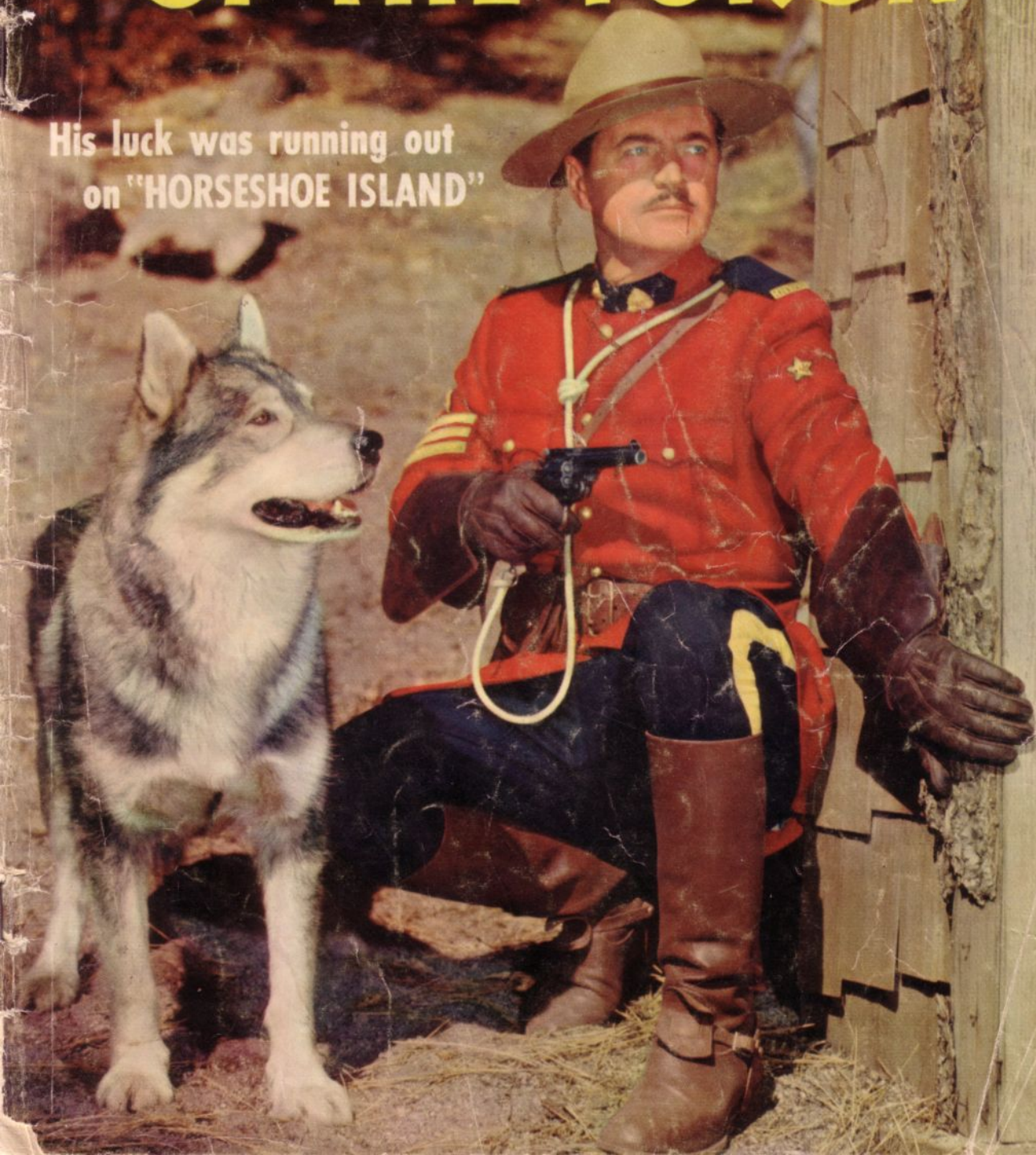


DELL

FEB.-APRIL 10¢

# Sergeant **PRESTON** **OF THE YUKON**

His luck was running out  
on "HORSESHOE ISLAND"







## "TRAPPER ON THE TRAIL"



Making the rounds of his traplines with dog team and sled, the "sourdough" trapper carries only what he needs to live and get through, without taking time to hunt for meat. A stout box holds a stock of sourdough biscuits, plenty of tea, sugar, flour, a chunk of bacon and a larger piece of frozen meat.

And, speaking of meat—winter-killed moose meat is always avoided, except when a man is starving to death. It is lacking in vitamins, nourishment, and flavor. Caribou meat is the best. When it cannot be had, fish may be substituted.

When a trapper is out of bread and flour, he tries to shoot a few grouse. Their breast meat, though dark in color, is a fair substitute for breadstuffs.

Tools are needed on the trail—so the trapper's sled carries axe and shovel, a rifle, traps, snowshoes. For cutting holes in lake ice, to fish through, an ice chisel is included.

A canvas cover for the sled doubles as a wind-break when camping. A sleeping bag, preferably filled with down, is as necessary as clothing. Fish for dog-feed; bait for traps; a first-aid kit—these complete the outfit of the trapper on the trail.

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# Sergeant PRESTON

THE LUCK OF  
HORSESHOE ISLAND

YARK!

HELLO! SOMEBODY'S  
CAMPING ON THAT  
LITTLE ISLAND, KING!



MUSHING UP A FROZEN WILDERNESS RIVER, TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE SPRING BREAK-UP, SERGEANT PRESTON SEES SMOKE AHEAD!

IT'S NOT FAR FROM YOUNG BOB MILE'S CABIN!  
COULD BE BOB ON THAT ISLAND, PROSPECTING--



SERGEANT PRESTON! GLAD TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN!



HELLO, BOB! HAS ANY  
STRANGER STOPPED  
AT YOUR PLACE?

A STRANGER? NO, I'M GLAD TO SAY! I WOULDN'T  
WANT ANYBODY--- EXCEPT YOU, SERGEANT---  
LOOKING AROUND HERE, RIGHT NOW!

WHY?



THAT'S WHY--- A PROSPECT HOLE THAT'S  
TURNING INTO A REAL *BONANZA*! RIGHT HERE,  
ON HORSESHOE ISLAND!  
I'VE STRUCK IT RICH!

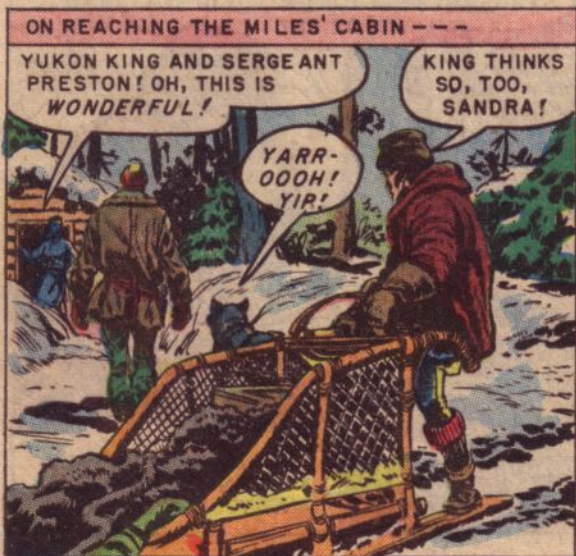


CONGRATULATIONS,  
BOB!

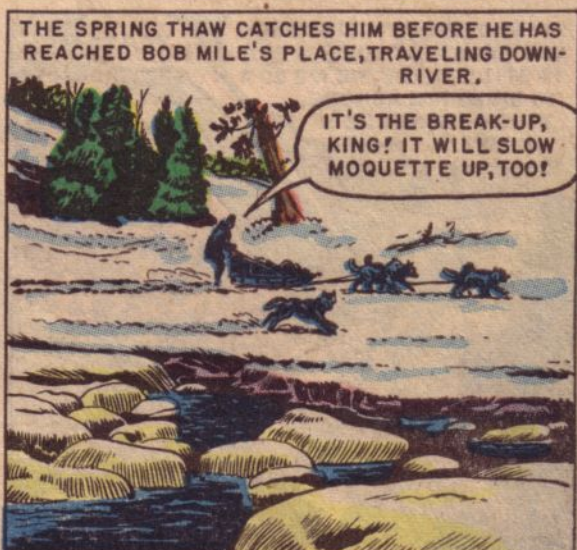
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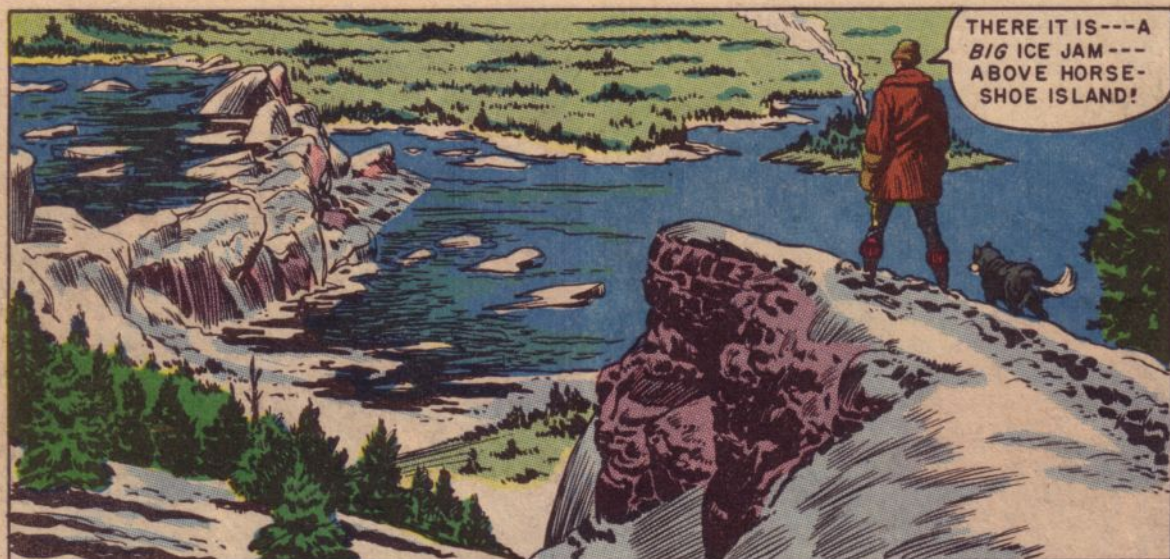






















AS THE HUGE WALL OF TUMBLED ICE BEARS DOWN ON THE ISLAND, TWO FIGURES APPEAR, RUNNING FOR THE TREES.



CLIMB, SANDRA  
--- CLIMB!

BOB---DON'T WAIT!  
LEAVE ME AND CLIMB  
THE OTHER  
TREE!



IN THE FURY OF GRINDING, TUMBLING ICE, THE SLENDER TREE TRUNKS BEND LIKE STRAWS, THREATENING TO SNAP.

THE TREES ARE STILL  
HOLDING! I'M GOING  
AFTER THEM! BOB  
HAS A CANOE!

A CANOE--IN THAT ICE-  
PACK? YOU'RE CRAZY,  
MOUNTIE! YOU'LL DIE---  
AND I'LL STARVE TO

DEATH  
HERE!  
UNLOCK  
ME!



THE TREE IS SMALL! YOU CAN CHEW IT  
THROUGH IN TIME! ---  
COME ON, KING!















THIS IS IT!

SUDDENLY, A SHARP-EDGED CAKE PUNCHES THROUGH THE BARK SIDE!



PADDLE AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN... AND WHEN I TELL YOU --- JUMP!



NOW --- ! KING, HELP SANDRA!



YOU, TOO --- HELP HER, PRESTON! YOU'RE NEAREST, AND I'M OKAY!



ALL SAFE, THANK HEAVEN! WHERE'S THAT OUTLAW--?

MOQUETTE ? HE'S HANDCUFFED TO A TREE!



MOQUETTE PLANNED TO LET THE ICE CARRY US AWAY --- AND THEN TAKE OUR GOLD! WE'VE GOT FIFTY THOUSAND IN THE CABIN --- SAFE NOW, THANKS TO YOU AND KING!

THEN, BOB -- WE'LL CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!



# Sergeant PRESTON

THE MYSTERIOUS MINE



OH-ER-CONSTABLE! MAY I  
SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?

CERTAINLY, MA'AM!  
I AM SERGEANT  
PRESTON ---



---AND THIS IS  
MY PARTNER,  
YUKON KING! IS  
THERE ANYTHING  
WE CAN DO  
FOR YOU?

YES, THANK YOU! I'M MRS.  
ALICE WATSON, FROM SEATTLE.  
I NEED ADVICE---BADLY---  
AND I KNOW ANY MOUNTIE  
CAN BE TRUSTED!



JIM --- THAT IS MY HUSBAND  
---HAS INHERITED-A  
PARTNERSHIP IN THE  
SELKIRK MINING  
COMPANY, AND WE HAVE  
JUST ARRIVED HERE  
IN SELKIRK...

I SEE! WON'T YOU  
STEP INTO MY OFFICE,  
MRS. WATSON?

ONLY LAST NIGHT, THE MINE FOREMAN, "CHUCK"  
SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, TOLD US THAT CARL JASON,  
JIM'S PARTNER, HAS DECEIVED US. I--- WE  
DON'T KNOW WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO...



GO ON, MRS. WATSON!  
WHAT DID THE FORE-  
MAN TELL YOU?

HE CAME TO TOWN JUST TO TALK WITH US---  
WITHOUT JASON KNOWING HE WAS HERE! HE  
SAID JASON'S PLAN IS TO CONVINCE US THE  
MINE IS NO GOOD, AND TO BUY US OUT CHEAPLY!











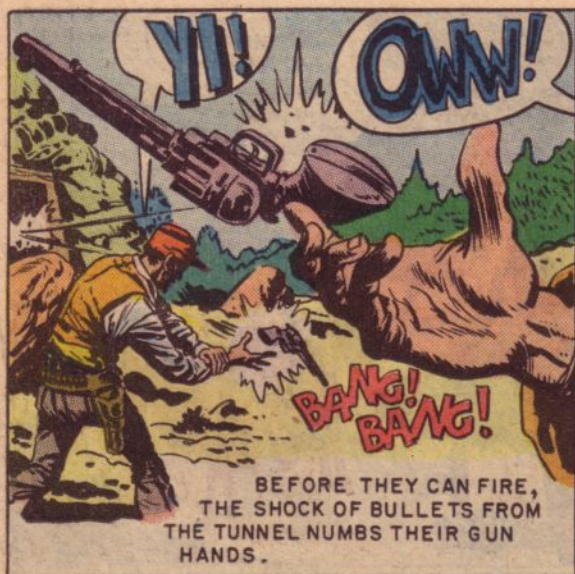












BEFORE THEY CAN FIRE,  
THE SHOCK OF BULLETS FROM  
THE TUNNEL NUMBS THEIR GUN  
HANDS.



STOP THEM,  
KING!

GET--- TO  
HORSES!



GOOD WORK,  
KING!

GRRRR---  
RRRRH!

C-CALL HIM  
OFF! W-WE  
GIVE UP!



WATCH THEM, HERE, KING--  
WHILE I LOOK IN THE TUNNEL  
FOR THE WATSONS! I'VE A  
FEELING THERE HAS BEEN  
FOUL PLAY!



SMOKE! ---IT SMELLS LIKE---



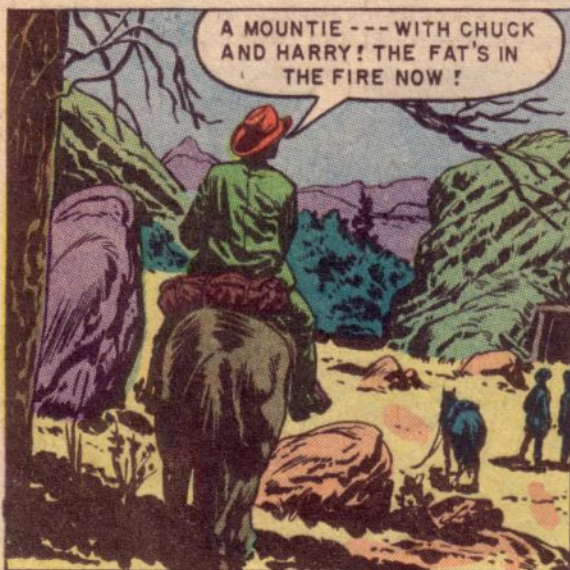
THE AWFUL SUSPICION, INSTEAD OF TURNING  
PRESTON BACK, DRIVES HIM INTO THE JAWS  
OF DEATH!

--- LIKE A BURNING  
FUSE! HEAVEN GRANT  
THAT THERE'S TIME--!









A MOUNTIE --- WITH CHUCK  
AND HARRY! THE FAT'S IN  
THE FIRE NOW!



THOSE FOOLS WILL TALK --- AND I'LL  
HAVE TO CLEAR OUT NOW --- *QUIET, YOU!*

WHEE-HEE-HAW-  
HAW- UNH!



THAT HORSE! --  
WHO --- ?

HE'S TEARING BACK  
DOWN THE TRAIL  
TOWARD TOWN,  
NOW...

YARK!  
YARK!

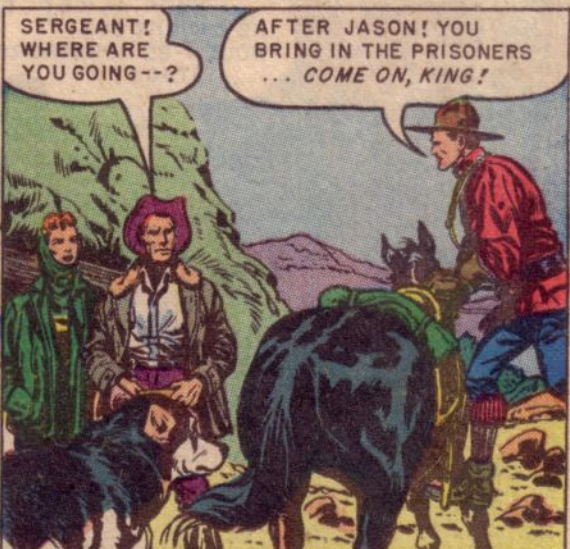


YOU TWO! IT MIGHT COUNT IN YOUR FAVOR AT  
YOUR TRIAL IF YOU TELL ME NOW! WHO PUT  
YOU UP TO TRAPPING THE WATSONS?

AH, TELL HIM,  
CHUCK! CARL  
JUST NOW RAN  
OUT ON US!



IT WAS CARL JASON, WATSON'S PARTNER! HE  
MUST HAVE BEEN ON THAT HORSE, JUST NOW ---  
COMING TO CHECK UP ON US! THE MINE HE RUNS  
HAS BEEN PAYING BIG, AND JASON'S BEEN  
POCKETING THE PROFITS! HE KNEW WATSON  
WOULD FIND OUT, SO ---



SERGEANT!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING -- ?

AFTER JASON! YOU  
BRING IN THE PRISONERS  
... COME ON, KING!



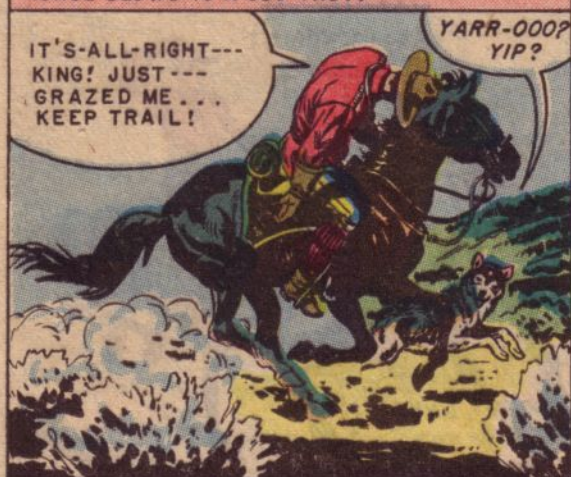
RISKING THE FUGITIVE'S BULLETS, PRESTON  
STEADILY OVERHAULS HIM...



--- UNTIL A BETTER-AIMED SHOT GRAZES HIS  
HEAD! FOR A MOMENT BLACKNESS ENGULFS HIM!



CLINGING TO THE SADDLE, HE MUMBLES AN  
ANSWER TO KING'S ANXIOUS YELPS... HIS  
HORSE SLOWS TO A JOG-TROT.

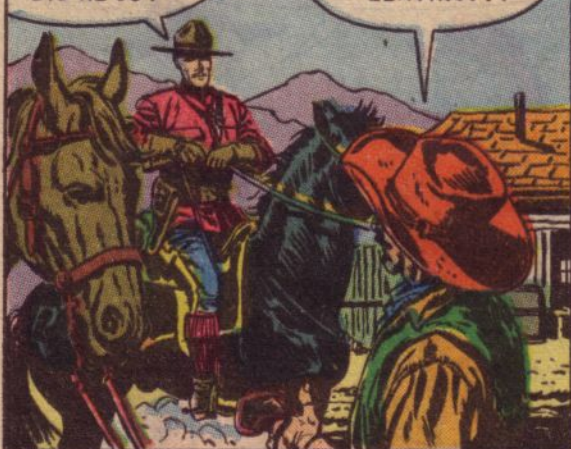


BUT THE SERGEANT'S DIZZINESS IS BRIEF...  
AND TWO HOURS LATER, AS KING LEADS HIM  
INTO A SMALL RIVER TOWN, PRESTON IS ONLY  
MINUTES BEHIND HIS MAN.



DID YOU SEE THE  
RIDER OF THIS  
HORSE? WHERE  
DID HE GO?

TO THE STEAMBOAT  
DOCK, SERGEANT!  
BOAT'S JUST  
LEAVING...

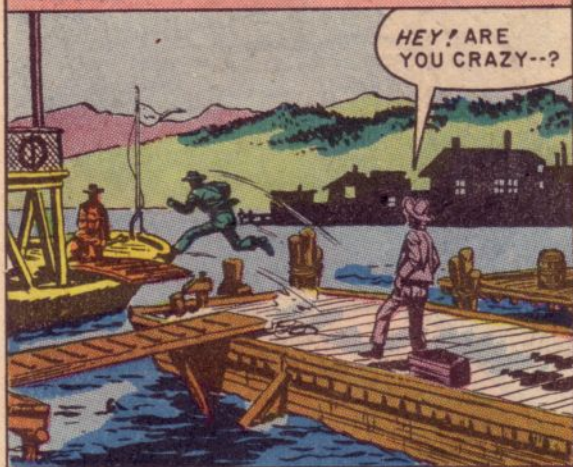


COME ON,  
KING!

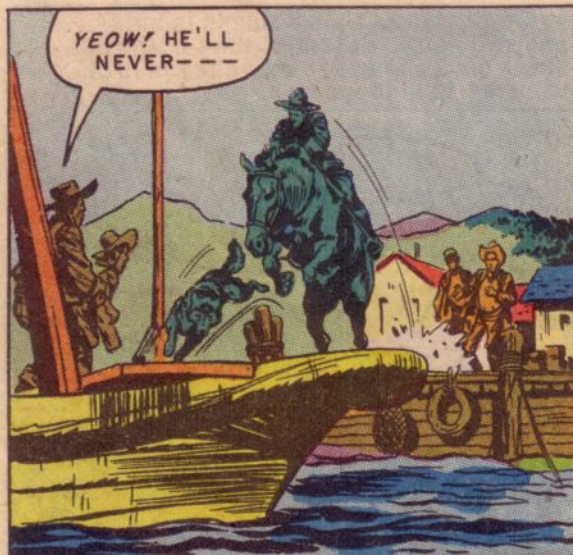
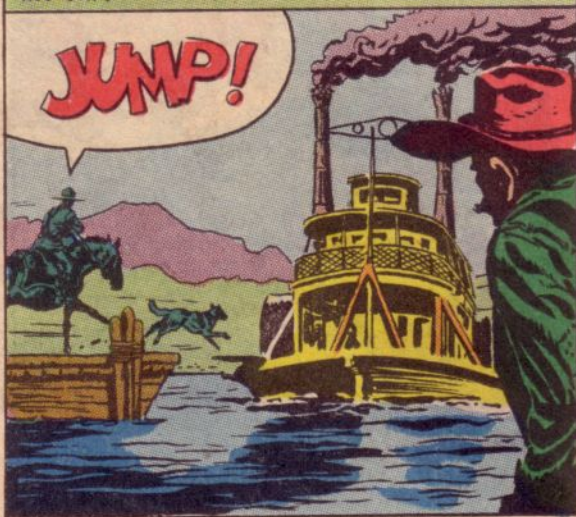




AS PRESTON CLEARS THE ALLEY, ON HORSE-BACK, CARL JASON JUMPS THE GAP BETWEEN DOCK AND GANGPLANK! THE BOAT IS ALREADY IN MOTION.



BUT PRESTON HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE WIDENING GAP.



BUT PRESTON'S MAGNIFICENT HORSE LANDS SAFELY--- AS JASON AGAIN WHIPS OUT HIS GUN.





# GRAY WOLF

## LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



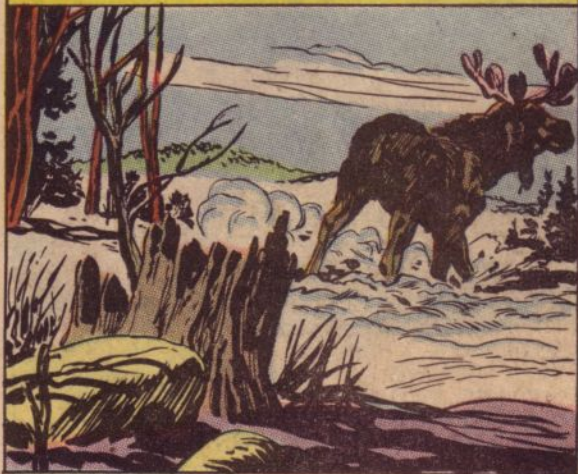
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OVER THE HARD SNOW CRUST, GRAY WOLF LEADS HIS PACK AT A HIGH LOPE  
--- NOSTRILS TESTING THE AIR FOR SCENT OF GAME.



BUT A YOUNG BULL MOOSE, DOWN-WIND FROM  
THE PACK, CATCHES THEIR SCENT FIRST!

AN OLDER OR WISER BULL WOULD HAVE STAYED  
WHERE HE WAS --- BUT THIS YOUNG BACHELOR'S  
PANIC DRIVES HIM TO BLIND FLIGHT.



WITH A DEEP, ROARING BAY, GRAY WOLF SWINGS  
HIS PACK INTO THE CHASE! THE MOOSE IS  
SLOWED BY THE THICK-CRUSTED SNOW!

THE RIVER! ITS HARD SURFACE WILL GIVE FIRM  
FOOTING TO HIS HOOFES --- WHILE THE WOLVES  
WILL SLIDE!





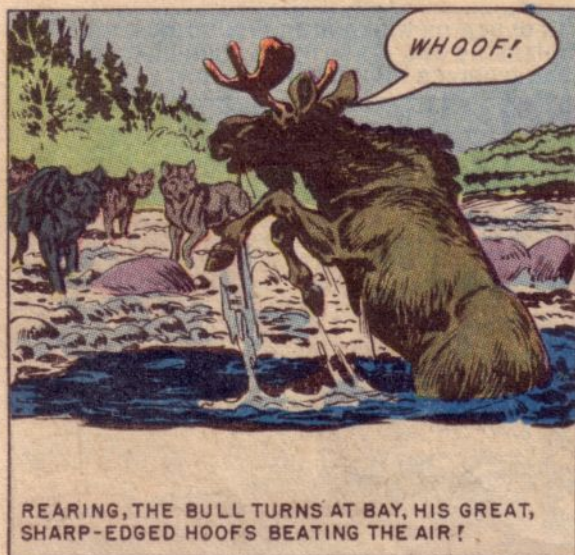


SILENT NOW, THE  
PACK CLOSES IN  
FOR THE KILL...



*CRUNCH--SLOSH!*

THEN IT HAPPENS --- A CRASH THROUGH THIN  
SLUSH-ICE WHICH THE RECENT THAW HAD SPREAD  
OVER THE RIVER'S THICK, WINTER ICE PACK.  
THE WOLVES SLIDE PAST---



REARING, THE BULL TURNS AT BAY, HIS GREAT,  
SHARP-EDGED HOOFS BEATING THE AIR!



THE PACK WAITS-- ATTACK IS DANGEROUS ! IF THE  
BULL SHOULD KEEP HIS PLACE, HE MIGHT BEAT OFF  
HIS ENEMIES ---THE PACK WATCHES ITS LEADER...



WITH A SILENT SIGNAL TO HIS MOTHER, NEETKA,  
THE GRAY LEADER SLIPS AROUND THE BULL'S REAR--  
WHILE THE SHE WOLF HOLDS HIS ATTENTION.



A QUICK RUN --- A GRIP ON THE BRISTLING NECK  
--- AND THE BULL LOSES BALANCE ---





--- AND CRASHES BACKWARDS --- SO SUDDENLY  
THAT GRAY WOLF CANNOT JUMP CLEAR!



REGAINING HIS FEET, THE BULL MAKES FOR THE  
FARTHER BANK, PLOUGHING THROUGH THE SURFACE  
ICE, PACED BY THE PACK...

CRUNCH! CRUNCH!



--- BUT NOT BY THEIR  
LEADER! FAR BACK, BELOW  
THE THIN ICE-ROOF, GRAY  
WOLF SWIMS, STRANGLING  
FOR AIR!



GRAY WOLF  
FEELS  
HE CAN-  
NOT HOLD  
OUT MUCH LONG-  
ER! BUT HE WILL  
NEVER STOP FIGHTING, WHILE  
A PAW CAN MOVE!



ABOVE HIM, NEETKA, THE FAITHFUL, SEES HER  
SON'S PAW BREAK SURFACE --- AND LUNGES  
FOR IT!



WITH HIS MOTHER'S HELP, HE  
FINDS THE UNBROKEN ICE  
WITH HIS FOREFEET!



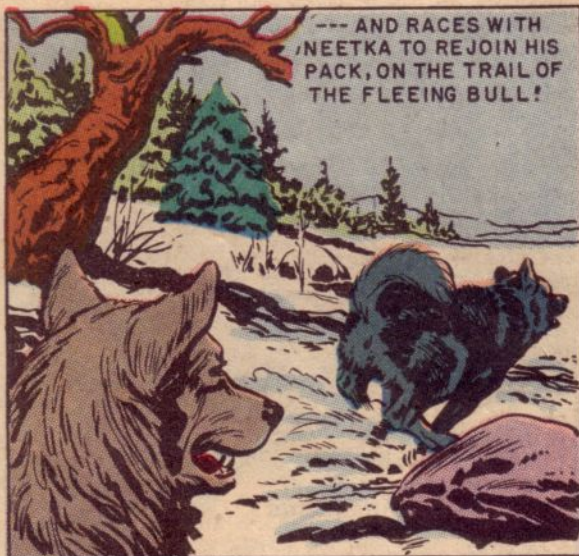
BUT NOT UNTIL HE IS QUITE OUT OF THE WATER DOES NEETKA RELEASE HER HOLD.



WITH THE WATER OUT OF HIS LUNGS, GRAY WOLF GIVES HIS MOTHER A GRATEFUL LICK----



---- SHAKES THE FREEZING WATER OUT OF HIS COAT ----



BUT DISAPPOINTMENT AWAITS THEM! BY SHEER LUCK, THE GALLANT YOUNG BULL HAS FOUND A LITTLE HERD OF HIS OWN KIND---- NOW FORMED IN A FIGHTING CIRCLE WHICH NO WOLF PACK CAN BREAK!





# Malakuk's Peril



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All of the tribe of Eskimos had gathered before the tent of the 'medicine man, Oomiak, to watch the trial of young Malakuk. Oomiak spoke long and loudly telling how the tribal chief became sick and died because Malakuk had been an evil spirit in the camp. The tribe was close to starvation, Oomiak told them, because Malakuk's evil spirit kept the caribou away.

"Oomiak is angry because I beat him in a fight," said Malakuk. But the angry tribe would not listen and pronounced the most dreaded Eskimo punishment upon Malakuk—banishment from the tribe. The worst thing that could happen to anyone in the tundra was to be left alone—this was to be Malakuk's fate.

Only once did Malakuk look back at the Eskimos' tents, but they were not watching him. Now he was no longer considered alive—an outcast.

For two days Malakuk walked north from their old camp on the shores of the lake until he came upon the signs of a great herd of caribou.

"If I can drive this herd toward our camp, the tribe will have food." Malakuk spoke loudly, his hopelessness leaving him.

Malakuk ran ahead until he could see the slowly moving herd of caribou and then ran to the head of the herd. Suddenly, he jumped up and shouted. The herd turned and ran back toward the Eskimo camp, two days' journey away.

Running fast, he got ahead of the herd. Then began his hardest task. A sharp, high ridge ran down to the lake and Eskimo camp. It was a natural barrier that would prevent the caribou from escaping in that direction. The herd grazed at the foot of

the ridge, heading slowly toward the camp. Malakuk knew that the herd might turn towards him on the open tundra and escape. If this happened, he must think of a way to stop them.

"Caribou scarecrows! I'll make a line of caribou scarecrows on this side of the ridge all the way to camp! The caribou will be forced to go down this funnel to our camp!" Malakuk smiled happily as he thought of his plan. Quickly he set up one rock on another and covered it with mossy sod so that it looked like a man's head watching the herd. He ran ahead and set up another and another until he was far ahead of the grazing herd. Then the tired Malakuk lay down and slept.

Malakuk awoke as the herd passed him. Quickly snatching a few berries for breakfast, Malakuk ran on, continuing to set up scarecrows as he went along.

Very tired—and hardly able to go on, Malakuk was given renewed strength as he saw the blue water of the lake ahead with the Eskimo camp off to his left. Happily, Malakuk staggered toward it.

Stumbling into camp, Malakuk shouted to his tribesmen.

"Caribou! The whole herd is heading toward the lake to swim across. Get into your kayaks and bring your spears. There will be food for all!" Malakuk stopped in surprise as no one looked at him or made any move. He had forgotten his banishment meant that he was dead. After all his work, nobody would do anything. Angry, Malakuk grabbed the medicine man's spear and ran off. Oomiak arose, madly shouting at this insult to his dignity.

"Kill Malakuk. Get your spears and kill him!" roared Oomiak as they all ran after the fleeing Malakuk.

Malakuk ran toward the herd as it entered the lake and jumped into a kayak. Overtaking the herd, he plunged his spear into a swimming animal and killed him. Looking around, Malakuk saw his happy fellow tribesmen doing the same as Oomiak yelled from the shore.

"Oomiak is banished! You are a mighty hunter—and our Chief!" said an elder to the happy Malakuk.



# Sergeant PRESTON

## THE THIEVING DOG

FORTY BELOW! THESE FRESH BISCUITS  
WILL FREEZE QUICK AND STAY FRESH!  
WATCH THAT THE BIRDS DON'T  
PECK 'EM, DONNIE.

OKAY, GRANDPA!  
UMMM--- THEY  
SMELL GOOD!

NOT FAR FROM THE MINING  
SETTLEMENT OF MOOSE CREEK,  
"DOC" TANNER HAS BEEN  
BAKING SOURDOUGH---FOR  
HIMSELF AND HIS GRANDSON.

SNIFFFFFF?

BUT DONNIE IS NOT  
THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS  
SEEN AND SMELLED  
THE HOT BISCUITS!

HEY, YOU!  
DROP THAT--!  
GRAND-PA-A-!

IT'S SHAMUS  
O'TOOLE'S  
DOG, BRIAN!  
WHY DID HE  
DO THAT?--

YOU DRATTED THIEF!  
COME BACK HERE---

WELL, THE BISCUITS ARE  
GONE! BUT I CAN'T FIGURE  
WHY SHAMUS'S DOG WOULD  
DO THAT! HE'S ALWAYS  
WELL FED!





I'M GOING TO FOLLOW BRIAN! AND IF HE GOES HOME WITH THOSE BISCUITS, I'LL BET SHAMUS O'TOOLE PUNISHES HIM!



A MILE FARTHER ON ---  
BRIAN'S GONE DOWN INTO LITTLE CANYON INSTEAD OF AROUND!



SHAMUS' CABIN IS ON THE RIM --- AT THE OTHER END! I GUESS BRIAN ISN'T GOING HOME...



BRIAN, YOU BAD DOG! YOU OUGHT TO BE HOME, WITH SHAMUS! DID YOU HIDE OUR BISCUITS IN THERE --- ?

DONNIE! DONNIE TANNER! IS THAT YOU?



SHAMUS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M HURT, DONNIE! SPIKE MAGROON AND HIS PALS SHOT AND ROBBED ME AND FLUNG ME OVER THE CLIFF INTO DEEP SNOW...



THEY FLUNG BRIAN OVER WITH ME --- BUT HE WAS ONLY STUNNED! HE HELPED ME CRAWL HERE --- AND HE'S BEEN BRINGING ME FOOD --- FOR A WEEK!

SHAMUS! NOW I KNOW WHY HE STOLE OUR BISCUITS!



MEANWHILE AT "DOC" TANNER'S CABIN ---

I SET YOUR BROKEN ARM LAST WEEK, MAGROON! WHAT ARE YOU BACK FOR?

THE OTHER HAND--- THE ONE I CUT ON A BROKEN BOTTLE! IT'S SWELLED UP!

THERE... I'VE LANCED IT AND POULTICED IT--- ALL I CAN DO! LOOKS TO ME MORE LIKE A DOG'S BITE---

IT WAS A *BROKEN BOTTLE!* IF YOU'RE SMART, DOC, YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT!

THANKS, DOC! AND DON'T MIND PETE RAMBO'S GUFF! SAY--- YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY FRESH BISCUITS MADE, HAVE YOU? I SMELL SOMETHING---

NO, SPIKE! I'M *SHORT OF BISCUITS!* SHAMUS'S RED DOG RAN OFF WITH A PAN-FULL!

*O'TOOLE'S DOG!* HE COULDN'T---

SHUT UP, GARLOCK! ER--- THANKS AGAIN, DOC! WE'LL BE GOING!

YOU FOOL, GARLOCK! YOU ALMOST--

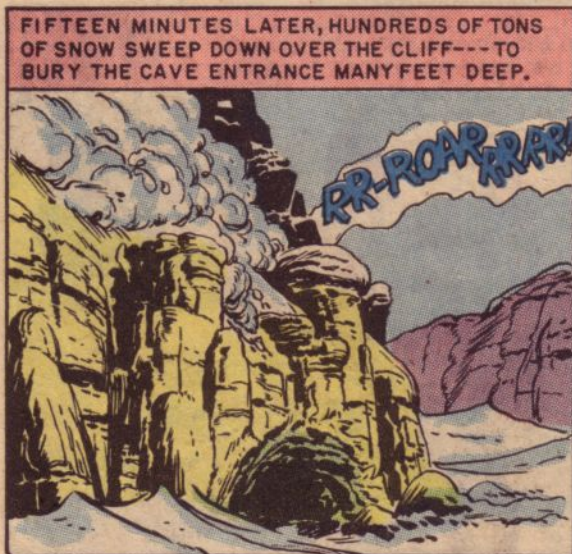
CORK IT OFF, RAMBO! WE'VE GOT TO *TRAIL THAT DOG---* AND MAKE SURE! BEFORE THE WIND BLOWS THE TRACKS FULL!

HALF AN HOUR LATER AT LITTLE CANYON ---

AW, COME ON BACK TO TOWN, MAGROON! WE'LL NEVER FIND THAT DOG---

I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE WILL! AND IF IT /S O'TOOLE'S---















LATE THAT NIGHT IN AN ABANDONED CABIN SOME MILES FROM THE SETTLEMENT — — —

LOOK, MAGROON--- WE GOT O'TOOLE'S GOLD DUST AND COVERED ALL OUR TRACKS! WHAT'S WORRYING YOU?

I DON'T KNOW, PETE! I'VE JUST GOT A FEELING---



RAISE YOUR HANDS --- ALL OF YOU---

PRESTON! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN---



GOOD WORK, KING!



YOU MISSED YOUR AIM RIGHT FROM THE START, MAGROON! SHAMUS O'TOOLE AND HIS DOG ARE ALIVE--- YOU THREE ARE MY PRISONERS ... SO WE'LL CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Sergeant Preston of the Yukon published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1956.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1956.

JOHN C. WEBER  
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)

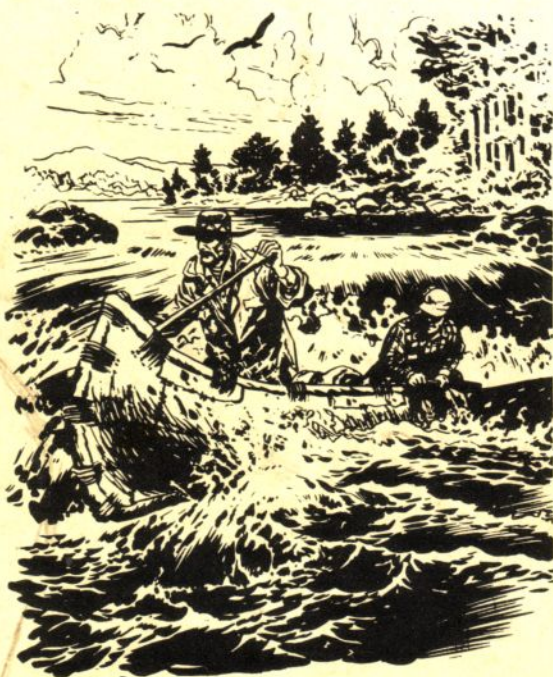
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# YUKON WEATHER

Yukon Territory stretches from the Arctic Ocean on the north almost to the Pacific Ocean on the south. When the wind blows from the Polar Ice Cap, the Yukon turns suddenly into a wilderness of snow and ice, as bitter as any place in the far north. Yet, if the winds blow from off the warm Japan current of the Pacific Ocean, temperatures can rise many degrees in a few hours. The lowest temperature ever recorded was 81.4 degrees below zero—but the highest was 95 degrees above, as warm as a summer day in New York or Chicago.

The mounted policeman must be prepared for sudden Arctic storms as well as for quick warm spells. Both can be equally dangerous if they trap him without food far from shelter. River ice can break up and flow out to sea very unexpectedly—often when the traveler had planned to cross on the ice. Or a deep fall of snow may disappear in a few short hours and make a dog sled as useless as a canoe on a



frozen river. The wise traveler plans his route carefully and is prepared for almost anything.

In the Yukon, particularly in the north of the Territory, winter travel is mostly by dog sled. But, in the summer, the many rivers provide the best highways. Traveling by water on the long Yukon River or on its swift branches, is particularly fast during the summer months, because, during June, there are twenty-four hours of sunlight a day. Travelers can keep moving all the time, with time out only to sleep and eat. Most of the Territory is not far enough to the north to have long periods of darkness in the winter. But, in December and January, the traveler has only six hours of daylight out of twenty-four, and then he must be careful not to be caught in dangerous country during the long night, especially when there is no moon.

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A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

*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 credo and constant goal.*





## ANIMALS OF THE NORTH



### THE POLAR BEAR

The Polar Bear is so perfectly fitted to his Arctic home — both on land and at sea — that he never willingly leaves it. His yellow-white fur is so thick that he can and does swim a hundred ocean miles through floating chunks of ice without wetting his skin. He is strong enough to kill a bull walrus, but he eats a great deal besides seal and walrus meat — lichens, seaweeds, and even grass! He is curious about man, and is sometimes seen lurking, nearly invisible, among the snow-covered ice hummocks.