

COMET

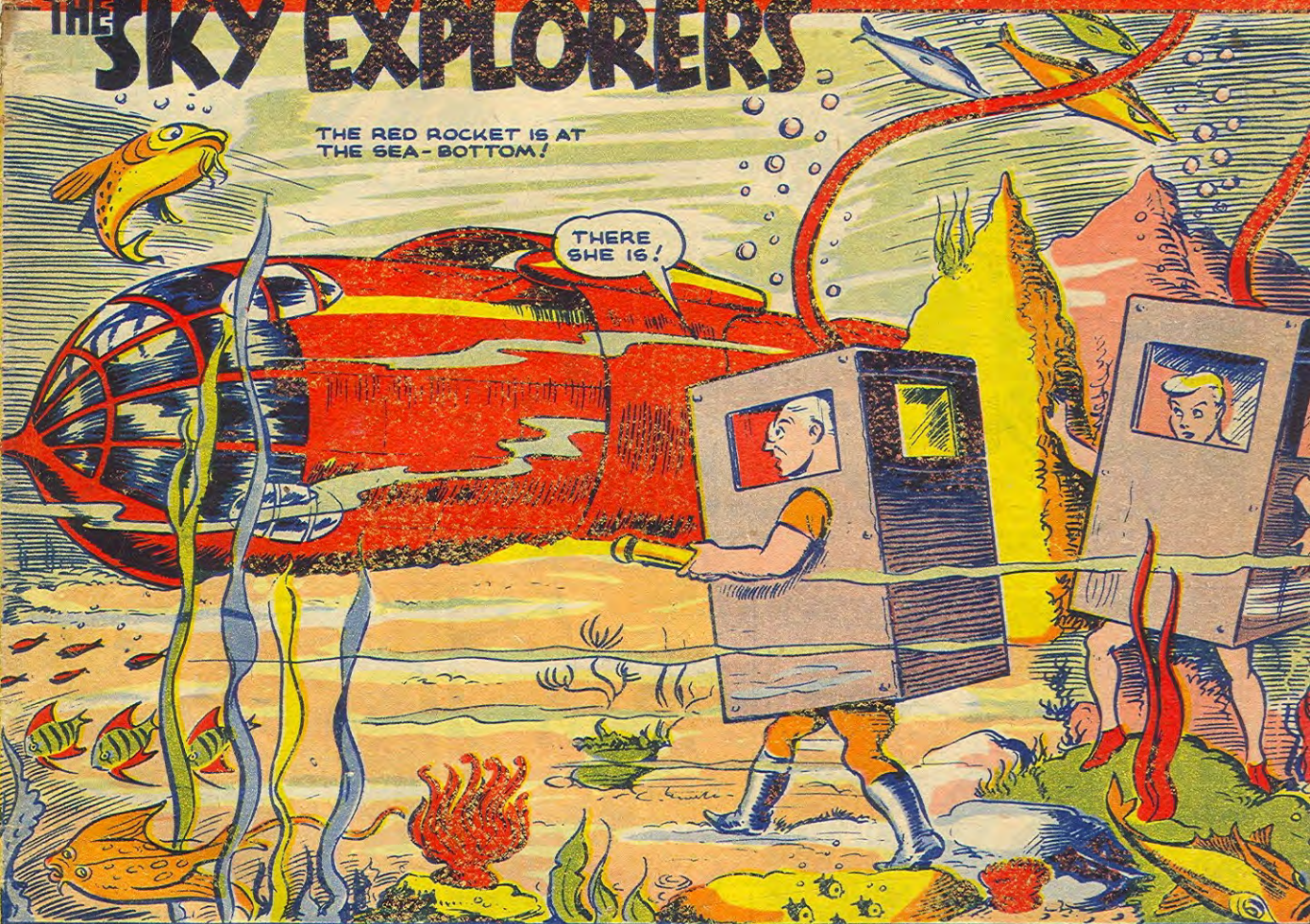
EVERY
WEDNESDAY

3RD

No. 52, December 2, 1939

THE SKY EXPLORERS

THE RED ROCKET IS AT
THE SEA-BOTTOM!



PROFESSOR JOLLY, KOSMO, ANN AND PETER HAVE LANDED ON THE MYSTERY PLANET, ROMA. CAMBUSTA, THE WICKED EMPEROR, CAPTURES THEM. BUT WITH THE AID OF FIDDYCAT, AN OLD INVENTOR, THEY ESCAPE. CAMBUSTA TRIES TO FLY THE RED ROCKET AND IT CRASHES INTO A LAKE. SO PETER AND THE PROFESSOR SET OUT TO INVESTIGATE IN HOME-MADE DIVING SUITS.

BUT CAMBUSTA'S GUARDS SEE THE
LIGHT OF THE TORCH!

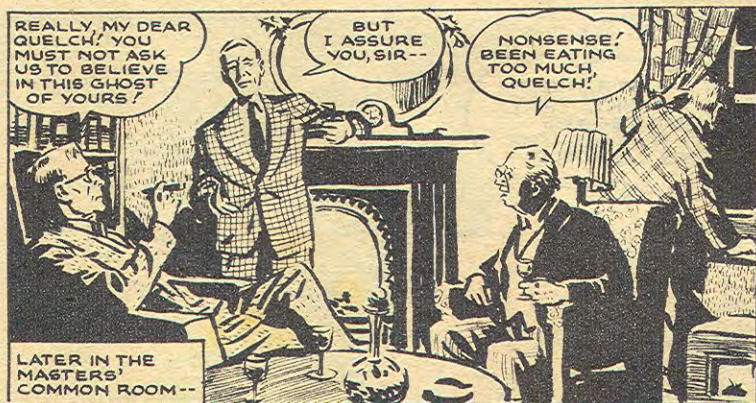
LOOK!

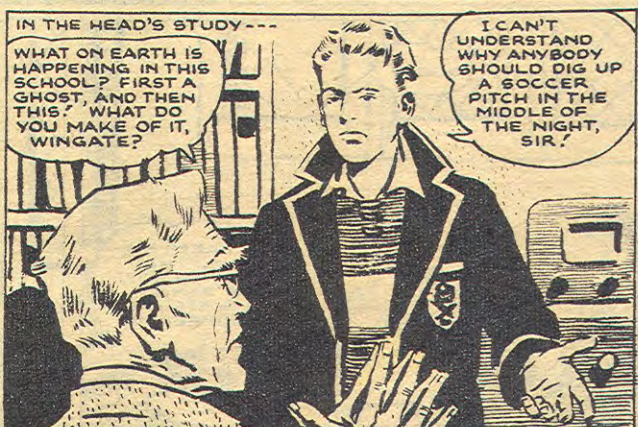
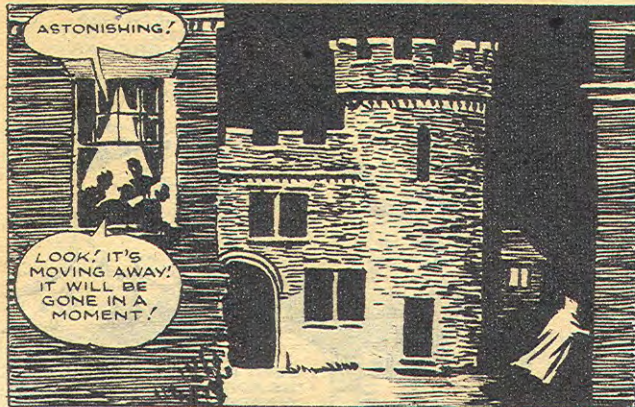
IT IS THE STRANGERS
FROM THE SKY! THEY
WILL NOT ESCAPE
THIS TIME! CALL THE
FLYING LEGION!



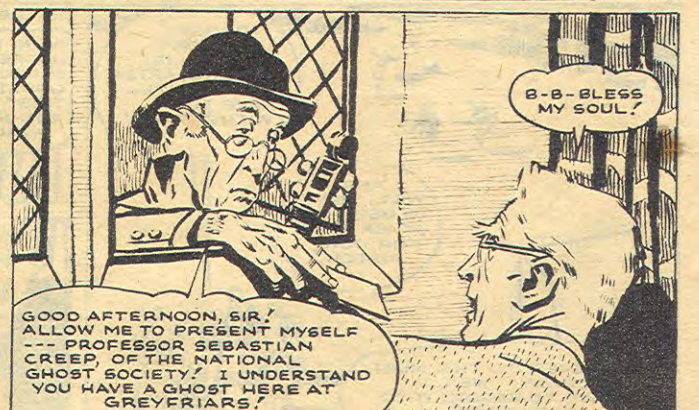
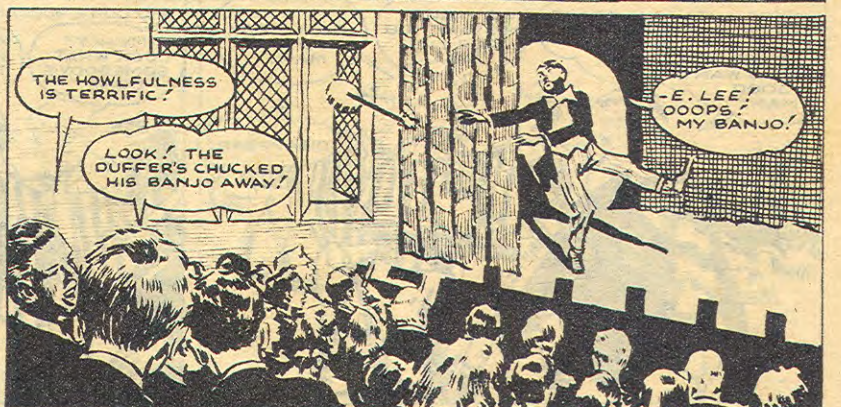
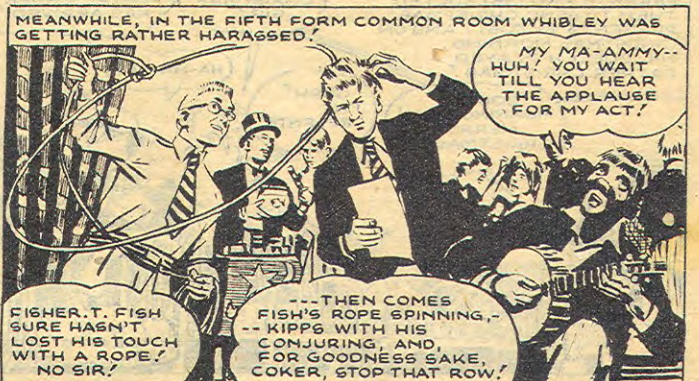
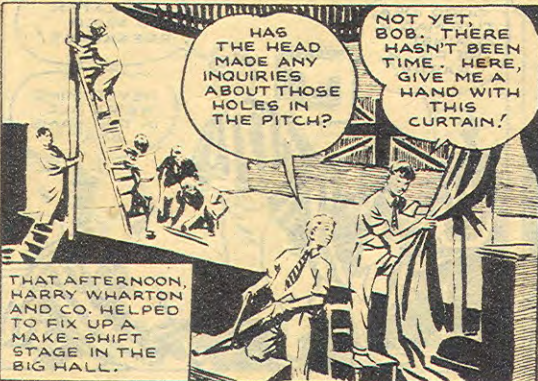
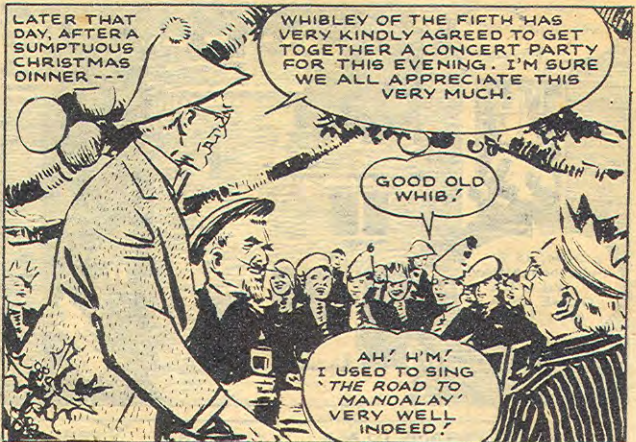
The boys of Greyfriars are spending their Christmas holiday at the school because of an epidemic in Friarale. Harry Wharton and Co. decided to jape Bunter by dressing up Alonzo Todd as a ghost. But there was one thing they didn't bargain for—another ghost!

The GREYFRIARS GHOST





MEANWHILE THE REMOVE WAS BEING CHEERED TO VICTORY BY MARJORIE HAZELDENE AND THE CLIFF HOUSE GIRLS, WHO WERE GUESTS OF GREYFRIARS FOR THE DAY.



The Lion and the Horse

Based on the Warner Bros. film

Ben Kirby found a wonderful black stallion called Wildfire when wild horse hunting with Matt Jennings and his outfit. Unable to buy the horse, Ben toured the rodeos to raise enough money. On his return he found that Jennings had sold the horse to a heartless rodeo owner called Dave Tracy. Ben found Wildfire again and turned him loose, leaving Tracy the six hundred dollars he gave for him.

Ben followed the horse, roped him once more and then took him to Diamond L ranch where Cass Bagley and his grand-daughter, Jenny, lived. One day Shortie, a ranch hand, announced that Brutus, a man-eating lion, had escaped from a circus and was roaming around the country.

Suddenly Dave Tracy, who had been trailing Ben, arrived at the Diamond L ranch. He accused Ben of stealing Wildfire, but Ben insisted that he paid for the horse. During the night Tracy crept into the stable to steal Wildfire, but sensing the cruelty of Tracy, the horse reared in fear. Tracy, infuriated, beat the horse with a halter. Wildfire reared again and struck Tracy down on to the floor. Ben rushed in to find Tracy dead. Now the State Law says that a man-killing horse must be destroyed. So before morning Ben sadly said goodbye and left the Diamond L ranch hoping to escape the sheriff and thus save Wildfire's life.

In the morning the sheriff arrived to get the details of Tracy's death and to take Wildfire away to be destroyed.

Jenny was on the scene, anxious to help Ben if she could. They all entered the stable and looked for Wildfire in his stall.

"HOLY cat!" said Jenny innocently. "He's gone!"

Cass Bagley turned to his men. "A-a-anybody seen Ben around this morning?" he asked, hoping that his own surprise appeared genuine to the sheriff.

Ritchie, who with the other men didn't know that Cass had allowed Ben to leave, said that Ben had not shown up for breakfast.

"I got news for you, boss," said Pappy, just coming in. "Ben lit out during the night. All his gear is gone."

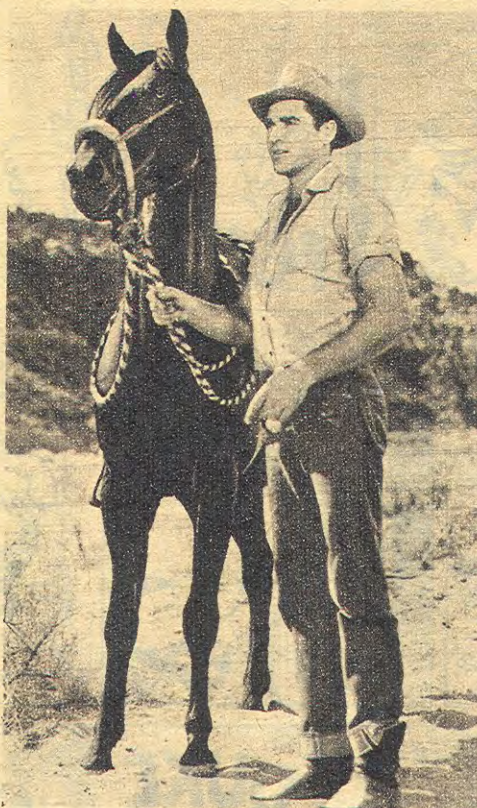
Cass Bagley turned to the sheriff.

"Well, that kinda complicates things," he said.

But the sheriff was not to be put off.

"Oh, not too much," he answered calmly. "It's a safe bet he'd take the shortest cut to the State line and that's through Cayuga Pass. You provide the horses and come along with us, Cass."

Bagley could not argue.



Ben and his pal Wildfire.

"Saddle up three horses, boys," he said.

"Saddle up four horses," put in Jenny.

Bagley looked down at his nine-year-old grand-daughter.

"What for?" he asked.

"I'm going with you," answered Jenny, her small jaw set.

"You're going back to the ranch house!" said Cass firmly.

"Yes, Grandpa, dear!" and Jenny dutifully disappeared.

The sheriff, Britt and Cass mounted the horses saddled by Ritchie and set off in the direction of Cayuga Pass, as Ben had done during the night.

They had gone some distance when a small voice was heard behind them.

"Grandpa!"

It was Jenny, mounted on Susie. She trotted up and the men stopped in amazement.

"What in tarnation!" said Bagley, exasperated.

"I know a coupla short cuts, too," announced Jenny.

"Where do you think we're going? On a picnic?" asked the sheriff. "We can't take a little girl along."

"Jenny, you get back to that ranch before I take you across my knee," ordered Cass.

Jenny looked at her grandpa with wide-open eyes.

"I can't go alone. Grandpa."

You said there's a big lion running loose around here. Do you want him to get me and eat me?"

This last question clinched matters, and the three men became resigned to taking Jenny along too. Off they set once more, looking for signs of Ben and Wildfire along the trail to Cayuga Pass.

Ben had now covered much ground, and by the evening both Wildfire and his rider were showing signs of fatigue.

"I know it's tough going, boy,"

gasped Ben, patting Wildfire's neck, "but we gotta keep moving. We'll rest after it gets dark."

At last, under cover of darkness, Ben dismounted and sought out a spot sheltered by trees and bushes.

Here he turned Wildfire loose, knowing he wouldn't stray away, and settled himself for sleep, his head upon his saddle on the soft grass.

He was asleep almost immediately.

Wildfire cropped the green grass contentedly and shook his mane in the cool night breeze.

All was dark and shadowy, the trees standing black against the sky.

Wildfire wandered off into the bushes, grateful for the soft air after the hot sun on the dusty trail.

Suddenly something made him raise his head sharply on the alert. It was the slight cracking of a twig nearby, or the brushing of an animal body against the trunk of a tree. Whatever it was, Wildfire knew that danger was near.

He looked back to where Ben lay sleeping.

Then outlined against the sky, moving with stealthy grace into the shadow of the bushes, his huge cat-like form with lowered head and mane looking more ferocious than ever it did in the circus cage, was Brutus the lion.

Brutus had trailed Wildfire and his rider for hour after hour, and at last had come upon his quarry.

He was watching them both covertly, as though to decide whether to attack the horse first, or the man.

Wildfire, seeing the terrifying beast whose shape was unfamiliar to him, whinnied loudly and galloped back in the direction of Ben, who was still lying on the grass.

The sound of an animal voice raised in alarm was to Brutus the call to battle.

He crouched and waited for a moment, his fangs bared and gleaming white in the dark.

Then he sprang—at Wildfire!

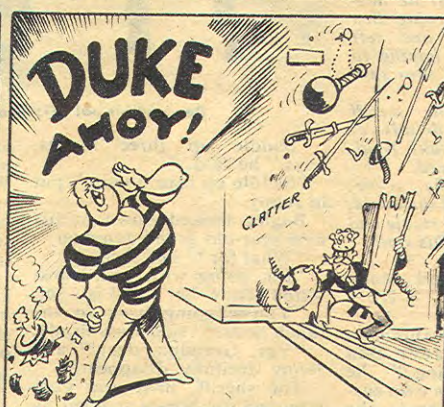
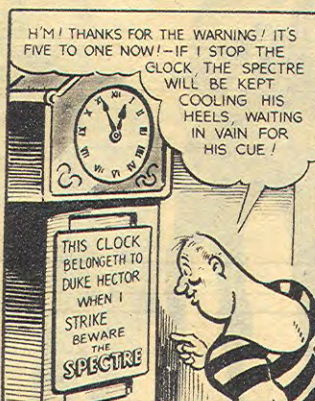
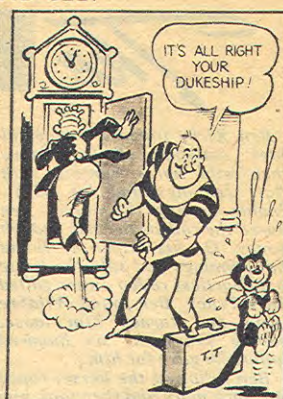
The stallion, his blood hot with the natural wildness still in him, was roused to fury, and though his flanks were torn from the lion's sharp claws he cleared himself and reared.

Above the snarling lion he

(Continued on page 17)



"You mean the horse killed the lion?" gasped the astonished sheriff



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

It was the day before Christmas and there was trouble in the Wizzard household. At the crack of dawn, Colonel Blotter, a neighbour of Professor Wizzard's, arrived at the door complete with his double-barrelled elephant gun.

"Well!" he said briskly as he saw Willie Wizzard getting his coat on in the hall. "Perhaps we'll have better luck this morning! Where's your father?"

"Oh, he's busy working on something, Colonel," Willie said vaguely.

"Hmph! Never mind!" growled the colonel. "The professor isn't really the type for big game hunting! Now then, young feller, we must look slippy! We've got to find Montague before he does any damage!"

Montague was a turkey—but no ordinary turkey! Montague stood as high as a house! He had not always been that way, however. Professor Wizzard had bought Montague two months earlier to fatten him up for Christmas, but Montague refused to be fattened.

Then, two days before Christmas, Professor Wizzard had produced a machine like a camera which projected a "fattening" ray. Unfortunately Willie Wizzard had done exactly the same thing! Unknown to each other, they had set their rays to work on Montague, and the combined effect had been startling!

Montague, now looking like some great prehistoric monster, had broken loose and was roaming the countryside. Colonel Blotter's efforts to track him down and shoot him had failed dismally the night before. But the colonel was certainly a trier!

"I still don't like the idea of shooting poor old Montague, even if we did intend to have him for Christmas dinner!" said Willie as he and the colonel left the house and made for the woods where Montague had escaped them the previous night.

"Can't be helped, m'boy!" snapped the colonel grimly. "We must get him before he starts any trouble! Why, he might throw the whole countryside into a panic!"

Suddenly they were hailed by a man standing by a gate leading into the field they were crossing.

"Hallo! Who's that?" jerked out the colonel. "Why, it's that circus feller! Wonder what he wants?" They made their way to the gate, where a beefy man with a big moustache stood leaning on the topmost bar.

"What is it, Ravelli?" the colonel asked curtly. "I'm rather busy just now. Oh—I suppose you want to give me those fifty free seats for the poorer children of the village?"

Well, perhaps you'd be good enough to take them up to my house and leave them there. I've something important to do—"

"Free seats?" Ravelli's black eyebrows shot up and he grinned unpleasantly. "I haven't any free seats to offer, Colonel!"

"What?" yelped the colonel, his face going red with anger. "B-b-but it's all arranged! I persuaded the village council to let you pitch your circus on the big green, but on the strict understanding that there would be fifty free seats for the kiddies on Christmas Day and Boxing Day!"

"Strict understanding?" said Ravelli, gazing up at the sky. "You haven't got any agreement in writing, have you?"

"In writing?" spluttered Colonel Blotter. "Of course I haven't!"

"Then there won't be any free seats!" grinned Ravelli.

"You—you confounded rogue!" stormed the colonel, trying to stamp his feet in the thick snow. "I—I'll—"

"You can't withdraw permission," put in Ravelli, "and anyway, I want to talk to you about something else . . . your giant turkey!"

There was a dead silence for several seconds.

"Our turkey?" Willie Wizzard said at last in a faint voice.

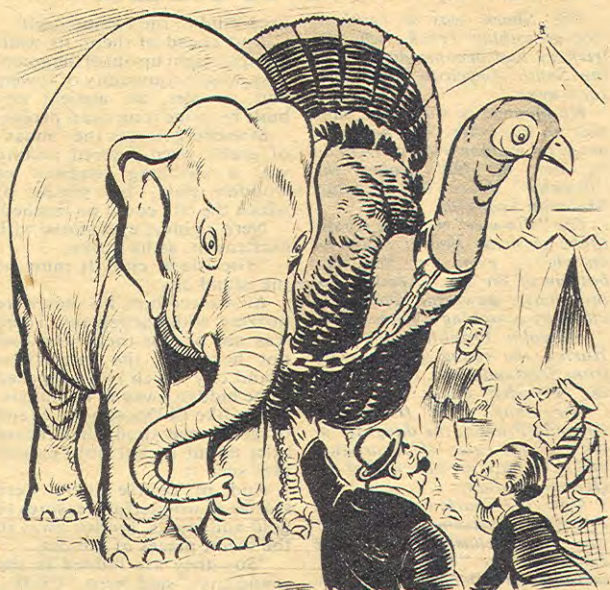
"I know all about it!" grinned Ravelli. "One of my men saw you chasing it in the dusk last night. He thought he was having a nightmare! Anyway, I was interested in his story and I turned out a dozen men straight away to find this turkey. I want it for my circus! It'll be the biggest attraction in the country!"

"How do you intend getting it?" asked Willie.

"We've got it!" came the astonishing reply. "Come along and I'll show you!" Ravelli turned and led the way across a field and through a thin neck of woods. They came out on to a winding country lane. Willie and the colonel stared.

On a patch of grass, just off the road, stood Montague. In broad daylight he was a terrifying sight—for he was equally as big as the mighty elephant who stood beside him! A stout chain, fixed to the collar about the elephant's neck, was attached at the other end to a shackle round Montague's neck! Half a dozen men from the circus were standing nearby.

"Good idea, hey?" said Ravelli. "We found your giant turkey asleep, during the night. So we brought up the elephant, complete with chain, and managed to whip the shackle on the turkey's neck before it woke up! He's a mighty strong bird, but he can't pull old Jumbo around!"



Willie stared at the sight of Montague chained to the elephant. He certainly wouldn't get away now—or would he?

"What are you going to do now?" asked Willie dazedly.

"I want him for the circus!" snapped Ravelli. "He's no use to you and I'll give you a ten-pound note for him!"

Willie's mind was in a whirl, but suddenly a thought came to him which brought a glint to his eyes.

"You can have him for ten pounds and a written undertaking to provide those free seats for the children!" he said briskly. "And you can put that in writing now!" Ravelli scowled, then shrugged and pulled a small note-book from his pocket.

Five minutes later the deal was complete. As Ravelli handed over the money and the written agreement, Professor Wizzard came bowling along the lane on his bicycle, an excited look on his face.

"Ha!" he cried as he spotted Montague. "You've got him! Now we'll soon put things right!" In a great dither he sprang off his bicycle, took a small object like an automatic from his pocket and levelled it at Montague.

"Hey! Wait a minute, Dad!" cried Willie, and Ravelli jumped forward with a cry of anger. The circus owner's arm shot out, jostling the professor aside.

"Don't shoot him!" bellowed Ravelli.

"I wasn't shooting him!" snorted the professor, recovering his balance. "I was using my reducing ray to bring him down to his proper size—and you spoiled my aim! Why, you silly man—!"

"Look!" yelled the colonel frantically, and all heads turned

towards Montague. Ravelli had spoiled Professor Wizzard's aim all right! The reducing ray invented by the professor had fallen upon the elephant!

"Oh, crumbs! What a mix-up!" gasped Willie. Montague was just as before, but now the chain about his neck hung straight down—and at the end of it dangled a very surprised elephant about the size of a dog!

"Gobble-gobble-gobble!" said Montague, much pleased to find himself unhampered. And he promptly took to his heels, racing off along the narrow road with enormous strides.

"Oh! Me elephant! Me giant turkey!" cried Ravelli and almost wept with dismay.

"It looks as if he's going to stick to the road!" exclaimed Willie. "If so, it'll take him round in a big curve and we can cut him off!"

"But how are you going to stop him?" cried Colonel Blotter.

Willie grinned, then darted forward and snatched up a big saucepan of bran mash with which one of the circus men had been feeding Montague.

"I've an idea that might work!" he jerked out. "Come on, follow me!" He sprang on to his father's bicycle, turned it in to a track running through the woods, and set off, with the others following on foot as quickly as they could go.

It was fifteen minutes later when Montague came lumbering round a bend in the road. The elephant dangling from his neck was trumpeting feebly. Right in the middle of the road

(Continued on page 9)

BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

The Shark was a ruthless, stop-at-nothing crook, who by trickery had become dictator of the South American country of Incaragua.

He planned to wage war, now that he was ruler. And he had a powerful weapon with which to do it. For he had stolen the "Prowler" from its inventor, Malcolm Franklin.

The "Prowler" was like a huge tank, so made that it could go anywhere, even to the very bottom of the sea. It could sink the most powerful battleship afloat by attacking it from below.

Malcolm Franklin, and Bob Harley, the young special agent from Scotland Yard, vowed to get the "Prowler" back.

They had good friends in Amanda Prando, the daughter of the rightful ruler of Incaragua, and in Chilka, the old chief of the Ochoonee Indians.

Now, the Shark was Malcolm Franklin's prisoner, but they were being chased through the Jungle by the "Prowler", commanded by Doctor Nero, the Shark's scientist cronie.

Chilka led them to a secret city in the heart of the jungle swamps. But the "Prowler" followed unerringly on their trail.

DOCTOR NERO paced the main control room of the "Prowler", his beady eyes livid with excitement.

The "Prowler" heaved and lurched as it forged onward through the jungle.

Nero stopped his pacing beside the control-room radio, at which an operator was sitting, his eyes fixed on a small round screen, like a radar screen.

A signal was coming in from somewhere. It showed itself by making a dancing ripple of green light on that round screen. The ripple was exactly in the middle.

"Good!" chuckled Doctor Nero. "They are still dead ahead of us! If they start to travel in any other direction, that ripple will move from the middle of the screen to one side or the other. Notify the pilot at once if that happens!"

"Yes Doctor Nero!"

"Soon we shall rescue our gallant leader, the Shark, from the clutches of this man Franklin!" declared Nero.

Then there came an excited shout from the look-out man.

"Look, Doctor! Straight in front of us!"

Doctor Nero darted across the room, and peered forward through the thick armour-glass of the front observation "blister".

The "Prowler" had come out of the tall trees which grew thickly in the great jungle morass. Ahead of them now was just a "sea" of green weed, growing upon the surface of the

deep mud of the swamp itself.

And ahead of them, its walls rising straight up out of the greenness, was a strange city of towers and temples, an ancient city built by some long dead people.

Stretching across the "moat" of green weed-covered swamp was a swinging roadway of wooden slats, by means of which the city could be reached.

Nero's gimlet eyes shone with excitement, as he spoke.

"The island city! It must be the island city!"

All around him, his men were buzzing with excitement. There was not one of them who had not heard of the mysterious island city which was supposed to be hidden away in the jungle. It was like El Dorado—the land of gold—everybody had heard tales about it, but nobody had ever seen it.

And of course there were stories of wonderful treasures of gold and jewels, hidden away in the secret places of the city.

"So—they are hidden in the island city!" said Nero. "Chilka, the chief of the Ochoonees must have guided them here! I have long suspected that the Ochoonee chiefs knew the secret of this place. It is good! We have them now! They cannot escape from the island city. Bring the "Prowler" round to starboard, and smash that bridge down!"

Only the top part of the "Prowler" was now showing above the green weed of the swamp. Its ten tractor-like "feet" were finding some grip on the more solid depths of the swamp, where dead plants, sunk down through long ages, formed a sort of "mat" in the awful mud.

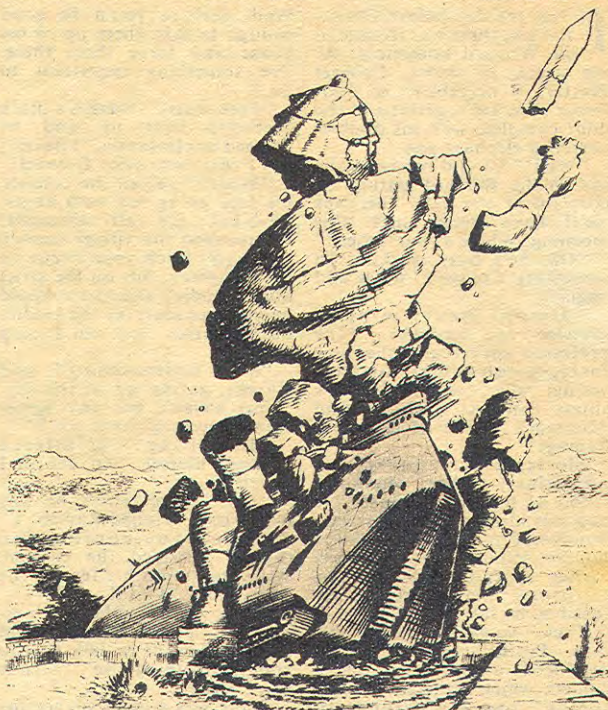
The "Prowler" came around in a sweeping curve, and then the jagged saw-tooth "Prow" at the top front of the great craft tore through the hanging roadway across the swamp, and smashed a great gap in it.

"Malcolm Franklin is trapped! He cannot escape us now!" crowed Doctor Nero. "Circle the walls of the city! There must be somewhere we can smash through!" He crossed to the door, and stopped there, looking back at the crew of the control-room. "I am going to my cabin. I must arm myself to lead you into the city. I wish to be told at once when you have found a suitable place in the city walls for the attack to begin."

Doctor Nero scuttled away down the corridor, and entered the cabin that had once belonged to Malcolm Franklin. Inside, he carefully locked the door.

Then he changed swiftly into the same sort of military uniform that the Shark always wore.

Over this he put on a long, black cloak. Then he opened a locked case, and took from it



With a roar like thunder, the great figure came toppling down on to the massive turtle-back armouring of the "Prowler".

something which shone brightly.

It was a steel mask, the exact twin of the one which the Shark always wore. Nobody had ever seen the Shark without his mask.

Nero carefully stowed this mask away under his cloak.

"You are trapped, Malcolm Franklin!" he gloated, "And yet you have been a great help to me. You will never know how great a help!"

CHILKA the Indian led the way at a trot through the eerie streets of the deserted city. Behind him came Malcolm Franklin, his gun pressing into the ribs of the Shark, who ran at his side. Bringing up the rear were Bob Harley and Amanda. Their ears were filled with the throbbing roar of the "Prowler's" mighty engines, as it ploughed through the swamp outside the walls.

"I was a chump not to think of it before!" panted Franklin as they ran. "There'll be a radio tell-tale of some sort hidden on the Shark himself—like those which we found in the flying suits. That'll be how they've been able to follow us."

"What can we do now, chief?" asked Bob.

"Hide. It's no use trying to fight the 'Prowler'. If we can hide for a bit, and stay hidden, we may be able to win back the 'Prowler' by a trick."

Amanda spoke rapidly to Chilka the Indian in his own

tongue, and the old chief nodded as he ran.

"There are secret places, Senors!" she said, "Chilka knows them!"

They followed the roadway past tall pyramid-like temples, skirted about by the squat stone houses where the ancient people had once lived. They came out into a sort of square.

Chilka led the way across it. On the far side was a low wall, and when they had passed through a gateway in this wall, they found themselves upon the quay-side of a sort of harbour.

There was a gap in the tall main walls of the city at this point, and in this gap was a square "basin", where ships had moored in ancient times, back in the days when the green swamp had been an inland sea.

Straddling the entrance to this harbour was a colossal statue of stone.

It stood, one foot on each of the jetties that flanked the harbour mouth. Tall ships had once sailed in beneath those giant legs.

Even as they took in this astonishing sight, the mighty roar of the "Prowler's" engines grew louder still, and the great craft swept into view round the curve of the city wall, making straight for the harbour mouth!

Whether somebody on board had seen them or not, they had no way of telling, but the

(Continued on next page)

BOB HARLEY — SPECIAL AGENT (Continued from page 8)

monster tank came straight on! Chilka gave an excited cry in his own tongue, and pointed ahead along the quay-side. They followed him at a run.

Like a mighty bull-dozer, the "Prowler" came at the harbour mouth. It ploughed into one of the stone jetties, and lurched against the tower-like leg of the monster figure.

The next instant, with a roar like thunder, the great figure came toppling down onto the massive turtle-back armouring of the "Prowler".

But they had no time to watch this, for they were running for their lives!

Chilka led the way into a courtyard, walled around on four sides. Against one wall was a carved basin of water, half the size of a tennis court, where fountains had once played.

Chilka waded into the water, and they followed. It came very nearly up to their arm-pits.

Their lives were in Chilka's hands, and they trusted him. But what was Chilka up to? Ahead of them was a blank wall.

Suddenly Chilka ducked down under the water. Bob saw Franklin force the Shark to do likewise, and then did so himself.

Ahead of him, in the blank wall against which the basin was built, he saw a gleam of dull greenish light in the shape of an

archway. He followed the other shadowy figures as they ducked under this archway.

They came up out of the water on the other side of the wall, but now they were in a gloomy tunnel, the roof of which was only a foot or so above their heads.

Chilka led them on, and they felt the ground under their feet sloping upwards, until gradually they came out of the water. A tunnel stretched ahead of them.

They ran along this tunnel and came out at last into a vast chamber, cone shaped, like the inside of a tent.

"We must be inside one of the pyramids," said Franklin.

For a moment they stood peering, getting used to the dim light of the place, which filtered down from slits in the stone-work high above their heads.

Then...

"Look!" cried Amanda, pointing into the gloom.

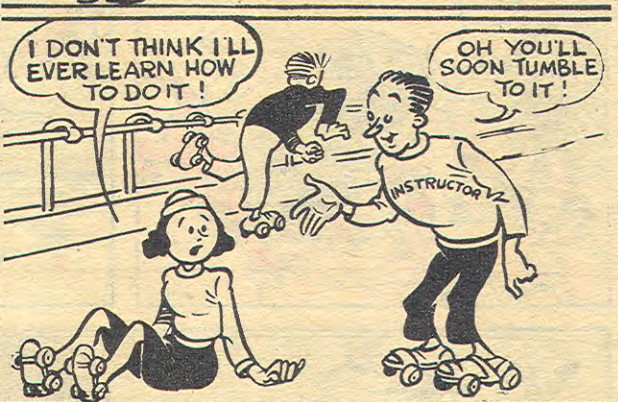
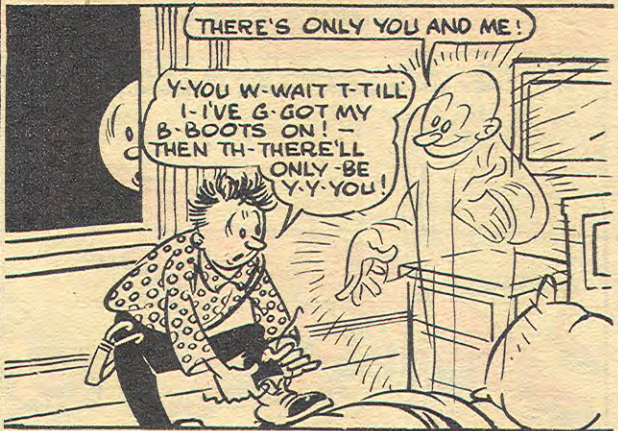
In the centre of the great "tent" of stone was what appeared to be a small temple, with twin doors, strangely ornamented, that faced towards them.

Even in the dim light of this eerie place, there was no mistaking the dull yellow gleam that shone from the thing they were all looking at.

That temple was wrought of solid gold!

Next week: The two Sharks!

CHUCKLES



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

(Continued from page 9)

was a saucepan, and from it there came a smell that Montague recognised. Plunging forward he darted his beak into the saucepan... and then stayed there, motionless.

"It worked!" cried Willie Wizzard, leaping from the bushes where he had been hiding. "See, Dad? I put the saucepan down bang on the white line running down the centre of the road! I'd heard that if you put a chicken's beak down on a chalk line it can't move because it's sort of mesmerised! And look—it's worked with Montague!"

It was true enough. Montague's eyes were goggling down at the white line and he could not move.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" chuckled Ravelli, coming forward. "Now I've got a giant turkey and a miniature elephant! It's terrific! I'll be rich—hey! What's happening?"

Something was certainly happening. The elephant was swelling rapidly before their eyes! Its feet touched the ground and a moment later it was a large as ever it had been.

"The effect of the ray must have worn off," said Professor Wizzard happily. "After all, the elephant only had a very short dose of the reducing ray."

"Pity!" snapped Ravelli. "Ah, well! I've still got the biggest turkey in the world."

Willie and Professor Wizzard

turned to stare at each other.

"Come to think of it—" said Willie and his father at the same time. A howl from Ravelli startled them into silence.

"Me turkey! Me giant turkey!" he cried pitifully. There was no doubt about it! Montague was shrinking—not so fast as the elephant had grown, but he was definitely shrinking!

"I thought so!" said Willie and his father both together.

"Thought what?" said Colonel Blotter desperately.

"We've just realised that the effect of the fattening ray was bound to wear off!" explained Willie.

"We could just have left Montague safely in the woods without all this fuss and bother!" Montague's neck had slipped from the shackle. He was now of normal size—as skinny and bony as ever!

"What about my ten pounds!" mouthed Ravelli frantically. "What about those fifty seats at the circus! I don't want this mangy turkey now!" Willie Wizzard began to roar with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he quavered. "Come on, Dad! Come on, Colonel! We'll take Montague home and give him a real slap-up Christmas! He deserves it after all this! So long, Ravelli—and a happy Christmas!"

Next week: Willie's Wonder Boot-polisher nearly gets him the boot!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

YOU can start off the New Year with a present, Spotters—if the number on the back of your Album is one of the thousand below!

All those with Album numbers between 30,000 and 30,500 inclusive, and between 101,000 and 101,500 inclusive may claim.

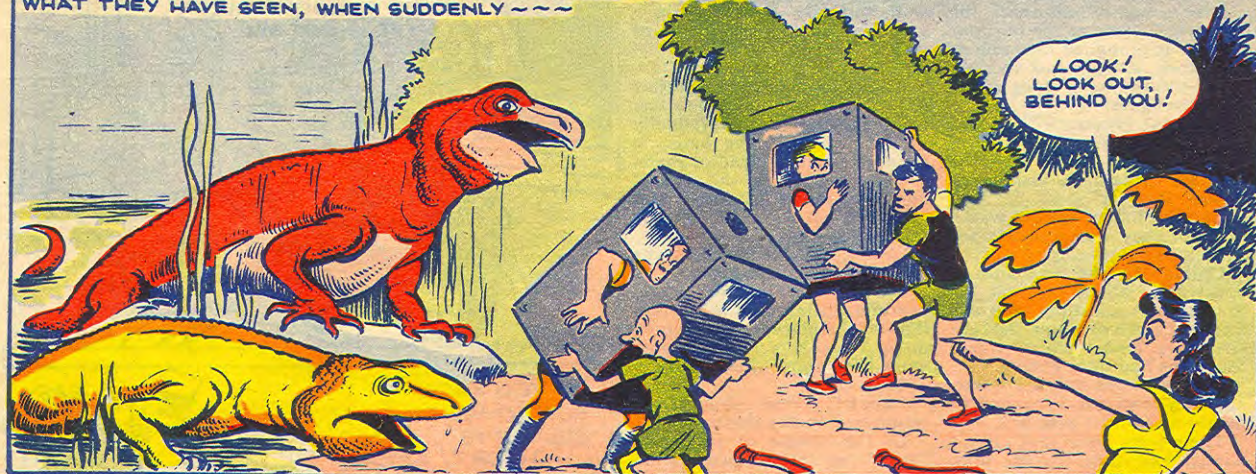
Here's what to do if your number's here. First, choose any one of the following presents: Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Wrist Compass, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, or a Water Pistol. Now write the name of your choice in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"—and at the same time make sure that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Next, write on a postcard the name of the character or story you like most in COMET—and in a few words, say why. Send both Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to:

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

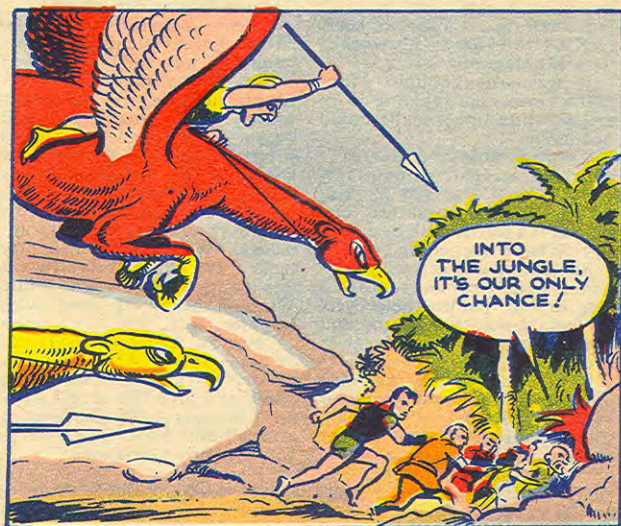
to arrive by Tuesday, January 6, 1953. Presents will be despatched about a week after this date and Albums returned at the same time.

COMET—December 27, 1952—9

PETER AND THE PROFESSOR CLIMB BACK TO TELL THEIR FRIENDS
WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN, WHEN SUDDENLY ~~~



THEY TEAR OFF THEIR DIVING SUITS ~~~



WHILE RESTING, FIDDYCAT EXPLAINS TO THE WEARY PARTY HOW CAMBUSTA THE TYRANT CAME TO BE EMPEROR.

~CAMBUSTA SEIZED POWER WHEN HIS BROTHER THE GOOD EMPEROR NESCIOR DISAPPEARED IN THE JUNGLE ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE TEMPLE OF FIRE.

THEN WE MUST FIND HIM AND OVERTHROW CAMBUSTA! FOR THAT IS THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET THE RED ROCKET BACK!

SO THE GALLANT PARTY SET OUT ON THEIR DANGEROUS JOURNEY THROUGH THE GREAT UNKNOWN JUNGLE TO FIND THE EMPEROR NESCIOR.

BUT UNKNOWN TO THEM, EVERY STEP THEY TAKE IS BEING WATCHED.

LOOK!
A CLEARING!

THEN, SUDDENLY ---

OH!
LOOK OUT,
ANN -
LOOK OUT!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE!

HELP!
HELP!

MICK THE MOON BOY



When Jasper Scrubb gave presents to everyone in the village they all began to think that this was a very happy Christmas indeed.

"It isn't possible!" Jasper Scrubb moaned, collapsing into a chair. "I must be dreaming!"

Jasper Scrubb was really scared. For when he had opened his door, after heavy knockings, he had been confronted by a talking snowman! Actually it was no one else but twelve-year-old Hank Luckner, the American boy.

Mick the Moon Boy had covered Hank with snow, leaving only his eyes and a bit of his nose visible. Then Mick used his marvellous scientific powers to make himself invisible, he had banged hard on the door with his invisible fist.

When the miser had opened the door and stood staring poked at the snow-covered Hank, the invisible Mick had slipped silently past him into the house.

And why were the boys doing this? For the simple reason that they had befriended Mrs. Goodson and her children—the family which Jasper Scrubb was kicking out of their cottage. And they were going to teach the old miser a lesson he wouldn't forget in a hurry.

Now Jasper Scrubb sat trembling in his kitchen, where he had locked himself in. But the invisible Mick stood watching him.

"I wonder if that awful snowman's gone?" mumbled the miser after a while. Anyway, he can't get in!"

That thought cheered him up quite a lot.

"And it wasn't robbers," he went on. "So now I'll count my money!"

He hastened to his secret cupboard and took out the money bags. He put them on the table and emptied the contents out of one of the bags, then carefully counted every copper until he

had refilled the bag again.

"One hundred and eight pounds nineteen shillings and pence!" he said greedily. "And that's the lot out of the first bag."

Then he stretched out his bony hand for the next bag. As he did so he got the most terrible shock of his greedy, misspent life.

For the money bags and their contents had completely vanished!

"Where's my money?" screamed Jasper Scrubb, leaping madly to his feet and sending the chair crashing over behind him to the floor. "Where's it gone? Aw, where's my lovely money gone?"

Next instant he got another fright which nearly made him

hard case, Jasper Scrubb. You are mean, greedy and wicked. You have no thought for anyone except yourself. Do you know what tonight is?"

"How d'you—how d'you mean, what tonight is?" gasped the wretched miser.

"I mean, that it is Christmas Eve!" thundered Mick. "The time when everybody should be happy and try to spread happiness. What happiness have you tried to spread this Christmas Eve, Jasper Scrubb?"

"Why, I—I kind o' forgot it was Christmas Eve," stammered Jasper Scrubb, shaking with fright. "If I'd—if I'd remembered I'd ha' done summat."

"What would you have done?" thundered Mick.

"It's gone where you'll never see it again unless you do exactly as I tell you!" thundered Mick.

He took from his pocket a small gadget shaped like a silver pencil. It was one of the wonderful scientific instruments he had brought from the moon, but was, of course, invisible to Jasper Scrubb, as was Mick himself.

Mick pointed it at the miser and pressed a tiny switch. Suddenly Jasper Scrubb began to grow smaller and smaller until he was no more than six inches high.

"What's happened?" he screamed, starting to rush madly about the floor on his tiny little legs. "I've gone little. Aw, dear, what's happened to me?"

Then Mick pointed the silver pencil gadget at the miser again. As he did so the miser shot up to his proper size.

"That was just a warning," said Mick severely. "If you refuse to do as I tell you I'll make you small and leave you like it!"

"Yes—yes, I'll do anything," cried the terrified miser.

"Right!" said Mick. "Pick up that bag of money."

With a trembling hand, Jasper Scrubb picked up the bag of money.

"Now walk straight out of the house with the money and get into a car which you will see standing out there!" ordered Mick.

Jasper Scrubb didn't argue. He was in such a state of terror that he walked straight out of the house and got into the car with the money.

Had he but known it, it was the rickety, second-hand car which Mick and Hank had hired

(Continued opposite)

The Editor wishes all his Readers A Very Merry Christmas

jump out of his skin. For a voice beside him cried:

"It has vanished, Jasper Scrubb. And vanished it will remain unless this Christmas Eve you show some human kindness and vow to be a better man!"

He never dreamt that the words had been spoken by the invisible Mick. How could he when he'd never even heard of Mick?

"Who are you?" he gasped. "For pity's sake tell me. Are you—are you a ghostie?"

"Yes, you can call me that if you wish," said Mick. "I am here to make a better man of you, Jasper Scrubb."

"How—how—how are you going to do that?" stammered the trembling miser.

"It is going to be difficult, I admit," said Mick. "You are a

"Hung me stockin' up!" cried Jasper Scrubb, that being the first thing that came into his head.

"Hung your stocking up?" repeated the invisible Mick scornfully. "Yes, that's just the sort of thing you would do. Something for nothing always has been your motto. I've a good mind to hang you up!" he thundered.

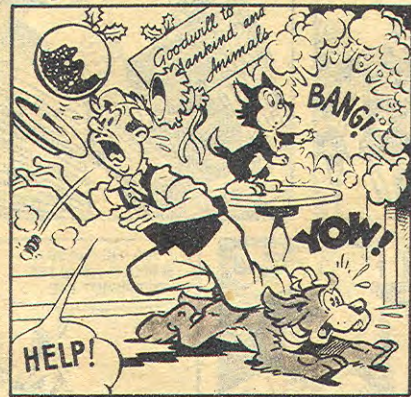
"Nunno—no—no—aw, please, don't do that!" almost wept the cornered miser, cowering in his corner.

"It depends entirely on you whether I do or not," said Mick. "You see that bag of money on the table?"

"Yes—yes, the only one I've got left!" cried Jasper Scrubb. "Where's the rest of my money gone?"



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 12)

to tour the country in. He didn't know, either, that Hank, whom Mick had now made invisible, was also sitting in the car.

Mick, still invisible, sat himself down at the driving wheel. As Jasper Scrubb couldn't see him that quaking gent got another frightful shock when the car suddenly started up and went tearing off down the snow-bound road as though of its own accord.

"Help!" he howled and started to try to climb out of the car. "Lemme out o' here!"

"Stay where you are!" thundered the invisible Mick. "There's no danger. I am with you!"

Jasper Scrubb fell back on to the seat.

"I'm—I'm dreamin'!" he gasped tearfully. "I'm havin' a nightmare."

"You're doing nothing of the kind!" said Mick, keeping the car tearing swiftly along. "Now you listen to me. I'm driving you into the village. The shops aren't shut yet. You will use that money of yours to buy toys and crackers and things like that."

"But—but whaffor?" wept Jasper Scrubb, all the stuffing knocked right out of him by this time. "What am I goin' to

do wi' the toys and things when I've bought 'em?" "I'll tell you that later!" said Mick.

He did. And that Christmas Eve a most amazing thing happened in the district. For to everybody's utter astonishment, Jasper Scrubb went round knocking at the doors of cottages and houses dressed as Santa Claus and, with a great sack of toys on his shoulder, which he distributed for the children.

He didn't want to do it, mind you. Not at first. But always there was the invisible escort at his shoulder, ordering him on, and he didn't dare refuse.

And before very long a remarkable thing happened to Jasper Scrubb. The younger children were in bed at the places where he called, but when he saw the smiling, happy faces of the elder children and the smiling, happy faces of their parents and heard the kind and friendly words they spoke to him, he began to quite enjoy giving the toys and other presents away.

He arrived at length at the house of Mrs. Goodson, the poor widow woman whom he was kicking out of her cottage along with her five children.

"I've brought you some Christmas presents for the kids, Mrs. Goodson," he said when she had opened the door. "Why, Mr. Scrubb!" she

gasped, looking as though she could believe neither her ears nor her eyes. "How—how lovely of you!"

"What about kicking her out?" whispered the voice of his invisible escort in his ear. "Tell her you're not going to!"

"Oh, and Mrs. Goodson," cried Jasper Scrubb. "Don't you worry about leaving the cottage. I didn't mean it and you can stay here as long as you like."

"Oh, Mr. Scrubb, that's the loveliest Christmas present of all!" cried Mrs. Goodson, tears of happiness in her eyes. "A happy Christmas to you!"

"And a happy Christmas to you!" said Jasper Scrubb.

And do you know, he meant it. When the invisible Mick had driven him back home and he had got out of the car, Mick said:

"Well, how do you feel now that you've made a lot of people happy?"

"I feel happy myself," gulped Jasper Scrubb. "Happier than I've ever felt in my life before. It's wonderful. I'm going to be a different man from now on."

"Good!" said the invisible Mick. "You'll find the rest of your money on the kitchen table. I put it back there, before I left the house. A happy Christmas to you!"

"And to you, whoever you are!" said Jasper Scrubb.

Next week Mick visits the Tower of London.

THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING

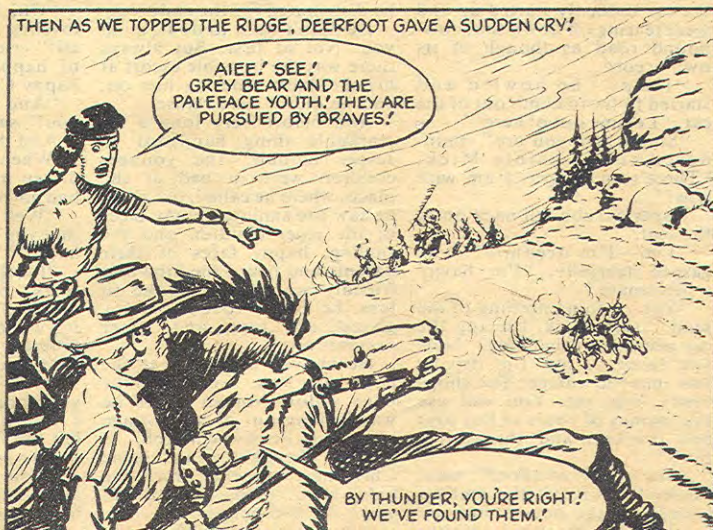
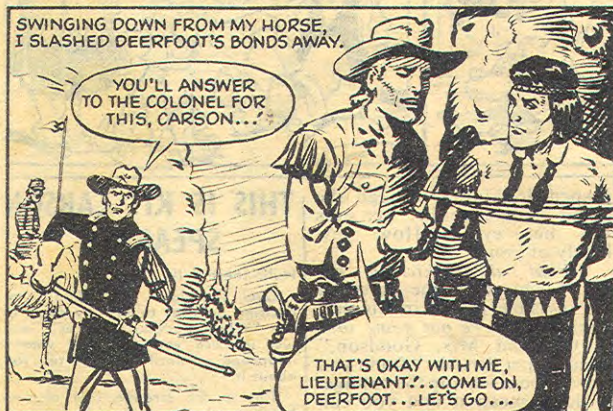
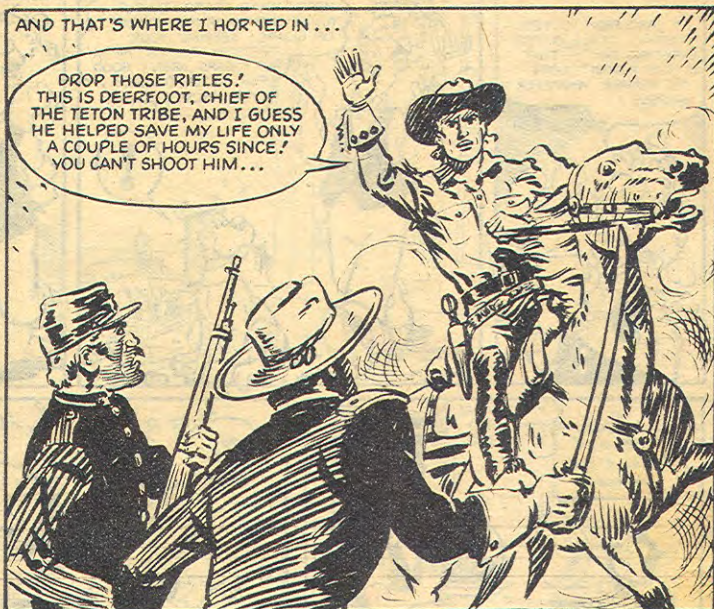
Hullo there, folks.

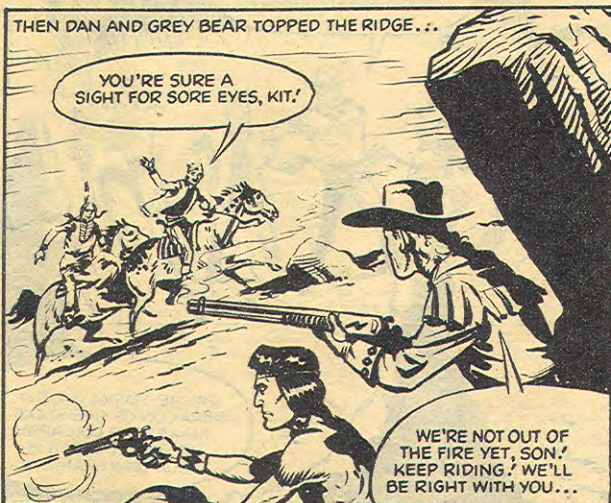
Over the page you'll find some exciting pictures telling my story of the "White Redman's Secret", and just in case you've missed what's happened up until now, I'll tell you about it.

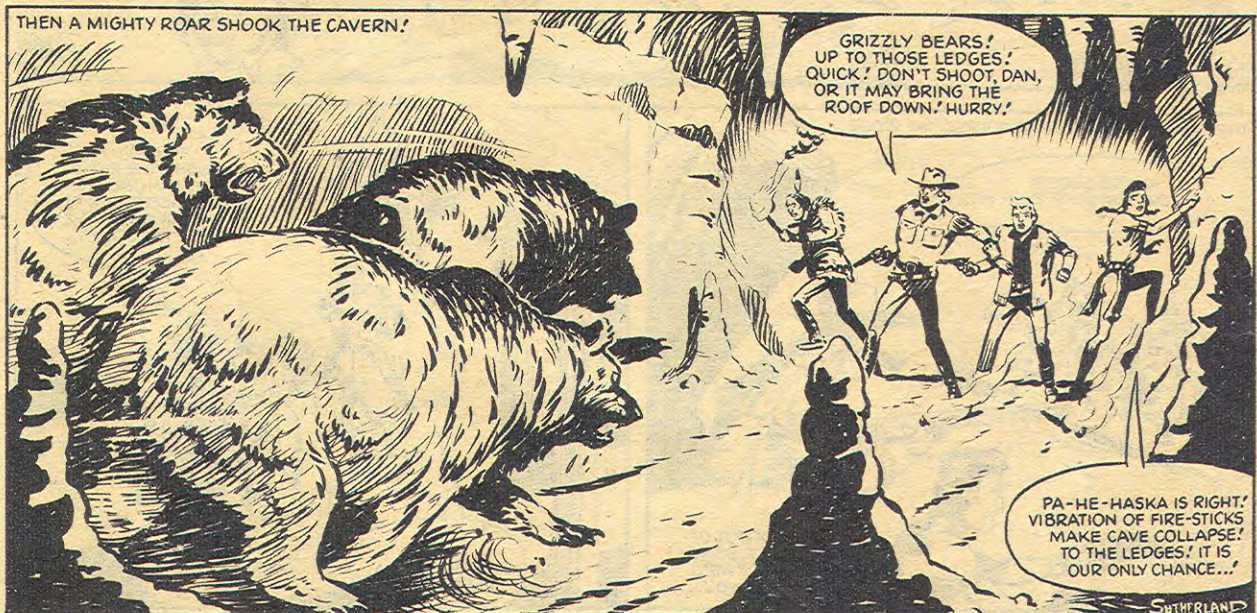
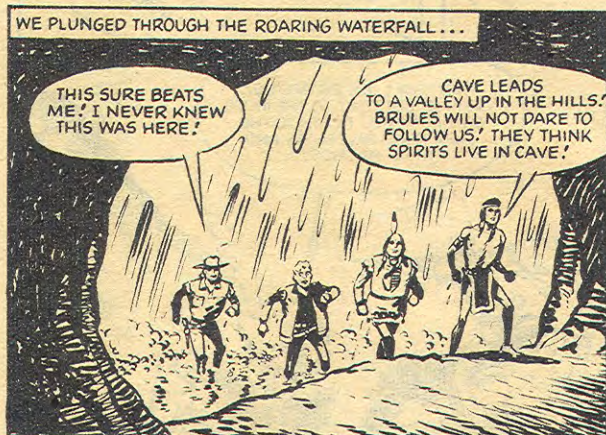
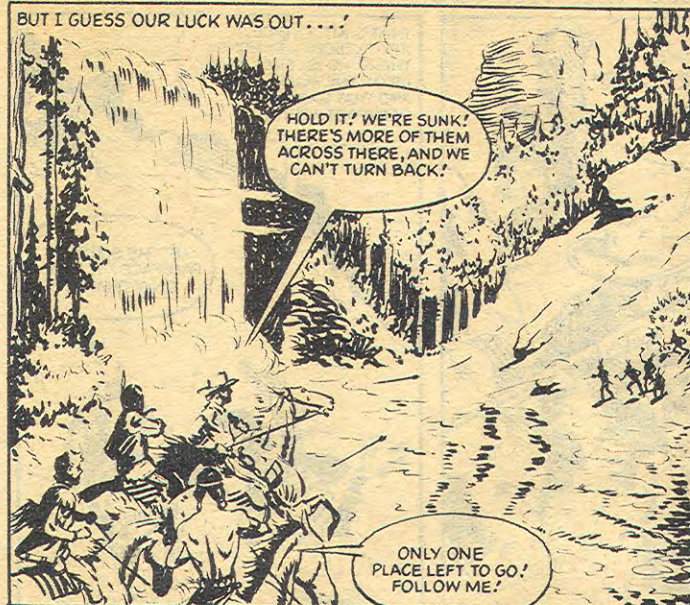
This is the strange tale of two brothers who grew up without knowing each other. Their parents were killed in an Indian raid. One grew up with white folks and was called Dan. The other grew up as Deerfoot, Chief of the Teton Sioux tribe.

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. Kenrick tried to get Dan accused of murder. But Dan escaped from the fort where he was being held prisoner. I followed him and we were both captured by Deerfoot's tribe. We escaped, but left Deerfoot behind. Snake Fang, the witch doctor, then told Deerfoot that he was not an Indian. The tribe turned Deerfoot out in disgrace. He was then captured by Lieutenant Kenrick. Kenrick fails to get any information out of him as to the whereabouts of the rest of his tribe. Infuriated by this, Kenrick ordered him to be shot. Deerfoot was tied to a tree and Kenrick raised his sword for the command to fire!

THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN







loomed, as wild a figure as the lion himself, who was soon to feel the blows of the iron-shod hooves now above him.

Again and again the hooves came down: again and again the lion strove to get a grip with his sharp teeth.

Ben, awake now, saw the magnificent sight of a fight to the death between a lion and a horse. He gave Wildfire up for lost, for what chance had the horse against a hungry lion?

He drew his gun and almost fired, but the fight was so desperate and the enraged animals moved so swiftly, that he couldn't make his target and dared not fire for fear of shooting his stallion.

He crouched in the grass, realising that Wildfire, who could easily have galloped away, was fighting this battle for him. He lay there, unable to help, and could only watch and wonder.

Savagely the fight went on and gradually the lion began to suffer. Nothing could have withstood the stallion's hooves trampling so mercilessly.

Ben realised that the horse had no need of any help from him, and his heart went out to Wildfire as he dealt the last blows.

Brutus lay still. Wildfire stood above him, his head raised and his neck with its flowing mane proudly arched in triumph.

The fight was over and Ben showed the stallion how grateful he was by speaking softly to him and soothing him with gentle hands. He attended to Wildfire's wounds and then left him to rest.

While the horse rested, Ben skinned the lion. He meant to keep the hide as proof of the lion's death.

There was a reward to be claimed and perhaps the killing of the lion might atone for the death of the man in the eyes of the people of the State.

After Wildfire had rested for a spell, Ben examined him.

"I think you're in good enough shape to travel now," he said. "We'll break up camp and get across the State line. You've been around here long enough. Too long for my peace of mind."

Hurriedly he prepared Wildfire for the journey again, but the battle with the lion and the break for rest had taken too long, and Ben saw to his dismay that the pursuers were nearly upon them.

Quick as a thought he acted. He took his halter and slashed at Wildfire's flanks.

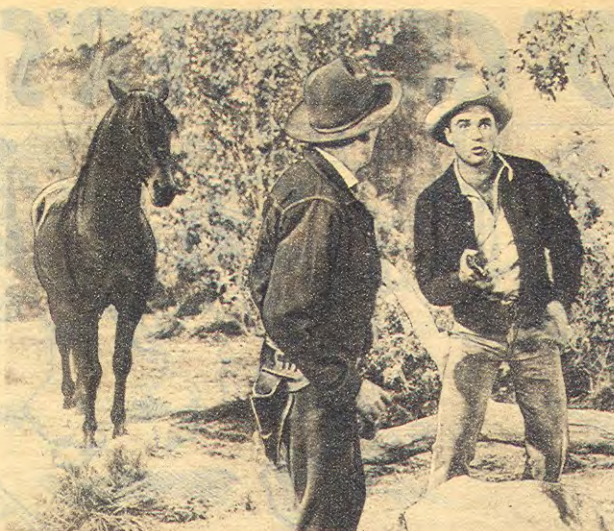
"This is goodbye, fella. You burn the breeze outa here and don't stop! They'll kill you if they catch you. Now go on, get outa here. Well, go on—don't stand there looking at me!"

Wildfire, hardly feeling the lash of the rope after the punishment he had taken in the battle with the lion, could not understand why his friend and master should turn against him. He was unwilling to go.

But something of the tenseness of their position caught him and he realised at last that Ben was trying to drive him away.

Reluctantly he turned and trotted off.

He was gone only just in time, for a second later came



"Wildfire's not going to die if there's anything I can do about it!" snapped Ben, drawing his gun.

Jenny's voice.

"Hello, Ben!"

"You've given us a lot of trouble, Kirby. Where's Tracy's horse?"

The sheriff dismounted and looked at Ben as he stood there, halter in hand.

"I turned him loose!" said Ben, his heart full of misery.

"When?" asked the sheriff.

"Quite a while ago!" answered Ben, hoping that this statement would stop them following Wildfire.

The sheriff and Bagley then caught sight of the lionskin. They were astonished. Ben told them of the fight and how Wildfire had killed the lion.

"You mean the horse killed this thing?" asked Bagley, his eyes staring.

"Don't see any bullet holes in him, do you?" pointed out Ben.

"No," said the sheriff, "but there's plenty of hoof marks."

Bagley thought for a moment.

"It seems to me the people of this county ought to be mighty grateful to that bronc!" he said.

"Well, no matter how the people of the county feel, the law is plain," said the sheriff. "There's not much we can do about it."

"There's something I can do about it," answered Ben grimly, drawing his gun!

"Oh, you misunderstand me, son," said the sheriff with a smile. "It's Tracy's horse the law wants, not yours!"

Wildfire, unable to leave Ben, had now appeared and was nosing around for his master.

The sheriff watching him, continued:

"Tracy's horse is a roan, not a seal brown like this one. He's miles away by now and not even a good tracker like Britt here could find him. Right, Britt?"

"Right, Sheriff!" answered Britt, grinning.

"Yes, sir, that's a sure-fire bronc you got there! And don't forget you got a fifteen hundred

dollar bounty coming to you!" and nodding cheerily to Ben the sheriff mounted and rode off with Britt.

Happily Jenny, Cass and Ben looked at each other.

"Come on, Ben," said Jenny. "Let's go home!"

"You really want us to?" asked Ben, smiling at the little girl.

"Holly jumpin' catfish! What do you think I joined up with this posse for?" came Jenny's reply.

Ben put his arms round Wildfire's neck.

"Come on, boy," he said. "We still got a home!"

And together the three rode back, their troubles over and Wildfire forgiven for the death of Tracy because of his own bravery and by the sheriff's generosity.

Back down the trail they rode, singing Shortie's favourite song.

"Kanab, Kanab, Kanab, They'll bury you deep in Kanab."

Jenny was happier than she ever had been before as the three of them sang gaily on their way home.

"Kanab, Kanab. They'll bury you deep in Kanab!"

That night they held a grand party in the bunkhouse in honour of Wildfire and Ben. When the party was over Ben walked back with Cass Bagley and Jenny.

"Now that you're a rich man I suppose you'll be leaving us, Ben?" said Cass Bagley slowly.

"Well, I would like a place of my own," replied Ben.

"Oh, you can't leave," cried Jenny suddenly. "I won't let you!"

"Tell you what," said Cass thoughtfully, "I need a partner, Ben, so how about it?"

"You really mean that?" said Ben, amazed.

"I do," said Cass.

"Well, then I'm your man," said Ben, holding out his hand.

THE END

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS



No. 21. THE IRISH WATER SPANIEL

You may think this rather peculiar Spaniel is an ugly dog—unless you happen to own one! Then, of course, he is a very good-looking dog. He is a real "water dog", and is kept for sport rather than as a pet. Large for a spaniel, he stands 22 inches high, and his colouring is a dark, purplish liver shade.

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



The three bears tore down the street after the tramp.

THE SNATCHER

"WHAT'S that?" exclaimed Baxter major, the big brown bear.

"It sounded like a cry!" replied his brother, Baxter minor, the medium-sized bear.

"It was a cry!" squeaked their brother, little Baxter, the tiny bear.

The three of them were out for a walk in the country when the cry had fallen on their ears. Not so very long ago they had been just three ordinary schoolboys—members of a party of boys who had come out 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 had got his bottles mixed up, and instead of giving them 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.

The result was that, in a flash, they had been turned into one of the strangest collections of birds and animals you could ever wish to see. And birds and animals they were doomed to stay until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid to change them all back again.

The three Baxter brothers had been changed into three brown bears. Being a cheery trio, they were getting quite a lot of fun out of it.

"Whereabouts d'you reckon that cry came from?" demanded Baxter major.

"From over there, I think," said Baxter minor.

"That's what I think!" squeaked little Baxter.

"Come on then, we'll find out what it was," said Baxter major.

The three of them trotted quickly along towards where they thought the cry had come from. Then suddenly, in a leafy lane, they saw a lady standing wringing her hands.

"Excuse me, madam, but are you in trouble?" asked Baxter major, coming up behind her.

The lady turned quickly round. At sight of the three bears standing gazing at her she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Please don't be frightened!" said Baxter major quickly. "We won't hurt you. We're rather special bears."

"But I didn't know that bears could talk!" gasped the lady, backing away.

"Oh, yes, we can!" said Baxter major. "But we heard someone cry out a minute or two ago and we came to see if it was anyone in trouble. Was it you who cried out?"

"Yes, it was," said the lady. "A great, nasty, horrid tramp has just snatched my handbag from me. It had ten pounds in it. He ran away down the road in that direction!"

She pointed to show the way the thief had gone.

"Right-ho!" said Baxter major. "You wait here. We'll jolly soon catch him and get your bag back for you!"

Next moment the three bears were running off down the road. And bears can run jolly quickly when they want to. As they turned a bend in the road they saw the tramp ahead of them. He was a great burly fellow, and was standing with his back to the three bears, examining the contents of the lady's handbag.

"This is where he gets the shock of his life!" chuckled Baxter major. "Don't make a sound!"

"No, but I bet he will!" tittered Baxter minor.

With a howl of sheer terror, the tramp turned to flee. But he wasn't quick enough. Baxter major shot out a paw and caught the scoundrel a cuff that nearly felled him. Then before the terrified man could recover he grabbed him in a bear-like hug.

"Help! Lemmo go! Help!" howled the wretched man, struggling like mad to escape from Baxter major.

"Stop bawling like that or I'll give you a crack that you won't forget in a hurry!" snapped Baxter major. Then, to his brother, Baxter minor: "Go through his pockets!"

Baxter minor did so, dipping his forepaw deep into them all in turn. He found the lady's ten pounds all right, but he also found a gold watch and a gentleman's wallet with a lot of money in it.

"Hullo, where did you get that watch and wallet from?" demanded Baxter major of the tramp.

"I got 'em from a gent!" gasped the tramp, fairly shaking with fright. "A nice kind-hearted gent gave them to me!"

"You're a fibber," said Baxter major calmly. "You stole them!"

"We ought to hand him over to the police!" squeaked little Baxter.

"That's what I intend to do!" said Baxter major.

"There's a policeman lives in the village," said Baxter minor.

"And here he comes now!" squeaked little Baxter excitedly.

It was quite true. The fat village policeman had come cycling round a bend in the road. As he saw the three bears he got such a fright that his bicycle wobbled all over the road and then he fell off into a ditch.

"Come on!" grinned Baxter major, starting to march the

howling, struggling tramp along the road.

They reached the policeman just as that fat and terrified gentleman was climbing out of the ditch.

"Look, officer, we want to give this tramp in charge for stealing a lady's handbag!" said Baxter major.

When he heard the bear speak in a human voice the policeman jumped back so quickly that he slipped and vanished from view in the ditch again.

He crawled out, his face absolutely pasty with terror.

"Don't—don't touch me!" he gasped.

"I'm not going to touch you!" snapped Baxter major. "I want you to lock this rascal up for stealing a lady's handbag!"

"I'm—I'm dreaming!" gasped the terrified policeman. "I'll wake up in a minute—least, I hope I will!"

"Perhaps that'll show you!" squeaked little Baxter, giving the policeman a dig with his paw.

With a howl of terror, the policeman grabbed his bike, righted it, and leaping into the saddle, pedalled frantically away.

"Well, of all the fatheads!" gasped Baxter major in disgust.

"An absolute prize idiot!" agreed Baxter minor.

"Cowardly, cowardly custard!" yelled little Baxter after the policeman.

Baxter major turned to the tramp.

"Well, it looks as if you're not going to get locked up, after all!" he said severely. "But don't you do any more bag-snatching or stealing, d'you hear?"

"I'll never, never steal again!" gasped the shivering tramp. "I've had a lesson now that'll last me all my life! Lemmo go, Mister Bear, for pity's sake!"

"Yes, let him go!" said Baxter minor. "I guess he's been punished enough."

"And it's Christmas!" piped up little Baxter.

"All right," said Baxter major. "Off you go—but mind you don't steal again or we'll be after you!"

Gasping out his thanks, the trembling tramp tore away down the road faster than he had ever run in his life before.

Then the three bears returned to where they had left the lady. They gave her her ten pounds and handbag back, also the wallet and the gold watch, which she said she would give to the policeman.

And she was so pleased that she invited all three of them back to her house for tea.

Next week: The Animals get an exciting New Year surprise!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT THE TWO NEW BOYS

DR. TWIZZLE HAS INVITED US FOR XMAS!
WE MUST GET A PRESENT FOR THE
OLD CHAP!

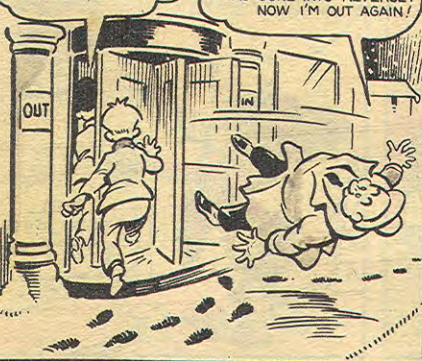


I KNOW OF COURSE
OF NICE BOYS
WHO'D LIKE
THOSE!

HI—WHAT'S THE RUSH, MISTER?
YOU'VE SHOT US OUT INTO
THE STREET
AGAIN!

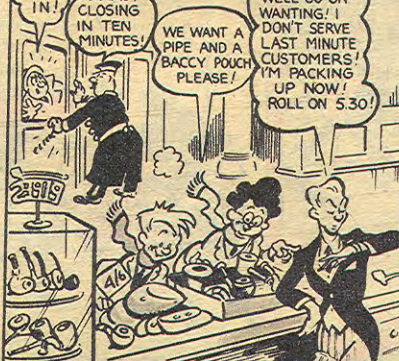


TRY GOING IN THIS SIDE
THIS TIME, CHUM!



OOOPS! THE DOOR
HAS GONE INTO REVERSE!
NOW I'M OUT AGAIN!

TRY AFTER
XMAS!
CLOSING
IN TEN
MINUTES!



WE WANT A
PIPE AND A
BACCY POUCH
PLEASE!

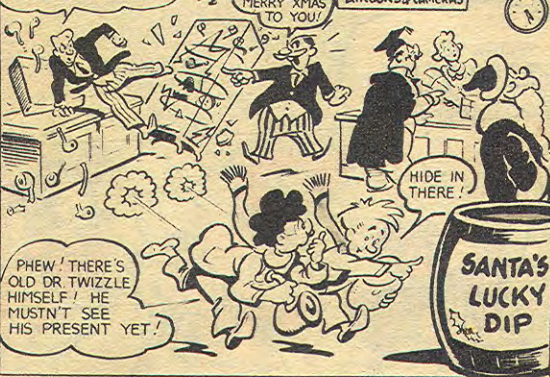
WE'LL GO ON
WANTING! I
DON'T SERVE
LAST MINUTE
CUSTOMERS!
I'M PACKING
UP NOW!
ROLL ON 5.30!



THESE WILL DO!
HERE'S THE EXACT
MONEY—WE'LL
TAKE THEM!

EH? OH NO YOU WON'T!
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG
TO SMOKE! PUT 'EM
BACK! DO YOU
HEAR?

HI, COME BACK!—COO!!



SACK! AND A
MERRY XMAS
TO YOU!

AIRGUNS & CAMERAS

HIDE IN
THERE!

SANTA'S
LUCKY
DIP

PHIEW! THERE'S
OLD DR. TWIZZLE
HIMSELF! HE
MUSTN'T SEE
HIS PRESENT
YET!

HA! I'LL HAVE A GO AT THE LUCKY DIP, AND
THEN MY XMAS SHOPPING IS
FINISHED!



HELP YOURSELF—
I'M KNOCKING
OFF!

SANTA'S
LUCKY
DIP

FREE
TO ALL
CUSTOMERS

I'VE GOT PRESENTS FOR
CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT—
NOW I WONDER IF I CAN
GET SOMETHING FOR
MYSELF? I KNOW WHAT I'D
LIKE...



WHY, HULLO BOYS—
WHAT WERE YOU
DOING IN
THERE?



DOING UP YOUR
PRESENTS IN OUR
HANKIES
SIR!



MERRY XMAS GENTS!

AND ON XMAS DAY, THEIR PRESENTS
WERE OPENED.



JUST WHAT I WANTED!
TA EVER SO!

COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY

