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FANG AND CLAW

By Frank Buck



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WHO AM I?

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

CLUE I: I was a wealthy, well-educated young man. My adventures began when a ferry I was on crashed in San Francisco Bay.

CLUE II: I was pulled from the icy waters by crewmen from the schooner, *Ghost*, which was headed for Japan to hunt for seals. The *Ghost* was under the command of one of the most vile and brutal men that ever lived. His name was Wolf Larsen.

CLUE III: I was set to work as cabin boy and made to do all the dirty work aboard ship. My money was stolen by the cook. Then the captain and the man watered with barefanged fangs for the cook and me to knife each other to death.

CLUE IV: Wolf Larsen's brutal treatment of his crew led to an attempt to kill him and his mate. Larsen lived, but his mate didn't. I was then chosen by the cruel captain to take the place of the mate. Shortly afterward, after a vicious storm, the *Ghost* picked up several survivors of a shipwreck. One of them was a young woman, Maud Brewster.

CLUE V: When conditions aboard the *Ghost* grew worse, Maud Brewster and I escaped. We set ourselves adrift in a small boat on the open sea. The story of our voyage homeward, haunted at every point by Wolf Larsen, is told in the exciting novel, *The Sea Wolf* by Jack London.

BRADMAN MYA ADLERMAN

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FANG AND CLAW

by Frank Buck

YOU CAN'T CAPTURE AND LIVE WITH WILD ANIMALS FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT PLAYING A PART IN THE LIVES OF THOSE ANIMALS. AFTER A WHILE, THEY SEEM TO BECOME HALF-HUMAN—TAKE ON HUMAN TRAITS.

BUT THERE ARE ALSO PEOPLE LIVING IN THE JUNGLE COUNTRY THESE PEOPLE ARE SOMETIMES AS INTERESTING AS THE ANIMALS, SNAKES AND BIRDS I HAVE CAPTURED.

HERE ARE STORIES ABOUT SOME OF THE ANIMALS AND PEOPLE I HAVE MET IN MY YEARS IN THE STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS FAR EAST.

CLOUDED LEOPARD



EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, AN ANIMAL DOES SOMETHING UTTERLY NEW AND DIFFERENT BUT THAT'S NOT BECAUSE HE'S GONE WILD.^a THERE'S REALLY A GOOD REASON FOR EVERYTHING A WILD CREATURE DOES, NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE MAY SURPRISE YOU IN DOING IT THAT LEADS INTO THE STORY OF THE CLOUDED LEOPARD YOU SEE, THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF LEOPARDS—BLACK, SPOTTED AND CLOUDED THE CLOUDED IS BY FAR THE MOST RARE AND DIFFICULT TO CATCH. THIS IS THE ANIMAL I SET OUT TO GET ON ONE TRIP TO THE FAR EAST.

^a Croft

I SHOWED ALI^a MY LIST OF ORDERS AS SOON AS I REACHED THE DOCK AT SINGAPORE

A CLOUDED LEOPARD! BUT FEW MEN HAVE EVER SEEN ONE! IT IS GILA!

WE HAVE AN ORDER FOR ONE, AND WE'LL SUPPLY IT



^a Frank Buck's native assistant

CANNOT DO, MASTER IT IS GILA

GOT TO GO, ALI GET THE BOYS AND EQUIPMENT TOGETHER WE'RE HEADING FOR JOHORE^b



^b A native state on the Malay peninsula

AT JOHORE, I SET UP JUNGLE HEADQUARTERS

ALI, I WANT YOU TO LET IT BE KNOWN IN ALL THE NEARBY VILLAGES THAT I WILL REWARD ANYONE WHO CAN PUT ME ON THE TRACK OF A CLOUDED LEOPARD

YES, TANG!



*Master

FOR A WHILE, THERE WERE NO TAKERS THEN ONE MORNING,

TWANG! TWANG! ONE OF THE SAKAI¹ HAS SEEN THE TRACKS OF A CLOUDED LEOPARD!

HOW DOES HE KNOW IT'S A CLOUDED LEOPARD? ALL THEIR TRACKS LOOK ALIKE



* A Malayan native

HE SEE IT? WITH HIS OWN EYES, HE SEE IT!

ALI, TAKE ME TO HIM RIGHT NOW!



THE SAKAI DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH, BUT HE DREW A PICTURE OF THE ANIMAL HE HAD SEEN. IT WAS TREMENDOUS

ALL RIGHT HAVE HIM PUT US ON THE TRACK. BUT TELL HIM IF IT'S NOT A CLOUDED LEOPARD, I'LL SKIN HIM ALIVE!



THE TRAIL WASN'T EASY TO FOLLOW, BUT WE STUCK WITH IT





FUW, TRACKS
END HERE.

CAST AROUND THEY'VE
GOT TO START AGAIN SOME-
WHERE. I'M NOT SIVING
UP NOW!



AFTER A WHILE, WE FOUND THEM.

WE'RE COMING BACK THE
WAY WE CAME THAT LEOPARD
KNOWS WE'RE FOLLOWING IT.
IT'S DOUBLING THROUGH THE
JUNGLE LIKE A FOX.

CLOUDED
LEOPARD
GILA!

ALL DAY WE FOLLOWED THOSE TRACKS THROUGH
THAT STEAMING JUNGLE. THEN, JUST AS IT WAS
GROWING DARK, WE LOST THE TRAIL AGAIN.



WE'D BETTER GET
STARTED BACK TO CAMP.
IT'S GETTING LATE.

YES,
FUW.



THEN...

TWAN, LOOK!
LOOK!



HIGH UP IN THAT IMMENSE TREE
WAS A MAGNIFICENT CLOUDED
LEOPARD. INSTEAD OF GOING TO
ITS DEN, THE ANIMAL HAD
CLIMBED A TREE / MAYBE
IT WAS GILA!

I HAD CAPTURED LOTS OF LEOPARDS, BUT NEVER ONE FROM A TREE.

HOW WE GET HER, JUMP?

I DON'T KNOW SHE MUST WEIGH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS SHE'S GOT TEETH LIKE SABERS AND CLAWS LIKE NEEDLES. WE CAN'T CLIMB THE TREE WITH A SACK LIKE WE DO TO CATCH A MONKEY.

WE CAN'T CLIMB IT AT ALL, IF WE WANT TO STAY HEALTHY.



I WANTED TO STAY HEALTHY--BUT I ALSO WANTED THAT LEOPARD.

ALL, WE'RE NOT GIVING UP. SEND SOME OF THE BOYS TO THE VILLAGE FOR TORCHES. WE'RE KEEPING HER UP THERE TILL DAYLIGHT.

WHEN THEY RETURNED.

I'M GOING TO GET THAT BEAST! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'LL DO IT!



KEEP THOSE TORCHES GOING ALL NIGHT. ALL AND I ARE GOING BACK TO CAMP TO MAKE PLANS WE'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING.



I DIDN'T SLEEP MUCH THAT NIGHT, BUT BY DAWN, I KNEW WHAT I WOULD DO



COME ON, ALI! WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT LEOPARD!

I WANT SIX BOYS, ANOTHER RIFLE, SOME SOFT-NOSED BULLETS, AND THE BIG NET



NOT GOOD, JUAN! LEOPARD NEVER GO INTO NET

YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD! AND HURRY!



YES, JUAN.

Few Moments Later



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST! SHE MAY BE GONE BEFORE WE GET THERE!

At Last, we reached the tree my heart sank



THEY FELL ASLEEP! THEY LET HER GET AWAY!

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED MYSELF, JUAN!





THE SHOT STRUCK JUST BELOW HER
SHE LET OUT A SNAAL AND CLIMBED
HIGHER INTO THE TREE



FIRE AGAIN THIS TIME SHE DARTED OUT
ON A LIMB



HANG ON, BOYS
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW!



FIRE AGAIN
AND AGAIN
FINALLY THOSE
SOFT-NOSSED
BULLETS
CLIPPED THAT
BRANCH OFF
AS CLEARLY
AS THOUGH
DONE WITH
A SAW

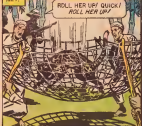


THE LEOPARD SCREAMED AS SHE FELL—
TWISTING, TURNING, WHIRLING HER WAY
DOWN.



SHE HIT SQUARELY IN THE CENTER OF THE
NET.

ROLL HER UP! QUICK!
ROLL HER UP!



I DIDN'T REALLY
BELIEVE I HAD HER UNTIL WE
GOT HER BACK TO CAMP
AND PUT HER
IN A CAGE.



IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT I FOUND OUT WHY
SHE HADN'T GONE BACK TO HER DEN, BUT
HAD CLIMBED A TREE INSTEAD.

ALL THAT LEOPARD JUST
HAD CUBS RATHER THAN
ENDANGER HER CHILDREN,
SHE TRIED TO THROW US
OFF THE TRACK BY
CLIMBING A TREE!

NOW SHE VERY
MAD SHE WANT
CUBS VERY
MUCH!



ALL WE'RE GOING TO FIND THOSE CUBS THEY'RE RARER THAN A FULL-GROWN CLOUDED LEOPARD.



FOR TWO DAYS, WE SEARCHED THE JUNGLE FOR THOSE CUBS AT LAST.



THEY'RE BEAUTIES, ALL WE'RE IN LUCK!

ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR MOTHER.



AT CAMP WE FED THEM AND PUT THEM IN A LITTLE CAGE BESIDE THEIR MOTHER. SHE QUIETED DOWN INSTANTLY.



I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, OLD GIRL. YOUR BABIES ARE SAFE.

THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE WE HAD HER, SHE LAY DOWN AND WENT TO SLEEP.



I GUESS ALL SHE WASN'T GILA AFTER ALL.

NO, SHE JUST MOTHER.

SO THE CIRCUS OWNER WHO ORDERED ALI'S GILA CLOUDED LEOPARD GOT HER. A ZOO GOT THE TWO CUBS AND I HAD A NEW EXPERIENCE -- SHOOTING A LEOPARD ALIVE OUT OF A TREE.





YOU CAN'T GIVE A REAL PICTURE OF THE FAR EAST WITHOUT DEPICTING BOTH ANIMALS AND PEOPLE, AND TO GIVE THAT PICTURE TRULY, YOU HAVE TO MENTION AND PAINT, AS WELL AS YOU CAN, ITS BINJIS AND ITS JOHNSONS. WHETHER THIS STORY BELONGS TO BINJI OR JOHNSON, I'M NOT SURE. HERE'S THE STORY AS JOHNSON TOLD IT TO ME.

WE WERE SITTING ON THE TERRACE OF A FINE EASTERN GOLF CLUB, WHEN

DROP THAT BALL!
DROP IT, I SAY!

GOOD WORK, DOB! SERVES THE BEGGAR
RIGHT FOR THROWING HIS CLUB AT THE
LITTLE FELLOW



IT WAS AN AMAZING INCIDENT, BUT JOHNSON DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO

FRANK, WHY DON'T YOU COME UP ON MY PLANTATION AND GET A TIGER?

DON'T TELL ME THAT LITTLE YELLOW DOG REMINDED YOU OF A TIGER?



YES, IT DID THE DOG-- AND THAT DUTCH MAIL BOAT OUT THERE



I STARED ACROSS THE BLUE WATER BELOW US A WHITE-HULLED SHIP STEAMED SLOWLY BY, BOUND FOR SINGAPORE



BUT WHAT HAS THAT DUTCH BOAT GOT TO DO WITH THE LITTLE YELLOW DOG-- AND A TIGER?

NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT SHE'S FROM AUSTRALIA-- AND SHE'S GOT SHEEP ON HER



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, JOHNSON?

ABOUT THAT DOG, MAINLY-- IF YOU REALLY WANT A TIGER, FRANK, THERE'S ONE ON MY RUBBER PLANTATION TRAP SET AND EVERYTHING READY TO CATCH THE BEAST





"I DIDN'T WANT A KILLER ON MY PLANTATION THEN I REMEMBERED SOMETHING THE DOG WOULD BE GOOD FOR"



YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, FRANK, THAT I'D NEVER SEEN THE DOG BEFORE. I THOUGHT HE'D BE SAVAGE—A SHEEP KILLER



"BUT IT WASN'T SO HE WAS A WONDERFUL DOG I COULDN'T BELIEVE THIS GENTLE ANIMAL WAS REALLY A KILLER"





AT LAST WE REACHED THE TRAP BINLI SNIFFED IT POLITELY HE WASN'T EVEN SUSPICIOUS



ALL RIGHT TAKE HIM IN AND TIE HIM

IT WAS NO JOB TO GET BINLI INTO THE CAGE HE SEEMED TO THINK IT SOME NEW KIND OF GAME.



HURRY UP!



YOU MAKE PLENTY HOWLING YOU BRING TIGER QUICK EH, DOG?



When the boy came out of the trap BINLI REALIZED SOMETHING WAS WRONG HE BEGAN TO HOWL

COME ON LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



LISTEN HOW DOGS HOWL TIGER COME SURE

SHUT UP!



YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, FRANK, BINLI WAS A KILLER--A BAO DOG HE'S GONE AFTER SHEEP AND RIPPED THEIR THROATS OPEN

DICK SCOTT WAS GOING TO SHOOT HIM, ANYWAY. WHAT I WAS DOING WAS ONLY ANOTHER WAY OF DEATH FOR THE DOG.



I TOLD MYSELF ALL THIS, BUT IT WASN'T MUCH COMFORT. THAT NIGHT, I COULDN'T SLEEP. I KEPT SEEING BILLY'S GREAT BROWN EYES, HIS LONG WRINKLED NOSE.



BOY! BOY!
WAKE UP!



TWANT! TWANT!
WHAT IS IT?

COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO
GET THE DOG OUT OF THAT
TRAP!



HE CAME, BUT I'M CERTAIN HE
THOUGHT I HAD GONE AWAY.

FASTER! FASTER!
WE MAY BE TOO LATE!



IF THAT DOG IS DEAD, I'LL
NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!
FASTER!



WHEN WE HEARD THE TRAP, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF BINJI.

THE TIGER MUST HAVE GOTTEN HIM!

NO, JEAN LISTEN!



BINJI, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT—UNTIE HIM!

YES, JEAN.



BINJI CAME BOUNDING OUT OF THAT TIGER CAGE, EAGER, GLAD TO SEE ME, HIS TAIL SWISHING THE BUSHES AND HIS RED TONGUE HANGING OUT WITH JOY.

COME ON, WE'RE GOING HOME, BINJI.



BINJI RAN DOWN THE TRAIL AHEAD JUST AS HE HAD COME UP IT, FRISKING, SMELLING, INVESTIGATING.



SUDDENLY, SOMETHING HAPPENED. IT CAME SO QUICKLY, AND WAS SO CLOSE, THAT I COULDN'T EVEN GET MY LIGHT UP.



I HAD STUMBLERD ON A WILD BOAR. TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF FERICE ANIMAL DYNAMITE WAS ABOUT TO GORE ME THEN A GRAY STREAK SPRANG FROM THE BLACKNESS

BIMI!



QUICK! MY RIFLE!



I SHOT THE BOAR



THEN I SAW BIMI!



BOTH OF THAT BOAR'S TUSKS HAD PIERCED HIM THROUGH AND THROUGH BIMI! HAD GIVEN HIS LIFE TO SAVE MINE.



CROCODILE TEARS



THERE IS AN OLD FICTION IN THE FAR EAST THAT CROCODILES WEEP OVER THE VICTIMS THEY DEVOUR. IT IS FROM THIS OLD BELIEF THAT WE GET OUR EXPRESSION, "CROCODILE TEARS," WHICH WE USE TO MEAN FALSE WEeping AND HYPOCRITICAL SORROW.

AT ANY RATE, YOU GATHER THAT IT IS NO NEWS WHEN A CROCODILE WEEPS OVER A MAN. IT HAS BEEN DONE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND IS AN ACCEPTED FACT. AT LEAST IN THE FAR EAST THE NEWS ELEMENT IN THIS STORY IS OF A MAN WEeping OVER A CROCODILE.

I HAD BEEN GOING TO SANDARAN, ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF BORNEO, FOR MANY YEARS. IT WAS THERE I HEARD ABOUT NAGA BESAR, THE "BIG DRAGON" OF THE BAY.



I WAS A BIT SURPRISED WHEN I WAS APPROACHED BY A DEPUTATION OF DYAKS^a AND ASKED TO CATCH THE NAGA.

I AM AN ANIMAL MAN WHY DO YOU COME TO ME? CATCH THE CROCODILE YOURSELF.

NAGA BESAR IS AS OLD AS THE SEA AND STRONG AS ITS GREATEST WAVE. YOU CATCH HIM FOR US, MASTER.



^a Natives of Borneo.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CROCODILES. I SUGGEST YOU DO YOUR OWN HUNTING.



BUT EACH TIME I RETURNED TO BORNEO, I HEARD MORE STORIES ABOUT NAGA BESAR.

HE IS BIGGER THAN ANY CROCODILE HE IS REALLY A ANGG! HE BREATHES FIRE AND SMOKE FROM HIS NOSTRILS.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS MONSTER?



*Dragon

NO, MASTER, BUT I HAVE HEARD THESE THINGS FROM MEN WHO HAVE. IT IS SAID HE HAS A CASTLE BENEATH THE BAY WHERE HE TAKES HIS VICTIMS.



ALLI, I KNOW THIS IS SHEER FOOLISHNESS, BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS NAGA.

YES, FUAM.



GET A COUPLE OF NATIVES TO TAKE US OUT ON THE BAY. WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO GET A LOOK AT HIM.



ALLI GOT A CANOE, AND TWO DYARS TO PADDLE US TO WHERE NAGA BESAR SUPPOSEDLY HAD HIS LAIR.

THE ANGG LIVE IN OLD WRECK OUT ON REEF, WE TAKE YOU.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, WE WERE OVER THE WRECK

THERE, THERE IS WHERE NAGA BESAR LIVES



MASTER WATCH HOLE IN SHIP
MAYBE SEE NAGA BESAR,



I WATCHED AND WAITED IN THE BROLLING SUN
FINALLY I GREW IMPATIENT

TAKE ME BACK
THERE'S NO CROCODILE
DOWN THERE

PLEASE, MASTER JUST A LITTLE
LONGER. NAGA BESAR VERY WISE
MAYBE HE COME OUT SOON TO
SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE



I'LL WAIT TEN MINUTES
MORE THEN WE'RE GOING



THOSE TEN
MINUTES
SEEMED
LIKE AN
AGE. I
LOOKED
LONGINGLY
AT THE
COOL,
DISTANT
SHORE
THEY...

FOAM! LOOK! LOOK QUICKLY!
THE HOLE, FOAM! THE HOLE!





NAGA BESAP!
MASTER BELIEVE
IN DRAGON NOW?

WHOW! THAT'S ONE OF THE
BIGGEST CROCODILES THAT
EVER LIVED



ALL, WE'RE GOING TO
CATCH THAT CROC.
LET'S GO ASHORE AND
GET STARTED

YES,
JUAN



WE BAITED FOUR HOOKS IN SUCH A WAY THAT
THEY WOULD CATCH THE NAGA, BUT KEEP
HIM ALIVE... BUT AFTER FOUR DAYS

I GUESS IT'S NO USE, ALL THAT
OLD CROC IS TOO SMART FOR
US. I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER
I'VE GOT TO GO TO DARVEL BAY
AND SEE BILL WESTLEY

JUAN
WANT
NAGA
BESAP?



I CERTAINLY DO
BUT I CAN'T
SPEND ANY MORE
TIME ON HIM...

LEAVE ME HERE, JUAN,
WHILE YOU GO TO VISIT
BILL WESTLEY. MAYBE
I CATCH NAGA



ALL RIGHT, ALL. I WAS GOING TO LEAVE
YOU HERE, ANYWAY. JUST KEEP THE
LINES OUT OVER THE WRECK. I WON'T
EXPECT ANYTHING



I LEFT ALL AND WENT TO SEE BILL WESTLEY. HE
GRINNED WHEN I TOLD HIM ABOUT NAGA

I WISH YOU WOULD CATCH
HIM, FRANK. I'VE LISTENED
TO NATIVE LIES ABOUT
THAT FOOL CROCODILE UN-
TIL I'M THOROUGHLY SICK
OF HIM

THEY AREN'T LIES. I
SAW THE NAGA'S JAW'S.
HE'S THE BIGGEST
CROC IN THE WORLD

HE'S A BLASTED NUISANCE THE NAGA IS
BLAMED FOR EVERY NATIVE THAT DISAPPEARS
EVEN UP HERE, HALF THE NATIVES ARE
AFRAID TO GO NEAR THE RIVER BANK
BECAUSE OF THE STORIES THEY'VE HEARD
ABOUT THAT CROC.



I STAYED WITH WESTLEY FOR A WEEK ON
THE EIGHTH DAY

TUAM! TUAM!
NAGA BESAR
IS CAPTURED!

WHO
CAUGHT
HIM?



I DID, TUAM THE DYAKS AND I
CAUGHT HIM IN THE CANOE NAGA
IS TIED ON BEACH AT SANDAKAN
TUAM MUST COME QUICKLY DYAKS
HATE NAGA I AFRAID THEY HURT
HIM



ON THE WAY BACK, I GOT ALI'S STORY EVERY DAY,
HE AND THE DYAKS CHECKED AND REPLACED
THE BAIT ONE MORNING

ONE OF
LINES GONE

THERE IT IS!
NAGA HAS
TAKEN BAIT!



SEE, IT GOES STRAIGHT DOWN
INTO THE HOLE IN SHIP WHERE
NAGA LIVES



WE HAVE CAUGHT HIM ROPE
IS IN NAGA'S THROAT. WE
PULL ROPE AND SET IT



NO PULL LINE NO
STAY HERE! NAGA
GET US!

YOU STAY AND HELP
ME PULL NAGA IN!



ALL RIGHT WE
STAY WE HELP
YOU

GOOD, NOW
PULL!



HE IS ON LINE
GET READY! HE
COME UP!



*THE TUG ON THAT LINE
BROUGHT THE NAGA OUT
OF HIS SUNKEN HOME LIKE
A GREEN-GRAY STREAK*



THE CANOE FLASHED THROUGH THE WATER LIKE A TWIG IN THE WINDS.



AT LAST, THE NAGA BEGAN TO TIRE
AL! AND THE DYKS HUNG ON FOR
DEAR LIFE, THEN

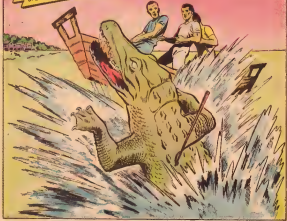
I GET HIM
NOW!



PULL IN ROPE!
PULL!



THE NAGA CHURNED THE
WATER WITH HIS GREAT TAIL,
FIGHTING HIS FOUR FEET CLAWING THE
SEA TO A FOAM, HIS GREAT JAWS CLICKING
OPEN AND SHUT LIKE A STEEL TRAP





THE NEXT MORNING, ALI AND I ARRIVED AT SANDAKAN. WE HURRIED DOWN TO THE BEACH.

SEE, FUSAN, THERE HE IS!

ALI, THAT CROCODILE WILL MAKE HISTORY! YOU'RE A HERO!



IT WAS THEN THAT THE TEARS CAME IN THE DYAKS' EYES. HADN'T TRUSTED ALI'S KNOTS THEY HAD MADE SO SURE THEY WOULD BE SAFE, THAT THE NAGA WAS DONE FOR.

HE'S DYING! THOSE DYKS TRIED TO KILL HIM!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS, FUSAN! THEY HATE THE NAGA BECAUSE OF ALL THE PEOPLE HE HAS EATEN.



HE'S NO GOOD TO US NOW, ALI! I'D BETTER PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.

YES, FUSAN.

AND SO NAGA BESAR MET HIS END. AND I WAS SO SORRY I HAD MISSED CAPTURING HIM ALIVE. IT WAS PROBABLY THE ONLY CASE ON RECORD WHERE A MAN NEARLY SHED TEARS OVER A CROCODILE.



GIANT ORANG



IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO GET A FULL-GROWN MALE ORANG-UTAN. YOUNG ONES MAY BE TAME AND AFFECTIONATE, BUT THERE IS NO MORE SAVAGE BEAST IN THE JUNGLE THAN AN ANGRY OR WOUNDED GROWN MALE. A FULL-GROWN MALE ORANG WAS WHAT I WANTED WHEN I SET OUT ON ONE EXPEDITION—A MALE, AND THE LARGEST ORANG EVER CAUGHT! IT WAS A TALL ORDER, BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO FILL IT.

OUR HUNT STARTED AT A TINY NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND OF SOMATRA.

I AM IN SEARCH OF THE BIGGEST ORANG YOU HAVE EVER SEEN—A MALE.

ORANG BEZAR* IN THIS FOREST. ORANG SO BIG, TREES SHAKE WHEN HE CLIMB!

ORANG SO BIG, HE DARKEN THE SKY WHEN HE SWING THROUGH TREE TOPS.

ALL RIGHT, HEADMAN† SEND OUT YOUR SCOUTS TO FIND THIS ORANG BEZAR, AND I'LL SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE.



*Great, enormous orang-utan



†Headman



A FEW DAYS LATER.

WE FIND MAS! HE IN JUNGLE MAYBE EIGHT MILES FROM HERE

GET MY RIFLE, ALI, AND LET'S GO!



A LI AND I COVERED THOSE EIGHT MILES AS FAST AS THE DENSE JUNGLE WOULD PERMIT. AT LAST WE REACHED THE SPOT.

WHERE IS HE, PANGKULU?

HE UP THERE NOW HE KEEP MOVING FROM TREE TO TREE, LOOK!



SORRY, MAS BEZAR NOT AS BIG AS I SAY.

PANGKULU, THAT'S THE BIGGEST ORANG-UTAN I EVER SAW IN MY LIFE!



FOR HOURS, WE FOLLOWED THAT ORANG. THEN

PANGKULU! GET SOME MEN AHEAD OF THAT BIG TREE, AND ON EACH SIDE OF IT! WHEN THE MAS BEZAR SWINGS INTO IT, I WANT TO KEEP HIM THERE

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HAVE YOUR BOYS POUND ON TREE TRUNKS AND YELL! I WANT TO DRIVE THE MIAS TO THE TOP OF THAT TREE, SO HE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER.



THEY
YELL
 POUND! YOUR BOYS HAVE AXES. START THEM CHOPPING DOWN ALL THE TREES AROUND THE BIG ONE.



I WANT A WHOLE CIRCLE CLEARED AROUND THAT SINGLE TREE, SO THE MIAS CAN'T ESCAPE BY SWINGING TO ANOTHER LIMB!



IN A LITTLE WHILE, TREES WERE CRASHING TO THE GROUND ALL AROUND US, AND THE MIAS BEGAR WAS LOOKING DOWN WITH OUTRAGED EYES.

A FEW MORE TREES AND WE'LL HAVE HIM.



WHEN THE LAST TREE HIT THE SOFT EARTH, I RECEIVED A SIGH OF RELIEF

WE'VE GOT HIM! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET HIM DOWN



ALL, REMEMBER HOW WE GOT THAT GLOUBED LEOPARD? HAVE THE BOYS GET THE NET

YES, FUAY



WHEN THE BOYS CAME BACK WITH THE NET, I HAD THEM HOLD IT UNDER THE LIMB THE ORANG SAT ON. IF I COULD SHOOT THE LIMB OFF, GRAVITY WOULD DO THE REST



THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS, THE ORANG IGNORED THE LAW OF GRAVITY

HE LEERED DOWN AT US SHAKING INSULTS AND DEFIANCE



I TRIED AGAIN I TRIED
IT THREE TIMES MORE, TO
BE EXACT IT DIDN'T WORK



ALI, MAYBE THAT DRAG CAN DEFY
THE LAW OF GRAVITY, BUT THERE'S
ONE LAW OF NATURE HE CAN'T
DEFY--HUNGER. HE CAN'T FIGHT
THAT

YOU ARE
RIGHT, JUMAN.
HUNGER
GET HIM



LET'S BUILD A LEAN-TO AND WAIT.
SOONER OR LATER, HE 'MUST' COME
DOWN FOR FOOD AND DRINK.



FOR FIVE DAYS WE WAITED
AND WATCHED. THEN...

ALI! LOOK! HE'S
COMING DOWN!



QUICK, BOYS, THE NET! HE'S GOING TO TRY
TO FIGHT HIS WAY OUT! HE'S HUNGRY
ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING!



THE MEN WERE READY WITH THE NET. THE PLAN WORKED BEAUTIFULLY, EXCEPT FOR THE ORANG. HE SWEEP THAT NET ASIDE WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS ARMS.



IN THE SAME MOTION, HE TORE BACK UP THE TREE.



SO MY ORANG-UTAN WAS UP A TREE AGAIN AND SO WERE WE



IT WAS DEVELOPING INTO A PERSONAL WAR BETWEEN THE GREAT DRANG-UTAN AND MYSELF I WOULDN'T GUST NOW

WE'LL TRY A NEW METHOD, PANGKALU, I WANT YOUR BOYS TO BUILD A TRAP



WE'LL MAKE IT A TRAP AND A CAGE. ONCE HE'S IN IT, WE'LL CARRY HIM BACK TO SINGAPORE WITHOUT MOVING HIM FROM IT



WE FINALLY GOT IT BUILT AND HAULED IT INTO THE TREE.

PULL! PULL!
IT MUST BE HIGHER!



THEN ALI BAITED IT WITH LUSCIOUS FRUITS!



HE COME DOWN SOON YOU SEE IT SIX DAYS NOW HE GO WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, ALI

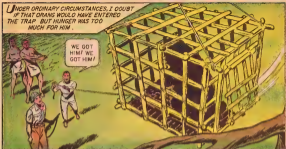


FOR A LONG WHILE THE DRANG-UTAN STARED THOUGHTFULLY AT THE BOY THEN

I THOUGHT HE'D TRY THAT THAT'S WHY THE FRUIT IS SO FAR INSIDE HE CAN'T GET IT WITHOUT GOING IN HIMSELF



UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES, I DOUBT IF THAT ORANG WOULD HAVE ENTERED THE TRAP BUT HUNGER WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.



WE GOT HIM! WE GOT HIM!

FOR THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS, I WASN'T SO SURE, BUT TO MY RELIEF, THE TRAP HELD.



MUCH MORE OF THAT AND HE'LL SMASH THAT CAGE TO BITS!

SOON HE STOP TO EAT

FORTUNATELY FOR US, THAT'S WHAT HE DID



IT WAS ALL OVER. THE BATTLE HAD BEEN WON



DON'T WORRY, BOY, YOU'LL BE GOING TO A NICE HOME IN AMERICA. YOU'LL LIKE IT THERE

THEY SAY THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH WELL, THE WAY TO THE CAPTURE OF THE BIGGEST ORANG-UTAN IN THE WORLD WAS ALSO THROUGH HIS STOMACH



The Bearer of the Tooth



I HAVE SEEN MANY STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS THAT IS WHY I AM READY TO BELIEVE ALMOST ANY TALE I HEAR, PROVIDED IT CONFORMS TO THE KNOWN HABITS OF THE MEN AND THE ANIMALS... AND THAT IS WHY I FIND NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS STORY OF A LITTLE OLD MAN AND THE GREATEST, STRONGEST, PIERCEST ELEPHANT THAT EVER LIVED.

I FIRST HEARD OF THE TOOTH OF BUDDHA FROM A FRIEND OF MINE, GEORGE DAVIS, A GOVERNMENT DISTRICT OFFICER IN COLOMBO, CEYLON.

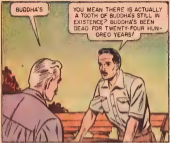
YOU'RE IN LUCK, FRANK. THE MOON IS JUST RIGHT FOR THE FESTIVAL.

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR PICNICS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THIS ONE. IT'S THE FESTIVAL OF THE TOOTH.

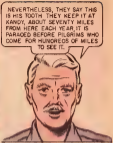
WHOSE TOOTH?





BUDDHA'S

YOU MEAN THERE IS ACTUALLY A TOOTH OF BUDDHA'S STILL IN EXISTENCE? BUDDHA'S BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED YEARS!



NEVERTHELESS, THEY SAY THIS IS HIS TOOTH. THEY KEEP IT AT KANDY, ABOUT SEVENTY MILES FROM HERE. EACH YEAR IT IS PARADED BEFORE PILGRIMS WHO COME FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES TO SEE IT.



THE TOOTH IS CARRIED IN A HOWDAH* OF GOLD ON THE BACK OF THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT YOU OR ANYONE ELSE EVER SAW!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THAT PICNIC, AFTER ALL.

*A seat on the back of an elephant.



I THOUGHT YOU WOULD JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THAT ELEPHANT! IT'S AS BIG AS A HOUSE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, WE SAW THE PARADE. IT WAS GORGEOUS FROM FIRST TO LAST.



THEN I SAW THE BEARER,
LOOMING UP LIKE A GRAY MOUNTAIN
IN A RANGE OF HILLS



"I'D GIVE TEN
YEARS OF MY LIFE
IF I COULD TAKE
THAT BEAST BACK
TO AMERICA!"

"YOU'D GIVE ALL YOUR
LIFE (THESE NATIVES
WOULD NEVER PART
WITH HIM. DID YOU
NOTICE HIS MANDU?"

*The keeper and driver of an elephant



THE BEARER WAS FREE!



**AS LIGHTS FLASHED ON AND TRUMPETS
SUMMONED THE MAHOUTS TO THE CITY,
THE BEARER HEADED FOR THE JUNGLE!**

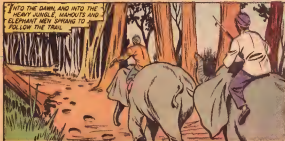


THE BEARER IS GONE!
HE MUST BE RECAP-
TURED! HE IS SACRED!

AYE HE HAS
BORN THE TOOTH
OF BUDDHA FOR
OVER FIFTY YEARS!



**INTO THE DARK, AND INTO THE
HEAVY JUNGLE, MAHOUTS AND
ELEPHANT MEN SPRANG TO
FOLLOW THE TRAIL.**





THEN HE CHARGED, SLASHING WITH HIS TUSKS, TRAMPLING ALL IN HIS PATH



THE MAHOUTS DREW BACK TO TRY AGAIN

THIS IS THE BEARER
HE MUST GO BACK TO
KANDY!

HE MUST AGAIN
BEAR THE TOOTH
OF BUDDHA!

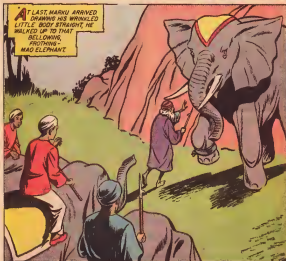


WHAT MATTER
IF SOME OF US
ARE KILLED?
THIS IS THE
BEARER!



AGIN THE BEARER CHARGED



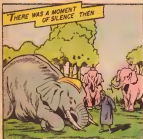


WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH HE STRUCK
THE BEAST ACROSS THE TRUNK

DOWN ON
YOUR KNEES!



THERE WAS A MOMENT
OF SILENCE THEN



MARKU GRASPED AN EAR, USED THE BENT
KNEE FOR A STEP AND FLUNG HIMSELF
TO THE BEARER'S HEAD

GET GOING!
GET GOING—FAST!



AND THAT, FRANK, IS THE STORY
OF THE BEARER AND MARKU



YOU SEE, THERE WAS NOTHING
STRANGE ABOUT IT. THE MAN
AND THE ANIMAL WERE MERELY
CONFORMING TO THEIR KNOWN
HABITS. THAT IS WHY I FIND IT
EASY TO BELIEVE STORIES LIKE
THAT ABOUT MEN AND ANIMALS
BECAUSE THE LOVE OF A MAN FOR
AN ANIMAL IS ONLY EQUAL TO THE
LOVE OF AN ANIMAL FOR A MAN



THE END

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FRANK BUCK

MORE THAN that of any other person, the name of Frank Buck is associated with the collecting of live wild animals. In more than twenty-five years, Frank Buck captured or obtained through purchase thousands of live specimens of wild animals and birds from all the far corners of the world. Included in the list of wild animals he brought back alive are: 3,000 monkeys of different varieties, 100 gibbon apes, over 50 orang-utans, 50 elephants, 60 tigers, over 60 leopards of different types, 20 hyenas, 20 tigers, 120 antelope and deer, 2 giraffes, 11 camels, 90 pythons, 10 king cobras, 5 Indian rhinoceroses, many lizards and crocodiles, over 500 smaller animals of different species, and more than 100,000 birds of all types. In addition to his collecting, Buck wrote seven books, many magazine articles, and produced five motion pictures about his adventures in exploring and animal collecting.

Frank Buck was born in Gamerville, Texas on March 17, 1884. When he was five years old, the Buck family moved to Dallas, Texas. In school, Frank was more interested in geography than in any other subject. It was in elementary school that he first read and learned about places like India and Malaya, although he then had no expectation of ever going to those far-off places. Even as a school boy he began collecting small wild animals and birds. He was especially fond of birds then, and his love for them remained constant throughout his life.

While Frank was still a young boy, he and his elder brother Walter decided to start a ranch. They managed to purchase a few calves and to rent a piece of grazing land from a neighboring rancher. They would have been successful, too, except for the fact that they decided also to raise some hogs at the same time. The hogs ate so much the boys had to borrow heavily to feed them. Then the hogs died of cholera and the Buck brothers found it necessary to sell their cattle



to pay off their debts. The venture, of course, was a complete business failure.

Frank Buck left school at the end of the seventh grade.

While he was still in his early teens, he got a job as a ranch hand. After a while, he became a cowpuncher. One of his jobs as cowpuncher was to accompany the cattle by rail to Chi-

cago. At Chicago, Buck quit his job and set out on his own. He did many different types of work until 1911. Having saved up the sum of \$3,500, he went to Bahia in Brazil. There he saw many birds that he thought could be disposed of in New York. He bought a collection. When he returned to New York, Buck sold all of the birds immediately at a good profit. He continued to collect and sell birds for some time thereafter, extending his markets by taking some of the collections to London and disposing of them there.

In time, Buck added small animals to his collections. Finally, he began buying and collecting large wild animals, supplying zoos, dealers and circuses. So extensive did his enterprise eventually become, he established permanent headquarters in Singapore, Malaya. Buck carried on his operations in this manner for eighteen years. Then his business investments collapsed and he found himself practically penniless. For many people, such a reverse would have spelled disaster. But Buck borrowed \$6,000 and started all over, building a new, thriving business out of the ruins of the old.

Buck's first book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," was published in 1930. From that time on, he spent more and more time writing his stories of true jungle adventure, producing and appearing in motion pictures based on his experiences, lecturing on platform and radio, and operating his own private zoo at Amityville, Long Island.

After a life of thrills and adventure equalled by only a very few other men, Frank Buck died on March 26, 1950, just nine days after his sixty-sixth birthday.

Great Lives
AESOP

Teller of Animal Tales

FRANK BUCK claimed, as many men do, that animals often act like human beings, and human beings sometimes act like animals.

This is not a new thought, however. About 2,500 years ago, there lived a man who became famous for telling human beings about themselves by using animals in their place. Even at that time, animal fables were not new. But this man, Aesop by name, knew just when and where to tell them. And he gave them such great meaning, that people have never forgotten him of his tales.

Aesop was born about 600 B.C. As a young man, he became the slave of Iadmon, on the island of Samos in the Aegean Sea. There he established a reputation as the teller of animal tales. Eventually, he was freed and appeared at the court of Croesus, the last of the kings of Lydia in Asia Minor.

At court, Aesop crossed wits with some of the brightest men of his time. He seems to have come out on top. He was there to amuse the king; but he not only amused, he taught. His fables were never without a message.

Once, Aesop was sent by Croesus as ambassador to Athens, Greece. There he found the people displeased with their ruler, Peisistratus, and desiring a new king. So he told them a story.

There were once some frogs, said Aesop, who lived happily in a lake. Yet some of them were not pleased with their king. So they sent a petition to the god, Jupiter, asking him to appoint a new king.

Jupiter sent the frogs a snake which promptly began to eat them up. The frog then begged Jupiter to remove the new ruler. But the god said, "This is your own doing. You wanted a new king. Now make the best of what you asked for."

The moral of the story was: let well enough alone.



In the year 560 B.C., Croesus sent Aesop to Delphi to distribute some money due the Delphians. For some reason, Aesop angered the Delphians. Some say he kept the money he was supposed to distribute. Others say he told the Delphians fables too true for their comfort. Still others say he was accused of stealing a sacred cup, which may actually have been placed in his belongings in order to incriminate him.

Aesop was brought to trial. As usual, he told the Delphians a story.

There was once a hare, he said, that was pursued by an eagle. The hare ran to the nest of a beetle. The beetle gave the hare refuge and begged the eagle not to break the laws of sanctuary and hospitality. But the eagle, not fearing the beetle, pushed it aside and ate the hare.

When the eagle flew away, the beetle followed and learned where its nest was hidden. Then, when the eagle was away, the beetle rolled the eagle's eggs out of the nest and broke them. The eagle then built his nest in a higher place. But the beetle followed and broke a second group of eggs.

Finally, the eagle flew up to Jupiter and, placing a third brood of eggs in the god's lap, it begged him to guard them. But the beetle flew up and dropped some dirt in Jupiter's lap. The god rose quickly to shake it off, and the eggs fell and were broken.

The moral of the story was that the laws of hospitality are not to be broken, or the results may be tragic.

The Delphians did not listen. They condemned Aesop to be thrown over a cliff to his death.

After the execution, the city of Delphi suffered a long series of horrible plagues. Finally, the people offered payment for Aesop's death, in order to satisfy the angry gods. The Delphians, too, had learned that a simple fable can contain great truth.



THE UNICORN

ONE OF THE MOST famous animals in history is what is usually drawn as a horse with a horn in the middle of its forehead. For over twenty centuries, men believed in it, it is mentioned seven times in the Bible, and its horn was supposed to be of great medical value. But the most amazing thing about the animal is that it never existed.

This animal with the horn in the middle of its forehead is called a unicorn. Because it is awkward to say "unicorn's horn," the horn of the unicorn came to be known as the alicorn.

No one knows when the unicorn first appeared in people's imaginations. But a Greek historian, Ctesias, who lived about 400 B.C., was the first person to report the animal in print.

Wrote Ctesias, "There are in India certain wild asses which are as large as horses, and larger. Their bodies are white, their heads dark red, and their eyes dark blue. They have a horn on the forehead which is about a foot and a half in length . . .

"The base of this horn . . . is pure white, the upper part is sharp and of a vivid crimson, and the remainder, or middle portion, black."

One of the most interesting accounts of the unicorn was written originally by a Roman, Julius Solinus. It was translated into English in about 1500. In rich Elizabethan prose, it reads:

"The cruellest (of all animals) is the Unicorn, a monster that belloweth horrible, bodied like a horse, footed like an elephant, tailed like a Bwyne, and headed like a Stagge. His horn sticketh out of the middle of his forehead, of a wonderful brightness about four foote long, so sharp, that whatsoever he pusheth at, he striketh it through easily. He is never caught alive, kylled he may be, but taken he cannot bee."

Legends about the unicorn ran wild and fabulous. The Arabs said it was so huge it could pierce an elephant with its horn. The

only trouble was, they added, that once the elephant was on the horn, the unicorn couldn't shake it off. After the unicorn had collected the bodies of four or five elephants, it became quite a burden, and led the unicorn to fall victim to other animals.

It was widely believed, for many hundreds of years, that the alicorn, powdered or whole, had great value as a medicine. It was supposed to be particularly effective against poison, whether taken before or after the poison was swallowed. In the years when assassinations were common, the demand for alicorn was high, and people paid huge sums for whatever they thought was the real thing. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, pharmacies in London, England, carried alicorn as a standard product.

Most scientists now believe that many of the ancients who described the unicorn were really repeating fanciful stories about

the rhinoceros, the only naturally one-horned animal in existence. The rhinoceros has its horn on its snout, rather than its forehead, and it doesn't resemble a horse. But since some of the descriptions had the animal looking like an elephant, and other parts of the tales do apply to the rhinoceros, it is believed to be the original unicorn.

Travelers to the East, who hoped to find the unicorn, were very disappointed when they saw the rhinoceros. Marco Polo wrote:

"They have wild elephants (in the East), and great numbers of unicorns, hardly smaller than elephants in size. Their hair is like that of a buffalo and their feet like those of an elephant . . .

"It is a hideous beast to look at, and in no way like what we think . . . I assure you that it is quite the opposite of what we say it is."

Marco Polo was quite right.



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