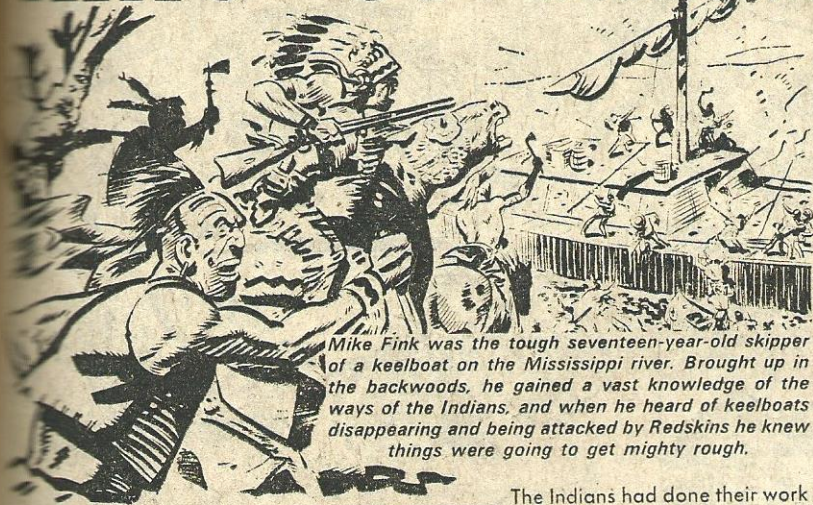
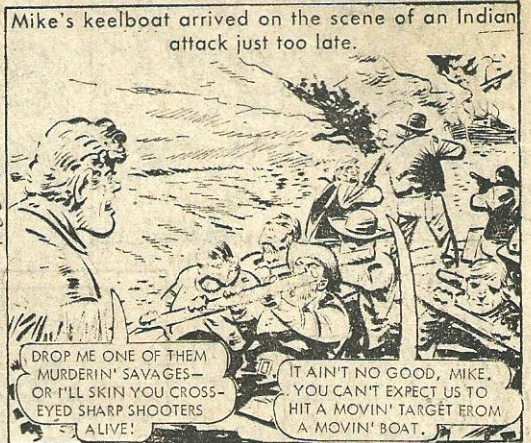


SPECIAL COMPLETE STORY: Mike Fink wants to catch a bear alive—so he goes after one armed only with a club!

KING OF THE KEELBOATS



Mike Fink was the tough seventeen-year-old skipper of a keelboat on the Mississippi river. Brought up in the backwoods, he gained a vast knowledge of the ways of the Indians, and when he heard of keelboats disappearing and being attacked by Redskins he knew things were going to get mighty rough.



Mike's keelboat arrived on the scene of an Indian attack just too late.

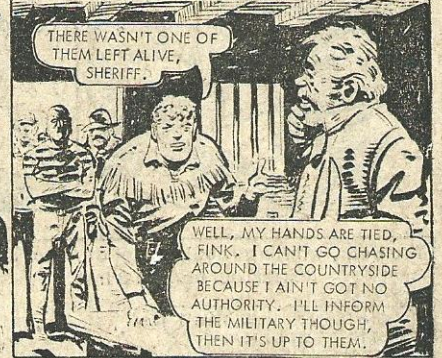
DROP ME ONE OF THEM MURDERIN' SAVAGES—OR I'LL SKIN YOU CROSS-EYED SHARP SHOOTERS—ALIVE!

IT AIN'T NO GOOD, MIKE. YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO HIT A MOVIN' TARGET FROM A MOVIN' BOAT.

The Indians had done their work well—not one of the keelboat crew was alive. While his men put the ship to rights and buried the dead ashore, Mike examined the arrows and spears the killers had left.



Four days later, Mike docked at Johnstown and broke the news that another keelboat had met its doom.



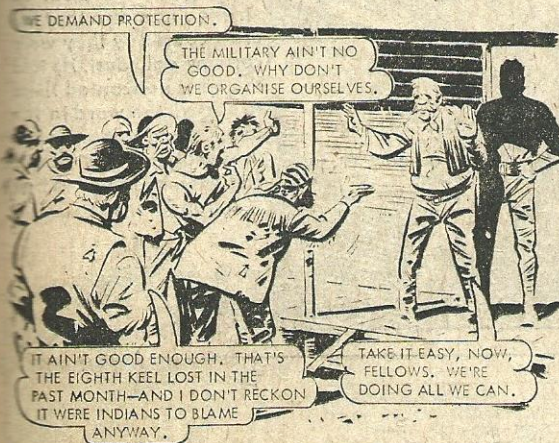
THERE WASN'T ONE OF THEM LEFT ALIVE, SHERIFF.

WELL, MY HANDS ARE TIED, FINK. I CAN'T GO CHASING AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE BECAUSE I AIN'T GOT NO AUTHORITY. I'LL INFORM THE MILITARY THOUGH, THEN IT'S UP TO THEM.



BE UP TO HER. GET BUCKETS OVER THE SIDE AND DOUSE THE FIRES.

THE 'LILY-LIVERED PAINTED FIENDS WILL GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO THEM SOME DAY.



WE DEMAND PROTECTION.

THE MILITARY AIN'T NO GOOD. WHY DON'T WE ORGANISE OURSELVES.

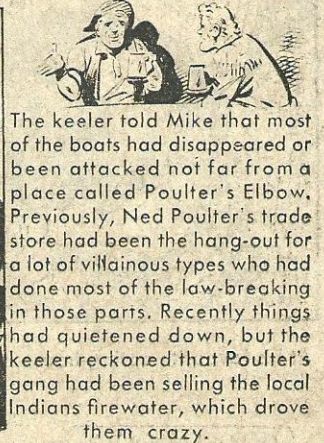
IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH. THAT'S THE EIGHTH KEEL LOST IN THE PAST MONTH—AND I DON'T RECKON IT WERE INDIANS TO BLAME ANYWAY.

TAKE IT EASY, NOW, FELLOWS. WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN.



JUST A MINUTE, FRIEND. LET'S HAVE A LITTLE TALK.

IF IT'S ABOUT THEM MISSING KEELBOATS I GOT PLENTY TO SAY.



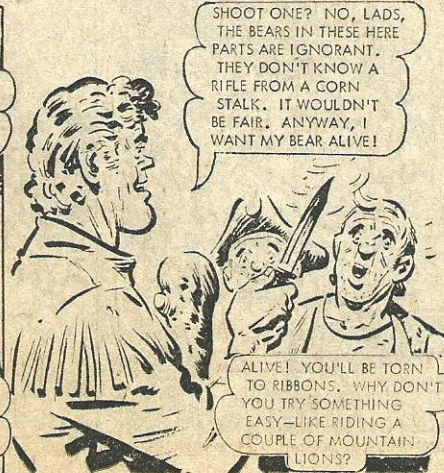
The keeler told Mike that most of the boats had disappeared or been attacked not far from a place called Poulter's Elbow. Previously, Ned Poulter's trade store had been the hang-out for a lot of villainous types who had done most of the law-breaking in those parts. Recently things had quietened down, but the keeler reckoned that Poulter's gang had been selling the local Indians firewater, which drove them crazy.



Two weeks later, Mike's keelboat was further upriver than he had ever taken it before.

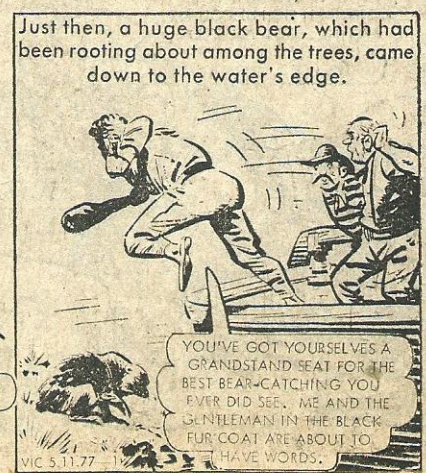
NOW WE ALL AGREED TO STOP THESE REDSKIN PIRATES ONCE AND FOR ALL, RIGHT? WELL, THIS CLUB IS GOING TO CATCH ME A BEAR, AND THE BEAR IS GOING TO CATCH THE INDIANS.

DOGGONE IT, MIKE, I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET A BEAR WITH THAT THING. THE WOODS HERE ARE SWARMING WITH BEARS, SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHOOT ONE?



SHOOT ONE? NO, LADS, THE BEARS IN THESE HERE PARTS ARE IGNORANT. THEY DON'T KNOW A RIFLE FROM A CORN STALK. IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR. ANYWAY, I WANT MY BEAR ALIVE!

ALIVE! YOU'LL BE TORN TO RIBBONS. WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOMETHING EASY—LIKE RIDING A COUPLE OF MOUNTAIN LIONS?



Just then, a huge black bear, which had been rooting about among the trees, came down to the water's edge.

YOU'VE GOT YOURSELVES A GRANDSTAND SEAT FOR THE BEST BEAR-CATCHING YOU EVER DID SEE. ME AND THE GENTLEMAN IN THE BLACK FUR COAT ARE ABOUT TO HAVE WORDS.