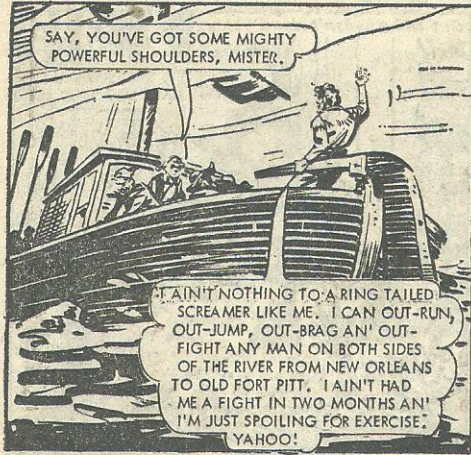


"I can out-run, out-jump, out-brag an' out-fight any man."



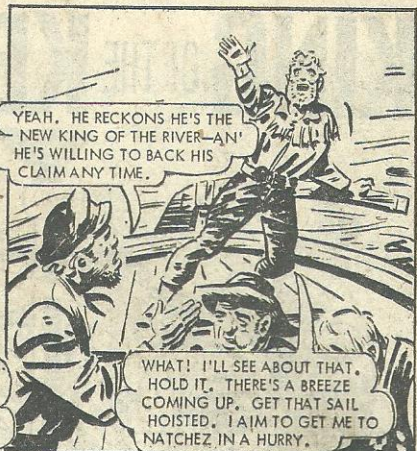
SAY, YOU'VE GOT SOME MIGHTY POWERFUL SHOULDERS, MISTER.

AIN'T NOTHING TO A RING TAILED SCREAMER LIKE ME. I CAN OUT-RUN, OUT-JUMP, OUT-BRAG AN' OUT-FIGHT ANY MAN ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER FROM NEW ORLEANS TO OLD FORT PITT. I AIN'T HAD ME A FIGHT IN TWO MONTHS AN' I'M JUST SPOILING FOR EXERCISE. YAHOO!

But Mike's fighting talk was ignored!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS DOGGONE RIVER? AIN'T KEELBOAT-MEN FIGHTING ANY MORE?



YEAH. HE RECKONS HE'S THE NEW KING OF THE RIVER-AN' HE'S WILLING TO BACK HIS CLAIM ANY TIME.

WHAT! I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. HOLD IT. THERE'S A BREEZE COMING UP. GET THAT SAIL HOISTED. I AIM TO GET ME TO NATCHEZ IN A HURRY.

BETTER SAVE YOUR BREATH TILL WE HIT NATCHEZ, STRANGER. THERE'S A FELLER THERE CALLED BARBARY JONES WHO'LL LIKELY OBLIGE YOU WITH A BIT OF ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

Ten days later . . .



DANG BLAST IT, THAT'S NEAR THE FASTEST RUN I EVER MADE. THANKS, MISTER.

BARBARY JONES USUALLY HANGS OUT AT JOE GUNTER'S PLACE.

THAT'S OKAY, BUCKEYE, I RECKON I'LL MOSEY ALONG TO GUNTER'S NOW.



COMING UP TO THE BAR, MISTER?

NO, I GOT MY OWN SPECIAL BREW RIGHT HERE. RECKON I'LL JUST SIT MYSELF DOWN OVER THERE.



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A STRANGER IN, BARBARY.

WHY SO WE HAVE. WHAT ARE YOU HIDING IN THAT BUSH FOR, STRANGER? YOU AFRAID TO COME OUT INTO THE OPEN OR SOMETHING?



I AIM TO GET MYSELF SHAVED MISTER. I WAS TOLD A FELLER HERE FANCIED HIMSELF AS A BARBER, BARBER JONES THEY CALL HIM, AN' I AIM TO GET HIM TO FIX THIS FACE-FUNGUS O' MINE PRETTY SOON.



BARBER, IS IT? I'LL SHOW YOU SOME BARBERING BEFORE I'VE DONE WITH YOU. DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' TO?

CAN'T SAY AS I DO, BUT NEITHER DO YOU, AN' THAT MAKES TWO OF US. LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, I'M A MITE PARTICULAR ABOUT PICKIN' MY FRIENDS.

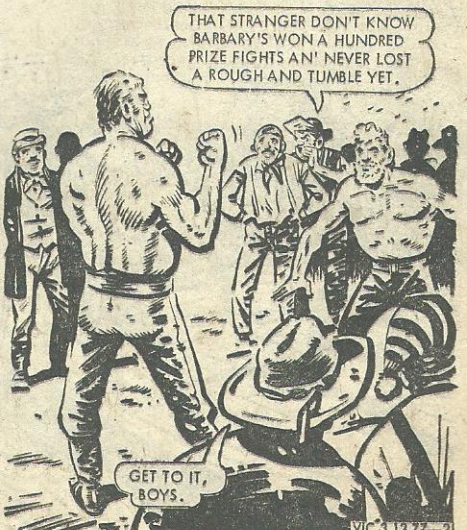


MISTER, THEY CALL ME BARBARY JONES, THE NEW KING OF THE KEELBOATS. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN LICK ME?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, STEP RIGHT OUTSIDE MISTER KING BARBER JONES AN' WHEN I'VE DONE WITH YOU I'LL CARRY YOU BACK IN MYSELF. I SURE DON'T WANT A SHAVE IN THE STREET.



FIGHT! FIGHT!



THAT STRANGER DON'T KNOW BARBARY'S WON A HUNDRED PRIZE FIGHTS AN' NEVER LOST A ROUGH AND TUMBLE YET.

GET TO IT, BOYS.