

COMET

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No. 413
June 16, 1956

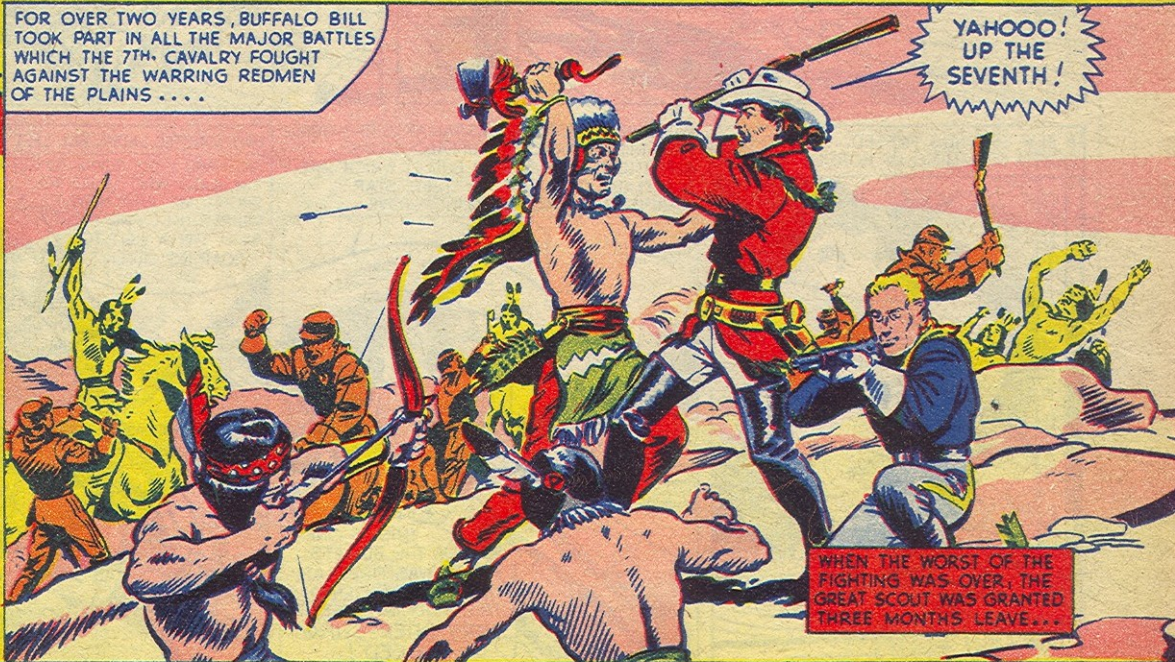
EVERY MONDAY

BUFFALO BILL



FOR OVER TWO YEARS, BUFFALO BILL TOOK PART IN ALL THE MAJOR BATTLES WHICH THE 7TH CAVALRY FOUGHT AGAINST THE WARRING REDMEN OF THE PLAINS . . .

AS THE MOST FAMOUS SCOUT ON THE GREAT PLAINS, COLONEL BUFFALO BILL CODY OF THE 7th CAVALRY KNEW MOST OF THE MEN WHOSE NAMES HAVE BECOME HOUSEHOLD WORDS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST. WILD BILL HICKOK HAD BEEN HIS COMPANION IN MANY A STIRRING ADVENTURE. BAT MASTERSON, WYATT EARP AND DEADWOOD DICK WERE PROUD TO CALL HIM COMRADE. BUT HIS BEST AND LIFELONG FRIEND WAS A CHEERFUL, FIGHTING GIANT OF A MAN NAMED TEXAS JACK OMAHUNDRO . . .



YAHOO!
UP THE SEVENTH!

WHEN THE WORST OF THE FIGHTING WAS OVER, THE GREAT SCOUT WAS GRANTED THREE MONTHS LEAVE . . .

THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN ARRANGED TO SPEND THE THREE MONTHS WITH TEXAS JACK OMAHUNDRO, WHO WAS WORKING A SMALL GOLD-MINE NEAR THE TOWN OF ROARING CREEK IN MONTANA. A WEEK LATER, HE RODE INTO THE QUIET VALLEY WHERE HIS FRIEND'S MINE WAS SITUATED . . .



YAHOOOO!
TEXAS JACK!
SHAKE THE SLEEP OUT
OF YOUR EYES, YOU
LAZY HUNK OF OX!
I'M HERE!

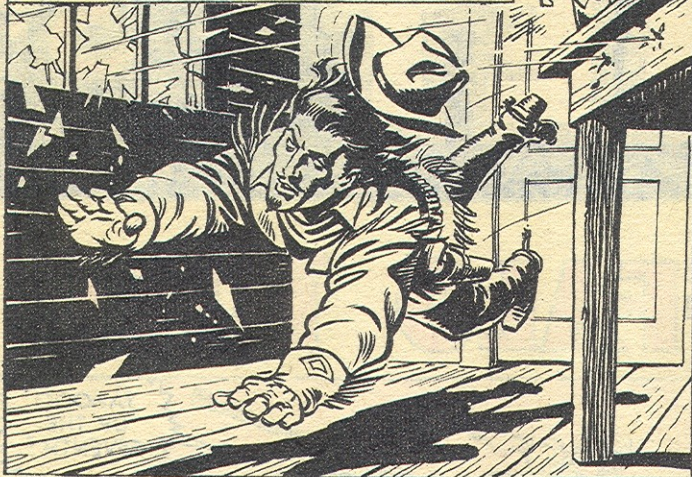
BUFFALO BILL'S ROUSING GREETING ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED FROM ROCK TO ROCK . . . AND FADED AWAY INTO SILENCE. PUZZLED, THE GREAT SCOUT DISMOUNTED AND ENTERED THE SHACK . . .

STRANGE THAT HE'S NOT
HERE TO GREET ME . . .
WAIT A MINUTE, THOUGH . . .
HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY . . .
THIS COFFEE IS
STILL WARM . . .



CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

THEN IT HAPPENED! A THUNDEROUS CRASH OF GUNFIRE OUTSIDE. THE WINDOW PANES WERE DASHED TO FRAGMENTS ... BUFFALO BILL DIVED TO THE FLOOR ...



HE CREEPT TO THE WINDOW AND PEERED, GUNS IN HAND, OVER THE SILL ...



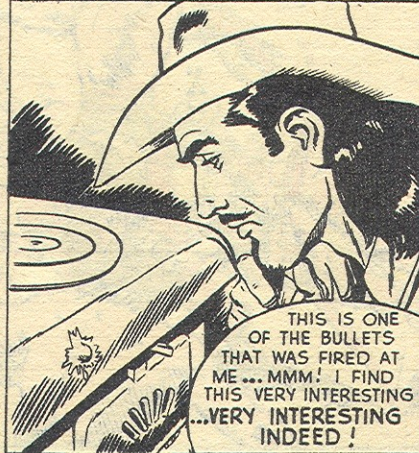
THERE'S A PARTY OF MEN HIDDEN AMONGST THAT CLUMP OF TREES OVER THERE ...

A FEW SECONDS PASSED... THEN THERE CAME A DRUMMING OF HORSES' HOOVES.



THEY'RE RIDING AWAY!

WHEN HIS MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANTS HAD GONE, SOMETHING ATTRACTED BUFFALO BILL'S ATTENTION... A BIG LEAD BULLET WHICH HAD FLATTENED ITSELF INTO A LARGE STAR AGAINST THE IRON COOKING STOVE ...



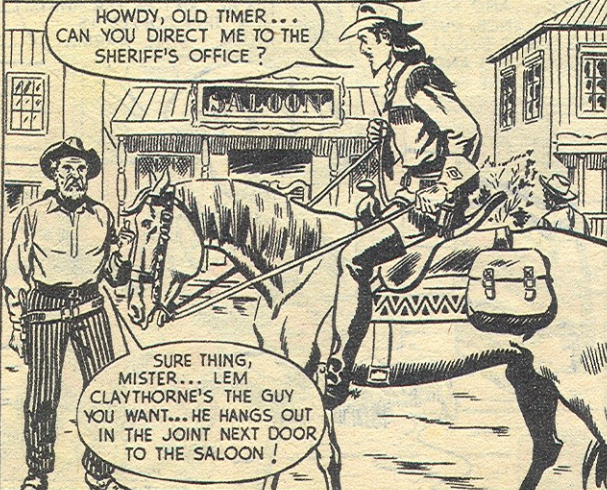
THIS IS ONE OF THE BULLETS THAT WAS FIRED AT ME ... MMM! I FIND THIS VERY INTERESTING ... VERY INTERESTING INDEED!

TWO MINUTES LATER, BILL LEFT THE SHACK ...

YOU AND I ARE GOING TO GET THE RATS WHO TRIED TO SHOOT ME JUST NOW, WHIRLWIND... AND FIRST WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO ROARING CREEK!



ROARING CREEK WAS A TYPICAL MONTANA TOWNSHIP... BUFFALO BILL DREW REIN IN THE MAIN STREET AND QUESTIONED A PASSER-BY ...



HOWDY, OLD TIMER ... CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE?

SURE THING, MISTER... LEM CLAYTHORNE'S THE GUY YOU WANT... HE HANGS OUT IN THE JOINT NEXT DOOR TO THE SALOON!

THE GREAT SCOUT WAS SOON TALKING TO SHERIFF LEM CLAYTHORNE ...

SO YOU'RE BUFFALO BILL CODY, EH? WELL, I'M MIGHTY PROUD TO MEET YOU, BUFFLER... WHAT BRINGS YOU TO ROARING CREEK?



I'M VISITING MY BUDDY, TEXAS JACK OMAHUNDRO... BUT I WALKED RIGHT INTO A HAIL OF BULLETS!

THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN BRIEFLY RECOUNTED WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE AT TEXAS JACK'S MINE....

BY THUNDER, IT'S THEM AGAIN! YOUR PAL, TEXAS JACK, IS THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE CLAIM SNATCHERS!

AND WHO THE HECK ARE THE CLAIM SNATCHERS?



A GANG THAT'S BEEN TERRORISING THIS TERRITORY FOR NIGH ON A YEAR...THEIR ROTTEN GAME IS TO DESCEND ON SINGLE-HANDED GOLD PROSPECTORS, FORCE 'EM TO SIGN OVER THEIR CLAIMS AT THE POINT OF A GUN...AND THEN BUMP 'EM OFF!

LAND SAKES! WHAT HAPPENS TO THE HI-JACKED GOLD MINES ONCE THIS BUNCH OF CURS HAS GOT OWNERSHIP?



THEY SELL THE MINES AT HIGH PRICES TO OTHER PROSPECTORS...AND THE NEW OWNERS ARE TOO SCARED TO GIVE EVIDENCE

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! FOR ONCE, THE CLAIM SNATCHERS HAVE MADE A BIG MISTAKE!

...IT'S A PERFECT SET-UP...THE LAW CAN DO NOTHING!



I DON'T GET YOUR MEANING, BUFFLER...

THEN I'LL EXPLAIN! YOU TELL ME THAT THESE RATS SHOOT THEIR VICTIMS AFTER THEY'VE SIGNED AWAY THEIR CLAIMS...NO MAN ON EARTH COULD FORCE TEXAS JACK TO DO SOMETHING AGAINST HIS WILL...SO THAT MEANS HE'S STILL ALIVE...AND I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!



AS THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN PREPARED TO RIDE AWAY, HE THREW A LAST REMARK TO THE SHERIFF...

I'M GOING BACK TO THE MINE TO PICK UP THE TRACKS OF THE GANG...I SUGGEST YOU GATHER A POSSE AND COME AFTER ME...

BY HICKORY, I'LL DO THAT, BUFFLER! I RECKON THERE'S A CHANCE O' LAYING HANDS ON THAT PACK O' TOADS AT LONG LAST!



THE SHERIFF SENT HIS DEPUTY TO COLLECT A POSSE...THEY ASSEMBLED IN THE OFFICE...

WHAT GOES ON, LEM? WHY THE EXCITEMENT?

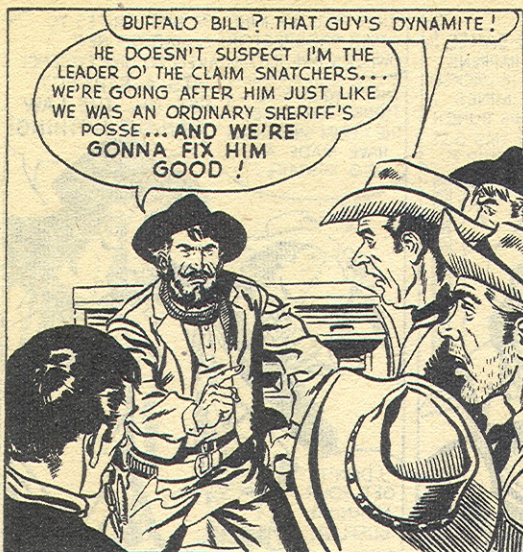


TROUBLE, BOYS! BIG TROUBLE!

THE MASK OF GOOD HUMOUR HAD DROPPED FROM THE FACE OF SHERIFF LEM CLAYTHORNE...HE LEANED FORWARD AND BARED HIS BROKEN TEETH IN A SAVAGE SNARL...



THAT GUY WHO ARRIVED AT TEXAS JACK'S MINE JUST AS WE WERE TAKING HIM AWAY... HIS NAME IS BUFFALO BILL!



BUFFALO BILL? THAT GUY'S DYNAMITE!

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT I'M THE LEADER O' THE CLAIM SNATCHERS... WE'RE GOING AFTER HIM JUST LIKE WE WAS AN ORDINARY SHERIFF'S POSSE... AND WE'RE GONNA FIX HIM GOOD!



A VOICE... AN ICE-COLD VOICE... ANSWERED THE CROOKED SHERIFF FROM THE DOORWAY.

NO NEED TO COME AFTER ME, RATS! I'M RIGHT HERE! TURN AND FIGHT!

AAAH!

A DOZEN GUNS CLEARED THEIR HOLSTERS... BUT THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN MOVED QUICKER... BA-BANG! BA-BANG! HIS LIGHTNING COLT .45S STABBED ORANGE FLAME!



YAHOOO! TEN TO ONE! JUST THE ODDS I LIKE! YAHOOO!

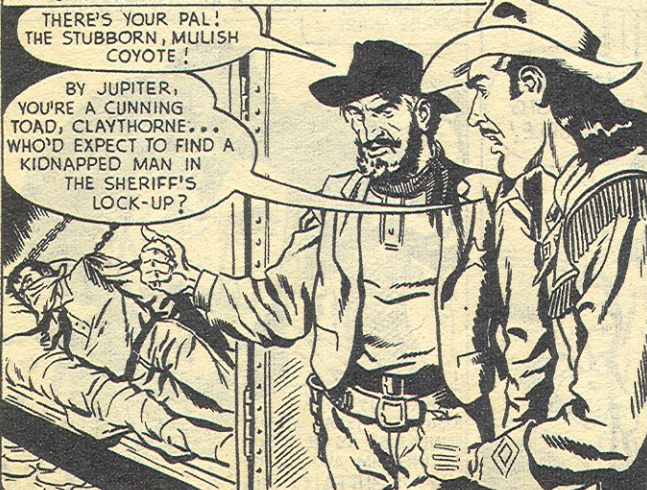
THE FIGHT ENDED WITH BUFFALO BILL, WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER, SHOOTING THE GUN FROM LEM CLAYTHORNE'S HAND.



AAAAAGH! YOU WIN, CURSE YOU!

AND NOW, CLAYTHORNE! WHERE IS TEXAS JACK?

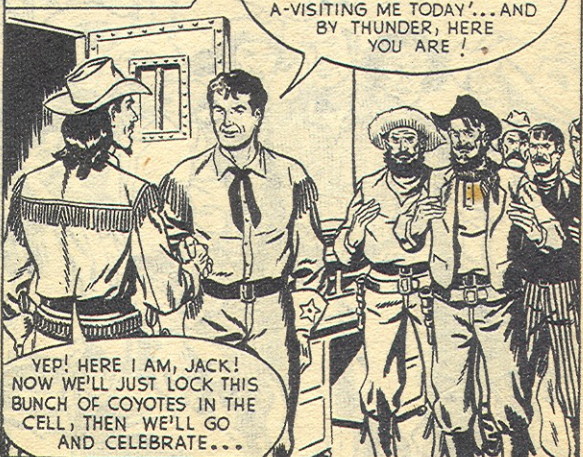
SULLENLY CLAYTHORNE UNLOCKED THE DOOR OF A CELL AND SWUNG IT OPEN, TO REVEAL A MASSIVE FORM, BOUND AND GAGGED AND LYING ON A BUNK...



THERE'S YOUR PAL! THE STUBBORN, MULISH COYOTE!

BY JUPITER, YOU'RE A CUNNING TOAD, CLAYTHORNE... WHO'D EXPECT TO FIND A KIDNAPPED MAN IN THE SHERIFF'S LOCK-UP?

FREED OF HIS GAG AND BONDS, TEXAS JACK CLASPED THE HAND OF HIS MAGNIFICENT COMRADE....



HOWDY, BUFFLER! I WAS JUST LYING HERE THINKING TO MYSELF... 'THESE RATS WOULDN'T BE FEELING SO GOOD IF THEY KNEW THAT MY PAL BUFFALO BILL WAS A-VISITING ME TODAY'... AND BY THUNDER, HERE YOU ARE!

YEP! HERE I AM, JACK! NOW WE'LL JUST LOCK THIS BUNCH OF COYOTES IN THE CELL, THEN WE'LL GO AND CELEBRATE...

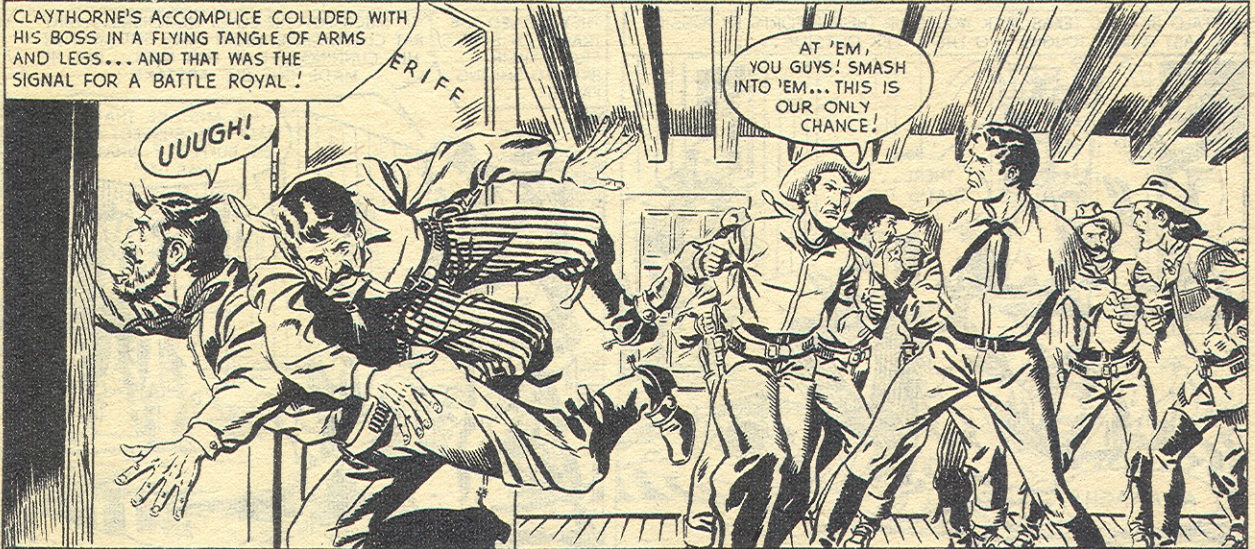
SUDDENLY...IT HAPPENED! LEM CLAYTHORNE MADE A DASH FOR THE STREET DOOR...!



PICKING UP ONE OF CLAYTHORNE'S HENCHMEN IN HIS MASSIVE HANDS, TEXAS JACK HURLED THE SQUIRMING BADMAN AFTER THE CROOKED SHERIFF!



CLAYTHORNE'S ACCOMPLICE COLLIDED WITH HIS BOSS IN A FLYING TANGLE OF ARMS AND LEGS... AND THAT WAS THE SIGNAL FOR A BATTLE ROYAL!



THREE TOUGHS HURLED THEMSELVES AT THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN... THE OTHERS CONCENTRATED ON TEXAS JACK!

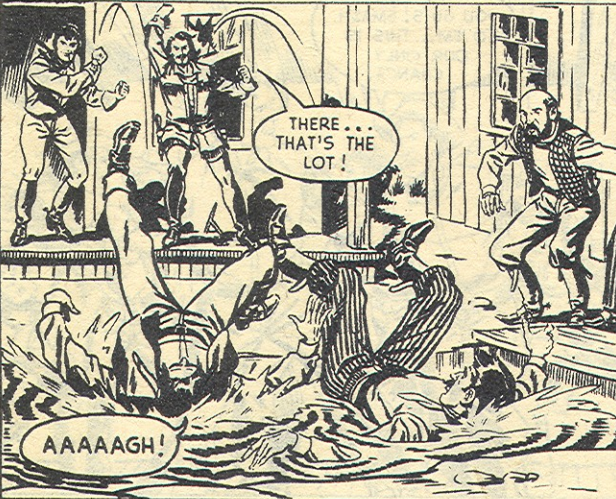


ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, A LARGE CROWD HAD GATHERED IN THE STREET OUTSIDE... SOON THEY WERE TREATED TO A SIGHT THAT MADE THEM RUB THEIR EYES IN BEWILDERMENT....



WHAT GOES ON IN THERE? IS SHERIFF CLAYTHORNE THROWING A WILD PARTY?

BUFFALO BILL AND TEXAS JACK WOUND UP THEIR EFFORTS BY TOSSING THE LAST PAIR OF TOUGHS INTO THE CREEK OUTSIDE....



THEY WASHED THE TRACES OF BATTLE FROM THEIR BRUISED, SMILING FACES...

SO MUCH FOR THE CLAIM SNATCHERS... THAT RAT CLAYTHORNE MIGHT HAVE GOT AWAY WITH HIS CUNNING SET-UP FOR EVER... BUT HE MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE!

THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN STOOPED AND PICKED UP A HEAVY, LONG-BARRELLED PISTOL WHICH LAY NEARBY...



THIS IS CLAYTHORNE'S GUN... ONE OF THE OLD-FASHIONED CAP-AND-BALL COLT DRAGOONS. NOT MANY GUYS USE THESE FINE OLD WEAPONS NOWADAYS... BUT SOMEBODY FIRED A BIG PISTOL BALL AT ME WHEN I WAS IN YOUR CABIN, SO I WAS READY TO SUSPECT ANYONE I SAW WEARING A COLT DRAGOON... AND OF COURSE, LEM CLAYTHORNE WAS DOING JUST THAT!

WITH THE CLAIM SNATCHERS SAFELY LOCKED IN JAIL, THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN AND HIS GIANT COMRADE SET OFF BACK TO TEXAS JACK'S MINE...

WELL, JACK... THAT WAS A FINE, EXCITING START TO MY LEAVE... WHAT ENTERTAINMENT HAVE YOU ARRANGED FOR ME NEXT?

HA! NOTHING SPECIAL, BUFFLER! BUT YOU KNOW ME, ALWAYS FIGHTIN' AND FEUDIN'... I GUESS WE'LL HAVE SO MUCH EXCITEMENT TOGETHER IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS THAT YOU'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO FORT LINCOLN FOR A REST!



Buffalo Bill rides again next week. Don't miss him! (Copyright by Amalgamated Press Ltd.—Art Work by A.L.I.)

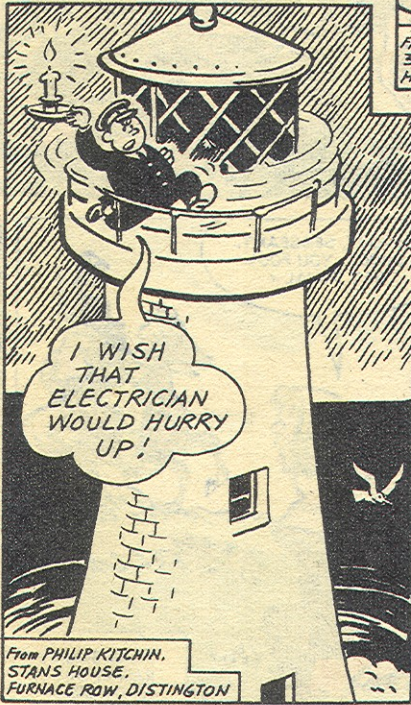
CHUCKLE CLUB

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.



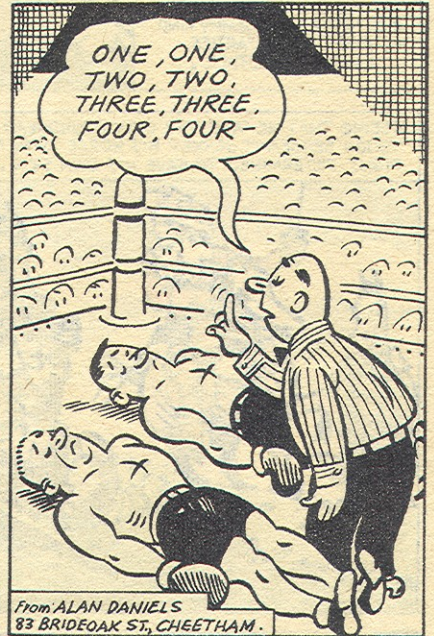
From BRIAN THOMAS
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HEADLEY DOWN, BORDON.



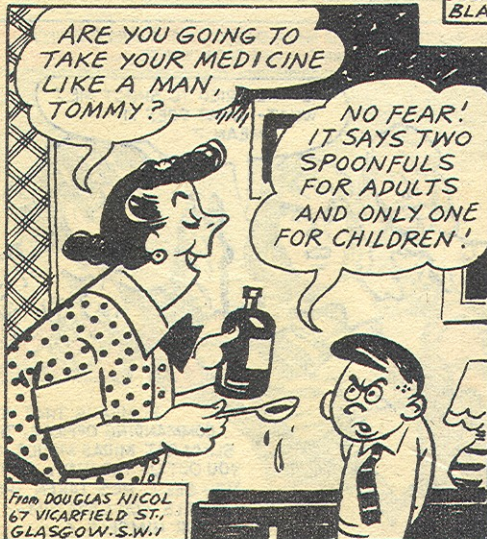
From PHILIP KITCHIN,
STANS HOUSE,
FURNACE ROW, DISTINGTON



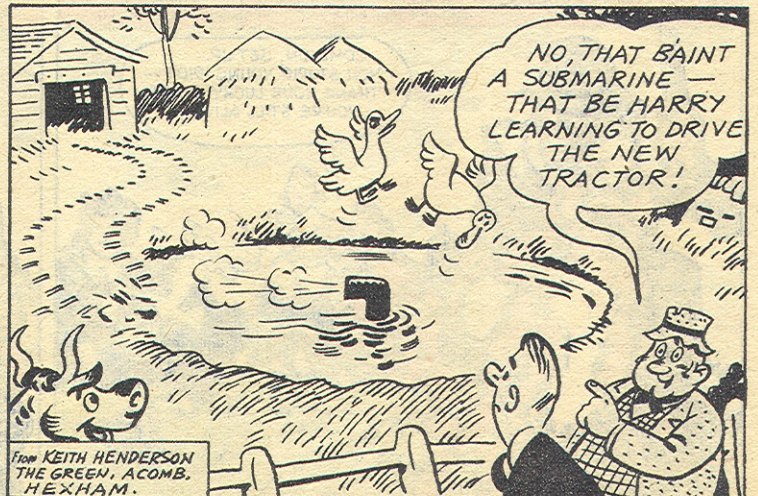
From GODFREY LIGHTNING
BAIZ CROFT, WALKERS LANE,
BLACKFIELD, HANTS.



From ALAN DANIELS
83 BRIDEOAK ST., CHEETHAM.



From DOUGLAS NICOL
67 VICARFIELD ST.,
GLASGOW, S.W.1



From KEITH HENDERSON
THE GREEN, ACOMB,
HEXHAM.

CLAUDE DUVAL - the LAUGHING CAVALIER

Brian Blazey, a headstrong young Cavalier, gives Major Midas Mould a fortune in jewels in return for a commission in the Roundhead Secret Police. The villainous Mould keeps the jewels for his own use, and sends the new officer off to his death. Claude Duval and his comrades ride to Blazey's rescue but Brian orders the Roundheads with him to attack the Cavaliers.

YOUNG BRIAN BLAZEY, WITH HIS ESCORT OF A SERGEANT AND TWO TROOPERS OF THE ROUNDHEAD SECRET POLICE, CHARGED DOWN ON CLAUDE DUVAL AND HIS COMRADES, NICK NEVISON AND JEMMY HIND -- AND THE TWO PARTIES CRASHED TOGETHER.



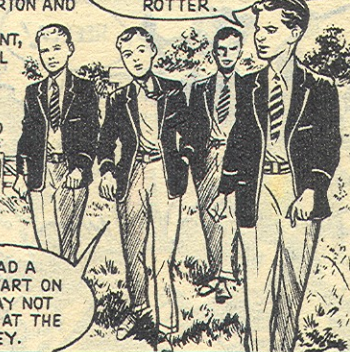
The FAMOUS FIVE

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

WHEN JIM LEE, THE NEW BOY IN THE REMOVE FORM AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL, SNEAKS AWAY WHILST PLAYING CRICKET FOR THE REMOVE ELEVEN, HARRY WHARTON AND HIS CHUMS DECIDE TO GIVE HIM A RAGGING AS A PUNISHMENT. ONLY BOB CHERRY KNOWS THAT LEE HAS BEEN FORCED TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIS RASCALLY GUARDIAN, ULICK DRIVER... AND BOB HAS BEEN TAKEN IN CUSTODY BY P.C. TOZER FOR TRESPASSING ON MAJOR POTTER'S LAND. MEANWHILE, ULICK DRIVER, ANGRY WITH JIM LEE FOR REFUSING TO HELP HIM, HAS KNOCKED THE BOY SENSELESS...


AS SOON AS THE CRICKET MATCH AGAINST THE SHELL ELEVEN WAS OVER, HARRY WHARTON AND HIS CHUMS, FRANK NUGENT, JOHNNY BULL AND HURREE JAM SINGH SET OUT, DETERMINED TO FIND JIM LEE.

BUNTER SAID LEE ASKED HIM THE WAY TO FRIAR'S SPINNEY, SO THAT IS WHERE WE'LL START LOOKING FOR THE ROTTER.




JIM LEE WAS STILL AT FRIAR'S SPINNEY... UNCONSCIOUS, WITH ULICK DRIVER BENT OVER HIM, BINDING HIS LEGS AND ARMS.

HEH! IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE ANYONE FINDS YOU IN THIS LONELY SPOT... LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE SAFE, FAR FROM HERE. YOU YOUNG FOOL... IF YOU HAD DONE AS I TOLD YOU WE COULD HAVE BOTH BEEN RICH!



ONLY BOB CHERRY KNEW THAT ULICK DRIVER HAD BEEN TRYING TO FORCE JIM LEE TO AID HIM IN HIS CROOKED SCHEMES... AND BOB WAS AT THAT MOMENT IN MAJOR POTTER'S STUDY, HIS ARM STILL HELD IN P.C. TOZER'S MUSCULAR GRIP.

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME, SIR. THERE'S A MAN IN FRIAR'S SPINNEY WHO IS A CROOK... AND HE'S GOT JIM LEE, A GREYFRIARS' BOY, WITH HIM.



SO! YOU ARE THE BOY WHO HAD THE AUDACITY TO TRESPASS ACROSS MY FIELD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, EH?




THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO LEE! YOU AND P.C. TOZER MUST GO TO FRIAR'S SPINNEY AT ONCE AND HELP HIM! PLEASE, SIR...! HURRY!



THE PEPPERY EX-ARMY OFFICER GAVE AN ANGRY SNORT...

AND WHILE THE CONSTABLE AND I ARE LOOKING FOR A ROGUE WHO DOESN'T EXIST YOU SLIP BACK TO YOUR SCHOOL, EH? I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH A COCK AND BULL STORY! CROOKS INDEED! WHAT NEXT?

IT'S THE TRUTH, SIR! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!



MEANWHILE, HARRY WHARTON AND HIS CHUMS HAD REACHED THE GATE WHICH LED TO MAJOR POTTER'S FIELD...

BUT THE OLD FIRE-EATER WILL PROBABLY EXPLODE IF HE SEES US.

THE EXPLODEFULNESS WILL BE TERRIFIC!



WE COULD REACH FRIAR'S SPINNEY A LOT QUICKER BY CUTTING ACROSS MAJOR POTTER'S FIELD.

WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE... IF WE GO THE LONG WAY ROUND, LEE WILL PROBABLY BE GONE BY THE TIME WE REACH FRIAR'S SPINNEY.

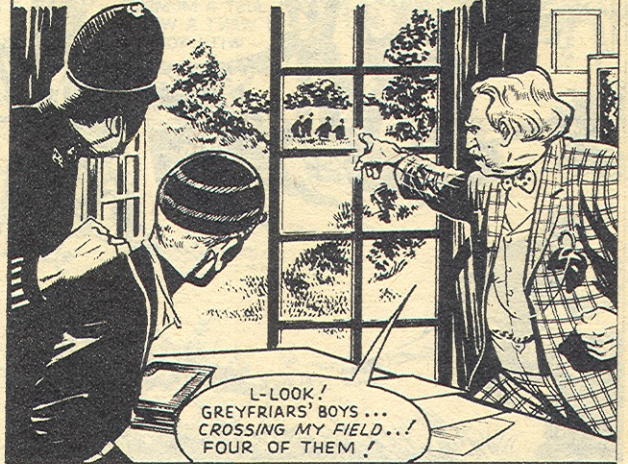


IN HIS STUDY, MAJOR POTTER
EYED BOB CHERRY STERNLY...



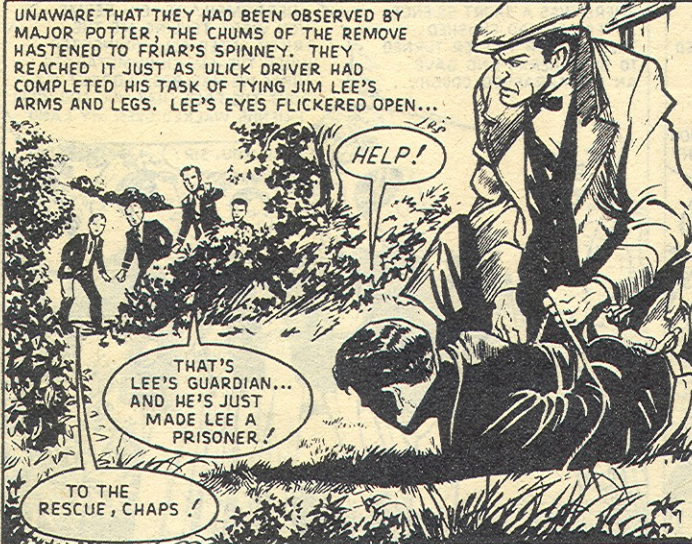
I'LL LISTEN TO NO MORE OF THIS WILD TALK OF THIEVES AND CROOKS. I INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU... AND I VENTURE TO SAY THAT YOU'LL BE THE LAST GREYFRIARS' BOY TO DARE TO SET FOOT ON MY LAND FOR A LONG TIME!

JUST AS HE FINISHED SPEAKING A FAR-OFF MOVEMENT CAUGHT THE MAJOR'S EYE. HIS JAW DROPPED, HIS EYES BULGED... AND HE POINTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW WITH A FINGER THAT TREMBLED WITH ANGER...



L-LOOK! GREYFRIARS' BOYS... CROSSING MY FIELD...! FOUR OF THEM!

UNAWARE THAT THEY HAD BEEN OBSERVED BY MAJOR POTTER, THE CHUMS OF THE REMOVE HASTENED TO FRIAR'S SPINNEY. THEY REACHED IT JUST AS ULICK DRIVER HAD COMPLETED HIS TASK OF TYING JIM LEE'S ARMS AND LEGS. LEE'S EYES FLICKERED OPEN...



HELP!

THAT'S LEE'S GUARDIAN... AND HE'S JUST MADE LEE A PRISONER!

TO THE RESCUE, CHAPS!

AND WITH ONE ACCORD THE CHUMS FLUNG THEMSELVES UPON ULICK DRIVER...

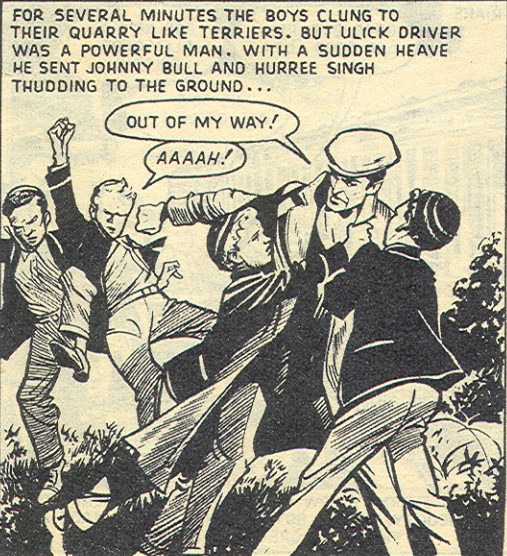


HOLD HIM, CHAPS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

UP THE REMOVE!

YOU INTERFERING YOUNG PUPS! I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY FOR THIS!

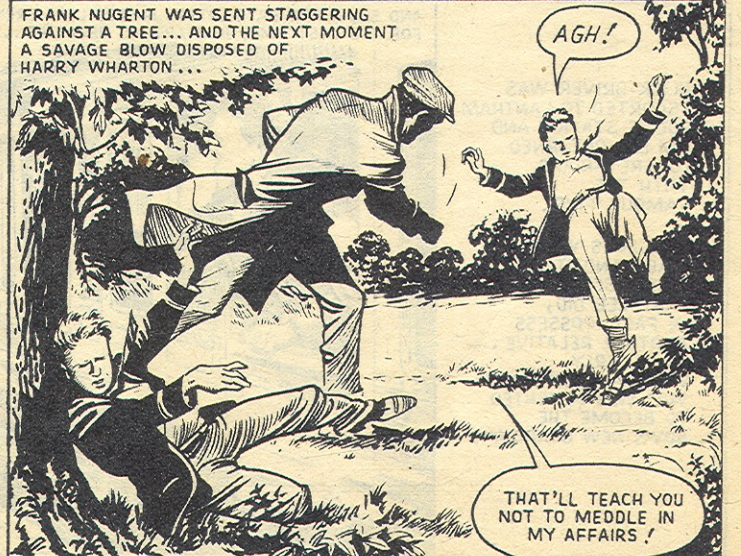
FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THE BOYS CLUNG TO THEIR QUARRY LIKE TERRIERS. BUT ULICK DRIVER WAS A POWERFUL MAN. WITH A SUDDEN HEAVE HE SENT JOHNNY BULL AND HURREE SINGH THUDDING TO THE GROUND...



OUT OF MY WAY!

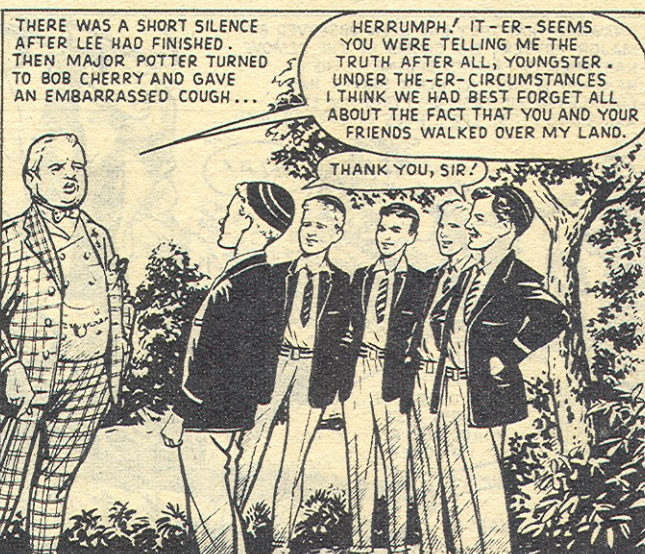
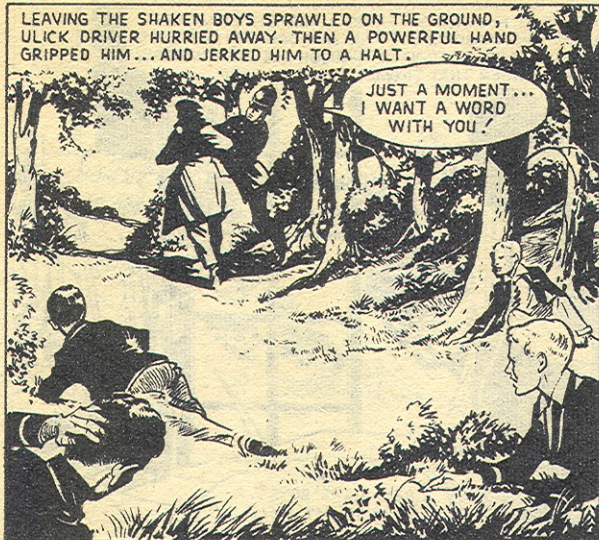
AAAAH!

FRANK NUGENT WAS SENT STAGGERING AGAINST A TREE... AND THE NEXT MOMENT A SAVAGE BLOW DISPOSED OF HARRY WHARTON...



AGH!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS!



ULICK DRIVER WAS ESCORTED TO LANTHAM POLICE STATION AND JIM LEE RETURNED TO GREYFRIARS WITH THE FAMOUS FIVE.

ENQUIRIES WERE MADE AND IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT LEE DID, IN FACT, POSSESS ANOTHER RELATIVE... AN ELDERLY, WEALTHY SCOTSMAN WHO WAS DELIGHTED TO BECOME THE BOY'S NEW GUARDIAN.



A new story with the Famous Five starts next week.

STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK



Strongbow the Mohawk and Hawkeye the Hunter are trailing a sinister band of Indians known as the Wolf Society. The two comrades save a huge black wolf from death, and later, after a terrific battle with the wolf-men, Strongbow and Hawkeye are dragged from a river by the black wolf. They recover to find themselves menaced by a whole pack of timber wolves, led by the great black wolf.

STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK AND HAWKEYE THE HUNTER CROUCHED, MOTIONLESS, ON THE RIVER BANK... AND AROUND THEM IN A HALF-CIRCLE STOOD THE LEAN GREY TIMBER WOLVES, WITH THEIR HUGE LEADER ON A ROCK IN FRONT...

NO! KEEP STILL! DO NOT MOVE A MUSCLE. THERE IS SOMETHING HERE I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

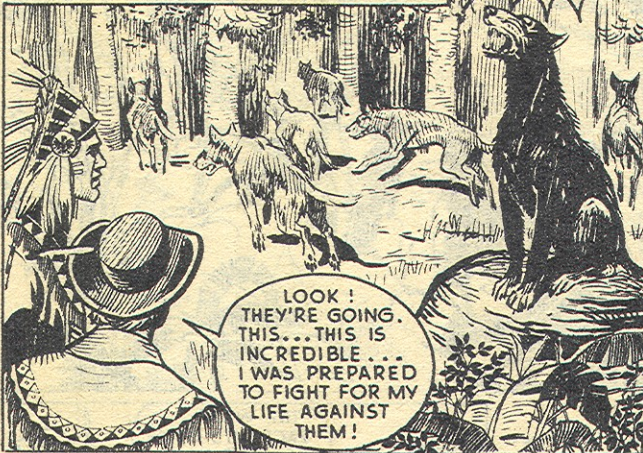
I STILL HAVE MY KNIFE, STRONGBOW! SHALL WE TRY TO BREAK THROUGH THOSE BEASTS?



A MINUTE PASSED... THEN TWO... SUDDENLY, THE MASSIVE BLACK WOLF RAISED ITS MUZZLE ON HIGH AND LET OUT AN EERIE CRY... INSTANTLY, THE PACK TURNED AND SLUNK OFF INTO THE FOREST...

OOOWW-OOOUGH-OOOW!

THE WOLVES VANISHED LIKE GREY GHOSTS... THEN THEIR BLACK LEADER LEAPED FROM ITS ROCK AND LOPED AFTER THEM...



LOOK! THEY'RE GOING. THIS... THIS IS INCREDIBLE... I WAS PREPARED TO FIGHT FOR MY LIFE AGAINST THEM!



THAT WOLF KNEW WE HAD SAVED ITS LIFE, HAWKEYE! IT MUST HAVE REPAID US BY DRAGGING US OUT OF THE RIVER!

BY THUNDER! I USUALLY SHOOT ON SIGHT WHEN I SEE A WOLF... BUT IN FUTURE, I'LL THINK TWICE!

STRONGBOW HAD RESCUED THE BLACK WOLF ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, SO HE KNEW THAT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY ACROSS... AND SURE ENOUGH, A MILE DOWNSTREAM THE COMRADES FOUND A SHALLOW FORD...

OF ALL THE FAMOUS TRACKERS OF THE WEST, THERE WAS NONE SO EAGLE-EYED AS THE MIGHTY MOHAWK... A BROKEN TWIG HERE... SOME CRUSHED BERRIES THERE... BRUISED GRASS AND A SHATTERED SNAIL-SHELL... ALL THESE SIGNS STRONGBOW READ AS IF THEY WERE A BOOK...

THEY CAME THIS WAY, HAWKEYE! THIS TWIG WAS BROKEN NOT AN HOUR SINCE! SEE HOW THE SAP STILL DRIPS!



WE MUST GET ON THE TRACK OF THOSE FIENDISH WOLF SOCIETY CURS AGAIN... AND THIS TIME WE MUST NOT BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE...



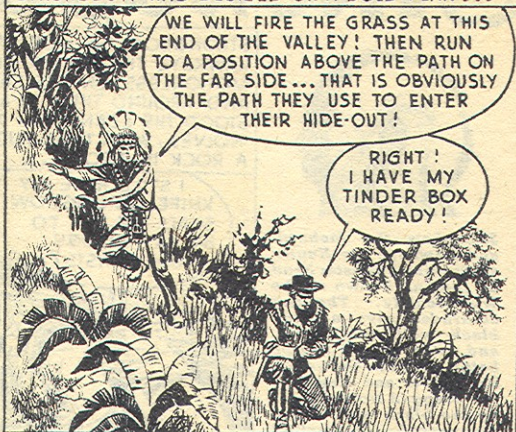
THE TRAIL LED UP INTO THE HILLS, INTO WILD AND DESOLATE COUNTRY BROKEN BY DEEP AND NARROW VALLEYS... IN SUCH A VALLEY THEY SAW A CAMP...



THIS IS THEIR SECRET CAMP ALL RIGHT, STRONGBOW! LOOK... I CAN SEE A COUPLE OF 'EM DOWN THERE WEARING THOSE WOLF HEADS!

BY THE NUMBER OF WIGWAMS, I WOULD ESTIMATE THE GANG TO BE ABOUT TWENTY STRONG!

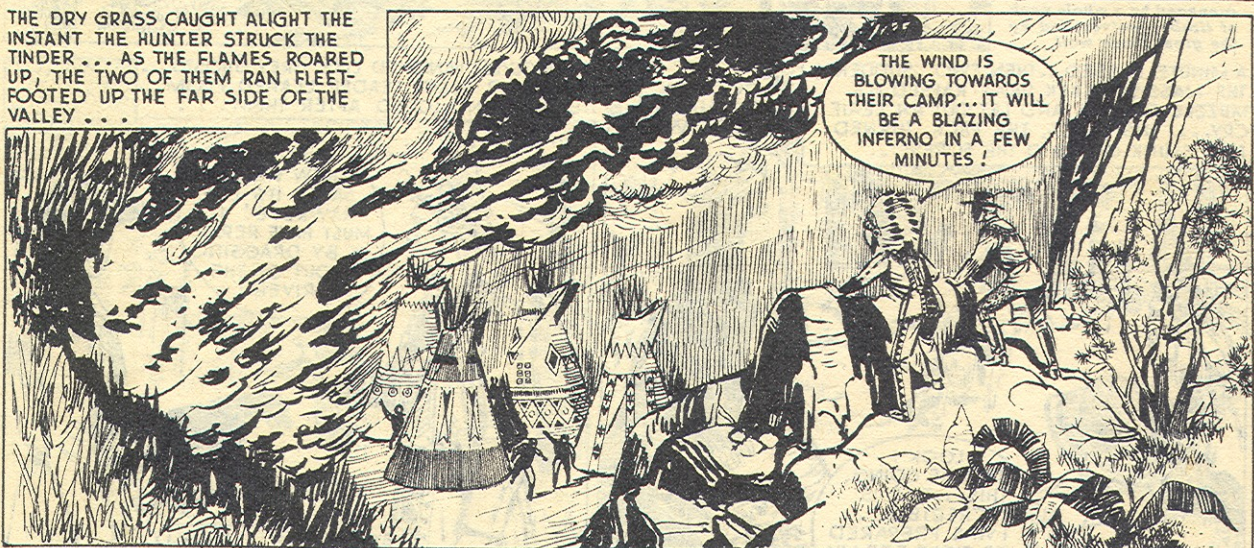
TWO AGAINST TWENTY WAS FANTASTIC ODDS... BUT THE FEARLESS COMRADES NEVER HESITATED AS THEY SLIPPED DOWN INTO THE VALLEY... FOR STRONGBOW HAD DECIDED ON A BOLD PLAN...



WE WILL FIRE THE GRASS AT THIS END OF THE VALLEY! THEN RUN TO A POSITION ABOVE THE PATH ON THE FAR SIDE... THAT IS OBVIOUSLY THE PATH THEY USE TO ENTER THEIR HIDE-OUT!

RIGHT! I HAVE MY TINDER BOX READY!

THE DRY GRASS CAUGHT ALIGHT THE INSTANT THE HUNTER STRUCK THE TINDER... AS THE FLAMES ROARED UP, THE TWO OF THEM RAN FLEET-FOOTED UP THE FAR SIDE OF THE VALLEY...



THE WIND IS BLOWING TOWARDS THEIR CAMP... IT WILL BE A BLAZING INFERNO IN A FEW MINUTES!

THE VILLAINOUS INDIANS OF THE WOLF SOCIETY FLED FOR THEIR LIVES BEFORE THE ROARING FLAMES... AND RAN RIGHT INTO THE DEADLY ARROWS OF THE LAST OF THE MOHAWKS... THUNG! THUNG! THUNG!



HOKA! HEY-YAH! HOKA HEY-YAH!

AAAGH!

...AND STRONGBOW'S THRILLING WAR-CRY ECHOED ACROSS THE BURNING VALLEY...

Howls of rage came from the wolf-men as they saw their leaders fall... They surged up the hill towards Strongbow and Hawkeye... and then, like an avalanche, a mass of lean grey wolves appeared as if from nowhere and hurled themselves on the disguised Indians. THE FOREMOST WOLF WAS A HUGE BLACK CREATURE!



EEEEEGH!

THE WOLF PACK! IT'S COME TO HELP US!

THE COMBINED ATTACK OF THE FIERCE WOLVES AND THE DEADLY ACCURACY OF STRONGBOW'S EAGLE-FEATHERED ARROWS MADE THE ONCE-FEARED INDIANS HOWL FOR MERCY . . .

AAAGH! SAVE US! SAVE US, BEFORE WE ARE TORN TO PIECES!



AS THE TWO COMRADES REACHED THE SURVIVING INDIANS, THE WOLVES DASHED AWAY, LEAPING AMONGST THE ROCKS...

SURRENDER... WHILST YOU STILL HAVE BREADTH IN YOUR BODIES!



THAT WAS THE END OF THE DREADED WOLF SOCIETY... DEFEATED BY THE COURAGE AND DARING OF STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE... AND BY THE BLACK WOLF AND ITS WILD PACK...

OOOWW- OUGH- OOW!

IT IS HIS VICTORY CRY... HE HAS REPAID HIS DEBT TO US TWICE OVER!



WITH A FINAL HOWL, THE WOLF LEAPED FROM THE ROCK AND VANISHED... AND THE TWO COMRADES NEVER SAW THAT HUGE CREATURE AGAIN...

Next Monday Strongbow begins a new thrilling, action-packed adventure.

The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4

Dear Readers,

There are three very good reasons why you must not miss your copy of COMET next Monday. Claude Duval, Strongbow and The Famous Five all start new adventures in the next issue of COMET . . . so get in at the beginning and enjoy your reading.

Have you sent a joke for our Chuckle Club yet? There are ten shillings waiting for all readers whose joke is published, so why not have a go? You may also send a joke to our companion paper SUN, which is also on sale every Monday. Get a copy of SUN and read the instructions on page seven before sending in your joke . . . and thus you have two chances of winning ten shillings.

Good luck to you all.

YOUR EDITOR

Golly, that's what I call a big bubble!

Bubbly
Regd.

the extra big BUBBLE GUM

BIG SIZE 1d

Note to Parents—BUBBLY contains healthful, energizing glucose and sugar and is packed in hygienic conditions in our own factory.

Anglo-American Chewing Gum Ltd.

THE TREMBLING SERGEANT WAS LED AWAY UNDER ARREST AND MOULD ORDERED A GUARD TO BE PUT ON THE OFFICE DOOR—DAY AND NIGHT. LATER THAT DAY, THE BLACK-HEARTED ROGUE TURNED TO SEE A FACE PEERING AT HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW—IT WAS JEMMY HIND!



THE SENTRY OUTSIDE THE DOOR SPRANG TO OPEN IT— BUT AS HIS HAND CLOSED AROUND THE DOOR-LATCH, A PISTOL BUTT CRASHED DOWN ON HIS HEAD.



CLAUDE FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND RUSHED IN. MOULD GAVE ANOTHER YELP OF FEAR AND SNATCHED OUT A PISTOL FROM HIS JACKET...



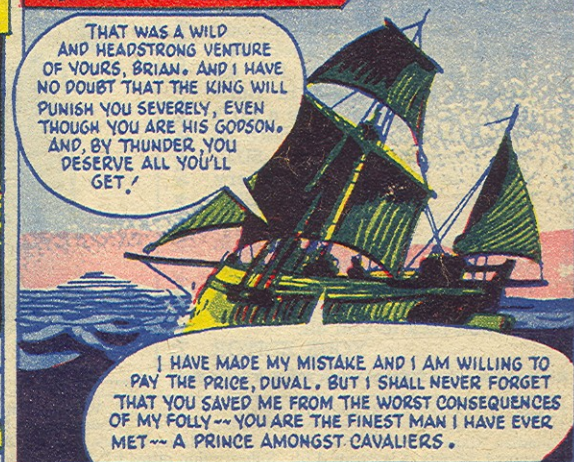
THERE WAS A CRASH OF A PISTOL...AND A THUD AS THE LAUGHING CAVALIER'S FIST CAUGHT MIDAS MOULD RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.



BEHIND CLAUDE, NICK HAD BOLTED THE DOOR ON THE INSIDE. TOGETHER, THEY SCOOPED UP THE JEWELS AND LEAPED OUT OF THE WINDOW, WHICH HAD BEEN OPENED BY JEMMY HIND...



THEY GOT SAFELY AWAY. CLAUDE COLLECTED BRIAN BLAZEY FROM THE INN WHERE HE HAD BEEN WAITING. AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY, ALL FOUR OF THEM STOOD IN THE PROW OF A FISHING VESSEL AS IT CUT THROUGH THE CHOPPY SEA TOWARDS THE FRENCH COAST...



I HAVE MADE MY MISTAKE AND I AM WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE, DUVAL. BUT I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT YOU SAVED ME FROM THE WORST CONSEQUENCES OF MY FOLLY—YOU ARE THE FINEST MAN I HAVE EVER MET—A PRINCE AMONGST CAVALIERS.