

IN COMET THERE'S AN ENDLESS STORE —  
ADVENTURE, FUN AND THRILLS GALORE!

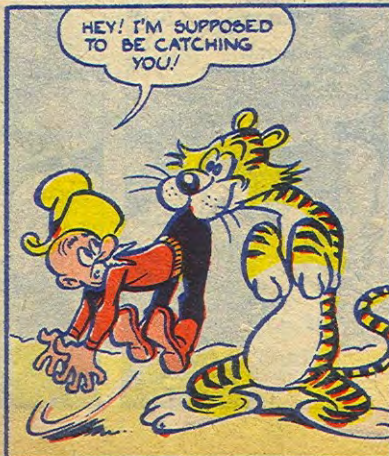
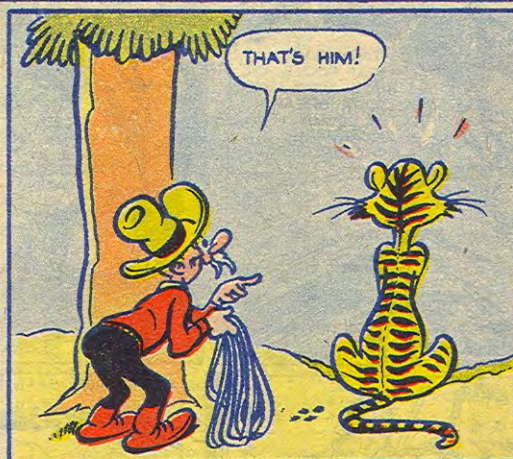
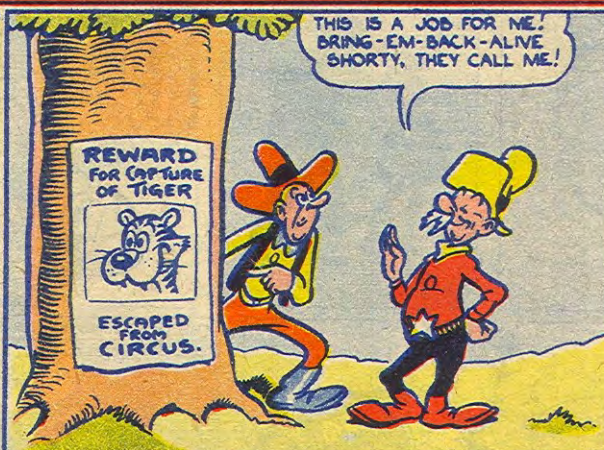
# COMET

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EVERY  
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## SHORTY

The  
DEPUTY SHERIFF



# JOURNEY TO JUPITER

ROCKETTING ACROSS SPACE TO JUPITER, IN THE "ROCKET SHIP," ANN, PETER AND THEIR UNCLE, PROFESSOR JOLLY, AND AMONG A RACE OF PEACE-LOVING FRIENDLY GIANTS. LEARNING THAT THE KING'S DAUGHTER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE GIANTS' ENEMIES, THE WARLIKE SLIVS, THE EARTHINGS OFFER TO HELP AND ARE CATAPULTED INTO THE SLIV CAPITAL. PETER IS SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND FALLS INTO THE TOP ROOM OF A TOWER, INTO THE HANDS OF THE KIDNAPPED PRINCESS.

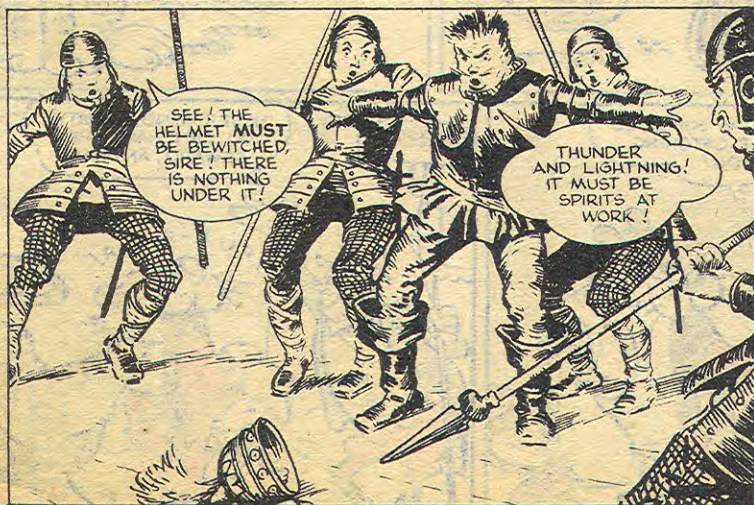
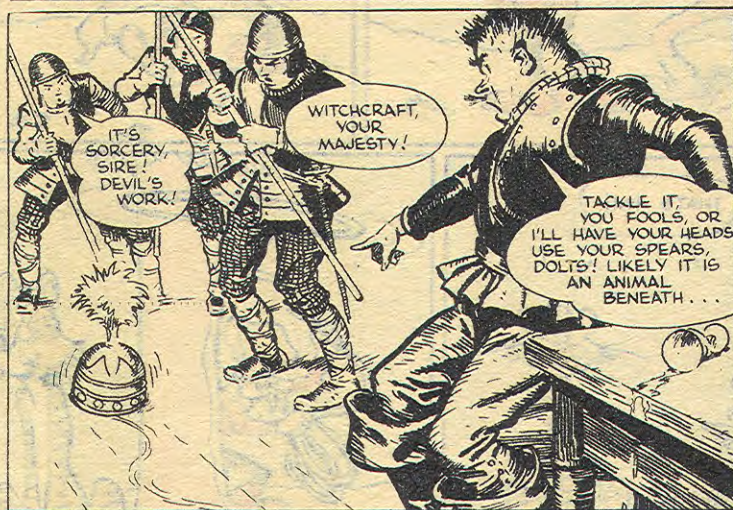


BUT DOWN IN THE SLIV KING'S ROOM, UNCLE AND ANN ARE TRAPPED BENEATH A HELMET.

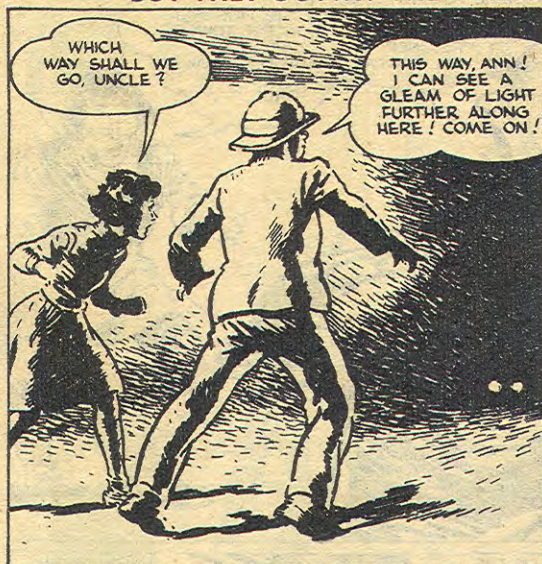
UNCLE, WE CAN'T GET OUT! IT'S FAR TOO HEAVY TO LIFT!



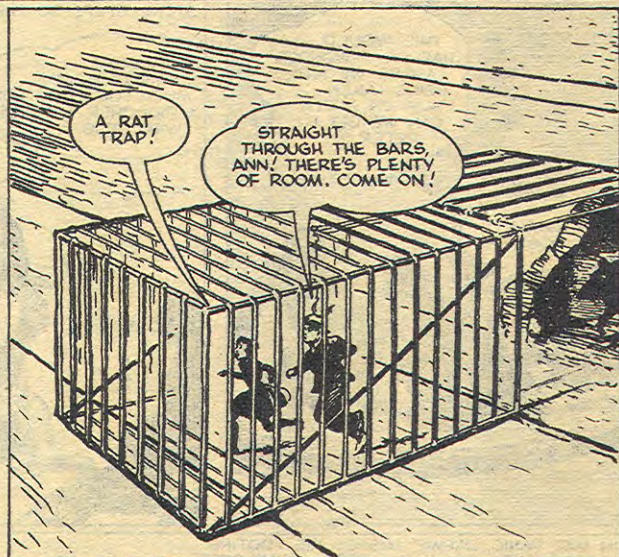
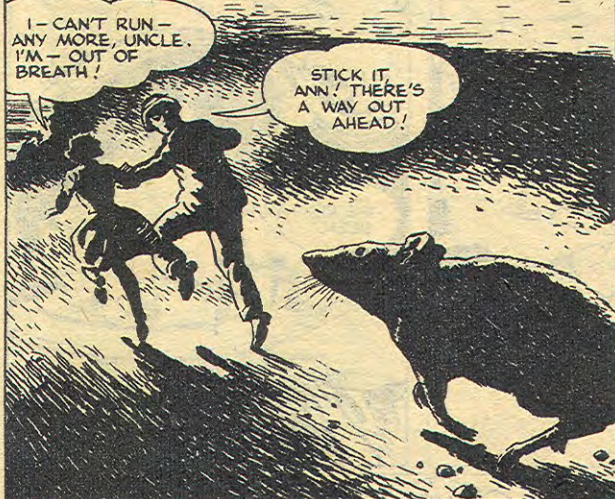
THE KING NEARLY CHOKES AS HE SEES HIS HELMET START TO MOVE ACROSS THE FLOOR!



BUT THEY OUTWIT THE WARLIKE SLIVS—ONLY TO FALL INTO MORE TROUBLE!



PANTING, THEY RACE ALONG IN THE GLOOM, THE GIANT RAT CLOSE ON THEIR HEELS.



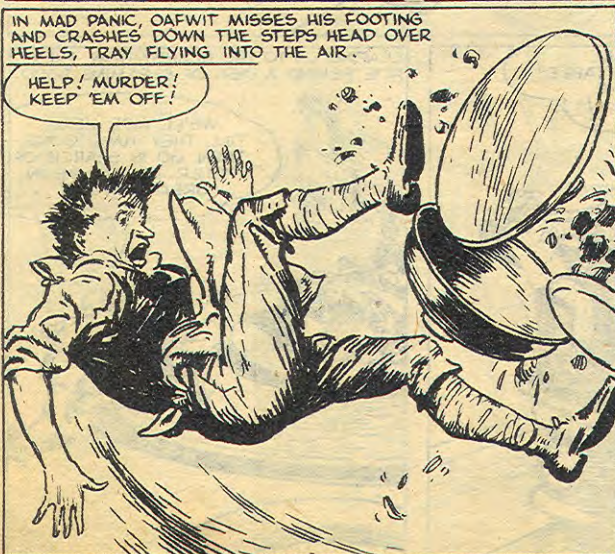
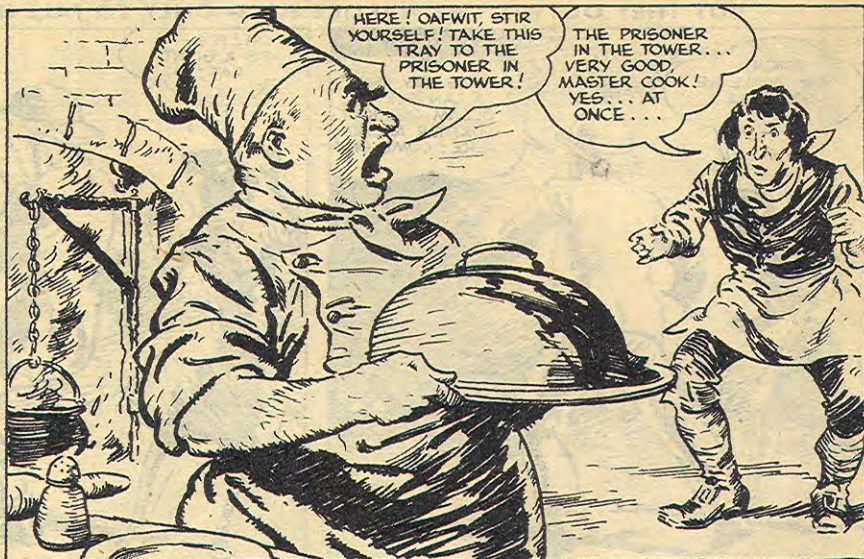
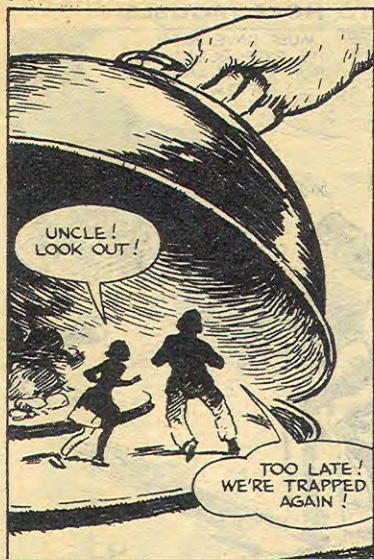
ANN AND HER UNCLE SWARM UP THE LEG OF A GIANT TABLE AS THE RAT DASHES INTO THE TRAP.



LEAPING ON TO THE NEARBY TRAY, THEY HIDE BEHIND A DISH OF STEAMING FOOD.



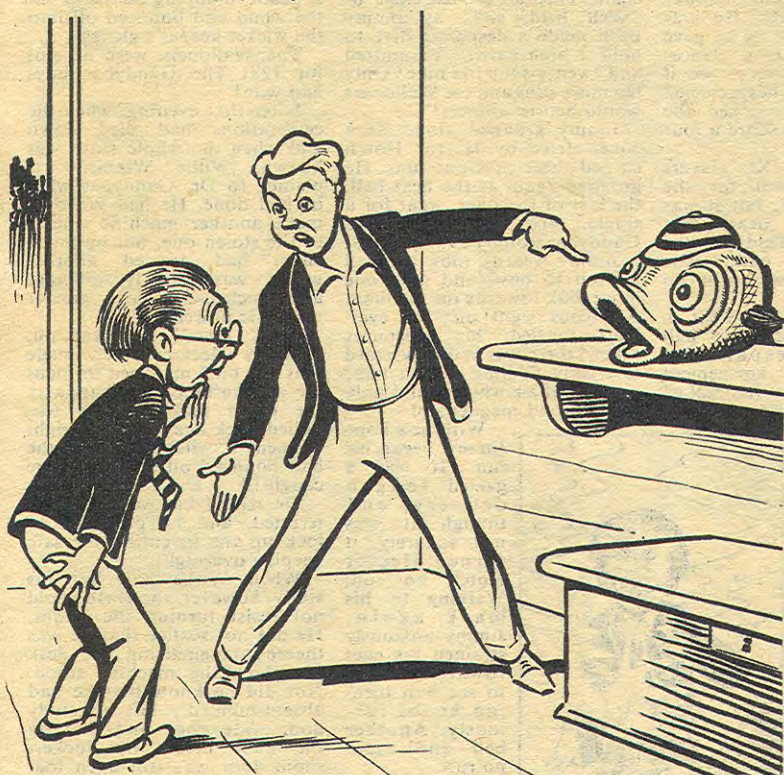
(Continued on page 4)



Next week: Our two friends find some mashed potato and a pepper-pot very handy! Don't miss their exciting adventures!

WILLIE INVENTS WOODEN MAGNETS FOR CATCHING FISH—BUT ALL HE CATCHES IS TROUBLE

# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



"Look!" gasped Jimmy Bash. "A cod's head, wearing a first eleven cap!" "Yes," replied Willie, "but where's my magnetiser gone?"

IT was Friday and an air of excitement filled Gandybar School. Nearly everyone was keyed up, including the headmaster himself, Dr. Gandybar, who became so absent-minded as a result that he polished his glasses with the blackboard duster several times during maths lesson.

The reason for all the fuss was that on the following day the Gandybar First XI was to play Wallop Hall in the inter-schools cricket league. It was vital to win the match, not only to gain the coveted shield for the school, but also to avenge the juniors' defeat earlier in the year when the Wallopers had won 3-1 in the football final.

James Bash, captain of the Gandybar XI, was a little worried about the chances of success. He confided this to Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, after classes. "Our bowling is okay and we're good in the field," he explained, "but our batting strength is not all it could be. The Wallopers are first-class all-rounders, and we shall certainly have to struggle to win." He hesitated before adding: "It's a hard thing to say, I know, but I'm not sure they will play fair, either. You remember how they fouled us during the football final."

"Yes," replied Willie absently. "It's good in the magnetic field, but it is the boating strength coefficient which is not all it should be. However, if I..."

He pulled himself up sharply and blinked at Jimmy. "I'm sorry," he went on, "I didn't really hear what you were saying."

"You're not one bit interested in tomorrow's match," accused Jimmy. "What on earth is on your mind now?"

"I'm not very keen on cricket," Willie confessed. "At the moment I have a problem of my own. I am inventing a device for magnetising wood in order to catch fish."

"What on earth are you burling about?" asked Jimmy. "It's very simple really," said Willie. "An ordinary magnet is made of steel and attracts other steel or iron. Well, my invention will make wood magnetic. For example, you could make the bottom of a rowing boat into a magnet, and if it worked right it would attract all the fish to it."

"I get it," said Jimmy. "It would do away with hooks and lines. Jolly good idea. Does it work yet?"

"I'm afraid it works too well," sighed Willie. "At the

moment it attracts anything and everything—everything except fish. I tried it out on the school punt the other day and if it hadn't been for a couple of Wallop Hall chaps who were watching, I should have been in trouble."

"How was that?"

"When I switched the magnetiser on a couple of big stones from the bottom of the river were attracted and flew up so fast they knocked holes in the bottom of the punt. The Wallop Hall chaps hauled me out just as the punt went down."

"H'm," said Jimmy. "It's the first good turn they have done in months, I'd say. The Wallopers aren't famous for giving a helping hand."

"They seemed all right," the schoolboy inventor said in surprise. "They were very friendly and they showed a keen interest in my machine, too, when I told them what I was trying to do."

"Perhaps I've been misjudging them, then," Jimmy said. "Meantime, I know what I must try to do, and that is get half an hour's batting practice at the nets before dusk. So long!"

Willie decided to return to his room and spend the evening trying to correct his invention. He had bought himself a cod's head to experiment with, and he magnetised a ruler to see if he could attract the fishy object. But although the ruler picked up bootlaces, a couple of buttons, a cork, and even one of Dr. Gandybar's memory tablets Willie happened to have, the cod's head remained calm and untouched. Willie sighed and went sadly to bed.

Saturday morning came beaming in, bright and fine and warm. Jimmy Bash was up very early, feeling happy and confident, and as he went downstairs to the locker to check on all the gear needed for the great day he started to sing the school's cricketing song quietly to himself:

*Gandybar, Gandybar,  
What a wonderful team you are,  
Dozens of sixes, never a duck  
(If you have incredible luck).  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Here's to good old Gandybar!*

He was just up to the third "Rah!" at the second time of singing this chorus when he reached the locker room. He stopped short. The door, which should have been bolted, was wide open. Jimmy hurried inside to stand in amazement as he saw a cod's head wearing a cricket cap staring up at him from a shelf.

Poor Jimmy did not have much time for amazement. A frantic shout from upstairs attracted his attention. He instantly recognised Willie's voice.

"It's gone!" Willie was yelling. "Someone's pinched my machine! It's gone!"

Gandybar School was in a panic for the next few minutes. The matron, who was just struggling sleepily to get up, thought someone had stolen all the washing; Dr. Gandybar, who was dreaming of a train journey, thought a porter was shouting "All change for Birmingham," and fell out of bed; and several boys cheerfully started throwing buckets of water over everything under the impression there was a fire.

Jimmy managed to calm everyone on the way upstairs. Willie's room held about a dozen boys by the time he reached it, and Willie was still wailing that his machine had vanished. "Whoever took it knew what I was trying to invent," he groaned. "My experimental cod's head has gone, too!"

Hearing these words, Jimmy felt a sudden fear. Already he was guessing the truth of what had happened. "Quick!" he said, grabbing Willie by the arm. "Come with me! The rest of you stay here!"

With the mystified Willie in tow, Jimmy once more reached the locker-room. He pointed to the cod's head. "Is that yours?" he asked.

Willie took the cap off the cod, looked closely, and nodded excitedly. "Yes, yes," he said. "And my machine? Is that here, too?"

"I fear the worst," replied Jimmy grimly. "I think our friends from Wallop Hall are at the bottom of this. No wonder they showed such interest in your invention when your boat went down the other day. Tell me—you say this thing attracts some objects too strongly, while others just bounce away again. Do you think"—he gulped—"do you think that if someone were to magnetise a cricket bat the ball

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would always hit it and then spring off?"

Willie nodded. "It's possible," he said. "I have not tried the machine on leather, but that is quite likely to happen."

"I imagine, then, the Wallopers are even now magnetising all their bats so that they will always hit our bowling," said Jimmy slowly. "And if we manage to get one man out we shall be very, very lucky."

He stared at the cod's head on the floor. "They left a cricket cap on that as a defiant gesture," he said, then fell silent, glumly thinking.

Willie was thinking, too. "I've got it," he exclaimed. "What time does the match start?"

"Eleven o'clock," said Jimmy, looking at him with interest. "Why?"

"I'll make another machine," the inventor declared. "Then we can magnetise the stumps. That will make things even. I shall have to work quickly, but I believe I can do it in time."

So he went upstairs again and started tinkering busily. Jimmy decided not to tell his team what had happened or what was going on now, and it was with a brave air of cheerfulness that he set out with his players for the game. He looked into Willie's room before he left, to see a mass of wood and wires and gadgets. Willie, frowning, shook his head as if to say, "No luck yet."

A great crowd had assembled at the ground by the time the two captains met for the toss. Face to face with Hector Hotch, captain of the Wallopers, Jimmy knew all his suspicions were correct. Hector was smiling smugly. He patted his bat and said something about cod and caps which made one of his players giggle mightily. But Jimmy coolly called "Heads," won the toss, and immediately elected to bat. The more time he could give Willie before the Wallopers brought their magnetised willows into play, the better chance the side would have.

The Gandybar boys, in happy ignorance of what lay ahead, played like Comptons all. Their batting had never been better, and Jimmy Bash in particular, who was fifty-two not out, was a delight to watch. He was nearly bowled once as he gave one of many anxious glances towards the pavilion to see if he could spot the bespectacled Wizzard, but he snicked the ball just in time to score a four instead.

The Gandybar XI players were finally all out for the grand total of 133, but it was with a sinking heart that Jimmy left the field to the applause of the enthusiastic watchers. There was still no sign of Willie.

Then the Wallopers went in to bat, and the very first ball made Jimmy despair and brought gasps of amazement from the onlookers. It streaked down the pitch about a yard

wide of the wicket, but instead of continuing its course after its bounce it swerved sharply almost at right-angles and made a bee-line for the waiting bat. Crack! And away soared the ball from the centre of the willow! A six!

This was to happen time and time again, for wherever the puzzled bowlers placed the ball it always managed to meet the bat fair and square. Things did not become entirely desperate, however. The Wallopers began to get careless in their strokes. There was one whack, sky-high, brilliantly caught in the outfield, and another snick which gave the wicket-keeper an easy chance. Two Wallopers were run out, and soon Jimmy's spirits began to rise. There was hope yet!

One by one the Wallop bats-

men were beaten, but the great danger lay in Hector Hotch, who stayed in to smite confidently. The score crept up. A hundred and twenty for eight! Then an excited cheer of "Well held, sir!" as Jimmy Bash made a desperate dive to hold a high catch! A hundred and twenty-four for nine! Only ten more runs and the Wallopers would be the winners!

Jimmy groaned aloud as a cover drive by Hector Hotch earned three precious runs. He groaned again as the next ball, the last of the over, went for a single. Six runs now, and Gandybar would be vanquished!

Jimmy wearily took the ball himself to bowl and gave one more look towards the pavilion. A joyous sight met his eyes. Hair tousled, his spectacles askew, there was Willie Wizzard feverishly fiddling with a huge suitcase affair which could only be the wood magnetiser!

With new hope Jimmy began his run. It was a good length delivery, and though it was met squarely, it earned Hector Hotch no run. Walking to his mark again, Jimmy anxiously strained his eyes towards Willie, to see him turning knobs furiously. Another ball—and again no run.

It was at the fifth ball that the worst happened. Jimmy sent down a short one and

it simply invited a swipe. Opening his shoulders, Hector stepped forward and clouted with all his strength. Away the ball sailed, high in the air, headed for the pavilion.

The crowd watched in tense excitement. Hands were ready to clap and throats ready to cheer. But there were gasps instead.

The ball was three-quarters

of the way to the pavilion when it seemed to hesitate. Then it turned round and went back the way it had come—back to the startled Hector's bat. With a gentle plopping sound it hit the wood and bounced off into the wicket-keeper's gloves!

The Wallopers were all out for 128! The Gandybar boys had won!

Later that evening, when the celebrations had died down and when the whole truth was known, Willie Wizzard explained to Dr. Gandybar what he had done. He had failed to make another machine similar to the stolen one, but by much effort had created another which was slightly different and which had a vastly greater magnetic power.

"And then," he went on, "just as Hector Hotch made that last hit I managed to focus the apparatus on his bat, with the result that the ball was pulled back again. At the right moment I switched off and the ball bounced off the bat to be caught!"

Dr. Gandybar was very interested, and he promised to lock up the invention for safe keeping overnight.

When Willie had left his study, however, the Head could not resist turning the knobs. He did not realise that he was thereby magnetising the desk on which the machine stood. Nor did he know that he had absent-mindedly left his study door wide open and that on the floor below the locker-room door was still open too. All he did know was that suddenly the place was full of flying cricket balls, bouncing from the table in all directions and thwacking him as if he were a coconut in a coconut shy.

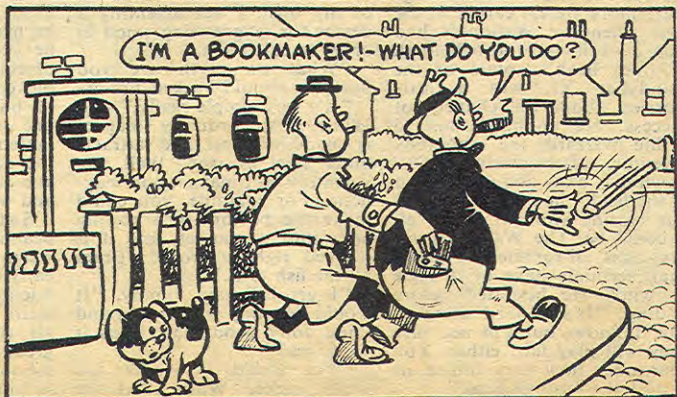
And as he jumped into the air with a loud "Wow!" a cod's head slapped him in the eye. Willie's machine attracted fish at last!

Next week: Willie invents a machine to get the cat in at night—and has some astonishing success! Don't miss the fun!

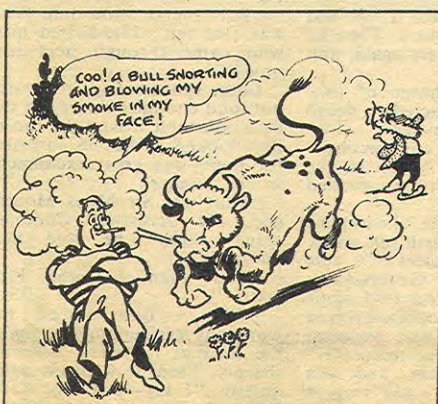
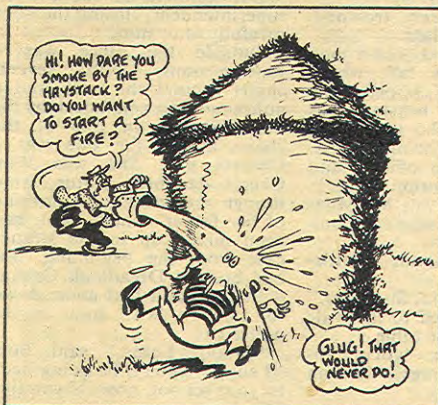
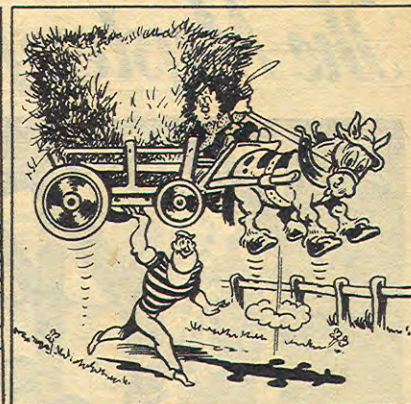
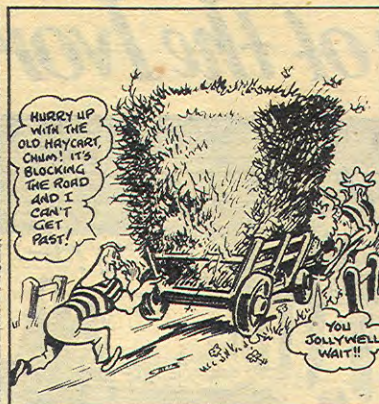


Willie at work on his favourite invention—Everlasting toffee!

## CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



# TOUGH T E X



Next week: Tex goes in for weight-lifting with magnetic results! Don't miss the fun!

# The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin



Bob and Lotus gasped in surprise as a submarine glided towards them. They realised they were trapped!

**T**HANKS to young Bob Harley, the ivory mandarin was now in the hands of the police.

But the two master-crooks were still free.

Flying off in his helicopter, Wan Chen had made a clean getaway. So far the police had been unable to find any trace of the wily old chinaman.

And as to the Professor, he too had vanished. The police had smashed their way into his secret tunnel with the aid of axes, but after running underground for more than a mile it had come up in a deserted farmhouse. From there, the marks of car tyres led out onto a main road, and it was clear that the Professor had driven away. But in which direction, or in what kind of a car, they could not tell.

So although the Professor had had only a bare ten minutes start on the police, he had got clear.

But at least the police had the ivory mandarin.

There it stood on the table of Inspector Harley's office at Scotland Yard, on the day after the events at Dreadlock Grange. Just the little carved figure of a chinaman, made of ivory. It didn't look as though it held the secret of where to find a hidden treasure.

**A**ROUND the table were three people. There was Bob, and his dad, Inspector Harley, and the Inspector's chief, Superintendent Smith. Bob felt very important, for this meeting had been arranged specially to

hear what he had to say.

Detective Superintendent Smith, grey haired and solid, looked across at Bob.

"You don't feel any the worse for your adventures at Dreadlock Grange, then?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Bob. "I got a good sleep in the car coming back down to London, and I feel as fresh as a daisy."

"Good! Then suppose you tell me what you know about the Ivory Mandarin."

"I was listening and watching when the Professor worked out part of the secret," began Bob. "It seems that Wan Chen hid away a huge hoard of treasure—stolen property—and with the help of the mandarin, you can find that treasure."

"Hmm!" muttered the superintendent. "We always knew he had the stuff somewhere—but we could never prove a thing against the crafty old chink, because we could never find where he'd hidden his swag. Go on."

Bob wound the key at the back of the mandarin, and set it down on the table.

"See how it's moving its feet, and turning first one way and then the other? Well, if you count the footsteps, and notice which way he faces, you can tell the latitude and longitude of the spot where the treasure's hidden. Those marks around the base are the Chinese signs for north, south, east and west."

"I see." The superintendent nodded as the mandarin ran down and came to a stop. "Wind him up again Bob, and let's do some counting. Let's

get the secret written down. . . ."

At that moment there came a knock on the door.

The superintendent frowned.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened, and a man entered. He was tall, white-haired, and with a clipped white moustache. His bearing was that of a man who is used to giving orders and being obeyed.

The two police officers and Bob stood to attention.

The newcomer was Sir Miles Montague, the Assistant Commissioner of Police.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Good afternoon, Sir Miles."

Sir Miles pointed to the little ivory statue on the table.

"Is that the—er—ivory mandarin, which belonged to Wan Chen?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir Miles picked it up and examined it curiously. Then he looked at the others again, and spoke decisively.

"I'm taking charge of this. I have been instructed to do so by the Prime Minister."

If the assistant commissioner had exploded a bomb in the room he could not have startled his hearers more.

"This little image," he wagged the ivory mandarin at them, "has been the subject of a note from the Chinese Government. I can only tell you that some very important people are mixed up in this affair, and we must move with the greatest care."

He paused again, and you could have heard a pin drop in the silent room.

"The Prime Minister himself

is holding me personally responsible for this object." Sir Miles went on, "And from now on the police will take no further action in this case. The whole matter will be taken over by the secret service."

Sir Miles walked back towards the door. With his hand resting upon the knob, he turned and spoke again.

"Is that quite clear, Superintendent?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will take all needful steps at once?"

"Yes, sir."

The A.C. left the room.

"Whew!" said Bob. "That's a shaker!"

"It certainly is!" agreed the super grimly. "Come on, Harley. You and I have got a lot to do in a hurry!"

"Yes," said Bob's dad. "You'd better cut along home, son. It wouldn't be a bad idea if you did get a bit more sleep, you know. See you at home."

"Okay, Dad."

Bob sighed as the two men left the office. He had had visions of finding in on the case of the ivory mandarin to the bitter end—maybe even helping to find the hidden treasure of Wan Chen. But this, seemed to be the end of it.

Bob followed his dad and the superintendent, closing the door carefully after him.

Outside the office was a waiting-room, with several chairs around the wall, and a policeman at a small desk by the door. Seated on one of the chairs at the far side was a Chinese girl. She was Wan Chen's daughter, Lotus, who, though she had known nothing of her father's shady past, had been mixed up in the strange case from the beginning. She had been at Dreadlock Grange with Bob, and had come down to London with him in the police car.

"Hullo, Lotus," said Bob. "I suppose you'll be going back to your school, now. If you like I'll—"

"Bob—never mind that. Who was that tall white-haired man who came through here just now?"

Lotus spoke softly, in a voice not loud enough to carry to the desk constable across the room. Bob looked at her in surprise, for there was great excitement in her manner.

"That was Sir Miles Montague, the Assistant Commissioner—boss!" he told her. "Why?"

"That man was the Professor!"

"What?" Bob gasped the word out loud enough to make the man at the desk look up sharply. Then he went on more quietly. "I say—don't be daft! What d'you mean, Lotus?"

"His right hand, Bob. I

noticed it as he passed me going out. It had white marks, like scars, across the back of it."

"So what?"

"The Professor's right hand had marks just the same. I know, because I couldn't help seeing them. When I was the Professor's prisoner, he blindfolded me to take me to Dreadlock Grange. His hands were all I could see under the edge of the blindfold, and then only when he touched me. But I noticed those scars—I couldn't help noticing them."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"But Lotus—I can't go and tell my dad that! You must be mistaken."

Lotus shook her head.

"You must be!"

"I don't think I am, Bob," the girl's almond eyes were very earnest. "Bob—I don't want to get you into trouble or make a chump of you. Couldn't we try and find out something more—try and get some proof, that'll make people believe us?"

Bob frowned. "I don't see what we could do, except perhaps follow Sir Miles, and see if he goes anywhere shady. We'd have to be jolly careful, though. There'd be an awful shemuzzle if I was caught shadowing the A.C."

"Let's do it, Bob. I know where he is now."

"You do?"

"Yes—I watched him through the door when he left this room. He went through that door across the passage."

"Hmm! That's quite likely. That's his office," said Bob. "What do I do now? Go over and knock, and say 'Please, Sir Miles, are you the Professor?'"

"Please, Bob—don't joke about it. Look—now—"

Bob turned, and looked out into the passage, following the girl's gaze.

The door of the office across the way had opened, and Sir Miles was coming out. But now he was wearing a dark overcoat, and a black Homburg hat.

"Well," said Bob, "here goes. Come on, Lotus. We'll follow him, if only to convince you that you're up a gum tree. Sir Miles has been connected with the police for ages. He couldn't possibly be a crook!"

Just the same, they followed the great man downstairs, and out of Scotland Yard into the crowds in Whitehall.

Sir Miles turned right, and strode towards Trafalgar Square. Twenty yards behind, Bob and Lotus walked the same way.

#### CALLING ALL CARS!

HALF an hour had passed, since Bob and Lotus had left the yard on the trail of Sir Miles Montague.

"Well," said the superintendent, "I think we've remembered everything. We seem to have called off all our hounds."

"Yes," agreed Inspector Harley, "Now it's up to the Secret Service. Pity—I'd been

looking forward to winding up this case. Wan Chen and his doings have been my pet headache for years now. I wonder if the A.C. wants us to hand over a written report of all we know about the case—or whether the Secret Service know more than we do about the affair already?"

"I don't know. We'd better check up."

Together the two men walked from the operations room at the yard.

"I'll be in my office if you want me," said Inspector Harley. The super nodded, and went on to the A.C.'s room.

He knocked at the door, and hearing a faint sound from within, turned the handle and entered.

At first he thought that the room was empty, and then he saw something that made his hair rise.

Sticking out from behind the big leather sofa which stood under the windows was a pair of legs!

The superintendent crossed the room with a bound, and tugged out the sofa.

The Assistant Commissioner of Police, Sir Miles Montague, lay there, clad only in his underwear, bound hand and foot with adhesive tape—the sort of tape you put on cuts—and gagged with a big adhesive patch across his mouth!

All he could do was make little gasping noises, and glare.

The super knew that there is only one way with sticky tape. Gritting his teeth, he seized the edge of the patch over the A.C.'s mouth, and tugged swiftly.

"Ouch!" gasped Sir Miles. Then—"The beggar held me up with a gun! Get an alarm out after him at once! A man disguised as me—wearing my clothes! Send out an all cars alarm!"

"Harley!" yelled the super, at the top of his voice. Bob's dad appeared at the double. "Take care of Sir Miles, Harley! Unless I miss my guess, our friend the Professor has got the ivory mandarin again!"

And he plunged out of the room, to get the police radios crackling with an all-cars alarm to find the man who had snatched the ivory mandarin from under the very noses of the police!

"There's no law against a man walking from Scotland Yard to Cheapside, even if he is the A.C.," said Bob Harley about this time. "Honest, Lotus, I feel an awful chump. You must be wrong."

"Perhaps I am, Bob. But let's keep after him. Please."

"Okay, chum," sighed Bob. "Now he's going into a telephone box. We'd better keep out of sight in this shop doorway."

The hurrying crowds took no notice of the man in the telephone box, nor yet of the two youngsters in the shop doorway. Lotus and Bob watched their

quarry carefully.

"Funny—he's picked up the phone, but he hasn't dialled a number," said Bob. "And what's he taken his hat off for?"

"He's stooping down now—doing things to his coat. Bob—he's up to something!"

Then the man in the phone box hung up the instrument, turned and came out.

Bob and Lotus gasped.

The soldierly moustache had gone. The neat black hat had been rolled and stuffed away in a pocket. Dirt from the phone box floor was on the smart overcoat, and a button was pulled off. The man's hair was ruffled and untidy.

No policeman on the look-out for the A.C.'s double would give this tramp a second glance.

There was no doubt now in Bob's mind. Lotus had been right.

The man who now shuffled eastwards along Cheapside was the Professor!

"You win, Lotus," said Bob. "Come on—we mustn't lose sight of him now!"

An eastbound bus drew up at a bus stop, and they saw the Professor jump aboard.

Bob sprinted, and with Lotus a bare pace behind him, caught the bus. Without a word, he leaped up the stairs, followed by Lotus. The Professor was seating himself downstairs.

"Did he see us, Bob?"

"I don't think so. He had his back to us," replied Bob. "We'll have to watch carefully

at every stop, so that we don't miss him getting off."

"Where'll we book to?" "Dunno. I'll take a couple of fourpennys, and hope for the best. The conductor will soon tell us if we're in debt!"

The bus wound its way onwards through the city of London, heading eastwards through Aldgate and the Commercial Road. Quite clearly the Professor was making for a spot somewhere in London's dockland.

"When we get off," said Bob, "we must take the first chance to phone my dad. But we'll let the Prof. settle first. As long as he's on the move, we'll have to stick on his trail."

"Fancy the Professor being the Assistant Commissioner of Police!" put in Lotus.

"I don't think he was," replied Bob. "That is—not always. He just took his place for today. It was a jolly clever disguise though. It fooled my dad—and the super too." Then Bob broke off. "Gosh! I wonder what's happened to the real Sir Miles?"

"Oh dear—I wish I'd thought of that before," said Lotus. "He may be hurt. I am stupid!"

"You're nothing of the sort!" said Bob warmly. "If it hadn't been been for you, the Professor would have got clean away!"

By now the ships' funnels and cranes of London's river docks were sticking up behind the houses on their right. Bob, who

(Continued on page 18)

### 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

NO  
DICE  
BLOWING  
CARDS or  
BOARD

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ball and goals. All the thrills of real  
Football! Dribbling, corner and penalty  
kicks, offside, goal saves, injuries, etc.

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COMET—June 14, 1952—9

# BILLY BUNTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



MARJORIE HAZELDENE AND HER FRIENDS PULL UP AS HARRY WHARTON, CAPTAIN OF THE REMOVE, SINGS OUT A GREETING ~

COMING TO SEE THE REMOVE PLAY SOME FOOTER THIS AFTERNOON, GIRLS?

RATHER! WOULDN'T MISS THE CHANCE OF SEEING YOU WHACKED BY THE UPPER FOURTH!

HA! HA! HA!



WHAT'S MORE WE'RE INVITING OURSELVES TO TEA AFTER THE MATCH ~ AND WE DON'T WANT ANY MOULDY SANDWICHES THIS TIME ~ I'VE MADE A CAKE FOR THE OCCASION.

CRUIKEY! SOME CAKE!



BILLY BUNTER, THE FAT OWL OF THE REMOVE, BLINKS OVER JOHNNY BULL'S SHOULDER ~



I SAY, BOB, OLD CHAP ~ I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO CARRY THAT FOR YOU!



BOB WINKS AT HURREE SINGH ~

PERHAPS WE SHOULD GIVE IT TO BUNTER ~ WHAT DO YOU SAY, INKY OLD MAN?



OH, GOOD! YOU CAN TRUST ME, YOU FELLOWS! GIVE IT HERE!

WE'LL ALL GIVE IT TO HIM ~ READY YOU CHAPS?



THE JUNIORS TROOP INTO BOB CHERRY'S STUDY, TO CHANGE FOR SOCCER ~

I SUGGEST WE LOCK THE CAKE AWAY, BOB, OR IT WON'T BE HERE WHEN WE GET BACK FROM THE MATCH!

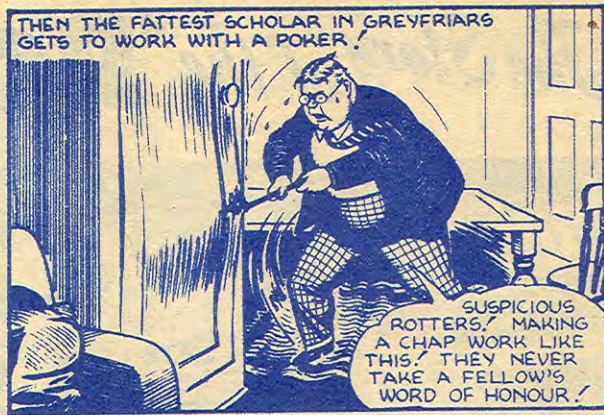


FRANK NUGENT RISES AND LOCKS THE CAKE IN THE CUPBOARD ~

GOOD IDEA, FRANKY ~ THAT'LL KEEP IT SAFE FROM THAT FAT BURGLAR, BUNTER!

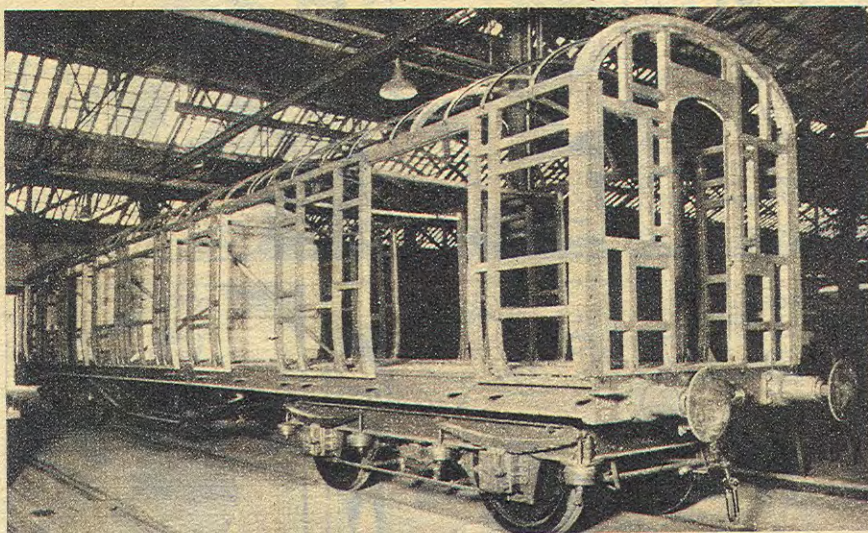


# BUNTER FINDS HE'S UP AGAINST IT WHEN HE TRIES TO ROOK THE FAMOUS FIVE!



Next week: Billy dreams up a scheme to get cakes galore!

# The Story of the "ROYAL SCOT"



Fifty-two miles from London, the Royal Scot passes the Wolverton Carriage and Wagon Works. In the picture above you can see one of the modern composite steel and timber coaches under construction at these Works. As you pass these Works you will probably be able to see gleaming new carriages in the sidings, together with older ones awaiting renovation.

## OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

**LOOK, Spotters!** Great news for you! Instead of 100 free presents we're offering 150 this week. Yes, 150. So get out your Club Album now, see if the number on the back is the same as any one in the list below. If it is, then you're one of those for whom we have a present waiting—FREE! Check now!

|         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |         |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 171,562 | 167,793 | 145,895 | 102,649 | 4,553   | 62,158  | 12,148  | 119,566 | 49,363  | 37,342  |
| 12,178  | 37,125  | 107,158 | 184,662 | 71,436  | 11,878  | 91,344  | 135,667 | 31,237  | 72,891  |
| 108,275 | 71,116  | 41,641  | 190,557 | 132,427 | 129,355 | 120,260 | 168,544 | 4,345   | 118,687 |
| 40,488  | 123,681 | 16,263  | 117,352 | 187,452 | 103,346 | 138,866 | 31,858  | 104,555 | 167,872 |
| 63,698  | 155,257 | 154,995 | 100,548 | 31,362  | 26,466  | 56,542  | 9,233   | 171,272 | 43,670  |
| 155,588 | 79,745  | 2,647   | 94,331  | 6,142   | 44,268  | 4,771   | 62,360  | 136,790 | 21,672  |
| 113,374 | 12,790  | 43,055  | 75,133  | 81,441  | 119,049 | 25,551  | 124,545 | 168,482 | 66,791  |
| 43,374  | 41,175  | 103,678 | 5,787   | 153,431 | 144,441 | 62,446  | 157,442 | 41,386  | 12,661  |
| 168,794 | 65,490  | 169,499 | 155,652 | 94,676  | 11,475  | 109,767 | 61,456  | 28,659  | 40,659  |
| 102,426 | 1,073   | 4,462   | 108,545 | 179,556 | 3,168   | 127,759 | 51,548  | 7,279   | 167,767 |
| 183,687 | 13,809  | 37,896  | 8,172   | 9,261   | 109,342 | 183,246 | 62,242  | 101,868 | 119,681 |
| 149,857 | 118,041 | 120,662 | 25,243  | 25,676  | 138,741 | 55,751  | 7,762   | 135,382 | 46,366  |
| 31,782  | 150,578 | 156,167 | 36,571  | 130,781 | 77,219  | 27,348  | 118,854 | 167,452 | 29,552  |
| 570     | 97,682  | 7,753   | 171,249 | 141,272 | 128,807 | 3,671   | 183,644 | 195,467 | 121,456 |
| 12,286  | 79,678  | 38,446  | 142,655 | 187,166 | 62,324  | 98,660  | 94,259  | 100,673 | 159,368 |

Well, if you've seen your number, then choose a present. You can have any one you like in this list:

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

In the space in your Album marked "For Official Use" write the name of the present you would like. On a separate piece of paper name the character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET—and add a few words explaining why. Address a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

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

and pop both Album and piece of paper inside—but don't forget to make sure you have filled in your name and full address on the Membership page of the Album first!

Your application should reach us by **Friday, June 20**. We are sorry, but we can't recognise any claims arriving after that date, or claims for the wrong number or without the whole of the Club Album enclosed.

If your claim is in order you'll very soon receive the present of your choice—post free! The postman will bring your Album back at the same time.

### 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 join in the fun of Club Corner and, of course, watch for your number to appear.



There will be more about the "Royal Scot" in next week's COMET. This story is based on Alan Anderson's new book on this famous train.

# DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



The bully yelled and ran in fear  
As Gussy charged up from the rear!

## THE BULLY BUTTER

Gussy Green, the goat, was nibbling at some nice juicy grass which was growing at the bottom of a hedgerow. "Coo, it's simply scrumptious!" he told himself delightedly. "I'm jolly glad that I came along this way."

Gussy hadn't always been a goat. Not so very long ago he had been just an ordinary schoolboy—one of a party of boys who had come to Meadow-sweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest. One morning, however, the whole lot of them had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them all a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was so absent-minded he had got his bottles mixed up and instead of giving the boys 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 that 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.

As Gussy Green, the goat, munched away at the nice juicy grass he suddenly heard a shrill cry of pain, and a voice cried: "Stop it, you great bullies—oww-ww, you're hurting me! Oh, do please let me go!"

"Hallo, what's this?" exclaimed Gussy sharply to himself. "I'd better have a dekho, I reckon!"

He squeezed himself through a gap in the hedge, and there on the road he saw two big rough-looking boys twisting the arms of a very small boy.

"So you tried to kick me when I took your apple from you, did you?" jeered one of the big rough-looking boys. "Well, you can just take that, you cheeky little beast!"

With these words he gave the small boy's arm such a cruel twist that the poor lad yelled with pain.

"I'll soon settle those louts!" Gussy told himself grimly.

Lowering his head, he charged. Gussy butted the nearer of them so savagely that, with a howl of pain and alarm, the bully went sprawling.

Gussy didn't pause to watch him. Backing quickly away, he lowered his head and charged furiously at the second bully. With a howl of terror, that youth released the small boy and turned and fled. But he hadn't the slightest chance of escaping from the madly charging Gussy, whose curved horns butted him so fiercely from behind that the lout went sprawling on his face.

And there he lay, bawling and howling like the great coward that he was. Meanwhile, his pal had scrambled to his feet. Wheeling quickly round, Gussy lowered his head and charged furiously back at the pal, knocking him flat.

The small boy had backed away into the hedge. But when he found the goat was only attacking the two bullies he clapped his hands, crying:

"That's right, ol' goat—good ol' goat—give them some more, ol' goat! Hurrah!"

Deciding at length that the two bruised, battered and bawling bullies had had enough, Gussy allowed them to escape. And this they did without the slightest loss of time.

"Well, that's that!" said Gussy, standing gazing at the small boy and giving a goaty grin.

They're two of the worst bullies in the place. They're called Bully Bloggs and Alf Higgins!"

"And what are you called?" asked Gussy.

"Tommy Twiddle," answered the small boy promptly. "Have you got a name?"

"I have, but it doesn't matter," replied Gussy.

The truth was that Dr. Grunter had given them the very strictest orders to keep secret that they were boys changed into animals.

"Well, Tommy, as those two bullies may be waiting for you on the way home," went on Gussy, "perhaps I'd better see you home, if it's near here!"

"Oh, yes, I live with my mother in a cottage about a mile along the road!" cried Tommy.

The pair of them set off chatting and laughing away to each other as they went. Gussy had been quite right about Bully Bloggs and Alf Higgins. The precious pair were lurking round a bend in the road, waiting for Tommy.

"He's got that beastly goat with him!" gasped Bully Bloggs.

"So he has!" exclaimed Alf Higgins. "Come on, before the brute sees us!"

As they sped along the road, however, they saw the fat blue-clad figure of Constable Bottle, the village policeman, coming cycling towards them.

"He, he, he! I've got it!" panted Bully Bloggs, grabbing his pal by the arm. "Wait a minute. I'll tell you what. Let's tell old Bottle that Tommy Twiddle's stolen a goat and is taking it home with him."

"Har! Har! Har! What a wizard wheeze!" guffawed Alf.

So the pair of louts stopped the fat policeman and told him that Tommy Twiddle was coming along the road with a goat which he'd stolen.

"Ow d'you know 'e's stolen

it?" demanded the policeman. "Because we saw him!" cried Bully Bloggs. "We saw him take it out of a field, didn't we, Alf?"

Constable Bottle stared towards Gussy and Tommy, who had appeared round the bend of the road.

"Very well!" he said importantly. "I shall inquire into this 'ere alleged stealing of the goat!"

He wheeled his bicycle towards the approaching boy and goat. As for the two bullies, they got over the hedge. They didn't want to be butted again.

Reaching Tommy and the goat, the fat policeman halted in front of them and said:

"I 'ave reason to believe, Tommy Twiddle, as 'ow you have stolen this 'ere goat!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" snapped the goat. "Who the thump told you that?"

At hearing the goat speak the fat policeman got such a shock that he staggered back, tripped, and sat down with a thump on the road, his bicycle on top of him. And there he sat, goggling at Gussy.

"I suppose it was those two wicked boys Bully Bloggs and Alf Higgins who told you that my little friend Tommy had stolen me," went on Gussy. "You don't want to believe a word they say. What you ought to do, though, is to lock them up for bullying poor little Tommy here. I had to rescue him from the two horrid louts!"

"But I—I—I—didn't know goats could speak!" gasped Constable Bottle, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head.

"I'm not really a goat," said Gussy with an inward chuckle. "Not a proper goat, I mean. Once I was a policeman just like you. But one day a wicked fairy changed me into a goat!"

"But—whaffor?" gasped Constable Bottle, staring at him as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears.

"Because I let boys like Bully Bloggs and Alf Higgins bully little boys," said Gussy. "Take care, my friend, that a like fate does not befall you. Come, Tommy!"

He and Tommy moved on along the road. When they had gone some little way they looked back. Constable Bottle was chasing Bully Bloggs and Alf Higgins across a field. His voice came faintly to them.

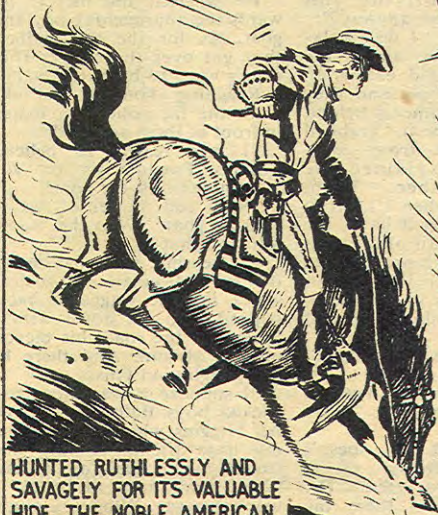
"Come back, you varminths!" he was shouting. "I'll teach you not to hit little lads. Just you wait till I catches you!"

"He's bound to catch them sooner or later," chuckled Gussy. "I don't think they'll trouble you again, Tommy!"

The boys of Dr. Grunter's Zoo School have fun with a conjuror next week. Don't miss their amazing adventures!

# KIT CARSON and the BUFFALO BANDITS

BUFFALO HUNTERS,  
BY THUNDER! WELL, THIS IS  
ONE TIME THAT THEY'RE NOT  
GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!  
FROM NOW ON THEY'VE GOT  
TO OBEY THE LAW!  
GET GOING, BOY!



HUNTED RUTHLESSLY AND  
SAVAGELY FOR ITS VALUABLE  
HIDE, THE NOBLE AMERICAN  
BUFFALO WAS ALMOST WIPED OUT! THEN  
STERN NEW LAWS WERE BROUGHT IN, FOR-  
BIDDING THE KILLING OF BUFFALO, AND TOUGH  
GAME WARDENS WERE APPOINTED TO SEE  
THAT THE LAWS WERE CARRIED OUT! THEY SURE  
NEEDED TO BE TOUGH, TOO, BECAUSE THE BUFFALO-  
HUNTERS THAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST WERE ALL  
HARD-BITTEN GUNMEN, READY TO SHOOT FIRST AND  
ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARDS ~ ~ ~



THERE THEY  
GO, THROUGH THE  
CANYON! I'LL  
SOON OVERTAKE  
THE SKUNKS!

THEN KIT REINS IN SHARPLY AS HE  
ROUNDS A BEND, AND HE GRABS HIS GUN!

WHY, IT'S WALRUS PETERS! I DIDN'T  
EXPECT THIS OF YOU, WALRUS! DROP  
THAT GUN AND  
REACH FOR IT!



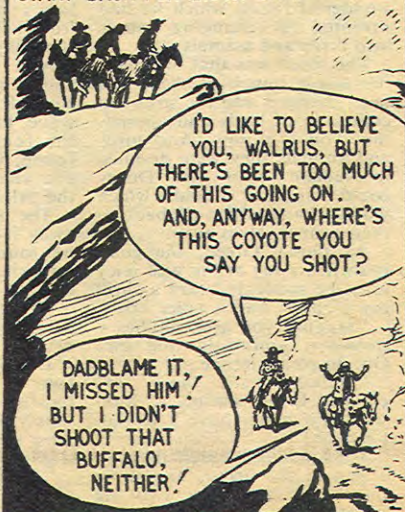
WHAT THE ~  
WHAT THE HECK DO  
YOU MEAN? I'VE DONE  
NOTHING WRONG ~

OH NO? I SUPPOSE THIS BUFFALO  
DIED OF OLD AGE, HUH? WHO WERE  
THE GUYS WITH YOU? YOU'D  
BETTER COME CLEAN, WALRUS!



I TELL  
YOU, I HAD NOTHING  
TO DO WITH THIS,  
KIT! I WAS OUT  
AFTER A DOGGONE  
COYOTE THAT'S  
BEEN PESTERING  
THE NEIGHBOUR-  
HOOD, WHEN  
I CAME ACROSS  
THIS HERE  
BUFFALO!

SWINGING INTO THE SADDLE THEY  
START BACK FOR BISON CITY ~ ~

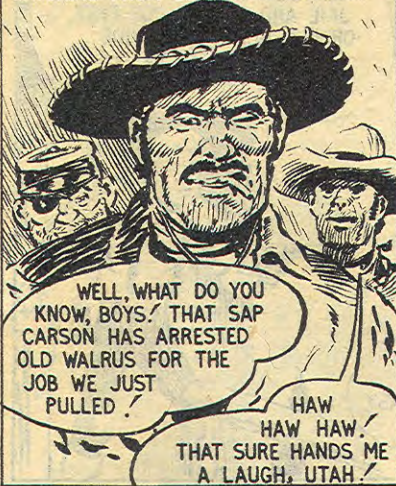


I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE  
YOU, WALRUS, BUT  
THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH  
OF THIS GOING ON.  
AND, ANYWAY, WHERE'S  
THIS COYOTE YOU  
SAY YOU SHOT?

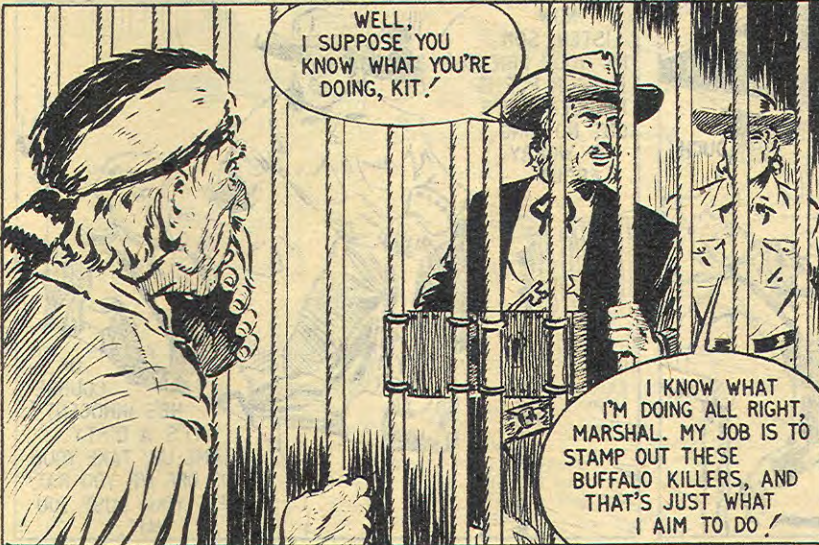
DADBLAME IT,  
I MISSED HIM!  
BUT I DIDN'T  
SHOOT THAT  
BUFFALO,  
NEITHER!

LOOK ON PAGE 12! WILL YOU BE GETTING ONE OF OUR FINE PRESENTS THIS WEEK?

MEANWHILE, UTAH GRAY, THE BUFFALO-HUNTER, AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN ARE WATCHING FROM BEHIND AN OUTCROP ~



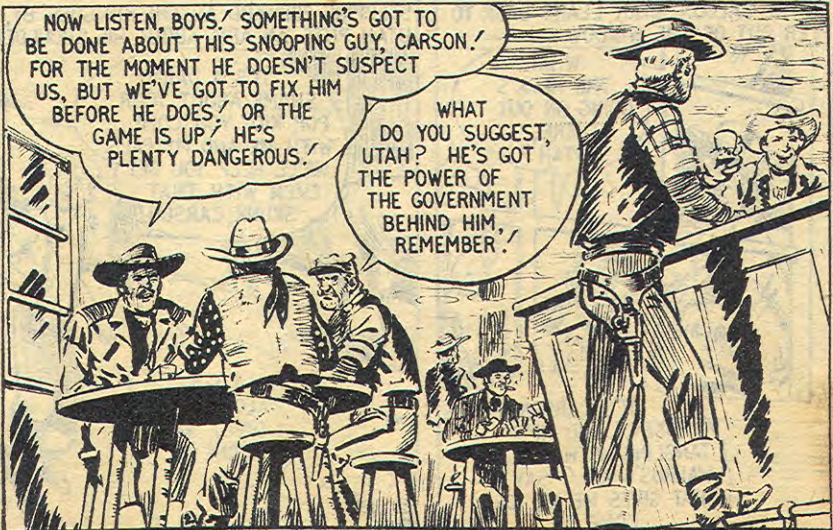
THE MARSHAL STEPS FROM HIS OFFICE AS KIT REINS IN OUTSIDE WITH HIS PRISONER ~



BUT LATER, IN THE OFFICE, KIT TALKS ALONE WITH THE MARSHAL ~



MEANWHILE, UTAH AND HIS PALS GALLOP BACK INTO TOWN AND REIN IN OUTSIDE THE SALOON ~



OUT ON THE BOARDWALK, A YOUNGSTER  
IS WAITING FOR  
KIT CARSON.

PUT MY  
POP IN JAIL,  
WOULD HE? I'LL  
TEACH HIM, THE  
SKUNK! HE CAN'T  
GET AWAY WITH  
THIS!



THEN AS KIT LEAVES THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE—

JUST A SECOND,  
CARSON, YOU SKUNK!  
YOU GET RIGHT BACK TO THAT  
JAIL AND SET MY POP FREE,  
OR I'LL BLAST YOU WIDE  
OPEN! I MEAN IT! ~~~  
BETTER GET MOVING ~~~



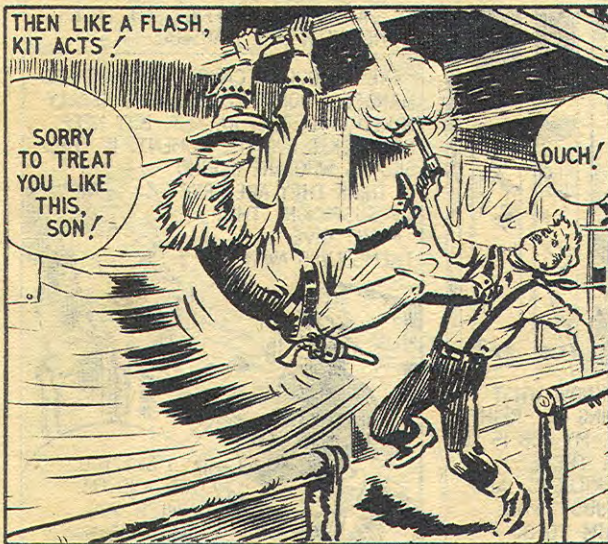
NOW,  
TAKE IT EASY,  
KID!



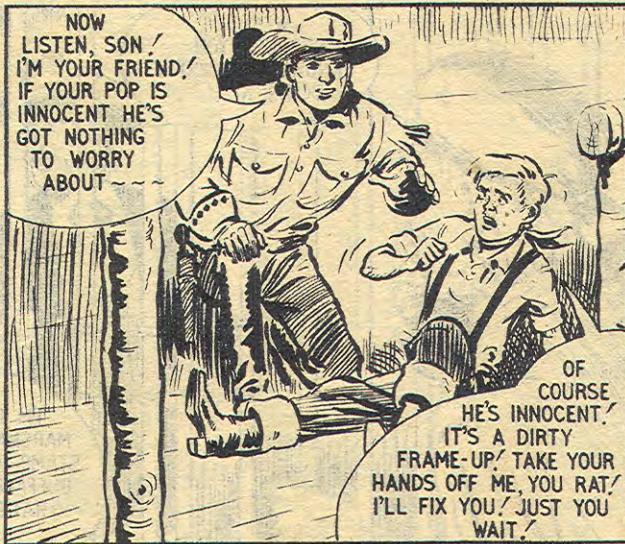
THEN LIKE A FLASH,  
KIT ACTS!

SORRY  
TO TREAT  
YOU LIKE  
THIS,  
SON!

OUCH!



NOW  
LISTEN, SON!  
I'M YOUR FRIEND!  
IF YOUR POP IS  
INNOCENT HE'S  
GOT NOTHING  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT ~~~



OF  
COURSE  
HE'S INNOCENT!  
IT'S A DIRTY  
FRAME-UP! TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF ME, YOU RAT!  
I'LL FIX YOU! JUST YOU  
WAIT!

IN THE SALOON UTAH LEANS BACK TO  
PEER OUT OF THE WINDOW ~~~

WHAT  
THE HECK'S  
GOING ON OUT  
THERE,  
UTAH?

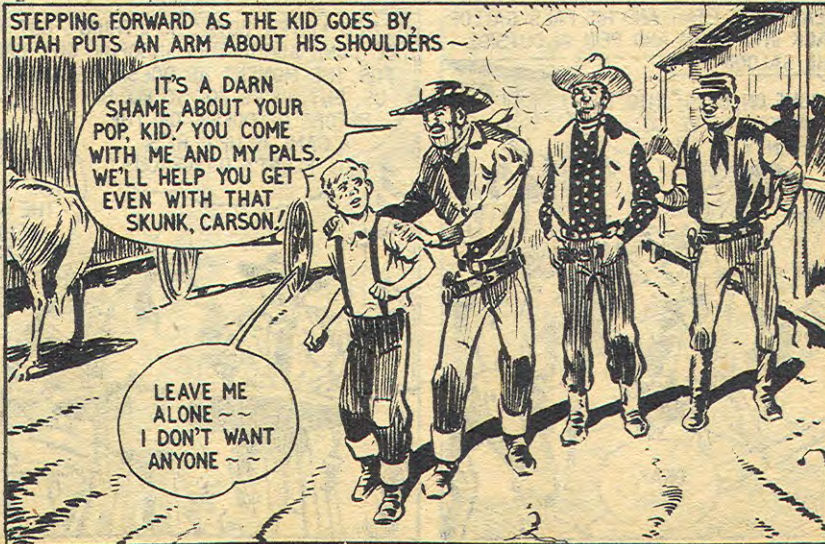


IT'S CARSON, BY  
HOKEY! AND HE'S  
TANGLING WITH OLD  
WALRUS'S KID! SAY  
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!  
COME ON!

STEPPING FORWARD AS THE KID GOES BY,  
UTAH PUTS AN ARM ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS ~~~

IT'S A DARN  
SHAME ABOUT YOUR  
POP, KID! YOU COME  
WITH ME AND MY PALS.  
WE'LL HELP YOU GET  
EVEN WITH THAT  
SKUNK, CARSON!

LEAVE ME  
ALONE ~~~  
I DON'T WANT  
ANYONE ~~~



What is the rascally Utah up to now? Be sure to read next week's gripping adventures!

# MICK THE MOON BOY



The crook's surprise was real and big,  
When out of the bag popped a large black pig!

## CHICAGO BOUND

"We'll soon be on our way now, Hank," said Mick the Moon Boy, as he and his pal, twelve-years-old Hank Luckner, stood waiting for a train at the American town of Albasca.

"Yeah she'll be in any minute!" cried Hank excitedly. "D'you know, Mick, I've never been in a train in my life before."

"Well, neither have I, come to that," said Mick, grinning.

This was perfectly true. For, although Mick looked exactly like an ordinary boy, he was from the Moon and had landed on the Earth in a flying Saucer. It had crashed near the lonely little shack where Hank had lived in the Arkansas hills.

"The rail clerk says we've gotta change at a place called Lakon," went on Hank. "That's where we'll board the flyer for Chicago. Gosh snakes! stand back, Mick. Here she comes!"

The train for Lakon pulled in with much snorting and hissing of steam. The two boys picked up their hold-alls and climbed aboard. Hank was fairly trembling with excitement.

They got seats in one of the long coaches. It wasn't divided into separate compartments, like lots of British railway coaches are, but was one long, big car with comfortable seats and glass-topped tables.

"Gee whizzikins! it sure is swell, Mick," said Hank, sitting and staring about him in awe and astonishment.

"Say, is this your bag?" cut in a gruff and angry voice beside him.

Hank looked up. Standing glowering down at him was a big, heavily-built man, with hard

little eyes and a tight, thin-lipped mouth.

"I asked you a question!" said the man harshly and kicked the hold-all which Hank had set down on the floor by the side of his seat. "Is this your bag?"

"Yes, she is," said Hank. "And you don't have to kick her that way, mister!"

"I nearly tripped over it!" cried the man angrily. "What d'you mean by leaving it in the gangway like this? Shove it under the seat or on the rack or somewhere, can't you?"

He aimed another savage kick at the hold-all. But this time he got the shock of his life. For, as his foot connected with it, a mighty voice roared from the bag.

"STOP THAT, YOU BIG BOOB!"

The big man jumped back as though he'd been stung. He glared at the bag, then he glared at Hank.

"Who you got in that bag?" he demanded.

"Nobody!" said Hank. He hadn't, either. He just had his kit in the bag and he knew that the mysterious voice was just some more wonderful magic of his pal Mick the Moon Boy.

The big man didn't know that, however. He was perfectly certain there was somebody in the bag and he shouted furiously at Hank.

"I see your game, you measly little runt. You've got some pal of yours in that bag who you're trying to smuggle through without paying his railroad fare. I'm going to tell the conductor!"

"YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU BIG BLOW-BAG!" roared the mighty voice from the bag.

One of the other passengers said:

"If that's a kid in the bag—and it can't be anybody very big by the size of the bag—he's certainly got some voice."

"He's suttin'ly got some nerve trying to travel free!" shouted the big man. "I'm going to fetch the conductor."

He rushed away to reappear a few moments later with the conductor whom he had found in the next car.

"That's the brat!" he shouted, pointing an accusing finger at Hank. "He's got a pal of his hid in that bag there!"

He pointed at the hold-all and the conductor said to Hank:

"You got some kid hid in there?"

"No, I haven't," said Hank.

"Ooh, what a lie!" shouted the big man. "Of course he has!"

"Okay, open the bag up!" the conductor ordered Hank.

Hank did so there wasn't a thing in the bag except shirts, ties and other kit. The conductor turned angrily to the big man.

"If this is one of your jokes, bud, I don't like it!" he snapped. "I'm a busy guy and I've got something better to do than to let you make a monkey out of me. For two cents I'd give you a poke on the snout!"

"But—but somebody did speak out of that bag!" gasped the astonished man.

"YOU'RE A LIAR!" roared the mighty voice. "IT'S IN YOUR BAG THAT I'M HID. I'M IN HIS BAG, CONDUCTOR!"

The big man spun round and glared at his own bag which he had put down on the floor when he had first kicked Hank's bag. The conductor was also staring

very hard at the bag, which was jerking about in the queerest manner.

"You'd better open up, bud, and quick!" he said to the now open-mouthed man.

"But I've—I've not got anybody in the bag," stammered the man, his eyes nearly bulging out of his head.

"Open up!" shouted the conductor furiously.

With a podgy, trembling hand, the big man took a bunch of keys from his pocket and opened the bag. As he did so a most astonishing thing happened. For from out of the bag popped an enormous black pig and the wonder was how it had ever got into the bag at all it was so big.

"Rob the Widow MacCree, would you, you horrid double-crossing skunk!" roared the pig in a human voice and caught the man such a crack on his big chin with one of its front trotters that it sent him staggering. "Stayed with her a month, you did, and never paid a cent for your board and lodgings, then sneaked off early this morning and took her life savings with you!"

By this time the whole car was in an uproar. Passengers had leapt to their feet and were gazing with bulging eyes at the great, black talking pig.

"I watched him!" bawled the pig, standing on its hind legs and shoving its great face close to the pop-eyed conductor's.

"I'm the Widow MacCree's pet pig and I live at her farm. His name's Charley Bloggs and I knew he was a wrong 'un the first minute I clapped eyes on him. He's been staying there a month on account of his health. That's what he said, but he's as fit as you and me. He's just been living on the fat of the land at the farm and this morning he sloped off before the Widow was up and took her life savings with him. They're in a cash-box in his bag."

"But—but how did you get into his bag?" gasped the conductor. "And I'm blamed if I knew that pigs could talk."

"Never you mind how I got into his bag," retorted the pig. "That's my secret. And as for pigs talking—well, some of us can and I happen to be one of them." Then in a voice which made everyone jump, it screamed: "Look out!"

Next instant, hurling everyone in its path aside, it was rushing straight at the rascally Charley Bloggs who had taken advantage of the uproar to pull the communication cord which stopped the train.

The train was already slowing down and Charley Bloggs had pulled open one of the doors. He was on the very point of jumping down to the track

(Continued on page 18)

## MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 17)

when the pig rushed at him.

The pig reached him just as he jumped. The result was that, with a howl of rage and terror, Charley Bloggs went hurtling down to the track with the pig on top of him.

He hit the ground with a thump which knocked the wind right out of him and there he lay with the monster pig sprawling on top of him bawling triumphantly.

"Ho, no, you don't! You're caught and you're going to stay caught, you big polecat!"

By this time Mick, Hank and the conductor and a whole lot of excited passengers had jumped down to the track.

"Okay, grab him and see that he's slung in the jug," ordered the pig, getting up off the flattened Charley Bloggs. "I've got to get back to the farm. And don't forget the Widow Mac-Cree's money is in his bag!"

Next moment the pig was scudding away in the direction of Albasca as fast as ever it could shift. The excited and pop-eyed passengers watched it until it was out of sight, then the conductor said in an awed sort of voice:

"Well, I ain't never known anything like this before. It sure is just the craziest thing. But come on, folks, let's get this Bloggs buzzard back aboard the train then we'll get started again. We'll hand him over to the cops at Lakon!"

When the winded and terrified Mr. Bloggs had been hauled back aboard the train and it had got under way, Hank murmured to Mick:

"I know you fixed all this through your magic, Mick, but how did you know that guy was a crook?"

"You'd be surprised at the things I know," said Mick, with a grin.

Next week: Mick and Hank have fun with a millionaire in a Chicago hotel!

## THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

(Continued from page 9)

had been watching the mirror at the angle of the bus stairway, nudged Lotus.

"He's getting off! Careful now—he mustn't see us!"

They hung back, until the bus had started to move off again. Then they went rapidly down the stairs, and dropped off the bus as it slowed up at the next corner.

"There he goes!" Lotus pointed to the figure of the Professor, who was crossing through the traffic about a hundred yards back.

"Watch out for a phone box. You'll have to phone my Dad and tell him about Sir Miles. Tell him I'm keeping after the Professor—" and Bob went on to tell Lotus the number she must ring, and who to ask for.

But as usual when you want to make a phone call, not a telephone box was to be seen anywhere.

Together they followed the Professor down a narrow side street. They saw him turn into an arched alley-way, which led through towards the waterside.

They came up to the archway. It proved to be a sort of tunnel or passage, that led straight through the lower floor of a big warehouse. At the other end they could see the sunlight reflected from the grey water of the Thames docks. There was not a sign of the Professor.

They hurried through the archway towards the light at the far end. As they passed through they saw that it was really a doorway, which could be shut.

The next instant, it was shut! Bob and Lotus wheeled about, to find themselves face to face with the Professor!

"Put your hands up—and don't make a sound!" There was a gun in the Professor's hand, which pointed steadily at them. "You walked into my little trap very nicely!"

Bob's heart sank. They hadn't been so clever after all!

"It gave me a nasty shock when I saw you get on the bus," went on the Professor. "After

many years in my profession, I never board a bus without watching who goes onto the upper deck. I was just in time to see Miss Lotus run upstairs!"

The Professor cackled. "Now you are my prisoners. If you behave yourselves, no harm will come to you." He wagged his gun towards the far end of the passage. "Get moving!"

A moment later they found themselves on a low jetty which ran alongside the wall of the warehouse. Bob looked desperately around, but no one was in sight who might help them.

"It is no good looking for help!" The Professor seemed to sense Bob's thoughts. "This warehouse belongs to me. Now then—down those steps!"

Slimy stone steps stretched down through a gap in the wooden staging, and vanished into the lapping water below.

Menaced by the Professor's gun, Bob and Lotus went down. "Don't try any tricks!" he warned them. "I am famous as an expert shot with a pistol. I could not possibly miss at this distance!"

At the bottom of the steps was a wooden platform, or landing stage, just a few feet above water level. Here they stopped.

Eyeing them warily, and never lowering his gun for a moment, the Professor reached up with his left hand and seized what appeared to be a big rusted bolt, which stuck out from a beam of blackened wood. He pulled down on this bolt and there came a hum of machinery.

Wide-eyed, Bob and Lotus saw a whole section of the beam slide up, revealing a big hollow inside. Packed into this hollow they could see the panel of what was clearly a radio.

The Professor flipped a switch and lifted a small microphone off a hook.

"Calling Captain Gaffo—calling Captain Gaffo—over to you, Gaffo. Come in, please!" The Professor pushed out

one finger and operated a second switch. At once there came a crackling from a small speaker which was built into the panel.

"Gaffo here. Thought you were never going to show up. I've been cruising round in the Thames here for hours. Can I come alongside? Over!"

The Professor switched his microphone on again.

"Come alongside at once, Gaffo—the sooner the better!" The Professor hung up the microphone and closed the secret panel. Now, from all you could see on the outside, it was hard to believe that a radio set could possibly be hidden away there.

But who was the Professor talking to? Who was this Captain Gaffo? He must be the captain of some craft cruising in the Thames—but where? Bob looked around and while he could see several big cargo vessels at their anchorages on the far side, there was nothing in view which was cruising.

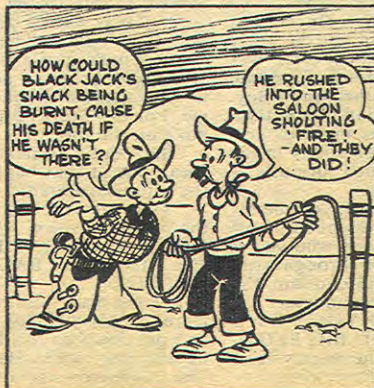
Then suddenly there came a ripple which seemed to be moving towards them in a sort of long V shape. Then something broke upwards through the surface of the water under the staging of the wharf. It was the conning tower of a submarine!

A moment later the whole of the sub's long sinister shape had come into view. It was a small craft and as Bob and Lotus watched they saw two men clamber into view on the conning tower.

The Professor chuckled evilly. "We are going on a little sea trip, my dear children!" he said. "And perhaps, at the end of it, we shall discover the treasure of the Ivory Mandarin!" He paused and scowled. "That is, unless Wan Chen gets there first. But you'd better pray that he doesn't—because heaven help you two if the treasure is gone before we get there!"

Next week: Prisoners under the sea! Don't miss this thrilling-packed story!

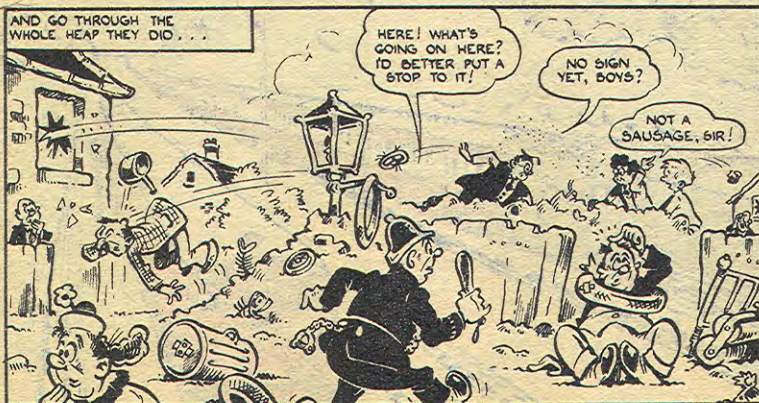
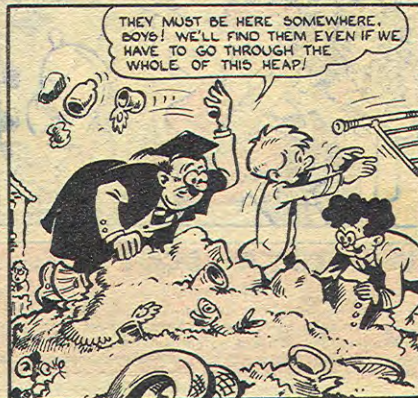
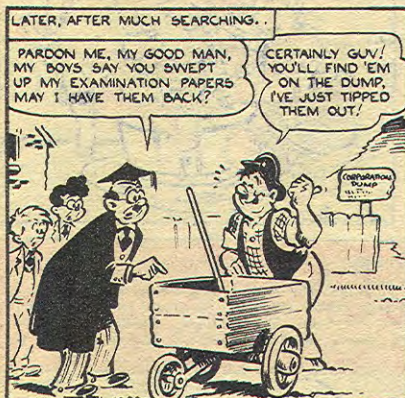
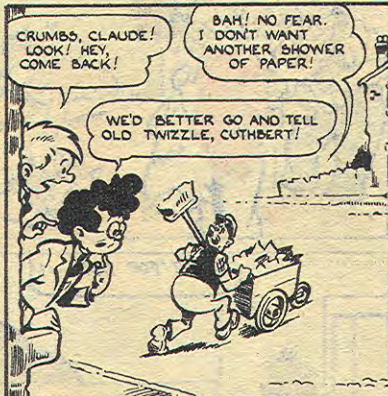
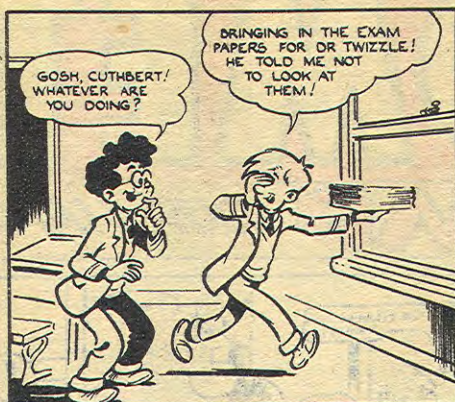
## CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE  
AND

CUTHBERT  
THE TWO NEW BOYS

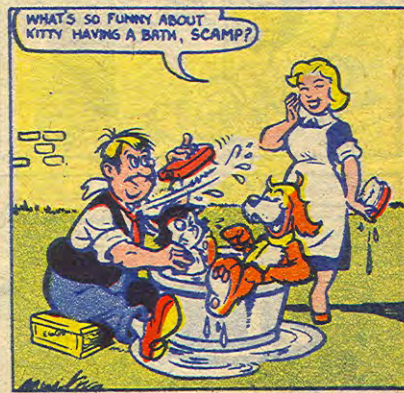
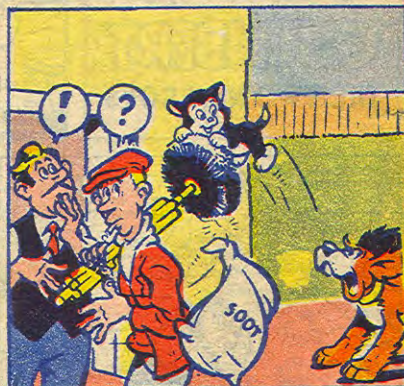
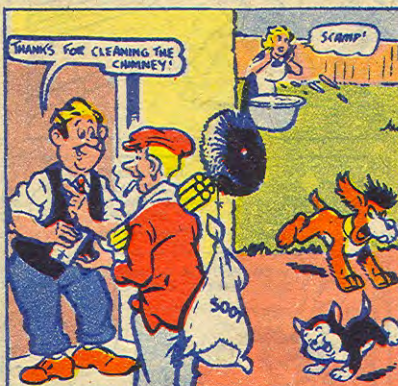
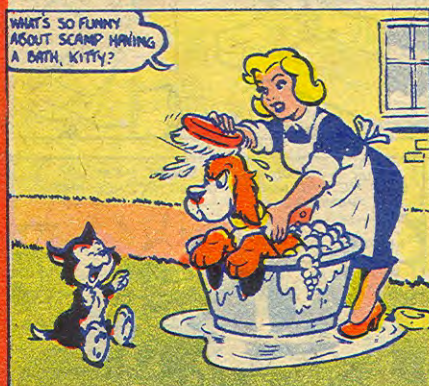


# COMET

PRICE  
**3<sup>d</sup>**  
EVERY  
MONDAY



## SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



### THE ROYAL SCOT More details of this famous train and its journey

The Royal Scot is shown here overtaking a Bakerloo Underground electric train between Wembley and Watford. The electric line which has followed us most of the way from Euston is joined by the underground tracks at Queen's Park. After this the Royal Scot enters the Watford tunnel, which is a mile long. We have been slowly climbing from Euston, and this will continue until we reach Tring. There starts the famous Tring cutting, which is two and a half miles long. To make this cutting one and three-quarter million tons of earth had to be excavated. The Royal Scot will pass over many water troughs on its journey and the driver will probably give his locomotive its first "drink" at Castlethorpe.

