

DELL

NOV.—JAN. 10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



A black secret
blankets the
"NIGHT HUNT!"

DANGERS OF THE TRAIL



JUST BEFORE FREEZE-UP, A SOUND-BOUN TRAPPER, RE-STOCKING HIS TRAPLINE CAMPS, SOMETIMES FOUND NATURE TRICKY.



REACHING A RIVER, HE SOMETIMES FOUND IT COVERED WITH A DANGEROUSLY THIN LAYER OF ICE.



CUTTING A LONG POLE, HE WOULD TEST IT IN THE ICE NEAR SHORE, AT THE SAME TIME ENCOURAGING ONE OF HIS DOGS TO CROSS.



THEN HE WOULD WATCH AS THE DOG STARTED OUT GINGERLY TO TEST THE WEIGHT OF THE ICE.



GRASPING THE POLE WHICH WOULD KEEP HIM FROM CROWNING, THE TRAPPER TRUSTED SWIFT, SMOOTH MOTION TO KEEP HIM FROM BREAKING THROUGH! BUT IT WAS A SHARTY TRUST.



IF HE HAD BROKEN THROUGH, HE MIGHT HAVE STRUGGLED ASHORE WITH THE HELP OF HIS POLE-- BUT A WETTING, WITH A BLIZZARD COMING ON, MIGHT EASILY PROVE FATAL!

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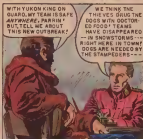
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Sergeant PRESTON

NIGHT HUNT



ONE BLUSTERY EVENING, SERGEANT PRESTON PULLS UP AT THE MOUNTED POLICE POST IN THE SETTLEMENT OF CUT BANK.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

STRANGE SCENTS ARE IN THE WIND, BLOWING FROM THE SETTLEMENT'S SCATTERED BUILDINGS --- AND, WHILE WAITING FOR PRESTON TO COME OUT, KING DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE



LOOK, BOBIE! THERE'S A
BIG ONE! WE'LL BRING
THREE HUNDRED
DOLLARS, UP THE
TRAIN.

YES! TOSS
MIM SOME
BALT, MORT;
HEART THE
BOAST!



ALTHOUGH ONE WILL NEVER TOUCH FOOD WITHOUT PRESTON'S PERMISSION, ANY NEW SMELL IS SOMETHING TO BE EXAMINED, AND HIS PUNGENT WOLF AND SKUNK ARE TO BE KEPT CLOSE.



WARNED BY A SLIGHT TOUND FROM INSIDE, HE
LEAPS BACK--- BUT NOT FAR ENOUGH TO DODGE
THE WEIGHTED HIT EXPERTLY THROWN!



STRONG HANDS DRAG HIM INTO THE BUILDING,
SNAPPING, SMARLING, FIGHTING THE CLINGING
NET IN VAIN.

WATCH IT! THOSE
TEETH COULD
TAKE A HAND
OFF YOU!

DON'T I KNOW
IT? BUT WE'LL
HAVE HIM
QUIET IN A
MINUTE!"

王國、王國平、王國光、
王國強、王國強、王國強



MINUTES LATER KING AND TWO OTHER BIG, STRONG SLED DOGS ARE HAULED SWIFTLY OUT OF TOWN--- CRUGGED WITH CHLOROFORM AND BOUND ONTO A SLED. THE SWIRLING STORM COVERS ALL TRACKS.



I STILL THINK YOU HAD BETTER PUT YOUR TEAM UNDER GUARD, SERGEANT!



ALL RIGHT, PARRIN--- AS SOON AS I FEED THEM --- KING? HERE, BOY.

TAKING THE FROZEN FISH FROM HIS LOAD, PRESTON CALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN FOR HIS MISSING LEADER.



KING? WHERE ARE YOU, BOY?

KING?--- I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE HE'S GONE, PARRIN!



I CAN'T THE DOGSNAPPERS PROBABLY SPOTTED HIM, AND---

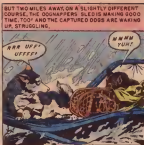
YOU COULD BE RIGHT, PARRIN--- THOUGH I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD TRAP HIM! I'M STARTING NOW, TO HEAD THEM OFF---



BUT, SERGEANT! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY'VE GONE? ANY- NOW, YOU'LL LET ME COME WITH YOU!

YOU'RE NEEDED HERE, PARRIN! AS FOR WHICH WAY THEY'VE GONE--- IF THEY HAVE TAKEN KING-- THEY'RE BOUND TO SHOW UP SOMEWHERE ON THE GOLD RUSH TRAIL---





NO SELF-RESPECTING TEAM LEADER STANDS FOR SUCH BUSINESS. THIS ONE TURNS FIERCELY TO PUNISH KING!



LIKE A POWERFUL SPRING RELEASED, KING STRIKES BACK.



AS THE LEADER GOES DOWN, KING CUTS THE TRACE BETWEEN THEM



AS KING RACES BACK TOWARDS THE SETTLEMENT, THE SNOWFALL STOPS... AND A WHITE MOON LIGHTS UP THE "BUSH"!



FROM OVER A HILL, A NEW BREEZE CARRIES THE SCENT OF PRESTON AND HIS OWN TEAM TO THE RACING HUSKY. KING STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.



YELPING WITH EAGERNESS, HE DARTS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO HIS FIRST DIRECTION.



THERE, THERE, PARTNER! YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE FOR GETTING CAUGHT! ALL WE WANT NOW IS TO CATCH THOSE DOG-HAPPERS!



BACK ON HIS OWN TRAIL, KING TURNS WITH A FIERCE EAGERNESS...





SILENT NOW, KING CIRCLES THE ENEMY,
KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT, SHREWD AS
A HUNTING WOLF!



I'LL HAVE TO WORK PRETTY CLOSE --- SO
THAT WHEN KING TACKLES THEM---



--- I AM NEAR ENOUGH TO RUSH THEM!



KING WILL BE ON THEM, ANY MINUTE, NOW!
HE'LL COME LIKE A LIGHTNING FLASH!



JUST TO KEEP
THEM BUSY ---



BARAH! FEOW!





Sergeant PRESTON

THE MATCHSTICK MARAUDER



PRESTON, HERE IS A LETTER FROM MRS. ROSS GRAHAM OF BLIND CREEK. BAD SITUATION! YOU KNOW THE PEOPLE THERE?

YES, SIR! THE GRAHAMS HAVE OPENED A NEW TRADING POST---



---OUR FAIR PRICES, AND QUALITY GOODS ARE TAKING TRADE AWAY FROM RIMMON TRADING CO., WHICH MAY ACCOUNT FOR THE THREATS--- THE SHOTS THROUGH OUR WINDOWS--- BEAR TRAPS OUTSIDE OUR DOOR---



BLIND CREEK IS ON YOUR NEXT PATROL, SERGEANT! I'D LIKE A REPORT ON THIS MATTER--- WHATEVER YOU CAN FIND OUT!

YES, SIR! KING AND I WILL BE LEAVING AT ONCE!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT ROSS GRAHAM'S TRADING POST---

ROSS! PLEASE TAKE YOUR GUN WITH YOU! THEY WOULDN'T HESITATE---

I THINK THEY WOULD, HELEN! ANYWAY, AN ARMED MAN JAVELIN ATTACK! DON'T WORRY! I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND!



THAT FELLOW IN THE TRAIL--- WITH A RIFLE --- WATCHING OUR STORE! I'LL JUST SURPRISE HIM!

AS GRAHAM SPEAKS, THE STARTLED WATCHER
SPITS SOMETHING FROM HIS MOUTH — — —



...AND WHIRL, SHOOTING FROM THE HIP!



AS THE RIFLEMAN DISAPPEARS INTO
THE SHADOWS — — —













First Assignment



Constable Bob Kirkoid was making his first trip into the frozen northland after graduation from Canada's Mounted Police school. Sergeant McCullom had asked Bob to accompany prospector Paul Gordon to Fort McPherson to guard the gold that the old miner was carrying.

"Paul is an old hand in the Arctic," said McCullom, "You're still a 'cheechako'—a greenhorn—so heed his advice."

"Thanks, Sergeant, but I don't think I'll need much help," Bob smiled as he shook hands with the Sergeant.

The two men headed south by dog sled. Paul broke trail ahead while Bob drove the team behind him. They traveled steadily for two weeks before seeing any signs of life. Paul knelt by the trail and looked at some marks.

"A dog sled came through here not long ago," said Bob, proud to show his knowledge.

"Humm, it was a white man not used to the ways of the Arctic," mumbled old Gordon as he rubbed his chin.

"How do you figure that?" asked Bob.

"See here—the footprints point outward like a white man, not inward like a native. This snow was wet when they passed. See, even the dogs have their snow boots on to protect their footpads from being cut under the snow—but one

dog has lost his snow boot. See the track? No man used to the Arctic would let that happen because he would know that it can cripple a dog." Paul stood up and turned to Bob. "Now why would a man travel in 40 below zero weather unless he had a good reason—like running from the law. We'd better keep an eye out for him."

"I've received no orders to look for a criminal up this way," Bob said heatedly, stung by the vast knowledge of the older man. "We'll make camp here for the night."

After breakfast the next morning, the two men pushed on. Soon they came upon the remains of another campsite. Paul poked warily about the site until he found the carcass of a sled dog. One of its feet was badly cut.

"See, here is the crippled dog. He's been shot," Paul said, pointing to the dead animal.

"You're right, old-timer!" a voice answered.

Both men turned to see a bearded stranger holding a rifle on them.

"I'll take your team and make my getaway," said the stranger smiling at them.

The grizzled stranger took their guns and ransacked their sled until he found Paul's gold.

"I've bungled my first patrol and lost all your gold for you, Paul. I'm a rotten Mountie," Bob said bitterly.

Paul picked up a tin plate with his gloved hand as the stranger took off his gloves to retie one of the things.

"Catch!" Paul threw the tin plate to the outlaw who caught it in his bare hands.

The man screamed in pain and dropped the plate. Bob grabbed his rifle and covered him.

Bob spoke to Paul. "That tin plate must have been scorching hot! How did you heat it without a fire?"

"Didn't need one, son. At 40 below zero a cold tin plate burns just as bad as a hot one," Paul explained.

"Guess I've got a lot to learn, Paul," said Bob.

"Glad to teach you, son," smiled Paul as they shook hands.

GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



AS SOON AS THE GRASS OF THE BEAVER MEADOW IS LONG ENOUGH TO HIDE THEM, GRAY WOLF, AND HIS MATE KUNELE, TAKE THEIR FIVE FUZZY PUPS ON THEIR FIRST HUNT.

KNOWING THAT HER DULL FEATHERS BLEND WELL WITH HER HIDING PLACE, THE NESTING MOTHER DUCK SITS MOTIONLESS UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT SHE KNOWS THE DANGER--



---BUT IT IS A BUMBLING PUPPY--- NOT A BROWN WOLF'S FLASHING LEAP--- WHICH REACHES HER.



THAT IS THE WAY GRAY WOLF EXPECTED IT WOULD BE! FOR PUPS MUST LEARN!



THEY EVEN HAVE TO BE TAUGHT HOW TO EAT THE EGGS!



ONCE THEY HAVE CAUGHT THE TRICK OF IT, THERE IS NO END OF THE FEASTING



---UNTIL EVERYBODY IS SO SLEEPY-FULL THAT A NAP IN THE SUNSHINE IS NECESSARY!



UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE, THE WEATHER CHANGED WITH SPRINGTIME SUDDENNESS



THE RAINSTORM SWELLS THE LITTLE BROOKS AND THE LARGER ONES RUN SANK-FULL TO JOIN THE RIVER.



RISEING WATER WETS THE DRY HUMMOCK--- AND SIGNALS DANGER TO THE PARENT WOLVES! MORE AND HIGHER WATER IS COMING FAST!



THE PUPS ARE OLD ENOUGH TO SWIM---AT LEAST TO KEEP PADDLING! AND THERE IS NO HELP FOR IT! ALL MUST MAKE DRY LAND AS QUICKLY AS THEY CAN OR ELSE---

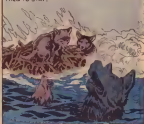


BUT THE FLOOD CREST ARRIVES TOO SOON, SCATTERING THE PUPS---ALMOST STRANGLING THEM! KUNEE GIVES A CHOKED HOWL OF FEAR FOR HER LITTLE ONES.

TARRR-OOOH!



TWO OF THEM RAIN THE TOP OF A BEAVER HOUSE --- BUT THE WATER IS RISING TOO FAST FOR THEM TO STAY!



AND FROM FARTHER DOWNSTREAM COMES THE SULLEN ROAR OF A WATERFALL!



DESPERATE, KUNEE TRIES TO KEEP HER YOUNGSTERS TOGETHER--- BUT SHE CAN ONLY MANAGE ONE IN HER MOUTH! THE OTHERS WILL NOT HAVE STRENGTH TO REACH SHORE IN TIME!



IN THE EMERGENCY, ONLY GRAY WOLF KEEPS A COOL HEAD! HE SEIZES ANOTHER PUP

MURFF!



--- PLACES TWO ON KUNEE'S BACK---



---AND GOES AFTER THE OTHER TWO!



ONE HE SWINGS TO HIS OWN BACK



THE OTHER HE PICKS UP --- AND STRIKES OUT STRONGLY FOR THE BANK.



WITH NO TIME TO SPARE --- THEY REACH IT!



WITH FEET ON SOLID GROUND, EACH WOLF DOES THE SAME THING - - BY INSTINCT! POWERFUL UNDER-SKIN MUSCLES SHAKE THEIR COATS DRY.



THEN, WITH GRAY WOLF MORE THAN EVER THE HERO OF HIS FAMILY, THEY HEAD FOR THE WARM COMFORT OF THE HOME DEN!



Sergeant PRESTON

WHEN SNOW IS
COMING HEAVY NOW
I MUST BE CLOSE
THOUGH--- THEIR
TRAIL IS STILL
VISIBLE!

HOLDUP AT INDIAN RIDGE

CLOSE ON THE TRAIL OF TWO ESCAPED
OUTLAWS, SERGEANT PRESTON PUSHES HIS
TEAM OF HUSKIES THROUGH A BLINDING
SNOWSTORM.



CLEW, I GUESS THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO STAY PAST CUTTING TIME TONIGHT! LEN CARSON WILL PROBABLY TAKE THE FREIGHT BLEED-ON TO HIS OWN CABIN---AND UNLOAD IN THE MORNING!

MEANWHILE-- EARLY NORTHERN SNOW HAS FALLEN WHEN JOHN WINTER LEAVES HIS INDIAN RIDGE MINE OFFICE TO GO HOME TO SUPPER.

OH, BY THE WAY---MY DAUGHTER LAURA AND LEN CARSON HAVE SET THEIR WEDDING DATE---ONE MONTH FROM TODAY! YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'VE TOLD, CLEW!

JUST LIKE THAT, EH? AND JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO PROPOSE TO HER! NOW THAT BIG DAD OF A FREIGHTER WILL INHERIT THE OLD MAN'S GOLDMINES!

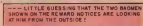
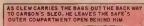
LIGHT IS STILL SHINING THROUGH THE OFFICE WINDOWS, WHEN YOUNG LEN CARSON PULLS UP BEHIND THE BUILDING...

WHOA, HUSKIES! YOU'LL BE OUT OF THE WIND HERE!

--- AND WALKS AROUND TO COME IN BY THE FRONT DOOR.

HELLO, CLEW! I LEFT MY TEAM BEHIND THE BUILDING! JUST STOPPED IN TO HAND YOU THESE REWARD NOTICES!

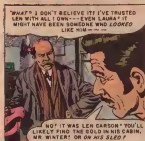
HUMPH!













COVERING THE GROUND BEHIND THE OFFICE,
PRESTON ARDING MISSTHINKING.

HERE'S ANOTHER QUERER THING: THESE
TRACKS WERE MADE BY AN INDOOR SHOE--
AND LEN WEARS HUCKLEBUCKS ALL WINTER!



THAT DOESN'T JIBE WITH CLEW'S STORY,
EITHER! BUT I'LL HAVE KIRK SEARCH ALL
AROUND THE BUILDING FOR THE OTHER
SCENT OR THAT SANDARA CAG. . . IF
THERE IS ANOTHER!



JUST HOLD THAT POSE, BERTS! ALL WE WANT
IS THE SOLD THAT OFFICE FELLOW PUT
ON YOUR SLED, MUSH! MUSH!



EEEE-
TOMT!

SCENT! GAVE YOU
ENOS HERE.
DOES IT, KIRK?
BUT THE SLED
DRIVER DIDN'T
RIDE!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE LEN CARSON'S CABIN---

I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU, LEN!
I JUST CAN'T SEE YOU AS A
THEF! BUT CLEW WAS SO
DONSORE POSITIVE!



MR WINTER,
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!

"THE OFFICE FELLOW---
THER---CLEW SHO' LIE---

LADDA!
JUST KEEP
THAT GUN ON
THEM---





SO GOOD IS LEN'S ACTING THAT THE TWO
CROOKS HALF TURN — — — TOWARD THE
EMPTY DOOR BEHIND THEM



--- AND THE SAME SPLIT SECOND BRINGS
LEN CARSON ACROSS THE ROOM!



BUT LEN CARSON NEEDS NO HELP!



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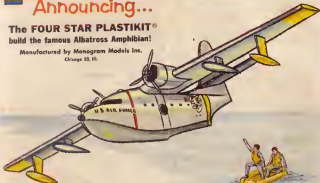
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