

20 EXCITING PAGES OF FUN AND ADVENTURE!

COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 196. April 19, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

GOSH, I MUST HAVE THIS ACHING TOOTH OUT! OW! OW! I KNOW! I'LL CHEEK A BAD MAN, THEN HE'LL KNOCK IT OUT FOR ME!



HOI, YOU BIG STIFF! GET YOUR HAIR CUT!



OW! OO! NOW FOR IT. IT'LL SOON BE OVER!



OH, TUT! I DIDN'T REALISE IT WAS SO LONG! THANKS, PARD. I WILL GET IT CUT.



TCHAH! I'LL MAKE SURE NEXT TIME. HERE COMES BAD-TEMPERED BASIL. I'LL HIT HIM, THEN HE'S BOUND TO HIT ME!



SEE, THANKS, PARD! YOU KNOCKED OUT MY ACHING TOOTH! THANKS!

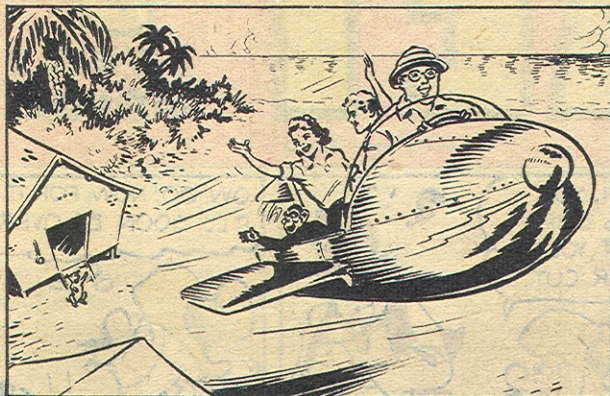


BUT JUST THE SAME, YOU HIT ME, SO I'VE JUST GOT TO HIT YOU! THEN WE'LL GO 'AN EAT TOGETHER!

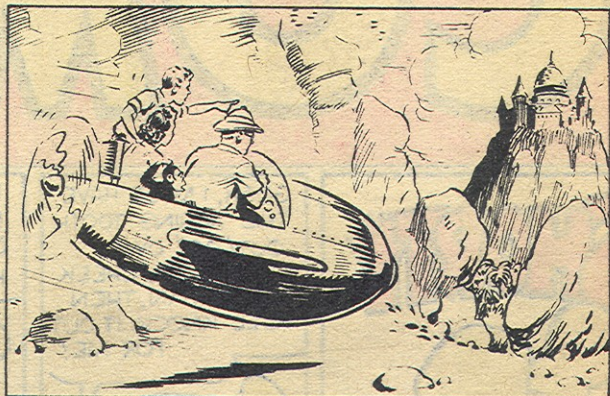


ISLAND OF SECRETS

More fun and thrills on the island where nothing grows old!



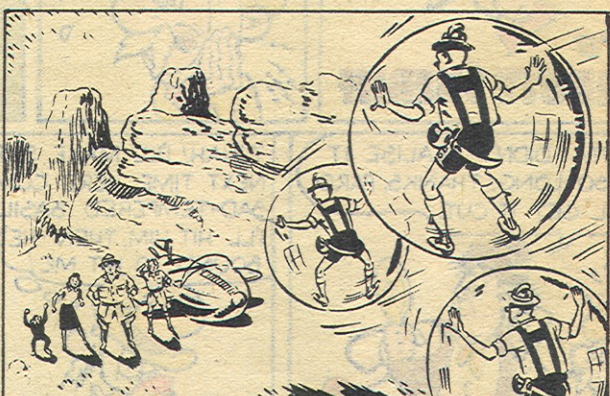
Peter and Ann were very excited. Their uncle, Professor Jolly, had decided to explore the southern tip of the Island of Secrets. "We've quite a long trip ahead of us," said the professor as they set off in his flying-machine. Towser, who had been left behind to guard their encampment, waved a paw in farewell as his friends circled overhead.



After a long journey they passed over a range of mountains, and came down to land. "Look!" cried Ann excitedly. "There must be people living here!" High on a distant mountain peak they could see the tall spires of a palace. "I hope they are more friendly than Black Bellamy and his gang of pirates," said Professor Jolly thoughtfully.



As the adventurers climbed out of the flying-machine they saw a number of strange round objects floating up from somewhere near the palace. "Whatever can they be?" Ann gasped, but neither Peter nor the professor could guess. Koko, the baby chimpanzee, was thinking that never in all his jungle life had he seen such strange birds!



The mysterious objects drifted steadily closer. "Why, they're like great big plastic bubbles!" exclaimed Peter. They all stared in amazement, for inside each bubble was a man armed with a sword and dressed in quaint old-fashioned clothes. "They look like Swiss mountain soldiers in those clothes!" the professor cried breathlessly.



As the strange bubbles landed the men inside burst them and jumped out. In a moment Professor Jolly and the twins were surrounded and seized. The professor lashed out, but it was like hitting a block of wood. Koko, trying to bite one of the soldiers in the leg, found that his sharp teeth made no impression. It was just like biting a tin can!

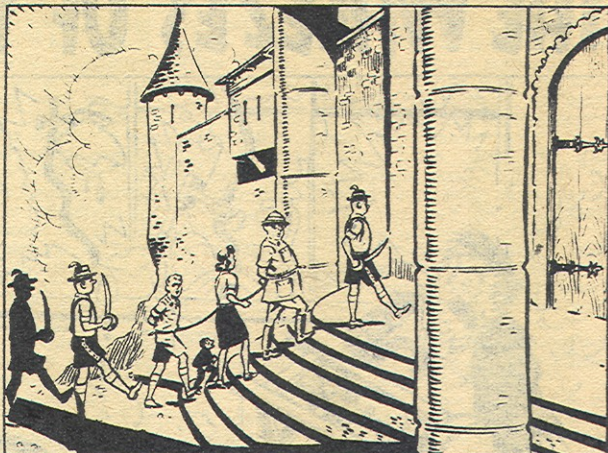


Within a few minutes the struggle was over. Peter and his uncle had their wrists bound and all three were strung together with a rope—but not a single word was spoken by the soldiers. Peter noticed that one of the men seemed frozen stiff in mid-stride. Then another strode towards the first one with a strange jerky stride.

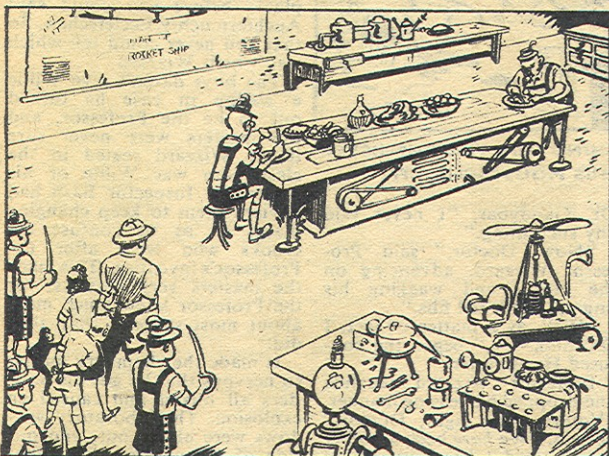
THE ISLAND, AND FIND A CLOCKWORK COLONY!



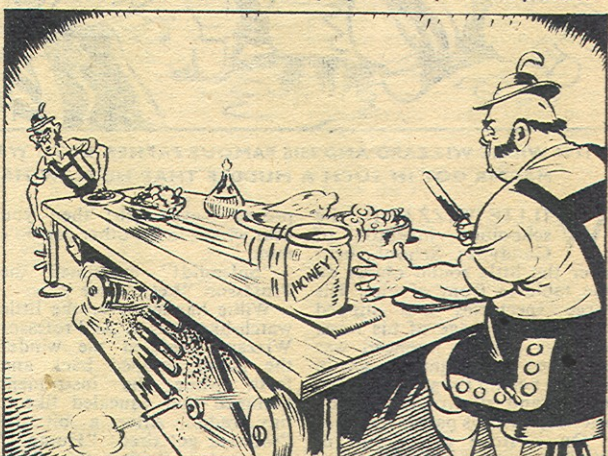
And then a startling thing happened. The soldier opened a little door in the back of the motionless man and began to wind him up with a large key which lay behind the door! "Oh, golly!" Ann gasped faintly. "They aren't men at all, they're clockwork robots!" "I wish I'd known!" said Professor Jolly ruefully, thinking of his tender, bruised fists.



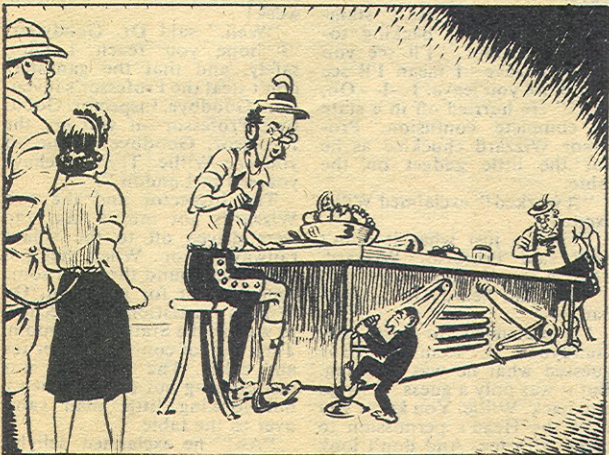
As soon as he had been wound up the clockwork man began to move again in a startlingly lifelike way. The leader of the robots gave a signal with his arm and they all marched off with the prisoners in their midst. After some time they at last came to the palace. "This must have been built by some Swiss people!" whispered the professor.



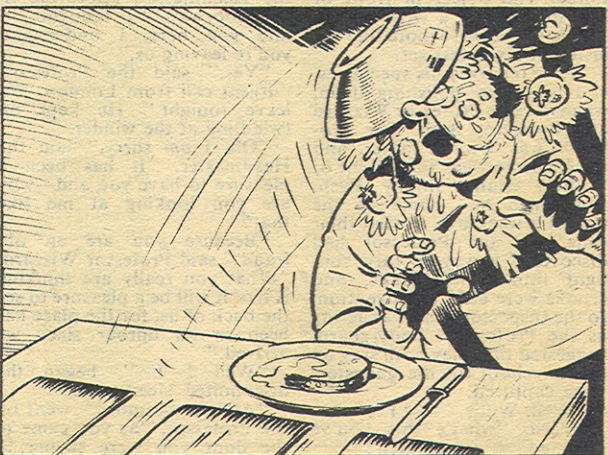
Professor Jolly was right. Hundreds of years ago two Swiss clockmakers had been cast away there. The strange magic of the island had kept them alive ever since, so of course they had found plenty of time to build weird clockwork inventions. The clockmakers, Von Tik and Von Tok, were having their tea when the prisoners were brought in.



Peter, Ann and the professor stood and gaped. "Pass the honey, Von Tok!" they heard the fat scientist grunt sourly. "Pah! You're greedy, Von Tik!" snapped the thin one. He pulled a lever, and with a great whirring of machinery under the table the honey pot was sent skating along to the far end where Von Tik's outstretched hand was waiting.



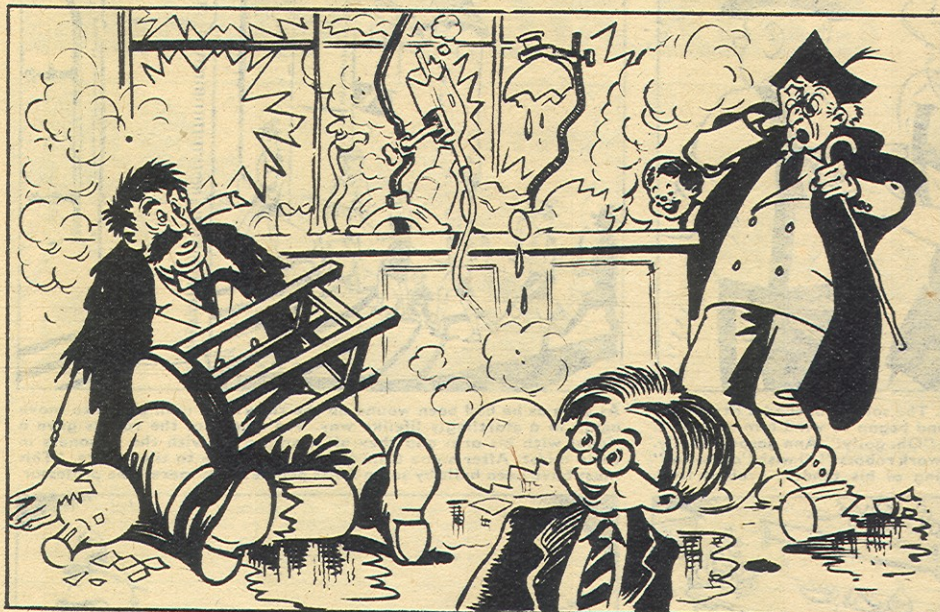
When they saw the prisoners, Von Tik and Von Tok rose to their feet. "Ha!" cried Von Tok. "Real human beings after all these years. Good!" Professor Jolly drew himself up and glanced at the scientific gadgets round the room. "As a fellow-scientist, I protest at your violence he began sternly. But nobody noticed that Koko was busy.



Von Tik, at the far end of the table, was just making a ponderous bow when Koko pulled a lever under the mechanical table. With a roar of machinery a bowl of soft fruit was fairly flung down the table right into Von Tik's podgy face. "Ooogh!" he spluttered. Von Tok gave a cackle of laughter at this plight of his unfortunate friend.

(Continued on back page)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



WITH WILLIE WIZZARD AND HIS FAMOUS FATHER BOTH WATCHING HIM, THE CHEMISTRY MASTER GOT IN SUCH A MUDDLE THAT HE BLEW HALF HIS MOUSTACHE OFF!

WILLIE WIZZARD, the schoolboy inventor of Gandybar School, bent over the little round object on the table in front of him. His large spectacles had slipped down to the edge of his nose, and his bulging forehead was puckered in thought. He was in his den behind the school boiler-house, and all around him, on shelves, were his past inventions.

On a stove a pot full of black treacly stuff spluttered and bubbled. This was Willie's everlasting toffee. But Willie was too busy at that moment to bother about his toffee. The object in front of him looked like a wrist watch, but its works were more like the inside of a wireless set.

Willie removed his spectacles, and was busy polishing them, when in came Professor Wizzard and Inspector Bash. The Professor was Willie's father, and the Inspector was the parent of Willie's chum, Jimmy Bash. Both men had come to the school a week ago to visit their sons, but the Professor had discovered a way to turn sunlight into solid blocks, and crooks were after his invention, so the Inspector, who was acting as the Professor's body-guard, suggested that they both stay on at the school till the gangsters were captured.

"Well, Willie," said Professor Wizzard, "what's this you've invented? A wrist-watch?"

"No," replied Willie. "It's the Wizzard Patent Think-reader. When you want to know what somebody is thinking you turn the winder till you get the

proper wavelength; then you hear what's in the other person's mind."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the Professor. "Let me see it."

Willie handed over the little watch-like gadget. As Professor Wizzard twiddled the winder the hands jumped back and forth while the instrument hummed and squealed like a tiny radio. After a bit the Professor got tired. "Humph!" he grunted, "either this thing doesn't work or nobody has any brains around here, for nobody's thinking anything."

"Ah," said Dr. Gandybar, the Headmaster, appearing in the doorway, "I thought I'd find you here. I understand you're leaving us."

"Yes," said the Professor, "urgent call from London. We leave tonight." He kept on twiddling at the winder.

"Oh, I am sorry," said the Headmaster. "It has been a pleasure to have you and—why are you looking at me like that?"

"Because you are an old fraud," said Professor Wizzard. "What you really are thinking is that it will be a pleasure to see the back of us, for the place has been in an uproar since we arrived."

"Well I—I—," began the discomfited Headmaster.

"And furthermore," went on the Professor, "as you came in the door you were saying to yourself 'I wonder if this old skinflint will pay for the damage he has caused to the place during the past week?'"

"Oh, Professor," exclaimed

Dr. Gandybar, "I never said any such thing."

"Now, Doctor," said Professor Wizzard, advancing on the Head, and wagging his finger, "don't tell fibs."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did think—," began the confused Headmaster.

Professor Wizzard laughed and dropped his teasing manner. "You're quite right, Doctor," he said. "We have been a bother to you, and I have put you to some expense. I've already made out a cheque. You'll find it on the desk in my room. We'll come and see you before we leave."

"Y-yes, of course," stammered the Head, backing towards the door. "I'll see you before I leave—I mean I'll see me before you leave. I—I— Oh, dear!" He hurried off in a state of complete confusion. Professor Wizzard chuckled as he put the little gadget on the table.

"It worked!" exclaimed Willie excitedly.

"That is just what it didn't do," said Professor Wizzard. "Not a sound came out of it."

"But you heard Dr. Gandybar—"

"I pretended to hear Dr. Gandybar. I seem to have guessed what he was thinking. But it was only a guess. Now go and pack, Willie. You know you have the Head's permission to come with me. And don't look so crestfallen. Cleverer men than you or I have tried to read thoughts. It can't be done."

As the two Wizzards left the den Inspector Bash stood look-

ing thoughtfully down at the little gadget on the table. "H'm," he mused. "Maybe it was guesswork; maybe not. I wonder!" Then, acting on a sudden impulse, he slipped the little instrument into his waistcoat pocket.

Dr. Gandybar hadn't quite recovered when the two Wizzards and Inspector Bash came to say goodbye. It had been a trying week. The Wizzards were so like each other that from the back no one could tell the difference, and from the front the only difference was that the older Wizzard wore side-whiskers and the younger Wizzard didn't. But as Willie had invented a cream that could grow whiskers in a jiffy, and another that could remove them just as quickly, the two Wizzards could change places before you could say: Auchtermuchty-Ecclefechan. So that you never could tell which was which Wizzard.

The boys aren't give Willie a wallop in case he turned out to be the Professor, and the masters were never sure if the Wizzard seated in the class-room was Willie or his father, for Inspector Bash had advised them to keep changing places so as to confuse the crooks who were after the Professor's invention. This made the masters very nervous, for the Professor knew much more about most subjects than they did.

It made the chemistry master so nervous that he got his powders all mixed and caused an explosion. The laboratory windows were blown out, and one side of the master's handlebar moustache was blown off. Dr. Gandybar was furious about his windows! The master was furious about his moustache! It had indeed been a very trying week!

"Well," said Dr. Gandybar, "I hope you reach London safely, and that the gangsters don't steal the Professor's invention. Goodbye, Inspector. Goodbye, Professor—if you are the Professor. Goodbye, Willie—if you are Willie. Try to behave yourself in London."

The Inspector and the two Wizzards got into a taxi and were driven off to the village railway station. When they got there they found they had some time to wait for the train. On Willie's suggestion they decided to wait in the Station Tea-room. They had, of course to order tea and cakes. The Professor was just pouring out the tea when a mild-looking little man came over to the table.

"Ah!" he exclaimed delightedly, "If it isn't the great Professor Wizzard!" Without waiting to be invited he sat down beside the Professor and, leaning over, said in a loud whisper:

STEAL SOME OF THE FAMOUS WIZZARD SECRETS!

"And what are you inventing now, Professor?"

Inspector Bash intervened. "He's not allowed to tell," he said gruffly; "and I must ask you not to question him."

The little man sighed. "Oh, I know," he said. "What we professors have to suffer! I am Professor Doodlybun, and these two large gentlemen over there are my body-guard—to protect me from kidnappers, I'm not allowed to tell anyone about my beautiful invention for turning moonlight into solid blocks."



Something hit Jasper in the eye—SMACK!

"Moonlight!" exclaimed Professor Wizzard. "Why my inventions turns sunlight into solid blocks. One cubic inch gives as much energy as a ton of coal. You can drive cars with it, or planes, or ships, or burn it in the grate. What can you do with solid moonlight?"

"Make cheese," said Professor Doodlybun solemnly.

"What?" exclaimed the others in unison.

The old man nodded and repeated sadly: "Make cheese. Green cheese. Tons of it."

"What does anyone want with tons of green cheese?" asked the Inspector.

"Eat it," said the mild little Professor mournfully. "Flood the country with it. Feed the world with it. Roast it. Toast it. Build houses with it. Spin it into cheesecloth and wear it. I live quite near at hand, and would like to show you my contraption, but those two large gentlemen won't let me out of their sight."

They all looked across the room to where two big men were dipping doughnuts into coffee. The big men waved.

"You see," said Professor Doodlybun, "always watching! They're waving at you, Inspector. They probably belong to your squad at Scotland Yard. Why don't you go over and say hello to them?"

The Inspector thought for a moment, then rose from the table. "I think I will," he said. The big men greeted him warmly, and made him take a seat. As it happened his back was towards the other table. No sooner was he seated than the little man grabbed Professor Wizzard's arm.

"Quick," he said. "Now's our chance. My car's outside. I'll run you over to my house and show you my invention. We'll be back before the train is due. Hurry."

Professor Wizzard chuckled delightedly. "I must see this queer invention," he said.

"Come on, Willie," The three big bodyguards were sitting with their heads together, chatting and laughing, as the two professors and Willie left the tea-room. Professor Doodlybun led the way, grumbling all the time about policemen who could talk as much as they liked while professors aren't say a word.

Outside stood a large, powerful car, with a large, powerful chauffeur at the wheel. "That's Jasper," said Professor Doodlybun. "Home, Jasper."

As soon as they were seated the powerful car leapt forward and began to devour the miles, purring like a chorus of contented cats. Professor Doodlybun seemed to notice Willie for the first time. "Ah, your son," he exclaimed. "He invents things too, doesn't he? Is that an invention he has sticking out of his pocket?"

"Er—no," explained Professor Wizzard. "That's his catapult. Just now he is chewing one of his inventions. It's called 'everlasting toffee.' You can chew it for a week. It has other uses. You can mend chairs with it, or broken crockery. Or you can stretch it out and use it for tying up parcels."

For ten minutes the car purred along. Then it swerved to the left and went bumping up a long-disused road and came to a stop before an ancient ivy-covered house.

"I know this place," exclaimed Willie. "It's been empty for years."

"Well, it isn't now," said Professor Doodlybun as they alighted from the car. "It is being used in the interests of science."

They went up the entrance steps to the large square hall. It wasn't furnished properly. In fact it wasn't furnished at all. The faded paper was peeling from the walls; the bare rotting floorboards sagged at every step. Behind them walked the towering Jasper, shaking the whole place with his heavy tread.

"My invention is in the cellar," explained Professor Doodlybun, leading the way down a flight of stairs. "My laboratory is down there."

"Funny place to capture moonlight," commented Professor Wizzard. "Do you really live in this ruin?"

"Of course I do," returned the other in an aggrieved tone. "I got it cheap. If you don't want to see my invention it is all right with me. I'll have Jasper take you back."

"No, no, no," protested Professor Wizzard. "I'd just love to see your invention. An instrument that captures moonlight in an underground cellar, and turns it into green cheese is well worth seeing. Lead on."

At the foot of the stairs they pushed open a door and went into a small room lit by a dim dirt-covered electric light bulb.

On the table was a typewriter, and in front of it was a chair.

"This," said the mild little Professor, "is my contraption."

"Why, that is only a typewriter," exclaimed Willie. "That couldn't turn moonlight into anything."

"No, it couldn't," admitted the other. "I made a mistake. What this can do is type a letter to Professor Wizzard's assistant in London advising him to give me full details of the Professor's device for turning sunlight into solid blocks. Sit down, Professor—this is a trap, and you walked into it!"

"W—what," gasped Professor Wizzard.

"Siddown!" barked Jasper in a tone that made the famous inventor obey. "Now do like the Perfesser says."

"What if I don't?" asked Professor Wizzard, getting to his feet.

Jasper put one finger on the Professor's forehead and pushed. Wizzard fell back again.

"Now, Jasper, don't get rough—yet," said Doodlybun in nice mild tones. "If you hurry with the letter, Professor, I'll just be in time to catch the London train. Then you and your son can stay in this delightful residence with Jasper in attendance till I get the invention."



Willie Wizzard had found a new use for his everlasting toffee.

Don't worry about Inspector Bash. The two large gentlemen you saw in the cafe are taking care of him."

"What if I refuse?" asked Professor Wizzard.

"Jasper," said Doodlybun softly, "see if Willie Wizzard's nose is firmly fixed to his face."

"A pleasure," said Jasper advancing on Willie.

As Willie backed away from the huge crook his hand touched the catapult in his pocket. In a flash he had it out, and from his mouth came a large piece of everlasting toffee. He rolled it into a pellet, fixed it into his catty, pulled the elastic. There was a "twang" and a "splat", and the sticky toffee flattened itself over Jasper's left eye.

"Ouch! I'm blinded," yelled Jasper, trying to remove the toffee and only making it worse. "Splat!" A second pellet closed the other eye.

With a howl of rage Professor Doodlybun rushed at Willie. Professor Wizzard lifted the typewriter and threw it at the other Professor's head. "Come on, Willie," he shouted. In two seconds the Wizzards were

racing across the hall to the front entrance. But the heavy door was locked.

"We'll try the back," cried Willie. They turned to retrace their steps then stopped, for standing in the hallway was Professor Doodlybun, an ugly leer on his face, and a toy water-pistol in his hand.

"This," he said, "is the Doodlybun Acid Gun. It is filled with a very nasty fluid. Now, shall we go back and carry on where we left off?"

"I don't think so," said Professor Wizzard. "Inspector Bash might object. You see, he's standing right behind you with two constables."

"I'm not a fool," scoffed Professor Doodlybun. "I know all the Wizzard tricks."

"But not this one," said a voice behind him. His wrist was caught in a grip that sent the gun flying across the hall. There was a "click" and the astonished Professor found himself neatly handcuffed.

"Now," said Professor Wizzard severely, "perhaps you'll believe me in future. There's another one downstairs, Inspector. He's eating toffee. What did you do with the 'bodyguard'?"

"Oh," replied the Inspector with a laugh, "I took them for a walk—right into the village police station. You see I knew what was going on all the time. I knew the Professor was a fake the moment I saw him."

"Is that so?" said Professor Wizzard incredulously. "You must be a thought-reader."

"Maybe, and maybe not," said Inspector Bash taking the Wizzard Thought-Recorder from his pocket. "I must say this is a wonderful instrument."

"It worked!" cried Willie.

"Let me see," said the Professor snatching the little object from the police Inspector. He started twiddling the winder. Suddenly his face took on a look of astonishment. "Willie Wizzard," he cried, "you impertinent rascal!"

Willie's face reddened. "What did I say?" he asked innocently. "You said nothing, but what you thought was: 'I wonder if the old man will give me a reward for the way I got him out of this jam.'"

"I—I did not—" said Willie hotly. "Well," he added slowly, "perhaps there was a kind of thought like that at the back of my mind."

Professor Wizzard laughed. He tossed the gadget over to Inspector Bash. "Here," he said, "this instrument is dangerous. You'd better keep it for catching crooks. Come on, Willie, we'd better hurry if we are to catch that train."

As they passed down the front steps Willie felt something crisp and crinkly being pressed into his hand. "Your reward," whispered his father and Willie found himself the possessor of a brand new pound note.

Don't miss the fun next week when Willie invents some jet-propelled skates!



DISTANT DRUMS

Based on the
Warner Brothers film
of the same title.



"There's the door of the fort," said Quincy Wyatt to his men. "Once we get that open the soldiers can storm in and finish off the bandits."

THE Everglades is the biggest swamp in the world. It is part of Florida, in the south-east of the United States.

It stretches for hundreds of miles—a country of lakes, islands and streams and black, bottomless mud which could swallow whole armies without a trace.

For hundreds of years the Everglades was the home of the Seminole Indians, a nation of savage warriors. For seven long years they waged pitiless war on the United States, and all the expeditions sent against them failed. For the swamp was the friend of the Seminoles, who knew every creek and inlet and island—every tree almost.

And now Captain Quincy Wyatt proposed to strike a blow

Quincy Wyatt's little son



against the Seminoles with just forty men. On the beach of his island home the tall lean swamp soldier grinned across at the two men facing him.

"All right, Lieutenant Tufts," he said to the younger one, "I know you think I'm crazy—but I think my plan is the only way. The Seminoles have held out this long because they've got plenty of rifles and ammunition. They get 'em from gun-runners—brigands—whose headquarters are here—" he pointed to the map—"at Fort Infanta, on the shores of Lake Okeechobee. Once we put that fort out of action, General Taylor's army can clean up the Seminoles in its own time."

"But Fort Infanta is one of the strongest in America!" protested Tufts. "It will take a thousand men with cannons to capture it..."

The third man, Monks, a weather-beaten old Florida scout, cut in.

"In this country, Loo-tenant, Captain Wyatt's forty men will be worth a thousand—they're all picked swamp fighters!"

Captain Wyatt grinned again. "Shall we go, Lieutenant?" he said. "We've to pick up my men at headquarters and then march overland to the lake, where your boat will take us across. I hope it floats, lieutenant!"

Captain Wyatt turned away from the other two to greet a sturdy brown-skinned boy who came running across from the reed hut that was his home.

Monk, the scout, bent his lean tanned face towards the other man and spoke softly.

"That's Wyatt's son—his mother was a Cree princess, daughter of the great chief. Pretty as a picture, she was. She was killed. Quincy Wyatt sure hates them Seminoles."

It was dusk, two days later, when Quincy Wyatt's little band of seasoned fighters broke out of the jungle and came to the sandy edge of Lake Okeechobee. Lieutenant Tufts heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the ship's boat floating just offshore. His men had brought off the gruelling task of hauling the boat overland successfully.

Quincy Wyatt glanced up at the black sail and looked approvingly at the young lieutenant.

"Good work," he said briefly. "The Seminoles will be less likely to spot us landing on the other side."

The long fifty-mile journey through the night to the far shore of the lake was slow and tedious, but at last the ship's keel grated on sand and the soldiers scrambled overboard to wade through the last few yards of water.

Quincy turned to Tufts' bosun, who was at the tiller.

"Be back here tomorrow at sunrise," he said in a low voice. The bosun nodded and put the boat about, while Quincy and Tufts joined the soldiers now waiting on the beach.

Dawn was lightening the sky

If anyone could capture the mighty fort from the brigands it was Captain Quincy Wyatt. And Monk, the old Florida scout, was the man to help him do it.

as the party melted into the dense jungle which lay between them and Fort Infanta, that strong battlement which must be subdued despite its tough garrison of brigands and gun-runners. Sergeant Shane,

Quincy's second-in-command, sent Monk and two soldiers on ahead as scouts. Twice the party had to lie low as roving bands of Seminoles crossed their track, but they made steady progress in the moist deadly heat which arose from the jungle under the fierce rays of the sun.

Dusk was approaching when at last they peered through the fringes of jungle which hid them from sight of the fort. Staring at those vast walls, Lieutenant Tufts felt his heart

sinking. The whole scheme seemed wildly impossible.

As night fell, Quincy slipped forward to the walls of the fort with a few men. They were carrying long noosed ropes.

"Watch the gate!" was Quincy's final instruction to Sergeant Shane. "And when I open it from the inside come a-running!"

Crouched under the wall, Quincy sent his rope snaking upwards to settle round one of the battlements, and next moment he was hauling himself silently up the sheer face of the fort. Slithering like a shadow over the top, pistol in hand, he crouched in the deep gloom as he heard the feet of an armed sentry pacing along the flat parapet which lay beyond the battlements.

As the sentry passed Quincy launched himself in a cat-like spring. The pistol rose and fell once, and the man slumped senseless. Leaning over the battlements, Quincy gave a signal with his arm, and two minutes later his handful of men had joined him.

Silent as stalking panthers, they made their way down a broad flight of steps to the courtyard of the fort. The main gate lay beyond the guardroom, and at this moment the sentries were being relieved. Quincy knew that he must act quickly.

Crouching in a wide alcove, they let two of the brigands walk past and then silenced them with a swift smashing



jab from two rifle butts. At a gesture from Quincy, his men lined themselves up along the stone parapet of the steps, covering the courtyard with their rifles.

Quincy, with three of the men, crept to the guardroom door.

"Now!" he gritted, and together they burst in with rifles blazing. The startled brigands were no mean fighters. In a moment the guardroom was the scene of a wild battle. Quincy battered his way through



Quincy was first to scale the massive walls of the fort!

the writhing, struggling mass and flung himself at the great bolts which held the main gate.

A halfbreed leapt at him and Quincy's knife-hand leapt out in a deadly thrust.

Outside, Sergeant Shane and the rest were staring at the gate with tense, strained faces, fumbling anxiously with their rifles. As they gazed fixedly, the gate swung slowly open and they saw the figure of Quincy Wyatt waving them forward. With growls of triumph they went racing towards the fort and poured through the gate into the courtyard.

The whole garrison was

aroused now, and white men, halfbreeds and Seminole Indians were dashing out from various sleeping quarters. They were met by withering fire from two directions, and went down like mown corn before the hail of lead.

For several minutes the battle raged, then silence fell.

Sergeant Shane trotted up to Quincy, a grin on his bearded face, and reported that the fort was taken.

"Take some men and spike every cannon," rapped out Quincy. "There's an enormous arsenal and powder store here. Find it and lay fuses. We're moving out of here fast!"

It was Lieutenant Tufts who found in a cell of the fort a girl of about twenty, and brought her to Quincy.

Quincy stared and set his lips. "She was taken prisoner by the brigands," explained Tufts. "Her name's Judy Beckett, and they were hoping to get a ransom for her."

"Well—you're in charge of her," snapped Quincy. "Now get her out of here with the rest of the men! The fuses are being lit now—and when this fort goes up every Seminole Indian in the Everglades will know we're here!"

A few minutes later the whole party was moving through the jungle at a stumbling run. They had covered about a mile when the ground shook beneath them as the great fort was split apart by a thunderous explosion.

A grim smile touched Quincy's lips.

"Keep moving," he ordered. "We've got to get back and meet that boat before the

Seminoles find us!"

But those high hopes were not to be realized. At mid-afternoon a Seminole brave came racing into the encampment of Ocala, a Seminole chief. The brave was pointing with his spear, panting out the story of the little group of soldiers that he had seen making through the jungle towards the shore of Lake Okeechobee.

Ocala listened, his harsh brown face set in bleak and dangerous lines. One word burst bitterly from his lips.

"Wy-att!"

Then he raised his spear and shouted a fierce rallying call to his braves.

Far away in the jungle, Quincy Wyatt paused and tilted his head to one side. His eyes swung round to meet those of Monk. Both men had heard



"Come on!" yelled Quincy. "Over the drawbridge—into the courtyard!"

the dull menacing sound of distant drums pounding out their call to battle to every Seminole in the Everglades.

Wise in the ways of the Indians, Monk cocked his head to one side, and listened carefully to every throb and roll of the beating drums.

"They know we're here!" he said. "That's like a kind of letter they're sending with those drums."

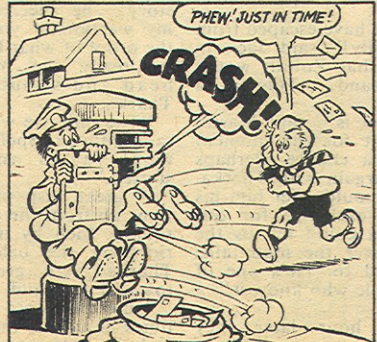
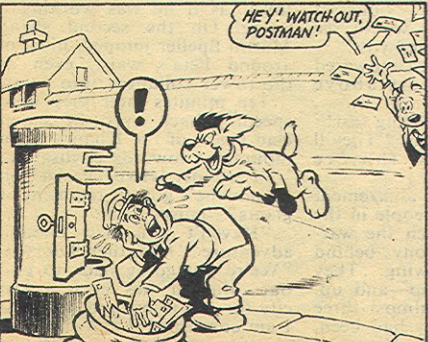
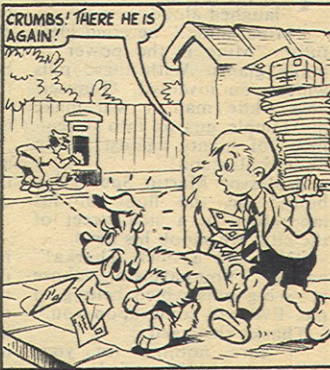
Quincy Wyatt's eyes narrowed as he, too, read the message of the drums.

"Yep—it's a letter, all right—signed by Ocala, the great chief! He's out to get us!"

Ocala is planning a big attack! More super thrills next week!



Ocala's eyes narrowed as he heard the name of his arch-enemy. "Wy-att!" he snarled.



THE QUEST FOR THE JUNGLE QUEEN



The tower tottered and cracked under the weight of the climbing giant.

THARKA, the high priest of the lost city of Maphar, laughed aloud.

"Mine, mine!" he cried gleefully. "Mine is the power to make giants. With these pills which you invented, O miserable white man, I will make my temple guards into a regiment of giants against whom none shall stand!"

Professor Martin Speller lay bound on the floor of his laboratory in a side street of the city. He shook his head.

"You are a thief, Tharka!" he said. "You have stolen those grow-big pills which belong to me. Evil will come upon you."

Tharka shrugged. "I care nothing for your threats of evil," he cried. "This I know. Whereas at this moment our city is ruled by the White Queen, Peta, who is one of your people, by tomorrow I, Tharka, will rule the land."

"Is it not a trick that this Peta is accepted by the people as their Queen? Go then. Return to your own land and leave us to rule ours!"

Martin Speller shook his head again. It was the only gesture he could make, for he was bound hand and foot.

"We do not seek to rule over your people, Tharka. Gladly would we return to our own land. But how? Flying through the air we came and landed

here by accident. 'Twas your people who made my daughter their Queen. Now show me and my daughter and Jack the way out of your land, and we will depart."

"I do not believe you!" cried Tharka. "Nor do I care now, for you shall pay for your folly with your lives."

"Now I go to give these grow-big pills to my temple guards! But I will gag you before I go to stop you calling for help."

It was an hour later that Jack and Peta found Professor Speller and freed him.

"I wonder just what his scheme is?" Jack said to Martin Speller.

"We'll know soon enough!" declared Martin Speller. "If Tharka has fed those pills to his temple guard they'll be giants by morning!"

Just then there came the sound of running feet from the passage outside. As they turned to the door a native clad in long white robes and with grizzled grey hair and beard ran in, his face wreathed in smiles.

"It's Zoltan, the head of the city council!" whispered Peta. "Yesterday the old rogue was all over Tharka, now he's falling over himself to be nice to us. I wonder what he wants?"

Zoltan bowed low to Peta. "My Queen!" he cried. "The rebel Tharka is now at your mercy! He fled to his house by the south wall of the city, and there he is besieged by your loyal subjects. With him are his temple guard. What would you wish should be done with these rebels?"

"He could have escaped from the city easily!" said Jack in English so that Zoltan would not understand. "This is a trick!"

"Perhaps it is!" said Martin Speller. "But for the moment it gives us a chance. Perhaps we could bargain with Tharka. Perhaps we could offer him his freedom in exchange for our own. Tharka could tell us the way back over the mountains if he wanted to. He's one of the few people who know it!"

Half an hour later they reached the square in front of

Tharka's house—a huge place of stone, where the high priests of Maphar had lived for centuries. In the moonlight and the light of many torches, excited crowds of people surrounded it on all sides, shouting for Tharka to show himself. The shouts changed to cheers as the people of the city saw their white queen.

"Only a few hours ago they were cheering Tharka," said Jack, and unless we can strike some bargain with him before his guards begin to grow, they'll be cheering him again!"

They made their way to a building which faced Tharka's house and stepped out on to a balcony overlooking the crowd.

Martin Speller raised his arms, and the crowd fell silent.

"Tharka!" he cried. "Tharka—can you hear me? I speak for the white queen!"

In the hush all eyes turned towards the house of the high priest. A minute later the weird figure of Tharka appeared on a balcony. On his head was the eagle headdress that made him look like some strange creature, half man, half bird.

"So!" he said, "the great and mighty queen comes to see Tharka! To bargain, perhaps?"

"The Queen has come to offer you a chance of life, you rascal!" answered Peta's father.

"What need have I for favours from her or anyone else?" Tharka sneered. Now he spoke to the people of Maphar. "Behold, I have cast my spells, and soon you shall see my temple guards changed into giants before your very eyes. You shall see it, O people of Maphar!"

As Tharka spoke the warriors of the temple guard filed out on to the balcony behind him. Tall as he was with his headdress, the guards were taller.

A murmur ran round the crowd below.

"The pills are working! We're too late!" cried Peta.

Martin Speller spoke again. "This magic of Tharka's is my magic that he has stolen!" he declared.

Tharka's laugh echoed across the square.

"Listen to him! Would anyone but a child believe such a story!" he sneered. "Look at my warriors if you would see the proof of what I tell you!"

Already the men towered head and shoulders above Tharka.

"The pills are working fast!" said Martin Speller. "They'll work faster now they've started."

A great gasp of amazement went up from the people in the square. Inch by inch the warriors on the balcony behind Tharka were growing. They towered up—and up—and up.

Now they were almost three times as tall as they had been, and the balcony was becoming

crowded. The people of the city shrank back from the terrifying sight.

Then the warriors began to jump down from the balcony, still growing as they did so. The crowd scattered and fled.

Soon Tharka was alone on the balcony. He pointed across the square at Jack and his companions.

"Seize them!" he cried.

"We'll have to run for it!" cried Jack, as the first of the guards, now thirty feet high, began to lumber towards them. "Come on!"

They backed from the balcony and Jack led the way down a passage to the right.

Suddenly Jack gave a gasp of dismay. The passage ended in a narrow stone stairway that wound upwards into a tower.

"There's nothing else for it!" he cried. "It's no use going down to the streets. We'll have to climb to the top of the tower and defend it to the last."

They wound up and up, but as they climbed the tower became more and more slender.

A moment later they came out at the top.

A roar came up from below as they were seen in the bright moonlight, and one of the monster warriors began to climb up the outside of the building towards them.

Then Jack let out a shout. "Look!" He was pointing towards the sky. There, coming toward them out of the darkness was a helicopter.

"It's Dad!" cried Jack. "He must have radioed for a helicopter from Umfala airstrip!"

The giant warrior was now climbing up the slender tower as though it was a flag-pole. Above them the helicopter hovered in the night sky. A rope ladder snaked down and Jack reached out to grab it.

It was then that the tower started to crack and tremble. Slim as it was, it would not stand the weight of the huge man clambering up it.

Jack stood poised on the swaying tower for an instant, then he risked everything in one wild leap towards the ladder.

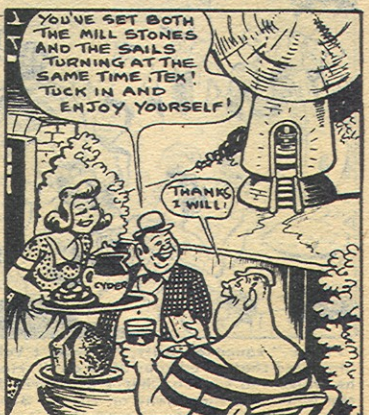
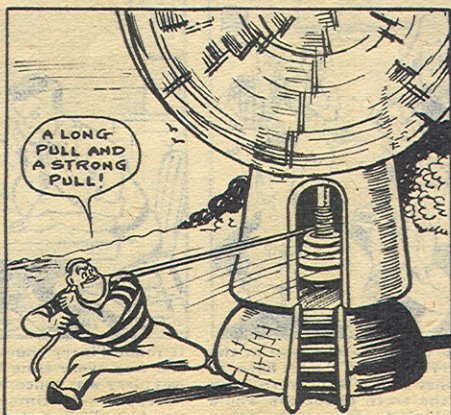
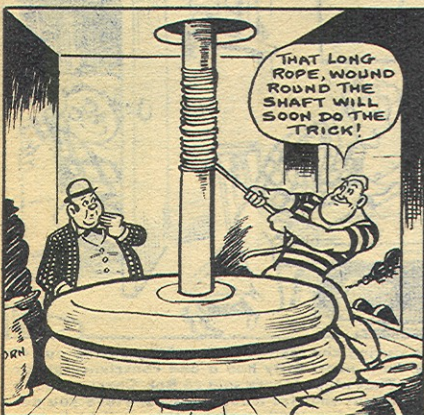
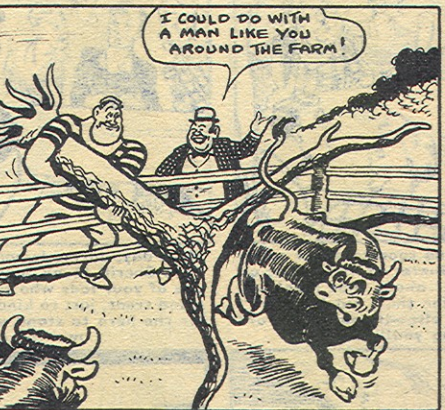
His fingers clutched at the rope, and he clung there. Then he urged it back towards the tower as if he was working a swing. On the second swing Martin Speller jumped, his arm around Peta's waist, even as the tower collapsed into ruins.

Ten minutes later they were speeding back over the snow-clad peaks of the Khama Guru mountains towards civilisation.

"I wonder what Tharka will do now he's got his regiment of giants?" mused Jack.

"Haven't you had enough adventure?" his father chuckled. "We're not going back to find out. Maphar has been a lost city for centuries, and as far as I am concerned it can stay that way for ever!"

The End



Next week: Tex gets a new job. Don't miss the fun!

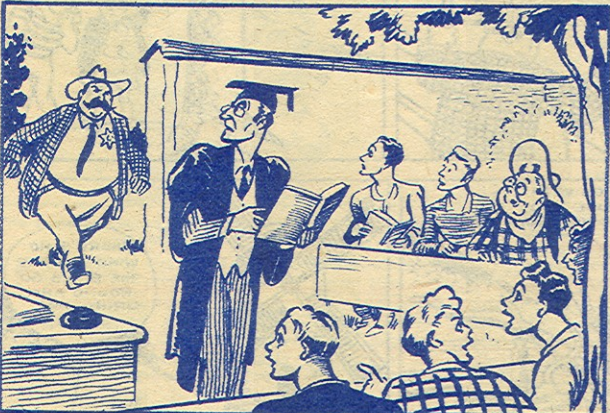
BILLY BUNTER GOES WEST



Some of the boys of Greyfriars School had changed places with the pupils of Pinto Valley High School, way out West in cowboy country, which explains how Billy Bunter and Harry Wharton came to be walking down the main street of Deadwood in cowboy clothes. Billy was just trying to talk Harry into paying for a meal, when there came a sudden thundering of hooves.



Some cattle had stampeded and were charging down the street towards them! And right in their path was a little girl—hardly more than a baby. Harry gasped, and then, at the risk of his own safety, he dashed across, right under the horns of the charging steers and snatched the little girl to safety. On the other side of the road Billy stood quaking, his fat knees knocking together!



Harry found out where the little girl lived and soon took her safely home. "I say, Harry old chap," said Billy Bunter as they went on their way. "You must be jolly peckish—what about that meal you were going to buy me?" "You can whistle for that, old fat man!" laughed Harry. "And I'll tell you something else—if you say a word about this afternoon I'll scrag you!"



Next day, during lesson time, they had a visit from the local sheriff. "I'm Sheriff Hank Jones," he told Mr. Quelch, "and I figure it was one of your lads who saved my little girl's life yesterday. I'd like to stand treat, just to kinda say thankee." But though Mr. Quelch asked for the hero to stand up, nobody stirred. Billy could see a free feed melting away, and then he had an idea.



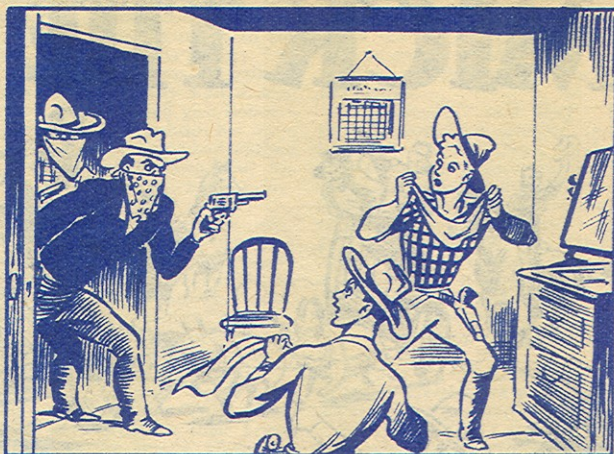
"Please," squeaked Billy, "it wasn't Wharton—er—that is—I'm the brave lad that saved your little girl!" Harry gasped. "The fat fibber!" he whispered to Bob Cherry as Sheriff Jones shook Billy warmly by the hand. He then went on to tell Bob the truth about the whole affair. However, they agreed that it wouldn't be fair to the other lads to do anything to stop the treat.



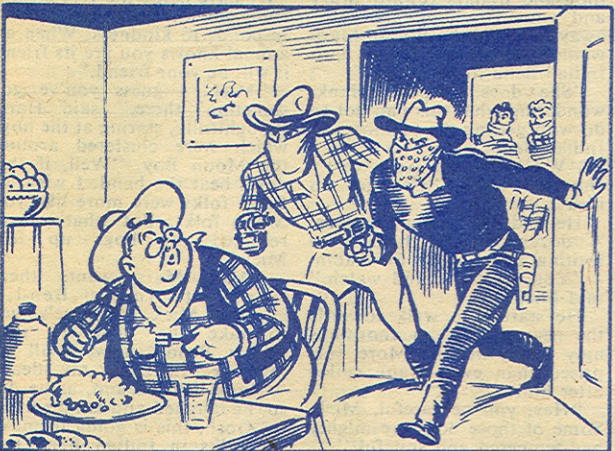
It made Harry chuckle during the feed to watch Billy shying out of the way every time he drew near. Billy had a bad conscience as far as Harry was concerned. That night Harry said to Bob Cherry, "Look here, Bob—it's time we taught that fat fraud a lesson. Have you got any ideas?" Bob thought for a bit. "What about this . . ." he began. Outside in the passage Billy Bunter held his breath.



You see, Billy had thought he'd better make his peace with Harry, and quite by chance turned up just as Bob's plot was being hatched. "We'll dress up as Western badmen," he heard Bob say, "and when Billy goes down for his special late supper we'll scare him stiff!" Billy chuckled silently and crept away. He'd surprise them. But just then two real badmen reined up outside.



There were a whole lot of valuable sports trophies in the ranch, and that was what the crooks were after. They got in silently through an open window and the first persons they ran into were Bob and Harry, who were in the midst of dressing up. They couldn't put up a fight because the crooks were pointing loaded guns at them. They were tied hand and foot before you could say knife.



Then the crooks went on the prowl, looking for loot. Leaving Bob and Harry helpless, they strode across the passage and into the dining-room, where Billy was all alone, still eating long after everyone else had finished. "Tee-hee!" giggled Billy to himself. "Here come those two silly rotters disguised as badmen. I'll surprise 'em! I'll punch their noses. Tee hee!"



The badmen jabbed their guns into Billy's back and Billy didn't even flinch. He never thought it could be anyone but Harry and Bob: Then he fairly exploded into action. You'd never believe Billy could have moved so fast. He swung around with his fists whirling like windmill sails—and believe me, with Billy's weight behind them, they stung jolly hard when they landed!



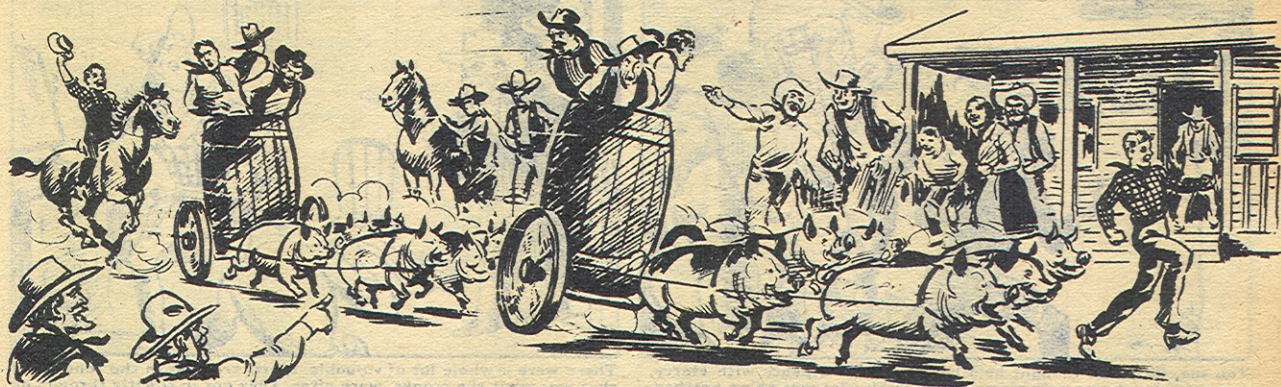
Of course, all this made a terrific din. As it happened, the Sheriff was still in the building chatting with Mr. Quelch. He heard the guns go off and came at the double. He carried a pair of big six-shooters, and before the crooks could recover from the surprise Billy had given them they were covered by the sheriff's guns.



"Tee-hee!" giggled Billy, "that's made Bob and Harry look silly!" And then Sheriff Jones snatched the masks from the faces of the two crooks. "Texas Pete and Broncho Tompson!" he cried. "I've been wanting you two crooks for a long time!" Billy took one look at that pair of hard-bitten, tough faces, and nearly died of fright.

Watch out for more fun and chuckles with Bunter next week!

MICK THE MOON BOY



To see the crooks all tubbed and bound, the folks flock in from miles around!

THE NEW SHERIFF

"PRETTY, aren't they?" said twelve-year-old Hank Luckner.

"Do you really think so?" asked his pal Mick the Moon Boy.

"No, I don't!" said Hank, who was a ragged, brown-faced lad, "I was only joking."

He must have been, because the objects which he and Mick were standing looking at were anything but pretty. In fact they were six bruised, battered and very villainous-looking bandits who were sitting trussed hand and foot on the floor of the lonely little cabin where Hank lived with his grown-up sister Mary and his sick old Grandma.

They had broken into the cabin to rob Hank and Mary of a ten-thousand-dollar reward which Hank had been given for capturing the Red Rube gang who were wanted for bank robberies.

They hadn't reckoned with Mick, however, the strange boy visitor from the Moon. For Mick was a most amazing fellow, and it was he who had trapped them and caught them when they had broken into the cabin.

He was a handsome, slimly-built boy of sixteen years of age. He wore a closely-fitting green helmet made of some flexible metal and a tight, one-piece green suit made of the same material.

He was exactly like an Earth boy to look at except for his eyes, which were a queer, luminous green in colour. They were big and almond-shaped, as well, and always reminded Hank of the eyes of a mountain lion.

"Yeah, it's thanks to you, Mick, that we've gotten this bunch of toughs roped an' hog-tied," said Hank, staring at the prisoners. "We're mighty grateful to you."

"You don't have to be," said Mick quickly. "It's I who am grateful to you for being my friend and letting me stay with you." Then getting back to the

subject in hand: "The point is what are we going to do with these rascals?"

"We'd better take 'em along into Indian Bend, I reckon," said Hank.

When they heard this the prisoners started to writhe and struggle madly in their bonds and to utter the most dreadful oaths and it was quite easy to see that they simply hated the idea of being taken into Indian Bend.

And no wonder either. For until a very short time ago the whole bunch of them had lived in Indian Bend and their leader—a big, heavily-built man named Buller with mean little eyes—had even been sheriff of that little township.

But the citizens of Indian Bend had discovered what rascals they were and had run them out of the place. They had also told them that if ever they came back they would tar and feather them.

So you can see why the frantic prisoners were so dead against being taken into Indian Bend by Hank and Mick; particularly when their latest crime had been to try to rob Hank and Mary and their sick old Grandma by violence—two children and an old woman. The citizens of Indian Bend would take a very, very poor view of that indeed.

"You can't do it!" roared the big, heavily-built Buller struggling madly in his bonds. "You let us go, d'you hear, or by hokey! when we do git loose we'll make you sorry!"

"Yes, but you're not going to get loose," said Hank mildly.

Buller glared at him, nearly off his head with rage. Then he fell to pleading and beseeching. But he might just as well have saved his breath, for the two boys took not the slightest notice of him.

"Trouble is, Mick, how're we going to get 'em into Indian Bend?" said Hank. "Their hosses have all run off. We could round 'em up, I suppose, but it will take time."

"It will," agreed Mick. "But now that you've got that ten thousand dollars reward Mary and your Grandma are going away to live in the city, so Mary wants her hogs taken into Indian Bend to be sold."

"She does," agreed Hank, wondering what this had got to do with getting the prisoners to Indian Bend.

"Well, come outside!" chuckled Mick. "I've got an idea!"

He and Hank went outside. A dozen big, fat hogs were rooting about near the cabin. "You stay here and watch," said Mick.

He started to walk towards the nearest hog, an enormous ugly heavy-weight. More surprised than ever, Hank called after him:

"Hey, you be careful, Mick. Some of those hogs are mighty bad-tempered and spiteful!"

Mick gave him a wave of his hand and walked on. The hog raised its head and looked at him. Mick stood in front of it, looking at it with his queer, green, animal-like eyes. Hank could hear him talking to the hog in a low sort of murmur. Then he laid his hand on the hog's great head.

He kept his hand there a few moments, still talking to the hog and looking at it intently. Then he turned and walked away and the hog followed him.

Hank's mouth opened in astonishment. He had never seen a pesky, bad-tempered hog—or any hog—follow at heel like a dog before.

"He certainly is an amazing guy, that Mick!" he told himself. "I guess this is some more of his science, or whatever it's called. It must be. Gosh, he's rounding 'em all up!"

Mick was. When he returned to where Hank was standing, walking with his usual panther-like grace, the twelve hogs were following him.

"Mick, how d'you do it?" gasped Hank.

The Moon Boy gave him a slow, queer smile.

"We Moon people know and understand animals," he said. "We have made the very closest study of them. Every animal responds to kindness. When an animal knows you are its friend it will be your friend."

"Mick, I guess you've got somethin' there," said Hank thoughtfully, staring at the hogs which were clustered around the Moon Boy. "Well, if this don't beat the band. I wish we Earth folks were more like you Moon folks. But what've you rounded the hogs up for, Mick?"

"Well, Mary wants them taken into Indian Bend," chuckled Mick. "And we've got to take the prisoners into Indian Bend, so we'll all go together. Listen to my idea!"

Hank listened and, as he did so, he laughed and laughed.

"Gosh, this is going to make the folks in Indian Bend fair split their sides!" he gasped. "C'mon, let's get cracking!"

It was mid-afternoon when the astounded citizens of Indian Bend were greeted by what must surely have been the most amazing sight ever seen in the history of that little township.

There weren't many folks about when it started, but their excited shouts and yells brought the others rushing pell-mell to see what was happening.

And what they saw was a handsome, sixteen-year-old boy in check shirt and pants running swiftly along dusty Main Street while behind him came racing six big, fat hogs. And those hogs were pulling an old water butt on wheels. And in the water butt were standing three raging, frantic men, their hands tied behind their backs.

But that wasn't all. Oh dear, no! Behind the water butt came rushing six more big, fat hogs and they, too, were pulling an old water butt on wheels in which were three more furious-faced men with their hands tied behind their backs.

The rear of this astonishing cavalcade was being brought up by a small, ragged, brown-faced

EVEN THE HOGS WILL DO WHAT HE WANTS THEM TO!

boy astride a horse. He was laughing and waving his hat and yelling:

"Hiya, folks! Here's ol' Buller and his pards come back. Give 'em a big hand, folks. Yippee-eee!"

The laughing, shouting, excited folks were already recognising the characters in the procession—but not a soul in Indian Bend, or anywhere else, knew that Mick was from the Moon.

Mick stopped outside the sheriff's office. The hogs stopped too. Hank reined in and jumped down from the saddle. Instantly he and Mick and the raging prisoners in the water butts were surrounded by the shouting, cheering, excited crowd who were demanding to know what it was all about.

"Well, folks, I'll tell you!" cried Hank, jumping up on to the hitching rail outside the sheriff's office and being held there by friendly hands.

He thereupon told the citizens how Buller and his gang had broken into the cabin to steal the reward money from him and Mary.

"But Mick and I caught them, folks!" he cried. "And as their hosses had stampeded, and they said they wouldn't walk into Indian Bend, Mick and I reckoned we'd use Sis's hogs and the empty water butts to bring 'em in. They're mighty fine, strong hogs, folks, and they were coming to town anyway, because of Sis and Grandma going to the city to live. So here we are, folks, and now I'll hand over these bad men!"

To a roar of cheering amidst which were angry, rising threats against Buller and his gang, he jumped down off the hitching rail. Mr. Mobbs, the banker, had elbowed his way through the press. With him was Mr. Peck, the lawyer, and several other of the most important citizens of the place.

"D'you mean to tell us, Hank, that you and your friend Mick actually captured this dangerous gang single-handed?" demanded Mr. Mobbs.

"Yessir," said Hank. "Leastways, Mick did most of it."

Mr. Mobbs turned to Mick and said:

"Tell me, my boy, just how did you capture these dangerous scoundrels?"

"I managed to get them fighting amongst themselves," said Mick, with a smile. "Then I walked in and disarmed them and Hank and I tied them up."

"You speak of it very calmly," said the banker. "This is the second dangerous gang which you and Hank have captured. Would you like a job?"

"What sort of a job?" asked Mick.

"As sheriff!" cried Mr. Mobbs eagerly. "There are a lot of bad characters around this town and more drifting in. You're young, I know, but you and Hank have proved that you can handle bad characters. We

haven't appointed a new sheriff since we ran Buller out of town. Will you take the job and Hank can be your deputy?"

Mick looked at Hank. "What d'you say, Hank?" he asked.

"I say yes!" cried Hank. "These are decent folks and we've got to help 'em. You'll soon clean this old town up, I bet, then you and me can mosey along somewhere else."

Mick wanted to mosey along somewhere else. He wanted to see all the towns, the cities and the peoples of the world and he meant to and Hank was going to go with him. But he was in no hurry for a week or two, so he turned to the banker and said: "Very well, Hank and I will take on the sheriff's job until we've cleaned up the town, then we'll go. Will that do?"

"That will do very well indeed!" said Mr. Mobbs, shaking first him and then Hank warmly by the hand. "I am more than grateful to you and I'm sure all the honest citizens feel the same!"

The honest citizens did, for they greeted the news with a tremendous roar of cheering.

Later that evening when Mick and Hank had taken over the sheriff's living quarters and office, Hank said happily:

"Nothing could be better. Sis and Grandma have given up the cabin and I don't want to go and live in the city like them. I want to go all over the world."

"And that's what we'll do as soon as we've cleaned up Indian Bend," said Mick, with a smile. "We'll have some grand fun—"

He broke off as the door of the office in which they were sitting crashed open and a man named Steve Duggin rushed in.

"Say, Wolf Sadd's in town an' he's gunnin' for you!" burst out Steve. "He says he'll git you tonight—both of you!"

"And who is Wolf Sadd?" asked Mick calmly.

"He's a pal of Red Rube's who you've got in the cells here 'long with Buller an' his gang!" cried Steve. "He's a two-gun man an' a killer—real bad p'ison an' quick as lightning on the draw. He's alv'n in the Dog S'loon tellin' ev'rybody he's goin' to avenge Red Rube!"

"Well, thanks very much for telling us," said Mick. He rose and turned to Hank. "It looks as though the cleaning up is about to start," he said. "Come on, we'll go and see this Sad Wolf or Wolf Sadd or whatever his name is."

"But aren't you taking guns with you?" gasped Steve, as they moved towards the door.

"No, no, we never use guns," said Mick, with a smile. "Guns are old-fashioned. We're modern sheriffs, Hank and I, and we use modern methods."

He was wearing the check shirt and pants over his tightly-fitting one-piece suit and would continue to wear that sort of attire so long as he was Sheriff of Indian Bend.

Meanwhile, in the Dog

Saloon, Wolf Sadd was lounging against the bar telling the men what he intended to do to the new sheriff and his deputy.

He was a nasty looking character and was well named Wolf. Two loaded gun holsters were on the belt about his waist and, as Steve Duggin had warned Mick, he could whip out his pistols and fire with lightning-like swiftness.

"Whadya call yorsel's, anyways?" he sneered at the men in the saloon. "Havin' a coupla kids for sheriffs. Yuh'll be havin' school ma'rms next. Ain't yuh got no guts?"

"Those two kids roped in the Red Rube and the Buller gangs, anyway?" spoke up one man.

"Yeah, but they won't rope me in!" snarled Wolf Sadd. "I'll have them on their knees squealin' for mercy afore to-night's done an' when I ride out Indian Bend Red Rube rides with me—"

He broke off as the door of the saloon swung open and in strolled Mick followed by Hank, with a terrified looking Steve Duggin bringing up the rear.

A deathly hush had fallen on the room. Hands in pockets, Mick strolled forward.

"Good evening everybody!" he said pleasantly. "Is there a Mr. Sad Wolf here?"

"Wolf Sadd!" snarled the gunman. "That's me. Get the name right. Who're you?"

"The new sheriff," said Mick pleasantly.

"Is that so?" sneered Wolf Sadd. "Now ain't that jus' sumthin'! The new sheriff, hey? Waal, I don't like sheriffs!"

"And I don't like you," said Mick in the same cool, pleasant voice as before. "So you will get astride your horse, Mr. Sad Wolf, and ride out of Indian Bend and never come back. But first you will leave your guns behind. Both of them. You will leave them with me."

"Leave 'em—leave 'em with you?" gasped the gunman, as though he couldn't believe his ears. His voice rose to a roar.

"Why, of all the sass—"

Abruptly he broke off, his mouth agape, his eyes bulging. For a most amazing thing had happened. Of their own accord his pistols had leapt out of their

holsters and streaked into the hands of Mick, who was standing a few paces from him and had taken his hands out of his pockets, as though to receive the pistols.

"Thank you!" said Mick. "I thought you'd be sensible and hand them over. Now shake hands with me before you go!"

He gave the pistols to Hank, then strode swiftly forward and seized the astounded and still gaping gunman by the hand. As he did so, Wolf Sadd let out a howl and started to leap madly about, yelling:

"Leggo!—oww-www!—leggo my hand—Ooo-er—OWWW-WWW!"

"Dear me, whatever's wrong?" asked Mick anxiously, releasing the gunman's hand.

Wolf Sadd didn't stop to tell him what was wrong. With another frenzied howl he rushed out of the saloon, flung the reins of his horse from the hitching rail, leapt into the saddle and spurred madly away into the night.

"Well, gentlemen, I don't think we'll ever see him again," said Mick pleasantly to the gaping and astounded onlookers. "Come on, Hank!"

He strolled from the saloon with Hank. Back in their office Hank said to him breathlessly:

"Listen, I know what made Wolf Sadd howl and jump about when you shook hands with him. You can make your body and your hands give off powerful electric shocks. But what made those guns of his leap right out of their holsters?"

"Two tiny magnets more powerful than any you Earth people have ever made yet," replied Mick, with a smile. "More powerful for their size, I mean. I had one hidden in each hand and when I took my hands out of my pockets the magnets whipped the metal-guns out of their holsters as you saw."

"Gosh, so that was it?" gasped Hank.

"It'll certainly give Wolf Sadd something to think about," laughed Mick. "Now let's have some supper!"

Watch for more fun and adventures with Mick and Hank next week!

The GAME of

TABLE SOCCER

THE REPLICA OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

NO

BLOWING CARDS or BOARD





HERE IS A FOOTBALL GAME WHERE VICTORY OR DEFEAT DEPENDS UPON THE SKILL OF THE PLAYER INSTEAD OF BY THE SHAKE OF A DICE OR BY THE TURN OF A CARD

Played with 22 miniature men, ball and goals. All the thrills of real Football! Dribbling, corner and penalty kicks, offside, goal saves, injuries, etc.

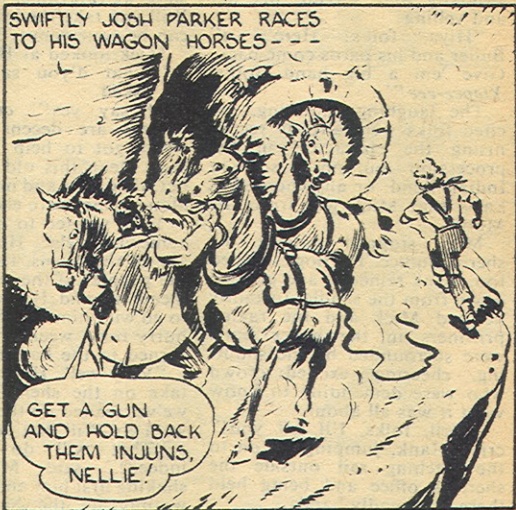
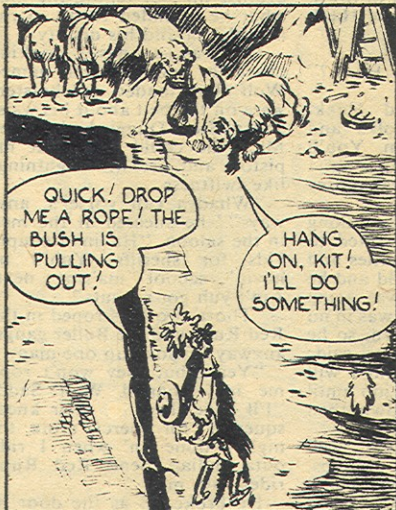
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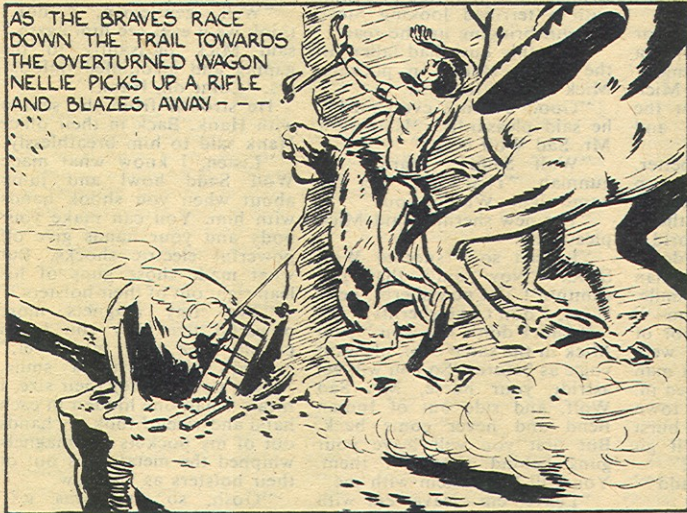
P. A. ADOLPH, Dept. 51, The Lodge, Langton Green, Tunbridge Wells

KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

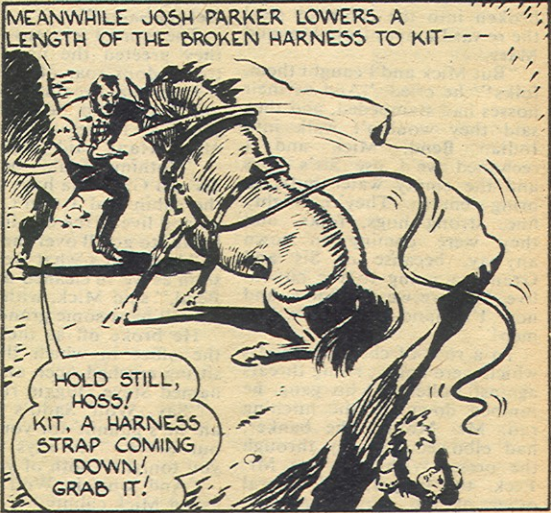
Kit Carson is racing to Fort Wade to bring a white doctor to the sick son of the Cherokee Chief, Black Tomahawk. Yellow Fox, the medicine man, has sent braves to stop Kit, for he has told the Chief that his son will not be well until he goes on the warpath against the whites. Kit is riding on a wagon with Josh Parker and his daughter Nellie when it overturns, flinging Kit over a precipice. He grabs a bush.



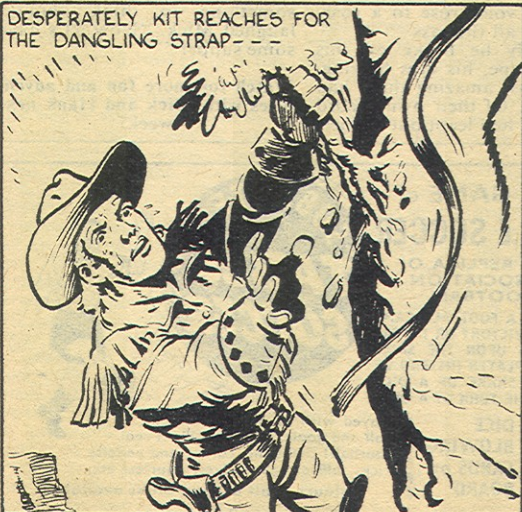
AS THE BRAVES RACE DOWN THE TRAIL TOWARDS THE OVERTURNED WAGON NELLIE PICKS UP A RIFLE AND BLAZES AWAY ---



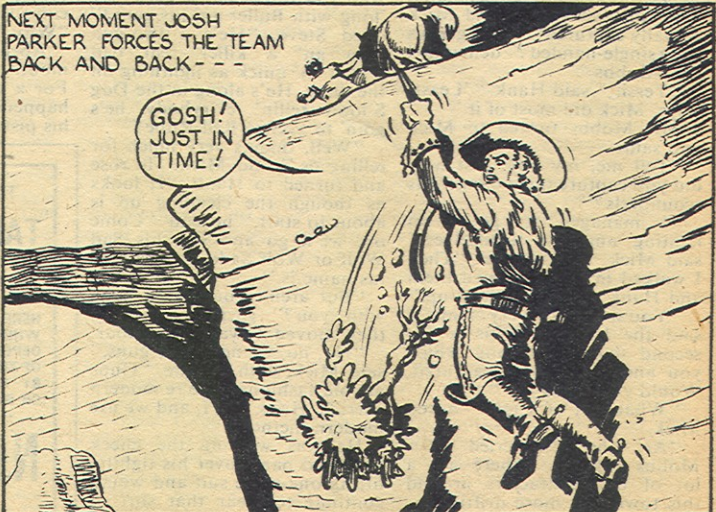
MEANWHILE JOSH PARKER LOWERS A LENGTH OF THE BROKEN HARNESS TO KIT ---



DESPERATELY KIT REACHES FOR THE DANGLING STRAP ---



NEXT MOMENT JOSH PARKER FORCES THE TEAM BACK AND BACK ---



ARE YOU ONE OF THE CLUB MEMBERS TO GET A PRESENT THIS WEEK?

HE HAS SWORN TO GET KIT CARSON—THE ONE MAN WHO CAN FOIL HIS SCHEMES!

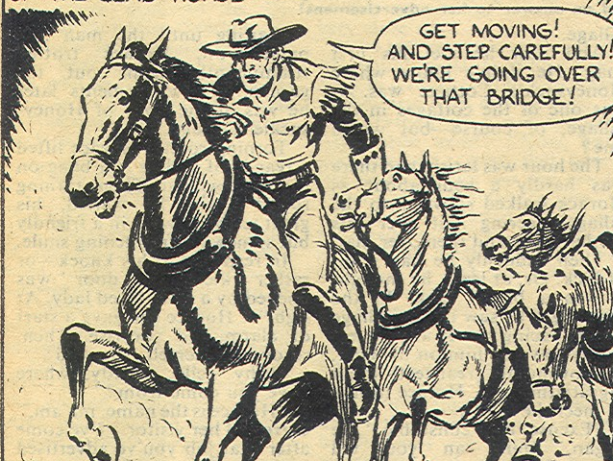
SAFELY ON THE TRAIL AGAIN,
KIT SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET---



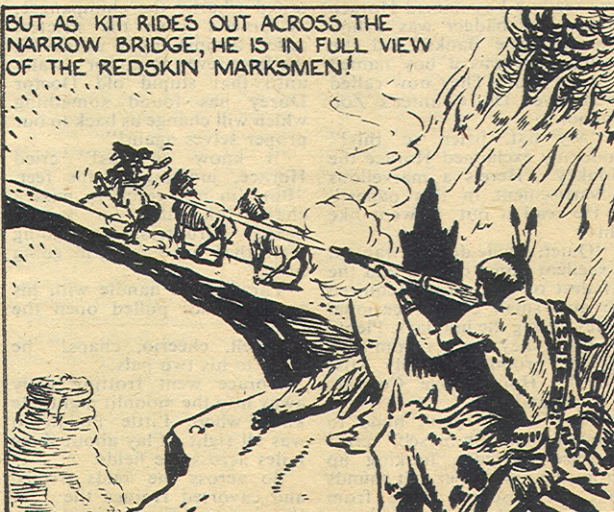
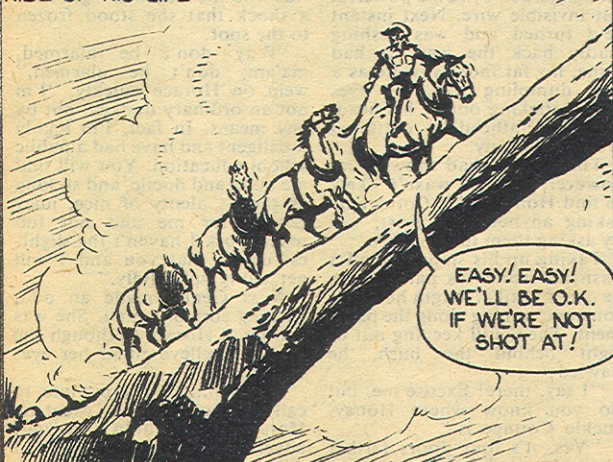
AS KIT TAKES OVER THE HORSES,
JOSH PARKER RUNS TO THE WAGON---



KIT FLINGS HIMSELF ON TO THE BACK
OF THE LEAD HORSE---



KIT BEGINS THE MOST DANGEROUS
RIDE OF HIS LIFE---



Will Kit make his perilous journey? Be sure to read next week's thrill-packed instalment!

HURRY UP AND TURN TO PAGE 18 IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO.

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN
WHEN A BUNCH OF LARKY
SCHOOLBOYS GET CHANGED
INTO ANIMALS.

DONKEY WORK

IF you had peeped into a wooden hut in one of the fields of Meadowsweet Farm you would have seen a very strange sight. A donkey was sitting on the floor reading a newspaper. A badger was blinking sleepily in a rickety armchair in front of the stove, and a big chimpanzee was swinging lazily from one of the rafters of the hut.

Only a short time ago those three animals had been just ordinary schoolboys. They had been members of a party of forty boys who had come from St. Cuthbert's School to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole lot of them had eaten something for breakfast which had given them the most awful tummyaches. So Dr. Grunter, their headmaster who was with the party, had sent for Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, to come out to the farm and give them all a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was so absent-minded that instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he had got the bottles mixed up and given them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

The result was that, in a flash, Dr. Grunter and the boys had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

The donkey who was now sitting reading the newspaper, was really a boy named Horace Hake. The badger was a boy named Bertie Banks, and the chimpanzee was a boy named Charlie Cluff. They now called themselves Dr. Grunter's Zoo School.

"My hat, listen to this!" suddenly exclaimed Horace the donkey. "Here's a marvellous advertisement in this paper!" He read it out. It went like this:

"Quiet, docile donkey wanted. Excellent home offered and the kindest of treatment. Required to give small child occasional rides during the holidays. Plenty of nice, juicy carrots from own garden promised. Apply Miss Gentle, Honeysuckle Cottage, Little Puddleton."

"I've a jolly good mind to apply for the job myself," cried Horace excitedly, looking up from the newspaper. "It sounds like an absolute home from home to me! I'm sick of being chivvied around by old Grunter. Ever since that awful stuff we



"I'm a very well educated donkey!" said Horace politely. Miss Gentle gasped. She hadn't expected this sort of an answer to her advertisement!

drank changed him into a polar bear he's been worse tempered than ever—and that's saying something! Anybody would think we were still at school, the way he goes on. Why, only yesterday he gave me a whole day's detention in a beastly, draughty stable just because I took a tiny nibble at one of old Whipstraw's carrots!"

"He said you ate all the carrot," cut in Bertie Banks the badger.

"Well, and what if I did eat it?" cried Horace hotly. "Just because old Grunter's now a polar bear and lives on raw fish he seems to forget that donkeys like me simply dote on carrots. I'm fed up with him, and I tell you I jolly well am going to apply for this job at Honeysuckle Cottage!"

"Yes, but look here!" protested Charlie the chimpanzee. "Grunter's given the strictest orders against any of us leaving the farm, even to go for a walk, until that stupid old Doctor Dozey has found something which will change us back to our proper selves again!"

"I know he has!" cried Horace, jumping to his feet. "But I'm not going to miss a chance like this for twenty beastly Grunters. I'm going after that job—and I'm going now!"

Turning the handle with his teeth Horace pulled open the door.

"Well, cheerio, chaps!" he cried to his two pals.

Horace went trotting gaily away into the moonlit night. He knew where Little Puddleton was all right. It lay about three miles across the fields.

So across the fields trotted and cavorted Horace the donkey, jumping fences and ditches until he reached the road on the outskirts of Little Puddleton

village.

And now he met his first snag. He didn't know where Honeysuckle Cottage was. It was one of the cottages in the village, of course—but which one?

The hour was latish, and there was hardly a soul about as Horace walked slowly into the village, peering first over this garden fence and then over that.

Then suddenly he had a bit of luck. Or, at least, he thought it was a bit of luck. In the moonlight he saw the fat village bobby pacing slowly and majestically towards him on his beat.

Showing his great teeth in an ingratiating grin, Horace turned to meet the bobby.

"Excuse me, constable," he began, "but can you tell me—"

That was as far as he got. For with a strangled gasp the fat copper had leapt backwards as though jerked by some powerful but invisible wire. Next instant he'd turned and was rushing madly back the way he had come, his fat face as white as a suet dumpling and his eyes nearly sticking out of his head. "Silly fathead!" muttered Horace savagely.

The incident had shown him, however, that he wasn't likely to find Honeysuckle Cottage by asking anybody. At least, not by asking them to their face.

Taking up his stand behind a bush, he waited as patiently as he could until at length he heard someone coming along the pavement. Then, still keeping out of sight behind the bush, he bawled:

"I say, there! Excuse me, but do you know where Honeysuckle Cottage is?"

"Yes, it's four doors farther along the road," replied a voice.

"Thanks very much!" cried Horace.

Waiting until the man had passed on, Horace trotted triumphantly from out the garden. A few moments later he was at the door of Honeysuckle Cottage.

Turning round, Horace lifted a rear hoof and gave a bang on the door with it. Then, turning round again, he waited, his great teeth showing in a friendly but somewhat frightening smile.

In response to his knock—or rather kick—the door was opened by a kind-faced lady. At sight of Horace she gave a start of alarm and surprise. Then, recovering herself, she said:

"Why hello, Neddy, where have you come from?"

"Horace is the name, ma'am," corrected her visitor. "I've come after that job you've advertised in the local newspaper."

At hearing human speech issuing from the mouth of the donkey, Miss Gentle—for that was who the lady was—got such a shock that she stood frozen to the spot.

"Pray don't be alarmed, ma'am, don't be alarmed," went on Horace quickly. "I'm not an ordinary donkey, not by any means. In fact, I'm highly intelligent and have had a public school education. You will find me quiet and docile, and so long as there's plenty of nice, juicy carrots for me and not too much work I haven't the slightest doubt that you and I will get along splendidly."

Miss Gentle made an odd, gasping sort of sound. She was staring at Horace as though she couldn't believe either her eyes or her ears.

"I'll admit it's a bit late to call on you like this," went on Horace. "But I didn't see your advertisement until tonight. I came along right away; I didn't want you to saddle yourself with an ordinary, stupid sort of

donkey when you can have me. What I mean to say is, we can have lots of nice chats together about cricket and football and books and all that sort of thing, and I can go shopping with you and carry your parcels for you. I shan't sleep in a stable, of course. I must insist upon having a bedroom to myself—"

"Zeek!" screamed Miss Gentle, looking straight past Horace and promptly slammed the door in Horace's face.

Horace whirled round. As he did so, he saw coming in through the garden gate a savage-looking polar bear, with Farmer Whipstraw riding on its back.

The polar bear was none other than his headmaster, Dr. Grunter.

"Wretched, disobedient, miserable boy!" roared Dr. Grunter rushing up to Horace. "Your absence was reported to me by Mr. Drripp at lights out. I am quite sure you must have frightened the life out of poor Miss Gentle. Back to school with you at once! I shall personally give my apologies to the good lady!"

It never occurred to Dr. Grunter that Miss Gentle might be much more frightened of a polar bear than a donkey. That was why she never opened the door to his knocking. In the end he followed Horace, grumbling, back to the Zoo School.

THE HUNTING OF THE HUNTERS

NEXT day, a gorilla and a monkey were having a race in the wood. Of course, they were really two boys—named George Harris and Algy Brown.

"Hallo! Look who's down there!" cried George, the gorilla, suddenly. "It's Freddy Fenton!"

Algy, the monkey, looked down through the branches. On the ground below was a fine, sleek fox, who was really a boy named Freddy Fenton.

"I say, Freddy, what're you doing?" cried Algy.

"Oh, just having a stroll!" he said pleasantly.

Then abruptly he broke off. With ears cocked, he stared intently through the trees.

"Hounds!" rapped Freddy. "I can hear them, even if you can't. They're still a good way off, but they're heading this way."

"Then you'd better come up here where you'll be safe!" cried George in alarm. "You don't want to be torn to pieces by a pack of hungry foxhounds. Come on! I'll carry you up."

"No, wait! Look, George—look there!"

George looked in the direction of Freddy's pointing paw. As he did so, he saw a fox coming, running slowly and painfully towards them, the poor thing was just about at its last gasp. It was so exhausted that it could hardly drag one foot after another.

"Listen, George! You grab that fox and take him up into the tree!" cried Freddy. "I bet



The huntsmen turned tail and fled. They didn't like being hunted one little bit!

you what you like that it's that beastly Sir Silas Skimpole's hounds who're after him—"

"But what about you, Freddy?" cut in George, for the cry of the oncoming hounds was very close now.

"I'm all right; you do as I tell you!" cried Freddy. "Get Algy in on this. Tell him to rush to the farm with this message."

He rattled off a message for Algy, then cried: "Now, for goodness sake, grab that poor fox and get him up the tree! There's not a moment to lose!"

Rushing forward, George snatched up the weak and exhausted fox. Next instant he was swinging up into the branches of the nearest tree.

As for Freddy, he trotted to the spot where George had picked up the beaten fox. Then, knowing that the hounds would follow his scent, thinking it was that of the other fox, he turned, and with a jaunty whisk of his brush, shot off through the wood and out into the open country.

"If I don't lead those hounds a dance and give them and old Skimpole the fright of their lives, then my name's not Freddy Fenton!" he chuckled. "But I must give Algy time to warn the other chaps—Hallo! I'd better shift a bit faster!"

Behind him the hounds had burst out of the wood in full cry and were racing in pursuit. Yelling like a madman, and waving his hunting cap to urge them on, came Sir Silas Skimpole, cruelly spurring his horse. With him was a bunch of his pals, all as eager as he was to see the fox caught and torn to pieces by the hounds.

Sir Silas Skimpole was one of the worst sportsmen you could meet anywhere. He was mean, greedy and cruel. He flogged his horses, starved his hounds, and bullied his servants.

"Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" he screamed, urging on his hounds in pursuit of the fleeing Freddy. "For-rard!"

"Silly chump!" muttered

Freddy scornfully. "You'd better save your breath. You're going to need it soon!"

He knew jolly well that the hounds would never catch him—at least, he reckoned they wouldn't. By the state of the poor fox which he and George had saved, he knew that the hounds must have come a good long way and have been running hard the whole time.

"Drat that fox!" screamed Sir Silas, purple with rage. "I thought we had him! I thought he was beat!"

Chuckling to himself, Freddy led his screeching, bawling pursuers over a dozen or more fields, then he swung back towards Meadowsweet Farm.

"He's heading for Whipstraw's place!" yelled Sir Silas. "He's about beat—he's just about done! Who-hoop! We'll maul and tear him!"

"Will you!" thought Freddy grimly. "I guess the boot will be on the other foot in a few moments, you fat brute, then we'll see how you like that!"

He had purposely slowed down his pace to draw the hounds and huntsmen on. But now, as he reached the boundary of Meadowsweet Farm he shot ahead again and slipped swiftly through the bottom of a hedge.

A few moments later hounds and horsemen poured over the hedge in hot pursuit. As they did so, however, they got the shock of their lives. For instead of seeing a fleeing fox they found themselves face to face with a bunch of lions, tigers, bears, leopards, wolves, and all sorts of fierce animals.

These animals were, of course, Freddy's school pals, who had been changed into animals by Dr. Dozey's wonderful liquid. They had gathered at this particular spot after getting the message which Algy, the monkey, had brought to them.

Oh, the panic! Oh, the confusion. Howling with terror, Sir Silas Skimpole whirled his horse round and bolted madly back the way he had come. So did his

equally terrified pals. But, looking back as he cleared the hedge, Sir Silas saw, to his horror, that the wild animals were bounding swiftly in pursuit.

Almost sobbing with fright, Sir Silas looked back again over his shoulder. As he did so, he nearly fell out of his saddle. For leading the pursuit was a lion, and sitting on its neck, clinging to its mane, was the very fox which they had just been chasing. And, to make matters a hundred times worse, the fox was yelling in a human voice:

"Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Maul 'em and tear 'em! For-rard! For-rard!"

"Oh, dear! If I ever get out of this alive I'll never hunt again!" sobbed Sir Silas.

His terrified pals were all frantically saying the same thing.

And all the time they could hear the fox yelling behind them: "For-rard! For-rard! They're just about beat—they're just about done! Who-hoop! Who-hoop! Maul 'em and tear 'em!"

The terrified Sir Silas was leading the frantic flight. Just where he didn't know.

But Freddy and his pals knew where they were driving them—and that was right into the middle of Blackmarrow Bog.

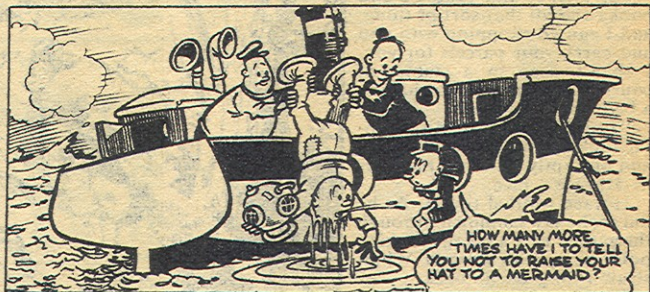
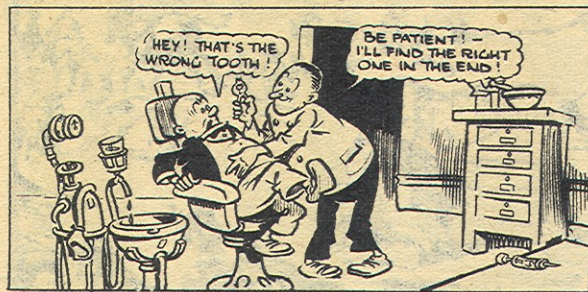
Sir Silas Skimpole discovered this fact when his horse suddenly stopped dead in its tracks, shooting him clean over its head into thick, black, smelly, oozy mud covered with a thin layer of moss.

Sir Silas went head-first into the bog. So did his pals, for in their frantic haste none of them had noticed where they were heading. By the time they had dragged themselves to their hands and knees the animals had bounded away.

Plastered all over with the dreadful-smelling mud, Sir Silas and his pals crawled out of the bog. But from that day not one of them has hunted again.

Next week: Our funny chums teach a poacher a lesson! Don't miss the fun.

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



THE COMET ENGINE SPOTTERS CLUB

HULLO again, Engine Spotters! There's another long list of members' numbers printed below, so get out your Club Album right away. If the number printed on the back is the same as any one of the numbers below then there's a grand present waiting for you!

At the same time as you check your number make sure you have made yourself a member of the Club by signing your full name and address in the space provided. When you have done that, and if the number on your album appears in the COMET Club List—you become entitled to a free present!

All set? Then check your number now against the numbers below:

124	1,247	623	3,916	17,845	46,024
1,763	62,661	118,611	45,675	83,555	967
97,368	70,002	81,116	12,346	45,612	80,375
173,806	106,751	2,643	56,714	2,341	5,001
236	23,151	5,643	67,541	4,131	37,345
789	181,652	2,634	66,613	63,241	27,638
106,806	892	4,224	19,203	4,976	132
42,064	6,723	77,681	1,230	1,115	63,885
47,208	35,892	40,401	2,811	2,354	1,009
1,005	7,213	33,032	923	99,887	8,476
53	37,633	6,407	71,812	20,403	742
142,730	2,216	73,980	588	7,218	66,162
63,742	21,345	26,941	44,021	432	20,007
88,236	66,531	59,873	126,530	3,752	15,780
120,310	183,462	37,311	1,793	86,385	564
91,001	22,163	5,465	10,660	635	
74,768	1,241	6,319	1,456	20,601	

Well, are you one of the lucky ones this week? If you are, then this is what you must do to claim your present:

First make quite sure your number is exactly the same as any one on the list, then decide which present you would like from the following:

A Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack Knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, Cowboy Belt and Holster or a Charm Bracelet.

Write the name of the present you have chosen in the space marked "For Official Use" in your album. Then on a separate piece of paper write the name of the character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET and add a word or two giving your reason. Put the Album and piece of paper in an envelope and address it to:

COMET E.S. Club,
5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Don't forget to fill in your name and address on the membership page of your Album before posting! Then stamp the envelope with a 2½d. stamp and post it at once.

Your Club book will be returned in a few days—with your present—post free.

(N.B.—All claims for presents from this week's list must reach us by Friday, April 25th—none received after that date, or for wrong numbers, or without the Club book enclosed, will be recognised.)

ARE YOU A NEW READER?

Then Here's How to join the C.E.S.C.

If you have not yet joined our grand new Club, all you have to do is write to us on a piece of paper saying "Please make me a member of the C.E.S.C.", adding your full name and address. Then pin two 2½d. stamps to the paper and enclose it in an envelope, and post to the Club address (given above). The Engine Spotters Album with your Club Number printed on it will then be sent to you post free. Once you're a member, you, too, can watch our Club Corner, and, of course, watch for your number to appear.

CLUB CORNER

RAILWAY QUIZ No. 2

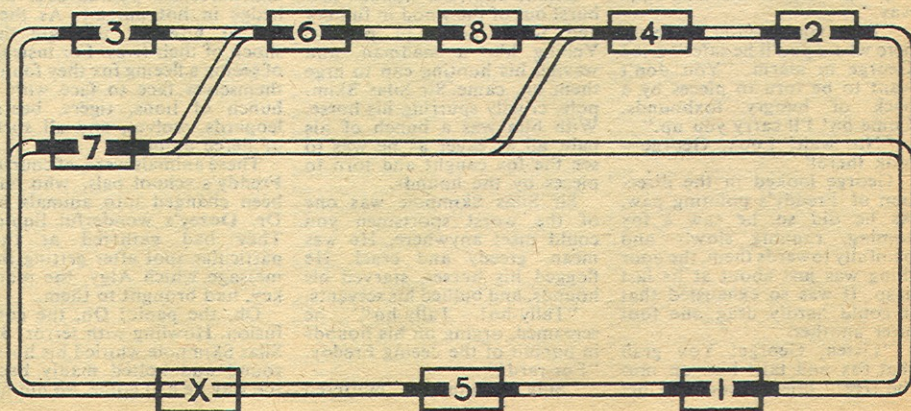
The plan shows a railway layout with nine stations. Only one of the stations is empty—the one marked "X"—and the other eight have one train each. These trains are numbered from 1 to 8.

Every time you move a train it must shunt into the station which has been left empty by the one that moved before. Can you shunt the trains in this way to that they finish up in numerical order round the outer track?

You will find it easier to leave the train number 5 where it is all the time, and move number 7 first. Try this puzzle using your own train set.

SOLUTION TO QUIZ

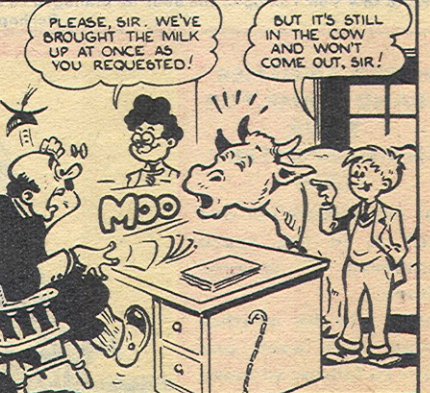
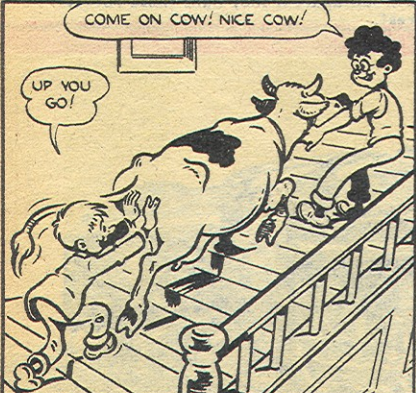
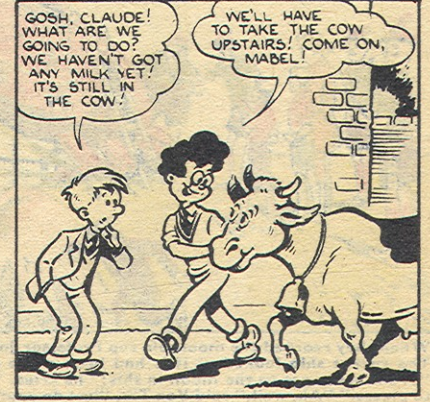
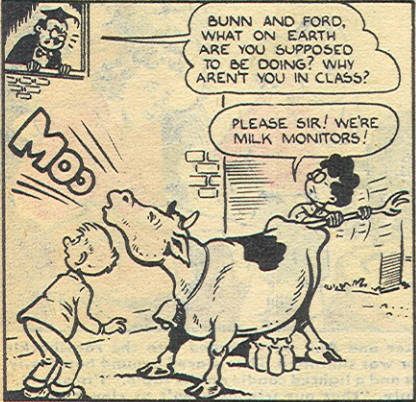
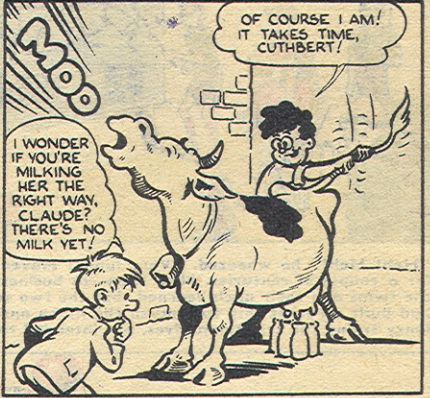
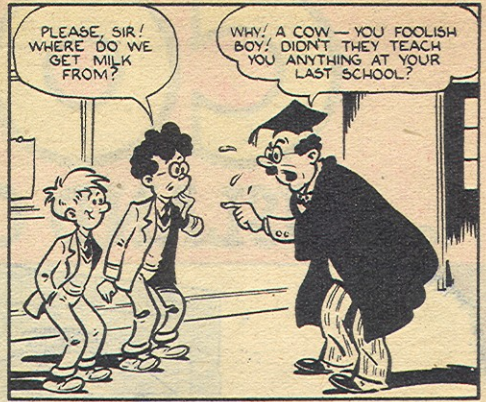
7, 4, 1, 4, 3, 6, 8, 1, 2, 3, 7, 6, 7. Shunt the trains in this order. Here is how to do it. Moving the trains into their correct positions can be done in as few as 13 moves.



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE AND

CUTHBERT THE TWO NEW BOYS



COMET

PRICE

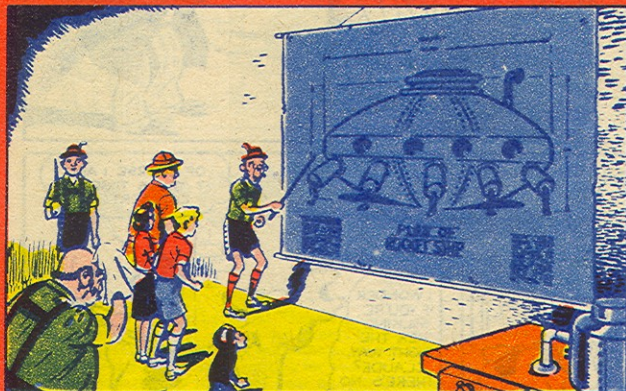
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EVERY
MONDAY

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 3

More

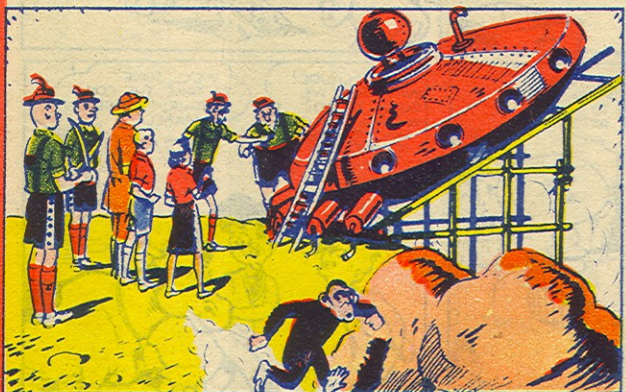
ISLAND OF SECRETS



"Heh! Heh!" he wheezed. "Very funny! Haven't laughed so much for a couple of centuries. Now then—to business!" To their alarm, the twins and their uncle learned that the two scientist clockmakers had built a rocket ship to send to the moon and back. They did not fancy trying the trip themselves, but intended to send the prisoners.



A short time later they were all on their way towards the launching site, travelling in a mountain railway. "Sorry we shan't be seeing you for a long time," cackled Von Tok. "because we're rather tired of having nobody around but these robots that we've built! Still, we can't miss this wonderful chance of trying out our rocket ship!"



When they reached the mountain top Professor Jolly stared in dismay. The rocket ship looked as if it had been made out of old tin cans. "We'll never get to the moon in this!" he cried. "I'm sure it will fall to pieces." "Ah, well," said Von Tik, "just do your best!" Just then, as Koko saw Von Tok open the door he managed to slip away unnoticed.

Perhaps Koko can rescue them! See next week's pictures!



Professor Jolly and Peter and Ann were herded into the ramshackle rocket ship and the door was slammed. They stared around hopelessly. There was an hour-glass and a lighted candle on the table. "I'm afraid," said the professor glumly, "that our friends aren't as clever as they think! This thing will fall apart if they light those rockets!"

HERE'S ANOTHER
GRAND STAMP FOR
YOUR
ENGINE-SPOTTERS'
ALBUM

Cut this picture out and stick it in the space numbered "4" in your album.

There will be another stamp next week and more to follow; so make sure you don't miss any by placing a regular order for "COMET" with your newsagent today!

