

DELL

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON

The Case of
"THE
WHISPERING
RAVEN"





PERMAFROST

The Arctic has its four seasons, but its foundations never thaw. That is to say, only from the top twelve or eighteen inches of Arctic ground does the freezing cold melt in summer.

This freezing cold, or PERMAFROST, underlies every inch of soil, every tree and plant—yes, and every river and pond in the Arctic. Buried streams of water flow through the permafrost. Sometimes these streams are under such pressure that if the heat of an inhabited hut or cabin finally melts the thin layer of frozen soil above it, the stream will burst upward with almost explosive force—and freeze again when it strikes the below-zero air.

Tree roots cannot sink down into the permafrost. Often, in the Arctic, one will see trees slanting over at odd angles, because their roots cannot grow deep enough to keep them upright. . . . And there is another reason for their queer tilting: the permafrost is always heaving or lowering the surface soil.

The cold of midwinter keeps sinking deeper in the permafrost for the next half of the year—and retreating upward toward the surface the second half of the year. This causes a rising and falling of surface layers which cracks the foundations of buildings and tilts them out of place.

Owing to permafrost, no water can be piped underground, even in summer! Residents of the Arctic store household water in indoor tanks or barrels—and drain all waste water out at ground level, through large pipes, lest it freeze before it reaches the end!

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 your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

Sergeant PRESTON

THE WHISPERING RAVEN

I SEE HIM, KING! IT
LOOKS LIKE JOE LITTLE
FOX --- IN A HURRY!

ON THE COLD TRAIL OF TWO UNSUCCESSFUL
EXPRESS ROBBERS, SERGEANT PRESTON
SIGHTS A CREE TRAPPER, RUNNING AS
IF SCARED.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND THE SERGEANT COMES A GHOSTLY WHISPER!

THE "TROUBLE" THAT SCARED JOE LITTLE FOX IS PROBABLY IMAGINATION, BUT WE MUST INVESTIGATE.

TROUBLE...
TROUBLE!



TROUBLE AT DISTON LAKE!
TELL THE MOUNTIES!
TELL THE MOUNTIES!



BY MOONRISE, PRESTON AND HIS TEAM ARE AGAIN ON THEIR WAY---WITH THE RAVEN CROAKING COMPANIONABLY



WE'LL MAKE DISTON LAKE
IN ABOUT AN HOUR.
ANTHRACITE ---AND
LEARN JUST WHAT THE
TROUBLE IS!



WELL! I KNOW YOU
---POP DISTON'S
PET RAVEN,
"ANTHRACITE"!



HERE, ANTHRACITE, HAVE A BIT OF BACON!
HMMM! POP TAUGHT YOU THAT MESSAGE!
I WONDER WHAT?

RRRR?
TROUBLE!



HERE'S THE LAKE! POP
DISTON'S CABIN IS JUST
ACROSS THAT NECK
OF WOODS!



THE REPORT OF BAGLEY'S PISTOL BLENDS WITH THE SPLINTERING OF WOOD...



...AND SERGEANT PRESTON PITCHES FORWARD



YOU---KILLED HIM, RANCE? A MOUNTIE? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

MEANS THAT WE HAVE GOT TO DO SOME FIGURING... THAT'S ALL!



PICK UP HIS FEET! WE'LL PUT HIM IN THAT EMPTY DUGOUT FOR NOW, NEL!



HERE'S THE DUGOUT! BUT WE'LL BE FOUND HERE!...

NOT TONIGHT! NOT TILL WE'VE HAD TIME TO PACK THE GOLD WE'VE TAKEN FROM THE OLD MAN'S MINE!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THE OLD MAN, RANCE?

THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT! TIME ENOUGH IN THE MORNING!







POP! HAVE
THOSE CROOKS
NAMED YOU?

COUGH! SIDE FROM WORKING
ME HALF TO DEATH AND KEEP-
ING ME SHUT UP IN THIS COLD
TOMB OF A MINE----NO,
SERGEANT! WHAT BROUGHT
YOU---?



ANTHRACITE, THE
WHISPERING RAVEN!
HE SCARED JOE LITTLE
FOX SILLY BEFORE HE
FOUND ME!

HEH, HEH! COUGH!
I HAD TO WHISPER,
SO THOSE ROBBERS
WOULDN'T HEAR ME
TRAINING HIM TO
REPEAT MY
MESS ARF!



YOU SEE, I KNEW ANTHRACITE WOULD LOOK
FOR OTHER PEOPLE TO FEED HIM, WHEN I
STOPPED. THAT WAS THREE DAYS AGO!
AND HE DID!



POP, I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO MY SLED FOR KING
--- AND FOR MY SPARE GUN --- AND YOU'RE
COMING ALONG WITH ME! THE TWO ROBBERS
THINK I'M DEAD!

DEAD!



YES! ONE OF THEM CREASED
MY SCALP WITH A BULLET---
AND THEY THREW ME INTO THE
SUGOUT WITH LUCY---
TO FREEZE!

HO, HO! COUGH!
THAT'D HAVE HAD
A SURPRISE IF LUCY
HAD WAKED UP!



MINUTES LATER --

IT'S ALL RIGHT
KING! -- POP, I'LL
BUILD YOU A FIRE
HERE --- OUT OF
SIGHT OF THE MINE!
YOU CAN FILL UP
ON HOT FOOD
AND TEA...

HOLD ON,
SERGEANT!

EEETON
--- TUPP









Sergeant PRESTON

THE BUSH TRAMP



ON A ROUTINE PATROL, SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS GREAT LEAD DOG, YUKON KING, KEEP WATCH FOR EVERY TRAIL, FRIENDLY OR SUSPECT





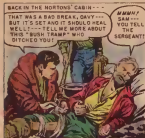
WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER SAM?

BACK AT THE CABIN --- WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE THAT HE GOT PULLED ME OUT OF THE PROSPECT HOLE ---
MMMMMM? YESTERDAY!



WE'LL HAVE YOU HOME IN HALF AN HOUR. NOW, YOU HUSKIES? OR, KING?

TIP, TIP, TIP ---



BACK IN THE HORTONS' CABIN ---

THAT WAS A BAD BREAK, GAVY --- BUT IT'S SET AND IT SHOULD HEAL WELL! --- TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS "BUSH TRAMP" WHO DITCHED YOU!

MMMM? SAM --- YOU TELL THE SERGEANT!



NOT MUCH TO TELL. MAN HAD SANDY HAIR, PALE EYES. CALLED HIMSELF "MACKSON". OFFERED TO DRIVE GAVY TO THE DOCTOR, SINCE I COULDN'T ---

--- AND HE DROVE AWAY FROM TOWN! WHAT DID HE TAKE --- BESIDES YOUR "SOL TEAM"?



WHAT DID HE TAKE? ALL THE GOLD DUST WE HAD! GAVY WAS GOING TO SHIP IT OUT BY EXPRESS! ABOUT TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!



DID "MACKSON" SEEM ACQUAINTED WITH THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, SAM?

NO! HE KEPT ASKING WHO LIVED ALONG THIS CREEK!











GRAY WOLF

LEADER
OF THE
WOLF
PACK

YAA-AAHRRGH!

YELP!

LIFTING HIS EYES FROM HIS OWN PORTION, GRAY WOLF SEES THE SUDDEN, BULLYING RUSH OF TWO YOUNG WOLVES, DRIVING MEETKA FROM THE FEAST!

MEETKA--- GENTLE MEETKA --- WAS HIS MOTHER. FURIOUSLY GRAY WOLF CHARGES, HIS MOMENTUM BOWLING ONE BULLY OVER.

YIPES!

THE OTHER FLEES AS THE GRIM PACK LEADER WHIRLS ON HIM.

HAARRRRR!

MEETKA RETURNS TO HER MEAT, WHILE GRAY WOLF STANDS GUARD.

ENDING HER MEAL, MEETKA LIMPS AWAY AND LIES DOWN, TO LICK A DEEP SHOULDER WOUND SHE RECEIVED IN THE RECENT FIGHT WITH THE WHITE WOLVES!

YUH? EEE-OW?



MOST BEARS WOULD HAVE FELT NO INTEREST AT ALL IN A WOLF'S DEN--- OR EVEN IN THE SCENT OF WOLVES--- BUT SILVERTIP HAD A BLITZ EAR...



NEVER, NEVER WOULD HE FORGET THAT A WOLF HAD HIPPOD HIM PAINFULLY WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE CUB! HIS MOTHER HAD RESCUED HIM--- BUT THE BLITZ EAR REMAINED TO REMIND HIM!



THE HOT SCENT OF HESTKA DRIVES HIM INTO A ROARING FURY! DIRT AND STONES FLY IN A SHOWER AS HIS MIGHTY CLAWS GRIND INTO THE DEN.



HESTKA BELIEVES SHE IS DOOMED--- BUT SHE MEANS TO FIGHT TO THE LAST! HER SHARP FANGS MEET THE GRIZZLY'S BIG SNOUT.



PAIN ONLY MAKES THE TERRIFIED GRIZZLY DISCHARGE HALF HIS LENGTH POXES INTO THE DEN--- AND HESTKA'S END SEEMS NEAR--- WHEN HER SON APPEARS! HE HAD HEARD THE GRIZZLY'S ROARING!



GRAY WOLF'S INCH-AND-A-HALF-PANES SLASH LIKE RAPIDS! THE ATTACKER HOWLS --- A MUFFLED SOUND --- AND BACKS OUT!



HE TRIES VAINLY TO REACH THE GRAY FORM WHICH DARTS IN AND OUT WITH FLASHING TEETH.



AND THEN LITTLE HESTKA, LUNGING OUT ON THREE LEGS, JABS HIM FROM BEHIND! THIS WAS TOO MUCH!



IN SUDDEN PANIC THE HUGE BRUTE HURLS HIMSELF DOWN THE SLOPE, HEADING FOR THE RIVER.



REACHING IT, HE PLUNGES IN, AWARE OF THE THIN SKIN OF ICE WHICH COVERS THE SURFACE, BUT WANTING ONLY TO ESCAPE THE GRAY TERROR AT HIS HEELS!



GRAY WOLF LETS HIM GO --- WITH A LONG HOWL OF VICTORY TO SPEED THE WALLOWING INTRUDER ON HIS WAY! NOW, HE KNOWS LITTLE HESTKA WILL BE SAFE --- IN ANOTHER, UNHARMED DEN!



THE SOURDOUGH

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Grasped old Ben Thomas, the sourdough, walked into Gordon's trading post and faced the smiling proprietor.

"What is it this time, Ben? I've got a new kind of canned bread for you." Gordon held out a can and smiled.

"Now don't poke fun at me, Gordon. I've been a sourdough now for thirty years and I HATE the bannock bread I make with my sourdough! Is it wrong for a man to want something good for a change?" Ben asked Gordon plaintively. "I've been carrying this lump of sourdough in my pocket for months now and I can't stand to eat it." Ben held up a lump of dough that looked like putty. It had been crammed into the same pocket with some cartridges, and rifle bullets were sticking out of it.

"If you ever bake that, you'll never have to worry about eating sourdough again!" Gordon laughed at the thought.

Ben bought some of the new canned bread and then started out on one of his endless trips to look for gold in the many streams in the Yukon.

Ben stopped at the RCMP post at Lake Brand to see his friend, Corporal Hill.

"Don't go into the territory of the Ongilway Indians, old-timer. They're pretty sore at all white men since they were robbed last month by some bad hombres!" Hill warned.

"It's too late for me to worry, Hill. I'm too old and they won't bother me," the old man said.

Ben traveled for two more days toward the Ongilway Indian region, unworried by Hill's warning. That night he made camp and tried some of the canned bread that Gordon had sold him.

"This bread is mighty fine! At least, I won't have to eat any more bannock bread made out of sourdough!" Ben looked disgustedly at the lump of sourdough mixed with rifle cartridges that he still carried.

"I ought to throw this away, but I'll just keep it to remind me of what I used to have

to eat," smiled Ben, as he returned it to his pocket.

Next day, Ben was panning a stream nearby. Suddenly he looked up to see three Indian warriors watching him. They grabbed his arms and dragged him out of the stream.

"You come with us as hostage until Red Jackets bring us the man who stole from us," the leading Indian said to Ben.

The Indians dragged the protesting sourdough off to their hidden camp in the mountains. Here, Ben was a captive in the small hidden Indian village, left under the watchful eyes of the old men.

"This diet of Indian food is almost as bad as the bannock bread used to be. Oh, for a piece of that canned bread that Gordon sold me!" Ben mused to himself as he ate some of the berries that an old man gave him. "Say, I've still got my lump of sourdough. I bet even bannock bread would taste good now."

Knowing that the young Indian braves would not let him bake his bread, Ben waited until only the two old braves who guarded him were left in camp. Then, he made sign language to the old men. Finally, he succeeded in getting his sourdough on a rock by the fire. Then he sat down and waited for his bread to bake. Warily, the old men held their rifles on him.

Suddenly, there was the sound of shots, and Ben looked to see the two old Indians running from the fire, their guns forgotten.

"The sourdough! I forgot about the rifle cartridges mixed in with the dough!" Ben grabbed the rifles and ran out of the camp toward the RCMP post at Lake Brand.

Two days later, Ben stumbled through the door and told his story. Hill helped him to get to the settlement. Then, he went after the Indians.

Ben walked into Gordon's trading post and saw Gordon smiling at him.

"Now don't laugh at me, Gordon. All I ever want from now on, is a lot of sourdough! Yes sir, there's nothing better than bannock bread." Ben glared at the surprised Gordon.

"But I thought you hated sourdough—"

"Don't you believe it! Sourdough is a lifesaver!" declared Ben.

Sergeant PRESTON

THE BURNED CABIN

HERE!
WHAT'S UP?

IT'S THE TANNER
TWINS, SERGEANT!
TOM AND SAM ---
FIGHTING!



BREAK IT UP!
STAND UP AND ---



Ugh!!

STOP IT ---!



I SAID, QUIT! YOU'LL BOTH DO THAT --- OR TACKLE ME!
NOW --- WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING OVER?

ARROW? SAM
SMOKELED ME!

I DID, AND YOU'RE
GALLOUT ---!



COME OVER HERE! SIT DOWN AND
TALK SENSE --- OR I'LL LOCK
YOU BOTH UP!



THAT AFTERNOON, A FEW MILES FROM TOWN ---

HI, BRAD! I'LL BE NICKY!
YOU TOOK YOUR TIME
GETTING HERE.

DID YOU GET THIS OLD
PROSPECT HOLE
"SAULTED" TO SHOW
THOSE EASTERN
SUCKERS, BARLUM?



THAT'S WHAT WE FIGURED? BUT I WAS
POKING AROUND, WAITING FOR YOU, AND
--- COME ON BACK HERE AND SEE
WHAT I FOUND!

WELL, I
HIT
REAL
GOLD ---?



NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF ENOUGH
STOCK TO CONTROL THE COMPANY! AND
I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET IT ---
TOMBST!

LEAD US
TO IT!

WHERE?



I'VE DONE BETTER
THAN "SALT" THIS HOLE
WITH GOLD DUST ---
AND WE'RE NOT SELL-
ING OUR STOCK!

NOT SURE? WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT,
BARLUM? THE
MINE'S WORTH-
LESS ---



HOW DOES THAT LOOK TO YOU?

A VEIN --- NOT TOO
RICH? AND WIDE!
WORTH A FORTUNE ---!

WOW! IF ONLY THE FIRST
OWNERS HAD GONE A
LITTLE FARTHER ---!



THAT EVENING, TOM TANNER ANSWERS A KNOCK ON HIS
CABIN DOOR.

RAP-RAP-
RAP!

HELLO!
COME IN ---!











LEAVING TOWN, PRESTON RIDES STRAIGHT TO THE BURNED CABIN.









A strange new arrowhead ripped into
Sioux shields! Defeat was certain—unless
they made a journey to
"THE LAND OF THE SMOKE"

Read **INDIAN CHIEF**

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the Eskimo

"ESKIMO TABLE MANNERS"

At an Eskimo feast, and in times of plenty the Eskimos really know how to feast. Knives are necessary, but forks and spoons — even cups, are unknown. Of course, we are speaking of the Eskimos who live as their ancestors did, before they had any contact with white men's refinements.

As their guest you are supposed to do as the Eskimos do. With them, you kneel or squat on the floor in front of a wooden platter as big as a small table top. You reach into the gravy-covered contents with both hands and come up with a large chunk of half-boiled reindeer meat. You lick off the gravy, with loud snappings to show how tasty you think it is. Then you sink your teeth into the meat.

The meat is probably too tough to eat without the help of your knife — so you cut off the mouthful, while still gripping it in your paw. And your knife had better be sharp!

When the chunk of meat is gone, you wipe your hands on your parka — that is good Eskimo manners! You then dip your cupped hands into the gravy in the platter, and drink it loudly from them.

Next come the roasted marrowbones — already cracked for you. The marrow is removed with fingers or tongue or knife point — again with loud noises. A silent eater in an Eskimo igloo, is either a sick one or a rude one, who as much as says that he doesn't like the food.

You repeat this meal four or five times a day, while the meat lasts. And, if you live the way Eskimos do, your appetite will be as good as theirs.



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