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COMIC

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10¢

# Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





# the ARCTIC ICE



Icebergs, great masses of ice, are one of the most beautiful things to be seen in all the Arctic. They sometimes tower hundreds of feet in the air and may be a mile thick. You can readily understand why Eskimos give an iceberg a wide berth when they meet one floating on the sea.

Icebergs are really great blocks of ice that break away from glaciers—moving rivers of ice—and fall into the sea when the glacier reaches the coast. The ice is formed from fresh water and not from salt ocean water. As the iceberg floats along, the sea water below the surface melts it faster than the cold air above. As a result, the berg soon becomes top-heavy. Suddenly, it turns over with a thundering splash of spray. For a while, it is safe to approach the berg, but in a few days or weeks, depending on the temperature of the sea, it is again ready to turn its dangerous somersault.

An ice floe, on the other hand, is frozen from salt water. The surface of the sea actually freezes when the temperature goes low enough. There is no land underneath the North Pole—the surface is composed entirely of permanently frozen sea water. When the "field" breaks up on the southern rim of the polar ice cap because of a lowering tide or rising temperature, large individual floes go sailing off by themselves. It's comparatively safe to ride a floe because they do not turn over suddenly as a berg does. Polar bears seemingly love to take long trips on their own boats—traveling ice floes.



Eskimos must travel in order to keep alive. They are incessantly pursuing herds of caribou or looking for new hunting grounds. One of the greatest obstacles is an ice pack. In such a pack, many floes have been ground together by a high wind or moving current until they are smashed in many irregularly shaped blocks. If the temperature goes down, they freeze together and make a terrible obstacle. Crossing such a pack with a sled and dogs is almost impossible.





# Sergeant PRESTON

ROBERT BIRDNER  
MANY PEOPLE HAVE ASKED: "WHERE WAS SERGEANT PRESTON BORN?" "WHERE DID HE GO TO SCHOOL?" "WHY DID HE BECOME A MOUNTIE?" HERE ARE THE ANSWERS---TOLD IN "THE CASE THAT MADE PRESTON A SERGEANT."



BILL PRESTON WAS BORN IN THE UNITED STATES, BUT MOVED WITH HIS PARENTS TO CANADA WHEN HE WAS SIX...

YUKON TERRITORY---OUR NEW HOME, BILLY! IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY!



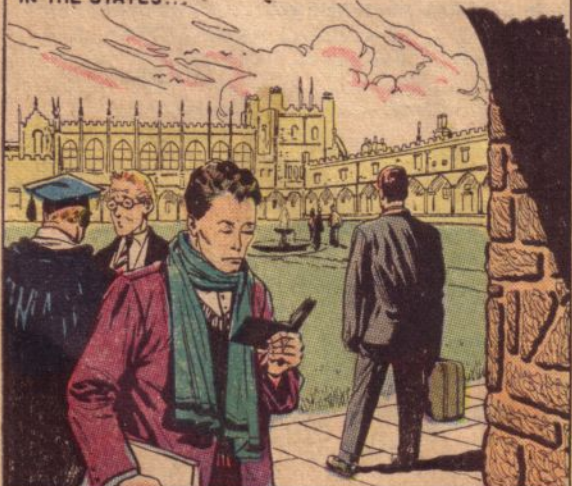
YOU'RE BLESSED WITH A QUICK MIND, SON!

---AND A STRONG BODY! HE'S NOT AFRAID OF WORK!



HIS MOTHER WAS HIS ONLY SCHOOTEACHER IN THOSE EARLY YEARS---FROM HIS TRAPPER FATHER, HE LEARNED THE WAYS OF THE WOODS...

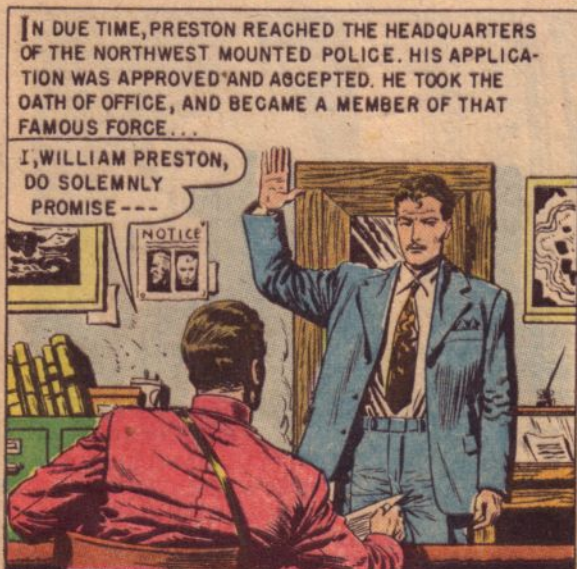
AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN HE ENTERED COLLEGE IN THE STATES...



BILL PRESTON WAS COMPLETING HIS FINAL YEAR IN COLLEGE WHEN HE RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM HIS HOME IN THE YUKON---A MESSAGE WHICH WAS TO CHANGE HIS WHOLE LIFE!

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AND THEN, ONE DAY — — —



I SHOULD LIKE TO GO AFTER THE MAN WHO IS KNOWN TO HAVE MURDERED MY FATHER — — — SPIKE WILSON!



SPIKE WILSON'S TRAIL LED PRESTON FOR MANY WEEKS OVER FROZEN TUNDRA AND THROUGH THE TRACKLESS "BUSH". BUT AT LAST — — —







STAY THERE, KING!  
THIS IS MY JOB--- ALONE!

EEYU?



CHOP...CHOP...  
CHOP...

IT'S WILSON! OLDER--  
BEARDED, TOO! BUT  
I'VE MEMORIZED HIS  
EVERY FEATURE...



SPIKE WILSON, YOU ARE UNDER  
ARREST--- IN THE NAME OF  
THE CROWN!

UHH--?



A MOUNTIE! YOU'VE  
GOT NOTHING ON  
ME---

YOU MURDERED MY FATHER!  
MY NAME IS PRESTON!---  
DROP THAT AXE, WILSON---



I'LL GET YOU, TOO---

SO QUICK WAS WILSON'S MOVE THAT PRESTON BARELY  
DODGED THE BLADE...



BUT EQUALLY SWIFT WAS PRESTON'S LEAP---  
STRIKING WITH HIS FULL WEIGHT...

UCH!

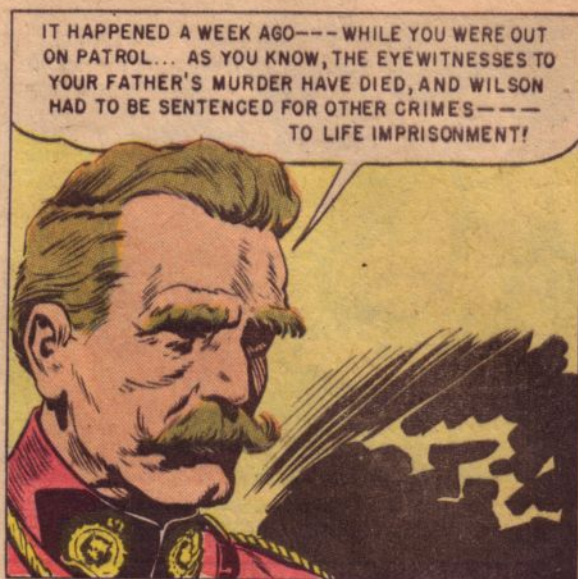




BATTERED BY PUNISHING BLOWS, WILSON FOUGHT BACK WITH THE STRENGTH OF DESPERATION...











I TELL YOU, LEFTY--- SPIKE IS CRAZY, ASKING US TO KEEP WATCH FOR THAT MOUNTIE, PRESTON!

UH-HUH! I'M GOING TO TELL HIM SO, MOOSE!

TWO NIGHTS LATER---WHERE A SNOW-MASKED CAVE OPENED ON THE FROZEN RIVER---



'LO, BOYS! SEE ANY SIGN OF PRESTON YET?

**NO!**

...AND WE WON'T EITHER! WE'RE STARTING FOR THE BORDER TOMORROW...



YOU DO THAT, AND YOU'LL GO WITH-OUT ME!

AW, YOUR FOOT IS HEALED UP FROM THAT BULLET NICK, SPIKE! AND THERE'S NO USE WASTING MORE TIME TO SATISFY YOUR PET GRUDGE! FORGET PRESTON!



LISTEN, YOU! AND MOOSE, TOO! YOU DON'T KNOW ENOUGH BY YOURSELVES TO STAY OUT OF JAIL! I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO GRAB OFF BIG MONEY, ONCE WE'RE IN THE STATES, UNDER-STAND?

SURE...SURE, SPIKE! BUT---



---BUT *NOTHING!* YOU'RE GOING OUT AGAIN TOMORROW, AND LOOK FOR PRESTON! HE'LL COME! HE WANTS ME AS BADLY AS I WANT HIM! AND I WANT HIM ALIVE, REMEMBER!

AWW... UH--- OKAY, SPIKE! OKAY!



IT SNOWED ALL THAT NIGHT--- AND IN THE MORNING  
SNOW STILL FELL ON BOWED TREE BRANCHES AND  
THE BOWED BACKS OF TWO DISGRUNTLED CROOKS...



AND BY MIDMORNING --- THOUGH THE SNOWFALL HAS  
STOPPED ---

MOOSE, I'M TUCKERED OUT!  
GOT TO REST AWHILE!

ME, TOO--- SAY,  
LEFTY! HERE  
COMES A MAN AND  
A DOG TEAM! LOOKS  
LIKE A MOUNTIE---



HELLO, THERE! HAVE YOU TWO LOST  
YOUR DOGS?



NOPE! WE'VE  
GOT A CAMP  
NEARBY...

I'M CONSTABLE  
PRESTON! I'D  
LIKE TO ASK  
YOU A FEW  
QUESTIONS--

ABOUT WHAT?

HEY! CHAIN  
THAT DOG OF  
YOURS! HE'S  
SNARLING AT  
ME!



KING NEVER ATTACKS WITHOUT  
GOOD REASON! BUT IF YOU'D  
FEEL BETTER, I'LL CHAIN  
HIM TO THE SLED!

YEAH! CHAIN  
HIM UP! THEN  
WE CAN TALK...



ALL RIGHT --- THAT'S DONE! NOW, TELL ME HAVE YOU  
SEEN A BIG MAN WITH A LOUD, TOUGH MANNER ---

UP WITH  
YOUR HANDS,  
MOUNTIE!  
QUICK---













--- AND DON'T THINK YOU WILL GAIN ANYTHING BY DROPPING THAT KEY IN THE SNOW! KING WOULD FIND IT!---AFTER HE'D TAUGHT YOU A LESSON!



THAT WILL LEAVE YOU EACH A HAND TO EAT WITH! I'LL REBUILD YOUR FIRE AND HEAT US SOME GRUB! YOU'LL NEED STRENGTH TO *BREAK TRAIL!*



BUT MY DOGS EAT FIRST!



WITH KING WATCHING, TO PREVENT FIGHTS, PRESTON SERVED OUT FROZEN FISH...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US, MOUNTIE?

OVER YOUR BACK TRAIL! TO MEET SPIKE WILSON! ONLY THERE'LL BE A SLIGHT CHANGE IN YOUR PLANS...



YOU'LL BE THE CAPTIVES, AND I'LL CALL THE TURNS, ON THIS TRIP! OF COURSE, YOU CAN COOPERATE WILLINGLY, OR NOT...



--- BUT GOOD BEHAVIOR *MIGHT* KEEP YOU FROM HANGING! YOU'RE BOTH GUILTY OF AIDING A MURDERER, YOU KNOW!

I---UH--- WE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU ASK, PRESTON!


















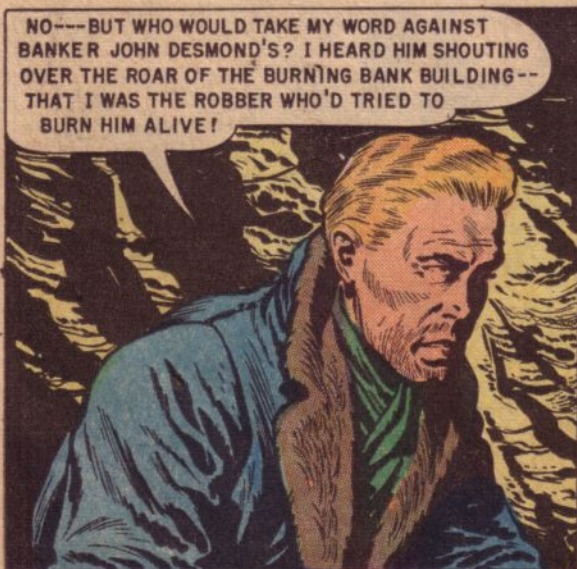
# Sergeant PRESTON *and* THE FUGITIVE



WE'LL KEEP ALERT FOR  
MAN-SIGN, KING! IT'S  
NOT LIKELY THAT JEFF  
DALE IS HIDING NEAR  
HERE, BUT---











BLACK COFFEE WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER! SORRY I FORGOT THE CREAM! ABSENT-MINDED, I GUESS ...

JEFF, ALL JOKING ASIDE --- WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN ABSENT-MINDED ENOUGH TO HAVE LEFT MONEY WRAPPERS IN YOUR CABIN?



MONEY WRAPPERS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SERGEANT?

THAT'S THE REPORT I RECEIVED! EITHER YOU FORGOT THEM AFTER TAKING THE BANK'S MONEY ---OR SOMEBODY IS "FRAMING" YOU FOR THE CRIME!



SEARCH ME, SERGEANT! SEARCH THIS CAVE--- IF YOU THINK I'VE HIDDEN THAT MONEY!

I INTEND TO SEARCH --- BUT I DON'T EXPECT TO FIND IT HERE! I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN FRAMED, JEFF DALE!



BETTER PACK UP YOUR GEAR! I'M TAKING YOU TO THE GOLD RIDGE JAIL --- WHERE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE AT LEAST---UNTIL WE LEARN THE TRUTH!



THAT AFTERNOON--- AS PRESTON AND HIS PRISONER REACH TOWN---

SERGEANT PRESTON! YOU'VE CAUGHT JEFF DALE ALREADY?



I'VE ARRESTED DALE ON SUSPICION, LET US SAY! IF YOU HAVE A PLACE TO LOCK HIM UP, CONSTABLE MOONEY!

WHY---OF COURSE, SERGEANT! SAY! I'VE HUNTED A WHOLE WEEK FOR HIM!



LATER---AS CONSTABLE MOONEY'S HOUSEKEEPER SERVES SUPPER

JEFF DALE'S SAFE IN MY LOCKUP! YOU KNOW, SERGEANT, THAT'S A BIG RELIEF--

MOONEY, I'D LIKE YOU TO START AT THE BEGINNING AND TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY OF THE BANK ROBBERY AND FIRE!



I SUPPOSE YOU'VE QUESTIONED JEFF ALREADY. WELL, HERE ARE THE FACTS, AS I KNOW THEM--



AS MOONEY'S REPORT ENDS...

WELL, THAT'S IT, SERGEANT! AS SOON AS WE SAW THE BANK BUILDING COULDN'T BE SAVED, I WENT LOOKING FOR JEFF DALE AND ---

LET'S CHECK BACK, MOONEY!



YOU SAY YOU HEARD JOHN DESMOND CALLING FOR HELP, INSIDE THE BURNING BUILDING --- AND RESCUED HIM! HAD HE BEEN BOUND?

NO---THE ROBBER HAD JUST KNOCKED HIM OUT WITH HIS PISTOL... DESMOND CAME TO TO FIND THE FLAMES ABOUT HIM--



YOU SAID THE ROBBER HAD GATHERED WASTE PAPER INTO A PILE AND STARTED THE FIRE WITH IT! WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

WHY --- MISTER DESMOND! HE SAW JEFF DO IT ---SO HE SAID!

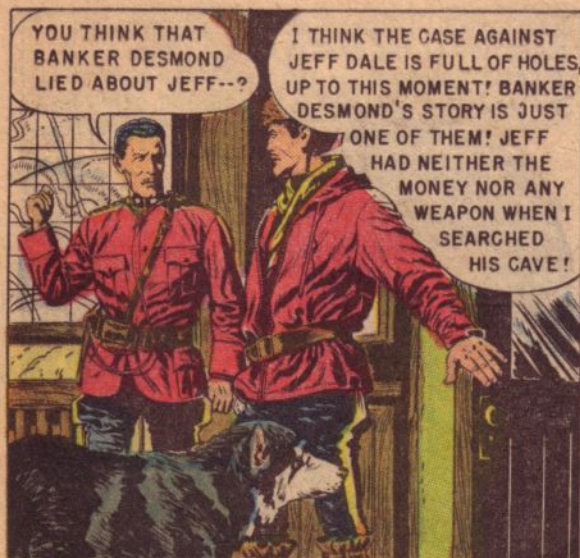


--- SAW HIM AFTER HE'D BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS? OR HAD JEFF HEAPED UP THE WASTE PAPER --- ANTICIPATING THAT DESMOND WOULD CATCH HIM THERE, AND THAT HE'D HAVE TO BURN HIM?

GREAT SCOTT! OF COURSE, THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I ---







YOU THINK THAT  
BANKER DESMOND  
LIED ABOUT JEFF--?

I THINK THE CASE AGAINST  
JEFF DALE IS FULL OF HOLES.  
UP TO THIS MOMENT! BANKER  
DESMOND'S STORY IS JUST  
ONE OF THEM! JEFF  
HAD NEITHER THE  
MONEY NOR ANY  
WEAPON WHEN I  
SEARCHED  
HIS CAVE!



STAY HERE, KING!  
I'M GOING TO CALL ON  
BANKER JOHN DESMOND  
NOW--- AND SEE IF  
ANY OF HIS STORY MAKES  
SENSE TO ME!



THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER LIKELY SUSPECT  
I CAN THINK OF--- KURT CARTER, DESMOND'S  
BOOKKEEPER! BUT HE'S A BIGGER MAN!  
DESMOND COULDN'T HAVE CONFUSED  
HIM WITH JEFF...



GOOD EVENING,  
MR. DESMOND!

SERGEANT PRESTON?  
COME IN! COME IN!

WALKING TOWARD THE BANKER'S HOME, PRESTON'S  
THOUGHTS ARE BUSY...



COME INTO THE LIVING ROOM,  
SERGEANT! I MUST CONGRATULATE  
YOU ON CAPTURING JEFF DALE!  
I JUST HEARD---



I CAME TO ASK  
A QUESTION OR TWO,  
MR. DESMOND...

CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY,  
SERGEANT! ANYTHING  
I CAN TELL YOU---













THROUGH HIS GLENCHED TEETH, PRESTON REPLIES...



PRESTON STRUGGLES TO GAIN TIME --- ENCOURAGED BY A FAMILIAR BARK OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

OPEN UP --- OR  
I'LL BREAK  
YOUR JAW ---

YARP!



SHAKEN BY SUDDEN FEAR OF THE CHARGING HUSKY, DESMOND FIRES --- AND MISSES!

!?

GET HIS GUN,  
KING!

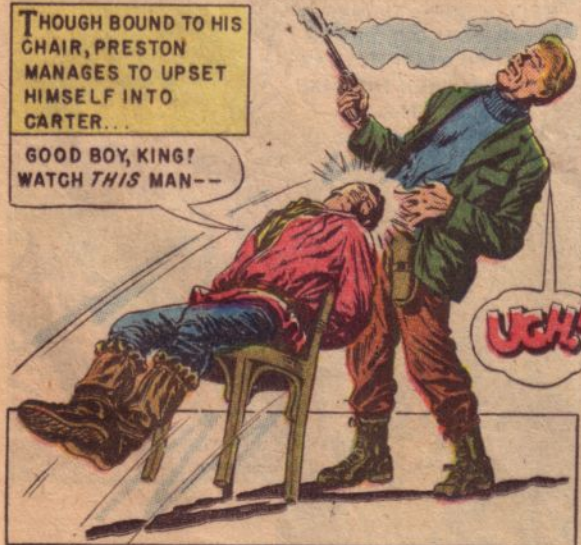
BANG!



THOUGH BOUND TO HIS  
CHAIR, PRESTON  
MANAGES TO UPSET  
HIMSELF INTO  
CARTER...

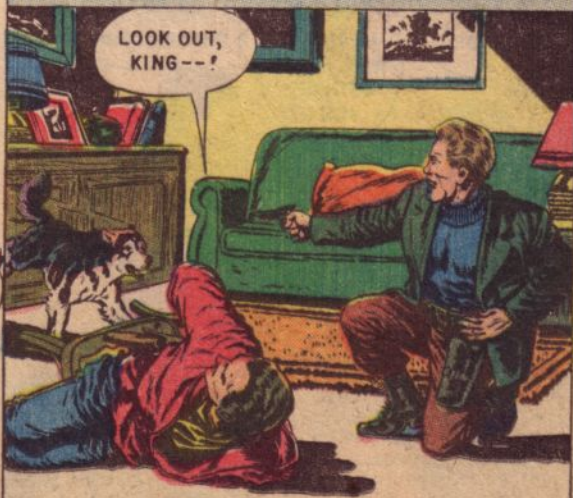
GOOD BOY, KING!  
WATCH THIS MAN---

UGH!

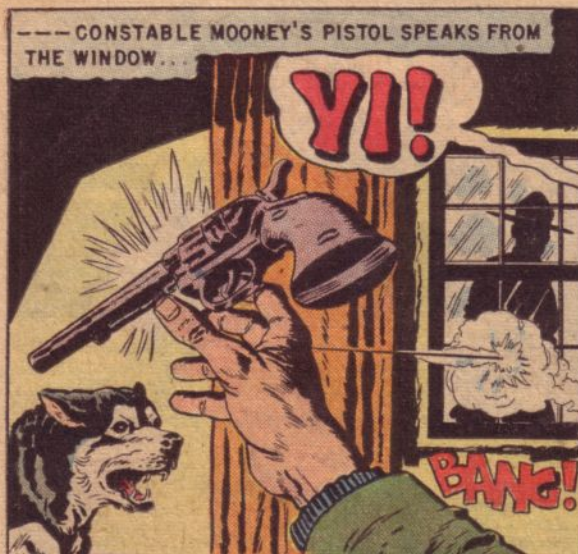


AS CARTER LIFTS HIS GUN TO FIRE AGAIN ---

LOOK OUT,  
KING---









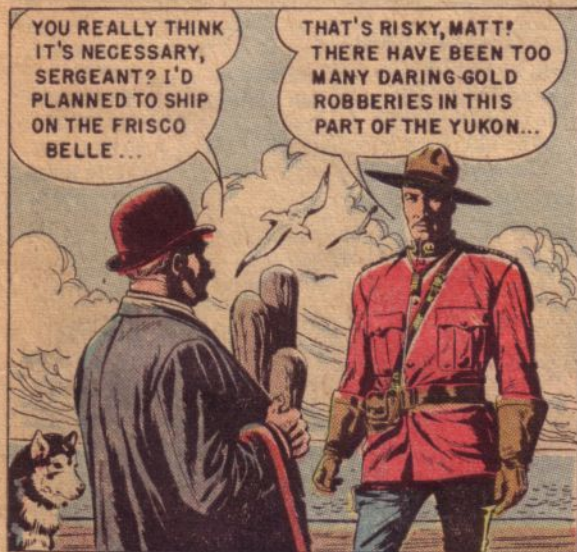
# Sergeant Preston

## and THE GIFT OF PANAMINT



ON THE DAWSON WATERFRONT, SERGEANT PRESTON, AND MATT GORDON, MANAGER OF THE MINING SYNDICATE, WATCH THE FREIGHTER, NELLIE-O ARRIVE...

THERE, MATT, IS YOUR CHANCE TO SHIP YOUR GOLD OUT SAFELY!



YOU REALLY THINK IT'S NECESSARY, SERGEANT? I'D PLANNED TO SHIP ON THE FRISCO BELLE...

THAT'S RISKY, MATT! THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY DARING GOLD ROBBERIES IN THIS PART OF THE YUKON...



YOU HAVE OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD AT THE MINE, MATT? AND THE LONGER IT'S THERE, THE GREATER CHANCE THERE IS...

THOUGH PRESTON KEEPS HIS VOICE LOW, A PAIR OF SHARP EARS CATCH THE GIST OF HIS WORDS, IN PASSING.



THE "NELLIE-O" WILL PASS YOUR COMPANY WHARF AT "JACK KNIFE" TOMORROW... I CAN VOUCH FOR CAPTAIN BENSON'S HONESTY, AND HE HAS A STEEL STRONG ROOM...

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE!

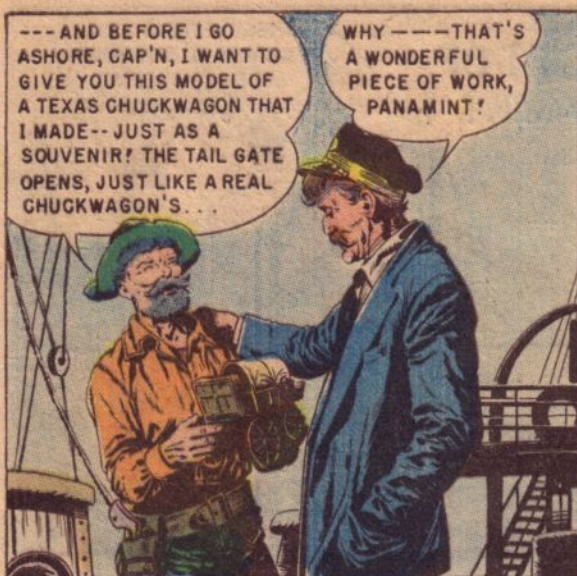


MEANWHILE, ON THE FREIGHTER'S DECK — — —

WELL, PANAMINT, YOU'RE LEAVING US HERE AT DAWSON?

YUP! AND MANY THANKS, CAPTAIN BENSON, FOR LETTING ME WORK MY PASSAGE!



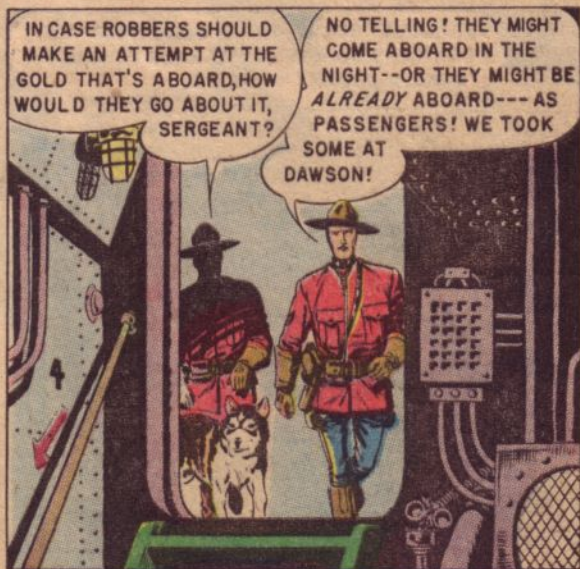
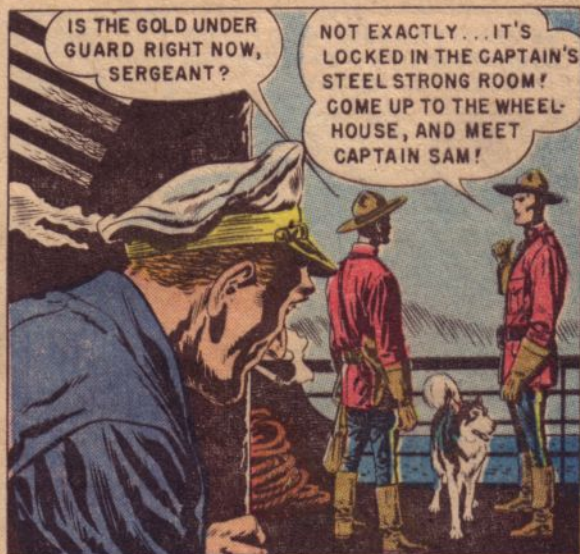
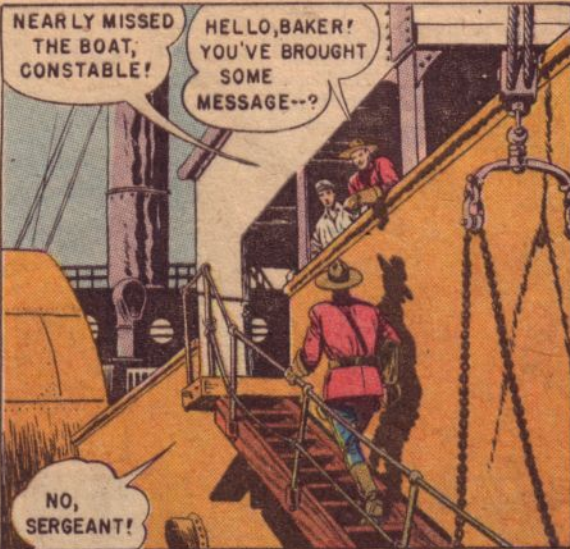


A MOMENT AFTER PANAMINT HAS LEFT THE SHIP, MATT GORDON AND PRESTON COME UP THE GANGPLANK...

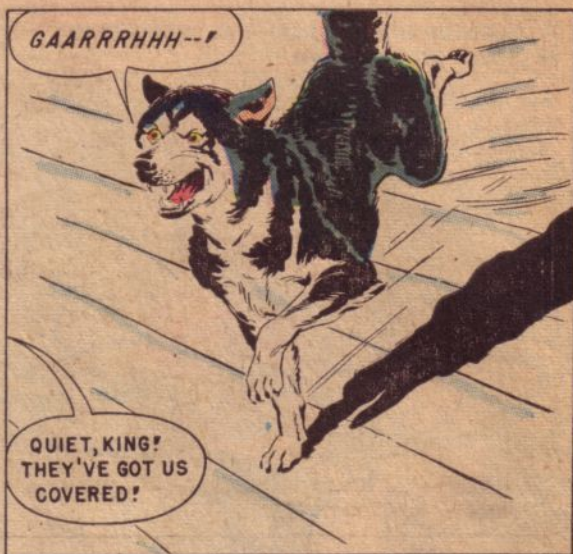




AT SUNDOWN THE NEXT DAY --- AT THE WHARF OF PETERSEN SYNDICATE ---











WARNED BY THE ROBBER'S QUICK BREATH, PRESTON TURNS--- BUT TOO LATE!



ABOUT THE SAME TIME--IN CAPTAIN SAM BENSON'S WHEELHOUSE ---

CAPTAIN BENSON, THIS MINIATURE CHUCKWAGON IS A WORK OF ART! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

AN OLD PROSPECTOR NAMED "PANAMINT" WHITTLED IT OUT FOR ME, MR. GORDON!



WHY-- IT EVEN HAS A HINGED TAIL GATE, AND LITTLE SHELVES FOR POTS AND DISHES! WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR IT, CAPTAIN?

MONEY COULDN'T BUY THAT SOUVENIR FROM ME, MR. GORDON. MY FRIEND PANAMINT MEANT ME TO KEEP IT ALWAYS.



GET YOUR HANDS UP-- YOU TWO! STITCH-- COVER THE WHEEL!

PIRATES!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING! THERE'S A COUPLE OF MOUNTIES ABOARD---

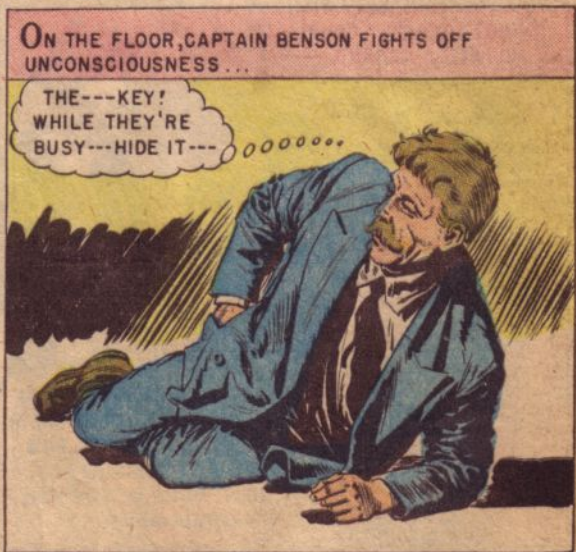
HYUK! HYUK! I KNOW! THEY'RE TIED UP IN THEIR STATEROOM, WITH A FEW EGGS ON THEIR HEADS. NOW--GIVE ME THE KEY, CAPTAIN BENSON!



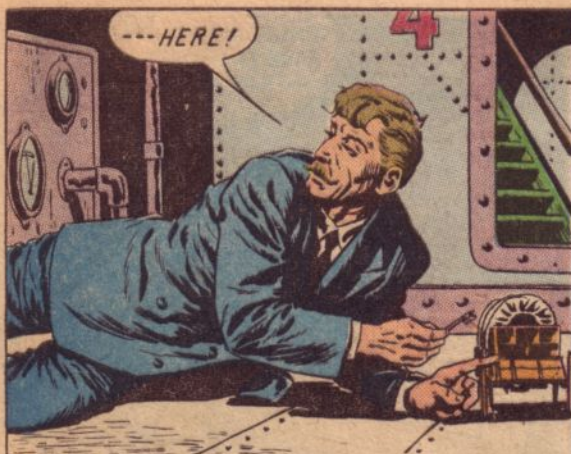
WHAT KEY ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT---

THE ONE TO YOUR STRONG ROOM! HAND IT OVER OR---







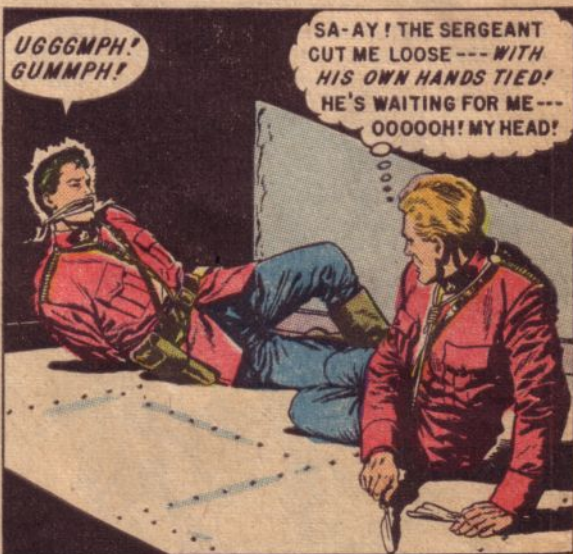
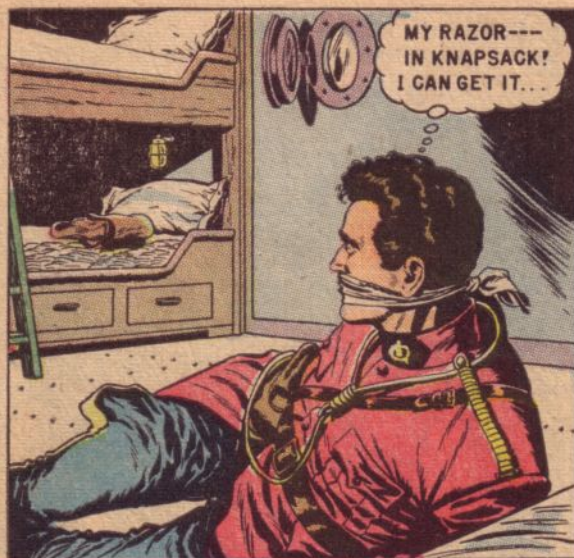


FUMBLING FOR A HIDING PLACE, HE FINDS THE LITTLE CHUCKWAGON, WHICH MATT GORDON DROPPED, AND POKES THE KEY TO THE STRONG ROOM INSIDE...



KING'S FRANTIC BARKING, BEYOND THE STATEROOM PARTITION, FINALLY PIERCES PRESTON'S NUMBED SENSES...





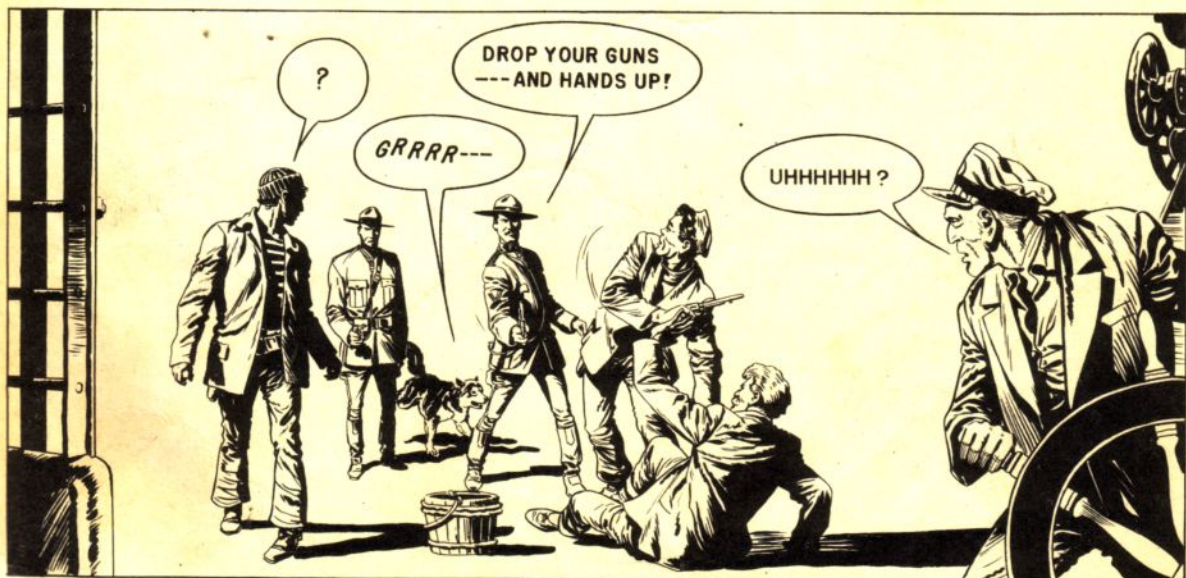
# LONE RANGER FANS!

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AS THE TWO OUTLAWS WHIRL AROUND, THE MOUNTIES' GUNS ROAR...



AND, QUICKER THAN STITCH'S FAST MOVE IS THE HURLING FORM OF YUKON KING!

MINUTES LATER...

GORDON AND NITRO ARE COMING AROUND, CAPTAIN SAM. AND MATT GORDON WILL BE GLAD... HMMM! BY THE WAY--- WHERE DID YOU PUT THE STRONG ROOM KEY?

RIGHT HERE--!

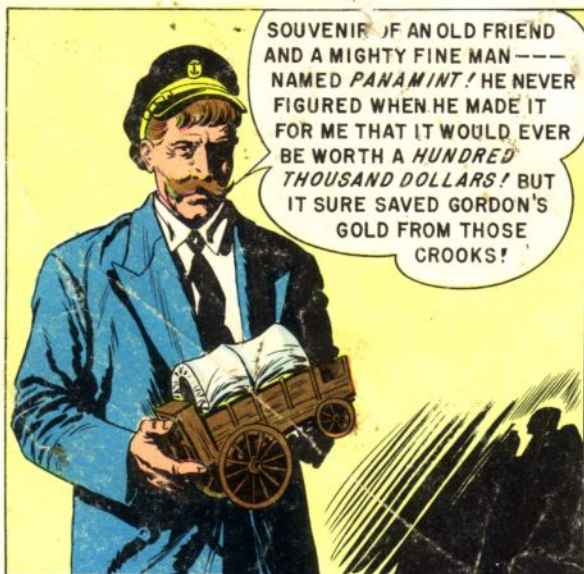


RIGHT INSIDE THE TAILGATE OF THIS LITTLE *SOUVENIR*! I POKED THE KEY IN, JUST BEFORE I BLANKED OUT!

CLEVER, CAP'N SAM! BUT WHAT IS THAT CHUCKWAGON A *SOUVENIR* OF?



*SOUVENIR* OF AN OLD FRIEND AND A MIGHTY FINE MAN --- NAMED *PANAMINT*! HE NEVER FIGURED WHEN HE MADE IT FOR ME THAT IT WOULD EVER BE WORTH A *HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS*! BUT IT SURE SAVED GORDON'S GOLD FROM THOSE CROOKS!



--- AND *WE* HAVE COLLARED THE GANG THAT'S BEEN AFTER IT, KING! SO WE'LL CALL THE CASE CLOSED!

