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by JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

No. 17

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The DEERSLAYER

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



Illustrated by
ZANKY

IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE, ALONG THE HUDSON AND MONAWK RIVERS, THE WAR-LIKE IROQUOIS INDIANS WERE RAMPAGING . . . SCALPING, PELLAGING, MASSACRING THE WHITE MAN WHO WAS TRYING TO MAKE A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS THAT WAS PART OF AMERICA . . . AMERICA . . . IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. . .

one MUSKRAT CASTLE



THE DEERSLAYER

... need to help any Indian ...
Not one of them is a white man's
friend.

Chingachgook is
MY friend.

You're too trusting,
Deerslayer! ... Ah, there
it is!

What is it, Harry?
... What's that
on the lake?



You're new to these parts ... or you'd
know. That's Muskrat Castle owned by old
man Hutter ... Floating Tom he's called.



He was turned out by the Indians so many
times that he decided to live on a lake.
Come on. Let's pay him a visit.



Judith, one of his
daughters, is the most
beautiful girl you ever
want to see.

Aha ... So SMP'S
the little lady you
want to visit!





Anyone in there? It's me ... Harry!

Not a sound in there ...



Could anything have happened to them? The Inquists ... ?

I hope not. There's one place they could be ... The ark!



The ark? What's that?

It's a floating boat they live on sometimes... Ah... there it is!

What's this about you and floating Tom's daughter, Judith? You love the girl?

Har! I have better sense ...



-She's too concerned about her good looks.

Perhaps you misjudge her.

He does! Thank you, stranger!

THE DEERSLAYER



Aw! Whi
gulp

Your friend has a softer tongue than
you. Who is he, Harry? I'd like to meet
him.



This fool is
Deerslayer ...

Deerslayer! I've
heard of you. They
say you're one of
the best shots in the
country.



Deerslayer is a crack shot
at buck ... but he hasn't
been in much Indian
fighting yet. No, here
comes Harry, the feeble-
minded.

Sh ... there's no
way to talk!



I don't mind. I KNOW
I'm feeble-minded.
Everyone says so. Is
your name really
Deerslayer?

No, I was
Netherland
Swamp ...



... until I met
the Delawares.

He shot so many
buck, they gave
him the name of
Deerslayer ...

Deerslayer! Is
he here?





THE DEERSLAYER



I've got all the gun-powder I'll empty it into you if you don't get off!

That one Deerslayer!



We got!



And that goes for the pair of you, fool!



Get off . . . you!

Judith!



I'm sorry . . . It wasn't very brave of me to run inside at the real danger. One day I'll fight them back.

That's man's work, Judith. Those results are unbefitting feet.

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THE DEERSLAYER





Hang it all! Injins killed my wife! I'm goin' to surprise some of 'em tonight...

No, father!



.. Dearlayer's right. No scalping .. please.

And why not? I'm with your father. Just because Dearlayer ain't got the nerve! ..



It's not lack of nerve. Scalping is the savage way .. not the white man's .. Our way is to be civilized.

Wooah! I'm goin'!



My gals are safe here .. If you want to help in some other way, come on, Dearlayer.

I'll help .. but no scalping for me ..



I got two canoes hid in a hollow log on shore. Send 'em adrift, so the Injins don't get 'em.

I'll do more than that ..

THE DEERSLAYER



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THE DEERSLAYER

BUT, DEERSLAYER'S HANDS REACH THE PADDLE, AND...

Oh!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED HE PADDLES AWAY ...

Stop on potoforo!



AS THE CANOE CLEARS THE SHORE ...

Potoforo melts away ... but not far long!



THE DEERSLAYER



WITH THE SWIFTHNESS THAT MADE HIM THE GREAT HUNTER . . .

So you'll speak up on me, huh?



You too good that . . . Sugar Lightning . . . young hunter, Deerslayer, . . . make great warrior soon . . . Call you Howkaye . . . Howkaye . . .



He's dead . . . I can't risk bringing his body to shore . . . These redskins may be waiting . . .



DEERSLAYER PITCHES THE BODY OVERBOARD AND WITH THE PROPHECIC NAME "HOWKAYE" RINGING IN HIS EARS, HE REACHES MUSKRAT CASTLE.



Father? What happened to him? We heard shots . . . Has he been killed?



No . . . He and Harry were captured by the redskins. I've got to make plans to get them free!



Two : THE REDSKINS ATTACK

Tomorrow at sunset I meet Chingachgook . . . I can count on his help. The redskins have also captured his sweetheart, Web-to-Web . . .



You and Betty go to sleep. We're safe here . . . Fire brought back all the animals . . .

You're good to us. Goodnight, Deerlayer.



THE NEXT DAY THE HOURS DRAG. UNTIL . . .

Don't worry, I'm to meet Chingachgook at a rock. I'll bring him back . . . and make plans.

Be careful.



The bird . . . That's Chingachgook's signal.



BUT SUDDENLY DEERLAYER'S SHARP EYES SEE . . .



THE DEERSLAYER



HIDDEN FROM VIEW BY THE BEND IN THE LAKE, DEERSLAYER SWERVES HIS CANOE AROUND, AND...



IN A SECOND . . .





THE DEERSLAYER

We'll barricade ourselves.

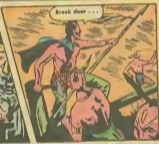


These loopholes are just what we need.

Father's idea ... in case of attack ...



Break door ...



SHARP TOMAHAWKS PIERCE THE DOOR ...



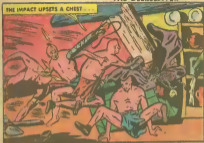
Tribe cover! Gahk, Juhk!





THE DEERSLAYER

THE IMPACT UPSETS A CHEST . . .





DERELAYE SHOWS THEM PIECE AFTER PIECE, BUT THE INDIANS ARE NOT IMPRESSED. FINALLY...




THE DEERSLAYER



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MEANWHILE, HETTY HAS REACHED INDIAN TERRITORY AND IS MAKING HER WAY THROUGH DENSE WOODS



THE DEERSLAYER

AS NETTY RUNS HEDDLESSLY



Where you go, palafax?

A mother bear was chasing me because I hugged her cub.



No bear now, but bigger danger for palafax. You near enemy Indian camp.

I'm not afraid. I want to see them. But do you say **WEB-TO-WEB**?



They are my enemy. They came to night, take me to enemy warrior chief's son. I no marry him. I Delaware girl, Web-to-Web.



Web-to-Web! Then you're the girl that Chingachgook and Deerslayer are going to rescue!

Chingachgook? He is near?



Yes. Deerslayer is bringing him to our house, Muckrot Castle.

Good! But speak no more of Chingachgook here. We are at camp.



F-A-R-T

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There are ten commandments. One is "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

Neighbor for us . . . Iroquois. Iroquois love Iroquois.



No . . . not Neighbor means every one . . . love every one.

Neighbor is Iroquois, not every one. But need more what GREAT SPIRIT say.



"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

Indee must kill to live . . . Kill animal, kill paleface . . . GREAT SPIRIT not right in Good Book. You not right, paleface girl.



I KNOW I'm not right in my head. They say I'm feeble-minded. But the Bible is right.



A SECOND LATER . . . Chief Injira come back on pallet. They say must see you!

Bring us in . . . Take girl out.



You WILL do what the Good Book says, won't you?

I see later . . .

THE DEERSLAYER



A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .

Paleface girl go back to her people now.

Go, Harry. Don't worry about me.

What about my father and Harry?

Chief say they will be saved!

I saved them! I saved them! No one can laugh at me any more!

AS SHE RACES JOYFULLY TOWARD SHORE A SOFT WHISPER SUDDENLY STOPS HER

Wait, girl!

Tell Chingshgonk come for me tomorrow . . . one hour after dark. I walk away from camp and wait at hill where . . .

Large bright star comes over.

AND bright star I'll tell him I must go now.



THE DEERSLAYER

AN HOUR LATER

It's Hetty!

Thank heaven!
She's safe!



HETTY DESCRIBES HER VISIT . . .

And I saved father and Harry by reading the Bible. But I could not save Mack-to-Web. You're to go for her tomorrow night, Chingotsook.



She says you're to meet her and her after dark on the hill where where

Where what, Hetty?



The moonlight!



GLIMMING MOONLIGHT REFUGLES HER
ALREADY VAGUE MIND

You're to meet her where the bright moon comes over the hill.

You saw?



Yes those were her words

Chingotsook and I will both be there .



ANOTHER TENSE NIGHT PASSES . . .

Will they come for the ransom?



Those troglodytes are crafty . . . we can't be too sure.

Look! Look!



Two ivory elephants . . . two palaces!

Undo them, and as each steps on the platform I'll throw down an elephant.



THE FIRST EXCHANGE . . .



THEN HARRY'S TURN . . . BUT THE MOMENT HE IS UNTIED . . .

I'll show you real rapiers!



THE DEERSLAYER



Three DEERSLAYER'S CAPTURE

... I didn't shoot Harry ... only grazed him. At least, he had sense enough to pretend.



By all likelihood that's a crackshot you are, Deerslayer!



WITH THIS MATTER DISPOSED OF, DEERSLAYER AND HIS DELAWARE FRIEND WAIT IMPATIENTLY FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. THE GLOWING SUN BEGINS TO SINK.



We'll start soon.

I wonder if it's peace or war for us and the savages. We parted friendly, spite of all.



SUDDENLY ...

What's that?



That Indian boy must have thrown it. I'll get it, as it floats by the platform.

THE DEERSLAYER



IN DEAD SILENCE, THEIR PADDLES SCARCELY RIPPLING THE WATER, THE PAIR SEARCH THE MOONBEAM HILL.





THE DEERSLAYER







These ivory elephants? We can buy Deerdlayer with them. And any other valuables that the Troquois may ask for ...

Is it all right father? I ask because these things belong to you.

If those injun's take 'em and give 'em Deerdlayer, it's fine with me. How'd we get our terms to 'em?



I got Deerdlayer and my Wah-to-Wah.

No good ... They capture you, too.

They'll capture any of you ... but Me ...



Indians don't hurt feeble-minded people.

That's so Hatty is free to go into their camp.

Then go off once, Hatty.



And what does paleface girl of no mind want?

To ransom Deerdlayer. My father and sister say they'll give you all the rest of our ivory elephants ...



More elephant ... Ugh ... good ...

They take Wah-to-Wah ... want her back.

THE DEERSLAYER

AFTER MORE CONSULTATION . . .

Go back, tell your people we give you Deerslayer . . . for the captives . . . Weho-Mah . . . and . . .



. . . perfect beauty, your sister, to come live here, be Huron . . .

OHAM!



HETTY BRINGS BACK THE DREADFUL TERMS . . .

I cannot marry Huron. I Delaware girl marry only Delaware, Chingochkook.

. . . And Judith to live in a Huron. That's even worse!



I couldn't . . . I couldn't live as a Huron, I'd rather die first!

There's no way out for Deerslayer.



SO, DEERSLAYER'S FATE SEEMS TO BE DECIDED, BUT, IN THE STILLNESS OF THAT NIGHT . . . WHEN ALL THE OCCUPANTS OF MUSKRAT CASTLE ARE SUPPOSEDLY FAST ASLEEP . . .



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THEN, A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .



THE SECOND CANOE BARELY FADES INTO THE DARK DISTANCE, WHEN . . .



. . . A THIRD ONE STEALS FROM THE CASTLE, INTO THE NIGHT!

AT THE HURON CAMP . . .



Much to make whoop about . . . Much!

WHILE REMOVED FROM THE CELEBRATION . . .

What are they going to do with me?



Web-to-Web! What are you . . . ?

I came free you . . . Inja guards too much drink . . . Fall asleep . . . Slip in, easy



WAN-TA-WAN STARTS TO CUT DEERLAYER'S BONDS . . .

THE DEERSLAYER



SUDDENLY, A WILD WAR CRY STABS THE AIR



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THE DEERSLAYER





THE DEERSLAYER

WHEN, MORE SHOTS ARE HEARD AND HEARTY CHEERS

Red-roads!

To the rescue!



BUT

Not so fast! You've our prisoners. We've got you outnumbered three to one



SOME OF THE INDIANS TUMBLED INTO THE WATER, ONLY TO DROWN. THE REST ARE BOUNDED UP BY THE BRITISH TROOPS. AS THE CAMP IS CLEARED OUT, DEERSLAYER AGAIN MEETS A FRIEND

Chingwigook! It was you who persuaded the troops!

Yes. You too good friend to die



I never knew so many people were my friends

Because you're our friend, Deerslayer



You've cleared paths through the wilderness. You're the voice and heart of this New World. Someday it will be a great country and names like yours will be remembered



BACK ON THE ARK DEESLAYER SAYS FAREWELL TO ALL... BUT JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE...

You said goodbye to Judith, but that wasn't enough. She loves you, Deeslayer.

She loves me?

I thanked her for risking herself to save me. But I already have a sweetheart.



... It's the forest... It's the dew on open grass... It's soft rain, and clouds in blue skies... That's my life...



I heard him, Harry, and I understand...

THE FOREST... THE DEW ON THE OPEN GRASS... SON OF THE SWEET SPRINGS WHERE HE CAN SLAKE HIS THIRST... AND WITH ALL THAT, NIGHT-NIGHT ADVENTURE... SUCH IS DEESLAYER'S LIFE FOR YEARS TO COME...

THE END

THE LIFE OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

James Fenimore Cooper was one of the greatest American writers. He turned out a rich stream of exciting stories of the forest and sea in mirrored the days of Indian warfare.

Cooper was born on September 15, 1795, the seventh child of a family of twelve children. But he was but a young child, his father, Judge William Cooper, moved his family from their home in Burlington, New Jersey, to the wilderness of undeveloped New York. There, at Otsego Lake, the Coopers built their manse, naming it "Otsego Hall."

Judge Cooper, an aristocrat of Quaker descent, parceled out his vast land to settlers, and beginning the hamlet village of Cooperstown, named after him. This village soon has received world-wide prominence, for it was here that the first baseball diamond was laid out.

Young James played his boyhood on the edge of the vast mysterious forest which housed Indian and animal life, and it was here that Cooper obtained his vast knowledge and understanding of the ways of the woods. At the same time young Cooper was not neglecting his formal education. He was thirteen when he entered Yale College, where he spent three years.

Then James went into the U. S. Navy, but after serving three exciting and adventurous years on the high seas, he decided to go back to his original life - that of a farmer and frontiersman.

In 1811, James Cooper married Miss Susan Delany of "Heathcote Hall" in Westchester, the daughter of a rich land-holding family. The young couple lived a quiet life in Westchester

County until accidentally Cooper found that he had ability as a writer of fiction.

One night, while reading a dull English novel to his wife, Cooper suddenly thrust the book aside and exclaimed that he could write a better one himself. His wife playfully challenged his remark and he decided to go through with his boast. His first novel, *Precursor*, was published in 1820. It was about English society, a subject about which Cooper knew very little, and so it was weak and dull.

However, his friends urged him to give writing another fling. He decided to write about something with which he was more familiar, and so wrote *The Spy*, whose locale was in Westchester. It was written from the stories Cooper had heard about an American spy during the Revolutionary War, and became an immediate success here and in England.

From then on Cooper devoted himself entirely to American settings for his writing. In his next novel, *The Pioneers*, he introduced Natty Bumppo, who later appeared as *Deerslayer*, *Hawkeye*, and the *Pathfinder* in the novels *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Pathfinder*. Natty Bumppo has become one of the most celebrated characters of American fiction.

Curiously enough, *The Deerslayer*, which presents Bumppo in his youth was written one year after *The Pathfinder* (1841) which deals with him in his much later years.

Not until Cooper's death on September 14, 1851, was the famed novelist's pen idle. His memory will live as long as the readers of the world appreciate good exciting romance and adventure.



MEALS FOR HEROES

America has its heroes and America has its medals to award to many of its valiant . . . medals outside those given for routine faithful service. Among these are:



(a)



(b)



(c)



(d)



(e)



(f)

(a) The **CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR** is presented "for conspicuous gallantry involving the risk of life beyond the call of duty." General Douglas MacArthur is one of the most famous winners of this prized medal, having received it for the manner in which he prolonged American resistance in the Philippines . . . mainly by sheer force of heroism.

(b) The men who rode with B-29 Superfortresses on the epochal bombing flight to Tokyo were all recipients of the **DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS**, given for extraordinary heroism. Captain Collis Kelly received this medal for his single-handed sinking of a Japanese battleship after he had sent his bomber crew parachuting to safety.

(c) The **NAVY CROSS**, awarded for conspicuous bravery at sea, has as one of

its gallant possessors Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley, who piloted MacArthur's PT boat on that history-making journey to Anjuna from Balabon. Bulkeley won the Navy Cross, not for his feat, but for sinking a record amount of enemy tonnage.

(f) Though the **DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS** was mainly for passionate flying feats (Lindbergh and Byrd received it), it is revived for today's war heroes and was recently awarded posthumously to Major Stanley K. Robinson for leading four successful bombing missions in seven days against great odds of Japanese fighters. Robinson was shot down on a return from a later bombing mission.

(d) Thousands of our soldiers have won the **PURPLE HEART**, bestowed on those "wounded during gallant action," as well as the **SILVER STAR** (e) for "heroism while under fire."

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