

COMET

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EVERY
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SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF



ISLAND OF SECRETS

Don't miss the fun and thrills in this grand adventure on the island where nothing grows old!



It was a thrilling moment! Professor Jilly had recovered his ray-machine and thought he would now be able to bring Peter and Ann back to their normal size. But Tower's puppy was feeling playful. He snatched up the machine and went scampering away with Ann and Peter helpless on his back. Suddenly he tripped over a trailing vine.



The ray-machine slipped from Tower's jaws and splintered down in deep crevices in the ground! The professor came panting up in dismay, and how Koko scolded the sorrowful puppy! "If you could lower us down on a piece of twine, Uncle, we could fix the machine on the end!" cried Peter. Very soon he and his sister were on their way down.



"Golly!" exclaimed Ann as they went lower and lower into the darkness. "This crack is a lot deeper than we expected!" Before Peter could reply, the twine suddenly snapped with a sharp twang. Luckily there was not far to fall, and the landing was quite a soft one—for they splashed goppling into the waters of a tiny stream flowing underground!



The ray machine was floating nearby and Peter quickly helped his sister to stand aloof. "This stream is flowing quite fast," he said solemnly. "We're already drifting away from the crevice!" On floored their strange craft, winding through the dark tunnel until at last they came to a sloping meadbank and some stout wooden cuppets.



"We're underneath a building of some sort," whispered Ann. "I can see wooden planks above!" They managed to scramble up and lift a loose piece of board—only to find themselves in the cabin of Black Bellows and his pirates! They had all caught bad colds from their recent ducking in a river, and were trying to cure themselves.



The pirates, sitting with their feet in a hot mustard bath, did not see the children. "If we make a dash for the door we'll be seen!" Ann whispered. Peter thought hard, then picked up a dagger lying nearby and prised the bung out of a barrel of trecacle which hid them from the sight of the pirates. The thick black liquid flowed out slowly.



The flour was great in a spreading stream across the floor, creating a barrier between the pirates and the door of the cabin. "Now!" cried Peter as he and Ann ran together they scrambled across the floor. They were spotted at once. "After them!" roared Black Bellows, and his men piled hand-to-hand. But that stream of trouble did its work very well indeed.



The pirates were well and truly bogged down, and it seemed that the children would escape. Then one of the crew seized a pair of bellows. There came a mighty puff! and Peter and Ann were swept up helplessly in a miniature gale. Like nature's leaves they were blown swift across the floor straight into the open mouth of a sack of flour.



Peter and Ann were half-buried in the flour, so Black Bellows and his men had plenty of time to free themselves from the trouble. "Hurrah!" gloated Bellows as he rubbed up the flour with his fingers to smother it on the table. "No there you are, little whippersnappers! You look rather pale... and you're a very good reason to, ray peep!"



"I know just how to deal with you two!" he went on with a grim chuckle. He gave his men some orders which made Peter and Ann gulp and stare at each other, then he laid up some of the boards where they had entered. "Just as I hoped, my hearties!" he cried triumphantly. "Here's their magic machine! Now we can deal with the professor!"



But first Black Bellows intended to deal with Peter and Ann. "They'll walk the plank in true pirate fashion!" he roared. A plank was fixed to the hatch and the prisoners, their arms bound, were forced to stare down one-way journey! But Koko had been sent by Professor Jolly to watch the pirates, and was peering in the open window.



The plank was bending, and Peter had started to lunge forward when Koko went into action. A rope was slung from a cross-beam, and the little monkey watched it and launched himself in a pendulum swing which carried him right over the hunched back. Whizz! Without one warning, Black Bellows felt the rap-machine rebound from his head!

(Continued on back page)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

PROFESSOR WIZZARD, the world-famous inventor, and Chief Detective Inspector Bush had come to Gandybar Academy to visit their sons Willie Wizzard and Jimmy Bush. The Inspector was also acting as bodyguard to the inventor, for the Professor had discovered a way to turn sunlight into solid cubes, which could be used for all sorts of purposes, and dangerous criminals were after the discovery. The Inspector had insisted that it would be safer for the Professor to stay at the Academy for a few days. On their first night the Headmaster, Dr. Gandybar, invited Willie and Jimmy to have tea with him and the visitors.

"Do you know, Professor," said Dr. Gandybar as he leaned back watching the boys demolish a pile of cakes, "I think Willie is getting more like you every day."

"Oh—I suppose so," replied the Professor as he applied a match to his cigar; "but he'll have to grow sideburns, and smoke five of those vile things every day before the picture is complete."

"He'll have to do much more than that," put in Inspector Bush, stuffing tobacco into his pipe. "He'll have to invent things—"

"Oh, but he does invent," said Dr. Gandybar. "He has already invented Wizard Whisker-growing Lotion, Wizard Everlasting Toffee, Wizard Recording Clocks, Wizard Running Shoes—"

"What I want," interrupted the Inspector, taking a deep puff on his pipe, "is a Wizard Kidnap-preventer, for these crooks who tried to steal the Professor's Sunshine Mackerel will make another attempt soon. They'll stop at nothing to get the invention, even if they have to steal the Professor as well."

"I'm sure," said Dr. Gandybar, "that William Wizzard, our school-boy inventor, will give you all the help he can. Won't you, Willie?"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie. "In fact, I'm working on it right now."

About one o'clock in the morning Willie Wizzard and Jimmy Bush stealthily left their beds in the Fourth Form dormitory and made their way to Willie's den behind the boilerhouse.

"I don't see why we must wait till this time of night to lay your bangle trap," grumbled Jimmy.

"Because," explained Willie, "my father doesn't go to bed till midnight, and the Wizard Kidnap-Catcher must be laid after he is in bed, and taken up before he rises. He doesn't rise till nine o'clock. Before then I'll have removed the trap. Here,



WILLIE WIZZARD'S EVERLASTING TOFFEE WAS A FAILURE—AS TOFFEE, BUT IT CAME IN VERY HANDY WHEN WILLIE WANTED TO INVENT A KIDNAPPER-CATCHER!

give me a hand."

He piled a dozen objects that looked like thick door-mats wrapped in greaseproof paper on to Jimmy's arms, and led him back into the school and along the dirty-like corridors to the guest room that had been set aside for Professor Wizzard. Willie quietly opened the door and crept across the darkened bedroom floor, taking care not to disturb the sleeping figure. He removed the mats from their grease-proof wrapping and placed them all around the bed. Then, as quietly as they had come, the boys left the room.

"What on earth were you doing?" asked Jimmy. "I don't understand."

Willie explained patiently: "That was my everlasting toffee. As a toffee it was a failure; as a Kidnap-Catcher I hope it will be a great success. It catches crooks as a bush of trachea catches flies."

"Good!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I hope the Professor doesn't get up in the middle of the night!"

"He won't," said Willie blandly, "he never does." The boys reached the Fourth dormitory and crept back into bed. Soon they were fast asleep.

Next morning Willie woke with a start and sat up in bed. Down the passageway a well-known voice was shouting, "Where's William Wizzard?" Willie had barely time to roll on to the floor and under the bed before Mr. Wickett, the Headmaster, swept into the room. "Where's Wizzard?" he de-

manded. "Dr. Gandybar wants Wizzard at once!"

"Please, sir, he's not in bed," observed Jimmy Bush innocently.

"I can see that," snapped Mr. Wickett. "When you see him tell him the Head wants him at once." He strode out of the dormitory.

"Gosh!" said Jimmy as Willie emerged from his hiding-place. "You'd better make yourself scarce, I didn't like the sound of his voice."

"Neither did I," said Willie, scrambling into his clothes. "You know where to find me, Jimmy. Let me know what's happened, Charlie!"

It was after breakfast when Jimmy climbed the ladder into Willie's hideout in the loft. He produced a sandwich which Willie protruded to eat. "What's happened?" he asked between mouthfuls.

"Oh, nothing. About a dozen people want to have you boiled in oil, that's all. Old Gandybar stepped right into your Kidnap-Catcher with his bare feet. He sank up to his ankles in the sticky mess. He tried to pull his feet out with his hands and his hands got caught. Then he stumbled and sat in it. When they found him he was covered with it, and looked like a toffee soddy-beer. Your dad tried to help him and got pulled on top of him. My dad tried to help them both and sat in it. The Janitor got it all over his hair. The Sixth Form prefects got it all over their clothes. Now the

Head, the Professor, the Inspector, the Janitor, and the Prefects are all soaking in hot baths and rubbing their hair with medical butter. Cook's furious about the butter. Master's furious about the clothes. The Janitor's furious about the floors. Everybody's furious, including your father. I'd certainly hate to be you, Willie Wizzard."

Willie granted: "Huh! It's not my fault. It's old Gandybar who's to blame. Why did he have to visit my father at seven o'clock in the morning? My dad never gets up before nine. I would have removed the Kidnap-Catcher mats before then."

"Well, you see," explained Jimmy, "your father wasn't in that bed. As a precaution against kidnapers the Inspector had him change his room. Dr. Gandybar was in the guest room."

It was lunch-time before Dr. Gandybar was able to get dressed. The first person he met was Professor Wizzard. "A disgraceful business," he snapped. "I still have pieces of that vile mixture in my cyano-bow. When I get that boy—"

"Bah!" snapped back the Professor. "It's still sticking in my whiskers. I'll have to shake them off. When I get that boy—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Dr. Gandybar stiffly, "this is my school. I'll deal with Wizzard."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," returned the Professor, "Wizzard is my son. I'll deal with him."

"Very well, we'll both deal with Wizzard," shouted the Headmaster. "I'll offer ten shillings to the one who delivers him to me first."

"A pound!" cried the Professor, rubbing his sticky whiskers. "One pound reward for the delivery of William Wizzard into my hands."

The school was excited by these generous offers of reward. Most of the boys were on Willie's side, and thought the toffee baths had been great fun. The Musgraves were for Dr. Gandybar, being as the Head. A few others in the Fifth were for the Professor, because they wanted the pound. The Sixth were for themselves too, as prefects, they had all been plastered with the toffee.

It was late in the afternoon when the Headmaster heard a tap on his study door. "Come in," he cried. "Ah, Professor Wizzard! I hear you've been—er—walking in your room. I hope you are better now. Did you get the ghastly mess off your whiskers?"

"My son gave me this lotion which takes it off in a jiffy."

"Your son? So you got hold of the wretched boy! Where is he? What did you do to him?"

"Why, nothing, of course. My son's a good lad. It was not his fault that we got mixed up in a rather bath. The Inspector should not have made me change rooms at the last minute."

"Miss, I haven't seen the Inspector since morning," said the Head reflectively. "I think he finds it was his fault."

"Of course it was. Willie's Kidnapper-Catcher was quite effective without all this room-changing."

"It was effective all right—" "Well, then," said the other eagerly, "why punish the boy for it. In fact I think he should be rewarded. No one understands what a clever boy he is. He should be encouraged. I think he should have an extra half holiday every week to make reparation."

"Well—I—I don't know. His lessons would suffer—" "His is sometimes suffer because of his lessons, and his inventions are most important."

"I agree—" "Of course you agree, any one would—I mean—it's no objection. Then there's grammar. Now couldn't he just read a book during the grammar lesson?"

"That's a most unusual request, Professor. Most unusual."

"Well, isn't this a most unusual school? Perhaps you'd rather have me take my son elsewhere?"

"Not at all. We'll do whatever you say. What is all that noise in the playground?"

As if in answer to his question a knock was heard and Jerry Bush entered. "Please, sir," he said. "They've caught Willie Wizard. The Sixth Form are going to duck him in the pond."

They hurried out to the playground where a dozen big boys were crowding round a puny little figure that fought back savagely.

"Boys!" cried Dr. Gandybar. "Step this at once. Leave that boy alone!"

When the boys saw the Headmaster they crowded round. "Here he is, sir," they cried pushing Wizard forward. "Ten bob reward, you said, sir."

Suddenly their captive broke loose and strode up to Dr. Gandybar. "This is outrageous," he thundered. "I will certainly write to my solicitors about it. How dare you allow these young hoodlums to manhandle me!"

The Doctor's mouth fell open in astonishment. "Wizard, kindly remember to whom you are speaking," he said. "You are a troublesome, impertinent boy, but your father has asked me not to punish you—"

"My father?" exploded the other. "That's Willie Wizard there. I'm Professor Wizard. I shared off my sandwiches because they were all toffee."

"Oh," exclaimed the Wizard with the whiskers. "I never heard such a story. Willie, I'm surprised at you!"

The bewildered doctor looked from one to the other. "Oh, dear! This is very confusing.

Come to my study, both of you. We must get to the bottom of this."

In the study the Wizzards confounded each other. Bareface Wizard looked ready to burst. "You bad little rascal," he shouted at whiskered Wizard. "I hope Dr. Gandybar beats you soundly."

"Oh—you—you wicked boy," chided whiskered Wizard. "I've just been asking Dr. Gandybar not to punish you at all."

"Now boys!" said Dr. Gandybar. "I mean Professor—I mean—I really don't know what I mean."

"This ungrateful boy—" began whiskered Wizard.

"What!" cried bareface Wizard. "You—you—here take off those whiskers at once—" He made a sudden grab at the whiskers, and their owner howled in pain. Dr. Gandybar was horrified at the spectacle of a boy pulling his father's whiskers. He seldom used his cane, but he felt that this was a time to do so. He picked it up and brought it down sharply.

"Ouch! Ouch!" cried bareface Wizard, hopping around rubbing himself. "I'll have you arrested, Dr. Gandybar. Ouch!"

Just then the Inspector came in. "Here, what's this," he thundered in his policeman's voice.

"Arrest that man," ordered bareface Wizard, "he assaulted me."

"Arrest that boy," ordered

whiskered Wizard, "he assaulted me."

"Arrest them both before they drive me insane," advised Dr. Gandybar. "I don't know which is which. They're both disgruntled as each other—I think maybe."

"That's easily settled," said the Inspector. "Here is a nice strong cigar the Professor gave me yesterday. Who's going to smoke it?"

"I will," said bareface sagely. He took a long pull at the cigar and blew out a cloud of smoke, then he passed it over to the other. "Wouldn't you like a smoke—Daddy?"

"No, no, I'd rather not," said Willie seeing the game was up. Suddenly he made a dive for the door.

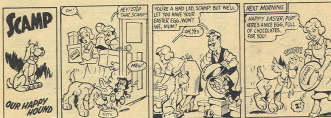
"Stop him," shouted Professor Wizard, still smearing from the cane. As Willie sped down the corridor he heard the feet of his pursuers. The Professor was well in the lead. "Eesh, he's a good runner," thought Willie.

Willie made straight for his secret hideout in the loft. He was halfway up the ladder when a hand gripped his ankle. He looked down and saw the pale smiling face of his father. His heart missed a beat.

"Oh, Daddy, I didn't mean—" he began.

"Never mind the apologies," gapped the Professor. "Get through that trapdoor quick. There's a thousand young ruffians after me."

(Continued on page 6)



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

(Continued from page 5)

In a jiffy they had climbed into the loft and pulled up the ladder. Through a crack they could see a group of puzzled Fifth Foremen, wondering where Willie Wizzard had gone.

"Why did they chase me?" asked the Professor.

"Well, they thought you were me," explained Willie; "and as you offered a pound for my capture they were going to hand you over to me."

"I see." The clear-headed Professor looked at his wheezed son for a moment, then he laughed. "I say, Willie," he

said, "you make a very good Professor."

"And you make a very good son, Dad," returned Willie.

"We certainly looked old Gandymar," chuckled the Professor, then he rubbed himself. "Uch! he doesn't half shake hard—like my old Headmaster. Say, Willie, how did you get those whiskers stuck on?"

"They're set stick on. I rubbed in the Wizard Whisker Lotion and they grew in about five minutes. I have some if you would like it—"

"I certainly would," said the

Professor taking the lotion. "I feel cold without my whiskers. Oh, here's my salary razor. Perhaps you'd like to remove your whiskers, so that there's no further confusion."

In five minutes, Wizzard father had whiskers, and Wizzard son hadn't!

"That's better!" exclaimed the Professor. "There will be no confusion now." He chuckled. "Want all those Fifth Foremen get hold of you, Willie, and hand you over to me?"

"In that case," said Willie. "I'll tell Dr. Gandymar you are

still one with whiskers, and you know what that means. Swish! Swish!"

"Oh, well, perhaps, we'd better call it quits," said the Professor hastily. "I'll square things with the Fifth Foremen for you, if you'll square things for me with Dr. Gandymar." Then he put his arm across his son's shoulder and chuckled. "Do you know, Willie, I haven't had so much fun in years," he said.

Next week Willie invents a "mind-reading" machine! Don't miss the fun!

COMET ENGINE SPOTTERS CLUB

MORE PRESENTS FOR C.E.S.C. MEMBERS

Here we are again with another long list of Club members—and maybe yours is among them! If it is, get cracking right away, and send up for the good presents that's waiting for you.

But first, make sure that you've made yourself a member of the Engine Spotters Club by signing your full name and address in your Club Album. Then make you a full member on the spot, of course—your membership number is printed on the back of your album, and you're entitled to a free present if that number appears in one of our Club Lists in COMET.

To now, get out your Album and check your number against those in our list.

C.E.S.C. PRESENT LIST

1,681	4,812	71,269	11,231	714
171	716	11	376	1,680
45	39	14	74	399
205	10,541	60,072	99,817	1,000
160,800	102,301	3,947	74,773	92,371
15,216	10,998	112,131	12,714	667
1,241	44	35	8,973	14,121
87	143,143	40,137	19,817	16
192	76	5,712	8,891	7,960
5	10,412	9,190	916	58
10	89,712	98	7,458	13,400
4,172	76,671	4,172	13,468	48,181
588	78	25,447	143,138	1,833
39	8,000	105,121	1,950	79,521
12,714	27,452	102,148	47,900	777
5,407	986	167	7,401	9,568
198,761	217	273	2,687	11
1,251	1,461	981	46	1,241
747	3,351	96,162	398	45,000
82	5,641	7,038	1,796	11,181

If your number is among those on the list, this is what you have to do:

Check the number carefully with the membership number on the back of your Album; then, if both are exactly the same, decide which present you would like out of the following:

A Motor Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack Knife, Antiquish Album, Box Game, Cowboy Belt and Hatbox or a Glass Beaker.

Write the name of the present chosen in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album, then, on a piece of paper, name the character, or story, or picture-story, you like best in the COMET—In a few words—! Now slip the piece of paper and Album in an envelope addressed to the Club address:

COMET E.S. Club,

5 Cavendish Street, London, E.C.4 (Comes).

Of course, make sure that your full name and address are filled in on the Membership page of the Album before posting. Stamp the envelope with 1d. stamp and post it at once!

Your presents will then be sent to you, and your Club book returned with it!

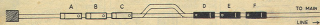
(N.B.—All claims for presents from this week's list must reach us by Friday, April 15th—none received after this date, or for wrong numbers, or without the Club book enclosed, will be recognized.)

NEW READER! Then Here's How to Join the C.E.S.C.

If you have not yet joined our grand new Club, all you have to do is write to us on a piece of paper saying "Please make me a member of the C.E.S.C.," adding your full name and address. Then pin two 1d. stamps to the paper and enclose it in an envelope, and post it to the Club address (given above). The Engine Spotters Album with your Club Number printed on it will then be sent to you post free. Once you're a member you too can watch our Club Corner, and, of course, watch for your number to appear.

CLUB CORNER

RAILWAY QUIZ! TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS!



ABOVE YOU SEE A SINGLE-LINE TRACK, WHICH LEADS FROM THE ENGINE SHED TO THE MAIN-LINE. ON THIS TRACK ARE SIX ENGINES - A, B, C, D, E AND F.

IF THE LOOP-LINE WILL ONLY TAKE ONE ENGINE AT A TIME HOW WILL THE THREE ENGINES A, B, C GET TO THE MAIN LINE AND D, E, F GET TO THE ENGINE SHED?

SOLUTION

TO RAILWAY QUIZ —

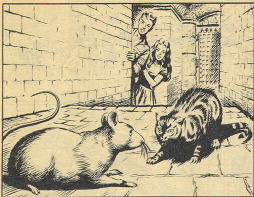
English 'D' is not used the loop. 'F' and 'E' backwards towards the main line. 'A', 'B' and 'C' backwards towards the main line. 'D', 'E' and 'F' backwards towards the main line. 'A', 'B' and 'C' towards the main line and 'D', 'E' and 'F' towards the engine shed. 'A', 'B' and 'C' towards the engine shed and 'D', 'E' and 'F' towards the main line. 'A', 'B' and 'C' towards the engine shed and 'D', 'E' and 'F' towards the main line.

TOUGH TEX



Next week: Tough Tex takes "a ball by the horn!" Don't miss the chuckle!

THE QUEST FOR THE JUNGLE QUEEN



JACK SWIFT HAS FOUND THE LOST WHITE GIRL. SHE HAS BECOME THE QUEEN OF A STRANGE LAND IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. THERE ARE GIANT GOLDEN EAGLES AND MICE AS BIG AS TERRIBLE THINGS—BUT THE BIGGEST DANGER JACK MUST FIGHT IS THE PLOTTING OF THARKA, THE WICKED HIGH PRIEST!

JACK SWIFT moved closer to the side of the white girl and leveled his rifle at Tharka, the high priest, and his soldiers.

"Nobody's going to harm the queen while I'm here!" he snapped. "Just try taking one step nearer and see what happens!"

Jack's sudden appearance had taken the high priest and his men by surprise. Tharka was the first to recover.

"Seize him!" he roared. "Seize him! He is but a boy, even if his skin is white! He shall be chained upon the altar with the white queen and the giant eagles shall come and take him as well. They shall both die and the golden eagles will be greatly pleased with the people of Maphar for the sacrifices!"

Jack Swift thought fast. He was beginning to understand a lot of things. The girl at his side was the mysterious white queen, he now knew; and the giant eagles, ten times as big as any ordinary eagles, were looked upon as evil gods by the people of this city hidden away in the mountains of Africa. Tharka, with his eagle head-dress, was the priest of the eagles, and for some reason of his own he had decided to get rid of the white girl by chaining her on the altar, where the eagles would find her and carry her away, as they had carried away many other offerings left for them upon that very altar.

Then Jack remembered the

single which he had shot and which lay dead in the courtyard behind them.

"Your golden eagle has no power over me, O Tharka!" he said. "See—yonder. That monster fell from the sky as my bidding!"

Tharka wheeled about and stepped into the courtyard, looking in the direction Jack was pointing. The ordinary people of Maphar, who crowded upon the steps of the temple, pressed forward too. A great gasp went up at the sight of the huge dead eagle, for those people had never before seen one of the mighty birds brought down. All they knew of the eagles was that they swept down from the skies and snatched up their cattle and, sometimes, people as well.

The chatter of excited talk got louder and louder. People were pointing at Jack with wonder on their faces. Tharka stood in baffled rage at the town square where he was taking.

Jack spoke to the girl beside him.

"You're Peta Speller, aren't you?"

"Yes! My father and I were stranded here when our plane crashed years ago. But how did you know me?"

"I was with an expedition made up by your uncle to come and search for you. The expedition got stuck on the other side of the mountains. I got carried over by river!" Jack nodded towards the dead eagle.

"The people think that you

are some kind of a miracle man for killing it," whispered Peta. "Tharka doesn't like it a bit, he doesn't like anyone who crosses him or spoils his plans. I expect that's why he tried to be rid of me!"

Jack was about to reply when Tharka spoke again. Now his tone was changed. Seeing the way things were going, he had been doing some very rapid scheming.

"Lord," he said humbly, "forget your servant. I did not know who you were. And he bowed low before Jack.

"Golly!" gasped Jack. "Now what?"

"Beware!" Peta breathed the warning. "He's up to some mischief! Don't trust him!"

Tharka turned towards the people.

"Behold the great prince from the sky—the Lord of the Golden Eagles!" he cried. "I, Tharka, know well of his coming. But he came in the shape of a boy and I did not recognize him!"

The people fell silent, gazing wide-eyed towards Jack and Peta. What was Tharka planning?

"You have heard from his own lips that he has power over the great birds!" cried Tharka. "He will show you that power! When the sun sets tomorrow he will stand alone upon the altar of the eagles and they will obey his will. Great is his power over the eagles!"

Tharka turned towards Jack, as well as to his lips.

"Is that so, lord?"

"He's got me cornered!" said Jack in English to Peta. "If I say 'No,' then he'll turn the people against me, and that'll be that. And if I say 'Yes'..."

White-faced, Peta gripped Jack's hand.

"Well, it's down now. That gives us a day to think. Maybe we can cook up some scheme."

Jack turned back towards Tharka and spoke in Bantu.

"Very well, I will do as you say. At sunset..."

After that Jack and Peta left the temple. In a chariot drawn by four animals like long-necked horses they were carried to the royal palace. Jack's eyes opened wide as he saw the huge ancient building, built of massive blocks of carved stone.

"We must find my father," said Peta. "He knows nothing of what Tharka tried to do last night. And perhaps he can help you in some way."

Peta led Jack through the huge pillared doorway, across a lofty hall and up a flight of winding stairs. They came to a door, in front of which stood armed guards.

"Stand aside!" commanded Peta. "I wish to see my father."

"Enter, O Queen," replied one of the guards, bowing his head. "But by the orders of the Lord Tharka, your father may not leave."

And he unlocked the heavy studded door. The girl rushed past him into the room, followed by Jack Swift.

A grey-haired man in a tattered shirt and riding breeches rose to meet her.

"Peta!" he cried. "Thank goodness you're safe! Ever since Tharka locked me in here I've been worried to death, wondering what he was up to. I felt sure he was plotting some mischief against you."

"You were right. But why should he hate us so?"

"Because the more the people come to like their queen the less they like him, I suppose. There's something else, too."

"You mean—about your work—"

Peta's father nodded.

"He's found out what I'm trying to do," he said. "He knows I've nearly found the secret which makes the eagles grow so big—" he broke off, staring at Jack. "Who is this?"

"I'm Jack Swift," said the boy, coming forward. "And you're Martin Speller, the lost explorer."

"That's right. How did you know?"

"Your brother got together an expedition to come and search for you," Jack grinned. "I was with it, but I came on ahead of them."

Swiftly he recounted the story of the search party which was straggling on the far side of the impenetrable Kharon Gauru mountains and how he had been

brought by a giant eagle.

"And he saved my life, Daddy," said Pete, explaining the rest of the story.

"We're not out of the wood yet," said Jack. "I've got to fix those giant eagles somehow, or Tharka will stir up the people again."

"But how are you going to do that, Jack?"

"I'll get an idea," he said. "I don't know how, but I will."

He was peering around at the room in which Martin Speller had been locked. There were all sorts of animal cages round the carved stone walls. Mostly they contained rats or rabbits, and some mice. On benches there were glass sports boxes and bubbling apparatus improved charcoal fires.

"This is a laboratory," said Martin Speller. "I'll show you what I've been doing."

But as he spoke a small stone slab high in one carved wall swung aside. A pair of crafty eyes peered into the room.

It was Tharka, the High Priest. From a secret passage he was listening to every word that Martin Speller said.

"I've found out why the eagles grow so gigantic. I've discovered that the eagles feed their young on a certain kind of jungle grass," said the explorer. "It makes them grow into giant birds. I tried feeding it to cats and mice, but it poisoned them. Now I've made it up into pills; today I've fed the mice with those pills."

"What do you think will happen?" Jack asked.

"If it doesn't kill them," said Martin Speller, "they'll start to grow—perhaps tomorrow they'll be as big as dogs, or bigger. It's a very interesting experiment."

Above them the stone slab closed. Tharka had heard what he wanted. His eyes glared.

"Pills which make giants," he whispered. "If I fed my temple guards on such pills they would be invincible. I would rule the whole of Mapkar."

Gathering his robes about him he stalked swiftly away.

Inside the room Jack was thinking.

"Would the pills work on people?"

Martin Speller looked doubtful.

"They might. On the other hand they might be poison to humans. I wouldn't like to try it—even though I have found an antidote for the pills."

"An antidote? You mean something that works the other way round—makes things smaller instead of larger?"

"That's right, Jack. But it only works on something that has been fed on the other stuff. If you were to take the antidote it wouldn't make you small. But it would make the eagles small—that was my whole idea in making it. The only way in finding some way of getting it into their systems."

"Daddy!" cried Pete. "If only we could do that, then Jack would be in no danger when he

shoot the eagles at sunset! Oh—if only we could think of a way! Couldn't you just shoot them?"

"Shoot them?" cried Martin Speller. "Of course—you've got a gun."

"Yes," said Jack. "here it is. But I'd have to have some mighty lucky shots to get those monsters first, go. And anyway, I couldn't possibly shoot all of them."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Martin Speller excitedly. "We lost our guns when the plane crashed, so I've never been able to count on using a gun for anything. But your having a gun changes everything. How many cartridges have you got?"

"About a dozen," said Jack, frowning in his pocket. "But if you aren't going to shoot the birds what are we going to do?"

"I'll tell you. First we must take the lead steps out of the bases cases, and then . . ."

And as Martin Speller explained his scheme the faces of the two youngsters lit up.

It was lucky that Tharka wasn't listening them!

The van was sinking in the wet. Jack stood alone on the top of the high altar where the people of Mapkar always left their offerings for the giant eagles that terrorised their land. By forcing them they hoped to stop the monsters from preying on their cattle and themselves.

And so the great birds had come to know that here, upon the altar in the centre of the great ring of Minging niches, they would find food.

Around the great roofless courtyard were rows of carved stone pillars, set close together. They were too close for the eagles to push their way between, and here the priest of the eagles, Tharka, and the robes of Mapkar, could stand in safety and watch the altar.

The western sky grew redder. The darkness of night wanted to creep over the land. Everything became quiet and, upon the altar, Jack grew tense. In spite of the fact that he had trust in Martin Speller's scheme, he could not stop the chill of dread that gripped him in the gloom. Jack set his jaw and fought it back.

And then in the stillness came the swishing of mighty wings!

"Awake, awake!" The first of the eagles was coming towards the altar! Jack raised his gun to his shoulder, and peered into the darkness with keen eyes.

The beating of wings grew louder.

Another screech. And then the first eagle appeared. It's huge wings were stretched out and still, as it glided down in wide circles, Jack swung steadily around, keeping his sights on the bird, until he was satisfied that his aim was perfect.

Crack! The noise of the shot echoed around the temple walls. With a harsh raucous screech, the

giant bird faltered in its flight and flapped its wings wildly.

Jack's shot had stung it and puzzled it, without hurting it fatally. For the cartridge had been changed within inches of the pill instead of a lead slug.

The new hard pills had pierced the eagle's leathery skin in several places, and were already doing their work.

Jack did another pill-cartridge into place, and got ready to fire again. Already in the gloom above him he could see the dark shapes of more of the monsters closing down.

Then there came a sound like a gale from the dozens of people watching.

For the first eagle was growing smaller before their eyes!

But Jack was too busy to watch this. As rapidly as he was able to reload, he pumped six more shots up at the sky-monsters. Strang and puzzled by the shots, some of them started to fight among themselves.

But as the second went by, each and every one of them, hit by Jack's pellets, grew smaller and smaller, until, wheeling above the temple was a flock of eagles of ordinary size.

As Jack descended from the steps of the altar, the people of Mapkar rushed forward from the colonnade to acclaim him. The first at his side was Pete.

"Oh Jack! You've done it!" she cried. "Come on—let's hurry back to the palace and tell daddy. This is the end of Tharka's power! What you have

done tonight is something the people will never forget!"

The plan had worked out just as Martin Speller had hoped. Seeing the birds grow smaller before their very eyes had impressed the people far more than if Jack had merely killed them. True, Jack had not shot at all the brood of vast eagles, but what he had done was enough to make good his promise of that morning to show his power over them.

But in the excitement of the moment, neither Jack nor Pete missed the presence of the high priest. Tharka was nowhere to be seen in the throng of people who pressed around them.

As soon as he saw that his plot to denounce Jack upon the altar was a failure, he had slipped away while everybody was watching the miracle.

The time had come for Tharka's next move!

Jack and Pete returned to the palace. And as they pushed open the huge doors to enter the silent rooms beyond, something streaked out of the darkness.

It was a cat. With a terrified miaow it shot past them and vanished across the courtyard.

"What's the matter with that cat?" asked Jack, puzzled. "Look! There's another one, running as if it's gone mad!"

And indeed the cats were streaming out of the palace. Leaping out of windows, spattering through odd crannies, they were tearing away from the

(Continued on page 18)

CADBURYS PUZZLE CORNER No. 9

How many safety rules are being broken?

Do you know your highway code? The people in this picture are breaking several road safety rules. See if you know the rules they are breaking. The power main lines are listed below.



When it comes to cocoa and chocolate, I want Cadburys! you'll make no mistake when you say 'Please . . .'

THE FINEST CHOCOLATE IN THE WORLD. A pure cocoa bean is selected for every one of our products. It is then roasted and ground to a fine powder. The resulting chocolate is then tempered and moulded into the shapes you know and love. It is then wrapped in the finest foil and packed in the most beautiful tins and boxes. It is then sent to you. This is the way we make our chocolate. And this is the way we make our products. The finest chocolate in the world.

This is not a competition and no prizes are offered—it's for your amusement only.

BILLY BUNTER GOES WEST



Billy Bunter is always hard up and he's always trying to dream up some new scheme for "making the west." Well, the boys of the Grayfriars Barnum hall's been "out West" at the cowboy school for very long before Billy Bunter was broke again. He knew it was no use trying to borrow money. The other boys knew him far too well for that, so work-



My Dear Hiram
I just heard that you was out here, and am hurrying to see you. I am bringing you a Ten Dollar Note as a present, you may expect me to borrow

for years Billy had been trying to borrow money on the strength of his "postal order," which so far had never turned up. So he knew it was no good trying that old dodge. But a story he had read gave him another idea. Billy set and wrote himself a letter which was supposed to have come from his "Uncle Hiram." Then he showed it to the other lads.



"You see," explained Bunter loftily, "it'll be quite safe to lend me a dollar or two. I'll pay you back as soon as Uncle Hiram arrives." Harry Wharton was just about to tell Bunter not to be an old spooner, when Bob Cherry caught his eye and winked. "We'll have to think about it, old fat man," said Bob. "We'll see you later. 'Scuse us!"



Bob had had an idea. And as he explained it to his pals, delirious grins spread over their faces. "I'll go and get my make-up kit!" declared Wilby, who was an expert on that sort of thing. "I can borrow some tags of one of the ranch-boys. Come on—let's get busy!" As a result, Billy's "Uncle Hiram" turned up about an hour later!



What's more, Uncle Hiram was accompanied by a bunch of redskin servants. "U-uh-uh Hiram!" gasped Billy. "But I say—you can't! he'll make you up—-that is—!" "Don't mind to see you, Billy my boy!" cried Uncle Hiram, clapping Billy on the back. "My, my—but you are getting fat. We'll have to do something about that, you know!"



Wondering what it was all about, Billy found himself led away from the ranch and up into the mountains on the slopes above the cattle range. Uncle Hiram was talking away as though he'd known Billy for years, until Billy began to think that perhaps he had got on Uncle Hiram after all! "So—I say—what about my ten dollars?" he panted.



"All in good time!" cried Uncle Hiram. "First of all my Indian braves want to make you a chief of their tribe. Big Chief Puffing Wetras, I think they call!" The braves closed in around Billy, and before he knew where he was he was clad from head to foot in Indian togs. "How are those big feet?" declared Uncle Hiram. That shocked Billy up!



But Billy was in for another let-down. "Before the foot my braves always dance their war-dance. It gives them an appetite!" explained Uncle Hiram. Billy's heart sank. "Er—I'm afraid I don't dance . . ." quavered Billy. "Ah—but you must!" cried Uncle Hiram. "My braves will be very offended if you don't!" So Billy had to dance!



"Here, I see! Mind who you're kicking, you red cotten!" yelled Billy. "Tawp! Tawwawoo! Hoo—I say—woop!" But the Indians didn't seem to understand a word he said. When it was all over, Billy leaped against a tree, panting. "My word," said Uncle Hiram, "you are in bad shape! We really shall have to do something about your fat!"



Uncle Hiram turned round and said something which Billy didn't quite catch in the braces. The next moment Billy was seized and whisked off his feet! "Help! Tawwawoo! Put me down, you braves!" bellowed Billy. And they did! Right into the big iron cooking-pot! Billy yelled louder than ever, for the pot was full of cold water!



"Help! Let me out!" yelled Billy. "It's cold!" "It won't be cold for long, my boy!" cried Uncle Hiram. "My braves are just going to light the fire under you! Soon have all that fat boiled off you!" And the braves whooped round, looking so fierce that Billy just cowered down in the pot. "Pop-please—I don't want to be cooked!" he quavered.



And then, to Billy's amazement, all the braves and "Uncle Hiram" burst into roars of laughter. And they pulled off their wigs. They were only Billy's class-mates after all! Billy was cross. "Mean braves!" he yelled. "Ha, ha!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "You shaver's love invented Uncle Hiram, you know. After all, he was your idea, old fat man!"

Watch out for more chuckles with Buster next week!

THE SHERIFF OF INDIAN BEND SAYS THAT HE COUGHT THE DANGEROUS RED RUBE GANG OF OUTLAWS, AND HE IS CLAIMING THE REWARD, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT MICK, THE MOON BOY, WHO REALLY CAPTURED THEM, IS LISTENING, NOR THAT MICK CAN WORK MIRACLES WITH HIS WONDER GADGETS!

MICK THE

SHERIFF BULLER lost no time in claiming the ten thousand dollars reward for the capture of the Red Rube gang. And everybody was so delighted that the murderous gang was now safely behind bars that they said nothing could be too good for the brave men who had captured them and they arranged to give Sheriff Buller and his posse the reward at a public presentation.

So that very night, at the far end of Main Street, the fat sheriff stepped onto a specially-made, coach-like platform to receive the reward on behalf of himself and his posse.

Everybody in the town was there, including ranchers and cowboys from far and wide, and a great deafening roar of cheering greeted Sheriff Buller as he walked onto the platform.

Mr. Mobbs, the banker, was to make the presentation. He had several of the most important citizens of the town with him and he made a very glowing speech indeed about the marvelous bravery of Sheriff Buller and his men in capturing such a dangerous bunch of toughs as the Red Rube gang.

When the speech ended everybody cheered like mad. Everybody, that is, except Mick and Hank who were standing right in the forefront of the crowd, bang up against the platform. Mick walked at Hank, then the Moon Boy took down his pocket a tiny, silver-colored tube like a small, thin pencil.

Holding the tube in his hand, he pointed it at the fat sheriff, who had taken the bag of money from Mr. Mobbs and was just about to make his speech of thanks. As Mick pointed the tube at him, the sheriff felt a sting on his arm. He thought it was a goat hair, or something, and taking no notice of it, he cleared his throat and began:

"Wal, folks," he said, "it's mighty good of you to give me this money, but it ain't mine and I can't got no right to it. No, folks, I'm a skunk, a liar and a robber, it warn't me and my posse what captured the Red Rube gang. It was 't Hank Luskner and his pal what captured them and roped them and tied them."

By this time the whole place was in an uproar and onto the platform came charging his posse, screaming:

"What're you talkin' about? Where've you taken 'em then that for?"

"Because it's true!" roared the fat sheriff. "I've got to tell the truth. Something's making me tell the truth. We tried to rob them poor kids of their money and we should be hanged and feathered and run out of Indian Bend on a rail!"

And that was very nearly

what happened to them. They were certainly run out of Indian Bend that very night by the famous citizens and told never to come back. For the truth was not now and Red Rube, interviewed in jail by Mr. Mobbs and other citizens, said that it was so and that he and his gang really had been captured by Hank and another boy.

So Hank was presented with the reward and was carried shoulder-high around the town at the head of a cheering, torch-carrying procession. Mick wasn't there. He had mysteriously vanished.

But Hank knew that the strange Moon Boy would soon meet up with him again. And he knew something else. It was that what the fat sheriff had thought was a goat hair was really a tiny little Tooth Peller injected into him from the little silver tube.

And anybody whose skin was penetrated by the Moon Boy's Tooth Peller just had to tell the truth. They couldn't help themselves.

An hour or two later Hank and Mick reined up outside the shack where Hank lived with his grandmother and grown-up sister. Mick was wearing ordinary Western clothes over his close-fitting green suit. They didn't want anyone to know, for if it got around that a boy from the Moon had landed on the Earth, the whole world would go mad with excitement and Mick would be paraded around and photographed and questioned by scientists and would have no peace at all and neither he nor Hank wanted that.

As they dismounted, Mary came to the door.

"Why, Hank, wherever have you been?" she cried, for Hank had been missing since the day before. "And wherever have you got that lovely chestnut horse from?"

"That horse," said Hank, grinning triumphantly, "belonged to Red Rube, leader of the gang that robbed the bank over in Indian Bend. Yeah, you kin see, Sa, but he sure did. But meet Mick. He's from the Moon."

If Mary had stared before, she stared even harder now, this time at Mick. Then she looked at Hank again.

"It's not like you to tell fibs, Hank," she said reprovingly. "Just what's the idea?"

"The idea is that they ain't fibs at all!" cried Hank. "Honest, Mary. Let's go inside an' I'll tell you all about it!"

In the ill-furnished little shack he told the astonished Mary the whole amazing story of how Mick had landed from a crashed Flying Saucer, how he and Mick had met and charmed up, and of how they had



The crooks struck the door of fate—

them captured the dangerous Red Rube gang.

"But it was Mick that did it!" he cried, lead to his pal. "Mick did everything. He's the most amazing fella. He can do anything. An' he won't take a cent of the reward for catching the outlaws, Mary. You an' Grandma ain't to have it all!"

He then told Mary how Sheriff Buller of Indian Bend had tried to grab the reward for himself and his pals and of how Mick had outwitted them even in that. "An' here's the reward, Mary. We've brought it along for you, so's you an' Grandma can leave here and go to the city an' have proper doc an' Grandma can have doctors to make her well again. Oh, Mary, ain't it grand?"

Mary's eyes had filled with tears of excitement and happiness, for they were very, very poor and their Grandma had been ill for a long, long time, but now the money would help to make her well again.

"Yes—yes, it is grand, Hank," she said, her voice trembling as he handed her the bag of money. "It's wonderful!"

She grabbed him and kissed him, then looked at Mick.

"And thank you very, very much you, Mick," she said.

"Yeah, he did it all!" cried Hank. "It hadn't been for Mick old Buller would've grabbed the reward, but now he won't even smell a nickel of it!"

And that was where Hank was entirely wrong. For at that very moment the rascally Buller was plotting with his pals just how to grab the ten thousand dollars back from Hank.

There were six of them, including Buller who was a big, heavily-built man with great little eyes, and they were coming in a gallop a few miles from Indian Bend.

It made them mad as spotted cats to be sitting there. But having been run out of Indian Bend they reckoned it was as good a place as any to sit.

"The hell'll have the money at his shack," said Buller. "It's the only place he can have it at and there ain't nobody there 'cept him and his sister and that old bag-o'-bones of a Grandma of his. It oughter be easy!"

"Gughter be!" growled Big Nose Braggins. "But what about 'toder kid? The one what helped that skinny 't Hank to squeeze Red an' his gang? Won't he be at the shack?"

"And so what?" started Buller, who never decamp for a moment that Mick was from the Moon. "What if he is at the shack? He's only another sneaky interloper! Beat, ain't he? I only hope he is at the shack. He won't go ferretly. I wanna get my hands on him as well as on that Hank. I'll belt the hides off'n the pair of 'em, that's what I'll do!"

"Me too!" spat Cactus Pete, his thin, spindly face joined with fury. "If it warn't for them as wouldn't be here, but how d'yuh figger's the best way to grab the money?"

"How do I figger it?" sneered Buller. "There ain't no figgerin' necessary. We'll just ride up about midnight tonight and take 'em."

"Break in, d'yuh mean?" demanded another of the men named Hangdog Hooker.

"Yes, break in!" roared Buller. "You don't think the 't kid's going to bring it on a plate 'st hand it to us, do you? Ain't you got no sense?"

So towards "midnight" that night the six of them, armed and on robbery and vengeance here, were riding hard through the darkness towards the shack.

In the shack Hank and Mick

MOON BOY



and shoot right through among the logs.

were sound asleep in the room downstairs, which was the living room. The only other room was upstairs and Mary was sleeping there with Grandpa.

Suddenly Mick stirred and raised himself on his elbow. He listened a few moments, then rose. Without lighting the lamp, he crossed over to Hank and gently shook him.

"Who, whoever rarrer?" asked Hank sleepily. "There's somebody coming," said Mick softly. "A bunch of hosses."

Wide awake now, Hank sat up in the darkness and listened. "Can't hear anything," he muttered.

"No, they're still some distance away, but I can hear the clattering of their hooves," said Mick.

Again Hank listened, but he still could hear no sound.

"You got mighty good ears," he said.

"I have," admitted Mick. "We Moon people can hear sounds at a far greater distance than you Earth folk. Our hearing is as keen as your jungle animals. Keener, perhaps. But who do you think those hosses might be?"

"Dunno," said Hank. He rose swiftly. "The rider and I wouldn't be worried. But there's a bunch of 'em, you say? And ridin' this way? There's some mighty tough guys around, Mick, an' we've got a lot of money in the cabin!"

"That's what I was thinking," said Mick. "I thought it best to wake you."

"You did right," said Hank grimly. "These night riders might mean trouble. We won't put the lights on, but I'll get me my gun."

"You won't need it," said Mick, knowing that Hank was referring to the old-fashioned,

double-barrelled fowling-piece which was the only weapon he possessed. "Leave this to me."

"What are you aiming to do?" demanded Hank.

"That will depend upon what they're aiming to do," replied the Moon Boy. "But I guess I can handle them."

"Yeah, I guess you can as well!" agreed Hank, for he had already seen some of the amazing scientific powers of the Moon Boy. "But I still can't hear them."

"No, they're approaching at walking pace now," said Mick, after listening a moment or two. "And they're very close."

He had been sleeping in his one-piece suit and he opened the pouch at his waist and took from it what looked like a pair of small, light-weight goggles.

"What you doin'?" demanded Hank, who knew the Moon Boy was doing something in the darkness.

"Puttin' on my Zomic Eyes," said Mick, slipping on the goggles. "I can see through anything with them—wood, concrete, steel, anything."

"D'you mean you kin see what's goin' on outside through the wall of the cabin?" demanded Hank, amazed.

"Yes, as clearly as in daylight," replied Mick. "I can see the hosses now. They're dismounted and have left their horses. They're approaching the cabin on foot." He laughed softly. "What do you think? It's that man Buller and his posse!"

"I'll see!" chuckled the Moon Boy. "They've stopped now. One of them stumbled over that length of pine trunk that you've been going to cut up for firewood. They're having a look at it in the darkness. Here comes Buller. The rest are standing by the log."

The big, brutal co-sheriff was stealthily approaching the door of the cabin. Gently, very gently, he tried the latch. He found the door locked.

"He's going back to the others," whispered Mick to Hank. "They're picking up the log. D'you know what I think they're going to use it as a battering ram."

"Yeah, to smash the door in at one rush an' take us by surprise before I've time to grab my gun," said Hank bitterly. "That's the sorta crowds they are."

Hank had been absolutely right in saying that Buller and his pals were going to try to smash the door in at one rush, for what that rascal intended to their way.

"If we try to force our way in that Black brat'll hear us, grab his gun an' fight like a wild-cat. We've got to get in quick 'n we want a shootin' match. So one mighty sneak, feller, and we'll be in. Give her all you've got."

The six of them had lifted the heavy log and now they got a good firm grip on it.

"Ready?" muttered Buller.

"Yeah!" muttered his pals.

"Then c'mon!"

Holding the log as a battering ram, they started to run with it towards the door. Their pace quickened and, exerting every ounce of their strength, they drove forward to smash in the door with one tremendous crash.

Mick, however, had silently unlatched the door, leaving it the fraction of an inch open. The result was that at the very first touch of the battering ram the door flew violently open and, carried on by the impulse of their rush, Buller and his pals thundered on across the floor of the living-room.

There came a crash then, all right. Oh, yes, there came a most terrific crash as the battering ram smashed against the old, ramshackle wooden wall opposite the door.

In fact, it was such a terrible, shattering crash that it smashed a great hole clean through the wall and out through the hole went the Buller band and their battering ram to fall sprawling

in the black, oozy mud at the rear of the cabin.

It was black, oozy mud because Six's pigs were always rooting and sniffing about there. They slept there, as well, and they were very indignant indeed when a great log thudded into them and half-a-dozen goat-brays harnum fell sprawling amongst them.

Grunting with rage, they heaved themselves to their feet and the Buller band, trying to get up, were knocked sprawling again by the blundering rush of great heavy fat bodies.

"Where's Buller?" snarled Big Nose Hoggan, sitting up and clawing great handfuls of mud from his face. "The dumb bonehead said that door was fastened and it wasn't!"

"It was!" bellowed Buller, on his hands and knees in the mud and nearly off his head with rage. "I tried her, didn't I? I tried her an' she was fastened—"

"Aw, quit arguin' an' let's do somethin'!" yelled Hangdog Hooker, on his feet and looking like a black-carnor as he nudged his pistol from its mud-covered holster. "We might've knocked Buller'd gut us all tangled some-way. He ain't got no more sense than a dead, stiff steer. C'mon!"

He drawn pistol in his hand, he blundered back through the hole in the wall into the living room. His pals followed him looking more like a bunch of Black Kentucky Minstrels than a band of bold, bad bandits.

But they were bad enough and they were dangerous enough, for they were raging mad at what had happened. Hank had lighted the oil-lamp and was standing alone by the table, but he wasn't really alone and he knew it. For Mick was somewhere in the room with him, but the Moon Boy had made himself invisible, as he was able to do by means of one of the strange scientific gadgets he had brought with him from the Moon.

As for Mary, Hank had slipped swiftly upstairs to tell her to stay there with Grandpa and not to worry, then he had come swiftly down again just before Hangdog Hooker and the others came blundering back into the cabin.

"Now then, where's them ten thousand dollars?" demanded Hangdog Hooker, pointing his pistol straight at Hank's head.

"You want 'em?" asked Hank.

"Sure we want 'em!" cried Hangdog Hooker. "What'n thunder d'you think we're here for?"

"Well, the way you've bin actin' around," dratted Hank, "I thought maybe you was here just to bust holes in them o' walls."

"Hah, cuss, hey?" snarled Hangdog Hooker. "Waal, you shut your trap an' hand over the money and make it quick!"

He broke off as Buller pushed

LOOK! GOOD NEWS FOR EASTER!

Next week you can buy your favorite paper **FOUR DAYS EARLIER!** Because of Easter the **COMET** will be on sale Friday, April 18th, instead of Monday the 19th.

Make sure you don't miss your copy by placing a regular order with your newspaper today!

KIT CARSON'S ONE MAN WAR

Kit Carson is riding to Fort Wade to bring a white doctor to Little Ferry, sick son of the Cherokee Chief, Black Tomohawk. Kit is riding on a wagon with Josh Parker and his daughter, Nellie, as he has lost his horse, but Yellow Fox, the medicine man, who wants Black Tomohawk to join the warpath against the soldiers, has sent braves to stop Kit and they are close on his heels. . . .

KIT HAS JUST THROWN AN ATTACKING BRAVE FROM THE WAGON, WHILE THE TEAM RACES DANGERLESS ALONG THE ROCKY LEDGE.



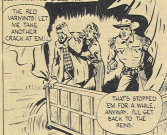
THE CHEROKEE BRAVES CRASH IN A WILD TANGLE OVER THEIR FALLEN COMRADE - - -

MOVE, MY BROTHERS! LET US PASS! THEY ARE ESCAPING!



INSIDE THE WAGON, JOSH PARKER RECOVERS FROM THE TOMAHAWK BLOW THAT HAS DAZED HIM - - -

THE RED WARMINTS! LET ME TAKE ANOTHER CRACK AT EM!



THAT'S STOPPED 'EM FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY. I'LL GET BACK TO THE REINS!

BUT AS KIT SCRAMBLES TO THE DRIVING BEAT - - -

GOSH-DARN! THE BRIDGE!

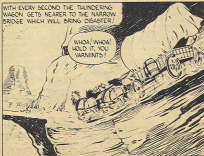


IT'S HARDLY WIDE ENOUGH TO TAKE A HORSE, LET ALONE A WAGON! WHOA! WHOA!



WITH EVERY SECOND THE THUNDERING WAGON GETS NEARER TO THE NARROW BRIDGE WHICH WILL BRING DISASTER!

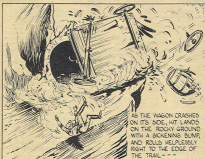
WHOA! WHOA! HOLD IT, YOU WARMINTS!



NEXT MOMENT THE TRACES SNAP AS THE WAGON DIVINGS ROUND --- AND GOES OVER ---



INSIDE THE WAGON ---



AS THE WAGON CRASHED ON ITS SIDE, HIT LANDS ON THE ROCKY GROUND WITH A BOWENING BUMP, AND ROLLS HELPLESSLY RIGHT TO THE EDGE OF THE TRAIL ---

DAZED AND SHAKEN, NELLE AND HER FATHER CRAWL OUT THROUGH THE TORN TOP OF THE SHATTERED WAGON ---



BACK ALONG THE TRAIL, THE FURIOUS BRAVLS ARE AGAIN HOT IN PURSUIT, LEAVING THEIR INJURED COMPRADES ---



KIT CARSON IS NOT DEAD --- BUT HIS LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD.



DR. GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



"Hello—hello 'em all!" howled Toby Twocks, the schoolboy partner, as he rushed into fresh trouble!

THE GREEDY PIG

IN a field near the farmhouse of Meadowcroft Farm, a big, savage-looking polar bear was standing on its hind legs talking to a lot of other animals and birds.

The polar bear was really Dr. Grunter, the headmaster at St. Cuthbert's School. The other animals and birds were a party of schoolboys when Dr. Grunter had brought to the farm to help Farmer Whipsaw with the harvest.

The whole bunch of them had seen something far bigger than had given them the most awful tummy aches. So they had sent for little old Dr. Doosey, the village doctor, to come out to the farm and give them some medicine.

But Dr. Doosey was so absent-minded that, instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he had put the bottles mixed up and had given the whole lot of them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into animals.

The result was that the moment they swallowed the liquid they had been changed in a flash into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

Dr. Grunter had been changed into a polar bear, Mr. Drripp, his second-in-command, had been changed into a meerkat looking turtle.

"Now attend to me, please!" roared Dr. Grunter, addressing the bunch of birds and animals which were really his schoolboys. "As you know, Dr. Doosey has invented a liquid which will change us all back again into our proper selves. The trouble is he's so absent-minded that he doesn't know where he has put it. He can't find it. And until he

does find it, we shall have to stay as birds and animals!"

"Oh, dear, how awful!" groaned Tabby Twocks, the fat boy of the Fourth, who had been changed into a pig.

"Silence, Twocks!" thundered Dr. Grunter, showing his great long yellow fangs. "Now you must all understand," he went on, "that there can be no question of our returning either to our homes or to school until we are our proper selves again. We must stay here. The secret of this dreadful thing which has happened to us must be kept from your parents, relatives and friends. It will cause your parents very great pain and anxiety to learn that you have been changed into either birds or animals. Therefore, I forbid any of you to make the slightest reference to it in any letters which you may write. From now on I will read every letter you write before it is posted. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," said his hearers glumly.

"I will write to your parents saying that we are staying on at the farm a little longer," continued Dr. Grunter, "but I will not say why. There is another thing. Not one of you must leave the farm under any circumstances whatsoever! I am determined that not one word of this will ever reach the outside world."

He turned to Mr. Drripp, the turtle.

"I think that is all for just now, Mr. Drripp," he inquired.

"Yes, except that you've forgotten to tell them about the feeding arrangements," said Mr. Drripp gloomily.

"Oh, yes, so I have!" agreed Dr. Grunter.

He turned again to the boys.

"Now that you've been warned

into birds and animals by that blundering fool of a doctor," he said, "you will find that you want to eat the same things as do the birds and animals you resemble. I have therefore arranged with Farmer Whipsaw that you will all be properly fed. Twocks, for instance, having been turned into a pig, will live on pig swill, potato peelings and that sort of thing."

"Oh, goody!" cried Tabby Twocks, rubbing his front trotters together in glee.

"Horace Blake, who has been turned into a donkey," went on Dr. Grunter, "will find plenty of grass and thistles and carrots about the farm. Percy Puske, who is a parrot, will have plenty of bird seed. Those of you who have been turned into lions and tigers and such-like animals will have plenty of raw meat. I, having been turned into a polar bear, have become very fond of raw fish. A lamprey of raw fish will, therefore, be delivered for me daily."

"Greedy beast!" muttered Tabby Twocks, quite forgetting how acute is the hearing of animals, especially polar bears.

"How dare you call me a greedy beast, you miserable boy?" roared Dr. Grunter, dropping on all fours and making a furious rush at Tabby. With a squeal of terror Tabby turned and fled, scuffling away as fast as ever he could put his fat little legs to the ground.

But, fast though he ran, the raging Dr. Grunter ran faster. As a matter of fact, Tabby hadn't a chance from the first. No pig would against an angry polar bear.

"Take that, you wretched boy!" roared Dr. Grunter, catching him up and landing him a cuff with his long paw

which sent Tabby rolling over and over. "If I have any more of your impudence I'll give you a half-day's detention in a sty, that's what I'll do!"

Then, with an angry snort and a final glare at the unhappy Tabby, he turned and leaped back towards Mr. Drripp and the others.

"Beam!" snarled Tabby, sitting up on his haunches and glowering in the direction of the polar bear.

He sat glaring after the retreating Dr. Grunter for a few moments. Then he took a good stare all round him. As he did so his eyes suddenly glinted. For over towards the farmhouse Joe, the pigman, was carrying two laden pails towards the pigpen.

Tabby knew jolly-well what was in those pails. They were full of the most lovely pig-swill. Tabby had always been a very greedy boy. Now that he was a pig the very thought of that lovely swill made his mouth fairly water.

Waiting in a fever of impatience until Joe had returned to the house with the empty pails, Tabby scuttled frantically towards the sty. He was terribly afraid that he might be too late to get any of the swill.

Reaching the first of the sties, he stared up on his hind hind legs and looked into the sty. Four fat porkers, with their backs to Tabby, were feeding greedily from their freshly filled troughs.

"Hi, you others, have some for me!" cried Tabby.

As he spoke in human speech the porkers couldn't understand him. In any case, they were far too busy slushing away at the trough to pay any attention to anything else.

Tabby looked at the gate of the sty. There was a bolt on the outside near the top. It didn't take the eager Tabby more than a few moments to push the bolt back with one of his front trotters. Then, raising the gate open with his snout, he rushed into the sty.

"Come on, make room for me, you great greedy beasts!" he cried, barging the nearest porker roughly aside and burying his snout in the trough.

But the porkers weren't standing for that. It was their sty and their grub, and they weren't sharing them with anybody else, let alone this cheeky, greedy intruder.

So, with snarls of rage, the four of them rushed at Tabby, knocking him flat on his back in the thick, oozy mud of the sty.

"Stopp!—help!—leave me, you rollers!" howled Tabby as the porkers buffeted and stamped on him, nearly knocking the wind right out of him.

By a desperate effort he

managed to get to his feet. Next instant he was rushing madly out of the city pursued by the furious, squealing porkers.

"Help—keep 'em off!" howled Tubby, scuttling madly round the corner of some buildings.

Now one of these was the dairy. And Melly, the dairy-maid, was just coming out with two brimming pails of fresh cream milk.

Next instant her feet were swept away from under her by the madly rushing Tubby, and she went down with a cry of alarm and a terrific clatter of falling pails.

Luckily for Tubby, his pursuers stopped to drink greedily of the spilled milk. But, unfortunately for him, his spotting of Melly, the dairy-maid, had been seen by Dr. Granter, who was coming to the house for a talk with Farmer Whippleans.

"What the deuce do you think you're doing now, you wretched, miserable out!" roared Dr. Granter, making a furious rush at the frantic Tubby.

Seeing his way of escape cut off, Tubby gave a squawk of terror and shot through the nearest doorway. It happened to be that of an empty unused stable.

"Now that you're in there, you can stay in there for the rest of the day," roared Dr. Granter.

Rearing up on his hind legs, he whipped the door shut with one of his barapaps and pushed home the bolt with the other.

And there, on the cold stone floor, without a bite to eat, poor Tubby was left until nightfall to reflect on his woes.

THE ANIMAL DETECTIVES

PERCY PEERE, a brilliantly coloured parrot, was sitting on the gate of a field preening his feathers.

Percy hadn't always been a parrot. Only a few days ago he has been just an ordinary schoolboy.

Suddenly he looked up sharply as a rough voice said: "Coo lamus, Bert, just look at that thing parrot! Ain't he beautiful?"

Standing staring at Percy were two rough-looking and muscular tramps.

"I wonder where he's come from?" growled the one called Bert. "He must 'ave escaped from his cage or something, AE. I wonder if you can talk."

"I wouldn't mind betting that there's a reward out somewhere for that three parrot," he went on, his voice trembling with eagerness. "He looks a real valuable one to me. Let's try to catch 'im, AE!"

The pair of them edged closer to the gate. Percy wasn't in the least bit frightened.

"Why don't you wash your silly faces?" he asked pleasantly.

Bert and AE halted dead in their tracks. Their mouths opened in astonishment, and they stared at the parrot with bulging eyes. Then they started



Bert and AE had never had such a nightmarish shock in all their burgling life!

at each other.

"Did yer—did yer 'ear wot I said, AE?" gasped Bert.

"I did an' all!" gasped AE. They took another good long stare at the parrot. Then they started to edge towards it again.

"Don't come any closer," said Percy. "You smell!"

"Did yer 'ear that, AE?" played Bert.

"I did!" said AE hoarsely.

"It—it—smells!"

"Smell would be a better word," put in Percy pleasantly.

"Having been nicely brought up however, it is not a word I care to use."

"I ain't never heered a parrot talk like that afore!" Bert gaped.

"You ought to get around more," said Percy.

"Do yer know wot?" burst out AE hoarsely, swinging on his pal. "That three parrot can think. It's nigh as clever as wot we are!"

"Oh, no, not at all. I assure you," smiled Percy modestly. "You flatter me!"

"Coo, I wouldn't an' give something to catch 'im," said AE. "You could sell a parrot like that for a thousand pounds, easy. It'd be a lot easier money than old Crowley's silver plate and spoons!"

With the words he made a sudden swift rush at Percy. But Percy had been expecting this. He spread his gaily coloured wings, took a swift sip at one of the fingers of AE's outstretched hands, then sailed up on top of the nearby hedge.

"Oow—w—ow—w—w it's brown 'er!" howled AE, running his injured finger into his mouth.

"I know I have," roared Percy. "And you amissant it toasted. I do hope I won't die of poison. Well, to-be, cheems, I'll be seeing you!"

With that he spread his wings again and went sailing away towards a wood, leaving the two tramps gawping after him in fury and bewilderment.

Reaching the wood Percy flitted between the trees until he came to one where a big gorilla and a monkey were

swinging themselves about amongst the branches.

The gorilla was really a boy named George Harris and the monkey was another boy named Algy Brown.

"Hallo, George!" cried Percy, alighting on a branch. "Come here. I want a word with you and Algy."

When George and Algy had joined him, Percy told them about the rumpus.

"And I'm quite certain," he concluded, "that the pair of them are up to no good. All said that if he could catch me he could sell me for a thousand pounds. He said it would be a lot easier money than old Crowley's silver plate and spoons."

"Do you mean old Colonel Crowley who lives at the Grange about a mile from here?" cried Algy the monkey excitedly.

"It can't be anybody else," said Percy. "He's the only Crowley around these parts. I bet you what you like that these two rascals are going to break into the Grange and pinch the colonel's plate and whatever they can lay their hands on."

"Then we'd better tell Farmer Whippleans, and he can tell the police," said George.

"Tell the police, my foot!" cried Percy scornfully. "We're going to catch the rascals ourselves and give them the fright of their lives. Listen to me!"

George and Algy listened. The remark was that after darkness that night the pair of them and Percy slipped quietly away from their camp near the farmhouse and crossed the fields to the Grange.

"I hope we're not on a wild-goose chase," said George.

"We're not," said Percy. "If the rascals don't show up tonight we'll wait until tomorrow night and the next night and every night until they do turn up. Here we are!"

They had reached the Grange. It was all in darkness, the colonel and his servants having gone to bed. Algy at once started to scout around. He climbed up the cropper and ivy and up several drainpipes until

he found a bathroom window which was open.

After that it was easy. He got in through the window and slipped downstairs by the light of a pocket torch which he was carrying slung round his neck. Pushing back the catch of one of the front room windows, he copped on the pane with his paw.

In response to the signal, George pushed the window open from the outside. A few moments later he and Percy had joined Algy in the room.

"And now to find the dining-room," said Percy. "That's where we'll hide, because that's where the silver plate and spoons will be."

It was about half an hour later that two shadowy figures crept silently into the dining-room. By the light of a torch they made for the sideboard, which was laden with heavy silver cups and dishes.

Next instant, however, they got the shock of their lives. For there came a sudden terrifying roar behind them, they were seized by the scruff of their necks in a mighty grip, and their heads were banged violently together.

Then the lights went on—switched on by Algy the monkey—and the two thieves found themselves in the grip of a big gorilla.

"It's them!" yelled Percy. "It's Bert and AE. How do, cheems? I told you I'd be seeing you. Give their nuts another bang together, George, old chap, then we'll leave them to the colonel. I can hear him coming!"

George gave the two heads such a crack together that he nearly knocked their owners clean out. Then, as Colonel Crowley and his servants, roused by the uproar, came rushing downstairs, Percy, Algy and George fled from the house, leaving the dazed and terrified robbers to be caught by the angry colonel.

(Next week, a "donkey" school-boy tries working for his living. Don't miss the merry adventures of Dr. Granter's Zoo-school!)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



MICK THE MOON BOY (Continued from page 12)

him roughly aside and said: "I'll handle this!" "Aw, will yah?" heard Hangdog Hooker. "Yuh'll handle it, boy? Like what yah handled the battenin' ram business, I s'pose?"

At that precise and very moment, Buller received a violent kick in the pants. He never dreamed for an instant that it was the invisible Mick who had given it him. He thought—and why shouldn't he?—that it was Hangdog Hooker.

With a roar of pain and fury, he swung on Hangdog and landed him such a terrific wallop on the jaw that it sent him staggering.

"Kick me, would you, you yaller-livered skunk!" he roared. "You try it up in I'll drill you!"

"I never kicked yah, yah crazy paleont!" screamed Hangdog Hooker, driving fiercely in return.

In that same instant Cactus Pete received a sudden bash on the ear which nearly bust his ear-drum. Again it was the invisible Mick who had delivered the blow. But the raging Cactus Pete wasn't to know that. He was certain it had come from Big Nose Breggan, who was standing just beside him, and he whirled round and landed Big Nose such a bash on the nose that he nearly flattened it.

Believing like a mad bull, Big Nose proceeded to wade

into Cactus Pete; Hangdog Hooker was bawling furiously with Buller; and the two remaining members of the party were going at it hammer and tongs, each quite certain that he had been violently assaulted by the other.

You never saw such a fight or heard such a din. In the middle of it they bumped into the table and it went over with a crash. The result was that the lamp was smashed on the floor and went out, plunging the cabin into darkness.

But still the roaring, raging contestants fought on.

But in the dark they got all mixed up and started to fight the wrong ones. Then suddenly a very curious thing happened. A tiny ball of green light, about the size of a marble, appeared as though there somewhere and began to float up towards the ceiling.

It grew bigger and brighter as it floated upwards until it was the size of a football. It stopped just below the ceiling and hung there as though suspended in space. Its glare was so bright by this time that it was lighting up the whole of the cabin far better than a hundred oil lamps could have done.

The Moon Boy had made himself visible again and was standing with Hank in the open doorway of the cabin.

"What is that light, Mick?" Hank asked him.

"Just one of the many sorts of lights we use on the Moon," replied Mick. "I've got a few with me. But here's Buller and his brave, bold hand getting on!"

Buller and his brave, bold hand weren't getting on well at all. In fact, you never saw such a terrible sight as the six of them now presented. They had fought themselves to an absolute standstill and those of them who weren't sitting moaning and groaning and nursing their black eyes and bruises on the floor, were leaning against the wall doing it.

"This is easy!" chuckled Mick, who was wearing his helmet and one-piece suit.

He stepped quickly forward and started to yank the robbers' pistols from their holsters and throw them across the floor towards Hank. They were too weak to stop him. All except Buller, who tried to push him away.

"No, no, now that's naughty!" chided Mick.

He lightly pinched the tip of the ex-robber's nose between his forefinger and thumb. As he did so, Buller let out a howl and kept as though he'd been stung. And he certainly had in a way, for an electric shock had passed right through him from the magic fingers of the Moon Boy.

Mick released him almost immediately, however, and within a very few minutes he and Hank had the whole bunch safely trussed, hand and foot.

"Now what're we gonna do with 'em?" asked Hank.

"We must decide that," said the Moon Boy.

Don't miss next week's full-filled installment when Mick "drives" the bandits into town!

The Quest for the Jungle Queen (Continued from page 9)

palace for all they were worth. "I wonder what's up?" Pete whispered. And then the gate a terrified scream. "Oh, Jack—look!"

And round the corner, his nose twitching, his eyes gleaming brightly, came a huge mouse so big as a terrier. It saw the two children and it turned with a flick of a tail over a yard long and vanished.

"Your father's experiment," gasped Jack. "It must have worked. Come on!"

Together they raced to the laboratory. They found the guard on the door had gone, and the door swung open.

The cages which had held the mice lay in splinters round the room. The mice had grown so big for them, had burnt the bars and escaped.

But Martin Speller was lying on the floor. His head was bandaged and feet and gagged.

"Daddy!" cried Pete. "What have they done to you?"

Jack went down on his knees beside the bound man. With a sharp knife he released him and helped him to his feet.

"It's Tharka," said Martin Speller hoarsely. "He's stolen the pills which made those mice grow bigger than dogs. He's going to feed them to his temple guards and lead an army of giants against us."

Will Tharka's evil plan work? Don't miss the thrills and excitement in next week's gripping installment!

Are you one of the lucky Club Prize-winners this week? Turn to page 6 and see if you are!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



More laughs than ever when Claude and Cutbert become Milk Maysters!

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FROM PAGE 3

More



Koko's iron feet were as good as hands, and his long legs carried round the miniature town just in the nick of time. On he swapped across the rooves, heading for the open window on the far side of the cabin. "Over!" screeled Bellamy in bewildered fury, and dashed forward brandishing his cutlass. But Koko was already through the window!



The clever monkey had not come alone. Towser was waiting for him outside and Koko landed neatly on the puppy's back. Off raced Towser on a fine pace, slowing back. Peter and Ann saw the pirates rushing from their cabin. But those henchmen were bare-footed and Koko had thoughtfully scattered the ground outside the door with prickly peats!



Riding Towser like a jockey, and carrying Peter and Ann and the precious ray-machines, Koko headed back to Professor Jolly's compartment. How relieved the professor was! He at once got busy with the ray-machines to make the twins grow again. Koko was chattering with pride and offering Towser a large bone for the help he had given.



"Well, thank goodness!" sighed Peter as he found that he and Ann were back to their usual size. "It's no joke playing Tom Throat!" The professor smiled. "I soon will agree with you!" he answered. "And this will be a celebration!" So in no time at all they were all sitting down to a grand feast—Koko and Towser as well! (More next week.)

HERE'S ANOTHER GRAND STAMP FOR YOUR ENGINE- SPOTTERS' ALBUM.

Cut this picture out and stick it in the third space in your album. There will be another stamp next week and more to follow; so make sure you don't miss any by placing a regular order for "COMET" with your newspaper today!

