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Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



SERGEANT PRESTON'S ARCTIC DIARY



In my travels across the Arctic ice, the finest hunters I have ever seen are the Seal Eskimos of Thom Bay. These hunters will sit for hours over a small hole in the ice, waiting patiently with a harpoon for a seal to come to the hole to breathe the air. The hunters build a temporary igloo out of soft snow over the breathing hole and wait inside. The igloo shuts out the sunlight so that the seal can be clearly seen in the water below and it also helps to protect the hunter from the slashing Arctic wind while he waits. These Eskimos use seal skin for clothing, seal oil for their lamps and for heating, make tents from the hides and live on seal meat most of the year.

My Eskimo friends also spear many fish. They attract them by dangling a shiny object in the water and moving it up and down until the lure attracts a fish. Then they spear it with a fish spear made of springy caribou horn set on a wooden shaft and armed with copper barbs. The spear itself shows how much time and care these fine hunters give to their only means of getting food; the ancient art of hunting.



Sergeant PRESTON

THE TRADER'S RANSOM

THREE MORE OF 'EM
---BET IT'S--- BILL,WHO'S
THAT OUTSIDE?

IT'S THAT CROOK,
RED GARNEY---
WORSE LUCK! HE'S
COMING IN, JIM!

YIP---YELP!

CHECKING OVER THEIR ACCOUNTS, JIM KENTON, TRADER --- AND BILL HAYDEN, HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT --- HEAR A DOG TEAM STOP AT THE DOOR

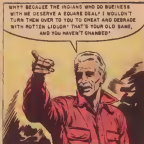
JIM? I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW A TRAIL
ROBBER AND WHISKEY PEDDLER LIKE GARNEY
COULD LAND A JOB AS MANAGER OF THE YURON
TRADING COMPANY? DO YOU?

I GUESS HE TALKED HIMSELF INTO IT, BILLY
GARNEY CAN PUT ON QUITE A BIG FRONT. WORST
PART OF IT IS THAT HE'S LOCATED SO NEAR US
ON THE SAME LAKES! BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT
HE WANTS ---

HELLO, JIM?
SURPRISED
TO SEE ME?

SOMEWHAT --- AT THIS TIME
OF NIGHT? WHAT DO YOU
WANT, RED?

I WANT YOUR TRADING POST --- LOOK, STOCK, AND
BARREL! THE YURON TRADING COMPANY'S HEAD-
QUARTERS IN DAWSON WROTE ME TO BUY YOU
OUT --- FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!











WE'D STOPPED TO REST, SERGEANT. WE'D BOILED THE BILLY--BUILT A WINDBREAK FOR MARY--WHEN THEY STARTED SHOOTING! INDIANS---SIX OF THEM---AND SOMEBODY WITH A HANDAXE ACROSS HIS FACE...



--- BUT WE'RE WASTING TIME, SERGEANTS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS SINCE THEY TOOK MARY---

ONE HOUR? HOLD STILL, TILL I FINISH!



MARY, YOU'RE AN OLD SCARDOUGH. YOU CAN'T START HARNES-ING BILL'S TEAM!

RIGHT, SERGEANT!



MATT CARSON AND I GOT TO WHITE HORSE SHORTLY AFTER YOU AND MARY HAD LEFT, BILL. I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, THAT THERE WAS TROUBLE OF SOME KIND AT THE LAKE.



PLENTY! THAT'S WHY MARY WAS KIDNAPPED! I'LL TELL YOU IN A FEW WORDS.

MATT, BILL'S STORY MEANS THAT WE HAVE TO PLAY A SHREWD GAME---

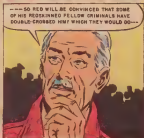


--- TO MAKE SURE THAT NO HARM COMES TO MARY KENTON! YOU WILL TAKE BILL TO RED CARNET'S POST--- IT'S NEAREST. BUT DON'T LET ON WHO YOU ARE---OR THAT I WAS WITH YOU! I'LL HEAD FOR JIM KENTON'S NOW. WITH KISS!

JUST AS YOU SAY, PRESTON! GOOD LUCK!









—WHEN THEY WOULD DO
IF THEY GOT A CHANCE? RED
KNOWS THAT! START IN THREE
HOURS—AND SEE RED TO
SELL YOU ENOUGH RIFLES
TO MAKE UP THE FORTY-EIGHT
THEY COME BACK HERE!

ALL RIGHT— BUT
WHERE ARE YOU
GOING TO BE,
SERGEANT?



I'M CIRCLING AROUND TO WHITE
EAGLE'S VILLAGE, WHERE I'LL TRY
TO PERSUADE THE CHIEF TO HELP
ME RID THE DISTRICT OF CROSS-
BRED AND WHITE!



SHORTLY AFTER DARK— AT THE YUKON
TRADING COMPANY'S PORT—

HELLO, JIM?
CHANGED YOUR
MIND ABOUT THAT
PROPOSITION—?

NOT—BUT WHAT
HAPPENED? YOU'RE
MURTY! AND NART—?



INDIANS AMBUSHED US—
KIDNAPPED NART! MATT
CARSON FOUND ME— I
BROUGHT ME HERE

CARSON—?



THIS IS CARSON, JIM!
NART, MEET MY BOSS,
JIM KENTON!

GLAD I HAPPENED
ALONG, KENTON! I
WAS ABOUT TO SEND YOU A
MESSAGE— ABOUT
YOUR DAUGHTER



I GOT A MESSAGE! A MESSAGE SUCH AS AN INDIAN
WOULD HAVE SCRATCHED— — SAYING I'D GET
MY DAUGHTER BACK IF I LEFT FORTY-EIGHT
RIFLES AND AMMUNITION AT A CERTAIN PLACE,
BY MORNING! I WAS
AFRAID THEY'D
DONE FOR BILL—



THERE IS ONLY ONE LIGHT IN THE VILLAGE OF SLEEPING BEAR, INDIAN RESERVE. WITH HIS ROBO, RED CARNET, AND TRISH WIRE ARRIVE



IN THE LIGHTED CABIN, MARY KENTON SITS SOUND, WHILE HER CAPTORS, LOVE LAMONT AND SLEEPING BEAR, PLAY A GREASY GAME OF CARDS.



RED! WHAT'S BROKE YOU LOOK---

SHUT UP! YOU'RE IN IT WITH SLEEPING BEAR--- TRYING TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME! SWITCHING RANDOM NOTES---



WHY? WHAT YOU HEAR--- SWITCH-ON NOTES?

THIS! YOU WROTE IT, SLEEPING BEAR! ASKED FOR PORTS, RIGHT RIFLES--- AS THE PRICE OF RETURNING KENTON'S GIRL!



I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, RED! THE NOTE I WROTE--- AND STUCK IN KENTON'S COOR--- ASKED FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE GIRL--- I SHOWED IT TO HER!

YEAH? I WILL!



YOU HEARD LOVE! NOW ABOUT IT, GIRL!

RED! WHERE'S YOUR SET THAT NOTE IN YOUR HAND?

THE NOTE HE SHOWED WE ASKED FOR MONEY, ALL RIGHT







Sergeant PRESTON

THE
MISSING
HEIR

SERGEANT
PRESTON
REPORTING,
INSPECTOR

GOOD MORNING, SERGEANT!
PLEASE DRAW UP A CHAIR!
THIS GENTLEMAN IS MR
HOWARD HOLLEY, OF
LONDON, ENGLAND...



I SURREY, MR. HOLLEY, THAT
YOU TELL THE SERGEANT
BRIEFLY WHAT YOUR
BUSINESS IS? IF ANY-
BODY CAN HELP YOU,
HE IS THE MAN!

SH--- THANK
YOU, INSPECTOR!



I'VE BEEN SENT HERE BY A FIRM OF COUNSELLORS
TO FIND A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, WHO, IF HE LIVES,
IS THE HEIR TO THE LANDS AND TITLE OF THE
LATE LORD DENING, EARL OF RICHLAND!

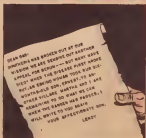
I NEED YOU HAVE SOME
INFORMATION---

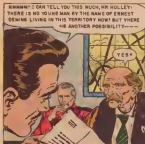


YES! TWENTY YEARS AGO LEROY DENING, THE
EARL'S YOUNGER SON, CAME TO THIS PART OF
CANADA WITH HIS BRIDE--- AS A MISSIONARY TO
THE BEERINGS... A YEAR LATER THE YOUNG COUPLE
DIED IN AN EPIDEMIC--- AFTER WRITING THIS
LETTER



DEAR MR.
SHERIDAN HAS SIGNED OUT AT THE
WORKING WE ARE SEARCHING OUT EASTERN
LAPDOL FOR DENING--- BUT HAVE
NOT YET HAD THE SPELLE FIRST NAME
BUT AN EIGHTH WOMAN TOOK FOR US
WORTHY-OLD SON, SERGEANT, TO AN-
OTHER WILLING. BARTHA AND I ARE
REACHING TO SO WHAT WE CAN
WHEN THE DENING WAS KILLED, I
WILL WRITE TO YOU SOON
YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON,
LEROY





MINN— I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH, MR HOLLEY: THERE IS NO YOUNG MAN BY THE NAME OF ERNEST SCOWEN LIVING IN THIS TERRITORY NOW! BUT THERE IS ANOTHER POSSIBILITY——

"YES"



—— THAT HE MAY HAVE GROWN UP AS THE ESKIMO WOMAN'S SON, AND BE IGNORANT OF HIS TRUE ANCESTRY! WE COULD MAKE A TOUR OF THE ESKIMO VILLAGES WITHIN A REASONABLE RADIUS, AND ASK QUESTIONS



THEN, BY ALL MEANS, LET US WASTE NO TIME IN STARTING, SERSCANT! I MAY ADD THAT IF ERNEST SCOWEN CANNOT BE FOUND, ALIVE, THE ESTATES AND TITLES WILL GO TO A NEPHEW OF THE LATE EARL AND HE IS—— ER——

"WHY ABOUT HIM, MR HOLLEY?"



HE IS JEFFERS HOOKER—— A WASTREL—— AND IF I MAY SAY SO, A THOROUGH SCOUNDREL, WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING! I'VE REASON TO THINK HE MAY BE SEARCHING FOR YOUNG ERNEST, TOO!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE MAIN STREET OF "FORTY MILE"——

"KALDER? YOU WERE GONE TO PASS RIGHT BY WITHOUT SPEAKING TO ME? IS SOMETHING WRONG?"

"YES, LUCY! MAYBE BETTER I TELL YOU NOW"



LATER—AT THE TRADING POST AT FORTY MILE—

SERGEANT PRESTON?
DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE
YOU TILL SPRING!
WHERE'D YOU COME
FROM?

FROM WHITE HORSE,
JAKE—FOR SOME
INFORMATION



JAKE, THIS IS MR HOLLEY,
OF LONDON. WE'RE SEARCH-
ING FOR A MISSING MAN—
A WHITE MAN'S SON WHO
WAS BROUGHT UP BY AN
ESKIMO WOMAN AS
HER OWN ..

AN—AT LEAST, WE
PRESUME SO! HE'S
BE NINETEEN NOW

UMMM MM ..



THERE'S ONLY ONE YOUNG FELLOW WHO WOULD
FIT THAT PICTURE, SERGEANT—AND THAT'S RALPH!
HE'S ESKIMO MOTHER IS DEAD—BUT SHE ATTENDED
MISSION SCHOOL BEFORE THE BIG DIPHTHERIA
EPIDEMIC! AND SHE TAUGHT HIM A LOT..



I SAY? WHERE IS
THIS YOUNG—
ER—RALPH, TO
BE FOUND?

HE ISN'T! I MEAN, HE LEFT
TOWN TWO MORNING AS SUKE
TO A COUPLE OF MEN WHO
CALLED THEMSELVES
TRADERS! THEY WANTED TO
GO TO ALL THE ESKIMO VIL-
LAGES NEAR FORTY MILE—



OH THAT'S
ROTTEN
LUCK!

HEY, HEY! THERE'S ONE MAN IN
FORTY MILE WHO DOESN'T THINK
THAT WAY—BARRIE PITMAN!
HIS DAUGHTER LUCY WAS
KIND OF SWEET ON THE
BOY ..



THERE TWO MEN
RALPH IS SUICING—
DESCRIBE THEM,
JAKE?

WELL—ONE WAS STOCKY
AND SORTA ROUND-LOOKING,
T'OTHER MAN LOOKED
LIKE A TENDERFOOT, AND
A BRITISHER! TALL
WITH A SHORT, POINTED
BEARD, AND NEW
CLOTHES...













Sergeant PRESTON

THE LONG TRAIL

THE LONG TRAIL OF THREE MURDERERS
HAS TAKEN SERGEANT PRESTON TO THE
FAR HEADWATERS OF INDIAN CREEK.
NOW, AS HE CAMPS FOR THE NIGHT,
HIS GREAT DOG, YUMM KINE,
SOUNDS A WARNING.









HELLO! OUR PATIENT
IS COMING AROUND,
OK, YES?

SEE YOU,
YUP, YUP?

MY SHOULDER
--- IS ACHING



I AM A RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF THE NORTHWEST
MOUNTAIN POLICE! TELL ME WHO SHOT YOU---
AND WHERE AND WHEN?

ALL RIGHT--- I'M
DENNY GARDNER MY
PARTNER, CLINT
ACASUS IS STILL IN
OUR CAMP ON WOLF
CREEK--- A
MURDERER...



DRINK THIS TEA! THEN I'LL PUT YOU INTO MY SLEEPING
SAC---AND YOU CAN ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!

THANKS!



--- THAT IS, IF THIS CROOKS PALE HAVEN'T
MURDERED HIM! THEY'RE CALLED SHORTY AND
MONTANA AND BRIDY SPENCER. IT WAS
MONTANA WHO SHOT ME WHEN I BROKE AWAY...
AND RED, HE'D MUST HAVE TRILLED ME!



"RED" AND "MONTANA" AND "SHORTY"--- I THOUGHT
I'D FIND THEM ON HOJAN OR WOLF CREEK! THEY'RE
WANTED FOR MURDER IN BEAVER CITY! BUT NOW
DOES BRIDY SPENCER FIT IN?

HE STEERED ME UP
HERE--- TO FAN
COLD!



TAKE THIS PISTOL---KEEP IT
CONTROLLED AND YOUR HANDS WARM!
IF ANY OTHERS OF THAT GANG
COME AFTER YOU, YOU WON'T
BE DEPENDABLE!





SUDDENLY, AT THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS, AND TYPES WITH A SHRIEK OF WARNING!



--- AND SERGEANT PRESTON HITS THE SNOW, JUST AS A RIFLE SLAM SCREAMS PAST ABOVE HIM









