

COMET

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No. 410
May 26, 1956

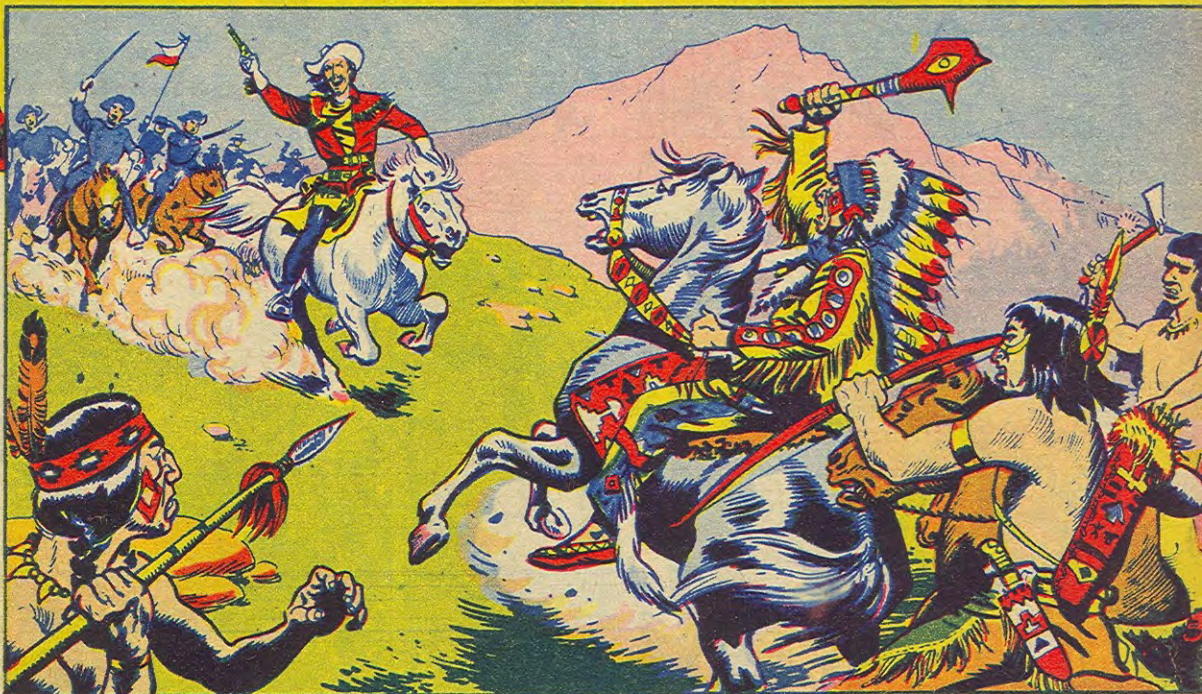
EVERY MONDAY



BUFFALO BILL

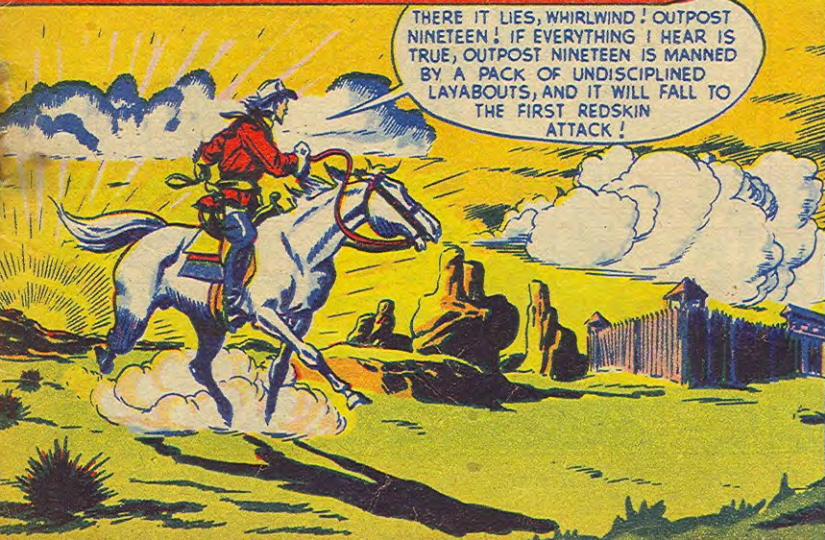
The Great Plains of North Dakota were aflame with war! The savage Shoshone Indians had smoked the council pipe with the fierce Kiowas and both tribes were united in an attempt to drive the Paleface from the lands of the Redman.

Against them stood the men of General Custer's famous Seventh Cavalry... and among these heroes was Colonel W. F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill. It was Buffalo Bill who met the Redskin threat with a series of cavalry charges that weakened the foe and kept them in check.



THE SEVENTH CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS WAS FORT LINCOLN, BUT THERE WERE A SCORE OF SMALLER FORTS DOTTED FAR AND WIDE IN THE TRACKLESS WILDERNESS, ALL UNDER CUSTER'S COMMAND. ONE DAY, BUFFALO BILL RODE OUT TO THE SMALLEST OF THESE... A FORT SO REMOTE THAT NO ONE HAD BOTHERED TO GIVE IT A NAME. IT WAS MERELY KNOWN AS...OUTPOST 19.

THERE IT LIES, WHIRLWIND! OUTPOST NINETEEN! IF EVERYTHING I HEAR IS TRUE, OUTPOST NINETEEN IS MANNED BY A PACK OF UNDISCIPLINED LAYABOUTS, AND IT WILL FALL TO THE FIRST REDSKIN ATTACK!



BILL RODE THROUGH THE UNGUARDED GATES OF THE FORT AND CALLED LOUDLY. A BLEARY-EYED LIEUTENANT SHAMBLED FORWARD, AND ON LEARNING THE NAME OF HIS VISITOR HE SALUTED SHAMEFACEDLY.

I'M LIEUTENANT DAWES, SIR... COMMANDER OF OUTPOST NINETEEN... I WAS NOT EXPECTING YOU, COLONEL...

LIEUTENANT DAWES! PACK YOUR GEAR! YOU HAVE EXACTLY HALF AN HOUR... AT THE END OF THAT TIME YOU ARE TO BE ON YOUR WAY TO FORT LINCOLN... TO FACE A COURT-MARTIAL FOR GROSS NEGLIGENCE OF DUTY!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

WE ARE AT WAR, LIEUTENANT! RIGHT NOW, THESE WALLS SHOULD BE FULLY MANNED IN CASE OF A DAWN ATTACK! AS COMMANDING OFFICER YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ROTTEN STATE OF OUTPOST NINETEEN... AND YOU'LL TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!
GET GOING!



BUFFALO BILL TURNED TO FACE A BURLY, SULLEN-FACED SERGEANT...

YOUR NAME?

SERGEANT THOMAS... SECOND-IN-COMMAND...
SIR!

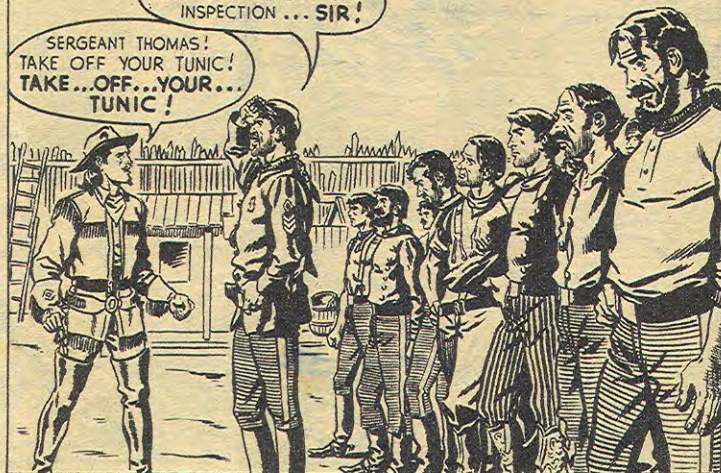
FALL THE MEN IN ON PARADE... AND SEE THAT THEY'RE IN A FIT CONDITION TO BE INSPECTED!



THE SERGEANT'S HARSH VOICE BROUGHT FORTY MEN SLOUCHING FROM THE BARRACK HUTS TO LOUNGE IN TWO RAGGED RANKS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COMPOUND.

GARRISON READY FOR INSPECTION ... **SIR!**

SERGEANT THOMAS! TAKE OFF YOUR TUNIC! TAKE...OFF...YOUR... TUNIC!



THE SERGEANT GASPED, OPEN-MOUTHED, TO SEE BUFFALO BILL PEEL OFF HIS BUCKSKIN JACKET AND ROLL UP HIS SHIRT SLEEVES...

COLONEL... I...DON'T GET YOU...

BY ALLOWING THESE MEN TO PARADE IN THEIR FILTHY, HALF-DRESSED STATE YOU HAVE OFFERED ME A DELIBERATE INSULT, THOMAS...AND I AM GOING TO REPLY TO THAT INSULT BY KNOCKING THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU. STRIP YOURSELF FOR ACTION!



THOMAS OBEYED...AND STOOD IRRESOLUTELY. THEN BUFFALO BILL'S BRONZED HAND SMACKED THE BIG SERGEANT LIGHTLY ACROSS HIS STUBBLY CHEEK!

AAAAH!
WHY, YOU...!



A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT TO FIGHT! HAVE NO FEAR, SERGEANT... YOU WILL NOT BE PUNISHED FOR FIGHTING AN OFFICER!

GOADED TO FURY, THE GIANT SERGEANT HURLED HIMSELF AT THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN...AND A LIGHTNING BATTLE FOLLOWED...

YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER STARTED THIS, WISE GUY!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, SERGEANT...YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!



EXACTLY TEN SECONDS FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT, BUFFALO BILL'S IRON-HARD FIST ROCKETED UP FROM THE GROUND IN A SHATTERING HAYMAKER....

MY BEST PUNCH! I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYONE TO GET UP AND ASK FOR ANOTHER!



IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE SERGEANT THOMAS WAS ABLE TO FOCUS HIS EYES ON THE FIGURE STANDING OVER HIM....

YOU...YOU LICKED ME, SIR! NOBODY'S EVER DONE THAT BEFORE!

THE LICKING WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM... AND IT'LL BENEFIT OUTPOST NINETEEN... BECAUSE FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ACTING COMMANDING OFFICER AROUND THIS PLACE!



THOMAS STAGGERED TO HIS FEET AND BUTTONED ON HIS JACKET.

ME, SIR? BUT YOU JUST LICKED ME FOR INSULTING YOU!

ALL THAT'S OVER AND DONE WITH, THOMAS...WE START SQUARE FROM NOW ON...I RECKON YOU MUST BE A PRETTY GOOD SOLDIER TO BE WEARING THAT INDIAN CAMPAIGN MEDAL ON YOUR TUNIC...AND GOOD SOLDIERS ARE IN DURNED SHORT SUPPLY IN OUTPOST NINETEEN!



THE BIG SERGEANT'S EYES FLASHED PROUDLY AND HIS MASSIVE HAND SNAPPED UP IN A SMART SALUTE...

YOUR ORDERS, SIR?

BY SUNDOWN, I WANT THIS FORT IN A FIT STATE TO WITHSTAND AN ATTACK BY INDIANS... LET'S GET TO WORK!



THERE FOLLOWED FOR THE MEN OF OUTPOST 19 A LONG DAY OF BACK-BREAKING WORK!

FIRST THEY FELLED TREES... THEN CARRIED THEM TO PATCH UP THE ROTTING GAPS IN THE ILL-KEMPT RAMPARTS. THROUGH THE SEARING HEAT OF THE SWELTERING MIDDAY SUN THEY LABOURED... TILL BUFFALO BILL WAS SATISFIED THAT THE DEFENCES WERE SOUND...

WHAT NEXT, COLONEL?

HALF AN HOUR FROM NOW, SERGEANT, I WANT THE GARRISON ON PARADE... AND THIS TIME I WANT THEM TO LOOK LIKE SOLDIERS! RIGHT?



THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN BARELY RECOGNISED THE TWO GLITTERING, ERECT RANKS OF SMARTLY TURNED-OUT TROOPERS WHO FELL IN ON THE PARADE GROUND HALF AN HOUR LATER....

NICE WORK, SERGEANT...HOW DID YOU DO IT?

I'VE GOT MY METHODS, SIR... JUST LIKE YOU HAVE!



IN RINGING TONES, BUFFALO BILL ADDRESSED THE GARRISON...



FROM NOW ON, THE MEN IN THE FRONT RANK WILL BE KNOWN AS FORCE ONE. THEY WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE NORTH AND EAST WALLS... THE MEN IN THE REAR RANK WILL BE KNOWN AS FORCE TWO, AND THEY WILL DEFEND THE SOUTH AND WEST WALLS... I PUT EVERY MAN IN THIS OUTPOST ON HIS HONOUR! IF, IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK, THE REDSKINS GET INTO OUTPOST NINETEEN... DON'T LET THE COYOTES GET OVER YOUR WALL... OKAY?

A DAY'S CONTACT WITH BUFFALO BILL THE MAGNIFICENT HAD STIRRED THE MEN OF OUTPOST 19 TO A PITCH OF HIGH DETERMINATION... THEY ANSWERED RESOUNDINGLY!

RELY ON US, SIR! THEY AIN'T GONNA GET OVER THE NORTH AND EAST WALLS!

YAHOOO! US GUYS OF FORCE TWO WILL STOP THEM COYOTES... AIN'T THAT RIGHT, FELLERS?

WE SURE WILL! VEEEEEEEE!



WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN BEYOND THE DISTANT HILLS, THE GREAT SCOUT AND SERGEANT THOMAS LOOKED OUT OVER THE SHADOWY PLAINS...

YOU SEEM PRETTY CERTAIN THAT THE REDSKINS WILL ATTACK US, SIR...

THEY'LL COME! I SAW THE TRACKS OF A KIOWA SCOUTING PARTY NOT TWENTY MILES AWAY... THE VARMINTS ARE AROUND SOMEWHERE... BUT WHERE... AND HOW MANY OF 'EM, I CAN'T GUESS!



SUDDENLY THEY SAW IT! PUFFS OF BLACK SMOKE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUNSET...

AN INJUN SMOKE SIGNAL!

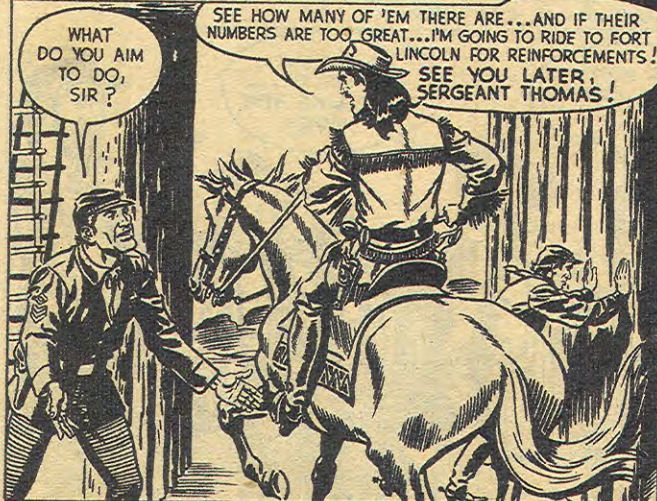
THAT MEANS THERE'S A PACK OF THEM BEYOND THE HILLS... I'M GOING OUT TO TAKE A LOOK!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BUFFALO BILL WAS MOUNTED AND READY TO LEAVE THE OUTPOST....

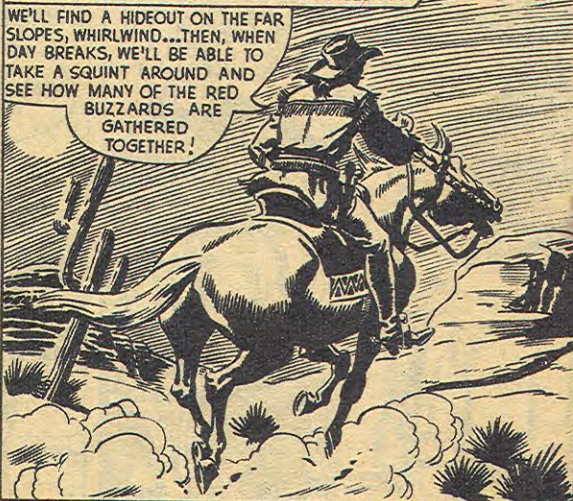
WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO, SIR?

SEE HOW MANY OF 'EM THERE ARE... AND IF THEIR NUMBERS ARE TOO GREAT... I'M GOING TO RIDE TO FORT LINCOLN FOR REINFORCEMENTS! SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT THOMAS!

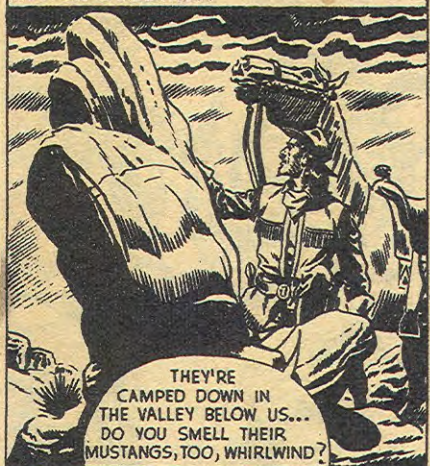


WITH EASY, LOPING STRIDES, THE GREAT SCOUT'S SPLENDID WHITE STALLION HEADED FOR THE DISTANT HILLS...

WE'LL FIND A HIDEOUT ON THE FAR SLOPES, WHIRLWIND... THEN, WHEN DAY BREAKS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A SQUINT AROUND AND SEE HOW MANY OF THE RED BUZZARDS ARE GATHERED TOGETHER!



IT WANTED TWO HOURS TO DAWN BY THE TIME BUFFALO BILL HAD ROUNDED THE HILLS AND TAKEN UP POSITION BEHIND A SHELTERING ROCK TO AWAIT THE DAYLIGHT....



THEY'RE CAMPED DOWN IN THE VALLEY BELOW US... DO YOU SMELL THEIR MUSTANGS, TOO, WHIRLWIND?

AT THE FIRST GLIMMER OF THE MORNING SUN, HE SAW THE REDSKINS' CAMP BELOW!



KIOWAS! AND NOT MANY OF THEM, EITHER! NOT MORE THAN FIFTY WARRIORS AT A GUESS... OUTPOST NINETEEN COULD MAKE MINCEMEAT OF THAT LITTLE BUNCH!

BUFFALO BILL WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE AND MAKE HIS WAY BACK TO THE OUTPOST WHEN THE CLATTER OF UNSHOD HOVES SENT HIS HANDS TO HIS GUN-BUTTS....

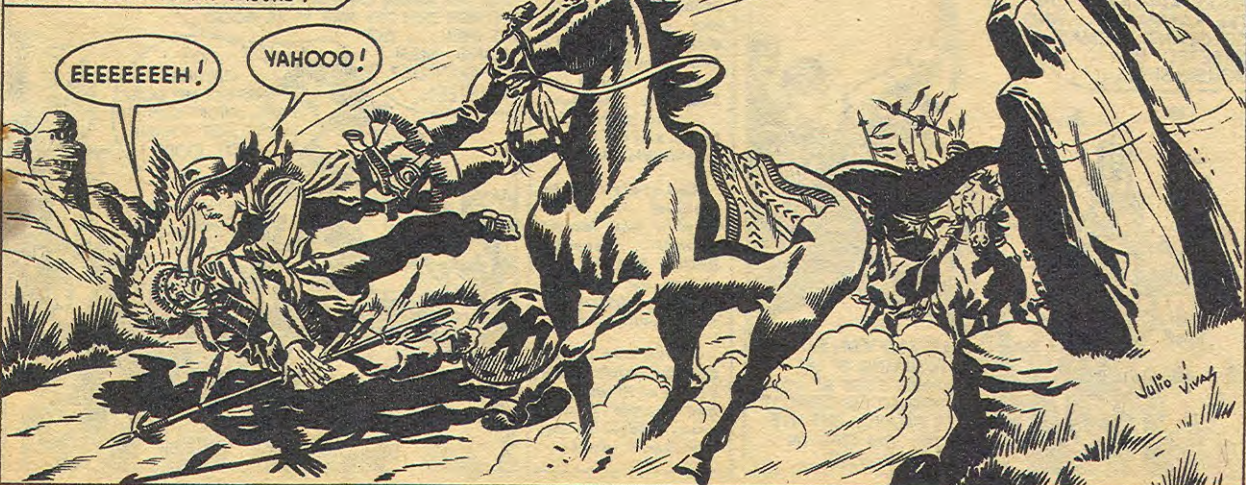


BY HICKORY! THE KIOWA CHIEF HIMSELF! AND AN ESCORT OF SIX WARRIORS... HERE'S A STROKE OF LUCK!

THE WAR-BONNETED KIOWA LEADER URGED HIS BIG MUSTANG DOWN THE ROCKY PATH...



THEN... IT HAPPENED! A FLYING, BUCKSKIN-CLAD FIGURE DASHED THE CHIEF HEADLONG TO THE GROUND!



EEEEEEEEH!

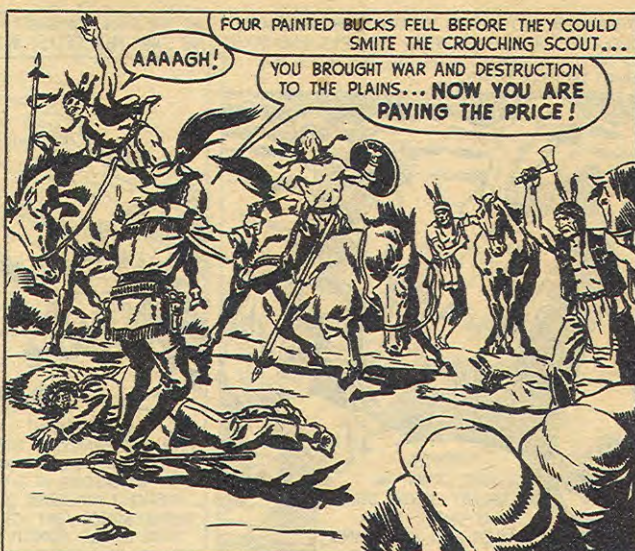
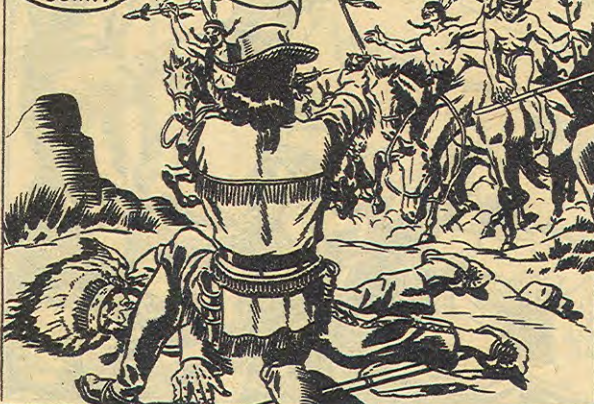
YAHOOO!

THE WAR-BONNETED FIGURE CRASHED IN A SENSELESS HEAP WITH BUFFALO BILL ON TOP. THE ESCORTING WARRIORS LEAPED FORWARD... TO BE MET BY A WITHERING HAIL OF HOT LEAD!

AYEEE! IT IS PA-E-HAS-KA! CUT HIM DOWN!

BACK, YOU CURS! BACK!

EEEEEEGH!



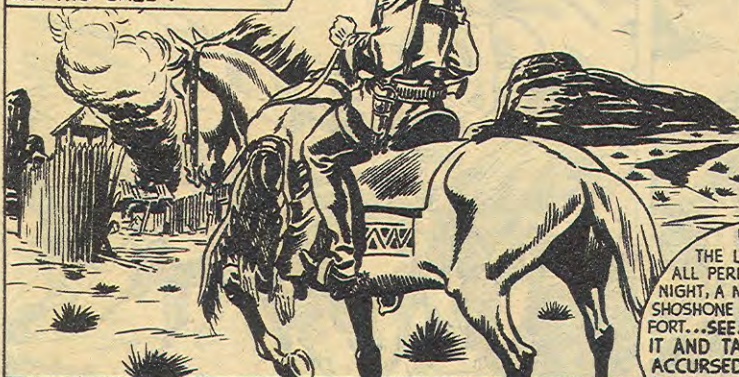
AAAAGH!

FOUR PAINTED BUCKS FELL BEFORE THEY COULD SMITE THE CROUCHING SCOUT...

YOU BROUGHT WAR AND DESTRUCTION TO THE PLAINS... NOW YOU ARE PAYING THE PRICE!

THE TWO BRAVES LEFT ON THEIR FEET TURNED AND RAN. THEN THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN SLUNG THE UNCONSCIOUS KIOWA CHIEF ACROSS HIS SADDLE-BOW AND GALLOPED BACK TO OUTPOST 19 AT FULL SPEED. BUT WHEN HE REACHED THERE, A SCENE OF SILENT DESOLATION MET HIS GAZE!

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! THE NORTH WALL SHATTERED! SMOKE POURING FROM THE BARRACK BUILDINGS! NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT!



A HARSH, HATE-FILLED VOICE ANSWERED BUFFALO BILL... THE KIOWA CHIEF LIFTED HIS TRIUMPHANT PAINT-DAUBED FACE...

WAUGH! THE LONG-KNIVES HAVE ALL PERISHED! DURING THE NIGHT, A MIGHTY FORCE OF MY SHOSHONE ALLIES ATTACKED THE FORT... SEE! THEY HAVE OVERTHROWN IT AND TAKEN THE SCALPS OF THE ACCURSED PALEFACE DEFENDERS!



THEN... AFTER A MOMENT OF BLACK DESPAIR... A CRY OF RELIEF BURST FROM BUFFALO BILL'S LIPS... FOR A ROW OF SMILING FACES APPEARED ON THE RAMPARTS... AND SERGEANT THOMAS GREETED HIM ROUSINGLY...

Indeed it was true! For five nightmare hours of the night, the once slack and slovenly soldiers of Outpost 19 had fought off a veritable horde of Shoshone warriors... and gained for themselves unforgettable glory!

And every man in Outpost 19 knew why he had fought so well... because Buffalo Bill had inspired him with a fighting spirit which was unconquerable!

It was true to say that the spirit of the Prince of Plainsmen had fought beside every soldier during that fateful night.

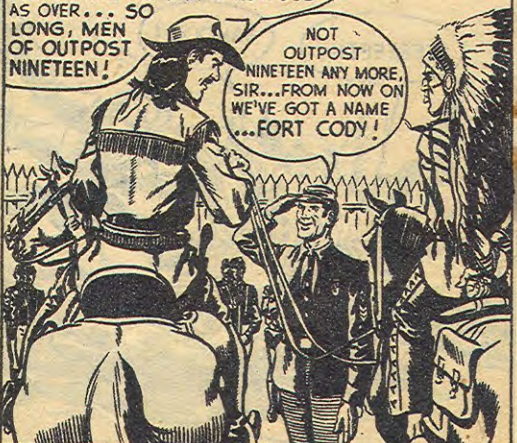
LATER THAT DAY, BUFFALO BILL LEFT OUTPOST 19... CONFIDENT THAT IT WOULD REMAIN, UNCONQUERED...

YOU LICKED THE SHOSHONES... AND I'VE GOT THE KIOWA CHIEF A PRISONER... I RECKON THAT THE WAR IS AS GOOD AS OVER... SO LONG, MEN OF OUTPOST NINETEEN!

NOT OUTPOST NINETEEN ANY MORE, SIR... FROM NOW ON WE'VE GOT A NAME... FORT CODY!



WE LICKED 'EM, SIR! A THOUSAND O' THE VARMINTS CAME AT US... THEY MAUL'D THE OUTPOST PRETTY BADLY... BUT WE DROVE 'EM OFF IN THE END!



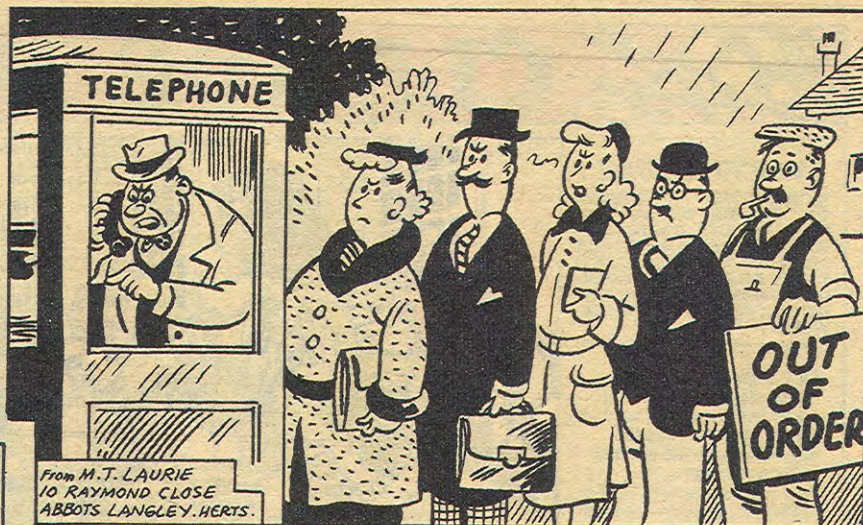
Buffalo Bill rides again in another action-packed adventure next week.

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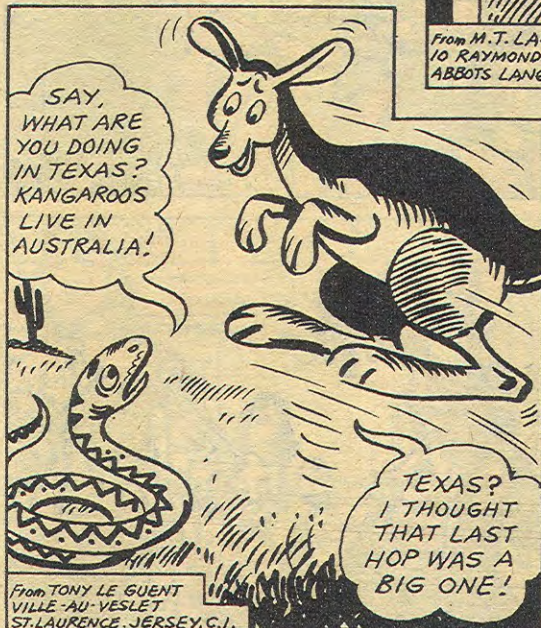
CHUCKLE CLUB

Write your joke on a postcard, together with your name and address in full, add the names of the two features you like best, in order of choice, and send your card to:—The Chief Chuckler, Room 197, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

10% will be awarded for every joke published



From M.T. LAURIE
10 RAYMOND CLOSE
ABBOTS LANGLEY, HERTS.



From TONY LE GUENT
VILLE-AU-VESLET
ST. LAURENCE, JERSEY, C.I.



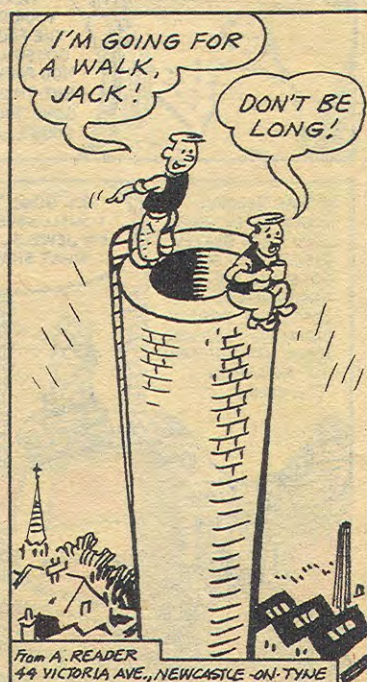
From JOHN LOVE
203 BALTIC ST.,
BRIDGTON, GLASGOW.



From MICHAEL ELLIS
POLICE STATION,
WOODBURY, DEVON.



From MARY LYNES
2 SIDLOW BR. COTTAGES, REIGATE.



From A. READER
44 VICTORIA AVE., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



CLAUDE DUVAL the LAUGHING CAVALIER



STARTS TODAY!

A GRAND NEW ADVENTURE OF CLAUDE DUVAL AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES, NICK NEVISON AND JEMMY HIND, IN THEIR FEARLESS FIGHT AGAINST THE RUTHLESS ROUNDHEADS OF THE DICTATOR, OLIVER CROMWELL.

OUR STORY BEGINS IN A LARGE RAMBLING CHATEAU NEAR PARIS. FOR IT WAS HERE THAT THE EXILED KING CHARLES THE SECOND HELD HIS COURT. THE LONG SALON WAS FILLED WITH THE POLITE AND SUBDUED CONVERSATION OF HIS CAVALIER NOBLEMEN... THEN... SUDDENLY A HARSH YOUNG VOICE RANG OUT...



YOU DARE TO CALL ME A LOUD-MOUTHED YOUNG JACKANAPES? I'LL MAKE YOU EAT YOUR WORDS WITH COLD STEEL, SIRRAH!



A FOPPISSH YOUNG CAVALIER GLARED ANGRILY AT A BEARDED MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM, HANDS ON HIPS, HIS KINDLY FACE CONTRACTED INTO A FROWN.

QUIET! QUIET, YOU YOUNG FOOL. LAY HOLD ON YOUR STUPID TONGUE... YOU ARE IN HIS MAJESTY'S PRESENCE!

HAH! YOU INSULT ME FURTHER, EH? THEN DRAW YOUR SWORD AND DEFEND YOURSELF!



KING CHARLES AROSE, HIS HANDSOME FACE LIKE A THUNDERCLOUD. HE WALKED SWIFTLY DOWN THE ROOM UNTIL HE REACHED THE YOUTHFUL CAVALIER...

BRIAN BLAZEY! HOW DARE YOU DRAW A WEAPON IN MY COURT? I AM TIRED OF YOUR RASH AND LOUSHY WAYS. THIS IS THE END!



WERE IT NOT FOR YOUR DEAR MOTHER AND THE FACT THAT YOU ARE MY GODSON, I WOULD HAVE SENT YOU PACKING BEFORE NOW. BUT THIS TIME YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR... LEAVE MY COURT... AND NEVER RETURN!

BRIAN BLAZEY'S CHEEKS FLUSHED HOTLY AND AN ANGRY REPLY RUSHED TO HIS LIPS. BUT HE BIT IT BACK. SHEATHING HIS SWORD, HE BOWED BRIEFLY TO HIS KING, SWUNG ROUND AND STALKED OUT.



I'M SICK OF THOSE MEALY-MOUTHED COURTIER, ANYWAY. THEY'RE LIKE A LOT OF STUFFED PUPPETS WITH THEIR SMOOTH TALK... AND AS FOR KING CHARLES... BAN!... HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE A WORTHY MAN WHEN HE SEES ONE. HE PERSISTS IN TREATING ME LIKE AN UNRULY BOY!



THE YOUTH WENT STRAIGHT TO THE APARTMENTS WHERE HE LIVED WITH HIS WIDOWED MOTHER, LADY MARY BLAZEY. HE QUICKLY FOUND HER JEWEL CASE AND STUFFED HIS POCKETS WITH PEARLS, DIAMOND BROOCHES AND GOLDEN ORNAMENTS.



I'M TIRED OF COOLING MY HEELS IN CHARLES' COURT. I'LL GO TO ENGLAND AND BUY MYSELF A COMMISSION IN CROMWELL'S ARMY. AT LEAST THE ROUNDHEADS ARE MEN... NOT PRATTLING POPINJAYS!

IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS LATER WHEN LADY MARY BLAZEY DISCOVERED HER LOSS AND THE NOTE WHICH HER SON HAD LEFT. THE SORELY DISTRAUGHT MOTHER WENT STRAIGHTWAY TO HER FRIEND, THE KING.

HE'S GONE TO JOIN THE ACCURSED ROUNDHEADS. I SHALL NEVER SEE MY WAYWARD BOY AGAIN... OR MY JEWELS. OH! WHAT SHALL I DO, SIRE? WHAT SHALL I DO?



DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF, DEAR LADY. I BLAME MYSELF FOR THIS. FEAR NOT, I WILL GET MY GODSON BACK BEFORE HE DOES ANYTHING FOOLISH. THERE ARE WAYS AND MEANS!



...FIVE DAYS LATER, IN LONDON, THE TALL SMILING FIGURE OF CLAUDE DUVAL BENT DOWN BEFORE THE HUDDLED FORM OF AN OLD SAILOR, WHINING FOR ALMS, OUTSIDE THE LOFTY PORTALS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SPARE A COPPER, KIND SIR, FOR AN OLD SEAFARING MAN!

GOOD DAY, OLD FRIEND. 'TIS GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK AT WORK. I WOULD NEVER HAVE RECOGNISED YOU. WHAT NEWS?

...FOR THE SAILOR WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE DISGUISED MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM, A TRUSTED AGENT OF THE KING.



THE MARQUIS WINKED SOLEMNLY AT CLAUDE AS HE BENT CLOSER... THEN HE WHISPERED TO THE LAUGHING CAVALIER...

THAT EMPTY-HEADED YOUNG RASCALLION, BRIAN BLAZEY, HAS COME TO ENGLAND TO JOIN CROMWELL'S ARMY. HE HAS BROUGHT A FORTUNE IN JEWELS WITH HIM... HIS MOTHER'S. HE AND THE JEWELS MUST BE RETURNED TO FRANCE. HE ARRIVED IN LONDON THIS MORNING... WHERE HE IS NOW, I KNOW NOT...

I'LL FIND THE YOUNG RASCAL... AND SEND HIM, AND THE JEWELS, BACK TO HIS MOTHER!

The FAMOUS FIVE

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

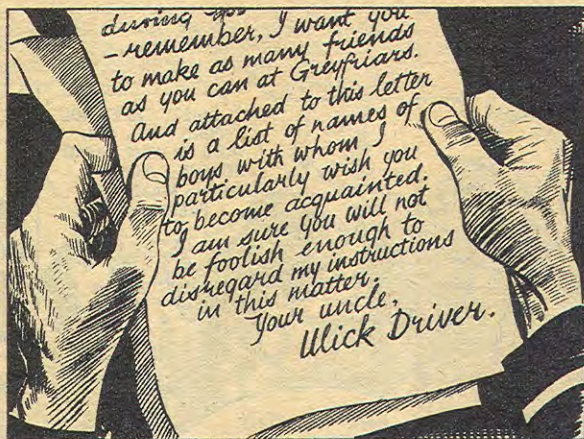
EVER SINCE HIS ARRIVAL AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL, JIM LEE, THE NEW BOY IN THE REMOVE FORM, HAS KEPT HIMSELF VERY MUCH APART FROM HIS FORM FELLOWS...

AFTER SCHOOL ONE AFTERNOON, JIM LEE READ FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME THE LETTER WHICH HAD ARRIVED FOR HIM THAT MORNING FROM HIS GUARDIAN...



...AND AS HE READ, A HUNTED LOOK CAME INTO HIS EYES.

dear Jim - remember, I want you to make as many friends as you can at Greyfriars. And attached to this letter is a list of names of boys with whom I am particularly acquainted. I am sure you will not be foolish enough to disregard my instructions in this matter. Your uncle, Ulick Driver.



LEE STUFFED THE LETTER BACK INTO HIS POCKET AND WANDERED AIMLESSLY OUT THROUGH THE SCHOOL GATES... HIS FACE FILLED WITH DESPAIR...



I CAN'T DO IT... I CAN'T!

MEANWHILE, THE FAMOUS FIVE OF THE REMOVE HAD BEEN DISCUSSING THE NEW BOY, HARRY WHARTON, THE CAPTAIN OF THE FORM, REACHED A DECISION...



LEE LOOKS A DECENT FELLOW TO ME, BUT MAYBE HE FEELS LONELY IN A BIG SCHOOL LIKE GREYFRIARS. I VOTE WE FIND HIM RIGHT NOW AND TELL HIM THAT WE WOULD ALL LIKE TO BE FRIENDS WITH HIM.

ALL RIGHT, HARRY. I'M WILLING.

BUT THE FIVE CHUMS SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR LEE. THEY WERE JUST ABOUT TO GIVE UP WHEN BILLY BUNTER, THE FAT BOY OF THE REMOVE, CAME THROUGH THE GATES AND INTO THE QUAD...



HAVE YOU SEEN LEE, BUNTER?

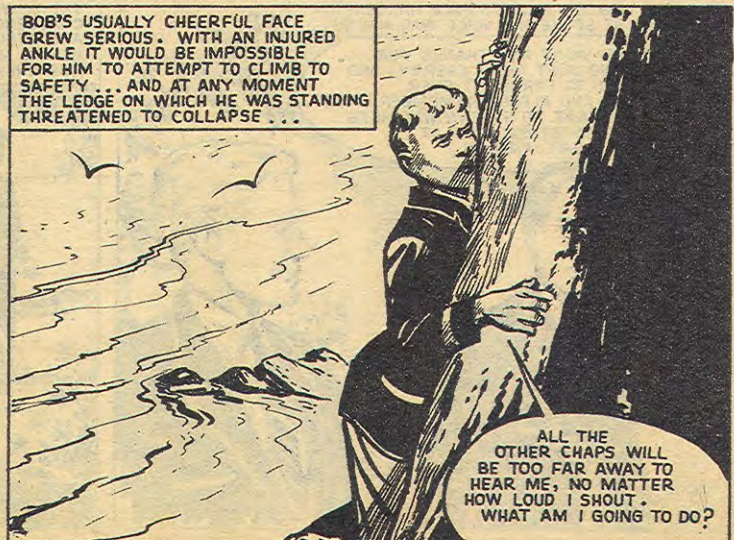
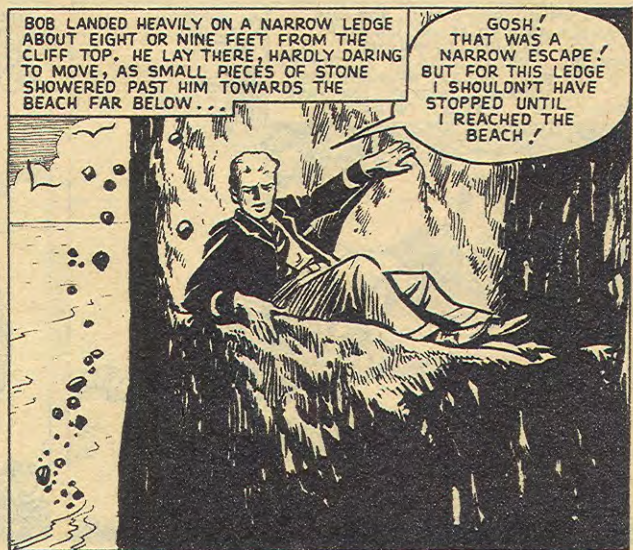
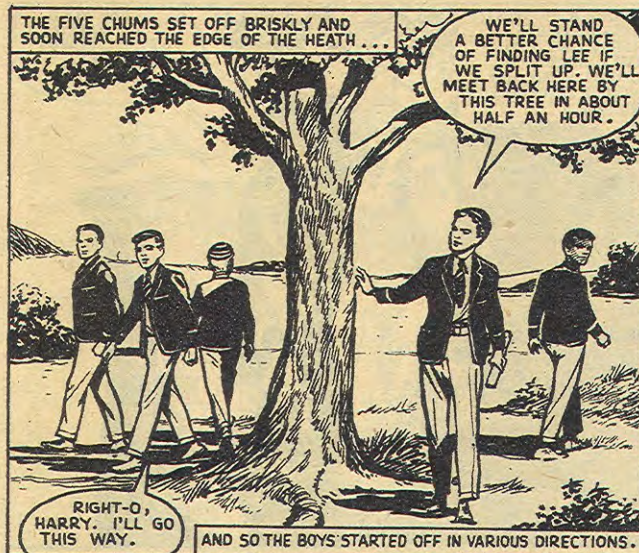
YES. I PASSED HIM ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AGO ON MY WAY BACK FROM THE CAKE SHOP IN THE VILLAGE. HE WAS MAKING TOWARDS THE HEATH, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A CHAP LOOKING SO MISERABLE.

HARRY WHARTON TURNED TO THE OTHERS...



WE'VE GOT NOTHING SPECIAL TO DO BEFORE SUPPER, CHAPS. WE MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW LEE TO THE HEATH AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND HIM.

I DOUBT IF WE SHALL SEE ANYTHING OF HIM... THE HEATH IS A BIG PLACE. BUT THE WALK WILL DO US ALL GOOD.



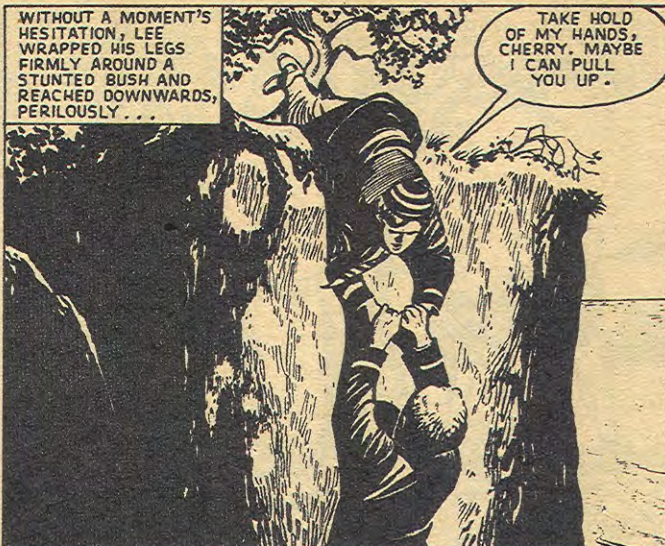
BOB GLANCED DOWNWARDS, AND THE DIZZY DROP BELOW MADE HIS HEAD SWIM. HE QUICKLY LOOKED UP AGAIN... AND HE SAW A FACE LOOKING DOWN AT HIM. IT WAS JIM LEE.



I WAS WALKING ALONG BY THE CLIFF AND I SAW YOU FALL, CHERRY. DON'T MOVE... I'LL TRY TO HELP YOU UP.

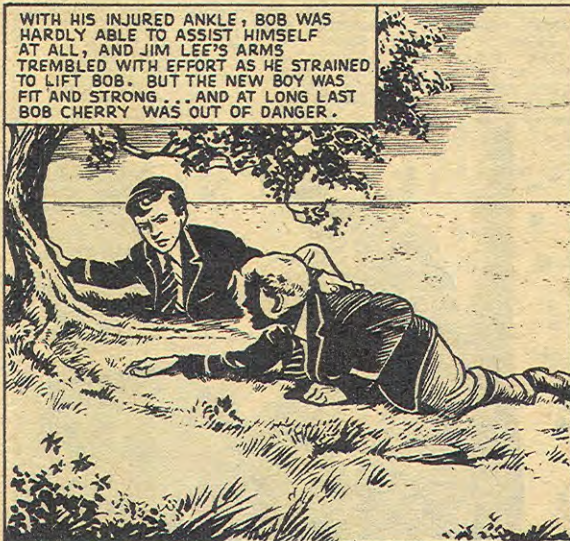
I CAN'T CLIMB... I'VE CROCKED MY ANKLE.

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, LEE WRAPPED HIS LEGS FIRMLY AROUND A STUNTED BUSH AND REACHED DOWNWARDS, PERILOUSLY...

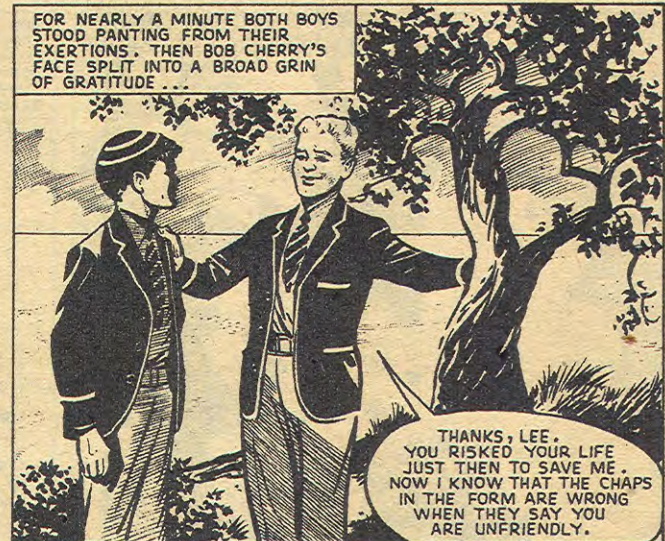


TAKE HOLD OF MY HANDS, CHERRY. MAYBE I CAN PULL YOU UP.

WITH HIS INJURED ANKLE, BOB WAS HARDLY ABLE TO ASSIST HIMSELF AT ALL, AND JIM LEE'S ARMS TREMBLED WITH EFFORT AS HE STRAINED TO LIFT BOB. BUT THE NEW BOY WAS FIT AND STRONG... AND AT LONG LAST BOB CHERRY WAS OUT OF DANGER.

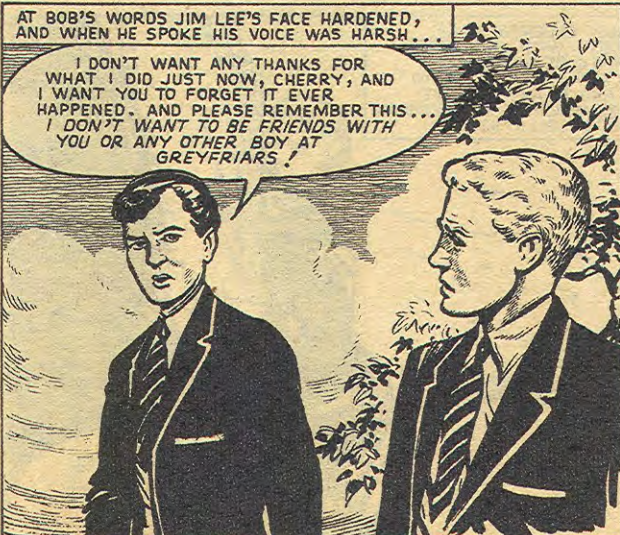


FOR NEARLY A MINUTE BOTH BOYS STOOD PANTING FROM THEIR EXERTIONS. THEN BOB CHERRY'S FACE SPLIT INTO A BROAD GRIN OF GRATITUDE...



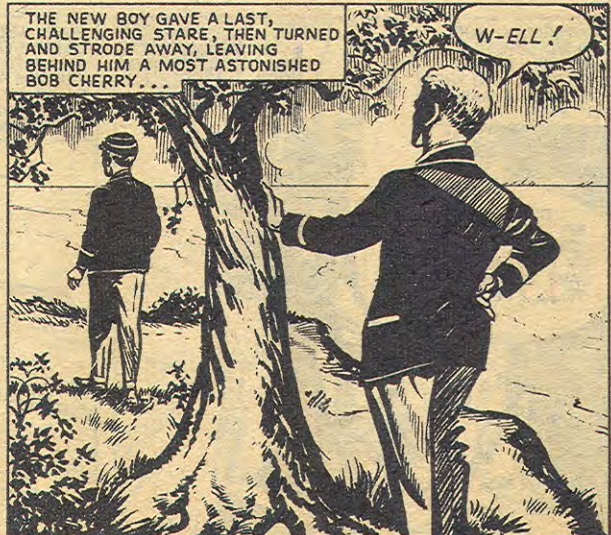
THANKS, LEE. YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE JUST THEN TO SAVE ME. NOW I KNOW THAT THE CHAPS IN THE FORM ARE WRONG WHEN THEY SAY YOU ARE UNFRIENDLY.

AT BOB'S WORDS JIM LEE'S FACE HARDENED, AND WHEN HE SPOKE HIS VOICE WAS HARSH...



I DON'T WANT ANY THANKS FOR WHAT I DID JUST NOW, CHERRY, AND I WANT YOU TO FORGET IT EVER HAPPENED. AND PLEASE REMEMBER THIS... I DON'T WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOU OR ANY OTHER BOY AT GREYFRIARS!

THE NEW BOY GAVE A LAST, CHALLENGING STARE, THEN TURNED AND STRODE AWAY, LEAVING BEHIND HIM A MOST ASTONISHED BOB CHERRY...



W-ELL!

STRONGBOW *and the* CITY OF GOLD



STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK LEADS A PARTY OF PYGMY WARRIORS INTO ELDORADO, THE FABULOUS CITY OF GOLD, TO TRY TO RESCUE HIS COMRADES, HAWKEYE THE HUNTER AND SALA, THE PRINCE OF JAGUARS. HAWKEYE AND SALA ARE THE PRISONERS OF KRAKAR, THE SINISTER USURPER WHO HAS SEIZED POWER IN THE CITY.

AS THE MAGNIFICENT FIGURE OF STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK RACED TOWARDS THE PALACE OF ELDORADO AT THE HEAD OF THE PYGMY WARRIORS, A WIZENED LITTLE MAN GLARED DOWN AT THEM FROM THE ROOF ABOVE AS HE WORKED SAVAGELY TO PRISE LOOSE A HEAVY GOLDEN BIRD...

HI - EEE!
YOUR HOUR HAS
COME, STRONGBOW!
PREPARE TO JOIN
YOUR ANCESTORS!

...IT WAS NOONGA, THE
TREACHEROUS PYGMY
MEDICINE MAN, WHO WAS
IN THE PAY OF THE BLACK-
HEARTED KRAKAR...



WITH A FINAL HEAVE,
NOONGA TORE THE CARVING
LOOSE... AND IT HURTLIED
DOWN FROM THE ROOF...
STRAIGHT FOR THE
WAR-BONNETED HEAD
OF STRONGBOW...

AYEEEE!
STRONGBOW,
BEWARE!



STRONGBOW THREW HIMSELF
SIDWAYS. THE GOLDEN BIRD
CRASHED TO THE
GROUND BESIDE HIM... THEN THERE
CAME A CHOKED CRY FROM ABOVE.

HIS EVIL DAYS
ARE OVER, O
MIGHTY ONE!
HE IS NO
MORE!

NOONGA HAD PAID THE PRICE
FOR HIS TREACHERY...

TWO MUSCULAR PALACE GUARDS CAME RUSHING OUT AT THE COMMOTION... WITH A BOUND, STRONGBOW LEAPED FORWARD AND SENT THEM SPINNING ASIDE...



OUT OF MY WAY, DOGS. COME
LITTLE WARRIORS... NOW TO FIND
HAWKEYE AND THE PRINCE OF
THE JAGUARS!

AAAGH!

IN THE FORBIDDING TEMPLE FAR BELOW THE PALACE, HAWKEYE THE HUNTER AND SALA, THE PRINCE OF THE JAGUARS, WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS THE UNARMED PRIESTS WHO HAD TRIED TO HELP THEM, WERE BEATEN BACK BY THE GUARDS...



I PRAY THAT
MY BELOVED JAGUARS
HEARD MY CALL,
HAWKEYE! ONLY
THEY CAN SAVE US
NOW!

I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT, SALA!
I'VE BEEN IN SOME
TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE,
BUT THIS IS ABOUT
THE TIGHTEST
YET!

THE HUGE, GROSS KRAKAR SNARLED OUT AT HIS PALACE GUARDS . . .



CUT DOWN THOSE ACCURSED PRIESTS. ALL WHO REBEL AGAINST MY RULE SHALL DIE!

THEN, FROM THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE, SIX LITHE FORMS HURTLIED IN . . . AND THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH A CHORUS OF EAR-SPLITTING ROARS . . . FOLLOWED BY YELLS OF FEAR FROM THE GUARDS . . .



AAARGH!

AAARGH! THE PRINCE OF THE JAGUARS HATH CALLED THEM TO SLAY US!

THE HIGH CLEAR VOICE OF SALA RANG OUT FROM THE CAGE . . . AND THE FIERCE JAGUARS THREW THEMSELVES AT THE GUARDS . . .



EEEEGH!

NOT ONE OF THEM MUST ESCAPE, MY BEAUTIES . . . ROUND THEM ALL UP!

WITH HIS PIGGY EYES WIDE WITH TERROR, KRAKAR TRIED TO SLIP AWAY UNSEEN . . .



THE EVIL DESPOT REACHED THE OPEN DOOR . . . BUT GOT NO FURTHER . . . FOR STRONGBOW CAME RUSHING IN WITH HIS PYGMY FOLLOWERS AND THE LITTLE WARRIORS LEAPED AT KRAKAR LIKE ANGRY WASPS . . .



HOLD THAT CUR, MY WARRIORS. HE, OF ALL MEN, MUST NOT ESCAPE!

KRAKAR WAS DRAGGED TO THE GROUND, KICKING AND STRUGGLING, AND THE MIGHTY MOHAWK RAN DOWN TO THE CAGE WHERE HE COULD SEE HIS TWO COMRADES . . .



STRONGBOW! BY ALL THAT'S WONDERFUL, WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

NOT YET, OLD FRIEND . . . AND I WILL SOON HAVE YOU BOTH OUT OF THERE!

STRONGBOW FREED SALA AND HAWKEYE; WHILST THE TOUGH LITTLE PYGMIES AND THE JAGUARS CAPTURED THE REMAINING GUARDS . . .

THUS, THANKS TO STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE, SALA AT LAST BECAME THE KING OF ELDORADO. . . KRAKAR WAS THROWN INTO THE DUNGEONS AND PEACE DESCENDED ONCE AGAIN ON THE CITY OF GOLD. . . AND THE TWO COMRADES HAD FULFILLED THEIR VOW. . .



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I call a
big bubble!

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(" CLAUDE DUVAL—The Laughing Cavalier "—Continued from page 9)

CLAUDE DUVAL RETURNED TO THE INN WHERE HE WAS LODGING AND DISCUSSED THE MATTER WITH HIS TWO TRUSTED FRIENDS, NICK NEVISON AND JEMMY HIND. THEY DECIDED TO ENLIST THE HELP OF NIPPER, A QUICK-WITTED YOUNG STREET URCHIN.

AND, AN HOUR LATER, A SCORE OF RAGGED, KEEN-EYED, EAGER BOYS WENT RACING THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS OF OLD LONDON.



NOW... YOU KNOW WHAT THIS YOUNG FELLOW LOOKS LIKE, NIPPER. SCOUR LONDON FOR HIM... HE'S GOT TO BE FOUND!

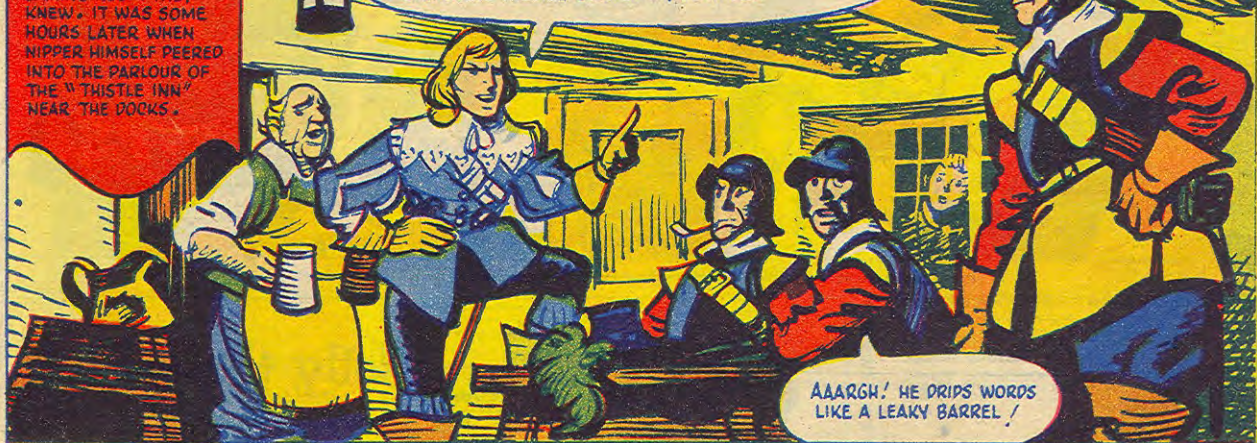
THE GANG'LL FIND HIM, CAP'N DUVAL! LEAVE IT TO US... IF THAT GENT'S IN LONDON TOWN, WE'LL WINKLE HIM OUT.



IF ANYBODY CAN FIND YOUNG BLAZEY, IT'S NIPPER AND HIS GANG!

THE GANG OF URCHINS VISITED EVERY INN, LODGING HOUSE AND GAMING ROOM THEY KNEW. IT WAS SOME HOURS LATER WHEN NIPPER HIMSELF PEERED INTO THE PARLOUR OF THE "THISTLE INN" NEAR THE DOCKS.

WHAT YOU MEN NEED IS SOMEBODY WITH BRAINS TO LEAD YOU... OFFICERS OF BREEDING AND EXPERIENCE... NOT CHUCKLE-HEADED OAFS FROM LONDON'S GUTTERS. I TELL YOU... CROMWELL WILL BE GLAD OF MY SERVICE.



AAARGH! HE DRIPS WORDS LIKE A LEAKY BARREL!

FROM THE DESCRIPTION, NIPPER KNEW HE HAD FOUND BRIAN BLAZEY. THE URCHIN RUSHED BACK TO TELL CLAUDE. THE LAUGHING CAVALIER ARRIVED AT THE "THISTLE INN" TEN MINUTES LATER...



THERE HE IS, CAP'N... JUST LEAVIN'!

HO, HO! IT LOOKS AS IF BLAZEY IS IN TROUBLE ALREADY!

TO BE CONTINUED.