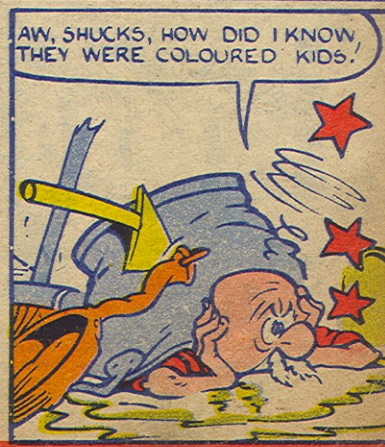
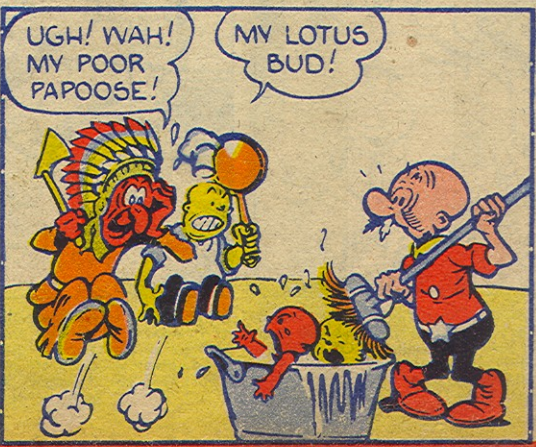
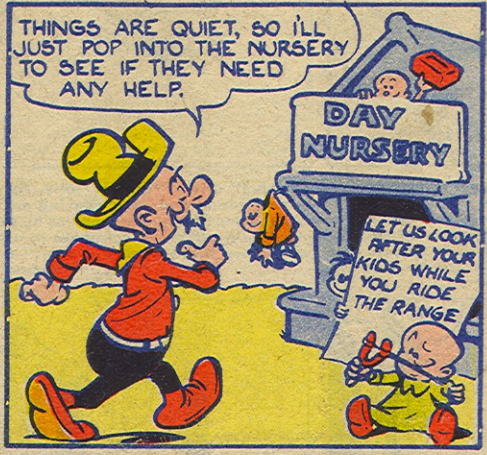


YOU'LL MEET KIT CARSON-BILLY BUNTER-TOUGH TEX-
WILLIE WIZZARD AND LOTS MORE EXCITING FOLK INSIDE!

COMET

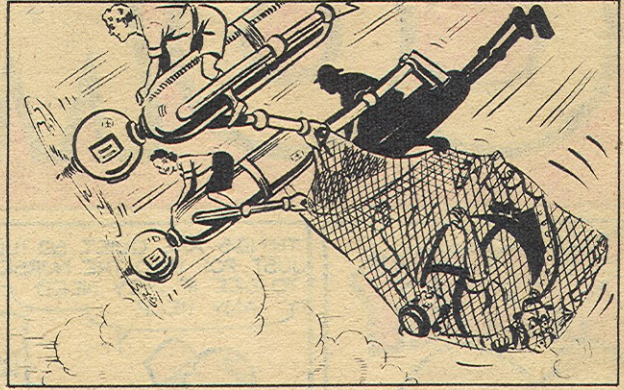
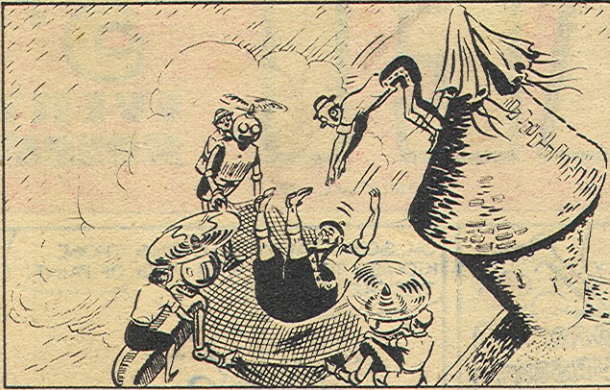
PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 198. May 3, 1952



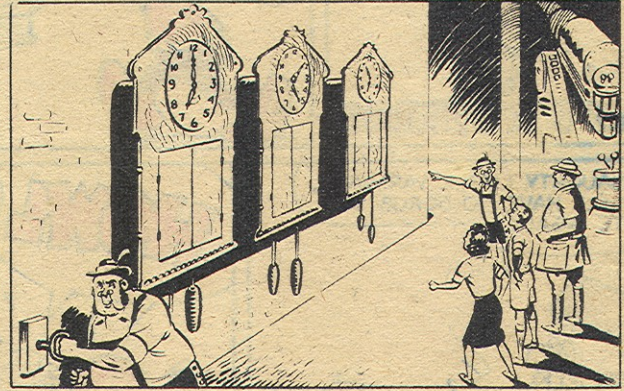
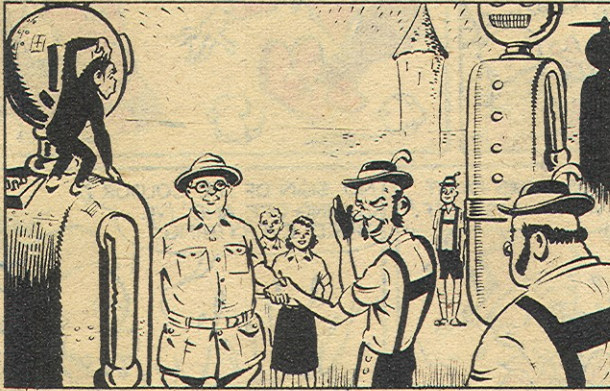
ISLAND OF SECRETS

Nothing ever grows old on this strange island! Von Tik and Von Tok have been there for centuries, inventing their clockwork wonders!



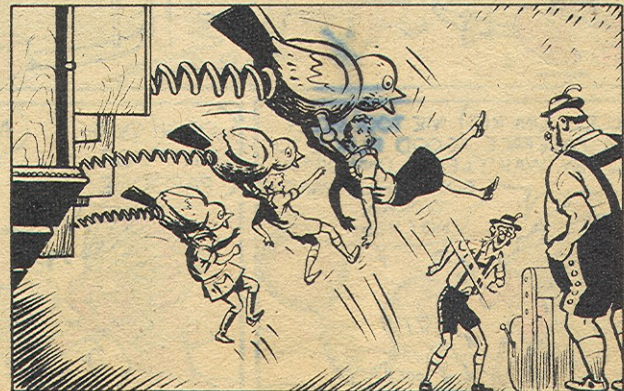
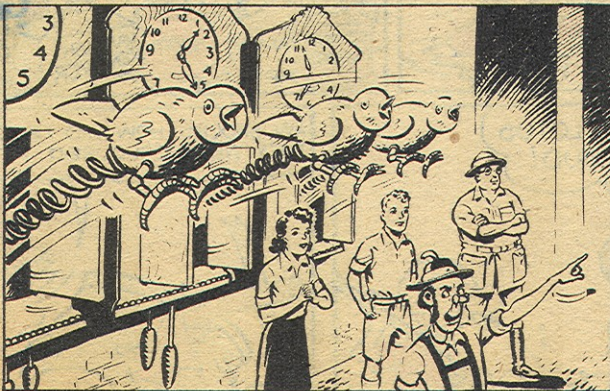
Professor Jolly had known that the island was a queer place before he came there. But he didn't expect to find colonies of people who'd been living for centuries. Von Tik and Von Tok were two old Swiss clockmakers, and they'd built all sorts of strange clockwork gadgets. Now they'd got themselves hooked on to the spire of their palace, and our three friends had to use the clockwork flying robots to get them down.

"Right!" cried Professor Jolly. At a touch of the controls the robots swung round and went roaring earthwards. Peter glanced at the two Swiss scientists and grinned as he saw that they were bundled up in the net like a couple of cabbages in a string-bag. "Maybe they won't try any more funny business, now!" he thought. But already Von Tok's cunning brain was busy.



When they reached the ground and had struggled out of the net, Von Tok pretended to be very grateful for the rescue. He didn't fancy starting a fight while Professor Jolly and the youngsters had those giant robots under their control. "Let's forget our quarrels," he said, offering his hand, but secretly winking to his friend. "Come! We will show you some of our wonderful inventions!"

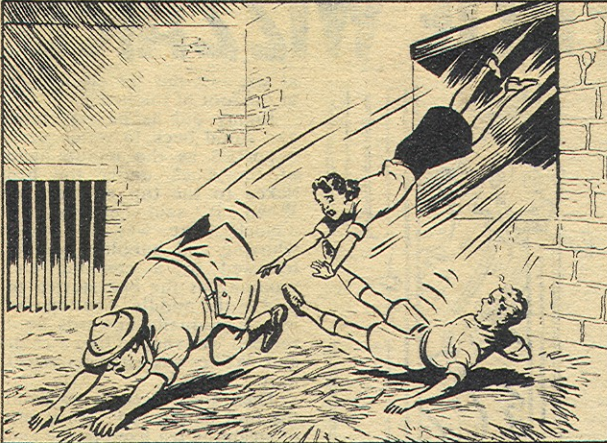
Our pals were quite taken in by the pleasant manner of the two men. "We're always interested to see scientific work," said Professor Jolly as they went into the palace. After a tour round they were taken to a special workshop. "Time is very important when you've lived several hundred years, as we have," said Von Tok. "See—we have built three giant cuckoo clocks here!"



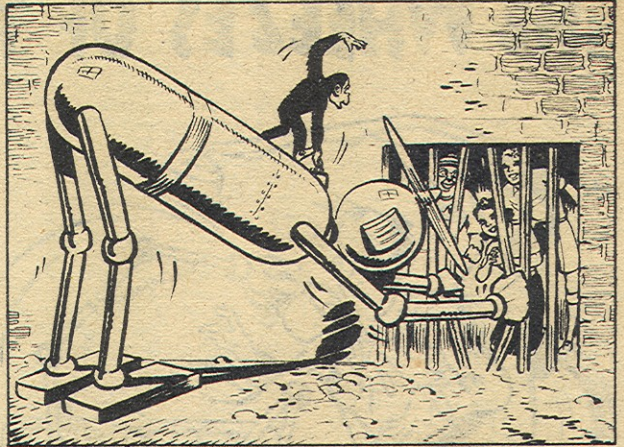
As Von Tok spoke, Von Tik's hand closed upon a lever in the wall. "Now on the other side of the observatory," went on Von Tok, turning and pointing, "you will find something very interesting!" Our chums turned, and as they did so three enormous mechanical cuckoos on huge steel springs leapt from behind the clock faces. Their talons of jointed steel were extended ready to clutch!

Next second those powerful steel talons clamped down on the shoulders of Professor Jolly and the twins. As the powerful claws closed, the springs supporting the giant cuckoos snapped back, and our pals felt themselves whisked off the floor and snatched helplessly backwards. "Ha! Got you!" rasped Von Tik as the three prisoners disappeared into the darkness behind the clock faces.

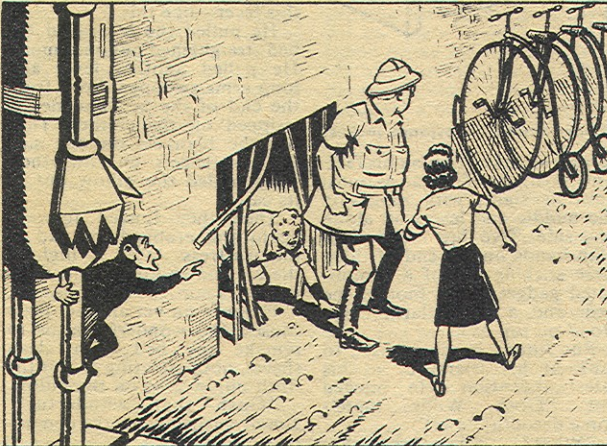
LIKE CLOCKWORK—UNTIL THEY WALK INTO IT THEMSELVES!



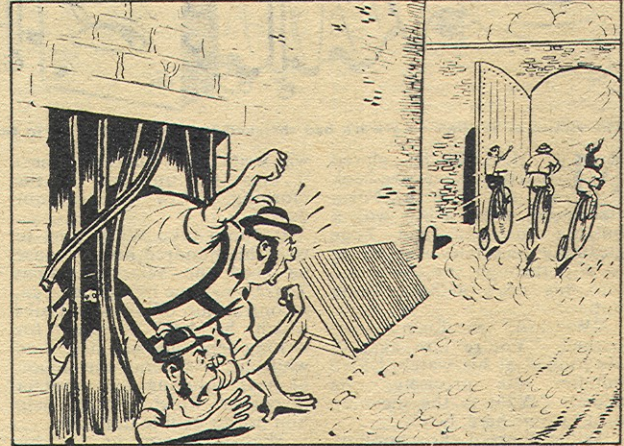
"Are you all right, Ann?" Peter shouted, struggling in the fierce grip of those metal talons. Next second he felt the claws relax and found himself sliding down a long chute. Professor Jolly was sprawling ahead of him and he could hear Ann slithering down behind. At last they shot out of the end and landed on the straw-covered floor of a dungeon. A sliding door clanged to behind them.



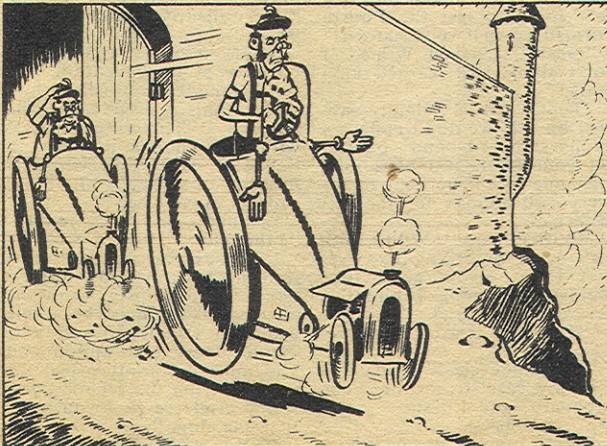
"Of all the dirty tricks!" Peter gritted, scrambling to his feet. "And after we'd rescued them from the spire, too!" Suddenly they heard a chattering by the barred window. Koko had not trusted the scientists and he had been prowling around on one of the giant robots. Spotting his imprisoned friends, he set the robot to work on the bars. They bent like straws in those steel hands!



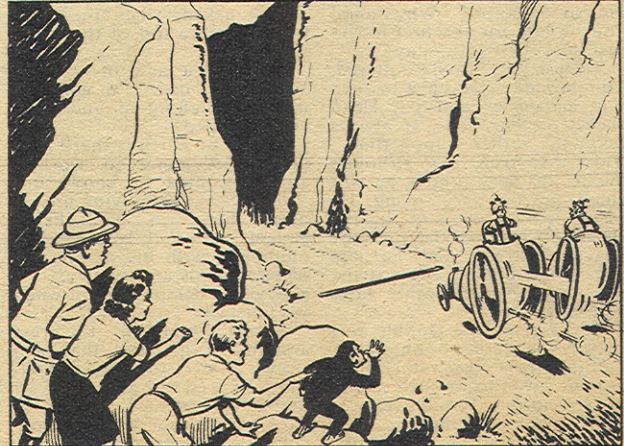
With some of the bars torn away, Professor Jolly was able to squeeze through. "Quick!" he whispered, glancing round. "We can't all escape on the robot, but there are some queer old penny-farthing bikes here which might help!" Peter, scrambling through the window, heard footsteps approaching the locked door on the far side of the cell. "Let's get going!" he snapped grimly.



The three adventurers made a dash for the bikes. It was a struggle to mount them, but soon they were pedalling furiously out of the courtyard gates on those old-fashioned penny-farthing machines. Von Tok and Von Tok, who had come down to the cell to gloat over their prisoners, gave shouts of anger when they saw the smashed grille. Hurling themselves forward, they got wedged in the opening.

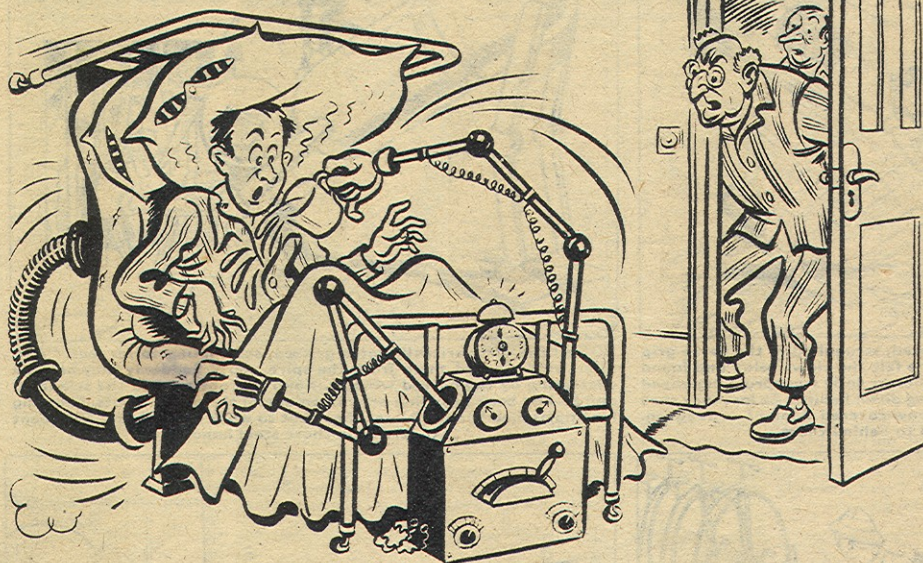


It was two or three minutes before they could get themselves disentangled, and by that time Professor Jolly and Peter and Ann were out of sight. "We'll get them!" roared Von Tok. "Quick—into the cars!" Those cars were very queer contraptions, what you might call "farthing-penny" cars. In no time at all the two scientists were roaring through the gates after the runaways.



"If they reach the sea before we catch them," shouted Von Tok, "they'll escape in our boat! It's lying in the bay!" But Von Tok smiled grimly. "Don't worry!" he shouted back. "They'll be caught at my trap in the pass!" But Von Tok was wrong, for the runaways had gone into hiding behind some rocks. Von Tok stared open-mouthed as the cars reached the pass. "The trap hasn't worked!" he rasped.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



The victim of Willie's easy-work bed shrieked in terror as the warm tea tipped inside his pyjama jacket!

MR. HALFSPUN glared angrily towards the back of the Fourth Form classroom, where a boy with a bulging forehead and huge gleaming spectacles was trying to slip through the door and into his desk without being noticed.

"Wizzard!" the form master barked. "You're late again!" He looked at his watch. "Five minutes late precisely," he added. "What is the meaning of it? Come here, boy!"

Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, stood before Mr. Halfspun's desk. "Why are you late?" the master demanded.

"Because it's Monday, sir," Willie replied sadly.

"That's no excuse!" Mr. Halfspun snapped. "Why should you be late for the first lesson just because it's Monday?"

"Please, sir," Willie faltered, "on Mondays we have to turn our mattresses and put clean sheets on our beds. It always takes me rather a long time." This was true, for although Willie was very brainy, he was small and not very strong. He found it hard work to tug the sheets off his bed and turn the heavy mattress, and he was always left puffing away at the job long after the other boys had finished.

But part of the trouble was that Willie's great brain, which he got from his father, the famous inventor, needed plenty of rest, so that Willie overslept nearly every morning.

Mr. Halfspun guessed this, and he retorted: "Nonsense! You are late because you were too lazy to get up in time to change your sheets. You

will write out a hundred times: 'I must get up early in the morning.' Now go to your desk."

It didn't take Willie long to write his hundred lines, because he used the Wizzard Patent Ten-At-A-Time Imposition Pen, a contraption of wires and nibs which he had invented for writing ten lines at once. And while he was doing the imposit, he was thinking out another invention which would help him not to be late in future.

That afternoon he got his pal, Jimmy Bash, to help him carry a box full of springs, levers, wires and bits of string from his den behind the boiler-house up to their dormitory.

"What's all this junk for?" Jimmy asked, when they had panted to the top of the stairs with it.

"It's for a new invention," Willie explained. "I'm going to make a Waking-up and Self-changing Bed!"

"What on earth is that? And how is it going to work?" Jimmy wanted to know. But Willie was already lying underneath his own bed, fixing gadgets on to it, and he just mumbled, with his mouth full of paper-clips and screws: "I'll give you a demonstration when it's finished."

Jimmy looked at the vast amount of material that was strewn all over the floor. "Well, I'm jolly well not going to wait that long!" he said. "I'll come back in an hour and see how you're getting on."

In just under an hour Jimmy came racing back to the dormitory. Willie was sitting beside his bed, a smile of triumph and

several streaks of oil on his face. The bed itself was a most peculiar sight, with hinges in the middle and levers all along one side. Two big metal arms with hands on the end of them were sticking out of a complicated gadget at the foot of the bed, and a huge alarm clock stood on top of it.

But Jimmy hardly paused to look at his friend or at his latest invention. He blurted out: "Gosh, Willie, there's some dreadful news!"

"What?" Willie asked absently, tightening a screw at the side of the bed.

"The school inspector is coming here! He's going to stay the night with Dr. Gandybar, and first thing in the morning he's going to test the Fourth Form to see what we've learned!"

"Gosh!" croaked Willie. "I don't think I've learned anything!"

"That's just it!" Jimmy gabbled on. "If we don't come up to his standard—and you can bet your boots it'll be a jolly high one—we'll be kept in for every half-holiday for the rest of term!"

"In that case," Willie said, "it's more important than ever that I get up in good time tomorrow morning. I think this bed will do the trick."

"How does it work?" Jimmy asked.

"Get some clean sheets and a pillow-case from the linen cupboard, and I'll show you," Willie promised.

When Jimmy returned with the clean things, Willie was lying tucked up in bed. "It's one minute to six," Willie said. "I've set the mechanism to start

at six. Just put the clean linen at the foot of the bed."

Jimmy did as he was told, and stood back to watch what happened as the minute-hand of the clock under the bed ticked to the top of the dial. When it said exactly six o'clock there was a strange whirring and bubbling sound, followed by a creaking and groaning as the bed started to fold in the middle. The top end jerked gradually upwards until the bed was shaped like a chair and Willie was sitting upright in it.

Then an arm came up from the foot of the bed with a cup of steaming tea fixed to the end of it. It made a bee-line for Willie's face and tipped the tea into his mouth. "Now I'm thoroughly awake," Willie said. "I get out—like this," he climbed out of bed, "and pull this lever—like this."

He pulled the lever and the bed straightened out once more. He pulled another lever and long arms swooped down from the end of the bed and neatly stripped off the clothes. They put the blankets on one side and the sheets on the other. They pulled the pillow out of its case.

Then they lunged forward again and grabbed the end of the mattress, lifted it high in the air and shook it, and flung it down again, the other way up.

Pressure on yet another lever caused the wonderful arms to remake the bed with clean sheets, not forgetting to put the fresh pillow-case on the pillow.

"Gosh—that's wonderful!" Jimmy gasped when the demonstration was over.

"A very remarkable invention," said a man's voice from the door. The boys spun round and found themselves looking at Dr. Gandybar, the headmaster. He had been standing there, silently watching the whole thing.

Willie tried to explain the purpose of his invention, but Dr. Gandybar brushed him aside. "This is disgraceful!" he boomed. "Tinkering around with the school's property in this way! Who gave you permission to attach all those gadgets to your bed?"

"Nobody, sir," Willie replied. "I thought..."

"Never mind what you thought!" stormed Dr. Gandybar. "It obviously can't be allowed. There must be a rule against it. I shall confiscate this extraordinary contraption and you must get another bed for yourself from the school store-room. And see that you leave that one alone!"

So Dr. Gandybar made the boys lug the automatic Waking-up and Self-changing Bed to his own quarters, and with all the bits and pieces which Willie

BUT THE BED RISES MUCH TOO EARLY FOR MR. PROBING, THE SCHOOL INSPECTOR!

had attached to it, it was jolly heavy.

"Put it in the spare room next to my bedroom," Dr. Gandybar ordered. Sighing deeply, the boys left it there, and when they had gone the headmaster stood looking at it for a long time. He was joined by Mr. Halfspun, who had come to discuss the visit of the school inspector. "What on earth is that?" asked Mr. Halfspun.

"It is Wizzard's latest invention," the headmaster replied. "It's a bed which wakes you up with a cup of tea, changes the sheets, turns the mattress and makes itself. I have confiscated it."

"Jolly good idea!" said Mr. Halfspun. "Can I try it when you've finished with it?"

Dr. Gandybar regarded the Fourth Form master sternly. "I confiscated it," he repeated. "I took it because I thought it wrong to encourage Wizzard to make experiments with school property, not because I wanted to use the thing myself! Just the same," Dr. Gandybar stroked his chin thoughtfully, "just the same, we might be able to put the bed to good use."

"How, sir?" asked Mr. Halfspun.

"We could let the school inspector sleep in it tonight," Dr. Gandybar said. "When he is woken in the morning with a cup of tea and sees his bed made automatically, he will be in such a good mood that he might make the tests a little easier."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Halfspun. He was worried that the Fourth Form would fail the inspector's test, and that he, as their form master, would get

the blame for not teaching them properly.

Mr. Probing, the school inspector, a tall, skinny, bad-tempered looking man, arrived late that evening. After supper he said to Dr. Gandybar: "I shall go to bed immediately, as I want to test your Fourth Form first thing in the morning. I have an appointment at another school before luncheon."

Dr. Gandybar showed him to the spare room. "I have had a very special bed put in here for you," he said. "I'm sure you will sleep well. Good night."

"Good night, Gandybar," grunted Mr. Probing. "See that your boys have their wits about them tomorrow. I have prepared a very stiff test for them, and to make sure no one sees the questions beforehand, I intend to sleep on them!" And he took the test papers from his pocket and slipped them under the pillow.

In Gandybar School the boys, the masters and Mr. Probing settled down to sleep. As the night wore on, not a sound broke the stillness except for an occasional snore. Then the school clock struck six and suddenly a cry of mingled fear and rage burst from the spare bedroom.

Dr. Gandybar woke up with a jolt. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "One of the boys must be trying to murder Mr. Probing!" He jumped out of bed and hurried to the spare room, meeting Mr. Halfspun on the way. They flung open the door, and an astonishing sight met their eyes.

The bed had folded in the middle, and the school inspector, only half awake, was sitting upright, gazing in terror

at an object which swung towards him in the gloom. Dr. Gandybar turned on the light and they could see that the object was a cup of tea.

The mechanism was arranged so that the teacup would arrive at the level of Willie's mouth, but because Mr. Probing was much taller than the schoolboy inventor, the cup reached the level of his chest, and then tipped its warm contents inside his pyjama jacket.

Mr. Probing howled again. "Stop it!" he shrieked. "Make it leave off! Drive it away! Call the police!"

Dr. Gandybar sprang forward and tugged at a lever. Instantly the bed straightened out and the two long arms grabbed the mattress. Unfortunately, they also grabbed Mr. Probing and lifted them both in the air, shook them, turned them and flung them on to the bed again with the inspector underneath.

Mr. Probing's muffled cries for help reached Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfspun as the arms tucked the bedclothes firmly around him.

By this time the din had woken all the boys. Willie Wizzard sat up in bed and blinked across at Jimmy Bash. "Corks!" he exclaimed. "I remember—I set the automatic bed to start working at six o'clock and never changed the mechanism back again. Now it sounds as if someone is in it. We must go and stop it!"

Without even pausing to put on their slippers, the two boys streaked off to the scene of confusion.

again but with Mr. Probing still pinned beneath the mattress.

"Ah, Wizzard!" boomed Dr. Gandybar. "Pray deal with this infernal machine of yours this instant!"

Willie grabbed for a lever and pulled. But in his hurry he had forgotten to put on his glasses and could not see very clearly. So he pulled the wrong lever, and instead of straightening out, the bed began to change its sheets.

It grabbed the sheets and pillow-case and tossed them in a corner. Then it groped around for the clean linen to put in their place. Finding no supply of clean sheets put out for it, it seized the edges of Dr. Gandybar's dressing gown and flung that across the bed and tucked it in. The trouble was that the headmaster was still inside.

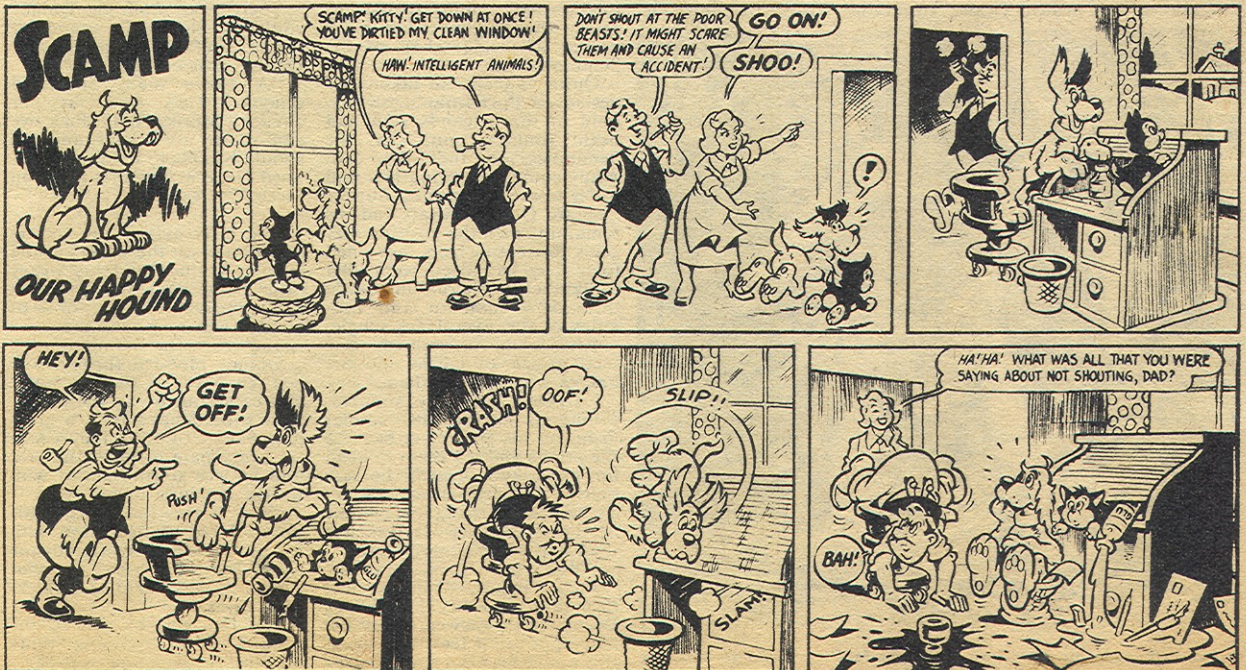
Now Dr. Gandybar added his yells to those of the inspector. "Let me out!" he shouted.

Willie frantically pulled another lever and a cup of hot tea was emptied down Dr. Gandybar's neck. He tried again and the mattress was heaved up, shaken, turned and replaced. This time Mr. Probing was on top and Dr. Gandybar was underneath.

Jimmy and Mr. Halfspun, too, were tugging at levers, so the bed was constantly opening and shutting like a concertina, and when the inspector's face appeared from a tangle of blankets, a cup of tea was poured over his head.

At last Willie yelled to Jimmy Bash: "Jimmy! Turn the handle at the bottom!" Jimmy did so, and the creaks and groans of machinery died away. "Hooray! I've stopped it!" cried Jimmy.

(Continued on page 8)



DISTANT DRUMS

BASED ON THE WARNER BROTHERS
FILM OF THE SAME TITLE

IN the huge swampy jungle called the Everglades, in Florida, lived the savage Seminole Indians. They had plenty of guns, which they bought from the gun-runners at Fort Infanta, and they had a fierce warrior chieftain named Ocala to lead them. And so they swept through the Everglades and the surrounding country killing and raiding. Captain Quincy Wyatt, with a handful of picked swamp-fighting soldiers, tackled the dangerous job of striking the first blow against them by blowing up the gun-runners' fort. They succeeded, and rescued Judy Beckett, who was a prisoner there, as well. But Ocala, the redskin chief, knew who had blown up the fort and robbed him of his supplies of guns, and swore to hunt down Wyatt and his little party. And so Wyatt and his men were forced further and further into the Everglades swamp, fighting every foot of the way against their savage foe. Now they were trapped near Ocala's own village, and Quincy and Monk, the old scout, were firing desperately to hold off the Seminole warriors while the rest of the party made their escape. . . .

Ocala, the redskin chief, leaped into view from the fringe of the jungle. He bared his strong white teeth in a savage yell and swung his rifle to his shoulder, pouring shot after shot at his hated foes.

"Wy-att!" he snarled as he stopped to reload with bullets from the pouch at his waist. Soon there would be no more bullets, thanks to Wyatt, who had destroyed the fort. Ocala hated Wyatt more than all other white men—Wyatt, as well in the ways of the Everglades jungle as Ocala himself.

"Kill them!" screamed Ocala,



"Come Ocala!" Quincy shouted across the lake. "Fight me where I meet all crocodiles—in the water!"

signalling his braves forward into the attack.

Quincy Wyatt felt the gun grow hot in his hand as he fired again and again into the horde of Seminole braves. Beside him he could hear the sharp crack of Monk's rifle as the Florida scout fired calmly.

Behind them the little party of soldiers, all that remained of Quincy's band of forty, were stumbling away through the

swampy jungle of the Everglades. In their midst was Judy Beckett, the girl they had rescued from Fort Infanta.

"We can't hold 'em long!" called Monk. "They're spreading out through the jungle to surround us!"

Quincy's face was bleak as he crammed fresh shells into his gun. It was a bitter thought, that after succeeding in their mission and coming so near to safety, they might yet fall to the braves of Ocala, chief of the Seminoles.

Quincy's men had taken and destroyed Fort Infanta, stronghold of the brigands who had been running guns to the Seminoles, so that the U.S. Army could now bring law and order to the Everglades. But for Captain Quincy Wyatt and his remaining men the position was grim. Retreating from the ruined fort, they had been compelled to fight a terrible running battle through a hundred and fifty miles of the Everglades jungle.

And now, it seemed, this final attack of Ocala and his braves would finish them.

"Tibbett!" Quincy shouted, calling to the bearded soldier firing on his left. "Get back to the others and tell them to head for my island! They'll be safe there!" Quincy's home was on a small island rising from a lake in the Everglades. It was less than half a day's march away.

"You get back, Cap'n!" roared Tibbett. "I'll lead the Seminoles away!" Before Quincy could answer, the soldier had leapt to his feet, waving his rifle above his head and shouting

defiance at the Seminoles.

"Come on, you red devils!" he roared. "Come an' get me!"

He turned and plunged into the jungle, heading away from the route taken by the rest of the soldiers.

"Tibbett!" roared Quincy, but his voice was lost in the shrill whooping of the Seminoles as they went racing after the disappearing figure of Tibbett.

There was nothing Quincy could do. Slowly the sounds of the pursuit faded in the distance. Quincy turned to Monk.

"A brave man," he said quietly. "He's given us our chance, Monk. With luck we can reach my island and we should be able to hold out there until General Taylor's invasion force reaches us."

The last rays of the setting sun glistened on the waters of the lake as Quincy and his weary little band waded and swam across the hundred yards or so of water which separated the island from the mainland.

Quincy plodded through the last few yards of shallow water and came out on to the beach. This should have been a great moment . . . but Quincy's face was very pale beneath the tan, and he was staring ahead with horror dawning in his eyes.

This island had been his home. Here he had lived with his little son and his friends the Cree Indians. Now all that remained was burnt and blackened ruins.

His hut was burned to the ground. Not a living thing stirred. A Seminole war-party



Ocala cast aside his headdress of bright feathers and ran to meet Quincy's challenge!

A BATTLE TO THE DEATH TO END WAR WITH THE SEMINOLE INDIANS!

had been here in his absence!

Of his little brown-skinned son there was no trace—no trace except a few pitiful half-burned toys in the charred ruins.

Monk put a hand on Quincy's shoulder.

"The Seminoles have been here, Quincy," he gritted savagely.

Without a word Quincy strode across the ruins of his hut. His broad shoulders were sagging and his face seemed suddenly gaunt. For a long time he stared at the cold ashes, then with an effort he pulled himself together.

"Monk! Get the men spread out along the beach and tell them to dig in," he ordered. "The Seminoles won't attack in force in the darkness, but we can expect trouble at dawn."

When darkness fell the soldiers were dug in along the shore, alert and watchful in the darkness. From the jungle, on the far side of that open stretch of water, Monk's quick ears caught strange sounds, and he knew that Ocala and his braves had arrived there in force.

The moon rose and the stars came out. Ocala's men had settled down for the night and the jungle was strangely silent. Ocala, his painted face fierce with anger, sent for two of his braves and gave them whispered orders.

A few minutes later, two dark forms slid silently into the water. Each man carried a long knife between his teeth. They swam for the most part under the surface, drifting up now and then to snatch a gulp of air.

On the island Quincy Wyatt still stood by the ruins of his home, his face stony.

A whisper of sound, a mere hint of noise, made him raise his head sharply. Nothing seemed to have changed as he gazed at the black shapes of the men in their fox-holes.

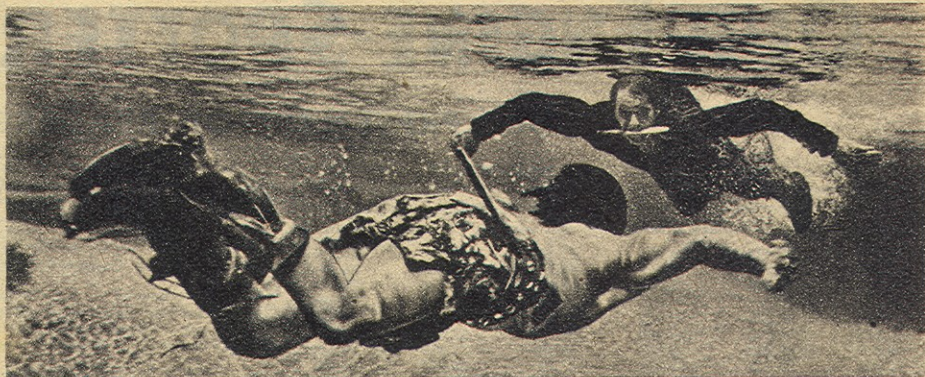
But Quincy's instinct told him that something was wrong. His hand closed on the knife at his belt, and moving soundlessly he melted into the thick jungle surrounding the clearing.

Silent as a shadow, with no rustle of a leaf or snapping of a twig to betray him, Quincy circled through the foliage towards the fox-hole at the far end of the line of men. Dimly through the moonlight he could make out the form of a soldier.

The man was lying at a strange, unnatural angle, his head thrown back. Quincy knew that he was dead.

Standing very still, Quincy listened. His jungle-trained ears caught a faint sound—the slithering rustle of a body moving through the jungle nearby. Knife in hand, Quincy seemed to melt into the darkness with the soundless, menacing action of a panther.

The two Seminoles were creeping his way round the clearing for an attack on yet another of the unsuspecting soldiers, wriggling like a snake through the undergrowth. He



Slowly the red man and the white man swam closer to each other for their strange and terrible fight!

did not even see the form that leaped out from a tangle of bush beside him. Quincy Wyatt pounced like a panther.

The Seminole had not even the chance to cry out. Quincy crouched back on his haunches and listened again. A grim smile touched his lips and once more he began to move silently through the thick jungle.

The second Seminole had risen to his feet and was standing against a tree, his dark body almost invisible. Suddenly moonlight gleamed on something that flashed from the bushes. Quincy's knife streaked through the air and found its mark.

Slowly the long night hours dragged by. As the sun rose, Monk stretched himself and fondled his rifle. Beside him Lieutenant Tufts was staring across the water.

"They'll soon be comin', Lieutenant," Monk said calmly. "But I reckon we'll take a hundred of 'em with us!"

Quincy's voice sounded behind them.

"Maybe nobody will be taking anybody... except one." Quincy had stripped off his jacket and stood there a tall, powerful figure in breeches and red shirt.

"Don't try it, Quincy!" Monk said urgently. "You aren't fit to fight now!" Quincy ignored him, but strode boldly down the water's edge, a knife gleaming in his hand.

"Ocala! Do you hear me?" he shouted. "Are you a woman that you send your braves to fight? Do you fear Wyatt, that you must surround yourself with your whole tribe?"

Tufts looked blankly at Monk and said, "Why is he challenging Ocala?"

"If Quincy kills him," the scout answered grimly, "there's a good chance of the Seminoles losing heart and running away."

"Come, Ocala!" Quincy was jeering. "Face me where I meet all crocodiles—in the water!"

From the bushes on the far side, the lithe, sinewy form of Ocala stepped forth. His dark face was ablaze with fury. With a savage movement he tore off his headdress and flung it to the ground. His long hunting

knife clamped between his teeth, he plunged into the water.

On the other side Quincy gripped the blade of his knife between his teeth and waded out. When the water grew deeper he began to swim. Slowly they drew closer to each other. At a distance of a dozen yards Ocala drew a deep breath and dived. At once Quincy followed suit.

It was a strange and terrible fight. The first sign the watchers had that the two had closed with each other was when there came a sudden upheaval of the water and they saw Ocala's arm shoot out and then stab down.

But that fierce blow was stopped as Quincy's iron fingers closed on the Indian's wrist. Then they were at grips, each struggling desperately for the blow that would end the fight.

Ocala's braves were yelling and whooping. The soldiers watched in tense silence.

Suddenly Ocala wrenched his knife-hand free and swept it round in a deadly slashing stroke. Quincy twisted like an eel in the water and managed to deflect the blow with his left forearm. In the same second, his knife-hand swept upwards towards Ocala's body in a swift lunge that found its mark.

Quincy Wyatt rose gasping from the water and turned to swim with long, slow strokes back to the island. A dozen hands helped him as he staggered from the water, blood dripping from a cut in his forearm. He turned to look back. In his hand was the tomahawk which he had wrenched from the belt of the dead Ocala.

He raised it above his head and shook it in a triumphant gesture at the Seminole braves on the far side. A weird, groaning wail arose from the Indians.

"They're going!" Monk cried exultantly. "It's worked! You've broken their spirit, Quincy!" He swung round to clasp Quincy's hand as the other turned away.

"Well, Quincy," he said slowly, "you've beaten 'em! This... could have been a great day."

Quincy had lifted his head and was staring over the scout's shoulder. From the jungle there came a column of men in the

blue jackets of the United States Army. As they broke into the clearing Quincy saw that in their midst walked a small boy in the dress of a Cree Indian. On one side of him walked an old, white-haired Cree—Quincy's faithful servant, who had played guardian to the boy since he was born.

"This is a great day, Monk!" Quincy said softly. The hard lines had smoothed from his face and there was a glad light in his eyes.

Quincy went across the clearing in great strides and swept the boy up in his arms.

General Zachary Taylor gave swift orders to his officers, and the soldiers broke into a trot as they headed across the clearing and began to wade into the water. Then the general held out his hand to Quincy.

"We'd given you up for dead, Quincy!" he exclaimed.

Quincy smiled. "And I'd given up hope of seeing this boy o' mine!" he answered.

"We found him about ten miles from here," came the reply, "hiding in the jungle with this old Cree. Well, it just goes to show that you can't kill a Wyatt."

"Those Seminoles certainly tried hard enough to kill Quincy!" Monk put in grimly.

General Taylor nodded.

"After what you did in there, Quincy," he said, nodding towards the Everglades, "I think my invasion force will have very little trouble. And now I must get along." He turned and headed towards the water and the jungle beyond.

Quincy gazed after him. General Taylor was right. The Seminoles could not make war for long, now that they would no longer be supplied with guns and now that Ocala was no longer there to lead them.

His eyes rested on the figure of his young son, who was peering at the ruins of the hut. Well... the hut could be built again. And from now on his home would be safe, for there would be peace in the Everglades.

THE END

An exciting new story starts next week—"The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin". Don't miss a single thrill!

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

MORE PRESENTS FOR READERS

Here it is . . . another of the lists you have been waiting for . . . with more Club numbers! Every member who sees his number here can claim a grand present from the Club store. So out with your Club Albums and see if the number printed on the back cover corresponds with any of those in this list:

29,777	58,471	4,625	53,978	53,958	76,495
5,297	83,102	17,059	49,582	6,481	65,791
39,986	2,663	35,764	34,382	534	159,471
8,739	72,144	70,917	2,697	67,514	96,365
68,410	39,655	97,432	81,981	5,468	134,561
150,145	154,346	107,480	95,143	54,788	146,675
49,675	41,017	9,743	58,499	163,859	54,869
77,201	50,658	12,086	47,793	60,000	61,886
91,004	72,977	78,415	4,975	70,761	195,385
2,645	7,529	30,128	44,769	154,637	84,161
95,710	68,299	6,832	195,679	10,674	66,435
45,637	3,798	42,147	7,954	9,672	51,746
10,977	18,406	59,653	53,966	83,918	64,859
27,493	104,551	134,456	6,435	14,539	785
184,700	79,654	10,174	156,467	49,895	186,051
3,794	17,270	50,685	98,546	7,974	
68,210	10,409	4,683	68,618	79,545	

If you're one of the lucky ones this week then this is what you must do to get your present. Make sure you have filled in your name and full address in the Membership page of your Album and then decide which gift you would prefer from the following:

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

Write the name of the present chosen in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use" and then, on a separate piece of paper, name the character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET—and, in a word or two, tell us why. Address a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

COMET E.S. Club, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) and pop both Album and piece of paper inside. Then post at once!

Very soon you will receive back your Album—and with it will come the present of your choice!

(N.B.—All claims for presents from this week's list must be received by Friday, May 9th—none received after that day, or for wrong numbers or without the Club Album will be recognised.)

NEW READER?

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

If you have not yet joined our grand new Club, all you have to do is write to us on a piece of paper saying, "Please make me a member of the C.E.S.C.," adding your full name and address. Then pin two 2½d. stamps to the paper and enclose it in an envelope and post to the Club address (given above). The Engine Spotters' Album with your Club Number printed on it will then be sent to you post free. Once you're a member, you too can watch our Club Corner and, of course, watch for your number to appear.

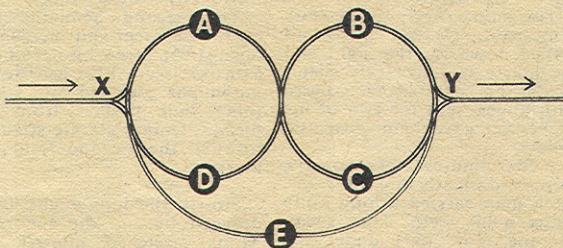
CLUB CORNER

RAILWAY QUIZ No. 4

The problem this week is a route problem.

The track which is shown is part of a new railway, and on this section are five stations, A, B, C, D and E. The route has to be arranged so that a train coming from the left can pass through each of the stations once, and once only, and continue its journey to the right. The train must keep moving between stations, but it may shunt at the junctions "X" and "Y."

How many different ways could the train go under these conditions? Here are two routes to start you off: Call at the five stations in this order—A, D, E, B, C; and A, C, E, D, B.



Solutions at foot of page.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

Slowly the doctor and the inspector disentangled themselves from the wreckage. "My test papers!" exclaimed Mr. Probing. "What has happened to my test papers? They were under the pillow!"

For the next ten minutes everyone searched for the missing papers, but without success. They were nowhere to be found. At last, as they went back to their dormitory, Jimmy Bash said to Willie: "One good thing your bed has done—it's lost Mr. Probing's papers. Now he won't be able to test us."

"I know," Willie croaked. "He'll never find them. The sheet-changing mechanism must have bundled them up with his sheets and pillow-case—but I wasn't going to tell him that!"

The Fourth Form was in high spirits when class-time arrived, and even Mr. Halfspun, though he tried to look serious, was very pleased. "As you know, boys," he said, "Mr. Probing was to have tested you this morning, but owing to an—er—unfortunate accident, he has mislaid his papers, so we

will carry on with our ordinary lessons."

At that instant the door burst open and there stood the inspector, glowering fiercely. "Oh, no, you won't!" he thundered. "Just because I've lost the papers, that doesn't mean I can't carry out the test. I couldn't sleep a wink after that dreadful experience last night, so I spent the time working out some even harder questions. And the class will answer them orally."

Form Four groaned as the inspector walked to Mr. Halfspun's desk and pointed at Jimmy Bash. "You, boy!" he thundered. "What is the square root of twenty-three thousand, four hundred and six point seven?"

Jimmy shifted from one foot to the other and tried to concentrate, but his mind seemed a blank. "Hurry, boy!" said Mr. Probing, sitting at the desk. "Hurry up!" The inspector rested his chin on his hands. "Be quick!" he said. "I can't wait all day!" His head was nodding towards the desk.

"Quickly," he repeated. His eyes were closing. "The square root of . . . ho hum . . . twenty-three thousand, four . . . yawn . . . hundred and . . . aaah, so sleepy . . . four hundred and . . . ZZZZ . . .!" The inspector's head had slumped to the desk and his eyes were tight shut. Snores shook the classroom. Worn out by his struggles with the automatic bed, he was fast asleep.

"Ssssh!" Mr. Halfspun whispered. "Mr. Probing has to leave in half an hour for another appointment. We must take care not to wake him until then, as he is so tired!"

Twenty minutes later the inspector was still fast asleep. Mr. Halfspun turned to Willie. "Get a cup of tea for the inspector when he wakes up," he said. "We may as well send him off in a good mood."

Willie tip-toed off to the tuck shop for a cup of tea. A few minutes later Mr. Probing was stretching and rubbing his eyes.

"I must have dozed off," he yawned. "Where were we?"

"It's time for your next

appointment," Mr. Halfspun reminded him. The inspector looked at his watch.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "So it is. I must hurry!" He stamped to the door and then he turned round and glared at the class. "I shall return another day and finish our test," he warned them.

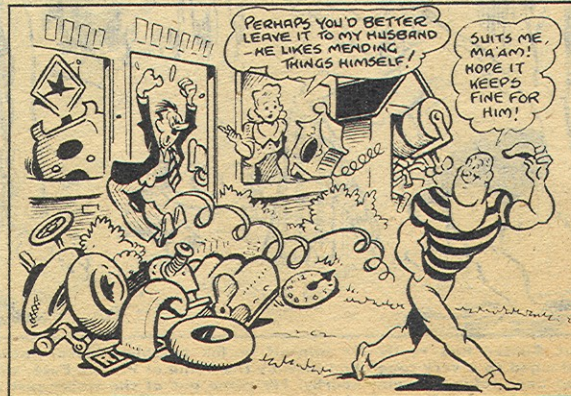
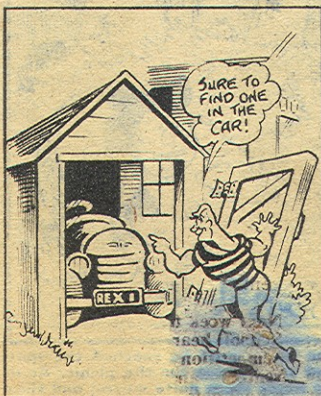
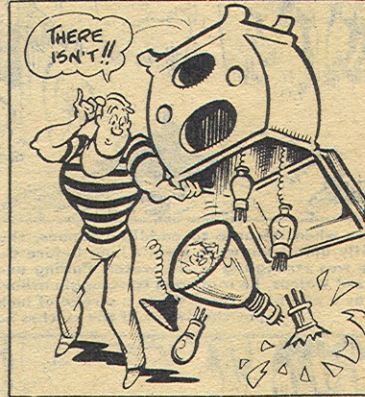
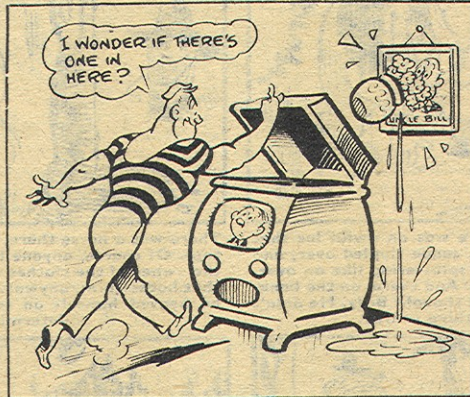
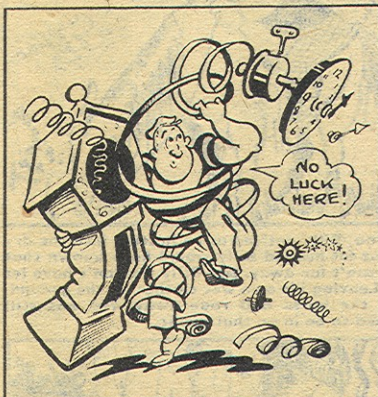
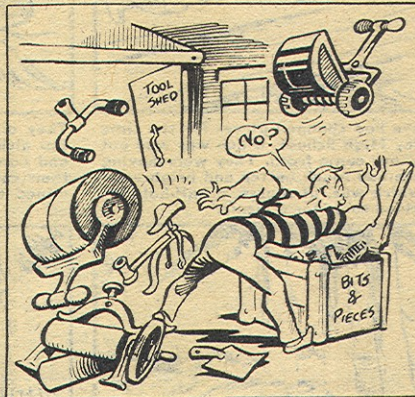
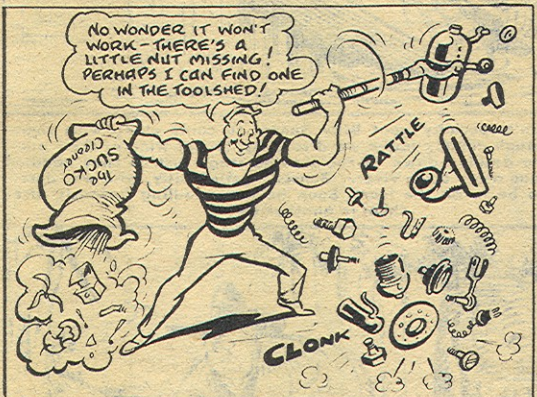
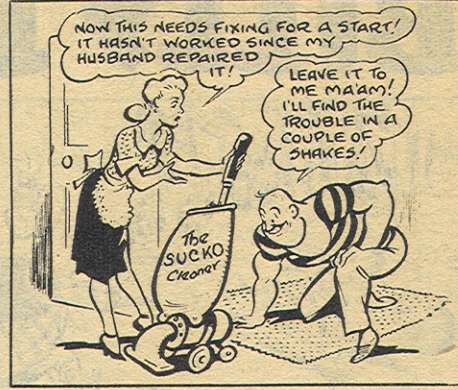
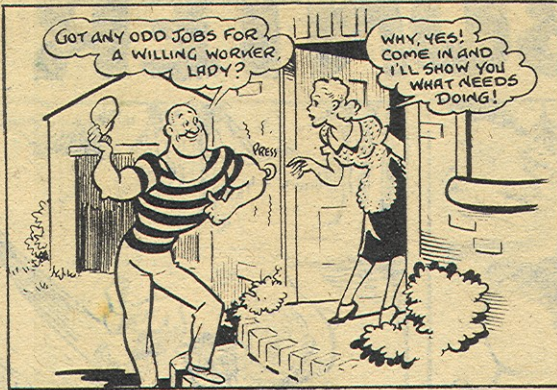
At that moment the door opened and Willie hurried in with the tea. He collided with Mr. Probing and the cup overturned and spilled tea all down the inspector's clean shirt.

"This is the last straw!" Mr. Probing spluttered. "Boy, I shall tell your headmaster to make you write out a thousand times—no, ten thousand times—I must not spill tea over the school inspector!"

As Willie watched the furious Mr. Probing marching across the quad, he was already thinking of an improvement on an old invention—the Wizzard Patent Fifty At-A-Time Imposition Pen.

Next week in his trial by bar School news. Now all the competition inventors—and every pupil in the school gets busy! Here's another merry muddle to make you laugh!

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE: There are in all 10 different ways the train could go and of course, ADEBC and ACEBD.



BILLY BUNTER OUT WEST



The boys of the Greyfriars Remove had changed places for the time being with the lads of Pinto Valley High School, which was way out West, in the land where the cowboys come from. They were having a wonderful time—even lessons seemed much better and brighter in the Wild West. One Saturday, which was, of course, a half-holiday, some of the lads decided to go for a picnic.



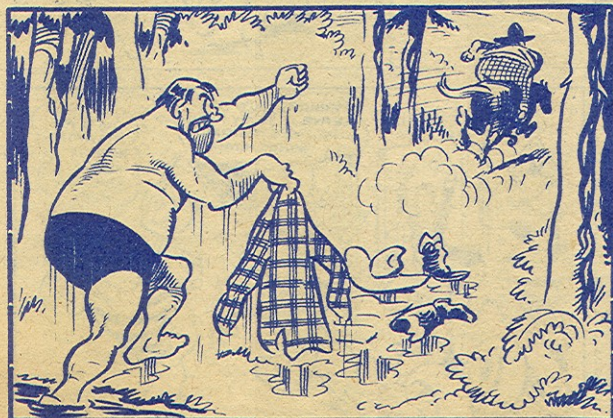
They didn't specially want Billy Bunter to come along with them. But although nobody said a word to Billy, he got wind of their plan, and came dashing down to the landing stage just as they paddled their canoe away down river. "Beasts!" yelled Billy, who was determined to be in on the feast. Soon he was paddling furiously after them in another canoe.



But when it came to paddling canoes, there was an awful lot that Billy didn't know. It wasn't long before the canoe tipped over, and he was struggling in the water. Puffing and spluttering like an oversized walrus, he managed to struggle ashore. And there, on the bank, was a pile of clothes! What a stroke of luck! thought Billy. He didn't spot the owner of the clothes bathing nearby.



There was a horse there, too, Billy noticed as he hustled into the dry togs. Of course, anyone but fat-headed Billy would have known that the owner of the clothes wasn't far away. But Billy wouldn't have let that bother him, anyway. Leaving his own wet clothes on the ground, he heaved himself on to the horse and rode away. He was still determined to be in on that picnic.



But Bunter had really let himself in for trouble. Those clothes belonged to a very tough bad-man by the name of Prairie Pete, who had been taking a swim nearby. He came out of the water just as Billy rode away. My gosh—but he was hopping mad! He was proud of his clothes—the ones Billy was wearing were a very fancy outfit. And all he'd got in place of them were Billy's wet rags.



Billy managed to cling on to the horse until he reached the spot where the other lads had beached their canoe for the picnic. As it happened, paddling the canoe had made them quite warm, and they had decided to have a swim before eating. So when Billy came along there was all the food spread out, just out of sight of the boys in the water. And Billy lost no time in tucking in, you may be sure.



Meanwhile, the sheriff of the nearby cow-town had heard that Prairie Pete was in the neighbourhood, and was out with a posse of riders looking for him. As they rode along near the river one of his deputies spotted the horse, which Billy had allowed to wander away, and silently they all circled round the spot where Billy was tucking into the picnic food.



When the sheriff got near enough to see those clothes, he recognised them as the ones Prairie Pete had been wearing, and so it was quite natural that he should think that he had found the bad-man. The next moment Billy found himself under arrest. "I say!" he squeaked, "I was only borrowing those jam tarts—really I was!" Billy thought that was why they had arrested him!



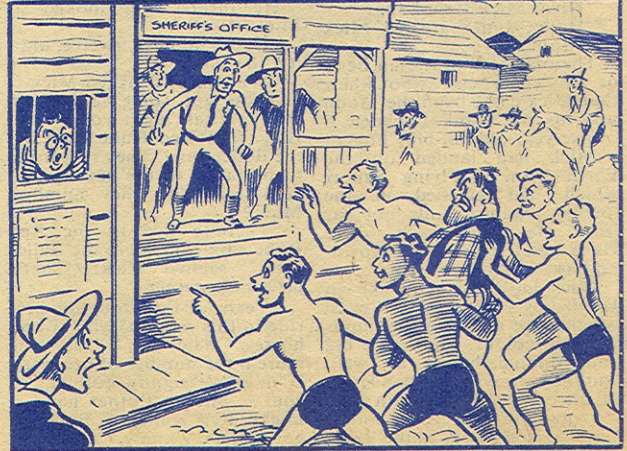
But Prairie Pete hadn't given up hope of getting his clothes back. Grimly he plodded along on the trail of his horse's hoof-marks, his temper getting worse and worse every moment. Walking wasn't one of his favourite pastimes, and those riding boots weren't suitable for it, anyway. It'd be a bad day for Billy Bunter if he ever did catch up with him.



Just about this time the other Greyfriars lads were climbing out of the water. You can just imagine their rage when they found most of their tasty picnic food already gone. "Bunter must have been here!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The fat porpoise!" And just on the other side of the belt of trees, Prairie Pete, much to his relief, had just found his wanderina horse.



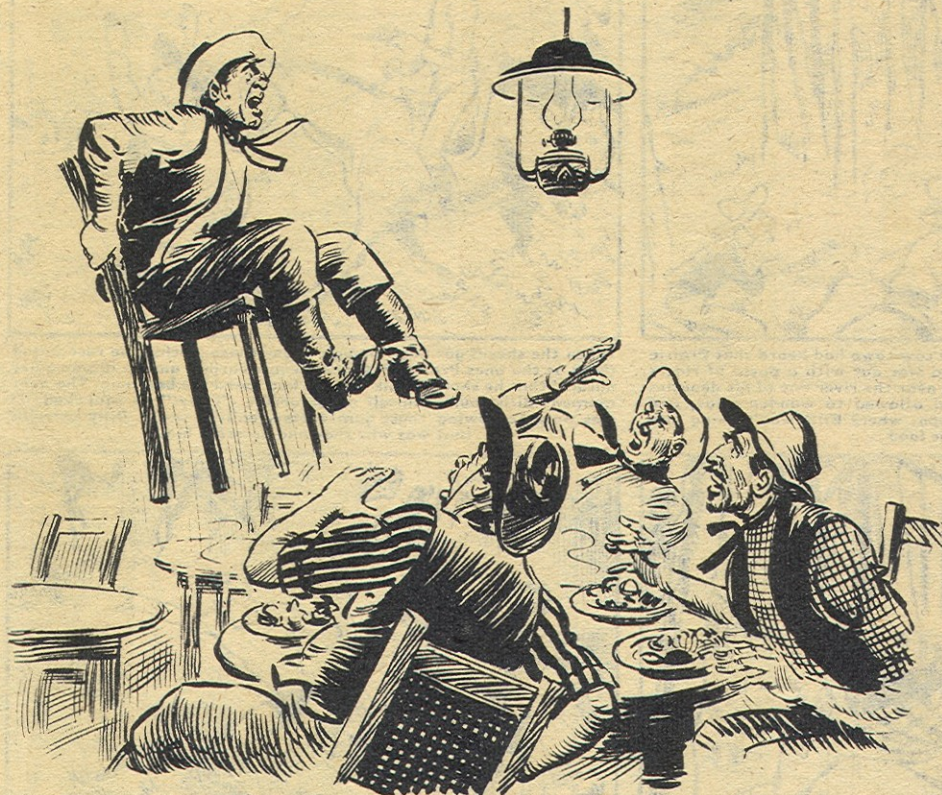
So as the five lads raced through the woods seeking Bunter for a well-earned scragging they suddenly saw Bunter's checkered shirt bobbing about in front of them. Without wasting a second, they raced towards the rider and dragged him from his horse. It was only then that they saw his face. "It isn't Bunter—it's Prairie Pete!" cried Harry Wharton, who had seen the reward notices about.



Prairie Pete was tough, but he was fagged out after that long plod on the trail of his horse, and he was no match for five wiry schoolboys. They tied his hands behind his back and marched him down to the town. How they laughed when they saw Bunter in the local gaol. But they soon explained things to the sheriff, and got him exchanged for the real Prairie Pete.

Next week: Bunter tries to buy a goldmine! Don't miss the chuckles!

MICK THE MOON BOY



THE BADMAN SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, SHOOTS SWIFTLY UPWARDS IN THE AIR!

THE JAIL BREAK

JIM LOGAN, owner of the livery stables in the little American township of Indian Bend, lounged into the sheriff's office. A handsome sixteen-year-old boy in check shirt and riding pants was sitting with his feet on the desk.

"Hiya, Mick!" said Jim. "Hallo, Jim!" greeted Mick the Moon Boy.

The only soul in Indian Bend or anywhere else who knew that Mick came from the Moon was his pal Hank Luckner, a twelve-year-old hill-billy boy.

Mick had landed on the Earth from a Flying Saucer which had crashed in the lonely Arkansas hills not far from the little shack where Hank had lived with his grown-up sister and his grandma.

Mick looked exactly like an Earth boy except for his eyes, which were a strange luminous green in colour. They were big and almond-shaped as well, and they always reminded Hank of the eyes of a mountain lion.

"Anything on your mind, Jim?" asked Mick, as the livery stable owner strolled to the window and stood looking out on the quiet and dusty main street.

"Know anybody wants to buy any hosses?" asked Jim.

"Can't say I do," replied Mick, watching him. "Why? Have you got some to sell?"

"Not me, I ain't," replied Jim. "But four hombres rode into town this mornin' with a dozen led hosses what they say they're aimin' to sell. I got 'em in my stables."

He turned and looked at Mick.

"Queer number, twelve, ain't it?" he asked.

"Why queer?" asked Mick.

"You got some lodgers in this here jail, ain't you?" said Jim. "The Red Rube gang an' the Buller gang. They're waiting to be taken to the county jail. How many do they number, Mick?"

"There're five in the Red Rube gang and six in the Buller gang," replied Mick. "That's eleven altogether."

"Yeah, an' these four hombres ride in this mornin' with twelve hosses," said Jim. "Just one more'n the number of pris'ners. It might'n't signify nothing, of course, but on t'other hand it might. Red Rube an' Buller've got friends, y'know."

"And you think these four men with the horses might be friends of theirs?" demanded Mick. "They might be going to help the Red Rube and Buller gangs to make a jail break and

they've brought the horses along so that the whole bunch of them can hit the trail out of here. Is that what you think?"

"Could be!" answered Jim, with a shrug of his shoulders. "All I knows is that if I had hosses to sell I wouldn't bring 'em to a panned-out, bust-up township like Indian Bend where nobody's got no money."

"No, neither would I," agreed Mick thoughtfully. "Well, thanks for the tip, Jim. What are these four men like who rode in this morning?"

"Tough!" said Jim. "They're only totin' one gun apiece that you can see, but I know blamed well they've got shoulder holsters underneath their shirts. I ain't that dumb. An' honest men don't tote loaded shoulder holsters."

"They don't," agreed Mick. "Where are these fellows now?"

"Eatin' in Ike's Dining S'loon," replied Jim. "Least-ways, they was when I come moseying along here. I see'd 'em through the winder."

"Okay, Jim, I'll have a look at them," said Mick.

"An' you be careful, son," warned Jim, drifting towards the door. "If they are pard's of Red Rube or Buller an' they're here to gettem out o' the lock-up, they'll shoot first an' talk

after. They'll start the lead-slinging soon as look at you."

"Yes, I have no doubt they will," said Mick. "Well, thanks for the tip, Jim."

"I reckoned you oughter know," said the stable-keeper.

He departed and, rising from the desk, Mick went into an adjoining room where twelve-year-old Hank was cleaning and oiling a couple of pistols.

"There are strangers in the town, Hank," Mick informed him, and told him everything the livery stable-keeper had said.

"Sounds mighty suspicious, those twelve hosses," said Hank when Mick had finished. "And it ties up with the way Red Rube and Buller and those other skunks in the cells have been acting lately. They've been boasting they're gonna make a break-out before they're toted off to the county jail."

"And this looks like it, these strangers in town," said Mick. "I'll go and have a look at them."

He stripped off his shirt, pants and boots, and stood revealed in the green tightly-fitting, one-piece suit of flexible metal in which he had arrived from the Moon and which he always wore, but none knew that except Hank.

Pulling on a closely-fitting green helmet made of the same material as his one-piece suit, Mick strapped a small oblong green box on his chest.

"Righto, here we go!" he said.

He touched a button on the tiny box on his chest and, as he did so, he became completely invisible. Hank wasn't in the least surprised. He had seen this happen before and he knew that the power to make oneself invisible was just one of the many scientific marvels discovered by the Moon Men, who were hundreds of years in advance of the scientists on the Earth.

"You're going along to Ike's eating house?" he asked his invisible pal.

"Yes," answered the voice of Mick. "You stick around until I get back, Hank."

"Sure!" said Hank.

He neither saw nor heard the invisible Mick depart, but when he knew he had gone he wiped his oily hands on a piece of rag and went along the corridor to the cells.

There were two cells, each with a door of steel bars through which one could look into the cell. The Red Rube gang were in one cell and the Buller gang in another.

Hank looked at the Buller gang first. There were six of them, including the big, brutal, heavily-built Buller. Four of them were sitting playing cards with a greasy pack, and Buller and the sixth man were standing

AND THE ODDER THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING EVER SINCE!

watching.

"How're you going, big guys?" inquired Hank pleasantly through the bars.

The gangsters turned their heads and glared at him.

"I hope you're not letting Buller play with you," went on Hank, grinning. "He'd cheat his own grandma, then kick her in the teeth for complaining. That's right, isn't it, Buller?"

"One day I'll wring that skinny neck of yours!" grated Buller, his voice trembling with fury. "Git away from here!"

"Oh, I'm not stopping," said Hank. "I just stepped by to see how you all was. Town's mighty busy this morning," he went on, beginning to move away, but watching them closely. "Strangers have ridden in and Jim Logan's stables is full o' horses."

He didn't miss the way the gangsters tensed, nor the quick excited looks they gave each other.

"What these strangers like, kid?" asked one of them, trying hard to make his voice sound cool and casual. Then as though in explanation of the question: "Guess there ain't many hit Indian Bend these days. Jest ridin' through, are they?"

"They didn't say," replied Hank, grinning. "But if those horses they've got are stolen, reckon you're gonna have company. Mick and me'll have to bring 'em in and we haven't anywhere to put 'em except with you and ol' Red Rube. It's going to kinda crowd you all."

"Yeah, and we'll crowd you and that cussed Mick afore we're through with you!" snarled Buller, his face twisted with fury. "The luck won't always run your way, dadblame you!"

"It isn't luck," said Hank sweetly. "It's the modern methods what Mick and me use, that's all. Well, I'll be seeing you!"

He strolled on to the next cell. The ginger-whiskered Red Rube and his gang glared at him through the bars of the steel door.

"Hiya, Red!" greeted Hank. "Buller sends his love and hopes you're enjoying your stay in this here nice comfortable hotel. He says he's mighty sorry he can't join you all, but he says he never could stand the smell o' polecats, not nohow."

"I'll wipe that grin off'n your face if I git hold of you, you sassy li'l brat!" snarled Red Rube. "Git away from there, an' quick!"

"Sure, sure!" said Hank. "I've got to go, anyhow. There's strangers to town this mornin' and Jim Logan's stable's full o' horses. I've got to keep an eye on these here cowboys what've ridden in."

Again he saw the effect of his words on the outlaws. They looked at each other with the same quick excited looks as the Buller gang had done. Trying

hard to keep his voice steady, Red Rube glared at Hank and growled:

"What strangers you talkin' about?"

"The strangers who've ridden in," replied Hank. "I've just told you. You're not deaf, are you? But I know who they are, are you?"

"You do?" cried Red Rube excitedly.

"Yeah, it's the President of the United States and his men," grinned Hank. "He's come to thank Mick and me for roping in you and the Buller mavericks."

Taking no notice of the raging Red Rube's oaths, he strolled away and returned to the little office to await the return of Mick.

Meanwhile, the invisible Mick had trod along main street and had entered Ike's Dining Saloon. He spotted at once the four men he was in search of, for they were the only strangers in the joint.

They were sitting at a table eating with the appetites of men who had ridden long and far. As Jim had said, they were tough-looking men, with brown and leathery faces and the quick, alert eyes of professional gunmen.

Without the slightest sound Mick crossed silently to their table and stood behind one of the men's chairs. They were talking in low guarded voices, but it was ridiculously easy for Mick to hear every word.

"Point is," one of them was saying, "what we gonna do till sundown?"

"Pretend to try to find a buyer for them hosses," said another. "If we don't, folks might get suspicious."

"And so what?" sneered a third. "You know blamed well the sheriff of this burg's just a kid. We can handle him okay and I'm aimin' to say that there ain't many of the big red-blooded he-men in this burg gonna come to his help when they see we mean bis'ness. Nope, this job's a cinch!"

"Yeah, but there's no need us shovin' our necks out till we have to," said the fourth man of the party. "We aim to raid the jail after nightfall an' we don't want no shootin' afore then. So I agree with Al that we oughter pretend—"

Abruptly he broke off, staring with astonished eyes at his companion. For the man was rising in the air—chair and all, just as he was sitting.

Higher and higher he rose and, as his three pals watched in pop-eyed astonishment, his chair suddenly turned swiftly upside down and he fell flat on to the table with his face in his dinner.

With a roar of fright, bewilderment and fury, the gunman staggered to his feet, clawing gravy, potatoes, meat and greens from his face.

"How the—who done that?" he roared, and accompanied the words with a stream of oaths.

"Warn't nobody done it!"

gasped one of his pals. "It done it itself!"

"But it couldn't!" roared the victim. "Some dirty, low-down skunk must've done it!"

"He didn't—nobody done it!" cried his amazed pals. "You lifted clean off'n the floor all by yourself an' turned upside down an' whammed down on yore face!"

Hearing the uproar, the greasy-aproned Ike, owner of the joint, came hastening to the table.

"What's wrong, fellers?" he cried, staring in astonishment at the victim, who was still clawing the remnants of his dinner off his face. "You ain't startin' no rough house in here!"

"This ain't no rough house!" shouted one of the gunmen. "This blamed place is ha'nted. Butch sailed up off'n the floor all by hisself an' then landed flat down on his face. You got ghosts here, cuss you?"

Ike swore he hadn't. The invisible Mick, who had done the deed, stood a few paces away silently laughing.

It was only because they didn't want any trouble before sundown that the raging but bewildered gunmen didn't start shooting up the place there and then. They got Butch, the victim, calmed down, but as he prepared to resume his seat his chair slid smoothly away from under him and, with a perfect roar of fury, he finished up on his back on the floor.

This time he did yank out his gun and blazed madly away in spite and fury at nothing in particular, the bullets crashing through the ceiling, for he was still lying flat on his back.

"We're gonna get outa here!" he snarled, when at length he had got himself to his feet. "And, thrusting his furious face close to the frightened Ike's, 'you think yourself mighty blamed lucky, you monkey-faced wog, that I ain't put daylight through you. We ain't payin' you, an' that's straight!"

They didn't pay him. They strode fiercely out of the place and across the street to the drinking saloon. But even there things happened to them. For no sooner had they called for drinks than their glasses were swept with a crash to the floor as though by an invisible hand. What was more, a big water jug suddenly sailed up off the counter, turned upside down and deluged the hapless Butch with the whole of its contents.

Having done all this, the invisible Mick sped merrily back to his office, where Hank was awaiting him.

"There's not the slightest doubt but that they're going to raid the jail after sundown," he said when he had told Hank all that had happened. "But by this time they're in such a state of jitters that they're as nervous as frightened kittens."

"Yeah, but you say they're still going to raid the jail?"

(Continued on page 18)

All the ACTION in a full RODEO!

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All the broncho-busting, rooting-tooting scenes of the Great Wild West!

Yep!

All for YOU in this grand series of **COWBOYS and INDIANS**

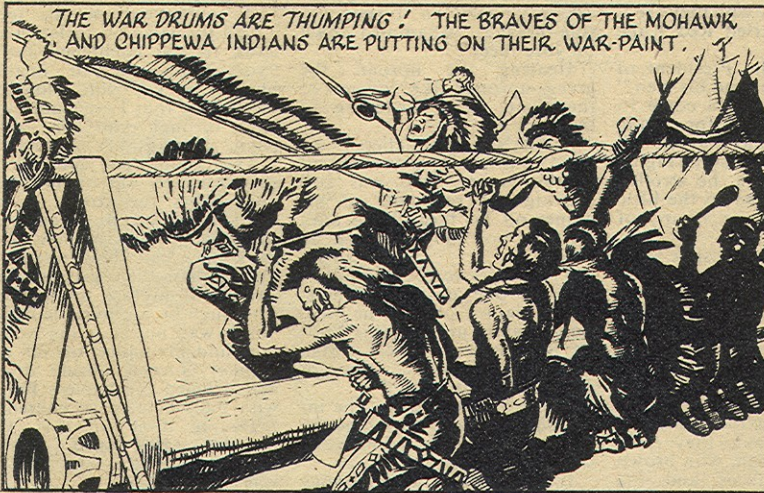
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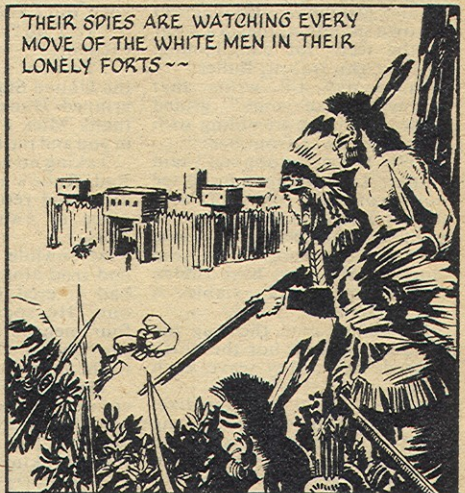
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When Mum buys Kellogg's—tuck in and get cracking!

KIT CARSON TAKES THE WAR PATH!



THE WAR DRUMS ARE THUMPING! THE BRAVES OF THE MOHAWK AND CHIPPEWA INDIANS ARE PUTTING ON THEIR WAR-PAINT.



THEIR SPIES ARE WATCHING EVERY MOVE OF THE WHITE MEN IN THEIR LONELY FORTS --

INSIDE FORT FRIENDLY, ON THE BANK OF THE BLACK ADDER RIVER, KIT CARSON GETS A TOUGH JOB.



THIS PACKAGE MUST REACH COLONEL ATKINS AT FORT FOREMOST, AND THE COUNTRY IS SWARMING WITH REDSKIN BRAVES. I RECKON YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN GET THROUGH ALIVE. LEAVE AT MIDNIGHT, KIT, AND GO BY RIVER. THAT'S YOUR BEST CHANCE OF DODGING THE WAR-PARTIES!

AS KIT LEAVES, HE BUMPS INTO DUCLOS, A HALF-BREED TRADER.



SO -- MISTER CARSON HAS A DANGEROUS JOB -- YES?

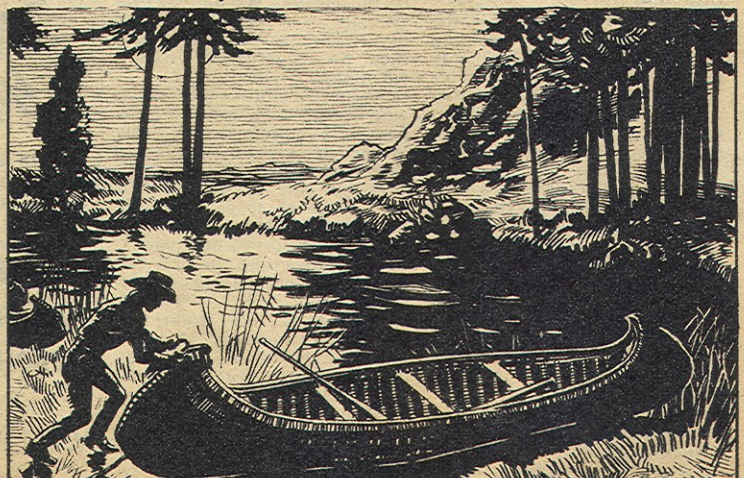
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, DUCLOS. MAYBE YOU KNOW WHAT'S MAKIN' THEM RED VARMINTS RATTLE THEIR WAR-DRUMS?



I AM A MAN OF PEACE, MISTER CARSON -- A TRADER -- I BUY -- I SELL --

YEAH! MAYBE YOU SELL GUNS TO THE BIG EAGLE OF THE MOHAWKS, EH?

MIDNIGHT! KIT SLIPS QUIETLY FROM THE FORT, AND MAKES FOR HIS CANOE



A SECRET LETTER THROUGH COUNTRY SWARMING WITH ENEMY INDIANS

SUDDENLY, A HAND GRASPS KIT'S SHOULDER.

WHAT--? WHY, IT'S YOU, 'POSSUM!
WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE
PLAYIN' AT?



CARSON NO
TAKE CANOE. NO GOOD!
PALEFACE COME BEFORE
MOONRISE. HIM HURT
CANOE. SINK SOON!
YOU GO IN 'POSSUM'S
CANOE.

HA! BET THAT'S DUCLOS!
FAST WORKER THAT RAT.
RIGHT, 'POSS! I TAKE
YOUR CANOE!



TAKE 'POSSUM ALSO!
'POSSUM KNOW SECRET WAY
THROUGH ADDER RAPIDS!

SURE 'POSSUM, YOU COME TOO, YOU
OLD SCOUNDREL! BUT HOW DID
YOU LEARN ABOUT MY JOB?
IT'S A SECRET!



'POSSUM LISTEN!
PALEFACES TALK TOO
MUCH! NO SPEAK NOW,
BUT LISTEN FOR BARK
OF FOX--- PLENTY
TROUBLE SOON!

SO THAT'S HOW IT IS, EH?
RIGHT, AS YOU KNOW
THE WAY, 'POSS, YOU
TAKE LEAD PADDLE--
PUSH OFF!



THEY PADDLE ON FOR
SEVERAL MILES IN THE
MOONLIT WATERS OF THE
BLACK ADDER RIVER.

THROUGH FORESTS AND
ROCKY CANYONS --
THROUGH NARROW
CHANNELS AND
DANGEROUS BENDS.
THE CANOE SPEEDS ON
ITS PERILOUS MISSION
TO FORT FOREMOST.



STEERING THE CANOE BECOMES HARDER AND HARDER--

SOON NOW--
ADDER RAPIDS COME.
'POSSUM SMELL DANGER!
LISTEN FOR FOX BARK!
THERE-- YOU HEAR?
PADDLE HARD!



AND ON THE RIVER BANK IS A BIG WAR-PARTY OF PAINTED BRAVES--

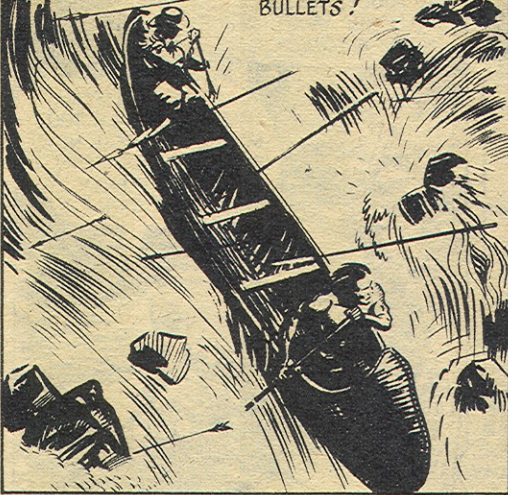


THE FOX BARK WAS A SIGNAL FROM THE
INDIAN OUTPOSTS. NOW THE LEADER
OF THE PARTY-- NONE OTHER THAN
DUCLOS-- RAPS OUT AN ORDER.



OPEN
FIRE!

THE NEXT INSTANT THE AIR AROUND THE SPEEDING CANOE IS THICK WITH ARROWS, SPEARS AND BULLETS!



THE RANGE IS TOO LONG FOR SPEARS OR ARROWS TO BE DANGEROUS -- AND THE FAST CANOE IS A TRICKY TARGET FOR THE INDIANS WITH RIFLES. DUCLOS RAGES, AS HE SEES HIS CHANCES SLIPPING AWAY --



FOOLS! YOU'RE LETTING THEM GET AWAY! INTO THE WAR-CANOE -- AFTER THEM!

DRIVEN FORWARD BY A DOZEN HEFTY BRAVES -- THE WAR CANOE LEAPS AFTER KIT AND 'POSSUM.



SO THE SKUNKS HAVE GOT RIFLES! I'D LIKE TO GET A SHOT AT THAT CANOE!

NO NEED! NO NEED! RAPIDS NOW! WE GO SECRET WAY -- THEY FOLLOW! WE GO THROUGH -- THEY PERISH! ONLY 'POSSUM KNOW WAY!



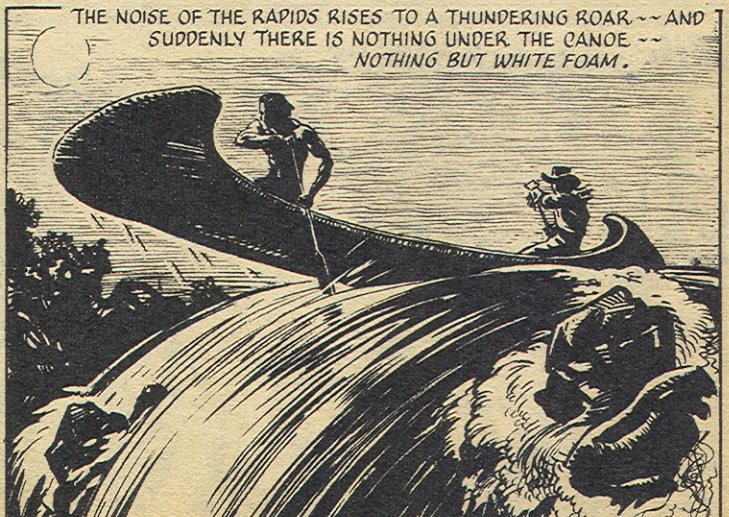
AND THEN THEY ARE AMONG THE ROARING WATERS AND JAGGED ROCKS OF THE BLACK-ADDER RAPIDS --

HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', 'POSSUM! I CAN'T SEE A WAY HERE!

'POSSUM KNOW -- TRUST 'POSSUM!

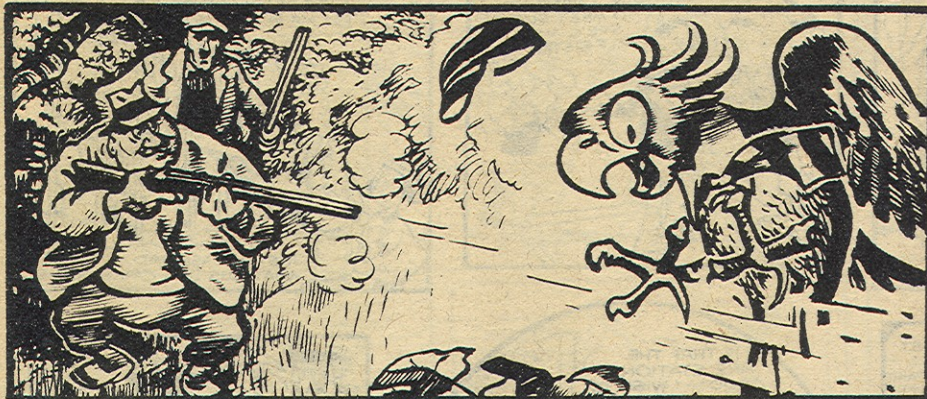


THE NOISE OF THE RAPIDS RISES TO A THUNDERING ROAR -- AND SUDDENLY THERE IS NOTHING UNDER THE CANOE -- NOTHING BUT WHITE FOAM.



Next week: Kit reads the secret letter! Be sure to read this action-paced picture-story!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



WHEN OLD BEN BOTTLE TOOK A SHOT—
HE NEVER BARGAINED FOR WHAT HE GOT!

PARROT'S REVENGE

PERCY PEEKE, the parrot, was sitting on the bough of a tree preening his feathers.

Percy hadn't always been a parrot. Some time ago he had been an ordinary schoolboy—a member of a party of forty boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole lot of them had eaten something for breakfast which had given them the most awful tummy aches. So Dr. Grunter, the master in charge of the party, had sent for Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, to come out to the farm to give them all a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was so absent-minded that instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he got the bottles mixed up and gave them a dose of a wonderful liquid he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

The result was that, in a flash, Dr. Grunter and the boys had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

As Percy now sat in the tree preening his brilliantly coloured feathers he suddenly heard voices below him. Looking down, he saw a party of three men. One was a fat red-faced little gent whom Percy recognised at once as Mr. Benjamin Bottle, the Mayor of Market Gosling. He was wearing a plus-four suit and had a gun under his arm.

The other two men Percy didn't know. But they, too, were carrying guns.

"I say, look there!" cried Mr. Benjamin Bottle excitedly, as he suddenly looked up and saw the brilliantly-hued Percy sitting on the bough of the tree. "What sort of bird's that?"

"Why—ah—it's a parrot, don'tcherknow?" drawled Captain Crasher, one of the other two men.

"Rot"! cried the fat little mayor rudely. "It's a bloomin' rare bird, that's what it is, and I'm going to have a pot at it!"

Before either of the other men could stop him he had whipped up his gun. Bang!

"Hang you, Crasher!" he bawled, swinging furiously on the captain, as the badly shaken Percy sailed swiftly away. "I'd have 'ad 'im if you 'adn't knocked my arm!"

"I know you would," said the captain. "But if you'll excuse my saying so, it's—ah—beastly bad form to shoot tame parrots. That parrot must have escaped from somewhere, don'tcherknow?"

Percy and his pals were camping in huts near the farmhouse of Meadowsweet Farm. Percy shared a hut with a boy named Algy Brown, who had been changed into a monkey, and another boy named Harold Lane, who had been changed into a giraffe. As Percy sailed into the hut he saw Algy the monkey sitting on the table reading the local newspaper.

"Hallo, what the thump's wrong with you?" demanded Algy, looking up from his newspaper.

He spoke in a human voice, for although Dr. Dozey's wonderful liquid changed people, they still spoke in their human voices.

"I've been shot at!" cried Percy furiously. "That beastly little Bottle, the Mayor of Market Gosling, has knocked half my feathers out!"

"Oh, well, they'll grow again," grinned Algy. "As a matter of fact, I've just been reading about old Bottle. He's opening the bird show at Market Gosling on Saturday. There's a five pounds prize for the best talking parrot!"

Next instant Percy had broken into a clumsy dance of delight.

"I've got it!" he chortled. "I know how I can get even with that beastly old Bottle!"

"How?" demanded Algy.

Percy told him. As Algy listened, his eyes widened in astonishment.

"But, look here!" he protested, when Percy had finished. "You can't possibly go along by yourself and say: 'Look here, I want to enter for the talking parrot contest.' It would be silly!"

"I know that," said Percy. "But Alf, who drives the farm tractor, will enter me. He's a jolly good sport."

As he had said, Alf was a jolly good sport, and on the Saturday afternoon he turned up at the bird show with Percy in a cage and entered him for the talking parrot contest.

The contest was to be judged by Lady Pugsden-Potts. She was a very rich lady who lived in a big house just outside Market Gosling.

Well, the judging of the talking parrots started. Lady Pugsden-Potts moved slowly along the line of cages. She was accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Bottle, in his mayor's robes and chain of office, and by several other ladies and gentlemen, including Captain Crasher.

At length, Lady Pugsden-Potts and her party arrived at Percy's cage. As they looked at Percy, both Mr. Benjamin Bottle and Captain Crasher gave a start.

"Oh, what a lovely coloured parrot!" cried Lady Pugsden-Potts.

"I'm not as lovely as I was," said Percy sharply.

Lady Pugsden-Potts started. "He talks very well," she said, turning to the fat mayor.

"I'm jolly lucky to be able to talk at all!" shouted Percy. "I was nearly shot the other day!"

"Shot?" echoed Lady Pugsden-Potts.

"Yes, shot!" yelled Percy, stamping furiously about on his perch. "What would your ladyship think of a horrid human who shot at parrots?"

"I should think he was a very, very wicked man indeed!"

cried her ladyship indignantly. "Well, he did!" shrieked Percy, ruffling his feathers and pointing an accusing claw at the pop-eyed mayor. "He shot at me and tried to kill me, and he knocked a great bunch of feathers right out of me!"

"I—I didn't!" cried the trembling Mr. Bottle.

"Yes, you did!" screamed Percy. "Ask him!" pointing with his claw at Captain Crasher. "Ask old Crasher whether that beastly Bottle shot at me and tried to kill me."

"Well—ah—yes, I must—ah—admit that Bottle did shoot at the—ah—bird and try to kill it," confessed the captain, tugging at his moustache.

Mr. Bottle quivered with rage.

"You call yourself my friend!" he cried and, rushing at Captain Crasher, caught him a smack on the ear that sent him reeling.

Percy cackled with glee, shrieking: "Your turn, Crasher, old man! Sock him one for me!"

But Captain Crasher needed no urging. His ear was hurting him. Recovering himself, he made a dive for Mr. Bottle.

Bottle fled in and out amongst the cages all round the hall, while Lady Pugsden-Potts gasped with amazement.

Crasher caught him and gave him a good old beating up until dust rose in clouds from Bottle's coat and he begged for mercy.

"That'll teach you a thing or two!" snapped Captain Crasher. "Another time don't shoot at tame parrots." And out he marched, leaving Bottle sitting on the floor.

"There you are!" shrieked Percy triumphantly. "That's the sort of man you've got as mayor, your ladyship—a rascal who pots at parrots and puts bullets into birds."

With flashing eyes, Lady Pugsden-Potts wheeled on the terrified Mr. Benjamin Bottle.

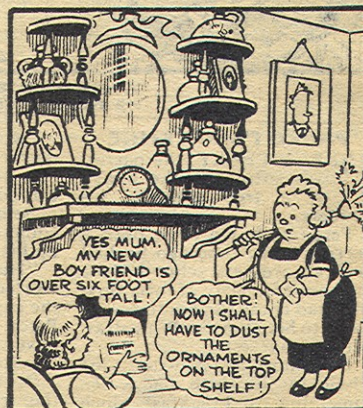
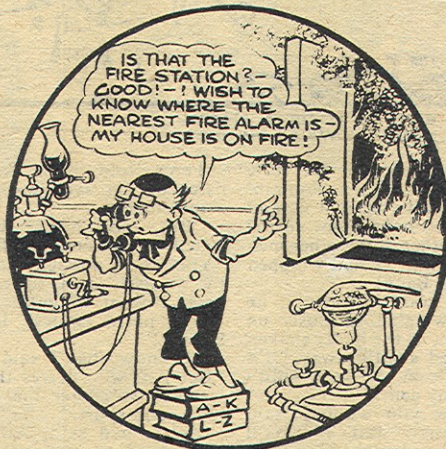
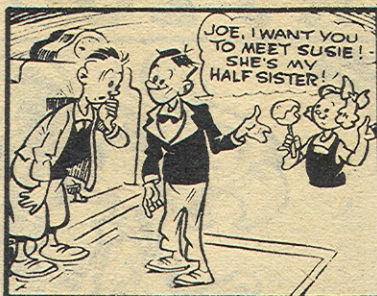
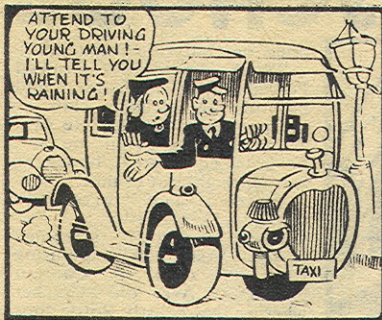
"Disgusting!" she cried in a terrific voice. "I have never heard of such a thing. You ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself. I shall never speak to you again—never! As it is, I have not the slightest hesitation in awarding the first prize of five pounds to this highly intelligent parrot, who has been clever enough to bring your wickedness to my notice."

"Oh, that's all right," put in Percy. "I don't want the five pounds. Give it to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds and Animals. Come on, Alf, take me home!"

Picking up the cage, Alf took him away. And, curiously enough, Mr. Benjamin Bottle wasn't elected as mayor the following year.

Don't miss the fun next week when Percy Tweek—the greedy porker—has a visit from his dad!

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 13)

demanding Hank.

"Yes, that's what they've come for and that's what they're going to do," chuckled Mick. "We're going to let them do it, as well."

"Are we?" demanded Hank in astonishment.

"Yes, we are," said Mick, laughing. "I'm going to set a very nice trap for these gents. Where's that roll of copper wire I got from the telegraph repairers when they were in Indian Bend?"

"I'll get it," said Hank.

He darted off into an adjoining room to reappear with a coil of copper wire.

"What you going to do, Mick?" he demanded.

"I'll show you!" chuckled Mick.

What he did was to fasten a single length of the copper wire to the floor, both walls and the ceiling at the entrance to the corridor which led to the cells.

The wire was flush against the floor walls and ceiling so that it formed a thin and almost invisible framework. Taking a small silver-coloured gadget like a fountain pen from the pouch at the waist of his tightly-fitting one-piece suit, Mick attached it to the wire and pressed a tiny button on it.

"I'll tell you what's happen-

ing, Hank," he said. "The gadget is charging the copper wire with a current hundreds of times stronger than electricity. And what it is actually doing is forming an invisible electric curtain in the framework of the wire. Anyone trying to pass through this invisible curtain will receive a shock and be hurled back. Even a bullet cannot penetrate it. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, of course I do!" cried Hank. "There's really a curtain now in the frame of copper wire, although you can't see it. Gosh, snakes! What a mighty smart invention. It's another of your Moon inventions, I guess?"

"It is," chuckled Mick. "And now I'll run the current off. I've only charged the wire to test it and to show you my scheme for diddling these gunmen and jail-breakers tonight."

"Yeah, but what is the scheme?" demanded Hank.

"I'll tell you," said Mick. He did so, and that night after sundown Hank, according to plan, was sitting in the office. Mick was there, too, but he had made himself invisible.

"Here they come!" he muttered warningly to Hank.

Next moment the door of the office crashed violently open and in strode the four gunmen, each armed with a couple of drawn pistols which they pointed at Hank.

"The keys of the cells, an' make it quick!" snarled the

one called Butch.

"Aw, say, mister, you're not going to shoot me!" wailed Hank, acting as Mick had told him to. "I'll get you those keys. Yessir, I'll get 'em. Aw, please don't shoot me!"

"Yallar-livered li'l runt!" jeered Butch to his three pals, as Hank scuttled across the room and returned with the keys. "An' he's s'posed to be deputy sheriff, ain't he?"

He snatched the keys from Hank and aimed a blow at him with the barrel of one of his pistols.

"Now you stay here or we'll drill you!" he threatened.

"Aw, yessir, yessir, I'll stay!" quavered Hank, looking properly terrified.

With the keys in his hand, Butch rushed from the room and along the corridor to the cells followed by his three pals. And it was then that the invisible Mick switched the juice on again on the copper wire.

He stood beside it, completely invisible, and saw the Buller gang and the Red Rube gang come pouring triumphantly out of their cells. Cheering and laughing fit to beat the band, the whole bunch of them and the four gunmen came charging back along the corridor.

The unfortunate Butch was in the lead, so it was he who hit the invisible electric curtain first. With a frenzied howl he shot back as though propelled from a catapult, crashing vio-

lently into his pals just behind him.

"What's the matter with you?" screamed Buller. "What'n tarnation thunder are you playing at?"

Their precious soon discovered, for not one of them could get through the invisible electric curtain. Every time they touched it they were hurled violently back.

And beyond the curtain stood the now visible Mick in his shirt and pants, Hank, and a merry laughing throng of Indian Bend citizens.

The raging gangsters could see them quite plainly through the invisible curtain, and they tried shooting at them. But their bullets just whanged back off the curtain with very great risk to themselves.

They were so mad that they used up all their ammunition. So when Mick had switched off the juice it was quite easy for the armed citizens of Indian Bend to force the gangsters back into their cells at the point of the gun, and the four gunmen were bunged in with them.

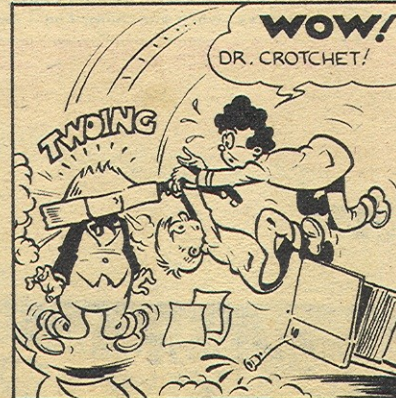
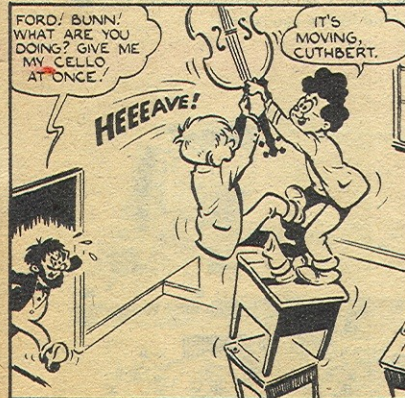
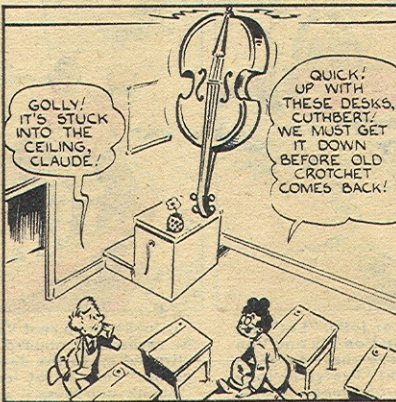
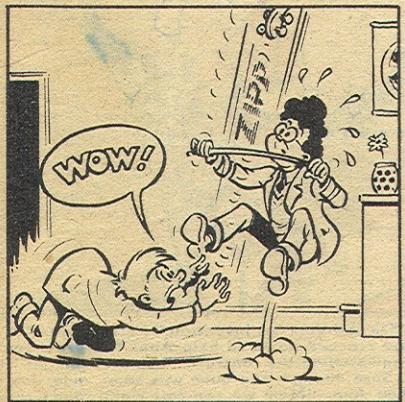
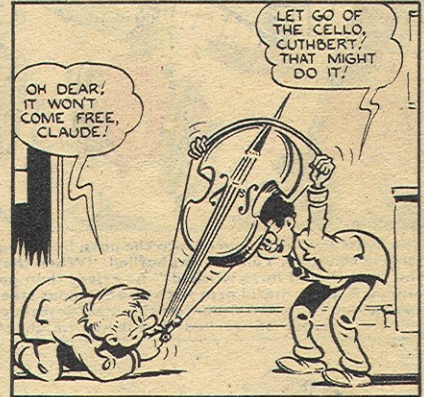
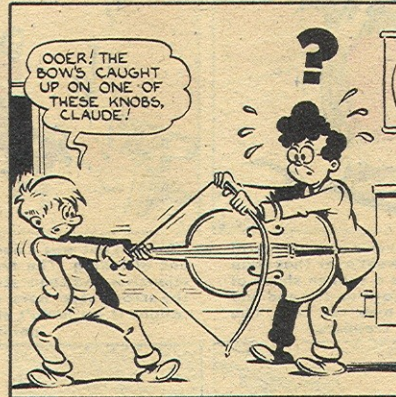
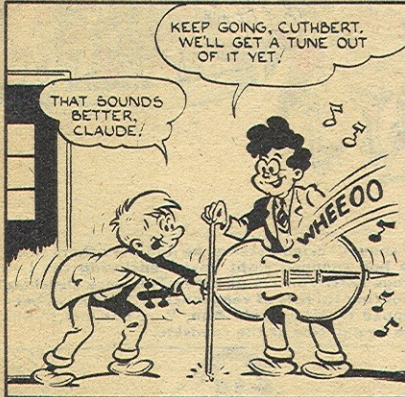
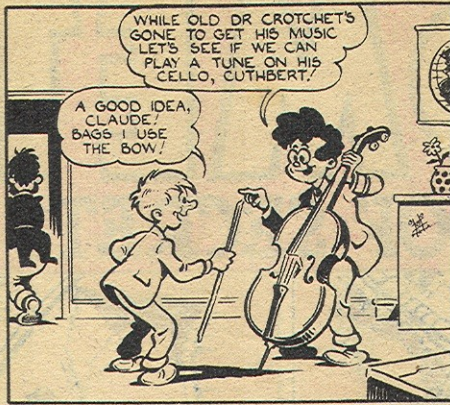
"Yeah, he's a real wonder, that Mick!" said all the admiring citizens later that night.

But they still didn't know Mick was from the Moon. They thought he was just an ordinary boy who was a very clever young scientist. Next week: Mick and Hank help an old-timer to recover his gold-dust. Don't miss the excitement!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

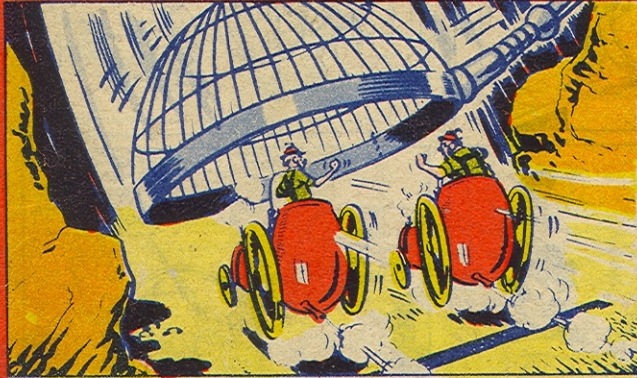


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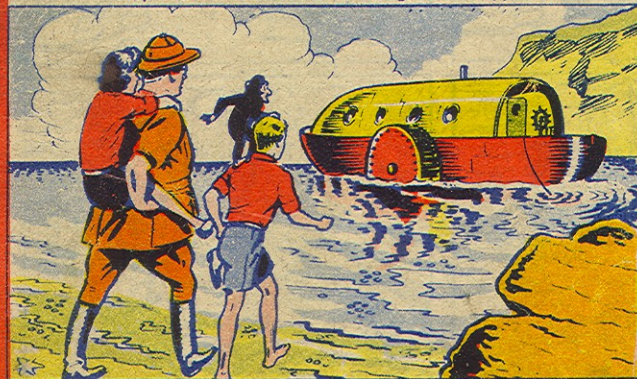
CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 3



The Swiss scientists roared into the pass, bumping over a narrow metal strip in the road. Von Tik was baffled. "When they went over that strip the trap should have worked!" he cried, then gave a sudden shout of alarm. A giant metal arm with an enormous steel cage on the end had swung out from the mountainside and descended over the cars. The trap had worked—but it had caught the trappers!



"Gosh! That was a near shave!" cried Peter as he and the others came out of hiding. The trap had snapped right down, enclosing the two scientists and their strange cars. Von Tik and Von Tok were clutching the strong steel bars, shouting threats of vengeance. "We'd have been caught if we hadn't stopped to hide," said Ann, "... but look!" She pointed to a notice at the roadside.



"That means the sea can't be far away," said Professor Jolly. "Let's get on to the beach." They turned and walked on, leaving Von Tik and Von Tok imprisoned. When our chums reached the shore they stared in delight. "A boat!" cried Peter. "Crumbs! What luck!" Professor Jolly took Ann on his back and they waded out to the odd-looking boat which lay at anchor a little way off shore.



"It looks like a real Von Tik and Von Tok invention," Peter grunted as he scrambled aboard and reached down to help Ann. The professor climbed on to the deck and studied the controls. "I think I can get it going," he said at last. Sure enough, the boat was soon underway. "Thank goodness," sighed Ann. "Now we can sail right round the island to our own camp. I've had enough of this place!"

Don't miss the strange adventures next week, when our chums find a new land inside the island!

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

Cut this picture out and stick it in the space marked No. 6 in your Album. There will be another stamp next week and more to follow; so make sure you don't miss any by placing a regular order for COMET with your newsagent today!

