

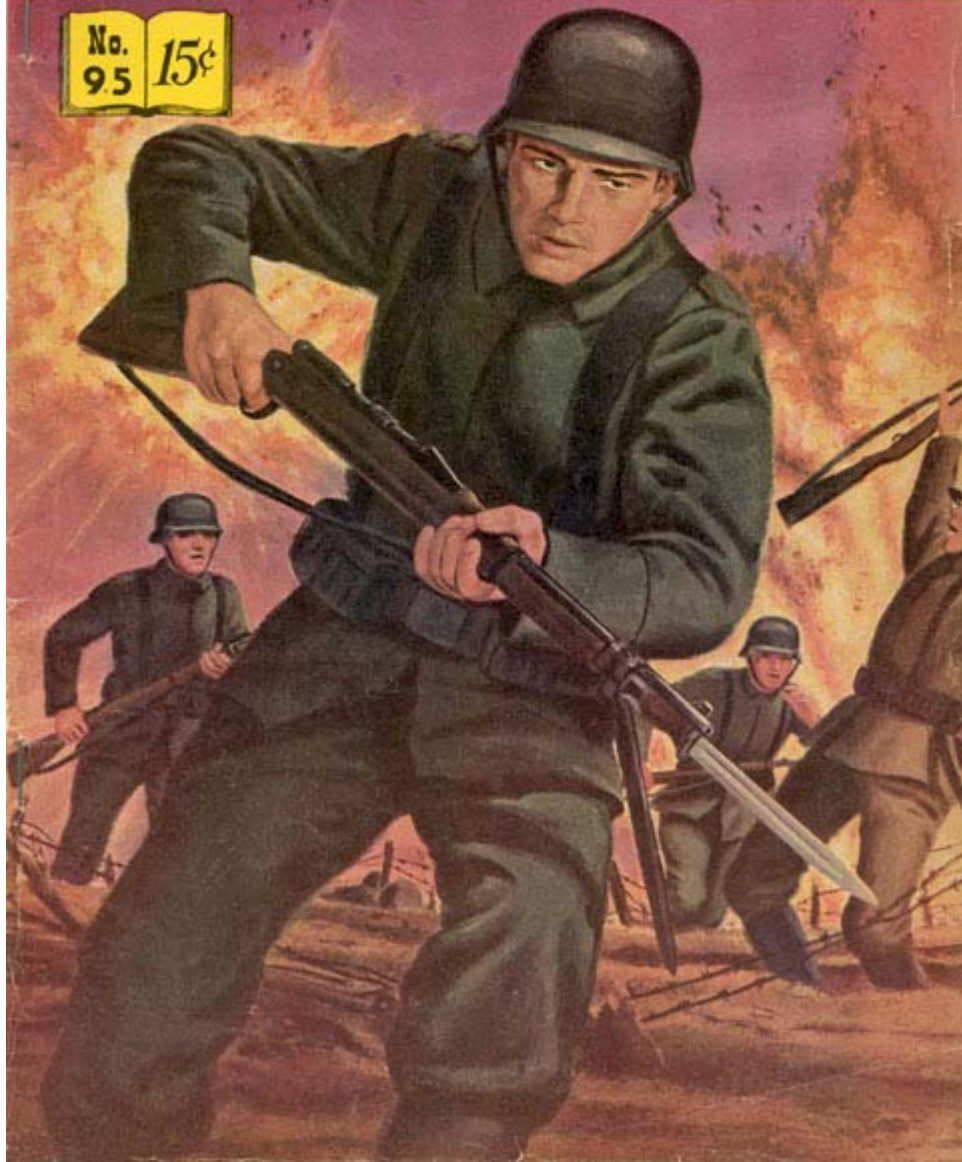
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ALL QUIET on the WESTERN FRONT

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

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ALL QUIET on the WESTERN FRONT

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE



THIS BOOK IS TO BE NEITHER AN ACCUSATION NOR A CONFESSION, AND LEAST OF ALL AN ADVENTURE, FOR DEATH IS NOT AN ADVENTURE TO THOSE WHO STAND FACE TO FACE WITH IT. IT WILL TRY SIMPLY TO TELL OF A GENERATION OF MEN WHO, EVEN THOUGH THEY MAY HAVE ESCAPED ITS SHELLS, WERE DESTROYED BY THE WAR.

Erich Maria Remarque

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE DELBOURGO

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE DURING WORLD WAR I

CLASSICS Illustrated

I AM PAUL BAUMER, MEMBER OF THE SECOND COMPANY, PART OF THE GERMAN ARMY. WE ARE AT REST FIVE MILES BEHIND THE FRONT. YESTERDAY, WE WERE RELIEVED AFTER FOURTEEN DAYS. OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN, ONLY EIGHTY HAVE RETURNED. THIS ANNOYS THE COOK, GINGER, WHO HAS RATIONS FOR A FULL COMPANY.

THAT WON'T DO. I CAN'T ISSUE ALL THOSE RATIONS FOR ONLY EIGHTY MEN.

YOU HAVEN'T DRAWN FOOD FOR EIGHTY MEN. YOU'VE DRAWN IT FOR THE SECOND COMPANY. GOOD. LET'S HAVE IT THEN. WE ARE THE SECOND COMPANY.

FOR A WHILE, THINGS LOOK BAD FOR GINGER, BUT OUR COMPANY COMMANDER, A LIEUTENANT, APPEARS IN TIME...

NOW WE ARE SATISFIED AND AT PEACE. OUR BELLIES ARE FILLED WITH HARICOT BEANS, SAUSAGE AND BREAD. MOREOVER, THE MAIL HAS COME, AND ALMOST EVERY MAN HAS A COUPLE OF LETTERS...

SERVE UP THE WHOLE ISSUE. AND BRING ME A PLATEFUL, TOO.

KANTOREK SENDS YOU ALL HIS BEST WISHES.

I WISH HE WAS HERE.

KANTOREK HAD BEEN OUR SCHOOL-MASTER. THOSE OF US WHO CAME STRAIGHT FROM SCHOOL TO THE ARMY REMEMBER KANTOREK ONLY TOO WELL. WE CAN RECALL HOW HE WOULD STRUT BEFORE US, AND SAY IN A MOVING VOICE...

COME, COME, COME, LADS! WON'T YOU JOIN UP? BAUMER? MÜLLER? KROPP? LEER?

JOSEF BEHMA WAS THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO DID NOT WANT TO FIGHT-THAT IS, HE HAD THE COURAGE TO SAY SO...

IF YOU WON'T TAKE UP ARMS, YOU ARE A COWARD! YOU LADS ARE THE HOPE OF THE FATHERLAND!

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF KANTOREKS. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN ADVISERS TO US LADS OF EIGHTEEN. INSTEAD...WELL, BEHM WAS THE FIRST OF US TO FALL, --A BULLET IN THE EYE.



BUT TO GO BACK FURTHER, IT WAS AT BASIC TRAINING CAMP THAT WE MET CORPORAL HIMMELSTOSS...



SO YOU THINK YOU ARE SOLDIERS, EH? WELL, WE ARE GOING TO SEE! FORWARD MARCH!

WE SOON LEARNED THAT A BRIGHT BUTTON IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN BOOKS. WHAT MATTERS IS NOT THE MIND, BUT THE BOOT BRUSH; NOT INTELLIGENCE, BUT THE SYSTEM; NOT FREEDOM, BUT DRILL...



SQUADS RIGHT, MARCH!

HIMMELSTOSS HAD A SPECIAL DIS-LIKE FOR KROPP, TJADEN, WESTHUS AND ME, BECAUSE HE SENSED A QUIET DEFIANCE...

YOU FOUR NEED SPECIAL INSTRUCTION. YOU WILL FOLLOW ME!



WE WERE LED TO A FRESHLY PLOUGHED FIELD. IT HAD RAINED THE NIGHT BEFORE... AND THE FIELD WAS VERY MUDDY...



PREPARE TO ADVANCE!

LIE DOWN!



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ATTENTION! PREPARE TO ADVANCE!



LIE DOWN!

TIME AFTER TIME HIMMELSTOSS REPEATED THAT COMMAND, UNTIL WE WERE EXHAUSTED, SCARCELY ABLE TO RISE...



ATTENTION! SNAP INTO IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?



YOU WILL APPEAR BEFORE ME AT CAMP WITHIN FOUR HOURS. SEE THAT THERE IS NOT A SPOT OF DIRT ON YOU! DISMISSED!

SOME DAY, WE WILL GET OUR REVENGE. A MAN CAN'T BE AS MEAN AS HIMMELSTOSS AND NOT PAY FOR IT!



HE WAS A POST-MAN IN CIVILIAN LIFE, TJADEN. HE'S DRUNK WITH HIS OWN GENSE OF IMPORTANCE NOW.



LATER...

DO YOU THINK THIS IS A CLEAN UNIFORM, BALMER? LOOK THERE! A SPOT OF DIRT! THIS WON'T DO, BALMER!

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

THAT EPISODE IS A FAIR EXAMPLE OF HIMMELSTOSS'S CRUELTY, BUT IT WAS NOT HIS ONLY WAY OF EXPRESSING HIS MEANNESS...

I HAVE HAD TO REMAKE HIS COAT FOURTEEN TIMES IN ONE MORNING...

AND WE HAVE SCRUBBED THE CORPORAL'S MESS WITH A TOOTHBRUSH...

WE HAVE EVEN CLEARED THE BARRACK'S SQUARE OF SNOW WITH DUST PAN AND WASH BROOM.

NO GOOD, BAUMER! DO IT OVER!



ON THE LAST NIGHT OF OUR TRAINING...

THERE GOES HIMMELSTOSS STARTING FOR TOWN. WE'LL GET HIM WHEN HE COMES BACK.

HIMMELSTOSS RETURNED LATE AT NIGHT FROM A PUB. HE SEEMED A LITTLE ELEVATED, FOR HE WAS SINGING...

SH-H-H-H! IS EVERYTHING READY?



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF...



HELP!!

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I'LL GET YOU A COURT-MARTIAL! OUCH!



OKAY... PULL!



IT WAS A WONDERFUL PICTURE...

HIMMELSTOSS NEVER DISCOVERED WHOM HE HAD TO THANK. WE LEFT THE NEXT MORNING...

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HIMMELSTOSS IS DOING NOW, HAIE?

PROBABLY TRYING TO REQUISITION A NEW PAIR OF PANTS.



IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, WE HAD MUCH REASON TO THANK HIMMELSTOSS. BECAUSE OF HIM, WE BECAME HARD, SUSPICIOUS, PITILESS, VICIOUS, TOUGH-AND THAT WAS GOOD. HAD WE GONE INTO THE TRENCHES WITHOUT THIS PERIOD OF TRAINING, MOST OF US WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE GONE MAD. ONLY THUS WERE WE PREPARED FOR WHAT AWAITED US. BUT BY FAR THE MOST IMPORTANT WAS THAT IT AWAKENED IN US A STRONG, PRACTICAL SENSE OF ESPRIT DE CORPS, WHICH IN THE FIELD DEVELOPED INTO THE FINEST THING THAT AROSE OUT OF THE WAR...COMRADESHIP.

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE FACTS MENTIONED IN THE LETTER FROM KANTOREK. BUT THERE IS OTHER BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...

THESE THINGS BELONG TO KEMMERICH. WE'LL TAKE THEM WHEN WE GO TO SEE HIM.



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

THREE OF US FORMER STUDENTS, MÜLLER, KROPP AND I, GO TO THE DRESSING-STATION. FRANZ KEMMERICH, ALSO A FORMER STUDENT WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED, IS GLAD TO SEE US, BUT HE IS GREATLY WORRIED...

SOMEONE HAS STOLEN MY WATCH, AND I HAVE SUCH A PAIN IN MY FOOT.

I ALWAYS TOLD YOU THAT YOU SHOULD NOT CARRY SUCH A GOOD WATCH, FRANZ. AND AS FOR...

DON'T TELL HIM HE HAS LOST HIS LEG. HE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH.

FRANZ LOOKS GHASTLY AND WAN. IN HIS FACE, THERE ARE ALREADY THE STRAINED LINES THAT WE KNOW SO WELL... DEATH IS WORKING THROUGH FROM WITHIN...

WE HAVE BROUGHT YOUR THINGS, FRANZ.

PUT THEM UNDER THE BED.

THESE BOOTS, FRANZ. WILL YOU BE TAKING THEM WITH YOU? CAN'T WE USE THEM UNTIL YOU GET BACK?

NO, I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THEM. THEY'RE OF FINE MAKE.

ITREAD ON MÜLLER'S FOOT. RELUCTANTLY HE PUTS THE FINE BOOTS BACK UNDER THE BED. KEMMERICH GROANS. HE IS FEVERISH...

WAIT, FRANZ. ALBERT AND I WILL TRY TO GET SOMETHING FOR THAT PAIN IN YOUR FOOT.

OUR FRIEND KEMMERICH IS IN BAD SHAPE AND IN GREAT PAIN. CAN'T YOU GIVE A DOSE OF MORPHIA?

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. IF WE WERE TO GIVE MORPHIA TO EVERYONE, WE WOULD HAVE TO HAVE TUBS FULL.

CLASSICS Illustrated

YOU ONLY ATTEND TO THE OFFICERS PROPERLY!

WAIT, ALBERT, WAIT!

I REALIZE ALBERT IS GETTING NOWHERE. I HAVE EXTRA CIGARETTES FROM OUR DOUBLE RATIONS. I PRESS THEM INTO THE ORDERLY'S HAND...

COULDN'T YOU DO US A FAVOR? FRANZ KEMMERICH IS IN VERY GREAT PAIN.

WELL... ALL RIGHT...

WE GO BACK TO THE HUTS. I THINK OF THE LETTER I MUST WRITE TO KEMMERICH'S MOTHER. I THINK OF FRANZ WHO, A LITTLE WHILE AGO, WAS ROASTING HORSE-FLESH WITH US AND HULLING IN SHELL HOLES...

IF FRANZ PASSES OUT IN THE NIGHT, THOSE ORDERLIES WILL TAKE THE BOOTS.

THE DIRTY SWINE!

KROPP SEES RED EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. WE TALK TO CALM HIM DOWN...

WHAT ELSE DID KANTOREK WRITE TO YOU, ALBERT?

HE WRITES: "YOU ARE THE IRON YOUTH!" THAT'S HOW THEY THINK, THOSE THOUSANDS OF KANTOREKS! IRON YOUTH! WE ARE NONE OF US MORE THAN TWENTY, YET WE ARE OLD!

THE NEXT DAY, I GO ALONE TO SEE KEMMERICH...

SUDDENLY, KEMMERICH GROANS AND BEGINS TO GURGLE. I RUSH FOR THE DOCTOR... THE DOCTOR SAYS: "IF HE'S DYING, I CAN'T HELP HIM. I HAVE AMPUTATED FIVE LEGS TODAY. LET AN ORDERLY TAKE CARE OF THE MATTER"... WHEN WE REACH FRANZ, HE IS DEAD...

OUTSIDE, I AM AWARE OF THE DARKNESS AND THE WIND AS A DELIVERANCE. I BREATHE AS DEEP AS I CAN, AND FEEL THE BREEZE IN MY FACE, WARM AND SOFT AS NEVER BEFORE. SOON, I REACH MÜLLER'S HUT. HE WAITS FOR ME AND THE BOOTS.

I KNOW NOW, PAUL. TAKE MY BOOTS FOR MÜLLER... IF YOU FIND MY WATCH, SEND IT HOME, AND WILL YOU WRITE TO MY MOTHER?

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, FRANZ. JUST REST UP AND EAT YOUR FOOD AND YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN.

ARE YOU TAKING HIS THINGS? WE MUST GET HIM AWAY AT ONCE.

YES, I'LL TAKE THEM.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

SOMETIME LATER, WE HAVE TO GO ON WITH FATIGUE. THE MOTOR LORRIES ROLL UP AFTER DARK...

I GUESS THIS ONE IS OURS, KAT.

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE THIS ONE AS ANY OTHER.



THE ENGINES DRONE; THE LORRIES BUMP AND RATTLE. THE ROADS ARE FULL OF HOLES...

NO GUARANTEE YOU WON'T BE THROWN OUT OF HERE, KAT.

ARE YOU WORRIED, PAUL? AFTER ALL, A BROKEN ARM IS BETTER THAN A HOLE IN THE BELLY.



SUDDENLY, I HEAR DISTINCTLY THE CACKLE OF GEESE...

KAT, I HEAR SOME ASPIRANTS FOR THE FRYING PAN OVER THERE!

IT WILL BE ATTENDED TO WHEN WE COME BACK. I HAVE THEIR NUMBER.



OF COURSE, KAT HAS THEIR NUMBER. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT EVERY LEG OF GOOSE WITHIN A FIFTEEN-MILE RADIUS. KAT, WHOSE FULL NAME IS STANISLAUS KATCZINSKY, IS A COBBLER, BUT HE UNDERSTANDS ALL TRADES. HE HAS A NOSE FOR DIRTY WEATHER, GOOD FOOD, AND SOFT JOBS.



THE LORRIES ARRIVE AT THE ARTILLERY LINE. THE GUN ENPLACEMENTS ARE CAMOUFLAGED. THE AIR BECOMES ACRID WITH THE SMOKE OF GUNS. THE FUMES OF POWDER TASTE BITTER ON THE TONGUE.

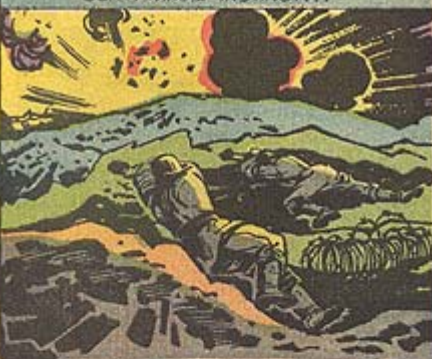


CLASSICS Illustrated

THE NEW RECRUITS ARE NERVOUS. THEY DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I CAN TELL YOU. THERE'LL BE A BOMBARDMENT. I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES.



SOON, SHELLS LAND AND EXPLODE NEAR US. BUT EVEN BEFORE THEY HIT, WE ARE ON THE GROUND, SO THAT FRAGMENTS WHISTLE ABOVE US. ONE CANNOT EXPLAIN IT. WE ARE PROTECTED, IT SEEMS, BY OUR ANIMAL INSTINCT...



THE LORRIES HAVE GONE UNTIL MORNING. WE RAM STAKES AT REGULAR INTERVALS AND SPOOL OFF BARBED WIRE THAT TEARS THE HANDS...

I WISH WE WERE BACK AT THE HUTS. I DON'T LIKE THIS TONIGHT.



AFTER A FEW HOURS, IT IS DONE. MOST OF US LIE DOWN AND SLEEP UNTIL THE LORRIES COME. I AWAKE SUDDENLY. I AM GLAD KAT IS HERE, SMOKING HIS PIPE WITH THE COVERED BOWL...

THAT GAVE YOU A FRIGHT. IT WAS ONLY A NOSECAP. IT LANDED IN THE BUSHES OVER THERE. MIGHTY FINE FIREWORKS, IF THEY WERE NOT SO DANGEROUS.



THEN IT BEGINS IN EARNEST...

I TOLD YOU THERE WOULD BE A BOMBARDMENT!

YOU WERE SO RIGHT!



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT



I FIND A RECRUIT IN UTTER TERROR...

LOOK, SON, FLATTEN DOWN AND PUT ON YOUR HELMET!



HE PUSHES THE HELMET OFF, AND LIKE A CHILD, CREEPS UNDER MY ARM. THE LITTLE SHOULDERS HEAVE, SHOULDERS JUST LIKE KEMMERICH'S...



AT LAST IT GROWS QUIET...

ALL OVER, KID. IT'S ALL RIGHT THIS TIME.



IT GETS SOME PRETTY BADLY. CRIES ARE HEARD. BUT ALBERT SAYS...

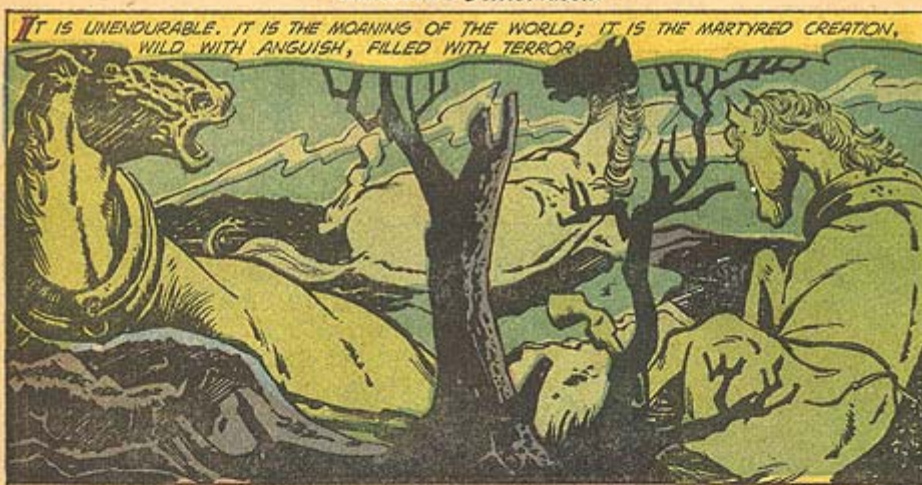
LISTEN! THAT'S NOT MEN SCREAMING!

WHAT IS IT, THEN?



IT'S WOUNDED HORSES.

CLASSICS Illustrated



IT IS UNENDURABLE. IT IS THE MOANING OF THE WORLD; IT IS THE MARTYRED CREATION, WILD WITH ANGUISH, FILLED WITH TERROR



DETERING STANDS UP. HE IS A FARMER WHO THINKS ONLY OF HIS FARM AND HIS FAMILY. HE IS VERY FOND OF HORSES. IT GETS UNDER HIS SKIN...

WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT THEM?



IT'S THE VILEST BASENESS TO BRING HORSES INTO WAR! WHAT HARM HAVE THEY DONE?



ARE YOU MAD? THE HORSES MUST WAIT! YOU MAY KILL SOME OF OUR MEN!



WE SIT DOWN AND HOLD OUR EARS. BUT THIS APPALLING NOISE, THESE GROANS AND SCREAMS, THEY PENETRATE EVERYWHERE...

WE TRY TO TELL OURSELVES THAT THIS IS WAR, BUT IT IS NO GOOD. THEN SINGLE SHOTS CRACK OUT. WE TAKE OUR HANDS FROM OUR EARS. THE CRIES ARE SILENCED. ONLY A LONG-DRAWN DYING SIGH HANGS ON THE AIR...

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

WE GO BACK. IT IS THREE O'CLOCK,--TIME TO RETURN TO THE LORRIES...

IT'S ABOUT OVER, KAT.

I DON'T KNOW, PAUL. I DON'T KNOW...

TAKE COVER! IT'S COMING AGAIN!

THE BOMBARDMENT IS ON AGAIN. THERE IS NO PLACE TO TAKE COVER, EXCEPT BEHIND THE GRAVEYARD MOUNDS.

THE NEARBY WOOD VANISHES--POUNDED, TORN, CRUSHED TO PIECES.

THE DARK GOES MAD. IT HEAVES AND RAVES,--THEN FLAMES AND EXPLOSIONS BANISH THE DARKNESS AND REPLACE IT WITH HORROR...

CLASSICS Illustrated

A HOLE IS TORN OUT IN FRONT OF ME, WITH ONE BOUND, I FLING MYSELF TOWARD IT, FOR SHELLS HARDLY EVER LAND IN THE SAME HOLE TWICE.

I DROP ON THE GROUND, FLAT AS A FISH. THE EARTH LEAPS, THE BLAST THUNDERS IN MY EARS. A HAND BRUSHES MY FACE...

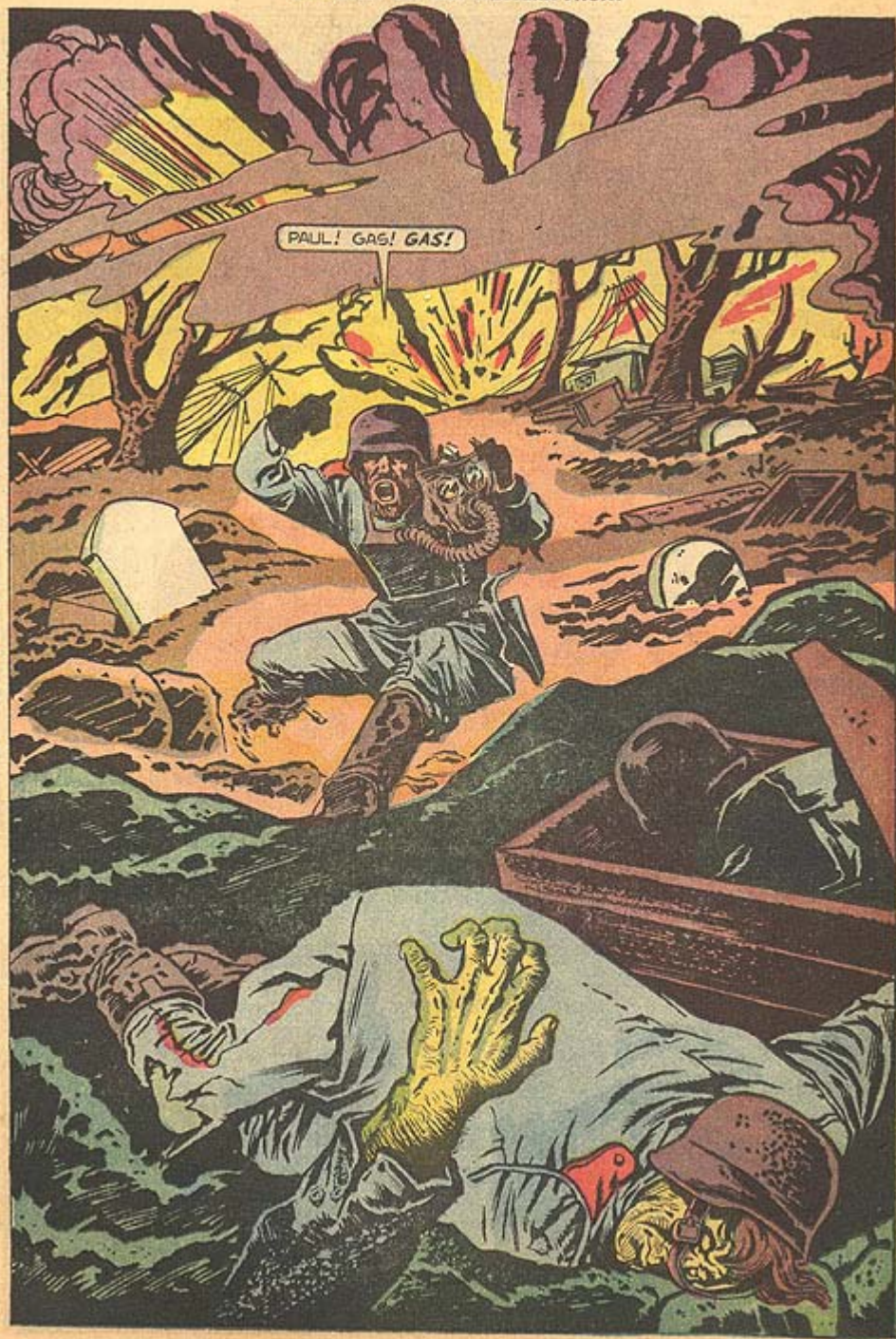
I OPEN MY EYES--MY FINGERS GRASP A SLEEVE, AN ARM. A WOUNDED MAN? I YELL TO HIM--NO ANSWER--A DEAD MAN. MY HAND GROPE'S FURTHER, SPLINTERS OF WOOD--NOW I REMEMBER AGAIN THAT WE ARE LYING IN THE GRAVEYARD.

THE SHELLING IS HEVIER THAN EVER...

...IT WIPES OUT THE SENSIBILITIES...I CRAWL INTO THE COFFIN FOR PROTECTION...

PAUL! PAUL!

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT



PAUL! GAS! GAS!

CLASSICS Illustrated



GAS! GAS! GAAAS!
PASS IT ON!

I GRAB FOR MY GAS MASK. I EMERGE FROM THE SHELL HOLE, FOR THE POISONOUS FUMES STAY THERE LONGEST. SOME DISTANCE FROM ME LIES SOMEONE. I THINK OF NOTHING BUT THAT HE MUST KNOW...



GAS! GAAAS!

I LIE FLAT ON THE GROUND, TRUSTING THAT THERE ARE NO LEAKS IN MY MASK. SOON MY HEAD BOOMS AND ROARS, AND MY LUNGS ARE TIGHT. THE GAS, LIKE A BIG SOFT JELLY FISH, LOLLS OBSCENELY ABOUT US...



THE SHELLING HAS STOPPED. I PEER THROUGH MY FOGGED-UP WINDOWS. I SEE A MAN WITHOUT HIS MASK. I TEAR MY MASK OFF, TOO, AND STUMBLE FORWARD AS THE AIR STREAMS INTO ME LIKE COLD WATER...

I KICK SOMEONE...



I'M SORRY,
I DIDN'T
SEE YOU.

I KNEEL DOWN. HE IS ONLY A BOY. I RECOGNIZE HIM--THE RECRUIT WHO HAD BEEN SO FRIGHTENED...



WHERE HAS
IT GOT YOU,
COMRADE?

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

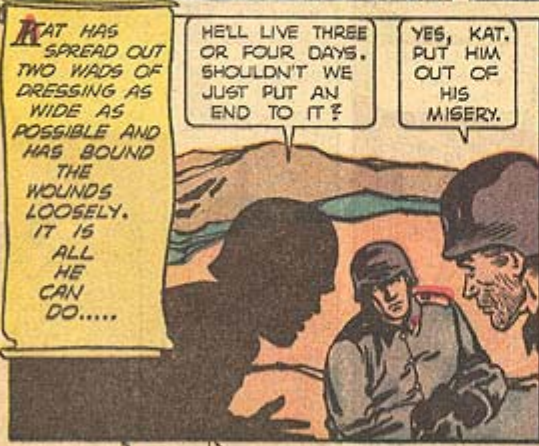


HELP ME WITH THE KID. HE'S IN BAD SHAPE.

LET'S LOOK AT THE WOUND.



THE WHOLE HIP IS ONE MASS OF MINCEMEAT AND BONE SPLINTERS. THE KID'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN.



KAT HAS SPREAD OUT TWO WADS OF DRESSING AS WIDE AS POSSIBLE AND HAS BOUND THE WOUNDS LOOSELY. IT IS ALL HE CAN DO.....

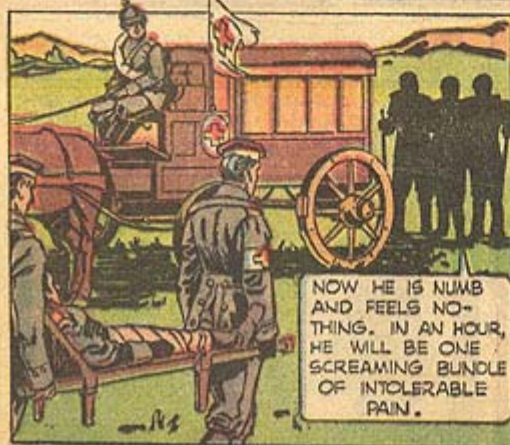
HE'LL LIVE THREE OR FOUR DAYS. SHOULDN'T WE JUST PUT AN END TO IT?

YES, KAT. PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.



KAT HAS MADE UP HIS MIND. HE LOOKS AROUND, BUT WE ARE NO LONGER ALONE. A SMALL GROUP IS APPROACHING FROM THE SHELL HOLE.

WE CAN'T DO IT NOW. BETTER GET HIM A STRETCHER. SUCH A KID. SUCH A LITTLE KID...



NOW HE IS NUMB AND FEELS NOTHING. IN AN HOUR, HE WILL BE ONE SCREAMING BUNDLE OF INTOLERABLE PAIN.



MONOTONOUSLY THE LORRIES SWAY. MONOTONOUSLY RAIN FALLS—ON OUR HEADS, ON THE HEADS OF THE DEAD, ON THE BODY OF THE LITTLE RECRUIT, ON KEMMERICH'S GRAVE. AND IT FALLS IN OUR HEARTS.

CLASSICS Illustrated



DISPOSING OF THE VERMIN WE COLLECTED IN THE TRENCHES IS A TEDIOUS BUSINESS; BUT IT GIVES US TIME TO TALK, AND WORSE, TO THINK...

WHAT WOULD YOU DO, ALBERT, IF SUDDENLY IT WERE PEACE TIME AGAIN?

GET DRUNK. WHAT ELSE COULD A MAN DO?

NO YOU WOULDN'T.



YOU'D GO HOME, JUST AS I WOULD. LOOK, MY OLD PEOPLE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO TALK, KAT. YOU HAVE A WIFE AND CHILDREN...



NEVER MIND WHAT WE WOULD DO IN PEACE. LOOK WHO IS COMING. HIMMELSTOSS! WHAT WILL WE DO NOW!?



WELL? I SEE YOU ARE ALL HERE, TOO.

A BIT LONGER THAN YOU, I FANCY.



WHAT? I GUESS YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME!

OH, YES WE DO! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE THINK YOU ARE? A DIRTY HOUND!



SINCE WHEN HAVE WE BECOME SO FAMILIAR? I DON'T REMEMBER THAT WE EVER SLEPT IN THE GUTTER TOGETHER?

NO, YOU SLEPT THERE YOURSELF!



BY NOW, HIMMELSTOSS IS A RAGING BOOK OF ARMY REGULATIONS...

TJADEN, I COMMAND YOU AS YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER: **STAND UP!**

YOU'RE AT THE FRONT NOW, HIMMELSTOSS. AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO!

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

THE RESULT OF THE INSUBORDINATION IS THREE DAYS' OPEN ARREST FOR TJADEN AND ONE DAY FOR KROPP. OPEN ARREST IS QUITE PLEASANT. THE CLINK WAS ONCE A FOWL-HOUSE. THERE WE CAN VISIT THE PRISONERS. WE PLAY SKAT FAR INTO THE NIGHT...

WELL, I'M BROKE. I'LL HAVE TO QUIT.

I'M WAY AHEAD, SO IT'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY.



AFTER WE BREAK UP, KAT SAYS...

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO SOME ROAST GOOSE?

NOT BAD...



IT COSTS US TWO CIGARETTES TO RIDE OUT ON A MUNITIONS WAGON TO THE BARNYARD WE PASSED ON THE WAY TO WIRING FATIGUE...

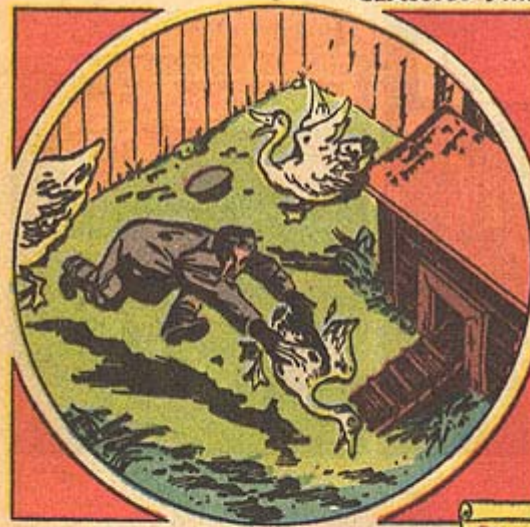
COME. I'LL HOIST YOU OVER THE FENCE...



I WAIT A FEW MOMENTS, THEN SOFTLY I STEAL THROUGH THE DOOR. SUDDENLY, THERE IS BEDLAM. WHAT A KICK A GOOSE HAS!



CLASSICS Illustrated



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, PAUL?

DAYS BEFORE, KAT DISCOVERED A DESERTED SHACK NEARBY. WE CURTAIN THE LONE WINDOW AND MAKE A FIRE IN THE STOVE. IT TAKES A LONG WHILE TO ROAST A GOOSE, BUT FINALLY...



IT'S DONE!

KAT, I LOVE YOU!

THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE PENETRATES OUR REFUGE. SOMETIMES A HEAVY CRASH AND THE SHACK SHIVERS. WE ARE TWO MINUTE SPARKS OF LIFE; OUTSIDE IS A CIRCLE OF DEATH. NOW WE SIT WITH THE GOOSE BETWEEN US AND DO NOT EVEN SPEAK....

LATER, WE WAKE KROPP AND TJADEN...

I SWEAR YOU TWO ARE MAGICIANS!

I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU!

MAY I NEVER FORGET YOU!



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

SEVERAL DAYS PASS. THERE ARE RUMORS OF AN OFFENSIVE. ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT, WE PASS A SHELLED SCHOOL-HOUSE, AND AGAINST IT A PILE OF BRAND-NEW COFFINS...

THEY ARE FOR US. GOOD PREPARATION FOR AN OFFENSIVE.

BE THANKFUL IF YOU GET SO MUCH AS A COFFIN FOR YOUR CARCASS, DETERING!

THE ENGLISH ARTILLERY IS STRENGTHENED. WE ARE IN LOW SPIRITS. THE FRONT IS A CASE IN WHICH WE AWAIT FEARFULLY WHATEVER MAY HAPPEN. WE LIE UNDER A NETWORK OF ARCHING SHELLS, AND TRUST TO LUCK...

HOW WILL IT BE, PAUL? WILL WE BE HERE TOMORROW?

IF IT COMES, ALL WE CAN DO IS DUCK.

SUDDENLY, A SHELL FALLS IN THE TRENCH. MANY ARE KILLED, AND MORE WOUNDED...

IT WAS ONE OF OUR OWN SHELLS! THE BARRELS MUST BE WORN OUT!

IT GETS BAD...

WE'LL GET IN THE DUGOUT! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

CLASSICS Illustrated

IT GROWS STEADILY NOISIER AND THE EARTH SHAKES. THEY GIVE OUT EDAMER CHEESE AND RUM TO US. IT IS GOOD, BUT WE ARE NOT COMFORTED...

THEY ALWAYS GIVE OUT CHEESE AND RUM WHEN A BAD TIME IS COMING.

IT WILL BE LIKE THE SOME, WE WERE SHELLED STEADILY THERE FOR SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS.

WE WAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. EVERY MAN IS AWARE OF THE HEAVY SHELLS. A FEW RECRUITS ARE GREEN AND SICK. THERE WILL BE NO MORE SLEEP...



ONE OF THE RECRUITS GOES BERSERK...

WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!

NO YOU DON'T! GRAB HIM, KAT!

THOUGH HE RAVES AND HIS EYES ROLL, IT CAN'T BE HELPED. WE HAVE TO GIVE HIM A HIDING. WE DO IT QUICKLY AND MERCILESSLY. OTHERWISE, HE WOULD RUN STRAIGHT TO HIS DEATH...



SUDDENLY, THE NEARER EXPLOSIONS CEASE... WE WAIT, READY... PERHAPS IT WILL BE GAS, PERHAPS ATTACK...

DAWN...

THIS IS IT, KAT!



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

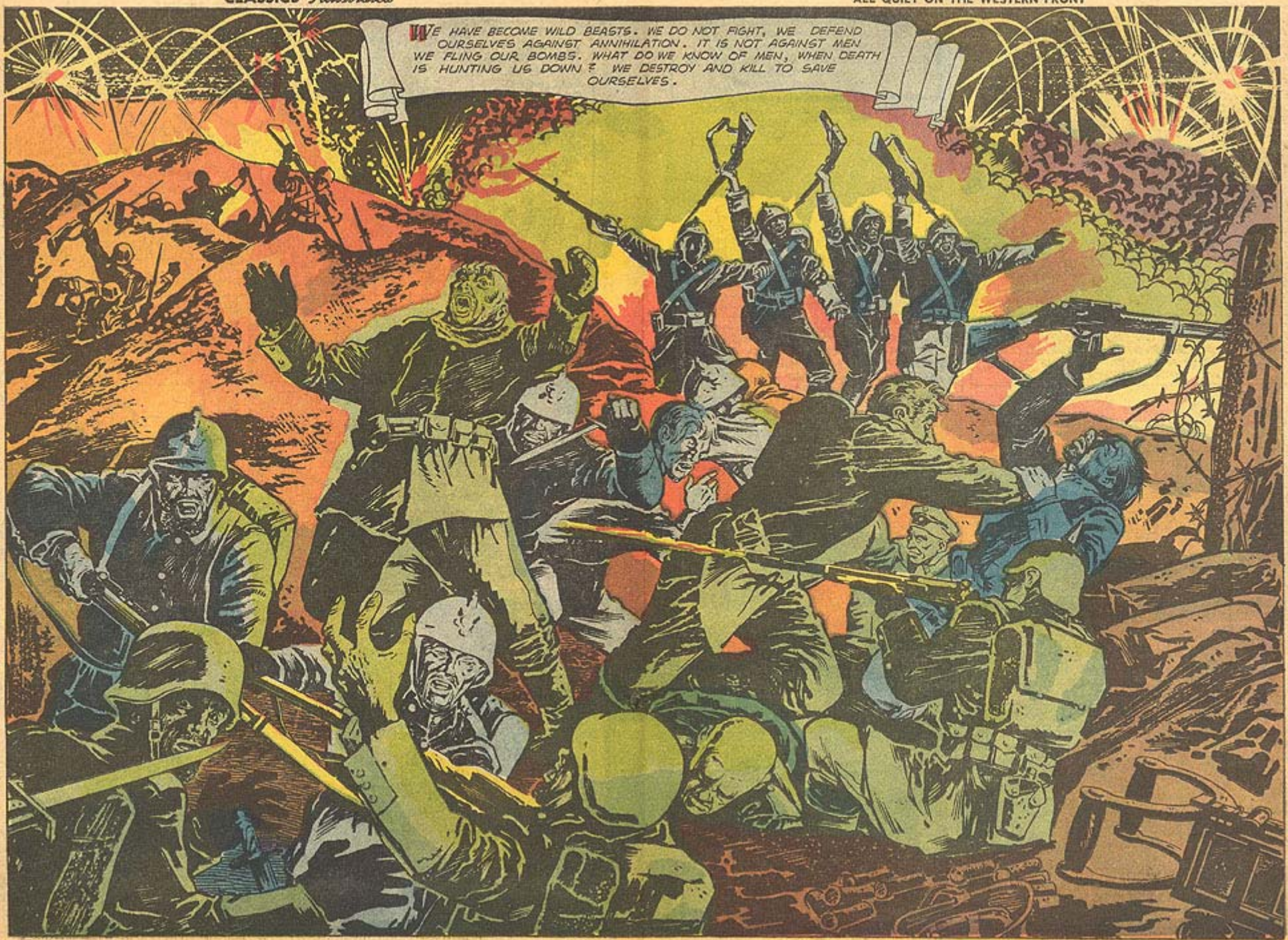
WE SEE THE STORM-TROOPS COMING. OUR ARTILLERY OPENS FIRE. MACHINE-GUNS RATTLE, RIFLES CRACK. WE RECOGNIZE THE DISTORTED FACES... THE SMOOTH HELMETS:

THEY ARE FRENCH.

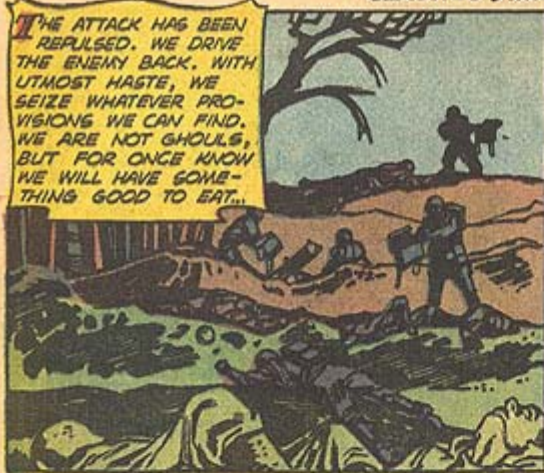


THE FIRST WAVE OF THE ATTACK IS REPULSED. WE RISE TO MEET THE ENEMY. PERHAPS... IT WILL END. PERHAPS... WE WILL COME THROUGH.

WE HAVE BECOME WILD BEASTS. WE DO NOT FIGHT, WE DEFEND OURSELVES AGAINST ANNIHILATION. IT IS NOT AGAINST MEN WE FLING OUR BOMBS. WHAT DO WE KNOW OF MEN, WHEN DEATH IS HUNTING US DOWN? WE DESTROY AND KILL TO SAVE OURSELVES.



THE ATTACK HAS BEEN REPULSED. WE DRIVE THE ENEMY BACK, WITH UTMOST HASTE, WE SEIZE WHATEVER PROVISIONS WE CAN FIND. WE ARE NOT GHOULS, BUT FOR ONCE KNOW WE WILL HAVE SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT...



WE MAKE OUR WAY BACK TO OUR POSITION. HANE HAS SCORED A LOAF OF FRENCH BREAD, TJADEN TWO BOTTLES OF COGNAC. IT GOES WELL WITH THE TINS OF CORNED BEEF KAT AND I HAVE BROUGHT...

MAYBE WE SHOULD TOAST THE FRENCHIES FOR THIS FEAST.



IT IS CHILLY. I AM ON SENTRY DUTY. AS ALWAYS, MY STRENGTH IS EXHAUSTED AFTER AN ATTACK AND IT IS HARD FOR ME TO BE ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS...



THEY ARE NOT PROPERLY THOUGHTS; THEY ARE MEMORIES, WHICH IN MY WEAKNESS, TURN HOMEWARD, AND I AM A SCHOOLBOY WALKING BENEATH TALL POPLARS...



MY FLESH CREEPS AND YET THE NIGHT IS WARM. BUT THE RATTLE OF MESS TINS BRINGS ME BACK TO REALITY.

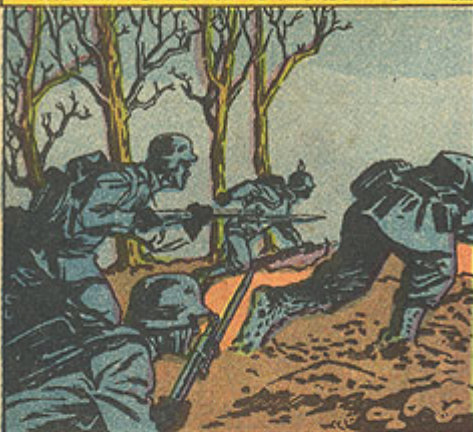
I'M GLAD MY STINT IS OVER, THAT YOU'RE GOING TO RELIEVE ME. I'M HUNGRY AFTER STANDING HERE SO LONG.



AND THEN WITH THE GRAY OF DAWN...COUNTER-ATTACK...



WE MUST KEEP THE ENEMY OFF BALANCE,-- GIVE HIM NO CHANCE TO REGROUP HIS LINES...



ONLY A FOOL WOULD TRY TO STAND UP AGAINST THIS FIRE. OUR ARTILLERY ISN'T EFFECTIVE ENOUGH YET.



AND NOW, GAS!



I LIE WAITING FOR DEATH--OR LIFE--UNTIL I HEAR AN ORDER, AND KNOW THAT THE GAS HAS PASSED.

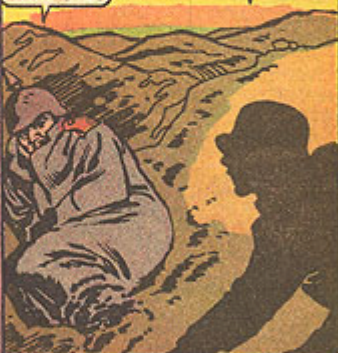
FORWARD...TO THE ATTACK!



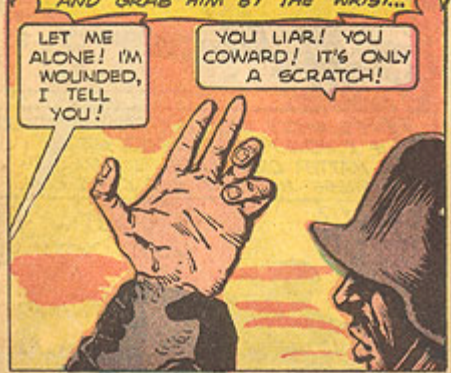
HIMMELSTOSS! DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE ORDER?

I CAN'T! I'M WOUNDED!

I'LL BIND UP YOUR WOUND FOR YOU! LET'S SEE IT!



HIMMELSTOSS IS UNWILLING TO LET ME SEE THE WOUND. I JERK HIS ARM AND GRAB HIM BY THE WRIST...



LET ME ALONE! I'M WOUNDED, I TELL YOU!

YOU LIAR! YOU COWARD! IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH!



GET OUT! DO YOU HEAR? GET OUT!

YOU CON!
YOU LUMP!
YOU SWINE!
GET UP!

NO!

ANOTHER WAVE OF OUR ATTACK HAS JUST COME UP. A LIEUTENANT IS WITH THEM. HE SEES US AND YELLS...

COME ON, YOU TWO! JOIN IN! FOLLOW!



THE WORD OF COMMAND DOES WHAT ALL MY BANGING COULD NOT, ONCE MORE HE IS THE SMART HIMMELSTOSS OF THE PARADE GROUND...

MINES, TANKS, GUNS... WE SEE TIME PASS IN THE COLORLESS FACES OF THE DYING. WE SHOOT, WE KILL. THE LITTLE PIECE OF CONVULSED EARTH IS HELD. WE HAVE YIELDED A FEW HUNDRED YARDS, BUT ON EVERY YARD THERE IS A DEAD MAN...



I CRAWL MISERABLY BACK TOWARD THE TRENCH... AND THEN...

HAIE! HAIE, YOU'RE WOUNDED! LET ME HELP YOU!

DON'T BOTHER, PAUL! IT'S ALL UP! SAVE YOURSELF!



HAIE'S WHOLE BACK HAS BEEN SHATTERED. IF I MOVED HIM, HE WOULD DIE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. I CAN ONLY PRESS HIS HAND AND CRAWL OUT...



I HAVE A FURLOUGH. I HAVE BIDDEN GOOD-BYE TO MY FRIENDS. MY TRAIN HAS PASSED FIELDS AND FARMYARDS. I HAVE WALKED THROUGH THE TOWN FROM THE STATION AND AND I SEE OLD SCENES I HAD FORGOTTEN. NOW I AM HOME...



THE STAIRS CREAK UNDER MY BOOTS. UPSTAIRS A DOOR RATTLES. I SEE MY SISTER, ERNA...

PAUL... PAUL!



MY SISTER RUNS TOWARD MY MOTHER'S BEDROOM. I TRY TO SPEAK, BUT NO WORDS COME. AGAINST MY WILL TEARS RUN DOWN MY CHEEKS...

MOTHER! MOTHER! PAUL IS HERE!



HERE I AM, MOTHER.

ARE YOU WOUNDED?



WE ARE NOT A DEMONSTRATIVE FAMILY, BUT OUR WORDS HAVE A DEEP MEANING TO ONE ANOTHER. MY MOTHER IS VERY ILL, BUT HER ANXIETY IS ALL FOR ME...

THEY SAY IT IS TERRIBLE. WITH THE GAS, AND SHELLS... AND HARDSHIP.

THAT IS JUST TALK, MOTHER. THEY TAKE VERY GOOD CARE OF US. SEE, I AM WELL AND FIT.



I RECOVER MY COMPOSURE AND ANSWER MY MOTHER'S QUESTIONS CALMLY AND QUIET HER FEARS, BUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, I SPEAK ALONE WITH MY SISTER...

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MOTHER?

THE DOCTORS SAY IT IS PROBABLY CANCER. WE DID NOT WRITE ABOUT IT, FOR WE DID NOT WANT TO WORRY YOU.



I CHANGE TO CIVILIAN CLOTHES. THEY DO NOT FIT ME ANY MORE THAN I FIT CIVILIAN LIFE. I GET ON ONLY WITH MY MOTHER AND ERNA. MY FATHER IS TOO CURIOUS, ASKS TOO MANY QUESTIONS, AND SHOWS ME PROUDLY TO HIS FRIENDS...

SO YOU COME FROM THE FRONT? WHAT'S THE SPIRIT LIKE THERE? EXCELLENT? EH?



I AM ANNOYED, ANGRY THAT I AM ACCEPTING A CIGAR OFFERED ME. THE WORDS ANGER ME. "NOW SHOVE AHEAD WITH YOUR TRENCH WARFARE! SMASH THROUGH!"

THAT'S EASY TO SAY, BUT MAY NOT BE POSSIBLE.

JUST DETAILS. WIPE THEM OUT, ROLL ON TO PARIS, AND WE WILL HAVE PEACE! I HOPE WE SOON WILL BE HEARING GOOD NEWS FROM YOU!



I BREAK AWAY. IT OCCURS TO ME THAT I MUST SEE KEMMERICH'S MOTHER. I KNEW WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE, MEETING THIS QUIAKING, SOBBING WOMAN, WHO CRIES...

WHY ARE YOU LIVING WHEN FRANZ IS DEAD? DID YOU SEE HIM DIE? HOW DID HE DIE? TELL ME!

HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART AND DIED INSTANTLY.

YOU LIE! YOU LIE! HE DIED TERRIBLY! I FEEL IT! I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH!

HE DIED IMMEDIATELY. HE FELT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL. HIS FACE WAS QUITE CALM.



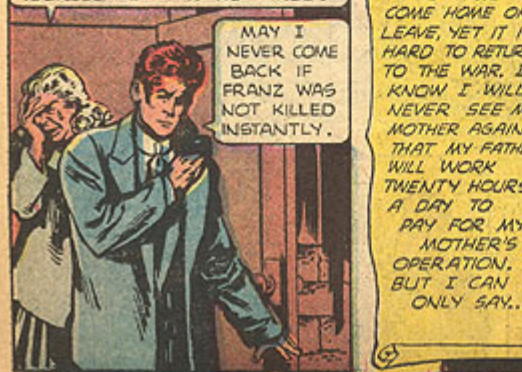
DO YOU SWEAR IT? ARE YOU WILLING NEVER TO COME BACK YOURSELF IF IT IS NOT TRUE?

MAY I NEVER COME BACK IF FRANZ WAS NOT KILLED INSTANTLY.

I OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE COME HOME ON LEAVE, YET IT IS HARD TO RETURN TO THE WAR. I KNOW I WILL NEVER SEE MY MOTHER AGAIN, THAT MY FATHER WILL WORK TWENTY HOURS A DAY TO PAY FOR MY MOTHER'S OPERATION, BUT I CAN ONLY SAY...

IT HAS BEEN WONDERFUL. I'LL BE SEEING YOU SOON.

GOOD-BYE, PAUL! GOOD-BYE!



AT THE BARRACKS, I AM DETAINED FOR TWO DAYS, UNTIL MY COMPANY RETURNS FROM THE FIGHTING. I CAN SCARCELY CONTAIN MYSELF FOR JOY AT SEEING THEM ALL COME BACK SAFELY. THIS IS WHERE I BELONG...

YES, KAT, THE POTATO CAKES AND JAM ARE FROM MY MOTHER.

GOOD. I CAN TELL BY THE TASTE.



WE ARE AT THE FRONT. A PATROL HAS TO BE SENT OUT TO LEARN THE ENEMY'S POSITION. I VOLUNTEER TO GO ALONG...

WE OUGHT TO SLIP OUT THROUGH THE WIRE AND CREEP FORWARD SEPARATELY. THERE'S PLENTY OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.



I HAVE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG. I AM TERRIFIED AT FINDING MYSELF ALONE. I'VE GOT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER. THIS ISN'T MY FIRST PATROL. IT'S NOT EVEN A VERY RISKY ONE.



I CRAWL ON, AND SUDDENLY HEAR VOICES AHEAD OF ME. PERHAPS I AM ALREADY AT THE ENEMY'S LINE. I AM CONFUSED. I MUST CRAWL INTO A HOLE UNTIL MY HEAD CLEARS.

I SEE THE SENSELESSNESS OF MY FEAR, BUT NOW A NEW CONFUSION OVERTAKES ME. I HAVE LOST ALL SENSE OF DIRECTION. I HEAR FEET TRODDING, BUT WHETHER OURS OR THE ENEMY'S I CANNOT TELL. I GRASP MY DAGGER AND LIE WAITING... DEATH TO ANYONE WHO ENTERS MY SHELL HOLE.

AND THEN IT HAPPENS....





THE BODY CONVULSES AND BECOMES LIMB. WHEN I RECOVER MYSELF, MY HAND IS STICKY AND WET...



THE MAN STILL LIVES. I KNOW I SHOULD FINISH THE JOB, BUT I CANNOT. I CRAWL TO THE FARTHEST SIDE OF THE HOLE AND LISTEN TO THE DYING GURGLE IN HIS THROAT...



I FEEL PANIC. I MUST GET AWAY. BUT IT IS SUICIDE TO TRY. THE SHELLING AND FIRING IS MUCH TOO HEAVY...



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE GURGLING CONTINUES. I TRY TO STOP MY EARS, BUT IT IS NO USE. I FIND MYSELF SAYING OVER AND OVER THAT HE MUST NOT DIE. IN THE MORNING, I GET HIM WATER AND BANDAGE HIS WOUNDS...



I WANT TO HELP YOU, COMRADE. I WANT TO HELP YOU!

HOW SLOWLY THE MAN DIES. BUT NOW HE IS DEAD, AND I SIT WITH HIS WALLET IN MY HANDS. I HAVE KILLED GERARD DUNAL, A PRINTER. I MUST MAKE AMENDS TO HIS WIFE, TO HIS CHILDREN. I SWEAR THAT WHEN THIS IS OVER, I SHALL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE LOOKING AFTER HIS FAMILY.



THE DAY PASSES AGAIN LIKE AN ETERNITY. THEN COMES TWILIGHT AND FINALLY, DARKNESS. ONCE MORE, THE FRONT IS QUIET. IF I CAN ONLY FIND MY WAY BACK TO MY LINES, I WILL KEEP EVERY PROMISE.



INCH MY WAY ALONG. SLOWLY...SLOWLY. BY THE LIGHT OF A ROCKET I SEE MOVEMENT NEAR THE WIRE. I RECOGNIZE OUR HELMETS. I CALL OUT...



PAUL!...PAUL!

ARE YOU WOUNDED? WE HAVE A STRETCHER!



NO... NO...

I DO NOT MENTION THE DEAD PRINTER THAT NIGHT. BUT BY THE NEXT MORNING, I CAN KEEP IT NO LONGER...



KAT...OUT THERE...I KILLED A MAN! I WATCHED HIM DIE! FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY I WATCHED HIM DIE! I MUST MAKE AMENDS TO HIS FAMILY...

YOU CANT DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. LOOK OVER THERE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT LAST ONE LEAP IN THE AIR! IVE KILLED THREE ALREADY.



I WOULD NOT DO IT.

DONT LOSE ANY MORE SLEEP OVER IT. AFTER ALL, WAR IS WAR.



SOMETIME LATER, WE HAVE A GOOD JOB: WE ARE TO GUARD A VILLAGE THAT HAS BEEN ABANDONED. WE ARE TO PROVISION OURSELVES FROM THE SUPPLY DUMP.

WE ARE JUST THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE JOB.



WE SELECT A REINFORCED CONCRETE CELLAR AS A DUGOUT AND DEVELOP IMMENSE INDUSTRY.

WHEN WE GET THROUGH HERE, WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN FIND A HEN COOP, AND PERHAPS SOME EGGS.



WE HAVE NOT GONE FAR IN OUR SEARCH, WHEN WE COME UPON...

LOOK, PAUL, A STOVE, WITH A WHOLE CHIMNEY! IF WE FIND ANY MEAT, WE CAN COOK IT HERE!



OUR SEARCH REWARDS US WELL. WE HAVE NETTED TWO SUCKLING PIGS, WHICH KAT HAS DRESSED, WHILE TJADEN HAS FOUND A GARDEN WITH POTATOES AND CARROTS...

HOW'S THAT FIRE COMING, PAUL?

IT COULDN'T BE BETTER BRING ON THE ROAST!



THINGS ARE GOING FINE, BUT ENEMY OBSERVATION BALLOONS SPOT THE SMOKE FROM OUR CHIMNEY...



THIS WOULD BE A PIECE OF LUCK, TO BE BLOWN APART BEFORE WE HAVE A CHANCE TO ENJOY THIS MEAL!

I'M MAKING A DIVE FOR IT!



WE DASH FROM THE "COOK-HOUSE" TO THE CELLAR, AMID SHELLS AND EXPLOSIONS. KAT AND KROPP CARRY THE MASTERPIECE, TJADEN THE CARROTS, MÜLLER POTATOES, WHILE I FOLLOW UP WITH A DISH OF PAN-CAKES...

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!



ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK, WE START THE MEAL. BY TEN O'CLOCK, WE ARE ON COGNAC, RUM, COFFEE AND CIGARS FROM THE OFFICERS' SUPPLY STORES...



WAIT, YOU! LISTEN!



LOOK WHAT IT IS! A KITTEN!

I WONDERED WHY I BROUGHT THIS PARROT CAGE ALONG. WE'LL FEED THE CAT AND LET IT SLEEP IN THIS.



ALMOST A FORTNIGHT PASSES IN EATING, DRINKING, RELAXING. NO ONE RISES EARLY...

ALBERT, MY GOOD MAN, YOU MAY BRING THE CAVAR AND COFFEE

AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT, ALBERT, DRAW MY BATH!

ONE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN! TJADEN IS GOING TO DO MY MANICURE!



THE PALMY DAYS ARE OVER. WE ARE SENT OUT TO EVACUATE A VILLAGE. WE MEET THE INHABITANTS ALREADY LEAVING, THEIR FACES FULL OF GRIEF, DESPAIR, RESIGNATION...

AT LEAST WE ARE QUITE SAFE. THE FRENCH DO NOT FIRE ON TOWNS IN WHICH THERE ARE INHABITANTS.

I SPOKE TOO SOON!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! ARE YOU OKAY?

I THINK IT GOT ME IN THE KNEE!

WE CRAWL TO THE TOP OF THE DITCH. I HAIL A PASSING AMBULANCE WAGON...

HELP! WOUNDED!

AT THE DRESSING-STATION...

I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS WOUNDED, TOO. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BOTH GETTING A VACATION.

I DON'T KNOW. MY LEG IS BAD. I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. I WON'T LIVE TO BE A CRIPPLE, PAUL!

I WILL GET OVER MY WOUNDS, BUT ALBERT HAS LOST HIS LEG AT THE HIR HE IS GRIM...

WHAT IS AN AMPUTATED LEG, ALBERT? THEY DO FINE THINGS WITH ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

THAT IS WHAT WE TOLD FRANZ KEMMERICH. I WILL NOT BE A CRIPPLE... I WILL HAVE MY GUN.

I GET CONVALESCENT LEAVE. PARTING FROM ALBERT KROPP IS VERY HARD...

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP ALBERT. I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

CALL IT GOOD-BYE, PAUL. WE WON'T EVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

I AM WELL NOW. OUR LIFE ALTERNATES BETWEEN THE BILLETTS AND THE FRONT. WE HAVE ALMOST GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO IT. WAR IS A CAUSE OF DEATH, LIKE CANCER, OR TUBERCULOSIS. THE DEATHS ARE ONLY MORE FREQUENT, MORE VARIED, MORE TERRIBLE...

IT WAS WINTER WHEN I CAME BACK, AND FROZEN CLODS OF EARTH WERE AS DANGEROUS AS SHELL FRAGMENTS...

AND THE SPRING THAWS BROUGHT US MUD...

OUR ONLY COMFORT IS HAVING LEARNED TO SLEEP IN SPITE OF THE STEADY BOMBARDMENTS.

I SEE LIFE BREAKING DOWN AROUND ME. THERE IS THE MAD STORY OF DETERING. WE ARE RETURNING FROM THE FRONT...

LOOK, FELLOWS! CHERRY BLOSSOMS!

THAT NIGHT...

HEY, HAS ANYONE SEEN DETERING?

HE WAS HERE A WHILE AGO.



HERE HE IS NOW ..WITH A BUNCH OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS!

SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DETERING, TO A WEDDING?



DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH, DETERING.

ME? IT'S MERELY THAT I CAN'T SLEEP...



THE NEXT MORNING...

ONE...

FOUR...

THREE...

WHERE IS NUMBER TWO? WHERE IS DETERING?



WHAT DID YOU PICK THE CHERRY BRANCHES FOR?

IT'S NOTHING, I HAVE A BIG ORCHARD OF CHERRY TREES AT HOME. IT IS JUST THE TIME.

A WEEK LATER, WE LEARN OF DETERING. THE MILITARY POLICE HAD STOPPED HIM. ANYONE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT HIS FLIGHT WAS ONLY HOMESICKNESS AND A MOMENTARY ABERRATION OF THE MIND. BUT WHAT DOES A COURT-MARTIAL HUNDREDS OF MILES BEHIND THE FRONT LINES KNOW ABOUT IT? WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING MORE OF DETERING.



SOMETIMES, WAR MADNESS BREAKS OUT IN OTHER WAYS. THERE IS THE CASE OF BERGER...

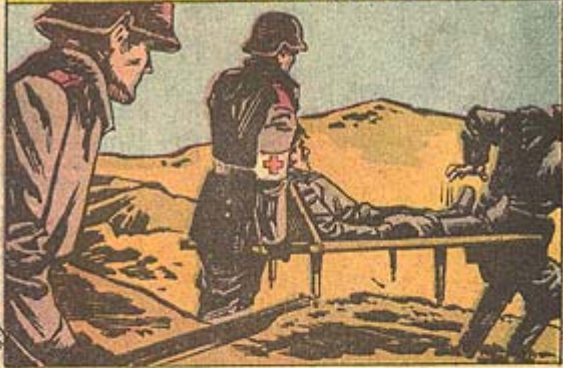


LISTEN! A WOUNDED MESSENGER DOG. I'M GOING TO SAVE HIM.

DON'T BE A FOOL! THE MACHINE-GUN FIRE IS LIKE A SWARM OF MOSQUITOES.



ONE RECOGNIZES THE MADNESS. BERGER, WHO MEANS TO HELP THE DOG, IS BADLY WOUNDED. AND ONE OF THE FELLOWS HELPING BERGER GETS A BULLET IN THE CHEEK...



MULLER IS DEAD. SOMEONE SHOT HIM POINT BLANK WITH A VEREY LIGHT IN THE STOMACH. HE LIVED FOR HALF AN HOUR, CONSCIOUS AND IN TERRIBLE PAIN. BEFORE HE DIED...



PAUL... YOU... YOU GET KEMMERICH'S BOOTS... NOW.

WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BURY MULLER. HE IS NOT LIKELY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED FOR LONG, FOR OUR LINES ARE FALLING BACK. NEVERTHELESS, IT IS COMFORTING...



ASHES TO ASHES ...DUST TO DUST...



LEER GETS IT IN THE HIP HE GROANS AS HE SURPORTS HIMSELF BUT HE BLEEDS QUICKLY; NO ONE CAN HELP HIM, LIKE AN EMPTY TUBE, AFTER A COUPLE OF MINUTES, HE COLLAPSES. WHAT USE THAT HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MATHEMATICIAN IN SCHOOL?

THE MONTHS PASS BY. THE SUMMER OF 1918 IS THE MOST TERRIBLE. AMID RUMORS OF PEACE, THE DYING GOES ON. WHY DO THEY NOT MAKE AN END? WHY? WHY?



CLASSICS Illustrated

FOR EVERY ONE GERMAN PLANE COME AT LEAST FIVE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PLANES...



FOR EVERY ONE HUNGRY, WRETCHED GERMAN SOLDIER COME FIVE OF THE ENEMY, FRESH AND FIT. FOR EVERY ONE GERMAN ARMY BREAD LOAF, THERE ARE FIFTY TINS OF CANNED BEEF OVER THERE...



QUADEN WAS HERE AND NOW HE IS NOT; KAT AND I ARE ALL WHO ARE LEFT...

WE'RE STUCK HERE. HAVE YOU GOT A CIGARETTE WITH YOU, PAUL?

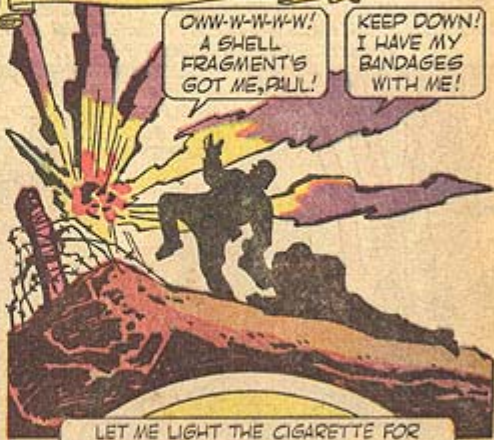
SURE.



JUST AT THAT MOMENT...

OWW-W-W-W-W! A SHELL FRAGMENT'S GOT ME, PAUL!

KEEP DOWN! I HAVE MY BANDAGES WITH ME!



AT THE LAST! JUST AT THE VERY LAST!

AT THE LAST? WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THIS MESS WILL GO ON? NOW YOU ARE SAVED.

LET ME LIGHT THE CIGARETTE FOR YOU, THEN WE'D BETTER GET ON. THAT LEG OF YOURS BLEEDS TOO MUCH.



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

KAT IS NOT VERY HEAVY, BUT THE GOING IS TOUGH. SHELLS ARE WHISTLING. I HURRY. THERE IS NO WAY TO TAKE SHELTER FROM THE EXPLOSIONS.



KAT'S LEG DRIPS BLOOD TO THE GROUND. I DARE NOT WAIT FOR A STRETCHER. I STAGGER ON, DOGGEDLY AND PITILESSLY, AND AT LAST REACH THE DRESSING-STATION.



I HAVE JUST STRENGTH ENOUGH TO KEEP FROM INJURING KAT'S LEG AS I LET HIM DOWN.



ORDERLY! GIVE ME A HAND!



YOU MIGHT HAVE SAVED YOURSELF THAT TRIP.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



HE IS STONE DEAD.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT. HE WAS HIT IN THE SHIN!

HE IS DEAD.



HE'S ONLY FAINTED, I TELL YOU! I'LL RUB HIS TEMPLES!

NO!...NO!...



I WAS JUST TALKING TO HIM!

LOOK THERE. THERE IS YOUR ANSWER.

WE'LL TURN HIM OVER. YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN.



I THINK BACK, OF OUR TRIP TO THE DRESSING-STATION. ON THE WAY, WITHOUT MY HAVING NOTICED IT, KAT HAD CAUGHT A SPLINTER IN THE HEAD. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VERY TINY, STRAY SPLINTER, BUT IT HAD SUFFICED. AND NOW KAT IS GONE, TOO.

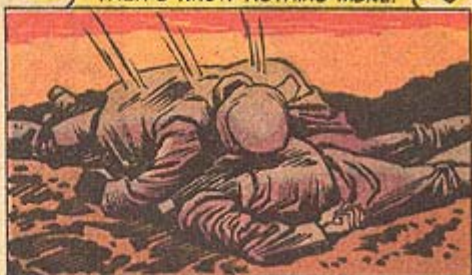


WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE HIS PAY-BOOK AND HIS THINGS? ARE YOU RELATED?

YES... I WILL TAKE HIS THINGS. NO ... WE ARE NOT RELATED ... NOT RELATED...



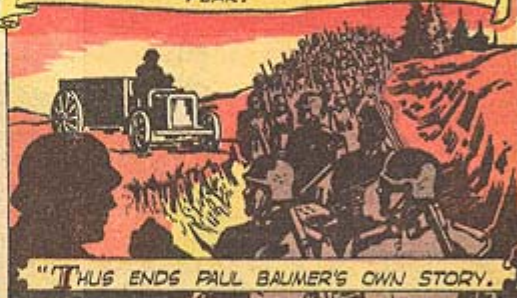
DO I WALK? HAVE I FEET STILL? I RAISE MY EYES, LET THEM MOVE AROUND, TURN MYSELF WITH THEM, IN ONE CIRCLE. ALL IS AS USUAL. ONLY MILITIAMAN STANISLAUS KATCZINSKY HAS DIED. THEN I KNOW NOTHING MORE.



IT IS AUTUMN. I HAVE FOUR-TEEN DAYS' REST, BECAUSE I HAVE SWALLOWED A BIT OF GAS. THE ARMISTICE IS COMING SOON. I BELIEVE IT NOW. I SIT THE WHOLE DAY LONG IN THE SUN, AND DREAM OF HOME. HERE MY THOUGHTS STOP.



I AM THE LAST OF US. THE WAY LEADS BACK INTO BATTLE. LET THE MONTHS AND THE YEARS COME. THEY CAN BRING ME NOTHING MORE. I AM SO ALONE, AND SO WITHOUT HOPE THAT I CAN CONFRONT THEM WITHOUT FEAR.



"THUS ENDS PAUL BAUMER'S OWN STORY."

PAUL BAUMER FELL IN OCTOBER, 1918, ON A DAY THAT WAS SO QUIET AND STILL ON THE WHOLE FRONT, THAT THE ARMY REPORT CONFINED ITSELF TO THE SINGLE SENTENCE: ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



"TURNING HIM OVER, ONE SAW THAT HE COULD NOT HAVE SUFFERED LONG, HIS FACE HAD AN EXPRESSION OF CALM, AS THOUGH ALMOST GLAD THE END HAD COME."

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.

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

THE novels of Erich Maria Remarque have in them such depth of feeling that they could not have been written by one who had not suffered the hardships the stories depict. And Remarque did go through many of the experiences he tells about in his books.



would sell. The one who ultimately did agree on its publication did so with reluctance.

From the very first, the book was a sensational success. Almost a million and a quarter copies were sold in Germany alone in the first year. The story was translated into many languages and became a tremendous success as a motion picture. It also made Remarque very wealthy.

Remarque is the son of a German book-binder of French descent whose family migrated to the Rhineland after the French Revolution. Erich Remarque was born in Osnabruck, Westphalia, Germany, in 1897. He was educated in his home town, and at eighteen was drafted into the German army, where he served during World War I. He was wounded five times, the last time very seriously.

With wealth and fame also came resentment from many of his countrymen. Germany was even then a militaristic country. His outspoken criticisms of war as an ideal won for him powerful enemies. He was a shy person, in spite of his natural enthusiasm and energetic nature; and to escape the publicity, Remarque went to Switzerland, where in 1932 he built a house on Lake Maggiore. War wounds had affected his lungs, and he thought that for a while he could rest in the beautiful country of Switzerland before returning to his homeland. Before his recuperation had become complete, however, Remarque knew that he could not return to Germany. The Nazis had come into power there.

After the war, Remarque returned home. There he took a teacher's course offered by the government. He taught for a year, but he did not like teaching and resigned at the end of that time. He had many jobs after that, among which were those of stone cutter and mechanic. But he was too restless, and perhaps too emotionally disturbed, to remain long in any job. So he and a group of friends took to the road, traveling like a gypsy band.

The Nazis burned Remarque's books and, in 1938, deprived him of his German citizenship. In 1939, Remarque came to the United States. He has lived here ever since, and has become an American citizen.

In time, Remarque went to Berlin where he obtained a job as test driver for a tire company. He also began writing articles for a Swiss automobile magazine as well as advertising copy for the tire company that employed him. Then he became assistant editor for a German illustrated sports magazine.

Erich Maria Remarque is tall, blond and athletic in his appearance. He enjoys music and is himself a fine musician. He can disassemble a car and put it back together again. He is still very shy and will not meet strangers if he possibly can avoid doing so.

In 1929, Remarque published the first of the novels that have made him famous: "All Quiet on the Western Front." The story had been in his mind since the terrible days of the war. He wanted to give a picture of war's horror, a message that in war no one was the victor. But the publishers to whom he submitted his manuscript were not impressed. They did not think such a story

It has been said of Remarque that, although he is a fine novelist, his story ideas have so much depth that they would stand out by themselves if his talent was not as great as it is. Among the other fine novels Remarque wrote are "The Road Back" and "Arch of Triumph."

STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"

IN MAY, 1765, the Virginia House of Burgesses met in Williamsburg. A rustic young man of twenty-nine, recently elected to the state governing body, sat in the House, silent and unnoticed.

This young man's name was Patrick Henry. His appearance was anything but striking. He wore a faded coat, leather knee-breeches, and yarn stockings. He had arrived carrying his law papers in his saddle bag.

There was discussion of the Stamp Act going on. This was a tax to support a British army in the colonies. Henry listened to the older members speaking. Most of them were wealthy planters and loyal to the "mother country," England. They spoke of the Stamp Act in cautious phrases.

But young Henry's blood boiled at the thought of the Act. It was not so much that the colonists were taxed, as that they had no say in imposing the law. It was a law of King George III; it was "taxation without representation."

Patrick Henry listened to the older men say, "We must move cautiously... Let us petition the King before we make any rash moves we will regret!"

To Henry, delay seemed dangerous. He tore a blank page from his law book and began to write resolutions to present. Finally, when the Speaker recognized him, Henry rose to his feet, and stood before the more prosperous members of the House... in their powdered wigs, ruffled shirts and shining shoe buckles.

With bent shoulders, he began to speak. Soon, his shoulders straightened and his voice became clear and emphatic. He exclaimed, "The General Assembly of Virginia, and *only* the General Assembly of Virginia, has the right and the power to lay taxes upon the people of this colony!"

The members of the Assembly were stirred



and excited; some cheered and some were angered. This was dangerous. This was open defiance of England. Then to climax his part in the debate, Patrick Henry declared, "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third..." he paused.

"Treason!" the Speaker shouted from his dais. "Treason! Treason!" answered many of the Burgesses.

Henry spoke his final words: "...and George the Third may profit by their example! If *this* be treason, make the most of it!" When he left the assembly, the crowd outside the building slapped Henry on the shoulders and told him, "That was mighty speech-making! We're with you!"

Other colonies were inspired by the words of Patrick Henry. It wasn't long before the King repealed the Stamp Act.

Life was easier in the colonies for several years after the Act's repeal. In 1774, however, King George sent soldiers to Boston to force the people of Massachusetts to obey his commands. Feeling ran high against England once more. For supporting Massachusetts, Virginia's royal governor prevented the House of Burgesses from meeting.

Patrick Henry was sent as a Virginia delegate to the First Continental Congress held in Philadelphia in September, 1774. When he returned he organized a local militia in Hanover, Virginia. That fall and the winter of 1775, the Revolution was hanging fire.

They were trying times but the Virginians were determined to meet, to defend their rights. Because they were prevented from meeting in Williamsburg, elected representatives gathered in Richmond at St. John's Church late in March, 1775.

Great was the excitement. The war-cloud was drawing closer and the representatives went about their tasks with serious deter-

mination. Some would fight, others still looked for appeasement and advised against rash, hasty action.

As before, Patrick Henry stood to present resolutions for the cause of the colonies. He read them slowly. The first and second resolutions called for a state militia. The third called for the state to prepare for its own defense. This resolution pointed straight toward war.

Men rose to argue against him; others rose in his defense. As the debate grew heated, more and more spectators gathered about the church, clinging on the window ledges, filling the doorways and back aisles.

As his opponents spoke out strongly against him, Patrick Henry was not depressed. Their words seemed to fire his strongest powers of thought and speech.

Finally, Patrick Henry rose before the Assembly, his voice trembling with emotion.

He began by praising the patriotic intentions of those who opposed him, but he added, "Different men often see the subject in different lights... and I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve."

Patrick Henry's voice rose slightly, but he still spoke calmly. "This is no time for ceremony," he

continued. "The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery."

The men in the church leaned forward, determined to catch every word. Henry spoke of the ten years past, of the British armies quartered in the colonies, of the taxes to support them, of the unanswered petitions for rights sent to the King.

Finally, his voice rang out: "We have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne... There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us!"

"They tell us that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next

week, or next year?

"Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction?..."

"We are not weak, if we make proper use of the means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power! Three million people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

"There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!"

"... Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace! The war is actually



begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have?"

Patrick Henry lowered his voice and assumed the attitude of a condemned galley slave awaiting his doom.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

Then lifting up his arms as though in prayer, he cried, "Forbid it, almighty God!"

Turning toward the timid loyalists of the House, he said, "I know not what course others may take; but as for me..." his body tensed; his final words came in loud electric tones. "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

For seconds, there was silence. Patrick Henry stood, his head bowed, his right hand over his heart, as though the word "death" had been a dagger stab.

Everyone in the room was solemn but resolved at last to firm action. They crowded around him.

It was as he had said, for in less than four weeks the first shot of the Revolution was fired in Lexington, Massachusetts. And the words of Patrick Henry had done much to mold the feelings and spirit of the colonies to the cause of right and freedom.

STORIES FROM THE WORLD OF SPORTS

The Dean Brothers



THERE have been several famous brother combinations in big league baseball. But undoubtedly the greatest of all was the pitching team of Paul and Jerome Dean (nicknamed Daffy and Dizzy).

Dizzy and Daffy were sons of a poor migratory share cropper who managed to eke out a meager living in the Arkansas flatlands. Picking cotton and doing other heavy chores around the farm developed strong muscles and sturdy bodies for the Dean boys.

Both boys started playing professional ball in the minor leagues and made their way up to the St. Louis Cardinals. They were both high-grade pitchers from the start and reached their peak of perfection at Brooklyn's Ebbets Field on September 21, 1934. Dizzy pitched a one-hitter in the first game of a scheduled doubleheader. In the second game, Paul entered baseball's Hall of Fame by pitching a no-hitter. Said Dizzy later, speaking of Paul's no-hitter: "If I'da knowed Paul was agoin' to do that, I'da tried for one myself."

The Dean boys won forty-nine games between them in 1934, and the Cardinals won the National League pennant. Over in the American League, the Detroit Tigers won the league championship.

The World Series opened in Detroit on October 3rd. Dizzy pitched the opener for the Cards and easily won the game, 8-3.

In the second game, Detroit came in with their own Arkansas pitching ace, Schoolboy Rowe, and won 3-2.

Back in St. Louis for the third game, Paul Dean, like Dizzy, set the American Leaguers down without much difficulty, winning 4-1.

The Cards lost the fourth game and almost lost the great Dizzy Dean in the process. In the fourth inning, Dizzy went in to run for Virgil Davis who had singled. With Durocher on second and Dean on first, Pepper Martin hit a grounder to Detroit second baseman Gehring. Gehring tossed the ball to shortstop Billy Rogell, covering second, forcing Dean. Rogell then threw toward first, attempting the double play. But his throw hit Dean in the head, knocking Dizzy unconscious. When he came to, Dean laughingly remarked, "Well, I guess I broke up that double play."

Dizzy had a lump on his head as big as an egg. Nevertheless, he went in to pitch the fifth game. He was slightly off form and lost, 3-1.

The Cards were now just one loss away from losing the series. The teams moved to Detroit. In the sixth game, Paul Dean took up the pitching chores for the Cards and Schoolboy Rowe went for the Tigers. It was a hard-fought game but Daffy had just a bit too much for Detroit and the series was all tied up again.

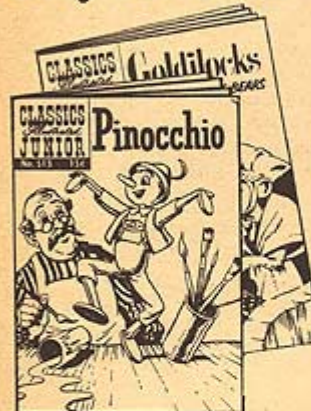
In the seventh and last game, Detroit pinned its hopes on Elden Auker who had beaten the Cards in the fourth game. The Cards came back with Dizzy Dean.

This time, Dizzy was relaxed and confident, and the Cards were ready for the kill. For two innings, it was a ball game; then, bang, it was a shambles. Dizzy started it with a double to left. Then followed a terrific display of batting power, climaxed by Dizzy's second hit of the inning, and seven runs were in. The final score was St. Louis 11, Detroit 0. The World Series of 1934 was over; the St. Louis Cardinals were world champions of baseball. Then again, perhaps it would be more fitting to say that the Dean brothers were champs. Never before had two brothers so dominated a World Series and probably there'll never again be anything to match the Deans.

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