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SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON



Northern bush...
tough country to track
river pirates in...but Preston
always drew the tough jobs.



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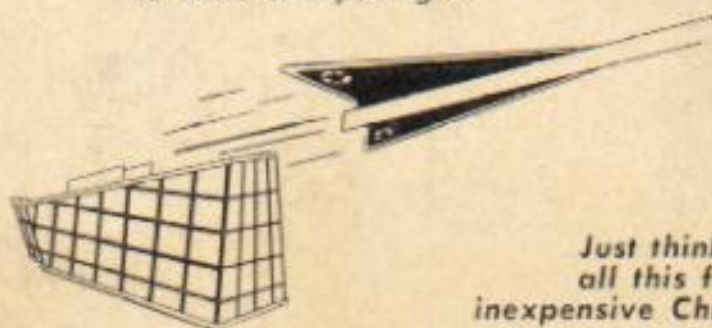


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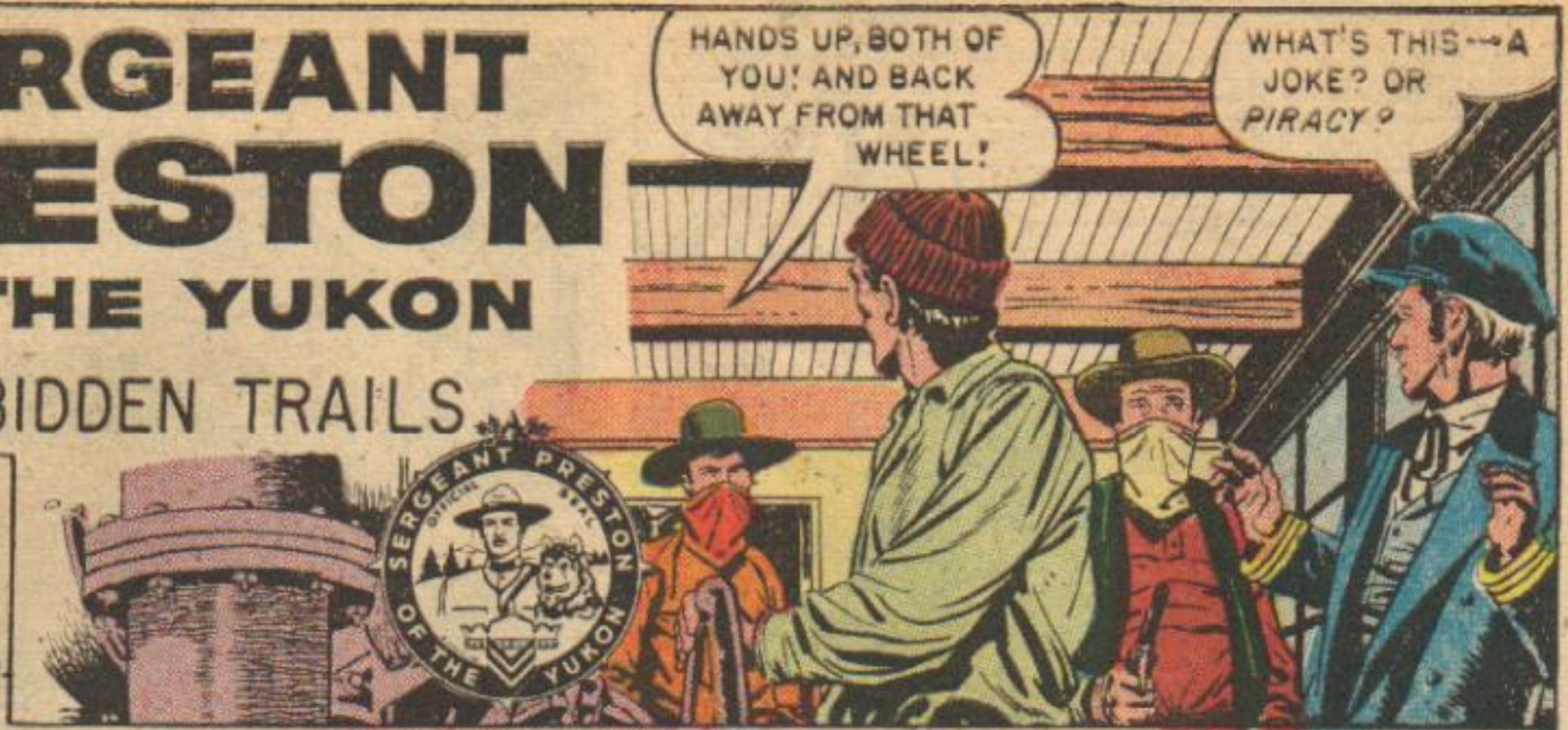
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A-58

SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON

FORBIDDEN TRAILS

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON, THE PILOT HOUSE OF A YUKON RIVER STEAMER IS SUDDENLY INVADED.



MOMENTS LATER, THE VESSEL SWINGS SHARPLY OFF COURSE, HEADED FOR A SANDBAR...



WHILE TWO OF THE PIRATES HOLD THE PASSENGERS AND CREW ON THE FOREDECK---

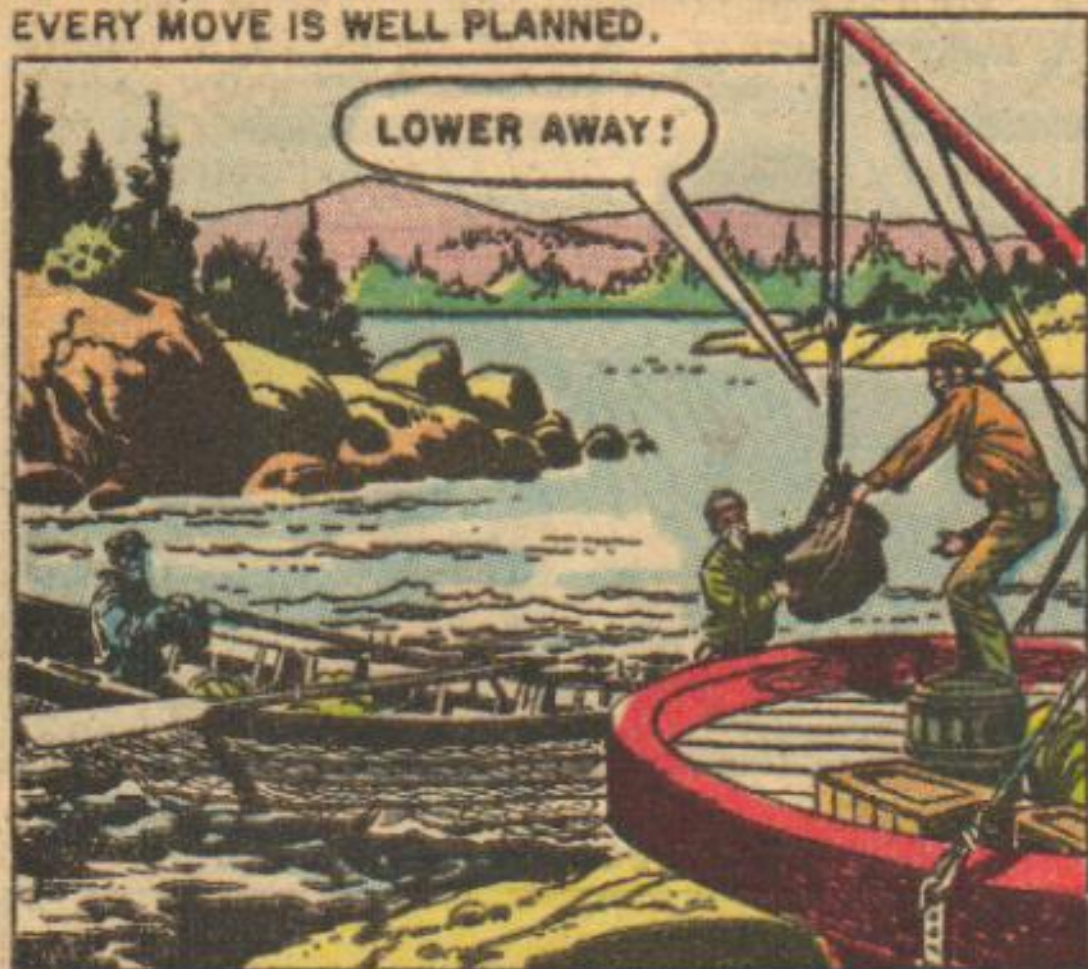
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

... THREE OTHERS LOWER THE SHIPMENTS OF BULLION, GOLD DUST AND BANK CASH INTO A LIFEBOAT. EVERY MOVE IS WELL PLANNED.



AS THE BOAT PULLS AWAY ---



TWO OF THE PIRATES COVER THE VESSEL'S COMPANY, FROM THE EDGE OF THE BUSH--- INTO WHICH THEY SLOWLY DISAPPEAR.



THREE DAYS LATER --- IN THE DAWSON HEADQUARTERS--

HERE IS WHERE THE YUKON BELLE WENT AGROUND, PRESTON! SINCE THE PIRATES LEFT NO TRAIL, IT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS WHERE THE GOLD IS NOW?



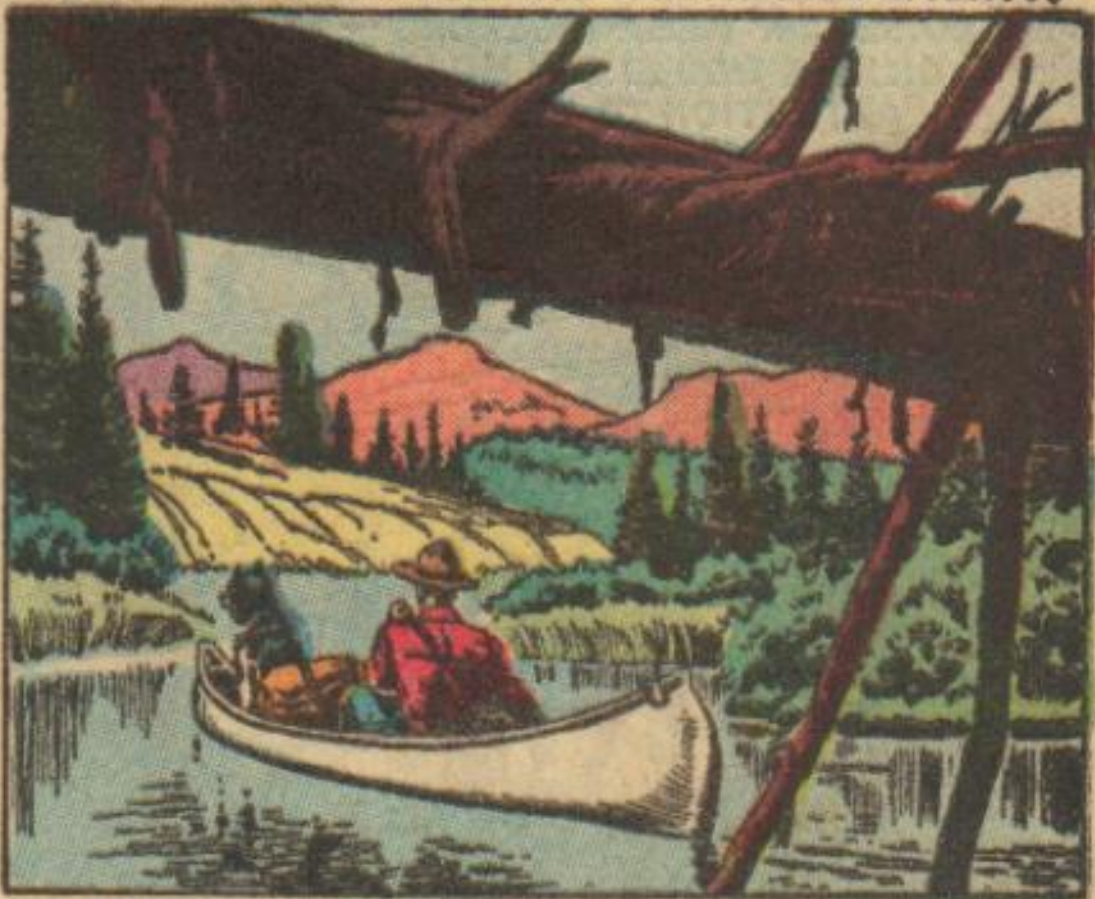
LET'S HEAR IT, SERGEANT!

WELL, THERE IS A REGION THAT HAS BEEN AVOIDED BY INDIAN AND WHITE TRAPPERS ALIKE-- BECAUSE OF CERTAIN STRANGE, UNEARTHLY MOANS AND SHRIEKS MEN HAVE HEARD THERE!





THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINDS SERGEANT PRESTON AND YUKON KING PADDLING UPSTREAM ALONG THE CURVING BRANCH OF THE LOST WOMAN RIVER...



AT DUSK, PRESTON LANDS--- WHERE A GAME TRAIL DESCENDS TO THE WATER.



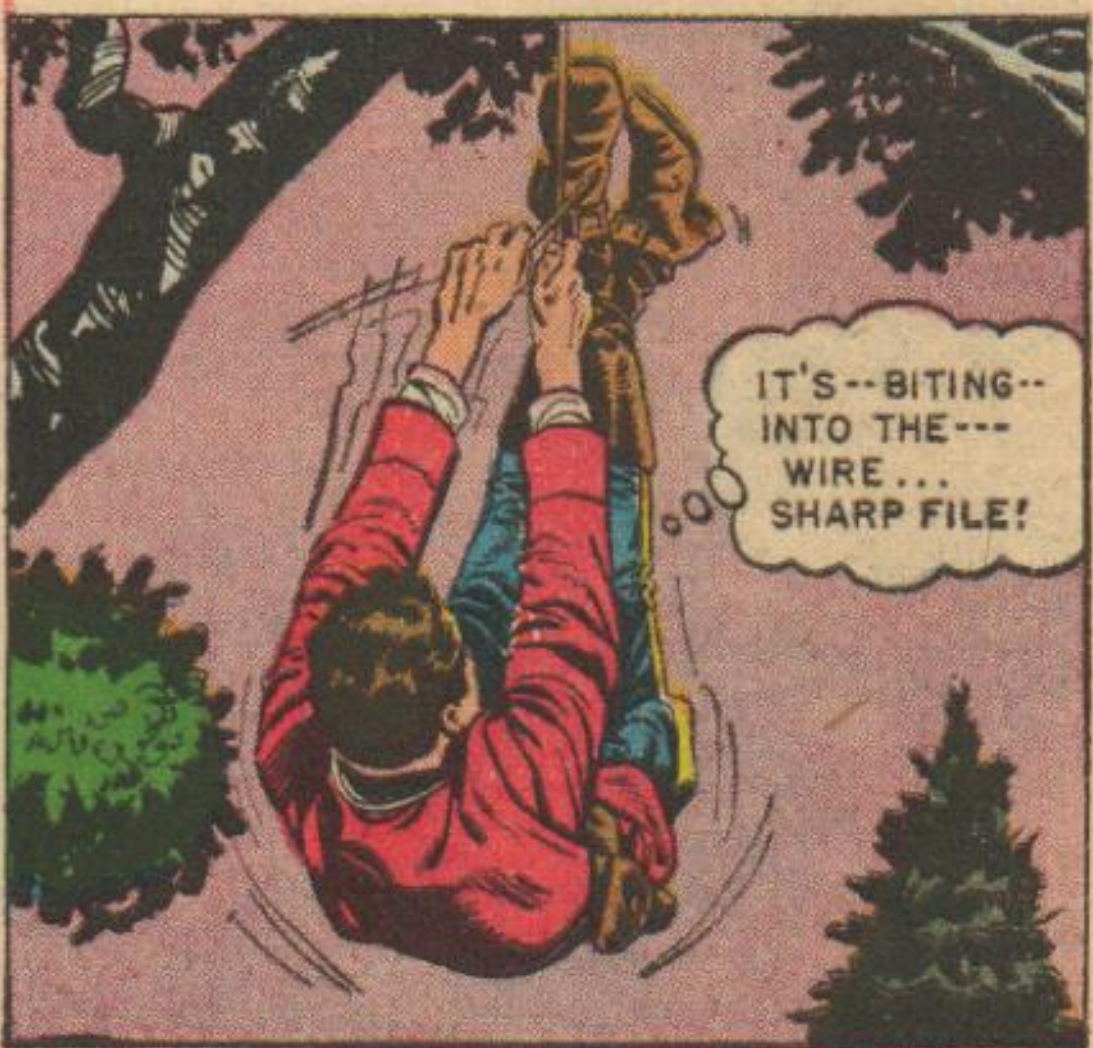
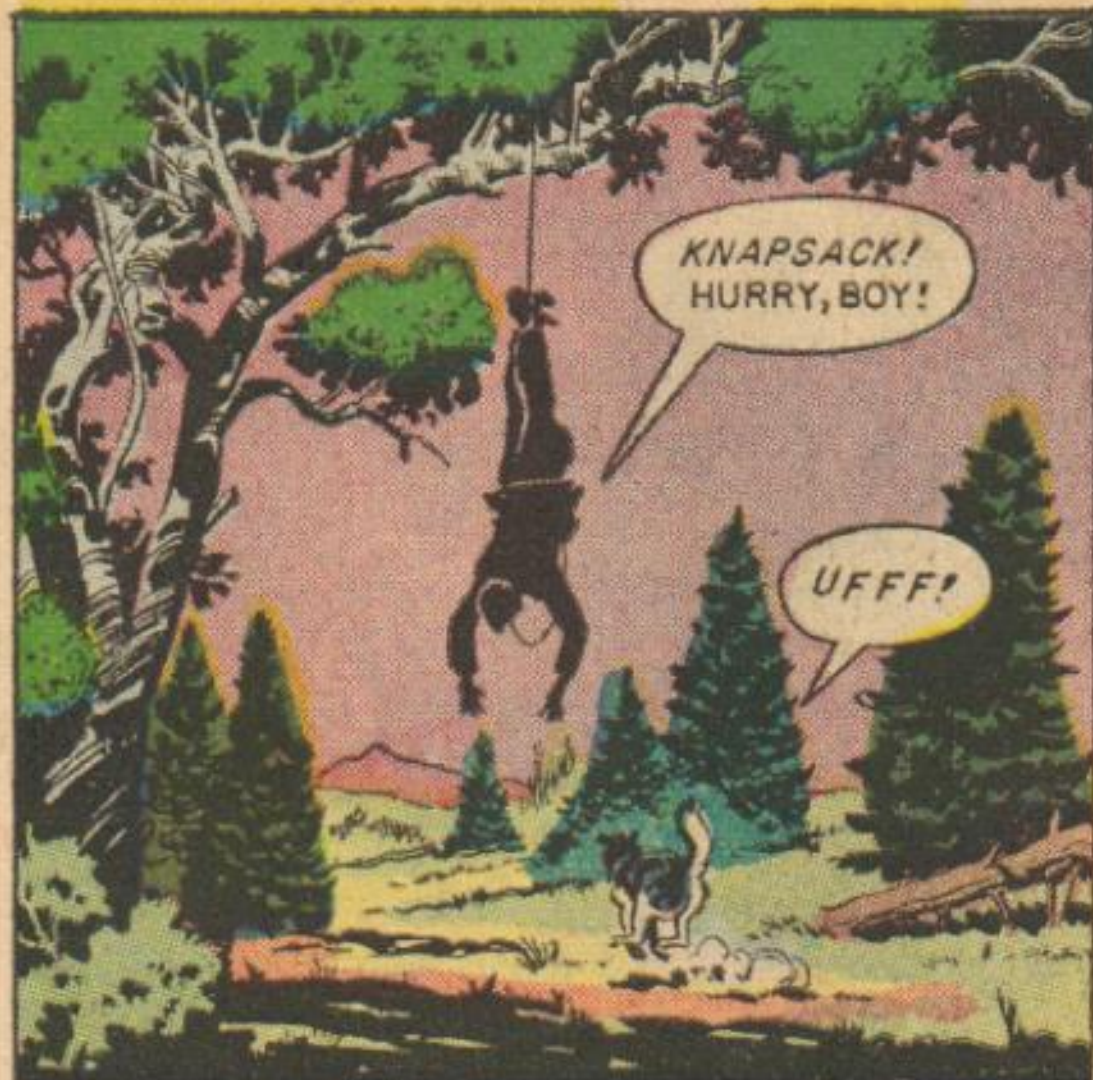


AS THE EVENING BREEZE MOVES THE DISTANT TREE-TOPS, THE WEIRD SOUNDS RISE LOUDER!



WITHOUT WARNING, PRESTON IS JERKED INTO THE AIR BY A STEEL-WIRE NOOSE!

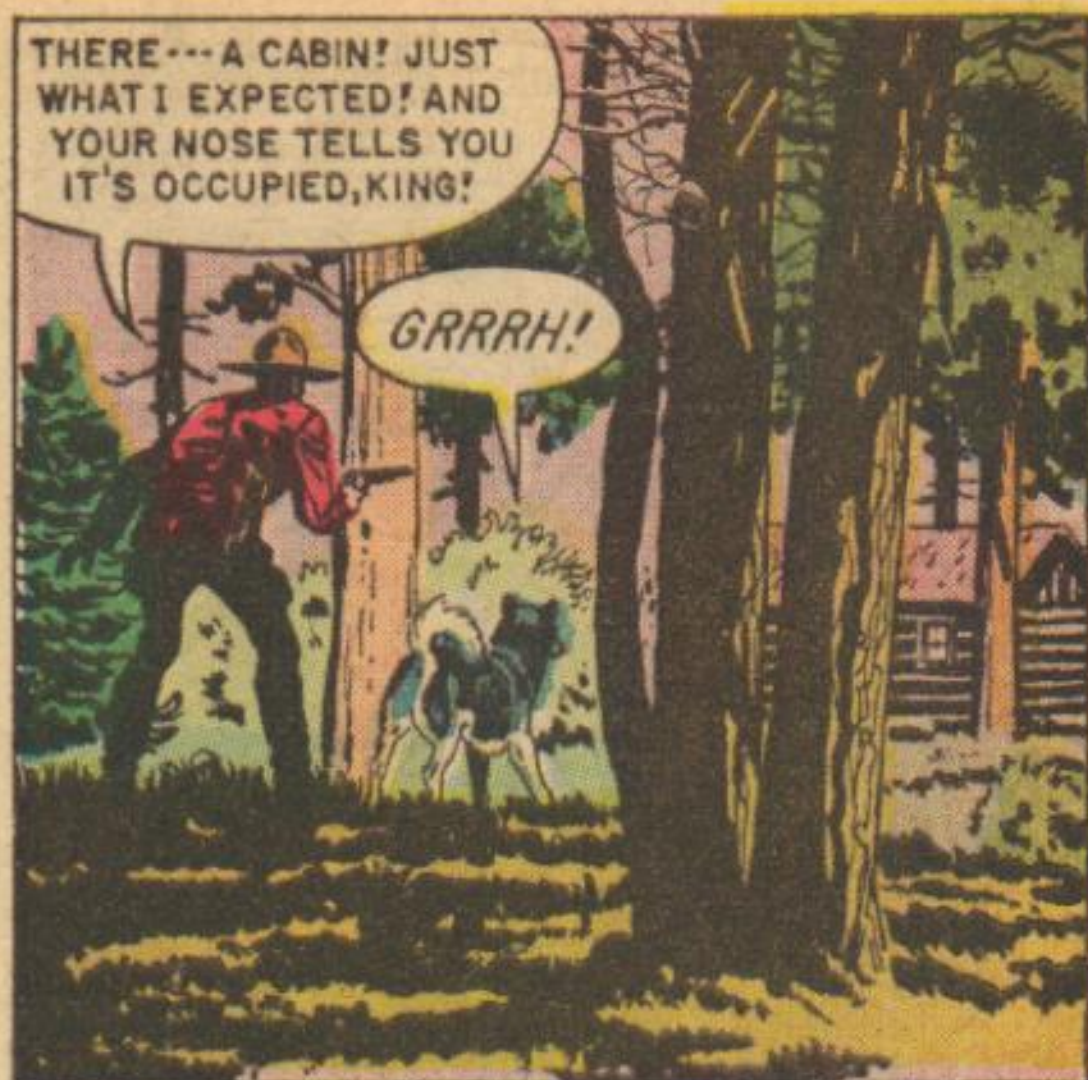






THE FRICTION OF DEAD WOOD LYING HEAVILY IN A LIVE TREE'S CROTCH PRODUCES A GRATING MOAN, AS THE WIND SWAYS IT!







COME OUT---WITH YOUR HANDS UP! THIS IS THE MOUNTED POLICE!



THE MOUNTIES! WE'RE SUNK! DON'T SHOOT! --



COME OUT, I SAID!

OWK!

A BULLET FROM PRESTON'S GUN HITS THE SHOOTER'S WEAPON...



COME ONE AT A TIME--HANDS HIGH!



FACE THE WALL---AND DON'T STIR!

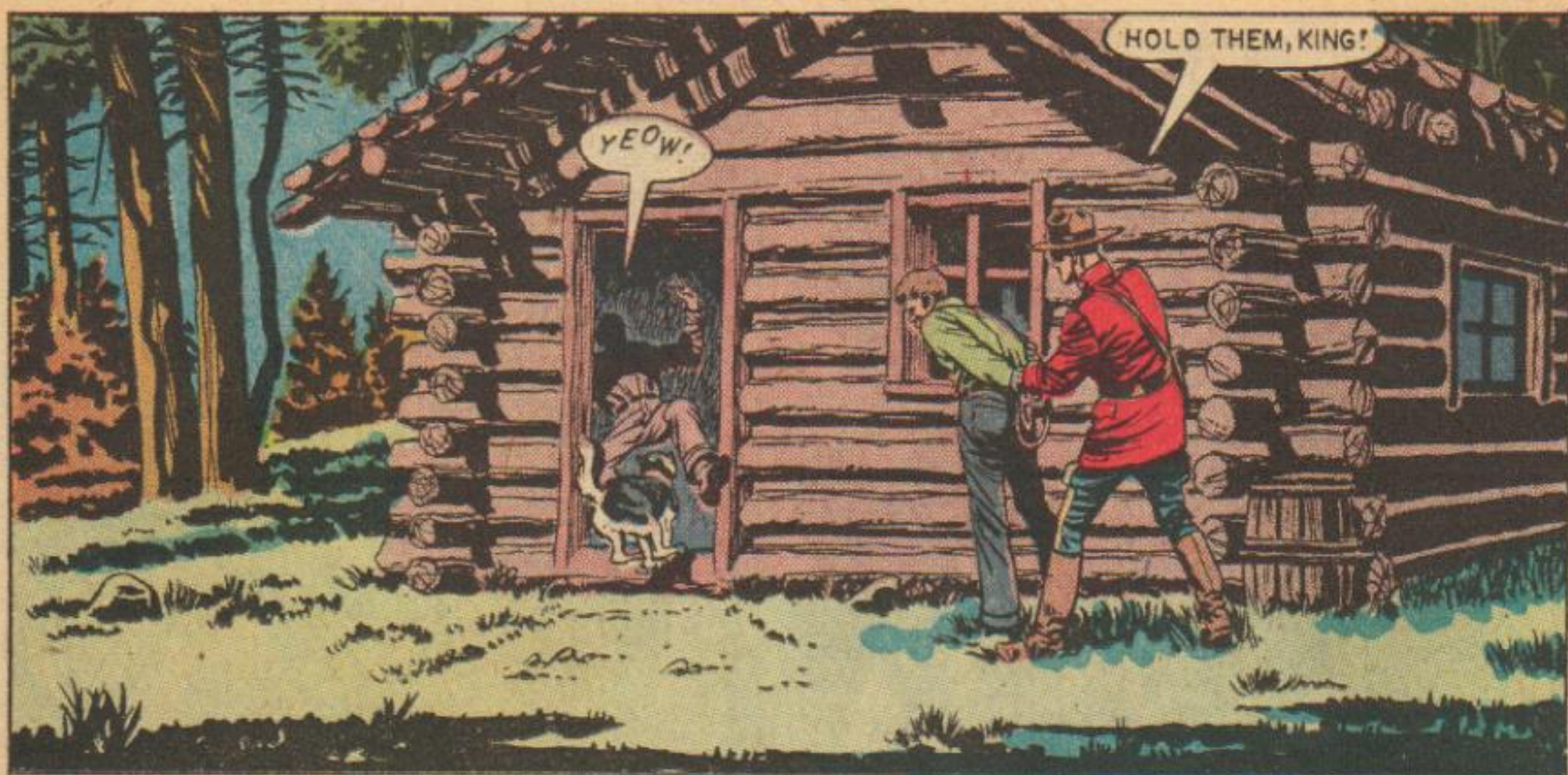
UH? ONLY ONE OF YOU?

THE FIRST MAN OUT GIVES A SHOUT AS PRESTON SPINS HIM ASIDE.

AND INSIDE, A BLANKET SUDDENLY SNUFFS OUT THE LIGHT!



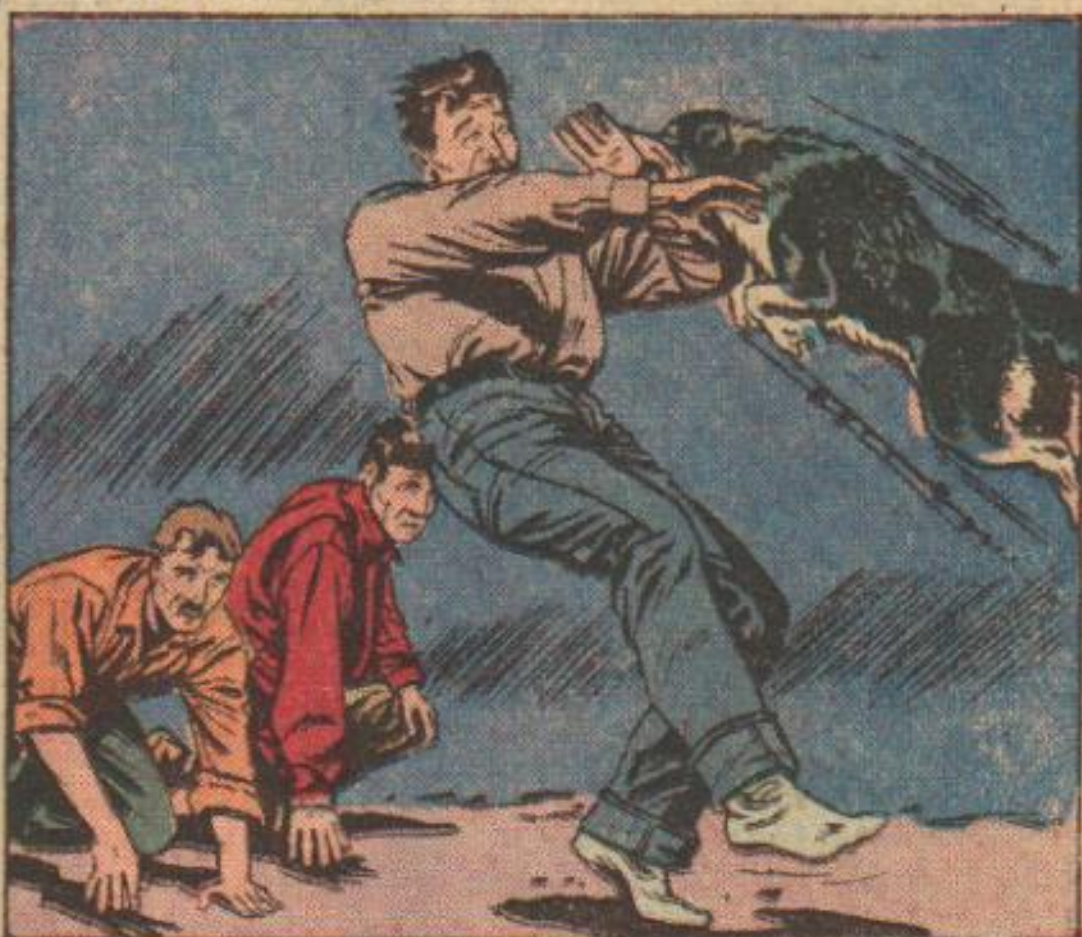
GET HIM, BOYS! ONE MOUNTIE IN THE DARK!



IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CABIN, KING'S GROWLING, HURLING SHAPE CAUSES INSTANT CONFUSION! HE HAS BEEN WELL TRAINED FOR JUST SUCH MIX-UPS.



BUT KING'S EXPERT ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE HALTS A RUSH FOR THE DOOR.



ONE AT A TIME, PRESTON--- WAITING OUTSIDE ---
LINES THEM UP UNDER HIS PISTOL.



HOLD THEM HERE, KING --- WHILE I TAKE
A LOOK INSIDE!



THE LOOT FROM THE
YUKON BELLE! I WAS
NOT MISTAKEN!



IT'S ALL HERE---AS
FAR AS I CAN ESTIMATE,
TOO HEAVY A LOAD FOR
ONE MAN--- BUT I'LL
HAVE FIVE
PRISONERS TO
CARRY IT OUT!



SOME DAY WE'LL COME
BACK HERE, KING---AND CUT
DOWN THAT CREAKING TREE!
BUT RIGHT NOW WE CAN
CALL THIS CASE CLOSED!

EEYOWW-



OOOOH--? OOOOH! OWWW-OOOOH?

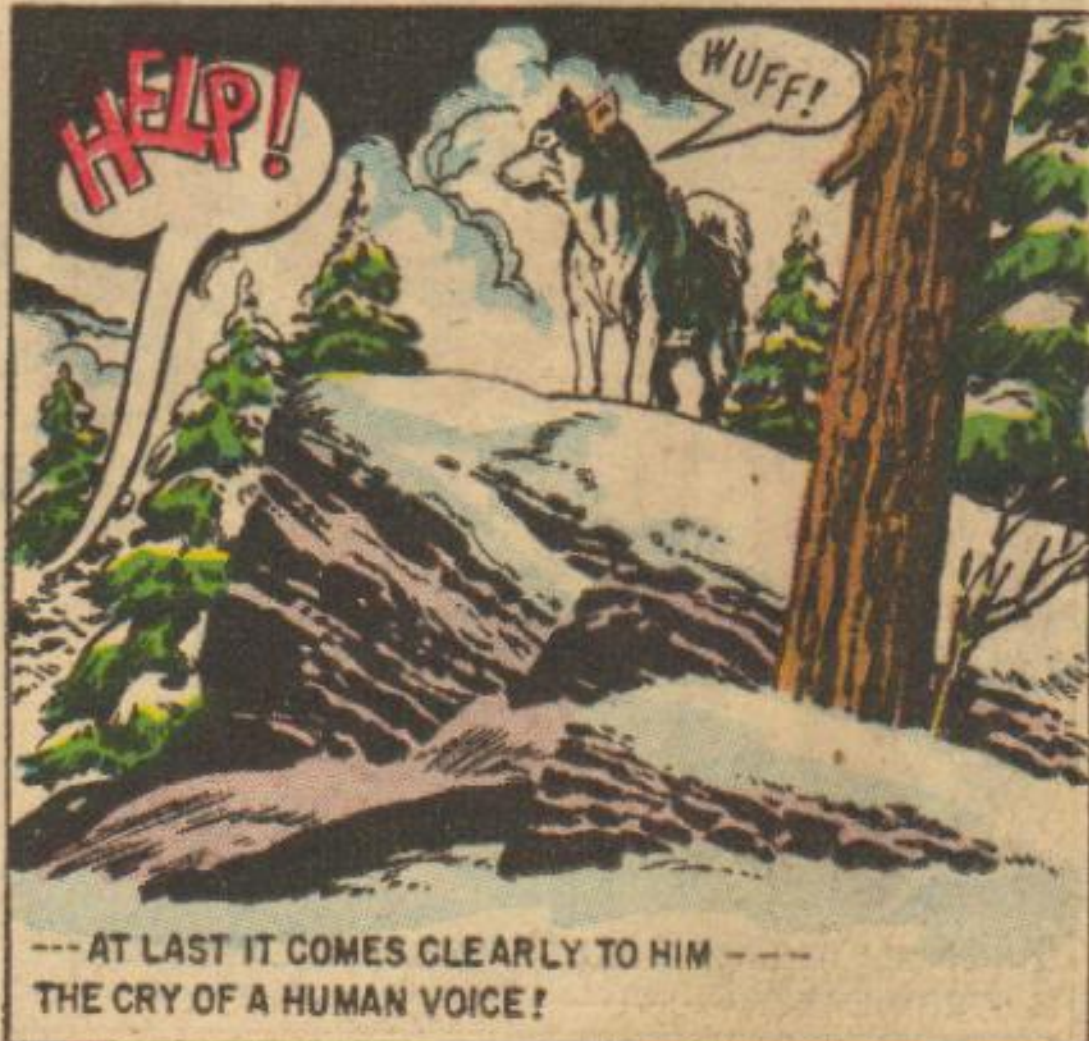


Yukon King



ONE NIGHT, WHILE TEAM AND DRIVER SLEEP, YUKON KING IS ROUSED BY THE FAINTEST OF DISTANT SOUNDS---DISTURBING YET UNIDENTIFIED!

ALTHOUGH HIS HEARING IS MORE THAN EIGHT TIMES AS KEEN AS A MAN'S, KING LOPEs FOR A MILE, FOLLOWING THE SOUND'S DIRECTION, UNTIL ---



--- AT LAST IT COMES CLEARLY TO HIM ---
THE CRY OF A HUMAN VOICE!

HE BREAKS INTO A GALLOP! AND, THREE MILES FARTHER--



... THE SMELL OF DANGER DRAWS HIM TO AN OVERTURNED LIGHT SLEIGH, AND ITS TEAM OF THREE HUSKY DOGS--- DEAD! AND MINGLED WITH THEIR SCENT IS THAT OF WOLF!



IT IS THE TRAIL, NOT OF A PACK, BUT OF ONE HUGE WOLF, WHICH HE FOLLOWS--- AND IT LEADS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THAT DESPERATE HUMAN CRY!



HALF A MILE AWAY, HIS FOOT PINNED UNDER A BIG SPRUCE HE WAS FELLING TO MAKE A DEADFALL, LEON BOWER, TRAPPER, FACES THE KILLER!



THE WOLF AT LAST MAKES UP HIS MIND... HE TAKES A STEP NEARER ---



WHEN THE SOUND OF YUKON KING'S HEADLONG APPROACH WARNS HIM! HE WHIRLS ---



AND SLASHES KING'S SHOULDER DEEPLY AS THEY MEET!



THEN KING GETS HIS GRIP --- AND KEEPS IT!

OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL IN NEARLY SILENT STRUGGLE--- KING FIGHTING FOR A HUMAN LIFE --- THE WOLF FOR HIS OWN!



AT LAST THE MONSTER GIVES A GREAT SHUDDER--- AND GOES LIMP!



THANKS, FELLOW! NOW, IF YOU CAN ONLY UNDERSTAND--- MY AXE! BRING MY AXE! OVER THERE --- SEE? UNDER THE SNOW---!



THAT'S IT, FELLOW! BRING IT TO ME! BRING IT!

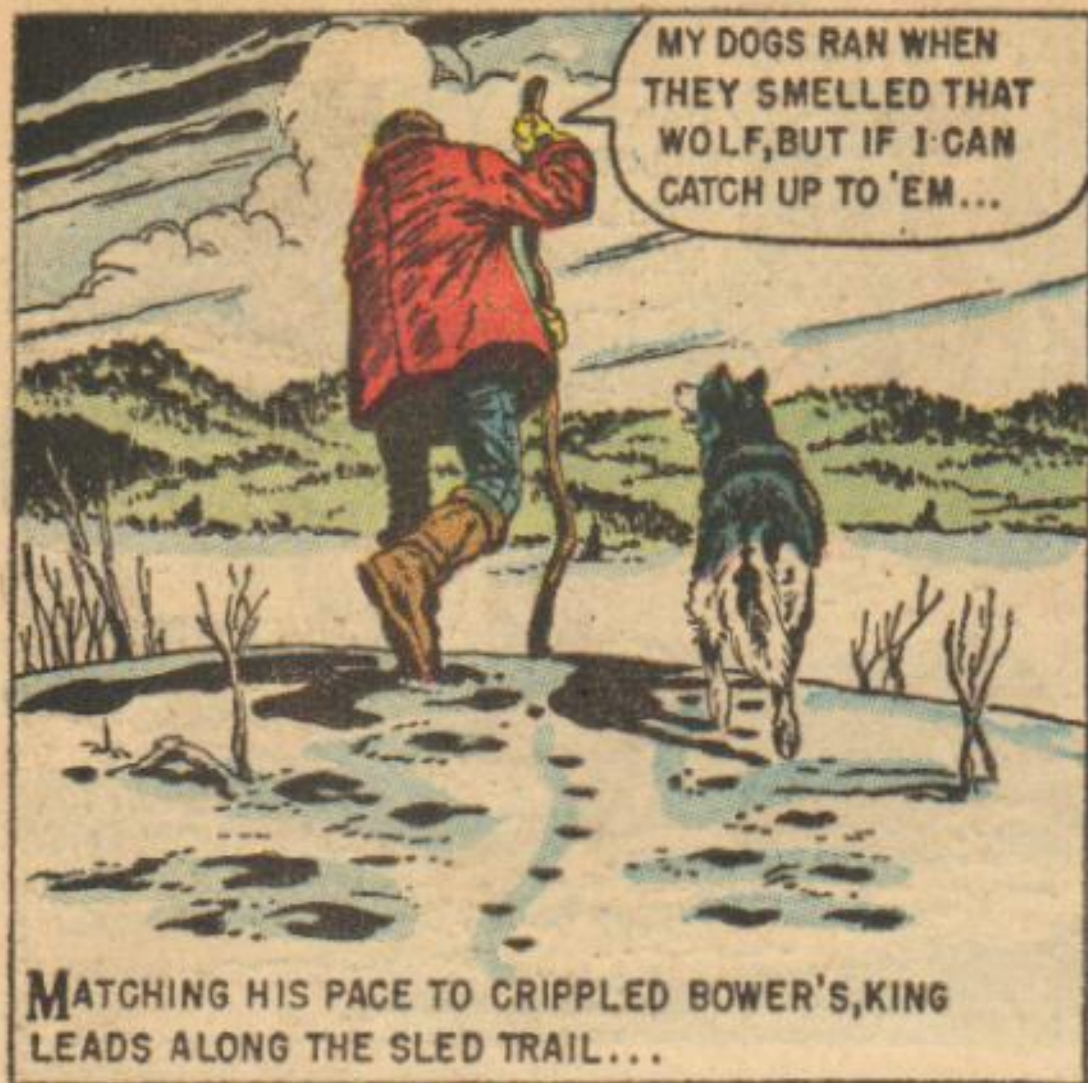


I'LL BE FREE---IN A FEW MORE MINUTES---UGH! 'FRAID MY FOOT IS FROZEN, THOUGH... NO FEELING IN IT... UGH! STICK AROUND, FELLOW! DON'T LEAVE ME---!



NOW, IF I CAN GET TO MY SLED---IF MY TEAM HASN'T RUN TOO FAR... MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME TRAIL 'EM, BOY! MY SLED!





SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON

SMOKE SCREEN

IN A NORTHWOODS CABIN ABANDONED BY SOME FORGOTTEN TRAPPER, TWO EXPRESS COMPANY ROBBERS---"SLIPPY" SLADE AND "TIMBER" LAPINE---GAZE OUT OVER THE MOONLIT SNOW.



THE TRAIL IS GETTING WARM, KING? THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? THEY'RE WAITING FOR US MAYBE...

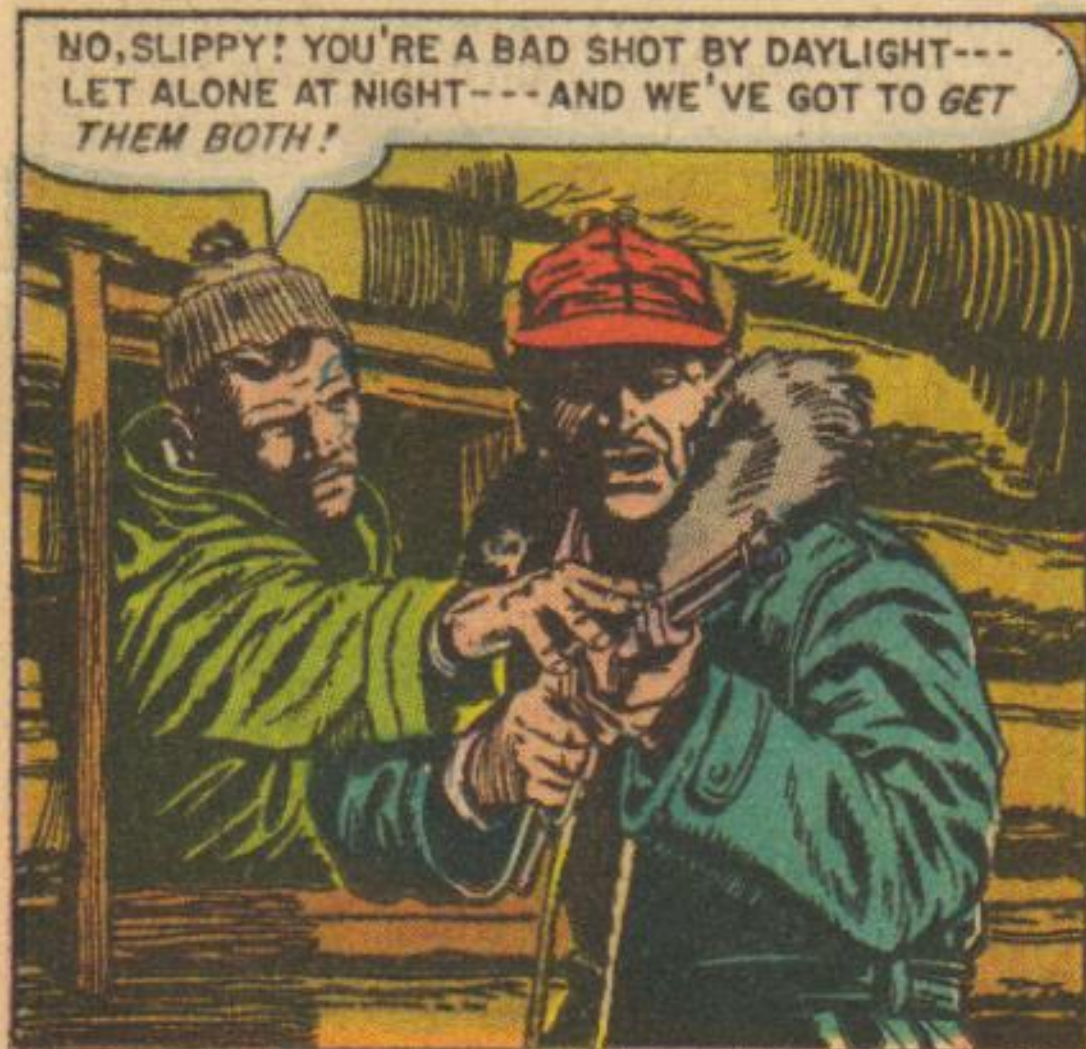


RRR-R-RRR-RH!

--- DOWN IN THAT STAND OF PINES?



NO, SLIPPY! YOU'RE A BAD SHOT BY DAYLIGHT--- LET ALONE AT NIGHT--- AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM BOTH!



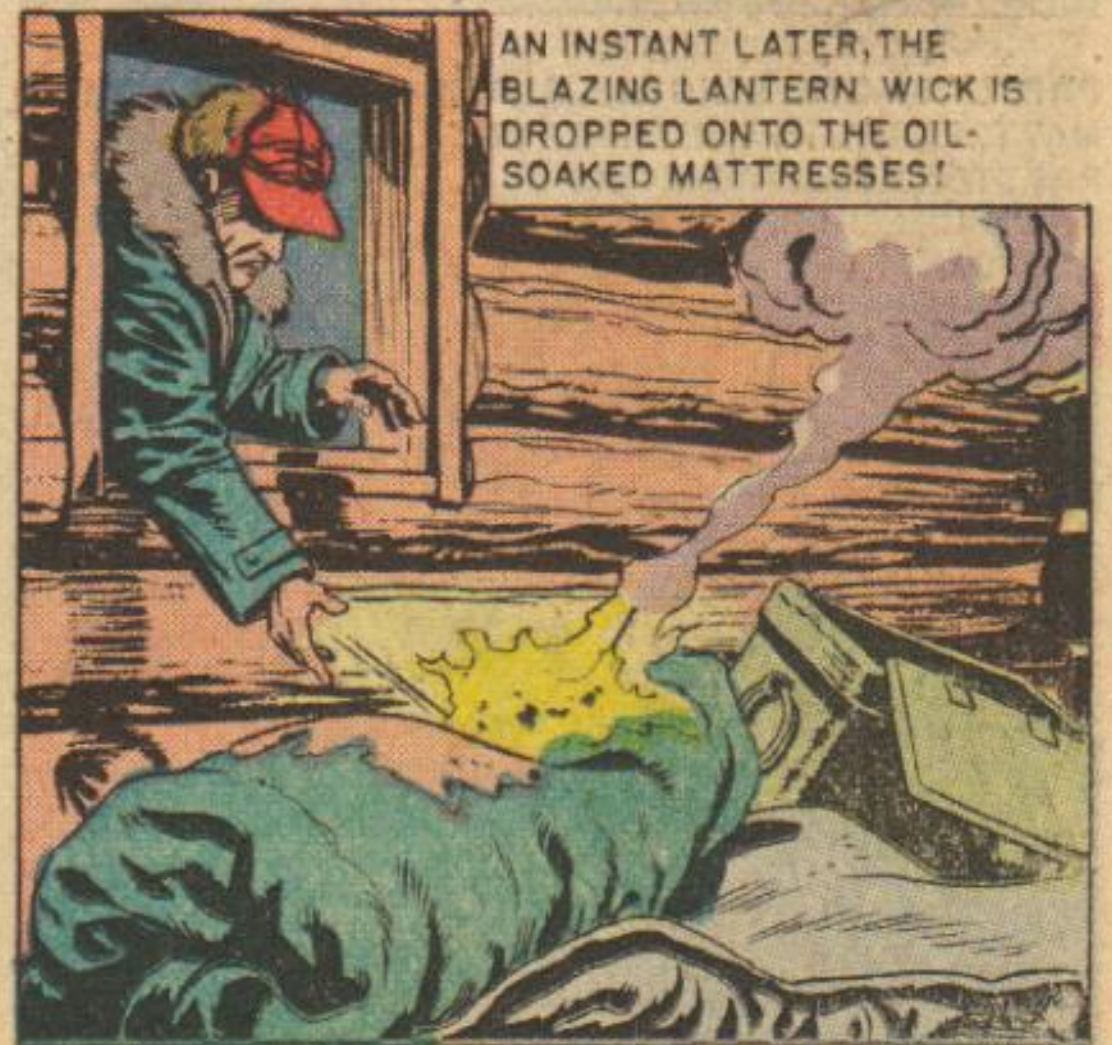
THE SHOOTING HAS GOT TO BE CLOSE UP! IF WE KILL THE MOUNTIE AND THE DOG GETS AWAY HE COULD STILL IDENTIFY US!







TO LEAVE HIS HANDS FREE FOR SEARCHING, PRESTON TUCKS THE AXE HEAD UNDER HIS BELT.







The Tenderfoot



The storm had come up suddenly, and worse yet it was almost dusk. Small particles of ice mixed with the swirling snowflakes, and the howling wind roared and whined like a wounded beast. Here was challenge enough for an old-timer, but what chance did a tenderfoot have—alone, unskilled, trapped as he was in the very center of a Yukon blizzard?

Not much of a chance, thought Jeff Morgan, as he forced himself onward. The wind tore at his parka, and the hail stung his face repeatedly. Every so often he was forced to a halt, as though mighty hands had laid hold of him, eager to drag him down into the soft, glistening drifts. It took every effort, every ounce of will power to fight off the feeling. Movement was his only chance. To stop now was to stop for all time. Sluggishly he wiped the snow from his lids. Painfully he pushed one foot forward, then the other. His thoughts reeled. The morning seemed so long ago—almost an eternity.

"You be careful," said gray-haired Russ Taylor, as Jeff prepared to leave. Russ was the mine company's foreman, and his feelings toward Jeff were like a father toward a son.

"I'll be all right," Jeff replied. "I can make the trading post by noon and be back before dusk. Getting out on my own might do me some good," he added with a smile.

"Two months in the Yukon hardly makes you a veteran," Russ said with concern. "You be careful, boy," he repeated.

Russ' concern seemed exaggerated to Jeff. He had made the post by noon, loaded the sled with supplies and was back on the trail a little past two. He grinned inwardly at how he would kid Russ when he got back to camp. Shortly afterwards it happened. The storm swooped down out of the mountains and suddenly his rosy world became bleak and dismal.

Within a half hour he had lost the sled and the team. They simply tore loose and ran off. Within another twenty minutes he was hopelessly lost. Wearily he came to a halt to wipe away the snow, and then he heard a new sound—a howling note that rose above the wind.

Wolves! In a moment his mouth went dry and his heart fluttered with sickening beats. He peered about him but the dancing, swirling flakes now fell all the faster. A shadow seemed to move across his field of vision, then disappeared. Did he imagine it? Doubt vanished as the piercing cry came from behind. He whirled. Bright spots of light glistened, then vanished. Swift shadows moved with blurring motion. The lights reappeared, and their numbers had increased. They circled, drew closer. The shadows began to take shape.

He could see them now, their lips drawn back, the fangs bared. He cringed within himself, held his breath and then orange flame leaped out of the darkness. Again and again the shots rang out. Yelps filled the air—trailed off in the distance.

Moments later old Russ and some of the boys were at Jeff's side. "Another second would have been too late," gasped Jeff. "The storm was bad enough, but those wolves meant the end."

"Don't be too hard on them wolves, boy," grunted Russ. "We heard their howls and it led us to you. In a way they did you a service."

Jeff shook his head wearily. The wolves had done him a service! It proved but one thing. There was a lot to learn about this country—a lot more than he had thought.

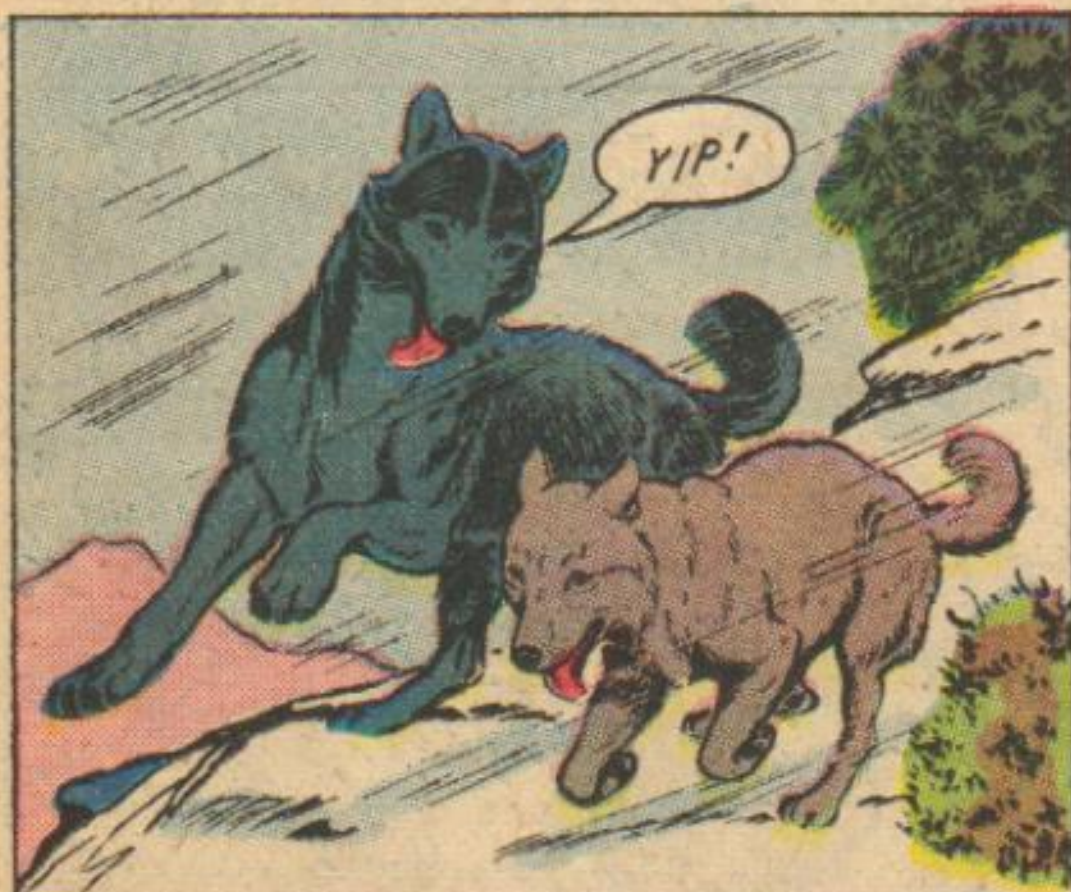
GRAY WOLF

LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



A SNOW STORM CATCHES GRAY WOLF AND HIS FAMILY HUNTING NEAR THE RIM OF ONE OF THE GREAT CLIFFS WHICH SURROUND THEIR VALLEY... AND IT MAKES THE GOING TREACHEROUS!

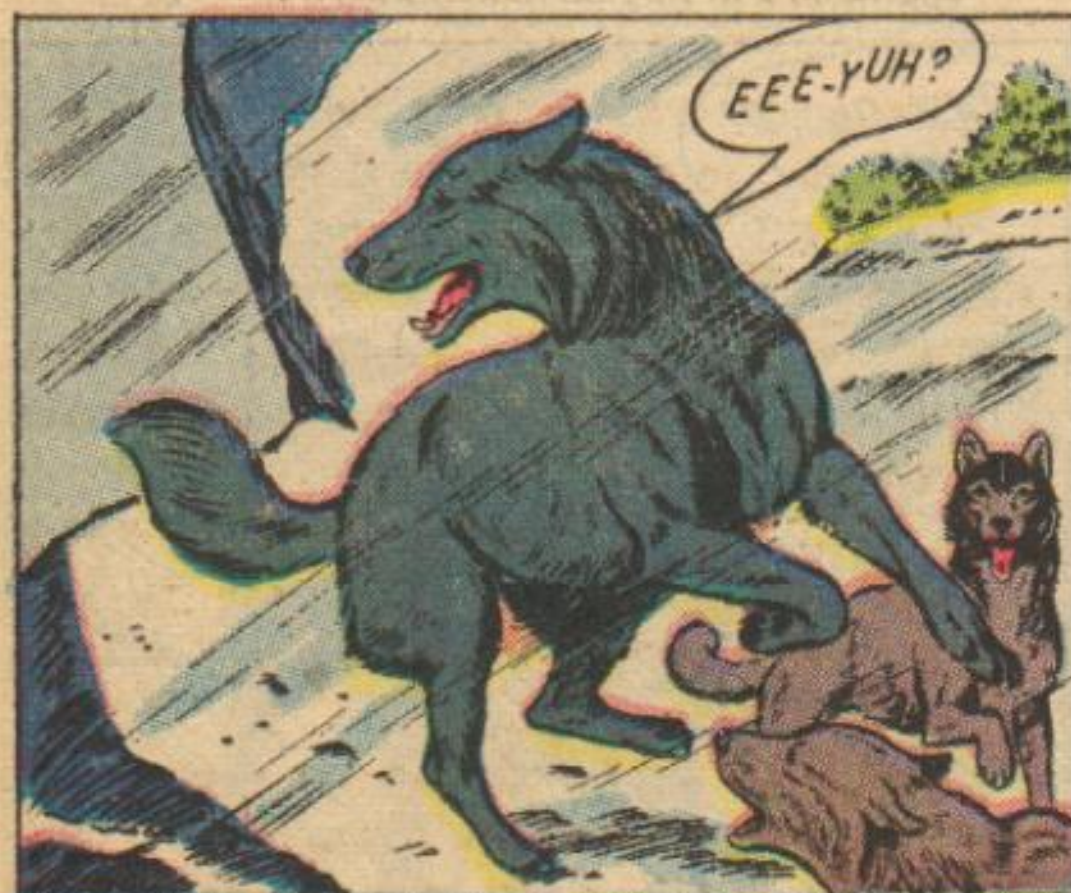
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WITH A SUDDEN SPURT OF SPEED, BROWNIE, THE BIGGEST PUP, CROWDS PAST HIS MOTHER, KUNEE ——— SHOVING HER ACCIDENTALLY!



HER SNOW-FILLED PADS SLIP ON THE GLAZED ROCK, AND SHE SLIPS OVER THE EDGE ——— INTO SPACE!



ELECTRIFIED BY HER HOWL OF FEAR, GRAY WOLF SPINS ABOUT IN MID-STRIDE ——— TOO LATE TO HELP!

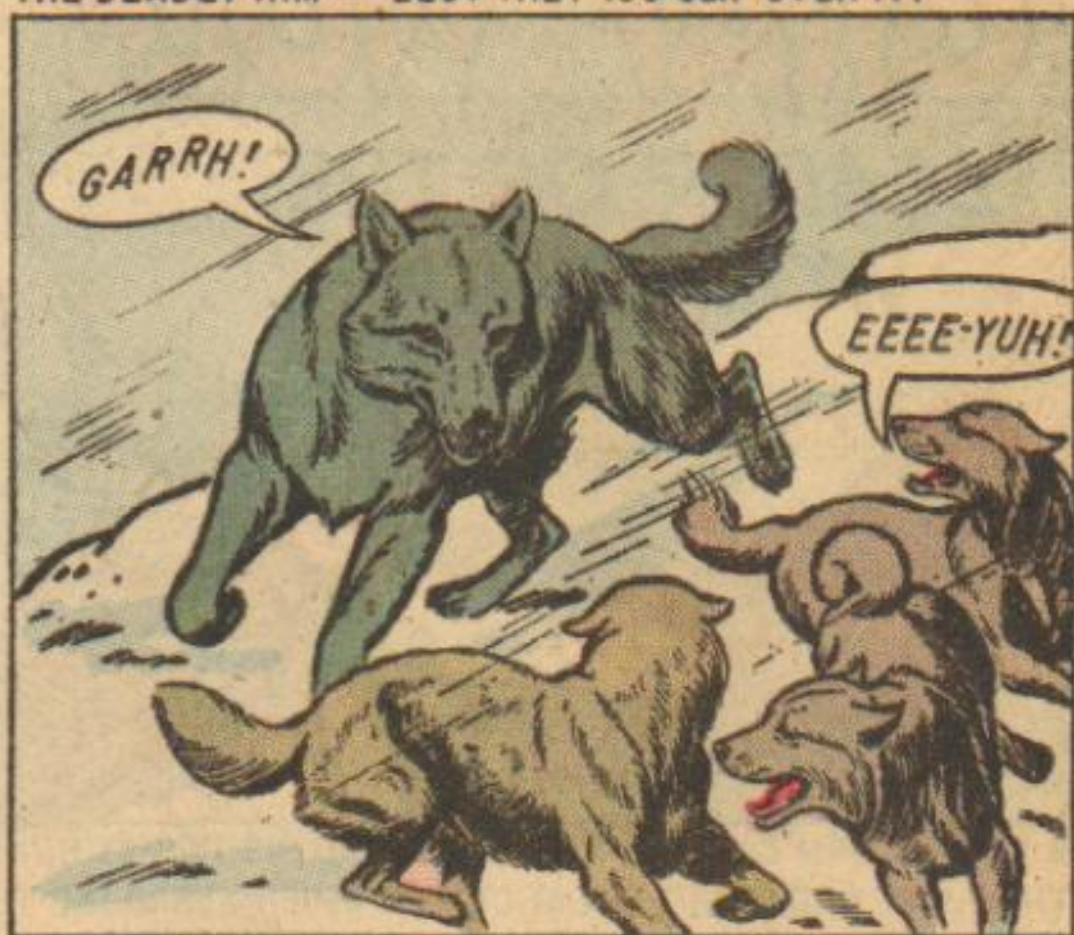


TWENTY FEET BELOW THE RIM, A NARROW LEDGE HAS BROKEN KUNEE'S FALL! SHE APPEARS UNHURT, BUT TRAPPED THERE!

PANICKED, KUNEE CLAWS AT THE SMOOTH ROCK WALL --- KNOWING IN HER HEART THAT IT IS USELESS! DEATH LURKS BELOW! AND THAT HERE SHE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD...



SAVAGELY, GRAY WOLF FORCES HIS OFFSPRING BACK FROM THE DEADLY RIM--- LEST THEY TOO SLIP OVER IT!



FOR LONG MINUTES HE STUDIES HIS MATE'S POSITION---IN GROWING DESPAIR!



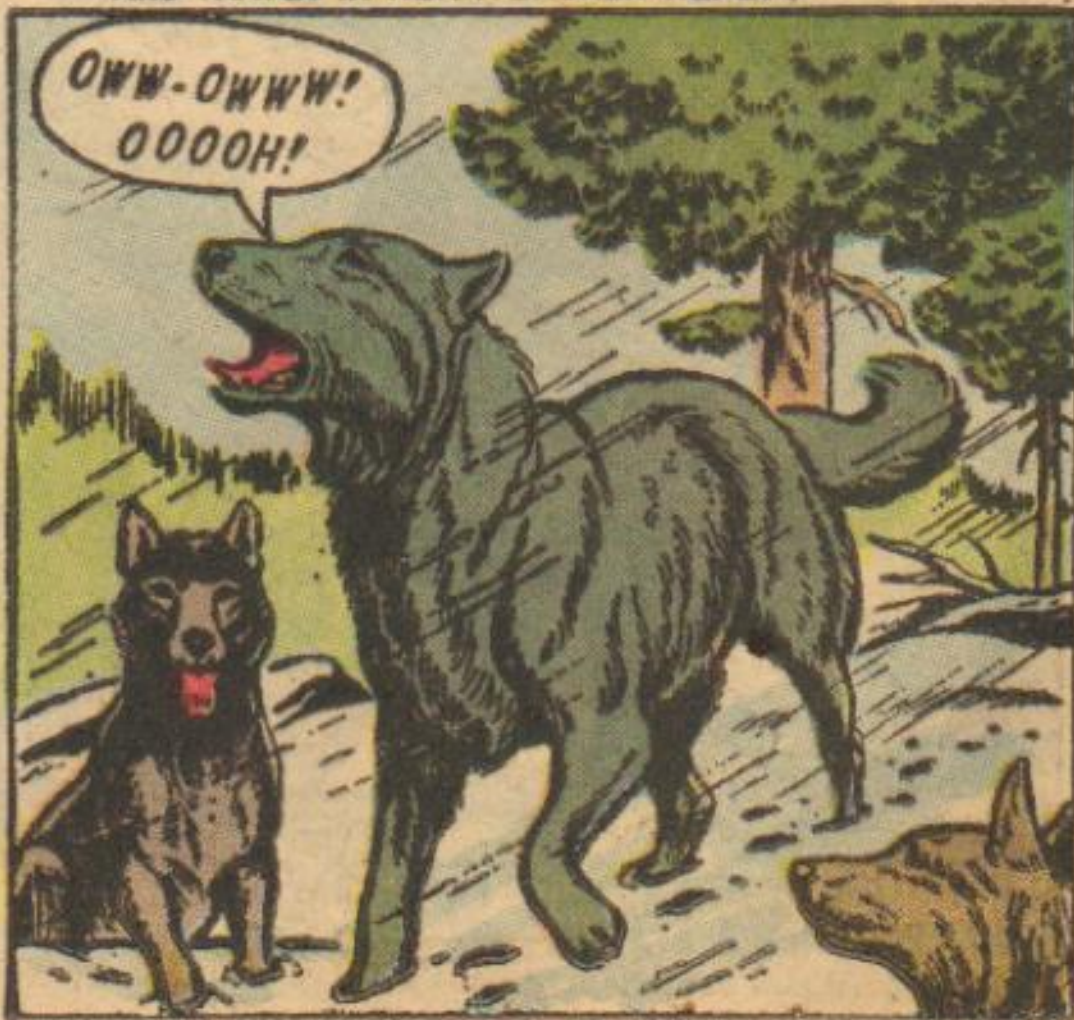
THEN HE LEADS HIS PACK DOWN BY A BREAK IN THE CLIFF WALLS.



DOWN BELOW, ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE BLIZZARD, HE HEARS HIS MATE'S MOURNFUL HOWL. ...



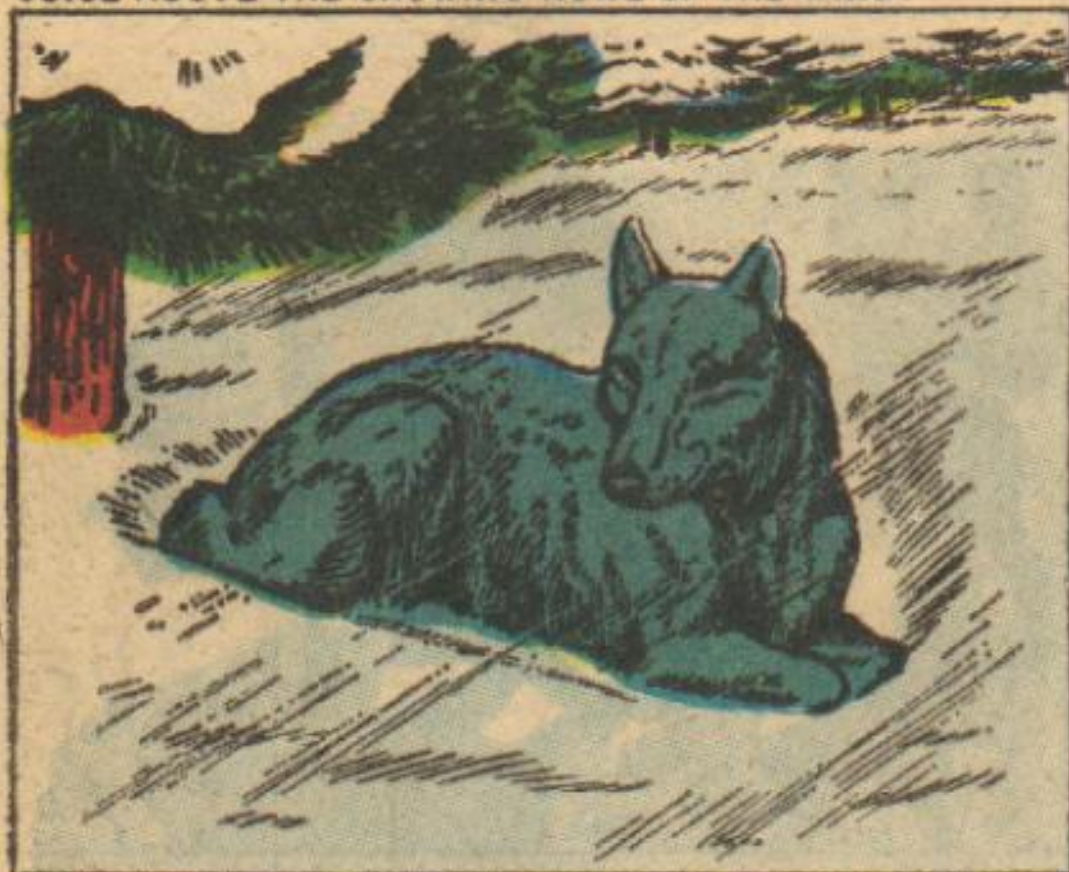
---AND HOWLS IN HEARTBROKEN REPLY!



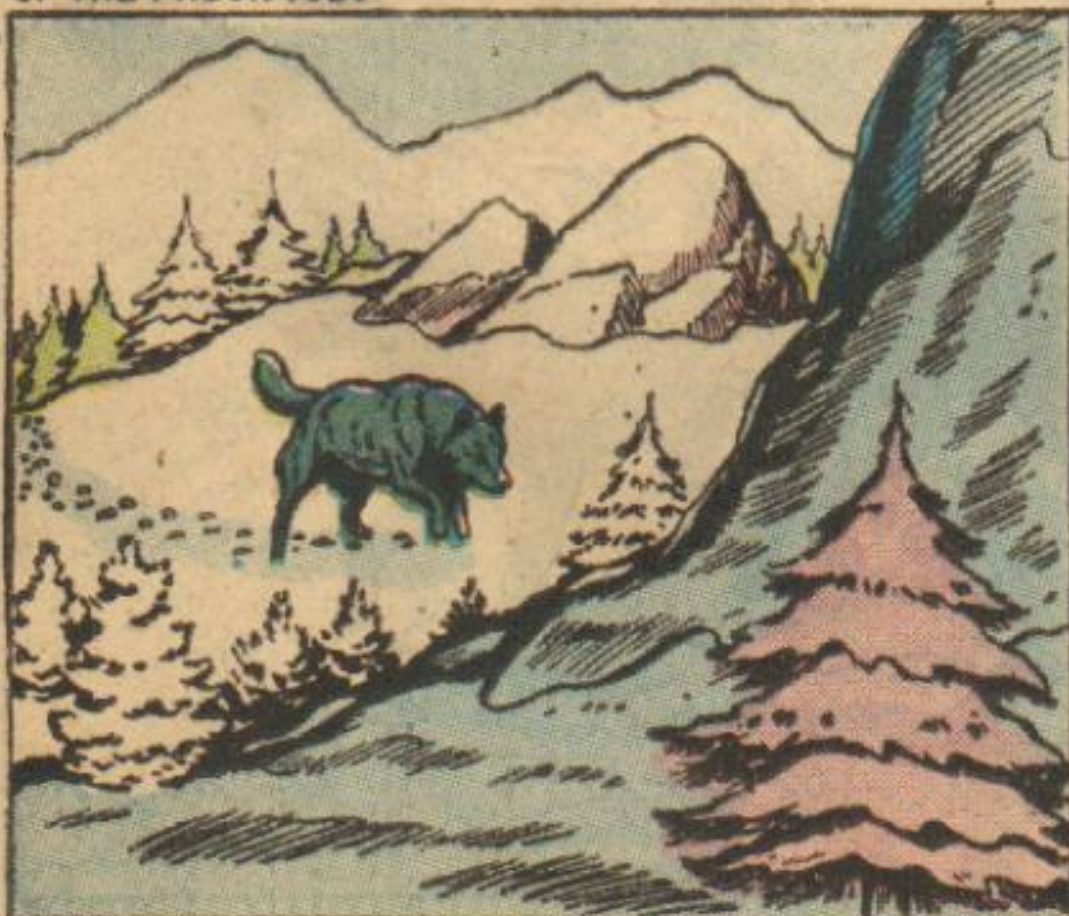
ONE BY ONE, THE CUBS MAKE THEIR LITTLE NESTS IN THE DRIFTING SNOW, AND LET NATURE'S WHITE BLANKET COVER THEM. THUS THEY WILL SLEEP OUT THE STORM IN COMFORT!



... UNTIL AT LAST WEARISSNESS FORCES HIM TO BED DOWN! EVEN THEN HE LISTENS --- TRYING TO MAKE OUT KUNEE'S VOICE ABOVE THE GROWING HOWL OF THE WIND.



SADLY, GRAY WOLF MOVES OVER THE WIND-PACKED SURFACE OF THE GREAT DRIFT WHICH BANKS THE FOOT OF THE PRECIPICE.



LONG AFTER HIS PUPS HAVE BEEN COVERED, GRAY WOLF KEEPS LONELY VIGIL...



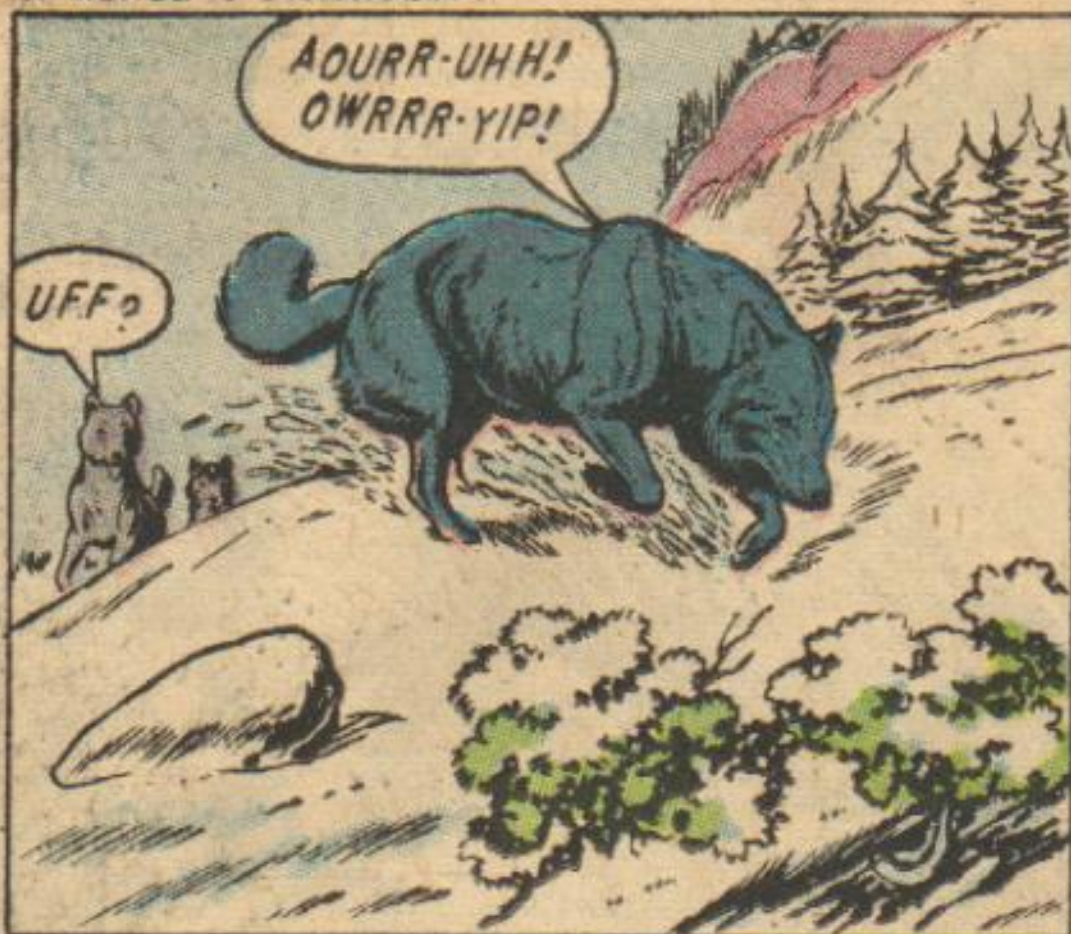
TWO DAYS LATER---A PALE NORTHERN SUN SHINES ON A STILL AND WINDLESS WORLD---WRAPPED IN WHITE! GRAY WOLF AND HIS OFFSPRING DIG OUT--- TO FACE THE *EMPTY CLIFF!*



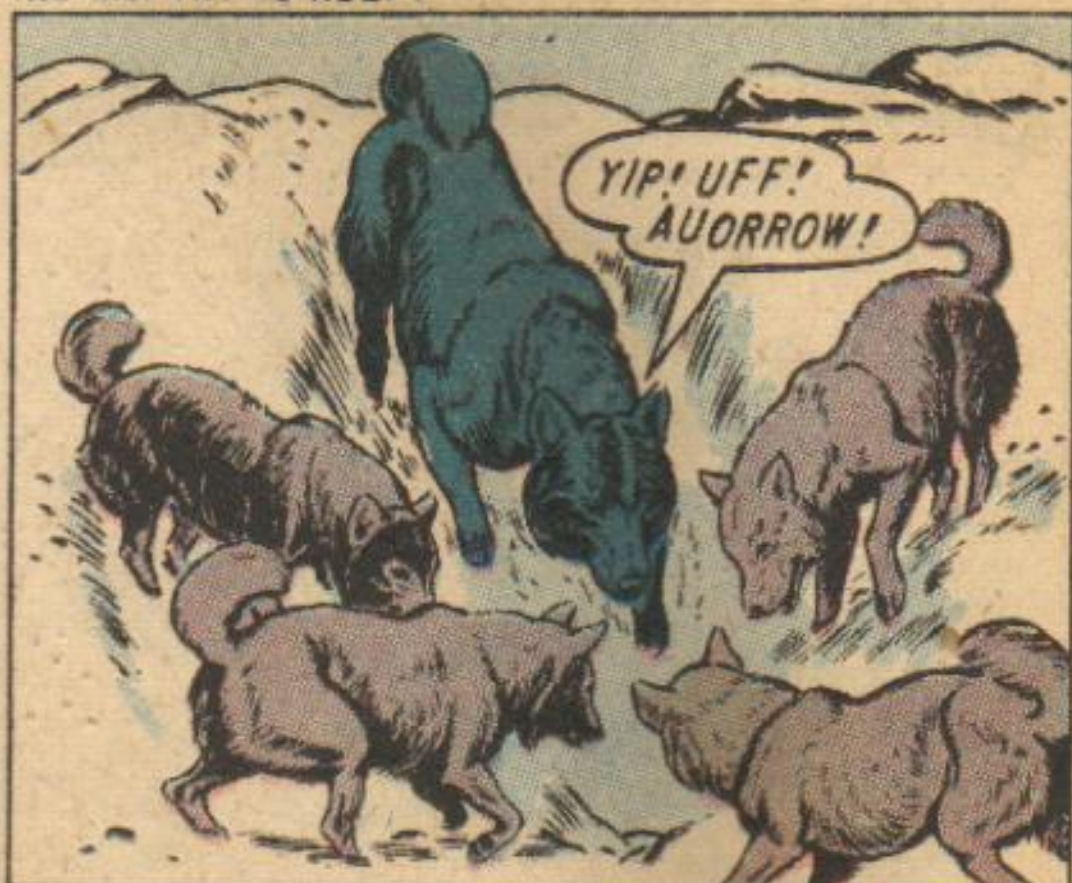
ABRUPTLY HE STIFFENS, CATCHING THE *WARM, LIVE SCENT OF HIS MATE!*



THEN, FURIOUSLY, HE BEGINS DIGGING WHERE THE SCENT OF KUNEE IS STRONGEST!



WITH GLAD LITTLE CRIES AND YELPS, HE WORKS IN A CLOUD OF TORN-UP SNOW--- AND THE PUPS IN THEIR BLUNDERING WAY TRY TO HELP!



HALF CONSCIOUS AFTER HOURS WITH TOO LITTLE OXYGEN AND TOO MUCH WEIGHT OF SNOW ON TOP OF HER, KUNEE FEELS THE WARM TOUCH OF GRAY WOLF'S TONGUE.



SHE IS UNHURT, HOWEVER--- THE DEEPLY-DRIFTED SNOW HAVING ENTIRELY CUSHIONED HER SIXTY-FOOT FALL! SOON SHE GAINS HER FEET...



... AND MOVES DOWN INTO THE SHELTER OF THE SPRUCES --- WITH HER MATE AND HER STRONG YOUNG SON SUPPORTING HER ON EITHER SIDE!



SERGEANT PRESTON

OF THE YUKON

A HOWL FROM THE HILLS

ON HIS REGULAR PATROL, SERGEANT PRESTON REACHES THE TRADING POST OF YOUNG JEFF STOREY AND HIS WIFE, NELL.

SERGEANT PRESTON!
COME IN! AND BRING
YUKON KING!

WHOA! I'LL BE RIGHT
WITH YOU, STOREY?

OH, SERGEANT! I'M SO
GLAD YOU CAME, JUST NOW!
THAT INDIAN JAILBIRD,
CHUCK-A-CHUCK, IS
HANGING
AROUND!

CHUCK-A-CHUCK?
I KNOW HIM! HAS
HE MADE ANY
TROUBLE?

HE'S BEEN PESTERING JEFF TO GIVE HIM TRAPS
AND GRUB ON CREDIT---AND HE WON'T TAKE NO
FOR AN ANSWER! LOOK THERE----
THROUGH THE WINDOW----

HMMM! HE'S FIXING
UP THE OLD, TUMBLDOWN
CABIN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

HE MEANS TO STAY--- THAT'S WHAT IS WRONG!
AND I'M AFRAID IF JEFF WON'T GIVE HIM WHAT HE
WANTS, THAT INDIAN MIGHT HARM LITTLE BOBBIE--
FOR REVENGE! HE KNIFED A MAN ONCE...

A MAN WHO HAD
THREATENED HIM!
I KNOW!

AS IF SENSING THAT HE IS BEING TALKED ABOUT, THE
SAD-FACED CREE TURNS TO GLANCE AT THE TRADING
POST.

CHUCK-A-CHUCK HAS TRIED TO GET TRAPS AND GRUB ON CREDIT FROM TWO OTHER TRADERS--AND FAILED! HE IS EVIDENTLY PINNING HIS LAST HOPES FOR MAKING A LIVING ON *YOUR* HELP, STOREY!

HE WON'T GET IT! HE'S BEEN IN JAIL! CAN'T TRUST HIM!



WELL, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, STOREY! HOWEVER, AS LONG AS CHUCK-A-CHUCK BEHAVES HIMSELF, I CAN'T KEEP HIM FROM HANGING AROUND YOUR POST! NOBODY OWNS THAT OLD CABIN!



IF WE ONLY HAD A GRAND DOG LIKE KING, TO GUARD BOBBIE---

WELL, IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL SAFER, MRS. STOREY, I CAN LEAVE KING WITH BOBBIE UNTIL I RETURN IN A FEW DAYS...



THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL, SERGEANT--- IF YOU COULD SPARE HIM!

KING, BOY! YOU ARE TO STAY HERE AND GUARD BOBBIE! DON'T LEAVE HIM! UNDERSTAND, FELLOW?



EEYUH! YUH!

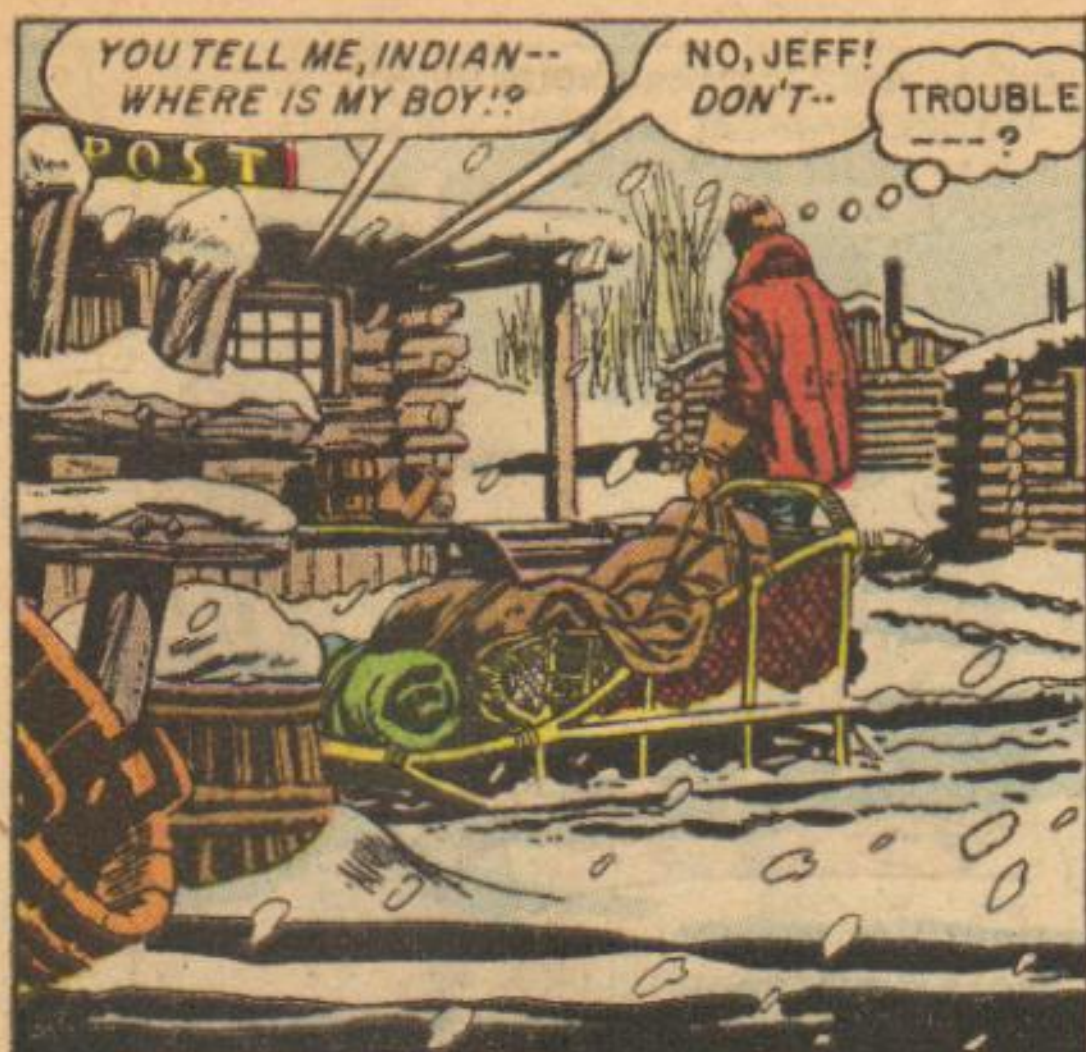
FRANKLY, I THINK YOU WOULD HAVE NO GOOD REASON TO WORRY ABOUT BOBBIE, IN ANY CASE, MRS. STOREY! CHUCK-A-CHUCK HAS HAD ALL THE TROUBLE HE WANTS!



FOUR DAYS LATER, PRESTON RETURNS --- IN A SNOWSTORM!

HERE'S THE POST! NOW YOU HUSKIES CAN REST A WHILE!





YOU TELL ME, INDIAN--
WHERE IS MY BOY!?

NO, JEFF!
DON'T--

TROUBLE



BANG!!



UGH!

PUT DOWN THE GUN, STOREY!
I HAVE THE KNIFE ---!



YOU SHOT AT CHUCK-A-CHUCK-- AND NEARLY GOT
ME! WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT, JEFF?

IT'S BOBBIE!
HE'S (SOB!) GONE--- MISSING
SINCE
YESTERDAY.

I ASKED THE
INDIAN WHERE MY
BOY WAS--- AND
HE PULLED A
KNIFE!



WHEN DID YOU SEE
BOBBIE LAST,
MRS. STOREY?

OUT IN THE YARD ---
PLAYING WITH YUKON KING!
IT WAS JUST AFTER THE
INDIAN HAD ASKED JEFF
AGAIN FOR TRAPS AND
FOOD--- AND JEFF HAD
SENT HIM AWAY! HE
COULD HAVE TAKEN
BOBBIE ---!



WHERE IS
YUKON
KING?

DISAPPEARED-- ABOUT THE
SAME TIME BOBBIE DID! I
FIGURED HE GOT TIRED OF
WAITING FOR YOU! THE
SNOWFALL COVERED ALL
TRACKS...

KING WOULD HAVE DIED BEFORE DISOBEYING MY ORDERS TO STAY WITH BOBBIE! IF HE'S ALIVE, HE IS WITH THE BOY NOW!



CHUCK-A-CHUCK, TAKE YOUR KNIFE! HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS WHERE MY DOG KING AND THE BOY MIGHT HAVE GONE?



UGH! NOT KNOW! HEAR WOLF HOWL FROM HILL THIS MORNING! MIGHT BE HUNTING DEER...

---OR A PACK OF WOLVES MIGHT BE HUNTING A BOY AND A DOG! COME ON, JEFF STOREY!

WOLVES--!



THAT HILL IS TWO MILES AWAY, SERGEANT! AND THESE GREAT NORTHERN WOLVES LIKE DOG MEAT BETTER THAN DEER--!

SAVE YOUR WIND, JEFF! YOU'LL NEED IT!



I HEAR WOLVES HOWLING---NOW!

YES---HUNTING HOWLS! HURRY!



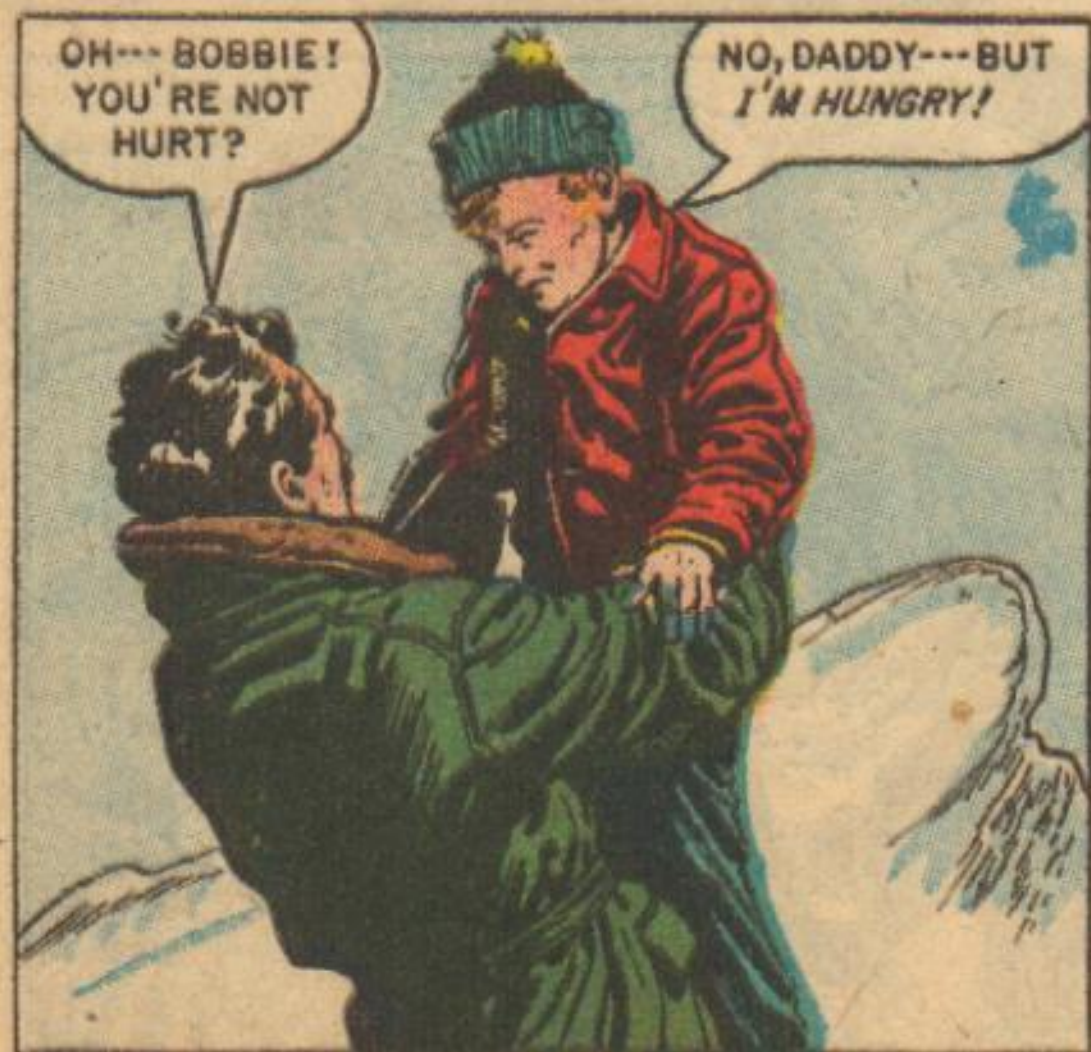


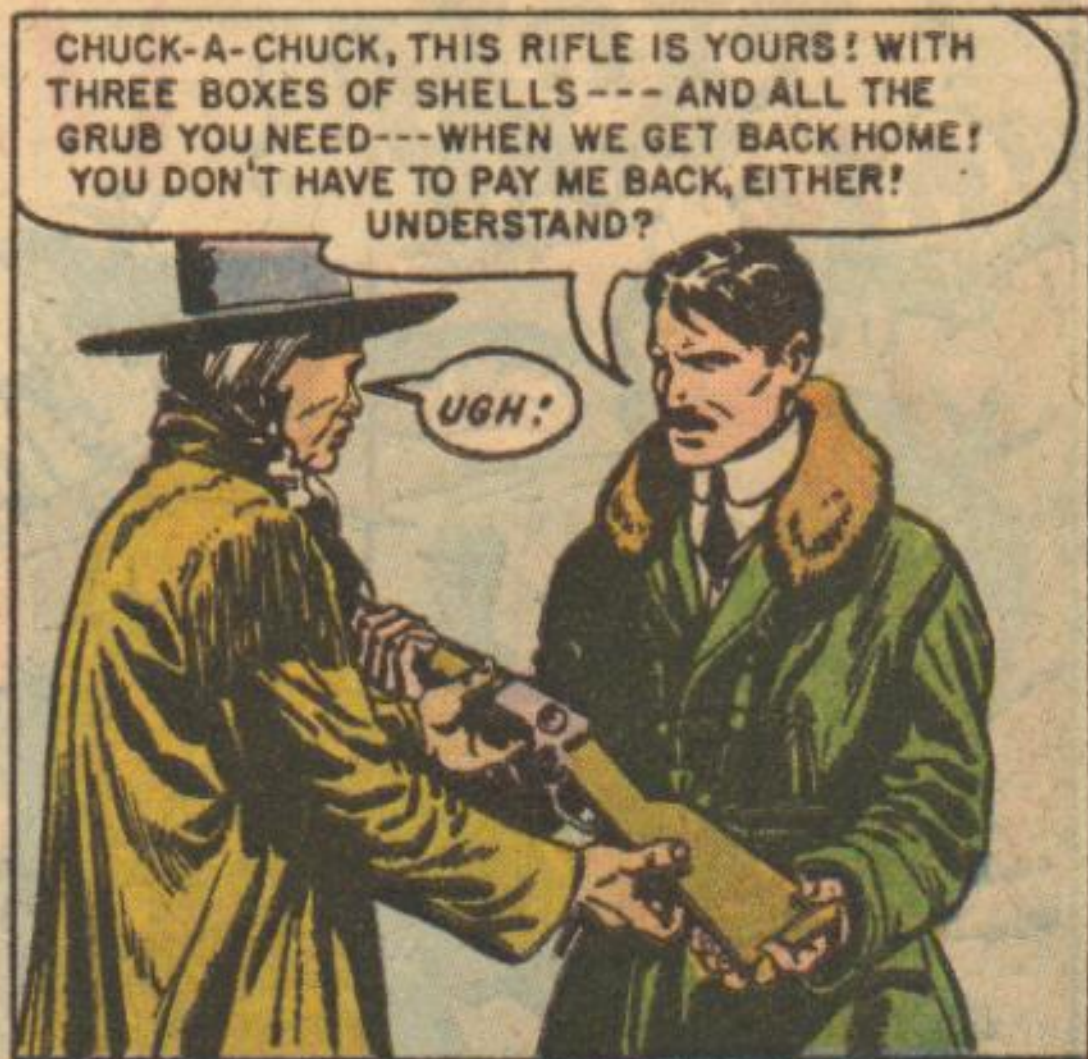
BACKED INTO AN ANGLE IN THE ROCKS, KING IS
FIGHTING FIERCELY--- HOPELESSLY-- AGAINST
TEN TIMES HIS WEIGHT OF WOLVES. . .



... THEN THE SHOTS COME!







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 only credo and constant goal.

150 CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS!

TWO COMPLETE ARMIES—THE BLUES AND THE GREYS!
EACH PIECE OF MOLDED PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN
BASE MEASURING UP TO 4 INCHES!

\$1.49



EACH GUN BOX CONTAINS:

30 Cavalrymen	18 Field Cannon	6 Hospital Nurses
30 Infantrymen	6 Gatling Machine guns	6 Hospital wagons
18 Sharpshooters	6 Coast Mortars	6 Buglers
6 Scouts	6 Sergeants	3 Merrimac ships
6 Officers	3 Monitor ships	

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Rush the CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS TO ME!

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CANADA LYNX



THE CANADIAN LYNX, STUBBY-TAILED AND WITH LONG EAR TUFTS, WEIGHS UP TO FORTY POUNDS. IT RANGES FROM ALASKA TO PENNSYLVANIA. THE KITTENS ARE BORN IN A DEN OR HOLLOW LOG.



LIKE MOST CATS, THE LYNX HAS WONDERFUL EYESIGHT, AND IS LIGHTNING-QUICK IN ITS POUNCE UPON GAME. IT FEEDS MOSTLY ON RABBITS AND MICE, WITH AN OCCASIONAL GROUSE.



A BIG LYNX IS ABLE TO TAKE MUCH LARGER PREY--- EVEN A FULL GROWN DEER---BUT HE PREFERS A FAWN, WHICH CANNOT PUT UP ANY FIGHT! A LYNX HUNTS FOR FOOD, NOT FOR FUN!



WHEREVER LYNX ARE PLENTIFUL THEIR BLOOD-CURDLING YOWLS AND SQUALLINGS ECHO THROUGH THE BUSH, GENERALLY AT NIGHT! LYNX FIGHTS ARE JUST CAT FIGHTS---BUT LOUDER!



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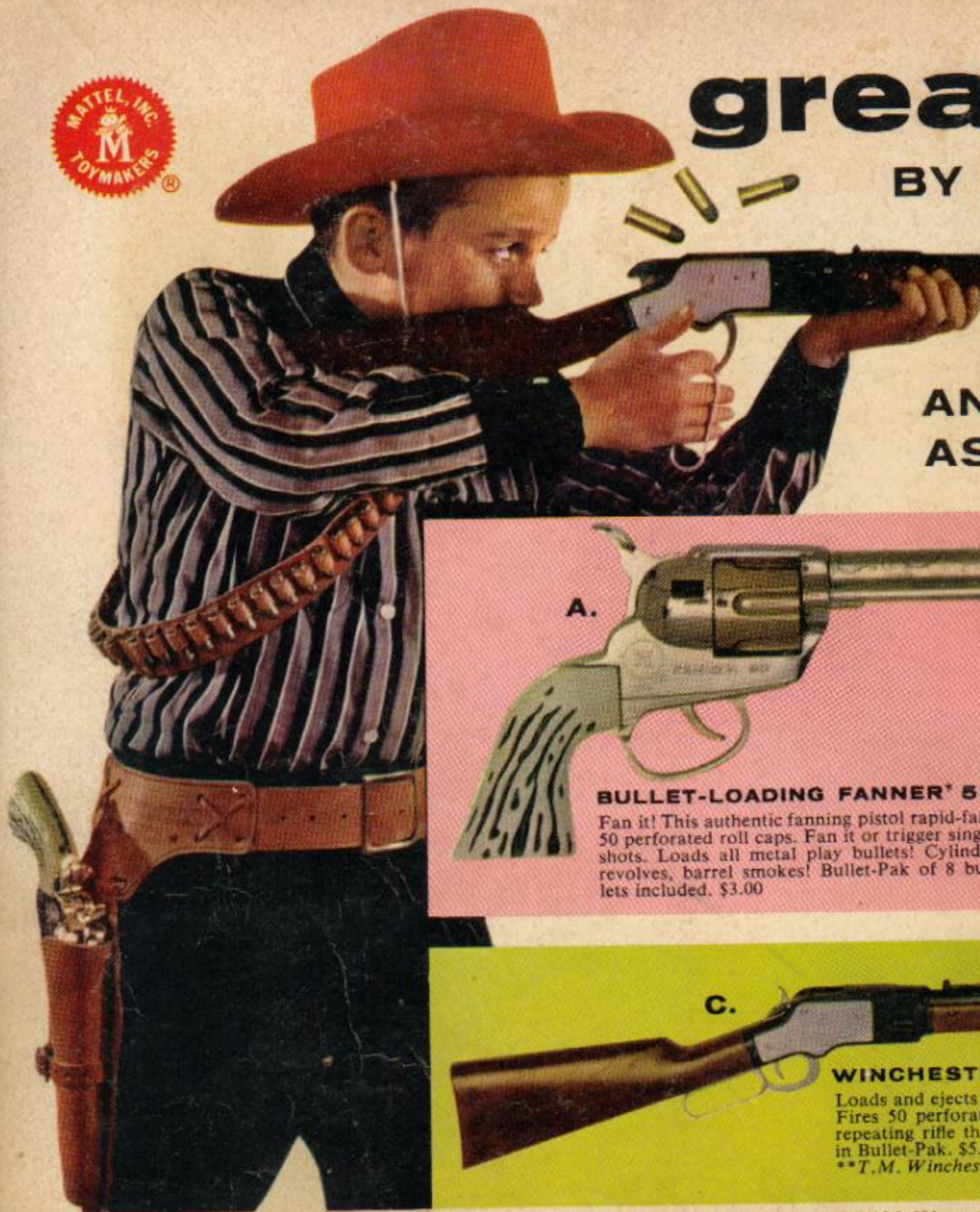
THE LYNX'S BROAD, FURRY FEET ACT LIKE SNOWSHOES ON SOFT SNOW OR THIN CRUST WHERE A DEER FLOUNDERS DEEP. A WEARY, SNOWBOUND DEER IS EASY PREY FOR THIS GRAY KILLER.



great guns

BY MATTEL!

ALL NEW...
AND AS WESTERN
AS YOU CAN GET!



A.



BULLET-LOADING FANNER* 50

Fan it! This authentic fanning pistol rapid-fans 50 perforated roll caps. Fan it or trigger single shots. Loads all metal play bullets! Cylinder revolves, barrel smokes! Bullet-Pak of 8 bullets included. \$3.00

B.



SWIVEL-SHOT™ TRICK HOLSTER

Beat the fastest draw! Push gun butt down... holster swivels and fires pistol in the holster! Includes bullet-loading Fanner* 50 cap pistol. \$4.00

C.



WINCHESTER** SADDLE GUN By Mattel

Loads and ejects 8 all-metal play bullets just like the real Winchester! Fires 50 perforated roll caps. Front and rear sights. A lever-action repeating rifle that smokes like the real thing! Comes with 8 bullets in Bullet-Pak. \$5.00

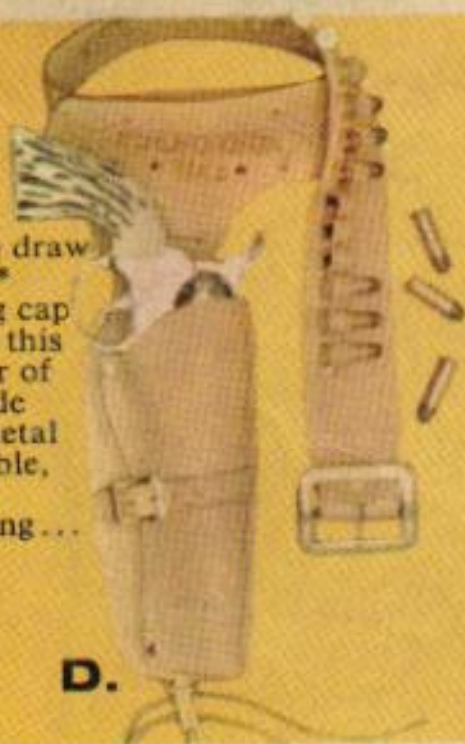
**T.M. Winchester by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.

See your nearest toy dealer, or order direct from: Mattel, Inc., 5432 West 102 St., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

MARSHAL HOLSTER SET

Be fastest on the draw with the Fanner* 50 bullet-loading cap pistol, tucked in this fast-draw holster of top grain cowhide leather. 18 all-metal bullets. Adjustable, saddle-stitched, buckled, hip-slung... sharp! \$7.00

D.



DOUBLE HOLSTER SET

Draw two at a time! Two bullet-loading Fanner* 50 pistols in two fast-draw holsters, hip-slung with adjustable belt holding 10 all-metal play bullets to load in pistols. \$10.00

E.



DEPUTY HOLSTER SET

Fast on the draw! A genuine leather holster with Bullet-Loading Fanner* 50 Pistol. Adjustable belt has 4 all metal play bullets. Holster is saddle-stitched. \$5.00

F.



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| A. <input type="checkbox"/> Bullet-Loading Fanner 50 Cap Pistol...\$3.00 | D. <input type="checkbox"/> Marshal Holster Set...\$7.00 |
| B. <input type="checkbox"/> Swivel-Shot Trick Holster...\$4.00 | E. <input type="checkbox"/> Double Holster Set...\$10.00 |
| C. <input type="checkbox"/> Winchester Saddle Gun...\$5.00 | F. <input type="checkbox"/> Deputy Holster Set...\$5.00 |
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BULLET BANDOLIER

Wear it over your shoulder...holds 32 all-metal play bullets which fit all Mattel guns. Companion for Winchester** Saddle Gun, Bullet Loading Fanner* 50, all Mattel holster sets. \$3.00

*T.M. Reg.

G.



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8 all-metal play bullets that fit all Mattel guns shown here. 50¢

H.

