

DELL  
PUBLICATIONS

AUG.-OCT. 10¢

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

The case of  
**"THE  
TWO-WAY  
TRAP!"**



#### FEATURED

**21 super**  
Christmas  
cards of  
seasonal  
subjects. This  
box has  
everything!

#### 141-400 CHRISTMAS

21 "super"  
"Talk"  
about  
everything  
in business  
and home. 2 with  
red addresses

#### HAPPY DAYS

21 humorous  
Christmas  
cards in a  
popular date  
Wonderful  
appeal!

#### CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP

21 super

21 super  
18 large  
20 in 20 sheets  
18 including  
gift tags  
20 including each

#### WALL TEST CHRISTMAS

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collage cards  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### CURIOUS 12-11 CHRISTMAS

21 super  
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designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
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It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made  
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and organizations can do this,  
too. No experience necessary.

LAST-111  
ALL  
OCCASION

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### FEATURED BOARDS EVERYDAY

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### 2 SETS WEDDING EVERYDAY

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### EVERYDAY GIFT WRAP

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### 11-10 CHRISTMAS

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### SWEET 12-11 CHRISTMAS

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

#### 11-10 CHRISTMAS

21 super  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark



#### FREE CHRISTMAS

An assortment  
of our color  
photo cards  
appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

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appealing  
designs. 18 in  
popular date with  
1944 calendar  
and toadmark

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# Sergeant PRESTON

DAVE! LOOK THERE--  
ON THAT GRIFTWOOD  
TREE! WHAT DOES IT  
LOOK LIKE TO YOU?

A WOLF  
NAMED ROB

WELL--- I'LL BE  
SWITCHED! A  
WOLF PUPPY,  
PRESTON!



GOOD BOY, KING! GIVE  
THE PUP TO DAVE, HERE!

TO ME? WHAT ON  
EARTH WOULD I  
WANT WITH A WILD  
WOLF PUPPY,  
SERGEANT? WHAT  
WOULD ANY  
TRAPPER WANT  
--- ??

COMPANY,  
DAVE!



COMPANY FOR YOU  
THIS SUMMER WHILE  
YOUR BROTHER IS  
AWAY, DAVE! FEED HIM  
ON CANNED MILK TILL  
HE'S OLD ENOUGH  
TO EAT!

HAW, HAW! HE THINKS  
HE'S GOING TO EAT  
ME--- RIGHT NOW!  
LOOK AT HIM,  
SERGEANT!

GRRRR!



I'LL NAME HIM ROBINSON CRUSOE  
BECAUSE HE WAS JUST ANOTHER CASTAWAY--  
ON A RAFT!



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, OUTSIDE GAVE'S CABIN.

PRESTON, YOU REMEMBER POP -- THE WOLF PUP THAT KING RESCUED FROM THE RIVER. TWO SUMMERS AGO? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM NOW?

FINEST YOUNG WOLF I'VE SEEN. DAVE? I'M SURE YOU HAVE HIM -- ESPECIALLY THIS WINTER.



WHY, ESPECIALLY THIS WINTER, SERGEANT?

BECAUSE FUR THIEVES HAVE RAIDED TRAPPERS' CABINS OVER A WIDE AREA -- EARLY IN THE SEASON AS IT IS! IF THEY SHOW UP HERE WHILE YOUR BROTHER IS OUT ON TRAPLINE --



ROB WILL WARN ME. I RECKON, SERGEANT? WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

I HOPE SO, DAVE -- SO LONG? ON KING!



LATE THE NEXT DAY, MANY MILES DOWN THE RIVER, PRESTON PULLS INTO THE CROSS-LANDING TRADING POST.

CROSS-LANDING, KING? WE'LL HEAR OF ANY NEW THEFTS --



JUST OUTSIDE THE POST SEVERAL OTHER TEAMS ARE WAITING, THEIR OWNERS HAVING SOME THINGS TO TRADE.

HOLD ON, KING! THAT WHITE SIBERIAN LEADER LOOKS LIKE JESS REED'S DOG, MIKE?



YOU ARE JESS REED'S DOG, MIKE! AND I'LL BET JESS'S STOLEN FURS WERE ON THIS SLED---UNTIL THE THIEVES TOOK THEM INSIDE TO TRADE.



INSIDE THE TRADING POST---

STEVE! THAT MOUNTIE IS LOOKING OVER OUR OUTFIT--- THE WHITE LEADER WE TOOK ---



YEAH! HE'S GOT OUR NUMBER, SLIM! LET'S GO --- THE BACK WAY!

HOW ABOUT THE FURS WE BROUGHT INTO.

LEAVE 'EM! LEAVE THE TEAM AND ALL! LET'S CLEAR OUT--- WHILE WE CAN!



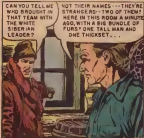
HELLO, SERGEANT PRESTON! COME IN AND GET WARM!

THANKS, MORRISON! MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU A MOMENT?



CAN YOU TELL ME WHO BROUGHT IN THAT TEAM WITH THE WHITE SIDERH LEADER?

NOT THEIR NAMES---THEY'RE STRANGERS---TWO OF THEM! HERE IN THIS ROOM A MINUTE AGO, WITH A BIG BUNDLE OF FURS! ONE TALL MAN AND ONE THICKSET...



THEY'VE GONE, SERGEANT! PROBABLY DUCKED WHEN THEY SAW YOU! BUT THEIR BUNDLE IS STILL HERE---

I'LL LOOK AT IT---





UNAWARE OF DANGER, TOM AND GAVE FERGUSON APPROACH THE AMBUSH.

I RECKON WE'LL BOTH FEEL BETTER, DAVE--- TO GET OUR PELTS SAFE TO A TRADER'S--- WHERE NO FUR THIEVES CAN TAKE 'EM FROM US!

YOU BET, TOM! THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TRAVEL ALL NIGHT!



**BANG!**



SUDDENLY TOM STAGGERS, SHOOK BY A BULLET!

**UHH!**



**TOM!**

---ARE YOU HARD HIT---

UP WITH YOUR HANDS---OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME!



KEEP-EM UP, TOM! ONE WRONG MOVE AND WE'LL---

**GRRAHH!**



**NO!**

**GRRR!**



**BANG!**





**H**ALF AN HOUR LATER, THE WOLF NAMED ROB STRUGGLES UP OUT OF BLANK UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THE TEAM IS GONE --- AND THE THIEVES!



HIS FIRST THOUGHT IS FOR HIS BELOVED MASTER, DAVE.













# Sergeant PRESTON

SNOW  
BLIND

FINE, SERGEANT! BUT YOU'D  
BETTER PUT ON SOAKED GLASSES  
--- LIKE ME? GLARE ON THE SNOW  
IS BAD!

ANDY ROSE! NOW  
ARE YOU, OLD-TIMER?  
NICE WEATHER FOR  
HAY!

TWO MILES FROM MURPHY'S  
TRADING POST, SERGEANT  
PRESTON MEETS AN OLD  
FRIEND!

BUT THEIR CONVERSATION IS INTERRUPTED



ALL RIGHT, KING?  
WE'RE COMING!

A WOMAN, SURE ENOUGH! FELL  
OVER THAT CUT  
BANK!

UHF-  
UFFF!



ANDY, YOU TAKE MRS GRAYSON  
TO THE TRADING POST! I'LL  
DRIVE TO TOM'S CABIN AND  
TELL HIM---OR LEAVE  
A NOTE IF HE  
ISN'T HOME?

GOOD IDEA,  
SERGEANT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, APPROACHING GRAYSON'S CABIN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION — — —

WE'RE BACK.  
GRAYSON! BUT  
DON'T THINK I'VE  
GIVEN UP BECAUSE  
YOU WENT SHOW-  
BLIND!

ONLY A HUMAN  
WEASEL WOULD  
HAVE TAKEN OUR  
HOSPITALITY,  
AND — —

SHUT UP AND GET  
INSIDE, GRAYSON!

IT ONLY MEANS THAT I'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOU  
AND YOUR WIFE TIED UP TILL YOUR EYES ARE  
BETTER! THEN YOU'LL TAKE ME TO YOUR  
GOLO STRIKE!

I KNOW! YOU'LL  
STOP AT NOTHING,  
NATE SMITH!

HUNT SHE'S ~~DOWN~~  
BURNED THROUGH THE  
ROPE I TIED HER  
WITH — — —

WHAT — WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING, SMITH?  
MY WIFE — — ?

SHE GOT HER WRISTS  
AGAINST THE HOT STOVE  
— BURNED THE ROPES  
— HEY! SOMEBODY'S  
COMING!

VIP! FARR!  
FARR!-ROO!  
VIP!

HELP!  
HELP!

HELP!... GUNNN...

KLUNK!



OUTSIDE, SMITH SLASHES PRESTON'S TOW LINE.

PLAGUE TAKE THAT MOUNTIE! HE'LL FIND GRAYSON--- BUT THIS WILL GIVE ME A LITTLE EXTRA START ON HIM!



CRACK! MUSH, YOU--?



--- AND JUMPS TOM GRAYSON'S TEAM INTO A SCRAMBLING RUN.

MEANWHILE IN GRAYSON'S CABIN---

GOOD ROPE, BURNING IN THE STOVE! THAT'S QUER!--JUNK! WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?



ER FOM!  
FARK!

OH, SOMEBODY ELSE---



RRR-  
URRR

MMMMH!

I'M SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE MOUNTED POLICE! TELL ME---WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'M--- I'M TOM GRAYSON. MMMH! OH, MY HEAD! SMITH MUST HAVE--- BLUZZED ME!



I'LL GET YOU TO BED, GRAYSON--- AND THEN YOU CAN TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY! YOUR WIFE ESCAPED? SHE'S AT THE TRADING POST?

GOOD! GOOD! FOR--- MARTHA! KNEW SHE'D - GET AWAY!





ON THE MAIN TRAIL NORTH, AS NATE SMITH OVER-  
TAKES A SLOWER TEAM --



I FIGURE I GOT STUNG IN THE SWAP! I'LL  
TRADE WITH YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE TO,  
FRITCHOF TEAM, SLED, LOAD AND ALL?







# Sergeant PRESTON

RIDING INTO THE SETTLEMENT OF WHITE ROCKS, SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS GREAT COO YUKON KING SEE A GATHERING CROWD.

## THE TWO-WAY TRAP

WELL, KING! THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF EXCITEMENT IN TOWN!

HELLO! HERE'S SERGEANT PRESTON---  
---AND KING!---  
JUST TOO LATE TO CATCH THE ROBBERS!

WHO WAS ROBBED?

I WAS ROBBED, SERGEANT--- LAST NIGHT---  
BY THREE JAILBIRDS!

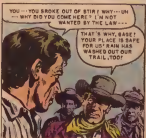
THEY NEARLY  
KILLED POOR  
HANK MORRIS!  
KNOCKED HIM  
COLDS---

--- AND CLEAVED OUT  
HIS TILL, AND---

BETTER LET HIM TELL  
ME ABOUT IT!

IT WAS JUST WHEN I WAS CLOSING UP,  
LAST NIGHT, SERGEANT! I THOUGHT  
THEY WERE LATE CUSTOMERS---  
UNTIL I SAW THEIR PRISON  
CLOTHES! THEN SOMETHING  
HIT ME---

THEY  
ESCAPED YES-  
TERDAY! DID  
THEY TAKE ANY-  
THING--- BESIDES  
MONEY?















LET'S HAVE THE BURL, KING?---WELL, MISTER? WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S YOUR GAME? IF YOU ARE WORKING FOR NICK CRAVEN AND HIS GANG, TALKING MAY HELP YOU!

DRAT!



THEY MADE ME TRY IT! I USED TO BE ONE OF THEM GANG! I WAS TO TAKE YOU---AFTER I'D KILLED YOUR DOG WITH POISONED MEAT---BECAUSE I'D NEVER STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE TWO OF YOU.



HMMMM! YOUR PARTNERS WOULDN'T LOSE MUCH IF YOU FAILED---AND I DON'T THINK THEY ARE BANKING TOO MUCH ON YOUR SUCCESS.

AHMM! NICK CRAVEN NEVER BANKS ON ANYTHING BUT HIMSELF!



THOSE JAILBROS WILL BE WATCHING FOR US, KING---WITH RIFLES! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL AFTER DARK, OR ELSE... YES! THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER WAY---



AT SUNSET--- IN SAGE'S CABIN---

NICK! HE'S COMING! SAGE! HE'S GOT THE MOUNTIE!

THE MOUNTIE--- TIED ACROSS HIS SADDLE! AND THE DEAD DOG ON TOP! I DIDN'T REALLY THINK SAGE COULD PULL IT OFF!



WHOO-EE!

COME ON! I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT MOUNTIE IS DEAD---





OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, PRESTON  
SEES SINGLE COMING---



-- --AND ADDS A THROW TO THE CROOK'S  
MOMENTUM!



HELP! TAKE HIM  
OFF! GET THIS  
DOG OFF ME---

KING! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF HIM  
NOW!



WATCH THEM, KING ---  
WHILE I LIFT BAGE DOWN!



I CAME AFTER THREE, BUT YOU BAGE  
WILL MAKE FOUR---WHO WILL HAVE  
A LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN---  
AND JAIL!



YOU'VE NOT HAD TIME TO DISPOSE OF THE  
GOODS YOU STOLE FROM MORRIS'S STORE.  
SO WE'LL TAKE THEM BACK TO HIM---  
AND CALL THIS CASE *CLOSED*!





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Bob Dawson and Chuck Blair had just found the first real big vein of gold in the small mine they had been working all season, when Chuck began to talk about heading back for Placer City.

"We don't want to get caught on the trail when the snow comes," he argued.

"The sky is clear as a bell," protested Bob. "It won't snow for weeks. Why are you worrying? It's a crime to leave this gold until Spring."

"It will keep, and we have enough to live on this winter. Besides, I know it's going to snow because Kahnee, my lead dog, has been sniffing the air all day, and acting restless. That's a sure sign."

"WHAT!" yelled Bob. "You mean you'd walk out on all this gold just because that stupid dog is restless? What does a dog know about predicting weather? I'm sick and tired of the way you're always talking about how smart that fool dog is. He's a good sled dog, and that's all."

Chuck sighed. There was no use arguing with Bob about Kahnee. He didn't understand about how dogs could sometimes have a sixth sense. Instead he said, "I'm willing to stay three more days, then we must leave or risk freezing or starving on the trail."

Bob grunted his agreement, and for the next two days they worked in the mine. Then, as Chuck was prying at a rock, a large jagged rock in the wall fell on his leg injuring it badly.

Bob knew he'd have to get Chuck to a doctor as fast as possible. Quickly, he broke camp, loaded Chuck into the sled, and set off for Placer City.

After three days, Chuck's temperature rose and he became delirious much of the

time. Meanwhile the sky clouded over and snow began to fall. Chuck awoke just long enough to see the dense, swirling snow.

"Guess Kahnee was right," he remarked weakly, "but don't worry, Bob. If you have trouble, give Kahnee his head and he'll get us back safe."

Bob gritted his teeth and grimly he made up his mind that he could manage without Kahnee's help.

At last he came to a fork in the trail. The left branch led across a wide open snow field. The right branch went through a mountain pass, and while the trail was harder to follow, it was ten miles shorter. Chuck usually took the left pass, so Kahnee instinctively started in that direction. Angriily, Bob cracked his whip and turned the team down the other trail.

As they approached the narrow neck of the pass Kahnee slowed down. Bob shouted at him and cracked his whip but instead of going on, Kahnee stopped. Again Bob yelled and cracked his whip at Kahnee but the dog stood his ground and began to bark. Again and again his bark rang out and echoed through the pass, and then Bob heard another sound . . . an ominous "CRACK" . . . followed by a terrible, rumbling, roaring sound as an avalanche thundered down the steep mountain wall somewhere beyond where they stood.

Bob stood transfixed until the last rumble died away. Then he walked forward and clumsily stroked Kahnee's head, saying, "I guess I owe you an apology, partner. We'd all have been buried under that slide if you hadn't shown so much sense. I guess maybe I'd better take Chuck's advice and leave it up to you to get us safely to Placer City."

Bob turned the sled around and then he gave Kahnee a free rein. With an eager yelp Kahnee headed back toward the other trail.

Hours later as they were pulling into Placer City, Chuck revived and whispered, "I knew you'd make it, Bob."

"Don't thank me," said Bob. "It was Kahnee who got us back safe. I guess I've got a lot to learn about dogs, and with Kahnee around I think I'll learn fast."

# GRAY WOLF

## LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



GRAY WOLF IS OUT HUNTING BREAK-FAST FOR HIS FAMILY. AMONG THE TANGY ODORS OF BUDGING LEAVES AND DAMP SOIL, HE CATCHES THE WARM SCENT OF RABBITS.



NOISELESSLY, TENSE AS A STEEL SPRING, HE INCHES AROUND A BIG ROCK...



BUT IT IS A DEAD RABBIT HE FINDS THERE—<sup>HE</sup> FRESHLY KILLED—WITH THE MUSKY SCENT OF WEASEL STILL IN THE AIR.

FROM FARTHER ON COMES SUDDENLY THE SOUNDS OF A WILDERNESS BATTLE—A SCREAMING AND A THUMPING! GRAY WOLF MOVED LIKE A SWIFT SHADOW TO INVESTIGATE.



A BIG SUCK RABBIT IS FIGHTING OFF THE VICIOUS LITTLE ASSASSIN WHO KILLS FOR PLEASURE MORE THAN FOR FOOD!



THE WEASEL BOES SPINNING ---  
BUT UNHURT.



HE LEAPS AGAIN---AND SEIZES THE FOREPAW  
IN NEEDLE-SHARP TEETH



THEN SOME WARNING SCENT---OR SIXTH  
SENSE OF DANGER!---MAKES THE LITTLE  
BEAST CHOP AND WHIRL ABOUT---TO FACE  
GRAY WOLF!



CORNERED, THE WEASEL KNOWS ONLY FLEE!  
HE CANNOT ESCAPE, WITH HIS SHORT LEGS  
---AND HE NEVER THINKS  
OF TRYING! HE ATTACKS!



ONE CHOP OF THE WOLF'S JAWS  
---AND THE EVIL-SMELLING  
LITTLE KILLER IS FLUNG ASIDE,  
DEAD. THE BUCK RABBIT IS  
ALREADY GONE.



...BUT THE WEASEL'S FIRST VICTIM IS STILL  
THERE! A SMALL BREAKFAST, BUT BETTER  
THAN NOTHING





WITH THE DEAD RABBIT IN HIS MOUTH, GRAY WOLF STARTS BACK TO HIS DEN-- BY A SHORTER ROUTE, FOLLOWING THE RIVER.



THE RIVER IS IN FRESHET--- SWOLLEN BY MOUNTAIN SNOW-FED CREEKS AND RUNS WHAT WHEEZE THERE IS, SLOWS FROM THE FLOOD.



IT CARRIES THE WOLF SCENT TO A YOUNG MOOSE COW, WATCHING OVER HER NEW-BORN CALF IN A THICKET.



WITHOUT WARNING SHE BURSTS OUT OF COVER-- GRUNTING HER FURY--- CATCHING GRAY WOLF BETWEEN THE RIVER AND A RUSHING CREEK, HER BIG FOREHOOPS ARE DEADLY WEAPONS..



--- AND GRAY WOLF HAS NO INTENTIONS OF ARGUING WITH THEM! HE LEAPS STRAIGHT OUT INTO THE BOILING RIVER, THE RABBIT STILL CLAMPED IN HIS JAWS.



THE FIERCE CURRENTS CATCH HIM, DUCK HIM,  
TOSS HIM UP AGAIN, SWIMMING HARD! HE  
STRAKES OUT FOR THE BANK ...



HE IS SWIFT A HUNDRED YARDS DOWNSTREAM  
BEFORE HE FINALLY GETS A GLIM-HOLD ON  
SOLID GROUND.

MINUTES LATER, HE REACHES HIS NEW DEN



...AND TRIUMPHANTLY LAYS BEFORE HIS MATE,  
KUNEE, THE OFFERING HE HAS WORKED SO HARD  
TO BRING HOME.



FAR TOO YOUNG TO EAT  
THE RABBIT, THE PUPS  
BURL THEMSELVES  
UPON IT WITH BABY  
GROWLS.



AND KUNEE DOES SOMETHING QUITE UNUSUAL...  
SHE GIVES HER BIG MATE'S CHEEK A HASTY LICK  
...WHICH MAKES HIM FEEL THAT ALL HIS EFFORT  
HAS BEEN VERY WORTHWHILE!



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