE REG'VE  
BEEN GIVIN' US PLENTY  
OF TROUBLE.

ONLY BECAUSE  
WE'RE L'D BY  
A BUNCH OF  
LUNGHEADS.

HE FIGHT LIKE THE  
DEVIL AND STILL WE  
DON'T WIN. I TELL  
YOU, IT'S ONLY BE-  
CAUSE WE'VE GOT  
LUNGHEADS FOR  
GENERALS!



YEH TALK MIGHTY BIG,  
BOY, MABBE YEH FIT  
THE HULL REG'AL ARMY  
ALL BY Y'RS'LF YESTER-  
DAY, FLEMING.

THE WOUND PERCED HENRY, MURDERER HE HAD  
REPLACED TO AN SUBJECT HELP BY THOSE CHANCE  
WORDS. HE GAVE A FRIGHTENED GLANCE AT THE  
SARCASTIC MAN...



WHY, NO, I DON'T THINK I FOUGHT THE  
WHOLE BATTLE YESTERDAY.



THE ENEMY SPELLING SOON BEGAN...

GET DOWN, HENRY!  
THEY'RE SHELLING US  
AGAIN!



IF THEY KEEP ON, THEY  
BETTER WATCH OUT! I  
CAN'T STAND TOO MUCH!

DRIVEN BY HIS NEW-FOUNDED COURAGE AND FEELING A SACRED  
DUTY FOR THE CONFEDERATES, HENRY LOADED AND  
FIRED LIKE A BATTLE-SEASONS VETERAN...



FOR AN INSTANT HENRY  
FORGOT SO FAR  
IN FRONT THAT HE  
WAS ALONE AND WAS  
FIRING WHEN ALL  
THOSE AROUND HIM HAD  
CEASED...

YOU INFERNAL FOOL!  
DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH  
TO QUIT WHEN THERE'S  
NOTHING TO SHOOT AT?  
GET BACK HERE!



BY HEAVENS IF I  
HAD TEN THOUSAND  
WILDCATS LIKE YOU  
I COULD TEAR THE  
STOMACH OUT OF  
THE WAR IN LESS  
THAN A WEEK.



BEHIND THE SCENE IN THE FIGHTING, HENRY AND WILSON WENT TO REPLENISH THEIR WATER SUPPLY. ON THE WAY, THEY CAME UPON TWO OF THEIR LEADERS DISCUSSING PLANS FOR THE DIVISION'S NEXT MOVE...

COME ON, WILSON, I THOUGHT I SAW A STREAM DOWN THERE.

HOLD UP A BIT, HENRY. WE MIGHT CATCH WHAT THEM TAD ABE SAYS!



COLONEL, THE ENEMY IS FORMING FOR ANOTHER CHARGE. IT'LL BE DIRECTED AGAINST WHITESIDE AND I FEAR THEY'LL BREAK THROUGH THERE UNLESS WE WORK LIKE THUNDER TO STOP THEM. WHAT TROOPS CAN YOU SPARE?

THERE'S THE 504<sup>th</sup>. THEY FIGHT LIKE A LOT A MULE DRIVERS. I CAN SPARE THEM BEG OF ANY.

VERY WELL, COLONEL. GET YOUR MULE DRIVERS READY, BUT I'M AFRAID NOT MANY OF THEM WILL COME BACK.



# THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

SHOCKED BY THE FACT THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY HAD RECEIVED INFORMATION, HENRY AND HESLOV RUSHED BACK TO ALERT THEIR COMRADES...



WE'RE GOING TO CHARGE! WE JUST HEARD GENERAL THOMPSON TELL THE COLONEL!

HOW TO GO, GUYS AS SHOOTIN' I TELL YOU.

WE HEARD EM TALKIN'.

SURE TROUGH, FLEMING?

OH, HE'S LYIN', HE DOESN'T KNOW.



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE BOYS' REPORT WAS CONFIRMED. THE REGIMENT WAS ASSEMBLED...



COME ON, WELSON! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WAR IS REALLY LIKE!

BUT A BOLD SHADOW CROSSED HENRY'S MIND AS THE DRUM OF BATTLE BECAME ALMOST DEAFENING...



I WONDER IF THIS IS THE END. THE GENERAL SAID NOT MANY OF US WOULD COME BACK.

CHARGE!



THE MEN RACED ACROSS THE OPEN FIELD AS THE CONFEDERATE BATTERING BRONNEN PULSED FOR A MOMENT BY THE SIGHT OF DENNY DEER, HENRY LIGGED BEHIND...



COME ON, LUNNHEAD! GET ACROSS THAT FIELD! DO YOU WANT TO STAND HERE AND GET SLAUGHTERED LIKE A MOONSTRUCK CALF?



CHARGED AND INSURANT HEVY DRIVE TO LIVE AND LED THE CHARGE ACROSS THE FIELD...

COME ON YOURSELF IF YOU'RE SO BRAVE!



THE FLAG! IT'S FALLING!



GOT IT, WILCOX! LET'S GO!



THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS RAN UP REINFORCEMENTS AND THE UNION CHARGE RETERED HEVY'S REGIMENT BEGAN TO FALL BACK AS THEIR OFFICERS DIED AT THE HEL.





THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE



DON'T GIVE UP NOW, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO PUSH 'EM BACK!

SHOOT INTO THEM, LIEUTENANT! WE CAN'T GIVE UP THIS POSITION!



HOLD YOUR GROUND, MEN! WE CAN LICK THEM! DON'T GIVE UP NOW!

STAND AND FIGHT, YOU MISERABLE COWARDS!



STAND AND FIGHT, MAN, WHERE'S YOUR COURAGE? YOUR LOVE OF COUNTRY!



DIG IN, MEN! HERE THEY COME! WE CAN HOLD THEM IF YOU TRADE THEM (SHOT FOR SHOT)



THAT TWO FORCES COLLIDED TOGETHER FEROCIOUSLY IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD. THE FIGHTING WAS BLOODY AND FURIOUS BUT THE REBELS WERE FINALLY PUSHED BACK.



FOLLOWING THIS BOLD-TO-BOLD ENCOUNTER, THERE WAS A SILENCE IN THE FIGHTING...

WELL, WE DID IT, WE PUSHED THEM BACK.

I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT, HENRY. NO, BY JAWNY, I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT.



I DON'T TURN TAIL AND RUN THAT TIME, BY GINNY, ALL'S DRIVERS, ARE WE? HUH.



BUT THE FEELING OF SELF-ATTRACTION WAS UNFOLDING.

THUNDER, WHAT AN AWFUL MESS YOU MADE, COLONEL MCCHESSNEY! YOU STOPPED ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET SHORT OF OUR OBJECTIVE!

BUT, GENERAL--I'M SORRY SIR, WE WENT AS FAR AS WE COULD.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE



AS FAR AS YOU GOULD, SH'T WELL, THAT WASN'T VERY FAR, WAS IT? WHAT A LOT OF MILD DESSERTS YOU'VE GOT AWAY!

WILSON, DID YOU HEAR THAT? MILD DESSERTS. THE GENERAL CALLS US!



THE GENERAL, THEN HANDED AND GOOD AWAY, LIEUTENANT HANDBOOK, AND HAD LISTENED WITH AN AIR OF IMPROVISED BRAG, SPOKE SUDDENLY AT FIRM TONGUE...

I DON'T CARE WHAT A MAN IS—WHETHER A GENERAL OR WHAT—IF HE SAYS THE BOYS DIDN'T PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, HE'S A DAMN FOOL!

LIEUTENANT, THIS IS MY AFFAIR AND I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO KEEP OUT OF IT.



MILD DESSERTS, HUH? WHAT DOES HE THINK WE WERE DOWN OUT THERE—PLAYIN' BARRELLETT?



JUST THEN, SOME MEN CAME SLAMING UP...

HEY, FLEMING! WILSON! WAIT TELL YOU HEAR THE NEWS!

WHAT IS IT?



COLONEL KENT ASKED THE LIEUTENANT WHO WAS CARRYIN' THE FLAG AND HE SAID, "THAT'S FLEMING, A REG'LAR JIMBOY, HE AN' WILSON LED THE HULL CHARGE."

GO ON, THOMPSON, YOU'RE LYIN'.



IT'S THE TRUTH! AN' THE COLONEL SAYS "THOSE LADS DESERVE TO BE MAJOR-GENERALS."

ATTA BOY, HENRY! GUESS YOU SHOWED 'EM!

THAT'S SOMETHIN' TO WRITE HOME ABOUT, WILSON!



AS HIS SELF-CONFIDENCE RESTORED, HENRY STOOD PROUDLY WATCHING THE REBELS BRIDGE OPEN FIRE AS THE BATTLE REHEATED...



SLOWLY, THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS CAME CRASHING OUT OF THE WOODS...



OFF TO ONE SIDE, HENRY AND WILSON SAW A FORTIFIABLE LINE OF THE ENEMY CAMP WITHIN DANGEROUS RANGE. THE REBELS WERE SLAMING TOWARD A FENCE.

THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR THAT FENCE! THEY'LL BE ABLE TO CUT US TO BITS FROM THERE!



DESPITE HENRY'S FIRE FROM THE UNION TROOPS, THE REBELS GAINED THE FENCE...

DOWN, BOYS, AND GIVE THOSE YANKS ALL THE LEAD THEIR BILLES WILL HOLD!





FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT, THE GRAY-UNIFORMED REBELS BEGAN TO SLICE UP THE MEN IN BLUE.



THEY'LL WIFE US OUT IF WE STAY HERE. LOOKS LIKE THIS IS REALLY THE END. BUT I WON'T RUN AGAIN. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.



THE COLONEL, CAKE RIDING UP ALONG THE BACK OF THE LINE...

LIEUTENANT HANBROOK, WE MUST CHARGE THEM! IF WE DON'T TAKE THAT WALL, WE'RE ALL GONE!



THERE WAS AN ONDUS CLANGING OVERTURE TO THE CHARGE WHEN THE SHAFTS OF THE BAYONETS RATTLED UPON THE RIFLE BARRELS. THEN, AT THE WORDS OF COMMAND, THE SOLDIERS SPRANG FORWARD IN EAGER LEAP...

TO THE WALL, MEN! CHARGE!



**GONE FOREVER**  
 WAS HENRY'S  
 COMRADES,  
 GRABBED BY  
 ENEMY FIRE  
 AGAIN AND  
 AGAIN, HE  
 RUSHED FOR-  
 WARDLY WITH  
 THE OTHERS.



WILSON! THEIR  
 FLAG! GET IT!



ATTA BOY WILSON!  
 WE'VE GOT IT! LET'S  
 HEAR THE GENERAL  
 CALL US MUD DIGGERS,  
 NON!

**THE BATTLE THOUGH FURIOUS,**  
 WAS SHORT-LIVED. MOST OF THE  
 CONFEDERATE TROOPS WERE  
 EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED.  
 VERY FEW MANAGED TO ESCAPE.  
 HENRY EXPERIENCED A NEW SENSE  
 OF ACCOMPLISHMENT AS HE  
 WATCHED THOSE FEW RUN OFF.



GOOD WORK, LIEUTENANT!  
WE'VE BEATEN THEM BACK!  
THE FIELD IS OURS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE  
DRUMS SOUNDED CALLING  
THE MEN TO LINE UP...



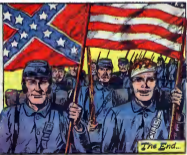
OR NO?  
THUNDER! HOW  
MUCH DO THEY  
THINK A MAN  
CAN STAND?

IT'S GOOD NEWS THIS TIME, MEN!  
WE'RE BEING RELIEVED, WE'RE  
MOVING BACK, ACROSS THE RIVER.

IT'S OVER--IT'S  
ALL OVER AT LAST.



AS THEY MARCHED  
SLOWLY BACK OVER  
THE FIELD AGAIN,  
WHICH THEY HAD RUN IN  
SUCH A MAD SCRAMBLE,  
HENRY AGAIN THOUGHT  
BACK TO HIS FIRST BOLD  
FLIGHT. BUT THE THOUGHT  
WAS SOON BURIED BENEATH  
THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE  
HAD FINALLY PROVEN HIM-  
SELF A MAN. HE HAD  
BEEN OUT THERE, FACE-  
TO-FACE WITH DEATH AND  
HAD FOUND THAT IT WAS,  
AFTER ALL, NOTHING  
BUT DEATH. HIS HEAD  
HIGH, HE WORE HIS RED  
BADGE OF COURAGE  
WITH GREAT PRIDE.



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

## STEPHEN CRANE



**A**LTHOUGH **STEPHEN CRANE** had not yet reached his twenty-ninth birthday at the time of his death, a complete collection of his writings filled twelve volumes. He

was a sensitive novelist, short-story writer, poet and essayist all in one. He was a writer with a high quality of imagination and a fine, accurate sense in the use of words. He could put such deep feeling into his work that, even though he had not witnessed a described event, his description had in it the ring of absolute truth.

Stephen Crane was born in Newark, New Jersey, on November 1, 1871. He was the fourteenth child of Jonathan Crane, a Methodist minister. Although he attended both Lehigh College and Syracuse University, he did not take a degree from either place of learning. His first professional writing was done as a newspaper reporter.

In 1893, while engaged in newspaper work, he wrote and published privately, under the assumed name of Johnston Smith, a novel entitled **MAGGIE, A GIRL OF THE STREETS**. The book did not sell but Crane was undaunted. In 1895, he published a volume of verse which he called **BLACK RIDER AND OTHER LINES**. This volume also met with little success.

However, in 1896, Crane published **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE**. This was an immediate success. The remarkable story of the psychology of courage during the Civil War established him as a serious author of merit.

Although Crane had never witnessed a battle, his war scenes were so true-to-life that Ambrose Bierce wrote of him: "This young man has the power to feel. He knows nothing of war, yet he is drenched in blood. Most beginners who deal with this subject splatter themselves with ink."

As a result of the success of **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE**, Crane's publisher

brought out **MAGGIE, A GIRL OF THE STREETS**, this time under the author's own name.

Another result of the success of the war novel was that Stephen Crane was immediately engaged as a war correspondent by various American and British periodicals and he was assigned to cover the Greco-Turkish and Spanish-American wars. A ship on which he was traveling during the campaign in Cuba was wrecked. Before Crane reached Florida, he suffered such severe hardships that his health became undermined to such an extent as to cause his early death.

It is an ironical twist of fate that those very experiences which were to cause his demise were to help his name live in the annals of literature. For, drawing on the events that happened after the shipwreck, Crane wrote **THE OPEN BOAT** which H. G. Wells called "the finest short-story in the English language."

Crane went to England and resided there for several years. He was about to go to St. Helena as a special writer for the London Morning Post when he was stricken with his fatal illness. He died of consumption on June 5, 1900. His body is buried at Elizabeth, New Jersey.

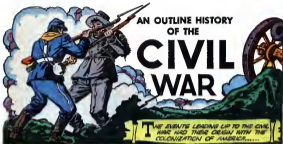
Crane was tall and thin, with a quiet face and deep-set, thoughtful eyes. He was slow and deliberate in speech and his laughter was quiet and reserved.

In his fiction writing, Crane was one of the first American realists. As a poet, he was one of the pioneers in writing free verse. His literary works rank with that of the finest writers in America.

His birthplace in Newark, New Jersey, is held by the Stephen Crane Association as a memorial to the author.

In addition to **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE** and **MAGGIE, A GIRL OF THE STREETS**, some of Crane's works are: **GEORGE'S MOTHER** (1896), **THE LITTLE REGIMENT** (1896), **THE OPEN ROAD AND OTHER TALES** (1898) and **THE MONSTER** (1899).





# AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

**T**HE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE CIVIL WAR HAD THEIR ORIGIN WITH THE COLONIZATION OF AMERICA.....

WE NEED THESE SLAVES TO PICK OUR COTTON.

AYE, AND MEANWHILE THE MOTHER COUNTRY BUILDS A FINE SLAVE TRAFFIC.



**B**UT THE NORTHERN COLONIES FOUND LITTLE USE FOR THESE SLAVES...

WE'LL GET A GOOD PRICE FOR THEM IN CHARLESTON. THEY AREN'T MUCH GOOD IN THE COLD WEATHER WE HAVE UP HERE.



**B**Y THE 1770'S, SLAVERY HAD BECOME A NECESSARY PART OF THE SOUTH'S ECONOMIC LIFE.....



**W**HILE THE INDUSTRIALIZED NORTH BEGAN TO FREQUENTLY SLAVER.

I SAY NO MAN SHOULD BE KEPT IN BONDAGE. A MAN SHOULD BE PAID FOR HIS WORK.



**A**FTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH BEGAN FOR THE CONTROL OF CONGRESS.

THERE ARE NOW ELEVEN FREE AND ELEVEN SLAVE STATES. IF YOU LET MISSOURI COME IN AS A FREE STATE, THEN MISSOURI MUST COME IN AS A SLAVE STATE.



**A**S NEW STATES WERE ADDED TO THE UNION, BOTH SIDES SOUGHT TO BRING THEM TO THEIR WAY OF LIFE, ALTHOUGH THERE WERE COMPROMISES IN 1820 AND 1850. A DEEP HATRED BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH HAD DEVELOPED... JOHN BROWN, MILITANT LEADER OF THE ABOLITIONISTS, STAGED RAID AFTER RAID ON SLAVE HOLDERS IN KANSAS.

BURN THEM OUT! WE'LL HAVE NO SOUTHERN SYMPATHIZERS IN KANSAS. OUR STATE WILL COME TO THE UNION, FREE!



**T**HE BORN 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN' FANDED THE NORTH'S HATRED OF SLAVERY...

IT'S AWFUL THE WAY THEY TREAT THOSE NEGROES DOWN THERE. YOU MEN MUST STOP THEM!



**T**HE SLAVE CASE 'DRED SCOTT' CASE DECISION ALLOWING SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES HEIGHTENED THAT HATRED...

OUR REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, IS PLEDGED TO ABOLISH SLAVERY. WE MUST ELECT HIM AND SHUT-OUT THE SHAME ON OUR FREE COUNTRY.



**W**ITH THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN, THE SOUTH SECEDED AND FORMED THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA....

GENTLEMEN OF LOUISIANA: I MOVE WE FOLLOW OUR SISTER STATES OF SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI AND FLORIDA IN BREAKING AWAY FROM THE UNITED STATES.



**H**AVING ALREADY TAKEN AND HOLDING AND HOLDING TO ADD VIRGINIA THE SOUTH STARTED THE CIVIL WAR BY FIRING ON FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA, ON APRIL 12, 1861...



**F**ORT SUMTER FELL QUICKLY AND VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE JOINED THE CONFEDERACY. UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOUTH AWAITED THE NORTH'S ATTACK TO FORCE ITS STATES BACK INTO THE UNION....





**W**ITH THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL, RICHMOND AS ITS FIRST OBJECTIVE, THE UNION ARMY, UNDER GENERAL McDowell, INVADED VIRGINIA AND WAS MET BY THE SOUTHERN FORCES AT BULL RUN ON JULY 21, 1861.

**T**HE NORTH WAS ROUTED AND RETREATED TO WASHINGTON IN PANIC....



MAKE THEM COUNT, BOYS! JOHNNY REB<sup>®</sup> IS A CRACK SHOT.

**T**HERE WAS GLOOM IN WASHINGTON, LINCOLN REPLACED GENERAL McDowell WITH GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN....

WE LOST AT BULL RUN BECAUSE WE WERE POORLY TRAINED, I WANT MY MEN PREPARED FOR BATTLE, EVEN IF IT TAKES UNTIL NEXT SPRING.



BULL CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WERE CALLED THE REB<sup>®</sup> BY THE UNION FORCES.

**M**EANWHILE, THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD SHIP "MERRIMAC" HAD BEEN SINKING FEDERAL SHIPS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY...



**T**HE UNION BUILT A METAL SHIP, THE "MONITOR", AND SENT IT AFTER THE "MERRIMAC". THE TWO METAL MONSTERS MET OFF HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, MARCH 9, 1862. THE BATTLE WAS A DRAW, BUT IT FORECAST THE FIGHTAL END OF THE WOODEN BATTLESHIPS...



**A**ND SOON HAD AN EFFECTIVE BLOCKADE AGAINST ALL THE SOUTHERN PORTS ALONG THE ATLANTIC.

**T**HE NORTH HAD THE ABILITY AND FACILITIES TO BUILD SHIPS...



SPEED IT UP, MEN. THERE'S A BONUS IF SHE'S FINISHED IN THIRTY DAYS.

THE RATINGS KEEP GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER.

IF THOSE YANKEE SHIPS WOULD LEAVE, OUR YOUNG ONE'S COULD EAT PROPERLY.



**I**N THE SPRING OF 1862, MACLELLAN INVADED VIRGINIA. BUT AFTER REPEATED BLUNDERS HE WAS REPLACED BY GENERAL JOHN ROBE WHO MET THE REBELS AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN, AUGUST 30, 1862.



**H**AVING CHECKED THE WARRIORS, GENERAL LEE DECIDED TO INVADE THE BORDER STATE OF MARYLAND.....

MARYLAND IS SOUTHERN AT HEART. WE'LL FIND MANY ALLIES THERE TO HELP US TAKE THE SOUTH.



**T**HE TWO OPPOSING ARMIES MET AT ANTIETAM CREEK, WHERE LEE WAS CHECKED AND FORCED TO RETREAT. MACLELLAN AGAIN TOOK OVER COMMAND OF THE UNION TROOPS.

THEY DON'T SEEM TO ANSWER OUR FIRE ANY MORE.

I'LL REPORT TO MACLELLAN.



SIR, DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD GO AFTER LEE'S ARMY?

NO, IT'S TOO RISKY.



TWICE YOU HAVE FAILED US, GENERAL MACLELLAN. YOU SHOULD HAVE PRESSED LEE'S ARMY. I'M REPLACING YOU WITH GENERAL BURSIDE.



**T**O GIVE SOME MEASURE OF CHEER TO THE DEPRESSING NORTH, PRESIDENT LINCOLN, ON JANUARY 1, 1863, ISSUED HIS FAMOUS "EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION," DECLARING FREE ALL SLAVES IN THE STATES THEN "IN REBELLION AGAINST THE UNITED STATES."



**O**N DECEMBER 19, 1862, AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, GENERAL BURNSIDE MADE THE COSTLY BLUNDER OF THE CIVIL WAR...

ANOTHER ONE, THEY FALL LIKE FLIES!

THE STUPIDITY OF SENDING THEM ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD AGAINST US IN THESE TRENCHES.



THE CASUALTY LISTS ARE APPALLING; I'VE REPLACED BURNSIDE WITH "FIGHTING JOE" HOOKER. MAYBE HE'LL BRING US A VICTORY.



**H**OOKER MET THE REBELS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 2, 1863.....

SEND THE MESSAGE TO THE PRESIDENT: "WE WERE DEFEATED TODAY, OUR ONLY CONSOLATION IS THAT THE REBELS MISTAKENLY KILLED THEIR GENERAL, "STONEWALL" JACKSON."



**A**LTHOUGH THE NORTH HAD BEEN TAKING TERRIBLE DEFEATS IN THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT HAD BEEN MAKING SLOW PROGRESS IN THE WEST.....

HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM GRANT. HE HAS JUST TAKEN SHILOH AND SHALL ATTEMPT A SIEGE OF VICKSBURG. IT IS ONE OF OUR THREE MAJOR OBJECTIVES, THE OTHERS BEING RICHMOND AND CHATTANOOGA.



I DON'T LIKE GRANT. HE'S A ROUGH-SPOKEN, HARD-LIVING MAN.

WHAT OF IT? HE'S THE ONLY GENERAL WHO SENDS US NEWS OF VICTORIES.

**A**S GRANT STARTED HIS SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, LEE REFUSED TO INVADE THE NORTH. HE WAS MET AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, BY GENERAL GEORGE MEADE WHO HAD REPLACED GENERAL HOOKER.



**L**EE CAME ACROSS THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS IN MARYLAND.....



**A**ND UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY FOR A DATE WITH DESTINY....





**T**HE BATTLE BEGAN JULY 1, 1865, WITH THE NORTH OCCUPYING GEOMETRY RIDGE AND THE SOUTH OCCUPYING GRANARY RIDGE.



**O**N JULY 2<sup>ND</sup> THE REBELS ATTACKED AND WERE DRIVEN OUT THE MORNING AFTER, ESSENTIALLY ENDING THE HOSTILITIES...



**O**N THE MORNING OF JULY 3<sup>RD</sup>, LEE GAMBLER TO CRACK THE CENTER OF THE UNION LINE BY SENDING GENERAL FICETT CHARGING IN...



**T**HE CHARGE FAILED AND LEE WAS FORCED TO RETREAT BACK SOUTH. HAD MERCE PURSUED HIM, THE WAR WOULD HAVE BEEN QUICKLY OVER, BUT AGAIN THE UNION FORCES FAILED TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THEIR OPPORTUNITY.

ON JULY FOURTH, GENERAL GRANT CAPTURED VICKSBURG, FIRST OF THE THREE MAJOR OBJECTIVES. IN THE FALL, THE SECOND OBJECTIVE, CHATTANOOGA, WAS TAKEN BY THE BATTLES OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MUDGUMMERS RIDGE. THE NORTH REJOICED, AND ON NOVEMBER 19, 1863, PRESIDENT LINCOLN DEDICATED THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG...



Fourteen and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



**G**ENERAL GRANT HAS NOW PLACED IN FULL COMMAND OF THE UNION ARMS...

THE SOUTH IS IN A BAD WAY. HER MONEY IS ALMOST WORTHLESS, OUR FOOD SUPPLIES ARE REACHING HER TROOPS. SHE SUFFERS FROM SICKNESS, DISEASE AND DESERTION. CAN YOU END THE WAR QUICKLY GENERAL?



I'LL TRY! I'LL MAKE A FRONTAL ATTACK AGAINST RICHMOND, I'LL HAVE SHERIDAN DRIVE THROUGH THE SHENANDOAH, AND SHERMAN WILL MARCH FROM CHATTANOOGA TO THE SEA.



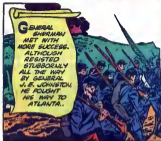
BY THIS THREE-PRONGED DRIVE, THE SOUTH SHOULD BE SPLIT, AND RICHMOND SHOULD FALL.



**B**UT LEE CHECKED GRANT AT CROCKETT'S GROVE AND THE WILDERNESS...

SIR, WE'RE TRAPPED, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

MOVE FORWARD, THERE'S AN EXIT AS WELL AS AN ENTRANCE TO THIS WILDERNESS.



**A**FTER ITS CAPTURE, SHERMAN'S MEN PUT ATLANTA TO THE TORCH...



**S**HERMAN CONTINUED HIS SPIRIT-BREAKING PILLAGE OF THE SOUTH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS BY TO SAVANNAH GEORGIA.

DON'T SHE MAKE A PRETTY SIGHT, BURNING IN THE TWILIGHT ?

THEY WON'T FORGET SHERMAN'S MARCH DOWN HERE.



**T**HEN, RICHMOND: THE FINAL OBJECTIVE, WHICH THE UNION ARMY HAD BEEN TRYING TO CAPTURE FOR FOUR YEARS, FELL EASILY TO GRANT'S MEN...





70

ON APRIL 14, 1865, THE MAN WHO HAD PRESERVED THE UNION, AND WHO WAS THE BEST FRIEND OF THE DEFEATED SOUTH, WAS ASSASSINATED AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D.C., BY A GRACED PRIVATE, JOHN WILKS BODDY.



**A** ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S TASK WAS TO PRESERVE THE UNION TO PROVE THAT OURS IS A NATION, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL. ALTHOUGH SOME SCARS OF THE BLOODY WAR BETWEEN THE STATES STILL REMAIN, THE DAY WILL COME WHEN THE CIVIL WAR WILL BE JUST A TRAGIC PAGE IN OUR LONG AND GLORIOUS HISTORY.

# STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

## "Seward's Folly"

**A**LASKA IS A LAND more extensive than the thirteen original American colonies. With an area one-fifth the size of the United States, Alaska's southernmost point is 600 miles from Seattle, Washington, and its westernmost point less than fifty miles from the mainland of Asia. Its chief products are salmon, gold, copper, furs and timber. Though one-fourth of Alaska lies within the Arctic Circle, parts of it are as temperate as Tennessee or Kentucky.

In 1867, however, Alaska was thought by most Americans to be a dreary waste of glaciers, icebergs, white bears and walrus, a land useless and without value.

The first exploration of Alaska was conducted by Vitus Bering, a Russian naval officer, who reached the Alaskan mainland in 1741 and claimed it for the Czar of Russia. In the 1850's, war broke out in the Crimea between England and Russia. Fearing that the English would seize Alaska, the Russians, in 1855, offered Alaska to the United States. Not wanting to antagonize the British, the offer was rejected. Later, negotiations were reopened. This time, the Russians refused an American offer of \$5,000,000.

In 1867, the Secretary of State, William Seward, began contemplating the future of the United States as a world power. To insure our position in the Pacific, he proposed that the United States purchase Alaska. After getting the backing of Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Seward asked Baron Stoeckl, the Russian ambassador to America, to send word of his proposal to the Czar. The Russians replied that they had opened negotiations to sell Alaska to the British. Seward was greatly disappointed.

When, for some reason, England failed to reply to Russia's offer, the Czar turned to the United States. Baron Stoeckl and Wil-

liam Seward set the sale price of Alaska at \$7,200,000, about two cents an acre. The Baron cabled Russia for confirmation.

Late on the night of March 29, 1867, William Seward sat in his Washington, D. C., home playing a game of cards. There came a knock at the door and in rushed the excited Baron Stoeckl.

"I have just received word from my government! The Czar has agreed to the sale of Russian America at the price named. We can draw up the treaty tomorrow!"

"But why wait until tomorrow?" exclaimed Seward.

"My department is closed and there are no clerks or secretaries," the Russian replied.

"Never mind, I'll get the necessary clerks!" said the elated Seward.

They met at midnight in the Department of State and by four in the morning, the treaty had been drawn up, ready to be acted on by the U. S. Senate.

There were charges of worthless spending, of bribery, corruption, special interests and imperialism. Within a month, however, the treaty had been ratified with but two dissenting votes.

Known as Russian America, the territory now needed a new name. Utterly ridiculous suggestions were made which showed that many thought a bad bargain had been made. "Seward's Folly," "Walrusia," "Seward's Icebox," "Polaria," "Frozen Destiny" and others like these were all put forward.

Finally, at Charles Sumner's suggestion, the name Alaska, which is the native language meant "The Great Land," was adopted.

Alaska has proved to be just what its name means. In the 1890's, gold was discovered in the Yukon which alone yielded over fifty times its purchase price. This vast territory is America's "last frontier" and may soon be its forty-ninth state.





# STORIES FROM THE WORLD OF SPORTS

## "The Wild Horse of the Oage"

SOME YEARS AGO, a hardfoot boy trudged along a country road in Oklahoma, stopping once in a while to pick up a stone and peg it at a tree. This boy had a dream... some day he would be a big league baseball player. That young dreamer was John L. "Pepper" Martin.



Martin's first paid job was as a peanut vendor at the Oklahoma City ball park. Being aggressive but likable, he soon became friendly with the ball players. He studied the mannerisms and betting stances of the stars. He practiced with the local team at every opportunity. Finally, his diligence was rewarded by his being signed to a St. Louis Cardinal contract. He was loaned out to one of the Cardinal minor league clubs for further development.

In June, 1931, "Pepper" was called up to the parent club as a substitute outfielder. After spending two seasons in the minors, Martin was determined not to be a bench-warmer. Having unlimited confidence in himself, he asked Branch Rickey, the general manager of the Cards, to either give him a regular assignment or to trade him to some other club. Rickey, long considered one of the shrewdest judges of baseball talent, quickly gave his decision. "Pepper" Martin was the new regular center fielder.

The Cardinals won the National League championship that year and opposed the Philadelphia Athletics in the World Series.

In the first game of the Series, won by the Athletics behind pitcher "Lefty" Grove, Martin hit a double and a single and stole a base, giving the first demonstration of the slide that gave him his title of "The Wild Horse of the Oage"... a head first dive for the bag. He never again slid any other way.

The second game was all Martin. He doubled in the second inning, stole third and

scored on an outfield fly. In the seventh, he singled, stole second, took third on an infield out and scored on a squeeze bunt. Score: Martin 2, Athletics 0.

Darleigh Grimes pitched a two-hitter for the Cards in the third game, winning 5-2.

Big George Earnshaw retaliated with a two-hitter of his own to win the fourth game for the Athletics. Martin got both those hits and stole another base.

In the first inning of the fifth game, "Pepper" hit a long fly, scoring Andy High from third. In the sixth, he hit a home run, scoring Frankie Frisch ahead of him. In the eighth, he drove in another run with another hit. Score: Martin 4, Athletics 1.

Grove won the sixth game, 3-0, evening the Series.

The seventh and final game, played at Philadelphia, was a battle between Earnshaw and Grimes. Going into the last of the ninth inning, the Cards were leading 4-0.

Grimes started the inning by walking Simmons, got the next two men, walked Dykes and gave up a single to fill the bases. Roger "Doc" Cramer drove in two runs with a single. Hallahan replaced Grimes on the mound for the Cards. The score was now 4-2, there were two out, and men on first and third.

On Hallahan's first pitch, Bishop hit a low, sinking line drive to the outfield. It looked as though the game was going to be at least tied up. "Pepper" Martin, running with all the speed he could muster, came flying in and caught the ball just as it was about to hit the ground.

The Cardinals won the game and the Series, with much of the credit for their victory going to the boy from Oklahoma whose dreams were fully realized as he went on to be one of the finest competitive stars in baseball.



Great Lives  
**GEORGE JONES**  
"The Crusading Publisher"

**G**EORGE JONES was born in the town of Poultney, Vermont, on August 18, 1811. He attended the country schools while working in a country store. At the age of 30, he went into business in New York City and married Sarah Gilbert, of Troy, New York.

When Horace Greeley founded the New York Tribune, he asked Jones to become his partner. Jones refused but accepted a position in that paper's business office. While with the Tribune, Jones formed a close friendship with Henry Raymond, Greeley's editorial assistant.

For reasons unknown, Jones left the Tribune soon thereafter and moved to Albany, where he became a successful banker. In 1851, he returned to New York and, together with Raymond, founded a new paper, the New York Times. Raymond took over the editorial duties; Jones handled the business end. The paper had become an extremely valuable property when Raymond's sudden death in 1869 left it without an editorial head.

Jones reluctantly took over Raymond's task, hoping that Raymond's son, who was then in college, would shortly relieve him of the editorial duties.

For some time, Jones had been watching the notorious political climb of a fellow named William Marcy Tweed. Tweed had first gained a political foothold as "foreman" of the American Fire Engine Co. No. 6. In 1852, he became an alderman; a year later, he was elected United States Congressman. In 1856, Tweed became chairman of the New York Board of Supervisors; then in succession, School Commissioner, Deputy Street Commissioner and State Senator.

In each capacity, Tweed had taken more power unto himself and had forced partnerships with other grasping politicians by having them appointed to lush positions on the city payroll. By 1870, Tweed controlled all New York City's spending. An example of

his grafting was the building of a new county court house. The estimated cost was put at \$260,000. Ten years later, it was still uncompleted and had already cost \$3,000,000. It is estimated that in his time, Tweed and his associates robbed the City of New York of \$45,000,000.

George Jones decided to expose the Tweed gang but found it extremely difficult to find actual proof of where the graft money had gone.

Tweed and his men fought the Times with every foul tactic they knew. They threatened to kill Jones and his reporters. The reporters, however, continued to collect more and more evidence of municipal corruption and Jones courageously continued to publish their findings.

Tweed next attempted to force the Times out of its new building, claiming that it violated certain building codes. When this ruse failed, the Tweed gang forced merchants to withdraw their advertising from the paper, hoping to rule it financially.

Tweed's next move was to try to buy the controlling stock of the Times but Jones again foiled his arch foe. He borrowed enough money from friends to buy up the outstanding stock himself.

Finally, Jones obtained the actual proof he needed. A secret account of Tweed's grafting operations had been kept in the city auditor's office. During the winter of 1870-1871, they were copied by one of Tweed's own clerks and the copies given to Jones.

Tweed, as a last resort, sent one of his associates to offer \$5,000,000 to Jones if he would stop his crusade. Jones replied by publishing Tweed's graft records in an extra edition on July 22, 1871. Tweed was tried for grand larceny and forgery and was sentenced to twelve years in prison. He died in his cell.

George Jones continued to take an active interest in the cause of good government until his death on August 12, 1891.



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