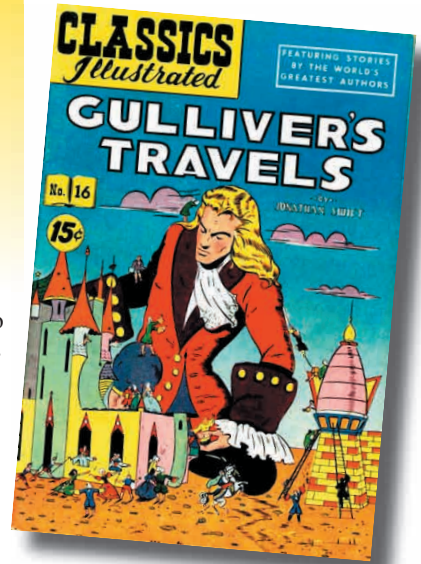


Hvordan 56 sider blev til 48!

af Anders Hjorth-Jørgensen

bredte sig over de 62, mens de to sidste sider var helliget en forfatterbiografi.

Da samme titel udkom med malet forside i 1959 var hæftet på 48 sider. Heraf bredte den nytegnede tegneserie sig over 47 sider.

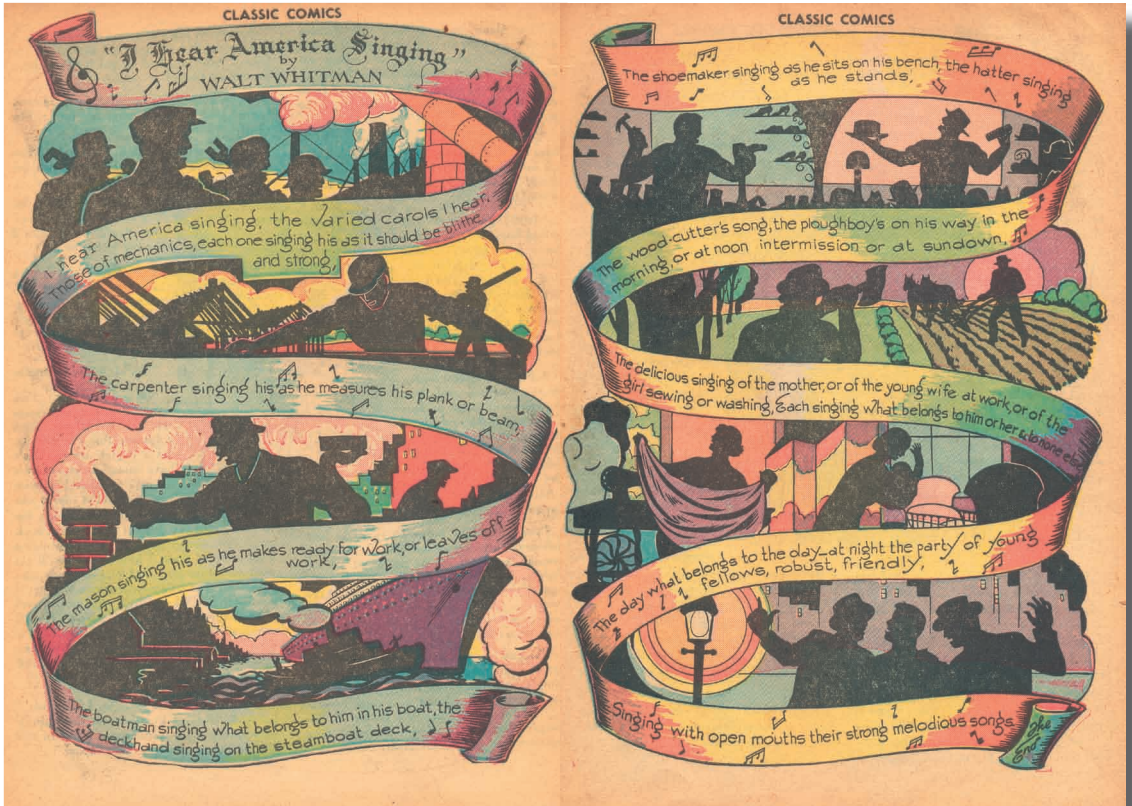


Da Albert Kanter i 1941 publicerede første nummer af *Classic Comics* var hæftet på 64 sider. Tegneserien

Indtil #12 var *Classics Illustrated* på 64 sider. Det samme var #33, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, som egentlig var klar til at blive produ-

ceret som seriens #9, men som blev udskudt i fire år grundet rettighedsproblemer.

Walt Whitmans digt I Hear America Singing udfyldte to af de sidste sider i Classic Comics #16. Digtet måtte norske læsere undvære.



THE PURPLE HEART
By TECHNICAL SERGEANT HAL KANTNER

"Huh!" Jeff grunted as he rolled up his sleeves and began assorting the dirty dishes. "Here I joined the Army for action, and what do I get? K.P. duty?" He was talking to himself in the kitchen of the mess hall while other soldiers tended their routine duties.

Private Jeff Bradley had joined the Army Air Forces back in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, because he wanted to help defend his country and because he was looking for excitement. He went through the Air Forces Technical Training Command at Keesler Field, Mississippi and came out a qualified air mechanic. Before long he was in Hickham Field, Hawaii, working on air planes. But now and then he was assigned to K.P. . . . and he didn't like it, especially the dish-washing.

Jeff glanced at the calendar. It was Sunday, Sunday, December 7th. By right he thought, he ought to be in town taking the day off, maybe a movie with a nice girl. But no, he had to be washing dishes.

Jeff had just finished one batch and was off to fetch another pile of dirty crockery when he heard some shouts outside. Suddenly everyone in the mess hall was running for the door. Something was wrong.

Then he heard it . . . the ominous drone of an airplane. Suddenly the plane dived down toward the mess-hall. There was the horrible cracking of machine gun bullets, and men were screaming and cursing.



Jeff rushed out-doors, and just as he hit the open, another plane came tearing down on the field. It was Japanese. No doubt about those markings. Jeff hit the ground, about those markings. Jeff hit the ground, about those markings. Jeff hit the ground, about those markings. Jeff hit the ground, about those markings. Jeff hit the ground, about those markings.

Jeff got up and started to run towards his stricken companion when another ship screamed down from the sky. Men were running and falling all over the place. Before Jeff could hit the soil, the Japs' guns barked and one of Jeff's legs went out from under him. He fell to his face, a bullet in his ankle.

There was little pain . . . just a numbness. To his right, some fifteen yards, three khaki-garbed men were setting up a machine gun. Suddenly another Jap plane thundered down, and the spewing death, and the three machine-guns pitched to the ground. Jeff gnashed his teeth in anger.

Dragging his leg behind him, he crawled to the machine gun just as another Zero came in for the attack. Jeff swung his gun into position and squeezed carefully on his trigger as the attacker bore down on him. The machine gun responded to his call and barked back at the enemy plane.

The plane swayed from its course, jumped into the air and wobbled from side to side. In a moment it was heading out toward the Pacific, its nose turned down, an ugly stream of black smoke pouring from its belly. Before he knew the fate of the plane, Jeff fainted.

When he awoke, Jeff was in an Army base hospital. His leg had been treated, and all he felt was a dull, throbbing pain. An Army nurse smiled at him, told him he would be fine.

"Did I get him?" Jeff asked her, and she didn't know what he was talking about. "The Jap plane," Jeff explained. "Did I get the skunk?" The nurse didn't know. Nobody seemed to know. Nobody knew anything, it was all such a surprise.

Jeff spent several weeks in the hospital, and then he was sent back to San Francisco. In a few short months he would recover, he was told. And then he could go back and get into the war. By now his country was at War with Japan . . . and Germany, too.

During the long hours he spent in bed, Jeff kept thinking of that Jap ship, diving toward the sea, with its trailer of smoke. Surely, Jeff thought, if one of the enemy . . . and he'd be decorated. He could see himself wearing a big medal for his heroism under fire.

The day came when he was decorated by the commanding general. Jeff, along with some twenty other survivors of the attack on his post, was saluted in a huge review . . . and he was given the Order of the Purple Heart. Each of the wounded men was awarded the Purple Heart honor.

Naturally, Jeff was proud of his medal . . . but he thought he deserved more than the others. After all, had he not brought down an enemy plane?

Later, back in his hospital ward, he mentioned that to Lt. Rigby, his nurse. She smiled at him.

"Perhaps you do, Jeff," she said. "But nobody can prove that you shot down the Zero. You've got to have proof."

"Maybe," Jeff grumbled, frowning his Purple Heart decoration. "But you'd think they'd take my word for it."



Lt. Rigby sat on the edge of his bed. "Look," he said, "did you shoot him down because you wanted a medal to wear?"

"No," Jeff said at length.

"Of course not. You were defending your country. If everybody who helps win this war were to get a medal, we wouldn't have enough steel and iron to make bullets! Maybe you did shoot down an enemy plane, Jeff. I take your word for it. And when you get out of here and back on the job, you're going to help shoot down a lot of them. I know. And you'll get a lot more of them. In fact, everybody who wears a medal for it . . . in fact, everybody who your medal for it. . . in fact, everybody who can boast that he's an American will get a reward. They'll keep their right to live and reward. They'll think and worship as they please. They'll continue the American way of life. They'll wear the happy expressions of American citizens . . . that will be their reward and their medal."

Jeff grinned. "You're right, Lieutenant," he said. "I guess by the time this thing's over, every man, woman and child in the United States will deserve a medal."

CLASSIC COMICS



Herover: Hal Kantners artikel om mening Jeff Bradley, som på trods af skudsår under det japanske angreb på Pearl Harbor den 7. december 1941 heroisk kæmpede sig frem til sit maskingevær og skød et japansk jagerfly ned. For det mente han at have gjort sig fortjent til Purple Heart-medaljen, men kunne nedskydningen bevidnes? Han fik sin medalje, men fordi han som andre menige forsvarede USA. Som han selv konkluderer i Hal Kantners artikel: "I guess by the time this thing's over, every man, woman and child in the United States will deserve a medal."

Hæftet udkom i december 1943, to år efter angrebet, så der var al mulig grund til at appellere til amerikanernes forsvarsvilje.

Fra #13 blev hæfterne reduceret til 56 sider pga. af den papirmangel og de deraf følgende restriktioner, som blev skabt af 2. verdenskrig.

#13-25, #27-32 og #34-44 var derfor på 56 sider.

#26, *Frankenstein*, var på 48 sider. Manuskriptet var egentlig rettet mod 56 sider, men i sidste øjeblik beskar redaktionen adskillige sider, så resultatet blev et 48-siders hæfte.

Fra #45 i januar 1948 udkom alle nye titler i 48 siders format. Det betød også, at 56 siders hæfterne 1948-50 blev reduceret til dette sidetal, når de udkom i nye oplag. Et eksempel på dette er *Classic Comics* #16, *Gulliver's Travels*, det norske *Illustrerte Klassikere* nr. 84. I den oprindelige amerikanske udgave strakte tegneserien sig over 51 sider. 2 af de 56 sider var helliget en artikel om en menig amerikanske soldat, Jeff Bradley, der for sine bedrifter blev tildelt den amerikanske æresmedalje *The Purple Heart*

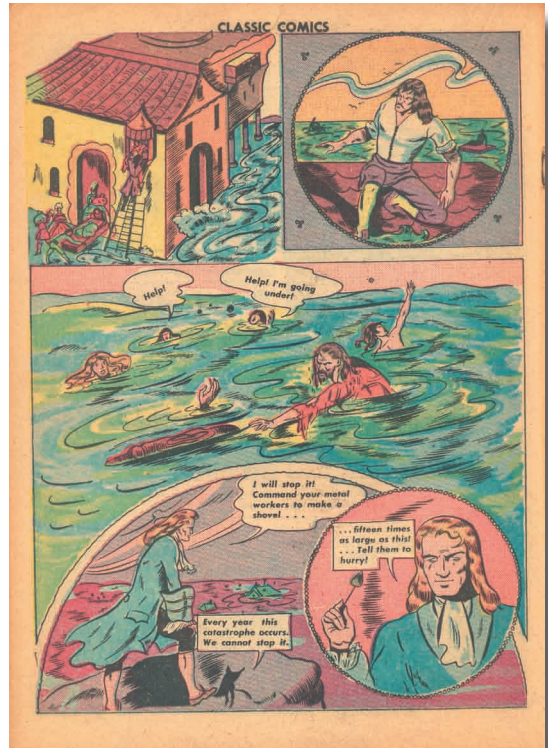
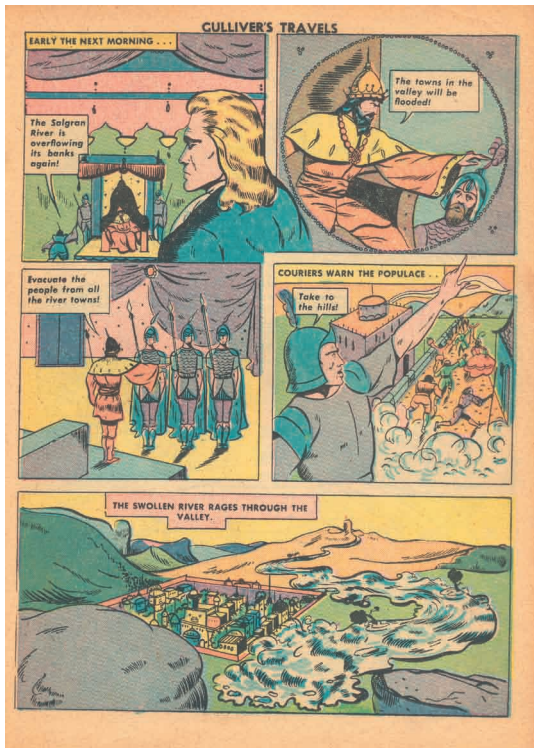
– skrevet af Albert Kantners søn, technical sergeant Hal Kanter, der senere fik en ledende stilling hos *Classics Illustrated*-forlaget Gilberton. Andre 2 sider præsenterede en tegneserieudgave af Walt Whitmans digt *I Hear America Singing*. Den sidste side var helliget en Jonathan Swift-biografi. *Classic Comics/Classics Illustrated* #16 var et af de få af de tidlige hæfter, som ikke blev omtegnet i 1950'erne. Men hvordan blev Lillian Chestneys 51 tegneseriesider så reduceret til

47? Hvad er det, der mangler i forhold til det manuskript, Daniel Kushner havde givet Lillian Chestney til opgave at omsætte til tegneserie? Illustrationerne på disse sider giver svaret.

Anders Hjorth-Jørgensen er uddannet bibliotekar. Han har siden 1972 skrevet en lang række bøger og artikler om tegneserier og har undervist i tegneserier rundt omkring i Danmark. Startede i 1993 Tegneseriemuseet i Danmark, som bl.a. kan mødes på websiden www.tegneseriemuseet.dk.



Det reducerede sidetal betød, at 2 helsider var forsvundet, da *Gullivers rejse* udkom i Norge. Den første, som ses her til venstre, hører hjemme mellem det norske hæftes 15. og 16. side. Den anden, som er vist til højre, var oprindeligt placeret mellem det norske hæftes 27. og 28. side.



30. og 31. side i det norske hæfte er en sammenredigering af den amerikanske 1. udgaves side 31-34.

