

# Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





# THE MOUNTIES

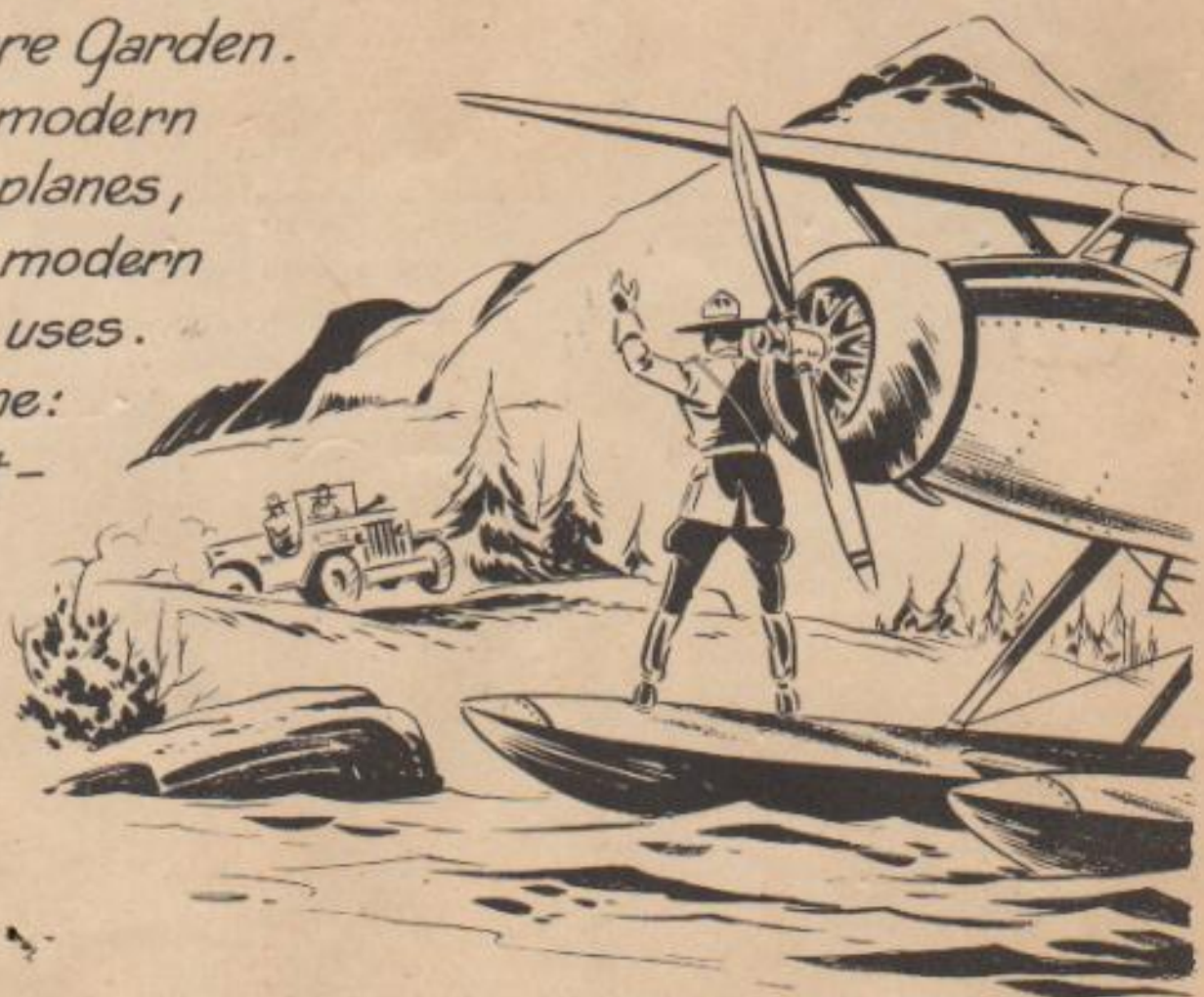
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*The famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police were given the job of enforcing law in Canada in days when the only methods of travel*

*were by dog sled, on horseback or on foot. In 1873, the problem of law enforcement was quite different than it is now. Indian bands were still fighting the white man in America and Canada, and fur trappers and guides were hard men to find when they chose to hide in their native forests.*



*Today, the Force still has many mounted policemen. They participate as a competing team in every International Horse Show in New York City's Madison Square Garden. But the Force has also brought modern methods to bear, employing airplanes, automobiles and all the other modern devices every other police force uses. But one quality remains the same: every candidate for the appointment has to pass a preliminary test which eliminates all but three of each group of twenty-eight applicants. The Force is still able to live up to its motto, "Maintiens le droit!" --- uphold the law.*





# Sergeant PRESTON

IN  
FORGOTTEN GRUBSTAKE

SERGEANT PRESTON, HOW  
FAR ARE WE NOW FROM  
SULPHUR CITY?

WE'LL BE THERE IN  
ABOUT THREE HOURS,  
BOBBY. ARE YOU SO  
ANXIOUS TO SEE  
YOUR AUNT AND  
UNCLE AT THE  
TRADING  
POST?

WELL---IT'S NOT SO MUCH THAT,  
SERGEANT! ALL I KNOW ABOUT  
UNCLE SAM PIGGOT IS HIS LETTER!  
HE SAID THAT SINCE I WAS AN---  
AN ORPHAN---NOW, HE'D TAKE ME  
IN... BUT WHAT I'M REALLY GOING  
TO MIND IS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO  
YOU AND YUKON KING!



HMMMM! YOU'LL NOT HAVE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO US,  
BOBBY---WE'LL BE HEADQUARTERING IN SULPHUR CITY  
FOR A WHILE... BUT YOU'LL FIND THE YUKON DIFFERENT  
FROM THE STATES--- AND SAM PIGGOT'S A VERY  
DIFFERENT MAN FROM YOUR DAD.



THERE'S THE  
TRADING POST  
NOW, BOBBY.



SO LONG FOR NOW,  
KING! IT'S BEEN  
GREAT KNOWING---A  
DOG LIKE YOU! AND  
I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

COME, BOBBY!  
YOUR AUNT IS  
WAITING IN  
THE DOORWAY!

MMMM!  
EE-UHH!



BOBBY! BOBBY PIGGOT!  
I'M YOUR AUNT BESS! OH---  
I'M SO GLAD TO SEE  
YOU!

AUNT BESS---  
HELLO!







I HAD A SWELL TRIP FROM DAWSON WITH SERGEANT PRESTON, AUNT BESS--- AND WITH KING, HERE. DO YOU HAVE A DOG?

HARRUMPH! A DOG? A LAZY ANIMAL THAT EATS MORE THAN A GROWN MAN? NO, INDEED!



KING ISN'T A LAZY ANIMAL! HE'S WORTH MORE IN SERGEANT PRESTON'S WORK THAN MOST GROWN MEN WOULD BE! WHO ARE YOU---

BOBBY! THIS IS YOUR UNCLE SAM!



YES! I'M YOUR UNCLE! AND I'M WARNING YOU NOW THAT I'LL STAND FOR NO SASSY TALK FROM YOU! NOT UNLESS YOU KNOW SOMEBODY ELSE WHO'LL TAKE IN AN INJUN-POOR ORPHAN THAT'S TOO SMALL TO EARN HIS KEEP! DO YOU?

UH--- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



JUST A MINUTE, PIGGOT! YOU HAVE UNDERTAKEN THIS BOY'S SUPPORT IN YOUR PROMISE TO THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES! AND PERHAPS I SHOULD WARN YOU ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE---

WHAT'S THAT?



JUST THIS: THAT HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT WILL STAND FOR NO CRUELTY TO CHILDREN! BEAR IT IN MIND!



I KNOW MY DUTY! BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I'LL LET A FRESH TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WALK OVER ME. IF THE BOY'S FATHER HADN'T BEEN A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING WASTER, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO TAKE---

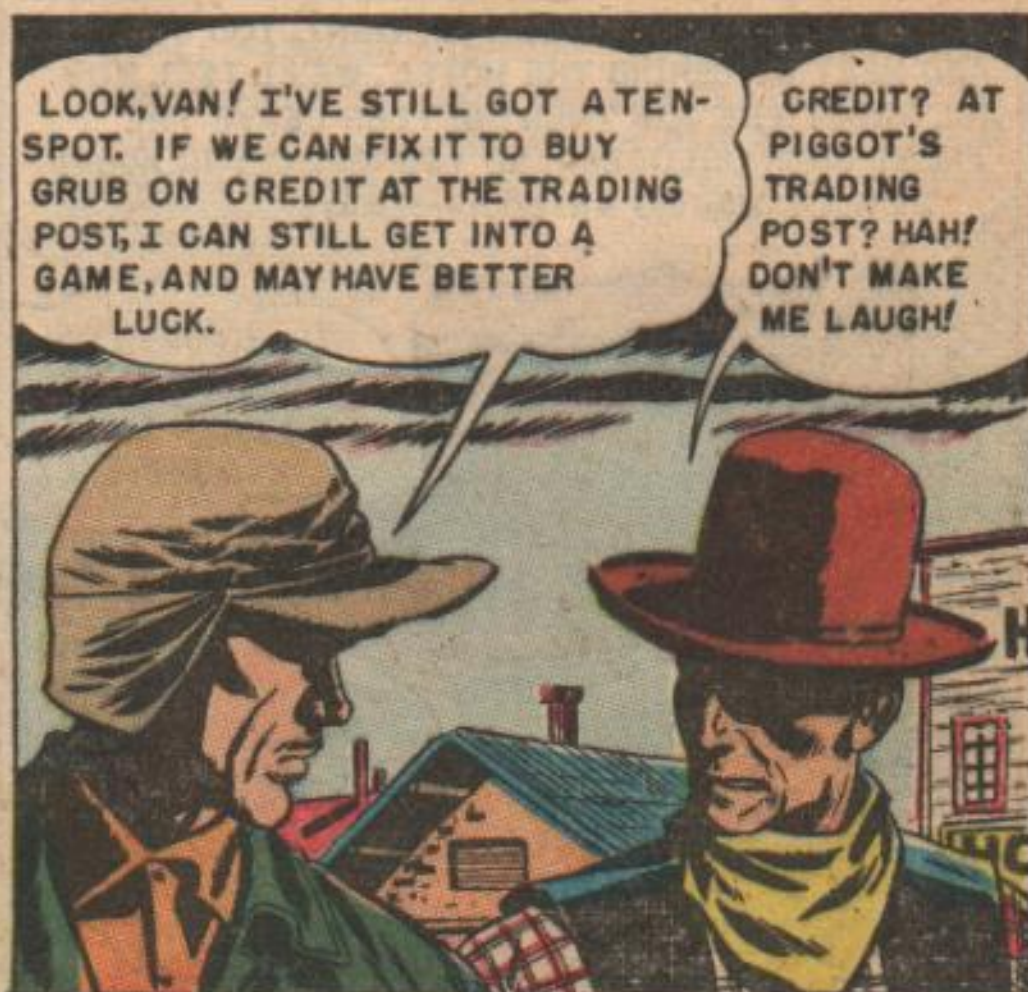
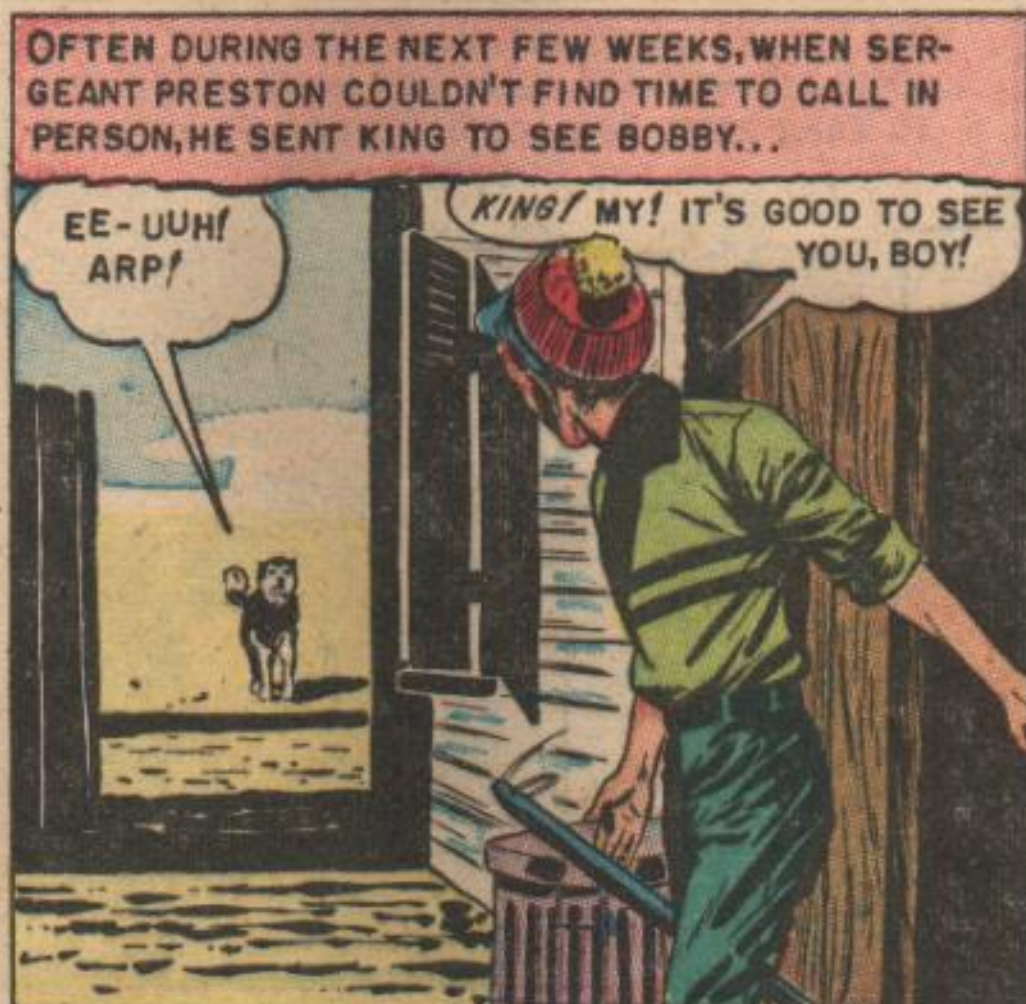
SAM! PLEASE---



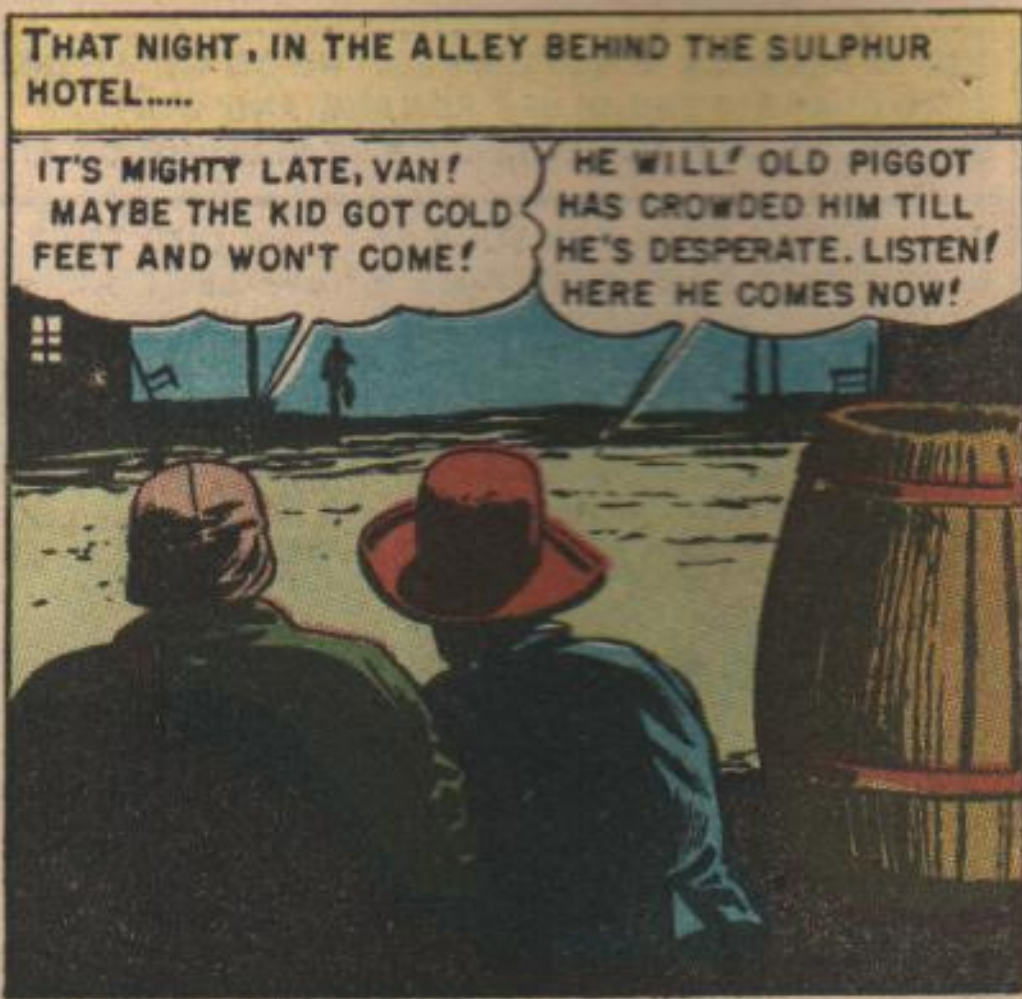
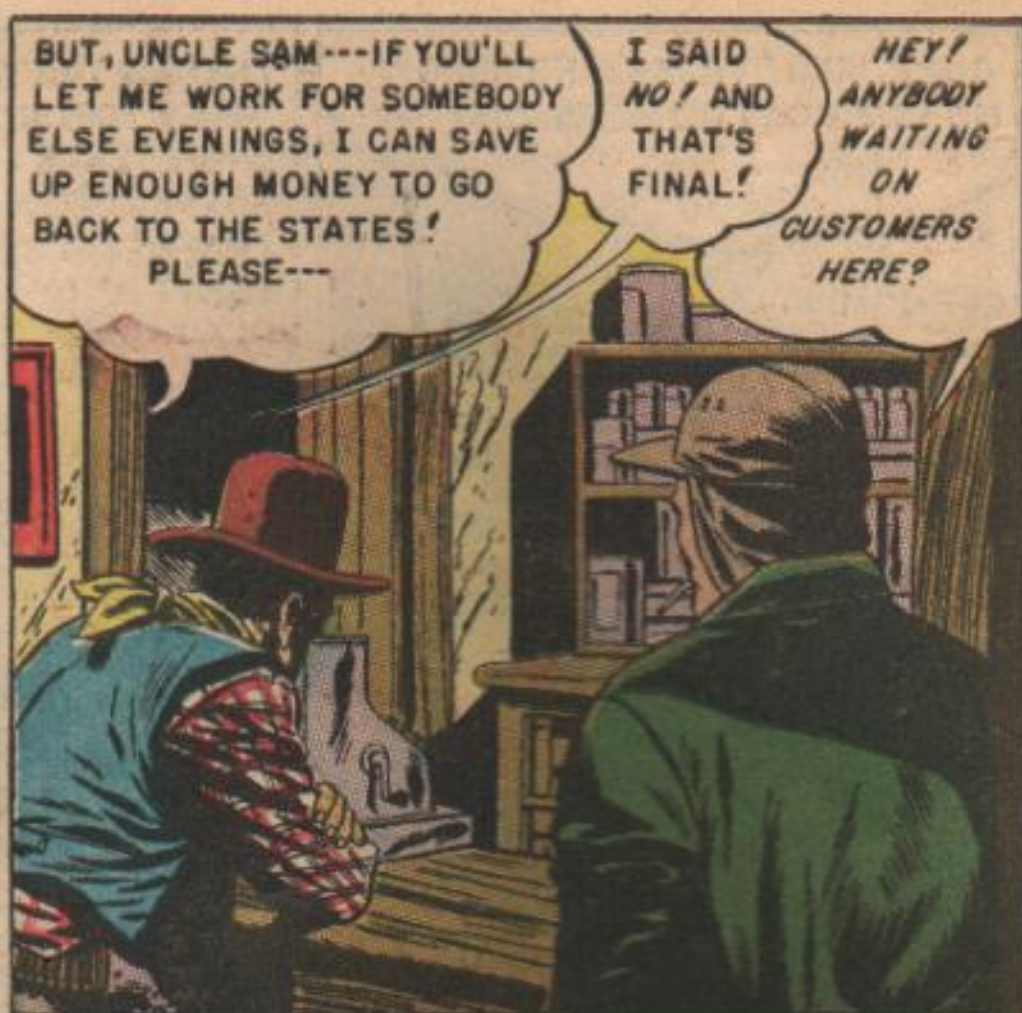
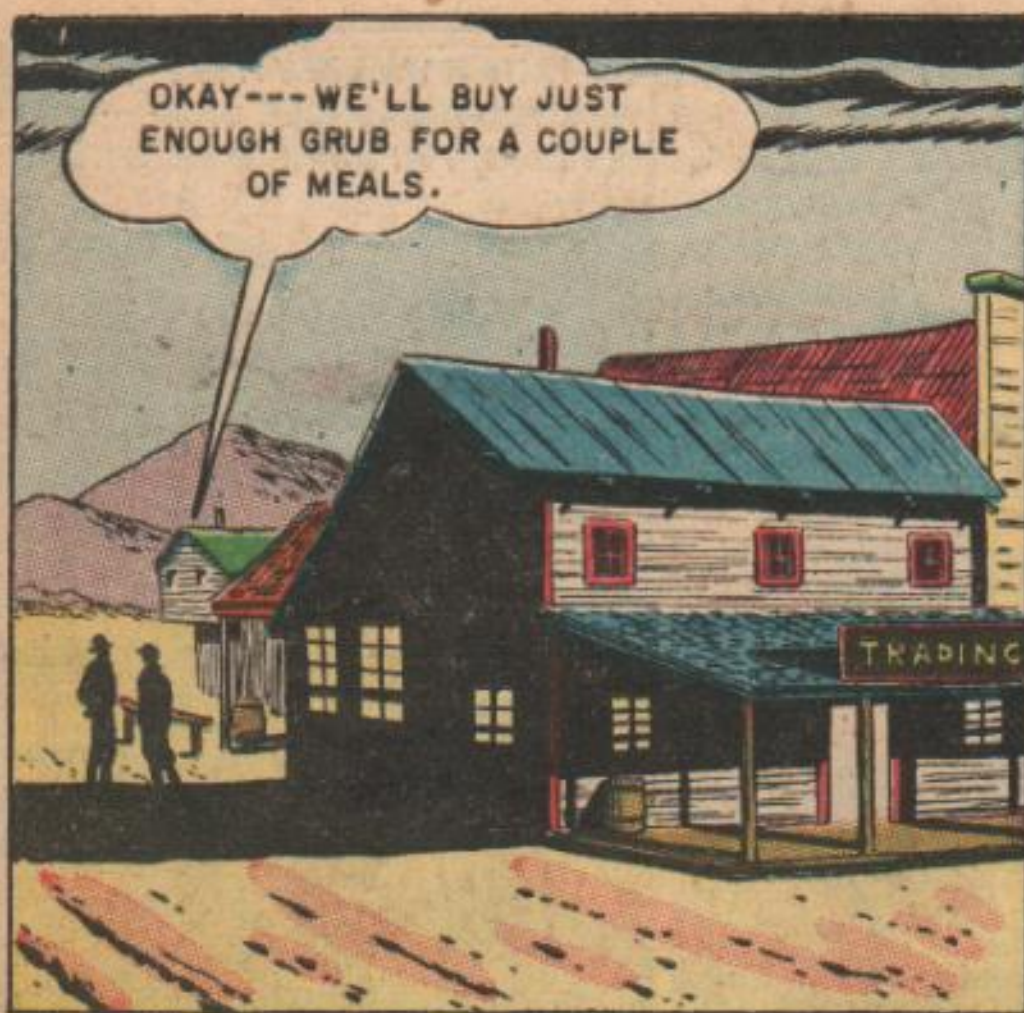
GOOD-BYE FOR NOW, BOBBY! OBEY YOUR UNCLE, AND KING AND I'LL BE DROPPING IN TO SEE YOU FROM TIME TO TIME. KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP IF YOU START TO FEEL HOMESICK! PROMISE ME!

I---I WILL, SERGEANT!

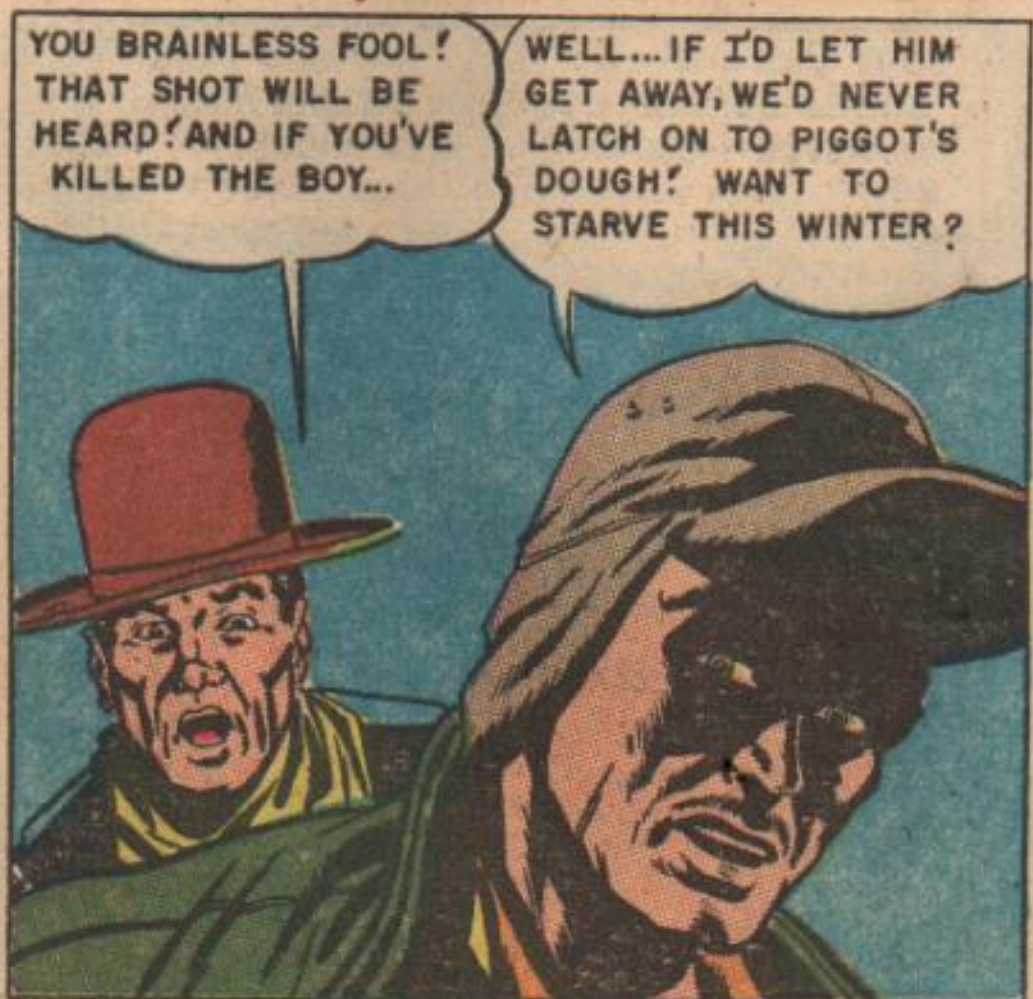
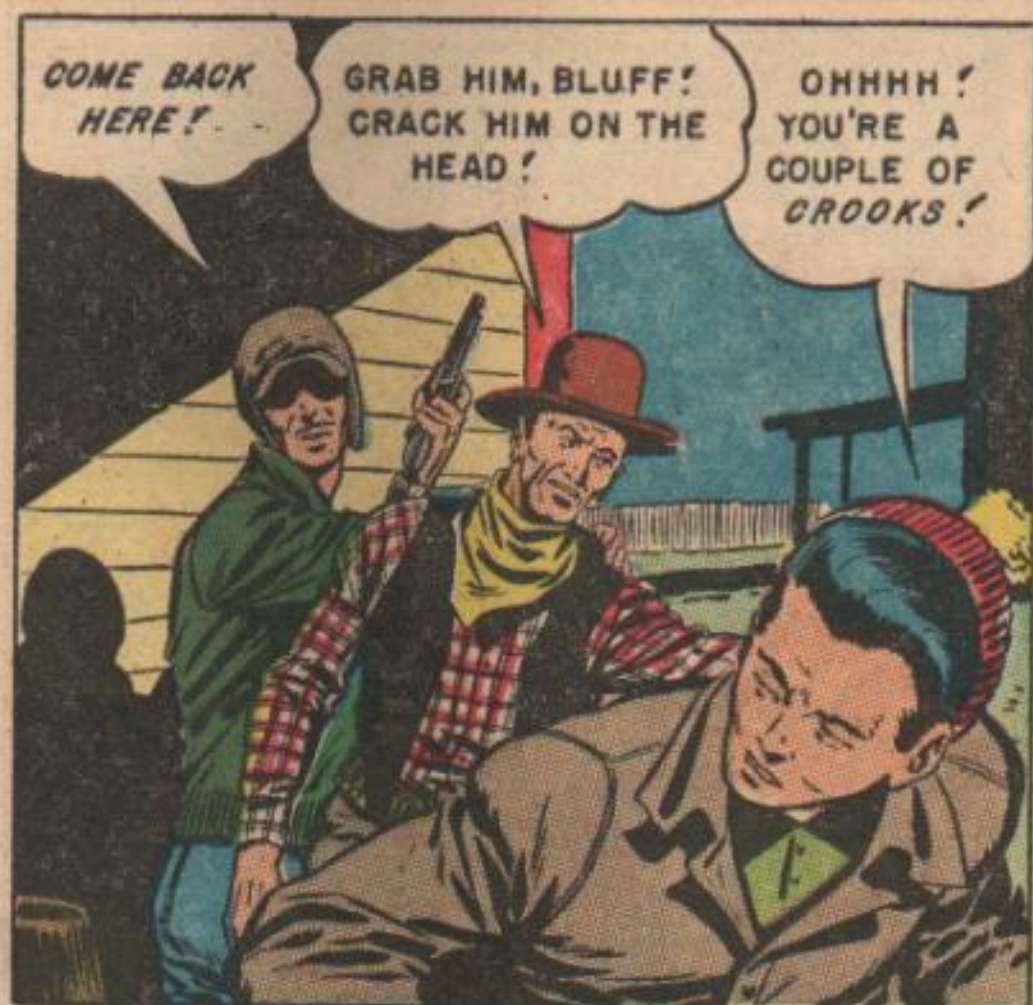




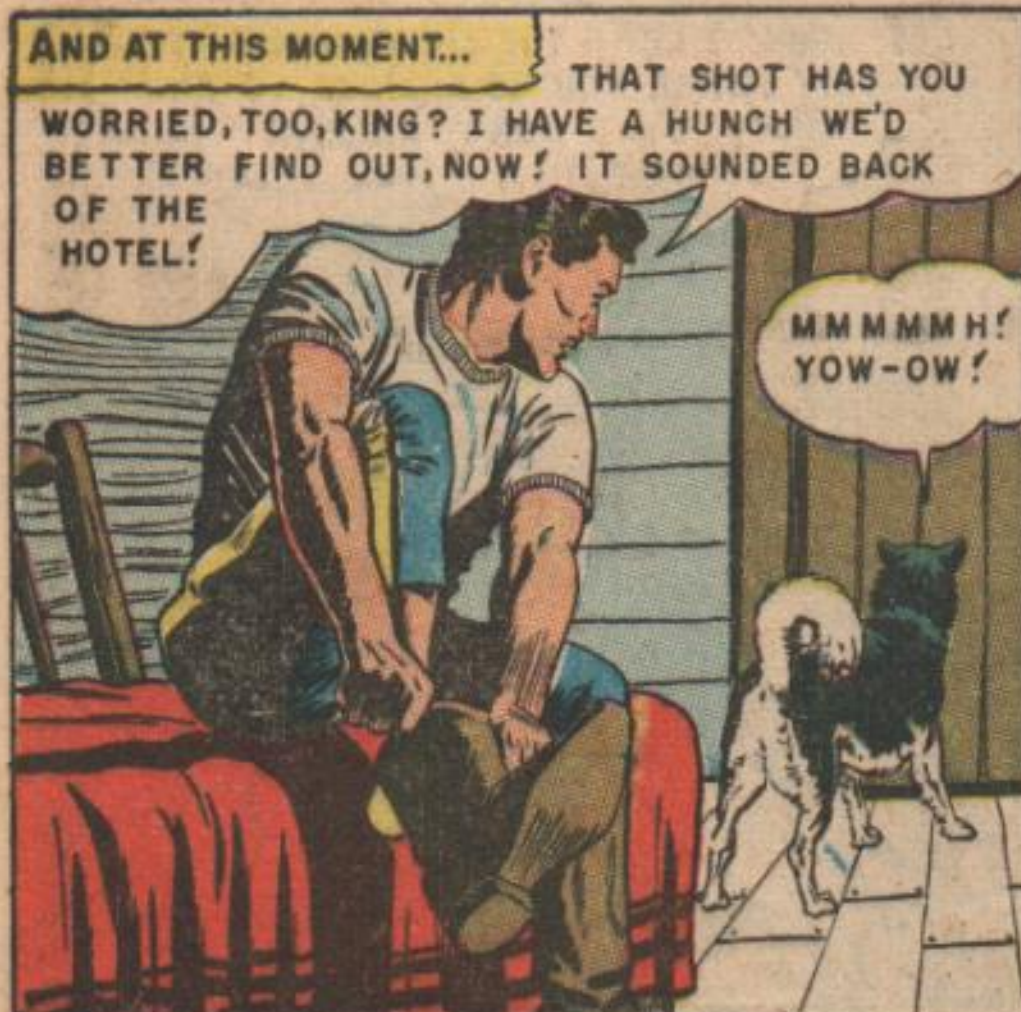












AND AT THIS MOMENT...

THAT SHOT HAS YOU WORRIED, TOO, KING? I HAVE A HUNCH WE'D BETTER FIND OUT, NOW! IT SOUNDED BACK OF THE HOTEL!

MMMMMH!  
YOW-OW!



BESS! WHAT'RE YOU SITTING UP IN THE DARK FOR? THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING TO BED HOURS AGO.

I'VE BEEN THINKING, SAM! I'VE FINALLY DECIDED WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.

MEANTIME, IN HIS BEDROOM OVER THE STORE, SAM PIGGOT AWAKES TO A DISAGREEABLE SHOCK...



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANYWAY?

ABOUT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN TREATING BOBBY-- NAGGING HIM DAY AND NIGHT...GRUDGING HIM THE FOOD HE'S PAID FOR SIX TIMES OVER WITH WORK... CALLING HIS DEAD FATHER A NO-GOOD!



ALL YOU LOVE... ALL YOU THINK ABOUT, IS MONEY! IT'S GONE TOO FAR, SAM PIGGOT! I'M TAKING BOBBY BACK TO THE STATES AND MAKING A REAL HOME FOR HIM THERE! I CAN'T FORGET THAT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR BOBBY'S FATHER, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A HOME, ALL THESE YEARS!

HUH! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING BESS?



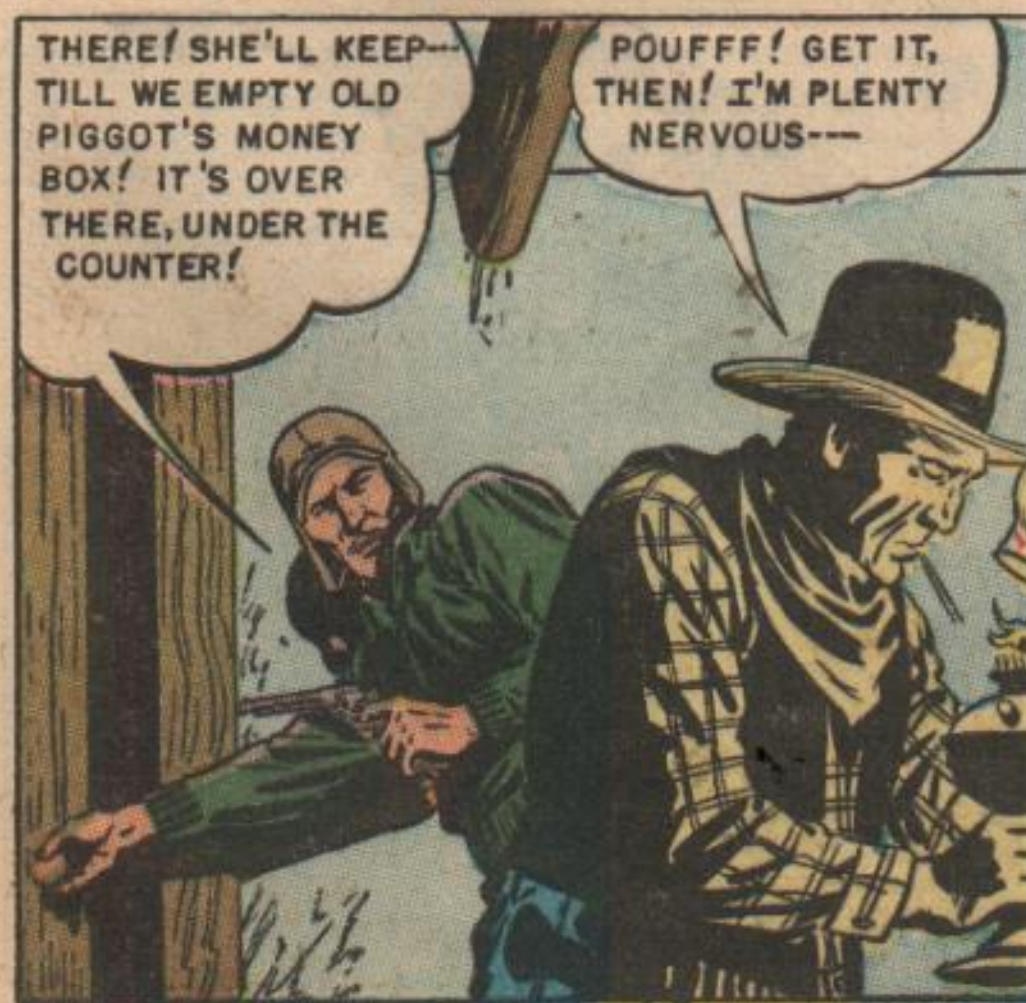
IT'S PART MY FAULT THAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW, SAM! YOU THOUGHT THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU BUILT THIS TRADING POST WITH WAS MY MONEY---BUT IT WASN'T! YOUR BROTHER GAVE IT TO ME, AND TOLD ME TO KEEP QUIET, TO SAVE YOUR PRIDE!

BESS! BESS! I---  
UH---IS THAT TRUE?

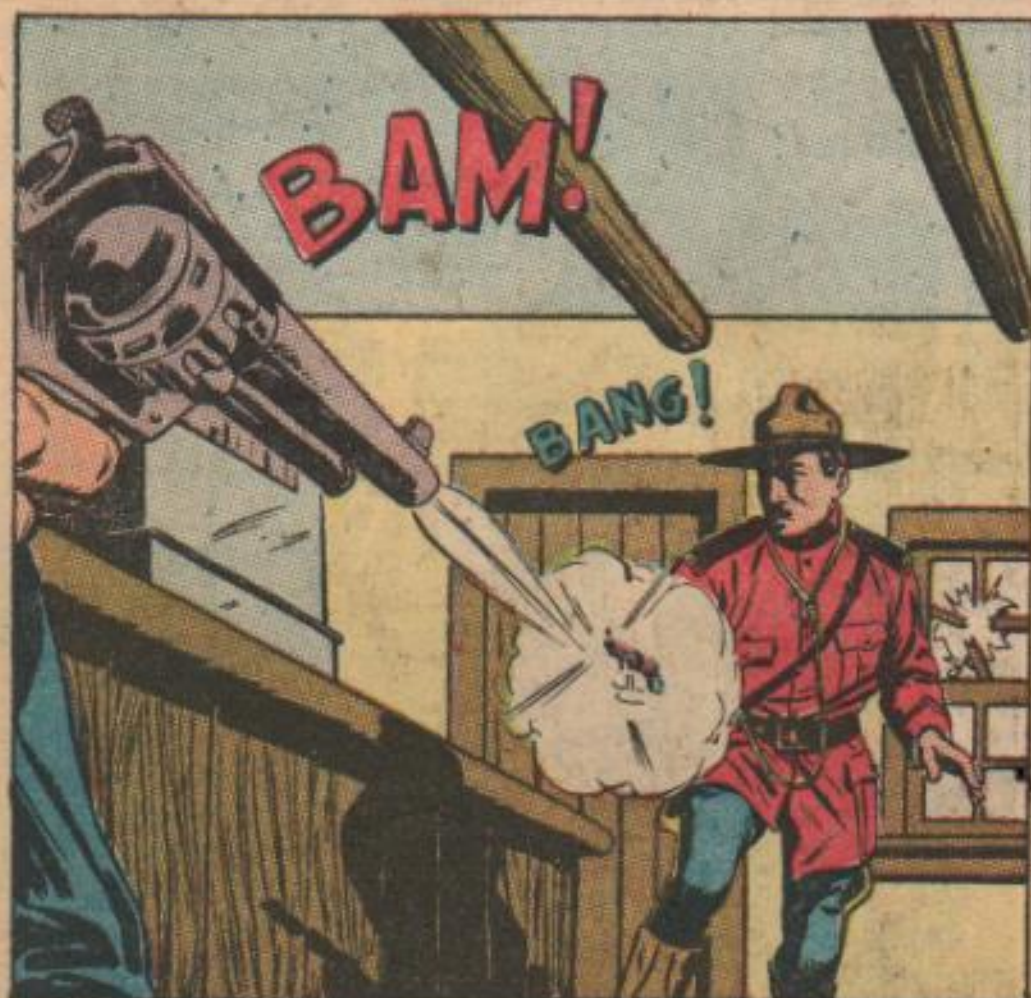


SO IT WAS JIM--- MY BROTHER---WHO GRUB-STAKED US! AND I'VE BEEN CALLING HIM A WASTER---BECAUSE HE DIED BROKE!

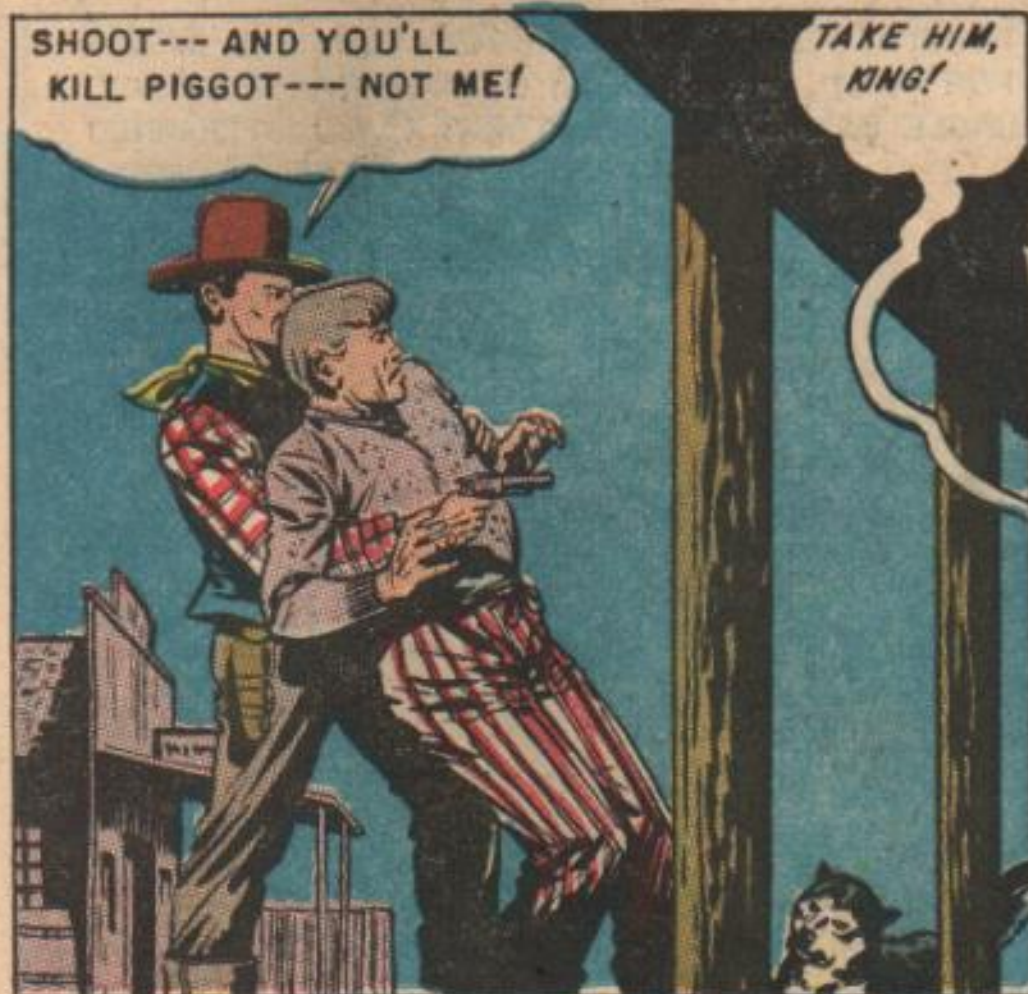




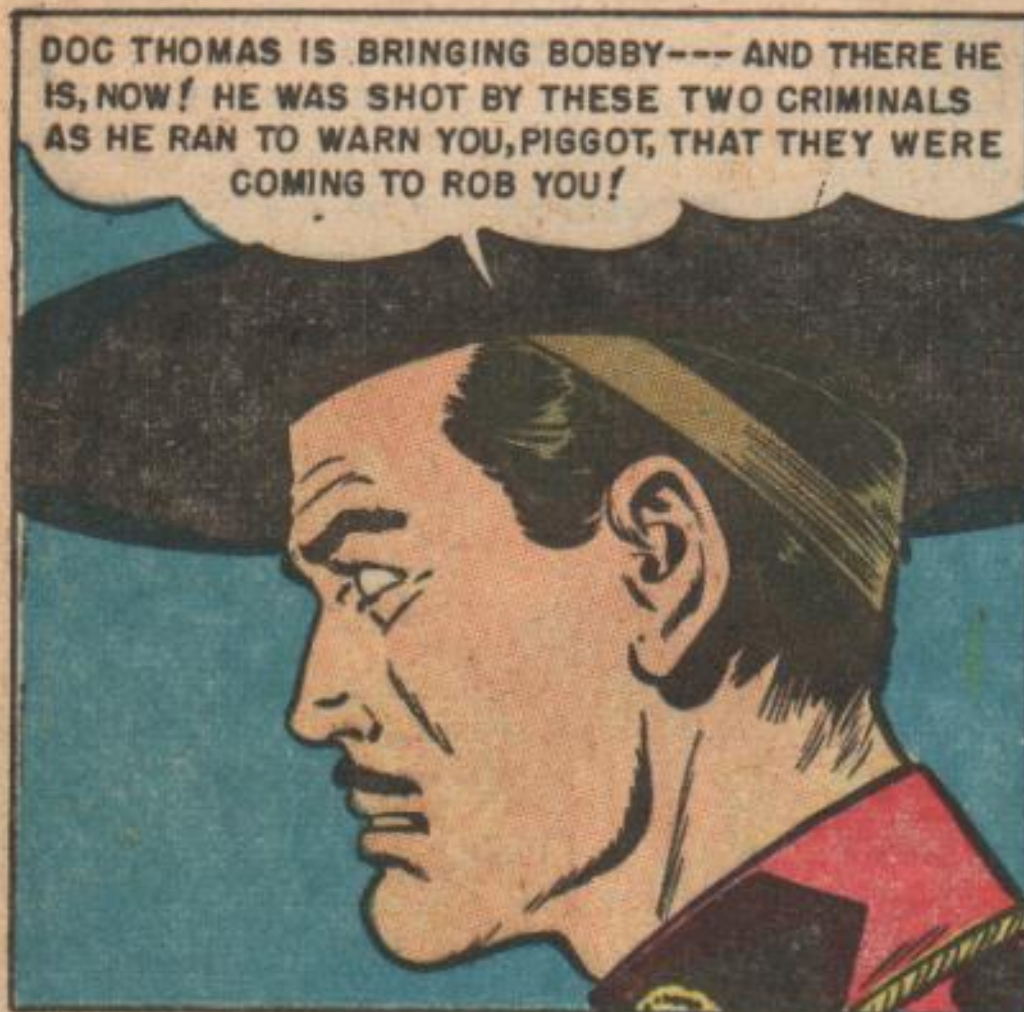














# Sergeant Preston

## IN REWARD FOR SHILOH

AT PINE CROSSINGS, YUKON TERRITORY, GOLD MINER JED NORRIS SENDS HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER FOR THE MONTHLY MAIL, WHILE HE PUTS IN A DAY AT THE MINE...

THERE'S MORE SNOW COMIN', SALLY--- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO GET TO THE TRADING POST AND BACK IF YOU HURRY!

OF COURSE, I WILL, DAD! MUSH, YOU HUSKIES!

DAD MEANT TO GIVE THIS GOLD-INLAID BELT BUCKLE TO SERGEANT PRESTON, I KNOW! BUT NOW THAT WE'RE SELLING THE MINE AND LEAVING FOR THE STATES SO SOON, IT WILL HAVE TO BE MAILED --- AS A FAREWELL GIFT!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE SERGEANT ONCE MORE! HE'S BEEN OUR FRIEND--- AND THE FINEST, HANDSOMEST MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN! BUT I GUESS THERE'S NOT MUCH CHANCE.

BUT TWO DAYS BEFORE SALLY'S START FOR THE POST, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO CHANGE SERGEANT PRESTON'S PLANS--- AND SALLY'S CHANCES!

SERGEANT, I WANT YOU TO MEET MR. JOHNSON--- AN OLD SOURDOUGH! HE'S PACKING SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH UP TO PINE CROSSINGS TO BUY THE NORRIS MINE!

AND YOU WANT ME TO ESCORT HIM, FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, INSPECTOR?

I HOPE I'M NOT TAKING YOU FAR OUT OF YOUR WAY, SERGEANT?

NOT A BIT, MR. JOHNSON! I'LL JUST BE STARTING MY PATROL IN THAT AREA TWO WEEKS SOONER THAN I WOULD HAVE DONE!

THAT SNOW IS GOING TO COME SOONER THAN DAD THINKS! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE FAST TIME TO BEAT IT!













YOU'LL ONLY HURT YOUR WRISTS, GAL---BY PULLIN' AGAINST THEM ROPES! HOLD STILL---AND I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE!

UH---WHA---WHAT'S THAT?



THERE! YOU'RE FREE NOW, YOUNG LADY! BUT DON'T GO OUT THE DOOR TILL YATES AND THAT COYOTE SPEED CLAWSON ARE PLUMB OUT OF SIGHT.

OH! THANKS! I---I THOUGHT AT FIRST YOU WERE WORKING WITH THOSE CROOKS, SHILOH!



I'M AFRAID YOU'VE RISKED YOUR LIFE, CROSSING YATES IN ORDER TO HELP ME! HE SAID---

UM-HUM! MEBBE SO-- BUT I AIN'T RISKIN' MUCH AT MY AGE! ANYHOW, I'VE GOT A BIG ENOUGH DEBT TO THE LAW ALREADY, WITHOUT ADDING TO IT.



WHAT IS THAT DEBT, SHILOH--- IF YOU DON'T MIND TELLING ME?

IT'S TWENTY DOLLARS OF SERGEANT PRESTON'S PAY, THAT HE ASKED ME TO TAKE TO THE BANK, ONCE WHEN HE WAS STARTIN' OUT ON A PATROL.



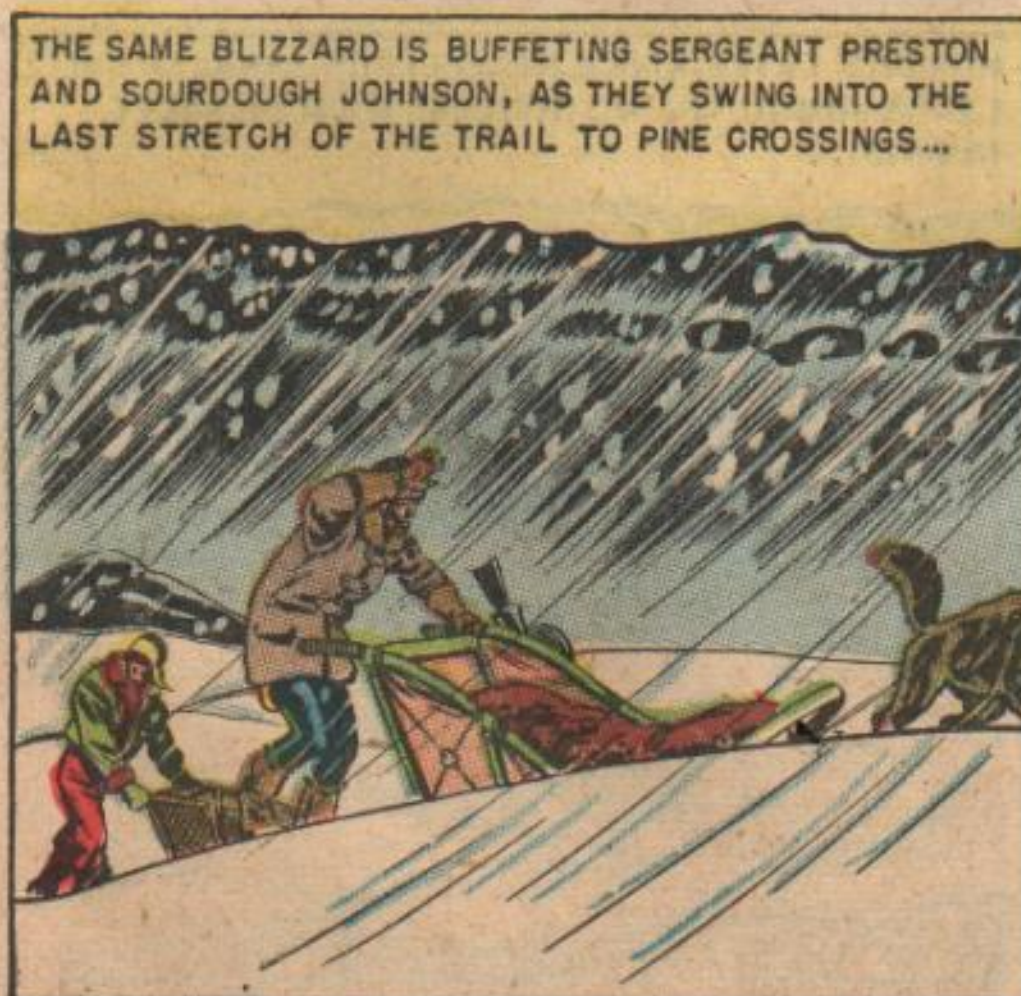
I WAS ROBBED OF IT---AND I COULDN'T GET A JOB TO EARN IT BACK! NOBODY WANTS TO HIRE AN OLD GRIPPLE! SO I KEPT OUT OF SIGHT---TILL BEN YATES OFFERED ME A JOB. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOIN' TO BE PLAYIN' JAILER TO A KIDNAPPED GAL!



HERE'S YATES' RIFLE THAT HE LEFT HERE WHEN HE TOOK YOURS! GET AFTER THOSE TWO VARMINTS, GAL---BEFORE THEY DO PUT SOMETHING OVER ON YOUR DAD! BETWEEN YOU AND HIM, YOU CAN HANDLE 'EM.

SHILOH! I'LL DO IT!

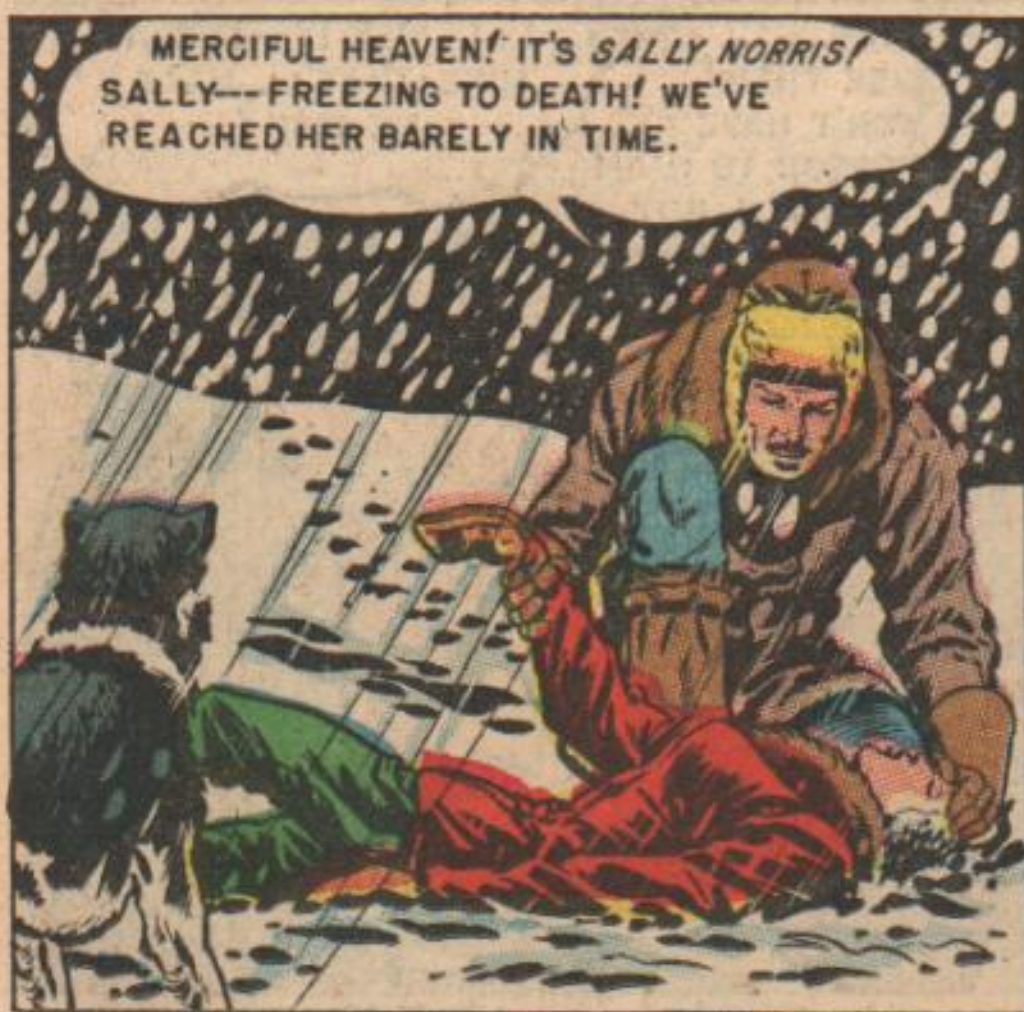










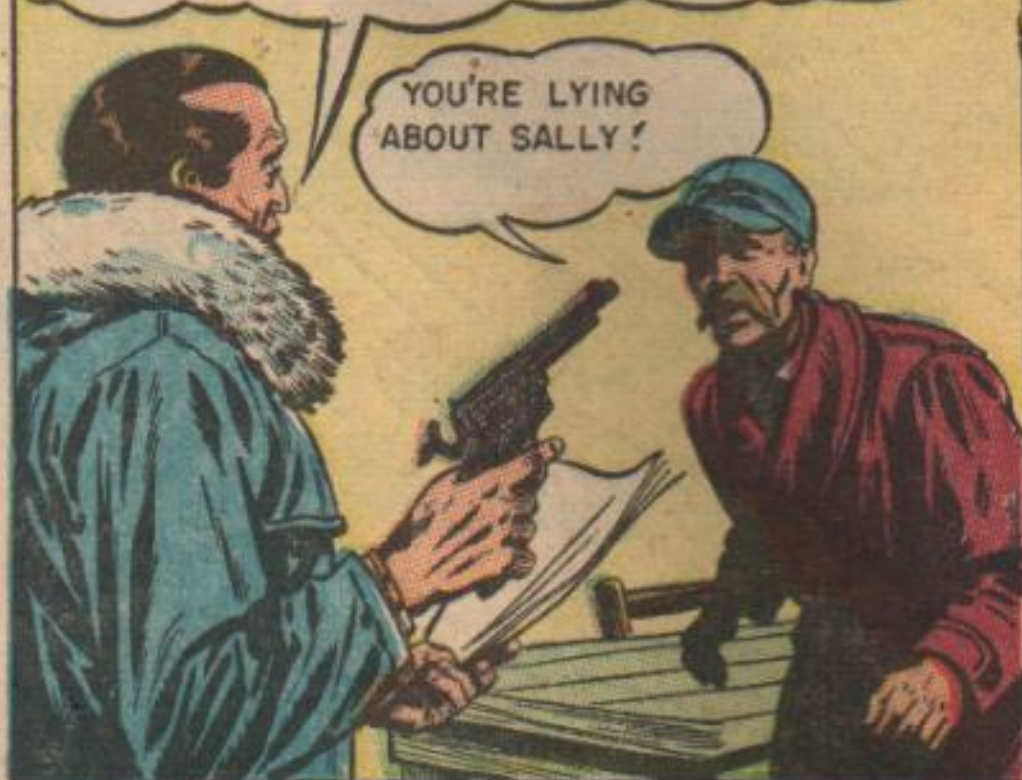




YOU...YOU MEAN THAT YOU'VE *KIDNAPPED MY GAL...*  
TO FORCE ME TO SELL OUT AT YOUR THIEF'S  
PRICE, YATES? I'LL TAKE YOU APART WITH MY  
BARE HANDS...



NO YOU WON'T, JED! IF YOU MAKE ME KILL YOU,  
I'LL HAVE TO KILL SALLY, TOO... TO CLOSE HER  
MOUTH! BUT JUST SIGN THIS BILL OF SALE, AND  
NO HARM WILL COME TO EITHER OF YOU!



SHOW HIM, SPEED! ...THERE! YOU KNOW HER RIFLE...  
AND THAT, GROCERY LIST... AND THE BELT BUCKLE  
SHE WAS GOING TO MAIL TO SERGEANT PRESTON?  
EH, NORRIS?



I'LL SIGN...  
BECAUSE THEN  
YOU WON'T HAVE  
ANY REASON TO HARM  
MY DAUGHTER. BUT  
HEAVEN WILL PUNISH  
YOU, SOMEHOW, YATES!

I'LL RISK IT-- FOR A  
MINE THAT'LL MAKE  
ME RICH!



WAIT A MINUTE, BEN! DOG TEAM COMING... AND...  
YES! IT'S A MOUNTIE, AND ANOTHER MAN!



OF ALL THE LUCK! NORRIS, IF YOU WANT TO  
SEE SALLY AGAIN, *GET RID OF PRESTON!* THEN  
YOU CAN FINISH SIGNING THIS...!

THEY'RE CLOSE, BEN!  
NOT MUCH TIME TO  
HIDE!













# Sergeant PRESTON

IN  
SNOWSLIDE

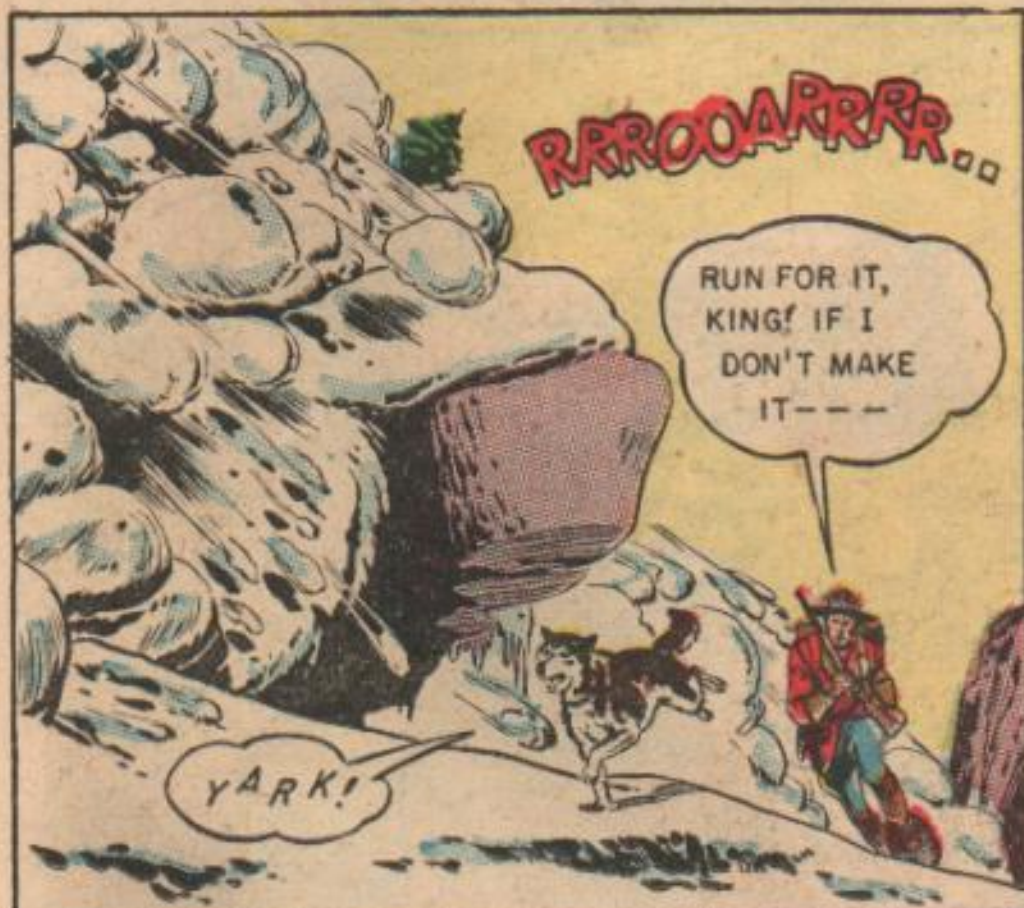
RETURNING FROM A LONG WINTER PATROL, SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS GREAT DOG YUKON KING FOLLOW A TREACHEROUS TRAIL...

WE'RE TAKING A RISK, KING--- WITH THAT SNOW CORNICE LIKELY TO COME LOOSE! BUT THIS VALLEY'S THE SHORTEST WAY HOME!



EVEN AS PRESTON GLANCES UP, IT HAPPENS! A GAP OPENS SILENTLY AT THE TOP... THE VAST WEIGHT OF THE CORNICE MOVES OUTWARD...

--- AND DOWN, IN A MIGHTY, ROARING AVALANCHE.



RRROOARRR

RUN FOR IT, KING! IF I DON'T MAKE IT---

YARK!



YIKE!

KING! RUN--- UGH!



FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, YUKON KING DRAGS HIMSELF FREE FROM THE EDGE OF THE SLIDE...



YA-YA-YARK! YA-YARK! YIP?

WILD WITH ANXIETY, THE GREAT DOG SEARCHES THE SLOWING AVALANCHE FOR SOME SIGN OF PRESTON...





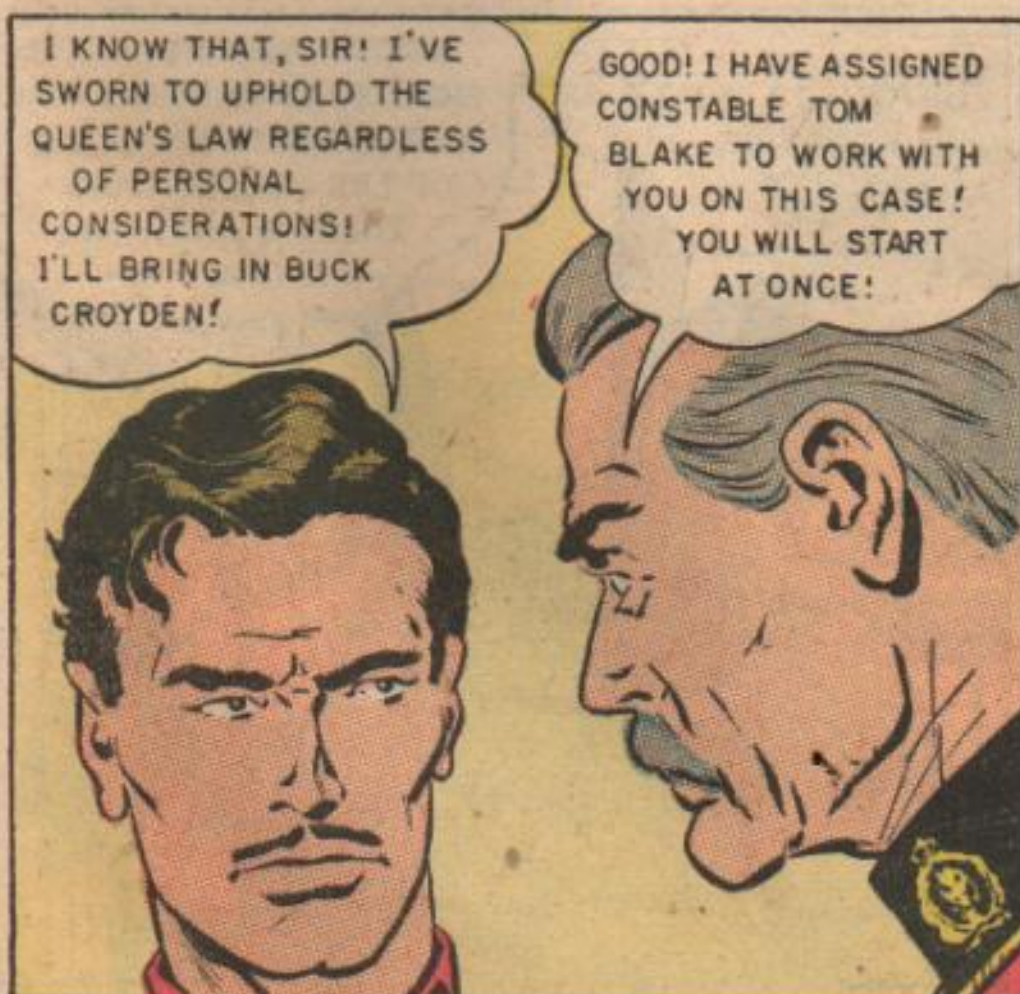
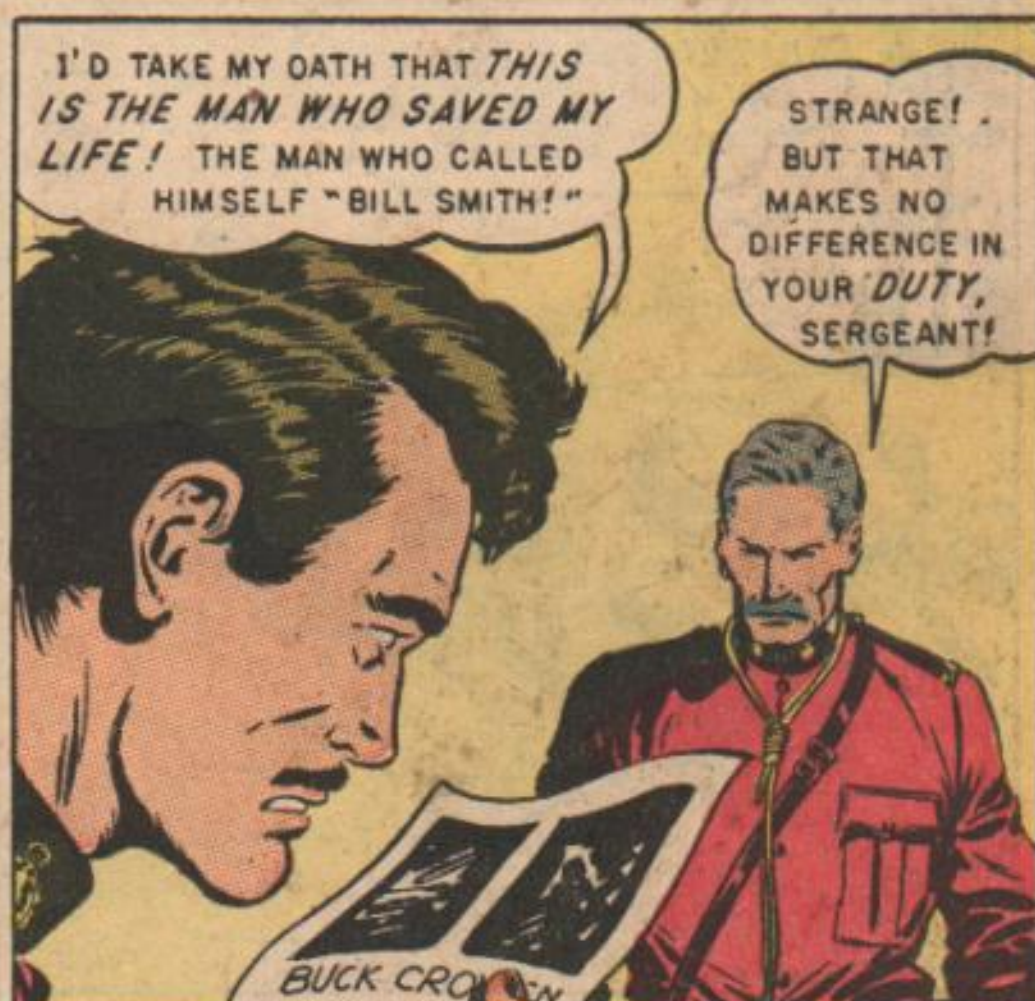












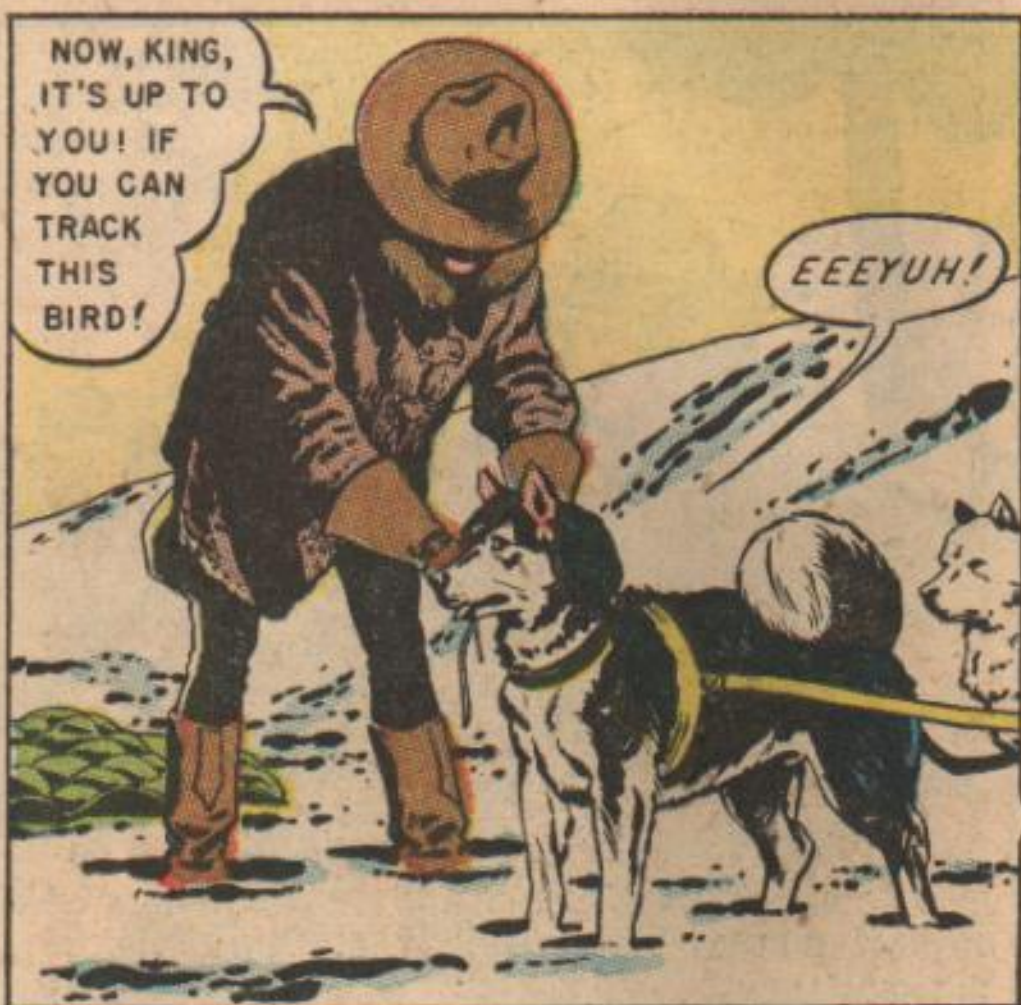




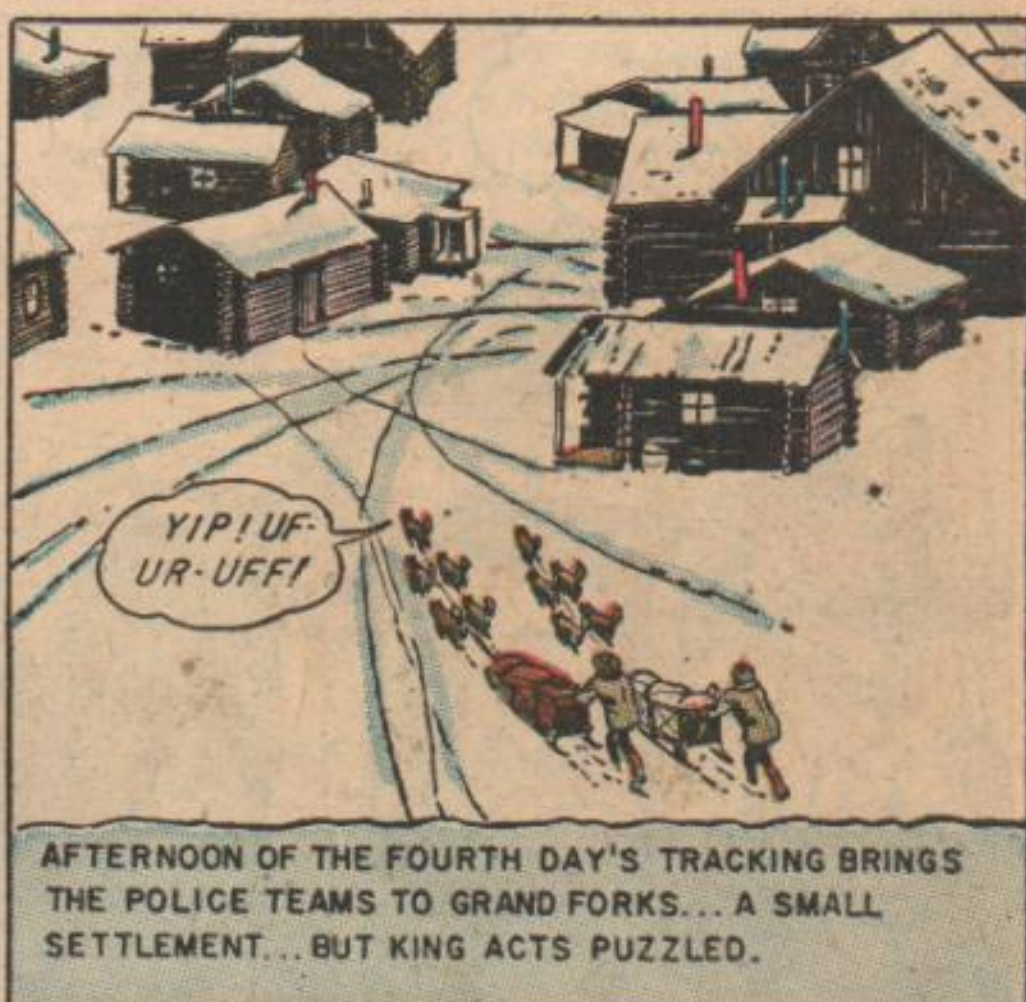














WE-ELL--- BULLION'S MIGHTY HARD TO GET RID OF! ONLY OUTFIT THAT COULD TAKE IT OFF CROYDEN'S HANDS WOULD BE A BANK--- OR A SHIPPING COMPANY. AND THERE'S NO BANK IN GRAND FORKS!



EXACTLY! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE YUKON EXPRESS COMPANY'S LOCAL OFFICE AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS! *MUSH, KING!*



GOOD AFTERNOON! ARE YOU THE MANAGER OF THIS OFFICE?

YUP! I'M HUTCHINS! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU GENTLEMEN?



THERE'VE BEEN SOME GOLD ROBBERIES ALONG THE CREEKS. IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT THE THIEVES MAY HAVE CASHED THEIR STOLEN DUST HERE. TELL ME---DO YOU HANDLE ALL CASH TRANSACTIONS PERSONALLY, HUTCHINS?

UMMM---YES, I DO! BUT I WOULDN'T KNOW A THIEF'S GOLD FROM AN HONEST MAN'S, SERGEANT!



YOU PROBABLY HAVE A FAIR MEMORY FOR FACES, THOUGH, HUTCHINS! IF WE SHOULD BRING IN A COUPLE OF SUSPECTS, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO SAY IF THEY'D BEEN HERE BEFORE?

WHY---UH---SURE, SERGEANT! GLAD TO HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN!

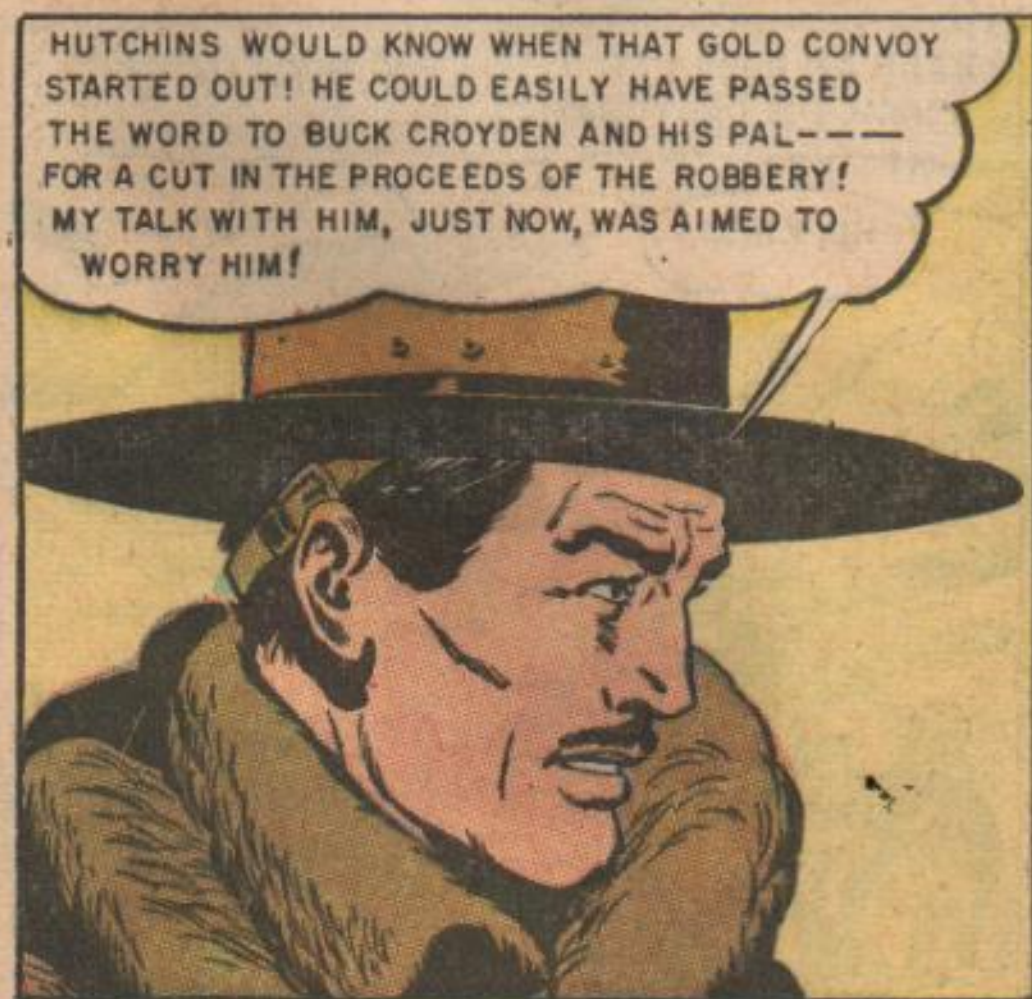


THANKS! WE MAY BE IN AGAIN! GOOD DAY, HUTCHINS!

GOOD DAY, SERGEANT! WISH YOU LUCK!











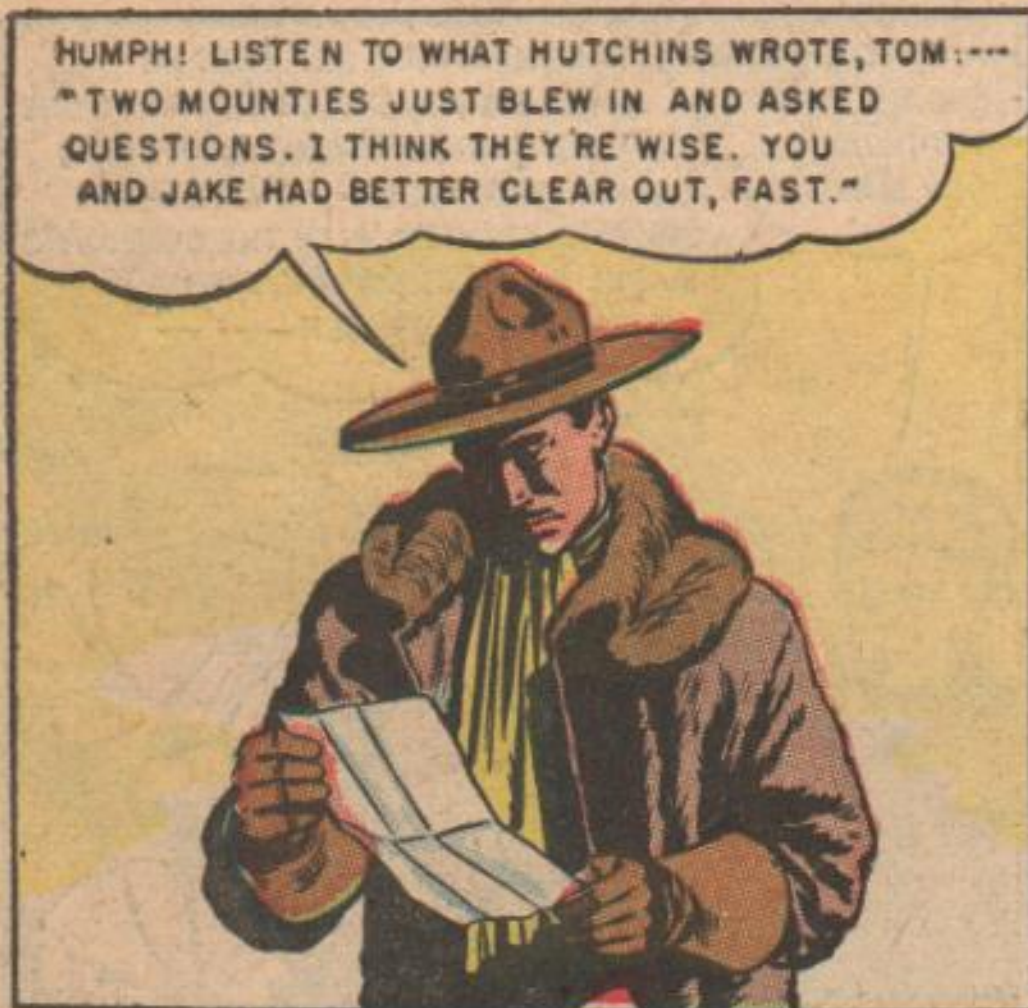
HELLO, SON!

OHHH---MOUNTIES!  
YOU---YOU WERE  
WAITING FOR  
ME?



WE WERE--- BUT DON'T LET IT SCARE YOU! I'M  
SERGEANT PRESTON, AND THIS IS CONSTABLE  
BLAKE. WE'RE WORKING ON A CASE--- AND  
IT MIGHT HELP US A LOT IF YOU'D LET US  
HAVE A LOOK AT THAT  
NOTE MR. HUTCHINS GAVE  
YOU! HOW ABOUT IT?

WHY--- UH--- SURE,  
SERGEANT!



HUMPH! LISTEN TO WHAT HUTCHINS WROTE, TOM:---  
"TWO MOUNTIES JUST BLEW IN AND ASKED  
QUESTIONS. I THINK THEY'RE WISE. YOU  
AND JAKE HAD BETTER CLEAR OUT, FAST."



WHO WERE YOU  
TAKING THIS NOTE TO,  
SON? AND, BY THE WAY,  
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I--- I'M JOEY! MR.  
HUTCHINS SAID TO  
GIVE IT TO A MAN  
CALLED BUCK--- IN  
A SHACK AT THE END OF  
STONE CANYON!



THANKS, JOEY! I'LL DELIVER THE NOTE---  
BUT YOU NEEDN'T TELL HUTCHINS!  
JUST KEEP OUT OF HIS SIGHT FOR  
A WHILE. YOU'VE HELPED US  
MORE THAN YOU CAN GUESS!

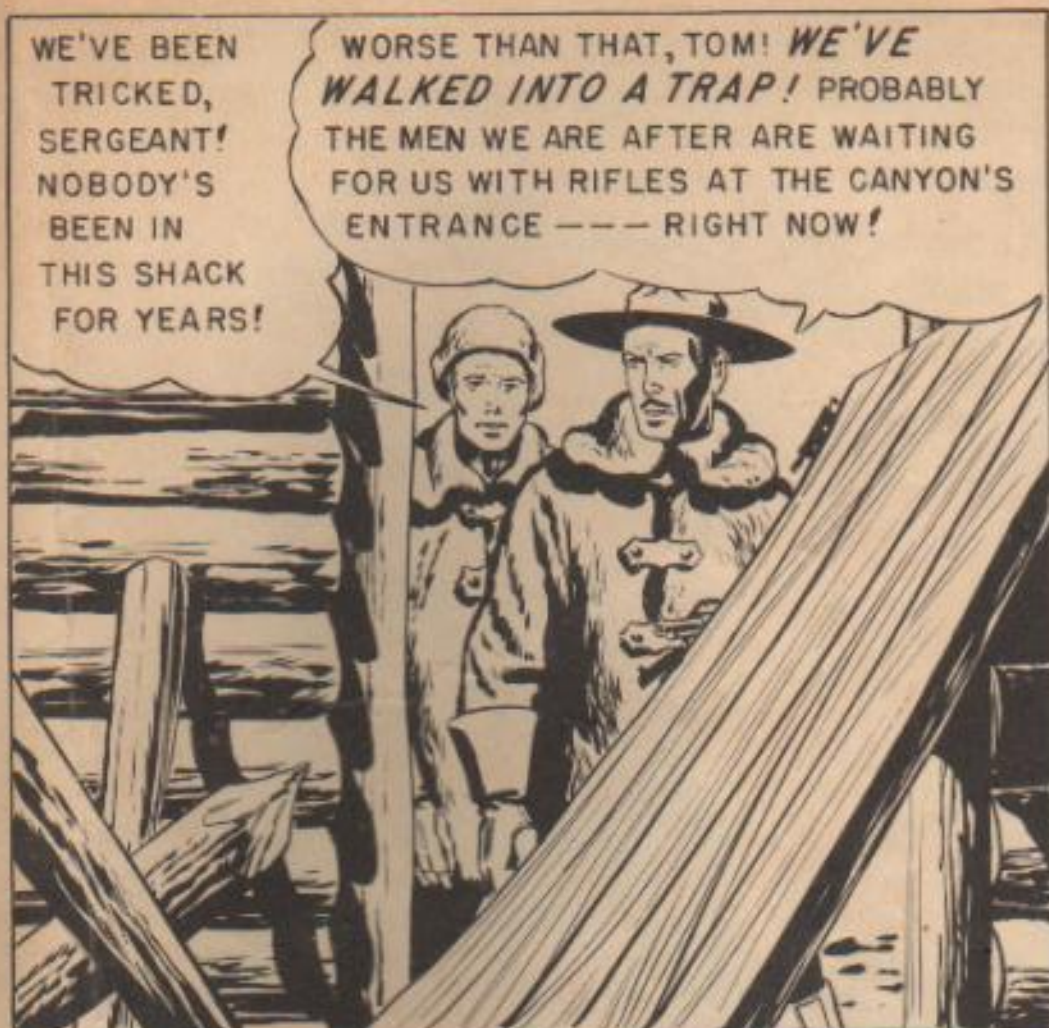
GOLLY!  
I'M GLAD  
OF THAT,  
SERGEANT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE TWO MOUNTIES  
REACH THE CANYON SHACK...

HO, KING!





WE'VE BEEN TRICKED, SERGEANT! NOBODY'S BEEN IN THIS SHACK FOR YEARS!

WORSE THAN THAT, TOM! *WE'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP!* PROBABLY THE MEN WE ARE AFTER ARE WAITING FOR US WITH RIFLES AT THE CANYON'S ENTRANCE ---- RIGHT NOW!



BUT, SERGEANT---- IF THEY'VE LAID AN AMBUSH, WHY ARE WE HEADING STRAIGHT BACK INTO IT?

BECAUSE THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT! OUR BEST CHANCE NOW DEPENDS ON KING!



RANGE AHEAD, KING! FIND THOSE BUSHWHACKERS, AND *TACKLE THEM!*



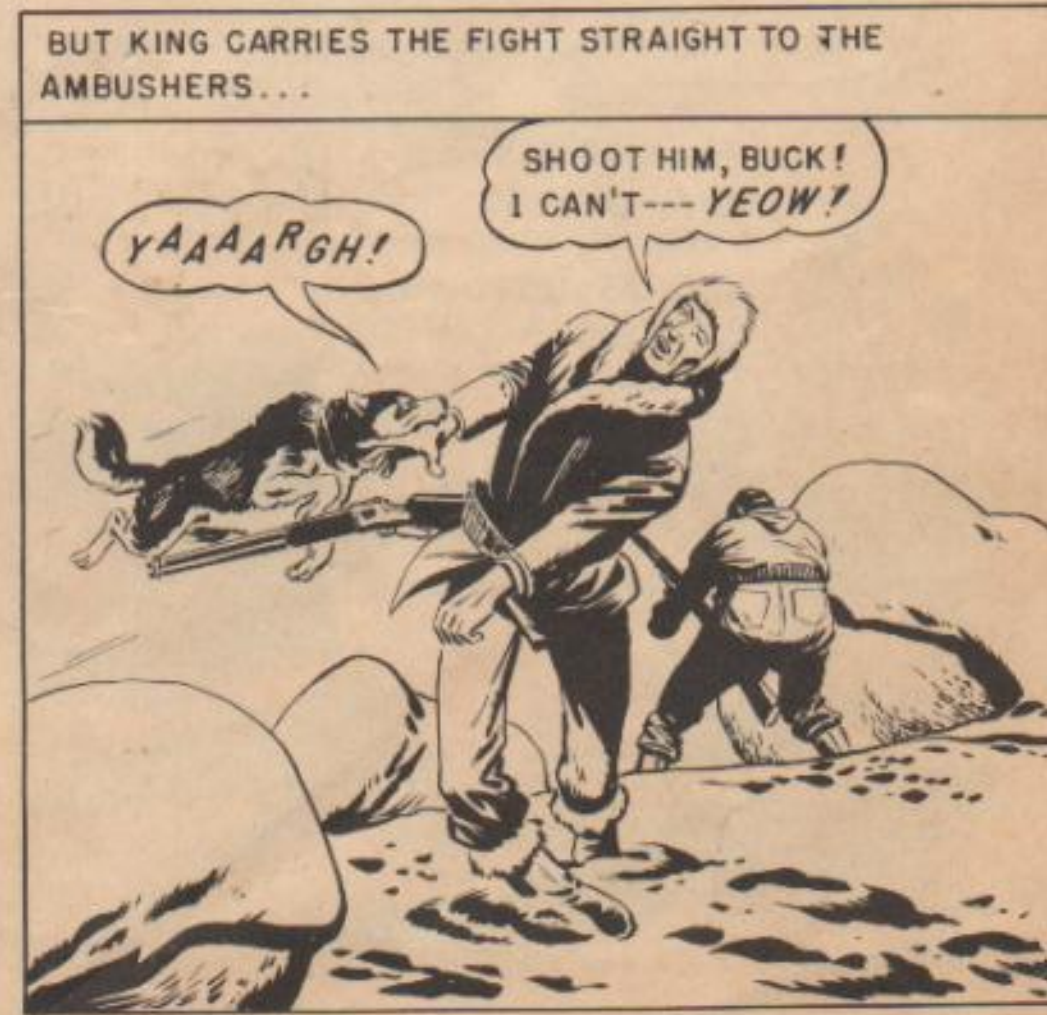
BUT, SERGEANT---- IF CROYDEN'S WAITING FOR US, HE'LL SHOOT KING FIRST!

NO--- THAT WOULD GIVE HIS AMBUSH AWAY! HE WON'T SHOOT TILL *WE'RE* IN RIFLE RANGE!



HEY, BUCK! THAT DOG HAS SPOTTED US! BETTER SHOOT HIM BEFORE---

NO! THAT'D WARN THOSE MOUNTIES!



BUT KING CARRIES THE FIGHT STRAIGHT TO THE AMBUSHERS...

*YAAAAARGH!*

SHOOT HIM, BUCK! I CAN'T--- *YEOW!*



