

PDC



Robin Hood

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ADVENTURES

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Robin Hood

ARN IS A SAXON BOY WHO LIVES IN ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF KING RICHARD I. HIS GREATEST FRIEND IS HIS HARP. HIS YOUTHFUL FINGERS COAX WILD, SWEET TUNES FROM ITS STRINGS--TUNES THAT ARE TO LURE **ROBIN HOOD** FROM SHERWOOD FOREST AND PRINCE JOHN THE USURPER FROM LONDON TOWER. FOR THIS IS NO ORDINARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. ALL THE WORLD SAYS THAT ARN PLAYS--
THE MAGIC HARP

BEWARE, SIRE!
THAT HARP THAT YOUNG
ARN PLAYS HAS STRANGE
AND MAGICAL
POWERS!



DAY AFTER DAY, ARN STRUMS HIS HARP IN HIS BELOVED FORESTS. EVEN THE WILD ANIMALS PAUSE TO LISTEN AS IF IN WONDER...

ARN DOES NOT KNOW THAT A CHANGE IS COMING INTO HIS LIFE. EVEN AT THIS MOMENT, **PRINCE JOHN** ROARS IN ANGER IN HIS TOWER ROOMS...



COME CLOSER, MY LITTLE FRIENDS. NONE BUT I SHALL EVER SEE YOU!



MURDACH, I NEED MONEY!

OF COURSE, YOUR HIGHNESS. BUT HOW CAN WE GET MONEY WHEN YOUR BROTHER IS STILL KING IN ENGLAND, EVEN IF HE IS AWAY ON THE CRUSADES?

BY TAXES! I HAVE TAKEN MY BROTHER'S THRONE - SO I'LL TAKE SOME OF HIS PRIVILEGES! TAX THE PEOPLE! EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IN THE REALM SHALL PAY ME GOOD SILVER! SEE TO IT!



BY ORDER OF THE PRINCE, RIDE INTO ALL TOWNS AND HAMLETS. IF THE PEOPLE GIVE NO SILVER, TAKE FOOD AND CLOTHING AND WHATEVER ELSE THEY MAY HAVE THAT WE CAN SELL FOR COINS.



THE LITTLE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF ENGLAND PAY AND PAY! THE COFFERS OF THE EVIL PRINCE ARE SOON FILLED TO OVERFLOWING...



THERE ARE POOR FAMILIES WHO HAVE NO SILVER. ONE OF THESE FAMILIES IS THE FAMILY OF YOUNG ARN...

NO SILVER, EH? THEN I'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOMETHING ELSE - BUT WHAT?



THAT HARP! IT'S WORTH ALL OF FIVE SILVER PIECES. I'LL GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR FIVE YEARS' TAXES.

NO!



BE OFF WITH YOU, BOY! PRINCE JOHN TAXES EVERYONE ALIKE!



WHEN THE HARP IS GONE, ARN GRIEVES AS IF AT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A FRIEND. HE DOES NOT SMILE. SOMETIMES THE WILD ANIMALS EVEN SEE HIM CRY...



ONE DAY A TALL STRANGER STOPS AT THE COTTAGE... THE BROKENHEARTED BOY CRIES OUT HIS STORY...



I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM SHERWOOD FOREST TO HEAR YOU PLAY YOUR HARP, ARN. WILL YOU DO THIS FOR ME?

IF I COULD, I WOULD. BUT I DON'T HAVE MY HARP ANY MORE!



HE S-S SAID MY HARP WAS WORTH FIVE S-S SILVER PIECES. IT'S WORTH MORE THAN THAT. IT'S WORTH MY WHOLE LIFE!

WELL, NOW, LOOKS AS IF WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

SOME DAYS LATER, A TRAVELLING MINSTREL COMES TO NOTTINGHAM. HE VISITS THE STALLS WHERE GOODS ARE SOLD...



TAX WARES, EH? I'LL WAGER I'LL FIND THE HARP AMONG THESE ODDS AND ENDS.



A FINE HARP, SIR. ONLY SIX SILVER PIECES!

YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF A DEAL. I'LL TAKE IT!



THIS IS THE WAY ARN'S HARP COMES HOME...

ROBIN! YOU BROUGHT IT BACK TO ME!

NOW PLAY YOUR MUSIC, ARN. NO-BODY WILL EVER TAKE YOUR HARP FROM YOU AGAIN!

ONCE MORE, ARN IS A HAPPY BOY. HIS MUSIC SINGS OUT IN THE WILDWOOD...



IT WAS WORTH THE TROUBLE I TOOK TO LISTEN TO HIM PLAY.

THE MUSIC ATTRACTS OTHER EARS BESIDE THOSE OF ROBIN HOOD...



LISTEN TO THAT HARP! ROGER, LAD, A HARP IS WORTH MONEY... AND WE NEED MONEY!



IT'S ONLY A BOY!

'T WILL BE EASY TO TAKE THE HARP FROM HIM. COME ON. WE CAN SELL IT AT A DEVON FAIR!



GO AWAY! DON'T TOUCH ME!

EASY NOW, BOY. ALL WE'RE AFTER IS THE HARP!

GIVE US THE HARP AND WE'LL GO AWAY!



A VOICE THAT SEEMS TO COME OUT OF THE AIR CRIES OUT SUDDENLY...

FOOLS! I AM A MAGIC HARP! YOU CANNOT STEAL ME!



HIDDEN FROM SIGHT ON A LARGE TREE-LIMB, ROBIN WHIRLS HIS LEATHER SLING...

I MAY NOT BE SO ACCURATE WITH MY SLING AS I AM WITH MY YEW LONGBOW—BUT I CAN'T MISS THAT BIG GAWK BELOW!



NO ONE SEES THE WHIZZING STONE, BUT ONE OF THE RAGGED MEN YELPS SHARPLY...

YIPE!



SOMETHING PINCHED ME—OR STUNG ME! THAT HARP IS A MAGIC ONE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



A^NOTHER STONE COME WHIZZING. THIS TIME AN OVERRIPE FRUIT IS DROPPED FROM ITS TWIG...

!GULP! I BELIEVE IT!



ONCE AGAIN, ARN'S MUSIC FILTERS THROUGH THE FOREST WORLD...WHILE IN A NEARBY TOWN--



LIKE WILDFIRE, THE RUMORS OF ARN'S MAGIC HARP SPREADS FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE...



AT LAST, WORD OF THE MAGIC HARP REACHES LONDON TOWN AND PRINCE JOHN...



ARN IS DISMAYED WHEN HE HEARS WHAT IS HAPPENING!



ARN, ARN! THE PRINCE IS COMING! YOU MUST MAKE MAGIC FOR HIM!

I-I CAN'T! AND ROBIN HOOD HAS GONE BACK TO SHERWOOD FOREST! OHHH, THIS IS TERRIBLE!

AT LAST THE PRINCE ARRIVES, AND ARN IS BROUGHT BEFORE HIM...



SO THIS IS THE YOUNG MUSICIAN-MAGICIAN, EH? WELL, BOY— GET ABOUT IT! DO SOME MAGIC FOR US!

I-I CAN'T. ALL I CAN DO IS PLAY THE HARP!



YOU HEARD THE PRINCE. PLAY THE HARP FOR HIM! AND IF YOU DON'T MAKE MAGIC FOR HIM, HE'LL PUNISH YOU AND YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER!

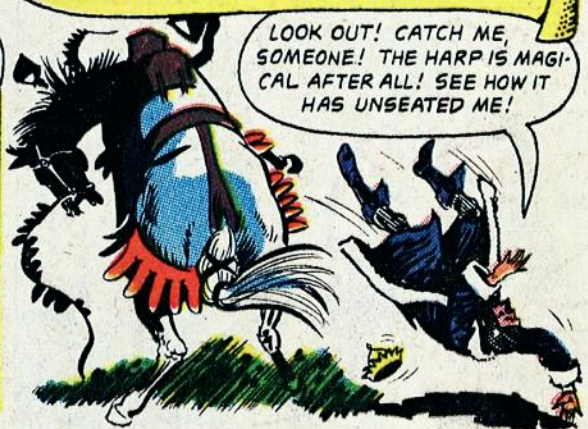
TELL HIM TO UNSEAT ME FROM MY HORSE, MURDACH. IF HE CAN DO THAT, I WILL ADMIT THE HARP HAS MAGICAL QUALITIES!

TREMBLING IN EVERY LIMB, YOUNG ARN STROKES THE HARPSTRINGS. A WILD, PLAINITIVE AIR COMES FORTH. YET THERE IS NO MAGIC. NO MAGIC AT ALL!



HMMM. IT IS ONLY AN ORDINARY HARP! THE BOY MUST BE PUNISHED!

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE GREAT WHITE HORSE REARS HIGH, PAWING AT THE SKY—AND PRINCE JOHN TOPPLES FROM THE SADDLE!



LOOK OUT! CATCH ME, SOMEONE! THE HARP IS MAGICAL AFTER ALL! SEE HOW IT HAS UNSEATED ME!



YOUR MAJESTY! SHALL WE TAKE THE HARP TO LONDON?

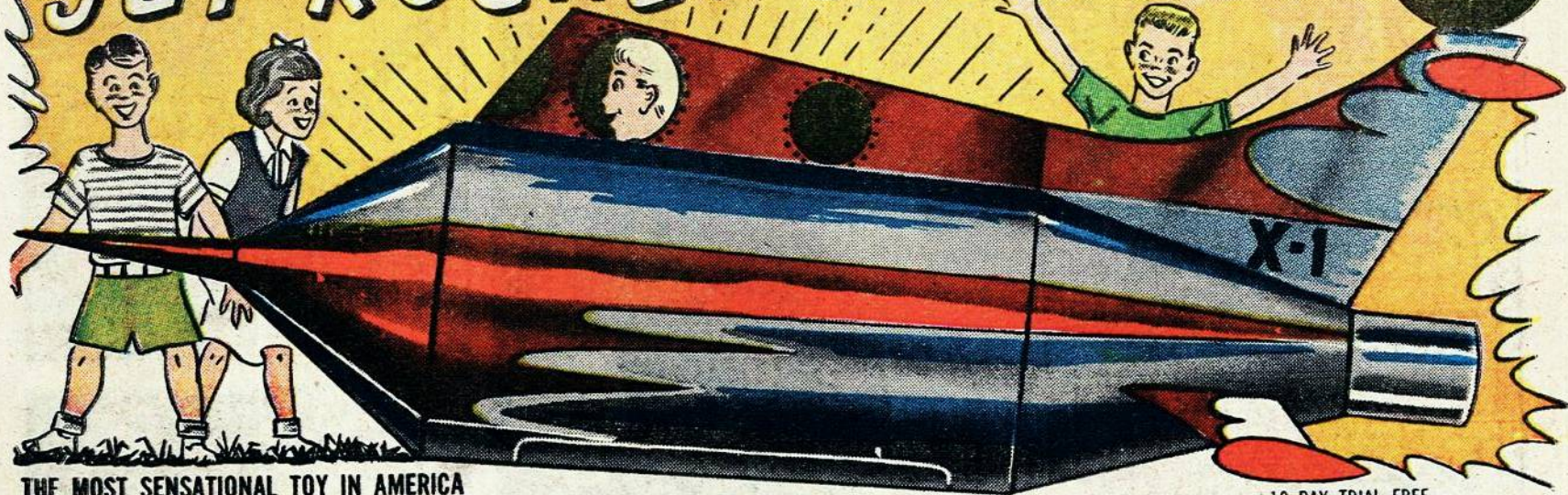
WHAT? AND HAVE IT THROWING ME OFF CHAIRS AND OUT OF BEDS, PERHAPS? NO! LEAVE THE ACCURSED THING HERE. THE BOY SHALL BE UNDER THE ROYAL PROTECTION HENCEFORTH— IN ORDER THAT THE ROYAL PERSON SHALL ALSO BE PROTECTED!



A GOOD THING I BROUGHT MAID MARIAN TO HEAR YOU PLAY, ARN! OTHERWISE, THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY MAGIC!

THE END

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Robin Hood



IN THE ABSENCE OF **KING RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED** ON THE SECOND CRUSADE, EVIL DAYS FALL UPON ENGLAND. **PRINCE JOHN** USURPS THE THRONE, AND MEN LIKE **ROBERT MURDACH** OF NOTTINGHAM COME TO POWER. THE POOR ARE PREYED UPON, AND THE RICH ARE ROBBED... STANDING ALONE AGAINST SUCH TYRANNY IS **ROBIN HOOD**— ACTUALLY THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON IN THE DISGUISE OF A FORESTER—ON LEAVE FROM THE CRUSADES BY ORDER OF KING RICHARD TO GUARD THE ROYAL INTERESTS. BUT ROBIN HOOD DISCOVERS THAT HE, TOO, FALLS UNDER THE SWAY OF THESE HEARTLESS ROGUES, UNTIL THE ONLY WEAPON LEFT TO HIM IS— **THE RUSTY SWORD!**

BIRDS CAROL BLITHELY AND THE SUN SHINES WARMLY IN SHERWOOD FOREST—BUT ROBIN HOOD FLEES FOR HIS LIFE...





OF COURSE! THE OLD RUIN! I CAN MAKE A STAND THERE!

WEAPONLESS, THERE SEEMS LITTLE CHANCE FOR ROBIN TO LAST LONG IN ANY SORT OF FIGHT...



IF ONLY I HAD MY GOOD YEW BOW—OR MY KNIGHTLY SWORD!



HA! I SEEM TO HAVE FOUND A SWORD—AN OLD VIKING BLADE LEFT HERE YEARS AND YEARS AGO, WHEN ITS OWNER WAS CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY!



THE BLADE IS RUSTY, BUT IT WILL SERVE. **COME ON NOW, YOU VARLETS!**

IN A MOMENT, THE BATTLE IS JOINED!



THIS ISN'T AS MUCH FUN AS SHOOTING AT AN UNARMED MAN, IS IT?

NOT MANY MEN CAN STAND AGAINST THE GREAT FORESTER WITH COLD STEEL...



HE MOVED HIS SWORD SO FAST, I NEVER SAW IT!

AYE! BUT WE FELT IT!

ONCE AGAIN ROBIN HOOD TAKES TO HIS HEELS...



THERE! NOW OUR ENEMIES ARE ALL BEHIND ME. THERE'S NONE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME WHEN I REACH THE WARLOCK'S POOL!

WARLOCK'S POOL IS A LARGE BODY OF WATER WHERE THE MERRY MEN COME OFTEN TO SWIM ON HOT SUMMER DAYS...

THEY'RE FAR ENOUGH BEHIND ME TO LET ME DIVE!



THE WATER IS VERY DEEP AND COLD, AND FAR DOWN IT CURVES SIDWAYS TO FORM AN UNDERGROUND CHANNEL...



... THAT CONNECTS IT WITH THE HUMBER RIVER!

FEW MEN KNOW OF THE SECRET WATER TUNNEL THAT RUNS UNDERGROUND TO THIS RIVER. IT MAKES A GOOD ESCAPE ROUTE!



BEHIND HIM, ROBERT MURDACH'S MEN WAIT ALL NIGHT— BESIDE THE POOL— USELESSLY, OF COURSE!

HOW LONG CAN HE STAY DOWN THERE UNDERWATER?



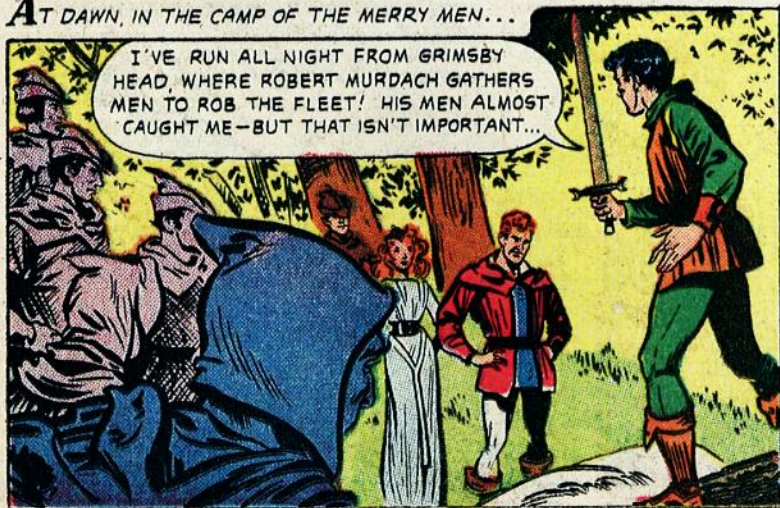
ZOUNDS! IF I HADN'T SEEN HIM DIVE IN HERE, I'D SAY HE WASN'T DOWN THERE.

MAYBE ROBIN HOOD LIVES THERE. I'VE HEARD ROBERT MURDACH SAY THERE IS SOMETHING VERY FISHY ABOUT THE WAY HE KEEPS ESCAPING US!



AT DAWN, IN THE CAMP OF THE MERRY MEN...

I'VE RUN ALL NIGHT FROM GRIMSBY HEAD, WHERE ROBERT MURDACH GATHERS HIS MEN TO ROB THE FLEET! HIS MEN ALMOST CAUGHT ME— BUT THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT...

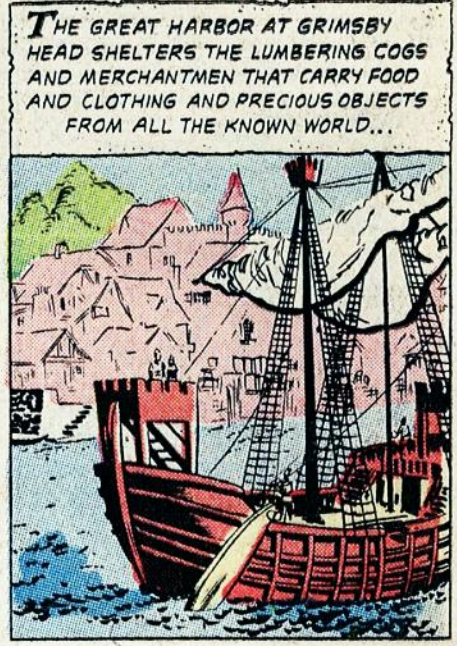


... WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THE FACT THAT THOSE SHIPS CONTAIN PRODUCE AND GOLD THAT BELONG TO KING RICHARD. NEITHER PRINCE JOHN THE USURPER NOR ROBERT MURDACH HAVE ANY RIGHT TO TAKE THEM! SO WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEM AND KEEP THAT GOLD FOR THE KING! **TO ARMS!**





WE MARCH WITHIN THE HOUR! FAREWELL, GOOD SWORD! YOUR BLADE IS TOO RUSTY TO KEEP YOU BY MY SIDE ANY LONGER. IT'S A GOOD THING I DIDN'T HAVE TO USE YOU ANY MORE THAN I DID. ONE MORE GOOD BLOW—AND YOU'D BREAK IN HALF!



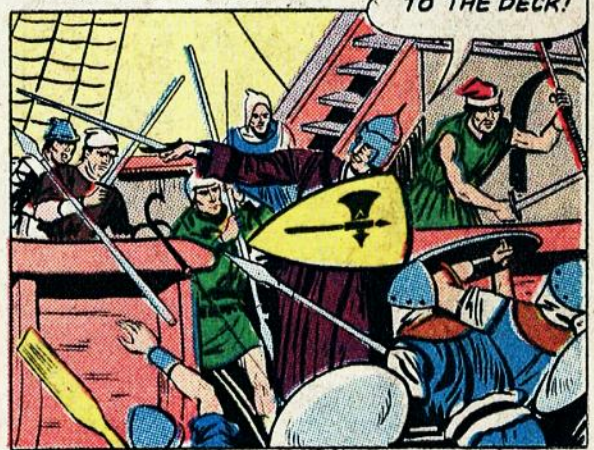
THE GREAT HARBOR AT GRIMSBY HEAD SHELTERS THE LUMBERING COGS AND MERCHANTMEN THAT CARRY FOOD AND CLOTHING AND PRECIOUS OBJECTS FROM ALL THE KNOWN WORLD...

TO GRIMSBY HARBOR COMES ROBERT MURDACH...



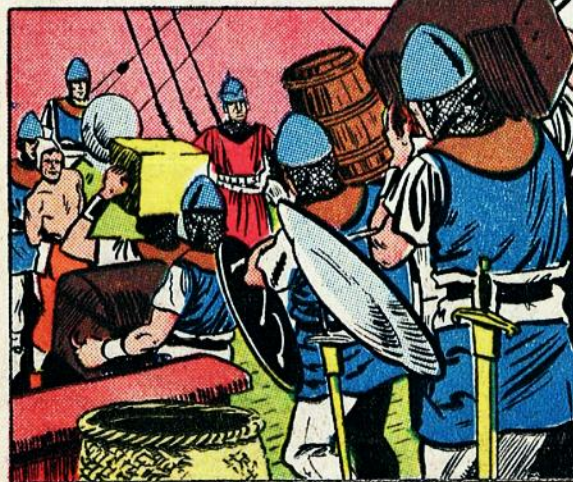
ATTACK THEM NOW! AT ONCE! CAPTURE THEIR CARGOES FOR OUR GOOD PRINCE JOHN!

THE ATTACK IS SWIFT AND SUDDEN! THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND MERCILESS!



TO THE DECK!

THEN COMES THE LOOTING!



ON SHORE, HELPLESS TO PREVENT IT, STANDS ROBIN HOOD AND THE MERRY MEN...



WE'RE TOO LATE!

SUDDENLY, ROBIN SHOUTS AN ORDER...



THE SAIL ROPES!
QUICKLY—CUT THEM
WITH YOUR ARROWS!

THE LONG
SHAFTS WHISTLES
THROUGH THE AIR!



THE SEVERED ROPES PART—AND SAILS
AND YARDARMS COME CRASHING DOWN
ON DECK!



HELP!
I CAN'T SEE A
THING!

WHAT
HAPPENED?



FEATHER A SHAFT IN
ANYONE WHO SHOWS HIM-
SELF, WILL SCARLET!

AS THE MEN-AT-ARMS FREE THEMSELVES OF
THE ENTANGLING SAILS, THEY FIND A NEW FOE—
THE ARROWS OF THE MERRY MEN!



DISHEARTENED MEN TAKE TO THE WATER—THEIR
ONLY REFUGE!



BETTER TO
SWIM TO SHORE
THAN BE CARRIED
THERE!

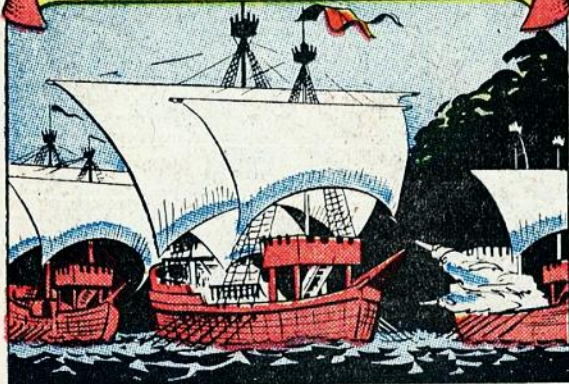
WATCH OUT!
I'M COMING, TOO!



LET ROBERT MURDACH GET
THOSE CARGOES HIMSELF IF HE
WANTS THEM SO BADLY!

SO SAY I!

THE CARGO SHIPS ARE FILLED WITH THE MERRY MEN. THEN THE ORDER IS UP ANCHOR AND SAIL FOR THE RIVER HUMBER!



IN LINCOLNSHIRE, IN THE RUINS OF THE OLD ABBEY, ROBIN HOOD BURIES THE GOLD AND SILVER...

LET ROBERT MURDACH FIND THIS, IF HE CAN! THE OTHER GOODS I'VE STORED IN THE KING'S WAREHOUSE!



WHEN HE DISCOVERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED, ROBERT MURDACH IS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH FURY...

ROBERT MURDACH PLANS WELL. HE STAGES AN AMBUSH ALONG THE ONLY ROAD LEADING INTO SHERWOOD FOREST FROM THE NORTH...

SOON, ROBIN AND THE MERRY MEN COME ALL UNKNOWINGLY TO THEIR DOOM!

FOOLS! IMBECILES! NITWITS! HAVE ANY OF YOU ANY COURAGE? THEN FOLLOW ME! WE'LL RIDE AFTER ROBIN HOOD -- WITH MYSELF IN COMMAND!



MY MEN ARE HIDDEN IN THE BUSHES AND TREES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. THE MERRY MEN CANNOT ESCAPE!



TONIGHT WE'LL FEAST ON ROYAL DEER, TO CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY!



THE ATTACK IS DEADLY! ONLY ROBIN HIMSELF CAN BREAK FREE OF THE CORDON OF WEAPONS!

OUT OF MY WAY, VARLET!



ALL ARE MY PRISONERS EXCEPT ROBIN HOOD. BUT HE'LL NOT ESCAPE -- EVEN IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!



THE CHASE IS LONG—AND ENDS IN THE VERY CAMP OF THE MERRY MEN!



STEEL SCREAMS—AND SNAPS!



HURLING HIMSELF FROM HIS SADDLE, ROBERT MURDACH LEAPS FORWARD!



ROBIN DASHES IN, HIS STONE HELD HIGH. HE SLAMS IT HARD AGAINST THE RUSTY BLADE...



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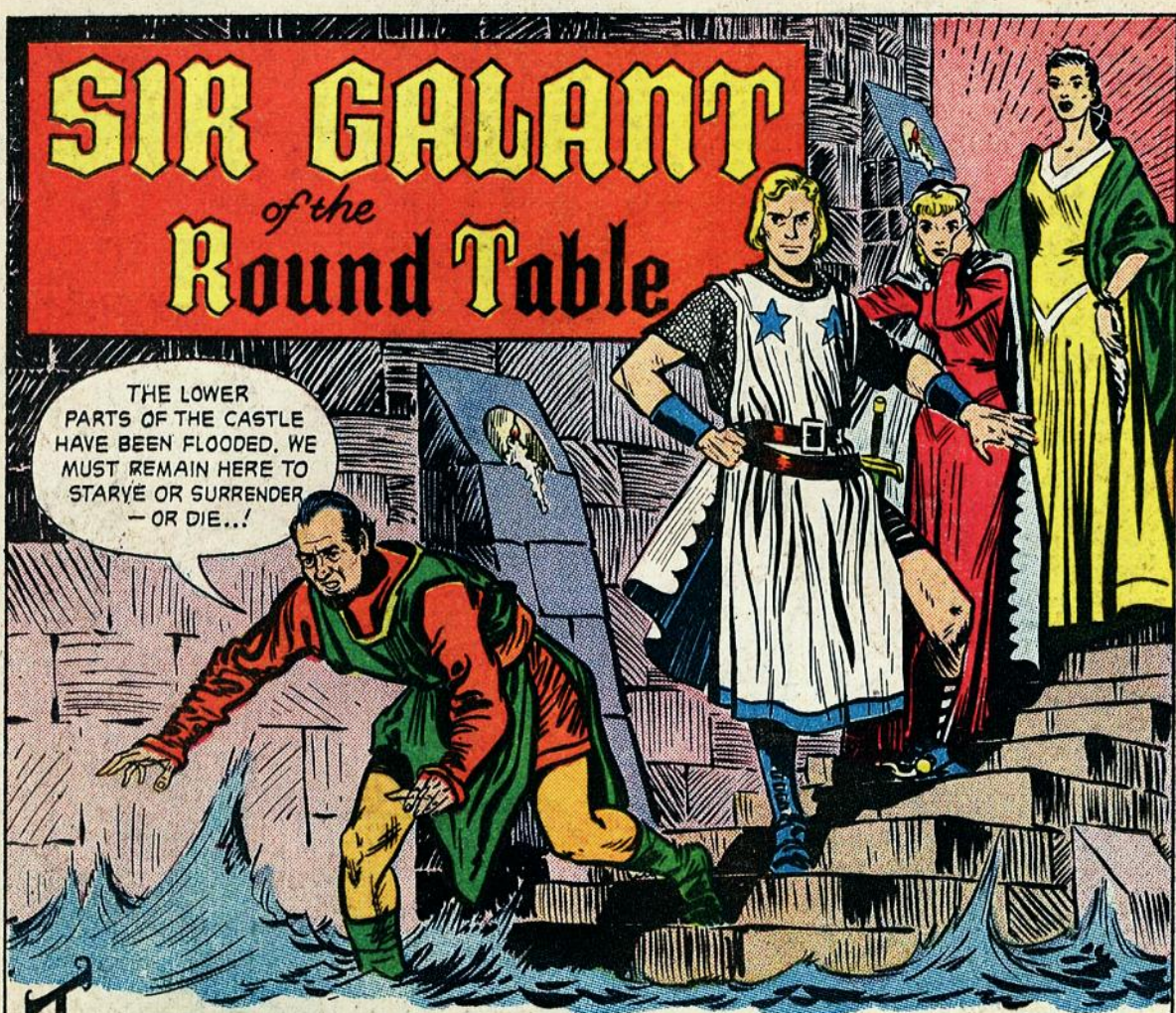
CITY _____

STATE _____

SIR GALANT

of the

Round Table



THE LOWER PARTS OF THE CASTLE HAVE BEEN FLOODED. WE MUST REMAIN HERE TO STARVE OR SURRENDER — OR DIE...!

THE MOORS ARE THE BARREN LANDS THAT STRETCH FROM THE FORESTS TO THE SEACOAST CLIFFS OF ENGLAND. THEY ARE A WILD AND DESOLATE LAND THAT SWALLOWS UP ALL WHO ENTER IT... WHEN CERTAIN KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT DISAPPEAR IN THEM, SOMEONE MUST BE FOUND TO ENTER AND SOLVE THE STRANGE RIDDLE. **SIR GALANT** OFFERS HIS SERVICES — BUT WILL THE YOUNG KNIGHT BE SELECTED TO DARE —

THE MENACE OF THE MOORS

FNB



EMPTY AND LONELY, THE DARK MOORS BROOD OUT OVER THE SEA...

KNIGHTS AND LADIES ENTER THIS DREAD DOMAIN — NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!

THE TRACKS GO OUT INTO THE MOOR THAT SHOW WHERE TRAVELLERS HAVE GONE. THERE ARE NEVER ANY TRACKS TO SHOW WHERE THEY RETURNED!

KING ARTHUR MUST HEAR OF THIS!



WORD OF THESE STRANGE HAPPENINGS COMES AT LAST TO KING ARTHUR IN CAMELOT...

THE NEWS YOU BRING DISTURBS US GREATLY, SIR BORS. EVEN SIR MORDRED HIMSELF SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED, AS WELL AS CERTAIN LADIES OF OUR COURT, HIS RELATIVES!



OUR KNIGHTS SHALL HOLD A TOURNEY AND A TEST OF WITS, TO DISCOVER THE KNIGHT BEST FITTED TO ADVENTURE INTO THE DREAD MOORS AND LEARN THEIR SECRET! LET THE TOURNEY BEGIN!



FROM ALL OVER THE REALM, GREAT AND FAMOUS KNIGHTS COME TO THE JOUST...

SIR LAUNCELOT IS STILL IN JOYOUS GARDE.

AND TRISTAM IS IN CORNWALL WITH HIS UNCLE, KING MARK. PERHAPS ONE OF US CAN WIN THE TOURNEY, NOW!



LANCE AFTER LANCE CRACKS AND RIDER AFTER RIDER IS UNHORSED AS THE TILTING GETS UNDER WAY!



SIR PALIMEDE IS DOWN!

SWORDSTROKES ARE EXCHANGED ON SHIELD AND HELM!



I YIELD TO YOU, SIR GALANT!

THE LONG DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE. SIR GALANT IS ADJUDGED THE WINNER!



YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED THE VICTOR, YOUNG KNIGHT. THERE REMAINS ONLY THE TEST OF WITS!

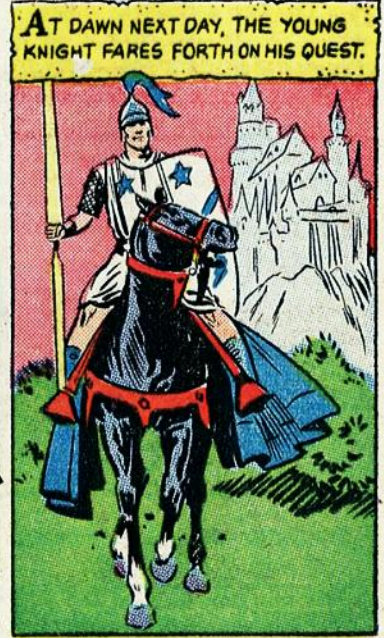


HERE ARE THREE STONE WALLS. MY FAVORITE HUNTING HOUND CAME ALONG ONE OF THEM THIS DAY, SEEKING SEA FOOD FOR HIMSELF. WHICH WALL DID HE CHOOSE TO WALK ON...?

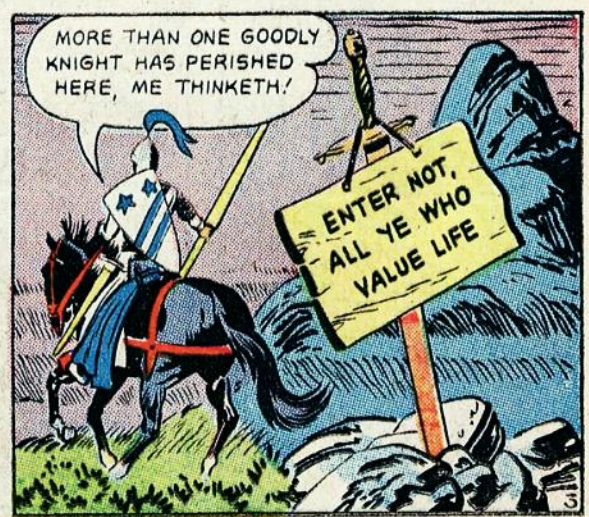
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE KNIGHTS OF THE REALM ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE...



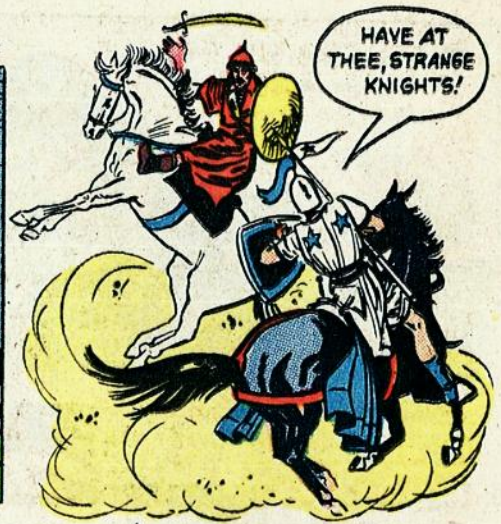
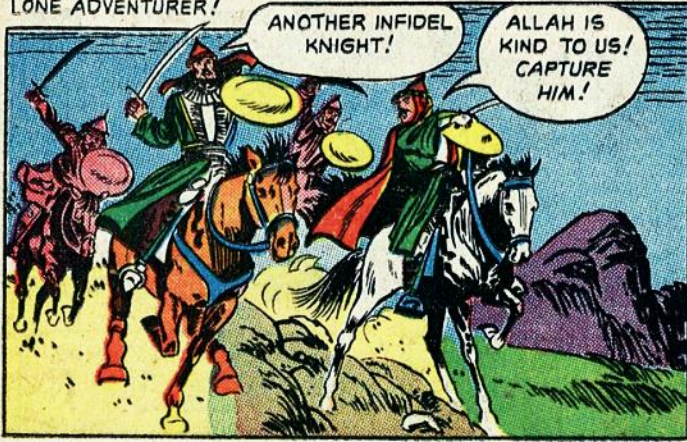
AT LAST, SIR GALANT STEPS FORWARD...



AT MIDDAY, HE ENTERS THE MOORS, WHICH ARE COVERED BY MISTS. HERE IT SEEMS THAT DARK CLOUDS PEPEUTUALLY HIDE THE SUN!



AS THE SUN LOWERS OVER THE SEA CLIFFS, A GROUP OF STRANGE AND ALIEN FIGURES GALLOP HEADLONG FOR THE LONE ADVENTURER!



HIS HEAVIER WARHORSE RIDES DOWN THE LIGHTER ARAB STEEDS!



THE SARACENS BREAK BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE NORTHERN KNIGHT...



AT THE GALLOP, SIR GALANT PURSUES HIS FOES!

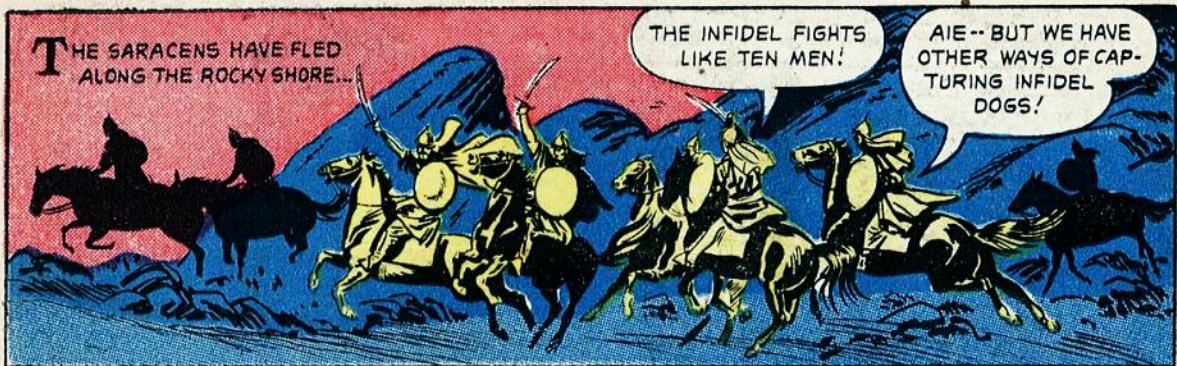


THE CHASE LEADS TO A DARK TOWER BUILT OUT OVER THE SEA!



DISMOUNTING, SIR GALANT BLOWS THE SIGNAL HORN. NOTHING ANSWERS HIM BUT MOCKING ECHOES!





THE SARACENS HAVE FLED ALONG THE ROCKY SHORE...

THE INFIDEL FIGHTS LIKE TEN MEN!

AIE-- BUT WE HAVE OTHER WAYS OF CAPTURING INFIDEL DOGS!

... LEAVING SIR GALANT TO EXPLORE THE ANCIENT TOWER WALLS AS HE WILLS!



I AM SURE I HEARD THE CLANK OF CHAINS FROM UP ABOVE!



SIR MORDRED!

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME? IS IT REALLY SIR GALANT WHO COMES TO RESCUE ME? EVEN THOUGH I FEAR GREATLY THAT NONE CAN DO THAT!

THESE SARACEN KNIGHTS ARE FROM THE HOLY LAND, COME TO RAID US FOR KNIGHTLY SLAVES. THEY HAVE TRAPPED ALL WHO COME TO VISIT ME! THEY ARE SLY AND TRICKY. THEY WILL NEVER LET US ESCAPE, EVEN THOUGH YOU DID DEFEAT THEM IN FAIR COMBAT!



THE SARACENS EVEN CAPTURED MY FAIR COUSINS, ALICE AND GERTRUDE!

SIR GALANT!



FEAR NO LONGER, LADIES! YOU ARE SAFE NOW!



YOU SPEAK TOO SOON, SIR GALANT! LOOK AT THE SURPRISE THE SARACENS HAVE PREPARED FOR US...!

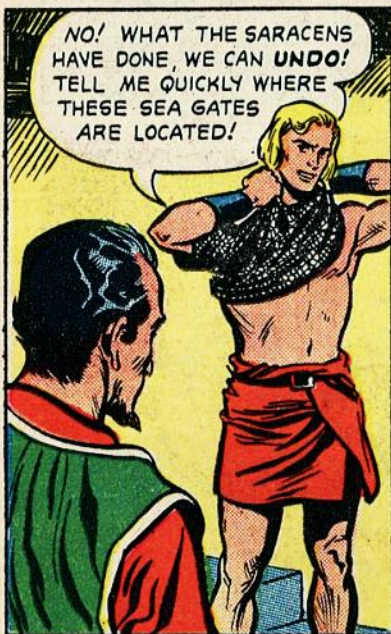


THEY HAVE OPENED THE SEA GATES AND FLOODED THE LOWER HALF OF THE TOWER!

WE MUST REMAIN HERE TO STARVE OR SURRENDER... OR DROWN!



THEY ARE SAFE ON THEIR MOORISH GALLEYS. WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO YIELD TO THEM!



NO! WHAT THE SARACENS HAVE DONE, WE CAN UNDO! TELL ME QUICKLY WHERE THESE SEA GATES ARE LOCATED!

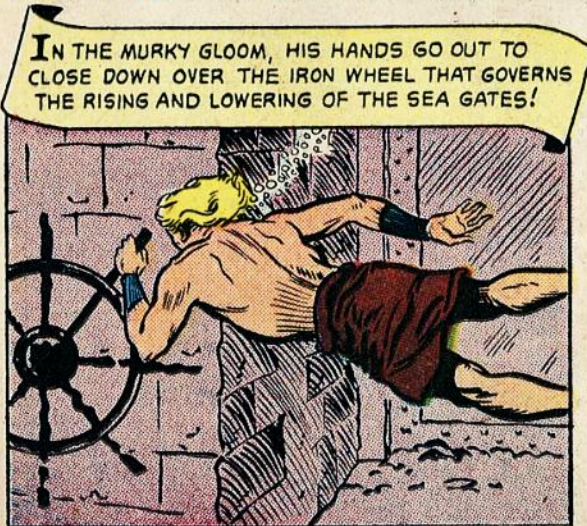


I MUST FIND THOSE SEA GATES AND OPEN THEM—IF I CAN!

THE COLD OCEAN WATERS CLOSE OVER HIS HEAD! UNTIL HIS LUNGS ARE CLOSE TO BURSTING, SIR GALANT HUNTS ON...



THEY CANNOT BE FAR AWAY NOW!

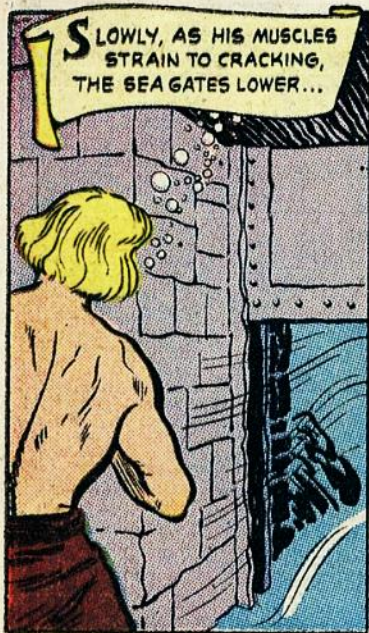


IN THE MURKY GLOOM, HIS HANDS GO OUT TO CLOSE DOWN OVER THE IRON WHEEL THAT GOVERNS THE RISING AND LOWERING OF THE SEA GATES!



BRACED WITH BOTH FEET ON THE STONE WALL, SIR GALANT STRUGGLES TO WORK THE WHEEL...

I MUST FIGHT BACK THE STRENGTH OF THE SEA ITSELF— BUT THE WHEEL MUST BE TURNED!



SLOWLY, AS HIS MUSCLES STRAIN TO CRACKING, THE SEA GATES LOWER...

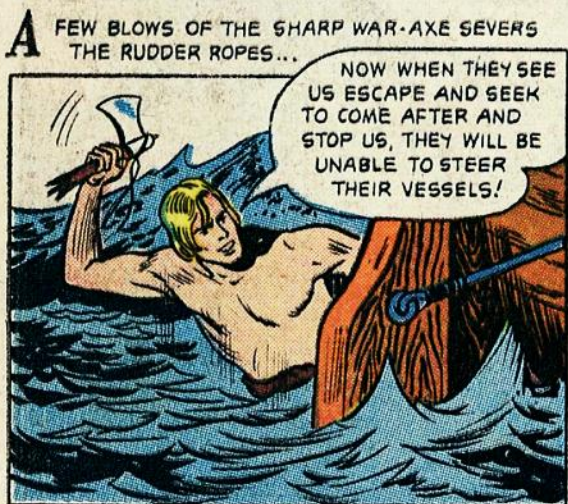


THE FLOOD OF WATERS STOP AND THE WAVES RECEDE...

NOW FOR OUR FRIENDS, THE SARACENS!



ARMED ONLY WITH AN AXE, THE YOUNG KNIGHT DARES THE LONG SWIM OUT TOWARD THE MOORISH GALLEYS...



A FEW BLOWS OF THE SHARP WAR-AXE SEVERS THE RUDDER ROPES...

NOW WHEN THEY SEE US ESCAPE AND SEEK TO COME AFTER AND STOP US, THEY WILL BE UNABLE TO STEER THEIR VESSELS!



WHEN THE SARACENS DISCOVER THEIR VICTIMS HAVE ESCAPED THE TOWER, THEY STEER FOR SHORE. BUT SINCE THE RUDDERS ARE USELESS, THE WAVES CATCH AND BATTER THEM AGAINST THE SEA ROCKS!

ALLAH BE MERCIFUL!

WE ARE DOOMED!



THE SARACENS ARE SWEEPED INTO THE SEA!



WHEN THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE BEACH, THEY FIND SIR GALANT WAITING FOR THEM!

YOU ARE MY PRISONERS! I SHALL TAKE YOU TO KING ARTHUR AT CAMELOT, WHO SHALL PRONOUNCE HIS ROYAL JUDGMENT ON YOU!

THE END

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WALKING DOLL. This little miss can really go places. It's AMAZING—no winding. Just pull her Bow and watch her Go! Hand-painted features and blouse, real fabric Hoop skirt.

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PUT-PUT
SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR

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IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

Many of our readers have written in to tell us how much they enjoyed our first issue of **ROBIN HOOD**, and especially this feature that explains how the people lived in those olden days. We are continuing it, hoping that all our readers will enjoy learning what life was like in the days of knights.

HERALDRY When knights and nobles went to war, they were covered completely by body armor. Naturally, with their visors down, nobody could tell who was who without some sort of device or sign. This device and sign, together with all its attendant panoplies, was called *heraldry*.

The knight wore a *surcoat* over his mail or plate armor, which displayed his "arms." These arms were the distinctive devices or insignia by which he could be recognized on the field of battle. They took the form of bars, *fleur-de-lys*, crescents, boars' heads, lions—almost any and every sort of design imaginable. These "arms" were therefore a sort of personal symbol that was as good as the name of the owner written across the surcoat.

The arms were also painted upon the shield of the knight. They appeared on his flag or pennon that was taken into battle, and around which his retainers, men-at-arms and archers grouped themselves to fight. When these arms were royal arms, like the lions of Plantagenet of England or the *fleur-de-lys* of France, they were called *standards*, and it was a great honor for a strong knight to be designated as the standard-bearer.

Sometimes a "crest" adorned a helmet. This was a leather or wood image of a leopard, bird, lion or some other brave animal. It made the helmet taller and gave the wearer the appearance of added height and strength. The bit of colored cloth that hung from the helmet, behind it, to ward off the sun's rays (it got plenty hot inside all that metal armor!) was known as a *mantling*. This also was decorated in the distinctive colors of the knight's arms.

Other objects that were decorated with the arms of the knight were: the cloth caparison of his horse, the hangings from his huge castle bed, windowdrapes, silver service, furniture, stone carvings in his castle, and almost anything you can imagine that would be made to look better with this kind of decoration.

The Scottish clans also made use of heraldry in their *tartans*. For each Scotch clan there is a tartan. Entire books have been written about them, with color plates to enable the reader to identify some of the more popular tartans.

Five main colors are used in heraldry. Red, green, blue, black, and purple are known, for the purposes of heraldry, as (in order) *gules*, *vert*, *azure*, *sable*, and *purpure*. In describing a black leopard on a red field, when the leopard is rearing up pawing at the air, the heraldic description would read: "a leopard sable rampant on a field of gules."

Besides these colors, two metals—gold and silver—and several furs were used. The furs include ermine, and vair.

For the reader who is more than ordinarily interested in heraldry, he is advised to seek any number of good books on this subject available to him at his local library. Who knows? Perhaps you yourself, through your family lineage, own a coat-of-arms!

FURNITURE The castles and manor houses of the knights had nowhere near the comforts of our homes today. The great hall included long tables called "trestle tables" at which the lord and lady, their family and retainers ate. Since the servants passed along the front of these tables to serve the food, the diners ate only from one side of the tables. Occasionally, there was a white cloth over it. They sat on benches or stools for the most part, though some high lords or royalty itself sat on high-backed chairs.

The bedroom contained the bed—usually a big four-poster with valances and hanging curtains to shut out the cold night air. Since the only way they had to heat their houses was by a fireplace or an iron firebox that could be carried from room to room, you can imagine that it got pretty cold of nights. Beside the bed, the bedroom also held a number of chests in which were stored spare clothing. Very occasionally a

sort of huge cupboard called an aumbry was used for this purpose.

The aumbry could also be used to house dishes and silverware when the lord of the manor was rich enough to have them.

Near the fireplace there might be a highbacked settle or a few stools. That was their furniture! It was hard, never upholstered, but sometimes carved to make it look better.

HOW THEY ATE We have already mentioned the trestle tables on one side of which sat the lord and lady, friends, and retainers. Now let us look into the kitchen, where the food was prepared.

There were usually two big fireplaces in the kitchen, with a number of tables set up in the open space between them. Here the scullery maid and knaves made their bread, basted the meat that turned on spits above the hearth-flames, and the thousand and one other things that had to be done in the preparation of a meal.

The buttery, oddly enough, held the wines and ales and other drinks that were served at the meals. It was a room separated from, but near, the kitchen.

One of the kitchen hearths cooked stews or broths or boiling meat, in order to preserve it. The other hearth was fitted out in the form of an oven, with an arched stone or metal roof above it. Baking was done here.

For cooking fowls or lesser game like rabbits, there was a round fire circle of stones in the middle of the kitchen floor. Here a spit was set up and a maid or a boy given the job of turning the spit steadily but slowly so that the cooking might be uniform.

THEIR ARMOR At the very start of the age of chivalry, which can be dated roughly from the time of the Norman Conquest in England (1066) and onward until the advent of the Renaissance (about 1500), men wore metal armor. From the year 1500 on, the improvement of gunpowder and allied weapons made armor useless.

But during those five hundred years, knighthood truly was in its glory. First, they wore chain mail that was formed of interlocking chains. It was in such armor that William the Conqueror waded ashore to defeat the Saxon king Harold at the battle of Hastings. Their helmets were metal cones, with nose-pieces, and they carried long, triangular shields.

These Norman knights also wore mail trousers, called *chausses*.

A variation of chain armor was *mail* armor, formed of connecting small squares of iron.

In the twelfth century, and on the first and second Crusades, the knights continued to use mail armor. However, their helmets grew to become a single piece of metal fitted with eyeslits, and their shields became longer and heavier. It was about this time that heraldry first came into its own, for now the knight could not be recognized, and some method of identifying him was necessary.

From 1200 to 1300, the surcoat came into being, with the arms of the knight emblazoned on it. This surcoat was worn over the mail hauberk and belted. The knight's sword hung from this belt. The flat-topped helmet became popular. A metal cap was worn by the men-at-arms. A war hat, not unlike the overseas helmet of World War I American soldiers, was known. It was called a *chemin-de-fer*, or *salade*.

A little later in this thirteenth century, the cone helmet—from which blows of a swordblade or axe would glance off—came into being. *Plate* armor saw its beginning with the curved *poleyn* for the protection of the knee. At this time also the mailed hood which had been attached to the mail hauberg became a separate piece worn under the helmet and spread out across the shoulders for added protection.

The fourteenth century saw more plate armor in use, at shoulders, elbows, and with greaves or *schynbalds* to protect the lower leg. However, much of this armor was useless against powerful long-bows, as the French chivalry learned at Crecy and Poitiers. Visors were used on helmets, which became more elaborate, and were sometimes decorated very lavishly. As a matter of fact an extremely decorated helmet was known as a *tilting helm*, and was used only for jousting, in tournaments.

The hauberk became a solid piece of metal over which was worn a short version of the surcoat, called a *gipon*.

Plate armor, which is to say armor in one solid piece of metal, which saw its beginning over a century before, reached its peak during the latter part of this fourteenth century. It was to flower in full form during the fifteenth century.

The craft of armorer was a popular one from 1400 to 1500. The metal *bascinets*, or large helmets, the breastplates and arm pieces, all were decorated with the arms of the knight in raised metal, which was sometimes of inlaid gold or silver. Naturally, all this was expensive and only royalty and the wealthy knights and nobles could afford such armor. The ordinary soldier or man at arms wore the mail coat and metal cap. It was a colorful time, and the armor of these days added to the picture we retain in our minds, and see in *Vistavision* and *Cinema-scope* in the movies today!

Robin Hood

COME UP, ROBIN HOOD! COME TO YOUR DOOM, AT LAST!

WHEN SIR GUI OF GLAMORE SENDS THE EVIL ENCHANTRESS MORLA LE FEY TO FIND AND LURE ROBIN HOOD TO DESTRUCTION, HE SUCCEEDS BETTER THAN HE PLANS!... FOR THE LEADER OF THE MERRY MEN CANNOT REFUSE THE PLEAS AND TEARS OF A LADY IN DISTRESS! AND, ALL UNKNOWING OF THE TREACHERY HE IS TO MEET, THE LORD OF SHERWOOD FOREST GOES GLADLY AND WILLINGLY TO THE TRAP AT GLAMORE CASTLE!



MOCKING LAUGHTER RINGS OUT IN THE GREAT HALL OF GLAMORE CASTLE AS MORLA LE FEY TAUNTS SIR GUI—

A FORESTER NAMED ROBIN HOOD PLAYS YOU AND YOUR MEN FOR FOOLS! HA! HA! YOU MUST BE SERVED BY SIMPLETONS!

HE'S A CLEVER MAN!



THERE'S A BAG OF GOLD. TAKE IT AND BRING ME ROBIN HOOD, IF YOU'RE SO SMART! IT'S EASY TO LAUGH!

I'LL HAVE ROBIN HOOD IN YOUR HANDS BY ONE HOUR AFTER MID-NIGHT, TOMORROW!



NEXT DAY, AS ROBIN HOOD HUNTS IN SHERWOOD FOREST...



A WEeping WOMAN!
NOW WHAT CAN SHE FIND
TO CRY ABOUT ON SUCH
A SUNNY DAY?



I WEEP BECAUSE SIR
GUI HAS MADE MY
BROTHER A PRISONER.
HE INTENDS TO
EXECUTE HIM.

SIR GUI IS
TRULY AN EVIL
MAN!

I BRIBED A GUARD TO LET
ME INTO GLAMORE CASTLE TO-
NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT—BUT NOW
MY HORSE BOLTED AND LEFT
ME HERE ON FOOT. THE GUARD
WAS TO HELP ME FREE MY
BROTHER. I AM SO ALONE AND
HELPLESS... SOB!



YOU ARE ALONE
AND HELPLESS NO
LONGER. MY MERRY
MEN AND I CAN
HELP YOU!

YOU ARE
AS KIND AS
SIR GUI IS
EVIL!

AT THE CAMP OF THE MERRY
MEN IN SHERWOOD FOREST—



TWO HORSES...
YOU WILL MOUNT ONE
AND I THE OTHER,
FOR I'LL COME MYSELF
TO HELP YOU!

BEFORE HE SWINGS INTO THE SADDLE,
ROBIN HOOD CALLS ASIDE LITTLE JOHN AND
SPEAKS WITH HIM—

THEN THEY TAKE THE FOREST TRAIL TOWARD GLAMORE CASTLE!



THERE'S AN ERRAND
YOU CAN DO FOR ME,
LITTLE JOHN. STEP
ASIDE WITH ME WHILE
I WHISPER IN YOUR EAR...



THE FOOL! HIS
MERRY MEN HAVE
SEEN THE LAST OF
ROBIN HOOD!

AT MIDNIGHT, CLOSE BY THE POSTERN GATE OF GLAMORE CASTLE...



AH, MILADY! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



THIS WAY, PLEASE. EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS!

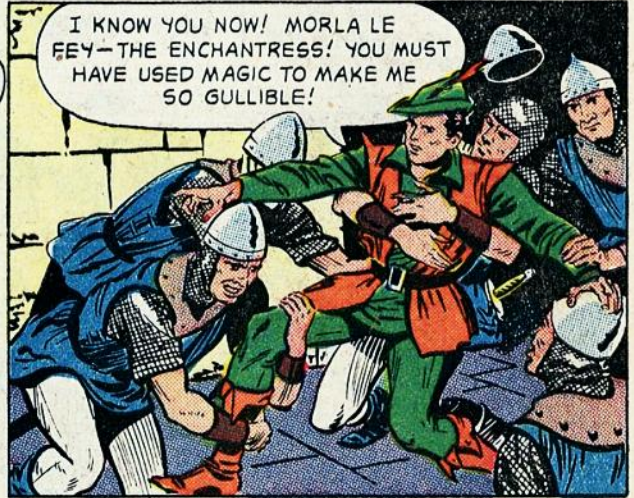
SUDDENLY, FROM AN ANGLING CORRIDOR...



MILADY! WE'VE MET WITH TREACHERY!



NOT I, BUT YOU HAVE MET WITH TREACHERY, ROBIN HOOD! I LURED YOU HERE—FOR A BAG OF GOLD!



I KNOW YOU NOW! MORLA LE FEY—THE ENCHANTRESS! YOU MUST HAVE USED MAGIC TO MAKE ME SO GULLIBLE!



BUT I'LL GET AWAY! I WILL! SIR GUI WILL NEVER CAPTURE ME!

THE ODDS, HOWEVER, ARE TWO GREAT EVEN FOR ROBIN'S POWERFUL MUSCLES. HE STUMBLES AND GOES DOWN—



YOU ARE ALREADY CAPTURED, ROBIN HOOD! AND TOMORROW YOU GO TO MY HIGHEST GIBBET!

ROBIN HOOD IS LED DOWN INTO THE DEEPEST DUNGEON—

NO MAN HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM HERE. YOU'LL BE SAFE UNTIL HIGH NOON TOMORROW.



HEAVY FOOTFALLS SOUND IN THE CASTLE CELLAR. LOOKING UP, ROBIN SEES...

THAT'S SIR GUI'S EXECUTIONER! YOU'LL MEET HIM TOMORROW AT NOONDAY, OFFICIALLY!



SILENCE FALLS OVER GLAMORE CASTLE. AND THEN, AN HOUR AFTER THE TORCH HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM ROBIN HOOD'S DUNGEON, A HAND IS THRUST THROUGH A CASTLE WINDOW--

FLY TRUE AND FAST, LITTLE DOVE!



SOON THE HOMING PIGEON IS WINGING ITS WAY ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY--



NEXT MORNING AT DAWN, THE HERALDS TRAVEL THROUGHOUT THE CASTLE...

THE FAMOUS ROBIN HOOD WILL BE HUNG ON THE GIBBET AT NOON! SIR GUI COMMANDS ALL TO BE PRESENT!



SOME MINUTES BEFORE NOON--

SO SOON?



HE IS BROUGHT TO THE GREAT CASTLE COURTYARD WHERE A GALLIWS HAS BEEN ERECTED--

THIS SEEMS A TIGHT VISE I'VE CAUGHT MYSELF IN!



THE EXECUTIONER WAITS--



THE SHADOWS LIE ACROSS ROBIN HOOD'S PATH--



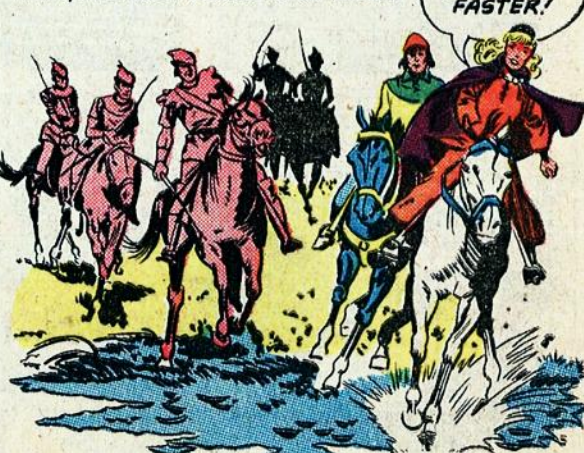
MEANWHILE, AS THE FIRST RED RAYS OF DAWN PENETRATE SHERWOOD FOREST--



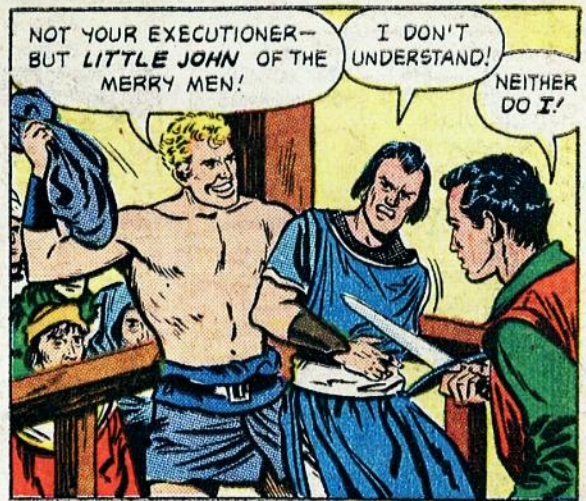
THE MERRY MEN RIDE AT THE GALLOP FROM THEIR FOREST HAUNTS...



BUT GLAMORE CASTLE IS FAR AWAY, AND NOON IS CLOSE UPON THEM...



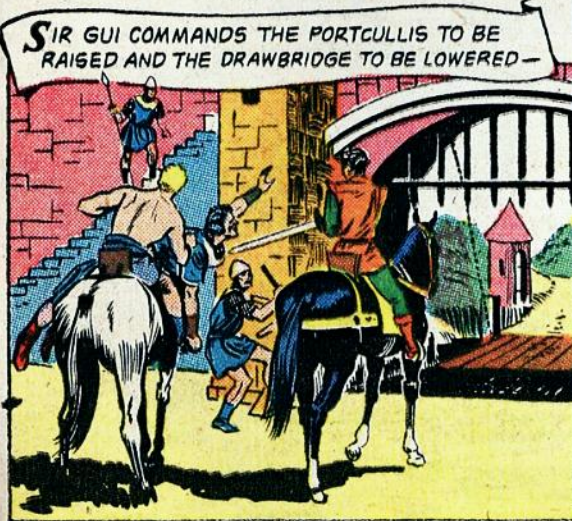
ON THE GALLOWS PLATFORM IN GLAMORE CASTLE—



BACK IN SHERWOOD FOREST, YOU ASKED ME TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP THAT GIRL'S BROTHER. WHEN I CAME HERE, THE EASIEST WAY TO SAVE HIM SEEMED TO BE FOR ME TO BECOME THE EXECUTIONER. I DID—AND SINCE THE EXECUTIONER WEARS A MASK, AND IS CONFINED TO HIS BED WITH A BATTERED NOGGIN—HERE I AM!



SIR GUI IS QUICKLY OVERCOME BY THE RUSH OF THE TWO BRAVNY FORESTERS—



HALF A MILE FROM THE CASTLE, ROBIN HOOD COMES UPON HIS MERRY MEN. SIR GUI IS RELEASED, TO REFLECT ON THE FACT THAT HE HAS LOST ROBIN HOOD AGAIN—AS WELL AS A BIG BAG OF FINE GOLD!





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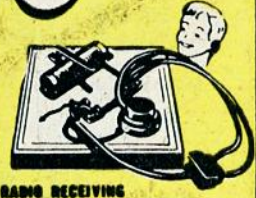
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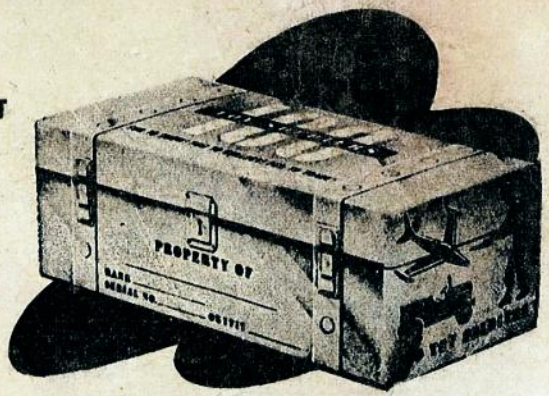
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Name

Address

City State

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