

THERE'S NEWS FOR YOU UPON PAGE 4-AS WELL AS FUN AND THRILLS GALORE!



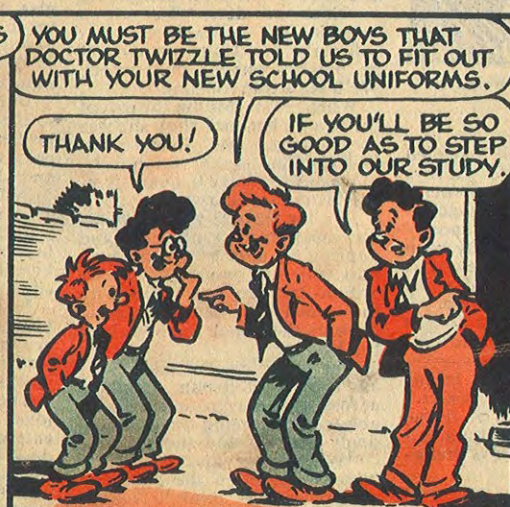
COMET

PRICE
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EVERY
MONDAY

No. 192. March 22, 1952

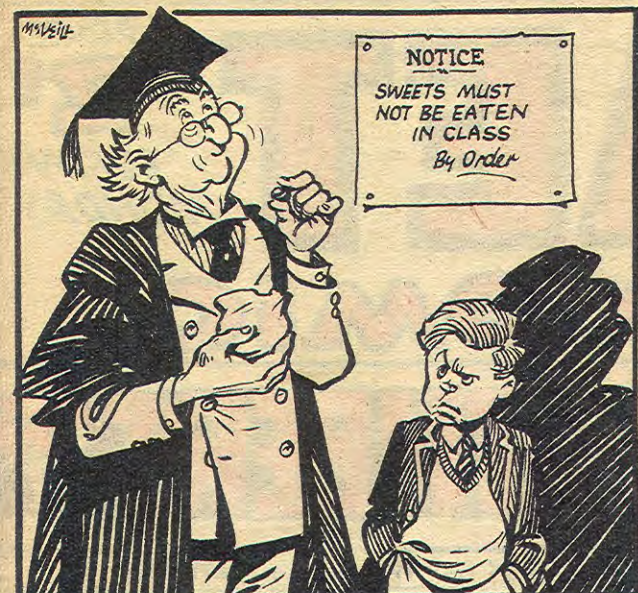
COMIC

The Adventures of **CLAUDE & CUTHBERT**



Meet Claude and Cuthbert again next week in our Bumper 20-page issue

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Jimmy Bash was furious when he caught Dr. Gandybar scoffing the confiscated sweets.

NO CANDYBARS AT GANDYBARI!

MR. HALFSUN rapped the desk angrily. "William Wizzard, come out here at once," he called.

Slowly the schoolboy inventor obeyed. William was the son of a great inventor, and with his bulging forehead and large spectacles he looked like a smaller edition of his famous parent.

"Now," said Mr. Halfsun, "what are you eating?" "Toffee, sir," croaked Willie in his crows-like voice. "Everlasting toffee."

"Well, put it out at once," ordered Mr. Halfsun.

Reluctantly Willie obeyed. No sooner had Willie taken his seat than Mr. Halfsun banged the desk again. "James Bash," he thundered, "come out here. What are you eating?"

"Peppermints, sir," said Jimmy.

"Well, put them out at once. This has got to stop. Only a fortnight to the examinations and half the class sitting chewing sweets. You all know sweets are forbidden in the class-room. Stand up all boys who have sweets in their possession."

With some hesitation about a dozen boys stood up. "Very well," said Mr. Halfsun, "file out quietly and put your sweets on my desk. I'm going to speak to the head about this. I suggest that the tuck shop be placed out of bounds every day except Friday till after the exams."

The class groaned, but as Mr. Halfsun looked really angry they went on with their lessons.

After school Mr. Halfsun gathered up the bags of sweets and went to the headmaster's study. Dr. Gandybar stared in amazement at the Form master with his arms full of sweets.

"I confiscated these this morning," explained Mr. Halfsun. "We must do something about it. Dr. Gandybar. The boys sit eating sweets all day. I suggest that we place the tuck shop out of bounds every day except Friday till after the examinations."

"Yes—yes, of course," agreed Dr. Gandybar absently as he watched the bags being placed in a row in front of him. "What an amazing assortment!" He prodded one bag open with his finger. "Ah, jellied beans!"

Mr. Halfsun had a look. "So they are! I didn't know they were back on the market."

Dr. Gandybar gave the bag another prod. "I don't suppose they're as good as they were in

my day," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Halfsun. "We always think the old things were better."

"M'm," the doctor shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know." Suddenly he popped a jelly bean into his mouth and chewed it thoughtfully. "Not bad," he pronounced. "Here, try one."

Mr. Halfsun looked in the bag. "I like the red ones," he said. "Ah, here's one."

Dr. Gandybar looked in the next bag. "Huh, peppermint," he grunted, and passed on to the next. "Ah, chocolate creams! I wonder which ones have strawberry flavour."

Mr. Halfsun said the round ones. Dr. Gandybar thought it should be the square ones. So they had to try one of each, and as they were both mistaken they had to try again. Soon they were sitting back sampling all the bags and talking of the lovely sweets they used to buy when they were boys.

They were still sitting chewing half an hour later when Jimmy Bash tapped at the door and came into the room. He stared in amazement at the two men, who went very red in the face.

"Please, sir," said Jimmy, "this telegram just arrived—"

"Ah, thank you," said the head, getting guiltily to his feet. When Jimmy had gone he looked at Mr. Halfsun. "Caught that time," he said. He tore open the telegram and gave an exclamation. "Why, it's from Cyrus T. Attaboy, the generous American who helped our Renovation Fund. He's coming here on Friday with his son. He wants to enrol the boy at the Academy. I think he'll qualify for the Fourth. On Friday afternoon see that the boys are on their best behaviour. I'll bring Mr. Attaboy and his son along and introduce them to the class."

"Very good," said Mr. Halfsun, popping a chocolate caramel into his mouth. "What about the ban on the tuck shop?"

"Oh, very well," agreed the doctor. "Till after the exams."

The next day a notice went up placing the tuck shop out of bounds every day except Friday for the next two weeks.

The boys were furious. "No sweets for us!" choked Jimmy Bash, "and they sit in the head's study scoffing the ones they've pinched from us!" He hadn't meant to tell, but now he had. The boys howled with rage. "Let's tell Willie Wizzard!" they shouted.

They found Willie in his den behind the boilerhouse. He was

stirring a dark brown mixture in a tin over a spirit stove.

"What are you concocting, Willie?" asked Jimmy.

"Everlasting toffee," grunted Willie.

"Smells good," said Jimmy. He told Willie about the ban on the tuck shop and about Mr. Halfsun and Dr. Gandybar eating all their sweets. "What are we going to do about it?" he asked.

Willie thought for a minute. "This is the solution," he said. "Everlasting toffee. I can make it in every shape and flavour. It can be supplied to Mrs. Muffin in the tuck shop every Friday morning. She can charge three times the usual price. Each sweet will last a week without losing its flavour."

"But what if old Halfsun pinches them?" asked Jimmy.

Willie looked thoughtful again. Then his face brightened. He reached up to a high shelf and took down a jar containing a white powder. "This is a formula X," he explained. "It will make Mr. Halfsun sorry if he pinches one of our sweets. We'll set a trap for him."

When Mrs. Muffin heard of the ban on her tuck shop she was very upset. She listened to Willie's plan rather doubtfully, but agreed to take a quantity of everlasting toffee on trial.

For the next few days Willie was busy stirring his pots and pouring his dark sticky mixtures into different moulds. The air around his den was heavy with the smell of many different flavours that made the boys long for Friday.

One morning Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfsun, walking across the playground, talking about the coming exams, suddenly stopped and sniffed.

"What is that delicious odour?" inquired the doctor. "Treacle, I think," replied

LOOK! GOOD NEWS!

Next week's COMET will be a BUMPER 20-PAGE ISSUE!

There's a GRAND GIFT ALBUM FREE FOR EVERY READER!

Read all about this SUPER NEWS ON PAGE FOUR!

Mr. Halfsun. "Wizzard is preparing a toffee that will last a week."

"M'm. Smells nice. Let's hope no boy is caught eating it in the class-room." He gave Mr. Halfsun a knowing look and winked.

Willie had agreed to deliver the toffee to Mrs. Muffin early on Friday morning, but he had worked so late the night before that he overslept, and only just slipped into the classroom before roll-call.

At dinnertime a note arrived from Mrs. Muffin. It was too late to send the toffee, she wrote, would Willie just sell it to the boys and let her have the money later? Willie, who was very obliging, agreed.

He dusted the trays of toffee with icing sugar, put so many sweets in each of the little bags Mrs. Muffin had sent, and laid them on a table. It wasn't long before the news got round that Willie Wizzard had opened shop for the sale of everlasting toffee. Soon he was besieged with customers. With Jimmy Bash helping him he was kept busy for a full half hour handing out toffee and collecting money.

When the last boy had been served Jimmy collapsed on a chair. "Gosh! What a rush," he said. "I haven't had time to eat one myself." He popped a caramel into his mouth. "The bell goes in ten minutes. What about the special assortment for

old Halfsun to pinch—I mean confiscate?"

"Oh yes," said Willie. "We'll sprinkle a few toffees with formula X." He reached up to take down the jar, then gave a gasp of amazement. The jar was empty!

"No!" he exclaimed. "It can't be! I must have emptied the whole lot into the toffee!"

"Gosh! What will happen?" asked Jimmy.

"I don't know," said Willie slowly. "But formula X is powdered laughing gas. I think maybe they will start to laugh."

"Is that all? A good laugh never hurt anybody," said Jimmy with a titter that became a chuckle and blossomed out into a loud hearty laugh.

"I—I'm doing it myself," he managed to say. "How long does it last?"

"I don't know," cried Willie in desperation, "and I forget how to make it stop."

He looked in alarm at his pal who had thrown his head back and was holding his sides while tears ran down his cheeks.

"I c-can't stop," Jimmy struggled to say. "I-I hope I don't laugh for ever." He sounded happy, but he looked miserable.

"Take the toffee out of your mouth," instructed Willie.

Jimmy did so. Then staggering to the sink, still laughing, he put his head under the tap and let the cold water flow into his mouth and all over his face.

Willie paced back and forth in desperation. "Oh dear," he wailed. "I can't remember how to stop it. It's quite simple, but I can't remember. Soon the whole class will be laughing."

Even as he spoke he could hear, floating across the playground from the windows of the Fourth Form classroom the sound of laughing boys.

The boys seemed to be in a jovial mood when Mr. Halfsun entered the room. He rapped the desk for silence. With an effort the boys controlled themselves, and the laughter subsided a little.

"Order, now boys," said Mr. Halfsun. "The Head will be here any moment. Here Smith, what are you laughing at?"

"Please sir, I don't know," said Smith, chuckling. "I can't help it."

"Don't be silly. You must know. Come out here at once. What's that you have in your hand? Sweets? How often have I told you—Here, give them to me. Now go back to your place and stop laughing."

At that moment Dr. Gandybar opened the door. "Mr. Attaboy is on his way from the station," he said. "I'll meet him at the school gate. Dear me, your boys seem very happy. Have you been telling them a joke?"

Mr. Halfsun walked with the Head into the corridor. "I don't know what's on foot," he whispered. "They're all chewing Wizzard's everlasting toffee, and chuckling."

"Everlasting toffee!" exclaimed the Head. "How does it taste? I mean did you—"

"Well, I had to take—er—confiscate some from Smith." Mr. Halfsun produced the bag and held it open.

"I don't think this is quite right," remarked Dr. Gandybar as he selected the biggest toffee. "But if they're all eating it why should we be different?"

"No reason at all," agreed Mr. Halfsun cheerfully. "Besides there's something very funny about this toffee. It is our duty to find out what it is."

As Dr. Gandybar reached the school gates a taxi swung into the drive. It stopped, and the portly figure of Mr. Attaboy alighted rather stiffly. He was followed by a plump, sulky-looking boy.

"Ah, good-afternoon," said the Head genially. "I hope you are well."

"As a matter of fact, I'm not," replied Cyrus T. Attaboy. "I had a slight accident."

"Really! Too bad," said the Head with a chuckle.

"Yes," went on the American, "dropped a spanner on my big toe. It hurt I can tell you."

"I'm sure it did," said the Head. Then, unable to control himself, he burst into a great roar of laughter.

"What's so funny?" demanded Cyrus.

"Oh, nothing. I'm sorry." Doctor Gandybar pressed his lips together, determined not to let another laugh escape.

"This is Junior," said Cyrus T. Attaboy, pushing forward the plump sulky boy. "He's a great kid."

The doctor's shoulders were shaking up and down like a jelly. His face had turned purple. He looked ready to burst. He opened his mouth to speak. "I'm sure he is—" he began, but the laughter had found an opening, and out it came. There are several types of laughter; the ha-ha, the he-he, the ho-ho, the titter, the giggle, the yuk-yuk, and the cackle. Doctor Gandybar's was a cackle. He threw back his head and cackled so loudly that all the hens in the neighbourhood listened in admiration.

The American was most annoyed. "Say, professor, what's the joke?" he inquired.

"Aw the guy's cuckoo," said Junior.

"Quiet, Junior," said Cyrus. "The guy—I mean the professor's got hysterics or sompthin'. Better take him to the school."

Meanwhile Willie paced up and down in a frenzy of despair.

"What will I do," he cried as the howls of laughter from the schoolroom window grew louder. "I can't remember the way to stop it. It is quite simple, if only I could remember."

Jimmy was busy drying his face. "Haven't you got it written down somewhere?" he asked.

"I don't think so," croaked Willie, rummaging through a heap of jumbled papers in a drawer. Jimmy started to help him. Suddenly the same thought occurred to both boys. They looked at each other.

"You're not laughing now!" exclaimed Willie.

"Neither am I!" cried Jimmy. "That's it—water! Dash water in the patient's face. Come on!"

Across the playground towards the school sped Willie, his pal close behind him. At the entrance they found a Sixth Former hanging on to the doorpost and laughing helplessly with a "chug-chug" sound like an over-age ferry-boat. Hanging on to the stair banister was a lanky youth from the Fifth. He went "yuk-yuk," like Whizzy the wicked Wizzard. Both aimed a kick at Willie as he passed. Fortunately both missed.

"Water! Water!" cried Willie, snatching up one of the emergency fire buckets that stood in the hall. Jimmy did the same. The caretaker, coming down the stairs at the moment, saw them and leapt into action.

"Fire," he shouted, taking the steps three at a time. He saw the two helpless Seniors, and thought they were having hysterics.

"Steady, boys," he cautioned as he dashed past. "Keep cool and calm." He snatched the hose-pipe from the hydrant and rushed after Willie and Jimmy.

"Water!" shouted Willie.

"Water!" yelled Jimmy.

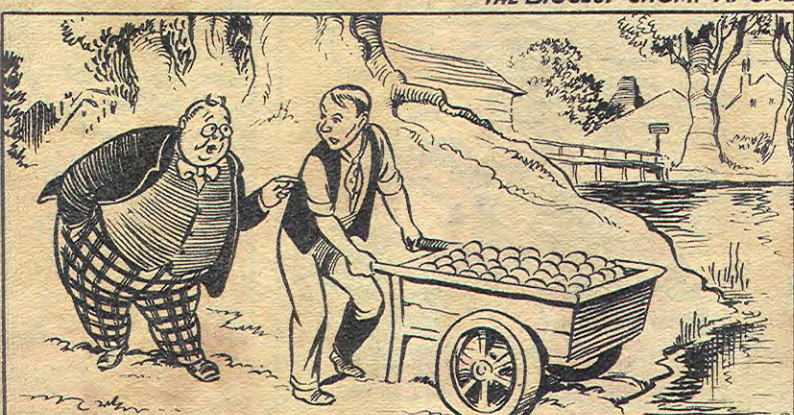
"Turn on the water," shouted the caretaker over his shoulder. The Fifth Former rushed to obey. He pulled the wheel on the hydrant. Instantly the flat hose leapt into life. The caretaker had just reached the door of the Fourth Form classroom when the water reached the brass nozzle of the hose. It burst forth in a powerful stream, hitting Mr. Halfsun right between the eyes. Mr. Halfsun, who had been engaged in a hearty laugh of the "ho-ho" variety sat down heavily and stopped laughing. As the

(Continued on page 7)

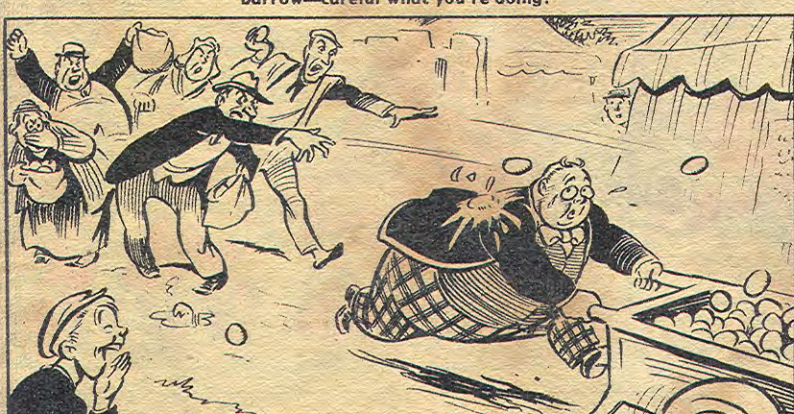
THE EXPLOITS OF BILLY BUNTER

THE BIGGEST CHUMP AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL

Bunter tries to sell bad eggs—
He's one himself—but
with two legs!



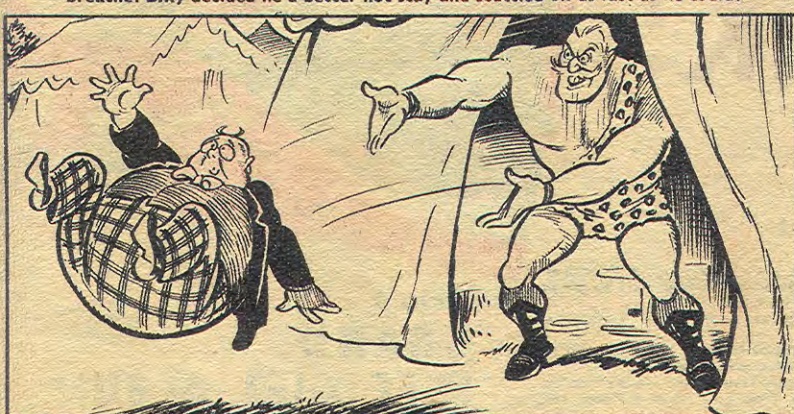
Billy Bunter was taking a stroll by the River Sark the other morning when he saw a boy pushing a barrow. Billy was very interested, because it so happened that that boy was the grocer's boy. Billy hustled along to speak to him, when all of a sudden he saw the boy start to tipple the barrow right at the edge of the towpath. "Here, I say!" he cried. "Those are eggs in that barrow—careful what you're doing!"



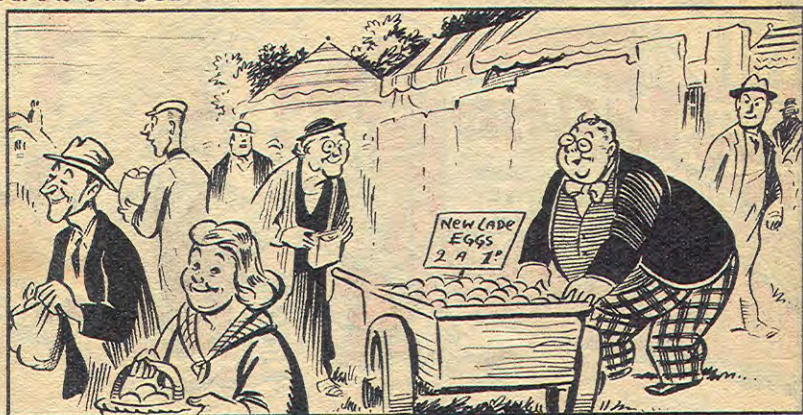
There was a fair and circus on in Courtfield village. Billy took the barrow down there and started to sell the bad eggs for two a penny. He did a roaring trade! But only for a while! Old Mrs. Tomkins dropped one by accident and the smell was enough to make your hair curl! The word soon got around, and it wasn't long before Billy's customers saw through his little scheme. Billy had to run as fast as his fat legs would carry him!



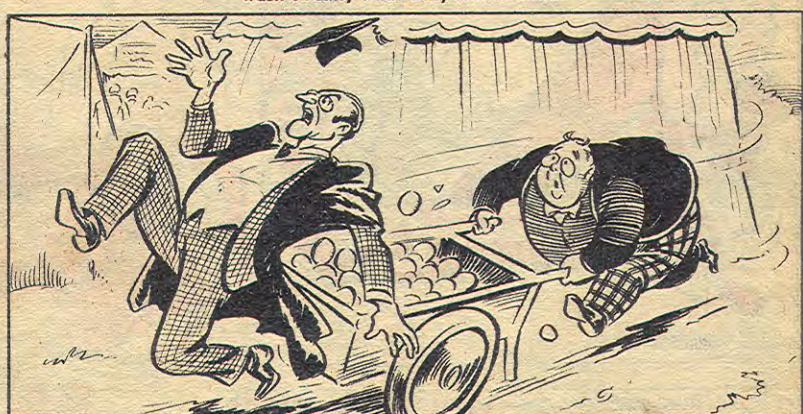
Billy whizzed around the corner of a tent—and smash! He cannoned straight into the back of Mr. Quelch, his form master! Mr. Quelch was walking around the fairground—which was out of bounds—looking for any Greyfriars boys who might have sneaked in. He went flying! And so did all the eggs! They went spilling out all around Mr. Quelch, and he could hardly breathe! Billy decided he'd better not stay and scuttled off as fast as he could!



Billy had really jumped out of the frying pan into the fire this time! He stood there frozen with terror as the strong man roared with rage. And then he felt himself picked up by the seat of his trousers and the scruff of his neck and lifted into the air as though he was a feather-weight. "Eeeek! Wow! Yarrooo!" bellowed Billy. "Here—I say—don't drop me!"



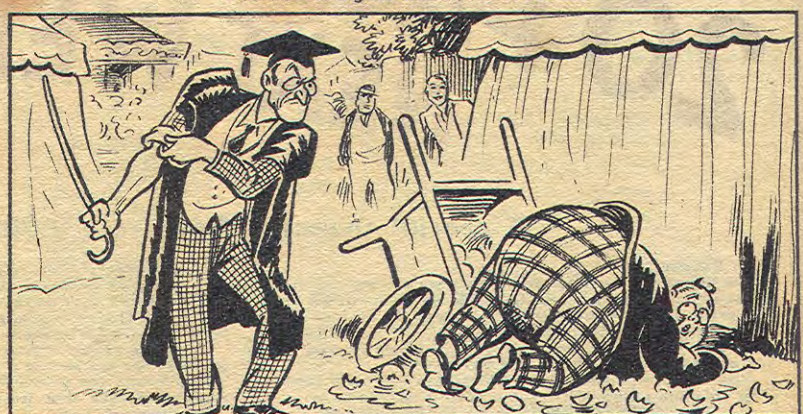
"I know they're eggs," said the boy, setting his barrow down. "They're rotten eggs. That's why I'm going to dump 'em in the river!" Billy Bunter's brain started to buzz—there was a wheeze coming. "I say! I can use—er—that is, I'll throw them away for you—They'll go on the school allotment—make things grow. I'll bring the barrow back afterwards!" But that wasn't really what Billy had in mind!



Now anyone else would have left the barrow and scooted—but not Billy Bunter. His head is as fat as every other part of him and still having some silly idea of selling the rest of the eggs somewhere else, he pushed the barrow in front of him as he ran. The people who had bought the eggs threw them after him. "Mean beasts!" gasped Billy. "Fancy throwing filthy rotten old eggs at a chap. What rotten manners! Yah! Beasts!"



The other people who'd been chasing Billy came into view now, so Billy vanished. He dived head first under the edge of a tent and as he stood up inside—crack!—his head hit something hard. Then came a mighty bellow of rage. Of all the tents on the circus ground, he'd chosen the strong man's tent. He'd come up under the table and knocked it flying—just as the strong man was having his dinner. He was cross!



The strong man didn't drop Billy. He threw him—straight out of his tent on to the grass outside, right among his smelly, broken eggs! Billy was just about to get up as hurriedly as he could, when a grim, familiar voice spoke: "That will do admirably, Bunter! Wretched youth! I shall chastise you here and now!" And then something swished—and it stung too! Billy was getting what he deserved for being dishonest!

Next week in our Bumper special gift number: Bunter visits the Wild, Wild West and becomes the hero of the hour!

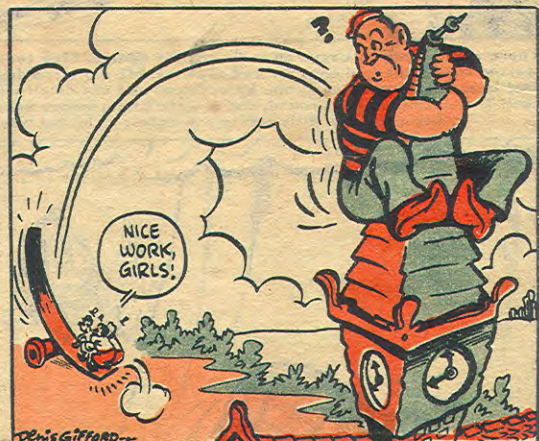
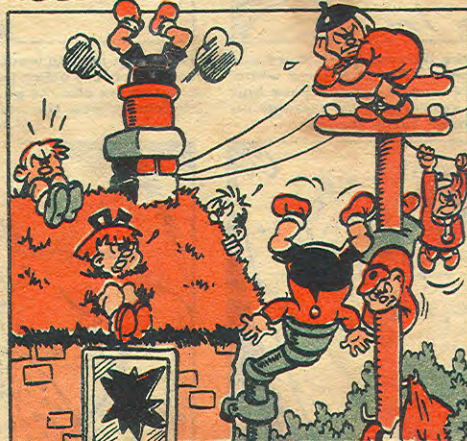
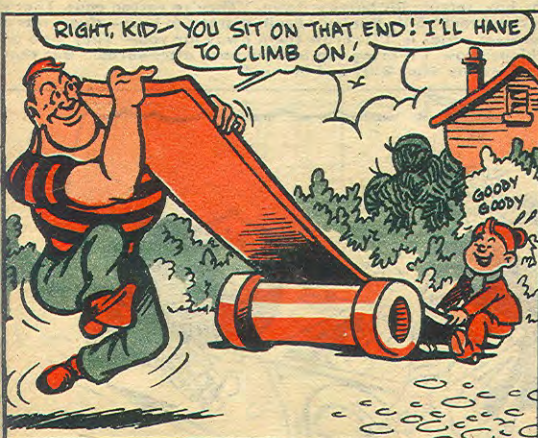
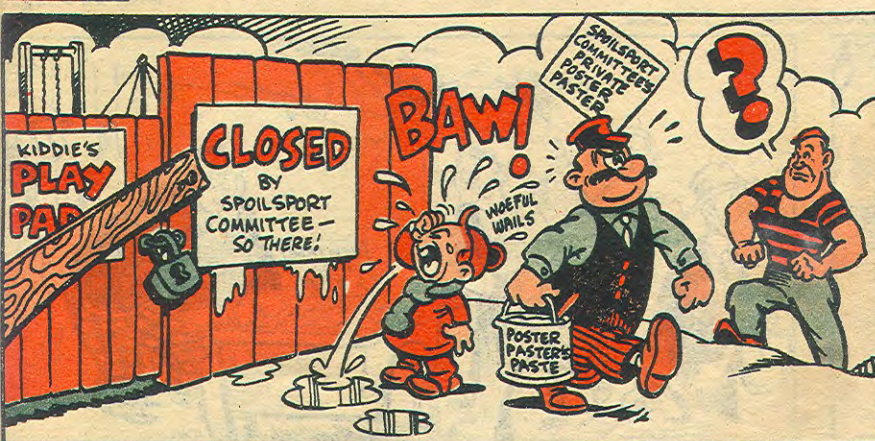


TOUGH TEX

OUR

MIGHTY

MIRTHQUAKE



GOOD NEWS!

20 PAGES NEXT WEEK!

A special message from your Editor!

Dear Readers,
The big news I have for you is that we are making some changes in the printing of COMET, so as to make your favourite comic into an even better paper than it is already. Starting with next week's issue, COMET will be printed on a new handy size, and will have 20 pages packed with fun and excitement, thrills and adventure.
Also, there will be a grand gift album for every reader. This splendid album will be the official handbook of The "COMET" ENGINE-SPOTTERS' CLUB.
It is filled with all the things you want to know about British Railways and engine-spotting—a grand 28-page album FREE with every copy of COMET.
Every reader of COMET will become a member of our

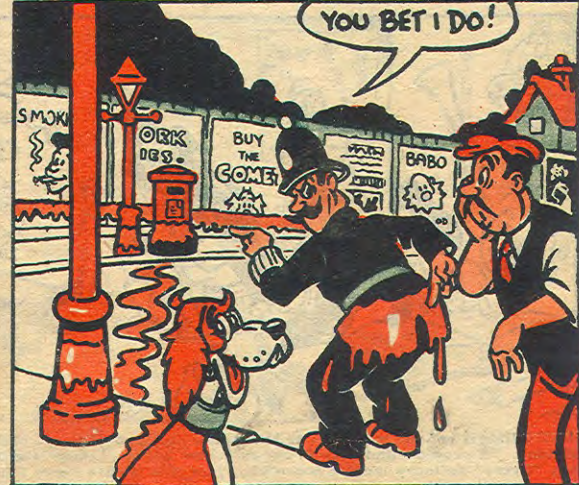
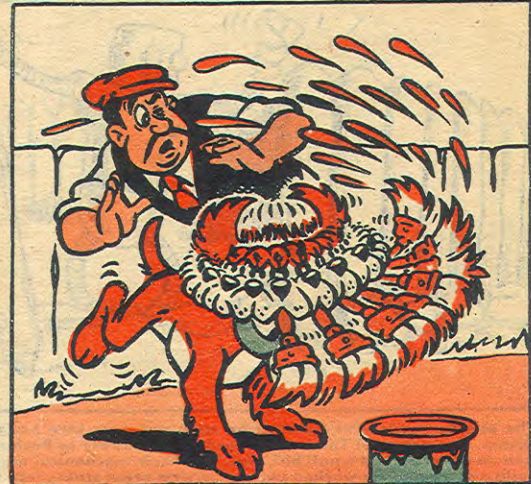
Engine-Spotters' Club, in fact, your Certificate of Membership and your personal membership number will be given to you on the back page of your album.
There will also be many presents every week for Engine-Spotters' Club Members.
The price of this 20-page bumper issue of COMET will be 3d. and that will be the price from next week on.
Don't miss the grand free gift issue next week, chums. And remember that another free gift issue follows the week after.
Order your copies from your newsagent right away!
Cheerily yours,
The Editor.



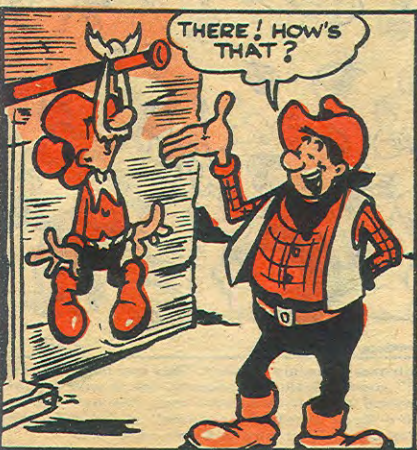
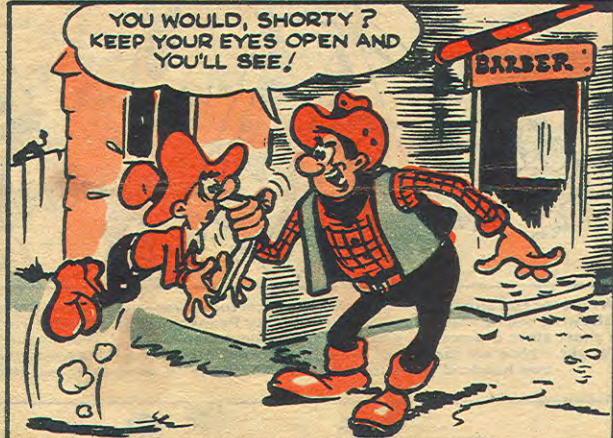
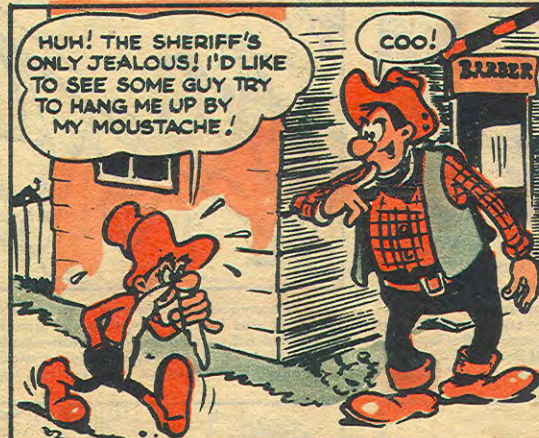
**Also a
GRAND
FREE GIFT ALBUM**
With Every Copy of
"COMET"



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND

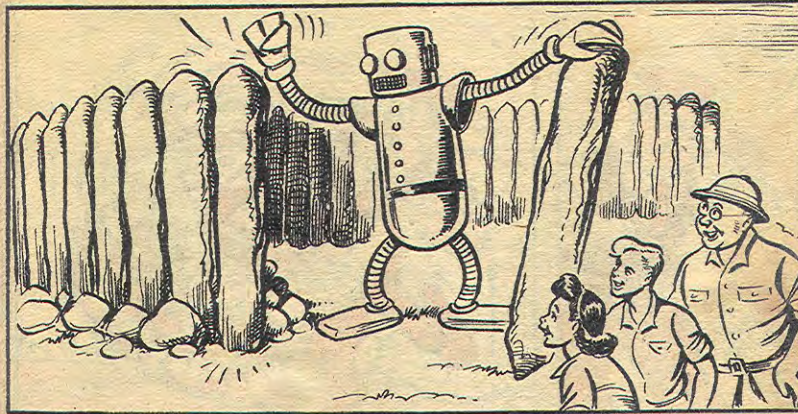


SHORTY - THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

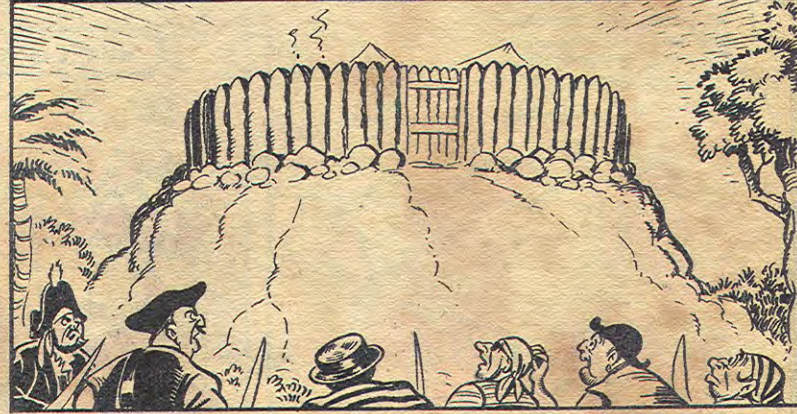


LIVE LONG ISLAND

Nobody ever gets any older on Live Long Island. Black Bellamy and his pirate crew have lived there for two hundred years. When Peter and Ann and their uncle, Professor Jolly, arrive to search for uranium, the pirates try to frighten them away, as they think they are searching for Captain Kidd's treasure, said to be hidden there. But the professor makes a mechanical man.



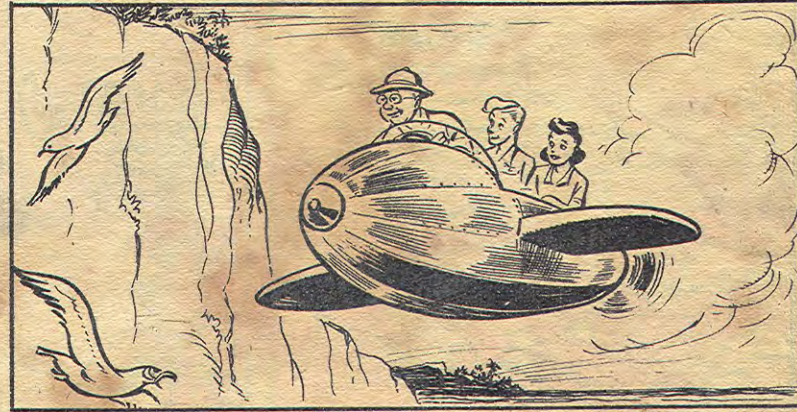
The sound of quick-fire hammering rang out over Live Long Island. Clang-thump, clang-thump, clang-thump! The noise echoed back hollowly as Professor Jolly stood with Peter and Ann on the crest of a small hill, watching their mechanical man using his mighty strength to build a stockade. He worked swiftly, driving great stakes into the ground to make a circular fence well-strengthened with rocks. "That will keep out the pirates, Uncle," Peter chuckled.



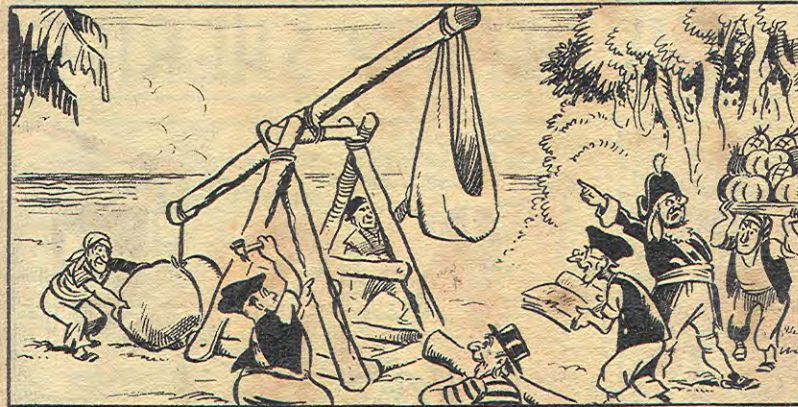
Soon the stockade was finished, with Professor Jolly and the children safely camped inside. Attracted by the hammering noise, Black Bellamy and his crew came creeping through the woods to see what it was all about. "Shiver my timbers and splice my mainbrace!" growled the pirate chief sulkily. "Look what they've done!" His men gaped at the tall, strong stockade. "Tisn't fair!" they grumbled. "We can never capture them now!"



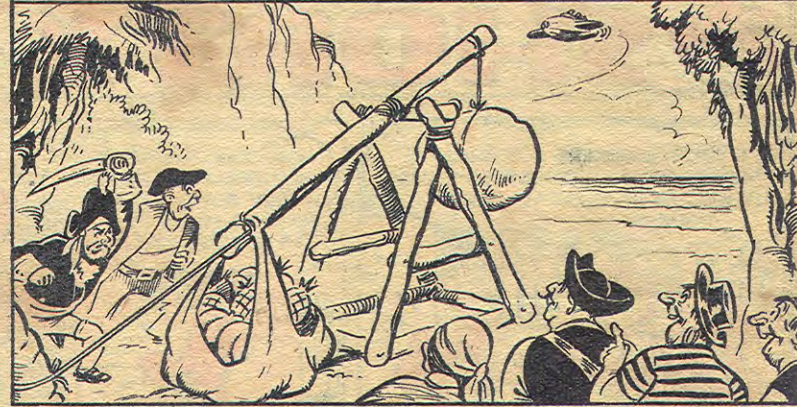
Black Bellamy led the way back to the pirate headquarters and there they sat thinking and thinking. "We could stand outside and call them names," suggested one of the pirates at long last. "Grrr!" Bellamy snarled scornfully. Just then pirate Percy Pennyquick looked up from the ancient book he was reading and gave a squeak of excitement. Percy was not a real buccaneer. He was Bellamy's clerk, keeping all accounts for the ship's company. But now—!



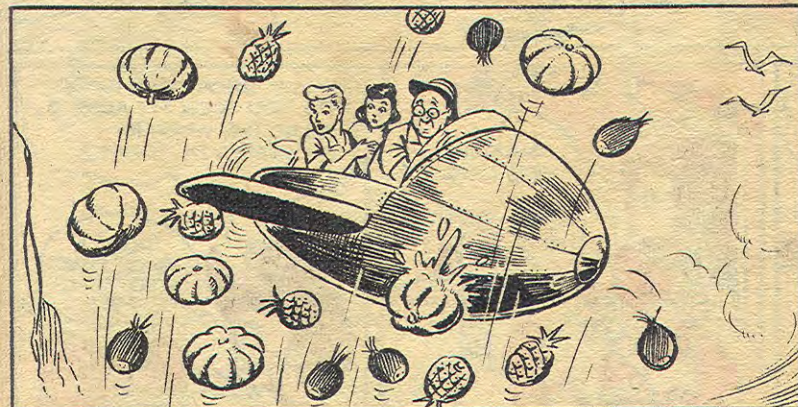
Percy Pennyquick had really found something useful in that old book, but Professor Jolly and the children knew nothing of the cunning plan that was being prepared. "Come along," smiled the professor when they finished lunch. "We'll go for a joyride." A few minutes later they were soaring up past the cliffs in Professor Jolly's lighter-than-air machine. "This is lovely," cried Ann. "I wonder how Black Bellamy and his crew like our stockade!"



Whatever the pirates thought, they were certainly very busy. Black Bellamy bellowed orders, following the instructions read out by Percy Pennyquick. Swiftly the work went ahead, and in a short time a powerful giant catapult had taken shape. "Wonderful!" roared Bellamy in delight. "Now we can attack them, even in the air! Pirate Pennyquick, well done! I've waited two hundred years for you to be some use to us—and at last it's happened!"



Percy Pennyquick blushed with pride. But there was no time to be lost! The long arm of the catapult was hauled down to the ground and lashed there. Then the sling at the end was filled with all sorts of ammunition—melons, pineapples, coconuts, and everything the pirates could think of. Suddenly the flying machine came in sight. "Stand back!" roared Bellamy, drawing his cutlass. "I'll cut the rope as soon as they pass overhead. Ha! ha! ha!"



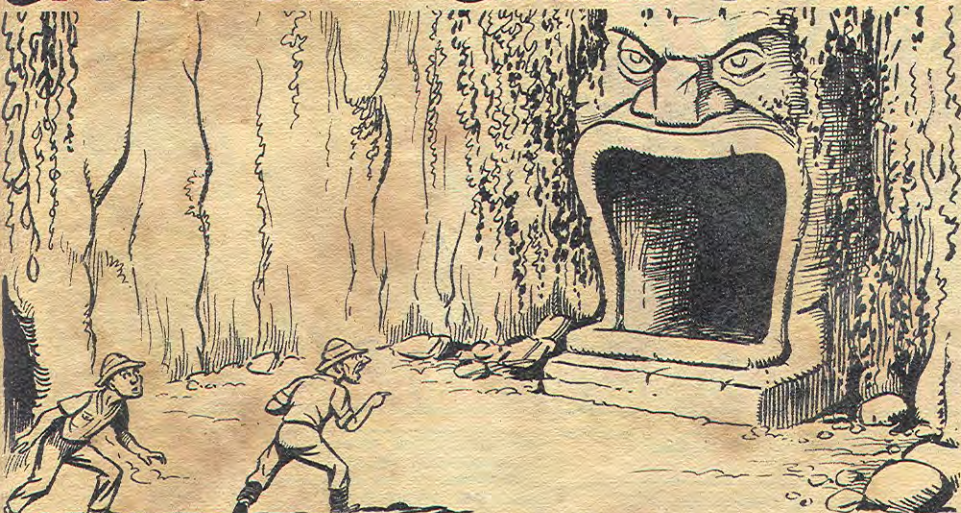
A few seconds later that keen blade slashed through the rope. The great stone at the other end of the sling hurtled down, and all the ammunition was sent hurtling straight up into the air. Peter and Ann and their uncle were quite startled as they found themselves flying through a hail of fruit and coconuts. The machine reeled for a second then became steady again. "Ooops!" cried the professor. "There's a trick for you! But we're all right!"



The flying machine was all right. . . but the pirates certainly weren't. They had forgotten that what goes up must come down! "Look out!" roared Bellamy suddenly, but it was too late. In a moment the whole crew was being showered and spattered with their own ammunition, yelling and gurgling as they tried in vain to dodge. "Pirate Pennyquick!" growled Bellamy dazedly. "I want a word with you, you clever little pirate. Come here! Ow!"

Next week in our Big Free Gift Number: The pirates steal the professor's Shrink-ray—and Peter and Ann! Don't miss the fun!

JACK THE GIANT TAMER



"Look!" cried Butch. "That mouth is a great big doorway! I bet the treasure's in there!"

In the heart of Africa, following the directions on an old treasure map his uncle had given him, Jack Swift and his faithful black servant, Kobo, have discovered a race of giants. By a strange fluke, Jack has become their king. But Seth Larson and Butch Judd, two white crooks, know of the treasure and are following Jack to rob him when he finds it. With the aid of Luki and his fierce Basuti warriors they attack the peaceful valley of giants, but as the battle goes against them, Seth and Butch sneak off to try and enter the valley alone. Luki discovers their treachery but stays on to fight.

FLYING DEMONS

JACK SWIFT, Kobo, and Ko-Za the giant, moved cautiously towards the valley mouth. Dusk was falling, and the wild rifle-fire from the Basuti warriors outside had ceased.

The three friends slowly poked their heads around the screening rocks. Jack got a glimpse of hurrying figures building huge bonfires—then rifles cracked and bullets whined all around them. "Back!" sang out Jack.

The three ducked out of sight, and crawled back from the valley mouth. When they were safe, they stopped. Ko-Za was the first to speak.

"Lord, the little men still have the sticks that go bang, and still they send their buzzing bees to sting us. What shall we do now?"

Jack frowned as he thought. He was feeling a little disappointed that his first plan had not altogether succeeded, though he guessed that the black warriors could not have many bullets left.

"Dey is lightin' dem bonfires, Massa Jack," said Kobo, who was facing towards the valley mouth. "Now they will be able to see us if we try to go out!"

Jack and Ko-Za turned and stared for a moment at the flickering red glow that was already showing against the cliff walls. The sun was just setting, and when darkness fell, Jack knew that it would give the enemy all the advantages.

The light from the fires would show up any move that Jack or his giants made to leave the valley, while the Basuti would be well hidden by the same dazzling glow.

They were besieged in the valley! They could not get out, and how long they could resist

the enemy depended on how long their food lasted. Jack knew that this could not be more than a few days.

Back in the shelter of the valley, Ko-Za looked across at the flickering lights and shuddered. The fires were casting huge patches of shadows up the rocky walls—patches that danced and jiggled as the fire flickered.

"They look like demons dancing there!" muttered Ko-Za.

Jack, who had been sitting racking his brains for some way out of this deadlock, heard him.

"Ghosts!" he cried. "That's the notion. Ko-Za! Those Basuti warriors are scared stiff of ghosts and evil spirits! Now wait a minute, while I think up some juicy bogey men to scare them. We'll beat the blighters yet!"

Old Luki peered up at the valley mouth and rubbed his skinny hands with pleasure. The bonfires were showing up every detail. A mouse could hardly have slipped out without being spotted.

"There they are, and there they will stay until they starve and beg for mercy," he cackled. "Then I shall make these giants my slaves. I shall be the greatest chief in all of Africa! What was that?"

"WHOOOOOOOoooooo!"

A strange howl, growing louder at first, and then fading away into the distance behind them, made Luki's eyes grow wide with fear. All the groups of chattering warriors fell silent and gazed up with wide eyes into the darkness above them.

"Whoooooeeeeee!"

"Whoo-oo-oo-oo!"

The horrid howls and shrieks from the air high above them continued. By this time the knees of every black warrior around those fires were knocking together with sheer terror. One warrior, who was also the tribal witch-doctor, came up to his chief, shaking with fright.

"Great chief, those voices!" he cried. "They are the voices of Mutungu-Mutungu, the flying demon and his winged warriors!"

"Mutungu-Mutungu!" cried Luki. "Wow!"

And without waiting to hear more, Luki seized a burning scene.

"I think," whispered Jimmy, "you'd better not be seen."

Dr. Gandybar was holding his sides and struggling hard to control his laughter as he and Cyrus Attaboy and Son approached the school. From inside could be heard howls of merriment that changed to yells of rage as they drew nearer.

"Geel!" exclaimed Junior, "it's a nut-house."

At that moment Willie Wizzard came dashing out of the school. When he saw the Head

brand from the fire, and bunked away from the accursed spot, waving the firebrand wildly, to scare away the flying demons.

WHOOOOOOOoooooo!"

Another one!

By this time every warrior around the bonfires was scared stiff. Like one man they followed their chief's example, and bunked away, waving torches. And they didn't stop running until they reached their canoes moored in the river. Frantically they paddled away into the underground river which led out of the land of giants.

It was a good job they didn't know that Jack had worked the flying demons. It was very simple really. Jack had made a lot of little wooden whistles from hollow bamboos, and had tied these to arrows. Then the giants had fired these arrows over the heads of the enemy, and the rushing air had done the rest!

"Our enemies have gone, lord!" cried Ko-Za, as he watched the waving torches of the Basuti warriors vanish across the plain. "We are safe!"

"Yes," agreed Jack. "But we'll camp here till morning. I want to have a look at that tent in the old temple."

"Lord," replied Ko-Za. "The tent that stands in the temple was put there by white men, many moons ago." "Then I'm not the first white man who has visited your land, Ko-Za?"

Ko-Za, the mightiest of the giants, shook his great head.

"No, lord," he replied, "you are not the first white man. Many years ago there were two others. This tent which stands in the ruined temple was their tent. They came to take the treasure that lies in the secret place. What happened to them none can say, for the gods do strange things to men who venture into the secret place!"

Jack Swift's heart beat faster

GOOD NEWS!

TURN TO PAGE FOUR—
READ ALL ABOUT OUR
BUMPER 20-PAGE ISSUE and
FREE GIFT ALBUM!
COMING NEXT WEEK!

he stopped, turned and dashed into the school again. In two seconds he was back with a bucket of water which he emptied over Dr. Gandybar before he could be stopped. The Doctor gave a gasp and a splutter, and stopped laughing.

Willie was about to explain when out of the school poured a flood of enraged boys. They made straight for Willie who gave them one look and fled across the playground. The torrent of boys swept over the Head, Mr. Attaboy and Junior.

at these words. His uncle had died before he had been able to tell Jack how he had got the map, and now Jack wondered whether he might not have been one of the two men whom Ko-Za mentioned.

Who could the other man have been?

Jack saw that there was only one way to find out, and next morning he set out to search the tattered old tent which still stood in the strange old temple.

"Come on, Kobo, let's have a look through the stuff in this tent. Perhaps we can find out who it belonged to!"

Leaving Ko-Za outside, Jack and Kobo pulled aside the rotting tent-flap, and stepped into the tent.

There were a couple of old blankets lying crumpled up on the floor, just as if someone had been asleep in them, and had thrown them aside on waking. There was a rusty old oil-lamp, and a rifle which would not work because rust had clogged up its mechanism. There were two or three twisted tins which looked as though they might once have held bully beef, and that was all Jack could see.

Jack moved the bundle of blankets aside with his foot and uncovered another object. It was an old khaki shirt.

Silently Jack stooped down and picked the shirt up.

"Perhaps it has a name marked on it, Massa Jack?" suggested Kobo.

"That's just what I thought," murmured Jack, as he turned the shirt around, so that the light shone on to the collar. "Yes, there is! It's very faded, I can hardly read it. It looks like—like—Why, Kobo, it's Paul Swift! That was my father's name!"

TREASURE TEMPLE!

EVEN as Jack Swift was making his startling discovery in the tent, Seth Larsen and Butch Judd were making plans a few miles away.

"It's no use whining about things going wrong, Butch," growled Seth. "There's only one thing for it. We've gotta lie low, and hope that young Swift will think that we bunked off when those Basuti cowards scooted—maybe we'll get a chance to steal the map off him later. Meanwhile, we've gotta find a safe place to camp. It's my vote that we head for those mountains!" Seth pointed away over to the other end of the giants' valley, away from where Jack had found the tent—"we can find some little cave or valley where we can hide up fine."

"O.K." growled Butch. "Only I hope this idea of yours pans out right, this time!"

So the two crooks began their long trek to the distant mountains. And little though they knew it, they were heading straight towards the treasure!

It was late afternoon when at last they came to the high line of cliffs that seemed to stretch unbroken right around the land of the giants. There didn't seem enough cover to hide a mountain goat, and they almost decided to camp then and there at the foot of those towering cliffs, when Butch spotted the cave.

It was quite a big cave, about fifty feet up in the cliff-face.

"A perfect hide-out!" Butch cried. "Once we're up there, we can see the whole valley from

Down they all went in a heap. When the stampede had passed the Doctor helped the American to his feet.

"What on earth is going on?" demanded Cyrus T. Attaboy.

"Oh nothing—nothing," said the Doctor gaily, "just an old school custom. All the boys chase that boy."

"Gee, what a strange custom. What do they do when they catch him?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just make him eat about a pound of toffee—I hope."

that cave! Come on Seth! It looks an easy climb. Let's try it!"

Eagerly now the two scrambled up the steep rocks to the cave. There was a sort of network of fine cracks in the cliff just here, which were partly filled with earth, and there were stout creepers growing in this earth, so that the climb was not really a difficult one.

"Crumbs, what a queer cave!" cried Seth, as he reached the top of the cliff ahead of Butch. "It slopes down here. I can't see any more, it's too dark."

"Here, I've still got some matches, let's make a torch with some of this creeper!" panted Butch, as he scrambled up.

Quickly they tore out big handfuls of the dry creeper, and made two rough torches which Butch lighted with his matches. In the flickering yellow light of the torches they could see that the cave ran steeply down hill, away from the entrance, and curved as it dropped so that they could not tell where it led.

Slithering and sliding they moved down the slope. The cave twisted and turned and sloped downwards all the way, and it was quite big, with plenty of room to stand upright. Finally it levelled off, and became quite straight. On they tramped, peering ahead in the darkness.

Then a faint light showed far ahead. The cave was a sort of tunnel through the cliff. What would they find at the other end?

They almost ran the last few yards to the light, for they were getting a little scared.

They came out into daylight—and found themselves at the bottom of a huge natural well in the mountains. The place was perhaps a hundred yards across, and almost perfectly circular. Cliffs towered all around them.

"Lumme!" breathed Butch in awed tones. "What a place!"

But his partner hardly heard him. He was staring across the small circle of open ground at the opposite cliff face. It was half hidden by a tangle of creeper, but Seth could see something strange and weird.

"Look!" he cried, pointing. "Look, Butch!"

Butch looked and gasped.

"It's a huge head, carved in the rock!" went on Seth. "Did you ever see anything so ugly?"

"Look at its great big open mouth—you could drive a bus into it almost," said Butch. "Why, I believe it's a sort of door. Can it be—"

Butch left the question unfinished. He could see the same thought was in his pal's mind. Like one man they breathed two words.

"The treasure!"

Yes, this indeed might well be the hiding-place of the mysterious treasure. It was hard to imagine a better hidden spot than this. They dashed across the clearing.

It did seem as if the huge mouth was a sort of doorway, for the great, rock-carved chin, and the huge lower lip of the massive head seemed to form two huge steps. Seth and Butch scrambled up them, and stood on the tongue of the great stone head. Butch peered ahead, shining his torch into the monster's stone throat.

"This leads somewhere. Come on, Seth!"

Next week: The trap!

"Aw gee. Kin I go chase him too?" asked Cyrus Junior.

"Why, of course," said the Head. "Tell the boys to give you candy as well."

It was when Willie was covering his second mile across the fields, and saw his pursuers gradually gaining, that he thought up his great invention for making people able to run at twenty-five miles an hour.

Be sure to read next week's fun-filled tale of Willie's adventures.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

(Continued from page 2)

caretaker turned around looking for the fire the stream of water swept along the faces of the assembled class. Gradually the laughter grew less. Splutters and howls took its place. By the time the water was turned off, every boy in the room was soaked. Willie and Jimmy stood in the doorway looking in horror at the

KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

Trouble is brewing in the camp of the Cherokee Indians! The son of the chief is ill—and Yellow Fox, the medicine man, says that they must go to war before he will be cured! So the war-drums thump—and the braves whirl in their savage war-dance!



BUT CHIEF BLACK TOMAHAWK IS SAD AS HE TALKS TO HIS MEDICINE MAN, YELLOW FOX—

I WOULD RATHER SEE MY SON, LITTLE PONY, CURED OF HIS FEVER THAN GO TO WAR, YELLOW FOX!



THE SPIRITS ARE ANGRY, GREAT CHIEF! MY CURES HAVE FAILED BECAUSE THE SPIRITS ARE AGAINST ME. DRIVE OUT THE PALEFACES, THEY SAY—AND LITTLE PONY WILL BE WELL AGAIN.

BUT KIT CARSON, RIDING THE TRAIL NEARBY, HEARS THE THROBBING OF THE DRUMS AND SEES THE SMOKE SIGNALS CALLING THE TRIBES TO WAR...



WAR DRUMS! BY THUNDER! I'D BETTER RIDE TO SEE BLACK TOMAHAWK. HE PROMISED ME HE'D STAY PEACEFUL!

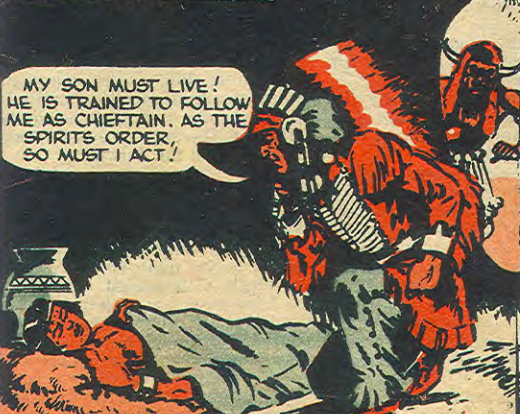
BLACK TOMAHAWK DECIDES. IT SHALL BE WAR!



THE CHEROKEES WILL GO ON THE WARPATH! AT THE NEXT GOING DOWN OF THE SUN, MY BROTHERS, WE RIDE!

AIEE! DEATH TO THE PALEFACES!

THE CHIEF STALKS INTO THE TEEPEE, WHERE HIS SON LIES FLUSHED AND MUTTERING IN A FEVER—



MY SON MUST LIVE! HE IS TRAINED TO FOLLOW ME AS CHIEFTAIN. AS THE SPIRITS ORDER, SO MUST I ACT!

WHITE SETTLERS ARE COMING INTO THE TERRITORY, BUT KIT KNOWS THEY ARE SCATTERED AND NOT ORGANISED TO MEET A BIG REDSKIN ATTACK. HE RIDES TO BLACK TOMAHAWK'S CAMP AND IS MET BY SULLEN STARES—



I COME IN PEACE TO SPEAK WITH BLACK TOMAHAWK!



BLACK TOMAHAWK HAS SPOKEN. MY PEOPLE SHALL TAKE THE WARPATH SO THAT MY SON WILL BE WELL AGAIN!

THIS IS FOOLISH TALK, BLACK TOMAHAWK. LET ME SEE THE BOY!

IT IS BUT A FEVER, BLACK TOMAHAWK. IT CAN EASILY BE CURED BY A PALEFACE DOCTOR WITH THE RIGHT MEDICINES. LET ME BRING OUR MEDICINE MAN TO LITTLE PONY!



YOU HAVE UNTIL SUNSET TO-NIGHT, PALEFACE. I WILL TRY YOUR MEDICINE-MAN, BUT IF HE FAILS, MY BRAVES TAKE THE WARPATH!

STRAIGHT AWAY KIT STARTS FOR FORT WADE. HALF A DAY'S RIDE AWAY.



COME ON, OLD HOGG! WE'VE GOT SOME HARD RIDING TO DO!

URGH! THIS IS BAD MEDICINE! THE PALEFACE MUST BE STOPPED. WE WANT NO PALEFACE MEDICINE-MAN HERE!

YELLOW FOX GIVES ORDERS TO HOT-HEADS AMONG THE BRAVES AND SUB-CHIEFS WHO HAVE BACKED HIM IN CALLING FOR WAR—



WE MUST CATCH THE PALEFACE! YELLOW FOX HAS SPOKEN!

DEATH TO THE LONG-HAIR!

SO, AS KIT CARSON RACES TO SAVE THE CHIEF'S SON AND TO STOP A WAR—



A TREACHEROUS ARROW IS AIMED AT HIS HEART.

Can Kit get through? Be sure to read next week's gripping instalment in our Big Gift Number.