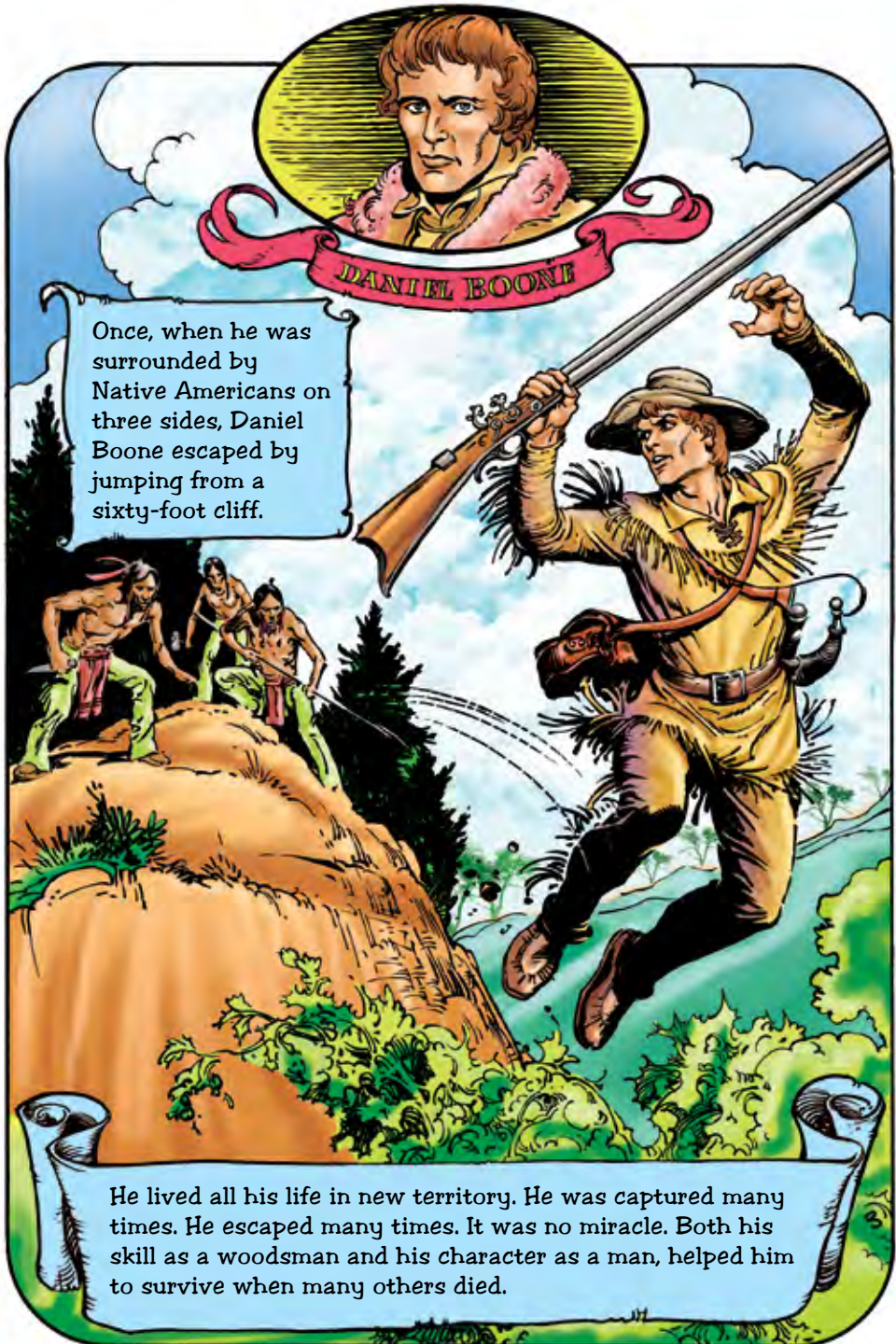


GRAPHIC
BIOGRAPHY

DANIEL BOONE



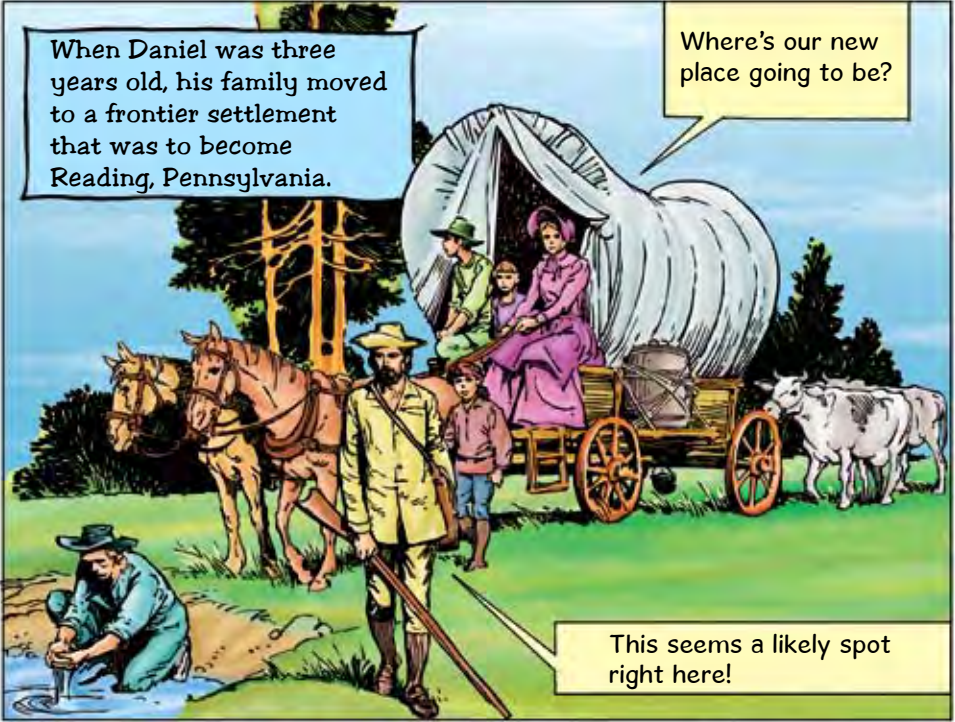
**DANIEL BOONE**

Once, when he was surrounded by Native Americans on three sides, Daniel Boone escaped by jumping from a sixty-foot cliff.

He lived all his life in new territory. He was captured many times. He escaped many times. It was no miracle. Both his skill as a woodsman and his character as a man, helped him to survive when many others died.

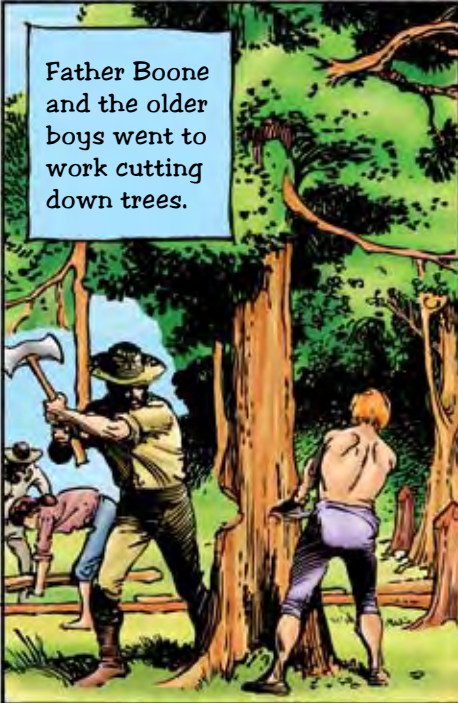
When Daniel was three years old, his family moved to a frontier settlement that was to become Reading, Pennsylvania.

Where's our new place going to be?

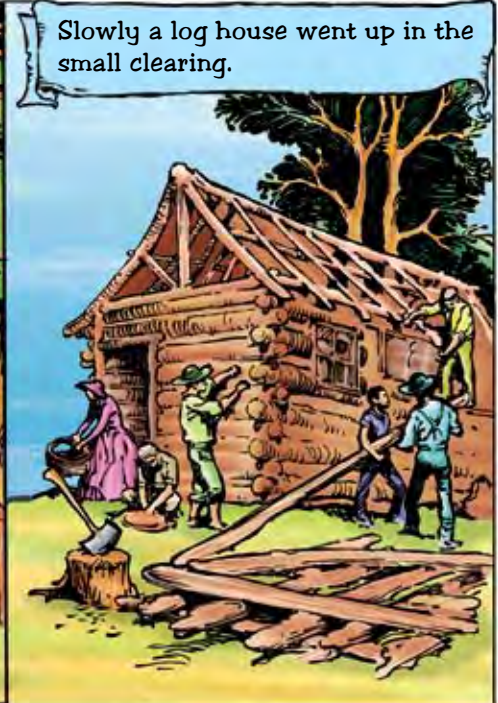


This seems a likely spot right here!

Father Boone and the older boys went to work cutting down trees.



Slowly a log house went up in the small clearing.



The ground was plowed and a crop planted.

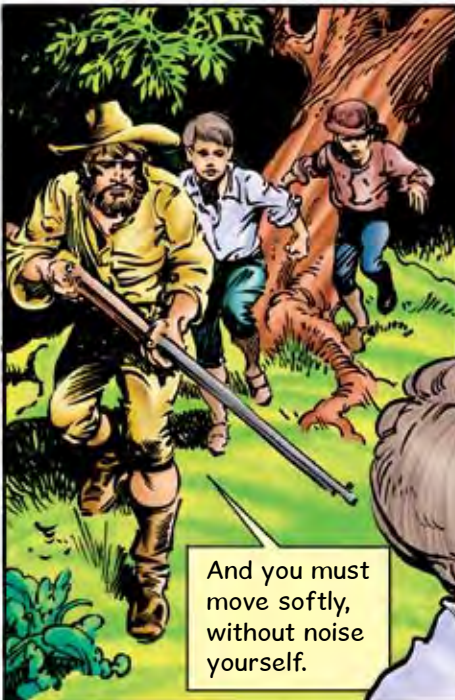


It was the job of the younger children to find the cows in the woods and bring them in at night.

You must learn to see everything in the woods and hear every sound.



Most Native Americans hereabouts are peaceful. But in case you see one, slip away like a shadow.



And you must move softly, without noise yourself.



You must notice the sun or the moon and stars—the wind direction—a dead tree—everything—so when you've found the cows, you can find your way home again!



These lessons were fun ... but also a matter of life and death. Daniel learned them all.

As soon as a boy could hold a rifle, he was taught to shoot.



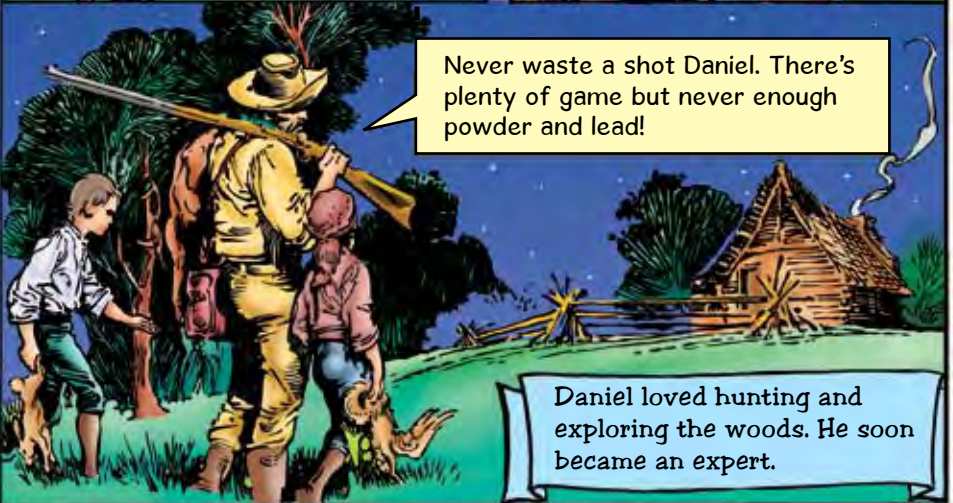
Steady ... line up your sights ...

Then he learned to hunt.

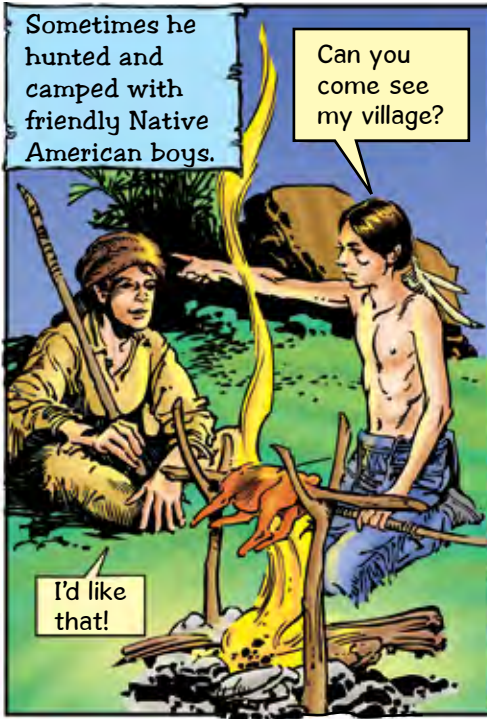


You shot him!

Never waste a shot Daniel. There's plenty of game but never enough powder and lead!



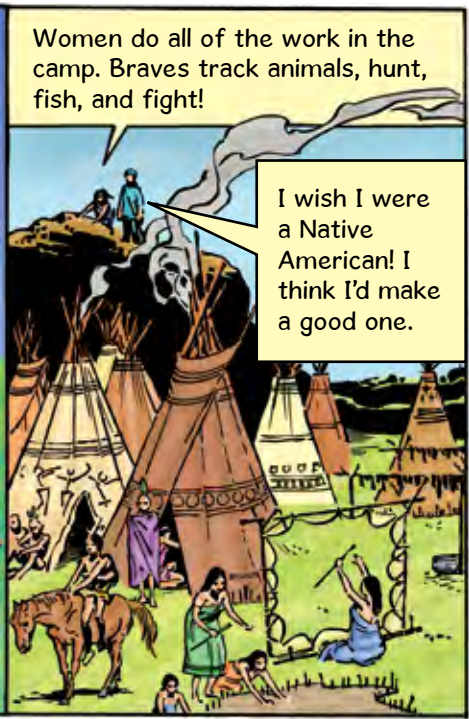
Daniel loved hunting and exploring the woods. He soon became an expert.



Sometimes he hunted and camped with friendly Native American boys.

Can you come see my village?

I'd like that!



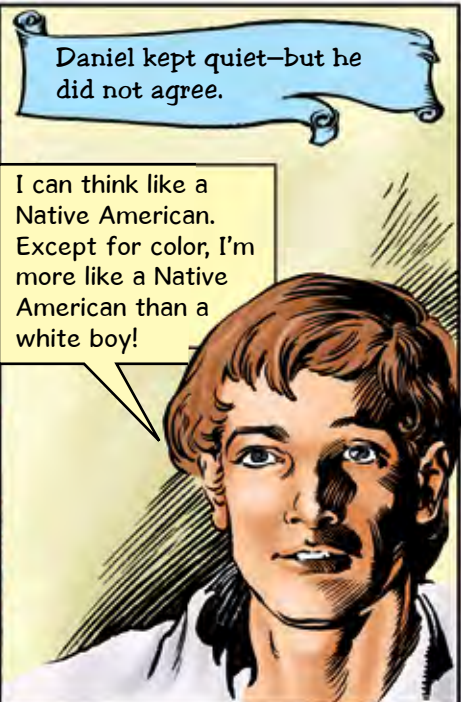
Women do all of the work in the camp. Braves track animals, hunt, fish, and fight!

I wish I were a Native American! I think I'd make a good one.



He listened to the men tell about Native American fights and tricks they had seen.

There's one thing for sure, you can't trust a Native American. They think different from us!



Daniel kept quiet—but he did not agree.

I can think like a Native American. Except for color, I'm more like a Native American than a white boy!



When Daniel was fifteen, his father made an important decision.

Get ready ... we're moving on. This farm land is worn out. There are too many people moving in.

Southwest, where there's rich land for sale and lots of game to hunt.

Where are we going?

More game, new country to explore, and fewer people! That's great!



So the Boone family packed up their wagon and traveled. They stopped at last in the Yadkin Valley in North Carolina.

Plenty of good land here and plenty of grass.

Someday I'll see what lies west over the mountains.



Once again, there was the hard job of clearing land and building a house.

Somebody's got to get us meat—and you're worth any two of us as a hunter. Go ahead Daniel!

Sure!

He brought back rabbits and turkeys ...



Often a deer ...



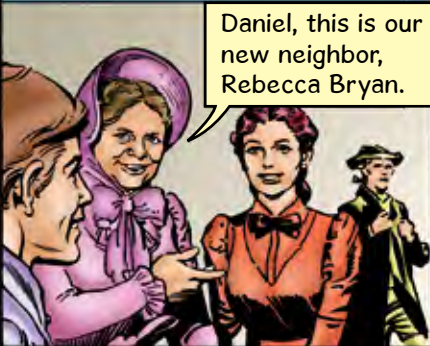
Sometimes a bear ...



The skin will make a fine warm cover!

Daniel grew up. Other families moved into the area. One was the Bryans.

Daniel, this is our new neighbor, Rebecca Bryan.



Soon there was a wedding.

Do you, Daniel, take this woman, Rebecca?



The neighbors came from many miles around to celebrate.



Daniel and Rebecca built a home in the wilderness, closer to the mountains. Daniel farmed, hunted, and trapped. They started a family.

You're looking at the mountains, Daniel? What's behind them?

Few men had passed the great barrier of the Allegheny Mountains. Almost as little was known about the land beyond Kentucky as was known about the whole country before Columbus's voyage.

Nobody knows. Someday I'll find out!

Sometimes friendly Native Americans came from the mountains.

What's it like over the mountains?

Great land, big forests, much game, but dark and bloody ground! No Native Americans live there—only hunt and fight.

Then a wandering hunter arrived. He was John Finley.

Yes, I've been to Kentucky and lived to tell of it. Great forests, buffalo, deer, bear—everything a hunter dreams of!

But the Native Americans don't want us there! And once a man crosses those mountains, he's on his own, with no help nearby!

Someday, I'm going.

In 1769 Boone and Finley gathered a party of six strong woodsmen, including themselves, to explore the new land.

We'll look it over, see how it looks for settlers, and trap out enough skins to pay for our time.

We'll get along fine here. The boys are old enough to do their share of work.

They picked May first as their leaving date, expecting good weather. Instead it rained for many days.

They slept in lean-tos at night to dry out, keep warm, and to hide their fire.