

LOTS OF FUN AND EXCITEMENT INSIDE!

COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 197. April 26, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

YES, SON. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I
HANDLE BADMEN. I'M THE GREATEST
BADMAN CATCHER THAT EVER WAS!

COO!

OKAY - STICK 'EM UP,
'HOMBRE!

LIKE THAT,
SEE?

THROW ME YOUR GUN
AND BACK UP AGAINST
THAT TREE —
PRONTO!

???

MEXICAN
PETE!

SWOON

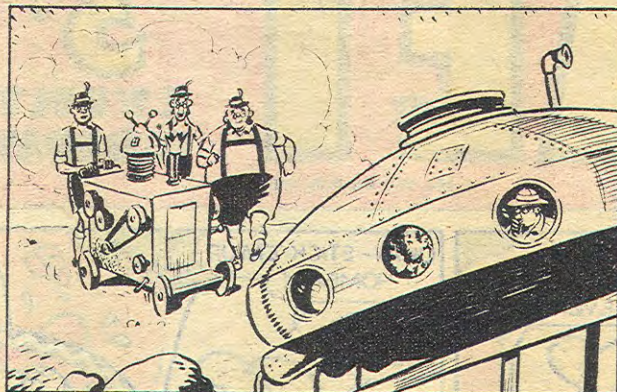
LATER. ABOUT TIME
YOU WOKE UP,
MR. SHORTY!
I WANT TO GO
HOME FOR MY TEA!

WAAL! IF IT ISN'T MEXICAN PETE!
SHORTY - I'M PROUD OF YOU!

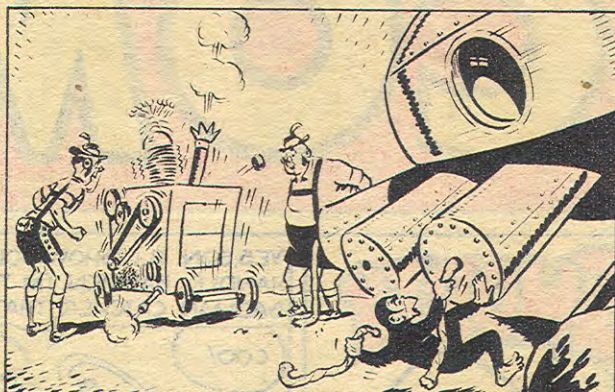
VON TIK AND VON TOK KNOW ALL ABOUT MAKING THINGS THAT GO BY CLOCKWORK—

ISLAND OF SECRETS

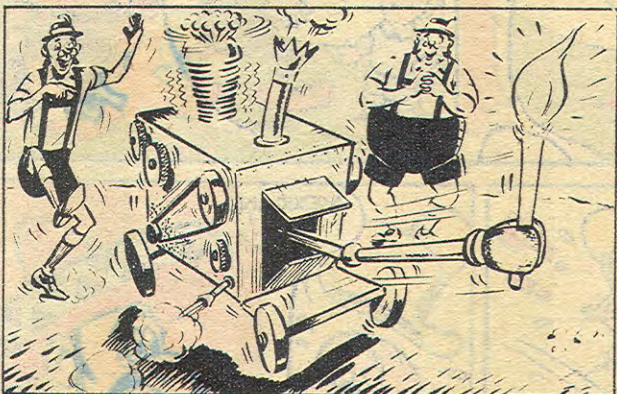
Don't miss the fun and thrills in this grand adventure on the island where nothing grows old!



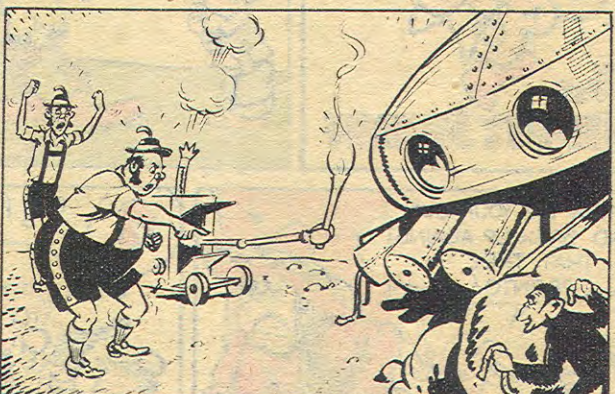
Peter and Ann, and their uncle, Professor Jolly, had come to explore the Island of Secrets. They quickly discovered one strange thing—nothing on the island ever died. So Von Tik and Von Tok, the two old Swiss clockmakers, had been there for centuries, and they'd had lots of time to make their strange clockwork inventions. Now our three friends were their prisoners.



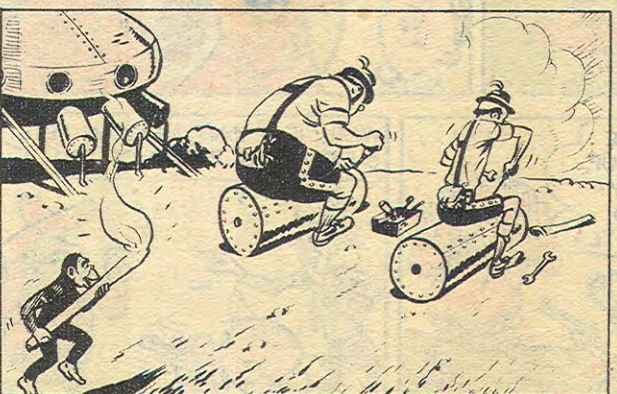
Von Tik and Von Tok, with the aid of their clockwork soldiers, had built a flying saucer—a very ramshackle one—and were going to send the three of them to the moon in it. Right now they were locked inside, and Von Tik and Von Tok were wheeling up another of their strange gadgets, which started to buzz and rattle and whizz. Meanwhile Koko, the baby chimp, was busy.



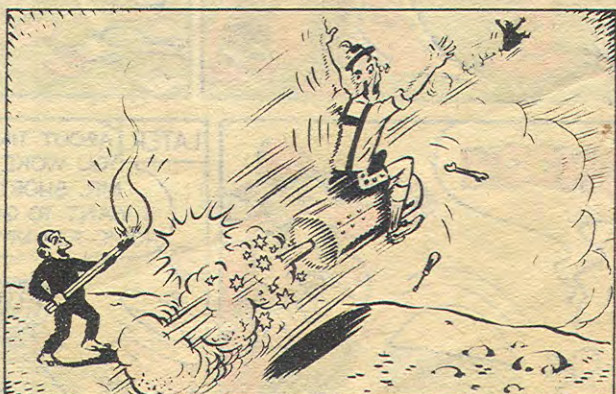
Koko, seeing that his friends were in danger, was trying to help. And in his efforts he tugged out the thick fuses which hung out at the backs of the rockets which drove the flying saucer. Tik and Tok didn't see him—they were far too busy admiring their other invention, which after lots of buzzing and sputtering, finally shot forth a burning brand held in an iron clamp.



"It works—our fire-maker works!" cried Von Tik joyfully. "Let's light the rockets!" It was then they found that two of the rocket fuses had mysteriously vanished. "Why didn't you keep an eye on them?" squeaked Von Tok, shaking his fists. "Because I didn't expect them to vanish!" roared Von Tik, very annoyed at being blamed. Koko shook with silent laughter.



Very soon the two quarrelsome scientists had taken off the rockets which lacked fuses and were busy trying to put matters right. "We'll have to take the heads off to get new fuses in," Von Tik growled sulkily. Von Tok, struggling to turn a rusty screw, did not reply. And meanwhile, Koko had grabbed the flaring brand from the fire machine.



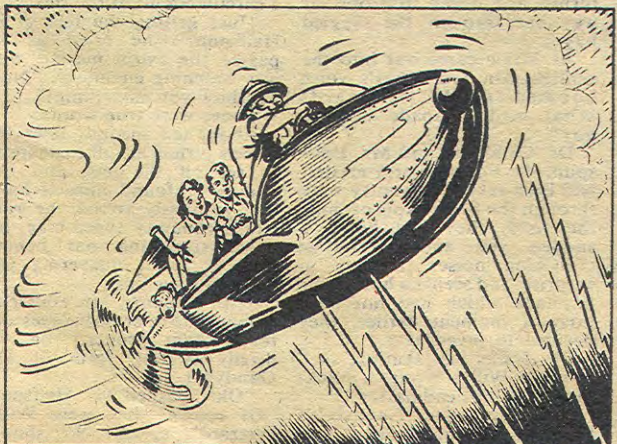
Creeping closer, he pushed the red-hot brand into the back of Von Tik's rocket. There came a sizzling sound, and at once Koko jumped back. Whoosh! The rocket went zooming away with Von Tik astride it. As wild yells floated back, Von Tok was treated in the same manner. In a roaring gust of flame he soared rapidly skywards.



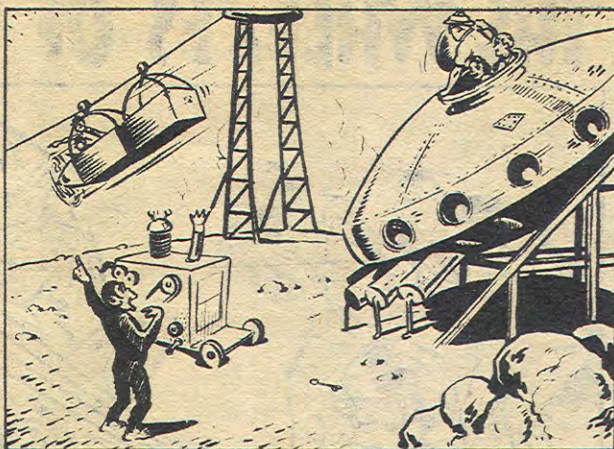
Now, during their centuries of experimenting, the peculiar pair had often found that their inventions went wrong. They had learned to be prepared for almost anything—and they were prepared now. Jumping off the rockets, they floated down on parachutes which had been packed into little satchels fixed to their trousers. "All your fault!" bellowed Von Tik as they drifted down towards their castle.



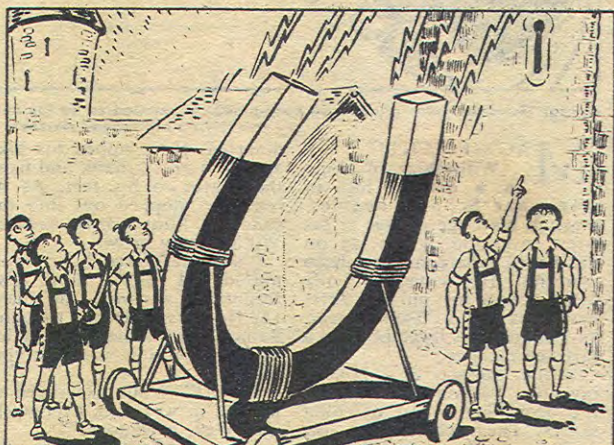
There was no time to waste. "If we can scramble down this side of the mountain we can get to our flying machine!" said the professor, leading the way. It was a hard climb, but at last they reached the valley and saw the welcome sight of their craft. But they did not know that among the robots, dressed exactly like them, was a real man, Tik and Tok's servant, Otto.



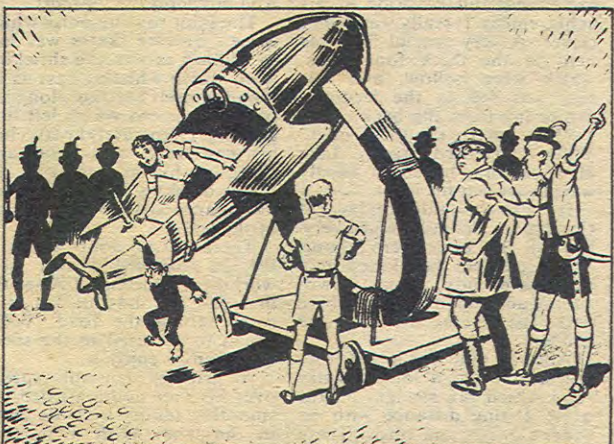
Professor Jolly was circling round to head back over the mountain range. Suddenly the flying machine lurched as if giant invisible fingers were gripping it. "I—I can't work the controls!" panted the professor, struggling frantically. Slowly the machine was being dragged down out of the sky! "It's a magnet that's got us!" cried Peter.



Back at the launching site, the clockwork soldiers were setting off down the mountain railway for some reason or other. Koko leaped on to the saucer and unlocked the lid. "Quick!" cried Professor Jolly, and in a second they were clambering out of the rocket-ship. "Crumbs! You certainly gave those cranks a send-off, Koko!" Peter chuckled. And for the moment none of them gave the robots a thought.

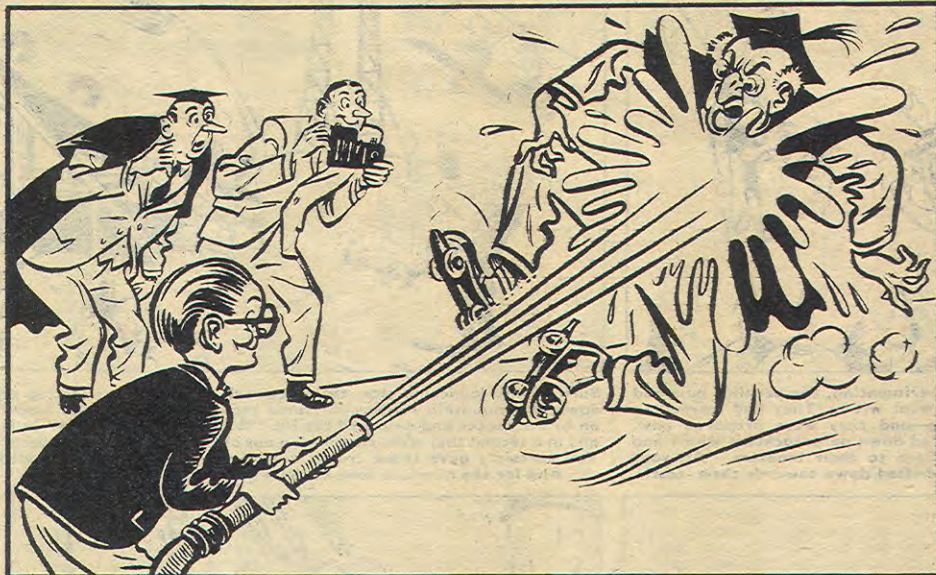


And while Professor Jolly, Peter and Ann and Koko were scrambling thankfully aboard, the clockwork robots were getting busy under Otto's guidance. They were gathered round an enormous magnet mounted on a platform near the palace. The magnet was pointing up at an angle, sending forth its powerful magnetic rays, for Otto had seen our three pals flying away in their aircraft.



With a final zooming lurch, the flying machine clanked heavily against the prongs of the magnet—and the propeller broke with a snap. There was nothing for it but to climb out, and then Otto took the professor's arm and pointed. The professor gasped as he saw that this was a real man—not a clockwork one like the others.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Doctor Gandybar was glad to be hose-piped! It seemed to be his only chance of ever getting off Willie's terrifying high-speed skates!

"MAGNIFICENT!" Willie Wizzard, alone in a disused loft in Gandybar School, beamed through his huge glasses at his latest invention, which lay on the bench where he had been working. He wiped an oily hand across his bulging forehead, leaving a black smear, and nodded his large head in a satisfied manner.

Willie, the son of a famous inventor, was very pleased. On the bench lay a pair of roller skates. They seemed just like ordinary skates, except that the foot-plate of each skate was about half an inch thick, and there was a strange pipe-like tube projecting from the back. "Jet-propelled skates!" Willie exclaimed, full of pride at his achievement. It really was rather clever. A very special fuel was held in the thick foot-plates, which were hollow, and this fuel was fed to the jet-tubes projecting from the back.

"I've got to try them out!" Willie murmured eagerly. Like all inventors, he could hardly wait to try out his ideas.

It was a half-holiday at Gandybar School, and very few of the boys were about. Willie packed the skates in a cardboard box, went downstairs, and set off on his bike with the skates tied to the carrier.

About a mile and a half from the school was a long country road which ran straight on for quite a long distance with no sudden twists and turns. There was rarely any traffic on this road and Willie hoped to try out his skates with nobody around to see the unusual sight.

As usual, the road was

deserted. He propped his bike against a grassy bank and fixed the skates to his feet. As he rose and stepped out into the road, a faint frown creased Willie's lofty brow.

"Now let's see," he murmured. "I don't think I've forgotten anything—or have I?" He paused, deep in thought. Somewhere in the back of his brain something was worrying him.

"Poof!" Willie exclaimed at last. "I'm worrying over nothing. Well, here goes!"

He set off steadily on the skates, knowing that once the wheels were turning at a certain speed the jets would start up on their own. Tense with excitement, Willie increased his speed. And suddenly . . . whoof!

The faint roaring noise which came from the skates was lost to Willie's ears in the shrieking wind which whistled past as he found himself hurtling along the road at a speed which left him gasping. Desperately he clutched his cap with one hand and clung to his glasses with the other, bending forward to keep his balance against the pressure of the wind.

There was no doubt about it, the jet-propelled skates were working wonderfully! After the first few seconds of his wild career along the road, Willie began to get used to the speed and even to enjoy it.

A grin of triumph spread over his face as he hurtled on, smoothly taking a gentle curve in the lane. With a start of surprise, Willie realised that he had come a long way in a very short time. Not far ahead the road led into a main highway. It was at this moment that

Willie suddenly remembered the thing that had been nagging deep in his mind.

It was such a simple thing, too. He had forgotten to fix up any way of stopping the skates!

"Ao-ow!" yelled Willie in alarm. Ahead of him he saw an opening in the hedge on one side of the road and beyond the opening was a great haystack. With the speed of despair, Willie leaned slightly to one side and headed straight for the haystack.

He hit it, dead centre, at about thirty miles an hour, and disappeared within. Deep in the darkness of the haystack, Willie at last came to a stop. With a final *chuff-poink!* the jets stopped. Dazed but thankful, Willie turned and began to grope his way out through the tangled hay.

As Willie came out into the sunlight Dr. Gandybar's voice boomed angrily: "Wizzard! What mad escapade is this, boy?"

Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfspun, the Fourth Form master, had been taking a country walk through the fields. Approaching the road, they had heard a sudden yell and a strange crunching noise. Turning in surprise, and seeing a hole in the haystack which had not been there a moment earlier, they decided to investigate.

"I—I was just skating, sir," groaned Willie Wizzard, blinking up at his headmaster.

"Skating!" Dr. Gandybar's voice soared upwards. "Then you were skating in a dangerous manner. You might have hurt yourself!" A sudden thought struck Dr. Gandybar, and his voice became really indignant.

"You might even have hurt me, Wizzard! Now—remove those skates at once!"

The following morning Dr. Gandybar sat in his study, looking across the desk at Mr. Halfspun. Between them lay the skates which the headmaster had confiscated. There was a thoughtful and rather longing look in Dr. Gandybar's eyes.

"Interesting things, Halfspun," he murmured. "They seem to be a slightly different pattern from those I used when I was a boy. I was very good on skates, as a matter of fact." He picked up one of the skates, gazed at it and sighed faintly. It was quite clear to Mr. Halfspun that Dr. Gandybar was sorely tempted. In fact, his feet were itching to try out those skates.

Mr. Halfspun looked at the ceiling.

"The roller skating rink in the village doesn't open until this evening, sir," he said casually. "But there's a caretaker there all day. I think it is our duty to make sure that the skates of today are quite safe, quite suitable for our boys to use. I have no class this morning, so we could go down there and—"

"Bags first go, Halfspun!" exclaimed Dr. Gandybar, rising and tucking the skates under his arm. There was an eager gleam in his eyes.

Half an hour later the two masters were in the roller skating rink. The caretaker, somewhat bewildered, fingered the half-crown he had been given and shrugged his shoulders.

Carefully Dr. Gandybar adjusted the skates and stepped on to the rink. Wobbling slightly at first, but gaining courage as he went on, the headmaster made a careful circuit of the rink.

"Just getting the feel of it, Halfspun!" he cried as he passed the Form master, who was watching enviously. "Now I'll show you something!"

Those were true words.

About ten seconds later the wheels turned at sufficient speed to set off the jets, and Dr. Gandybar found himself hurtling helplessly round the rink like a runaway speed-bike, his gown streaming out behind him. A faint, quivering yell rose from his lips.

With an effort, Mr. Halfspun managed to uncross his eyes and focus them properly on the dizzily circling form of Dr. Gandybar.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Halfspun. "Of course—they were Willie Wizzard's skates! We should have remembered that!"

"Do-oo . . . something!" Those instructions from Dr. Gandybar came in two instalments. He only had time to get

AND DOCTOR GANDYBAR, HIS HEADMASTER, TRIES THEM OUT!

out one word each time he passed Mr. Halfspun. Cupping his hands to his mouth, Mr. Halfspun yelled:

"I'll get Wizzard, sir! Hold on . . . and don't fall down, whatever you do! You'll break your neck at that speed!"

Dashing out of the rink, Mr. Halfspun hailed a cab to take him back to the school at top speed. Willie Wizzard's form was having an art lesson and Willie suddenly found himself rushed out of the room and downstairs to the waiting cab. As they drove along, Mr. Halfspun gabbled out a quick explanation of what had happened.

"Oh, crumbs!" Willie said blankly. "Does Dr. Gandybar think I can tell him how to stop the skates?"

"Of course!" snapped the Form master.

"Oh, crumbs!" Willie said, still more blankly.

When they got to the rink Dr. Gandybar was still going strong. Another man, besides the caretaker, was now in the big hall, busy opening a large and heavy case in one corner, but Willie and Mr. Halfspun didn't bother about him. They had other things to think of.

"There isn't any way of stopping the skates!" Willie confessed desperately as he and the master leaned over the rail round the rink and watched Dr. Gandybar fairly burning it up in flashing circuits. The headmaster was too breathless even to call out now.

"Of course," Willie went on with faint hope, "the fuel will get used up in the end."

"How soon?" rapped out Mr. Halfspun eagerly.

Willie pondered deeply. "In about two days," he said. "a

little goes a long way—"

"Grrrr!" snarled Mr. Halfspun, clutching his head in despair.

Willie brooded thoughtfully, and suddenly his eyes gleamed.

"Half a tick, sir!" he exclaimed. "I think I can fix it if the caretaker can help me. Of course, I used a haystack to stop myself, but we haven't got a haystack handy. However—!"

Willie dashed off, and about three minutes later he came in through a back door, carrying the nozzle of a long hose in his hands. He came right up to the edge of the rink, then turned and called: "Right, turn it on!" Somewhere outside the caretaker did his duty.

A stream of water leapt from the hose, and as Dr. Gandybar came round, Willie directed the stream at him. It nearly knocked him off his feet as it hit him squarely in the chest. Then the water hit one of the skates fair and square, and with a faint popping noise the roaring jet went out.

But the other jet was still working!

Unfortunately, where one of Dr. Gandybar's legs wanted to go the rest of him had to follow.

He dragged his trailing leg off the ground to avoid being over-balanced, and roared on. That last circuit was a masterpiece. Gradually, in an effort to keep his balance he leaned further and further forward. One leg was raised behind him, his arms were outspread and his nose was almost touching the ground as he whizzed round on one leg like a performing elephant turned ballet-dancer.

Again that stream of water shot out. It extinguished the remaining jet, and it almost ex-

tinguished Dr. Gandybar as well. Spluttering and dripping, he coasted to a halt and collapsed in a heap on the rink.

"Turn it off!" shouted Willie to his unseen helper, and the water dwindled to a mere trickle.

Tenderly Willie and Mr. Halfspun helped the headmaster to his feet. In sudden panic he wrenched off the skates and flung them from him. For several seconds Dr. Gandybar



"Doo-o-o-o-o something!" howled Doctor Gandybar, as he shot past. "Help! Stop me, somebody!"

stood panting, trying to get enough breath to speak.

"Wizzard!" he snarled at last, with a cold and deadly look in his eye. "Report to my study this afternoon!"

Several hours had gone by. Dr. Gandybar looked up as Willie Wizzard knocked and entered the study. Without a word the headmaster reached for his thickest cane.

"Ahem!" said Willie cautiously. "I think you should know, sir, that the photographer of the local paper heard that something was going on in the

rink this morning. He was there with his camera and he took several pictures of you, sir. I spoke to him afterwards and he seems to think the photos would create a lot of interest in his paper."

Dr. Gandybar froze, his hand still outstretched and a look of horror on his face. If those photographs were published he knew he'd never live it down!

"I didn't think it would be very nice for you, sir," Willie continued innocently, "so I managed to rub a special chemical on the negative plates. I had some gear on me to do with another invention I'm working on. So he'll never be able to develop those plates."

A wave of relief swept through Dr. Gandybar—and then he picked up the cane with a grim expression.

"Excellent, Wizzard!" he snapped triumphantly. "But don't think that your action will excuse you—"

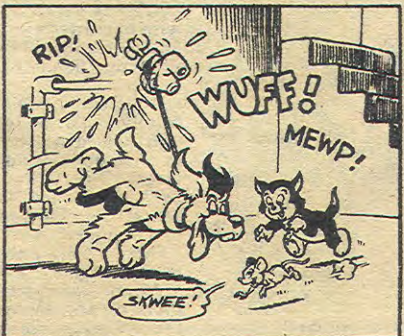
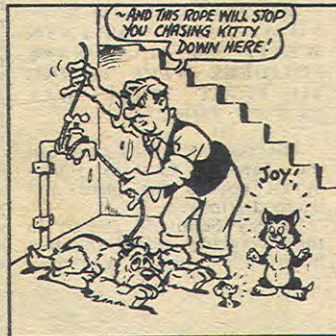
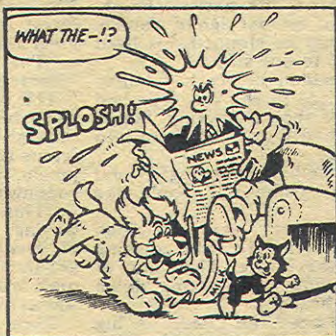
"I mean," Willie broke in hastily, "that he'll never be able to develop the negatives . . . unless somebody just happened to let him have another chemical to counteract the first one!"

Dr. Gandybar stared hard, breathing deeply through his nose. Then all the fight went out of him and he dropped weakly in his chair.

"Heh-heh," he cackled feebly. "On second thoughts, Wizzard, I—I—er—think you're a very clever boy! Now, we'll forget all about it. Just trot along, and don't do it again . . . please!"

And happily, Willie Wizzard trotted along.

Watch for the fun and laughter next week, when Willie invents a "Wakey-Wakey Bed"!



DISTANT DRUMS



Behind them were the fierce Seminole Indians—before them lay the treacherous swampy Everglades of Florida. Could Quincy Wyatt lead his men back to safety?

THE FIERCE SEMINOLE INDIANS LIVED IN THE VAST SWAMP-LANDS CALLED THE EVERGLADES. THEY HAD PLENTY OF GUNS, WHICH HAD BEEN SOLD TO THEM BY BRIGANDS AT FORT INFANTA, AND THE SEMINOLES WERE ON THE WAR PATH. CAPTAIN WYATT, WITH A HANDFUL OF PICKED SOLDIERS, HAD GOT INTO THE EVERGLADES, BLOWN THE FORT SKY-HIGH, AND RESCUED JUDY BECKETT, WHOM THE BRIGANDS WERE HOLDING TO RANSOM. NOW CAPTAIN WYATT AND HIS BRAVE SOLDIERS WERE TRYING TO FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF THE JUNGLE.

The distant drums beat out their message. Captain Quincy Wyatt cocked his head and listened grimly.

"Every Seminole Indian in the Everglades heard the fort blow up," he said. "And their

scouts have spotted us. They know where we are. Right now, their war-parties are heading this way, to wipe us out before we reach the lake-shore. That's what those drums are saying! So keep moving!"

He watched his men lope past him along the jungle trail. They'd done a good job, putting that huge fort out of action, and he meant to see that they got safely out of the jungle. They were his men, the best there were, the pick of the army when it came to swamp fighting. They were a match for Ocala, the redskin chief.

Quincy scanned the green thickets around them. At any moment, he knew, Ocala the great chief of the Seminoles might leap out yelling at the head of his braves. He watched the last of his party go past, then with a swift glance to the rear, he followed them.

They came out at last on the shore of Lake Okeechobee, which meant Big Water in the Indian language. The longboat which was to take them across its fifty-mile width to safety lay well off-shore. Lieutenant Tufts,

the navy man who'd shared the perils of the expedition, grinned at Quincy.

"My bosun's seen us, Captain. He's putting about to come and pick us up. It won't be long now—we're almost out of the wood."

"There's still time for Ocala to spring a surprise attack," replied Quincy. "Sergeant Shane—send half a dozen scouts back into the jungle to watch for Indians."

Six men scattered out at the double into the green forest. The rest settled down to wait and to watch the boat draw nearer. Quincy Wyatt paced up and down the narrow beach, alert for the first sign of trouble. Suddenly he stopped, his head cocked to one side.

A sudden silence had fallen. The birds in the tree-tops had stopped their chattering. Something had frightened them into silence.

"Something's wrong!" said Quincy grimly. "I don't like it!"

A moment later a sudden burst of rifle fire came crashing from the jungle. Then one of the scouts came racing down to the beach.

"Indians!" he cried. "A big war-party—coming up fast!"

Quincy gazed out at the boat with narrowed eyes, judging time and distance. The firing was growing fiercer, and coming nearer.

"We can't make it," he said calmly. "Those Indians are as well armed as we are. Loaded in that boat, we'd be a sitting target. They'd finish the lot of us." He turned to Monk, the tough old Florida scout who had guided the expedition. "There's only one way out for us. Through the Everglades!"

Monk stared hard at Quincy, then turned his gaze towards the swaying tree-tops of the

dank, swampy jungle to the south.

"A whole army could walk into the Everglades swamps—and be swallowed up in them, Quincy," Monk said levelly. "If we go in there, the chances are we'll never come out again."

"If we stay here, we'll end up with no scalps!" Quincy gritted. "Lieutenant Tufts! Hail the boat and tell the bosun to go back! Sergeant Shane, call in the scouts. We're making a dash for the Everglades!"

Between them and the cover of that swampy jungle, there was a wide stretch of tall, tinder-dry reeds to be crossed. The reeds rose like a miniature forest, taller even than Quincy's great height.

"That way!" snapped Quincy. "Through the reeds!"

The main body of his little party began crashing their way through the tall reeds, as the scouts came backing out of the jungle, firing back at the on-coming redskins.

"This way!" yelled Wyatt, waving, and opened fire with his revolver to give them cover as they doubled across the open space towards him. Monk was at his side, rifle ready.

Then the yelling, war-painted braves burst into view. Quincy and Monk made every shot count, holding the enemy back, and gaining precious seconds while their friends got away behind them. Then they too turned, and ran at top speed through the tall dry reeds.

Watching from the shelter of the jungle, Ocala saw them go, and gave an exultant yell. Then he leaped into the open, and raced at the head of his warriors after the hated white men.

As Quincy and Monk cleared the reeds on the far side, the rest of the party were pushing into the fringes of the jungle swamp, a few paces beyond.



"Now, Wy-att!" screamed Ocala, "Now you die!"

BY THE MIGHTY OCALA AND HIS SEMINOLE INDIAN WARRIORS!

Somehow they'd got to gain more time for their retreat.

Quincy Wyatt bent down among the tall, tinder-dry reeds, and fired off the last shot in his revolver. The flash set fire to the dry stalks, and the flames spread rapidly.

In seconds the wind had fanned the flames into a great blazing wall of fire which swept across the path of the pursuing Indians. With a snarl of rage, Ocala ordered his men to retreat.

It was fifteen minutes later, across the charred, blackened stretch where the reeds had been, that Ocala rose to his feet and cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Now, Wy-at!" he screamed, his voice echoing and re-echoing through the silent Everglades. "Now... you die!"

THE redskin war-drums beat on their message of doom.

For three days the weary soldiers stumbled through the rotting jungle and crocodile-ridden swamps. They had fought four actions against the Indians. They had covered nearly fifty miles. Yet another hundred miles of this terrible journey lay between them and safety.

Quincy had ordered a short rest. He sat on a fallen log beside Monk, his eyes on Judy Beckett. The girl lay limply against a tree, utterly exhausted.

"She can't make it, Jim," Quincy said quietly. "We're not only up against the swamps. There's the Seminoles as well. Four attacks from Ocala and his men so far, and now we're down to half our strength."

"Yep—and them drums going all the time," Monk said grimly. "Telling about us to every Seminole in the Everglades swamp!" He glanced up at a group of tall trees towering nearby. "If we could make a couple of dug-out canoes, Quincy, at least half of us could ride down easy through the swamp waters."

"We could try," said Quincy. "We've dodged Ocala and his men for the time being. Let's see... we could build two dug-outs in a day and a half, if Ocala doesn't catch up with us. We'll have to chance it." He raised his voice. "Sergeant Shane!"

The Sergeant came trotting across to his captain.

"Sergeant, we're splitting into two parties," said Quincy. "You and Monk will go on foot with half the men. The rest of us are going to build dug-out canoes, and float down through the swamps."

Monk said: "Where'll we head for, Quincy?"

"There's the old Seminole burying ground. It lies about a day's march from my home island. Remember it, Monk? You head for that point. You'll have nearly forty hours start, but we'll travel faster once we get moving, so we should get there about the same time—say about four days from now."

"Right," Monk rose to his

feet and watched as Sergeant Shane formed up the marching party. "So long, Quincy. And good luck."

Throughout the rest of that day, and well into the night, Quincy's party worked. Two of the great trees were chopped down, and then began the long task of hollowing out the trunks to make long, shallow dug-outs.

At dusk the next day, as the finished canoes were pushed out on the swampy waters, the jungle around seemed to spring to life as Ocala's men swept in to the attack. They had found their quarry! Quincy, crouched in the stern of the rearmost dug-out, fired coolly and steadily.

Each time his pistol spoke, a Seminole brave screamed and fell. For nearly an hour the running battle raged, and then the Indians withdrew. They never fought during the hours of darkness, for they believed that there were demons about in the night.

The dug-outs moved slowly on as the soldiers poled them through the shallow waters. But now there were far fewer men than there had been when the Seminoles had first attacked. And of those left, many were wounded.

For four long, weary days, the little party floated on through the Everglades. Then, late one afternoon, as they rounded a bend, all became suddenly still. Not even the birds were singing.

The island ahead of them in the swamp was the burial place of the Seminole chiefs.

The dug-out canoes were beached. Warily, Quincy and Lieutenant Tufts explored that silent place with its strange burial mounds.

"Sergeant Shane and his men should be here—but they're not," Quincy whispered at last. "I don't like it. We're right in



Monk tottered from the jungle, and fell as the others rushed up. "They got us!" he gasped.

the middle of Seminole country here, and it's no place to linger. But... we'll give them half a day. We'll wait."

Two hours dragged slowly by. The air seemed to be weighed down with the eerie silence. Suddenly it was broken by a rustling sound, the sound of a heavy body dragging itself through the undergrowth. Every man came to the alert, gun in hand. And then, from the jungle fringe crawled a tattered and bloodstained figure.

"It's Monk!" Quincy leapt forward with the words, and in a second was down on one knee beside the old scout.

"They got us!" Monk whis-

pered huskily. "I was out in front, Quincy. They let me go by, then closed in on the platoon—" A sudden shout broke in on Monk's words. One of the soldiers Quincy had sent out as a scout came racing into the clearing.

"Indians, Cap'n!" he called hoarsely. "They're comin'!"

With a lithe movement, Quincy swung the exhausted Monk up on to his broad shoulders.

"Down through the bush, there!" he ordered curtly, nodding in that direction. "Into the river! We'll leave the canoes, and wade for half a mile. They won't hear us, and can't trail us!" Silently the little band plunged through the bush and waded chest-deep along the narrow river which ran sluggishly beneath overhanging foliage.

Holding their rifles above their heads, they forced their way slowly through the thick mass of leaves which lay on the surface. Not until they were well clear of the burial place did Quincy lead the way to the bank.

Monk was given food and water, and his wounds were bandaged.

"What about Sergeant Shane and the others, Quincy?" Monk asked doggedly. "There's an Indian village near here. That's where they'll be. Maybe we could rescue them— He paused and looked at Quincy with an eyebrow raised.

Quincy's lips set grimly. "We'll try it," he said harshly. "We can't leave 'em to the Seminoles. Most of the Indians are out looking for us, so maybe we'll only have a few guards to handle."

Two of the soldiers were left (Continued on page 8)



"Sergeant Shane and his men are here somewhere—search every hut!" snarled Wyatt

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP NUMBER
IN THE LIST BELOW!

THERE MAY BE A GRAND PRESENT FOR YOU!

Yet another long list of members' numbers below—is yours among them? If it is then there's a grand present waiting for you—free! So check now and see whether the number printed on the back of your Club Album is also printed in this list:

1,547	28,795	105,378	52,791	72,449
1,047	143,663	53,971	23,810	42,845
919	4,195	26,840	456	120,641
33,826	73,861	174,010	78,340	65,601
8,247	22,685	96,391	58,359	5,924
22,839	7,349	36,250	5,607	4,599
6,839	5,194	7,469	2,466	7,294
73,916	73,867	134,567	9,641	60,964
4,519	28,374	75,893	45,670	5,952
3,826	19,483	64,589	65,301	394
745	6,745	359	106,489	54,108
1,938	19,382	49,245	5,672	35,291
2,683	639	83,583	82,649	25,478
37,291	1,593	20,470	72,946	108,956
54,937	66,954	4,683	64,925	7,356
68,228	37,374	2,068	157,945	4,579
67,394	98,631	35,807	284	673
51,937	5,268	46,678	53,748	85,401
622	97,104	15,692	9,646	47,398
1,436	79,356	45,107	10,996	66,667

Are you one of the lucky ones who spotted their number this week? If so, then read on and find out how to claim your present. But don't be downhearted if your number hasn't appeared yet. There will be more long lists printed in every issue of COMET.

To claim, first make sure that you have made yourself a member by filling in your name and full address in the space provided in your Album. Then, from this list, choose the present you would like:

A Jack Knife, Water Pistol, Charm Bracelet,
Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, Cowboy
Belt and Holster, Wrist Compass, Box Game.

When you've made up your mind write the name of the present in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album. On a separate piece of plain paper tell us the name of the character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET and, in a few words, why. Put the Album and the piece of paper in an envelope and address it to:

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

Put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope and post it at once. In a few days you will receive your present, together with your Club album—post free.

N.B.—All claims for presents from this week's list must reach us by Friday, May 2—none received after that date, or for wrong numbers, or without the Club book enclosed, will be recognised.)

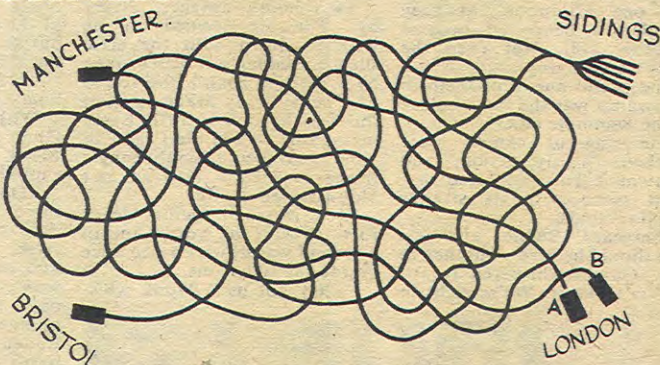
CLUB CORNER

RAILWAY QUIZ No. 3

Mr. Smith takes a train at Station "A" and Mr. Jones takes one from Station "B".

Which city is Mr. Smith going to, Bristol or Manchester? If you were the driver would you be able to drive the trains to Manchester and Bristol without running into the sidings?

Solution at foot of page.



NEW READER?

Then Here's How to Join the C.E.S.C.

If you have not yet joined our grand new Club, all you have to do is to write to us on a piece of paper saying, "Please make me a member of the C.E.S.C.", adding your full name and address. Then pin two 2½d. stamps to the paper and enclose it in an envelope and 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. Once you're a member, you too can watch our Club Corner and, of course, watch for your number to appear.

DISTANT DRUMS (Continued from page 7)

with Judy Beckett. The rest, with Quincy and Monk in the lead, stole silently through the jungle to the nearby village. Pausing on the edge of the clearing, they marked the positions of the guards.

Quincy gave whispered instructions, and his men melted into the surrounding jungle. A few seconds later, a Seminole guard turned the corner of a long, rush-roofed hut. A blue-jacketed figure dropped from above, crushing the Indian to the ground.

On the far side of the clearing, Quincy Wyatt had personally dealt with two other guards. From somewhere to his left he saw the flash of a thrown knife. Another Seminole crumpled to the ground.

"Nice throw, Tibbett!" Quincy said quietly, and the soldier's bearded face split in a grin of pleasure. In complete silence, every Seminole guard had been put out of the way. The little group of soldiers spread out and moved through the village, seeking their captured comrades.

Lieutenant Tufts, about to enter a big hut, stopped short as he almost collided with Quincy Wyatt coming out. Quincy's face was set hard, so that it looked like polished teak. His eyes held a bleak and terrible anger.

"They're in there, Lieutenant," he said tautly. "But there's nothing we can do for them. Ocala and his men have... had their revenge."

A shot from the far side of the clearing brought both men

round with a start. From the jungle there arose a wild medley of war-whoops. The Indian Warriors had returned!

Quincy's gun was spitting lead.

"Fall back!" he roared to his men. Turning to fire as they ran, the soldiers plunged into the jungle. Quincy halted on the edge of the clearing and dropped to one knee behind a fallen log.

Aiming carefully, he sent shot after shot into the attacking Seminoles. And as each Indian fell, Quincy's eyes glinted. He was taking a deadly toll of the Seminoles for what they had done to Sergeant Shane and his men.

Monk was nearby, his body pressed close against a stout tree. As Quincy reloaded, the old scout's rifle began to crack steadily. From the jungle the

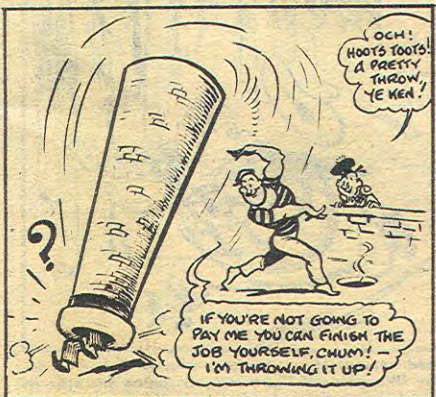
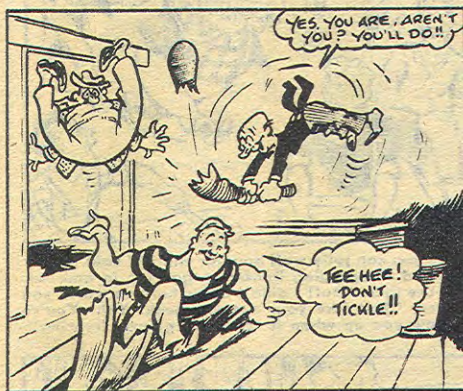
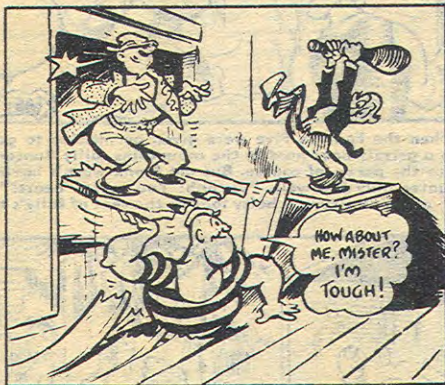
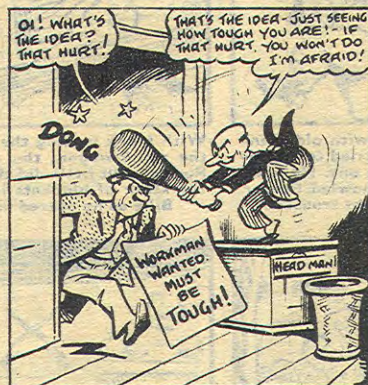
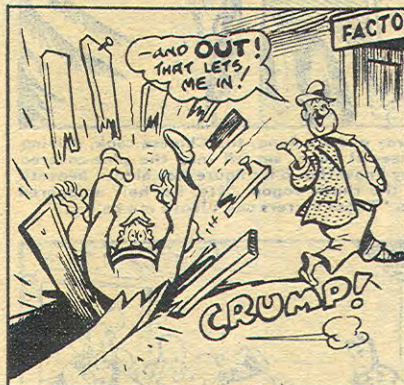
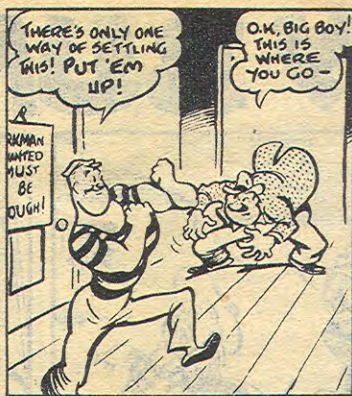
soldiers poured in a deadly fire. The Seminoles, who had launched a wild rush across the centre of the village, scattered before the blast of hot lead and began to work their way round through the cover of the jungle.

Ocala's dark face was twisted with rage, and his eyes flamed with hatred of the man who had foiled him at every turn in that terrible running fight through a hundred miles and more of the Everglades. Raising his spear, he shouted commands in the hoarse, grunting language of the Seminoles.

With rifles blazing, and shrill screaming war-whoops, the braves swept in after the retreating soldiers.

Will Quincy Wyatt and his men be able to outwit Ocala? Be sure to read next week's thrilling adventures of this grand tale based on the Warner Brothers film of the same title.

Solution.—Mr. Smith is going to Bristol, and Mr. Jones is going to Manchester.



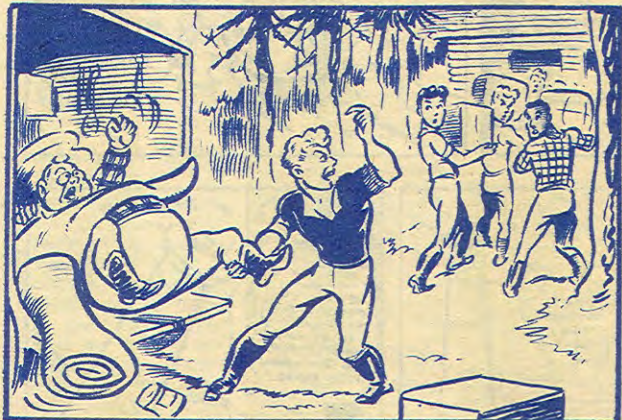
BILLY BUNTER OUT WEST



When the Famous Five were given permission to go with old Hank on a grizzly bear hunt in the mountains, Billy Bunter tried to wangle into the party, of course. But old Hank wasn't having any. He knew Bunter only too well. "Yaroooh! You rotten beast!" howled Bunter, as Hank swung a hefty foot to the seat of Billy's tight trousers.



With Hank leading the way and Ah Song, the Chinese cook, driving the chuck-wagon, the cheerful party set off into the pine-covered Rockies. But little did they know that a fat figure was hidden beneath the stack of blankets in the chuck-wagon. "He, he, he!" sniggered Billy as he peered out. "Those rotters can't leave me behind!"



At a little cabin in the mountains the juniors set to with a will to unload the chuck-wagon. Then as they carried the stores into the shack Bob Cherry let out a roar. "BUNTER!" he roared, as his hand fell on a fat ankle. "Yaroooh! Let go!" yelled Bunter, as Bob heaved with all his strength and dragged him from the chuck-wagon.



"Now that you're here you can jolly well do your share!" said Harry Wharton. Hank soon had the gasping Bunter staggering in and out with loads of logs for the fire. "Oof! I didn't come here to work, you beasts!" gasped Bunter. "Just like your rotten cheek. Yah! You're jealous! Scared I'll show you up when it comes to grizzly hunting!"



When they had settled in Bunter stood at the open doorway holding a rifle, and boasting. "Not a rotten grizzly in sight!" he snorted. "I wish one would turn up now. I'd soon show you what sort of a hunter I am!" Behind Bunter's back Bob Cherry grinned and winked at Inky as he pointed to the bearskin rug on the cabin floor.



Then a deep roar echoed around the cabin and Bunter yelled as he shot out of the doorway like greased lightning, dropping his rifle in his panic. A brown figure lumbered out behind him, its mouth agape in an ugly snarl. "Yaroooh! A grizzly!" shrieked Bunter, as he flashed up the slope outside. "Get him off me, you fellows! Yow! Help!"



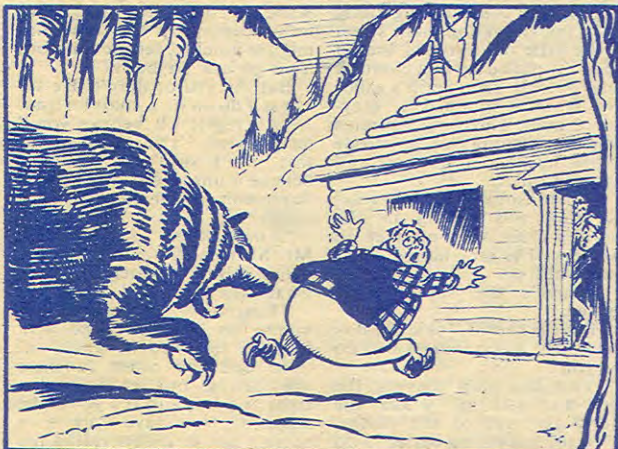
Gasping with terror, Bunter shot up the nearest pine tree like a sky-rocket. Then as he clung on desperately, looking down at the cabin, Bob and Inky threw off the bearskin. "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Famous Five, tears of mirth trickling down their cheeks. "Help! Save us, Bunter. Show us what kind of a grizzly hunter you are!"



"Why—the—the rotten beasts!" gasped Billy Bunter, as the laughing juniors went back into the cabin. Snorting with anger, the fat Owl of the Remove set his glasses straight on his little nose and started to slither down the tree-trunk, bent on revenge. But just below him a shaggy figure lumbered out of the pinewoods, sniffing the ground.



As Billy Bunter dropped to the ground puffing and panting, his eye fell on the huge shambling grizzly bear as it moved away up the slope. "So you're keeping it up, are you, you beasts!" snorted Bunter. Fuming with anger, he ran and took a running kick at the grizzly with all his strength. "Take that, you rotters!" gasped Billy.



A terrifying roar shook the pinewoods. "Oh, crikey! It's not those beasts. It's a real grizzly!" yelped Bunter, trembling like a leaf. In a flash the fat Owl of the Remove was streaking down the slope for dear life with the roaring grizzly at his heels. "Yaroooh! Help!" he shrieked. "Open the door you rotters! It's right behind me! Help!"



With a wail of terror Bunter dived for the nearest open window. And there he stuck, his fat little legs thrashing the air as the grizzly pounded towards him. Then the Famous Five raced out of the cabin. "It's a grizzly!" yelled Harry Wharton. Then five rifles blazed out. "Hang on, old fat man!" roared Bob Cherry. "We've got him!"



But Bunter was soon his old self again. "I don't want to boast, you fellows," he said loftily, "but only a lion of a chap like me would have gone out and lured in a bear single-handed!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors, as the exasperated Hank came up swishing a stick menacingly. Hank had had enough of Bunter for one day.

MICK THE MOON BOY



THE GHOST OF YELLOWSTONE JACK

A FURIOUSLY-DRIVEN buggy came tearing along the straggling main street of the little township of Indian Bend. It pulled up in a cloud of dust outside the sheriff's office and from it jumped a grey-haired man. Throwing the reins over the hitching rail, he strode across the wooden sidewalk and into the office.

A handsome, sixteen-year-old boy was lolling in the sheriff's chair with his feet on the desk. The grey-haired caller glared at him.

"Where's the sheriff?" he barked.

"I'm the sheriff," said the boy pleasantly. "Anything I can do for you?"

"You can stop playing the fool and tell me where the sheriff is!" roared the visitor. "I've got something better to do than to stand here listening to your impudence!"

"But I am the sheriff," repeated the boy mildly. "Aren't I, Hank?" he asked, turning to a thin, brown-faced boy of twelve years of age who, hearing the voices, had come in from another room.

"Yeah, you're the sheriff okay, Mick," replied Hank. He looked at the glowering, grey-haired man and said: "He is, honest, mister. The citizens of this township made him sheriff after he caught the Red Rube an' the Buller gangs. An' I'm his deputy," he added.

The visitor stared at him hard for a moment, then stared even harder at Mick.

"I heard something about this, but I didn't believe it," he said. "I heard they'd made a kid sheriff of Indian Bend and made another kid his deputy, but I thought it must be a pack of lies. But it's true, is it?"

"Yes, it's true," said Mick the Moon Boy. "I wouldn't be sitting here if it wasn't."

"But are you any good?" demanded the visitor. "As a sheriff, I mean?"

"Well, d'you hear that?"

cried Hank, the deputy, indignantly. "Is he any good? Say, listen, mister, haven't I just told you that he caught the Red Rube an' the Buller gangs and he's cleaning up this township mighty quickly, let me tell you. You go ask anybody!"

But the visitor didn't. He sat himself down on a chair instead. "All right, I'll believe you," he growled. "I've heard about this, as I say, but I didn't believe it until now. My name's Shermann. I own the Flying V ranch."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Shermann," said Mick the Moon Boy politely. "Now what's the trouble?"

"Rustling!" exploded Shermann, his face going red with fury as he thought about it. "Me and the other ranchers are having our cattle stolen right and left and it's got to be stopped. We have our own patrols out at nights riding the boundaries, but the rustlers are too clever for us. We can't catch them."

"Have you any idea who they might be?" asked Mick.

Shermann hesitated a moment, then said:

"I don't like to say this, you understand, but you've asked me, so I'm going to. There's a rancher named Lupe Diaz. He owns the Circle-Cross ranch and he employs a bunch of toughs that none of us other ranchers would. We've no proof that he's doing the rustling, mind you. In fact he claims that he's having cattle of his own run off. But what we do know is that our stolen steers aren't being taken far."

"How d'you know that?" demanded Mick.

"Because three or four times we've discovered up to fifty or sixty head missing almost as soon as it happened and we've had men out looking for them at once," replied the rancher.

"But there's never been a sign of them, either grazing or on the move. Now, kid, you can't hide fifty, or sixty cattle that easy on the rustling trail. So the answer is, they ain't on the

rustling trail. They're still around somewhere. And the only place they can be around is on another ranch, mixed up with that rancher's cattle and grazing with 'em. D'you get me?"

"Perfectly," said Mick. "And you think they might be on Lupe Diaz's ranch?"

"I can't say, but they could be," replied Shermann.

"You've had him watched?"

"Sure we've had him watched!" cried Shermann. "But it ain't easy. We've got mighty big ranges, me and the other ranchers, and we can't watch every yard of the boundaries. Diaz and two or three of his men could easily sneak across in the darkness, cut out twenty or thirty head of cattle and drive 'em out to their own ranch and change the brands quick. Then where's our proof that those cattle are ours?"

"You wouldn't have any?" agreed Mick. "All right, Mr. Shermann, I and my deputy will look into this at once for you."

In spite of his anger at the loss of his cattle, the old rancher laughed.

"Seems queer to hear you say you and your deputy," he said. "Meaning no offence, but you're just a couple of kids."

"Yeah, but he's some kid!" cried Hank, pointing admiringly at Mick.

The Moon Boy certainly was, but not a soul except Hank knew that he was from the Moon. And not a soul knew, either, that beneath his check shirt and old pants Mick always wore a strange, tightly-fitting, one-piece suit of flexible metal.

He and Hank, a ragged hill-billy boy, had first met when Mick's Flying Saucer had crashed near the lonely shack where Hank had lived with his sister and grandma. They had been pals ever since and Hank was now travelling around with Mick, who meant to see the towns, cities and peoples of the Earth before he returned to the Moon.

Since coming to Indian Bend, Mick had learned quite a lot about ranch life and within an hour of Mr. Shermann's visit he and Hank were mounted and riding out to visit Lupe Diaz of the Circle-Cross.

Anyone seeing Mick riding along would have thought he was just an ordinary Earth boy except for his eyes, which were a strange luminous green in colour. They were big and almond-shaped as well and always reminded Hank of the eyes of a mountain lion.

It was late afternoon by the time they reached the ranch house. As they dismounted a well-dressed man in expensive riding kit came out on to the veranda. He was tall and slim, with a swarthy face and dark, quick eyes.

"Good afternoon," he said pleasantly as Mick and Hank mounted the veranda steps. "Can I help you?"

"I would like to see Mr. Diaz," said Mick.

"I am Mr. Diaz," replied the man.

"I'm the Sheriff of Indian Bend," Mick introduced himself, "and this is my deputy."

Diaz's dark eyes ranged over the two visitors. His thin lips quivered, his body started to shake, then with a peal of laughter he flopped down into a chair on the veranda and laughed helplessly while Mick and Hank stood watching him.

"Excuse my mirth!" he gasped at length. "But—Ha! Ha! Ha!—you the sheriff and him your deputy. Oh—Ha! Ha! Ha!—this is too funny for words!"

"What's there funny about it?" asked Hank.

"Why, you're just kids!" spluttered Diaz, wiping his streaming eyes. "And your—your deputy's not the height of five cents. This isn't a joke, is it? But it must be!"

"I can assure you it isn't," said Mick coldly. "We are investigating the cattle rustling

that's being going on in this territory. And will you please stop laughing!" he snapped, as Diaz went off into further helplessness. "I understand from Mr. Shermann of the Flying V that you've had cattle stolen as well as the other ranchers?"

"Yes—yes, I have," gasped Diaz, again wiping his streaming eyes. "More than a hundred head."

"It doesn't seem to be worrying you much," said Mick.

Diaz stopped laughing. "Just what d'you mean by that?" he demanded.

"I mean you laugh very easily for a man who's lost a hundred cattle," said Mick.

"That skinny little deputy of yours would make a cat laugh!" retorted Diaz. "And a hundred head is nothing to me. I'm a rich man. But one can carry a joke too far," he went on, rising. "So do you mind going and not wasting my time any longer? I'm a busy man. When Indian Bend gets a real sheriff I'll talk to him."

"Indian Bend's got a real sheriff now!" snapped Hank. "The best it's ever had!"

"Oh, come on, Hank!" said Mick, turning away. "We're just wasting our breath."

They went down off the veranda, mounted their horses and galloped swiftly away.

"What d'you think of that skunk?" demanded Hank.

"I think the word skunk is a very good description of him," said Mick. "But that doesn't mean he's a rustler."

"No, maybe not, but we're sticking to the plan we figured out back yonder at the office, ain't we?" demanded Hank.

"We certainly are," replied Mick. "We'll pull up down to that watercourse right ahead. We'll be out of sight of the ranch-house down there."

They rode their horses down the sloping bank of the watercourse and reined in. Mick sat staring intently around him with his strange green eyes.

Hank sat his horse, waiting. He had very keen eyesight himself, but he knew that it didn't compare with Mick's. For the Moon Boy's sight and hearing were even better than those of any jungle animal.

"No one about!" he said and slid from his horse. "Let's check

our Talking Discs."

Each produced from his pocket a small circular disc exactly like the button of an overcoat except that each disc had a little silver pointer and silver marks all round the rim.

Mick had brought quite a number of amazing scientific gadgets with him from the Moon, but he had made these two discs himself back in Indian Bend.

They were very wonderful too, because although they had neither wires nor batteries, he and Hank could talk to each other with them up to a distance of twenty-five miles or more, just as if they were using telephones.

The only thing they had to be careful about was to see that the pointer on each disc pointed to exactly the same tiny silver mark on the rim. They carefully compared their discs now and found that each pointer was set exactly the same.

"Fine!" exclaimed Mick. "We'll get cracking!"

He swiftly stripped off his shirt, pants and boots and stood revealed in his green, skintight, one-piece suit of flexible metal. He pulled on a closely-fitting helmet of the same material, strapped a small oblong green box on his chest, then stuffed his discarded attire into Hank's saddle-bags.

"Right, Hank, you ride on and contact Shermann and I'll nip back and see what the merry Mr. Diaz is up to," he said. "Take my horse with you and keep in the cover of the watercourse and no one will know I've dismounted."

He touched a knob on the little green box on his chest.

Next moment he had completely vanished. Hank wasn't a bit surprised. He had seen his strange pal do this before and he knew that the power to make oneself invisible was just one of the many marvels discovered by the Moon Men.

"Right, let's go!" said the invisible Mick. "We'll keep in touch."

"You betcha!" said Hank and anyone hearing him might well have thought that he was talking to the empty air.

Taking the reins of Mick's horse, he rode on along the watercourse. Mick was already

speeding back towards the ranch house. He did not run like an Earth boy, but covered the ground in great bounds which carried him along faster than the swiftest horse.

When he reached the house Lupe Diaz was no longer on the balcony. But the front door was standing open and Mick stepped silently through it. He found the rancher in the big, well-furnished living-room. The man was talking to a lean, tough-looking character with a dark, swarthy face, a drooping black moustache and a loaded pistol holster slung on his belt.

From a description given him by Shermann, Mick guessed that Diaz's companion must be Jake Cutts, the ranch foreman. Diaz was saying:

"Just where are these cattle that you've located, Jake?"

"Near the northern boundary of Morgan's range," replied the foreman. "There's more'n fifty head grazing there. We can cut out twenty or thirty of 'em easy after dark."

"Then do that," ordered Diaz.

"Grab as many as we can change the brands on by daylight tomorrow. But I've got some bad news for you."

"You have?" demanded the foreman, staring.

"Yes, the new sheriff of Indian Bend's around with his deputy," laughed Diaz. "I've just had a visit from them. One's about sixteen years of age and the other's a skinny little runt of about twelve. I nearly laughed my head off."

"Yeah, I've heered about them two," said Jake, grinning. "The folks in Indian Bend must be plumb crazy givin' a couple kids the job. But what brought them here?"

"Don't be frightened, but they're inquiring into the rustling," said Diaz, beginning to shake with laughter again. "So you and the boys be careful tonight. You don't want to find yourselves held up and arrested by these two gallant guardians of the law."

"If they tie-up with me I'll give 'em a good spanking and send 'em home," said Jake, grinning more fiercely than ever.

Then abruptly the grin died on his face and he stared past Diaz, his mouth open and his eyes wide with amazement. For

a chair had suddenly risen from the floor as though of its own accord and moved closer.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Diaz, noting his foreman's stare.

"That—that chair!" gasped Jake, pointing to it with a dirty, trembling finger. "It got up and sailed across the room an' put itself down where it is now!"

"Oh, rubbish!" exclaimed Diaz, wheeling round and taking a good hard stare at the chair. "You imagined it!"

"I didn't!" gasped Jake. "I seed it do it, honest I did!"

Diaz wouldn't believe him, of course, and after a while Jake began to think that he really must have imagined it. He left the house after some further talk with Diaz about the night's raid and crossed to the bunkhouse, little dreaming that the invisible Mick was treading silently behind him.

"Waal, boys, orders is we run off a few more head of Morgan's cattle tonight," he said when he reached the bunkhouse in which a dozen or more of Diaz's toughs were sitting and lounging about, smoking and playing cards. "We'll git the brands changed by morning an' altered to the Circle-Cross—"

Again he broke off, for a riding-boot—one of the pair standing on the floor by a bunk—suddenly went whizzing across the room and crashed through a window with a horrid splintering of shattered glass.

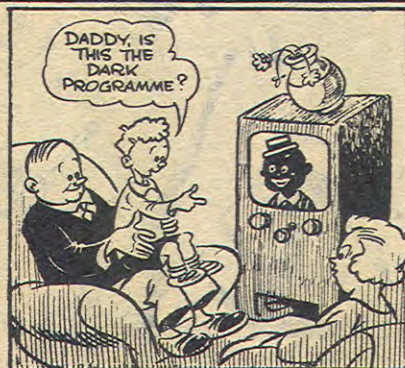
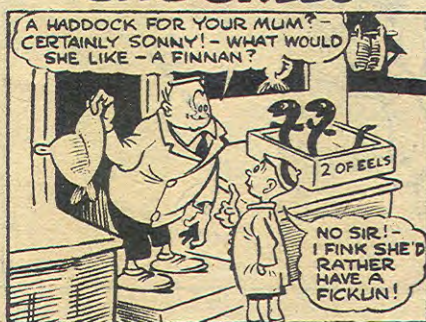
"Who throwed that boot?" he roared, glaring about him.

Nobody had thrown it. They all said so and everyone in the bunkhouse was as mystified as was he. They were far more mystified, and scared as well, by the time darkness had fallen and, led by Jake Cutts, they were riding through the night towards the northern boundary of Morgan's range.

For the wierdest things had been happening all evening in the bunkhouse. Coiled lariats had left their pegs and gone snaking across the room; knives, forks and plates had danced merry jigs on the table; stools had moved mysteriously away just as they were about to be sat on, with the result that the sitters had finished up on the floor; and these strange, un-

(Continued on page 18)

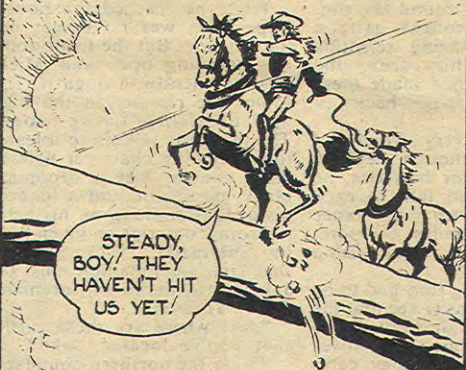
CHUCKLES



KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

Kit Carson is racing to bring a white doctor to the sick son of the Cherokee Chief, Black Tomahawk. Yellow Fox, the medicine man, has sent braves to stop Kit, for he has told the Chief that his son will not be well until they take the warpath against the palefaces. Now, if only Kit and his friends can cross that narrow rock bridge, they can hold the redskin rebels at bay until help comes!

AS KIT RIDES ACROSS THE DANGEROUS ROCK BRIDGE A BULLET ZIPS NEAR HIM--



STEADY, BOY! THEY HAVEN'T HIT US YET!

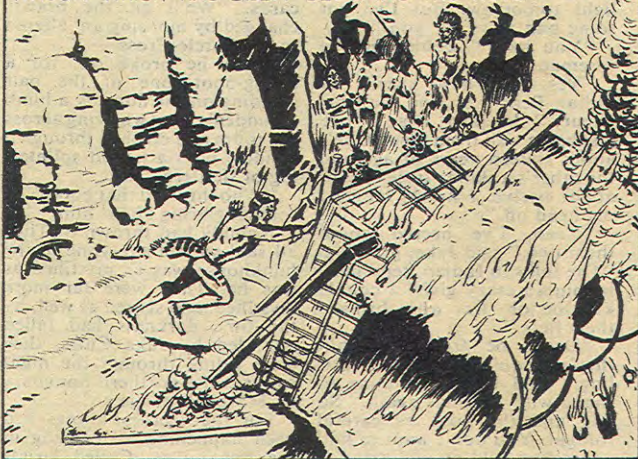
BUT HE STEADIES THE HORSE WITH AN IRON HAND.

JOSH PARKER AND NELLIE FOLLOW--

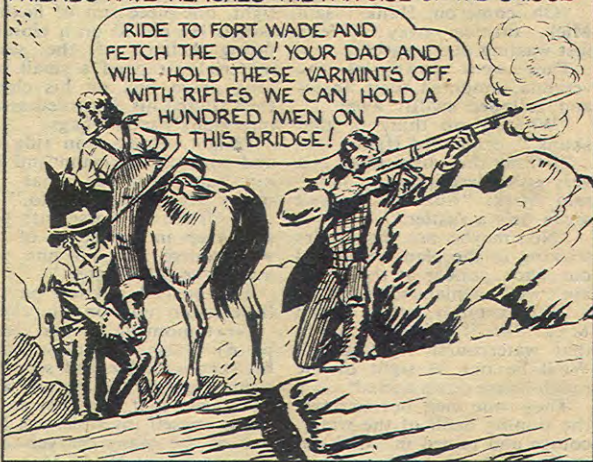


KEEP MOVIN', NELLIE! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

THE ENRAGED CHEROKEES HURL AWAY THE BLAZING WAGON WHICH HAS BEEN BLOCKING THE TRAIL--



THEY ARE SECONDS TOO LATE! KIT CARSON AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE REACHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE BRIDGE--

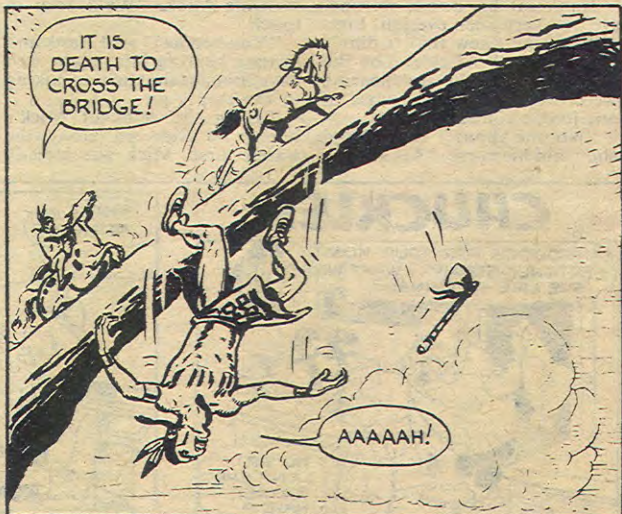


RIDE TO FORT WADE AND FETCH THE DOC! YOUR DAD AND I WILL HOLD THESE VARMINTS OFF. WITH RIFLES WE CAN HOLD A HUNDRED MEN ON THIS BRIDGE!

SO NELLIE RIDES FOR FORT WADE, AN HOUR'S JOURNEY DISTANT--



LET 'EM ALL COME! THEY'LL NEVER PASS US!



IT IS DEATH TO CROSS THE BRIDGE!

AAAAAH!

FOR OVER TWO HOURS KIT AND JOSH PARKER HOLD THE BRAVES. THEN THEY HEAR THE CLATTER OF MANY HOOF-- IT IS NELLIE WITH THE DOCTOR AND A TROOP OF CAVALRY!



THE REDSKINS PANIC ---



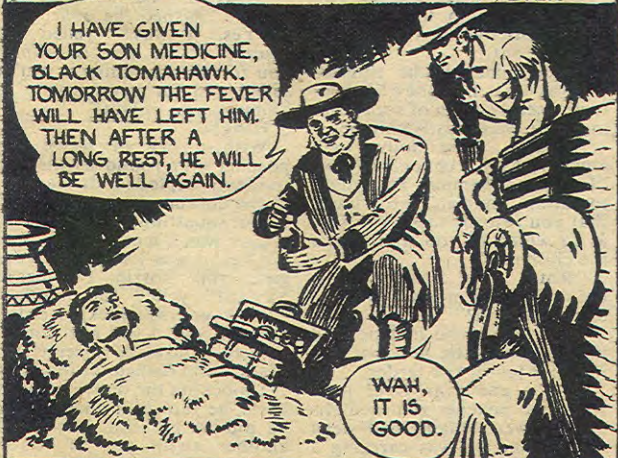
KIT LEADS THE TROOPERS OVER THE ROCK BRIDGE ---



THERE IS NO MORE FIGHT LEFT IN THE BRAVES --- AND SOON KIT RIDES WITH THE DOCTOR INTO BLACK TOMAHAWK'S CAMP. AND YELLOW FOX SKULKS AWAY, KNOWING HE HAS LOST ---



SOON, IN THE WIGWAM WHERE LITTLE PONY LIES IN A FEVER ---



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER BLACK TOMAHAWK GIVES THE WORD THAT WILL STOP A GRIM INDIAN WAR



Next week Kit Carson follows a trail of peril, carrying a secret letter through enemy Indian country!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

A POACHER LEARNS HIS LESSON

ALION and a tiger were lying in the shade of a tree on Meadowsweet Farm when suddenly a little grey squirrel came rushing up to them, speaking in a human voice:

"That beast, Mark Moat, has been shooting squirrels again in Tapley Woods," cried the little grey squirrel. "I've been watching him. He only does it out of cruelty, the same as he beats his horse, starves his hens and kicks his dog. It's time it was stopped!"

"Yes, Sammy," said the lion gravely. "I agree with you. It's time it was stopped. We'll have to think what we can do about it!"

Not so very long ago the lion, the tiger and the squirrel had been ordinary schoolboys—members of a party of forty boys who had come to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole lot of them had eaten something for breakfast which had given them the most awful tummy aches. So Dr. Grunter, the headmaster who was in charge of the party, had sent for Dr. Dozey, the village doctor.

But Dr. Dozey was so absent-minded 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 which he had discovered for changing people into animals. The result was that, in a flash, Dr. Grunter and the boys had been changed into a strange collection of animals. And the school was known as Dr. Grunter's Zoo School.

The little grey squirrel was really a boy named Sammy Small. The lion was really Peter Raynor, captain of the Fourth, and the tiger was his pal, Clive Winston.

"Come on, Raynor, surely you've thought of something by now?" cried Sammy, after Peter, the lion, had lain for some time in silence. "What'll we do to that awful rotter Mark Moat? Have you thought of anything?"

"I think I have," chuckled Peter. "What d'you think of this for a scheme to cure Mark Moat of his evil ways?"

Both Sammy and Clive listened intently as Peter told them his plan. By the time Peter had finished little Sammy was rolling about on his back on the ground, holding his tiny sides with mirth.

"He, he, he!" he squealed. "What a giddy rag! Oh, Raynor, that won't half show him! I bet you what you like it'll jolly well cure the rotter for keeps. He, he, he! I wouldn't



Mark Moat's eyes nearly popped out, for sitting on the table was a squirrel with a catapult in its paw!

miss this for all the nuts in the woods!"

"Well, cut off now and fetch the other chaps here," said Peter. "Tell 'em I want 'em!"

When darkness had fallen that same night, Mark Moat, the cruel poacher, came out of his cottage. He had his gun under his arm and some rabbit snares in his pockets.

Locking the door behind him, he slipped the key into his pocket and strode away towards the darkened woods. Had he but known it, his every movement had been carefully watched by Peter, Sammy, and a bunch of their pals.

"Right-ho, come on," said Peter after a few moments.

The animals—or, rather, the schoolboys—rose and closed in on the cottage.

"We know the door's locked," said Peter. "Let's see if there's a window open anywhere."

But there wasn't. "I can easily bash that door in for you," grunted a gorilla, who was really a boy named George Harris.

"I know," chuckled Peter. "But we don't want Moat to know anybody's in his cottage when he comes back."

He turned to a giraffe, who was really a boy named Harold Lane.

"Come a bit closer, Harold!" he said.

Harold did so, and Peter turned to a monkey, who was really a boy named Algy Brown.

"Go on, Algy, do your stuff!" he said. "You can get a wash afterwards at Moat's kitchen sink."

"Okay!" grinned Algy.

Next instant he was climbing swiftly up Harold's, the giraffe's, long neck.

"Thanks, pal!" he said, giving

one of Harold's ears a playful tweak before taking a flying leap on to the roof.

Peering through the darkness, Harold saw Algy scramble swiftly up the chimney-stack then vanish from view down the bedroom chimney.

"What if the bedroom door's shut and Algy can't get out of the room?" demanded George, the gorilla.

"He'll get out all right!" chuckled Peter. "He's got a pocket torch slung round his neck. He's an expert at jumping up, seizing a door handle and turning it."

"Yes, but what if the door's locked?" persisted George.

"Then he'll open the window and you'll climb up and smash the lock for him with your paw," said Peter. "I tell you, George, old man, we've got this thing properly worked out—Hullo, here's Algy!"

The little larder window had creaked open in the darkness and a soot-covered Algy popped his head out.

"Okay, chaps!" he tittered. "It was easy. But phew! I swallowed nearly a ton of soot coming down that beastly chimney."

"You've done jolly well, anyway, Algy," chuckled Peter. "In you go, Sammy. You ought to think yourself jolly lucky that you lost the toss with Algy as to which of you went down the chimney!"

"Rot!" cried little Sammy, the squirrel. "I'm not frightened of a bit of soot!"

Next instant he had popped through the little window and joined Algy in the larder.

It was about an hour later when the poacher returned. His pockets were bulging with dead rabbits and he was carrying a couple of dead hares. Letting himself into the cottage, he locked the door behind him and

went into the kitchen.

"And now for some supper," he cried gleefully, taking a large game pie from the oven and putting it on the table.

Drawing up a broken-backed chair, he picked up a knife and fork. As he dug the knife and fork into the pie, however, an extraordinary thing happened. For something hit him so hard and so painfully on the nose that he nearly fell over backwards out of his chair.

"What was that?" he roared, the knife and fork falling with a clatter as he clutched at his injured nose.

"It was a hazel nut, you wicked rascal!" cried a voice.

Mark Moat glared in the direction of the voice. As he did so his eyes nearly popped out of his head with rage and fright. For sitting on the end of the table was a little grey squirrel armed with a catapult.

"Was it—was it you who wrote?" gasped the poacher.

"Yes, it was!" yelled the squirrel. "I'm here to punish you for all the squirrels you've killed and for your cruelty to animals, you villain!"

Bang! With a cry of terror the poacher spun round as his gun suddenly exploded. It was still in the corner where he had left it. But squatting grinning by the trigger was a monkey.

"Yes, it was I who fired your gun, you horrid two-legged human!" yelled the monkey.

"Think yourself lucky I didn't fire it at you. I will next time!"

With a howl of sheer terror Mark Moat rushed for the door.

Unlocking the door in frantic haste, he yanked it open. But as he did so he leapt back with another awful yell of terror. For standing there in front of him was a fierce-looking lion, its tail swishing.



The zoo-boys all heaved together, and slowly the snowbound lorry began to move.

"Get back inside, you scoundrel, before I eat you up!" growled the lion.

Mark Moat got back inside all right. Rushing back into the kitchen, he hurled himself head first through the window with a terrific crash of breaking glass. Next instant he let out a yell which could have been heard nearly a mile away. For he had landed slap right into the arms of a great hairy gorilla.

"There's no escape this way, Mark Moat!" growled the gorilla with a frightful laugh. "Back you go, you villain!"

With the words he hurled the wretched poacher back through the broken window into the kitchen.

"You see, you can't escape—you can't escape!" jeered the squirrel, jumping gleefully about on the table. "Your time is up, Mark Moat. Your end is near!"

"Mercy—mercy!" howled the terrified poacher, falling on his knees. "I'll never poach or be cruel again if you'll spare me."

"We'll spare you just as long as you keep that promise then," cried the squirrel. "But woe betide you if ever you break it."

With that he and the monkey shot through the broken window and vanished into the darkness with their pals. But from that night Mark Moat was a changed man. He never poached, nor was he ever cruel to animals again. He had learned his lesson.

THE EASTER PARTY

NEXT morning everything was white.

"Snow in April! What grand weather!" cried Dr. Grunter, who had been changed into a polar bear. "The river is frozen and the whole countryside is covered with snow. I love snow and ice, Dripp!"

"Perhaps you do, being a polar bear," said Mr. Dripp, who was now a turtle, with a shiver. "But I don't. I hate it."

"D'you know, Dripp, I'm getting rather worried," went on Dr. Grunter. "Those hampers of special food which Farmer Whipstraw ordered for us for

our Easter party haven't arrived yet. They're coming from town on a lorry, and they should have been here by now."

"That's right," murmured Mr. Dripp. "There's a special hamper of raw fish for me, and another one for you. I hope the lorry hasn't got snowed up on the road."

Dr. Grunter gave a start. "By Jove, but it might be!" he cried. "There're a lot of deep snowdrifts around these parts. I think I'll go and see if I can spot the lorry anywhere."

Dr. Grunter turned towards the door. Lifting the latch with one of his forepaws, he pulled the door open. Then, dropping on all fours, he bounded away through the snow.

His steps led him past a big barn from which was coming the sound of hammering, laughing, and cheery voices. Pushing open the door with his snout, Dr. Grunter ambled inside.

It was a strange scene which met his gaze, for birds and animals of every sort, shape, and size were busily engaged in decorating the barn with gaily-coloured streamers.

These birds and animals were, of course, the party of boys of whom Dr. Grunter was in charge. A big, hairy gorilla, who was really a boy named George Harris, was up amongst the rafters, helping to fix the decorations with a hammer. So was a monkey who was really a boy named Algy Brown.

All the birds and animals were doing something.

All, that is, except one. Sitting propped up in a corner, eating cold potatoes from a big dish, was a great, fat pig, who was really a boy named Tubby Tweeks. Before he had been changed into a pig, Tubby had been the fat boy of the school.

"How dare you sit there guzzling potatoes, you wretched boy?" roared Dr. Grunter, making a sudden rush at him.

He handed Tubby a couple of savage cuffs with his forepaw.

"Where did you get those potatoes from, anyway?" he

roared. "Stole them from the farmhouse kitchen, I'll be bound. Take that dish back immediately, you greedy boy, then return here and help with the decorations."

Sniffing and snuffing, Tubby waddled from the barn on his fat, little hind legs, carrying the now empty dish between his front trotters.

"Beast!" he snorted when he was out of the barn. "I'm fed up to the back teeth with him. Hallo! Here's Alf! What've you got there, Alf?"

Alf was the farm-hand who drove the tractor. At the moment he was walking towards the barn carrying a paper parcel.

"Come on, tell me!" cried Tubby. "What have you got in that parcel, Alf?"

"It's a present for Dr. Grunter from Farmer Whipstraw," said Alf, with a grin. "It's a great, big, raw, juicy salmon. I'm going to put it on the table, ready for the party tomorrow."

"Oh, are you?" said Tubby, with a scowl.

He waddled on towards the farmhouse. Then suddenly an idea came into his fat brain.

"He, he, he!" he tittered. "I know now how I can get even with that beastly old Grunter. He, he, he!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Grunter had left the barn, and had bounded away in search of the lorry which was bringing from town the special hampers of food for him and the rest of the birds and animals. He was gone about an hour. Then, suddenly he came bounding back again, and burst into the barn.

"The lorry is stuck in a snow-drift about three miles along the road!" he roared. "The driver and his mate fled when they saw me coming—simply fled, the stupid dolts. But we can't leave the lorry there, else we'll have no Easter party. The snow is much too deep for it to be driven, so we will have to tow it."

He started to bellow out certain orders. The result was that a few minutes later a strange party left the farm.

There was Dr. Grunter, the polar bear; George Harris, the gorilla, carrying a large spade; Charlie Cluff, a chimpanzee also carrying a spade; Harry Hopper, a hippopotamus; Basil Bulstrode, the elephant; Horace Hake, a donkey, and several other big animals.

Reaching the lorry, the gorilla and the chimpanzee started to dig it out of the drift, while Dr. Grunter rolled about in the snow around the lorry.

When the gorilla and the chimpanzee had shovelled away most of the snow, the elephant, the hippo, the donkey and the other big animals were harnessed to the lorry by means of ropes. Then Dr. Grunter seated himself in the driver's seat so as to steer, and the journey to the farm commenced.

"Hurrah!" yelled the rest of the birds and animals as the coach of good things was towed safely in through the main gate of the farm. "Now we'll have our party, after all!"

They did, and it was one of the strangest, but jolliest Easter parties you ever saw. A long table had been placed in the middle of the gaily-decorated barn, and it fairly groaned with good things, each bird and animal having heaps and heaps of the food which it liked best.

At the head of the table sat Dr. Grunter and jolly red-faced Farmer Whipstraw. All the farm people were there, including Molly, the plump and smiling dairy maid; Alf, the tractor driver; Joe, the pig-man, and all the rest of them.

"My word, what a marvellous fish!" cried Dr. Grunter, when he unwrapped his parcel and saw the nice, big, raw, juicy salmon. "I must have a bite of this, I do declare!"

Holding the fish in his forepaws, he took a great bite out of it. Next instant he let out a most dreadful roar and started to gnash his great long yellow fangs in the most terrifying manner.

"Somebody cut that fish open and filled it with mustard and pepper!" he roared, when he had finished gnashing and spluttering. "What are you laughing at, Tweeks? Had you anything to do with it? I believe you had, you wretched boy!"

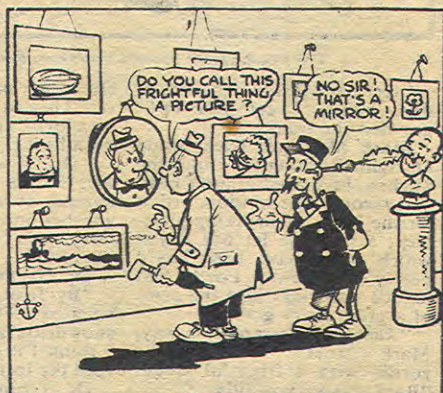
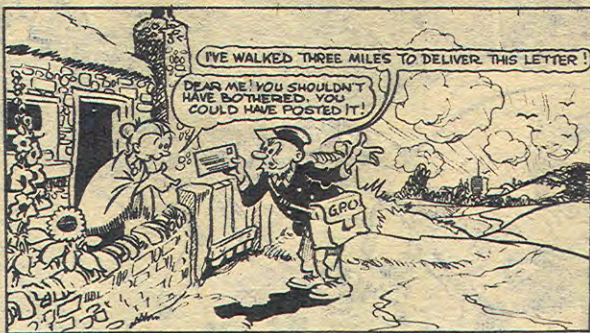
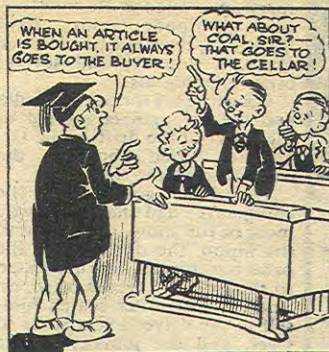
He made a rush at Tubby, who was holding his fat sides and was almost helpless with laughter. Seeing Dr. Grunter coming at him, Tubby dropped on all fours and fled squealing from the barn with the raging polar bear in hot pursuit.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Farmer Whipstraw and everybody else. "Tubby's joke is going to cost him dear if Dr. Grunter catches him. Never mind. Let's have some party games!"

From then on until it was time for bed, the big, gaily decorated barn echoed to the sound of jollity and laughter.

Next week: Percy Peeke, the parrot, gets his own back on the local mayor! Don't miss the chuckles!

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



MICK THE MOON BOY (Continued from page 13)

canny happenings had so got on the nerves of Jake Cutts and his toughs that they were very jumpy indeed as the rode towards Morgan's range.

They little knew that Mick the Moon Boy, completely invisible, was loping silently along with them, covering the ground at great bounds. And that same invisible companion stood watching them while they swiftly and expertly cut out thirty steers from the cattle grazing near the range boundary.

They drove the steers on to Circle-Cross land and down into a hollow screened and hidden by dense timber. The invisible Mick went with them and waited until they had a fire going and irons heating with which to change the brands on the stolen cattle.

Mick then withdrew out of earshot, took his Talking Disc from a pouch at the waist of his one-piece suit, and said into it: "You there, Hank?"

"Yeah!" answered the voice of Hank.

"Where are you?" asked Mick.

"At Sherman's ranch house," answered Hank. "Anything crackin'?"

"I'll say there is," said Mick. Swiftly he told Hank what was happening. "Tell Sherman and his men to get mounted and

start burning the wind for Diaz's ranch house," he went on. "There'll be no gun battle between them and these toughs. That's what I've been planning to avoid and that's how it's going to work out. Tell 'em to come fast!"

"You betcha!" chuckled Hank.

Mick slipped the disc back into his pouch and returned swiftly to the hollow where the rustlers were already changing the brands on the cattle. Then in a deep, hollow voice he groaned loudly:

"Don't do it, pards! Quit the rustlin' else you'll end where I did!"

Jake Cutts and his toughs jumped as though they'd been shot. They stood glaring about them and Jake cried hoarsely: "Who said that?"

"I did, pard!" groaned the mysterious voice. "Pore ol' Yellowstone Jack what was hanged for rustlin' on this very territory fifteen years ago. All evenin' I've bin trying to warn you, pards, but you didn't take no notice. Aw, take a lesson from the fate of pore Yellowstone Jack an' quit the rustlin'!"

Yellowstone Jack! The notorious rustler who had been taken and hanged fifteen years back. Everyone knew of Yellowstone Jack. And now he'd come back as a ghost. Jake Cutts and his men fairly shook with fright as they stood huddled together,

gaping towards the mysterious voice so close to them.

They knew now who had been haunting the bunkhouse that night. It had been Yellowstone Jack trying to warn them to lay off this rustling.

"Quit it, pards!" groaned the voice. "Gimme yore brandin' irons!"

With the words, a branding iron was snatched by an invisible hand from the hand of the terrified Jake Cutts and sent hurtling away into the darkness.

That was enough. Howling with terror, the rustlers dived for their horses, flung themselves into the saddles and galloped madly away. They rode at breakneck speed for the ranch house, not knowing where else to ride, and bounding along beside them went the mirthful Moon Boy.

Reaching the house, they flung themselves from the saddles and rushed indoors where Diaz was waiting to hear the result of the raid. He heard it all right. They all told him at once in babbling, terrified voices and his face went dark with passion.

"Yellowstone Jack?" he screamed. "What're you talking about, you crazy, yellow-livered cowards? Yellowstone Jack couldn't come back—"

"Yeah, but he did!" cut in the hollow, mysterious voice. "And here's to prove it, Lupe Diaz!"

With the words an invisible

fist caught the astounded and frightened rancher a smack on the jaw which sent him reeling. And in that same moment there came a rush of booted feet outside and into the room poured Sherman and his cowhands, raised pistols in their hands.

"Put 'em up, or we'll drill yuh!" roared the old rancher.

Under the threat of the pistols the terrified rustlers raised their hands. They had been far too scared by Yellowstone Jack to even attempt a fight.

Mick had slipped outside. He snatched his shorts, pants and boots from Hank's saddle-bag and swiftly put them on. Then, visible again, he strolled into the crowded living-room where the disarmed rustlers were being pinioned.

"You'll find all the evidence in a hollow I'll take you to, Mr. Sherman," he said pleasantly. "These fellows' branding irons and fires' and Morgan's cattle."

"Good lad!" beamed the old rancher, patting him on the shoulder. "Caught 'em red-handed, hey? But how've you done it?"

"It warn't him!" cried Jake Cutts hoarsely. "It was the ghost o' Yellowstone Jack what done it. It skeered us into fits!"

But no one ever did know the secret of the ghost of Yellowstone Jack except Mick and Hank.

Next week: Mick handles a jail break and gives you a lot of fun and laughs!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

I'M GIVING A LECTURE ON FRESH WATER FISH THIS AFTERNOON SO I WANT YOU NEW BOYS TO PUT CLEAN WATER IN THE AQUARIUM SO THAT THE FISH CAN BE SEEN!

YES, SIR!

GOSH! HOW DO WE PUT CLEAN WATER INTO THE AQUARIUM, CLAUDE?

EASY, CUTHBERT! WE JUST EMPTY THE TANK, FISH AND ALL, INTO THE SINK AND THEN FILL IT UP AGAIN!

I SAY, CLAUDE, THE FISH ARE DISAPPEARING DOWN THE DRAIN WITH THE DIRTY WATER!

WOW! WE FORGOT TO PUT THE PLUG IN, CUTHBERT!

OH DEAR! WHERE CAN WE GET SOME MORE FISH FROM, CUTHBERT?

I KNOW! THE FISHMONGER! COME ON, CUTHBERT!

WHAT SORT OF FISH DO YOU WANT?

OH! ANY OLD FISH! WE'RE NOT FUGGY, WE'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR!

FISHMONGER

ANY OLD FISH, HE SAID—I'LL GIVE 'EM THESE OLD KIPPERS! I COULDN'T SELL SIX WEEKS AGO!

I SAY, CLAUDE! IF THESE KIPPERS AREN'T ALIVE THEY WON'T SWIM!

DON'T WORRY, CUTHBERT! WE'LL FIX 'EM UP IN THE AQUARIUM AS THOUGH THEY ARE, AND NOBODY WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

GOSH! THESE CATS DO, CLAUDE! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!

QUICK, CUTHBERT! BACK TO SCHOOL BEFORE THEY GET AT THE FISH!

CLOSE THE DOORS, CUTHBERT, OR THEY'LL FOLLOW US UP TO THE CLASSROOM!

SNIFF! SNIFF! A QUEER FISHY SMELL! I'LL OPEN THE WINDOW!

HE HASN'T NOTICED THE FISH YET, CLAUDE!

I TOLD YOU HE WOULDN'T!

WOW! HELP! CATS!

OH! MY FISH! MY AQUARIUM! MY LECTURE IS RUINED!

GOSH! WHAT A CALAMITY, CLAUDE!

A PROPER CAT-ASTROPHE, CUTHBERT!

COMET

PRICE

3⁰

EVERY
MONDAY

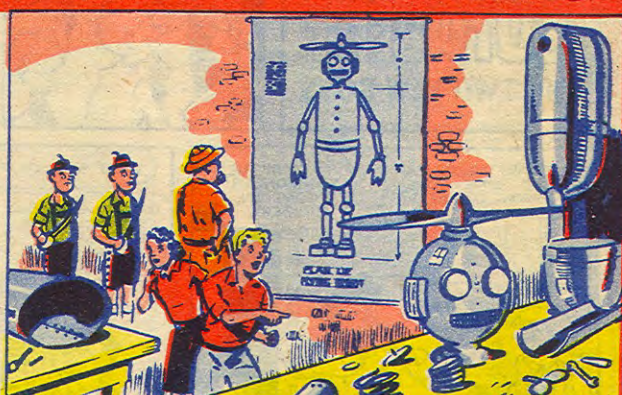
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More

ISLAND OF SECRETS



"You will help us rescue our masters," said Otto, "or it will be the worse for you!" And he pointed upwards. High, high in the air, with their parachutes caught on a lofty spire, dangled Von Tik and Von Tok. Von Tok began to shout at Professor Jolly, who looked puzzled. "He says something about getting the Flying Robots!" he said.



"I can't make out what he's talking about," said the professor, "but he wants us to go to his workshops." "I will show you the way," said Otto. As the little party entered the workshops the professor's eyes lit up. "Aha! Now I understand. They are in the middle of building some huge flying robots!" he cried. "Look! Here are the plans!"



It turned out that Von Tik and Von Tok had almost finished the job. Professor Jolly gave instructions, and soon they were all hard at work assembling the giant flying robots. "We'll make three, and then try a rescue," said the professor. "Those two queer chaps should be grateful!" Koko, trying to take off, gave a doubtful grunt.

Next week—see how Von Tik and Von Tok repay their rescuers!



When the work was finished the three monster robots marched stiffly to the courtyard. Professor Jolly, Peter and Ann climbed on their backs and started the overhead propellers. The robots, gripping a stout net between them, began to rise in the air. "Hold on, you two Swiss steeplejacks!" cried Peter. "We're coming for you!"

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

Cut this picture out and stick it in the space marked No. 5 in your Album. There will be another stamp in this grand series next week and more to follow; so make sure you don't miss any by placing a regular order for "COMET" with your newsagent today!

