

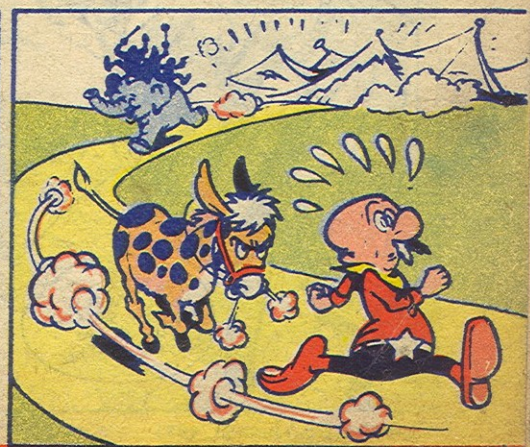
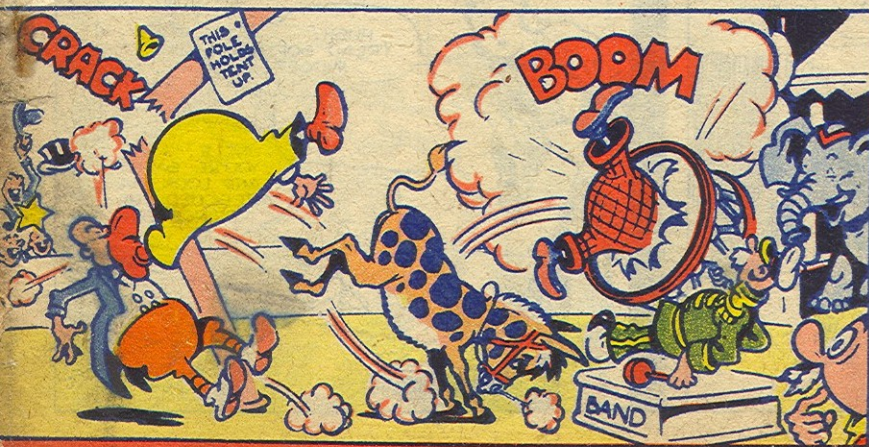
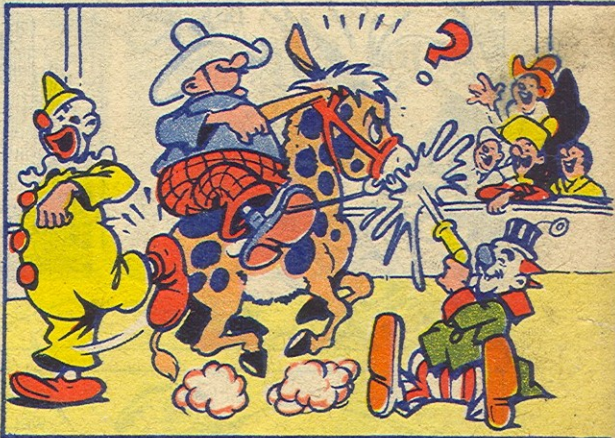
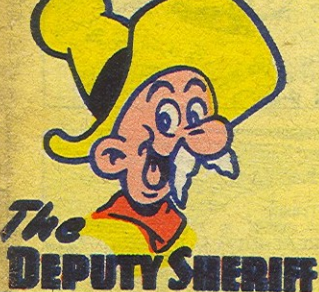
# DON'T PASS COMET-BUY!

# COMET

PRICE  
**3<sup>0</sup>**  
EVERY  
MONDAY

No. 205. June 21, 1952

## SHORTY



More thrilling adventures with our three friends in the Land of Giants!

# JOURNEY TO JUPITER

ON JUPITER, THE PLANET OF GIANTS, PETER, ANN AND THEIR UNCLE ARE OUT TO RESCUE THE ROYAL PRINCESS FROM THE WARLIKE SLIVS. PETER IS LOCKED IN THE TOWER WITH THE PRINCESS. ANN AND HER UNCLE TRY TO REACH THEM BY HIDING IN THE PRINCESS'S DINNERS. BUT THE GIANT SERVANT CARRYING THE TRAY SEES THEM, AND THE SHOCK HE GETS MAKES HIM DROP TRAY, DINNER, ANN AND HER UNCLE!

UNCLE! WE'RE FALLING. HELP!

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED — ANN!

ANN AND THE PROFESSOR PLOP INTO A HEAP OF COOKED VEGETABLES . . .

OOF! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT POTATO! IT BROKE OUR FALL!

GOOD JOB THEY WEREN'T JUST TAKING UP TEA AND TOAST!

WE'RE STILL IN A FIX, UNCLE! WE CAN'T GET UP OR DOWN. THE STEPS ARE TOO HIGH.

HMM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY UP SOMEHOW. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE SLIVS ARE AFTER US . . .

IN THE MEANTIME, IN THE TOWER-ROOM, PETER IS PEERING UNDER THE DOOR . . .

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? WHAT IS HAPPENING, LITTLE CREATURE?

I DON'T KNOW. . . CAN'T SEE PROPERLY. . . BUT SOMEONE'S DROPPED A WHACKING GREAT KEY JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

I — I THINK I CAN — JUST ABOUT REACH IT! YES! I'VE GOT IT!

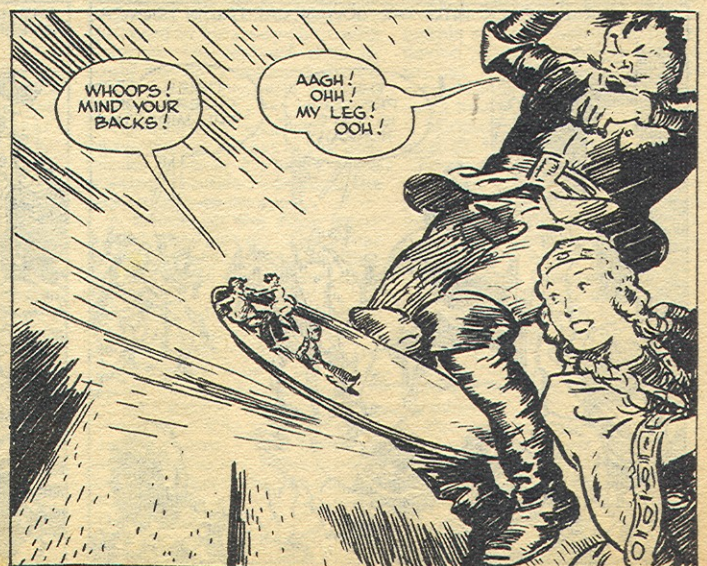
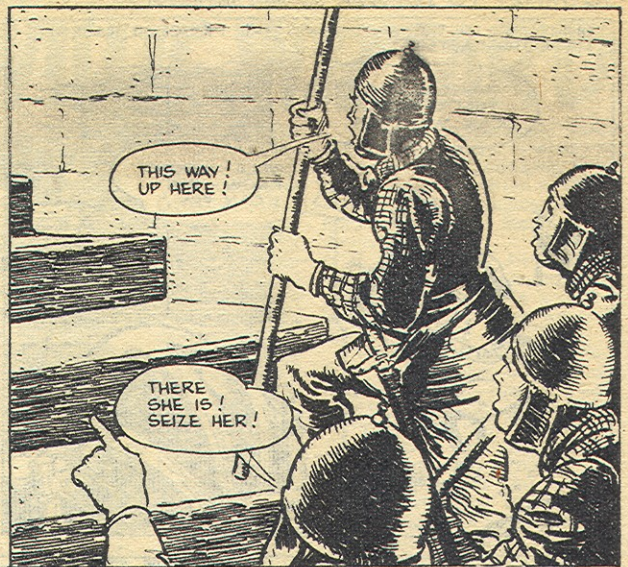
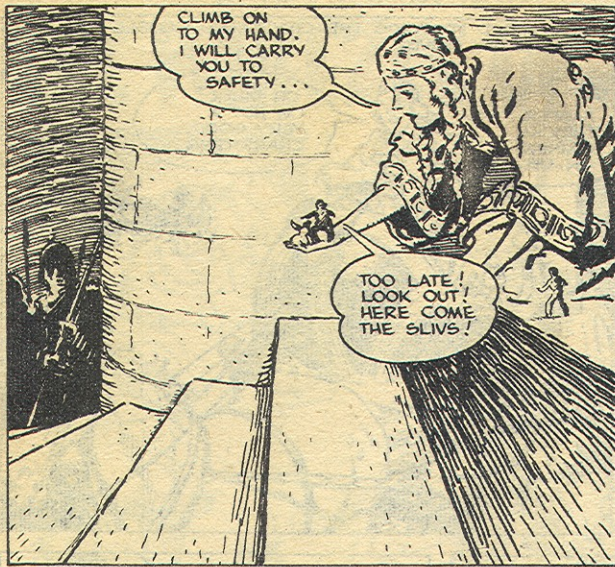
WELL DONE, EARTHLING! NOW TO ESCAPE.

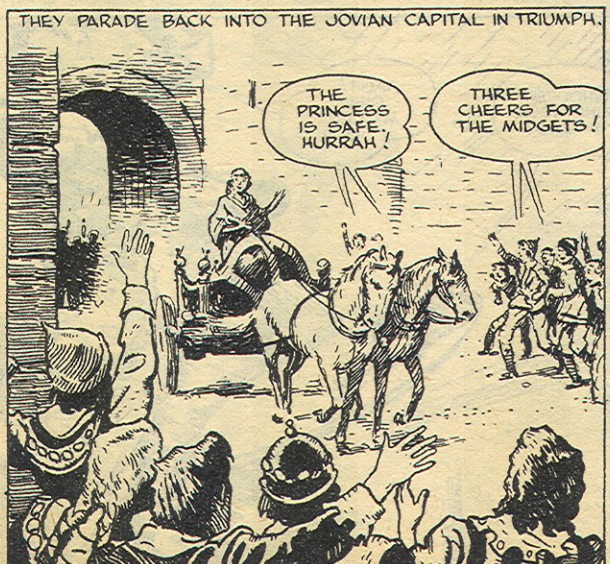
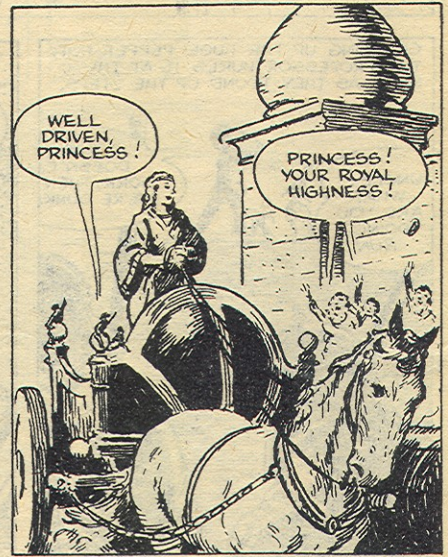
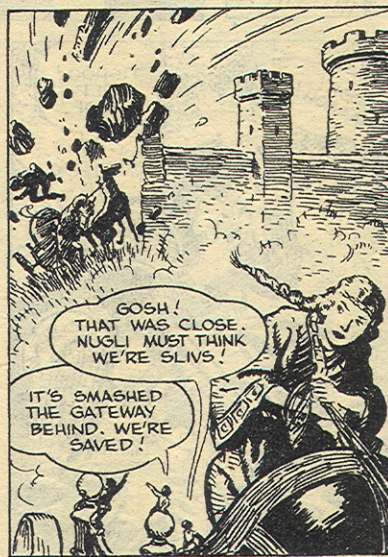
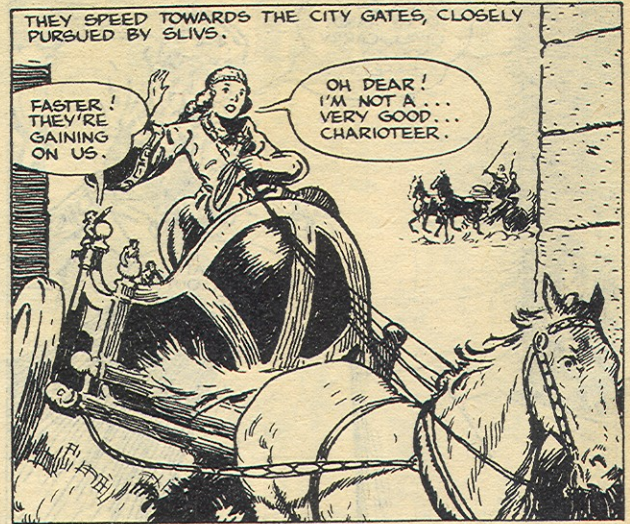
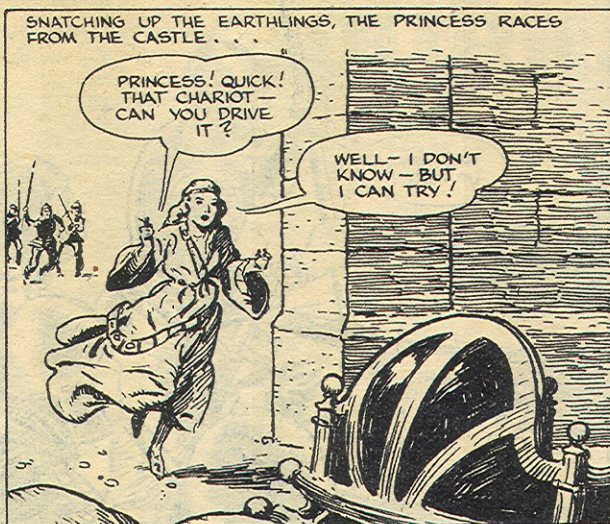
BETTER JOLLY WELL HURRY, BEFORE THE SLIVS FIND OUT. . .

THE KEY TURNS IN THE LOCK, AND THEY CREEP FROM THE ROOM IN THE TOWER . . .

HUSH! TREAD SOFTLY, MIDGET!

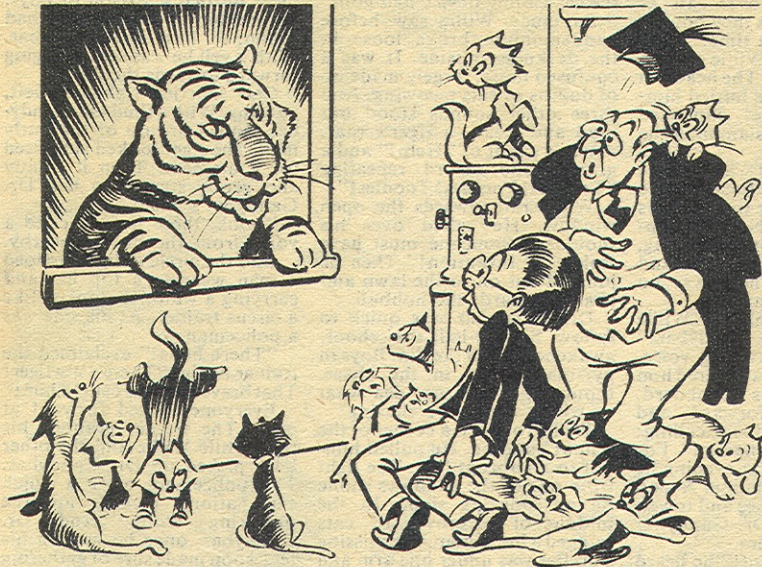
UNCLE! ANN, YOU'RE SAFE! AND LOOK, I'VE RESCUED THE PRINCESS!





WILLIE'S NEW INVENTION SENDS OUT A SOUND THAT SMELLS!

# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Another cat's face appeared at the window. Willie and the Head looked at it in horror. It was a TIGER!

## WILLIE AND THE CAT BURGLAR

"NOW, dear," said Aunt Agatha to her favourite nephew, Dr. Gandybar, "you will give Toodles plenty of milk, won't you?"

"Yes, Aunt," said Dr. Gandybar dutifully.

"And see that he has fish three times a week?" went on Auntie.

"Yes, Aunt," said Dr. Gandybar, sighing.

"And although I want him to have the run of the grounds at Gandybar School you must be sure to call him indoors at nine o'clock every evening," his aunt insisted. "That is very important. He must have a good night's sleep."

"Yes, Aunt," said Dr. Gandybar in a worried voice. He was already wondering how he would be able to remember all these instructions. He was so very absent-minded.

"I am putting Toodles in another cat show in two months' time," Aunt Agatha was continuing. "I should be very upset if he came to any harm before then. In fact I should have to think seriously of cutting you out of my will."

She looked at him severely. "Now goodbye," she said. "I have to finish my packing."

The headmaster of Gandybar School wished Aunt Agatha a happy holiday as he rose to his feet. Carefully holding the basket containing the precious Persian cat he toddled out of the house. On the way to the bus stop he was so worried that he didn't look to see where he was

going. The next thing he knew he had walked right into a burly passer-by. Both Dr. Gandybar and the stranger were sent reeling. The basket sailed from the headmaster's hand and fell crash on the pavement.

"Meow-wow!" wailed Toodles from the basket.

"Why don't you keep your eyes open?" shouted the angry stranger fiercely, brandishing an outside fist.

Dr. Gandybar paid him no attention. He was frantically picking up his priceless basket. "Oh, dear, I do hope Toodles is all right!" he exclaimed.

He opened the lid gingerly. Annoyed but unharmed, Toodles glared up at him.

The stranger was about to punch Dr. Gandybar on the nose when he saw Toodles too.

"Coo," the man said, "that's a valuable cat, isn't it?"

"It's a prize-winning cat," declared Dr. Gandybar proudly. "He is worth hundreds of pounds, my aunt says. I am taking him to my school, Gandybar Academy, to look after him for a short time." Then he remembered he had an apology to make. "I'm sorry I bumped into you," he said. "I do hope you aren't hurt."

The burly man tried not to scowl. "Well," he said, as amiably as he could, "these little accidents will happen, won't they? A valuable cat, is it? Worth hundreds of quids, you say?"

"Yes," nodded Dr. Gandybar. "But excuse me, I must dash. Here is my bus."

He hurried off, basket and all.

The stranger thoughtfully watched him go.

In the bus Dr. Gandybar nursed the basket as carefully as if it contained new-laid eggs. Every now and again he peered into it to see if Toodles was comfortable. The cat was a little restless but none the worse for his mishap.

As he walked up the drive towards the school the head decided on a plan. This was, to instruct the school house-keeper to give Toodles plenty of milk and fish.

His eye was suddenly attracted by a handsome cat

padding along about ten yards to his right. "My!" he said to himself. "What a beautiful beast! And doesn't it resemble Toodles?"

He looked down at the basket he was carrying as he spoke, and nearly jumped out of his skin. The lid was open! The handsome cat was Toodles, who had escaped!

Dr. Gandybar gave a loud yell and dashed towards the startled Persian. Up went the scared Toodles' back and, the priceless fish-eater scampered off into the bushes!

The headmaster spent a fruitless hour searching and calling before, tired and upset, he staggered into the school. He collapsed in his study chair with a moan. He realised that he could not have fastened the lid of the basket properly after he had dropped it by the bus stop. Everything had been well while he nursed the basket in the bus, but as soon as he had started walking Toodles had seized the opportunity to escape.

A knock on the door interrupted the gloomy Gandybar ponderings. In reply to his gium call of "Come in!" Jimmy Bash entered.

Jimmy had come to ask if he could be given extended tick at the tuck-shop, but before he could say the words the headmaster was speaking rapidly.

"Ah, Bash!" exclaimed Dr. Gandybar. "You are a very good runner, I know. I want you to do something for me. I want you to search the grounds thoroughly, and as soon as you see a big black Persian cat—run!"

"Why run?" asked the surprised Jimmy. "Is it dangerous?"

"No, you dunderhead," snorted the head testily. "I want you to run towards it, not away from it. I want you to catch it. It is a valuable cat belonging to my aunt and I lost—I mean, it has strayed."

"I see," said Jimmy unhappily. He had wanted to spend the afternoon chasing a cricket ball, not a cat. Then his face brightened.

"If I may take some chocolate from the tuck-shop—milk chocolate, of course—that may help to entice it, sir," he suggested.

"Yes, yes boy," said Dr. Gandybar. "Anything you like. Only do get busy at once."

Jimmy needed no second bidding. He went to the tuck-shop and laid in some supplies. Then, not wishing to mope around the grounds by himself all afternoon, he called in to see his friend Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor. Explaining what he had been instructed to do, Jimmy asked Willie to join him. Encouraged by the gift of some chocolate, Willie agreed.

But although the two boys spent two hours searching every part of the grounds they were unsuccessful. Wearily they returned to report to the head. Dr. Gandybar, wringing his hands in agitation, uttered more groans when he heard their news.

Willie was the only one who seemed at all cheerful. He soon explained why.

"I think I can help, sir," he said to Dr. Gandybar. "It will not take me long to invent a cat-calling device. I am sure that it will call Toodles home safely. And if I can get it going at nine o'clock, when you say he is used to being called indoors, we shall be still more certain of success."

Dr. Gandybar was overjoyed. Soon Willie was busy in his workshop, and it was only a couple of hours before he had a device rigged up. All he needed to put it into operation that very evening was an ordinary clock and a gramophone record.

Making the record was simple enough. Jimmy helped by calling "Toodles! Toodles! Toodles!", over and over again in a high-pitched squeak. When that was done Jimmy decided to beat it to the calm and quiet of his own room, while Willie went to Dr. Gandybar to borrow a clock.

The head was not too keen at first to part up with his 18-jewelled timepiece, but he handed it over when Willie pointed out that it would be helping to recover the even more valuable Toodles.

Back in his workshop once more Willie fixed his neat, square apparatus beneath the clock. Finally he connected the leads which would set the caller in operation when the hands of the clock pointed to nine.

(Continued on page 6)

At about ten minutes to nine Willie took the whole contraption into the headmaster's study. He set it down by the open window. Dr. Gandybar was interested and hopeful.

"How does it work, Wizzard?" "Well sir," said Willie proudly pointing to the little box beneath the clock. "Inside here are two devices. One is a small record made by James Bash."

"And the other?" enquired the head.

"That sends out a sort of sound which smells."

"Smells?" repeated Dr. Gandybar in amazement.

"Yes sir. It's an entirely new principle. In this case the sound reaches the cat as the smell of roast chicken. Of course he cannot resist it, so he comes towards the source of the smell—or the sound rather."

"My," exclaimed the head. "It certainly should work. Is it switched on?"

Willie nodded. The hands of the clock were pointing to nine o'clock exactly now. Master and pupil sat eagerly peering into the darkness outside as, with a whir, the record made by Jimmy Bash began to play: "Toodles! Toodles! Toodles!"

Holding his breath, Willie strained his ears to detect a "meow." At last, loudly, from directly beneath the window there came such a sound. A cat leaped lightly into the room.

Dr. Gandybar's eyebrows went up in surprise. He was about to say: "It's a tabby cat, and Toodles is a Persian" when there was a whole chorus of "Meows!" The window ledge was suddenly crowded with cats, hurtling into the room. They rushed in like a flood, and dozens more followed. Cats of all shapes, breeds and sizes pelted in. They knocked over vases, and they bounded eagerly on to Willie and Dr. Gandybar.

Willie and the Head sat paralysed with astonishment. Then something happened to make them move very quickly. Another cat's face appeared at the window, and with a smooth leap its owner followed the cats into the study.

It was a tiger! Both Dr. Gandybar and the schoolboy inventor must have beaten the 100 yards record as they bolted blindly into the passage, tripping over cats as they went. Upstairs they bounded, three stairs at a time.

All of a sudden Willie slipped and fell, sprawling. The head ran madly onwards. He hurled himself into a clothes cupboard some yards away, slamming the door behind him.

Willie Wizzard lay there hardly daring to breathe. He expected to feel the tiger's claws at any moment. Nothing happened, however. Greatly daring, he opened a cautious eye and peered around. There was no tiger, nor even a cat.

Shakily but thankfully Willie got to his feet. "Dr. Gandybar!" he called in a quavering voice.

A muffled shout answered him from the clothes cupboard, Willie hurried forward and pulled open the door, calling: "The tiger has gone sir!" For the second time that evening he went down with a bump. A load of sheets, pillowcases and towels fell on him with Dr. Gandybar in the midst of them.

"You underhead!" he heard Dr. Gandybar roaring through the mass of linen which covered him. "You nincompoop! You should have known that contraption would call every cat in the district! But a tiger as well! My giddy aunt, I'll . . ."

He broke off. "My aunt!" he ejaculated again. "And Toodles! What's happened to Toodles?"

Willie found himself being hauled to his feet.

"Wizzard," Dr. Gandybar was saying hoarsely. "Do you realise that, amongst all those cats, we did not see Toodles?"

"Oh dear, sir," said Willie miserably. "He must be there somewhere with all those others. We shall have to go back to your study to look."

"What about the tiger?" asked the Head, his face paling.

Without another word the two cautiously retraced their steps. Outside the study door they paused and listened. All was quiet. Then, at a nod from Dr.

Gandybar, Willie flung open the door.

The place was deserted. There was no cat in sight. There was no tiger in sight, and the clock with the cat-calling device had gone!

So much Willie saw before pandemonium broke loose in the darkness outside. It was a confused noise, largely made up of dozens of cats meowing. And three other sounds stood out loud and clear—a tiger's roar, a man's shout of "Help!" and a gramophone record repeating "Toodles! Toodles! Toodles!"

Willie ran towards the open window. He called over his shoulder "Someone must have stolen my invention!" Then he jumped out on to the lawn and chased towards the hubbub.

Dr. Gandybar was quick to follow. So was half the school, awakened by all the din. Boys in pyjamas joined in the chase, though they had no idea what or whom they were chasing!

Willie rounded a corner of the school building. He pulled himself to an abrupt halt. The light from one of the windows shone on an amazing sight. In the middle of a crowd of cats cringed a burly man. The missing Toodles was under one arm and the stolen invention under the other. He was cringing away not from the cats but from the tiger.

That noble animal was not harming him. It stood contentedly licking the clock, saliva dripping from its jaws. It purred like a well-tuned motorcycle.

"Get him or!" wailed the terrified man as soon as he saw Willie. "He'll eat me alive!"

"Good heavens!" panted Dr. Gandybar who had just arrived on the scene. "It's the man I bumped into this morning! He must have come to steal Toodles!"

"Yes," said Willie excitedly. "And he couldn't resist taking your valuable clock at the same time! He didn't realise it was a cat-caller. Jolting it as he ran must have set it going again, so all the cats followed him—and the tiger, too!"

"What are we going to do now, though?" asked the headmaster nervously. "I must rescue

Toodles, but . . ." He was eyeing the tiger as he spoke.

In the next instant something happened to solve the problem. Around the corner behind them there hurtled a stream of boys. Before they could halt they had cannoned into Dr. Gandybar. With a yell he was sent plunging forward towards the thief!

Cats scurried right and left, yowling. With a thud Dr. Gandybar landed on top of the burly man. The tiger looked surprised for a moment. Then it calmly and gently started to lick Dr. Gandybar's face!

"Look, there he is!" cried a voice from the bushes nearby.

Into the circle of light stepped a man wearing a top hat and carrying a whip. He looked like a circus trainer. At his side was a policeman.

"There he is!" exclaimed the trainer again. "There's my tiger! That brave man has caught him!"

Everyone surged forward at once. The trainer grabbed his tiger while Willie and the other boys picked up Dr. Gandybar. The policeman, after a quick explanation, picked up the quivering crook. And Dr. Gandybar, once he was on his feet, soon made sure of gathering up the precious Toodles.

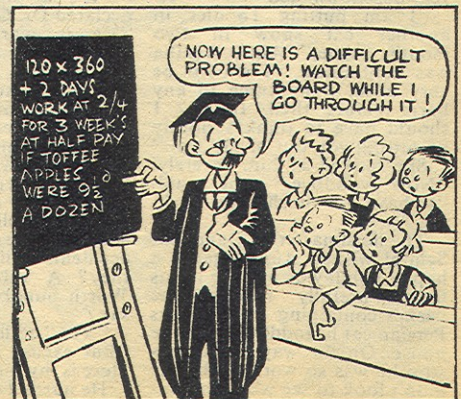
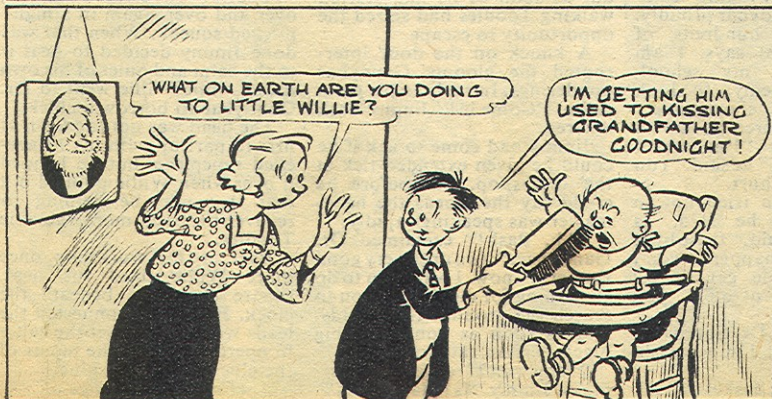
It turned out that the thief was a much-wanted man in the district. Who else deserved the reward for his capture but Dr. Gandybar? And the circus trainer was so pleased at recovering his tiger that he handed over a couple of fivers too.

In his study an hour or so later, when he had bathed and rested, the headmaster decided happily that next morning he would share some of these unexpected riches with Willie.

"On one condition, though," he muttered to himself as he beamed at Toodles, lying blissfully in his basket on the floor. "That is, that he destroys his cat-caller for all time. In future I shall take Toodles out for walks on a lead, like a dog. Then he won't have to be called indoors at any time!"

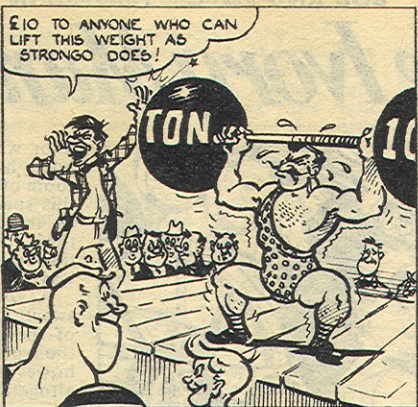
Next week: Willie's Wonder Polish! It makes old cars shine like new!

## CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!

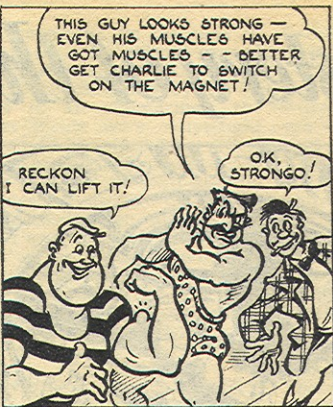




# TOUGH TEX



£10 TO ANYONE WHO CAN LIFT THIS WEIGHT AS STRONGO DOES!



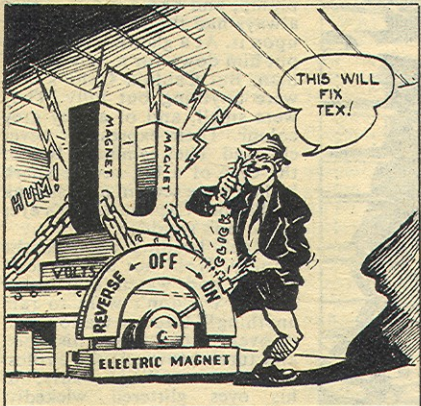
THIS GUY LOOKS STRONG - EVEN HIS MUSCLES HAVE GOT MUSCLES - - BETTER GET CHARLIE TO SWITCH ON THE MAGNET!

RECKON I CAN LIFT IT!

OK, STRONGO!



UPSY-DAISY!



THIS WILL FIX TEX!



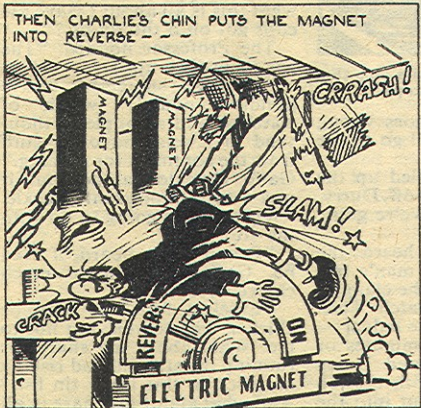
HO! HO!

HAW, HAW! HE THINKS HE'S STRONG!

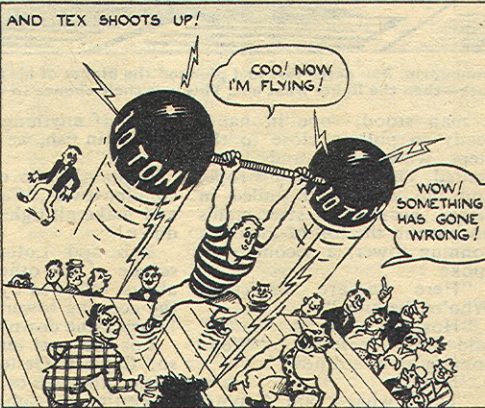


CRASH!

CRASH!



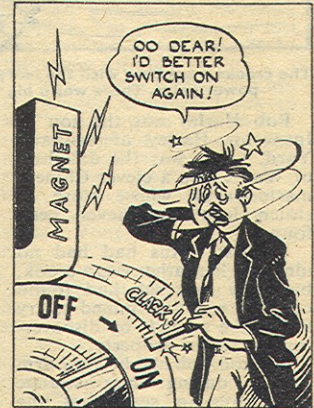
THEN CHARLIE'S CHIN PUTS THE MAGNET INTO REVERSE - - -



AND TEX SHOOTS UP!

COO! NOW I'M FLYING!

WOW! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG!



OO DEAR! I'D BETTER SWITCH ON AGAIN!

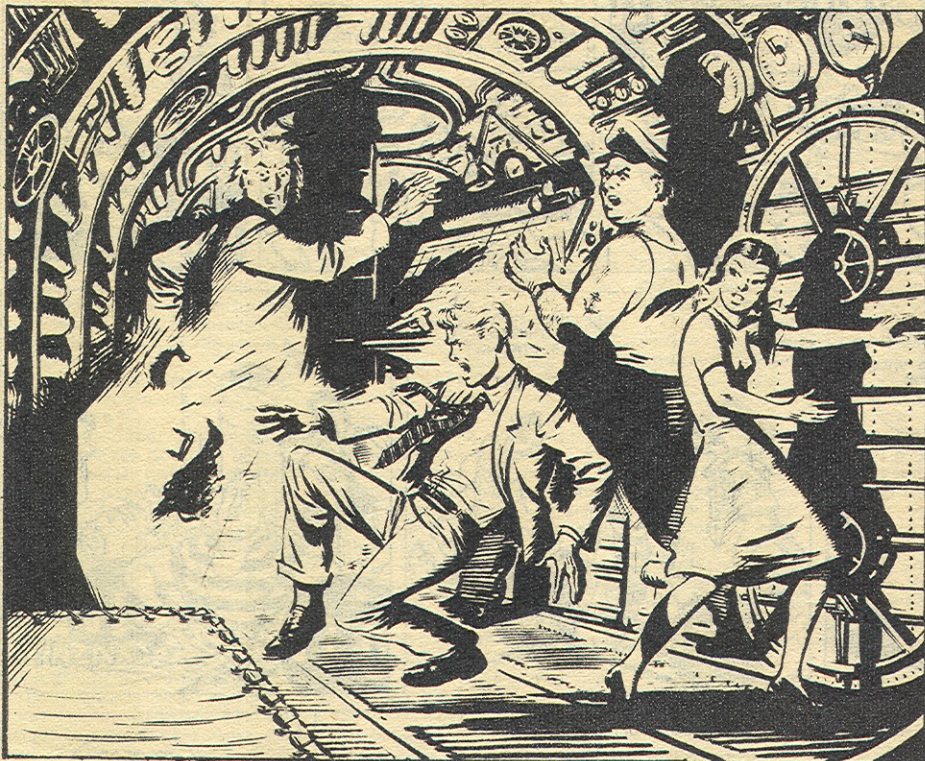


CRASH!  
YEEHAW!



I'M ONTO YOUR LITTLE GAME, SO PAY UP - OR ELSE, CHARLIE BOY!

# The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin



The crooks were busy with the ivory mandarin. Bob acted fast and plunged the blades of his knife into the power point. There was a big flash—then the lights went out. This was their chance to escape!

Bob Harley was the son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard. Lotus was the daughter of Wan Chen, a clever Chinese master-crook whose store of stolen loot had never been found.

At first Lotus had had no idea that her father was a crook, but now that she had found out, she was determined to try and make amends by discovering the stolen property.

She and Bob had become firm friends during their strange adventures in search of the ivory mandarin.

For the ivory mandarin—a little clockwork figure of a Chinaman, carved in ivory—held the secret of where Wan Chen's treasure was hidden.

The ivory mandarin had been stolen by another crook called the Professor, and in following him to get it back, Bob and Lotus had fallen into his clutches!

Now, menaced by the Professor's gun, the two stood at the foot of some steps that led down to the water under a Thames-side wharf. Then out of the muddy waters of the river rose the long black shape of a submarine!

**T**HE submarine slid through the water towards the steps. On its narrow deck

a man stood, rope in hand, ready to pull in close to the steps where Bob and Lotus waited. The man cast his rope, and the little craft pulled in close. From the steersman's position in the top of the open conning tower, a second man spoke.

"Here we are, Professor. Who're the kids?"

"Hostages, Cap'n Gaffo," said the Professor. "We're coming on board now."

"Now?"

"That's what I said, Cap'n."

"Okay—you're the boss. But why the hurry? Aren't we going to unload the stuff first?"

"We aren't going to unload the stuff at all. We're putting about, and getting out of here fast. I'll tell you all about it when we're on our way!" The Professor prodded first Bob then Lotus with his gun, "On board, you two, quickly!"

Captain Gaffo's head vanished as he climbed back down into the inside of the submarine. Bob and Lotus followed him down the steep steel ladder, and found themselves in a narrow space, hemmed in by a maze of pipes, dials and machinery. The Professor followed them.

"Get forward!" he jerked his gun in the direction he wished them to go. "Sit yourselves on that bunk, and don't try any

tricks. If anything goes wrong in this tin fish, we all go to the bottom!"

Captain Gaffo called up the conning tower. "Cast off, Durry, and make all tight. We're going down!"

Bob and Lotus heard the scrape of the other man's feet above, followed by the clang of the conning tower hatch. Then Durry came down the ladder.

For the next ten minutes or so, Captain Gaffo and Durry busied themselves with the job of getting the sub out into the main stream of the Thames. The Professor stood watching his two prisoners.

As for Bob and Lotus, all they could do was take in the details of the strange craft in which they were trapped, and of the two men who formed her crew.

The submarine in its middle part was no wider than an ordinary bus, and it tapered away towards each end. More than half of the small space inside was filled with the mass of machinery and gear that drove it through the water, and made it sink and rise. Where Bob and Lotus were sat was the part that served as the crew's quarters, with bunks, and a narrow table hinged to the wall. Up towards the forward end of the craft was a small but heavy

door which led to what might once have been the torpedo room of the sub. Now, however, this space appeared to be used as some kind of a store, for they could see piled-up cases through the partly open doorway.

As for the crew, Durry was a swarthy, beetle-browed tough of the sort found in sea-ports of the world over. Captain Gaffo, however, was of another sort altogether.

Captain Gaffo was big, and plump, and had a red face that always had the trace of a smile upon it. At a glance, you'd have put him down for a jolly sort of man. But Captain Gaffo's eyes were anything but jolly. They were small, and of an icy grey colour. Their expression never changed. They reminded Bob of the eyes of a big savage shark he had once seen in a glass tank at the zoo. Captain Gaffo's eyes made Bob shudder.

"She's heading out into the estuary. Hold her as she goes, Durry, and watch that radar screen. We don't want to ram anything!" Captain Gaffo handed over the controls to his mate, and turned towards the Professor. He was smiling broadly, but his eyes glittered wickedly. "Now, suppose you tell me what this is all about? Have the cops got onto the set-up?"

The Professor nodded. "The gang's broken up."

"So I've smuggled twelve hundred pounds' worth of watches, and a couple of thousand in jewels and other stuff from the continent for nothing." Gaffo chuckled aloud, but it was a very unpleasant chuckle. "What are we going to do with the stuff, eh?"

"Dump it overboard, if need be, Gaffo—it's just so much chicken feed."

"Chicken feed? It may be chicken feed to you, but not to me. What about my share for running the stuff in, and risking my neck in this leaky tin fish? And what about my share in all the other runs I've made?"

"My dear Gaffo," said the Professor in soothing tones, "The money you have earned as a member of my smuggling gang is quite safe. It's stowed away in one of the best bank vaults in London. But the fact of the matter is that London is too hot to hold us at the moment. Much of my money is there too, Gaffo. But it will have to stay there until the hue and cry dies down."

"What are we going to live on in the meantime?"

The Professor smiled. "The ivory mandarin will keep us, Gaffo." He produced the little image from his pocket, and stood it on the narrow table. "That image, Gaffo, holds the secret of Wan Chen's treasure!" Gaffo's tiny eyes widened with interest.



## THINK UP A DARING PLAN TO ESCAPE!

"You mean it's true about all the loot the old Chink is supposed to have stowed away? I always thought it was just a yarn—but how come this thing holds the secret? Isn't there a map or something?"

"This is as good as a map." The Professor wound the little key at the back of the mandarin, and stood it down on the table, where it started to move its feet, and to turn first one way, and then the other.

"These marks around here—" the Professor pointed to the round base of the mandarin, "are the Chinese signs for the four points of the compass. The number of steps the mandarin makes while he's facing a particular way gives you the figures, and so you get a latitude and longitude."

"An exact map position, eh? That's clever! That tells you just where to look for the treasure, I suppose?"

"Exactly, my dear Gaffo—and you and I are going to find that treasure. That's why I say that your cargo is chicken feed. And if the other members of my gang were foolish enough to get themselves arrested, then that leaves all the more for us to share, eh, Gaffo?"

Gaffo grinned, then frowned. "What about Wan Chen himself? If I know anything about the fat old Chink, he isn't going to sit quiet while we walk off with his loot."

"How very forgetful of me!" smiled the Professor, "I fear that I have failed to introduce you to our young friends here." He turned again towards Bob and Lotus. "This young lady is Lotus Chen—Wan Chen's daughter. While she is our prisoner, I do not think that Wan Chen will dare to do very much to harm us. The same is true, up to a point with the British police. This lad is Bob Harley."

"No relation of Inspector Harley, by any chance?"

"His son!" Gaffo roared with laughter. "This is rich! Harley copped me once on a robbery charge—I'll enjoy having his boy as my guest!"

The Professor wound the mandarin again, and set it down on the table to go through its strange little dance once more.

"But for this meddling youngster—" he pointed at Bob "I should have found out the position of the treasure before. As it is, all that I know is half the position—just the latitude—a latitude of 34 degrees, 26 minutes East."

Gaffo frowned. "Latitude? East? You're barmy, prof!"

"What do you mean?" "You dry-land sailors are all alike. You don't know what you're talking about when it comes to maps, and navigation and such. If it's East then it's not latitude—it's longitude!"

The Professor looked blank as Gaffo crossed to a locker, and pulled out a roll of maps. He

spread one out on the table.

"Let's see—34, 26 East—here we are. See this line marked thirty-four—well, it's just right of that. Now that runs right down the globe from the north pole to the south, through Russia, Egypt, Africa and after that it's ocean all the way—from the South East coast of Africa, down to the pole—"

"South East Coast of Africa!" the Professor half whispered the words. His voice was shaky with excitement. "If I'd realised that before! South East Coast of Africa!"

"Well, what about it?" "Never mind now—never mind. It made me think of something in the past. I'm only guessing—but if I'm right—" "Why not wind up the mandarin again and see? All you need now is the latitude, and you know just where to look on that 34 line!"

"Yes—yes—of course!" The Professor's voice was quivering with excitement now. For the moment he seemed to have forgotten about his two prisoners. As he went on to tell Gaffo the special way in which the mandarin's steps had to be counted, Bob leaned close to Lotus, and whispered.

"Lotus—when the lights go out—make for that door, fast!"

The girl had no idea what Bob was getting at, but she was ready to obey, just the same. Bob had some plan, she felt sure.

Gaffo and the Professor were engrossed in the movements of the little clockwork Mandarin. Durry was steering the submarine. She saw Bob pull his handkerchief from his pocket. But the handkerchief was only camouflage for something else. So far, the Professor had not searched either Bob or Lotus, and Bob still had his pocket knife. Now, under cover of his handkerchief, he opened both blades so that they stood out sideways from the body of the knife.

Then he moved fast. Nearby on the wall was a big electric power point, which Bob guessed must be connected to the main batteries of the sub. Bob plunged the two blades of his knife into the two socket holes of the big power-point.

Instantly there was a vivid blue flash of electricity. Then darkness as all the lights in the submarine went out!

Bob's gamble had succeeded—he had done what he hoped. He had blown the main fuses of the submarine's lights!

There came yells of anger from the three crooks, and crashing, stumbling sounds. Lotus dived towards where she knew the door must be, and fell over one of the wooden cases which were stacked up just inside the little store-room.

Then there came more crashing, and a clatter of something falling. Next moment, Bob was beside her, and she felt him slamming home the stout steel door which closed off the store-room from the rest of the sub.

"The wheels on the edge of the door—turn 'em!" gasped Bob in the darkness. Lotus felt for the wheels, and obeyed.

As in all submarines, the doors inside were water-tight and could be sealed from either side. And the screw locks which were designed to keep out the immense pressure of water, would easily keep out the Professor and the other two!

"I've got the mandarin!" panted Bob, as he spun home the second locking wheel.

"Durry! Switch on the emergency circuit! Get those fuses mended!" They heard Gaffo yell.

"The ivory mandarin! He's got the ivory mandarin!" screamed the Professor in the darkness behind the door.

Lotus grabbed Bob's hand. "What are we going to do now, Bob?" she whispered.

"Sit tight. They can't get at us in here—and we've got the ivory mandarin. Luckily I managed to grab it before they'd had a chance to find the whole of the secret."

"But I think that the Professor has guessed where the treasure is, Bob. He got very excited when Captain Gaffo mentioned the South-East coast of Africa. I wonder why?"

"I dunno. I think he knows something, too. But as long as we've got the mandarin, there's a chance for the police to find Wan Chen's treasure before he gets away with it. It's stolen property, remember."

At that moment the lights went up. Durry had mended the fuses, and the light in the store-room came on automatically. Since the switch was on the inside of the door, there was nothing the crooks could do about this. So Bob and Lotus had plenty of light to explore the little steel-walled chamber.

They could hear the mutter of voices beyond the door, but the thick steel stopped them hearing clearly anything that was said. Bob gave a whistle.

"This is a bit of luck! Look, Lotus—the sub's water and food supplies are in here!" he grinned at Lotus. "We could hold out against 'em for weeks if need be!"

At that moment there came

a thumping on the door, followed by Gaffo's voice.

"Now looky here—just hand over that little Chinese gimmick, will you? It ain't no manner of use to you, because the Prof. here knows just where Wan Chen's treasure is, but he don't see the sense of anybody else knowing. So just you come out, and hand over the mandarin, and we'll put you ashore right away. I give you my word on that as a sea-captain and a gentleman!"

"Oh, run away and play boats!" said Bob rudely, with a grin at Lotus. "We've got the mandarin, and we'll keep him. There's nothing you can do about it, and you know it. Anyway, we wouldn't take your word at any price. How do we know you wouldn't bang us over the head as soon as we unlock the door?"

"I give you my word—I can't do more than that!" Captain Gaffo really sounded as though he was hurt because they didn't trust him. "I should hate to see a couple of nice youngsters like you come to any harm. Come on now—hand it over!" he wheedled.

"Nothing doing!" laughed Bob. "We've got food and water in here. We'll be quite comfy, thank you!"

"You'll stay in there till you starve, then!" This was the Professor speaking now, his voice choking with anger. "That food won't last forever—and we can put ashore for fresh supplies. I'm giving you a last chance—come out, or it'll be the worse for you!"

"Now, now, Professor!" Captain Gaffo's wheedling tones cut in, "that ain't no way to talk to a couple of nice kids like these. They'll see sense if you talk to them right! Just think it over, mates. And when you've made your mind up—give a shout. Your old pal Gaffo'll hear you!"

Bob was about to reply, when he saw Lotus signalling to him. So he kept silent, and went across to her.

"What's up?" "Think about it, mates!" came Gaffo's voice again.

"What's up, Lotus?" said (Continued on page 18)

**ANOTHER**

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# BILLY BUNTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



The famous five of Greyfriars School—Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull—have invited the girls of Cliff House School to tea after the match. The girls have baked a special cake for the party. Unluckily, Billy Bunter fancies the cake and collars it for himself—but no sooner has he done so, than Mr. Queich comes along and confiscates it. Bob Cherry accuses Bunter of stealing the cake and is amazed when Billy points to Mr. Queich walking off with it. . . .

AS BOB STANDS DAZED, BUNTER RECOVERS HIS CHEEK ~ ~ ~



THERE, PERHAPS YOU'LL BELIEVE A FELLOW NEXT TIME -- I DIDN'T BREAK OPEN THE CUPBOARD AND PINCH YOUR MOULDY CAKE - AND I DIDN'T KNOCK QUEICHY OVER - AND THE BEAST DIDN'T CONFISCATE IT--



YOW! YAROOH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING -- OW!

SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED -- YOU THIEVING BARREL OF LARD! TAKE THAT -- AND THAT --



YOU'LL BRING ME A NEW CAKE BY TEA-TIME -- OR THERE'LL BE WORSE TO COME!

YOW! OH, BOTHER! I DO BELIEVE HE MEANS IT!



HIS LINES FINISHED -- BUNTER GETS FORTH IN SEARCH OF A CAKE --

MEAN BEAST! FANCY BEGRUDGING ME A MOULDY CAKE! WHY, FOR ALL HE KNOWS, IT MIGHT BE MY BIRTHDAY!



ALONZO TODD, THE BOOKWORM, IS THE ONLY JUNIOR INDOORS ~ ~ ~



OH, HALLO, LONZY! WHAT ARE YOU READING?

MY DEAR, BUNTER -- THIS IS A BOOK OF UNCLE BENJAMIN'S POEMS!



BUNTER'S EYES GLEAM AS HE GETS A BRAINWAVE ~ ~ ~

I -- I SAY -- I'M VERY FOND OF POEMS, YOU KNOW! READ THEM TO ME, OLD CHAP!

DELIGHTED, MY DEAR FELLOW -- AND AS SAD CYPRESS WEEPS THE FLOWING TEARS OF RAIN --



WONDERFUL STUFF, OLD CHAP, FIRST RATE! I SAY, COULD YOU LEND ME A QUID?

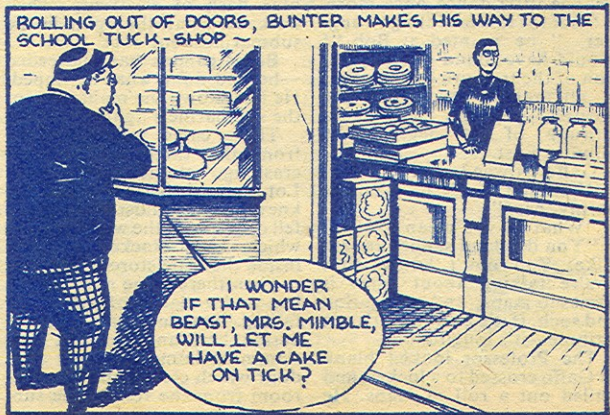
I REGRET TO SAY I'M ABSOLUTELY PENNILESS -- BUT LISTEN TO THIS --



SNORTING, BUNTER ROLLS TO THE DOOR ~ ~ ~

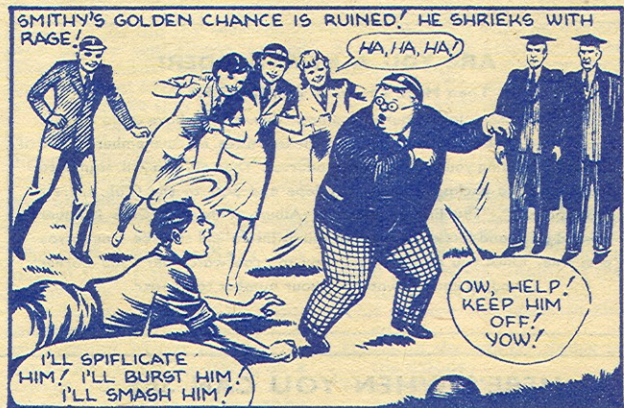
WELL, UPON MY WORD!

YAH! PENNILESS BEAST! LISTEN TO THAT RUBBISH! -- NOT LIKELY! YOUR UNCLE BENJAMIN IS A BLITHERING IDIOT! YAH!



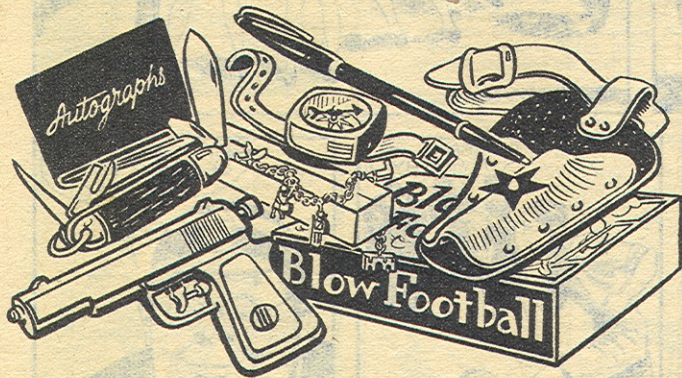
ROLLING OUT OF DOORS, BUNTER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP ~

I WONDER IF THAT MEAN BEAST, MRS. MIMBLE, WILL LET ME HAVE A CAKE ON TICK?



What Does C.E.S.C. Stand For? Why—

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50,599	102,973	41,118	189,752	197,252	64,962
167,303	200,456	3,416	128,552	2,776	33,566
183,395	197,574	46,291	8,403	103,877	145,331
2,288	68,058	119,066	36,280	36,732	2,991
40,385	7,961	170,949	133,945	44,848	49,174
67,971	27,692	101,084	103,263	171,512	136,057
117,794	176,683	46,936	66,247	199,476	165,890
183,978	119,890	118,626	33,878	189,244	49,483
79,801	40,207	196,478	136,223	160,269	4,897
102,011	1,777	200,288	131,313	7,120	176,346
42,507	135,704	113,131	169,691	21,406	110,666
160,555	74,404	47,678	19,999	40,959	11,348
102,133	2,131	56,560	10,578	66,325	149,465
157,884	66,981	5,051	135,176	135,829	160,833
6,770	195,074	12,941	174,785	171,346	20,872
120,602	171,488	63,375	14,769	99,146	27,960
157,272	152,484	172,969	44,282	8,539	4,724
53,226	101,106	189,379	136,428	21,047	143,848
29,276	21,113	64,550	172,348	183,644	94,033
176,495	4,590	28,309	187,789	101,672	40,774
130,435	72,591	6,074	71,490	151,933	46,274
47,414	135,616	21,725	36,882	165,563	5,961
174,476	7,609	28,161	55,995	95,003	99,146
8,287	56,267	119,839	102,154	8,772	66,587
42,414	102,319	167,389	132,619	22,466	15,484

If you have seen your number in this list then choose a present from the list on the left. Then in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album write down the name of the present. Next, on a piece of paper write the name of the character, picture-story or story you like best in COMET—and in a few words, why. Check that you have also filled in your name and address on the Membership page of the Album and then address an envelope to:

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Put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope and pop both Album and piece of paper inside. Seal it and post without delay, as the closing date for claims is Friday, June 20.

## HERE'S WHEN YOU CAN SEE

# The ROYAL SCOT!

Perhaps you live somewhere near the lines on which this famous train makes its famous daily double run. If you do, then you will be able to pick your spot with the aid of our two-part map which we printed last week and the week before, and know just when to be there to see the mighty express thunder through!

Down		ROYAL SCOT		Up	
		Summer (non-stop) Schedule			
Euston ... ..	...	dep. 10.00 a.m.	Glasgow Central ... ..	...	dep. 10.00 a.m.
Rugby (pass) ... ..	...	11.32 a.m.	Gretna (pass) ... ..	...	11.55 a.m.
Crewe (pass) ... ..	...	1.00 p.m.	Carlisle (pass) ... ..	...	12.05 p.m.
Weaver Junct. (pass) ... ..	...	1.18 p.m.	Penrith (pass) ... ..	...	12.38 p.m.
Warrington (pass) ... ..	...	1.27 p.m.	Tebay (pass) ... ..	...	1.09 p.m.
Wigan (pass) ... ..	...	1.47 p.m.	Oxenholme (pass) ... ..	...	1.21 p.m.
Standish Junct. (pass) ... ..	...	1.54 p.m.	Carnforth (pass) ... ..	...	1.33 p.m.
Preston (pass) ... ..	...	2.09 p.m.	Lancaster (pass) ... ..	...	1.39 p.m.
Lancaster (pass) ... ..	...	2.31 p.m.	Preston (pass) ... ..	...	2.02 p.m.
Carnforth (pass) ... ..	...	2.37 p.m.	Standish Junct. (pass) ... ..	...	2.21 p.m.
Oxenholme (pass) ... ..	...	2.54 p.m.	Wigan (pass) ... ..	...	2.28 p.m.
Tebay (pass) ... ..	...	3.14 p.m.	Warrington (pass) ... ..	...	2.47 p.m.
Penrith (pass) ... ..	...	3.40 p.m.	Weaver Junct. (pass) ... ..	...	2.56 p.m.
Carlisle (pass) ... ..	...	4.07 p.m.	Crewe (pass) ... ..	...	3.17 p.m.
Gretna (pass) ... ..	...	4.26 p.m.	Rugby (pass) ... ..	...	4.40 p.m.
Glasgow Central ... ..	...	arr. 6.25 p.m.	Euston ... ..	...	arr. 6.13 p.m.

# DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



A rabbit that spoke was a shock to old Mopp—His mouth opened wide and his eyes seemed to pop!

## THE ANIMAL CONCERT

"YOU know, Dripp, this can't go on!" growled Dr. Grunter, the polar bear, to Mr. Dripp, the turtle. "The boys are beginning to run absolutely wild. What we must do is to find some building or some place where we can carry on a proper school and have proper lessons and everything."

Dr. Grunter hadn't always been a polar bear. Neither had Mr. Dripp always been a turtle. Not so very long ago they had been two schoolmasters in charge of a party of schoolboys, who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest. One morning, however, the whole party 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 the two masters and the boys a dose of medicine, he had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Dr. Dozey could find some liquid to change them all back to their proper selves again.

"I must make some inquiries and see if there is a convenient building to let somewhere, which we can use as a school," went on Dr. Grunter, pacing the wooden hut which he shared with Mr. Dripp. "It's ridiculous, the whole lot of us living in wooden huts like this!"

Abruptly he broke off as the door of the hut was pushed open and a well-dressed gentleman poked his head in. Who this gentleman was Dr. Grunter didn't know. But at sight of him Dr. Grunter fairly gnashed his long yellow fangs with rage. For Dr. Grunter wanted to keep secret the fact that he and the boys had been changed into birds and animals.

If Dr. Grunter was surprised to see the gentleman poke his head into the hut, the thin gentleman was more than surprised when he found himself staring at a savage-looking polar bear and a turtle.

Next instant, as the polar bear made a savage rush at him, he let out a howl of terror and turned and fled.

Glancing back over his shoulder, he saw to his horror that the polar bear was running after him, its great horrid looking yellow fangs bared in the most dreadful manner.

With another howl, louder than the first, the gentleman shot madly round the corner of a barn and, as he did so, he crashed so violently into red-faced jolly-looking Farmer Whipstraw that the pair of them fell to the ground.

"Why—what the—what's the matter?" gasped Farmer Whipstraw, struggling to rise.

"Save me! Save me!" howled the gentleman, clutching the farmer wildly round the neck. "Don't let it touch me! Don't let that frightful polar bear gobble me up!"

"Oh, him!" said Farmer Whipstraw, pushing the gentleman away and struggling to his feet. "He won't touch you! He's gone now. Come on, get up!"

He helped the gentleman to rise, saying as he did so: "Why, if it isn't Mr. Mopp from the village! I didn't recognise you at first, Mr. Mopp!"

"You d-d-didn't have much chance!" said Mr. Mopp, dabbing at his face with a handkerchief. "I was coming to see you and I j-just popped my head into a hut and there was that frightful-looking polar bear and a turt-turtle!"

"Ah, yes!" said Farmer

Whipstraw. "Well, you see, I'm keeping a few animals like that for a time. What do you want to see me about?"

"Well, I want to borrow a rabbit—a live rabbit," explained Mr. Mopp. "It's like this. There's a concert in the Village Hall tonight and I've promised to do a few conjuring tricks. Well, my best trick is to produce a live rabbit from a top hat. But I haven't got a live rabbit."

"Well, I haven't got a live rabbit around at the moment," said Farmer Whipstraw with his jolly laugh. "But Alf, one of my lads, will catch one for you in the woods. There's no cruelty about this trick of yours, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no!" cried Mr. Mopp hastily.

"That's good," said Farmer Whipstraw. "I won't have any cruelty to animals. Well, now, I'll tell you what. Alf will catch you a rabbit and bring it along to the Village Hall before the concert starts. Will that do?"

"That will do splendidly!" cried Mr. Mopp.

So, later that day, Alf went off to the woods to try to catch a rabbit. He hadn't been trying very long when suddenly a sleek-looking fox popped its head round a tree and said with a grin: "Hallo, Alf! What are you up to?"

"Oh, hallo, Master Fenton!" said Alf, for the fox was really one of the schoolboys named Freddy Fenton. Then Alf told him all about Mr. Mopp and the village concert that night.

"Why, that'll suit Billy Bunn down to the ground!" chuckled Freddy. Raising his voice, he cried: "Billy! Hallo! Where are you? Come here!"

Next moment a rabbit came bounding through the bushes. The rabbit was really a boy named Billy Bunn.

"What's up?" he cried.

"Oh, a most marvellous wheeze!" chuckled Freddy. "A man called Mopp is going to do some conjuring tricks at a village concert tonight. He's going to produce a live rabbit from a hat—and you're going to be the rabbit. He, he, he! You listen to me a minute, Billy!"

Billy listened. By the time Freddy had finished talking, Billy was laughing fit to bust.

"Oh, my, what a giddy lark!" he gasped.

The Village Hall was packed for the concert. But the singers and other turns weren't very good and the audience was getting fed-up with the whole show.

They didn't even brighten up when Mr. Mopp came on, for most of the audience had seen Mr. Mopp's conjuring tricks before and didn't think much of them. Having done a few card tricks and one or two with a handkerchief, Mr. Mopp sud-

denly produced a top hat and said:

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I come to my great trick of the evening. I intend to produce a live rabbit from this top hat which, as you can see, is quite empty!"

He placed the top hat on a small table covered with a cloth. Then he plunged his hand into the hat and drew from it a struggling rabbit.

"There you are!" he cried triumphantly.

The audience clapped, for it wasn't a bad trick, really. Next instant, however, they got the shock of their lives. So did Mr. Mopp. For the rabbit yelled:

"What are you clapping for, you silly asses? He didn't take me out of the hat. The top of the hat opens like a lid and he had me in the box fastened under the top of the table. All he did was to put his hand right through the hat and a hole in the table and lift me up!"

Mr. Mopp got such a fright at hearing the rabbit talk that he dropped him to the stage. The audience just sat gaping as though they could believe neither their eyes nor their ears.

"D'you know what?" yelled Bill Bunn, the rabbit, prancing forward to the footlights. "I think this is a pretty mouldy concert, don't you? I've brought along some of my pals from the woods to brighten things up a bit. We have some wizard concerts there, particularly on moonlight nights. Come on, chaps!"

In response to this summons, a most amazing thing happened. At least, it was amazing to the audience and to the pop-eyed Mr. Mopp. For on to the stage rushed a swarm of animals, including a fox, a hare, a dormouse, a badger, a hedgehog, a squirrel, an otter, a stoat, and lots of others. They were Billy's schoolboy pals, of course, but the audience didn't know that.

Joining hands—or, rather, paws—they started dancing round and round, singing at the very top of their voices:

"This is how we dance in the woods;  
Dance in the woods, dance in the woods;  
This is how we dance in the woods,  
When the nights are warm and balmy!"

Faster and faster went the dance, then shouting with laughter, the animals suddenly rushed pell-mell off the stage and shot out of the building. Alf had a cart waiting outside in the darkness. As the animals leapt into it, Alf jerked the reins and away bowled the cart for Meadowsweet Farm.

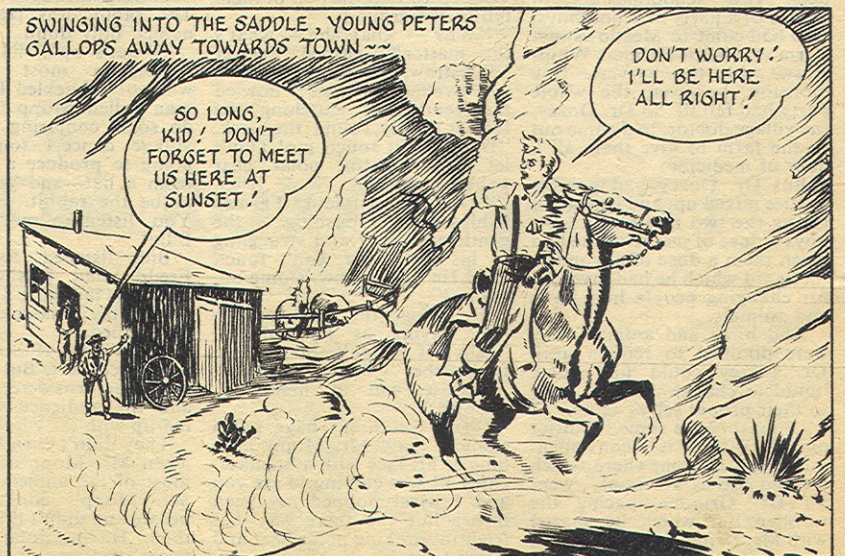
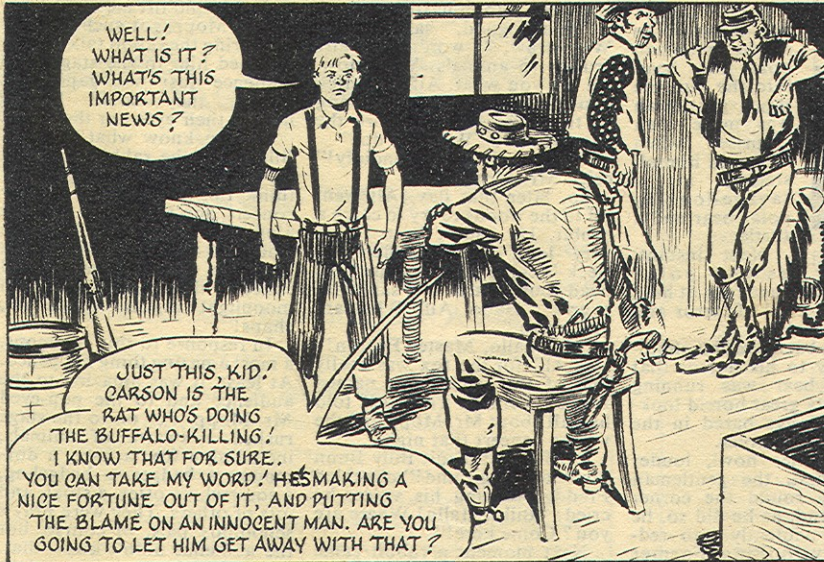
To this day folks in the village still talk of that amazing concert and say that they wouldn't have missed it for anything. But they are still completely mystified as to how the animals were able to talk.

Don't miss the fun and laughter with the schoolboy-animals next week!"

COMET—June 21, 1952—13

# KIT CARSON and the BUFFALO BANDITS

Kit Carson is acting as a buffalo warden to protect the mighty animals from being wiped out by ruthless hunters who kill them for their hides. He catches old Walrus Peters near a shot animal and arrests him on suspicion, although he feels sure he is innocent. Young Peters declares he'll get Kit Carson for arresting his Dad. And so the real buffalo killers, led by Utah Gray, see a fine chance to get even with Kit by using the boy.





THINGS ARE GOING GREAT, BOYS! THAT KID IS RIPE FOR ANYTHING! NOW TO LURE CARSON TO SILVER CANYON-- AND SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S GOING TO BE A ONE-WAY TRIP FOR THAT SNOOPER.

YOU SURE SAID IT, UTAH!



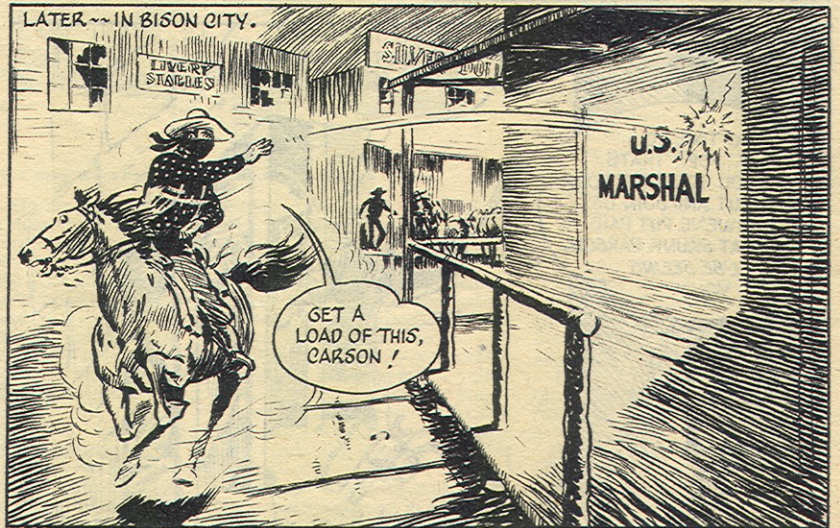
CARSON! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO IS BEHIND THE BUFFALO-KILLING, COME TO SILVER CANYON ALONE, AT DUSK TO-NIGHT.

A FRIEND



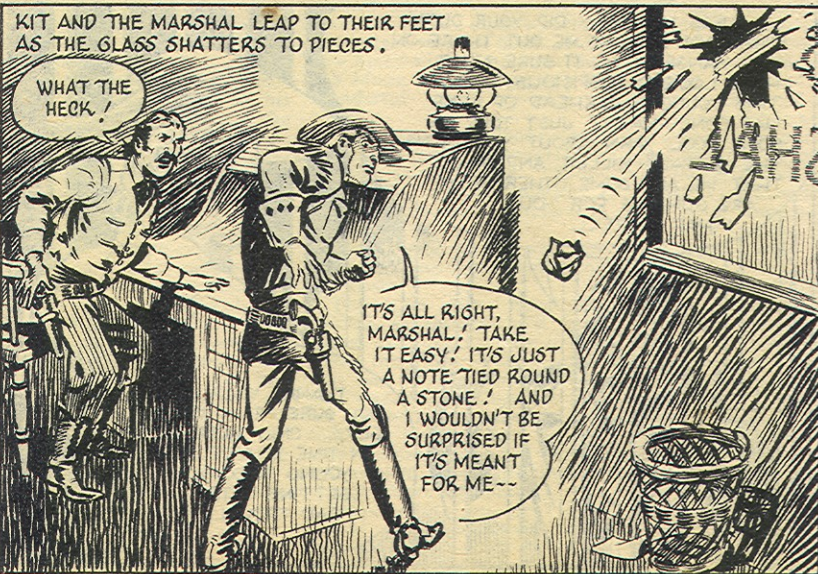
THERE! I GUESS THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! JUD, YOU CAN DO THE DELIVERING! MAKE SURE CARSON GETS IT-- AND BE SURE YOU'RE NOT SEEN!

LEAVE IT TO ME, UTAH!



LATER-- IN BISON CITY.

GET A LOAD OF THIS, CARSON!



KIT AND THE MARSHAL LEAP TO THEIR FEET AS THE GLASS SHATTERS TO PIECES.

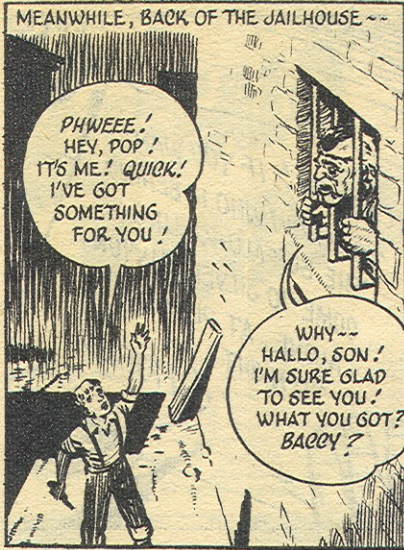
WHAT THE HECK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MARSHAL! TAKE IT EASY! IT'S JUST A NOTE TIED ROUND A STONE! AND I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT'S MEANT FOR ME--

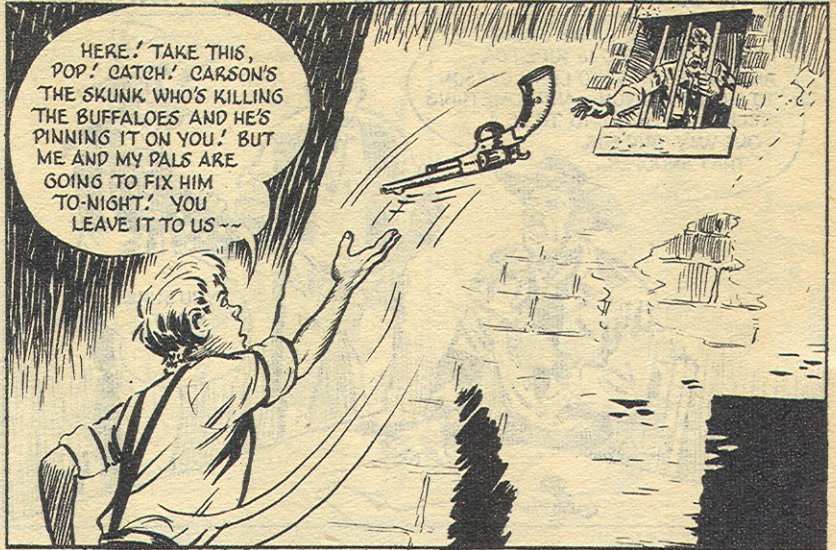


THINGS ARE MOVING AT LAST, MARSHAL! READ THIS!

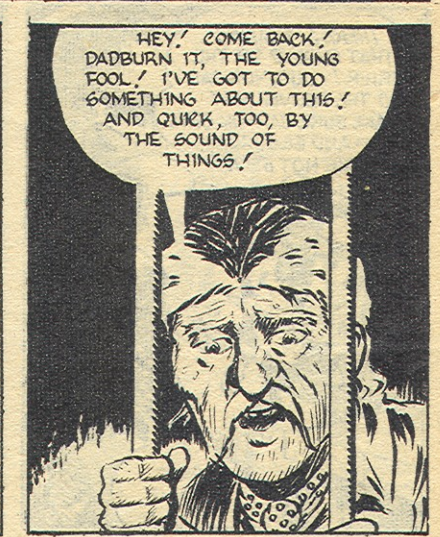
SURE LOOKS LIKE IT, KIT! BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SILVER CANYON ALONE. I'M A-COMING WITH YOU!



WHAT IS IT, WALRUS? WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



THANKS, WALRUS! YOU SURE ARE A WHITE GUY! ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN TIME TO STOP THE YOUNG RASCAL GETTING INTO BAD TROUBLE!



Will Kit win his race against time? Next week you'll know!



# MICK THE MOON BOY



"Leggo!" screamed the clerk, tugging like mad to release his nose from Swellbody's grip.

## DARK DOINGS!

**M**ICK the Moon Boy stopped outside the entrance of one of Chicago's biggest and most posh hotels.

"What about this place?" he said to his twelve-years-old pal Hank Luckner.

"Aw, say, be yourself, Mick!" cried Hank in alarm. "We can't stay in a swell, slap-up joint like this!"

"Why not?" demanded Mick. "We've got enough money, haven't we, and we've got to stay somewhere!"

"Yeah, but this place looks like a palace or something," protested Hank. "And just look at that guy standing there by the door. He's a general in the army or something."

"He's nothing of the kind," chuckled Mick. "Don't let his uniform kid you. He's just the doorman. Come on!"

He marched past the gaudily-uniformed doorman and into the big, luxuriously-furnished entrance lobby of the hotel. Hank followed, quite ready for the pair of them to be flung out on their ears at any moment.

Mick, however, seemed to have no such fears. Why should he? Mick was no ordinary boy. He was from the moon and had crashed in a Flying Saucer near to where Hank lived. The two boys had chummed up and set off to see the world.

Mick marched up to the reception desk and said to the clerk behind the counter:

"My friend and I would like to book a room, please."

The clerk was a well-dressed, thin-faced man with sleek, pomaded hair and a very snooty

expression. He looked coldly at Mick, then even more coldly at the shrinking figure of Hank, who only a few weeks ago had been a ragged little hill-billy boy.

"We don't book rooms to kids," he said.

"What d'you mean, kids?" retorted Mick. "I'm sixteen."

"Oh, yeah?" sneered the clerk. "Well, I'm not interested, bud. So scram!"

"Yes, come on, come on, don't stand arguing here!" cried a big, fat, well-dressed man, pushing Mick roughly aside. "I want to book rooms myself. I haven't all day to wait!"

Mick allowed himself to be pushed aside. As he did so, however, he had made a curious movement with his hand. Hank saw him do it and he knew that the Moon Boy was getting his wonderful magic powers to work.

"My name's Swellbody," said the big fat gent very importantly to the snooty clerk. "Julius Swellbody, the millionaire. I want the best rooms you have in the hotel."

"What you want," said the clerk, "is a nice, hard smack on the kisser."

The rich Mr. Swellbody started as though he'd been stung. He didn't know it was Mick the Moon Boy's magic that was making the clerk talk that way. All he knew was that no one had ever talked to him that way before. Since he had made his millions he had swelled and swelled until it looked as though he would burst.

"What did you say?" he roared, his face crimson with fury.

"You said you wanted the best

rooms in the hotel," replied the clerk sweetly. "And I said you wanted a nice, hard smack on the kisser. And here it is!"

With the words, he leaned across the counter and smote millionaire Swellbody a real wallop right in the face.

"Why, you—you—you crazy, pie-faced, little tramp!" yelled Swellbody. "I'll spifficate you—I'll tear you in pieces—I'll knock that nasty weasel face of yours right into the middle of next week!"

He made a furious grab at the clerk and succeeded in grabbing that gent by his sharp, pointed nose.

"Leggo!" screamed the clerk, tugging like mad to release his nose from Swellbody's grip.

But Swellbody, too, was tugging like mad. And right there in front of the startled eyes of everybody around a very curious thing happened. For the clerk's nose was becoming longer and longer for all the world as though it were made of chewing gum or of something else that you could stretch.

"Leggo, will you?" he screamed.

"No I won't!" roared Swellbody, still tugging like mad at the clerk's nose, which by this time was a good three feet and more in length. "I dunno what's happening to your nasty long snout, but I've got it and I'm going to tie it in a knot!"

He did. Right there in front of everybody he tied the clerk's long, rubbery nose in a knot and then he released him.

"There, that'll teach you not to poke me in the kisser, you impudent little squirt!" he roared triumphantly. "Har!

Har! Har!"

With a scream of rage, the frantic clerk snatched up a big inkwell and hurled it at the hilarious Mr. Swellbody. That gent saw it coming, however, and dodged it. The hotel manager, coming galloping up to the scene to find out what all the row was about, didn't see it coming. The inkwell caught him a terrific crack right on the noggin, knocking him flat on his back on the nice, expensive carpet.

He saw lots of lovely stars before he managed to get to his feet. He staggered a little just as though he was punch-drunk, which he was, for he'd got a bump on his head about the size of a hen's egg.

However, he managed to lurch across to the desk, and gripping it to prevent himself from falling down again, he glared at the clerk and snarled:

"What's going on here? How dare you throw inkwells about, you crazy fool, and what've you been doing to your nose?"

"I've not done anything to it!" yelled the clerk, frantically trying to untie the knot in it and not succeeding. "He done it!"

He flung out a pointing finger at the fat Mr. Swellbody.

"I only done it because he poked me in the teeth with his fist!" roared Swellbody. "What right's he got to poke me with his fist? What sort of joint is this, anyway?" bellowed he.

Before the manager could reply a uniformed porter came rushing up, grabbed him by the arm, and yelled:

"Look there! Get an eyeful of that inkwell!"

Following the direction of the porter's pointing hand, the manager saw the inkwell still lying on the carpet where it had fallen after biffing him on the head. But the mysterious thing about it was that ink was pouring out of it as though from a bottomless well and was rapidly flooding the entrance lobby.

Already lots of ladies and gentlemen had hopped up onto chairs and tables in order to escape from the flood and what with the angry screams of the ladies and the furious bellows of the gentlemen the whole place was in an uproar.

"Why don't you pick the beastly bottle up?" yelled the manager at the porter.

"I can't!" bawled the porter. "I've tried to, but I can't!"

With what sounded very much like an oath, the raging manager rushed to pick up the inkwell. But the ink, now inches deep all over the lobby, had made the floor slippery with the result that his feet shot away from under him and he went flat on his face amidst a most horrid splash of ink.

"Har! Har! Har!" guffawed

(Continued on page 18)

## MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 17)

the fat Mr. Swellbody, who had hoisted himself up and was sitting on the reception desk, so as to be out of the way of the inky flood. "I knew this joint was crazy, and now I'm blamed sure it is. Har! Har! Har!"

In his mirth and all the excitement he had forgotten about the raging, vengeful clerk just behind him at the other side of the counter. He remembered him next moment, however, for stepping back a few paces, the clerk rushed at him with outstretched hands and sent him flying head-first off the counter to plunge full-length into the inky flood with a most terrific splash.

"Well, well, and all this fuss just because they were too snooty to give us a room," murmured Mick to Hank.

The pair of them were sitting watching the scene from some carpeted stairs which led up from the lobby.

"Yeah, it'd have been better if that stuck-up clerk had given us a room," grinned Hank. "What you going to do now, Mick?"

"Put the clerk's nose right and stop the ink from flowing out of the bottle," chuckled Mick.

He made another curious movement with his hands. As he did so, the clerk's nose untied itself in a jiffy and whipped back to its proper shape and size. The ink stopped pouring out of the bottle, but it took quite a lot of the staff quite a while to clean up the mess.

Long before they'd done so, Mick and Hank had strolled happily out of the hotel and gone off in search of a room elsewhere.

Next week our two pals have fun with the bully of Chicago!

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT PAGE 12 YET?

NO!

THEN HURRY AND TURN BACK, FOR YOU MAY RECEIVE ONE OF OUR SUPER PRESENTS THIS WEEK!

## THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN (Continued from page 9)

Bob softly again.

"Bob—I've been thinking—" "Then say on. The last time you did some thinking you were dead right, when everyone else was wrong. What have you figured out this time?"

"Well—if I was the Professor and I'd guessed where the treasure was—as I think he has—I wouldn't be worried about getting the mandarin back. I'd just go straight ahead to get the treasure and I'd keep us prisoners where we are!"

Bob frowned. "Yes—so would I, come to think of it. Because we can't get out of here any more than they can get in. We're prisoners—and prisoners we'll stay until they let us out."

Lotus nodded. "That's what I thought. Why should he bother his head about us—why should he be so anxious to get the mandarin back if he already knows the secret?"

"Search me!" "There must be some other reason. And I think I know what it is!"

"Then tell me—because I haven't a clue!" said Bob. "Gosh—it must be nice to have a brain-box like yours!"

"They aren't bothered really about getting the mandarin back—they're bothered about us being in here—they want us out of here!"

"But why?" "Because of these!" Lotus pointed up to the forward end, near the floor. Bob peered carefully.

"I spotted them while you were talking to Gaffo!" explained Lotus.

"Frogmen's outfits!" said Bob. "And that little round cover there must be an escape hatch—there should be an airlock the other side of it!"

Frogmen's outfits they were—four of them, stowed neatly under a sort of bench, upon which several cases were stacked. Behind the suits, set in the curve of the bottom plate-work, was a small round manhole, with a wheel in the centre by means of which it could be opened.

"Of course!" Bob breathed excitedly. "When I first saw this little sub, I remember thinking to myself that it was just like the ones the navy used in the war to take frogmen close in to enemy harbours and things, so that they could blow 'em up!"

"This means we can get out!" said Lotus, her eyes shining. "That's why they were so anxious to get us out of here—they didn't want us to find these!"

Bob looked at Lotus. "Are you game to try to escape?" The girl nodded. "Then what are we waiting for?"

As Bob spoke there came a further banging against the door which separated them from the rest of the sub.

"It's Gaffo again!" breathed Lotus. "He mustn't guess that we've found the frog-suits!"

"Have you made up your minds yet?" called Gaffo.

"Well—no. We're thinking about it—" Then Lotus cut in before Bob could say any more.

"I want to go home—I'm frightened. Bob—give them the ivory mandarin—let's get out of here!"

Bob looked at Lotus in amazement—and then saw that she was acting. He took his cue at once.

"We can't get out just like that. I've got to think out some safeguard, so's we can't be tricked. Give us a bit longer to think, Captain!"

"Very well, matey!" replied Gaffo, with a chuckle as he went away.

"Now let's get busy with these frog suits!" whispered Bob.

There was an engraved brass plate—real navy style, for this had once been a navy submarine, and had been sold as scrap at the end of the war—and on this brass plate was the full drill for putting on the frog outfits and getting out. The outfits were several years old and were not the complete suits that modern frogmen wear, but just rubber helmets with big round

glass windows in the front, connected to round, sausage-shaped cylinders of air for breathing, which strapped on to your chest. As well as this, there were, of course, the rubber overshoes, which were fitted with webs, like those on the feet of a frog.

Bob stowed the ivory mandarin carefully into the inside pocket of his jacket, and then the two of them, following the instructions on the brass plate, strapped on the gear. Bob made sure that the air-supply was working properly on both outfits and then he carefully began to unscrew the wheel that would open the manhole.

The round cover lifted clear with a scraping sound. The light from the store-room revealed a tiny chamber with curved walls, which were damp and red with rust. Exactly opposite to the first manhole was a second one. This was the air-lock.

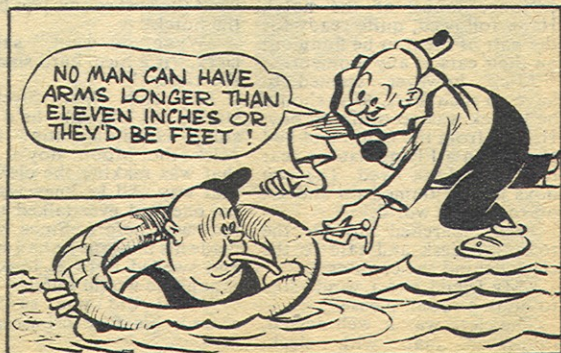
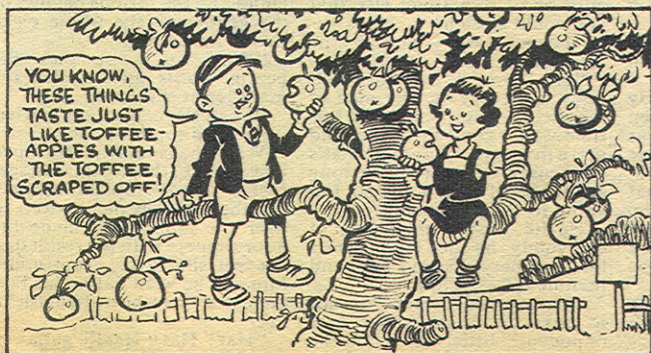
Bob and Lotus squeezed into the tiny space and then Bob closed the first manhole behind them, as it had said in the drill. There was a locking wheel upon each side of the manhole cover, so that the frogman could operate the whole job himself without assistance. Once this first manhole was properly closed they would be able to get out into the sea without the water rushing in and sinking the submarine down to the bottom.

Bob groped for the second manhole in the darkness. As he turned the wheel he felt the cold sea-water come squirting in. Again following what he had read on the brass plate, he turned slowly, letting the water rise well up, before he lifted the cover clear.

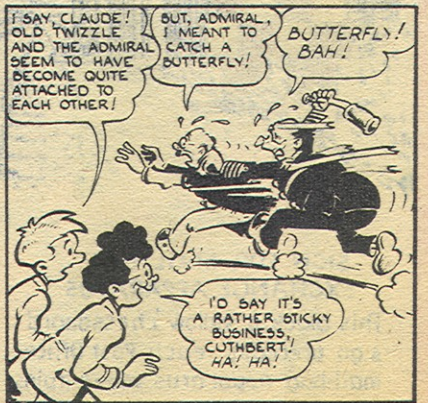
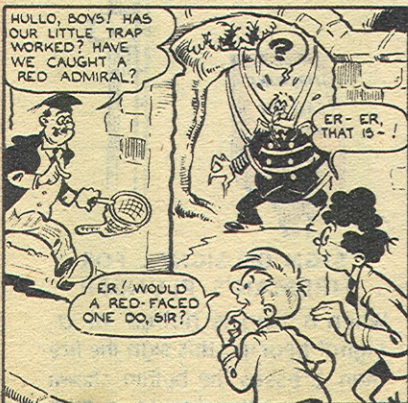
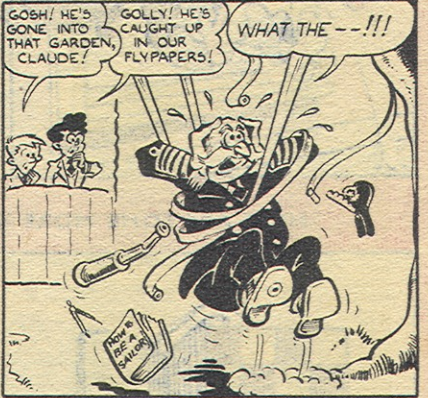
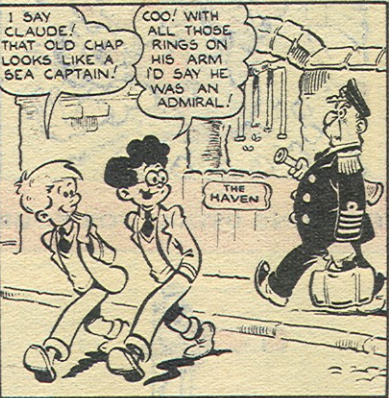
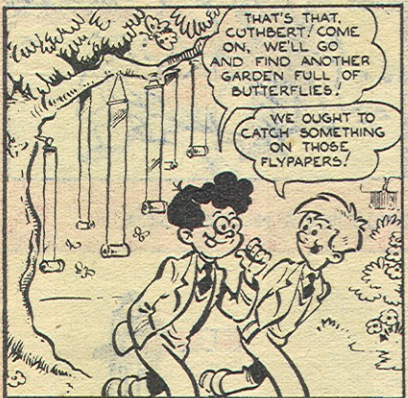
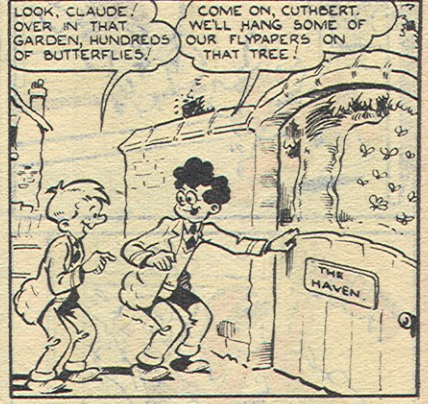
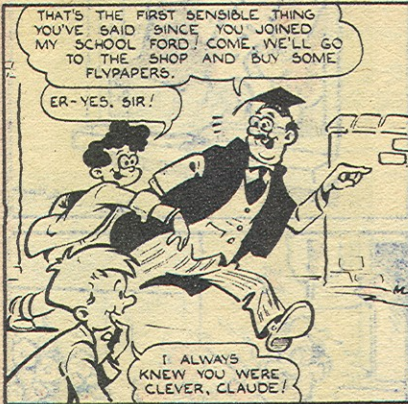
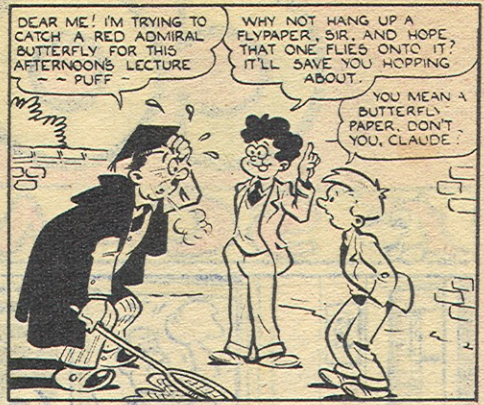
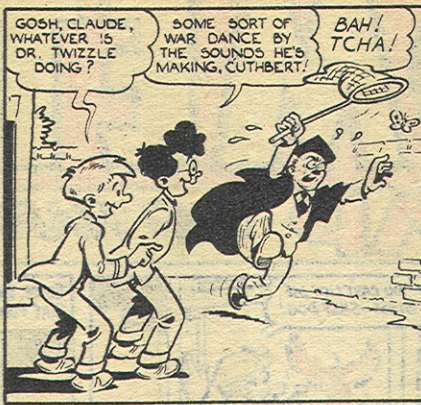
Bob felt Lotus grasp his hand, and then the two of them squeezed out through the opening and struck upwards towards the green light of the surface, forty feet or more above them.

They are out of the submarine! But what will they do adrift at sea and miles from shore?

## CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



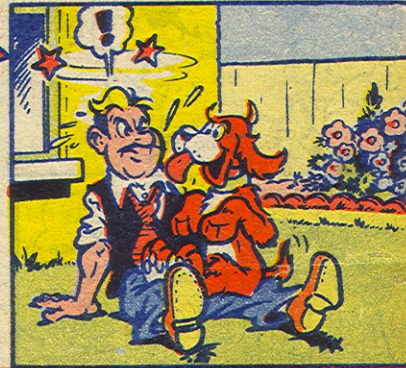
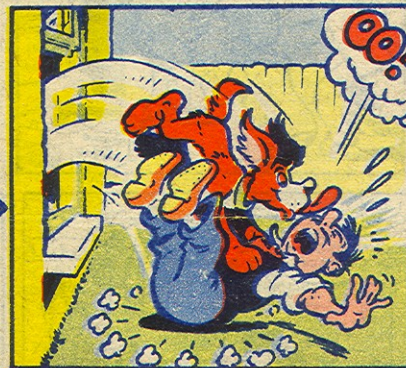
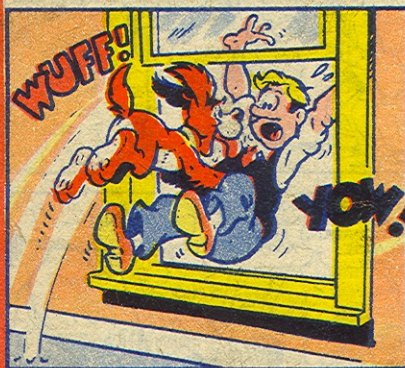
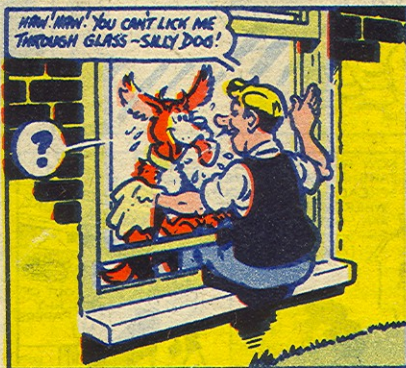
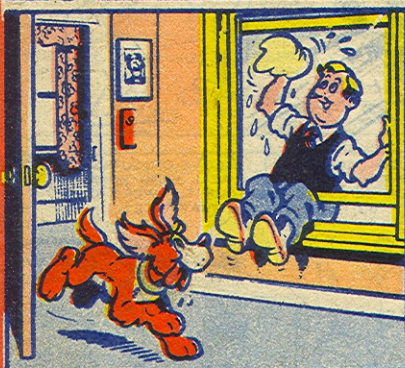
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**CLAUDE**  
 AND  
**CUTHBERT**  
 THE TWO NEW BOYS



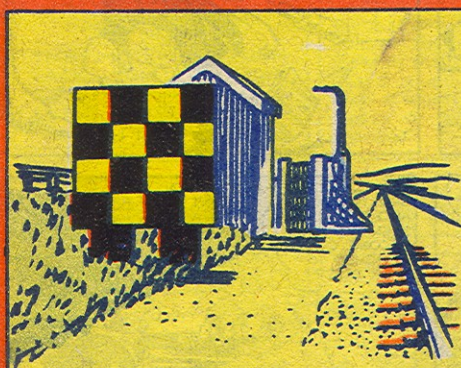
# COMET

PRICE  
**3<sup>D</sup>**  
EVERY  
MONDAY

## SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND

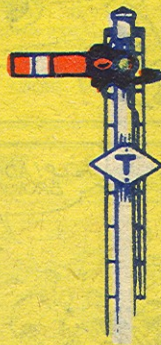


HERE ARE SOME MORE INTERESTING DETAILS FOR YOUR SPOTTER'S NOTE-BOOK



**SIGN FOR MAIL-BAG EXCHANGE APPARATUS**

This black & yellow 'chessboard' sign precedes each Post Office mail-bag apparatus where trains pick up or drop mails as they pass at speed.



**SIGN ON SIGNAL FOR TELEPHONE NEAR POST**

When a train is halted at a signal bearing this sign, the fireman knows that a nearby telephone can be used to call the signalman.



**SIGN ON SIGNAL FOR FIREMAN'S PLUNGER**

When a train is halted at a signal bearing this sign the fireman presses the button shown to acquaint the signalman with the presence of his train.