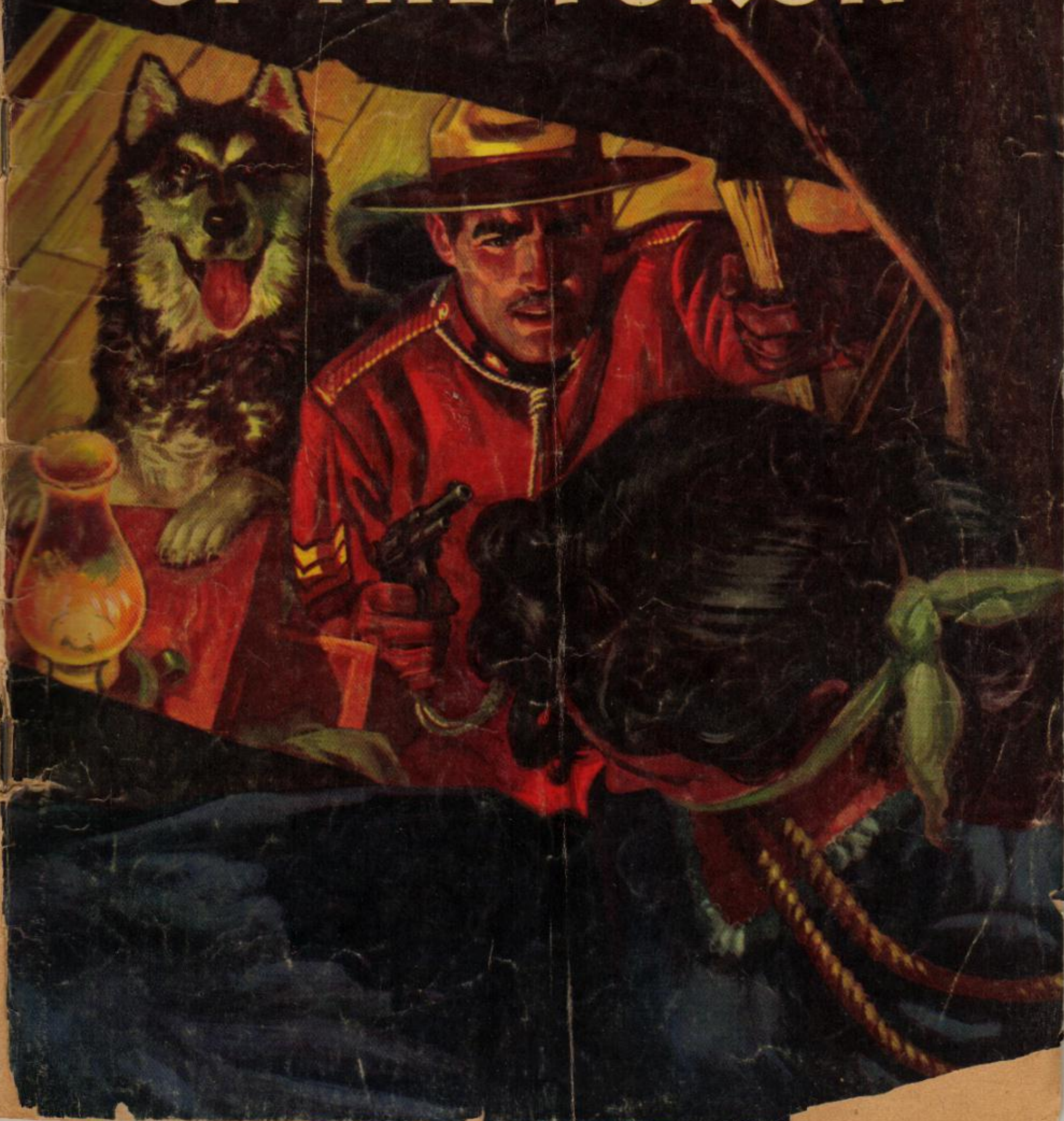


DELL
COMIC

10¢

FEBRUARY - APRIL

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



the GREAT WHITE BEAR

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NORTHERN CANADA IS AN ARCTIC COUNTRY RICH IN STRANGE ANIMALS THAT HAVE ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO THE SEVERE LIVING CONDITIONS THE ICY, FROZEN WASTE IMPOSES. THE POLAR BEAR LIVES ON THE NORTHERN ARCTIC SHORE BUT VENTURES FAR OUT ON THE POLAR ICE CAP IN SEARCH OF GAME. HE EATS ALMOST ANYTHING: SEALS, WALRUS, FISH, CRABS AND EVEN SHELLFISH. A MALE POLAR BEAR WEIGHS ALMOST A TON AND IS EASILY DISTINGUISHED IN STRUCTURE FROM OTHER BEARS BECAUSE OF HIS VERY LONG NECK, VERY NARROW FOREQUARTERS AND HIS CURVING SNOUT. HIS ENORMOUS FEET, WITH THICK FUR AROUND THE PADS ARE EASY TO RECOGNIZE FROM THEIR TRACKS AS THEY ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF ANY OTHER BEAR. THE OUT-OF-SIZE FEET ENABLE HIM TO TRAVEL OVER SOFT SNOW AND BROKEN ICE.



THOUGH THE ESKIMO HAS HUNTED HIM FOR CENTURIES, THIS HARDY BEAR SHOWS NO FEAR OF MAN. HE IS ONE OF THE VERY FEW ANIMALS WHO WILL ACTUALLY STALK A MAN IN ORDER TO KILL HIM. HE IS SO COURAGEOUS THAT HE OFTEN SWIMS TO THE ATTACK, SHOWING NO FEAR OF DEATH EVEN WHEN HUNTED BY MANY MEN. THIS IS PERHAPS BECAUSE HE IS MASTER OF ALL HE SURVEYS; EASILY THE MOST POWERFUL AND DANGEROUS ANIMAL IN THE CANADIAN ARCTIC.

Sergeant PRESTON

IN
MAN ON
THE TRAIL

SERGEANT PRESTON, I WANT YOU TO START WITH CONSTABLE DOWNEY FOR BLIZZARD CREEK--- AT ONCE! I'VE HAD WORD THAT A DOZEN MEN WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS ARE HANGING OUT THERE!

YOU HAVE THEIR NAMES, SIR?

HERE IS THE LIST! YOU WILL ESCORT THEM TO THE BORDER, AND WARN THEM NOT TO CROSS IT AGAIN! THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO, UNLESS THEY ARE CAUGHT IN SOME NEW VIOLATION.

YES, SIR! I UNDERSTAND! I'LL PICK UP DOWNEY AND START NOW!



WELL, KING, WE'VE GOT OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US THIS TIME! SOME OF THOSE BLIZZARD CREEK CHARACTERS MAY BE HARD TO CORRAL!

URRR--UFF!

LEAVING THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, PRESTON FINDS YUKON KING, HIS GREAT SLED TEAM LEADER, WAITING FOR HIM, EAGER FOR ACTION.



BEFORE THE TWO MOUNTIES ARE MANY MILES ON THEIR WAY, THE BRIEF NORTHERN DAYLIGHT FADES INTO NIGHT--- AND OVER THE SNOWY HILLS FLAMES THE WEIRD AURORA BOREALIS.

SERGEANT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KING?

YIP! YIP! EEE-YUH!



AS THEY CLIMB THE LAST SLOPE BEFORE REACHING BLIZZARD CREEK, KING'S KEEN NOSE SCENTS TROUBLE.

UP THERE ON THE HILL--- SEE IT, DOWNEY? A DARK SPOT ON THE SNOW?

UH---YES--- JUST BARELY! HOW KING SPOTTED IT IS A MYSTERY TO ME...





IT'S A MAN--- DOWN
IN THE SNOW! FROZEN
TO DEATH, PROBABLY!

I DON'T THINK SO,
DOWNEY...

EEEE-YUH!
YIP!



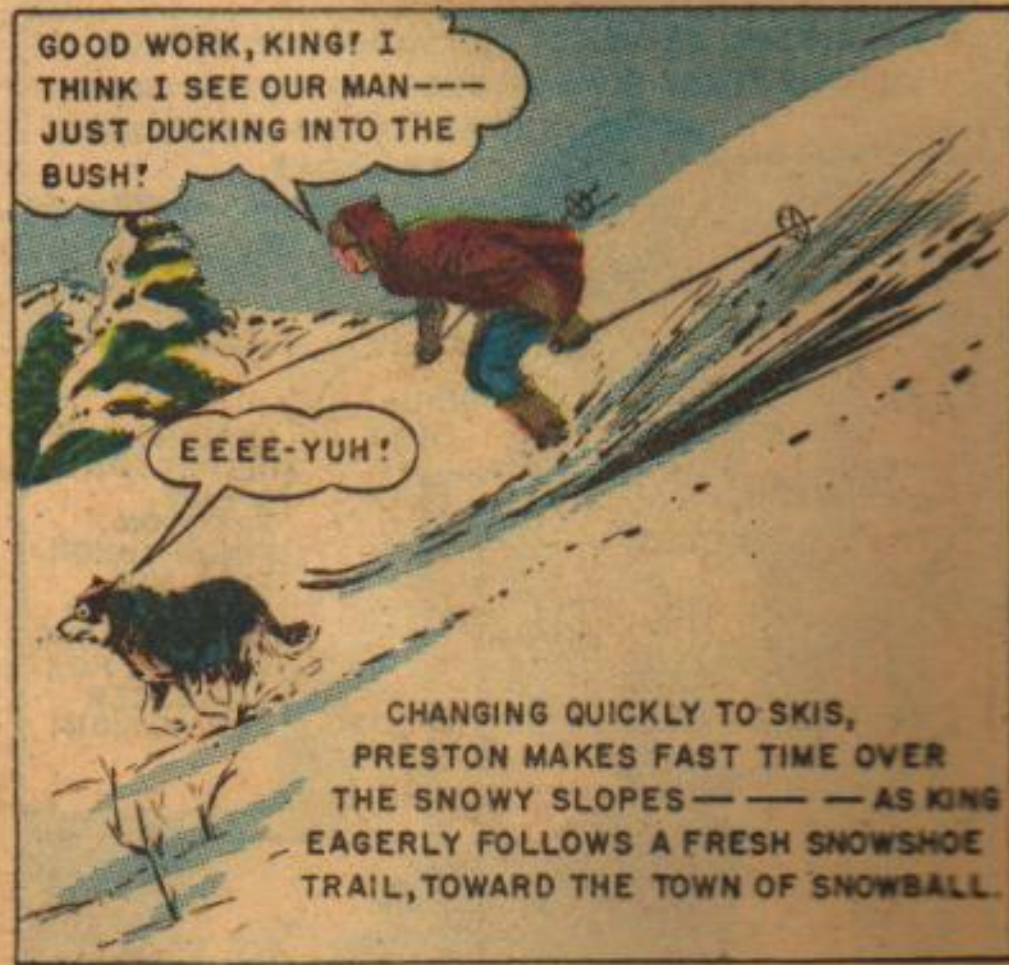
HE'S STILL BREATHING --- AND
FAIRLY WARM, ALTHOUGH THE
AIR IS BELOW ZERO! FOR A
GUESS, I'D SAY HE'D BEEN
KNOCKED OUT, OR DRUGGED!

AND NOT LONG AGO?
A MAN WOULD
FREEZE IN A
HURRY, LYING
STILL.



YOU'RE RIGHT, DOWNEY!
WHOEVER LEFT HIM HERE
HASN'T HAD TIME TO GO FAR!
I'LL TAKE KING AND TRACK
HIM! YOU PUT THIS MAN ON
THE SLED--- TAKE HIM TO
SHELTER--- BUILD A FIRE--
DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR
HIM!

RIGHT! BUT TAKE
CARE YOU DON'T
RUN INTO AN AMBUSH,
SERGEANT!



GOOD WORK, KING! I
THINK I SEE OUR MAN---
JUST DUCKING INTO THE
BUSH!

EEEE-YUH!

CHANGING QUICKLY TO SKIS,
PRESTON MAKES FAST TIME OVER
THE SNOWY SLOPES --- AS KING
EAGERLY FOLLOWS A FRESH SNOWSHOE
TRAIL, TOWARD THE TOWN OF SNOWBALL.



BUT, JUST WITHIN THE SHADOW OF A BLUFF OF
SPRUCE TREES, THE MAKER OF THE SNOWSHOE
TRAIL TAKES CAREFUL AIM--- AND FIRES.

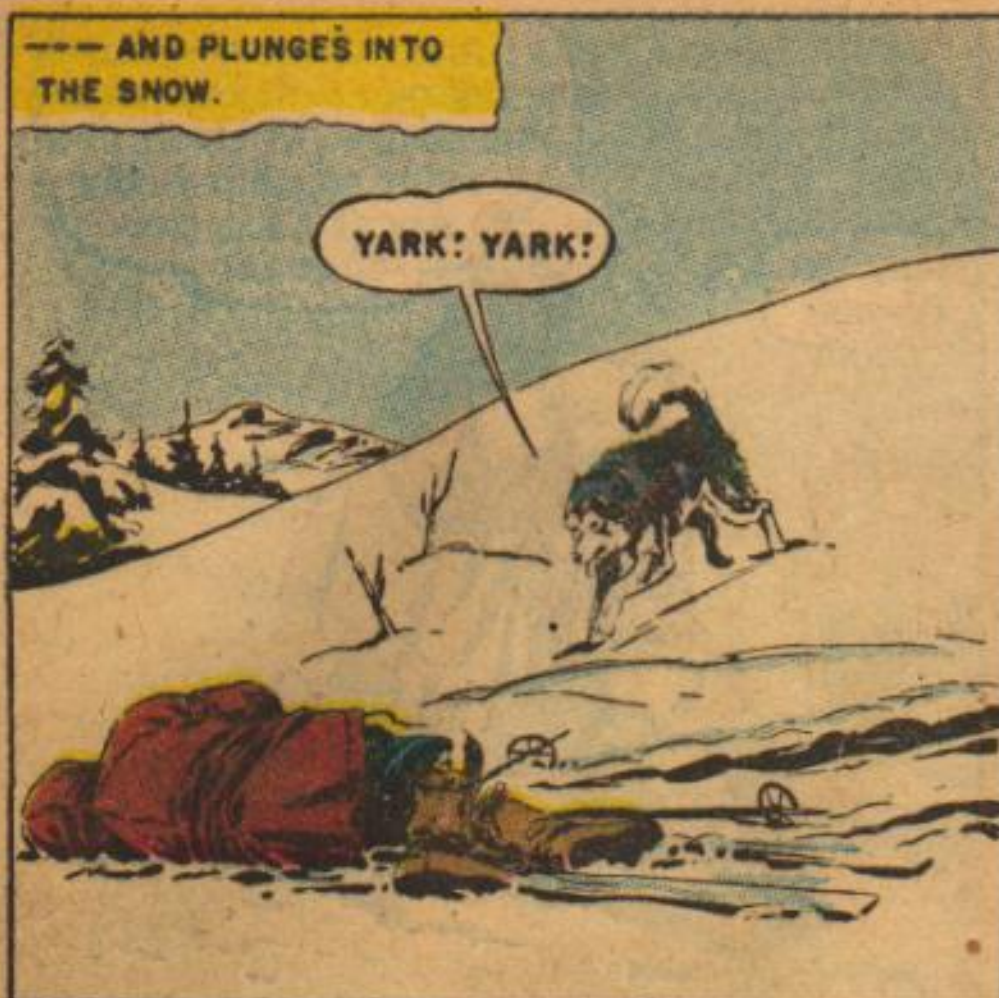
KRANG!



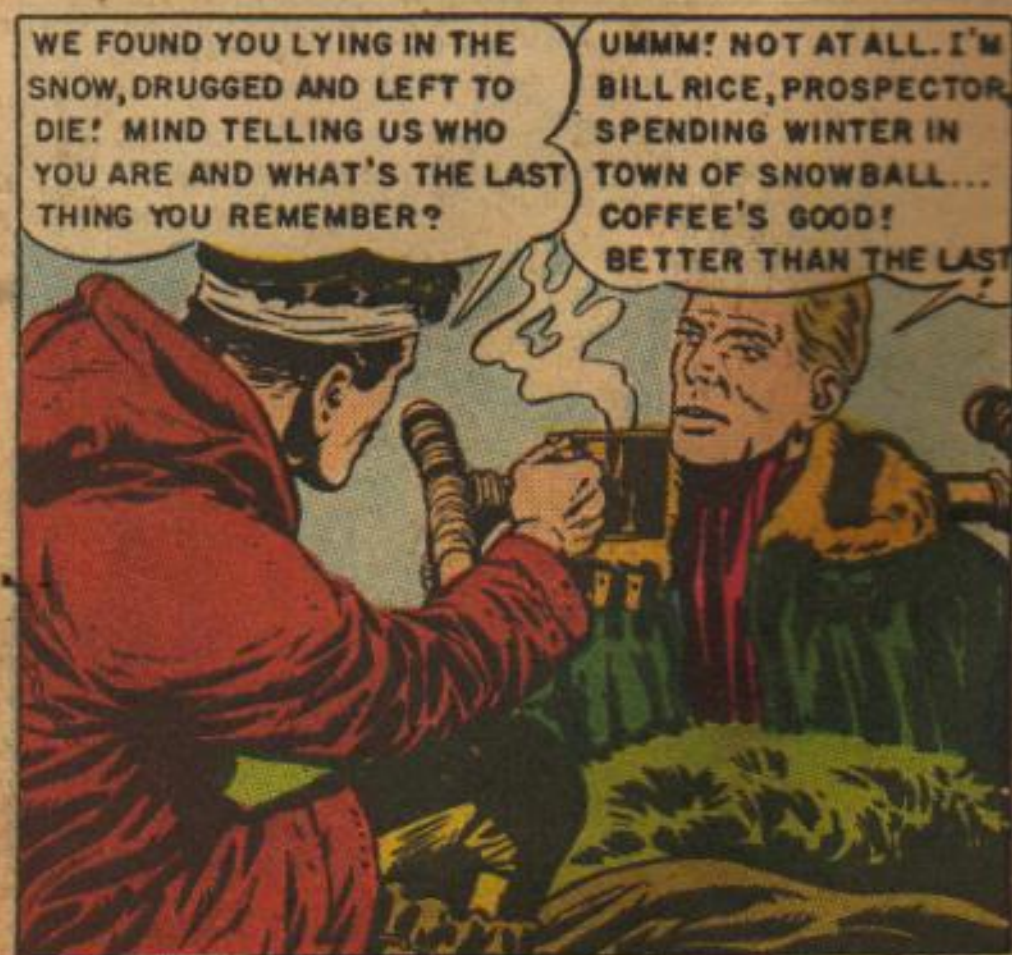
U--- UHHHH---?

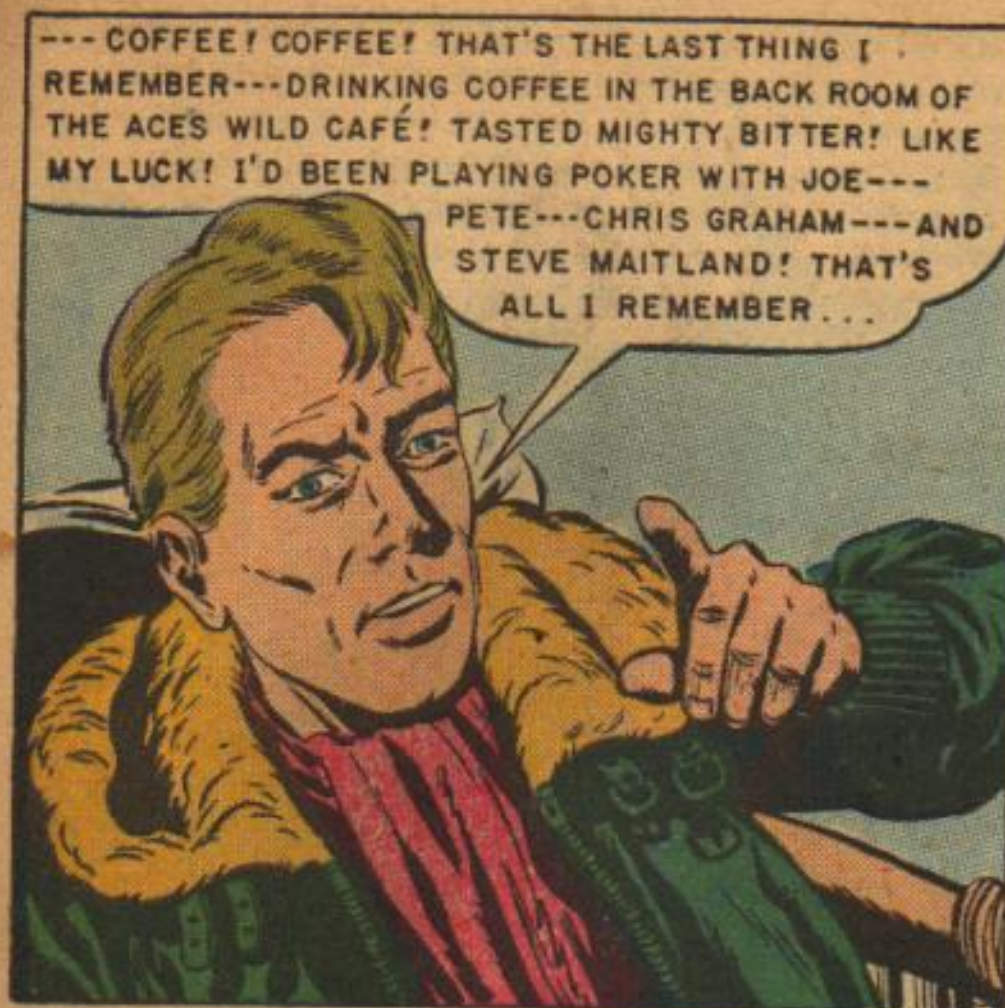
YIPE---?

WITH A GRUNT OF PAIN, SERGEANT PRESTON STAGGERS--



MINUTES LATER, DOWNEY SIGHTS THE STILL FIGURE OF THE SERGEANT.









THEY'VE PROBABLY GONE TO
JOE'S CABIN, SERGEANT---
COME ON!

WAIT A MINUTE!
KING'S ACTING
STRANGELY!
LOOK!

EEE-YUH!
YARK! YARK!



TOGETHER, NOW,
DOWNEY---HIT IT!

CR-RACK!

UNDER THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF THE TWO MOUNTIES,
THE DOOR FASTENING GIVES WAY.



HEAR THAT, SERGEANT--
BEYOND THE TABLE--?

LIGHT THE LANTERN,
DOWNEY! SOMEBODY'S
IN HERE---HURT!

UMMMMMMH!



IT'S CHRIS GRAHAM? HE
WAS IN THE GAME THIS
EVENING!

HE'S DYING? GUN-
SHOT WOUND IN
THE ABDOMEN!
GRAHAM! HAVE
YOU SOMETHING
TO TELL US?
YOU KNOW
WHERE STEVE
IS?

UH!---
YES!



STEVE---SHOT ME! BECAUSE I TRIED---STOP HIM
AND JOE AND RED FOREMAN---FROM TAKING ANN
TO CAVE OF WINDS! THEY'LL---MAKE HER TELL
WHERE BILL'S CACHE IS...THEN THEY'LL---
KILL HER!---KILL HER! UNLESS---YOU--STOP 'EM,
MOUNTIE---



HE'S GONE! WE'D
BETTER BE ON OUR
WAY---IF WHAT HE
SAID IS TRUE!

IT'S TRUE! CHRIS WAS A
THIEF, MAYBE---BUT HE HAD
A CONSCIENCE! LET'S GO,
SERGEANT!



DOWNEY, I'LL TAKE THE TEAM---
ALONE--- TO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS!
YOU AND BILL FIND ANOTHER TEAM
AND FOLLOW ME! MINUTES MAY
COUNT, TO
SAVE THE
GIRL!

RIGHT, SERGEANT.



MUSH, KING!
MUSH!

WE'LL BE RIGHT
BEHND YOU,
SERGEANT! WHAT-
EVER HAPPENS---
SAVE ANN FROM
THOSE KILLERS!



HALF A MILE FROM THE CAVE OF THE WINDS,
SERGEANT PRESTON HALTS HIS TEAM.

WHOA, HUSKIES!
I'LL LEAVE YOU
HERE...



GLIDING SWIFTLY ON HIS SKIS, PRESTON FOLLOWS
HIS FOUR-FOOTED PARTNER...

THEIR SLED TRACKS
HAVEN'T DRIFTED
OVER! MAYBE WE'LL
GET THERE IN TIME,
KING!



BUT FOR ANN MAITLAND, TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

ALL RIGHT, GIRL--- BETTER TALK!
WE KNOW BILL'S CACHE IS SOMEWHERE IN
THIS CHAIN OF CAVERNS! YOU'LL
SAVE US TIME AND YOURSELF A
LOT OF PAIN IF YOU'LL
SHOW US THE SPOT?

NO--
OHHHH!



WE'VE SEARCHED
THIS ROOM, STEVE!
NOTHING HERE!
WE'LL TRY THE
NEXT ONE--- BEYOND
THAT PASSAGEWAY!

OKAY--- AND MEANTIME, RED, I'LL
KEEP WORKING ON THE GIRL! SHE
WILL GIVE IN--- OR I'LL
KNOW THE REASON
WHY!



MMMMH! NO-O-O-O-OH!
BILL TRUSTED ME! I'LL NEVER-

THERE! NOW
WILL YOU
TELL?



LISTEN, YOU LITTLE FOOL! I TOLD YOU BILL RICE IS
DEAD! HIS CACHE BELONGS TO WHOEVER FINDS IT!
YOU TELL, AND WE'LL CUT YOU IN ON IT! IF YOU
DON'T, WE'LL SEE TO IT, THAT YOU DON'T LEAVE
HERE ALIVE!

YOU LIE, UNCLE STEVE!
BILL ISN'T DEAD, OR I'D
KNOW IT---INSIDE OF ME!
AND IF YOU KILL ME, YOU
WILL NEVER KNOW---



SUDDENLY, A YELL OF DISCOVERY RINGS THROUGH THE
CAVE.

EYOW! HERE IT IS, STEVE! WE'VE
FOUND BILL RICE'S CACHE!



YOU SURE ENOUGH
DID! FIFTY THOUSAND
TO SPLIT BETWEEN
US--- THREE WAYS!

NOT FOUR
WAYS,
STEVE?



NO--- NOT FOUR WAYS!
ANN KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT
US---AND SHE'D TELL IT ALL
TO THE FIRST MOUNTIE SHE
MET! I'LL SHUT HER UP---
FOR KEEPS!

YOU CAN KILL ME---
BUT YOU CAN'T DODGE
JUSTICE, UNCLE STEVE!



DELIBERATELY, MAITLAND COCKS THE WEAPON...

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF
YOUR PREACHING---FOR
THE PAST TEN YEARS!
THIS WILL END IT---

CLICK!
CLICK!

--- ONLY TO SEE IT FLY FROM HIS NUMBED HAND, STRUCK BY A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE BULLET!



ANN! GET THE LANTERN---BEFORE ANYBODY KICKS IT!
KING! GRAB THAT MAN'S GUN ARM---



AGAIN PRESTON'S DEADLY RIFLE SPEAKS---AND A PISTOL HURTTLES FROM ITS OWNER'S HAND, BULLET SMASHED!



AHHH! A MOUNTIE--?
HANDS UP--- ALL OF YOU!



YI-EEEE! SHOOT HIM, JOE!



SERGEANT, TELL ME---IF YOU KNOW--- ABOUT BILL RICE? IS HE---



BILL RICE IS ALIVE AND WELL, AND HE'LL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, ANN! NOW COVER THESE CROOKS WITH MY RIFLE, WHILE I PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON THEM---AND WE'LL CONSIDER THE CASE CLOSED!

ONE COLD AND DREARY AFTERNOON THE STAGE FROM DAWSON RUMBLES INTO WHITE HORSE AT RUNAWAY SPEED.

THE STAGE GUARD--- HE'S HURT OR DEAD! FRANK ALLEN'S DRIVING!

WHOA-A! WHOA UP!

Sergeant PRESTON

IN RAINBOW GOLD

THERE'S A CROWD GATHERING--- AROUND THE STAGE! CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CONSTABLE DOWNEY?

THE GUARD--- JOE WENNICK ---IS BEING LIFTED DOWN ---LIMP AS DEATH, INSPECTOR!

LET'S GO, DOWNEY!

YES, SIR!

AS INSPECTOR CONRAD AND DOWNEY APPEAR FROM THE MOUNTED POLICE'S OFFICE ---

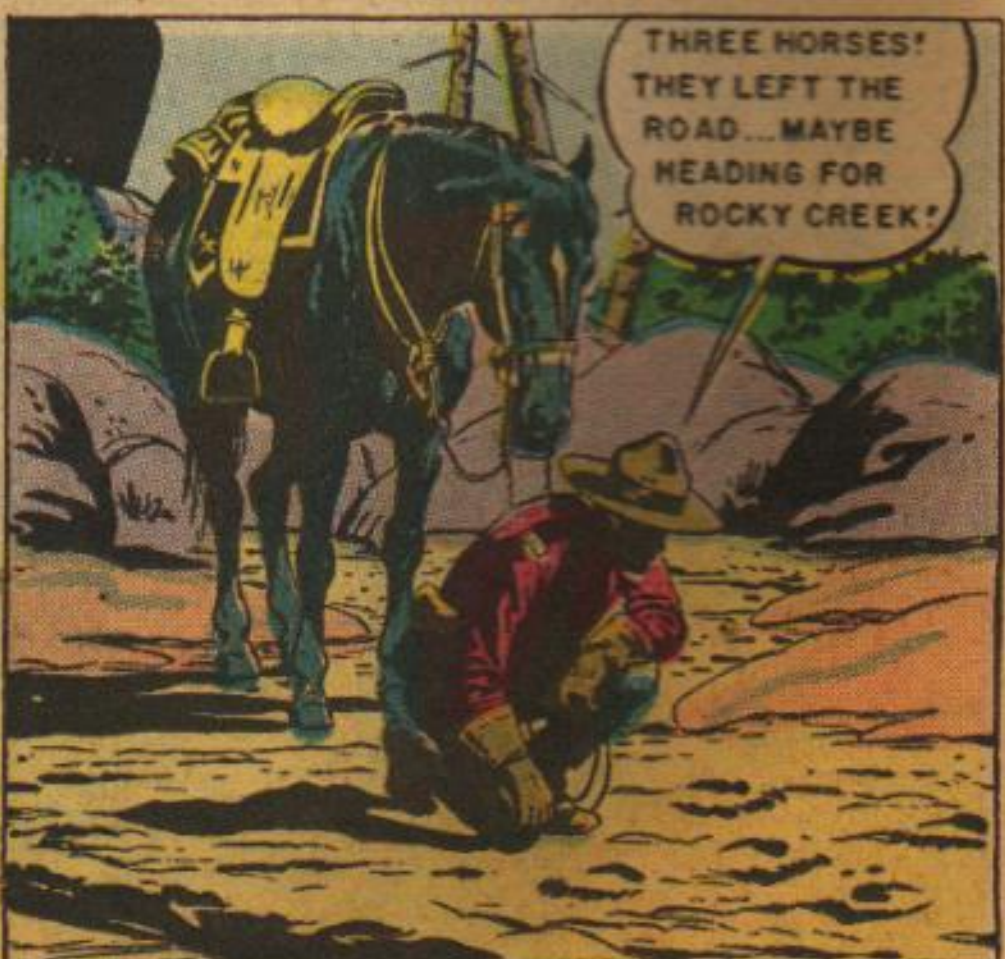
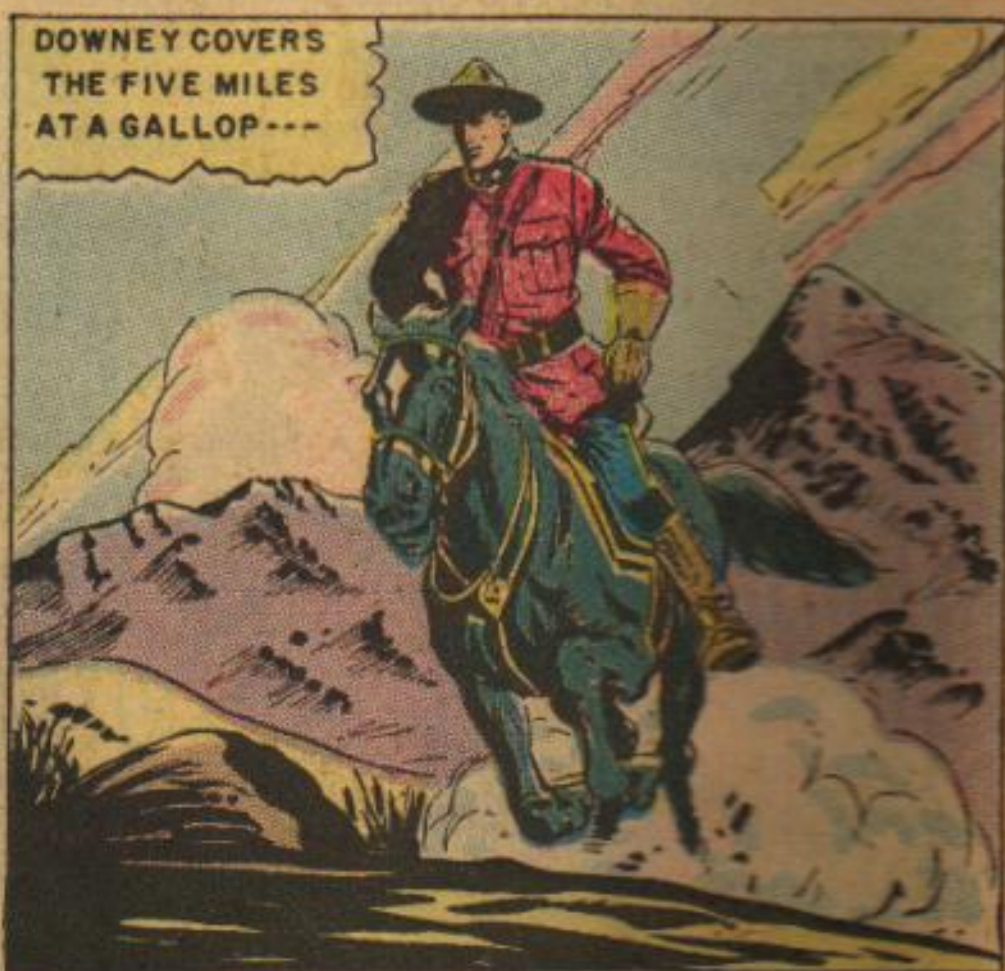
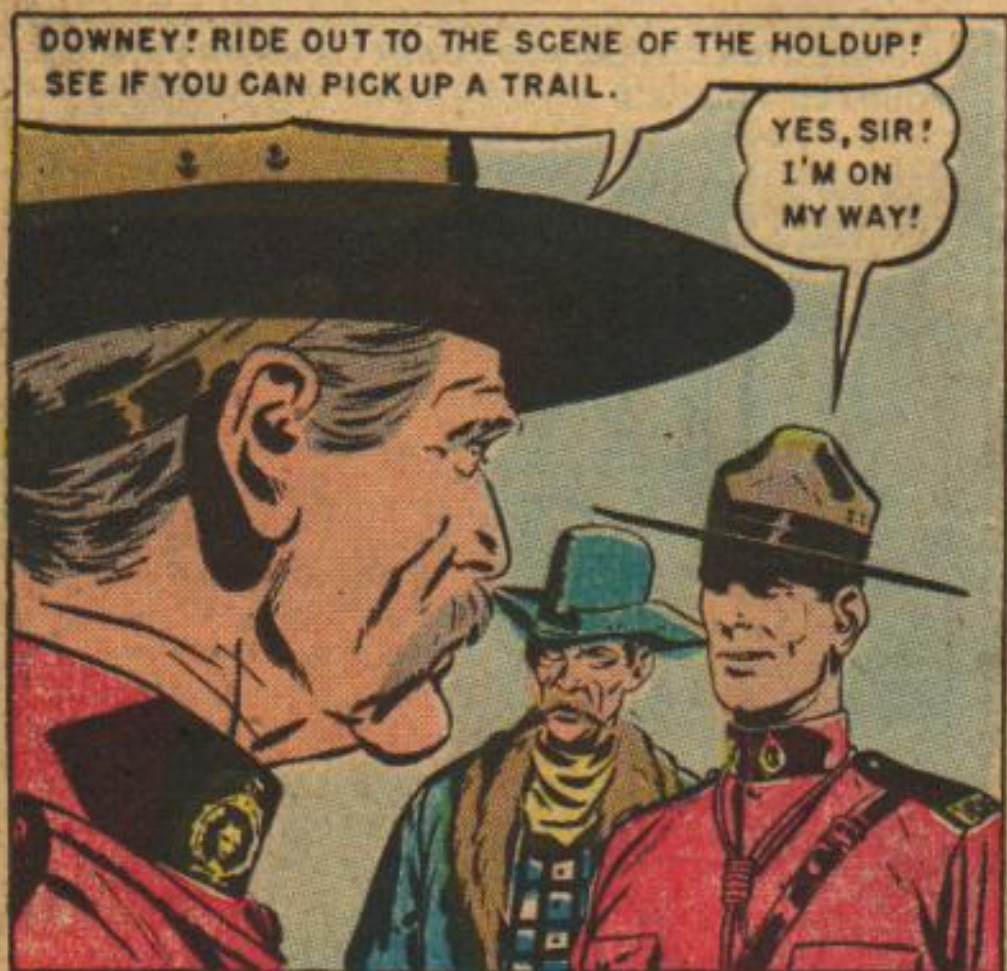
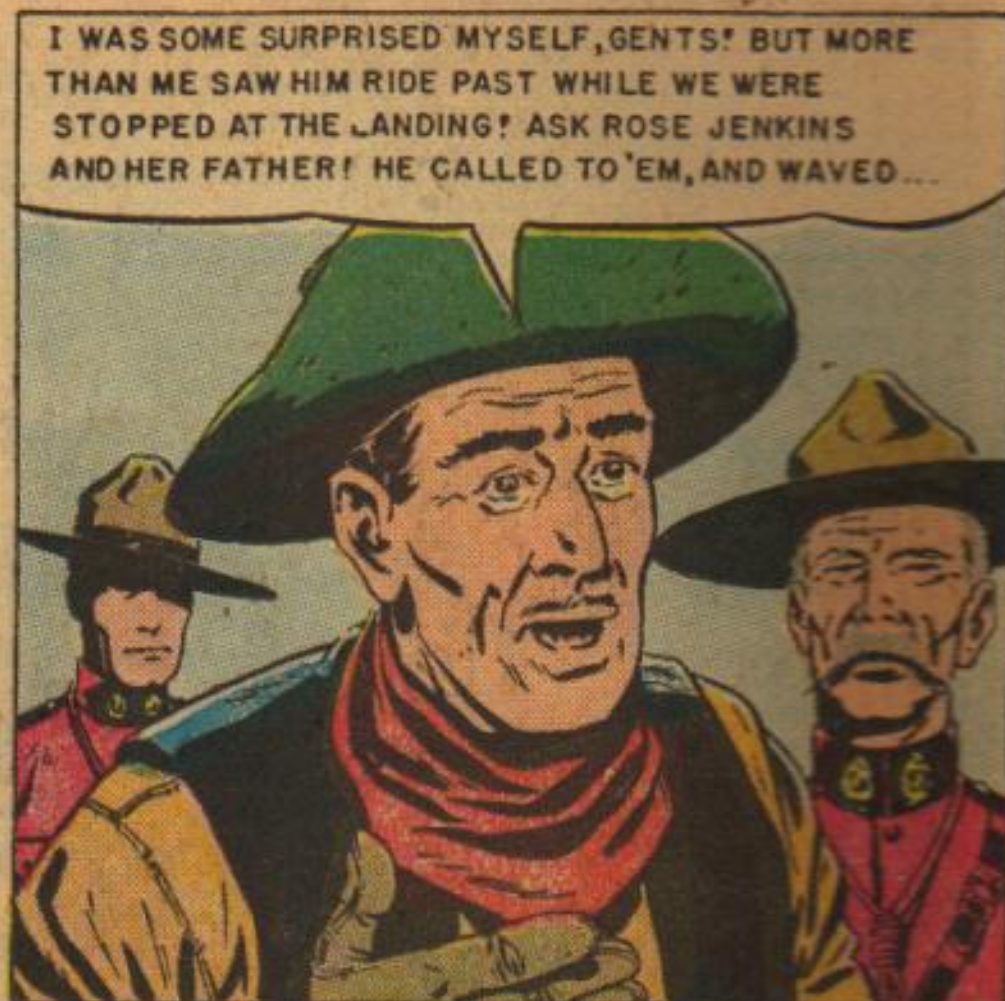
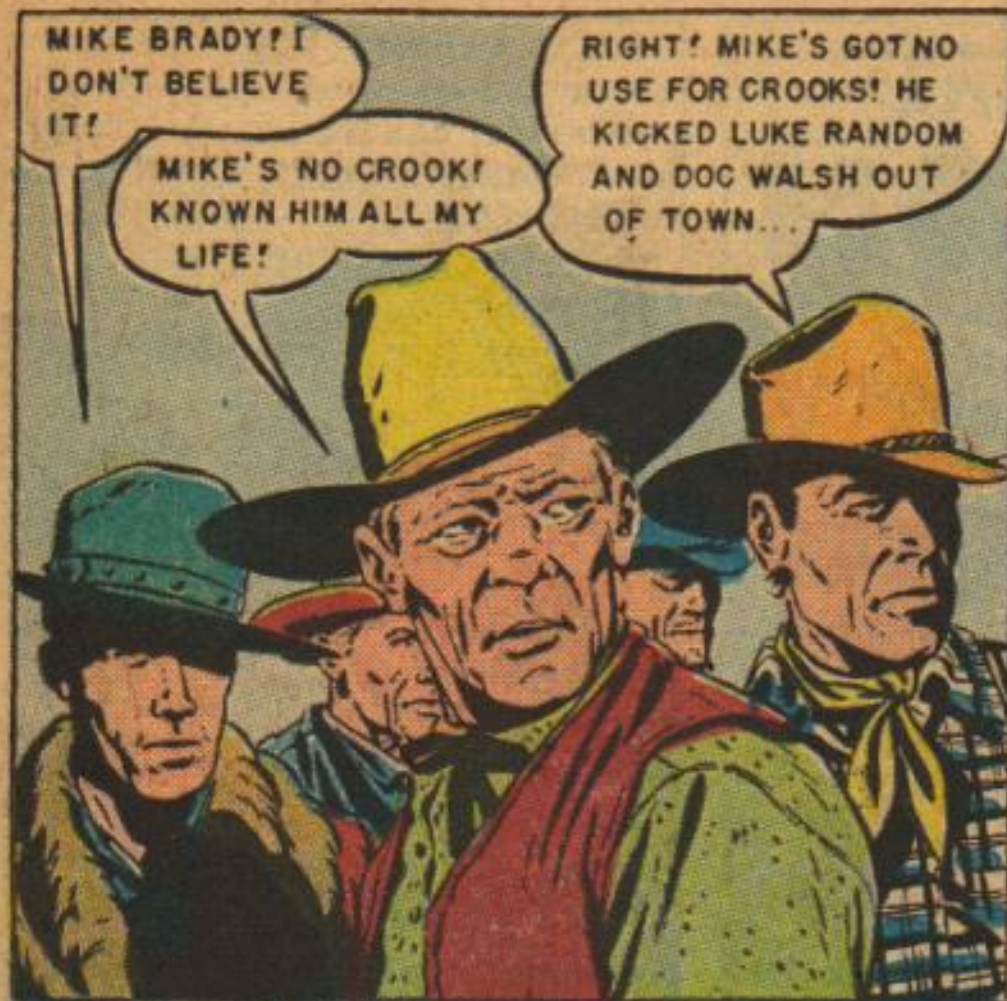
ONE OF 'EM SHOT HIM! IT WAS IN THE WOODS--- JUST THIS SIDE OF JENKINS' LANDING! THREE MASKED MEN STOPPED US--- HOLDIN' RIFLES! WHEN THEY ASKED FOR THE GOLD, JOE MADE HIS PLAY---

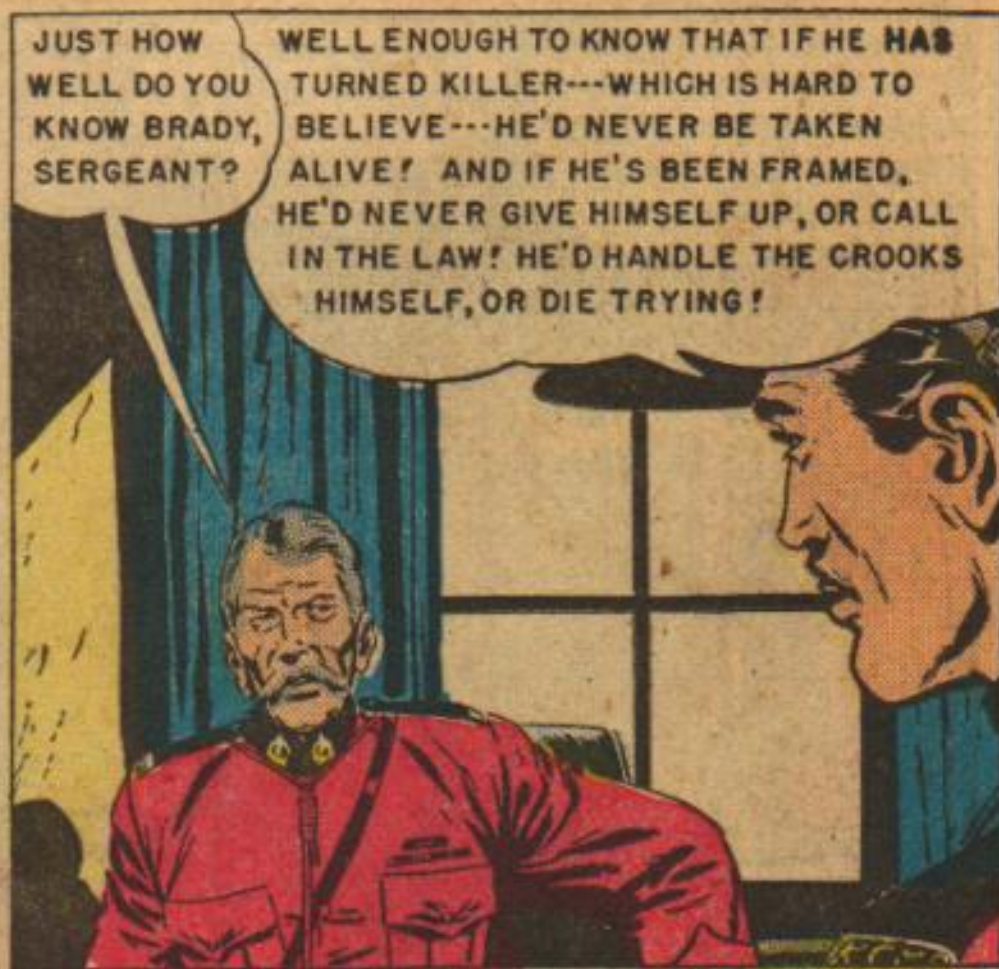
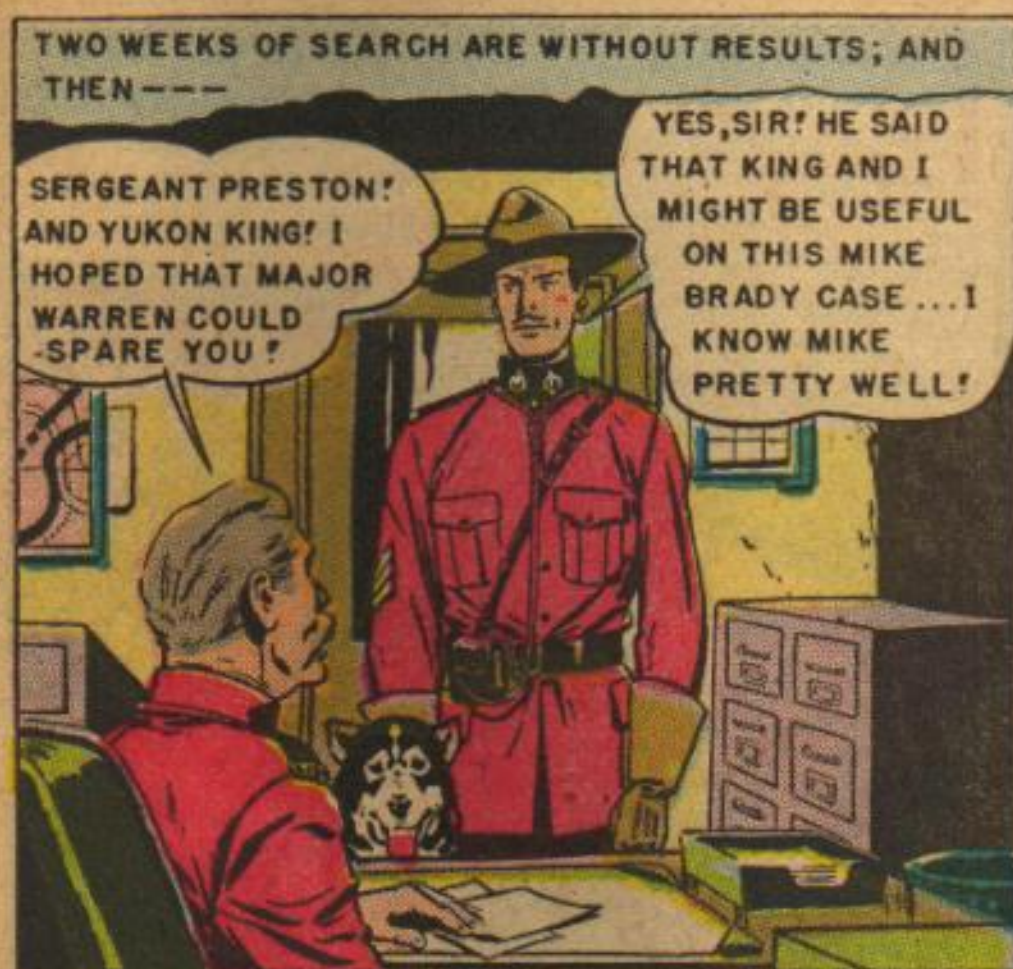
ALLEN! THEY TOOK THE GOLD SHIPMENT? DID YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM?

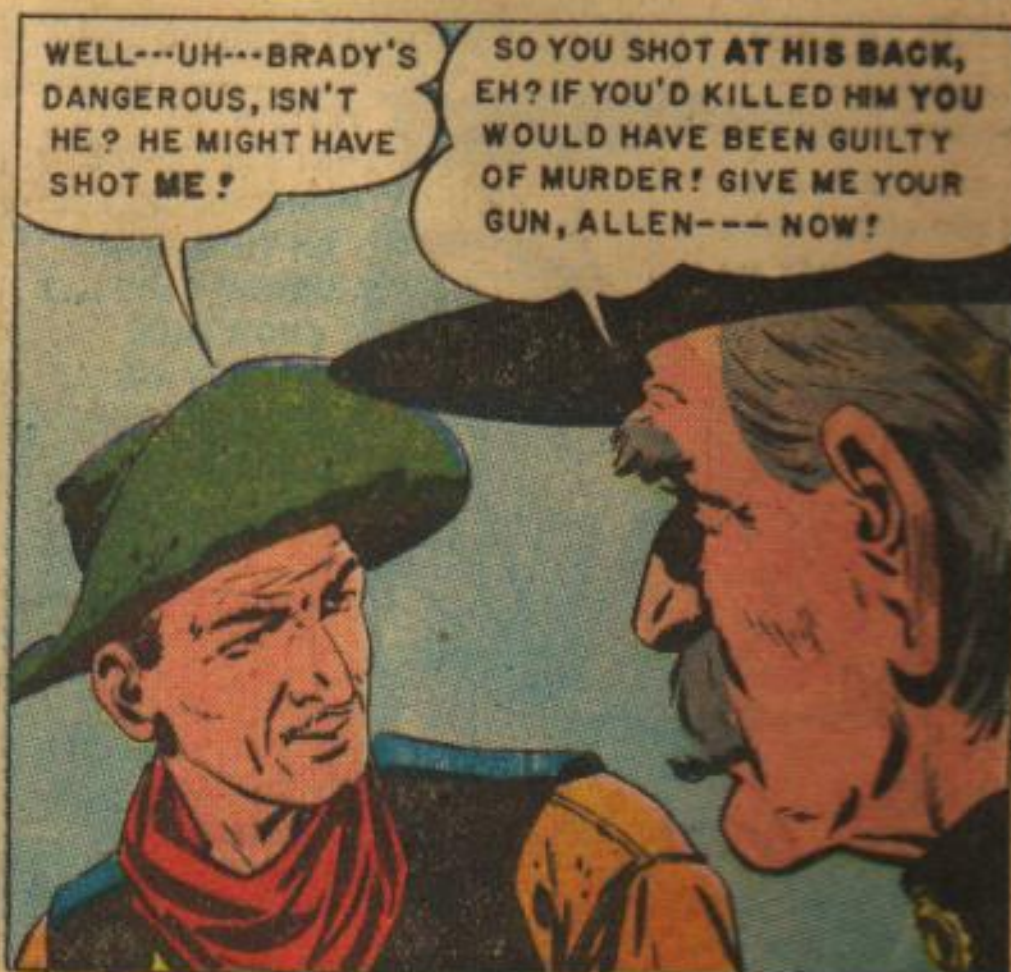
THAT'S RIGHT, INSPECTOR! THEY GOT THE DUST--- FIFTEEN HUNDRED OUNCES, FROM APEX, ON RAINBOW CREEK! AND I KNOW THE MAN WHO SHOT JOE---

NAME HIM, THEN, ALLEN ---IF YOU'RE SURE! YOU SAY HIS FACE WAS COVERED ...

I KNOW HIS BUILD--- AND HIS WHITE DOESKIN JACKET---AND HIS PAINT HORSE THAT WAS TIED BACK AMONGST THE TREES. IT WAS MIKE BRADY! I'LL SWEAR IT!



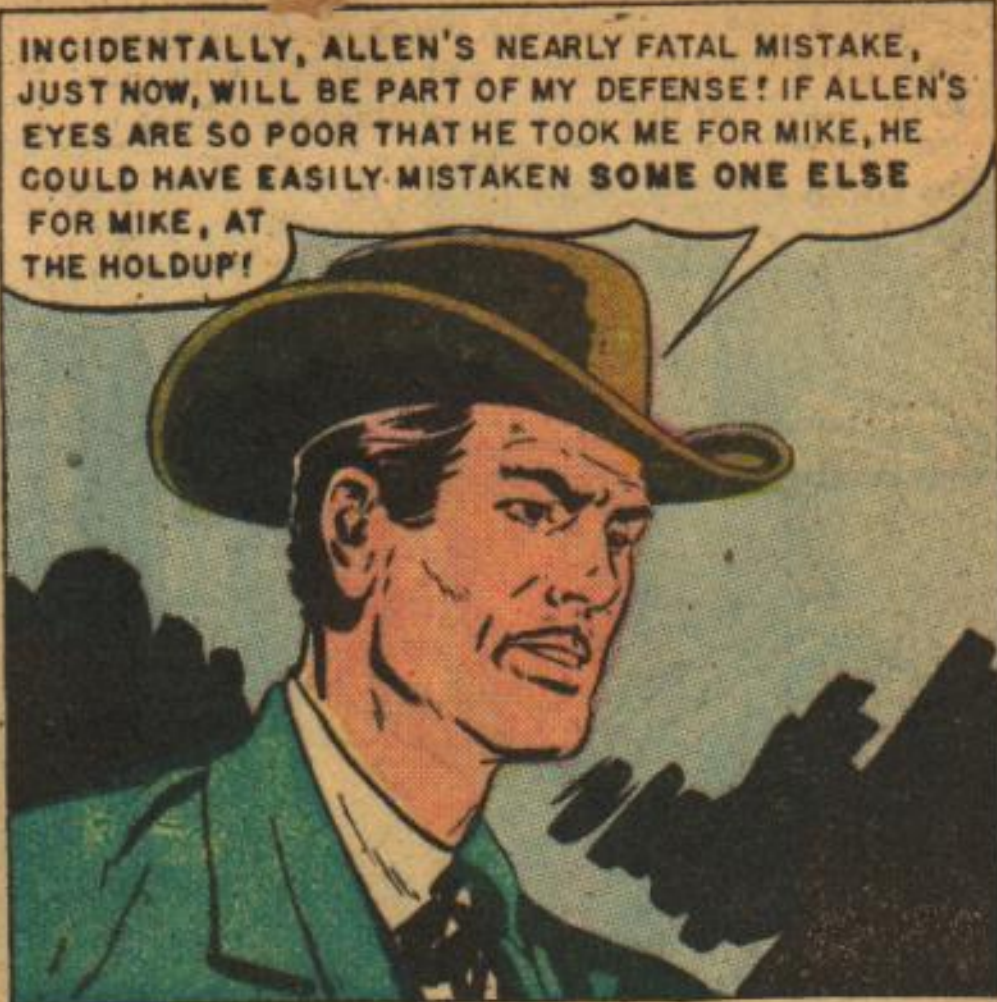






I HEARD THAT, BRADY! BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE STABLE?

LOOKING TO HIRE A HORSE, INSPECTOR! I WANT TO RIDE OUT TO JENKINS' LANDING AND HAVE A TALK WITH ROSE!



INCIDENTALLY, ALLEN'S NEARLY FATAL MISTAKE, JUST NOW, WILL BE PART OF MY DEFENSE! IF ALLEN'S EYES ARE SO POOR THAT HE TOOK ME FOR MIKE, HE COULD HAVE EASILY MISTAKEN SOME ONE ELSE FOR MIKE, AT THE HOLDUP!



THAT'S A POINT, BRADY! ER--- WOULD YOU MIND MY RIDING WITH YOU TO THE LANDING? I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH THE JENKINS FAMILY, TOO, AS A FRIEND.

SORRY, SERGEANT! I'D RATHER SEE THEM ALONE, FIRST! MUCH AS THEY MAY LIKE YOU, YOU'RE A POLICEMAN, AND THEY MIGHT NOT FEEL LIKE CONFIDING IN YOU.



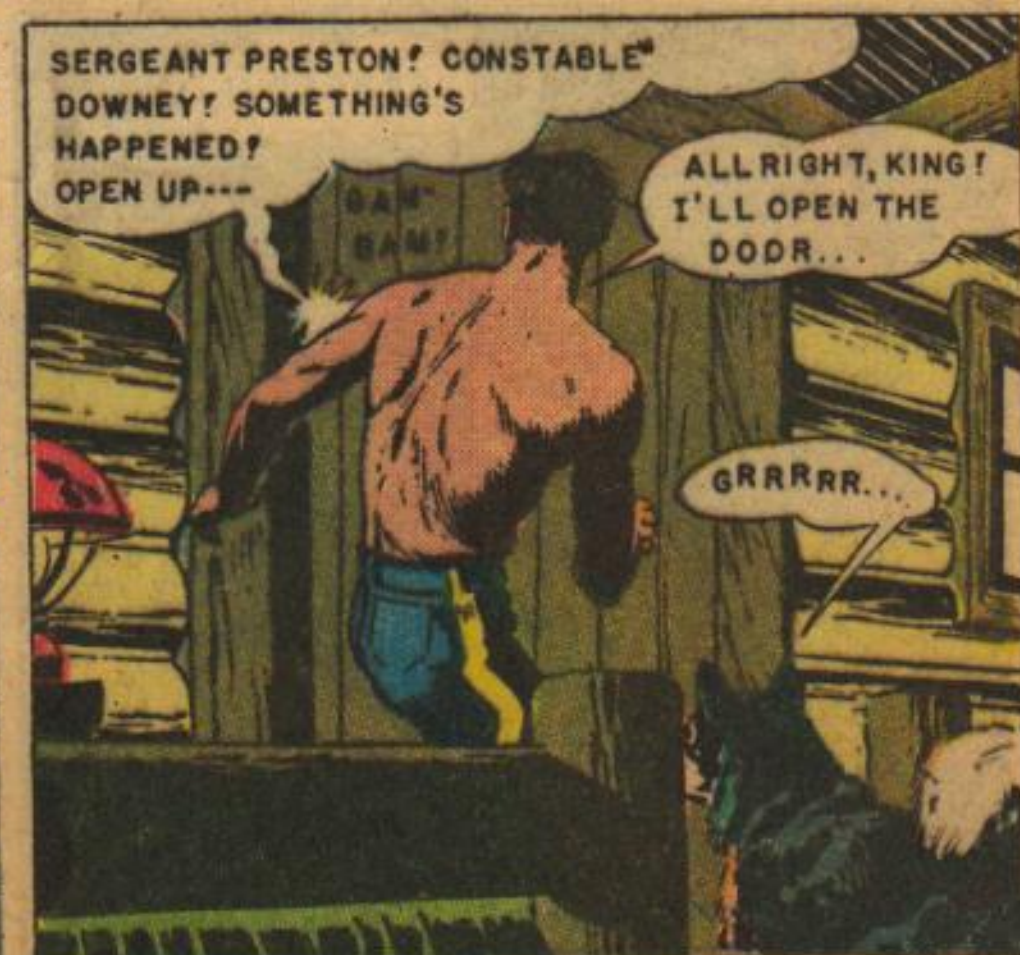
SO IT HAPPENS THAT JOHN BRADY RIDES ALONE OUT OF WHITE HORSE, WITH SERGEANT PRESTON'S PROMISE NOT TO FOLLOW HIM UNTIL MORNING.



AS PRESTON AND DOWNEY PREPARE TO TURN IN, THAT NIGHT---

DOWNEY, THERE WAS MORE TO THE SHOOTING, THIS AFTERNOON, THAN ALLEN ADMITTED!

I THINK SO, TOO, SERGEANT! THERE'S NO QUESTION IN MY MIND, BUT THAT HE MEANT TO KILL ONE OF THE BRADYS! ALLEN'S A SHIFTY BLOKE--- THOUGH HE HAS NO RECORD!



SERGEANT PRESTON! CONSTABLE DOWNEY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! OPEN UP---

ALL RIGHT, KING! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR...

GRRRRR...





I WAS AFRAID
SO--- JOHN BRADY!

--- SHOT THROUGH THE
MIDDLE, WITH A SOFT-NOSED
BULLET! DEAD FOR SEVERAL
HOURS, DOWNEY.
THIS IS MURDER!



WE'LL WRAP HIM IN A SADDLE BLANKET AND TAKE HIM
TO JENKINS' HOUSE... WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE
LANDING! PERHAPS THIS WILL PERSUADE ROSE OR
HER FATHER TO TALK--- AND SAVE MIKE'S
LIFE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE GRIM
LITTLE PROCESSION NEARS JENKINS'
LANDING.

HELLO THE
HOUSE! YOU
THERE, BART
JENKINS?



WHO ARE YOU, FRIEND---
OH! SERGEANT PRESTON!
THIS IS GOOD---

NOT SO GOOD, I'VE
GOT A DEAD MAN ON
MY HORSE--- JOHN
BRADY!



JOHN BRADY?
MIKE'S BROTHER?
HOW DID HE COME
TO BE---

WE'LL CARRY HIM INTO YOUR
HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MIND---
AND THEN I'LL GIVE YOU
THE DETAILS. HE'D COME
UP FROM SKAGWAY TO
FIND MIKE...



HIS HORSE CAME BACK WITH BLOOD
ON THE SADDLE, SO WE TRAILED HIM,
BART... JOHN WAS ON HIS WAY TO
TALK WITH YOU AND ROSE... BY THE
WAY, WHERE IS ROSE?

I DON'T
KNOW,
SERGEANT!

SEVERAL TIMES, SINCE MIKE BRADY WAS ACCUSED OF THAT HOLDUP AND KILLING, ROSE HAS SLIPPED OUT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD TO ME--- MOSTLY IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT! SHE MIGHT BE RIDIN' OUT TO MEET MIKE! I COULDN'T BLAME HER--- SHE WANTS HIM TO GIVE UP!



THAT'S WHAT JOHN WANTED--- AND WHAT I WANT, AS MIKE'S FRIEND, BART! IF HE'S INNOCENT, THERE IS EVERY CHANCE OF HIS GOING FREE! WE'LL TAKE ROSE'S TRAIL NOW.



IN THE DARK? IN THE BUSH? EVEN YOU CAN'T DO THAT, SERGEANT!

YOU FORGET WE'VE GOT YUKON KING! HIS NOSE WORKS JUST AS WELL, BY DAY OR BY NIGHT! COME ON, FELLOW



WHUFF!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, WITH YUKON KING IN THE LEAD---

TRAIL'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR BIG BEAR VALLEY, DOWNEY!

SO IT IS, SERGEANT ---I WISH THINGS WERE AS PLAIN TO US AS THIS TRAIL IS TO KING!



I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THOSE STAGE ROBBERS PLAN TO DO WITH THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED OUNCES OF DUST THEY STOLE... THEY CAN'T SPEND IT IN THE TERRITORIES! RAINBOW GOLD IS EXTRA FINE QUALITY--- EASILY RECOGNIZED ANYWHERE.



I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT, TOO! PERHAPS THEY'VE FIGURED SOME WAY TO RETURN IT AND COLLECT THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD THAT APEX MINING COMPANY HAS OFFERED.





OH! THEN --- THEN THIS NOTE THAT SOMEBODY THREW INTO MY WINDOW --- WAS A TRICK! A TRICK TO TRAP MIKE! AND THEY WILL TRAP HIM! HE'S GONE TO CRYSTAL CANYON NOW...



IT SAYS: "BRADY---THE MEN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR ARE HIDING IN CRYSTAL CANYON...THEY HAVE THE GOLD WITH THEM!" IT'S NOT SIGNED, OF COURSE!

WE MIGHT HAVE TIME TO INTERCEPT MIKE BRADY ON HIS WAY, SERGEANT...

YES! OH, YES--- IF WE HURRY!



YOU GET BACK TO THE LANDING, AS FAST AS YOU CAN GO, ROSE! DOWNEY AND I AND KING WILL HANDLE THIS! DON'T DELAY US!

I---ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! ANYTHING --- TO SAVE MIKE!

COME ON, SERGEANT!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE HEAD OF LONELY CRYSTAL CANYON, LUKE RANDOM AND BILL GARRITY START TO THEIR FEET BESIDE THEIR CAMPFIRE, THE CHILL WIND BRINGS A MESSAGE...

THUD-R-RUMP... THUD-RUMP!

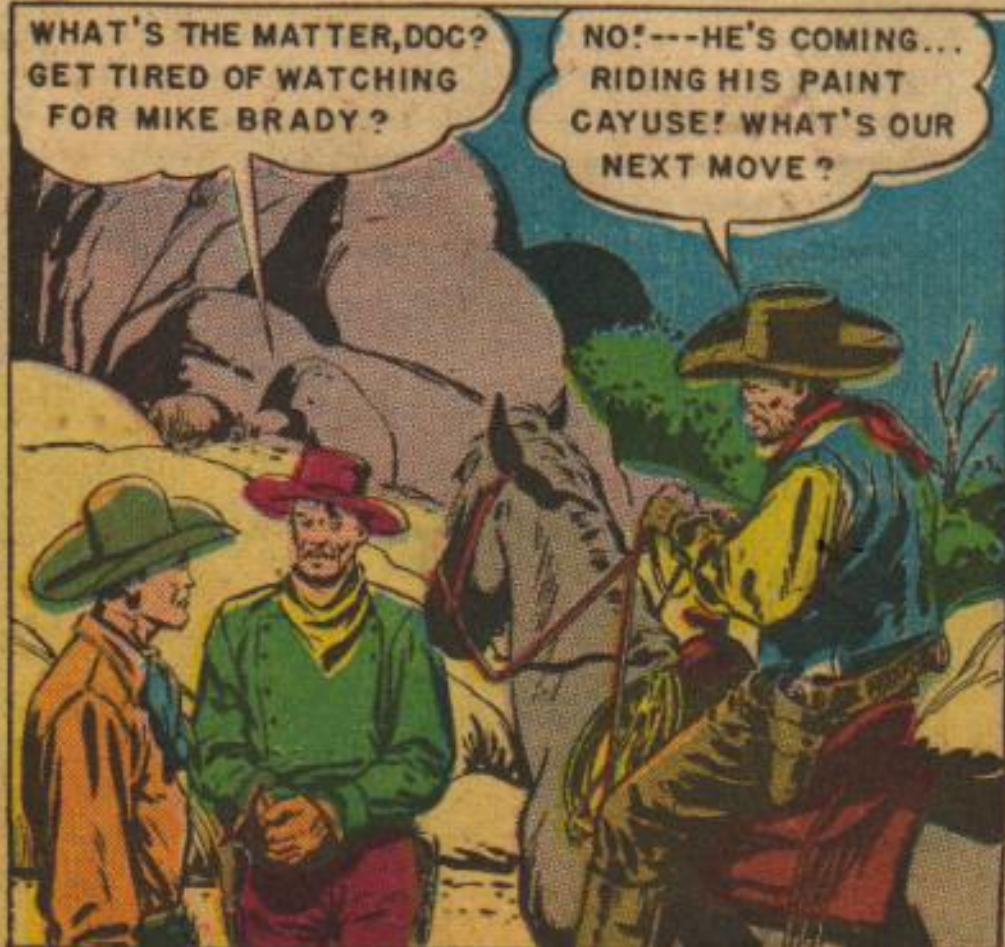
HOOFBEATS--!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, LUKE! IT'S DOG-COMING IN FROM DOWN-CANYON!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC? GET TIRED OF WATCHING FOR MIKE BRADY?

NO!---HE'S COMING... RIDING HIS PAINT GAYUSE! WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?



HIDE YOUR HORSE--- AND GET BEHIND THAT BIG ROCK! BE READY TO SHOVE A GUN IN MIKE'S BACK WHEN I GIVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN! LUKE AND I WILL ROLL UP IN OUR BLANKETS--- MAKE OUT THAT WE'RE ASLEEP WHEN HE SHOWS UP!





HUH! I DON'T SEE WHY YOU DIDN'T LET ME SHOOT HIM OFF HIS HORSE AS HE RODE THROUGH THE GAP...

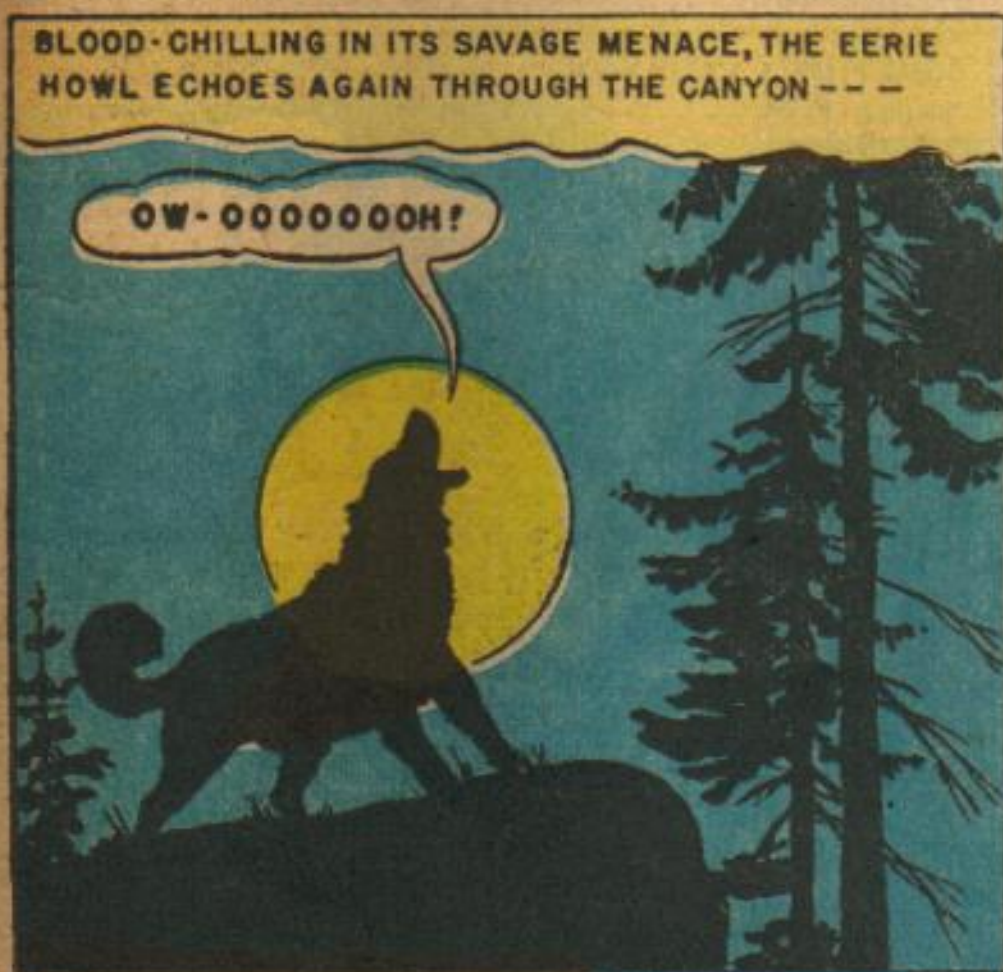
I'LL TELL YOU WHY! I WANT TO SEE MIKE BRADY CRAWL! I WANT TO HEAR HIM BEG FOR HIS LIFE! HE'LL PAY FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT OUR JUMPING THOSE CHEECHAKOS' CLAIMS LAST YEAR ---

--- AND THROWIN' US OUT OF TOWN!



OW-0000000-0000H---

HEY! LISTEN TO THAT WOLF HOWL! HE'S MIGHTY CLOSE!



BLOOD-CHILLING IN ITS SAVAGE MENACE, THE EERIE HOWL ECHOES AGAIN THROUGH THE CANYON ---

OW-0000000H!



SOUNDED MORE LIKE A DOG TO ME, BILL! IF I THOUGHT THAT MOUNTIE PRESTON AND HIS YUKON KING WERE ANYWHERE'S AROUND ---

WELL, THEY'RE NOT! SO SHUT UP AND TURN IN! MIKE WILL BE HERE, 'MOST ANY TIME NOW!



BUT, FARTHER DOWN THE CANYON MIKE WAITS IN AMBUSH FOR THE TWO RIDERS HE HAS HEARD POUNDING ALONG HIS BACK TRAIL.

I'M NOT TAKING CHANCES ON THESE BIRDS! IF THEY'RE MOUNTIES, THEY'LL NEVER GET ME--



WITHOUT WARNING, THE WOLF-LIKE SHAPE OF YUKON KING LEAPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS--- TO SEIZE MIKE'S GUN ARM.

HAHRRRRR---

WHAT---UH--?

UNABLE TO SHOOT--- UNABLE TO GET FREE, MIKE GRAPPLES WITH THE GREAT DOG THAT MATCHES HIS OWN STRENGTH.



DROP YOUR GUN, MIKE!
THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH
KILLING! YOUR BROTHER
JOHN WAS MURDERED
TONIGHT!



YES! HE WAS COMING TO PERSUADE YOU TO STAND TRIAL!
HE WAS STOPPED! AND THE NOTE ROSE BROUGHT YOU
WAS BAIT FOR A TRAP THAT YOUR BROTHER'S KILLERS
HAVE SET! NOW, LISTEN TO ME, MIKE BRADY...



SOMETIME LATER, WHERE THE "SLEEPERS" WAIT BY
THEIR FIRE---



WELCOME TO THE TRAIL'S END,
MIKE! ROSE JENKINS GOT TO
YOU IN A HURRY WITH OUR LITTLE
BILLY-DOO! PUT DOWN YOUR
GUN---AND THAT FOOL MASK---
AND-- BE SOCIABLE...

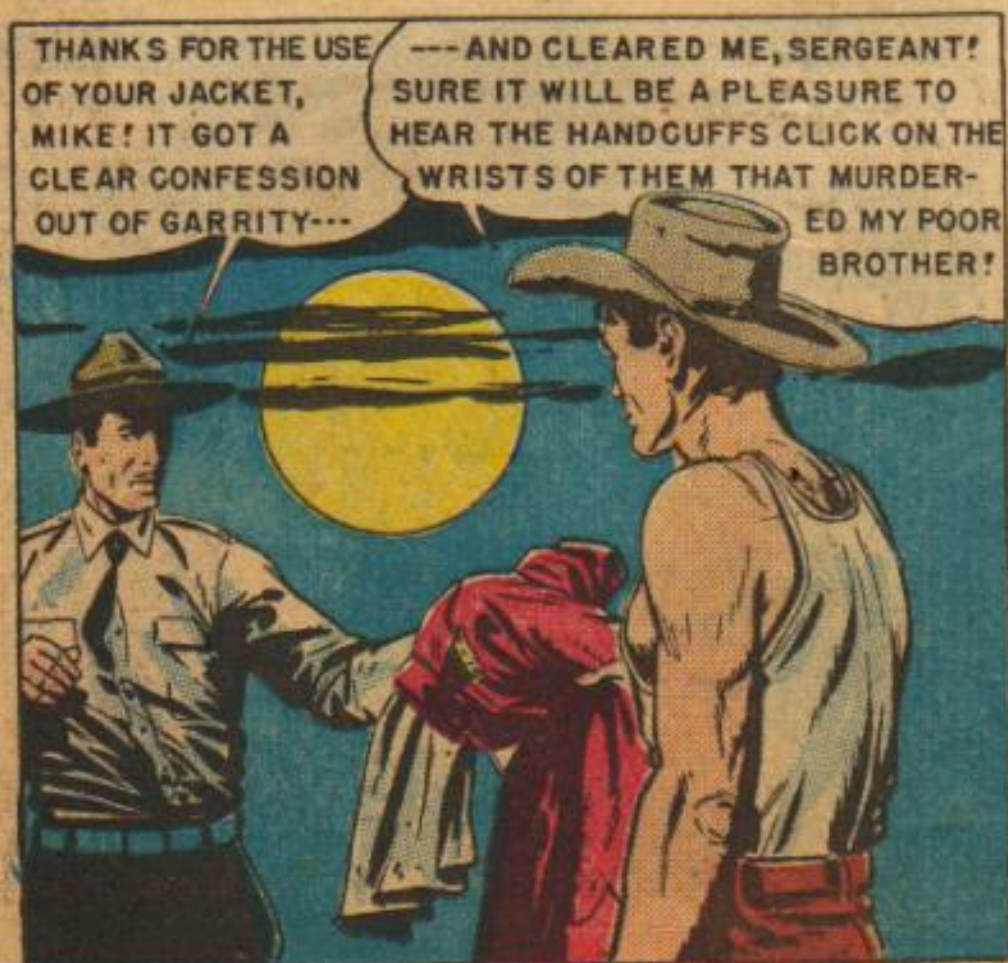
SO---IT'S YOU WHO'VE
GOT THE GOLD! YOU'RE
THE ONES WHO ROBBED
THE STAGE AND KILLED
THE GUARD! EH? WITH
FRANK ALLEN BRIBED
TO PIN THE BLAME ON
ME?



OF COURSE! BUT IT'S YOU THE LAW IS LOOKING FOR,
MIKE---NOT FRANK ALLEN---NOT US! YOU'D NEVER BE
ABLE TO TURN US IN! THAT'S ONE REASON WHY YOU
OUGHT TO DROP THAT GUN! AND THE OTHER REASON
IS---







Sergeant PRESTON

IN
WHITE
WATER

THERE'S MY POKE OF
DUST, ZEB! WEIGH OUT
WHAT I OWE YOU, WHILE
I PUT THIS
STUFF ON MY
SLED.

OKAY, JOHNNY! BUT
IT'S KIND OF HEAVY FOR
YOU--- WITH YOUR
LEAKY HEART--

IN THE LYME CITY GENERAL STORE, AN OLD "SOURDOUGH" PAYS
WITH GOLD---WHILE A PAIR OF GREEDY-EYED DRIFTERS WATCH.

I'LL BE GLAD TO
CARRY IT OUT FOR
YOU, OLD-TIMER!

EH? THAT'S
MIGHTY KIND OF
YOU, SON! NOT
THAT I COULDN'T
DO IT---

THAT'S MY SLED---
OVER THERE, BOYS!
I'M MUCH OBLIGED...

WE'LL LOAD IT FOR
YOU!

I'VE NEVER SEEN
YOU GENTS AROUND
HERE BEFORE!
WHERE ARE YOU
HEADIN'?

TRAVELIN' NORTH, GENERALLY,
PROSPECTIN'... I'M CLAY
BANTAM--- AND THIS IS MY
PARTNER,
DADE!

MY NAME'S JOHNNY ELK---
AND I'D BE PLEASED TO HAVE
YOU STOP IN MY CABIN ON WILD
CAT RIVER! THERE'S GOLD IN
SOME OF THE CREEKS NORTH OF
THERE... AND I
COULD GIVE YOU
SOME POINTERS.

THANKS, JOHNNY
ELK! WE'LL GET
OUR DUFFLE, AND
MUSH ALONG WITH
YOU!

HOURS LATER, AS THEY FOLLOW THE FLOODING
WILD CAT RIVER---

THAT RIVER'S MIGHTY
NOISY--- AND MIGHTY
FAST!

ALWAYS IS, RIGHT
AFTER SPRING
BREAKUP.

---BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHITE WATER, TAKE A LOOK AT THE NARROWS, TOMORROW! IT'S JUST BEYOND THE INJUN VILLAGE! ONLY ONE MAN HAS EVER TAKEN A CANOE THROUGH THOSE RAPIDS---HE'S LONOK, SON OF CHIEF ETOWAH.



THERE'S MY CABIN! WE MADE IT JUST BEFORE DARK!



I'LL GO IN AND GET A FIRE STARTED---WHILE YOU FELLERS UNHOOK THE TEAM AND UNLOAD THE SLED!

OKAY, OLD-TIMER! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!



WHEN DO WE TACKLE THE OLD GEEZER FOR HIS GOLD, CLAY? THAT'S WHAT WE CAME ALONG FOR, ISN'T IT?

UH-HUH! I HEARD TALK IN LYME CITY, EVEN BEFORE HE CAME IN FOR SUPPLIES!



THEY SAY HE'S GOT A FORTUNE CACHED---SO HE DON'T HAVE TO PAN DUST ANY MORE! THEY SAY HE'S ALWAYS BUYIN' GRUB AND BLANKETS AND GUNS FOR THAT INJUN VILLAGE, DOWNSTREAM! AND DO-DADS FOR THE INJUN KIDS! JUST THROWIN' IT AWAY!

WE'LL PUT AN END TO THAT! BUT NOT TILL AFTER WE EAT! YOU GET THE DOGS UNHARNESSED, DADE!

OKAY!



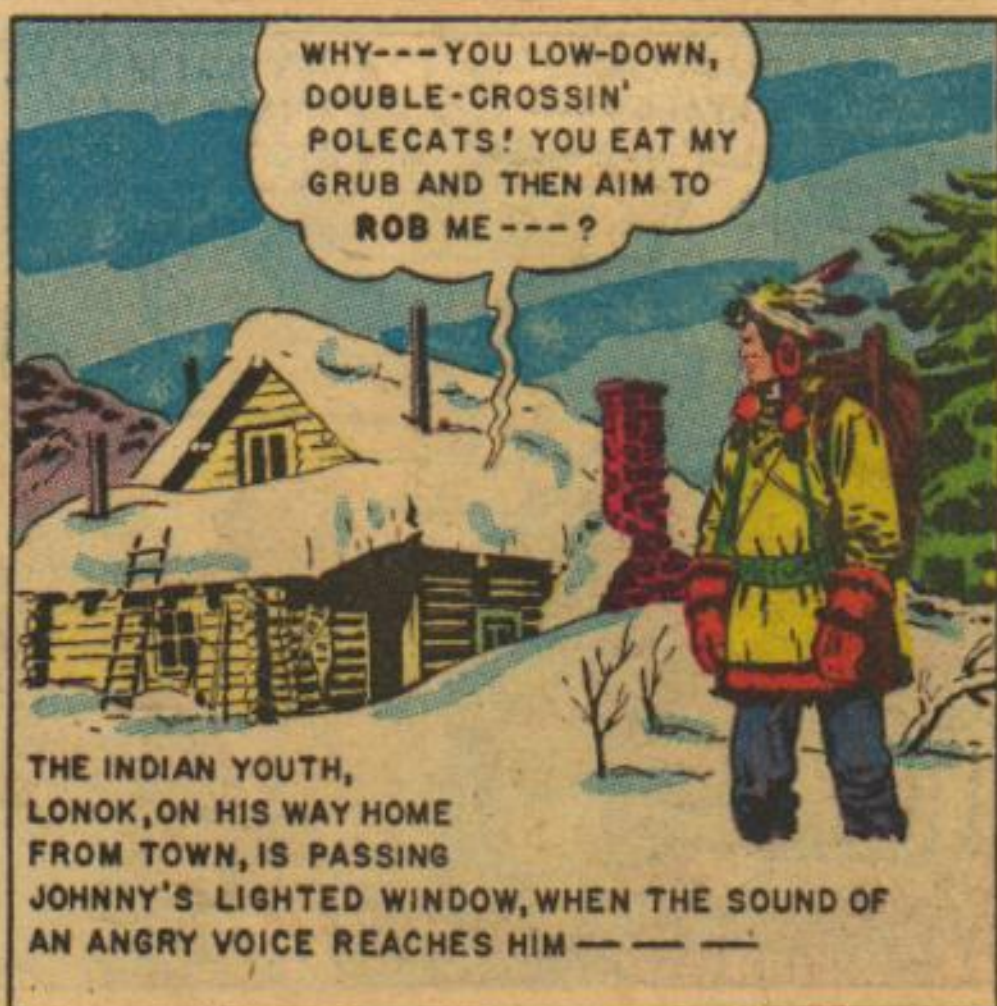
IN THE HOSPITABLE WARMTH OF JOHNNY ELK'S CABIN HOME---

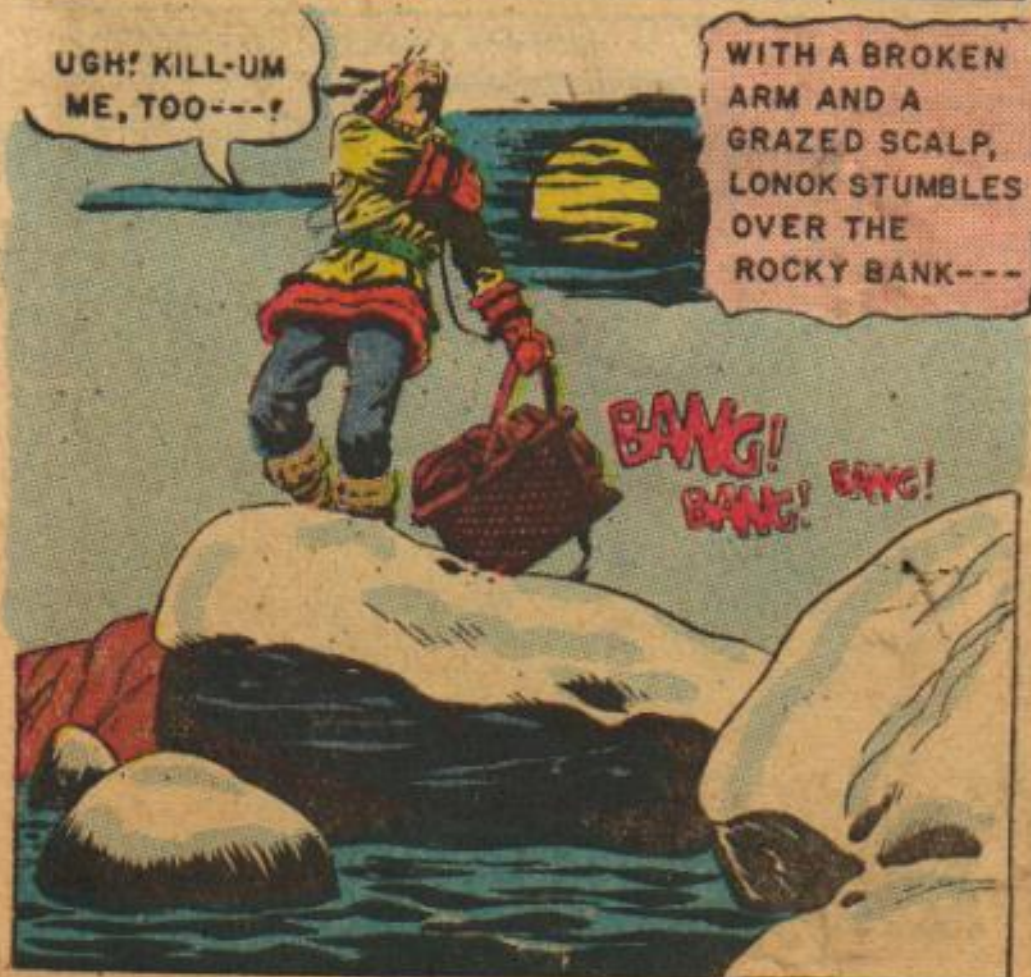
THESE CARIBOU STEAKS GO FINE, DADE!

EAT HEARTY, BOYS! HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE, TOO!

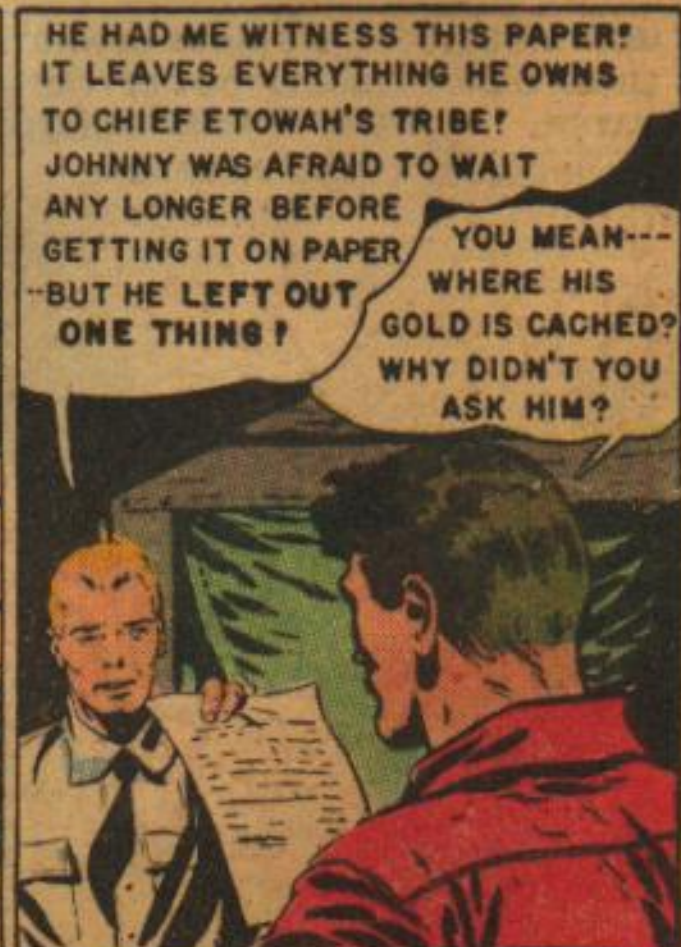
YOU BET! I'LL HAVE ANOTHER!











TO TELL THE TRUTH---I FORGOT! AND I WONDERED AFTERWARD--- PERHAPS JOHNNY MEANT TO TELL NOBODY BUT YOU! THESE OLD SOURDOUGHS ARE SOMETIMES QUEER...

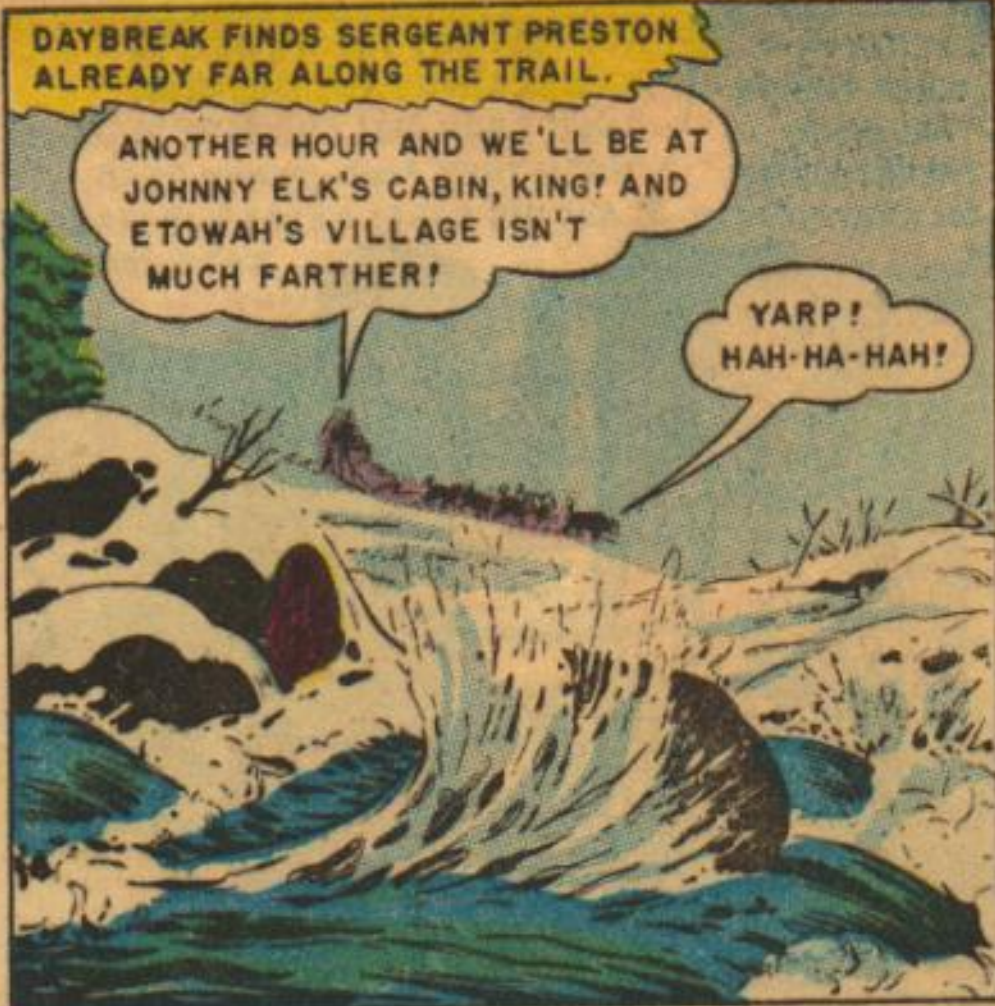
UMMM! I'LL CALL ON JOHNNY, THE FIRST THING TOMORROW!



DAYBREAK FINDS SERGEANT PRESTON ALREADY FAR ALONG THE TRAIL.

ANOTHER HOUR AND WE'LL BE AT JOHNNY ELK'S CABIN, KING! AND ETOWAH'S VILLAGE ISN'T MUCH FARTHER!

YARP! HAH-HA-HAH!



AND IN JOHNNY ELK'S RANSACKED CABIN ---

THINK, DADE! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME PLACE WE HAVEN'T LOOKED. OLD JOHNNY ELK MUST HAVE KEPT HIS GOLD WHERE HE COULD GET AT IT!

UH-HUH! IT'S GOT TO BE HERE! WE'LL FIND IT IF WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS SHACK APART LOG BY LOG!



SAY! WHAT ABOUT THE FIREPLACE? WE CAN START THERE! MIGHT BE A LOOSE STONE...

GET THE AXE---TO PRY AROUND WITH!



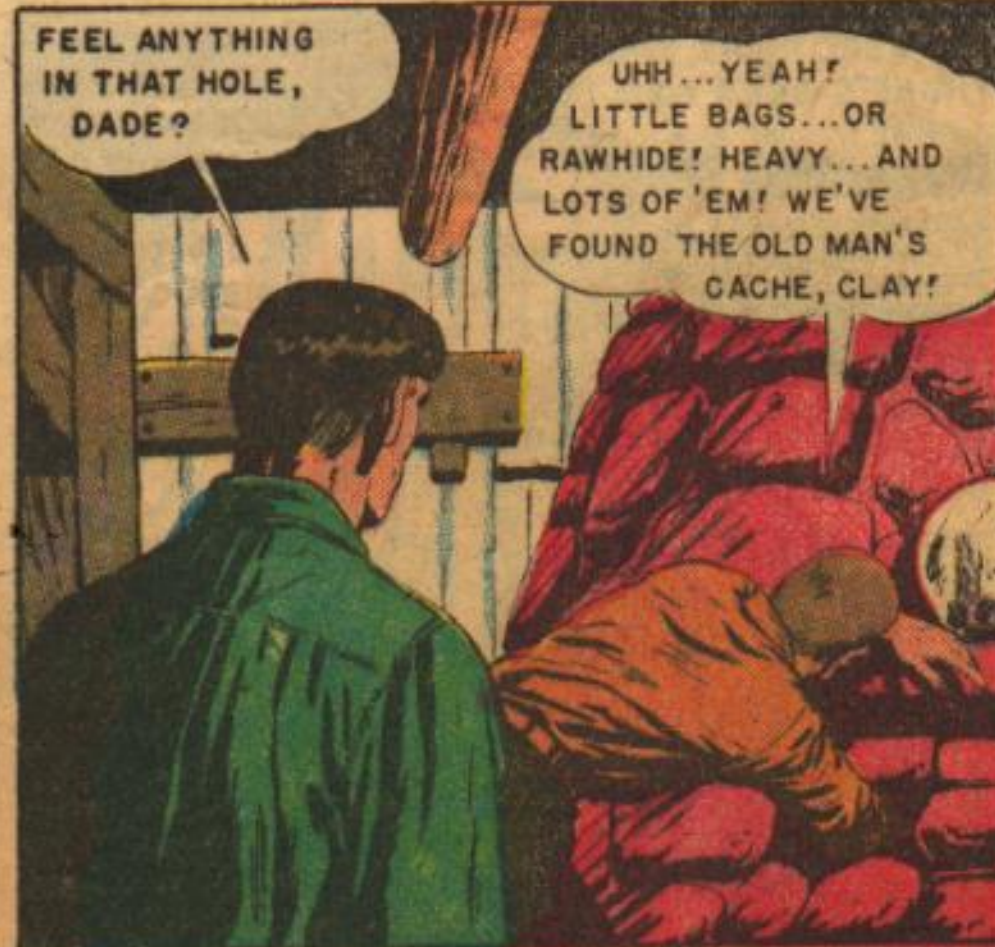
WE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE! PULL IT OUT, DADE!

THIS ONE! IT'S LOOSE!



FEEL ANYTHING IN THAT HOLE, DADE?

UHH...YEAH! LITTLE BAGS...OR RAWHIDE! HEAVY...AND LOTS OF 'EM! WE'VE FOUND THE OLD MAN'S CACHE, CLAY!





SO HOT IS THE SCENT OF THE TWO THIEVES THAT KING CAN FOLLOW IT AT A DEAD RUN. THE "LONG START" THAT CLAY AND DADE COUNTED UPON HAS GROWN SUDDENLY VERY SHORT!

THEY'VE GONE STRAIGHT TO THE VILLAGE OF ETOWAH!



AND AT ETOWAH'S VILLAGE--- SPEAKING TO THE OLD CHIEF---

I TOLD YOU WE'D PAY LONOK A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO SHOOT US DOWN THE RAPIDS! NOW, WHERE IS HE?

LONOK HURT---IN MY TEPEE! NOT KNOW ANYBODY! LONG TIME BEFORE HE PADDLE CANOE AGAIN! LOSE MUCH BLOOD!



LOST MUCH BLOOD---? SAY, I WONDER---

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! D'YOU WANT TO---



LOOK! MOUNTIE COME--- FAST! WITH DOG TEAM!

HE'S PULLIN' A GUN! DADE! HE'S AFTER US!

OWWW---! GRAB YOUR PACK!



TAKE 'EM, KING! TAKE 'EM!

THE CANOE! WE CAN MAKE IT, DADE---



WITH A YELL OF FEAR, DADE HURLS HIS HEAVY PACK.

YEOW! SHOOT HIM, CLAY! I CAN'T GET MY GUN OUT---UNH!

GAAARRRGH!



CLAY'S FIRST SHOT MISSES...



AND HE HAS NO CHANCE TO FIRE AGAIN!



DESPERATE WITH FEAR, THE PAIR OF CRIMINALS THINK ONLY OF ESCAPE — — —

SHOVE OFF, CLAY! SHOVE OFF — — — OWW!



---FORGETTING THE ANGRY WHITE WATER THAT REACHES OUT TO SEIZE THEIR FRAIL CRAFT!

THEY'RE DOOMED! THEY'LL NEVER LIVE THROUGH THE RAPIDS!



PACKS FULL OF GOLD---VER' HEAVY! WHO IT BELONG TO NOW, SERGEANT PRESTON?

TO YOU AND YOUR TRIBE, ETOWAH! IT IS JOHNNY ELK'S GOLD--- THAT HE GAVE TO YOU BEFORE HE DIED.



AND IT WAS KING WHO SAVED IT FROM THE WHITE WATER--- HE COULDN'T SAVE THE THIEVES! SO WE'LL CONSIDER THIS CASE CLOSED... EH, FELLOW?

HAHHH!

