

The COMET

ADVENTURE WEEKLY

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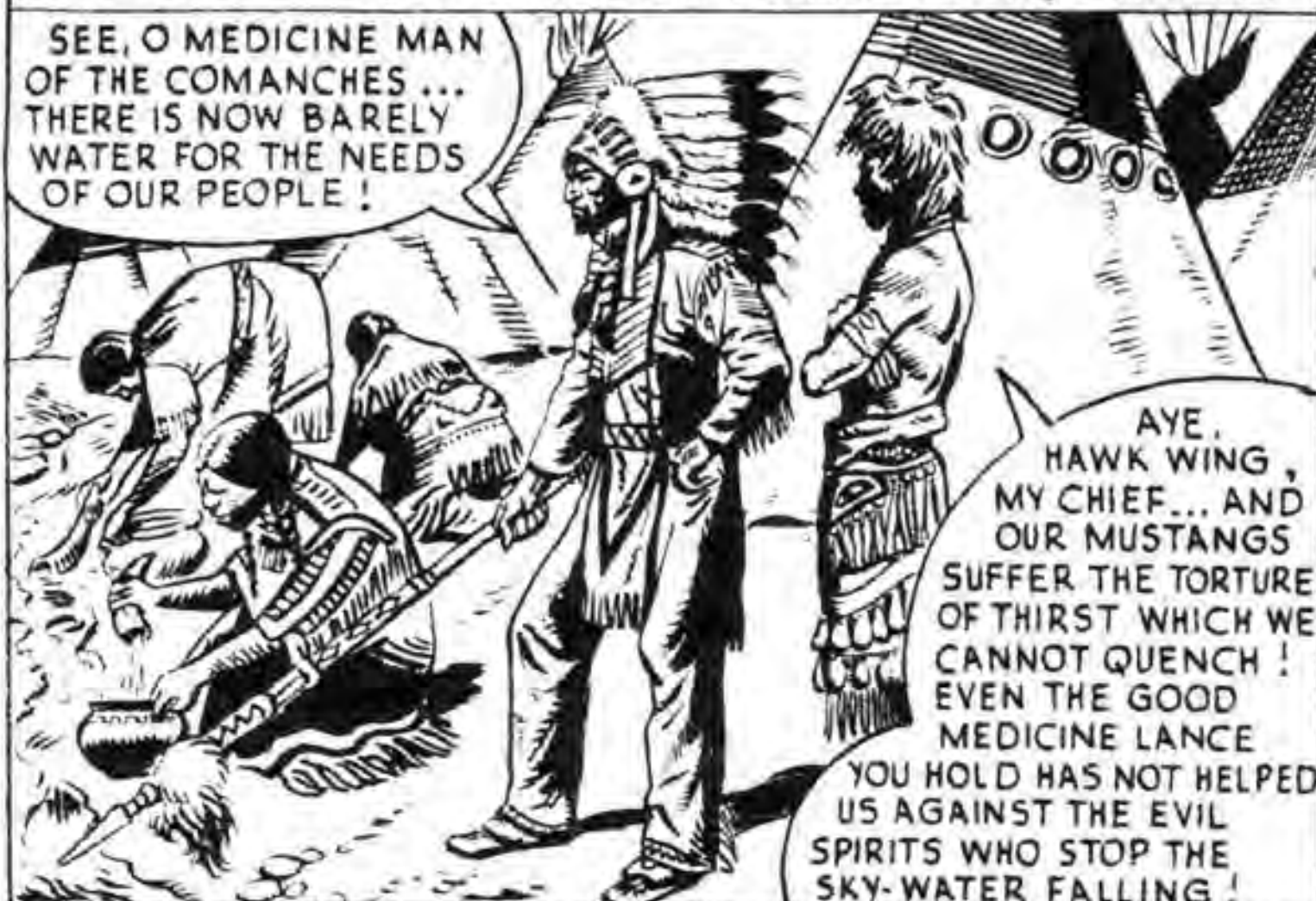
BUFFALO BILL
IN PICTURES:
ALSO INSIDE
WAR EAGLE
THE GREATEST AIR ACE
OF THE 2ND WORLD WAR



BUFFALO BILL AND THE SACRED LANCE OF HAWK WING

For two months a cruel drought had grasped the parched lands of North Dakota in a relentless strangle-hold. Gradually, the small, stream of water running through the Comanche village in the Hulaca Valley reservation had dwindled to a tiny trickle . . .

SEE, O MEDICINE MAN OF THE COMANCHES ... THERE IS NOW BARELY WATER FOR THE NEEDS OF OUR PEOPLE !



AYE, HAWK WING, MY CHIEF... AND OUR MUSTANGS SUFFER THE TORTURE OF THIRST WHICH WE CANNOT QUENCH ! EVEN THE GOOD MEDICINE LANCE YOU HOLD HAS NOT HELPED US AGAINST THE EVIL SPIRITS WHO STOP THE SKY-WATER FALLING !

The Comanches were the greatest Indian horsemen in the West—and seeing their beloved ponies suffering for lack of water brought gnawing pain to the hearts of the redmen. After many hours of deep thought, Hawk Wing summoned his braves . . .

HEAR ME, MY BROTHERS ! NO LONGER CAN I WATCH OUR FINE HORSES GROW WILD-EYED WITH THE AGONY OF THIRST. WE WILL LEAVE OUR SQUAWS AND TEPEES IN THE WHITE MAN'S RESERVATION... BUT WE WILL TAKE OUR MUSTANGS WHERE THERE IS MUCH WATER... AT THE SPRINGS BEYOND COYOTE PASS !

YOUR TONGUE IS WISE, O HAWK WING. FOR OUR LEGENDS SAY THOSE WATERS HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GUSH FROM THE EARTH !



The Coyote Pass springs were a freak of nature, for the water sprang from a cluster of rocks and drained back into the earth again a few yards away. It was the only water for miles—and that was why Jeb Lawson and his family had settled there.

WE SURE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE THIS WATER, SON ! **BY HICKORY ! INJUNS ...** COMING MIGHTY FAST AND BENT ON TROUBLE, I'LL BET ! QUICK, HAL, INTO THE CABIN AND GET THE RIFLES LOADED !



Father and son dived into the cabin, neither of them seeing that the Comanches were not wearing war paint. As Hawk Wing led his followers closer, rifles cracked out viciously from the shack and flying lead screamed savagely past the redskins' faces . . .

HAGA ! SO THE GREEDY PALEFACES WILL NOT SHARE THE WATER. BUT THEY ARE FEW AGAINST OUR NUMBERS. WE WILL FIGHT !

YAHREE ! WE MUST SLAY THE WHITE DOGS IF OUR PONIES ARE TO LIVE !



The Comanches surged forward like an angry red tide—but the rifles in the cabin lashed a hail of bullets about their ears. Fearing heavy losses, Hawk Wing swung his men away—just as a lone buckskin clad rider galloped over hill crest close by . . .

GREAT GUNS ! COMANCHES FROM THE RESERVATION ATTACKING THE NEW SETTLERS ! WHIRLWIND, THOSE WHITE FOLK ARE GOING TO NEED SOME HELP... **LET'S GO, FELLER !**



Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody, the fearless fighting frontiersman, sent his magnificent white stallion in a racing gallop down the slope. Seconds later the great horse had streaked past the startled Comanches and was sliding to a halt by the cabin . . .

OPEN UP AND MAKE IT FAST... OR THOSE VARMINTS WILL BE BREATHING DOWN MY NECK !

HUNHA ! MANITOU FROWNS UPON US... FOR NOW PA-E-HAS-KA FIGHTS AGAINST US !



As Jeb Lawson wrenched open the door, Bill was through in a flash and leaping to a window. His firm, bearded lips parted in a grin at the settler's white-faced wife as she reloaded a spare rifle beside Hal, who was watching the Comanches.

HOWDY, FOLKS! I'M CODY, SCOUT FOR THE SEVENTH CAVALRY AT FORT LINCOLN! SAW YOU WERE HAVING A MITE OF TROUBLE SO I RECKONED I'D JOIN THE FUN!

HEY, PAW! THOSE INJUNS ARE CIRCLING ROUND US... AND GETTING OFF THEIR HORSES. GUESS THEY'RE GOING TO BESIEGE US!

The famous scout knew that they were in a desperate position. Gradually the cabin was being riddled with the redskin lead and at any moment those bullets might find human targets. They had to have help and Bill could only see one way...

LAWSON... FORT LINCOLN IS HALF-AN-HOUR'S RIDE. YOU NEED ME HERE... BUT YOUR LAD COULD MAKE THE RUN AND BRING THE CAVALRY. AND IF HE RIDES MY HORSE, WHIRLWIND, NONE OF THOSE VARMINTS OUT THERE CAN STOP HIM!

PLEASE, PAW, LET ME GO! GEE, I'D DO ANYTHING TO RIDE THAT WHITE HORSE!

Through the glassless window Bill saw that Hal was right—for Hawk Wing, realising the cost of frontal attacks, had sent his braves to surround the cabin. Now they began sniping and soon their bullets were cutting chinks between the rough hewn logs.

I WISH I KNEW WHY THOSE REDSKINS PICKED ON US... THEY JUST CAME CHARGING UP LOOKING MIGHTY DANGEROUS, SO WE STARTED SHOOTING!

PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! IT'S DARNED ODD, LAWSON, THOSE COMANCHES AREN'T WEARING WAR PAINT! BUT THEY SURE SHOULD BE, FOR THEY'RE CERTAINLY NOT VERY FRIENDLY!

Lawson knew there was only one answer he could give if they were all to have a chance to live. He glanced at his ashen-faced wife—and nodded! The next instant Bill tore open the cabin door and swept Hal up into Whirlwind's saddle...

LEAVE IT TO WHIRLWIND, YOUNGSTER! HE KNOWS THE WAY... AND I'LL KEEP THOSE COMANCHES' HEADS DOWN WHILE YOU GO! HOME, WHIRLWIND, HOME!

The superb stallion streaked away, the boy clinging to the saddle with all his strength—and around him like a shield flew a perfectly aimed pattern of whining red-hot lead from Bill's rifle, forcing the Comanches to hug the earth in fear.

HE'S THROUGH! NOW WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON TILL HE BRINGS THE FIGHTING SEVENTH!

But just as Bill sprang back into the cabin, Jeb Lawson staggered and fell senseless as a bullet ploughed across his temple—and the scout knew he had to fight alone. And in one flashing thought the intrepid plainsman saw the only way out...

YOU JUST LOOK AFTER HIM, MA'AM, AND DON'T WORRY. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO BORROW YOUR HORSE... I'M GOING TO TRY TO TAKE THOSE COPPER COLOURED COYOTES RIGHT OFF YOUR DOORSTEP!

A moment later the Comanches stopped firing in astonishment as they watched Jeb Lawson's horse, apparently riderless, racing straight towards their chief. Hawk Wing himself stood up as it came close—and suddenly stiffened in surprise.



Hawk Wing's rifle swung up—but too late, for a steel knuckled fist smashed it from his hands, and then slammed against his jaw stunningly. He would have fallen but muscular arms snatched him up and laid him half conscious across the horse's neck.



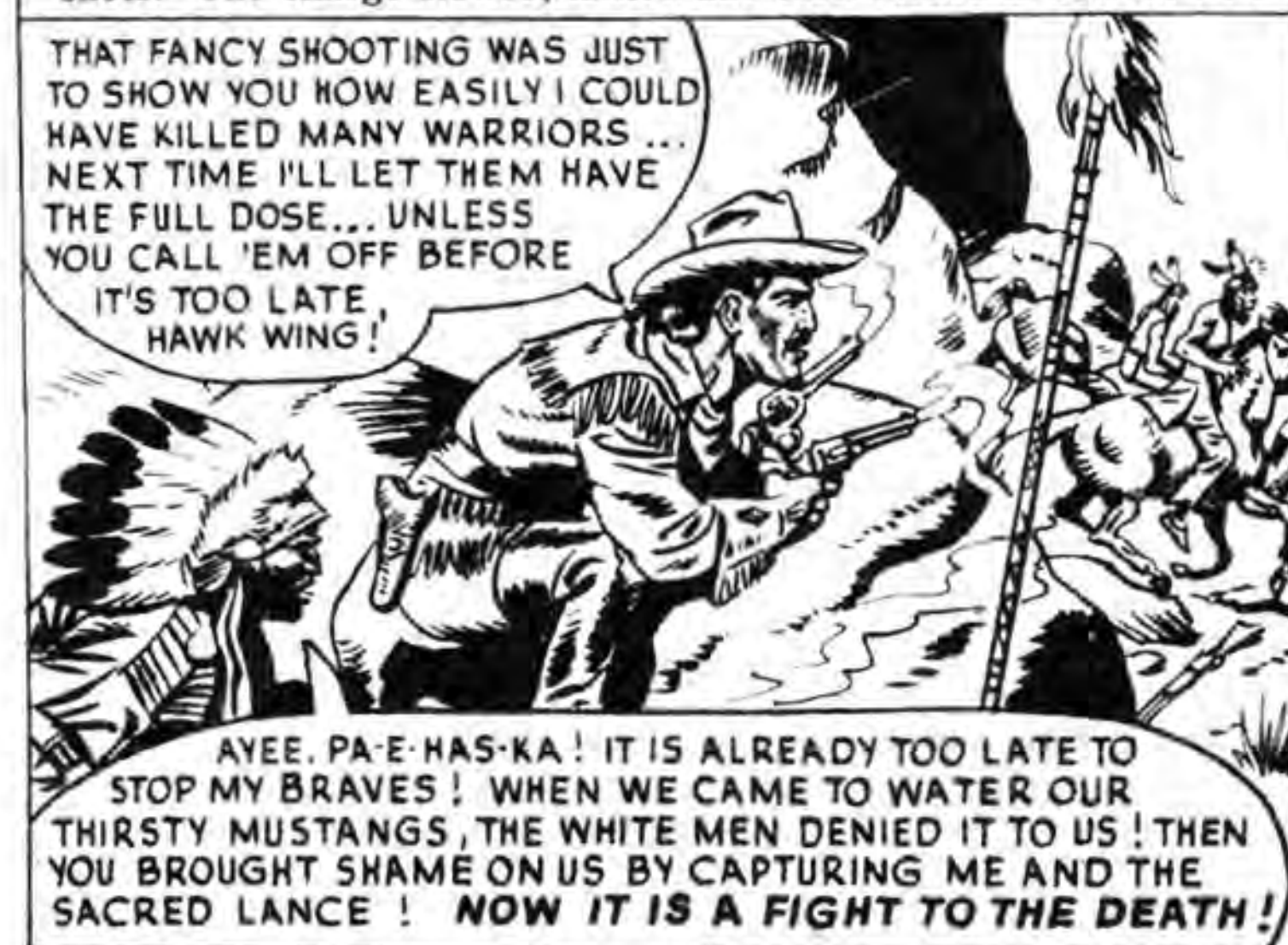
Howling with fury, the Comanches ran to their ponies—and the chase was on! Bill saw immediately that his doubly burdened mount would not hold off the Indians for long, so he headed the straining horse into a small canyon which cut into the hills...



Holding the still dazed chief, the fighting frontiersman dismounted behind some rocks at the back of the canyon. Whipping off his scarf Bill quickly bound the chief's hands. Then the drumming of unshod hooves filled the air...



The Comanches came at Bill in a redskinned flood of fury—his guns roared a blazing challenge—and astonished Indians felt weapons smashed from their hands by the scout's perfectly aimed shots. The charge slowed, halted and then turned in retreat...



Sudden understanding hit Bill like a thunderbolt—the Comanches had not been on the war path until Jeb Lawson's over-hasty shooting had forced them to fight for the lives of their horses! Then a bullet spanged off the rocks just behind him...



Turning away from Hawk Wing, Bill emptied his belt of cartridges. Hastily he began to prize the bullets from the cases—and pour the powder charges into one of his gauntlets. Within a minute he was finished and he crawled to the rocks behind him . . .



Then the frontiersman spun round and hurled the needle tipped lance. It streaked with incredible accuracy at its tiny target—the detonating cap of the cartridge set in Bill's powder filled gauntlet! It struck true—and the charge exploded shatteringly . . .



Half an hour later, a troop of the 7th Cavalry galloped into the canyon. Beside Captain Myles Keogh raced Whirlwind carrying Hal and his father Jeb whom they had picked up at the cabin. It was he who had told them where Bill had led the Comanches . . .



Meanwhile the Comanches had gathered for another assault and the air trembled with the thunder of their terrible charge. Then suddenly their war screams died as Buffalo Bill sprang on to the top of his rocky barricade, holding the chief's sacred lance.



Buffalo Bill flung himself flat on top of Hawk Wing to cover him from the jagged stone splinters. But the Comanches stood stunned until the smoke cleared—and then cowered back—for out of the shattered rocks gushed a stream of crystal clear water!



When Jeb Lawson was told of the terrible mistake he had made in shooting at the Comanches, he was aghast. Yet Hawk Wing bore him no ill-will, for the wounds of his braves were slight—and because of a promise Buffalo Bill had made to him . . .



A thrill-packed complete story of the Prince of Plainsmen appears in next Monday's COMET.

COMET—May 3, 1958—5

BILLY BUNTER

of Greyfriars School

Harry Wharton, of the Remove Form, has been wrongly accused of taking a valuable manuscript belonging to Mr. Quelch, and is to be expelled from the school. When Harry disappears, it is thought that he has run away, but he has taken refuge in an attic. Late one night Billy Bunter is on his way to raid the pantry when he sees Mr. Quelch approaching . . .

With a muffled squeak of alarm Bunter turned and scampered back to the stairs as fast as his trembling legs would allow. Behind him came the steady tread of advancing feet, and the fat owl flung a despairing glance over his shoulder.



Up the stairs Bunter scrambled, slipping and stumbling in his haste—and relentlessly behind him, like a figure of doom, came the angular figure of Mr. Quelch. At the topmost landing the breathless fat boy halted in panic, further flight impossible . . .



Mr. Quelch mounted the last flight of stairs AND BRUSHED PAST BUNTER WITHOUT GIVING HIM A GLANCE! The master's eyes were fixed in a vacant stare and as he reached a ladder which led to the roof, the truth dawned upon the fat boy!



Eyes bulging, Bunter watched his form-master climb the ladder and step out on to the roof. The wondering fat boy also mounted the ladder—and saw Mr. Quelch take a thick sheaf of papers from where they had been concealed close to the edge of the roof.



As the master returned the papers to their hiding place, Billy Bunter gave a startled exclamation. That sheaf of papers was the manuscript of a book that Mr. Quelch was writing—the manuscript that Harry Wharton was accused of stealing . . .



The sleep-walking form-master stood for some moments gazing out over the wide expanse of playing-field far below. Then, to Bunter's horror, he stepped out on to the coping that encircled the roof and began to walk along it, swaying perilously . . .



Still yelling, the fat boy scrambled down the ladder, wishing that help was at hand. Then an attic door flew open, and Harry Wharton dashed out. Bunter stared in amazement, not knowing that Harry had been using the attic as a hiding place . . .



In seconds, Harry had climbed the ladder and was on the roof. Before him, Mr. Quelch was teetering dangerously above the dizzy drop—but without a thought for his own danger, the boy darted forward . . .



Harry did not speak. He remembered that it was unwise to awaken a sleepwalker, and that it was possible to lead such an afflicted person by gentle pressure of the arm. Gradually, inch by inch, he drew Mr. Quelch back to the trap in the roof . . .



Followed by the wide-eyed Bunter, Harry led the sleeping form-master down the stairs. At long last Mr. Quelch's bedroom door came in sight—but at that moment, Dr. Locke, aroused by Bunter's earlier shout, came hurrying to the scene . . .



The following day Harry Wharton was summoned to the headmaster's study. There he found Mr. Quelch with Dr. Locke. The Remove form-master's face relaxed into a smile as the headmaster praised the boy's courage . . .



That very day, Harry Wharton was re-installed in study number one with his chums Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh . . . and in appreciation of the part he had played, Billy Bunter was a guest at the merry re-union feed that was held.



A rollicking NEW Billy Bunter story starts next Monday in COMET.



Tiny Tots

FOR YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER OR SISTER

there is no finer paper than **TINY TOTS**
Try it this Thursday
4d. every week.

CLAUDE DUVAL

The Gay Cavalier

Beneath the harsh and humourless rule of Cromwell, the Emerald Isle was a carefree place no longer. As Claude Duval and his Irish comrade, Pat O'Connor, rode towards Billecranky, they wondered whether the traditional yearly fair would still be held.

I HOPE YOU CAN ENJOY BILLECRANKY FAIR WITH ME, CLAUDE! MANY WERE THE GAY HOURS I SPENT THERE IN HAPPIER TIMES!



SEE YONDER CARTER, PAT... IT LOOKS LIKE A MAYPOLE ON HIS WAGON... AND COLOURED ROPES! PERHAPS THE FAIR IS TO BE HELD AFTER ALL!

Eagerly urging their horses towards the sad-faced yokel sitting beside his cart, the cavalier comrades found that it was indeed a maypole he carried and that he was bound for the fair. The man, whose name was Mick O'Leary, told them a gloomy tale.

AYE, FRIENDS, THE FAIR WILL BE HELD THIS YEAR... SECRETLY! THE SOUR CROPHEDS HAVE FORBIDDEN IT, Y'SEE. I SHOULD BE THERE NOW WITH THE MAYPOLE AND ROPES, BUT A ROUNDHEAD PATROL BLOCKS THE ROAD UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJOR SNOOP, THE OULD MISERY!



AH! THEN WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, PAT!

With Claude, to think was to act. Next moment, Mick O'Leary stared in amazement as Claude and Pat unloaded the pole from the cart and slung it between their horses. Then Claude gave Mick his final instructions.

FOLLOW US CLOSELY, MICK... AND WE'LL CLEAR THE WAY FOR YOU!



The careless Roundhead patrol had straggled out of line across the road when the sound of galloping hooves brought them to the alert. Major Snoop's rat-trap jaw dropped as he heard the Cavalier war cry and he screeched out a string of frantic orders.

HOLA! FOR THE CAVALIERS!



IT'S THAT DEMON DUVAL AND O'CONNOR THE OUTLAW... CUT THEM DOWN!

But before the slow-witted Roundheads had time to act, Claude and Pat were upon them. With the pole slung between them, they mowed into the packed mass of troopers, to send them tumbling in a tangled welter of yelling, squealing men.

THAT WILL STOP YOUR WINDY BOASTS, PIP-SQUEAK SNOOP!

NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON AN ENEMY, FLATHEAD!



Claude and Pat's whirlwind charge had cleared a path for Mick to follow. Together, the three men galloped to freedom, while behind them, Major Snoop raised his dazed and dusty head and shook his skinny fist in a fury of frustration.

FAREWELL, SNOOP! TRY, TRY AGAIN!



BAH! I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH NEXT TIME, DUVAL! AND THEN YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

The country folk from outlying villages had gathered at the ruined tower of Billecranky and great was their rejoicing at the sight of the maypole. Pat's great strength soon helped to erect the pole and the comrades stood, laughing at the gay scene.

I LIKE THESE ANCIENT CUSTOMS, CLAUDE. THEY MAKE PEOPLE FEEL THAT THE ROUNDHEADS HAVEN'T BEATEN US YET!

TRUE ENOUGH, PAT. BUT FOR THE MOMENT, I THINK IT BEST TO TAKE NO PART IN THE FAIR. SNOOP AND HIS MANGY CREW ARE STILL ON THE PROWL... WE CAN KEEP WATCH FROM THAT OLD TOWER AND STILL SEE THE FAIR!

But Claude's keen eyes were as watchful as a hawk's and from the tower, he saw the tell-tale glint of steel amongst the bushes. As the villagers fled in alarm before the sudden savage attack, Claude leapt lithely from the window sill.

COME ON, PAT. THOSE COLD-BLOODED VILLAINS MEAN TO RUIN THE FAIR AND IT'S UP TO US TO STOP THEM!

I'M WITH YOU, CLAUDE!

The spinning ropes whirled Claude and his gallant comrade into the Roundhead ranks with crushing force. And as Claude saw Snoop fleeing in panic, he let himself go in a thrilling leap, to land like a pouncing wildcat on the cowardly Roundhead's back.

NO SO FAST, YOU TIMID TOAD

HO! HO! ANY MORE FOR THE MERRY-GO-ROUND?

YEEEH!

Claude's precautions proved wise. An hour later, Major Snoop and his men reined in under cover of the bushes near the fair. Snoop's mean eyes glowed like coals and he chewed his thin lips in a fit of temper at this flouting of his orders.

SO I WAS RIGHT! DUVAL WAS TAKING THAT POLE HERE FOR THE FAIR. I'LL TEACH THOSE SCUM TO DISOBEY MY ORDERS. OUT SWORDS, MEN, AND RIDE THEM DOWN!

Like a striking falcon, Claude swooped from the window in a dare-devil dive and his strong hands closed on the stout ropes of the maypole. As the ropes swung him around, Claude's steel-muscle legs drove into the midst of the Roundhead troopers.

PICK YOUR FIGHT WITH CAVALIERS, AND NOT WITH FARMERS, YOU ROUNDHEAD ROGUES!

UURGH!

Soon the air rang once more with the joyful laughter of simple-hearted country folk. Billecranky Fair was in full swing again, and made even gayer by the sour-faced Roundhead troopers who were forced to provide their part in the fun of the fair.

LOOK, CLAUDE, EVEN SNOOP SEEMS TO HAVE CAUGHT THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT!

AYE, PAT. HE MAKES A FINE POLE!

Claude Duval and his Irish comrade do battle for justice and liberty in next week's complete adventure.

COMET—May 3, 1958—9

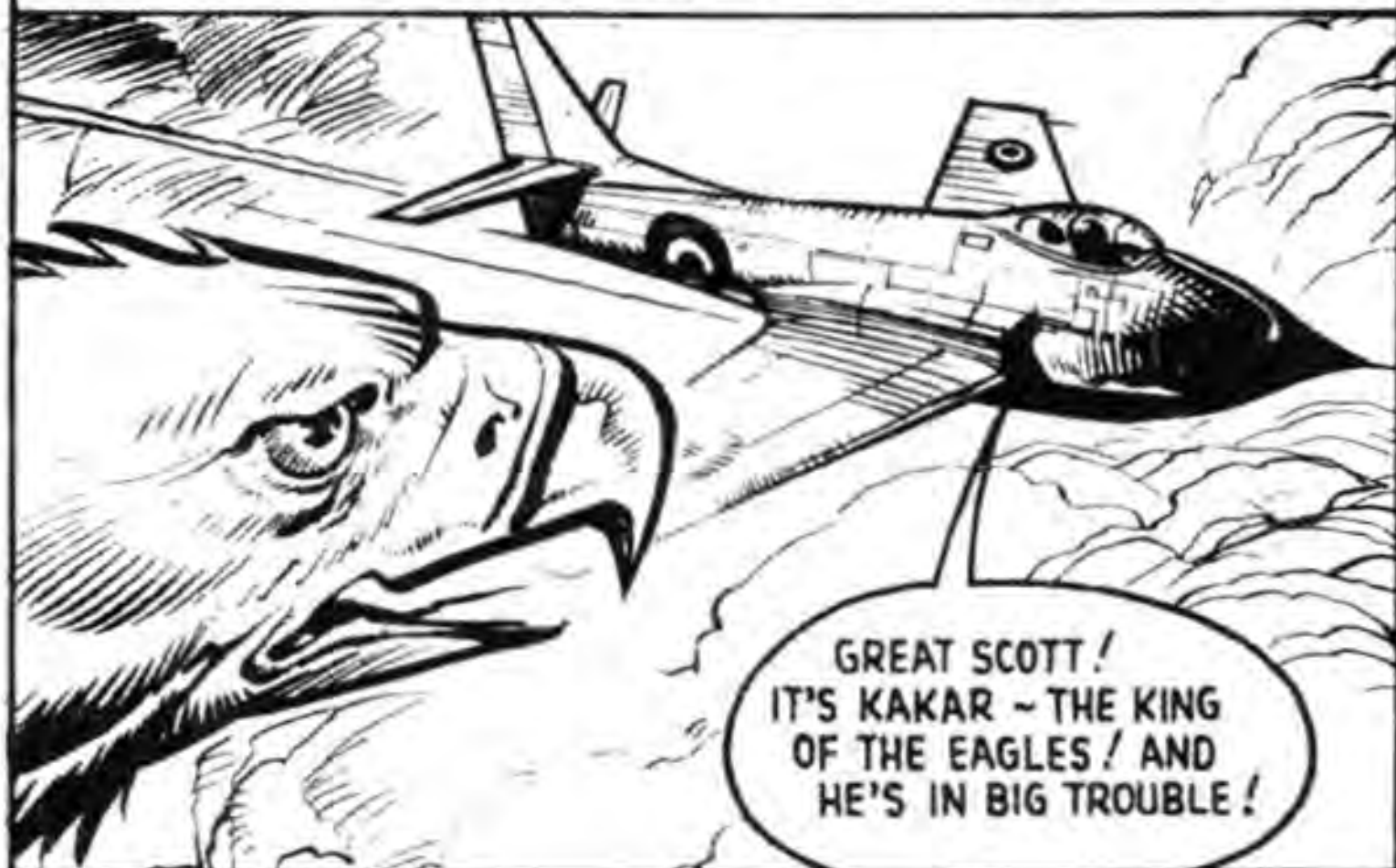
WAR EAGLE

BROUGHT UP BY EAGLES, HE BECAME BRITAIN'S GREATEST AIR ACE

High in the clear blue vault of the morning sky, Squadron Leader Eagle put the super plane Whiplash through its thrilling paces—zooming, banking, looping at fantastic speeds. Suddenly his alert eyes noted a great solitary bird flying below him . . .



With his deep knowledge of the great birds, gained when he was reared by them as a small boy on the Island of Eagles after his father died, the young ace pilot could read the signs of despair and tragedy in the flight of the eagle.



Below him Eagle saw a large smooth area of grass which had been cropped short by the hill-bred sheep. He put Whiplash's nose down, lowered wheels and flaps and, with superb skill, made a perfect landing on the dangerous surface.



As his feet touched the grass, Eagle, using the birds' sign and movement language he had learnt as a boy, called to Kakar. The great bird glided down, its broad pinions outstretched, its changed attitude showing a new-born hope at the sight of Eagle!



With a joyful wing sweep Kakar landed beside Eagle, and with agitated movements and hoarse cries, the great bird told the young pilot a terrible story—slowly but surely the eagles were being wiped out by cruel men, who had landed on their island!



Shocked and astounded at Kakar's tale, Eagle calmed the great bird, promising to help him. Then he flew back to Kinloch, where he reported to Wing Commander David Starr who had an official visitor, Group Captain Bleak of Command Headquarters.



But David Starr took a different view—he knew Eagle. That night, piloted by "Sunshine" Beame, his great friend, the young ace set out to fly over the Atlantic wastes towards Kakar's kingdom—the rocky, sea-girt fastness, the Island of Eagles!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SUNSHINE! REMEMBER -- YOU'RE GOING TO FLY OVER THE ISLAND TOMORROW NIGHT. IF ALL'S WELL I'LL FIRE TWO GREEN VEREY LIGHTS -- AND YOU'LL ARRANGE WITH THE COASTAL COMMAND BOYS TO PICK ME UP BY SEA-PLANE.



Ahead of them, ringed by a white circle of foam, a dark mass, mysteriously silvered and shadowed by moonlight, loomed the lonely Island of Eagles. Eagle fitted his wings and with a brief farewell to Sunshine, fearlessly let himself fall into space.



Eagle, during the twelve years he had lived on the island, had explored every pinnacle, ledge, crevice and cave, and he guided himself in a silent glide to the ledge which had been his eyrie in those far-off days. The island was silent and sinister!



HERE WE ARE AGAIN -- SAFE AND SOUND!

If anyone was living on the island, he knew the only possible place in which they could make their secret headquarters—a series of small caves in a grotto on the south shore. And so he climbed down, and stealthily made his way there.

THUNDER! I WAS RIGHT -- THE GERMANS ARE HERE -- AND WITH A HELICOPTER! WHAT A PERFECT SET UP! IN THIS GROTTO THEY'D NEVER BE SPOTTED FROM THE AIR! THEY CAN REPORT ON CONVOYS, AND SEND BACK VITAL WEATHER REPORTS!



Eagle crept round the narrow ledge to the first cave. Suddenly a light sprang to life from inside it, followed by sounds of movement, and a medley of guttural voices! The Germans were awake! The young ace pressed himself into a dark crevice . . .

ACH! IT'S A GOOD JOB TODAY IS RADIO SILENCE DAY FOR RE-CHARGING THE BATTERIES -- THIS LIGHT IS GETTING WEAK!

JA! AND WHILE RUDI STAYS BEHIND TO FIX THE BATTERIES, WE CAN HAVE SOME MORE SPORT, SHOOTING MORE EAGLES!



The voices and movements went on as the Germans prepared breakfast—and all the time Eagle listened, a plan was forming in his mind. When he thought he had learned enough, he crept from the grotto, and sought Kakar, the King of the Eagles.

SO THAT IS MY PLAN, KAKAR! NOW PREPARE YOUR WARRIORS TO TAKE THEIR REVENGE!



KRARK!
KRARK!

As soon as he was sure that Kakar understood what was to be done, Eagle returned to the grotto and hid among the rocks near the cavern's mouth. Soon, five Germans, laughing and talking, trooped out of the grotto, rifles slung over their shoulders.

RUDI IS BAD-TEMPERED AT HAVING TO MISS THE SPORT WITH THE EAGLES!

LET HIM BE BAD-TEMPERED. HE ACCOUNTED FOR THREE THE OTHER DAY - HE MUST LEARN TO GIVE SOMEONE ELSE A CHANCE!

FIVE HERE - AND THE ONE THEY CALL RUDI INSIDE!

Once the Germans were out of sight, Eagle slipped with cat-like silence towards the middle cave inside the grotto from which a light was shining, and whence came the sound of the motor charging the batteries. He crept forward . . . and then . . .

AACH! WHAT...?

Eagle's sudden lunge sent the German crashing to the ground! He fought like a tiger, but the Englishman's strength was too much for him in the end. Eagle then searched the cave until he found what he was looking for—the German code book!

AH! THEIR SECRET CODE! THE INTELLIGENCE BOYS WILL BE PLEASED WITH THIS!

The Germans had been using one of their most secret ciphers—and now Eagle had captured it! He bound and gagged the senseless German and was just leaving the grotto when a sudden fusillade of shots rang out in the distance . . .

RIFLE SHOTS! THE EAGLES ARE IN TROUBLE! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

Collecting his wings, Eagle climbed urgently with the strong, liquid grace of a mountain lion towards the towering peaks where Kakar had lured the Germans. He reached a lofty ledge and saw just how wrong things had gone!

KAKAR'S EAGLES ARE NO MATCH FOR ARMED GERMANS - IT LOOKS AS IF I SHALL HAVE TO FINISH THIS PARTY OFF MYSELF - AND FAST!

His jaw tight with iron determination, Eagle rapidly fixed his wings to his steel-muscle arms. He would have to move like lightning if he were to stop the slaughter of his friends, the eagles! Raising his mighty pinions, Eagle leapt into space!

So intent were the two Germans in their massacre of the helpless birds that Eagle took them completely by surprise. Their terror-stricken faces turned towards him even as a sweep of his pinions brushed them from the ledge towards the water far below.



And then came Eagle! His wings raised above his head, he dropped like a stone towards Kakar. Just when it seemed he would smash against the cliff face; he checked his breathtaking dive . . . and the Germans were not prepared for what happened next!



Eagle, helped by Kakar and his warrior birds, took the three Germans down to the rocky shore, and collected the other two, shivering helplessly, after their fall into the water. All fight had been shocked out of the ruthless Germans.



Eagle landed lightly and looked for Kakar. He was horrified to see the great bird trapped in a narrow angle of rock, unable to use his wings! Three Germans were mercilessly attacking the eagle king, using their rifles as clubs.



Immediately Kakar sprang at the third German, who was about to fire at Eagle. He fastened his talons in the man's jacket and the rifle dropped from the German's nerveless hand. Then the great bird forced him back, petrified, against the cliff face.



All the men at Kinlochie—among them Wing Commander Starr and Group Captain Bleak—flocked to the runway where Eagle brought the helicopter down. As Eagle unloaded his six bound prisoners, the Group Captain's eyes widened in amazement.



Another breathtaking exploit of War Eagle next Monday in COMET. Order your copy NOW.

THE BOLD BUCCANEER (See back cover)

A loud hail from the main top rigging echoed across the English vessel. "Three ships on the port bow, captain! Spaniards!" In a moment the sun-bleached timbers echoed to the thump of bare feet as the crew raced to action stations. Straight towards them, looming larger at every moment, ploughed the mighty Spanish galleons, contemptuous of their puny opponent. But skilfully manoeuvring inside the Spaniard's heavy broadside, the rakish little ship rasped alongside the leading galleon and fastened on to it like a terrier. Its dare-devil captain flung his sword arm high and gave a ringing shout, "Who'll follow me, my bold buccaneers, to show these Spaniards our bright English steel!"

JET-ACE LOGAN

For centuries men have puzzled and argued over flying saucers. Have such strange vessels ever visited our skies, or did they exist solely in imagination? Even today, no-one knows for sure... and no-one will know until one hundred years from now.

The year is 2058. The place is fifteen hundred thousand feet above the Earth's surface. A flight of R.A.F. Space Command interceptor ships has given chase to a flying saucer, which has disappeared in a puff of smoke, hurling a missile earthwards as it does so...

At colossal speed the missile hurtled towards Earth. Jet-Ace Logan flashed a message back to Flight Control...

LOGAN CALLING! FLYING OBJECT VANISHED SUDDENLY. SMALL MISSILE SHOT EARTHWARDS!



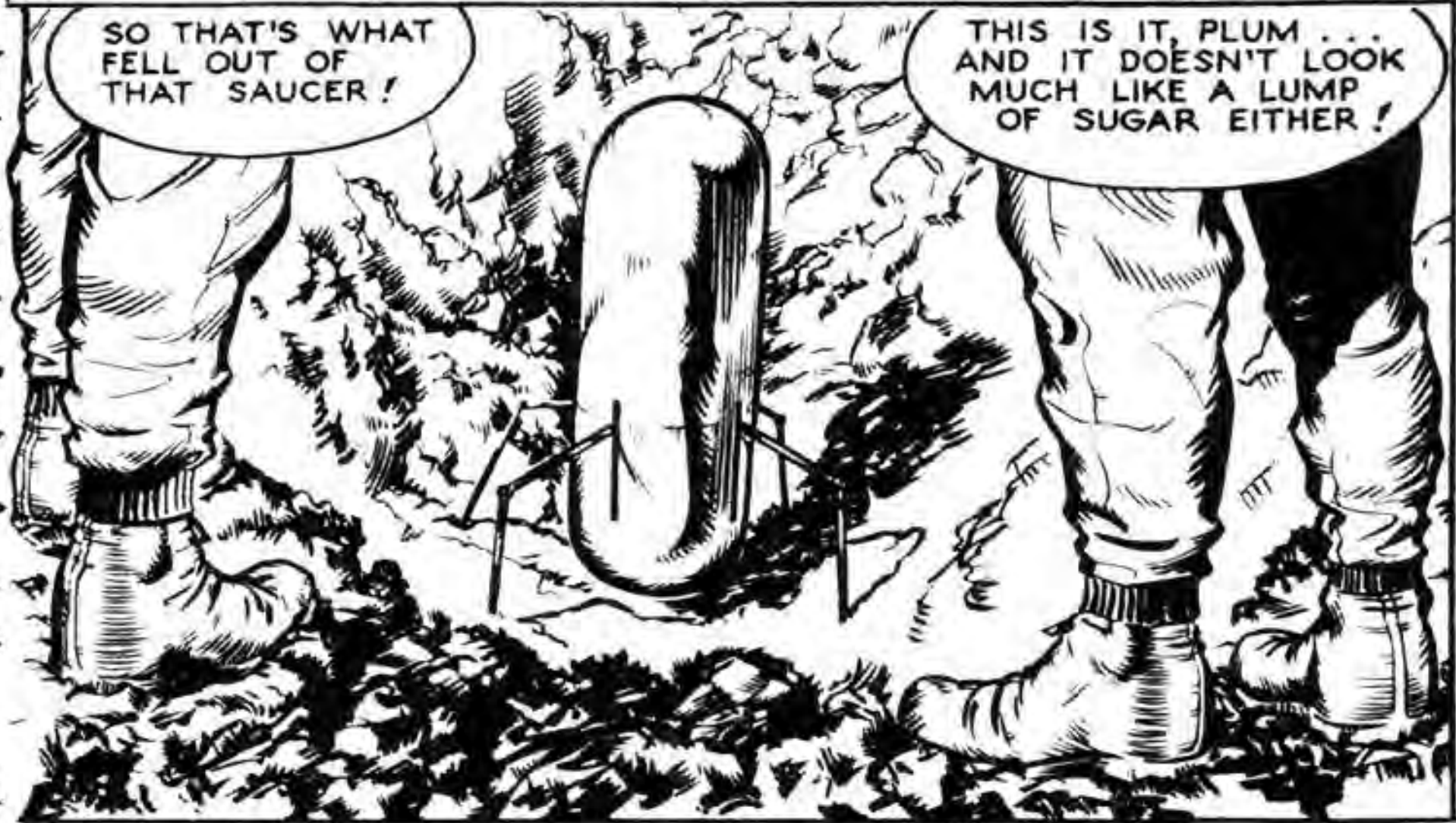
FLIGHT CONTROL CALLING! PILOTS LOGAN AND CHARTERIS TRACK DOWN MISSILE... INVESTIGATE AND REPORT!

Leaving the howl of their atomic-jets far behind them as at supersonic speed they followed the fleecy vapour trail in its unvarying downward plunge, the two pilots hurtled earthwards, and with breathtaking skill, levelled out a few feet above a pleasant English meadow...

MISSILE LANDED HARMLESSLY IN FIELD... MAP GRID BEARING TL145955... AM LANDING TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER!



Tensed and ready for anything, the two young pilots stood on the rim of the crater...



Meanwhile, British Land Defence Headquarters had been alerted!

AN UNIDENTIFIED MISSILE FROM OUTER SPACE HAS LANDED IN THIS COUNTRY... AND IN VIEW OF PAST EXPERIENCES WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL INVADERS WE ARE TAKING NO CHANCES. ALL AVAILABLE FORCES WILL MOVE INTO THIS AREA AND TAKE UP POSITIONS AS FOLLOWS...



Within minutes, a highly organised plan was swinging into action...



Before long, the pastoral calm which had surrounded that crater in an English field was shattered and mutilated by the screeching roar of jet-engines throttled back for manoeuvring and landing...



The armed forces were all in position. Once again all was silent... but for vague sounds as if something was scrambling up the muddy sides of the hole... then...



With the bright sunlight outlining his splendidly proportioned figure, the stranger moved forward, stepping easily over the rubble surrounding the crater...

STOP JUST WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T MOVE OR WE FIRE!



The wonder man seemed not to hear. Glowing with vibrant strength and vitality he came steadily on. A flight of swifts swooped from the blue sky...



... they dived and swerved in their heedless manner towards the being from outer space...

... and two yards from him they fell flapping and twittering to the ground... as though they had hit a solid brick wall!

LOOK AT THOSE BIRDS... HE AIMED NOTHING AT THEM... AND THEY DIDN'T TOUCH HIM... BUT THEY'VE FALLEN HELPLESSLY TO THE GROUND!



Who is this stranger from Outer Space... what does he want on Earth? More next week.

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CHEWING GUM

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