

DELL

FEB.-APRIL 10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



Out of the lore of the Northland comes the strange story of "How Sergeant Preston Found Yukon King"!



sourdough

A "sourdough" prospector or trapper of the Yukon carries his namesake—a lump of sour dough—in his pocket or in some other handy container, when he is on the move. For this kind of transportation, the yeasty stuff is often mixed with flour to the stiffness of putty. In a pocket it may keep company with matches, rock specimens, thread and needle, a toothbrush and rifle cartridges. Any or all of these articles may become mixed up with it—or in the bannock bread which the "sourdough" camper bakes.



Sergeant PRESTON

HOW HE FOUND YUKON KING

HELP!

ONE DAY, WHEN PRESTON, STILL A CONSTABLE, WAS ON A ROUTINE PATROL, A DISTANT WAIL DREW HIM OFF THE TRAIL...

THAT SOUND I'VE BEEN HEARING --- IT'S SOMEONE CALLING FOR HELP!



WHOA, YOU HUSKIES! --- IT'S A MAN... UP A TREE! AND THERE'S SOMETHING BELOW...

IT'S A BEAR! HE'S GOT DAVE MATTHEWS TREED!

CLINGING WITH NUMBED HANDS TO HIS WINDY PERCH, THE TREED MAN RAISES HIS VOICE AGAIN IN A HOPELESS CALL.

HELP!

I'LL GET AS NEAR AS I CAN BEFORE THAT BEAR SEES ME! CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS A VITAL SHOT WITH THIS .30-30!

WITH A RIFLE TOO LIGHT FOR THE HUGE GAME, PRESTON CLOSELY FIGURES HIS CHANCES.



AGAIN AND AGAIN, PRESTON FIRES, WITH LITTLE EFFECT!
THE BEAR COMES AT HIM, A HALF TON OF RAGE AND
DESTRUCTION...



TO APPEARANCE, PRESTON'S RIFLE MIGHT
AS WELL HAVE BEEN A PEASHOOTER!
THE GREAT BULK REARS UP ———



—— AND
KNOCKS THE
.30-30 FROM
THE MOUNTIE'S
HANDS!



AT THAT INSTANT, THE HUSKY'S JAWS CLOSE ON THE
BEAR'S HAUNCH! THE BRUTE HALF TURNS ———



—— AND LANDS A
MIGHTY BLOW!



DONE FOR! THOSE
RIFLE BULLETS
DID TAKE EFFECT---









HE COULD BE STILL ALIVE, PRESTON! SEE! HE WENT THIS WAY---

MORE TRACKS AHEAD, JED!



A WOLF! IT GRABBED THE PUPPY---HERE! THAT'S THE END OF HIS TRAIL, JED!

YEAH! TOO BAD! LOOK--- THAT KILLER HAS A CRIPPLED FOOT! THREE TOES!



A THREE-TOED WOLF! I'LL REMEMBER THAT TRACK! MAYBE, SOME TIME, I'LL MEET THAT WOLF!



SIX WEEKS LATER, ON A RETURN FROM SELKIRK---

THERE'S ANDRÉ DUPRÉ! I KNOW HIS TEAM...



GOOD LUCK ON YOUR TRAP LINES, ANDRÉ?

NON! FOR LAST THREE MONTHS AN OL'SHE-WOLF ROB MY TRAPS, M'SIEU PRESTON! SHE HAVE THREE TOES---AN' A PUP!



A THREE-TOED WOLF? AND A PUP? HOW OLD?

THE WOLF PUPPY? MEBBE THREE MONTH OLD! I SEE HIS TRACK JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO, M'SIEU!







YES! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

BUT WILL HE FIGHT YOU WHEN HE WAKES UP?



NO, ANDRÉ, HE WON'T FIGHT ME! SEE -- I'M RUBBING MY HANDS THROUGH HIS FOSTER-MOTHER'S FUR! HE'LL RECOGNIZE HER SCENT ON THEM... AND SO WE'LL GET ACQUAINTED!



THAT THREE TOES, SHE FIGHT GOOD! AND THIS PUPPY, TOO! I THINK THESE LYNX, THEY FIND PUPPY ALONE IN DEN--- BUT HE HOLD THEM OFF TILL MAMA WOLF COME HOME!



SEE, ANDRÉ! HE'S WAKING UP! HE STILL SMELLS LYNX! BUT HE'S NOT AFRAID---

EEYUH--
UH-HUH?
GRRRRR...



HO! HE LICK YOUR HAND, PRESTON! YOU HAVE THE WOLF SMELL!

---AND THE HUMAN SMELL! HE REMEMBERS DAVE'S KINDNESS! OH, WHAT A DOG YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE, FELLOW!



I'M GOING TO CALL YOU YUKON KING! I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT GOOD MEN, AND HATE EVIL ONES! TO CAPTAIN A TEAM---PULL YOUR WEIGHT--- LEARN SELF-CONTROL--- AND BE MY PARTNER! WHAT DO YOU SAY, KING?

HAHRR-
ARRR!
YARP!

Sergeant PRESTON

THE ICE JAM





THERE'S SMITH'S PROSPECT HOLE, SERGEANT! IT WILL BE A LOT DEEPER WHEN I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO REALLY WORK IT!

HMMMM...



HERE'S WHERE I'VE BEEN DIGGING --- JUST A FEW PANS I THAWED OUT WITH FIRE! THE PAST FEW WARM DAYS HAVE THAWED A LOT MORE... WANT TO TRY IT?

ALL RIGHT!



HERE'S "COLOR" ALL RIGHT! PLENTY OF "COLOR" IN THIS SAND!

IT'S RICHER THAN EVEN MR. SMITH LED ME TO BELIEVE!



THE STRANGE THING IS THAT I HAVE NEVER SEEN GOLD DUST OF THIS COLOR AND COARSENESS IN THIS PART OF THE YUKON!



I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT THE DIRT FROM THE REST OF THE PROSPECT HOLE SHOWS!

SO WOULD I, SERGEANT! IT MIGHT EVEN BE RICHER!



NOT A SIGN OF GOLD ANYWHERE ELSE! JUST IN THE SPOT WHERE YOU FIRST DUG, REDMOND...

MAYBE--- (GULP!)--- MAYBE IT'S JUST A RICH POCKET WE'VE STRUCK! BUT EVEN SO...

AFTER TAKING SEVERAL SAMPLES, SERGEANT PRESTON HAS DISAPPOINTING NEWS FOR YOUNG REDMOND...





SERGEANT PRESTON! ISN'T THERE---SOMETHING THAT WE CAN DO TO GET OUR MONEY BACK?

I'VE BEEN WONDERING...



MARTIN WAS MAKING A REAL RECOVERY FROM HIS LUNG TROUBLE ---BUT THIS DISCOURAGEMENT WILL SET HIM BACK, TERRIBLY! IT MIGHT EVEN KILL HIM...

I CAN SEE THAT, MRS. REDMOND!



TELL ME --HOW LONG HAS THIS "MR. SMITH" WHO SOLD YOU THE CLAIM BEEN GONE? AND WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

HE WAS A SHORT CHUNKY MAN, WITH A SLIGHT LIMP --- HIS LEFT LEG SEEMED TOO SHORT! HE LEFT THREE DAYS AGO, WITH HIS DOG TEAM...



UMMMM! "SHORTY" GARR IS HIS REAL NAME! A NOTORIOUS CROOK! PROBABLY HEADED FOR DAWSON TO BLOW IN SOME OF HIS--- YOUR--- MONEY, MRS. REDMOND!



BUT THIS SUDDEN THAW WILL HOLD HIM UP, TOO! HE CAN'T TRAVEL TILL THE RIVER ICE BREAKS UP, AND HE CAN GET HOLD OF A BOAT...

WE'VE GOT A BOAT, SERGEANT PRESTON--- OR RATHER, A CANOE!



BUT YOU CAN'T USE A BOAT, EITHER---UNTIL THE ICE GOES OUT!

I MIGHT! WATER'S FLOWING NEAR SHORE!

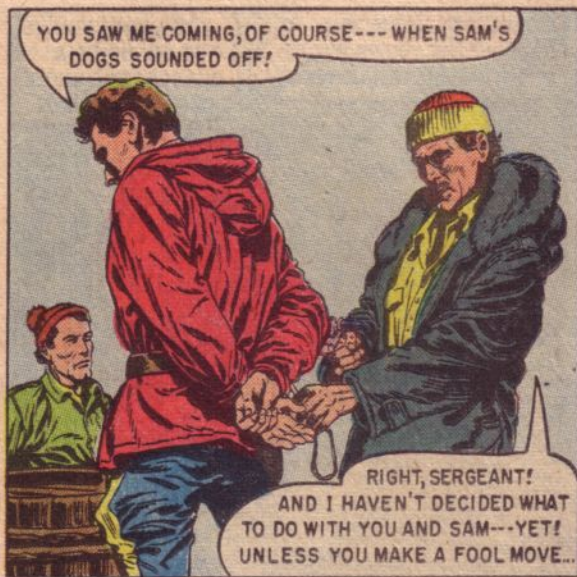






---OH! YOU, CARR!
WHERE ARE YOUR
DOGS?

LOST 'EM,
CROSSING THE
RIVER, PRESTON!
MAYBE THAT'S WHERE YOU WILL END UP, TOO...
NOW, UP WITH YOUR HANDS!

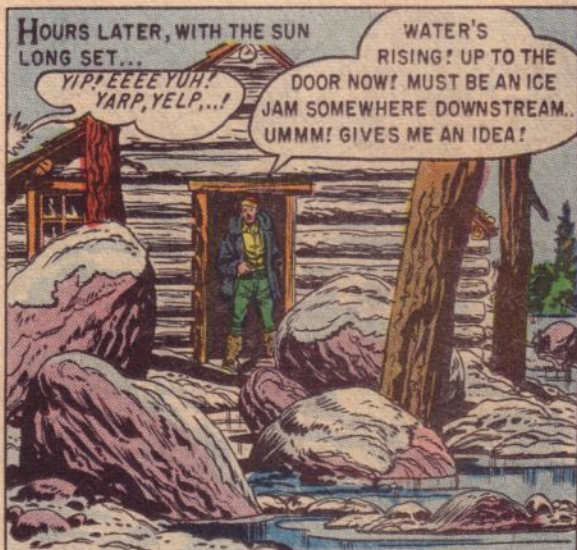


YOU SAW ME COMING, OF COURSE--- WHEN SAM'S
DOGS SOUNDED OFF!

RIGHT, SERGEANT!
AND I HAVEN'T DECIDED WHAT
TO DO WITH YOU AND SAM---YET!
UNLESS YOU MAKE A FOOL MOVE...



THERE'S A CANOE IN THE LEAN-
TO, BACK OF THE CABIN, WITH
SAM'S WINTER CATCH OF FURS!
I'M TAKING THAT, AS SOON
AS THE RIVER'S CLEAR
OF ICE... BUT LEAVING
YOU BEHIND IS RISKY!



HOURS LATER, WITH THE SUN
LONG SET...

YIP! EEEE YUH!
YARP, YELP, ...!

WATER'S
RISING! UP TO THE
DOOR NOW! MUST BE AN ICE
JAM SOMEWHERE DOWNSTREAM..
UMMM! GIVES ME AN IDEA!



YOU'D BETTER UNCHAIN SAM'S DOGS AND LET
THEM SWIM TO SAFETY, IF THE WATER'S
RISING THAT FAST, CARR...

I WOULDN'T LIFT A FINGER FOR
'EM, PRESTON! BUT I'VE GOT AN
IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!



YOU TWO ARE GOING TO TAKE A WALK---
AS LONG AS YOU CAN WALK! THEN
YOU CAN TRY SWIMMING---
HEH, HEH, HEH?



NOW, KEEP GOING! IF YOU STOP BEFORE YOU'RE OUT OF SHOOTING RANGE, I'LL SHOOT!

YOU LOON! YOU'RE NOT GIVING US A CHANCE! THE WHOLE BUSH IS FLOODED!



YI, YI! YAROOOOO!
YOWP!

CARR! IF YOU'VE GOT A SPECK OF HUMANITY---
UNCHAIN MY DOGS!
THEY'LL DROWN!

COME ON,
SAM!



UNHH--ICE!

SAM! KEEP YOUR MIND ON WALKING BACKWARDS! WE'LL BE OUT OF RANGE OF HIS PISTOL BEFORE WE'RE NECK-DEEP!



KEEP GOING! I CAN STILL SINK YOU IF I WANT TO!

ANY DEEPER AND WE'LL DROWN, PRESTON! WHAT'S THE USE, ANY-HOW---



THE WATER WILL GET SHALLOWER FROM NOW ON, SAM! AND I'VE GOT A CANOE TIED UP IN THE BUSH! A LITTLE FURTHER...

A CANOE? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE, SERGEANT?



BUT---HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET INTO THE CANOE ---TIED UP LIKE THIS?

WE WON'T BE TIED UP LONG...KING! COME HERE, BOY! AND BE QUIET!

EEYUH!

WITH A SHORT WHIMPER OF JOY, KING PLUNGES OVER THE SIDE...



ROPES, KING! GET OUR HANDS LOOSE ---AS YOU'VE BEEN TAUGHT!

PRESTON! CAN HE DO IT? REALLY?



THAT DOG'S SURE TRYING--- BUT HE HASN'T GOT ROOM TO WORK, PRESTON!

HE'S MAKING PROGRESS! I FELT SOMETHING GIVE, SAM!



THERE!

ONE HAND'S FREE! GOOD BOY, KING!--- I'VE GOT A POCKET KNIFE THAT CARR DIDN'T LOOK FOR...



NOW YOU'RE FREE, SAM! CRAWL INTO THE CANOE, AND CHANGE TO THE DRY UNDERWEAR OF MINE YOU'LL FIND IN AN OILED SACK... DRY CLOTHES---WOW! BUT WHAT'LL YOU DO, PRESTON?

DRY PANTS, TOO, AND A SWEATER...



KING AND I ARE GOING BACK--- TO GET SHORTY! AS SOON AS YOU'VE CHANGED, PADDLE OVER TOWARD THE CABIN, SAM! THERE'S A RIFLE, IF YOU SHOULD NEED IT!

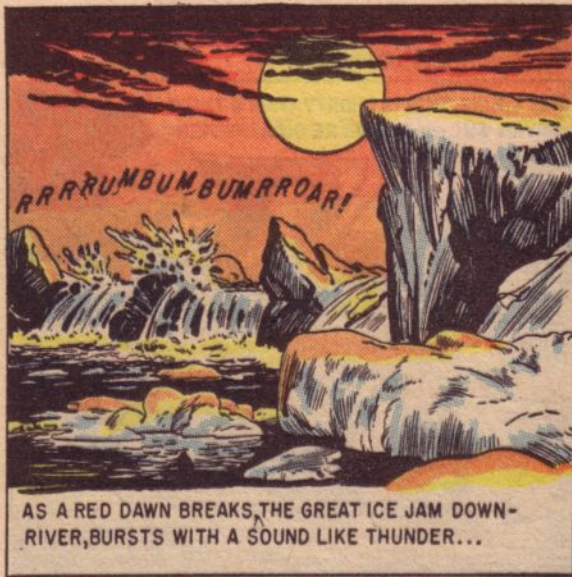
BUT YOU'RE UNARMED, PRESTON!











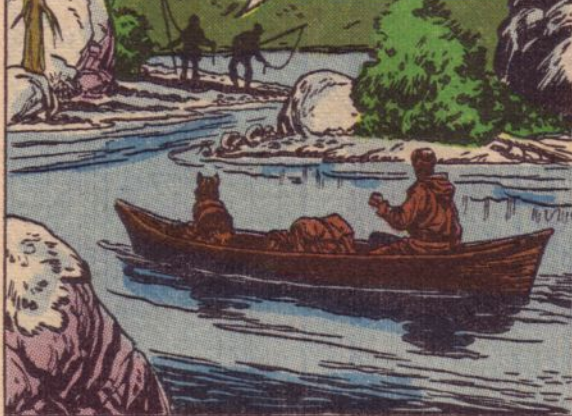
A WEEK LATER LEAVING SAM WICKERT'S CABIN,
PRESTON HEADS UPRIVER...

WELL, KING, THIS IS SHORTY CARR'S THIRD
DAY IN JAIL---AND WE'RE ON A HAPPIER
ERRAND NOW...



AROUND THE LAST BEND, HE SIGHTS THE REDMONDS
---FISHING!

MARTIN--- LOOK! THAT RED COAT!
SERGEANT PRESTON!



WELL, REDMOND---
I BROUGHT BACK
YOUR FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

YOU---
YOU DID?

OH, H,
MARTIN!
HOW
WONDERFUL!



YOUR "MR. SMITH", OR SHORTY CARR,
SOLD YOU A WORTHLESS CLAIM HE
HADN'T EVEN RECORDED! PLAIN
THEFT! SO THERE IS NO RED
TAPE NEEDED TO RETURN THE
MONEY TO YOU!

NO RED
TAPE ---
BUT YOU HAVE
NOT MENTIONED
THE RISKS YOU
TOOK, SERGEANT!



THAT'S OUR BUSINESS --- TO TAKE RISKS IN THE LINE
OF DUTY, EH, KING?

HAHRRR...
YIP!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO TAKE RISKS
BECAUSE OF MY FOOLISHNESS
AGAIN, SERGEANT PRESTON! I'M
GOING TO BANK THIS MONEY---
AND WORK A RICH LITTLE PLACE
I DISCOVERED MYSELF, TWO
DAYS AGO!

FINE,
REDMOND!
AND WITH THAT,
WE'LL CALL
THIS CASE
CLOSED!



the ICE SHIP

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Arnuk, the Eskimo hunter, poised over the seal's air hole in the middle of a flat expanse of ice and waited patiently for the seal to come up for air.

At last, he saw a grey shadow appear in the water underneath the hole and his harpoon plunged downward as strongly as both his short, stout arms could drive it.

"Agh," he grunted in satisfaction, "tonight there will be much meat for us."

But, in that instant, he felt a dull trembling crack in the ice under his feet and even before he looked up he knew what had happened. The stretch of ice on which he was standing had cracked away from the great expanse behind him. Now he floated swiftly out to sea—toward the bitter North Pole where no man lives.

He looked back toward the land with one glance of agony and then bent again to his work. There was no way to return except across that ever-widening stretch of calm, blue-black water. His igloo lay there, his wife and waiting children. There was no help for it—he had to work fast. Though a strong wind was blowing out of the north, some ocean current in the water was carrying his small ice floe, along with several others, away from the shore ice at a rapid speed. If only . . . if only. . . . But there was no time to think of that. The ice floe was a scant fifteen feet across and soon it might break up into smaller pieces.

Only crying sea birds could see him as he used his wide-bladed knife to chop away at the edge of the seal's blow hole until it was large enough to pass the seal's body. He braced his feet and gave a mighty heave that drew the seal slithering onto the ice. He was lucky—the seal was over six feet long, an exceptionally large one. He set to work

again with his knife while the sea wind blew from the north.

Ismita, Arnuk's wife, stood on the shore and watched the grey-black water between her and the few pieces of floe ice that were already at least a mile out to sea. She had heard the ice break up and had come down to the shore filled with fear for Arnuk. And she had been right—he could only be far out there on the Arctic Ocean. She thought she could even see a black spot on one of the ice floes.

She could not believe her eyes! One ice floe detached itself from the others and began to move toward her. While all the others went on with the ocean current, one began to move against it. And surely—surely there was a brown spot on the ice floe that vibrated in the steadily freshening north wind.

Several hours later she still squatted there on the snow-covered ice but her eyes were smiling even though her brown Eskimo face was as stern as ever.

Before her, on the open water of the ice-ringed bay, was a tiny ship. It had a mast—Arnuk's harpoon shaft, and a sail—the fresh skin of a big seal, and a hull—a small ice floe. The only passenger was Arnuk who sat holding the mast upright with his stiffened, cold-deadened arms. Since the wind was right behind him, he had no need for a rudder and though the ice ship moved slowly against the ocean current, there was just enough wind to drive it forward toward the shore.

At last it touched the shore ice and she rushed forward to greet him.

"I am glad," she said, and helped him to step ashore.

"It is good," he said, taking care that the ice floe did not get away from him.

Working silently, they took the seal's meat from the ice floe and the big skin and the harpoon.

Immediately, the ice floe started to drift again—straight out to sea where Arnuk might have gone if he had not been the Eskimo hunter that he was.

GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK

IN HER SNUG DEN ON THE NORTH-EAST SIDE OF THE SNOW-CAPPED OGILVIE RANGE, THE YOUNG SHE-WOLF, NEETKA, LAY WATCHING HER THREE-WEEKS-OLD PUPS... ONE WAS HER FAVORITE...



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HE WAS THE BIGGEST OF THE LOT --- AND BY FAR THE MOST EAGER FOR FOOD OR FIGHT! HIS WOOLLY GRAY COAT WAS DARKER ON THE SADDLE, WITH NO BROWN SHADINGS... "GRAY BROTHER," NEETKA CALLED HIM IN HER THOUGHTS.



A WHINE FROM OUTSIDE BROUGHT NEETKA TO THE MOUTH OF THE DEN.

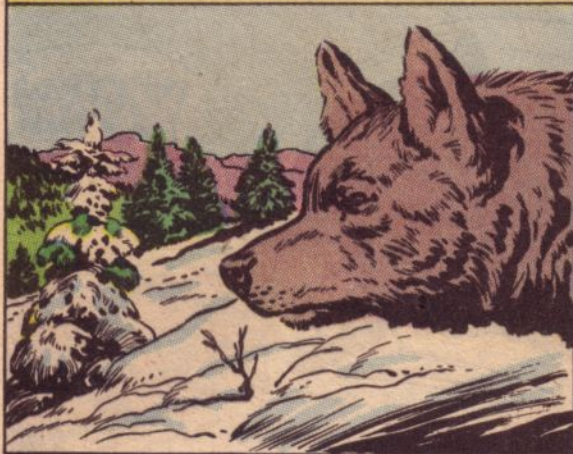


IT WAS KOBUK, HER MATE --- A GREAT BLACK WOLF FROM THE NORTHERN TUNDRAS! HE HAD BROUGHT HER TWO SNOWSHOE RABBITS!



KOBUK WAITED UNTIL HIS MATE HAD PICKED UP HIS PRESENT --- THEN TROTTED AWAY TO HUNT FOR HIMSELF.

NEETKA ATE ONE OF THE RABBITS IN ALMOST LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL... THEN SHE GAZED FOR A LONG MOMENT OUT OVER THE VALLEY, STILL LOCKED IN WINTER'S ICE.



WITH THE SECOND RABBIT IN HER MOUTH, SHE RE-ENTERED THE DEN, TO BE GREETED BY GRAY BROTHER'S FEROCIOUS LITTLE GROWLS.



SUDDENLY THE THREE-WEEKS-OLD PUP HURLED HIMSELF AT THE RABBIT'S TRAILING FEET!



HE WAS STILL EXAMINING THE RABBIT WHEN HIS LESS AMBITIOUS BROTHERS AND SISTERS WERE BEING NURSED TO SLEEP! NEETKA'S EYES GLOWED WITH PRIDE IN HIM!

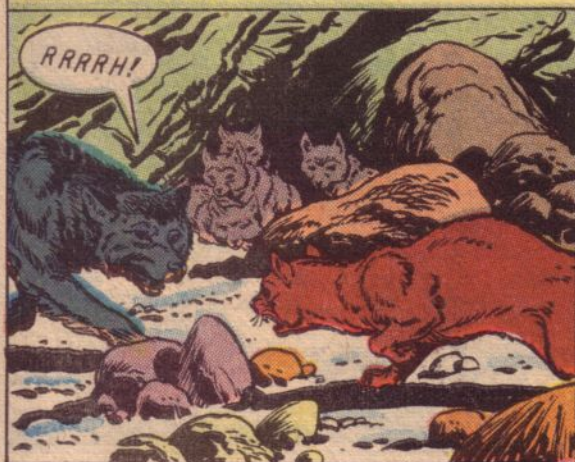


ONE AFTERNOON, A FEW WEEKS LATER, WHILE NEETKA WAS ABSENT ON A BRIEF HUNT, A WEASEL PAUSED OUTSIDE THE PUPS' DEN! FOR A MINUTE HE HESITATED, BETWEEN HUNGER AND CAUTION...



THEN, SENSING THAT THE SHE-WOLF WAS AWAY, HE ENTERED SWIFTLY—— HIS BEADY EYES GLITTERING!

LIKE HIS BIG COUSIN, THE WOLVERINE, THE WEASEL IS IN THE HABIT OF ATTACKING ANIMALS MANY TIMES HIS WEIGHT--- SO GRAY BROTHER'S BABY DEFIANCE MEANT NOTHING TO THE MARAUDER!



BUT INSTEAD OF CRINGING, THE PUP MET THE WEASEL'S LEAP HALFWAY--- WITH AMAZING COURAGE!



THE FIGHT WAS BRIEF! GRAY BROTHER, BATTLING TO PROTECT HIS SMALLER BROTHERS, QUICKLY DOWNED HIS RAUCOUS ENEMY--- AT THE EXPENSE OF A SLIGHTLY TORN EAR!



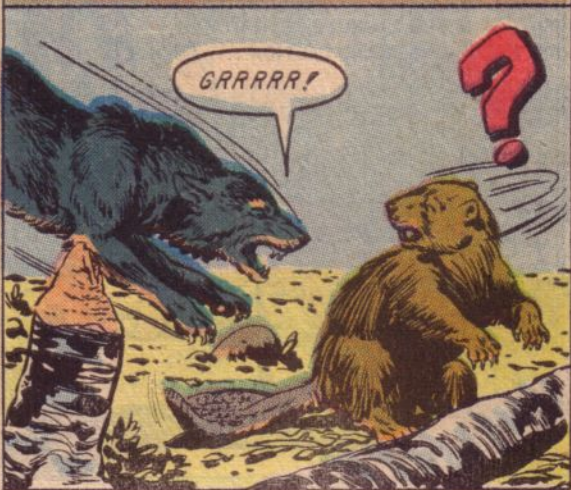
AS HER PUPS GREW MORE ACTIVE, NEETKA TOOK THEM OUT HUNTING GROUSE... IT WAS QUITE EXCITING FOR HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS--- BUT GRAY BROTHER WAS SOON BORED.

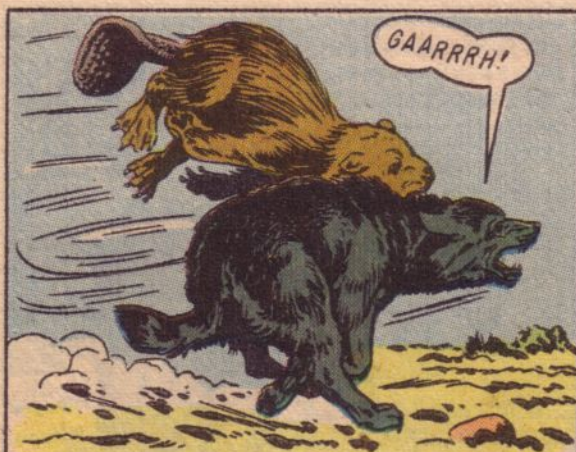


HE STRUCK OUT ON HIS OWN, ONE DAY---TOWARD THE SOUND OF STRONG TEETH CUTTING WOOD! THE BIG BOAR BEAVER LOOKED LIKE INTERESTING GAME TO GRAY BROTHER.



HE MADE A GOOD STALK--- AND RUSHED THE BIG RODENT OFF ITS FEET.





IN THE CLINCH, THE BEAVER NIPPED THE LOOSE SKIN OF GRAY BROTHER'S NECK.



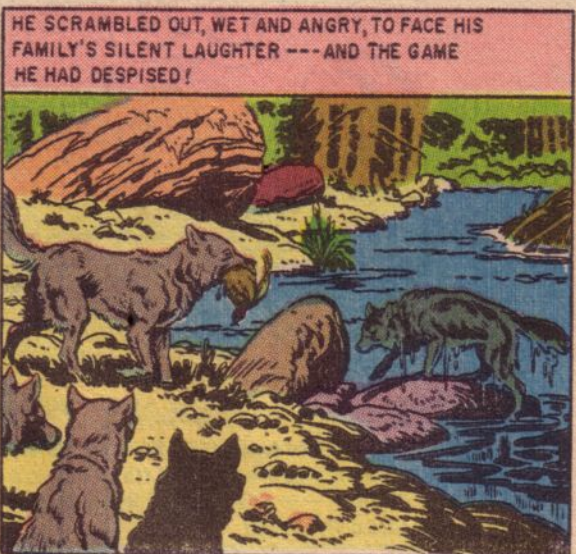
WARNED WHAT THOSE PUNISHING BEAVER TEETH COULD DO, THE PUP BROKE AWAY, AND CLIMBED THE OLD BOAR'S BACK! THE BEAVER HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE POND---



--- AND DIVED DEEP! GRAY BROTHER WENT UNDER...



--- AND CAME UP, HALF CHOKED WITH WATER! HE HAD LEARNED A LOT ABOUT BEAVERS IN JUST HALF A MINUTE.



HE SCRAMBLED OUT, WET AND ANGRY, TO FACE HIS FAMILY'S SILENT LAUGHTER --- AND THE GAME HE HAD DESPISED!



THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER AND FALL, GRAY BROTHER OUTGREW HIS BROTHERS --- YET, BY THE TIME WINTER GRIPPED THE VALLEY AGAIN, ALL WERE READY TO JOIN THE PACK WHICH KOBUK LED ---

BY THE BEGINNING OF HIS THIRD WINTER, GRAY BROTHER WAS WITHIN FORTY POUNDS OF HIS GREAT SIRE'S WEIGHT --- FAR BIGGER THAN THE AVERAGE TIMBER WOLF, AND WELL FED...



BUT IN JANUARY, DEEP, DRY SNOW SLOWED THE PACK'S HUNTING SPEED... THE LONGER LEGGED CARIBOU ---



... MOOSE AND EVEN DEER, KEPT EASILY AHEAD OF THEM! HUNGER WAS PINCHING THE FLANKS OF EVERY WOLF.

THEY CAUGHT THE SCENT OF A GRIZZLY BEAR'S FRESH KILL! WHEN THEY CAME IN SIGHT, THE BEAR REARED UP, SNARLING ANGRILY! IT WAS A CASE OF FIGHT OR STARVE! GREAT BLACK KOBUK SPRANG FIRST --- TO DRAW THE BEAR'S ATTENTION AND GIVE THE PACK ITS CHANCE --- BUT A MIGHTY PAW SWEEPED OUT---



BUT NOTHING IN THE NORTH CAN MATCH THE STRENGTH OF A BIG GRIZZLY! SLIM NEETKA WENT FLYING FROM THOSE MIGHTY PAWS --- EVEN AS HER SON, GRAY BROTHER, FOLLOWED THROUGH!

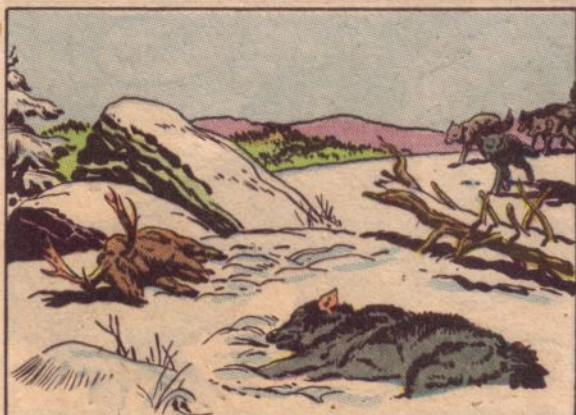
--- AND NEETKA, HIS MATE, LEAPED TO HIS RESCUE!

REACHING FOR GRAY BROTHER, THE BEAR EXPOSED HIS HINDQUARTERS TO ATTACK BY THE REST! IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS NERVES...

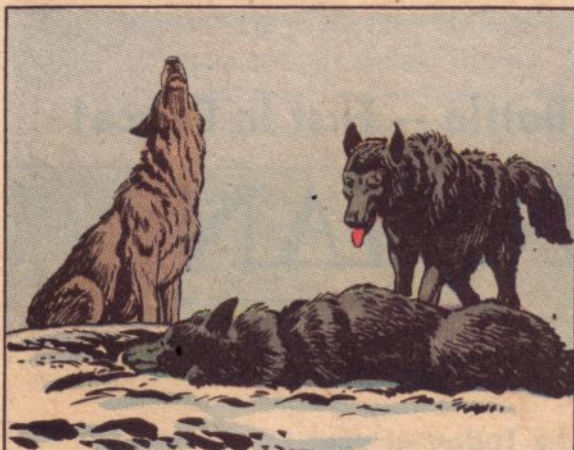


GRUMBLING AND SNARLING, HE MADE FOR A BIG ROCK, SOME FIFTY YARDS DISTANT, WHERE HE COULD PROTECT HIS BACK.

THERE HE REARED UP, CHALLENGING — — —



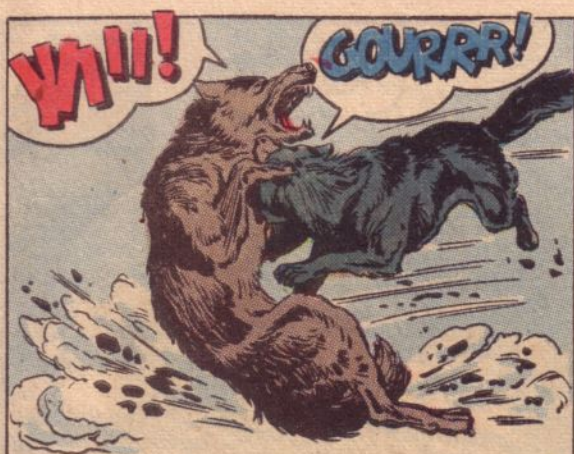
... BUT THE PACK WAS NO LONGER INTERESTED IN HIM! HUNGER CALLED THEM TO THE FRESHLY-KILLED CARIBOU MEAT THE GRIZZLY HAD ABANDONED!



ONLY NEETKA AND GRAY BROTHER PAUSED BESIDE KOBUK'S STILL FORM — — — THE SHE-WOLF'S LONELY WAIL VOICING HER GRIEF!



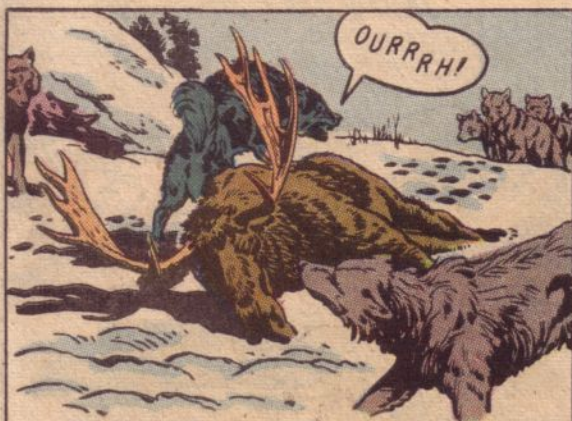
A SNARL OF CHALLENGE DREW GRAY BROTHER'S GAZE TO THE PACK! CHAKO, KOBUK'S RIVAL FOR LEADERSHIP, WAS CLAIMING THE KILL!



SUDDEN RAGE FLAMED IN GRAY BROTHER!
LIKE A LIVING THUNDERBOLT HE KNOCKED
CHAKO SPINNING.



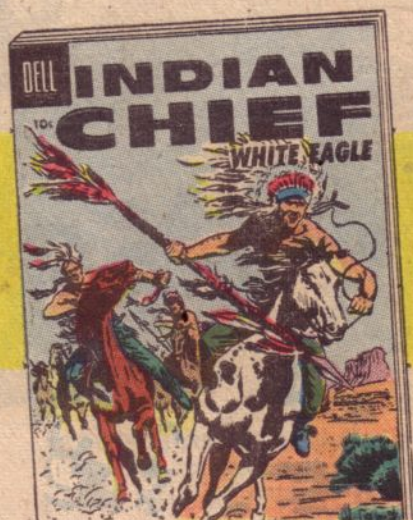
SHOCKED BY THE YOUNG WOLF'S WEIGHT AND
FURY, CHAKO, VETERAN OF MANY FIGHTS, TURNED
TAIL IN YELPING FLIGHT!



PROUDLY THE SON OF KOBUK RETURNED TO THE KILL!
FROM DEEP IN HIS THROAT ROLLED THE CHALLENGE
TO DISPUTE HIS PLACE, AND NONE REPLIED!



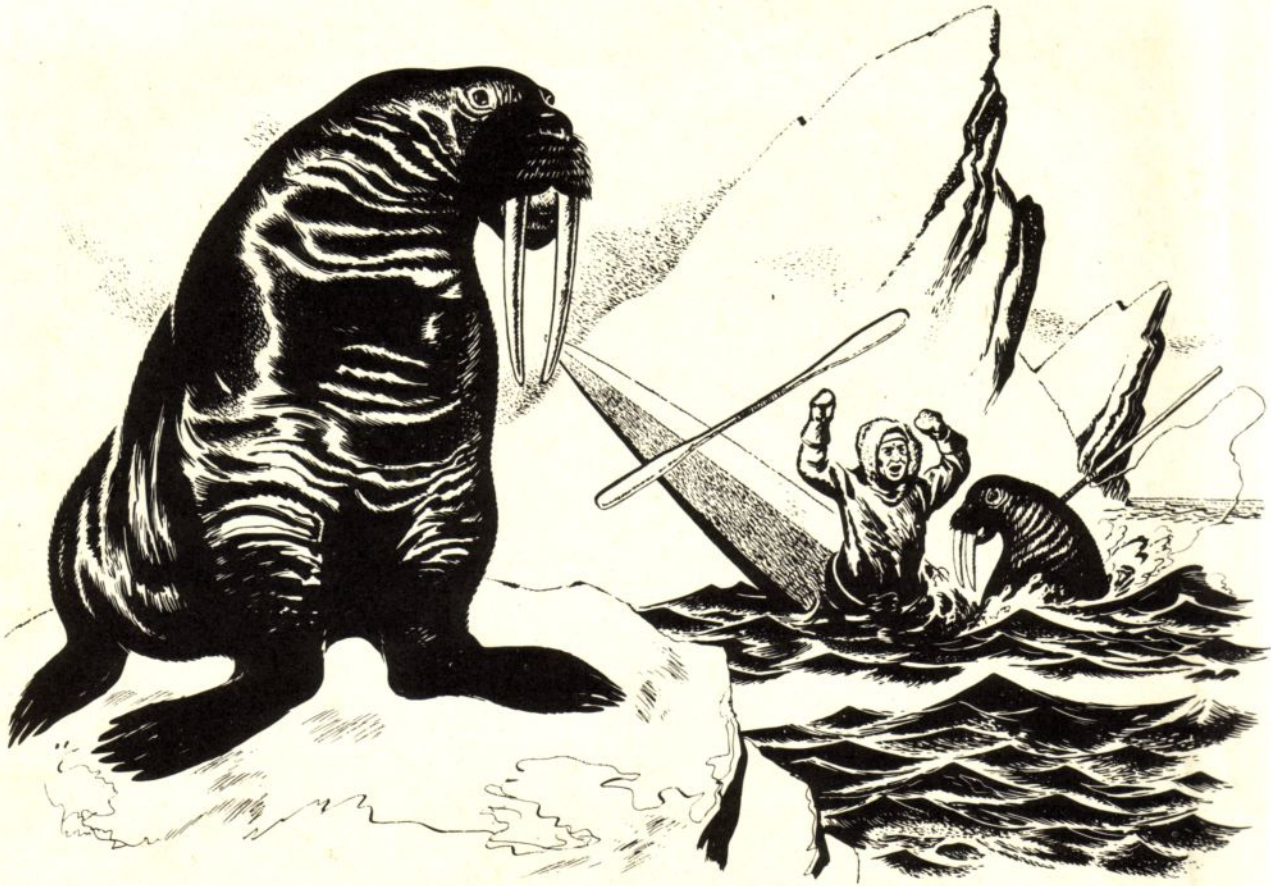
ONLY NEETKA, HIS MOTHER, MOVED CLOSE TO TAKE
THE FIRST BITE OF LIFE-GIVING FOOD! FOR THE
NEW LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK --- GRAY WOLF
--- WAS STILL HER SON!



First In Battle -- First In Peace!

INDIAN CHIEF

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WALRUS HUNTING

In the old days, before Eskimos were able to get rifles, the taking of even one walrus was a task for a hero, because the walrus is an animal who fights back. A wounded one can be as dangerous in the water as a polar bear is on the ice. A ton of fighting fury, with tusks twelve to eighteen inches long, a thick, tough hide, and a tiny brain—a bull walrus has taken the life of many an Eskimo.

But nowadays the Eskimo hunters go out in a big motor boat, armed with rifles, and plan to come back loaded with walrus meat. Their method is to locate a herd of walrus on a floating "ice pan" by the grunting and roaring of the bulls. This sound can be heard for miles. The next and more difficult job is to get within rifle range unseen—or else the walruses may dive.

Landing on the ice pan may be the best way to approach one herd. Gliding up in the boat may be best for another. Suddenly the .30-06 rifles crash in a steady, rolling fire. The surviving walruses plunge to safety in the sea. . . . And that night the loaded boats chug back to the village, rich in meat, hides and ivory! Without meat, the Eskimo would starve. Without ivory to carve and sell, he would have no money; and without the walrus hides, he would have no boats to hunt in.

BOUND AND LOCKED IN A LOG STOREROOM BY THE THIEVES HE HAS TRAILED, PRESTON CUTS HIS COMPANION, "TWO-GUN", AN HONEST MINER, LOOSE WITH A CHANCE-FOUND KNIFE.



Sergeant PRESTON

OF THE YUKON - CASE HISTORIES

Man Without a Gun

MOMENTS LATER — — —

IF ONLY I HAD A GUN, I COULD SHOOT OFF THE LOCK — — —



BE QUIET, TWO-GUN! SOMEBODY'S COMING! I HEAR STEPS — — —



GREAT WORK, SERGEANT! WE'VE GOT A GUN APIECE! NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER TWO CROOKS IN MY CABIN...



AND, JUST THREE MINUTES AFTERWARD — — —

TWO GUN! HOW DID YOU — — — (GULP — — —) GET OUT?

NEVER MIND HOW! BUT I LEARNED THIS --- A GUN NEVER TAKES THE PLACE OF BRAINS AND GRIT!



AND IN ONE MORE MINUTE THIS CASE WILL BE CLOSED!

A PLEDGE **DELL COMIC** TO PARENTS

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