

DELL

AUG. - OCT.

10¢

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

The case of
**"THE
TWO-WAY
TRAP!"**



FEATURE DELUXE

21 superb Christmas cards of unusual artistry. This box has everything!

SLIM CARD CHRISTMAS

21 different "Talls" abounding in brilliant designing and charm, 5 with red envelopes

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

24 humorous Christmas cards in 4 popular sizes. Wonderful appeal!

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Rare splendor! 18 large 20" x 30" sheets, 18 matching gift tags, 36 matching seals

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21 beautiful religious cards. Appropriate designs, Bible quotations with 1958 calendar and bookmark

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for selling only
50 boxes of our
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And this can be done in
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Mail coupon below today.

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Slender beauty in a rare setting — so lovely — so chic!

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Stunning, soft, Rose blossom design on fine quality scalloped-edge sheets and notes

**FREE
SAMPLES**

**PERSONALIZED
CHRISTMAS CARDS
and STATIONERY**

TALL CARD CHRISTMAS

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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 605, White Plains, New York

Sergeant PRESTON

DAVE! LOOK THERE--
ON THAT DRIFTWOOD
TREE! WHAT DOES IT
LOOK LIKE TO YOU?

A WOLF
NAMED ROB

WELL --- I'LL BE
SWITCHED! A
WOLF PUPPY,
PRESTON!



GO GET HIM, KING!
BRING THAT PUPPY
HERE!

RRR-UFF!



GOOD BOY, KING! GIVE
THE PUP TO DAVE, HERE!

TO ME? WHAT ON
EARTH WOULD I
WANT WITH A WILD
WOLF PUPPY,
SERGEANT? WHAT
WOULD ANY
TRAPPER WANT
---??

COMPANY,
DAVE!



COMPANY FOR YOU
THIS SUMMER WHILE
YOUR BROTHER IS
AWAY, DAVE! FEED HIM
ON CANNED MILK TILL
HE'S OLD ENOUGH
TO EAT!

HAW, HAW! HE THINKS
HE'S GOING TO EAT
ME--- RIGHT NOW!
LOOK AT HIM,
SERGEANT!

GRRRRH!



I'LL NAME HIM *ROBINSON CRUSOE*---
BECAUSE HE WAS JUST ANOTHER CASTAWAY---
ON A RAFT!

S.P.#24-578

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both
your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, OUTSIDE DAVE'S CABIN--

PRESTON, YOU REMEMBER ROB--- THE WOLF PUP THAT KING RESCUED FROM THE RIVER, TWO SUMMERS AGO? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM NOW?

FINEST YOUNG WOLF I'VE SEEN, DAVE! I'M GLAD YOU HAVE HIM -- ESPECIALLY THIS WINTER!



WHY "ESPECIALLY THIS WINTER", SERGEANT?



BECAUSE FUR THIEVES HAVE RAIDED TRAPPERS' CABINS OVER A WIDE AREA---EARLY IN THE SEASON AS IT IS! IF THEY SHOW UP HERE WHILE YOUR BROTHER IS OUT ON TRAPLINE---

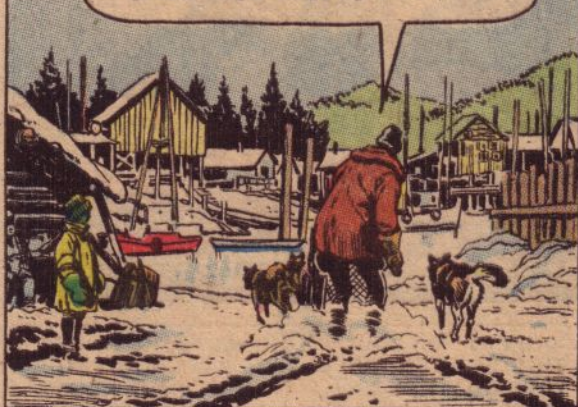
ROB WILL WARN ME, I RECKON, SERGEANT! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

I HOPE SO, DAVE! SO LONG' ON, KING!



LATE THE NEXT DAY, MANY MILES DOWN THE RIVER, PRESTON PULLS INTO THE CROSS LANDING TRADING POST.

CROSS LANDING, KING? WE'LL HEAR OF ANY NEW THEFTS --- ?



JUST OUTSIDE THE POST SEVERAL OTHER TEAMS ARE WAITING, THEIR OWNERS HAVING GONE INDOORS TO TRADE.

HOLD ON, KING! THAT WHITE SIBERIAN LEADER LOOKS LIKE JESS REED'S DOG, MIKE!



YOU ARE JESS REED'S DOG, MIKE! AND I'LL BET JESS'S STOLEN FURS WERE ON THIS SLED---UNTIL THE THIEVES TOOK THEM INSIDE TO TRADE!



INSIDE THE TRADING POST---

STEVE! THAT MOUNTIE IS LOOKING OVER OUR OUTFIT--- THE WHITE LEADER WE TOOK ---



YEAH! HE'S GOT OUR NUMBER, SLIM! LET'S GO --- THE BACK WAY!

HOW ABOUT THE FURS WE BROUGHT INTO---

LEAVE 'EM! LEAVE THE TEAM AND ALL! LET'S CLEAR OUT--- WHILE WE CAN!



HELLO, SERGEANT PRESTON! COME IN AND GET WARM!

THANKS, MORRISON! MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU A MOMENT?



CAN YOU TELL ME WHO BROUGHT IN THAT TEAM WITH THE WHITE SIBERIAN LEADER?

NOT THEIR NAMES---THEY'RE STRANGERS-- TWO OF THEM! HERE IN THIS ROOM A MINUTE AGO, WITH A BIG BUNDLE OF FURS! ONE TALL MAN AND ONE THICKSET...



THEY'VE GONE, SERGEANT! PROBABLY DUCKED WHEN THEY SAW YOU! BUT THEIR BUNDLE IS STILL HERE---

I'LL LOOK AT IT---





UNAWARE OF DANGER, TOM AND DAVE FERGUSON APPROACH THE AMBUSH.

I RECKON WE'LL BOTH FEEL BETTER, DAVE--- TO GET OUR PELTS SAFE TO A TRADER'S--- WHERE NO FUR THIEVES CAN TAKE 'EM FROM US!

YOU BET, TOM! THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TRAVEL ALL NIGHT!



BANG!



SUDDENLY TOM STAGGERS, SHOCKED BY A BULLET!

UHH!



TOM!

---ARE YOU HARD HIT---

UP WITH YOUR HANDS---OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME!



KEEP-EM UP, YOU! ONE WRONG MOVE AND WE'LL---

GRRRRH!



ROB NO!

GARRE



BANG!





HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE WOLF NAMED ROB STRUGGLES UP OUT OF BLANK UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THE TEAM IS GONE --- AND THE THIEVES!



HIS FIRST THOUGHT IS FOR HIS BELOVED MASTER, DAVE.







KING AND I WILL KEEP ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE
FUR THIEVES WHO AMBUSHED YOU, DAVE!
WE'LL TRAVEL LIGHT AND FAST!



DON'T YOU WANT
TO TAKE ROB ALONG?
AND YOUR RIFLE?

NO, THANKS! ROB HAS DONE ENOUGH---
AND YOU MAY NEED MY RIFLE
IF ANY MORE WOLF PACKS
CROSS YOUR TRAIL! SO
LONG, BOYS!



THOSE THIEVES ARE
PUSHING THE FERGUSONS'
TEAM TOO HARD! THEY'LL
HAVE TO REST SOON---
AND THEN WE'LL CATCH
UP, KING!



STEVE, THESE DOGS ARE PLAYING OUT!
WE'VE GOT TO DITCH THE LOAD, OR
CAMP---



GEE OFF, YOU
HUSKIES! ---
SLIM, WE'LL
CAMP!

BUT FIRST, WE'LL DOUBLE BACK AND WAIT IN
SIGHT OF OUR BACKTRAIL! THEN IF THE
MOUNTIE SHOWS UP,
WE'LL SEE HIM FIRST
AND LET HIM HAVE
IT!



AN HOUR LATER ---



GRRRR-
UFFF!

OH! YOU SMELL
DANGER, KING! THE
WIND IS BLOWING
FROM AHEAD AND
TO THE RIGHT...



LIKE A FLASH, STEVE WHIRLS ABOUT, A "HIDE-OUT PISTOL IN HIS GRASP.



Sergeant Preston

SNOW
BLIND

FINE, SERGEANT! BUT YOU'D
BETTER PUT ON SMOKED GLASSES
--- LIKE ME! GLARE ON THE SNOW
IS BAD!

ANDY ROSS! HOW
ARE YOU, OLD-TIMER?
NICE WEATHER FOR
MAY!

TWO MILES FROM MURPHY'S
TRADING POST, SERGEANT
PRESTON MEETS AN OLD
FRIEND!

BUT THEIR CONVERSATION IS INTERRUPTED.

AIE-EEEEK!

WHAT,
NOW---

A WOMAN'S
SCREAM! OVER IN THE COULEE.

ALL RIGHT, KING!
WE'RE COMING!

A WOMAN, SURE
ENOUGH! FELL
OVER THAT CUT
BANK!

URR-
UFFF!

SHE STRUCK HER HEAD ON A ROCK
UNDER THE SNOW! NO FRACTURE--
JUST A CONCUSSION! KNOW HER,
ANDY?

SURE DO! SHE'S MRS. TOM
GRAYSON! LIVES UP THE WEST BRANCH ABOUT
THREE MILES! TOM WILL HAVE TO BE TOLD---

ANDY, YOU TAKE MRS. GRAYSON
TO THE TRADING POST! I'LL
DRIVE TO TOM'S CABIN AND
TELL HIM ---OR LEAVE
A NOTE IF HE
ISN'T HOME!

GOOD IDEA,
SERGEANT!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, APPROACHING GRAYSON'S CABIN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION — — —

WE'RE BACK, GRAYSON! BUT DON'T THINK I'VE GIVEN UP BECAUSE YOU WENT SNOW-BLIND!



IT ONLY MEANS THAT I'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOU AND YOUR WIFE TIED UP TILL YOUR EYES ARE BETTER! THEN YOU'LL TAKE ME TO YOUR GOLD STRIKE!



I KNOW! YOU'LL STOP AT NOTHING, NATE SMITH!

ONLY A HUMAN WEASEL WOULD HAVE TAKEN OUR HOSPITALITY, AND ---

SHUT UP AND GET INSIDE, GRAYSON!



HUH! SHE'S GONE! BURNED THROUGH THE ROPES I TIED HER WITH ---

WHAT-- WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, SMITH? MY WIFE ---?



SHE GOT HER WRISTS AGAINST THE HOT STOVE --- BURNED THE ROPES --- HEY! SOMEBODY'S COMING!

YIP! YARP! YARRR-ROO! YIP!

HELP! HELP!



HELP!-- UNHHH--

KLUNK!





OUTSIDE, SMITH SLASHES PRESTON'S TOW LINE..

PLAGUE TAKE THAT MOUNTIE! HE'LL FIND GRAYSON--- BUT *THIS* WILL GIVE ME A LITTLE EXTRA START ON HIM!



--- AND JUMPS TOM GRAYSON'S TEAM INTO A SCRAMBLING RUN.

MEANWHILE IN GRAYSON'S CABIN---

GOOD ROPE, BURNING IN THE STOVE! THAT'S QUEER!-- KING! WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?

EEYUH!
YARK!



OH, SOMEBODY ELSE---

RRR-
UFF!

MMMMMH!



I'M SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE MOUNTED POLICE! TELL ME---WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'M-- I'M TOM GRAYSON... MMMMH!
OH, MY HEAD! SMITH MUST HAVE---
SLUGGED ME!



I'LL GET YOU TO BED, GRAYSON--- AND THEN YOU CAN TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY! YOUR WIFE ESCAPED! SHE'S AT THE TRADING POST!

GOOD! GOOD FOR-- MARTHA! KNEW SHE'D--
GET AWAY!



ON THE MAIN TRAIL NORTH, AS NATE SMITH OVERTAKES A SLOWER TEAM ---

HELLO! YOU'RE DRIVING TOM GRAYSON'S DOGS, STRANGER!

YEAH! I SWAPPED WITH HIM!



I FIGURE I GOT STUNG IN THE SWAP! I'LL TRADE WITH YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE TO, FRIEND! TEAM, SLED, LOAD AND ALL!

UMMM! I KNOW GRAYSON'S DOGS! YOUR SLED'S EMPTY --- MINE'S CARRYING A WEEK'S GRUB!



I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY DOLLARS TO BOOT!

IT'S A DEAL!

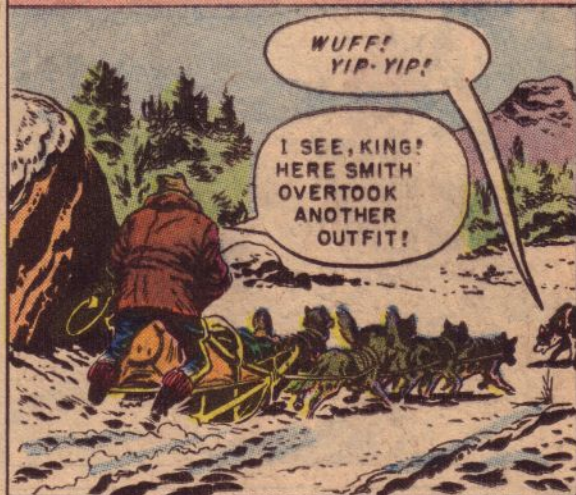


STEP OVER AND TAKE MY TEAM, STRANGER! MY LEADER'S CALLED PAT!

AN HOUR LATER, WITH TWILIGHT APPROACHING, SERGEANT PRESTON AND KING REACH THE SPOT.

WUFF! YIP-YIP!

I SEE, KING! HERE SMITH OVERTOOK ANOTHER OUTFIT!



WHOA, YOU HUSKIES! --- KING! THAT'S NOT THE TRAIL WE'RE FOLLOWING! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

ARR-UFF! YIP!



SOMETHING IS WRONG! KING NEVER ACTS WITHOUT A GOOD REASON!







I HEAR IT NOW, KING!
DOGS YELPING! BEING
FED, BY THE SOUND!
WE'LL GO AHEAD ALONE,
KING---QUIETLY!

EEEE-YUH!



THEY SCENTED US, KING---
SO HE MAY BE WAITING FOR
US IN THAT CABIN--- WITH
A GUN... COME OUT,
SMITH!

YIP! YARROO!
YELP!



SMITH! COME OUT
WITH YOUR HANDS
UP! I HAVE YOU
---UGH!

BANG!

GA-AHRRR!



THE NEXT INSTANT KING HAS SMITH DOWN, HIS
GUN ARM NEXT TO HELPLESS.

BANG!

YAAAAH! GET
HIM OFF ME!
GET HIM OFF!



ALL RIGHT, KING! I HAVE HIM
--- AND THE GUN, TOO!

GRRRRR!



THIS CROOK WILL STEAL NO MORE GOLD MINES
OR DOG TEAMS, OR ASSAULT HONEST SETTLERS
--- THANKS TO YOU, KING! THE CASE IS CLOSED.

CLICK!

Sergeant PRESTON

RIDING INTO THE SETTLEMENT OF WHITE RIDGE, SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS GREAT DOG YUKON KING SEE A GATHERING CROWD.



THE TWO-WAY TRAP

WELL, KING! THERE SEEMS TO BE A BIT OF EXCITEMENT IN TOWN!

HELLO! HERE'S SERGEANT PRESTON--- AND KING! --- JUST TOO LATE TO CATCH THE ROBBERS!

WHO WAS ROBBED?



I WAS ROBBED, SERGEANT--- LAST NIGHT--- BY THREE JAILBIRDS!



THEY NEARLY KILLED POOR HANK MORRIS! KNOCKED HIM COLD---

---AND CLEANED OUT HIS TILL, AND---

BETTER LET HIM TELL ME ABOUT IT!



IT WAS JUST WHEN I WAS CLOSING UP, LAST NIGHT, SERGEANT! I THOUGHT THEY WERE LATE CUSTOMERS--- UNTIL I SAW THEIR PRISON CLOTHES! THEN SOMETHING HIT ME ---

THEY ESCAPED YESTERDAY! DID THEY TAKE ANYTHING--- BESIDES MONEY?





THEY TOOK THEIR PICK OF GOOD CLOTHES AND BOOTS, SERGEANT! AND GUNS AND AMMUNITION! THEY LEFT THEIR JAILBIRD CLOTHES---

GOOD! THAT WAS THEIR BLUNDER! SHOW ME---



THEY JUST DUMPED THEM BEHIND MY COUNTER, ON THE FLOOR---

HERE, KING--- SCENT, BOY! SCENT!

SNIFFFFF! RRR-UFFF!



TRAIL THEM, KING!--- STORE KEEPER, WE'LL CATCH THOSE ROBBERS--- AND RETURN WHAT WE CAN OF THEIR LOOT!

I'LL BE GRATEFUL, SERGEANT! GOOD LUCK!



LATER IN THE DAY THE THREE JAILBIRDS, NICK CRAVEN, MIKE AND BINDLE, REACH THEIR DESTINATION.

THERE'S GAGE'S CABIN--- AND HE'S HOME!

THEN--WE CAN SLEEP!



HELLO, GAGE! HERE WE ARE--- YOUR OLD PARTNERS!

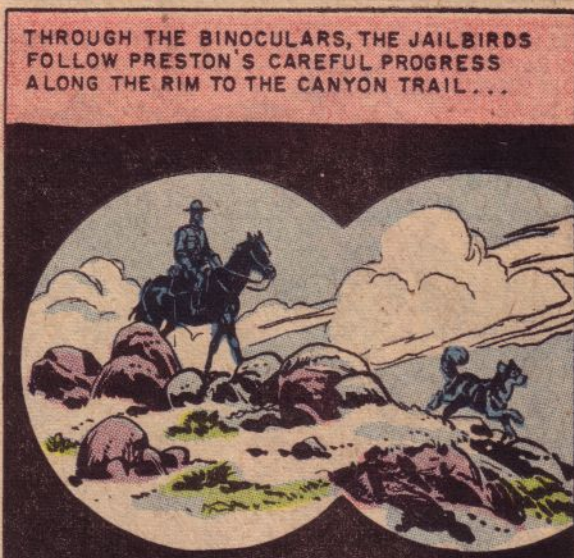
UHH--? NICK! AND MIKE--- AND---

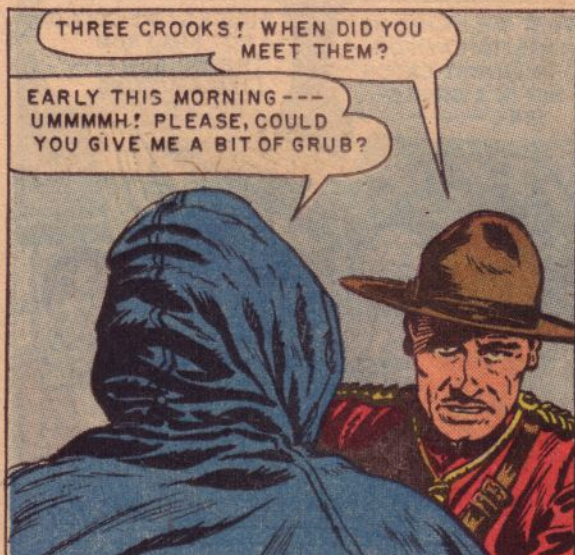


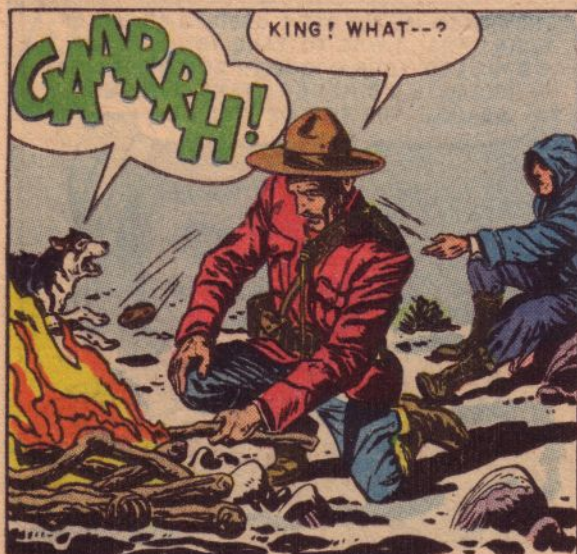
YOU--- YOU BROKE OUT OF STIR! WHY--- UH --- WHY DID YOU COME HERE? I'M NOT WANTED BY THE LAW---

THAT'S WHY, GAGE! YOUR PLACE IS SAFE FOR US! RAIN HAS WASHED OUT OUR TRAIL, TOO!

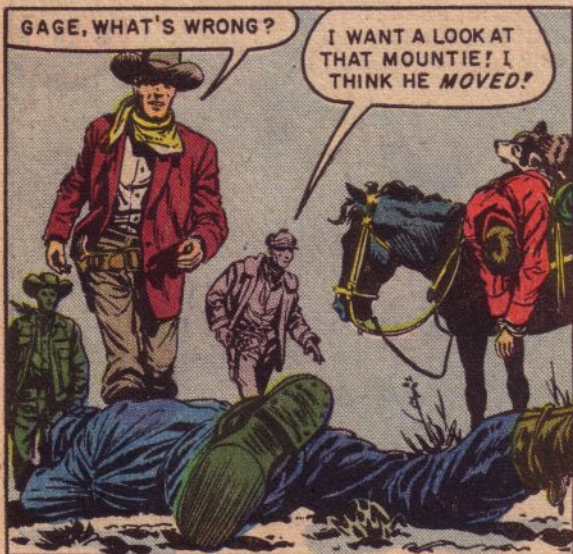












PRESTON'S BULLET MEETS THE
THROWN KNIFE HALF-WAY...

GET HIM,
NOW---!

PING!

BANG!



I'VE GOT HIS
GUN--- UGH!



THE INSTANT HIS BACK HITS THE
GROUND, PRESTON'S LEGS DRIVE
INTO THE STOMACH OF ONE
ASSAILANT.

UGH!!



A HARD UPPERCUT
LOOSENS MIKE'S
GRIP.

UGH!



AND AS PRESTON SURGES UP,
FREE OF THE OTHER TWO ---



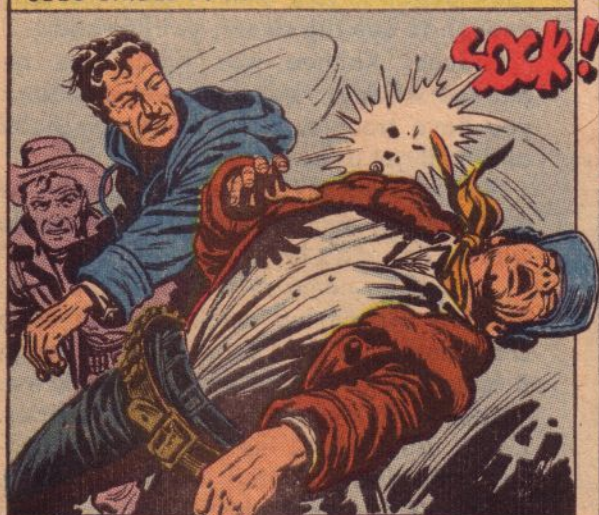
KEEP CLEAR
WHILE I BLAST
HIM---



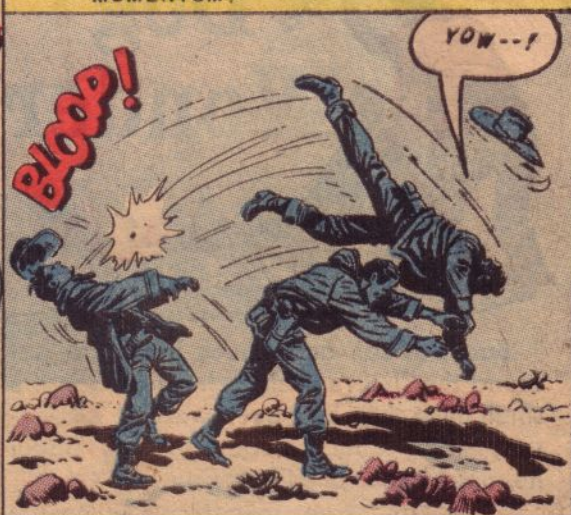
KING LEAPS
FOR NICK'S
GUN!

GAARRH--!

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, PRESTON
SEES BINDLE COMING---



---AND ADDS A THROW TO THE CROOK'S
MOMENTUM!



HELP! TAKE HIM
OFF! GET THIS
DOG OFF ME---

KING! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM
NOW!



WATCH THEM, KING ---
WHILE I LIFT GAGE DOWN!



I CAME AFTER THREE, BUT YOU, GAGE
WILL MAKE *FOUR* --- WHO WILL HAVE
A LONG WALK BACK TO TOWN ---
AND JAIL!



YOU'VE NOT HAD TIME TO DISPOSE OF THE
GOODS YOU STOLE FROM MORRIS'S STORE,
SO WE'LL TAKE THEM BACK TO HIM ---
AND CALL THIS CASE *CLOSED*!





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Dog Wonder

Bob Dawson and Chuck Blair had just found the first real big vein of gold in the small mine they had been working all season, when Chuck began to talk about heading back for Placer City.

"We don't want to get caught on the trail when the snow comes," he argued.

"The sky is clear as a bell," protested Bob. "It won't snow for weeks. Why are you worrying? It's a crime to leave this gold until Spring."

"It will keep, and we have enough to live on this winter. Besides, I know it's going to snow because Kahnee, my lead dog, has been sniffing the air all day, and acting restless. That's a sure sign."

"WHAT!" yelled Bob. "You mean you'd walk out on all this gold just because that stupid dog is restless? What does a dog know about predicting weather? I'm sick and tired of the way you're always talking about how smart that fool dog is. He's a good sled dog, and that's all."

Chuck sighed. There was no use arguing with Bob about Kahnee. He didn't understand about how dogs could sometimes have a sixth sense. Instead he said, "I'm willing to stay three more days, then we must leave or risk freezing or starving on the trail."

Bob grunted his agreement, and for the next two days they worked in the mine. Then, as Chuck was prying at a rock, a large jagged rock in the wall fell on his leg injuring it badly.

Bob knew he'd have to get Chuck to a doctor as fast as possible. Quickly, he broke camp, loaded Chuck into the sled, and set off for Placer City.

After three days, Chuck's temperature rose and he became delirious much of the

time. Meanwhile the sky clouded over and snow began to fall. Chuck awoke just long enough to see the dense, swirling snow.

"Guess Kahnee was right," he remarked weakly, "but don't worry, Bob. If you have trouble, give Kahnee his head and he'll get us back safe."

Bob gritted his teeth and grimly he made up his mind that he could manage without Kahnee's help.

At last he came to a fork in the trail. The left branch led across a wide open snow field. The right branch went through a mountain pass, and while the trail was harder to follow, it was ten miles shorter. Chuck usually took the left pass, so Kahnee instinctively started in that direction. Angrily, Bob cracked his whip and turned the team down the other trail.

As they approached the narrow neck of the pass Kahnee slowed down. Bob shouted at him and cracked his whip but instead of going on, Kahnee stopped. Again Bob yelled and cracked his whip at Kahnee but the dog stood his ground and began to bark. Again and again his bark rang out and echoed through the pass, and then Bob heard another sound . . . an ominous "CRACK" . . . followed by a terrible, rumbling, roaring sound as an avalanche thundered down the steep mountain wall somewhere beyond where they stood.

Bob stood transfixed until the last rumble died away. Then he walked forward and clumsily stroked Kahnee's head, saying, "I guess I owe you an apology, partner. We'd all have been buried under that slide if you hadn't shown so much sense. I guess maybe I'd better take Chuck's advice and leave it up to you to get us safely to Placer City."

Bob turned the sled around and then he gave Kahnee a free rein. With an eager yelp Kahnee headed back toward the other trail.

Hours later as they were pulling into Placer City, Chuck revived and whispered, "I knew you'd make it, Bob."

"Don't thank me," said Bob. "It was Kahnee who got us back safe. I guess I've got a lot to learn about dogs, and with Kahnee around I think I'll learn fast."

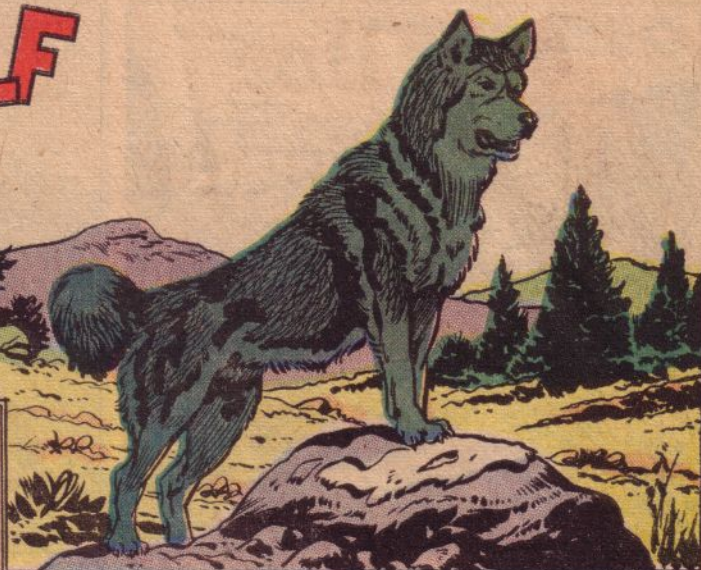
GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



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GRAY WOLF IS OUT HUNTING BREAK-FAST FOR HIS FAMILY, AMONG THE TANGY ODORS OF BUDDING LEAVES AND DAMP SOIL, HE CATCHES THE WARM SCENT OF RABBITS.



NOISELESSLY, TENSE AS A STEEL SPRING, HE INCHES AROUND A BIG ROCK...



BUT IT IS A DEAD RABBIT HE FINDS THERE--- FRESHLY KILLED--- WITH THE MUSKY SCENT OF WEASEL STILL IN THE AIR.



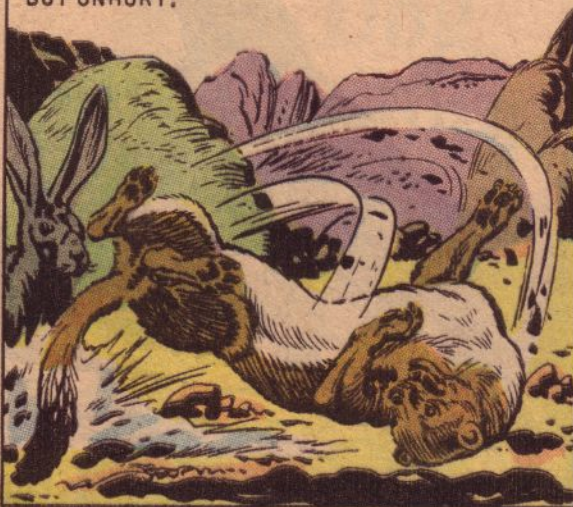
FROM FARTHER ON COMES SUDDENLY THE SOUNDS OF A WILDERNESS BATTLE--- A SQUEALING AND A THUMPING! GRAY WOLF MOVES LIKE A SWIFT SHADOW TO INVESTIGATE.



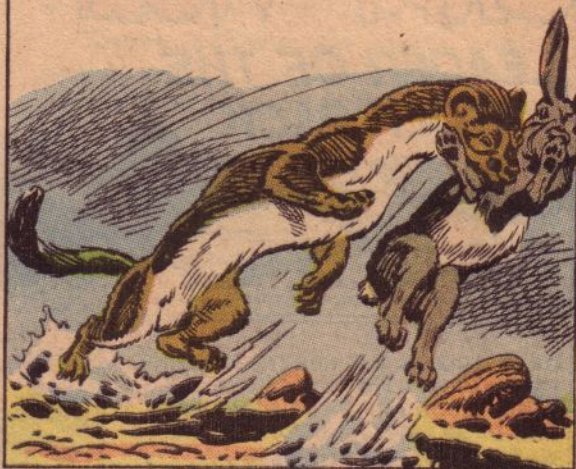
A BIG BUCK RABBIT IS FIGHTING OFF THE VICIOUS LITTLE ASSASSIN WHO KILLS FOR PLEASURE MORE THAN FOR FOOD!



THE WEASEL GOES SPINNING ---
BUT UNHURT.



HE LEAPS AGAIN --- AND SEIZES THE FOREPAW
IN NEEDLE-SHARP TEETH.



THEN SOME WARNING SCENT --- OR A SIXTH
SENSE OF DANGER --- MAKES THE LITTLE
BEAST DROP AND WHIRL ABOUT --- TO FACE
GRAY WOLF!



CORNERED, THE WEASEL KNOWS ONLY RAGE!
HE CANNOT ESCAPE, WITH HIS SHORT LEGS
--- AND HE NEVER THINKS
OF TRYING! HE ATTACKS!



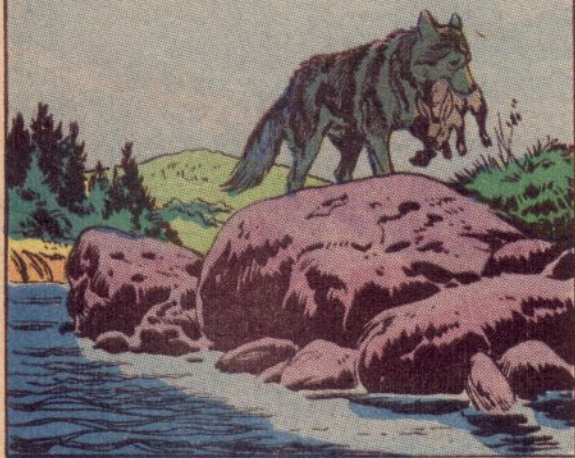
ONE CHOP OF THE WOLF'S JAWS
--- AND THE EVIL-SMELLING
LITTLE KILLER IS FLUNG ASIDE,
DEAD. THE BUCK RABBIT IS
ALREADY GONE.



--- BUT THE WEASEL'S FIRST VICTIM IS STILL
THERE! A SMALL BREAKFAST, BUT BETTER
THAN NOTHING!



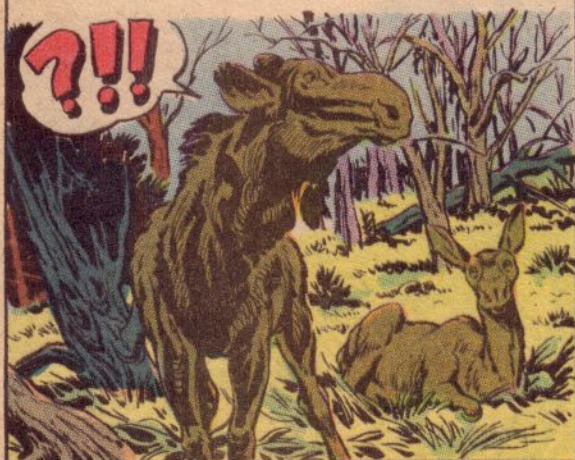
WITH THE DEAD RABBIT IN HIS MOUTH, GRAY WOLF STARTS BACK TO HIS DEN--- BY A SHORTER ROUTE, FOLLOWING THE RIVER.



THE RIVER IS IN FRESHET--- SWOLLEN BY MANY A SNOW-FED CREEK AND RUN! WHAT BREEZE THERE IS, BLOWS FROM THE FLOOD.



IT CARRIES THE WOLF SCENT TO A YOUNG MOOSE COW, WATCHING OVER HER NEW-BORN CALF IN A THICKET.



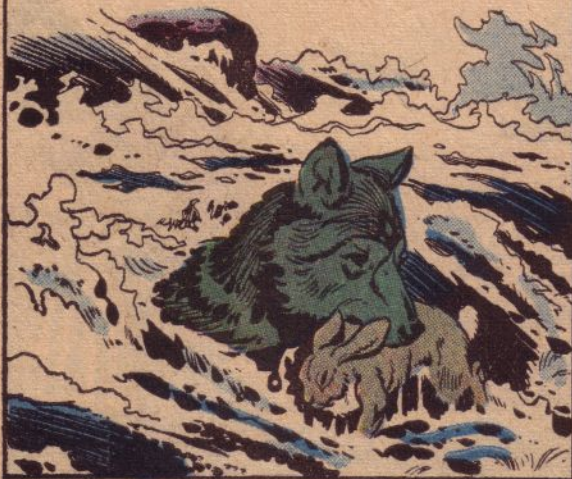
WITHOUT WARNING SHE BURSTS OUT OF COVER-- GRUNTING HER FURY--- CATCHING GRAY WOLF BETWEEN THE RIVER AND A RUSHING CREEK. HER BIG FOREHOOFs ARE DEADLY WEAPONS...



--- AND GRAY WOLF HAS NO INTENTIONS OF ARGUING WITH THEM! HE LEAPS STRAIGHT OUT INTO THE BOILING RIVER, THE RABBIT STILL CLAMPED IN HIS JAWS.

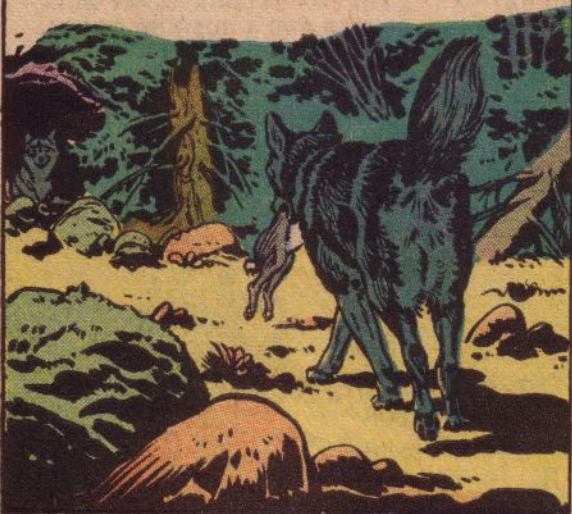


THE FIERCE CURRENTS CATCH HIM, DUCK HIM,
TOSS HIM UP AGAIN, SWIMMING HARD! HE
STRIKES OUT FOR THE BANK...



HE IS SWEEPED A HUNDRED YARDS DOWNSTREAM
BEFORE HE FINALLY GETS A CLAW-HOLD ON
SOLID GROUND.

MINUTES LATER, HE REACHES HIS NEW DEN.



---AND TRIUMPHANTLY LAYS BEFORE HIS MATE,
KUNEE, THE OFFERING HE HAS WORKED SO HARD
TO BRING HOME.



FAR TOO YOUNG TO EAT
THE RABBIT, THE PUPS
HURL THEMSELVES
UPON IT WITH BABY
GROWLS.



AND KUNEE DOES SOMETHING QUITE UNUSUAL---
SHE GIVES HER BIG MATE'S CHEEK A HASTY LICK
---WHICH MAKES HIM FEEL THAT ALL HIS EFFORT
HAS BEEN VERY WORTHWHILE!



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(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



HERE'S A "5-STAR" IDEAL!

ANSWERS: Boy holding wood while other boy chops • Boy chopping in the middle of crowd • Boy doing reckless trick • Small child playing with fire • Boy running with sharp object in hand.

