

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



TREE TOPPER

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EVERY TIME A NEW STAND OF GIANT FIR TREES IS TO BE CUT, A NEW DERRICK MUST BE SET UP TO HANDLE THE ENORMOUS LOGS. THE EASIEST WAY TO "BUILD" THIS DERRICK IS TO USE THE TALLEST TREE IN THE AREA AS THE UPRIGHT MAST. BUT, SOMEONE MUST CUT OFF THE TOPMOST SECTION OF THE TREE AND ATTACH THE PULLEYS THAT WILL SUPPORT THE DERRICK'S BOOM. THIS IS THE JOB OF THE TREE TOPPER. HE CLIMBS THE TREE BY "WALKING" UP ITS TRUNK---USING SPIKE-LIKE ATTACHMENTS STRAPPED TO HIS ANKLES AND A SUPPORT ROPE AROUND THE TRUNK. WHEN HE REACHES THE TOP, HE STARTS THE CUT WITH HIS AXE AND FINISHES IT WITH A ONE-MAN CROSSCUT LUMBER-MAN'S SAW. THE JOB IS DANGEROUS ENOUGH BECAUSE OF THE GREAT HEIGHT AT WHICH HE WORKS BUT THE GREAT FEAR OF THE TREE TOPPER IS THAT THE TRUNK WILL SPLIT AFTER THE TOP IS CUT OFF AND BREAK HIS SUPPORT ROPE OR, STILL WORSE, THAT THE ROPE WILL NOT BREAK BUT CUT HIM IN TWO WHEN THE TWO HALVES OF THE SPLIT TRUNK EXPAND INSIDE THE LOOP OF THE ROPE!

Sergeant PRESTON

IN
TREACHEROUS
JOURNEY

FALL TO, MEN! WE'LL GET ALL
THE CASKS AND SPARS FROM THE
WRECK ABOVE HIGH TIDE.



WRECKED IN A SUMMER STORM IN THE
ALASKAN GULF, THE MATE AND SURVIVING
CREWMEN OF THE TRADING SCHOONER MARY-D
TAKE STOCK OF THEIR SITUATION.

YEAH? AND THEN WHAT? GONNA
BUILD A RAFT SO YOU CAN BE
SKIPPER OF IT?

YOU WERE MATE ABOARD
SHIP, BUT YOU CAN'T ORDER
US AROUND ASHORE!



YOU'RE WRONG, MacDOWELL
AND DAVIS! CLARK IS STILL
OUR MATE---AND WE'RE
TAKING HIS ORDERS
BECAUSE WE WANT IT
THAT WAY!

AND YOU'LL TAKE
ORDERS, TOO, YOU
TWO WHARF RATS,
OR GET KICKED
OVERBOARD!



WANT TO
ARGUE
ABOUT IT,
MacDOWELL?

WHAT'S THE USE
ARGUING WITH A
BUNCH OF
DOPE---

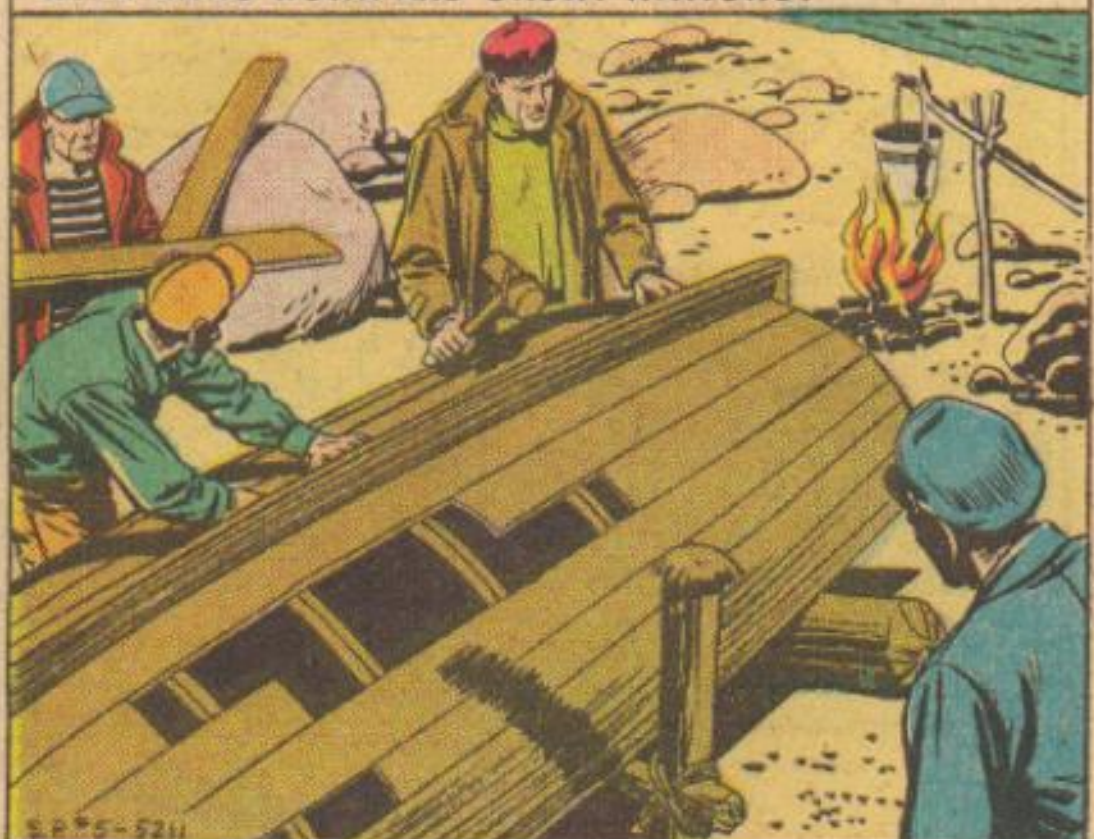
BELAY THAT!
EVERY MAN'S
NEEDED TO WORK---
NOT FIGHT AND
CRIPPLE SOME-
BODY!



BY WORKING DOUBLE WATCHES ON A BOAT, WE
CAN BUILD ONE BEFORE OUR SUPPLIES ARE
FINISHED! TAKE YOUR CHOICE, MEN---
FALL TO---OR STARVE!



UNDER THE MATE'S CAPABLE LEADERSHIP, THE MEN
FINISH A SEAWORTHY BOAT BEFORE THE SHORT
ARCTIC SUMMER IS OVER! EVERY MAN IS LEAN---
WITH HARD WORK AND SHORT RATIONS.



ON THE LAST EVENING---

WE'VE DONE IT, BOYS! THE BOAT IS LOADED---READY TO SHOVE OFF! WE HAVE EVEN GOT A KIND OF SAIL! EAT HEARTY- SLEEP SOUND--- AND TOMORROW MORNING WE'LL BE AFLOAT!

YEA-A-A-AY!



YOU READY, HUFF?

UH-HUH! SURE AS THEY'RE ALL SLEEPIN' SOUND, JACK...



TRUE TO THEIR CRIMINAL NATURE, Mac DOWELL AND DAVIS, FUGITIVES FROM UNITED STATES LAW, PREPARE TO DOUBLE-CROSS THEIR SHIPMATES.

NOBODY FOUND OUR CACHE OF EXTRA BOAT-ROLLERS, JACK! WHY WOULD THEY, HUFF? NOBODY'D GUESS WHAT WE WERE PLANNING!



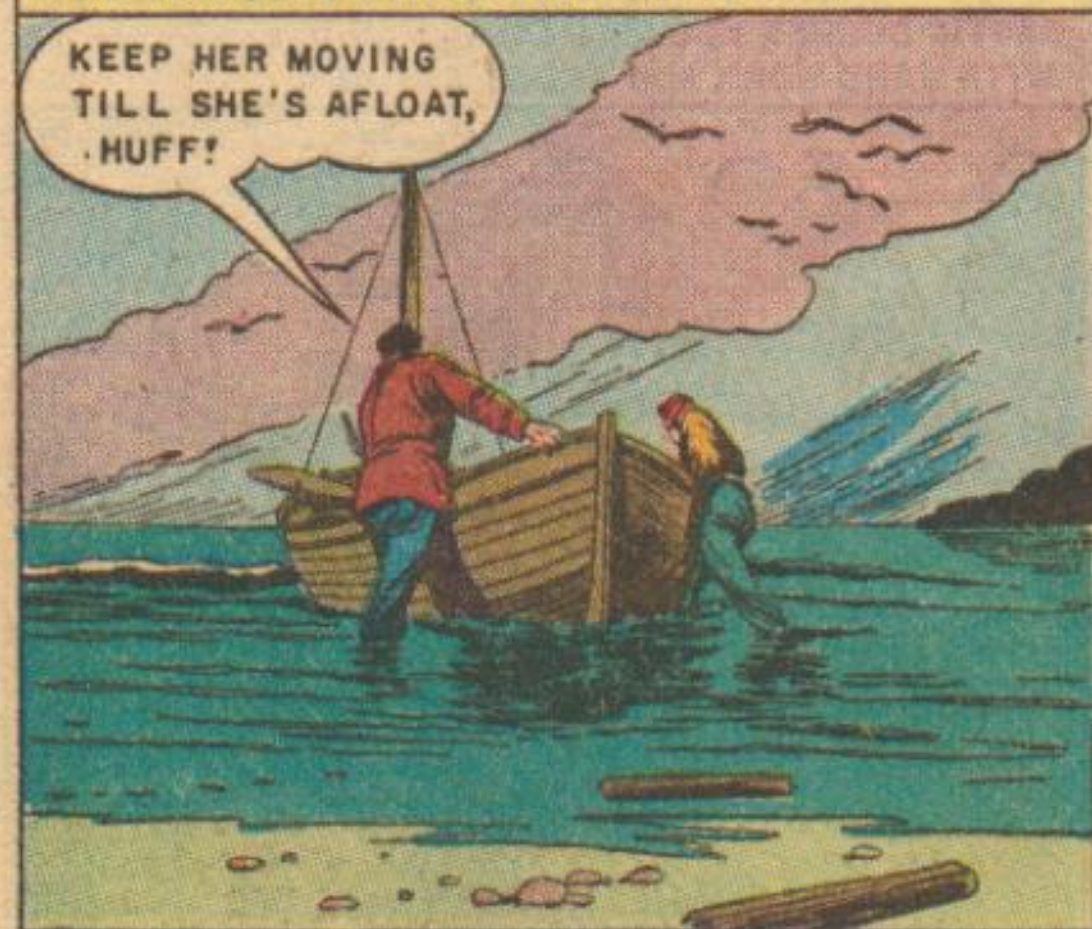
BY THE TIME THAT THE CREW WAKES UP, THEIR BOAT'LL BE GONE---IN THE DARK--- HYUK, HYUK!

SHUT UP, HUFF! THE MATE'S A LIGHT SLEEPER!



SWIFTLY, AND WITH ALMOST ALL NOISE DROWNED BY THE SURF, THE TRICKY PAIR SHOVE OFF.

KEEP HER MOVING TILL SHE'S AFLOAT, HUFF!

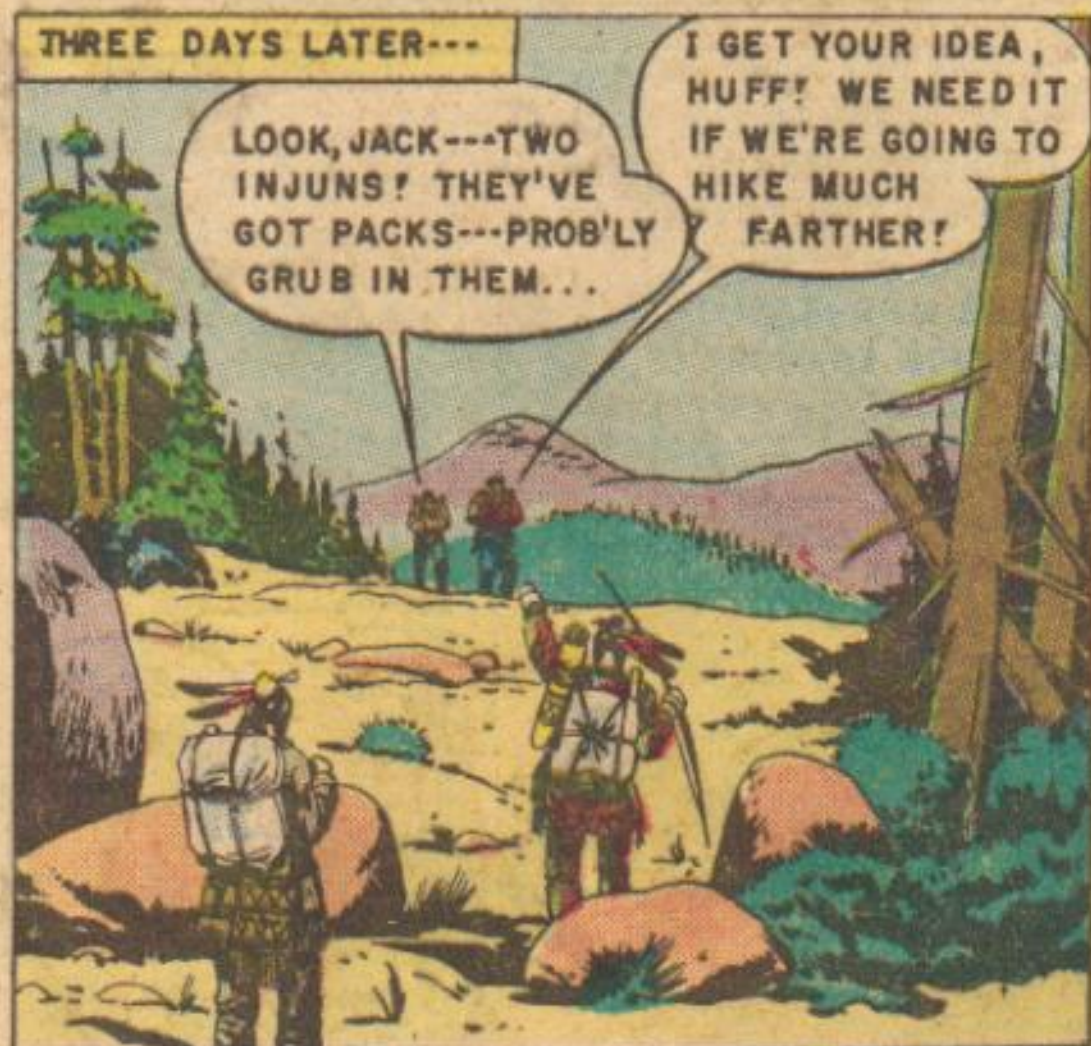


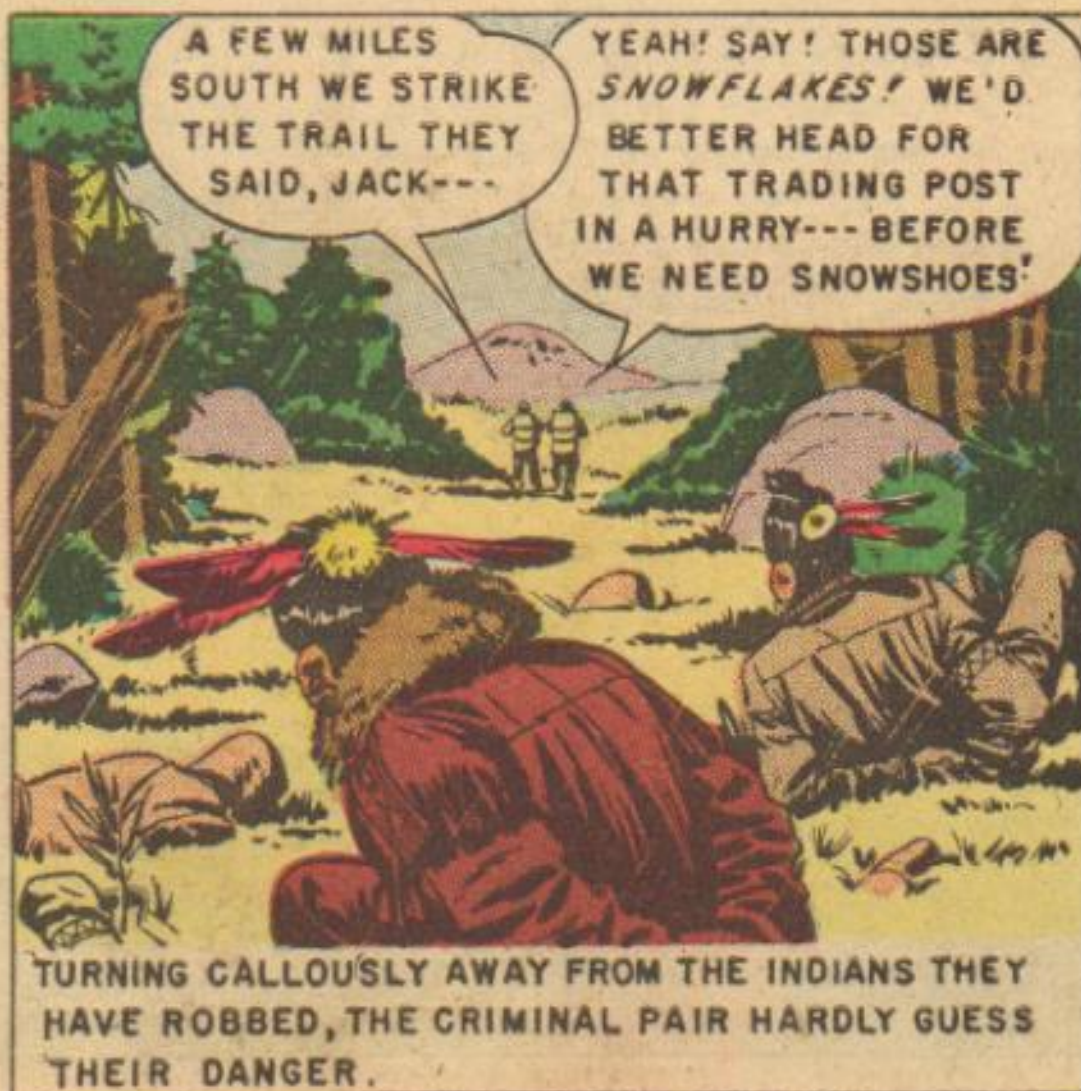
SUDDENLY ON THE BEACH, THE BONFIRE LEAPS UP! DISTANCE DROWNS THE HOWLS OF THE MAROONED MEN.

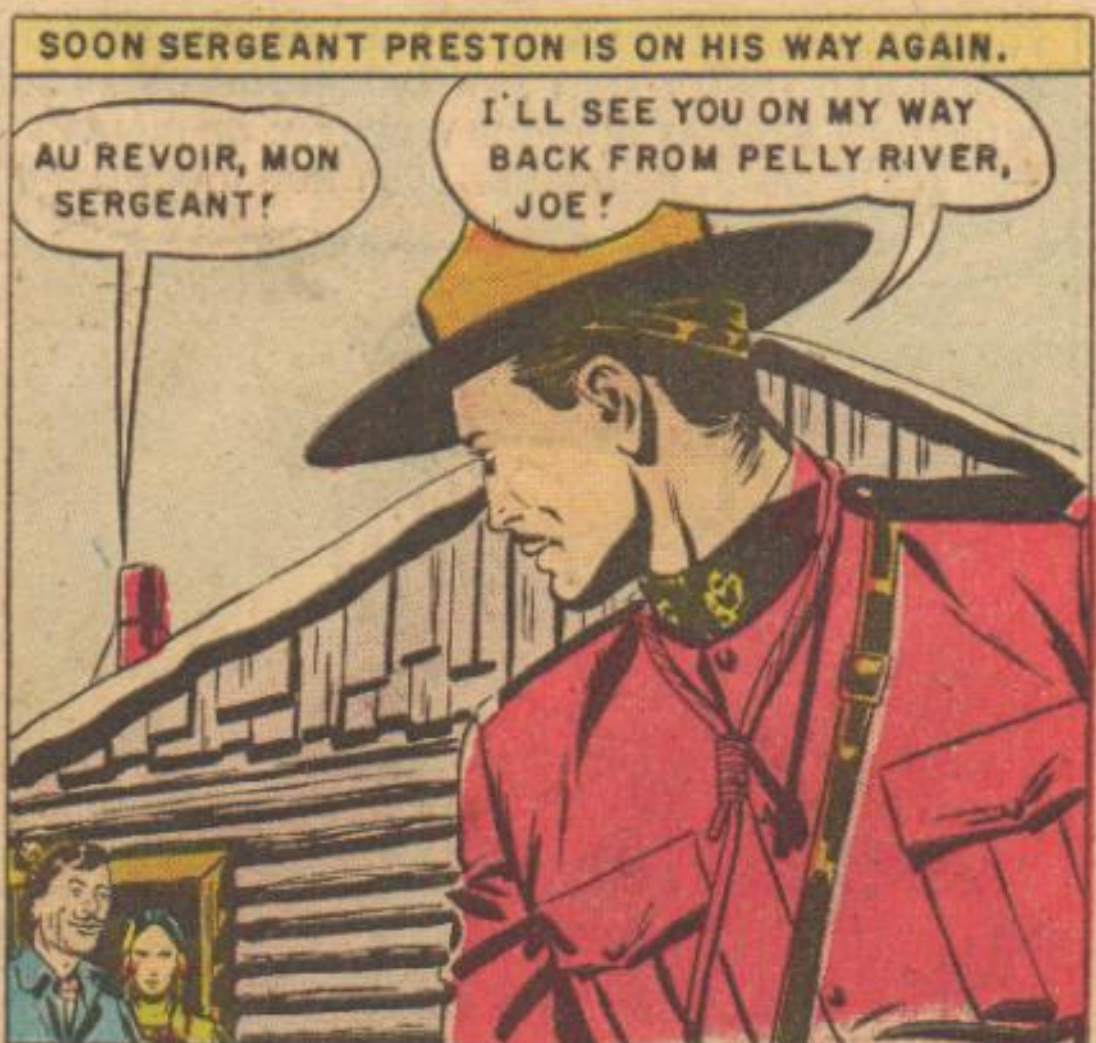
HAW, HAW, HAW! THEY'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT THEY ARE LEFT ASHORE! LOOK AT 'EM SHAKIN' THEIR FISTS, JACK!

HAR, HAR! THEY WON'T LIVE TO TELL WHO TOOK THEIR BOAT AND THEIR GRUB. WINTER'S COMING--- FAST!







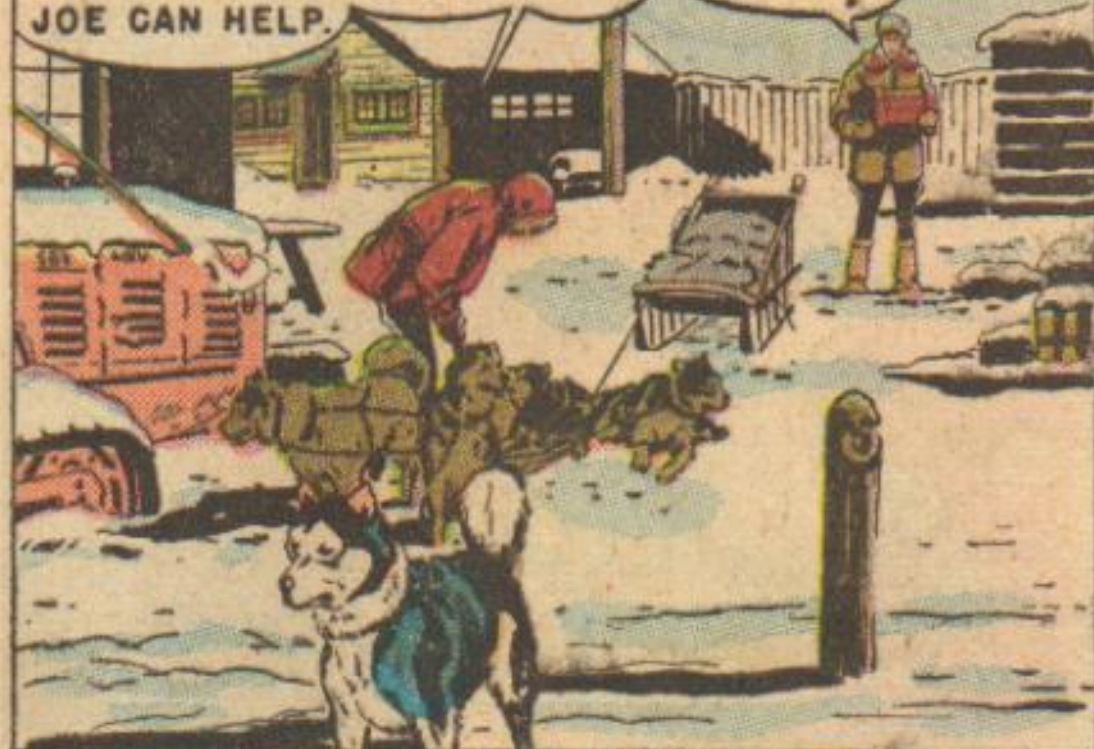




HURRIEDLY, SERGEANT PRESTON LOADS HIS SLED AND HOOKS UP HIS TEAM.

I'LL SWING AROUND PAST JOE La ROCHE'S CABIN AND TRY TO GUESS THE ROUTE THOSE TWO MIGHT HAVE TAKEN...PERHAPS JOE CAN HELP.

SOUNDS LIKE A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, SERGEANT--- BUT I WISH YOU LUCK ON IT!



SOME EIGHT DAYS AFTER PRESTON'S DEPARTURE FROM PELLY RIVER, ANNIE'S CALL STARTLES HER HUSBAND.

JOE--- LOOK OUTSIDE! DEUX HOMMES---VIENNENT ICI!

TWO MEN, ANNIE?



EH---POOR ONES! THEY STARVE TO DEATH ON THEIR FEET! WAIT, MY FRIEN'S! JOE La ROCHE WILL HELP ---



THE NEWCOMERS ARE MacDOWELL AND DAVIS---AT THE END OF THEIR STRENGTH.

LEAN ON JOE, MY FRIEN'S! IN WAN MOMENT YOU WILL BE WARM! MY WIFE ANNIE WILL FIX YOU GRUB--- OUI!



WITH GOOD FOOD WARMING THEIR EMPTY STOMACHS, THE TWO LOST MEN ARE SOON FEELING ALMOST NORMAL.

YOU GOT---ANY FIREWATER?

NO, MY FRIEN'... JOE La ROCHE HAS NOT TOUCH STRONG DRINK FOR MANY YEARS! EAT WELL---AND REST, AND YOU FEEL BETTER!

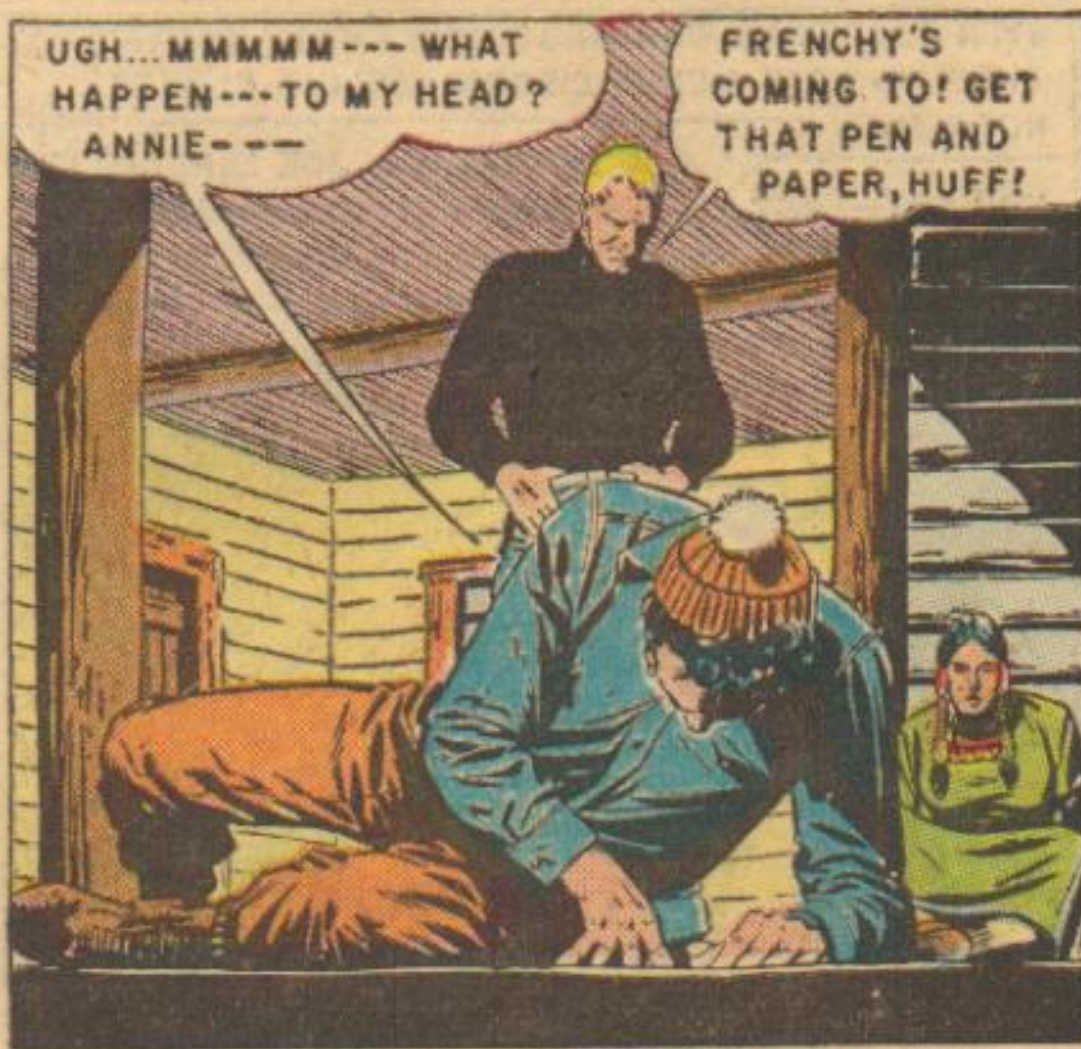


THE THIRD DAY AFTER THEIR RESCUE---

WHAT YOU GOT FOR BREAKFAST TODAY, FRENCHY? YAW-W-WN?

ANNIE MY WIFE IS ROAST' THE CARIBOU MEAT! THE SALMON SHE IS ALL GONE!

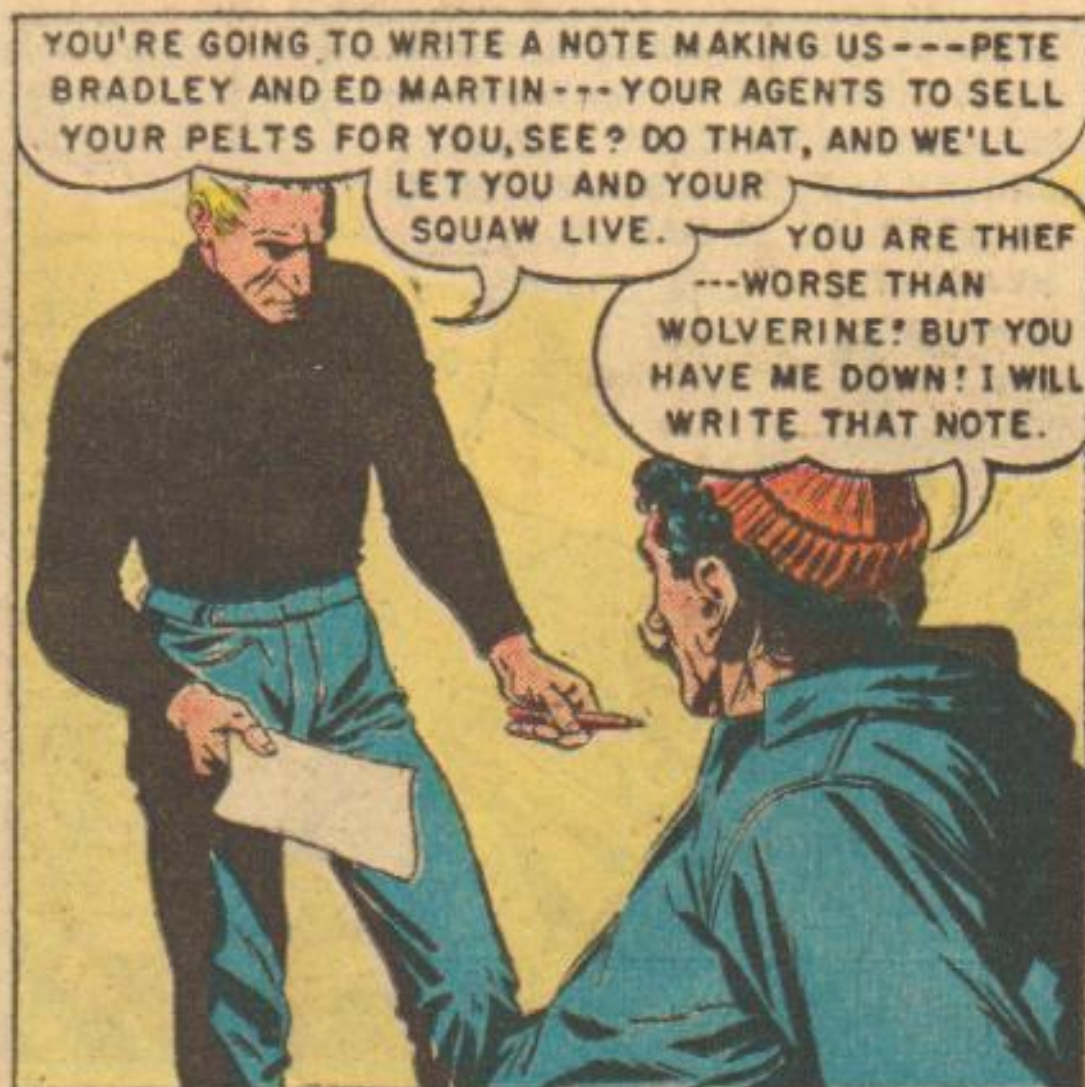






ANNIE! HAVE THEY HARM YOU, ANNIE---

NOT YET, FRENCHY! BUT WE WILL IF DON'T DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! LOOK HERE, NOW!



YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE A NOTE MAKING US---PETE BRADLEY AND ED MARTIN---YOUR AGENTS TO SELL YOUR PELTS FOR YOU, SEE? DO THAT, AND WE'LL LET YOU AND YOUR SQUAW LIVE.

YOU ARE THIEF ---WORSE THAN WOLVERINE! BUT YOU HAVE ME DOWN! I WILL WRITE THAT NOTE.



LESS THAN AN HOUR FROM JOE LAROCHE'S CABIN, SERGEANT PRESTON SIGHTS ANOTHER OUTFIT, TRAVELING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

THAT TEAM HEADING SOUTH--- THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT IT, KING!

RRR-UFF!



MUSH, KING! MUSH, YOU HUSKIES! THAT'S JOE LAROCHE'S SLED AND TEAM---AND THE MEN WITH IT ARE CHEECHAKOS---STRANGERS TO THE BUSH!



SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE---WHERE ARE YOU GENTLEMEN HEADING--- WITH JOE LAROCHE'S DOGS?

I---UH---WE BOUGHT 'EM FROM HIM! WE'RE TAKING SOME OF HIS FURS TO SELL IN SITKA---



YOU'RE NOT TRAPPERS! HAVE YOU A LETTER OF AGENCY ENTITLING YOU TO SELL PELTS FOR JOE?

YEAH! HERE IT IS, IF YOU WANT TO SEE IT!



UMMM! THIS SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER... JOE'S SIGNATURE IS OKAY... "--- PERMISSION TO SELL MY SEAL, MARTEN AND FINCH SKINS... PETE BRADLEY AND ED MARTIN, MY AGENTS..."

HERE'S THE BUNDLE OF PELTS, IF YOU WANT TO LOOK AT 'EM, SERGEANT!



I DON'T NEED TO LOOK AT THEM! JOE DOESN'T TRAP SEAL IN THE WOODS---AND A FINCH IS A BIRD! HIS NOTE HAS TOLD ME YOU ARE FRAUDS! YOUR LITTLE GAME IS UP, MAGDOWELL AND DAVIS!

ARRRRGH!



TAKE HIM, KING! DROP THAT RIFLE, MAN--- YOU'RE COVERED!

GAAAAARRRH!

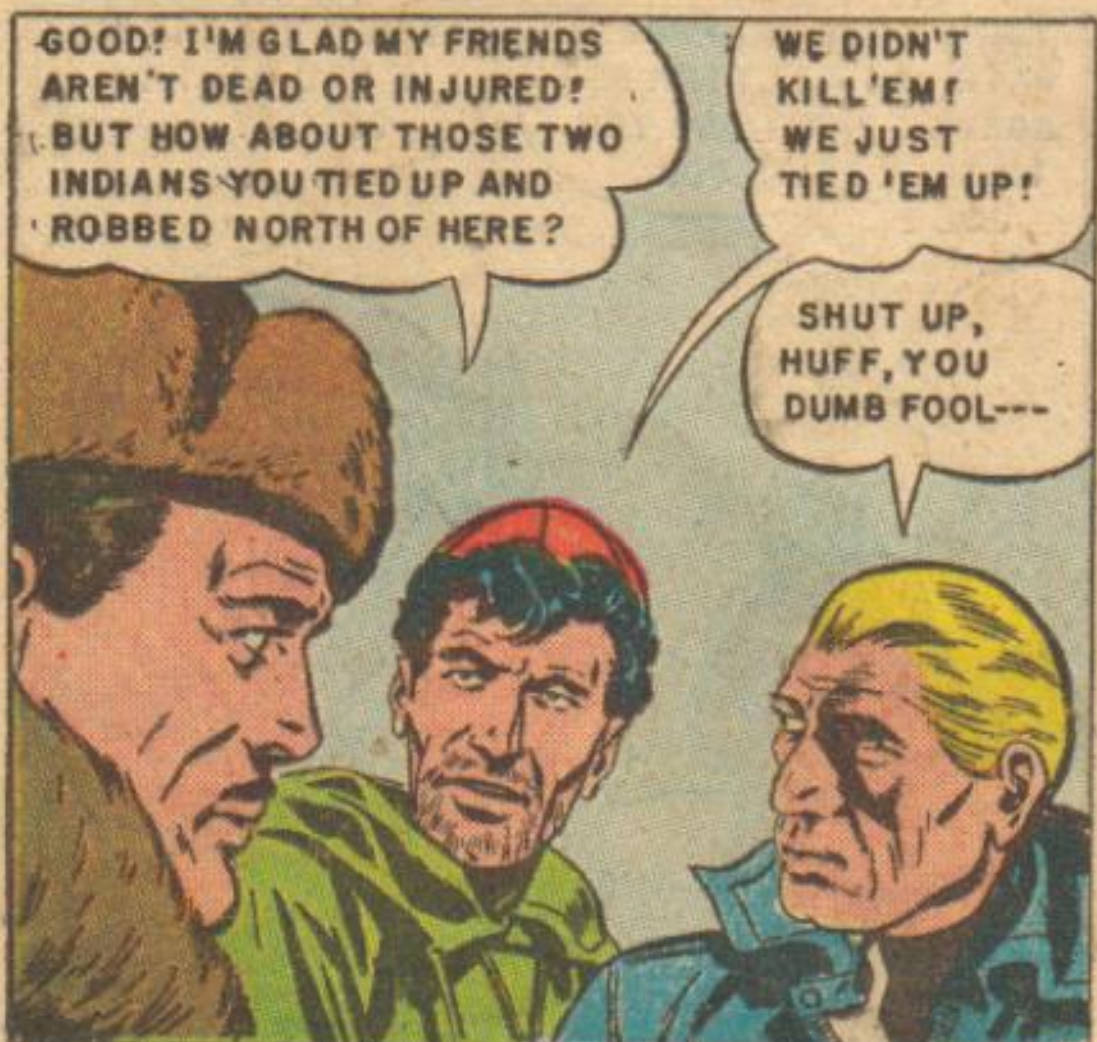


D-DON'T LET THAT DOG GET AT US, SERGEANT!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER AS WELL AS ROBBERY!

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW OUR NAMES IF THE MARY D'S CREW HAD NOT BEEN PICKED UP ALIVE. YOU CAN'T HOLD US FOR MURDER! WE DIDN'T HURT JOE OR HIS WIFE

CLICK!



GOOD! I'M GLAD MY FRIENDS AREN'T DEAD OR INJURED! BUT HOW ABOUT THOSE TWO INDIANS YOU TIED UP AND ROBBED NORTH OF HERE?

WE DIDN'T KILL 'EM! WE JUST TIED 'EM UP!

SHUT UP, HUFF, YOU DUMB FOOL---



THAT'S ALL THE CONFESSION I NEED! THE INDIANS DIED OF EXPOSURE, AND YOU TWO ARE GUILTY! NOW, KING, WE'LL RETURN THIS PROPERTY TO JOE LaROCHE--- AND CALL THE CASE CLOSED!

RRRRR-UFF!

Sergeant PRESTON

AND THE
MYSTERY
BOY

PAUL! THERE'S ANOTHER
OUTFIT---COMING
TOWARDS US FROM
DAWSON?

TRAIL'S WIDE ENOUGH---
IF HE DON'T TRY
CROWDING US,
KID!

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD JACKIE SANDS IS
HEADING FOR DAWSON FROM HIS FATHER'S
MINE---TO MEET HIS MOTHER ON HER
RETURN FROM THE STATES. WITH JACKIE
IS "PAUL", HIS FATHER'S HIRED MAN.

HULLO! CAN YOU SPARE
ME ANY MATCHES? I
DROPPED MINE---HUH?
IT'S YOU, SCAR! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING UP
HERE---

SHUT UP,
DUKE! AND
STEP ASIDE A
MINUTE... JACKIE---
STAY WITH THE
SLED!



WANT TO TALK IN
PRIVATE, UH? WHO
IS THE BOY?

JACKIE SANDS---SON OF
THE MINER I WORK FOR!
WE'RE HEADED FOR DAWSON
TO MEET HIS MOTHER..



DODGING THE MOUNTIES,
HMM? WHY DON'T YOU
CROSS OVER TO ALASKA,
SCAR? YOU'VE GOT U.S.
MONEY FROM THAT BANK
JOB---UNLESS YOU'VE
SPENT IT ALL.

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR
ME THERE, TOO! AND
THE MONEY'S A NEW
ISSUE---EASY TO TRACE!
I'VE GOT A GOOD HIDE-
OUT, UNLESS YOU SPOIL
IT, DUKE!



SUDDENLY, JACKIE'S CURIOSITY IS
STRONGER THAN HIS CAUTION.

HE CALLED PAUL "SCAR"?
AND THEY BOTH AGED
MIGHTY QUEER! I WISH
I COULD HEAR WHAT
THEY'RE SAYING...



BUT IF A MOUNTIE
SPOTS YOU IN DAWSON,
SCAR, YOU'LL BE
BEHIND BARS IN
A HURRY!

I'LL KEEP MY FACE COVERED
PRETTY WELL---OR MAYBE I'LL
WAIT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN!
SANDS BUSTED A LEG, AND
THERE WAS NOBODY ELSE TO
DRIVE THE
TEAM...

A DEAD STICK SNAPS UNDER JACKIE'S FOOT.

PAUL IS WANTED BY
THE POLICE! AND
HE'S---OH!

CRACK!



WHAT WAS THAT?
A STICK SNAPPED---

THE KID!
LISTENING---



COME BACK HERE,
KID, OR I'LL SKIN
YOU ALIVE!

WE'VE GOT TO SHUT
HIM UP! HE'S HEARD
TOO MUCH!



SO YOU TRIED TO SCOOT
WITH THE DOGS AND
LEAVE ME AFOOT, DID
YOU? ONLY I HEADED
YOU OFF! AND
I'VE GOT YOU
NOW---

NO! DON'T YOU DARE
TOUCH ME,
PAUL! THE
MOUNTIES---



YOU'LL NEVER GET TO "SING" TO
THE MOUNTIES! I'LL SEE TO
THAT---HEY! WATCH OUT---

Oooooh!



HE'S GONE---

--- FELL PLUMB INTO THE
RIVER! HE'LL DROWN
SURE AS SHOOTING!





HE'S COME UP--- BUT HE CAN'T SWIM! THOSE ROCKS BELOW WILL FINISH HIM, IF HE DON'T DROWN FIRST! JUST AS WELL--- FOR ME!



BUT UNDER THE OVERHANG OF THE LEDGE WHERE HE HAS STOPPED TO REST HIS TEAM, SERGEANT PRESTON HAS SEEN THE BOY'S PLUNGE! SWIFTLY, HE UNHOOKS HIS GREAT LEAD DOG, YUKON KING!

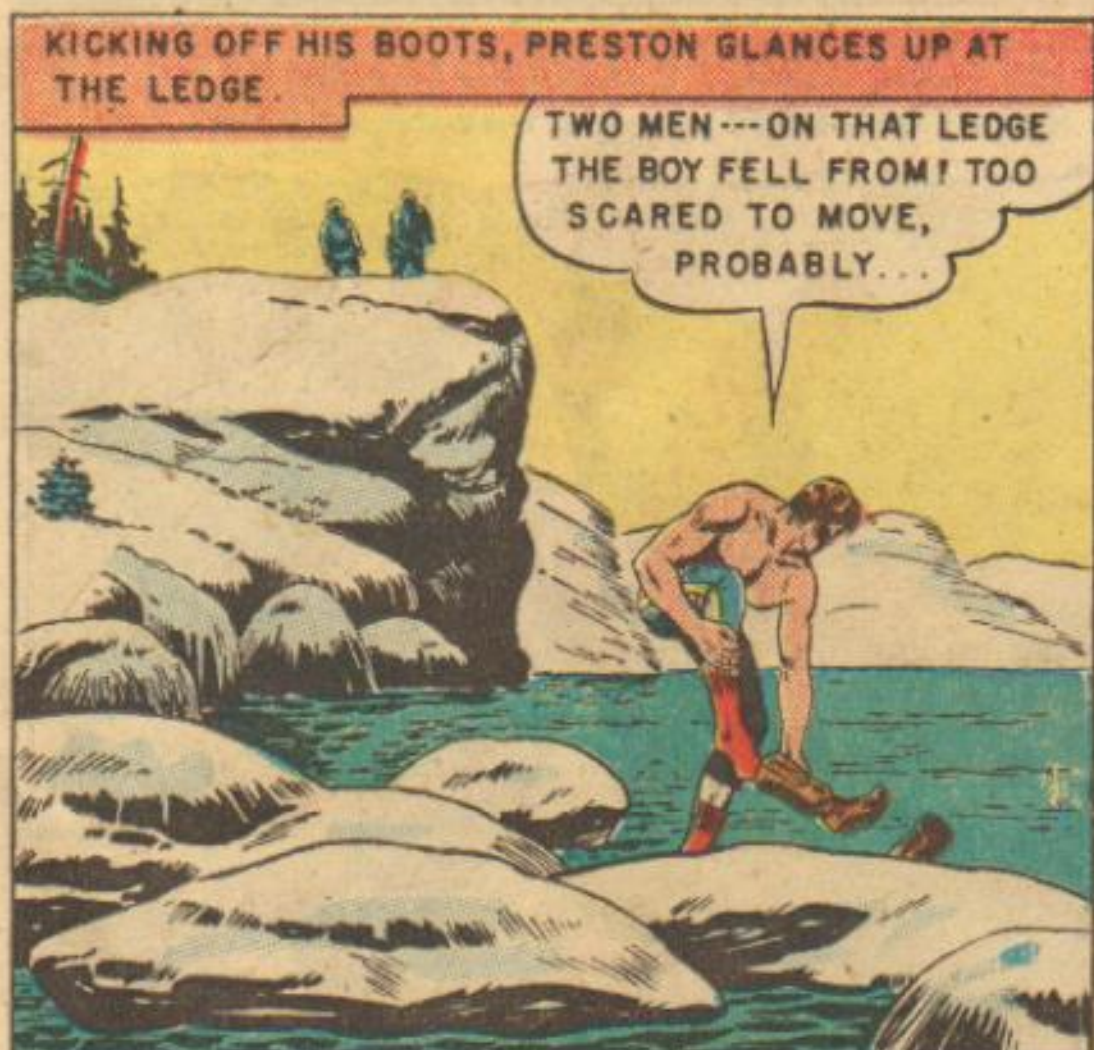
KING! WE CAN SAVE THAT YOUNGSTER!

ARP!



AFTER HIM, BOY! I'LL FOLLOW YOU!

HA-ARF!



KICKING OFF HIS BOOTS, PRESTON GLANCES UP AT THE LEDGE.

TWO MEN---ON THAT LEDGE THE BOY FELL FROM! TOO SCARED TO MOVE, PROBABLY...



A MOUNTIE DOWN THERE! OF ALL THE LUCK---

DON'T WORRY! HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU---AND THE KID WILL BE DEAD IF THE MOUNTIE EVER DOES PULL HIM OUT! I SAW HIS HEAD HIT A ROCK AND GO UNDER!



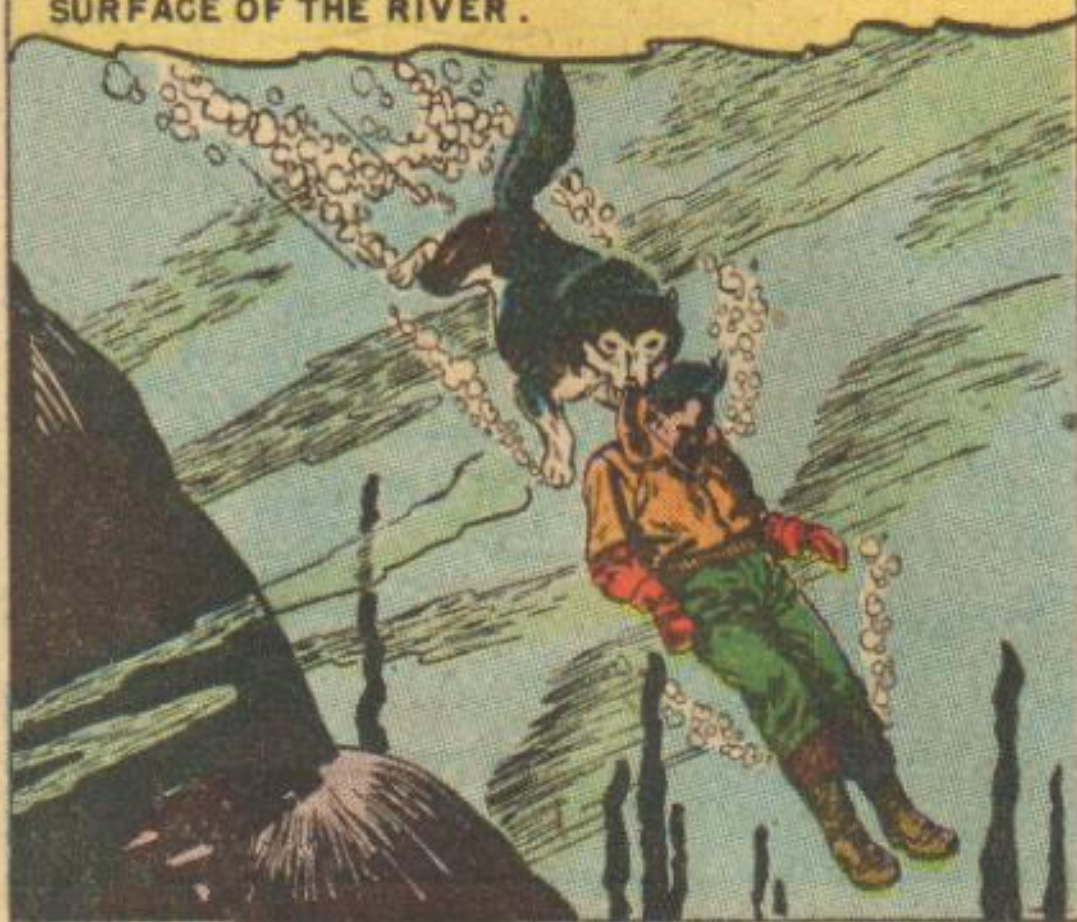
THE POINT IS--YOU CAN'T STICK AROUND TO BE QUESTIONED BY THAT REDCOAT, SCAR--- AND I DON'T AIM TO DESERT YOU! LET'S GO!

YEAH? WHY THE SUDDEN ATTACHMENT TO ME, DUKE?

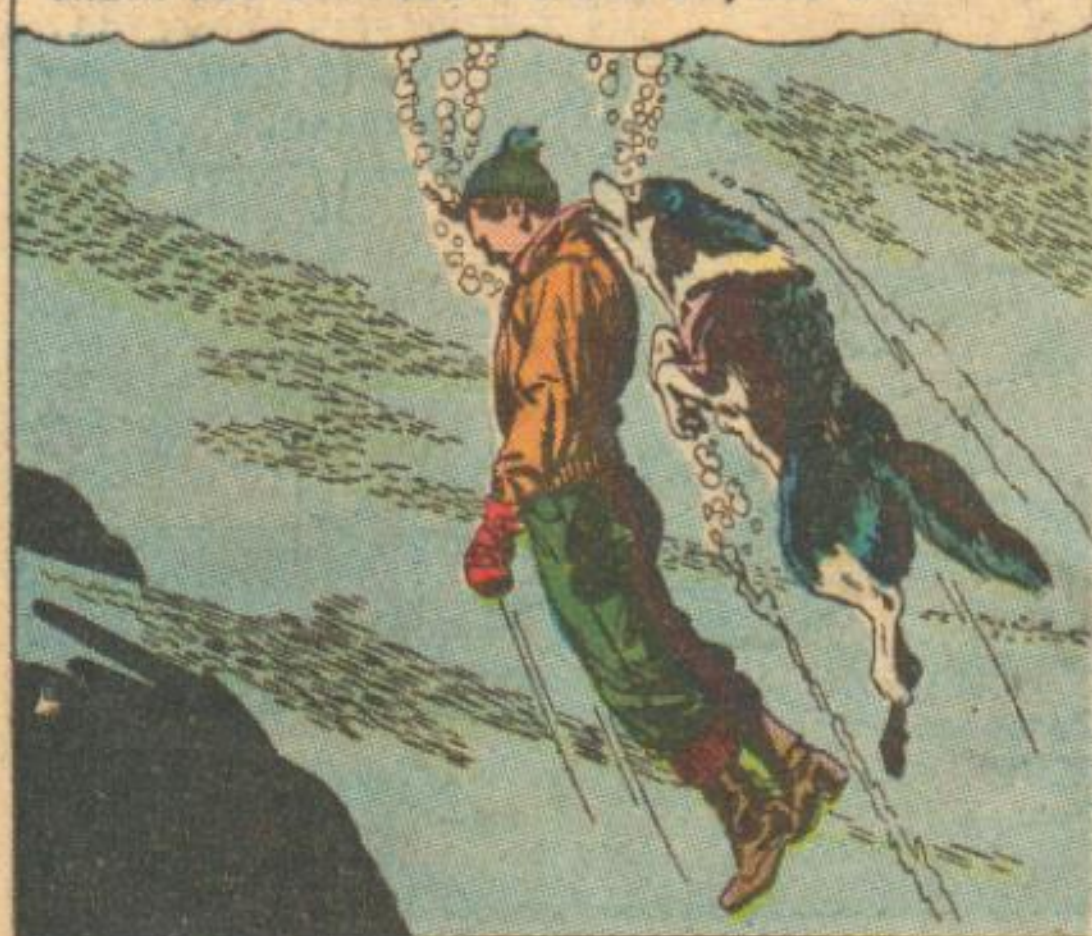
BECAUSE YOU NEED TO GET OUT TO THE STATES WITH THAT BANK MONEY YOU'RE CARRYING--- AND YOU NEED ME TO HELP YOU DO IT! FOR A FIFTY-FIFTY CUT!



AS THE TWO CROOKS TURN BACK TO THEIR TEAMS, YUKON KING IS FIGHTING FOR THE BOY'S LIFE AND HIS OWN AS WELL--- FAR BELOW THE SWIRLING SURFACE OF THE RIVER.



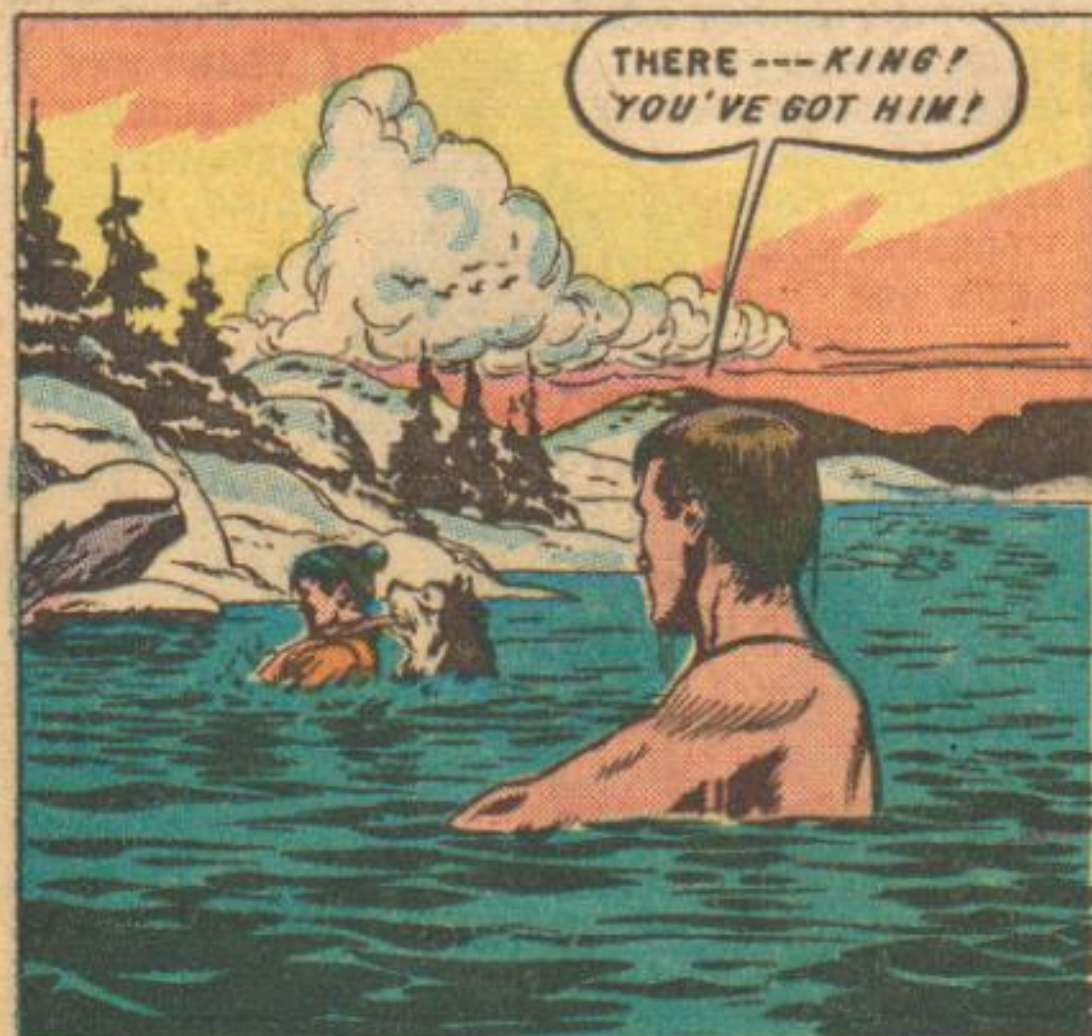
HIS LUNGS NEARLY BURSTING FOR WANT OF AIR, THE GREAT DOG BATTLES HIS WAY UP, AND UP.



A POWERFUL SWIMMER, SERGEANT PRESTON IS ALMOST SUCKED UNDER BY THE SAVAGE CURRENTS--- BELOW THE POINT WHERE KING DIVED.



THERE --- KING!
YOU'VE GOT HIM!



I'LL--- TAKE HIM,
KING! YOU'RE
ALMOST DROWNED---
YOURSELF!



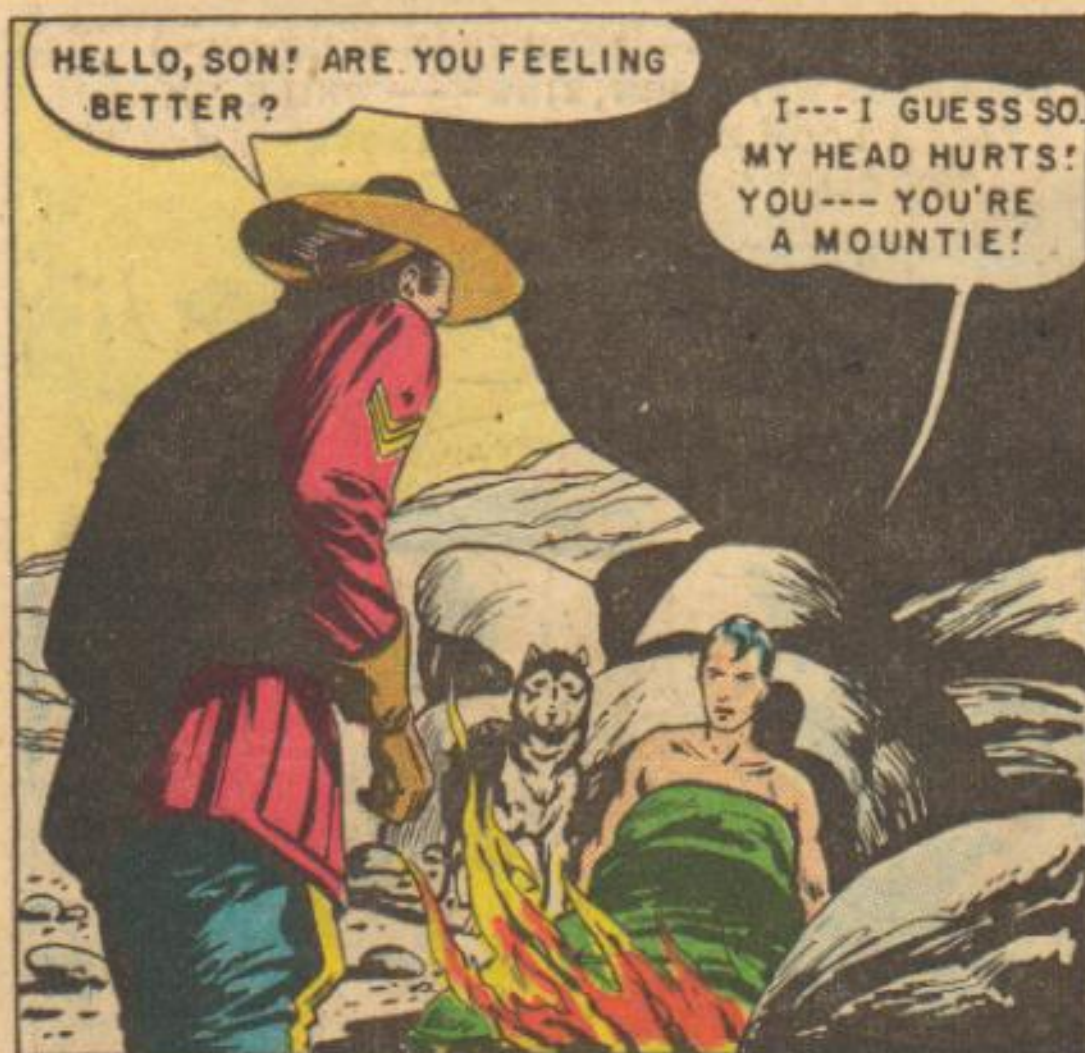




HERE! THOSE TWO FELLOWS' TRACKS SHOWED THEY FOLLOWED THE BOY TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF--- AND HE WAS WALKING BACKWARDS FOR THE LAST FEW FEET--- BEFORE HE FELL!



THEY FORCED HIM OVER THE EDGE - AND THEN THEY CLEARED OUT! THE WORST OF IT IS --- I CAN'T TRACK THEM AND CARE FOR THE BOY, TOO!



HELLO, SON! ARE YOU FEELING BETTER?

I---I GUESS SO. MY HEAD HURTS! YOU--- YOU'RE A MOUNTIE!



HAVE I BEEN SICK? WHERE AM I?

YOU FELL OFF A CLIFF INTO THE RIVER AND KING, HERE, PULLED YOU OUT! YOU REMEMBER FALLING, DON'T YOU?

NO! I---I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING!



HMMM! YOU HAVE QUITE A BUMP ON YOUR NOGGIN! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?

I---I DON'T KNOW! I THINK I'D LIKE TO--- TO SLEEP, NOW...



HE'S LOST HIS MEMORY, ALL RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO DAWSON AND LET A DOCTOR EXAMINE HIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, KING! BUT FIRST, WE'LL DRY HIS CLOTHES ...

EEE-YUH!
EEE-EE-YUH?

NOT BOTHERING TO HIDE THEIR TRAIL, SCAR AND DUKE HAVE MADE FAST TIME TO DAWSON ON THE YUKON RIVER.

THERE'S DAWSON AHEAD OF US, DUKE! WHAT'S THE PLAN, NOW?



THAT MOUNTIE WILL TRAIL US RIGHT INTO TOWN--- AND THERE HE'LL LOSE OUR TRACKS AMONG THE TOWN TRAFFIC! THE FIRST THING IS TO HIDE THAT SCARRED FACE OF YOURS...

WHERE--- AND HOW, DUKE?



THERE'S A TUMBLEDOWN SHACK I KNOW, OUTSIDE OF TOWN... YOU WAIT THERE, WHILE I SELL THE SLEDS AND TEAMS AND ARRANGE PASSAGE ON THE NEXT RIVER BOAT, FOR BOTH OF US! THE MOUNTIES WON'T HAVE ANY REASON TO QUESTION ME ABOUT ANYTHING.



HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE PAIR OF CROOKS BREATHE MORE EASILY! THE CROWDED TOWN SWALLOWS THEIR IDENTITIES.

OUR TRACKS ARE LOST NOW, SCAR!



LEAVING THE TEAMS WITH DUKE, SCAR TRAMPS AWAY WITH A SMALL PACK OF SUPPLIES.

THE SHACK WHERE YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME IS HALF A MILE BEYOND THE LAST HOUSE ON THIS STREET.

OKAY, DUKE--- I'LL FIND IT! GET AFTER THAT BOAT BUSINESS!

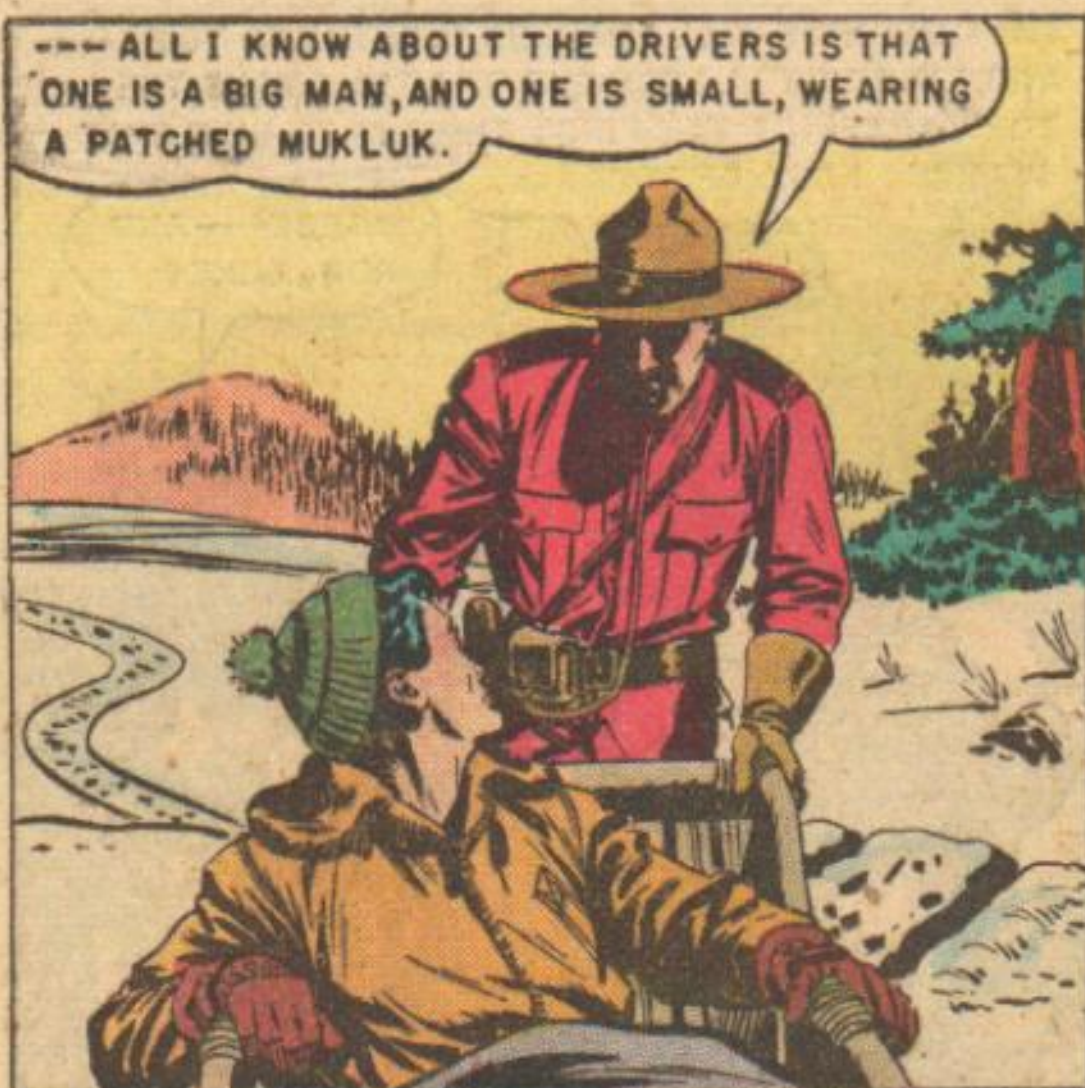


ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER, THE SERGEANT--- AND JACKIE SANDS, WHO HAS RECOVERED EVERYTHING BUT HIS MEMORY--- APPROACH THE BIG RIVER TOWN.

WHO IS DRIVING THE TEAM THAT MADE THOSE TRACKS AHEAD OF US, SERGEANT PRESTON?

I WISH I KNEW, SON! THERE IS A PAIR OF TEAMS! BUT SINCE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER...





--- ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE DRIVERS IS THAT ONE IS A BIG MAN, AND ONE IS SMALL, WEARING A PATCHED MUKLUK.



A LITTLE BEFORE DARK THEY ENTER THE SNOW-PACKED STREETS.

THERE'S THE PRINCE ALBERT HOTEL! I HOPE WE FIND DR. QUINCE IN HIS OFFICE.



DON'T YOU REMEMBER EVER BEING HERE BEFORE, SONNY?

N-NO, I GUESS NOT, SERGEANT PRESTON! IT SEEMS KIND OF FAMILIAR, BUT I DON'T KNOW---



JACKIE, DEAR! I HOPED YOU WOULD COME WITH YOUR FATHER TO MEET ME! AND YOU DID! WHERE IS HE NOW?

UH? WHO? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...



JACKIE! WON'T YOU LET YOUR MOTHER KISS YOU? YOU HAVEN'T GROWN UP *THAT* MUCH IN TWO MONTHS!

I--- I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE---



JACKIE SANDS! THAT ISN'T A FUNNY GAME YOU'RE PLAYING WITH YOUR MOTHER! IF YOU KNEW HOW I MISSED YOU AND DAD---

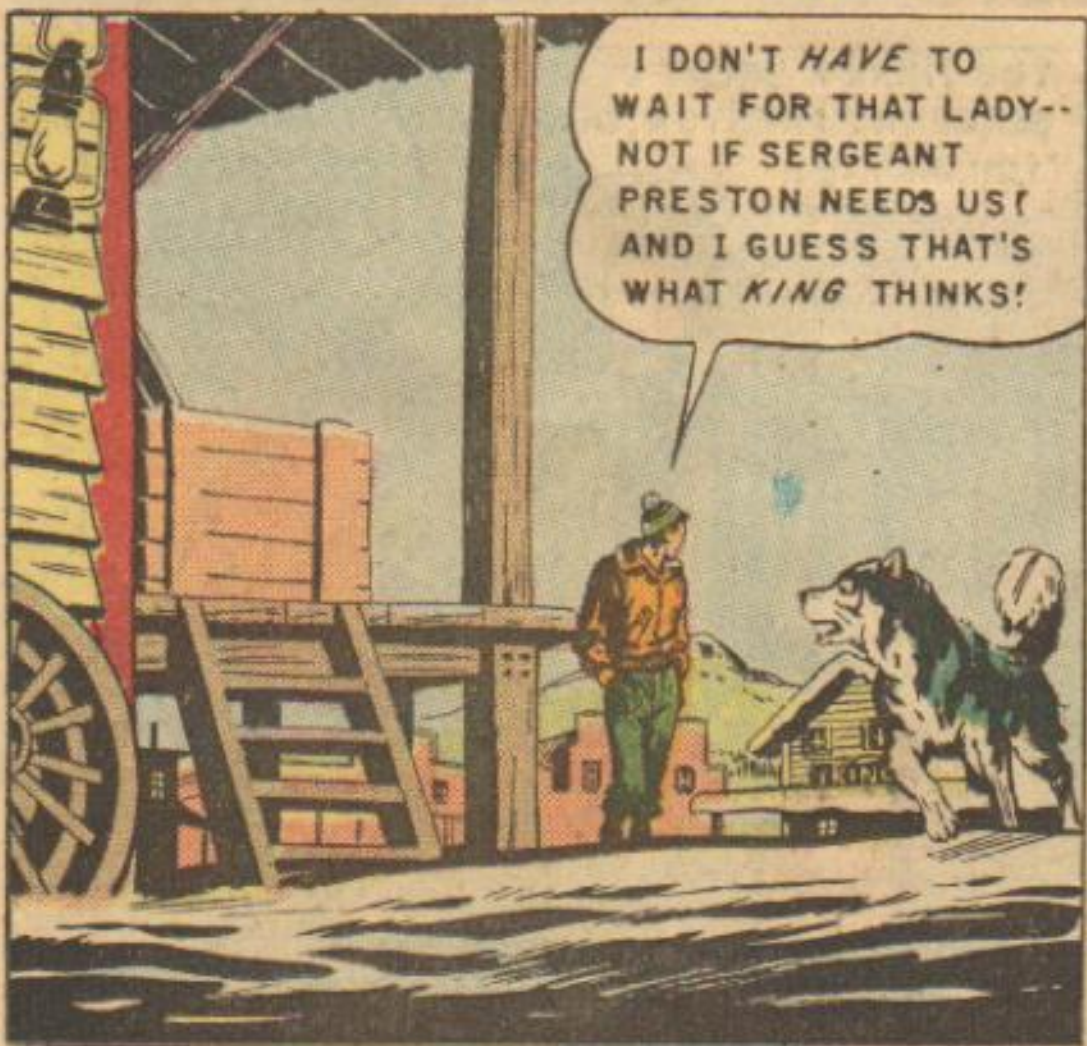
MRS.--ER--- SANDS! MAY I SPEAK TO YOU ASIDE?



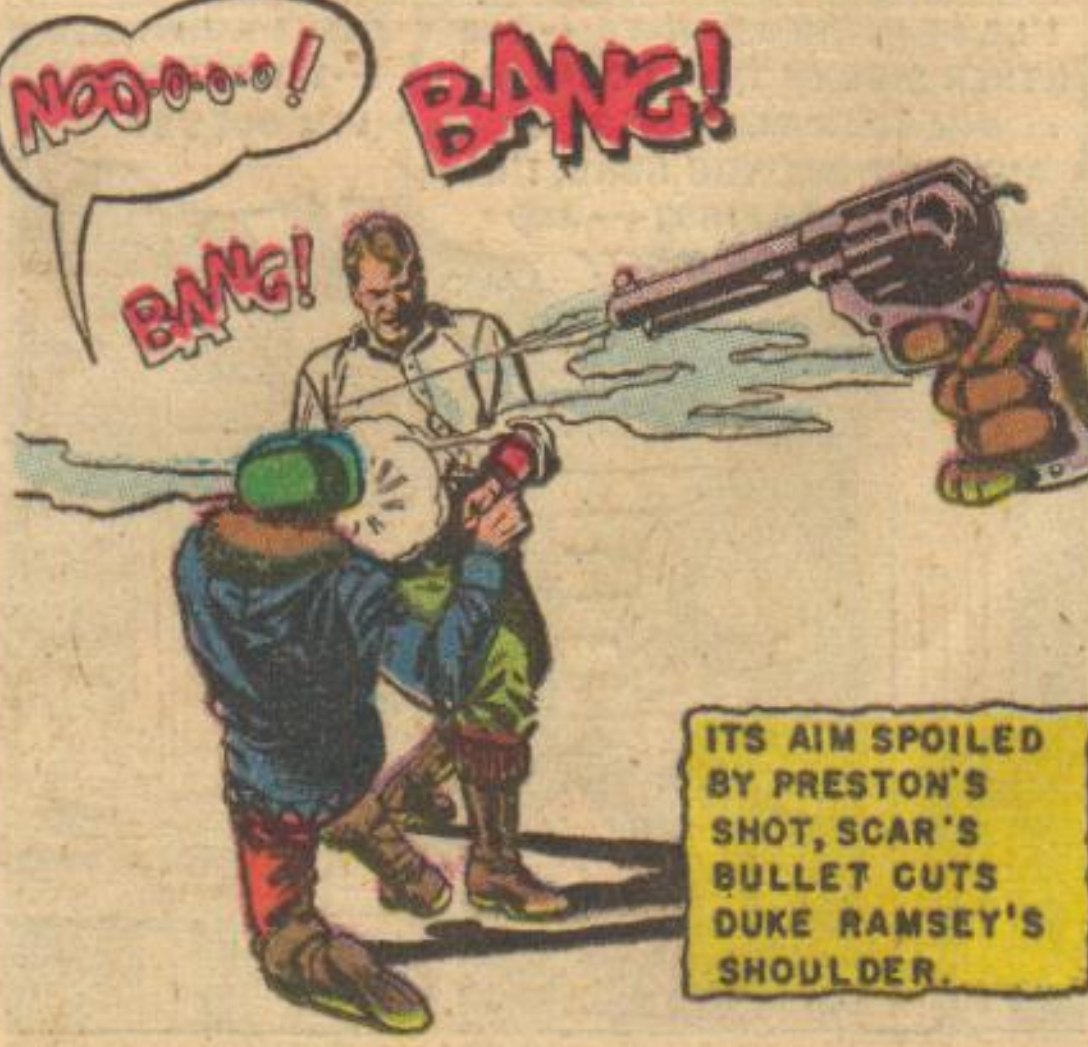
SERGEANT! WHAT--- IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

I'LL TELL YOU-- KING! STAY WITH JACKIE!

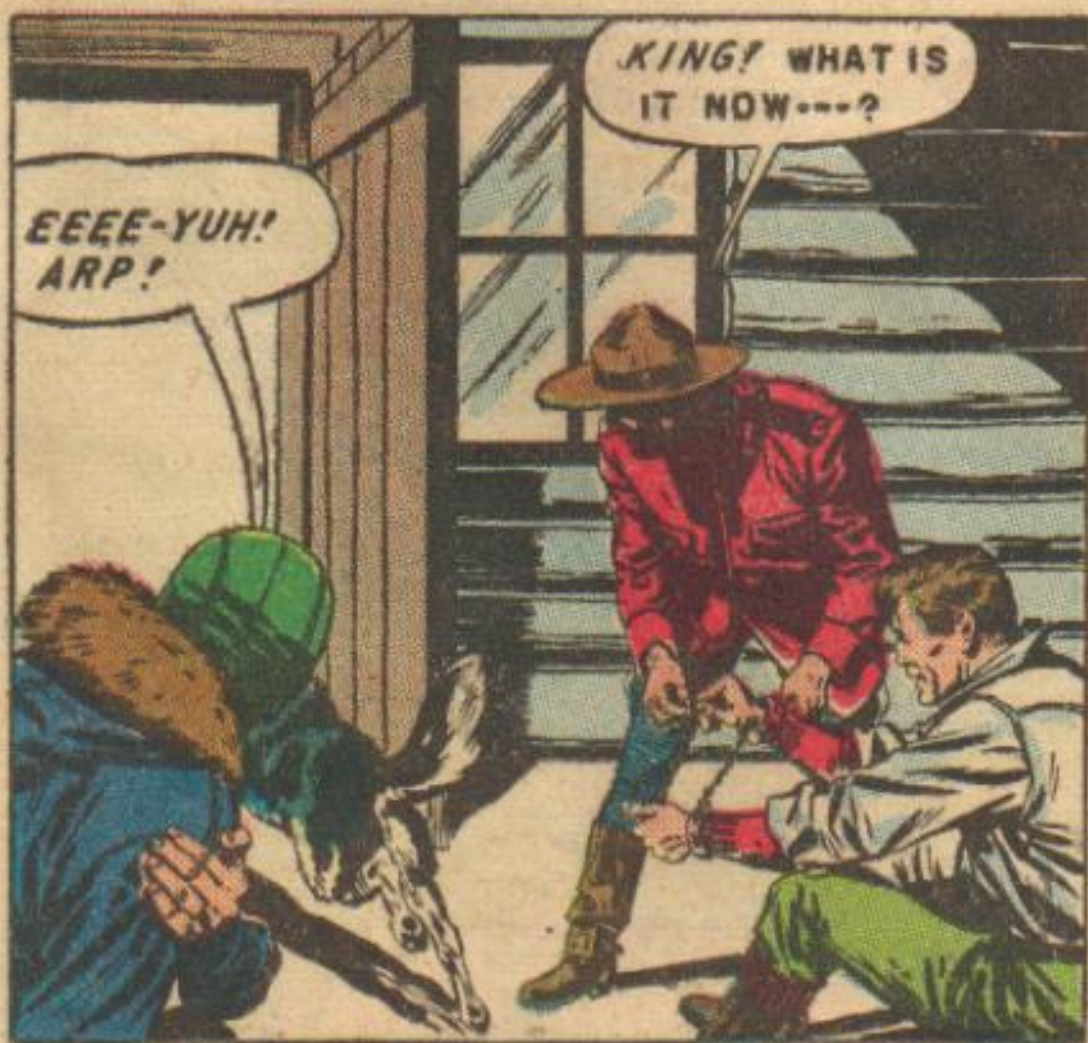








AT YUKON KING'S ROARING ENTRANCE, PRESTON HOLDS HIS FIRE. SCAR, HIS GUN-ARM ALREADY NICKED, MISSES AGAIN.





O-O-OH! PAUL!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
M M M M M H!

CREASED! SCAR'S BULLET
JUST GRAZED HIS SCALP,
THE BULLET
THAT HE MEANT
FOR YOU, KING!

M M M M!
E E E E - U H!



WAS "PAUL" THE MAN WHO MADE
YOU FALL OVER THE CLIFF,
JACKIE?

WHO---WHO ARE
YOU? A MOUNTIE?
WHERE'S PAUL?



YES! HE MET A LITTLE MAN HE CALLED DUKE! I
HEARD THEM TALKING---LIKE CRIMINALS! THEY
ALMOST CAUGHT ME... AND THEN I FELT
MYSELF FALLING---



IS THIS
YOUR
DOG---
MOUNTIE?

YES, JACKIE SANDS! HIS NAME IS
YUKON KING...HE SAVED YOU FROM
DROWNING WHEN YOU LANDED IN
THE RIVER! YOU DON'T REMEMBER
THAT PART... BUT WHEN WE GET
BACK TO YOUR MOTHER,
IN DAWSON---



YES! MOTHER IS WAITING IN
DAWSON! DAD BROKE HIS LEG,
AT THE MINE, SO HE HAD TO SEND
PAUL AND ME TO GET HER! WILL
YOU TAKE ME THERE, NOW?

RIGHT AWAY,
JACKIE! I
HAVE "PAUL"
AND DUKE IN
THIS SHACK, AS
PRISONERS...



--- AND WHEN WE PUT THEM BEHIND BARS, WE
CAN CONSIDER THIS CASE--- HAPPILY---
CLOSED!

Sergeant PRESTON

IN
CAVE-IN

OKAY, JERRY, ME BOY! RUN FOR IT! THE MINUTE YOU'RE OUT OF THIS DRIFT AND IN THE FIRST CAVERN, I'LL LIGHT THIS FUSE!

DON'T WASTE ANY TIME YOURSELF, UNCLE CHARLIE!

HO, HO, HO! IMAGINE --- THE WHIPPERSNAPPER OF A BOY WORRY- IN' OVER ME! ME --- AN OLD SOURDOUGH, HARDROCK GOLD MINER, WHO'S BEEN SETTIN' BLASTS FOR TWENTY YEARS!



HURRY, UNCLE CHARLIE!

THERE'S TIME YET! AHUM! SO BLASTIN' EXCITES YOU, DOES IT, JERRY?



EVERYTHING ABOUT MINING --- AND ABOUT THE YUKON --- GIVES ME A MIGHTY BIG THRILL, UNCLE CHARLIE! AND SIS FEELS THE SAME --- EVEN THOUGH SHE'S GROWN UP! I'M GLAD WE'VE COME TO LIVE WITH YOU!

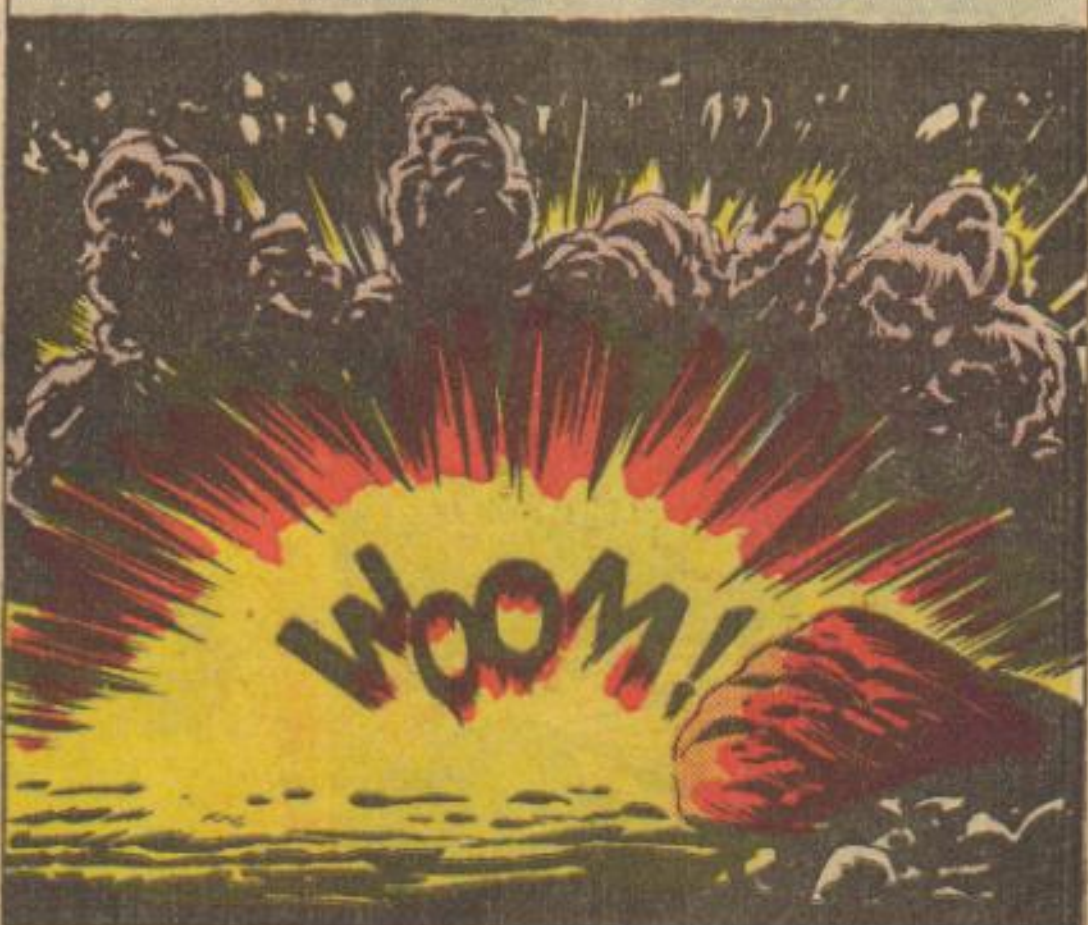
SO AM I, ME BOY!

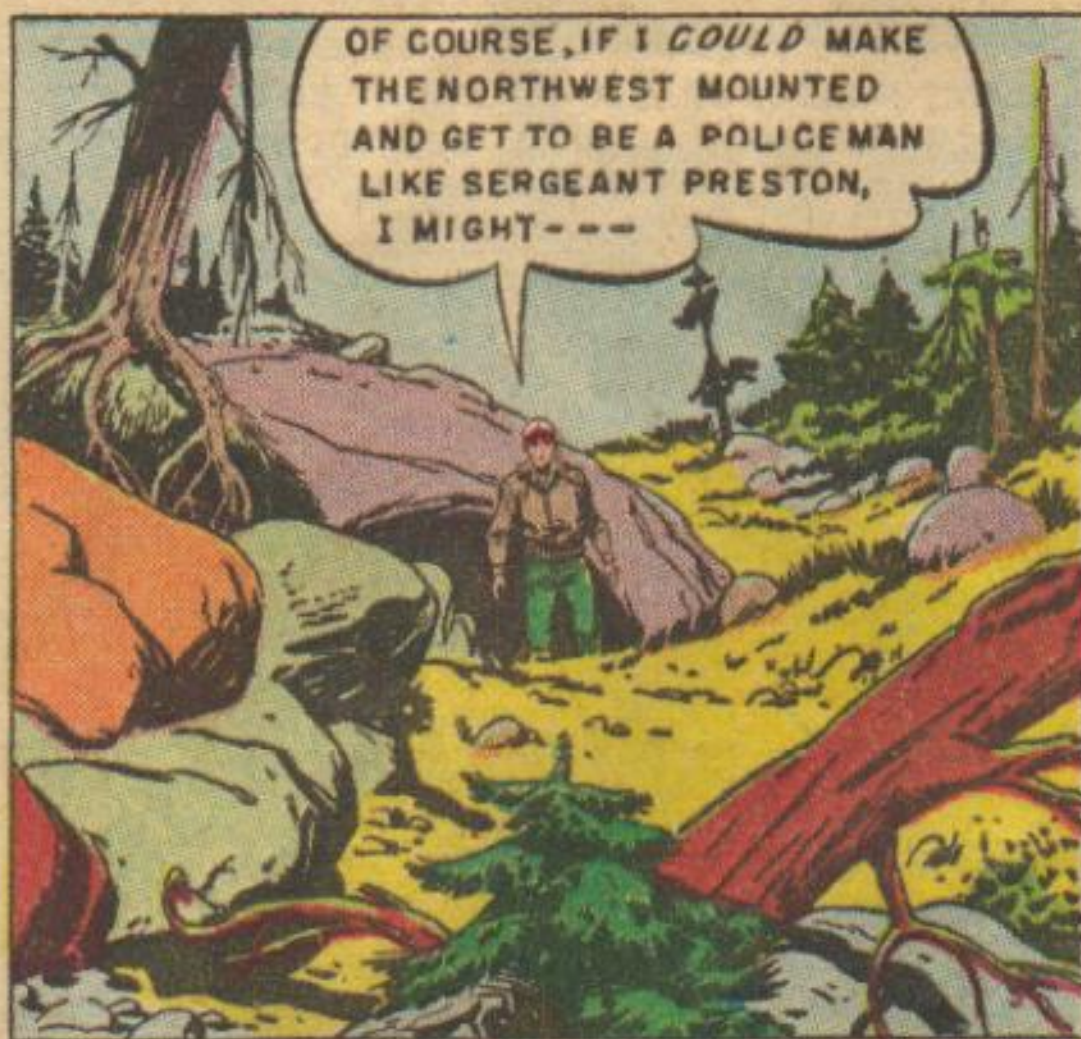
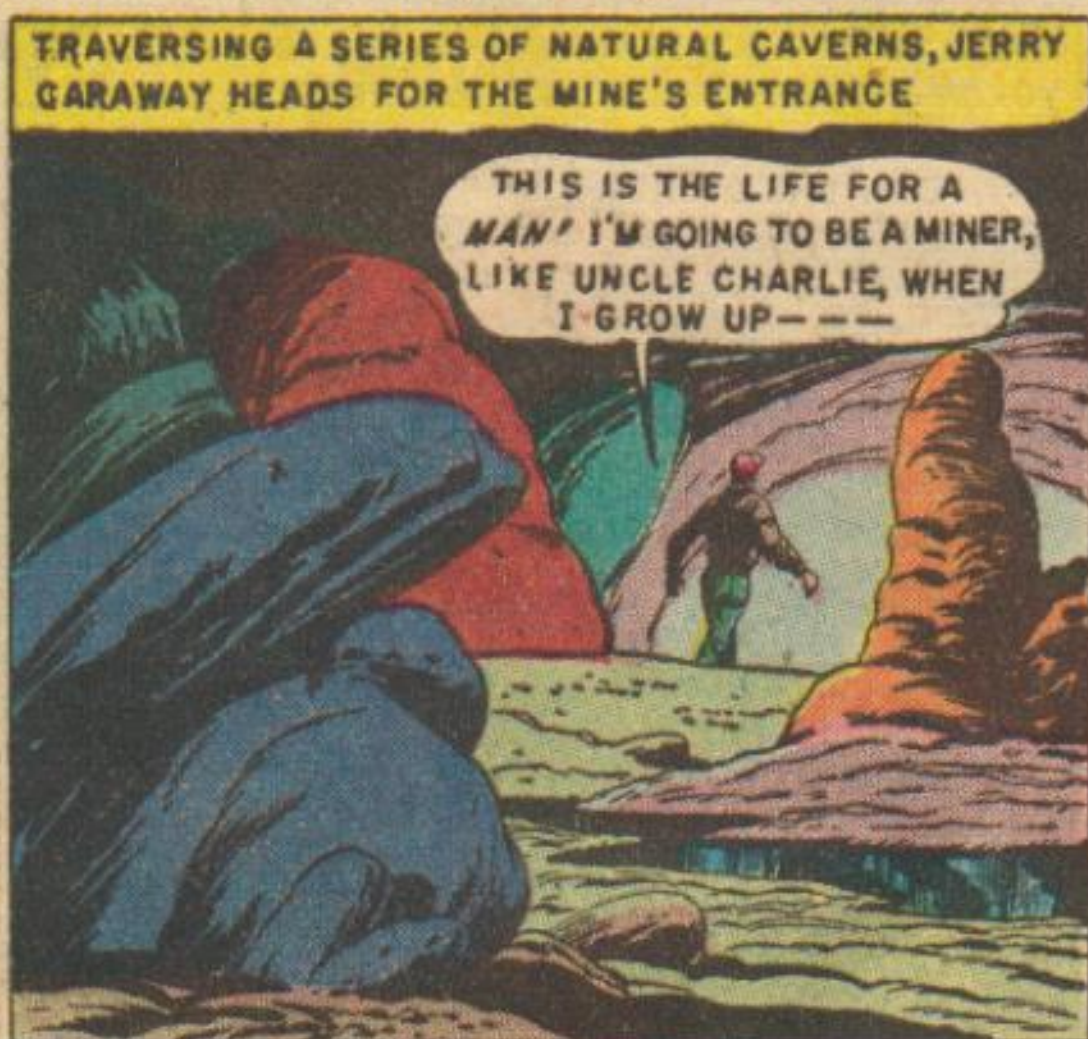


WITH THAT NO-GOOD STEPSON OF MINE, BRAD, WASTIN' HIS TIME IN DAWSON'S HONKY-TONKS --- WELL, JERRY, IT'S A BIG COMFORT TO HAVE YOU AND MARIAN HERE WITH ME! SURE, YOU MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVIN' FOR THE OLD MAN! --- NOW! PLUG YOUR EARS, FOR THE BLAST ---!



CAREFULLY PLACED, THE BLAST SHATTERS THE GOLD-RICH ROCK OF THE TUNNEL'S FACE.







I'LL SOAK IT IN COAL OIL WHEN I GET TO THE CABIN THAT MAY LOOSEN UP THE CYLINDER.



HI, MARIAN! LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE BUSH! A REAL GUN!

WELL! I WAS THINKING I'D BETTER TRY TO FIND YOU, JERRY, AND UNCLE CHARLIE! DINNER'S ALL READY...



UNCLE CHARLIE SAID TO PUT HIS DINNER UP AND LET ME CARRY IT BACK TO THE MINE, SO HE WON'T HAVE TO STOP WORK...

OH, DEAR! IT WILL BE ALL COLD WHEN HE GETS IT! BUT IF HE WON'T COME----



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

I'VE PACKED EVERYTHING IN THIS PAIL---WITH A BOTTLE OF HOT COFFEE! BUT YOU COME ON BACK FOR A PROPER DINNER, JERRY! PROMISE!

ALL RIGHT, SIS! AND DON'T FORGET TO PUT MY GUN IN A PAN OF COAL OIL TO SOAK.



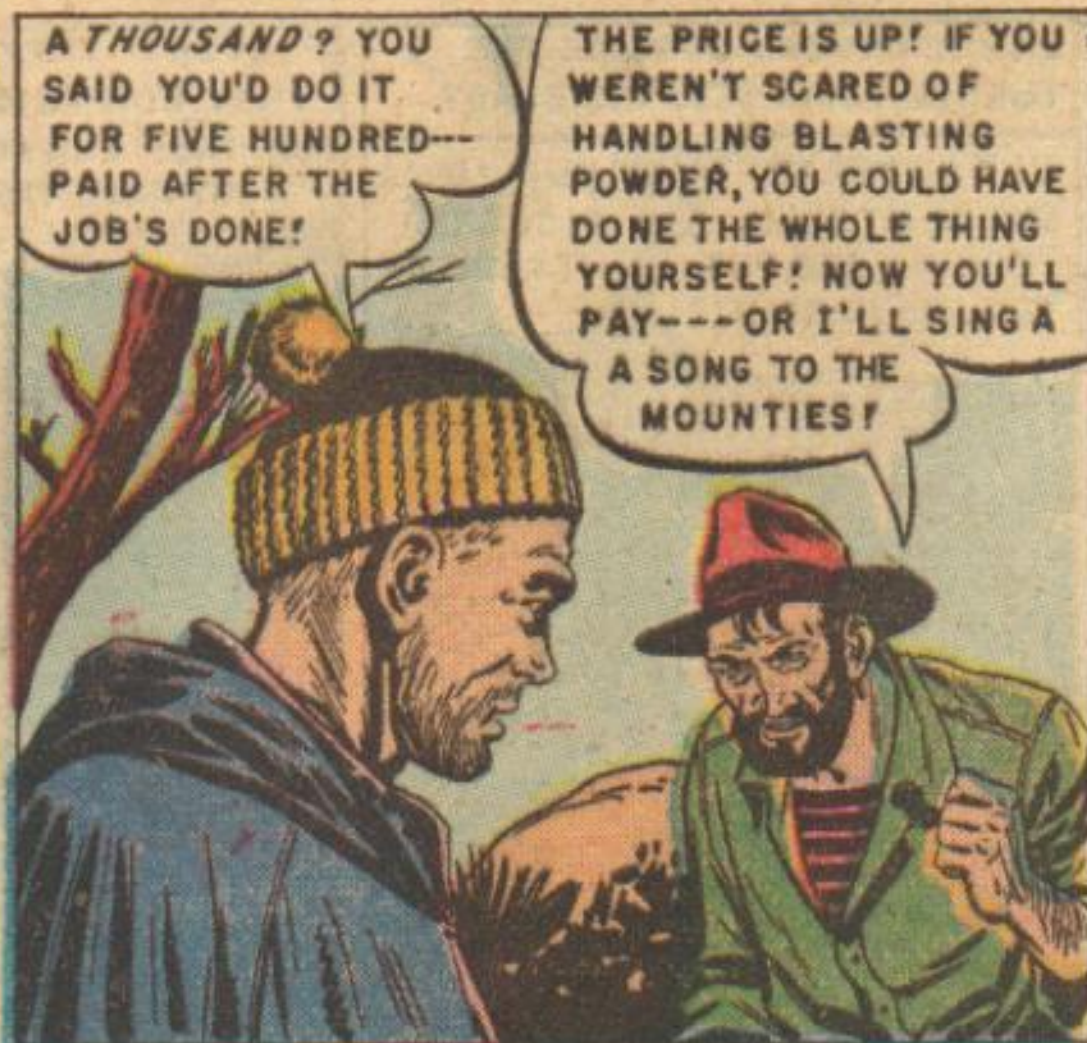
BOY! IT'S GREAT, LIVING HERE IN THE BUSH! SOMETHING INTERESTING EVERYWHERE YOU TURN! I DON'T SEE WHY COUSIN BRAD WANTS TO SPEND HIS TIME GAMBLING AND DRINKING IN TOWN!



AS JERRY RE-ENTERS THE MINE, BRAD CARAWAY AND A BLACK BEARDED CHARACTER WATCH FROM HIDING.

LOOK! THE KID'S TAKING THEIR LUNCH DOWN TO THE MINE FACE! THAT MEANS YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO SET THE BIG BLAST, FLINT!

YEAH! FORK OVER THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS FIRST, BRAD!



A THOUSAND? YOU SAID YOU'D DO IT FOR FIVE HUNDRED---PAID AFTER THE JOB'S DONE!

THE PRICE IS UP! IF YOU WEREN'T SCARED OF HANDLING BLASTING POWDER, YOU COULD HAVE DONE THE WHOLE THING YOURSELF! NOW YOU'LL PAY---OR I'LL SING A SONG TO THE MOUNTIES!



UNAWARE OF DANGER, JERRY HURRIES BACK TO THE MINE ENTRANCE.



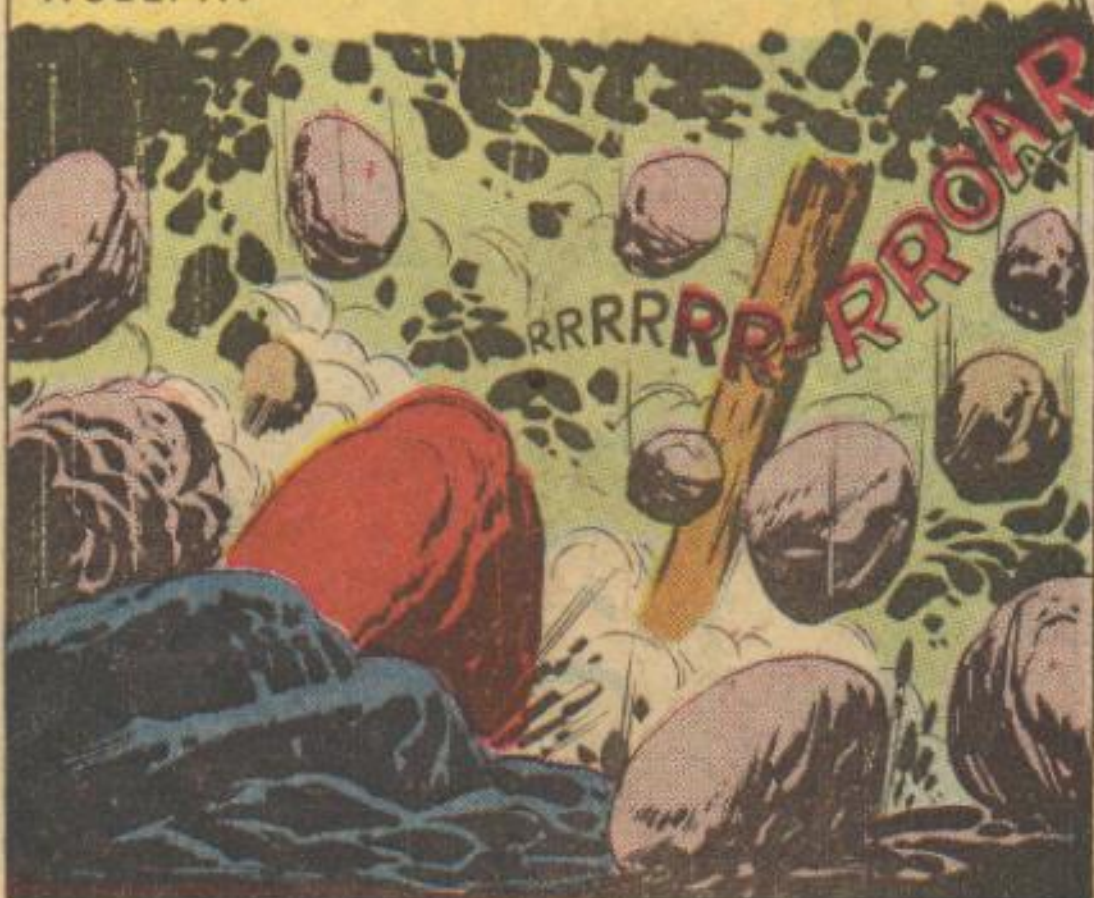
AT THE OPENING HE PAUSES---PUZZLED AT WHAT HE SEES.



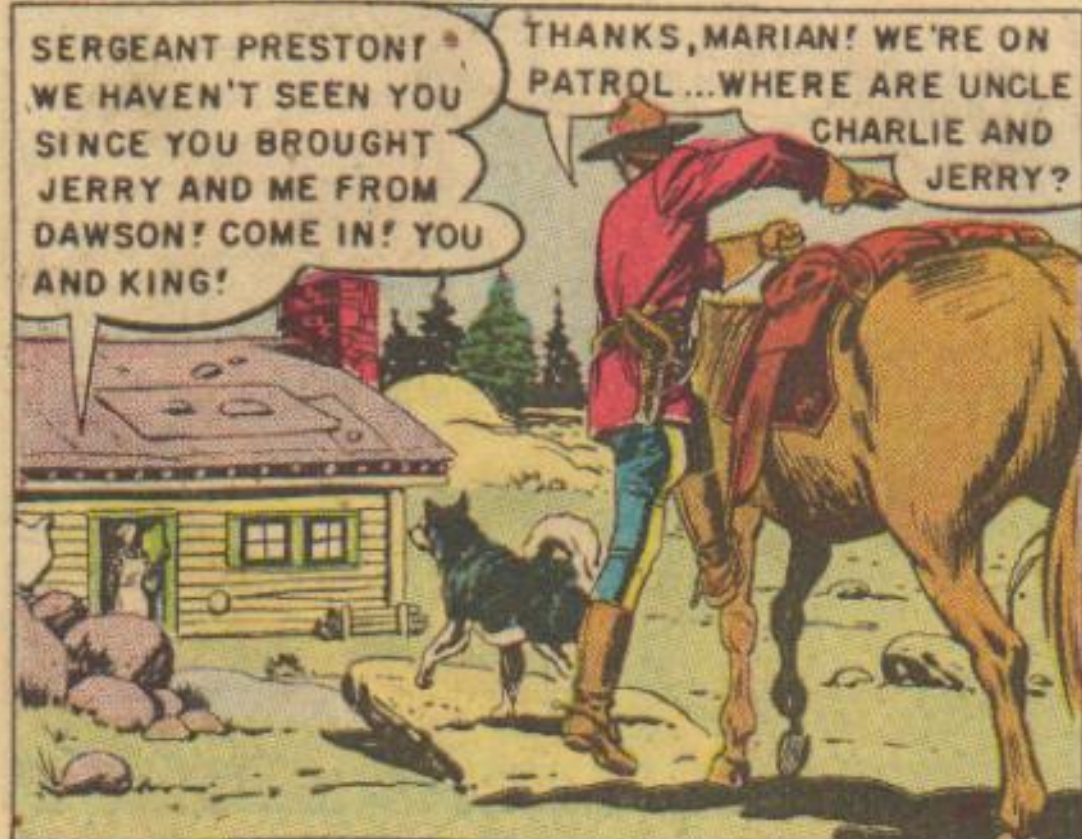
A SUDDEN, TREMENDOUS EARTH-SHOCK KNOCKS JERRY OFF HIS FEET--- AND LOOSENS THE TIMBER SUPPORTS OF THE ENTRANCE...



A ROCK SLIDE, STARTED BY THE MAN-MADE EARTH-QUAKE, THUNDERS DOWN TO COVER THE ENTRANCE ITSELF...



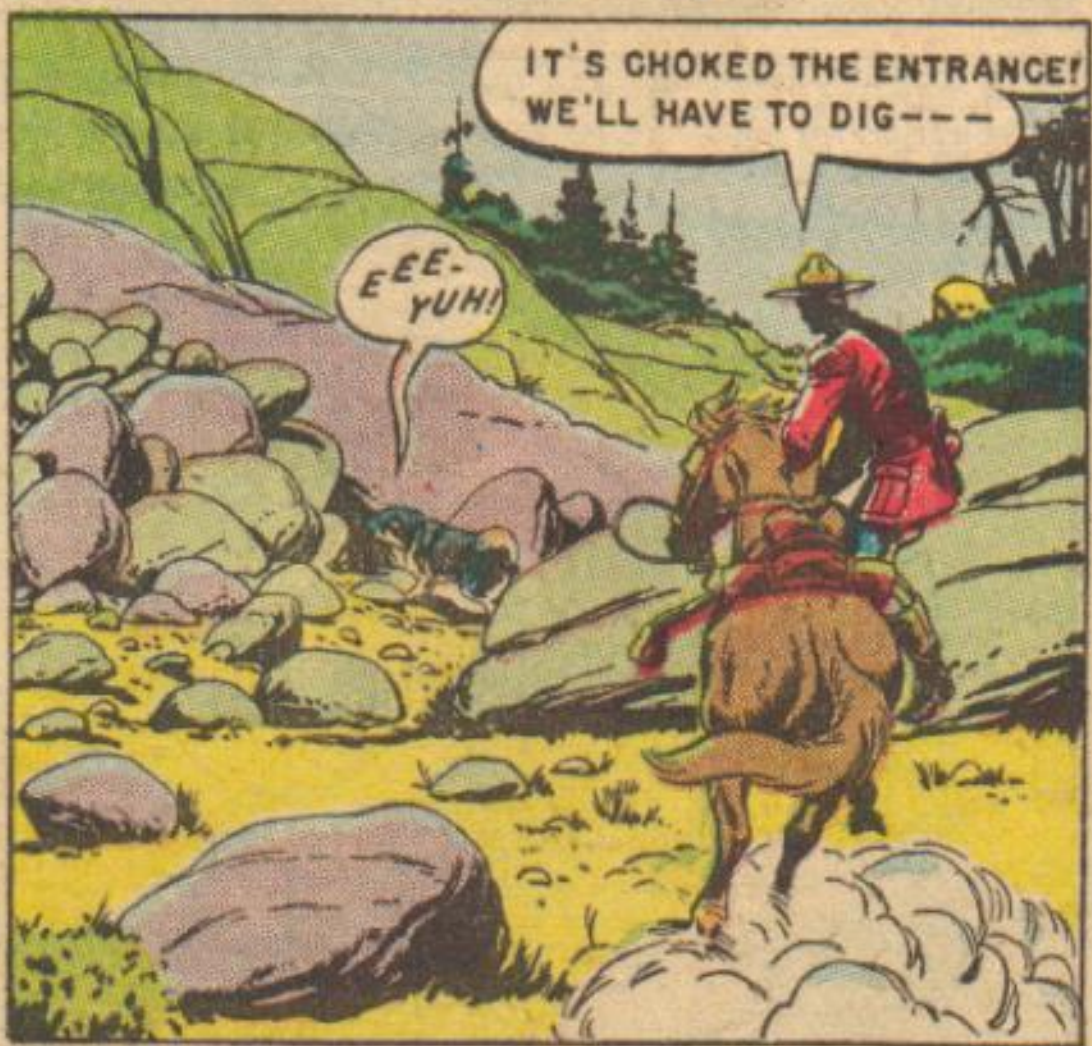
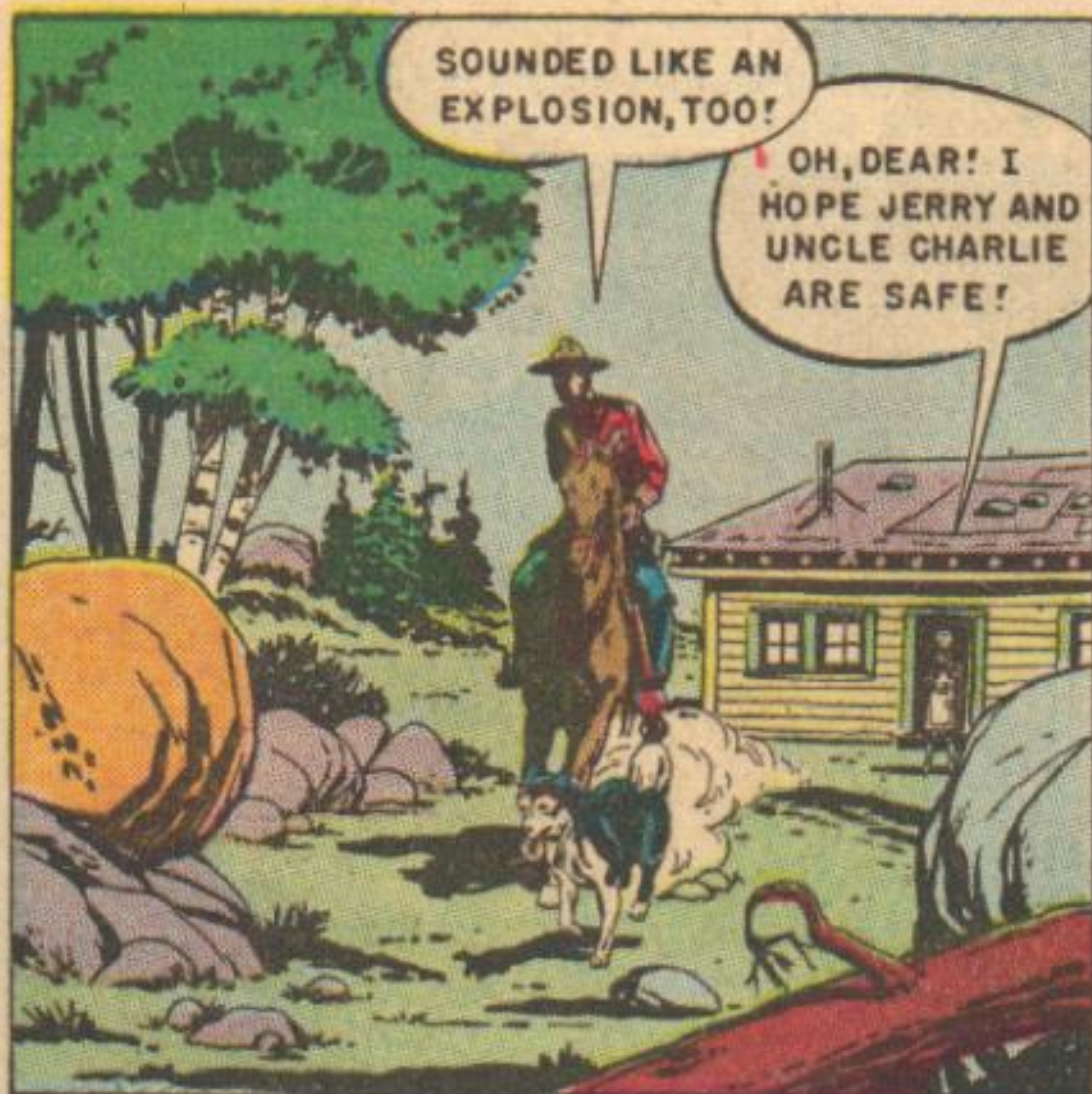
A MOMENT EARLIER, SERGEANT PRESTON, ACCOMPANIED AS ALWAYS BY HIS GREAT SLED DOG, YUKON KING, HAVE JUST REACHED THE CARAWAYS' CABIN.

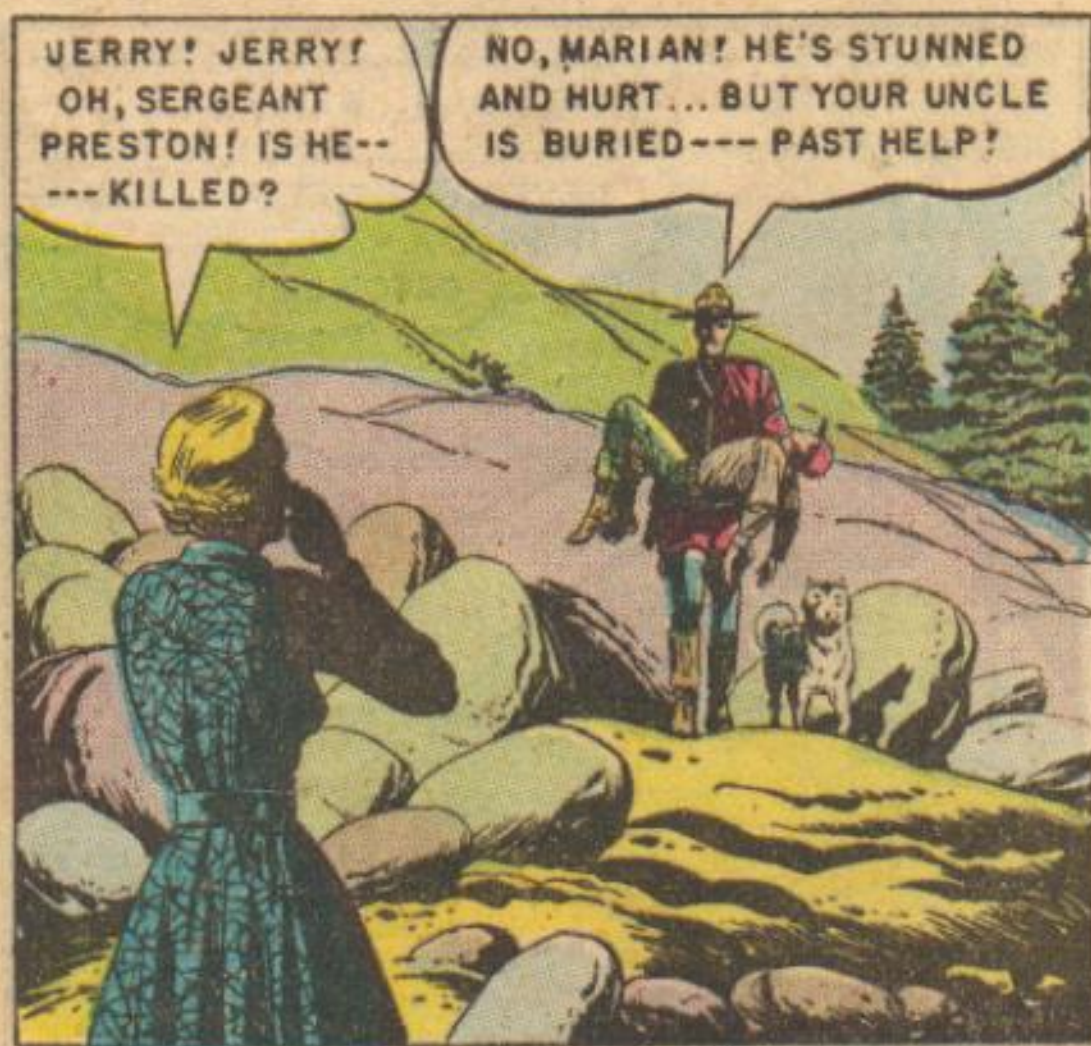


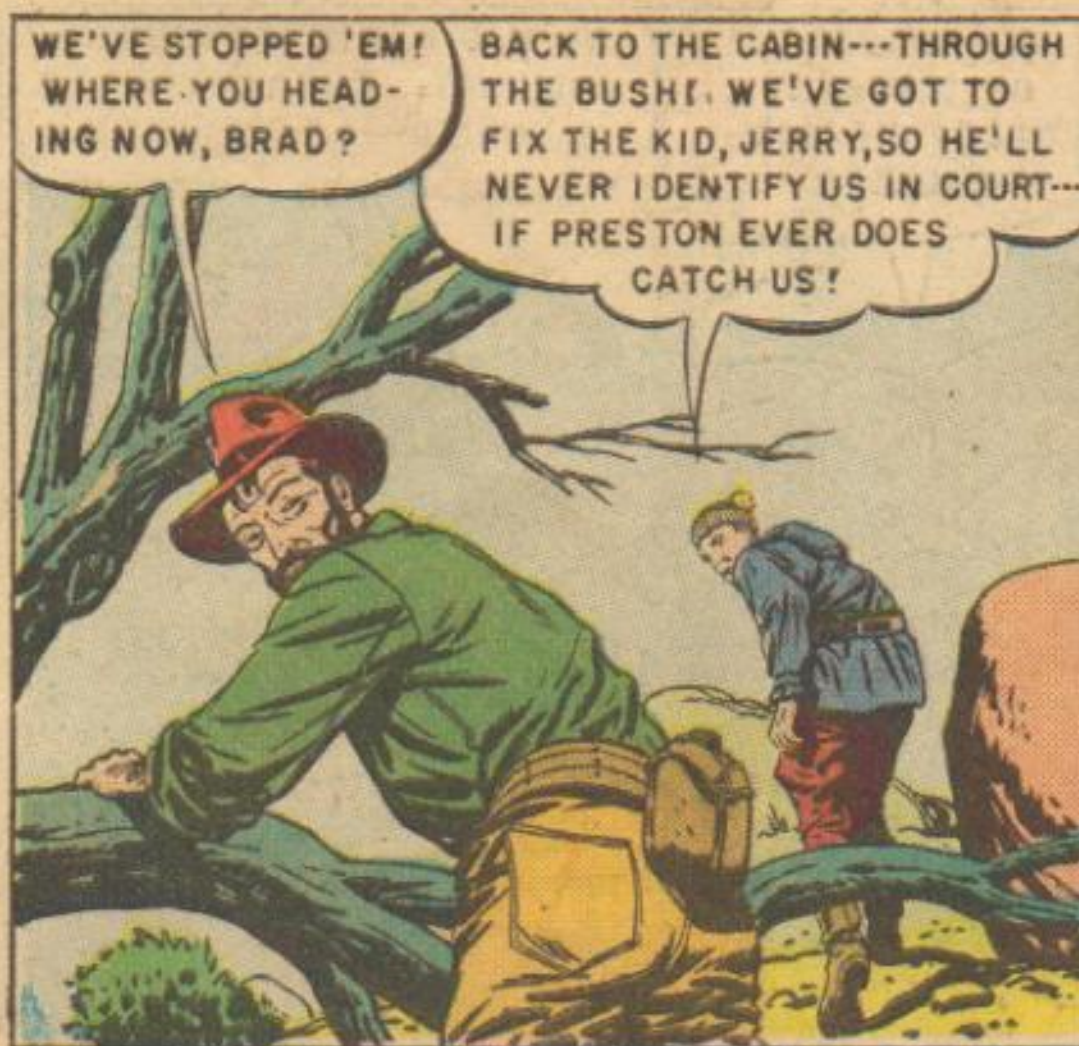
A SLIDE! OVER NEAR THE MINE---

R-R-R-R-R-ROARR---









--- AND SERGEANT PRESTON, WITH KING, ENCOUNTERS A SCENT-BLOCKED TRAIL...



ON REACHING THE CABIN, MARIAN HELPS JERRY THROUGH THE DOOR, LITTLE GUESSING---



