

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





SERGEANT PRESTON'S ARCTIC DIARY

"THE MUSK OX"

During an arctic patrol, a Mountie sometimes sees small herds of musk ox wandering on the treeless, windswept tundra. A little smaller than a domestic cow, these animals are covered by a long, shapeless "overcoat" of coarse hair. Since their chief enemy, the wolf, is a short animal, the downward curve of the ox's strange horns is very useful. When they are attacked by a pack of wolves, the bulls form a protective

circle with the cows and calves hidden in the center. The males face outward and hook at the wolves with their horns and kick them with their sharp front hoofs. It's very seldom that the wolves succeed in splitting up the herd. However, they do make an occasional kill when they catch a single animal alone, though not without a struggle, because this strange animal fights long and hard.

The musk ox is becoming increasingly rare. The female usually has only one calf a year though sometimes a set of twins is born. Consequently, they are much easier to exterminate than animals that have many offspring every year. The Eskimo hunts them and he knows very well that it is easy to take advantage of their instinct to form a protective circle. It is easy for him to stand a short distance from the circle and use his bow and arrows or rifle. The musk ox eats the moss and short grass of the arctic tundra and the animals spend much time pawing away the snow to find food.

The tracks of the musk ox are even larger than those of the buffalo. In the Arctic they are unmistakable because there is no other animal with such a large, cloven hoof.



Sergeant PRESTON

IN
A FIGHT FOR
THE FUTURE

SURE 'TIS A HARD PLEASURE
TO HAVE YOU CALL, SERGEANT PRESTON—
YOU AND YOUR FINE BIG DOG, 'HON
KIND? YOU'LL HAVE A CUP OF TEA
WITH OLD MINE?

I WILL,
THANKS!

YOU'VE HAD
LUCK WITH YOUR
MINING CLAIM, HON?
AT LEAST THAT'S
WHAT THEY'RE SAY-
ING IN BEAVER
CITY!

YES AND NO,
SERGEANT! THE
CLAIM IS RICH—

...BUT THE HALF OF IT THAT ME YOUNG
BROTHER TOM HAD IS NOW THE PROPERTY
OF THAT SOBORNEL, JOE HAMMER! THEY
WERE GAMBLING AT TOM'S CASH LAST
NIGHT! TOM SWEARS THEY HAD NOTHING
STRONGER TO DRINK THAN TEA...

...BUT NOW HE CAN'T REMEMBER SIGNING
THE DEED TO IT WHICH JOE FLOURISHED IN
MY FACE THIS MORNIN'! I SUSPECT JOE
DOPED MY BROTHER'S TEA,
BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT!

YOW!

A BULLET!









STRANGE THINGS CAN INFLUENCE THE OUTCOME OF A POLICE CASE, SUCH AS A LOST PUPPY SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR OF JOE'S CABIN...



A SCRAWNY LITTLE MAN—JOE HANMER'S COOK AND CHORE-BOY—A DODGLEY ARTIST—SEES HIS OWN HELPLESSNESS REFLECTED IN THE PUP.











Sergeant PRESTON

IN
McALLISTER'S
BONANZA

(COUGH)
(A-HICK)
(A-HICK)

GOLD BOUNDARIES, JIM McALLISTER, IS A SICK MAN! AFTER THREE YEARS OF MINING GOLD IN THE NORTH--JUST ENOUGH TO SEND A LITTLE BACK TO HIS FAMILY IN THE STATES--HE HAS STRUCK A RICH VEIN OF GOLD-BEARING QUARTZ! BUT IT IS ALMOST TOO LATE!

(COUGH)
(HEARD COUGH)
I--RECKON--
I'M DONE UP..

I'LL TRY TO GET
OUT (COUGH) WITH
THE GOLD I'VE
CLEANED UP!

WOOF-
UP!

ALL RIGHT, HUGHES!
I'LL FEED YOU! GOT A
LONG TRIP AHEAD--
(COUGH) CLEAR TO
DARWIN!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE
RECORDED THIS CLAIM--
BUT I HATED TO (COUGH)
START A GOLD RUSH!
I'LL DRAW A MAP AND
WRITE A LETTER TO MA
AND MARRON! (A-HICK)

A FEW HOURS LATER...



"MUSH! MUSH YOU-HUSKIES!
DO YOU KNOW IF I'LL EVER
RECOGNIZE MAKE IT?"

WITH EVERY SIGN OF HIS CAMP CAREFULLY REMOVED, THE OLD SCANDINAVIAN STARTS HIS LAST TRIP.

**TOWARDS EVENING
OF THE SAME DAY...**



"NOTHING BUT HARD
LUCK--ALL SUM-
MER AND FALL--
AND NOW IT'S
WINTER, JOE!"

"YEAH! WE'LL HAVE
TO DO CHORES TOBET!"

"...WASHING DISHES IN
A D-1000 CUP ALL
WINTER! THAT'S
ABOUT OUR--"

"HEY! THERE'S A TEAM
WITHOUT A DRIVER! STOPPED
OFF THE TRAIL--"



"THERE'S THE DRIVER
ON THE BLEED! DEAD
OR HURT?"



**A S CLAY BARNUM AND JOE CARTER, TWO
OF THE DO-DO-WELLS OF THE GOLD-FIELDS
GRABBLE AND PLAN, THERE COMES AN
INTERRUPTION...**

"HE'S DEAD! CLAY! McALLISTER! SAY! HE WAS
IT'S OLD-JIM! HE'ARD FOR DAWSON, TOO! ASKED
McALLISTER! HE WAS BRINGING IN SOME 'GUST'!"



"NOTHING IN HIS
POCKETS BUT--MUMPH!
A MALLET!"







CLAY BARNUM—AND JOE CARTER! I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE YOU! BUT WHO'S THAT ON THE SNOW?

IT'S OLD JIM McALLISTER, SERGEANT REEDSON! HE'S DEAD!



I SEE YOU'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH HIS POCKETS! WHAT DID YOU FIND?

UH—NOTHING, SERGEANT! ONLY THIS WALLET AND A LETTER TO HIS WIFE. I—UH—WE DIDN'T READ IT!



LET US HAVE THEM, PLEASE! IT'S A POLICEMAN'S DUTY TO COLLECT MAIL, IN THE TERRITORY...AND SAFEGUARD THE POSSESSIONS OF THE DECEASED!

SURE, SURE, SERGEANT! THERE WASN'T ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WALLET BUT THAT LOOKET...WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ON HIS LOAN!



VERY WELL! I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF McALLISTER'S TEAM AND SLED, AND SEE THAT EVERYTHING OF VALUE IS SENT TO HIS FAMILY. YOU TWO NEEDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER...



IF I WEREN'T SURE McALLISTER DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES, I'D ARREST THOSE TWO LIKE A SHOT! THEY'RE A SHIRTY LOT! AND YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY, KING?

SEE-REP!





NEXT MORNING, AS MARCH OPENS THE DOOR OF HER HOTEL ROOM TO A BRISK KNOCK...



CORPORAL CLAY BARRUM AND
CONSTABLE JOSEPH CARTER, "ON
SPECIAL DUTY, MISS McALLISTER!"
MAY WE COME IN?

WHY, YES, I
SUPPOSE SO, BUT
YOU AREN'T IN
UNIFORM!

ON SPECIAL DUTY, WE NEVER
WEAR UNIFORM! SERGEANT
FROSTON HAS DIRECTED US TO
ASSIST YOU-- THE "POLICE
ESCORT" THAT YOU
ASKED FOR!



BUT-- BUT SERGEANT
FROSTON INTENDED TO
GO WITH ME HIMSELF!
ON HIS RETURN
FROM SELKIRK...

I KNOW! BUT THE IN
SPECTOR HAD ANOTHER
ASSIGNMENT FOR HIM,
RIGHT AFTER THAT!



WE CAN GUIDE YOU TO ROCKY
CREEK, MISS McALLISTER--
AND TRY TO HELP YOU
PUZZLE OUT THE MORE
DOUBTFUL DETAILS OF
YOUR MAP... BUT WE'D
BEST LEAVE SECRETLY
TONIGHT! YOU'LL
NEED TO BUY MEN'S
CLOTHING FOR THE
TRAIL!



ONE WEEK LATER, AS THE TWO PAKE POLICEMEN
PREPARE BREAKFAST IN PAB-BANK DARKNESS--
BETWEEN ROCKY CREEK AND FORTY MILE...



THE GIRL IS HOLDING OUT
ON US, CLAY! MY IDEA IS
SHE'S GOT A BETTER
MAP THAN THE ONE
SHE SHOWED US!

SHH! NOT SO LOUD OR
YOU'LL MAKE HER JOE!
WHY WOULD SHE HOLD
OUT? SHE HASN'T BEEN
THROUGH US!

NOT YET, MURDER! BUT IT'S MY
IDEA THAT SHE DOESN'T TRUST
ANYBODY! HOW DO WE KNOW
SHE HASN'T BEEN LOOKING FOR
THE MINE ON HER OWN WHEN
WE THOUGHT SHE WAS STAYING
IN CAMP THE LAST TWO DAYS?
THE SNOW CRUST IS HARD
ENOUGH TO SHOW
NO TRACKS!

















Sergeant PRESTON

IN
STAND-IN
FOR CHEEKA

SET UP CHEEKA!
GUY! THAT'S THE GUY!
YOU'RE LEAVING FAST!

IN HIS DOORWARD, A LITTLE OFF
THE TRAIL TO ALASKA, JIMMY
HAYDON PLAYS HAPPILY WITH HIS
BELOVED DOG—FORGETTING FOR A
MOMENT THE CLOUD OF WORRY WHICH
HANGS OVER HIS PARENTS' CASE...

CHEEKA, YOU'RE THE SMARTEST
DOG IN THE HUND! I'M GOING TO
TEACH YOU A LOT OF THINGS!
WE'LL SURPRISE EVERYBODY!

JIMMY—I WANT
A TALK WITH YOU!

YES, DAD?

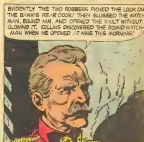
IT'S ABOUT YOUR MOTHER,
JIMMY BOY... SHE'LL NEVER GET
OVER HER LONG TROUBLE HERE
IN THE HUND! BUT IF SHE
FRIENDSHIP WITH HER,
SISTER IN CALIFORNIA,
SHE'D BE WELL SOON!

SAY—WE WOULD
MISS HER AWFULLY,
DAD! BUT IF SHE'S
GOT TO GO—

SHE CAN'T GO AT ALL, SON—UNLESS WE
RAISE THE MONEY FOR HER BOAT FARE!
JIMMY—CAN'T DO IT UNLESS
WE SELL YOUR DOG!

YOU—YOU
MEAN— SELL
CHEEKA?













IT'S NOT DOOLEY, SERGEANT! BUT—WHAT KILLED HIM?

HAH! HERE! A BLOW ON THE HEAD! DOOLEY MAY HAVE USED THE DOG FIGHT AS AN OPPORTUNITY TO RID HIMSELF OF HIS PARTNER—AND OF ANY NEED TO OBLIGE THE SOLD!



WE'LL FEED THE TEAM, EAT A BITE OURSELVES, AND PUSH ON! KING DOESN'T NEED DAYLIGHT TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL!



DRAWN BY THE FRAGRANCE OF FOOD, BUT TOO TIMID TO SHOW HIMSELF, JIMMY HANCOCK'S STRAYED PUPPY CROUCHES UNDER A SPRUCE TOP WHILE THE MOUNTIES EAT.

(GULP)
(GULP)



A HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WE OUGHT TO OVERTAKE OUR MAN BEFORE SUNUP, BAKER!

...AND STILL UNDERCOVER HE SWITCHES THEIR DEPART...



OUT AT DAYLIGHT—AFTER A NIGHT'S STEADY MARCHING...

DOOLEY'S TEAM IS SUPPOSED TO OBTAIN SERGEANT! HE'S BEEN RIDING THE GIRD!



LOOK, BAKER! KING'S FOUND HIS TEAM!

WARR!
WARR!





