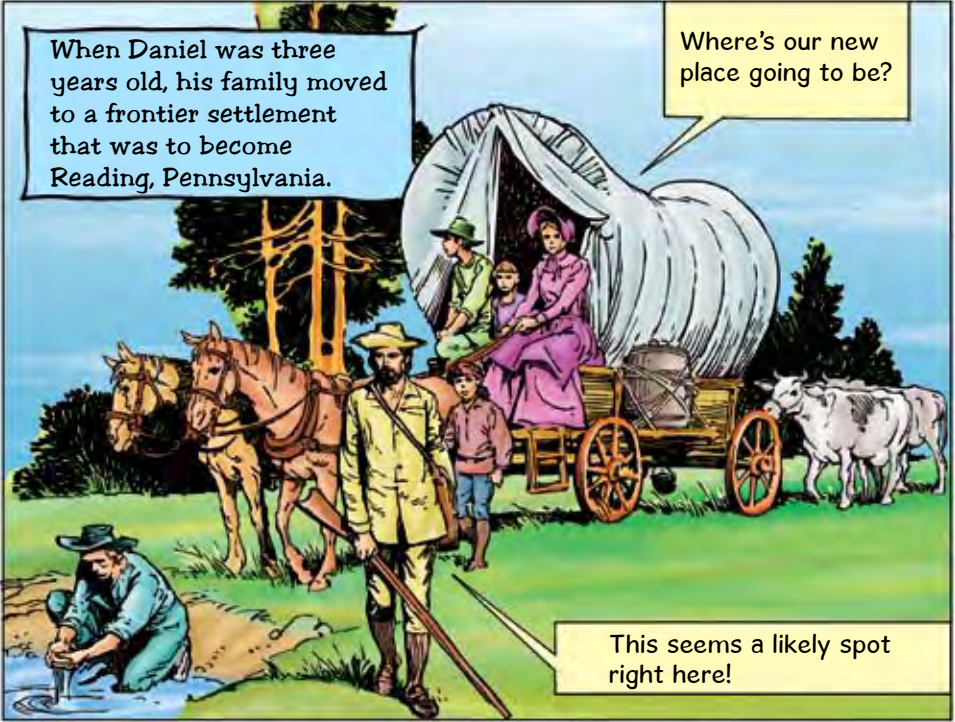


Once, when he was surrounded by Native Americans on three sides, Daniel Boone escaped by jumping from a sixty-foot cliff.

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.

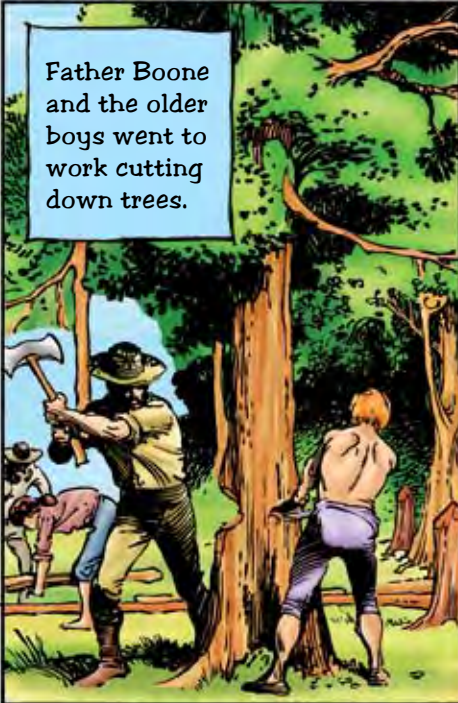
When Daniel was three years old, his family moved to a frontier settlement that was to become Reading, Pennsylvania.

Where's our new place going to be?

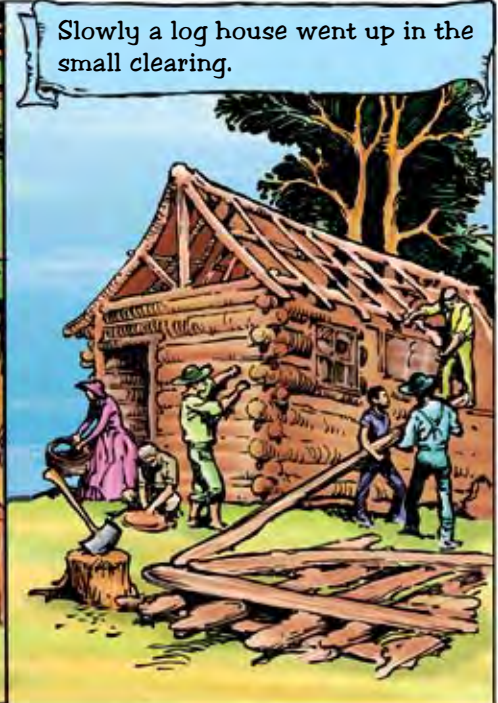


This seems a likely spot right here!

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



Slowly a log house went up in the small clearing.



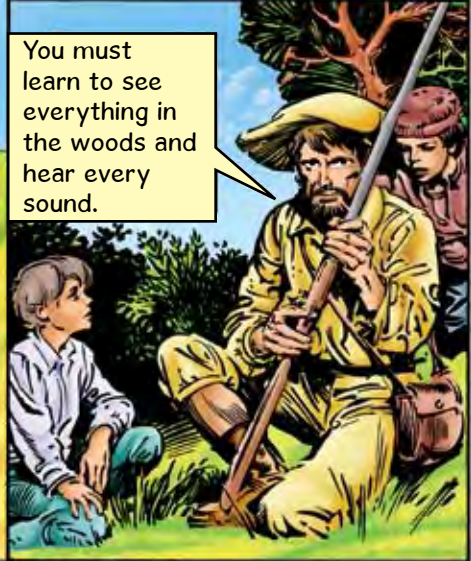


The ground was plowed and a crop planted.

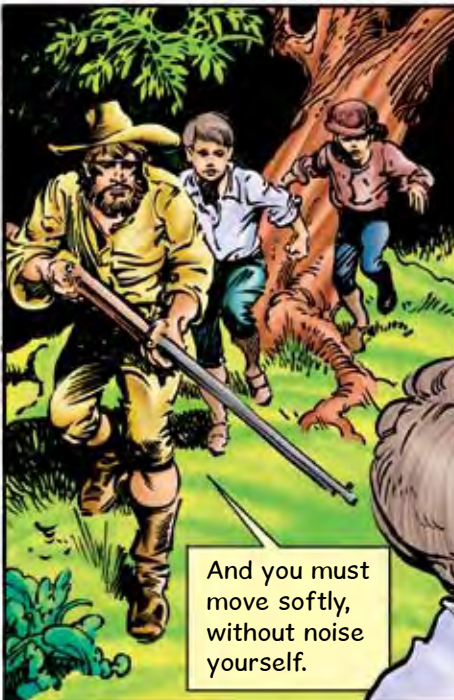


It was the job of the younger children to find the cows in the woods and bring them in at night.

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



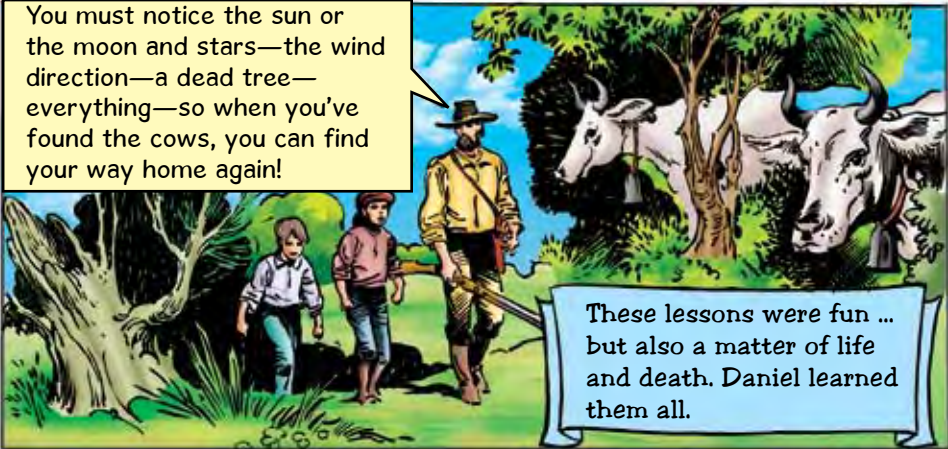
Most Native Americans hereabouts are peaceful. But in case you see one, slip away like a shadow.

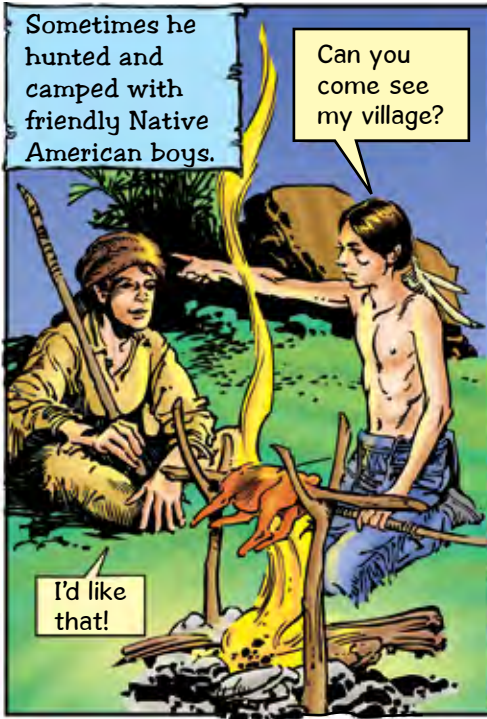


And you must move softly, without noise yourself.









Sometimes he hunted and camped with friendly Native American boys.

Can you come see my village?

I'd like that!



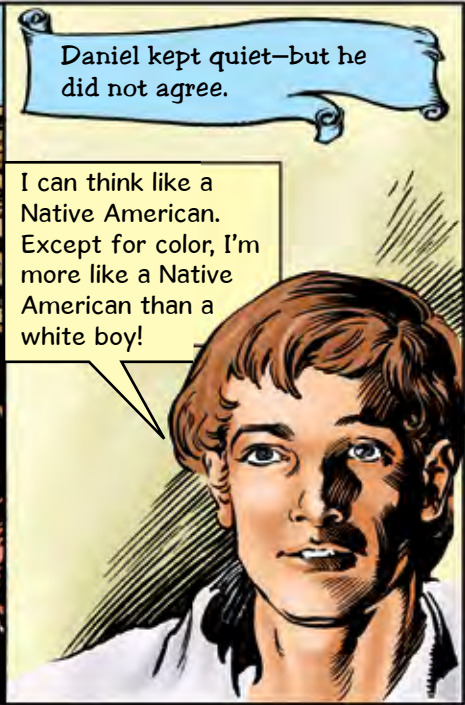
Women do all of the work in the camp. Braves track animals, hunt, fish, and fight!

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!