

CHUMMY AND CHEERY-THAT'S THE COMET!

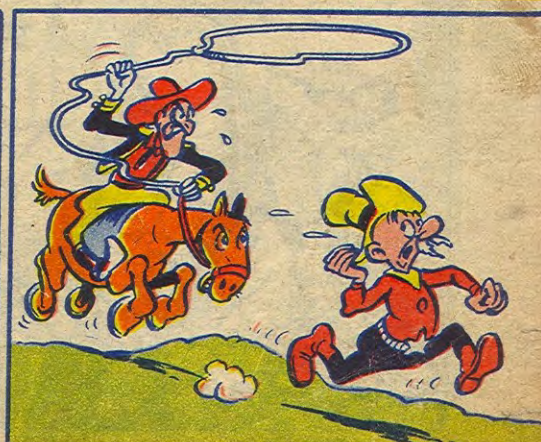
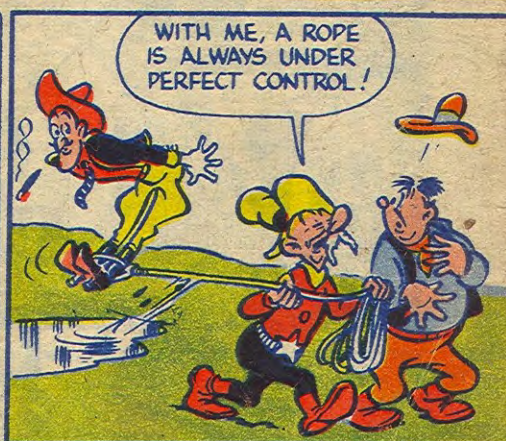
COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 202. May 31, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

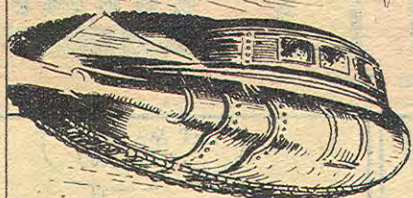


Peter and Ann and their uncle, who is an inventor, are on their way to the stars for new and thrilling adventures!

ANN, PETER AND UNCLE JOLLY ARRIVE ON JUPITER IN THEIR ROCKET SHIP

JOURNEY TO JUPITER

AFTER WEEKS OF SPEEDING ACROSS SPACE IN THEIR ROCKET SHIP, PETER, ANN, AND PROFESSOR JOLLY ARE NEARING JUPITER, THE GIANT PLANET.....



JUPITER AT LAST!

ISN'T IT EXCITING — I WONDER WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE WE SHALL FIND THERE?

WE SHALL SOON KNOW. I'M GOING TO SET THE ROCKET DOWN IN THAT GREEN PATCH.

THEY ROAR DOWN INTO THE THICK GREENERY BELOW....



WHAT ENORMOUS FLOWERS!

JUPITER IS THE BIGGEST PLANET — SO I SUPPOSE EVERYTHING ON IT IS BIG TOO!

MOST PROBABLE! AND SEE — OVER THERE — A GIANT FUNGUS!



HMM! MOST INTERESTING! JUST LIKE LEATHER!

PETE! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A FUNGUS TO ME...



UNCLE — IT ISN'T A FUNGUS — IT'S A FOOT!

EH? WHAT? WHY — SO IT IS!

THEN THE GROUND SHAKES — AND AN ENORMOUS GIANT CLIMBS TO HIS FEET AND LOOKS DOWN AT THEM.



INTO THE SHELL — QUICKLY — WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!

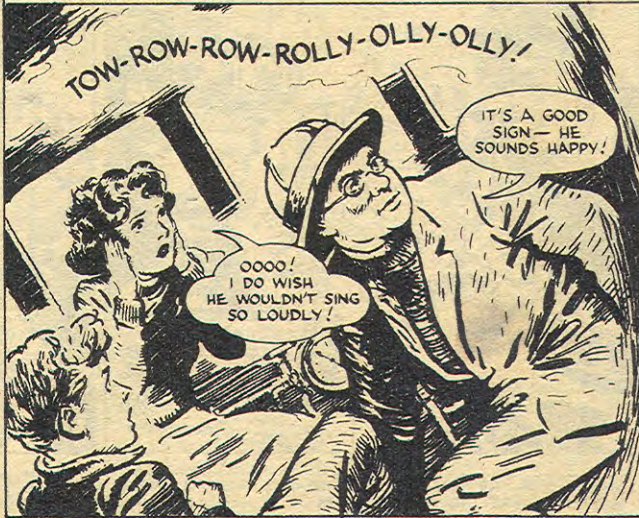
—AND FIND THEMSELVES IN A LAND OF FRIENDLY GIANTS!



BUT THEY MANAGE TO REACH THE ROCKET IN SAFETY, AND TO SLAM SHUT THE STEEL DOOR...



ONWARD STRIDES THE GIANT, WITH THE ROCKET SHIP CLUTCHED AGAINST HIS CHEST....



AT LAST THEY COME TO A HUGE BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY.....



(Continued on next page)

SO THE ROCKET SHIP IS TAKEN TO THE KING OF THIS STRANGE, BUT FRIENDLY PLACE



AND THEN IN THE MIDST OF THIS FRIENDLY, CHEERFUL SCENE, COMES A SUDDEN, STARTLING INTERRUPTION



Next week: Professor Jolly takes charge!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Joe Scraggem gaped in astonishment as Willie galloped recklessly round the room shouting, "Pass to me, Johnny! Oh, shoot! SHOOT!"

WILLIE'S VISION BENDER

CHUNTER-CHUNTER, chuff-chuff.

Strange noises were coming from Willie Wizzard's den.

This was not unusual. Strange noises often came from the den of the boy inventor of Dr. Gandybar's school. He was a queer chap who couldn't help inventing things.

Chunter-chunter, chootle tootle, chuff-chuff.

The queer noises came to the ears of a brawny, red-faced boy who was walking down the fourth-form corridor.

He stopped and listened.

"Hullo!" he muttered, "what's Willie Wizzard up to now?"

He tip-toed to the door of Willie's study and put his large ear to the keyhole.

Chuff-chuff chootle. Chunter-chunter.

And then up piped Willie's voice, sounding rather like a startled duck who has mixed up some drawing pins in her nesting straw.

"Play up, Gandybar! Pass it to the wings, Johnny!"

The boy outside took his ear away from the door panel and said with a puzzled frown:

"What's Willie talking about? It sounds as if he's watching the

school football game."

He was bending to listen again when he jerked upright. Watching the school football game? That was impossible. It was taking place on the other side of the school building. Willie's window didn't even overlook the sports field.

"Play up, school," piped Willie's voice again. It was all mixed up now with the chuntering sounds. "Play up school-hootle-tootle. Shootle-toot."

The red-faced boy put his hand on the door handle and jerked it open.

"Well I'm—" he began, and stopped, dumbfounded.

Willie Wizzard was galloping round the room in football shorts and striped jersey, running about and cannoning recklessly into furniture and walls.

"Pass to me, Johnny," he was yelling. "Oh, shoot! Shoot!"

There was one other strange thing about him. He was wearing what seemed to be small binoculars strapped to his face. They were connected by an electric wire to a strange-looking motor that stood upon the study table. It was this motor that was giving out the queer chuntering noises.

"Play up, school!" roared Willie, now carried away with excitement. "Bring him down,

up at the boy like a newly-hatched chicken peering through a hole in the egg at a harsh and uninviting-looking world.

"Golly!" said Willie faintly. "Joe Scraggem!"

"Yes," said Joe fiercely, "that's me. Joe Scraggem of the Sixth. And you've just kicked me in the ribs and booted me in the shins."

"Ou-ou-ouch!" wailed Willie. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you were there. Leggo my ear, Scraggem, please!"

"You deserve a jolly good hiding," said the crafty Scraggem. "But perhaps I'll let you off if you tell me what you're up to in here."

"I—I can't," said Willie in dismay. "It's my secret invention."

"In that case," said Joe Scraggem, rolling up his grubby cuffs grimly, "it'll have to be the jolly good hiding."

For all his bulging brain, Willie was no fighter. He was only half the size of Scraggem. Willie knew all too well that he couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. He'd have to rely on his brains to get him out of this scrape.

"All right, Scraggem," he said hastily. "I'll tell you—but you must promise not to let on."

"I'll see about that." Rubbing his burning ear,

Tom Baxter!"

Taking a quick run he did a sliding tackle straight at the gaping boy in the doorway. Together they crashed to the ground.

"Ouch!" groaned the red-headed boy.

"Shoot!" screeched Willie, carried away with excitement.

He struggled to his feet and lashed out at an invisible football. Wham! His boot caught the other boy in the midriff. Grooh!

Groaning with pain the red-haired boy struggled to his feet. Filled with rage he pounced on Willie Wizzard.

"You little horror," he grated, grabbing him by the ear. "What do you think you're up to?"

Willie took off the binoculars. He blinked

Willie walked to the table where the machine was still chuntering away.

"This is my vision bender," he said reluctantly. "This motor is connected electrically to this special pair of binoculars I've designed. It enables me to look round corners."

"You're kidding," said Joe Scraggem unbelievably.

"It's the truth," Willie Wizzard said indignantly. "I've been watching the school football match round the other side of the building."

"You don't say," Scraggem sneered. "And why the football togs and the football boots?"

Willie flushed. "I've never been good enough to play football for the school," he said shamefacedly, "so I was pretending I was one of the team."

"Let me try them," Scraggem said. He grabbed the binoculars and strapped them on. Immediately he got a wonderful view of the football field, just as if he were standing in one of the goals. He saw Johnny Bash, Willie Wizzard's young friend, come speeding through the defence, the ball at his feet.

Crash! Johnny took aim and shot. The ball seemed to fly straight for Scraggem's nose. Instinctively he ducked.

Clunk! With a yell he staggered back holding his nose which he had banged on the table. Angrily he wrenched off the binoculars.

"That's dud it," he said thickly. "Stob sniggerig at be, or you'll get that thrashig I promised you."

Willie wiped the smirk off his face obediently. Scraggem blew his nose thunderously and wiped his watering eyes.

"You mean to say you can work this thing to see round any corner?" he asked.

"That's right," Willie answered eagerly. "And the binoculars are so powerful they bring you right up close to whatever you're looking at."

"Do they, by golly?" said Scraggem. "That could be useful, couldn't it?" He took hold of Willie's ear. "I expect Doctor Gandybar is very interested in this little invention, isn't he?"

"That's the trouble," moaned Willie. "He's forbidden me to keep it at the school. He said he didn't like the idea of someone he couldn't see, watching him. He ordered me to send it home last weekend."

"And you didn't, eh?"

"I wanted to pretend I was in the school football team once more," Willie said miserably. "But I was going to send it home this weekend, honest I was, Scraggem. You won't sneak on me to the Head, will you?"

"Of course," said Scraggem

(Continued on next page)

virtuously, "I ought to report you. I'm a Sixth Former—even if I am at the bottom of the form. I won't report you this time as long as you tie the invention up in a parcel at once and promise to post it tomorrow."

"I will, Scraggem. Honest I will."

Scraggem watched him while he put the invention in a big cardboard box and tied it up with brown paper and string. Willie Wizzard put it away in his study cupboard.

"That's right," said Scraggem. "Now mind you post it tomorrow."

He walked out of Willie's study grinning. He got round the corner and slipped into a doorway. A few minutes later Willie appeared and disconsolately went off in the opposite direction.

"Now's my chance," said Scraggem. "Nobody about. They're all watching the football match."

He darted into Willie's study and came staggering out with the invention in his arms. Chortling with glee he made for his own study up the stairs.

Unfortunately for him, although he didn't realise it, he had left a valuable clue behind him.

WILLIE WIZZARD met his friend, Johnny Bash, after the football game had ended. As they walked back to their study Willie told his friend all that had happened.

"I suppose I was lucky Scraggem didn't decide to sneak on me," he said. "If Doctor Gandybar knew I still had the invention he'd be furious."

Willie gave an anguished cry as they entered the room, and pointed a skinny finger at the cupboard door. It was swinging open.

The invention had vanished. "It's been stolen," he cried. "Oh dear—and I can't tell Doctor Gandybar it's gone."

"Hullo!" said Johnny Bash, "what's this?"

Just beneath the cupboard was a crumpled letter. He picked it up and spread it out.

"Look, it's to Joe Scraggem," he said.

Willie snapped his fingers. "That means that Scraggem has pinched the Vision Bender," he said. "That letter wasn't here when I left."

"Look what it says," Johnny Bash put in excitedly. "My dear son, Joe, I am very tired of you always being bottom of your form. You take after me in looks so you ought to have my brains as well. So I have decided to give you a present of ten pounds—if you manage to come top in your form examination this term. If you fail, I shall cut off your pocket money for six months. Your affectionate father, Josiah Scraggem."

He folded up the letter again.

"It's funny," he said, "but I don't see why Scraggem should want to pinch the Vision Bender."

But Willie Wizzard's great brain was working overtime.

"I'm beginning to see," he cried. "A machine that looks round corners is jolly useful—when the examination questions are probably lying on Doctor Gandybar's desk in his study."

"I bet you're right," Johnny Bash agreed excitedly. "What shall we do, Willie?"

Willie lowered his voice. "Tonight at midnight," he said, "we'll raid Joe Scraggem's study and get the invention back. I bet he's hidden it there."

CHUNTER-CHUNTER, chootle chuff-chuff!

The Vision Bender was working overtime in Joe Scraggem's locked study. He had fiddled and tuned it until he had bent the binocular's vision right across the school quadrangle and into Doctor Gandybar's study.

Now, with the the binocular's trained upon the headmaster's desk, he was feverishly copying down all the examination questions that had been prepared for the Sixth Form scholars.

"That's that," said Joe Scraggem and switched off. "Now I'll crib all the answers and I'll come top. Poor old dad—this ten quid will come as the biggest shock of your life."

The school clock struck eight and Joe Scraggem stuffed the questions he had written down into his pocket and put the Vision Bender away in a cupboard, grinning confidently.

"Willie Wizzard daren't make a fuss because it's missing," he said. "I'm on velvet this time." And he swaggered off to his Sixth Form dormitory.

As the school clock struck midnight down in the Fourth Form dorm two figures silently scrambled into their clothes, while their schoolmates snored all round them.

Silently they slid out and headed for Joe Scraggem's study. It was locked.

Willie Wizzard felt in his pocket and brought out a twisted piece of wire.

"This is the Wizzard patent skeleton key," he said apologetically. "I use it for the jam cupboard at home."

He slipped the wire into the lock and turned it. Gently the door swung open. A quick search revealed the Vision Bender hidden in a cupboard.

"Now," said Willie, "we'll

switch it on and see where he is tuned in."

He turned the switch. The chuntering noise filled the study. Willie picked up the binoculars and put them to his eyes.

"It's all dark," he said. "Golly—I can make it out now. It's the Head's study. Yes—the desk is covered with his notes, but it's too dark to read what's on them."

"Let's have a look," said Johnny Bash. He glued his eyes to the binoculars.

"Can't see anything," he said. "Yes I can. Someone is shining a torch on the desk. I can see a hand in a black glove. It's holding—Willie, the hand is holding a jemmy!"

"A j-jemmy!" quavered Willie.

"Yes... There's a burglar in the Head's study. Look—he's going to the safe in the corner now."

Willie pulled himself together. His eyes behind the thick spectacles gleamed. "Come on,"

he said, "We've got to take him by surprise."

Together they tore down the corridor towards the Head's study. They tip-toed the last ten yards and found the door locked. Willie brought out his patent skeleton key. Johnny Bash took a couple of hefty walking sticks from an umbrella stand by the study door. Willie turned the key softly and pushed the door open.

They could see the burglar crouched by the safe, fiddling with the combination.

"Now," said Willie, taking a stick. "Charge!"

They rushed at the burglar with shrieks and yells. Biff! Wham! Crash! Wallop!

"Take that," yelled Willie Wizzard, his eyes shining. "And that! And that!"

"Help. Lay off. I give in!"

At last the burglar lay flat on the floor, groaning helplessly.

"It's a fair cop," he whimpered. "I won't struggle."

Outside there came the sound of running footsteps. But Willie hadn't finished yet.

"One more thing," he told Johnny Bash. He grabbed up the examination questions and stuffed them into the red embers of the fire. They caught alight and were burnt to a cinder by the time the headmaster in his nightshirt and dressing-gown came hurrying into the study.

"It's a burglar, sir," said Willie Wizzard modestly. "He was trying to crack your safe."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the Head. "What ex-

cellent work, Wizzard and Bash, both of you. Stand guard over the scoundrel while I phone for the police."

After he had telephoned he returned to Willie and Johnny. "Excellent, excellent," he said, beaming. "Did the scoundrel do no other damage?"

"I'm afraid, sir," said Willie Wizzard innocently, "all the examination questions got burned."

"Dear me, dear me, and I hadn't taken a copy of them. Ah well, I'll set a brand new lot tomorrow. There's still time. No harm done really."

Soon the police came to collect the luckless burglar and Willie Wizzard and Johnny Bash returned to their dormitory. On the way they collected the Vision Bender from Joe Scraggem's study.

"I'll send this home tomorrow," Willie said. "And we won't tell Joe Scraggem that the examination papers are going to be changed. He'll be bottom after all."

Laughing delightedly, Willie and his pal Johnnie tumbled back into bed.

Joe Scraggem didn't bother to read the questions in the exam. Didn't he know them by heart? He wrote out the answers he had learned, sent them up to the master in charge and sneered at the other boys who were still working away.

A week later the results were posted on the notice board outside the Sixth Form classroom. Willie Wizzard and Johnny Bash sneaked up to have a look and found Joe Scraggem gloomily surveying the list.

"Bottom again," he growled. "Bang goes all my pocket money. I wonder what went wrong."

He heard Willie and Johnny sniggering and swung round.

"You know something about this," he yelled. "Come here! I'll scrag you both!"

But Johnny and Willie tore away with Joe Scraggem in hot pursuit. By twisting and turning they managed to dodge him in the corridors and he went pounding away into the distance, breathing fire and slaughter through his nose.

"We've had our fun," Johnny Bash told Willie dubiously. "Now we've got to pay for it. Joe Scraggem is after our blood."

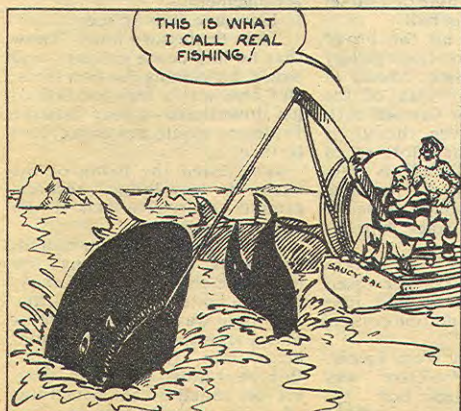
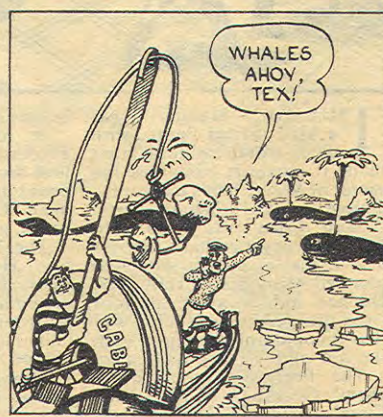
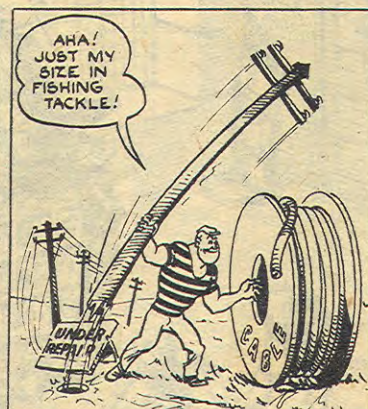
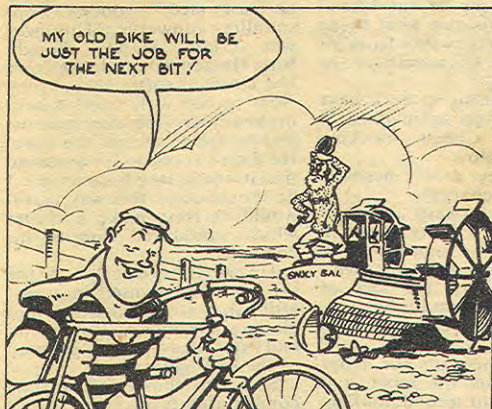
"Never mind about him!" Willie Wizzard's eyes gleamed through his thick horn-rimmed spectacles as his powerful brain ticked away behind his bulging forehead. "I'll think of an invention to fix Joe Scraggem!"

Next week, Willie's riotous new invention—anti-bullying cream!

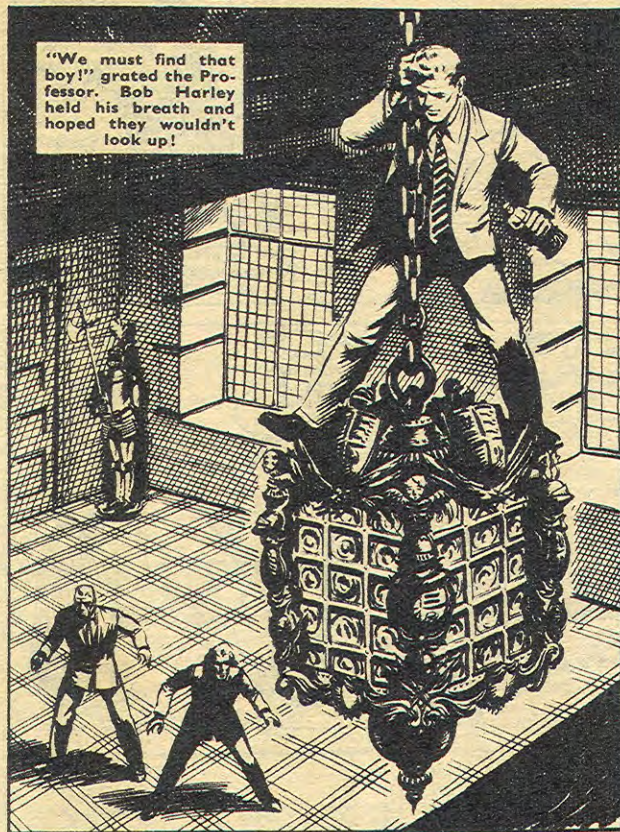
WILL YOU BE ABLE TO SEND FOR A PRESENT THIS WEEK? TURN TO PAGE 18 AND FIND OUT!

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!

Next Monday is Whit-Monday — so your next "Comet" will be on sale on Saturday, May 31st, instead of Monday, June 2nd.



The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin



THE Ivory Mandarin was a little carved figure, with clock-work inside it that made it move. It contained the secret of Wan Chen's treasure—a huge hoard of stolen property.

Wan Chen was a fat old Chinese ivory merchant. He was also a master crook, who had planned many daring robberies. He had hidden away his loot from these crimes in such a way that it could only be found with the aid of the ivory mandarin.

The Professor was another crook. Once he had been Wan Chen's partner in crime. He was thought drowned when a ship named the "Southern Star" sank. But he was very much alive, and meant to have the treasure for himself. He had gone to great trouble to get hold of the ivory mandarin, and he had kidnapped Lotus, Wan Chen's daughter, as well.

So Lotus was locked up in a tower of ancient Dreadlock Grange, which was the Professor's stronghold. The Professor meant to hold her as a hostage until he got his hands on the treasure.

But young Bob Harley, son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard, had trailed the Professor to Dreadlock Grange, and even as the crook was working out the secret of the ivory mandarin, Bob was watching him from

behind a curtain.

It looked as though the Professor would triumph, and find the treasure. But before he could discover the whole secret, Wan Chen stepped into the room, gun in hand.

The Professor was ready for him. He kicked a lever in the floor, and a trap-door opened, dropping Wan Chen into a dungeon below. As he fell, the chinaman grabbed at the curtain behind which Bob was hidden. It came down and now Bob was face to face with the Professor!

"YOUNG Harley!" the Professor gasped, and then his hand flashed to his pocket. It came out, grasping a small but deadly looking pistol. "Put your hands up, boy!"

There wasn't much that fourteen-year-old Bob could do against a desperate crook armed with a gun, so he raised his hands above his head.

The Professor looked down at Chuck, slumped unconscious on the floor. Wan Chen's bullet had stunned him, grazing the side of his head. The Professor could look for no help from Chuck for the time being.

"Come here, boy!" the Professor signalled with a jerk of his gun. Bob stepped carefully around the yawning hole in the floor. He glanced down as he did

so, but he could see no sign of Wan Chen in the darkness.

"Keep your hands right up—don't try any tricks!" warned the Professor, and took a step towards Bob to search him.

Then things happened fast. The Professor's movement had brought him nearer to the hole in the floor through which Wan Chen had fallen. Suddenly there came a flash of flame, and the crash of a shot from the blackness below.

Wan Chen was anything but beaten!

The Professor let out a howl of pain, as his gun went flying into the air, neatly shot from his grasp by the Chinaman in the dungeon.

"Hunter sitting in dark have easy shot at tiger against light!" came Wan Chen's mocking voice from below.

Bob Harley didn't hesitate. This was his chance!

He sprang forward and dealt the Professor a hefty shove in the chest. The master-crook staggered back, until his heels came up against the legs of Chuck. Then he lost his balance, and sprawled backwards onto the floor.

Bob snatched up the ivory mandarin from the table, and stood for a split second, looking round for the Professor's gun. But it had skittered out of sight somewhere—Bob could not see it. Already the Professor was starting to struggle to his feet, and the boy knew that he was no match unarmed for the tall, white-haired crook.

A single running bound carried Bob over the six-foot gap of the trap-hole to the door, and then he was out of the room, and pelting for all he was worth across the great hall of Dreadlock Grange.

"I'll get you, you meddling brat! By heaven—you'll pay for this!" roared the Professor's voice behind him. And then the Professor must have found his gun, or taken one from the unconscious Chuck, for there came the roar of an explosion, and the singing whine of a bullet winging across the hall.

Bob bounded up the broad stairway to the first-floor gallery two steps at a time. Ahead of him, across the width of the gallery, a corridor yawned dark and shadowy, even though it was still daylight. Bob raced down it, and thanked his stars for rubber soles. At least he wasn't making enough noise for the Professor to track him by ear.

Bob stopped for an instant where a second corridor crossed the first. He pressed back into the shadows around one corner, and listened.

No sound came from below. Maybe the Professor was listening too, thought Bob.

Then Bob felt something

move. His right hand had been pressed lightly back against the wall behind him, and a section of the panelling was moving—or at least, that is how it seemed to Bob.

He turned his head to look, and saw then that he had backed up against a small door, set flush in the panelling. It had evidently been unlatched, and had swung inward as Bob had touched it.

Bob pushed the door further open, and peered inside. It was dark and shadowy, and seemed at first to be a small room. Then he saw steep wooden steps spiralling upwards. This way was as good as any, thought Bob. He stepped inside the door, and closed it softly behind him.

Near to one wall stood a half-broken chair. Bob lifted it across and leaned it against the door. He didn't suppose for a second that it would stop his pursuer, if he should come this way, but it would at least make a clatter which would tell Bob of his coming.

Up the stairs went Bob. At the top he found himself in a vast attic, that stretched away into gloomy blackness. Bob stood and listened, as his eyes got used to the half-light.

Still no sound of anyone coming after him.

Bob started out across the attic, taking care to tread only on beams. He had no wish to go crashing through a plaster ceiling. Here and there dusty skylights let a little light through from above. But there was one patch out in the middle where light seemed to filter up dimly from below.

Bob made for it, and came to a round hole some three feet across, in the floor of the attic. He peered down.

Thirty feet or more below him was the floor of the great hall. The hole through which he was looking was clearly a vent in the vaulted ceiling.

Down through the centre of the hole hung a stout iron chain, and way below, on the end of this, was a big round lantern arrangement.

This gave Bob an idea.

The Professor must know that he had come upstairs, and would be looking for him there. But here was a way for Bob to get downstairs—a way that the Professor would not expect him to take!

Bob tested the fixing of the chain. It was looped securely around a twelve-inch beam above his head.

"Here goes!" he murmured, and swung himself through the hole. The chain creaked faintly, and the lantern swayed a little. But there was no sign of life or movement in the huge room below him. Hand over hand, Bob went down the chain, until his feet rested on the coned top of a big wrought-iron lantern.

some twelve feet above the floor. If he let himself hang by his hands from the bottom of the lantern-frame, he knew that he could drop easily to the floor below. How to drop without coming to any harm was a thing he had been taught in the gym at the police college where he was a pupil.

He was just about to start the clamber down towards the base of the lantern when he froze.

A sound came up to him from the hall below—a low moan. A moment later this was followed by the noise of stumbling footsteps. Then the figure of Chuck appeared, leaning against the side of a doorway below him. He was holding his head in a dazed fashion, and had clearly just come round from the effects of that bullet.

He moaned again, and then Bob heard a new sound. More footsteps hurrying, from upstairs.

It was the Professor.

Bob was thankful for the shadowy dimness of the great hall, as the Professor hurried down the stairway only twelve feet away from where he hung clinging to the lantern.

"Ah—it's you, Chuck! I heard a sound down here and I thought that confounded boy had fooled me, and doubled back on his tracks!"

"Boy!" muttered Chuck vaguely, shaking his head as if to clear it. "I remember Wan Chen falling through the trap door in the study floor, and then something hit me. What boy?"

"Inspector Harley's son, Bob. The cunning little brat must have been in the back of my car, all the way from London. I've been thinking—it's the only way he could have trailed me. He's not likely to have come with Wan Chen."

"Where's Wan Chen now?" "In the dungeon under the study. I shut the trap door again—but not till the yellow devil had got a pot shot at me from below. How he got here, I don't know—unless he came through the secret passage under the moat. He might know about that passage. He's been in this place before—years ago—when he and I were partners in crime."

"And the boy went upstairs?" "Yes—I saw him. He's got the ivory mandarin, and he must know that the girl, Lotus, is here."

"We've got to find him. One thing—he can't get out of this place, as long as the drawbridge is up."

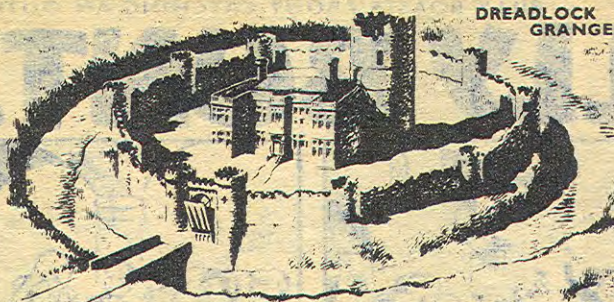
"I'll go stick my head under the cold water tap and clear it," said Chuck. "We'll root him out, wherever he is!"

"Hurry, then. I'm going back upstairs. I'll try the middle corridor this time. I'm pretty certain he didn't go through the west passage towards the old keep where the girl is."

"Don't be long, Chuck!"

"Okay, Prof."

The Professor strode off up the stairs, and along the corridor Bob had taken earlier.



Chuck made his way across to the back of the hall, and went down a narrow passage.

Faintly Bob heard the sound of running water.

Swiftly he swung himself over the side of the big lantern, hung for a moment by his hands, and then dropped to the floor.

He made his way now in the direction of the water sounds. Bob had an idea.

As the sounds grew louder, Bob's caution increased. He came at last to a kitchen, big and stone-floored, and there he saw Chuck with his head under a cold-water tap.

And he saw something else he had hoped to see. Chuck's jacket hanging over the back of a chair. Bob bent himself low, so that he was below the top of the kitchen table. Three swift steps carried him to Chuck's jacket.

It was the work of a moment to find what he wanted—Chuck's bunch of big keys, among which was the key of the room in the tower where Lotus was a prisoner.

Bob grasped the bunch tightly so that they should not jingle, and lifted them from Chuck's pocket.

He started back for the kitchen door.

The splashing of water ceased. Chuck had turned the tap off!

Bob heard a bellow of rage from behind him, and ran for his life. The burly crook had seen him!

Bob slammed the door as he shot through it—that would delay Chuck for a precious second—and hared back towards the great hall. As he crossed the huge room, he could hear Chuck pounding after him.

Up the stairs to the gallery he went. From somewhere up above him the Professor's voice sounded.

"What's going on, Chuck?"

The Professor had evidently followed Bob's trail up to the attic. Bob stopped for an instant as he reached the gallery, where a suit of ancient armour stood. It was the work of a second to swing it round on its wooden base, and send it toppling down the stairs.

There came a stream of shocking language as Chuck and the tumbling armour tangled on the stairway. Bob grinned to himself, as he sprinted to the right along the gallery, making for the old keep. Earlier that day he had trailed Chuck through the corridors, when

he had taken food to Lotus, who was imprisoned in the old stone tower. That was where Bob was going now.

He came out of the old building on to the flat stretch of roof that led across to the tower. By now he could hear Chuck pounding after him. Bob raced across the roof, and tugged open the heavy studded door that led into the tower itself. He gave a grunt of satisfaction as he discovered hefty old bolts on the inside of the door. He pushed them home just as Chuck hurled himself against the outside of the door.

That would keep them out for a bit!

Bob ran lightly up the stairs towards the cell in the tower, where Lotus was imprisoned.

"It's me—Bob Harley!" he told the girl inside, as he found the right key, and unlocked the door. "I've bolted the door down below—they'll have to use dynamite to get through it!"

"Good! But now you're a prisoner too! How can we get out of here?" Bob saw with admiration that the Chinese girl was not frightened for herself at all. A girl in a panic would have been the last straw!

"Yes—they've got us cooped up here!" said Bob, as Chuck's hammering on the door below echoed through the tower. "But now we're together, perhaps we can think up something. At least you're not locked into the cell—and time's on our side, in a way. My dad will be looking for me—he'll find the way here somehow."

"My father must be looking for me, too, said Lotus." Or—or was that him I saw coming down on a parachute earlier today?"

Bob nodded.

"I'm afraid the Professor's—that's the man who kidnapped you—has got him locked in a dungeon in the basement." Bob saw the girl's face fall. "But he's got a gun, and I think he can take good care of himself."

"When we get out of here, we must try and rescue him."

Bob nodded, and was about to reply when...

"Give me the ivory mandarin, and I'll let you both go free!"

It was the Professor's voice shouting from below.

Bob and Lotus exchanged glances.

"Tell him no!" said Lotus

"The ivory mandarin belongs to my father!"

(Continued on page 18)



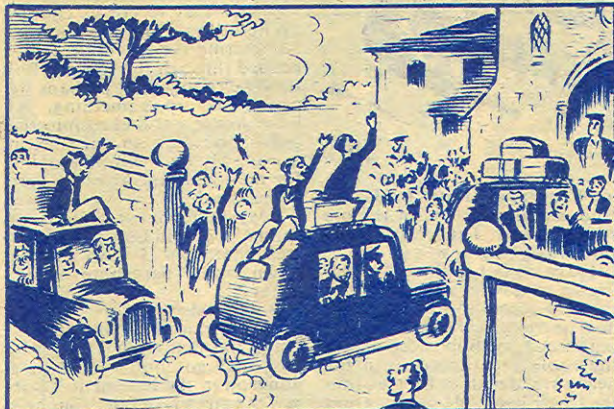
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EXCITING CUT-OUTS!



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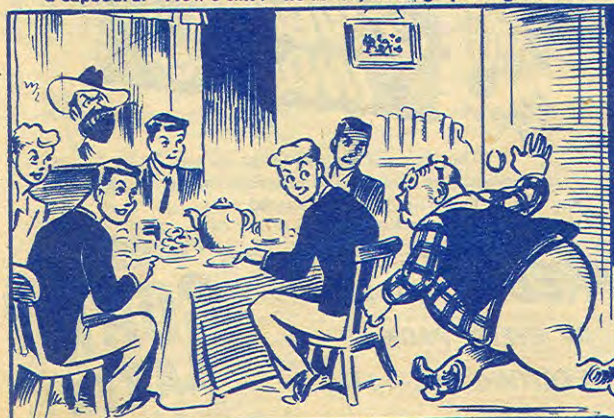
BILLY BUNTER



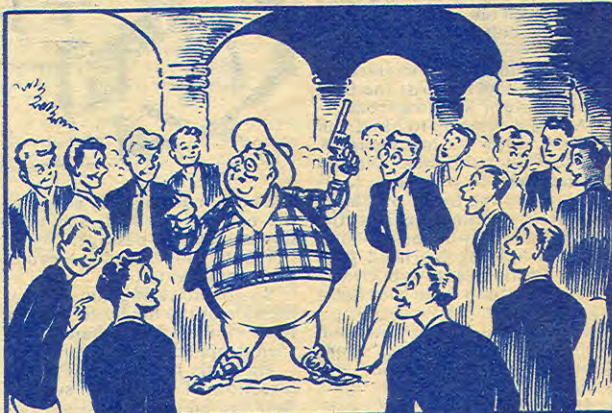
The boys from Greyfriars School had returned from their stay at Pinto Valley in America. To everyone's surprise, Billy Bunter was still dressed in Western clothes. "Howdy! fellahs!" cried Billy. "Where's the chuck wagon?" "One of the boys listening to him asked, 'Did you see any outlaws?'" "Yep, I sure did," boasted Billy. "And I caught one!" "Who was it?" asked another boy, "Jesse James?"



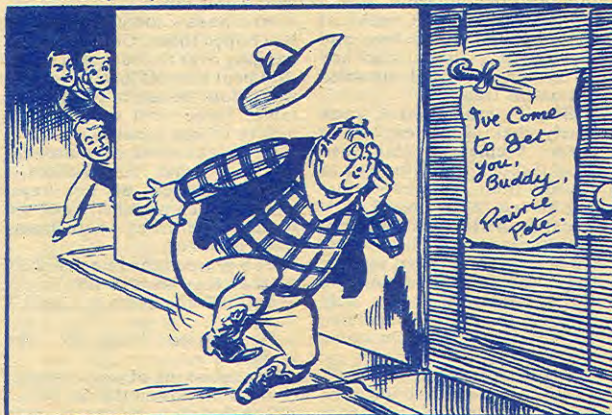
Harry and Bob soon found Wibley, who was well known for his disguises. Harry explained that he wanted him to disguise himself as Prairie Pete the outlaw. "What for?" asked Wibley. "Well, Bunter has been boasting that he captured Prairie Pete!" explained Harry, "and I want you to give him a scare!" Wibley grinned and went to a cupboard. "How's this?" he asked, holding up a huge beard.



Billy let out a howl and tore down the passage. Crashing his way into Harry Wharton's and Bob Cherry's study he yelled: "I say you chaps, that beast's after me!" "Who's that, old fat man?" asked Bob with a chuckle. "Prairie Pete!" howled Billy. "Don't be an ass," said Harry. At that moment Billy looked out of the window. With a loud yell he spun round and rushed out of the study.



"No!" said Billy, "he was Prairie Pete the Badman." Billy went on boasting about how he had captured the outlaw. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, who were listening, thought that Billy had said enough. "I've got an idea how we can cure that fat Owl of boasting," said Harry, "but we'll need Wibley's help!" "What for?" asked Bob. "You'll see," replied Harry with a grin. "Come on, let's find him."



"Fine!" chuckled Harry. "Come on, Bob, we'll leave it to Wibley." Later that evening Billy Bunter made his way to his study. When he reached the door he gave a gasp of surprise. A note was stuck to his door with a knife. "Oh lor!" groaned Billy as he read it. The note said, "I've come to get you, Buddy." It was signed "PRAIRIE PETE." "Oh crumbs!" moaned Billy. "The beast—he's followed me."



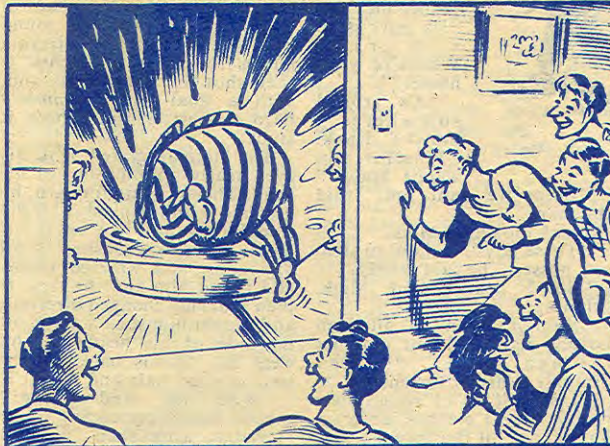
When Billy had looked out of the window he had seen a face glaring back at him. It was the tough-looking face of a bearded cowboy. Billy wasn't to know, of course, that this was Wibley in disguise. Billy hid himself until it was time for bed. Then he crept along the corridor towards the dormitory. "Here he comes chaps!" whispered Harry Wharton, who was watching for Billy. "Act as if nothing were wrong."



"I say, you fellows," said Billy, "have you seen him?" "Seen who?" asked Bob. "Prairie Pete, of course, you beast!" yelled Billy. Everybody laughed at him. "He's probably standing behind you at this moment," said Bob with a chuckle. Billy didn't bother to look but with a yell made a dive for his bed. Pulling back the bed-clothes, he let out another yell. For there staring up at him was Prairie Pete.



"So I've caught you at last!" growled Prairie Pete! "Help!" howled Billy. "Keep him off—yaroooh!" Prairie Pete grabbed Billy. "I've got a score to settle with you, you fat porpoise!" he snarled. "Help—leggo—I say, you chaps—save me!" yelled Billy. "He's too dangerous for us to tackle," said Harry, trying not to grin. "But as you captured him once before, you should be able to do so again."



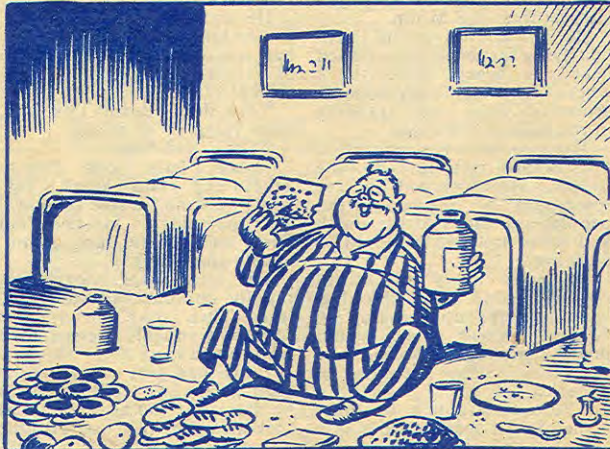
"I never did—I mean—er—oh crumbs!" moaned Billy. With a terrific wrench he broke free from Prairie Pete's grasp. Billy rushed down the dormitory like a young elephant. He made for the nearest entrance, which happened to be the wash room. Two of the boys had hidden themselves in there and were holding a length of rope between them. As Billy rushed through the door they pulled it tight.



With a howl, Billy sailed through the air and landed in a bath full of cold water. "Yaroooh!" he yelled. "Ha! ha!" laughed Bob, "did you see that tidal wave?" Wibley removed the beard and Harry explained that it had all been a joke. "Beasts!" roared Billy. "If you hurry up and dry yourself," said Bob Cherry, "you can join our feast." "Er—oh, don't be greedy, Cherry," cried Billy. "Wait for me!"



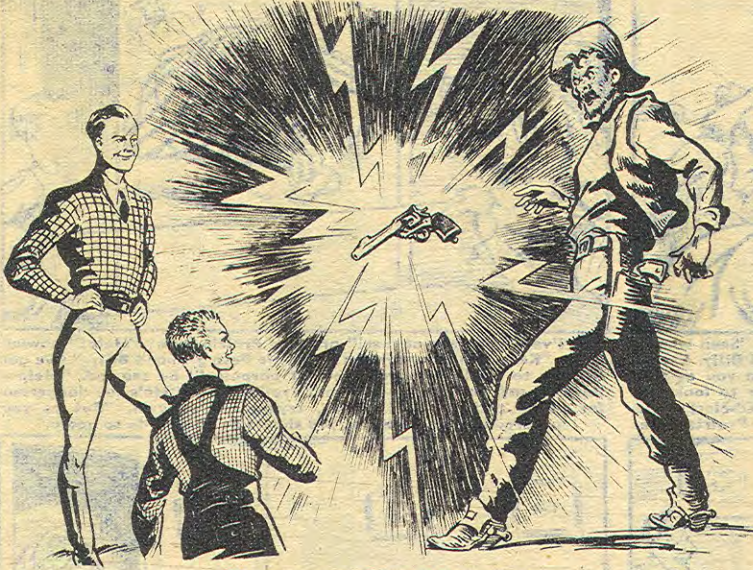
The beds in the dormitory were pushed back and blankets laid on the floor. The grub was spread out over the blankets and everyone tucked in. "Come on, old fat man!" cried Harry Wharton, "there won't be any left in a minute." "Beast!" muttered Billy. At that moment, in walked Mr. Quelch. "What is the meaning of this?" he roared. "You will all leave the dormitory this minute. Wait for me in my study."



Fortunately for Billy, he was still in the wash room and had kept out of sight. When Mr. Quelch left he locked the door behind him. Then Billy left the wash room and saw all the grub on the floor. He thought to himself, "I can't let all this grub go stale!" So squatting on the floor, Billy started tucking in. "Tee-hee!" he giggled to himself. "This will teach those rotters not to play tricks on me. Serves 'em right."

Next week: Bunter runs a Jumble Sale! Don't miss the "jumble"!

MICK THE MOON BOY



The outlaw's six-gun sparks and jolts—
It's charged up with a million volts!

THE PHANTOM

"We'll reach the railroad tomorrow morning, Hank," said Mick the Moon Boy.

"Yeah, an' I'm plenty excited about it," said his twelve-year-old pal, Hank Luckner. "It's gonna be real marvellous to see the big towns an' cities."

The two boys were sitting over their camp fire by the side of the trail. Nearby were their two horses, watered and fed and now hobbled for the night.

Anyone seeing Mick would have taken him for an ordinary good-looking boy of about sixteen years of age. But Mick was far from being an ordinary boy. He was from the Moon.

He had arrived on the Earth in a flying saucer. It had crashed near the lonely little shack where Hank was living with his grown-up sister and Grandma in the hills of Arkansas.

The two boys had chummed up. Before returning to the Moon, Mick wanted to see something of the countries, peoples and cities of the Earth and Hank had said he would go with him.

So, with many adventures already behind them, here they were, camped on the trail to Albasca where they would board a train which would take them east to the big cities of America.

"Yeah, it's gonna be quite somethin' to see them big skyscrapers an' things what I've heard about," said Hank, who had never been away from his lonely hills until he had met Mick. "Gee, I'm that excited I don't reck'n I'll sleep much tonight!"

"You'd better try, anyway," laughed Mick. "I think we'll turn in now, shall we?"

"Okay!" agreed Hank.

They rose to get their blankets. They didn't need more than one apiece, for the night was warm and fine. But as they got to their feet the Moon Boy suddenly tensed.

"Listen!" he said.

"What is it, Mick?" he asked.

"Horsemen coming and riding fast!" said the Moon Boy. "There's not many of them. Two I think."

"Gee, I wisht I had ears like yours!" said Hank, staring at him admiringly. "I can't hear a thing!"

He couldn't, not even yet. But he knew that the Moon Boy had a sense of hearing, and also of sight, keener than any animal of the wild.

"Are they headin' this way, them riders?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mick.

"Waal, let's hope they're peaceable," said Hank. "Us don't want no trouble tonight." Then he said: "I kin hear 'em now, an' they're sure comin' lickety-split, Mick!"

The thunder of hooves was rapidly approaching along the trail. Then into the firelight rode two roughly-dressed men who reined in.

Hank had just said that he didn't want any trouble. But as he stared at the two riders he reckoned that this was Trouble and with a capital "T" as well. For apart from the villainous looks of the pair, each had a drawn pistol in his hand and their blowing, sweat-streaked horses, standing droop-headed, had been ridden almost to the

point of exhaustion.

One of the pair was tall and lean, with a thin, swarthy face and a drooping moustache. The other was short and squat. It was the tall one who spoke.

"You kids alone?" he demanded harshly. "Nope, us've got lots of pards around," said Hank. "Cain't yuh see 'em?"

"I don't want no sass from you, bucko!" rapped the man. "Us guys is in a hurry. Where're yore hosses?"

"Aw, around sumwheres," drawled Hank. "Whaffor you wanna know?"

"Becos we want 'em!" said the man.

Hank looked at Mick.

"These guys is aimin' to steal our hosses," he said mildly.

"So I hear," said Mick, grinning.

"Stop yakkerin' an' git them hosses, else we'll put a bullet through youse!" shouted Straggly Whisker furiously.

"Lissen, if we let 'em git their hosses they'll mebbe jump up on 'em an' hit the breeze!" put in his short, squat companion urgently. "Best git 'em ourselves!"

"Yeah, c'mon!" agreed Straggly Whiskers.

Pistol in hand, the pair of them flung themselves from their exhausted mounts.

"You git the hosses, Shorty, an' I'll keep these two brats covered!" said Straggly Whiskers.

"Okay!" said Shorty.

He moved swiftly away to get the hobbled horses. Straggly Whiskers addressed himself to Mick and Hank.

"Don't move or I'll drill youse!" he ordered harshly, pointing his pistol at them.

"What with?" inquired Mick pleasantly.

"With this rod, yuh dumb-headed sap!" shouted Straggly Whiskers, tapping the barrel of his pistol.

"Not with that, anyway," said Mick.

No sooner had he said the words when, with a flash, Straggly Whiskers's pistol seemed to take to life. Flashes of what looked like lightning flashed from it, and the astonished man dropped his pistol as though it were red hot.

"What's the matter?" asked Mick with interest.

Straggly Whiskers didn't answer him. He grabbed at his fallen pistol. But no sooner did his fingers touch it when, once again, it flashed like lightning. With a howl he leapt back, leaving the pistol lying on the ground.

"Tarnation, thunder!" he yelled. "I gotta shock!"

"What sorta shock?" asked Hank.

"'Lectric shock!" yelled Straggly Whiskers. "It runned right up mah arm from that blamed pistol thar!"

"Aw, phooey!" scoffed Hank. "It did, I'm tellin' yuh!" shouted the gunman.

He yanked out his other pistol. But no sooner had he got it clear of the holster than it flew out of his hand with flashes of lightning and whizzed round and round him in dizzying circles for a few moments. It then shot off at an angle and, with a final flash, whammed hard against a tree where it stuck.

The gunman glared at it, his eyes nearly popping out of his head. Then rushing forward, he grabbed it and yanked it off the tree. But again it flew out of his hand, giving off flashes in all directions, and whizzed round and round him and the tree. It then suddenly changed direction and caught him such a crack on the side of his head that he went flat on his back with a howl of rage, pain and fright.

"Well, for land's sake!" gasped Hank, pretending to be properly astonished as the raging gunman scrambled to his feet. "Them guns is sure actin' plumb amazin'!"

But it wasn't amazing to him at all, for he knew perfectly well that it was Mick who was making the guns act in this astonishing way.

When the Moon Boy had landed from his crashed flying saucer, he had brought with him some wonderful scientific gadgets. These had been invented by the Moon Men, who were hundreds of years in advance of the Earth scientists.

Some of these gadgets could give off the strangest rays and Hank didn't have to be told that Mick had one of them hidden in his hand and had used it to put the 'fluence on the pistols.

"I dunno what's gotten into them blamed guns!" snarled Straggly Whiskers, rubbing the bump on his head. "Gosh, snakes! They was Okay when I used 'em back yonder at Copper Springs!"

"Now whaffor would yuh be using them guns at Copper Springs, mister?" demanded Hank.

"You shut yore trap!" snapped the gunman, glaring at him.

He turned quickly round as

WHEN THEY TRY TO STEAL THE BOYS' HORSES!

Shorty appeared, leading the boys' horses.

"What yuh bin hollerin' about?" demanded Shorty.

"It's mah guns!" explained Straggly Whiskers. "One's gotten itself 'lectricified an' t'other's gone crazy!"

"What you talkin' about?" demanded Shorty, staring.

Straggly Whiskers explained, or tried to, then pointed to his first gun which was still lying where he had dropped it.

"Pick it up an' see for yuhself!" he cried.

Shorty glared at him for a moment, then handing him the leading rope of the horses, he stooped to pick up the gun. As he touched it there was a terrific flash. With a howl he whipped back his hand as though the gun was red-hot.

"Jumpin' jimminy!" gasped Shorty, staring down at the gun and rubbing his arm up which the shock had run. "But—but what's done it?"

"I dunno what's done it!" cried Straggly Whiskers. "I reck'n they must've bin in contact with sumpin' 'lectric since us left the mine at Copper Springs—"

"Shut up about the mine at Copper Springs!" cut in Shorty savagely. "Pick that thar gun up with yore hanky or something an' let's git our saddles across these hosses an' ride!"

Handing him the lead rope, Straggly Whiskers pulled out a dirty rag of a hanky and tried to pick up the pistol with it. But again he let out a yell and dropped the rag.

"Tain't no good!" he swore furiously. "I gotta 'nother shock!"

"Leave 'em," snarled Shorty. "You can have one of mine."

"Okay!" snarled his pal. "You watch them brats while I gits the saddles on the hosses. They ain't started nuthin' yet, but they might!"

"Where's t'other one—the biggest one?" demanded Shorty. "There was two of 'em hyar an' now there's only one—the skinny li'l runt!"

Straggly Whiskers, getting the saddle off his horse, spun round and glared towards where Hank was standing. But Hank

was now alone. Mick had taken advantage of the gun-men's momentary distraction, to slip away into the darkness beyond the illumination from the camp fire.

"Sneaked off, huh?" snarled Straggly Whiskers. "Waal, it don't matter. He cain't do nuthin'!"

"Naw, nuthin' 'cept pick us off from cover with a gun!" said Shorty furiously.

"He ain't gotta gun!" shouted Straggly Whiskers. "I noticed partic'lar he ain't totin' a gun!"

"Then git on with th' saddlin'!" yelled Shorty. "Dad blame it! Is us gonna stay here all night?"

That was as far as he got when a strange thing happened. His pistol, covering Hank, was yanked out of his hand as though by some invisible force and sent spinning away into the darkness. Next instant, and before he could recover from his open-mouthed astonishment his other pistol slid swiftly from his gun-holsters, as though of its own accord, and it, too, went spinning away into the darkness.

Shorty let out such a howl of rage, fear and amazement, that Straggly Whiskers joined him at one bound, gasping:

"What the 'arnation thunder's happened now?"

"Mah guns!" roared Shorty, glaring about him every way, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head. "They flewed off by themselves!"

"How could they hev flewed off by themselves?" cried Straggly Whiskers.

"They did, I tell yuh!" screamed Shorty. "Gosh snakes, us've gotta git outa hyar. This place is haunted!"

They turned to make a bolt for the horses. But in that very same instant another most mysterious thing happened. For without the slightest warning, and seemingly from nowhere, a wide rope noose dropped neatly over the head and shoulders of the pair of them. It was immediately whipped tight, yanking them together, their arms imprisoned.

Howling and yelling, and struggling madly in rage and terror, the precious pair felt

themselves being dragged against a nearby tree. Then round and round them, swiftly and mysteriously, went the rest of the rope for all the world as though some invisible person was lashing them to the tree.

And that was exactly what was happening. For when he had slipped silently away into the shadows beyond the camp fire, Mick had whipped off his shirt and pants. This revealed the tightly-fitting, one-piece costume of flexible green metal in which he had arrived from the Moon and which he always wore, but only Hank knew that.

Swiftly strapping on his chest a little green metal box, which he took from a pouch at his waist, Mick had pressed a tiny button on the box. As he did so, he had become completely invisible, for the power to make oneself invisible was a scientific secret discovered ages ago by the Moon Men.

After that it had been easy for the invisible Mick to snatch Shorty's pistols and throw them away, then drop the lasso over the rascally pair. It had also been easy for him to yank them against the tree and tie them there. Although Mick was only sixteen and lithely-built he was much stronger than any Earth boy of his age.

Having lashed the raging, struggling gunmen to the tree, Mick slipped back to where he had left his discarded shirt and pants. Making himself visible again, he pulled on the shirt and pants, then strolled back into the firelight where Hank was standing talking to the two frantic prisoners.

"What you hollerin' like that for?" Hank was enquiring.

"Yeah, I know it's queer. There sure must be ghosties around, jus' like what you say. But hollerin' ain't goin' to frighten 'em. Oh, hallo, Mick!" he broke off to say, as Mick joined him. "Say, whadya think? These two gents has bin caught an' roped by ghosties!"

"How extraordinary!" said Mick.

"Yeah, ain't it?" said Hank, grinning all over his face, for he knew exactly how the whole thing had happened. "Are you

skeered of ghosties, Mick?"

"Not very much," said Mick.

"No, me neither," said Hank.

"Ghosties don't never harm honest folks. I don't reck'n these two gents kin be awful honest, d'yo Mick?"

"No, I don't think they can be," agreed Mick. "In fact, they can't be. They were going to steal our horses, remember?"

"Stop standin' there yakkerin, yuh cussed brats, an' cut us loose!" screamed Shorty.

"He asks so polite, don't he?" spluttered Hank.

"CUT US LOOSE, WILL YUH?" howled Straggly Whiskers, struggling madly.

"There're more riders coming!" murmured Mick to Hank.

In spite of the row the two prisoners were making, his keen ears had picked up the sound of approaching horsemen and a few moments later a dozen or more armed men came galloping up out of the darkness.

"Why, dang me, there they are!" gasped the leader, staring in blank astonishment at the two frantically struggling prisoners. "Who's roped them?"

"Us did, mister," said Hank. "You lookin' for these hombres?"

"We sure are!" cried the leader. "They shot the cashier at the mine over at Copper Springs this afternoon and got away with the pay-roll. I'm the sheriff of Copper Springs. But how in the name of all that's wonderful did you two kids disarm them and rope them?"

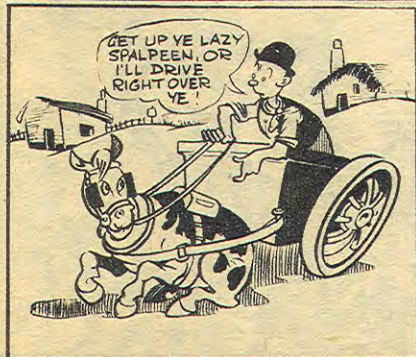
"It warn't them, it was ghosties!" screamed Shorty.

"Yeah, that's what he thinks, mister," said Hank, grinning.

"But it was us, really. Mick here was once sheriff of Indian Bend an' I was his deputy. You'll maybe have heard of him. I reck'n them two hombres have got the pay roll in their saddle bags. They was mighty keen on changin' their saddles when they tried to pinch our hosses."

And that was exactly where the stolen pay roll was. But to this day the wondering sheriff of Copper Springs and his posse cannot figure out how two boys captured the two tough and much-wanted gunmen.

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



KIT CARSON TAKES THE WAR PATH!

KIT CARSON, THE FAMOUS SCOUT, AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, POSSUM, HAVE BEEN SENT ON A SPECIAL JOB TO FORT FOREMOST, TO WARN COLONEL ATKINS ABOUT A THREATENED REDSKIN RISING, AND TO TELL HIM ABOUT SEVERAL SECRET DUMPS OF GUNS WHICH A HALF-BREED TRAITOR, DUCLOS, MEANS TO SELL TO THE REDSKINS ~~~ KIT AND POSSUM DESTROY ONE DUMP AND ARRIVE AT FORT FOREMOST, PURSUED BY DUCLOS AND A PARTY OF BRAVES. AS THEY GALLOP IN, THE FORT GOES UP IN FLAMES ~~~



THE MAGAZINE'S ABLAZE!
WE'LL GO SKY-HIGH ANY SECOND!
ABANDON FORT!

COME ON,
POSSUM! LET'S
HELP GET THOSE
WAGONS CLEAR!

JEE-HOSOPHAT!
THERE SHE GOES!
AND ALL THE
AMMUNITION
BLOWN SKY-HIGH
WITH IT!



COLONEL ATKINS!
ARE YOU HURT
BAD?



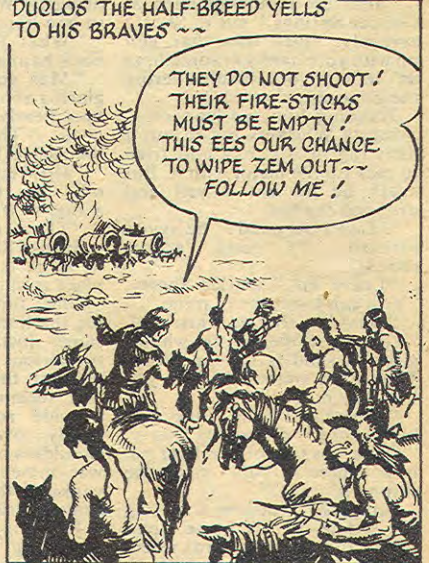
TAKE OVER ~~
CARSON ~~ HAVE
TO TRY AND BREAK
THROUGH SOMEHOW ~~
NO AMMUNITION
LEFT NOW!

KIT CARSON RAPS OUT ORDERS
AS THE REDSKINS RENEW
THE ATTACK.

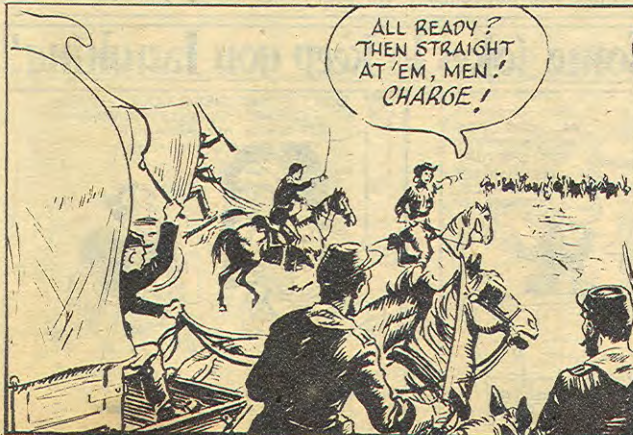


GET THE WOUNDED
ABOARD THE WAGONS,
MEN! WE'VE GOT TO TRY
AND SMASH THROUGH ~~
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

DUCLOS THE HALF-BREED YELLS
TO HIS BRAVES ~~



THEY DO NOT SHOOT!
THEIR FIRE-STICKS
MUST BE EMPTY!
THIS EES OUR CHANCE
TO WIPE ZEM OUT ~~
FOLLOW ME!



ALL READY?
THEN STRAIGHT
AT 'EM, MEN!
CHARGE!

USE YOUR FISTS ~~
ANYTHING ~~ KEEP 'EM OFF,
MEN, OR WE'RE SUNK!

TAKE THAT, YE
RED HEATHEN!

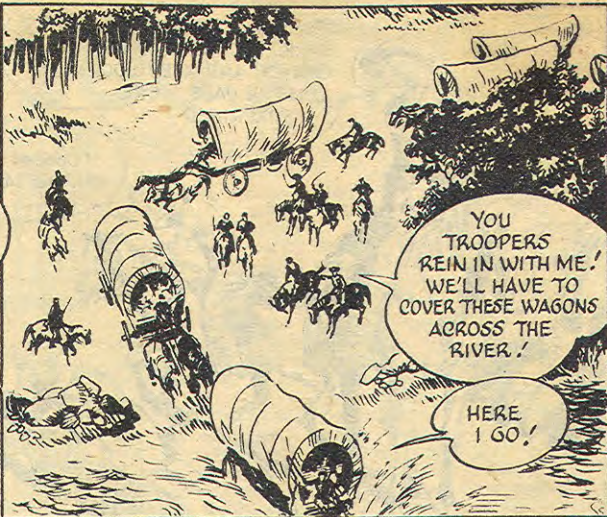


CAN THEY FIND THE SECRET STORE OF GUNS?

THE COLUMN BURSTS THROUGH AND RACES ALONG THE RIVER BANK, HOWLING BRAVES IN HOT PURSUIT.

CAN'T SHAKE 'EM OFF!
THEY'LL PICK US OFF ONE
BY ONE FROM THE REAR!
SWING DOWN THE BANK AND
CROSS THE RIVER. WE'VE
GOT TO CHANCE IT!

OKAY,
CARSON!
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!



YOU
TROOPERS
REIN IN WITH ME!
WE'LL HAVE TO
COVER THESE WAGONS
ACROSS THE
RIVER!

HERE
I GO!

AS THE COLUMN STRUGGLES THROUGH THE FOAMING RIVER, CARSON'S LITTLE PARTY FIGHT A SAVAGE REARGUARD ACTION ~~~

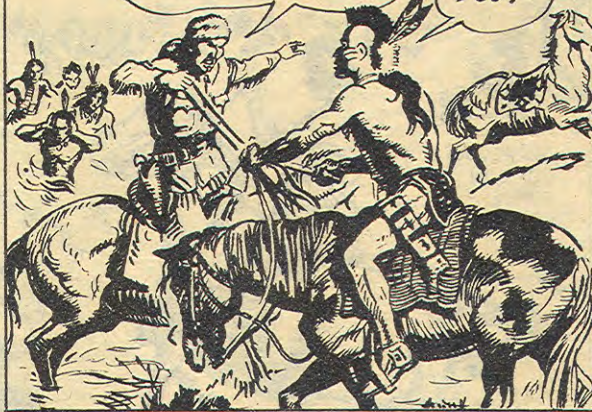
WELL DONE,
BOYS! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!

TAKE THAT,
YE RED
SKUNK!



POISON FANG!
GO BACK TO CAMP!
BRING WHOLE TRIBE!
ZEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE
SO EASY AS ZEY THINK!

I GO!



MEANWHILE, THE
COLUMN PUSHES
ON, INTO A
GREAT CANYON,
ITS HIGH WALLS
HONEYCOMBED
WITH CAVES ~~~

BY GLORY, THIS MUST BE
CAVE CANYON, WHERE DUCLOS
HAS HIS OTHER GUN DUMP!
IF WE CAN FIND THAT DUMP WE'LL
HAVE ENOUGH AMMUNITION
TO FIGHT OUR WAY
BACK TO ARMY
HEADQUARTERS!

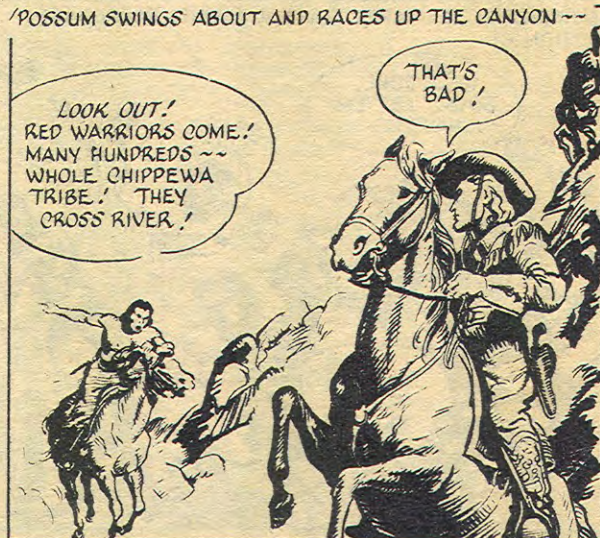
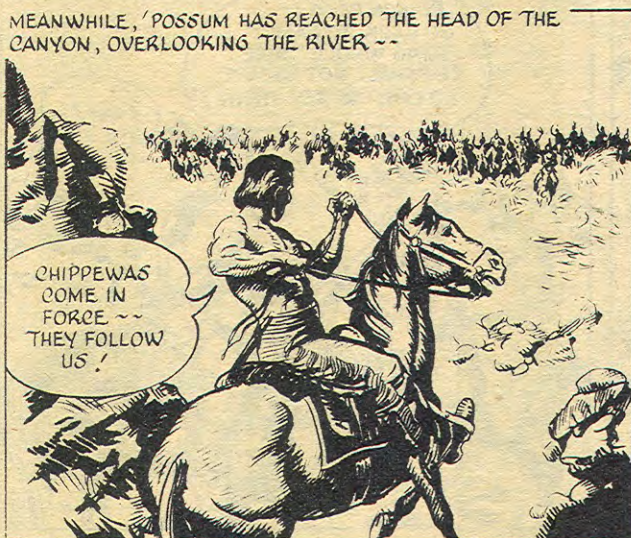
YOU DON'T SAY!
WELL ~~ WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?



SEARCH THOSE CAVES!
GET CLIMBING, MEN!
TAKE A CAVE EACH, AND
YELL IF YOU FIND THE
DUMP!

THEY'LL HEAR ME IN
SASKATCHEWAN IF I FIND
THAT DUMP! LET'S GO!





Next week: The Battle of Cave Canyon!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



The bullies gasped in shocked surprise, At the ape and the muddle before their eyes!

MONKEY BUSINESS

"THIS is going to be quite like old times!" chuckled Algy Brown the monkey.

He was swinging himself from branch to branch of the trees in the grounds of St. Anselm's school.

Algy hadn't always been a monkey. Not so very long ago he had been just an ordinary schoolboy, one of a party of schoolboys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole party had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to Meadowsweet Farm to give them all a dose of medicine.

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

The result was that, in a flash, the whole bunch of them had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back to their proper selves again.

"Anyway, it's got us off going back to school," thought Algy, as he swung himself through the trees which surrounded St. Anselm's School, which was about two miles from Meadowsweet Farm. "We've got to stay at the farm until we're our proper selves again. That's why

I want to have a dekko at these St. Anselm chaps doing their lessons."

He broke off as a sound of something very like sobbing came to his ears. Peering down through the branches, he saw a very small boy leaning against the trunk of a tree dabbing at his eyes with a handkerchief.

"Hallo," cried Algy, "what's the trouble?"

The small boy nearly jumped out of his skin at hearing someone speak to him. He stepped hastily aside and stared up into the tree. At sight of the monkey sitting on the branch his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"It—it couldn't be that monkey that spoke!" he gasped aloud.

"Oh, yes, it was," said Algy. "I'm a very special sort of monkey. Now don't be alarmed. Tell me, what were you blubbing for just now?"

The boy hesitated a moment. Then:

"Well, Bertie Bonker and Percy Pugg have s-s-stolen my hamper. They're the two worst bullies in the school," cried the small boy hotly. "They're in the Fourth Form, and they're always bullying us kids, but they pick on me because I'm so little."

"Oh, do they?" said Algy grimly. "And what was in this hamper they've stolen?"

"It was full of cakes and jellies and jars of jam and tarts and pies, and things like that," cried the other.

"But you weren't going to eat all that stuff yourself, were you?" demanded Algy.

"No, of course I wasn't," cried the boy. "I was going to share it with the other fellows

in my Form, like I always do. But now I can't. It's pretty rotten, you know."

"It is," agreed Algy. "And where's the hamper now?"

"It's in the study which Bonker and Pugg share in the Fourth Form corridor," replied the other. "The rotters have got the door locked."

"Well, it's a nice fine afternoon, so I expect their study window is open," said Algy cheerfully. "By the way, why aren't you in afternoon school?"

"I've been excused the first lesson because I've got a headache," explained the other.

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Algy briskly. "Well, I'm coming along with you, and you're going to

point out to me the window of the Bonker and Pugg study. If it's closed, I'll smash it and get in that way. I bet there's a pipe or a creeper or something up which I can climb."

"You're the queerest monkey I've ever seen," said the boy, "I—I wouldn't have believed that monkeys could talk. But what are you going to do in Bonker's study?"

"I'm going to teach him and his pal Pugg such a lesson that they'll never, never bully anybody again so long as they're at school," chuckled Algy. "What's your name, anyway?"

"Sammy Smallwood," replied the other.

"Right-ho, then, Sammy, show me where this study window is," said Algy.

It was at the end of afternoon school that Bertie Bonker and Percy Pugg unlocked the door of their study and marched in. And the two louts got the shock of their lives when they saw Algy sitting on their table.

Torn books and papers lay scattered all over the floor: the contents of the cupboards were strewn about amongst the wreckage—and there was ink everywhere.

And painted in great thick scrawling inky letters right across the wallpaper were such verses as:

"Pugg and Bonker in here dwell,
That's what makes the curious smell!"

"Puncher Pugg gives small kids thrashings,
Bully Bonker gives them bashings!"

"No infant under age of ten,
Escapes alive from out this den!"

Algy turned round and glared at their startled faces.

"Yes, I did it, you rotters!" he yelled. "And I'll tell you why in a minute!"

Then he started to bellow at the very top of his voice: "Help! Murder! Thieves! Fire! Help!"

Roused by the uproar, a crowd of Fourth Formers came rushing into the wrecked study, shouting:

"What's happened? What's the matter? What's wrong?"

"It's that monkey!" cried Bertie Bonker in a trembling voice, pointing at Algy. "It's wrecked our study, and it—it can speak in a human voice!"

"Of course I can speak in a human voice, you ass," yelled Algy. "Once I was a boy, the same as you and Percy Pugg. And d'you know what? One day we got a new science master at our school. He was a very clever and curious man. He found out that I was a bully and he changed me into a monkey."

His pop-eyed listeners gave gasps of awe and fright.

"And a monkey I've got to remain until I find a boy who's a worse bully than I was," screamed Algy. "When I find him, then that boy will be changed into a monkey and I will become a boy again. I've been round dozens of schools looking for one and today I've found two of them—Bertie Bonker and Percy Pugg. They're far worse bullies than I ever was!"

"Nun-no-no-no, we're not!" almost sobbed the two terrified louts. "We're not bullies at all."

"Yes, you are!" screamed Algy. "You stole Sammy Smallwood's hamper, and you're always bullying small boys. I've just got to say the word, and you'll be changed into a pair of horrid monkeys. But I'll give you one more chance. I'll let you off this time, but you'd better not bully anybody again. If you do, then I'll see that the magic spell of being changed into monkeys descends on the pair of you!"

With the words he took a flying leap to the window and went swiftly down the creeper.

"He, he, he!" he chuckled. "I bet that'll cure the rotters!"

It did. Algy had only been pulling their legs, of course, but the two bullies had got such a dreadful fright that from that day onwards they never bullied another boy.

In fact, they became two of the meekest and quietest boys in the school. What was more, they lost no time in giving little Sammy Smallwood his hamper back.

Next week a crocodile-school-boy gets the toothache! Don't miss the merry adventures of the lads of Dr. Grunter's Zoo School.

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HERE we are again with another long list of Club numbers . . . maybe yours is among them! If it is, get cracking right away and send up for the free present that's waiting for you!

Get out your Club Album now and check the number printed on the back with those in this list:

43,457	131,835	65,270	12,862	19,551	74,868
21,271	79,567	142,174	36,556	197,348	49,653
1,368	44,423	77,878	147,352	143,274	32,161
101,341	140,936	192,259	42,267	22,753	111,736
55,767	73,293	88,571	193,748	54,743	153,241
130,267	5,465	178,370	133,465	82,054	71,644
158,640	28,668	55,483	8,559	122,322	82,953
72,181	154,777	7,568	45,391	67,369	162,437
117,079	145,275	27,263	136,356	30,252	170,181
181,363	75,179	152,428	117,949	140,257	118,446
127,954	30,853	49,318	49,634	158,158	44,542
93,281	116,649	186,247	126,365	127,348	23,355
72,757	50,560	166,157	168,159	17,627	59,628
151,361	167,185	130,623	58,779	156,521	136,847
3,667	89,452	62,823	17,467	101,164	68,443
43,072	125,157	9,174	64,385	65,367	
195,256	61,978	141,449	146,554	106,842	

IMPORTANT.—Please don't send your Album to us unless the Club Number on it is among those above.

Well, did you see your number in the list? If you did then very carefully check it to make quite sure it is exactly the same, and then choose a present from the following:

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

Write the name of the present chosen in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album, then on a piece of paper name the character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET—and in a few words why. Now pop both piece of paper and Album in an envelope addressed to the Club address:

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

Of course, make sure that your full name and address are filled in on the Membership page of the Album before posting. Stamp the envelope with a 2d. stamp and post it at once!

Your present will then be sent to you, and your Club book returned with it post free.

(N.B.—Remember the number on your Album must be exactly the same as one in the list printed here. All claims for presents from this week's list must reach us by Friday, June 6. None received after that date, or for wrong numbers, or without the Club Album enclosed, will be recognised.)

RAILWAY QUIZ

There are some very famous trains which go regularly to and from London in many directions, and here are four of them—the "Royal Scot", the "Irish Mail", the "Cornish Riviera" and the "Devon Belle". In this picture there is a signpost beside each one showing the name of the station to which each is going, but the letters have been moved round. Can you sort them out correctly so that they spell the names of the stations?

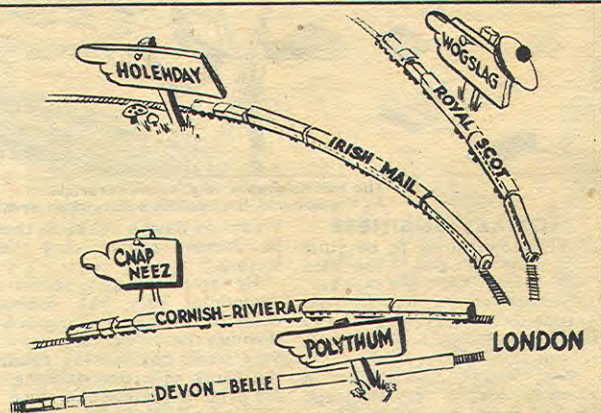
SOLUTION

Cornish Riviera to Penzance, the "Devon Belle" to Plymouth, the "Royal Scot" goes to Glasgow, the "Irish Mail" to Holyhead, the

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 2d. 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.



THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

(Continued from page 9)

Bob went back to the head of the stairs, and shouted down.

"Go chase yourself!" he yelled back. "You can't get in here, so we're sitting tight till help comes. I've got the mandarin—and I'm keeping it!"

"You'll pay for this!" The Professor's voice was quivering with rage. "If I have to blast my way into that tower to get at you, I'll do it—and then look out for trouble. Give me the mandarin and you can go free—that's my final offer!"

"Phooey!" said Bob rudely. "That's telling him!" Lotus grinned.

Bob nodded and then said gravely, "But we're in a bad spot. The Professor will stop at nothing to get the mandarin."

Bob took out the little ivory image and gave it to the girl, whose eyes widened as she saw it.

"Why—it's Choo-Chin-Charley!" she exclaimed. "I used to play with him when I was little! But why should the Professor want Charley so much?"

"Charley's the key to some hidden treasure that your dad's

got tucked away," said Bob. "That's what all the fuss is about. And the Professor means to get his hands on Charley—come what may!"

HELP FROM THE SKY

AN hour had passed and already the daylight was beginning to fade. Bob and Lotus were posted at a window of the tower looking down on the flat roof below.

"What's Chuck doing, Bob?"

"I don't know for certain," replied Bob. "But those stick things that Chuck is pushing under the bottom of the door look like some sort of explosive. I expect they're going to try to blast the lower door down!"

"What do we do then?"

"Lock ourselves in the cell. Look—here comes the Professor now!"

They saw the white-haired figure stop in the middle of the roof and look up towards them.

"This is your last chance!" shouted the Professor. "I'm going to blow the door down!"

"You'll still have to winkle us out of the cell!" Bob shouted back. "And if you try to blow down the door of the cell I'll stand the ivory mandarin up against it and let it get smashed!"

"You little whippersnapper!"

roared the Professor. "Blow the door down, Chuck. Once we're in that tower there are other ways I can get at them!"

They watched Chuck lay a train of black powder to the blasting sticks. Unable to do a thing to stop him, they saw him touch a match to the end of it and saw it splutter and glow.

Then suddenly there came a roaring sound.

Down from the sky above them swept the spidery shape of a helicopter. Through the glazed nose they could see that the pilot was a Chinaman.

"That's Ah Foo, my father's servant!" said Lotus excitedly. "So that's how father got here!"

Not knowing quite what to do about this new turn of events, the Professor and Chuck stood hesitant. The helicopter teetered down and landed on the far side of the flat roof. Ah Foo stepped out to find himself covered by guns in the hands of the Professor and Chuck.

"Put your hands up, Chinaman!" grated the Professor.

But Ah Foo did nothing of the kind.

He leaped swiftly and vanished from sight behind a big chimney stack. Bullets from the two crooks' guns went screaming after him. A moment later

his own gun prodded around the corner of the stack and four shots in rapid succession made the Professor and Chuck dive for cover towards the doorway that led back into the Grange.

Ah Foo followed up his advantage and moved to closer cover, sending more shots crashing towards them as he did so.

At that moment the explosives set under the door below blew up.

Krump!

Stone and wood went flying in all directions and a great cloud of smoke billowed up the tower.

"Come on, Lotus!" cried Bob, leading the way downstairs. Now's our chance!"

They reached the smoking rubbish-strewn gap where the door had once been. Bob paused.

"See that tree over against the far side of the roof?" he asked. Lotus nodded. "Run for it and climb down it to the ground. I'll follow. The Prof and Chuck are busy watching Ah Foo across on the other side. This is our chance to get out of this place and fetch help!"

Next week: Wan Chen gets the Ivory Mandarin back! Don't miss the thrills.

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

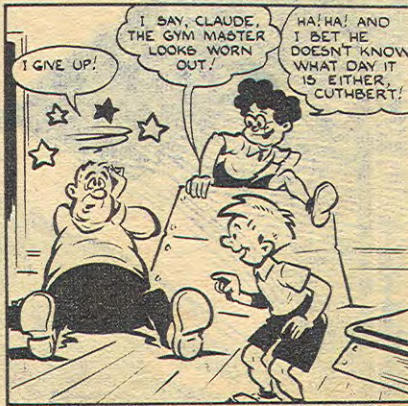
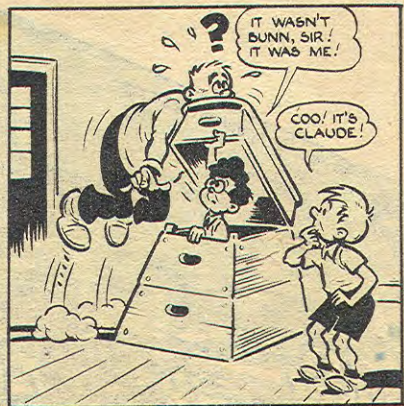
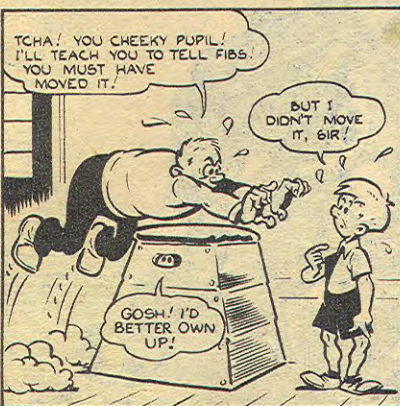
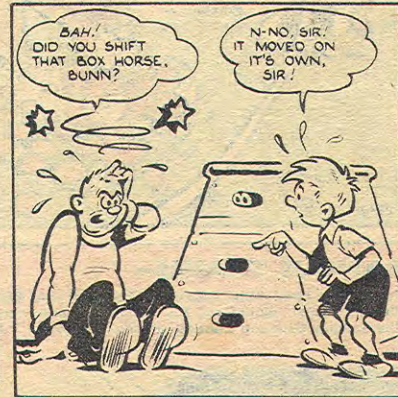
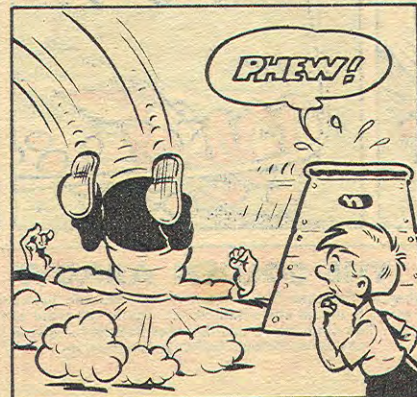
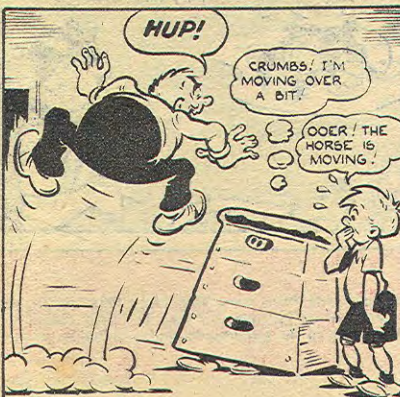
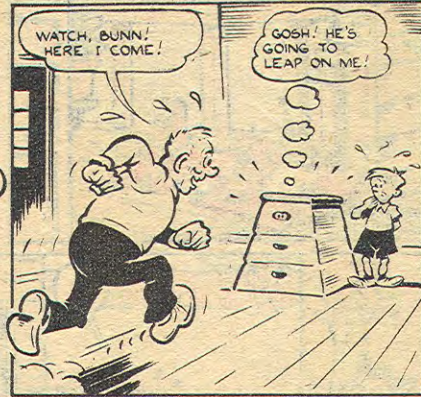
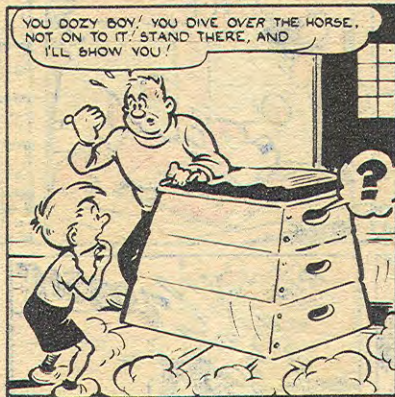
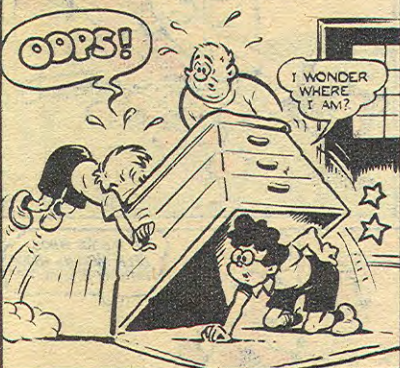
AH, FORD AND BUNN—THE CHEEKY NEW BOYS!
WHEN I'VE PUT YOU THROUGH YOUR PACES
YOU'LL BE SO WORN OUT THAT YOU
WON'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS!

G-GOSH, CLAUDE!

C-CRUMBS,
CUTHBERT.

OVER YOU GO, FORD! COME ON, BUNN! OVER
THE BOX-HORSE! DON'T SLACK!
LOOK LIVELY!

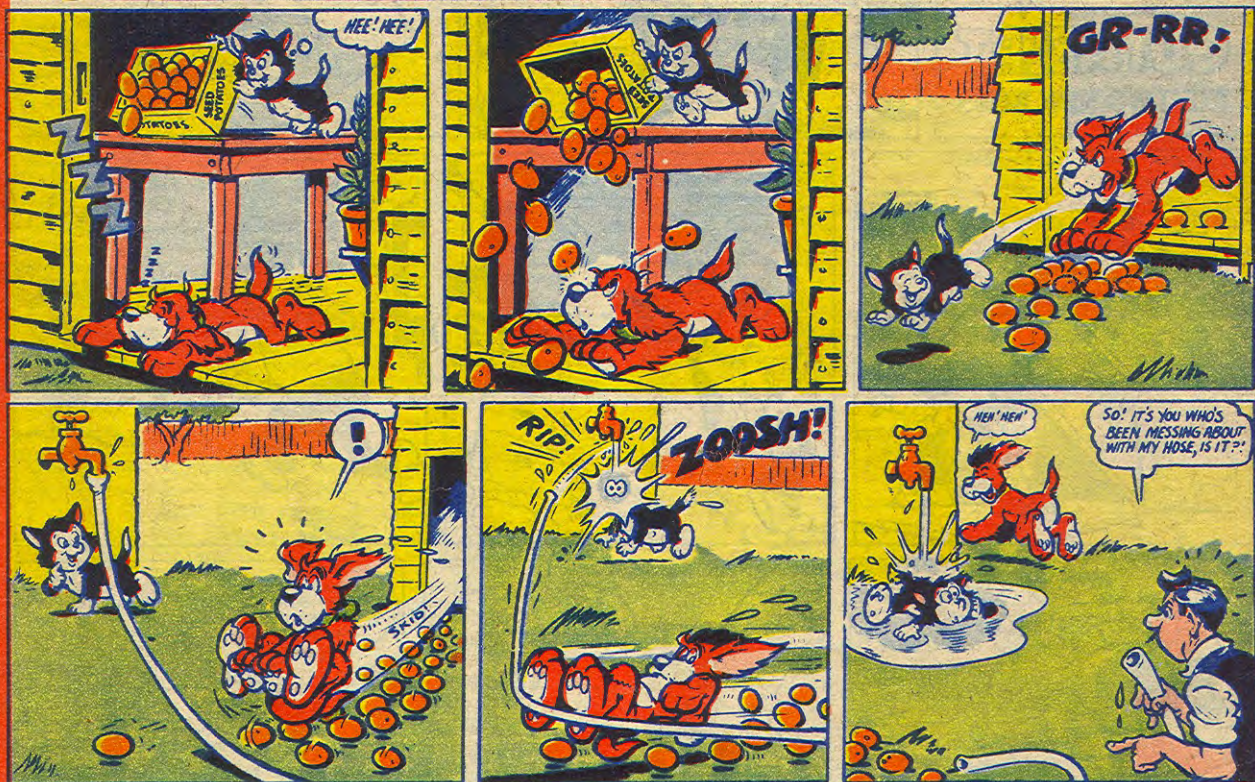
BUT CUTHBERT TIPPLES THE BOX-HORSE. —



COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



FAMOUS TRAINS—

THE GOLDEN ARROW

Here is a train that starts in England and finishes in France! The Golden Arrow has run between London and Paris since 15th May, 1929. At Dover the train goes aboard the S.S. *Invicta*, the boat that takes it across the Channel. At Calais the train then continues its journey to Paris. The time taken for the journey between London and Paris is under 7 hours. The train has a Loudspeaker System for giving information to the passengers, and is pulled by one of the latest British Railways locomotives.

