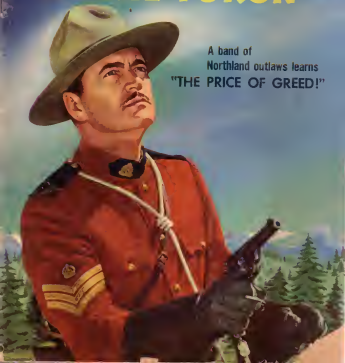


DELL

AUG. - OCT. 10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** **OF THE YUKON**

A band of
Northland outlaws learns
"THE PRICE OF GREED!"





THE SEAL



Seals are warm-blooded mammals like cows, horses and dogs. They breathe air just like land animals and cannot stay underwater for very long periods. When the ocean freezes, as it does often in the Arctic off the northern coast of the Yukon territory, the seal must sometimes keep holes open in the ice so that he can breathe. At first, the ice is very thin and the seal has no trouble poking his nose through the thin film so that he can get at the air. As the ice thickens, he must come to the hole more and more often so that his warm body and thrusting nose can keep his "blow hole" open. Usually, a seal manages to keep several holes open until the ice breaks up due to tides or strong winds. He paces them widely so that he has a wide range in which to hunt his food. The Eskimo hunter prizes the seal for his meat, and from his tough hide, he makes clothes and harpoon lines. When an Eskimo hunter finds a seal's air hole, he often puts up a whale screen to hide himself and squats down and waits for the seal to come to breathe. When the seal appears, he uses his harpoon and the battle begins. When it is finished, the hunter often has a mighty catch, for some varieties of seal such as the bearded seal in this picture are sometimes twelve feet long and weigh 850 pounds.

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Sergeant PRESTON

THE FIRE AT LEVEL LANDING



YOU'RE "TRADER" THOMPSON? WELCOME TO LEVEL LANDING! I'M SERGEANT PRESTON---AND THIS IS MY DOG, YUMCH KING!

PROUD TO MEET YOU, SERGEANT!



MY BOAT THERE IS CHOOR-FULL OF GOODS---TO SET UP A REAL STORE, WITH FAIR PRICES--- WHICH ARE NEEDED MIGHTY BAD HERE, I'M TOLD

YES, THOMPSON, THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF COMPLAINT ABOUT PRICES AT VARNY'S MORGAN-FLE HOUSE



--- AND VARNY IS NOT LIKELY TO TAKE YOUR COMPETITION TAMELY! HE CONTROLS THE ROUGHEN RIVER CHARACTERS, AND--- WELL, I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE LANDING

UMMM I SEE!



WELL, I NEVER ENJOY TROUBLE, SERGEANT, SO WE'LL WAIT, AND--- SAYS THAT'S MY DOG GANNY BARKING---

FARK! YA-GA! FARK! FARK, FARK!



THAT MAN--- JUMPING OFF MY BOAT? GANNY'S TIED, OR HE'S NEVER---

GET HIM, KING!

FARK! YA-GA! FARK!

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





MEANWHILE, IN VARNET'S STORE, DESERTED BY CUSTOMERS ---

I SENT FOR YOU, JAKE AND CASWELL... BECAUSE I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU

A DIRTY JOB, HUH, BECAUSE YOU COULD HAVE US JAILED FOR A MISTAKE WE MADE, THREE YEARS AGO, VARNET?



WHY, YES, JAKE --- IF YOU WANT TO PUT IT THAT WAY! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN PROVE THAT YOU STOLE MIKE LAGUE'S WINTER GATCH OF BELTS! BUT THIS JOB IS SIMPLER



DEAR-SHOOT? WHAT DO YOU WANT, VARNET?

I HAVE A NEW COMPETITOR, TRADER THOMPSON, WHO IS UNDERCUTTING MY BUSINESS! I WANT HIM REMOVED!



THAT KIND OF JOB WILL COST YOU PLENTY, VARNET! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE TOWN AFTER DOING HIM IN



HOLD ON, CASWELL! I DIDN'T MEAN KILL HIM! JUST REMOVE HIM FROM BUSINESS --- *ALREADY YOU'VE DONE?*

OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT! WHAT'LL YOU PAY?



I'LL PAY YOU EACH FIFTY DOLLARS! TWENTY-FIVE NOW, THE REST TOMORROW, SOME TIME. A LOT OF MONEY FOR LITTLE RISK!







DAMNIT, YOU'RE TOO BADLY HURT TO BE DROPPED OUT OF THAT WINDOW!



WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE ---
TRY TO GET OUT ---
THROUGH THE FRONT ---
(COOPER!).



ROUSED BY THE PISTOL SHOT, PRESTON IS AMONG THE FIRST TO REACH THE SCENE.

FIRE! BRING SOME BUCKETS!

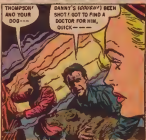
A BUCKET BRIGADE ---

TOO LATE! WHERE'S TRADER THOMPSON?



LOOK, SERGEANT! SOMEBODY COMING OUT ---

--- WRAPPED IN A BLANKET!



THOMPSON! AND YOUR DOG ---

DANNY'S HONOR! BEEN SHOT! GOT TO FIND A DOCTOR FOR HIM, QUICK ---









Sergeant PRESTON

THE RABBIT'S FOOT



WATCHING THE PASSENGERS COME OFF THE RIVER BOAT AT DAWSON, SERGEANT PRESTON RECOGNIZES ONE IN PARTICULAR.

THERE HE IS, KING! ... JOHN LAWTON, EX-CONVICT, EX-RAILROAD DETECTIVE, EX-CONVICT! THE ONE WITH THE RABBIT'S FOOT FOR A WATCH CHARM!

MR. LAWTON? MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU, A MOMENT?

ISN'T A MOMENT? WHY...? I HAVEN'T BROKEN ANY OF YOUR LAWS!



MR. LAWTON, I AM SERGEANT PRESTON. AND THIS IS MY BOB, ... YUKON KING!

ER... A HANDSOME BOB, SERGEANT! BUT HOW IS IT THAT YOU KNOW ME?



THE AUTHORITIES IN THE STATES SEND US INFORMATION WHENEVER A MAN WITH A CRIMINAL RECORD BOOKS PASSAGE FOR THE YUKON! WE KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT YOU CLAIM TO HAVE BEEN "FRAMED" —

... FOR A CRIME I DIDN'T COMMIT, WHICH COST ME FIVE YEARS IN PRISON! YES, I WAS FRAMED! LET'S SAY THAT I'VE COME HERE TO START A NEW LIFE!

IF THAT IS YOUR REASON, YOU MAY COUNT ON OUR HELP, LAWTON!











AS CORPORAL OWENS DRAWS HIS PISTOL, THE BANDIT'S GUN FIRES...



YOU SHOT THE POLICEMAN! THAT'S A HANGING ---

QUIET! OPEN THAT SAFE GUARD... OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME!



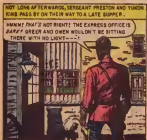
HERE'S ENOUGH TO PUT US ALL ON "EASY STREET," BOSS!

YEARS! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL YOU "LUCKY"!



NO NAMES, YOU FOOL! PUT OUT THE LIGHT, AND LET'S GO!

GRAT--- BOSS!



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, SERGEANT PRESTON AND YUKON KING PASS BY ON THEIR WAY TO A LATE SUPPER...

HMM! THAT'S NOT RIGHT! THE EXPRESS OFFICE IS BARELY GREEN AND OWEN WOULDN'T BE SITTING THERE WITH NO LIGHTS --- ?



DOOR'S NOT LOCKED --- ! OWEN'S HERE? WHERE --- ?





GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK

WINTER MONTHS ARE HUNGER MONTHS FOR MOST OF THE YUKON'S WILD LIFE--- BUT GRAY WOLF'S RANGE IN THE SHADOW OF THE OSLIVES FAIRLY TEEMED WITH GAME.

ILLUSTRATED BY JIMMY SWANSON



NOTING THE FIVE MOOSE BROWNING IN THE VALLEY BELOW HIM, THE GRAY PACK LEADER CIRCLED TO PUT THEM UP-WIND.



THE BREEZE WAS TRICKY, HOWEVER--- AND A SUDDEN CROSS-WIND BROUGHT WARNING TO THE BIG BULL!



WHOO!
UUR-UUU!

WITH A SHORT AND A BRUNTED COMMAND, HE BUNCHED HIS LITTLE BAND...



UUR---
UMPA!

OO-D-RRR!

--- AND WHEN THE PACK ARRIVED, THEY FACED A WALL OF HOOFS AND ANTLERS! MOOSE MEAT AT THAT PRICE WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO COSTLY.

GRAY WOLF HASTED NO SECRETS! SOME OTHER TIME THE PACK WOULD FIND ONE OF THE MOOSE BAND ALONE, AND ALWAYS THERE WERE CARIBOU ---

WHOOF!



--- TO BE FOUND ON THE HIGH, WINDSWEEP RIDGES, WHERE THE GALES KEPT THE SNOW FROM BURYING THE GRASS AND MOSS TOO DEEPLY.



GRAY WOLF'S KEEN NOSE SOON LOCATED THE FORAGING DEER! HE KEPT DOWN-WIND AND UNDER COVER AS HE CLIMBED.



THERE WAS A "GROUND BLIZZARD" BLOWING UP THERE ON THE RIDGE --- ALMOST HIDING THE CARIBOU FROM SIGHT! IT HID THE WOLF PACK, TOO!



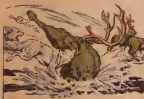
AS GRAY WOLF WAS ABOUT TO STRIKE, THE BULL HEARDED AND WHIRLED TO SLASH AT SOMETHING UNSEEN WITH HIS FOREHOOF.



THEN, LIKE GHOSTS OUT OF THE SNOW, THE NEW COMERS TOOK SHAPE --- GREAT, BAUNT, WHITE WOLVES, SLASHING AT HOCKS AND CHEST! GRAY WOLF SAW THEM ---



... SAW THE BULL GO DOWN UNDER THE WHIRL-
WIND ATTACK --- AND THE OTHER CARIBOU DASH
OFF IN PANIC!



THEN, IN A BLINDING GUST OF WIND-DRIVEN
SNOW, GRAY WOLF LED HIS PACK FORWARD ---
CLOSING IN ON THE STRANGERS AND THEIR PREY!



BRUPTLY
THE AIR
CLEARED ---
TO SHOW THE
GRAY WOLF'S
FACE TO FACE
WITH FIVE WHITE
ARCTIC GIANTS!
THEY WERE
TRESPASSERS,
AND THEY KNEW
IT! AT GRAY
WOLF'S
CHALLENGING
ROAR ---



THE WHITE LEADER ATTACKED!



BRIEFLY THEY CLUNG TOGETHER, ROLLING OVER
--- GRAY WOLF'S TEETH CLAMPED ON THE
OTHER'S UNDER JAW!



THEREAFTER THEY FOUGHT IN DEADLY SILENCE, WITH BOTH PACKS WATCHING! THEY SPARRED FOR A DEATH-GRIP, AND FOUND NO OPENING.



THE WHITE LEADER MADE A TRICKY GRAB FOR GRAY WOLF'S FOREFOOT --- AND MISSED!



LIKE A FLASH, GRAY WOLF SEIZED THE EXPOSED NECK, AND SEIZED IT, TOSSEING HIS OPPONENT ASIDE.



INSTANTLY THE GRAY PACK CHARGED! GRAY BODIES AND WHITE WHIRLED ABOUT IN A DEADLY DANCE, ALMOST TOO SWIFT FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW.

SUDDENLY THEY BROKE APART---THE WHITE STRANGERS IN FLIGHT, LEAVING ONE OF THEIR NUMBER DEAD IN THE SNOW.



GRAY WOLF RETURNED TO THE CARIBOURELL, AND LIFTED HIS MUZZLE IN A LONG HOWL OF TRIUMPH! BUT FROM NOW ON, HE KNEW, HE WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT FOR HIS HUNTING GROUND! THE STRANGERS WOULD BE BACK!





Nothing ever worried Jerry Adams, riverman and bachelor homesteader—not even the two weeks of steady rain which had gullied his fields on the banks of the Athabasca. After his morning look at the swollen river, he was turning to go back into his cabin, when the landslide started.

At first it was a low murmur, two hundred yards downstream. It grew rapidly to a grinding roar. Slowly, then with a rush, the whole river bluff slid down into the water, making a great dam of earth.

Immediately the river began to back up behind it. Jerry Adams and his small black-and-white dog watched the swift rise.

"We'll be taking to the bush right away, Spotty," Jerry said in response to the dog's frightened whine. "I'll get some grub and things packed up."

But inside the cabin Jerry delayed to finish his breakfast of bacon, bannock and tea. Then he began stowing food away in an old bacon sack, whose grease-filled fabric would keep rain water out. When blankets, an extra jacket and an axe were added, Jerry turned to the door—to see muddy brown water already lapping over the sill.

"It's the roof for us, Spotty!" he exclaimed. "We're cut off!"

Jerry tossed his small companion onto the cabin's sod roof. He hoisted his supplies, and climbed up himself. The roof was nearly flat, and a cooking fire could safely be built on its earthen covering. It was not an uncomfortable place to stay, except for the rain.

What Jerry Adams did not foresee was that his roof was going to become crowded!

Logs that had drifted loose from sawmills up the river began piling up against the soft earth of the "dam," reinforcing it. Boots, bridge timbers, even parts of log cabins, joined the jam. The brown water rose up and up, until only Jerry's roof and a few trees near it were still above the flood.

It was then that a big porcupine joined Jerry and Spot. A young lynx climbed a tree near by. Next came a mother bear and her cub. They swam to a tree which leaned out over the cabin—climbed it—and under their weight its roots gave way. So they both landed on Jerry's roof. The mother bear snarled at him—and Jerry, backing away, almost stepped on a skunk that had climbed up behind him.

Spotty, the little dog, whined dimly, crowding between Jerry's legs. But nothing more happened.

For three days the roof held its strangely assorted company. Jerry built a cook fire and shared his bacon and bannocks with the bears—who by now had stopped growling at him. The skunk came in for his share—and the porcupine ate all of the salty bacon sack.

On the third day the piled-up water broke a channel through the jam, and the flood went down. So did the bears, the skunk and the lynx. The porcupine was the last to leave.

"Come again," Jerry Adams called after him, "the next time I keep open house on my roof!"

Sergeant PRESTON

THE PRICE OF GREED

A MOTHERLY STORE-KEEPER AND A SHREWD FREIGHT LINE OWNER ARE THE FIRST ONES TO HEAR YOUNG DAVE DARVIN'S EXCITED SHOUT...

"H, MRS. HANDLEY!"
"MR. RIDGES!" MY DAD'S
DOG TEAM IS IN SIGHT!"

"IT'S ON, I'M PLAC!"

"SEE? WAY OVER ON THE FAR
SLOPE OF THE VALLEY, LOOKING
DOWN THE TRAIL! IT'S DAD! AND
HIS TEAM!"

"WELL, I SEE
SOMETHING
BLACK AGAINST THE
SNOW."

"IF IT'S BILL DARVIN, HE'S
RIGHT ON TIME! I CONFESS---
WITH HIM CARRYING ALL THE
CASH FOR MY PELT SHIP-
MENTS--- I'VE
BEEN WORRIED!"

"ABOUT BILL? HE'S
ONE OF MY BEST
FREIGHTERS,
MRS. HANDLEY---"







BOYS, I THINK SHE'S HOLDING OUT ON US! I'LL BET SHE'S GOT HER SAVINGS STASHED AWAY SOMEWHERE HERE! LET'S SEARCH THE PLACE!

HOLD ON! WE CAN'T DO THAT!

SURE WE CAN! COME ON--!



SO EASY, EVERYBODY! HERE COMES A POLICEMAN! IT'S SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS DOG #12!



GOOD EVENING, MRS. HANDLEY--!

SERGEANT! OH, I'M SO RELIEVED! THESE BOYS WERE GETTING PRETTY EXCITED!



EXCITED? ABOUT WHAT, MEN?

ABOUT NOT GETTING THE CASH FOR OUR PELTS! THAT WIDOW HANDLEY SHIPPED OUT! SHE CLAIMS SHE CAN'T PAY, BECAUSE THE MONEY WAS STOLEN!



THAT'S TRUE, FERGUSON! SHE CAN'T PAY--AND IT'S NOT HER FAULT! BUT I'M HERE TO RECOVER THAT STOLEN MONEY--IF IT IS POSSIBLE! AND TO KEEP THE PEACE!



STILL BRUMBLING, BUT IN A MORE PEACEFUL MOOD, THE TRAPPERS LEAVE

"RECOVER THAT STOLEN MONEY"--AFTER ALL THIS TIME! FAT CHANCE OF IT!

PRESTON CAN, IF ANYBODY CAN, FERGUSON! GIVE HIM A CHANCE!





WELL, HERE WE ARE, DAD?
SERGEANT PRESTON---
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF
OUR NEW CABIN?

DRUG AND FIRE, DAVE!
AND YOU GROVE MY
TEAM VERY WELL!

THAT EVENING PRESTON'S TEAM, WITH
BILL CARPENTER RIDING, PULLS UP AT A
CABIN TWO MILES OUT OF TOWN.



IT'S DARK AND COLD NOW,
SERGEANT. BUT IT WILL LOOK
MIGHTY CHEERFUL WHEN WE
GET A FIRE GOING!

OF COURSE,
BILL! STEP
EASY, NOW.



WHAT'LL I DO WITH
YOUR GGS TEAM,
SERGEANT PRESTON?

LEAVE 'EM HERE, AND
DRIVE THE REST BACK
TO TOWN, DAVE!



WON'T I
LEAVE THEM
IN TOWN,
SERGEANT?

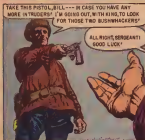
WISS HAS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
HIS FREIGHT TEAMS. THAT'S
THE BEST PLACE YOU'D
BETTER SPEND THE NIGHT
AS USUAL, WITH MISS HANDLER,
DAVE.



--- AND DRIVE OUT IN THE MORNING? I'D LIKE TO GO
OUT, TONIGHT, TO LOOK OVER THE PLACE WHERE YOUR
DAD WAS SHOT! IT'S NEAR HERE, AND THERE'S
MOONLIGHT ENOUGH.

OKAY, SERGEANT!
SEE YOU IN THE
MORNING!











Marooned in the dangerous Everglades, White Eagle
meets a strange new enemy in his
"JOURNEY TO THE SUN!"

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

the eskimo



Wisdom of the Hunter

In order to stay alive in his savage Arctic homeland, the Eskimo hunter must battle successfully against cold and hunger most of the year. His chief weapon against the sub-zero cold is his own body-beat—insulated with animal skins. His main source of food is wild meat.

The Eskimo hunter must be able to outwit the huge but wary walrus, the seal, the white whale, and the fierce polar bear. These animals provide him not only with food, but with clothing, boat coverings, tools and fuel.

In summer, the Eskimo must know how to imitate the calls and cries of many wild birds—

ptarmigans, hawks, eider ducks, sandpipers, geese and others. He must know the language of the seafaring loons, whose cries warn him of the approach of storms—perhaps when he is paddling his kayak far from land! Even as a child, he learns which of the low-growing summer berries are good to eat, and where to find them, even under winter's snows; for he lives hundreds of miles from the corner grocery store.

And all this knowledge is just a beginning. For the Eskimo hunter is always learning, always teaching his neighbors something new that he has learned, to help him stay alive and healthy.

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A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Freedom is...and always has been, a promise guaranteeing that the reader magazine bearing its name is only clean and a wholesome environment. The Dell code eliminates pornography, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell I assure you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL CODES ARE YOUR GUARANTEE" is our credo and constant goal.

"Play it smart - **PLAY SAFE** when you go swimming"

by *Bill Wisdom*



"DON'T SWIM AFTER EATING A BIG MEAL. WHEN THE WATER IS COLD, BE SURE TO 'EASE' IN."



"USE THE 'BUDDY' SYSTEM. HE WATCHES OUT FOR YOU, YOU FOR HIM. BE SURE A ROPE, BOAT, LIFE PRESERVER, OR LIFEGUARD IS HANDY."



"HERE'S A FINE, SAFE PLACE TO SWIM, FELLAS. IT'S SMART TO KEEP OUT OF FAST CURRENTS, STAGNANT WATER, AND UNDERBOW."



"ALWAYS CHECK WATER WITH A LONG POLE BEFORE DIVING. TO KNOW THE DEPTH, AND FIND ANY HIDDEN ROCKS OR LOGS."



"IT'S NOT FUNNY TO DUCK OR ROUGH-HOUSE ANYONE IN THE WATER. AN UNEXPECTED SWALLOW OF WATER CAN CHOKE A PERSON AND MAKE HIM HELPLESS."



"GETTING SICK IS NO FUN. USE A TONEL BEFORE LYING IN THE SUN, AND CHANGE TO WARM, DRY CLOTHES WHEN YOU'RE COLD OR TIRED. THAT'S THE WAY TO STAY WELL AND GET IN ON ALL THE FUN!"



PLAY THIS SMART, TOO! Remind your Mom that **JUICY FRUIT GUM** is a healthful treat that won't spoil your appetite. Tell her to get some and keep plenty on hand.

