

DELL

TRADE PAPER

FEB.-APRIL 10¢

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

His luck was running out
on "HORSHOE ISLAND"





"TRAPPER ON THE TRAIL"



Making the rounds of his traplines with dog team and sled, the "sourdough" trapper carries only what he needs to live and get through, without taking time to hunt for meat. A stout box holds a stock of sourdough biscuits, plenty of tea, sugar, flour, a chunk of bacon and a larger piece of frozen meat.

And, speaking of meat—winter-killed moose meat is always avoided, except when a man is starving to death. It is lacking in vitamins, nourishment, and flavor. Caribou meat is the best. When it cannot be had, fish may be substituted.

When a trapper is out of bread and flour, he tries to shoot a few grouse. Their breast meat, though dark in color, is a fair substitute for breadstuffs.

Tools are needed on the trail—as the trapper's sled carries axe and shovel, a rifle, traps, snowshoes. For cutting holes in lake ice, to fish through, an ice chisel is included.

A canvas cover for the sled doubles as a wind-break when camping. A sleeping bag, preferably filled with down, is as necessary as clothing. Fish for dog-feed; bait for traps; a first-aid kit—these complete the outfit of the trapper on the trail.

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Sergeant PRESTON

THE LUCK OF
HORSESHOE ISLAND



MUSHING UP A FROZEN WILDERNESS RIVER, TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE SPRING BREAK-UP, SERGEANT PRESTON SEES SMOKE AHEAD!

YARR!

HELLO! SOMEBODY'S CAMPING ON THAT LITTLE ISLAND, KING!

IT'S NOT FAR FROM YOUNG BOB WILEY'S CABIN! COULD BE BOB ON THAT ISLAND, PROSPECTING---

SERGEANT PRESTON! GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

HELLO, BOB! HAS ANY STRANGER STOPPED AT YOUR PLACE?

A STRANGER? NO, I'M GLAD TO SAY! I WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY--- EXCEPT YOU, SERGEANT--- LOOKING AROUND HERE, RIGHT NOW!

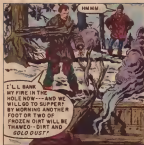
WHY?

THAT'S WHY--- A PROSPECT HOLE THAT'S TURNING INTO A REAL BOWAZZ! RIGHT HERE, ON HORSESHOE ISLAND! I'VE STRUCK IT RICH!

CONGRATULATIONS, BOB!

GP 22-472

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



MMMM

I'LL BANK
MY FIRE IN THE
HOLE NOW---AND WE
WILL GO TO SUFFER!
BY MORNING ANOTHER
FOOT OR TWO OF
FROZEN DIRT WILL BE
TRAWED--DIRT AND
GOLD DUST!



SANDRA WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU,
SERGEANT! WE HAVEN'T GLIMPSED ANOTHER
HUMAN FACE IN MONTHS! YOU'LL STAY
OVER NIGHT, OF COURSE?

IF IT'S NOT
PUTTING YOU
OUT, BOB!
THANKS!



ON REACHING THE MILES' CABIN ---

YEROM KINS AND SERGEANT
PRESTON! OH, THIS IS
WONDERFUL!

KINS THINKS
SO, TOO,
SANDRA!

YARR-
GOON!
YARR!



YOU ASKED IF ANY
STRANGERS HAD
STOPPED, SERGEANT.
WHOM DID YOU HAVE
IN MIND?

BLAISE MOQUETTE,
AN OUTLAW WHO HAS
ROBBED SEVERAL
MINERS! HE HAS
KILLED NOBODY YET,
BUT HE'S DANGEROUS!



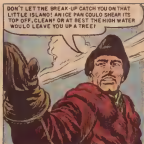
AND THAT FIRE YOU KEEP
ON THE ISLAND TELLS
TOO MUCH, BOB! WHILE
YOU'RE THERE, SANDRA
IS UNPROTECTED! BUT
EVIDENTLY MOQUETTE
DIDN'T PASS THIS
WAY...

---AND I HAVE
A HUNCH HE
WON'T, SERGEANTS



YOU CALLED YOUR NEW
CLAIM "HORSESHOE
ISLAND"? WHY IS
THAT, BOB? IT'S
NEARLY CIRCULAR!

THAT'S BECAUSE
RIVER SAND HAS
FILLED IN THE
ORIGINAL HORSESHOE
OF NATIVE ROCK---
AND TRAPPED A
FORTUNE IN GOLD
DUST THERE, TOO!









ALL RIGHT, KING
--- I'LL HANDLE
HIM!

A
MOUNTIE...?



SWIFT AS A STRIKING SNACK,
MOQUETTE COMES UP ---
WITH A KNIFE.

PUT OUT
YOUR
HANDS ---!

OUT ---
LIKE
THIS!



ON. NO. YOU DON'T.
MOQUETTE!



OWWWW?
--- WHO?

PRESTON'S SKILL AND STRENGTH ARE MORE
THAN A MATCH FOR THE OUTLAW'S KNIFE
THICKS. . .



GIVE UP, MOQUETTE!
I'VE NO MORE TIME
FOR YOU! THE
ICE ---

BARRRR!

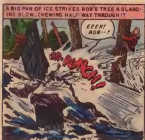


R-R-RUMBLE -- BRROARRRR!

THE ICE JUMP! IT'S
GOING!

YARR!
YARR!









Sergeant PRESTON

THE MYSTERIOUS MINE



"OH--ER--CONSTABLE? MAY I
SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?"

"CERTAINLY, MR. AND
MRS. WATSON.
I AM SERGEANT
PRESTON."



"---AND THIS IS
MY PARTNER,
YURORRING? IS
THERE ANYTHING
WE CAN DO
FOR YOU?"

"YES, THANK YOU! I'M MRS.
ALICE WATSON, FROM SEATTLE.
I NEED ADVICE---BADLY!---
AND I KNOW ANY MOUNTIE
CAN BE TRUSTED."



"JIM--- THAT IS MY HUSBAND
---HAS INHERITED A
PARTNERSHIP IN THE
SELKIRK MINING
COMPANY, AND WE HAVE
JUST ARRIVED HERE
IN SELKIRK."

"I SEE! WON'T YOU
STEP INTO MY OFFICE,
MRS. WATSON?"



"ONLY LAST NIGHT, THE MINE FOREMAN, 'CHUCK'
SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, TOLD US THAT CARL JASON,
JIM'S PARTNER, HAS DECEIVED US. I--- WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO..."

"GO ON, MRS. WATSON!
WHAT DID THE FORE-
MAN TELL YOU?"



"HE CAME TO TOWN JUST TO TALK WITH US---
WITHOUT JASON KNOWING HE WAS HERE! HE
SAID JASON'S PLAN IS TO CONVINCE US THE
MINE IS NO GOOD, AND TO BUY US OUT DEARLY!"















RISKING THE FUGITIVE'S BULLETS, PRESTON STEADILY OVERTAKS HIM...



...UNTIL A BETTER-AIMED SHOT GRAZES HIS HEAD. FOR A MOMENT, DARKNESS ENSUES HIM!



CLINGING TO THE SADDLE, HE MUMBLES AN ANSWER TO KING'S ANXIOUS YELPS... HIS HORSE SLOWS TO A JOG-TROT.



BUT THE SERGEANT'S DETERMINATION IS BRIEF... AND TWO HOURS LATER, AS KING LEADS HIM INTO A SMALL RIVER TOWN, PRESTON IS ONLY MINUTES BEHIND HIS MAN.



DID YOU SEE THE RIDER OF THIS HORSE? WHERE DID HE GO?

TO THE STEAMBOAT DOCK, SERGEANT! BOAT'S JUST LEAVING...



COME ON, KING!



AS PRESTON CLEARS THE ALLEY, ON HORSE-
BACK, CARL JASON JUMPS THE GAP BETWEEN
DOCK AND GANGPLANK! THE GOAT IS ALREADY
IN MOTION.

HEY! ARE
YOU CRAZY--?



BUT PRESTON HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE WIDEN-
ING GAP.

JUMP!



TEOW! HE'LL
NEVER--



BUT PRESTON'S MAGNIFICENT HORSE LANDS
SAFELY--- AS JASON AGAIN WHIPS OUT HIS GUN.

GET HIM, KING!



GOOD BOY, KING! WE'VE
GOT HIM!



CARL JASON, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR
CONSPIRACY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER---
AND THIS CASE IS CLOSED!



GRAY WOLF

LEADER
OF THE
WOLF
PACK

OVER THE HARD SNOW CRUST, GRAY WOLF LEADS HIS PACK AT A HIGH LOPE
--- NOSTRILS TESTING THE AIR FOR SCENT OF GAME.

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BUT A YOUNG BULL MOOSE, DOWN-WIND FROM
THE PACK, CATCHES THEIR SCENT FIRST!



WITH A DEEP, ROARING BAY, GRAY WOLF DRIVES
HIS PACK INTO THE CHASE! THE MOOSE IS
SLOWED BY THE THICK-CRUSTED SNOW!

AN OLDER OR WISER BULL WOULD HAVE STAYED
WHERE HE WAS --- BUT THIS YOUNG BACHELOR'S
PANIC DRIVES HIM TO BLIND FLIGHT.



THE RIVER! ITS HARD SURFACE WILL GIVE FIRM
FOOTING TO HIS HOOF --- WHILE THE WOLVES
WILL SLIDE!



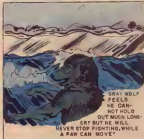




---AND CRASHES BACKWARDS-- SO SUDDENLY
THAT GRAY WOLF CANNOT JUMP CLEAR!



---BUT NOT BY THEIR
LEADER! FAR BACK, BELOW
THE THIN ICE-ROOF, GRAY
WOLF SWIMS, STRANDLING
FOR AIR!



GRAY WOLF
FEELS
HE CAN-
NOT HOLD
OUT MUCH LONG-
ER! BUT HE WILL
NEVER STOP FIGHTING, WHILE
A PAW CAN MOVE!



ABOVE HIM, NESTEA, THE FAITHFUL, SEES HER
SON'S PAW BREAK SURFACE --- AND LUNGES
FOR IT!



WITH HIS MOTHER'S HELP, HE
FINDS THE UNBROKEN ICE
WITH HIS FOREFEET!

BUT NOT UNTIL HE IS QUITE OUT OF THE WATER DOES HEETRA RELEASE HER HOLD.



WITH THE WATER OUT OF HIS LUNGS, GRAY WOLF GIVES HIS MOTHER A GRATEFUL LICK----



--- SHAKES THE FREEZING WATER OUT OF HIS COAT ---



BUT DISAPPOINTMENT AWAITS THEM! BY SHEER LUCK, THE GALLANT YOUNG BULL HAS FOUND A LITTLE HERD OF HIS OWN KIND--- NOW FORMED IN A FIGHTING CIRCLE WHICH NO WOLF PACK CAN BREAK!



Malakuk's Peril



ILLUSTRATION BY GAIL J. JENSEN

All of the tribe of Eskimos had gathered before the tent of the "medicine man," Oomiak, to watch the trial of young Malakuk. Oomiak spoke long and loudly telling how the tribal chief became sick and died because Malakuk had been an evil spirit in the camp. The tribe was close to starvation, Oomiak told them, because Malakuk's evil spirit kept the caribou away.

"Oomiak is angry because I beat him in a fight," said Malakuk. But the angry tribe would not listen and pronounced the most dreaded Eskimo punishment upon Malakuk—banishment from the tribe. The worst thing that could happen to anyone in the tundra was to be left alone—this was to be Malakuk's fate.

Only once did Malakuk look back at the Eskimos' tents, but they were not watching him. Now he was no longer considered alive—an outcast.

For two days Malakuk walked north from their old camp on the shores of the lake until he came upon the signs of a great herd of caribou.

"If I can drive this herd toward our camp, the tribe will have food," Malakuk spoke loudly, his hopelessness leaving him.

Malakuk ran ahead until he could see the slowly moving herd of caribou and then ran to the head of the herd. Suddenly, he jumped up and shouted. The herd turned and ran back toward the Eskimo camp, two days' journey away.

Running fast, he got ahead of the herd. Then began his hardest task. A sharp, high ridge ran down to the lake and Eskimo camp. It was a natural barrier that would prevent the caribou from escaping in that direction. The herd grazed at the foot of

the ridge, heading slowly toward the camp. Malakuk knew that the herd might turn toward him on the open tundra and escape. If this happened, he must think of a way to stop them.

"Caribou scarecrows! I'll make a line of caribou scarecrows on this side of the ridge all the way to camp! The caribou will be forced to go down this funnel to our camp!" Malakuk smiled happily as he thought of his plan. Quickly he set up one rock on another and covered it with mossy sod so that it looked like a man's head watching the herd. He ran ahead and set up another and another until he was far ahead of the grazing herd. Then the tired Malakuk lay down and slept.

Malakuk awoke as the herd passed him. Quickly snatching a few berries for breakfast, Malakuk ran on, continuing to set up scarecrows as he went along.

Very tired—and hardly able to go on, Malakuk was given renewed strength as he saw the blue water of the lake ahead with the Eskimo camp off to his left. Happily, Malakuk staggered toward it.

Stumbling into camp, Malakuk shouted to his tribesmen.

"Caribou! The whole herd is heading toward the lake to swim across. Get into your kayaks and bring your spears. There will be food for all!" Malakuk stopped in surprise as no one looked at him or made any move. He had forgotten his banishment meant that he was dead. After all his work, nobody would do anything. Angry, Malakuk grabbed the medicine man's spear and ran off. Oomiak arose, sadly shouting at this insult to his dignity.

"Kill Malakuk. Get your spears and kill him!" roared Oomiak as they all ran after the fleeing Malakuk.

Malakuk ran toward the herd as it entered the lake and jumped into a kayak. Overtaking the herd, he plunged his spear into a swimming animal and killed him. Looking around, Malakuk saw his happy fellow tribesmen doing the same as Oomiak yelled from the shore.

"Oomiak is banished! You are a mighty hunter—and our Chief!" said an elder to the happy Malakuk.

Sergeant PRESTON

THE THIEVING DOG

FORTY BELOW! THESE FRESH BISCUITS
WILL FREEZE QUICK AND STAY FRESH!
WATCH THAT THE BIRDS DON'T
PECK 'EM, GOMMIE.

GRAY, GRANDPA!
UMMM--- THEY
SMELL GOOD!

NOT FAR FROM THE MINING
SETTLEMENT OF MOOSE CREEK,
"DOC" TANNER HAS BEEN
BAKING SOURDOUGH --- FOR
HIMSELF AND HIS GRANDSON.

SNIFFEEFF

BUT GOMMIE IS NOT
THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS
SEEN AND SMELLED
THE HOT BISCUITS!

HEY, YOU!
GRAB THAT---
GRAND PA-A-A!

IT'S SHAMUS
O'TOOLE'S
DOG, BRIAN!
WHY DID HE
DO THAT?--

YOU DRAUGHT THIEF!
COME BACK HERE---

WELL, THE BISCUITS ARE
GONE! BUT I CAN'T FIGURE
WHY SHAMUS'S DOG WOULD
DO THAT! HE'S ALWAYS
WELL FED!



MEANWHILE AT "DOC" TANNER'S CABIN --

I SET YOUR BROKEN ARM LAST WEEK, WAGBROOK! WHAT ARE YOU BACK FOR?

THE OTHER HAND--- THE ONE I CUT ON A BROKEN BOTTLE! IT'S SMELLED UP!

THERE .. I'VE LANCED IT AND FOUTLIGED IT--- ALL I CAN DO! LOOKS TO ME MORE LIKE A DOG'S BITE--

IT WAS A BROKEN BOTTLE! IF YOU'RE SMART, DOC, YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT!

THANKS, DOC! AND DON'T MIND PETE RAMBO'S CUFF! SAY--- YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY FRESH BISCUITS MADE, HAVE YOU? I SMELL SOMETHING---

NO, SURE! I'M SHORT OF BISCUITS! SHAMUS'S RED DOG RAN OFF WITH A PAN-FULL!

O'TOOLE'S DOG? WE COULDN'T--

SHUT UP, BARLOCK! ER---THANKS AGAIN, DOC! WE'LL BE GOING!

YOU FOOL, BARLOCK! YOU ALMOST--

CORE IT OFF, RAMBO! WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL THAT DOG--- AND MAKE SURE! BEFORE THE WIND BLOWS THE TRACKS FULL!

HALF AN HOUR LATER AT LITTLE CANYON ---

AM, COME ON BACK TO TOWN, WAGBROOK! WE'LL NEVER FIND THAT DOG---

I'VE GOT A NURCH WE WILL! AND IF IT IS O'TOOLE'S---









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(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1944

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1946)

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

YUKON WEATHER

Yukon Territory stretches from the Arctic Ocean on the north almost to the Pacific Ocean on the south. When the wind blows from the Polar Ice Cap, the Yukon turns suddenly into a wilderness of snow and ice, as bitter as any place in the far north. Yet, if the winds blow from off the warm Japan current of the Pacific Ocean, temperatures can rise many degrees in a few hours. The lowest temperature ever recorded was 81.4 degrees below zero—but the highest was 95 degrees above, as warm as a summer day in New York or Chicago.

The mounted policeman must be prepared for sudden Arctic storms as well as for quick warm spells. Both can be equally dangerous if they trap him without food far from shelter. River ice can break up and flow out to sea very unexpectedly—often when the traveler had planned to cross on the ice. Or a deep fall of snow may disappear in a few short hours and make a dog sled as useless as a canoe on a



frozen river. The wise traveler plans his route carefully and is prepared for almost anything.

In the Yukon, particularly in the north of the Territory, winter travel is mostly by dog sled. But, in the summer, the many rivers provide the best highways. Traveling by water on the long Yukon River or on its swift branches, is particularly fast during the summer months. Because, during June, there are twenty-four hours of sunlight a day. Travelers can keep moving all the time, with time out only to sleep and eat. Most of the Territory is not far enough to the north to have long periods of darkness in the winter. But, in December and January, the traveler has only six hours of daylight out of twenty-four, and then he must be careful not to be caught in dangerous country during the long night, especially when there is no moon.

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A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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THE POLAR BEAR

The Polar Bear is so perfectly fitted to his Arctic home — both on land and at sea — that he never willingly leaves it. His yellow-white fur is so thick that he can and does swim a hundred ocean miles through floating chunks of ice without wetting his skin. He is strong enough to kill a bull walrus, but he eats a great deal besides *seal* and walrus meat — lichens, seaweeds, and even grass! He is curious about man, and is sometimes seen lurking, nearly invisible, among the snow-covered ice hummocks.