

DELL
COMIC

ALPH-OET

10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





CANADIAN MOUNTIE

Royal Canadian Mounted Police

Copyright, 1915, by
WESTERN PUBLISHING & LITHO. CO.

HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT LAW ENFORCEMENT ORGANIZATIONS IN THE WORLD. IN THE ROMANTIC PAST, THE MOUNTIES WERE A HORSEBACK, SNOWSHOE, DOG SLED AND CANOE OUT-FIT. TODAY, THEY PERFORM EQUALLY WELL ON LAND, SEA AND AIR, IN AN AREA

AS LARGE AS EUROPE. HOWEVER, ITS FAMOUS MOUNTED DETACHMENT IS STILL ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE. THE MOUNTED POLICE RIDE FINE HORSES. THEIR UNIFORM IS VERY COLORFUL. THE MOUNTIE WEARS A MEDIUM-SIZED HAT WITH A PEAKED CROWN AND STRAIGHT BRIM. HIS MILITARY-STYLE JACKET IS A BRIGHT RED AND HIS RIDING BREECHES ARE BLUE, WITH A GOLD STRIPE DOWN THE SIDE. HE WEARS ENGLISH-STYLE BOOTS WITH FLAT HEELS AND VERY LIGHT, BLUNT SPURS. IN REMOTE REGIONS OF THE NORTHWEST, THE MOUNTED POLICE DELIVER MAIL, COLLECT FUR TAX, ACT AS GAME WARDENS AND REGISTER VITAL STATISTICS, AND ALSO DO GENERAL POLICE WORK. THERE ARE ABOUT 2,600 OFFICERS, NON-COMES AND CONSTABLES IN THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.



SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE TROOP, No. 1, Aug. Oct., 1915. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 341 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y., George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Mason, Vice-President; Albert F. Delacorte, Vice-President; Ralph Rogers, 12 cents. Copyright, 1915, by Sergeant Preston of the Troop, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed and produced by Western Publishing & Lithographing Co. Printed in U. S. A.

Sergeant PRESTON

TRAIL OF
A KILLER

HELLO, CONSTABLE
PALMER!

ARRRROH!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE
HERE!



LEAVING HIS SEARCH OF THE RIVER'S EDGE, YOUNG CONSTABLE PALMER GOES TOWARD THE SUMMER CABIN WHERE
ESKIMOS STORE THEIR VALUABLE FURS.



...AND I AM
GLAD THAT
YOU ARE HERE,
CONSTABLE! WE
HAVE HEARD OF
THE TRAVELING
WHITE MEN ...

I'VE BEEN CLOSE ON THEIR TRAIL FOR
THE PAST THREE DAYS! I WAS AFRAID
THEY WOULD BEAT ME TO THIS
PLACE AND STEAL YOUR FURS!



I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR CACHE, ANYHOW,
BEFORE I PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THOSE
CROOKS! I LOST IT A FEW HOURS AGO —
WHEN THEY TOOK TO THE
WATER IN A STOLEN CANOE!

AT THAT MOMENT THE TWO THIEVES IN QUESTION
DART QUICKLY OUT OF THE BUSH, WHERE THEY
HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE CABIN.



TAKE THE LEFT WINDOW, PETE!
— I'LL COVER THE OTHER!

DEAR, TOOR!
WE SURE CAN'T
AFFORD TO MISS

WITHOUT WARNING, BOTH WINDOW'S BELCH FLAME!
AND DEATH!



CONSTABLE
WON!

LODGE, CONSTABLE PALMER FINDS STRENGTH FOR ONE SHOT--- THAT FINDS PETE ARTHUR, FUR TAIL AND MURDERER

YOU--- KILLED---
ARRAYD



BUT ARRAYD IS NOT DEAD! STEALTHILY GRASPING THE PISTOL THAT HAS FALLEN FROM CONSTABLE PALMER'S LIMP HAND---

ME, TOO...



--- HE OPENS FIRE ON THE BEARDED FIGURE OF HOOR JAMBOL!

YOU
BANG



--- HE PLACES
POSSUM--- THAT
CURSED ESKIMO?



PETE IS DEAD--- AND MY
RIFLE BROKEN BY THAT BULLET
AND WITH A PISTOL I AM A
BAD SHOT! WORSE THAN
THE ESKIMO!---



I WILL TAKE THIS MOUNTIE'S HORSE---
AND HEAD UPPIVER! THAT WILL FOOL
ANY MOUNTIES THAT MAY COME
LATER---!







IT WAS 100% JAMBO, THE FUR THIEF--- AND HIS
EVIL PARTNER? THEY SURPRISED US IN SUMNER
CABIN, SERGEANT PRESTON

SO DON'T TELL ME
ALL, ARRABO?



I AM GUARDING CABIN AND FURS WHEN CONSTABLE
PALMER ARRIVE! HE HAS BEEN TRAILING FUR
THIEVES FOR THREE DAYS! HE HAS LOST TRAIL,
LITTLE WHILE AGO

SIMPLY IN GOOD REASON E NACHO, ARRABO, TELL
WHAT HE SAW



YOU ACTED BRAVELY!
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA
WHICH WAY JAMBO
WENT, WHEN HE RODE?

MY BROTHERS SAY--- THE
TRACKS OF THE CONSTABLE'S
HORSE, WHICH HEIN STEAL,
HEAD UPPIVER---
FOR LITTLE
WAY--- THEN
TURN NORTH



SURE, I'M HEADING
NORTH, TOO---
AT ONCE!

AND I'M GOING WITH
YOU, PRESTON! JAMBO
MIGHT TAKE EITHER
SIDE OF THE RIVER..



YOU'LL TAKE THE
WEST SIDE, PRESTON!

ALL RIGHT! WHENEVER
I STRIKE JAMBO'S TRAIL
FIRST I'LL SIGNAL WITH
MY PHOTO!



THEN WE'LL PUT MY DOGKING ON THE TRACKS---
AND GO ON TO TIME FOLLOWING THEM! PALMER
WAS SHOT HALF A DAY'S RIDE OFF---
SO THE MAN MAY RIDE OR TEN HOURS' START





















Sergeant PRESTON

THE GHOST IN
THE WINDOW

THROUGH THE DEEP
DUSK WHICH PASSED FOR NIGHT, IN THE WAGON'S
BRIEF MIDSUMMER, MARK DRIBBLE IS RIDING TO
WHITEHORSE FOR SUPPLIES.

GIVES ME A queer feeling
TO PASS THAT OLD CARN
AFTER DARK! SOME SAY IT'S
HAUNTED—EVER SINCE
OLD STEBBINS WAS
KILLED THERE---

--- LIKE? SOMETHING MOVED--- IN THE WINDOW?
LIKE A WHITE FACE--- AND A LIGHT?
I'M DREAMING, OR---



MARK DRIBBLE IS NOT DREAMING! THE FACE IS THERE,
STILL AND WHITE IN THE TWILIGHT!

IT'S THE GHOST!
BIGGER! Bigger!
BIGGER!



EVEN HANK'S GROWING HORSE CATCHES SOME OF HIS FANCY— — AND GIVES HIM BEST!



GIDDAP! WHEN WE GET TO WHITEHORSE, WE'RE STAYING THERE—TILL DAYLIGHT! I'LL GET ME A HO-YEL ROOM! GIDDAP!

AND IN A PINE GROVE OFF THE TRAIL, TEN-YEAR-OLD JOHNNY BAYBROOK, CAMPING OUTSIDE HIS DAD'S CABIN FOR THE FUN OF IT, LISTENS IN WONDER



CLUTTER-UMF CLUTTER-UMF
CHU? TEN-UMF

THAT'S OLD HANK'S RAPOLEON MOUNTAIN AN ARTFUL MURRY! MURRR—

I WISH IT WAS OUTLAWS GALLOPING— AND I WAS A MOUNTIE, LIKE SERGEANT PRESTON! I'D TAKE AFTER 'EM, WITH MY DOG— — A DOG TRAINED LIKE TUDOR KING



— AND I'D CAMP ON THOSE OUTLAWS' TRAIL, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, TILL I CAUGHT THEM! ONLY I'D HAVE A REAL TENT— — NOT JUST AN OLD BLANKET



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, UNKNOWN TO JOHNNY, SERGEANT PRESTON AND TUDOR KING ARE STOPPING OUTSIDE THE WHITEHORSE QUARTERS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE



HELLO, CONSTABLE HARRIS ARE YOU UP?

SERGEANT PRESTON! AND KING! THIS IS A BIT OF LUCK! COME IN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR HORSE—



THANKS, HARRIS! THE INSPECTOR SENT ME TO TALK WITH YOU





---AND WIDE IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, NOTED BY A LOST WITNESS IN A BACK WINDOW OF THE HOTEL.



MINUTES LATER, THE TWO MOUNTIES AND KING, FOLLOWED BY A SMALL CROWD OF CURIOUS CITIZENS, REACH THE SCENE.



BEHIND THE OFFICE, PRESTON MAKES A SWIFT INSPECTION

LOOK AROUND, KID--- IN CASE
ONE OF THE ROBBERS SHOPPED
ANYTHING THAT MIGHT TELL---
MURPHY THEY CERTAINLY
CLEANED OUT
THAT SAFE!



THE ROBBERS WERE
CAREFUL, CONSTABLE---
LEFT NO CLUE BUT
THE EMPTY SAFE

EMPTY---
GOOD-BYE!--



I'M WELLMAN--- THE MINE'S
SUPERINTENDENT! I HAD A
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR PAY-
ROLL IN THAT SAFE, SERGEANT!
IS THERE ANY HOPE OF
RECOVERING IT?

THERE IS ALWAYS
HOPE--- BUT
RIGHT NOW WE
HAVE NO CLUE
TO GO ON!



SEEYUN---
YUN---
TUN!

WHAT'S THAT,
KID--- NO
FOOTPRINTS?



PRESTON--- WITHIN THE LAST HALF HOUR!
BUT THE RAIN WILL HAVE KILLED
THEIR SCENT FOR TRAILING! NO
TELLING EVEN THE DIRECTION
THEY TOOK---

I CAN
TELL YOU
--- THE
DIRECTION
ONE OF 'EM
TOOK, SERGEANT!
I SAW HIM! I'M
HANK DRIBBLE---



I LOOKED OUT A
HOTEL WINDOW
--- SAW ONE RIDER
HEAD TOWARDS
THE OLD CLIFF
TRAIL!

THE CLIFF TRAIL, YET
I'LL REMEMBER
THAT, HANK!



NOT LONG AFTER, AS THE RAIN LEAKS THROUGH LITTLE JOHNNY SAYERBROOK'S MAKESHIFT TENT IN THE PINE GROVE NEAR THE CLIFF TRAIL, ...











Sergeant PRESTON

THE NEW
RECRUITS

TWO MEN ACROSS THE
RIVER---FIGHTING TOO
FAR TO MAKE OUT WHO
THEY ARE, BUDDY---

WHAT ARE WE
STOPPING FOR,
GRANDDAD?

LIEB WALKER, AN
OLD SQUADBOSS,
HALTS HIS SOS-
TEAM ON THE
WAY TO DAWSON.



I'LL TAKE A LOOK
THROUGH THE GLASSES---

BOY! THEY'RE
BOTH DOWN---
IN A BLIND!



AS OLD LIEB CATCHES THE FIGHTERS IN THE LENSES
OF HIS BINOCULARS, ONE MAN CLUBS HIS OPPONENT
WITH A PISTOL BUTT

THE OTHER LIES SHROUDED UNTIL---



--- THE VICTOR PICKS HIM
UP AND HURLS HIM DOWN
THE SLOPE!





"HELLO, LIEB?
HOW ARE
YOU, BUCKY?
I'M GLAD
YOU CAME
IN."

"UN HUP! I KNOW YOU HAVE A WHIT OF ATTACH-
MENT TO SERVE ON ME, SERGEANT PRESTON!
SWORN TO BY TRADER BILL SHOEMAKER---
TAKING OVER MY DOG TEAM FOR THE FOUR
HUNDRED DOLLARS I OWED HIM---"



"NO, LIEB? I HAVE A DIFFERENT KIND OF
PAPER--- AN AGREEMENT FOR YOU TO
SIGN "I, BLIAN WALKER, AGREE TO SELL
THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED THREE OF MY
DOG LAURIE'S PUPPIES AT A HUNDRED
AND FIFTY DOLLARS EACH---"



"WHA-ATT? A HUNDRED
AND FIFTY DOLLARS
APiece? WHY, THAT'S
MORE THAN PAY SHOE-
MAKERS--- BUT IT WILL
COME TOO LATE TO
SAVE MY TEAM
LAURIE'S PUPS
AREN'T GONNA GET!"

"SHOEMAKER HAS ALREADY
BEEN PAID WITH THE
INSPECTOR'S OWN MONEY,
LIEB! HE'LL BE REIM-
BURSED WHEN WE GET
THE PUPPIES!"



"WHOO-EEE!"
BUCKETT DID
YOU HEAR
THAT?"

"I-SURE DID, SERGEANT! BUT
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO
TELL--- TELL SERGEANT
PRESTON."



"THAT'S RIGHT" SERGEANT, WE CAME IN TO REPORT
A MURDER! TWO DAYS AGO, ON THE RIM OF A RAVINE
IN THE WISCONSIN RANGE, WE SAW SEN PIERCE
MURDER MATT JOHNSON, STEAL HIS DOG, AND
BURY HIM UNDER AN AVALANCHE HE STARTED.



"HMM! AND YOU SAY PIERCE REARED FOR FORTY MILE
LIEB, I'LL START FOR THERE RIGHT AWAY! BUT FIRST,
I WANT TO SAY, I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE---
COMING HERE DESPITE THE BELIEF THAT
YOU'D LOSE YOUR TEAM!"

"BUCKED, SERGEANT!
I JUST HAD TO SEE
JUSTICE DONE--- FOR
POOR MATT JOHNSON'S
SAKE!"

LATER...IN THE TOWN OF FORTY MILE...WHILE THE MURDERER, BEN PIERCE, IS STILL ON A SPENDING SPREE WITH HIS DOOLEY-GOLD CASH...



PIERCE, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF MATTHEW JOHNSON! PUT OUT YOUR HANDS!

OWWWW!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, MOUNTIES!

GET HIM-- KONG!



PIERCE'S GUN BLASTS HARMLESSLY AS WIDE LIKE JAMES COOK HIS WHISK!

YEAH!
BANG!

GARRRRR!



NICE WORK, KONG! WE'LL HAVE THIS MAN SAFE IN THE JAIL AT DAWSON, BEFORE HE'S A WEEK OLDER!

GARRRR!



SERGEANT PRESTON IS AN GOOD AS HIS WORD...

PIERCE IS A DANGEROUS KILLER, SO DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH HIM, BURNIS!

I WON'T, SERGEANT! WE'LL BE HERE TILL HIS TRIAL COMES UP!



... BUT ONE NIGHT A FIRE BREAKS OUT IN DAWSON'S BUSINESS SECTION

FIRE! CALL THE MOUNTIES! MAKE A NIGHT BRIGADE!

MEN STREAK PAST THE JAIL, HEADING FOR THE BLAZE.



BURRIS, STEPPING OUT OF THE JAIL'S FRONT DOOR, FAILS TO HEAR THE STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM.



MOMENTS AFTERWARD, IN THE JAIL'S CELL BLOCK---







AT THAT MOMENT, LAURIE, LOST IN THOUGHT, HEARD
THE CROAKS WERE TIED TO THE SLED BECAUSE OF
HER DELICATE CONDITION AND HIGH VALUE, IS
CARRIED THROUGH THE SNOWS THAT HOLD HER.







LATER —



IN THE MOUTH OF A TINY GAVELLAURIE STANDS AT BAY, WITH HER HELPLESS, BORN-ORPHAN PUPS BEHIND HER!

AND JUST OUTSIDE A PACK OF FAMISHED THUNDER WOLVES IS CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL!



TI---YA HRR-
RRRRHH!



LIKE A BRAY FLASH, THE LEADER STRIKES--- AND LAURIE PARRIES WITH HER SHOULDER--- BLASTED TO THE BONE!

AND THEN---



...YET HER PUPPIES HAVE ARRIVED SIX OF THEM, LIKE!



THAT'S RIGHT, LAURIE--- SEE OF THEM IN MY PARKA! AND THREE ARE GOING TO BE NEW RECRUITS IN THE SERVICE OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTAIN!

