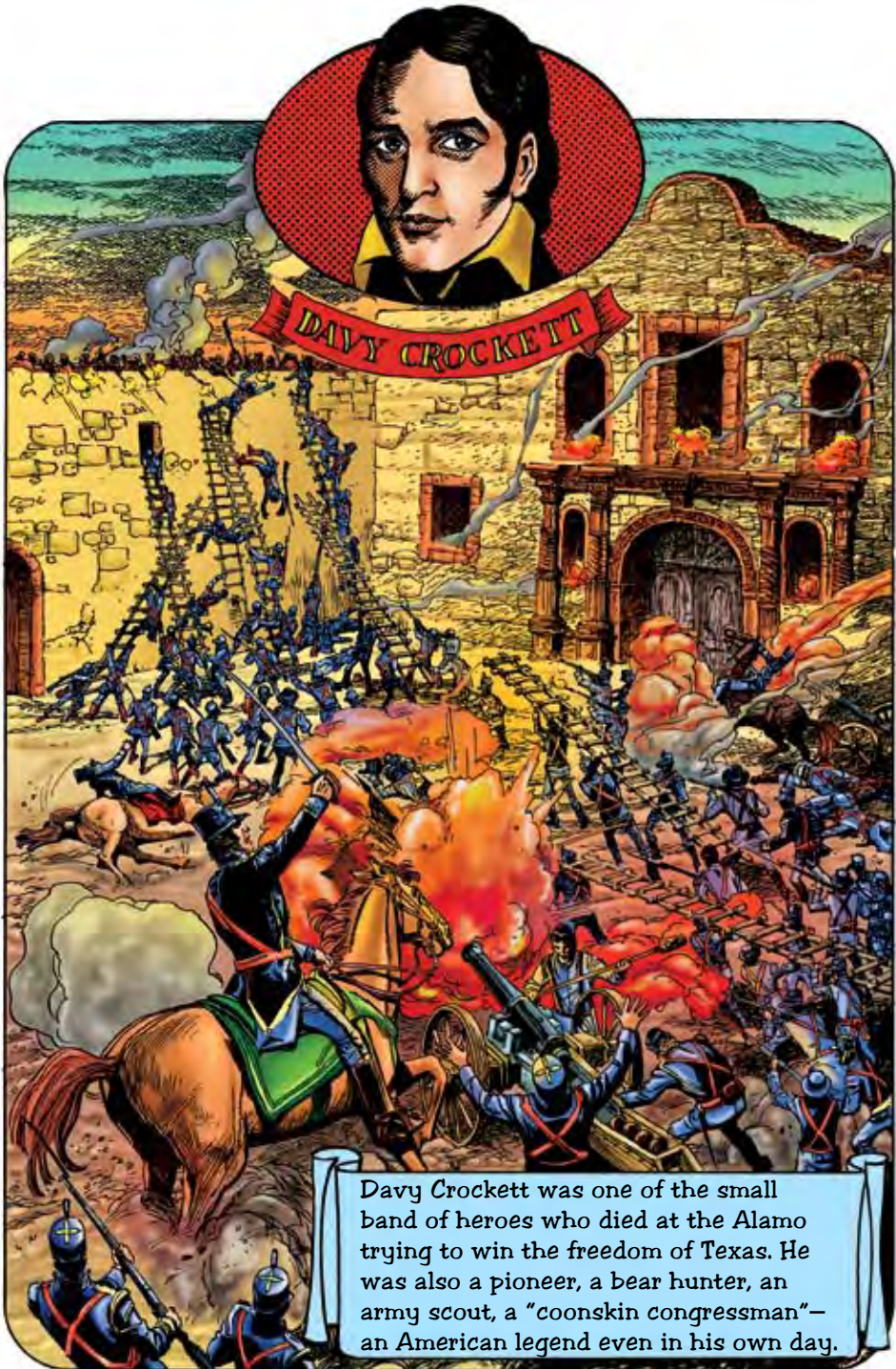


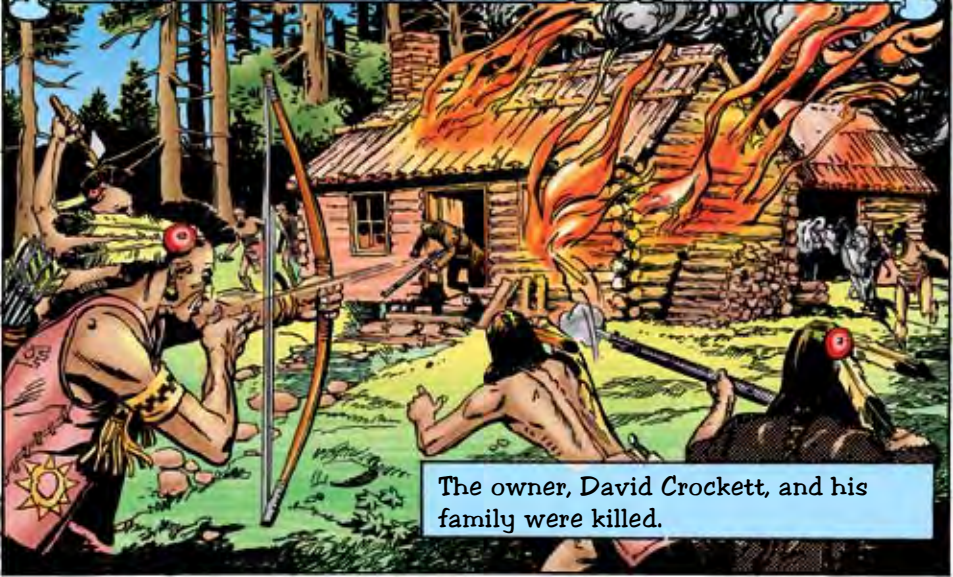
GRAPHIC
BIOGRAPHY

Davy Crockett





It was 1786, a few years after Daniel Boone led settlers into Kentucky. A band of Native Americans attacked a cabin on another part of the frontier, which would soon become Tennessee.



The owner, David Crockett, and his family were killed.

A short time later, only a few miles away, a ninth child was born to his son, John Crockett.

A boy! I want to name him David in memory of my father.

And we'll call him Davy!



Davy learned early how to handle a rifle.

You're eight years old, son. Think you can hunt game by yourself?

Yes, sir!





Take my rifle and go hunting whenever you want. But you're to take only one bullet with you.



Any time you miss your shot, you'll go to bed with no supper!

Y-yes, sir.

Davy soon became an expert in a country full of sharpshooters. He grew up. He liked dances. He met a girl named Polly Finley.

There's a shooting match coming up, Polly. If I could win the prize, I'd have a question to ask you.

I'll be waiting, Davy, and cheering for you.



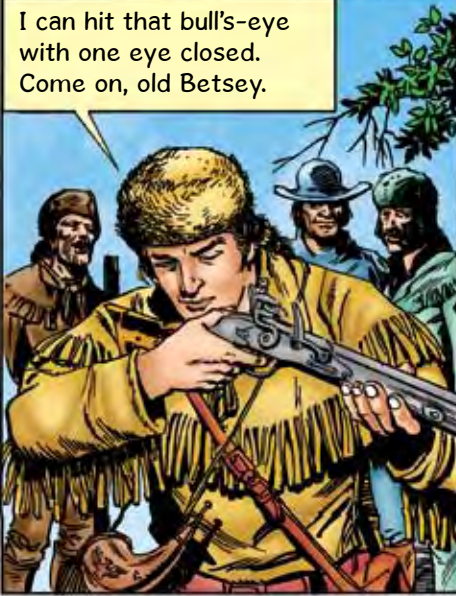
More than eighty men entered the contest. The first prize was a live steer.

Each man has one shot at 50 yards distance. The top shooter will try again at 75 yards.



Davy used a rifle called "old Betsey." He reached the final test at 100 yards.

I can hit that bull's-eye with one eye closed. Come on, old Betsey.



A bull's-eye, the winner is young Crockett!

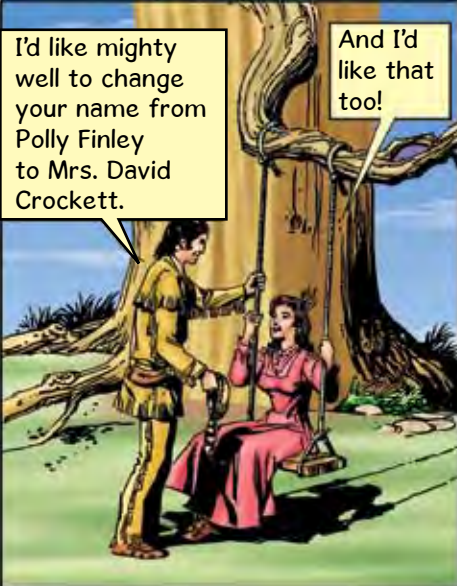


Davy sold his prize steer for five gold dollars. He went to Polly's house.

Two weeks later they were married. They moved to their new home.

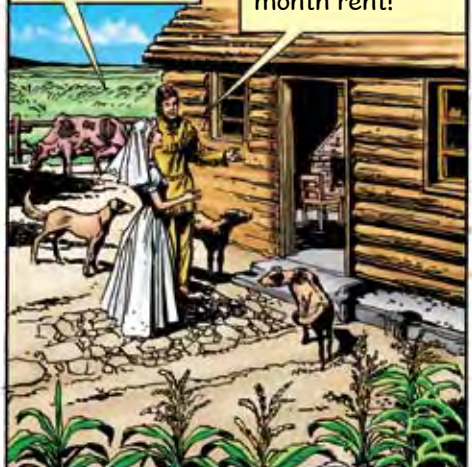
I'd like mighty well to change your name from Polly Finley to Mrs. David Crockett.

And I'd like that too!



It's lovely Davy, our own home!

Just as long as I pay the twenty-five cents a month rent!



A year was long enough. There was a new baby boy. And Davy was restless.

I want my children to grow up in a new country. There's fine land for the taking in south Tennessee. Wild, great hunting.

How far away? How would we get there?



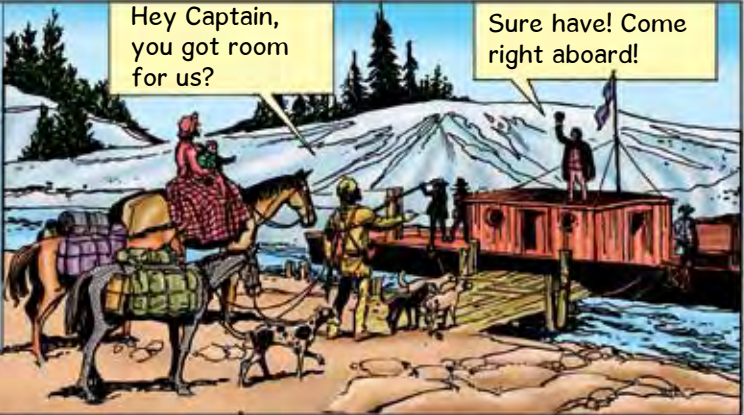
A week's travel by boat would do it. We'll take the spinning wheel and loom, the horses and dogs, you and the baby.



By the next spring, Polly agreed. And there were two babies. They went to the nearest riverboat dock.

Hey Captain, you got room for us?

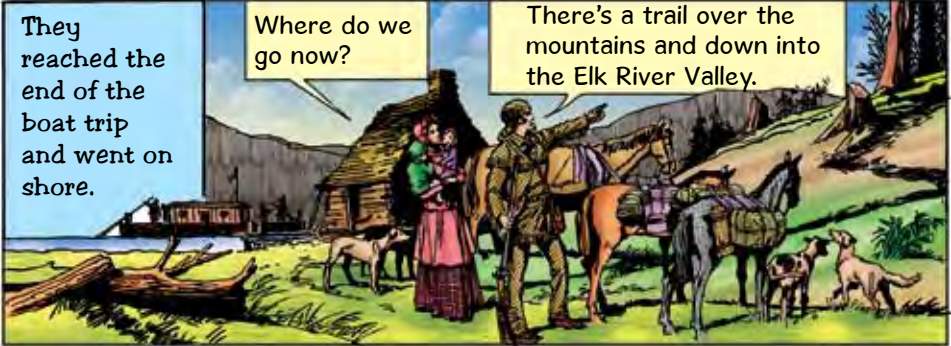
Sure have! Come right aboard!



The big ark floated down the Holston and into the big Tennessee River. They slept in bunks in the cabin. Other passengers came and left again.

Look at that deer! This is a great gaming country.





They reached the end of the boat trip and went on shore.

Where do we go now?

There's a trail over the mountains and down into the Elk River Valley.



It was fine weather. They camped along the trail.

Here's dinner! Is the pot ready? Never did I see so much game!



In a few days, they were home. Davy built a small cabin.

It's a good cabin.

Only a dirt floor, but I'll soon cover it with bear skin rugs.



In the next year Davy killed 105 bears.

All right, easy, steady ...

Soon people all over knew that Davy was a great hunter.

Word spread all over Tennessee.

That young Davy Crockett killed enough bear to feed every scout in the country!

And enough raccoons to make caps for every man and boy!



But the year was 1813, there was other news.

We're at war with England again. And the English are stirring up the Creek to kill settlers.



At Fort Mims in Alabama, Creek warriors wiped out a whole settlement of men, women, and children. That's wrong! Maybe the country can use another sharpshooter.



Oh Davy! Don't go to war!

My granddad fought the redcoats, my father too. I guess it's my turn to go. It won't be for long, Polly.



So Davy went off with his gun, leaving his dogs behind for once. He headed to the camp where other volunteers were gathering.

It's a good place for a camp, but where's the army?


They're on the way. General Andrew Jackson's bringing them.



<p>Trouble is the provisions have been held up someplace. There's nothing to eat but a little flour, salt, and molasses.</p>	<p>No meat? I can get you some. There are signs of bear around here.</p>	<p>I've heard you were the best bear hunter in Tennessee.</p>	<p>Colonel, that's a lie! I'm the best bear hunter on earth!</p>
			

<p>Davy took a few men and left camp. Soon General Jackson arrived with an army.</p>	<p>I've brought plenty of guns and powder but not much food.</p>	<p>I'm sorry, General Jackson. We've received no provisions here!</p>
		

Jackson's famous temper was about to explode, when suddenly there was a lot of noise and a strange parade.

<p>It's Davy Crockett, the Tennessee bear hunter.</p>	<p>And a good 500 pounds of bear! The men won't go to bed hungry.</p>
	

Soon the *General* had 1,500 men. His job was to fight the Native Americans. But he was worried.

Every day there are more reports of attacks, but my men don't know how to drill. They've never been under fire. They need training!



We can wait no longer. How many good fighting men could you pick out of this bunch?

Would fifty help?

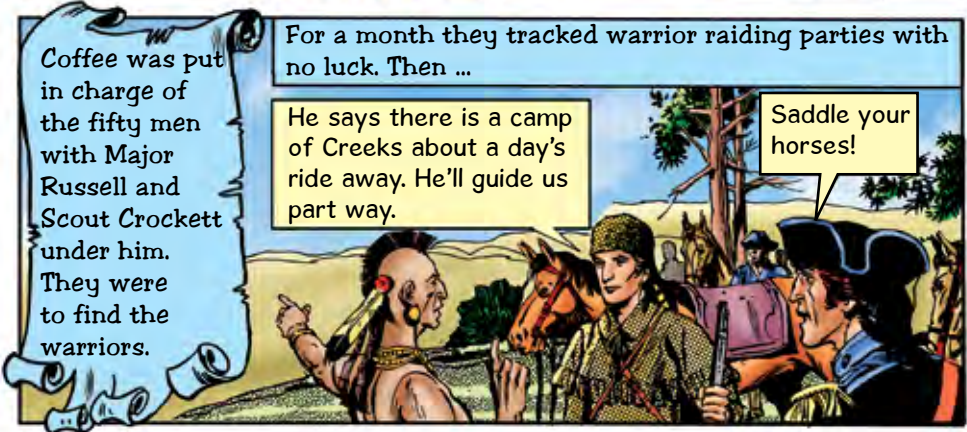


Coffee was put in charge of the fifty men with Major Russell and Scout Crockett under him. They were to find the warriors.

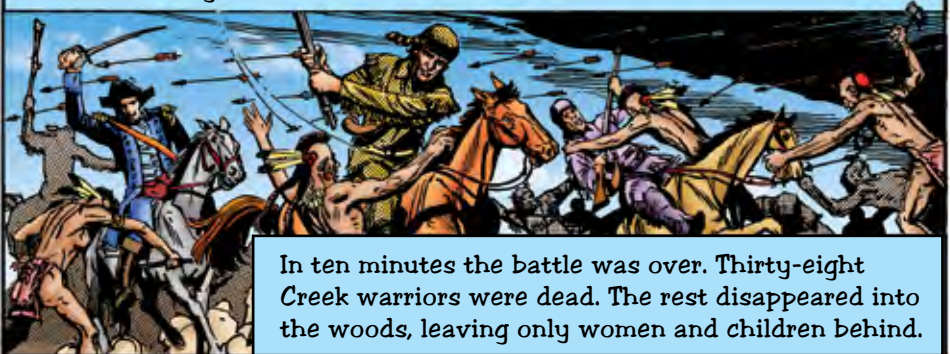
For a month they tracked warrior raiding parties with no luck. Then ...

He says there is a camp of Creeks about a day's ride away. He'll guide us part way.

Saddle your horses!



At dawn the next day, *Coffee* and his men attacked. Bullets and arrows whistled through the air.



In ten minutes the battle was over. Thirty-eight Creek warriors were dead. The rest disappeared into the woods, leaving only women and children behind.