

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





THE ARCTIC OWL

BY GEORGE T. DELACOURT, JR.

THE ARCTIC OWL OFTEN ATTACKS THE LARGE ARCTIC HARE WHICH IS OFTEN TWICE HIS WEIGHT. THIS AMAZING BIRD IS SO ADAPTABLE THAT HE CAN KILL FISH AS THEY SWIM IN LAKES AND STREAMS, SOMETHING THAT IS USUALLY DONE ONLY BY SPECIALIZED FISH HUNTERS SUCH AS THE KINGFISHER AND THE OSPREY. HE IS WELL-EQUIPPED FOR HIS COLD ENVIRONMENT. EVEN HIS TALONS ARE COVERED WITH HAIR-LIKE FEATHERS. HIS BEAK LOOKS SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT BECAUSE THE FEATHERS OF HIS HEAD ALMOST COVER IT. BUT WHEN THE "TERMINE OWL" IS HUNTING, THE TALONS ARE EXTENDED AND THE BEAK IS PUT TO GOOD USE. HIS KILLS ARE MADE BY GRIPPING AT THE PREY AND STRIKING HARD WITH HIS CLAWS.

ORDINARY OWLS, SUCH AS THE BARRED OWL OR THE GREAT HORNED OWL, ARE BLIND DURING DAYLIGHT, BUT THE ARCTIC OWL SEES PERFECTLY. THIS IS ONLY NATURAL BECAUSE OF THE PERIODS OF UNENDING DAYLIGHT WHICH OCCUR IN THE ARCTIC--THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN--DURING WHICH ORDINARY OWLS WOULD BE ENTIRELY HELPLESS FOR MANY DAYS. FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, CROWS LOVE TO TORMENT OWLS AND WILL DO SO EVERY TIME THEY CATCH ONE OUT DURING DAYLIGHT. BUT WHEN THEY ATTACK AN ARCTIC OWL DURING HIS OCCASIONAL WINTER VISITS TO A MORE TEMPERATE CLIMATE WHERE CROWS ABOUND, THEY ARE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE. THE GREAT HUNTER WAITS CALMLY UNTIL A CROW IS CLOSE ENOUGH, THEN HE FLASHES OFF HIS PERCH AND IS SOON DINING ON ONE OF HIS WOULD-BE TORMENTORS.



Sergeant PRESTON

IN
THE TRAIL
OF GOLD

THERE'S OLD TOM
GORDON—LOADING UP
FOR THE TRAIL! I WONDER
IF ANYTHING IS WRONG....



ON A ROUTINE PATROL, SERGEANT PRESTON HEARS AN OLD MINER'S "SHAKE"—
AND SENDS HIS LEAD DOGS, THROCKING, TOWARD IT.

HELLS, TOM! DON'T
TELL ME THAT
YOU'RE CLEARING
OUT—...
ONLY LONG
ENOUGH TO
TAKE MY "GUST"
TO WHITEHORSE
AND BAKK IT, SERGEANT!
I'VE STRUCK IT RICH, AT
LAST—... BUT NOT
MY MINE TURNED...



ALL I STRUCK IN THE TUNNEL, THAT WAS WORTH ANY-
THING, WAS A SPRING OF GOOD WATER! NOW I'M USING
IT TO WASH OUT THE PAY DIRT I DIG OUT OF AN OLD
STREAM BED, CLOSE BY! GOT SO MUCH NOW, I DON'T
DARE TO KEEP IT AROUND!



JUST FEEL OF THAT!
I'VE GOT THIRTY POKES
LIKE IT ON MY SLED!



THEN I'M GLAD I HAPPENED
ALONG—JUST NOW! THERE ARE
TOO MANY THIEVES ON THE
TRAIL, THESE DAYS FOR A MAN TO
TRAVEL, SAFELY ALONE, WITH
EVEN ONE POKER OF GUST!
WE'LL TRAIL TOGETHER!

I'M READY—AND YOU AREN'T
HALF AS BLAD AS I AM,
SERGEANT! THIS IS LUCK,
MUGGA, YOU HURRIES!

MUGGA, KINE?



WE DON'T TO MAKE
WHITEHORSE IN
ABOUT THREE DAYS,
I FIGURE, SERGEANT!

—UNLESS A BLIZZARD
HITS US! THE AIR FEELS
LIKE ONE, TOM...







WE'LL PUT THE GOLD ON THE
OLDEST FLOOR, AND DROP
YOUR PARKA OVER IT .
I'LL BE BACK SOON---
AND THEN WE'LL
EAT!



HERE COMES THE SERGEANT!
THERE'S ONLY THE OLD MAN
WITH THE GOLD NOW, JACK!

YEN!



MURDER, MURDER!
COME ON, JACK! WE
WILL HEAD FOR THE
TOWN KENNELS!

UFFF!



COME ON, JACK! WE
CAN GET IT EASY,
NOW---

WAIT, YOU BONEHEAD!
GETTING IS ONE THING--AND
HOLDING ON TO IT ANOTHER--
WITH PRESTON FREE TO
TRACK US DOWN!



YOU MEAN---
WILL THE
MOUNTIE?

-- AND GET THE WHOLE NORTHWEST
MOUNTED AFTER US? SHUT UP AND
LISTEN, BUFFALO! THERE'S AN
EMPTY CABIN JUST BEYOND THE
KENNELS! AND HERE'S WHAT
WE'LL DO ---



AT THE KENNELS, PRESTON MAKES HIS ARRANGEMENTS,
AND--

YOU'LL FEED BOTH TEARS FIRST THING IN THE
MORNING, RICKERT WE'LL WANT TO MAKE AN EARLY
START FOR WHITEHORSE, IF THE BLIZZARD
HOLDS OFF!

OKAY, SERGEANT! I'LL
SEE TO IT!

—WITH YAKON, KONG TURNS BACK INTO THE STREET



SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE HOWL OF THE WIND— —













SERGEANT! HE DID FIND YOU---!

MMHMM! UH-HH!



MMH! YOU MUST BE HEARTLY FROZEN! A LITTLE MORE AND YOU'D BE STIFF!

I KEPT PARTLY WARM, FIGHTING THESE ASSES! BUT THEY WERE TOO TERT TO SLIP!

KEEE-YO! OW-OHH!



KNEE'S STILL SLIPP! WHAT DID THEY DO TO KINE?---AFTER THEY OLBESSED ME?

SAUF HIM IN THE EMPTY CABIN?



BETTER COME TO THE DINING ROOM FOR A HOT ORSK, SERGEANT!

HAVE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO-SLO TOM BORDOH, FIRST! I'M AFRAID HE GET FOUL PLAT, TOO!



SOOOO-UHH! MY HEAD! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE--- HIT ME

SOMEONE DID! NICKER YOU STAY HERE WITH HIM, WHILE I HAVE A LOOK UPSTAIRS! COME, KINE--



THEY MUST HAVE SEEN TOM AND WE UNLOADING THE GUST FROM THE BLEG--- AND WAITED UNTIL THEY COULD TRAP ME...

I KNOW IT! IF ONLY THEY HAVEN'T INJURED HIM---



TOM! IT'S SERGEANT PRESTON! TOM---



HE'S BEEN CLUBBED---
BASTARD! CONCUSSION AT
HIS AGE MIGHT KILL HIM!
FINE JOB OF PROTECTING
HIM I DID!



THE CLERK'S GRAY
HON, SERGEANT!
SAID TWO MEN WITH
BLACK BEARDS---
NEXT WHAT
HAPPENED TO---

OLD TOM SORDON'S BEEN
CLUBBED AND ROBBED, TOO!
HE NEEDS THE DOCTOR! GET
ONE AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN,
NICKER!--WHILE I SET ON THE
TRAIL OF THE ROBBERS...



KNOWING THAT KING'S IDENTIFICATION IS DIMMER
THAN THE BEFUDDLED CLERK'S, PRESTON
WATCHES SAGELY.

MMMPFF!
SHUFF!
SHHHH SHHH!

GET THAT SCENT, KING! THE
FRESHEST SCENT ON THIS
FLOOD!



SENNENERRA---
BRRR--

GOOD BOY! YOU'VE SCENTED
THE SAME PARTY---OR PARTIES---
THAT ATTACKED US! AFTER
THU, KING!







DON'T COUNT ON THAT!
PRESTON HAS A REPUTATION FOR
NEVER LOSING HIS MAN! WE'LL
FOLLOW THIS ALLEY.
AND ---



HERE! THIS IS THE PLACE! HAND
WE THOSE FOXES OF GOLD AND
I'LL DROP 'EM INTO THE
BARREL! WE'LL SET 'EM AFTER
DARK --- AND MEANTIME,
WOODY WILL ROB US!

HUMPH!
WOODY
HAPPENS
TO EMPTY
THAT
BARREL FOR
SOME REASON!
O.K.



AN HOUR LATER ---

WELL, KING! THIS ISN'T
SAY --- AND I'M PRETTY
SURE OUR MEN ARE STILL
HERE!



WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND
INSIDE THE CAFE --- AND PERHAPS
ASK A FEW QUESTIONS



WHAT'S WRONG, KING?
I DON'T SEE ANY BLACK-
BEARDED MEN IN HERE ---

GARRRR!
JEFF!



BUT AT THE FAR END OF THE BAR ---

THE MOUNTIE, BUFFALO!
LET'S SLIP OUT OF HERE!
HE JUST MIGHT QUACK ---

HUNT! IT'S THE
GOS! I'M SCARED!
HE'S BOWLING
NOW!

WELL, RED? I'M LOOKING FOR A
COUPLE OF BLACK-BEARDED
FELLOWS WHO ASSAULTED AND
ROBBED AN OLD MINER IN NORTH
END? THAT WAS YESTERDAY---

I'M SORRY, SERGEANT---
ONLY STRANGERS WERE
TWO CLEAN-SHAVED
CHAPS... DOWN AT
THE END OF THE BAR
NOW---



I SAID? THEY'VE SLIPPED
OUT WHILE WE WERE
SPEAKING---

SO I NOTICED? BUT THEY
DON'T FIT THE DESCRIP-
TION---H, WHAT? WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR
MIND? THOSE MEN
WEREN'T---

GAARRRRH
GAARRRRH!



BUT, WAIT A MINUTE? IF
THEY WERE FRESH
SHAVEN---



RED? DID YOU
NOTICE
PARTICULARLY---

YES? I DO, SERGEANT? THEY
WERE FRESHLY SHAVEN---
AND ONE OF THEM HAD CUT
HIMSELF A LITTLE? THE
BLOOD ON THE CUT WAS
HARDLY GONE? MAYBE
THEY SHAVED OFF A
PAIR OF BLACK
BEARDED, EN?



AFTER THEM, KINE? WE'LL SOON
CATCH AND QUESTION THEM---

GAARRRRH!



JACK? LOOK?
THE SERGEANT
AND HIS DOG---

--- COMING OUT IN AN
AWFUL HURRY!
I WONDER---







Sergeant PRESTON

MUSH,
YOU HUSKIES!
THIS IS FOR
LIFE OR
DEATH!

IN
YUKON KING
RETURNS

RUSHING PRECIOUS DYPHTHERIA ANTIDOTIN TO AN ISOLATED
ORINDA VILLAGE, SERGEANT PRESTON HOPES TO REACH THE
RIVER BEFORE THE RIVER ICE BREAKS UP UNDER THE
WARM SPRING SUN.



ALMOST WITHIN REACH OF THE STREAM,
PRESTON BECOMES AWARE OF A HEAVY,
BRINDING NOISE, SOMEWHERE AHEAD.

THAT RUMBLING--- IT CAN'T
BE THUNDER! MUSH,
YOU HUSKIES!



GOOD-BYE! THE ICE HAS
BROKEN! SO MAN--- OR
DOG, CAN CROSS NOW!



YARK!
YARK!
YARK!

KING! I SEE WHAT YOU'VE
FOUNDED! RICE JAM---
FORMING DOWNSTREAM!
IF IT HOLDS---



---THERE MIGHT
BE A CHANCE TO
GET THAT SERUM
ACROSS!



PACKED IN THE POCKETS OF A CANVAS BELT, THE
SERUM IS READY.

WE'LL RISK IT,
KING! COME
DIE!

THE JAM MAY GO OUT AT ANY MOMENT, KING,
BUT INDIAN KIDS ACROSS THE RIVER ARE
DYING FOR THE LACK OF THIS
MEDICINE! THEY CAN'T WAIT---



BOOM! BOON!

BOON-
YARK!

IT'S BREAKING!
KING---



IT'S NEVER GET ACROSS IN TIME! THE SERUM
WOULD BE LOST WITH ME! BUT YOU HAVE A
CHANCE, KING---IF IT HOLDS A FEW SECONDS
LONGER! A GOOD CHANCE!



IN A FLASH, THE SERGEANT MAKES HIS DECISION---
WITH THOSE STRICKEN CHILDREN IN MIND! HE
KNOWS KING'S COURAGE---

WITH HIS STRONG FEET GRIPPING THE TREACHEROUS
ICE, KING BOUNDS OUTWARD ACROSS THE GABBERS,
BRODIE'S BRIDGE...



RUN,
FELLOW!
RUN---

TWO THIRDS OF THE WAY ACROSS, A SUDDEN GAP OPENS
WITH A HEAVY ROAR. KING LEAPS IT, AND---



--- AS THE RIVER CARRIES THE REST OF THE JAM
AWAY, FINDS FOOTING ON A FLOATING CHUNK!



FROM PAN TO PAN OF TILTING,
SPINNING ICE, THE GREAT OGS
BOARDS --- HEADING ALWAYS
FOR THE SHORE



WITH NOTHING BUT SWIFT WATER
STRETCHING BETWEEN HIM AND
THE LAND --- HE LEAPS ---

--- AND BATTLES HIS WAY
TO LAND!



- FILLED WITH RELIEF --- AND PRIDE IN HIS FOUR-
FOOTED PARTNER, PRESTON SPOUTS INSTRUCTIONS



KINS KNOWS THE TRAIL, TO CHIEF ATANISK'S WILLARD
--- FROM YEARLY VISITS WITH SERGEANT PRESTON!
HE TAKES IT AT A RUN --- WITH HIS PRICELESS
LOAD INTACT



COMING IN SIGHT OF THE COLLECTION OF ROUGH
CASINS, KINS NAILS THEM WITH A RIPPING BARK





CHIEF! IT IS HERE!
SCARLETT PRESTON'S
YUKON KID.



THE SERUM! HE HAS BROUGHT US THE
DIPHTHERIA SERUM, THE "STRONG
MEDICINE" -- CHIEF! IT WILL SAVE
THE CHILDREN!

GOOD!
YOU GIVE TO
CHILDREN NOW.
LEADUS! THEY LIVE--
NOT DIE!



YOU'RE WET, KING! YOU'VE
BEEN IN THE RIVER! THAT
IS WHY PRESTON ISN'T
WITH YOU --- HE
COULDN'T CROSS!

EE-
YU!



SOME MINUTES LATER---

KING, DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE DONE ---
SAVED THESE KIDS'
LIVES?

HAN, HAN,
HAN!



NOW WE'LL GIVE YOU THE BEST
MEAL THAT THIS VILLAGE CAN
GET TOGETHER FOR YOU, KING
--- UN --- BAY! WHERE
ARE YOU HEAD-
ING?



WELL! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
IT! HE CAN'T WAIT --- TO
GET BACK TO PRESTON!

BUT ON REACHING THE RIVER, KING FINDS THE RIVER IMPASSABLE WITH BROKEN ICE THAT WOULD MAKE CROSSING SUICIDAL, AND THERE IS NO RESPONSE TO HIS BARKING? PRESTON HAS SOME BACK?

TARK!
TARK!



WITH THE WISDOM OF AN EXPERIENCED LEAD DOG, KING KNOWS THAT IT MIGHT BE DAYS BEFORE HE CAN CROSS AND TAKE UP PRESTON'S TRAIL. SO HE HEADS DOWNRIVER, TOWARD PELLY CROSSING, ONE OF PRESTON'S USUAL STOPS.

SOMETIMES HE MIGHT OUTFIT A RIVER BEND... OR BY-PASS A ROCKY BLUFF AND, THOUGH HIS STEEL MUSCLES NEVER TIRE, HE DOES SHOW HUNGER



ON THE SECOND DAY OF TRAVEL, KING SURPRISES A BLACK BEAR, FISHING, AND STUDIES HIM, FROM A LITTLE DISTANCE.



URGED BY HUNGER, HE DECIDES TO TRY HIS LUCK* BELOW THE SURFACE HE SEES A SHIFT, SHADOWY MOVEMENT



AND GRAB AT IT*



TASTING BETTER THAN THE FROZEN FISH WHICH IS
STANDARD RATION FOR A WUSKY, KING'S CATCH
SWIFTLY DISAPPEARS.



NONE BUT A DOG OF GREAT HEART AND STRENGTH
COULD BREAST THAT HOT, TURBULENT WATER...
BUT EVEN KING'S STRONG SWIMMING MAKES
LITTLE HEADWAY! LITTLE BY LITTLE
HE SLOWS, STILL FAR FROM THE
OTHER SHORE.



ON THE STRENGTH OF THAT MEAL, HE FINALLY
REACHED THE JUNCTION OF THE YUCCA AND PELLY
RIVERS---A FEW MILES ABOVE PELLY CROSSING...
HERE, WITH THE WATER ALMOST FREE OF ICE,
HE CAN BRAVE THE CURRENTS.



AND THEN---

HI-YAH! KING! THAT
YOU? WHERE SERGEANT
PRESTON?



PETER RAVENWING TAKE
YOU! YOU SERGEANT
PRESTON'S DOG, ALL
RIGHT!

EE-
YUN,
YUNT!



PHOO! NOW
PETE WEI,
YOU!





BUT, AS INDIAN PETE AND KING TURN TO THE CANOE--



WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT THE INDIAN AND HIS OOB -- AND SINK 'EM IN THE RIVER -- SO NOBODY WILL SUSSE WE TOOK THE CANOE!

YEAN! MIGHT AS WELL DO IT RIGHT NOW--

SENSING THE OUTLAWS' MURDEROUS INTENT, KING
LEAPS--- BEFORE A RIFLE CAN BE WELL-AIMED.



SWIFTLY THE INDIAN STROOPS--- FOR HIS OWN RIFLE.



TANKED OFF HIS FEET, BACK THE OUTLAW LANDS
BANG! HIS RIFLE GOES FLYING



FLURIOUS, BADGER SWINGS
HIS RUINED WEAPON



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE "BUSH" STRIDES
SERGEANT PRESTON





--- PRESTON, UNWILLING TO SHOOT IF HE CAN HELP IT, LOSES HIS FIRST ADVANTAGE.



IN THE SAME CROWDED SECOND, SAGGER WHIPS OUT A HIDDEN SERINGER--- BUT THE ODDING, SHAKING DOG IS A DIFFICULT TARGET..

--- AND WITH ITS TWO SHOTS EXPENDED, THE WEAPON IS GOOD ONLY AS A DUE.



CLEVERLY, KING THROWS HIS WEIGHT, USING THE MAN'S OWN PRANTED EFFORTS TO UPSET HIM

BUT PETE'S HELP IS KAROLY NEEDED! THROUGHLY BEATEN, BADGER IS CONTENT TO LIE STILL.



YOU MAKE ONE MORE MOVE---PETE RAVENWING PICK-UP!



BOOM, A STRONG, TOUGH MAN, IS NO MATCH IN THE LONG RUN FOR PRESTON'S SKILL! SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT, THE SERGEANT TRIPS HIM

--- AND WRESTS THE KNIFE FROM HIS FINGERS



GRRR!



ALL RIGHT, KIDS? LET HIM UP! WE'LL TAKE THESE ROBBERS BACK TO FOLLY CROSSING!

THEY DIDN'T KNOW I WAS SO CLOSE BEHIND THEM ---AND I DIDN'T DREAM THAT KING WOULD BE ON THE SPOT TO HELP! I THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE LONGER FOR HIM TO FIND ME!



KING SWIM LIKE STEAMBOAT? PICK-UP OUT OF RIVER!

I WISH I COULD KNOW ALL THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE YOU DELIVERED THAT SERUM TO CHIEF ATAHISK'S VILLAGE, KIDS! BUT ANYHOW, WE CAN CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!



YARK!

Sergeant PRESTON

IN
KING PROVES
HIS WORTH

HEY, BILL! I'M FREEZING
TO DEATH IN THIS WIND!
PULL OFF SOMEWHERE
AND CAMP!

CHANGE PLACES
WITH ME AND
YOU'LL GET
WARM, JAY!

SOME MILES NORTH OF
SELKIRK IN YUKON TERRITORY,
A HARD-DRIVEN DOG TEAM
FACES THE WIND AND
THREATENING SLIZZARD.

YOU KNOW GOSHAW
WELL, I CAN'T MUSH
WITHA PROOST-BIT
FOOT, BILL! WE'VE
GOT TO CAMP AND
WARM UP FOR
A SPELL!



MAKES PRESTON TEN'T SO FAR BEHIND AS YOU FIGURE, JAY! WE ROBBED THE BELKIN BANK LAST NIGHT—BUT PRESTON WAS DUE BACK THIS MORNING... AND YOU KNOW HOW HE IS ON A MAN-TRAIL!







LEAVING THE TEAM THERE, HE RACES BACK...



...TO PEER CAUTIOUSLY FROM HIDE AT THE PLACE FROM WHICH THE RIFLE SHOTS CAME. WHAT HE SEES BRINGS A LOW HOWL FROM HIS THROAT!



GRAB--FAST!

CAREFUL, BILL! THE MOUNTIE MAY BE PLAYING POSSEUM--



NOT LIKELY! HE WAS AS CHEET AS A BUS WHEN HE WENT OVER THE EDGE, HERE! I'LL PUT ANOTHER SLUG IN HIM, TO MAKE SURE!

HE---HE'S GONE!



YEAH! BUT NOT FAST! SEE WHERE THE SNOW ROLLED DOWN? PRESTON'S LYING UNDER THAT STUFF SOMEWHERE---TOO DEAD TO STIR!

WE CAN FORGET HIM AND TAKE IT EASY, NOW! THERE'S AN OLD CABIN I KNOW---THAT WE CAN REACH BY DARK TONIGHT. WE'LL HOLD UP THERE TILL THE BAD WEATHER'S PAST!



WORTH UNTIL THE TWO ROBBERS ARE OUT OF SIGHT, KING PLUNGES DOWN INTO THE RAVINE --- HIS ONE THOUGHT IS TO REACH PRESTON



SEE-YUM, YUM!

HER KEEN NOSE LOCATES HIS BASTARD STOMACH---AND TELLS HIM THAT LIFE IS STILL STRONG IN THAT BELOVED FORM



SEE-YUM! YUM!





NOW---IT'S JAMMED! THE HAMMER MUST HAVE
STRUCK A ROCK WHEN I FELL... AND SENT
SOMETHING, JUST ENOUGH...



TENSELY THE SERGEANT WORKS AT HIS PISTOL'S
MECHANISM...BUT HE WAITS HOW LONG THE HYBRID
WOLF-DOGS WILL HOLD OUT NOW IS THE QUESTION

BUT NOT FAR AWAY, TWO DOG TEAMS, LIT BY FIRE,
ARE SPEEDING TOWARD THE RAVINE.

MIKE! I THOUGHT I
HEARD A SHOT!



TARK! TARK!
TARK!



AND CERTAINLY KING HAS HEARD THAT REPORT!
HE DOUBLES HIS SPEED, BARKING FURIOUSLY.

BEHIND THE HILL, HE LEAPS---RESCUE!

TARK!
TARK---



JUST AS THE PACK LEADER LEAPS FOR PRESTON'S
THROAT! DESPERATELY, PRESTON RAISES HIS LEFT
ARM IN FRONT OF THE BRUTE'S JAW, BLOCKING
THEM!



WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT, PRESTON FLIES OFF THE
FIRST HYBRID! BUT A SECOND HYBRID ATTACKS



ONLY TO MEET THE MORTAL WEIGHT OF THE GREAT
HUSKY!



AND THEN THE RIFLES OF BILL BARKER AND MIKE
THE TRADER START
CRACKING FROM THE HILT!



WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU, SERGEANT?

AMBUSHED AND CREASED---
BY THOSE TWO BANK ROBBERS,
BILL NOLAN AND JAY CORRY!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR KING!





LET ME COME ALONG, SERGEANT!

NO, MIKE—YOUR TEAM IS TIRED! WE'LL TRAVEL FAST!

BUT, SERGEANT! YOU'RE WOUNDED, AND



MUSH, YOU HUSKIES! WE'LL OVERTAKE THOSE CRIMINALS WHERE EVER THEY'VE CAMPED!

I BELIEVE YOU WOULD—EVEN IN A BLIZZARD, SERGEANT!



AND LATE THAT NIGHT A BLIZZARD DOES SWEEP DOWN FROM THE NORTH— ON THE OLD CABIN WHERE JAY AND GILL HAVE HOLED UP

THE BLIZZARD'S COME, BILL! MONDOO'LL TRAIL US NOW!

(GROANS) THAT WIND—



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN!

HANDS UP—BOTH OF YOU! BILL— TAKE THEIR WEAPONS!



THE SERGEANT? WH— WHERE'D DID HE COME FROM—

FROM THE GRAVE WHERE YOU PUT HIM— SO FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED!— I HAVE ALL THEIR HARDWARE NOW, SERGEANT PRESTON!



—AND I HAVE THE MONEY THEY STOLE FROM THE SELKIM BANK! SO I THINK WE CAN CONSIDER THIS CASE CLOSED— — EN, KINO?