

LOTS OF THRILLS! LOTS OF FUN! COMET PLEASES EVERYONE!

COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 200. May 17, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

SHUCKS! THE BANK HAS BEEN BUSTED EVERY MONDAY THIS MONTH! - GOSH! IT'S MONDAY TODAY! ANOTHER BANK-BUSTING DAY! I'LL WARN THE BANK!



MAY 1952
BANK-BUSTING DAYS
MARKED IN RED

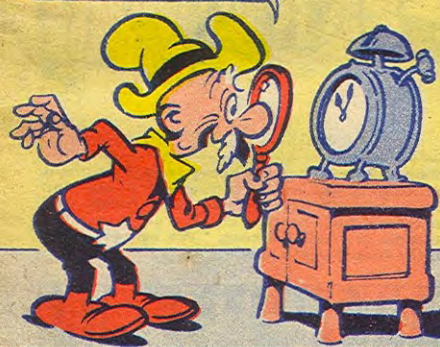
S	4	11	18	25
M	5	12	19	26
T	6	13	20	27
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S	10	17	24	31

TAKE THIS NOTE TO THE BANK RIGHT AWAY, HOSS.

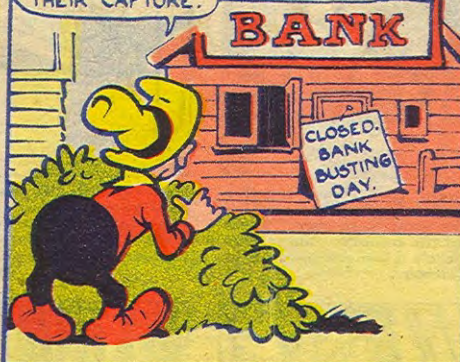


MON.
DEAR BANK,
BE PREPARED
FOR ROBBERS
TODAY!
YOURS TRULY,
SHORTY, THE
KNOW-ALL
DEPUTY.

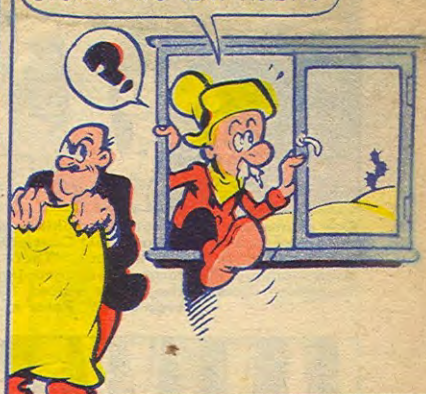
AH! NOW IS THE TIME WHEN THE BANDITS WILL ROB THE BANK! I'LL GO AND SEE IF THEY'RE THERE YET.



AHA! THE WINDOW'S OPEN. THEY'VE BUSTED IN ALREADY. I'LL GO AND HELP IN THEIR CAPTURE.

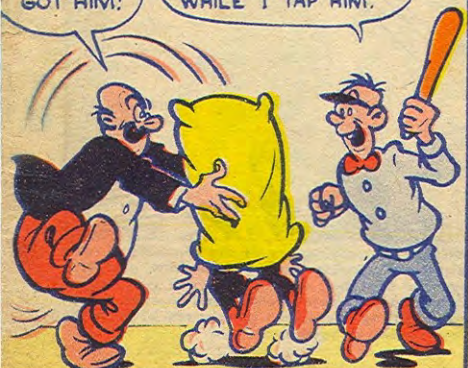


S'FUNNY. IT'S VERY QUIET!?



HA, HA! GOT HIM!

HOLD HIM TIGHT, MR BANK MANAGER, WHILE I TAP HIM.



I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING THIS SHORTY. HE MUST BE SMART TO KNOW IN ADVANCE WHEN A BANK IS GOING TO BE ROBBED!

YEAH! A REAL SMART GUY!



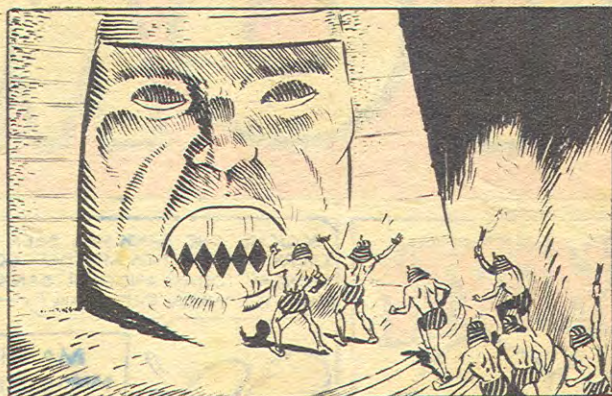
OUR THREE PALS HAVE FOUND A STRANGE KINGDOM UNDER THEIR ISLAND—

ISLAND OF SECRETS

Peter and Ann and their uncle, Professor Jolly, have found a strange underground kingdom ruled over by an Egyptian wizard. They have just managed to escape his clutches by running into the mouth of a stone image!



The noise of the pursuit echoed hollowly through that strange underground city ruled by Eblis, the ancient Egyptian sorcerer. Ann, Peter and Professor Jolly darted through the gaping mouth of the great idol which barred their path. "Look—a lever!" panted Ann. Professor Jolly leapt at it. The slaves of Eblis, with those terrible stone masks covering their heads, were very near!



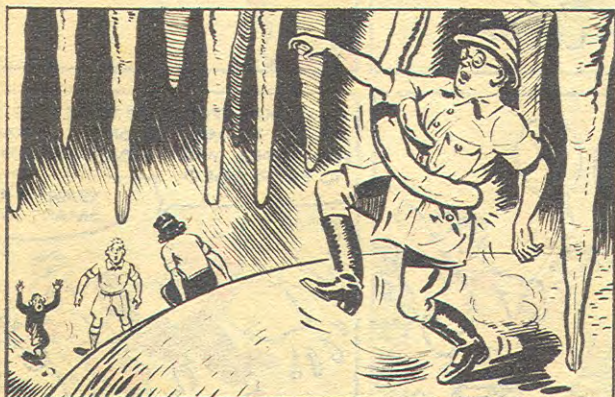
As the Sphinx-men hurled themselves forward, the upper jaw of the huge idol crashed down like a portcullis! With a grinding crash the pointed stone teeth met. The way was barred! Professor Jolly heaved a sigh of relief. "I guessed that lever would work the jaws in some way," he said breathlessly. "I saw the pivots as we came through. We're safe for the moment!"



Our chums were safe from the Sphinx-men, but they were trapped in the darkness of the hollow idol! Cautiously they fumbled before them in the gloom, seeking a way out. "There are some steps here!" Peter cried suddenly. He clambered up, groping at the smooth stone surface above him. Tensely the others waited. "There's a loose stone slab—a trap door!" Peter exclaimed.



Heaving with all his strength, Peter lifted the heavy trap. A moment later he was through, and helping Ann out on to the back of the idol. The roof of the tunnel was only a few feet above their heads, and from it there hung a forest of thick roots. "On you go!" said the Professor urgently as he came through the trap. "We can get down into the tunnel again now!"



Peter and Ann wriggled through the barrier of strange roots and slid down the sloping back of the idol to land safely in the tunnel beyond. Professor Jolly was close behind, but suddenly one of the big roots began to writhe and glow as if it were alive! It coiled like a whip round the Professor's waist, and tightened fiercely. The strange powers of Eblis the sorcerer were at work again!



Peter heard Professor Jolly give a gasping cry as the tentacle of root grew tighter. Desperately the youngster looked about him, and with a flash of hope in his eyes he snatched up a heavy rock and hurled it with every ounce of his strength. It flew straight and true, to smash against the stem of that wriggling root! Ann gave a cry of relief as the snake-like thing snapped.

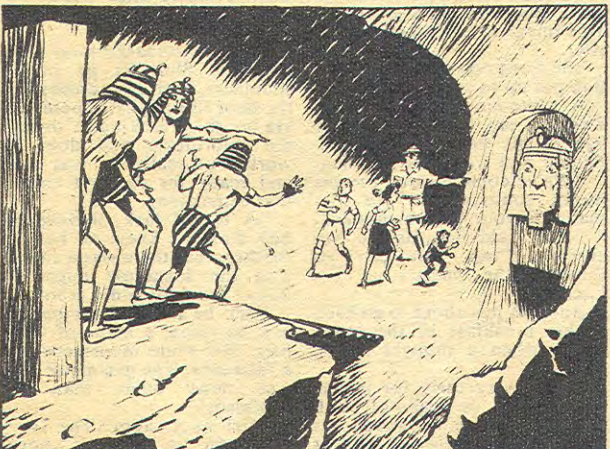
HOW CAN THEY ESCAPE FROM EBLIS, THE KING OF THE CAVERNS?



Koko was chattering with delight, and Peter gave a whoop of triumph. The thick root broke away, and the eerie glow surrounding it faded. The terrible pressure on Professor Jolly's body relaxed, and the crushing root fell away. He slid limply down the smooth back of the idol and landed on all fours, gasping for breath. "Good work, Peter!" he managed to croak out.



By his secret arts, Eblis projected the form of that fire-monster, magnifying it to a gigantic size! The three adventurers suddenly found themselves face to face with a terrifying, dragon-like beast which seemed to be made of smoke and flame! Even as they drew back, it seemed to grow until it filled the whole tunnel. "Uncle . . . what is it?" Ann asked in a shaky voice.



Although the phantom monster conjured up by Eblis had failed to frighten Professor Jolly and his companions, the delay had given time for the Sphinx-men to move through secret passages and cut off the run-aways. "Look out! We're trapped!" Peter cried suddenly as he saw those menacing stone faces. To one side was the half-open door of a room. "Through there!" rapped the Professor.



The weird magical powers of Eblis had failed once, but the sorcerer was not beaten yet. Standing by a brazier in the main cavern, he was gazing into a mighty crystal. In it, he could see our chums! Professor Jolly had recovered, and they were moving along the tunnel. Strange words came from Eblis's lips in an eerie chant, and smoke from the brazier took on the shape of a monster!



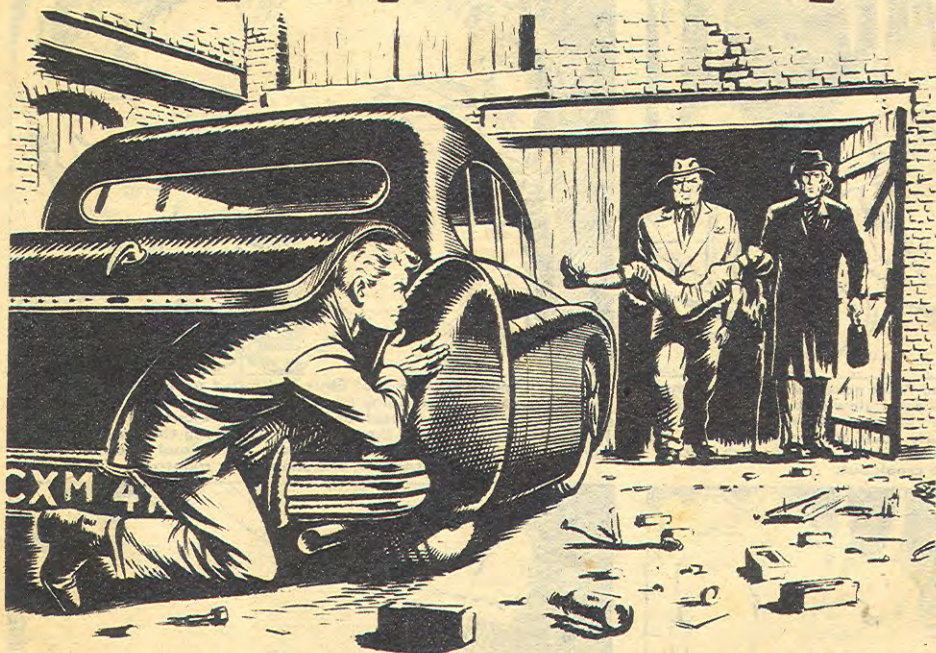
Professor Jolly pulled himself together with an effort. "Don't be afraid!" he said harshly. "It's some trick of that sorcerer! It's . . . it's like a mirage. Come on—it can't hurt us!" He flung himself straight at the monster! Next moment our chums found themselves plunging through whispy wreaths of smoke. "It isn't solid!" gasped Peter. "It's melting away!"



They darted through, and Peter slammed the heavy door behind them and dropped a stout bar in place across it. Professor Jolly stared round eagerly. There were star-charts, crystals, skulls, carved wands, and many ancient manuscripts. "This must be the den of Eblis himself!" cried Ann. "Perhaps you can find out something to help us smash his strange powers, Uncle!"

(Continued on page 20)

The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin



The crooks were coming back! Bob scrambled into the luggage-boot. Could he hide before they spotted him?

"THE ivory mandarin will soon be mine!" chuckled the white-haired crook who was known as "The Professor". He was talking to the bunch of toughs who made up his gang. "Hidden in it is the secret of where Wan Chen's treasure is to be found. Once I have it, I shall be rich!"

Twenty-five years ago, Wan Chen and the Professor had been Partners in crime. Then a ship called the *Southern Star* had sunk on the way to Australia, and the Professor was thought to have been drowned aboard it. Yet now, after many years, he had returned; determined to have the treasure for his own.

The Professor was telling his gang of his plans.

"Last evening, as you know, we kidnapped Wan Chen's daughter Lotus," he went on, "I meant to use her as a hostage to force him to give me the ivory mandarin. But now something has happened to change my plans."

He paused.

"Wan Chen is dead! Last night his house was burned to the ground. The police believe that he perished in the fire!"

"But Boss!" One of the gang called Slim was speaking, "If Wan Chen's dead, how'll we ever get the ivory mandarin. It may even have been burned up in the fire!"

The Professor smiled thinly. "I think not. You see, I happen to know that Wan Chen entrusted the care of the ivory mandarin to no less a person than Detective Inspector Harley

of Scotland Yard!"

There were gasps from the gang at this news.

"Why did the old Chink do a fool thing like that? Harley's the cop who's been trying to nab him for years, isn't he?"

The Professor nodded in reply.

"I suppose Wan Chen thought it would be a good joke to entrust the secret of his ill-gotten gains to a policeman. . . . Listen to this letter. It is from Wan Chen to his daughter, Lotus. It was in the girl's coat pocket when we brought her here."

The Professor mumbled over the opening part of the letter, and then read slowly and clearly:

"After I am dead there is something I want you to do. Go to Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard, and tell him this:

Four steps there are which tell you where, Then seek as deep as final pair."

The Professor looked around at the puzzled faces of his gang.

"That rhyme only makes sense to a person who has the mandarin," he said, "So Wan Chen must have given the mandarin to Inspector Harley, meaning his daughter to claim it after he died."

The Professor straightened up, and his steely grey eyes flashed under their shaggy white eyebrows.

"The next move is to get the ivory mandarin. We must act at once. Now here is my plan. . .

please?"

The two men exchanged glances, and the younger of them moved to one side of Bob. Bob watched him warily.

"Grab him, Slim!" said the man with the moustache.

Bob swung a fast right hand punch that caught Slim on the side of the head as the crook made a grab at him. He got no chance for a second blow, for the man was upon him, pinning his arms to his sides.

Bob wasted no breath on shouting. He struggled furiously. Slim let out a yelp of pain as Bob's heel cracked into his shins but he hung on.

Then the older man moved. From his leather bag he pulled a pad of white cloth, which smelled of some sweet, sickly dope.

Bob caught a whiff of the smell as he saw the pad coming towards his face, and guessed what the stuff was.

Chloroform! Bob remembered what he had been told about chloroform at the police college where he was a cadet. It could put you to sleep, if you breathed it into your lungs.

The pad pressed tightly over his mouth. Bob held his breath and thought fast.

What could he, a boy of fourteen do against two tough crooks? If it came to sheer brute strength, he hadn't a chance. But he might manage to fool them.

Bob shut his eyes, and let his body grow limp, still holding his breath so that not a whiff of the sickly dope got into his lungs. He let his arms hang loosely, and now he would have fallen to the floor but for Slim's arms, which were still tight around his body.

Bob's head began to pound with the effort of not breathing. Then he heard Slim speak.

"He's all limp, boss—he's out all right!"

The pad was taken away from his face. Slim let go of his shoulders, and Bob crashed to the floor like a sack of potatoes. He lay there looking as though the chloroform had done its work, but really he was alert and ready for the first chance that came along.

"A bit of luck, finding the boy alone! I knew he had no mother—but there was a chance that the Inspector might be home," said the older crook.

Then he took off his peaked cap, to reveal a mane of white hair. His white moustache was a false one. The gas-meter man was none other than the Professor!

"Get busy, Slim! The Ivory mandarin is in this house somewhere. Find it!"

Bob carefully opened his eyes to a slit, as he heard the crooks going from room to room.

What should he do? The

BOB HARLEY sat eating a lonely breakfast early next morning. His father, Inspector Harley, had been on duty all night, looking into the mysterious business of the fire at Wan Chen's. On the breakfast table before Bob stood a clever working model known as the Ivory Mandarin.

For the umpteenth time, Bob wound it up, and watched it go through its paces. First it faced this way, and then that, its little feet moving up and down, as the clockwork in its base clicked away. For the umpteenth time Bob wondered why Wan Chen had given the little image to his father to look after.

The front door-bell rang, and Bob got up to answer it.

A white-moustached man in a peaked cap, carrying a leather bag in his hand stood there. Behind him was a second man.

"We've come to read the gas meter, sonny," said the first man, "is your Dad at home?"

"No," said Bob, as the two entered, "but you can go through—the meter's in the kitchen."

Bob was just about to go back to his breakfast in the living room, when a thought struck him.

It was very early for meter-readers to be calling! Bob changed his mind about his breakfast, and followed the pair into the kitchen.

"If you're gas company men, then you ought to have an official card which says so," Bob told them, "can I see it

easiest thing was to leap up make for the back door and shout for help at the top of his lungs. But there was more to this than just the stealing of an ivory toy, Bob felt certain. For one thing—Wan Chen's daughter, Lotus, had vanished—perhaps she'd been kidnapped. Perhaps these men knew what had happened to her. Bob decided to lay doggo, and to try and follow the pair when they quitted the house.

"Aha!" Bob heard the Professor's cry of triumph as he found the ivory mandarin upon the living-room table. "Here it is Slim! The ivory mandarin! Mine at last!"

Through his slitted eyelids, Bob saw Slim come down from the rooms above and join the other in the hallway.

"So that's the gimmick! Don't look worth much to me!" "It isn't—in itself. But it can lead us to treasure worth a king's ransom, Slim!"

At that instant running footsteps sounded on the gravel path outside the front door. The two crooks swung around as a fist pounded three times upon the door panel.

"What is it, Dogan?" snapped the Professor.

"Inspector Harley—coming this way!" cried the man outside, whom Bob guessed must have been posted as a look-out. "Let me in—we'll have to go through and out the back way—he'll see us—"

By now the door was open, and a third man leaped into the hall. The Professor slammed the front door behind him.

"Come on—let's scam out the back way!" gasped the newcomer.

"Not so fast—I'm the boss here!" snapped the Professor. "Let him walk in, and then cover him—you've got guns. We'll bring him in here—tie him up and get a decent start for a getaway!"

Slim was opening the window at the side of the front door as Bob heard the gate click, and then his father's voice sounded.

"Who's that there? Is that you, Bob?"

"You fool, Slim!" hissed the Professor. "He's seen you!"

He pushed Slim aside, snatched his gun from him and thrust the window right open.

"Come straight in, Inspector!" said the Professor, poking the muzzle of Slim's gun through the window. "We have your son in here. It will be best if you do what I tell you!"

Bob's first thought was to leap up and shout to his father—but there were two guns that he could see in the hands of the crooks. Bob stayed where he was.

The Professor opened the door and Bob saw his Dad come in. The Professor thrust his gun hard into the detective's ribs.

"Keep your hands up, Inspector..."

"Bob!" The detective let out a cry, and unmindful of the

guns pointed at him, sprang into the kitchen and bent over his son.

"What have you done to him?" he demanded fiercely. Bob felt his father lift him by the shoulders, and knew that for the moment the crooks could not see his face.

Bob gave his father a large wink.

The Professor stepped up behind Inspector Harley and seizing him by one shoulder, tugged him to his feet.

"Very touching! Your boy will recover, I assure you. He'll have nothing worse than a chloroform headache."

Two guns were pointed at Bob's Dad.

"Search him, Slim," ordered the Professor.

Slim did so, swiftly and expertly.

"Wallet, papers, keys, loose change," he reported. "No gun, but there's these." Slim held up a pair of police handcuffs. The Professor chuckled.

"Handcuffs! How very useful. Chain our friend the inspector to the bannisters, Slim, and gag him. That should stop him sending for help too soon. Give me those keys."

Slim threaded the handcuffs behind the large post at the bottom of the bannisters and then snapped the cuffs on to the inspector's wrists, one each side of the post. While he was fixing a gag in place, the Professor was busy taking a key from the bunch which Slim had given him. He put it in his pocket. Bob didn't have to be told that it was his Dad's handcuff key!

Then the Professor seized the telephone flex, and with a single powerful tug, pulled it out of the wall, putting the instrument out of action.

"Right! Now let's get moving. We've got what we came for," said the Professor. He bowed ironically to the inspector. "Good day to you, Inspector—and thank you for the ivory mandarin!"

An instant later the front door closed behind the three men. Bob leaped to his feet.

Untying the gag from his father's mouth was the work of a second.

"You all right, son?"

"Sure, Dad. I didn't breathe the chloroform, and only pretended to pass out!"

"Good lad. Now listen. Get after those men—don't lose sight of them—and don't let them see you. Remember all they told you about shadowing at the cadet college. As soon as you get a chance to do so without losing your men—phone Scotland Yard, and report. Get them to send a man round here with a master key to get me loose if they haven't already done so. I'll shout for help as soon as you're away—but I want those crooks to think they're safe. They'll be easier to follow that way. On your way, son—it's up to you now!"

"Okay, Dad!" Bob gave his

Dad's arm a squeeze and slipped out of the back door. He didn't need to be told that he had very little chance of undoing the cuffs without a proper key—and even if he succeeded, the crooks would get clean away while he was working.

Bob moved swiftly through the alley at the side of the house and paused as he reached the front road. Screened from view by a thick privet hedge, he could see the three men hurrying away. Bob thought fast. If he followed at once, they'd probably see him. However, there was no side turning from the road for some way. Bob turned and doubled back down the alley between the houses, and then followed the narrow way that led along at the bottom of the gardens in the road. This way would bring him out into the first side turning—a street which led to the local station.

Bob slowed to a trot as he neared the end, and kept well into the hedge at one side. He was rewarded by a glimpse of the crooks as they passed by the end of the narrow alley, walking in the direction of the station. A dozen more paces took Bob to the corner, where he stopped again, to peer cautiously after his quarry.

They were getting into a car. "Golly! That's torn it!" muttered Bob, as the engine hummed into life and the car moved off.

Bob stepped out into the street, carefully noting the car's number as he did so. He'd had ideas of trailing the crooks to their hide-out—but now it seemed as if the best he could do was to phone the particulars of the car to Scotland Yard.

Just then a yellow newspaper van came along the road from the direction in which the crook's car was heading. Bob's heart leaped. This was his chance!

He stepped into the road and waved his arms for it to stop.

"What's up, chum?" The van driver stuck his head out of the window as he braked beside Bob, who had already pulled out his police college identity card and was holding it for the man to see.

"I've got to follow that car you just passed," said Bob quietly. "Could you please help me? This is urgent police business."

"Hop in," said the driver briefly, and opened the door for Bob. "I've delivered all my papers—and it'll make a nice change!"

THE WATCHER IN THE SKY

BUT Bob was not the only person who was trailing the three crooks. Three thousand feet up in the sky was a helicopter, half hidden in a layer of wispy cloud. And sitting in the front of the machine was a man who had watched every move on the ground below through a pair of very powerful field glasses.

That man was Wan Chen. He had not died in the fire, but he wanted everyone to think that he had! In that way he hoped to rescue his daughter Lotus from the Professor, and to keep his treasure as well!

"So far, so good, as English say," said Wan Chen to the pilot, an old and trusted Chinese servant. "Professor visit house of Harley to find ivory mandarin, as Wan Chen thought. Now Wan Chen hope that trail lead to place where daughter Lotus held prisoner."

He chuckled. "Meantime, son of Harley—worthy chip of honorable and ancient block—follow Professor in yellow van. Make task of following car much easier for Wan Chen. Yellow van easy to see!"

For a while he concentrated on watching the chase below, speaking only to direct his pilot to alter course this way or that, so as to keep the car and the van directly below.

"So!" he murmured at last. "Haunt of Professor quite close to now burned-out home of Wan Chen!" Limehouse and London's dockland was spread out below. "Wan Chen hover like hawk in sky. Perhaps time soon ripe to swoop—meantime, Wan Chen watch!"

BOB HARLEY saw the car ahead pull in through the gates of an old, half-ruined

(Continued on next page)

The GAME of 'TABLE SOCCER'

THE REPLICA OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

HERE IS A FOOTBALL GAME WHERE VICTORY OR DEFEAT DEPENDS UPON THE SKILL OF THE PLAYER INSTEAD OF BY THE SHAKE OF A DICE OR BY THE TURN OF A CARD

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warehouse, in a backstreet in London's Chinatown.

"Don't turn in!" he told the van driver as they passed the end of the street. "Stop here!"

The van stopped and Bob jumped out.

"What now?" asked the van man.

"Find a telephone and get through to Scotland yard," Bob said, and swiftly told the man who to ask for and what to say. "Got that all clear?"

"Leave it to me!" the man told him, and the van swung away. Bob made for the warehouse.

The gates were still partly open. In fact they did not look as if they could be shut properly. Bob looked through into what had once been a busy loading yard. The crooks' car was there, half out of sight at the far end. Of the men themselves there was no sign. Bob entered the yard, keeping close to one side where there were some windows. The other side was a blank wall from which no one could watch him.

The car was under a sort of shed. Bob reached it and slid into the shadows between it and

a cobwebby wall. Here he felt fairly safe from being seen. He stopped still and looked around.

Just ahead of the car's bonnet was a pair of half-open doors. Bob could hear faint voices coming through them. He held his breath and listened.

"I shall take the girl. We no longer need her and the sooner she is found the less chance there is of the police tracing her to this place. Blindfold her and put her in the back of the car. I will dump her somewhere where she will be found."

"Do you want any of us to come?"

"No. All I mean to do is spy out the lie of the land and make my plans." Bob guessed that the speaker was the tall man with the white hair—the Professor—and wondered what he meant by "spy out the lie of the land." However, one thing was clear. The "girl" referred to could only be Lotus Chen! And the Professor was planning to take her somewhere in the car—maybe at once!

Bob made up his mind and acted as the sounds of footsteps from within the building drew near. He tugged open the

luggage boot at the back of the car, got swiftly inside and closed the cover behind him.

The bolts clicked softly into place and Bob was shut tight in the darkness of the boot. A moment later the Professor appeared and looked swiftly around the yard.

"All clear!" he said and one of the gang stepped into view. In his arms he carried the limp form of a girl, bound hand and foot and with a blindfold over her eyes. "Into the back with her!"

He got in, and Bob heard the engine start up. Then the car moved off. Bob felt it turn this way and that as it sped through the narrow streets.

Then the Professor began to chuckle. But it was not a nice laugh—it sent chills running up and down Bob's spine.

"You cannot see me, my dear—but at least you can hear." The Professor was talking to Lotus. "So let me tell you that I have no intention of leaving you to be found. I mean to keep you with me as a hostage. You see, I know your very clever father of old—and I do not really believe for one

moment that he is dead!"

He chuckled again and Bob held his breath.

"Meanwhile, my dear, you are coming with me to Dreadlock Grange. There I shall learn the secret of your father's treasure from the ivory mandarin—and the treasure will be mine—all mine!"

He was laughing aloud now, like a man enjoying a great joke.

"As to my 'gang'—they have played their part—I have done with them now! They will never see the Professor again! I mean to share the treasure with nobody—it shall be all mine! At Dreadlock Grange I shall be safe from all pursuit—no one will find me there!"

But the Professor was under-rating his enemies! For, apart from Bob crouched in the darkness of the car's boot, he had another pursuer.

Straight above him in the sky hovered Wan Chen in his helicopter, waiting, like a hawk, ready to strike when the time was ripe!

Next week: Thrills at the Moated Grange!

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK! There's another long list of members' numbers below. If yours is there then a Club present is waiting for you, free! So get out your Club Album right away and see if the number printed on the back is the same as one of these!

109,712	94,155	78,547	71,896	21,104
45,877	139,818	124,748	142,877	149,638
87,134	59,655	19,004	170,105	190,088
175,997	51,779	141,645	83,492	68,473
33,694	66,882	40,545	111,119	3,862
76,294	164,585	98,726	122,963	8,432
91,620	199,835	36,985	35,928	55,719
29,103	31,111	188,653	61,135	145,854
147,318	26,976	156,369	177,919	181,532
158,105	179,647	105,104	153,866	57,457
104,115	129,556	151,157	81,724	137,910
136,938	896	120,662	38,777	107,296
172,119	9,401	85,417	4,101	65,188
52,636	115,101	49,324	73,846	185,753
75,921	22,634	54,457	96,552	167,309
63,773	70,144	169,779	197,007	24,561
27,510	155,984	6,703	173,912	13,818
118,236	89,234	43,312	11,316	193,102
183,442	143,637	47,952	134,676	66,867
102,852	198,653	133,827	131,497	45,186

IMPORTANT: Please don't send your album to us unless your number is among those above.

Well, was your number there? If so, then this is what to do. First check it very carefully with the number on your Album—not your Handbook—then choose the present you would like from this list:

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

Write the name of the present chosen in the space marked "For Official Use" in the Album; also make sure you have filled in your full name and address on the membership page. Then, on a piece of paper, write which story, character, or picture-story you like best in COMET—and in a few words why.

When you have again checked that your own number and one of the numbers in the list are identical put both piece of paper and Album in an envelope addressed to:

COMET E.S. Club, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Post it at once (2½d. stamp on the envelope) and when we receive it your present will be sent and your Album returned, post free.

(N.B.—All claims for presents must reach us by Friday, May 23. None received after that date, or for wrong numbers, or without the Album, will be recognised.)

ARE YOU A 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 and lots of interesting things inside, 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

DO YOU COLLECT NAMES AND NUMBERS?

During 1951 a whole batch of brand-new engines came into use on British Railways. They replaced a lot of different kinds of engines and thus made things much easier for the men who have to keep them running. Here are their names and numbers for your notebook.

15 "Britannia Class" for Eastern Region

No.	Name
70000	Britannia
70001	Lord Hurcomb
70002	Geoffrey Chaucer
70003	John Bunyan
70004	William Shakespeare
70005	John Milton
70006	Robert Burns
70007	Coeur-de-Lion
70008	Black Prince
70009	Alfred the Great
70010	Owen Glendower
70011	Henspur
70012	John O'Gaunt
70013	Oliver Cromwell
70014	Iron Duke

10 "Britannia Class" for Western Region

(Named after early G.W.R. Locomotives)	No.	Name
	70015	Apollo
	70016	Ariel
	70017	Arrow
	70018	Flying Dutchman
	70019	Lightning
	70020	Mercury
	70021	Morning Star
	70022	Tornado
	70023	Venus
	70024	Vulcan

10 Class 6, 4-6-2's for Scottish Region

(Names of representative Clans of Scotland)	No.	Name
	72000	Clan Buchanan
	72001	Clan Cameron
	72002	Clan Campbell
	72003	Clan Fraser
	72004	Clan Macdonald
	72005	Clan Macgregor
	72006	Clan Mackenzie
	72007	Clan Mackintosh
	72008	Clan Macleod
	72009	Clan Stewart

By the way, chums—these are engine numbers—not membership numbers. So don't send them and ask for a present.



Watch for more chuckles next week when Tex stops a non-stop train.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



It looked like a cement-mixer! But it was Willie's latest brainwave, a dinner-disher-upper!

IN THE SOUP

GOSH, this is a rotten bore!" Jimmy Bash exclaimed. "Do forks go on the right or the left of the plate?"

"Right, I think," Willie Wizzard replied. "No, left." The boys of Gandybar School had a new task—laying the tables before every meal. The school was very short of staff, and the boys had to give up some of their spare time to take over several household duties. Besides laying the tables they had to serve meals and wash up afterwards.

Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor with the bulging forehead and gleaming spectacles, didn't like the arrangement any more than his pal, Jimmy. "I call it a beastly waste of time," he croaked. "I'd rather be working on my new invention than laying out all these hundreds of knives and forks."

"What's the latest wheeze?" Jimmy asked.

"I'm inventing a Truth Drug!" Willie replied. "When you take some, you have to give the right answers to questions. I thought it might be useful in exams."

"Jolly good idea!" Jimmy exclaimed. "But the exams are weeks ahead yet. Why not get cracking on a machine for laying tables instead?"

Willie was sketching diagrams on the table-cloth, almost before Jimmy finished. "I should have thought of that sooner," he muttered. "Finish putting out these cups and saucers for me, will you? I'm off to my den to start on the invention right away!"

Willie spent the whole evening and most of the following day, which was a Sunday, in his den

behind the boilerhouse. The other boys could hear the sounds of clanging and hammering from inside, but they didn't disturb Willie on account of the notice pinned to the door, which read: "Keep Out. Busy Inventing. W. Wizzard."

On Sunday evening the door opened and Willie wheeled out the finished invention. It was a huge contraption, which looked like a cross between a cement mixer and a kitchen stove. "Say, what d'you call that thing?" asked Tommy Attaboy.

"It's the Wizzard Mealtime Miracle," Willie replied proudly. "No more laying or clearing of tables, no more dishing out of food or washing up for the boys of Gandybar School. The Wizzard Wonder does it all. Simply put the food and crockery in at one end before the meal, and take out the clean plates at the other end when it's finished. I'm afraid somebody has to dry and put the clean things away, but the Wizzard Wonder does everything else."

"Well, now's your chance to try it," said Jimmy Bash glancing at the school clock. "It's time to lay the tables for supper."

It took four or five boys a lot of time and energy to haul the bulky invention to the dining-room, but once they had got it there, they agreed that it had been worth while. Under Willie's orders they put plates, knives, forks and spoons into some parts of the machine, cups and saucers in others. Then Willie cranked a handle and the machine went chuffing along one side of the table, plonking down a plate in each place and putting the cutlery round it in

just the right way. Willie steered it and it went down the other side, and then it moved on to the rest of the tables. The whole job was done in a few minutes.

By the time the rest of the school filed in for their meal, Willie had stoked up his invention with ham and salad and mashed potatoes from the kitchen. Before the astonished gaze of the boys, and of Dr. Gandybar and the rest of the staff, the machine trundled from place to place, flipping a slice of ham on to each plate, spooning out a helping of salad and slopping down a dollop of mashed potatoes.

"Wonderful!" gasped Dr. Gandybar. "What will that boy Wizzard think of next?"

He was even more amazed when the meal was over. The machine ran beside the tables, gathering up the dirty plates, which it tipped into a covered tank somewhere inside itself. There was a whirring, splashing noise, and a rail swung out from the side, festooned with drying-up cloths. Some of the boys grabbed the cloths and at that moment out came the plates on a moving belt. At first quite a few fell to the floor and were smashed, until the boys got used to the great speed at which the machine worked. Then they were rubbing the plates dry as fast as they came whisking out of the soapy water, and the whole job was done in next to no time.

When all the clean plates, knives, forks and spoons were neatly stacked in racks along the top of the machine, Dr. Gandybar came forward, rubbing his hands. "Excellent, Wizzard, excellent!" he boomed.

"A very clever invention, my boy!"

"Oh, it's nothing, Sir," Willie said modestly.

"Indeed it is!" the Headmaster insisted. "In fact, I wish to confiscate—I mean borrow—it for tomorrow night, when the Board of Governors are coming to the school for dinner. They will be most interested to see what inventive boys Gandybar School is producing these days."

Willie's heart sank. Something told him that this meant disaster. Willie's inventions were all very well so long as he was working them, but somehow, as soon as Dr. Gandybar got his hands on them, everything seemed to go wrong. But the doctor insisted on using the Wizzard Wonder for the Governors' dinner, and made Willie show him just how to drive it.

Late the following afternoon a lot of big, shiny cars drew up at Gandybar School, and out stepped the Governors. There was Major General Sir Fortescue Fotheringham, a crusty, red-faced old man with a bristling white moustache and a shining monocle, there was Sir Phil Cashbox, a stout, wealthy businessman, there was Judge Mutter and the Honorable Percy Stutter. And last but not least, out of the biggest and shiniest car, stepped Lady Bountiful, wearing a long fur coat, a hat covered in flowers and so much jewelry that the boys wondered how she ever managed to carry it all.

Dr. Gandybar bustled up to meet them, rubbing his hands. "Welcome to Gandybar!" he exclaimed. "I am sure you would like to look over the school."

The Governors were especially interested in a very rare, and ancient book which was kept in a small, locked room next to the school library. "I have the only key to this room," the doctor told them as he opened the door. "This old book is worth a great deal of money."

Dr. Gandybar carefully lifted the precious volume from its special box and handed it to Lady Bountiful. "How too terribly fascinating!" she cooed. "The colour in this picture is just what I am looking for for my new spring hat!"

"Tchah!" spluttered the judge snatching the book from her. "This is a valuable relic, Madam not a fashion design!"

"Well, you can't expect poor little me to understand that," her Ladyship fluttered. The book was passed on from hand to hand, and the rest of the governors tried to look intelligent.

"Most interesting," declared Sir Phil Cashbox, peering at it.

"You're holding it upside-down," Dr. Gandybar pointed out crossly, taking it from him and going towards the box.

"Ooh!" squeaked Lady B, girlishly. "Let me put the pretty booky in its cosy boxywoxy!" Dr. Gandybar winced. Pretty booky, indeed! But Lady Bountiful was one of the richest of all the school's governors, and he had to be careful not to offend her. "Certainly, your Ladyship," he smiled.

She took it from him and turned to the box. Somehow, the trailing edges of her furs seemed to get caught up with her hands; she fumbled and almost dropped the precious volume. Then, with a flurry of sleeves the lid was on the box. "There!" Lady Bountiful announced. "The sweet thing is all safely tucked up for the night!"

Repressing a shudder, Dr. Gandybar led the way out of the room, locking the door behind him, and took the governors back to his house for dinner. They left their hats and coats on a table in the lobby adjoining the dining-room and went through, glancing suspiciously at the Wizzard Wonder, which stood by the sideboard.

"An invention of one of my pupils," Dr. Gandybar explained. "See, it has laid the table! Now it will help you to soup."

Rather nervously, the guests took their places and the Wizzard Wonder rolled up behind Lady Bountiful's chair. A pipe stuck out from the machine, over her Ladyship's shoulder and hovered above her soup plate. There was a hiss, and soup gushed out, slap into the centre of the plate.

"How remarkably clever!"

cried Lady Bountiful. Her plate was half-full of soup, but just then the stream became a thin trickle and then dried up altogether. "It doesn't give you much, though," she complained. "It must have got clogged up," Dr. Gandybar said. He was quite right. The Wonder was only designed for clear soup, but the school chef, trying to make a special show for the governors, had filled it with chicken soup crammed with noodles. A long, fat noodle had clogged up the spout, and half its length now dangled dismally over Lady B's plate.

"L-I-let me help!" stuttered the Hon. Percy. "I c-c-can see what the t-t-trouble is!" He reached across the table and caught the slippery noodle between forefinger and thumb and gave it a sharp jerk. It came out with a plop, and the pent-up soup splashed with terrific force into Lady Bountiful's plate, swooshed out over the side and formed a warm, sticky pool in her lap.

"Turn it off!" she screamed. "I'm drowning in soup!" But the Wizzard Wonder was trundling off to attend to the other guests. Unfortunately, the stoppage had interfered with the delicate timing mechanism and it was pouring out just as the tube was level with the diners' necks. Everyone sprang from their seats, yelling with pain and anger as hot soup poured down their collars. Judge Mutter was dancing with fury and accidentally stamped on General Fotheringham's gouty foot. The General gave a bellow and staggered against the machine, leaning on the lever marked "Clear away."

Instantly the soup stopped

flowing and the machine grabbed all the plates and cutlery and plunged them into its washing-up tank. The rail with the dishcloths on it swung out, catching Dr. Gandybar a smart thwack on the nose, and the clean plates began to tumble down the moving belt.

It was not until the doctor had seen three pieces of his best dinner service crash to the floor that he snapped into action. Handing out cloths he ordered the governors to catch the plates and wipe them as they came out, and for a few minutes the whole party was furiously drying and stacking plates.

Slowly the machine came to a halt. Sir Phil Cashbox looked at the cleared table and then at Dr. Gandybar. "A nice dinner, I must say!" he snorted. "It's all cleared away before we've had anything to eat!"

"Never mind!" said a voice from the doorway. "Just sit down and I'll look after you."

"Who are you?" demanded the doctor, staring at the newcomer, a man in waiter's clothes.

"I heard you were short of staff," the other replied. "So I came looking for a job. Looks like you need me, too."

"We do, indeed," sighed Dr. Gandybar. "See if you can ladle some soup out of that machine, and then put it in the lobby, out of the way. Perhaps we can have the rest of our dinner in peace."

After a while, when everyone had succeeded in eating their soup instead of bathing in it, Judge Mutter said: "Gandybar, I wonder if I could have another look at that old book of yours? I'm very interested in it."

"Certainly!" the doctor re-

plied. "I'll send Halfspin for it." He called the form master, and gave him the key to the room where the book was kept.

Then Lady Bountiful called the waiter over and handed him her table napkin. "Take this away and bring me another," she ordered. "It's all wet with soup." The waiter took the napkin into the lobby, withdrew something from its folds, which he slipped into his pocket. Then he hung the napkin on a lever of the machine and returned to the dining-room.

He didn't notice that the weight of the napkin had pushed the lever down and that the machine was starting to work again, for at that moment Mr. Halfspin burst into the room.

"The book has been stolen!" Mr. Halfspin cried. "The room was locked as usual, but when I opened the box, instead of the book, I found a local telephone directory!"

"This is serious!" said Judge Mutter. "If the room was locked, and that is the only key, one of us must have stolen it and put the directory in its place!"

"I suggest we allow Halfspin to search our rooms," said the General. "Until that is done, we must all be under suspicion."

Everyone agreed, and Mr. Halfspin went off to make the search. "We might as well continue our meal until he returns," the Doctor said. "Where's that waiter got to?" But the waiter had disappeared. "I suppose there's nothing for it but to try and use Wizzard's machine again," he sighed. Just then there was a tap on the door and Willie's solemn face appeared.

"I just came to see if my Mealtime Miracle was working (Continued on page 18)

SCAMP



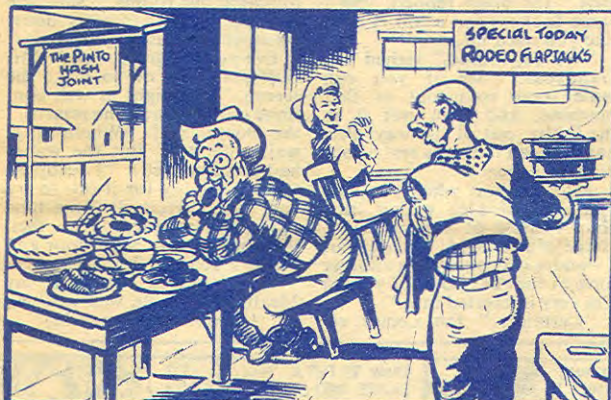
BILLY BUNTER OUT WEST



Some of the boys of Greyfriars School had changed places with the pupils of Pinto Valley High School, way out West in cowboy country. Billy Bunter was watching some cowboys building a large wooden fence and putting up a notice—"RODEO CORRAL." This meant nothing to Billy, who was only interested in finding a free meal somewhere. But a big surprise was waiting for him back at the school.



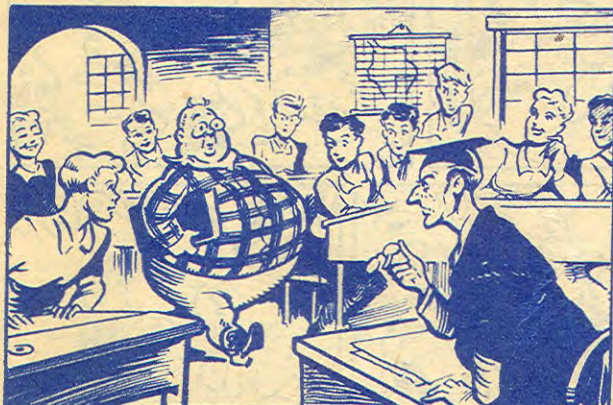
Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry collared Billy and showed him a notice which stated that every boy would take part in the Sports and Rodeo. "Well, old fat man," said Bob, "you once said that you could ride any horse with four legs—now's your chance." "Oh, lor!" moaned Billy. "I mean—I say you chaps, I never—er—that is—" "Yes, you did," said Bob and Harry together. "Oh, crumbs!" moaned Billy.



Next day Billy spent all his money on a big feed at the local tuck shop. As he stuffed a big jam tart into his mouth, the waiter looked at Billy in amazement and said, "It's lucky you're not riding a horse back to school, son, because if you eat much more you'll never be able to get on one!" "Beast!" mumbled Billy. But then Billy had an idea. Perhaps he could be too fat to ride a horse!



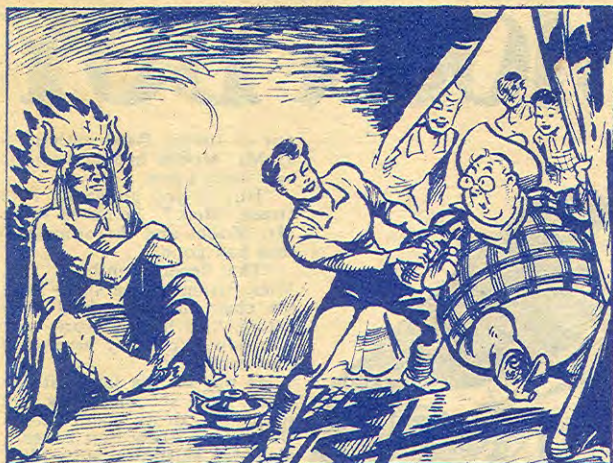
Billy finished his meal and found out where the nearest stable was. He crept into an empty horse box and to his delight, there was a big pile of hay stacked in a corner. "Tee hee!" giggled Billy, "I'll fool those rotters." But Harry and Bob had seen Billy enter the stable. "I wonder what the fat Owl is up to?" whispered Bob. "He's stuffing his shirt with straw. Isn't the old porpoise fat enough already?"



Bob and Harry crept away from the stable before Billy could see them and went back for afternoon school. When Billy entered the classroom everybody stared, for he was even fatter than ever! "Bunter!" cried Mr. Quelch, "what have you done to yourself?" "Eh! Oh, nothing, sir," squeaked Billy. "I did have a rather large lunch, sir!" "That's the last straw!" said Harry Wharton quietly.



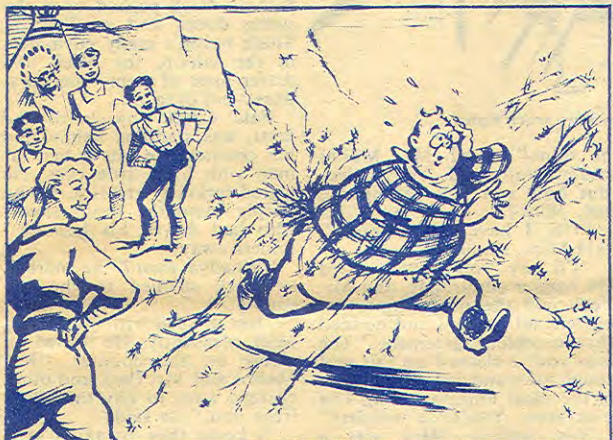
"Please, sir, I don't think I should enter for any of the events in the Rodeo, as I'm too heavy to ride a horse," said Billy. "If that is the case, Bunter, I suppose I must excuse you from taking part," said Mr. Quelch doubtfully. "So that was the idea," murmured Bob to Harry. "I say, Bob," whispered Harry, "I've got an idea. I'll tell you after school, and I think Bunter will be in the Rodeo and the Sports!"



After school Harry and Bob found Wibley, who was very good at acting, and explained to him Harry's idea. Wibley was to dress up as an Indian chief and they'd bring Bunter to him. Wibley would then tell Bunter how to get rid of his fatness. Harry and Bob soon collared Billy and told him an Indian chief would like to meet him because he was such a good horseman. Billy went, thinking he'd get a feed as well.



"How, Paleface!" grunted the Chief as Billy staggered in. "How what?—I mean—er!" mumbled Billy. "You great rider of horses?" asked the Chief. "Why—er—yes," said Billy. "Ugh!" grunted the Chief. "You too fat to ride now. Me soon cure that! Me slice a big piece off, then you ride again." With that he raised his tomahawk. "Oh, crumbs!" yelled Billy, who took to his heels and fled.



You wouldn't have thought that he could run so fast, but Billy wasn't thinking of staying in the Indian camp longer than he could help. Harry and Bob were laughing so much that their sides ached. "Ha! ha! look at the fat owl. I've never seen anything so big move so fast!" cried Bob. "And look at the straw," laughed Harry. As Billy ran he looked like a scarecrow who had suddenly come to life.



Unfortunately for Billy, he ran back to the school and as he skidded to a stop Mr. Quelch came out of the door. "Bunter, you dishonest boy!" roared Mr. Quelch. "You will take a hundred lines and take part in the Rodeo tomorrow for pretending that you were too fat." "Beast!" said Billy under his breath. Harry and Bob chuckled as they watched from the corner of the building.



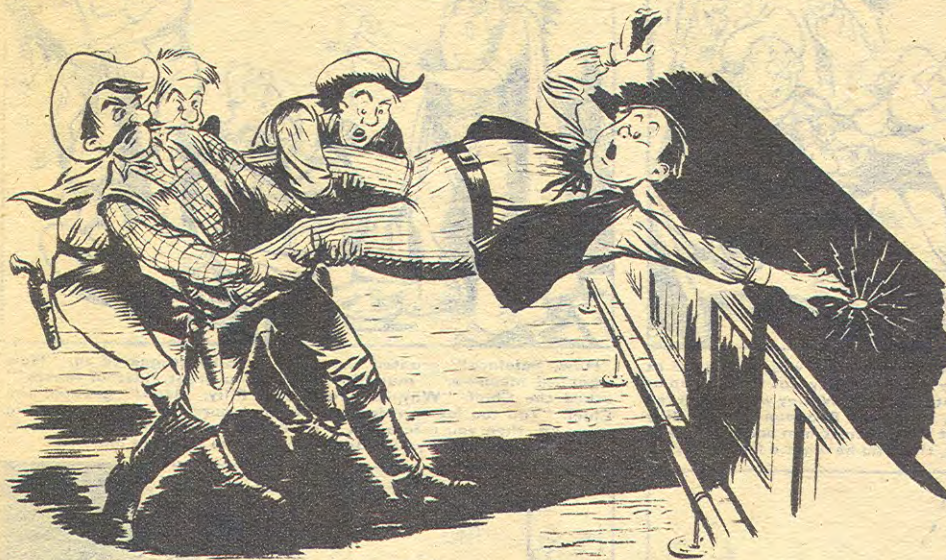
Next day the events for the Sports were put on the notice board, and Billy was in the sack race, the egg and spoon race, and the obstacle race, much to his disgust. When the time came for the races to start, Bob and Harry, who were also in the same events, told him they would be behind him if he decided to stop. Bob added meaningfully that he had very heavy boots on, too. "Oh, crumbs!" moaned Billy.

More merry moments with Bunter at the Rodeo next week!



Billy puffed and panted, and with a good deal of help from behind managed to finish the last race he was in that day. "Well done, old fat man!" panted Harry. "Ouch!" cried Billy, feeling a last kick from Bob. Billy sat down to supper that night very gently! He blinked at Bob and Harry and murmured "beasts!" And then, to the amazement of all, he fell asleep. No one had ever known Billy to miss a meal before.

MICK THE MOON BOY



His buddies tugged with all their might—but Fatty's fingers were stuck tight.

THE FATE OF "FATS GREEK"

"YOU'RE going away, you say?" asked Mr. Mobbs, the banker, in dismay.

He and several other important citizens of the little township of Indian Bend were in the office of the sheriff, Mick the Moon Boy.

"Yes, I'm going, Mr. Mobbs," said Mick. "You and these other gentlemen asked me and my friend Hank to clean-up this township and I think we've done it, so there's nothing to keep us here any longer."

"Well, we'll be mighty sorry to lose you," said Mr. Mobbs regretfully. "You and Hank have done a real fine job here. Before you and him hit the town it was full of gunmen, gangsters and hoodlums. But they ain't around now. Them that you and Hank haven't slung in the can you've run right out of the place. Indian Bend's a clean town now, thanks to you and Hank."

Hank, a twelve-year-old hill-billy boy and Mick's deputy, blushed modestly.

"I didn't do anything, Mister Mobbs," he said. "Mick did it all. He's the feller you've gotta thank, not me."

"We're thanking both of you," said Mr. Mobbs. "And where do the pair of you aim to go, Mick, when you leave here?"

"Oh, just anywhere, really," said Mick. "We want to get around and see places. We're thinking of taking a look at the big cities like New York and Chicago first."

"Well, as Mr. Mobbs says, we'll be mighty sorry to lose you," put in Mr. Peck, the lawyer. "But there's one last

job you and Hank can do for us, Mick, before you go."

"Certainly!" said Mick, who was a slim and handsome boy of sixteen years of age. "What is it, Mr. Peck?"

"Make Fats Greek close down his Dead Dog Saloon," said the lawyer.

Mick stared at him with his strange green eyes.

"I haven't the right to do that," he said. "The place belongs to him and I can't close him down so long as he keeps within the law."

"Ah, but how long is he going to keep within the law after you and Hank have gone?" put in Mr. Mobbs quickly. "His place has always been a resort for the worst characters in town. You've cleaned 'em out, I know, but when you've gone they, or others, will be back. We want the place closed, Mick, and we're willing to buy it from Fats Greek. We aim to turn it into a cinema. Indian Bend ain't got one yet."

"Have you told Fats that you'll buy the place from him?" asked Mick.

"Yes, we have," said the banker, frowning. "We've offered him more than a fair price for it and he just laughed in our faces. He's a bad hombre, that feller. I figure he knows you and Hank won't stay here for ever and he's hanging on until you go, then his saloon'll soon be as bad as it was before."

Mick was silent for a few moments, his face thoughtful. Then he nodded.

"You're right, Mr. Mobbs," he said. "Very well, he'll sell the place to you. He'll do it within the next two days. I promise you that."

"If you promise, then it'll

be done!" cried Mr. Mobbs triumphantly. "I know that. But how will you get him to sell, Mick?"

"Oh, I have my methods," said Mick, smiling.

"I'll say you have!" cried the banker admiringly, and Mr. Peck and the other important citizens all beamed and nodded their complete agreement. "The way you've cleaned up this real tough town and never used a gun is the most amazing thing I've ever seen. You're a wonder!"

Yes, indeed, Mick was a wonder. In fact, he was a far greater wonder than Mr. Mobbs and any of the other citizens ever dreamt. For Mick was from the Moon, but not a soul on earth knew that except his little hill-billy pal Hank.

Mick had landed on the Earth in a Flying Saucer which had crashed near the lonely little shack where Hank had lived with his grown-up sister and grandma in the Arkansas hills. The two boys had chummed up, and by a queer series of events Mick had become sheriff of Indian Bend with Hank as his deputy.

For the Moon Boy 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 always reminded Hank of the eyes of a mountain lion or of one of the other big cats.

Hank had learned from Mick that the Moon Men were hundreds of years in advance of the scientists of the Earth. And Hank had had plenty of proof of that, as well, for it was by using his scientific marvels and powers that Mick had been able to clean every bad-man

out of Indian Bend without—as Mr. Mobbs had just said—ever using a gun.

"How're you gonna fix Fats Greek, Mick?" he asked when Mr. Mobbs and the other citizens had gone.

"That depends on him," said Mick, rising with a smile from the chair in which he'd been sitting. "I'll have a word with him now. You stay here until I get back."

He put on his hat, left the office, and set off along the straggling, dusty main street. Only Hank knew that beneath his check shirt and pants Mick always wore the tight-fitting, one-piece green suit of flexible metal, which he had been wearing when his Flying Saucer crashed on the Earth.

Reaching the Dead Dog Saloon, Mick pushed open the swing doors and strolled in. There weren't many customers in the saloon, for Mick had driven most of them—the worst ones—out of town.

Fats Greek, owner of the joint, was standing behind the bar counter. He was a big, fat man with hard little eyes. He glared furiously at Mick, for he simply hated the young sheriff who had driven his best customers away.

"Whadya want?" he snarled, as Mick strolled to the bar counter.

"Just a word with you," said Mick pleasantly. He leaned an elbow on the counter. "Mr. Mobbs and Mr. Peck and other citizens want to buy this place from you," he said.

"I know they do and I ain't selling!" snapped Fats Greek. "So what?"

"Just that you will sell," replied Mick pleasantly. "You'll sell by sundown tomorrow. That goes!"

"Whadya mean, that goes?" demanded Fats Greek furiously. "I won't sell, I tell you. You git outta here. I won't sell!" he shouted violently. "The joint is mine and you can't make me sell!"

Mick laughed at him. "Can't I?" he said. "You'll sell, all right. By sundown tomorrow. I thought you'd like to know."

He laughed again, turned on his heel, and strolled out into the dusty street again, the swing doors swinging shut behind him. Fats Greek glared after him, his eyes blazing, his great fat body fairly trembling with fury.

"The sassy, impudent pup!" he snarled. "By thunder! I'd give ev'ry cent I've got to smash that smarty an' make him eat dirt!"

But inside, Fats Greek was very frightened. There was something about this strange, cool boy who had run the toughest characters out of town that struck fear to his heart. The brat

was always so sure of himself. And now he'd said that he—Fats Greek—would sell the joint. And what he said he meant. He was never wrong. The rascally saloon owner had had ample proof of that.

"But he'll be wrong this time!" he told himself furiously. "I'll not sell for all the gold in the United States!"

His few customers were watching him curiously. He beckoned to one of them, a thin, shifty-eyed individual named Polecat Purvis.

"C'm here!" he said. "I want to speak to you!"

He led the way into a little rear room behind the bar.

"Lissen!" he said. "You fork a hoss and git over to Skunk Hole just as quick as you can ride. When you git there contact a man called Killer Kelly. You'll easy find him. He's one of the most prominent citizens of that there burg of real tough buzzards." He grinned evilly. "Reck'n most ev'ry guy there is wanted by the law. It's a worse place than Indian Bend's ever been."

"Yuh're tootin' right it is!" grinned Polecat. "I bin there!"

"Okay!" said Fats. "Well, you contact this here Killer an' tell him to come riding an' riding fast an' to bring three of his pards with him. Tell him I gotta job for him an' I'll pay him well. Tell him they'll want their shootin'-irons!"

He pulled a wad of greasy dollar notes from his pocket, peeled a few of them off and handed them to Polecat Purvis.

"Them's yours an' I'll give you some more when you git back," he said. "Now git goin'!"

Within a very short time indeed Polecat Purvis was riding out of town.

Night had fallen by the time he was back and with him were Killer Kelly and three other tough, hard-bitten gunmen. Killer Kelly was a small, broad-shouldered man with very long arms. He always carried two loaded gun holsters on the belt about his waist and his long arms made him lightning-quick on the draw.

Fats Greek had a secret little chat with him and the other three gunmen in the rear room behind the bar. He told them what he wanted them to do and Killer Kelly laughed harshly.

"An' yuh say the brat don't carry no gun?" he demanded. "No, he don't," said Fats. "Never!"

"Then there ain't nuthin' to it," laughed Kelly. "Not a thing. Wonder yuh ain't done the job yuhself afore now." Then to his three pals: "Okay, fellers, let's go. This ain't a job, it's a picnic!"

The three of them left the saloon and slouched along the main street to Mick's office. There was a light on in the office, but the blind was drawn. They thrust open the door and lounged in.

Mick was sitting in the chair at his desk. He looked at his four visitors and said pleasantly: "Good evening, gentlemen!"

Killer Kelly looked at his pals and grinned.

"Talks nice, don't he?" he sneered. "Real high-hat. 'S'easy to see he ain't a low-down, uneducated hombre like us."

His guns snaked out, covering Mick. So did those of his pals. Eight guns in all, each one pointing unwaveringly at Mick.

"This is it, Sheriff!" he said harshly. "Seems like yuh've bin too kinda busy around this hyar burg. Waal, yuh ain't goin' to be busy no more!"

"Aren't I?" asked Mick pleasantly. "Who says so?"

"Us says so!" jeered Killer Kelly his fingers tightening on the triggers. "Us an' these hyar guns."

Abruptly he broke off, his eyes dilating. For the sheriff was no longer there. He and his chair had completely vanished.

"He's gone down through the floor!" yelled one of the gunmen. "I saw him go. Him an' his chair shot down through the floor like as if they was on a greased, quick-fire lift!"

"But there ain't no hole in the floor!" gasped Killer Kelly still staring as though he couldn't believe his eyes.

"No, 'cos a wooden flap or

sumthin' whipped like lightnin' over the hole soon's he's gone!" cried his pal. "He's down underneath. He must be!"

Mick was. He was down in the cellar beneath the office. He had made the lift contraption himself. For he had always thought the day might come when some unpleasant visitor or other might try to shoot him.

Leaping from his chair the instant it touched the cellar floor, he swiftly stripped off his shirt and pants and stood revealed in his skin-tight, one-piece green suit of flexible metal.

Whipping a closely-fitting green helmet of the same material from the thin metal belt about his waist, he pulled it on. Suspended from his belt was a little green oblong box. He swiftly unhitched it and strapped it on his chest.

Already he could hear the furious gunmen coming clattering down the steps towards the cellar in search of him. He pressed a tiny knob on the little green box on his chest. As he did so he instantly disappeared for all the world as though he had melted into thin air, for the power to make oneself invisible was just one of the many scientific marvels discovered long ago by the Moon Men.

The cellar had a heavy iron door, for it was sometimes used as a cell when the other cells were full. The door, which was standing ajar, crashed open and in rushed the gunmen.

"He's here sumwheres!" roared Killer Kelly, glaring about him in the dim illumination which filtered into the cellar from the lighted stairway. "There's his chair an' the only way he could've escaped would 'ave bin up the stairs an' he didn't, else we'd hev met him. Strike a light, can't yuh?"

But one of his pals did better than strike a match. He found a light switch and pressed it, flooding the cellar with electric light. The four of them glared around, their guns in their hands, then Killer Kelly let out another furious bellow.

"He ain't here," he roared, "but there's his pants an' shirt." Tarnation thunder, what's the crazy crot taken 'em off for?"

The clang of the heavy iron door behind him was the only answer. He and his pals whirled then, and with an oath, he bounded to the door.

"It's fastened!" he screamed, tugging madly at the door. "The skunk's trapped us!"

A little grating slid open in the iron door. Through it, from the other side, came Mick's amused and pleasant voice.

"Yes, I've locked you in, gentlemen, and I'm afraid you'll have to stay there. Do you mind handing me out your guns one by one, please?"

Instead of handing out his guns, however, the raging and frantic Killer Kelly blazed madly away through the grating. It was a sheer waste of ammunition, of course, for although he was quite invisible, Mick wasn't fool enough to stand in front of the grating.

He was standing well to the side of it and when the raging Killer Kelly had stopped firing in order to reload, he said in the same pleasant voice as before:

"I'm sorry you won't hand out your guns, gentlemen. It's really rather stupid of you because I'm afraid you'll get neither food nor drink nor anything until you do. I want eight guns from you, please, so think it over. I'll see you later."

Chuckling to himself, he bounded lightly away up the steps, leaving Killer Kelly and his pals kicking madly on the iron door of their cellar cell.

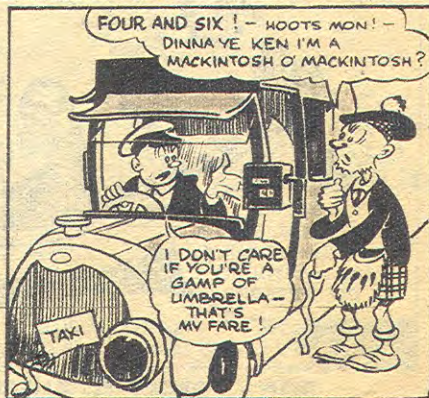
Reaching his office, Mick made himself visible again. The grinning Hank was there and Mick told him what had happened.

"I'll leave you to look after them while I go along and have a word or two with Fats Greek," laughed Mick, pulling on a fresh pair of pants and shirt. "I'm certain it was him that sent them to get me."

Fats Greek, waiting expectantly and excitedly behind his

(Continued on page 18)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



KIT CARSON TAKES THE WAR PATH!

KIT CARSON, THE FAMOUS SCOUT, AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, POSSUM, ARE ON AN URGENT MISSION TO WARN FORT FOREMOST OF AN EXPECTED REDSKIN RISING, AND TO TELL THEM OF TWO SECRET DUMPS OF GUNS THAT A HALF-BREED, DUCLOS, INTENDS TO SELL TO THE TRIBES. KIT AND POSSUM LAND ON TOMAHAWK ISLAND, WHERE ONE OF THE DUMPS IS LOCATED, HOPING TO FIND AND DESTROY THE GUNS -- BUT THEY ARE CAPTURED BEFORE THEY CAN ACT--

GREAT CHIEF! SEE! PALEFACE SPIES WATCH SECRET COUNCIL MEETING!

WELL DONE, BRAVES!

STRUGGLING FIERCELY, KIT AND POSSUM ARE DRAGGED TO THE STAKE.

OUR PLANS MUST NOT BE BETRAYED! PUT THEM TO DEATH BY FIRE!

I GUESS THIS IS THE END -- POSSUM!

THEN MORE MEN ENTER THE CLEARING ON THE FAR SIDE--

IT'S THAT TRAITOR DUCLOS! HE'S GETTING A MIGHTY LOT OF ATTENTION! LET'S HOPE THEY FORGET ABOUT US!

SMALL HOPE, BROTHER!

GREETING, GREAT CHIEF! I COME TO DELIVER FIRST BATCH OF ARMS FOR YOUR UPRISING! DUCLOS KEEPS HIS WORD!

HOW! BROTHER DUCLOS WELCOME -- BUT -- WHERE ARE GUNS?

DUCLOS GIVES A MOCKING LAUGH--

NOT SO FAR AWAY, CHIEF! RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE! YOU COME WEETH ME! I SHOW YOU--

YOU LEAD THE WAY, MY BRAVES FOLLOW.

EXCITED TRIBESMEN CLIMB INTO CANOES AND FOLLOW AS DUCLOS AND THE CHIEF PADDLE UPSTREAM, CLOSE TO THE BANK--

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER ON, CHIEF! THE STUFF IS LYING THERE, WAITIN' TO BE COLLECTED!

BROTHER DUCLOS BRING US MANY FIRE-STICKS!

INSIDE WATER CAVES! NO, NO! REDSKIN NEVER GO IN WATER CAVES! SPIRITS HAUNT CAVES!

NOT TO WORRY, CHIEF! THAT EES BUT A TALE I SPREAD SO THAT MY GUNS WOULD NOT BE DISCOVERED! WE GO IN!

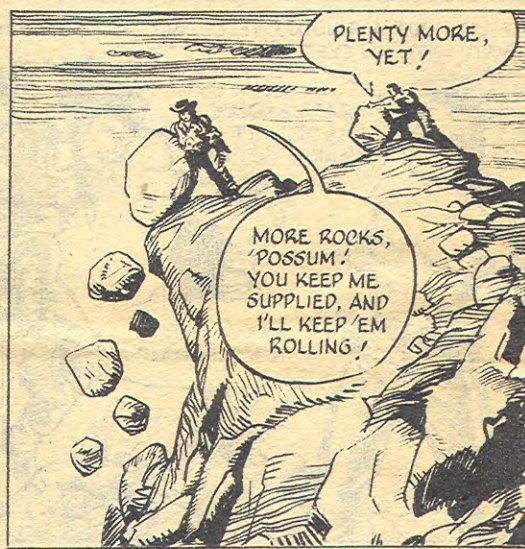
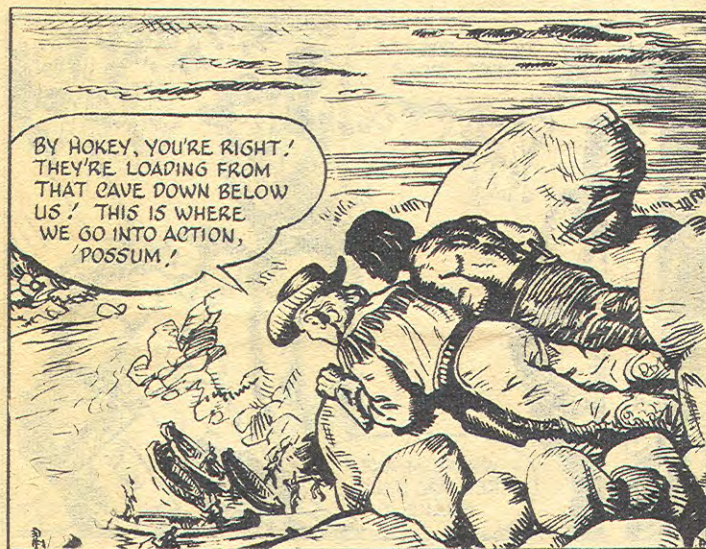
DON'T FORGET TO CHECK YOUR ALBUM NUMBER AGAINST THE LIST ON PAGE 6



KIT LETS OUT A RINGING YELL, AND THRASHES WILDLY ABOUT WITH HIS FEET --



THERE MAY BE A SMASHING PRESENT FOR YOU THIS WEEK!



Will Kit Carson spot his attacker? What has become of 'Possum? See the thrilling answers next week!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



The sergeant gasped and gaped pop-eyed. The bullies, of course, were terrified.

THE DONKEY-TEASERS

IF you had been near Meadowsweet Farm one day you might have seen a donkey and a hare strolling across a field, talking to each other in human voices.

The donkey was really a boy named Horace Hake and the hare was really a boy named Cyril Potts. They had come to Meadowsweet Farm, along with a party of other schoolboys to help Farmer Whipstroll with the harvest.

But one morning the whole party of them had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had given them all a dose of medicine. But Dr. Dozey was so absent minded that he had got the bottles mixed up and instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine he had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid he had invented for changing people into animals.

The result was that in a flash all the boys had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw. And they called the school Dr. Grunter's Zoo School.

"And we've got to stay like this until that silly old Dozey finds some liquid which will change us all back again to our proper selves," grumbled Horace the donkey.

"Never mind!" said Cyril cheerfully, "it's saved us from going back to school and to beastly lessons, that's one thing. Old Grunter says he's going to keep us here until stupid old Dozey has changed us back again."

Dr. Grunter was the headmaster and in charge of the party. He, too, had taken dose of the wonderful liquid and had been changed into a savage-looking polar bear.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Horace suddenly as he and Cyril approached the gate of the field. "What a miserable-looking donkey, I hope I don't look like that, Cyril?"

"No, of course you don't," said Cyril. "That's old Widow Wiggs's donkey, and I know why he's looking so fed-up."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Horace.

"Yes, I do," replied Cyril. "I happened to be looking at some nice juicy lettuce in Widow Wiggs's garden yesterday. I heard her saying that there are two rotten bullying louts from the village who lead it a dreadful life," replied Cyril. "Their names are Bully Bloggs and Alf Higgins. On moonlight nights these two rotters come along and ride the donkey bareback round and round the field, laying into it with sticks and giving the poor thing no end of a dreadful time. The pair of them always run away shrieking with laughter whenever she tries to catch them."

"Oh, do they?" said Horace grimly. "Then it's just about time the rotters were stopped."

"That's what I think," agreed Cyril. "But how's it going to be done?"

"I know!" cried Horace. "I've just thought of it. Haw, haw, haw! It's a moonlight night tonight, isn't it?"

"Yes, it will be," said Cyril. "Then you listen to me!" guffawed Horace. "If I don't teach those two louts a lesson that they'll not forget in a hurry then my name's not Horace Hake."

Cyril listened, his long ears pricked, while Horace unfolded his plan. Long before Horace had finished, however, Cyril was rolling about helpless with mirth.

"He, he, he!" he squealed. "What a giddy wheeze, Horace. Oh, my hat! He, he, he!"

That same night, when the moon was rising, Horace and Cyril made their way to the field where Widow Wiggs's donkey was. They were accompanied by a great hairy gorilla, who was really a boy named George Harris.

George was carrying a halter. His job was to open the gate of the field for Horace and to catch Widow Wiggs's donkey.

The donkey was a bit frightened when it first saw George, the gorilla, approaching it. But when George spoke to it in a human voice it quickly quietened down.

Anyway, George had no trouble in catching it and slipping the halter over its head. Then he led it through the gate into the next field.

"And I'll stay here," chuckled Horace. "I bet if those two bullies come along they'll think I'm Widow Wiggs's mope. They'll never notice the difference in the moonlight."

"Ss-shh!" whispered Cyril the hare hurriedly. "Here they come now, I think!"

Two figures were opening the gate which led out on to the road. As they came quickly across the field towards the donkey, Horace and Cyril saw that they were two big, rough-looking boys armed with sticks.

"Co, look, Alf, there's a hare!" cried one of them, pointing at Cyril in the moonlight.

"So it is!" cried the other, who was none other than Bully Bloggs himself. "Gosh! I wish I'd got a gun with me!"

"Oh, do you?" muttered Cyril, bounding away.

"Aw, he's gone!" grumbled Bully Bloggs. "Never mind, here's the blessed donkey. Now for some fun!"

Grabbing hold of Horace's mane, he swung himself up on to his back.

"Come on, get up behind, Alf," he cried. "Atta-boy! Ride him, cowboy! Har, har, har!"

Alf Higgins swung himself up behind Bully Bloggs. Then the pair of them started laying into Horace with their sticks, yelling: "Gee up, you brute! G'arn, get going! Gee up, will you?"

With a whisk of his tail and a toss of the head Horace trotted towards the gate which stood open on to the road.

"He's going out of the field!" cried Alf, who was sitting with his arms round his pal's waist.

"Naw, he's not!" cried Bully Bloggs. "I'll turn him. Whoa, you brute!"

But Horace didn't whoa. In spite of the sticks which were beating him unmercifully, he trotted out on to the road. Then,

turning towards the village, he set off at a sudden lickety-split, breakneck gallop.

"Ow, stop him! Ow, where's he going?" howled Alf Higgins, clinging on like grim death to his pal, Bully Bloggs.

"I dunno where he's going!" bawled Bully Bloggs, his arms wrapped tightly round Horace's neck to stop himself being thrown clean off on to the hard, hard road. "I can't stop him! Whoa, you brute! Stop!"

But Horace didn't stop. Instead he increased his pace until he was fairly flying along. He was a strong, fit, well-fed donkey and he could carry his double burden with ease—for a time, anyway.

"Stop him, will you?" screamed Alf Higgins. "I'll be off-off-off in a m-m-minute!"

"I c-c-can't stop him!" howled Bully Bloggs. "He's b-b-bolted!"

Neither of them had the pluck to try to jump off. They were far too big a pair of cowards.

"W-w-where's he g-g-going?" sobbed Alf Higgins as Horace reached the village and went at a breakneck gallop along the moonlit street.

"I d-d-dunno where he's going!" wept Bully Bloggs. "Aw, dear, this is aw-aw-awful!"

"He's going into the p-p-police station!" screamed Alf Higgins, nearly tumbling off so great was his terror.

Next instant Horace had rushed in through the open door of the police station. Then he came to such a sudden halt that he shot the two terrified bullies clean over his head. They landed in a squawking heap at the feet of the sergeant on duty.

"Why, what—what's all this?" gasped the sergeant in astonishment.

"I'm giving this pair of nasty two-legged humans in charge!" roared Horace. "They're always chivvying me and riding me about and beating me. I'm fed up to the back teeth with it, so I've brought 'em to you so's you can put 'em in the lock-up!"

The fat sergeant stepped back so hastily that he nearly stepped into the fire. His eyes were sticking out of his head in sheer astonishment.

"But I—I didn't know donkeys could talk!" he gasped.

"Oh, yes, we can—sometimes," said Horace loftily. "But you lock those two young rascals up, or there'll be a row, so I'm telling you. Chin-chin!"

With that he gave a whisk of his tail, turned, and trotted out into the night. But never, never again did the two terrified bullies ever go near Widow Wiggs's donkey.

Don't miss the fun next week when the boys give a mean old farmer a lesson on how to feed his animals!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 9)

all right," he croaked.

"Then you're in time to make it give us our second course," beamed the doctor, very much relieved. With Willie at the controls, the machine did its job perfectly, and everyone was helped to roast chicken with cauliflower, roast potatoes, bread sauce and gravy.

"Add some salt to the gravy, Wizzard," ordered Dr. Gandybar. "The cook hasn't put enough in." Willie looked on the table for the salt, but it was hidden behind a bowl of flowers. Then he noticed a packet resting on the machine, and he tipped in the contents. He had served everyone with gravy before he thought, in his absent-minded way, of looking at the label on the packet—and then he gasped with horror. The white powder hadn't been salt at all, but his Patent Truth Drug, which had been accidentally left on the machine when it had been brought from his den. It was too late to do anything about it now, however, and he decided to keep quiet and hope for the best.

But the Truth Drug was a quick worker. Suddenly Dr. Gandybar said in a loud voice: "I'll be glad when you've all finished stuffing yourselves and gone away! I'm fed up with the sight of you governors!"

"I shall be glad when our visit is over, too," said Sir Phil. "The sight of Lady Bountiful's fat face makes me feel queer!"

Before Lady B. could reply, Judge Mutter had said: "I don't know why I bother to be on the Board with a lot of dreary old fossils like you. Look at the General—the reason he's got gout is that he eats too much!"

Willie was horrified, but before anyone else could speak the truth about what they thought, Mr. Halfspun returned. "No trace of the book anywhere!" he reported.

Lady Bountiful laughed, and when she spoke it was in a rasping accent. "O' course there ain't," she cried. "I swiped the

blinking thing, that's why. You all thought I was Lady Bountiful, didn't you? Well, I'm not! I'm Crafty Charlie, the famous burglar. Lady Bountiful's tied up at 'ome!' And with those words the bogus Lady B swept off her wig to reveal a close-cropped man's head.

"But the book isn't in your room!" gasped Dr. Gandybar.

"Nah! I'm too fly for that. I give it to Artful Arthur, my accomplice. That was 'im, wot pretended to be a waiter. And 'e's on 'is way to Lunnon with the goods now!"

"That's where you're wrong!" said a voice. All turned towards the door, where a policeman stood, grasping Artful Arthur by the arm. The sham waiter was covered from head to foot in soup, which oozed down his face from the rim of his bowler hat. "I thought he was suspicious when I saw him leaving the school gates with soup all over him," the policeman explained. "So I searched him—and found this!" He held up the missing book.

"Good work, Constable!" said Dr. Gandybar. "You can add Crafty Charlie to your collection—he has confessed to his part in the crime."

Later, the rest of the governors stood in the lobby, saying goodbye to Dr. Gandybar. "It's been a most interesting visit," said Judge Mutter. "One thing I don't understand is how that fellow, Artful Arthur, came to be covered in soup."

He understood next minute, however. And so did all the others. As each man picked up his hat from the table in the lobby and put it on his head, a stream of soup cascaded over him and noodles squirmed down over his face.

"Wizzard!" boomed Dr. Gandybar. But Willie Wizzard wasn't there. He was on his way back to his den, working out a formula for a solution in which to soak headmasters' canes so that they dissolved.

Watch for more fun and laughter next week when Willie gets to work with his patent Shaving Lotion and Whisker Grower!

MICK THE MOON BOY (Continued from page 13)

counter for the return of Killer Kelly and his three pals, got the shock of his misspent life when the saloon door suddenly swung open and in strolled Mick.

Fats jaw dropped, his mouth gaped foolishly open.

"Good evening!" said Mick pleasantly as he strolled to the bar. "I've got a message for you from four friends of yours. They send you their love and can they have some cigarettes?"

"Where—where are they?" gasped the fat scoundrel, too utterly astounded to realise what he was saying.

"So you did send them?" said Mick. "I thought it was you. Well, if you want to know where they are, Fats, they're in the lock-up and there they're going to stay until they're moved to the county jail."

"But—but—" gasped Fats Greek, lost for words.

"You mean you want to know how they bungled the job?" said Mick pleasantly. "Oh, they bungled it all right. You should have sent a smarter bunch than them along."

He flicked a coin on to the metal-topped counter.

"They want some cigarettes to help console them and pass the time," he said. "Being a kind-hearted sheriff, I'm getting them a pack!"

Still staring at him as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears, Fats Greek tried to pick up the coin with podgy, trembling fingers. As he did so, however, he got another shock. For his body suddenly shot straight out, and he remained there—in mid-air—quite unable to let go of the coin.

"What'n thunder's the matter?" he snarled, tugging madly to wrench his fingers from the coin which wouldn't budge from the counter. What's keeping me up here?" he roared.

"I'll tell you that when you're willing to sell this place and not before," said Mick. "In the meantime I must go and see how your four friends are

getting on. We won't bother about the cigarettes."

Midnight came and the raging Fats Greek was still hanging in mid-air, the fingers of both his hands now glued tightly to the immovable coin.

Not even the efforts of his customers could free either his fingers or the coin and they all said it was the biggest myst'ry they'd ever seen or heard of.

By morning he was still there, nearly crying now and weak with exhaustion through trying to free himself.

It was shortly after breakfast that the saloon doors swung open and Mick and Hank came into the saloon followed by Mr. Mobbs, Mr. Peck and several other grinning, prominent citizens of the town.

"Ready to sell?" inquired Mick of the wretched and half-fainting scoundrel. "You'll stay like that until you are ready to."

"Can you release me if I say I'll sell?" snarled Fats Greek.

"Oh, yes," said Mick pleasantly. "Mr. Mobbs has the cheque here for you and the Deed of Sale for you to sign."

Fats Greek glared at him.

"Okay, I'll sell!" he gave in furiously. "But one day I'll get you for this!"

"Now, now, no hard words!" chided Mick.

He took what looked like a little silver pencil from his pocket. He touched the tips of the podgy fingers of Fats Greek's right hand with the little pencil-shaped gadget. As he did so, Fats Greek was able to snatch his hand free from the coin.

"Now sign!" ordered Mick.

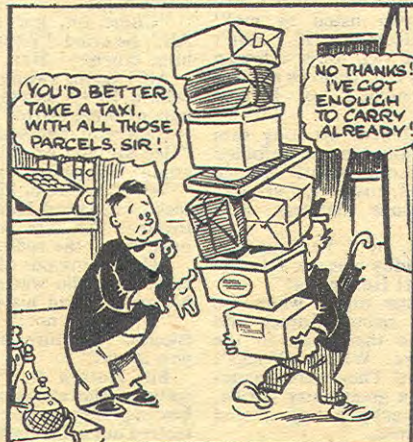
Fats Greek did so and the last shady joint in Indian Bend passed from his rascally ownership to that of the decent, honest citizens who were going to turn it into a cinema for the benefit of the community. Then Mick freed Fats' left hand.

"Just what was the secret of that coin, Mick?" asked Mr. Mobbs with close interest.

"Oh, it was just a trick coin," said Mick off-handedly, and with that his hearers had to be content.

Next week: Mick sets a river on fire! Don't miss the fun.

More CHUCKLES



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

IF YOU LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW YOU WILL
SEE IN THE GROUNDS ONE OF THE ACTUAL
GUNS USED AT THE BATTLE OF
KATMUNDOO!

HISTORY
KATMUNDOO
799
WE LOST

COO, WE MUST
HAVE A CLOSER
LOOK AT
LUNCHTIME,
CLAUDE!

GOSH! NO WONDER WE
LOST THE BATTLE, CLAUDE!
SOME CHUMP GOT A CANNON
BALL STUCK IN THE
MUZZLE

LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN SHIFT
IT, CUTHBERT!

GUN USED
AT BATTLE OF
KATMUNDOO

IT'S STUCK FAST, CLAUDE.
WE'LL NEVER SHIFT IT UNLESS
WE USE GUN-POWDER!

COO! THAT'S
AN IDEA!

COME ON, CUTHBERT!
LET'S GO TO THE LAB AND
MAKE SOME GUNPOWDER!

I'VE PUT TWICE AS MUCH OF
EVERYTHING IN AS YOU SAID!
SO IT SHOULD WORK, CUTHBERT!

I'LL POUR IT IN THIS LITTLE HOLE,
WHILE YOU SET THE FUSE, CUTHBERT!

WHAT ARE THOSE
NEW BOYS UP TO?
RIGHTO, CLAUDE!

IT'S BURNING
NICELY,
CLAUDE!

AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT,
SMOKING CIGARETTES BEHIND
THE OLD CANNON!

FORD AND BUNN, COME OUT
FROM BEHIND THAT CANNON
AT ONCE! I WILL TEACH YOU
TO SMOKE, YOU WRETCHED
BOYS!

WE'RE NOT
SMOKING,
SIR!

WE WEREN'T SMOKING
SIR! WE WERE ONLY
TRYING TO REMOVE
THAT CANNON BALL
FROM THE MUZZLE OF
THE OLD CANNON!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
THAT CANNON BALL IS
A FIXTURE — REPORT
TO MY STUDY
AT ONCE!

GAD! WHAT
WAS THAT?

BOOM!

THE CANNON
BALL, SIR! IT
ISN'T A FIXTURE
AFTER ALL!

WELL! WE'VE
SHIFTED THE
CANNON BALL,
CLAUDE!

NOW DO YOU
BELIEVE US,
SIR?

EE! AFTER
THIS I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO BELIEVE!

COMET

PRICE

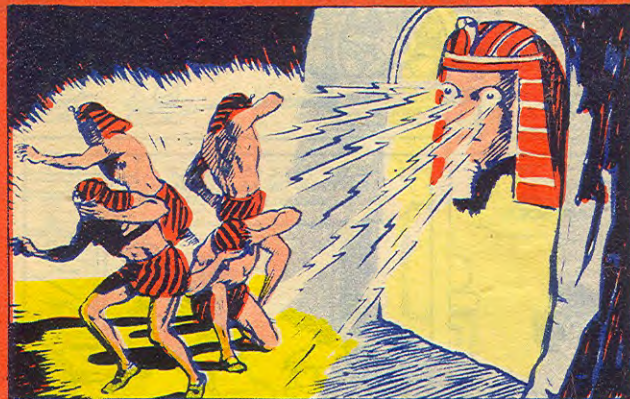
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EVERY
MONDAY

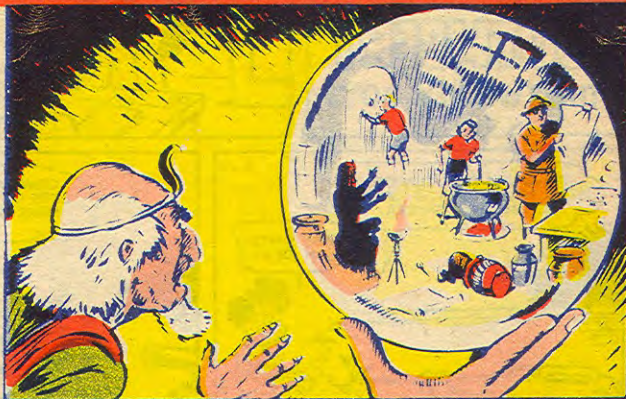
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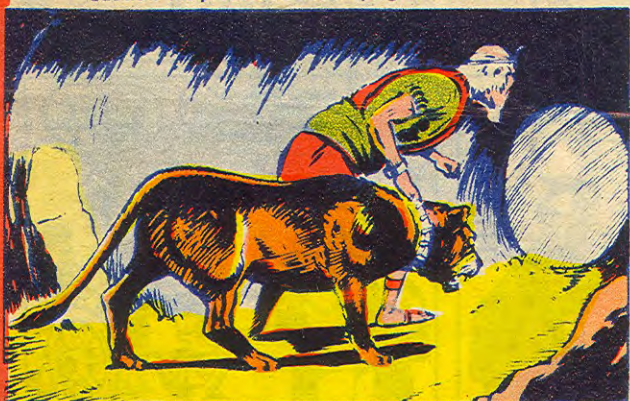
ISLAND OF SECRETS



The Sphinx-men had rushed forward, but as the door slammed shut, the great jewelled eyes of an idol on the door began to glow with a fierce light and they cringed back. This was some of Eblis's magic! He'd made sure that the slaves could never approach his sorcerer's den—but now the protection was helping to save our chums!



Gazing into the giant crystal, Eblis was snarling with rage as he saw Professor Jolly peering at the manuscripts, thousands of years old, which held all the secrets of his mysterious powers. "They must not learn my magic arts!" hissed Eblis. Suddenly his lips twisted in a grin. Something he had seen in the crystal had given him an idea!



On one wall of the chamber was a round shiny object. It was like a big mirror with a polished black surface, throwing back the reflection of Professor Jolly as he pored over the old parchments. A few moments later Eblis was leading his black panther along a narrow tunnel. At the end of the tunnel there showed a greyish circle of light.

Our chums are in a really tight spot! Whatever will happen? Be sure to read next week's thrilling adventure.



Our chums had noticed the jet-like mirror on the wall, but had thought no more about it. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, the terrible form of the panther came bounding out from the blackness towards Professor Jolly. The "mirror" was just a solid mass of black smoke, created by Eblis's strange powers! "Look out!" yelled Peter.

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

Cut this picture out
and stick it in the
space numbered 8 in
your Album.

Have you looked at
the numbers on page
6 yet? Hurry and
look, your Album may
bring you a present in
the post!

