

DELL

AUG.-OCT.

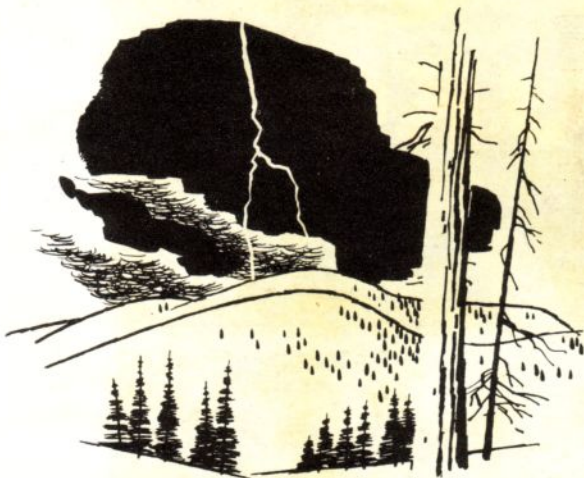
10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



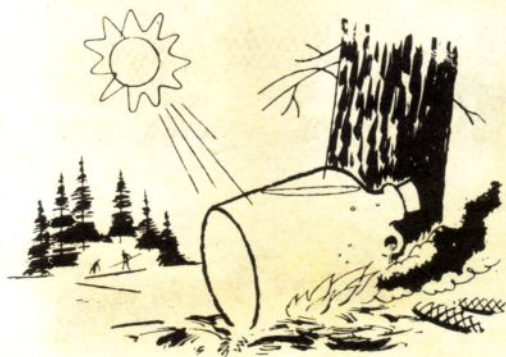


FOREST FIRES



Forest fires occur most often in the late fall and early winter when the leaves have fallen from the trees and the trunks and branches contain little moisture. Then, any spark may cause a roaring forest fire.

But, at any time of year, if there has not been much snow or rain, a fire may start. In lightly populated areas, lightning is very dangerous. The game warden or forest ranger knows that any electrical storm may cause a fire. And if the woods are dry, several different flashes may start several small fires which soon join and destroy a big tract of forest. Usually, fire fighting forces are small and when several places are afire at the same time, it means long and dangerous work for every able-bodied man in the area.



But there are other causes. Careless campers and hunters start many fires. Sparks from the wheels of a railroad train have been known to ignite underbrush. Even the muzzle blast from a hunter's rifle can start a blaze in a tinder-dry pine forest. Once, a lumberjack brought a big bottle of water to work with him. He put it on the ground and went about his work. Several hours later, a big fire broke out. The sun, shining through the glass of the bottle, was concentrated as strongly as on any magnifying glass and ignited the pine needle on which the bottle was lying.



Usually, forest fires in the North Woods cannot be put out. There are not enough men and no water-pumping equipment. The only thing that can be done is to confine the fire to a small area and let it burn itself out. This is done with firebreaks—strips of ground cleared of all trees, leaves and fallen branches or pine needles. The fire moves *with* the wind, sometimes at frightening speed. It moves very slowly if at all to the sides and can hardly move backward in the face of a wind. When the fire comes to a wide strip in which there is nothing to burn, it usually halts and burns out. This is why one should never run directly away from an approaching forest fire. It will “chase” you as long as there are trees to burn. Put your back to the fire but then turn and run to the right or left, *across the wind*. If you can get to one side, the fire may pass you by but if you can get *behind* the fire by circling it, you will be safe.

Sergeant PRESTON

WALL OF FLAME

TRAILING TWO
TRADING POST THIEVES
DOWN A WILDERNESS
RIVER, SERGEANT PRESTON
AND HIS GREAT DOG,
YUKON KING, ARE OVER-
TAKEN BY DARKNESS...

SUNSET, KING! IT MAKES
THE RIVER LOOK ON
FIRE!



WE'D MISS THESE THIEVES
IN THE DARK, KING--- SO
WE'LL LAND HERE! THERE'S
SOME KIND OF A
TRAIL...

A CABIN--- WITH
SMOKE COMING FROM
THE CHIMNEY! WE'LL
SPEND THE
NIGHT HERE...

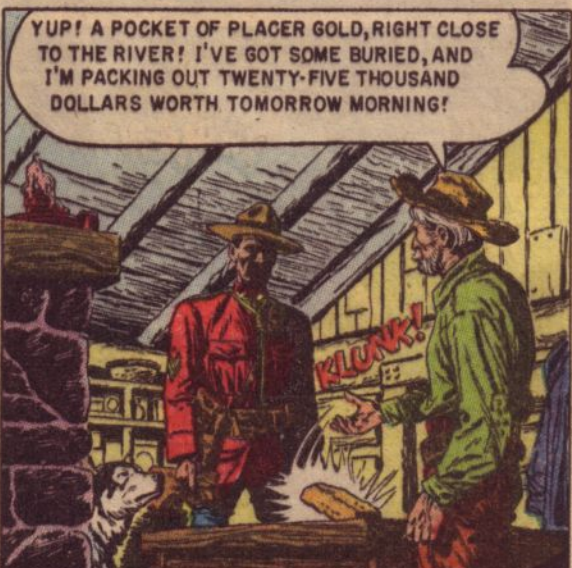
KRANG!

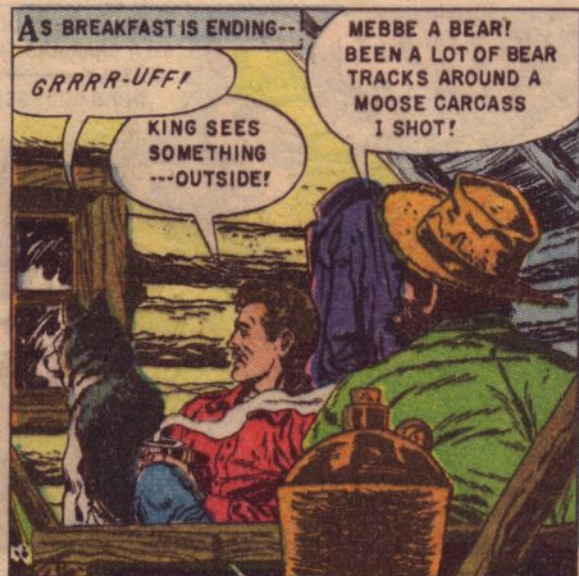
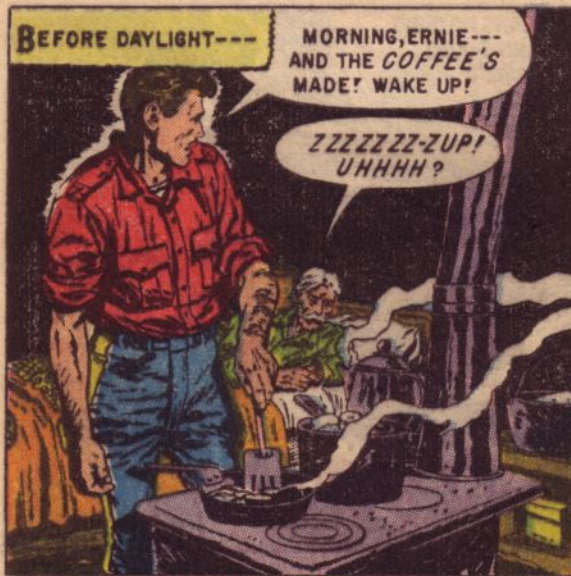
DOWN,
KING---

A SINGLE LEAP SIDEWISE CARRIES PRESTON
INTO DENSE COVER.

S.P.#16-658

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

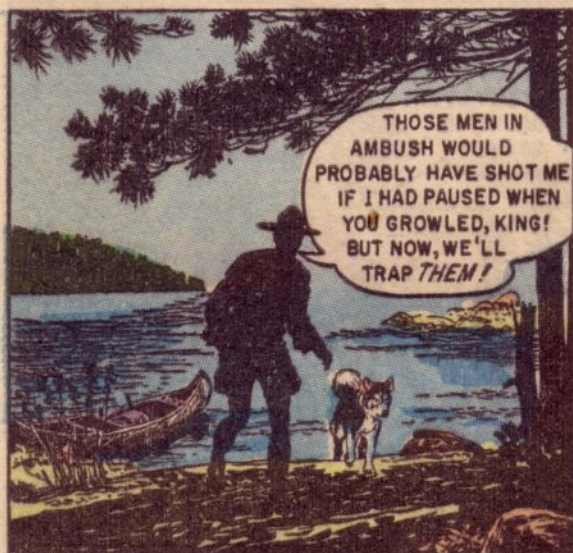
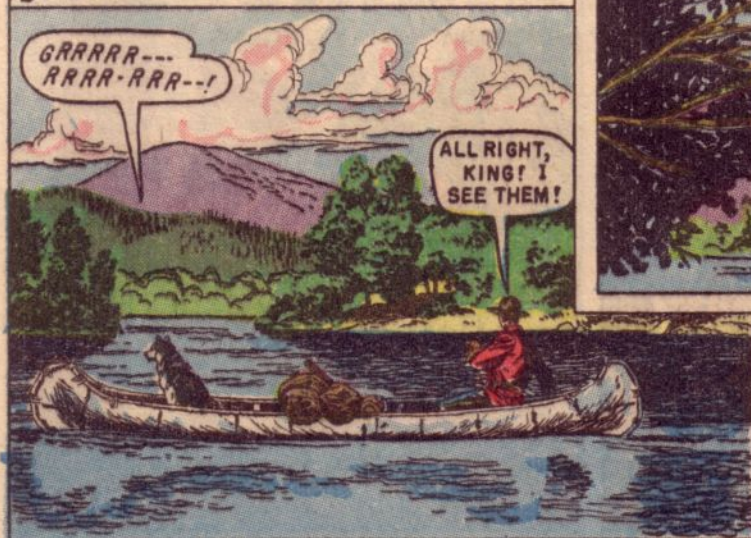








SOME HOURS AND MANY MILES FARTHER DOWNSTREAM.





NOW, GET INTO THAT CANOE AND PADDLE ME DOWNSTREAM TO MINE---

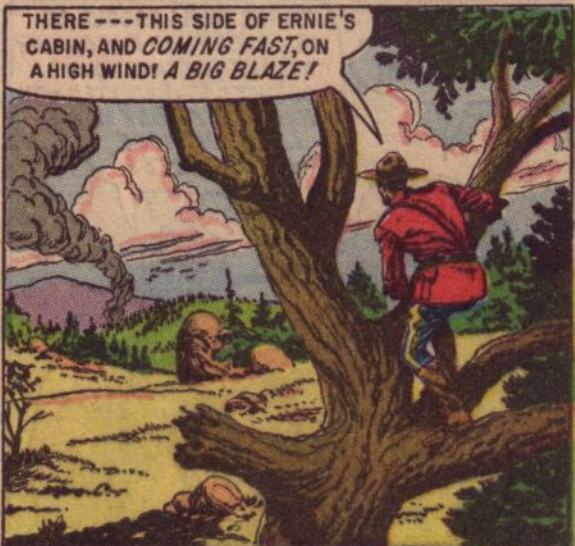


SNIFFFF!
ARR-UFF!

KING --- WHAT IS IT NOW?



(SNIFF!) SMOKE! A FOREST FIRE --- UPWIND! WATCH THOSE MEN, KING!



THERE --- THIS SIDE OF ERNIE'S CABIN, AND COMING FAST, ON A HIGH WIND! A BIG BLAZE!



ERNIE WESKITT MUST HAVE LEFT HIS CABIN WITHOUT MAKING SURE THAT *ALL* OF THE FIRE WAS OUT! HE'S PROBABLY NOT FAR AHEAD OF THAT BLAZE, RIGHT NOW!



IS IT---IS IT THAT BAD, SERGEANT? YOU'VE GOT TO LIGHTEN THE CANOE---

YES!

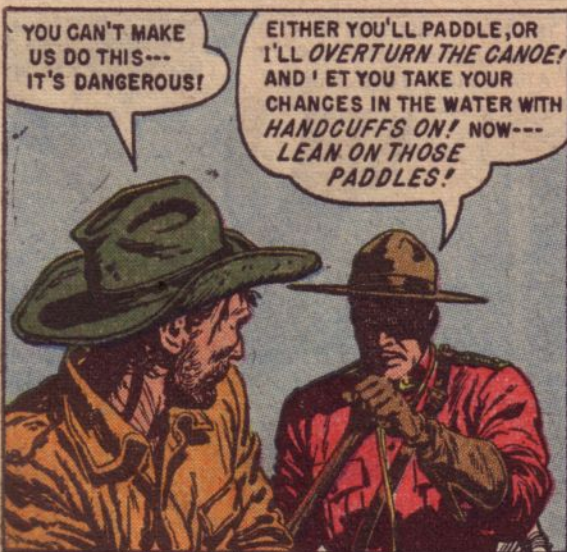


THERE ARE *THREE* PADDLES IN THIS CANOE! YOU WILL EACH USE ONE---



HEY! YOU'RE TURNING UPSTREAM, SERGEANT!

WE'RE GOING UP-STREAM---TO RESCUE THE MAN WHOSE CARE-LESSNESS LET THAT FIRE START!--PADDLE!



YOU CAN'T MAKE US DO THIS--- IT'S DANGEROUS!

EITHER YOU'LL PADDLE, OR I'LL OVERTURN THE CANOE! AND 'ET YOU TAKE YOUR CHANGES IN THE WATER WITH HANDCUFFS ON! NOW--- LEAN ON THOSE PADDLES!



DRIVEN BY THREE PADDLES, THE CANOE MAKES GOOD TIME EVEN AGAINST THE CURRENT.

WE'VE GOT TO TURN BACK, SERGEANT---

NOT YET! WESKITT WILL BE CLOSE TO THE RIVER ---IF HE ESCAPED!

AT LAST, A SEARING HEAT FROM THE FLAMES REACHES THEM...

THE WHOLE WOODS ARE
ABLAZE, SERGEANT!
TURN BACK---OR
WE'LL JUMP---

WAIT! I HEARD
A SHOUT!



--- AND A
HUMAN VOICE!

HELP!
HELP!



ERNIE! BUCK UP! (I'LL
HAVE TO LIFT HIM
INTO THE CANOE!)



MOMENTS LATER---WITH THE PRISONERS' HAND-
CUFFS REMOVED---

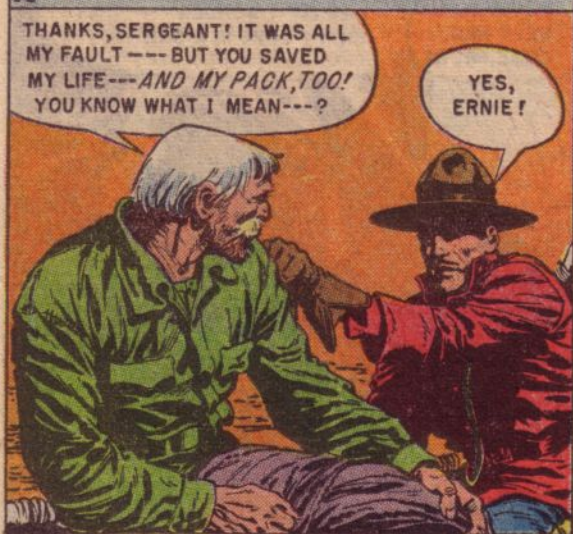
NOW---BEND
THOSE PADDLES
---AND WE'LL
ESCAPE! THE
WIND HAS
CHANGED!



A MILE DOWNSTREAM---THE WORST DANGER PAST---

THANKS, SERGEANT! IT WAS ALL
MY FAULT--- BUT YOU SAVED
MY LIFE---AND MY PACK, TOO!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN---

YES,
ERNIE!



AND WHEN I GET
THESE TWO THIEVES
SAFELY TO SELKIRK,
I'LL CONSIDER THE
CASE ---
CLOSED!



Sergeant PRESTON

**BURIED
TREASURE**



ON THE WILD, BLUSTERY COAST OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA, A SMALL SCHOONER
LIES WRECKED---

AND ON THE BEACH---DR. FRED WISDOM AND PROF.
EMMETT SHERIDAN...

WELL, FRED, HOW MUCH
LONGER DO YOU THINK
THAT WE TWO "BABES
IN THE WOODS" WILL
HAVE TO STAND EACH
OTHER'S BAD COOKING?

"BABES IN
THE WOODS---"
HO, HO, HO!
THAT'S WHAT
WE ARE!



IT'S TOO BAD WE TOOK OUR DOCTOR'S DEGREES IN
PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY---INSTEAD OF IN THE
CULINARY ARTS, EMMETT! BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO MUDDLE THROUGH UNTIL HELP COMES---



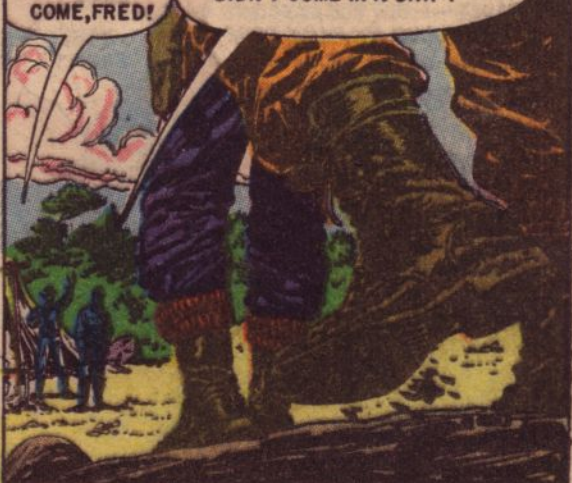
---YES! AND BE THANK-
FUL THAT IT'S NO WORSE!
HAVE SOME COFFEE
NOW, FRED?

EMMETT, LOOK!
---WE HAVE
GUESTS!



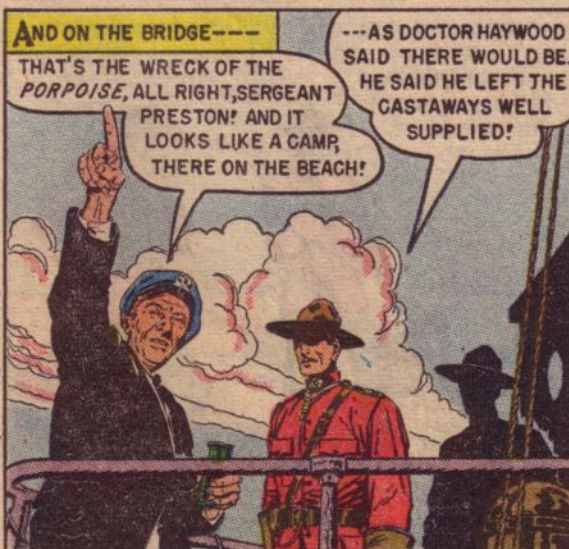
HURRAH!
HELP HAS
COME, FRED!

HMMMM! I WONDER---THEY
DIDN'T COME IN A SHIP!













YUKON KING WILL RUN
DOWN THE ANSWERS!
FOLLOW, KING! TRAIL!



LISTEN, BRINEY! I OVER-
HEARD THE MOUNTIES TALKING
ABOARD SHIP! THERE'S BURIED
TREASURE SOMEWHERE IN
THIS BUSINESS---AND THE
TRAIL LOOKS HOT!

BURIED
TREASURE!
THEN WE---



BEGGING YOUR PARDON,
SERGEANT PRESTON---UH
---WOULD YOU MIND IF
WE TAGGED ALONG?

WHY,
MAGURK?



WE'VE BEEN COOPED UP
ABOARD SHIP ---AND WE'D
SORT OF LIKE TO STRETCH
OUR LEGS! AND WE'RE
INTERESTED TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED, TOO...

ALL RIGHT!



BUT IF THE TRAIL CONTINUES
FAR, I'LL ORDER YOU BACK!

SURE! THAT'S
OKAY,
SERGEANT!

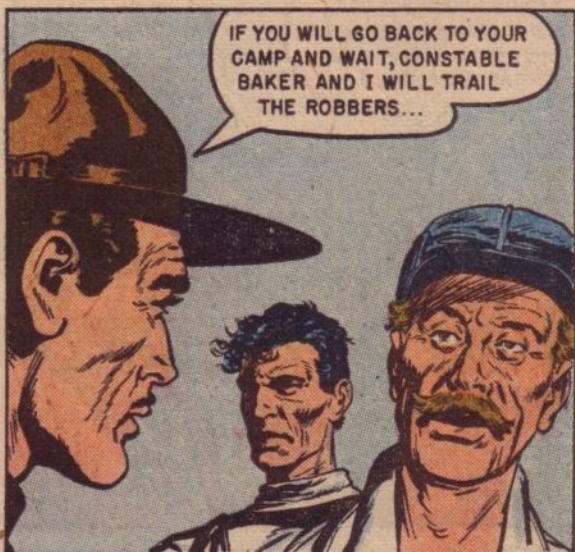


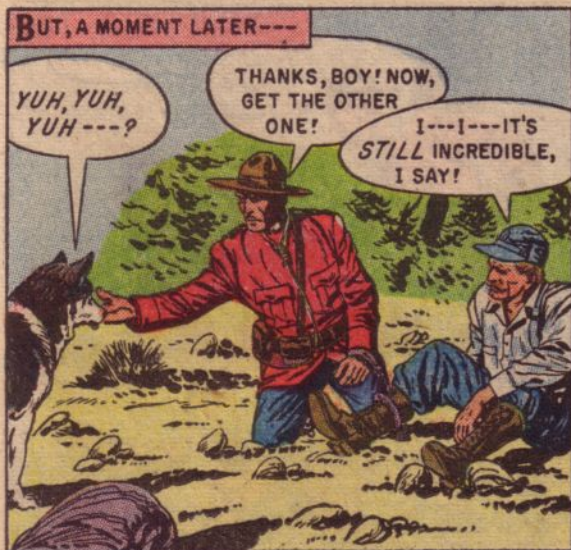
LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER---

A WOLF---

NO! IT'S A DOG!
A HUSKY! WE'RE
FOUND, EMMETT!

YARK-
YARK-
YARK!
AROOO!
YARK!









EXPERTLY, THE MOUNTIES DISARM THEIR MEN--- BUT TATUM, SEIZING HIS CHANCE, SCOOPS UP A FALLEN WEAPON.



WITH A YELL OF PAINED SURPRISE HE DROPS IT AGAIN---FEELING THE PINCH OF KING'S JAWS...



WE HAD HEARD YOU AND "MOOSE" TATUM WERE ROBBING GOLD MINERS UP THIS WAY---AND WE'D HAVE CAUGHT YOU SOONER OR LATER---IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN MIXED UP IN THIS CASE...





"A MANY SHOOT- GUN"

Iktuk, the Indian trapper, tested the ice on the river delicately with the tip of his right snowshoe. The spring thaws had set in and the snow around him was beginning to melt. His clumsy snowshoes permitted him to walk slowly across the wet, deep snow, but if the ice was too thin he would not be able to cross to the other side of the river to follow his trap line.

"Argggghh," he grunted, letting his weight fall on the snowshoe and listening for cracking ice. The stream was very deep in the middle and if he broke through there, he would be in great trouble. But he heard nothing, and he crossed to the other side safely.

As he mounted the opposite bank, he shifted his gun to his right hand and held it ready. It was old and a muzzle-loader—firing only one shot at a time. He looked at it with disgust and fingered the old-fashioned, curling hammer. "After this year's trapping," he thought, "I will buy a good gun—a many-shoot gun like the white man's."

But his thoughts were cut short when he saw the footprint of a great claw in the snow. "A bear!" he thought.

He moved carefully, hardly making a sound, until he came to his first trap. It was empty but it had been sprung. He could see that the bait was gone and that the jaws of the trap were tight together holding nothing.

For some reason, perhaps his ever-present woodsman's instinct prompted him, he glanced to the right and saw a great brown bear towering up out of the brush and watching him. The bear was standing erect on his hind legs, with his great clawed front feet dangling in front of his chest.

The Indian stood absolutely still, hoping

that the bear would drop back onto his forelegs and wander off. But the bear stood there calmly, watching the Indian.

Iktuk knew that the bear could move just as fast as he could. The awkward snowshoes slowed him down. He dared not fire a shot because his ancient muzzle loader might misfire and might not kill on the first shot. He knew that if he moved, the bear might leap for him. And yet—and yet, he could not stand there staring the bear in the face until the animal made up its mind. "The river," he thought—"the river will save me."

He whirled and floundered off through the snow toward the riverbank. It was only a few yards away and he was almost sure he could beat the bear to it. He heard an angry "woof" as the animal dropped to all fours and followed. He flung away the useless gun and ran as fast as he could on the snowshoes.

Only a second later, he heard the bear's great claws scrape against the brittle ice. He did not dare to look back. He reached the other side and was clawing his way up the opposite bank when he heard the crashing, splintering sound.

Then he looked back. The bear's brown head disappeared in a black, star-shaped patch of open water. The animal's great weight had accomplished what Iktuk had foreseen it would—the animal had broken through the melting ice. He watched calmly as the raging bear tried to climb out and the ice broke sharply under his heavy forefeet.

Calmly now, he went to his camp and cut down a tall sapling that grew near his cooking fire. As he cut away the small branches at its upper end, he smiled and thought, "Soon the ice will all be gone and then I will search for him with my pole on the river bottom." And he grinned broadly then, with his mouth and usually silent eyes, thinking how the bear's hide would help to pay the trader for what he wanted most of all—a many-shoot white man's gun.

Sergeant PRESTON

DOWN-RIVER ADVENTURE

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE RIVER, AND ITS SMALL SETTLEMENT, BRINGS SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS GREAT DOG, YUKON KING, TO A BRIEF HALT...

THERE'S LITTLE PORT, KING --- CONSTABLE REDMAN'S POST!

CRACK-
POP! CRACK!
POP! CR-RAK!

WE'LL LIE OVERNIGHT THERE, AND---HARK, KING! THAT'S--- GUNFIRE!

FAINTLY, FROM THE TOWN BELOW, RISE THE CRACK-ING REPORTS OF PISTOLS!

ON, KING! WE CAN'T GET DOWN THERE IN LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES---

CRACK!
BAMM!
CRACK!

YARK!

AT THAT MOMENT--- IN THE SETTLEMENT'S MAIN STREET---

HELP!
BANK ROBBERS--!

BANG!

HEARING THE FIRST SHOTS, YOUNG CONSTABLE REDMAN RACES FROM THE WATERFRONT TO THE MAIN STREET, JUST IN TIME—

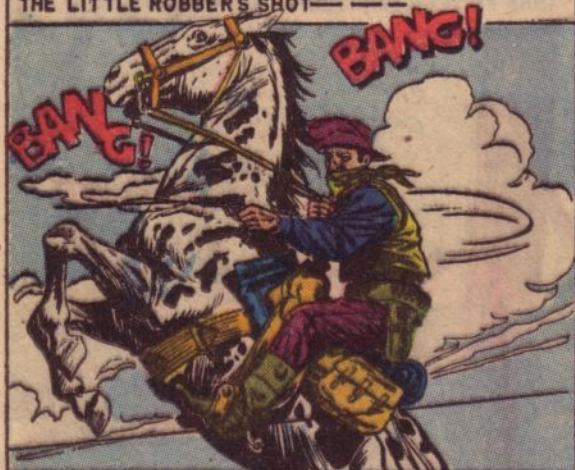
HALT---IN THE NAME OF THE QUEEN!



--- TO EXCHANGE SHOTS WITH THE MOUNTED ROBBERS...



A WHIRLING HORSE SWINGS ITS RIDER'S MONEY SACK INTO THE PATH OF REDMAN'S BULLET! BUT THE LITTLE ROBBER'S SHOT—



--- DOES NOT MISS!



GAMELY, THE CONSTABLE SCOOPS UP HIS FALLEN GUN IN HIS LEFT HAND—

I CAN STILL---
SHOOT---

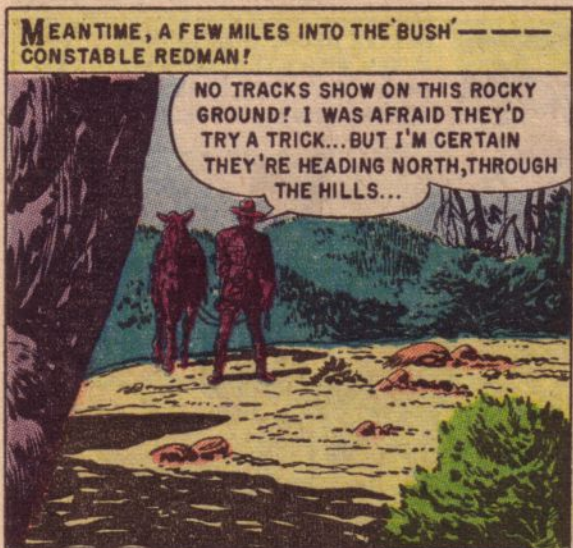


---BUT DISTANCE AND THE SHOCK OF HIS WOUND MAKE HIS FIRE INEFFECTIVE...











WHAT---? THAT'S
KING! THEN
PRESTON'S---

GRRR-
RRH!



SERGEANT PRESTON!
HOW DID YOU---?

REDMAN! KING'S
LEADING ME--- ON
THE TRAIL OF THE MEN
WHO SHOT YOU!



I WAS NEARING TOWN WHEN I HEARD THE
SHOOTING! LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT
THAT ARM, CONSTABLE!

BUT THAT WILL
DELAY US---



BETTER DELAY THAN TO LOSE
AN ARM WITH INFECTION! TAKE
OFF YOUR JACKET, CONSTABLE!
ORDERS! I HAVE A BANDAGE...



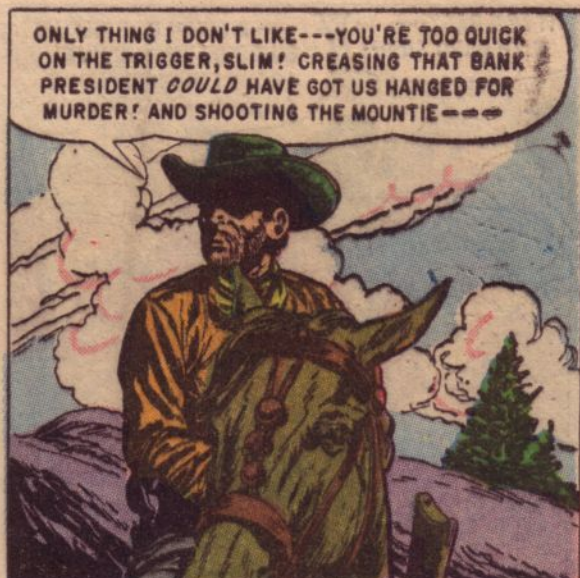
I'VE CLEANSED IT--- A CLEAN HOLE! YOU'LL BE
USING THAT ARM AGAIN IN TWO OR THREE WEEKS...
BUT YOU'D BETTER HEAD FOR THE POST NOW,
AND REST...

PLEASE, SERGEANT---
LET ME TAG ALONG
WITH YOU!



VERY WELL--- IF YOU WANT TO COME THAT MUCH!
I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE A FAIR LEFT-HANDED
SHOT!

I MISSED THOSE
ROBBERS IN TOWN!





IT IS A RAFT---
WITH OARS AND---

--- A COUPLE OF INDIANS
BUILDING IT! THEY'VE
ABOUT FINISHED! COME
ON, SAM--- COVER YOUR
FACE!



OKAY- DROP THOSE TOOLS!
AND TURN AROUND!

UGH! WHAT
YOU WANT?



NOW PUT YOUR HANDS
BEHIND YOUR BACKS!
WE'RE TAKING YOUR
RAFT!

YOU PAY-
UM US?



YEAH --- WITH THIS!

UGH!



NO KILLING, YOU SEE! JUST KNOCKING THEIR
HEADS AND USING OURS, SAM! HEH, HEH!



WE EVEN PAID 'EM FOR THE
RAFT---BY LEAVING OUR
HORSES! THEY GOT THE BEST
OF THE BARGAIN, MEBBE...

GRAB ONE OF
THOSE BIG STEER-
ING OARS, AND
STRAIGHTEN
HER OUT!

MEANWHILE, THE SERGEANT AND CONSTABLE REDMAN HAVE REACHED THE CREEK ON THE RIVER SIDE OF THE HILLS.

EEYUH!
YIP!

YOU'VE LOST THE SCENT, KING?
THE CROOKS MUST HAVE WADED
THEIR MOUNTS IN THIS STREAM.



YOU GUESS THAT THEY'LL
HEAD FOR THE RIVER,
PRESTON?

YES! THEY'LL BE
WANTING TO LEAVE
THE COUNTRY, THE
QUICKEST POSSIBLE
WAY, AND LEAVE NO
TRAIL!



AND SO, IN SHORT ORDER---

HELLO! WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

REDCOATS!
COME TOO
LATE!

UGH!



WE GET-UM
LUMPS?

WE LOSE-UM GOOD RAFT!
TWO WHITE MANS---
HIDE FACES---USE
GUNS!

WE'RE AFTER
THEM!



DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE
CAN GET A BOAT--- A
BATEAU--- TO FOLLOW
THOSE MEN?

UGH! WE GOT-UM
BATEAU---HIDE-UM
IN BUSH, CLOSE
BY!





BATEAU---
HERE! YOU
PAY-UM US?

YOU WILL BE PAID! IN THE
MEANTIME, YOU WILL KEEP THE
BADMEN'S HORSES---WHICH
ARE HIDDEN, BACK IN THE
BUSH...



AND TAKE CARE OF OUR
TWO HORSES---TILL WE
BRING THE BATEAU
BACK!

UGH!
GOOD!



THE SUN IS GOING DOWN, REDMAN!
BY THE TIME WE OVERTAKE RABAT
AND CARSON, IT WILL BE DUSK---

AND THEY WON'T SPOT
US SO QUICKLY!



SOME MILES DOWN-RIVER, THE STOLEN RAFT IS
ROUNDING A DIFFICULT BEND---

PULL HARD, SAM! NO---NO! YOU'LL
HAVE US SPINNING---LIKE A TOP!
DON'T PUSH---



--- AND THE STEERSMEN ARE ANYTHING BUT EXPERT!

SAM--- YOU
DUMB OX!

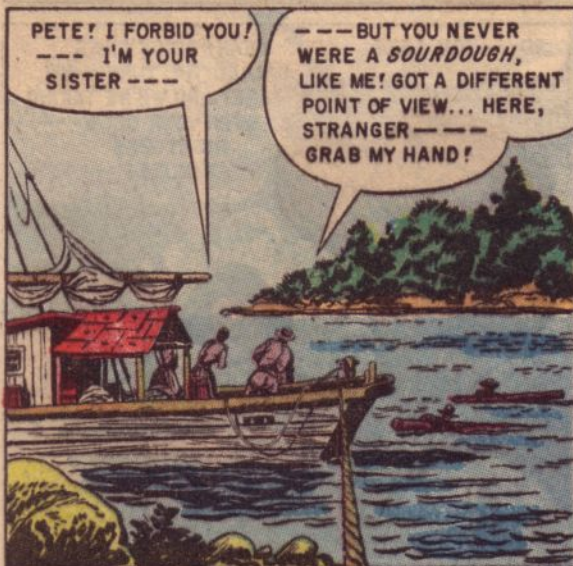
---UNHHHH!



WE'RE WRECKED!
GRAB YOUR
SADDLEBAGS!

I---
GOT 'EM!

SUDDENLY THE CLUMSY CRAFT HITS A GROUP OF
UPTHRUSTING ROCKS...





COME ABOARD, FRIEND!
HOPE THERE'S NOTHING
IN THOSE SADDLEBAGS
THAT WATER WILL HURT!
HOW COME YOU HAD
SADDLEBAGS ON A
RAFT?

BRRRRH! SWAPPED
OUR HORSES FOR
THE PESKY
THING!



G-GOT ANY D-DRY CLOTHES
WE COULD B-BORROW,
MISTER?

OKAY,
DAD---

SURE THING!
PAMMY--- GO DIG OUT
MY EXTRA CLOTHES AND
SOME DRY BLANKETS---



--- AND I'LL
DRY OUT THE THINGS
IN YOUR SADDLEBAGS
--- OHH!

LEAVE THOSE BAGS
ALONE!



HEY! YOU'VE GOT NO CALL TO BITE PAMMY'S
HEAD OFF! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS,
OLD MAN!



I CAN TELL YOU WHO HE IS! CONSTABLE REDMAN
TOLD US THERE WERE TWO OUTLAWS ON THE RIVER
--- AND THEY FIT THE DESCRIPTION! THEY'RE
SAM RABAT AND SLIM CARSON! I KNOW IT---



SO--- YOU ARE!

YEAH! SINCE SHE'S
CALLED THE TURN--- WE
ARE! AND WE'RE TAKING
OVER YOUR SCOW---
RIGHT THIS
MINUTE!

TWO HOURS LATER, AS THE NORTHERN DUSK DEEPENS ---

SERGEANT PRESTON!
THAT SCOW --- TIED UP
AHEAD OF US! IT LOOKS
LIKE PETE CHANCE'S BOAT!

UMMM! WE COULD
ASK HIM WHAT TIME
THE RAFT PASSED...



GRRRRR---
RRRRRR...

KING!
SOMETHING
WRONG--?



THERE *IS* SOMETHING WRONG,
BOY---OVER THERE!

GRRRH-!



RRRRRH---
RRRRR...

PETE CHANCE ---
AND PAMMY ---
AND ---



THERE'S SOMEONE
COMING --- FROM
THE CABIN! ON
GUARD, KING!



YEOW! A
MOUNTIE---

UP WITH YOUR HANDS
--- BOTH OF YOU!



BUT THE TWO OUTLAWS ACT ON A BITTER IMPULSE--

--- GET HIM,
SAM!



YUKON KING'S LEAP IS ALMOST AS SWIFT AS
PRESTON'S BULLET--- AND
AS EFFECTIVE!



KING! AT HIM!



COME ABOARD NOW, CONSTABLE
REDMAN --- AND CUT OUR
FRIENDS LOOSE! I'LL LOOK
FOR THE BANK LOOT...



--- AND HERE IT IS--- SPILLED AS THEY WERE
DIVIDING IT! THANKS TO YOUR HELP, KING, PARTNER
---WE CAN CALL THIS
CASE CLOSED!



A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

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