

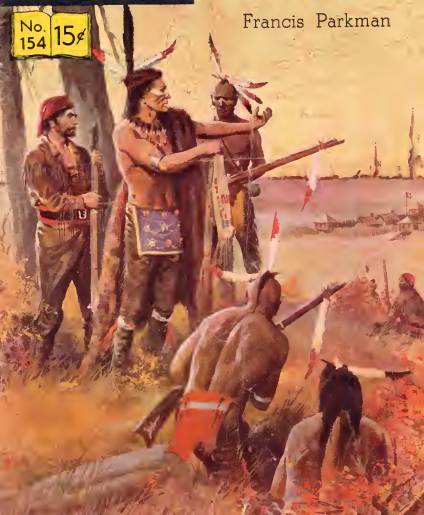
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Francis Parkman



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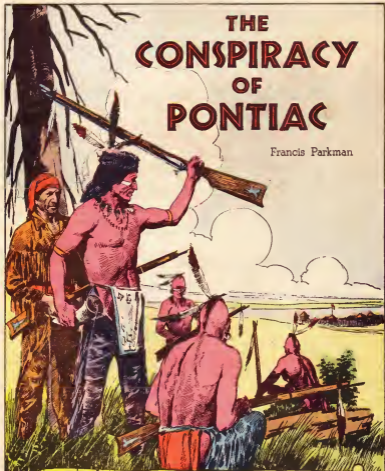
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THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

Francis Parkman



THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR WAS OVER. THE GREAT BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF NORTH AMERICA HAD BEEN WON BY ENGLAND, BUT THE FRENCH FLAG STILL FLOATED OVER MANY WESTERN OUTPOSTS.

IT REMAINED FOR THE ENGLISH TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THESE POSTS. THIS WAS NOT AN EASY TASK OR A SAFE ONE. THEIR WAY LAY THROUGH TRACK-LESS FORESTS FILLED WITH HOSTILE INDIANS.

IN 1760, MAJOR ROBERT ROGERS WAS ORDERED TO ASCEND THE LAKES AND TAKE POSSESSION OF DETROIT AND OTHER WESTERN POSTS STILL HELD BY THE FRENCH. HE SET OUT FROM MONTREAL ON SEPTEMBER 13 WITH TWO HUNDRED RANGERS.



HE SKIRTED THE NORTHERN SHORE OF LAKE ONTARIO, CROSSED AT ITS WESTERN END AND REACHED FORT NIAGARA. THEN HE PRESSED ON ALONG THE SOUTHERN MARGIN OF LAKE ERIE, BUT BECAUSE OF BAD WEATHER, DECIDED TO STOP AND MAKE CAMP.



ON NOVEMBER 7, A PARTY OF INDIAN CHIEFS AND WARRIORS ENTERED THE CAMP.



THE GREAT PONTIAC, CHIEF OF THE OTTAWAS AND RULER OF THIS COUNTRY, BIDS THE WHITE MEN TO ADVANCE NO FURTHER UNTIL THEY HAVE SPOKEN WITH HIM.

VERY WELL.



BEFORE THE DAY CLOSED, PONTIAC APPEARED.

HOW DARE THE WHITE MEN ENTER MY COUNTRY WITHOUT MY PERMISSION?

THE FRENCH HAVE SURRENDERED TO THE ENGLISH. WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO TAKE POSSESSION OF DETROIT FOR ENGLAND, AND RESTORE PEACE TO WHITE MEN AND INDIANS ALIKE.



I AM WILLING TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH THE ENGLISH IF THEY TREAT ME WITH RESPECT.



THE PEACE PIPE WAS SMOKED, AND IN A FEW DAYS THE RANGERS PUSHED ON. BY NOVEMBER 29, THEY REACHED DETROIT AND TOOK POSSESSION.



DETACHMENTS WERE SENT OUT TO OTHER FRENCH POSTS, AND BY THE NEXT SEASON, THE WORK OF CONQUEST WAS FINISHED.

OUR JOB IS DONE. BUT I WONDER IF FIVE HUNDRED ENGLISH SOLDIERS ARE ENOUGH TO HOLD THIS VAST REGION.



WHAT IS THERE TO WORRY ABOUT? THE FRENCH HAVE BEEN DEFEATED AND WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE INDIANS.



YET IN EVERY WIGWAM AND HAMLET OF THE FOREST, A DEEP-ROOTED HATRED OF THE ENGLISH GREW RAPIDLY.

OUR FRENCH FATHERS USED TO GIVE US PRESENTS. BUT FROM THE ENGLISH DOGS WE GET ONLY COLD WORDS AND CURSES.



THEIR SETTLERS TAKE OUR BEST LANDS! THEY EAT AWAY OUR FORESTS! UNLESS WE STOP THEM, WE ARE DOOMED!



THE DISCONTENT BECAME A FURY. IN THE SPRING OF 1763, PONTIAC SENT AMBASSADORS TO THE NEIGHBORING NATIONS.

BID THE CHIEFS COME TO A COUNCIL. WE MUST PLAN HOW TO DESTROY THE ENGLISH.



WHEN THE CHIEFS WERE ASSEMBLED, PONTIAC ROSE AND OUTLINED A DARING SCHEME.

WE MUST ATTACK ALL THE FORTS OF THE ENGLISH ON THE SAME DAY. AFTER THEY ARE DESTROYED, WE MUST LAY WASTE THE SETTLEMENTS. THEN THE LAND WILL ONCE MORE BE RESTORED TO US.



THE PLAN WAS EAGERLY ADOPTED.

WE WILL DRIVE THE ENGLISH INTO THE WATERS!



DIFFERENT TRIBES WERE TO ATTACK DIFFERENT FORTS. ON MAY 1, 1763, PONTIAC APPEARED AT THE GATES OF DETROIT WITH FORTY OF HIS WARRIORS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE WOULD LIKE TO DANCE FOR OUR BROTHERS.



WHILE THIRTY OF THE INDIANS DANCED, THE REMAINING TEN STROLLED ABOUT THE FORT, OBSERVING EVERYTHING IT CONTAINED.



WHEN THE DANCE WAS OVER, THEY ALL QUIETLY WITHDREW.



IN A FEW DAYS, ANOTHER COUNCIL WAS CALLED.

I HAVE THOUGHT HOW TO TAKE THE FORT. MY CHIEFS AND I WILL DEMAND A MEETING WITH THE COMMANDANT. WE WILL CARRY WEAPONS HIDDEN BENEATH OUR BLANKETS.



AT MY SIGNAL, WE WILL FALL UPON THE COMMANDANT AND HIS OFFICERS. THE REST OF YOU, WAITING AT THE GATE OR WALKING AMONG THE HOUSES, WILL KILL THE SOLDIERS. THUS THE FORT WILL BE OURS.



BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE PLAN WAS TO BE PUT INTO EFFECT, MAJOR GLADWYN, COMMANDANT OF THE FORT, GOT NEWS OF IT.

DOUBLE THE GUARD. PUT THE GARRISON UNDER ARMS.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MAY 7, A GREAT NUMBER OF INDIANS GATHERED ON THE COMMON BEHIND THE FORT, APPARENTLY PREPARING FOR A GAME OF BALL.



SOON PONTIAC AND HIS CHIEFS CAME TO THE GATE AND WERE ADMITTED.



AS PONTIAC ENTERED THE FORT, A GLANCE AT THE ARMED SOLDIERS SHOWED HIM HIS PLANS WERE KNOWN.



HE PROCEEDED TO THE COUNCIL HOUSE WHERE GLADWYN AND HIS OFFICERS WERE WAITING.

WHY DO I SEE SO MANY OF MY FATHER'S YOUNG MEN STANDING IN THE STREET WITH THEIR GUNS?



THEY ARE UNDER ARMS FOR THE SAKE OF EXERCISE AND DISCIPLINE.



BALKED IN HIS TREACHERY, PONTIAC MADE A SHORT SPEECH VOWING FRIENDSHIP FOR THE ENGLISH, AND WITHDREW.



WHEN HE HAD GONE . . .

DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HIM GO, SIR?

TO ARREST HIM BEFORE HE HAD COMMITTED ANY VIOLENCE WOULD BE COWARDLY AND DISHONORABLE. THIS IS ONLY AN IMPULSIVE OUTBREAK THAT WILL BLOW OVER.



BUT PONTIAC PERSEVERED WITH HIS PLANS. ON MAY 9, HE AGAIN APPROACHED THE FORT.

WHY IS THE GATE BARRED AGAINST ME?



YOU MAY ENTER, BUT THE CROWD YOU HAVE WITH YOU MUST REMAIN OUTSIDE.



I COME TO SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE. I WISH ALL MY WARRIORS TO ENJOY THE FRAGRANCE WITH ME.



I WILL NOT HAVE THAT RABBLE IN MY FORT!



PONTIAC, IN A RAGE, TURNED FROM THE GATE AND STRODE TOWARD HIS FOLLOWERS, SOME OF WHOM LAY FLAT ON THE GROUND, JUST BEYOND REACH OF GUNSHOT.



AT HIS APPROACH, THEY ALL LEAPED UP AND RAN OFF TO THE HOUSES OF SOME ENGLISHMEN. THEY BEAT DOWN THE DOORS AND BRUTALLY MURDERED THEM.



PONTIAC RETURNED TO HIS CAMP, WHEN HIS WARRIORS CAME BACK FROM THEIR BLOODY WORK, HE BEGAN A WAR DANCE.



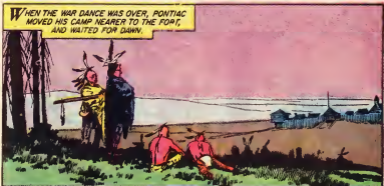
OTHERS CAUGHT THE CONTAGION OF HIS FIERCE SPIRIT.



SOON THE RING WAS FILLED WITH DANCERS CIRCLING ROUND AND ROUND WITH FRANTIC GESTURES.



WHEN THE WAR DANCE WAS OVER, PONTIAC MOVED HIS CAMP NEARER TO THE FORT, AND WAITED FOR DAWN.



AS THE FIRST GUN REIGNED TINGED THE EAST, THE WAR-WHOOP SUDDENLY ROSE ON EVERY SIDE OF THE FORT.



THE SOLDIERS HASTENED TO THEIR POSTS, AS THE INDIANS CAME BOUNDING TO THE ASSAULT.



BULLETS RAPPED HARD AND FAST AGAINST THE PALISADES.



THE FIRE WAS RETURNED WITH STEADINESS, AND NOT WITHOUT EFFECT.



THE ATTACK LASTED SIX HOURS, UNTIL THE ASSAILANTS GREW WEARY OF THEIR FUTILE EFFORTS AND WITHDREW.



THE ATTACK WAS SOON RENEWED BY ABOUT SIX HUNDRED INDIANS.



AFTER HOURS OF SAVAGE FIGHTING, A CANADIAN MESSENGER FROM PONTIAC APPEARED.

PONTIAC DEMANDS SURRENDER OF THE FORT. HE PROMISES THAT THE ENGLISH CAN GO TO THEIR BOATS, LEAVING ALL THEIR ARMS AND EFFECTS BEHIND, AND SAIL AWAY UNMOLESTED.



TELL PONTIAC WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER!



BUT THAT EVENING, GLADWYN FOUND HE WAS ALMOST ALONE IN THIS OPINION.

I THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE. WE HAVE SCARCELY ENOUGH PROVISIONS FOR THREE WEEKS.

HOW LONG CAN WE HOLD OUT? OUR WOOD AND STRAW HOUSES CAN EASILY BE SET AFIRE BY BURNING ARROWS.



NO MATTER HOW DESPERATE OUR CONDITION BECOMES, WE WILL STAY AND DEFEND THIS PLACE.



TIME PASSED ON, AND BROUGHT LITTLE CHANGE AND NO RELIEF TO THE HARASSED AND ENDANGERED GARRISON.



THE INDIANS SHOT ARROWS TIPPED WITH BURNING TOW AT THE BUILDINGS CLUSTERED INSIDE THE FORT.



BUT CISTERNS AND TANKS OF WATER WERE PROVIDED, AND FEW FIRES WERE STARTED.



FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, NO MAN LAY DOWN TO SLEEP, EXCEPT IN HIS CLOTHES, AND WITH HIS WEAPONS BY HIS SIDE.



SUPPLIES DWINDLED DANGEROUSLY. BY MAY 30, THE SITUATION AT THE FORT WAS DESPERATE.

I KNOW A DETACHMENT WITH PROVISIONS AND AMMUNITION IS ON THE WAY TO US. IF WE CAN ONLY HOLD OUT A LITTLE LONGER!



JUST THEN . . .

A CONVOY IS COMING DOWN THE RIVER!



INSTANTLY THE FORT WAS ASTIR.

SEE THE ENGLISH FLAG ON THE FIRST BOAT!



THE CANNON BOOMED A WELCOME, BUT SUDDENLY EVERY CHEEK GREW PALE WITH HORROR. HALF-NAKED FIGURES WERE RISING IN THE BOATS.

INDIANS!

THE CONVOY HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND THE SOLDIERS ARE BEING FORCED TO ACT AS ROWERS!



SUDDENLY, IN THE FIRST BOAT, ONE OF THE SOLDIERS SEIZED HIS INDIAN CAPTOR AND FLUNG HIM INTO THE RIVER.



BUT THE INDIAN HELD ON TO THE SOLDIER'S CLOTHES AND PULLED HIM OVERBOARD.



DRAWING HIS KNIFE, THE INDIAN STABBED THE SOLDIER REPEATEDLY.



BOTH WENT DOWN THE SWIFT CURRENT, GRAPPLED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.



THE OTHER INDIANS IN THE BOAT ALSO LEAPED INTO THE RIVER.



THEIR PRISONERS TURNED AND PULLED WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT FOR AN ENGLISH VESSEL MOORED NEAR THE FORT.



MANY CANOES PADDLED IN SWIFT PURSUIT.



THE MEN STRAINED WITH DESPERATE STRENGTH. BULLETS HISSED THICKLY AROUND THEIR HEADS.



SUDDENLY A CANNON BALL BURST FROM THE ENGLISH VESSEL AND FLEW TOWARD THE PURSUING INDIANS.



THEY FELL BACK, AND THE SOLDIERS SCRAMBLED TO SAFETY.



LATER, IN THE FORT, THEY TOLD OF THE CATASTROPHE THAT HAD BEFALLEN THE CONVOY.

WE LEFT FORT NIAGARA ON MAY 13 WITH NINETY-SIX MEN AND A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF PROVISIONS AND AMMUNITION.



THE TRIP WAS UNEVENTFUL UNTIL TWO DAYS AGO, WHEN WE WERE SURPRISED AT OUR CAMP.



WE RAN FOR OUR BOATS.



ONLY TWO BOATLOADS, WITH ABOUT THIRTY MEN, MADE THEIR ESCAPE.



MANY OF OUR COMRADES WERE MURDERED HORRIBLY BY THE INDIANS. THE REST OF US WERE PUT INTO THE BOATS AND FORCED TO ROW OUR CAPTORS HERE.



THE NEXT DAY RUMORS CAME TO THE FORT OF THE MOST HORRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF THE SOLDIERS. THERE WAS SOON MORE BAD NEWS.

FORT SANDUSKY HAS BEEN TAKEN, AND ALL ITS GARRISON SLAIN OR MADE CAPTIVE.

WE MUST HOLD OUT HERE, ALTHOUGH PONTIAC KEEPS RECEIVING REINFORCEMENTS. HE MUST HAVE OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WARRIORS NOW.

SOON WORD OF NEW DISASTERS CAME TO THE FORT. THE POSTS AT ST. JOSEPH, MICHILIMACKINAC, QUATANON, MAMIS, PRESQU'ISLE, LE BOEUF, VENANGO AND PITT HAD ALL FALLEN TO INDIAN ATTACK.

DETROIT, ALONE, HAS BEEN ABLE TO SUSTAIN ITSELF.

THIS IS SCARCELY THE LOCAL UPRISING WE THOUGHT IT WAS.

I WOULD HAVE NEVER THOUGHT INDIANS WOULD BE CAPABLE OF ORGANIZING SUCH A WIDE-SPREAD ATTACK.

NOT MOST INDIANS. BUT PONTIAC IS CLEVER AND COURAGEOUS. HE HAS A POWERFUL MIND AND GREAT AMBITION.

THE SIEGE DRAGGED ON. THEN, ON JUNE 23, A COMMOTION WAS VISIBLE AMONG THE INDIANS.

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO.



THAT EVENING A REPORT CAME IN.

A SCHOONER IS ATTEMPTING TO ASCEND THE RIVER, AND THE INDIANS HAVE GONE TO ATTACK IT.



THE SCHOONER BEGAN TO MOVE SLOWLY PAST BANKS THICK WITH INDIANS.



JUST BEFORE REACHING THE NARROWEST PART OF THE CHANNEL THE WIND DIED AWAY, AND THE ANCHOR WAS DROPPED.



HERE THE SHIP REMAINED UNTIL NIGHT DESCENDED.



THE CREW KEPT A STRICT WATCH.

I SEE OBJECTS MOVING TOWARD US. THEY MUST BE CANCES.



QUIETLY ORDER ALL HANDS ON DECK. THE BLOW OF A HAMMER ON THE MAST WILL BE THE SIGNAL TO FIRE.



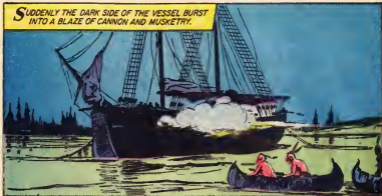
THE MEN TOOK THEIR POSTS IN PERFECT SILENCE.



CONFIDENTLY THE INDIANS GLIDED THEIR CANOES TO WITHIN A FEW RODS OF THEIR FANCIED PRIZE.



SUDDENLY THE DARK SIDE OF THE VESSEL BURST INTO A BLAZE OF CANNON AND MUSKETRY.



GRAPID AND MUSKET SHOT FLEW AMONG THE CANOES, KILLING AND WOUNDING MANY OF THE INDIANS.



RECOVERING FROM THEIR SURPRISE, THE INDIANS ON THE SHORE BEGAN TO FIRE UPON THE SHIP.



BUT SHE WEIGHED ANCHOR AND DROPPED DOWN BEYOND THEIR REACH INTO THE BROAD RIVER BELOW.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER SHE AGAIN ATTEMPTED TO ASCEND THE RIVER AND, ALTHOUGH FIRED AT CONSTANTLY, GAINED THE FORT SAFELY.



SHE BROUGHT A MUCH NEEDED SUPPLY OF MEN, AMMUNITION AND PROVISIONS.



SHE ALSO BROUGHT IMPORTANT TIDINGS.

A PEACE TREATY HAS FINALLY BEEN SIGNED BY THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH. FRANCE HAS FORMALLY CEDED CANADA AND THE LAKE REGIONS TO ENGLAND.



I DON'T THINK THE CANADIANS HERE WILL LIKE BEING ENGLISH SUBJECTS.



MANY OF THE CANADIANS HATED THE ENGLISH. THEY STIRRED UP THE INDIANS WITH LIES.

THE KING OF FRANCE WOULD NEVER ABANDON HIS CHILDREN. EVEN NOW A GREAT FRENCH ARMY IS COMING TO HELP THE INDIANS DESTROY THE ENGLISH.



PONTIAC INVITED DIFFERENT CANADIAN LEADERS TO MEET HIM IN COUNCIL. WHEN THEY WERE GATHERED, HE THREW A WAR BELT AT THEIR FEET.



MY BROTHERS, HOW LONG WILL YOU SUFFER THIS BAD FLESH TO REMAIN UPON YOUR LANDS?

WHEN I TOOK UP THE HATCHET, IT WAS FOR YOUR GOOD. THIS YEAR THE ENGLISH MUST PERISH THROUGHOUT CANADA.



YOU CALL YOURSELVES OUR FRIENDS, YET YOU ASSIST THE ENGLISH. YOU MUST BE EITHER WHOLLY FRENCH OR WHOLLY ENGLISH. IF YOU ARE FRENCH, TAKE UP THAT WAR BELT, AND LIFT THE HATCHET WITH US.



SOME OF THE CANADIANS JOINED PONTIAC'S CAUSE, BUT THEY GAVE HIM LITTLE HELP. FEARING THE ANGER OF THE ENGLISH, THEY FLED BEFORE THE WAR WAS OVER.



BUT PONTIAC ATTACKED WITH RENEWED VIGOR. PRIME TARGETS WERE THE SCHOONERS WHICH WERE ANCHORED OUTSIDE THE FORT.

WHAT'S THAT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A BLAZING RAFT!



THE RAFT CAME CRACKLING DOWN TOWARD THE SCHOONERS.



THE GLARE LIT UP A GROUP OF HALF-NAKED SPECTATORS WHO STOOD ALONG THE BANK.



SUDDENLY A CANNON FROM THE FORT ROARED, AND THE INDIANS DISAPPEARED.



FORTUNATELY, THE RAFT MISSED THE BOATS AND FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER UNTIL ITS LAST HISSING EMBERS WERE QUENCHED.



IT WAS NOW BETWEEN TWO AND THREE MONTHS SINCE THE SIEGE BEGAN. INDIAN HISTORY CANNOT FURNISH ANOTHER INSTANCE OF SO LARGE A FORCE PERSISTING SO LONG IN THE ATTACK OF A FORTIFIED PLACE. IT WAS THE CONTROLLING SPIRIT OF PONTIAC WHICH HELD THEM TO THEIR WORK.



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE SOLDIERS AT DETROIT, A STRONG REINFORCEMENT WAS COMING TO THEIR AID. CAPTAIN DALZELL HAD LEFT NIAGARA WITH TWENTY-TWO BARGES BEARING TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MEN AND A FRESH SUPPLY OF PROVISIONS AND AMMUNITION.



THEY SOON REACHED PRESQU'ISLE, WHERE THEY FOUND THE SCORCHED AND BATTERED BLOCKHOUSE CAPTURED A FEW WEEKS BEFORE.



THEY PROCEEDED TO SANDUSKY AND MARCHED TO AN INDIAN VILLAGE, WHICH THEY BURNED TO THE GROUND.



THEN THEY STEERED FOR THE DETROIT RIVER AND CAUTIOUSLY ASCENDED IT.



THEY SOON REACHED A POINT IN THE RIVER MIDWAY BETWEEN TWO INDIAN VILLAGES.



A HOT FIRE BROKE OUT FROM EITHER BANK.



THE SOLDIERS ANSWERED WITH SWIVELS AND MUSKETRY, BUT FIFTEEN MEN WERE KILLED OR WOUNDED.



AFTER THEY PASSED THIS DANGER, THEY CONTINUED ON TO DETROIT, WHERE BARGE AFTER BARGE CAME TO SHORE AMID THE CHEERS OF THE GARRISON.



ON THE DAY OF HIS ARRIVAL, CAPTAIN DALZELL CONFERRED WITH MAJOR GLADWYN.

I THINK THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE AN IRRECOVERABLE BLOW AT PONTIAC. I WOULD LIKE TO MARCH OUT TOMORROW NIGHT AND ATTACK THE INDIAN CAMP.

I AM AFRAID HE IS TOO MUCH ON HIS GUARD FOR THAT.



BUT WE CAN DESTROY HIM IF WE ATTACK NOW. IF WE WAIT, HE MAY RUN OFF AND WE WILL HAVE LOST OUR CHANCE.

VERY WELL, THEN, YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION.

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, ORDERS WERE ISSUED AND PREPARATIONS WERE MADE.



BUT THROUGH THE CARELESSNESS OF SOME OFFICERS, THE PLAN BECAME KNOWN TO A FEW CANADIANS.

HAVE YOU HEARD? WE ARE TO ATTACK THE INDIAN CAMP TONIGHT.

I MUST BRING WORD OF THIS TO PONTIAC.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE GATES OF THE FORT WERE THROWN OPEN AND A DETACHMENT OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN, INCLUDING MAJOR ROGERS AND SOME OF HIS RANGERS, PASSED NOISELESSLY OUT.



THEY FILED ALONG THE ROAD PAST THE BARN, ORCHARDS AND CORNFIELDS OF THE CANADIANS WHO LIVED OUTSIDE THE FORT.



THE NIGHT WAS EXCEEDINGLY DARK, AND THEY DID NOT SEE THE SHADY FORMS OF INDIAN SCOUTS WHO WATCHED EVERY YARD OF THEIR PROGRESS.



THEY SOON CAME TO A LITTLE BRIDGE OVER A STREAM CALLED PARENT'S CREEK. THE ADVANCE GUARD WAS HALFWAY OVER IT WHEN A HORRIBLE BURST OF YELLS ROSE AND INDIAN GUNS BLAZED FORTH.



HALF THE ADVANCE PARTY WAS SHOT DOWN, AND THE APPALLED SURVIVORS SHRANK BACK.



THE CONFUSION REACHED THE MAIN BODY, BUT DALZELL RALLIED HIS MEN AND LED THEM FORWARD TO THE ATTACK.



NOT AN INDIAN WAS THERE TO OPPOSE THEM.

WHERE ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW. I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.



THE ENGLISH PUSHED FORWARD AMID THE PITCHY DARKNESS, AS INDIAN GUNS CONTINUED TO FLASH THROUGH THE GLOOM.



FINALLY . . .

IT'S USELESS TO GO FORWARD. WE'LL WITHDRAW AND WAIT FOR DAYLIGHT.



THE DETACHMENT FELL BACK AMID SCATTERED FIRE FROM THE REAR.



THE SOLDIERS REACHED A POINT WHERE THERE WERE MANY HOUSES AND BARNs NEAR THE ROAD.



SUDDENLY INDIANS LYING IN AMBUSH THERE POUred A VOLLEY AMONG THEM.



THE SOLDIERS BROKE RANKS AND CROWDED UPON ONE ANOTHER IN BLIND EAGERNESS TO ESCAPE THE STORM OF BULLETS.



CAPTAIN DALZELL, ALTHOUGH WOUNDED, STRUGGLED TO RESTORE ORDER.

STAND AND FIGHT!



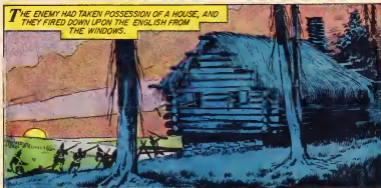
THE SOLDIERS BEGAN TO RETURN THE FIRE WHICH Poured OUT AT THEM.



BUT LITTLE COULD BE SEEN OF THE INDIANS EXCEPT THE FLASHES OF THEIR GUNS AMID THE MIST.



THE ENEMY HAD TAKEN POSSESSION OF A HOUSE, AND THEY FIRED DOWN UPON THE ENGLISH FROM THE WINDOWS.



MAJOR ROGERS AND SOME OF HIS RANGERS BURST THE DOOR WITH AN AXE, RUSHED IN AND EXPELLED THEM.



THE RETREAT WAS RESUMED. BUT NO SOONER HAD THE MEN FACED ABOUT, THAN THE INDIANS CAME DARTING UPON THEIR FLANK AND REAR.



AT A DISTANCE, A WOUNDED SERGEANT RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS HANDS AND GAZED HELPLESSLY AT HIS COMRADES.

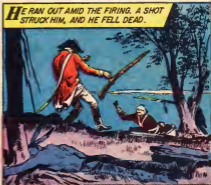


CAPTAIN DALZELL SAW HIM.

I MUST HELP THAT MAN.



HE RAN OUT AMID THE FIRING. A SHOT STRUCK HIM, AND HE FELL DEAD.



THE SOLDIERS PRESSED ON. THEIR LOSS WOULD HAVE BEEN GREATER HAD NOT MAJOR ROGERS TAKEN POSSESSION OF ANOTHER HOUSE AND COVERED THEIR RETREAT.



WITHIN AN HOUR, THE WHOLE PARTY HAD ARRIVED AT THE FORT, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ROGERS AND HIS MEN, WHO WERE BESIEGED BY TWO HUNDRED INDIANS.



TWO ARMED BOATS CAME UP THE RIVER TO A POINT OPPOSITE THE HOUSE.



THEY SWEEPED THE GROUND ABOVE AND BELOW IT AND SCATTERED THE INDIANS.



ROGERS AND HIS PARTY NOW CAME OUT AND MARCHED DOWN THE ROAD.



THE TWO BOATS ACCOMPANIED THEM CLOSELY AND, BY A CONSTANT FIRE, RESTRAINED THE INDIANS FROM MAKING AN ATTACK.



AFTER SIX HOURS OF MARCHING AND COMBAT, THE LAST MEN ENTERED THE SHELTERING WALLS OF DETROIT.



I WAS AFRAID THIS MIGHT HAPPEN. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN MY CONSENT! HOW MANY MEN DID WE LOSE?



FIFTY-NINE, SIR, KILLED AND WOUNDED. BUT WE WERE FIGHTING SEVEN OR EIGHT HUNDRED WARRIORS!

NEWSPAPERS OF PONTIAC'S VICTORY SPREAD AND MORE INDIANS CAME TO JOIN HIM.

LOOK AT THAT!

WE SHALL SOON BE BESIEGED BY NEARLY A THOUSAND.



WELL, WE HAVE MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED GOOD FIGHTING MEN. WE WON'T EVER SURRENDER.

DAY AFTER DAY PASSED. A FEW SKIRMISHES TOOK PLACE, AND A FEW MEN WERE KILLED.



BUT NOTHING WORTHY OF NOTICE OCCURRED UNTIL THE NIGHT OF THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER.



THE SCHOONER GLADWYN WAS ON HER WAY BACK FROM FORT NIAGARA, WHERE SHE HAD GONE WITH LETTERS AND DESPATCHES. SHE WAS ANCHORED NINE MILES FROM DETROIT.



AS NIGHT SET IN, THE TWELVE MEN ON BOARD WATCHED WITH ANXIOUS VIGILANCE.



IT'S SO DARK I CAN SEE ONLY A FEW RODS AHEAD.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY INDIANS, IN THEIR BIRCH CANOES, GLIDED SILENTLY DOWN WITH THE CURRENT.



SUDDENLY THEY WERE BENEATH THE BOWS AND CLAMBERING UP THE SIDES OF THE SCHOONER.



THE CREW GAVE THEM A CLOSE FIRE OF MUSKETRY, WITHOUT ANY EFFECT.

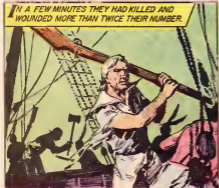


THEN THEY FLUNG DOWN
THEIR GUNS.

SPEARS AND
HATCHETS,
LADS!



IN A FEW MINUTES THEY HAD KILLED AND
WOUNDED MORE THAN TWICE THEIR NUMBER.



BUT STILL THE INDIANS
SURGED ON BOARD.



THEN . . .

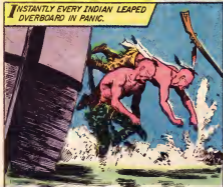
BLOW UP
THE SHIP!



SOME OF THE INDIANS CAUGHT THE MEANING OF THE WORDS AND GAVE THE ALARM.



INSTANTLY EVERY INDIAN LEAPED OVERBOARD IN PANIC.



I DON'T THINK THEY'LL COME BACK, BUT KEEP A SHARP WATCH UNTIL DAWN.



THE INDIANS DID NOT RENEW THE ATTACK, AND THE NEXT MORNING, THE SHIP REACHED THE FORT.



SOON IT WAS THE END OF SEPTEMBER. THE INDIANS HAD PRESSED THE SIEGE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF MAY, BUT NOW THEIR DETERMINATION BEGAN TO FAIL.

LET US ASK THE ENGLISH FOR PEACE, AND GO TO OUR WINTERING GROUNDS. WE WILL RETURN IN THE SPRING TO DESTROY THEM.



ON OCTOBER 12, ONE OF THE GREAT CHIEFS CAME TO THE FORT.

THE WHITE FATHER KNOWS WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDS OF THE ENGLISH. WE CAME TO ASK YOU TO SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE WITH US.



MAJOR GLADWYN UNDERSTOOD THEIR TREACHERY, BUT THE FORT NEEDED SUPPLIES.

I DO NOT HAVE THE POWER TO GRANT PEACE, BUT I WILL AGREE TO A TRUCE.



A TRUCE WAS MADE, AND GLADWYN TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE LULL TO COLLECT ENOUGH PROVISIONS TO SUPPLY THE FORT FOR THE WINTER.



ONLY PONTIAC AND HIS OTTAWAS REFUSED TO ASK FOR PEACE. THEY PERSISTED IN THEIR HOSTILITIES, AND WHEN THEY FINALLY WITHDREW IT WAS TO STIR UP NEW TRIBES FOR A SPRING ATTACK. HOWEVER, THE ENGLISH WERE DETERMINED TO SUPPRESS AN OUTBREAK.

COLONEL BOUQUET, YOU ARE TO LEAD AN ARMY TO FORT PITT AND THENCE INTO THE DELAWARE AND SHAWANEE SETTLEMENTS.



COLONEL BRADSTREET, YOU ARE TO ASCEND THE LAKES AND FORCE THE TRIBES OF DETROIT AND BEYOND TO UNCONDITIONAL SUBMISSION.



THE TWO ARMIES SET OUT. WHEN BRADSTREET GOT AS FAR AS FORT NIAGARA, HE FOUND THOUSANDS OF INDIANS GATHERED TO SUE FOR PEACE.



THROUGHOUT THE WINTER, THEIR SUFFERING HAD BEEN GREAT. THEY LACKED AMMUNITION, CLOTHES AND OTHER NECESSITIES. THEIR THIRST FOR WAR HAD BEEN QUENCHED.



AFTER THE PEACE COUNCILS WERE HELD, BRADSTREET PUSHED ON TO DETROIT. HE ARRIVED ON AUGUST 26, 1764, AND THE SIEGE WAS ENDED.

HURRAH! HERE COME OUR REPLACEMENTS!

AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS HERE, I CAN'T WAIT TO RETURN TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD!



MEANWHILE BOUQUET, IN THE HEART OF INDIAN COUNTRY, MET OTHER CHIEFS IN COUNCIL.



CHIEFS AND WARRIORS, YOUR CONDUCT IS WITHOUT DEFENSE OR APOLOGY.



IF WE CHOSE, WE COULD EXTERMINATE YOU, BUT THE ENGLISH ARE A MERCIFUL PEOPLE. THEREFORE, I GIVE YOU TWELVE DAYS TO DELIVER UP ALL THE PRISONERS IN YOUR POSSESSION. WHEN THIS IS DONE, YOU MAY KNOW ON WHAT TERMS YOU MAY OBTAIN PEACE.



THE INDIANS HASTENED TO THEIR DIFFERENT VILLAGES TO COLLECT AND BRING IN THE PRISONERS.



IT WAS A MOVING SIGHT AS SOME OF THE SOLDIERS FOUND WIVES OR CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN CAPTURED YEARS BEFORE.



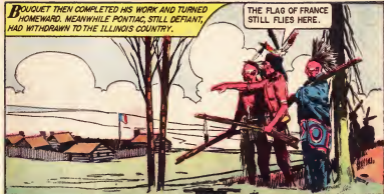
OTHER PRISONERS, HOWEVER, HAD LIVED WITH THE INDIANS SO LONG THEY DID NOT WISH TO LEAVE THE WILD LIFE THEY LOVED.

THAT BOY WAS PROBABLY TREATED KINDLY BY THE INDIANS. HE JUST DOESN'T WANT TO LEAVE THE ONLY HOME HE REMEMBERS.



BOUQUET THEN COMPLETED HIS WORK AND TURNED HOMEWARD. MEANWHILE PONTIAC, STILL DEFIANT, HAD WITHDRAWN TO THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY.

THE FLAG OF FRANCE STILL FLIES HERE.



BUT THE LAND BELONGS TO THE ENGLISH. SOON THEY WILL COME TO CLAIM IT.

WHEN THEY DO, I WILL BE HERE TO STOP THEM.



BY RAPID MARCHES THROUGH FORESTS AND OVER PRAIRIES, HE LED HIS WARRIORS TO THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. THERE HE SUMMONED THE TRIBES OF THE ILLINOIS.

WE CAN STILL BEAT DOWN THE ENGLISH DOGS.



IF YOU HESITATE TO HELP ME, I WILL CONSUME YOUR TRIBES AS THE FIRE CONSUMES THE DRY GRASS ON THE PRAIRIE.



HE THEN WENT TO SEE THE FRENCH
COMMANDANT OF FORT CHARTRES.

FATHER, I LOVE THE FRENCH, AND I
HAVE COME HITHER WITH MY WARRIORS
TO AVENGE THEIR WRONGS. I ASK OF
YOU ARMS, AMMUNITION, AND TROOPS
TO ACT WITH ME AND MY WARRIORS.



I KNOW WHAT A GREAT WARRIOR PONTIAC
IS, BUT THE FRENCH KING HAS ORDERED
ME TO YIELD THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY
TO THE ENGLISH WHEN THEY COME TO
CLAIM IT.



WHEN THE ENGLISH TOLD US THAT
THEY HAD CONQUERED YOU, WE
THOUGHT THEY LIED. BUT NOW WE
SEE THAT THEY SPOKE THE TRUTH.



YOU, WHOM WE LOVED AND SERVED SO
WELL, HAVE GIVEN THE LANDS THAT
WE DWELL UPON TO YOUR ENEMIES
AND OURS!



PONTIAC LEFT ANGRILY AND SUMMONED SEVERAL OF HIS CHIEFS.

GO TO NEW ORLEANS AND DEMAND AID FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNOR THERE.



AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS THE CHIEFS RETURNED.

WHAT DID THE FRENCH FATHER SAY?



HE TOLD US THE FRENCH WERE NOW AT PEACE WITH THE ENGLISH AND SAID THAT WE, TOO, SHOULD TAKE HOLD OF THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.



THEY HAVE ALL DESERTED ME. MY HOPES TURN TO DUST.



WELL, THEN, I WILL TAKE THE PEACE THE ENGLISH OFFER.



IN THE SUMMER OF 1766, PONTIAC WENT TO OSWEGO WHERE SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, THE ENGLISH SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, WAS HOLDING A COUNCIL.

I AM READY TO TAKE THE KING OF ENGLAND FOR MY FATHER.



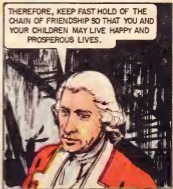
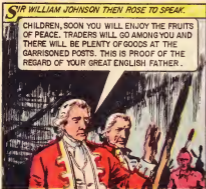
PONTIAC'S GREAT PEACE PIPE WAS LIGHTED AND PASSED AROUND THE ASSEMBLY.



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON THEN ROSE TO SPEAK.

CHILDREN, SOON YOU WILL ENJOY THE FRUITS OF PEACE. TRADERS WILL GO AMONG YOU AND THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF GOODS AT THE GARRISONED POSTS. THIS IS PROOF OF THE REGARD OF YOUR GREAT ENGLISH FATHER.

THEREFORE, KEEP FAST HOLD OF THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP SO THAT YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN MAY LIVE HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS LIVES.



THEN PONTIAC SPOKE.

IT IS THE WILL OF THE GREAT SPIRIT THAT WE SHOULD MEET HERE TODAY, AND BEFORE HIM I NOW TAKE YOU BY THE HAND IN THE NAME OF ALL THE NATIONS OF THE WEST.



FATHER, WHEN OUR GREAT FATHER OF FRANCE WAS IN THIS COUNTRY, I HELD HIM FAST BY THE HAND. NOW THAT HE IS GONE, I TAKE YOU, MY ENGLISH FATHER, BY THE HAND.



IN PROOF OF THIS I GIVE YOU THIS BELT OF WAMPUM, WHICH WILL COVER AND STRENGTHEN OUR CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.



THIS PONTIAC RENOUNCED THE BOLD DESIGN BY WHICH HE HAD TRIED TO KEEP THE WHITE MEN FROM THE LAND WHICH HAD SO LONG BELONGED ONLY TO THE INDIANS.



IN 1769, AN ENGLISH TRADER BRIBED AN ILLINOIS INDIAN TO MURDER PONTIAC. THE GREAT CHIEF WAS BURIED AT SAINT LOUIS. NEITHER MOUND NOR TABLET MARK HIS BURIAL PLACE. FOR A MAUSOLEUM, A CITY HAS RISEN ABOVE THE FOREST HERO; AND THE RACE THAT HE HATED TRAMPLES WITH UNCEASING FOOTSTEPS OVER HIS FORGOTTEN GRAVE.



THE END

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.

FRANCIS PARKMAN



FRANCIS Parkman was born on September 16, 1823, in his parents' home on Beacon hill in Boston. He was the eldest son of the Reverend Dr. Francis Parkman and Caroline Hall Parkman, who were descended from the earliest Massachusetts families. Park-

man's ancestors were men of importance in the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth. The Reverend Parkman was minister of the New North Church in Boston.

Young Francis Parkman was still a sophomore at Harvard university when he decided to write the story of the struggle between the French and the English for possession of North America. He realized that writing a history of this kind would require a great deal of research, so he prepared himself for the adventure of collecting first-hand material from the Indians of the Northwest.

Two years after he graduated from Harvard, he set out with a friend for a trip over the Oregon trail. From St. Louis they traveled up the Missouri river to Kansas City. There they bought horses and hired their guides. After many hardships, they finally reached the valley of the Pierre river

The trip along the trail was a long and difficult one. They visited many Indian camps and were entertained by the Indians according to their customs. In return, Parkman gave a feast at

which dog meat, an Indian favorite, was the main course.

Through this direct contact, Parkman was able to study the Indians. He made detailed notes on the dress, customs, rituals, hunting habits and living conditions of the various tribes.

Parkman's trip was an invaluable aid in helping him write his history books, but it played havoc with his health. On the Oregon trail he was constantly exposed to bad weather, bad food and long hours without rest. He developed trouble with his eyes. Soon he could not bear light and was forced to spend most of his time in darkened quarters.

In spite of his physical difficulties, he published *The Oregon Trail* in 1849. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* followed two years later. Parts of his books he dictated, and parts he wrote with his own hand, guiding his pen in the darkened room by means of wires strung across a writing board.

In 1858, Parkman's health was so bad that he was forced to give up working. By 1865, he had recovered sufficiently to resume writing and he began the publication of a series of books dealing with the history of France in the New World. Though he continued to write, he did so with great difficulty, as his health grew constantly worse.

Parkman died on November 8, 1893. For days the newspapers of America were full of accounts of his life, and within a few months, every important magazine in the country had paid tribute to him. He is considered one of America's greatest historians.

DRIVEN RIVER

THE Indians in America did not only clash with the white man. Often they clashed with each other. Here is the story of a battle that became a legend among the Cheyenne Indians.

In 1836, a Cheyenne war party started down from the South Platte river in search of the camp of their enemy, the Pawnees. Only a few of the Cheyennes took horses with them. These were to be used to charge the Pawnee camp.

The Cheyennes selected eight fast runners to go ahead of the war party as scouts, to learn where the Pawnees had made their camp. These scouts did not return. Soon other scouts were sent to find out what had become of the first group. But they saw no trace of them.

After waiting in the camp several days, the Cheyenne chiefs asked their medicine men to call upon the great spirits and ask them what had become of the missing scouts. The great spirits replied that the scouts were still seeking the Pawnee camp and they would not return until they had found the enemy. The Cheyenne chiefs agreed that this was good, and that the war party should move on to help find the Pawnees.

This time, two scouts were sent ahead of the party. Suddenly they came to a hollow, where they found the bodies of the eight missing scouts. The Cheyennes saw many tracks around the area. All were made by Pawnee moccasins.

The two scouts ran up on a hill and signalled the Cheyenne war party with their buffalo robes. Each held up his robe and then dropped it on the ground

eight times. This meant that the eight scouts had been killed.

The Cheyennes were very angry. They knew that the Pawnee camp was close by. The trail showed that after killing the scouts, the Pawnees had moved across the nearby Smoky Hill river. The Cheyennes who had horses followed the trail.

Soon after the riders set off, the Cheyennes made plans. They sent out runners to catch up with the mounted Indians to tell them to attack the Pawnees and then ride swiftly back. The Pawnees would follow the riders right into an ambush set by the Cheyenne war party.

The mounted Cheyennes found the Pawnee camp and charged. After creating all the noise and excitement they could, they rode toward their own camp, leading the pursuing Pawnees into the ambush.

But the Cheyennes had not expected the great number of Pawnees who came at them. The Cheyennes, greatly outnumbered and on foot, were an easy target for the mounted Pawnees.

The Pawnees drove the Cheyennes up the stream on the south side of the Smoky Hill river. From that time on, it was called Driven river by the Cheyennes, because they were driven up the stream. The fight lasted for many hours, and the Cheyennes were badly beaten.

The place where the battle occurred was never again camped upon by the Cheyennes. They considered it an area of evil and death.

SUTTER'S DREAM

JOHN Augustus Sutter was a man with a dream—a dream of paradise which he would build all by himself in the New World. Sutter was born in Germany in 1803, of Swiss parents. As he grew up in Europe, he heard of the strange, unexplored land in America—the far West. He heard of the great forests, the green valleys, the towering mountains, and the swift rivers of a mysterious place which the Spaniards had named California.

To John Sutter, the name California meant a place where he could make his dream come true. He would leave Europe, cross the Atlantic, travel by foot and with ox-teams across the great American prairies, which were still unexplored, and set up an empire which only he would rule. He made the long and difficult journey in 1838—a time when only fur-trappers and Indians lived in the far West. At last he came across the high Sierra mountains and down into a vast green valley, through which the Sacramento river ran into San Francisco bay. The land he saw was almost untouched. It was the home only of deer, bear, antelope, and many other wild animals.

Sutter set to work building the first settlement in that valley. As the years passed and his settlement grew larger, it became known as Sutter's Fort.

Sutter's Fort was the most important stopping place for the weary fur-trappers, the men who hunted and trapped in the mountains of northern California and Oregon. By 1846, when the wagon trains carrying the people who wanted to make homes in the West be-

gan to arrive in California, Sutter's Fort had grown into a great settlement. Indians and white men met there and John Sutter gave them food and supplies before they traveled on.

Sutter had built his paradise in the West. He controlled 98,000 acres of land—an area as large as Switzerland, where his parents were born. He was the ruler of this huge domain, and people talked of him all over the world.

In 1848, John Sutter decided to build a mill wheel on the American river, which ran through his property. The mill wheel would turn machinery for grinding the grain which he grew on his fine farms.

Sutter sent his good friend John Marshall to build the wheel. On the morning of January 24, 1848, Marshall turned the water loose from a small dam he had built in the river where he was constructing the mill wheel. He stooped to see how much deeper he would have to dig before the mill wheel would work. In the water, Marshall saw something shiny. He scooped it up and held it in his hands. It was gold! He raced back to tell John Sutter.

Sutter was not happy to see the gold which John Marshall found. He knew that if word got to the outside world, there would soon be thousands of greedy gold-hunters scrambling over his private lands, destroying his wilderness paradise.

Sutter was right. Soon thousands of men were heading to California to make their fortunes in gold. And Sutter's paradise was trampled to dust by the great California Gold Rush.

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