

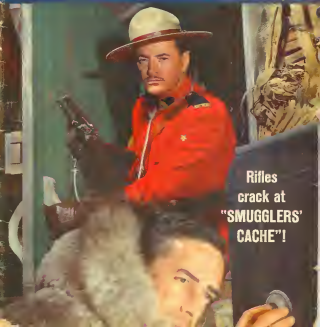
DELL

FEBRUARY - APRIL

10¢

SERGEANT PRESTON

OF THE YUKON



Rifles
crack at
"SMUGGLERS'
CACHE"!

THE SOURDOUGH MINER



THE "SOURDOUGH" MINER, TRAPPER OR TRADER GOT HIS TITLE FROM THE SOUR, YEASTY, HOME-MADE DOUGH HE MIXED AND BAKED.



TO MAKE THE "STARTER" FOR HIS SOURDOUGH BREAD, THE MINER ADDED WATER, SUGAR, FLOUR AND VINEGAR AND LET IT FERMENT.



WHEN THE "STARTER" WAS FOAMY WITH "WILD" YEAST CELLS (CAUGHT FROM THE AIR) A LITTLE WAS MIXED INTO THE DOUGH.



THE SOUR, WILD YEAST MADE THE WARM, RAW DOUGH RISE WITH GAS-FILLED BUBBLES. NOW IT WAS READY TO BE BAKED.



THE TRAPPER ON THE TRAIL CARRIED A LUMP OF SOURDOUGH "STARTER" IN HIS POCKET? THE CONTENTS OFTEN GOT MIXED...



--- BUT THE SOURDOUGH BREAD IT MADE --- WHEN TWISTED AROUND A STICK AND BAKED IN THE HEAT OF THE FIRE --- WAS GOOD.

Sergeant PRESTON

SMUGGLERS' CACHE

PATROLLING UP TO THE ALASKAN BORDER, SERGEANT PRESTON HAPPENS TO MEET THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, ON THE OTHER SIDE.

SERGEANT PRESTON!
WAIT A MINUTE---WANT
TO TALK WITH YOU!

IS EVERYTHING
WELL IN YOUR
TERRITORY,
MARSHAL?

NO, SERGEANT! MACROY'S
TRADING POST BURNED
DOWN A WEEK AGO! WE
SUSPECT BOTH ROBBERY
AND MURDER!

IT HAPPENED DURING A
HEAVY SNOWSTORM---SO
THERE WERE NO TRACES!
MACROY WAS SHOT---
AND ONLY A FEW TRACES
OF TRADE GOODS WERE
FOUND!

HMMM! YOU
THINK THE
GOODS CAME
THIS WAY---
ACROSS THE
BORDER?

I THINK SO---
BECAUSE WE'VE
COVERED ABOUT
EVERY OTHER
POSSIBILITY
I WANTED TO
WARN YOU!

THANKS, MARSHAL! I'LL
WATCH CLOSELY FOR
SMUGGLED GOODS, AND
THOSE BURNED
SUSPECTS!

THAT NIGHT, PRESTON CAMPS AT THE BASE OF A
WEATHERED CLIFF.

WELL, KING, WE'LL HAVE
A SNUG HOLE TO SLEEP
IN PRETTY SOON!

FOOTNOTES: Please send notice to News Service, 25 West 42nd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





CARIBOU POINT IS A COLLECTION OF A DOZEN LOG BUILDINGS— SUPPLY CENTER FOR THE MINERS SCATTERED ALONG NEARBY STREAMS







LATE THAT AFTERNOON---









Sergeant PRESTON

GOLD FOR ASHES



OH, YOU HUSKIES!
WE'LL CAMP IN THE FIRST
PATCH OF BUSH TILL THE SNOW
LETS UP! KING IS LEADING US!

HALFWAY BETWEEN INDIAN SETTLEMENTS IN THE YUKON WILDERNESS, SERGEANT PRESTON MEETS ANOTHER OF THE VIOLENT SNOW SWALLS WHICH HAVE SLOWED HIS PATROL.



WE'VE COME FAR ENOUGH,
GYPSY INDIANS ARE
GOING TO TRACK US
THROUGH THIS SNOWFALL!

MAYBE! BUT
SOME INDIANS
DON'T NEED
TRACKS TO
TRAIL BY,
TIGER!

AND HEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION THROUGH
ROUGH COUNTRY, ARE GYP WALLER AND TIGER CAPORS,
A PAIR OF THIEVING BUSH TRAMPS ON THE RUN.



ITCH THE SLED, THEN, WITH PARDEE AND HIS
KID! TURN THEIR DOGS LOOSE AND LET THEM WAIT
FOR THE INDIANS TO FIND THEM--- WHILE WE
HEAD FOR GAWSON WITH THE GOLD...



I DIDN'T TELL YOU BEFORE, TIGER---
BUT WE'RE LOST IN THIS STORM!
I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO HEAD
FOR GAWSON! WE MAY NEED THE
SLED YET AND THE GRUB
THAT'S ON IT!



WITHOUT WARNING, A SNOW CORNICE, WIND-PACKED AND JUTTING OVER AN UNSEEN RAVINE, GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET!



MILES AWAY, A BOY OF TEN STUMBLES TOWARD THE FAINT SOUND OF TEAM DOGS' CHEERFUL YIPING!

AT THE SOUND OF THE FAINT CALL, YUKON KING STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.



WELL! HOW DID YOU GET OUT HERE IN THE BUSH
--- AND IN THIS STORM, SONNY?

I WALKED--- AS
LONG AS I COULD---
AFTER I GOT AWAY
FROM THOSE BUSH
TRAMPS! THEN I
HEARD A DOGS
TEAM



YOU HAVEN'T ANY FROSTBITE BUT YOU'RE
TIRED OUT, SON? WE'LL CAMP RIGHT NOW
AND GET SOME HOT FOOD INTO YOU! THEN
YOU CAN TELL ME WHO
YOU ARE?

MY NAME'S GORMIE
PARDEE! MY DAD
IS A DOCTOR!



NOW YOU CAN TELL
ME THE REST OF IT,
GORMIE! WHERE IS
YOUR FATHER?

THOSE BUSH TRAMPS
HAVE GOT HIM TIED UP
ON OUR SLED! HE
CHEWED THROUGH THE
THONGS THEY'D TIED
AROUND MY
WRISTS--



--- BUT BEFORE I COULD GET DAD LOOSE, THE
SLED HIT A ROCK AND I FELL OFF! THOSE CROOKS
WERE AHEAD, TRYING TO FIND THE WAY, AND THEY
DIDN'T SEE ME ROLL OUT FROM UNDER THE SLED
COVER!



YOU COULDN'T
GET BACK ON
THE SLED WITH-
OUT BEING SEEN?

NO! ONE OF THEM CAME
BACK TO RIDGE! I TRIED
TO FOLLOW BUT THEY
WENT TOO FAST--- AND THE
SNOW AND WIND COVERED
THEIR TRACKS--- ABOUT
THE TIME I HEARD YOU!



SAY! YOU'RE
A MOUNTIE!--
AREN'T YOU?



YES--- SERGEANT
PRESTON! WE'LL TRY TO
TRAIL YOUR DAD NOW, WHILE
YOU TELL ME THE REST OF
YOUR STORY!

TURNING BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE HE FOUND DONNIE RANDEE, PRESTON SETS HIS GREAT DOG TO THE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF SCENTING STRANGE TRACK UNDER INCHES OF FRESH SNOW!

SEARCH-KING!
FOR A TEAM AND
SLED TRACKS!
UNDER THE
SNOW!



WUFFF!
ROWFFF!



AFTER PATIENT GINGLING, YUKON KING SUCCEEDS. THE SCENT OF A RECENTLY PASSING TEAM IS THERE --- THOUGH INVISIBLE UNDER THE WHITE FLUFF!

KING WON'T LOSE THAT TRAIL, DONNIE! NOW YOU CAN TELL ME --- HOW AND WHY DID THOSE BUSH TRAMPS CAPTURE YOU AND YOUR DAD?

YIP, YIP,
YIP!

THEY CAME TO OUR CABIN --- LAST NIGHT AND DAD FED THEM --- GAVE THEM OUR SPARE BUNK TO SLEEP IN!



THEN THEY PULLED SUNS ON US, TIED US UP ON OUR OWN SLED, AND LOOKED FOR THE GOLD DUST THE YELLOW KNEE INDIANS HAD LEFT WITH DAD FOR SAFEGUARDING!



THEY FOUND IT!

YES --- UNDER THE FLOOR! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TALKED, ON A TRIP TO TOWN! ANYHOW, THEY FIGURED THEY COULD FIND THE INDIANS' GOLD IN OUR CABIN!



LATER



THE TRAIL ENDS SUDDENLY--IN A CRUMBLED SNOW CORNICE!









TOWARDS DAWN, THE LONG HOURS OF "MUSHING" DRAW TO AN END—



AT DAYBREAK --- CLOSE TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE ---

THEY'VE SEEN US, DONNIE!
SOMEBODY IN THAT DOORWAY---



LOOK!



MOMENTS LATER, STARTLED INDIANS GATHER
BEHIND THE HUTS FOR A QUICK POWWOW.

DOC FARDEE AND BOY
CAME BACK---NOW WE
HAVE BURNED DOWN
THEIR HOUSE!

I SAW THAT DOO-
TEAM! NOT DOC
FARDEE'S! MAYBE
IT IS NOT DOC!



COME HERE, YELLOW KNEES! WE'VE BROUGHT
BACK YOUR GOLD! I AM
SERGEANT PRESTON!



WHERE DOC
FARDEE?

CAPTURED BY THE MEN WHO
STOLE THIS GOLD! ONLY
DONNIE GOT AWAY! HERE
IS YOUR GOLD---ALLOP IT!



I, SLEIGH DOG, SPEAK FOR MY PEOPLE! WE ARE ASHAMED! ALL SUMMER WE WASH GOLD --- WINTER COME, WE ASK DOG, OUR FRIEND TO KEEP FOR US! WE THINK HE STEAL! WE MAD!



DO YOU BURNED HIS HOUSE! AND NOW?

NOW WE MAKE DOG'S BOY *OUR* BOY! GIVE GOLD TO SEND HIM OUTSIDE TO SCHOOL! GORRIE LOSE OWN FATHER --- GET US ALL FOR FATHERMY!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT GORRIE LOSING HIS FATHER?

DOG!

**NO!
BAD!**



I GOT LOOSE IN THE SNOWSTORM --- BUNCHED UP THE SLED LOAD TO LOOK AS IF I WERE STILL UNDER THE TARP --- AND JUMPED INTO A GULLY WHEN THOSE TRAMPS WERE BREAKING TRAIL! HURT MY LEG --- BUT MADE IT HOME --- TO FIND ASHES!



DOG, WE GIVE GOLD FOR ASHES! BUILD YOU NEW HOUSE, SO YOU LIVE HERE AND MAKE SICK INDIANS WELL!



THAT SUITS ME, SLEIGH DOG! THIS COUNTRY GAVE ME MY HEALTH BACK! AND I HAVEN'T FINISHED PAYING THAT DEBT YET!

WELL, KING, I GUESS THERE IS NOTHING THERE TO KEEP US HERE MUCH LONGER. WE'LL CALL THE CASE CLOSED!



Trail's End



Old Sam Norton dropped the last of his bacon into the frying pan and settled back on his heels in a squatting position. A second or two later and the pungent odor of the frying meat filled the air. It made Sam's nostrils quiver with anticipation, but a moment later the sad look returned to his eyes. He scanned the distant snow-capped hills and rubbed a thoughtful thumb across his stubbly beard. Twenty-five years he had spent amongst these desolate hills—from White Horse in the south, to Dawson and Klondike in the north—searching for the gold he never found.

The bacon popped in the pan and he turned the thick slab over with his tin fork. But his mind wasn't on food now. He was thinking of the bad luck that had dogged his footsteps ever since he had come north. And now it was worse yet. He had reached the trail's end. He was out of money, out of supplies and, other than the bacon and the hardtack in his pack, he was scraping the bottom of the barrel. The worst part of it all though was the sense of defeat. He had given the country twenty-five years of his life, and now it was sending him away, his pockets just as empty as the day he arrived.

"It's my own doing," he muttered aloud. "I should've cleared out a long while back, when I was younger. Where will I go, who will have anything to do with a penniless old man?"

He put his fork into the browned chunk

of bacon and had just transferred the juicy, sizzling meat to his tin plate when he heard the sound. There was no mistaking the bellowing roar. He only had a second to see the bear charge, and then Sam was on his feet, running like he never ran before.

He glanced back briefly, just in time to see the bear slow down, swallow the slab of bacon, and then come on again like a runaway locomotive.

Up the slope they went, the bear making grunting, angry sounds, and Sam puffing and wheezing as his breath began to run out.

He was certain that the end was in sight, and then he spotted the narrow opening in the rocky wall. In he slipped, and not a moment too soon.

The bear skidded to a halt and sniffed at the opening, while Sam drew back into the shadowy depths. The beast growled a bit, scratched at the narrow slot which wouldn't permit his bulk through, and then shuffled off.

For awhile Sam thanked his lucky stars, then anger slowly returned. He would be glad to leave this country. It had been nothing but bad luck all the way through, even to having his last scrap of food stolen by a brute of a bear.

He paused to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and slowly his eyes widened with surprise. A slanting ray of light fingered through the opening in the rocks and fell upon the cave's wall. It glowed with a reddish hue, and one look was all Sam needed.

"Gold!" he roared, and the word echoed and re-echoed through the cave.

When the government report came through, it rated Sam's strike as one of the richest veins in the territory. Several weeks later, dressed in the finest clothes money could buy, Sam Norton deposited a twelve pound slab of bacon, along with some choice salmon, on a rocky slope just before the Sam Norton Mine. It was his way of saying "thank you" to one of the nicest bears in the whole Yukon.

"I sure hope he finds it," Sam muttered. Then he grinned. "Of course he will. With the luck he brought me, how can he miss?"

GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK

A LOW GROWL FROM
GRAY WOLF'S THROAT
HALTS HIS MATE AND
THEIR FIVE PUPS IN
SIGHT OF THE WILDER-
NESS RIVER...



— IT'S A SHE BEAR — A BRIZZLY — FISHING
FOR HER TWO CUBS —

AS THE CUBS DOUBBLE OVER THE WHOLING
DELICACY — —



— — MOTHER BEAR RETURNS TO SEIZE A STILL
BIGGER CATCH — —

— — — FOR HER OWN DINNER —



ALONE WOLF SOMETIMES WAITS AROUND FOR THE LEAVINGS FROM A GRIZZLY'S "TABLE"--- BUT GRAY WOLF, WITH PUPS TO TRAIN AND FEED, HAS NO TIME TO WASTE! HE MOVES ON TOWARD THE RABBIT RUN, UPSTREAM...



--- NOT KNOWING THAT BROWNIE, THE LARGEST, MOST ADVENTUROUS OF HIS PUPS, HAS RUN OFF ON A QUEST OF HIS OWN!



A SQUALL OF PROTEST GREETS BROWNIE'S SMATCH



BROWNIE COULD EASILY OUTHUN THE BEAR CUBS --- BUT HE WAITS TO TEASE THEM--- BEFORE MAKING OFF WITH THEIR BREAKFAST!



THE SQUALLING AND GROWLING OF HER YOUNGSTERS HAS WARNED MOTHER BEAR THAT SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG! SHE IS COMING FAST AND QUIETLY--- FOR ALL HER BULK!



BUT SUDDENLY, SAVAGE TEETH
ARE AT HER REAR! GRAY WOLF,
MISSING HIS PUP, HAS ARRIVED
JUST IN TIME!



AT THEIR MOTHER'S BAWL OF RAGE, THE TWO
GRIZZLY COGS HUNT "TALL TIMBER" --- AT
LEAST, THE TALLEST THAT THEIR BLUNT CLAWS
CAN MANAGE.



--- WHERE THEY LOOK DOWN IN DELIGHT AT THE
BLOODLESS BATTLE WITH GRAY WOLF AND
HIS MATE, KUNEE.



ALL AT ONCE, IT OCCURS TO GRAY WOLF AND
KUNEE THAT BROWNIE IS AGAIN MISSING ---
AND THE OTHER FOUR PUPS ARE LEFT
UNPROTECTED!



BY AGREEMENT, KUNEE TAKES OFF IN ONE DIREC-
TION --- GRAY WOLF IN ANOTHER, ON THE TRAIL
OF BROWNIE ---





INWARDLY PLEASED AT HIS SON'S GUMPTION, GRAY WOLF PICKS UP THE HANDSOME LOOT...

--- AND PAYING NO ATTENTION TO BROWNIE'S PROTESTS, CARRIES IT TO THE OTHERS---MORE THAN ENOUGH FOOD FOR ALL FIVE PUPS!



TWO SECONDS LATER, A FREE-FOR-ALL IS RAGING ABOVE THE STOLEN FISH!

WHILE KUMEE AND GRAY WOLF WATCH IN QUIET AMUSEMENT--- KNOWING THAT ONLY BY SUCH MOCK BATTLES WILL THEIR YOUNG BE FITTED FOR THE GRIMMER STRUGGLES OF THEIR GROWN-UP YEARS



Sergeant PRESTON

VANISHED EVIDENCE

VISITING THE MOUNTED
POLICE POST AT PORCUPINE,
SERGEANT PRESTON IS
CHATTING WITH CONSTABLE
MAYNARD, WHEN





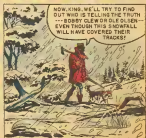




"I LISTEN TO SVEN'S HEART--- HE IS DEAD! THEN I HEAR SOMEBODY HOLLER BEHIND ME-- IT IS BOBBY CLEW! HE THINK I KILLED POOR SVEN!"



"I AM SCARED! I RUN INTO DARK WOODS! IT IS TOO DARK FOR BOBBY TO SEE WHO I AM..."



AN HOUR LATER --



SVEN WAS COMING AROUND THE CABIN'S CORNER WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED! THE QUESTION IS, BY WHOM? OF WHOM? OLE SAYS HE HEARD SVEN TELL AND HE HEARD "A SORT OF HOWL," TOO!



THERE'S BLOOD ON THIS AXE, KING! AND THERE'S A CHANCE THAT IT'S NOT SVEN'S, BUT THAT OF HIS ATTACKER!--- SCENT, BOY!--- AND SEARCH!



TWENTY
HOURS
LATER,
AT 5:30 P.M.
THE CITIZENS
OF FORCUPINE
GATHER ONCE
MORE AT THE
MOUNTED
POLICE POST
FOR AN
INQUIRY.



AFTER BOTH ACCUSER AND ACCUSED HAVE TOLD
THEIR STORIES.

GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE HEARD BOTH SIDES!
BOBBY CLEW STATED THAT WHEN HE SAW OLSEN
TAKE SVENSON'S WALLET HE YELLED AND CLEW
JUMPED! BUT AT 9:30 P.M. IT WAS TOO DARK TO
SEE WHAT WAS IN
OLSEN'S HAND!



CLEW ALSO SAID THAT SVEN WAS KILLED WITH
THIS AXE... BUT CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF
THE WOUNDS PROVES BEYOND DOUBT THAT
THE DEATH-DEALING INSTRUMENT WAS
NOT AN AXE!





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(signed) HELEN MEYER

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1957

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)

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DANGERS OF THE TRAIL



WHEN A TRAP HAS LEFT THE SNOW CRUST HARD ENOUGH TO HOLD A MAN WITHOUT SNOW-SHOES, THERE ARE STILL PITFALLS...



--- WHICH NO HUMAN EYE COULD DETECT UNTIL TOO LATE! A JARRING FALL MIGHT BE THE ONLY RESULT, OR IT MIGHT BE ---



--- THE DEN OF A SLEEPY BEAR, WHO OBJECTS TO BEING SO RUDELY AWAKENED! THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO A CANADIAN TRAPPER,



THE FEELING OF A RIFLE IN ONE'S GRASP IS COMFORTING UNTIL THE SNOW-PLUGGED BARREL BURSTS, AS IT FIRES!



PROBABLY THE BEAR, UNHURT BUT DEAFENED BY THE BLAST, WILL LEAVE IN A HURRY --- BUT ONE CAN'T ALWAYS BE SURE!



THE TRAPPER HAS SURVIVED ONE MORE DANGER OF THE WILDERNESS TRAILS --- BUT HE GAZES RUEFULLY AT HIS RUINED WEAPON!

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