

COMET

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No. 415
June 30, 1956

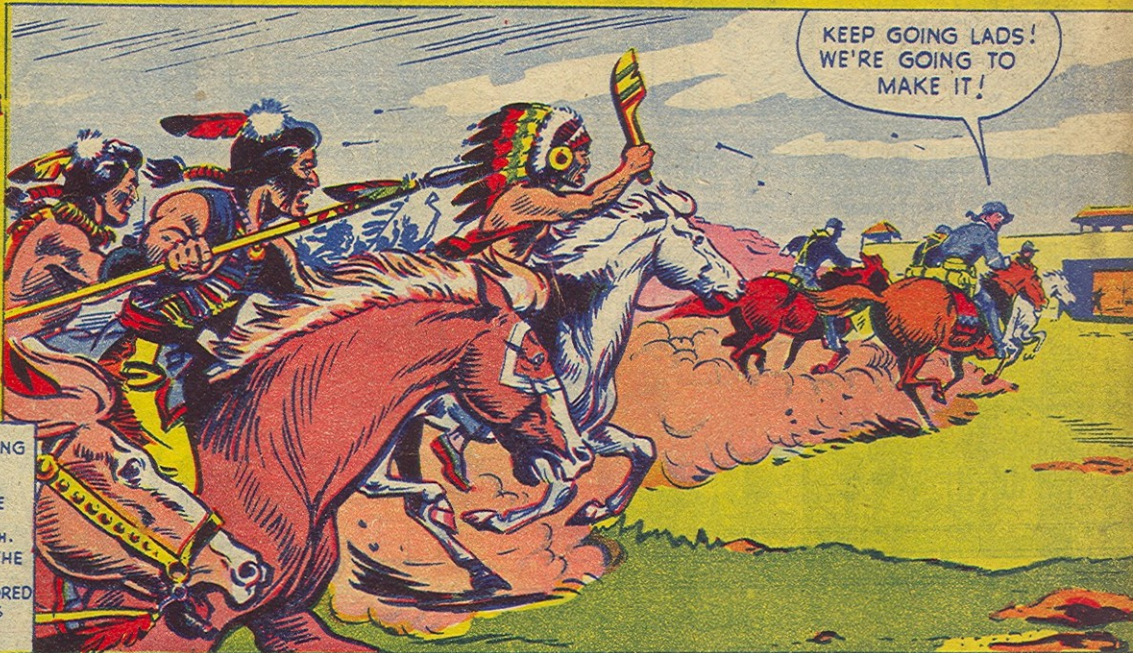
EVERY MONDAY

BUFFALO BILL



Bastion of the Indian-infested Great Plains of Dakota was Fort Abraham Lincoln, headquarters of General Custer's famous 7th Cavalry.

At the time our story opens, the fierce Arapahoe tribe was out on the warpath—and 7th Cavalry patrols were constantly engaged in bitter hit-and-run battles with their savage foes...



KEEP GOING LADS!
WE'RE GOING TO
MAKE IT!

A THUNDER OF POUNDING HOOVES... A HARSH CRACKLE OF GUNFIRE, MINGLED WITH SAVAGE WAR-SHRIEKS... AND FOUR MEN OF THE 7TH CAVALRY RACED FOR THE OPEN GATES OF FORT LINCOLN, WITH A HUNDRED WAR-PAINTED SAVAGES AT THEIR HEELS....

THE FOUR TORN AND DUST-CAKED RIDERS SWEEP INTO THE PORT... AND THE GATES WERE SWIFTLY CLOSED BEHIND THEM...

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NARROW ESCAPE, COLONEL CODY... IT TOOK GREAT COURAGE TO SCOUT THE ARAPAHOE CAMP WITH ONLY THREE SOLDIERS AS ESCORT...

I FOUND WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW... THE ARAPAHOES HAVE MOVED INTO THIS TERRITORY IN GREAT NUMBERS... AND THEY MEAN BUSINESS!



BUFFALO BILL... FOR THE OFFICER IN BUCKSKINS WAS INDEED THE MAGNIFICENT CHIEF OF SCOUTS OF THE 7TH CAVALRY... DISMOUNTED AND ADDRESSED THE SULLEN-FACED, ELDERLY SERGEANT WHO HAD RIDDEN BESIDE HIM....

RIGHT, SERGEANT LANG! YOU AND YOUR MEN CAN TAKE IT EASY FOR THE REST OF THE DAY... YOU DID WELL IN THAT RUNNING FIGHT!

THANKS, COLONEL!



SERGEANT LANG BARKED OUT A CURT ORDER TO HIS TWO TROOPERS AND SLOUCHED OFF TOWARDS THE SERGEANTS' MESS... HIS FEET DRAGGING WEARILY, HIS LONG SABRE TRAILING IN THE DUST...

I'M GETTING TOO DURNED OLD FOR THIS FIGHTING GAME!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

SUDDENLY A HARSH, CRISP COMMAND STOPPED LANG IN HIS TRACKS...

HALT THERE, SERGEANT... DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO WALK PAST AN OFFICER WITHOUT SALUTING?

HECK! YOU MUST BE NEW AROUND HERE, LIEUTENANT! I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU!

THE OFFICER'S ICE-COLD GLANCE SWEEPED THE DISHEVELLED SERGEANT FROM HEAD TO FOOT...

WHAT A FILTHY SIGHT! COVERED IN DUST, DIRTY BUTTONS, SABRE TRAILING ALONG THE GROUND LIKE A DOG ON A LEAD... GO TO YOUR QUARTERS AND CLEAN UP, MAN! OR, BY THUNDER, I'LL HAVE THOSE STRIPES OFF YOUR ARM!

FROM THE OTHER END OF THE PARADE GROUND, BUFFALO BILL HAD SEEN AND HEARD THE TIRADE...

WHO'S THAT YOUNG UPPERTY MARTINET, PRIM?

A NEW OFFICER, COLONEL! NAME OF DIX... STRAIGHT FROM WEST POINT... HE ARRIVED HERE THIS MORNING... YOU KNOW THE TYPE... ALL VOICE AND SHINY BUTTONS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, BUFFALO BILL RODE OUT OF THE FORT TO PATROL THE NEARBY GREAT BEAR MOUNTAINS FOR FURTHER SIGNS OF THE ARAPAHOES... HE TOOK WITH HIM "D" TROOP, TO WHICH LIEUTENANT DIX HAD BEEN APPOINTED... AND "D" TROOP'S SERGEANT WAS NONE OTHER THAN LANG...

TELL YOUR MEN TO RIDE WITH LOADED RIFLES IN HAND, LIEUTENANT DIX!

LOADED RIFLES IN HAND, ALL OF YOU... AND THAT INCLUDES YOU, SERGEANT!

DIX'S CONTEMPTUOUS ASIDE TO SERGEANT LANG DID NOT ESCAPE THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN...

LIEUTENANT... I KNOW VERY WELL THAT LANG IS A SCRUFFY OLD HAYBAG... BUT HE'S A DURNED FINE SOLDIER... AND I THINK YOU'RE RIDING HIM TOO HARD!

I'D LIKE TO RIDE HIM A LOT HARDER, COLONEL! THAT FELLOW'S A DISGRACE TO THE REGIMENT. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN KICKED OUT YEARS AGO!

NO FURTHER WORDS PASSED BETWEEN BUFFALO BILL AND THE ARROGANT YOUNG LIEUTENANT UNTIL AN HOUR LATER, WHEN THEY REACHED THE DEEP RAVINE THAT SCORED THROUGH THE HEART OF THE GREAT BEAR MOUNTAINS...

COLONEL. AT WEST POINT THEY TAUGHT US THAT IT WAS DANGEROUS TO RIDE INTO A RAVINE WITHOUT SENDING SCOUTS AHEAD!

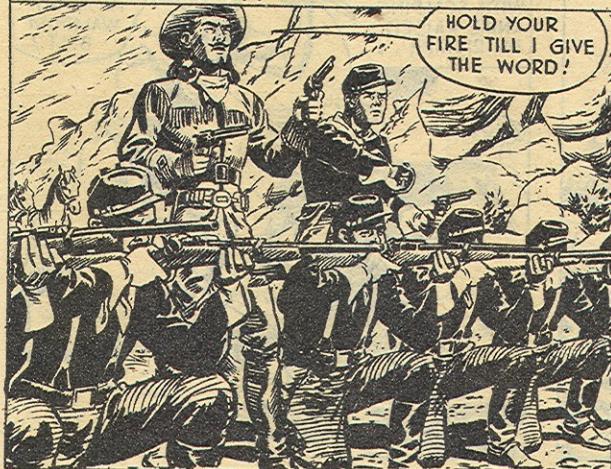
THIS ISN'T WEST POINT, LIEUTENANT! OUR JOB IS TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE ARAPAHOES... THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO STICK OUR NECKS OUT AND MAKE 'EM ATTACK US... THEN HOPE WE CAN GET AWAY FAST WITH THE INFORMATION!

THEY RODE UP THE RAVINE FOR HALF A MILE... AND THEN IT HAPPENED... A HORDE OF PAINTED HORSE-WARRIORS SWEEPED INTO VIEW...

THEY OUTNUMBER US TEN TO ONE!

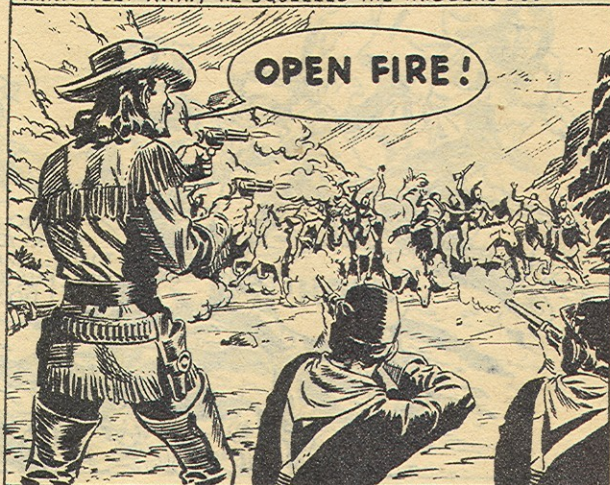
THEY GENERALLY DO! BUT WE THINK NOTHING OF SUCH ODDS IN THE SEVENTH CAVALRY... DISMOUNT AND PREPARE TO OPEN FIRE!

OBEDIENT TO THE COOL AUTHORITY OF THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN, THE MEN OF "D" TROOP DISMOUNTED AND COCKED THEIR CARBINES READY TO MEET THE ARAPAHOE ATTACK . . .



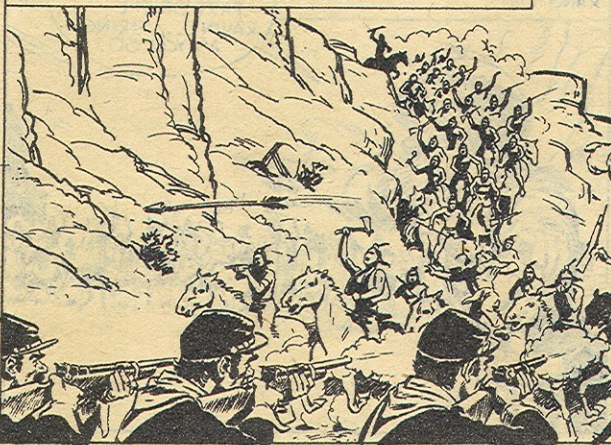
HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL I GIVE THE WORD!

BUFFALO BILL POINTED HIS GLEAMING COLT 45'S TOWARDS THE NEAREST REDSKINS... THEN, WHEN THEY WERE A BARE THIRTY FEET AWAY, HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGERS . . .



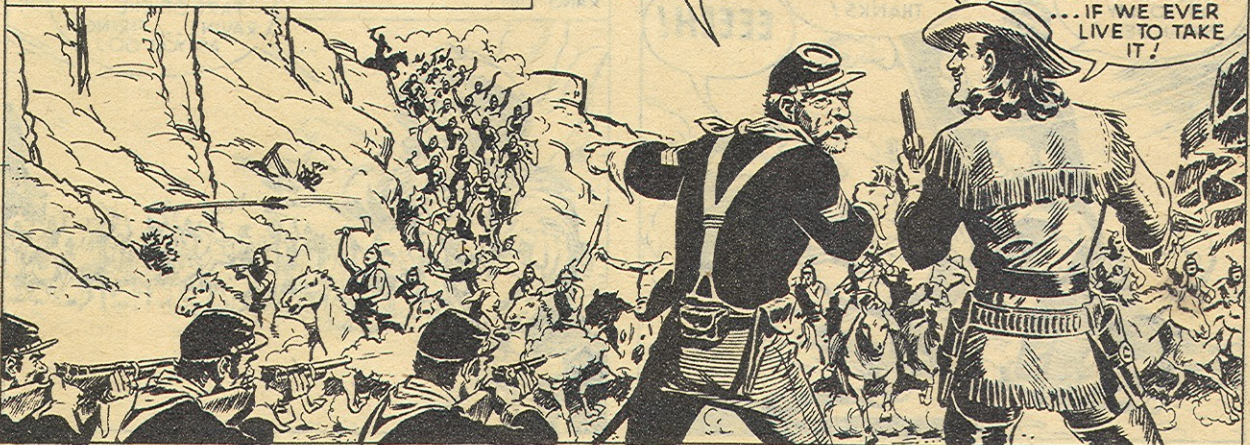
OPEN FIRE!

MET BY A HAIL OF WITHERING RED-HOT LEAD, THE ARAPAHOES FELL LIKE CORN BEFORE THE SCYTHE... BUT SUDDENLY MORE UNSHOD HOOFBEATS AROUSED THE ECHOES... AND A VERITABLE HOST OF WILD WARRIORS SWEEPED INTO VIEW . . .

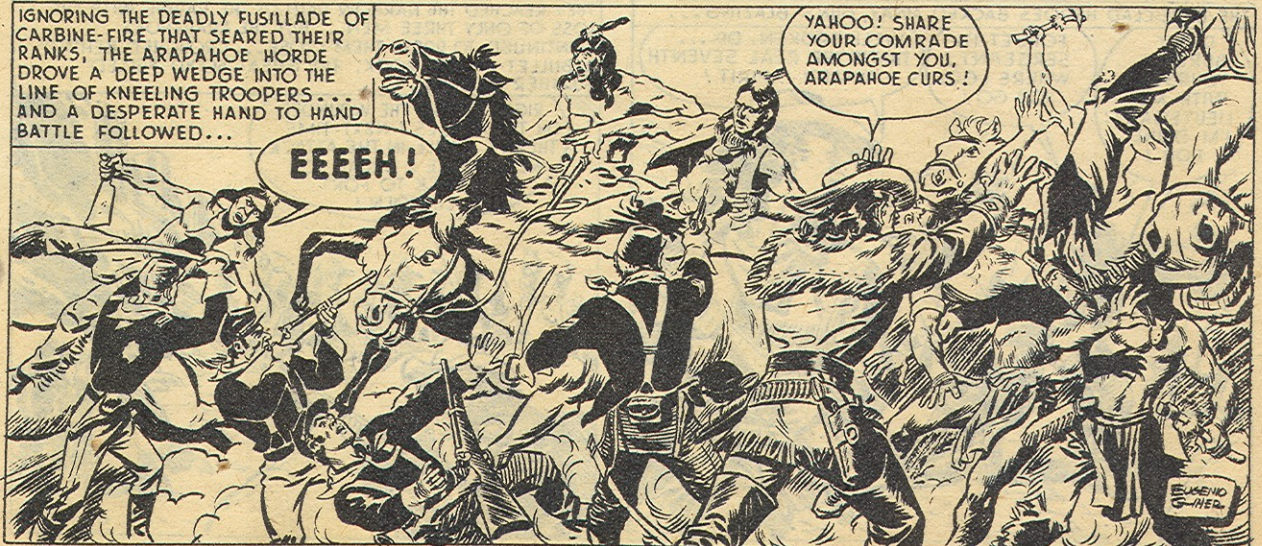


COLONEL! THE WHOLE OF THE ARAPAHOE NATION IS HERE!

BY THUNDER! THEN THEY'VE MADE THESE MOUNTAINS THEIR HIDEOUT... THIS IS NEWS INDEED TO TAKE BACK TO GENERAL CUSTER... IF WE EVER LIVE TO TAKE IT!



IGNORING THE DEADLY FUSILLADE OF CARBINE-FIRE THAT SEARED THEIR RANKS, THE ARAPAHOE HORDE DROVE A DEEP WEDGE INTO THE LINE OF KNEELING TROOPERS... AND A DESPERATE HAND TO HAND BATTLE FOLLOWED...

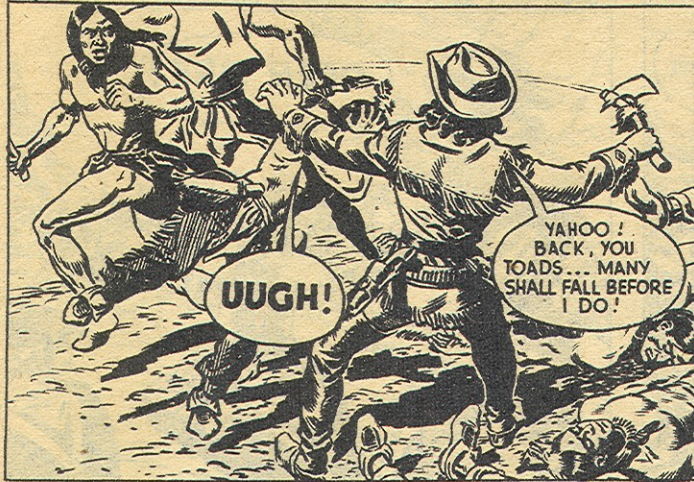


EEEEH!

YAHOO! SHARE YOUR COMRADE AMONGST YOU, ARAPAHOE CURS!

ELMEND GARDNER

BUFFALO BILL WROUGHT GREAT DEEDS OF FIGHTING FURY THAT MEMORABLE DAY! WITH A CAPTURED INDIAN WAR-HATCHET HE CLOVE TO THE GROUND ALL WHO DARED TO COME WITHIN REACH...



UUGH!

YAHOO! BACK, YOU TOADS... MANY SHALL FALL BEFORE I DO!

A BULLET BROUGHT SERGEANT LANG TO HIS KNEES... AND A BRONZED WARRIOR LEAPED FORWARD WITH SCALPING-KNIFE RAISED IN TRIUMPH...
ONHEY! ANOTHER LONG-KNIFE SCALP SHALL HANG FROM MY WAMPUM BELT!



THE ARAPAHOE BUCK NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO PERFORM HIS GRUESOME TASK... FOR A SWEEPING BLOW FROM LIEUTENANT DIX'S SABRE LAID HIM LOW...



UP WITH YOU, SERGEANT! HANG ON TO MY SHOULDER!

UUGH! THANKS, LIEUTENANT... THANKS!

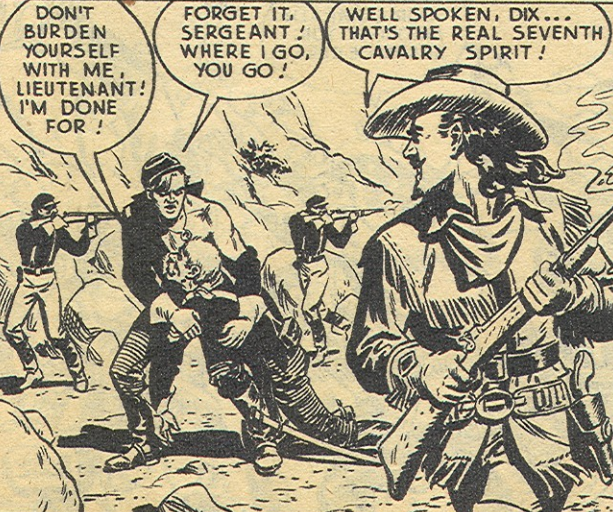
EEEEH!

THOUGH PITIFULLY FEW IN NUMBERS, THE SURVIVORS OF "D" TROOP MANAGED TO BEAT OFF THE FIRST SAVAGE ATTACK... THEN BUFFALO BILL'S STIRRING VOICE RANG OUT...



HERE THEY COME AGAIN... RETREAT TO THAT NARROW PART OF THE RAVINE... FIRING AS YOU GO!

THE BLUE-CLAD HEROES BACKED AWAY, GUNS BLAZING...

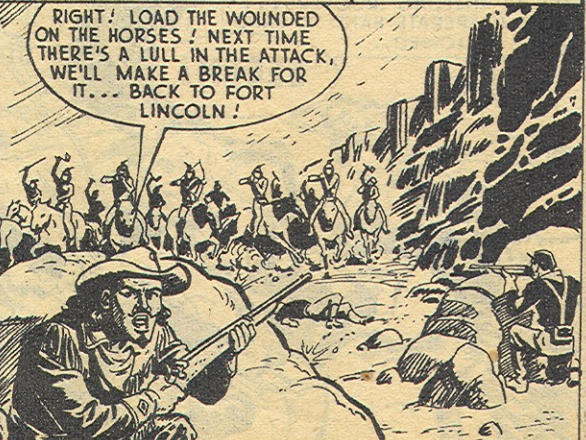


DON'T BURDEN YOURSELF WITH ME, LIEUTENANT! I'M DONE FOR!

FORGET IT, SERGEANT! WHERE I GO, YOU GO!

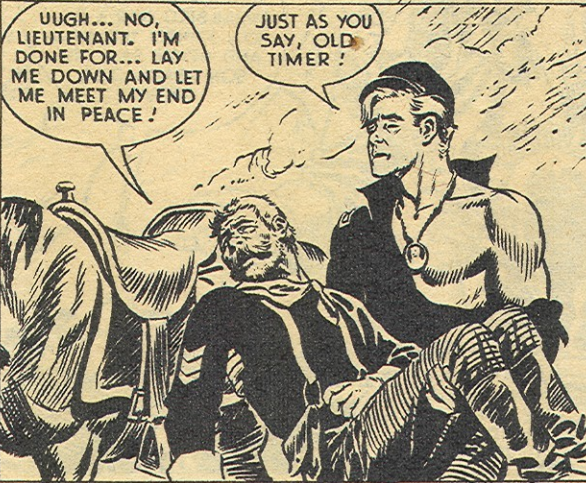
WELL SPOKEN, DIX... THAT'S THE REAL SEVENTH CAVALRY SPIRIT!

THEY REACHED THE NARROW PART OF THE RAVINE WITH THE LOSS OF ONLY THREE MEN... BUT THE ARAPAHOES CONTINUED TO PRESS THEM CLOSE... CROUCHED BEHIND A BULLET-PITTED ROCK, THE GREAT SCOUT YELLED FURTHER ORDERS...



RIGHT! LOAD THE WOUNDED ON THE HORSES! NEXT TIME THERE'S A LULL IN THE ATTACK, WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT... BACK TO FORT LINCOLN!

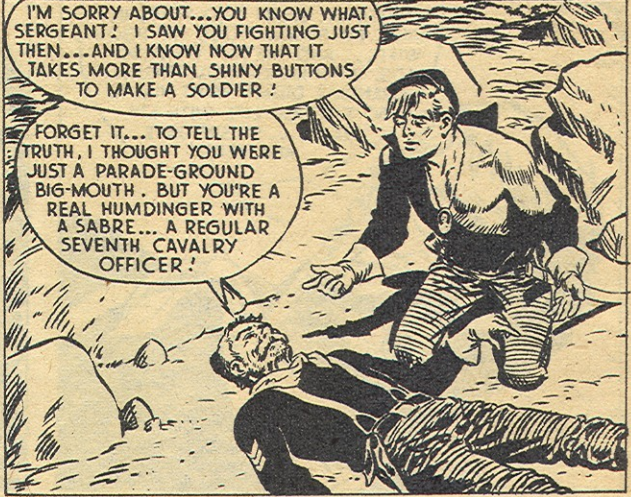
LIEUTENANT DIX ATTEMPTED TO LIFT THE GRAVELY-WOUNDED SERGEANT ACROSS A HORSE... BUT LANG RESISTED WITH A MOAN OF PAIN . . .



UUGH... NO, LIEUTENANT. I'M DONE FOR... LAY ME DOWN AND LET ME MEET MY END IN PEACE!

JUST AS YOU SAY, OLD TIMER!

SERGEANT LANG LAY BACK. THE LIEUTENANT LOOKED DOWN AT HIM, HIS HANDSOME FACE TENDER AND SYMPATHETIC . . .



I'M SORRY ABOUT... YOU KNOW WHAT, SERGEANT! I SAW YOU FIGHTING JUST THEN... AND I KNOW NOW THAT IT TAKES MORE THAN SHINY BUTTONS TO MAKE A SOLDIER!

FORGET IT... TO TELL THE TRUTH, I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A PARADE-GROUND BIG-MOUTH. BUT YOU'RE A REAL HUMDINGER WITH A SABRE... A REGULAR SEVENTH CAVALRY OFFICER!

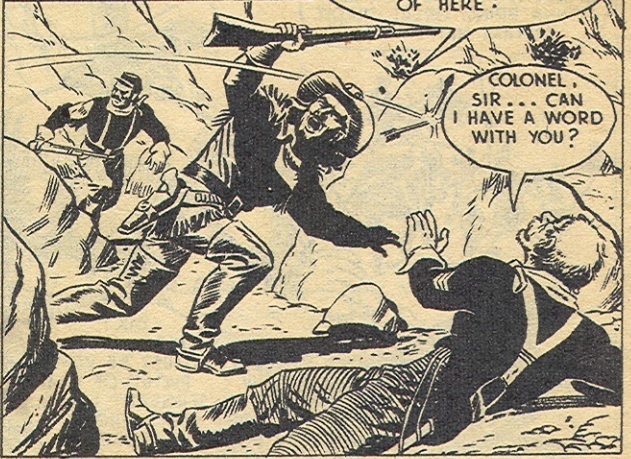
LIEUTENANT DIX'S SHIRT HAD BEEN HALF TORN FROM HIS BACK BY A KNIFE-SLASH, DISCLOSING A MEDALLION AROUND HIS NECK. THE DYING SERGEANT'S EYES LIT UP STRANGELY AT THE SIGHT OF THE PORTRAIT ON THE MEDALLION . . .



THAT LADY, LIEUTENANT... THAT LADY IN THE PICTURE ROUND YOUR NECK?

THAT'S MY MOTHER. SHE DIED WHEN I WAS A SMALL KID... SHE WAS A WONDERFUL PERSON, MY MOTHER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, BUFFALO BILL DUCKED TO AVOID A HURLING ARROW AND CALLED TO HIS MEN...



THEY'RE FALLING BACK TO PREPARE FOR ANOTHER CHARGE. MOUNT YOUR HORSES, LADS. NOW'S THE TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE!

COLONEL, SIR... CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

AS THE SURVIVORS OF "D" TROOP SWUNG THEMSELVES ASTRIDE THEIR MOUNTS, BUFFALO BILL KNELT BESIDE SERGEANT LANG...



WHAT GOES ON, SERGEANT? WHY HAVEN'T THEY PUT YOU ON YOUR HORSE?

NO USE, COLONEL! I CAN'T LAST MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES... WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL STAY HERE WITH A COUPLE OF LOADED CARBINES AN' HOLD OFF THE RED VARMINTS SO THAT YOU CAN GET CLEAR!

THE OLD SERGEANT SMILED . . .



I RECKON THAT'D BE A GOOD WAY TO END MY LIFE! HELPING MY COMRADES TO GET AWAY... AND MY SON!

YOUR SON?



YEP...TWENTY YEARS AGO, I HAD A PRETTY WIFE AN' A LITTLE BOY... THEN I GOT MIXED UP IN A BANK ROBBERY... SPENT TWO YEARS IN JAIL. THE SHOCK KILLED MY POOR WIFE... AND THE BOY WENT TO LIVE WITH HIS GRANDMOTHER... GRANDMA DIDN'T WANT HIM TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITH MY NAME... SO SHE GAVE HIM HERS!

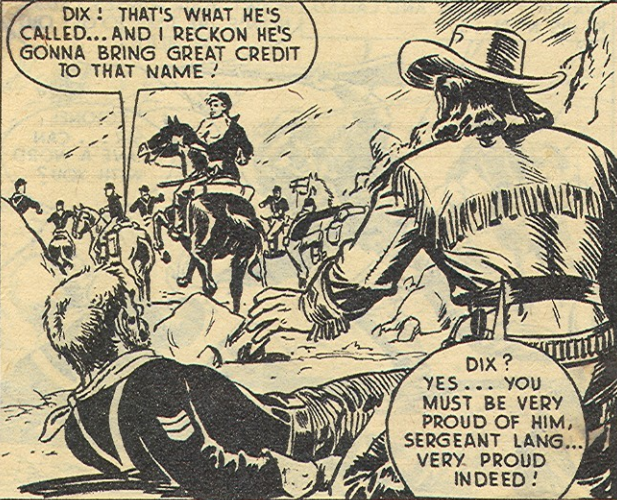


SEEMS LIKE HE WAS NEVER TOLD ABOUT ME, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO BURDEN MY BOY WITH AN EX-JAILBIRD FOR A PA... SO I JOINED THE ARMY AND NEVER SAW MY SON AGAIN...TILL NOW!

AND YOUR SON'S NAME?... THE NAME THAT HIS GRANDMOTHER GAVE HIM..WAS - ?

SERGEANT LANG GLANCED PROUDLY AT THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S BROAD BACK...

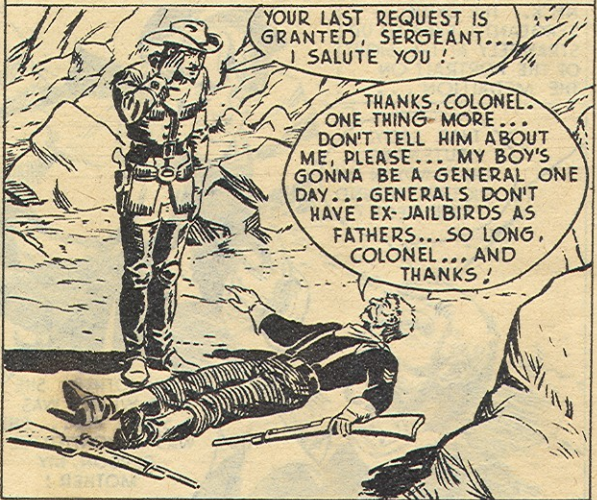
DIX! THAT'S WHAT HE'S CALLED... AND I RECKON HE'S GONNA BRING GREAT CREDIT TO THAT NAME!



DIX? YES... YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD OF HIM, SERGEANT LANG... VERY PROUD INDEED!

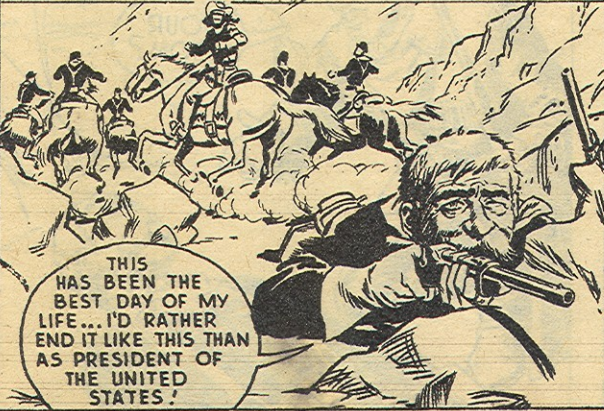
THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN ROSE TO HIS FEET... AND HIS GAUNTLETED HAND CAME UP IN A SALUTE...

YOUR LAST REQUEST IS GRANTED, SERGEANT... I SALUTE YOU!



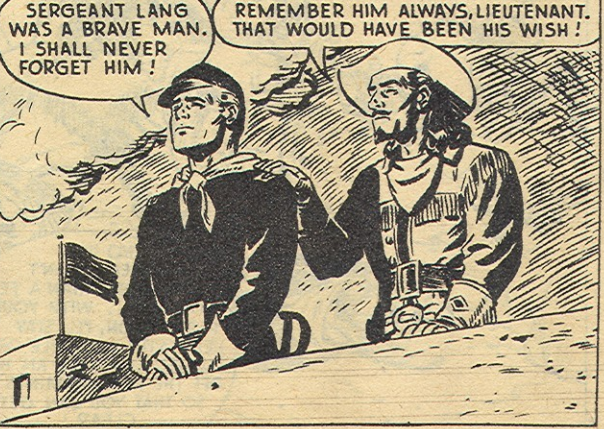
THANKS, COLONEL. ONE THING MORE... DON'T TELL HIM ABOUT ME, PLEASE... MY BOY'S GONNA BE A GENERAL ONE DAY... GENERALS DON'T HAVE EX-JAILBIRDS AS FATHERS... SO LONG, COLONEL... AND THANKS!

SO IT WAS THAT WHEN BUFFALO BILL AND THE SURVIVORS OF THE PATROL RODE OFF DOWN THE RAVINE TO BEAR NEWS OF THE ARAPAHOES TO FORT LINCOLN, SERGEANT LANG REMAINED BEHIND. THERE WAS A HAPPY SMILE ON HIS WRINKLED OLD FACE AS HE COCKED A CARBINE AND WAITED FOR THE FINAL REDSKIN ONSLAUGHT...



THIS HAS BEEN THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE... I'D RATHER END IT LIKE THIS THAN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

SERGEANT LANG'S MAGNIFICENT LAST STAND PREVENTED THE ARAPAHOES FROM OVERTAKING THE SURVIVORS OF THE PATROL. AN HOUR LATER, THEY ARRIVED BACK AT THE FORT WITH THE IMPORTANT NEWS... AND SOME TIME LATER, BUFFALO BILL AND LIEUTENANT DIX SPOKE TOGETHER...



SERGEANT LANG WAS A BRAVE MAN. I SHALL NEVER FORGET HIM!

REMEMBER HIM ALWAYS, LIEUTENANT. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS WISH!

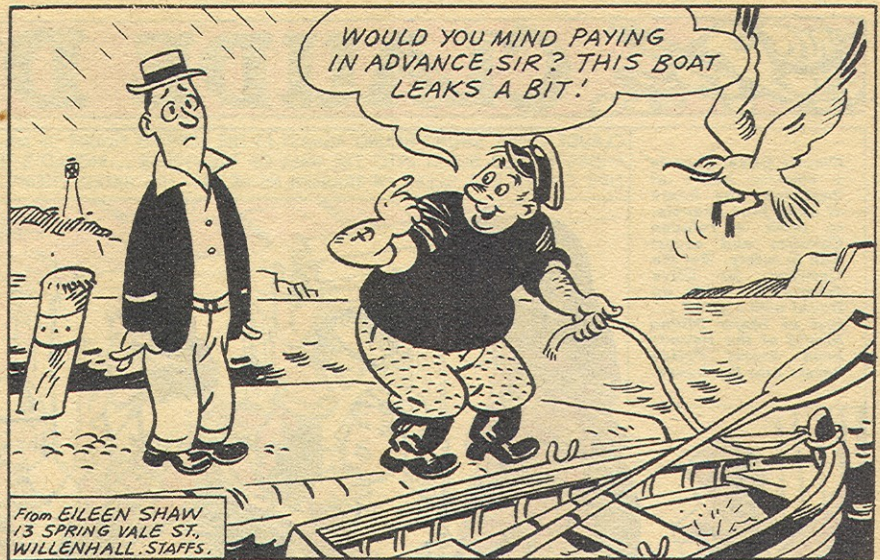
Buffalo Bill rides into action again next Monday.

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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 EILEEN SHAW
13 SPRING VALE ST.
WILLENHALL, STAFFS.



From J. HARDIE
PIEMUR FARM,
NEWTON MEARNS, SCOT.



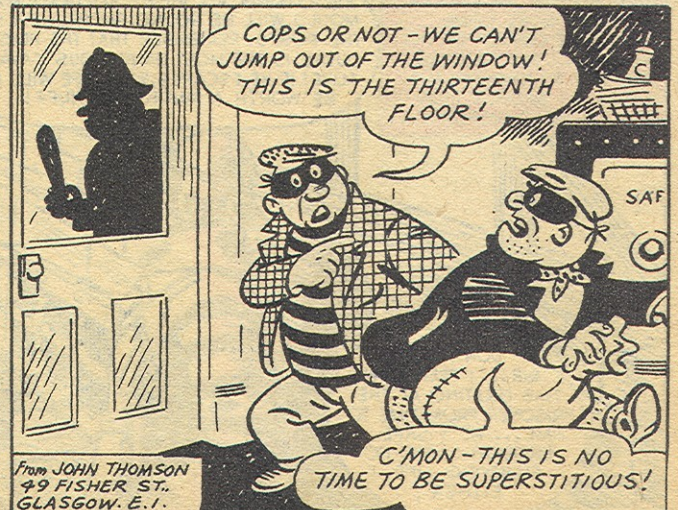
From P. LAWRENCE
172 LEA FARM RD,
KIRKSTALL, LEEDS. 5.



From D. TWITCHEN
23 FOTLAND RD.
COSHAM, HANTS.



From GRAEME MOYES
68 ROSLEA DR., GLASGOW. E. 1.



From JOHN THOMSON
49 FISHER ST.,
GLASGOW. E. 1.

CLAUDE DUVAL - the LAUGHING CAVALIER

Claude Duval goes to a country house at Eastleigh, the home of Lady Jane Francis, to fetch a refugee Cavalier and escort him to safety. But the Cavalier, Sir Clive Fitzgerald, holds up Duval with a pistol... just as Major Midas Mould of the Roundhead Secret Police bursts into the house.

CLAUDE DUVAL SWUNG ROUND AGHAST, AS THE LEERING FIGURE OF MAJOR MIDAS MOULD BURST INTO THE HALL OF THE HOUSE... MOULD'S THIN LIPS CURLED IN A SNEER OF TRIUMPH AS HE SAW HIS HATED ENEMY...

YOU MAY WELL LOOK STARTLED, DUVAL... BUT THIS TIME YOU WALKED RIGHT INTO MY LITTLE TRAP. VERY NEAT, VERY NEAT INDEED! HEH, HEH, HEH!



THE MAN MENACING CLAUDE DUVAL WITH A PISTOL ECHOED MOULD'S RASPING LAUGH... THE FEARLESS CAVALIER GAVE HIM A WITHERING LOOK OF CONTEMPT...

YOU TREACHEROUS CUR, FITZGERALD! IS THIS HOW YOU SERVE YOUR KING? TRAITOR!

YOU'RE WRONG, DUVAL... HE'S NO TRAITOR... HE'S ELI BADGER, ONE OF MY TRUSTED OFFICERS. YOU SEE, FITZGERALD DIED IN PRISON, A YEAR AGO. THIS WHOLE IDEA WAS A CLEVER PLOT ON MY PART!



CLAUDE DUVAL REALISED THEN, HOW CUNNINGLY HE HAD BEEN TRICKED! BUT WHAT OF LADY JANE FRANCIS... WAS SHE IN MOULD'S PAY?

ARE YOU, TOO, A LACKEY OF THIS BLACK-HEARTED ROGUE?

NO! OH, NO!



SHE DID NOT KNOW THAT BADGER WAS IMPERSONATING FITZGERALD... BUT WE HAVE BEEN WATCHING THIS LADY FOR SOME TIME. WE KNOW SHE HAS BEEN HIDING CAVALIERS IN THIS HOUSE!

I USED LADY JANE AS A SPRAT TO CATCH A WHALE, DUVAL... AND NOW I'VE GOT YOU, YOU SHALL BOTH BE EXECUTED AT WINCHESTER TOMORROW. LADY JANE CAN SPEND HER LAST NIGHT IN HER ROOM... BUT IT'S THE CELLAR FOR YOU, DUVAL...



SOBBING BITTERLY, LADY JANE FRANCIS WAS TAKEN AWAY AND CLAUDE DUVAL WAS SEIZED BY TWO BURLY ROUNDHEADS AND DRAGGED TO THE DOOR OF THE CELLAR, WHERE HE WAS THROWN IN.



GET IN THERE, YOU ROYALIST RAT... AND I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH! HEH, HEH!

THREE HOURS PASSED... AND BACK IN THEIR HIDING-PLACE IN THE WOODS ABOVE THE HOUSE, CLAUDE DUVAL'S GALLANT GOMRADES, NICK NEVISON AND JEMMY HIND, WERE GETTING ANKIOUS...

I TRUST NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG. CLAUDE SHOULD HAVE RETURNED WITH FITZGERALD LONG AGO...

I'LL GO DOWN AND SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED. YOU WAIT HERE WITH THE HORSES, NICK!



THE GIANT JEMMY HIND ENTERED THE GROUNDS OF LADY JANE'S HOUSE AND CREEPT SILENTLY THROUGH THE THICK BUSHES... SUDDENLY HE SAW A ROUNDHEAD SENTRY STANDING BY A GRATING SET IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE...



THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! A CROPPHEAD... THEN THE HOUSE MUST BE IN THEIR HANDS!

THEN, BEFORE JEMMY COULD MOVE, A FIGURE CAME ROUND THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING... THE CAVALIER WAS NOT TO KNOW IT, BUT IT WAS ELI BADGER, NOW IN ROUNDHEAD UNIFORM...

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, SENTRY? MAJOR MOULD WILL BE ROUND SHORTLY TO INSPECT THE POSTS. REMEMBER THAT THE PRISONER, DUVAL, IS THE MOST DANGEROUS CAVALIER ALIVE! IF HE ESCAPES, YOUR LIFE WILL NOT BE WORTH A PINCH OF SNUFF!



DON'T WORRY, SIR... I PEER DOWN THIS GRATING AT THE PRISONER FROM TIME TO TIME... HE'S SAFE ENOUGH... AND NOT ENJOYING LIFE, EITHER!

LIEUTENANT BADGER BEGAN TO WALK OFF... AND AT THAT MOMENT JEMMY HIND SNEEZED.



AAA--TISHOO!

WHO'S THERE? COME OUT OF THOSE BUSHES, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

BADGER WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO EAGER TO RUN INTO THE BUSHES HAD HE KNOWN WHO WAS THERE! AS HE RUSHED FORWARD, JEMMY HIND LEAPED UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT... AND A FIST LIKE A LEG O' MUTTON HIT THE ROUNDHEAD!



AAAGH!

GOOD EVENING! HIND'S THE NAME... AND THERE'S MY VISITING CARD!

The FAMOUS FIVE

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

AFTER HEARING THAT ONE OF THE SCHOOL GOVERNORS IS DISSATISFIED WITH DR. LOCKE THE HEADMASTER OF GREYFRIARS, BILLY BUNTER SPREADS THE RUMOUR THAT DR. LOCKE HAS BEEN DISMISSED. THE WHOLE SCHOOL IS STUNNED BY BUNTER'S NEWS, AND COKER OF THE FIFTH FORM TELLS DR. LOCKE THAT ALL THE BOYS ARE DEEPLY SORRY HE WILL BE LEAVING THE SCHOOL...

APPARENTLY UNAWARE OF THE STARTLED DISMAY ON DR. LOCKE'S FACE, THE BLUNDERING COKER CONTINUED...



I THINK YOU ARE A JOLLY GOOD HEADMASTER, SIR, EVEN IF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS DOESN'T. AND EVERY FELLOW IN THE SCHOOL WILL BE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO.

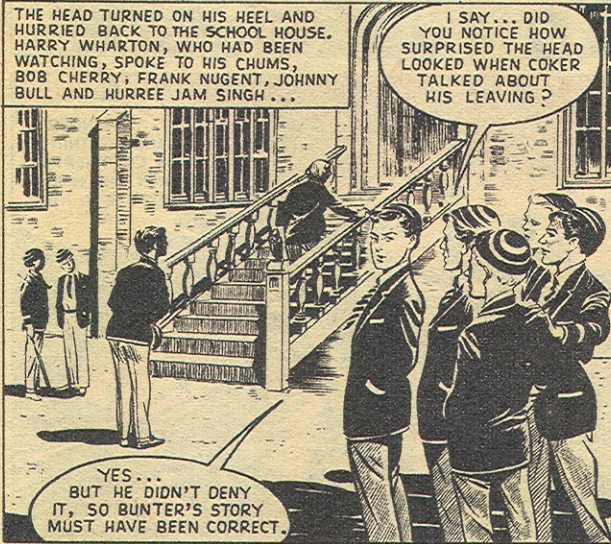
WITH A VOICE THAT TREMBLED WITH EMOTION, THE HEAD CUT SHORT COKER'S ELOQUENCE...



AND WHAT IS MORE...

SAY NO MORE, COKER. I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH.

THE HEAD TURNED ON HIS HEEL AND HURRIED BACK TO THE SCHOOL HOUSE. HARRY WHARTON, WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING, SPOKE TO HIS CHUMS, BOB CHERRY, FRANK NUGENT, JOHNNY BULL AND HURREE JAM SINGH...



I SAY... DID YOU NOTICE HOW SURPRISED THE HEAD LOOKED WHEN COKER TALKED ABOUT HIS LEAVING?

YES... BUT HE DIDN'T DENY IT, SO BUNTER'S STORY MUST HAVE BEEN CORRECT.

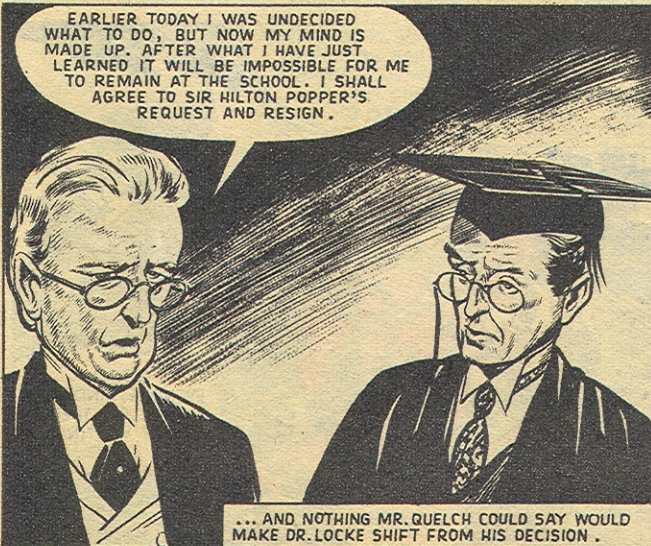
A FEW MINUTES LATER, DR. LOCKE WAS IN HIS STUDY, TALKING TO MR. QUELCH, THE REMOVE FORM-MASTER...



MR. QUELCH. I CONFIDED IN YOU THAT SIR HILTON POPPER SUGGESTED I SHOULD RESIGN AS HEADMASTER OF GREYFRIARS. I AM SURE YOU WOULD NEVER BETRAY THAT CONFIDENCE... BUT I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT EVERY BOY AT GREYFRIARS IS CONVINCED THAT I HAVE BEEN DISMISSED FROM THE SCHOOL.

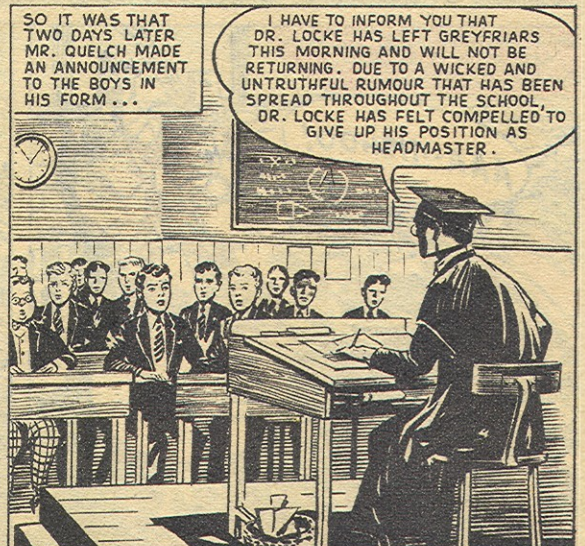
THIS IS SCANDALOUS!

EARLIER TODAY I WAS UNDECIDED WHAT TO DO, BUT NOW MY MIND IS MADE UP. AFTER WHAT I HAVE JUST LEARNED IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO REMAIN AT THE SCHOOL. I SHALL AGREE TO SIR HILTON POPPER'S REQUEST AND RESIGN.



... AND NOTHING MR. QUELCH COULD SAY WOULD MAKE DR. LOCKE SHIFT FROM HIS DECISION.

SO IT WAS THAT TWO DAYS LATER MR. QUELCH MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE BOYS IN HIS FORM...



I HAVE TO INFORM YOU THAT DR. LOCKE HAS LEFT GREYFRIARS THIS MORNING AND WILL NOT BE RETURNING. DUE TO A WICKED AND UNTRUTHFUL RUMOUR THAT HAS BEEN SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE SCHOOL, DR. LOCKE HAS FELT COMPELLED TO GIVE UP HIS POSITION AS HEADMASTER.

AFTER MORNING CLASSES THE FAMOUS FIVE EXCITEDLY DISCUSSED MR. QUELCH'S STATEMENT.

QUELCH SAYS DR. LOCKE RESIGNED BECAUSE OF AN UNTRUTHFUL RUMOUR. I WONDER IF BUNTER WAS TELLING THE TRUTH WHEN HE SAID HE OVERHEARD THE HEAD SAY HE HAD BEEN SACKED?

LET'S FIND THE FAT FREAK AND MAKE HIM SPILL THE BEANS.

THE CHUMS DISCOVERED BUNTER IN HIS STUDY, ENJOYING A SNACK BEFORE LUNCH.

BUNTER... JUST EXACTLY WHAT DID YOU HEAR DR. LOCKE SAY TO QUELCH THAT DAY YOU WERE HIDDEN IN THE HEAD'S STUDY?

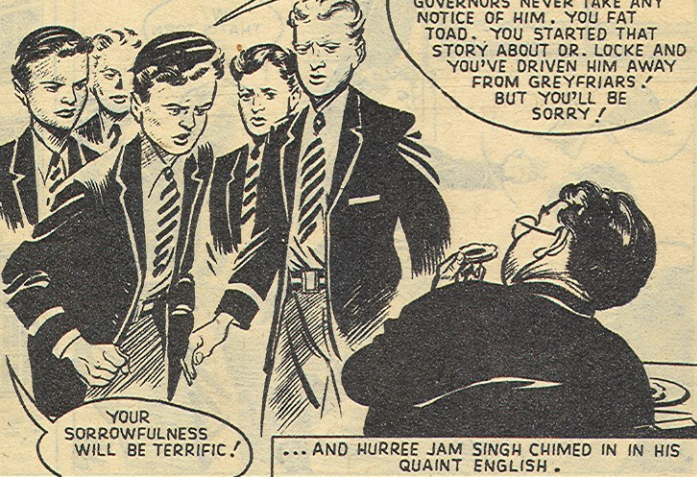
AND YOU'D BETTER TELL US THE TRUTH!

COME ON, BUNTER! START TALKING!

THE FAT BOY LOOKED IN ALARM AT THE DETERMINED FACES WHICH SURROUNDED HIM. HE SWALLOWED NERVOUSLY.

AN ANGRY EXCLAMATION BURST FROM HARRY'S LIPS...

SIR HILTON POPPER HAS ALWAYS GOT SOME BEE IN HIS BONNET... BUT THE OTHER GOVERNORS NEVER TAKE ANY NOTICE OF HIM. YOU FAT TOAD. YOU STARTED THAT STORY ABOUT DR. LOCKE AND YOU'VE DRIVEN HIM AWAY FROM GREYFRIARS! BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY!



BILLY BUNTER WAS NOT THE ONLY PERSON AT GREYFRIARS TO RECEIVE A LUNCH-TIME VISITOR. JAMES CARNFORTH, THE NEW HEADMASTER, HAD ALREADY ARRIVED AT THE SCHOOL AND WAS AT THAT MOMENT IN MR. QUELCH'S STUDY.

THANK YOU FOR ACTING AS HEADMASTER UNTIL MY ARRIVAL, MR. QUELCH. I BELIEVE THAT WHILE DR. LOCKE WAS HERE A GREAT DEAL OF SLACKNESS EXISTED AT GREYFRIARS. BUT FROM NOW ON THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT... VERY MUCH DIFFERENT!

THE NEW HEADMASTER GAVE A MIRTHLESS SMILE AND TURNED TO THE DOOR.

I WILL EXPLAIN MY METHODS TO YOU LATER, QUELCH. FIRST I SHALL MAKE A TOUR OF THE SCHOOL AND FIND OUT HOW MUCH EXTRA DISCIPLINE IS NEEDED.

IN WHAT WAY, MR. CARNFORTH?

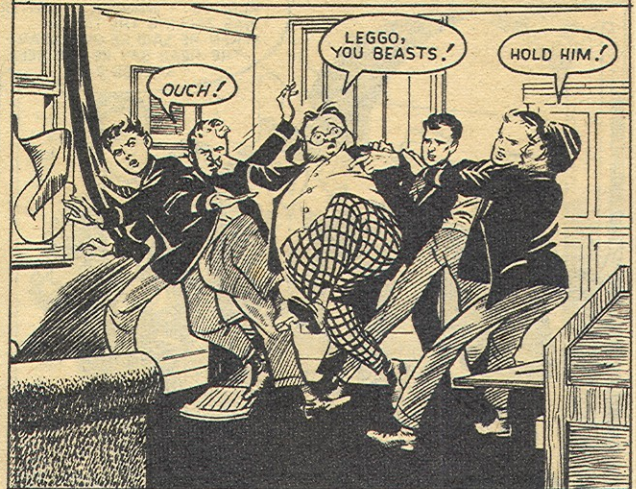


MEANWHILE, THE FAMOUS FIVE HAD THOUGHT UP AN ORIGINAL AND SUITABLE PUNISHMENT FOR BUNTER.



TIE THE OVER-FED HOG'S HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK, AND THEN WE'LL MAKE HIM WALK THROUGH THE SCHOOL WITH THIS NOTICE HUNG ROUND HIS NECK. I'VE JUST FINISHED WRITING IT.

WITH A LARGE SHEET OF CARDBOARD IN HIS HAND, HARRY MOVED ACROSS THE ROOM... AND AT THAT MOMENT BILLY BUNTER MADE A LAST DETERMINED EFFORT TO ESCAPE FROM HIS CAPTORS.



OUCH!

LEGGO, YOU BEASTS!

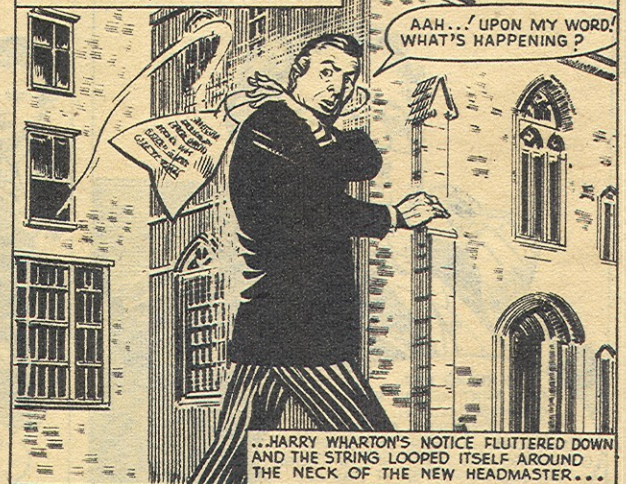
HOLD HIM!

AS FRANK NUGENT CANNONED INTO HIM, HARRY LOST HIS GRIP ON THE NOTICE HE HAD WRITTEN... AND IT WENT SAILING OUT THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...



OW! THAT'S TORN IT!

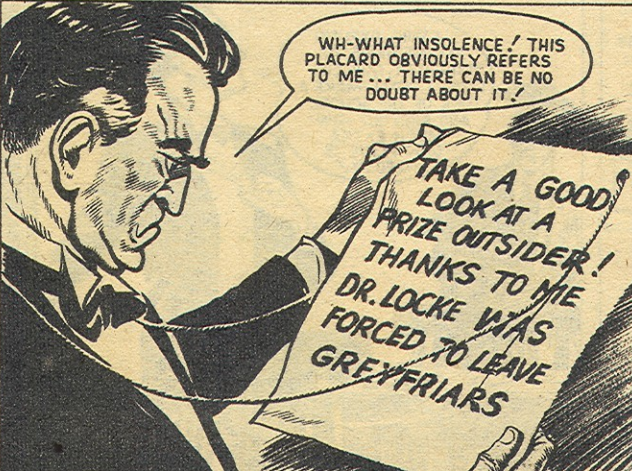
JUST BELOW BUNTER'S STUDY WINDOW, THE NEW HEADMASTER OF GREYFRIARS WAS STRIDING PURPOSEFULLY ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE, WHEN SUDDENLY...



AAH...! UPON MY WORD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

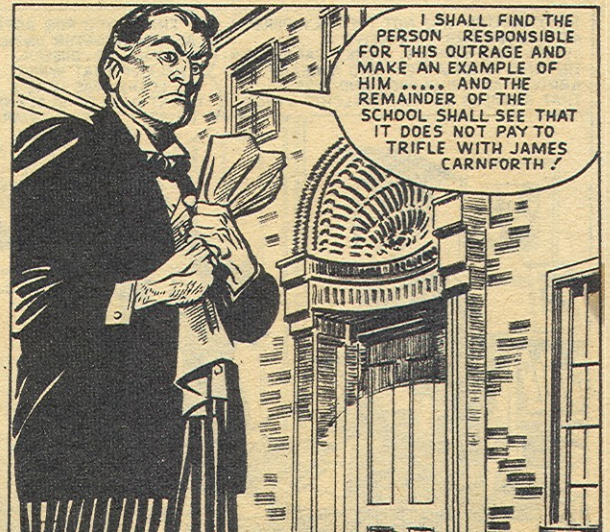
...HARRY WHARTON'S NOTICE FLUTTERED DOWN AND THE STRING LOOPED ITSELF AROUND THE NECK OF THE NEW HEADMASTER...

JAMES CARNFORTH PULLED THE CARD FROM HIS BACK SO THAT HE COULD SEE WHAT IT WAS. AND AS HE READ THE WORDS WRITTEN ON IT, HIS THIN LIPS TIGHTENED AND HIS FACE PALED WITH ANGER.



WH-WHAT INSOLENCE! THIS PLACARD OBVIOUSLY REFERS TO ME... THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT A PRIZE OUTSIDER! THANKS TO ME DR. LOCKE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE GREYFRIARS



I SHALL FIND THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE AND MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM... AND THE REMAINDER OF THE SCHOOL SHALL SEE THAT IT DOES NOT PAY TO TRIFLE WITH JAMES CARNFORTH!

Continue this fine story next week.

STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK



STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK AND HAWKEYE THE HUNTER ARE ON THE TRAIL OF A BAND OF RENEGADE FOX INDIANS, LED BY HOODED CROW. IN A WILD STORM, HAWKEYE IS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS AND STRONGBOW IS SWEEPED AWAY INTO A SEETHING TORRENT.

UNCONSCIOUS, MUDDY AND SOAKING WET, HAWKEYE THE HUNTER WAS DRAGGED THROUGH THE FOREST BY HOODED CROW AND HIS FOX WARRIORS...



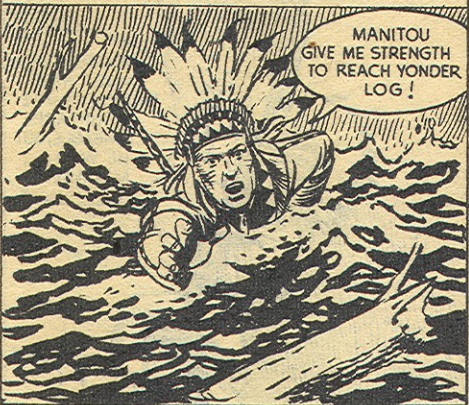
NEED WE CONTINUE TO BRING THIS PALEFACE, HOODED CROW? HE IS A HEAVY BURDEN.

YOUR LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT IF HE IS LEFT. HE MAY BE WORTH MORE TO US ALIVE THAN DEAD...FOR THOUGH STRONGBOW WAS SWEEPED AWAY IN THE FLOOD, HE HAS THE STRENGTH AND WILL OF A GOD...AND MAY STILL LIVE!



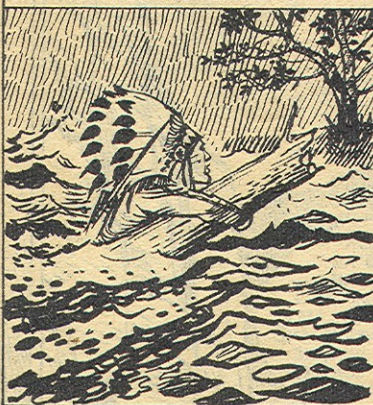
...A CUNNING IDEA WAS FORMING IN THE EVIL INDIAN'S TWISTED MIND...

HOODED CROW'S SURMISE WAS CORRECT...FOR THOUGH STRONGBOW HAD BEEN SWEEPED DOWNSTREAM BY THE RUSHING TORRENT, HE HAD FOUGHT WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS MUSCULAR BODY TO PREVENT HIMSELF BEING SUCKED BENEATH THE SURFACE.



MANITOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO REACH YONDER LOG!

WITH ONE CONVULSIVE KICK, THE MIGHTY MOHAWK REACHED THE LOG AND HIS FINGERS CURLED AROUND IT...THEN, HALF-CONSCIOUS, HE BEGAN TO STRUGGLE BACK TOWARDS THE NEAREST BANK...



THE WILD FURY OF THE STORM SEEMED TO SPEND ITSELF IN ONE LAST VIOLENT PURPLE FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND A ROLLING CRASH OF THUNDER...IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT STRONGBOW REACHED THE BANK...



THE GODS BE PRAISED... AT LAST!

GASPING, HE PULLED HIMSELF ON TO THE BANK AND LAY THERE, WITH HIS CHEST HEAVING...



SUCH A TERRIFYING ORDEAL WOULD HAVE LAID ANY ORDINARY MAN ON HIS BACK FOR A WEEK...BUT STRONGBOW WAS NO ORDINARY MAN! WITHIN AN HOUR, HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THE FOX INDIANS.



I PRAY THAT MY GALLANT COMRADE, HAWKEYE, HAS NOT BEEN SLAIN...BUT THERE ARE NO TRACKS OR SIGNS...THE RAIN HAS WASHED THEM ALL AWAY!

THEN, STRONGBOW FOUND SOMETHING TO GIVE HIM HOPE... SOME DEEP PRINTS IN THE MUD OF THE PATH ALONG WHICH HE HAD BEEN SEARCHING...



HAH! THOSE FOX CURS HALTED HERE ... FOR A REST, AND ONE OF THEM LOWERED A BURDEN WHICH HE WAS CARRYING ON HIS BACK... THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HAWKEYE! THEN HE IS A PRISONER OF HOODED CROW!

FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR, THE PATIENT MOHAWK SCOUTED AROUND... THEN HE PULLED UP SHORT AS HE CAME TO A BIRCH-BARK NOTE PINNED TO A TREE BY AN ARROW.



AAAAH! A MESSAGE MEANT FOR ME... 'THE HUNTER IS OUR CAPTIVE IN THE RED LAKE VALLEY... LET STRONGBOW RESCUE HIS COMRADE IF HE DARE!'

STRONGBOW SET OFF AT ONCE AND LATER THAT DAY HE REACHED THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY IN WHICH LAY RED LAKE VALLEY... IT WAS A SMALL VALLEY WITH A LAKE IN ITS CENTRE, WITH TOWERING CLIFFS SURROUNDING IT... THE ONLY ENTRANCE LAY THROUGH A NARROW PASS....



HOODED CROW IS AS CUNNING AS THE BIRD OF HIS NAME... HE HOPES TO LURE ME INTO THAT PASS AND DESTROY ME... THEN WITH BOTH HAWKEYE AND MYSELF OUT OF THE WAY, HE WILL BE FREE TO CONTINUE HIS EVIL WAR-PATH!

CAREFULLY SKIRTING THE HILLS AROUND THE VALLEY, STRONGBOW REACHED THE TOWERING ROCK FACE OF THE MOUNTAINS WHICH ENCLOSED RED LAKE VALLEY... THE FOOT OF MAN HAD NOT SCALED THOSE DANGEROUS CLIFFS BEFORE....



HOODED CROW MUST HAVE THOUGHT THESE MOUNTAINS UNCLIMBABLE, BUT HE WAS MISTAKEN!

AT LAST, THE MIGHTY MOHAWK REACHED THE TOPMOST RIDGE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE VALLEY FAR BELOW...



WITHOUT PAUSING, HE BEGAN THE PERILOUS DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY. ALL WENT WELL FOR FIVE HUNDRED FEET... BUT THEN STRONGBOW FOUND HIMSELF ON A NARROW LEDGE, BEYOND WHICH IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO MOVE....



Don't miss Strongbow's single-handed fight to save his comrade. More in your next Comet.

Room 197,
The Fleetway House,
The Amalgamated Press Ltd.,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4

Dear Readers,

I must take this opportunity to thank you all for your letters. I receive hundreds of letters a week from my readers of SUN and COMET, and it is from these letters that I am able to find out the kind of stories you like best of all.

Nearly all of you like our new covers... and the Chuckle Club is popular with everybody. Don't forget there is ten shillings waiting for all those whose joke is published on page seven... so have a go!

And the best of luck to you all,

Yours sincerely,
YOUR EDITOR.



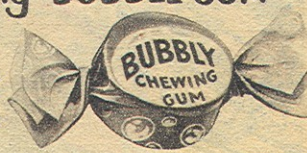
Golly, that's what
I call a
big bubble!

Bubbly
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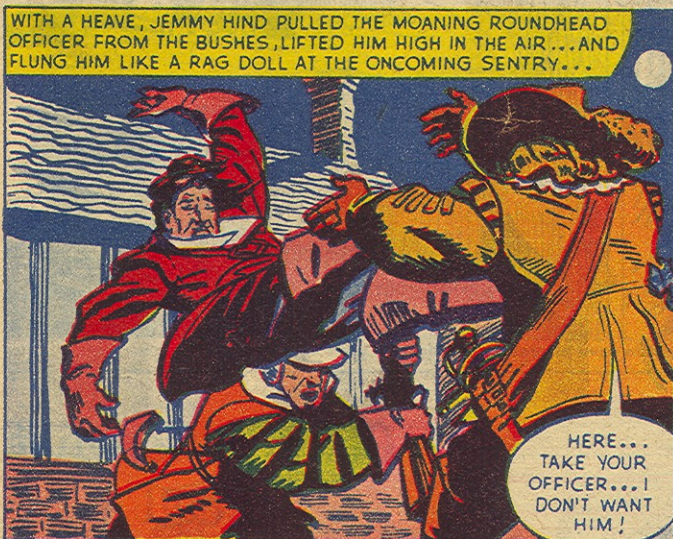
Anglo-American Chewing Gum Ltd.

WITH A YELL OF ALARM THE SENTRY CHARGED AT JEMMY. HIS MUSKET UPRaised...



SURRENDER!
SURRENDER,
OR I FIRE!

WITH A HEAVE, JEMMY HIND PULLED THE MOANING ROUNDHEAD OFFICER FROM THE BUSHES, LIFTED HIM HIGH IN THE AIR... AND FLUNG HIM LIKE A RAG DOLL AT THE ONCOMING SENTRY...



HERE...
TAKE YOUR
OFFICER...!
DON'T WANT
HIM!

CRAAASH! BADGER HIT THE TROOPER WITH A STUNNING THUD AND BOTH OF THEM FELL TO THE GROUND IN A MOANING, KICKING HEAP... BUT THEY WENT STRANGELY SILENT AS JEMMY BANGED THEIR HEADS TOGETHER!

YOU'VE HAD
ENOUGH EXERCISE
FOR ONE DAY...
SLEEP IT
OFF!



JEMMY WAS AFRAID THAT THE NOISE WOULD AROUSE THE OTHER SENTRIES, BUT HIS LUCK HELD... THE GRATING OVER THE CELLAR WAS FIXED WITH BOLTS, WHICH HE SLIPPED BACK AND A MOMENT LATER, CLAUDE DUVAL'S SMILING FACE EMERGED...



OUT YOU COME,
CLAUDE...AND THE SOONER
WE'RE AWAY FROM THIS
CROPHEAD NEST,
THE BETTER!

NO...WE CAN'T
LEAVE YET, JEMMY.
LADY JANE IS A
PRISONER IN THE
HOUSE. WE MUST
FREE HER!

CLAUDE DUVAL SWIFTLY TOLD JEMMY WHAT HAD HAPPENED, THEN THEY BOUND AND GAGGED THE ROUNDHEAD OFFICER WITH STRIPS TORN FROM HIS SHIRT AND TOSSED HIM INTO THE CELLAR...



HEAVENS! SOMEBODY'S
COMING...IT MUST BE MOULD
HIMSELF...THAT CROPHEAD
OFFICER SAID HE WAS
COMING!

RIGHT! CLOSE THE
GRATING AND GET OUT
OF SIGHT, JEMMY...
LEAVE MIDAS MOULD
TO ME!