

DELL

MAY-JUL

# Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





# Another Outstanding Award for Dell Comics



FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO YOUTH



## CITATION

AWARDED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.  
PRESIDENT OF DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.  
PUBLISHERS OF DELL COMICS

FOR HIS SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL  
AND FOR HIS CONTINUING EFFORTS IN BEHALF  
OF THE BETTERMENT OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

*Lucas V. Beau*

MAJOR GENERAL LUCAS V. BEAU, USAF  
NATIONAL COMMANDER, CIVIL AIR PATROL  
AUXILIARY OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Mr. George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Dell Comics, receiving the Civil Air Patrol citation for Outstanding Service to Youth from Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF. The award was presented in recognition of Mr. Delacorte's maintenance of the Dell Comic line as clean and wholesome children's entertainment. Left to right: Col. Draper F. Henry, USAF, Deputy Commander CAP; Major General Lucas V. Beau, USAF, Commander CAP; George T. Delacorte, Jr.; Hon. John I. Lerom, Asst. Sec. USAF, and Col. C. Short, USAF.



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A PLEDGE **DELL COMIC** TO PARENTS

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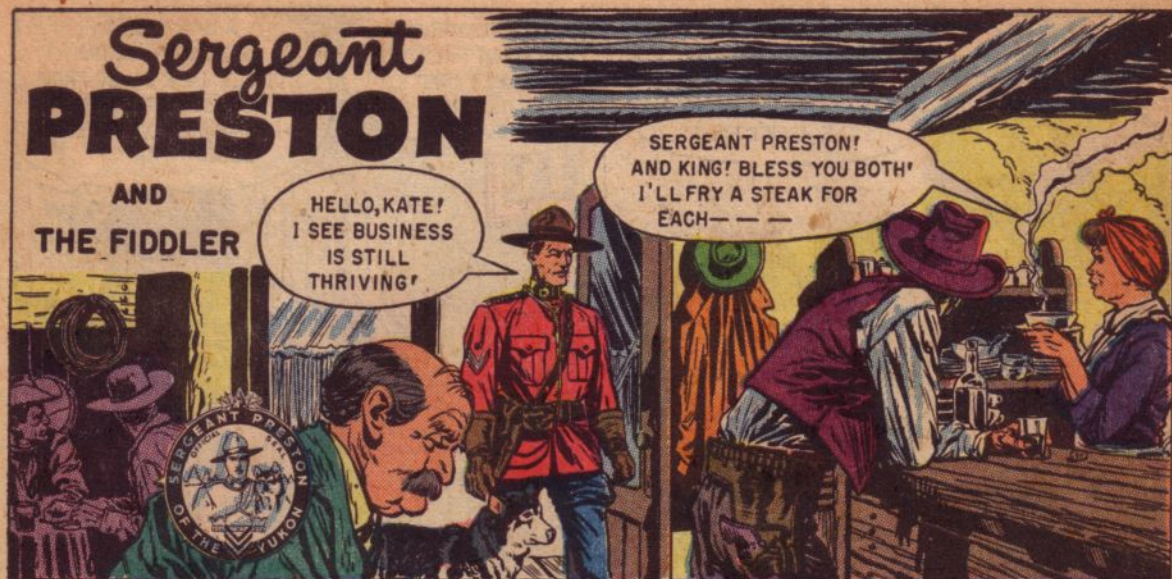
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# Sergeant PRESTON

AND  
THE FIDDLER



HELLO, KATE!  
I SEE BUSINESS  
IS STILL  
THRIVING!

SERGEANT PRESTON!  
AND KING! BLESS YOU BOTH!  
I'LL FRY A STEAK FOR  
EACH— — —

THANKS--- BUT KING  
AND I HAVE JUST  
EATEN! I JUST DROP-  
PED IN TO ASK YOU IF  
YOU'D SEEN UNCLE  
JACK THE FIDDLER  
TONIGHT

YES, SERGEANT---  
HE WAS HERE... BUT  
HE'S GONE HOME INSTEAD  
OF FIDDLING FOR MY  
CUSTOMERS.



A COUPLE OF SAILORS--- RIVER TRAMPS---  
KNOCKED HIM INTO THE MUD THIS EVENING---  
TRIED TO ROB HIM--- AND BROKE HIS BOW! THINK  
OF DOING THAT TO A *BLIND* MAN! IF HIS FRIENDS  
HADN'T COME ALONG— — —



WELL, UNCLE JACK FIFE'S BAD LUCK HAS CHANGED, KATE!  
THAT'S WHY I AM HERE, LOOKING FOR HIM! HE HAS  
JUST INHERITED *TWO MILLION DOLLARS!*

*TWO MILLION---*  
*AAGHH! --- THAT'S*  
*NOT FUNNY,*  
*SERGEANT!*



I WASN'T JOKING, KATE! I'M GOING TO UNCLE JACK'S  
LODGINGS, IN CASE HE'S THERE, AND TELL HIM..

WAIT,  
SERGEANT!  
WAIT---!



S.P. #19-565

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS















THREE DAYS LATER---AS THE THREE WHO ROBBED  
UNCLE JACK REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF DAWSON---

THE MOUNTIES RAN ME OUT OF  
THIS TOWN, DUDE! I'M  
STOPPING AT THE EDGE!

OKAY, BURT!  
WHERE DO  
WE MEET?



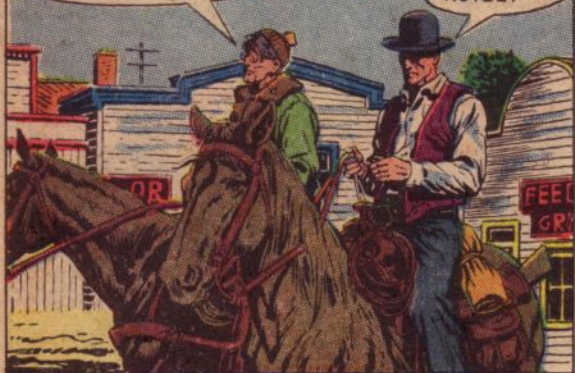
SHARK KNOWS THE PLACE ---A LITTLE  
RESTAURANT SHACK NEAR THE RIVER!  
I'LL WAIT AROUND THERE...



LEAVING BURT CARBON, THE OTHER TWO CROOKS, DUDE  
MC HENRY AND SHARK QUINN, CONTINUE ON INTO DAWSON..

YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN  
FIND THE MURDOCK ESTATE'S  
LAWYER, DUDE?

THE NEWS CLIPPING  
SAID HE WAS STAYING  
AT THE PRINCE EDWARD  
HOTEL!



AT THE WRETCHED LITTLE SHACK RESTAURANT, BURT  
CARBON WHILES AWAY THE TIME...

DON'T HANG AROUND TOO LONG, BURT!  
IF THE MOUNTIES CATCH YOU HERE,  
IT WILL LOOK BAD FOR ME!

UH-HUH!  
DON'T WORRY!



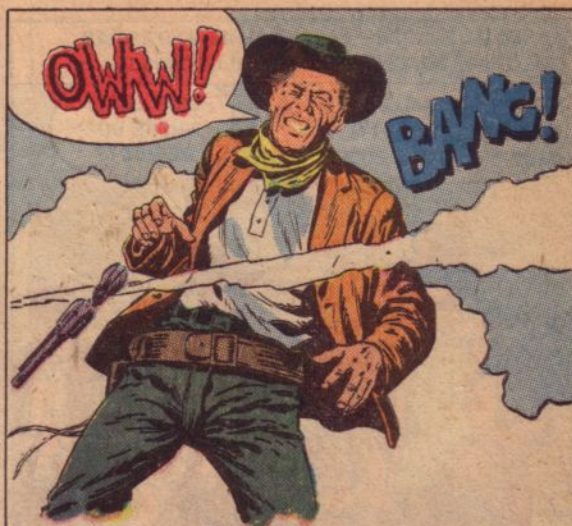
HALF AN HOUR LATER, AS BURT  
STEPS OUTSIDE ---

UH---THAT'S PRESTON!  
AND THE BLIND FIDDLER---





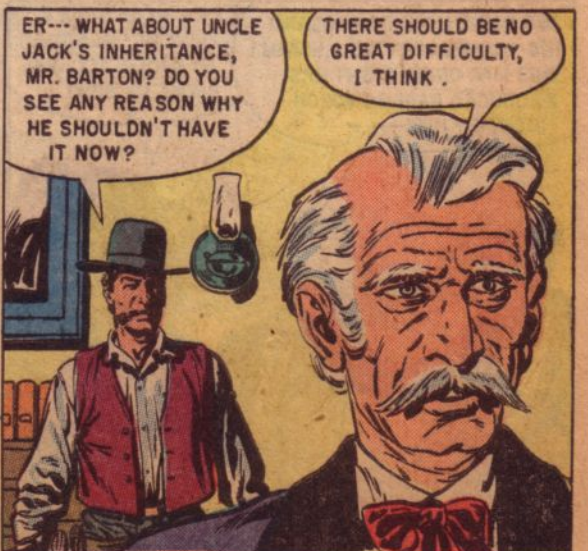
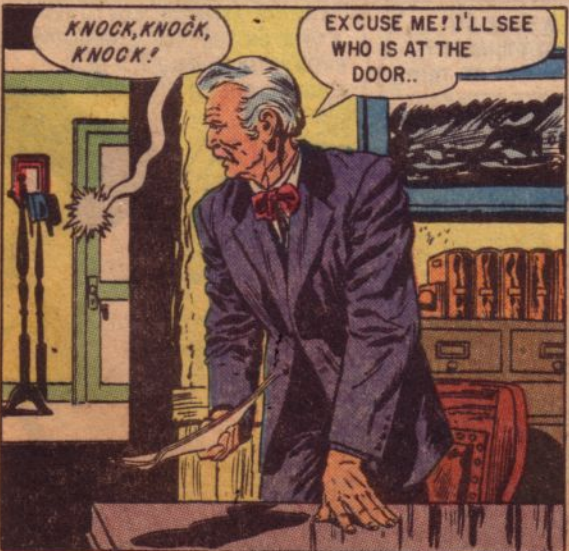
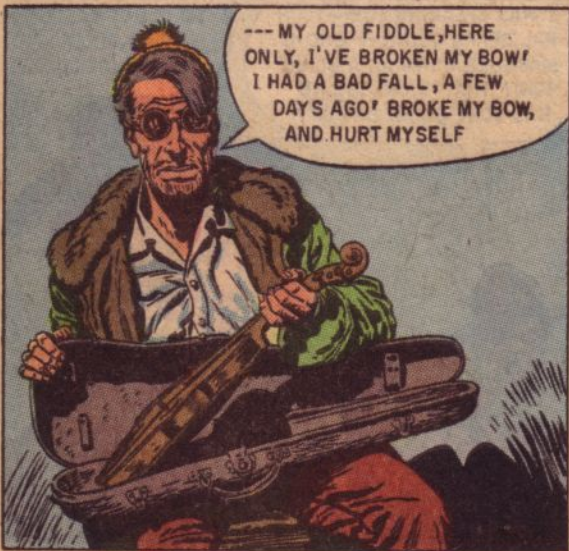
PRESTON'S QUICK EYE HAS CAUGHT BURT'S FURTIVE MOTION...



BUT BURT CARBON TRIES A FOOLISH PLAY---AND LOSES!











UH!  
WHO--?

MAY WE COME IN,  
MR. BARTON?



WHY, CERTAINLY---  
COME IN,  
SERGEANT!

THANK YOU! YUKON KING  
WILL REMAIN HERE BY  
THE DOOR. .



WELL, SHARK QUINN!  
SURPRISED TO  
SEE US?

LOOK HERE! WHOM  
ARE YOU TALKING  
TO, SERGEANT?

UHHH"  
GGGH"



I WAS SPEAKING TO---YOUR  
PAL, SHARK QUINN---WHO IS  
MASQUERADING AS A BLIND  
MAN! THAT IS, UNLESS HE  
HAS GONE BLIND LATELY?

HE IS NOT MASQUER-  
ADING, SERGEANT!  
THIS IS JACK FIFE!



TWO BLIND MEN, EACH CLAIM-  
ING TO BE JACK FIFE...HMMM!  
THIS MAN ON MY RIGHT HAS  
PRODUCED PAPERS WHICH  
IDENTIFY HIM---

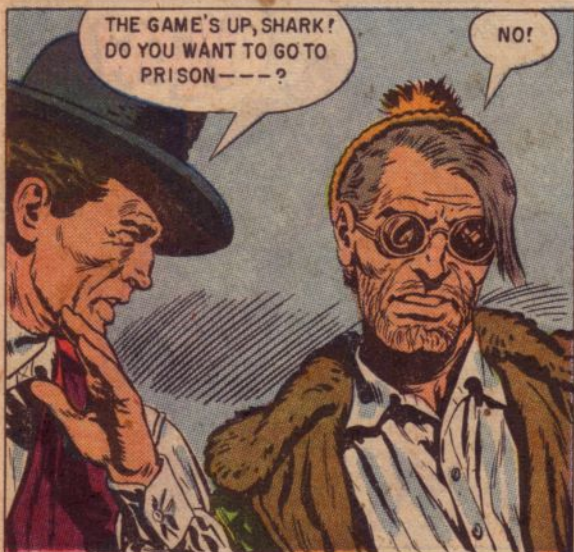
THEY WERE STOLEN  
FROM ME! HE STOLE  
MY VIOLIN, TOO, AND  
BROKE MY BOW!



WE ARE NOT  
GETTING ANY-  
WHERE AT THIS  
RATE, SERGEANT!

WHY NOT ASK EACH MAN TO PLAY  
A TUNE ON THE VIOLIN, MR. BARTON?  
EVEN WITHOUT A BOW, A REAL  
FIDDLER COULD PICK OUT  
A TUNE!

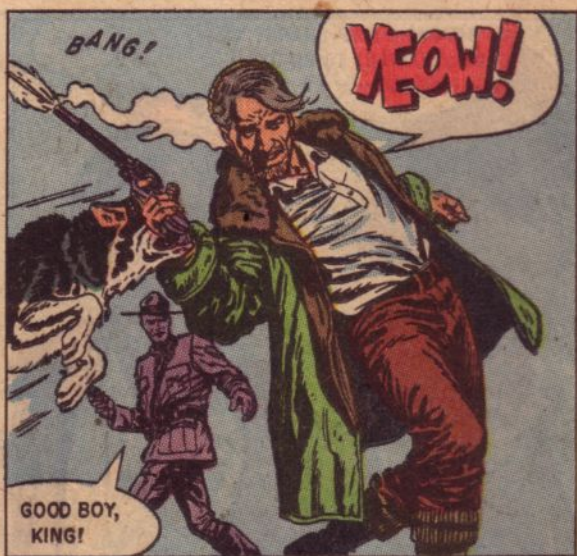




AT A MUTTERED WORD FROM DUDE MCHENRY, THE  
CROOKS' WEAPONS FLASH OUT---



A QUICK AND CLEVER FIGHTER, DUDE USES BARTON AS A SHIELD UNTIL HE CAN COME TO GRIPS..





# GRAY WOLF

## LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



FULL-FED, THE WOLF PACK STOOD ABOUT, SLEEPILY WATCHING THEIR LEADER, GRAY WOLF, FOR ORDERS.

SLEEPY HIMSELF, GRAY WOLF SPOKE BY EXAMPLE --- MAKING A DEEP NEST FOR HIMSELF IN THE DRY, FLUFFY SNOW.



IN A SHORT TIME, THE SNOW, WIND-DRIFTED, COVERED EACH DROWSY WOLF WITH A WHITE BLANKET, THAT KEPT OUT THE ARCTIC COLD.



JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE SHORT, SUB-ARCTIC DAY, A COVEY OF GROUSE ALIGHTED ON A LIMB ABOVE THE BEDDING GROUND.



AS THEY OFTEN DO, WHEN THE SNOW IS DEEP AND DRY, THE BIRDS DIVED, ONE BY ONE --- SEEKING THE SNOW-BLANKET'S WARMTH AND PROTECTION.



DURING THE NIGHT, NATURE PLAYED ONE OF HER STRANGE TRICKS, THAT ARE SO COMMON IN THE YUKON. A WARM CHINOOK WIND BLEW ACROSS THE VALLEY, MELTING THE TOP LAYER OF SNOW! A FREEZING RAIN FOLLOWED.



AND, IN THE MORNING, A PALE SUN TURNED THE VALLEY INTO WONDERLAND --- GLEAMING JEWEL-BRIGHT UNDER ITS HALF-INCH-THICK ARMOR OF ICE.



THE GROUSE WERE THE FIRST TO WAKE! VAINLY, THEY HAMMERED AT THEIR PRISON'S ICY ROOF.



GRAY WOLF WAS HAVING A NIGHTMARE --- OF BEING CAUGHT IN THE STEMS OF THICK WILLOW BRUSH! THE AIR INSIDE HIS ICE-ROOFED NEST WAS NEARLY USED UP!



WITH A CONVULSIVE LEAP, HE BURST UP THROUGH THE CRUST, SHATTERING IT IN SHARP-EDGED FRAGMENTS, LIKE GLASS.



GULPING AIR, HE STOOD WITH DIFFICULTY ON THE GLAZED SURFACE.







IT WAS A STRANGE, LIFELESS WORLD, ON WHICH HE GAZED! AND HE WAS ALONE! NO SIGHT NOR SCENT OF HIS PACK MATES! NOTHING BUT A FAINT, DISTANT TAPPING!



HE SAT DOWN AND RAISED THE RALLYING CRY OF THE WOLF PACK--- BUT NO VOICE ANSWERED HIM! THE LONESOMENESS WAS FRIGHTENING!



FINALLY, HE INVESTIGATED THE TAPPING SOUND---AND SAW WHAT LOOKED LIKE A BIRD, BENEATH THE ICE!



HE SCRATCHED, FIRST LIGHTLY, THEN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT! --- BUT THE ICE WAS TOO THICK!



AT LAST HE TRIED JUMPING ON IT--- AND BROKE THROUGH, SHOULDER DEEP.

SUDDENLY, WITH BOOMING WINGS AND A BLINDING FLURRY OF SNOW, THE GROUSE FLEW UP RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE!



THE BIRD'S ESCAPE WAS DISAPPOINTING--- BUT IT GAVE GRAY WOLF AN IDEA! WHAT IF HIS PACK MATES WERE IMPRISONED LIKE THE GROUSE?



WITH AN EAGER WHINE, HE MOVED BACK TO THE BEDDING AREA... WITH HIS HEAD CLOSE TO THE CRUST, HE COULD SEE A FAINT DEPRESSION!



ON THE FIRST TRIAL, HIS BUNCHED FOUR FEET BROKE THROUGH.



IT WAS HIS MOTHER, NEETKA, WHO CRAWLED FEEBLY OUT, HER LUNGS STARVING FOR OXYGEN! AN HOUR OR TWO LONGER MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT AN ENDLESS SLEEP!



QUICKLY, NEETKA REVIVED IN THE PURE, COLD AIR --- AND JOINED HER SON IN LOCATING THE OTHERS!



WITH THE LAST ONE FREED, GRAY WOLF RAISED HIS MUZZLE IN A SHORT, TRIUMPHANT HOWL...



--- AND LED HIS PACK OUT OVER THE GLITTERING, ICE-CLOAKED VALLEY TOWARD THE HIGHER SLOPES, WHERE THE CARIBOU WOULD BE FEEDING IN THE SUN.





# Sergeant PRESTON

IN  
CORNERED

PRESTON, WE'VE CAUGHT ONE OF  
RED JACKSON'S GANG--- BUT JACKSON  
AND TWO OTHERS ARE STILL EVADING  
US! I WANT YOU TO COVER THE TERRITORY  
SOUTH OF SKELETON CREEK!

YES,  
SIR!

HAVE YOU ANY FURTHER  
CLUES, INSPECTOR?

ONLY WHAT TURNER, THE  
PRISONER, SUPPLIED! THE  
GANG WILL PROBABLY TRY TO  
INTERCEPT GOLD SHIPMENTS  
TO THE BEACON CITY BANK!

VERY WELL, SIR! I'LL  
START OUT AT ONCE  
--- WITH YUKON  
KING!

GOOD LUCK,  
PRESTON!

AFEW DAYS LATER,  
AT THE LITTLE  
SETTLEMENT OF  
REINDEER RIDGE--

WHOA!---HERE'S  
MORGAN'S TRADING  
POST! NOT EVEN A  
DOG AROUND...SO  
WE'LL TAKE WHAT  
WE WANT!





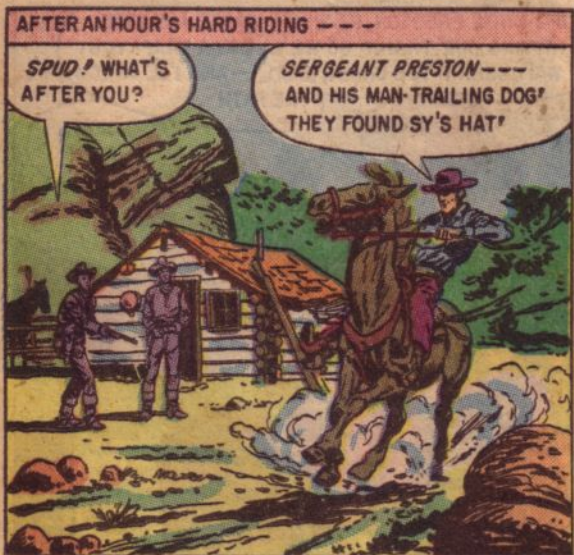


















AT THE DOUBLE REPORT ---WHICH SOUNDS LIKE ONE---

RED! DID YOU GET HIM? RED---?



SPUD! COME HERE---  
(UNK!)



RED! WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? WHERE  
---UH---



I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AND  
RED, AS SOON AS I CAPTURE  
THE THIRD MEMBER OF YOUR  
GANG, SPUD ...



DON'T CLASS  
HIM WITH US, SERGEANT!  
WE TIED HIM UP IN  
THE CABIN!

THEN I'LL  
TAKE HIM BACK  
TO JAIL ALONG  
WITH YOU TWO---  
THIS CASE IS  
CLOSED!





## Desperate Journey



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Young Gary Holmes laid another chunk of rock against the pole that supported the fur cache, and turned to his Dad! The older man, still muscular at sixty, was lugging a fifty-pound rock.

"That's too heavy!" young Gary protested. "Remember your heart, Dad—HEY!"

Even as the boy spoke, Old Gary's face twitched with a spasm of pain. The rock thudded to the ground. A gnarled hand pressed against his chest.

"I—you're right, son!" the old sourdough gasped. "I was—foolish! But the medicine will fix me up!"

With his dad resting on the cabin bunk, young Gary hunted for the small bottle in vain. Old Gary got up and hunted, too—with no better result. The life-saving nitroglycerine pills were missing—probably lost out of a pack on the way in.

Against Dad's protest, young Gary prepared to start for Dawson City—a three or four weeks' journey, up the Peel River, and across the savage Ogilvie Range.

"It's September already, son!" the older man argued. "Winter will strike before you can get back—mebbe before you hit Dawson! I can get along . . ."

"Not without your medicine!" the boy replied. "I'm starting now! Don't worry, Dad!

I'll get through," he went on, bravely.

But, in his heart, Gary had grave misgivings. These, he tried to hide with a brave smile so that the older man would not suspect his fear.

At Dad's insistence, Gary loaded a light hand sled, an extra piece of canvas, an axe and their big sled dog, Rex, into the canoe. With the other supplies it made quite a load.

Swiftly they shot down the branch stream; but when they turned to buck the current of the mighty Peel River, progress was slow. The ice stopped them only one week from home. Gary chopped the canoe free, hauled it ashore, and built a cache for the sled and extra food. Then, with himself and Rex carrying light packs, they faced the two weeks of forced march to Dawson.

The weather now favored them. Meeting little snow, they reached Dawson in record time. With the precious medicine and only the lightest of packs, they again breasted the wild slopes of the Ogilvies.

Then fog and snow blotted out the passes. For two weeks they blundered up and down blind draws. Their food gave out. Twice Rex located rabbits, which Gary shot—and once a ptarmigan. On the second day with no food at all, they found the pass.

By great luck, they got another snowshoe rabbit and a grouse. With these gone, they waited. Gary was losing count of days and nights, in the brain-fog caused by hunger. But his legs worked. And a hand on Rex's collar guided his steps. Rex was in charge now—and he knew it!

It was Rex who found the tree cache on the banks of the frozen river. And the axe near by! Gary, with his last strength, chopped it down.

That night they feasted—and slept. A week later they pulled up to the home cabin, to be greeted by Dad Holmes' joyful shout. The desperate journey was done!



# Sergeant PRESTON

## AND THE HIGHGRADERS

THANKS, HARRY  
--- I WILL!

THERE'S A BLIZZARD  
MAKING UP, SERGEANT!  
UNLESS YOU HAVE SOME  
MIGHTY URGENT BUSINESS,  
I HOPE YOU'LL STAY HERE  
TILL THE STORM  
PASSES!

COME ALONG, KING! WE'LL SEE TO THE  
SLED TEAM NOW...

MOLLY EVANS! WHAT  
BRINGS YOU OUT IN  
THIS WEATHER?

MY HUSBAND IS  
OVERDUE,  
BACK FROM HIS  
MINE, HARRY?  
I'M WORRIED!

I'VE COME FOR HELP, HARRY!  
SOMEBODY *MUST* GO AND  
SEE IF JOHNNY---WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED! HE'S NEVER  
BEEN SO LATE---

I'LL GO,  
MRS. EVANS!

OH!! SERGEANT  
PRESTON! AND  
KING! THANK  
HEAVEN YOU'RE  
HERE! AND YOU'LL  
GO?

YES! I'LL FEED MY  
TEAM, AND START AT  
ONCE! WITH GOOD  
LUCK, WE'LL MEET  
JOHNNY ON THE  
TRAIL!





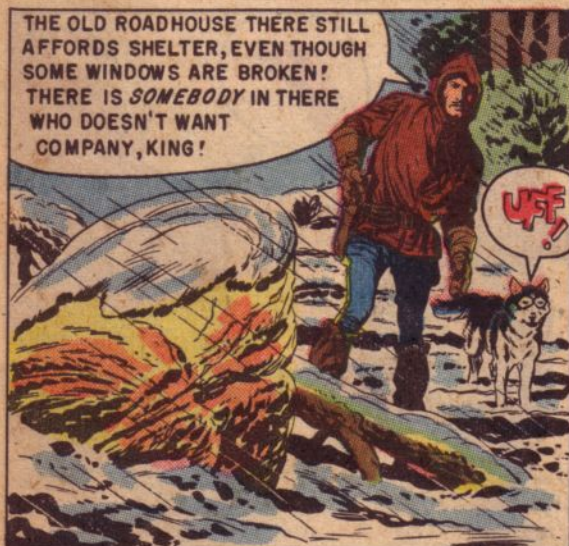




THERE'S THE  
SCAFFOLD--- AND  
THE BELL! BUT IT'S  
NOT RINGING!



THE BELL-CLAPPER---TIED FAST! THAT IS A  
CRIMINAL ACT! IT COULD COST LIVES!



THE OLD ROADHOUSE THERE STILL  
AFFORDS SHELTER, EVEN THOUGH  
SOME WINDOWS ARE BROKEN!  
THERE IS *SOMEBODY* IN THERE  
WHO DOESN'T WANT  
COMPANY, KING!

UFF!



VERY LIKELY THERE IS  
A CONNECTION BETWEEN  
THIS TIED BELL-CLAPPER  
AND JOHNNY EVANS'  
FAILURE TO COME HOME  
ON TIME! HE ALWAYS  
SPENDS WEEK-ENDS  
WITH MOLLY...



SMOKE FROM THE  
CHIMNEY, KING!  
I WAS RIGHT!

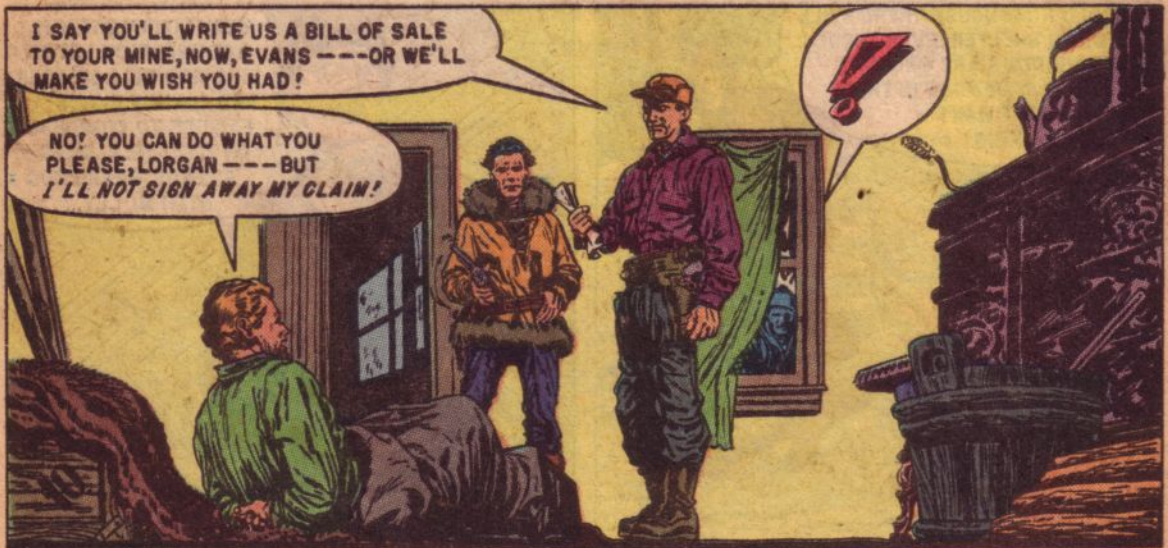
GRRRR-!



BLANKET OVER THE  
WINDOW! QUIET, KING  
---AND WE'LL HAVE  
A LOOK INSIDE!

RRRR-RRRR---











EVEN IF HE'S NOT BADLY HURT, OUR GOOSE IS COOKED, PADDY! THE WHOLE MOUNTIE FORCE WILL BE ON OUR TRAIL NOW!



THERE'S HIS TEAM, TUG! I'LL GET HIS SLEEPING BAG NOW---

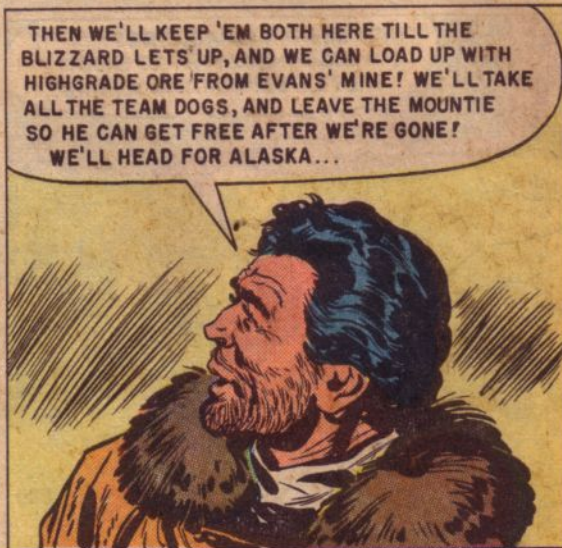


I'LL JUST TAKE CARE OF HIS GUN BEFORE HE WAKES UP! GET SOME ROPE, TUG, AND TIE HIM THE WAY WE DID EVANS --- THEN PUT HIM IN THE SLEEPING BAG...

AND THEN, WHAT, PADDY?



THEN WE'LL KEEP 'EM BOTH HERE TILL THE BLIZZARD LETS' UP, AND WE CAN LOAD UP WITH HIGHGRADE ORE 'FROM EVANS' MINE! WE'LL TAKE ALL THE TEAM DOGS, AND LEAVE THE MOUNTIE SO HE CAN GET FREE AFTER WE'RE GONE! WE'LL HEAD FOR ALASKA...



WE MIGHT HAVE MADE EVANS "DISAPPEAR"! BUT NOT A MOUNTIE! COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!

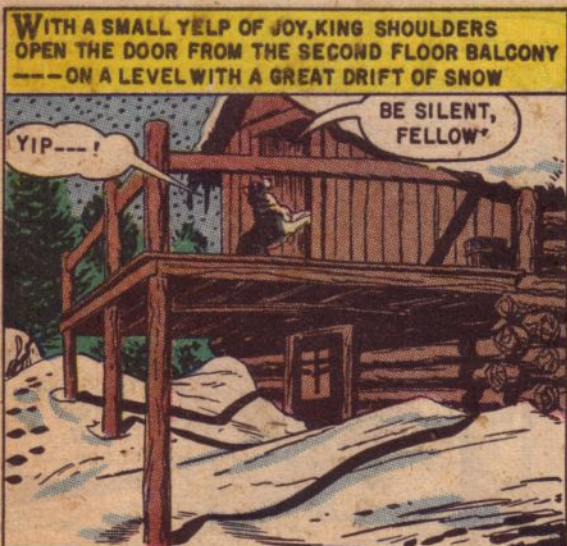
HUH! WE'RE GETTING AWAY WITH A LOT, AS IT IS! YOU'VE GOT A HEAD ON YOU, PADDY CLONT!



WE'RE ABOUT OUT OF FIREWOOD! BETTER CHOP UP THAT BELL SCAFFOLD...













THE BULLETS, ENTERING THROUGH THE DOORWAY, FIND AN UNEXPECTED TARGET IN THE HIDE OF A SNOW-GRIZZLY, WHO HAS BEEN SLEEPING THROUGH THE STORM...



STRAIGHT PAST THE CROUCHED FIGURES OF PRESTON AND HIS COMPANIONS, THE MADDENED BRUTE LUNGES, HEADING FOR THE ENEMY WHO HURT HIM...

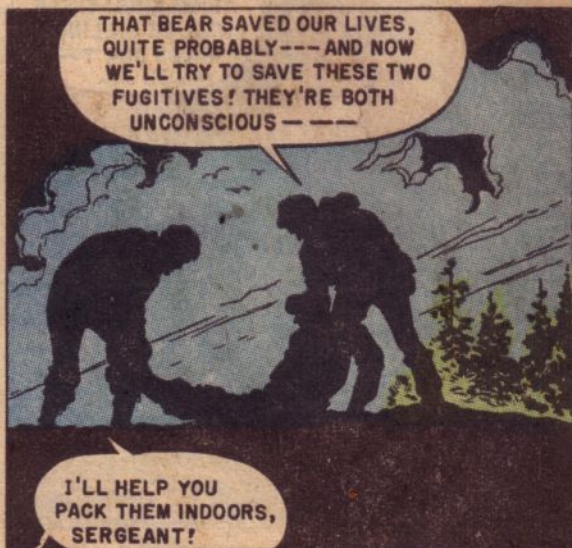


EMPTY-HANDED, PRESTON FOLLOWS HIS GALLANT DOG-----TOWARD THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE



A BLOW FROM THE BEAR'S MIGHTY PAW HURLS TUG DOWN ONTO PADDY'S STILL FORM...BUT KING KEEPS HIS GRIP ON A HAIRY HAUNCH...









## FUR OF THE WOLVERINE

The Eskimo uses a number of different kinds of fur for clothing—each with its special purpose. Soft sealskin for trousers, and summer parkas; the much warmer caribou hides for winter parkas; chewed caribou hide for Eskimo moccasins or MUKLUKS, because they are warm and watertight; and WOLVERINE fur for the trimming of the parka hood, which protects the face from below-zero winds.

The reason for this is that frost can be brushed off from wolverine fur quite easily—whereas it clings tightly to other kinds of fur. When an Eskimo is out hunting in the bitter cold, his breath condenses in thick frost in the air and on the edges of his parka hood. If it cannot be brushed off, it keeps building up, and may even interfere with seeing and breathing.

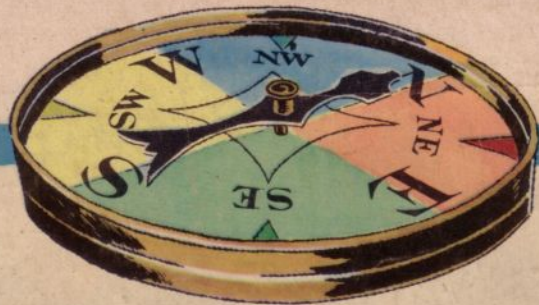
Some people have the idea that no frost ever collects on wolverine fur. But the Eskimo knows better. He prizes the fur of the hard-to-catch wolverine for its real usefulness—but he does not expect miracles of it.

The white man who has never hunted the wolverine thinks of the beast in terms of the frightening stories he has read. Actually, the wolverine is a savage, tough, clever, bad-smelling little beast, abnormally strong for his twenty-five or thirty pounds weight. His hide, dressed and cleansed, is the best part of him!

A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS  
COMIC

*The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.*





## ANIMALS OF THE NORTH



## THE CARIBOU

CARIBOU are really wild reindeer, native to the American Continent. They are very little different from the European steeds of "Santa Claus."

Caribou migrate from winter feeding grounds to summer calving grounds in vast herds, which used to cover the Barren Grounds from horizon to horizon. Smaller nowadays, their

herds are still impressively large. Some tribes of Eskimos depend on Caribou meat for their entire winter meat supply.

The Barren Ground Caribou's favorite food is "reindeer moss," which he paws down through the snow to uncover. The Woodland Caribou lives in the spruce forests farther south.