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THE ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON



BEFORE THE SETTLERS MOVED INTO THE FAR WEST . . . BEFORE THE RANCHERS AND FARMERS, THE TOWNS AND RAILROADS . . . CAME THE MEN OF THE TRAIL, THE WILDERNESS MEN WHO BRUSHED SLEEVES WITH DEATH A DOZEN TIMES A DAY AND TAMED THE WESTERN WOODS! THEIR TRAGEDY WAS THAT IN OPENING THE LAND TO THE SETTLERS, THEY DESTROYED THE LIFE THEY LOVED BEST . . . THE SOLITARY GRANDEUR OF THE RUBBED FORESTS! THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF THE FOREMOST OF ALL THESE GIANTS OF OUR PAST HISTORY

KIT CARSON WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1804, IN A LITTLE LOG CABIN IN KENTUCKY.



HE'S A LITTLE RUNT OF A LAD. WE'LL GIVE HIM A LONG NAME TO GROW INTO. RECKON WE'LL CALL HIM CHRISTOPHER.



WHEN HE WAS ONE YEAR OLD, KIT'S FAMILY MOVED FARTHER WEST, TO THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS IN HOWARD COUNTY, MISSOURI. AS THE YEARS WENT BY

HE'S GETTING OLDER, BUT NOT MUCH BIGGER. I THINK WE'D BETTER SHORTEN HIS NAME TO 'KIT' SO'S IT'LL FIT HIM BETTER.



KIT IS WHAT HIS FATHER CALLED HIM BUT MOST PEOPLE, INCLUDING HIS BROTHERS, PREFERRED 'RUNT'.

HI, THERE... RUNT!

I'LL SHOW THEM! MAYBE I'M NOT AS TALL AS THEY ARE... BUT I'LL BE BRAVER THAN ANY ONE OF THEM AND I'LL DO MORE, TOO!



ANGER BLAZED IN KIT'S HEART WHEN HE HEARD THE HATED NICKNAME. HE'S TALKED THE WILDERNESS ALONE, HIS FATHER'S MUSKET IN HIS HAND, EAGER TO PROVE HE WAS A MAN.

I HOPE AN INJUN TRIES TO SCALP ME! I'LL SHOOT HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO SHOW 'EM THAT I'M BETTER THAN THEY ARE!



BEAR BEEN HERE THREE-FOUR HOURS AGO, FISHIN' MUST BE GOOD, BECAUSE HE TRIED IT, ACCORDIN' TO THE MARKS ON THE BANK



KIT CONSTANTLY PRACTICED LOADING AND FIRING HIS FATHER'S MUSKET, AND BEFORE HE WAS EIGHT

WHEN? TOOK HIM LESS THAN HALF A MINUTE TO LOAD AN' FIRE THAT SHOT! MOST GROWN MEN THINK THEY'RE GOOD IF THEY CAN DO IT IN A MINUTE!



WHEN KIT WAS NINE, HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY A FALLING TREE. HE WAS NO LONGER FREE TO ROAM THE FOREST HE HAD TO HELP OUT ON THE FARM.



WHEN HE WASN'T WORKING ON THE FARM, HE STOOD GUARD WITH THE BIG MUSKET ON HIS SHOULDER

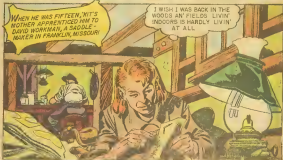
YOU CAN'T TELL WHEN INDIANS WILL RAID US. KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT FOR THEM WHILE WE WORK, RUN!

I WILL, I'AN GON'T CALL ME RUNT! MY PROPER NAME IS KIT!



WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN, KIT'S MOTHER APPRENTICED HIM TO DAVID WORKMAN, A SADDLE-MAKER IN FRANKLIN, MISSOURI

I WISH I WAS BACK IN THE WOODS AN' FIELDS. LIVIN' INDOORS IS HARDLY LIVIN' AT ALL



KIT OFTEN DREAMED OF HIS EARLIER LIFE AS HE SAT AT HIS WORK BENCH FOR TWELVE HOURS A DAY



MANY THINGS REMINDED HIM OF HIS DREAM, FOR CARAVANS BOUND FOR THE MYSTERIOUS, UNEXPLORED WEST ALWAYS MADE FRANKLIN A STOPOVER



“YE’VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF THE COUNTRY? VIRGIN WILDERNESS LAND NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER SEEN!”

MOST OF ALL, KIT ADMIRED AND ENVIED THE FAMED MOUNTAIN MEN GIANTS OF THE WILDERNESS TRAIL WHO SPENT TEN MONTHS OF THE YEAR IN THE WOODS TRAPPING BEAVER. HE WAS FASCINATED BY THEIR STORIES...

“GAME AND FISH SO THICK YOU CAN CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SHOOT, KNOWING YOU’RE GOING TO HIT SOMETHING?”

“YEP! IT’S PERFECT! OF COURSE, THE BAJINS DON’T LIKE US SO MUCH, BUT FIGHTIN’ REDSKINS IN THE MOUNTAIN PASSES JUST BREAKS THE MONOTONY.”



KIT’S HEART BEAT HEAVILY AND SADLY AS HE WATCHED THE CARAVANS WINDING WESTWARD

“I’D GIVE ANYTHING IF I COULD JOIN UP WITH THEM MOUNTAIN MEN”



THE DUST AND LONELINESS AND THE SMELL OF LEATHER FINALLY PROVED TOO MUCH FOR KIT. ONE NIGHT, WHILE HIS MASTER WAS ASLEEP...

“THERE’S A CARAVAN CAMPED OUTSIDE THE BIG WOOD TONIGHT. MAYBE THEY’LL LET ME JOIN UP WITH THEM”





THE NEXT MORNING

IF THAT KID GETS TO THE WOODS, YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIM. HE KNOWS HIS WAY IN THE BACK COUNTRY.



MEANWHILE, KIT REACHED THE CARAVAN.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHO IS THE LEADER OF THIS CARAVAN, SIR?

THERE HE BE CAP'N BENT!



I'D LIKE SOME KIND OF WORK WITH YOUR CARAVAN, SIR.

YOU? THAT'S MEN'S WORK, SONNY. SHE MEN'S WORK!



KIT PLEADED INSISTENTLY HE THEN GAVE CAPTAIN BENT A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS SKILL WITH THE MUSKET.

HMM! THAT'S FASTER AN' STRAIGHTER THAN I'VE SEEN MOST MEN SHOOT! CHANGES ARE WE'LL NEED ALL THE FIGHTIN' MEN WE CAN USE! I'LL TAKE YOU ON, BOY!



BENT'S CARAVAN WAS TRANSPORTING CATTLE FOR FOOD TO A GOVERNMENT FORT IN THE FAR WEST.

THESE CATTLE, THEY FOLLOW THE CARAVAN AND WE KEEP THEM FROM STRAYING.

KIT RECEIVED EXPERT INSTRUCTION IN THE TOOLS OF THE GUNBOY'S TRADE.

THIS IS HOW YOU USE THE LASSO WHEN YOU WISH TO STOP A RUNAWAY COW.

LOOK, JANN, YOU MISSED AND YET HE STOOD STILL AS SOON AS THE ROPE TOUCHED HIM!



YES, HE KNOWS WHAT THE ROPE IS, AND HE IS AFRAID AS SOON AS IT TOUCHES HIM. HE REMEMBERS AND STOPS, EVEN THOUGH YOU DO NOT CATCH HIM. NOW, YOU MUST REMEMBER TO HOLD THE LOOP LIKE THIS.



KIT LEARNED OTHER THINGS, TOO... THE USE OF THE DEADLY BULLWHIP, EMPLOYED BY THE DRIVERS OF THE GOAT-DRAGG WAGGONS.

COULD YOU TEACH ME TO USE THE WHIP?

SURE, SON. THE IMPORTANT THING IS NOT TO HIT THE OREN, JUST THE FLICK OF THE TIP AN INCH ABOVE HIS HIDE TEACHES HIM WHO IS MASTER.



AT CLOSE RANGE, THERE'S NO DEADLIER WEAPON IN THE WORLD BUT YOU'LL NEED LOTS OF PRACTICE TO GET THIS GOOD!

YOU DO THAT AGAIN, BROADWID, AN I'LL SKIN YUH ALIVE!



SOON, KIT'S SKILL WITH THE BULLWHIP ENABLED HIM TO USE IT IN GUIDING THE GATTLE WITH EFFORTLESS EASE.

THAT LAD'S RIGHT SMART. HE'S BETTER AT THE JOB THAN JANN. AND HE'S ONLY BEEN WITH US A FEW WEEKS.



KIT CARSON

AS THE CARAVAN WOUND WESTWARD, VICIOUS TIMBER WOLVES FOLLOWED CLOSE BY, EAGER TO SNATCH ANY STRAY CATTLE.



KEEP YOUR GUNS HANDY SO YOU CAN SHOOT 'EM SOON AS YOU SEE 'EM!

ONE DAY BROADUS SPOTTED A WOLF IN THE NEARBY BRUSH AND LEAPED FROM HIS SEAT, EAGER WITH EXCITEMENT.



JUST WATCH MY SMOKE! I'LL GET HIM BEFORE ANYONE ELSE!

THAT DAY, KIT WAS TO LEARN THE MEANING OF CAUTION. HE WAS TO LEARN THAT IN THE WILDERNESS, A MAN LIVES OR DIES BY HIS OWN WITS AND WISDOM.

AS BROADUS SNATCHED FOR HIS GUN . . .



MY ARM!

YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO GRAB A GUN BY THE STOCK?



IF YE WANT TO LIVE, YE'LL LET US CUT THAT ARM OFF NOW!

NO! I . . . I WON'T LET YOU!

HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW. IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, SANSRENE WILL SET IN AND THERE WON'T BE A THING WE CAN DO. A MAN HAS TO BE CAREFUL IF HE WANTS TO LIVE IN THIS WILDERNESS!



DAYS LATER, AS SANSRENE SET IN, BROADUS MOANED DELIRIOUSLY . . .



A WOLF SEE HIM? BIG AS A BARN WITH ORANGE EYES!

SURE, I SEE HIM. JUST REST EASY, MR BROADUS.

I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND WATCH HIM DIE. WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ANYTHING!



PLEASE, AMPUTATE IT IT'S BURNING LIKE FIRE

WHY DON'T YOU DO AS HE ASKS?

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD, NOW IT'S HOPELESS



WELL, IF YOU WON'T, I'LL TRY! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN JUST LETTING HIM DIE! ANY OF YOU WILLING TO HELP ME?

YOU'VE SHAMMED US, LAD YOU'RE RIGHT I'LL DO IT I NEED A FEW MEN TO HOLD HIM DOWN WHILE I WORK



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, BROGARDUS MADE A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY AS KIT NURSED HIM.

I OWE YOU MY LIFE, LAD I WANT YOU TO KNOW I THINK YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN ANY OF THEM!



KIT WAS DAMAGED WHEN HE WENT BACK TO HELP JUAN WITH THE GATTLE IN THE FEW WEEKS THAT HAD PASSED, HE HAD BECOME A MAN.

A MAN HAS TO RELY ON HIMSELF, AND HE MUST LEARN TO ACT FOR HIMSELF BUT ACTING ISN'T ENOUGH, THINKING IS JUST AS IMPORTANT



A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE CARRIEN PENETRATED DEEP INTO PRARIE COUNTRY.

BUFFALO! GET YOUR BUNS, MEN! TONIGHT, WE EAT LIKE KINGS!



KIT CARSON

**BUFFALO OF THE RICHEST,
SWEETEST MEAT IN ALL
THE WORLD...**

GRAB YOUR GUN AND GET
YOURSELF A STEAK, KIT! SOME
MEN SPEND THEIR LIVES ON
THE PRAISE JUST FOR THE
TASTE OF BUFFALO MEAT!



SHOOT THE COWS, NOT
THE BULLS. GET 'EM
BETWEEN THE EYES OR
BEHIND THE SHOULDER!
SKIN'S TOO TUGH ELSE-
WHERE!



**KIT RODE FORWARD, THE DRUM-
MING THUNDER OF A HUNDRED
HOoves IN HIS EARS, HIS BLOOD
POUNDING WITH THE THRILL OF
THE CHASE! AND THEN...**

I'VE LET THEM HERD ME IN!
ONE LITTLE SLIP AND I'LL BE
CRUSHED TO A PULP
BENEATH THEM!



**CAREFULLY PACING HIS HORSE TO THE SPEED
OF THE BUFFALO, KIT MANAGED TO KEEP IN
PERFECT STRIDE WITH THEM...**

THEY'RE CIRCLING AROUND
ME NOW I CAN SHOOT!



**THAT NIGHT, AT THE CAMPFIRE, KIT WAS GIVEN
THE "BOSS" OR HUMP OF THE BUFFALO HE HAD
KILLED. THE GREATEST OF DELICACIES.**

EAT AS MUCH AS YOU
WANT. I ONCE DOWNED
FORTY POUNDS AT ONE
SITTING. BUFFALO MEAT
JUST CAN'T GET YOU SICK.



MONTHS LATER, THE GARRAM REACHED TAGS, NEW MEXICO, THE END OF THE TRAIL.

HERE'S YOUR PAY, SON. YOU'VE EARNED IT! YOUR BLANKET, YOUR TIN COOKING CUP AND AS MANY SILVER DOLLARS AS IT CAN HOLD. NOW YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO? WORK YOUR WAY BACK ON ANOTHER CARRAMAN?

NO, CAPT'N BENT I AM TO BE A MOUNTAIN MAN AND TRAP SEWER IN THE ROCKIES!



HO-HO! THAT'S RICH, LAD! MOUNTAIN MEN ARE THE TOUGHEST, BIGGEST LOS' THIS SIDE OF THE MOON! MESS' WHEN YOU CAN OUT-WRESTLE A GRIZZLY AN' OUTFIGHT A MOUNTAIN LION. THEY'LL LET YOU JOIN UP BUT YOU'LL NEED LOTS OF SEASONING TILL THEN.



KIT DETERMINED TO STAY IN TAGS AND SHARED AN ADIRRE HUT WITH KINGDAI, ONE OF THE MEN FROM THE GARRAM.

YOU HAVE TO MINE A NAME FOR YOURSELF, SON, BEFORE THE MOUNTAIN MEN TAKE YOU ON A PARTY.

I WILL, I'LL I WANT IS A CHANCE!



BUT KIT DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE AND IN THE SPRING, KINGDAI DIED, LEAVING KIT FRIENDLESS AND FEELLESS.

I HAVE TO GET SOME KIND OF WORK IF I WANT TO LIVE. I HEAR THE MOUNTAIN MEN HAVE COME DOWN FROM THEIR HIDEOUTS IN GREEN RIVER. MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE.



THEY LOOK SO BIG AND STRONG AND SURE OF THEMSELVES. I WONDER, WELL, THEY LAUGH AT ME? WELL, I'LL NEVER FIND OUT IF I DON'T TRY.



HO-HO! NOT EVEN A MOUTHFUL FOR A GRIZZLY / SO BACK TO YOUR MOTHER, BUNNY! WE NEED MEAT IN THE MOUNTAINS!



DISHEARTENED, POWLESS, KIT JOINED A CARAVAN RETURNING TO THE EAST THEY TRAVELED BY WAY OF THE GIMARRON DESERT, NINETY MILES OF BLISTERING, DRY-THROATED ADRY

SMALL WONDER THEY CALL THIS THE JORNADO DEL MUERTO, THE JOURNEY OF DEATH!



THANK HEAVENS THAT PART OF THE TRIP IS OVER. MY SKIN AND THROAT FEEL LIKE LEATHER!

THERE'S ANOTHER CARAVAN BOUND WESTWARD I DON'T ENVY THEM THE NEXT NINETY MILES!



YET, KIT LOOKED AT THE WEST-BOUND CARAVAN WITH ENVY. . .

EVEN THOUGH I STAYED, I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT. THE WEST IS THE LAND FOR ME THE LAND OF LOVELY WOODS AND ADVENTURE



THE LURE WAS SO STRONG THAT KIT LEFT HIS OWN CARAVAN AND JOINED THE OTHER, MAKING THE DRYAD JOURNEY OF DEATH ONCE AGAIN WHEN HE RETURNED TO TAGS

I RECKON YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, LAD. JOBS ARE MIGHTY SCARCE HERE, BUT I COULD USE A GOOD COOK, AND IF YOU'RE WILLING TO LEARN . . .



YES, SIR! I'LL DO ANY-THING!

IN THE NEXT TWO YEARS, KIT WORKED AS COOK, COMMAND AND CARAVAN MEN HE LEARNED ALL THE DIALECTS OF ALL THE INDIAN TONGUES, FOR TAGS WAS THE CENTER OF TRADE IN THE FAR WEST. ALWAYS, THOUGH, HE DREAMED HIS DREAM

ONE OF THESE DAYS, THE MOUNTAIN MEN WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE AND I'LL SHOW THEM I BELONG WITH THEM



CLASSICS Illustrated

IN THE FALL OF 1825, A BAND OF MOUNTAIN MEN CAME TO EWING YOUNG'S INN, HOWLING MAD

WE HAVEN'T A BEAVER PLEW¹ TO SHOW FOR THE YEAR'S WORK! APACHES RAIDED OUR CACHE, KILLED OUR HORSES, STOLE OUR TRAPS. NOW WE AIM TO GET EVEN! KNOW ANY MEN WANT TO JOIN US, EWING?

I WILL!

I SAID MEY, YOUNGSTER!

DON'T LET HIS SIZE FOOLE YOU, BANNING! I CAN VOUCH FOR KIT!



1825



YOUNG'S WORD WAS RESPECTED AND KIT WAS SIGNED UP AS ONE OF THE GROUP

YOUR EQUIPMENT COMES FREE, KIT. A MULE, A KNIFE AND SOME CORN-NEAL FOR THE REST. WE LIVE OFF THE LAND AS WE TRAVEL. TAKE YOUR OWN GUN.

YES, SIR!

KIT'S HEART SINGS WITH JOY ALONGSIDE THE TOWERING MOUNTAIN MEN ONE EVENING

APACHES UP AHEAD! YOU TAKE HALF THE MEN AND HIDE IN THE WOODS HERE, AND I'LL GO ON WITH THE OTHERS.



WHEN THEM APACHES SEE THEY OUTNUMBER US FIVE TO ONE, THEY'LL ATTACK! WE'LL FALL BACK HERE, THEN YOU GIVE IT TO 'EM!





KIT FOUGHT LIKE A FIRELESS DEMON WHEN THE INDIANS MARCHED, LEAVING THEIR DEAD BEHIND . . .

YOU SPOKE THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS LITTLE FELLOW, EWING! WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS THE THICKEST, THAT'S WHERE HE WAS!



DRIVE THIS TACK INTO YOUR GUN, KIT. THAT'S THE WAY WE KEEP COUNT - A BRASS TACK FOR EVERY REDSKIN WE GET!



THAT EVENING, CHIEF YELLOW WOLF OF THE CHEYENNES, TRADITIONAL ENEMIES OF THE APACHES, VISITED THE CAMP.

I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR COURAGE, LITTLE WARRIOR. I GIVE YOU NOW INDIAN NAME, KIT'HOH-NIS WHICH MEANS IN OUR TONGUE, LITTLE CHIEF!



THE NAME REMAINED WITH KIT ALL THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

YOUNG AND HIS MEN DECIDED TO SPEND THE SPRING TRAPPING AT SALT CREEK AND KIT WAS MADE PART OF THE PARTY.

YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF, KIT. NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CALL YOURSELF A MOUNTAIN MAN AT LAST. YOU'LL BE DOING A MOUNTAIN MAN'S WORK TRAPPING BEAVER IN HOSTILE, RED MAN'S COUNTRY!



KIT LEARNED A LOT THAT SPRING: WHERE TO SET HIS TRAPS, HOW TO HIDE THE MAN-SCENT FROM THE WILY BEAVER, HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE BEAVER SLIDES AND CHAINED WOOD THAT TOLD THE TRAPPER THE SECRET HIDING PLACES OF HIS QUARRY.

THIS WATER'S MOSTLY MELTED SNOW FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOPS. IF WE APPROACHED BY LAND, THE BEAVER WOULD GET OUR SCENT.

A LITTLE COLD WATER CAN'T BOTHER A MAN.



WHEN THE SEASON ENDED

I'M SENDING HALF YOU MEN BACK TO TADS WITH THE FURS. THE REST OF US WILL DO SOME MORE TRAPPING.

HE'LL KEEP ONLY THE BEST MEN WITH HIM THAT MEANS I'LL GO BACK.



HOWEVER

YOU'LL COME ALONG, KIT, AS SECOND IN CHARGE. I NEED A MAN I CAN RELY ON, AND YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF!

WHAT? ME... A LEADER OF MOUNTAIN MEN?



THAT LAD HASN'T AN OUNCE OF FEAR. YET, HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING WITHOUT THINKING IT THROUGH CAREFULLY. ONE DAY, HE'LL BE THE GREATEST MOUNTAIN MAN OF ALL.



I AM TO TRY SOME OF THOSE HIGH CALIFORNIA STREAMS. NO MOUNTAIN MAN'S BEEN THERE BEFORE. THE PICKING SHOULD BE GOOD.

THAT MEANS CROSSING THE ARIZONA DESERT. TEN TIMES MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE JOURNEY OF DEATH ACROSS THE GIMARRON.



A FEW DAYS OUT IN THE DESERT, WITH MANY MORE TO GO, STARK TRAGEDY STRUCK THE PARTY.

THE GUYS SPOILED ALL THE MEAT, EWING, AND WE HAVEN'T A DROP OF WATER!

HMMM. WE CAN GET ENOUGH TO WET OUR TONGUES BY SQUEEZING THE MOISTURE OUT OF CACTUS PLANTS.



AND AS FOR FOOD... WELL, I GUESS WE CAN LIVE ON HOPE FOR A FEW DAYS!



CLASSICS Illustrated

FINALLY THE THIRSTED, HALF-STARVED GROUP MET A BAND OF INDIANS AT A WATER HOLE

YES WE SELL DRIED BUFFALO MEAT

WE EAT AGAIN, BOYS AND WITH WATER APLNTY, WE'RE SET TO GO ON!



Friendly Indians

DAYS LATER, HIGH ABOVE THE GRAND CANYON, THE PARTY FOLLOWED A TRAIL, BLAZED BY SPANISH EXPLORERS IN 1540 AND UNUSUED BY WHITE MEN SINCE . . .

HOW DO YOU KNOW SOUTH IS IN THAT DIRECTION, KIT?

I KNOW THE WOODS, DURING THE LEAVES ARE GREENER ON THATSIDE OF THE TREE, WHICH MEANS THEY GET MORE SUNLIGHT IT MUST BE SOUTH!



AFTER SUCCESSFULLY TRAPPING THE SAN FRANCISCO STREAMS, THE MEN TOOK ANOTHER ROUTE HOME. ON THE WAY, THEY STOPPED AT A MISSION, WHERE . . .

YOU SPEAK SPANISH, KIT, WHAT DID HE SAY?

HE SAID INDIANS KIDNAPPED SOME OF THE REDSKINS FROM THE MISSION WANTS US TO GET THEM BACK



HMMM . . . MIGHT HELP US WITH THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT IF WE DID THEM A FAVOR. TAKE EIGHT MEN AND FIND THEM INDIANS, KIT.



KIT FOLLOWED THE INDIAN TRAIL FOR EIGHTY MILES, THEN

THEY OUTNUMBER US TEN TO ONE. WHAT'LL WE DO, KIT?

SINCE THEY DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT TO DO, WE'LL ATTACK! INDIANS FIGHT LIKE DOGS. RUN AWAY AND THEY CHASE YOU, CHASE THEM AND THEY TURN ON!



LEADING HIS HANDFUL OF MEN, KIT DASHED STRAIGHT AT THE STUNNED INDIANS!



HERE ARE THE ONDS WE WANT TO GET BACK, BOYS! LET THE OTHERS GO! THEY'VE LEARNED THEIR LESSON!



KIT HAD PROVEN HIMSELF A LEADER OF MEN IN BATTLE, AS WELL AS ON THE TRAIL. WHEN HE RETURNED

RECKON YOU DID SO WELL, I'LL HAVE TO SEND YOU OUT AGAIN, KIT. WHILE YOU WERE GONE, INDIANS STOLE EVERY ONE OF OUR HORSES. IF YOU DON'T GET THEM BACK, WE'LL BE STUCK HERE FOR A YEAR!

THE INDIANS HAD A THREE DAY START, BUT WITHIN A WEEK, KIT FOUND THEM.

A HUNDRED MILES - AND THEY USED EVERY INDIAN TRICK TO HIDE THEIR TRAIL! HOW DID YOU DO IT, KIT?

ISN'T HARD, ONCE A MAN LEARNS TO READ THE MARKS ALL AROUND HIM AND USES HIS HEAD.



LUCKY THEY'VE HAD A CHANCE TO SLAUGHTER ONLY A COUPLE OF THE HORSES. WHEN I BREAK THROUGH THE BRUSH, FOLLOW ME!



THEY'RE NOT EVEN FIGHTING BACK! TOO SCARED AND SURPRISED, I GUESS



KIT CAPTURED ALMOST ALL THE HORSES AND ADDED FOUR MORE BRASS TACKS TO HIS HORLE BUTT.

GUESS THERE ISN'T MUCH YOU CAN'T DO, KIT. YOU MAY NOT GROW ANOTHER INCH, BUT I RECKON YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST MEN IN THE WEST.



MONTHS LATER, KIT RETURNED TO TASS, HIS POCKET'S OVERFLOWING WITH SILVER FROM HIS SHARE OF THE BEAVER SKINS... BUT LIKE MOST MOUNTAIN MEN, WHOSE HABITS HE'D ALREADY PICKED UP...

SPENT IT ALL IN TWO WEEKS, EH, KIT?

RECKON SO MONEY DOESN'T MEAN MUCH TO ME. IT'S THE TRAIL I LIKE!



WELL, YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO FOLLOW IT AGAIN, KIT. MY OLD FRIEND, BROKEN-HAND FITZPATRICK, IS LOOKING FOR MEN.



I KNOW MOUNTAIN MEN LIKE TO DRAG, BUT MY FRIEND EWING TELLS THE TRUTH ONCE IN A WHILE. IF HALF WHAT HE TOLD ME ABOUT YOU IS TRUE, YOU'RE MY MAN!



KIT WAS NOW A FULL-FLEDGED MOUNTAIN MAN, SETTING OFF ON THE TRIAL-TO-LIVE TEN MONTHS OUT OF THE BEAR IN THE WILDERNESS WITH HIS PARTNER, BIG JIM BRADDER.

WE HAVE TO MAKE THIS LEAN-TO SNUG, KIT! IN A FEW MONTHS, THE SNOW'LL BE OVER YOUR HEAD UP HERE!



THEIR TRAPS SET, KIT AND JIM HUNTED FOR THEIR DAILY DINNERS.

NICE SHOT, KIT! WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH IN THE PANTRY FOR A MONTH NOW!



ON THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS, THE MEN SAT NEAR A CAMPFIRE, SPINNING TALL YARN OF THEIR EXPERIENCES IN THE WILDERNESS. ABOUT THE STREAM THAT RUSHED SO FAST THAT ITS WATERS BOILED THE FISH AT THE END OF A WATERFALL; ABOUT THE GIANTS NEAR SALT LAKE, ABOUT THE FOOT-LONG MOSQUITOES.



THE LONG WINTER OVER, THE TRAPPERS MET AT THE GREEN RIVER RENDEZVOUS AND SOLD THEIR FURS...

INDIANS RAIDED US SIX TIMES THIS WINTER JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE IT INTERESTING

YOUR BRAGGON WON'T IMPRESS HIM, TOM. SET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS AND THIS YOUNG 'UN HAS YOU BEAT HOLLOW!



AFTER A FEW WEEKS IN CIVILIZATION, KIT SIGNED UP FOR ANOTHER YEAR IN THE WOODS, AS HEAD OF A PARTY OF TWELVE TRAPPERS...

YOU'RE GOING INTO PLAINS INDIAN COUNTRY. 'THE KIOWAS' AND COMANCHES' LAND. THEY'RE THE FIERCEST FIGHTERS OF ALL.

CAN'T BLAME 'EM MUCH, SINCE IT'S BEEN THEIR LAND FOR CENTURIES. BUT THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!



KIT'S PARTY DID WELL, BUT ONE MORNING, AS THEY AWOK...

ALL OUR HORSES ARE GONE, KIT? MUST HAVE BEEN COMANCHES LAST NIGHT

WE HAVE TO GET THEM BACK! WITHOUT A HORSE, A MAN WILL NEVER GET OUT OF THESE MOUNTAINS! LET'S SET AFTER THEM!



HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS BEFORE WE GET TO 'EM, KIT?

TRAIL'S GETTING NERVOUS. ANOTHER TEN MILES AND WE SHOULD SEE THEM

AND IF WE DON'T, WE MIGHT AS WELL CASH OUR CHIPS TONIGHT!



AFTER PLODDING THROUGH THE SHOULDER-HIGH SNOW FOR TWO DAYS,

KIT ALREADY HAD A PLAN, FOR HIS KEEN MIND CUT THROUGH PROBLEMS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED AND SHARPNESS.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET THE HORSES. THEN WE'LL TEACH THOSE REDSKINS A LESSON. WAIT TILL DARK, WHEN THEIR CAMPFIRES ARE COVERED FOR THE NIGHT. THEN WE'LL TRY TO FREE THE HORSES WITHOUT LETTING THEM KNOW WE'RE HERE.

THESE SNOWBALLS'LL START THE HORSES RUNNING. THE DEEP SNOW WILL CUSHION THEIR STEPS SO THE INDIANS WON'T HEAR 'EM.

HOW CAN WE DO THAT, KIT?



EVANS, YOU AND JIM AND BRAGG GO AFTER THE HORSES AND WAIT FOR US AT THE FORD. THE REST OF US WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REDSKINS.



YOU'LL NEED THESE SLUGS IN THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS?

KIT'S GRIM FACE WAS ALREADY WELL KNOWN TO ALL THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES AND AS SOON AS THEY SAW HIM . . .



ALREADY IT IS THE LITTLE CHIEF!



SAFELY BACK AT CAMP, KIT DECIDED TO LEAD HIS TRAPPERS TO ANOTHER STREAM, A HUNDRED MILES TO THE NORTH . . .



WE'LL HIDE THE FURS HERE AND PICK THEM UP WHEN WE RETURN. START DIGGING, BOYS

THE HOLE THEY DUG WAS BOTTLE SHAPED, NARROW AT TOP, BROAD AND WIDE AS IT WENT DEEPER, AFTER THE FURS WERE STORED . . .

STAMP THE TURF BACK ON SO NO ONE WILL SUSPECT WE'VE DUG THERE. WE HAVE A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SKINS UNDER THAT GRASS.



WEEKS LATER, MANY MILES TO THE NORTH . . .

THOMPSON AND MITCHELL ARE MISSING AND FOUR HORSES WITH THEM!

I'D BETTER SET STRAIGHT OUT AFTER THEM! I WAGER THEY'RE PLANNING TO DIG UP OUR SKINS!



KIT IMMEDIATELY SET OUT WITH TOM BECKWITH ON THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING MEN . . .

WE HAVE TO BE MIGHTY CAREFUL, TOM. THE BLACKFEET INDIANS ARE ON THE WARPAEN IN THIS PART OF THE WOODS, AND THEY'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN A COUPLE OF TRAPPERS' SCALPS!



Kit's SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT. THE CACHE HAD BEEN OPENED AND THE FURS TAKEN JUST AS KIT WAS PLANNING TO TRAIL THE TRAPERS



INDIANS, KIT! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER

SHOOT YOUR HORSE . . . QUICK!



Kit and Tom quickly barricaded themselves behind the fallen horses.

KEEP FIRING, TOM! THEIR ARROWS CAN'T GET US NOW!

While waiting for the Indians to regroup after the first attack, Kit and Tom frantically dug down and soon



They can't come too close! The smell of horse blood scares their mounts! We're safe as long as our ammunition lasts, Tom!

After nightfall . . .

TOM SLEASON HAS A CAMP TEN MILES FROM HERE. IF WE CAN GET PAST THEIR SENTRIES, WE'LL GET THROUGH FIRE!



AND GET THROUGH THEY DID.

By now, Kit's name was a byword amongst the trappers and Indians. His courage and ingenuity had won the respect of friend and foe alike.

THE INDIANS SAY HE "SPEAKS WITH A STRAIGHT TONGUE."

HE ALSO SHOOTS THE STRAIGHTEST BULLET THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES! YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST HIM TO KEEP HIS WORD AND HOLD UP HIS END OF A FIGHT!



Always tells the truth.

K IT NEVER RETRIEVED HIS STOLEN FURS, BUT AT THE GREEN RIVER RENDEZVOUS THAT YEAR, HE HAD MORE FURS TO SHOW THAN ANYONE ELSE...



HE'S THE YOUNGEST OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN, BUT HE'S THE BEST!

WHILE AT GREEN RIVER THAT YEAR, KIT HAD WHAT HE LATER DESCRIBED AS HIS "WORST DIFFICULT EXPERIENCE." HE WAS OUT HUNTING ONE DAY, WHEN...



DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYPLACE TO HIDE. I'D BETTER GET THEM BOTH, FAST!

THAT WON'T STOP HIM AND THERE'S NO TIME TO RELOAD! I'D BETTER FIND SOME FRIENDLY TERRITORY IN A HURRY!



NOT A TREE IN SIGHT, EXCEPT THAT SAPLING! DON'T EVEN KNOW IF IT'LL HOLD ME... BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!



HAVE TO GET UP HIGHER!



KIT CARSON

MISSED ME THAT TIME
BUT IF THEY START JUMPING,
I HAVEN'T A CHANCE I CAN'T
CLIMB ANY HIGHER!



HE'S GOING TO GET ME UNLESS... HMMM... THIS MIGHT HELP!



A BEAR'S NOSE IS HIS MOST SENSITIVE SPOT. LET'S SEE IF HE CAN TAKE THIS KIND OF TREATMENT!



EYES RED WITH PAIN AND FURY, THE MADDENED BEAR BEGAN DIGGING AT THE SHALLOW ROOTS OF THE TREE WITH FEROCIOUS CURIOUSNESS...

HE'LL TEAR THIS TREE UP BY ITS ROOTS IN SECONDS! RECKON I'M LICKED!



SUDDENLY, KIT'S KEEN EYE SPOTTED A MOVEMENT IN THE DISTANCE...

AN ELK BEHIND THOSE SHRUBS! IF I CAN GET HIM RUNNING, THOSE BEARS WILL TAKE RIGHT OFF AFTER IT!



THEY SEE HIM! NOW, BEARS, GO GET HIM!



THAT SURE WAS CLOSE!



KIT CARSON

LATER THAT YEAR, KIT WAS DRAPPING THE BIG SNAKE RIVER WHEN . . .

BLACKFEET STOLE EIGHTEEN OF OUR HORSES! ALL THE MEN WANT YOU TO LEAD A PARTY AND "GIVE THEM A TEACH", KIT!

ROUND UP THE MEN AND TELL 'EM I'M READY!

KIT TRACKED THE BLACKFEET RELENTLESSLY THROUGH DEEP SNOW. A FEW DAYS LATER . . .

HE WANTS A POW-WOW. HOLD MY GUN AN' I'LL MEET HIM HALFWAY!

THE CHIEF'S WORDS WERE HUMBLE, BUT SOMETHING IN HIS DARK EYES MADE KIT SUSPICIOUS WHEN THEY MET . . .

IF I HAD KNOWN THAT SUCH GREAT WARRIORS AS YOU AND YOUR MEN WOULD FOLLOW ME, I WOULD NEVER HAVE STOLEN THE HORSES. ALL I CAN DO IS GIVE THEM BACK.

THEY CUT- NUMBER US TEN TO ONE. I WONDER WHAT HIS GAME IS.

THE CHIEF SIGNALLED HIS MEN TO BRING OUT THE HORSES, AND . . .

THOSE BROKEN DOWN NAGS AREN'T OURS!

HA-HA! YOU WILL TAKE THEM OR AN ARROW THROUGH YOUR HEART!



THEY'RE TRYIN' TO MAKE FOOLS OF US, BOYS! POUR LEAD INTO 'EM!





BEFORE KIT HAD TIME TO RELOAD, ANOTHER INDIAN TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND



AS SOON AS KIT WAS WOUNDED, HIS MEN STOPPED FIGHTING AND RUSHED TO HIS AID.

NEVER MIND THE HORSES! LET'S GET KIT AND FALL BACK!

KIT'S MEN RETREATED BEHIND A GROVE WHERE THEY TREATED THE WOUNDED. FORTUNATELY, THE COLD HELPED TO STOP KIT'S BLEEDING AND NONE OF THE WOUNDS WERE SERIOUS. THE INDIANS SURROUNDED THEM AND BEAT ON TOM-TOMS ALL NIGHT SO THAT NONE OF THE WHITE MEN COULD GET ANY SLEEP.



AS SOON AS THE FIRE DIED OUT

WE'LL BE HEMMED IN BY FIRE IF WE DON'T MAKE A BREAK FOR IT NOW!

NO! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO! I GOT AN IDEA. THINGS WON'T TURN OUT JUST AS THEY WANT!



MOMENTS LATER

THE FIRE'S DYIN' OUT!

SURE! SNOW FLURRIES, WHIPPED UP BY THE WIND, MAKES THAT BRUSH TOO WET TO BURN!



DISHEARTENED, THE BLACKFEET SOON LEFT THEIR PREY.

I KIND O' THOUGHT THEY'D GIVE UP WHEN THAT FIRE DIED OUT. THEY DON'T LIKE TO FIGHT WHEN THE LUCK GOES AGAINST THEM. THEY FIGGER THEY GOT "BAD MEDICINE" AN' THEY WON'T TRY AGAIN UNTIL THE SPIRITS ARE ON THEIR SIDE.



WITHIN A MONTH, KIT'S WOUND WAS COMPLETELY HEALED.

THAT SPRING, WHEN THE TRAPPERS ONCE AGAIN MET AT GREEN RIVER...

HA-HA! WHO WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT SHUNAN, EH? MAYBE SOMEONE THINKS HE'S STRONGER?

THAT SHUNAN SURE HAS A MIGHTY HIGH OPINION OF HIMSELF.



HEY, KIT! LET'S JOIN UP IN THAT INJUN DANCE!



HER NAME IS WAA-NA-NISE, KIT. IF SHE OFFERS YOU A DRINK OF THAT SOUP, IT MEANS SHE LIKES YOU, AND WANTS TO DANCE WITH YOU.

I'VE NEVER SEEN A PRETTIER LASS IN ALL MY LIFE!



SUDDENLY...

YOU DANCE WITH SHUNAN, EH, YOU PRETTY LITTLE DEVIL?

NO! NO! LET ME GO!



TAKE THAT, YOU UGLY FOOL!

YOU WREN! I TEACH YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO THROW HOT SOUP AT SHUNAN!

EXCUSE THE INTERRUPTION, BUT I'D LIKE A LESSON FIRST.



I BREAK YOU IN TWO,
LITTLE MAN!

YES, IF I LET YOU
BUT SINCE I HAVE A
GUN, YOU'D BETTER
GET ONE, TOO WE'LL
MAKE IT A REAL
FIGHT!



VERY WELL! THEN
I GO! YOU IN TWO!
WAIT HERE!



*MINUTES LATER, THE TWO FACED EACH OTHER,
STARING STONELY INTO THE BARRING
MUZZLES OF PISTOLS!*



SHWANAN FIRED FIRST AND HIS BULLET SCREAMED
PAST KIT'S EAR. BEFORE THE HUGE TRAPPER
COULD RELOAD, KIT SHOT HIM IN THE SHOULDER
THAT ENDED THE FIGHT.

*AFTER THAT, KIT SAW MUCH OF MA-
NA-NIBÉ AND BEFORE THE SPRING WAS
OVER, THEY WERE MARRIED.*

ABOUT TIME KIT GOT HITCHED AND
WHAT BETTER BRIDE IS THERE FOR A
MOUNTAIN MAN THAN AN INDIAN MAID
WHO KNOWS THE WAY OF THE
MOUNTAINS?



KIT AND HIS BRIDE LIVED FOR A WHILE AT GREEN RIVER, AND WHATEVER THE HILARIOUS SHUMAN CROSSED HIS PATH...

THAT SHUMAN DOESN'T BOAST SO MUCH NOW, DOES HE?

NOPE! I'VE FOUND THE BRIGHTEST MEN BOAST LEAST... LIKE CARSON OVER THERE.



THAT SEASON, DEEP GLOOM SPREAD AMONGST THE TRAPPERS...

BEAVER SKINS ARE DOWN FROM SIX DOLLARS TO ONE! IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO GO AFTER THEM THESE DAYS.

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR PRICES TO GO UP AGAIN...



WHILE OTHER MEN HOPED AND WAITED, KIT FOUND OUT WHY PRICES HAD DROPPED... AND KNEW THAT THE HAPPIEST PERIOD OF HIS LIFE WAS OVER.

THE BEAVER WE GOT USED TO MAKE HIGH HATS FOR THE SWELLS IN LONDON, BUT NOW THEY'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO USE SILK. BEAVER PRICES WILL NEVER GO UP! WE GOTTA FIND SOMETHIN' ELSE TO DO!



WITH A GROUP FAMOUS IN HISTORY AS "CARSON'S MEN", KIT RETURNED TO TAGS TO SEEK NEW WORK.

IT'LL BE A NEW LIFE FOR BOTH OF US, WAA-HA-NISE, BUT MAYBE NOT SO FREE AND HAPPY AS THE OLD ONE.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER

HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR WORK, KIT. CARE TO TAKE ON A JOB AS HUNTER FOR MY FORT AT A DOLLAR A DAY?

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, CAPT BENT. I'LL GET ALL THE MEAT YOU CAN USE!



BENT'S FORT WAS THE CENTER OF ALL FUR WESTERN TRADE AND THE MAIN STOP ON THE CARAVAN ROUTE. SO KIT AND HUNDREDS TO FEED DAILY...

"SHOOT TRUE, HIGH BENT'S EXPECTIN' LOTS O' COMPANY TONIGHT, AND HE NEEDS ALL THE MEAT HE CAN GET!"



WHILE WORKING FOR BENT, KIT MET ANOTHER GREAT HERO OF THE WEST - A MAN WHO WOULD MODEL HIS LIFE AFTER KIT'S.



"Later known as 'Buffalo Bill'."

"THIS IS YOUNG BILL ODDY, KIT. HE'S HEARD ALL ABOUT YOU AND THOUGHT YOU COULD TEACH HIM A THING OR TWO ABOUT SCOUTING."

"BE GLAD TO HELP YOU, SON."

A SHORT TIME LATER, KIT'S WIFE DIED IN CHILD BIRTH. KIT DECIDED TO TAKE HIS INFANT DAUGHTER TO A CONVENT IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

"THE WEST IS NO PLACE FOR A LITTLE GIRL WITHOUT A MOTHER. I'LL MISS HER, BUT IT'S THE BEST THING I CAN DO."



AS KIT RETURNED FROM ST. LOUIS BY STEAMER...



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT DO YOU KNOW ANDY GRIPPS? FROM THE LOOKS OF YOUR DRESS, I'D SAY HE COMES FROM THE SAME COUNTRY YOU DO."

"WHY, YES, I KNOW HIM WELL. WE USED TO TRAP TOGETHER."

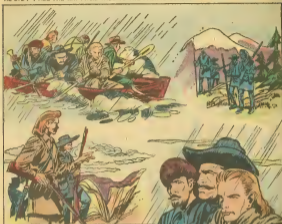
"I'M FREMONT OF THE UNITED STATES CORPS OF ENGINEERS - ANDY WAS SUPPOSED TO GUIDE ME TO CALIFORNIA, BUT HE DIDN'T SHOW UP."

"CALIFORNIA IS MEXICAN TERRITORY, AS IS NEW MEXICO AND TEXAS. WHAT ARE YOU GOING THERE FOR?"



"I'M CONFIDENT THAT, ONE DAY, OUR GREAT COUNTRY WILL STRETCH FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC. I WANT TO PREPARE FOR THAT DAY AND FIND A ROUTE TO THE WEST THAT THE SETTLERS CAN SAFELY FOLLOW."

AS FREMONT SPOKE, KIT BECAME AWARE OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF FREMONT'S DREAM COMING TRUE. HE READILY AGREED TO REPLACE GRIPS AS FREMONT'S GUIDE, AND GUIDE HE DID. . . ALL THE WAY FROM TADUS TO THE PACIFIC COAST.



YOU'VE PROVED IT, KIT! CIVILIZATION CAN MARCH ONLY WHERE THE WAGON WHEEL CAN TRAVEL. YOU'VE SHOWN ME A TRAIL TO THE PACIFIC THAT WAGONS CAN FOLLOW! AND ALSO WHERE THEY COULDN'T GO. MARK MY WORDS. THIS JOURNEY WILL WRITE A NEW CHAPTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY!



ON HIS RETURN TO TASS, KIT MET A BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG SPANISH GIRL, MARIA JOSEFA JARAMILLO.

KNOW IT IS HARD TO BE THE WIFE OF A MAN OF THE TRAIL, MARIA, BUT ONCE WE ARE WED, I'LL GIVE UP WANDERING.



KIT AND MARIA WERE WED AND KIT MADE PLANS TO BUY A RANCH. ONE DAY, AS HE AND HIS WIFE WERE DISCUSSING THOSE PLANS

WE'LL BUILD THE HOUSE THERE, AND...

KIT! KIT CARSON! THERE IS A MESSENGER IN TOWN LOOKING FOR YOU HE'S COME FROM WASHINGTON



IN TASS...

FREMONT KNOWS YOU CAN'T READ AND HE SENT ME ALL THIS WAY TO SPEAK TO YOU PERSONALLY HE IS NOW A GENERAL, AND IN CHARGE OF AN EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE NORTHWEST COUNTRY. HE IS EAGER FOR YOU TO BE HIS GUIDE



IT IS NOT FOR MYSELF, MARIA, BUT FOR MY COUNTRY. ONE DAY, IT WILL STRETCH FROM SEA TO SEA AND WE MUST KNOW WHICH ROUTES CAN BEST BE USED BY WAGONS. I HOPE I WON'T BE GONE VERY LONG. PLEASE BE PATIENT, DEAR.



KIT MET FREMONT AT FORT ST VRAIN, COLORADO, WHERE

YOU MEAN WE MUST DRAG THAT THROUGH THE WOODS?

I'M AFRAID SO, KIT THE MEXICANS MAY RESENT OUR EXPLORING THEIR TERRITORY WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR TROUBLE



AS GENERAL FREMONT FOLLOWED WITH THE HOWITZER AND HIS MEN, KIT SCOUTED AHEAD. BEFORE LONG, HE CAME UPON A BAND OF INDIANS. HE SPOKE TO THE CHIEF AND.

YES WE HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR DEEDS, LITTLE CHIEF YOU AND YOUR MEN MAY PASS THROUGH OUR LAND IN PEACE



HIGH IN THE SIERRA MOUNTAINS, THE EXPEDITION WAS HALTED BY A SNOWSTORM. THEY WERE FORCED TO REMAIN THERE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS AND WERE SOON ON EMERGENCY RATIONS. . .

WAIT TILL THEY HEAR THE MEN IN WASHINGTON! SOUP FROM THE BARK OF A TREE, WITH TOASTED MOCCASIN AS THE MAIN DISH!

OUR DEERSHIDE MOCCASINS STILL HAVE FOOD IN THEM, AND WE MUST EAT WHAT WE CAN!



FINALLY, WITH THE SPRING THAW, KIT LED THE WAY TO BUTTER'S FORT IN CALIFORNIA. THERE THEY MET TWO SMALL, FRIGHTENED BOYS . .

INDIANS RAIDED THE FORT AND TOOK OUR PARENTS AWAY. THEY'RE ONLY GONE A LITTLE WHILE, CAN YOU HELP US?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, KIT? THE MEN ARE TIRED AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THOSE REDSKINS ARE BY NOW?



I'LL GO AND I'LL FIND THEM. ANY OF YOU MEN WANT TO COME ALONG?

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, KIT!



DICK GODDY WAS THE DAFT VOLUNTEER. THE OTHERS WERE JUST TOO EXHAUSTED. WITH KIT'S KNOWLEDGE OF TRAIL-FINDING, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEY FOUND THE INDIAN CAMP. KIT KNEW THAT HIS ONLY CHANCE FOR SUCCESS LAY IN SURPRISE AND BLUNT, SO

COME ON, MEN! OUT OF THE BRUSH AND AFTER THEM!



THE INDIANS WERE SO TAKEN OFF GUARD, THEY JUST RAN OFF AND NEVER BOTHERED TO FIND OUT THAT THEY RAN FROM ONLY TWO MEN WHEN KIT AND BODEE RETURNED WITH THE BOYS' PARENTS, FREMONT SAPE IN OPEN-MOUTHED AMAZEMENT

IT'S INCREDIBLE!
I'LL WRITE TO WASHINGTON ABOUT THIS!
WAIT TILL THE WORLD HEARS WHAT KIND OF MEN WE HAVE IN THE WEST!

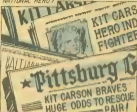


HIS JOB FOR FREMONT COMPLETED, KIT RETURNED TO TADS AND HIS WIFE

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF LIFE WITHOUT YOU, MARIA. ON THE WAY HOME, I SAW A RANCH AT CIMARRON WE'RE GOING TO BUY IT!



NEWSPAPERS HEADLINED THE STORY IN GREAT TYPE AND OVERNIGHT, KIT BECAME A NATIONAL HERO!



AND BUT IF THEY DID HOWEVER, KIT HAD BARELY SETTLED IN HIS NEW HOME WHEN

TEXAS HAS JUST JOINED THE UNION! GENERAL FREMONT WANTS YOU TO HELP HIM MAP A SHORTER ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA, FOR IT, TOO, MAY SOON BE OURS.

MARIA, I I
SO, KIT IT IS YOUR DREAM AS WELL AS FREMONT'S.



KIT JOINED FREMONT IN TADS. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THEY REACHED CALIFORNIA

WHAT DO I TELL YOU? WE'RE HERE JUST IN TIME! JUST SEE THAT FLAG! THAT'S CALIFORNIA'S FREEDOM FLAG! CALIFORNIA IS DECLARING IT'S INDEPENDENCE FROM MEXICO JUST AS TEXAS DID. SOON, THEY'LL APPLY FOR ADMISSION TO THE UNION!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A BATTLE BROKE OUT NEARBY BETWEEN THE CALIFORNIANS AND THE MEXICANS

WE HAVE A RIGHT TO JOIN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE MEXICANS, KIT! THEY CAPTURED AND EXECUTED TWO AMERICAN CITIZENS. WE'RE IN IT TO THE END!



AFTER THAT FIRST BATTLE CAME MANY MORE. FREMONT FOUGHT THE MEXICANS LIKE A DEMON, LEADING HIS MEN EVERYWHERE, GIVING KIT THE MOST DARING ASSIGNMENTS! ONE OF KIT'S TASKS WAS TO RENDER THE MEXICAN GUNS OVERLOOKING THE BAY AT GOLDEN GATE (SAN FRANCISCO) USELESS.



NOW THAT WE'VE SPOOKED THESE GUNS, OUR FLEET WILL BE ABLE TO MOVE IN WITHOUT RISK!



BY THE TIME NEWS REACHED FREMONT THAT THE U.S. WAS AT WAR WITH MEXICO, HE HAD CONQUERED ALMOST ALL OF CALIFORNIA THEN, ONE SWEET DAY.

IT'S ALL OURS AT LAST! WE'VE FULFILLED OUR DESTINY TO STRETCH FROM SEA TO SEA!



NO ONE IN WASHINGTON KNOWS THAT WE'VE TAKEN CALIFORNIA, KIT. I WANT YOU TO HAVE THE HONOR OF TAKING THE NEWS THERE, PERSONALLY!



KIT CARSON

ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON, KIT MET GENERAL FREMONT, SENT BY WASHINGTON TO CAPTURE CALIFORNIA. WHEN KIT TOLD HIM CALIFORNIA HAD ALREADY BEEN TAKEN

I'LL SEND ONE OF MY MEN BACK TO WASHINGTON WITH THE MESSAGE I WANT YOU TO GUIDE ME TO CALIFORNIA, CARSON

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT GENERAL FREMONT ASKED ME TO PERFORM THAT TASK, AND I WILL!

YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME! I OUTFRANK FREMONT, AND YOU WORK FOR THE ARMY, NOW! IF YOU DON'T DO AS I SAY, I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR REBELLION!

HOW DARED FREMONT ACT WITHOUT MY ORDERS?

HMHN? LOOKS LIKE FREMONT'S JEALOUS PROBABLY WANTED THE GLORY FOR HIMSELF.



KIT WAS FORCED TO AGREE. AS HE LED THE FORCES TO SAN RAFAEL, SEVERAL MEXICANS FIRED UPON THEM AND QUICKLY RODE AWAY.

SEEMS THERE ARE STILL A FEW MEXICANS WHO HAVE TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON. TAKE FIFTY MEN AND GO AFTER THEM!



THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO. THERE MUST BE A BIG MEXICAN FORCE OUT THERE, LYING IN AMBUSH.



I GIVE THE ORDERS HERE NOW, GET GOING!

INFURIATED, KIT LEAPED ON HIS HORSE AND LED HIS MEN INTO WHAT HE KNEW WAS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH!



THE FOOL! WHY WON'T HE LISTEN TO REASON!

JUST AS THEY HEARD THE MEXICAN BARKS, KIT'S HORSE STUMBLER AND FELL, THE HORSES BEHIND HIM CAME ROARING DOWN AND SEEMED CERTAIN TO TRAMPLE HIM TO DEATH



IT TURNED OUT TO BE THE LUCKIEST FALL OF KIT'S LIFE. HIS PREDICTION HAD BEEN CORRECT AND FORTY-FIVE OF HIS MEN WERE KILLED IN THE AMBUSH. KIT AND THE REMAINING FIVE MANAGED TO GET BACK TO THE MAIN BODY OF TROOPS THAT NIGHT

THEY'VE GOT US OUTNUMBERED AND COMPLETELY ENCLOSED. ONLY THAT HOWITZER KEEPS THEM FROM WIPING US OUT NOW. WHEN WE RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION



LUCKILY, KIT MANAGED TO ROLL FREE, ESCAPING THE DUEL, FLASHING HOOVES MURDEROUSLY POUNDING BY HIM . . .



ENOUGH OF THAT TALK! IT WON'T GET US ANYWHERE! TAKE TWO MEN AND BREAK THROUGH THE MEXICAN LINES! GET TO SAN DIEGO AND SEND RE-INFORCEMENTS TO HELP US!

YES, SIR.



LATE THAT NIGHT, AS THE ENEMY FIRES FLICKERED LOW, KIT AND THE TWO OTHERS SLIPPED NOISELESSLY OUT OF CAMP AND PAST THE MEXICAN SENTRIES. THE MEN GARNERED THEIR SHOES IN THEIR BELTS SO AS TO BE SURE THEY MIGHT NOT MAKE NOISE...



ONCE SAFELY PAST THE SENTRIES, THEY ROSE AND WENT TO PUT ON THEIR SHOES. TO THEIR HORROR...

MY SHOES! THEY'RE GONE!

LOOKS LIKE WE ALL LOST OUR SHOES! NOTHING TO DO BUT GET ALONG AS BEST WE CAN!



IT WAS THIRTY MILES TO SAN DIEGO. THIRTY MILES OF RUGGED, STONY, CACTUS-LACED TRAIL. AND THEY HAD TO MAKE IT BAREFOOT!

HURRY, YOU TWO! THE MEN BACK THERE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOREVER WITHOUT HELP!

HAVE A HEART, KIT! MY FEET ARE BEING TORN TO RIBBONS!



BUT KIT MADE THE MEN PUSH ON IN SPITE OF INTENSE PAIN. FINALLY THEY GOT TO SAN DIEGO. KIT ROUDED UP ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MEN AND LED THEM TO GENERAL KEARNY'S RESCUE. A SHORT TIME LATER, COMMANDER SHUBBICK SAILED INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND...

BY THIS TIME, KIT'S EXPLOITS WERE KNOWN FAR AND WIDE. FREMONT DEPENDS ON KIT'S REPUTATION FOR HELP...

I WANT YOU TO GO TO WASHINGTON, KIT. SPEAK TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF. TELL HIM WHY I REFUSED TO GIVE UP MY POST.

GLADLY, SIR.



GENERAL FREMONT, I COMMAND YOU TO RELINQUISH YOUR POST AS ACTING GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA TO GENERAL KEARNY!

I REFUSE! I WON THE TERRITORY, AND KEARNY'S LOST EVERY BATTLE HE'S BEEN IN SINCE HIS ARRIVAL!



KIT MADE THE TRIP BY HORSE AND BOAT IN ST. LOUIS, HE TOOK HIS FIRST HAIRCUT AND WORE THE FIRST SET OF STORE-MADE CLOTHES IN HIS LIFE.

I'D RATHER CARRY A FIFTY POUND PACK THAN THESE CLOTHES ON MY BACK. MUST LOOK LIKE A FOOL WITH MY HAIR CUT SO SHORT TOO.



IN WASHINGTON, KIT STAYED AT GENERAL FREMONT'S HOUSE. THOUGH GREATLY EMBARRASSED, KIT ASKED PERMISSION TO SLEEP OUT ON THE PORCH.

HOPE I'M NOT PUTTING YOU TO TOO MUCH TROUBLE, MRS. FREMONT. I JUST CAN'T SLEEP WITH FOUR WALLS CLOSING ME IN—AND THEM BEDS IS JUST TOO SOFT.

NOT AT ALL, KIT.



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, KIT PLEADED FREMONT'S CAUSE WITH PRESIDENT POLK.

I'M SORRY TO TURN YOU DOWN, KIT, YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR THE COUNTRY, BUT IT IS A QUESTION OF ARMY DISCIPLINE AND I JUST CAN'T SUPPORT.

GENERAL FREMONT!



THE PRESIDENT, HOWEVER, MADE KIT A LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY AND GAVE HIM A COMMISSION CARRYING MAIL BACK TO CALIFORNIA. BUT ON KIT'S ARRIVAL IN TAGS,

BAD NEWS, KIT JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT CONGRESS REFUSED TO RATIFY YOUR COMMISSION BECAUSE YOUR FRIENDS USED THEIR INFLUENCE AGAINST YOU.



EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT HE WOULD NOT BE PAID, KIT DECIDED IT WAS HIS DUTY TO CARRY THE MAIL THROUGH. HE WENT ABOUT TRYING TO GET SOME MEN TO GO ALONG WITH HIM.

IT MEANS PASSING THROUGH HOSTILE INDIAN TERRITORY. ANY OF YOU WANT TO COME ALONG, JUST FOR THE FUN?

SURE, KIT. WE'RE WITH YOU!



ONE NIGHT, NEAR DENVER, AS KIT AND HIS MEN WERE MAKING CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS, AN INDIAN CHIEF CAME TO THEM.

WE AND MEN HUNGRY. YOU LET US EAT SUPPER WITH YOU?

SURE WE JUST SHOT A BIG BUCK.



AFTER DINNER, AS THE PEACE PIPE WAS PASSED FROM MAN TO MAN, THE CHIEF SPOKE TO HIS WARRIORS IN THEIR OWN TONGUE.



HMM. THE OLD BOY'S TELLING THEM TO TAKE THEIR GUNS FROM UNDER THEIR BLANKETS AND KILL US WHEN THE PIPE REACHES ME THE THIRD TIME.

KIT TURNED HIS HEAD A BIT AND WHISPERED TO THE MAN NEXT TO HIM.



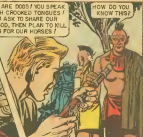
WATCH ME AND DO JUST WHAT I DO. PASS THE WORD ON TO THE OTHERS.

MOMENTS LATER.



ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS! SHOW 'EM YOUR METAL!

YOU ARE DOGS! YOU SPEAK WITH CROOKED TONGUES! YOU ASK TO SHARE OUR FOOD, THEN PLAN TO KILL US FOR OUR HORSES!



HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?

I AM YIH'HIU-NIS AND I KNOW YOUR TONGUE AS WELL AS YOU!

LITTLE CHIEF! I AM SORRY! I DID NOT KNOW YOU WITH SHORT HAIR PLEASE YOU LET US GO



AFTER DELIVERING A STERN LECTURE, KIT ALLOWED THE INDIANS TO LEAVE MUCH TO THE DISPLEASURE OF HIS MEN.



BY THIS TIME, KIT'S NAME WAS A BYWORD IN THE WEST. PEOPLE CAME FROM MILES AROUND JUST TO SEE HIM. AND SEEING HIM, GASPED IN DISBELIEF!



THAT LITTLE HUNT, KIT CARSON? WHY, HE, HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULDN'T OUTWRESTLE A FLY!

ONCE, WHEN AN UNBELIEVING STRANGER WAS INTRODUCED TO KIT

YOU CAN'T KID ME! I KNOW YOU'RE NOT KIT CARSON!

GUESS YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR ME, MISTER. YOU SAW RIGHT THROUGH MY LITTLE JOKE.



THERE'S KIT CARSON, THAT BIG FELLER OVER THERE.

AHH, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO MEET HIM.



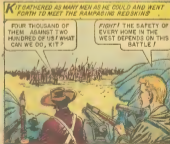
KIT TRIED TO SETTLE DOWN WITH HIS WIFE, BUT FATE WAS AGAINST HIM. WHENEVER THERE WAS TROUBLE, HE WAS THE ONE PEOPLE TURNED TO FOR HELP. ONE DAY...

KIT GATHERED AS MANY MEN AS HE COULD AND WENT FORTH TO MEET THE RAMPAGING REDSKINS.

FOUR THOUSAND OF THEM AGAINST TWO HUNDRED OF US! WHAT CAN WE DO, KIT?

FIGHT! THE SAFETY OF EVERY HOME IN THE WEST DEPENDS ON THIS BATTLE!

WE NEED YOU, KIT! THE PLAINS INDIANS HAVE ALL UNITED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY. THEY HAVE AN ARMY OF FOUR THOUSAND AND THEY'RE SWEEPING WESTWARD... PILLAGING AND BURNING EVERY TOWN IN THEIR PATH!





I DON'T UNDERSTAND MOST OF THEM HAVE NO MORE THAN A BOW AND ARROW . . . YET THEY CHARGE RIGHT INTO THE GARRISON FIRE

THEY KNOW IF THEY LOSE THIS FIGHT, THEY LOSE THEIR LANDS FOREVER . . . WE MUST DEFEAT THEM, YET I AM SORRY FOR THEM

KIT HELD THE INDIANS OFF . . . RETREATED . . . LET THEM CHARGE AGAIN . . . AND AGAIN HELD THEM OFF . . . TILL THEIR SPIRIT WAS COMPLETELY BROKEN . . . THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE GREAT INDIAN BATTLES IN THE WEST . . .

IT IS NOT ONLY THEIR END, BUT ALSO THE END OF THE WEST AS WE KNOW IT . . . THE WILD COUNTRY WE LOVED WILL SOON DISAPPEAR



THE TRUTH OF KIT'S PREDICTION WAS SOON PROVEN . . . THE YEARS WENT BY, AND AS HE WATCHED THE ENDLESS STREAM OF GARRISON, KIT KNEW THAT HIS WAY OF LIFE WAS DYING . . .

THIS IS ALL MY WORK OPENING THE WAY TO THE WEST, AND YET, IT DESTROYED THE LIFE I LOVED BEST . . . LIKE THE INDIANS, I HAVE OUTLIVED MY TIME



IN MAY, 1868, WHEN KIT WAS ONLY 59, HE SAID HIS LAST FAREWELL AND TOOK TO THE TRAIL THAT HAS NO END.

THE END

Stories of Early America
THE CARDIFF GIANT

IT WAS MID-OCTOBER, 1699, near the sleepy little village of Cardiff in upstate New York. Stubby Newell walked across his pasture carrying a douser (divining rod). Two men with shovels followed as he worked the douser. Suddenly, the stick turned earthward as though pulled by an unseen force.

Stubby turned to the two men, pointed to the spot and explained, "All right, start digging the well here. You should strike water soon." Then Stubby went off to try and drum up a loan to pay for the well.

The workmen started digging. They dug for while and then one of them struck something solid. They tried to dig around it. Then to their amazement they found that they had struck, not an ordinary stone, but a stone man. At least, it looked for all the world like a stone man. What was even more unusual, it was of giant proportions.

When Stubby returned home, he saw a crowd of neighbors gathered in his field at the well site. Seeing the stone giant, Stubby acted as surprised as everyone else, but he soon recovered his composure. There were so many folks there to see the stone giant that Stubby soon put up a tent to house it and began charging 50¢ a look.

Everyone thought it well worth the money to see such a

looked as though it had lain in the earth for centuries. It was a dingy brown color and on its upper side were two grooves which appeared to have been worn by the action of under-

ground water.

All the next week, people flocked to see the Cardiff Giant, as it was now called. There were many theories as to how the big stone man came to be. The

neighboring Oneida Indians said it was a giant which long ago had been killed by their ancestors. There were tribal legends of such doings.

Reporters from Binghamton and nearby Syracuse, professors and students from colleges, and farm and city folk from far and near came to see the giant. Some thought it was a statue; others that it was a petrified man. Many preachers said it dated back to Biblical days when "giants walked the earth." A later theory even had it that it was a religious image brought to Cardiff by Phoenician explorers before the time of Columbus.

Stub Newell didn't mind what they called his giant. He changed from his farmer's overalls into the stripped suit of a showman and, giving a spiel about the giant, collected the steadily rising admission fee.

There were a few authorities and reporters who were skeptical of the find, but that did not stop people from coming. Hundreds came in a day's time. Special trains brought people from as far as New York City to see the Cardiff Giant.

wonder as the giant. It was ten feet, four inches long and weighed nearly a ton and a half. It had all the features of a man and the whole figure was slightly twisted to the right, as though it had died in agony. The giant



When November came and bad weather made it difficult for people to reach his farm, Newell had the Giant taken to an exhibition hall in Syracuse. There it attracted even larger crowds.

While the Giant was on view in Syracuse, the showman, P. T. Barnum, heard of it and sent a representative to look it over. Barnum's man tried to buy the stone giant, but Newell refused to sell.

In December, Stubby Newell was again offered a goodly sum for three-quarters interest in the Giant. The offer came from a three man syndicate headed by a shrewd local character, David Hannam. This time, Newell decided to accept and the syndicate took over the showing of the Giant.

They put it on exhibition in Albany and then brought it down the Hudson River to New York. Here they ran into some unexpected competition. P. T. Barnum, after failing to buy the Giant, had his own stone man made duplicating the other in every detail, advertising it as "the original Cardiff Giant."

Not to be outdone, the Hannam syndicate set up their exhibition only two blocks from Barnum's museum. The rival showmen then tried to out-claim each other as to the originality of their giants, all of which only stimulated interest in both exhibitions. People wanted to compare the giants for themselves.

When audiences began to slacken, the Cardiff Giant was taken to Boston where it continued to draw large crowds. Ralph Waldo Emerson thought the Giant "astounding" and "undoubtedly a petrified human being." On the other hand, Oliver Wendell Holmes, after boring a hole in the Giant's head and finding it solid stone, declared the giant nothing but an old statue.

Finally, newspaper reporters began to do some backtracking and investigating on their own. It wasn't long before they had dug up enough evidence to declare the whole Cardiff Giant affair a fraud.

Then a new personality entered the picture. He was George Hull, a cigar-maker, of Banghamton, New York, who, until the investigations, had remained in the background. Hull confessed to his part in the affair and clearly, the Cardiff Giant was a hoax.

Hull, a brother-in-law of Stubby Newell's, had gotten the idea for the giant while in

Iowa listening to a minister expound on the Biblical passage which tells of the time when there were giants on the earth. Realizing the controversial nature of the topic, George Hull dreamed up the idea of the stone giant as strictly a money-making scheme.

In a quarry near Fort Dodge, Iowa, he bought a five-ton block of gypsum. He managed, after great effort, to get the stone shipped to Chicago where he hired an artist and a stone-cutter to make a naked giant to his specifications.

Then after four months the completed stone giant was crated and shipped to New York to be under the gaze that it was a piece of machinery. Under cover of darkness, it was brought by wagon to Stubby Newell's farm at Cardiff. Newell's family had been sent away for the weekend and the giant was secretly buried in the field beyond the barn.

The giant was left in its grave to age and look the part it was meant to play. After coaching his brother-in-law on how to bring off the stunt, Hull stepped out of the picture. A year after the burial, Stubby ordered the well dug and the Giant was found.

After the story had been made public, the attraction to the Cardiff Giant became as great as it had ever been. Whereas people had once gone to see and ponder over a petrified giant, they now flocked to see the thing that had fooled the best scientific minds.

After a time, though, the Cardiff Giant drew smaller and smaller audiences at the carnivals and summer fairs where it came to be exhibited. It was finally put in storage, but once in awhile it was dusted off and shown. It appeared in 1901 at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, in 1934 at the New York State Fair in Syracuse, and again at the Iowa State Fair in 1935. It changed hands many times after it lost its appeal.

In 1948, the Giant was acquired by the New York State Historical Association and put on display in their Farmer's Museum at Cooperstown.

The Cardiff Giant lies there today, much the same as when it was dug up in 1869 on Stubby Newell's farm. Everyone knows that the Cardiff Giant was a fake, but even today some people wonder if George Hull's admission of the hoax is not in itself, perhaps, a hoax.

Stories from the World of Sports
HAROLD "RED" GRANGE
The Gallaping Ghost



THE UNIVERSITY of Illinois and the University of Michigan are traditional football rivals. Sports writers hesitate to pick a winner when these two teams clash; individual players on both sides have been known to play such

inspired football that victory has often gone to the supposedly weaker team.

This story concerns itself with the Illinois-Michigan game which took place on October 18, 1924. The game was played in the new stadium built by the University of Illinois at a cost of \$1,700,000. By game time, 67,000 football fans filled the stadium to capacity.

Both teams were rated among the best in the country and the game held promise of being a truly exciting experience. As one sports writer put it, "This is to be a clash of giants."

Illinois won the opening toss of the coin and elected to receive. The teams lined up, Michigan in kicking formation and Illinois in position to receive the opening kick-off. The Illinois left halfback, Harold "Red" Grange, stood relaxed, waiting in the shadow of his own goal posts. Grange had already built a national reputation as a fast, deceptive open-field runner. Michigan knew that this was the man they had to watch.

As the crowd rose to its feet with a roar, Michigan kicked off. The ball landed on the Illinois fifteen yard line and began to bounce crazily toward the Illinois goal line. Grange picked the ball up on his own five yard line and set out for the Michigan goal line, ninety-five yards away.

The entire Michigan team bore down on the speeding redhead. One player attempted a flying tackle. Grange crossed the ball in his left arm and shot out his right hand, elbow straight and palm out. He caught the Michigan player full in the face and left him lying on the turf as though clubbed. Another Michigan player got his arms around Harold's waist; but Grange swung his legs like a stately dancer and the would-be tackle's hands slid off. Grange had by this time completely outdistanced his own teammates who were running interference for him. All that remained between him and the Michigan goal line was the Michigan safety men. At the last split second, just as the safety man was reaching out for him, "Red" pivoted sharply and left the safety man standing flatfooted and open mouthed, watching Grange cross the goal line.

About a minute later, Illinois got the ball "on downs" on its own thirty-five yard line. On the first play, the quarterback signaled for Grange to get the ball. The Michigan players were watching him and they began to run parallel with him as he swept around the right side of his line. Harold's interference brought down two of the would-be tacklers, but these were three more to meet him out in the open. The fiery redhead outsmarted them all by shuffling, swivel-hipping and leaping. He raced across the Michigan goal line as the crowd rose to its feet, screaming. This time, Grange had simply crossed the Michigan safety man.

Less than a minute later, Illinois recovered a Michigan fumble on their own forty-five yard line. The crowd roared for Grange to get the ball. The Illinois quarterback obeyed the dictate of the crowd. Seeing that the Michigan team was temporarily disorganized, the signal caller told Harold to execute the same play as he had just a moment before.

The bold trick worked. The last thing the Michigan team expected was another and ran. Before the surprised Michigan players could recover from their shock, Grange was merrily galloping across their goal line for the third time.

By this time, the entire Michigan team was angry, both with themselves and with Grange. "Red" had made complete fools of them and they meant to have their revenge. However, they could do nothing in the way of working up an offense and the clock showed that little less than five minutes of play had been consumed when Illinois again had the ball on its own forty-five yard line.

Again the quarterback signaled for Grange to get the ball from center. This time, Grange saw a small opening in the Michigan line and, quick as a bullet, streaked through, with ten Michigan players ganging up on him. But Grange twisted, pivoted, squirmed and reversed his field until, one by one, he left the Michigan players behind. The big clock was about to register five minutes of play gone when Grange scored for the fourth time.

Four touchdowns in five minutes! It was unbelievable. Yet, it had happened right before the eyes of 67,000 fans.

Fearful that Grange might be injured by the thoroughly aroused Michigan players, Coach Bob Zuppke wisely took him out of the game.

Grange's feat still stands as one of the greatest thrills in football history. It is no wonder that Grange acquired the title of the "The Gallaping Ghost."

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