

Two traders employ Mike Fink to help them trade with the Indians—but Mike hands the Redskins the deadliest insult they know!

KING OF THE KEELBOATS

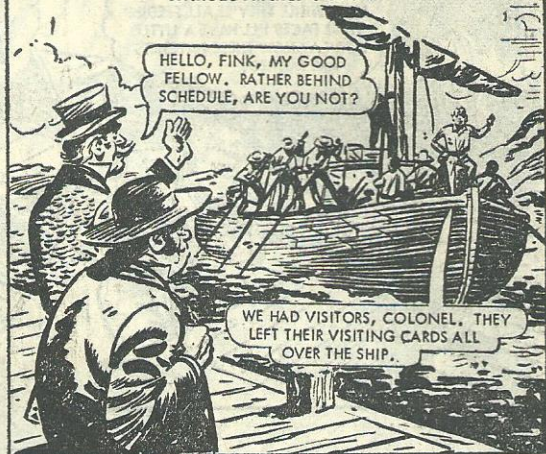
The attack beaten off, the keelboat arrived at Fort Pitt without further trouble.



YAHOO! GIVE IT TO THEM HOT AND STRONG, BOYS. THESE DANGED CHEROKEES SURE NEED A LESSON AN' I RECKON WE'RE THE BEST TEACHERS TO GIVE IT THEM.

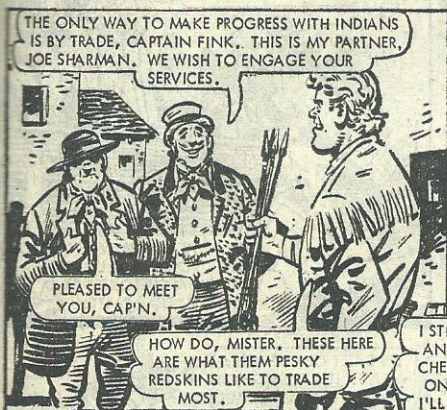
WE SURE ARE, MIKE, THEY'RE TURNING TAIL AND GIVING UP.

Seventeen-year-old Mike Fink was known as the King of the Keelboats. When a band of Cherokees attacked Mike's boat...



HELLO, FINK, MY GOOD FELLOW. RATHER BEHIND SCHEDULE, ARE YOU NOT?

WE HAD VISITORS, COLONEL. THEY LEFT THEIR VISITING CARDS ALL OVER THE SHIP.



THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE PROGRESS WITH INDIANS IS BY TRADE, CAPTAIN FINK. THIS IS MY PARTNER, JOE SHARMAN. WE WISH TO ENGAGE YOUR SERVICES.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, CAP'N.

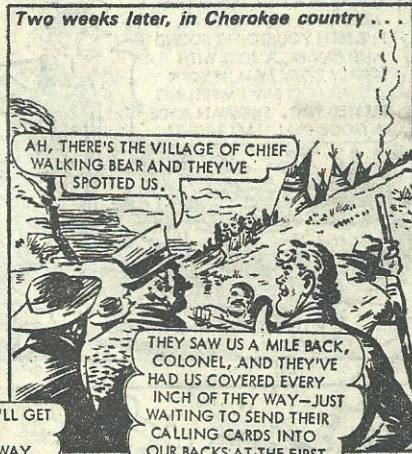
HOW DO, MISTER. THESE HERE ARE WHAT THEM PESKY REDSKINS LIKE TO TRADE MOST.

Colonel Ponsonby explained that there was a fortune to be made exchanging mirrors and shoddy hatchets for the Cherokees' fur pelts.



I STILL RECKON THE ONLY THINGS YOU AND ME HAVE AN' THEM PESKY CHEROKEES WANT, GROWS RIGHT ON OUR HEADS—OUR SCALPS! BUT I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

EXCELLENT, CAPTAIN. WE'LL GET LOADED UP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND BE ON OUR WAY.



AH, THERE'S THE VILLAGE OF CHIEF WALKING BEAR AND THEY'VE SPOTTED US.

THEY SAW US A MILE BACK, COLONEL, AND THEY'VE HAD US COVERED EVERY INCH OF THEY WAY—JUST WAITING TO SEND THEIR CALLING CARDS INTO OUR BACKS AT THE FIRST WRONG MOVE.



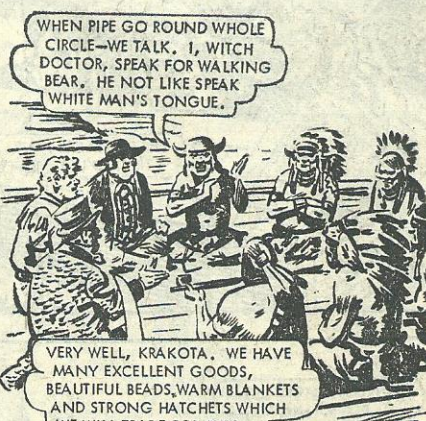
THAT MUST BE CHIEF WALKING BEAR COMING OUT TO MEET US. YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, IF YOU OFFER THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP—

THEY'LL TAKE IT SURE AND YOUR SCALP FOR GOOD MEASURE. I'M JUST GLAD NONE OF YOU TRADER FELLAHS HAS TRIED TO SELL THEM RIFLES. WE'D HAVE A FULL SCALE INDIAN WAR (IN NO TIME.



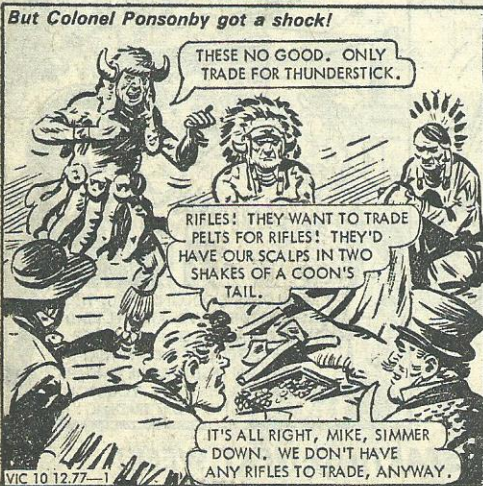
GREETINGS, GREAT CHIEF WALKING BEAR. WE COME IN PEACE TO TRADE.

GOOD. WE SMOKE PEACE PIPE THEN TALK TRADE.



WHEN PIPE GO ROUND WHOLE CIRCLE—WE TALK. I, WITCH DOCTOR, SPEAK FOR WALKING BEAR. HE NOT LIKE SPEAK WHITE MAN'S TONGUE.

VERY WELL, KRAKOTA. WE HAVE MANY EXCELLENT GOODS, BEAUTIFUL BEADS, WARM BLANKETS AND STRONG HATCHETS WHICH WE WILL TRADE FOR FURS.

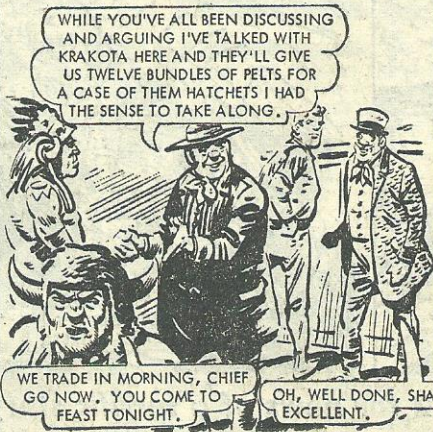


THESE NO GOOD. ONLY TRADE FOR THUNDERSTICK.

RIFLES! THEY WANT TO TRADE PELTS FOR RIFLES! THEY'D HAVE OUR SCALPS IN TWO SHAKES OF A COON'S TAIL.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MIKE, SIMMER DOWN. WE DON'T HAVE ANY RIFLES TO TRADE, ANYWAY.

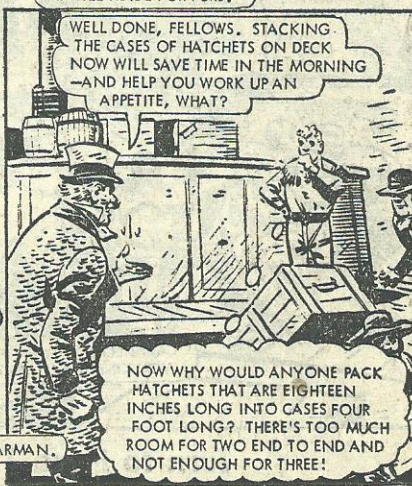
After a lot of argument, Sharmen did make a deal.



WHILE YOU'VE ALL BEEN DISCUSSING AND ARGUING I'VE TALKED WITH KRAKOTA HERE AND THEY'LL GIVE US TWELVE BUNDLES OF PELTS FOR A CASE OF THEM HATCHETS I HAD THE SENSE TO TAKE ALONG.

WE TRADE IN MORNING, CHIEF GO NOW. YOU COME TO FEAST TONIGHT.

OH, WELL DONE, SHARMAN. EXCELLENT.



WELL DONE, FELLOWS. STACKING THE CASES OF HATCHETS ON DECK NOW WILL SAVE TIME IN THE MORNING—AND HELP YOU WORK UP AN APPETITE, WHAT?

NOW WHY WOULD ANYONE PACK HATCHETS THAT ARE EIGHTEEN INCHES LONG INTO CASES FOUR FOOT LONG? THERE'S TOO MUCH ROOM FOR TWO END TO END AND NOT ENOUGH FOR THREE!