

COMET

3rd

No. 416
July 7, 1956

EVERY MONDAY



BUFFALO BILL

OUR STORY BEGINS AT SUNSET IN A REMOTE BACKWATER OF THE RIVER MISSOURI, FAR FROM FORT LINCOLN. A CANOE SPED, SKIMMINGLY, ACROSS THE SUN-FLECKED WATER, PROPELLED BY THE MUSCULAR ARMS OF ITS TWO OCCUPANTS... A BUCKSKIN-CLAD OFFICER AND A CROW SCOUT.

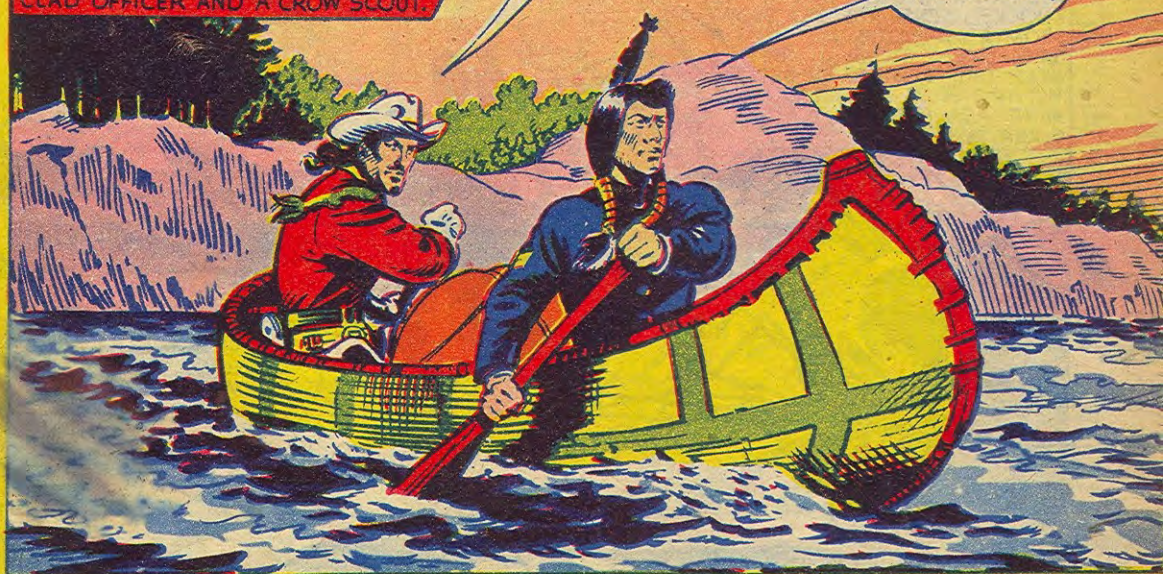
WE'LL PULL INTO THE BANK AND MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, RED HAWK... TOMORROW WE'LL JOURNEY ON AS FAR AS THE JUNCTION OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER...

AS YOU COMMAND, PA-E-HAS-KA!

Under the mighty warlord, Chief Crazy Horse, the fighting Redmen of the plains held sway between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains.

The only thorn in the side of Crazy Horse was Fort Abraham Lincoln, headquarters of General Custer and his famous 7th Regiment of Cavalry...

From Fort Lincoln the scouts and troopers of the 7th Regiment sallied forth to defy the might of the paint-daubed horse-warriors of the Great Plains.



BUFFALO BILL, THE CHIEF OF SCOUTS TO THE 7TH CAVALRY, GLANCED KEENLY ABOUT THE GATHERING GLOOM...

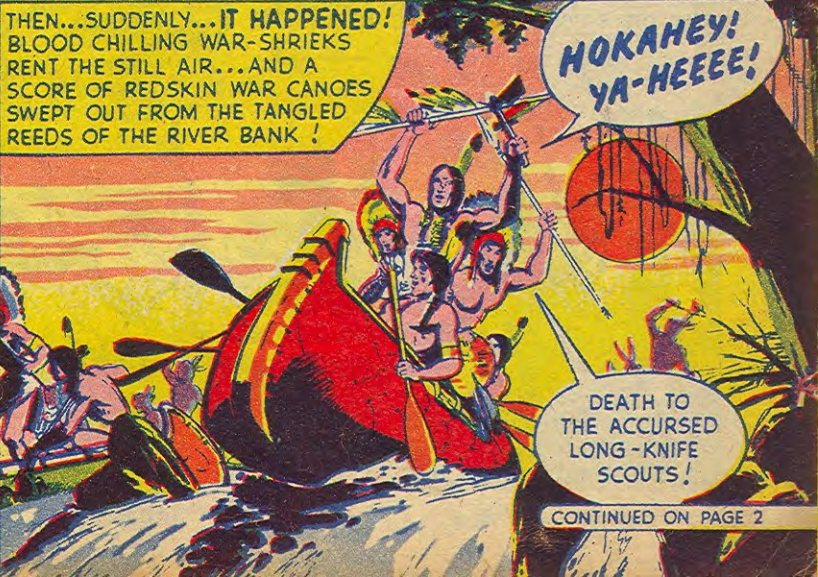
THEN...SUDDENLY...IT HAPPENED! BLOOD CHILLING WAR-SHRIEKS RENT THE STILL AIR... AND A SCORE OF REDSKIN WAR CANOES SWEEPED OUT FROM THE TANGLED REEDS OF THE RIVER BANK!

HOKAHEY!
YA-HEEEE!

DEATH TO
THE ACCURSED
LONG-KNIFE
SCOUTS!



MY GUESS IS THAT CRAZY HORSE IS GATHERING TOGETHER A BIG WAR-PARTY IN THIS REGION... BUT WHERE... AND HOW MANY... IS WHAT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT AND REPORT BACK TO GENERAL CUSTER...

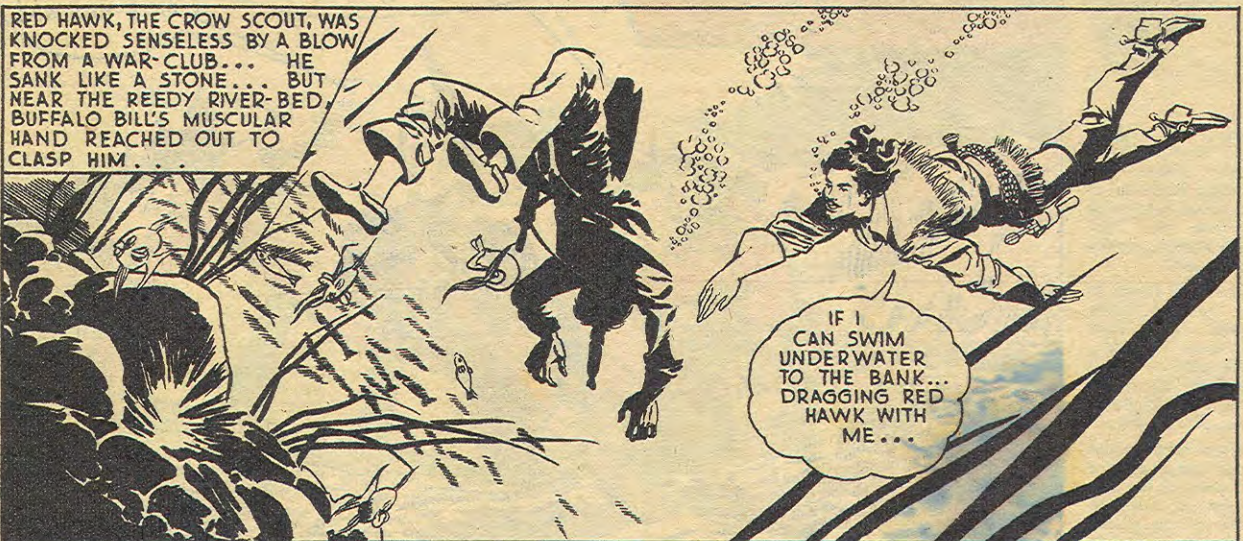


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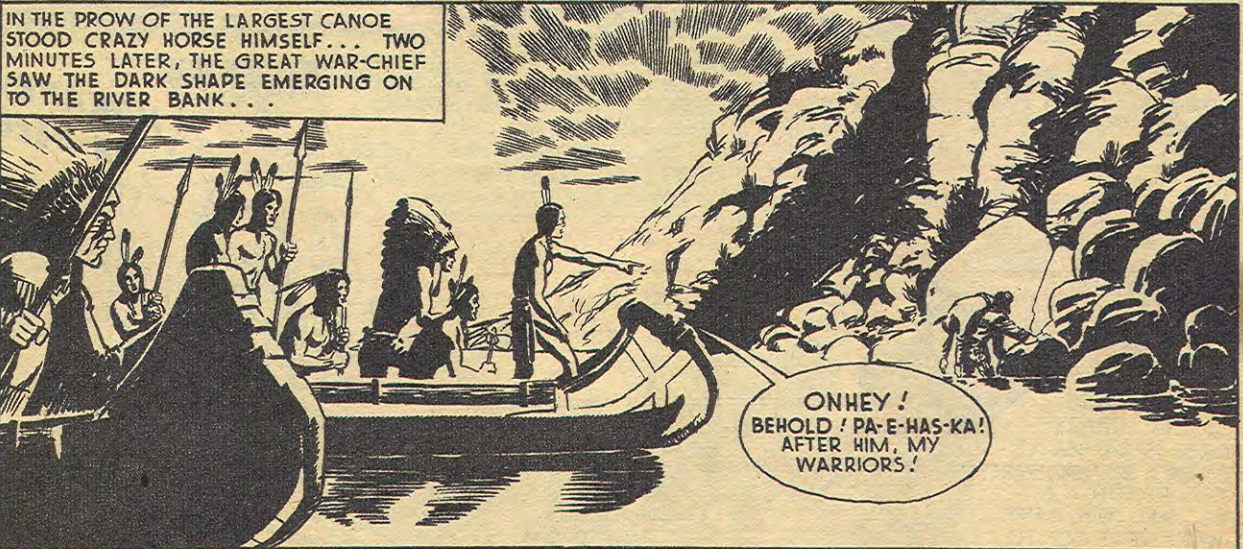
THE PROW OF ONE OF THE CANOES SMASHED BUFFALO BILL'S FRAIL CRAFT TO MATCHWOOD... AND THE MEN FROM FORT LINCOLN WERE PLUNGED INTO THE WATER...



RED HAWK, THE CROW SCOUT, WAS KNOCKED SENSELESS BY A BLOW FROM A WAR-CLUB... HE SANK LIKE A STONE... BUT NEAR THE REEDY RIVER-BED, BUFFALO BILL'S MUSCULAR HAND REACHED OUT TO CLASP HIM...



IN THE PROW OF THE LARGEST CANOE STOOD CRAZY HORSE HIMSELF... TWO MINUTES LATER, THE GREAT WAR-CHIEF SAW THE DARK SHAPE EMERGING ON TO THE RIVER BANK...



WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS CROW OVER HIS SHOULDER, THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN CLIMBED UP THE STEEP, CRAGGY HILL ABOVE THE BANK...



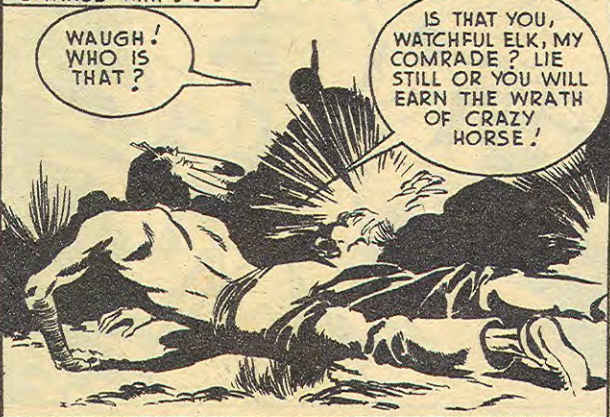
AYEEE!
THE ACCURSED
PA-E-HAS-KA IS
ESCAPING...
DARKNESS IS
FALLING... WE
SHALL NEVER
FIND HIM
NOW!

CRAZY HORSE'S EYES SEARCHED THE SHADY MASS OF ROCK ABOVE HIM... AND WHEN HE SPOKE, HIS VOICE WAS ICE-COLD AND CALCULATING...



PA-E-HAS-KA IS BURDENED BY HIS WOUNDED COMRADE... HE CANNOT GET FAR... SURROUND THE HILL! KEEP CLOSE WATCH DURING THE NIGHT. AT DAWN WE WILL SEEK OUT AND DESTROY OUR DEADLIEST ENEMY!

SO IT WAS THAT CRAZY HORSE'S WARRIORS FORMED A CLOSED CORDON AROUND THE FOOT OF THE HILL... THEY LAY IN SILENCE... WATCHING... LISTENING... TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, ONE OF THE WARRIORS SAW THE SILHOUETTE OF A BE-FEATHERED HEAD MOVING TOWARDS HIM...



WAUGH!
WHO IS
THAT?

IS THAT YOU,
WATCHFUL ELK, MY
COMRADE? LIE
STILL OR YOU WILL
EARN THE WRATH
OF CRAZY
HORSE!

AN INSTANT LATER, THE WARRIOR'S WORLD DISSOLVED IN A SEARING FLASH... AS AN IRON-HARD FIST ROCKETED TOWARDS HIM, SHATTERINGLY...



THE SHADY ASSAILANT WAS BUFFALO BILL, WEARING RED HAWK'S EAGLE FEATHER IN HIS HAIR TO DECEIVE HIS ENEMIES WHO WERE KEEPING WATCH FOR A WHITE MAN... A MINUTE LATER, THE GREAT SCOUT CREPT THROUGH THE GAP IN CRAZY HORSE'S CORDON, DRAGGING HIS UNCONSCIOUS COMRADE BEHIND HIM...



NEAR THE RIVER BANK, A HERD OF WAR-MUSTANGS WAS TETHERED... SOME TIME LATER, THERE WAS A DISTURBANCE IN THE HERD... REDSKIN SENTRIES LEAPED FORWARD WEAPONS IN HAND... TO BE KNOCKED HEADLONG BY FLAILING, UNSHOD HOOVES...



YAHOOO!
OUT OF MY WAY,
YOU PAINTED
COYOTES!

EEEEEEH!

IF CRAZY HORSE FELT ANY DISAPPOINTMENT THAT HIS ENEMY HAD SLIPPED THROUGH HIS FINGERS, NO TRACE OF IT SHOWED ON HIS FACE...

WITH TWO MEN ON HIS BACK, MY MUSTANG CAN GALLOP NO FASTER THAN ANY OTHER. MOUNT, O WARRIORS, AFTER THEM!

PA-E-HAS-KA HAS TAKEN YOUR OWN MUSTANG, MY CHIEF! THE FASTEST STEED IN THE HERD!



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE POUNDING HOOVES OF CRAZY HORSE'S MUSTANG DEVOURED THE MILES THAT LAY TO FORT LINCOLN... BUT WHEN DAWN CAME, THE MOUNT WAS TIRING FAST... AND THE REDSKINS WERE CLOSE BEHIND...

THIS MUSTANG CAN GO NO FURTHER... TIME TO DISMOUNT AND MAKE A LAST STAND ON YONDER HILL CREST!



REACHING THE HILL CREST, BUFFALO BILL SAW A SHEER-SIDED DROP BEYOND... LAYING THE UNCONSCIOUS SCOUT ON THE GROUND, HE UNHOLSTERED HIS GLEAMING COLT.45!

I THINK I SEE A WAY OUT OF THIS... BUT FIRST I MUST REMIND THOSE WAR-WHOOPS THAT IT SPELLS DEATH TO APPROACH MY GUNS!



UP THE SLOPE OF THE HILL CAME CRAZY HORSE'S WARRIORS... CROUCHED BEHIND A CAIRN OF ROCKS, THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN TOOK AIM... AND OPENED FIRE...

BACK, YOU SCALD-HUNGRY VARMINTS, BACK!



A WHOOPING WARRIOR REACHED THE HILL CREST...

ONHEY!



...THEN HIS WRIST WAS TAKEN IN AN IRON-HARD GRASP... A MUSCULAR FIST SMASHED INTO HIS JAW...

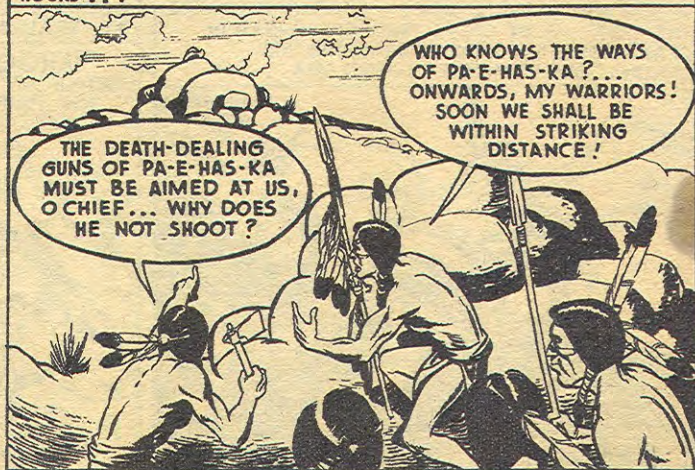
YAHOOO!



THE REDSKINS FELL BACK... AND APPROACHED AGAIN MORE CAUTIOUSLY... THIS TIME ON FOOT... WATCHFUL AND ALERT FOR ANY MOVEMENT FROM THE FIGURE CROUCHED BEHIND THE ROCKS...

THE DEATH-DEALING GUNS OF PA-E-HAS-KA MUST BE AIMED AT US, O CHIEF... WHY DOES HE NOT SHOOT?

WHO KNOWS THE WAYS OF PA-E-HAS-KA?... ONWARDS, MY WARRIORS! SOON WE SHALL BE WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE!

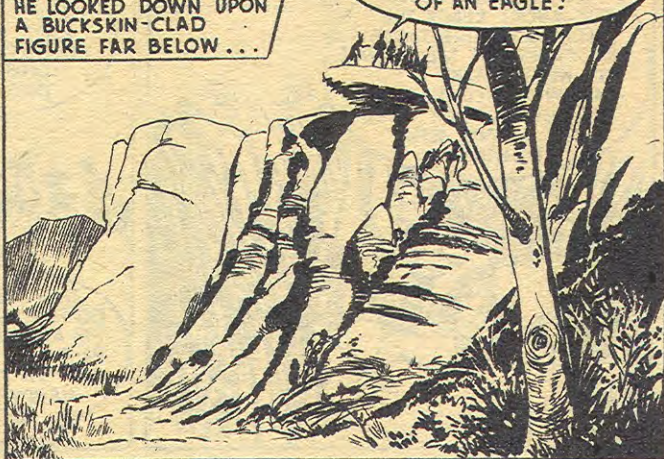


IT WAS CRAZY HORSE HIMSELF WHO LEAPED HEADLONG OVER THE CAIRN OF STONES WITH WAR-HATCHET UPRaised... TO FIND NOTHING BUT BUFFALO BILL'S SOMBRERO JAUNTILY PERCHED ON THE END OF A STICK...

A HOARSE SHOUT BROUGHT THE GREAT CHIEF TO THE EDGE OF THE CHASM BEYOND THE HILL CREST... HE LOOKED DOWN UPON A BUCKSKIN-CLAD FIGURE FAR BELOW...

WAUGH! WAS THERE EVER SUCH A MAN?... TRULY HE HAS THE CUNNING OF A FOX AND THE COURAGE OF AN EAGLE!

AYEEE!
WE HAVE BEEN
TRICKED! PA-E-HAS-KA
HAS GONE!



REACHING THE FOOT OF THE PRECIPICE, BUFFALO BILL GLANCED SWIFTLY UPWARDS... THEN TAKING A FIRMER HOLD OF HIS LIMP BURDEN, HE SET OFF AT A RUN...

IT'S ANOTHER FIVE
MILES TO FORT LINCOLN!
THOSE REDSKINS WON'T
TAKE LONG TO FIND ANOTHER
WAY DOWN WITH THEIR
MUSTANGS! BY JUPITER!
I'VE GOT TO MOVE
FAST!



IT WAS HARD GOING THROUGH THE LONG GRASS... AND THE GREAT SCOUT HAD BEEN IN ACTION ALL THE PREVIOUS NIGHT... EVEN HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH BEGAN TO FLAG... THEN, SOMETIME LATER, HE HEARD THE DRUMMING OF UNSHOD HOOVES BEHIND HIM...

HERE THEY
COME! THIS IS
THE END!

YAHEEEE!



SUDDENLY THE AIR WAS SPLIT BY THE HIGH, SHRILL NOTE OF A CAVALRY TRUMPET... AND A COLUMN OF CUSTER'S 7TH REGIMENT SWEEPED OVER THE HILLCREST AHEAD OF BUFFALO BILL...

A REDSKIN
WAR-PARTY! AND
LOOK... THERE'S
COLONEL
CODY!

AT THE GALLOP...
FOR-WAAAARD!



AT THAT MOMENT BUFFALO BILL SET HIS FOOT AGAINST A HIDDEN ROCK AND FELL HEADLONG! HE RAISED HIMSELF UP AND FLASHED A GLANCE BEHIND HIM... HE SAW A SEA OF TRIUMPHANT, PAINTED FACES!

ON MY OWN, I COULD JUST ABOUT REACH THE SOLDIERS BEFORE THOSE REDSKINS CUT ME DOWN! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT CARRYING RED HAWK... BUT, BY THUNDER... I'LL NOT LEAVE HIM BEHIND!



CRAZY HORSE WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF HIS WARRIORS... HE RAISED HIS ARM AND HALTED THEM WITH A SHRILL CRY...

AYEEEE!
WE GO NO FURTHER!
I HAVE NO WISH TO
DO BATTLE WITH THE
LONG-KNIVES
THIS DAY!

THERE IS NO NEED TO
GO FURTHER, MY CHIEF...
MY ARROW SHALL STRIKE
PA-E-HAS-KA AND SEND
HIM SWIFTLY TO THE
HAPPY HUNTING
GROUNDS!



WITHIN EASY BOWSHOT OF THE HALTED REDSKINS, BUFFALO BILL STUMBLED PAINFULLY THROUGH THE TANGLED GRASS... FIFTY YARDS AHEAD LAY SAFETY FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMRADE... BEHIND WERE THE LEVELLED WAR-BOWS...

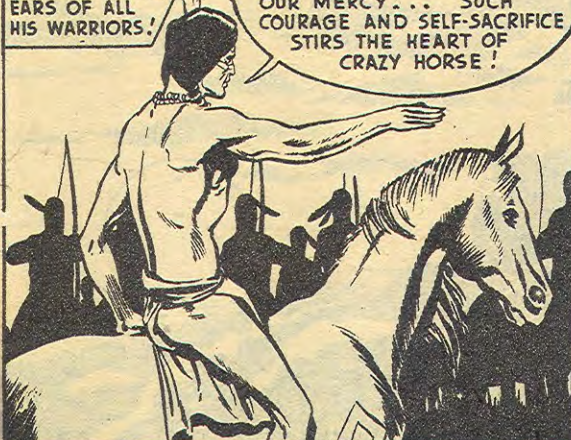


WHY THE HECK
DON'T THEY SHOOT
AND GET IT OVER
WITH?



THEN CRAZY HORSE SPOKE SOFTLY... BUT HIS CALM VOICE WAS CARRIED TO THE EARS OF ALL HIS WARRIORS!

LOWER YOUR WEAPONS!
PA-E-HAS-KA SHALL NOT DIE
THIS DAY! HE COULD HAVE
SAVED HIMSELF BY LEAVING
HIS WOUNDED COMRADE AT
OUR MERCY... SUCH
COURAGE AND SELF-SACRIFICE
STIRS THE HEART OF
CRAZY HORSE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, BUFFALO BILL STUMBLED TO A HALT AS THE BLUE-CLAD CAVALRYMEN DISMOUNTED ALL ROUND HIM... HE TURNED TO LOOK... BUT CRAZY HORSE AND HIS WARRIORS WERE ALREADY HEADING TOWARDS THE HORIZON!

BY THUNDER!
YOU WERE LUCKY
THERE, COLONEL!

YES... VERY LUCKY!
LUCKY TO HAVE A
MERCIFUL AND HONOURABLE
ENEMY LIKE CRAZY
HORSE!

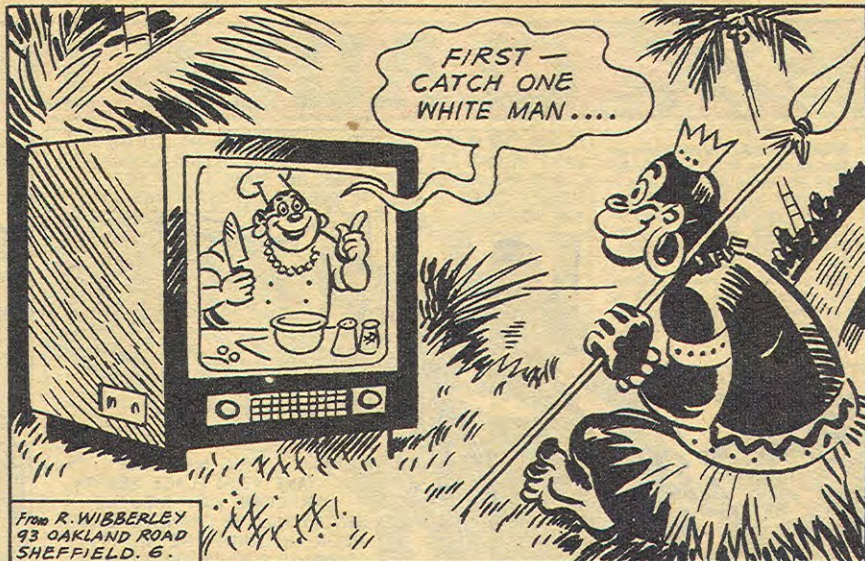


Another thrilling all-action adventure with Buffalo Bill next week.
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CHUCKLE CLUB

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 237, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

10% will be awarded for every joke published



From R. WIBBERLEY
93 OAKLAND ROAD
SHEFFIELD. 6.



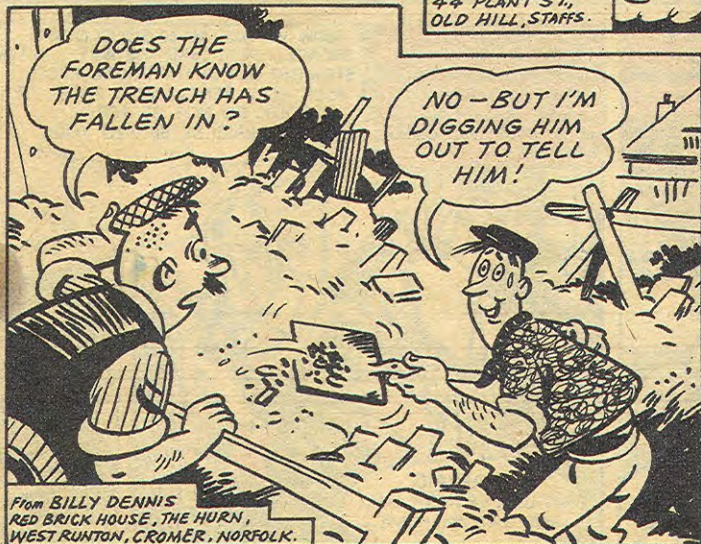
From J. PAYNE
66 HIGH ST.,
WELLS, SOMERSET



From PETER LLOYD
44 PLANT ST.,
OLD HILL, STAFFS.



From NICHOLAS BENTLEY
64 RYDENS ROAD,
WALTON-ON-THAMES, SURREY



From BILLY DENNIS
RED BRICK HOUSE, THE HURN,
WEST RUNTON, CROMER, NORFOLK.



From JOHN EDMONDSON
61 SAVILLE ROAD
LIVERPOOL. 13.

CLAUDE DUVAL - the LAUGHING CAVALIER

When Claude Duval goes to the country house of Lady Jane Francis, he falls into a trap set by Major Midas Mould, the sinister chief of Roundhead Secret Police. Claude Duval's comrade, the giant Jemmy Hind, rescues him from a cellar, but Lady Jane is still a prisoner in the house. Suddenly, footsteps approach...

IT WAS THE BLACK-GARBED MAJOR MIDAS MOULD WHO CAME ROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY A BURLY ROUNDHEAD TROOPER. THE SINISTER SECRET POLICE CHIEF GLARED AT THE SENTRY STANDING BY THE GRATING...



THIS MAN WILL TAKE YOUR PLACE, SENTRY. YOU COME WITH ME. THE SENTRY WILL BE CHANGED EVERY HOUR THROUGH THE NIGHT... DUVAL IS TOO VALUABLE A PRISONER TO RISK HAVING TIRED MEN GUARDING HIM. COME!

OBEDIENTLY, THE SENTRY FOLLOWED MOULD INTO THE HOUSE...



COME WITH ME WHILST I INSPECT THE OTHER PRISONER, TROOPER. THEN YOU MAY FALL OUT AND GET SOME SLEEP!

THANK YOU, SIR!

THEY CAME TO A ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR, WHERE, AT MOULD'S ORDERS, ANOTHER GUARD HURRIEDLY UNLOCKED THE DOOR...



HURRY, MAN, HURRY. I HAVE NO WISH TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT!

INSIDE THE ROOM, LADY JANE FRANCIS ROSE TO HER FEET AND STARED WITH DREAD AT THE EVIL FIGURE WHO ENTERED...



HAH! I TRUST YOU ARE NOW REGRETTING YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE ROYALIST DOGS, MY LADY? BUT AT LEAST YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE TO ME... THANKS TO YOU, I NOW HAVE DUVAL... AND TOMORROW YOU SHALL BOTH BE EXECUTED!

YOU... YOU BLACK-HEARTED WRETCH! CLAUDE DUVAL IS A FINE AND HONOURABLE MAN!

AT THAT MOMENT, THERE CAME A MUFFLED CRY... A HEAVY THUD... AND THE SENTRY ON THE DOOR FELL SENSELESS TO THE FLOOR... MOULD WHIRLED ROUND... AND LOOKED INTO THE SMILING FACE OF CLAUDE DUVAL!



THANK YOU FOR THOSE KIND WORDS, LADY JANE. BUT I AM NO LONGER YOUR PRISONER, MOULD... IN FACT, YOU ARE MINE! RAISE YOUR SKINNY HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD!



AAARGH! DUVAL!

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER SWIFTLY CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM... AS HE DID SO, MOULD LUNGED FORWARD, CURSING WILDLY... BUT CLAUDE DUVAL SIDE-STEPPED AND HIS CLENCHED FIST SHOT OUT...



OH, NO YOU DON'T, MY CUNNING FRIEND!

EEEEEGH!

CLAUDE DUVAL PULLED OFF THE UNCONSCIOUS MOULD'S CLOAK AND HAT AND TOLD LADY JANE TO TEAR INTO STRIPS A SHEET FROM THE BED...



THE SENTRY CAN GO UNDER THE BED WHEN WE'VE TIED HIM UP... AS FOR MOULD... YONDER POWDER-CLOSET SHOULD FIT HIM NICELY.

MIDAS MOULD WAS STUFFED IN THE LITTLE CUPBOARD WHICH FITTED HIM LIKE A GLOVE. THEN CLAUDE DUVAL HANDED LADY JANE THE CLOAK AND HAT...



I AM AFRAID NO LONGER, NOW THAT YOU ARE WITH ME...

NOW WE WILL MAKE GOOD OUR ESCAPE... YOU LEAD THE WAY... WALK STRAIGHT OUT OF THE HOUSE, KEEP YOUR HEAD BENT... AND SPEAK TO NOBODY. DO NOT BE AFRAID, I SHALL BE BEHIND YOU.

TOGETHER THEY LEFT THE ROOM, LOCKING IT BEHIND THEM... THEN THEY WENT DOWNSTAIRS, THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND OUT INTO THE GROUNDS BEYOND... UNCHALLENGED!



WHAT OF THE SENTRIES YOU OVERPOWERED? WILL THEY NOT BE MISSED?

NOT FOR A LONG TIME... THOSE CROPEHEADS ARE SO SCARED OF MOULD THAT NONE OF THEM WOULD DARE TO QUESTION HIS ACTIONS. THEY WILL THINK THEIR MASTER HAS GIVEN THEM SOME OTHER TASK!

THEY MET THE GIANT JEMMY HIND IN THE TREES AND TOGETHER THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK UP THE HILL TO WHERE NICK NEVISON WAS WAITING WITH THE HORSES...



I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE, CLAUDE. WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?

I WILL EXPLAIN AS WE RIDE ALONG... WE MUST MAKE ALL SPEED TO HILLHEAD, WHERE A BOAT AWAITS US!

The FAMOUS FIVE

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

A NOTICE, WRITTEN BY HARRY WHARTON AND HIS CHUMS, AND INTENDED TO BE HUNG AROUND THE NECK OF BILLY BUNTER, ACCIDENTALLY FALLS FROM BUNTER'S STUDY WINDOW ON TO JAMES CARNFORTH, THE STERN NEW HEADMASTER OF GREYFRIARS. GREATLY ANGERED, THE NEW HEAD IS GRIMLY DETERMINED TO PUNISH THE BOY RESPONSIBLE . . .

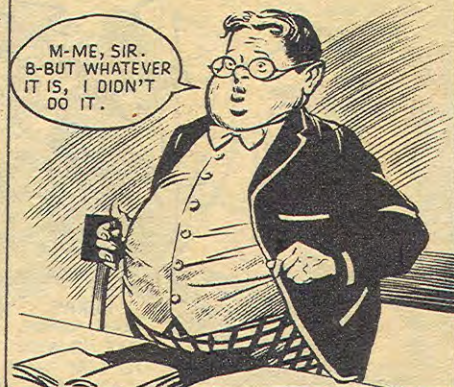
DURING AFTERNOON CLASSES JAMES CARNFORTH VISITED THE REMOVE CLASSROOM AND HIS HARD EYES SWEEPED THE ASSEMBLED BOYS.

WHEN I CAME HERE I EXPECTED TO FIND DISCIPLINE LAX AND THE PUPILS NOTHING MORE THAN A BUNCH OF HOOLIGANS... ALREADY I HAVE RECEIVED PROOF THAT MY GUESS WAS CORRECT. WHICH OF YOU IS WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER?



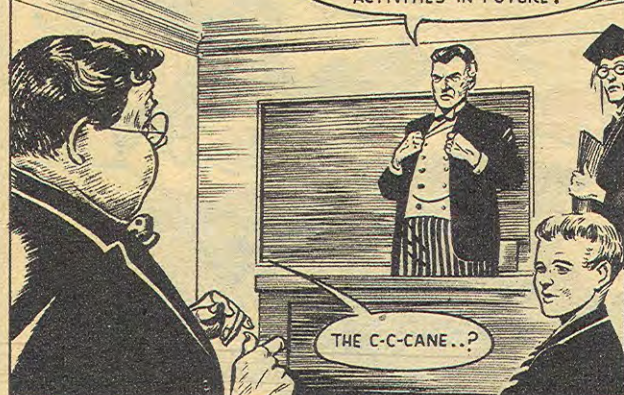
SLOWLY AND RELUCTANTLY THE FAT BOY OF THE REMOVE ROSE TO HIS FEET.

M-ME, SIR. B-BUT WHATEVER IT IS, I DIDN'T DO IT.



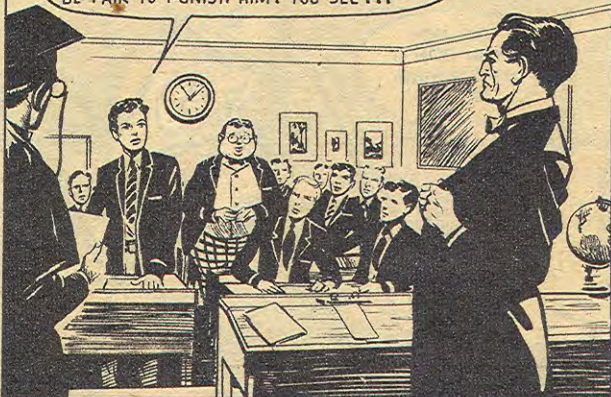
THE NEW HEADMASTER'S THIN LIPS TIGHTENED MENACINGLY AS HE GLARED AT THE SHRINKING FAT BOY.

EARLIER TODAY A MOST INSOLENT MESSAGE WAS HURLED AT ME FROM A STUDY WINDOW... YOUR STUDY WINDOW, BUNTER? YOU WILL REPORT TO ME AT TEA-TIME... PERHAPS SIX STROKES OF THE CANE WILL TEACH YOU TO CURB YOUR RUFFIANLY ACTIVITIES IN FUTURE.



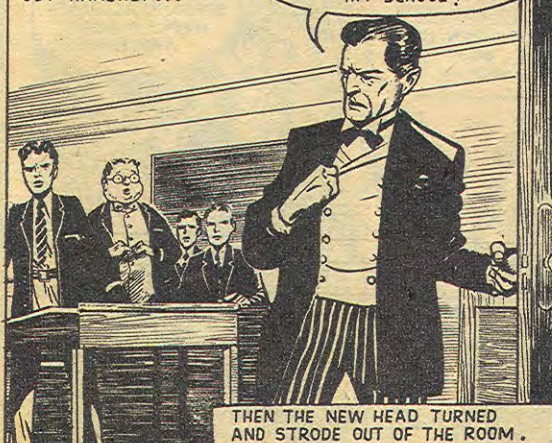
HARRY WHARTON AND HIS CHUMS EXCHANGED QUICK GLANCES. NONE OF THEM COULD REMAIN SILENT AND ALLOW BUNTER TO BE PUNISHED FOR SOMETHING THAT WAS THEIR RESPONSIBILITY, AND HARRY ROSE TO HIS FEET.

EXCUSE ME, SIR. WHAT HAPPENED TODAY WASN'T BUNTER'S FAULT, AND IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO PUNISH HIM. YOU SEE...



JAMES CARNFORTH'S FACE FLUSHED DULL RED WITH RAGE AND HIS VOICE RANG OUT HARSHLY...

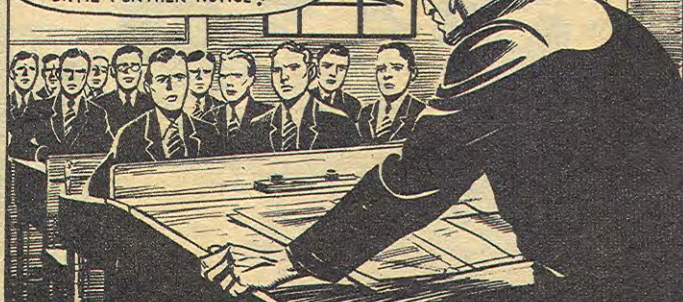
SILENCE! ONE MORE WORD AND YOU, TOO, WILL BE CANED! HOW DARE YOU TRY TO TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY SCHOOL!



THEN THE NEW HEAD TURNED AND STRODE OUT OF THE ROOM.

IT WAS THE CUSTOM AT GREYFRIARS FOR THE HEADMASTER TO TAKE THE SIXTH FORM... BUT NEVER HAD THE SIXTH EXPERIENCED AN AFTERNOON'S INSTRUCTION SUCH AS THEY ENDURED FROM JAMES CARNFORTH. THE NEW HEAD FOUND FAULT WITH EVERYONE. AND AT THE END OF THE LESSON HE FROWNED DISAGREEABLY...

IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS THAT THE STANDARD OF LEARNING AT GREYFRIARS IS VERY MUCH BELOW WHAT IT SHOULD BE. STARTING FROM TODAY THE SIXTH FORM WILL DO AN EXTRA HOUR'S PREPARATION UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



CARNFORTH STALKED OUT, LEAVING A VERY ANGRY SIXTH FORM BEHIND HIM...

WHY... I'VE NEVER MET SUCH AN OUTSIDER! HE DELIBERATELY WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO FIND FAULTS SO THAT HE COULD PUNISH US!

WHAT A CHEEK! TREATING US AS IF WE WERE A BUNCH OF KIDS!

OBVIOUSLY GREYFRIARS ISN'T GOING TO BE THE SAME PLACE NOW THAT DR. LOCKE HAS GONE.

EVERYWHERE HE WENT THAT DAY, THE ARROGANT JAMES CARNFORTH STIRRED UP RESENTMENT IN THE PEOPLE HE MET, BOTH BOYS AND MASTERS, AND SOON THE SIXTH FORM WERE NOT ALONE IN WISHING THAT KINDLY DR. LOCKE WAS STILL HEADMASTER OF THE SCHOOL. AT TEA-TIME THAT AFTERNOON THE FAMOUS FIVE GATHERED IN THEIR STUDY AND DISCUSSED THE UNPLEASANT FATE THAT WAS IN STORE FOR BILLY BUNTER.

POOR OLD BUNTER WILL COLLAPSE LIKE A JELLY IF THAT BRUTE CARNFORTH CANES HIM.

LET'S ALL GO TO CARNFORTH AND TELL HIM THAT IF ANYONE SHOULD BE PUNISHED IT'S US.

IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD. HE WOULDN'T BOTHER TO LISTEN TO US.

HARRY WHARTON TURNED TO THE DOOR DETERMINEDLY...

MAYBE THE HEAD WON'T LISTEN TO US, BUT I THINK WE OUGHT TO TRY FOR BUNTER'S SAKE. WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY... BUNTER SHOULD BE WITH CARNFORTH BY NOW.

LEAD ON, HARRY. THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN IS THAT WE ALL GET A CANING AS WELL AS BUNTER.

THEIR MINDS MADE UP, THE CHUMS STEPPED OUT INTO THE REMOVE CORRIDOR... AND THERE AN EXTRAORDINARY SIGHT MET THEIR GAZE. THE NOTORIOUSLY-LAZY BILLY BUNTER WAS ENGAGED IN STRENUOUS ACTIVITY OF A MOST SURPRISING NATURE.

BUNTER...! WHY THE DICKENS ARE YOU BLOCKING THE CORRIDOR WITH ALL THAT JUNK?

OOOOUGH! THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME. BE A SPORT, WHARTON, AND GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS BOOKCASE.

THE SCARED FAT BOY BLURTED OUT HIS PLAN...

I'M NOT GOING TO THAT BEAST CARNFORTH'S STUDY TO BE CANED. AND IF THE ROTTER TRIES TO COME AND FETCH ME HE WON'T BE ABLE TO... BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BARRICADE THE END OF THE CORRIDOR!

SORRY, BUNTER, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SHIFT THIS STUFF.

YOU ASS! ALL THE REMOVE FELLOWS ARE IN THEIR STUDIES IN THIS CORRIDOR. IF YOU PUT UP A BARRICADE NONE OF THE FELLOWS WILL BE ABLE TO GET OUT.

YOU BEASTS! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT THAT CARNFORTH IS GOING TO CANE ME!

WE KNOW THAT. AND AFTER WE'VE PUT ALL YOUR FURNITURE BACK IN YOUR STUDY WE'LL ALL GO WITH YOU AND TRY TO EXPLAIN TO CARNFORTH.

BUT BEFORE THE CHUMS HAD TIME TO REMOVE A SINGLE ITEM OF BUNTER'S BARRICADE A TALL FIGURE CAME INTO VIEW...

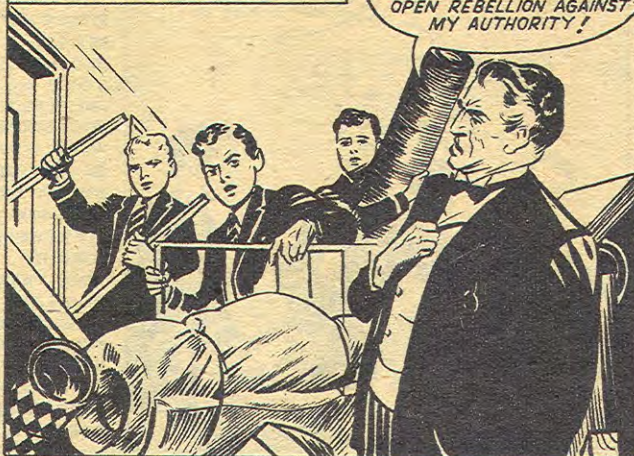
WE'RE TOO LATE. HERE COMES CARNFORTH!

I EXPECT HE'S COME LOOKING FOR YOU FOR NOT REPORTING TO HIM, BUNTER.



JAMES CARNFORTH HALTED BEFORE THE ASSORTMENT OF ARTICLES THAT BARRED HIS PATH AND HIS EYES GLITTERED DANGEROUSLY.

SO YOU BOYS HOPE TO SHELTER FROM ME BEHIND THIS RIDICULOUS BARRICADE, EH? THIS IS OPEN REBELLION AGAINST MY AUTHORITY!



ONCE AND FOR ALL GREYFRIARS MUST LEARN THAT I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS KIND OF BEHAVIOUR! WHILE I AM FETCHING MY CANE THAT FURNITURE IS TO BE REMOVED. THEN EVERY BOY IN THE REMOVE WILL GO TO HIS CLASSROOM AND AWAIT ME THERE!



AND WITHOUT WAITING FOR A WORD OF EXPLANATION THE MARTINET OF GREYFRIARS STALKED OFF.

SEVERAL OTHER OF THE REMOVE BOYS HAD EMERGED FROM THEIR STUDIES. ALL OF THEM GAZED ANGRILY AFTER JAMES CARNFORTH'S RETREATING FIGURE...

MY HAT! HE THINKS WE'VE BARRED HIM OUT FROM OUR CORRIDOR!



AT BOB CHERRY'S WORDS, HARRY WHARTON TURNED TO FACE HIS FELLOW REMOVEVITES AND THERE WAS A RECKLESS LIGHT IN HIS EYES...



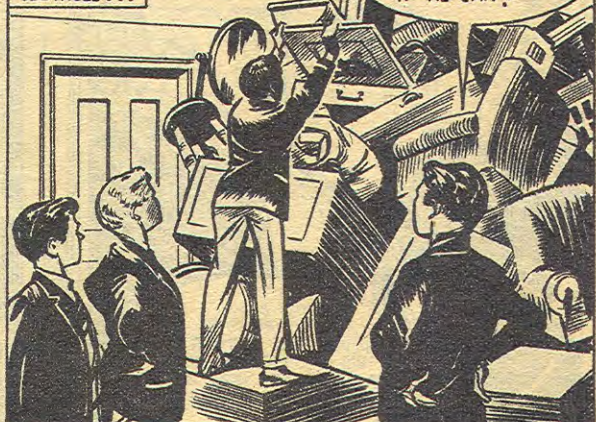
THE HEAD'S GOING TO PUNISH US BECAUSE HE THINKS WE'VE BARRED HIM OUT... SO LET'S REALLY BAR HIM OUT! WHAT DO YOU SAY, CHAPS?

I'M WITH YOU, HARRY! DOWN WITH CARNFORTH!... UP WITH THE REMOVE!

AND A CHORUS OF APPROVING SHOUTS GREETED HARRY WHARTON'S SUGGESTION!

DURING THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE REMOVE CORRIDOR WAS A SCENE OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY. EAGER HANDS DRAGGED FURNITURE FROM THE STUDIES AND BUNTER'S BARRICADE SOON BECAME A FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE...

THAT'S IT, CHAPS. WE STAY RIGHT HERE AND IF CARNFORTH WANTS US HE CAN JOLLY WELL COME AND FETCH US... IF HE CAN!



The next instalment of this famous school story is packed with excitement.

STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK



When Hawkeye the Hunter is captured by a ruthless band of Fox Indians, led by Hooded Crow, Strongbow the Mohawk trails them to Red Lake Valley, which has only one entrance, a narrow canyon where the Fox Indians are lying in wait for the Mighty Mohawk. Strongbow scales the mountains beyond the valley and begins to climb down.

STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK CROUCHED ON THE NARROW LEDGE OF ROCK AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE VALLEY WHERE HE COULD SEE THE CAMP OF THE FOX INDIANS BESIDE THE LAKE...

THE MIGHTY MOHAWK STOOD UP, RAISED HIS ARMS ABOVE HIS HEAD... AND DIVED OUT INTO SPACE.

I CAN DESCEND NO FURTHER--THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY LEFT TO ME...



IT WAS AN AMAZING FEAT OF DARING. DOWN--DOWN--DOWN HE PLUNGED, LIKE A GIGANTIC EAGLE SWOOPING ON ITS PREY. THEN, SWOOSH! HE STRUCK THE ICE, BLACK WATERS OF THE LAKE...

ALL HOODED CROW'S VILLAINOUS BAND, SAVE ONE SENTRY, WERE LYING IN WAIT FOR STRONGBOW NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON--SO HIS THRILLING ARRIVAL WAS UNSEEN--FOR THE SENTRY HAD HIS BACK TO THE FEARLESS MOHAWK AS HE PULLED HIMSELF ASHORE...

AYEE! HAWKEYE MUST BE HELD CAPTIVE IN YONDER TEPEE...

WITH HIS GLEAMING HUNTING KNIFE IN HIS BRONZED HAND, STRONGBOW SUTHERED THROUGH THE LONG GRASS. HE REACHED THE TEPEE AND SLIT THE TOUGH BUFFALO HIDE WITH ONE CLEAN MOVEMENT...

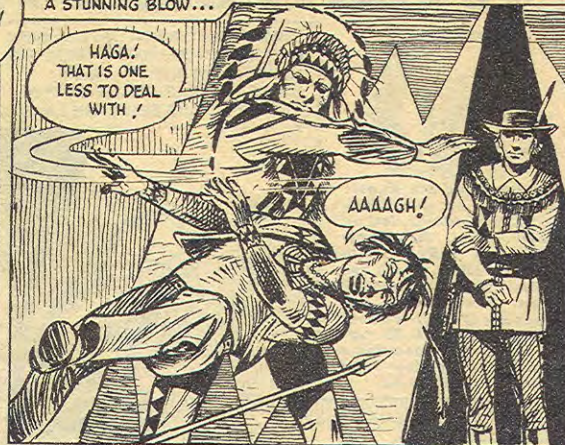


STRONGBOW SLIPPED SILENTLY INTO THE TEPEE
--AND THERE LAY HIS COMRADE, CRUELLY BOUND
WITH RAWHIDE ROPES. HE STIFLED A GASP AS
THE MOHAWK LIFTED HIM AND CUT HIS BONDS.



SSSH!
NOT A SOUND--
LEAVE THE SENTRY
TO ME!

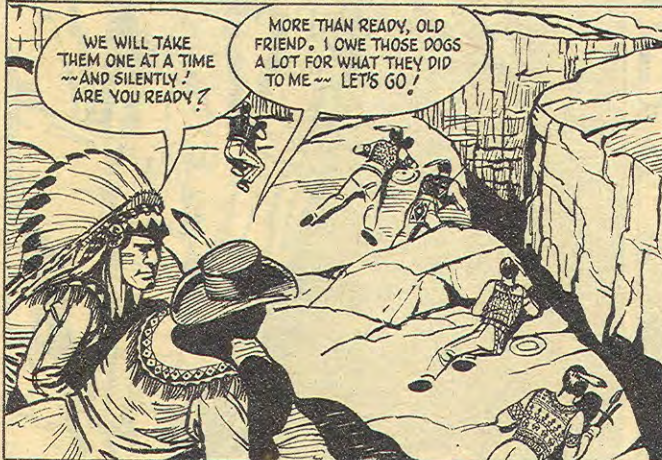
HAWKEYE RUBBED HIS CHAFED LIMBS AND STRONGBOW CREEPT
FORWARD OUT OF THE TEPEE. THE FOX BRAVE UTTERED BUT
ONE STRANGLED CRY AS HE WAS KNOCKED TO THE GROUND BY
A STUNNING BLOW...



HAGA!
THAT IS ONE
LESS TO DEAL
WITH!

AAAAGH!

THEY TIED UP THE SENTRY AND THEN STRONGBOW TOLD HAWKEYE HIS PLAN.
HALF-AN-HOUR LATER THEY HAD REACHED A POINT ABOVE THE CANYON AND
SAW HOODED CROW AND HIS WARRIORS LYING IN WAIT BELOW...



WE WILL TAKE
THEM ONE AT A TIME
--AND SILENTLY!
ARE YOU READY?

MORE THAN READY, OLD
FRIEND. I OWE THOSE DOGS
A LOT FOR WHAT THEY DID
TO ME-- LET'S GO!

THREE OF THE FOX INDIANS FELL BEFORE THE LIGHTNING ATTACK
OF THE TWO INTREPID COMRADES, DROPPING UNCONSCIOUS
WITHOUT A SOUND. BUT THE NEXT WARRIOR SAW HAWKEYE'S
SHADOW ABOVE HIM AND LET OUT A STARTLED YELL.



AVEE!
THE PALEFACE--
HE HAS
ESCAPED!

HAWKEYE KNOCKED THE INDIAN SENSELESS BEFORE
HE COULD UTTER ANOTHER WORD--BUT THE DAMAGE
WAS DONE. WITH A SAVAGE SNARL OF FURY,
HOODED CROW YELLED TO THE OTHER WARRIORS...



FOLLOW ME,
MY BRAVES--
SEE-- IT IS THE
MOHAWK AS WELL!

NOW WE'RE IN FOR A
REAL SCRAP! COME ON
THEN, YOU DOGS, WE'RE
READY FOR YOU!

THEN FOLLOWED A BATTLE WHICH HAS LIVED IN INDIAN LORE UNTIL THIS DAY. SIDE BY SIDE, STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE FOUGHT DESPERATELY WITH THE ENRAGED FOX INDIANS, WHO STROVE TO CUT THEM DOWN...



BUT A SLASHING BLOW FROM THE SACRED WAR-HATCHET OF THE MOHAWK SENT HOODED CROW REELING BACK. HIS FOOT SLIPPED--HE GAVE A DESPAIRING CRY--AND FELL TO HIS DOOM INTO THE CANYON.

HOODED CROW--OUR CHIEFTAIN--HAS DEPARTED TO THE LAST HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS! ALL IS LOST!



ALL THE FIGHT WENT OUT OF THE FOX INDIANS THEN, AND THEY SURRENDERED. THUS ENDED THE WAR-PARTY OF HOODED CROW. A WEEK LATER, STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE HANDED THE SURVIVORS OVER TO THEIR TRUE CHIEF, ELK HORN...

MY TRIBE WILL BE FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT, O STRONGBOW! NO MORE WILL THE NAME OF FOX BE ACCUSED AMONGST OTHER TRIBES. THESE EVIL WARRIORS WILL BE PUNISHED!



A smashing new adventure of Strongbow and Hawkeye starts next week. Don't miss it!

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

CLAUDE DUVAL TOLD NICK THE WHOLE STORY AS THEY GALLOPED HARD THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARDS THE DISTANT COAST.



...THE CAVALIER WE HAD TO MEET WAS A ROUNDHEAD IN DISGUISE...BUT LUCKILY, WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SNATCH LADY JANE FRANCIS FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THAT MONSTER MOULD. SO SHE SHALL GO TO FRANCE AND SAFETY, INSTEAD.

SOON AFTER DAWN, A ROUNDHEAD TROOPER TOOK A BOWL OF GRUEL UP TO LADY JANE'S ROOM AT EASTLEIGH...THERE WAS NO GUARD ON THE DOOR...AND THE ROOM WAS EMPTY...BUT A MUFFLED KNOCKING CAME FROM THE CUPBOARD....

FUNNY! OLD MOULD MUST HAVE TAKEN THE SENTRY OFF DURING THE NIGHT. BUT WHERE'S THE PRISONER? HULLO...WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



THE TROOPER CLUMPED ACROSS THE ROOM, UNLOCKED THE CUPBOARD AND THREW OPEN THE DOOR...AND OUT FELL A PURPLE-FACED MIDAS MOULD!

COR!
IT'S HIM...
THE MAJOR!



MOUTHING FURIOUS CURSES, THE CHIEF OF THE ROUNDHEAD SECRET POLICE LAY WHERE HE HAD FALLEN...HIS SKINNY LIMBS STIFFENED AND LOCKED IN THE UNDIGNIFIED POSITION WHICH THEY HAD HELD DURING THE LONG HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

WHAT...WHAT
HAPPENED,
SIR?

GAAAAH! DON'T STAND THERE BABBLING STUPID QUESTIONS, YOU THICK-HEADED OAF! PICK ME UP! GET ME ON MY FEET! GAAAAH! CURSE THAT CAVALIER PIG! WILL I NEVER LAY MY HANDS ON HIM?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SMALL FISHING VESSEL WAS SAILING STEADILY TOWARDS THE FRENCH COAST... AND THE COURT OF THE EXILED KING CHARLES THE SECOND.



YOU WILL SOON BE WITH FRIENDS WHO WILL LOOK AFTER YOU, MY LADY. AND SOME DAY YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RETURN TO YOUR HOME!

YES...SOME DAY. BUT HOW PROUD THE KING MUST BE TO HAVE SUCH VALIANT OFFICERS AS YOU GENTLEMEN AT HIS COMMAND. THERE CAN BE NONE SO BRAVE!

Claude Duval and his daring comrades set out on another thrilling mission next Monday.