



### DANIEL BOONE: TRAILBLAZER

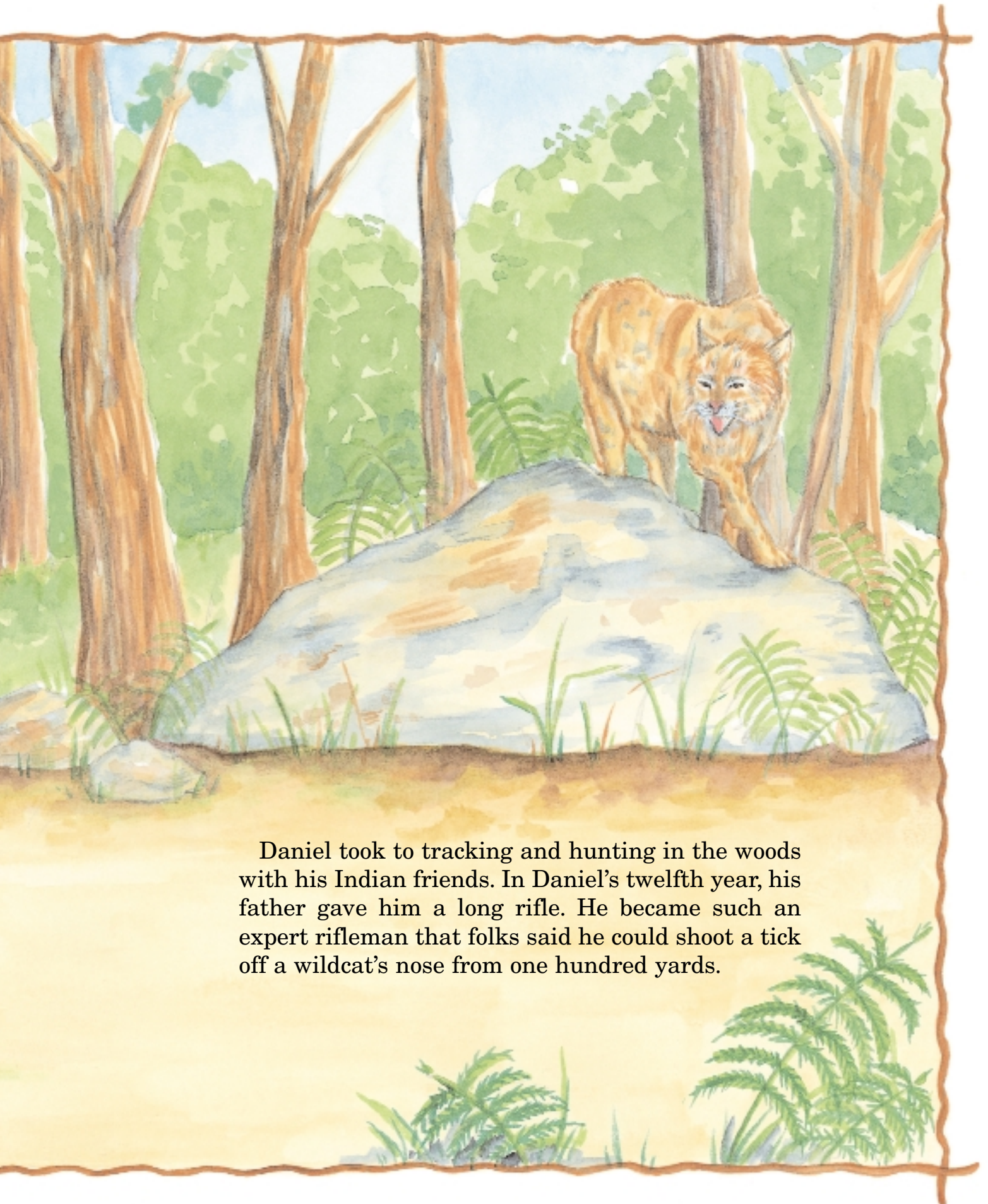
High on a knoll in the Pennsylvania backwoods in 1734, the small cabin was home to a Quaker family. It pleased Squire and Sarah Boone that their sixth child was a boy. They named him Daniel.

Daniel's mother taught him to read, write, and cipher numbers. Spelling baffled Daniel, but he purely loved to read.



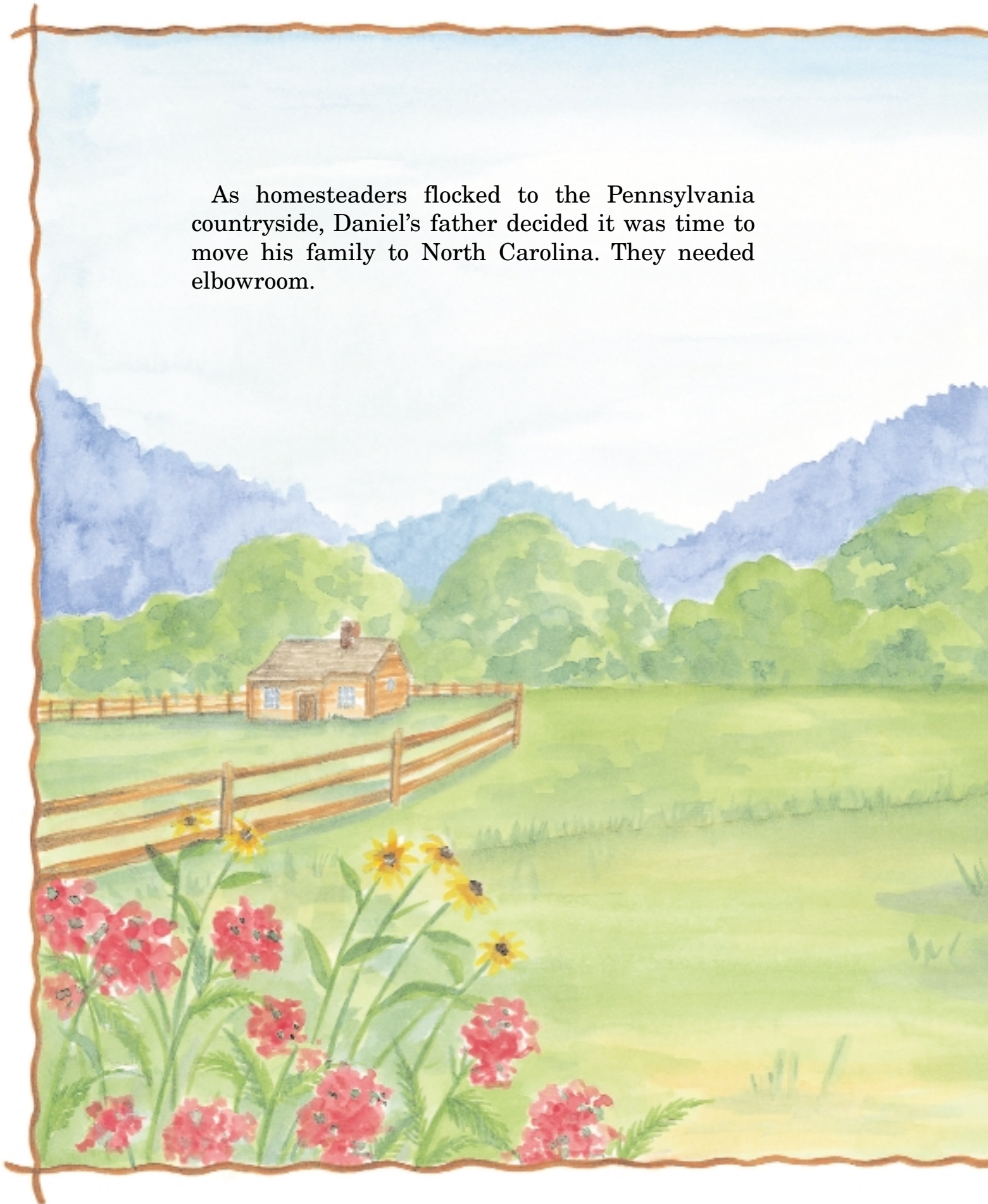






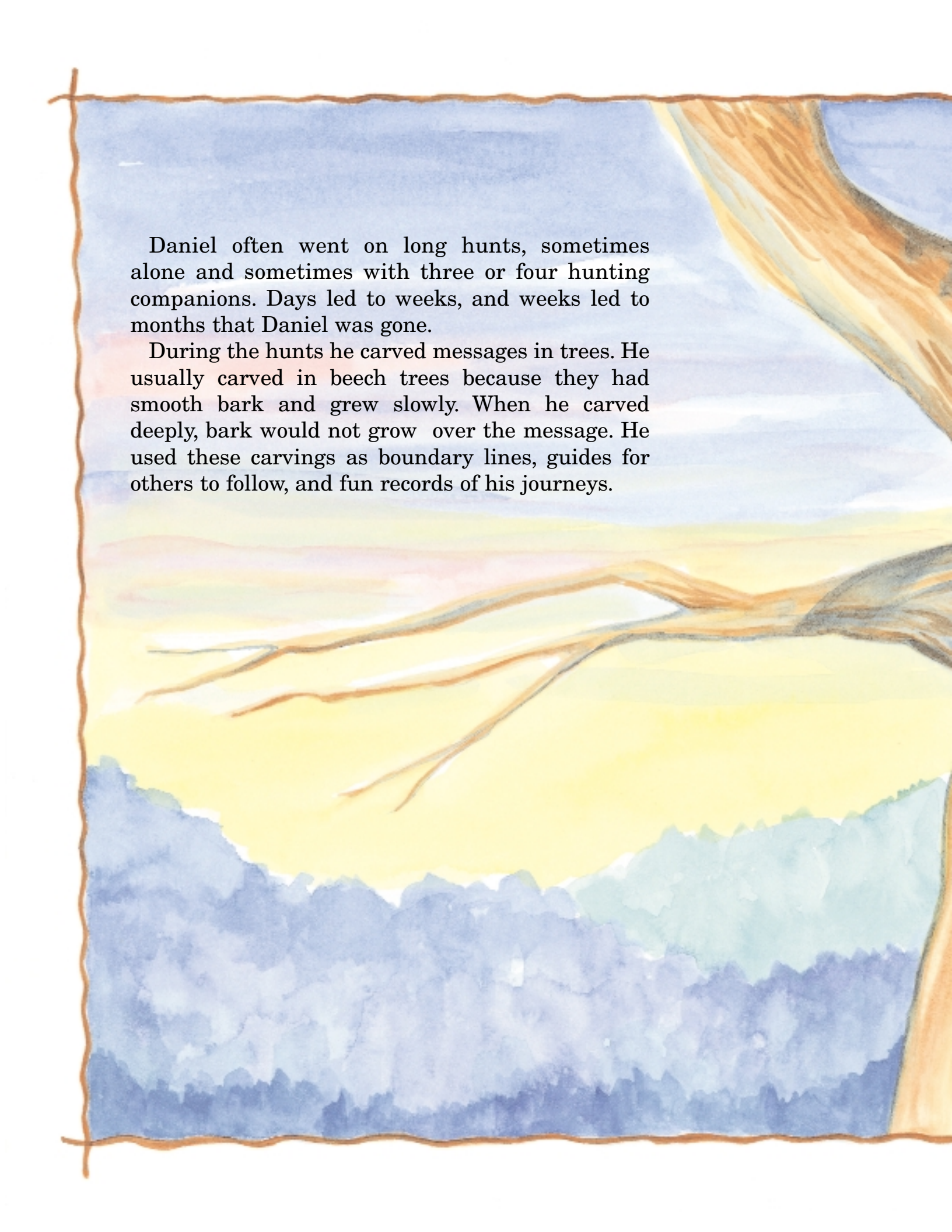
Daniel took to tracking and hunting in the woods with his Indian friends. In Daniel's twelfth year, his father gave him a long rifle. He became such an expert rifleman that folks said he could shoot a tick off a wildcat's nose from one hundred yards.

As homesteaders flocked to the Pennsylvania countryside, Daniel's father decided it was time to move his family to North Carolina. They needed elbowroom.





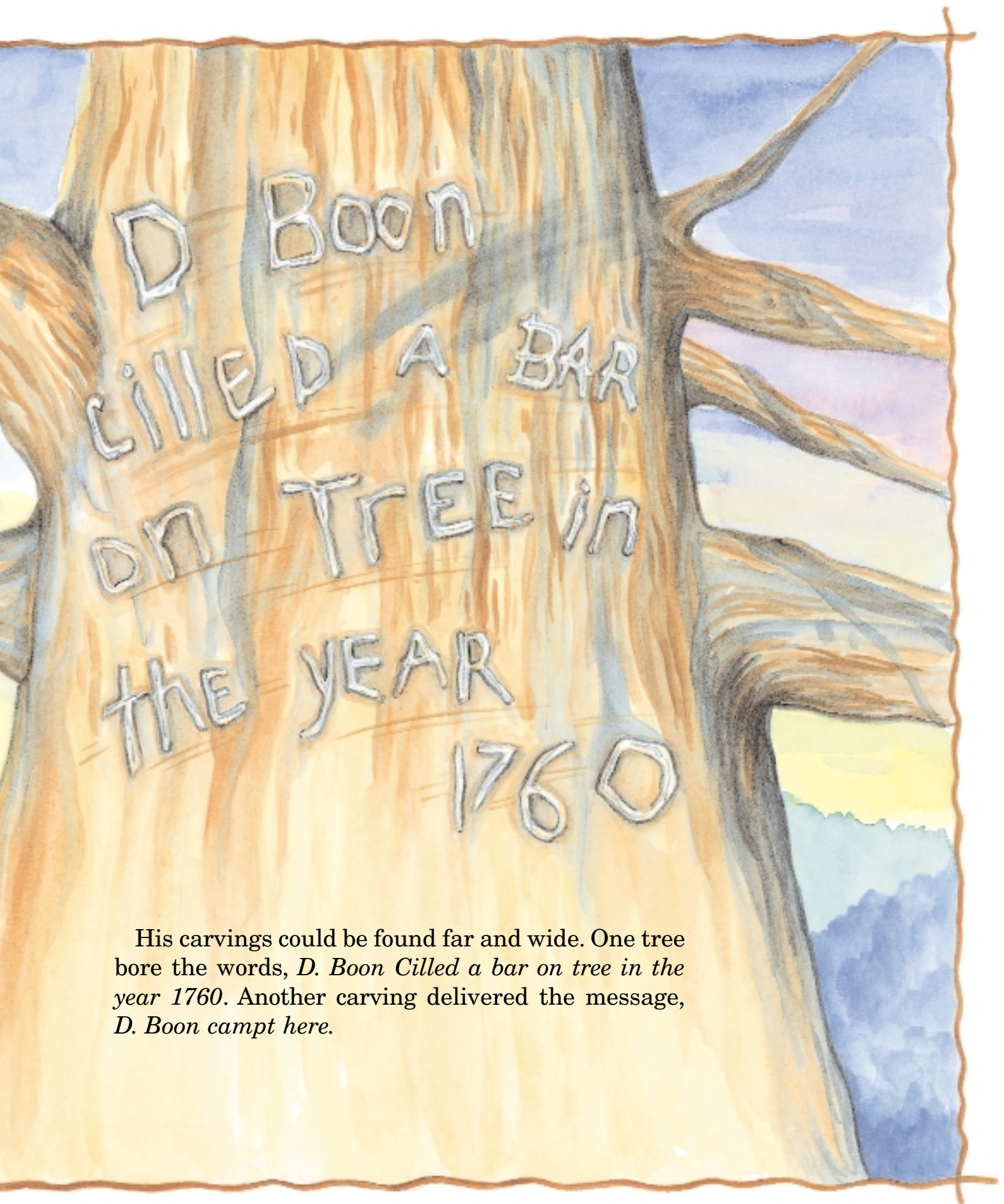
It was there in the Yadkin Valley that Daniel set his sights on Rebecca Bryan. They soon married and commenced housekeeping. By then, Daniel had gained a reputation as one of the country's best woodsmen.



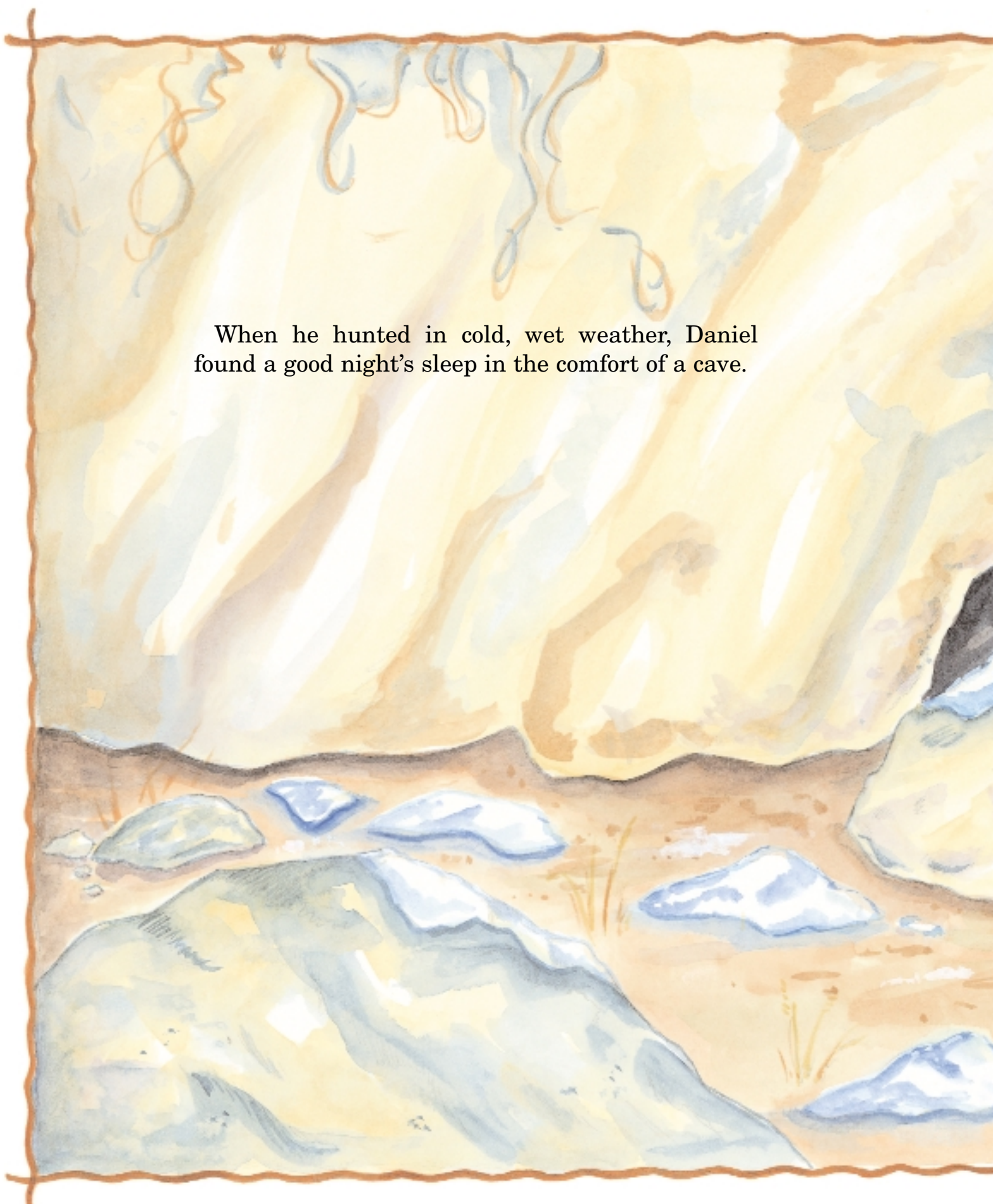
Daniel often went on long hunts, sometimes alone and sometimes with three or four hunting companions. Days led to weeks, and weeks led to months that Daniel was gone.

During the hunts he carved messages in trees. He usually carved in beech trees because they had smooth bark and grew slowly. When he carved deeply, bark would not grow over the message. He used these carvings as boundary lines, guides for others to follow, and fun records of his journeys.





His carvings could be found far and wide. One tree bore the words, *D. Boon Cilled a bar on tree in the year 1760*. Another carving delivered the message, *D. Boon campt here*.



When he hunted in cold, wet weather, Daniel found a good night's sleep in the comfort of a cave.



Sometimes on cool, frosty nights he curled up deep inside a bearskin or piled leaves around himself. Other times he cut bark from a tree and wrapped up in it to keep warm.