

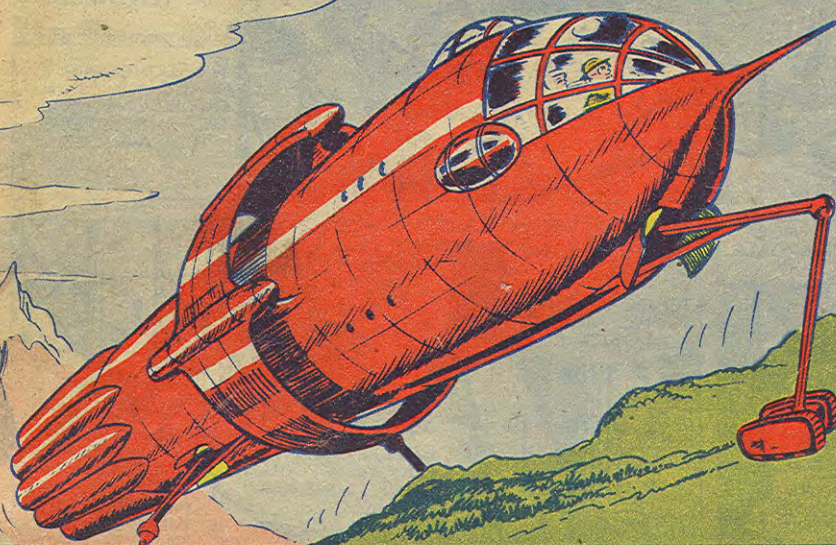
COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 225. November 8, 1952

THE SKY EXPLORERS

ALL CLEAR
FOR TAKE-OFF, EARTH PEOPLE
WE'RE SORRY TO SEE
YOU GO --- BUT
HAPPY LANDINGS!



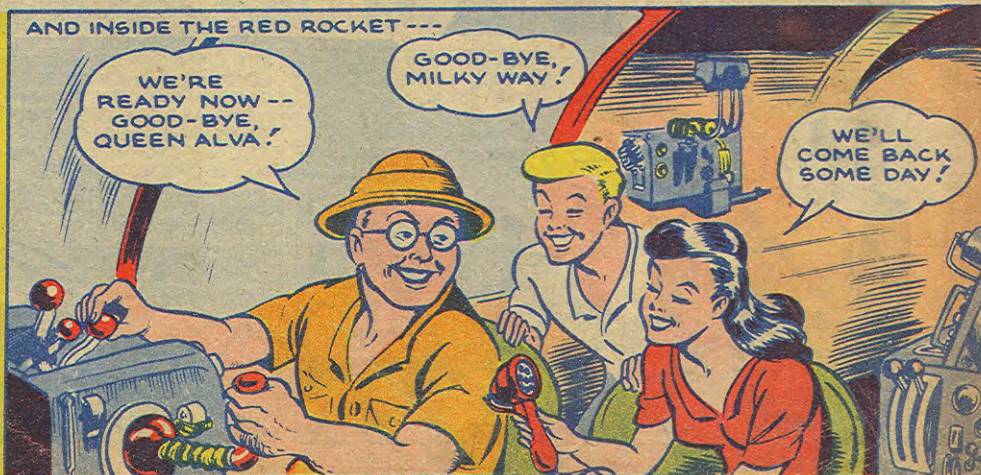
PETER AND ANN, AND THEIR INVENTOR UNCLE, PROFESSOR JOLLY, HAVE HAD MANY WONDERFUL ADVENTURES AMONG THE MILLION TINY WORLDS OF THE MILKY WAY, BUT NOW THEY ARE SETTING OUT AGAIN ON THEIR TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE. THE PROFESSOR HAS BUILT A WONDERFUL NEW SPACE SHIP, THE RED ROCKET. AS WELL AS FLYING, IT CAN WALK AND SWIM, AND DO MANY OTHER THINGS. AS IT CLIMBS A HIGH MOUNTAIN, READY FOR TAKE-OFF, ALVA, QUEEN OF THE MILKY WAY, HOVERS NEAR TO SEND THEM OFF ----

AND INSIDE THE RED ROCKET ---

WE'RE
READY NOW --
GOOD-BYE,
QUEEN ALVA!

GOOD-BYE,
MILKY WAY!

WE'LL
COME BACK
SOME DAY!



(Continued on page 10)

Alonzo Todd thinks he'll make a good circus clown, and Colette, a rider from the circus, offers to give him a lesson in horse riding. But Snoop and Skinner, two bullies, have put a thorny twig under the saddle, and Colette is thrown and hurts her shoulder.

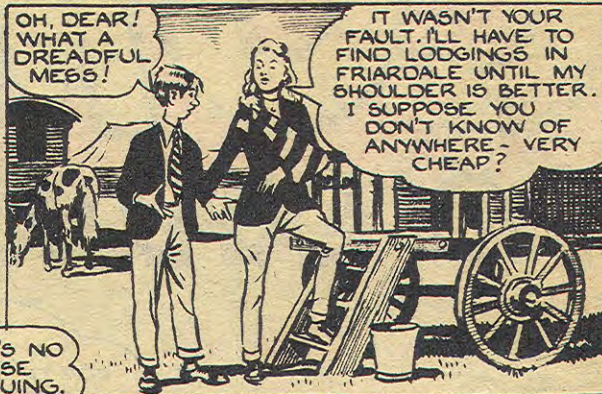
ALONZO THE CLOWN!



YOU'LL BE OUT OF ACTION FOR TWO OR THREE WEEKS, COLETTE. AND MY CIRCUS CAN'T AFFORD TO CARRY PASSENGERS! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO--SO ARRANGE TO BE OUT OF YOUR CARAVAN BY TOMORROW!

B-BUT REALLY, MY DEAR SIR! YOU CANNOT--

IT'S NO USE ARGUING.



OH, DEAR! WHAT A DREADFUL MESS!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. I'LL HAVE TO FIND LODGINGS IN FRIARDALE UNTIL MY SHOULDER IS BETTER. I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF ANYWHERE--VERY CHEAP?

THE KIND-HEARTED DUFFER OF THE REMOVE WAS IN GREAT DISTRESS--BUT NOW HE SAW A CHANCE TO MAKE AMENDS.



OH-AH-ER, YES! I KNOW THE VERY PLACE, MISS COLETTE. I'LL LET YOU HAVE THE ADDRESS TOMORROW!

THAT EVENING IN LORD MAULEVERER'S STUDY--



NOW WHAT IS IT, TODDY? I'M TRYING TO DO MY PREP--FOR A CHANGE!

GINGER BISCUITS

MY DEAR FELLOW, I WISH TO APPROACH YOU FOR A LOAN OF FIVE POUNDS! I HAVE ESTIMATED THAT I CAN PAY IT BACK OUT OF MY ALLOWANCE IN TEN WEEKS.

HIS LORDSHIP ASKED NO QUESTIONS, BUT REACHED FOR HIS WALLET.

NEXT MORNING TODDY GOT A SPECIAL PASS AND VISITED SEVERAL HOUSES IN FRIARDALE. AT LAST--



YES, MRS DRAKE, I AM SURE THAT ROOM WILL BE EXCELLENT. NOW REMEMBER--YOU MUST PRETEND YOU ARE LODGING THE YOUNG LADY WITHOUT CHARGE BECAUSE YOU ARE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!

VERY GOOD, SIR!

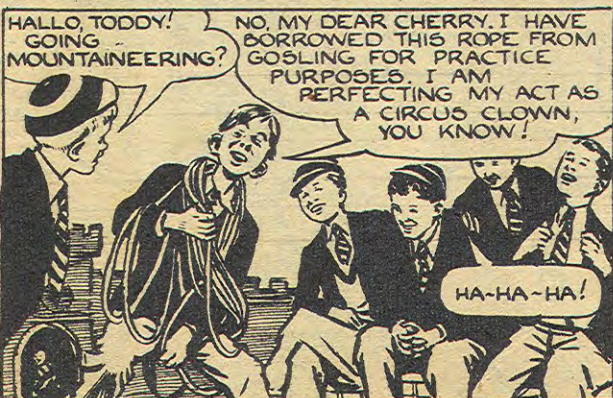
AN HOUR OR SO LATER--



OH, THERE'S NO CHARGE, MY DEAR. I'M GLAD TO DO IT FOR YOUNG MASTER ALONZO!

BUT THAT'S WONDERFUL! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO ME!

BUT TODDY WAS NOT CONTENT WITH SOLVING ONE PROBLEM. HE WANTED TO SEE COLETTE GET HER JOB BACK IN THE CIRCUS.



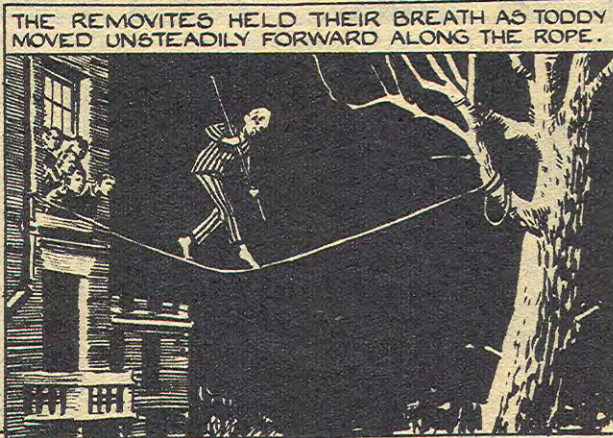
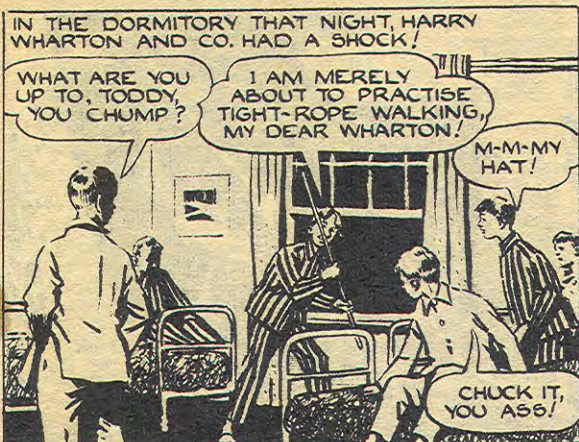
HALLO, TODDY! GOING MOUNTAINEERING?

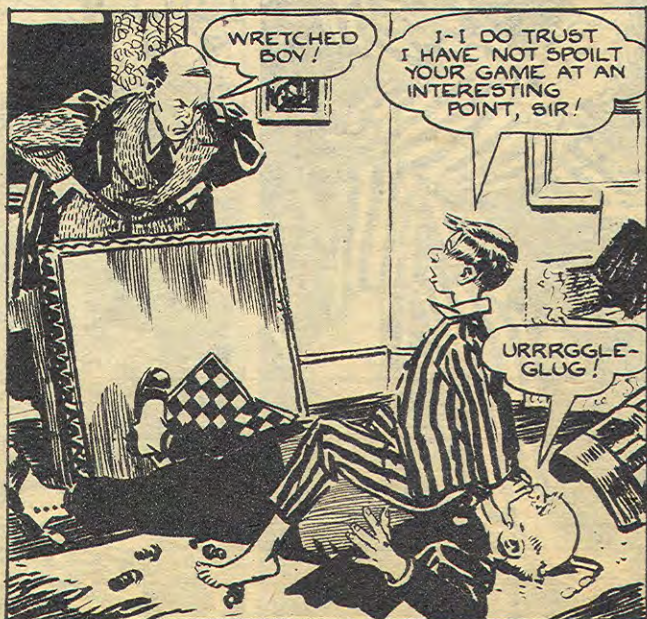
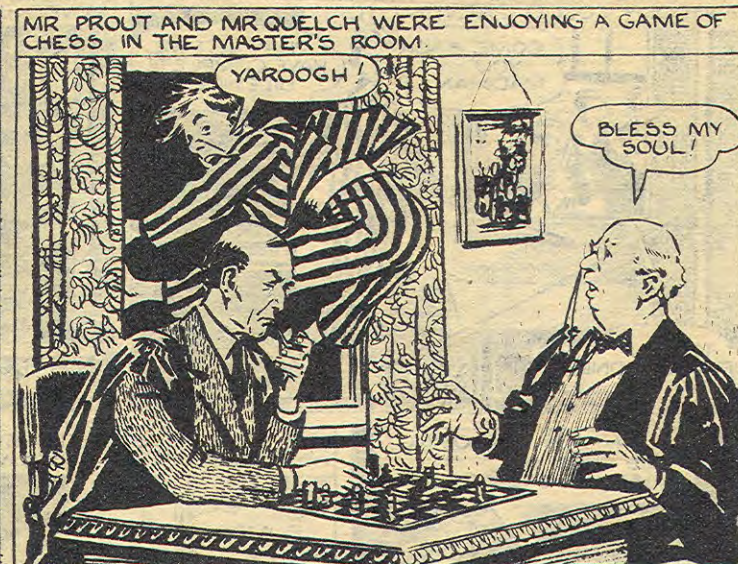
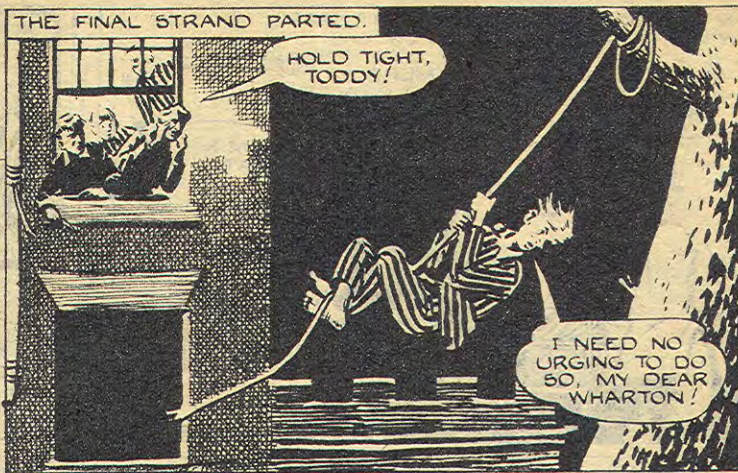
NO, MY DEAR CHERRY. I HAVE BORROWED THIS ROPE FROM GOSLING FOR PRACTICE PURPOSES. I AM PERFECTING MY ACT AS A CIRCUS CLOWN, YOU KNOW!

HA-HA-HA!



IF I CAN OFFER SIGNOR CORTINI A WONDERFUL CLOWN'S ACT FOR THE NEXT WEEK OR TWO, TO REPLACE MISS COLETTE, THEN PERHAPS I CAN PERSUADE HIM TO RE-ENGAGE HER WHEN SHE IS ABLE TO RIDE AGAIN!





Now Toddy has landed himself in trouble! Be sure to read next week's fun-filled adventure!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

WILLIE WIZZARD'S FIREWORK DISPLAY

DOCTOR GANDYBAR, the Headmaster of Gandybar's School was walking down the High Street of Giggleton on the afternoon of the first of November.

A frown creased his brow. He was turning over in his mind the suggestion put forward by Willie Wizzard that he, Willie, should give a firework display on the evening of the Fifth.

Doctor Gandybar's frown disappeared as he noticed three boys from Hobson's Grammar School, Tyke, Juggins and Asse approach with respectful smiles.

They raised their caps to him solemnly, and passed on.

The Doctor heaved a sigh of pride. He judged this respect from members of the local Grammar School's Fourth Form to be a sign of his importance, fame and popularity.

"Polite boys," he murmured. "Nice quiet boys!"

When he got back to school, he pinned a notice on the board, under Danday's list of names picked for the soccer eleven which was to play Hobson's on the Saturday after the Fifth.

Doctor Gandybar's notice concerned Hobson's Grammar School, too:

I am extending an invitation to members of Hobson's Grammar School to join in our usual Fifth of November festivities.

In view of this, I have decided to allow William Wizzard of the Fourth Form to give a firework display.

The bonfire will be staged as usual in the meadow adjoining the playing fields. As timber will be necessary—to your work, boys!

Any boy found cutting down Giggleton Forest will be severely dealt with—by the Law.

It will be pleasant to see Hobson's and Gandybar's boy's enjoying the Fifth in peace and friendship.

I. A. M. Gandybar, Headmaster.

In the tuckshop over three doughnuts and three cups of coffee, Willie Wizzard, Bash and Scroggins talked this over.

Scroggins was blunt and to the point.

"After last week, when they pinched our guy, I shall treat Tyke, Juggins and Asse with the contempt they deserve!" he said.

"Don't be a silly fathead—they gave us half the money they got with our guy, and that was pretty decent of them," said Jimmy Bash.

Willie Wizzard was thinking. "It's an opportunity not to be missed," he said slowly. "Still, as they were good sports over that money, and as they will be guests, we really can't do any-

thing about it. But, who knows, we might get a chance to make them feel a bit silly during the course of the evening."

The three boys put their heads together, and by the time they had got through six doughnuts and three bottles of pop each, the firework display was all planned.

Willie was to invent a gun which would shoot stars, and he said he could make sparklers of great brilliance which would last for two hours.

He also planned to make a few floodlights.

The display was to consist of the usual rocket firing, with pin-wheels and roman candles, but the high-light of the show would be Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. For this they would need the floodlights.

"So that's that!" said Willie, pleased with the arrangements.

"We shall need a chap who can play the violin for the part of Nero," pointed out Scroggins.

"Oh, crumbs," said Willie, "so we shall!"

"There is somebody who does some rotten scrappy wailing on a fiddle in the school—I've heard him!" said Jimmy Bash with a shudder.

"That's old Halfspun. He'd never do. Too thin and scraggy. I've never seen anyone less like Nero!" said Willie.

"We could pad him with pillows," offered Scroggins, "if he'd do it, that is."

Mr. Halfspun needed a lot of flattery before he would consent to play the part of Nero, but the three boys talked to him for so long that he went away at last to search out his music.

He decided that the tune 'London's Burning' would do very well.

Willie got to work, and while the rest of the juniors were scouting round for unwanted timber, he made his star-shooting gun, his two-hour sparklers and his floodlights. With the help of Jimmy and Harold he fixed up the movable scenery for the burning Rome act, putting the two boys on the simple task of handing up hammers and nails, and holding things together.

He made five powerful floodlights, with beams of yellow, green, red, purple and blue, and a sixth which had a remarkable beam of yellow light with green spots.

While Willie was trying them out, one of the rays shone on his hand. It was a blue ray, and he was a bit surprised after he had switched the ray off, that his hand was still blue.

"It'll pass off in an hour or two, maybe sooner," he said to himself, "but I'll fix it—it'll be better not to have that happening on the Fifth."

So he tinkered around with the floodlights and found that



Mr. Halfspun was so engrossed in his music that he never noticed that he was floating gently over the heads of the crowd who all thought it was part of the show!

by sticking a piece of special, gauze as a filter over the glass in front, he could stop the coloured lights from staining things.

"We won't pad old Halfspun with pillows," said Willie. "I'll make a little rubber tunic for him, and we can blow him up with my special gas. It'll be more comfy for him, and more like Nero."

So the rubber tunic was made and the special gas prepared.

Willie then made his sparklers and tested them. They were very brilliant and actually lasted two and a quarter hours.

The rest of the fireworks were brought in by fellows who pestered their parents for them with daily pleading letters.

All the juniors worked well, and timber for the bonfire was stacked in readiness in the meadow. Hobson's had thoughtfully sent two old woodsheds on a lorry. These had been pulled down to make room for a bicycle shed.

It looked as though it would be a Fifth worth remembering.

Luckily the Fifth of November was fine and dry, and after tea, all the juniors and most of the seniors and masters made their way to the meadow.

Hobson's arrived in full force and brought four masters and their headmaster with them.

"Aye, aye!" said Tyke, when with Juggins and Asse he met Willie Wizzard, Bash and Scroggins. "I see you've got our old friend Fawkes over there, ready

for the flames!"

Willie, Bash and Scroggins ignored this reference to Willie's mechanical guy the Hobson's boys had 'borrowed' the week before, and beamed on their rivals with true hospitality. They took them to the roast chestnut stall and gave them a bag of chestnuts each.

There was also a roast peanut stall, patronized at the moment by the two headmasters, Doctor Gandybar, of Gandybar's Academy, and Mr. Helup (pronounced 'Help') of Hobson's Grammar School.

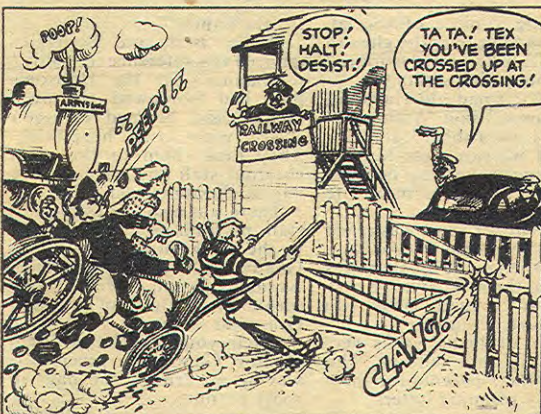
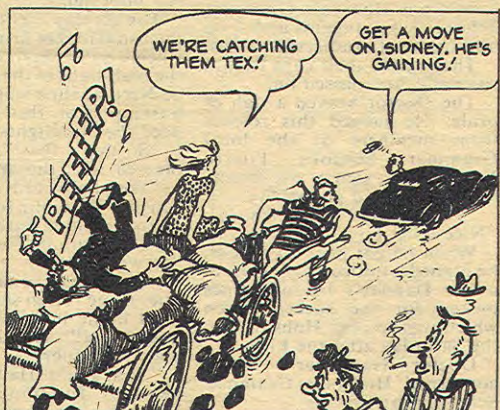
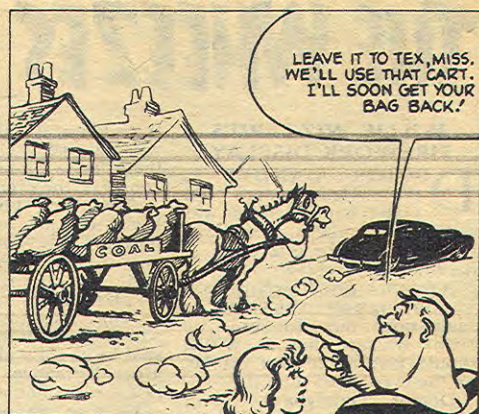
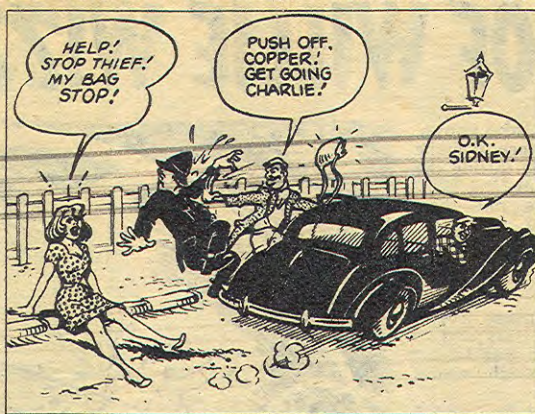
"Help yourself, Helup!" said Doctor Gandybar, graciously, waving an arm at the bags of roast peanuts.

Together they stood, nibbling peanuts and watching their bright boys, while the twilight deepened.

Soon the bonfire was lighted and the fun started. Chinese crackers were exploding everywhere. One kept following poor Mr. Halfspun and his violin, which he had been tuning every five minutes. Doctor Gandybar slung a satchel over his shoulder and handed out the Wizzard 24-Hour Sparklers here and there.

When the fire was at its height, Willie Wizzard's mechanical Guy Fawkes walked unaided to his doom on the bonfire, took off his hat and bowed to the crowd, then sat down comfortably in the middle of the flames.

Cheers rose and rose again (Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

Malcolm Franklin, the great inventor, was aboard his mighty under-sea tank which he called "The Prowler". She lay on the ocean bed a few miles off the coast of Incaragua, a South American republic.

With Franklin was Bob Harley, of Scotland Yard. They were there to try to get back the working model of "The Prowler" which had been stolen by a crook who called himself The Shark.

The Shark is now dictator of Incaragua, having betrayed President Prando and thrown him into prison.

Also with Franklin are President Prando's daughter, Amanda Prando, and Rattigan, another Scotland Yard man.

JUST a few hundred yards from the waterfront in the town of Porto Visto, capital of Incaragua, was an imposing concrete building. On the brass plate beside its front door it said: "Central Office of Medical Research."

Only a few people knew that the name was completely false.

The laboratories inside were in the charge of a scientist named Doctor Nero. He was in the pay of the Shark, and his job was to look after the scientific side of the Shark's warlike scheming.

At the moment, Doctor Nero and the Shark were talking things over.

"Things go well, my dear Nero," said the Shark. "Even Mr. Malcolm Franklin's smashing of our partly built 'Prowler' has worked out for the best. His victory enabled me to tell the people of Incaragua that their great dictator, General Prando, was a bungler—and so I was able to seize power from him."

"It was a clever move indeed!" agreed Doctor Nero. He was a little thin man with an oversized head, and he kept rubbing his hands together as though he was washing them with invisible soap.

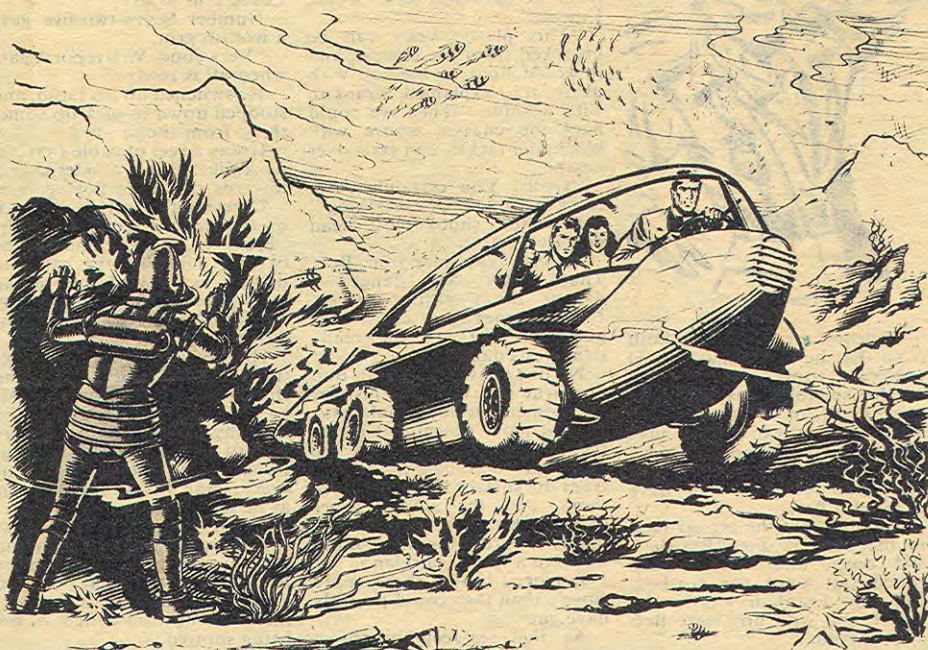
"Yes—things go well!" gloated the Shark. "I still have the working model of Malcolm Franklin's 'Prowler' safely locked in the city vaults—so that I can soon start to build again. There is but one thing that troubles me—Malcolm Franklin is still free! He and his 'Prowler' must be smashed—utterly destroyed!"

The Shark was scowling under the strange mask of steel that always covered his face. He scowled more heavily as he saw a sly smile come over the face of the undersized scientist.

"What are you grinning at?"

"I have a better scheme than smashing Malcolm Franklin and his 'Prowler', Shark—a much better scheme!"

"Well—out with it, man! What is it?"



As the Sea-Jep neared a group of out-cropping rocks, a weird figure darted swiftly out of sight and crouched in hiding as the vehicle passed.

"Suppose that I was to tell you that I can give you Malcolm Franklin's own 'Prowler'—undamaged—ready to go into instant action. . . ."

"I'd say you were a fool—a fool and a liar!" The Shark brought his fist down on the table before him with a crash. "Malcolm Franklin is a very clever man—make no mistake about that. And the 'Prowler' has armour plate over two feet thick. They're both hard nuts to crack. It'll take more than test-tubes to solve this problem, my dear Nero!"

"All the same, I think I can solve it!"

"How?" The Shark's tone was unbelieving.

"First we must find the 'Prowler'. That, I think, will be easy if we use radar. And then. . . ."

Doctor Nero's voice dropped almost to a whisper as he unfolded his plan. And before very long the Shark was leaning forward eagerly in his chair.

Here was a plan which could indeed win him the "Prowler"—perhaps without the loss of a single man.

MEANWHILE, another council of war was being held in Malcolm Franklin's cabin aboard the "Prowler", where she lay two miles off the Incaraguan coast.

With Franklin in his cabin were Bob Harley, Rattigan, the other "X" Branch man, Amanda Prando, and a few of the "Prowler's" chief officers.

"Senors"—the girl was speaking—"I often tried to tell my father that the Shark was not to be trusted—that all he wanted was to seize power—but he would not listen. As long as my father was dictator, he could keep a check on the Shark—he would never have let him go to war with a fleet of 'Prowlers'. The Shark had to put my father in prison before he would dare to do that. But if my father were free again we might yet stop the Shark. My father has many powerful friends."

"Then our first move must be to rescue your father." Malcolm Franklin paced up and down as he spoke. "Of course, we do not even know where he is imprisoned—but I think we might be able to find out. However, we shall need to go ashore to manage that. Tell me—have you any trusted friends who would help us and give us a hiding place ashore while we make our plans?"

The girl frowned.

"In Porto Visto it is difficult. The town is full of spies. It is hard to know who to trust."

"Outside the town, then. Perhaps there is someone in the country beyond the town?"

"Beyond the town is the jungle!" The girl stopped herself suddenly and her face lit up. "There is Chilka—Chilka would help us—Chilka and all his tribe!"

"Who is Chilka?"

"He is the chief of the Ochonee Indians. My father is

his blood brother. Chilka will help us to rescue him! The Ochonees can come and go like shadows. Once we know where he is held they will spirit him away before the Shark even knows they are there!"

"Good! But where can we find Chilka and his people?"

"Their village is about thirty miles inland, on the banks of the Porto Visto river!"

"Then it should be easy!" Bob Harley was speaking. "We could take the 'Prowler' up river, couldn't we, sir?"

Malcolm Franklin thought for a moment, and then shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Bob. Secrecy will be everything in this job—and the Porto Visto river isn't deep enough, except near the mouth, to keep the 'Prowler' covered. No—we can't take the 'Prowler'—but then, there's no need to. We can go in the Sea-Jep!"

TWO hours later all was ready for the expedition into Ochonee country.

Everything that they would need had been loaded into the Sea-Jep and its tanks had been filled with petrol.

The Sea-Jep was like a six-wheeled car, or lorry, but in place of an ordinary body, it had a water-tight hood of immensely tough plastic. Its engine was specially sealed in, so that it could work under water, although it was equally at home on dry land.

(Continued on next page)



"Well—we could get bogged down, if the river bed is very soft. That would hold us up a bit."

"Could we do anything about it—if we got really badly stuck, I mean?"

"This plastic body can be unlocked from the chassis, and it would float to the top with us in it," explained Franklin with a smile. "Then we could haul the chassis ashore with block and tackle, and start over again."

"Gosh! You certainly seem to have thought of everything." Franklin shook his head gravely.

"I wish that were true, Bob. That's only one danger—a danger that's easily foreseen. It's the ones you can't even guess at that are the really dangerous dangers."

No one knew better than Bob how true this was. But just for the moment, nothing could have seemed more peaceful than the scene around them. With the soft light that filtered greenly from the surface fifty feet above them, and the silvery fishes darting about above them like fantastic birds, the sea-bottom was like a lovely fairyland.

But peril lurked there, more closely than they could possibly have guessed.

As the Sea-Jeep neared a group of out-cropping rocks, a weird figure darted swiftly out of sight, and crouched in shelter as the vehicle passed.

In the armour of his special diving suit, the watcher looked like a man from another world.

As soon as Sea-Jeep was well clear, he pressed down a switch on his chest, and spoke into the tiny built-in microphone in his helmet.

"Seven-two-five calling the Shark. Seven-two-five calling the Shark. 'Prowler' located, as ordered. Have to report that a submarine car, carrying three people, one of them Franklin, has just passed me, heading for the shore. What are your orders?"

There was an instant's pause, and then the Shark's harsh voice sounded in his ear-phones.

"Shark calling Seven-two-five. You will proceed with plan as laid down by Doctor Nero. We will take care of Mister Franklin when he comes ashore. Leave him to us!"

Number Seven-two-five gave a wolfish grin.

"Very good. Will report again when all is ready!"

He switched off his radio, and stooped down to pick up something from the sea-bed.

It was a reel of cable that ran back, like a long, slender snake, towards the shore behind him.

Carrying the reel, he plodded on towards the grey hulk of the "Prowler", half a mile ahead of him, allowing the cable to unwind as he went, and taking care that it did not run over any sharp or jagged rocks that might damage it.

His diving armour was carefully camouflaged in varying shades of green; none the less, he was careful not to risk being seen by sharp eyed watchers aboard the "Prowler". Like an Indian brave, he made use of every scrap of available cover, as he went along.

Moving from rock to rock, sometimes crawling flat along stretches of open sand, he came at last to the rear of the "Prowler". Close in to the side, there was now no danger of his being spotted.

Choosing a smooth section of the great craft's armour plating, he carefully laid the flat and metal cable-reel against it. Then he turned a small handle in the centre, which brought powerful magnets into play. At once the reel clung like a limpet to the "Prowler's" side.

This meant that the "Prowler" was now connected through the cable to Doctor Nero's laboratory in Porto-Visto.

Number Seven-two-five pressed down the switch on his chest again, and spoke.

"Seven-two-five calling Shark. Contact is now made. You may carry on. Over to you."

The Shark's voice replied. "You have done well, Seven-two-five. Stand clear!"

The man in diving armour moved carefully back from the

giant hulk of the "Prowler", and crouched beneath the shelter of a big over-hanging boulder.

Suddenly the slender cable twitched along its whole length, as though it had suddenly come alive. From all over the steel surface of the "Prowler" rose a cloud of tiny bubbles, like the bubbles in soda-water.

Seven-two-five grinned. He knew what had happened. A carefully calculated jolt of electricity had pulsed through that cable, and had shot through every part of the "Prowler".

Every deck and wall in the huge craft was of steel, and not a man-jack aboard her would be safe from the throbbing electricity.

That stunning jolt of current had put everyone aboard out of action!

Number Seven-two-five settled down to wait. His part of the job was over. Soon the Shark himself would arrive with a special squad of engineers to force a way into the "Prowler" through the escape locks at the top of the hull.

Thanks to the fact that he had the model still in his possession the Shark knew exactly where to look for the weak points in the great craft.

With her whole crew lying insensible and helpless, the "Prowler" was as good as in the Shark's power already!

THE Sea-Jeep was running into the mouth of the Porto Visto river.

The course was easy to follow, for the mooring chains of a number of buoys that marked out the channel for shipping on the surface, showed up clearly to their right as they rolled along.

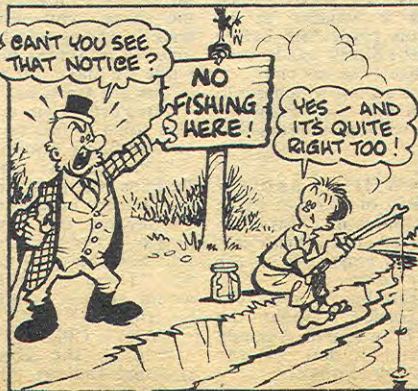
Suddenly Malcolm Franklin put on the brakes, and a swirl of stirred-up mud clouded the water as their wheels locked.

"What is it, Sir?"

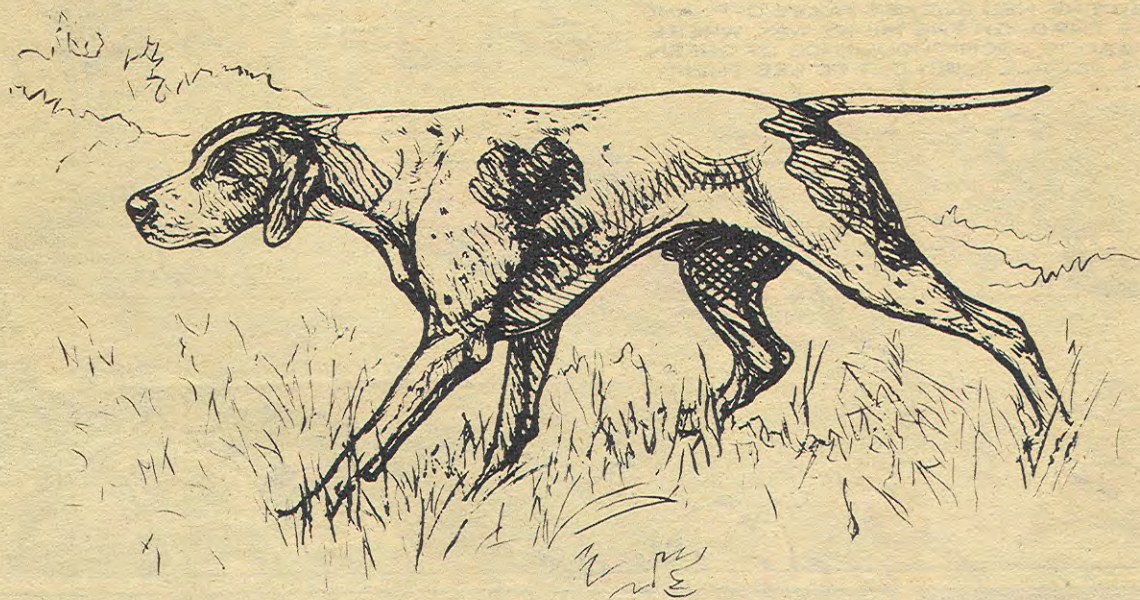
"Look!" Franklin pointed ahead.

Bob and Amanda peered. Through the murk, they could see something shadowy and
(Continued opposite)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 14 THE POINTER



The Pointer is a gun dog and very rarely kept as a pet. He is used mostly for grouse shooting. The ground over which he works is rough and hard, for which his thick, strong pads and sleek, well-proportioned body are necessary, as his work requires a good deal of endurance. He must have a good nose to scent game, and an intelligent mind to obey commands instantly, either those given by word or whistle, or merely by a sign.

Being short-haired, he is easy to keep clean, and having a nice temperament, a pointer should make a good pal and also a rather unusual one.

Nearly all these dogs have liver, black or orange markings on a white ground.

BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

web-like in the water ahead of them.

"What is it?"

"Looks like anti-submarine netting to me. This may be just a part of the regular defences of the place—or they may have found out that we are on the way. I wonder."

"We're not going to turn back, though?"

"Definitely not!"

"Okay, Sir—I'll take care of the net!"

Already Bob was wriggling into the frogman's suit that was a part of the Sea-Jeep's gear. Then he picked up a big pair of cable-cropping shears, and squeezed himself into the tiny, tubular plastic air-lock at the rear of the Sea-Jeep. As soon as he was inside, Malcolm Franklin closed the inner door behind him, and Bob was able to

open the little round sea-door without flooding the inside of the undersea car.

He strode forward over the river-bed, and commenced systematically cutting the strands of the big steel net, to make a gap big enough for the Sea-Jeep to squeeze through.

AT that moment, in Doctor Nero's laboratory on the shore, the scientist pointed to a flickering needle on a big dial, and spoke to the Shark.

"See—somebody is tampering with the defence-net across the river-mouth!"

"So! They are most likely trying to cut a way through it!" The Shark turned sharply, and barked an order at his radio man, who was sitting at his receiver nearby.

"Send an order to the river-mouth depth-charge batteries! Tell them to straddle the defence net with depth charges!"

Next week: **Thunder under the waves!**

CHRISTMAS WILL SOON BE HERE!

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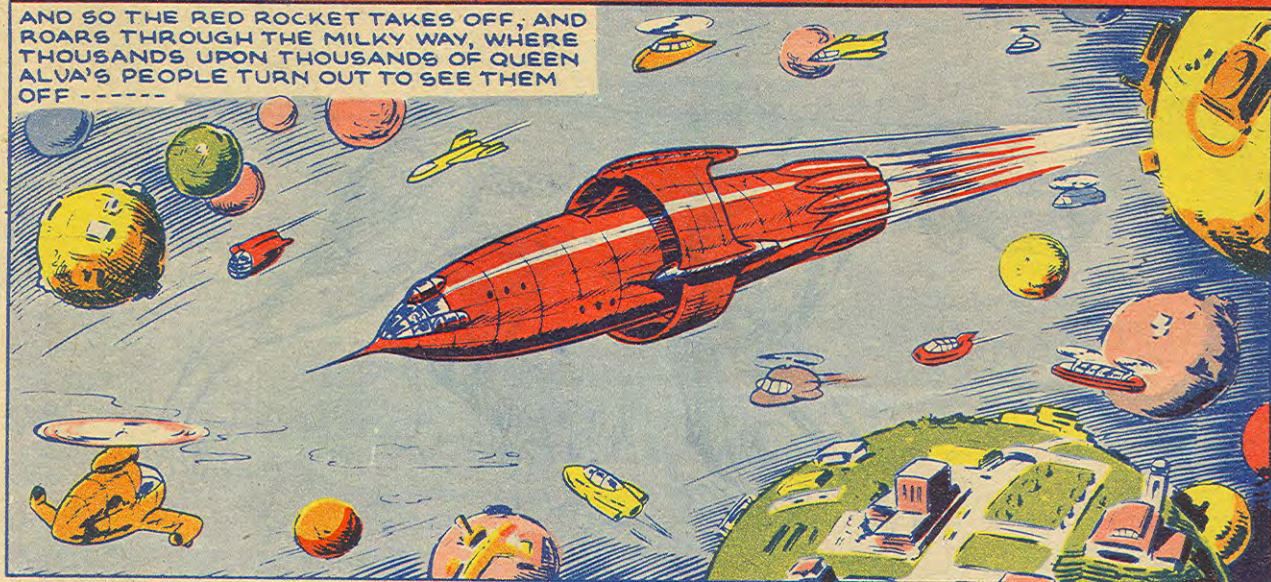


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HOLLINWOOD LANCs.

AND SO THE RED ROCKET TAKES OFF, AND ROARS THROUGH THE MILKY WAY, WHERE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF QUEEN ALVA'S PEOPLE TURN OUT TO SEE THEM OFF -----



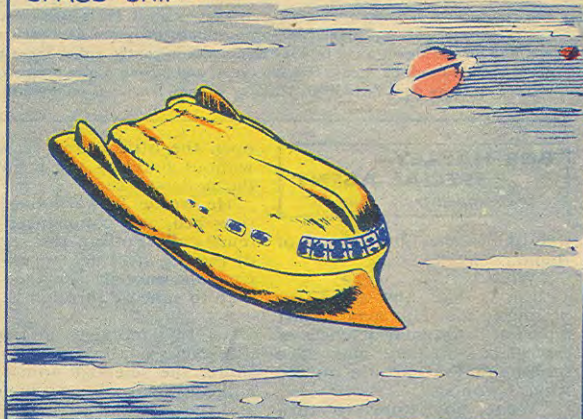
SOON THE MILKY WAY IS LEFT FAR BEHIND AS THEY HURTLE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO SPACE - PAST STARS AND PLANETS WITHOUT NUMBER -- DAY IN -- DAY OUT --

THE MILKY WAY IS A MILLION MILES BEHIND AND THEY HAVE NOT SEEN A LIVING CREATURE SINCE THEY LEFT IT. THEN ONE DAY --- SUDDENLY--

LOOK -- OVER THERE -- DRIFTING TOWARDS US!



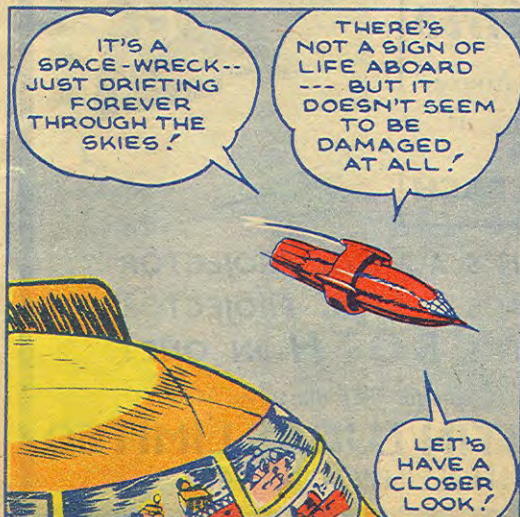
AND THERE, JUST A MILE OR TWO AWAY IS A SPACE-SHIP -----



IT'S A SPACE-WRECK-- JUST DRIFTING FOREVER THROUGH THE SKIES!

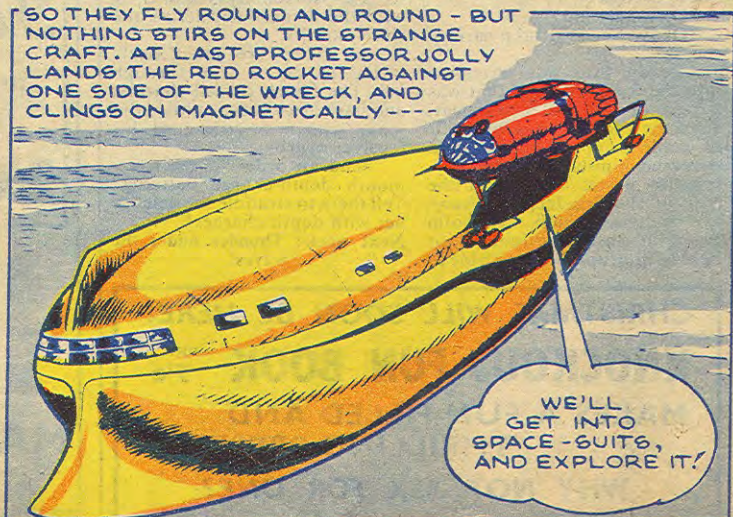
THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF LIFE ABOARD --- BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE DAMAGED AT ALL!

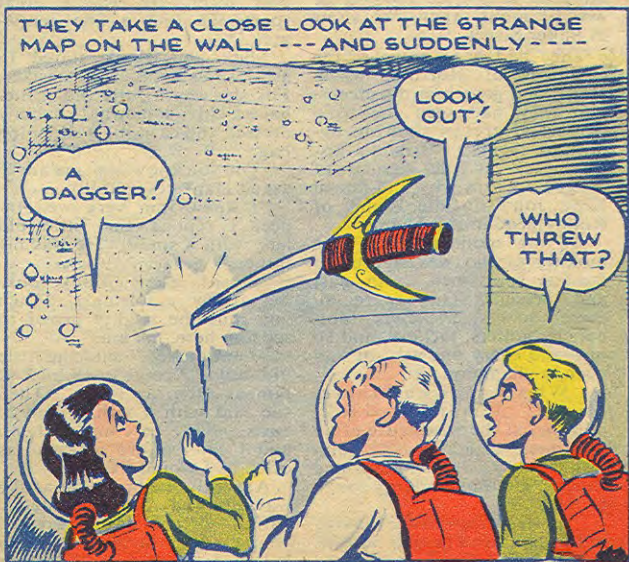
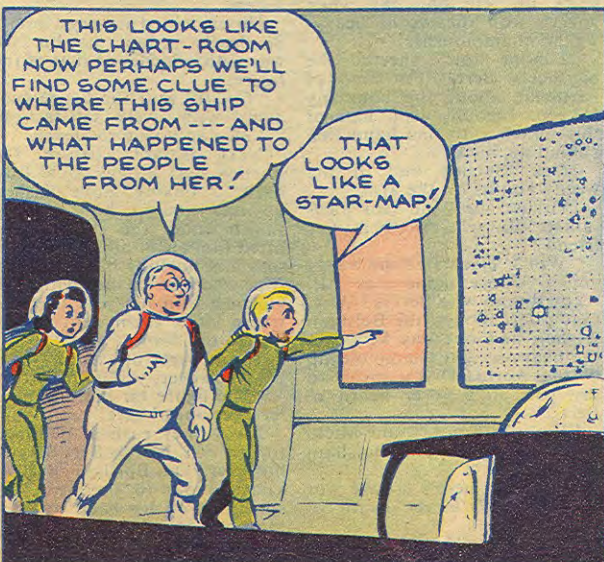
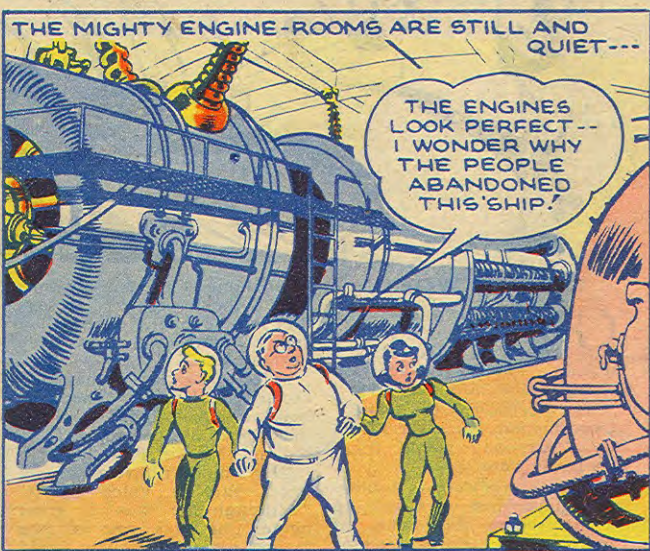
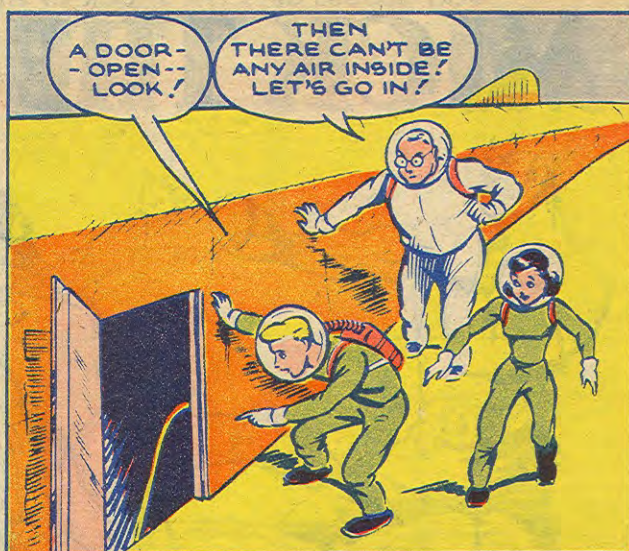
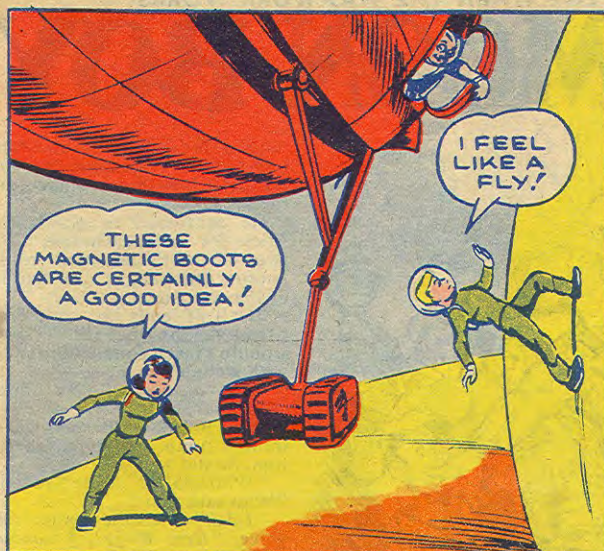
LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!



SO THEY FLY ROUND AND ROUND - BUT NOTHING STIRS ON THE STRANGE CRAFT. AT LAST PROFESSOR JOLLY LANDS THE RED ROCKET AGAINST ONE SIDE OF THE WRECK, AND CLINGS ON MAGNETICALLY----

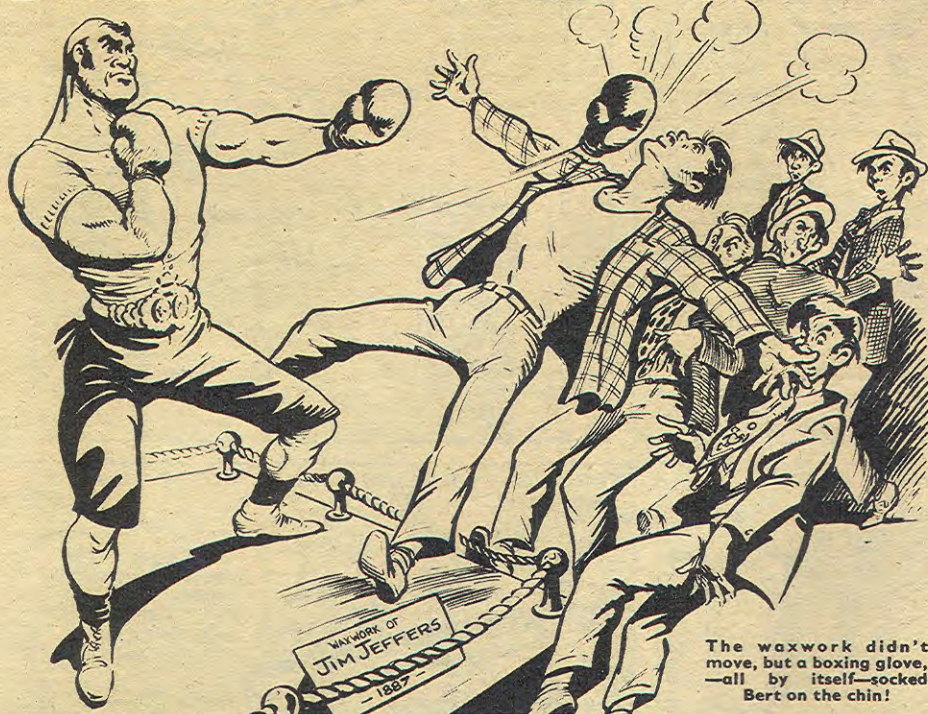
WE'LL GET INTO SPACE-SUITS, AND EXPLORE IT!





BERT BLOGGS GETS THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE WHEN THE WAXWORK WORKS!

MICK THE MOON BOY



THE WAXWORK!

"GEE, Mick, these wax figures sure look mighty real!" said Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy, admiringly.

"They certainly do, Hank," agreed his pal, Mick the Moon Boy. "Anybody would think they really were alive."

The two boys were on holiday in England and were starting off by seeing the sights of London. On this particular morning they were visiting the world-famous waxworks show in Baker Street.

They had been down in the Chamber of Horrors, which Hank said gave him the creeps, and they had seen the truly wonderful groups showing important events in Britain's history such as the signing of Magna Carta by ill-famed King John on the island of Runnymede in the Thames.

At the moment they were looking at the wax figures of famous sportsmen, both past and present. They were all there—boxers, cricketers, footballers, golfers, jockeys, and so on—and every one was, or had been, a champion.

"Who's that guy there, Mick?" demanded Hank, pointing at the wax figure of an old-timer clad in long old-fashioned boxing clothes and shoes. "He looks mighty tough to me."

"He was," said Mick, looking at the catalogue he had bought. "He's Jim Jeffers, one of the

most famous of the old-time bare knuckle fighters. It says here that he fought in more than eighty fights and was only beaten twice."

"Gee whizzikins! Is that so?" exclaimed Hank. "Then he must've been tough. I wouldn't like a poke on the snozzle from old Jim. No, sir, I would not!"

"He wouldn't have given you one," said a voice mildly. "Although he was a great fighter, he was one of the kindest-hearted men you could ever meet. He was a great sportsman and a fine gentleman."

Mick and Hank stared in astonishment at the speaker. For she was a little old white-haired lady, somewhat shabbily dressed and carrying a shopping bag.

"Did you know him, ma'am?" asked Hank respectfully.

"I knew him very well indeed," replied the little old lady with a smile. "He was my father."

"Gosh!" gasped Hank, looking at her admiringly. "Then you must be mighty proud to see him here, ma'am."

"I am indeed," said the little old lady. "I come in to look at him as often as I can." Then she said with a sigh: "Only it costs money to come in here, and I can't afford to come as often as I would like to—"

Abruptly she broke off as she was elbowed roughly aside by half a dozen flashily-dressed young men who had come to have a look at the wax figures

of the sporting champions. In fact, she was pushed aside so roughly that she staggered and almost fell.

Five of the young men, wearing gaudy ties, suits to match and yellow shoes, looked weedy types. But the sixth was a big, beefy, red-faced lout with enormous hands and a nasty sneering sort of mouth.

"Here you are, Bert!" cried one of his weedy-looking pals. "All the champs together. They'll be 'aving your finger stuck up 'ere one day when you've won the world heavy-weight championship."

"I hope not!" sneered the big beefy Bert. "I'm kind of partic'lar about the company I keep. I could whip half of this bunch with one hand tied behind me back!"

Mick touched one of the weedy youths on the arm.

"Excuse me!" he said pleasantly. "But who exactly is your friend?"

"Wot?" ejaculated the weedy youth, whose name was Alf. "You dunno who Bert is? Why, that's Bert Bloggs, the Bolsham Basher, and one day he'll win the heavy-weight championship o' the world. D'you mean to say you ain't never heard o' Bert?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mick. Alf swung on the Bolsham Basher.

"Oi, Bert, here's a cove wot says he ain't never heard o' you!" he cried.

"Is that so?" sneered Bert, glowering at Mick. "He

mightn't have heard of me, but I bet he'll remember me all right if I land him a smack on the kisser!"

He continued to glower at Mick for another moment or two, then turned and took another stare at the wax figures of the sportsmen.

"Half of 'em's just chopping blocks," he jeered. "They wouldn't last a couple of rounds with a chap like me—"

"Just a minute!" put in a voice sharply.

The Bolsham Basher gave quite a jump and stared about him. So did his pals.

"Who spoke?" he demanded. "Who said that?"

"I did!" cried the mysterious voice. "Hey, Bloggs, I want a word with you!"

This time there was not the slightest doubt about it. The voice was coming from the wax figure of Jim Jeffers, the famous old-time bare knuckle fighter.

Bert Bloggs and his pals backed away, staring open-mouthed at the still wax figure.

"Don't run away!" it roared. "Stay where you are, Bloggs. You and your friends nearly

knocked my daughter down just now, and you'll either apologise or I'll knock your blocks off!"

"It's—it's a trick!" gasped Bert, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head. "Wax figures can't talk!"

"Course they can't!" agreed his weedy pal Alf nervously. "Somebody's trying to take the mick out o' you, Bert!"

The wax figure of Jim Jeffers was silent now. Bert Bloggs was beginning to get something of his courage back. With fists clenched he stepped over the low silk rope behind which the figures were standing and approached the effigy of Jim Jeffers.

He examined it very closely. So closely, in fact, that his face was within inches of that of the figure.

"Good!" said the figure suddenly with lively satisfaction. "A nice ugly mug to smack!"

Next instant, before the startled Bert Bloggs could leap back, a boxing glove flashed up and caught him such a smash under the chin that it lifted him clean off his feet and sent him hurtling back over the rope where he crashed with such violence into his pals that the whole lot of them went sprawling to the floor.

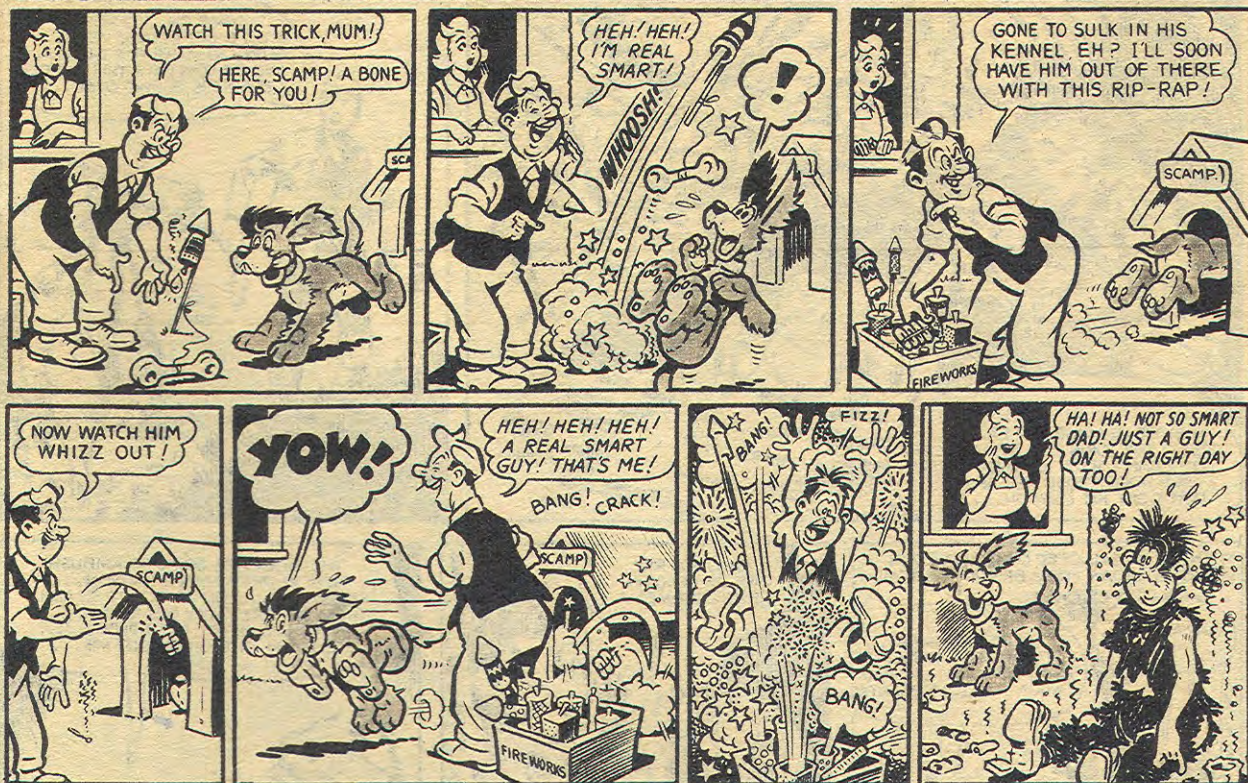
They were up again in a jiffy, however, yelling in terror:

"The figure hit him! C'mon, let's get out o' here!"

Away they rushed, pell-mell for the exit. Not so Bert Bloggs, however. The Bolsham Basher, knocked out to the wide, lay sprawling on his back with his mouth wide open.

Attracted by the schemozzle, (Continued opposite)

SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 12)

two burly uniformed attendants started to pick Bert up, but the Basher was beginning to come round by this time, and so great was his terror that he started to fight them, yelling: "Leave me alone! Lemme get out o' here!"

He caught one of the attendants a smash in the ribs and the other a smack on the nose. That, of course, annoyed those two gentlemen very much, and they proceeded to handle the Basher very violently indeed.

As they were doing so, however, a most amazing thing happened. For, in a flash, the pair of them became completely invisible. They didn't know they were invisible. Each thought the other had mysteriously sloped off somewhere. And, thinking he was on his own, began to battle with the Basher more fiercely than ever.

Well, you can see how the Basher was placed. He was being violently punched and pummelled, but he couldn't see anyone, and he nearly went crackers.

Then suddenly, when all the fight had been knocked out of him, he found himself being picked up by the same strong and invisible hands and borne out of the building.

The invisible hands flung him

out on to the street. He bounded to his feet and, his eyes bulging with terror, he fairly flew along Baker Street at a speed which made the traffic seem quite slow in comparison.

To this day he and his pals are quite certain that it was the wax figure of Jim Jeffers which landed him that terrific hay-maker of a punch. They never dreamt it was Mick who had done it. But it was.

For the Moon Boy had used his marvellous scientific powers to make himself invisible, and had stood beside the wax figure. His was the voice the Basher and his pals had heard, and his was the hand inside the boxing glove that gave the punch which had lifted the Basher off his feet.

It was Mick also, of course, who had made the two attendants invisible; but he made them visible again the moment they had thrown the Basher out into the street.

And was the little old lady frightened by all these weird happenings? No, not a bit, because Hank said to her: "You don't have to worry, ma'am. It's just a trick!"

"And a very good trick, too," she said. "I don't know how you and your friend have done it, but it's a very, very clever trick indeed!"

Next week: Mick and Hank go to the Lord Mayor's Show!

THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING



Hullo, there, folks!

Over the page you'll find some pictures telling my exciting story of "The White Redman's Secret," and just in case you've missed what's happened up until now, I'll tell you about it.

This is the strange tale of two brothers who grew up without knowing each other. Their parents were killed in an Indian raid. One grew up with white folks, and was called Dan Butler. The other grew up to become Deerfoot, chief of the Teton Sioux tribe.

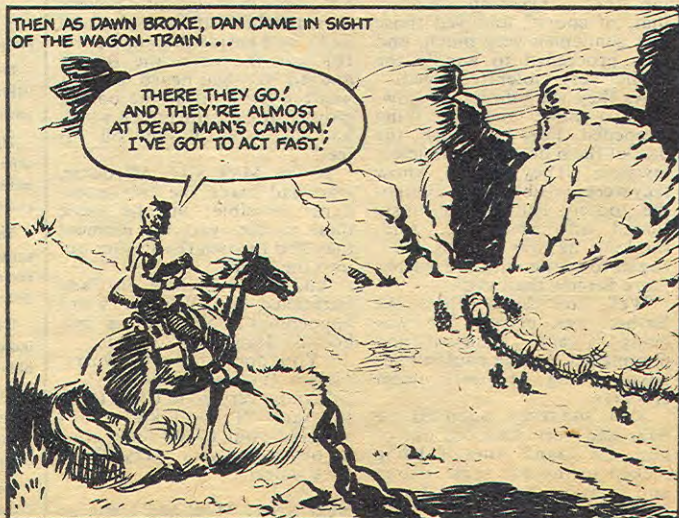
There was a lot of mystery around these two lads. For one thing, there was a sinister Englishman, named Mark Raven, who had tried to kill Dan, and knew some valuable secret about him. Then there was Tom Stack and Cinnamon Bill, who had killed old Nat Butler, whom Dan had known as his father.

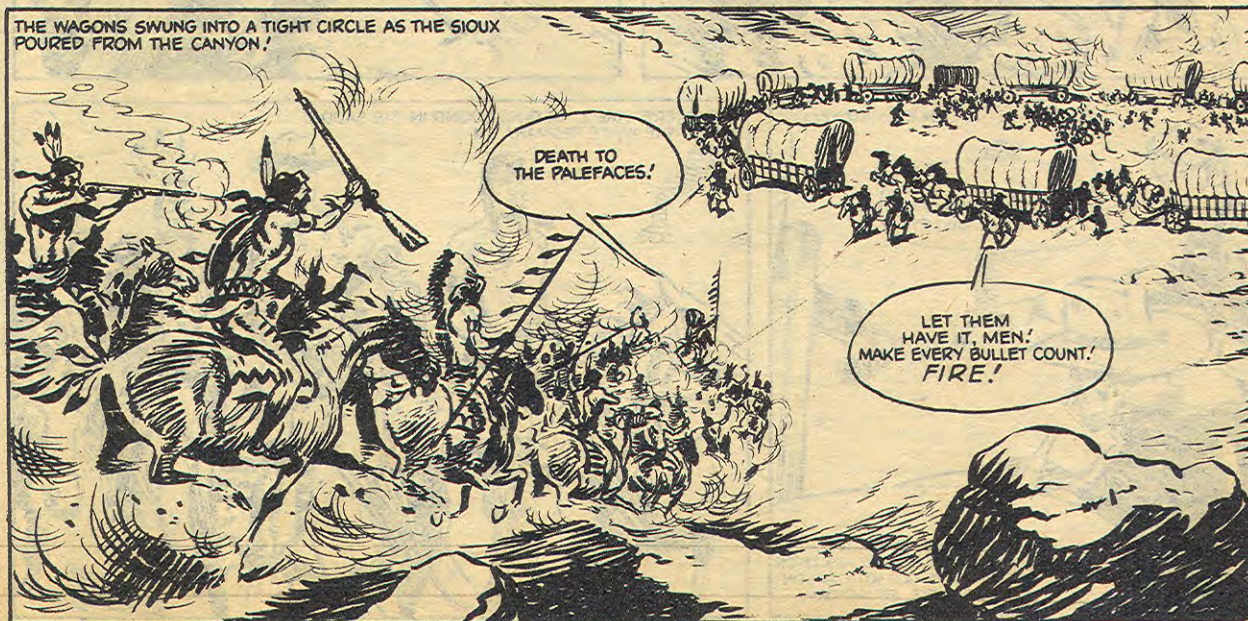
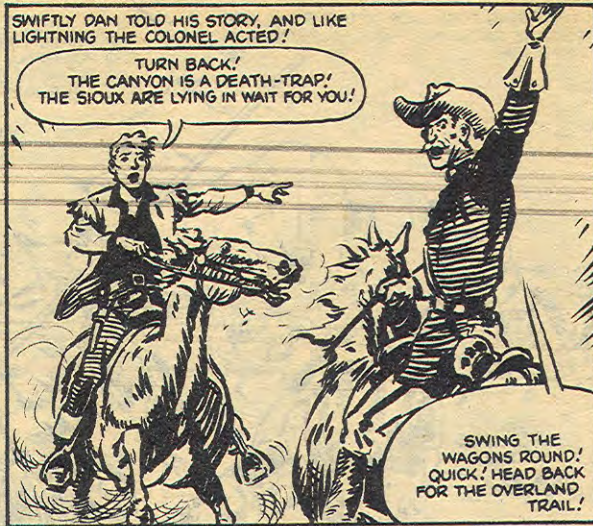
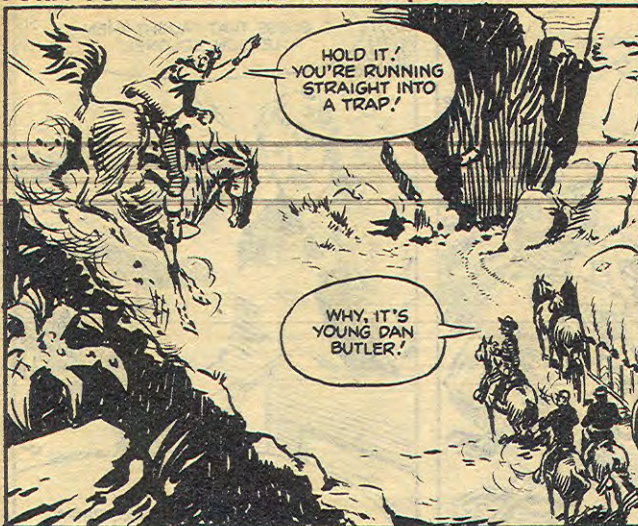
Dan got on the trail of the killers, and after some pretty tough fights with the Indians, captured Cinnamon Bill. Given an escort by the cavalry, Dan met an old enemy, Lieutenant Kendrick. Dan had given evidence at his court martial a few years before.

Dan went to find the mining claim of old Nat Butler's, but found that the claim had been jumped. In the fight that followed a miner was shot and Dan was accused of the killing.

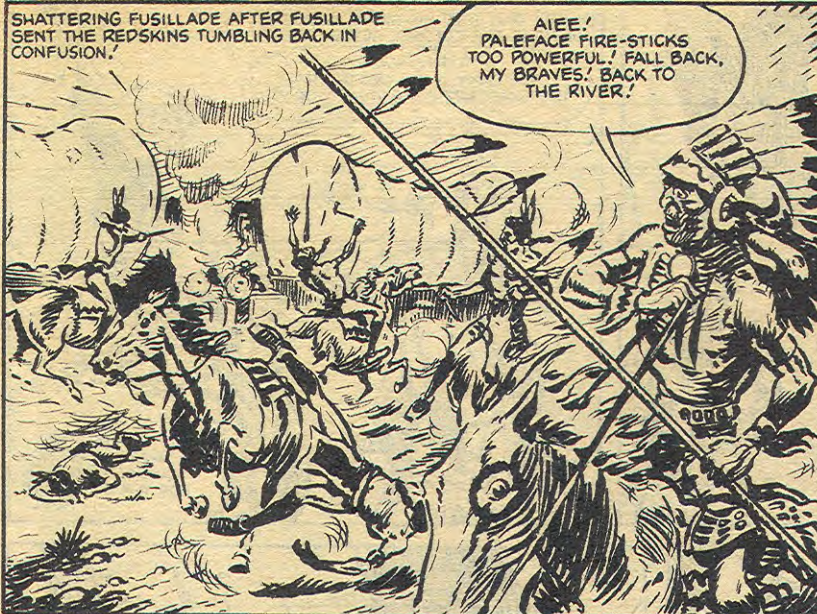
I arrived in time to save Dan's life, and told him to run for it. But as Dan crossed Eagle Creek he was confronted with hundreds of Indians—on the warpath!

THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN





SHATTERING FUSILLADE AFTER FUSILLADE SENT THE REPSKINS TUMBLING BACK IN CONFUSION.



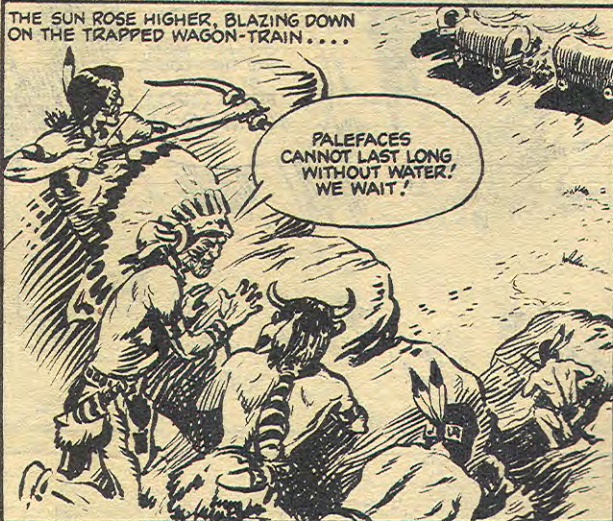
AIEE! PALEFACE FIRE-STICKS TOO POWERFUL! FALL BACK, MY BRAVES! BACK TO THE RIVER!



I GUESS THAT TAUGHT THEM A LESSON, COLONEL!

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING, DAN. THEY WON'T GIVE UP SO EASY. WE'RE STILL SURROUNDED, AND THOSE CUNNING DEVILS ARE BETWEEN US AND THE RIVER! WHEN OUR WATER RUNS OUT WE'RE GOING TO BE IN A SPOT!

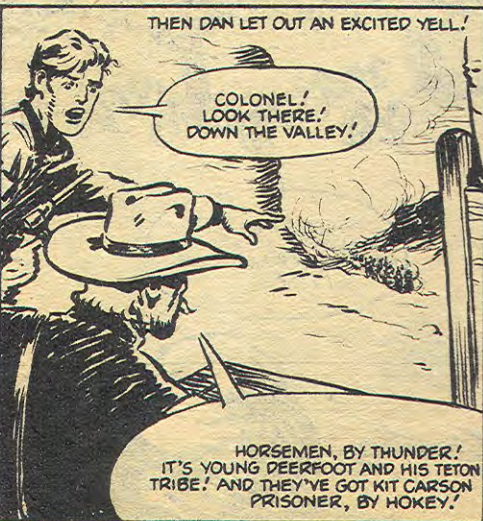
THE SUN ROSE HIGHER, BLAZING DOWN ON THE TRAPPED WAGON-TRAIN....



PALEFACES CANNOT LAST LONG WITHOUT WATER! WE WAIT!



WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, MEN! THERE'S HARDLY ANY WATER LEFT! THOSE SKUNKS ARE WAITING TO POUNCE. WE CAN'T LAST OUT MUCH LONGER...



THEN DAN LET OUT AN EXCITED YELL!

COLONEL! LOOK THERE! DOWN THE VALLEY!

HORSEMEN, BY THUNDER! IT'S YOUNG DEERFOOT AND HIS TETON TRIBE! AND THEY'VE GOT KIT CARSON PRISONER, BY HOKEY!



AND THERE WAS I - RIDING BOUND IN THE SADDLE BESIDE THE WHITE REDMAN!

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

BILLY BUNN, the rabbit, was out playing by himself in the woods. Suddenly he heard someone approaching.

"Why, it's Sammy Small-wood!" he exclaimed, as he peered over a log and saw a small chubby-faced boy wearing the school cap of St. Anselm's come into view.

Billy knew Sammy Small-wood because Sammy had once rescued him from a snare.

"Hallo, Sammy!" he cried. Sammy gave a jump and looked all around him. But nowhere could he see the owner of the voice.

"It's only me!" laughed Billy, skipping up on to the log. "Don't you remember rescuing me from a snare in these very woods?"

"Why, yes, of course I do!" cried Sammy. "Crums! But it's jolly nice to see you again, Billy."

Sammy never guessed that not so very long ago Billy had been an ordinary little school-boy like himself. But it was perfectly true. Billy had been a member of a party of school-boys who had come to Meadow-sweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning the whole lot of them had felt ill. And when Doctor Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm, he got his bottles mixed up, and instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine, he gave them all a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals. And changed they were!

And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Doctor Dozey could find a liquid to change them back again.

But all little Sammy Small-wood knew was that Billy was a talking rabbit, and he thought that Billy lived in the woods.

"I've often wondered if I'd meet you again," said Sammy, sitting down on the log beside Billy. "It must be wonderful to be a talking rabbit. I bet you have a jolly fine life with no books or lessons or—other things to worry about!"

He gave such a deep sigh that Billy looked at him sharply.

"How d'you mean—other things?" demanded Billy. "And why did you sigh like that? Is anything wrong?"

"All right, I'll tell you," said Sammy. "Tomorrow is the day of the school junior cross-country race, and everybody reckons I'll win it. It'll be a terrific boost-up for my form if I do win it, because we'll hold the junior cross-country cup for a whole year. I know jolly well that I could win it, but I won't!"

"Why not?" demanded Billy. "Because I'm not really cut out for cross-country running," groaned Sammy. "I don't know what it is—but when I'm in front of the rest of the runners

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Sammy shot another glance over his shoulder. The tiger was gaining on them, and that made Sammy run faster than ever!

I just sort of slack off. I've tried to cure myself of it, but I can't. And I know jolly well that that's what will happen tomorrow."

"It reminds me of a hare and a stoat," nodded Billy. "A hare can run faster than a stoat. But if it knows that a stoat is following it it just goes slower and slower until it stops dead altogether and the stoat comes up and catches it. That's not like your case, of course," went on Billy hastily, "but it just goes to show that these sort of things can happen."

"I know," groaned Sammy. "What's worrying me is that it'll be such an awful let-down for my form tomorrow."

"Yes, I know how you must feel about it," said Billy sympathetically. "Well, I'll tell you what—I'll run along with you tomorrow and cheer you on and try to keep you in front."

"It's jolly kind of you, Billy," said Sammy, "but it won't make any difference. I just can't help slowing down."

"Never mind. We'll try it," said Billy. "What time does the race start, and what is the course?"

Sammy told him.

"Well, I'll have to be getting back," he finished. "It's nearly tea-time. I'll look out for you tomorrow during the race."

"And you promise me you'll run as fast as ever you can until you meet me?" cried Billy.

"Yes, I promise you that," said Sammy.

He kept his promise, and the following afternoon he was at least a field in front of the rest of the runners when Billy joined him.

"Go on, Sammy!" cried Billy, gambolling along beside him. "You're doing fine. You'll win easily!"

There wasn't the slightest doubt that if only he would keep it up Sammy would win

easily. He was a splendid runner apart from his unfortunate habit of slowing down once he got well in front.

But today Sammy was making a really special effort. He kept on running as fast as he could with Billy bounding along beside him, cheering him on. Then suddenly he slackened his speed.

"It's no use, Billy," he panted, "I've got to slow down."

"Why, you're not puffed, are you?" cried Billy.

"No, I just can't keep on at this speed," replied Sammy miserably. "It seems so silly to run so fast when I know that the rest of them are a long way behind me."

"They won't be a long way behind you unless you get a move on!" cried Billy warningly.

He looked back over his shoulder to see how far behind the rest of the runners were. As he did so he let out a squeal of terror.

"Look, Sammy—look!" he yelled.

Sammy looked back over his shoulder. As he did so he got the shock of his life. For coming bounding in pursuit of him was a savage-looking tiger.

"Oh, run—run!" screamed Billy, fairly shooting ahead. "It must have escaped from a circus. Run, Sammy!"

Sammy didn't need to be told to run. He was fairly flying along, running faster than he had ever run in his life before.

"Oh, Sammy, quicker—quicker!" cried Billy, his voice shrill with terror. "It's gaining on us!"

Head up and elbows tucked in, Sammy simply tore along. A sudden terrific roar behind him caused him to spurt more desperately than ever. He fairly flew across the last field, clearing the hedge at one bound.

Ahead of him he could see the playing field of St. Anselm's,

and he could see a great crowd of masters and boys gathered at the finishing tape.

"Go on, Sammy—go on!" screamed Billy. "Keep it up. You've won easily. And don't be frightened of the tiger. He's just a pal of mine. I got him to come along to put a bit of pep into you. He and I are buzzing off now. I'll see you in the woods tomorrow!"

Still running, Sammy turned his head and stared in astonishment. But Billy and the tiger were bounding swiftly away towards the woods, for the tiger was none other than a boy named Clive Winston who had been turned into a tiger.

The next afternoon Sammy met Billy at the log in the woods.

"Well, you won all right!" chuckled Billy.

"Won!" said Sammy with a merry laugh. "I not only won, Billy, I even broke the school record for the senior cross-country race. Nobody in the history of St. Anselm's has ever run the course in a faster time. But did you say that tiger was a pal of yours?"

"Yes," chuckled Billy, "but don't ask me to explain. There are secrets that even a talking rabbit can't give away."

Before Sammy could say another word Billy had dashed away under a bush.

"But wait a minute!" cried Sammy, going after him.

He reached the bush and poked around beneath it, but Billy had vanished. He had dived down a rabbit hole and come up yards away.

Sammy never saw him again, which was as well, for after all said and done, Billy simply couldn't tell him about the lads of Dr. Grunter's Zoo School.

Next week: A donkey has a ride in a donkey cart!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

and everyone said what a clever chap Willie was.

Willie got busy and worked his gun, shooting white stars as big as footballs high into the sky. Even these stars lasted for half an hour before going out.

At last came the time for the display. Everyone sat comfortably on the dry grass, the masters of both schools in a group of their own.

Tyke, Juggins and Asse were some little distance from the crowd, and were watching for a chance to pull the legs of Wizard, Bash and Scroggins.

But the chance never came. Willie and Co. were very busy arranging the scenery for the burning of Rome.

While they blew up Mr. Halfspin in his little rubber tunic, Doctor Gandybar sent out rockets, lit roman candles, started off pin-wheels and playfully dropped a chinese cracker behind Mr. Helup.

Then he tried firing the Star Gun. The giant stars hanging in the sky fascinated him. They fascinated Mr. Helup, too, who in dodging the chinese cracker had caught his head lightly against a tree. Seeing such huge stars, he thought that he'd been knocked out.

The scenery was in place and Mr. Halfspin blown up.

Over his rubber tunic he wore another tunic, a cotton one, tied round his middle with string. With a wreath of leaves round his head and sandals on his feet he made a passable Nero.

His bare legs were certainly skinny in comparison with his huge middle, but this wasn't very noticeable as he took his seat outside 'Rome'!

Willie switched on the red floodlight. The other five floodlights were to be worked by Bash and Scroggins as a brilliant finish, flooding the whole meadow.

With the aid of floating wisps of gauze fixed here and there on the scenery, and the red ray, 'Rome' really seemed to burn.

Nervously Mr. Halfspin turned his thin neck round over his blown-up tunic. He hoped he was safe. Bravely he tuned his fiddle for the twentieth time that evening. Then he stuck up the first doleful notes of 'London's Burning'.

The noise was awful.

The crowd stopped their ears with their fingers, though they laughed heartily. But Mr. Halfspin went on scraping away at his music, lost to everything else. He loved his violin.

After a short time, the red beam shining on Mr. Halfspin began to have a strange effect on the special gas with which Willie had blown up the rubber tunic.

It began to expand!

The rubber tunic didn't burst; it just began to swell slightly, and as it swelled, Mr. Halfspin was gently raised from his seat.

Mr. Halfspin didn't notice this; he was heart and soul in his music, and the strains went winding out over the heads of the crowd.

Mr. Halfspin went out over the heads of the crowd too. The crowd thought it all part of the show, and all joined in the song.

"London's burning, London's burning,

Look yonder, look yonder,

Fire, fire! Fire, fire!

Oh bring me some water."

By this time Willie Wizzard had noticed that Mr. Halfspin had moved from 'Rome' and had gently floated away, higher and higher above the crowd, still playing on.

Realising that the beam from the floodlight must have had some queer effect on his special gas, he became very worried, and talked it over with Jimmy Bash and Harold Scroggins.

As the boys argued and wondered what to do about their Form Master who was slowly making his way through Willie's half-hour stars, they didn't notice that Tyke, Juggins and Asse had crept up.

They had become curious about the floodlights and were examining them carefully.

"Hey—Juggins—look at this bit of stuff fixed to the glass! What's it for?" whispered Tyke, and ripped off the special gauze.

It did not take a minute for the Hobson's trio to rip the gauze from the other five floodlights too. Then they crept away, wondering whether anything exciting would happen.

It was now time for the grand finale, so Willie, still wondering what to do about the floating Mr. Halfspin switched on the rest of the lights. Round the meadow swirled the rays and the place became a mass of changing colour.

Mr. Halfspin, up above with his wailing violin, turned his head slightly to see how the crowd were taking his solo. He gasped when he saw the heads of the crowd beneath him.

There he was, with no means of support, hanging in the sky like one of Wizzard's giant stars.

He gave a little yelp of horror, and stopped playing.

"Help!" he called down nervously.

Now the slight wind was carrying him dangerously near one of the huge stars, but mercifully he stopped just short of it. Its light dazzled him, so he closed his eyes and screamed frantically.

"Help!"

"Get him down, Wizzard!" shouted Doctor Gandybar to Willie.

"I can't, sir. We shall have to wait until the gas gets back to normal," said Willy, worried.

"Gas? Which gas?" asked the Doctor.

"The gas he's blown up with," answered Willie.

"And how long might that be?" inquired the Doctor.

"About seven hours," whispered Willie.

Doctor Gandybar stared.

"And then what will happen to him?" he persisted.

"He'll just drop," said Willie.

"Like a stone?" asked the Doctor, horrified.

"Like a stone!" said Willie simply.

This would not do at all, thought the Doctor. Something must be done to bring down the floating Form Master.

Everyone argued about it for some time. Someone suggested using a step-ladder. But there was no step-ladder long enough to reach poor Mr. Halfspin.

"He looks a bit like a cherub—only older!" whispered Tyke, to Juggins and Asse.

At last Willie had a bright idea. Rushing back to school, he reappeared with a screw driver, some screws and one or two gadgets from the boiler house.

"We'll shoot him down," he explained, "only we can't shoot him with stars—that would be dangerous. So we'll use peanuts. I'll just fix the gun to take the peanuts and then we can have a go!"

He tinkered about with the gun, and soon declared it to be ready.

With the help of Jimmy, Willie dragged up the peanut stall, and then Doctor Gandybar insisted on taking command. No-one else was worthy enough, he considered, to shoot down his Fourth Form Master.

With a grim, determined face, the Doctor took up his position behind the gun and carefully directed it at poor Mr. Halfspin.

Poor Mr. Halfspin, up in the sky, thought the end had come. The gun was pointing straight at him. He was halfway to heaven already and didn't like it—he had no wish to finish the journey.

"No, no," he called down faintly and waved his violin in despair.

But the peanuts were already on their way. The crowd stood below with a tarpaulin from the shed, ready to catch him when he fell.

Peppered with peanuts, poor Mr. Halfspin began to have a rough time of it. He covered his head with his arms and thought what a cruel world it was.

At last an outsize in peanuts penetrated the rubber tunic and

there was the noise of escaping gas as the rip became wider.

Down he swooped and the crowd caught him, violin and all, a thinner and sadder Halfspin, very shaken.

He was a strange colour, everyone noticed. Something like an over-ripe tangerine orange—only brighter, for he gleamed in the dark. The red and yellow beams from the floodlights had done their best with him.

No-one could understand his strange colour. Everyone felt sorry for him until they looked at each other. Then everyone began to feel sorry for himself.

Willie was orange too, and Jimmy and Harold were blue.

The four Hobson's masters were red, green, yellow and purple. Everyone on the field was some colour or other. Tyke, Juggins and Asse had not been forgotten. Like three chinese lanterns, they shone a ghastly green.

But as was to be expected, Doctor Gandybar outshone them all.

His face and hands were bright yellow with green spots. Mr. Helup ran him a close second. His colour scheme was red and blue stripes.

Willie ran to switch off the floodlights.

"It w-w-w-will wear off in an hour or t-two," he stammered. "The g-g-gauze must have come off!"

The Hobsonians and their masters went back to Giggleton. Rather like coloured balls from a Christmas tree gleaming in the dark, they had to walk all the way, as they were too ashamed to go on the bus.

Later that night going to bed, a sickly-looking Doctor Gandybar stopped by the notice board.

With a yellow hand spotted with green holding a blue pencil, he wrote two words under Danday's soccer fixture with Hobson's.

"Scratched indefinitely!"

"Peace and friendship!" he muttered as he went up to bed.

Next week: Willie Wizzard's Patent Window Cleaner!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK, Spotters! Here's another really bumper week, with another thousand numbers for you, and if yours is among them you can write up and claim one of our super presents. So get out those albums and see if your number's here.

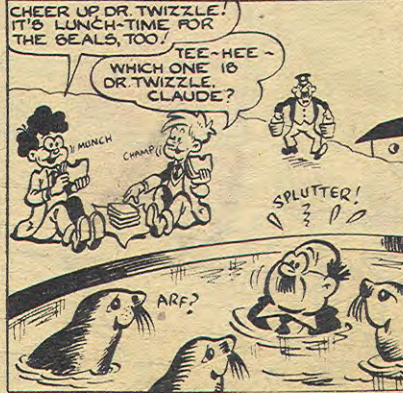
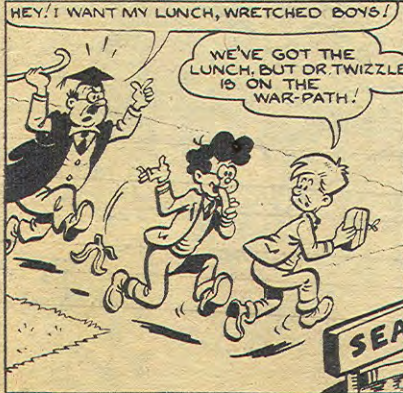
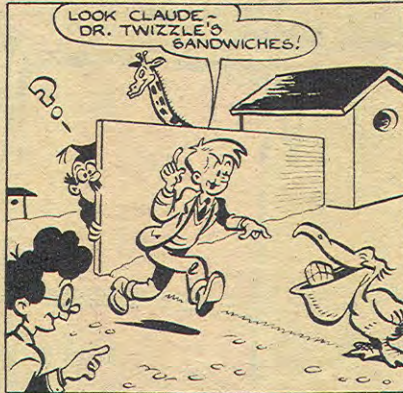
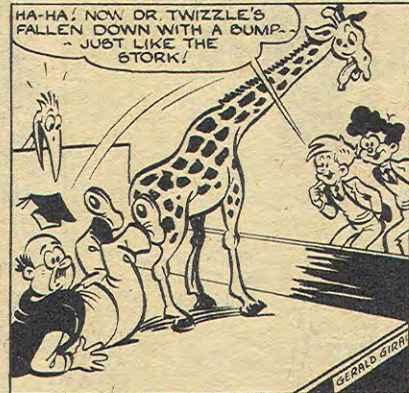
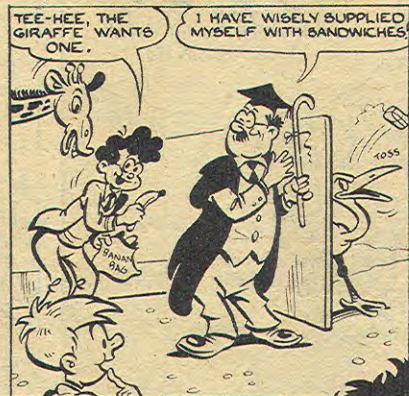
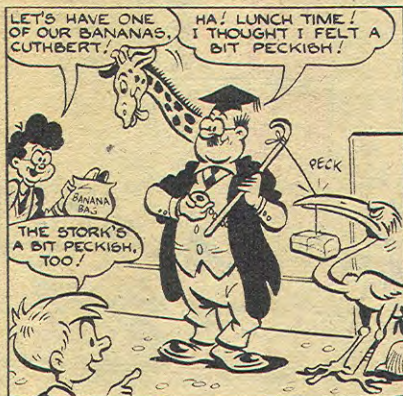
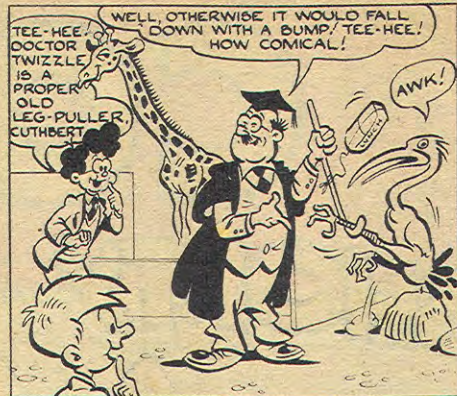
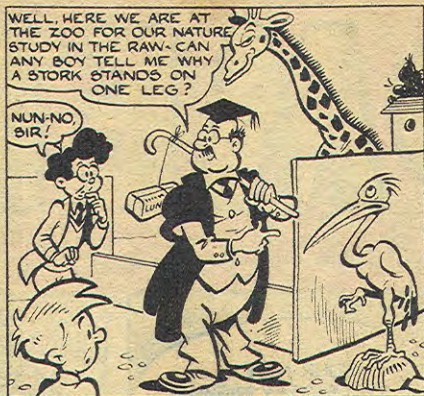
All those whose numbers are between 137,444 and 137,944 inclusive, and between 8,000 and 8,500 inclusive, may send up for one of the presents listed below.

Yes, you can have a choice of any one of these: **Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Wrist Compass, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, or a Water Pistol.** All you have to do is simply write your choice in the space on the album marked "For Official Use"—and at the same time make sure your name and address are filled in on the membership page. Next, on a piece of paper or postcard, write the name of the story or character you like best in COMET, and in a few words say why. Pop both album and piece of paper in an envelope and send it to:

COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by **Tuesday, November 18, 1952.** Don't forget to put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope before posting! Presents are despatched about a week after closing date, and albums are returned at the same time.

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