

Dan'l Boone

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GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

OCT. NO.2
10c



\$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGIC SECRETS
102 STARTLING TRICKS YOU CAN LEARN EASILY!

MAGIC



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MIND READING!
COINS!
WATCHES!
PUZZLES!
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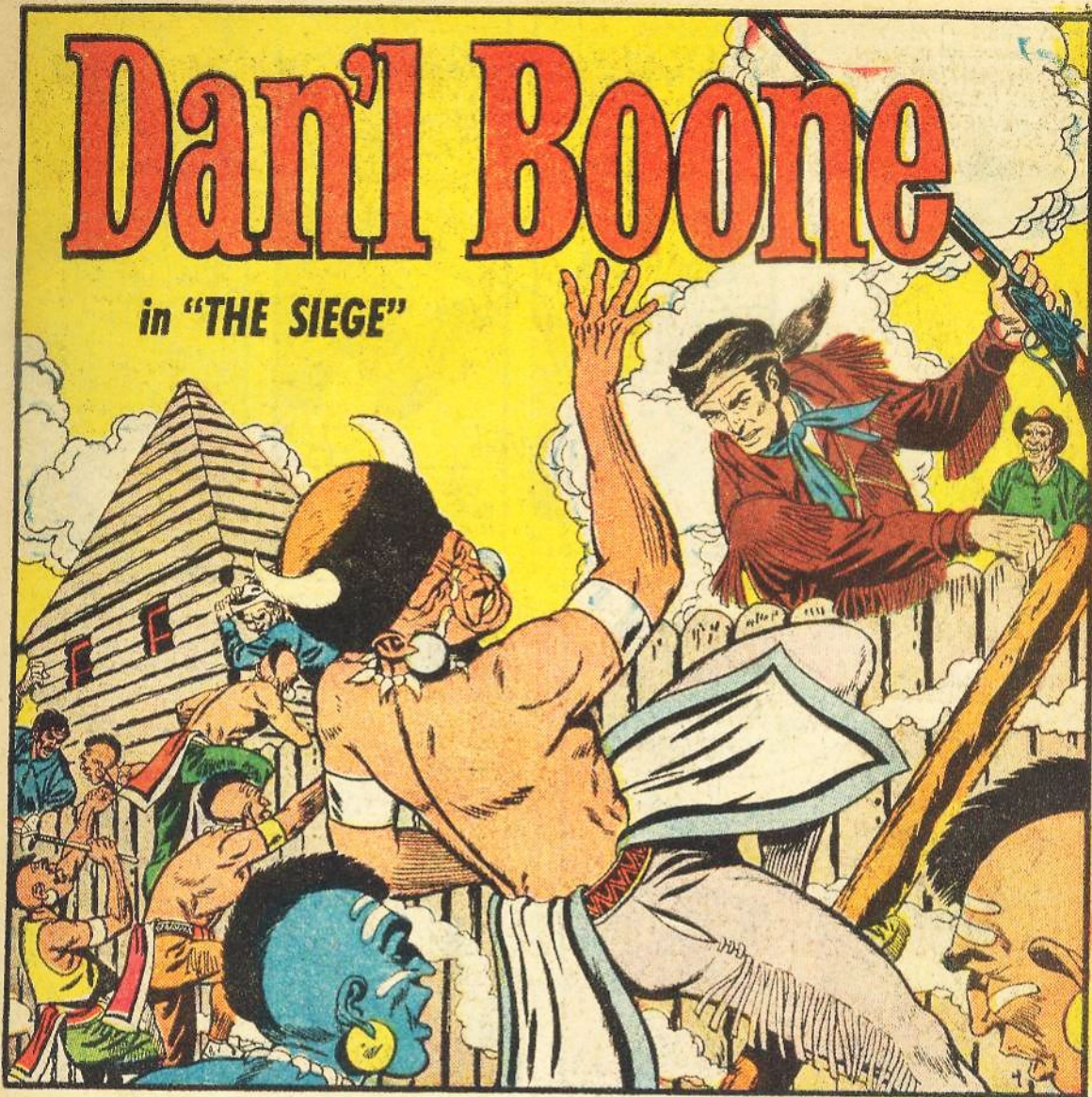
BOXER WILL SEND THE BOOK AND THE THREE MAGIC TRICKS ALL FOR ONLY A SINGLE DOLLAR BILL.

ALL THREE OF THESE TRICKS WILL BE SENT FREE WITH THE BOOK WHEN YOU USE THE COUPON AT THE LEFT!

JACK BOXER
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PLEASE RUSH ONE COPY OF THE BOOK **MAGIC** WITH ITS \$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGICAL SECRETS... AND ALSO THE 3 FREE BONUS TRICKS
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Dan'l Boone

in "THE SIEGE"



DANIEL BOONE WAS OUT UNDER THE TALL TREES AGAIN, BY HIS LONESOME AT LAST AFTER LONG MONTHS AT THE SETTLEMENT...

HERE'S WHAR A BODY HAS ELBOW ROOM! HERE'S WHAR A BODY CAN TRAIPE ABOUT, AND NOT BE FEARFUL OF TREADIN' ON FINE FOLKS' TOES AND FEELINGS!..!



ANOTHER DAY INSIDE THAT STOCKADE WALL, AND I'D... UH-OH- CAMPFIRE SMOKE RISIN' FROM THE RAVINE AHEAD! AND THAT'S WET-WOOD SMOKE... MUST BE A WHITE MAN!



BUT THEN-- HMMM--
IT'S AN
OLD INJUN! MUST BE
FEELIN' POORLY, OR ELSE
HE'D NEVER HAVE USED
WET WOOD--



WOLVES!...
CREEPIN' UP
ON HIM!



SHOOT STRAIGHT,
TICK-LICKER*- OR
ELSE THAT OLD
INJUN'S A GONER
FOR SURE!



*TICK-LICKER IS
BOONE'S NAME FOR
HIS RIFLE.



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT
NOW!... ONCE I DOWNED
THE LEAD-WOLF, THE
OTHERS TURNED
TAIL!



YOU TALK INDIAN-
TALK LIKE ONE
OF US. YOU ARE A
GOOD MAN. BUT
YOUR SHOT WAS
WASTED-- I AM
READY TO DIE....



MY TRIBESMEN LEFT ME ON THE FOREST
TRAIL. THAT IS OUR CUSTOM ... WHEN A
MAN IS OLD AND WEAK ... TO LEAVE HIM.
YOU THINK IT IS NOT RIGHT, PALEFACE.
I SEE YOUR ANGRY
LOOK. YOU ARE A
GOOD MAN....



YOU TRIED TO HELP ME-- NOW I... TRY TO
HELP YOU. MY TRIBE ... PLANS TO ATTACK
THE SETTLEMENT AT THE BEND OF THE
RIVER! GO, PALEFACE, GO SAVE YOUR
PEOPLE... AS YOU TRIED
TO SAVE ME!



HAVE TO GET RIGHT BACK INSIDE THAT
STOCKADE WALL! NO TIME NOW TO YEARN
FOR ELBOW ROOM...!



LATER— THE PALEFACES DO NOT KNOW WE ARE HERE! RAISE YOUR SPEARS, OH MY WARRIORS-- FIX YOUR BOWS, LIFT YOUR WAR-AXES HIGH...!



BUT JUST AS THE PAWNEES STARTED FOR THE STOCKADE WALL, DANIEL BOONE SHOWED UP ON THEIR FLANK--!

SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW WELL-PLACED SHOTS TO MAKE 'EM THINK THEY'RE AMBUSHED BY A WHOLE PASSEL OF MEN!



HIS LAST SHOT WAS STILL ECHOING WHEN--

IT WORKED!... HAVE TO GET INSIDE THE STOCKADE NOW BEFORE THEY STOP RUNNING AND LOOK AROUND!



SUDDENLY-- TRIPPED OVER A ROOT!... I'M FALLIN'!



BEFORE BOONE COULD SCRAMBLE TO HIS FEET--

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME!... AND THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME TO LOAD UP TICK-LICKER!



BUT THOSE INSIDE THE STOCKADE HAD SPOTTED HIM TOO! AND--

KEEP POURIN' LEAD! DRIVE THOSE INJUNS BACK WITH COVERIN' FIRE-- OR THEY'LL GET TO BOONE...!



SOON AFTER--

YOU'RE SAFE, BOONE-- AND YOU HAVE US TO THANK FOR BEING ALIVE!

TELL 'EM (GASP) TO STOP SHOOTIN'! WE'LL NEED EVERY DROP OF BALL AN' POWDER FOR THE SIEGE...!





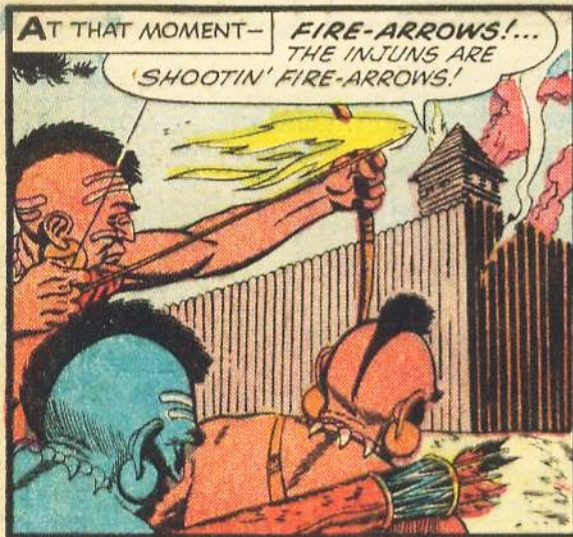
OF ALL THE UNGRATEFUL--!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT OF A CRUDE BACKWOODSMAN?

THESE WERE THE "FINE FOLKS"-- THE FEW SOUR APPLES WHOSE SCHEMING AND BICKERING AND FANCY WAYS HAD DRIVEN BOONE IN DISGUST OUT TO THE FOREST! BUT THE STOCKADE WAS IN DANGER NOW-- AND BOONE HAD COME BACK TO TAKE CHARGE!



LOOK AT HIM!... DOLING OUT FOOD AND WATER, AS IF GROWN PEOPLE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO CONSERVE SUPPLIES!



AT THAT MOMENT--

FIRE-ARROWS!... THE INJUNS ARE 'SHOOTIN' FIRE-ARROWS!

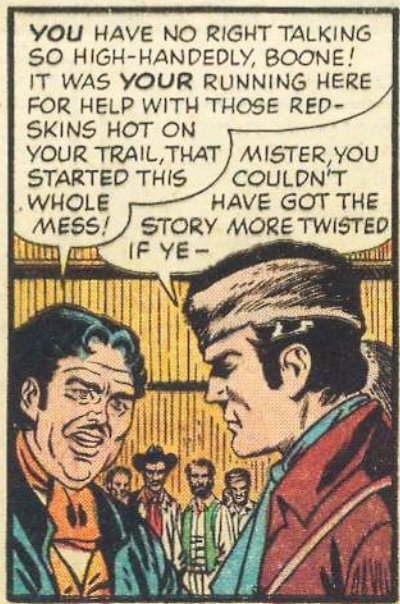


FIRE! FIRE!

I HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL, MA'AM. JUST FETCH ME SOME MORE WATER!



STOP WASTING WATER!... USE BLANKETS AND SUCH TO DOUSE THE FLAMES! HOW MANY TIMES DO YE HAVE TO BE TOLD THAT THE WELL INSIDE THE STOCKADE HAS ALMOST RUN DRY?!



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TALKING SO HIGH-HANDEDLY, BOONE! IT WAS YOUR RUNNING HERE FOR HELP WITH THOSE RED-SKINS HOT ON YOUR TRAIL, THAT STARTED THIS WHOLE MESS! MISTER, YOU COULDN'T HAVE GOT THE STORY MORE TWISTED IF YE--



BUT BOONE NEVER GOT TO STRAIGHTEN MATTERS OUT THAT DAY! FOR, JUST THEN--

TO THE WALL, EVERYBODY! TO THE WALL!... THEY'RE ATTACKING IN FULL FORCE!

BOONE WAS THE FIRST TO LEAP UP!
AND AFTER ONE FAST SQUINT—



THAT'S NO FULL-SCALE ATTACK!
WHOOA-UP, FOLKS—THERE'S
ENOUGH UP HERE
ALREADY TO HOLD
'EM OFF!

ARE YOU BLIND, BOONE? THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM!...
CLIMB UP, EVERYBODY!... CLIMB UP!



THE MAN'S CRAZY WITH FEAR!... I DON'T RELISH TURNIN' MY RIFLE
ON YE, FRIENDS— BUT RECKON IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YE
HEAR ME OUT!... THAT'S JUST A SMALL WAR PARTY OUT
THERE! THE INJUNS ARE HOPIN' WE'LL DO JUST WHAT HE
WANTS
US TO—

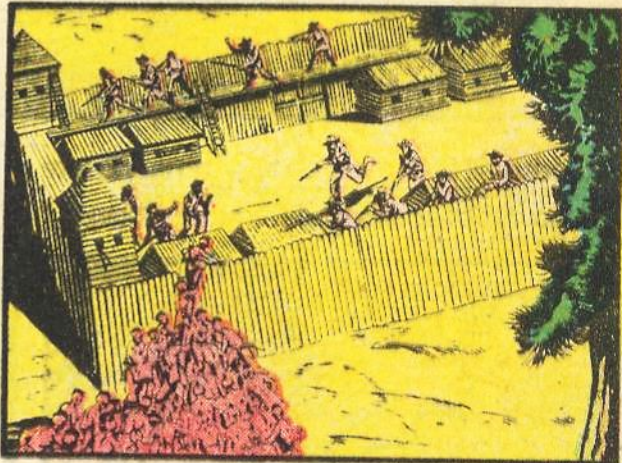


BOONE'S THE CRAZY
ONE! CLIMB UP! IF
YOU VALUE YOUR
LIVES, CLIMB UP
ALL OF YOU!

LET
US UP,
BOONE!

STAND
BACK, I
SAID!...
STAND
BACK!!

JUST THEN, AS BOONE HAD EXPECTED, THE MAIN BODY
OF PAWNEES ATTACKED THE STOCKADE'S REAR!



AND SINCE ALL THE DEFENDING FORCES HAD NOT
BEEN COMMITTED TO THE FRONT WALL--



GIVE 'EM SALT AN' VINEGAR, MEN! THERE'S ENOUGH
OF US HERE TO MAKE 'EM TURN TAIL!

AFTER THE BATTLE -- WE DROVE 'EM
OFF, BOONE!
RECKON WE CAN REST EASY NOW-- EH?



WISH I COULD AGREE— BUT
KNOWIN' INJUNS THE WAY
I DO... THE WORST IS
YET TO COME!

IT TURNED OUT THAT BOONE'S GRIM PROPHECY WAS A TRUE ONE --



TEEN DAYS NOW-AN' THOSE RED DEVILS ARE STILL OUT THERE!

WATER... WATER!

BOONE SAYS NO FOOD RATION TILL THE MORNIN'...

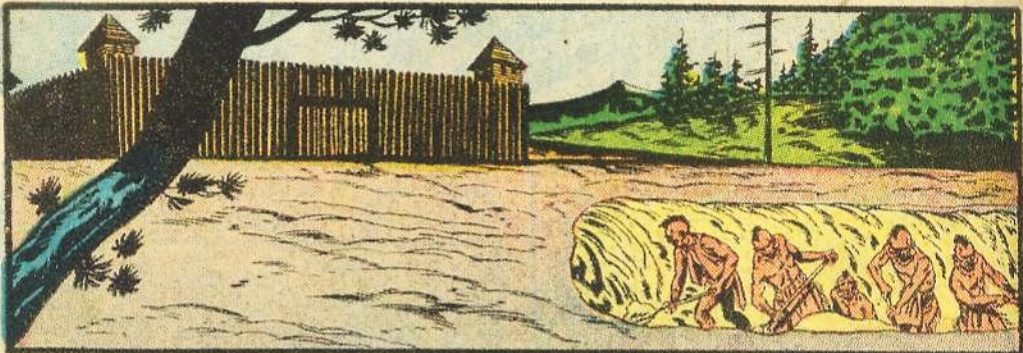


BOONE SAYS THIS ... BOONE SAYS THAT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF TAKING ORDERS FROM THAT DOLT!

YOU'RE RIGHT! ... EVER SINCE THE START OF THE SIEGE, BOONE'S BEEN ACTIN' LIKE HE THOUGHT HIMSELF A KING!

THEY'RE ALL TURNIN' AGAINST ME NOW! BECAUSE THEY'RE SCARED... AN' HATIN' THE MAN THAT'S TRYIN' TO SAVE 'EM, HELPS 'EM FORGET THEY ARE SCARED!

TWELFTH DAY OF THE SIEGE! AND NOW THE CRAFTY PAWNEES BEGAN TO DIG A TUNNEL FROM THE RIVER BANK....



AND BECAUSE BOONE WAS SO BUSY TRYING TO KEEP MORALE UP INSIDE THE STOCKADE, HE NEVER SPOTTED THE DIGGERS! CLOSER THOSE INDIANS DUG TO THE WALL! CLOSER....



JUST A FEW MORE FEET... AND WE SHALL BE INSIDE!



BUT THEN--

RAIN!

EVERYBODY GET BUCKETS READY TO CATCH THE RAIN WATER! WE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO DRINK TONIGHT....!

THERE GOES BOONE-- GIVING ORDERS AGAIN!

BUT THE HARD-DRIVING RAIN DID MORE THAN REPLENISH THE SETTLERS' WATER SUPPLY--



CAVE-IN!

WHEN BOONE SAW THAT GAPING HOLE JUST OUTSIDE THE WALL--



THANKS TO PROVIDENCE THEY NEVER GOT INSIDE!... BUT NEXT TIME WE WON'T BE SO LUCKY-- I'LL HAVE TO DO MORE THAN JUST SIT AROUND, TRYIN' TO KEEP EVERYBODY'S SPIRITS UP!

LATER, THAT SAME NIGHT --

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT ANY LONGER! IT'S SHEER SUICIDE TO TRY!

BUT BOONE KEEPS SAYIN' THOSE INJUNS WOULD MASSACRE US IF WE SURRENDERED!

BOONE'S A GLORY-HUNTING FOOL! FOLLOW ME...!

...I'LL HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL! EITHER HE--

HEY-- WHERE IS BOONE...?!

BOONE!... BOONE!... WHY DON'T YE ANSWER, BOONE?

HE'S RUN OUT ON US-- THAT'S WHY!

AT THAT MOMENT--

LUCKY THEY'RE SO WEAK -- OR ELSE THEIR VOICES WOULD CARRY TOO FAR...!

...AND THE INJUN GUARDS WOULD BE ALERTED AGAINST MY TRYING TO CRAWL PAST THEM!

BOONE CRAWLED WITHOUT A SOUND RIGHT BACK AMONG THOSE UNSUSPECTING PAWNEES, TILL AT LAST HE FOUND WHOM HE WAS LOOKING FOR--

BEST NOT CRY OUT-- OR YOUR TRIBE'LL BE WITHOUT A CHIEF TOMORROW! NOW MOVE AHEAD OF ME... BACK TOWARD THE STOCKADE!

THE PALEFACE DOES NOT KNOW THAT EVEN NOW MY WARRIORS ARE ONLY WAITING FOR THAT THICK CLOUD BANK TO COVER THE MOON... AND THEN THEY WILL ATTACK!

INSIDE THE STOCKADE -

WE'LL USE THIS FOR A WHITE FLAG!

BOONE LEFT US TO SHIFT FOR OURSELVES - DIDN'T HE? WE HAVE NO CHOICE...!

YOU WON'T BE NEEDIN' THAT NOW!

BOONE!

...I WENT TRAIPSIN' AND BAGGED ME THEIR CHIEF! HE'S A BIG MAN - WITH HIM IN OUR HANDS, WE GOT A REAL TRUMP CARD!... I FORCED HIM INTO THE TUNNEL THAT HAD CAVED IN ON HIS WARRIORS... THEN I STOOD OVER HIM WHILE HE DUG US INTO THE STOCKADE!

THE MOON!... THE THICK CLOUD BANK HAS JUST COVERED IT!

YE TRIED YOUR BEST, BOONE - BUT IT DIDN'T HELP! THE INJUNS ARE ATTACKIN' RIGHT NOW - WITHOUT THEIR CHIEF!

BOONE GOT UP THAT STOCKADE WALL FAST AS GREASED LIGHTNING - AND HE PULLED HIS PAWNEE CAPTIVE UP ALONG WITH HIM!

YOUR CHIEF IS OUR PRISONER! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIM... CALL OFF THE ATTACK!

IN THE LIGHT OF THE FLARE, THE PAWNEES SAW THAT BOONE WAS SPEAKING THE TRUTH -

TH-THEY'RE STOPPIN'!

TH-THEY'RE THROWIN' DOWN THEIR SPEARS AN' THEIR WAR-AXES!

AND SO THE SIEGE WAS ENDED! AND, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING -

I-I WAS WRONG, BOONE - YOU WERE HANDLING THINGS THE RIGHT WAY FROM THE START!

YE GOIN' BACK TO THE FOREST AGAIN, DAN'L? DON'T YE AIM TO REST UP A MITE FIRST?

NO PLACE LIKE THE FOREST TO REST A BODY! ALL THAT CLEAN SWEET-SMELLIN' AIR... AN' ALL THAT ELBOW ROOM!

The End

"I'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

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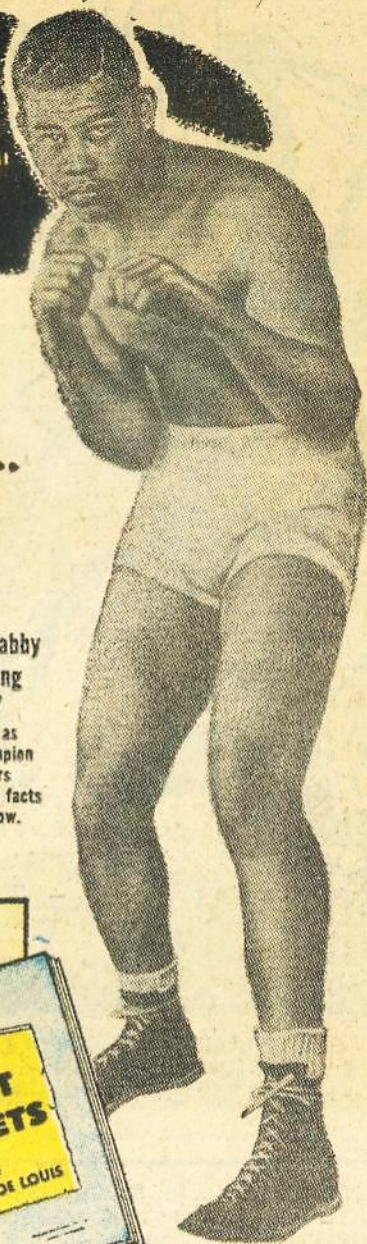
Sincerely,

Joe Louis

Are You...

- Tired
- Nervous
- Rundown
- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always being picked on?

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Dan'l Boone

in "THE RUNAWAY"



IT'S BEEN RAINING BUCKETS LATELY! THAT'S HOW COME THE RIVER BANK GAVE WAY UNDER THE YOUNG 'UN -- TUMBLING HIM HEADLONG INTO THE ROARING WATERS! NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT -- HE'S IN BAD SHAPE WHEN DAN'L BOONE SPOTS HIM ABOUT TO GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME



BUT A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THEY CAN BE SWEEPED OVER--



THE BOY HAD CRIED OUT IN FLUENT SHAWNEE-- AND NOW, HE TELLS HOW HE HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY SHAWNEES WHEN STILL AN INFANT, AND HAD BEEN REARED AS ONE OF THEM! BUT THEN, AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS OF THINKING HIMSELF AN INDIAN, THERE HAD BEEN A PRISONER EXCHANGE....

... I WAS TAKEN TO LIVE WITH THE WHITES -- WAS FORCED TO WEAR CLOTHES AND EAT AT A TABLE!... I FOUND MYSELF LONGING FOR THE FOREST AND FOR MY RED BROTHERS --



WHEN DANIEL BOONE BEGAN TO TALK, IT WAS ALSO IN FLUENT SHAWNEE --

-- SO YOU RAN AWAY TO REJOIN THEM, RIGHT? BUT THEY WON'T HAVE YOU NOW, BOY! YOU HAVE LIVED WITH WHITES... SO NOW THE SHAWNEES THINK OF YOU AS A WHITE YOURSELF -- AS THEIR ENEMY!

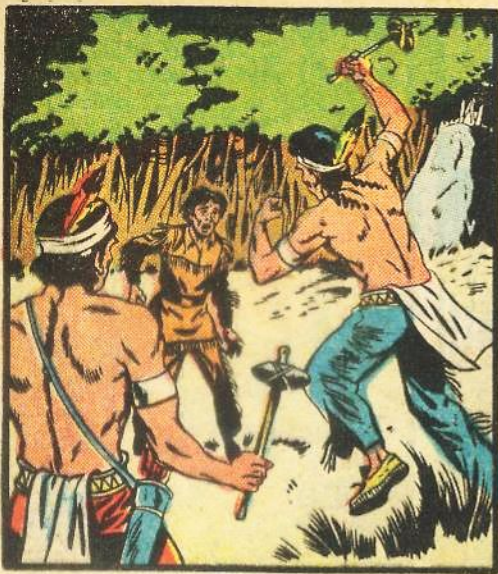


A SHAWNEE ARROW! I CAN TELL BY THE SHAFT -- IT WAS SHOT BY A WARRIOR OF MY TRIBE!



I'VE COME BACK, BROTHERS! I'VE -- BROTHERS, WH-WHY DON'T YOU LOWER YOUR WAR-AXES?!





WORDS WON'T MAKE 'EM LOWER THOSE AXES... BUT MY LONG RIFLE WILL!



FAST NOW, BEFORE THEY COME AT US AGAIN!... LET'S MAKE FOR THE RIVER BANK!

UH-OH-- I CAN HEAR INDIANS CALLIN' TO ONE ANOTHER FROM ALL THREE SIDES! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TRAPPED BY A WHOLE WAR PARTY -- AND THE YOUNG 'UN'S TOO STRICKEN AT HOW THEY'VE TURNED AGAINST HIM TO BE OF MUCH HELP!



LUCKY I HAD THIS--HERE CANOE CACHED NEARBY! HMMMMM-- IF WE GO UPSTREAM, WE'LL PASS IN FULL VIEW AND MAKE A CLOSE TARGET FOR THEIR ARROWS! WE'LL HAVE TO DO WHAT THEY LEAST EXPECT-- WHAT NOBODY'S EVER DONE BEFORE -- AND THAT'S TO HEAD DOWNSTREAM....



...AND OVER SHARP STONE RAPIDS!



WE HAVE SEARCHED THE WHOLE RIVER BANK, BUT THERE IS NO SIGN OF--
LOOK...!



... THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER PADDLES FOR THE RAPIDS!
HE IS MADDENED BY FEAR!... HIS CANOE WILL BE TORN TO SMALL PIECES!



SO FAR SO GOOD! BUT IT'S NOT GOIN' TO GET ANY EASIER...!



UH-OH--THEY'VE CAUGHT SIGHT OF US! CAN'T DUCK THOSE ARROWS... HAVE TO KEEP BOTH EYES FULL ON THE WATER!



THAT ROCK!... WE'RE BEIN' SWEEPED RIGHT FOR IT!



WHEW-- THAT WAS CLOSE!... SWERVED THE CANOE NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!



DOWN WE GO -- AND THE SPEED AIN'T SLOW!... HMPF -- CHANCES ARE IT'D BE ASKIN' TOO MUCH OF LADY LUCK FOR US TO BOUNCE CLEAR OF WHAT'S WAITIN' DOWN THERE !



WE CLEARED 'EM--AND THAT WAR PARTY'S LEFT FAR BEHIND...!



WHEW--SUDDEN-LIKE I FEEL SO WEARY.... I WAS HUNTING ALONE BELOW THE RAPIDS WHEN THE CRIES OF MY TRIBESMEN BROUGHT ME TO THE RIVER'S EDGE!



BOONE!..ANOTHER SHAWNEE-- BEHIND YOU!



SPLASHH!



LATER-- THANKS FOR WARNING ME, BOY. NOW TRY TO DO YOURSELF A GOOD TURN BY BELIEVING ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT YOU CAN'T REJOIN THAT TRIBE!... LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, BOY--IF IT'S THEIR WAY OF LIFE YOU'RE YEARNING FOR... THERE ARE PLENTY OF WHITE MEN WHO PASS MOST THEIR DAYS IN THE FORESTS TOO!

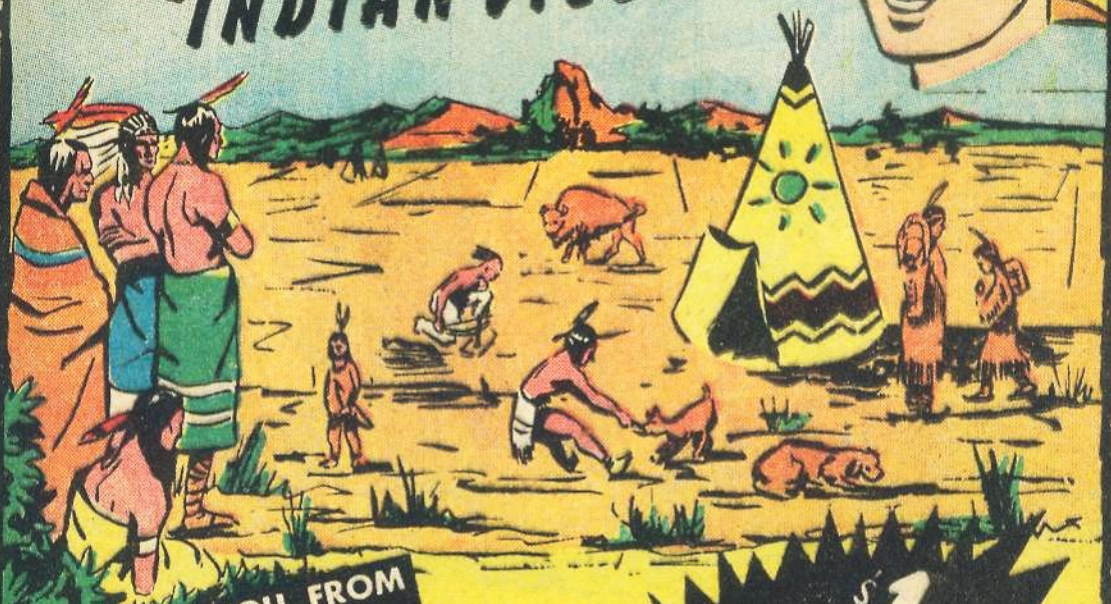
YOUR WORDS ARE TRUE ONES. FOR ARE YOU NOT A WHITE MAN, DANIEL BOONE...?



... AND FROM WHAT I HAVE SEEN TODAY-- NOBODY, WHITE OR SHAWNEE, IS MORE AT HOME IN THE FOREST THAN YOU!!



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Dan'l Boone

in "FATE OF THE CAPTIVES"



1782!... WITH THE END OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, THE FRONTIERSMEN LOOKED FORWARD TO HAPPY REUNIONS WITH KINSFOLK WHO HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS!... BUT THE INDIANS NOT ONLY REFUSED TO RELEASE THE CAPTIVES...

...THEY STEPPED UP THEIR RAIDS -- AND TOOK EVEN MORE CAPTIVES!



AS HEAD OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT, I SEE ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THIS PROBLEM! AND THAT'S TO CAPTURE INDIANS FOR EXCHANGE PURPOSES! SO--

QUIET, BACK THERE!

LET HIM IN-- IT'S DAN'L BOONE!





WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BOONE?

I'VE HEARD TELL OF YOUR PLAN FOR PRISONER-CATCHIN' RAIDS, COL. CLINTON - AND IT'S A GOOD ONE! BUT I'VE COME TO WARN YE THAT YE *DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MEN* TO TAKE ON ALL THE INDIANS HEREABOUTS!



BOONES RIGHT, COLONEL!...THOSE INDIANS ARE HARDER TO FIND THAN FLEAS ON A BLACK DOG - BUT THEY'RE THAR ALL RIGHT - A-WAITIN'!...!

GENTLEMEN - WE JUST WON A FULL-SCALE WAR AGAINST THE BRITISH KING'S BEST TROOPS! ARE WE TO FEAR A PALTRY BAND OF REDSKINS?



I'M ABOUT TO GIVE THE ORDER TO MARCH, BOONE! YOU AND YOUR BACK-WOODSMEN FRIENDS, I PRESUME, ARE TOO FEARFUL TO ACCOMPANY US...?

NOT FEARFUL, COLONEL - WE JUST DON'T AIM TO STICK OUR HEADS SQUARE INSIDE A SURE-FIRE TRAP!



LATER --

ANY INDIAN SIGNS YET?

NOT YET, SIR. LOOKS LIKE THAT BOONE WAS TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT.



SHALL I PASS THE WORD ALONG TO STRIKE NOW?

NO -- LET THEM MARCH TILL THEY REACH THE RIVER BEND THEN, WITH THE WATER AT THEIR BACKS, WE WILL AMBUSH THEM!



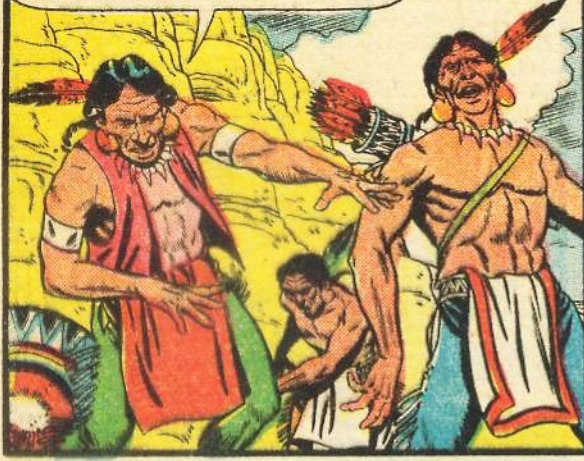
AND SO, AT THE RIVER BEND --

KI-YI-YI!

AN AMBUSH!... RETREAT, MEN -- RETREAT!

WE CAN'T, SIR!... THE RIVER'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

SUDDENLY-- THE WHITES HAVE REINFORCEMENTS! LONG STICKS BARK AT US FROM THE CANEBRAKES!



KEEP A-SHOOTIN', FRIENDS! SHOULDN'T TAKE MUCH MORE POWDER--THOSE INDIANS ARE STARTIN' TO SKEDADDLE ALREADY!

SURE LOOKS LIKE WE'VE AMBUSHED THE AMBUSHERS, DAN'L!



LATER-- COULDN'T STAND BY AND LET YE GET WIPED OUT-- SO WE TRAILED BEHIND YE, AND SOON AS THE INDIANS ATTACKED, WE CAME UP ON THEIR FLANK!



BOONE--YOU MEDDLING FOOL...!

...IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOUR INTERFERENCE THAT WE DIDN'T TAKE A SINGLE PRISONER TODAY!

YOU'RE THE FOOL, COLONEL! IF NOT FOR DAN'L--THE LOT OF YE WOULD HAVE BEEN GONERS!



NOW IT'S MY TURN TO ISSUE A WARNING, BOONE! I'M SETTING OUT AGAIN TOMORROW TO ENGAGE THE INDIANS IN BATTLE ...AND IF I DON'T HAVE A FREE HAND THEN-- YOU'LL END UP IN A FEDERAL PRISON!



WHY, THE--

NO TIME TO SPARE FOR ARGUIN' WITH THE COLONEL-- HIS PRIDE'S SWOLE-UP BIG AS A B'AR THAT'S BEEN STUNG BY A PASSSEL OF HORNETS!... AND UNLESS WE MOVE RIGHT FAST, HE'LL BE LEADIN' HIS MEN SMACK INTO ANOTHER AMBUSH TOMORROW! NOW LISTEN, FRIENDS-- I HAVE A PLAN...!



AFTER HEARING BOONE'S PLAN--

DAN'L-- DON'T!... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

THINK ON IT SOME MORE, DAN'L-- IT IS TOO RISKY... EVEN FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!



DAN'L PAID US NO HED!

THAR HE GOES - A-TRAIPSIN' BY HIS LONESOME DEEP INTO INJUN COUNTRY!

WAL, LET'S GET A MOVE ON -- WE HAVE TO SPREAD THE WORD...!

NOT LONG AFTER --

LOOK -- THE FAMOUS WIDE-MOUTH, BOONE... AND HE WALKS ALONE!

WE DARE NOT SHOW OURSELVES WHILE HIS LONG-STICK IS LOADED!

WHY NOT SHOOT HIM FROM HERE?

NO - WE WANT BOONE ALIVE!

A BAR!

KRAK!

NOW BOONE'S LONG-STICK IS EMPTY! FAST, RUSH FORWARD - BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO RELOAD!

HEY?!

HE FOUGHT LIKE A PANTHER - BUT WE WERE TOO MANY FOR HIM!

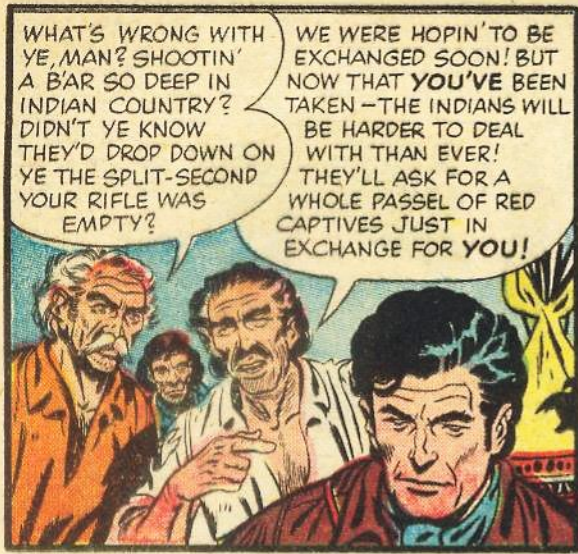
RUN AHEAD TO THE ENCAMPMENT! TELL OUR TRIBESMAN THE NEWS -- **BOONE IS OUR CAPTIVE!**

LATER, AMONG THE WHITE CAPTIVES AT THE ENCAMPMENT --

HAVE YE HEARD? THEY'VE CAUGHT BOONE HIMSELF!

OF ALL THE TIMES FOR BOONE TO LET HIMSELF BE TAKEN! NOW IT'LL GO HARDER WITH ALL OF US!

LOOK - THEY'RE BRINGIN' HIM IN NOW...!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YE, MAN? SHOOTIN' A B'AR SO DEEP IN INDIAN COUNTRY? DIDN'T YE KNOW THEY'D DROP DOWN ON YE THE SPLIT-SECOND YOUR RIFLE WAS EMPTY?

WE WERE HOPIN' TO BE EXCHANGED SOON! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN - THE INDIANS WILL BE HARDER TO DEAL WITH THAN EVER! THEY'LL ASK FOR A WHOLE PASSEL OF RED CAPTIVES JUST IN EXCHANGE FOR YOU!



THAR'S ONLY ONE THING YE CAN DO NOW, BOONE, IF YE'RE HALF THE MAN FOLKS SAY YE BE -- AND THAT'S TO TELL THE INDIANS THEY CAN'T COUNT ON EXCHANGIN' YE! TELL THEM YE'LL DO AWAY WITH YOURSELF BEFORE LETTIN' THEM USE YE IN AN EXCHANGE!



HE TURNED AWAY FROM US WITHOUT A WORD! HE'S PALAVERIN' WITH THE CHIEF NOW!

SHHHH - I KNOW ENOUGH INDIAN-TALK TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'...



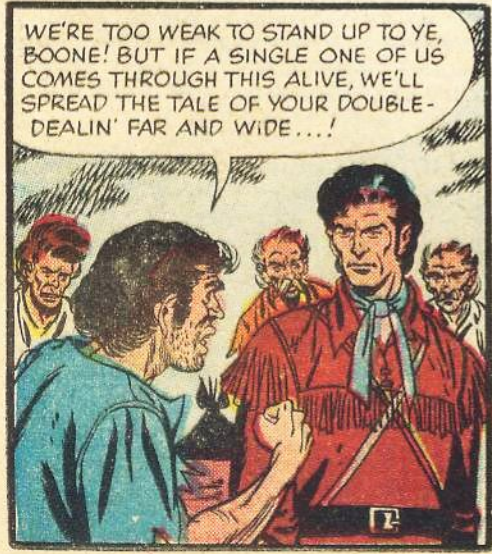
BOONE TOLD THE CHIEF HE WANTS TO BE EXCHANGED!

WHY, THE DIRTY RENFGADE! I'LL--



BEST KEEP YOUR HAND TO YOURSELF, BOY. UNLESS YE DO... YOU'RE LIKELY TO GET HURT.

I-I CAN'T MOVE! HE HAS A GRIP OF IRON!



WE'RE TOO WEAK TO STAND UP TO YE, BOONE! BUT IF A SINGLE ONE OF US COMES THROUGH THIS ALIVE, WE'LL SPREAD THE TALE OF YOUR DOUBLE-DEALIN' FAR AND WIDE...!



...TAKE A LOOK AT HOW HAPPY YE'VE MADE YOUR FRIENDS, BOONE! THEY'RE FEASTIN' AND DANCIN' WITH JOY AT HAVIN YOU FOR A HENCHMAN!



THE DANCES HAVE LASTED A LONG TIME, AND LOUD ARE THE CHANTS OF OUR HAPPY TRIBESMEN -- BUT I THINK I HEAR STRANGE SOUNDS IN THE FOREST!

I HEAR THEM TOO! EVEN OVER THE TOM-TOM'S BEATING, I HEAR THEM!



AT THAT MOMENT--

LOOK AT BOONE FROWNIN' AND FIDGETIN'!

HMPF-- MORE THAN LIKELY HIS CONSCIENCE IS STARTIN' TO STIR INSIDE OF HIM...!



SUDDENLY--!

HU-- WIDE MOUTH HAS GONE MAD!



HE RUNS!... AFTER HIM, WARRIORS! -- AFTER HIM!



BUT THERE WAS NOBODY ON THE WHOLE FRONTIER FLEETER OF FOOT THAN DANIEL BOONE! AND FOR A LONG TIME HE OUTDISTANCED THE VENGEFUL INDIANS!



BUT THEN-- THE CHASE IS ENDED!... THE RAVINE BOONE RUNS INTO IS BLOCKED BY A CLIFF WALL AT THE OTHER END!

HE RUNS IN BLINDLY-- AND NOW HE IS TRAPPED!



NOT EVEN YOU CAN CLIMB THE CLIFF WALL, BOONE!

NOT EVEN YOU CAN BREAK THROUGH! FOR ALL OF US HAVE FOLLOWED YOU INTO THE RAVINE...!

JUST THEN— STAND FAST IN THAR—WE'RE FRIENDS OF DAN'L BOONE!
THE WORD WAS SPREAD THAT DAN'L NEEDED US... AND HYAR WE ARE WITH FULL-LOADED RIFLES!



... DAN'L LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED ON PURPOSE! HE RECKONED ON YOUR BEIN' SO HAPPY RIGHT AFTER, THAT ALL HIS FRIENDS, ONCE CALLED TOGETHER, THOUGH FEWER THAN YE IN NUMBER, COULD CREEP UP AND TAKE YE BY SURPRISE...!

THE SOUNDS WE HEARD IN THE FOREST!...THEY WERE MADE BY BOONE'S FRIENDS!



... AND BOONE WAS FEARFUL THAT WE WOULD KNOW THE SOUNDS FOR WHAT THEY WERE! SO HE SPRANG AT THE TWO WARRIORS, AND RAN... AND LED US, WITH HIS FRIENDS FOLLOWING INTO THE TRAP!

YE COMIN' OUT PEACEABLE-LIKE— OR DO WE HAVE TO COME IN AFTER YE?



WE WILL COME OUT— WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?... BUT BEFORE COMING OUT, WE WILL AVENGE OURSELVES ON THE PALEFACE WHO TRICKED US!

BOONE STANDS THERE IN THE SHADOWS!... LET THERE NOT BE A WAR-AXE OR A SPEAR UNRAISED!



A MOMENT LATER—

WHERE IS HE? HE HAS VANISHED!

IT IS NO USE— THE MAGIC OF BOONE IS TOO STRONG FOR US!



MEANWHILE— I'VE HUNTED HEREABOUTS BEFORE— AND I KNEW THAT DAN'L-- HOW DID YE GET OUT, MAN?! RAVINE TO HAVE A LIME-STONE CAVERN HIDDEN BEHIND SOME BUSHES!... LET'S START HERDIN' THOSE INDIANS, FRIENDS— WE HAVE ONLY TILL MORNING...!

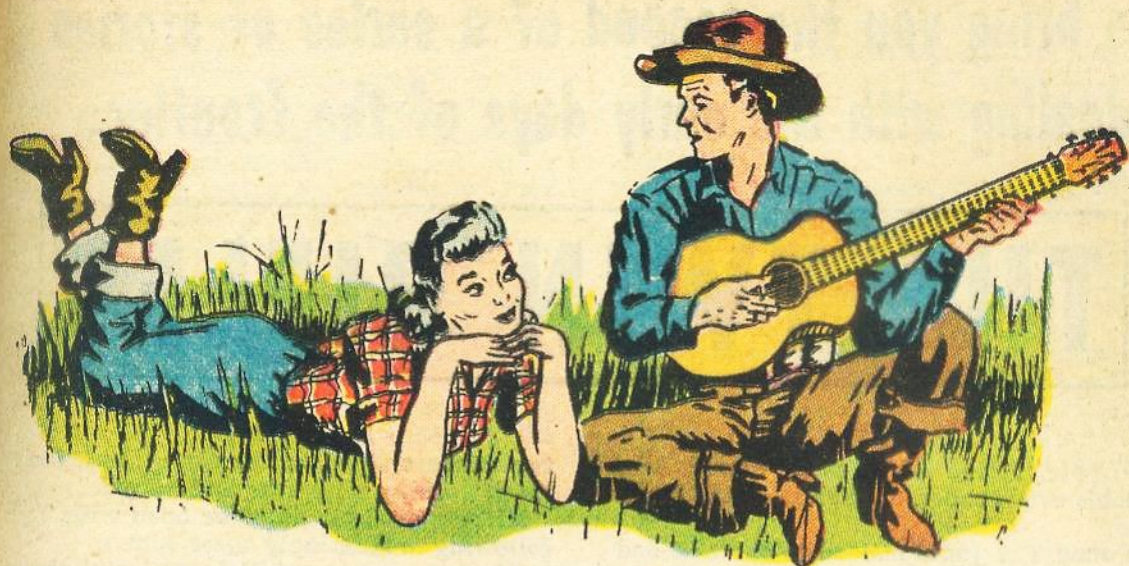


IN THE MORNING— NO NEED TO GIVE THOSE MARCHIN' ORDERS, COLONEL!

L-LOOK -- OUR KINGSFOLK WHO WERE HELD PRISONER! BOONE'S BROUGHT THEM OUT TOO...!



The End



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We bring you the second of a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

THE TWIN RIFLES

"Uh-oh," Simon Kirby said, "Sounds like trouble over yonder. Stay close on my heels, Tad."

Young Tad Jones nodded to show he had heard the frontiersman who was already moving forward, quiet as a cat, through the forest's thick shadows.

After a while Simon Kirby whispered, "Best stand fast here."

They were crouching at the edge of a clearing now—and the trouble was there before them, plain to see.

A trapper headed for the settlements with his winter's peltry, had been stopped by two forest runners. The runners were big brutish thieves with jagged fists and cruel faces. They had knocked the trapper to the ground and were prodding him with their feet, warning him that if he couldn't whip up a smile at their being so kind to relieve him of the skins—they'd just have to manhandle him some more.

The peltry was bound in tight bundles with rawhide, and one of the runners was swinging a bundle overhead, making out he was going to hurl it at the downed trapper.

Back at the edge of the clearing Simon Kirby slowly raised his rifle and squinted down the long barrel. . . .

Young Tad winced. He knew the frontier to be a wilderness where the strong and the straightest shooters always won out—but he knew Simon Kirby to be a fine upstanding man. Had the frontier coarsened Kirby so . . . that he would shoot those runners down in cold blood just for the crime of thieving?

Now Kirby was taking up the trigger slack. . . .

And just when Tad meant to shout a warning to the runners—KRAKK—Kirby fired . . . and—TWANNG—the leather thong the bundle of skins had been whirling on split in two!

The skins thudded to the ground, and the

two runners stood in the rising dust, their faces working with fear and hatred.

Kirby moved out into the open with Tad following wonderingly after him.

"Reckon you two will be traipsin' along now," Kirby said, "unless you'd care to see me shoot at BIGGER targets."

The runners began to back away, their faces white and sweating but their eyes blazing with hatred. When they reached where the clearing ended, they turned and bolted into the forest.

"Whew," the trapper said. "That was close. I'm right obliged to you, Simon Kirby."

"Weren't much," said Kirby. "My rifle did the persuadin'—not me."

"Those runners won't take kindly to bein' crossed," the trapper said. "I'd watch my step from here on in, if I were you."

Kirby smiled. "A man who spends as much time in the forest as I do, keeps alive just that way . . . by watchin' his step."

And standing by, already loading the peltry back onto the trapper's packhorse, young Tad smiled too. For he knew now that Kirby had not been coarsened by the frontier . . . and he was proud to be his friend.

A full month passed—and there was so much hunting, trapping, and Injun-ruckusing in that month, Tad forgot all about those forest runners.

But the day of the candle-snuffing contest . . . he saw them again!

A stranger had come to the frontier. A tall lean man with a rifle that made folks stare.

For the rifle was the twin-image of Simon Kirby's. Same long barrel . . . same dull-shine metal . . . same hand-carved design on the butt . . . even same stain on the wood.

And when folks spoke wonderingly of the sameness of the two rifles, the stranger sneered back that although their rifles might be the same, the riflemen sure weren't . . .

he could shoot rings around Simon Kirby without half-trying.

Now Simon Kirby was known by everybody as the frontier's best marksman—so folks naturally took exception to the stranger's sneers. And so they arranged for a candle-snuffing contest between the two men—come deep dusk, they were to try to snuff a tree-perched candle with rifle-fire at a hundred paces.

Just to oblige his friends and neighbors, knowing them to be starved for sport in the bleak wilderness, Kirby agreed to match his skill against the stranger's.

And everything was going smooth as silk the day of the contest—when suddenly Tad spotted the stranger whispering with one of the forest runners at the edge of the settlement!

"Tad's heart was pounding as he crept forward to hear their words.

"Molding necks on the bullets. . . ." he heard them whisper. ". . . Leave unfired. Switch for Kirby's . . . his rifle will blow up!"

Tad's face darkened. . . . That trapper had been right! The runners HADN'T taken kindly to Kirby's crossing them . . . this contest was to be their revenge! The stranger was THEIR man . . . and they were fixing it so that—

"HEY!"

Tad groaned as he felt his arms being pinned behind him. The second runner, come to join his evil cronies, had spotted Tad eavesdropping.

Now Tad heard:

"What'll we do with the boy?"

"Our quarrel's not him—but we can't let him loose to warn Kirby."

"All right, then YOU watch him till after the contest!"

"ME? . . . Why should I miss seein' Kirby go down?"

"Fool—if you're there, and the boy's loose, he WONT go down!"

So Tad was left deep in the forest with the grumbling runner who had first pinned back his arms.

And the sky was steadily deepening towards dusk. . . .

Tad buried his head in his hands. Wouldn't be long now that the contest would start . . . and Simon Kirby would be raising his rifle loaded with unfired bullets to his shoulder. . . .

A sudden gurgling sound made Tad jerk his head up. Sure that Tad's spirit was broken, the runner was drinking from an up-tilted jug, drowning his disappointment

in cider as having to miss the contest.

But that was all Tad had to see! Springing to his feet, he pushed hard against the runner's chest, sending him sprawling into a thicket—and then started running for the settlement.

Tad ran fast as he could, pumping steadily with his well-muscled legs. "HAVE TO GET THERE IN TIME," he kept saying over and over to himself. "HAVE TO GET THERE BEFORE SIMON KIRBY SHOOTSI!"

And he was almost there when suddenly he heard: KRAKK!

And then as he ran even faster, knowing that the fatal shot would come any moment, he heard the BOOMM that meant a rifle barrel was shattering, and he sobbed, "TOO LATE . . . TOO LATE!"

But now he had reached the settlement and he saw a man he hated, scrambling toward the forest—the runner who had stayed to see the contest—and Tad was still sobbing as he threw himself at the hulking thief, bore him to the ground, and started puffmeling him.

He was still astride the whimpering hulk when he heard Kirby's voice:

"Leave him be, Tad. He's had enough."

Tad stared up with widening eyes. "B-but you're NOT hurt! I heard the rifle explode . . . and you're NOT HURT!"

Simon Kirby smiled. "Reckon I'm lucky," he said. "I saw by the way that stranger handled his rifle, he weren't much of a shooter. And although the rifles LOOKED alike, I could tell his was nowhere near as well balanced as mine. . . ."

"So—to give him a better chance, so my friends and neighbors would have a closer and more interestin' contest to watch, I SWAPPED RIFLES without his knowin' . . ."

"Then I shot first with his rifle, near-missin' to draw things out a mite. And then HE shot with MINE. . . ."

Just then Tad saw the stranger pass by, groaning as he leaned on the arms of two grim-faced frontiersmen.

"He hurt bad?" Tad asked.

"Bad enough not to tinker with another man's rifle for a long time to come," Kirby said.

The next day they were back to the forest again—Simon Kirby and young Tad Jones—the two of them moving through the thick shadows, quiet as cats, their ears ever cocked for trouble over yonder. . . .

THE END

JOLLY JIM DANDY



HEY, WHAT'S **THAT** FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR— A **CROW**?

I AIN'T NO CROW, I'LL HAVE YE KNOW— I'M **JOLLY JIM DANDY** WHO NEVER DID GROW! YE'LL NEVER SEE ME SCOWL, AND YE'LL NEVER SEE ME FLINCH— I'M A FROLICKIN' FRONTIERSMAN IN EVERY WEE INCH!



WHAT'D YE BUILD THAT CATAPULT FOR, LITTLE ACTOR-MAN?

JUST HELPIN' THE YOUNG 'UNS TO WHILE AWAY THE LONG WINTER.



NO, TWO WAYS ABOUT IT, JOLLY JIM— YE'RE DOIN' SUCH A FINE JOB KEEPIN' FOLKS' SPIRITS UP— NOT EVEN MORT TINDER HAS A WORD TO SAY AGAINST YE LATELY ...!



LATER, IN A NEARBY RAVINE —

NOW, ABIGAIL, DON'T LET THIS BOWL YE OVER ... BUT YOURS TRULY, MORT TINDER, THE MOST POWERFUL AND FEARLESS MAN HEREABOUTS, IS ABOUT TO ASK YE TO BE HIS WIFE ...!



ABIGAIL! I TOLD YE NOT TO LET IT BOWL YE OVER!



DUCK DOWN, YE FOOL! THAT WAS AN **ARROW**— NOT YOUR PROPOSIN'— THAT SENT ME TO THE GROUND!

WHAT?



BETTER SHUT YOUR EYES, ABIGAIL! WOMEN-FOLK HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FAINT JUST AT THE SIGHT OF MY FLAILIN' FISTS!

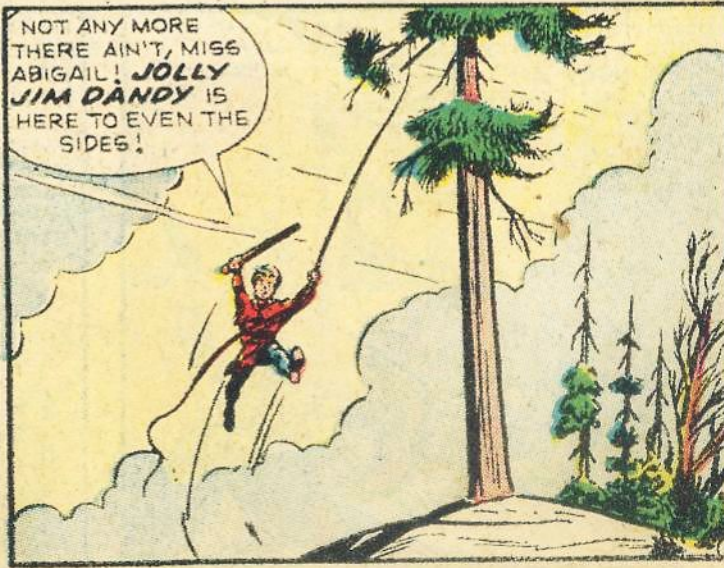
BETTER OPEN *YOURS*, MORT— MY FISTS ARE FLAILIN' TOO!



UH-OH— MORT AND ABIGAIL ARE BEIN' AMBUSHED! LUCKY I WAS CARRYIN' SOME LOGS AND A ROPE TO BUILD A SWING FOR THE YOUNG 'UNS! HMMM— THAT TREE LIMB OVER THE MIDDLE OF THE RAVINE! WONDER IF I CAN REACH IT FROM HERE...?



MORT— WE CAN'T HOLD THE INDIANS OFF MUCH LONGER! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF 'EM FOR US, MORT!



NOT ANY MORE THERE AIN'T, MISS ABIGAIL! **JOLLY JIM DANDY** IS HERE TO EVEN THE SIDES!



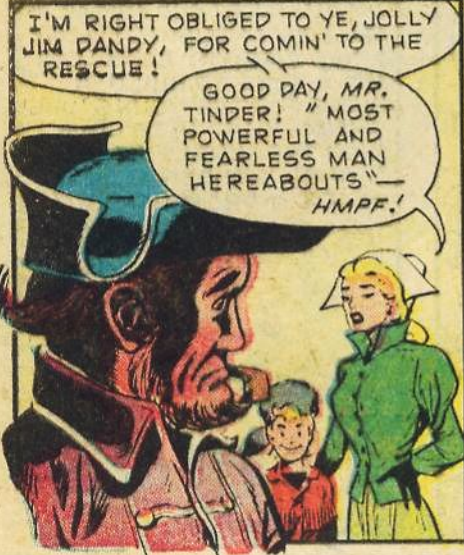
THAT'LL TEACH YE TO BE BOTHERIN' PEACEABLE SETTLERS TRAIPSIN' THROUGH THE WOODS!



HMMM— LOOKS LIKE SOME MORE OF 'EM NEED TEACHIN'! WAL, HERE I GO AGAIN!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, MY WARRIORS! RUN!



I'M RIGHT OBLIGED TO YE, JOLLY JIM DANDY, FOR COMIN' TO THE RESCUE!

GOOD DAY, MR. TINDER! "MOST POWERFUL AND FEARLESS MAN HEREABOUTS"—
HMPF!



IT WEREN'T MUCH, MISS ABIGAIL— HONEST.

I'LL GET BACK AT YE FOR MAKIN' ME LOOK SO SMALL IN ABIGAIL'S EYES, JOLLY JIM DANDY! I'M NOT LEAVIN' THESE WOODS TILL I FIGURE OUT **HOW** TO GET BACK AT YE!



BEEN IN THE WOODS OVER THREE WEEKS NOW, BUT STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET BACK AT!!!

HEY— A 'B'AR!



NO NEED TO GRAB YOUR RIFLE, STRANGER. THIS-HERE 'B'AR OF MINE IS AS **TAME** AS A LAP DOG— HE JUST **LOOKS** FEE-ROCIOUS!

HMM— HOW MUCH WOULD YE CHARGE ME TO HIRE HIM OUT FOR THE DAY, STRANGER...?



LATER—

THE PESKY LITTLE RUNT'S PUTTIN' ON ONE OF HIS SHOWS RIGHT NOW ...

HEH-HEH-HEH — WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THEY'LL ALL BE LAUGHIN' AT HIM INSTEAD OF WITH HIM!



I AIN'T NO LONG-FACE, I'LL HAYE YE KNOW— I'M A FROLICKIN' & HALF-PINT FULL OF A GLOW!



I'M HERE ON THE FRONTIER— AND I WON'T BE A-MOVIN'! I'M FULL OF SPUNK— AND THAT DON'T NEED A-PROVIN'!



I AIM TO STAY ON— DON'T YE KNOW!

UH-OH— SUDDEN-LIKE ...



"I'M ON THE GO!"

HEE-HAW-HO! FULL OF SPUNK IS HE? LOOK AT HIM RIIN'! HEE-HAW ...!



HEY— HOW COME THE REST OF YE AIN'T LAUGHIN' AT HIM TOO?

DON'T BE A FOOL, MORT TINDER! DIDN'T YE SEE THE SPEED AT WHICH JOLLY JIM RAN JUST NOW? AND DIDN'T YE KNOW HOW WE'VE BEEN

WORRIED ABOUT WHO TO SEND RUNNIN' FOR HELP IN CASE OF A BIG INDIAN RAID ...?



"WAL, NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT— HE'S OUR MAN!"

I AIN'T A-STOPPIN' TRYIN' TO GET BACK AT YE, JOLLY JIM DANDY! I AIN'T A-STOPPIN'!



I'M RELOADIN' AS FAST AS I CAN, ABIGAIL. BUT I HAVE TO MAKE SURE I DO IT RIGHT!

THE CATAPULT!
IT'S MORT'S ONLY CHANCE!



JOLLY JIM - WHAT'RE YE DOIN'?

I AIM TO WHIZ RIGHT INTO THE B'AR WHILE HE'S RUNNIN' AND OFF BALANCE AND KNOCK HIM DOWN!



... IF THIS WORKS OUT, YOUR RIFLE SHOULD BE RELOADED BEFORE HE GETS A CHANCE TO ...



THE B'AR'S UP ON HIS FEET AGAIN ... HE'S CHARGIN' JOLLY JIM DANDY!



WHEW - I'M RIGHT OBLIGED, FRIEND. YE BROUGHT MR. B'AR DOWN A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE HE COULD MAKE ME ANY SMALLER!



MORT, I CARE FOR YE! WHEN I SAW YE IN SUCH MORTAL DANGER, I NIGH TO DIED! I'LL BE YOUR WIFE GLADLY, MORT! DO YE HEAR ME? I'LL BE YOUR WIFE!

I HEAR YE, ABIGAIL ...



... AND YOU CAN REST EASY, JOLLY JIM! I'M SO FULL OF JOY AT HOW THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT - I'LL NEVER BE WANTIN' TO GET BACK AT YE FOR ANYTHIN' AGAIN!!!



...THE END...

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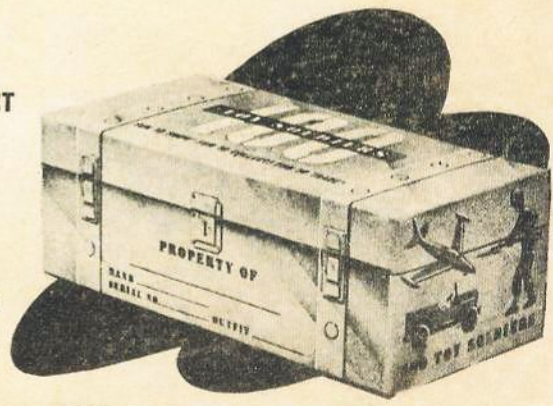
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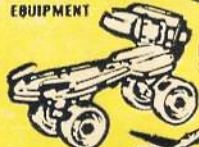
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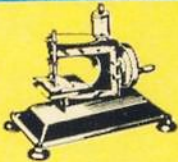
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