

DELL

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Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON

The case of
**"THE RIVER
AMBUSH"**



THE SOURDOUGH MINER



MOST OF THE WEALTH SOUGHT BY THE SOURDOUGH-PROSPECTOR-MINER LAY AMONG THE SANDS OF WILDERNESS STREAMBEDS IN THE FORM OF PLACER GOLD!



STOPPING AT A LIKELY PLACE, HE DIPPED UP A SAMPLE OF SAND WITH WATER, AND SWISHED IT AROUND AND AROUND, TO "WASH" IT.



"A NUSSET!"-- WHEN THE LIGHTER-WEIGHT PARTICLES HAD BEEN WASHED OVER THE EDGE OF THE PAN THE GOLD PARTICLES REMAINED.



"I'VE STRUCK IT RICH!" THIS IS THE SPOT--- THIS IS THE HOUR--- THAT THE SOURDOUGH HAD BEEN DREAMING OF SO LONG!



AFTER TAKING A FEW MORE SAMPLES, THE SOURDOUGH DROVE THE FOUR CORNER STAKES TO MARK OUT HIS CLAIM ON THE GOLD BEARING SANDS.



DAYS OR WEEKS LATER--- THE SOURDOUGH RECORDED HIS CLAIM WITH THE MINES REGISTRAR. IT WAS NOW LEGALLY HIS PROPERTY, TO WORK OR SELL!

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Sergeant PRESTON

RIVER AMBUSH

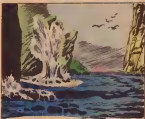


ROUNDING A BEND OF THE TRAIL, YUKON, KING DASHES AHEAD, WITH A GLAD WHIMPER: A FRIENDLY SCENT HAS REACHED HIM!





AN INSTANT LATER, THE BODY OF A MOUNTIE TUMBLES OVER THE CLIFF, TURNING SLOWLY IN THE AIR.



THE UNIFORMED FIGURE HITS THE WATER HARD — — — WHERE THE CURRENT IS DEEP AND SWIFT.

BUT EVEN BEFORE THE SPLASH, PRESTON AND KING ARE IN ACTION.







AT LAST ---

GOOD JOB,
WHITE BEAR!



YOU KNOW THIS MAN, WHITE BEAR?
--- IS IT WINTER?

LEHT HIM
CONSTABLE
TOM WINTER!
BULLET HIT
SHOULDER



WINTER COMPLETED HIS RECRUIT TRAINING
WHEN I WAS AWAY --- I'VE NEVER SEEN
HIM, TILL NOW! HAD TO BE SURE ---

WOUND IN
SHOULDER
BLED ---
YOU FIX
UM?



HOT FOR A SECOND GOES PRESTON STOP HIS SLOW,
REGULAR, PULL-AND-PUSH, FORCING AIR TO CIRCULATE
THROUGH THE YOUNG MOUNTIE'S LUNGS.

IT'S MORE IMPORTANT
TO GET HIM BREATHING
AGAIN? BRING A
BLANKET, WHITE BEAR!



COUGH!
A HUCK!
COUGH!

HE'S BREATH-
ING BY HIMSELF,
NOW! THE BLANKET,
NOW, WHITE BEAR!
THEN GET THE FIRST-
AID KIT IN MY
SADDLE!



MY PEOPLE WILL
BE GLAD FOR
THAT!

THE BULLET GRAZED
A BONE --- BUT THE BIG
BLOOD VESSELS ARE
NOT TOUCHED! HE'LL
NOT BE LONG GET-
TING OVER IT!

WAAA- UGH!
COUGH!













GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



THE LAST WEEK IN APRIL GRAY WOLF'S PACK BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY IN PAIRS, THE HOME-MAKING URGE STRONG IN THEIR BLOOD.

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LAST OF ALL, GRAY WOLF AND KUNE, HIS SLIM, BLACK MATE, HEAD FOR A ROCKY SLOPE WHICH KUNE KNOWS WELL.



FINDING A SMALL CAVE UNDER THE LEDGE ROCK, KUNE BEGINS TO CLEAN HOUSE --- SOMEWHAT TO GRAY WOLF'S DISGUST.



THEN, MOVED BY FEMALE INSTINCT, KUNE INSISTS THAT THE CEN BE WELL STOCKED WITH MEAT---FOOD FOR SEVERAL WEEKS!



WHEN HER "PANTRY" IS FILLED, KUNE DRIVES GRAY WOLF OUT, WITH SNARLS AND SNIPS WHICH MAKE HER MEANING CLEAR.



GRAY WOLF'S FEELINGS HAVE BEEN HURT. HE TROTS AWAY ON A LONELY HUNT, LIKE ANY ABUSED MATE, WOLF OR HUMAN.



DAYS LATER, HE RETURNS WITH A PEACE OFFERING, HOPING THAT KUNE'S TEMPER HAS IMPROVED...



BUT IT HASN'T! AGAIN KUNE DRIVES HIM OUT WITH HARSH GROWLS— BUT NOT BEFORE GRAY WOLF SEES SEVERAL WOOLLY BUNDLES ROLLING ABOUT — PUPPIES!



NOW HE UNDERSTANDS THE REASON FOR HIS MATE'S STRANGE MOOD: WITH A RESIGNED SIGH, HE CURLS UP OUTSIDE THE DEN TO WAIT



LATE IN MAY, KUNE APPEARS, LEAN FROM CONFINEMENT, WITH FIVE FAT PUPPIES TO SHOW HER MATE... GRAY WOLF IS PERMITTED ONE BRIEF LOOK—



THEN SHE SHOOS HER YOUNGSTERS BACK INTO THE DEN WITH A GRUFF ORDER TO STAY THERE UNTIL SHE COMES BACK.



THE WARM CHINOOK WIND IS FULL OF SPRING SCENTS! THE WILLOW BUDS ARE BURSTING, GRASS IS SPROUTING, AND THE MURMUR OF BIG AND LITTLE STREAMS IS EVERYWHERE!



BUT NOW THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY FALLS HEAVILY ON THE TWO WOLF PARENTS! THEY KNOW THAT ENEMIES ARE APOWL---



THIS IS THEIR FIRST HUNT TOGETHER IN WEEKS --- BUT IT WILL HAVE TO BE BRIEF! THE DEN MUST NOT LONG BE LEFT UNGUARDED.



AN HOUR AFTER THE WOLVES HAVE LEFT, A "SKUNK-BEAR" OR WOLVERINE CHANCES TO CATCH THE SCENT OF THE NEW DEN.

BOLD, SAVAGE AND EVER HUNGRY, HE QUICKLY MAKES SURE THAT NEITHER PARENT WOLF IS AT HOME --- ONLY THE HELPLESS PUPPIES!

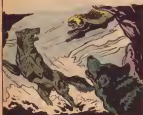


HE ENTERS--- JUST AS KUNEE AND GRAY WOLF RETURN. THE END OF HIS BUSY TAIL IS STILL IN SIGHT! KUNEE LEAPS---

---BUT GRAY WOLF PASSES HER WITH A
WIGHTIER BOUND.



TWO MINUTES LATER GRAY WOLF FLINGS THE
INTRUDER'S CARCASS DOWN THE HILL! BOTH
PARENT WOLVES BEAR DEEP SCRATCHES---



BUT THE PUPPIES--- ALL FIVE OF THEM ---
ARE UNHURT! WAITING JUST LONG ENOUGH
TO MAKE SURE OF THAT FACT ---



THE KILLER WHIPS AROUND, SHARLING---BUT
GRAY WOLF'S THRUSTING CHARGE BOWLS HIM
OVER.



--- AND THE DEN IS FILLED WITH THE
"SKUNK-BEAR'S" FOUL ODOOR!



GRAY WOLF GOES OUT TO HUNT FOR ANOTHER,
CLEANER DEN TO MOVE HIS LITTLE FAMILY INTO.



THE MOOSE



"Git, old Blubberlip!" yelled Pete Mason, throwing stones. "I hardly have enough food for myself. Git, you beggar!"

The big moose shambled off toward the trees on his shaky legs. An old bull, chased from the herd by strong young moles, he might have starved last winter if Pete Mason hadn't taken pity and fed him scraps.

But now, after the long hard winter of northern Manitoba, Pete had just enough food to last him till the spring thaw next month. His daily meal was reduced to a small chunk of pemmican, two dried biscuits and a handful of frozen berries, washed down with weak tea.

"Not a scrap to spare for a moocher like Blubberlip," muttered Pete to himself. The ancient moose had stopped under a tree and now he looked back sadly. Pete really was fond of the big ungainly animal, and he felt badly about it, but he just couldn't spare the food.

Pete went back to his lobars, working his gold diggings. The worn-out lode would never make him rich. Yet, it was better than trapping helpless animals for their fur. Pete had never liked that.

A sudden growl made Pete whirl and turn pale. A big Kodiak bear was ambling toward the cabin, hungrily sniffing the food bin next to the cabin. Pete yelled frantically but the bear didn't scare as they usually did. He kept coming . . . toward the bin.

Pete knew he himself was in no danger. Bears seldom attack men except when

wounded or enraged. This bear, newly awakened from his winter's hibernation, was plain hungry. He would raid Pete's dwindling food supplies and 'top up' every bit.

Pete groaned. How could he stop a half-ton mass of muscle? His small calibre .22 in the cabin would only sting the beast into fury. Pete could only watch helplessly as his food hoard vanished down the greedy bear's gullet!

But there was a sudden snort behind the bear. Pete gasped. Old Blubberlip was there, pawing the ground. Was the old moose going to challenge the great bear?

Antlers lowered, the moose charged. Pete tried to shut his eyes. The bear might have thought twice if it were a young powerful bull. But Blubberlip would be slaughtered!

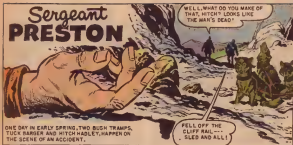
Yet some inner reserve of youth seemed to fill the old moose. For a moment, he was the mighty antlered king of the north again, feared by all creatures!

Avoiding the bear's swipe at his paw, the moose swung his antlers, tumbling the Kodiak and over end. The bear got up scuffling, teeth bared. But one look at the fire in Blubberlip's eye and the bear suddenly took to his heels, shuffling off through the trees.

"You saved my food supply, Blubberlip!" cried Pete, hugging his monkey neck. "Correction . . . our food supply!"

Pete held out a handful of berries for the old moose to munch contentedly. "Share and share alike from now on, pal."

Sergeant PRESTON



ONE DAY IN EARLY SPRING, TWO BUSH TRAMPS, TUCK BARGER AND HITCH HADLEY, HAPPEN ON THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, HITCH? LOOKS LIKE THE MAN'S DEAD!

PELLED OFF THE CLIFF RAIL --- SLED AND ALL!



LOOK, TUCK! HE WAS CARRYING THE MAIL!

YEAH! HERE'S SOMETHING VALUABLE...



NO MONEY* FOUND ANYTHING INTERESTING, HITCH?

ONLY THIS LETTER--- ADDRESSED TO SERGEANT PRESTON ---ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE-- DAWSON-- LET'S SEE---



YOU READ IT, HITCH? I NEVER HAD ANY SCHOOLING ---

IT'S TOO LONG TO READ OUT LOUD, TUCK! MMMM! SAY? LISTEN! THIS FELLA, ROSS MABRY, SAYS --- "I'VE STRUCK IT RICH!"



"WORKED OUT A BIG VEIN AT THE LOST INDIAN MINE. BIT SCARY ABOUT PACKING IT BACK ALONE WITH ALL THAT GOLD, THOUGH. WILL YOU COME HERE AND ESCORT ME BACK TO THE SETTLEMENT?"







HELLO, MARRY?

WHO? WHO-WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?



WE'RE TAKING
OVER--- THAT'S
WHAT!

WE GOT THE LETTER
YOU SENT TO
SERGEANT PRESTON
--- AND THAT'S
WHY WE'RE HERE!
NOBODY ELSE
KNOWS!



NOW, OLD MAN, WE
WANT TO SEE THE
GOLD YOU MINED!
LEAD THE WAY!

IT'S HIDDEN BACK
FARTHER INSIDE,
BUT THE TIMBERS
ARE ROTTEN IN
THEIR TUNNEL
MIGHT CAVE IN---
ANY TIME!



OKAY--- WALK TEN FEET AHEAD OF US ---
WITH THE LANTERN! IF IT CAVES IN, IT
CAVES ON YOU!

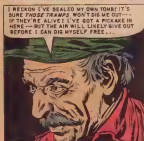


I'LL TRY IT! IT MAY KILL ME--- BUT THEY
WILL GIVE ME NO CHANCE AT ALL---
ONCE THEY'VE SEEN THE GOLD!



INTENTIONALLY, MARRY STUMBLES, THROWING
HER WEIGHT AGAINST A ROTTEN TIMBER---
WHICH GIVES WAY!

OHNO!



SOME HOURS LATER, YUKON KING HALTS ON THE TRAMPY TRAIL.





NOT FAR FROM THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE, KING PAUSES, HALTED BY A FAINT SHOUT FROM THE HILLSIDE ABOVE IT: A SHOUT TOO FAINT FOR ORDINARY HEARING!



ENTERING THE OLD WOLF'S DEN, KING FINDS A HOLE AT THE REAR ---AND DIES HARD TO ENLARGE IT!



WITH A CAREFULLY HOARSE-CANDLE STUB, OLD ROSS HARRY LIGHTS HIS WAY UP...



MOMENTS LATER, HEARING A SCRATCHING OF CLAWS, ROSS HARRY LIGHTS A MATCH...







SUDDENLY OLD ROSS MARRY IS IN THE FIGHT!



KNOCKED DOWN, THE OLD MAN'S LIFE IS IN PERIL
---WHEN A BULLET STRIKES THE TRAMP'S PICKAXE---



YUKON KING

IN HIS LONELY TRAPPER'S CABIN, DEEP IN THE YUKON, OLD BILL THALE MOVED TO THE DOOR, DESPITE THE PAIN IN HIS BROKEN LEG.



SKRATON! GOR-RATCH!
EE-EETUM, HARR!

ALL RIGHT,
TUS' SKAT, PEE!
I'M COMING.



EEETUM,
TUS' SKAT,
PARR-ON!

I'VE GOT TO TELL
YOU NOW, PARTNERS—
I'VE GOT TO SEND YOU
AWAY! THERE'S ONLY
ENOUGH FOOD TO KEEP
ME A FEW DAYS ON
SHORT RATIONS!



GO ON! HIT FOR TOWN! YOU'LL FIND SOME
GRUB THERE, NEBBET! GIT!

YUWWH!
EE-EETUM!



I—SURE HOPE—THEY UNDERSTAND! PROBBLY IT'S
THE LAST TIME I'LL SEE 'EM! I'VE GOT NO MORE
FIREWOOD—BUT THEY
SAW FREEZING TO
DEATH IS EASY.



THE NEXT DAY, AT JIM HANLON'S STORE IN SWIFTWATER—

SAY, JIM! WHO DOES THIS
STARVED DOG BELONG TO?

WELL! HE LOOKS KIND
OF FAMILIAR! AND HE
IS STARVED.

EE-EETUM!





SOME HOURS LATER, NEAR WILL THALES' LONELY CABIN, A WOLFMAN, OR BASTARD, PAUSES TO SHIFT THE AIR. SHORT-BREATHED AND POWERFUL, HE IS THE ENEMY OF ALL THAT LIVES!

 A black and white illustration of a wolfman standing in a snowy forest. The wolfman is large, muscular, and has a long, pointed ear visible. He is looking towards the left. In the background, there is a small wooden cabin with a chimney, and several trees. A speech bubble above the wolfman contains the word "WOLF?".


WOLF?

THE WOLVENTINE'S NOSE TELLS HIM OF ONE OCCUPANT - DEAD AND HELPLESS.

I'M NOT DEAD YET!

I'M NOT DEAD YET!

—AND A BIT OF FROZEN MEAT IN THE OPEN MEAT CELLAR BELOW THE FLOOR? HE DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE TRAP.



WHIFF!

A cartoon illustration of a man with a beard and a yellow shirt, holding a hammer and a piece of wood. A speech bubble above him says "I'LL STOP THAT--- SICK AS I AM!".

ITS SAVAGE TEMPER AROUSED, THE BEAST RUSHES TOWARDS THE HELPLESS MAN...



AS FEARLESS AS HE IS WICKED, THE WOLVERINE JUMPS FOR KING'S THROAT— AND FAILS TO CONNECT!



THE NEXT SPLIT-SECOND, KING HAS GOTTEN HIS GRIP! THE WOLVERINE'S SAVAGE STRENGTH IS ALL BUT USELESS...



BUT JUST AS IT REACHES THE BUNK, A GREAT DOG BURSTS INTO THE CABIN! KING'S BELLOW OF FURY DROWNS THE WOLVERINE'S SNARL!



WITH A SUDDEN SNAP, KING FLINGS HIS ENEMY ACROSS THE CABIN





FINISHED! I GUESS
HE WON'T TROUBLE
US ANY MORE ---
PARTNER?

UPPER!



I KNOW YOU'VE FORGOT
RYAN --- THE POLICEMAN'S DOG
THAT ALL THE SETTLEMENTS
WERE TALKING ABOUT LAST
FALL! YOU SURE SAVED
MY NECK, OLD BOY!

HAN, HAN,
HAN!



HOW YOU GOT HERE --- ALONE, AND JUST IN TIME ---
I CAN'T SEE! NO POLICEMAN COULD FOLLOW YOUR
TRAIL IN THIS BLIZZARD!



YOU'VE GIVEN ME HOPE, THOUGH, KING? I'LL COOK
UP WHAT'S LEFT OF MY MEAT --- THESE CHIPS I
CHOPPED OFF THE LOG WALLS WILL COOK IT!



TWO HOURS LATER --- TOWARD NIGHTFALL

THIS WILL GIVE ME SOME
STRENGTH --- I'D SHARE IT WITH
YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU WON'T TAKE
FOOD FROM ANYONE BUT PRESTON!
BRING ME MY HANDSLED, KING!



EEEFUN!

HON, PULL IT
OUTSIDE, KING ---
AND WAIT FOR ME!
TUE'S HARNESS
DOESN'T FIT YOU
TOO BADLY ---

FIVE HOURS LATER---IN A SNOW-BLINDEN'S CABIN, HALF-WAY TO SWEETWATER ---

I WISH I KNEW WHERE YUKON KING IS RIGHT NOW, LOU! THE BLIZZARD HAD WIPE OUT HIS TRACKS WHEN I GOT HERE!

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, CORPORAL! YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE ON



SCR-B-RATCH---
YARK! YARK!

KING? IT'S YUKON KING--- AT LAST!

IT'S MY LEG--- BEEN BROKEN FOR A WEEK--- AND I WAS SHORT OF GRUB AND FIREWOOD --- OUT OF MY HEAD AT THE LAST, AND ABOUT TO FREEZE

LET HIM ON THE BUNK, CORPORAL!



LATER

WITH THAT DOSE OF MORPHINE I GAVE YOU--- I HOPE SETTING THE BONE DIDN'T HURT YOU TOO MUCH, THALE!

IT HURT ENOUGH! BUT WITH YUKON KING BESIDE ME I COULDN'T PLAY THE SAID, CORPORAL! KING WOULD HAVE BEEN ASHAMED OF MEY EH, FELLOW!

EEETUN!



Was there no end to
White Eagle's "Endless Journey"?

Read the July issue of:

INDIAN CHIEF

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE DELL COMICS DEALER

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

DANGERS OF THE TRAIL



MANY UNFORESEEN DANGERS THREATENED THE LONE TRAPPER, PROSPECTOR OR TRADER, ALONG THE YUKON'S WILDERNESS TRAILS.



THE WORST DANGERS WERE OFTEN THE LEAST EXPECTED---SUCH AS THE GENTLE BREEZE WHICH CAME UP TO FAN THE NEARLY DEAD FIRE!



HOW QUICKLY A BREEZE COULD BECOME A GUSTY WIND--BLOWING HOT COALS ONTO DEAD TWIGS AND LEAVES, BEFORE A MAN KNEW IT--



HIS BLANKET, AND PERHAPS HIS CLOTHES WERE AFIRE--AND THE "BUSH" WAS BLAZING! HE WAS LUCKY IF HE ESCAPED WITH BAD BURNS ---

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

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--OR EVEN WITH HIS LIFE--AS HE FLEO FROM THE RED TERROR OF THE FOREST FIRE, ALONG WITH THE OTHER WILDERNESS DWELLERS.

HEY
KIDS!



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Schwinn's
JUST LIKE
FLYING



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