

COMET FOR LAUGHS AND THRILLS BY THE TON-
STORIES AND PICTURES TO SUIT EVERYONE!

COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 209. July 19, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF



Vernon-Smith, the Bounder, has let the School cricket team down! Because he didn't turn up they lost the match. Everyone thinks he has returned to his bad old ways. What they don't know is that he is shielding and hiding his cousin Alan, who is an Army deserter. Returning to school he gets into more trouble and is caught by Mr. Quelch using the private phone in the master's study.

THE WORST BOY AT GREYFRIARS



ON SECOND THOUGHTS, I SHALL FLOG YOU MYSELF! BEND OVER THAT CHAIR!

FOR A BRIEF SECOND, THE RECKLESS BOUNDER, HESITATES, FISTS CLENCHED, THEN WITHOUT A SOUND -- HE TAKES THE SEVEREST FLOGGING THAT MR. QUELCH HAS EVER DEALT OUT --

WHITE-FACED, THE BOUNDER PASSES THROUGH THE CROWD OF SILENT REMOVITES --



HE, HE, HE! SERVES HIM JOLLYWELL RIGHT, THE BEAST!

SHUT UP, YOU FAT TOAD!

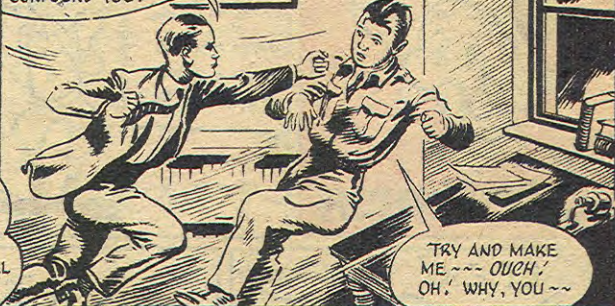
SMITHY STOPS DEAD AS HE ENTERS HIS STUDY --



WHAT THE -- YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!

DON'T WORRY, OLD BEAN! I HOPPED IN WHEN NO-ONE WAS LOOKING! IF YOU WON'T PAY MY KEEP IN THE VILLAGE, THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT ME UP HERE

ARE YOU MAD? I'VE COLLECTED ENOUGH TROUBLE THROUGH YOU! NOW GET OUT, CONFOUND YOU!



TRY AND MAKE ME -- OUCH! OH! WHY, YOU --

WINGATE, THE HEAD PREFECT, RAPS SHARPLY ON THE DOOR --



WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE, VERNON-SMITH! OPEN UP!

OUT OF THE WINDOW! QUICK, YOU FOOL, OR WE'RE BOTH FOR IT --



WHAT DO I DO NOW? I'M SUNK. I'VE NOWHERE TO GO!

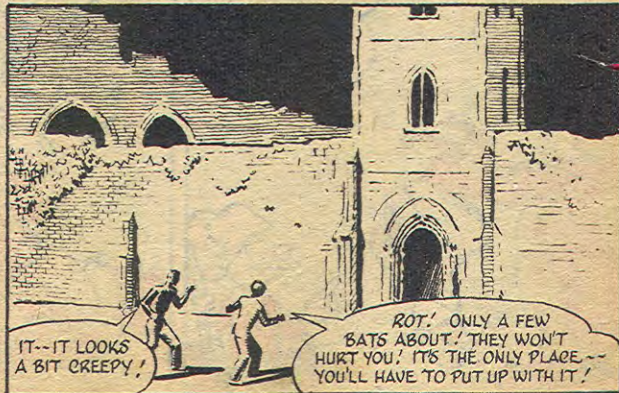


IT'S A BIT LATE TO THINK OF THAT NOW! COME ON, LET'S GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!



SMITHY -- I'VE BEEN A FOOL -- BUT I DAREN'T GO BACK NOW! I COULDN'T FACE IT! YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME!

I'VE GOT IT! THE OLD BELL-TOWER, THAT'LL DO FOR TO-NIGHT, ANYWAY!



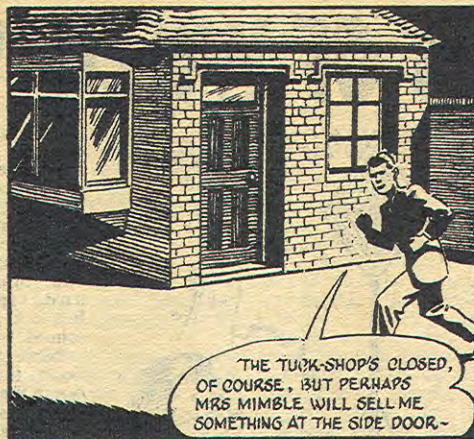
IT -- IT LOOKS A BIT CREEPY!

ROT! ONLY A FEW BATS ABOUT. THEY WON'T HURT YOU! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE -- YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IT!



I-- I SUPPOSE YOU HAVEN'T A BIT OF CHOCOLATE OR SOMETHING, SMITHY? I'M STARVING, AND IT'S GOING TO BE A COLD NIGHT--

NOT A SCRAP-- BUT I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET YOU SOMETHING. LIE LOW HERE, AND I'LL BRING YOU SOMETHING LATER.



THE TUCK-SHOP'S CLOSED, OF COURSE, BUT PERHAPS MRS MIMBLE WILL SELL ME SOMETHING AT THE SIDE DOOR--



WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND, MASTER VERNON-SMITH, THOUGH I DIDN'T REALLY OUGHT TO, YOU KNOW.

BE A SPORT, MRS MIMBLE. WE--WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A-- A LITTLE MIDNIGHT PARTY IN THE DORM!

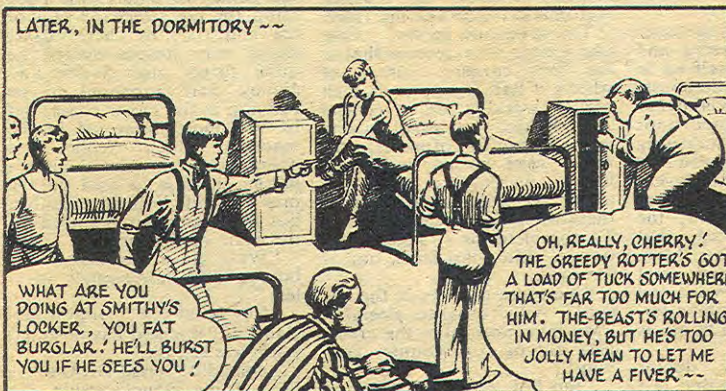


NO TIME TO GO TO THE TOWER JUST YET. IT'S ROLL-CALL IN A FEW MINUTES -- I'LL HAVE TO SLIP OUT LATER FROM THE DORMITORY--



VERNON-SMITH ENTERS THE SCHOOLHOUSE, UNAWARE OF THE FAT FIGURE TRAILING HIM--

I WONDER WHAT SMITHY'S UP TO, WITH ALL THAT GRUB? I'LL FOLLOW THE GREEDY BEAST, AND MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T SCOFF IT ALL HIMSELF.



LATER, IN THE DORMITORY --

WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT SMITHY'S LOCKER, YOU FAT BURGLAR. HE'LL BURST YOU IF HE SEES YOU!

OH, REALLY, CHERRY! THE GREEDY ROTTER'S GOT A LOAD OF TUCK SOMEWHERE THAT'S FAR TOO MUCH FOR HIM. THE BEAST'S ROLLING IN MONEY, BUT HE'S TOO JOLLY MEAN TO LET ME HAVE A FIVER--



IN FACT-- I DIDN'T ASK HIM FOR A FIVER-- WHY SHOULD I-- I MEAN, I DIDN'T SEE HIM BREAK BOUNDS AND THREATEN TO TELL QUELCH-- THAT IS-- OUGH! YAROOOH! LEGGO, YOU ROTTER.

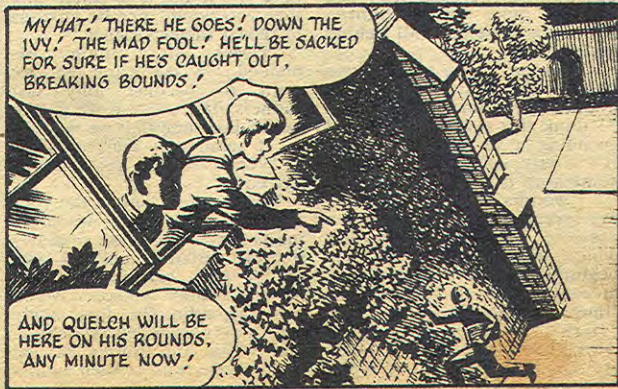
SO THAT'S WHY SMITHY SCRAGGED YOU, YOU ROTTEN BLACKMAILING TOAD!



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE BEEN A BIT HARD ON SMITHY, YOU CHAPS-- I VOTE WE MAKE IT UP WITH HIM--

THE MAKE-UPFULNESS SHALL BE TERRIFIC! BUT WHERE IS THE ESTEEMED BOUNDER?

HE WAS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO!



MY HAT! THERE HE GOES! DOWN THE IVY, THE MAD FOOL. HE'LL BE SACKED FOR SURE IF HE'S CAUGHT OUT, BREAKING BOUNDS!

AND QUELCH WILL BE HERE ON HIS ROUNDS, ANY MINUTE NOW!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Proudly Willie took the cover off, and there it stood—the Wizzard Automatic Paper-Tearing Hare!

WILLIE WIZZARD'S PAPER CHASE

"GOLLY—puff—I'm worn out! I can't—puff—run any further!" With these words Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, flung himself down on a grassy bank and mopped his bulging forehead. His great, moon-like spectacles were steamed over and his skinny body shook as he gulped for air.

Willie, the son of a famous scientist, was dressed in running shorts, shoes and singlet. Over his shoulders was slung a satchel containing hundreds of pieces of torn-up paper. He and his pal, Jimmy Bash, were the "Hares" in Gandybar Academy's hare-and-hounds race and they had run for miles across country, scattering a paper trail behind them.

Jimmy sat down on the grass beside his friend. "I'm just about puffed, too," he admitted. "I think this is a rotten way of spending a summer afternoon. It's a pity you couldn't invent something to get us out of it."

"I wonder if I could," Willie murmured. His face took on a dreamy, far-away expression which indicated that he was beginning to think out a new invention. But at that moment Jimmy sprang to his feet. "Hark!" he exclaimed. "The 'Hounds' are getting close!" He lunged the protesting Willie

up from the bank and they started running again.

As soon as the race was over and Willie had showered and changed, he shut himself up in his den behind the boilerhouse. As the boys of Gandybar School passed the closed door they heard sounds of hammering and sawing, but Willie wouldn't tell anyone what the new invention was that he was working on.

At last Dr. Gandybar, the headmaster, announced that there would be another hare-and-hounds paper chase, and much to his surprise, Willie and Jimmy came up to him afterwards and volunteered to act as 'Hares' again.

"But, boys!" the doctor exclaimed, "I thought that last time you found it so exhausting that you would not be anxious to repeat the experience."

"Please, Sir," Jimmy explained, "Wizzard and me—we want to become jolly fast runners. It's because we got so puffed last time that we want to do it again—for the training!"

"Very well," the doctor agreed.

The evening before the race anyone who was watching might have seen two shadowy figures slinking out of the school gate, carrying between them a bulky object covered with tarpaulin. But fortunately for them, no one was watching, and Willie and Jimmy carried their mysterious burden undis-

turbed to the edge of the woods near the school grounds. They left it in a dell, covered with a camouflage of bracken and brambles, and tiptoed back to school.

Next afternoon they set out in their running togs, with their bags of torn-up paper over their shoulders. They were allowed fifteen minutes' start before the 'Hounds' began to follow them. Leaving a paper trail, they ran to the wood where they had left the mysterious object the night before. It was still there, just where they had hidden it. Eagerly Willie and Jimmy stripped off the camouflage and then the tarpaulin, until

it stood revealed—the Wizzard Automatic Paper-Tearing Hare.

The invention looked rather like a large pram, except that at the four corners, instead of wheels it had legs; one at each corner working on a central axle. Behind the small engine was a basket full of paper, over which were poised two metal hands, waiting to grab the sheets, tear them up and scatter them when the machine started. To complete the strange invention, a radio-mast stuck out of the top.

"No more running in the hot sun!" Willie croaked gleefully. "My invention takes the crossness out of cross-country running!"

"But how do you make it go in the right direction?" Jimmy asked.

"Remote control!" Willie answered mysteriously. "Hurry—we've just time to double back to the Tuck Shop before the 'Hounds' get here."

"Why the Tuck Shop?"

Jimmy asked, bemused. But Willie was already dashing on ahead. When Jimmy arrived at the shop, his pal was sitting at a table with a map of the local countryside spread out in front of him and his hands on a peculiar looking box, covered with knobs and dials, and with a mast sticking out of the top like the one on the Automatic Hare.

"What . . . ?" Jimmy began,

but Willie peered at him over his spectacles.

"I'm busy," he croaked. "Get some ginger pop and I'll show you what it's all about."

When Jimmy returned from the counter with two bottles of pop and a bag of cream buns, Willie explained that the Automatic Hare was radio-controlled, and that by twisting the knobs on the little box the Schoolboy Inventor could make it run anywhere on the map in front of him. "I'll give those 'Hounds' a paper chase they won't forget!" he chortled.

And he did! Up hill and down dale the machine ran, always just out of sight of the 'Hounds', through woods and brambles across streams and stony ground, leaving a trail of torn-up paper. It ran so fast that Willie had time to make it double back and leave false trails a dozen times. Mr. Halfspin, the Fourth Form master, who was in charge of the 'Hounds' was amazed. Gasping for breath, he exclaimed: "I don't know what's come over Wizzard and Bash—they're running like champions today!"

Willie, with his eyes on the map, one hand on the radio controller and the other holding his fourth cream bun, was just making the Automatic Hare lay a particularly cunning false trail up a very steep hill, when Dr. Gandybar entered the Tuck Shop for his afternoon cup of tea and slice of cherry cake. Being very absent-minded he quite forgot that Willie and Jimmy were supposed to be running in the paper chase, but he was most interested in the machine which Willie was operating. Jimmy saw the headmaster in time to fold up the map and hide it under the table, but Dr. Gandybar pounced on the radio controller.

"What have we here?" he boomed. "A home-made wireless?"

"Yes—that's it!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Wizzard has invented a wireless set, Sir."

"Splendid!" cried Dr. Gandybar, sitting down beside the Schoolboy Inventor. "I wanted to hear a very interesting talk on rare books this afternoon, but my own wireless has broken down. May I?" And without waiting for an answer, he slid the machine over and began to twiddle the knobs.

"That's odd!" said Dr. Gandybar. "It doesn't make a sound. Perhaps if I were to turn this knob here . . ." Willie tried to snatch the machine from him, but Dr. Gandybar pushed him away. "Don't bother to explain, Wizzard," he said. "I understand how it works perfectly." And he twisted some more knobs.

Out in the country the Automatic Hare stopped, ran

IT'S A RIOT—AND IT CAUSES SEVERAL!

backwards a few yards, and then rushed forwards at a tremendous rate downhill. It burst through a wire fence and came to the main road, headed towards the town and charged along at thirty miles an hour, scattering handfuls of paper in all directions. By the time the 'Hounds' had followed its trail to the road, it was at the outskirts of the town, near a 'prefab' estate. Back in the school Tuck Shop, Dr. Gandybar was still fiddling with the knobs. The Automatic Hare turned and headed straight for the prefabs.

Mr. and Mrs. McGargle and their son Oswald were sitting down to tea in No. 1 prefab when the front door burst open and the most extraordinary machine on legs rushed through the room, scattering paper and knocking over the furniture. It ran three times round the room, overturning vases and tearing down the curtains, and then whizzed through the kitchen and out of the back door. Mr. McGargle, who had sat rooted to the spot with amazement, jumped up and watched it go. It ran straight into the house next door; for two minutes there was uproar inside the house, and then it emerged from the back door and entered the prefab next door but one. And so it went on through every prefab on the estate.

Mr. McGargle went off on his bicycle to tell the police and Oswald ran after the machine. But Mrs. McGargle started to clear up the havoc in her sitting-room. She had no sooner got it straight when the door crashed open again and in rushed Mr. Halfspin, followed by twenty Gandybar boys in running togs. They stopped short, staring at the floor. "Where's the paper?" cried Mr. Halfspin.

"I cleared it up," Mrs. McGargle replied. "It went right through the house and out of the back door. But what do you think you're doing bursting in like . . ." she never finished, for Mr. Halfspin gave a whoop: "Come on, boys!" he shouted. "This way!" And he led the 'Hounds' through the house and out of the back door.

Right the way through the estate it was the same. No sooner had the householders cleared up the mess left by the Automatic Hare than Mr. Halfspin, red-faced and breathless, led twenty whooping 'Hounds' through their houses. Barking dogs and furious housewives joined the chase. Someone recognised the Gandybar colours on the boys' singlets and formed a deputation of prefab-dwellers to march in protest to Gandybar Academy.

Meanwhile, watched by the horrified Jimmy and Willie, Dr. Gandybar was still unable to get the B.B.C. talk on books out of Willie's "radio set" in the Tuck Shop. Suddenly his eye fell on an instrument he hadn't noticed before, a pointer above which were printed two words:

"Home" and "Away". The arrow at that moment was pointing at "Away". It was Willie's emergency gadget to make the Automatic Hare return to the school by the quickest possible route.

"Ah!" the doctor exclaimed. "How foolish I have been. The talk I want is on the Home Service, and all the time the radio has been tuned on something called the Away Programme. I've never heard of it, but I suppose it's a new name for the Light." And with that he swung the pointer round to "Home".

At that instant there was the most tremendous uproar from the quad, and shouts of "We want Gandybar!" Saying, "Dear me, whatever can that be?" the headmaster absently tucked the radio controller under his arm and hurried to the scene of the noise. What he saw was about a hundred very angry men gathered about his study door, holding up placards on which had been hurriedly written slogans like "A Fair Deal For The Prefabs", "Keep Gandybar Hooligans Out Of Our Homes" and "We Demand Compensation".

"What on earth is all this about?" Dr. Gandybar demanded. Immediately everyone began to talk at once and shake their fists. The doctor held up his hand for silence. "If your spokesman will step into my study," he said, "I will hear what he has to say."

A big, tough-looking man in shirtsleeves stepped forward. "I'll tell you what the trouble is!" he shouted. "Hundreds of wretched schoolboys stampeded through my parlour like a herd of run away cattle. It isn't right, and we demand . . ."

"Please do your demanding indoors," Dr. Gandybar begged nervously, and he showed the man into his study.

With the pointer on the radio-controller still fixed at "Home", the Automatic Hare was by this time nearing the gates of Gandybar Academy. But until the doctor had switched on the emergency homing mechanism, it had run such a zig-zag course that Mr. Halfspin and the 'Hounds' had almost caught up with it. Now it came tearing into the quad, aiming for the radio-controller, which was in the headmaster's study. Dr. Gandybar still holding it under his arm. It was closely pursued by the 'Hounds', who were in turn followed by a swarm of children and dogs, and bringing up the rear was Mr. McGargle on his bicycle with half the local Police Force.

The deputation who had come to protest were caught up in the general excitement and joined the headlong procession towards Dr. Gandybar's study. The doctor was arguing with the leader of the deputation when the door was flung open and in burst the Automatic Hare, Mr. Halfspin, twenty 'Hounds',

twelve dogs, thirty small children, forty angry prefab-dwellers and their wives, Mr. McGargle on his bicycle and ten policemen.

Everyone was shouting and arguing and waving their arms about, and the Automatic Hare, having reached home but not having been switched off, was running round and round in circles. Dr. Gandybar's desk was knocked over in the crush, and a pile of Fourth Form exam papers that had been on it fell into the paper basket of Willie's invention.

With an agonised cry Dr. Gandybar ran forward to save the papers, tripped over Mr. McGargle's bicycle and the radio-controller flew from his arms and out of the window. It fell on the path outside with a crash and burst open. Coils and valves and batteries whizzed in all directions.

What little control there had been over the Automatic Hare was now gone completely. Pushing people out of its way, it rushed out of the study, across the quad, through the gate, over the road and into the fields beyond, ripping up the exam papers and scattering them to the four winds. With its departure, a sudden silence fell. It was broken by Dr. Gandybar, who saw a small, bespectacled figure trying to edge his way out of the crowded study. "Wizzard!" he thundered. "Come here, boy, and explain yourself!"

Explaining proved to be a very painful affair. It didn't seem to be much use pointing out to Dr. Gandybar that all had been going well with the Wizzard hare until he had come along. But for Dr. Gandybar twiddling the knobs of the control box the hare would have gone trotting along tearing up paper in a perfectly well-behaved manner.

It was Willie's invention that had done all the damage, including tearing up the Fourth Form exam papers—and that was all that seemed to matter.

When Willie left Dr. Gandybar, he decided that he would never invent any more paper-chasing inventions—especially ones with radio controls mixed up in them!

The next afternoon found Willie and Jimmy crawling on their hands and knees through a nettle-bed, picking up the torn shreds of the Fourth Form exam papers. Jimmy straightened his aching back and looked over his shoulder. Gandybar Academy was a tiny dot in the distance. "Gosh!" he said. "You made that Automatic Hare too well. We must have crawled ten miles on our hands and knees already, picking up these papers."

"I know," Willie croaked sorrowfully. "It's worse than being 'Hares' in a hare-and-hounds race!"

Next week—Willie Wizzard goes on his holidays. It's a big laugh!

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The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin

THE ivory mandarin was a little carved statue of a Chinaman with clockwork that made him dance when you wound him up. And the way that he danced told the secret of the hiding-place of Wan Chen's treasure.

Wan Chen was a cunning old Chinese master-crook, and his treasure was his loot—all stolen property.

Another crook was after this treasure, too—a man known as the Professor.

Bob Harley was the son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard, and thanks to him the police had now got the ivory mandarin.

Lotus Chen, Wan Chen's daughter, and Bob had become firm friends during their adventures together.

Then Lotus had got a letter from her father, ordering her to come to him. But Bob Harley, mystified by her sudden wish to go off alone, followed her secretly.

So it was that Bob found out about Wan Chen's disguise as Chen Wang, a Chinese conjurer on a fairground.

Now Bob is trapped by Wan Chen—in the mirror maze of the fairground!

REFLECTED in the mirrors facing Bob were a dozen Wan Chens, and each one held a gun!

For a second or two, the effect was so startling that Bob almost thought that he was cornered by a whole squad of Chinamen, all of whom looked exactly alike. Then he remembered where he was—in a maze, where every wall and corner was either a mirror or a sheet of glass.

Only one of those Chinamen was the real Wan Chen—but which one was it?

"Please to raise hands above honourable head, and come quietly!" Wan Chen's voice echoed strangely through the maze.

Then Bob thought of something.

None—not one—of those figures facing him was the real Wan Chen! Wan Chen must be facing those mirrors himself to be making the reflections! He must be somewhere on the same side of this hall of mirrors as Bob himself—maybe in another passage-end just beside Bob, but hidden from his view by a mirror-wall!

Bob swung swiftly around, and ran. Behind him he heard the "plop" of Wan Chen's gun, which was fitted with a silencer, and heard the bullet scream away among the mirrors.

The mirrors had fooled Wan Chen! That bullet had been aimed at the legs of one of Bob's reflections—not at Bob himself!

Bob could hear Wan Chen rushing after him, blundering through the maze. Bob too, kept bumping himself, and crashing into blank walls, as he tried to turn corners that were not really there, but which were only a trick of the many mirrors.

Suddenly Bob was in the open. Quite by chance he had, reached one of the exits from the maze building. He looked swiftly around him. He'd got to find somewhere to hide—some way to dodge the Chinaman until he could get help—until he could get on the telephone to the local police.

The exit from the maze was to the back of the building. Across a couple of yards of rough grass was the back of a big tent. Bob took two quick paces, and dived under the bottom of the canvas.

It was gloomy inside. Bob could smell the oil of machinery, and make out something black towering before him. For a moment he thought that he was trapped behind something big—something that almost filled up the whole tent.

Bob heard Wan Chen come out of the exit. He saw the Chinaman's shadow thrown upon the canvas of the tent, and sensed that Wan Chen had guessed where he was hiding.

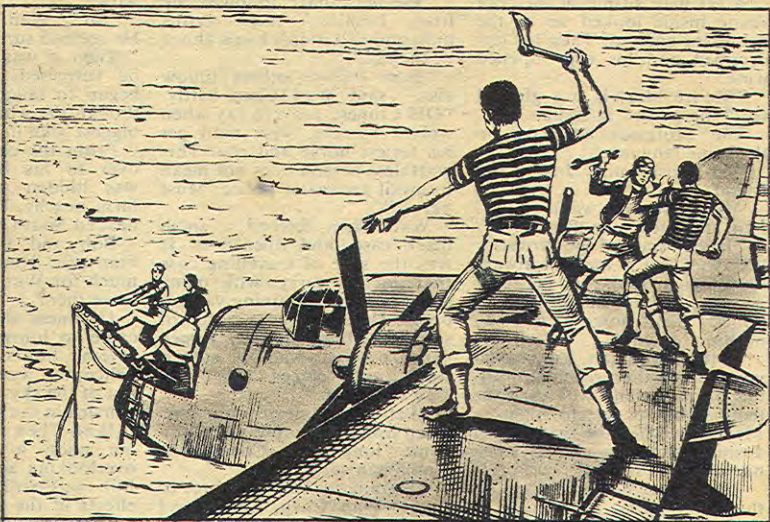
Then Bob saw a slit of light a few yards to his left, like a partly-opened door in the gloomy bulk before him. He stepped forward. It was a door. Bob went through—it opened inwards—and found himself in a strange sort of giant bowl.

The walls towered up twelve feet, straight as could be, on every side of him. There was no way out, except through that one door!

Bob knew that he had made a mistake. He was trapped now. There came a shuffling sound, as Wan Chen ducked under the canvas of the tent wall. Then Bob heard Wan Chen chuckle.

"Please to enjoy humble demonstration of strange powers of spinning bowl!" said Wan Chen from the darkness beyond the door.

There came the whine of an electric motor starting up, and then the floor started to shift under Bob's feet.



"Duck!" yelled Bob. There was a flash of sunlight on the steel of the axe-head as the man hurled it towards Bob and Lotus!

The whole huge wooden bowl was turning!

The door swung itself shut, flung outwards by the swirl of the spinning, just like a conker will swing outwards if you twirl it on a string.

And Bob felt the same thing happening to himself!

He had heard about these spinning bowl sideshows. The fun-seekers paid to come in, and then when the bowl began to spin, all kinds of strange things happened to them, as the out-swing of the spinning pushed them away from the centre, and made them stick to the walls.

Bob himself was backed hard up against the spinning wall now. He couldn't have moved from there if he'd tried. But what was Wan Chen trying to do to him, he wondered? He was soon to find out.

The pace of the spinning bowl began to build up. The rollers beneath it, which ran round upon the circular rails, clattered and rumbled like thunder. Bob's feet were off the floor, but he did not fall. He felt as though a giant hand was pressing him all over, holding him against the wall of the bowl.

Each time he came around to the rear side of the tent, he could hear the noise of the motor which drove the bowl. The whine it made rose above the rumble of the bowl's rollers, and that whine was rising higher—and higher.

The thing was spinning now a lot faster than it did in the ordinary way. And yet the speed was building up. Bob could hardly breathe now, for a great force was flattening his chest. The backs of his eyes hurt, and he had a sick feeling in his stomach.

Bob could remember reading

somewhere about aeroplane pilots blacking out when they made turns that were too fast in their aircraft. This must be what they felt like.

A sort of red haze swam over Bob's eyes, and then everything went black.

Peering from the gallery that ran around at the top of the bowl, Wan Chen gave a grunt of satisfaction. Then he hurried back down a steep wooden ladder, and turned off the power to the motor.

The bowl slowed down and rumbled to a stop. Bob slid down and lay unconscious upon the floor of the bowl.

TAVGA BAY, in Madagascar, is a little seaport where many vessels that trade in the Indian Ocean call for supplies. It is a meeting place for men of many countries.

The Professor had parachuted down some miles inland from the bay. He had had no food, or proper sleep for days when he first arrived, and by the time he had tramped through the rough country to the bay, he was a sorry sight.

His clothes were untidy, and he was in need of a wash. His white hair was sticking up in all directions. But as he plodded through the one street of the town—or village—he attracted no particular attention. Many strange looking men came off the ships that called at Tavga Bay.

He was so tired that his steps faltered somewhat. But he knew exactly where he was going. He had an old friend in Tavga Bay—a partner in crime of many years ago.

He came at last to a shop—a ships' chandler's—where all kinds of cordage and gear for

(Continued on next page)

use on the smaller sorts of ships could be bought. Painted roughly over the door was the name Luigi Pirelli. The Professor went in.

A fat man sitting in the cool shade inside looked up as the Professor entered. Then his jaw dropped and his eyes opened wide.

"Madre Mia! Is it a ghost I see?" he gasped in Italian.

The Professor answered in the same language.

"No ghost, Luigi. Just an old friend."

"What do you want of me? I am an honest man these days!"

"Huh!" snorted the Professor. "Maybe! But it was not always so, Luigi. I want your help!"

"But I tell you—I am an honest man now. I can do nothing for you!"

"I think you can, Luigi. And you will. Or the French authorities on this island will learn the truth about a certain night in Marseilles when the manager of a small bank was killed when his safe was robbed."

"No—No! You would not do that!"

"Oh yes I would, Luigi!"

"What do you want of me?"

"I want a ship, Luigi, and diving gear. I am going looking for sunken treasure. But first, I want food, and sleep. The ship, and a crew to sail her, will do tomorrow. See to it, Luigi!"

WAN CHEN bundled Bob Harley into a sheet of canvas and carried him, slung over one shoulder, from the tent which housed the spinning bowl to his own tent on the fairground. As Chen Wang, he came and went as he pleased, for he owned the fair. For years, as it moved from place to place over the length and breadth of England, it had provided him with a useful cover for many cunning crimes.

He dumped Bob upon the ground in his tent, and pulled the stiff canvas from him. Lotus let out a cry as she saw Bob lying there, and dropped upon her knees beside him.

"What have you done to him?"

"Young friend find speed of

spinning bowl too much. Him wake, bye 'n bye. Just now, he sleep." Wan Chen's eyes narrowed and he looked sharply at his daughter. "How he get here?"

"He must have followed me from London," said Lotus unhappily. "I didn't know about it, though."

"Him follow, others follow also," said Wan Chen softly. "Old Chinese proverb say when wolves coming, wise man get his fastest horse and run. This worthless person does not mean to await arrival of police. Must hurry!"

Wan Chen fetched a small black case, and opened it. It was the sort of travelling case that doctors carry, with many small bottles containing various drugs. He uncorked a bottle of sickly-smelling liquid, tipped some onto a wad of cotton wool and placed this over Bob's nostrils.

"Better him sleep long time. Then make no bother when him come 'long Wan Chen," the Chinaman said.

Ten minutes later the three of them—Wan Chen, Lotus, and the sleeping Bob—left the fairground in a car.

"Wan Chen wish to know many things," said the Chinaman, as he drove away. "Will be much best for young friend, now in dreamland, if dutiful daughter tells father truth. First, where is ivory mandarin?"

Lotus looked at Bob, and wondered what he would have said. The truth, perhaps? It seemed to her that if her father knew, it could not make things any worse than they were now.

"The police have got the ivory mandarin, father," she said, very quietly. "But it won't work any more!"

"Then treasure still safe!"

"I wish it was. I wish that nobody would ever find it. But they will. They know one half of the secret, and they've guessed the rest. So has the Professor. The police think he's on the way to find the treasure now!"

"And where do honourable police think treasure hidden?"

grated Wan Chen.

"They think you hid it aboard the 'Southern Star', and that you sank it with the ship to the bottom of the sea, off the South East coast of Africa."

"So?" Wan Chen exclaimed. He seemed surprised.

Then it was Lotus's turn to be surprised. For her father began to laugh, and laugh, as though the whole thing was the biggest joke in the world.

From the car, Wan changed over to his helicopter, which was hidden upon a deserted farm nearby. Flying in this, he headed South and East.

Bob and Lotus went with him, too. They both knew too much for Wan Chen to dare to leave them.

Darkness was falling as Bob came to himself again. It was several hours later, and the helicopter was dropping down out of the sky over the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean.

Wan Chen landed the machine upon a mountain slope overlooking acres of vineyards. Bob was still weak from the effects of the drug, and put up no struggle when Wan Chen tied his hands behind his back, and then lashed them down to his ankles. Then he thrust Bob into the luggage locker of the machine, and left him there, while he took Lotus with him in search of the man he had come to Corsica to see.

It took Wan Chen only twenty minutes to seek him out, for he had chosen his landing place for the very reason of seeing this man.

Ramon Nogales was a pilot, with a small, fast flying boat with which he made his living. His living was flying tourists upon sight-seeing trips over the islands of the Mediterranean, or at least, that was what he told everybody.

But Wan Chen knew that Ramon's real business was smuggling, between North Africa, Egypt, and Italy and France. There were all kinds of illegal goods he could carry from country to country, hidden in his flying boat, and he could make a handsome profit doing it.

Wan Chen had made use of

Ramon many times in the past, and now he meant to do so again.

From his waistbelt, the old Chinaman produced a palmful of diamonds. It was more than enough to secure the services of Ramon and his plane.

As dawn broke, the seaplane took off, carrying Wan Chen, Bob and Lotus. It headed South over Africa.

Bob was untied, as soon as they were airborne again. Wan Chen gave him food and drink, and he soon began to feel much better again. Now in fact, Bob would have liked nothing better than to attempt an escape.

But there was one thing that stopped him. Wan Chen was cunning enough to keep him away from Lotus. He knew that Bob would never make an escape alone, and leave Lotus behind. And if they got no chance to talk, how could Bob and Lotus plan to do anything together?

They called at various East Coast ports to re-fuel, and to buy certain supplies.

Among the things which Wan Chen bought was a diving outfit.

And for some reason or other, every time the Chinaman looked at the diving gear, he began to chuckle again.

But whatever the joke was, Wan Chen kept it a secret.

Three days later, the flying boat touched down upon the sea. Wan Chen had worked out the exact spot with great care.

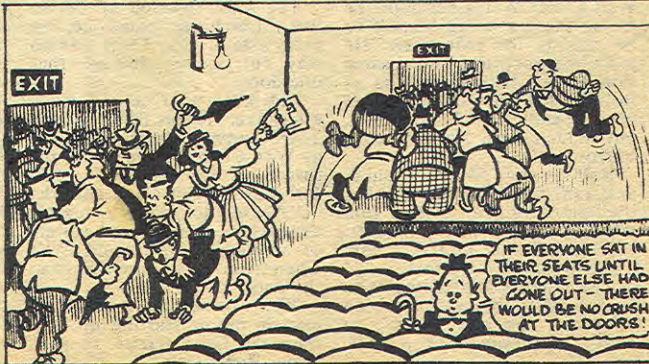
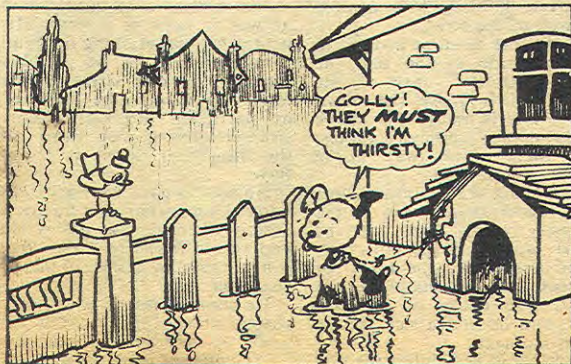
Engines ticking over gently, the machine moved over the surface of the water into the lee of a reef of rocks, that stood up like shining black teeth from the waves. There the pilot cut his engines and heaved out a small anchor to moor the machine.

"No time to lose. Wan Chen have urgent business in Davey Jones's locker!" said Wan Chen, as he stood up in the loading hatch of the flying boat. He scanned the sea as far as it was visible from the low-lying craft. Nothing broke the waves but the shining black rocks some fifty yards away.

Ramon the pilot helped Wan

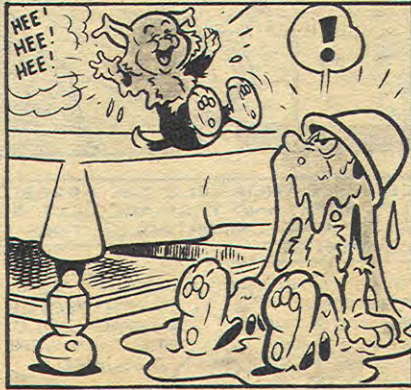
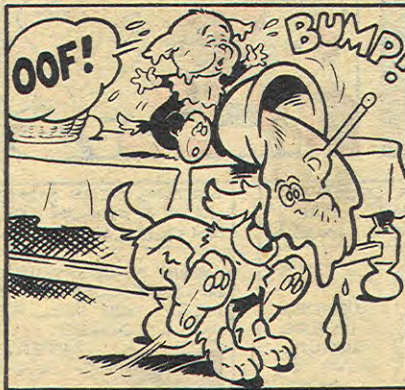
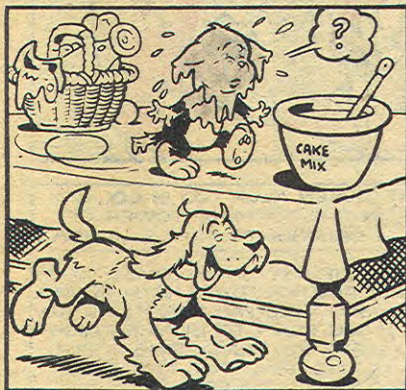
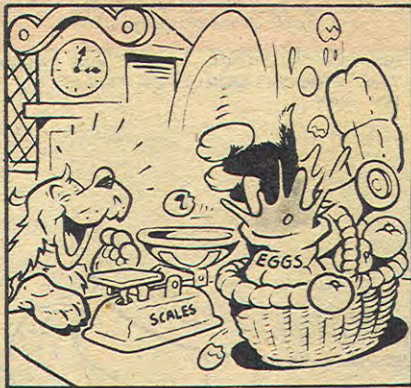
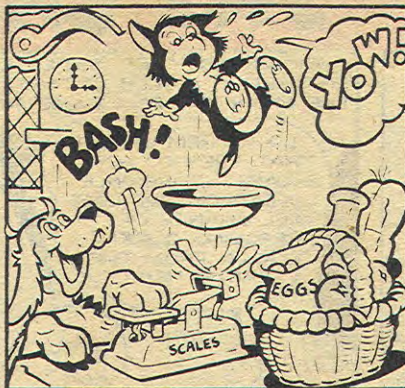
(Continued on next page)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!





SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

Continued from page 8

Chen into the diving gear which he had bought.

As the big, round brass helmet, with its windows of thick glass, was being screwed into place on Wan Chen's head, he was chuckling again. Then he tucked a small green enamelled box under his rubber-clad arm, and went over the side.

Ramon the pilot worked the pump which forced air down a long rubber hose, so that Wan Chen could breathe. With the Chinaman out of the way for the moment, and the pilot busy, Bob and Lotus got the first real chance to talk together that they had had in days.

"What's your father doing, Lotus? What's making him laugh?"

"I don't know, Bob. If the treasure really is down there, I can't see what's funny about it."

"If only Wan Chen wasn't your Dad, Lotus..."

"I know. If it was the Professor down there, you could tackle Ramon there while he's busy at the pump, and the Professor couldn't do a thing, if he wasn't getting any air. But it isn't the Professor. My father knows I couldn't do anything

to hurt him—and I wouldn't let you, either."

The air-pump chugged away, as Wan Chen went on with his mysterious work below the waves. The flying boat rose and fell on the long gentle swell of the water. Sometimes they could see the horizon, and then a trough between two smooth curving waves would come along, and the black rocks would be uncovered, and the flying boat would drop into a sort of watery valley, which prevented them from seeing very far.

This was the reason for their not seeing the boat which was coming towards them from the North West, seeking that same reef of rocks.

The first they knew of it was when Bob heard the sound of the boat's engine.

"Listen—what's that?" he said suddenly.

Lotus listened. "It sounds like a motor-boat—coming this way!"

Ramon had not heard the sound, for he was closer to the chugging of the pump cylinders, but he had heard what Bob said. He looked round at them sharply, and beckoned.

"You pump—I go look!" he said briefly.

Lotus and Bob took the two big wheel-handles of the pump, and turned. How Bob wished now that the man below was

the Professor, and not Wan Chen!

Ramon hoisted himself up through a small hatch in the roof of the fuselage, and stood upright on top of the 'plane, looking around. Bob and Lotus heard him give a sharp cry, and then he ran out towards the tip of one wing.

The next moment the motor-boat they had heard came into view. It was a grimy and ancient motor-fishing vessel. Upon its deck, Bob could see a handful of coloured Lascar seamen. But it was the man at the bridge who took his eye most.

It was the Professor!

Lotus had seen him too. "Quickly!" she gasped. "We must pull my father up! Quickly—hurry!"

The Professor steered the boat around so that it's deck-rail scraped the nearer wing-tip. Then he barked an order. Two of the Lascars leaped onto the wing, and the next moment were battling hand to hand with Ramon, the pilot.

Bob and Lotus dragged in the rope that would bring Wan Chen up from the depths.

"Hurry Bob—hurry! We need my father's help—and if the Professor gets aboard before we get him up, he'll let my father stay down there—forever!"

The two Lascars had got the better of Ramon by now, and in answer to a shouted order from

the Professor, one of the two dark skinned seamen broke loose from the struggle.

The man's hand went to his belt, and when it swung up again, it was holding a small axe.

There was a flash of sunlight on the steel of the axe-head, as the man hurled it towards Bob and Lotus.

"Duck!" yelled Bob, and pulled Lotus down out of the open hatchway.

There was a clanging thud as the axe hit the side of the machine, and then the rope which supported Wan Chen in his diving suit went slack.

The sharp flying axe, hurled with deadly aim, had cut right through it.

Wan Chen was helpless beneath the waves!

Across the water a chuckle of triumph reached them from the Professor!

The next instant both Bob and Lotus were struggling in the grip of a pair of dark-skinned Lascar sailors. Unarmed, they were no match for the grown men. They were quickly overpowered.

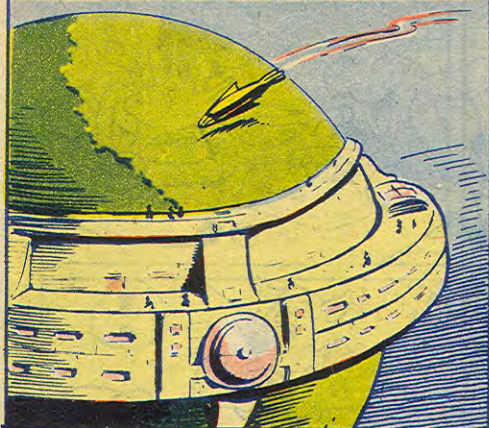
Ramon the pilot fared no better, and now there was nobody to work the pump that forced air down the rubber pipe to Wan Chen in his diving suit. For the moment, the Professor had triumphed!

Next week: Disaster beneath the waves!

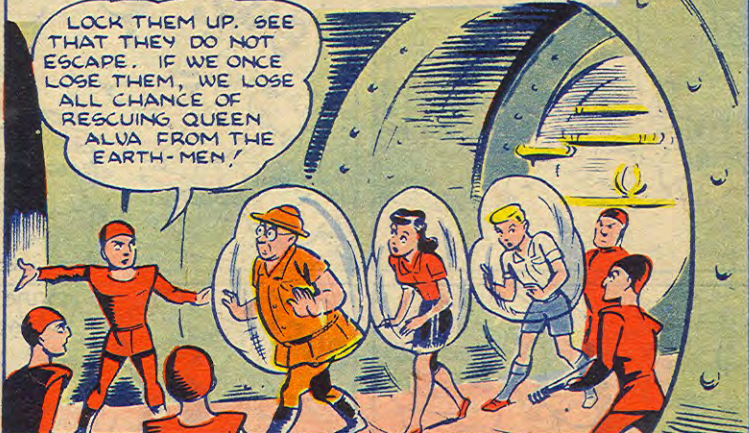
Peter and Ann, with their inventor uncle, Professor Jolly, have landed on one of the tiny worlds of the Milky Way. They are made welcome and have a wonderful time. But Prince Grimbald, the cousin of Queen Alva, kidnaps her and the blame falls on the three explorers!

THE SKY EXPLORERS

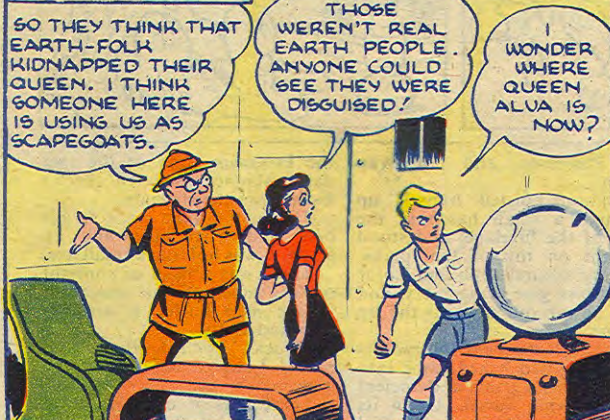
AT GRIMBOLD'S ORDERS, THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE PRISON-WORLD OF THE MILKY WAY.



THEY ARE MARCHED INSIDE. EACH ONE IS ENCASED IN A BLOB OF "ARRESTOR JELLY" WHICH THE MILKY WAY POLICE USE INSTEAD OF HANDCUFFS.



ONCE INSIDE THEIR CELL, THE ARRESTOR JELLY MELTS AWAY, AND THEY ARE LEFT ALONE. THE CELL IS VERY COMFORTABLE. THEY EVEN HAVE A TELEVISION SET.



AT THIS VERY MOMENT, QUEEN ALVA TOO IS LOCKED UP IN A PRISON CELL, IN THE TOPMOST TOWER OF AN OLD CASTLE WHICH BELONGS TO PRINCE GRIMBOLD.

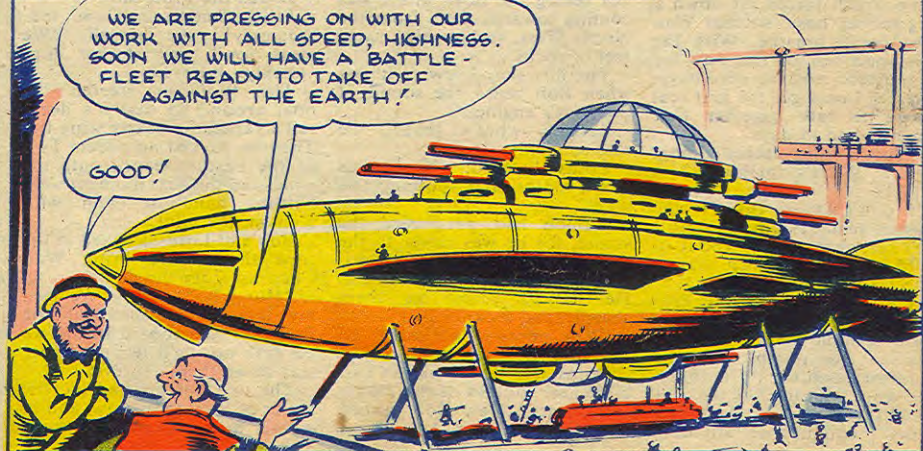


MEANWHILE PRINCE GRIMBOLD IS BUSY ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ AND SO, DEAR PEOPLE OF THE MILKY WAY, I SHALL BE YOUR KING UNTIL OUR BELOVED QUEEN IS RESCUED. IN CASE THESE EARTH-MEN SHOULD ATTACK US AGAIN, I HAVE GIVEN ORDERS FOR TWENTY NEW SPACE-BATTLESHIPS TO BE BUILT AT ONCE ~ ~ ~



AND SO, ON GRIMBOLD'S ORDERS, THE PEACEFUL FACTORIES OF THE MILKY WAY WORLDS ARE PUT TO WARLIKE WORK.



I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THESE FLYING BATTLE-SHIPS ARE MANNED BY MEN LOYAL TO ME, VARIN. THEN IT WON'T MATTER IF THEY DO FIND THEIR PRECIOUS QUEEN AGAIN. I SHALL BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE UNIVERSE!



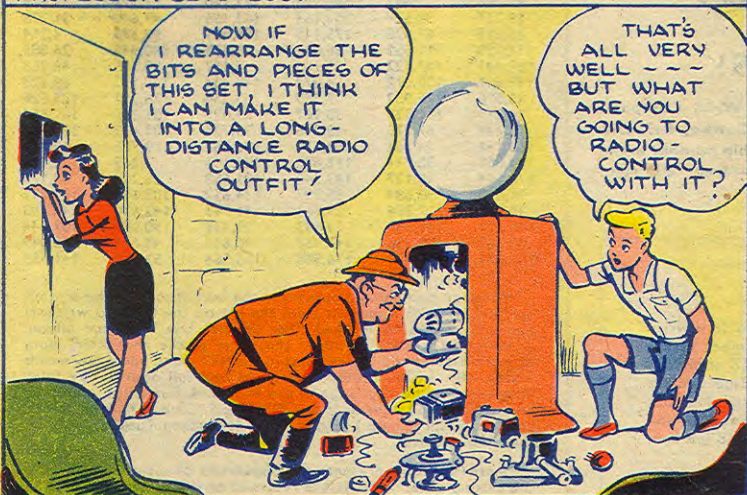
SO THE DAYS GO BY. IN THE CELL ON THE PRISON-WORLD, THE PROFESSOR HAS AN IDEA.



SO THEY WATCH, AND WHEN THE GUARD LOOKS IN ~ ~ ~ ~



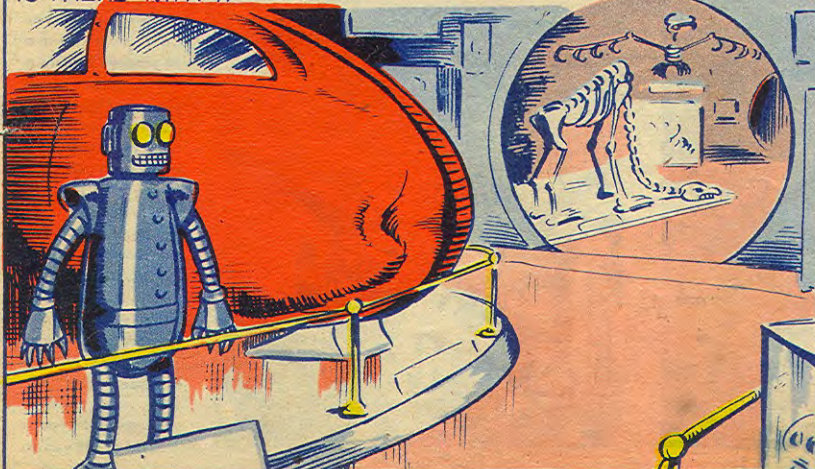
BUT AS SOON AS HE GOES ON HIS WAY AGAIN, THE PROFESSOR GETS BUSY ~ ~ ~



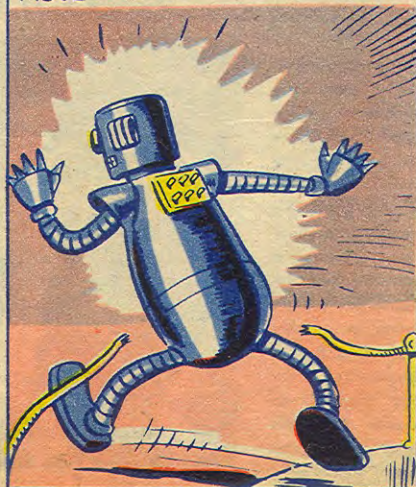
THE MECHANICAL MAN WHICH I BUILT BACK ON EARTH IS STILL IN OUR SPACE-SHIP. HE WORKS BY RADIO --- AND IF I CAN JUST TUNE IN TO HIS WAVE-LENGTH, I THINK I CAN MAKE HIM RESCUE US!



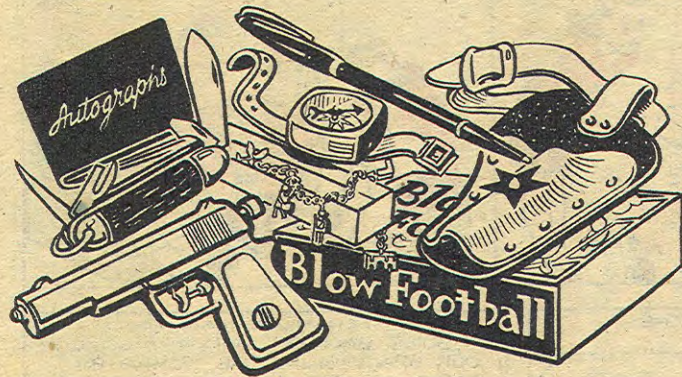
THE PROFESSOR'S SPACE-SHIP -- SOMEWHAT THE WORSE FOR WEAR -- HAS BEEN PUT IN THE IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF THE MILKY WAY FOLK --- AND THE MECHANICAL MAN IS THERE WITH IT ---



THAT NIGHT, THE MECHANICAL MAN SUDDENLY STARTS TO MOVE ~ ~ ~ ~



THE COMET ENGINE SPOTTERS CLUB



THE CLUB PRESENTS!

LOOK at those presents above! There's a Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack Knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, Cowboy Belt and Holster, and a Charm Bracelet. If you can see your membership number in the list on the right then you can choose any one of these presents—free. But read the full instructions on how to claim first.

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 our Club fun and, of course, watch for your number to appear.

Fun, Interests and Lots of Club Presents, FREE!

ENGINE Spotters! Get out your Club Albums—now. Then look at the list of numbers below. Is any one the same as that printed on the back of your Album? If it is, then read on and see how to claim your free present!

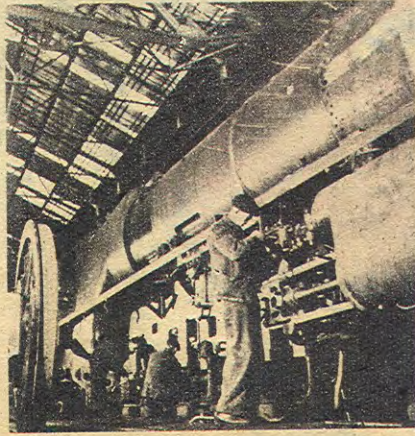
114,985	91,671	87,976	58,574	15,739	158,352
159,340	31,402	125,968	142,346	201,654	94,871
50,622	47,471	208,967	200,570	142,777	59,850
94,609	52,382	84,219	2,227	84,473	73,370
29,371	151,073	68,967	88,907	16,577	31,424
3,561	176,024	19,430	159,079	53,782	121,752
144,226	93,613	49,890	111,371	142,672	134,965
201,543	53,833	96,648	6,893	159,377	161,448
83,266	2,442	146,948	47,150	17,271	84,679
19,237	58,524	204,163	163,355	47,649	31,278
25,615	67,528	175,143	188,481	99,375	4,214
114,139	11,551	56,012	36,675	140,445	26,886
197,441	117,122	19,162	7,117	99,555	48,264
187,661	130,072	4,873	148,454	125,172	68,223
45,516	175,932	7,359	3,254	176,257	125,829
26,219	131,222	30,967	49,429	181,266	182,654
13,424	67,170	48,746	99,774	101,439	194,864
160,161	14,162	94,576	186,367	19,785	68,772
194,051	30,734	112,872	188,153	7,265	55,258
178,164	48,127	143,340	181,558	38,220	58,178
91,350	59,684	85,297	134,652	108,614	107,751
30,369	117,376	29,564	41,743	142,638	144,743
116,979	141,549	19,693	29,433	160,289	107,144
49,367	155,756	147,457	196,646	48,691	53,049
161,375	176,933	176,588	106,564	52,630	141,753

Was your membership number in the list? If so then this is what to do. 1. Choose a present from the list on the left and write its name in the space marked "For Official Use" in your album. 2. Write on a piece of paper the name of the character, story or picture-story you like the best in COMET—and add a few words saying why. 3. Check that your name and full address are filled in on the Membership page of the Album. 4. Put a 2½d. stamp on an envelope and address it to COMET E.S. Club, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) to arrive not later than Tuesday, July 29, the Closing Date.

Please note that presents are dispatched about one week after the closing date. Albums are returned at the same time.

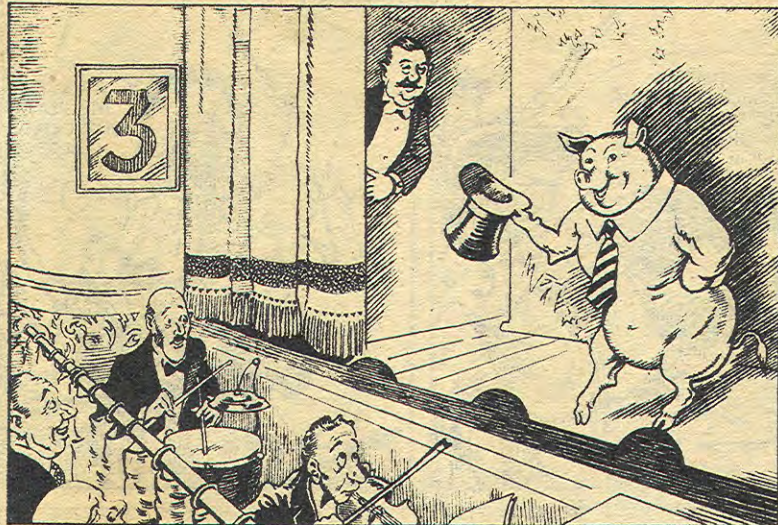
A VISIT TO A LOCO WORKS

Here is an engineer putting the finishing touches to a loco boiler. Those tubes you can see are called flues, and the fire from the firebox can flow right through them, so that the engine can get up steam as quickly as possible. By the way, did you know that engine men usually call the boiler of an engine the "kettle"?



In this picture you can see some engineers fitting a valve gear to a loco. Both of these pictures were taken in the loco works at Crewe. Many of the famous engines have been built here and it is the birthplace of most of the Royal Scots. This is one of the largest loco works in the world and has been open since 1843, and that, if you count it up, is a total of 109 years.

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Tubby Tweaks was very cheerful—
His hearers got a cheerful earful!

THE ONE AND ONLY TALKING PIG

THERE doesn't seem to be very much to eat here!" grunted Tubby Tweaks, the pig.

Tubby was rooting around in the bottom of a hedgerow on the road outside Meadowsweet Farm. Tubby hadn't always been a pig. Not so very long ago he had been a fat schoolboy—one of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole lot of them had felt ill. So Doctor Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them all a dose of medicine.

But Doctor Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gentleman that you could meet anywhere. He had got his bottles mixed up, and instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine he had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid he had invented for changing people into 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 Doctor Dozey could find some liquid which would change them all back to their proper selves again.

There was no need for Tubby to be rooting about in the hedgerows at all, for he got plenty to eat at Meadowsweet Farm. But Tubby had been a very greedy schoolboy, and now that he had been changed into a pig, he was a very greedy pig.

Taking his snout from out the bottom of the hedge, he turned

his great, fat self about and started off across the road. As he did so, however, a motor-car came whizzing swiftly round a bend in the road.

"Look out, you stupid ass!" yelled Tubby, making a frantic leap to get out of the way.

The motor-car swerved wildly, missing Tubby by inches. Then it came to a slithering stop with an ear-splitting screeching of brakes.

Sitting at the wheel of the car was a well-dressed man, with close-set eyes and a cunning sort of face. At the moment, however, his close-set eyes were nearly sticking out of his head as he sat staring at Tubby in open-mouthed amazement.

"Did—did you speak?" he gasped.

"Did I speak?" roared Tubby, for although he had been changed into a pig he could still speak in his human voice. "I should jolly well think I did speak, you silly fool. What the thump d'you mean by driving like that? You nearly ran me over, dash it!"

The man in the car passed the back of his hand weakly across his eyes, then gaped at Tubby again.

"There's no such thing as a talking pig!" he gasped.

"Oh, isn't there?" swaggered Tubby. "That's all you jolly well know!"

Now Tubby was being very naughty indeed in talking to the man. For Dr. Grunter, the head-master in charge of the boys, had given them the strictest orders against talking to anybody outside the farm.

Dr. Grunter, who had been changed into a savage-looking polar bear, wanted the whole thing kept secret until he and the boys had been changed back again to their proper

selves. For he knew jolly well that if it ever leaked out, he and the boys would be the laughing stock of every school in the country.

But Tubby had got such a fright at being so nearly run over that he didn't care whether the man in the car knew that he could talk or not.

That gentleman was still staring at Tubby as though he couldn't believe his eyes. Then he said: "Who—who d'you belong to?"

"What d'you mean—who do I belong to?" retorted Tubby scornfully. "I belong to myself, that's who I jolly well belong to!"

"I see!" said the man, a quiver of eagerness in his voice. "Well, d'you know what? I can make your fortune for you!"

"Eh?" exclaimed Tubby. "My name's Snitch," went on the man more eagerly than ever. "Ephraim Snitch. I'm a theatrical agent—"

"What's a theatrical agent?" cut in Tubby.

"He's a man that fixes up acts and things for the theatres and music-halls," explained Mr. Snitch swiftly. "That's me. I can put you on the stage as the One and Only Talking Pig in the World, and make your fortune for you. What about it? I can fix you up to appear this very evening at the Empire Theatre at Market Gosling!"

Tubby's eyes glistened. He'd always wanted to go on the stage.

"I wouldn't mind going on the stage," he said. "How much would I get?"

"Oh, all the grub you could eat," replied Mr. Snitch eagerly. "Lashings of lovely pig swill, or whatever it is that you eat."

"Yes, I'd want the eats," said Tubby. "But what about the money?"

"But pigs don't want money," argued Mr. Snitch. "I'll look after the money."

"Oh, no, you won't!" roared Tubby. "I'll look after the blessed money!"

"Yes, all right—all right!" cried Mr. Snitch hastily. "You can have all the money you want!"

"Coo!" thought Tubby. But there were still one or two other things to be settled.

"Where'll I stay?" he demanded.

"Oh, in the best sties I can find for you," said Mr. Snitch.

"Oh, no, you won't!" roared Tubby. "I'm not going to stay in nasty, smelly sties. I'll stay at the very best hotels, see?"

"Yes, yes, I see!" cried Mr. Snitch, who was so keen to get hold of Tubby as a music-hall turn that he'd have agreed to anything. "You can stay at the best hotels if you want to."

"I do!" snorted Tubby. "And in the best bedroom!"

"Yes, yes, you'll have the best bedroom!" cried Mr. Snitch.

"Righto!" announced Tubby. "I'm game!"

"That's fine!" said Mr. Snitch. "You'll never regret it. Hop in!" He opened the door of the car and Tubby clumsily hoisted his fat self inside. Then slam went the door and away went the car, bearing Tubby and the jubilant Mr. Snitch towards the town of Market Gosling.

True to his promise, Mr. Snitch fixed Tubby up to appear that night at the Empire Theatre. Special bills advertising the One and Only Talking Pig in the World were quickly printed and the whole town plastered with them. The result was that the theatre that evening was packed to the very doors.

Tubby, being considered a better attraction than any of the other acts, came on in the second half of the programme. As he came prancing gaily on to the stage on his hind trotters with a shiny top hat on his head and a gold-mounted stick under one of his front trotters, the audience gaped in sheer astonishment. But they absolutely gasped when Tubby lifted up his voice and warbled:

"I'm a Talking Pig,
As you can see;
I can dance a jig,
Just you watch me!"

He started to do a clumsy sort of dance. But the audience were so pleased and astounded to see a real talking pig that they broke into a thunder of applause which not only delighted Tubby, but made Mr. Snitch, standing in the wings, chortle with glee.

"Thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen!" cried Tubby. "As you see, I'm the One and Only Talking Pig in the World. What's more I'm very clever, and I'll prove it. Would any lady or gentleman like to ask me any questions about history or general knowledge?"

"Yes, I would!" yelled a voice. "What's old Grunter going to say to you?"

Tubby gave a violent start. "Oh, crumbs!" he groaned to himself. "That's Alf, one of the farm-hands from Meadowsweet Farm. I bet the rotter'll go and tell old Grunter!"

(This means trouble for Tubby! Grunter is bound to be after him, as you'll see next week!)

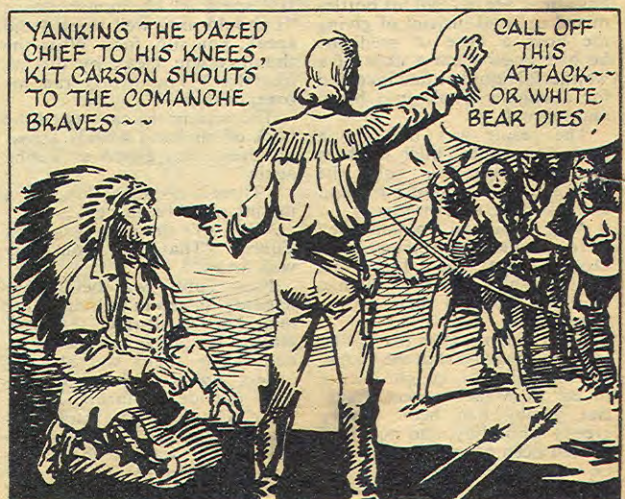
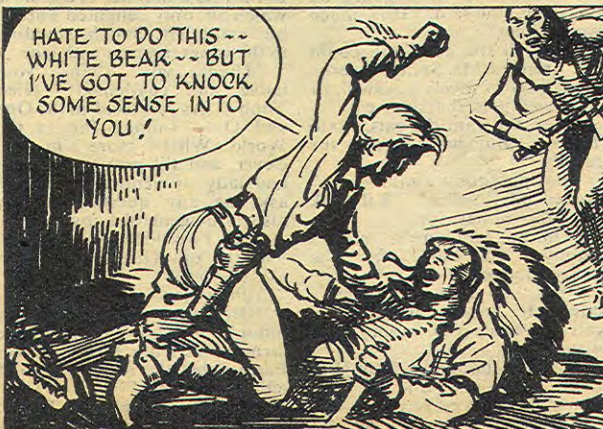
KIT CARSON AND THE REDSKIN RISING

Two gun-runners, Kurt Hogen and Slugger Shayne, finding no market for their goods, start an Indian rising. The Indians attack Fort Benson. Inside the Fort they are running short of men and bullets but help should be on the way. Kit Carson makes a daring dash through the attacking Indians and into the Fort with a message. That message says that no help is coming!

HECK! THAT'S GREAT CHIEF WHITE BEAR AND HIS DAUGHTER -- THE WARRIOR MAIDEN -- LEADING THE ATTACK!

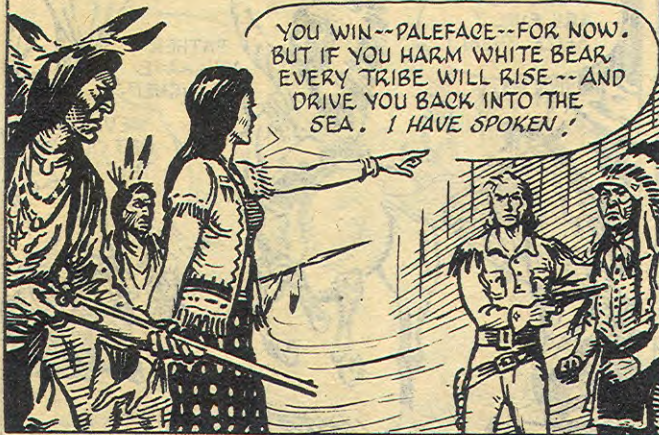
KILL THE PALEFACES!

AVENGE THE DEATH OF KICKING HORSE!



BUT CAN HE STOP THE GUN-RUNNERS?

FOR ONE TERRIBLE MOMENT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE WARRIORS WILL IGNORE KIT'S THREAT. BUT THEN THE WARRIOR MAIDEN SPEAKS--



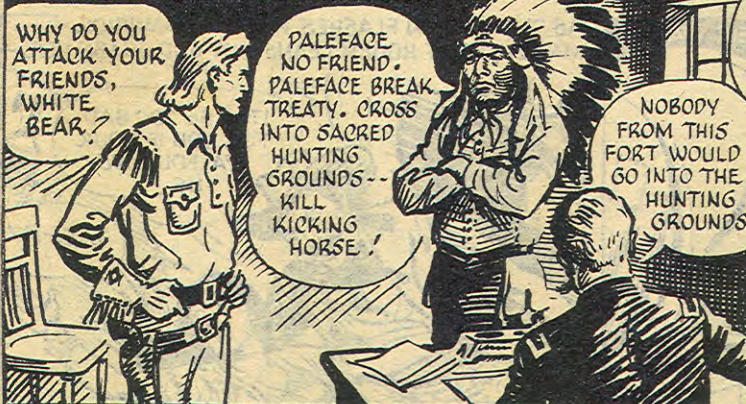
YOU WIN--PALEFACE--FOR NOW. BUT IF YOU HARM WHITE BEAR, EVERY TRIBE WILL RISE--AND DRIVE YOU BACK INTO THE SEA. I HAVE SPOKEN.

WITH MUCH MUTTERING, THE WAR BEDECKED INDIANS RETURN TO THEIR VILLAGES--



THAT'S HELD THEM FOR A WHILE! NOW WE'RE GOING TO POW-WOW, CHIEF!

MINUTES LATER--INSIDE THE FORT.



WHY DO YOU ATTACK YOUR FRIENDS, WHITE BEAR?

PALEFACE. NO FRIEND. PALEFACE BREAK TREATY. CROSS INTO SACRED HUNTING GROUNDS-- KILL KICKING HORSE.

NOBODY FROM THIS FORT WOULD GO INTO THE HUNTING GROUNDS!

IT IS BAD WHITE MEN WHO DO THESE THINGS-- AND THEY WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. GO BACK AND TELL YOUR BRAVES!

IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH ALL WILL BE WELL. BUT IF BADMEN NOT CAUGHT-- BRAVES WILL RISE AGAIN!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER-- CHIEF WHITE BEAR AND KIT CARSON SET OUT FOR THE COMANCHE VILLAGE.



MEANWHILE, KURT HOGEN AND SLUGGER SHAYNE ARE STIRRING UP MORE TROUBLE.

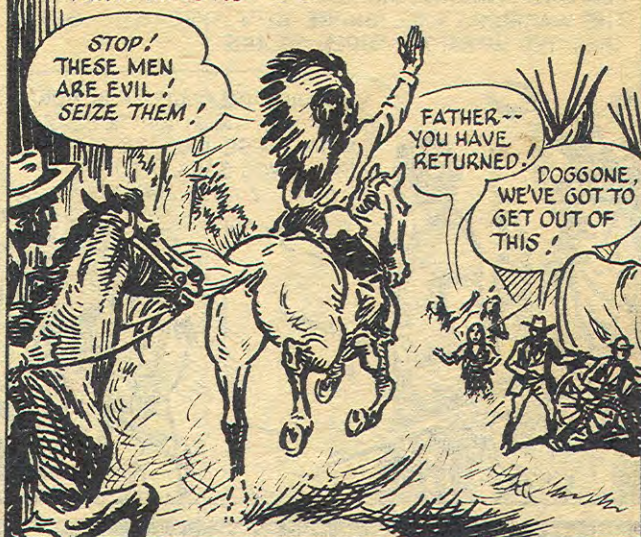


THE PALEFACE SOLDIERS WILL KILL WHITE BEAR-- YOU WILL HAVE TO MAKE WAR. I HAVE MANY RIFLES HERE TO TRADE FOR GOLD!

BUT JUST THEN, KIT CARSON AND THE GREAT CHIEF REACH THE EDGE OF THE CAMP ~~~



NEXT MINUTE ~~~



IN A FLASH, THE TWO CROOKS LEAP FOR THEIR WAGON



AS THE WAGON FLASHES PAST THE WARRIOR MAIDEN, KURT HOGEN LEANS OUT AND GRABS HER ~



AS THE TWO GUN-RUNNERS THUNDER OFF WITH THEIR PRISONER, KIT CARSON SWINGS HIS HORSE ROUND ~



WHEN THE SCARECROW COMES TO LIFE SO DOES THE FARMER!

MICK THE MOON BOY

"GEE! So this is California!" Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old hill-billy boy, gazed in wonder at the green, gently-curving hills and the lush, wooded valleys. It was very different from his sunbaked homeland in America's Far West.

"Yes, this is California. And, according to my calculations, we should be near one of the big farming areas," replied his companion. With Hank was a tall, good looking boy of about sixteen. The strangest thing about him was his eyes, which were a peculiar luminous shade of green very large, and almond shaped. This was Mick, a boy from the Moon, whose flying saucer had crashed in the desert near Hank's home. The two boys had become firm friends and, since then, Mick the Moon Boy had led Hank into many strange adventures, travelling the world to study the ways of Earth people.

"Jeepers! I'm hungry!" Hank exclaimed. "All this travelling sure gives a feller an appetite!"

Mick lifted his face to the breeze and sniffed. "I can smell cooking," he declared. "Stewed rabbit, I think. Mmm . . . , delicious!"

"Who'd be cooking rabbit out here in the open?" Hank demanded. "I don't see no folks around."

"I don't know," Mick replied. "Let's find out. Up you get!"

Without waiting for further instructions, Hank climbed onto his friend's back. The Moon Boy opened the front of his shirt to reveal a small box which was strapped on his chest, over a close-fitting, one-piece garment of green, flexible metal. He pressed one of the many buttons on the box and instantly his feet left the ground. With Hank clinging to his back, Mick was floating a couple of yards above the earth.

Hank was used to this sort of thing by now. Mick had explained how the Moon people were several hundreds of years ahead of those on Earth when it came to scientific inventions, which was why Mick could do many things which seemed like magic—thanks to his knowledge of Moon super-science.

When he had gained enough height, Mick levelled out, parallel with the earth, and zoomed across the countryside, following the tantalising smell of cooking rabbit. They came to a fold in the rolling hills, and Mick stopped short, so suddenly that Hank very nearly shot clean over his head. Beneath them, crouched behind a clump of trees, two raggedly dressed men were kneeling by a fire of sticks, over which hung a steaming billy-can. "We'd better land before they spot us," Mick said. "Otherwise they'll think they're



"Stop! Stop! Leave me alone!" cried the farmer. "Mean old skinflint!" shouted the scarecrow. "Stingy old miser!" And between every shout the ash stick dusted the back of the miserly old farmer.

seeing things." He pressed another button on the box on his chest, and they sank downwards until Mick landed softly on the grass. Hank scrambled down and they walked towards the two men.

They didn't seem to be getting on very well with their fire. Both had their faces close to the sticks, their cheeks puffed out, as they blew in an effort to produce a flame. But all that happened was a thin wisp of smoke which grew thinner every second. As he approached, Hank saw the billy-can had gone off the boil.

The men looked up as the boys walked across the springy turf towards them, and it was all that Hank and Mick could do to keep themselves from laughing aloud. In all their travels they had never seen two odder figures.

One of the men was tall and very thin and everything about him seemed to droop. He had a long, droopy nose and a droopy grey moustache which hung down to his chin. His mouth drooped sadly at the corners and his eyelids drooped as though he could hardly keep awake. On his head was an old, soft hat with a wide, droopy brim. He was wearing three overcoats, one on top of the other, four jackets beneath them, and then several pullovers and cardigans. And all the garments were threadbare and torn. He had on a ragged pair of trousers, held up with string, and his long, bony toes stuck out of the ends of his old boots.

His companion was just the

opposite in shape, although he wore the same kind of assortment of ragged old clothes. But he was short and fat—so short and fat that he was almost round. He had a jolly round red face with a little snub nose, dark glistening eyes and rosy cheeks. All the buttons had burst off the various coats and waistcoats which he wore, and they were now tied together across his bulging tummy with bits of wire and odd lengths of string. On top of his round head he wore a battered straw hat—several sizes too small for him.

"Good afternoon," Mick said politely. "We noticed the smell of cooking and wondered whether you might have a little food to spare."

"You're out o' luck, chum," the fat one replied. "It rained last night and the wood's all wet. We can't get enough heat to finish cooking the rabbit. Fair starvin' I am, an' all!"

"You're always hungry," the other man put in, in a tired mournful voice. He looked up at Hank and Mick. "Greedy Gus, they call him."

"It's all very well for you," the fat one replied. "You ain't never hungry, 'cos you sleep so much. Lazy Leonard they calls him, chums."

"Mick!" Hank whispered to his friend. "Can't you think of a way of cooking that rabbit? The smell of it is sure making my mouth water!"

"It shouldn't be too difficult," Mick replied. "Excuse me," he said to the two men, and lifted the billy-can from the feebly-smouldering fire. With a knife

from his belt he scraped a hole in the ground and popped the can inside, with the lid on.

"Hey! What are you up to?" the fat man demanded. "Buryin' my dinner! What's the idea?"

"You'll see," Mick replied shortly. He put his hand in his pocket and brought it out with what looked like a small torch battery with two wires hanging from it. He buried the ends of the wires in the ground close to the billy-can.

Greedy Gus laughed. "Goin' to cook by electricity?" he asked scornfully.

"Yes," Mick replied. What Gus didn't know was that the battery was charged with special Moon electricity, thousands of times more powerful than the ordinary kind. Mick switched on: immediately there was a sizzling sound from the buried pot and the grass for a yard all round it shrivelled up and turned a brown, scorched colour. After a second, Mick switched off, and cautiously lifted the can with a stick. When he knocked the lid off, the rabbit was cooked to a turn.

"Corks!" Lazy Leonard exclaimed. "I'd never have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. You two had better stay for dinner now."

"Gee, thanks a lot!" Hank replied. "I'm rarin' to go!" And in less than a minute all four were tucking in.

"Are you hoboes?" Hank asked, licking the last of the gravy from his fingers.

"Yeah, that's right," Gus (Continued on next page)

replied. Are you on the road too, chums?"

Mick nodded, his mouth full of stew.

Leonard leaned forward. "Then take our advice," he said. "Don't go anywhere near Scrounger's Farm. Gus and I called there this morning and asked Farmer Scrounger if we could do an odd job in exchange for a bite to eat. He promised to give us a pie if we'd paint his fence. It was terrible hard work, but we finished it in the end. Then he said he'd changed his mind, and we'd have to clean the stable as well if we wanted the pie. By then I was dead tired, but Gus wanted that pie so bad we did that job too. When we'd finished, he said we still couldn't have the pie until we'd shifted a load of straw into the barn. I could hardly keep my eyes open, but we managed it somehow. Then Gus asked him for the pie. And do you know what he said?"

"No," Hank replied. "What did he say?"

"He said we could have it if we sawed up a hundred logs for him!" Gus burst out indignantly. "The mean old perisher!"

"What did you do?" Mick asked.

"We'd had enough," Leonard told him. "We came up here and caught a rabbit instead." He stretched his long arms above his head and lay down on the turf. In a minute his moustache was fluttering in time with his snores. He was fast asleep.

Mick stood up. "Come on, Hank," he said. "I think this Farmer Scrounger needs a lesson. Where does he live, Gus?"

Gus pointed to a huddle of buildings in the valley. "Down there," he replied. "But I wouldn't go near it if I was you."

"Don't you worry," Hank said. "Mick can take care of that mean hombre. So long!"

"Cheerio, chums!" Gus said. He watched them walk away across the valley, and then grabbed the billy-can to see if there was anything left in it.

Half an hour later, Mick and Hank knocked on Farmer

Scrounger's door. The farmer himself came to open it. "Yes?" he said snappily. He had a face like a sharpened hatchet and narrow, mean eyes.

"Please, mister," Hank asked, "do you have any odd jobs we could do? We're awful hungry."

Farmer Scrounger's eyes glittered craftily. "Yes, boys," he answered. "If you saw up those logs in the yard, I'll give you a lovely pie." He shut the door. The boys walked over to the yard and Mick took out his knife. Then he took a small tin from his pocket and spread some paste from the tin along the blade.

"This is Moon sharpening paste," he explained to Hank. "It makes a knife sharper than anything known to Earth people. Watch!" He slashed with his knife at the nearest length of wood—and a neatly cut log fell to the ground. Mick's knife had sliced through the tough oak as easily as though it had been butter!

In two minutes the boys were knocking on the farmer's door again. "We've finished that job," Mick said. "Can we have the pie now?"

At first Farmer Scrounger couldn't believe that they had cut all those logs, and when he went to see, he rubbed his eyes. But he soon got over his surprise. "You can't have the pie yet," he declared. "First you must go out to the wheat field and pull thistles for a couple of hours!"

"Leonard and Gus weren't fooling," Hank said when they reached the field. "This Scrounger guy is the meanest character I ever met!"

But Mick wasn't listening. He had gone straight to an old scarecrow which stood in the middle of the field. When Hank caught up with him, the Moon boy was pulling the scarecrow out of the ground. "What's the idea?" Hank asked, puzzled.

"This scarecrow will scare old man Scrounger before long!" Mick assured him. "I'm going to make myself invisible and make the scarecrow come to life. Mick made himself invisible and told Hank to go and watch what happened when he took

the scarecrow to the farm.

Hank hid himself near the house. Presently he saw an astounding sight. Stumping along the path towards the front door was the ragged old scarecrow, a thick ash stick grasped in its straw hand. It mounted the steps and pounded the knocker. After a moment the door opened and Farmer Scrounger stepped on to the porch. As Hank watched he saw the farmer's face take on an angry glare as he thought another tramp had come to pester him. And then, recognising his own scarecrow standing on his doorstep, the farmer's hair stood on end.

"Gug-gug-go away!" he choked.

"You're a mean old skinflint!" the scarecrow seemed to say. "Take that!" And the arm holding the stick swung up and thwacked Farmer Scrounger across the shoulders, raising dust from his jacket!

The farmer gave a howl and dodged past the scarecrow, running down towards the gate. But the scarecrow was too quick for him. It chased him three times round the farmyard, while hens and ducks flew, squawking, from underfoot, and all the other animals, mooing and and neighing and baa-ing and braying and barking, joined in the din.

"Mean old skinflint!" shouted the scarecrow. "Cheat! Liar! Promise-breaker! Stingy old miser!" And between every shout the ash stick dusted the back of Scrounger's jacket.

"Stop! Stop! Leave me alone!" cried the farmer. He looked over his shoulder at the terrifying creature that was chasing him. And because he wasn't looking where he was going, he tripped over a squealing piglet that had scampered out to see what all the noise was about, lost his balance and fell headlong into the horse trough!

Spitting, he came to the surface and sat up in the cold water. The scarecrow was leaning over him, holding the stick threateningly. "I've a jolly good mind to push you under again," said Mick's voice through the

scarecrow's mouth.

"Nice scarecrow!" babbled the farmer. "Handsome scarecrow! Please go back to your field like a good scarecrow! Go away and leave me alone and I'll do anything you like. I'll even buy you a new coat!"

"I don't want a new coat," the scarecrow snapped. "But will you promise never to be a stingy old skinflint again?"

"Y-y-yes, I p-p-promise," the farmer said, his teeth chattering with cold and fright.

"And will you promise to give a pie to every hobo who calls at your door?" the scarecrow demanded.

"Every hobo?" Farmer Scrounger wailed.

"Every hobo," the scarecrow repeated firmly. "And what's more, if you make them do more than a fair share of work for it, I'll come out of the field and chase you round the farmyard until you're black and blue!"

"Very well," the farmer said miserably. "I promise."

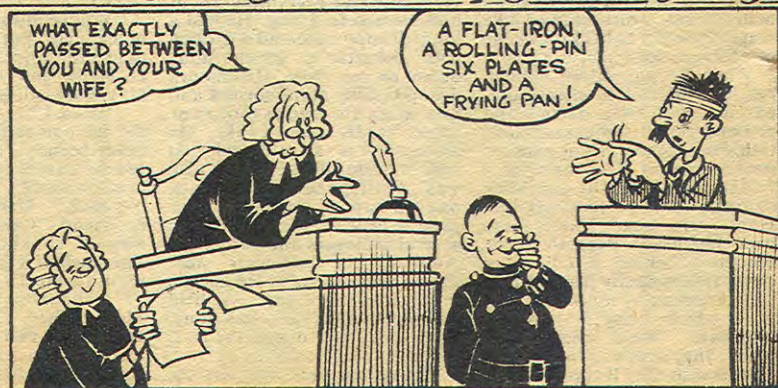
The scarecrow stepped back. "I'm going back to my field now," it said. "Don't forget, if you break your promise—I'll be after you!" And it stumped away out of sight.

When the scarecrow was back in its proper place, Mick crept away with Hank. "I think we've made a new man of Farmer Scrounger," he said. "Climb on my back, Hank. I've got the itch to see some more of California."

Hank clung to his friends' shoulders and the Moon Boy pressed a button on his chest and soared upwards. Soon they were flying over the dales and out of sight.

But to this day every hobo for miles around calls at Scrounger's Farm. They all say that old man Scrounger gives away the most delicious pies for the simplest little jobs. And as for Farmer Scrounger himself, whenever he thinks of breaking his promise and going back to his mean old ways, he looks across the fields at his ragged old scarecrow—and thinks again! Next week our two pals arrive in Hollywood, the land of films!

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

LAST WEEK A FISHERMAN FISHED AN OLD BRONZE AGE SWORD OUT OF THE RIVER! SO WE WILL SPEND THIS AFTERNOON BY THE WATERS' EDGE LOOKING FOR HISTORICAL RELICS.

COO! AND WE WERE GOING TO PLAY CRICKET!

I WILL TOSS THE WEIGHTED BASKET INTO THE RIVER AND YOU LADS CAN DRAG IT BACK!

TRUST US TO DO THE HARD WORK, CUTHBERT!

HEAVE, CUTHBERT!

I HOPE WE FIND A RELIC THEN WE CAN GO AND PLAY CRICKET!!

OH DEAR! I'M SO EXCITED I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO PEEP IN THE BASKET!

COO! OLD TWIZZLE MUST HAVE SPOTTED SOMETHING, CLAUDE. HE'S GOT HIS HEAD RIGHT IN THE BASKET!

GOSH!

GLUG!

O CALAMITY! I MUST RETIRE AND CHANGE MY ATTIRE! IN THE MEANTIME YOU WILL CARRY ON DRAGGING!

YES, SIR!

COO! LOOK AT THOSE KIDS MUCKING UP THE TOW PATH! I'D BETTER PUT A STOP TO IT!

NO LUCK, CLAUDE! SAVING THE BASKET OVER YOUR HEAD! IT'LL GO FURTHER, CUTHBERT!

OY! OW!

CRUMBS!

OO-ER!!

OO! HELP!

HOLD ONTO THE BASKET, SIR! WE'LL RESCUE YOU!

DEAR ME! WHAT IS THE EXCITEMENT, BOYS? HAVE YOU DRAGGED UP AN OLD ROMAN RELIC IN MY ABSENCE?

GLUG!

ROMAN RELIC, AM I? YOU OLD FOSSIL! I'LL TEACH YOU TO TEACH YOUR BOYS TO MUCK UP THE TOWPATH!

COO! THE BARGEES HAS BARGED POOR OLD TWIZZLE INTO THE RIVER, CLAUDE!

HA! HA! PERHAPS HE'LL FIND SOME RELICS ON THE BOTTOM AND SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF DRAGGING IT, CLAUDE!

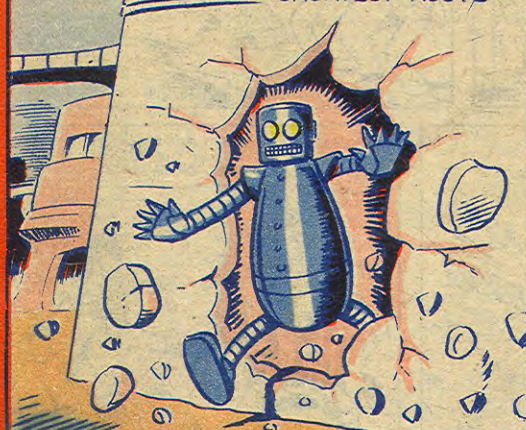
COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

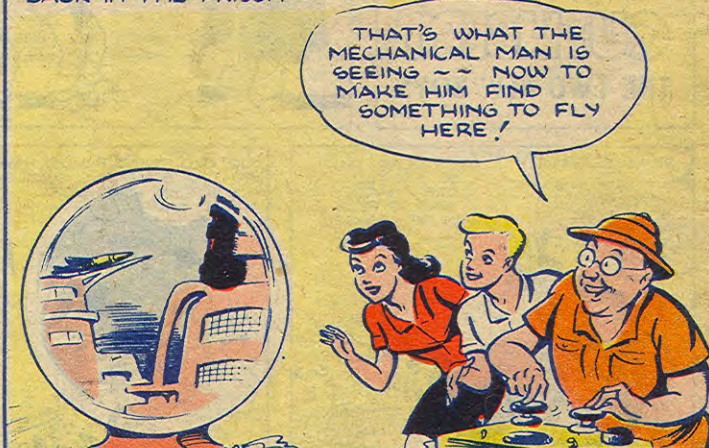
THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

HE GOES OUT OF THE MUSEUM BY THE SHORTEST ROUTE ~

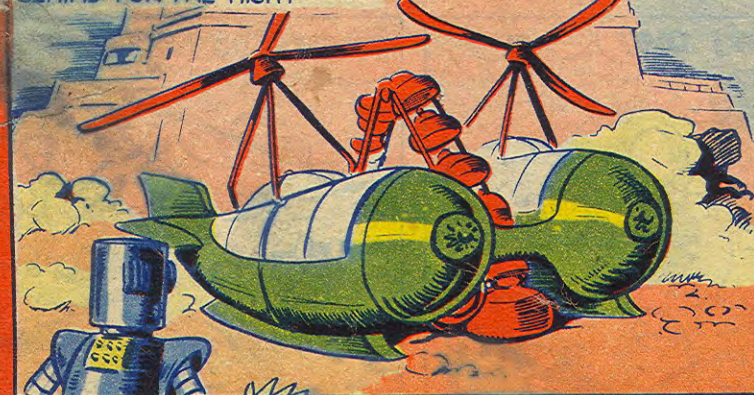


BACK IN THE PRISON ~ ~ ~



THAT'S WHAT THE MECHANICAL MAN IS SEEING ~ ~ NOW TO MAKE HIM FIND SOMETHING TO FLY HERE!

AS THE MECHANICAL MAN WALKS ALONG, HE COMES TO WHERE SOME OLD BUILDINGS ARE BEING KNOCKED DOWN. THE WORKMEN HAVE LEFT THEIR FLYING DEMOLISHER BEHIND FOR THE NIGHT ~ ~ ~



A FLYING DEMOLISHER!

WE SAW ONE OF THOSE AT WORK LAST WEEK!

THAT'S JUST THE THING ~ ~ ~ I ONLY HOPE I CAN MAKE HIM FLY IT HERE!



A MINUTE LATER THE DEMOLISHER MAKES A CRAZY TAKE-OFF WITH THE MECHANICAL MAN AT THE CONTROLS ~ ~ ~



BUT THE PROFESSOR DOES NOT KNOW THAT GRIMBOLD HAS FORBIDDEN ALL FLYING AT NIGHT, AND THE MACHINE IS QUICKLY SPOTTED BY ONE OF HIS NEW ARMED POLICE PATROLS!

SOMEONE IS DISOBEYING THE NEW LAW! COME ON ~ LET'S SHOOT HIM DOWN!

