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SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON



Northern bush...
tough country to track
river pirates in...but Preston
always drew the tough jobs.



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A-58

**WHAT'S THE...
GOAL? GO!
AND HERE**



— — — — —



WHILE TWO OF THE PIRATES HOLD THE PASSENGERS AND CREW
ON THE PORTHOLE — —

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BELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

THREE OTHERS LOWER THE SHIPMENTS OF
GOLD, FUR AND BEAR CASH INTO A LIFEBOAT.
EVERY MOVE IS WELL PLANNED.



AS THE BOAT PULLS AWAY---



TWO OF THE PIRATES COVER THE VESSEL'S
COMPANY, FROM THE EDGE OF THE BUSH---
INTO WHICH THEY SLOWLY DISAPPEAR.



THREE DAYS LATER --- IN THE DAWSON HEADQUARTERS--
HERE IS WHERE THE "YUKON BELLE" WENT AROUND,
PRESTON! SINCE THE PIRATES LEFT NO TRAIL, IT'S
ANYBODY'S GUESS WHERE THE GOLD IS NOW!



LET'S HEAR IT,
SERGEANT!

WELL, THERE IS A REGION THAT
HAS BEEN AVOIDED BY INDIAN
AND WHITE TRAPPERS ALIKE--
BECAUSE OF CERTAIN STRANGE,
UNEARTHLY MOANS AND
SHRIEKING MEN HAVE HEARD
THERE!



THE AREA IS ABOUT HERE---PARTLY CIRCLED BY THIS BRANCH OF THE LOST WOMAN RIVER, AS THE INDIANS CALL IT! A CANOE OR A LIFESAT COULD REACH IT QUICKLY FROM THE PLACE THE STEAMER WENT ABOARD!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE PIRATES DIDN'T TRANSFER THEIR LOOT TO SOME OTHER CRAFT AND HEAD FOR DAWSON OR ALASKA?

JUST THE FACT THAT THEY'LL BE LOOKED FOR IN EVERY SETTLEMENT---AND THEY KNOW IT! THEY'LL WAIT TILL THE HUNT DIES OUT, SIR!



I'M GOING TO PLAY YOUR HUNCH, PRESTON! TAKE WHAT MEN YOU NEED TO SEARCH THE LOST WOMAN AREA--- --

MY DOG--TURKIN KINGS-- WILL BE ALL THE HELP I'LL NEED, SIR! I'LL START NOW!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINCH, BRILLIANT PRESTON AND TURKIN KINGS PADDOLE UPSTREAM ALONG THE CURVING BRANCH OF THE LOST WOMAN RIVER...



AT DUSK, PRESTON LANDS---WHERE A GAME TRAIL DESCENDS TO THE WATER.



WE'LL LEAVE THE CANOE HERE, KINGS!

---AND WE'LL HIDE OUR CANOE, JUST IN CASE---





AS THE EVENING BREEZE MOVES THE DISTANT TREE-TOPS, THE WIND SOUNDS RISE LOUDER!



WITHOUT WARNING, PRESTON IS JERKED INTO THE AIR BY A STEEL-WIRE ROOSE!







THAT SNARE WAS MEANT TO CATCH MY MAN DARING ENOUGH TO INVESTIGATE THE TRAIL! WE'RE SETTING WARM, KING!



THE FRICTION OF DEAD WOOD LYING HEAVILY IN A LIVE TREE'S CROTCH PRODUCES A GRATING MOAN AS THE WIND DRAWS IT.



A HALF HOUR LATER...







A BULLET FROM PRESTON'S GUN HITS THE SHOOTER'S WEAPON...



THE FIRST MAN OUT GIVES A SHOUT AS PRESTON SPINS HIM AROUND.





IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CABIN, KING'S GROWLING, HURTLING SHAPE CAUSES INSTANT CONFUSION! HE HAS BEEN WELL TRAINED FOR JUST SUCH MIS-UPS.



ONE AT A TIME, PRESTON--- WAITING OUTSIDE ---
LINES THEM UP UNDER HIS PISTOL.



HOLD THEM HERE, KING--- WHILE I TAKE
A LOOK INSIDE!



THE LOOT FROM THE
TOWN BELONGS WAS
NOT MISTAKEN!



IT'S ALL HERE---AS
FAR AS I CAN ESTIMATE,
TOO HEAVY A LOAD FOR
ONE MAN--- BUT I'LL
HAVE FIVE
PRISONERS TO
CARRY IT OUT!



SOME SAY WE LL COME
BACK HERE, KING--- AND CUT
DOWN THAT CREAKING TREE!
BUT RIGHT NOW WE CAN
CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!



DOOOO--- DOOOO! OW---DOOOO!



Yukon King



ONE NIGHT, WHILE TEAM AND DRIVER SLEEP, YUKON KING IS ROUSED BY THE FINEST OF DISTANT SOUNDS---DISTURBING YET UNIDENTIFIED

ALTHOUGH HIS HEARING IS MORE THAN EIGHT TIMES AS KEEN AS A MAN'S, KING LOSES FOR A WHILE, FOLLOWING THE SOUND'S DIRECTION, UNTIL ---



--- AT LAST IT COMES CLEARLY TO HIM - THE CRY OF A HUMAN VOICE?

HE BREAKS INTO A GALLOP! AND, THREE MILES FARTHER--



... THE SMELL OF BANGER DRAWS HIM TO AN OVERTURNED LIGHT BUEN, AND ITS TEAM OF THREE HUNNY DOGS --- DEAD! AND MIMLED WITH THEIR SCENT IS THAT OF WOLF!



IT IS THE TRAIL, NOT OF A PREY, BUT OF ONE HUGE WOLF, WHICH HE FOLLOWS... AND IT LEADS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THAT DESPERATE HUMAN ORN!



HALF A MILE AWAY, HIS FOOT PINNED UNDER A BIG SPRUCE HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE A DEADFALL, LEON BOWER, TRAPPED, FACES THE KILLER!



THE WOLF AT LAST MAKES UP HIS MIND. HE TAKES A STEP NEARER —



WHEN THE SOUND OF TUNOR KING'S HEROLDING APPROACH WARMS HIM HE WHIRLS —



AND SLASHES KING'S SHOULDER DEEPLY AS THEY MEET!



THEN KING GETS HIS GRIP — — — AND KEEPS IT!

OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL IN NEARLY SILENT
STRUGGLE---KING FIGHTING FOR A HUMAN LIFE
---THE WOLF FOR HIS OWN!

A HURRY DOG?
TACKLING THE KILLER
WOLF---OR I'VE SOME
CRAFT---SEEING
THINGS---



AT LAST THE MONSTER GIVES A GREAT SHUDDER---
AND GOES LIMF!

NE--HE
KILLED THE
WOLF?
THANKS BE---



THANKS, FELLOW! NOW, IF YOU CAN ONLY UNDERSTAND--
MY AXE? BRING MY AXE? OVER THERE --- SEE?
UNDER THE SNOW---

EE-YUN?



"THAT'S IT, FELLOW!
BRING IT TO ME!"
BRING IT!



I'LL BE FREE---IN A FEW
MORE MINUTES---UGH!
WRAID MY FOOT IS FROZEN,
THOUGH--NO FEELING IN
IT... UGH! STICK AROUND,
FELLOW! DON'T LEAVE
ME---



NOW, IF I CAN GET
TO MY SLED---IF
MY TEAM HADN'T
RUN TOO FAR...
MAYBE YOU CAN
HELP ME FIND
'EM, BOY! MY SLED?

EE-YUN?
YUN--OH?





SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON SMOKE SCREEN

IN A NORTHWOODS CABIN ABANDONED BY SOME FORGOTTEN TRAPPER, TWO EXPRESS COMPANY ROBBERS----"SLUPPY" SLADE AND "TIMBER" LARINE---GAVE OUT OVER THE MOONLIT SNOW

LOOK, TIM! COMING OVER THAT
RISE --- A MOUNTIE!

A MOUNTIE!-- AND A
DOG! I KNOW THAT
PAIR, SLUPPY!
THEY'RE SERGEANT
PRESTON, AND HIS
MAN TRACKING
DOD, YUKON KING

THE TRAIL IS GETTING WARM, KING? THAT'S
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? THEY'RE WAITING
FOR US, MAYBE

AAA-OFF!

AAA-B-B-B
BUT

--- DOWN IN THAT STAND
OF PINES?

NO, SLUPPY! YOU'RE A BAD SHOT BY DAYLIGHT---
LET ALONE AT NIGHT--- AND WE'VE GOT TO GET
THEM BOTH!

THE SHOOTING HAS
GOT TO BE CLOSE UP
IF WE KILL THE
MOUNTIE AND THE
DOG GETS AWAY HE
COULD REVEAL
IDENTIFY US!

YEAP! NOW
ARE WE GOING TO
TRAP 'EM WITH A
COUPLE OF OLD
STRAW MATTRESSES, TM?



LOADED WITH THEIR LOOT AND GEAR, THE TWO ROBBERS SLIP OUT OF THE DOOR INTO THE WOODS.



TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING, PRESTON STEPS OUT OF HIS SNOWSHOES.





TO LEAVE HIS HANDS FREE FOR SEARCHING, PRESTON TUCKS THE AIR HEAD UNDER HIS BELT



KING'S ATTACK IS HALTED BY THE RIFLE'S MUZZLE--WITH ALL OF LARINE'S WEIGHT BEHIND IT! BUT THE MAN HAS NO TIME TO RE-LOAD!



AN INSTANT LATER, THE BLAZING LANTERN WHICH IS DROPPED ONTO THE OIL-SOAKED MATTRESSES!





The Tenderfoot



The storm had come up suddenly, and worse yet it was almost dusk. Small particles of ice mixed with the swirling snowflakes, and the howling wind roared and whined like a wounded beast. Here was challenge enough for an old-timer, but what chance did a tenderfoot have—alone, unskilled, trapped as he was in the very center of a Yukon blizzard?

Not much of a chance, thought Jeff Morgan, as he forced himself onward. The wind tore at his parka, and the hail stung his face repeatedly. Every so often he was forced to a halt, as though mighty hands had laid hold of him, eager to drag him down into the soft, glistening drifts. It took every effort, every ounce of will power to fight off the feeling. Movement was his only chance. To stop now was to stop for all time. Sluggishly he wiped the snow from his lids. Painfully he pushed one foot forward, then the other. His thoughts reeled. The morning seemed so long ago—almost an eternity.

"You be careful," said gray-haired Russ Taylor, as Jeff prepared to leave. Russ was the mine company's foreman, and his feelings toward Jeff were like a father toward a son.

"I'll be all right," Jeff replied. "I can make the trading post by noon and be back before dusk. Getting out on my own might do me some good," he added with a smile.

"Two months in the Yukon hardly makes you a veteran," Russ said with concern. "You be careful, boy," he repeated.

Russ' concern seemed exaggerated to Jeff. He had made the post by noon, loaded the sled with supplies and was back on the trail a little past two. He grinned inwardly at how he would kid Russ when he got back to camp. Shortly afterwards it happened. The storm swooped down out of the mountains and suddenly his rosy world became bleak and dismal.

Within a half hour he had lost the sled and the team. They simply tore loose and ran off. Within another twenty minutes he was hopelessly lost. Wearily he came to a halt to wipe away the snow, and then he heard a new sound—a howling note that rose above the wind.

Waked in a moment his mouth went dry and his heart fluttered with sickening beats. He peered about him but the dancing, swirling flakes now fell all the faster. A shadow seemed to move across his field of vision, then disappeared. Did he imagine it? Doubt vanished as the piercing cry came from behind. He whirled. Bright spots of light glistered, then vanished. Swift shadows moved with blurring motion. The lights reappeared, and their numbers had increased. They circled, drew closer. The shadows began to take shape.

He could see them now, their lips drawn back, the fangs bared. He cringed within himself, held his breath and then orange flame leaped out of the darkness. Again and again the shots rang out. Yelps filled the air—trilled off in the distance.

Moments later old Russ and some of the boys were at Jeff's side. "Another second would have been too late," gasped Jeff. "The storm was bad enough, but those wolves meant the end."

"Don't be too hard on them wolves, boy," grunted Russ. "We heard their howls and it led us to you, in a way they did you a service."

Jeff shook his head wearily. The wolves had done him a service! It proved but one thing. There was a lot to learn about this country—a lot more than he had thought.

GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK

A SNOW STORM CATCHES GRAY WOLF AND HIS FAMILY HUNTING NEAR THE RIM OF ONE OF THE GREAT CLIFFS WHICH SURROUND THEIR VALLEY, AND IT MAKES THE GOING TREACHEROUS!

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WITH A SUDDEN SPURT OF SPEED, BROWNIE, THE BIGGEST PER, CROUCHS PAST HIS MOTHER, KUNEE ——— SHOWING HER ACCIDENTALLY!



HER SNOW-FILLED PAIDS SLIP ON THE GLACED ROCK, AND SHE SLIPS OVER THE EDGE———INTO SPACE!



ELECTRIFIED BY HER HOWL OF FEAR, GRAY WOLF SPRING ABOUT IN MID-STRIDE——— TOO LATE TO HELP!



TWENTY FEET BELOW THE RIM, A NARROW LEDGE HAS BROKEN KUNEE'S FALL! SHE APPEARS UNHURT BUT TRAPPED THERE!

PANICED, KUMEE CLINGS AT THE SMOOTH ROCK WALL --- KNOWING IN HER HEART THAT IT IS USELESS! DEATH LINGS BELOW! AND THAT HERE SHE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD...



FOR LONG MINUTES HE STUDIES HIS MATE'S POSITION --- IN GROWING DESPAIR!



DOWN BELOW, ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE BLIZZARD, HE HEARS HIS MATE'S MOURNFUL HOWL...



DAYDRESS, GRAY WOLF FORCES HIS OFFSPRING BACK FROM THE DEADLY RIM --- LEST THEY TOO SLIP OVER IT!



THEN HE LEADS HIS PACK DOWN BY A BREAK IN THE CLIFF WALLS.



--- AND HOWLS IN HEARTBROKEN REPLY!



ONE BY ONE, THE CUBS MAKE THEIR LITTLE NESTS IN THE DRIFTING SNOW, AND LET NATURE'S WHITE BLANKET COVER THEM. THEN THEY WILL SLEEP OUT THE STORM IN COMFORT!



UNTIL, AT LAST WEARINESS FORCES HIM TO BESIDE: THEN HE LISTENS --- TRYING TO MAKE OUT KUNGA'S VOICE ABOVE THE HOWLING HOWL OF THE WIND.



SADLY, GRAY WOLF MOVES OVER THE WIND-PACKED SURFACE OF THE GREAT DRIFT WHICH BANKS THE FOOT OF THE PALADINCE.



LONG AFTER HIS PUPS HAVE BEEN COVERED, GRAY WOLF KEEPS LONELY WAIL...



TWO DAYS LATER---A PALE NORTHERN SUN SHINES ON A STILL AND WINDLESS WORLD---WRAPPED IN WHITE" GRAY WOLF AND HIS OFFSPRING GO OUT--- TO FACE THE EMPTY CLIFF!



ABRUPTLY HE STIFFENS, CATCHING THE WARM, LIVE SCENT OF HIS MATE!



THEN, FURIOUSLY, HE BEGINS DIGGING WHERE THE SCENT OF RUDEE IS STRONGEST!



HALF CONSCIOUS AFTER HOURS WITH TOO LITTLE OXYGEN AND TOO MUCH WEIGHT OF SNOW ON TOP OF HER, RUDEE FEELS THE WARM TOUCH OF GRAY WOLF'S TONGUE.



... AND MOVED DOWN INTO THE SHELTER OF THE SPRUCES --- WITH HER MATE AND HER STRONG YOUNG SON SUPPORTING HER ON EITHER SIDE!



WITH GLAD LITTLE GRAYS AND TELPS, HE WORKS IN A CLOUD OF TORN-UP SNOW --- AND THE PUPS IN THEIR BLUNDERING WAY TRY TO HELP!



SHE IS UNHURT, HOWEVER --- THE DEEPLY-DRIFTED SNOW HAVING ENTIRELY CUSHIONED HER SIXTY-FOOT FALL! SOON SHE SINGS HER FEET...



SERGEANT PRESTON

OF THE YUKON

A HOWL FROM THE HILLS

ON HIS REGULAR
PATROL, SERGEANT
PRESTON REACHES
THE TRADING POST
OF TOURS JEFF
STOREY AND HIS
WIFE, NELL.



SERGEANT PRESTON
COME IN! AND BRING
YUKON KING!

WHO? I'LL BE RIGHT
WITH YOU, STOREY!

OH, SERGEANTS! I'M SO
GLAD YOU CAME, JUST NOW!
THAT INDIAN JAILBIRD,
CHUCK-A-CHUCK, IS
HANGING
AROUND!

CHUCK-A-CHUCK?
I KNOW HIM! HAS
HE MADE ANY
TROUBLE?



HE'S BEEN PESTERING JEFF TO GIVE HIM TRAPS
AND BRUSH ON CREDIT---AND HE WON'T TAKE NO
FOR AN ANSWER! LOOK THERE---
THROUGH THE WINDOW---



WHOO! HE'S FIRING
UP THE OLD, THUNDERBOLT
CANNON! WHAT'S WHO'S WITH THAT?



AS IF SENSING THAT HE'S BEING TALKED ABOUT, THE
SAD-FACED ONE TURNS TO GLANCE AT THE TRADING
POST.

HE MEANS TO JEFF--- THAT'S WHAT'S WHO'S!
AND I'M AFRAID IF JEFF WON'T GIVE HIM WHAT HE
WANTS, THAT INDIAN MIGHT HARM LITTLE BOBBIE--
FOR REVENGE! HE KNIFE A MAN ONCE...



A MAN WHO HAD
THREATENED HIM!
I KNOW!

CHUCK-A-CHUCK HAS TRIED TO SET TRAPS AND GRAB ON CREDIT FROM TWO OTHER TRADERS- AND FAILED! HE IS EVIDENTLY FINISHING HIS LAST HOPES FOR MAKING A LIVING ON FOUR HELP, STOREY?

HE WON'T GET IT! HE'S BEEN IN JAIL! CAN I TRUST HIM?



WELL, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, STOREY! HOWEVER, AS LONG AS CHUCK-A-CHUCK BEHAVES HIMSELF, I CAN'T KEEP HIM FROM HANGING AROUND YOUR POST! NOBODY OWNS THAT OLD CABIN!



IF WE ONLY HAD A GRAND DOG LIKE KING, TO GUARD BOBBIE---

WELL, IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL SAFER, MRS. STOREY, I CAN LEAVE KING WITH BOBBIE UNTIL RETURN IN A FEW DAYS --



THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL, SERGEANT--- IF YOU COULD SPARE HIM!

KING, BOY! YOU ARE TO STAY HERE AND GUARD BOBBIE! I DON'T LEAVE HIM! UNDERSTAND, FELLOW?



FRANKLY, I THINK YOU WOULD HAVE NO GOOD REASON TO WORRY ABOUT BOBBIE, IN ANY CASE, MRS. STOREY? CHUCK-A-CHUCK HAS HAD ALL THE TROUBLE HE WANTS!



FOUR DAYS LATER, PRESTON RETURNS----IN A SNOWSTORM!









SACKED INTO AN ANGLE IN THE ROCKS, KING IS FIGHTING FIERCELY---HOPELESSLY--AGAINST TEN TIMES HIS WEIGHT OF WOLVES...







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LIKE MOST CATS, THE LYNX HAS WONDERFUL EYESIGHT, AND IS LIGHTNING-QUICK IN ITS POUNCE UPON GAME. IT FEEDS MOSTLY ON RABBITS AND WILD, WITH AN OCCASIONAL GROUSE.



A BIG LYNX IS ABLE TO TAKE MUCH LARGER PREY--- EVEN A FULL-GROWN DEER--- BUT HE PREFERENCES A PAWN, WHICH CANNOT PUT UP ANY FIGHT. A LYNX HUNTS FOR FOOD, NOT FOR FUN.



WHEREVER LYNX ARE PLentiful, THEIR BLOOD-CAROLING YOWLS AND SCOWLLINGS DO GO THROUGH THE BUSH, GENERALLY AT NIGHT. LYNX FIGHTS ARE JUST CAT FIGHTS--- BUT LOUDER!



THE LYNX'S BROAD, FLUFFY FEET ACT LIKE SNOWSHOES ON SOFT SNOW OR THIN CRUST WHERE A DEER PLOUNDS DEEP. A HEAVY, SNOWBOUND DEER IS EASY PREY FOR THIS GRAY KILLER.

BY MATTEL!

ALL NEW...

AND AS WESTERN
AS YOU CAN GET!

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Figure 1

4. *Phragmites* (reed) beds

Several countries are doing an almost nonexistent job. The U.S. and the U.K. have made some progress, but not nearly as much as they could.