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Uncle Tom’s Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe

"... we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness ..."

Declaration of Independence

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Yet slavery grew and flourished in the new-born America, below the Mason-Dixon line. Some slave-owners were kindly, others cruel. But what did it matter when the black man’s soul was not his own? What did it matter when a black man’s soul could be cashed in for gold as on that chilly day in February...
ON A PLANTATION IN KENTUCKY

I WOULDN'T EVEN CONSIDER DOING THIS, HALEY, IF I WEREN'T SO BADLY IN DEBT.

DON'T LET SELLING SLAVES BOther you, Shelby slaves ain't people I buy 'em up and sell 'em, just like cattle.

NOW, TO PICK OUT THE SLAVES I WANT. WHO'S THAT BIG FELLOW COMING OUT OF THE CABIN?

HE'S TOM. UNCLE TOM.

"OH, I'M GOIN' TO GLORY WON'T YOU COME ALONG WITH ME?"

YOU CAN'T THINK OF BUYING TOM. HE'S THE FINEST FELLOW I HAVE HERE. HONEST, CAPABLE, AND A GREAT FAVORITE.

I WANT HIM, AND WHO'S THAT LITTLE BOY?
THAT'S ELIZA'S LITTLE BOY. HE'S ALL SHE HAS. IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART TO BE SEPARATED FROM HIM.

TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE MAN AND BOY! IT'S GOOD MONEY. SIGN THE PAPERS, SHELBY.

HERE'S YOUR MONEY.

REMEMBER, HALEY, YOU MADE ME A CONDITION I MUST KNOW TO WHOM YOU SELL TOM.

AS SOON AS I GET THE MONEY, I INTEND TO BUY TOM BACK.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW HAVE BOTH SLAVES READY IN THE MORNING. I'LL BE AROUND EARLY.

GOOD DAY.

PAPA, YOU AREN'T SELLING TOM?

SORRY, GEORGE, I MUST WE'LL LOSE THE HOUSE IF I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY.

BUT ARTHUR, TO THAT HORRIBLE TRADER? OH, SLAVERY IS SO WRONG!

I GOT TO GIVE WARNING!
MEANWHILE

TOM, supper's ready! Oh, why did I marry such a popular man?

COMIN', CHLOE, MOSE, PETE, COME ON! YER MOTHER'S CALLIN'

HOURS LATER

TIME WE TURNED IN TO BED, TOO SAY, SOMEONE'S KNOCKIN' ON DE DOOR

WHO CAN DAT BE?

LIZA!

WHAT'S DE MATTER, CHILE?

I'M RUNNING AWAY MASTER SOLD MY LITTLE HARRY AN' YOU, TOO, TOM, YOU'D BETTER GET AWAY!

SOLD ME?

TOM, YOU GOT TO SAVE YERSELF. YOU'LL DYE IF YOU GET TOTED DOWN THE RIVER. DE TRADER'LL SELL YOU TO A BAD MAN.

I CAN'T I JUST CAN'T

MASS'R ALWAYS RELIED ON ME. I CAN'T GO LIKE DAT BUT YOU MUST 'LIZA WITH YOUR LITTLE ONE GO QUICK! GOD BE WITH YOU.
WE GOT TO KEEP HIM FROM LEAVIN' SO FAST

BOY WE WILL! LOOKY HERE

WHEN DAT TRADER SITS DOWN ON DIS HORSE

ELIZA AIN'T A FAST WALKER! THE TRADER IS APT TO CATCH UP TO HER

RUN OFF? THANK HEAVENS!

YES, M'AM SHELBY, DER'S A MAN OUTSIDE ASKIN' FOR DE BOY

GOT AWAY, DID SHE? I'LL TRACK HER DOWN! GET MY HORSE AND HAVE TWO MEN READY YOU COME, TOO, SHELBY

I CAN'T I'M GOING AWAY ON BUSINESS FOR THE DAY SAM, ANDY, BRING MR. HALEY'S HORSE AND GO WITH HIM

I'M GOING TO TRY TO REACH CANADA IT'S SOMWHERE WAY UP NORTH

YOU AND DE BOY ARE LIGHT NOUGTH COLOR TO PASS IN DE SOUTH

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING I RANG THREE TIMES FOR ELIZA SHE HAVEN'T ANSWERED WHERE IS SHE?

DAT'S WHAT I COME TO TELL YOU SHE'S RUN OFF WIT HER BOY

INTO A MOUNTLESS NIGHT, ELIZA TAKES FLIGHT
Confounds it! I've lost three hours, already why don't they hurry?

Our horses aren't as fleet as yours here they come now.

Liza most likely took de dirt road ain't many people on it.

Then that's the road we'll take.

Confounds it! The road's ended, you devils must have known that.

No, sir! Fust I heered of it we better take the pike road after all.
That night, Eliza, cold and hungry, comes to an inn.

In the inn, she is received without too many questions.

And I'm going to visit friends across the river for a few days.

But the boats have stopped running. Come here and look.

I've walked all day, hoping to get across. What shall I do?

There's a man might take some stuff over late tonight. I'll speak to him. But it's a small chance.

The early spring thaw has swollen the river with great cakes of floating ice!
MEANWHILE, YOU AND THE BOY GET SOME REST. I'LL SHOW YOU TO A ROOM.

ON LONG MINUTES ELIZA STANDS AT THE WINDOW OF HER ROOM LOOKING OUT IN DESPAIR AT THE RAGING, ICE-BOUND RIVER JUST OUTSIDE THE INN.

WE'LL REST HERE CONFUSED IT! IF WE COULD ONLY HAVE STARTED EARLIER! NOT A TRACE OF HER, YET.

S U D D E N L Y

GREAT LUCIFER

W H A T'S T H E M A T T E R?


T H E T R A D E R I M U S T GET A W A Y

G R A B B I N G U P H E R B O Y

T H E R E S H E I S!
Eliza Leaps Onto the Floating Ice

Eliza is safe but for how long? The enraged Haley, unwilling to lose his prey, looks up a friend of his, a notorious slave-catcher.

As Eliza flounders in the icy water. Steady, now I've got you.

A lucky thing you tumbled over near shore you're a brave gal. I reckon you're running away from a master.

Don't worry, I'm against slavery and I'll fight it, always. Me and my family live in that house you can stay there we'll help you get further away.

Yes please don't send me back! Please!
CATCH THEM ALIVE! TURN THE BOY OVER TO ME AND KEEP THE WOMAN YOU CAN SELL HER FOR A PRETTY PENNY. IT'S A DEAL! I GOT A WAY TO RUN 'EM DOWN!

HOURS LATER MRS. SHELBY HEARS OF ELIZA'S AMAZING ESCAPE AND THERE SHE WAS, LEAPIN' AND JUMPIN' OVER THE ICE AS IF DE' LAW WAS GUIDIN' HER OVER. I'M SO GLAD SHE ESCAPED BUT I HATE TO THINK OF TOM IN THAT TRADER'S HANDS.

A MOMENT LATER

GET IN THERE!

WAIT! I WANT TO SAY GOODBYE TO TOM.

I TELL YOU SOLEMNLY, TOM, THAT WE WILL BUY YOU BACK AS SOON AS WE HAVE THE MONEY. I BELIEVES YOU WILL.

Tom is shoved into the wagon-cart and shackles? No, please Tom won't break away he's never been shackled in his life.

I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES.

The wagon jogs away the Shelby plantation, the only home Tom has ever known, fades from view.

WHERE DO I GET SOLD, MASS'R HALLEY? KET I'M TAKING YOU TO ONE DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS—A WHOLE GANG OF YOU!
At the dock the following day, the slaves are loaded aboard a boat headed for New Orleans.

Papa! Look at all those poor black people they're chained together.

They're slaves, little Eva slaves to be sold.

What a shame to our country that such sights should be seen.

Oh, Papa! I feel sorry for them.

So do I but what can we do? We're a part of the South.

Nonsense! They get homes and food what more do they want? Listen, we're starting.

Water-wheels turn, a splash of white foam, and the steamer sweeps down the Mississippi.
DO WE HAVE TO STAY DOWN HERE DE WHOLE TIME?
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO PROMENADE WITH THE WHITE FOLKS?

LAWDY ME, WHAT WILL WE DO IN DIS HOLE?
DON'T LOSE YOUR FAITH, MY PEOPLE. WE'LL SING AND PRAY TO THE LORD WE'LL PRAY FOR OUR DELIVERANCE

"DIE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, DIE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, GLORY IN MY SOUL."

MAMM TOM'S GOT THEM IN HANO MAYBE MRS SHELBY WAS RIGHT, HE DON'T NEED TO BE SHACKLED

I GUESS YOU CAN ROAM ABOUT A WHILE, BUT DON'T GET INTO TROUBLE

NO, SIR

Tom finds a peaceful but lonely perch for himself on a bale of cotton

ALL THESE PEOPLE GOIN' TO HOMES OF THEIR OWN, ALL OF THEM BUT THE BLACK MAN HE AIN'T GOT NO HOME WHERE AM I GOIN'? WHERE?

WHERE CAN A SLAVE IN THE SOUTH REST HIS WEARY HEAD? TOM WONDERS ABOUT HIS FUTURE, LITTLE AWARE THAT A CRISIS IN HIS LIFE IS FAST APPROACHING
Oh, thank you what's your name? I'm Eva St. Clare, papa calls me Little Eva.

My name is Tom, but they used to call me Uncle Tom, back in Kentucky.

I'll call you Uncle Tom, too, because I like you.

Thus begins a warm friendship between the big black man and the little golden girl.

Often she brings him gifts of candy and fruit.

I'll carve a face out of this nut.

But, papa, Uncle Tom's so very nice.

I'd like to buy him, pussy, but we have more hands on the plantation now than we can use. The boat's stopping. I wonder why.
They're just stopping to take in some wood.

There's Uncle Tom helping.

The wheels are still turning, Papa, look!

Suddenly, the boat lurches violently.

Dat chile! She's gone overboard.

I'll get her!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, TOM IS SUMMONED TO MR. ST. CLARE’S CABIN

PAPA, TELL TOM THE GOOD NEWS

TOM, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS WITH US?
I'd like it you're a kind man you'll buy me?

After you've saved Eva? I should say so! And I'm prepared to pay any price that Haley asks.

Fourteen hundred dollars! That's a stiff price, but Tom's worth it.

Here's the bill of sale well, that makes one less slave to get rid of.

We'll have such good times! And you'll like Topsy, too.

Topsy is a little girl who was never born.

Was never born? What kind of joke is this, Mass'r?

It's so she just grew up oh, you will like her, Uncle Tom.

I'll have to hold my judgment until I see her but she sounds like a mighty interesting little gal.

We'll be home tomorrow, Tom. My folks in Kentuck' will be glad I'm in good hands, Mass'n St. Clare.
While the steamer sails deeper into the South, what has happened to Eliza and her boy? Have they escaped the brutal Slave-Catcher? As soon as Halevy made the deal with him, the Slave-Catcher went to the inn from which Eliza had escaped.

She left these things when she ran out. I hate to turn them over, but the money.

Now to put the dogs on her trail! You say the man's coming with the boat?

After a perilous journey across the ice-bound Ohio.

It won't be easy to pick up her trail.

Shortly thereafter, in the house to which Eliza had been guided.

Our Mass'r beat us all the time. You white folks are good to help us get away.

Goo bless you!

The Slave-Catcher's on our trail. You must leave at once out the back way!
As the wagon was rattling out onto the frozen road
There they are! They're taking the road to Sandusky. Quick, get horses!

Over the icy road the wagon raced with the horsemen in close pursuit
They haven't got a chance!

The little party scrambled up the ledge.
They're coming after us. I'll stop them!

We'll get up those rocks and shoot for it, if need be! This is free soil. These poor slaves have their right to live!
THE DEVILS! THEY GOT MARK! COME ON, MEN WE'LL KNOCK 'EM OFF!

FIRE, THE SECOND YOU SEE 'EM

But suddenly...
This'll teach you to let a free man be!

He'll kill us all! Let's get away!

Run, you cowards! Run!

The little party then looked after Mark.

Here's our slave-catcher. Fate has been kind to him.

I'd like to leave him hanging there but I guess we got to take him down.

I'll fix a bandage to stop the bleeding. Yes, no need to let him die.

In a few minutes, Mark was revived and calling for his friends.

There they are, runnin' for their lives. Sneaking dogs! Leaving me alone to die. Dogs! Cowards!

Well, kill me aren't you going to kill me?

Your wounds need looking after. I've got friends in the next town who'll take care of you into the wagon, everyone.
THERE'S NO ONE TO STOP US, NOW WE'LL GET TO CANADA.

MAMA, WE'LL REALLY BE FREE?

YES, MY CHILD FREE AS THE WIND.

AS THE WAGON JOGS ALONG, EVERY MILE BRINGING THIS REFUGE BAND CLOSER TO ITS CHOSEN GOAL, UNCLE TOM ALSO NEARS HIS DESTINATION ON A SULTRY AFTERNOON, THE STEAMER CHUGS INTO THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE LORDS BEEN GOOD TO ME IF ONLY SOME DAY HE SEES FIT TO CARRY ME BACK TO KENTUCK, TO CHLOE AND MY CHILLEN.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, UNCLE TOM?

COME IN, TOM, AND GET ACQUAINTED.

I NEVER SAW A HOUSE DONE UP SO LABORATE BEFORE. IT'S MIGHTY GOOD-LOOKIN'.
As They Enter

WHAT'S THAT?

OH! IT SOUNDS LIKE

OUCH! HELP! OUCH!

Topsy! Don't spank Topsy! Please, Aunt Ophelia!

I must she's been very naughty

I didn't do nuffin'!

Let her up, Ophelia. She's had enough

That wicked girl! She stole my ribbon and my gloves!

I didn't steal nuffin'! I didn't!

There! Topsy said she didn't

I'll wager she can't say it to your face

I can, too, Miss Feely

See!
LORDY ME! I NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE HER BEFORE.

WELL.

SAY IT, TOPSY.

I NEVER STEALED NO RIBBON AND NO GLOVES.

IF YOU DIDN'T, WHY DID I FIND THE RIBBON AND GLOVES UP YOUR SLEEVE?

'CAUSE YOU LOOKED, MISS FEELY.

I GIVE UP!

TOPSY, IF YOU WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN, TELL ME THE TRUTH.

YES'M. I WANT TO GO TO HEBBEN. I DIDN'T STEAL NUFFIN'.

MY BRACELET!

A DEBBLE MUST'VE PUT IT UP MY SLEEVE.

SHE TOOK THAT, TOO ST CLAIRE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? THRASING DOESN'T SEEM TO HELP.

MAYBE UNCLE TOM CAN DO SOMETHING CAN YOU, UNCLE TOM?
UNCLE TOM? ST CLARE, WHO IS -?

I BOUGHT HIM ON OUR TRIP UNCLE TOM, PERHAPS YOU CAN DO SOMETHING WITH TOPSY I'LL PUT HER IN YOUR CHARGE

I DON'T KNOW I'LL TRY MY BEST, BUT

GOOD! OPHELIA, SHOW TOM TO A CABIN I'M GOING UP TO SEE MARIE

I'LL GO WITH YOU, UP TO MAMA

A GILDED STAIRCASE, FATHER AND DAUGHTER WENT THEIR WAY INTO A LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED BUT DARKENED BEDROOM

DINAH, HURRY WITH MY MEDICINE AND BRING ME ANOTHER PILLOW AND CLOSE THE WINDOW

DON'T SHE EVER LET UP?

ANOTHER HEADACHE, MY DEAR?

MAMA!

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU TWO CAME BACK FROM YOUR TRIP I COULD DIE AND YOU WOULDN'T CARE!

MAMA, DON'T SAY THAT WE'D CRY FOREVER

THERE! YOU SEE, MY DEAR
BUT MRS. ST. CLARE DOESN'T SEE SPOILED, SELF-CENTERED, A VICTIM OF HER IMAGINARY AILMENTS, SHE CONSIDERS NO ONE BUT HERSELF LATER.

SO THIS IS UNCLE TOM. LITTLE EVA HASN'T STOPPED TALKING ABOUT YOU. I'M SURE SHE DOESN'T SPEAK SO HIGHLY OF HER OWN MOTHER.

MARIE, DON'T START THAT!

OH, MAMA!

TOM IS A FINE FELLOW.

AND HE'S TAKING CHARGE OF TOPSY. HE'S GOING TO GIVE HER A "PORTANT" LESSON. HE SAID I HOPE HE'S HAPPY HERE.

THAT EVENING

THANK YOU FOR WRITIN' IT I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO WRITE.

BUT TOM HAS LEARNED MORE. HE HAS READ THE BIBLE MANY TIMES. AND THE NEXT MORNING, AT TOPSY'S LESSON

AND THE LORD SET DOWN THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

ANDS ONE O' OEM NOT TO STEAL?

MISS FEELY READ ME ALL O' OEM, BUT OY ON! HELP ME BE GOOD. I GUESS 'CAUSE I NEVER WAS BORN.

EVERYONE WAS BORN, TOPSY.
I NEVER WAS I JES' GROWEUP NEVER HAD A MAMMY OR PAPPY WAS RAISED BY SPEC'LATORS

TOPSY, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN BORN

THAT CHILD ISN'T GON'T TO BE EASY TO TEACH

WHAT DO YOU LIKE, TOPSY? DO YOU LIKE TO SING?

I LIKES TO, BUT I DUNNO ANYTHIN' TO SING

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

"I'M GON'T TO GLORY"

WHAT A PRETTY SONG! TEACH IT TO TOPSY, WON'T YOU?

I DECLARE! THE LITTLE IMP HAS GOT A PURTY VOICE

SHE SURE CAN SING

SOME MORE, TOPSY YOU'RE GOOD

NOBODY EVER THOUGHT T'ZU GOOD BEFORE

SHE LOOKS LIKE AN ANGEL, SINGING THAT

"LEANIN' ON THE EVERLASTIN' ARM"
Eva is also loved by the slaves, her childish heart overflows with sympathy for these battered people.

Merry Christmas! I have presents for everyone.

Bless you, little one!

Suddenly:

Halp! Halp! Missy Eva's daid!

But one day, the peaceful routine at the St. Clare plantation is shattered.

Missed again! You ain't playin' good, Lil' Eva.
I feel sick.

She's daid!

No, she's breathin', Mass'r, but fetch a doctor... quick!

Oh, dear! I feel faint, myself.

It's her lungs she's a frail child, her condition is serious.
EVA, MY BABY, YOU MUST LIVE
I'LL TRY TO, PAPA

LORD, WE BLACKS NEVER ASKED FOR MUCH BUT WE HAVE A BIG REQUEST NOW SAVE LITTLE EVA PLEASE

'TAIN'T MUCH, MISS FEELY, I PICKED DEM OUT IN DE FIELD FOR LI'L EVA
BLESS YOUR HEART!

UNCLE TOM, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE BACK IN KENTUCKY WITH YOUR FAMILY?
I WOULD, LITTLE EVA BUT I CAN'T

BEING HERE WITH YOU IS THE NEXT BEST THING SO YOU GOT TO GET WELL

THAT EVENING

PAPA, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, WILL YOU GIVE UNCLE TOM HIS FREEDOM?
I PROMISE BUT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU, PUSSY
YOU MUSTN'T THINK ABOUT LEAVING US

THE ANGELS ARE COMING FOR ME

BUT BUT

EVA!

WHAT IS IT?

MY BABY IS GONE!

THAT AFTERNOON

MASS'₹, GET YOURSELF IN HAND SHE WOULDN'T WANT YOU FRETTLIN' AWAY

NO, SHE WOULDN'T TOM, BEFORE LITTLE EVA DIED
I PROMISED THAT I WOULD SET YOU FREE
I WILL SIGN THE PAPERS FOR YOU, TOMORROW.

FREE! BLESS THE LORD, I'LL GO BACK TO KENTUCK A FREE MAN

I HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO BE SET FREE

YES, MASSA'S A KIND MAN, BUT HE'S GON'T NO NEED LOCKIN' AFTER, MISS OPHelia I SE WORRIED ABOUT HIM

ST. CLARE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? PLEASE DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME

LITTLE LATER, IN A CAFE

WHISKEY

ME, TOO LINE 'EM UP

WHASH YOUR TROUBLE, FRIEN'? MINE'S WOMEN
MY BES' FRIEN' IS OUT WITH MY GAL. IF I CAN GET MY HAN'S ON 'EM

THAT'S THEM! THE TRICKIN', DOUBLE-DEALIN'

THE SOT'S GLASSY GAZE SUDDENLY FOCUSES, AS
So! Think you can snatch my gal, I'll show you!
Out of my way!
Look out! He has a knife!
Drop that knife!

As St. Clare steps in, the other man lunges
This man is dead
I didn't mean it. It was an accident.

An accident! But in its effect on Tom's life, it could have been planned by Satan himself!

But, Marie, St. Clare promised to free Tom

Blacks were never meant to be free. St. Clare was always too easy going. I'm selling the house and all the slaves.
The next day

Dey say we're goin' to be sold at a grand auction.

What's an auction like? Ever see one, Uncle Tom?

Yes

They sell your flesh and blood and soul.

Please buy my little gal, too, mister, please.

The slaves are herded into a warehouse where they await the dawn with dread.

It's nearly mornin'

The grand auction, biggest of the year no arena in the days of the Roman emperors held more terror-stricken slaves than these.

What am I bid for this fine specimen? Just feel his muscle!

That scarecrow! Five dollars he'd do to wash the horses.

As the poor slave is dragged away, a stir rises among the spectators, for a dynamic figure has entered.

What? The bidding has begun without me?

Simon Legree!
SORRY, MR. LEGEE, WE COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. BUT THE BEST OF 'EM ARE STILL TO COME.
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

LEGEE IS THE RICHEST SLAVE-OWNER IN THESE PARTS. AND THE MEANEST. HE'S A DEVIL!

SHARP, CRUEL EYES FIX THEMSELVES ON THE TREMBLING SLAVES.
I HOPE HE DOESN'T PICK ME OUT.

HE'S PASSING US BY.

BUT SUDDENLY... YOU, THERE! COME OUT!

A REVOLTING HORROR SWEEPS OVER TOM AS HE NEARS THE SLAVE-TRADER.

OPEN YOUR MOUTH. LET ME SEE YOUR TEETH.

PRETTY STRONG. I NEED 'EM STRONG FOR MY KIND OF WORK. I'LL BID FOR THIS ONE.
AND TOM'S FATE IS DECIDED. HE IS MUDDLED WITH OTHER NEWLY-PURCHASED SLAVES ON A SMALL, MEAN BOAT POINTED TOWARD LEGREG'S RED RIVER COTTON PLANTATION.

I WON'T WORK FOR THAT MAN! I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF!

NO ONE MUST GIVE WAY LIKE THAT. WE GOT TO HAVE FAITH—FAITH IN THE LORD, WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF HIS CHILREN. CHEER UP, EVERYONE! MAYBE A SONG WILL HELP.

STOP THAT! I'LL HAVE NONE O'YER BAWLING, PRAYING, SINGING NIGGERS ON MY PLACE. I SAW WHO STARTED THIS AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

MY PIST GOW AS HARD AS IRON KNOCKING DOWN NIGGERS!
IN A FEW HOURS, THE BOAT DOLLS AND THE SLAVES RIDE OVER A WILD, FÖRSÅKEN ROAD TO THE PLANTATION

DIS IS DE MOS' RUN-DOWN LOOKIN' PLANTATION I EVER SEEN

DERE'S DE HOUSE

WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT? DON'T YOU LIKE THE HOUSE? IT'S TOO GOOD FOR A GANG LIKE YOU

I DON'T CARE ABOUT LIVING HIGH. ALL I WANT IS TO MAKE MONEY, AND MY SLAVES WORK TO MAKE IT FOR ME AND IF ANY OF EM TRY TO RUN AWAY WE'LL, LOOK!

THOSE DOGS HAVE BEEN RAISED TO TRACK NIGGERS AND THEY'D JUST AS SOON CHAW ANY O' YOU UP AS EAT THEIRSUPPER
A few days later, at the Shelby plantation...

It's from Miss Ophelia. She writes that Tom was sold to a cruel master. We must buy Tom back.

Can't we, father?

That's impossible. I have more notes coming due.

Poor Uncle Tom. Poor Aunt Chloe. She'll feel badly at Tom's plight.

Poor Uncle Tom. Poor Aunt Chloe. She'll feel badly at Tom's plight.

I been thinkin' about a way to raise money. Ever since I heard about de pastry shop in de nex' town.

Dey need someone to make cakes and pies. If you hire me out to 'em, my wages could go to buyin' back Tom.

They shall, Chloe.

Dey need someone to make cakes and pies. If you hire me out to 'em, my wages could go to buyin' back Tom.

I knows it will take at least two or three years. But dat's better'n nothin'.

It won't take that long. I shall add some money to what you make.
On Simon Legree's plantation, the slaves are at work from early dawn to the last ray of light day after day after day. Faster! You lazy black! I'm doin' my fastest.

In time, Legree notices Tom. That Tom's a first-class hand. I got him picked out to be an overseer.

One day, at the weighing in, a routine business that follows the picking. You're a pound short, you good-for-nothing!

He'll kill me, Uncle Tom. I haven't enough. Don't you worry, Emmeline. I got more'n enough. Take some of mine.

You are good, Uncle Tom. He's 'bout the bestest I ever seen.
YOU! I SAW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO - GET UP AND COME OUT HERE, TOM!

HELPING OUT THE LAZY ONES, HUH? I PICKED YOU OUT FOR AN OVERSEER, BUT I SEE YOU AIN'T TOUGH ENOUGH YET!

I'LL TOUGHEN HIM

NO, THAT AIN'T THE WAY GET THE GIRL IN

TAKE THIS WHIP, TOM. FLOG THIS GIRL TWENTY LASHES

NO!

ASK ME TO DO ANYTHING ELSE, BUT DON'T ASK ME TO HIT NOBODY. I NEVER DONE IT, NEVER WILL.

YOU'LL DO A MESS OF THINGS YOU NEVER DONE BY THE TIME I GET THROUGH WITH YOU.
NOW WILL YOU FLOG THAT GIRL?

YES, UNCLE TOM BEAT ME. HE'LL KILL YOU, IF YOU DON'T.

I'LL WORK NIGHT AND DAY WHILE THERE'S LIFE AND BREATH IN ME, BUT IT AIN'T RIGHT TO WHIP A HUMAN BEING. I WON'T DO IT! NEVER!

WHY, YOU BLASTED BLACK BEAST! WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT'S RIGHT AND WHAT AIN'T? DIDN'T I PAY DOWN TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS CASH FOR YOU?

I OWN YOU BODY AND SOUL!

MY SOUL AIN'T YOURS. THAT'S SOMETHIN' YOU CAN'T BUY. MY SOUL IS MYSELF, SO YOU CAN'T REALLY HARM ME.

I CAN'T? WE'LL SEE SAMBO! OUMBO!

COMIN HERE, MASS'R.

GIVE THIS DOG SUCH A BREAKIN' IN AS HE WON'T GET OVER THIS MONTH!
The beating leaves Tom groaning, bleeding, helpless.

Soft footsteps reach his ears.

Who's there? Oh, for the Lord's mercy, please give me water.

It's Cassy and me.

Poor Uncle Tom.

The beasts! Leaving you in this shed! We had a time finding you.

We have a plan that will get us away from here. Meet us back of the shed tomorrow night.

The next morning.

You left him in the shed? Get him! He'll grovel on his knees and beg my pardon!
NOW WHO'S RIGHT? GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND TELL ME I'M RIGHT!

NO, I CAN'T BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT RIGHT.

THE FURIOUS LEGREE IS ABOUT TO STRIKE HIM AGAIN. THEN HE CHANGES HIS MIND, FOR HE NEEDS TOM TO WORK IN THE FIELDS. BUT HE SAYS THAT HE IS NOT A SLAVE YET?

ANOTHER TOILING DAY THEN AT MIDNIGHT

HOW CAN YOU RUN AWAY? THOSE BLOOD DOGS'LL TRAIL YOU.

WE'LL PUT THEM ON THE SWAMP TRAIL, WHILE WE HIDE IN THE ATTIC. LEGREE THINKS THE ATTIC IS HAUNTED. HE'LL NEVER LOOK THERE.

WHEN THEY'RE THROUGH LOOKIN', WE'LL GET AWAY TO THE RED RIVER BOAT. WE GOT ENOUGH MONEY FOR PASSAGE.

WE CAN PASS AS WHITES, AND WE'LL SAY YOU ARE OUR SERVANT, UNCLE TOM.

NO, I'M TOO OLD FOR RUNNIN' AWAY THERE'S NO USE MY TRYIN' NOW. BUT I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET AND HOPE THE LORD WILL KEEP YOU SAFE.

THE OLD DEVIL READY, CASSY?

HERE IT GOES!
WHO'S BACK THERE? WHO MADE THAT NOISE?

He dashes to the back door, as the two shadowy figures flee.

YOU! COME BACK HERE! SAMBO! QUIMBO! ALL HANDS!

There's two runaways making for the swamps. Five dollars to any nigger who catches them. Turn out the dogs! Tiber, Fury, all of them!

The savage hunt is under way. The shouting of men blends with the wild yelps of the beasts.

It won't be easy to track them. The scent of humans don't last in the water.

We got to catch 'em!

As the prey madly party plunges into the swamp, the runaways make their way out and back into an emptied house.
WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE HERE TILL THE HUNT DIES DOWN. LEGREE WILL BE RAISING HEAVEN AND EARTH SEARCHING FOR US.

AT EARLY DAWN, THE SLAVE-HUNTERS RETURN

IT'S EMMELINE AND CASSY WHO GOT AWAY THEY AIN'T IN THEIR ROOM.

WE'LL GO OUT AGAIN FOR THEM AS SOON AS THE DOGS GET RESTED.

AT THE END OF THAT DAY

THEY'RE BACK AGAIN

GUESS THEY DIDN'T FIND US.

AFTER ANOTHER DAY OF DESPERATE HUNTING

NO USE THEY MUST'VE GOTTEN THROUGH THE SWAMPS BY NOW.

IT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY OF THOSE DEVILS GOT AWAY FROM ME!

FURY AT HIS FAILURE DRIVES LEGREE TO HARD DRINK SUDDENLY

I KNOW WHO'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THEIR ESCAPE. IT'S THAT OLD CUSS, TOM. HE'LL KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! GET HIM!

BEFORE SAMBO AND QUINBO START OUT, A BURST OF WIND BLOWS THE DOOR OPEN

GHOSTS? THEY'VE COME BACK! G-GHOSTS?
Brute strength is helpless against the terror of the supernatural. Don't let them get me!

Out the other door glide the "ghosts," chuckling to themselves. Soon as we get far enough away, Emmeline, we'll bury the heels.

They'll think I was ghosts for the rest of their life.

The following morning, a sobered but violent degree questions Tom:

How did those gals escape? Where did they go? Tell me, or I'll kill you! You'll have to kill me, then.
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE WHAT ABOUT THOSE GALS?

YOU BLACK DOG?

I'M NOT TELLIN'

HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM

AS LEGREE STAMPS TOWARD HIS HOUSE, A YOUNG MAN COMES RIDING UP

I'M LEGREE WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M GEORGE SHELBY YOU OWN A SLAVE CALLED TOM, WHO USED TO WORK ON MY FATHER'S PLACE

MY FATHER DIED RECENTLY HIS ESTATE HAS BEEN SETTLED AND I'VE GOT MONEY TO BUY TOM BACK WHY DO YOU LAUGH?

YOU CAN HAVE HIM BACK FOR NOTHING I DON'T SELL DEAD NIGGERS

TOM!
Mass'r George, is my eyes seein' right? Is it Mass'r George?

Yes, Tom.

You're too late, the Lord's bought me and is goin' to take me home. I'm goin' to heaven.

Tom, you mustn't die.

Give my love to Chloe, the chillen, and the missis. Tell 'em I'm goin' to even a better place than Kentucky.

Tom!

The poor fellow is gone.

Lord forgive us, we done a wicked thing to you, Tom. We didn't mean it Mass'r. Put the devil in us.

Fine snivelers you turned out to be. I'll give you what's coming.

Just a minute, Legree. I've got something for you, too.
Thus closes the story of Uncle Tom. Tom's life is over, but it has left a vivid imprint. I'm glad you brought the body home. Tom would have wanted to be buried here. There's something more. Uncle Tom would have wanted, Mother.

Later

Good, Mother. Good.

When Uncle Tom died, I made up my mind never to own any more slaves. I have a certificate of freedom for each one of you.

Free? We are free! Bless you! The Lord bless you!

I wish all slaves could be as lucky as us!

Someday, they'll all be free. No race or religion on the face of the Earth was meant to enslave another.

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.
In the decade between 1850 and 1860 when the burning issue of slavery was reaching its explosion point, a little, soft-spoken woman with a pen of fire did more for the cause of the Union than the stinging words of numberless abolitionist orators. The little lady was Harriet Beecher Stowe, and her weapon of power, the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Calvin Ellis Stowe. In 1852 he was appointed to a professorship in Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, and there, though removed from tangible contact with the painful slave scenes, she utilized her memory and imagination to its fullest scope for the epochal writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It first appeared in serialized form in the National Era, an anti-slavery paper of Washing- ton, D.C. In 1852 it came out in book form and blew up a cyclone. Everyone talked of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It sold like wild-fire and was translated into 23 tongues. People who had been sympathetic to slaves but indifferent about doing anything now awoke to the need for action. "Uncle Tom" was a mighty prod.

Fame swept into the Stowe home, but had no spoiling effect on Harriet. She lived quietly with her husband and her son, Frederick, and continued her writing. In 1856 a new book of hers was published, "Dred...A Tale of Dismal Swamp," in which she strongly painted the deterioration of a society that existed on a slave basis. Among other works, she also wrote articles for the newly established Atlantic Monthly, the Independent of New York and the Christian Union magazines all of which her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, edited at various stages.

When the Civil War broke out, her son, Frederick, enlisted in the Union Army. He came out of it a captain, but his health was shattered, and his mother bought an estate in Florida primarily with the hope that the climate would restore his health, and there they spent many winters.

On July 1, 1896, she died. A power beyond had silenced the soft-spoken woman but the might of her written words lives on.
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