

GRAND RAILWAY
SPOTTERS' HANDBOOK
FOR EVERY READER!

FREE GIFT INSIDE!

COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

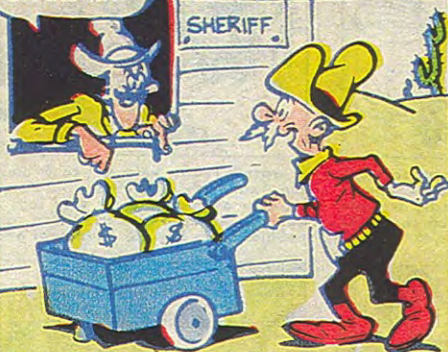
No. 194, April 5, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

SAY, SHORTY, TAKE THAT CARTLOAD OF GOLD TO THE BANK AND DON'T DILLY-DALLY ON THE WAY

SHERIFF



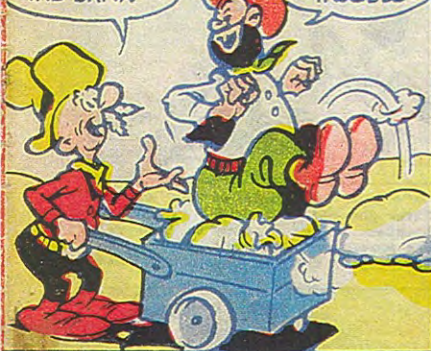
OOO! MY CORNERS ARE SUFFERING! I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP!

POOR FELLER - I'LL GIVE HIM A LIFT ON MY CART



JUMP ON, PARD. I'LL RUN YOU HOME ON MY WAY TO THE BANK

REALLY, BUD, I COULDN'T LET YOU GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE!



HEY, FELLERS! HERE'S A GUY GIVIN' THE CHIEF A RIDE ON A CART!



HE'S A REAL GENT, PARD'S. WE'LL THROW A PARTY IN HIS HONOUR

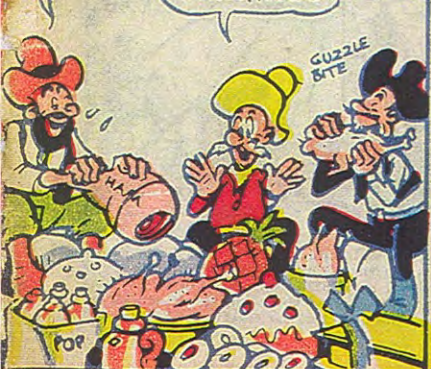
O GOODY



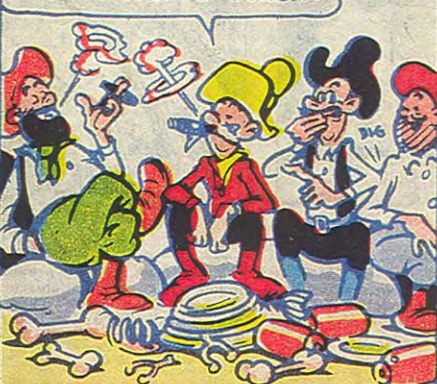
LUCK IN, GANG

TO THINK! ALL THIS IN MY HONOUR! I'M MIGHTY PROUD, PARD'S

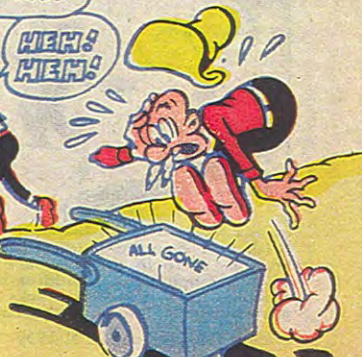
GUZZLE BITE



GEE, THANKS FOR A SWELL FEED! IT MUST HAVE COST A LOT OF DOUGH!



SURE DID, PARD! - LUCKY YOU BROUGHT THAT CARTLOAD O' GOLD TO PAY FER IT! HAW! HAW! HAW!



ISLAND OF SECRETS

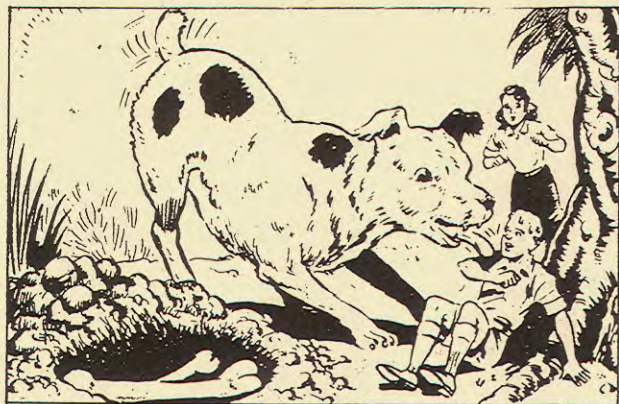
More fun and adventure on the island where nothing grows old!



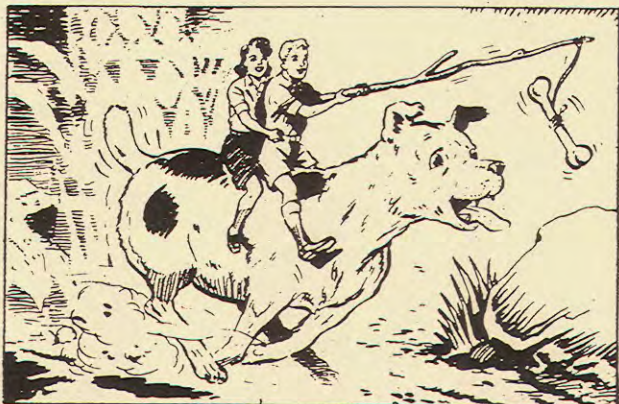
Peter and Ann whirled downstream in their tiny boat made from the scooped-out halves of a sugar-melon. "This is the nearest point to our camp," cried Peter, and with a twist of his paddle he brought the boat into the bank. "Now," he panted as he hauled the little craft to dry land, "we've a long journey ahead of us, Ann!"



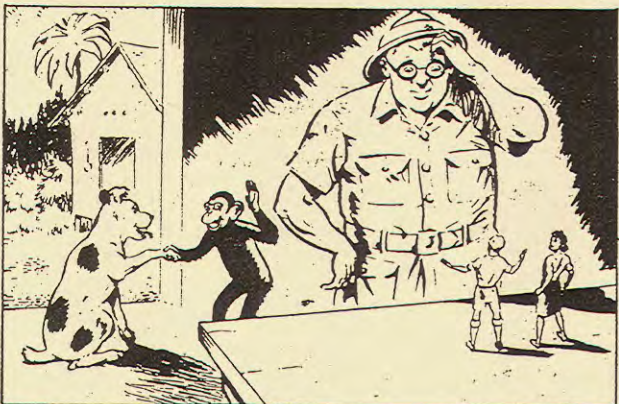
It wasn't really very far to Professor Jolly's camp—at least not in the usual way, but Peter and Ann had been shrunk to Tom Thumb size, so of course their tiny legs could not carry them along very quickly. As they set out, there came a sudden shower of earth and pebbles from beyond a ridge of ground. "Oh!" gasped Ann, ducking.



Cautiously the children moved round that stream of flying earth, and climbed over the ridge. A jolly bright-eyed puppy was busy digging a hole to bury some bones! Turning suddenly, he stopped digging and bounded across to Peter. "Ooogh! Ugh!" gasped Peter, staggering and falling as the friendly puppy began to lick his face.



"He doesn't seem fierce," Ann said cautiously as she watched her brother get to his feet. Peter grinned, and tickled the puppy's ears. "Hallo, Towser!" he laughed. "You're going to help us!" A little later, the children were seated on Towser's back, tempting him to a gallop with a bone dangling on a string from a long stick!

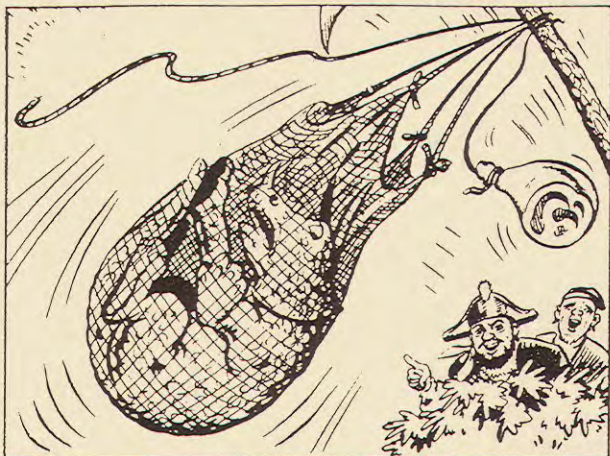


With that bone to guide Towser, Peter brought them all safely back to camp in a very short time. The professor was troubled when he found that the children had been shrunk by his wonderful ray machine. "It will take me weeks to build a new machine to make you grow big again," he sighed. "What happened to the old ray-machine?"



While Peter was busy explaining that the machine had been swallowed by a great prehistoric monster, Black Bellamy and his crew were hard at work. "That animal swallowed the machine and then grew small," growled Bellamy. "It's bound to cough the machine up some time soon, so we'll catch it and be ready for when that happens!"

WILL HAVE TO STAY TINY UNTIL THEY FIND A SCHEME TO GET THE MACHINE BACK!



When a net had been spread and a bait laid for the miniature monster, Black Bellamy and his crew hid in the bushes nearby. "Ho! Ho!" the pirate chief chuckled softly. "Now we'll see!" They did not have long to wait. Soon the animal came trotting through the trees and snapped at the bait. Whizz! The trap-net went flying up.



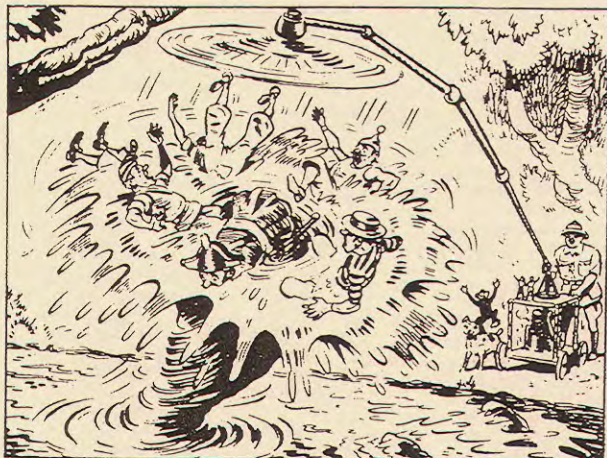
The pirates started to surge forward—and then, oh what a surprise they had! The sudden jerk had switched over the lever of the machine inside the monster. In a flash it swelled to its normal towering size. The net snapped like cotton, and the dazed animal crashed down and scrambled to its feet as the pirates fled in terror.



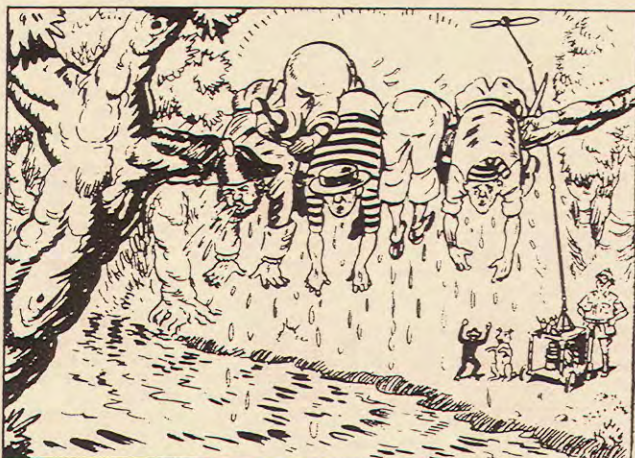
That prehistoric monster was feeling rather cross. It was not used to shrinking and swelling like this. With a bellow of rage it went thundering after the terrified pirates. Black Bellamy and his crew ran like hares, and took the only way of escape. Just in time they flung themselves over a steep bank into a fast-flowing river.



They had escaped the monster, but now they were swept helplessly towards some dangerous rapids. Professor Jolly had been attracted by the roars of the monster, and when he saw the plight of the pirates he came hurrying along with one of his strange machines. "Help! Save us!" cried the pirates as they saw the angry rapids.



"This wind-machine of mine will either suck or blow," the professor explained to Ann and Peter. "Now watch me make a water-spout!" Brrrrr! The propeller roared, and a great twisting column of water was dragged up in the air just short of the rapids. Black Bellamy and his men were carried up, whirling dizzily on top of the water-spout.



Up they rose as the wind-machine drew the water-spout higher and higher. The professor chuckled, and quickly adjusted some controls. With a crash the water-spout broke and tumbled down, leaving the gasping pirates hanging over the branch of a tree high above the river! "That narrow escape may teach them a lesson!" laughed Peter.

(Continued on back page)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

IT was Visitors' Day at Gandybar Academy. Cars and taxicabs were arriving at the school gates, and the boys were crowding forward to greet their relatives.

"It's a pity about poor Tommy," said Jimmy Bash to Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor. "He was expecting his uncle, Silas Attaboy, to visit him; instead of that he got a telegram this morning telling him that his uncle is ill. So he has gone off to visit his uncle."

"That's bad," agreed Willie. "Are your parents coming today?"

"Only my father. My mother can't manage. What about yours?"

"Same," said Willie, "only my dad. Say, has your father ever met mine?"

"I suppose so," retorted Jimmy. "My dad is a Chief Inspector Detective at Scotland Yard. He meets all the famous people. He probably knows Professor Wizzard, the world-famous inventor, quite well."

"I suppose you're right," said Willie, "for here they both come now—out of the same taxi."

The boys rushed forward to meet their parents. Chief Inspector Detective Bash was a big man with a red face and a good-natured expression. Professor Wizzard, with his bulging forehead and thick spectacles was not much bigger than his son, and, except that the Professor had side-whiskers and puffed a cigar, they might have been twins.

Dr. Gandybar, the Head of Gandybar Boys' Academy, seeing the new arrivals, came over with outstretched hand.

"Delighted to see you, gentlemen," he said. "Clever work you put in on that last case, Inspector. I suppose you are working on something exciting just now?"

"Well, perhaps," replied the Inspector. "I'm here to visit my son, of course. But I'm also here as the Professor's bodyguard. He seems to have invented something big and the Government is afraid he'll be kidnapped."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Headmaster. "And what is it this time, Professor?"

"Well, I'm not supposed to talk about my discoveries or inventions," said the Professor, "but if I don't talk about them, what can I talk about? I've discovered a way to turn sunshine into solid blocks. As you know, everything owes its existence to the sun—"

"Hrrumph!" The Inspector cleared his throat loudly. "Remember the Security Regulations."

"Oh, bother the Regulations," snapped the Professor.



WILLIE WIZZARD'S DAD WAS AN INVENTOR TOO—READ WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WILLIE'S JUMPING SHOES GOT MIXED UP WITH DAD'S SOLID SUNSHINE!

"As I say, I can make bars of sunlight like bars of soap. One cube is equal to a ton of coal. It can be used for every purpose from filling a cigarette lighter to blasting a mountain. It is concentrated energy—"

"Oh well," said Dr. Gandybar, seeing the annoyed look on the Inspector's face, "better not say too much about it. Shall we go to the grounds and see the school sports? The Professor's son, Willie, has invented a pair of shoes that can make a person run twenty-five miles an hour; and a pair that can make one jump thirty feet high!"

As they were approaching the sports ground a tall stranger came up to them.

"Ah, Dr. Gandybar," he said with a strong American accent, "my name is Silas Attaboy. I've come to visit my nephew, but I don't see him—"

The Headmaster looked puzzled. "Your nephew has gone to visit you," he explained. "He had a telegram saying you were ill—"

"Aw shucks!" said the American irritably. "What an upset! There was nothing the matter with me. His auntie sent that telegram. She's always fussing. Oh, well, I suppose the kid will be back here before I leave, so there's no harm done."

The Doctor introduced Silas Attaboy to the Professor and the Inspector, and together the

four men settled down comfortably to watch the sports events. Willie Wizzard, who did not play games, sat beside them.

After the hundred yards sprint the loudspeaker announced that the school's champion runner would now race James Bash, who would be wearing the Wizzard Running Shoes. The two boys took their places at the starting line. At the crack of the starting gun Jimmy leaped forward about ten feet and shot ahead so rapidly that the champion gave up half way along the course. "You'd need a greyhound to beat him," he said laughingly.

"Gee!" exclaimed Silas Attaboy. "How does he do it?"

"Powerful springs operate little toe-flaps," explained Willie. "Wait till you see the high jump."

The world's record high jump is a little over six feet. Jimmy Bash cleared ten feet.

"He's wearing the Wizzard Jumping Shoes," said Willie. "There are tubes of high-pressure air on the ankles. He releases a valve with his toe, and is jet-propelled!"

"Oh, boy!" ejaculated the American. "What couldn't we do with that idea in the States! And that reminds me, Professor, I hear you have a wonderful new idea."

"Oh, well," said the Professor modestly, "it isn't much.

Everything, as you know, owes its existence to the sun; the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the coal we burn—"

"Hrrumph!" warned the Inspector. "Remember the Regulations, Professor!"

"Oh, go away," snapped Professor Wizzard. "It's my invention, isn't it? As I was saying, Mr. Attaboy, I have discovered a way to turn sunlight into solid bars, like soap. One cubic inch is equal to a ton of coal."

"You don't say?" exclaimed Silas. "You don't happen to have a couple of tons with you?"

"As a matter of fact I have. If you will allow me I'd like to let you have a sample. Willie, fetch my brief case, will you? Bring it to your den behind the boilerhouse. We'll wait for you there. Now, Inspector, don't explode. I'm only going to give Mr. Attaboy a cubic inch of solid sunshine."

Willie trotted off to do as his father had asked. The men proceeded to Willie's den, the Inspector protesting all the time.

While they were waiting for Willie to return with the briefcase the men inspected the interior of the den.

"This bubbling mess in the spirit stove is his everlasting toffee," explained Dr. Gandybar, "and this clock with the black box under it is his Recording Clock that reminds you to do things. In this jar is Wizzard Whisker Lotion, and here, on this shelf are the Wizzard Athletic Shoes—"

Silas Attaboy shuffled impatiently. "Okay, okay," he said. "Very clever, but where's the solidified sunshine?"

"Oh, there's no hurry. My son has gone to fetch it," said the Professor. "Then we'll have tea and hear the concert the boys are giving."

"I'm afraid I can't wait." The American mopped his brow with a large handkerchief. "I must get home. I shouldn't be here. I'm not well."

"Here's Master Wizzard now," said the Head as he saw Willie approaching with the briefcase.

The Inspector had got very red in the face. "I'll have to report this," he said. "I'm here to see that no one kidnaps you to get the invention, and here you go and give it away."

"Don't talk nonsense," retorted the Professor. "I'm only giving a small piece of my solidified sunshine to Mr. Attaboy. What's wrong with you, Inspector, is that you're always seeing crooks, spies and gangsters. Mr. Attaboy is a respectable American gentleman. He's curious, that's all. Here we are, Mr. Attaboy, one cubic inch of solidified sunshine. As

SEE PAGE SIX—PRESENTS FOR READERS!

I told you it resembles yellow soap. But be very careful. It has tremendous powers. When you go home, put a fragment of it in the fire. It will burn for hours."

"Gee, thanks a lot," said Silas. "It is sure generous of you, Professor." He wrapped the yellow cube carefully in his handkerchief. "Well, I really must be going. I must tell my nephew how sorry I am about that telegram."

"Why, here's your nephew now," exclaimed Dr. Gandybar as young Tommy Attaboy appeared in the doorway. "Your uncle was just leaving, Thomas."

"That's not my uncle!" cried Tommy. "My uncle is home with a bandaged head. Some crook coshed him when he was on his way here. That man's a phoney!"

"Grab him!" cried the Inspector, but, quick as a flash, the bogus Silas had snatched a pair of Wizzard shoes from the shelf. Swinging them around his head by the laces, he cleared a passage to the door, then he sprinted across the playground towards a powerful black car parked in the shadow of a tree at the school gate.

"After him!" yelled Tommy Attaboy setting off in pursuit, and close at his heels came Willie Wizzard, Inspector Bash, the Professor and Dr. Gandybar. Soon all the boys in the playground had joined in the chase. When the frightened gangster glanced over his shoulder and saw his pursuers he gave a cry of terror and redoubled his efforts, but he was losing ground. Then an idea occurred to him. He stopped and began pulling frantically at

his shoes. The boys drew nearer: a yelling horde that sent chills down his spine. One shoe came off. He struggled with the other. The lace got caught round his ankle. With a yelp that was a mixture of fear and desperation he tugged and tugged. There was only six feet between him and the foremost boys when the lace broke. In two seconds he had on the Wizzard Athletic Shoes. He pressed the valve inside the shoe, and off he went so fast that he almost fell on his face.

"We'll never catch him now," said Jimmy Bash, who had been among the leading pursuers.

The fleeing gangster was barely three yards from his car when "Woosh!" Up he shot like a rocket into the air.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Willie Wizzard, "he's got on my super flying-start high-jumpers. He'll need a parachute to come down again."

The whole school craned their necks backwards to follow the flight of the jet-propelled crook. Up he went, twenty, thirty feet, his terror-stricken face getting smaller and smaller. Then he seemed to pause a second and down he came. Each one held his breath as he hurtled earthwards. He landed right on top of the great tree, and sent a shower of twigs in all directions. About six feet from the ground he got caught by his braces and there he hung, looking very sorry for himself. The powerful black car gave a snort and roared into action, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

"His accomplice has got away in the car!" shouted Inspector Bash. "Better get

this one down and taken to jail!"

With the aid of the boys they lowered the miserable crook. "We'll get you yet," he snarled at Professor Wizzard.

"Come on now, none of that!" said Inspector Bash sharply. "Where's that tablet?" A hasty search of the impostor's pockets produced the yellow cube. "All right," continued the Inspector to two plain clothes men who had been hidden in the grounds in case of trouble, "take him away."

As they watched the foiled gangster being taken to the police car, the Inspector turned to Professor Wizzard. "I don't think it's safe for you to leave here for a day or two," he said.

"There is obviously a gang determined to steal your invention, and they'll stop at nothing. Here's your cube of solid sunshine back again. In future, don't be so trusting. If it hadn't been for Willie Wizzard's high-jumping shoes your discovery would certainly have fallen into the wrong hands."

"Oh, I don't know about that," smiled Professor Wizzard taking the yellow cube. "I'm not quite a fool you know. What I gave the crooked gentleman was—" he popped the cube into his mouth—"my cheese ration."

With a huge grin he began to chew. Then his expression suddenly changed, a green pallor spread over his face. He began to cough and splutter. "Ouch!" he cried, "I've been poisoned. Get a doctor somebody—quick."

Immediately everybody got excited. The Inspector began thumping the choking Professor

on the back. Dr. Gandybar jumped about shouting, "Get a doctor, the Professor's been poisoned." But Willie Wizzard knew what the trouble was. He cleared his throat nervously.

"Er—Doctor Gandybar—please—"

"Don't bother me, boy—can't you see your father's in trouble. Get a doctor—quick! Don't just stand there—do something. Oh dear! Now he's foaming at the mouth!"

That wasn't really true. What was really happening was that Willie's dad was blowing bubbles—big, beautiful bubbles that went floating all around the room.

"Water—water!" gasped the Professor.

"Get your father some water at once!" yelled Dr. Gandybar, jumping up and down. Willie dashed off, for nobody knew better than he how thirsty his father must be.

But the only result of the drink of water was to make more bubbles than ever.

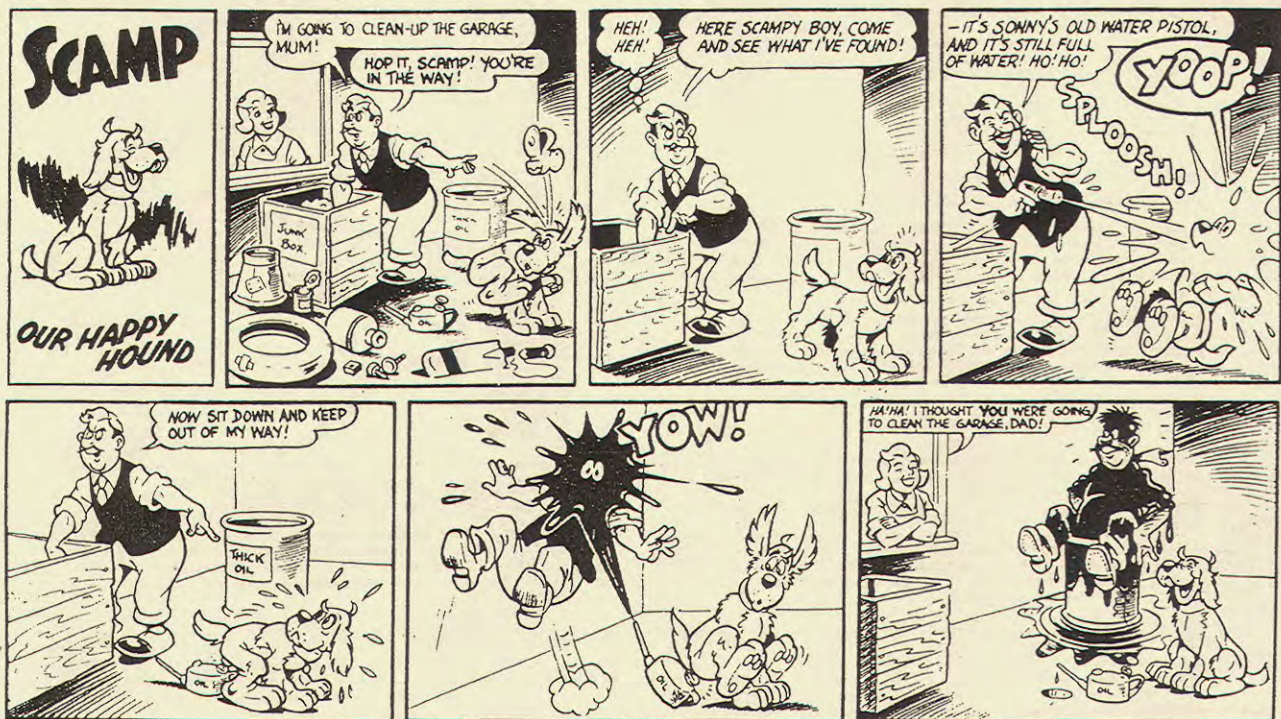
"Oh dear!" wailed Dr. Gandybar. "He's worse than ever! Fetch a doctor—fetch a doctor!"

Willie tried again.

"I—I'm afraid it's my fault," he said nervously. "You see, I wasn't taking any chances either. When you sent me for your brief-case, Dad, I took out the yellow cake that was in it and put in a cube of soap. Here's your cheese ration now, if you want it."

But Professor Wizzard, midst a shower of soapsuds, forcefully declined the offer.

Next week Dr. Gandybar has double-trouble with two Wizzards at Gandybar Academy.



CHUCKLES . . .



OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

PRESENTS FOR MEMBERS START THIS WEEK!

Hello, Club Members!

Here is your C.E.S.C. corner again, and what you have been waiting for specially—the first list of Club numbers!

But first make sure that you have made yourself a member of the ENGINE SPOTTERS' CLUB, by signing your full name and address in your Club Album (presented with last week's COMET). That makes you a full member on the spot, of course—your membership number is printed on the back of your Album, and you are entitled to a free present if that number appears in any of our Club lists in COMET.

Look down this first list of numbers now, and see if yours is here!

First C.E.S.C. Present List . . . Is Your Number Here?

37	108,242	2	33	19	168,241
821	17	65,405	56,827	55,474	40,007
57,630	61,746	281	43,910	16,232	103,414
4,219	455	6,326	167	3,874	8,923
15,654	78,517	38,235	3,452	27	116,214
806	63	18,474	1,682	208	87,328
114,357	101,242	86	124,233	9,763	14,125
2,122	73,579	127,003	12,519	37,511	19,673
86,433	2,431	81,924	2,605	86	522
48	656	19	27,438	2,604	28,924
31,434	42,565	2,326	4,287	127,419	6,350
7,253	5,314	9	91,623	86,524	191
99,989	8,972	23,009	1,936	7,021	143,827
1	157,340	6,156	896	19,474	56
207	34	373	147,020	306	93,511
143,287	2,027	44,544	19,683	1,214	
3,534	136,242	1,171	206	34,672	

If you find your number, this is What to Do:

Check the number carefully with the membership number on the back of your Album, then if both are exactly the same, choose which present you would like out of the following: Water Pistols, Wrist Compasses, Ball-point Pens, Jack Knives, Autograph Albums, Box Games, Cowboy Belt and Holsters, and Charm Bracelets.

Write the name of the present chosen in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album, then on a piece of paper name the character, or story, or picture-story, you like best in the COMET—and in a few words say Why. Now pop the paper and Album in an envelope addressed to the Club address:

COMET E.S. Club,
5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Of course make sure that your full name and address are filled in on the Membership page of the Album before posting. Stamp the envelope with 2½d. stamp, and post it at once!

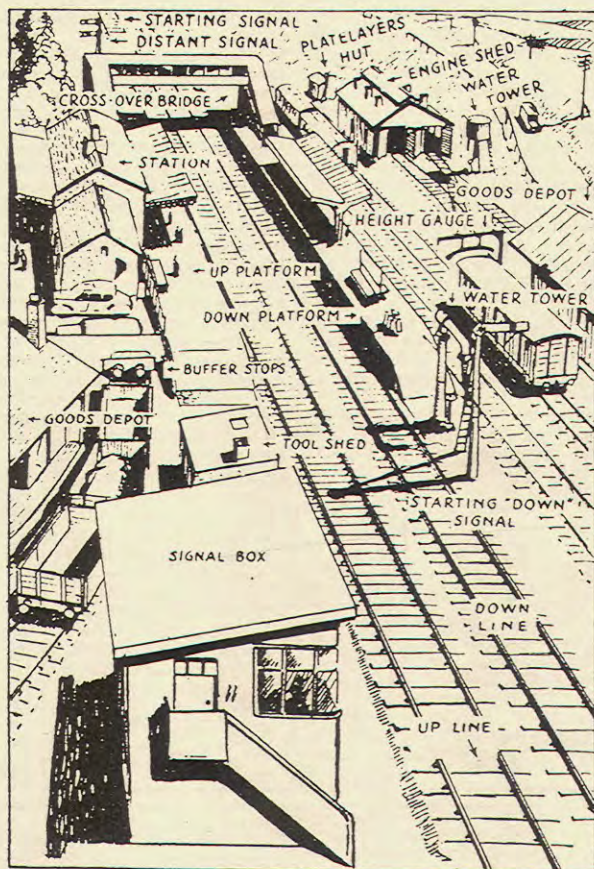
Your present will then be sent to you, and your Club Album returned with it!

(N.B.—All claims for presents from this week's list must reach us by Friday, April 11th—none received after that date, or for wrong numbers, or without the Club book enclosed, will be recognised.)

Newcomers Can Still Join the C.E.S.C! THIS IS HOW:

First ask your newsagent if he has a copy of last week's COMET left . . . if he has, you will get the Club Album presented with it! If he has sold out, simply write: "Please make me a member of the C.E.S.C.", on a piece of paper, add your full name and address, pin two 2½d. stamps to the paper, and enclose it in an envelope—then post to the Club address given above. The Engine Spotters' Album with your Club number printed on it will then be sent to you post free. Then you, too, can watch our Club Corner as a member—and watch, too, for your number to appear!

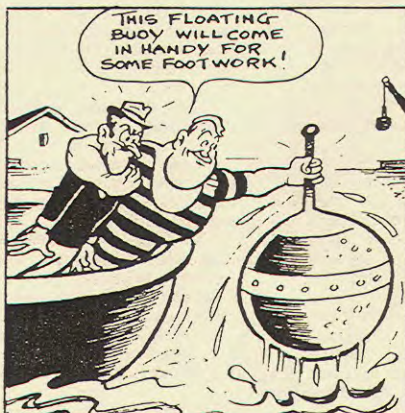
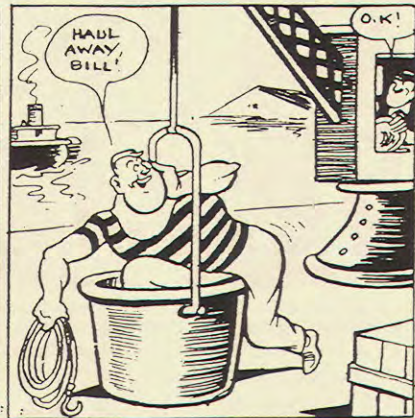
6—COMET—April 5, 1952



CLUB CORNER

Whether your hobby is engine spotting, or running your own miniature rail-road at home, our artist's picture should be very useful to you. It tells you the names of lots of things you can see around any local station, and it will give you lots of good ideas for planning your own miniature layouts!

TOUGH TEX



THE QUEST FOR THE JUNGLE QUEEN



JACK STARED DOWN AT THE STRANGE PROCESSION. A GOLDEN-HAIRED GIRL RODE IN THE CARRIAGE, GUARDED BY A STRANGE CREATURE WHICH LOOKED HALF MAN, HALF BIRD.

"JUST think," said Jack Swift, the thirteen-year-old boy explorer, "we're walking now where no white man has ever trod before."

His father, Paul Swift, the jungle trader who had brought up his red-headed son to be wise in the ways of the jungle and swift and sure in the arts of tracking and shooting, nodded.

"By nightfall," he said, "we'll be in the foothills of the Khama-Guru mountains. I wonder what we'll find."

Behind Jack and his father came a line of chanting negroes in loincloths, with bales and bundles on their heads. It was their safari of native bearers. At their head walked a small man with a high, bulging forehead and thick spectacles perched on a prominent nose.

"I hope we'll find someone to guide us across the mountains," he piped up, absent-mindedly wiping his spectacles on the loincloth of the nearest native.

"It won't be the boys of our safari, Professor Speller," said Jack smiling. "They're already seven days march from their villages. Tomorrow they say they return home."

The little professor came up and joined them. His eyes shone.

"We can't get so close and be defeated," he declared doggedly. "Four years ago my brother and his daughter flew across the Khama-Guru range in a plane he had chartered. He never returned."

"And you've come all this way to try and find out what hap-

pened to them," Jack nodded. "Well, I'm on your side, Professor. But I don't see how we're going to get across those mountains without a guide."

"I wouldn't have got so far," the Professor said, "unless I'd had you and your father to help me."

"It's a long way to come," Paul Swift said thoughtfully. "I know there are native legends of a white princess in the hidden kingdom beyond the mountains. But these parts are full of weird stories, of ju-ju and voodoo, and a strange valley of giant birds."

"It is those legends that brought me here," the Professor said firmly. "I am sure my brother is still alive. Perhaps his daughter is the white princess, perhaps the strange valley lies somewhere beyond the Khama-Guru mountains. Perhaps the accursed land the natives talk about is a land where giant beasts roam free—what's that?"

He broke off sharply. In the distance came the sound like the plucking of a harp string.

Twa-a-ng! A light seemed to speed towards them. There was a plop and a blazing arrow embedded itself in the bark of a nearby tree.

"Ay-ay-aaah!" The native bearers gave a cry of terror. They dropped their heavy loads and turned and bolted. In a few seconds they had crashed through the undergrowth and disappeared.

The three white folk were left alone in the depths of the jungle, while the flaming arrow burned and sizzled just above their heads.

"IT'S no good staying here to be shot at," said Jack's father.

Holding his Winchester repeater rifle at the ready he took a cautious step forward.

Twa-a-ng! Another flaming arrow hit the tree immediately in front of him. "I get it," said Jack excitedly. "It's a warning. The arrows aren't being shot at us."

Holding his rifle above his head he advanced down the track, calling out the words:

"We come in peace."

Forty yards away a brown figure stepped cautiously out of the undergrowth. It was a dwarf native. He was followed by another and yet another.

"White man friend of native," Jack said.

The pigmy who had first appeared answered Jack in the same native tongue.

"White man go back. Here danger comes at nightfall."

"White man want to cross big mountains," Jack answered.

The three pigmies drew together. Then came the answer.

"White men go home. Mountains are ju-ju country."

Jack's father and the Professor came up to join him.

"We can't go home now," Jack's father said. "Our safari has fled. We go on."

Again the pigmies chattered together. One of them said:

"White men come. See our chief."

The three white folk set off after the three pigmies.

"Well done, Jack," whispered Paul Swift. "I wouldn't have liked to fight those little fellows. It would be like shooting at shadows in this undergrowth."

Around a bend in the trail they came upon a small native village, just a circle of mud huts surrounded by a high jungle-thorn fence.

In the distance, now, they could see quite clearly the snow-clad tops of the Khama-Guru mountains, behind which lay the unmapped land of mystery. Already the sun was setting and the snowy heights shone blood-red in the evening light.

Soon Jack and his father and the Professor were in the biggest hut of all, which belonged to the pigmy chief.

They found him to be a pompous little man, seated upon an antelope skin rug.

The Professor began to talk briskly.

"We've heard there is a white princess in the valley across the hills," he said. "We want to find her."

The pigmy chief shook his

head.

"White man no cross. White men all die."

"But we must get there."

"Too steep," said the pigmy.

"No path, no track. White men go home."

"There must be some way across," said Jack.

The pigmy shivered. He spoke something sharply to an attendant who stood by the wattle door of the hut. The three white folk heard the door being pulled across. It was wedged into place with blocks of wood.

"Flying devils come from ju-ju mountains at night," said the chief. "Big flying devils, big as elephants."

"I can't believe that," Jack's father said.

"When snow on mountain tops, flying devils hungry," said the pigmy. "They fly down and carry off my people and my cattle."

"And when the snow melts—what happens then?" queried the Professor.

"Flying devils stay away," said the pigmy. "Only come when snow on mountains."

He waved towards a corner of the hut.

"White men stay here tonight. Tomorrow go home. No cross ju-ju hill."

Jack Swift and his father joined the Professor in the hut corner.

"He means it," said Paul Swift. "There is something strange across those mountains. These people are scared stiff of some huge flying thing that raids their village while the snows are thick on the mountains."

"It could be some giant bird, driven down by hunger to the plains," Jack said thoughtfully. "If only we could see it, it would prove the legend of the valley of giant birds is true after all."

"Tomorrow," Paul Swift said, "we'll try and persuade the pigmy chief to give us bearers while we explore the mountains. Tonight he's too frightened to stir out of here."

They lay down together to snatch a wink of sleep. But Jack's brain was alert and curious.

What was going on outside? Was there indeed a bird bigger than the biggest eagle that terrorised the pigmies of these remote parts when hunger drove it down from the snow-clad mountains?

Or was it just a part of native superstition?

"Only one way to find out," he thought.

He raised his head and listened. His father and the Professor were fast asleep. The pigmy king and his attendants snored on the far side of the hut.

Cautiously Jack took out his

THRILL AS HE SEEKS THE WHITE GIRL WHO IS QUEEN OF THE HIDDEN LAND!

sharp sheath knife and began to cut a hole in the side of the hut. The mud and wattle crumbled under his keen blade and soon there was space enough for him to slip through.

Dragging his Winchester rifle with him, he slid out into the darkness of the native village.

It seemed a foolhardy thing that Jack had done, but with his repeating rifle and his trained jungle instincts he was quite sure he could take care of himself against anything that prowled in the jungle depths or flapped in the air overhead.

Besides, he knew that the tribes in these remote regions were riddled with superstitious fears. He felt he had to know the truth.

Unslung his rifle he went wandering through the deserted village.

He came to the kraal where the animals were kept and climbed up on the high fence, where he sat with his rifle across his knee.

It was a peaceful scene. It was hard to believe that any strange terror lurked by night to threaten the pigmy tribesmen.

Behind him, in the kraal, an ox raised his head and bellowed.

Jack Swift sat up sharply. There was a note of fear in that bellow. The cattle in the kraal began to stir and to race round the compound.

Suddenly a black shape crossed the moon. Looking up, Jack Swift gave a gasp of surprise. A huge black bird seemed to hang in the sky above him, blotting out the moon. It was a larger bird than Jack had ever seen in his life before.

Swiftly he raised his Winchester rifle and took aim.

Crack!

Aw-w-k!

A shrill scream of pain seemed to rend the night. The black shape seemed to stagger in the air.

Jack for a moment was dazzled by the red stab of flame from the muzzle of his rifle. He was unable to take aim again, and suddenly he realised his deadly danger.

The black shape was zooming down towards him like a dive-bomber. Two huge claws seized him round the waist and he heard the beat of giant wings.

Then to his amazement he found himself a hundred feet above the ground.

He had been snatched up by a giant bird, an eagle twenty times bigger than the largest eagle he had ever heard of!

In the moonlight, the little circle of huts which was the pigmy village grew smaller and smaller till it resembled a child's toy. Then it vanished, lost in the darkness.

Jack gasped and didn't dare to struggle. The huge bird was heading with the speed of an aeroplane towards the distant summits of the Khama-Guru mountains. Panting in the rush

of air Jack considered putting another shot into the already wounded bird above him.

But that might be fatal. If the bird dropped him now he would fall a thousand feet to the unknown gorges and rocky precipices below.

Sensibly he decided to hold his fire.

With laboured wings and blood streaming from its breast the giant eagle soared at last across the highest peak and zoomed downwards at a breathtaking rate to the dark valley below.

Holding his breath Jack wondered if he was going to fall from the talons of the wounded bird. And then below him, in the moonlight, he saw the last thing he expected to see.

A city lay below him. A city walled in by the dense jungle of the valley, with huge pillared buildings gleaming white under the clear light of the moon.

In the centre of a great court, below Jack could see a circle of lights, glittering in the darkness like torches.

Slower and slower the bird began to drop. It seemed to struggle and labour towards the lights. With a last feeble flap it landed in the middle of the circle. Jack felt the giant claws around his waist relax their cruel grip.

Quickly he wriggled free and rolled away, bringing the rifle he still held in his numbed hands to his shoulder.

But this time there was no need to fire. The giant bird was dying. The shot Jack had put into it way back in the pigmy territory had taken effect at last. It must have been losing blood with every beat of the giant wings in the flight across the mountains.

With wings beating feebly, beak already on the ground, it sagged slowly down, gave one feeble croak and died.

Cautiously Jack lowered his rifle and looked around him.

He was alone in a huge courtyard, at one end of which was a row of tall carved pillars.

At the other end of the courtyard was a raised stone platform. Here the flickering torchlight shone it's brightest.

"Golly!" breathed Jack to himself. "A lost city!"

Then he tensed. Above the splutter and crackle of the blazing torches, he could hear other sounds. From beyond the row of pillars came a low chanting, and the shuffling of many feet.

Taking a firmer grip on his rifle, Jack sprinted towards the sounds. Keeping well in the black shadows, he cautiously moved between two of the pillars. He caught his breath as he saw what lay beyond.

Below him stretched a stone roadway, and along this roadway a procession was moving towards him. Heading the procession was a chariot, drawn by long-necked horses.

And in the chariot stood an

English girl!

"The white princess!" thought Jack. "So it wasn't just a legend, after all!"

He drew back farther into the shadows, for as the chariot drew nearer, flickering torches carried by men marching on either side cast their light towards him.

"What's this all about?" Jack wondered. "And—who's the lad in fancy dress, I wonder?"

And well he might wonder, for the figure walking alongside the golden haired girl in the chariot was strange indeed. To judge by the richness of his dress he was an important person. But that was not what made Jack stare. Upon his shoulders was not a man's head, but a bird's!

A head like an eagle's was perched upon the man's shoulders. For a moment Jack thought he must be some strange creature, half man, half bird. But then, in the shadow under the curving beak, Jack saw the glint of a pair of eyes.

The chariot, with its strange guardian, was followed by several ranks of dark-skinned warriors—tall, and armed with long spears and curved swords. Behind them again came a crowd of people clad in coloured robes of Arab style, pressing and jostling forward for a view of what was going on ahead of them.

The procession passed below Jack, and then stopped, a few yards beyond at the foot of some stone steps that led up to the very row of columns where Jack crouched in hiding.

The man in the eagle head-dress took the girl's hand, and helped her from the chariot. Together they ascended the steps, and the soldiers followed them, forming up into a row behind them as the pair turned to face the crowd at the foot of the steps.

Eagle-head raised his arms for silence, and then started to speak.

"Hear me, O ye people of Maphar! I, Tharka, high priest

of the Great Eagles, bring you tidings!"

The language he spoke was not unlike the Bantu tongue, which Jack spoke like a native. Jack held his breath, so as not to miss a word.

"Many moons ago," said Tharka, "your white princess came to you from the skies. The day has come when she must return!"

The words came as a surprise to the girl. Jack saw her pale, and swing towards the priest. At the same time the warriors half lowered their spears around her.

The girl was in deadly danger!

"Your princess shall return to the realm of the Eagles! We shall leave her upon the high altar, and the Eagles shall come and fetch her!" Tharka was shouting now. "And when she is returned to the realm of the Eagles, the ill-luck that has plagued our land shall end!"

Tharka swung towards the pale-faced girl.

"Take her to the high altar!" The warriors closed in.

"No!" cried the girl. "Back, I say! Am I not your princess?"

Tharka bowed low. "Even so! And only you can end the anger of the great eagles who prey upon our people. Take her to the altar!"

The warriors moved forward again—but Jack moved faster. His rifle levelled at his side, he leaped out from the columns into the light of the torches.

"Hands off!" he snapped in the Bantu language. "Get back, you ugly lot!"

For a moment Jack had the advantage of surprise. Tharka and his warriors fell back. Jack stepped swiftly to the girl's side.

Tharka was the first to recover. "Forward, warriors of Maphar! He is but a boy—seize him!"

Jack's in a tight spot. What will he do? Be sure to read next week's thrill-packed instalment.

More CHUCKLES



BILLY BUNTER GOES WEST



Nobody but a fat-head like Billy Bunter would ever think that he could become an expert revolver shot first go! Billy, along with the other lads of the Greyfriars remove, had changed places with the boys of Pinto Valley High School, which was in cowboy country, and this gun belonged to one of the cowboys who worked there.



Billy set up a tin can upon a tree stump, aimed with his eyes shut, and squeezed the trigger. The gun went off with a bang that nearly deafened him. Then came another sound—a distant cry of anger. Billy's bullet, flying wild, had knocked a cup of tea right out of the hand of Mr. Quelch, who was Billy's form master.



Mr. Quelch was very cross indeed. It wasn't long before one of the cowboys reported that his gun was missing, and it was soon quite clear that one of the Greyfriars boys must have taken it. "Unless the miserable youth responsible for this outrage owns up at once," said Mr. Quelch, "I shall keep everyone in until we return to England!"



Billy Bunter quaked in his shoes, but he didn't step forward. He didn't like the look in Mr. Quelch's eye—and he didn't like the cane in his hand either. Then Harry Wharton spoke up. "I don't think it is fair, Sir! he said. "After all, you can't prove that any of us fired that shot!" But Mr. Quelch was far too angry to change his mind.



The boys didn't like the idea of being "gated" in that wonderful country, and the argument got hotter and hotter. Finally the boys marched out of the ranch in a body. Now up in the hills there was a log cabin which belonged to the High School. The angry boys locked themselves in there, and got ready for a siege.



Mr. Quelch followed them, and ordered them to come out at once. But the boys refused—until Mr. Quelch should change his mind about punishing them. And, of course, he wouldn't do that. Instead, he summoned the ranch cowboys, and ordered them to get the boys out at all costs. First of all the cowboys took it all as a joke.



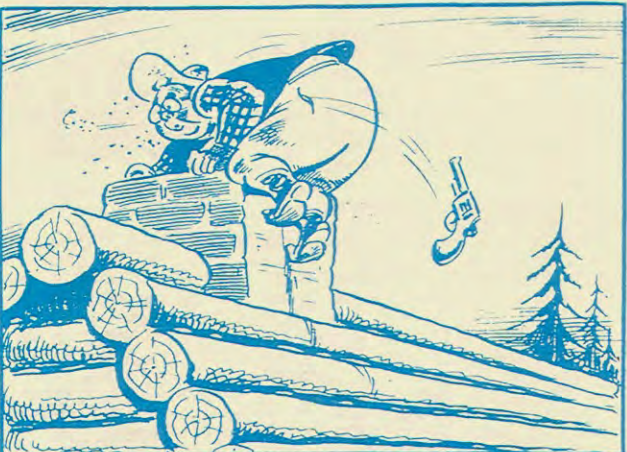
But they soon learned that the lads were in earnest. The boys set about them with sticks, and with their fists. They threw things at them, and pushed them back down the steep slope. The easy-going cowboys didn't like this at all. This wasn't what they were paid to do, they grumbled. They were cowboys, not nurse-maids!



There was one boy who didn't take part in the battle—and, of course, that was Billy Bunter. He'd found something much better to do. There was some food stored in the hut—that's why the lads had chosen to stay there—and while the others were fighting, Billy was eating! Then Bob Cherry spotted him!



If they were going to hold out against Mr. Quelch for any length of time, the boys would need all of that food. And there sat Billy tucking into it as though it was everlasting. "You fat robber!" cried Bob. "Hands off that food!" "I say—don't be mean!" squeaked Billy. "I only wanted a snack. I've got to keep my strength up—"



Billy took one look at those angry faces and fled. He dodged through the hut, until finally they had him cornered in a room. Then he dived into the empty fireplace, and wriggled his fat body up the chimney. He scrambled out at the top—and then the gun—cause of all the trouble—tumbled out of his pocket.



Billy made a wild grab to try to catch the gun, missed, lost his balance and went rolling down the roof. "Ow! Yarroooo! Help!" he bellowed. Then he shot off the edge of the roof and landed smack on top of Mr. Quelch. He flattened him to the ground—and there, right in front of his nose, was the gun!



Mr. Quelch was in no doubt now about who was to blame—and neither were the lads. "The fat fraud!" gasped Johnny Bull. "He deserves all he gets!" So Mr. Quelch gave Billy a spanking—but he let the others off with a lecture. Even if this was the Wild West, they couldn't quite take the law into their own hands!

Watch out for more fun and chuckles with Billy in the Wild West next week!

MICK THE MOON BOY

THE SHERIFF'S SCHEME

WITH Hank clinging on his back, Mick the Moon Boy landed lightly on the grassy bottom of Chipmunk Hollow. He was still invisible and, as Hank jumped quickly to the ground, he said to him: "Now you know what to do, Hank. Keep them guessing while I get busy. Here they come!"

Red Rube and the four other members of his gang were running quickly towards them. They couldn't see Mick, of course, as he was invisible. All they could see was Hank, and their eyes were nearly popping out of their heads. For having watched him come sailing down from the top of the high cliff, they had quite expected to see him killed on the spot when he hit the ground.

But instead of being killed, there he was, looking as fit and as spry as though he had just done a very ordinary little jump. Rushing up to him, Red Rube, a long, lanky, red-bearded man, grabbed him roughly by the arm and glared at him:

"How did yuh manage it?" he panted. "Gosh snakes! How did yuh do it?"

"How did I do what?" demanded Hank.

"Jumped off'n the top of that there cliff and warn't killed!" roared Red Rube. "What're yuh made of, anyways? In'ja rubber?"

"Course I'm not!" said Hank scornfully. "What makes you say that?"

"I say it 'cos yuh jumped off'n the top of that there cliff and comed sailin' down in the queerest attitooode an' yuh ain't got even a bone broken, not that I kin see!" shouted Red Rube. "Darn it, is yuh human, or ain't yuh?"

"I guess I am," said Hank. "Nobody ever told me diff'rent. An' stop doing that!" he cried, wriggling, as one of the other gunmen started prodding him with a dirty forefinger. "It tickles."

"Yeah, he's flesh an' blood, okay!" said the gunman.

"Well, I dunno what to make on't, blowed if I does!" growled Red Rube, pushing back his dirty hat and scratching his head while he stared at Hank. "What made yuh jump off'n the cliff, anyways?"

"Aw, I jus' sorta fancied I would," said Hank.

"Point is, Boss, now he's here what're we gonna do with him?" demanded another of the gang. "If we let him go, sure thing he'll tell folks 'bout us bein' here."

"Well, and why shouldn't you be here?" asked Hank innocently. "There's no law what says folks can't camp in Chipmunk Hollow."

Red Rube and his gang

HE VANISHES FROM HUMAN SIGHT—

THEN GIVES RED RUBE AN AWFUL FRIGHT.



A rope comes flying through the air—thrown by someone who's not there!

exchanged glances. While all this was going on, the invisible Mick had sped off towards the shack amongst the trees and the horses standing near it.

He was now returning astride one of the horses, which he was riding at walking pace. If any of the gangsters had happened to look round they would merely have thought that the horse was moving quietly towards them of its own accord, for they couldn't have seen its invisible rider. But the whole bunch of them were much too intent on Hank to think of looking round.

"Where d'yuh come from, anyways?" demanded Red Rube.

"Aw, 'way yonder!" replied Hank, waving his hand vaguely in the direction from which he had come. "Bout a coupla miles away."

"An' d'yuh know who we are?" demanded Red Rube.

"You haven't told me, so how can I know?" retorted Hank. "I never was a good guesser."

"Sassy, huh?" growled one of the gang angrily and caught him a cuff across the ear which sent him staggering. "D'yuh know what, Boss? I reck'n the li'l toad does know who we are on'y he ain't sayin'."

He would have hit Hank again, but just as he lifted his hand a most astonishing thing happened. At least, it was astonishing to him and his pals. For without the slightest warning a looped rope had dropped

neatly over the heads and shoulders of the whole bunch of them and had immediately whipped tight, jerking them forcibly and painfully together for all the world like a bundle of rhabarbar tied tightly round the middle.

But worse was to follow. For the rope yanked them clean off their feet and next instant, bawling and bellowing with fright and fury and still bundled together, they were being dragged at a swift bumpety-bump across the rough, uneven ground.

They could see now what was pulling them. It was one of their horses, galloping wildly and dragging them pell-mell after him by means of the rope which was fastened around his powerful shoulders.

The horse seemed as though it were being urged on by some whooping, yelling, but invisible rider, as indeed it was; and as Hank cheered and capered with delight, it galloped twice round the grassy bottom of the Hollow, dragging the bruised and bawling bandits after it, before it came to a halt.

By that time all the puff had been knocked clean out of them and all they could do was to lie moaning and groaning, gasping for breath, much too weak and winded to even try to free themselves from the rope which still held them tied tightly together.

By that time, also, Mick the Moon Boy had made himself visible again, and in his closely-

fitting green helmet and tight, one-piece green suit he jumped, laughing, from the horse.

"Righto, Hank, let's get their guns and knives before they can recover!" he cried.

Hank needed no second bidding and together he and Mick dived for the trussed and gasping bandits and proceeded to yank pistols from holsters and knives from sheaths and throw them away.

Nearly off his head with rage, Red Rube did manage to get a hand free from the rope and he grabbed Mick savagely by a green-clad arm.

"I'll kill yuh for this, yuh skunk!" he snarled with a frightful oath.

Next instant he let out a howl of pain and started to jerk madly about, for all the world as though he were going to have a fit. What was more, his four pals started howling and threshing wildly about in the same extraordinary manner.

"Say, what's biting them?" yelled Hank, to make his voice heard above the hubbub. "What're they acting thataways for?"

Mick flung back his handsome head and laughed.

"When Red Rube grabbed my arm I shot a pretty powerful electric shock through him," he cried. "As his pals are jammed close against him, the shock passed through them as well."

"But d'yuh mean to say th' lectricity came out of your arm?" gasped Hank.

"Yes, I can make my whole body a powerful electric battery whenever I want to," laughed Mick. "I told you we Moon Men are much more advanced in science than you Earth people."

"I'll say you are!" gasped Hank. "And how!"

"Well, now, listen!" went on Mick quickly. "I can look after this bunch all right, so you grab one of their horses and ride into Indian Bend for the sheriff. Get going now!"

"I surely will!" cried Hank. "But are you sure you can manage 'em till we get back?" Then as though realising that this was a very silly question indeed to put to such an amazing fellow as the Moon Boy, he cried: "Yes, sir, you'll fix 'em okay if they try anythin', so I'll git going!"

"And don't forget to claim the reward for the capture of them!" cried Mick after him, as Hank darted away towards the gunmen's horses, for he knew how dearly Hank wanted the money for his sister Mary and their sick old grandma.

"I'll claim it for both of us!" yelled Hank over his shoulder. "I'll be back with th' sheriff an' a posse just as fast as I can."

Mick had said that he didn't want any of the reward, but

Hank was determined that the Moon Boy should have his share.

"Fact, he should have it all," he told himself as he reached the horses. "I haven't done much!"

He was a good judge of a horse and he selected a powerful-looking chestnut which, had he but known it, was Red Rube's own horse. He led it up the narrow, secret, twisting trail which led out of the Hollow. When he had reached the high ground above he swung himself up into the saddle, jerked the chestnut into a breakneck gallop and rode like the wind for Indian Bend.

The powerful horse made nothing at all of Hank's light weight and he stretched himself out like the good 'un he was. The thunder of his racing hooves on the hard, parched ground was as music to Hank's ears; for very soon now he would have his share of the ten thousand dollars reward which was being offered for the capture of Red Rube and his gang and he would give every cent of it to his sister Mary and their grandma.

And that would mean that Mary and Grandma could leave their tumbledown little shack and go and live in the city where Grandma would be able to get proper treatment for her illness and would soon be well again.

Hank, crouched low on his flying mount, patted the chestnut's glossy, sleek neck.

"Oh boy, oh boy, but they're going to be glad!" he chuckled. "I bet they just won't believe me when I tell 'em No, sir, they just won't believe me till I pour all those crinkly dollar notes into Sis's lap!"

He reached the little township of Indian Bend at full gallop and pulled up in a cloud of dust outside the office of Sheriff Buller. Flinging himself from the saddle, he threw the reins over the hitching rail and dashed into the office.

Sheriff Buller, a big, stout, red-faced man, was sitting with his feet on his desk. He was reading a newspaper, which he lowered to glare at Hank.

"What's the idea, comin' rushin' in like that?" he demanded angrily. "Can't you knock?"

"No time to knock!" cried Hank, his voice shrill with excitement. "Say, listen, Sheriff, what'd you know? We've caught Red Rube an' his gang. We've got 'em roped an' hog-tied in Chipmunk Hollow all ready for you to sling 'em into jail!"

Sheriff Buller swung his feet with a crash to the floor and shot bolt upright in his chair.

"You've what, d'you say?" he gasped.

"Caught Red Rube an' his gang!" cried Hank, almost dancing in his excitement. "Me and a pal of mine saw 'em hiding out in Chipmunk Hollow, so we sneaked up on 'em and my pal lassoed 'em from a horse and we've got 'em all roped and

tied and my pal's standing guard over 'em till you go out there to bring 'em in!"

He didn't tell the amazed and pop-eyed sheriff that his pal was a boy from the moon. It wasn't necessary, anyway. At the moment the sheriff wasn't a bit interested in who Hank's pal was. All he was interested in was the astounding and incredible news that this ragged, barefooted hill-billy kid had captured the dangerous Red Rube gang, who were wanted for robbery and murder.

"If you're—if you're kiddin' me, I'll lather the hide off'n ye!" he threatened.

"I'm not kidding you, Mister Buller, honest injun I'm not!" cried Hank, his eyes blazing with excitement. "They're out yonder in Chipmunk Hollow, all roped and tied. I've just ridden in on one of their hosses—a great big chestnut. Me and my pal'll git the reward, won't we, Mister Buller?"

The sheriff stared at him a moment longer. Then he thrust back his chair, rose swiftly and strode to the window. Outside he could see the chestnut standing at the hitching rail. He took one glance at it and caught his breath.

It was Red Rube's horse. He was certain of that. It had a white blaze on its forehead and answered to a hair the description he had of the bandit leader's mount.

So the kid and his pal had done it, thought the sheriff swiftly. They'd caught the Red Rube gang. And already they were claiming the reward of ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand and lovely, crinkly dollar notes!

The sheriff's crafty little eyes narrowed. He was a mean and greedy man and a very cunning one and it made him as mad as anything inside, to think of all that money going to a ragged little hill-billy brat and his pal.

The thing was ridiculous, he told himself, his cunning mind hard at work. He wanted the money for himself and, by hokey! he'd see that he got it, he promised himself in mounting excitement and greed.

He swung from the window and turned to Hank.

"Okay, you stay here a few minutes while I go raise a posse," he said, trying hard to speak calmly. "I'm expecting a very important telephone call from the county marshal at any minute, so I've got to leave somebody here and there ain't nobody but you. If the telephone rings, tell the marshal I'll be back in two shakes!"

Without giving Hank any chance to argue he hurried from the room and set off swiftly and secretly to collect a posse. He limited it to six men, including himself, and each was as big a rogue as was he.

"We've got to get out of town quickly and quietly and right now!" he told them. "I'll tell you what's happened when we're riding!"

They got their horses and,

singly or in pairs, they rode quietly out of town. But once they were clear of it they bunched together and, with Sheriff Buller in the lead they rode hard and fast for Chipmunk Hollow. On the way the sheriff told them what had happened.

"I've left that Hank brat sitting in my office looking after the telephone!" he cried with a great guffaw. "All we've got to do is to ride into Chipmunk Hollow, grab them gunmen, bring 'em in and get the reward. I'll take half of it and you hombres can split the other half between you. Okay?"

It certainly was okay with his delighted and rascally pals. But one of them said:

"What if the kids stick to their yarn that it was them what caught these hyar badmen?"

"It'll just be their word ag'in ours and I'm the sheriff, ain't I?" cried Buller. "Any case, who's going to b'lieve that a couple kids could rope in and hog-tie the desperate Red Rube gang? It don't make sense. No, sirree, we're sitting pretty!"

It most certainly did look as though they were sitting pretty. For when they rode down into Chipmunk Hollow, there was the Red Rube gang, disarmed and roped together, with Mick lounging idly on guard over them.

Knowing that a posse would be coming, the Moon Boy had gone along to the shack and over his helmet and tightly-

fitting, one-piece green suit he was now wearing a hat, shirt, pants and boots which belonged to one of the gunmen.

The result was that neither Sheriff Buller nor his men saw anything particularly odd in Mick's appearance, unless it was his strange green eyes. But they were so pleased at being able to grab Red Rube and his gang that they took precious little notice of anything at all about Mick, let alone his eyes.

"Where's Hank?" he asked them mildly.

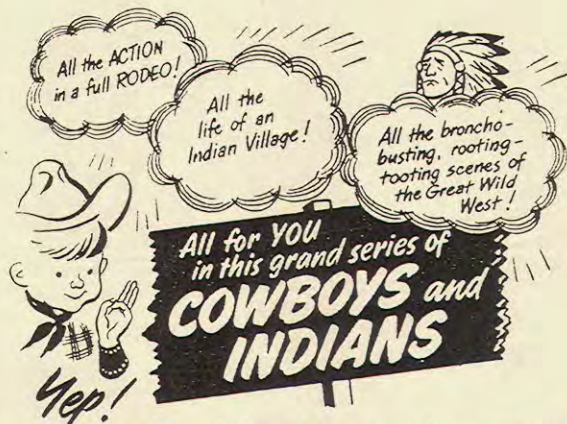
"Aw, back yonder in Indian Bend somewhere," answered Sheriff Buller off-handedly. Then to the posse: "Okay, boys, let's ride and get this bunch of killers locked up!"

"Hank'll be getting the reward, of course?" said Mick as the posse prepared to ride up out of the Hollow with the raging but helpless prisoners in their midst.

"Reward?" cried Buller, glaring down at him from his saddle. "Reward for what? What're you talking about? It was me and my posse what caught this bunch of rascals, if that's what you're getting at? It's us what'll get the reward!"

Mike said nothing. But as he stood watching them ride up out of the Hollow, there was a curious smile on his handsome face.

What has Mick got up his sleeve now? Don't miss the fun next week!



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OF EVERY PACK—
EXCITING CUT-OUTS!**

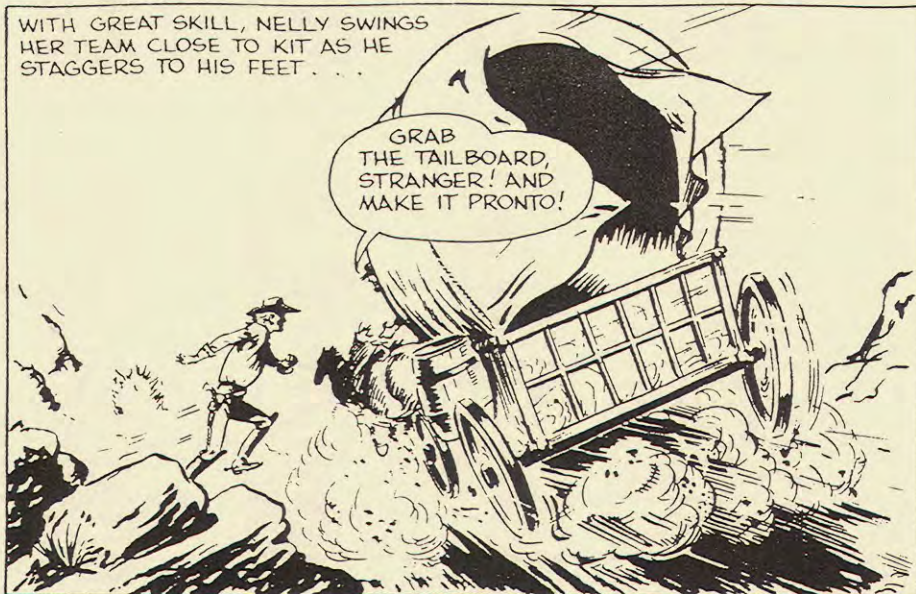


When Mum buys Kellogg's—tuck in and get cracking!

KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

Trouble is brewing in the camp of the Cherokee Indians! The son of their chief, Black Tomahawk, is ill, and Yellow Fox says they must go to war against the Palefaces to please the evil spirits. Kit Carson is given until sundown to get a paleface doctor. As Kit races for help he is injured by Yellow Fox's braves and loses his horse, but Josh Parker and his daughter Nelly race to the rescue.

WITH GREAT SKILL, NELLY SWINGS HER TEAM CLOSE TO KIT AS HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET . . .



ARROWS AND BULLETS SMACK INTO THE WOOD OF THE TAILBOARD NEAR KIT, BUT HE HANGS ON GRIMLY AS THE WAGON RACES AWAY . . .



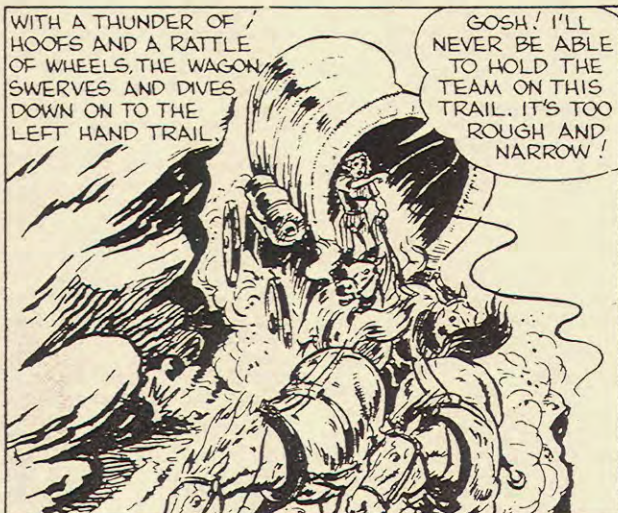
THANKS A LOT, FOLKS. BUT THOSE REDSKINS ARE COMING UP FAST. IF THEY CATCH US, I'LL MAKE A JUMP FOR IT TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO VAMOOSE!

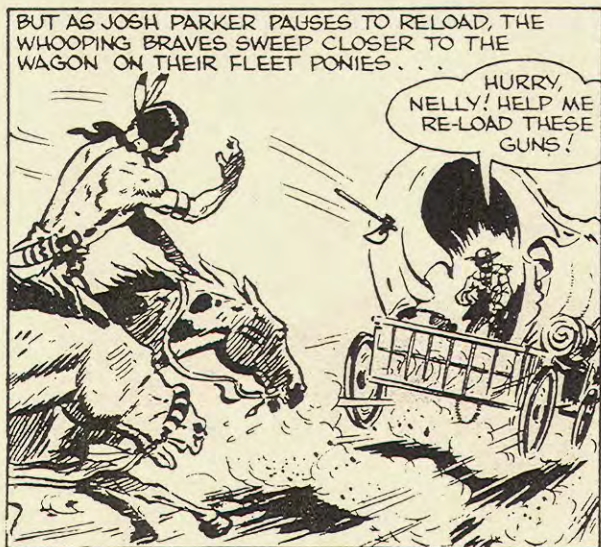


JOSH PARKER SCRAMBLES BACK TO JOIN KIT, AND THE WAGON THUNDERS ON, SPITTING FLAME, SMOKE AND HOT LEAD.



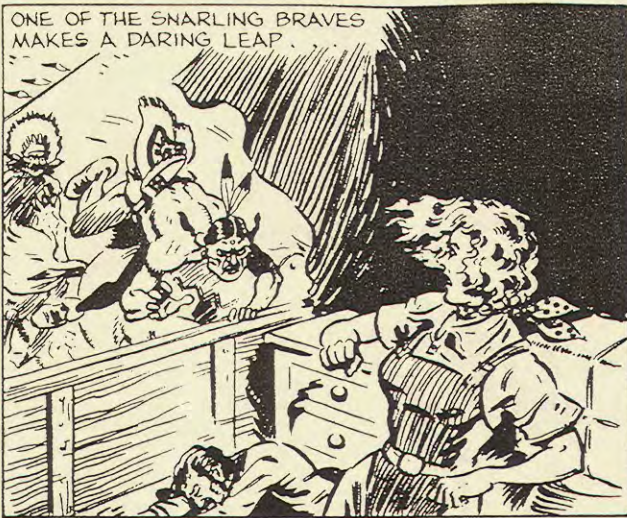
WITH A THUNDER OF HOOFES AND A RATTLE OF WHEELS, THE WAGON SWERVES AND DIVES DOWN ON TO THE LEFT HAND TRAIL.



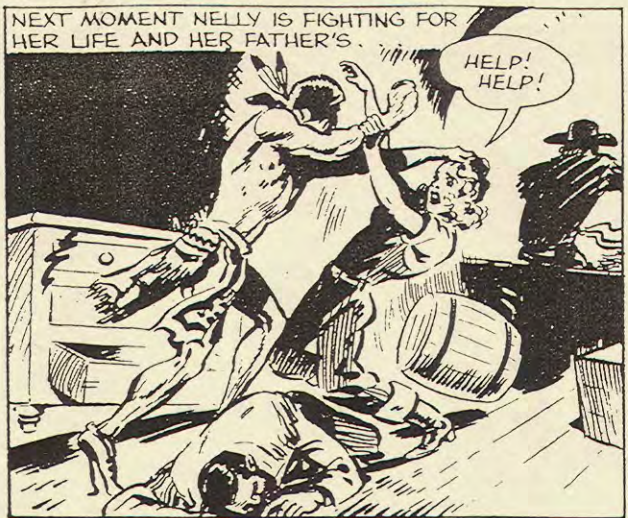


CAN KIT CARSON WIN HIS RACE AGAINST TIME AND STOP A WAR?

ONE OF THE SNARLING BRAVES
MAKES A DARING LEAP.



NEXT MOMENT NELLY IS FIGHTING FOR
HER LIFE AND HER FATHER'S.



THAT ANGUISHED CRY AND
A SINGLE GLANCE BACK
INTO THE WAGON WARN
KIT CARSON.
HE THROWS DOWN
THE REINS.

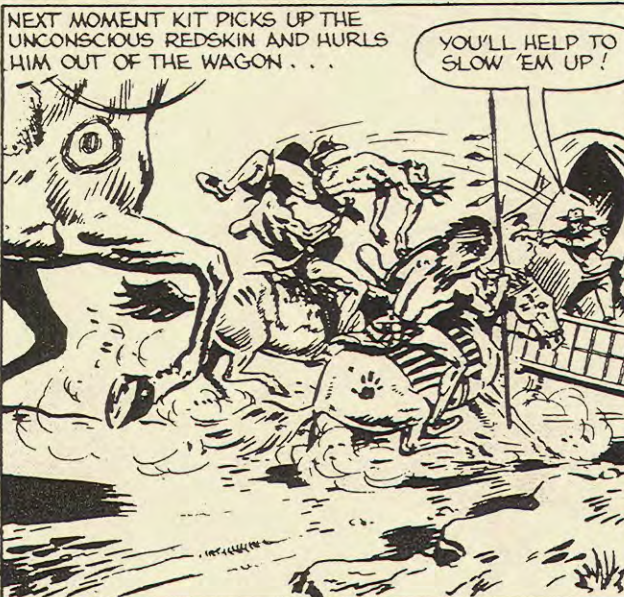


BY HECK,
THE HORSES'LL
HAVE TO TAKE CARE
OF THEMSELVES!

WITH A TIGERISH LEAP, KIT COMES THROUGH
THE WAGON AND HIS FIST SWINGS...



NEXT MOMENT KIT PICKS UP THE
UNCONSCIOUS REDSKIN AND HURLS
HIM OUT OF THE WAGON...



YOU'LL HELP TO
SLOW 'EM UP!

BUT AS THE REDSKINS
FALL IN A TANGLE, THE
DRIVERLESS WAGON
TEAM RACES ON TO
PACKHORSE BRIDGE...



...AND...
PACKHORSE BRIDGE IS TOO
NARROW TO TAKE A WAGON.

Will Kit be able to stop the horses in their mad race? Make sure you read next week's exciting instalment!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Dr. Grunter's greatest wish is—for a barrel-load of fishes.

IF you had visited Farmer Whipstraw's farm you would have seen a very strange sight. For standing, snorting with rage and impatience, was a big, savage-looking polar bear. The polar bear was really Dr. Grunter, the headmaster at St. Cuthbert's School. What had happened was this.

Dr. Grunter was in charge of a party of about forty boys who were camping at Meadowsweet Farm. They had been helping Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

On this particular morning, however, the whole lot of them, including Dr. Grunter, had eaten something for breakfast which had given them the most awful tummy aches.

So they had sent for little old Dr. Dozey to come out to the farm and give them some medicine. But Dr. Dozey was the most absentminded old dodderer you ever met. He was so absentminded that, instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he had got the bottles mixed up and had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid he had invented which changed people into birds and animals.

The result was that, in a flash, the whole bunch of them had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

Dr. Grunter had been changed into a polar bear. And he didn't like it at all! He liked it even less when Dr. Dozey confessed that he didn't know what on earth he could have done with the antidote, which would change them back into humans again!

"If you have to turn your house inside out, you're going to find it," he snarled. "Come on, Dozey—let's get moving. I'm coming to help you look!"

"Here, but wait a minute!" put in cheery Farmer Whip-

straw, who was standing watching the scene. "You can hardly go into the village like that, you know."

"What's to stop me?" snarled Dr. Grunter.

"Well, you being a polar bear, like," explained Farmer Whipstraw, "folks'll think it queer, seeing Dr. Dozey walking along with a polar bear."

"I don't care a hoot what people think!" roared Dr. Grunter. "In any case, I'm not going to walk. I'm going to ride in your gig there!"

He was standing on his hind legs, and he pointed at Farmer Whipstraw's gig with one of his great fore-paws.

"Yes, but I dunno what the old horse'll think about that," said Farmer Whipstraw.

"I'm going to try it, anyway," said Dr. Grunter fiercely.

Walking on his hind legs, he made a sort of detour, so that he reached the gig from the side. But as he started to climb aboard, the horse looked round.

At sight of a great big polar bear clambering up into the gig, the horse let out a shrill neigh of sheer terror and bolted madly away with the gig.

The result was that Dr. Grunter fell flat on his back on the ground with a terrific thud and a terrifying roar of rage.

"He! He-ee! Hee-eee!" squealed one of the boys named Cuthbert Coot, who had been changed into a laughing hyena. "He! He-ee! Hee-eee!"

With another roar of rage, Dr. Grunter bounded to his feet. Rushing at Cuthbert Coot he dealt him a severe cuff round the ear with his fore-paw.

"How dare you laugh at me, you wretched creature?" he roared. "How dare you?"

"P-please, sir, I couldn't help it," sniffed Cuthbert Coot.

"Being a laughing hyena I j-just couldn't help laughing!"

With a snort of rage, Dr. Grunter turned to Dr. Dozey. "Come!" he snarled. "Seeing that the wretched horse has bolted, we will walk to the village!"

"But I—I don't like to," stammered little Dr. Dozey.

"Don't like to what?" snarled Dr. Grunter.

"Walk along with a polar bear," faltered the little doctor.

Again Dr. Grunter fairly gnashed his long, yellow fangs with fury.

"You'll walk along with me whether you like it or not," he roared. "So don't argue. I'm not letting you out of my sight until you've found that liquid which will change us all back again into our proper selves. Now come on, or I'll chase you to the village and bite chunks out of you all the way!"

In face of this dreadful threat, poor little Dr. Dozey had to obey. So he set off for the village with Dr. Grunter waddling along on his hind legs beside him.

It was a quiet country road which led to the village. As they walked along Dr. Grunter kept grumbling away and uttering the most awful threats against Dr. Dozey if he failed to find the liquid which would change him—Dr. Grunter—and the rest of the party back to their proper selves again.

Suddenly, however, a bend in the road brought them face to face with the fat village bobby pacing majestically along on his beat. At sight of the polar bear the fat officer halted dead in his tracks, his mouth opened, and his eyes fairly bulged.

"What—what's this?" he gaped.

"Er—it's—it's quite all right, constable," stammered Dr. Dozey.

"But it ain't all right!" cried the fat policeman, backing

away and still gaping at Dr. Grunter with bulging eyes. "You can't go walking about with a dangerous h-animile like that. I must ask you if you've got a licence for it!"

"No, he hasn't got a licence, you stupid oaf!" roared the raging Dr. Grunter, dropping on all fours and making a savage rush at the policeman. "And how dare you call me a dangerous animal, you idiot? I'm not an animal at all, dash you!"

But the fat policeman wasn't listening. With a howl of terror he had turned and fled. And so great was his terror that he bounded clean over the hedge at the side of the road and shinned frantically up a tree faster than he had ever moved in his life before.

"Great stupid lout!" snarled Dr. Grunter, glaring up at him. "Never mind. I'll attend to you later, my man."

With that he got up on his hind legs again and waddled on with Dr. Dozey leaving the terrified policeman perched up the tree trying to tell himself that all this was just a horrid dream.

"I do wish you wouldn't talk," complained Dr. Dozey. "It's bad enough people seeing me walking along with a polar bear, but when they find that you're a talking polar bear it's bound to make them more frightened than ever."

"I'll talk if I want to!" snarled Dr. Grunter. "It's all your fault, anyway, that I'm like this!"

By the time they reached the village and had got half-way along the straggled main street, they had an excited crowd following them—at a respectful distance, of course.

Suddenly, however, Dr. Grunter halted. He had reached a fishmonger's, and there, on the marble slab, lay a pile of fish which made Dr. Grunter's great jaws fairly water. For now that he was a polar bear he was passionately fond of raw fish, the same as are all polar bears.

"I'm going to have these fish!" he announced loudly. "And having no money on me, now that I'm a beastly bear, you can jolly well pay for them yourself, Dozey or Dopey or whatever your stupid name is!"

With that he started to clear the slab, stuffing the fish greedily into his mouth with his fore-paws. The fishmonger didn't try to stop him. Oh dear, no. That pop-eyed man was crouching in terror in the darkest corner of his shop. He was terrified lest the bear, on finishing the fish, might decide to start on him.

But Dr. Grunter didn't. Having swallowed the last of the fish, he poked his head across the marble slab and roared at the terrified fishmonger.



The passers-by gaped in astonishment as the polar bear let in the clutch and drove off.

"Hi, you! Send your bill for these fish to Dozey or Dozey or whatever they call this fat-headed ass I'm with. He'll pay!"

With that he turned to his companion again.

"Now, come on, where's your house?" he said grimly. "Let's get indoors, and pity help you if you can't find that liquid which will change us all back to our proper selves again!"

Half an hour later, Dr. Grunter was sitting in the parlour waiting for Dr. Dozey, who was searching all over his house for the bottle of liquid which would change Dr. Grunter and the boys back to their proper selves again.

"Well, have you found it?" snarled Dr. Grunter, as the door of the sitting-room opened and little Dr. Dozey appeared.

"No, I'm—I'm afraid I haven't," confessed Dr. Dozey nervously.

"What!" roared Dr. Grunter, starting up on his hind legs and fairly gnashing his great, long, yellow fangs with rage. "D'you mean to stand there and tell me that you can't find the beastly stuff?"

"It's— it's somewhere, I know," stammered little Dr. Dozey fearfully. "I know I put it somewhere, but I can't think where. I'll—I'll have another look."

"You bet your life you'll have another look!" roared Dr. Grunter. "I've never heard of such a thing! Turning us into a lot of beastly birds and animals, and then you can't find the wretched stuff to change us back again into our proper selves! My word, but you'll pay for this," he went on, fairly trembling with passion. "If you don't find the stuff, I'll gobble you up, that's what I'll do! Now, come on, we'll have another search!"

They had another search all right, and by the time it was finished you'd have thought that a tornado had hit the house. With his great fore-paws the raging Dr. Grunter swept out the contents of drawers and cup-

boards, bookcases and shelves. He hurled the beds upside-down and looked underneath them. He cleared the pantry shelves with great sweeps of his paw, grubbing only long enough to grab a nice juicy salmon which he swallowed raw almost in one gulp.

He upset the dresser with a great crash of broken crockery. He rummaged savagely through Dr. Dozey's desk, sweeping papers and ink and pens on to the carpet. He tore clothes out of the wardrobes and hurled them all over the place. He wrenched open trunks and suitcases scattering their contents any old where.

He even looked up the chimneys, getting himself all sooty, which only added to his rage. But nowhere could he find the missing bottle of liquid which would change him and the boys back to their proper selves again.

"Well, what's to be done?" he snarled at length, fairly choking with rage. "We can't stay like this for the rest of our lives!"

"The stuff will turn up somewhere, I—I know it will," stammered little Dr. Dozey. Then he added desperately: "And if you g-g-gobble me up, like you said you would you never will find the liquid, because if you do find it, you won't know whether or not it is the right liquid."

This was certainly true, and the raging Dr. Grunter could see that it was true.

"I wish to goodness I'd never sent for you this morning," he roared. "Anyway, you keep on hunting until you do find the stuff. In the meantime, I'm going to have a cold bath, then get back to the farm. Goodness only knows what is going on there in my absence. Go and run me a cold bath, you doddering old ass, you!"

Now, as you know, polar bears simply love plunging into cold water. And, being a polar bear himself now, Mr. Grunter felt just the same as other polar bears.

So he had a high old time in the doctor's bathroom, diving in and out of the cold bath and sending up the most terrific splashes and showers of water.

By the time he'd finished he'd got rid of the soot, but the bathroom was so flooded that the water was even running down the stairs.

Not that that worried Dr. Grunter. He was in too great a rage to worry about anything but himself.

"The moment you find that liquid bring it out to the farm!" he snarled, poking his head into the little laboratory where Dr. Dozey was still hunting for the missing liquid. "You could make some more, only you're so beastly absent-minded that you say you've forgotten how to do it. Bah, you make me sick!"

With that he went charging downstairs on all fours. He was in such a rage that he didn't try to open the front door with his fore-paws. Instead, with a splintering crash, he went charging head-first through the frosted glass panel in the upper half of the door and bounded out on to the pavement.

Knowing that a savage-looking polar bear had walked into his house with Dr. Dozey, a crowd of excited and anxious villagers had gathered outside the house.

At the sudden reappearance of Dr. Grunter, however, they turned and fled with cries of sheer terror. Amongst those who had fled was a long-nosed, spotty-faced young man who left his car standing outside the house.

The car was a rickety, old-fashioned thing. But as Dr. Grunter looked at it his eyes glinted.

"That's the way for me to get back to the farm," he told himself. "I bet I can drive it, even if I have been changed into a polar bear."

Rearing up on his hind legs, he waddled across the pavement

and started to climb into the car.

"Hi, look!" screamed the spotty-faced young man, his voice shrill with fright and rage. "It's getting into my car! Why doesn't somebody shoot the brute?"

"You dare!" roared Dr. Grunter in a terrible voice. "If anybody shoots me, I'll have him hanged!"

As they heard human speech issuing from the jaws of the polar bear, not only the spotty-faced young man, but lots of other people nearly fainted with fright.

Squatting down on the driving-seat of the car, Dr. Grunter found that, not only could he hold the steering-wheel and work the gears with his fore-paws, but he could also work the other gadgets with his hind paws.

So he pressed the self-starter, let in the clutch, and away he went along the street.

"I'm not stealing your beastly car, I'm only borrowing it!" he roared at the spotty-faced man. "You'll find it on the road near Meadowsweet Farm."

Leaving the village behind, he went banging and clattering along the road.

Reaching a part of the road near Meadowsweet Farm, Dr. Grunter stopped the car. Springing out of it, he bounded over the hedge and loped away towards the wooden huts where Mr. Dripp, his second-in-command, and the party of school-boys were camped.

The whole bunch of them were waiting anxiously for Dr. Grunter, and a stranger collection of animals you never saw. There were lions and tigers, bears and monkeys, parrots and pigs, dogs and donkeys, foxes and hares, and nearly every animal you could think of.

As for Mr. Dripp, that weedy gentleman had been changed into a mournful-looking turtle standing on its hind legs.

"Have you got it?" he cried anxiously, as Dr. Grunter came bounding up to the party. "Oh, do, do say that you have got the liquid which will change us all back into our proper selves again!"

"How the dickens can I say I've got it when I haven't got it?" roared Dr. Grunter savagely. "That fat-headed, doddering old ass Dozey can't find it!"

At this dreadful news a wall of despair rose from the stricken party.

"Then what's to be done?" cried Mr. Dripp, wringing his front flippers in despair. "Oh, what's to be done? How can we ever return to our homes or to school like this?"

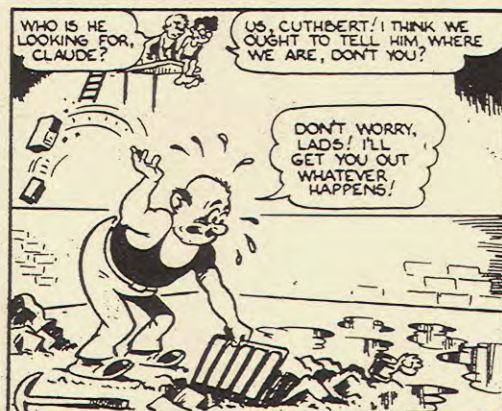
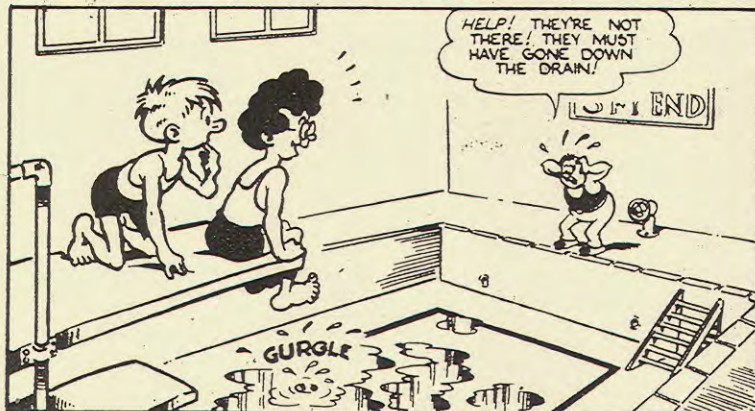
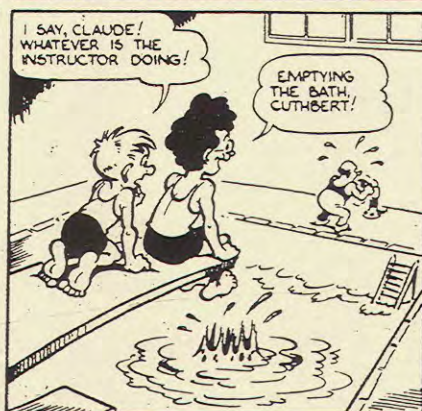
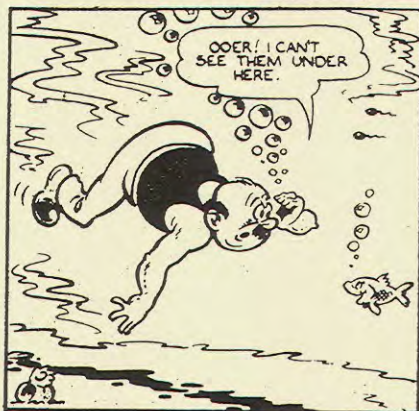
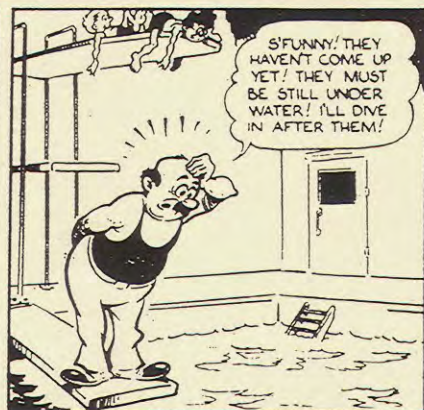
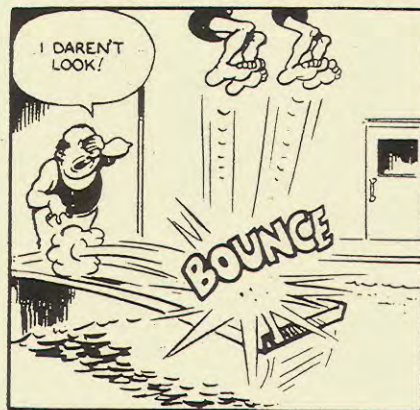
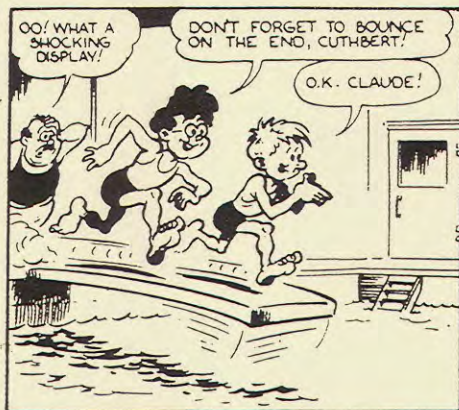
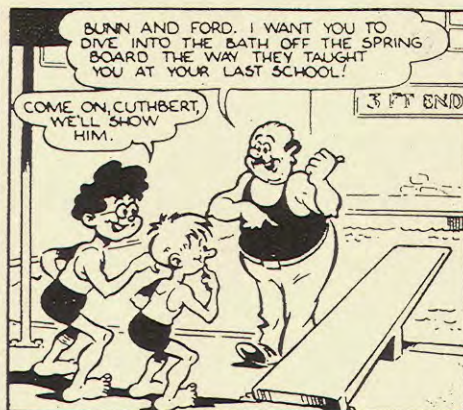
"We can't," snarled Dr. Grunter. "That's just it. We can't! We'll have to stay here until that wretched Dozey, or Dozey, or whatever his name is, can find the liquid which will change us all back again to our proper selves!"

Next week: Three of the boy-animals turn detectives. Don't miss the fun!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS



COMET

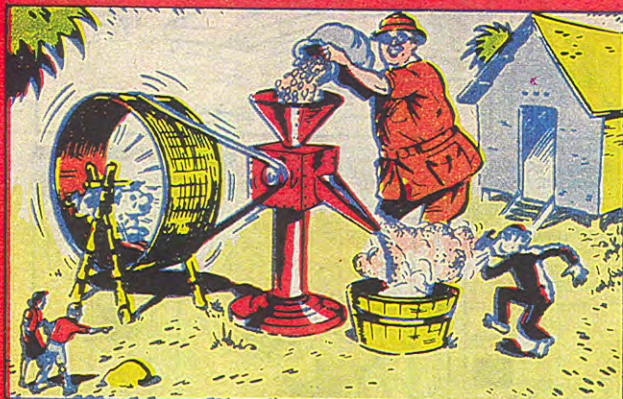
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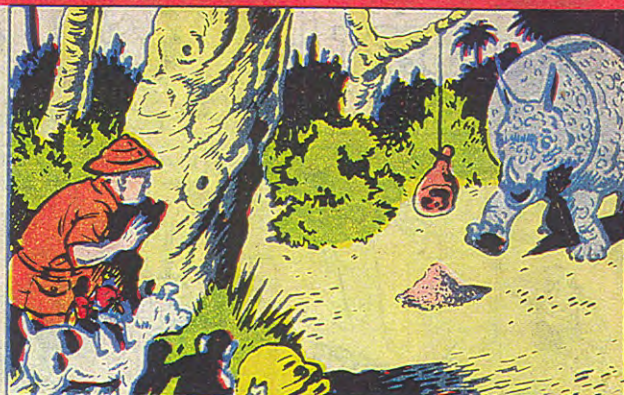
EVERY
MONDAY

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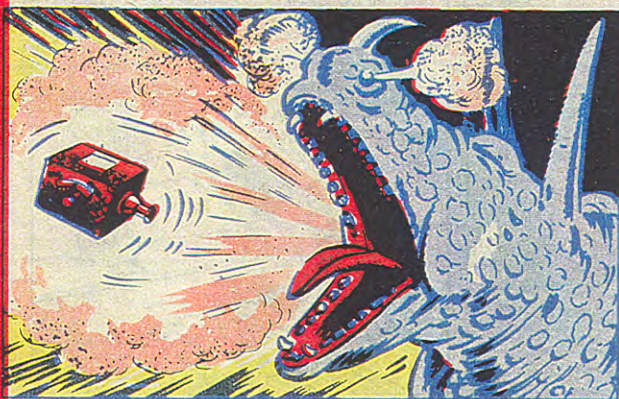
More ISLAND OF SECRETS



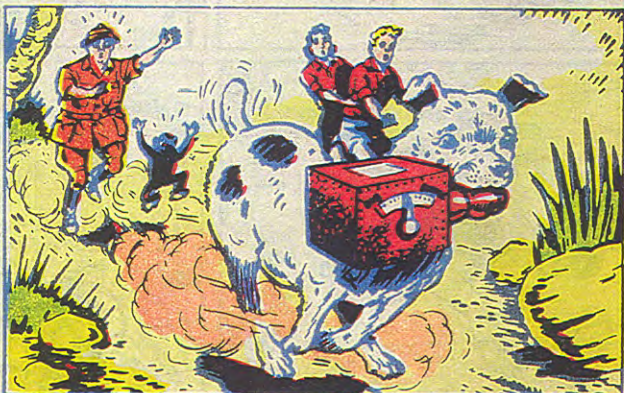
"I think I have an idea for getting that ray-machine," said Professor Jolly thoughtfully when they were all back in camp. He and Koko and the children spent some time gathering pepper-berries. Then, with the help of Towser and a rather odd grinding-machine, Professor Jolly ground the berries into fine pepper—a lot if it!



"That will make a fine pinch of snuff for our mighty friend!" he smiled. "Now we'll see if our trap is more successful than Black Bellamy's seems to have been!" The pile of pepper was stacked beneath a tasty piece of meat hanging from a tree. With Peter and Ann sitting on Towser's back, they all waited for the monster to arrive.



Soon it came tramping heavily through the trees. Its little eyes lit up at sight of the meat, and it came forward, sniffing eagerly. That big monster had a big sniff. A huge cloud of the pepper flew into its face, back went the mighty head—and next moment the jungle fairly shook with the deafening roar of an enormous sneeze!



That sneeze did the trick! The ray-machine shot out, and the monster went tottering away into the jungle. Towser bounded forward with a bark of triumph and snatched up the machine. But instead of bringing it back, he went bounding mischievously away as if it were some game, with Peter and Ann on his back! (More next week.)

HERE'S ANOTHER GRAND STAMP FOR YOUR ENGINE- SPOTTERS' ALBUM

Cut this picture out
and stick it in the
next blank space in
the album you got
last week.

There will be another
stamp next week and
more to follow, so
make sure you don't
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