

COMET

THE BACK PAGE
IS A FRONT PAGE
TOO!

3^D EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

No. 228. November 29, 1952

SAILING THROUGH THE SKIES
OF THE PLANET ROMA, COME
MEN OF THE FLYING LEGION~

FOLLOW ME!
WE WILL TAKE
THEM BY
SURPRISE!

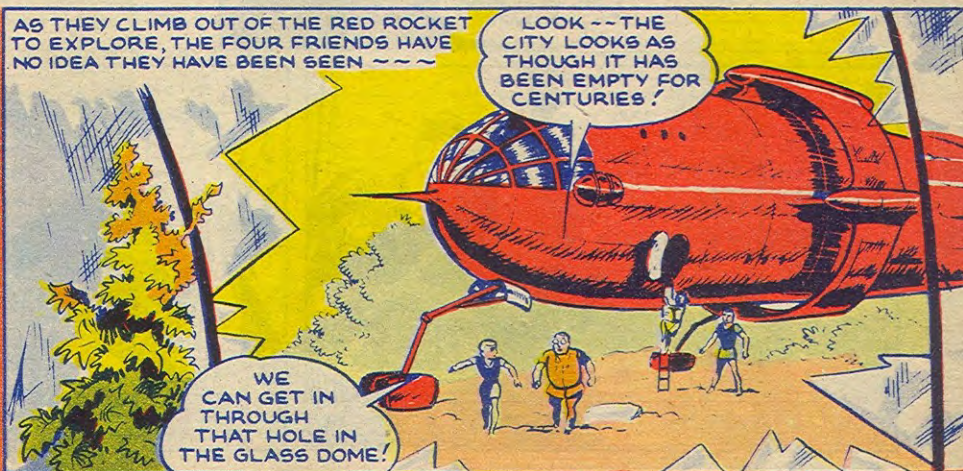


PETER AND ANN ARE
EXPLORING THE SKIES
WITH THEIR INVENTOR
UNCLE, PROFESSOR JOLLY,
WHO BUILT THEIR
WONDERFUL RED ROCKET.
FAR OUT IN SPACE THEY
MEET KOSMO, A SPACE-
PATROLMAN, AND WITH
HIM, THEY HAVE REACHED
THE MYSTERY PLANET,
ROMA. AS YET THEY
DO NOT KNOW THAT
THE ROMANS HAVE SEEN
THEM, AND ARE
SWOOPING DOWN OUT OF
THE SKY!

AS THEY CLIMB OUT OF THE RED ROCKET
TO EXPLORE, THE FOUR FRIENDS HAVE
NO IDEA THEY HAVE BEEN SEEN ~ ~ ~

LOOK -- THE
CITY LOOKS AS
THOUGH IT HAS
BEEN EMPTY FOR
CENTURIES!

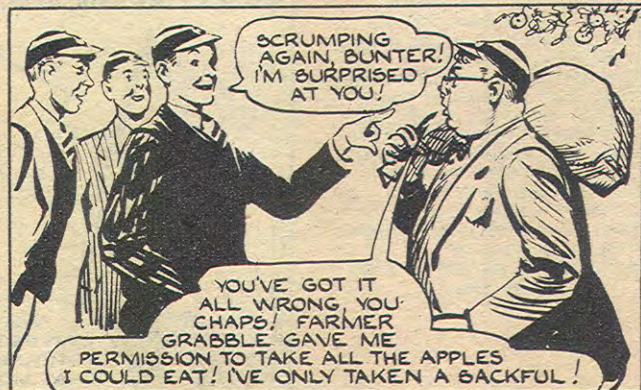
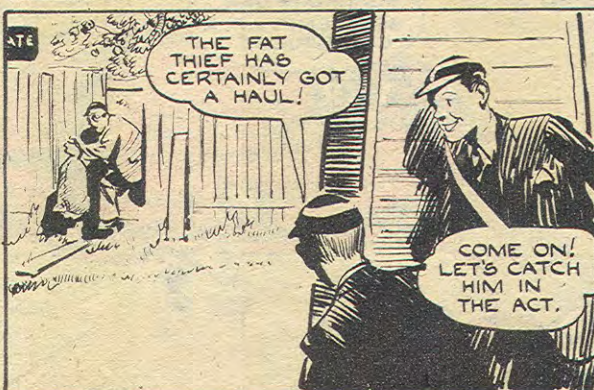
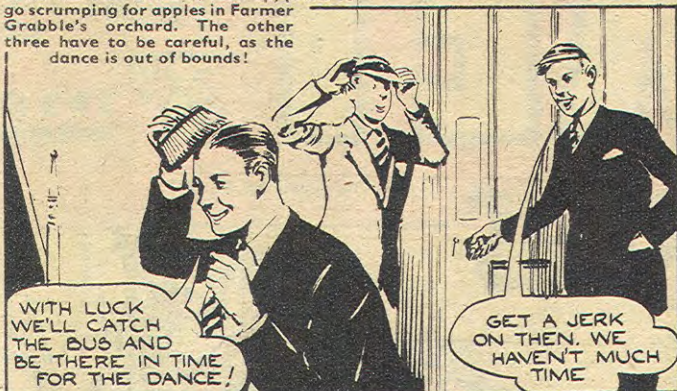
WE
CAN GET IN
THROUGH
THAT HOLE IN
THE GLASS DOME!



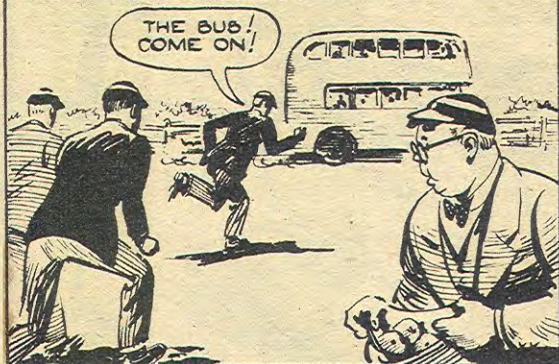
More of this Story on the Centre Pages

Hazeldine, Snoop and Skinner, of Greyfriars, decide to slip into the nearby village and go to a dance. At the same time, Billy Bunter, whose famous postal order has still failed to turn up, plans to go scrumping for apples in Farmer Grabble's orchard. The other three have to be careful, as the dance is out of bounds!

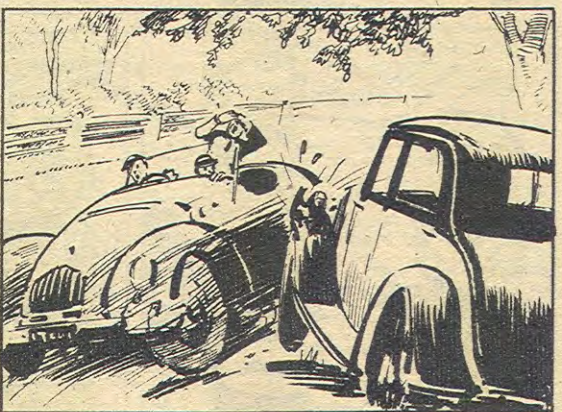
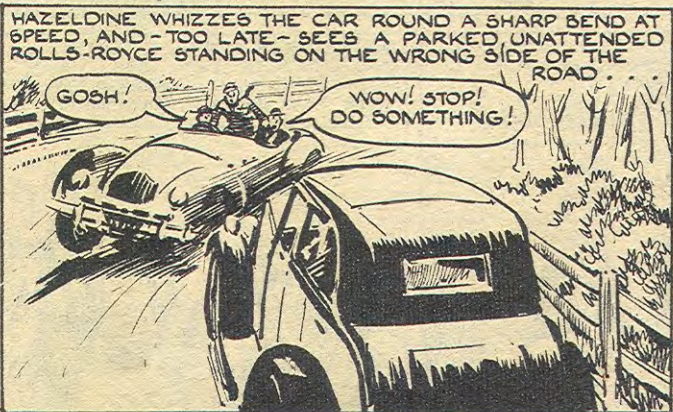
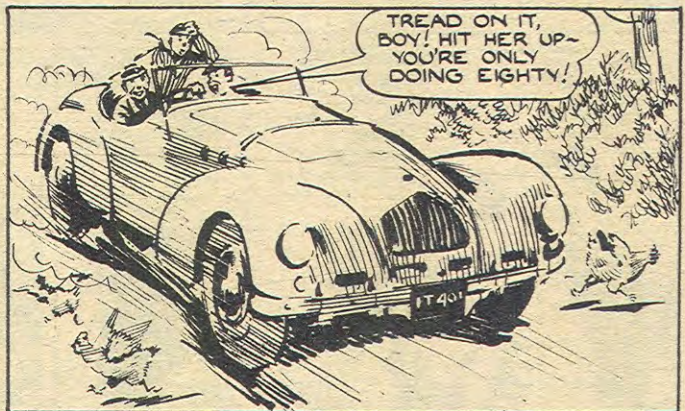
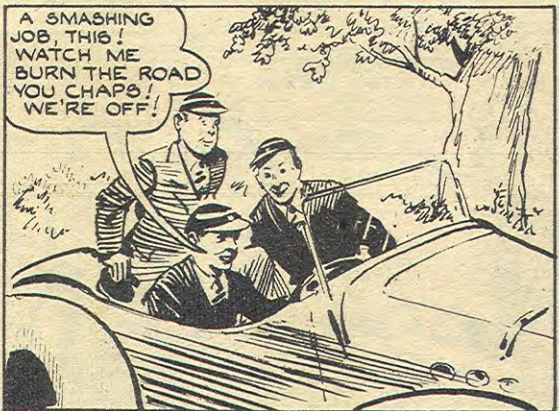
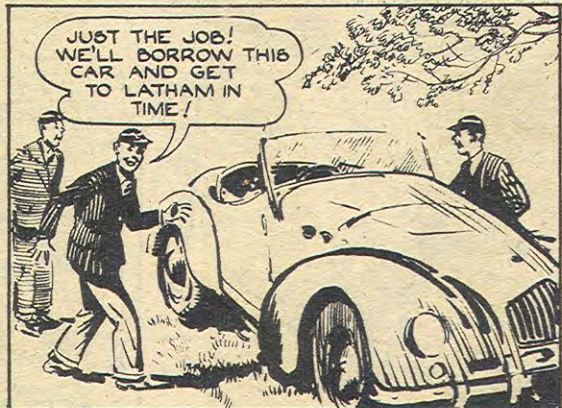
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

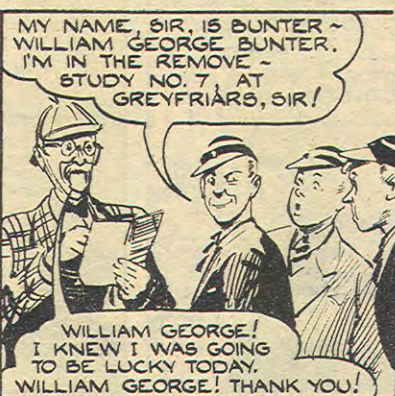
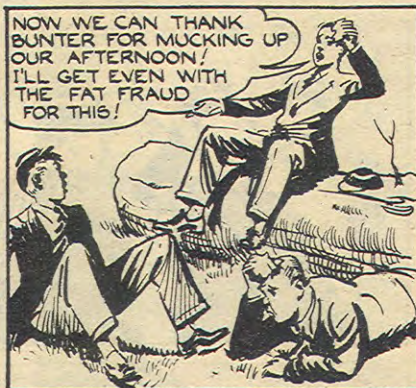
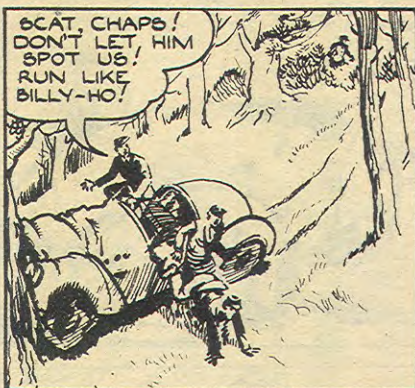
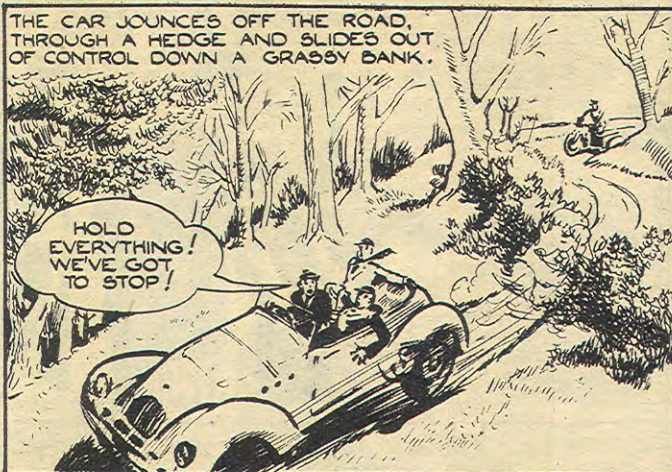


JUST THEN THE AFTERNOON BUS COMES
ROUND THE CORNER. . .



AS NO ONE IS AT THE BUS STOP, THE BUS GOES
MERRILY ON. . .





Next week: Bunter gets a registered letter! Don't miss what's inside!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

"IT'S a shocking thing, and it's got to stop!" announced Dr. Gandybar, thumping his desk.

Mr. Griddle, the new sports master, hastily agreed. Having been at Gandybar School on probation for only a month, Mr. Griddle agreed with whatever the Headmaster said:

"It's disgusting, sir!" he said virtuously. "To think that somebody in Gandybar School, your School, sir, could stoop so low as to pilfer food from the school kitchen! I can hardly believe it!"

"I can," said Dr. Gandybar with an air of gloom. "Easily. By the way Griddle, you might well be responsible for this pilfering!"

Mr. Griddle gulped, and his sallow face went three shades paler.

"Me?" he squawked nervously. "Oh, sir! Why, I eat like a bird—"

"Ha—ha! Yes! Like a vulture!" cackled Dr. Gandybar with rather forced mirth. "I've seen you at meals! But you misunderstand me, Griddle. I didn't mean that you were the guilty party—good gracious no! I meant that the way you have been making the boys work on the playing-fields is probably responsible for a great increase in their appetites!"

"Ha—ha! Yes, I see what you mean now!" said Mr. Griddle with some relief. "Well, we don't want the lads to grow up a lot of weaklings, do we sir? Make 'em work! That's what I always say!"

"Do you?" asked Dr. Gandybar vaguely. "Must get very monotonous. However, why did you come to see me, Griddle? And why are you wearing slacks and a sweater. It's hardly the dress in which to appear in my study!"

"Oh, I was just on my way to the soccer field," Mr. Griddle explained hastily. "One of the boys tells me that the football pump isn't working properly, and I came to ask you about buying a new one."

"Can't be bothered with that now," said Dr. Gandybar rather irritably. "This food pilfering business is on my mind. Mention it again to me tomorrow, Griddle."

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir," said Mr. Griddle. With an oily smile, he withdrew from the study, leaving Dr. Gandybar to his troubles.

When Mr. Griddle reached the dressing-rooms, he found the boys had changed into their soccer togs but were just sitting idly around.

"What's this? What's this?" he snapped angrily, as if unable to believe his eyes. "Come along now! On your feet and out on to the field! Double up, there!"

"But the ball, sir!" Jimmy Bash exclaimed, holding up a limp piece of leather. "It wants pumping up and the pump has finally given up the ghost completely!"

"Tut-tut!" snapped the new sportsmaster, who had made himself very unpopular with the boys during his four weeks at Gandybar School. "In that case we'll all go for a jolly good five-mile run. I'll get my bicycle out while you boys change into running shoes."

"But it's all right about the ball, sir!" Jimmy Bash put in quickly. "Willie Wizzard has invented a patent pumping pill! You just pop one of these little pills inside the football bladder, tie up the air inlet, and give a good shake! Then the pill makes the air expand, or something like that, and up goes the football! At least," he added, "that's what Willie Wizzard says!"

"Wizzard?" repeated Mr. Griddle. "Hm! I've heard about this young man. He's quite an inventor, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy Bash. "And he's nipped up to his study to get one of the pills for us."

"Well, we shall see!" Mr. Griddle said, and there was a hint of a sneer on his face. "In the meantime, we'll keep busy with some physical jerks. Now, form up in three ranks and take your distance. Good! Feet astride jumping—begin! One, two, one, two, one, two..."

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Jimmy Bash softly. "I hope Willie gets a move on!"

Willie Wizzard was getting a move on. In fact he was taking a short cut from his study to the playing-fields by dashing through the school kitchen. Mrs. Rolfe, who was in charge of all the cooking, blinked up from her work as the school-boy inventor went dashing through one door and out of the other, his eyes gleaming behind his huge spectacles.

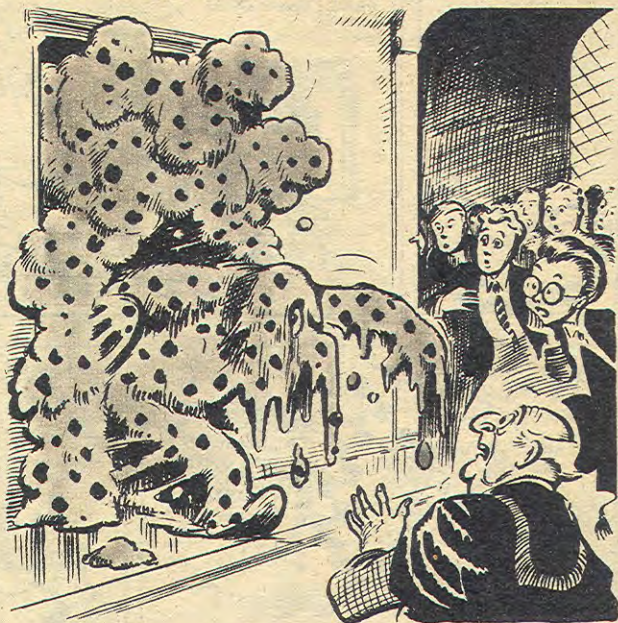
"Now, boy! You know you're not allowed through here—" began Mrs. Rolfe. But Willie Wizzard had already vanished.

TWO minutes later he dashed breathlessly into the changing-room.

"All right! Rest, everybody!" called Mr. Griddle rather reluctantly. As the boys thankfully stopped prancing about, the sports master turned to Willie Wizzard.

"Ah! So you're here!" he exclaimed. "Well, let's see what you can do with this football."

"It's very simple, sir," said Willie proudly, holding up a tiny white tablet between finger and thumb. "This is the whole works!" He fumbled round the elastic top of his shorts for a second or two, then blinked about him in some surprise.



"Stop it! Don't let it get me!" wailed Mr. Griddle as he staggered from the kitchen covered with spotted dog!

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "I thought I'd brought the rest of the packet with me! I took one tablet out, and then I thought I'd bring the whole packet in case one wasn't powerful enough. Has anybody seen a little square envelope lying around?" He peered round the floor as he spoke.

"Never mind that!" snapped Mr. Griddle impatiently. "Let's get outside and try the tablet you've brought with you. It's getting stuffy in here!"

When they got outside, Willie took the limp football and slipped the little white tablet into the bladder. Then he tied up the spout and popped the bladder into the outer case.

"Now then!" he exclaimed, and gave a vigorous shake. From within the football there came a sudden fierce *pssssst!* But it didn't stop. It went on and on!

In a flash the football had swelled to full-size, and was as firm as a rock in Willie's hands. Mr. Griddle gave an exclamation of pleased surprise, but Willie was staring with dawning dismay in his eyes. The football was getting harder and harder, and he could even hear the stitches at the seams creaking under the pressure!

"Oh, lor!" Willie jerked out, and threw the football away from him. It shot up in a high bounce towards Jimmy Bash, who backed away nervously. Everybody could see now that the football was larger than it should be! At any moment something would give under that enormous pressure from inside.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Griddle, suddenly grasping the situation. He turned to run just as Jimmy Bash kicked the ball desperately away. As luck would have it, Jimmy kicked in the direction of Mr. Griddle. Next moment the boys stood with mouths agape, watching—for Mr. Griddle was flying down the field with the football bouncing after him, and rapidly catching him up!

Then it came! There was one enormous bang as the bouncing football exploded just behind Mr. Griddle's head. A great blast of air knocked him flat on his face in the mud, and he lay there groaning.

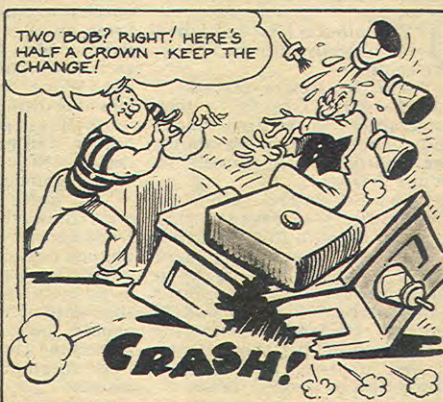
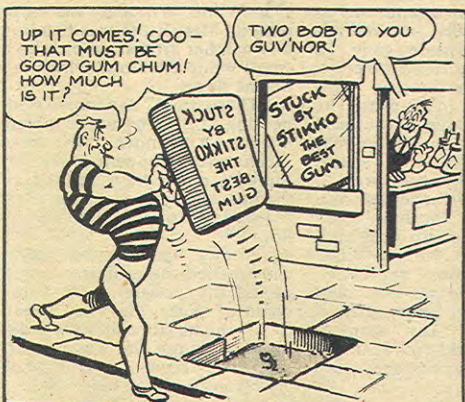
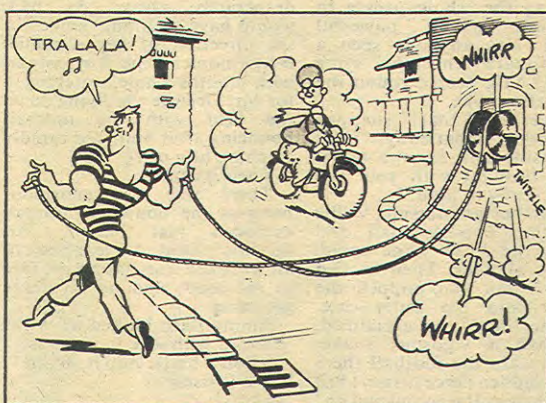
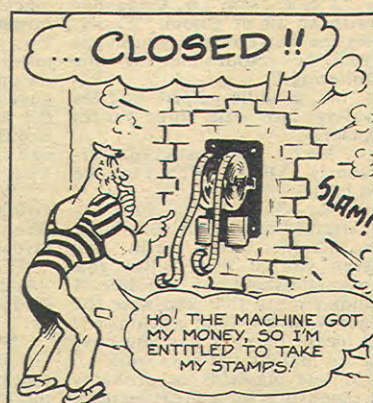
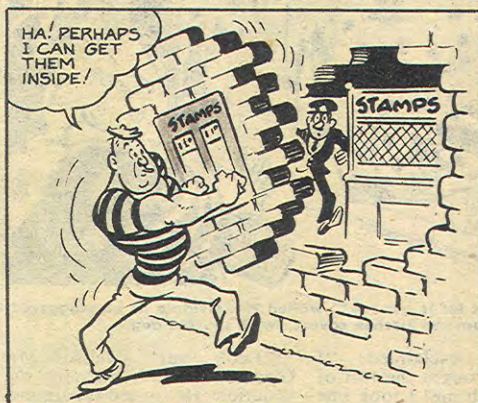
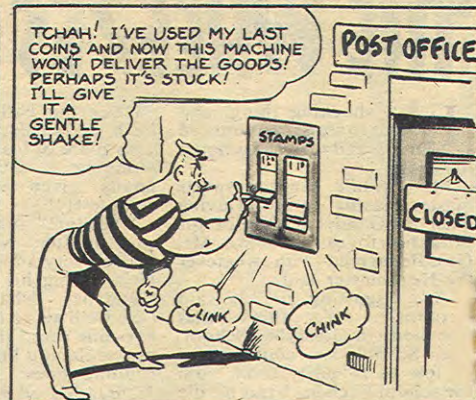
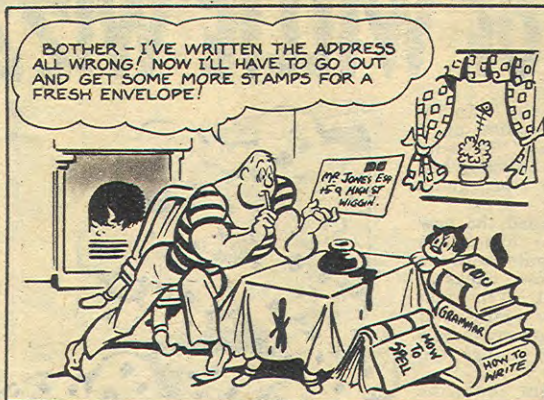
Jimmy Bash looked at Willie Wizzard with awe in his eyes. "You'd better hop it, Willie!" he said wisely.

AT the same moment that Willie Wizzard was hopping it, Mrs. Rolfe was bending down in her kitchen to pick up a small white envelope which lay on the floor.

"There now!" she murmured, peering at the tiny white tablets inside. "I wonder how these saccharines happened to get there? I might have hunted all through the cupboards for them if I hadn't noticed them on the floor!"

Turning back to her table, she crushed the tablets in a cup mixed the powder with a big basin of sugar, and then began to sift the mixture into the great bowl of dough she was preparing. The boys of Gandybar

(Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

The liner "San Carlo" sailed from the South American port of Santo Cruz with eighteen million pounds worth of gold bars in her strong rooms.

The Shark, steel-masked master-crook, whose face nobody has ever seen, was now dictator of the nearby country of Incaragua. In dire need of money to pay his army, he plotted to sink the "San Carlo," for the sake of the gold.

This seemed easy, for he had captured the mighty "Prowler," the huge tank-like craft which Malcolm Franklin invented, and which could move about on the bed of the ocean. With the "Prowler" he plotted to sink the "San Carlo" with gunfire from the sea-bed and then steal the gold.

But though Malcolm Franklin could not yet recapture the "Prowler," he was able to foil this plan by putting one of its motors out of action. Determined to get the gold, the Shark next planned to sink the "San Carlo" with his strato-bomber, and then to salvage the gold a week or so later when the "Prowler" had been repaired.

Again Malcolm Franklin and Bob Harley, the young secret service man, foiled him. They laid out the pilot and observer of the strato-bomber and took their places.

Before anyone had a chance to guess that anything was wrong, they had taken off in the great bomber and were winging up into the moonlit night!

"EXCELLENCY—Excel-lency—wake up!"

A high officer of the Incaraguan Army was shaking the new dictator of Incaragua by the shoulder as he slept in the big gilt bed in the president's palace in Porto Visto.

Even when sleeping, the Shark wore the strange mask of polished steel over his features.

"Huh? Eh?" The Shark stirred from his slumbers and grunted sharply. Through the two eye-slits in the steel mask the real eyes glinted out. "What is it, man? Why do you disturb me in the dead of night?"

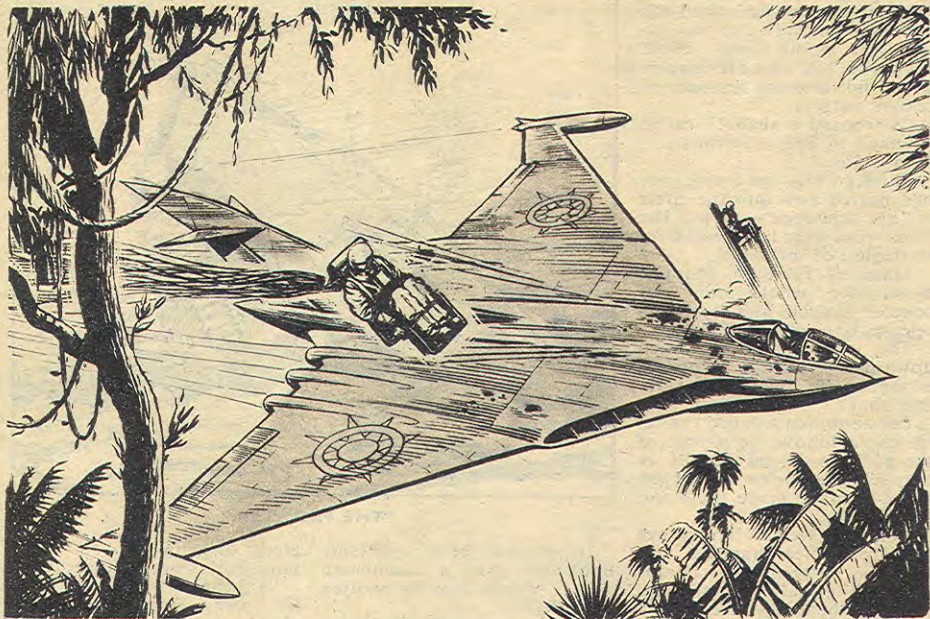
"Excellency . . . the man was very nervous, for he well knew into what a towering rage the Shark could fly. "Excellency—the strato-bomber—it has been stolen!"

"What?"

"Stolen, Excellency. Two men struck down the pilot and observer and took their places. The machine was away and flying into the night before anyone knew anything was wrong!"

But the burst of rage he expected did not come. Instead, the Shark sat bolt upright in his bed and his right hand gripped at the bundled bedclothes until his knuckles showed white.

"Malcolm Franklin!" he



The strato-bomber zoomed on at one thousand eight hundred miles an hour as Bob and Malcolm Franklin were shot into the air.

hissed. "This is Malcolm Franklin's work! Every move I make, Franklin is in the way—he and the boy Harley!"

He swung his fierce gaze back towards the officer.

"What steps have been taken?"

"None, Excellency—we did not know—"

"Bah! Dolts! Fools! Give orders immediately for every fighter in my air force to take off at once. At once—do you hear? The strato-bomber must be hunted down! Malcolm Franklin and Bob Harley must be destroyed!"

THE Atlantic coast of South America lay seven miles below them, clearly to be seen in the bright moonlight.

The strato-bomber shrieked along at nearly eight hundred miles an hour. Within the cabin all was quiet, for now it was going fast enough to leave all the noise of its six screaming jet engines far behind.

"Any signs of pursuit, Bob?" asked Malcolm Franklin as he sat with his hands resting lightly on the controls.

Bob pulled himself up through the narrow gangway that led down to the bomb compartment in the machine's belly. He had been looking out and down from a rearward observation panel.

"I couldn't spot any fighters, sir," said Bob. "But they must be on our trail by now."

"Too true. All the same, I fancy we'll take a bit of catching," he nodded towards the air-speed dial. "If there's no

sign of pursuit now we're in the clear for a little while. I thought, perhaps, there might have been some fighters stationed in the extreme north of Incaragua that could have headed us off."

"So we've got a clear run until we pick up the San Carlo, you think?" said Bob.

Franklin nodded and pointed downward through the left-hand window. Far below, Bob Harley could see the estuary of a great river. Two branches of the water-way formed a huge cross—the cross that gave Santo Cruz its name.

"Santo Cruz," said Franklin, and turned the wheel on the control-column to starboard. The right wing dipped and the big tailless jet swung smoothly round until her nose was pointing roughly north-east over the Atlantic. Franklin glanced at his wrist watch.

"The San Carlo's been at sea about eighteen hours now—that should put her about four hundred miles out, on the main shipping lanes to Europe," he said. "We should pick her up in about half an hour."

Below them the tiny shapes of several ships dotted the ocean, which looked like glass from that great height. The general direction in which the ships were travelling told them that they were flying over the Atlantic shipping lanes and that sooner or later they would catch up with the San Carlo.

After a further twenty minutes flying Bob eased himself down past Franklin's feet into the very nose of the machine, where the bomb-aiming gear was

placed. From there he could keep a close watch on the ocean below.

The San Carlo was easy to pick out. One of the world's biggest luxury liners, she was far bigger than any other ship they had yet seen, and her light-coloured paintwork threw her out sharply against the dark ocean. Her one huge funnel, short in height and specially streamlined, was a feature Bob could not mistake.

"She's down below now!" Bob said as he climbed back up beside Franklin.

"Good. Take over the controls and hold the plane steady as she goes, Bob. I'm going to put a stick of bombs in the sea close beside her—as close as I dare without hurting her. It's the only way I know to make the captain turn back to the safety of Santo Cruz. As long as the San Carlo's at sea she's at the mercy of the Shark—and he'll find some way of sinking her!"

Bob took over the smooth plastic-covered control-wheel from the inventor and thrilled to the feel of the powerful giant in his hands. Every tug and pull of the air on the wings and rudders made itself felt to his hands. And yet, huge as the strato-bomber was, it responded to his slightest touch.

Malcolm Franklin crouched over the bomb-sight. In the aiming telescope he watched the crossed wires that showed him where his bombs would strike. And alongside him, the "brains" of the sight ticked away inside a

(Continued on next page)

big box, sizing up every tiny change in the machine's speed, or height, or course, and working mechanisms that tilted the telescope this way and that, so that the bomb-aimer could always see just where his bombs would fall when he pressed the release buttons.

"Starboard a shade!" called Franklin to Bob. "Starboard—hold it now!"

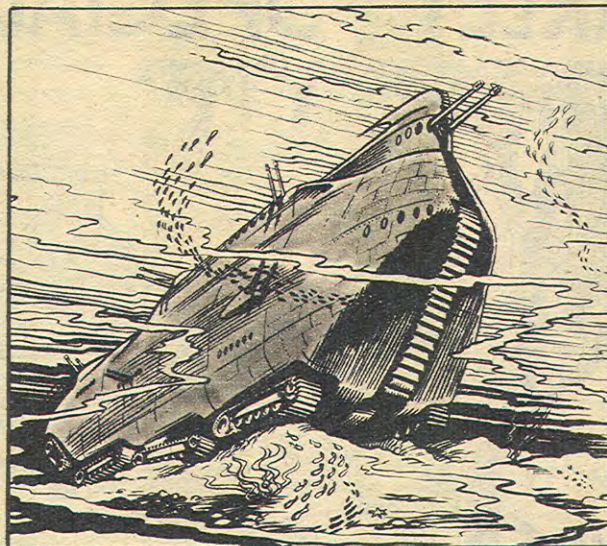
The big white and cream liner had moved now into the circle of his telescope's view. The cross-wires were lying well over to the left of the vessel.

Malcolm Franklin snapped down the whole bank of selector switches and the bomb releases opened.

The strato-bomber surged upwards like a lift as the bombs dropped away, lighter by nearly four tons.

For about ten seconds Franklin could follow the plunge of the torpedo-shaped bombs as they fell away below him. Then sheer distance made them too small to see.

For what seemed like an age nothing further happened, but Franklin knew that his bombs were falling—falling seven miles through the night. He said a little prayer that he had made no mistakes in aiming the bombs, and then, almost fifty seconds after they had begun their seven-mile drop he saw a line of white foam-puffs spring up from the surface of the ocean below, about a quarter of a mile to starboard of the great liner as the stick of bombs exploded in the ocean.



"THE PROWLER."

He climbed back up beside Bob and gave a thumbs-up sign as he took over the piloting once more.

"With a cargo like he's got, and a heavy passenger list too, the captain won't dare do anything else but put the *San Carlo* back to port," he said. "His troubles are over. Ours are only just beginning, or I miss my guess."

He put the great bomber round in a tight, steeply-banked turn that would have done

credit to a fighter, and set the nose back towards Incaragua.

"I mean to wrest the 'Prowler' away from the Shark's clutches, come what may," he said grimly. "When I invented the 'Prowler' I never meant it to be used as a weapon of war by men like the Shark, and if it costs me my life, I mean to put a finish to his evil plotting!"

For a long while there was silence as they sped along, and Bob thought of all that had happened lately. The stealing of

the "Prowler" by the Shark—the capture of the "Prowler's" faithful crew—the imprisoning of General Prando, the true ruler of Incaragua. Amanda Prando, the general's daughter, had proved a good friend to them already, and as soon as they set foot on Incaraguan soil again they would like to find her again. For she had many good friends—friends like Chilka and his Ochoonee Indians, friends who would help them in their battle to overthrow the Shark.

"Look!" said Bob suddenly, and pointed ahead.

Five tiny silvery specks glinted brightly in the moonlight, like five tiny stars in the form of a close arrow-head.

Bob knew that they were a formation of fighters!

Malcolm Franklin hauled back on the control-column and the nose of the strato-bomber lifted. He opened the throttles of the six jet engines to their fullest extent.

The surge of extra power was like the push of a giant hand, urging them upwards and forward.

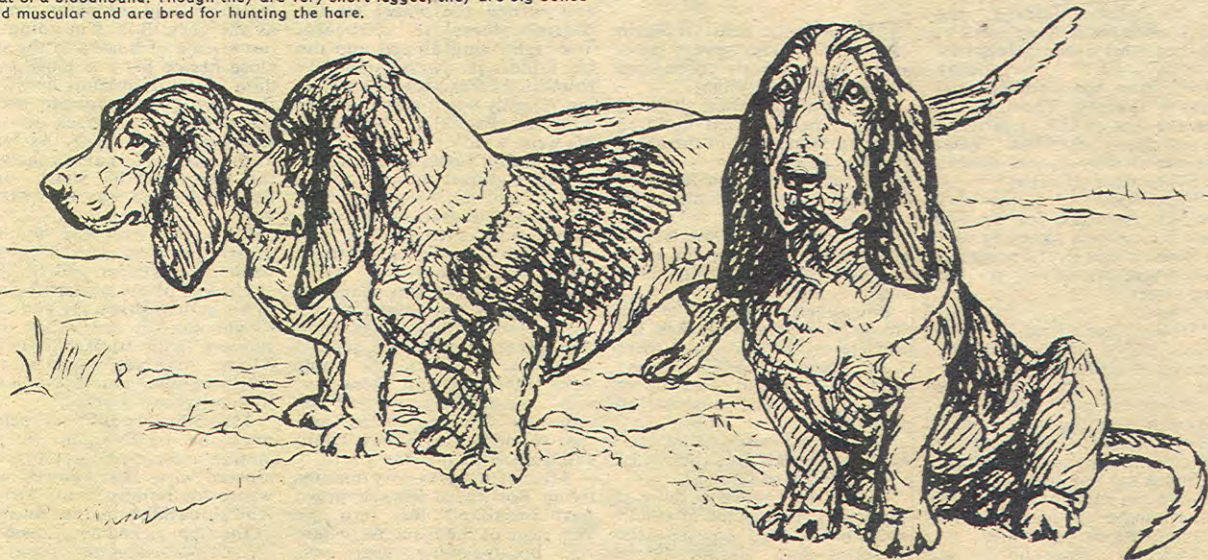
"The higher we are the better our chance," said Franklin quietly. "With our bomb-load gone and more than half our fuel used up, I imagine we'll be pretty hard to catch if it comes to a climbing contest."

Forty-five thousand feet—getting on for nine miles—was showing on the height dials when the fighter formation came nosing up below them.

(Continued on next page)

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 17 THE BASSET HOUND

The Basset Hound can be rough-haired or smooth. Except for colouring, which is that of any foxhound, the head of a smooth-haired Basset is rather like that of a bloodhound. Though they are very short-legged, they are big-boned and muscular and are bred for hunting the hare.



**BOB HARLEY—
SPECIAL AGENT**
(Continued from page 8)

They had no means of defending themselves, for like most modern jet-bombers, the strato-bomber relied on sheer speed to make a getaway from enemy fighters.

Stabs of orange fire jetted out from the fighters' noses. "They're firing at us!" Bob said tensely.

"They're cannon-armed—that's bad," said Franklin. "We're in range of cannon fire at over half a mile—doesn't give us much chance!"

More gunfire spurted up from below.

Then the roar of an explosion shook the bomber and a tornado of air seemed to rush around the little cabin. Bob's ear-drums suddenly felt as though they were going to burst.

"They've hit us!" Bob only just heard Franklin's voice above the roaring in his ears. "They've holed the fuselage—all our air's rushing out—oxygen—use oxygen—no air left in cabin!"

Bob turned the control valve on his chest and the roaring in his ears died away as the life-giving oxygen flooded into his round flying helmet.

More cannon-shells tore through the fuselage behind them, and now Bob felt the icy cold of the thin air of eight miles up. Until now, the cabin had been sealed, so that the air inside it remained warm and breathable. Now, with great holes torn in the walls by the cannon-shells, the air had rushed out and the cold had bitten in.

Bob turned his suit heating full on. He knew, though, that the electric heaters could not keep him warm for long against this deadly, freezing coldness—coldness which could really freeze a man's breath into flaking snow as he puffed it out.

"We've only got one chance, Bob—our speed!" Franklin's voice came sharply over the intercom telephone to Bob. "Bob—strap yourself into the other seat—fast as you can."

Bob sat himself quickly beside Franklin in the second metal bucket-seat. He brought up the two cross-straps of the seat harness across his chest and pressed together the two halves of the big bronze clasp that locked the harness. Even as he felt the clasp click together Franklin pushed the control-column forward.

The nose of the jet dropped sharply, and Bob felt as he had often done before going down in lifts or on the big dipper. But now the sensation in his tummy was ten times worse. As their diving speed rose rapidly to over a thousand miles an hour, a sudden blackness swept across Bob's eyes, and for a moment he blacked out and knew nothing.

When he came round again,

his head was singing and, as he looked forward through the cabin windows, he could see the jungle below them, showing dark green in the first twilight of the dawn.

Soon it would be broad daylight, and then the enemy fighters would pick them up easily.

For the moment, though, there was no sign of the hawk-like little jet speedsters.

Bob glanced at the compass. They were still on course, back towards Incaragua—for all he knew, it was the Incaraguan Jungle below them now—but they were going "downhill" very fast.

The speed dial showed one thousand eight hundred miles an hour.

Malcolm Franklin saw where Bob was looking.

"I'm just hoping she holds together, Bob. If there's any bad damage in the wings they'll tear off as we pull out of this dive."

Bob gulped and said nothing. "If things go wrong, Bob, stay in your seat and yank on that red handle by your right hand. You'll be shot out of the plane then—seat and all—and your parachute will open."

"Right, Chief." "Anyway, Bob, if we stay in one piece we're going to have to bail out—it's our only chance of getting away from these vultures. So when I say 'Abandon ship'—off you go!"

"I will," said Bob quietly, and wondered whether he would feel quite so sure of himself without Malcolm Franklin's calm voice sounding in his ears.

Franklin began to haul steadily back on the stick, and very gradually the nose came up. But steady though their pull-out was, Bob felt himself pressing down into his seat as though his weight had been multiplied four or five times.

The grey crags of mountain peaks slipped swiftly past his vision through the left-hand cabin window and the green of the jungle rushed up at them.

They levelled out a few feet above the tree-tops—a hurtling green blur just below their wings.

"Abandon ship!" yelled Malcolm Franklin.

Bob tugged the red handle fiercely.

In a split second the cowl above his head flew away and the seat slammed up below him.

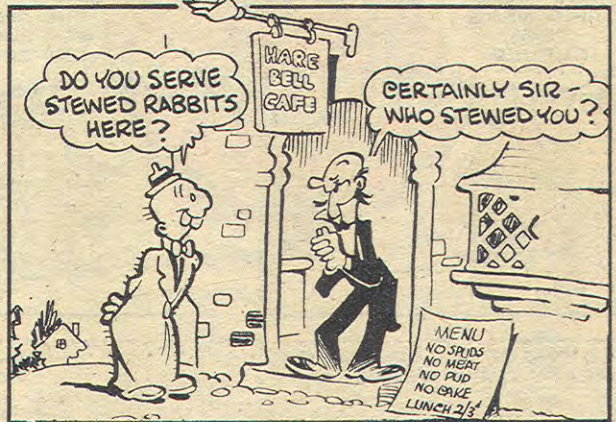
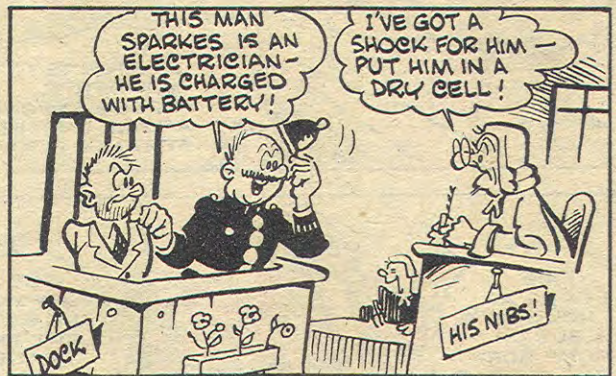
He couldn't stop the yell that broke from his lips as he was catapulted from the doomed bomber up into the air.

He felt the fierce tug of the parachute opening behind him and glimpsed Malcolm Franklin hurtling up into the sky ahead of him.

Then the strato-bomber ploughed like a mighty scythe into the jungle ahead and a thunderous roar split the sky as the fuel tanks blew up.

Next week: Besieged in the jungle!

CHUCKLES





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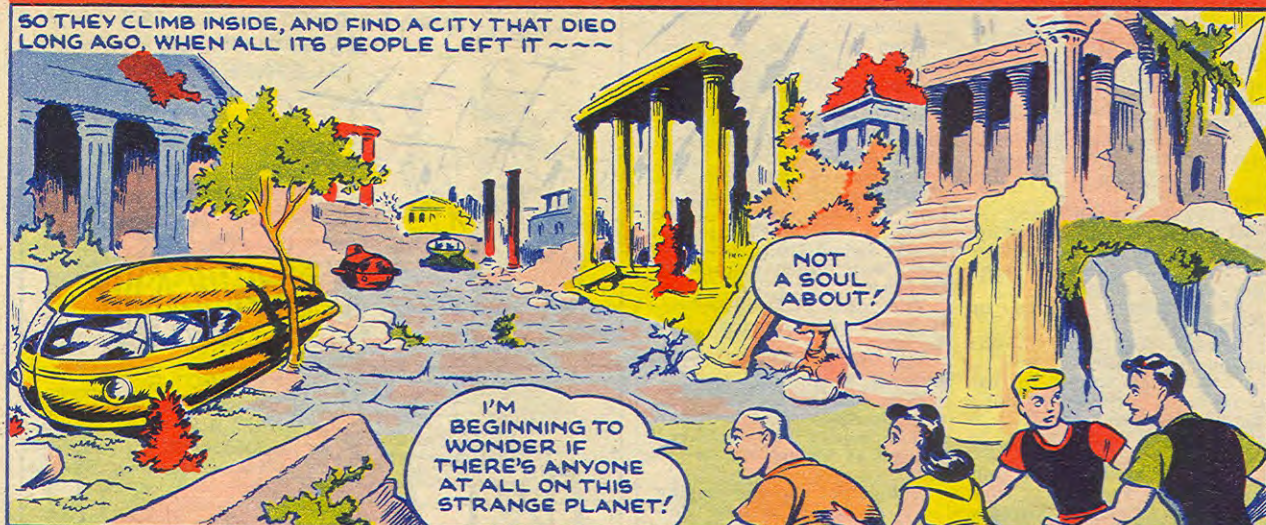
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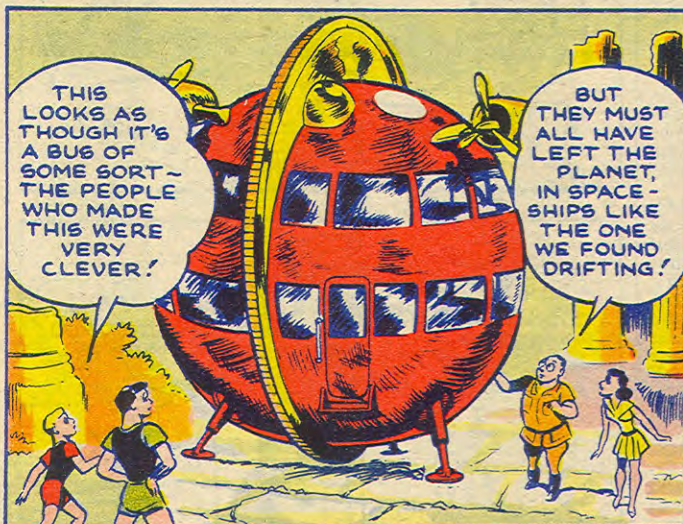
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SO THEY CLIMB INSIDE, AND FIND A CITY THAT DIED
LONG AGO, WHEN ALL ITS PEOPLE LEFT IT ~~~



I'M
BEGINNING TO
WONDER IF
THERE'S ANYONE
AT ALL ON THIS
STRANGE PLANET!

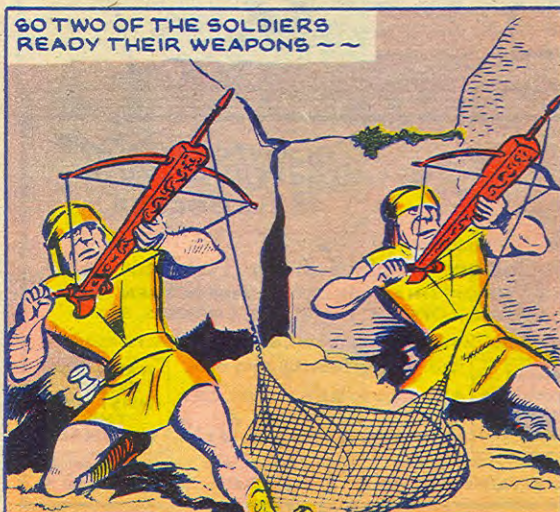


BUT
THEY MUST
ALL HAVE
LEFT THE
PLANET,
IN SPACE-
SHIPS LIKE
THE ONE
WE FOUND
DRIFTING!

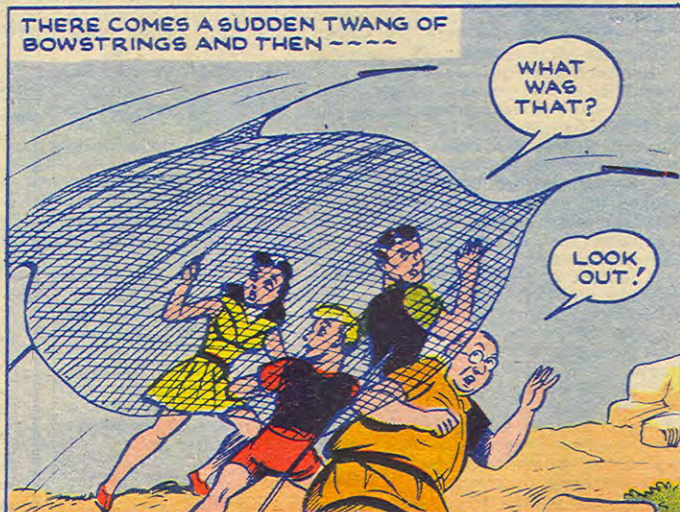
BUT WHILE THEY ARE EXPLORING ~~~



SO TWO OF THE SOLDIERS
READY THEIR WEAPONS ~~~



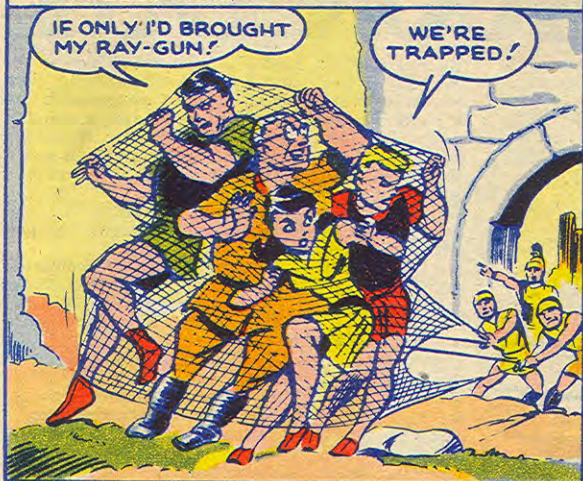
THERE COMES A SUDDEN TWANG OF
BOWSTRINGS AND THEN ~~~~



BUT BEFORE THEY CAN DODGE, THE MESH HAS
DROPPED OVER THEM, AND THE DRAW-STRINGS
ARE PULLED TIGHT ~~~~

IF ONLY I'D BROUGHT
MY RAY-GUN!

WE'RE
TRAPPED!

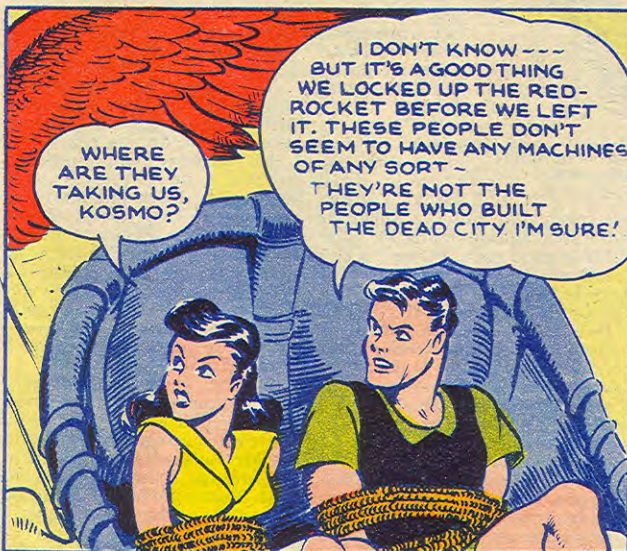


BOUND AND HELPLESS, THEY ARE BUNDLED INTO
THE FLYING CHARIOTS, AND THE ROMANS WHISK
THEM AWAY FROM THE DEAD CITY ~~~~



WHERE
ARE THEY
TAKING US,
KOSMO?

I DON'T KNOW ~~~
BUT IT'S A GOOD THING
WE LOCKED UP THE RED-
ROCKET BEFORE WE LEFT
IT. THESE PEOPLE DON'T
SEEM TO HAVE ANY MACHINES
OF ANY SORT ~
THEY'RE NOT THE
PEOPLE WHO BUILT
THE DEAD CITY I'M SURE!



THEY FLY ON, UNTIL AT LAST A GREAT WALL OF
MOUNTAINS LOOMS BEFORE THEM ~ AND IN
THAT GREAT MASS OF STONE IS A MIGHTY
CAVERN ~~~~



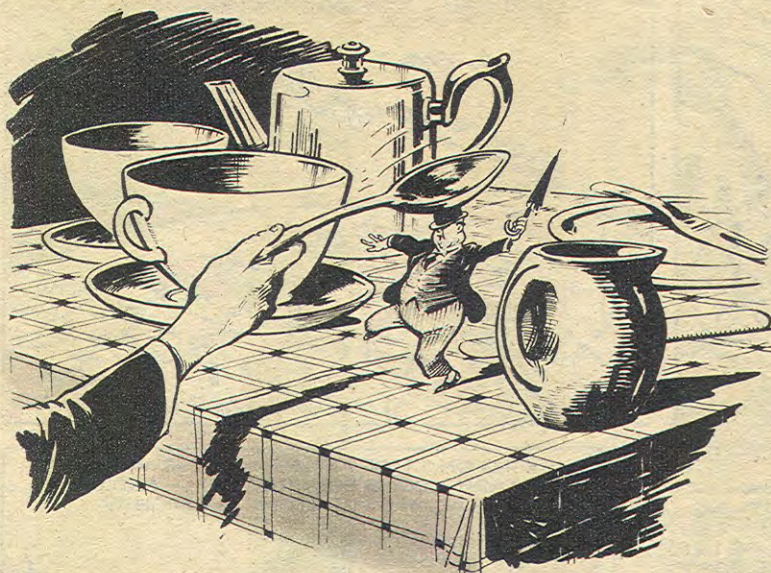
SO THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE CAPITAL CITY
OF THE ROMANS OF ROMA!



What will happen to our friends? Don't miss next week's adventure when they meet Cambusta, Emperor of Roma!

COMET—November 29, 1952—11

MICK THE MOON BOY



"Get me a doctor! Get me a doctor!" shrieked Mr. Bulstrode. "You keep quiet!" ordered Mick, giving him a gentle tap on his bowler hat with a teaspoon!

THE MEMBER FOR MUDSHIRE

"SO that's the Houses of Parliament, hey?" said Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy, admiringly. "It's a mighty fine buildin', Mick."

"It certainly is," agreed his pal, Mick the Moon Boy. "We'll take some photos of it."

The two boys were on holiday in England and were starting off by seeing the sights of London. They had already seen quite a lot of them and taken pictures of them, for they had their cameras with them.

On this particular afternoon they had come to see the Houses of Parliament. They took a number of photographs of the famous building, then Mick suggested they had some tea.

They found a nice little tea-shop in a quiet street quite close by and went in. There weren't many customers and so they had no difficulty in finding a table. As they seated themselves a big, fat, well-dressed man at a nearby table was saying to the waitress in a loud bullying voice:

"The service here is disgraceful. I had to wait nearly ten minutes before you brought me the cup of tea I'd ordered, and then it was nearly stone cold."

"You didn't have to wait ten minutes, sir," said the girl mildly, "and your tea wasn't cold."

"It was, I tell you!" roared the fat man, slapping a great podgy hand to the table to lend weight to his remarks. "I ought

to know, oughtn't I? It was I who had to drink it. I don't know why I come here at all!"

"I'm sure I don't, either," said the waitress wearily.

"Hah, impertinent, eh?" raged the fat man, going red in the face with fury. "I'll report you to the management, that's what I'll do!"

The girl turned and came across to the sightseers' table to take their order. They both saw how upset she was looking, and Mick said in a low guarded voice:

"Who's that nasty piece of work who's been shouting at you?"

"His name's Mr. Bulstrode," murmured the girl. "He's the Member of Parliament for Mudshire. That's why he comes here, this place being so close to Westminster."

"An M.P., eh?" muttered Mick. "Are they all like him?"

"No, not a bit," said the girl. "Not that we get many of them in here. Mr. Bulstrode only comes because it's cheap. He's that mean, you wouldn't believe. He never leaves a tip—not that I want any of his money—and he's always finding fault and kicking up a fuss."

"Yours must be a pretty wearying sort of job," said Mick sympathetically.

"No, it's not too bad," said the girl. "We have some very nice customers. Mr. Tipkin over there, for instance." She covertly indicated a pleasant-looking but shabbily-dressed young man seated at a table.

"He's a proper gentleman, he is. He's a newspaper reporter. He's not doing very well at the

moment, but one day when he can get hold of a good news story for his paper he says his editor will take notice of him and give him a better job. But what can I get you?"

"Tea, crumpets and cakes," said Mick.

The girl went off with their order. As she did so, Mr. Bulstrode pushed back his chair and rose. He clapped on his bowler hat, picked up his umbrella, and stalked pompously from the tea-shop.

"This is where I kill two birds with one stone," said Mick, rising.

"Teach that bullying Bulstrode a lesson and do young Mr. Tipkin a good turn. I'll be back in a minute."

He went swiftly from the tea-shop in the wake of the fat Mr. Bulstrode. As he did so he took from his pocket a slender silver tube shaped like a pencil. It was one of the marvellous scientific gadgets which he had brought with him from the Moon.

Outside on the pavement he pointed the tube at Mr. Bulstrode who was stalking along in front of him, and pressed a tiny knob on it. As he did so an amazing thing happened. For, in a flash, the Member for Mudshire was transformed from his big, fat self to a tiny little fat midget about three inches high.

He didn't at first realise that this had happened to him. He continued to stalk along in the most ridiculous manner, with his tiny little bowler hat on his head and his tiny little umbrella in his hand.

Then suddenly he stopped dead in his tracks, staring up at a man who was passing him. The man was just an ordinary-sized man, but he seemed such an enormous giant to the tiny little Mr. Bulstrode that that petrified gentleman let out a shrill screech of terror.

Next instant Mick had dashed forward and pounced on Mr. Bulstrode. He snatched him up in his hand and carried him, hidden in his hand, kicking and struggling back into the tea-shop.

He saw that the waitress had not yet returned with his and Hank's order. He sat himself down at their table, took a

cautious look about him to see that no one was watching, then placed his hand on the table and opened it. As he did so, the tiny little figure of Mr. Bulstrode shot out of his hand and stood glaring about him in the middle of the table.

"Jumpin' Jimminy, it's the Member of Parliament!" gasped Hank.

"Yes, I used the Reducing Ray on him," chuckled Mick. "The one that turns folks, birds and animals into tiny little midgets."

"Just hark at him!" grinned Hank.

In a tiny little squeaky voice, Mr. Bulstrode was screaming:

"What's happened to me? I've turned little. What in thunder done it?"

Mick saw the waitress coming with their order on a tray. He picked up an empty cup and turned it upside down over the raging little Mr. Bulstrode.

"Let me out of here!" screamed that gent's muffled little voice from inside the cup.

"Let me out, do you hear?"

He started to bang frantically on the inside of the cup with his brolly. Mick put his hand on the cup and turned to the waitress as she set down the tray.

"Can you stand a shock?" he asked pleasantly. "I mean, if I show you something you won't scream or throw a faint or anything like that, will you?"

"I'll try not to," said the girl, smiling.

"Okay, keep a good hard grip on yourself and have a look at this," said Mick.

He lifted up the cup. As he did so, Mr. Bulstrode, released from his strange prison, started to rush frantically about the table screaming at the top of his very tiny little voice:

"Who's done this dastardly thing? Who's made me little? How's it happened? I'll have the law on somebody for this!"

For the first moment or so the waitress thought the fat little figure was just a wonderful, little, mechanical toy. Then suddenly she gave a violent start, went quite pale, grabbed the back of Hank's chair for support and gasped:

"Why, it—it looks like Mr. Bulstrode made little!"

"Believe it or not, it is Mr. Bulstrode made little!" chuckled Mick.

The girl's eyes opened wide as saucers and she gasped:

"But—but how's it happened?"

"That's what he wants to know," said Hank, laughing.

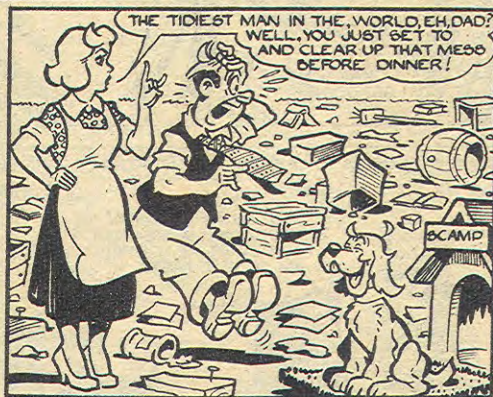
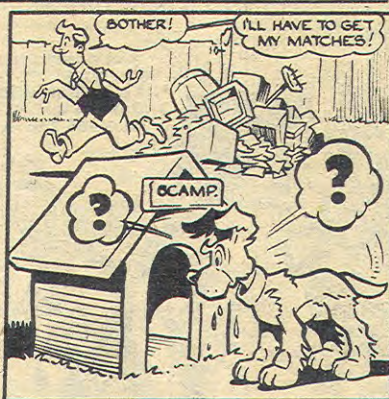
Mr. Bulstrode most certainly was wanting to know. He was now standing in the middle of the table, brandishing his umbrella and screaming at the very top of his tiny little voice:

"Get a doctor! Get me a

(Continued on next page)



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 12)

doctor, I say! How dare you sit there laughing at me."

"You keep quiet!" ordered Mick, giving him a gentle tap on his bowler hat with a teaspoon. "Get your camera ready, Hank. I want you to take a photo."

"D'you want me to take a picture of him like he is?" demanded Hank.

"No, take it when I say 'Shoot'," said Mick.

He took the little slender silver tube from his pocket. Holding it in one hand, he picked the frantic little Mr. Bulstrode up in the other and stuck him head-first into the sugar basin so that all that could be seen was his wildly kicking legs.

Next instant Mick had turned the Ray on him. But this time it was the Ray which restored Mr. Bulstrode to his proper size.

"Shoot!" yelled Mick to Hank as, in a flash, Mr. Bulstrode became his big, fat self again and the sugar basin burst open with a crash.

Hank's camera shutter had already clicked.

Later that night the London evening newspaper on which Mr. Tipkin was a reporter came out with a whacking big photograph of Mr. Bulstrode stand-

ing on his head on the café table. And underneath the photograph in big, heavy type were the words: **HIGH JINKS IN TEASHOP BY THE MEMBER FOR MUDSHIRE.**

Mr. Bulstrode was his proper size in the photograph, for that was how Hank had snapped him. It was Hank, of course, who had given the photo to Mr. Tipkin and that young gentleman was for ever grateful.

For his editor was so pleased with him at getting such a queer story and a photograph to go with it that he gave him promotion and a rise in pay on the spot.

As for the Member for Mudshire, he never lived the affair down. Everybody had always thought him a pompous sort of an ass and now he'd been standing on his head on a café table. His dignity and conceit were so completely shattered that he thought very seriously of resigning his seat in Parliament.

But for one thing he was very thankful indeed and that was that no mention of his having been made little appeared in the newspapers. The only reason it didn't was because Mr. Tipkin didn't know that Mr. Bulstrode had been made little and neither Mick, Hank nor the waitress told him. They thought Mr. Bulstrode had had quite a big enough take-down as it was.

Next week: The Flying Bus!

THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING



Hullo there, folks,

Over the page you'll find some exciting pictures telling my story of "The White Redman's Secret," and just in case you've missed what's happened 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. The other grew up as 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. And lastly there was Lieutenant Kenrick, a cavalry officer, who had an old score to settle against Dan, and who managed to get him put in jail on a trumped-up charge.

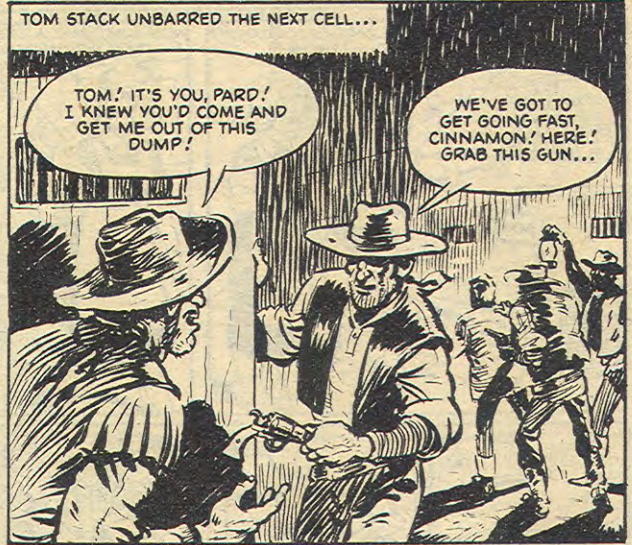
Later that night Dan heard voices of some men calling from outside his cell. Thinking I had come back to rescue him, Dan told the men outside which cell he was in. But it wasn't I who was outside, it was Tom Stack, the rogue who had killed old Nat Butler.

THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN

A HAND WAS SWIFTLY CLAMPED OVER DAN'S MOUTH.



TOM STACK UNBARRED THE NEXT CELL...



THEN THE HARSH VOICE OF LIEUTENANT KENRICK RANG OUT.



SWIFTLY THE CROOKS SENT DAN CRASHING INTO THE LIEUTENANT.



SO IT'S YOU AGAIN! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, YOU YOUNG SNAKE!



DAN RIPPED HOME A SHATTERING UPPERCUT THAT SENT THE LIEUTENANT CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

TAKE THAT, YOU LOWDOWN TREACHEROUS SKUNK!



NOW FOR IT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE A GETAWAY BEFORE HE ROUSES THE WHOLE FORT! I'LL GRAB A TROOPER'S HORSE FROM THE STABLES....



SO TURN TO PAGE 13 AND KIT CARSON HIMSELF WILL TELL YOU!

SWINGING TO THE SADDLE, DAN GALLOPED OUT OF THE FORT AT TOP SPEED!

OPEN UP, SENTRY!

STOP HIM!
CLOSE THOSE GATES!
TOO LATE, YOU FOOL!

BULLETS CRACKLING PAST HIS EARS, DAN HURTTLED OUT INTO THE NIGHT!

MADE IT!
THEY'LL NEVER CATCH
ME IN THIS DARKNESS!

RIDING ACROSS THE DARKENED PLAINS, DAN RELAPSED INTO BITTER GLOOM...

THINGS WERE BLACK AGAINST ME BEFORE,
BUT NOW THEY'RE TEN TIMES WORSE! NO-ONE WILL
BELIEVE THAT I DIDN'T DO THAT MURDER AT EAGLE CREEK...
WHAT THE HECK AM I TO DO? I'VE ONLY ONE
FRIEND IN THE WORLD, AND
THAT'S KIT CARSON...AND
I GUESS HE'S MILES AWAY...

THEN DAN RODE DOWN INTO A ROCKY HOLLOW IN WHICH GLOWED A CAMP-FIRE...

WHAT THE HECK!
A CAMP-FIRE? AND THERE'S
SOMEONE ROPED AND TIED THERE!
THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK!
... HOLD HARD, MISTER! I'LL
SOON HAVE YOU LOOSE!

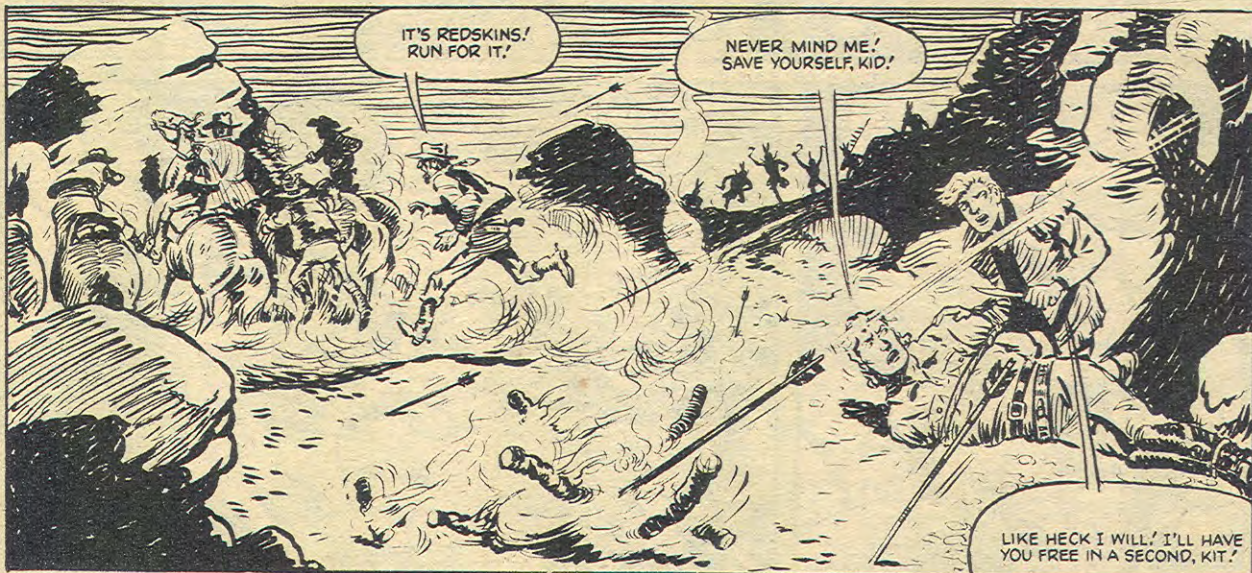
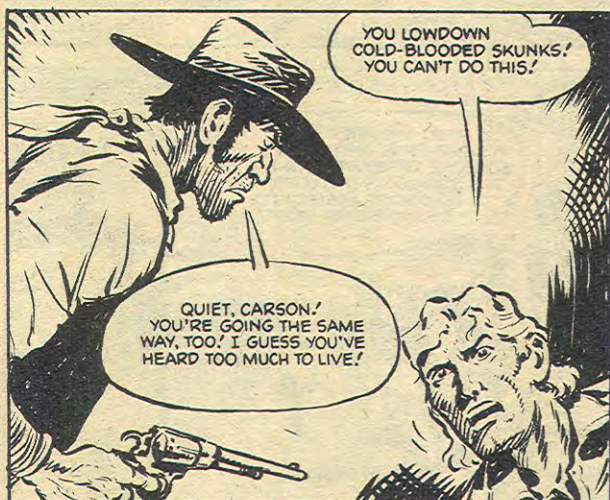
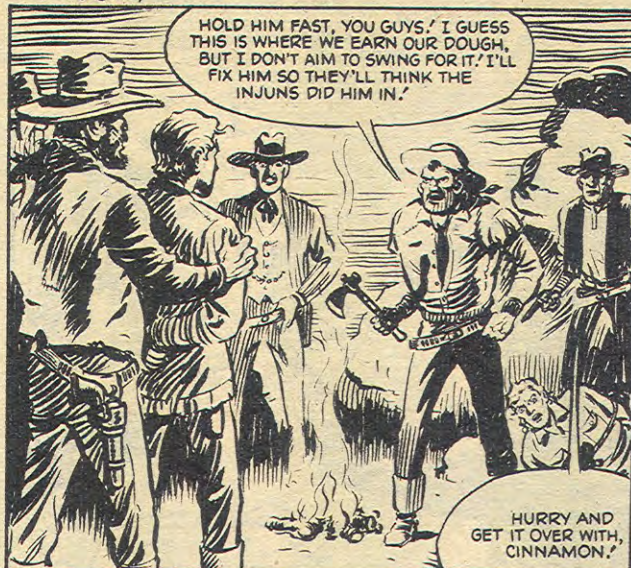
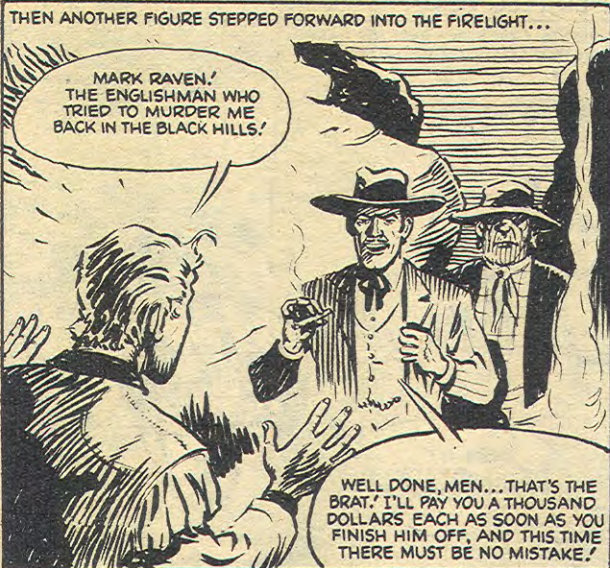
IT'S KIT, BY HOKEY!
KIT CARSON!

YOUNG DAN BUTLER!
LOOK OUT, DAN! BEHIND
YOU, YOUNGSTER!

REACH FOR THE SKY OR WE'LL BLAST
YOU WIDE OPEN! WE KIND OF GUESSED YOU'D
FALL FOR THIS TRAP! WE GOT A PARD
WHO'S MIGHTY ANXIOUS
TO MEET YOU, KID!

TOM STACK!...
CINNAMON BILL!...
YOU SKUNKS!

(Continued on next page)



Kit and Dan are in a pretty tough spot! Don't miss the battle up the rock-face next week!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

THE PRINCELY PIG

"GOLLY!" gasped Tubby Tweeks, the pig.

Tubby was having a stroll in the woods by himself to see what he could find to eat. He had come to a clearing. And there, in the middle of the clearing was a party of small schoolgirls having a picnic.

There were about twelve of them, and they were all sitting round a tablecloth spread on the grass. On the tablecloth was such an array of cakes, buns, sandwiches, tarts, and all sorts of good things to eat that Tubby's mouth fairly watered.

Tubby hadn't always been a pig. Not so very long ago he had been just an ordinary schoolboy, the fattest member of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest. One morning the whole bunch of them had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them all a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was very absent-minded, and he got his bottles mixed up. Instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine he gave them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals. And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back to their proper selves again.

When he had been a boy Tubby had been the fattest and greediest boy in the school. And now that he was a great fat pig he was just as greedy as ever.

He stood there frantically racking his fat brains as to how he could get hold of some of those lovely cakes and buns and tarts and things. Suddenly he gave a violent start, for he had got what he considered a most marvellous brainwave.

"He, he, he!" he sniggered. "What a giddy wheeze. It'll jolly well do the trick, I bet!"

With that he left the bushes and ambled across the clearing towards the party of small schoolgirls. He knew by their hat ribbons that they were from St. Hilda's School, a boarding school about three miles from Meadowsweet Farm.

"Oh, look, here's a pig coming!" cried one of the little girls, suddenly spotting Tubby.

"I hope he's not going to spoil our picnic," cried another in alarm. "Do—do pigs attack people?"

None of the little girls seemed to know. But they all jumped to their feet and drew back as though ready to flee at any moment.

Next instant, however, they got the shock of their lives. For

Tubby said in a human voice:

"Excuse me, young ladies, but can you spare a crust of bread for a poor starving prince who has been changed into a pig by a wicked fairy?"

When they heard those words coming from the mouth of the great fat pig the little girls nearly jumped out of their skins. Their eyes became as wide as saucers, and they stood staring at Tubby as though they could believe neither their eyes nor their ears. Then one of the little girls, braver than the rest, said:

"Did you—did you say that you're a prince?"

"I was a prince," said the fat fibber sorrowfully. "Only a few months ago I was living in my grand castle with servants to wait on me hand and foot, and with heaps and heaps of lovely grub to eat. But I had offended a wicked magician who lived in a cave, and he changed me into a pig."

"But you—you said just now that it was a wicked fairy who had changed you into a pig," quavered one of the little girls.

"So it was," said Tubby, thinking how silly he was to have slipped up like that.

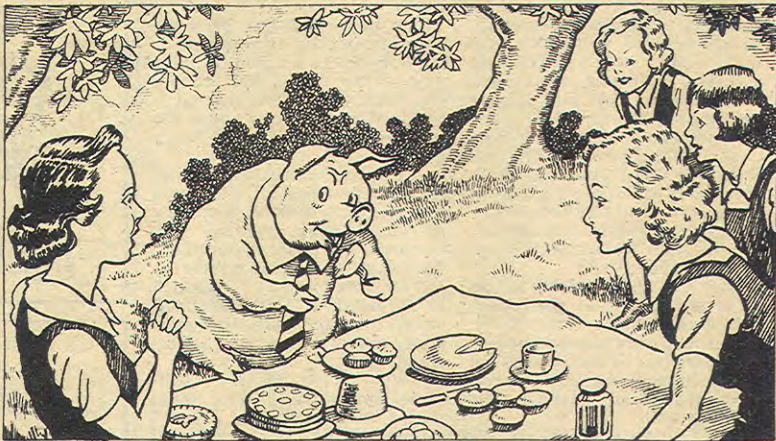
"It was a wicked fairy and the magician. The magician had to get the fairy to help him. It took two of 'em to put their horrid magic spell on me," he said, puffing out his great fat chest.

"And will you ever be changed back into a prince again?" asked another of the little girls, staring at him with wide eyes.

"Yes, one day, when I've eaten a mountain of cake," said Tubby.

"A mountain of cake!" cried the little girls in astonishment.

"Yes," said the fat fibber. "I don't mean that I'm to eat a mountain of cake all at once. What I mean is I'll be changed back to a prince when I've eaten enough cake and jam tarts and buns and things to make a mountain if they were all piled up together. I've eaten a good lot since I was changed into a pig," he went on with a sigh, "but I'm afraid I've still got heaps and heaps of cake and tarts and buns to eat before I've eaten anything like enough to make a mountain. Still, every little helps!"



"Help yourself to the cakes! There you are! Have the lot!" the girls cried. Tubby didn't need any second bidding, and he began to wade through all the cakes, buns, jam tarts and pies like the fat greedy pig he was!

As he said this Tubby stared so hard at the cakes and tarts and buns spread out on the picnic tablecloth that the little girls cried:

"Oh, but you must have our cakes and things! There you are. Have the lot. Just help yourself!"

"Oh, thank you very much!" said Tubby.

He didn't need any second bidding, but sitting himself down, he started to wade into the cakes, tarts and buns like the great greedy pig that he was.

Inwardly, he was laughing away to himself and thinking what silly little softies the girls were to believe the story he had told them. But they did believe it because this was the very first time in their lives that they had ever met a talking pig. And a pig which could talk in a human voice might quite easily be a prince who had been changed into a pig by a wicked fairy and a wicked magician.

"Do you ever go back to your castle now?" asked one of the little girls.

"No," sighed Tubby, stuffing himself with cake. "If I did, none of my servants would recognise me and I'd be driven away by the pig-man—I mean, by the swineherd. And that would be a pretty awful thing to happen, you know—to be chased out of your own castle by a beastly swineherd, what?"

"Oh, yes, of course!" cried the little girls. "But couldn't you tell him who you were?"

"No," said Tubby, swallowing a couple of cream buns. "He's stone deaf. Even if he wasn't, he wouldn't jolly well believe me. You see, I used to be such a smart handsome prince!"

"And do you just keep wandering about looking for cake?" asked one of the little girls.

"That's right," nodded Tubby.

The little girl turned and whispered something to her companions, and the whole bunch of them withdrew a little distance. Tubby saw that they were talking in excited voices.

A few minutes later the little girls approached him again.

"We've been talking about you," said one of them shyly, "and we would like to help you. It seems a shame that you've got to wander about looking for cake until you've eaten enough to make a mountain. So we've got an idea."

"Oh," said Tubby.

"Yes, there's a dear old widow lady lives near our school in a lovely little cottage," cried the girl. "We're quite certain that she will let you live there with her. And every day we will collect as much cake and as many buns and tarts as we can and we'll bring them to you."

Tubby stared at her, his eyes absolutely gleaming with greed. A snug little cottage to live in with lashings and lashings of cake, buns and tarts brought to him every day to eat!

He knew jolly well that Dr. Grunter, the headmaster in charge of him and the other boys at Meadowsweet Farm, would be absolutely hopping mad with rage if he, Tubby, sloped off. Dr. Grunter, by the way, had been changed into a savage-looking polar bear. But to pot with old Grunter! thought Tubby scornfully.

"Would you like to come and live at the cottage and have cake every day?" asked the little girl who had first suggested it.

"Would I not!" cried Tubby eagerly. "Just you lead me to it!"

Tubby Tweeks seems to be in luck! But you wait and see what happens to him next week!

School were getting one of their favourite puddings today ... spotted dogs!

LATER that morning, Mr. Griddle sat in his study, a scowl on his face. After recovering somewhat from his experience with the exploding football, he had sent for Willie Wizzard. But the boys were now in class, and Mr. Halfspin, the Fourth Form master, felt that lessons were more important than sport. He had sent a rather sharp note back to Mr. Griddle, saying that Willie Wizzard would be available when the morning lessons were over—and not before!

So Mr. Griddle was peeved. He was also feeling peckish, as he so frequently did!

Mr. Griddle glanced at his wrist-watch. It was getting on for dinner-time. Mrs. Rolfe, with the dinner almost cooked, would be out of the kitchen for about fifteen minutes, seeing that all was ready in the dining-hall upstairs.

Mr. Griddle knew the routine of the Gandybar Academy cook very well. He had made a point of knowing it!

"With that old fool Gandybar suspecting the boys, I'm as safe as houses!" he murmured, an unpleasant grin crossing his hungry-looking face.

Three minutes later, the new sports master was in the big

at the giant-sized and still growing spotted dog. It now almost filled the kitchen, and the vast, currantly wall of dough was advancing relentlessly upon him!

"Help!" shrieked Mr. Griddle wildly.

The boys had just been released from class and were passing outside the kitchen on their way to the dining hall above. Dr. Gandybar, who wanted a word with Mrs. Rolfe about the food-pilfering, had come down from his study.

Abruptly there came gasps of amazement from all who were near the kitchen door. A spongy mass of dough, spotted with currants, was pushing out of the doorway like a great bubble!

"Wh-what's that?" gasped Dr. Gandybar. Willie Wizzard stared long and hard, then suddenly gave a little cry of understanding.

"What is it, Willie?" stammered Jimmy Bash. "Eh? What is it? You seem to know!" Before Willie Wizzard could reply, the great mass of dough was burst apart from within. Mr. Griddle came tottering to freedom, his mouth, nose, ears and eyes filled with dough, and great splodges of it dropping from him as he fought his way through that mighty spotted dog!

"Stop it! Don't let it get me!" he wailed in terror, spitting out a

CHUCKLES



GOOD NEWS!

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

"THE LION AND THE HORSE"

THE STORY OF THE NEW WARNER BROS. FILM

kitchen. A huge vat was bubbling on the range. In it were a number of long, sausage-shaped puddings in pudding-clothes.

"Spotted dogs, if I'm lucky!" muttered Mr. Griddle. Gingerly he managed to pick one of the puddings out by an end of the cloth. Jerking the hot handful from right to left, he hurried across to the tiled-dresser and flopped it down. In a moment he had unpinned the cloth. A beautiful spotted dog, done to a turn, lay before him.

"Good-oh!" chuckled Mr. Griddle. He turned away to look for a plate and a knife, intending to take a hefty slice of the pudding back to his study. The knives, as he knew from past experience, were in the drawer of a small side-table.

Suddenly something pushed Mr. Griddle in the back. It was a hot, soggy sort of push. With a gasp of dismay he whirled round, then goggled at the nightmare sight before his eyes. A huge, monstrous spotted dog, as big as a small air-ship and still growing, had writhed across the kitchen!

The shaking up of the pudding had set off Willie Wizzard's strange tablets—which Mrs. Rolfe had mistaken for saccharine! Mr. Griddle made a dash for the door, but his escape was cut off. He backed against the wall, staring with horrified eyes

mouthful of pudding. "I'm sorry! I'll never do it again! I confess! I'm the one who stole the food from the kitchen! I'll confess anything—only don't let it get me!"

There was a long silence. Then, in a terrible voice, Dr. Gandybar roared: "Griddle!"

The next ten minutes were very hectic, but when at last the boys settled down to dinner they did so with the prospect of as many helpings of pudding as they could eat!

"That's the last we'll see of old Griddle, thank goodness!" said Jimmy Bash with satisfaction. "I'll bet the Head is giving him the order of the boot right now!"

"And it was my patent pumping pills that did it!" Willie Wizzard said proudly. "Though I'm not quite sure how!"

"Your pills?" exclaimed Jimmy, staring. "Oh, crumbs! Of course that's what must have caused it!"

A thoughtful look came into Willie's eyes as he reflected happily on the vast amount of spotted dog he would shortly be tackling. It was a happy thought!

"You know, Jimmy," he murmured softly, "there could be quite a big future for those pills—in a way I hadn't reckoned on!"

Next week: Willie Wizzard's burglar trap!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

GREETINGS, Spotters! There's another bumper crop of presents waiting for you all this week! First thing to do is to see if the number on the back of your Album is one of the thousand listed below.

All those whose numbers are between 62,500 and 62,999 inclusive, and between 79,500 and 79,999 inclusive may claim a gift.

You may choose one of the following: Cowboy Belt and Holster, Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Box Game, Auto-graph Album, or Charm Bracelet. Write the name of your choice in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use", and at the same time see that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Also on a postcard or piece of paper write the name of the character or story you like the most in COMET, and in a few words say why. Then post Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

so that it arrives by Tuesday, December 9th. Your present and Album will be sent to you about a week after this date.

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

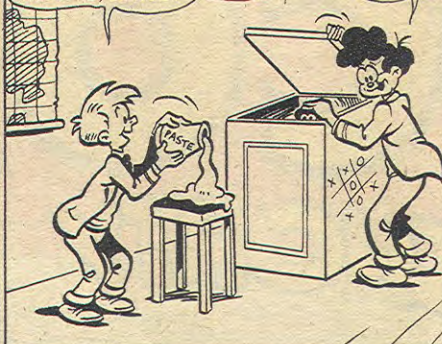
AS YOU TWO ARE SO BACKWARD, YOU SHALL STAY IN ON THIS BRIGHT, SUNNY SATURDAY AND DO SOME EXTRA LESSONS! I HAVE ENGAGED AN EXTRA SPECIAL TUTOR FOR YOU!

COO!
SWIZZ!



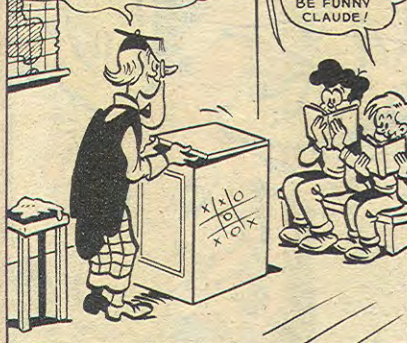
TEE-HEE! WE'LL GIVE THIS EXTRA SPECIAL TUTOR AN EXTRA SPECIAL WELCOME, CLAUDE!

NOT HALF CUTHBERT!



GOOD AFTERNOON BOYS. I AM MISS FRANKWORTHY. NOW TO OPEN THE LESSON.

COO! A LADY TEACHER!
THIS IS GOING TO BE FUNNY CLAUDE!



OOPS-A-DEE!

HEE-HEE! NOW WATCH HER SIT BACK ON THE STICKY STOOL!



HM!

OW!
INK!



HMMM-AS IT IS SUCH A NICE DAY, WE WILL HAVE OUR LESSON OUT IN THE GROUNDS. BRING THE BOOKS OUT, BOYS!

COO! YES MISS!



A TASTE OF THEIR OWN PRACTICAL JOKING WILL TEACH THOSE BOYS TO STICK TO THEIR LESSONS.

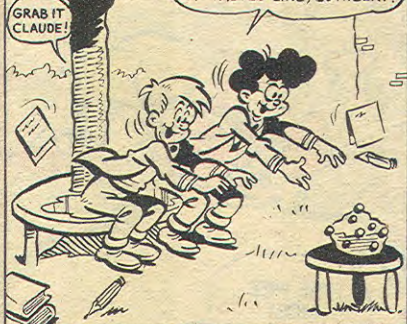


NOW THEN, LADS - I'LL LEAVE YOU WHILST YOU WRITE AN ESSAY ON THAT CHERRY CAKE!

OO, YES, MISS!

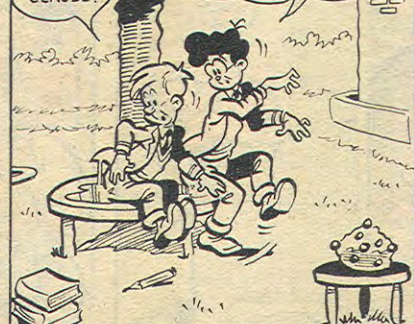


WE'LL BE ABLE TO WRITE A MUCH BETTER ESSAY ON THAT CAKE WHEN WE KNOW WHAT IT TASTES LIKE, CUTHBERT!



WOW! WE'RE STUCK TO THE SEAT, CLAUDE!

MISS FRANKWORTHY'S PLAYED A JOKE ON US, CUTHBERT! WHAT A TANTALIZING TRICK!



YOU CAN WRITE THAT THE CAKE IS MOST DELICIOUS, CLAUDE!

MM - SO IT IS CUTHBERT!



COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY

