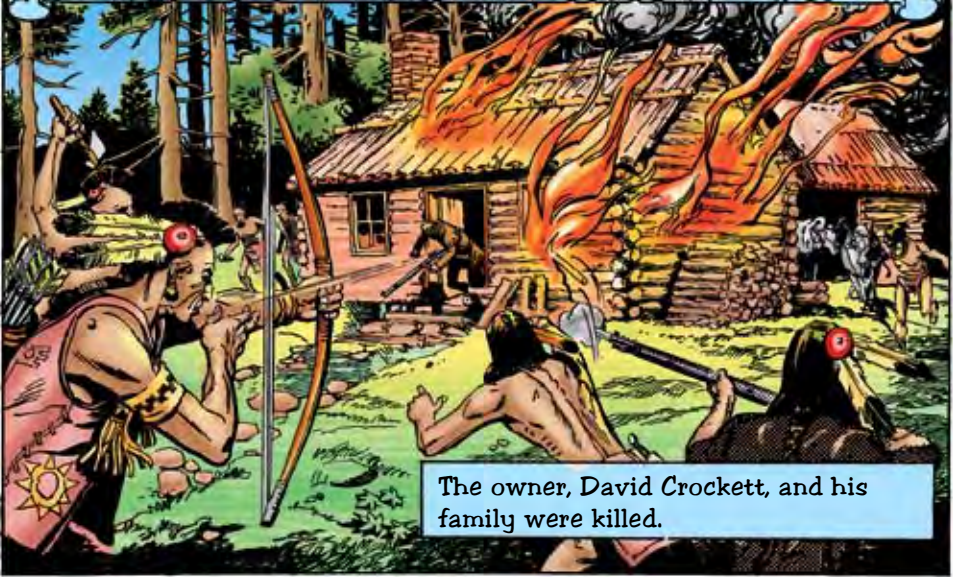


Davy Crockett was one of the small band of heroes who died at the Alamo trying to win the freedom of Texas. He was also a pioneer, a bear hunter, an army scout, a "coonskin congressman"—an American legend even in his own day.

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.



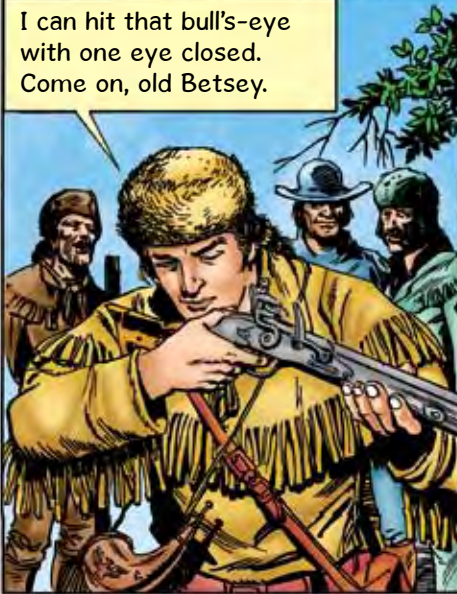
More than eighty men entered the contest. The first prize was a live steer.

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.



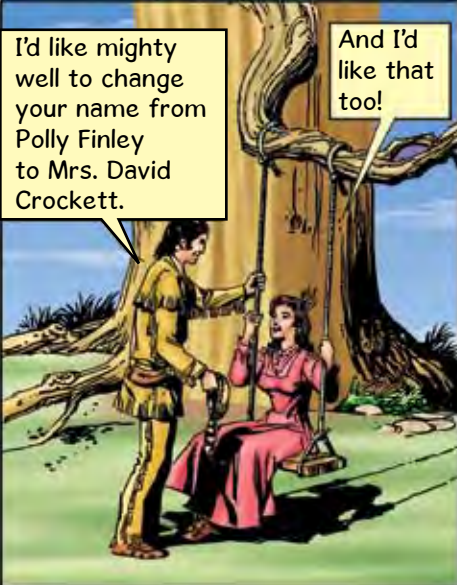
A bull's-eye, the winner is young Crockett!



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

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

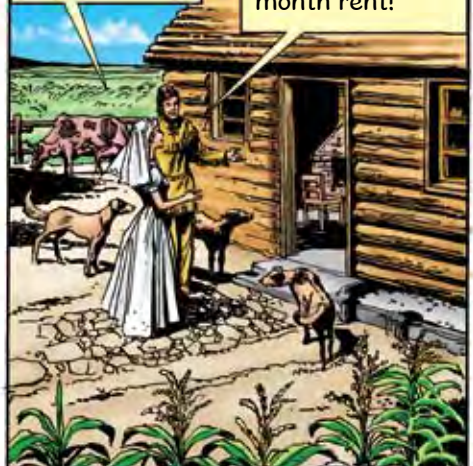
And I'd like that too!



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

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?



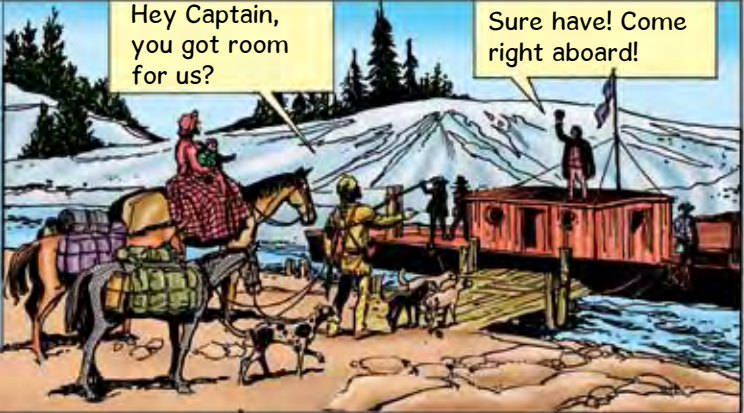
A week's travel by boat would do it. We'll take the spinning wheel and loom, the horses and dogs, you and the baby.



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.

