

BILLY BUNTER APPEARS INSIDE!

The COMET

ADVENTURE WEEKLY

3 1/2¹⁰

No. 429
Oct. 6, 1956

EVERY
MONDAY

BUFFALO BILL



BUFFALO BILL, CHIEF OF SCOUTS TO THE 7TH CAVALRY, WAS JOURNEYING FROM FORT LINCOLN TO THE CITY OF MISSOURI IN RESPONSE TO A LETTER FROM A FIRM OF LAWYERS TELLING HIM THAT HIS RICH UNCLE ROBERT CORVIN CODY, HAD DIED. THEN, ON THE DESOLATE FRINGE OF THE PLAINS, TWO DISTANT BEFEATHERED RIDERS GALLOPED INTO VIEW...



HE URGED HIS WHITE STALLION, WHIRLWIND, TOWARDS THE REDSKINS. THEN, AN INSTANT LATER, THEY SAW HIM...AND WITH WILD SHRIEKS THEY TURNED TO ATTACK!



YAHOOO!
UP THE SEVENTH
CAVALRY!



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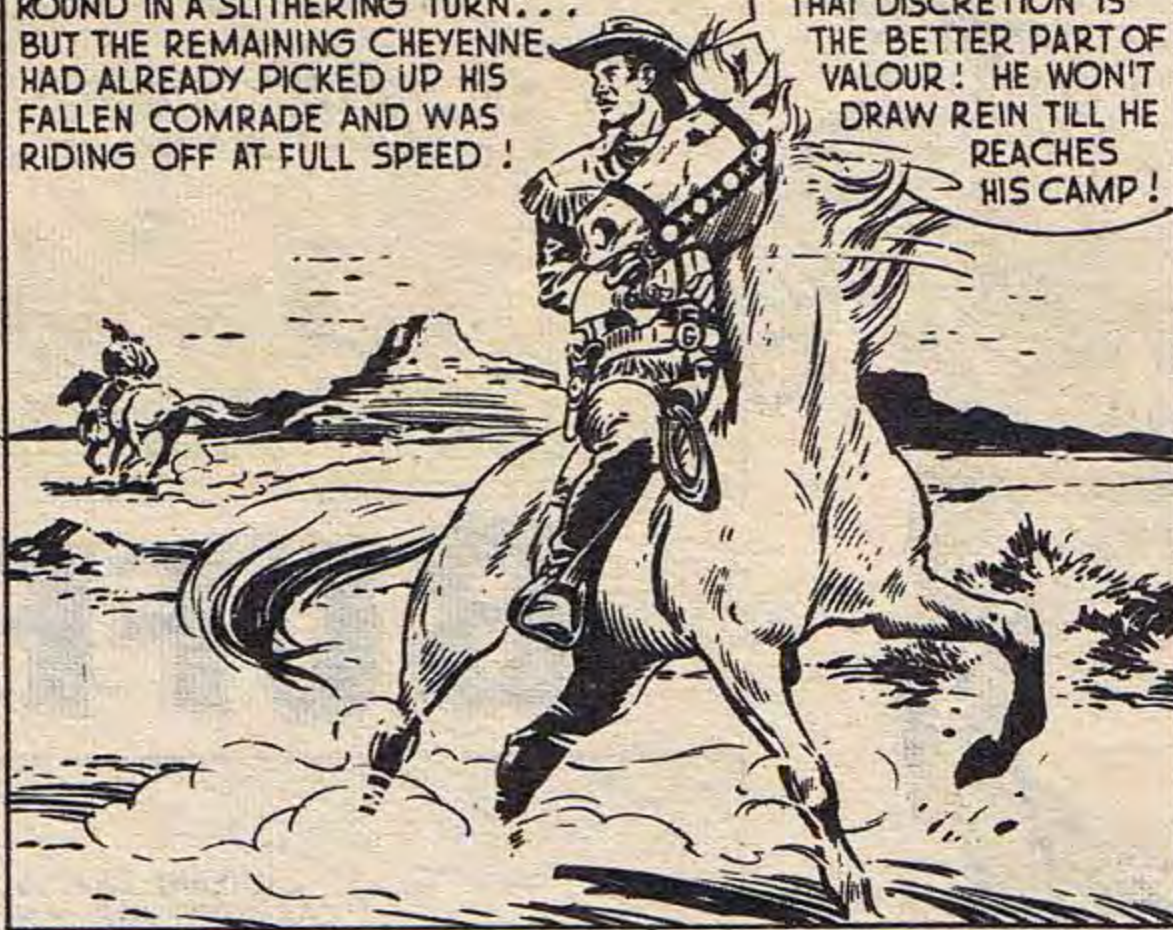
IN A BRIEF, DAZZLING SECOND, THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN SWUNG SIDWAYS IN THE SADDLE...A KEEN-EDGED LANCE SLASHED PAST HIS SHOULDER... HIS FIST CONNECTED SHATTERINGLY WITH A SCOWLING WAR-PAINTED FACE...

TAKE THAT, YOU SCALP-HUNTING COYOTE!



BUFFALO BILL CHECKED HIS MOUNT'S HEADLONG PACE AND BROUGHT HIM ROUND IN A SLITHERING TURN... BUT THE REMAINING CHEYENNE HAD ALREADY PICKED UP HIS FALLEN COMRADE AND WAS RIDING OFF AT FULL SPEED!

HA! THAT BOLD YOUNG BUCKO HAS DECIDED THAT DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR! HE WON'T DRAW REIN TILL HE REACHES HIS CAMP!



BUFFALO BILL WENT ON HIS WAY... HIS HANDSOME BROW FURROWED THOUGHTFULLY!

IF THE CHEYENNES ARE SENDING OUT SCOUTING PARTIES IT MEANS THAT A MAIN WAR-PARTY IS NEARLY ASSEMBLED...IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE OUR HANDS FULL ON THE GREAT PLAINS!



TWO DAYS LATER HE ARRIVED IN THE CITY OF MISSOURI AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE OFFICE OF CARVIDGE AND SPRY, HIS UNCLE ROBERT'S LAWYERS...



THE GREAT SCOUT WAS RECEIVED BY A DRIED-UP LITTLE MAN WHO INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS G. A. CARVIDGE. QUIETENING A SNARLING ALSATIAN DOG WHO CROUCHED BY HIS FEET, THE LAWYER COMMENCED READING THE WILL...

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ROBERT CORVIN CODY! I, ROBERT CORVIN CODY, BEQUEATH MY ENTIRE FORTUNE OF SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, TO THE MISSOURI HOME FOR STRAY DOGS!

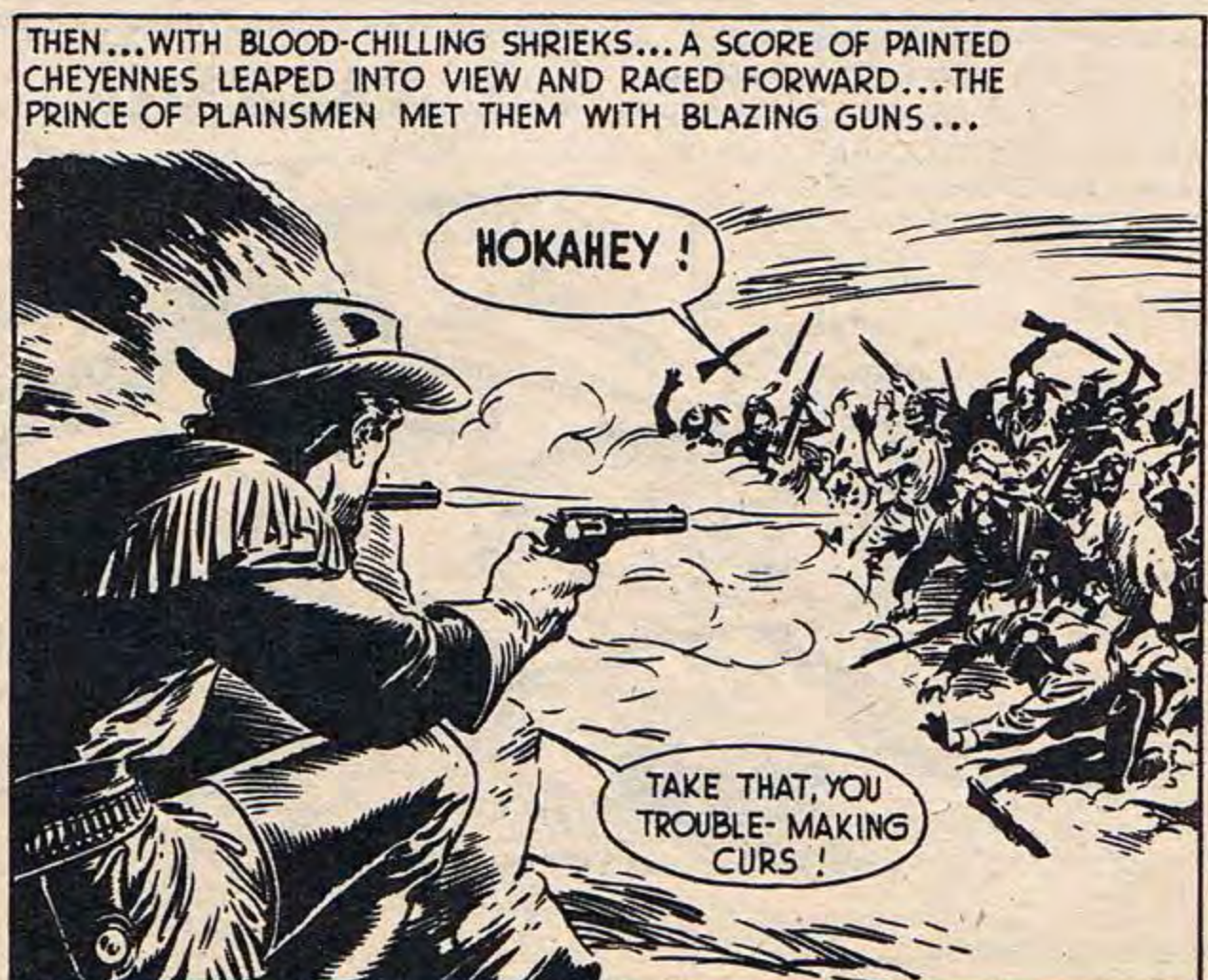
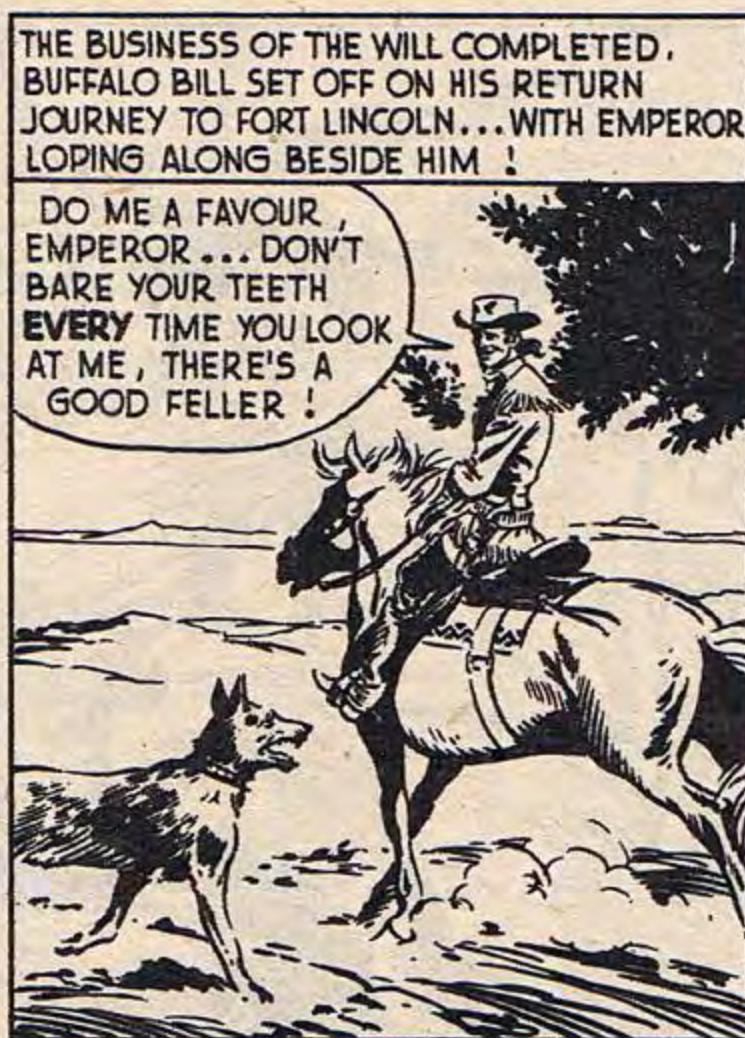
WELL! I'LL BE...



BUFFALO BILL'S EXCLAMATION BROUGHT A FROWN OF DISAPPROVAL FROM THE LITTLE LAWYER... THEN HE CONTINUED...

...TO MY GALLANT NEPHEW, COLONEL WILLIAM FREDERICK CODY, I LEAVE MY MOST TREASURED POSSESSION... THE BOON COMPANION OF MY LATER YEARS... THE FAITHFUL ALSATIAN DOG WHO RIGHTLY BEARS THE NAME OF EMPEROR!





SIX WARRIORS FELL ... THE REST BACKED AWAY TO PLAN SOME OTHER FORM OF ATTACK ... AND BUFFALO BILL SEIZED HIS CHANCE ...

RIGHT! LET'S GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE! TO ME, WHIRLWIND... FOLLOW US, EMPEROR!



A THRILLING VAULT INTO WHIRLWIND'S SADDLE ... AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE CHEYENNES CHARGED AGAIN!

YAHEEEEEEE!
HI!

A MOUNTED CHARGE THIS TIME, EH? THEN WE'LL TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS AND GO STRAIGHT THROUGH 'EM!



AT THE FULL GALLOP, WHIRLWIND SMASHED INTO THE ONCOMING CHEYENNES ... AND BUFFALO BILL'S ROCKETING FISTS CONNECTED ... ONCE! TWICE! THRICE!

YAHOO!
I DEFY YOU, CHEYENNE WARRIORS! MANY SHALL FALL BEFORE I DO!

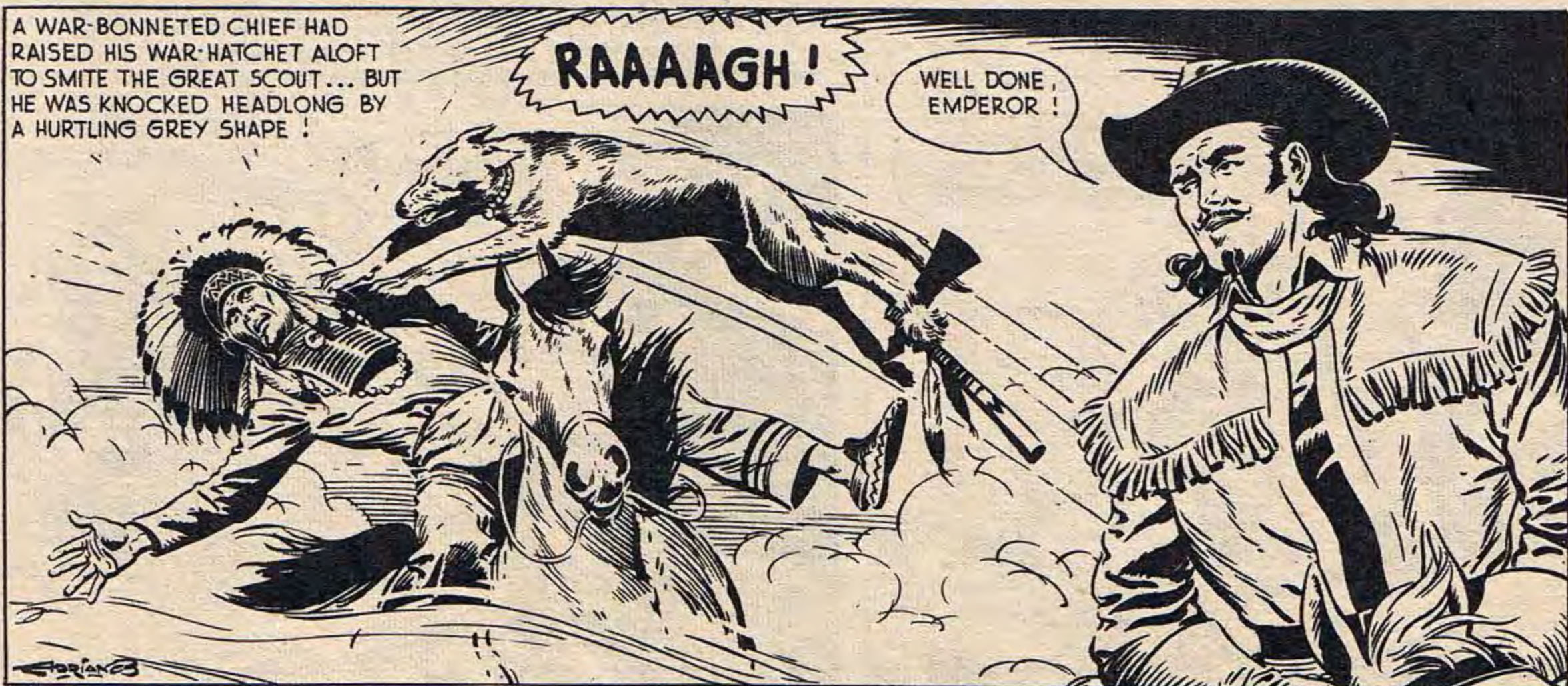
DIE,
PA-E-HAS-KA!
DIE!



A WAR-BONNETED CHIEF HAD RAISED HIS WAR-HATCHET ALOFT TO SMITE THE GREAT SCOUT ... BUT HE WAS KNOCKED HEADLONG BY A HURLING GREY SHAPE!

RAAAAGH!

WELL DONE,
EMPEROR!



TWO MORE WELL-PLACED PUNCHES AND BUFFALO BILL LEAPED HIS WHITE STALLION OVER A TANGLE OF FALLEN MEN AND MUSTANGS !

WE'RE THROUGH 'EM...COME ON, EMPEROR ! WE'VE MADE IT !

THE CHEYENNES GAVE CHASE... BUT NO MOUNT ON THE PLAINS COULD OVERTAKE WHIRLWIND, THE WONDER STALLION... AND EARLY ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, BUFFALO BILL ARRIVED BACK IN FORT LINCOLN WITH THE NEWS...

THE CHEYENNES ARE OUT ON THE WAR-PATH, GENERAL ! I SUGGEST THAT THE REGIMENT RIDES TO DO BATTLE WITH THEM IMMEDIATELY !

AGREED ! TRUMPETER... SOUND BOOT AND SADDLE !

Next day, guided by Buffalo Bill, the 7th Cavalry met the main Cheyenne force—and defeated them in a grimly-contested battle.

In the thick of that rousing fight was the Prince of Plainsmen—and close by him, battling with reckless ferocity—WAS THE LION-HEARTED EMPEROR !

WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER AND THEY HAD RETURNED TO THE FORT, BUFFALO BILL REMEMBERED THE LETTER FROM HIS UNCLE, WHICH HE HAD LEFT UNREAD...

"DEAR WILLIAM...YOU WILL FIND EMPEROR A STAUNCH COMRADE IN YOUR FIGHTS AGAINST HOSTILE INDIANS... HE HATES INDIANS...THE VERY SCENT OF REDSKINS SENDS HIM FIGHTING MAD... HIS SCENT IS SO KEEN THAT HE CAN DETECT A WHITE MAN WHO HAS TOUCHED AN INDIAN !

THE PRINCE OF PLAINSMEN GLANCED AT HIS NEW COMRADE WITH EYES A-TWINKLE...

YOU OLD FIRE-EATER ! SO THAT'S WHY YOU FLEW AT ME IN THE LAWYER'S OFFICE... YOU SCENTED THE INDIAN THAT I SOCKED ON THE WAY TO MISSOURI...BUT NOW WE'RE PALS, EH ? REAL PALS !

EMPEROR GAVE A JOYFUL BARK... HIS BUSHY TAIL WAGGED VIGOROUSLY... THEY WERE PALS FOR LIFE !

Next week: Buffalo Bill is captured by the savage Shoshones.

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CHUCKLE CLUB

FORWARD THIS PANEL WITH YOUR JOKE

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.

WIN 10/-

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BILLY BUNTER *of Greyfriars*

After wealthy Sir Hilton Popper has been saved from drowning he is under the impression that Billy Bunter is his rescuer, and takes the fat boy to his home to reward him. But when Harry Wharton and his chums arrive at Popper Court with a young gypsy lad, Sir Hilton recognises the gypsy as the boy who saved his life...

FUMING WITH RAGE, SIR HILTON WHIRLED UPON BILLY BUNTER.

YOU HAVE DEVoured ALMOST EVERY SCRAP OF FOOD IN MY HOUSE AND ALLOWED ME TO BELIEVE YOU WERE MY RESCUER! HOW DARE YOU TRICK ME IN THIS FASHION!

HERE'S THE JELLY YOU ASKED FOR, MASTER BUNTER. OOPS!

BUNTER BACKED AWAY... AND CANNONED INTO THE MAID WHO HAD JUST ENTERED.

THE LARGE BOWL OF JELLY SHOT INTO THE AIR... AND LANDED UPSIDE-DOWN ON THE FAT BOY'S HEAD!

GROOOGH!

HA, HA, OLD BUNTER'S GOT HIS JELLY... BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT VERY MUCH!

THE ANGRY BARONET APPEALED TO THE REMOVE CHUMS...

BAH! GET THAT FAT FRAUD OUT OF MY SIGHT... THIS INSTANT!

CERTAINLY, SIR HILTON. COME ALONG, BUNTER.

I-I WAS JUST LEAVING ANYWAY.

LEFT ALONE WITH THE GYPSY BOY, SIR HILTON REGAINED HIS GOOD HUMOUR AND BEAMED HAPPILY AT HIS RAGGEDLY-DRESSED GUEST.

PLEASE, SIR. CAN I GO AS WELL NOW?

INDEED NOT! YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE THIS HOUSE UNTIL YOU HAVE TOLD ME YOUR NAME AND WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU IN RETURN FOR SAVING MY LIFE.

THE GYPSY LAD SHUFFLED HIS FEET AWKWARDLY.

MY NAME'S MICK, SIR. YOU'RE VERY KIND, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I'D LIKE YOU TO DO FOR ME... ER... EXCEPT MAYBE ONE THING...

YES, MICK? NAME WHATEVER DESIRE YOU HAVE IN YOUR MIND AND IF IT IS IN MY POWER TO FULFIL IT I PROMISE I SHALL DO SO.

THE GYPSY BLURTED OUT HIS WISH... AND A LOOK OF UTTER DISMAY CAME OVER SIR HILTON'S FACE.

PLEASE, SIR... IF YOU DON'T MIND I'D LIKE TO GO TO GREYFRIARS SCHOOL, THE SAME AS THOSE BOYS WHO WERE HERE JUST NOW.

YOU! A-A PUPIL AT GREYFRIARS...?

MICK FLUSHED AT THE NOTE OF HORRIFIED AMAZEMENT IN SIR HILTON'S VOICE ...

YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD GRANT ANY WISH OF MINE IF IT LAY WITHIN YOUR POWER TO DO SO.

ER-TRUE, MY BOY... BUT WHEN I MADE THAT PROMISE I HAD NO IDEA THAT YOUR REQUEST WOULD TAKE THIS FORM.



WHAT YOU HAVE ASKED ME TO DO PRESENTS CERTAIN DIFFICULTIES. IN FACT, MANY DIFFICULTIES. PLEASE WAIT HERE WHILE I SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE.



AFTER SIR HILTON HAD LEFT THE ROOM A SCORNFUL SMILE TOUCHED THE GYPSY BOY'S LIPS AND HE STEPPED TO THE TALL WINDOW WHICH LED TO THE GARDEN ...

HUH! I KNOW HIS SORT. FULL OF EMPTY PROMISES. I BET HE'S THINKING OUT A GOOD STORY TO TELL ME WHY I CAN'T GO TO THE SCHOOL. BUT WHEN HE HAS ALL HIS EXCUSES READY HE WON'T FIND ME TO TELL 'EM TO!



BUT MICK COMPLETELY MISJUDGED SIR HILTON POPPER. SIR HILTON HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT HE HAD NEVER BEEN A MAN TO GO BACK ON HIS WORD. AT THAT VERY MOMENT HE WAS CONCLUDING A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH THE HEADMASTER OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

THANK YOU FOR BEING SO REASONABLE ABOUT THIS UNUSUAL REQUEST, DR. LOCKE. I WILL ARRANGE FOR THE BOY TO CALL AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL TODAY.



MEANWHILE, HARRY WHARTON AND HIS CHUMS WERE ACCOMPANYING BILLY BUNTER THROUGH THE WOODS ...

YOU ARE AN ASS, BUNTER. FANCY TELLING US YOU WERE SET UPON BY A MASSIVE GYPSY, WHEN ALL THE TIME IT WAS A FELLOW NO OLDER THAN YOURSELF.

AND A JOLLY DECENT FELLOW, TOO!



BILLY BUNTER GLARED HAUGHTILY AT THE FAMOUS FIVE.

REALLY! IF YOU FELLOWS DON'T ACCEPT MY WORD FOR WHAT HAPPENED I DON'T WANT ANYTHING MORE TO DO WITH YOU. I'LL GO BACK TO SCHOOL ALONE.

HA! HA!

MIND YOU DON'T MEET ANOTHER GIANT GYPSY IN THE WOODS, BUNTER!



HIS FAT CHEEKS FLUSHED WITH INDIGNATION, BUNTER WADDLED AWAY THROUGH THE TREES. HE DID NOT NOTICE A SLIGHT MOVEMENT BEHIND SOME BUSHES, AND THE NEXT MOMENT ...

GOT YOU!

OOOOOOW!



More fun and thrills with Billy Bunter next week.

CLAUDE DUVAL ~ *The Gay Cavalier*

Seth Grubber discovers a document which would bring ruin to England. It is stolen from him by Major Midas Mould, the sinister Chief of Roundhead Secret Police, who orders Grubber to be killed. But Claude Duval comes to Grubber's rescue.

AS CLAUDE DUVAL AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES, NICK NEVISON AND THE GIANT JEMMY HIND, TORE INTO THE ROUNDHEADS IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE THE WOUNDED AND HALF-FAINTING SETH GRUBBER, ANOTHER PARTY OF ROUNDHEADS RACED TOWARDS THEM...

TAKE THAT, YOU SCURVY CROPPHEAD!



OF ALL THE FUGITIVE CAVALIERS OF KING CHARLES, CLAUDE DUVAL HAD THE HIGHEST PRICE ON HIS HEAD, AND THE ROUNDHEADS WERE DETERMINED NOT TO LET HIM ESCAPE...

BUT ON THAT NARROW TOWPATH BETWEEN THE WAREHOUSES AND THE RIVER THAMES, IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR THE ROUNDHEADS TO OVERCOME THE THREE FINEST SWORDSMEN IN THE LAND...

NEVER MIND THE OTHERS -- GET THAT DOG, DUVAL!



CLAUDE DUVAL FOUGHT HIS WAY TO THE SIDE OF SETH GRUBBER...

I'VE GOT HIM! NICK! JEMMY! THE BARGE -- BEHIND YOU!

WITH THEIR PATH BLOCKED ON BOTH SIDES BY THE CURSING, MILLING ROUNDHEADS, THE GAY CAVALIER REALISED ONLY ONE WAY OF ESCAPE LAY OPEN TO THEM -- THE RIVER.

HOLA! CAVALIERS FOR EVER!



LOOK OUT! STOP THEM! SHOOT THE DOGS DOWN!

CLAUDE DUVAL'S FAITHFUL HORSE, WARRIOR, LANDED IN THE BARGE WITH A CRASH-- AND JEMMY HIND CAME LEAPING IN BEHIND, WHILST NICK NEVISON SLASHED THE MOORING ROPE IN TWO.



COME ON, NICK-- THERE IS ROOM FOR US ALL!

AS NICK URGED HIS HORSE AFTER THE OTHERS, THE CURRENT CAUGHT THE BARGE AND IT BEGAN TO PULL AWAY FROM THE BANK...



JUMP AFTER THEM, YOU COWARDLY DOGS! YOU WILL ALL BE FLOGGED IF THEY ESCAPE!

TWO ROUNDHEAD TROOPERS LASHED THEIR HORSES IN A WILD LEAP-- BUT BOTH MISSED BY FEET AND FELL WITH TREMENDOUS SPLASHES INTO THE WATER...



GROOUGH!

HEEELP!

HO, HO! 'TIS MANY A LONG DAY SINCE I SAW A CROPEHEAD TAKING A BATH!

THE SERGEANT, WHO HAD BEEN SENT BY MOULD TO KILL GRUBBER, TURNED A WHITE FACE TO THE OFFICER...

HUH! YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SHOT, ANYWAY, FOR LETTING DUVAL AND THOSE CAVALIER DOGS GET AWAY. SO YOU'D BETTER GET AFTER THEM!

THAT-- THAT MAN THEY SNATCHED, SIR-- IF MAJOR MOULD HEARS HE HAS ESCAPED, I SHALL BE SHOT!



WHILST HALF THE ROUNDHEAD TROOPERS FIRED A HAIL OF LEADEN BULLETS INTO THE BARGE-- THE SCARED SERGEANT LED THE REST OF THE MEN IN A GALLOP ALONG THE BANK...



COME ON, YOU LAZY OAFS! THE BARGE MAY HIT THE BANK AT THE BEND-- THEN WE'LL GET THEM!

THE BARGE WAS HEAVY AND SOLID AND THE BULLETS ONLY THUDDED INTO THE OAKEN SIDES. KEEPING HIS HEAD WELL DOWN, CLAUDE TOOK OVER THE TILLER...



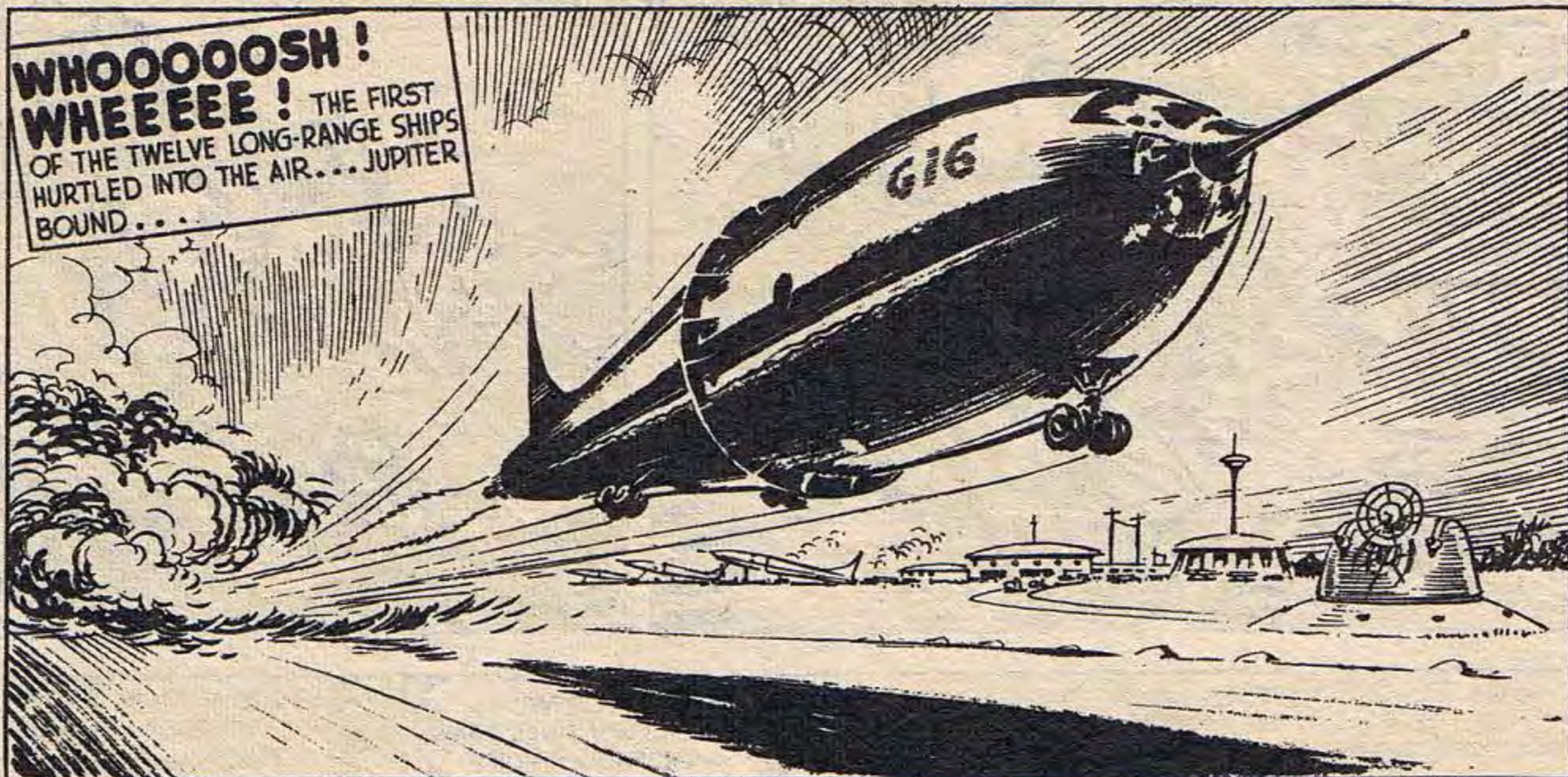
IF I CAN STEER HER PAST WAPPING CREEK, WE'LL MOVE OVER TO THE OTHER BANK-- WE'LL BEAT THOSE THICK-HEADED CROPEHEADS YET!

(CONTINUED ON THE BACK PAGE)

JET-ACE LOGAN

IT IS THE YEAR 2056 . . . CADET JIM LOGAN HAS JUST BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM AFRICA BY HIS LONG-SUFFERING INSTRUCTOR, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT COBB.

WHEN THEY LAND AT HAWTON AIRFIELD THEY ARE GREETED BY THE STARK, DRAMATIC NEWS THAT THE PLANET JUPITER HAS BEEN INVADED!



IT SOARED UP TOWARDS THE STRATOSPHERE, ACCELERATING RAPIDLY TO TEN TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND. . . LEAVING A WHITE VAPOUR TRAIL ABOVE THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL CITY OF LINCOLN . . .



LONG-RANGE SHIPS! THERE GOES ANOTHER!

WHERE ARE THEY OFF TO?

JUPITER! WHERE ELSE? DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS MATE? LOOK.



LINCOLNSHIRE TRIBUNE

WHAT IS HAPPENING ? ON JUPITER ?

LAST MESSAGE FROM PLANET "SEND REINFORCEMENTS" THEN SILENCE!

CABINET TO MEET TODAY!



INVASION RUMOURS DENIED

STOP PRESS

ON THE TARMAC AT HAWTON, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT COBB QUESTIONED THE STATION COMMANDER...

IS IT DEFINITELY AN INVASION, SIR?

DEFINITELY! BUT FOR SECURITY REASONS THE TRUE FACTS HAVE NOT BEEN RELEASED TO THE PRESS. PICK YOUR TWELVE PILOTS AND GET ABOARD G-TWENTY SEVEN... AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WILL BRIEF YOU DURING THE FLIGHT!



COBB SWEEPED THE RING OF EAGER YOUNG FACES ABOUT HIM...

RIGHT!... TWELVE PILOTS TO COME WITH ME TO JUPITER... YOU, CHARTERIS... DAVIS... MCLENNAN... ROBINSON...



HERRUMPH!

...ALL RIGHT, LOGAN! YOU AS WELL... HEAVEN HELP US!





YAHOOOO!
JET-ACE LOGAN
GOES TO WAR...
YEEEEOW!
WHAM!
WHAM!

SHUT UP,
LOGAN! ALL
OF YOU... FETCH
YOUR GEAR
AND GET ABOARD
G-TWENTY SEVEN.
FAST!



HOT STUFF. WE'RE
TAKING A SQUADRON
OF TYPE J-TWO
INTERCEPTOR SHIPS
WITH US!

TYPE
J-TWO!
THE BEST
FIGHTING-
SHIPS IN THE
SOLAR
SYSTEM!



FIVE MINUTES LATER!

FASTEN
YOUR SEAT
HARNESSES
FOR TAKE
OFF!

HEY!
WHERE'S THAT
IDIOT LOGAN?
ANYBODY SEEN
LOGAN?



HERE I AM,
SIR!... YOU
NEARLY WENT
WITHOUT THE
BLUE-EYED
BOY OF THE
R.A.F.

OH...
NO!



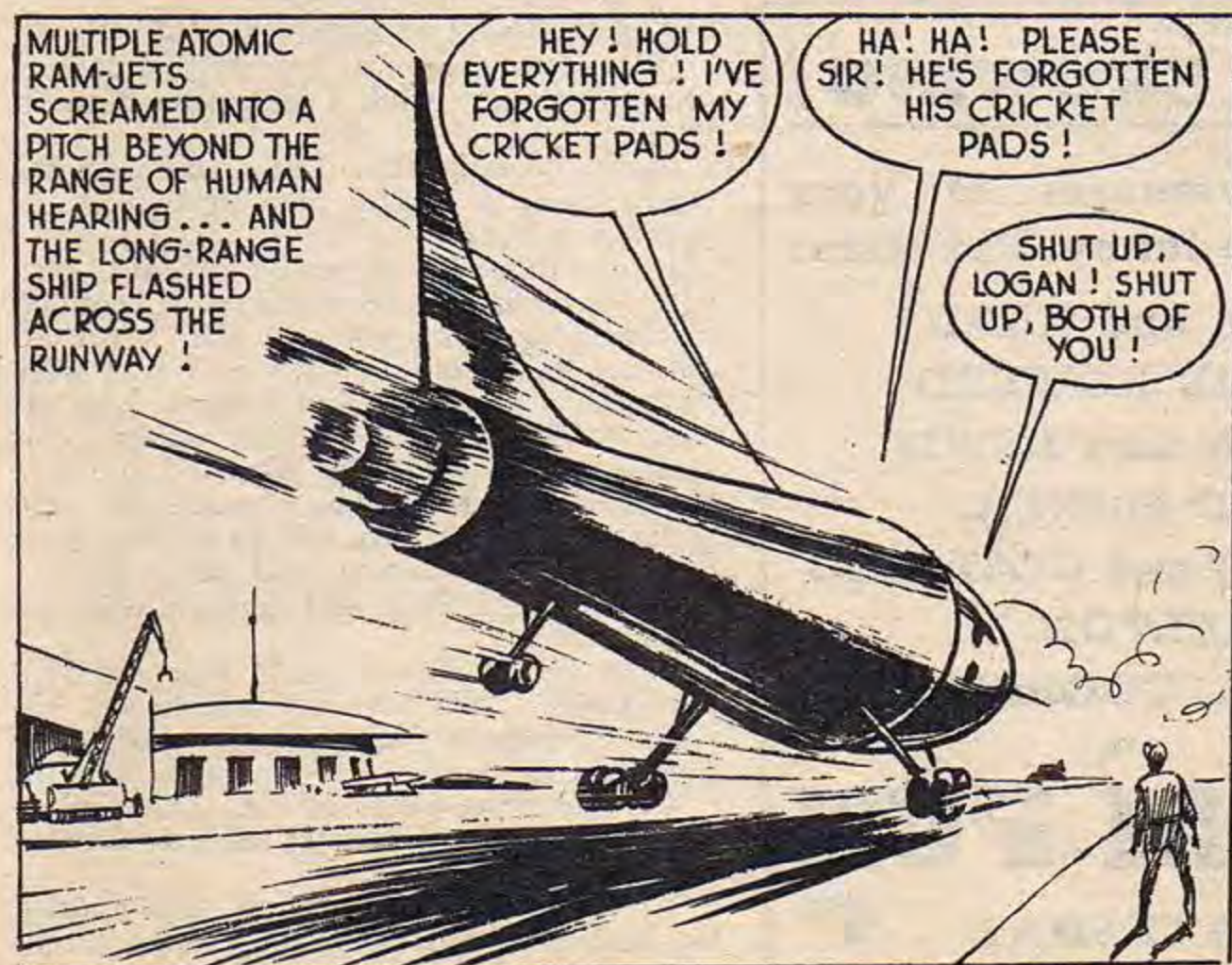
LOOK OUT,
SPACE ACE!
OW!... MY
EAR!

LOGAN! WE'RE GOING TO
JUPITER TO FIGHT... NOT
TO TAKE PART IN THE
OLYMPIC GAMES!



AND NOW... WITH
CADET LOGAN'S
PERMISSION... WE
WILL TAKE OFF AND
GO TO WAR!

SURE! I'M
ALL FIXED...
LET HER
RIP!



MULTIPLE ATOMIC
RAM-JETS
SCREAMED INTO A
PITCH BEYOND THE
RANGE OF HUMAN
HEARING... AND
THE LONG-RANGE
SHIP FLASHED
ACROSS THE
RUNWAY!

HEY! HOLD
EVERYTHING! I'VE
FORGOTTEN MY
CRICKET PADS!

HA! HA! PLEASE,
SIR! HE'S FORGOTTEN
HIS CRICKET
PADS!

SHUT UP,
LOGAN! SHUT
UP, BOTH OF
YOU!



AT 500,000 FEET, THE PILOT TURNED
HIS DIRECTION-POINTER TO A BRIGHT
SPECK ON THE RADAR SCREEN...

HELLO HAWTON CONTROL.
THIS IS G-TWENTY SEVEN...
WE ARE ON COURSE
FOR JUPITER... WISH
US LUCK... OVER!

Next Monday: Peril in Space.

COMET—October 6, 1956—11

PIRATE GOLD

Harry Tressilian, who is telling this story, and his friend, Rolly Rosewarne, are voyaging westward to Jamaica with Captain Angel and Admiral Slam, when their vessel is attacked by pirates and they are sold as slaves to Sir Ishmael Moon, the Governor of Santa Maria.

They plan to escape—and at the first opportunity they overpower the Governor and his overseer, Redroot.

The Secret of the Treasure

REDROOT lay insensible, and quick as thought I dropped on my knees beside him, took the keys from his belt, and freed my feet, then, swiftly as I could, unlocked the shackles of my comrades.

Sir Ishmael Moon, squealing and struggling, was making noise enough to wake the dead.

"Shut and bolt the door!" cried Angel; and Rolly obeyed, while Admiral Slam, holding the Governor of Santa Maria with one hand, tore a strip from his ragged shirt and stuffed it into Sir Ishmael's mouth. This silenced him completely, and we quickly bound him hand and foot, then did the same to Redroot.

Panting, Slam rose.

"Well, what now?" he said. "Hark! Some of the negro servants are coming! They heard this little rat screech for help!"

"The door is strong," returned Angel; "and, by heaven comrades, this is the most wonderful thing in the world."

"What is?" I asked, and stared at him. His eyes were glittering with excitement, his usually pale cheeks were tinged with red.

"Listen!" he cried. "I will tell you why I chose to exchange from His Majesty's Guards into the regiment at Jamaica! I will tell you why I came to the Indies. Because that villain, Sir Ishmael Moon, robbed my father of a secret—a secret concerning undreamed treasure."

He pointed to the Governor of Santa Maria, and Sir Ishmael's eyes were nigh starting from his head. He strove to speak—he squirmed and struggled afresh; and Angel, with a ripple of laughter, stood over him.

"Ah, old thief!" he said lightly. "You little imagined that I would track you down! You thought you had my father in your power. Years ago you pretended to be his friend, and when he discovered a clue to the greatest treasure hoard upon the Spanish Main you laid a trap for him. You, who then commanded the regiment at Jamaica in which my father was an officer, accused him of a crime of which he was innocent, that you might wrest from him the secret of the treasure; and he gave you that secret in return for your promise to tell the truth and declare him guiltless of the charge."

"But you, having gained the secret of the treasure, stayed silent. My father was hounded from the army, his health gave way, and for years he lived wretchedly in England, until at last he told me of your villainy, and I vowed never to rest until I had found you. I held a commission in the King's Guards, but when I learned that you were governor of this island I exchanged regiments that I might the more easily reach you. It we hadn't been captured by pirates you and I might not have met for months, old rascal, but at last here we are, face to face!"

Sir Ishmael Moon bit at his gag, his fierce eyes glaring at Angel.

"Ah!" went on Angel. "You are trying to say that you have not used the clue, that



Sir Ishmael scowled savagely as I handed the parchment to Captain Angel.

you have not yet found the treasure. But I know why! It is because the task is too vast, too terrible!

"You have not the heart to dare such a great adventure. Yet, like a dog in the manger, you have hoarded the secret—you have sworn that if you do not gain the treasure no other man shall! But you shall tell me where that secret is! Speak, or by the sky above us I'll slit your windpipe."

And stooping, Captain Angel plucked the gag from Sir Ishmael's mouth.

"One word more!" he cried. "Your servants are clamouring outside the door.

Shout for help and I'll kill you! But tell them to go! Say that you are in no need of them!"

For an instant Sir Ishmael hesitated; then, with a fearful imprecation, he obeyed. We heard the negroes withdraw, chattering in wonder, while the Governor of Santa Maria lay at our mercy.

"The secret! Where is it?" said Angel in a dangerously soft and persuasive voice. At the same moment he pricked Sir Ishmael's throat with the point of his sword.

With bloodshot eyes and a face white as chalk the wretch pointed to an old cabinet.

"It is there," he gurgled.

Angel glanced at Slam.

"I beg you, Admiral, to prise that cabinet open," he said, "while I look after dear Sir Ishmael."

Again he laughed a little, and with the sword made a playful pass or two at the governor's breast.

It took the Admiral but a moment to deal with the cabinet. He wrenched it asunder, scattering papers right and left, while Sir Ishmael watched him with eyes that were frightful in their fury and despair. All the miser in the man came to the surface—his look was the look of one who had lost even his soul, and I confess I could not help feeling a queer thrill of pity to see him lying there, helpless, panting, and convulsed.

But Admiral Slam and Angel pitied him not a whit.

"The secret! Where is it?" repeated Captain Angel. "We have not time to sift that mass of papers. Life is too short. Be quick!"

The glittering point of the sword, playing so near Sir Ishmael's throat, fetched from him a hollow groan.

"It is there," he muttered, and nodded his head towards a brown and faded parchment, which I instantly pounced upon and

NOW SHOWING!

The adventures of your favourite funny film stars:

LAUREL and HARDY

FRANKIE HOWARD

MARTIN and LEWIS

RONALD SHINER

ABBOTT and COSTELLO

RED SKELTON

TOMMY COOPER

in

FILM FUN

EVERY TUESDAY

4d.

handed to Captain Angel.

His gaze raced over it, then, with a return of his sunny smile, he thrust the parchment into the pocket of his tattered velvet breeches and made a mocking bow to the Governor.

"At last!" he said, and drew a long breath.

Redroot stirred suddenly, but Rolly Rosewarne stood prepared to deal with him should he attempt to give trouble. The Admiral glanced out of the window.

"The ship has disappeared," he said. "No use attempting to signal to her to return."

"We might fire a gun or two," returned Angel; "but I doubt even then if she would come back."

"We must take one of the boats, and chance it," said Slam. "Let us gag this old rascal afresh, and leave him and Redroot here. The negroes will not attempt to stay our flight. You, Angel, have Sir Ishmael's sword; give his pistol to Harry; Rolly can take Redroot's; and I'll take his blade! My plan is this: to make for the beach at once, launch one of the three boats, and strive by hard rowing to get within hailing distance of the ship. The wind is light, and presently it will be a dead calm, so there's a chance for us yet. Come on, lads!"

I cannot describe the wild excitement of that moment.

The instant when I first freed myself and then all my brave comrades from our chains and shackles, the startling secret of the treasure, the sword in Angel's hand that had forced Sir Ishmael to tell us where the parchment lay—all these events had come so rapidly that it was hard to realise that we were free, that our two worst enemies were helpless at our feet, and that the time had come to make a desperate effort to escape from this dreadful island.

But how? It seemed a hopeless venture, leading to almost certain re-capture.

A dash for the sea—and liberty

AS we burst from the room the negroes, who had stayed within earshot, went scampering down the stairs in a panic, for Slam, at the first sight of them, had given a roar and waved his sword.

"They'll carry the alarm to the overseers in the plantations," said Angel, "so we must look alive! Into the kitchens, Harry, and seize what provisions you can! Rolly, my boy, quest about for a bottle or two of wine; we shall need food and drink while in the boat, for how do we know how long we shall have to stay afloat? Admiral, here is a jar of water. Aid me to carry it!"

Well laden, we hurried towards the beach, whereon lay the three boats belonging to Sir Ishmael Moon. These were rarely used except when the Governor went a-fishing or for a cruise around the island, and they were always kept upon a wooden slip which ran down across the shingle and made the launching an easy matter.

Our only dread was that we might be pursued and overtaken before we reached the beach, for the negro servants were racing towards the plantations and already I beheld an overseer running to meet them.

"They are coming," said Rolly.

"The Admiral and I will launch a boat!" cried Angel. "You and Harry stand ready with your pistols and shoot most deadly at the villains when they come near enough!"

On and on we went, and reached the slip just as a couple of overseers and the negroes came rushing down the slope from the Governor's residence.

Angel and Slam seized hold of the lightest boat, in which were laid oars, a mast, and a sail, and into which we had placed our provisions; then, with a "Heave-ho!" from the Admiral, they set the craft moving down

the slip, while Rolly Rosewarne and I turned to face the noisy rabble that pursued us.

They had rushed into the house for weapons on their way from the plantations, and more than one carried a musket. Besides the two overseers, who flourished cutlasses, there were seven or eight negroes, all of them personal servants of Sir Ishmael and rascals who, it appeared, were prepared to show some fidelity to him; while, to our dismay, we saw just behind them two more come running, followed by none other than Sir Ishmael himself. He had been released, and was coming himself to hound his pack of wolves upon us. As for Redroot, he, we imagined, was still *hors de combat*.

Rolly and I, when we took the pistols, had not forgotten to rifle the Governor and Redroot of the sword belts, attached to which were little pouches of powder and of bullets, so that the firing away of our first charges would not leave us defenceless so long as we had time to reload ere our enemies were upon us.

We could hear Sir Ishmael's voice plainly.

The crafty scoundrel was shrieking with fury; he was yelling like a fiend. The foremost pursuer was one of the overseers—a cruel, wolfish-visaged fellow, lacking one eye, and with a great scar running across his face.

With a string of oaths he shouted to us to stop and yield ourselves his prisoners.

I stole a glance at the Admiral and at Angel. Already they had run the boat half-way down the slip, at the end of which the flowing tide was lapping the beach, and again we heard Slam's cheery "Heave-ho!" as he put out all his mighty strength and shoved the craft along.

"Wait a moment!" I said to Rolly, who had levelled his pistol. "Let him come nearer; then we will fire together!"

The overseer whirled his cutlass and came at us with a rush.

"Now!" I muttered.

Bang! Bang!

Both bullets struck him fairly. He flung up his arms, the cutlass fell tinkling on the shingle, and he tumbled all of a heap, with his face half-buried in the sand. Close behind him was a negro, and, quick as light,

I gave him the contents of my second barrel. Down he went with a yell that woke a hundred echoes and set a regiment of sea-birds to flight, and the rest of our pursuers halted until Sir Ishmael Moon could come up to them.

"And well done, both of you!" sang out the Admiral. "A moment, lads, and our boat will be afloat. Turn and run to her as soon as I give the signal."

"Down on your faces!" suddenly cried Angel.

We obeyed on the instant, and well we did, for at the command from Moon those who had muskets let fly at us.

"Now!" roared the Admiral. "Up, and run for it! The boat's launched!"

Leaping to our feet, we dashed down to the sea. Angel was already in the boat, while Slam was up to his knees in the shallow water awaiting our coming.

"Into her! Quick!" he cried. "I'll shove her off!" And in we scrambled.

With a powerful heave the Admiral sent the boat into deeper water, flinging himself at the same time into her bows. One or two muskets bellowed, a couple of bullets hummed like bees over our heads, and presently there we were, well away from the beach, on which Sir Ishmael Moon, in his rage, was dancing like a maniac.

There was little or no wind, so each of us seized an oar and rowed with all his might. Now and again Rolly and I, who were as yet but sorry sailors, caught terrible crabs which nigh upset the boat and caused the Admiral to roar at us; but Angel, it was clear, was no stranger to the sea, and pulled away as neatly as could be.

Slim and dainty though he was, it seemed as though his muscles were strong as steel, for he rowed as well as he fought, and soon our little craft was creeping out of the harbour.

"'Tis useless to hoist our sail," said Admiral Slam, "though later we may get a night breeze which will help us along. Yo-ho, lads, on we go."

I glanced back for a last look at the island of Santa Maria.

"Look!" I cried the next moment. "They're launching a boat. Sir Ishmael is going to pursue us."

Next week: Terror on the deep!

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STRONGBOW *THE* MOHAWK



Strongbow the Mohawk and Hawkeye the Hunter see a host of fearsome savage giants emerge from the smoking crater of an ancient volcano. The giants are going to attack the camp of the Gila Apaches... but Strongbow yells out his thrilling war-cry to warn his friends, the Apaches.

NAGA, THE MEDICINE MAN OF THE GILA APACHES, RUSHED OUT OF HIS TEPEE AS HE HEARD THE ECHOING CALL OF STRONGBOW THE MOHAWK COME FLOATING DOWN THE VOLCANO SIDE...



HI-YAH! IT IS OUR COMRADE, STRONGBOW! HE IS WARNING US... THE GIANT WARRIORS MUST BE COMING TO ATTACK US!

THE DEEP-THROATED, EERIE CHANT OF THE GIANTS FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE VOLCANO STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE APACHES... THEN, THEY SAW THEM!



SAYA-HUM! SAYA-HUM! SAYA-HUM!

AYEE! WE CANNOT STAND AGAINST SUCH FEARFUL CREATURES! LET US FLEE, MY BROTHERS!

MOVING WITH UNHURRIED TREAD, THEIR POWERFUL MUSCLES RIPPLING IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE STRANGE GIANTS SPREAD OUT TO SURROUND THE GILA APACHES...



SHOOT THEM DOWN... THEY ARE ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD. YOUR ARROWS CAN SLAY THEM LIKE ANY OTHER ENEMY!

A FEW ARROWS WERE AIMED BY NERVELESS FINGERS AT THE GIANTS... BUT THE APACHES HAD NO HEART FOR THE FIGHT! THEN SUDDENLY TWO FIGURES LEAPED INTO THEIR MIDST WITH RINGING CRIES...



HOKA! HEY-YAH! WHY DO YOU TREMBLE, MY COMRADES? ATTACK!

LET 'EM HAVE IT! THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!

THE ARRIVAL OF STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE PUT NEW HEART INTO THE APACHES... AND AS THE GIANTS LUMBERED TOWARDS THEM, THEY STRUCK AT THEM WITH LANCES AND WAR-HATCHETS AND STEEL-TIPPED ARROWS!



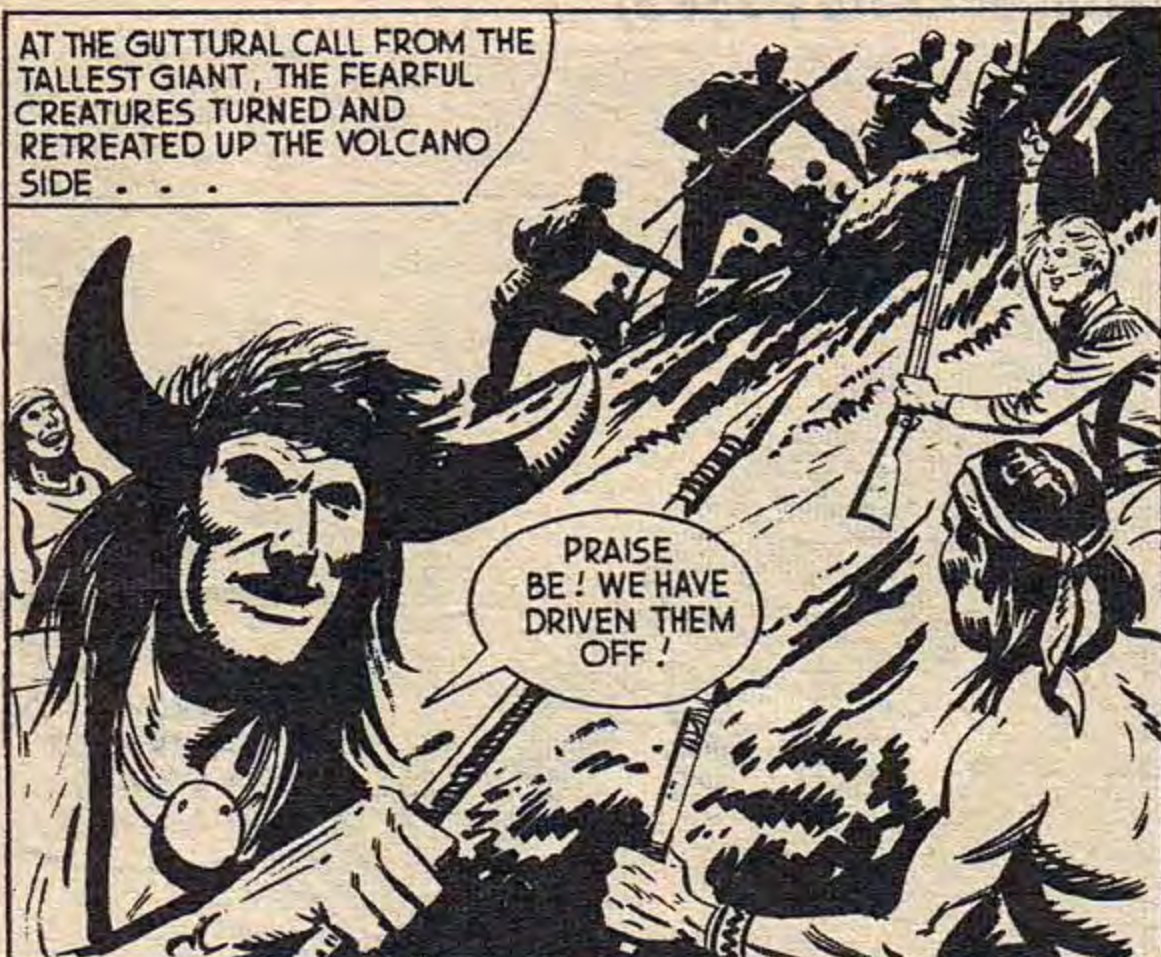
SIX OF YOU ATTACK EACH OF THEM... CUT THEM DOWN! HURL THEM TO THE DUST, MY COMRADES!

THE SAVAGE, RED-RIMMED EYES OF THE GIANTS TOOK ON A PUZZLED LOOK AT THE APACHES' DEFENCE... FOR A MOMENT, THEY HESITATED!



HEYA! THEY FALTER! VICTORY SHALL YET BE OURS!

AT THE GUTTURAL CALL FROM THE TALLEST GIANT, THE FEARFUL CREATURES TURNED AND RETREATED UP THE VOLCANO SIDE . . .



PRaise
BE! WE HAVE
DRIVEN THEM
OFF!

BUT MANY A BRAVE APACHE HAD GONE TO THE LAST HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS THAT NIGHT AND STRONGBOW WAS DETERMINED TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS!

WE MUST FIND OUT WHERE THEY LIVE INSIDE THE VOLCANO, HAWKEYE! IT IS UNCANNY THAT THEY CAN DWELL SO NEAR THE HEAT OF THE CRATER.

LET'S FOLLOW 'EM, STRONGBOW! BUT WATCH OUT... WE DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH 'EM ON OUR OWN.



CAUTIOUSLY, THE TWO FEARLESS FIGHTERS CREPT UP THE VOLCANO SIDE... ON THE SMOKING LIP THEY SAW THE LAST OF THE HUGE WARRIORS MOVING DOWN TOWARDS A CLOUD OF CHOKING VAPOUR . . .



BY HICKORY! WHERE THE HECK ARE THEY GOING?

I KNOW NOT... BUT IF THEY CAN LIVE AND BREATHE IN YONDER SMOKE... SO CAN WE.

ACRID SULPHUROUS GASES CLUTCHED AT THEIR THROATS AS STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE SLIPPED OVER THE ROCKY LIP OF THE VOLCANO CRATER . . .



HAH... I'VE SMOKED SOME HORRIBLE BACCY IN MY TIME, BUT NEVER ANYTHING THAT SMELLED LIKE THIS.

HUSH! THEY MAY HEAR YOU.

THEY HELD THEIR BREATH AS THEY ENTERED THE SMOKE AND DIMLY SAW A WELL-TRODDEN PATH BENEATH THEIR FEET, LEADING DOWNWARDS.



IT TOOK THE COURAGE OF A LION TO CONTINUE THROUGH THAT DREADFUL BURNING SMOKE... BUT STRONGBOW AND HAWKEYE STRODE ON... A DRAUGHT OF COLD AIR SMOTE THEIR FACES, AND THEN THE WAY AHEAD WAS CLEAR.

AT LAST... THIS PATH MUST LEAD TO THEIR LAIR... SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF THE VOLCANO!

PHEW! AS LONG AS THERE IS NO MORE OF THAT DURNED SMOKE, I VOTE WE GO ON!



Next Monday: In the grip of the hideous giant fungus.

