

COMET

3^D

No. 407
May 3, 1956

EVERY MONDAY



BUFFALO BILL

A single track railroad ran westwards to the town of Bismarck. At one part of its two hundred mile length, this railroad passed through a narrow valley. One morning, as the locomotive "Dakota Belle" came thundering towards the valley, A WAR PARTY OF PAINTED REDSKINS APPROACHED AT THE GALLOP...



ON THIS OCCASION, THE DAKOTA BELLE WAS PULLING ONLY ONE CARRIAGE... AND IN IT SAT A PLUMP, POMPUS MAN WHO ADDRESSED HIS THREE COMPANIONS WITH A LORDLY AIR...

BISMARCK SHOULD INDEED BE PROUD TO WELCOME ME... IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT SUCH A REMOTE, DILAPIDATED TOWNSHIP IS VISITED BY SUCH AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAKOTA AND IOWA RAILROAD... CORRECT?



CORRECT, MR. BRASSER!

CORRECT, MR. BRASSER!

CORRECT, MR. BRASSER!

HIRSHAM J. BRASSER SAT BACK WITH A SIGH OF SELF-SATISFACTION AND LIT A CIGAR... AND THEN... ZUUUUNG!



EEEEEEH!

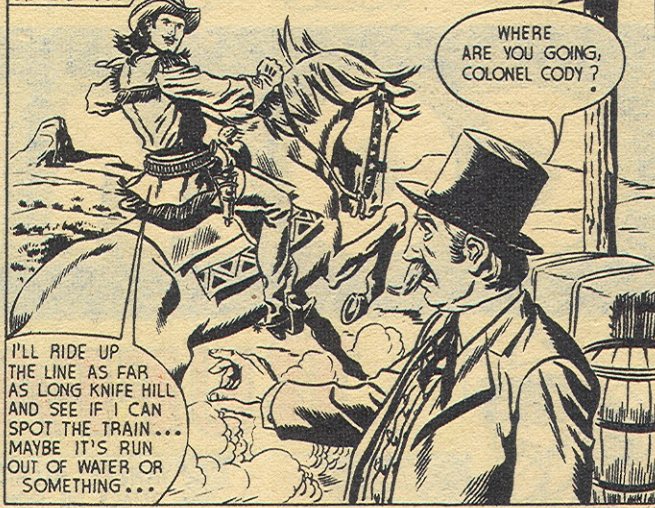
THREE HOURS LATER, AT THE BISMARCK RAILHEAD, A GROUP OF THE TOWN'S MOST IMPORTANT CITIZENS AND A PARTY OF OFFICERS FROM NEARBY FORT LINCOLN BEGAN TO LOOK AT EACH OTHER UNEASILY ...

THE TRAIN'S MIGHTY LATE!



MMMM! MR. BRASSER IS DUE TO HAVE LUNCH WITH GENERAL CUSTER AT THE FORT... AT THIS RATE, HE'LL BE LUCKY TO MAKE IT IN TIME FOR SUPPER!

PRESENTLY, THE TALL OFFICER IN BUCKSKINS MOUNTED HIS MAGNIFICENT WHITE STALLION ...



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, COLONEL CODY?

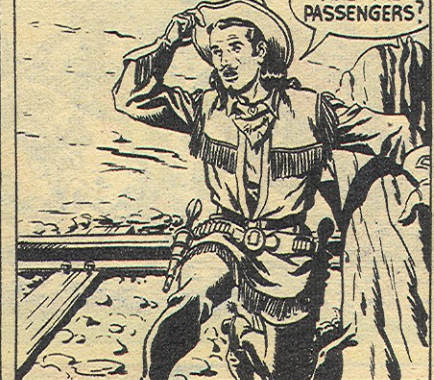
I'LL RIDE UP THE LINE AS FAR AS LONG KNIFE HILL AND SEE IF I CAN SPOT THE TRAIN... MAYBE IT'S RUN OUT OF WATER OR SOMETHING...

BUFFALO BILL CODY, FOR THE OFFICER WAS NONE OTHER THAN GENERAL CUSTER'S FAMOUS CHIEF OF SCOUTS, RODE SWIFTLY DOWN THE LINE... AN HOUR LATER, HE REACHED THE WOODED VALLEY ... AND THERE HE SAW ...



A TREE ACROSS THE TRACK! AND BY THE MARKS ON THE STUMP, THIS WAS FELLED BY REDSKIN WAR-HATCHETS!

A FEW MOMENTS' CLOSE INSPECTION IN THE VICINITY OF THE FALLEN TREE AND THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN PUSHED BACK HIS SOMBRERO IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT.



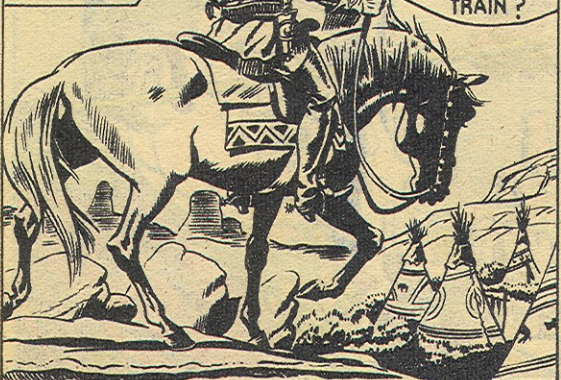
THE DAKOTA BELLE STEAMED UP AS FAR AS THIS TREE ... AND THEN STOPPED SUDDENLY ... BUT WHERE THE HECK IS THE TRAIN NOW?... AND WHERE ARE THE PASSENGERS?

DEEPLY-RUTTED MARKS LED AWAY FROM THE TRACK ... REMOUNTING, BUFFALO BILL SET OFF TO FOLLOW THEM.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! A PARTY OF REDSKINS STOPPED THE DAKOTA BELLE WITH THAT FELLED TREE... THEN, IF MY GUESS IS CORRECT, THEY DERAILED THE ENTIRE TRAIN AND DRAGGED IT AWAY WITH HORSES!



THE STRANGE TRAIL PASSED OVER ROCKY GROUND FOR MANY MILES, AND BUFFALO BILL FOLLOWED IT TO A REDSKIN CAMP NESTLING IN A VALLEY ...



THIS IS THE CAMP OF THE PAWNEES! BUT THE PAWNEES ARE MEN OF PEACE ... WHATEVER INDUCED THEM TO MAKE THAT DASTARDLY ATTACK? AND WHY TAKE THE TRAIN?

THE PAWNEES CAME RUNNING TO SURROUND THE GREAT SCOUT AS HE CANTERED DOWN THE LINE OF TEPEES.

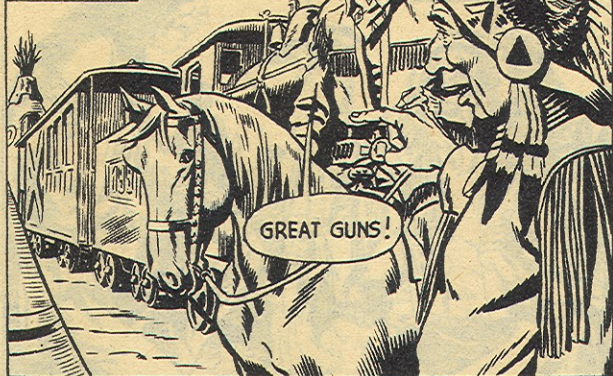


GREETINGS, PA-E-HAS-KA! MAY MANITOU SMILE UPON YOU!

SAVE THE KIND WORDS OF FRIENDSHIP, CHIEF WALKS-STEALTHILY... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE DAKOTA BELLE, YOU VILLAIN?

A SHAMEFACED SMILE FLITTED OVER CHIEF WALKS-STEALTHILY'S PLEASANT OLD COUNTENANCE... AND HE POINTED TO THE MEDICINE CIRCLE.

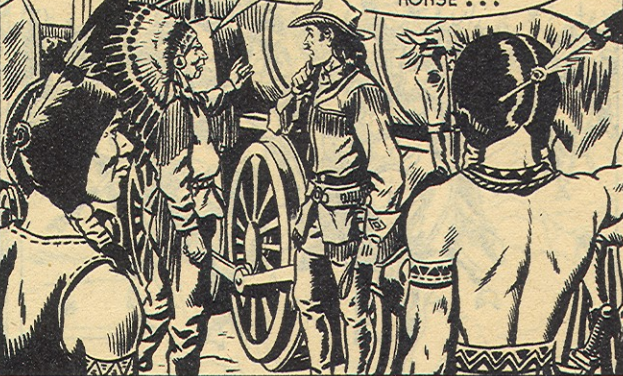
THERE STANDS THE WONDROUS IRON HORSE, O PA-E-HAS-KA!



GREAT GUNS!

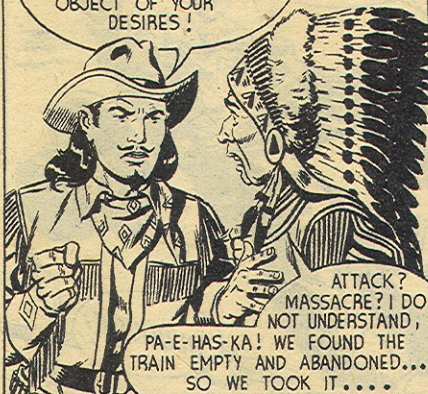
TRUE ENOUGH, THE DAKOTA BELLE... HER TENDER... AND THE GAILY-PAINTED LITTLE CARRIAGE... WERE STANDING OUTSIDE THE CHIEF'S TEPPEE, SAFE AND SOUND...

THE IRON HORSE IS SO BEAUTIFUL, PA-E-HAS-KA... SINCE THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH MY WISH HAS BEEN TO POSSESS AN IRON HORSE...



BUFFALO BILL'S FURIOUS AND EXASPERATED VOICE RANG OUT LIKE A WHIPLASH...

SO YOU ATTACKED AND MASSACRED THE PASSENGERS IN ORDER TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THE OBJECT OF YOUR DESIRES!



ATTACK? MASSACRE? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, PA-E-HAS-KA! WE FOUND THE TRAIN EMPTY AND ABANDONED... SO WE TOOK IT....

THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN WAS ABOUT TO REPLY WHEN HE SPOTTED A BRIGHT OBJECT EMBEDDED IN THE WOODWORK OF THE CARRIAGE... HE WRENCHED IT FREE....

THE HEAD OF A SHOSHONE WAR-ARROW! AAAH! THINGS BEGIN TO MAKE SENSE!



WAUGH! SO IT WAS THE SHOSHONES WHO ATTACKED THE IRON HORSE!

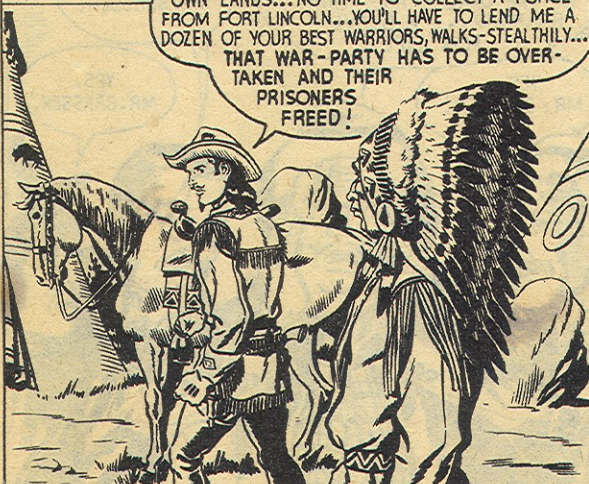
YES, BY THUNDER! AND SINCE YOU FOUND NO SIGNS OF THE DRIVER AND PASSENGERS OF THE TRAIN, ONLY ONE THING CAN HAVE HAPPENED... THE SHOSHONES CARRIED THEM AWAY AS SLAVES, AS IS THEIR CUSTOM!

WAUGH! THAT IS BAD... BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE AS A SLAVE OF THE HATEFUL SHOSHONES!



BUFFALO BILL THOUGHT FAST...

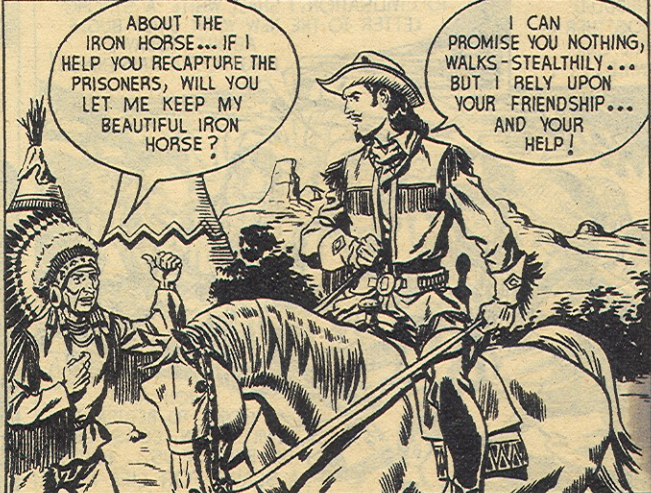
THERE IS NO SHOSHONE CAMP HEREABOUTS, SO THE WAR-PARTY WILL BE RETURNING TO THEIR OWN LANDS... NO TIME TO COLLECT A FORCE FROM FORT LINCOLN... YOU'LL HAVE TO LEND ME A DOZEN OF YOUR BEST WARRIORS, WALKS-STEALTHILY... THAT WAR-PARTY HAS TO BE OVERTAKEN AND THEIR PRISONERS FREED!



THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN SWUNG INTO HIS SADDLE... AND A WISTFUL LOOK CAME INTO WALKS-STEALTHILY'S DARK EYES...

ABOUT THE IRON HORSE... IF I HELP YOU RECAPTURE THE PRISONERS, WILL YOU LET ME KEEP MY BEAUTIFUL IRON HORSE?

I CAN PROMISE YOU NOTHING, WALKS-STEALTHILY... BUT I RELY UPON YOUR FRIENDSHIP... AND YOUR HELP!



BUFFALO BILL'S FAITH IN WALKS-STEALTHILY WAS NOT MISPLACED... IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL, HE WAS THUNDERING OUT OF THE PAWNEE CAMP WITH THE OLD CHIEF HIMSELF AND TWELVE OF HIS BEST WARRIORS...



YAHOOO!
LET'S GO!

HOPPO!
HOKAHEY!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, A LARGE PARTY OF WAR-PAINTED SHOSHONES MADE TEMPORARY CAMP IN A DESOLATE PART OF THE PLAINS...



I HEAR AND OBEY, O CHIEF!

WAUGH! WE WILL REST HERE AND CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY AT DAWN... TELL ONE OF THE ACCURSED PALEFACE SLAVES TO BRING ME FOOD!

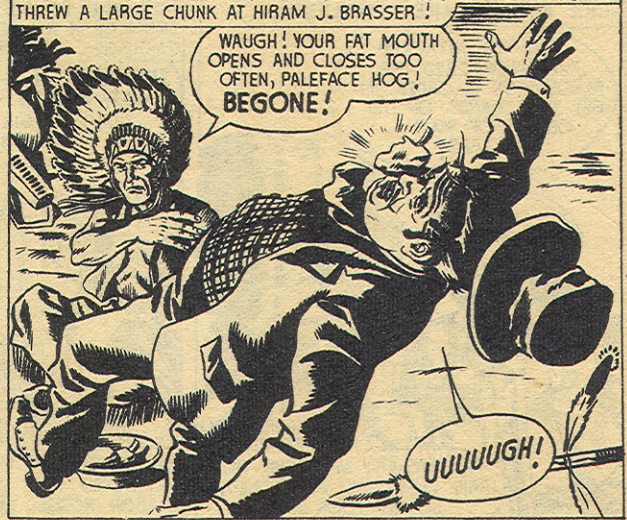
HELPED ALONG BY THE SHOSHONE WARRIOR'S KEEN-POINTED LANCE, THE POMPOUS PRESIDENT OF THE DAKOTA AND IOWA RAILROAD CARRIED A PLATTER OF MEAT TO THE DAKLING CHIEF....



LAY IT AT MY FEET, PALEFACE HOG!

OW! NOW LOOK HERE, MY GOOD MAN, ... I DO NOT THINK THAT YOU CAN BE AWARE OF MY IMPORTANT POSITION...

THERE WAS MORE MEAT THAN THE SHOSHONE CHIEF WANTED ... SO HE THREW A LARGE CHUNK AT HIRAM J. BRASSER!



WAUGH! YOUR FAT MOUTH OPENS AND CLOSSES TOO OFTEN, PALEFACE HOG! BEGONE!

UUUUUGH!

THAT NIGHT, THE PRISONERS HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE CHILL WIND....



THE INDIGNITY OF IT! THE INSOLENCE OF THAT UNWASHED SAVAGE! WHEN I RETURN TO CIVILISATION, I SHALL WRITE A STRONG LETTER TO THE NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE ABOUT TODAY'S DISGRACEFUL HAPPENINGS!

YOU AIN'T GOING TO RETURN TO CIVILISATION, BOSS! LIKE THE REST OF US... YOU'RE A SLAVE FOR LIFE NOW!

BU...BUT...THIS CANNOT BE! HIRAM J. BRASSER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAKOTA AND IOWA RAILROAD... A SLAVE FOR LIFE?

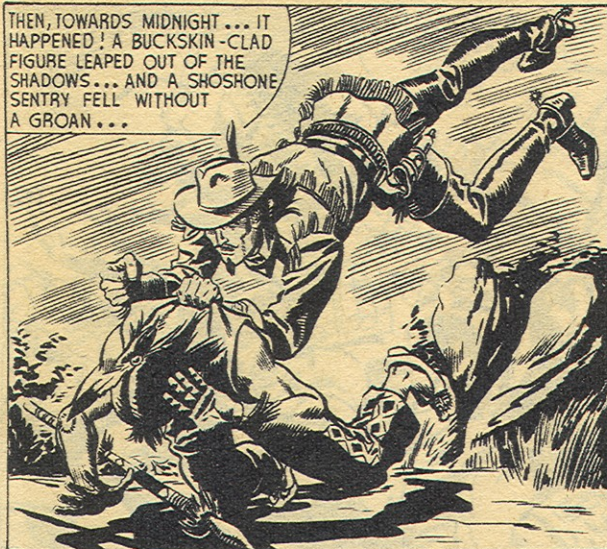


YES, MR. BRASSER!

YES, MR. BRASSER!

YES, MR. BRASSER!

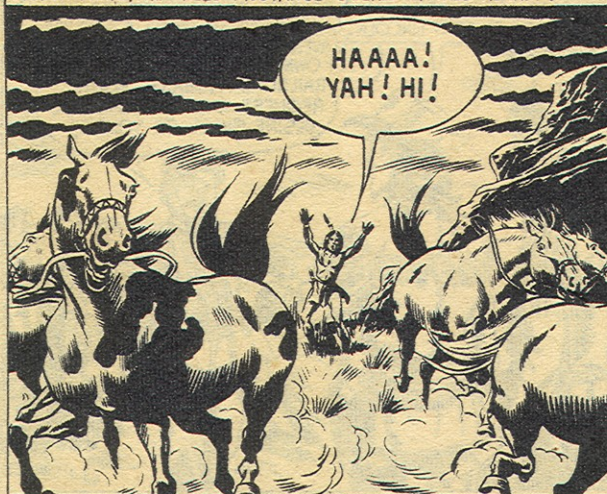
THEN, TOWARDS MIDNIGHT ... IT HAPPENED! A BUCKSKIN-CLAD FIGURE LEAPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS... AND A SHOSHONE SENTRY FELL WITHOUT A GROAN...



A LITHE, BRONZED FORM CREEPT BETWEEN THE LEGS OF THE SHOSHONE'S TETHERED MUSTANGS... AND A KNIFE FLASHED BRIEFLY IN THE MOONLIGHT...



THEN A SHRILL PAWNEE WAR-SHRIEK SPLIT THE AIR! SPURRED TO SUDDEN PANIC, THE FREED MUSTANGS BOLTED IN WILD ALARM!



THE SHOSHONES ROLLED OUT OF THEIR BLANKETS AND REACHED FOR THEIR WEAPONS... IN TIME TO SEE A GROUP OF HORSEMEN THUNDERING ACROSS THE CAMP TOWARDS THEM...!



YAHOOO!
AT 'EM
PAWNEES!

HOKAHEY!

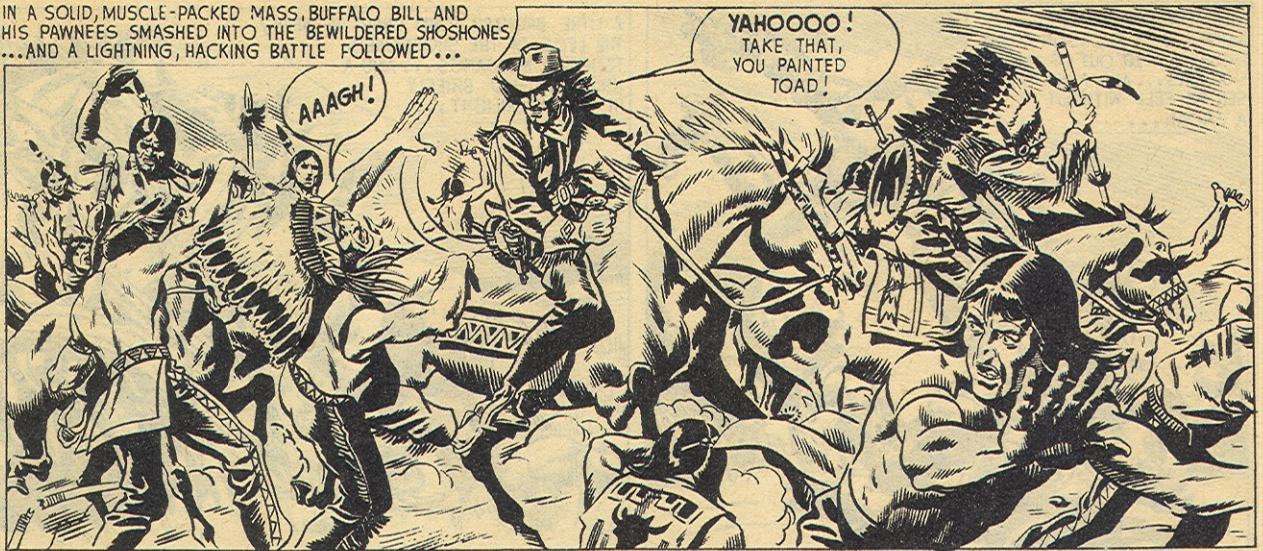
THE SHOSHONE CHIEF'S BLARING VOICE ROSE ABOVE THE DIN...



AYEEE! MOUNT YOUR MUSTANGS... WE WILL SOON TRAMPLE THESE FEW CURS INTO THE DUST!

OUR MUSTANGS HAVE FLED, O MY CHIEF!

IN A SOLID, MUSCLE-PACKED MASS, BUFFALO BILL AND HIS PAWNEES SMASHED INTO THE BEWILDERED SHOSHONES... AND A LIGHTNING, HACKING BATTLE FOLLOWED...



BRUISED, BATTERED AND BEATEN... THEIR CHIEF FELLE... THE SHOSHONES TOOK TO THEIR HEELS AND SCATTERED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE SHADOWY PLAINS...

AYEEE! PA-E-HAS-KA HIMSELF LEADS THE PAWNEE ATTACKERS... FLEE! FLEE! MY BROTHERS, WHILE WE STILL HAVE LIFE IN OUR BODIES!



BUFFALO BILL DISMOUNTED AND STRODE OVER TO THE MEN WHOM HE HAD RESCUED BY HIS GALLANT AND DETERMINED ASSAULT...

MR. BRASSER, I PRESUME? I AM COLONEL CODY OF FORT LINCOLN!

COLONEL CODY! BY JUPITER, YOU HAVE SAVED ME FROM A LIFE OF SLAVERY... I AM A RICH MAN, COLONEL... I OWN THE DAKOTA AND IOWA RAILROAD... MAKE YOUR REQUEST AND ANYTHING YOU DESIRE SHALL BE YOURS!



THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS AND NODDED TOWARDS CHIEF WALKS-STEALTHILY...

I WANT NO REWARD FOR DOING MY DUTY AS A SOLDIER, MR. BRASSER... BUT I FANCY THAT THE PAWNEE CHIEF, HERE, HAS A REQUEST TO MAKE OF YOU!

PLEASE... THE BEAUTIFUL IRON HORSE!



AND THAT IS THE REASON WHY THE DAKOTA BELLE WAS WITHDRAWN FROM SERVICE ON THE RAILROAD... TO BECOME THE PERMANENT PROPERTY OF A PROUD AND JOYFUL REDSKIN CHIEF WHO HAD RISKED HIS LIFE FOR THE PALEFACES...

MINE! ALL MINE! HOKAHEY!



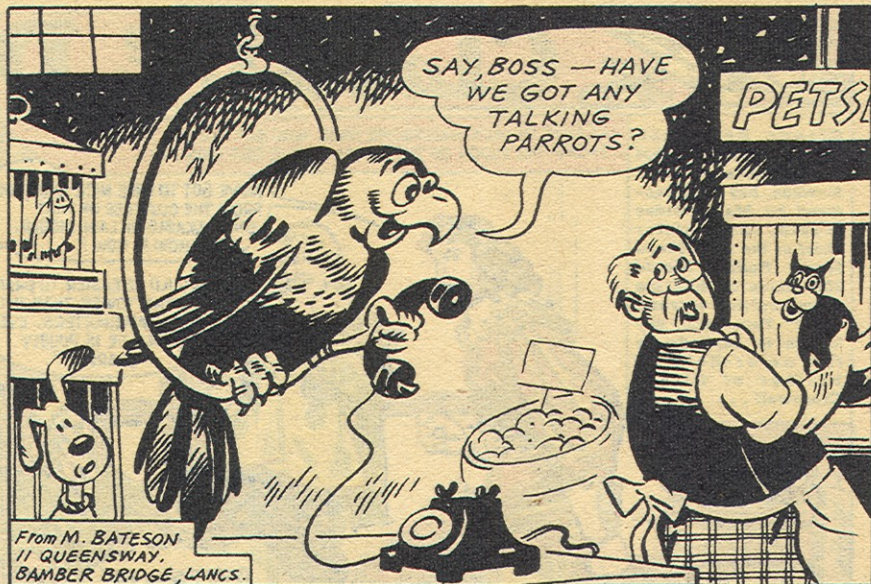
AND YOU DESERVE IT, WALKS-STEALTHILY! EVERY NUT AND BOLT!

BUFFALO BILL rides again in your next COMET. (Copyright by Amalgamated Press Ltd.—Art Work by A.L.I.)

CHUCKLE CLUB

Write your joke on a postcard, together with your name and address in full, add the names of the two features you like best, in order of choice, and send your card to:—The Chief Chuckler, Room 197, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

10/- will be awarded for every joke published.



From M. BATESON
11 QUEENSWAY,
BAMBER BRIDGE, LANCS.

SAY, BOSS — HAVE WE GOT ANY TALKING PARROTS?



From MICHAEL KINGSHOTT
2 WALDERS ROAD,
RUSTINGTON, SUSSEX.

WHO SAID LADDERS ARE UNLUCKY!



From TERRY HOWARTH
9 CASTLETON ROAD,
ROYTON, LANCS.

I DREAMT I WAS A BARBER LAST NIGHT!



From A. REEDER
1A SEA AVENUE,
RIVERTOWN.

HOW ARE THE FISH TODAY?

DON'T KNOW!
I'VE DROPPED THEM A LINE
BUT GOT NO REPLY!



From A. COCKSHOOT
3 WALCOTT ST, MANCHESTER.13.

IT SAYS 'NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!'



From TOM DEAN
49 CRASBY RD., BOLTON, LANCS.

TELL ME, WHY DO YOU CALL YOUR CAR 'SCANDAL?'

BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS RUNNING PEOPLE DOWN!

CLAUDE DUVAL - the LAUGHING CAVALIER

Claude Duval and Jemmy Hind learn that their comrade, Nick Nevison, has been captured by Major Midas Mould, the sinister chief of the Roundhead Secret Police. Mould also holds captive the Cavaliers' new servant, "Just" Tom, who, unknown to anybody, is the ne'er-do-well brother of Oliver Cromwell...

CLAUDE DUVAL'S HANDSOME FACE WAS SET GRIMLY AS HE PACED THE FLOOR OF THE ROOM AT THE RED LION INN...



"WE'VE GOT TO FREE NICK AND TOM FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THAT UNSPEAKABLE VILLAIN, MOULD. BUT HOW? HOW?"

"IT WOULD BE EASIER TO BREAK INTO THE TOWER THAN INTO HIS HEADQUARTERS. EVERY ENTRANCE IS DOUBLY GUARDED!"

"CAP'N DUVAL, SIR! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!"

THE TWO CAVALIERS WHIRLED ROUND ON YOUNG NIPPER, THE LONDON URCHIN WHO KNEW EVERY ALLEY-WAY IN THE SPRAWLING CITY...



"THERE'S AN OLD SEWER RUNNING UNDER THE ROAD NEAR THE SECRET POLICE PLACE. I KNOW SEVERAL ENTRANCES TO IT. THERE'S JUST A CHANCE YOU COULD GET INTO THE VAULTS FROM ONE OF THE TUNNELS!"

"NIPPER, MY LAD, WE'LL MAKE A GENERAL OF YOU YET! COME ON--SHOW US THE WAY!"

A MINUTE LATER, THEY WERE RUSHING OUT OF THE INN ON FOOT...



"THIS WAY!"

"LEAD ON, GENERAL, YOUR TROOPS ARE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!"

IN THE SINISTER HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECRET POLICE, MAJOR MIDAS MOULD CHUCKLED EVILLY AS HE CAME UP FROM THE GLOOMY DUNGEONS...



"METHINKS I WILL SPARE THE LIVES OF NEVISON AND THAT OTHER FOOL--FOR THE TIME BEING. I KNOW DUVAL--HE IS SURE TO TRY AND RESCUE HIS FRIENDS--SO WE'LL LET HIM COME TO US INSTEAD OF TRYING TO FERRET HIM OUT. NEVISON SHALL BE THE LIVE BAIT. HEH, HEH, HEH!"

AS SOON AS HE REACHED HIS OFFICE, MOULD SWIFTLY ORDERED MORE GUARDS TO BE POSTED IN CONCEALED POSITIONS...



"THERE'S ONLY HALF THE GUARDS OUTSIDE NOW--SO IT SHOULD BE EASY FOR A CUNNING ROGUE LIKE DUVAL TO FIND A WAY IN-- BUT THERE'S NO WAY OUT! I'M A GENIUS, THAT'S WHAT I AM!"



MEANWHILE, NIPPER HAD SHOWN THE LAUGHING CAVALIER AND THE GIANT JEMMY HIND A CONCEALED ENTRANCE TO THE OLD SEWER IN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT WAREHOUSE NEAR THE RIVER FRONT.



"THAT'S IT, CAP'N-- THERE'S STEPS DOWN, AND A TUNNEL LEADING NORTH TOWARDS LONDON WALL. I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!"

"NO, NIPPER-- YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH! THIS IS A TASK FOR JEMMY AND ME. WE WILL PROCEED ALONE FROM HERE!"

LEAVING THE DISCONSOLATE URCHIN IN THE BLACKENED RUINS ABOVE, CLAUDE AND JEMMY CAREFULLY DESCENDED THE WORN STEPS-- EACH CARRYING A BRUSH TORCH TO LIGHT THE WAY...



AT THE BOTTOM THEY FOUND A WIDE STREAM TRICKLING NOISILY ALONG TOWARDS THE RIVER. THERE WAS A STONE PATH AT ONE SIDE, ALONG WHICH THEY WALKED.



"UGH! NOT A JOLLY PLACE, IS IT?"

"NO, BUT BETTER THAN SOME OF THE RAT-HOLES IN MOULD'S DUNGEONS!"

THEY FOUND SEVERAL STONE FLAGS WHICH THEY CAUTIOUSLY OPENED. EACH ONE LED OUT INTO THE CELLARS OF SOME UNKNOWN BUILDING-- BUT AT LAST, CLAUDE GAVE AN EXCITED WHISPER AS HE FORCED UP ANOTHER STONE AND PEERED OUT...



"JEMMY-- QUICKLY-- THIS IS IT! I KNOW THIS CORRIDOR-- MOULD ONCE HAD ME IMPRISONED DOWN HERE-- COME ON!"

THEY CREEPT OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR, WHICH HAD HEAVY BARRED DOORS DOWN BOTH SIDES-- BUT THE TWO CAVALIERS HAD HARDLY GOT TO THEIR FEET WHEN THERE CAME AN EXCITED YELL...



"SOUND THE ALARM! IT'S DUVAL AND HIND! QUICK-- CUT THE CAVALIER DOGS DOWN!"

STARTS TODAY! This exciting school story featuring Billy Bunter.

The FAMOUS FIVE

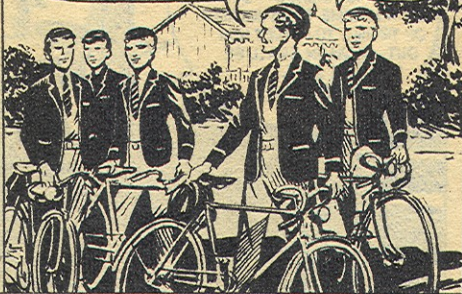
BASED ON AN ORIGINAL
STORY BY THE WELL-KNOWN
AUTHOR, FRANK RICHARDS

NEAR THE KENTISH COAST STANDS GREY-FRIARS SCHOOL. THREE HUNDRED BOYS LIVE WITHIN ITS ANCIENT WEATHERED WALLS AND AMONGST THEM ARE THE FIVE CHUMS OF THE REMOVE FORM, HARRY WHARTON, BOB CHERRY, FRANK NUGENT, JOHNNY BULL AND HURREE JAM SINGH, THE INDIAN BOY... AND THE FAT, EVER-HUNGRY BILLY BUNTER...

MOST OF THE BOYS FROM GREYFRIARS SCHOOL HAD BEEN WATCHING THE FIRST ELEVEN CRICKET TEAM PLAY AT LANTHAM. AFTER THE MATCH, THE FAMOUS CHUMS OF THE REMOVE PREPARED TO MOUNT THEIR CYCLES...

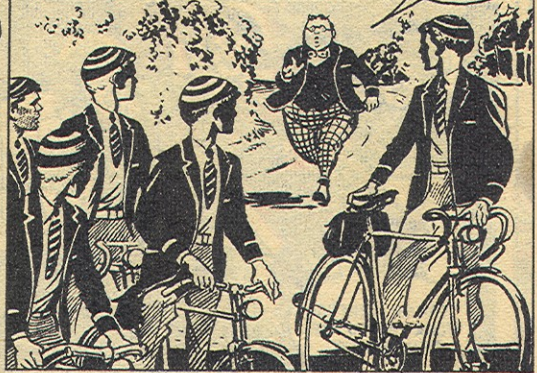
I'VE GOT SOME SHOPPING I WANT TO DO IN LANTHAM. YOU CHAPS CARRY ON WITHOUT ME.

ALL RIGHT, HARRY. WE'LL SEE YOU BACK AT SCHOOL.



JUST AS THE BOYS WERE ABOUT TO RIDE OFF, A ROUND FIGURE CAME SCURRYING TOWARDS THEM. IT WAS BILLY BUNTER, THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY AT GREYFRIARS...

I SAY, YOU FELLOWS... WAIT A MOMENT.



THE FAT OWL OF THE REMOVE FORM BLINKED THROUGH HIS SPECTACLES AT THE FIVE CHUMS...

I CAME HERE BY BUS, AND I'VE JUST REALISED I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO PAY MY FARE BACK TO SCHOOL. BE A SPORT, SOMEONE, AND LOAN ME SOME CASH.

HUH! WE MIGHT HAVE GUESSED YOU WERE ON THE SCROUNGE FOR SOMETHING, BUNTER.

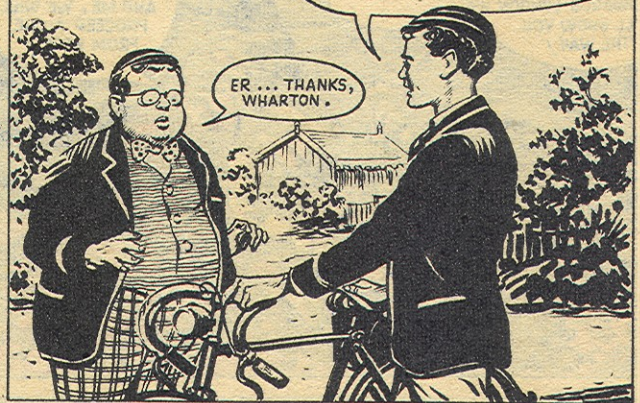


YES, BUNTER... YOUR SCROUNGEFULNESS IS TERRIFIC!

HURREE SINGH HAD HIS OWN STRANGE IDEAS ON HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH!

HARRY WHARTON THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT... AND THEN OFFERED HIS BIKE TO BUNTER...

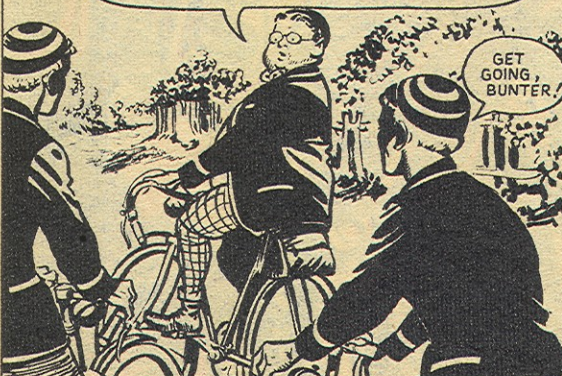
THE BUS DOESN'T LEAVE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR YET. TELL YOU WHAT, BUNTER. I SHALL BE STAYING IN LANTHAM FOR NEARLY HALF-AN-HOUR. I'LL CATCH THE BUS BACK TO SCHOOL LATER AND YOU CAN GO WITH THE OTHER CHAPS NOW, ON MY BIKE.



ER... THANKS, WHARTON.

BUNTER WAS NO LOVER OF EXERCISE IN ANY FORM, AND A TEN MILE CYCLE RIDE DID NOT APPEAL TO HIM IN THE LEAST. RELUCTANTLY HE SEATED HIMSELF IN THE SADDLE OF WHARTON'S BIKE AND WOBBLLED AWAY...

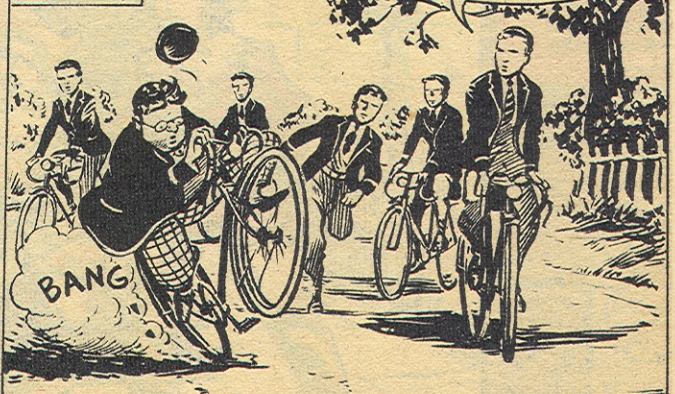
I'D MUCH RATHER GO BY BUS, WHARTON. I DON'T MIND WAITING FOR IT, REALLY I DON'T.



GET GOING, BUNTER!

BUT BUNTER'S CYCLE RIDE CAME TO A SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED END. THE FAT SCHOOLBOY'S WEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HARRY WHARTON'S REAR TYRE WHICH SUDDENLY DEFLATED WITH A

NOW LOOK WHAT THE FAT ELEPHANT HAS DONE. HE'S BURST HARRY'S TYRE! LOUD BANG!





BUNTER GAVE A DISDAINFUL SNIFF...

REALLY, WHARTON. YOU MIGHT AT LEAST PUT DECENT TYRES ON YOUR BIKE BEFORE YOU LOAN IT TO A FELLOW!

WELL... OF ALL THE NERVE!



HARRY WHARTON INSPECTED HIS RUINED TYRE, THEN GLANCED AT THE FAT BOY...

WELL, I CAN'T SEE YOU WALK ALL THE WAY BACK TO GREYFRIARS. I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BUS AFTER ALL, BUNTER. TAKE THIS MONEY FOR YOUR FARE.

YOU'RE A SPORT, WHARTON. I'M EXPECTING A POSTAL-ORDER... WHEN IT COMES I'LL PAY YOU BACK.

I CAN RIDE MY OWN BIKE BACK TO SCHOOL AND WHEEL YOURS AT THE SAME TIME, HARRY.



A FEW MINUTES LATER FOUND BUNTER WAITING AT THE BUS STOP, WHICH STOOD OUTSIDE A SMALL TEA SHOP. SOME CHOICE JAM PUFFS WERE DISPLAYED IN THE WINDOW... AND BUNTER NEVER COULD RESIST JAM PUFFS...

THE BUS FARE TO GREYFRIARS IS ONLY A SHILLING, AND WHARTON GAVE ME ONE AND SIXPENCE. I CAN AFFORD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT WHILE I'M WAITING. AFTER ALL, A FELLOW NEEDS TO KEEP HIS STRENGTH UP!



SO BUNTER ENTERED THE TEA SHOP AND ORDERED A PLATE OF CAKES...

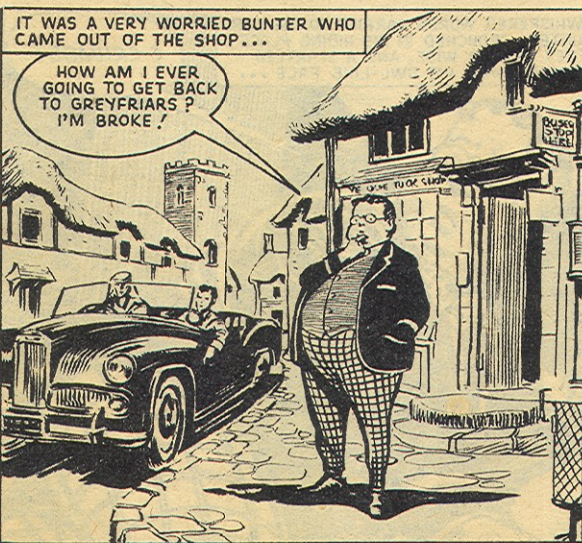
MMMMM! THESE JAM PUFFS ARE EVEN BETTER THAN THEY LOOK!



EATING WAS BUNTER'S FAVOURITE PASTIME... BUT AN UNPLEASANT SHOCK WAS IN STORE FOR HIM...

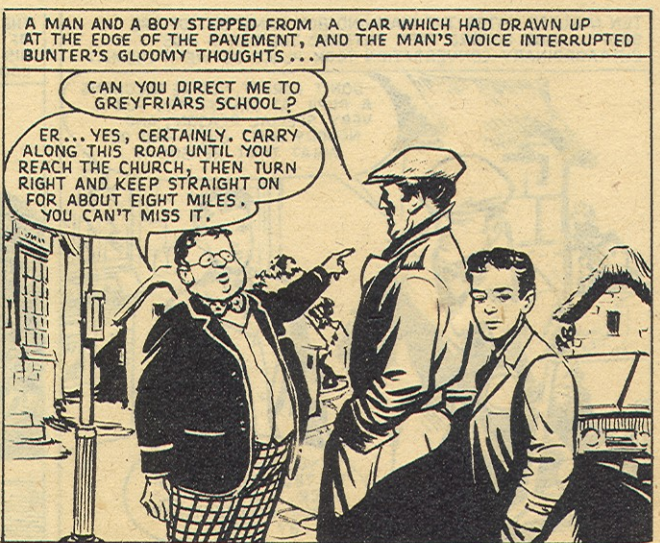
FOUR JAM PUFFS YOU'VE HAD... THAT WILL BE ONE AND SIXPENCE, PLEASE.

ONE AND SIX? TH-THAT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE!



IT WAS A VERY WORRIED BUNTER WHO CAME OUT OF THE SHOP...

HOW AM I EVER GOING TO GET BACK TO GREYFRIARS? I'M BROKE!



A MAN AND A BOY STEPPED FROM A CAR WHICH HAD DRAWN UP AT THE EDGE OF THE PAVEMENT, AND THE MAN'S VOICE INTERRUPTED BUNTER'S GLOOMY THOUGHTS...

CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO GREYFRIARS SCHOOL?

ER... YES, CERTAINLY. CARRY ALONG THIS ROAD UNTIL YOU REACH THE CHURCH, THEN TURN RIGHT AND KEEP STRAIGHT ON FOR ABOUT EIGHT MILES. YOU CAN'T MISS IT.

WITH A CURT NOD OF THANKS, THE MAN TURNED TO ENTER THE TEA SHOP. BUT BUNTER FELT SURE THAT A KINDLY FATE HAD PRESENTED HIM WITH THE ANSWER TO HIS PROBLEM...

JUST A MOMENT. IF YOU'RE GOING TO GREYFRIARS... MAY I COME WITH YOU?



THE MAN'S ANSWER WAS BRIEF, AND VERY MUCH TO THE POINT...

NO!



... THEN HE AND HIS YOUNG COMPANION DISAPPEARED INTO THE TEA SHOP...

LEFT ALONE ON THE PAVEMENT, BUNTER'S FAT CHEEKS QUIVERED WITH WRATH...

WELL... OF ALL THE OUTSIDERS! I DIDN'T MIND HIM NOT INVITING ME TO GO INSIDE AND HAVE TEA WITH HIM... BUT AT LEAST HE COULD HAVE GIVEN ME A LIFT. THERE'S THE WHOLE BACK SEAT OF HIS CAR NOT BEING USED!



BUNTER LOOKED AT THE SPACIOUS REAR OF THE CAR... THEN HE THOUGHT OF THE TEN MILE WALK TO GREYFRIARS. WITH SUDDEN DETERMINATION HE QUIETLY OPENED THE CAR DOOR...

TEE, HEE! I'LL MAKE THAT BEAST GIVE ME A LIFT TO SCHOOL AFTER ALL. I'LL HIDE ON THE FLOOR IN THE BACK OF HIS CAR AND HE WON'T KNOW I'M THERE!



TEN MINUTES LATER THE MAN AND BOY CAME OUT OF THE SHOP... BUT BEFORE THEY ENTERED THE CAR A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSATION TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THEM...

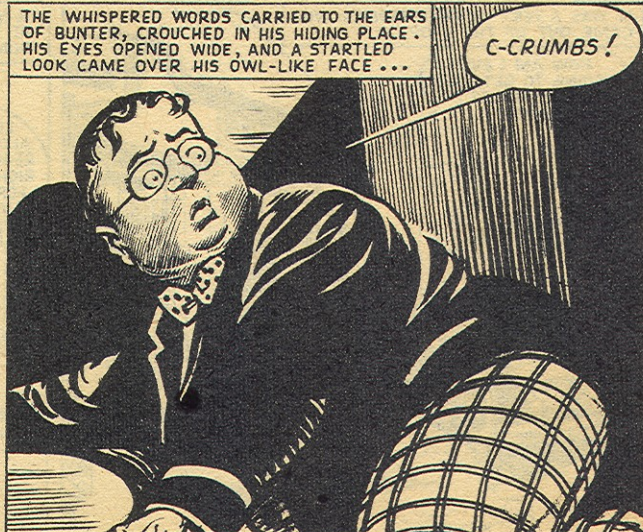
DON'T FORGET, YOU'RE BECOMING A PUPIL AT GREYFRIARS FOR A VERY SPECIAL REASON, AND NOBODY MUST EVER FIND OUT WHAT THAT REASON IS!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME AGAIN, ULICK. I KNOW ALL YOUR INSTRUCTIONS BY HEART.



THE WHISPERED WORDS CARRIED TO THE EARS OF BUNTER, CROUCHED IN HIS HIDING PLACE. HIS EYES OPENED WIDE, AND A STARTLED LOOK CAME OVER HIS OWL-LIKE FACE...

C-CRUMBS!



STRONGBOW *and the* CITY OF GOLD



ELDORADO, THE FABULOUS CITY OF GOLD, IS RULED BY KRAKAR, A SINISTER USURPER. STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK AND HAWKEYE THE HUNTER, WITH SALA, THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF ELDORADO, CREEP THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE TO THE SECRET CHAMBER OF KRAKAR. BUT AS STRONGBOW EMERGES, HE IS ATTACKED BY KRAKAR'S PET—A LARGE, FEROCIOUS DOG.

EVEN AS STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK PULLED HIMSELF THROUGH THE SECRET ENTRANCE INTO THE CHAMBER OF KRAKAR, THE GIANT DOG CAME LEAPING TOWARDS HIM—FANGS BARED!



WHAT THE...? AAARGH! IT IS THE MOHAWK—SEIZE HIM, SINDA!

THE FEROCIOUS BEAST LEAPED AT STRONGBOW WITH ITS BLACK EYES BLAZING HATRED—BUT THE MIGHTY MOHAWK THREW HIMSELF FLAT...



GUARDS! TO ME, GUARDS!

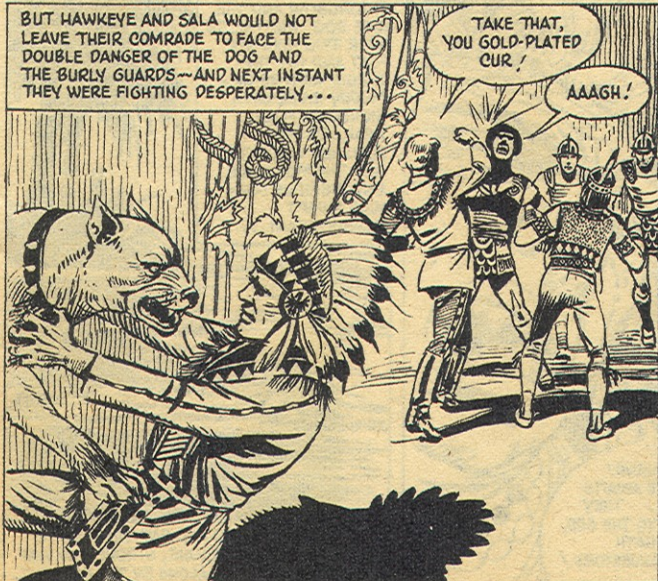
THE DOORS OF THE SECRET CHAMBER WERE FLUNG OPEN JUST AS HAWKEYE THE HUNTER AND SALA LEAPED INTO THE ROOM...



CUT THEM DOWN! INTO THEM, YOU FOOLS!

GET BACK! GET BACK! LEAVE THIS TO ME!

BUT HAWKEYE AND SALA WOULD NOT LEAVE THEIR COMRADE TO FACE THE DOUBLE DANGER OF THE DOG AND THE BURLY GUARDS—AND NEXT INSTANT THEY WERE FIGHTING DESPERATELY...



TAKE THAT, YOU GOLD-PLATED CUR!

AAAGH!

THE SAVAGE DOG HAD MUSCLES OF STEEL AND STRONGBOW ROLLED OVER AND OVER ACROSS THE ROOM AS HE STROVE TO OVERCOME THE MASSIVE BEAST...



YOU WILL NOT BEST ME, YOU MONSTER!

FIGHTING FURIOUSLY, THEY ROLLED OUT ON TO AN OPEN BALCONY, WITH A SHEER DROP BELOW...



AS STRONGBOW SMASHED HIS IRON-HARD FIST INTO THE ANIMAL'S FACE, IT GAVE A GRUNT OF PAIN AND JERKED SIDEWAYS -- AND PULLED THE LAST OF THE MOHAWKS OVER THE EDGE OF THE BALCONY...



DOWN -- DOWN THEY FELL, TWISTING AND TURNING INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS BELOW.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CHAMBER, HAWKEYE'S AND SALA'S GALLANT FIGHT CONTINUED -- BUT THE ODDS AGAINST THEM WERE ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BRAVEST HEART QUAIL...



COWARDS! POLTROONS! ART THOU AS PUNY CHILDREN THAT THOU CANST NOT BRING DOWN TWO MEN?

THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED. SALA AND THE COURAGEOUS HUNTER FELL BENEATH SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS -- THE GUARD OFFICER RAISED HIS GLITTERING GOLDEN SWORD ON HIGH ABOVE THEM...



SHALL I SLAY THE DOGS HERE, O MASTER?

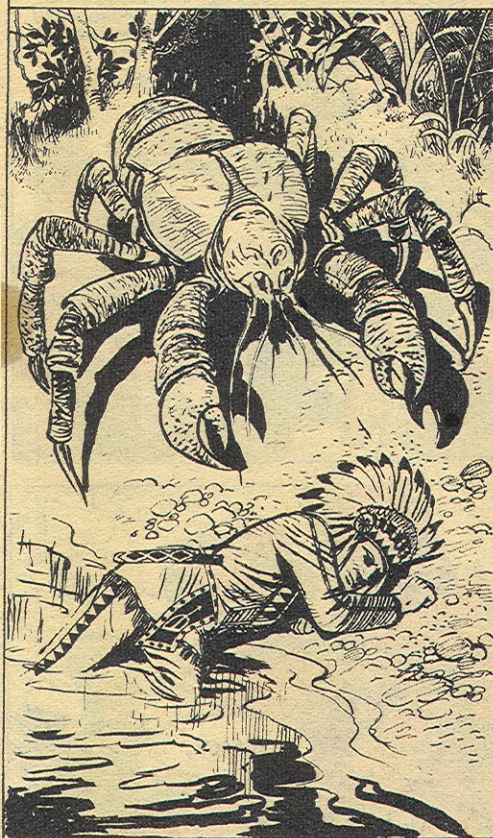
NAV! STAY THY HAND! A MORE FITTING FATE AWAITS THEM IN MY TEMPLE. THEY SHALL BE SACRIFICED TO THE GOD, DAA. THE OTHER CUR HATH ALREADY JOINED HIS ANCESTORS!

STRONGBOW AND THE HUGE DOG HAD FALLEN OVER TWO HUNDRED FEET AND HIT THE TURGID WATERS OF A MUDDY RIVER WITH SICKENING FORCE. KRAKAR'S PET PERISHED INSTANTLY AND THE MOHAWK'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM WAS SWEEPED DOWNSTREAM...



BRUISED AND BATTERED, QUITE UNCONSCIOUS, STRONGBOW WAS CARRIED ALONG BY THE CURRENT.

STRONGBOW'S LIMP BODY WAS SWIRLED ROUND AND THROWN UP ON TO A SANDBANK. HE LAY THERE LIFELESSLY ~ THEN, FROM THE REEDS BEYOND, A NIGHTMARISH CREATURE APPEARED...



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN ELDORADO, HAWKEYE AND SALA WERE BEING TAKEN INTO A COLD AND CLAMMY UNDERGROUND TEMPLE. THEY SHUDDERED AS THEY FELT THE EVIL THAT DWELT THEREIN.



YOUR COMRADE'S DEATH WAS SWIFT ~ BUT THE FATE WHICH AWAITS YOU IS SLOW!

To be continued next Monday.

The Amalgamated Press Ltd.,
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London, E.C.4

Dear Readers,

Have you read the first instalment of "The Famous Five" on Page 10, featuring Harry Wharton and his friends and that ever-popular, ever-hungry fat boy, Billy Bunter of television fame? I know you are all going to love this grand school story.

I hope you will not miss a single issue of COMET. Please let me know which are your favourite features, for it is your paper and I want to put into it all those things you like best.

By the way, have you read the action-packed "Billy the Kid" adventure in our companion paper, SUN, this week? It is a real humdinger!

All the best,
THE EDITOR.

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NEXT INSTANT, THE GALLANT CAVALIERS WERE ATTACKED FROM BOTH SIDES, AS ROUNDHEADS CAME RUNNING ALONG THE CORRIDOR FROM BOTH DIRECTIONS.



HOLD THAT, CROPHEAD! AYE, CLAUDE-- BUT THERE'S NOTHING WELCOMING ABOUT THIS MISERABLE LOT!

HOLA! CAVALIERS FOR EVER! 'TWOULD SEEM FRIEND MOULD WAS EXPECTING VISITORS, JEMMY!

THE SHOUTING ROUNDHEADS HAD DIFFICULTY IN GETTING TO GRIPS WITH THE CAVALIERS IN THE CONFINES OF THE CORRIDOR--AND JEMMY'S COLOSSAL STRENGTH WROUGHT HAVOC IN THEIR CLOSE-PACKED RANKS.



AWAY WITH YOU, CROPHEAD! BACK TO YOUR UGLY FRIENDS!

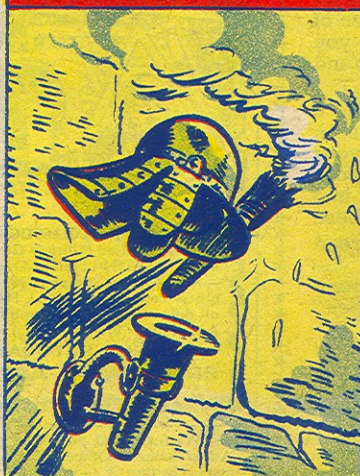
AAAAAGH!

BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS WOULD SOON BRING THEM TO THEIR KNEES. CLAUDE MADE A QUICK DECISION...



I AM GOING TO TRY AND PUT THE TORCH OUT-- WE'LL FARE BETTER IN THE DARK!

CLAUDE HURLED THE HELMET IN HIS HAND AT THE NEAREST SPLUTTERING TORCH...



THE TORCH FELL FROM ITS BRACKET AND WENT OUT. AS A BLACKNESS ENCOMPASSED THE FIGHTING THROG, CLAUDE HEARD A DESPAIRING CRY FROM JEMMY HIND.

AAAAAGH!

JEMMY! WHAT'S HAPPENED? JEMMY!