



BILLY BUNTER
IS JUST ONE OF
THE GRAND
CHARACTERS
YOU'LL FIND
INSIDE

FREE GIFT INSIDE!

COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 493. MARCH 29th, 1952

SHORTY

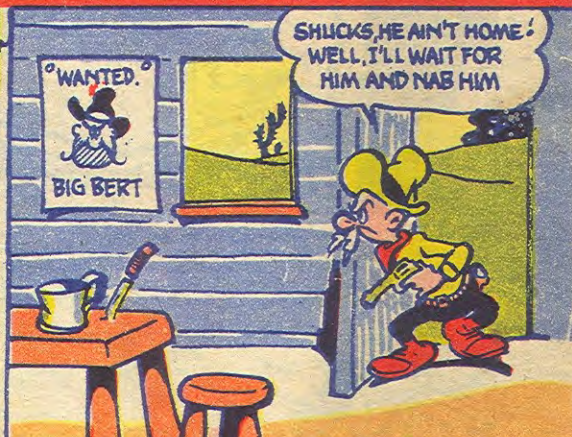


The DEPUTY SHERIFF

GOSH! I'VE BEEN
LOOKIN' FOR THAT
GUY FOR YEARS!



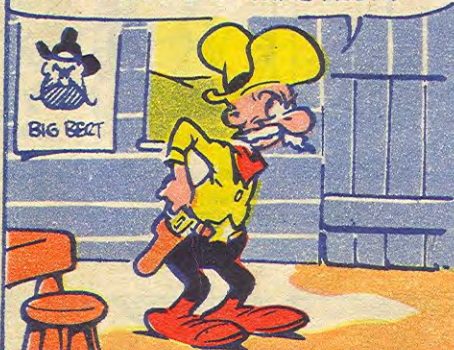
SHUCKS, HE AIN'T HOME!
WELL, I'LL WAIT FOR
HIM AND NAB HIM



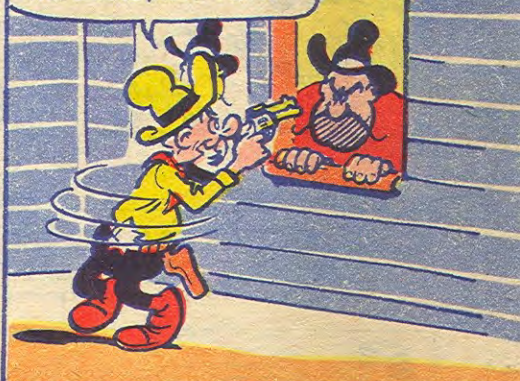
RIGHT YOU BIG STIFF! YOUR NUMBER'S
UP. SHORTY HAS CAUGHT UP WITH
YOU AT LAST—



I'LL PRETEND THAT POSTER IS REALLY
BIG BERT AND I'LL PRACTICE PULLING MY
GUNS ON HIM. I'LL SWING ROUND—

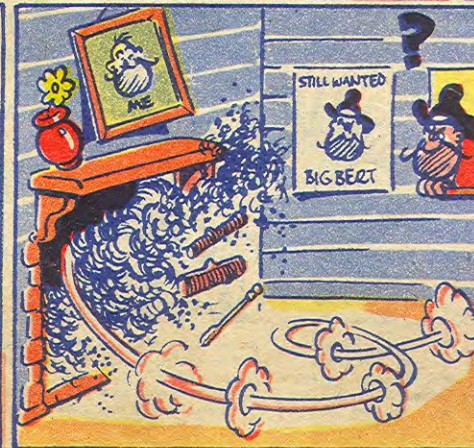


—LIKE THIS, AND SCARE HIM OUT OF
HIS BOOTS, HEH! HEH!



FUNNY, BUT I
AINT A TEENY BIT
SCARED, PARD

EEK! OO!
BIG BERT
HIMSELF!

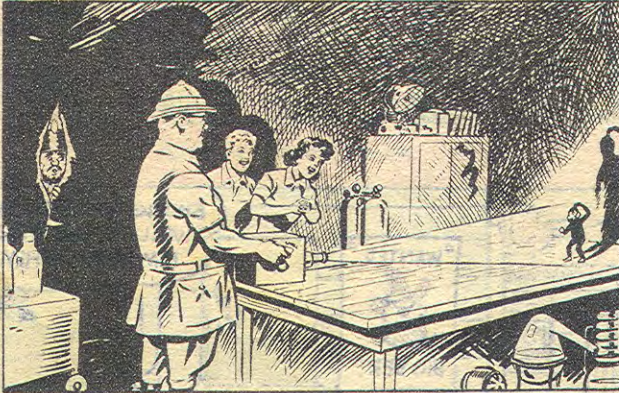


NOW SEE HERE, BIG BERT! IF YOU DON'T
STOP THAT DANGEROUS SHOOTIN'—
I'LL COME DOWN AN' LOCK YOU UP!

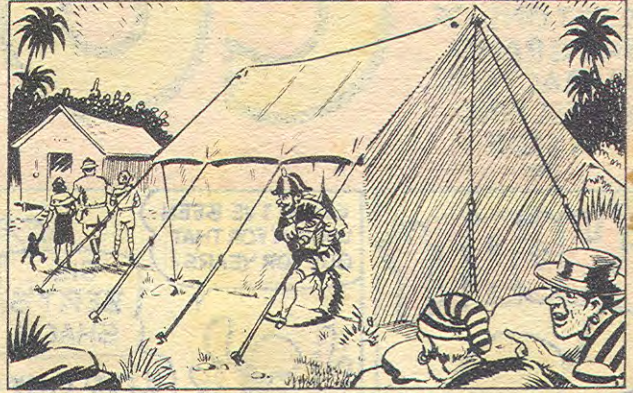


ISLAND OF SECRETS

Professor Jolly, using some of the strange chemicals he has found on Secret Island, has made a wonderful ray-machine, which can make things bigger or smaller! But Black Bellamy, chief of the two-hundred-year-old pirates, is after it.



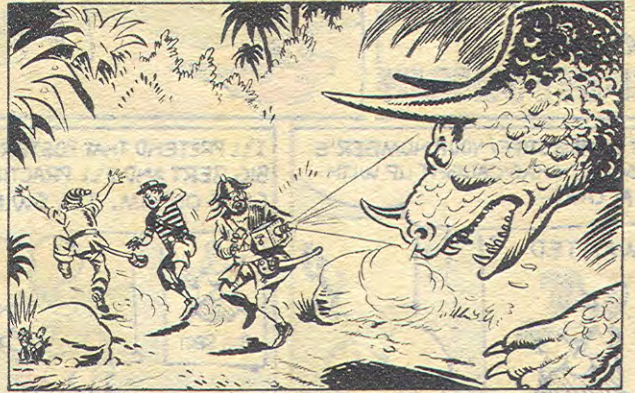
Professor Jolly pressed a switch on the amazing ray machine he had invented. With a faint squeak of surprise, Koko the monkey dwindled down to the size of a small banana! "If you can just get the pirates in that ray for a few seconds," said Ann excitedly, "they won't be able to trouble us much!" But Black Bellamy was watching!



A touch on another switch brought Koko back to his usual size, and then Ann and Peter and their uncle walked away to have their dinner. In a flash Black Bellamy slit right down the tent, darted inside and snatched up the ray machine. His men chuckled as their captain crept quietly out with it tucked underneath his arm.



"Har-har!" growled the Scourge of the Seven Seas as he and his men padded away into the forest. "Now we'll lie in wait for those three and shrink 'em like my old socks!" But when Peter and Ann came walking along they were alone. "Never mind! They'll do to start with," growled Bellamy—and he pressed the switch!



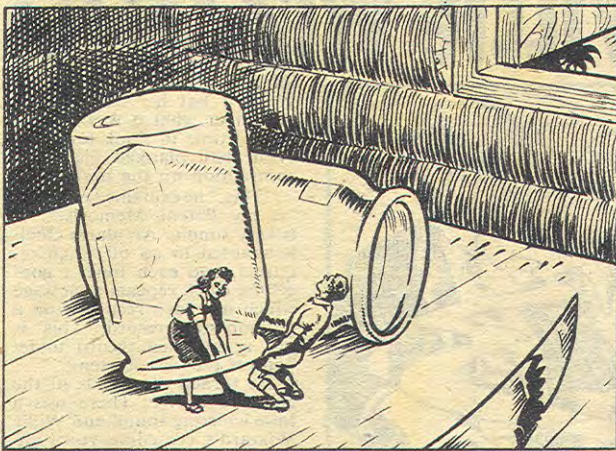
"Oooh!" gasped Peter as he felt himself shrinking and saw Ann doing the same. At that moment there came a great rustling in the forest, and a huge prehistoric monster thundered out. Peter and Ann crouched behind a small stone. The pirate crew fled, and Bellamy tried desperately to shrink the mighty snorting animal with the ray.



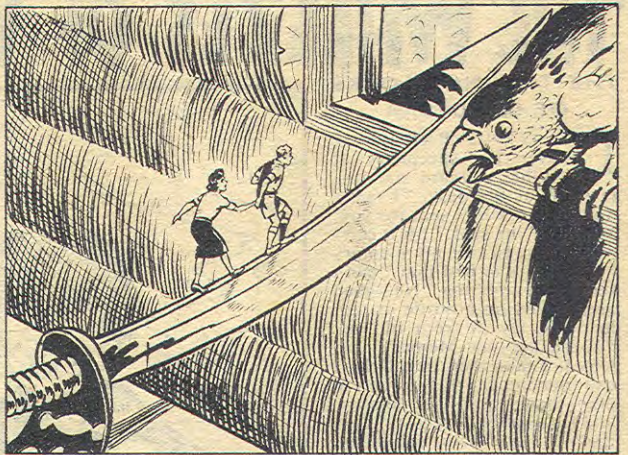
"Grrr!" Snap! The monster's gaping jaws closed over the ray machine as it tumbled from Bellamy's hands—but already the ray had started to do its work, and a moment later the animal had shrunk to the size of a dog. With a cry of relief, Bellamy sprang forward and seized the two children while the miniature monster was chased away.



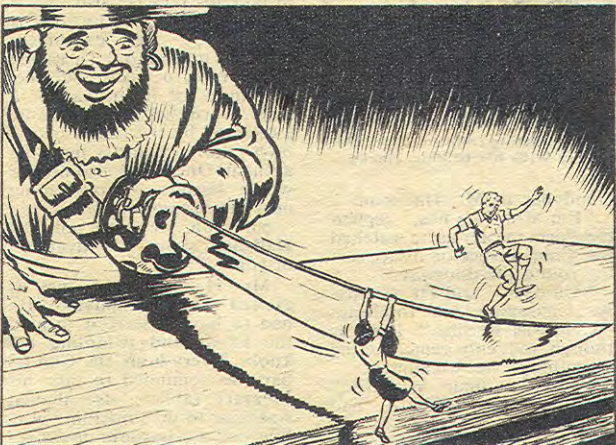
Peter and Ann were carried back to the pirate headquarters in Bellamy's hat, and then the villainous rogue popped them on the table under two jars while he pondered what to do next. "The monster has swallowed that ray machine," he growled, "and I haven't caught that crafty professor yet! Hmm! I must plan a cunning plot!"



With a thoughtful frown on his face, Black Bellamy went out of the hut and began to pace up and down the clearing outside. At once Peter got busy. By flinging all his weight against the side of his jar, he managed to topple it over and crawl out. Then he ran across the table and after a struggle lifted the jar that covered his sister.



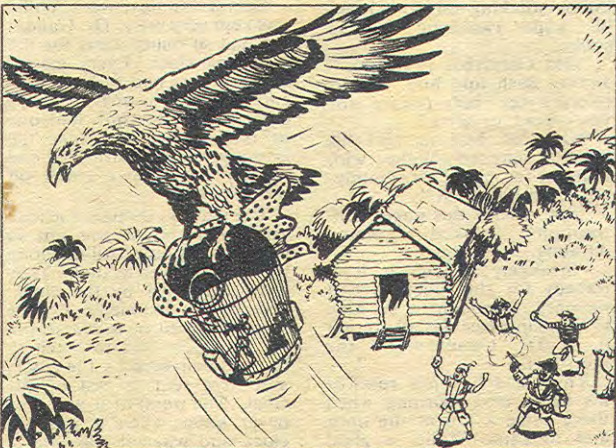
"Now what shall we do?" Ann whispered. "We're marooned on this table!" Peter eyed the long cutlass which Bellamy had left. "We'll use that to make a bridge to the window!" he exclaimed. This they did and then began the perilous journey. But they had been seen! They were being watched by Bellamy's parrot.



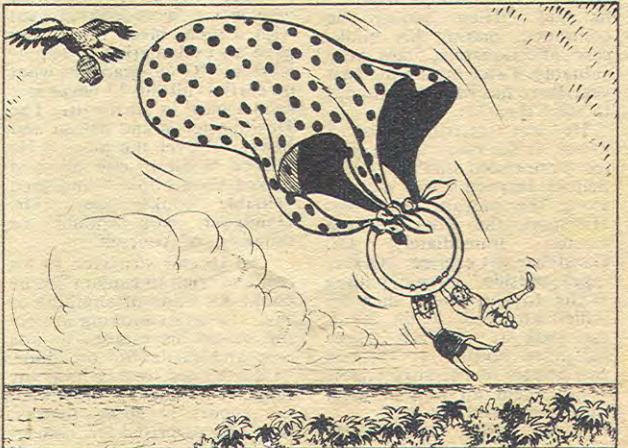
Ann clutched Peter's hand as they edged along the back of the blade. "We'll do it!" she whispered excitedly. But at that moment there came a bellowing roar. Their strange bridge quivered and rose in the air as the cutlass was picked up. Ann slipped, and caught desperately at the blade. Black Bellamy had returned at the wrong moment!



"Ho, ho, little boykin and girlkin!" he guffawed. "So you'd try to escape, would you?" Snatching up the children in one huge hand, he carried them outside into the clearing where his crew were preparing a meal. "Into this parrot's cage with you," he chuckled. "I can keep an eye on you there!" Peter and Ann looked about them hopelessly.



"Phew!" sighed Peter. "Well, at least that scarf on top of the cage gives us a little shade." As Black Bellamy turned to join his men, a great bird swooped down and seized the cage in its talons. Next moment the children were soaring skyward. "Quick, Ann!" Peter cried. "Open the cage door while I pull this scarf through the bars!"



Away over the tree-tops flapped the great bird, while the two children worked desperately to tie the four corners of the scarf to the circular metal perch. "Just in time!" Peter gasped. "We're almost over the sea!" They bundled the scarf through the cage door, grasped the ring, and launched themselves in a breath-taking jump!

(Continued on back page)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

THE TALKING CLOCKS OF GANDYBAR

DR. GANDYBAR looked over his spectacles at Willie Wizzard standing in front of the desk. "I really don't know why I sent for you, Wizzard," he said. "I just can't remember. In fact my memory has become so bad that I can't remember anything." He sighed and picked up a bottle of tablets that lay in front of him. "These are my Memory tablets. If I take them regularly, I can remember, if I forget to take them I can't remember; and I usually forget to take them." The Doctor fell silent, racking his brains to recall why he had sent for the schoolboy inventor of Gandybar's Academy. Willie stood patiently in front of the desk, his huge head, with bulging forehead stuck forward, and his large spectacles gleaming like motor-car headlights. Suddenly the Headmaster brightened. "Ah, now I recall," he exclaimed. "I want you to invent a way to remind me to take my Memory tablets."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Willie modestly.

"Good! Oh, there's another thing. The Chief School Inspector is coming this afternoon. I don't want him to see this room in such a mess. I wonder if you would help me to get it tidied."

For the next half hour the Headmaster and the schoolboy inventor worked together, stacking away piles of books and papers in their proper places. As Willie was just as absent-minded as Dr. Gandybar they sometimes got themselves in an awful mix-up. Finally the job was done, however, and the place looked less like a second-hand bookshop. The Doctor beamed his satisfaction. "Thank you, Wizzard," he said. "These books," he continued, patting his bookcase affectionately, "are very valuable. Twice during the past year there has been an attempt to steal them."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door, and a prefect announced that the Chief School Inspector was coming along the passage with Mr. Halfspun, the Fourth Form master. Immediately Dr. Gandybar got excited. "Quick, quick, outside," he said, pulling Willie to the door; then he pulled him back again. "Tut, tut, look at my desk. Three half-filled bottles of ink, and two bottles of Memory tablets—tidy them up while I greet the Chief Inspector."

Willie rushed to obey. He poured the contents of the first bottle into the second, and the contents of the second into the third. Then without thinking



Willie Wizzard's the lad who invented Everlasting toffee and lots of other queer things. This week he's busy with his talking clocks.

he poured the lot into the bottle containing Dr. Gandybar's Memory tablets. There was a hiss, and a bang. Willie felt himself hurled through the air. He landed against the bookcase. Down came the books in a great cascade over his head and on to the floor. Willie collapsed on top of them. Dr. Gandybar was thrown head over heels over his desk and landed on his chair with his mortar-board hat knocked over his eyes.

At that moment the door opened and in came Mr. Halfspun and the Chief Inspector. Mr. Halfspun's smile froze on his face. The Chief Inspector, who was a fierce-looking man with a great black moustache gave an exclamation of astonishment. "Good gracious, what on earth is all this? I never saw such a mess in all my life. The Headmaster sound asleep and books all over the place." He pushed Willie to one side and picked up a book. "And such valuable books, too. Dr. Gandybar, you should be ashamed of yourself."

The Doctor struggled to his feet and tried to explain but he could not think of anything to say. The angry-looking inspector waved his excuses to one side and made for the door. "I don't need to stay here any longer," he said. "I know what my report is going to say. Don't be surprised Dr. Gandybar if you are not allowed to run this school much longer." And off he went.

"Has he gone?" said Dr.

Gandybar to Mr. Halfspun.

"I'm afraid he has," replied the Form master as he watched the Chief Inspector disappearing round the doorway.

"Oh dear," said Dr. Gandybar, mopping his forehead. "That was terrible." Then as though suddenly remembering something, he exclaimed: "Where's William Wizzard?" But William Wizzard had vanished.

It was very late in the evening when his pals found him in a disused loft, surrounded by bits of wire, and in front of him an alarm clock which he had screwed on to a small black box. The box had little knobs sticking out and these he kept twiddling as he spoke.

"Old Gandybar is furious," Jimmy Bash told him. "He is offering ten bob reward for you—dead or alive."

"Oh, tell him to boil his head," snapped Willie with unusual ferocity. "Dr. Gandybar is an old fossil."

"Say, what's this queer contraption?" asked Tommy Attaboy.

"Strangely enough it is a remedy for the Doctor's bad memory. I brought it up here to finish in peace. I shall present it to Dr. Gandybar in the morning."

The Head had just reached his study next morning when there came a tap at the door and in came Willie, a great beaming smile on his face, and his latest invention under his arm. The doctor looked at him and frowned. There was some-

thing he wanted to say to Wizzard but he just couldn't remember what it was. Before he had time to think too hard Willie had planked his queer contraption on the desk.

"This," he explained proudly, "is my Patent Memoriser. It is very simple. An alarm clock is adapted to go off when required, and each time it goes off the clock repeats a message which has been recorded on a gramophone record. This is just a specimen record to let you get the idea. Listen."

He turned the hands of the clock to twelve. There was a little whirring sound and Willie Wizzard's crow-like voice announced from the instrument: "Dr. Gandybar, it is time to take your Memory tablets."

The doctor was delighted. He turned the hands to one o'clock and was again reminded to take his tablets; also that it was lunch-time. "Why, this is wonderful," he exclaimed. "There's no end to the uses one could make of such a device. Just think of it. Instead of a harsh alarm bell, one could be awakened by the sound of the boys' choir singing a morning anthem. One could also deliver whole lessons without going near the classrooms. One could—come on, we must tell Mr. Halfspun about this invention of yours."

Mr. Halfspun was just as excited as Dr. Gandybar. He had to have a shot at turning the hands and twiddling the knobs. Every hour Dr. Gandybar was reminded to take his Memory tablets, also that it was time to do something else, like visit a classroom or deliver a lecture. At six o'clock he was reminded that it was tea time and at ten o'clock he was reminded that it was bed time and told not to forget to wind up the clock.

During the next week Willie was kept very busy. Dr. Gandybar had so many ideas for the recording clock. Every master in the school had to have one, and there was one in every dormitory. The cook had one to remind her to order the groceries, and Matron had one to help her keep a check on the bed linen.

The masters thought the idea very good; but it was not so good for the boys. All day long the clocks talked at them. They were awakened by the clock, ordered in to meals by the clock, ordered in to classroom by the clock, had to listen to lectures delivered by the clock, and were sent to bed by the clock. The worst of it was they never knew when it was the clock and when it was one of the masters who was giving the instructions. One day three boys who had been given five hundred lines each for telling

the clock to shut up, when it had really been Mr. Halfspun who had spoken, got together and hatched a plot to put an end to the tyranny of the clocks.

At three o'clock in the morning, Dr. Gandybar's Academy was sunk in deep slumber. At least Dr. Gandybar was. Suddenly a loud voice shattered his dreams. From his Wizzard clock on the mantelpiece came the stern voice of Mr. Weskit, the Housemaster: "Come on, now, I won't have this slacking. Out of bed at once. Anyone still in bed will be reported to Dr. Gandybar."

Muttering angrily to himself the doctor rushed over to the clock. He tried to stop it, but the stopper-knob had been removed, and the repeater-knob had been wedged down so that the same message was repeated over and over again.

"Oh dear, oh dear. The whole school will soon be awake," cried the doctor. He looked for somewhere to bury the clock: beneath the blankets, under the pillow, below the bed, but the voice penetrated every covering. At last the kindly doctor lost his patience. "Confound Wizzard and his clocks," he exclaimed. He pulled up the window and hurled the offending instrument as far as he could into the night.

It happened that just at that moment a gentleman known to the police as Bill Bloggs was crossing the lawn. A black mask covered his eyes and rubber shoes covered his feet. On his back was a large empty sack, and out of his pocket stuck a business-like jemmy. The talking-clock, thrown by Dr. Gandybar, hit Bill on his thick skull and fell silent at his

feet. "Corks!" he exclaimed, "this is an easy crib. They chucks swag at your head!"

Dr. Gandybar need not have been concerned about waking the whole school. The whole school was awake. Every bedroom and dormitory was struggling with the same problem—how to get rid of a clock that would not stop talking. Mr. Weskit had to listen to the Cook's favourite recipe for suet pudding, which he loathed. Mr. Halfspun was reminded over and over again to patch the bed sheets, and darn the boys' socks. Cook was trying to shut out a learned discourse on vulgar fractions. The Six Formers in the Prefects' Dormitory were being loudly entertained by the boys' choir singing "Hail, glorious morn."

It wasn't a bit surprising that, as the stopper-knob had been removed from every clock and the repeater-knob firmly wedged, everyone should find the same solution as Dr. Gandybar. Clocks came flying out of the windows thick and fast. Some hit Bill Bloggs, some only just missed him; but all of them stopped talking as they landed at his feet. Bill picked them all up, popped them into his bag, then taking out his jemmy, made for the windows of Dr. Gandybar's study.

In half an hour the school was silent again, except for snores. But the rising bell had hardly struck before everyone leapt from bed; one thought in every mind, one word on every lip: Wizzard. Where was Wizzard? As Dr. Gandybar strode along the passage he came upon a group of masters arguing heatedly as to who should have the first interview with Willie Wizzard. Mr. Weskit main-



"Corks!" exclaimed Bill Bloggs. "They chucks swag at your head here!"

tained that as he was Housemaster it should be his privilege. Mr. Halfspun retorted angrily that as he was Form Master it was his job to deal with Willie Wizzard. Mr. Weskit was saying something about punching Mr. Halfspun's nose when Dr. Gandybar intervened.

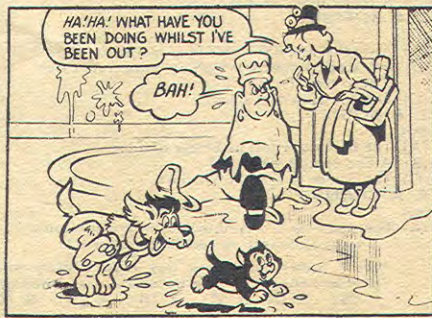
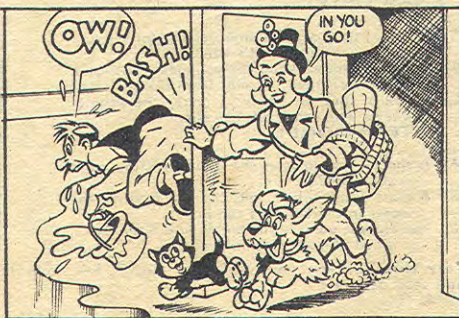
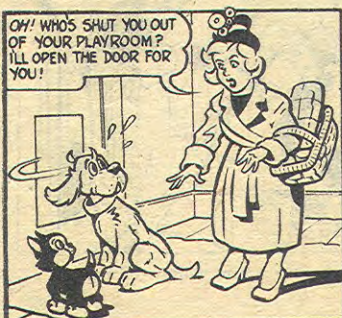
"Who is Headmaster here?" he demanded. "I am. Very well, then, I'll deal with Wizzard." He strode down the passage and disappeared into his study. He was only in two seconds before he was out again.

"Call the police!" he cried. "I've been robbed! All my valuable books. Get everyone into the main hall at once."

Soon all the masters and boys, except Willie Wizzard were gathered in the main hall; and six policemen, and half a dozen plain clothes men swarmed all over the school looking for clues.

"Looks like an inside job," said the Chief Detective with an air of authority.

"I don't care what kind of job it was. I want to know who (Continued on page 6)



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

did it," snapped Dr. Gandybar. "And I want my books back."

"Please sir," said a voice at the doctor's elbow. "I know who did it." The Head looked down at the upturned face of Willie Wizzard. "I was in my den experimenting when I found this record. It tells its own story."

He put a Wizzard clock on the table and flicked the nob. Instantly voices floated out. They were the voices of the boys who had changed all the clocks, and they were in the middle of hatching their plot.

"... change all the clocks," said the voice of a boy called Summers, "and at three o'clock in the morning the whole place will be awake."

"Yes, but first we'll pull off the stopper-knob and wedge the repeater-knob," put in the voice of Billy Winters. Then he added "Here, Shorty, stop twiddling those knobs and pay attention." There was a click and the conversation ended.

"Aha!" said Dr. Gandybar. "So we have caught the culprits. Summers, Winters, and Windyinkle go to my study at once. I'll deal with you later. Now, Inspector," he added, "here is a boy who can solve every problem. I am sure he could catch our thief."

"Well," said the Chief Detective, "if he's the inventor of these talking clocks, I suppose he has caught the thief. We have just picked up a man whose kit-bag started having a loud argument on top of a bus. A constable recognized him as Bill Bloggs. We have

him here now."

Two policemen entered holding Bill Bloggs between them.

"The—the Chief School Inspector!" gasped Dr. Gandybar.

"Bill Bloggs at your service," the bogus inspector sneered. "You'll find all your precious books in my kit-bag."

Dr. Gandybar put his arm across Willie Wizzard's shoulders. "I believe you knew all the time, Willie. You knew he was an impostor. That's why you poured the ink in my tablets. You are a very clever boy." He beamed at the assembled boys, masters and policemen. "I think very highly of Wizzard; and I know he would do anything for me. Wouldn't you, Willie?"

Willie felt shy. "Yes, I think—" He stepped back, wriggling with embarrassment.

His elbow touched the knob of the Wizzard clock on the table. There was a little whirring noise, then Willie's voice declared loudly: "Dr. Gandybar is an old fossil."

"What," shouted the outraged doctor.

"Dr. Gandybar is an old fossil," repeated Willie's voice from the clock.

"Wizzard, how dare you!" cried the Head Master. "Go to my study at once. I'll deal with you later."

While waiting in the study for Dr. Gandybar Willie thought out his next invention: a spongy rubber lining for schoolboys' pants. "It will be nice and soft to sit on," he thought. "And what is more, it can't be beaten."

Next week: Willie invents some Wizzard "Jumping" Shoes! Don't miss the fun!

THE COMET ENGINE SPOTTERS CLUB



A NNOUNCING the Engine Spotters' very own club ... the C.E.S.C.! It's starting now, and you can be a member straight away!

Here's how to join: Given free this week is the Engine Spotters' Club Album. All that you have to do is fill in your name and address in the certificate, which is on the back page of the album, and you're a member of the Club. Just like that!

No writing up ... no entry fee. It's all arranged, and on the back page of your Album is your own special membership number. No other member has this number ... and starting next week we shall print lists of members' numbers in our "Club Corner." If your number appears—you can choose yourself a fine present. Any of these:

Water Pistols, Wrist Compasses, Ball-point Pens, Jack Knives, Auto-graph Albums, Box Games, Cowboy Belt and Holsters, Charm Bracelets.

On the back page of this "COMET" is the first of our fine coloured engine stamps, for you to stick in your album. More will follow in the weeks to come. When you have collected them all you will have an album to be proud of!

AND another splendid gift book—THE "COMET" ENGINE SPOTTERS' CLUB HANDBOOK AND GUIDE—will be GIVEN FREE WITH NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"!

CLUB CORNER

Here's a quiz for you—you'll learn things about trains from it, and it'll make you laugh, too. There's only one right answer to each of the questions below—see if you know which one it is. You'll find the right answers at the foot of the column. And don't laugh too hard at the wrong answers!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IS—

1. A FISHPLATE?

- is it
(A) What an engine driver eats his dinner from?
(B) A flat joint in a rail?
(C) A metal label on a fish van?

2. A BUFFER?

- is it
(A) A woolly wheel for polishing metalwork?
(B) Any station-master weighing more than seven-
teen stone?
(C) The end-stop of a siding?

3. A BOGIE?

- is it
(A) The leading wheel assembly of a loco?
(B) A bad stretch of track?
(C) The driver of the ghost train?

4. A CRANK-PIN?

- is it
(A) The point on a driving wheel where the coupling and connecting rods are attached?

- (B) A bent spindle used for connecting trucks of different sizes?

- (C) A long steel pin used to keep the engine-driver's hat on in windy weather?

5. A SAND-BOX?

- is it
(A) A box of sand used in emergencies for putting out fires in the guard's van?
(B) A box of sand to keep the younger passengers happy on return journeys from the sea-side?
(C) A box of sand for spraying under the engine-wheels when the rails are slippery?

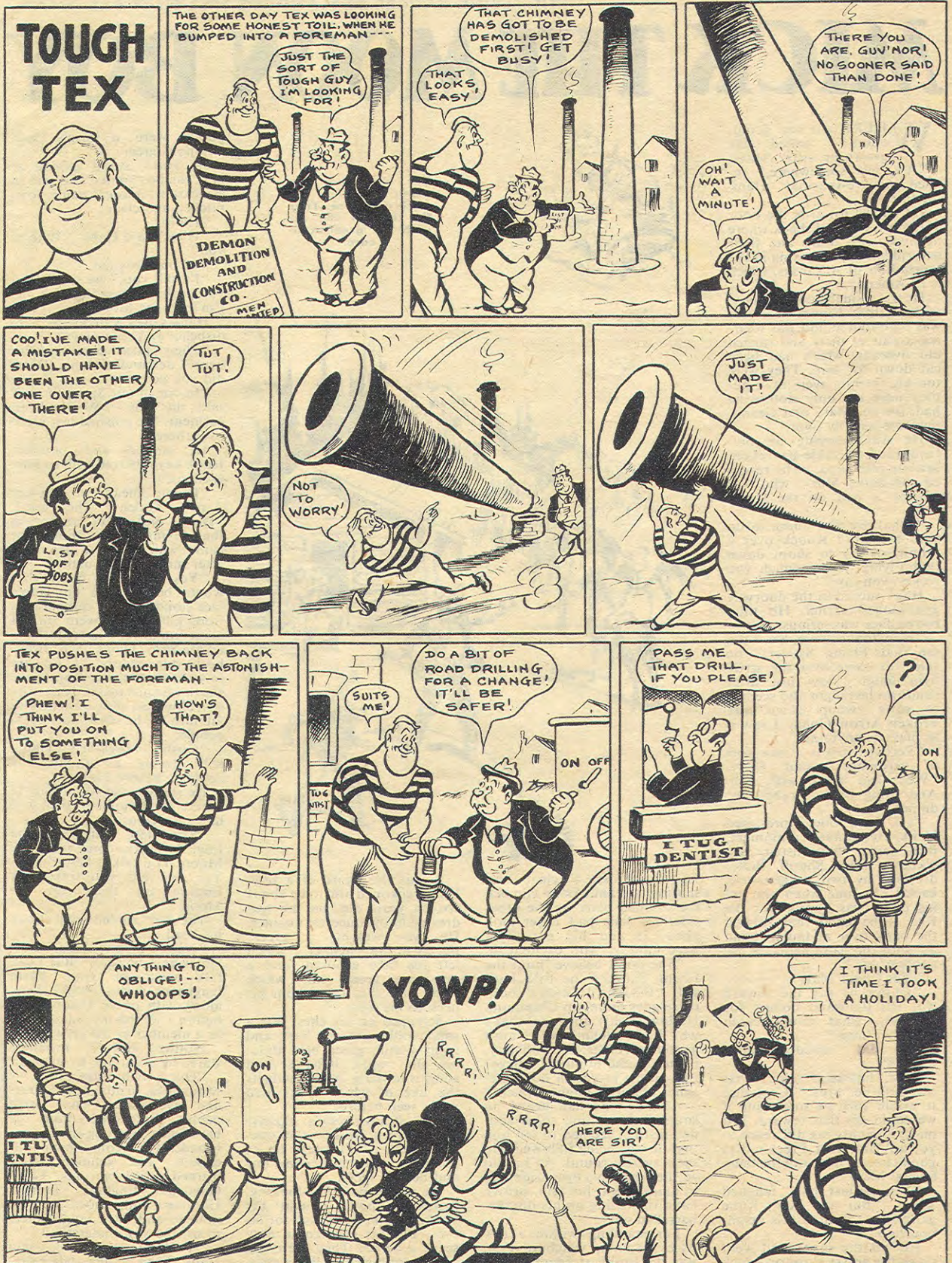
6. A STEAM DOME?

- is it
(A) A special hat to stop the guard getting colds in the head?
(B) A glass gauge which tells the driver when the water in the boiler is too hot?
(C) The highest point in the boiler where the steam is piped off to the cylinders?

How many have you got right? Why not try this quiz on some of your pals? See how much they know about railways—perhaps they'd like to be members of our grand club as well!

1. (B). 2. (A) or (C). 3. (A). 4. (A). 5. (C). 6. (C).





Have another chuckle next week when Tex catches Flash Fred the Forger!

MICK THE MOON BOY

"WHERE are you going, Hank?" asked his grown-up sister Mary. "Aw, just somewhere," replied twelve-year-old Hank Luckner.

He moved towards the door of the two-roomed shack where he lived with Mary and their bed-ridden old Grandma in the lonely hills of Arkansas, which is in America.

He was a small and bony boy, with a thin, brown face. He was bare-footed and was wearing a pair of dirty and ragged old overalls, which had been cut down for him. They were too big for him even now; but they were the only clothes he had, for he, Mary and Grandma were terribly poor.

He was carrying an old-fashioned, double-barrelled, fowling-piece and, as he reached the door, Mary, who was stirring a pan on the stove, said:

"What are you going to do with the gun? Knock over a rabbit, or try to shoot down that Flying Saucer which you reckon you saw?"

Hank turned in the doorway and looked at her. His thin, brown face was serious.

"Now lookie here, Sis, I did see that Flying Saucer!" he said. "It came over the scrub flyin' mighty low just after sundown last night and seemed to sorta swoop down into Broken Arrow Gulch. I saw it as plain as anything."

"Perhaps it was a new sort of aeroplane," said Mary. "Well, run along with you. And bring back a rabbit for dinner."

"I'll fetch one," promised Hank. He hesitated a moment, then said: "Say, listen, Sis, y'know when Sheriff Buller dropped by two, three weeks back? The time when him an' his posse was huntin' for the Red Rube gang that robbed the bank over at Indian Bend an' shot the bank manager an' another guy?"

"Yes," said Mary. "Didn't he say the reward was ten thousand dollars for anybody what could catch them bad men?"

"He did," nodded Mary. "Why?"

"Aw, nothin'," said Hank, avoiding her eyes. "Cept that it would sure be something if we could get that reward. It'd make a mighty big diff'rence to you an' Grandma, I reckon. I'm gonna keep a look-out for them fellers, Mary."

"You do just that!" laughed Mary. "But the Red Rube gang aren't around this neighbourhood."

He left the shack and went down the grassy slope on which it stood. At the bottom he



The boy from the moon and his pal work a wheeze. They fly through the air with the greatest of ease.



waded across a clear and shallow stream. As he climbed the wooded bank on the other side, his face had a set look about it and his grey eyes were glinting with excitement.

"She don't believe 'bout the Flying Saucer," he told himself. "But she'd believe 'bout these guys hiding in Chipmunk Hollow mighty quick an' that's why I ain't tellin' her. I ain't gonna scare her. But, oh boy, if they're the hombres I figger they are, I'm gonna do something about it mighty quick!"

Although he had heard no sound behind him, some sudden instinct seemed to tell him that he was being followed. He spun swiftly round. As he did so, he froze, his eyes widening in amazement, his thin, brown hand tightening on his double-barrelled gun.

For standing within a few paces of him, watching him, was the strangest figure he had ever seen in his life!

It was the figure of a boy. Hank reckoned him to be about sixteen years old, but he was dressed in the queerest manner. He was wearing a green, tightly-fitting helmet, which left his face exposed, and a one-piece green suit which fitted him skin tight from his neck to his toes.

Strapped on his chest was a small, oblong green box; and from a thin, green belt about his slim waist hung several curious-looking metal gadgets the like of which Hank had never seen before.

The strange boy's closely-fitting green helmet and one-piece suit didn't seem to be made of cloth, but of some fine and flexible metal.

He would be a fine-looking, handsome boy, thought the staring Hank, if it wasn't for his eyes. But his eyes could easily scare a feller. They were big and almond-shaped like a cat's, or a mountain lion's, and the

pupils were a bright and luminous green.

As Hank stood gaping at him, the boy smiled and said in a pleasant, musical voice, low-pitched and clear:

"Hallo!"

"H'lo!" said Hank. "Who're you?"

The boy laughed.

"I'll tell you," he said. "But you probably won't believe me. I'm from the Moon."

Hank's eyes widened in plain disbelief and amazement.

"Then how come you're here?" demanded Hank. "How did you get here?"

"In one of our Space Ships," said the boy. "We had an accident. We crashed last night over there."

He turned and pointed. Hank's eyes blazed with sudden excitement.

"D'you mean in Broken Arrow Gulch?" he cried. "D'you mean you crashed in that Flying Saucer thing that came whizzin' past here just after sundown last night?"

"Yes," said the boy, "that would be it." His handsome face clouded. "My companions were killed," he went on. "I alone am alive. I have destroyed the Ship. Those have always been our orders. If we are forced to make a landing on the Earth we must instantly destroy our Ships, so that they do not fall into the hands of you Earth people."

"Gosh!" breathed Hank, still staring as though he couldn't believe his eyes.

He studied the Moon boy in silence for a moment, then said half-suspiciously:

"You talk mighty good English, if you come from the Moon. You talk it better'n me. Yes, sir! Do you folks talk English up there on the Moon?"

The boy smiled and shook his head.

"No, we have our own language," he said. "But I can talk most of your Earth languages. I was taught them, along with other Moon boys, before I joined my Space Ship as a member of the crew."

Noting Hank's mystified stare, he went on to explain:

"Our civilisation on the Moon is far in advance of yours and ever since you Earth people discovered radio we have been listening-in to your broadcasts. From them our experts and scholars have learned your various Earth languages—English, French, German and most of the others—and have taught them to us. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, I guess so!" said Hank. Then he demanded with interest: "But how you figuring

SET OUT TO CAPTURE A GANG OF WILD-WEST BAD-MEN!

on getting back to the Moon now your ship's crashed?"

"I will arrange that," replied the Moon Boy. "I can communicate with one of our other ships cruising in Space. But I'm in no hurry." Again he smiled. "Now that I'm here I would like to see something of the Earth—its cities and its peoples. It should be fun."

"Yeah, well you won't find it much fun around these parts," Hank told him frankly. "There ain't no folks around her 'cept just us hill-billies an' it's mighty quiet an' lonesome. 'Nother thing. 'Less you want folks to stare at you, you'll have to change those clothes you're wearing."

Abruptly he broke off, his mouth foolishly agape. For without the slightest warning the Moon Boy had suddenly and mysteriously vanished.

"Hey!" yelled Hank, his voice shrill with astonishment. "Hey, feller, where are you?" "I'm here!" replied the laughing voice of the Moon Boy from the spot where he had been standing. "Can't you see me?"

"No, I can't!" gasped Hank. "Say, what is this? Where're you hidin'?"

"I'm not hiding at all," replied the Moon Boy, and Hank gave quite a jump as the boy suddenly appeared again as though from nowhere. "I'm here!"

"Yeah, you're there!" gasped Hank. "You're there sure 'nuff. But where did you get to?"

"Nowhere, I just made myself invisible," chuckled the Moon Boy. "I do it with this," he tapped the little green box strapped on his chest. "Can't you Earth people make yourselves invisible?"

"Shucks, no, 'course we can't!" cried Hank. "Gosh snakes! but you folks on the Moon must be mighty clever!"

"We don't think so," said the Moon Boy modestly. "We're just a long way in advance of you Earth people in science and learning, that's all. The only reason I vanished just now was because you were saying that people would stare at me in this flying suit and I was letting you see that they won't stare for very long unless I let them."

"They sure won't!" agreed Hank. A sudden thought struck him and he trembled with excitement. "Say, listen, you—you wouldn't do something for me, would you?" he stammered.

"Yes, of course I will, if I can," said the Moon Boy readily.

"You can—you can easy!" cried Hank. "Listen, there's a bunch of men hidin' out down in Chipmunk Hollow an' I gotta hunch they're the Red Rube gang that robbed the bank over in Indian Bend an' shot the bank manager an' another guy stone dead an'

there's a reward of ten thousand dollars for their capture dead or alive—"

"Please, please, not so fast!" cut in the Moon Boy, smiling and raising his hand to stop Hank's rush of words. "I do not quite understand. Explain this more slowly."

Hank did so, his voice was still shaking with excitement as he told his strange companion of how a notorious gunman named Red Rube and his gang had robbed the bank over at Indian Bend a few weeks ago and of the reward which was being offered for their capture.

"They got clear away," he went on, "but yesterday I spotted some men down in Chipmunk Hollow, which is a mighty lonely place, an' they was actin' like as if they was layin' up an' not wantin' to be seen. If they really are the Red Rube gang I'll ride our ol' mule into Indian Bend an' get Sheriff Buller and a posse to come a-runnin' an' I'll get part of the reward an' then Sis an' Grandma won't be poor no more and Grandma'll be able to go into hospital 'cos she's powerful bad."

He paused a moment to recover his breath, then rushed on:

"I'm on my way to Chipmunk Hollow now to try to get another look at them fellers. But the way you can make yourself invisible, you could easy go down into the Hollow and take a real good look at 'em an' they'd never know you was there. Then you can tell me an' if it is Red Rube an' his gang I'll ride lickety-split for the Sheriff. You'll know Red Rube okay. He's got a red beard an' red hair an' he's plenty ugly, so if you see a feller like that, then that's him. Will you do it?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Yes, of course I will," laughed the Moon Boy. "But you won't have to ride for the Sheriff. If it is the Red Rube gang we'll capture them ourselves, then you'll get the whole of the reward for yourself."

"But we can't capture them ourselves!" cried Hank aghast. "There's five of 'em and ev'ry one's a killer!"

"We'll get them," said the Moon Boy coolly. "What's your name, anyway?"

Hank told him and the Moon Boy said:

"My name is too long and queer for you to pronounce. But it begins with a sound very like your English name Mick. So you call me Mick, will you, Hank?"

"Sure!" cried Hank. Then eagerly: "Shall we get along to Chipmunk Hollow now, Mick?"

"Yes, come on!" said Mick. "How far is it?"

"Not far," said Hank, as they set off. "No more'n half a mile."

"What's that thing you're

carrying?" asked Mick, pointing to the old, double-barrelled gun.

Hank told him and explained how the gun was used. Mick laughed.

"I've got something a little better than that," he said and took from a pouch at his waist what looked like a little silver tube about the size of a fountain pen. "Watch this!"

He pointed the tube at a nearby tree and pressed a tiny button on it.

"Yeah, an' so what?" demanded Hank, as nothing seemed to happen.

"Go and have a look at the tree," said Mick, smiling.

Hank gave him an enquiring sort of stare, then went and inspected the tree. As he did so, his eyes widened in surprise. For there was a hole right through the thick trunk as clean and as neat as though it had been bored with a drill.

"Jumpin' jimminy! how did you do it?" gasped Hank, turning to Mick, who had followed him. "I didn't hear a bang or anything."

"No, this little tube operates an Invisible Ray which can go right through anything—even the toughest of steel—up to a distance of a mile or more," explained Mick. "Bigger tubes, of course, can send out much more powerful Rays far greater distances. This is just a little pocket-size one."

"Well, she sure makes this ol' gun of mine look 'bout as much use as a bow and arrow," said Hank. "Why, it could kill anything, that tube."

"It could, yes," said Mick. "Then you keep it handy!"

advised Hank, as they moved on again towards the Hollow.

"Keep down!" muttered Hank suddenly, crouching down and moving stealthily forward through the bushes.

"The Hollow's right here!"

He went down on all fours, crawled forward a few paces dragging the gun with him, then stretched himself out full-length on the edge of a sheer, precipitous drop and lay looking down into Chipmunk Hollow a hundred feet and more below.

Mick, stretched out on the turf beside him, surveyed the scene below with interest. The Hollow, which was roughly square in shape, had a grassy bottom with clumps of trees and bushes growing here and there. It was enclosed on all four sides by steep, bush-grown cliffs and there seemed to be no trail down into it at all.

At the foot of the cliff, away to the right of Hank and Mick, an old wooden shack was almost completely hidden in a clump of trees. Several horses were tethered there and two or three men were lounging about.

"You said Red Rube has a red beard and red hair, didn't you?" murmured the Moon Boy, his strange, green eyes

fixed intently on the tiny figures of the distant men.

"Yeah, I did," said Hank. "Then he's down yonder, all right," said Mick. "I can see him quite plainly."

"You kin what?" gasped Hank in blank astonishment. "D'you mean you can see his red hair an' red beard at this distance?"

"Yes," said Mick. "We can see great distances on the Moon."

"I'll say you can, if you can see Red Rube away down yonder!" gasped Hank. "I'll ride for Indian Bend an' fetch Sheriff Buller an' his posse jus' as fast as they can hit the trail," he went on.

"No!" Mick laid his hand on Hank's thin arm. "If you do that, they may claim the reward. You and I'll take Red Rube and his gang prisoners."

"But how?" gasped Hank.

"I'll tell you," said Mick. Swiftly he outlined his scheme. Hank listened in wide-eyed amazement.

"You'll have to trust me," said Mick when he had finished. "Will you do that?"

Hank hesitated just a moment. Then, his voice shaking with excitement, he said:

"Sure, I'll trust you! You an' me's buddies now, ain't we? Friends, y'know!"

"Yes, we're friends," said the Moon Boy. "And we always will be, I hope." He rose lithely to his feet. "All right, Hank, get up on my back," he said. "Leave your gun. We'll pick it up later."

Hank scrambled up on to the Moon Boy's back. The latter stepped to the edge of the cliff.

"I'm now going to make myself invisible," he warned. "But I'll still be with you although you won't be able to see me. Keep tight hold of me!"

"You betcha!" gulped Hank. The Moon Boy touched a tiny knob on the little green box strapped on his chest. As he did so, he immediately became invisible.

"Here goes!" said Mick. "Hold tight, Hank!"

Next instant, with a wild yell and with Hank clinging tightly to him, he launched himself from the edge of the cliff towards the grassy bottom of the Hollow far below.

Red Rube and his gang heard the yell as it split the stillness of the morning air. Considerably startled, they stared towards the cliff. What they saw there startled them a whole heap more.

For coming flying down from the top of the cliff was a small, ragged boy in a sort of sitting position.

"Tarnation thunder!" gasped Red Rube, his hand flying to his gun and his eyes nearly sticking out of his head. "What's that kid playin' at?" Next week: "The Sheriff's Scheme". Don't miss the thrills and excitement.

BILLY BUNTER GOES WEST



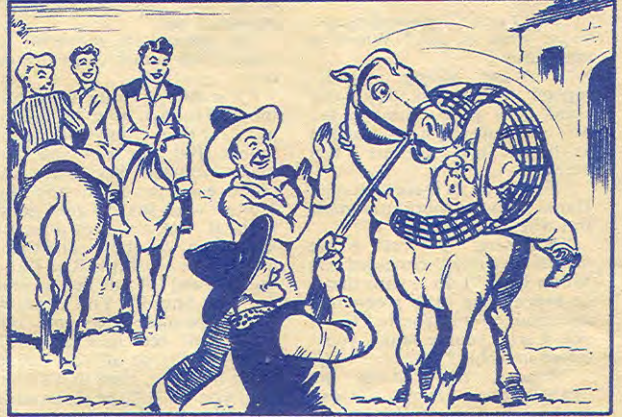
The boys of Greyfriars school were flying out to America, to change places with boys from Pinto Valley High School, which was way out West. Of course, Billy had to do something silly, and there he was wearing an ancient aviator's kit, which Vernon Smith had told him was the proper thing. Billy never knew when his leg was being pulled!



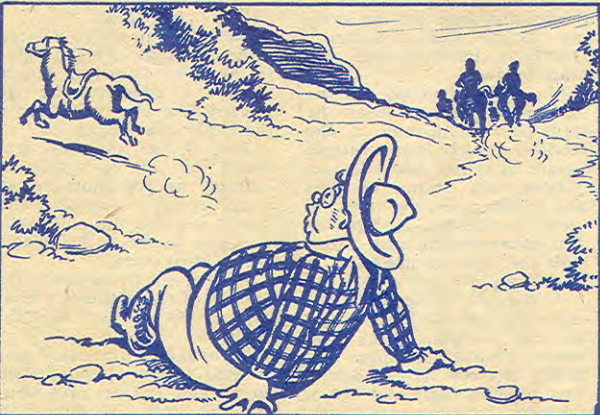
Well, after changing planes twice, they finally arrived at Pinto Valley. They just had time to change into the sort of clothes that everyone wears in that part of the world, when—Clang-a-lang-a-lang! a gong jangled outside in the courtyard. Supper was served! "I say you chaps!" cried Billy, "stand aside—I'm hungry! There's more of me to fill!"



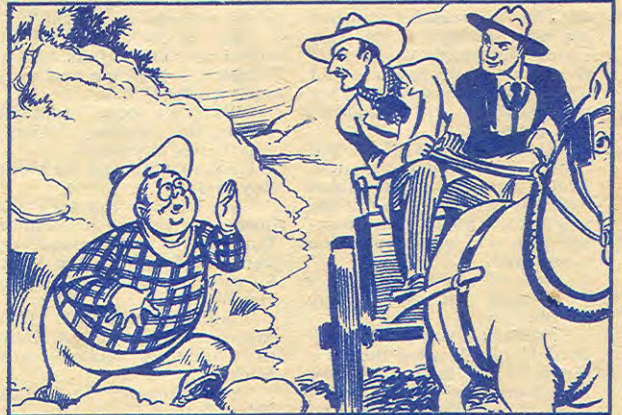
The other boys of the remove didn't argue about that! Soon after supper, they went to bed. Billy slept like a log, until he felt someone shaking him. "Go 'way!" he grunted. "How can a chap sleep! Go 'way!" "Miserable boy!" answered a grim voice. "Arise at once!" "Oh crumbs!" gasped Billy. "Queelchy!—er—that is—Mr. Queelch—"



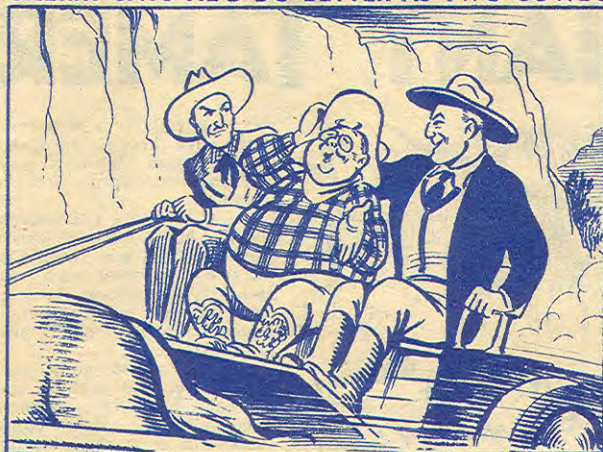
Billy shot out of bed like a fat arrow when the thought struck him that the other boys might eat all the breakfast before he got there! After breakfast, there was a ride planned for them by their western hosts. Billy had a lot of bother getting into the saddle. "He sure loves that horse!" declared one cowboy. "Just look at him hugging its neck!"



At last they all cantered away from the old Spanish ranch-house that had been made into a school. "I say you chaps!" gasped Billy, "don't go so beastly fast! My horse bobs up every time I bob down! Owch! I wish I had a cushion!" But the others just laughed, and soon Billy was left far behind. "Here—wait for me—giddup, dobbin—"



Then Billy walloped his steed with his fat hand. Before you could say "Bucking Broncho" Billy was sitting on the hard ground and his horse was heading at full speed for home! "Oh crumbs!" moaned Billy, "now I shall have to walk—I don't suppose they have buses here!" And then, to his joy, he saw a horse and buggy coming along.



Billy waved his fat arms and shouted, and the buggy pulled up. "I say you cowboy chaps," squeaked Billy. "Give me a lift back to Pinto Valley. I'll pay you when my postal order comes—I've got a rich uncle, you know!" "Jump up stranger!" drawled one of the men. "Say—you're one of the English kids aren't you?"



"Didn't you say something about a rich uncle?" asked the other man, curiously. "Yes, rather!" babbled Billy. "As a matter of fact, he's a duke, or an earl, or something. I forget—we've so many in our family!" "Well," gasped one of Billy's new friends, "We're sure honoured to meet you! Come into Hank's place and have a feed!"



Well, the more Billy ate, the more whoopers he told. He said all the Greyfriars boys were rich and important. He even said that they'd brought their coronets and gold dinner service with them. And when the two strangers said they'd be honoured if Billy would accept a present of food that night, Billy promised to show them his coronet!



That night, after lights out, Billy got up to meet his new-found "friends." Of course, he hadn't got a coronet—but he meant to have the grub they had promised him, and he felt sure he could think of some yarn. He didn't know that Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry and some of the others were following to see what he was up to!



And it's just as well that they were, because when Billy opened the door, he found himself looking down the muzzles of two guns! The pair were crooks, after the valuables that Billy had fibbed and boasted about! "Get your hands up—and lead us to the valuables!" snarled one. But then, with a rush of feet, the rest of the remove arrived!



And while Billy shouted blue murder, the crooked pair were swiftly overpowered. Mr. Queich was soon on the scene, and a phone call brought the sheriff and his deputy. "Of course," said Billy, when all was safe, "I saw through the rotters at once. Led 'em on you know. And they fell for my little trap!" All the others could do was gasp!

Next week: Billy tries to use a six-shooter and gets some surprising results!

JACK THE GIANT TAMER



STRANGE things happen in Africa, but none stranger than that which befell Jack Swift when he discovered the land where giants lived. They were friendly giants, and they had made Jack their chief, for by a strange fluke, his coming had fitted in with an ancient saying about who should rule them.

Jack had found this strange place by following the directions upon an old map, which had been given him by his dying uncle. In the first place he had hoped to discover a treasure that was supposed to be hidden there—but things had been made very difficult by two white crooks who also wanted that treasure, and would stop at nothing to get their hands on the treasure-map.

Then, quite by chance, the two crooks, Seth Larson and Butch Judd, had found a huge carved stone head, with a great gaping, open mouth. The throat beyond seemed to be a sort of passage.

"The treasure!" Butch peered ahead, shining his torch into the monster throat.

"This leads somewhere—come on, Seth!"

Sure that the treasure was almost theirs, and eager to find it, Seth and Butch hurried on side by side. But they had barely advanced a dozen paces when an awful thing happened.

There was a grinding, rumbling sound. The solid stone beneath their feet began to tip. Behind them the huge stone jaws which must have weighed several tons, were closing! The throat had turned into a steeply sloping chute, down which the two terrified crooks slid swiftly.

LOTS OF GIANT BLACK MEN—AND HEAPS OF GOLDEN TREASURE! THAT'S WHAT JACK SWIFT FOUND IN THE HEART OF AFRICA!

At last the long, steep chute ended. They came to rest with a thud upon a stone floor.

Seth was the first to recover. "A trap! What is this awful place?" he gasped.

"Goodness knows!" cried Butch in terror-stricken tones, and then he grasped his pal's arm wildly. "Look, Seth, what's that—that white thing?"

Coming through the darkness towards them was a dim white shape!

"It's a ghost!" screamed Seth. "Help!"

Then a strange thing happened. From the direction of the white shape a voice spoke to them—in English!

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," said the voice. "I'm not a ghost—I'm a man, like yourselves. And I'm afraid I fell into the same trap as you have just done—ten years ago!"

Butch found his voice and goggled, as a tall man, in tattered khaki clothes came towards them. He had a long, white beard.

"You mean to say that you've been here for ten years? Say, who are you, stranger?"

"My name, gentlemen, is Paul Swift!" replied the stranger.

He was Jack's father!

Butch and Seth stared at each other in amazement. Then, slowly Butch got to his feet. Seth followed suit.

"You've been here ten years—you mean there ain't no way out o' this place?" cried Butch.

"I can tell you that if there was, I would have found it," Paul Swift laughed grimly. "I've had plenty of time to look!"

Seth Larson scowled suspiciously at him.

"Ten years, huh? Where'd you get food for all that time?"

"There's plenty here—more than ten men could eat in a lifetime—and there is an underground stream which gives me water. You see, the people who built this weird place hundreds of years ago, built it as a storehouse as well as a treasure-house. There is a huge stone vault—full to the brim with grain. That is the only food I have had for ten years—except for an occasional jack-rabbit, or some other small animal that strayed down here."

But Seth and Butch had hardly heard the last few words.

"Did you say treasure-house?" cried Seth.

Paul Swift nodded. "Yes, the treasure-house I came to find ten years ago. I found it all right, and I've been here ever since!"

The fact that the treasure would be no use to them if they couldn't get it out, seemed of no importance to Butch and Seth.

"Where is it? The treasure, I mean! Show us it!" cried Seth eagerly.

Paul Swift smiled a little, then he beckoned to them to follow him. Eagerly they stumbled after him through the half-darkness, for Butch's torch had gone out and Seth's was guttering. Paul Swift, however, seemed used to moving about in the darkness, and they had a job to follow him without falling, for the rock floor was rough and uneven.

At last a brighter light showed ahead, and the passage-

way changed from a natural rough cave through the rocks, to a well built, slab-lined way.

Then they came to the treasure.

Quite suddenly the passage widened out into a huge square stone room. It was about half the size of a footer pitch, and about its stone floor was scattered the most amazing pile of treasure any man could possibly imagine.

Tons of solid gold—gold everywhere, and nothing else but gold. Not only were there huge piles of golden coins, vases and cups of gold, but bigger objects which were made of the precious metal.

Their eyes shining—shouting out with sheer joy and greed, the two crooks waded ankle-deep into the treasure. Butch grabbed a magnificent breast-plate and helmet of solid gold, and slapped them on to his pal. Seth retorted by throwing handfuls of gold pieces at him.

Paul Swift looked at them with a queer smile on his face.

"All this gold is no use to you, you know," he said. "You can't get out of here—unless someone lets you out!"

"How?" cried Seth eagerly. "Look above your heads," commanded Swift. Seth and Butch did so.

Suspended on two massive chains, hanging so that its lower end was level with the ledge, was an ancient ladder of iron. Clearly it was arranged to be lowered so that people from above could reach the treasure-room. For they could just see the top of a big winch for lowering it. But unless there was someone at the top to let it down, it was utterly out of their reach!

JACK FINDS THE CAVE

LORD, if you mean to go to the secret place, then I will come with you," said Ko-Za the giant. "You are my chief, and I must obey you in all things. But I wish you would not do this—for the secret place is a place where men should not go."

"Thanks for the warning, Ko-Za," said Jack. "But I believe my father came here before me, and I mean to find out what became of him."

Jack Swift, Ko-Za and Kobo, Jack's faithful black servant, were standing at the foot of the cliffs under the cave which led to the treasure. Jack had found the place easily with the aid of his map.

Seeing that his little chief meant to go on, Ko-Za, the giant, lifted Jack and Kobo up, and stretching as high as he could, just managed to set them into the cave-mouth. Then he hauled himself after them.

Ko-Za had almost to crawl through the long cave after Jack, but although it was very uncomfortable for him, he was determined to follow where his chief led.

At last they reached the opening in the mountains which showed the sky high above. Once more Jack pulled out his map.

"This is the place," he said, a quiver of excitement in his voice. Then he felt Kobo's hand on his arm. "What's the matter, Kobo?"

"Look, boss, over there, that place!"

Jack followed the point of Kobo's trembling finger, and saw the monster head, with its wide-open mouth, staring at them out of the creeps on the far side of the rock circle.

"That's the way to the treasure!" cried Jack, and sprinted towards the head. He stopped with one foot on the monster tongue, and looked back towards his two faithful friends.

"Come on, hurry, you two! There's a sort of passage-way at the back of this mouth, and I mean to explore it!"

Little did he dream that his father was in the treasure-house itself—still alive!

Kobo joined Jack on the tongue of the monster head and together they took a couple of paces forward into the mouth of the stone head.

Outside Ko-Za was looking very miserable. This place had a bad reputation among his people, the giants, and he was very fond of his little chief, Jack.

"Lord, stop—wait one moment—I have something to tell you!" he cried.

Jack stopped, turned round, and walked back a pace, little knowing how near disaster he had been. Even as he had turned the great jaws had trembled on their rockers. Now, as he and Kobo walked back towards the teeth, they were safe again.

"What is it, Ko-Za?"

The giant took a couple of paces forward and sat himself down on the tongue of the monster head, so as to be closer to Jack as he spoke. With one huge arm he gestured at the cliffs which ranged the place in like the sides of a well.

"Once this was a valley—long years ago when my people first came to this land. It was not just a hole in the mountains like it is now. Little men with brown skins used to come to this place and bring gold and other things to hide away. One day, something happened which destroyed many of them, and which caused them to forsake this place for ever—the ground beneath them shook, the very mountains quivered, and the valley was closed by a great mountain, which moved till it closed the way to this place—closed it completely, save for the cave

we came through!"

"You mean there was an earthquake, Ko-Za?" said Jack. "I see. But why should that stop us from going into the treasure-house?"

"Lord, the place is bewitched. Many moons ago there came two white men, even men like yourself, lord. It was their tent you found. They came, the two of them together, to this place. A day later one of them, alone, came away—smitten with great terror, and fled out of our land; the other we never saw again!"

Jack Swift had turned pale as Ko-Za spoke.

"I know who those two men were!" he cried. "They were my father and my uncle! My uncle was the one who got away. Maybe—perhaps my dad died in this very place! Ko-Za, don't you see, now I've just got to go into this place—I must know what happened to my own father."

Eagerly Jack had turned and, followed by Kobo, strode swiftly towards the passage at the back of the mouth.

But the stone jaws didn't close!

By sheer chance, one of Ko-Za's huge feet was resting on the edge of the lower jaw, and the weight of Ko-Za did the trick. Jack and Kobo passed the danger mark in safety and hurried on down the passage towards the treasure chamber.

JACK MEETS HIS DAD

DOWN in the secret depths of the treasure-house, Paul Swift was showing the two white crooks, Seth and Butch, all the twists and turns of the weird place. In the ten years he had been there he had got to know every nook and cranny. He explored them often enough in his vain, never-ending search for a way out.

At the moment he was showing them how it was that he had managed to live for so long. He took them first to the place where a tiny stream of crystal clear water bubbled out of a crack in the rocks into a carved stone basin, and then he led them down a steep flight of twisty stone stairs to the huge store caves that had kept him in food.

And the steps down which they had come vanished into a sea of yellow grain.

"Crums!" muttered Seth. "How ever much of this corn is there?"

"I don't know," replied Paul Swift. "I've never found how deep it goes, but there must be hundreds of tons of it. My guess is that this place was a storehouse for the taxes of the old Ethiopian kings. They used to tax their rich subjects in gold and their poorer subjects in grain, you know, and hoard it all up for a rainy day. Though however this lot came to be abandoned, I can't imagine."

For the moment the three stood silent, gazing into the shadows of the huge granary. Then Seth burst out:

"If only there was some way out of this rotten place!" he cried. "Think of all those tons of gold lying in the treasure chambers! If only we could get out of here we'd be rich for life! But what use to us is it while we're shut up here? None at all!" He stared again around the inky dark grain store, beyond the rays of their torch. "Come on—let's get out of here, anyway! This grain store gives me the creeps!"

Half-way up the stairs he stopped suddenly.

"Hark—there's a voice! There's someone else in this place!"

It was Jack Swift's voice that had reached them—Jack's voice saying:

"Look, Kobo—the treasure!"

The three men fairly tore up the remaining stairs towards the treasure chamber!

JACK and Kobo had followed the passage down the throat of the monster head. It ran fairly level, and every so often it was lit by sunlight which filtered through tiny chinks in the rocky cliffs that hemmed it in. The passage was a matter of a hundred yards or so long, and it twisted three or four times, so that Jack and Kobo were soon out of Ko-Za's view.

As the passage straightened out after its last twist, the two saw a strong light ahead. This came from the open sky, above the treasure chamber itself. Finally, the passage ended on a sort of stone shelf, beyond which was a sheer drop of sixty feet-odd to the floor of the treasure chamber. Jack leaned over the edge and peered down.

"Look, Kobo—the treasure!" he cried, as he spied the piled-up gold at the bottom of the smooth-sided stone pit.

For a moment the two stared dumbfounded at the treasure they had come so far to find. Then Jack said:

"How do you get down there,

I wonder?"

They could see no sign of any steps leading down, while around the edge of the pit there was only the narrow stone shelf, on one side of which they were now standing. Then Jack spotted the ladder. It was of iron, and it hung over the pit itself by two massive iron chains. At that moment it was drawn up, so that the bottom of it was a little above the shelf, but Jack quickly spotted the winding gear which lowered it.

"Come on, Kobo—there's a ladder of sorts! Let's see if we can lower it!"

But as he spoke there came the sound of pounding feet and Seth Larson, Butch Judd and Paul Swift burst out of the side passage and came into view in the treasure chamber below.

Butch and Seth were wildly excited. They seemed to have completely forgotten that only a couple of days before they had been doing their level best to rob Jack Swift of his treasure map!

"Hey, there!" cried Butch. "Get us out of here—lower that ladder down!"

"Boy, oh boy!" yelled Seth. "Are we glad to see you!"

Jack stared down at them in amazement.

"Why," he gasped to Kobo, "it's those two men who were leading the Basuti warriors against us. And the other man—the man with a white beard?"

"He's your father, Massa Jack!" replied Kobo softly.

"I'll let the ladder down—wait just a minute! You'll all be out soon!" yelled Jack, haring round the narrow stone shelf to the winding gear. "Come on, Kobo! Help me with these handles!"

The great iron handles of the winding gear had not been turned in hundreds of years. They were rusty and the mechanism had jammed up until it was almost solid.

Kobo put one of his powerful shoulders to the crank while Jack heaved with all his strength on the other side. At first the handle felt as though

(Continued on page 18)

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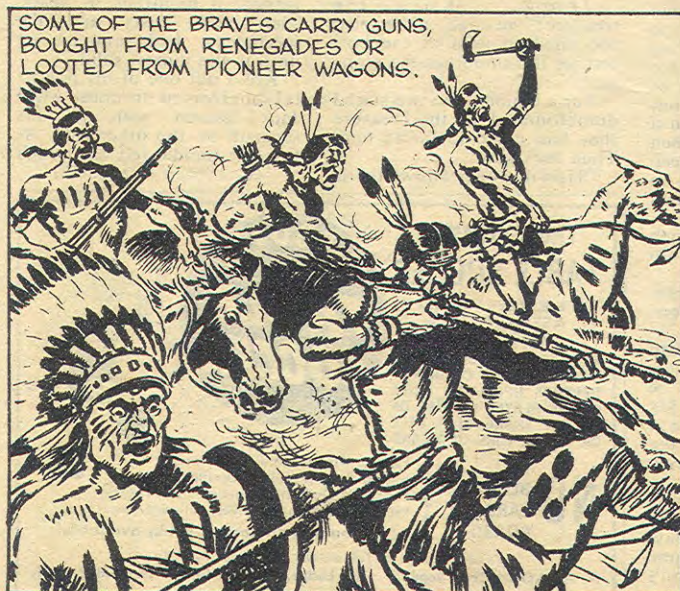
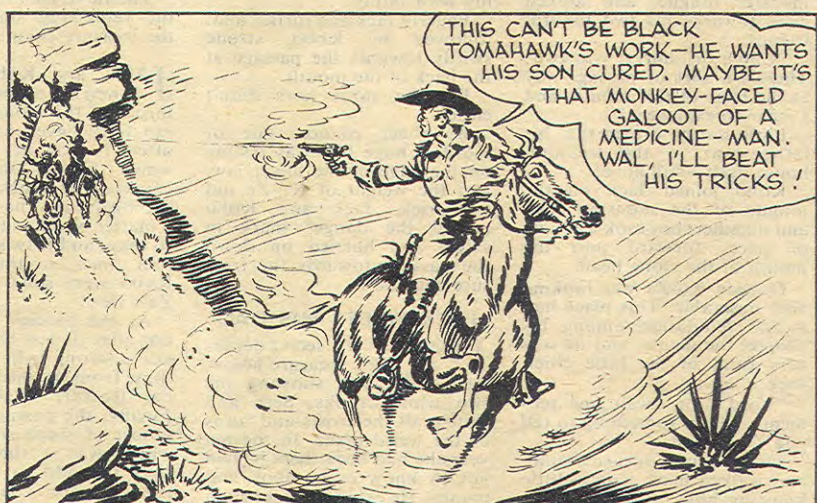
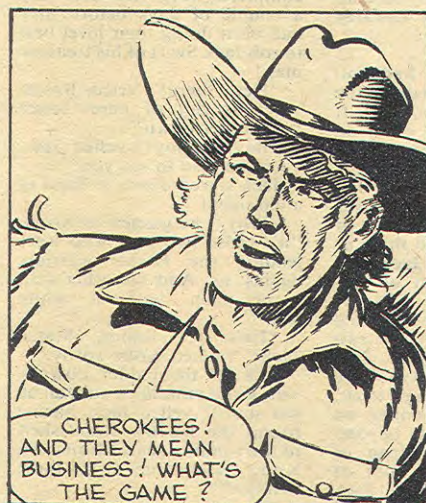
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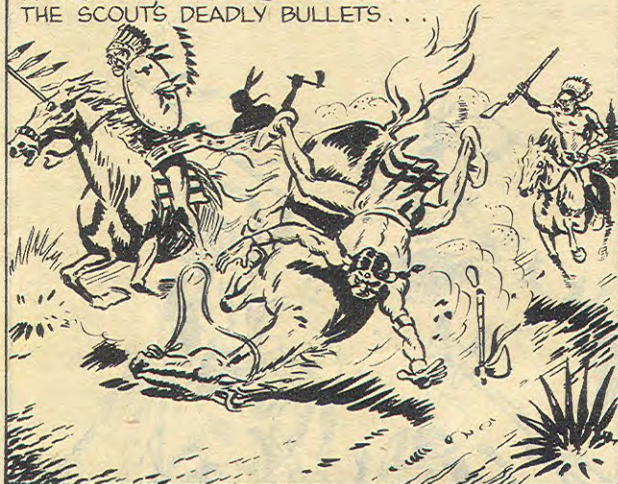


KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

Trouble is brewing in the camp of the Cherokee Indians! The son of their chief is ill, and Yellow Fox, the medicine man says they must go to war against the Palefaces to please the evil spirits. Blackhawk gives Kit Carson until sundown to get a paleface doctor.

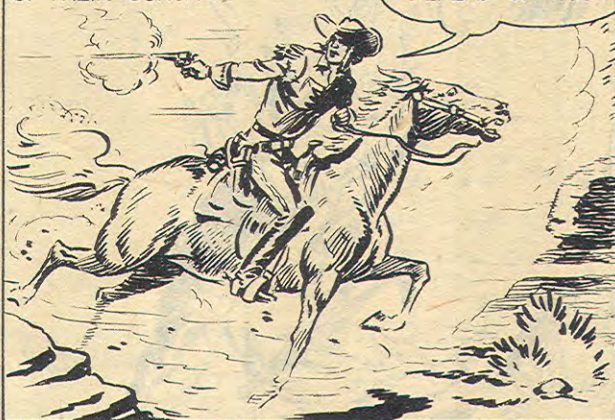


A REDSKIN FALLS BEFORE ONE OF THE SCOUTS DEADLY BULLETS...

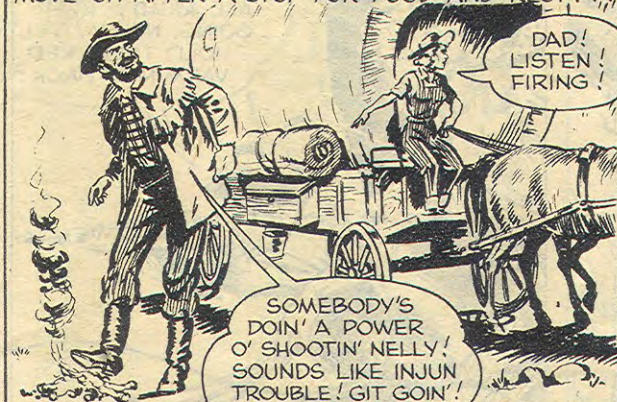


WHILE KIT RIDES DESPERATELY TO GET OUT OF RANGE OF THEIR GUNS...

COME ON, BOY, GIVE ALL YOU'VE GOT! A WHOLE LOT OF LIVES DEPEND ON THIS!



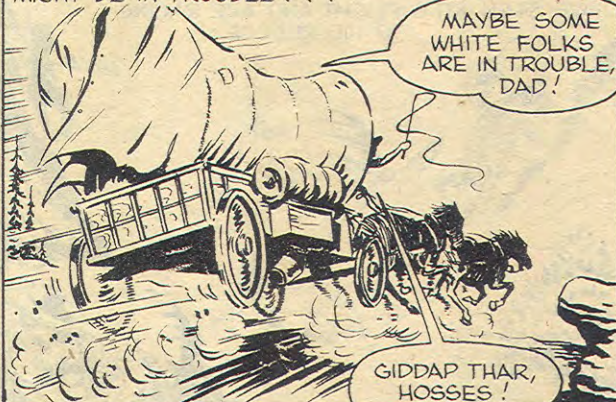
MEANWHILE, FURTHER ALONG THE TRAIL, THERE ARE TWO WHITE PEOPLE. PIONEER JOSH PARKER AND HIS DAUGHTER NELLY ARE JUST PREPARING TO MOVE ON AFTER A STOP FOR FOOD AND REST.



DAD! LISTEN! FIRING!

SOMEBODY'S DOIN' A POWER O' SHOOTIN' NELLY! SOUNDS LIKE INJUN TROUBLE! GIT GOIN'!

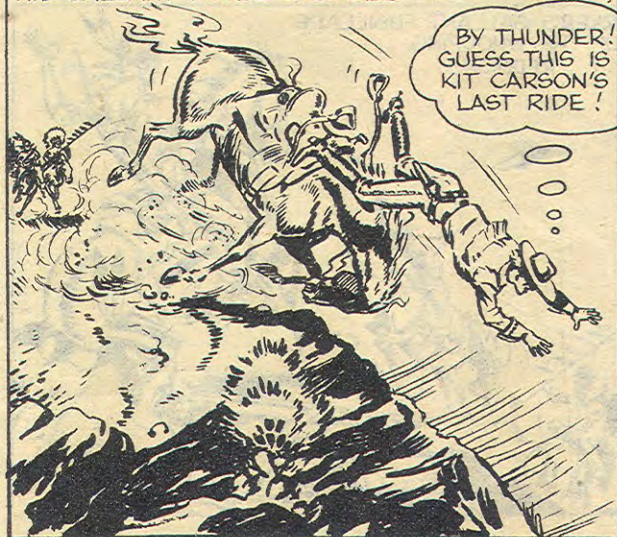
AS NELLY WHIPS UP THE TEAM, JOSH PARKER LEAPS ON TO THE WAGON, AND THEY ARE OFF, READY TO HELP ANYBODY WHO MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE...



MAYBE SOME WHITE FOLKS ARE IN TROUBLE, DAD!

GIDDAP THAR, HOSSES!

AND KIT CARSON IS IN REAL TROUBLE. HIS GALLANT HORSE STUMBLES...



BY THUNDER! GUESS THIS IS KIT CARSON'S LAST RIDE!

AND THE BRAVES YELL IN TRIUMPH...



AIE! AIE! DEATH TO THE PALEFACE!

HIS SCALP SHALL HANG IN MY WIGWAM!

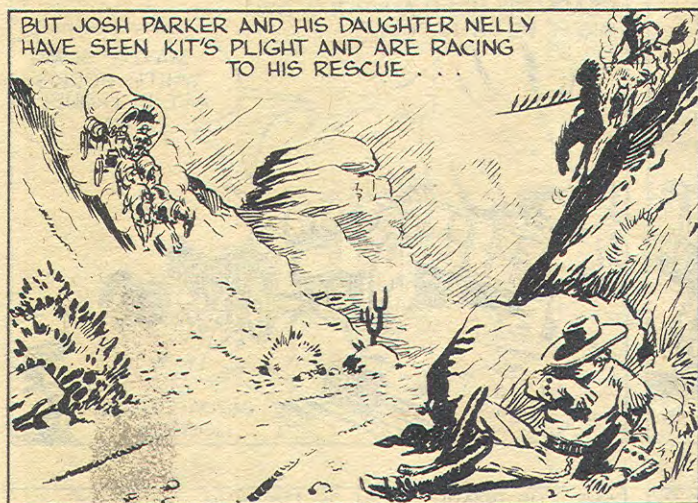
(Continued on page 16)



AS KIT HITS THE GROUND WITH STUNNING FORCE, HIS HORSE ROLLS OVER THE EDGE.



THE CHEROKEES BEAR DOWN ON KIT...



BUT JOSH PARKER AND HIS DAUGHTER NELLY HAVE SEEN KIT'S PLIGHT AND ARE RACING TO HIS RESCUE...



IT'S A WHITE MAN, ALL RIGHT! KEEP GOING, NELLY! I'LL HOLD THEM RED VARMINTS BACK!



DAZEDLY, KIT HEARS THE THUD OF HOOFES, AND THE RATTLE OF WHEELS...

MY HOSS IS GONE — BUT BY THUNDER, THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! THOSE FOLKS HAVE GOT SAND!



BUT JOSH PARKER'S GALLANT FUSILLADE FAILS TO STOP THE WHOOPING REDSKINS...

Can Nelly and her dad save Kit? Be sure to read next week's thrill-packed instalment!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



THE WRONG DOSE

NOW, who can that be?" cried little old Dr. Dozey fussily, as there came a ring on his front doorbell. "Oh dear, I do wish people wouldn't bother me!"

He was very busy in his laboratory and a more dusty and untidy little room you never saw. Bottles and jars, test-tubes and books were strewn higgledy-piggledy all over the place. Dr. Dozey never could find anything he wanted.

"Oh, bother it, there it goes again!" he cried as there came another ring—longer this time—at the front doorbell. "Why doesn't Martha answer it?"

Martha was his housekeeper. But Dr. Dozey was such an absent-minded old gentleman that he had quite forgotten he had sent Martha into the village on an errand.

"Goodness gracious me, has Martha gone deaf?" he cried crossly as there came a third ring. "Well, I must see who it is myself, I suppose. But it's a great nuisance."

Mumbling and grumbling to himself, he pattered out of the laboratory and went towards the front door. Suddenly he stopped and scratched his wispy white hair.

"Now, where was I going?" he asked himself in a puzzled sort of voice. "I must have been going somewhere—at least, I suppose I must. Tut, tut! How very odd of me—"

He gave a sudden violent start as there came another long, loud ring on the bell.

With that the silly old man pattered along to the front door and opened it. Standing outside was a big, red-faced, cheery-looking man. Behind him was a horse and gig.

"Good morning, Doctor!" cried the visitor in a great booming voice. "And how are you this morning, eh? You know who I am, of course?"

"Do I?" mumbled little Dr. Dozey, blinking at him through his spectacles.

"Why, of course you do!"

cried the visitor. "I'm Farmer Whipstraw, of Meadowsweet Farm. I want you to come out there with me right away. I've got a party of boys from St. Cuthbert's School camping on the farm. They've been helping me with the harvest. But this morning the whole bunch of them are ill."

"Ill?" repeated Dr. Dozey absently. "Who's ill?"

"Why, the boys I've just been telling you about!" boomed Farmer Whipstraw.

"The boys who've been helping me with my harvest!"

"What harvest?" mumbled Dr. Dozey.

"Look here, Doctor, do please pay attention. I've got a bunch of schoolboys camping on my farm and they're ill. The whole bunch of 'em have got tummy-aches. So have the two schoolmasters who are in charge of 'em. It's something they've eaten for breakfast, I think. Anyway, I've come to take you to the farm in my gig, so that you can give 'em all some medicine. Have you got that?"

"Oh, well, I suppose I'd better see to them," grumbled Dr. Dozey, who was really a very kind-hearted little man. "But it's a properly botheration nuisance, that's what it is. I'll go and get ready!"

"And I'll come in with you, if you don't mind," said Farmer Whipstraw, following him indoors. "If I don't, you might forget all about it."

Within a very short time he and Dr. Dozey were bowling quickly towards Meadowsweet Farm in the gig.

"The boys are camping in some wooden huts in a field near the farmhouse," said Farmer Whipstraw. "I'll take you straight there."

As he drove up to the huts a big, stout, pompous-looking man came out of one of them.

"That's Dr. Grunter, the headmaster at St. Cuthbert's School," said Farmer Whipstraw to the little doctor. "He's in charge of the party."

"Ha, so here you are, Whip-

straw!" cried Dr. Grunter impatiently. "I thought you were never coming. Is that the doctor you have with you—Ow-ww!" He gave an awful gasp and clutched his fat tummy.

"Have you brought some medicine which will relieve me and the boys from these dreadful pains?" he cried.

"Oh, yes!" cried Dr. Dozey, scrambling quickly down from the gig and pulling a big bottle from his pocket. "This'll put you right in no time!"

"Thank goodness for that!" groaned Dr. Grunter.

He raised his voice and bellowed for the boys to come out of their huts. There were about forty of them. There was also a weedy-looking man named Dr. Drripp. He was an assistant master and second-in-command to Dr. Grunter.

"Now, each of you get a mug and line up in two ranks!" roared Dr. Grunter.

"The doctor will pour a dose of medicine into each mug. I will say 'One—two—three—drink!' On the word 'Drink' everyone, including myself and Mr. Drripp, will swallow his medicine. If I see any boy not drinking the medicine or trying to pour it away, I will flog him severely. So understand that!"

A few minutes later the boys were standing in two ranks, each with a dose of medicine in his mug. Dr. Grunter and Mr. Drripp also had doses.

"Are you ready?" cried Dr. Grunter. "One—two—three—drink!"

The whole party, including the two masters, swallowed the medicine at one gulp. But as they did so a most amazing thing happened.

For, in a flash, the whole bunch of them were changed from human beings into the oddest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

Where the boys had been standing there were now two rows of lions and tigers, bears and monkeys, parrots and pigs, donkeys and goats, foxes and hares, and nearly every sort of

animal you could think of.

As for Dr. Grunter, that astounded gentleman had been changed into an astonished-looking polar bear, standing on its hind legs.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" gasped Farmer Whipstraw.

"I've given them the wrong medicine!" cried little Dr. Dozey, wringing his hands in fright and dismay. "I must have done. I've invented a liquid which changes people into birds and animals and I've given them a dose of that instead of the proper medicine. Oh dear, what's to be done?"

"Goodness knows!" gasped Farmer Whipstraw. "Can't you change them back again to their proper selves?"

"I've invented a liquid which will change them back, but I don't know where I've put it!" wailed Dr. Dozey. "I've—I've lost it! I—I can't think where I put it!"

"Then you'd jolly well better think, and be quick about it," roared the polar bear in a terrible voice. "We can't stay like this, you wicked little rascal you!"

"No, but it must be a very wonderful liquid!" gasped Farmer Whipstraw.

"Oh, it is—it is!" cried little Dr. Dozey. "It changes people into the animals they most resemble in human life. I mean, if a boy is greedy the liquid will change him into a pig. Or if he's stupid the liquid will change him into a donkey. Or if he's a talkative—"

"Will you get off home and find that other liquid to change us to our proper selves?" roared Dr. Grunter, the polar bear. "If you don't, I'll gobble you up—that's what I'll do."

"But I've told you that I don't know where I've put it," stammered the little doctor.

"Then find it," roared Dr. Grunter. "No, wait. I'll come with you and see that you jolly well do find it!"

Will Dr. Dozey find the liquid? Be sure to read next week's fun-filled instalments!

JACK THE GIANT TAMER (Continued from page 13)

nothing on earth would make it budge. Then there was a creak and it shifted a tiny fraction. Jack and Kobo redoubled their efforts and slowly they began to make the massive drum, which wound up the chains, turn. The links of that hefty chain, which had not moved for centuries, groaned and rattled, and the ladder began slowly to drop.

"Carry on, Kobo!" cried Jack. "I'm going down!" So saying Jack leapt upon the swaying, swinging ladder and, eager to reach his father, shinned down it while it was still dropping.

The heavy iron ladder dug its way in among the piles of gold scattered about the floor of the treasure chamber and clanked to rest against one wall. Jack leaped down and ran eagerly towards the bearded man.

"Father!" he cried. "You are my father—Paul Swift—aren't you?"

His eyes blazing with wonder, Paul Swift nodded. Silently the two, father and son, clasped hands, and there was more in that handshake than words could say. Jack Swift had found something that meant far more to him than the piled-up treasure.

JACK'S LAST COMMAND

"BUT, lord, you cannot leave us! You are our chief—we need you to lead us, lord!"

"Ko-Za," replied Jack, "I must go, and you must stay here. This is your country—mine is far across the sea!"

The giants were loading up four canoes. One for Jack and his father and Kobo, one for Butch and Seth, and two more to be towed, one behind each of the others, carrying the cargo of gold. They were not the big canoes that the giants themselves used, but little toys that they gave their children

to play with! All the same, they were plenty big enough for Jack and the others.

The air shook with a mighty shout as the canoes bearing Jack and the rest pulled away from the bank. Rapidly they shot downstream, leaving the tribe of the giants standing, like a group of enormous ebony statues, at the side of the river.

Jack stood in the stern of the canoe, waving farewell to them as they cheered.

"Do not forget us, little chief!" cried Ko-Za. "Come back again one day!"

"I will!" yelled Jack, and he meant it. Little did he guess that he would never be able to keep that promise.

Jack looked up at the sky as he took his seat beside his dad in the canoe. Kobo was paddling swiftly, while a few feet away to one side were Seth and Butch.

"I don't like the look of the sky!" remarked Jack. "There's going to be a storm soon, if I'm not mistaken."

His father nodded. Jack was right. He had hardly finished speaking when great drops of rain splashed into the river and the sky shook with distant thunder.

In ten seconds the tropical rain was teeming down in bucketfuls. It was all they could do to keep their canoes afloat, so rapidly did they fill with rainwater, and they were jolly glad when they reached the tunnel that led through to the other side of the mountains.

Jack's canoe, towing one load of treasure, was first. Seth and Butch's, towing the second treasure canoe, was a little behind.

For a long while, as the canoes drifted on downstream, no word was spoken. Everyone was too busy bailing water out.

"That's one more danger over," panted Jack at last. "The canoes will float safely now, and we're half-way

through the tunnel. The water is rising rapidly, what with all that rain, but we'll get through all right."

Hardly had the words left his lips when a tremendous rumbling roar shook the air. The water around the canoes lashed and splashed furiously. Then—

"Look out!" cried Paul Swift. "It's an earthquake! The cave is falling in!"

He was right! Above their heads the roof was creaking and groaning—great fissures were appearing in the rocks and chunks of stone were splashing into the water all around them. The water, which usually threw off a queer glow which made the place bright as daylight, was becoming dark as the falling rocks churned it up.

"Forward!" cried Paul Swift, and the two crooks threw every ounce of their strength into that grim race with the falling rocks. The darkness made things worse, though the current, growing swifter every second, was sweeping them around the bends and twists that they couldn't see.

Then there was a deafening roar which blotted out everything. The canoes bucked and nearly turned over as thousands of tons of falling rock churned up the water behind them. Jack felt the tow-rope strain and then grow slack. The treasure canoe had been buried by the falling rock.

He heard shouts of terror from the direction of the two crooks, then silence. A moment later he saw light ahead.

Ten minutes later they shot out into the sunlight, with only a few smashed boards hanging on to the tow-rope to tell of where the treasure canoe had been.

Completely whacked, they just managed to get to shore. Of the two crooks, or their canoes, there was no sign.

For a little while, Jack, his father and Kobo were too tired out even to speak. Then Jack said:

"I'm afraid it's all up with Seth and Butch—poor chaps! After all, they did go to a lot of trouble to get the treasure—and now, when they were so near to getting away with it—they're buried with it!"

Jack's father nodded.

"I'm afraid there's no hope for them," he said. "They perished under that fall of rock. We're jolly lucky to be alive, even if our treasure hunt has ended in failure!"

"Not quite, Dad!" said Jack, and pulled out his shirt. Under it, around his waist, was a hefty girdle of linked gold plates studded with jewels.

"This is worth enough to make us rich!" he cried. "And even if I hadn't got it, the hunt wouldn't have been a flop, because I found you, Dad!"

Jack paused and gazed back at the mouth of the underground river.

"I'm afraid I shall never be able to go back to the giants now," he murmured. "The way is blocked. Gosh, Dad—it was tough luck on Butch and Seth!"

But Jack might have saved his regret, for strange as it sounds, Butch and Seth were still alive, and are to this day. Their canoes were smashed, but they themselves escaped, and after clinging for hours in the darkness to a narrow ledge in the rocky walls of the cavern, they swam out.

To this very day they wander about the coast towns of Africa, telling a strange tale of a land of giants and of a lost treasure.

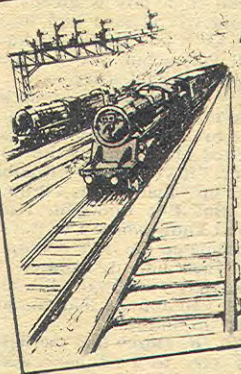
But nobody ever believes them and nobody has ever found a way back to the land of the giants.

THE END

Another adventure of Jack Swift, the boy explorer starts next week in COMET

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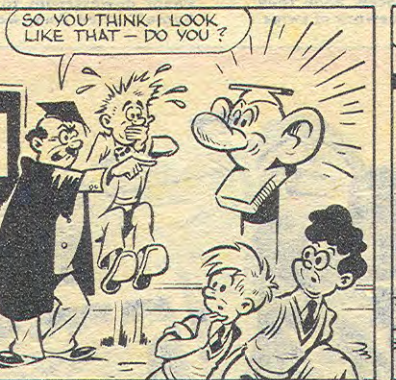
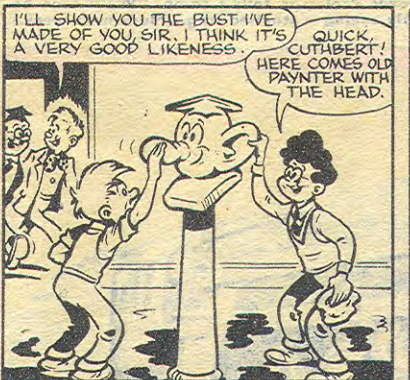
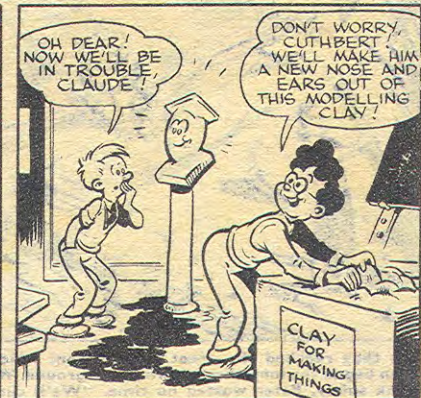
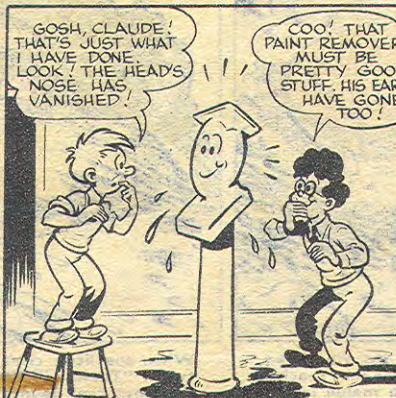
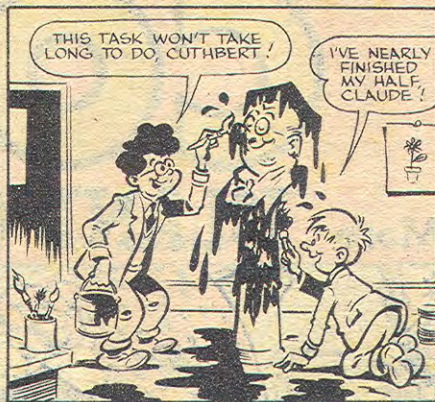
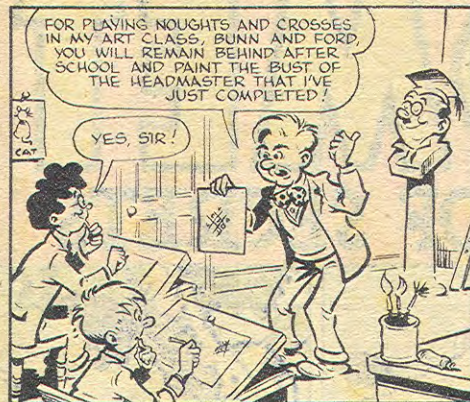
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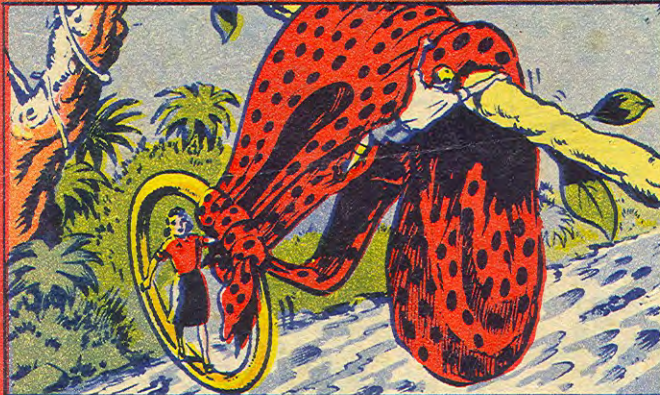
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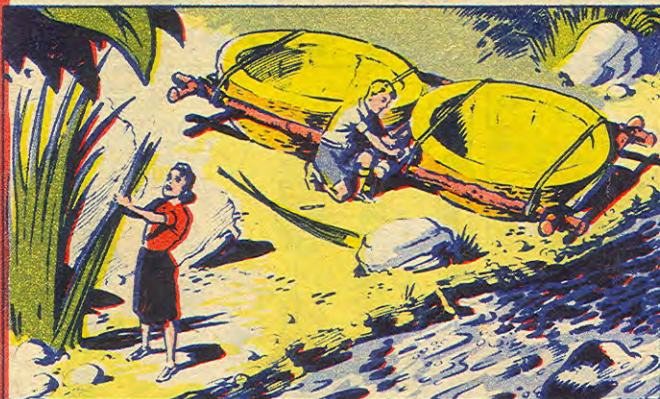
CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 3



Down they went, swiftly at first, and then with a slow, swaying drift as the home-made parachute opened above them. "We're well clear of the pirate camp," Peter muttered grimly, "but we're heading for the river!" High above the water, their parachute caught a tendril of vine and wrapped about it. Peter began to clamber up.



That slender vine hung between two tall trees, one on each side of the river. With a struggle Peter managed to drag himself up on to the swaying stem, then reached down to help Ann. "Now—let's take it steadily!" he said as they set out along the tough and slippery tendrill. "Once we reach the tree we can climb down."



At last they reached the great branch from which the vine hung, and then began the long climb down to the ground. When they reached the bank safely, Peter wasted no time. "We'll cut a melon in half and scoop out the inside to make a boat," he announced. Soon they were hard at work, lashing their strange boat in a framework of twigs.



When the little craft was ready, Peter lashed small shells to two twigs. "These will do for paddles," he smiled. "Now—off we go!" Together they launched the boat, and next moment it was being swept downstream towards Professor Jolly's camp. "We'll soon be home!" cried Ann, warily eyeing a startled frog. (More next week.)

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