

Dan'l Boone

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

NOV.
NO. 3
10c





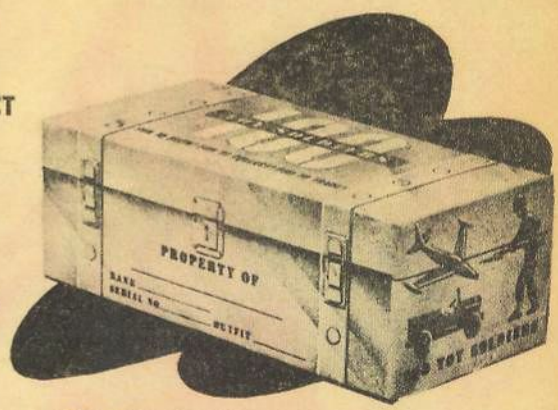
100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25



100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!

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EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

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| 4 Tanks | 8 Officers |
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HERE'S MY \$1.25 !
Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name

Address

City State

NO COD'S

Dan'l Boone

SURE, DAN'L BOONE WANTED LAND! EVERY FRONTIERSMAN HAD A HANKERING TO OWN ACREAGE! AND IT WAS WITH BLOOD AND SWEAT THAT BOONE AND HIS KIND STAKED THEIR CLAIMS... WITH PRIDE THAT THEY SHAPED THE WILDERNESS INTO FERTILE FIELDS! BUT THEN A NEW ENEMY, CUNNING AND RUTHLESS, DESCENDED ON THEM LIKE LOCUSTS -- AN ENEMY THEY CALLED

THE LAND-GRABBERS!



THE FOREST SILENCE IS SPLINTERED BY A SERIES OF THREE CLOSE-SPACED TURKEY BUZZARD CALLS! AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER--

IT'S HIGH TIME WE HEADED OUT OF THE FOREST, YE'RE A FINE LAD... BUT SPENDIN' YOUR LIFE WITH THOSE SHAWNEES I GRABBED YE FROM, HAS LEFT A PASSES OF ROUGH EDGES TO BE RUBBED SMOOTH BY BOOK-LEARNIN' AND SETTLEMENT-LIVIN'



TO TELL ME THIS YOU CALLED ME TO YOUR SIDE WITH THE TURKEY BUZZARD SIGNAL...?

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, BOY, YE HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH WHITE MEN OTHER THAN ME. YE--



JUST THEN-- **THE LAND-GRABBERS!**
...THE LAND-GRABBERS ARE AFTER ME!



FAST AS A PANTHER, BOONE CLIMBS A TALL TREE!



HIS EYES, KEEN AS ANY EAGLE'S, PIERCE THE FOREST'S GLOOM!



THAT'S HIRAM WATSON, ONE OF THOSE WHO CAME OUT TO KAINUCK WITH ME IN THE EARLIEST DAYS... AND HE'S IN MORTAL DANGER ON THAT WINDIN' TRAIL!



CHATTERING FLUENT SHAWNEE-TALK FOR SPEED'S SAKE, BOONE OUTLINE'S A RESCUE PLAN TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND! AND THEN--



THEY HAVE REACHED THE WINDING TRAIL NOW-- JUST PAST ITS SHARPEST BEND!



CAN BOONE BE IN HIS RIGHT MIND? WHY IS HE DROPPING HIS LONG RIFLE TO THE GROUND...?

...WHEN HE KNOWS FULL WELL THAT JUST AROUND THE BEND THE **LAND-GRABBERS** ARE COMING, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM CARRYING A FULL-LOADED WEAPON...?





HERE'S WHY!

HOLD FAST, LAD!



DON'T JUST LAY THERE!... GRAB YOUR RIFLES -- IT'S ALL OF US AGAINST ONLY ONE MAN AND A YOUNG 'UN.

BUT THEN DAN'L BOONE STEPS INTO A SHAFT OF SUN-LIGHT WITH HIS FAMED TICK-LICKER!



YE HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID -- DIDN'T YE? HOW COME YE'RE NOT GRABBIN' YOUR RIFLES?

W- WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU, BOONE!



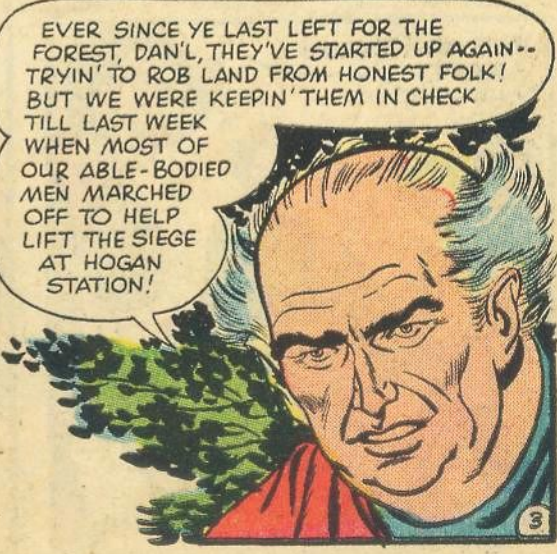
HMMM -- RECKON I DIDN'T STOMP HARD ENOUGH LAST TIME I DROVE THOSE LAND-GRABBERS OFF FROM HEREABOUTS.

BOONE!



HIRAM WATSON -- HOW BE YE, MAN? YE HURT ANY?

THIS DAY WOULD'VE BEEN MY LAST IF NOT FOR DAN'L BOONE! THOSE LAND-GRABBERS TRIED TO AMBUSH ME BECAUSE I'D BEEN SPEAKIN' OUT AGAINST THEIR THIEVIN' WAYS!



EVER SINCE YE LAST LEFT FOR THE FOREST, DAN'L, THEY'VE STARTED UP AGAIN -- TRYIN' TO ROB LAND FROM HONEST FOLK! BUT WE WERE KEEPIN' THEM IN CHECK TILL LAST WEEK WHEN MOST OF OUR ABLE-BODIED MEN MARCHED OFF TO HELP LIFT THE SIEGE AT HOGAN STATION!

"THOSE LAND-GRABBERS WOULD HAVE MOVED ON LONG AGO, DAN'L, BUT FOR ONE MAN! WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS -- BUT WE'VE HEARD-TELL HE KEEPS PAYIN' THEM WHEN THEY HAVE TO LAY LOW... AND HE DOES ALL THEIR EVIL SCHEMIN'!"



YE'RE RIGHT-- BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO WONDER WHO HE IS! THAT WASN'T THE WHOLE PASSEL OF THEM HERE IN THE FOREST...



AND THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT THE REST ARE DOIN' IN THE SETTLEMENT RIGHT NOW!



AT THE SETTLEMENT--

DRIVE ME OFF THE LAND... NOT WHILE MY SON'S OFF FIGHTIN' INDIANS!



YE CAN'T LET THEM DO WHAT WE CAN DO, JONATHAN-- THEY HAVE PAPERS TO PROVE THE LAND'S RIGHTFULLY THEIRS!

WATCH CLOSE, FOLKS-- THIS IS WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ANY MAN THAT'S FOOL ENOUGH NOT TO RESPECT A LEGAL LAND GRANT!



PUT HIM DOWN-- FAST!



THAT LAND GRANT'S FORGED AND I CAN PROVE IT...!



... BECAUSE THE PROPER GRANT TO THIS-
HERE LAND IS ONE OF MANY THAT'S
BEEN ENTRUSTED TO ME BY FRIENDS
FOR SAFEKEEPIN'!



NOW MOVE ON, CRITTERS! AND I'M WARNIN' YE
FOR THE LAST TIME -- FOLKS HEREABOUTS
DON'T FEEL KINDLY TOWARD THOSE THAT TRY
GRABBIN' LAND WITHOUT WORKIN' FOR IT!
TELL THAT TO THE MAN WHO'S AT YOUR HEAD --
WHOEVER HE IS ...!



TWO WEEKS LATER--

ORDERED. HAVE YE COME UP
WITH A PLAN YET FOR
GETTIN' THOSE LAND
GRANTS AWAY
FROM BOONE?

WE'VE BEEN LAYIN'
LOW AGAIN, LIKE YE

WHY ELSE
WOULD I HAVE
CALLED ALL OF YOU
TOGETHER...?!



**MEANWHILE, THE GREAT FRONTIERSMAN STAYS
ON AT THE SETTLEMENT, FOR THE MEN HAVE
NOT RETURNED YET FROM HOGAN'S STATION...**

I DO NOT LIKE THE SCHOOL HERE, DAN'L
BOONE. THE YOUNGER BOYS HAVE MUCH
MORE LEARNING. THEY MAKE FUN OF ME.



THEN, ONE DAY--

WHO'S THAT
COMIN' OUT
OF THE
FOREST?

**IT'S TOM
BOWLES**
WHO USED TO BE
SCHOOLMASTER
HERE! WE'D GIVEN
HIM UP FOR DEAD
OVER TWO YEARS
AGO!

I- I WAS (GASP) TAKEN
CAPTIVE BY THE SHAWNEES
... BUT I MANAGED TO
ESCAPE AT LAST! I'VE
BEEN RUNNING
THROUGH THE FOREST
ALMOST SIX DAYS
NOW!



WHERE
WILL I
STAY
NOW?
THERE
MUST BE
A NEW
SCHOOL-
MASTER...

RECKON I CAN PUT YOU
UP FOR A WHILE, TOM.
AND IF IT'S TEACHIN'
YE WANT TO DO AGAIN
... I'VE GOT A PUPIL
FOR YOU RIGHT HERE...!



SO NOW DAN'L BOONE'S YOUNG FRIEND HAS HIS OWN TUTOR!

HOW'S THE LAD COMIN' WITH HIS STUDIES, TOM?

SLOW BUT SURE, BOONE. HE HAS THE MAKINGS OF A FINE SCHOLAR.



YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS, LAD... AND THOSE LAND-GRABBERS SEEMED TO HAVE MOVED ON! I'LL BE OFF TO THE FOREST TO MEET THE MEN COMIN' FROM HOGAN'S STATION.



TAKE THE MORNING OFF, LAD. YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING HARD OF LATE.



A SHORT TIME LATER—

BOONE'S CABIN IS CLEARED! WON'T BE LONG NOW AND WE'LL HAVE OUR HANDS ON ALL THOSE GRANTS HE'S BEEN HOLDIN'!... OUR ORDERS ARE TO MOVE TO THE SETTLEMENT AND STAND BY!



AT THAT MOMENT--

WHY DID DAN'L BOONE LEAVE ME? WITHOUT HIM AT MY SIDE, THERE'S NO FUN TO BE HAD WALKING IN THE FOREST.



WHEN DAN'L BOONE COMES BACK, IT WILL BE HIS CABIN HE COMES TO FIRST. I'LL BE THERE WAITING FOR HIM.



HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO DAN'L BOONE. HE IS NO FRIEND. HE MEANS TO HARM BOONE.

CAN'T LET BOY GET AWAY TO GIVE WARNING...



MISSED!... BUT MY MEN STANDING BY... I'LL HAVE THEM RUN HIM DOWN WHILE I KEEP SEARCHING FOR THOSE LAND GRANTS!



AND SO THE GRIM CHASE STARTS -- WITH THE FOREST SILENCE SPLINTERED BY THE PADDING OF MOCCASIN-CLAD FEET AND A SERIES OF CLOSE-SPACED TURKEY BUZZARD CALLS!

THIS IS THE TRAIL DAN'L BOONE ALWAYS FOLLOWS! HAVE TO WARN HIM... HAVE TO...!



THE BOY'S OUT OF WIND!... HE'S FALLIN' DOWN!



JUST THEN --

KNEW YE WERE HEREABOUTS, LAD, BY THOSE TURKEY BUZZARD SIGNALS!



LUCKY I'D ALREADY MET THE MEN ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM HOGAN'S STATION!... JOIN IN, FRIENDS! GIVE THEM SALT AND PEPPER!



AFTER THE RUCKUS -- HMMM... LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A RIGHT BIG CLEANIN' JOB AHEAD OF US, LAD....





YOU'LL DO NO CLEANING, BOONE-- TILL AFTER YOU'VE HANDED OVER THOSE LAND GRANTS!

SO THAT'S HOW THINGS STAND, TOM? -- YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THE LAND-GRABBERS! YE LET US THINK YE'D BEEN KILLED A WHILE BACK... AND ALL THAT TIME YE'VE BEEN SCHEMIN' AGAINST US! AND AFTER HEARIN' I WANTED A TEACHER FOR THE YOUNG 'UN, YE CAME...



I'M NOT HERE TO TALK, BOONE! WHERE ARE THOSE GRANTS?
RECKON THERE'S NO USE ARGUIN' WITH A PISTOL MUZZLE.



I HID THEM RIGHT HERE BEHIND...
BOONE'S HANDING THEM OVER WITHOUT EVEN FIGHTING!



BUT THEN --
HEY?!
RECKON WITH YOU OUT OF THE PICTURE, TOM-- THOSE LAND-GRABBERS WILL REALLY BE MOVIN' ALONG NOW!



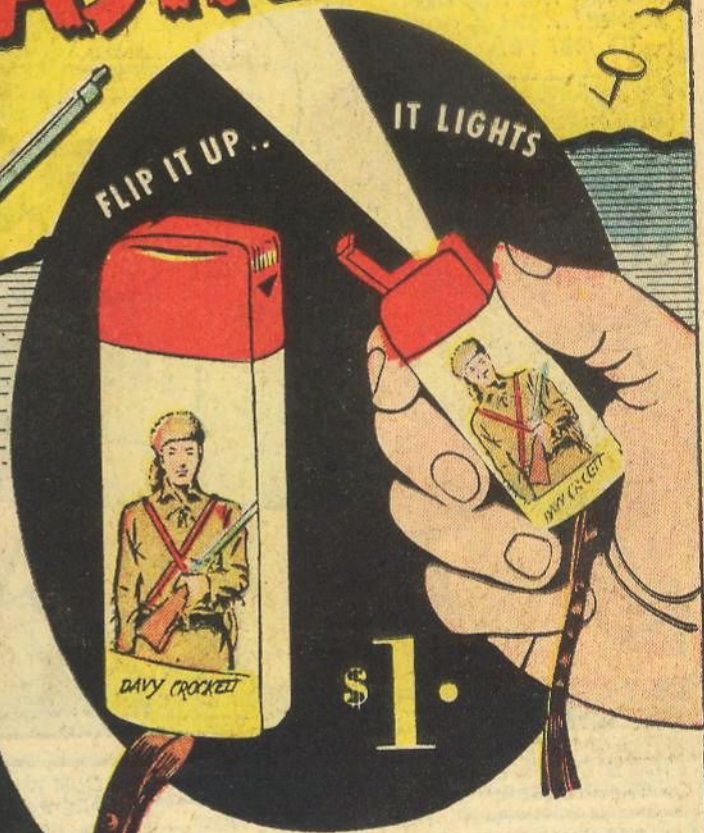
I KNEW HIS TALE ABOUT ESCAPIN' FROM THE INDIANS WAS A LIE-- FOR HIS SHOES WERE IN TOO GOOD SHAPE FOR HIM TO HAVE RUN THROUGH THE FORESTS AS LONG AS HE SAID! I INVITED HIM TO THE CABIN SO I COULD KEEP AN EYE ON HIM AND LEARN WHAT SORT OF MISCHIEF HE WAS UP TO....



AND JUST TO PLAY SAFE, WHILE HE WAS AROUND, I CARRIED THOSE LAND GRANTS IN THIS-HERE EXTRA POUCH!

The End

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Name

Address

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NO COD'S

Dan'l Boone

in "THE MAN WHO HATED DAN'L BOONE"



THAT'S DAN'L BOONE HIMSELF, THE FIRST OF THE PIONEERS!



YE WON'T MAKE ME BEG, JEDD MURK! LIFE IS SWEET AND I DON'T RELISH DYIN' - BUT I WAS NEVER ONE FOR GOIN' DOWN ON BENDED KNEE!... YE HATE ME, JEDD MURK! YE'VE HATED ME EVER SINCE THE FIRST TIME WE SET EYES ON EACH OTHER!

WHO WAS THIS MAN BY THE NAME OF JEDD MURK? AND WHY DID HE HATE DAN'L BOONE SO?... WELL, ACCORDING TO THE RECORDS, JEDD MURK SUFFERED FROM BEING **SECOND BEST!** HE OUTSHONE MOST FRONTIERSMEN IN WHATEVER HE LAID HIS HAND TO -- BUT THERE WAS NO OUTSHINING DAN'L BOONE!

AND ONE DAY -- WILL YE LOOK AT THAT HEAP OF PELTRY MURK'S TRAPPED FOR HIMSELF THIS WINTER!

DON'T JUST STAND THAR LIKE A PASSEL OF STATUES! GET A MOVE ON - HELP THE **BEST TRAPPER** IN ALL KENTUCKY UNLOAD HIS SKINS!

NOW HOW COULD YE BE CALLIN' YOURSELF THE **BEST** TRAPPER IN ALL KENTUCKY, MURK - WHEN DAN'L BOONE IS HALE AND HEARTY AND OUT ROAMIN' THE FORESTS!

WHAT?!

DON'T SAY THE NAME OF BOONE AGAIN - DO YE HEAR! I'M SICK OF HEARIN' IT DAY IN AND DAY OUT!... I CLAIM JEDD MURK TO BE THE **BEST** - AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM!

...AND MY TWO BIG FISTS ARE ALL THE PROOF I NEED!

IF YOU'RE AIMIN' TO STAY HEALTHY, MURK -- UNCLENCH THOSE FISTS.

BOONE!



GO AHEAD, LAUGH!... BUT WHEN JEDD MURK'S FINISHED - NOT ONLY BOONE, BUT EVERY WHITE MAN ON THE FRONTIER WILL BE LAUGHIN' OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS MOUTH!



FOR A LONG SPELL AFTER THAT, NOTHING WAS HEARD OF JEDD MURK! IT WAS AS IF THE THICK SHADOWY FOREST HAD SWALLOWED UP BOTH HIM AND HIS HATRED!



BUT THEN THE WYANDOTS STARTED RAIDING!



TWO MORE RAIDS FOLLOWED IN RAPID-FIRE ORDER BEFORE THE WORD HAD A CHANCE TO SPREAD! THAT'S HOW IT WAS WHEN THERE WAS NO SURVIVORS - NEWS TRAVELLED SLOWLY...



BUT AFTER THE FOURTH RAID--

I-I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!
...JEDD MURK'S TURNED
RENEGADE! HE'S AT THE
HEAD OF THOSE WYANDOTS!



WHEN DAN'L BOONE HEARD--

LOOKS LIKE MURK AIMS TO
TAKE OUT HIS SPLEEN ON
THE WHOLE FRONTIER.
RECKON I'LL HAVE TO
TANGLE HORNS WITH
HIM AGAIN!



BUT MURK AND THE WYANDOTS
HAD CLEARED OUT OF KENTUCKY
FOR A SPELL TO FEAST ON THE
SPOILS OF THE RAIDS--

BEST STAY BACK HERE...THE
WAR TRAIL FEVER'S LIABLE TO
SPREAD TO OTHER TRIBES!



A MONTH LATER... THE WYANDOTS ARE BACK! TO THE WALL, EVERYBODY!

YE'VE HEARD OUR SCOUTS' REPORTS! THE SETTLERS IN THAR ARE LOW ON GUNPOWDER, VITTELS, AND WATER!... NOW'S THE TIME TO STORM THE WALL!

SO THE WYANDOTS CHARGED WITH JEDD MURK AT THEIR HEAD, SURE OF EASY VICTORY!



BUT THIS TIME, DAN'L BOONE WAS ON HAND!

WHAT'S THAT CONTRAP-TION?

IT'S A HOME-MADE CANNON THAT DAN'L BUILT OF A BLACK GUM TRUNK AND WRAPPED WITH AN IRON WAGON TIRE! AND HE'S LOADED HER UP WITH A RIGHT BIG LOAD OF ONE-OUNCE RIFLE BALLS!

WHAT'RE YE WAITIN' FOR, DAN'L? THEY'RE ALMOST ON US!

THAR'S NOT ENOUGH ONE-OUNCERS FOR MORE THAN ONE SHOT! IF I FIRE TOO SOON, WE'LL ALL BE GONERS...

UH-OH-- STAND BACK! IT'S TIME NOW!

IT HIT RIGHT SMACK AMONGST 'EM! THE WYANDOTS ARE TURNIN' BACK!

JEDD MURK WAS HIT! THEY'RE DRAGGIN' HIM OFF...

BAROOMM!

A WEEK LATER, GRIM NEWS LEAKED OUT OF THE FOREST --

HAVE YE HEARD? JEDD MURK'S DEAD!

THEN, THE WEEK AFTER THAT— WYANDOTS WANT TO MAKE PEACE, BUT AFRAID THAT PALEFACES TOO ANGRY TO SIT DOWN WITH PEACE PIPE. SO FOR THE FIRST POW-WOW, THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER, WIDE-MOUTH, MUST COME TO WYANDOT CAMP ALONE.



SO DAN'L BOONE, EVER-ACHING FOR PEACE ON THE FRONTIER, WENT ALONE— ONLY TO BE JUMPED AS SOON AS HE ENTERED THE WYANDOT CAMP...



...TO BE BOUND TIGHT, AND CONFRONTED BY A VERY MUCH ALIVE JEDD MURK!

FOR BAIT I USED RUMORS OF MY DEATH SO YE'D BELIEVE THE WYANDOTS MEANT TO TURN PEACEFUL, BOONE! AND YE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!

SO THAT'S HOW MATTERS STAND NOW— WITH BOONE AND THE MAN WHO HATES HIM, FACE TO FACE... AND ALL THE ODDS STACKED IN THE LATTER'S FAVOR!



SUDDENLY BOONE TURNS TO THE WYANDOT CHIEF—

ARE YE BLIND? CAN'T YE SEE MURK'S LEADIN' YE BY THE NOSE? THIS IS A PRIVATE QUARREL BETWEEN HIM AND ME... BUT YOU'LL BE THE LOSER! IF I MEET MY END HERE TODAY, SOLDIERS WITH LONG-STICKS WILL COME AFTER YE... AND THEY WON'T REST TILL YOUR WHOLE TRIBE'S BEEN LAID LOW!



MURK'S BEEN LYIN' TO YE, TELLIN' YE HE'S YOUR FRIEND...

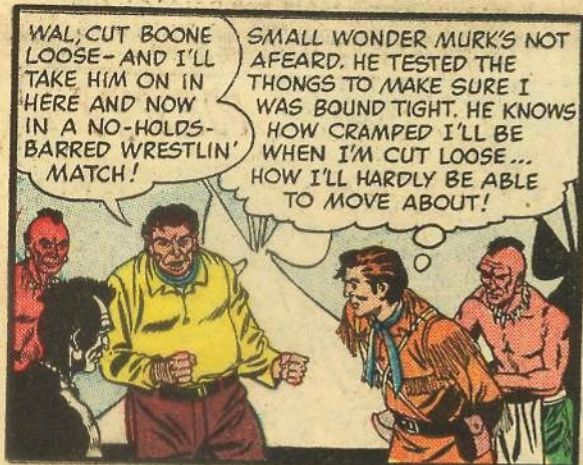
BOONE'S THE LIAR, CHIEF! AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YE HERE AND NOW!



BOONE SAYS THAT I'M ASKIN' YOU TO FIGHT MY BATTLE!— THAT I'M AFRAID TO TAKE HIM ON MYSELF...!

WHAT'S MURK TESTIN' MY THINGS FOR...?



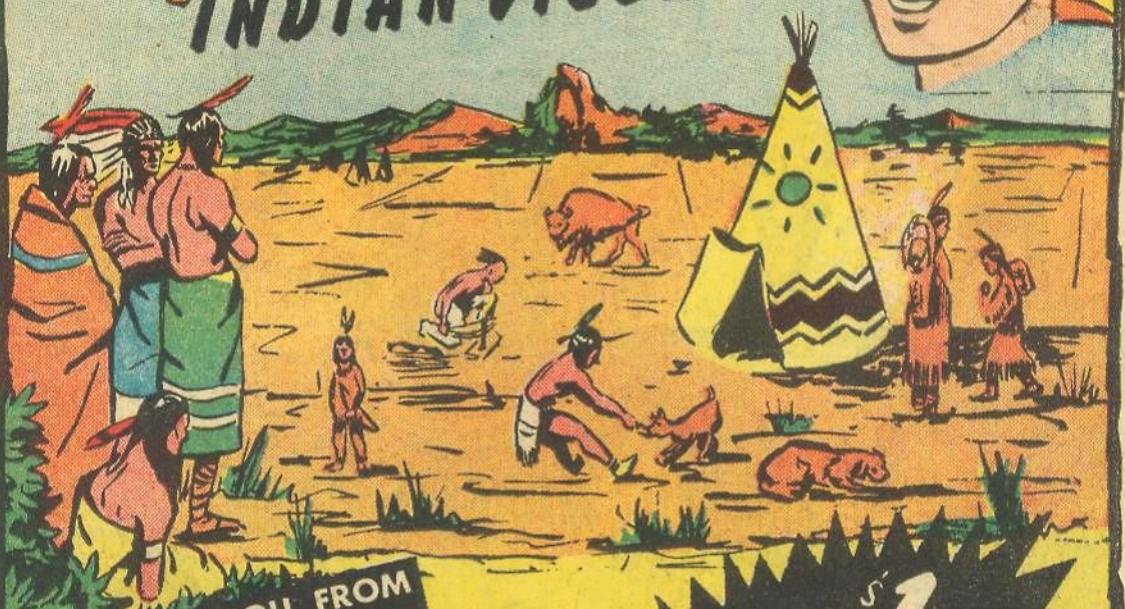


IT TAKES ALL OF BOONE'S STRENGTH AND AGILITY AT FIRST JUST TO KEEP DODG- ING! AND FOR A LONG TIME HE DOES NOTHING ELSE!





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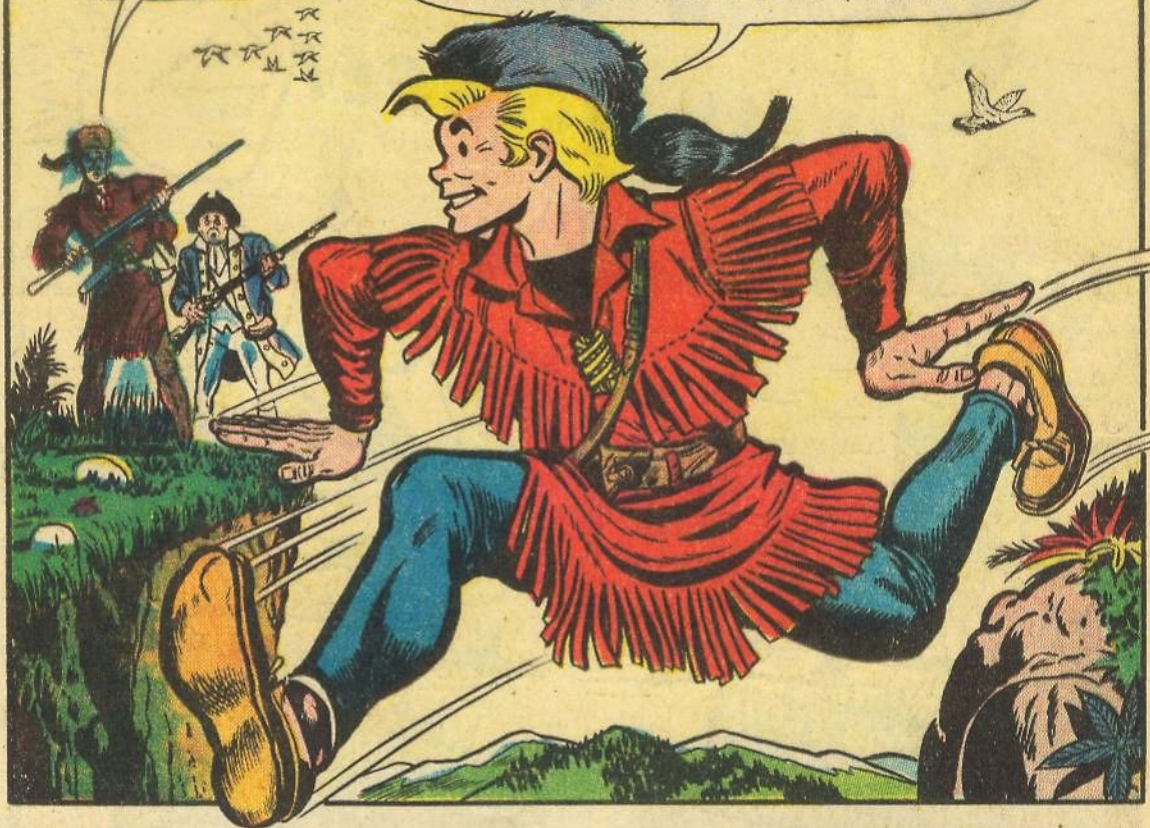
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JOLLY JIM DANDY

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

I AIN'T NO GOOSE, YE OVERGROWN MOOSE!
I'M JOLLY JIM DANDY ON THE LOOSE —
A-RUNNIN' FROM SOME FRONTIER VITTLES
THAT'D MAKE MY BELLY ACHE QUITE A LITTLE!



THAT'S A RIGHT FINE INN YE'VE
BUILT, MORT TINDER, TO BE RUN BY
YOURSELF AND YOUR NEW WIFE,
ABIGAIL! BUT SEEMS TO ME YE'VE
CHOSEN SO **LONESOME** A SITE!!!



/// YOUR FIRST PATRONS
ARE LIKELY TO BE NON-PAYIN'
WAR-WHOOPIN' **INDIANS!**



AIN'T AN INDIAN ALIVE THAT CAN BEST ME, JOLLY JIM— AND WHEN IT COMES TO KNOCKIN' MENFOLK LOW!!!

" SWEET LITTLE ABIGAIL AIN'T NO SLOUCH NEITHER!

THOMP!

THOMP!

HMMM— I SEE WHAT YE MEAN!

NOTHIN' LIKE A CLOUT ON THE HEAD TO MAKE A MAN PINE AFTER HIS WIFE'S FIRST MEAL!

RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL ABIGAIL COMES BACK FROM VISITIN' HER MOTHER AT THE SETTLEMENT— EH?

NOPE— ABIGAIL PREE-PARED THESE VITTLES BEFORE LEAVIN'. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DIG RIGHT IN.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE—

WE ATTACK NOW, CHIEF?

YES— NOW!

BUT JUST THEN—

NOW, CHIEF???

M-MAYBE BETTER WAIT TILL TARGET STAND STILL!

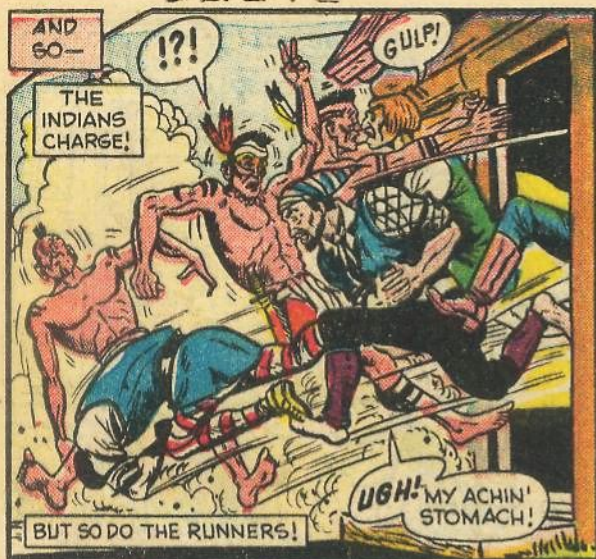
CHOKE!

SPLUTTER!

COUGH!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, A BAND OF TOUGH FOREST-RUNNERS ARE COMING THROUGH THE FOREST //







THE END

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

THE BEAR CUB

They came swaggering out of the forest, their cruel faces hot with anger against all decent things.

They were the dregs of the great army that had fought against England—and now, after Yorktown, after all the decent soldiers had gone home, they were still roaming the face of the land. They were still at war—but this time as criminals against their own countrymen. And some of them had roamed as far as the frontier. . . .

The settlers stood fast in front of their cabins, grimly watching the approaching band. The settlers weren't welcoming any ruckus—they had their fill fighting Injuns and beasts of the forest. But if trouble was heading their way, they aimed to protect their families and their cabins.

"We're walkin' tornadoes—and we'll blow down the fool that tries to stand up to us!"
"We're lightnin' and thunder!"

The bullies kept swaggering forward as they shouted their threats. Their leader was a gaunt fox-faced man with a high-pitched voice. His taunts could be heard above all the rest.

The settlers' knuckles bulged palely as they tightened grips on their Kentucky rifles. The bullies came closer. . . .

Meanwhile, in the nearby forest, Jim Kirby was moving through the thick shadows, quiet as a cat, and smiling.

Kirby's smile was passing strange—for dead ahead could be heard enough grunting, roaring, hard breathing, thumping, and outcries for a dozen ruckuses all rolled into one.

Then, his smile deepening, Kirby reached

the edge of a clearing—and the cause of his jollity was there before him, rolling in the dust, plain to see.

His young friend, Tad Jones, was wrestling with a bear!

The two of them, boy and young grizzly, were thrashing about mightily, filling the air with the sight and sound of fury—but without, and this Kirby knew well, a ghost of a chance of either being harmed.

Kirby kept watching with twinkling eyes. He was remembering the day Tad had found the cub, lost and whimpering, on a forest trail.

And how before he, Kirby, could cry warning to Tad that the cub's mother might be nearby, the cub was up in the boy's arms, being fondled and cooed at.

And then the thunderous roar as the big grizzly had sighted her offspring . . . the lumbering charge forward . . . Tad frozen into statue-stillness by shock, not moving though square in the path of those huge slashing paws . . . and Kirby himself prayerfully sighting along the barrel of his Kentucky rifle, knowing there'd be no time to reload if he missed . . . Kirby squeezing trigger . . . the sharp crack of man-made thunder . . . and then the grizzly spinning around as the bullet thwacked into its hide, sighing, and crumpling slowly, like a giant poplar, to the ground.

And so there they'd been, the four of them with the rifle shot's echoes still humming about them—Kirby, Tad, the whimpering cub, and the dead grizzly. And Tad's first words had been to ask if he could keep the cub for his own.

"After all," he'd said, "it's because of me that he's motherless now."

Jim Kirby had hesitated for a long minute—knowing that a bear cub took as much handling as a human infant, that they'd be slowed down a heap if. . . .

But then seeing the longing in Tad's eyes, and knowing the love all boys felt for small furry things, Kirby had softened and said yes.

But he had masked his softening with surliness, growling that both he and Tad were fools, and that "this-here is one good turn that will never come home to roost. . . ."

That had been months ago . . . and since then the bear cub had grown fast as a canebrake and broad as thousands of canebrakes banded together and now young grizzly and Tad were as close and fond of each other as two fingers of the same hand. And their special sport, this rasslin' game, was something to turn a stranger's hair white if he didn't know it was all in fun.

Tad had climbed to his feet, and was grinning at Kirby. "We're something fierce, we two—eh?" he said, pointing first to the bear and then to himself.

Kirby's answer was to cuff the boy gently on the shoulder, and then the three of them—Kirby, Tad, and bear, began walking for the settlement. . . .

"We have fists big as mountains—and our blows are like avalanches!"

Back at the settlement, the bullies had come so close, they didn't have to shout any more; they were jeering their threats softly.

For a long time the settlers said nothing, and their spreading silence was an admission that there was no use trying to sidestep the ruckus. But then, in a last-minute try for peace, one of the older men among them spoke up. "What is it ye want of us?" he said.

"Now that's hardly a welcomin' tone," the bullies' fox-faced leader said in his high-pitched voice. "Now is it, men?"

"Sure ain't!"

"Looks like we'll have to teach 'em proper manners."

"Too bad—'cause we're mighty rough teachers. . . ."

This was the moment for the powder keg to explode, for shots to ring out, men start to grapple, some fall to the ground . . . but at this moment, Jim Kirby strode out of the forest.

Kirby was frowning as he walked forward. He'd had time to spot the bullies for what they were—evil men who'd proved themselves cowardly in war, and now in peace had banded together to push brave men around, not caring how much anguish they created—as long as they caused others to fear them. And Kirby knew the settlers

could beat them off in a ruckus if need be. But that would mean needless bloodshed that was best avoided. And that was why, before striding out of the forest alone, Kirby had whipped-up a plan. . . .

"Howdy," Kirby said, careful to balance his voice between friendliness and firmness. "I'm Jim Kirby, Right glad to see ye *passin' through*."

"Who said we're *passin' through*?" the fox-faced man hissed. "Who said we don't aim to stay awhile?"

"Wouldn't want ye to have to swaller your words," Kirby said softly. "So I reckoned ye'd be better off *passin' through*."

"What words?!"

"Ye know—about bein' mountains and avalanches. Such like talk about how rough and fearless ye are."

The fox-faced man's voice broke shrilly now. "And WHAT would make us swaller those words?"

"Just so happens," Kirby said evenly, "every man here can handle two of your likes with one hand tied behind his back. Come to think of it—so could our *young 'uns*."

"WHAT?!"

"Wal, if ye don't believe me," Kirby said, still unsmiling, "just look over yonder. . . ."

And just then, answering Kirby's signal as had been planned—rolling and roaring, grunting and breathing hard, clawing at each other in the fiercest looking rasslin' game they'd ever played, Tad and his bear tumbled out of the forest.

Well, one look at boy and bear seemingly locked in mortal combat, the bear fearsome and the boy fearless, was enough to make those bullies turn pale, sweat ice, and think twice.

If the young 'uns hereabouts *rassled with grizzlies* . . . shucks—what would the *grown men* do if riled enough?

Quick as a whip, those bullies turned heel and melted back into the forest. They kept running, fear prodding them, till they'd cleared the frontier . . . and the tale's spread that some of 'em were so struck by the strength and courage that honest bear-rasslin' boy had shown, they turned to honesty themselves.

Back at the settlement, everybody laughed so much, they bent over double and kept hitting their knees.

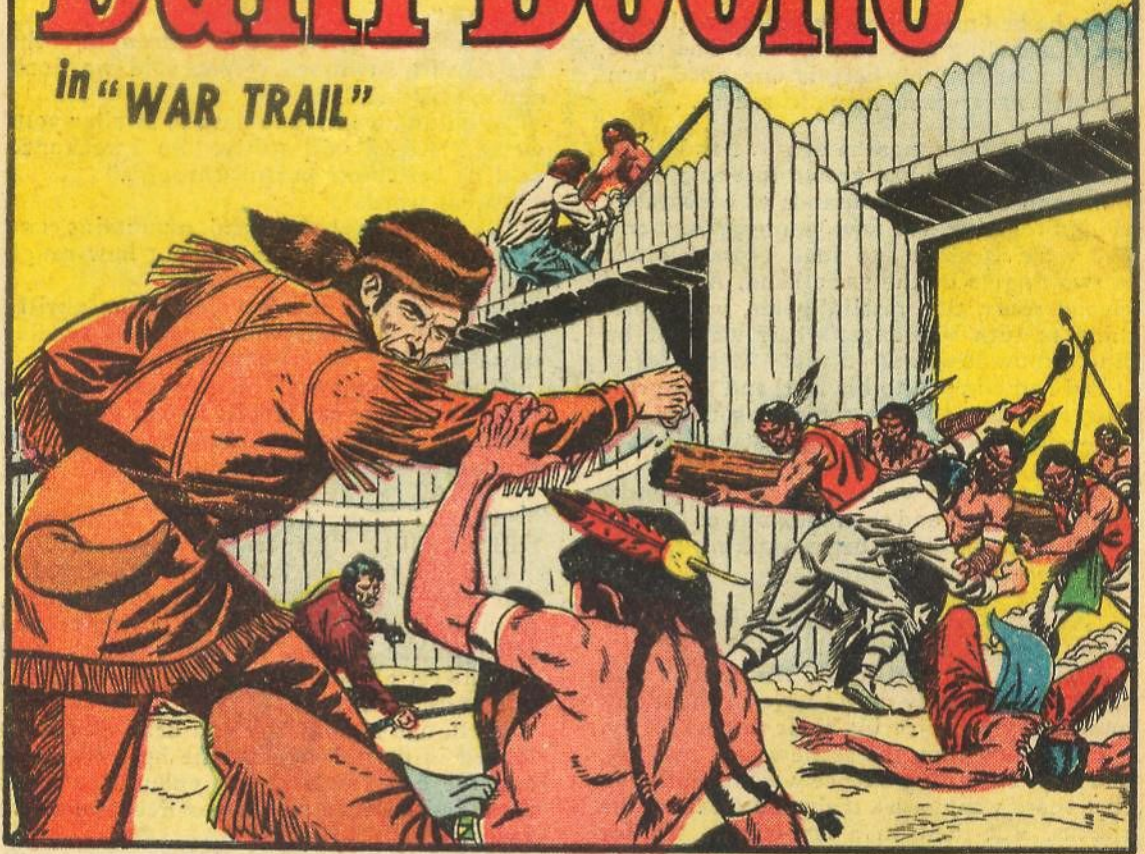
Even Tad's bear, whom they all knew to be tame, standing on his hind legs, begging Tad to scratch his underchin, seemed to be laughing too.

And you can be sure that Jim Kirby was right glad he'd let Tad keep that cub . . . and he was right glad too that he'd been dead wrong about this-here bein' one good turn that would never come home to roost. . . . !

THE END

Dan'l Boone

in "WAR TRAIL"



A LONE CHEROKEE RUNS THROUGH THE FOREST --

WAIT TILL MY TRIBESMEN HEAR THE NEWS I BRING OF THE GREAT WIDE-MOUTH!



EDITOR'S NOTE: DANIEL BOONE WAS CALLED "WIDE-MOUTH" BY THE INDIANS OF KENTUCKY.

WIDE-MOUTH HAS LEFT THE SETTLEMENT!

YOUR NEWS FILLS OUR HEARTS WITH GLADNESS! NOW IT WILL BE SAFE TO TAKE THE WAR TRAIL!



LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR NEWS OF WIDE-MOUTH'S LEAVING. FOR YOU REMEMBER MY DREAM...



EDITOR'S NOTE: DREAMS OF VICTORY OR DISASTER ON THE EVE OF A WAR TRAIL, WERE REGARDED AS SURE PORTENTS BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS INDIANS.

"I DREAMED THAT WHEN WE ATTACKED, THE GREAT WIDE-MOUTH ROSE UP AMONG US, AND LAID WASTE OUR WARRIORS WITH HIS LONG STICK AND BIG FISTS!"



WIDE-MOUTH HAS THE COURAGE OF TEN PANTHERS, THE STRENGTH OF TEN BUFFALO, AND THE WISE MEDICINE OF TEN SACHEMS! BUT NOW HE HAS LEFT TO HUNT IN THE FOREST-- AND WE CAN ATTACK THE SETTLEMENT WITHOUT FEARING HIM!



BUT WHAT IF WE MEET WIDE-MOUTH IN THE FOREST AS WE MOVE TOWARD THE SETTLEMENT

WE SHALL TELL HIM WE ARE HUNTING! AND AS SOON AS HE PASSES, WE SHALL RACE ON AND ATTACK!



SO THE WAR TRAIL STARTS!



YELLOW BEAVER IS THE ADVANCE SCOUT! YELLOW BEAVER, WHOSE EYES ARE THE KEENEST OF ALL THE WARRIORS, AND WHOSE EARS ARE THE SHARPEST!

ONLY WE ARE IN THIS PART OF THE FOREST! I CAN SIGNAL THE REST TO ADVANCE!



JUST THEN-- NICE MORNIN' TO BE TRAIPSIN' AROUND OUT OF DOORS, ISN'T IT?

WIDE-MOUTH!



ONLY BOONE COULD HAVE HIDDEN SO UNSEEN!
ONLY BOONE COULD HAVE SLIPPED UP ON THEM
SO NOISELESSLY!



WE ARE ON A HUNT, WIDE-
MOUTH! THE MEAT RACKS IN
OUR LODGES HANG EMPTY!

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD--TELL, THESE
CHEROKEES HAVE HAD THEIR FULL OF
BUFFALO STEAK THIS SEASON! AND NONE
OF THESE WARRIORS LOOKS STARVED!..!

RECKON I'LL
TRAIPISE ALONG
TO HELP YE
OUT. I'M A
FAIR HAND
WITH THE
RIFLE.



HE SUSPECTS!
WHY DO WE
NOT USE
OUR WAR-
AXES ON
HIM NOW?

NO-- THE
MAGIC OF
WIDE-MOUTH
IS SO STRONG,
HE WOULD
RETURN FROM
THE HAPPY HUNTING
GROUND TO DESTROY
US!



SUDDENLY-- STAND BACK,
FRIENDS--
I'VE SPOTTED A DEER ON
YONDER RIDGE-LINE! YE'LL
BE FILLIN' YOUR STOMACHS
RIGHT SOON NOW!



LATER-- NOT ONE OF 'EM IS TOUCHIN' THE
VENISON... AND I KNOW WHY!
WHENEVER THEY'VE SET OUT ON THE
WAR TRAIL, THE FIRST DEER BROUGHT DOWN
MUST BE OFFERED TO THE GODS! LOOKS LIKE
I BETTER BE MOSEYING ALONG TO WARN
THE SETTLERS...!

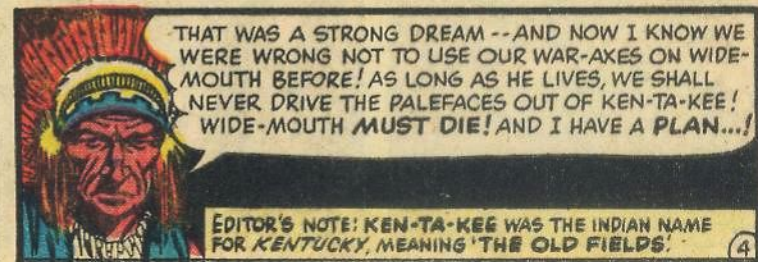
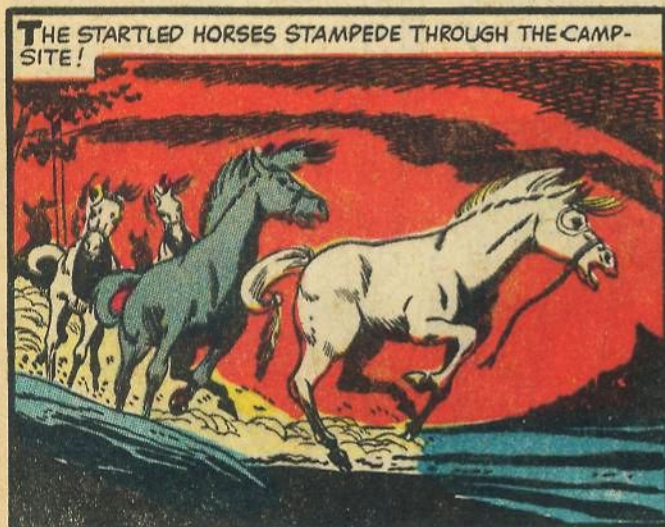


BUT WHEN BOONE MAKES A MOVE TO GO--

YOU STAY
WITH US,
WIDE-
MOUTH!

THESE WAR-AXES WON'T BROOK
ANY ARGUING... BUT SURE AS MY
NAME'S DANIEL, I AIM TO GET
AWAY BEFORE LONG!





WIDE-MOUTH IS STILL IN THE CANEBRAKES! HE WILL WAIT FOR NIGHT TO COME... AND THEN HE WILL RACE TO WARN THE SETTLERS! BUT WE WHO CAN MOVE BOTH BY DAY AND NIGHT, SHALL BE THERE BEFORE HIM....



... NOT TO ATTACK, BUT TO STAND GUARD ON ALL APPROACHES TO THE SETTLEMENT! SO WHEN WIDE MOUTH COMES, WE SHALL BE WAITING! AND ONCE HE COMES... HE WILL ROAM THE FORESTS NO MORE!



NIGHT FALLS, AND BOONE LEAVES THE CANEBRAKES!

HAVE TO SWALLOW DISTANCE IN MIGHTY BIG GULPS...

IF I'M EVER TO WARN THE SETTLERS!



ALL NIGHT HE RUNS, GUIDING HIMSELF BY THE MOON, CAREFUL TO BLIND HIS TRAIL! BUT AT DAWN, HE HIDES IN THE CANEBRAKES. AGAIN!



WHEN THE SUN SETS, HE STARTS JOGGING THROUGH THE FOREST AGAIN, KEEPING A STEADY PACE, COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE SETTLEMENT...



... WHERE THE GRIM CHEROKEES ARE ALREADY WAITING, COVERING EVERY APPROACH!



WE STAND GUARD TOO SOON! IT WILL BE AT LEAST ANOTHER DAY BEFORE WIDE-MOUTH COMES!

NOBODY MOVES FASTER THROUGH THE FOREST THAN WIDE-MOUTH! BUT EVEN HE--



JUST THEN-- SHHHH-- ANOTHER YELP OUT OF EITHER OF YE, AND MY RIFLE WILL DO SOME FAST TALKIN'!



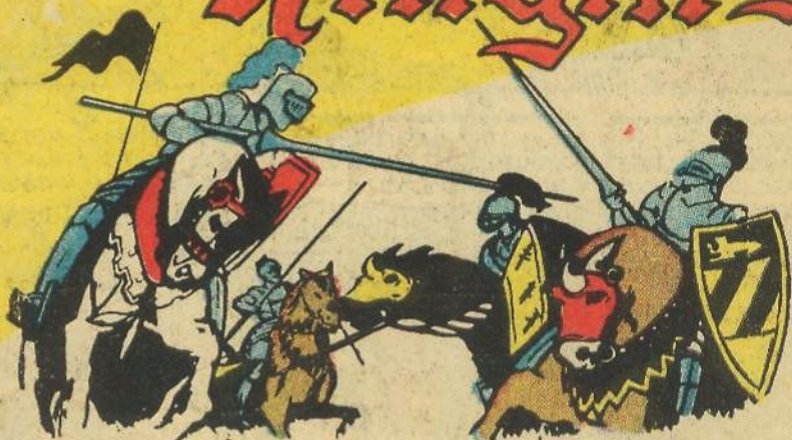


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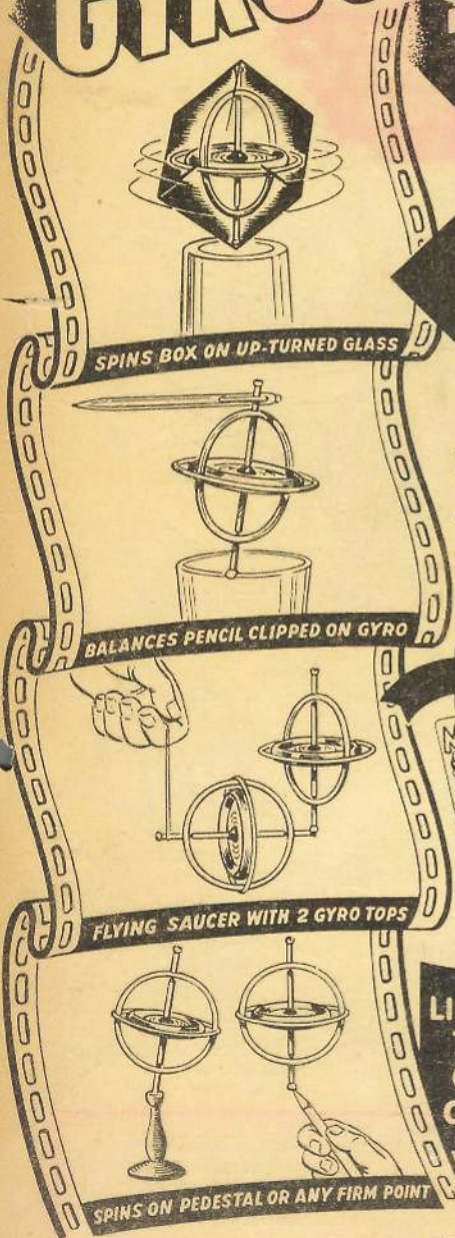
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