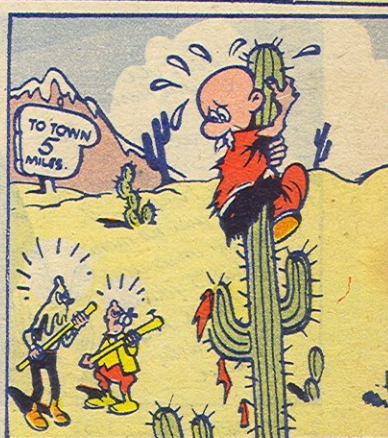
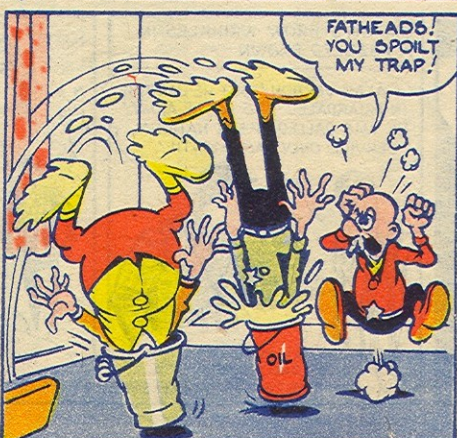
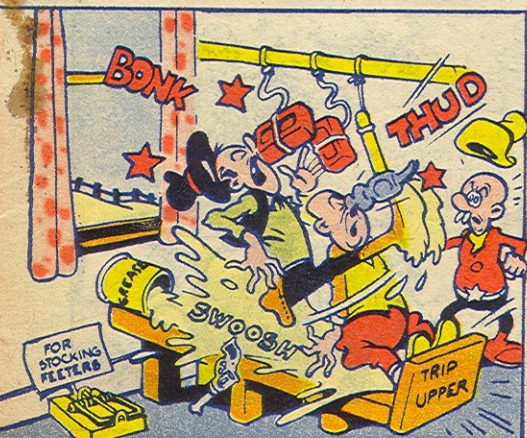
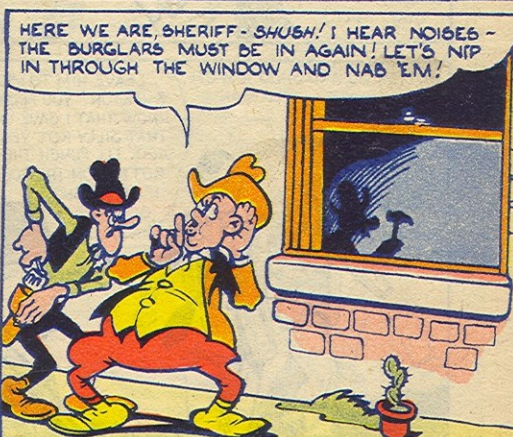
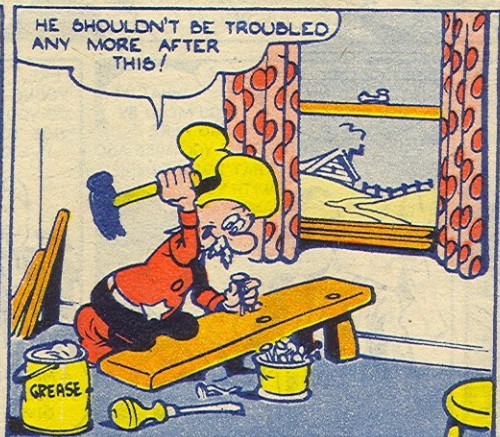
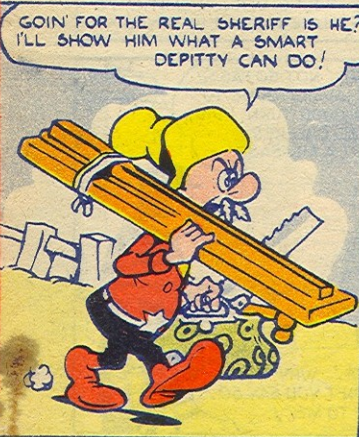
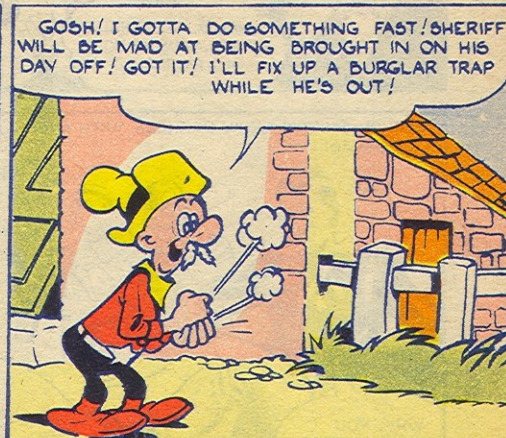
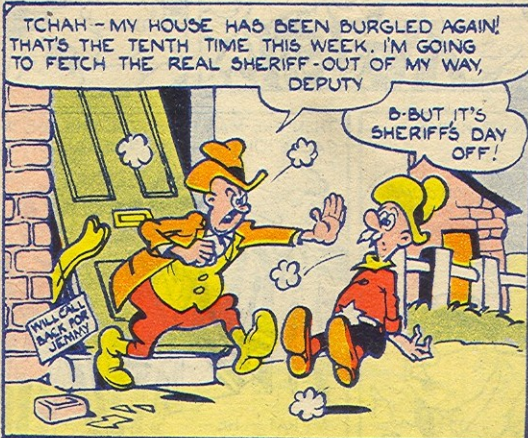
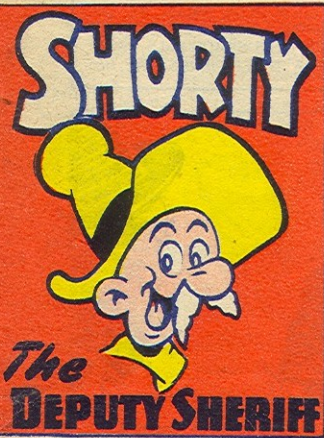


FULL OF COLOUR, BRIGHT AND GAY,
THAT'S THE COMET-OUT TODAY!

COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 207. July 5, 1952



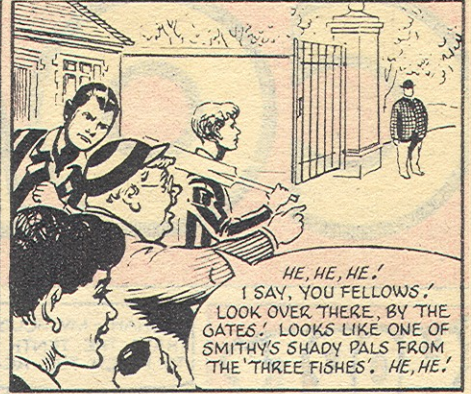
Herbert Vernon Smith once got himself into an awful lot of trouble, through getting himself mixed up with some rather bad characters in Friardale village. That's how he got his nick-name —The Bouncer. But just lately the Bouncer has reformed, given up playing the fool, and gained a place in the school cricket team.

THE WORST BOY AT GREYFRIARS

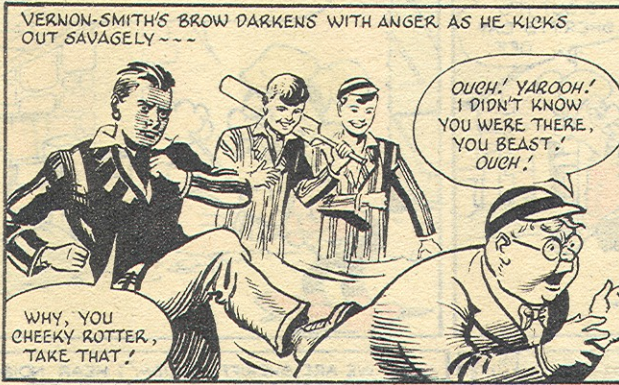


HALLO, HALLO, HALLO. WHAT'S AMUSING YOU, OLD FAT MAN?

WE'VE GOT A GOOD TEAM TO-DAY, MEN! WE OUGHT TO PUT IT OVER ST. JIM'S WELL AND TRULY THIS TIME!



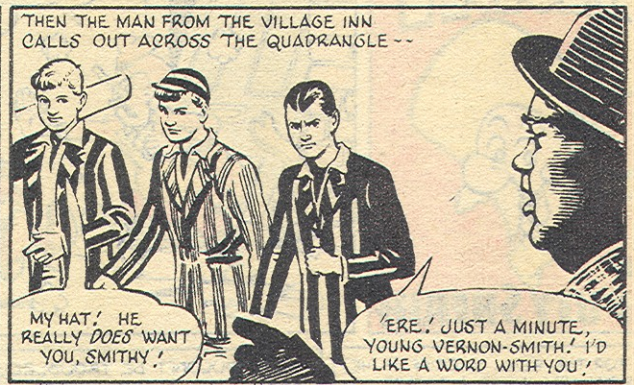
HE, HE, HE! I SAY, YOU FELLOWS! LOOK OVER THERE, BY THE GATES. LOOKS LIKE ONE OF SMITHY'S SHADY PALS FROM THE 'THREE FISHES'. HE, HE!



VERNON-SMITH'S BROW DARKENS WITH ANGER AS HE KICKS OUT SAVAGELY ---

OUCH! YAROOH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THERE, YOU BEAST! OUCH!

WHY, YOU CHEEKY ROTTER, TAKE THAT!



THEN THE MAN FROM THE VILLAGE INN CALLS OUT ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE ---

MY HAT! HE REALLY DOES WANT YOU, SMITHY!

'ERE! JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG VERNON-SMITH! I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU!



BETTER GO AND SHOO HIM OFF, OLD MAN!

LEAVE HIM TO ME, WHARTON! YOU FELLOWS KNOW THAT I GAVE UP ALL THAT SILLY ROT YEARS AGO! I'LL PUNCH THE ROTTER ON THE NOSE IF HE DOESN'T GO AWAY!



DON'T BE LONG, OLD CHAP! MATCH BEGINS IN TEN MINUTES!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING HERE? I TOLD YOU AGES AGO THAT I WAS FINISHED WITH YOU AND YOUR LOT!



'ERE! 'ERE! NOT SO FAST, YOUNG SHAVER! COME TO DO YOU A GOOD TURN, I DID, NOT TO BE CHEEKED! I'VE GOT A MESSAGE --

A MESSAGE! WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! GIVE IT TO ME!

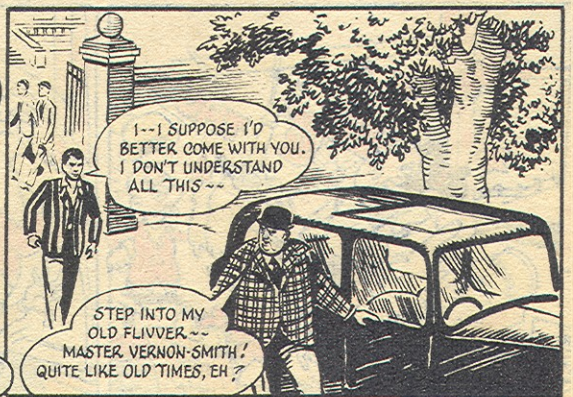
Dear old Cousin Herbert
Just arrived in Friardale and staying at the "Three Fishes". In trouble and no money. Come at once and keep this to yourself. I need your help.
Your Cousin Alan



SMITHY'S BROW WRINKLES IN A PUZZLED FROWN --

ALAN VERNON! BUT HE CAN'T BE IN FRIARDALE! HE'S IN THE ARMY! HE WAS CALLED UP FOR NATIONAL SERVICE ONLY LAST MONTH!

WELL, HE'S AT MY INN NOW, AND RUNNING UP A BILL, RIGHT NOW, I CAN TELL YOU!



1--1 SUPPOSE I'D BETTER COME WITH YOU. I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS --

STEP INTO MY OLD FLIVVER -- MASTER VERNON-SMITH! QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES, EH?

THE BOUNDER LETS THE SIDE DOWN—BUT CAN HE REALLY HELP IT?

BUT BEHIND A GATEPOST A FAT FIGURE IS LISTENING--

WHAT WAS THAT? LIKE OLD TIMES! MY HAT, THE BOUNDER MUST HAVE STARTED HIS ROTTEN PUB-CRAWLING TRICKS AGAIN!

BILLY BUNTER'S EYES GLEAM AS HE HURRIES AWAY TO THE BICYCLE SHED--

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH THE BEAST. IF HE'S PUB-HAUNTING-- THEN HE'LL JOLLY-WELL PAY ME TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT!

PHEW! SMOKEY ROTTER OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF-- HE'S A-- DISGRACE TO THE SCHOOL! SHOULD GET A FIVER OUT OF THE BEAST FOR A START!

LOOKING CAUTIOUSLY ABOUT HIM, THE BOUNDER FOLLOWS THE INNKEEPER INTO THE FORBIDDEN "THREE FISHES"--

THERE HE GOES-- THE ROTTER! INTO THE 'THREE FISHES'. SO I WAS RIGHT! WELL, HE'LL JOLLY-WELL HAVE TO STUMP UP NOW!

INSIDE THE OLD INN, SMITHY COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH HIS COUSIN--

SO YOU GOT MY NOTE, YOU YOUNG BOUNDER. I KNEW THIS WAS ONE OF YOUR FAVOURITE HAUNTS-- SO I CAME HERE--

IT'S NOT ONE OF MY HAUNTS! I CHUCKED THIS STUPID GAME LONG AGO. WHY DIDN'T YOU COME STRAIGHT TO THE SCHOOL TO SEE ME, IF YOU'RE ON LEAVE--

ON LEAVE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I'VE CHUCKED IT, OLD MAN! DESERTED! I'M FED UP WITH THE ARMY AND I NEED MONEY TO GET AWAY!

DESERTED! A COUSIN OF MINE-- A DESERTER!

THERE'S YOUR FARE BACK TO YOUR UNIT! IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET OUT OF ME! GO BACK AND FACE THE MUSIC-- IF YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN!

WHY-- YOU CHEEKY YOUNG BRAT!

YOU THINK I'D GO BACK TAMELY TO A COURT-MARTIAL, YOU YOUNG FOOL! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME HAVE MORE MONEY! I NEED IT!

YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER PENNY OUT OF ME. I TOOK ENOUGH RISK COMING HERE, AND NOW I'M GOING--

FLINGING HIS COUSIN ASIDE, SMITHY STRIDES GRIM-FACED FROM THE INN--

YOU'VE NOT HEARD THE LAST OF ME!

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU ROTTER--

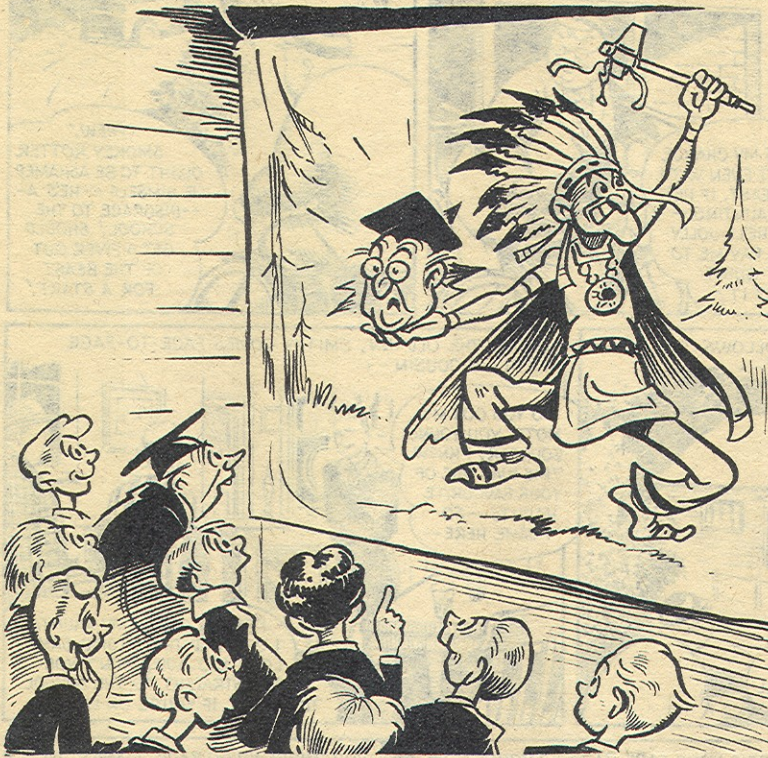
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CRICKET MATCH--

INKY'S OUT! WE'VE LOST!

AND IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THAT CAD, SMITHY!

Things look black for the Bounder! And there's more trouble for him in next week's adventures!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



At the most exciting moment of the film, Dr. Gandybar's head popped through the screen!

"I'm always amazed," said Dr. Gandybar, "that the beastly place doesn't collapse in ruins! It's a ruin anyway, but it simply won't collapse. I've been hoping for years that it would."

He and Mr. Halfspun, the Fourth Form master, were standing in the playing fields of Gandybar School and staring at the dreary and ancient-looking building which housed the school gymnasium.

"It ought to be condemned," agreed Mr. Halfspun. "If you were to ask the Governors, sir, then perhaps—"

"Rubbish!" snapped back the Headmaster. "I daren't ask the Governors to condemn the building and put up money for a new one. They'd be much more likely to condemn me!"

"Hm!" mumbled Mr. Halfspun brightly, as if the idea was a good one. "They might at that!"

"Squire Perrins is the Governor in charge of that sort of thing," went on Dr. Gandybar, blissfully unaware of Mr. Halfspun's thoughts. "But he certainly won't help. Spends all his time with his nose stuck in that collection of ancient coins that he's so keen on. It would take a genius to make him fork out a few present-day coins for building a new gym!"

Mr. Halfspun had stopped paying attention. He was staring

at a little queue of boys who were gathering outside the gym and seemed to be filing in. It was early evening, and work had finished for the day—but the boys of Gandybar School usually had little time for the ramshackle old gymnasium.

"Strange!" muttered the Headmaster when Mr. Halfspun pointed the matter out to him. "Let's investigate!" They strolled across the playing fields and stopped short to stare in astonishment at the boldly painted poster on the door of the gym:

SMELLIES!

The Wonder of the Age!

First . . . The Movies

Then . . . The Talks

NOW . . . THE SMELLIES!

Roll-up! See, hear and sniff!

Entrance: 6d.

W. Wizzard (Prop.)

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Gandybar. "It's Wizzard up to his tricks again!" Sure enough, the schoolboy inventor was standing in the doorway, his eyes shining through his huge spectacles and a frown of concentration wrinkling his bulging forehead as he collected the sixpences from his schoolmates or sorted out change when it was needed.

"Wizzard!" boomed Dr. Gandybar, and the schoolboy inventor jumped.

"Oh! Dr. Gandybar, sir! Er—

to wait. Willie closed the door and set in motion a projector facing the screen. Then he stumbled through the dim light towards an empty space behind the screen.

It seemed just like an ordinary cinema show at first. Willie had evidently built the projector and hired the film from a film-library in the nearest town. It was a cowboy film, featuring a long-fought duel of wits and guns between Sheriff Rex Hardacre and Butch Lannigan, the Terror of Texas.

But somehow the audience could almost sense the faint smell of the pinewoods shown on the screen.

"Am I imagining things?" muttered Dr. Gandybar. His doubts were set at rest a few moments later, for the scene flashed to Rex Hardacre frying bacon over a wood fire. Quite distinctly the aroma of wood-smoke, mingled with the tasty smell of crisp, sizzling bacon drifted through the hall!

"Astounding!" gasped Mr. Halfspun. "So that's what Wizzard means by the Smellies! Wonderful idea!" But Dr. Gandybar was not content simply to admire. He liked to poke his nose into things. Quietly he rose and made his way round to the back of the screen.

Willie Wizzard was crouched

over a large, box-like object. Ranged on a shelf along the top of the box were about two dozen little bottles containing liquid. As Dr. Gandybar watched, Willie glanced up at the reverse side of the screen and saw that Rex Hardacre was busy grappling with a huge bear.

At once Willie picked up a bottle and tilted a few drops of the liquid down a small funnel in the top of the contraption. A faint whirring sound came from within and at once the gym seemed filled with the strong, zoo-like aroma that one might expect of a bear.

"I've never encountered a bear very closely," whispered Dr. Gandybar, "but I should imagine that was most life-like, Wizzard! Explain this invention to me."

"Well, sir," Willie answered in low tones, his eyes on the screen. "This box turns liquids into vapour and pumps out the vapour so that it spreads all over the hall in a second or two. All these bottles contain different liquids that I've invented, and by mixing them in one way or another I can put out practically any aroma you can think of!"

"A most ingenious idea!" beamed Dr. Gandybar. "What happens when these cowboys start to fire their guns, for example?"

Willie picked up a bottle and uncorked it.

"Here you are, sir. It's a sort of cordite smell. Take a sniff!" Dr. Gandybar was standing with his back to the screen now. He leaned forward and sniffed hard. Unfortunately Willie hadn't allowed for the strength of the liquid in its raw state.

Poor Dr. Gandybar felt as if somebody had shot his nose off with a red-hot bullet!

"Arrgh!" he roared and staggered back, twisting round and clutching at the wooden framework which supported the screen. Next moment there was a faint ripping sound as his head poked right through the white sheet.

The audience gaped. One moment they had been sitting tense with excitement as an Indian witch-doctor performed a dance around the captured Rex Hardacre, carrying a grinning skull in this hand—and next moment the skull in the witch-doctor's hand was replaced by the agonised head of Dr. Gandybar himself!

It was just by chance that Dr. Gandybar's head broke through the screen at that point, but it certainly gave everybody a shock.

"Coo! They've got 'im!" squeaked a very small Third Former. "Poor old Gandybar!"

"Crumbs! I needn't do that impot he gave me, now!" gasped

another. "Put that head down at once!" cried the bewildered Mr. Halfspun, who couldn't for the life of him gather just what was happening.

"Shut up, Halfspun, you idiot!" bellowed the Headmaster. "I'm stuck! Come and get me out of this!" But Willie Wizzard was already dashing forward to help. Dr. Gandybar seemed to have got himself tangled up with the criss-cross wooden spars supporting the screen, so Willie grabbed him round the waist from behind . . . and heaved.

Together the two of them shot backwards. There came a shattering crash as they sent the "Smellie" machine flying, all the bottles smashing on the floor with sticky plops!

Seated amid that mixture of liquids, Dr. Gandybar and Willie Wizzard gazed at each other in silence through the dim light. Then Dr. Gandybar felt himself turning slightly green. Dimly he heard a wild rush of feet as everybody else in the gym, Mr. Halfspun included, fled for the open air.

There was good reason for it! The most dreadful and grisly aroma was rising from that pool of mingled liquids!

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Willie. Clutching his nose, he fled—with Dr. Gandybar hard on his heels!

Later, in the Headmaster's study, Willie waited patiently for the caning which he guessed would follow the lecture he was now receiving.

"Outrageous!" cried Dr. Gandybar. "You seem to think you are a genius, Wizzard! But—" He broke off sharply, then said in a dreamy voice: "Genius! Now what was I saying earlier this evening about a genius? Ah, I remember! I mentioned that it would take a genius to persuade Squire Perrins that we need a new gym!"

Dr. Gandybar sat lost in thought for at least two minutes, then suddenly he smiled.

"Wizzard, my boy," he chuckled, "I have work for you!"

The work Dr. Gandybar wanted done was rather startling, and it kept Willie busy half the night making preparations. At mid-morning next day the schoolboy inventor found himself crouching in the dark and dusty space between the cracked and shaky ceiling of the gymnasium and the sloping roof above.

It was very uncomfortable squatting on the rafters and trying not to put any weight on the thin laths and plaster in between—particularly as Willie had the vaporising unit of his "Smellie" invention perched on a rafter beside him.

A tube ran from the nozzle of the vaporiser to a tiny hole pierced in the plaster of the ceiling.

In the gym hall below, Dr. Gandybar was talking with Squire Perrins.

"I simply had to ask you to come, Squire," said the Headmaster. "This gymnasium is not only in bad condition but it is positively unhealthy! At times it is pervaded with a most—ah—unhygienic aroma!"

"I suppose you mean it smells?" snapped Squire Perrins bluntly.

"Quite correct," said Dr. Gandybar, and paused expectantly. Now was the moment for Willie Wizzard to get busy! But nothing happened!

"It certainly smells," repeated Dr. Gandybar in a louder voice. "I say it smells! IT SMELLS!" His voice rose to a bellowing roar as he tried to make sure that Willie Wizzard got his cue to start the vaporiser working.

"All right, all right! I'm not deaf!" snapped the squire.

In the loft above Will was doing his best. Unfortunately the torch he had brought with him suddenly decided not to work, and the schoolboy inventor could not see what he was doing.

He was groping desperately around, trying to find the bottle of special liquid he had concocted—the liquid which was a mixture of all the others and which had produced such an appalling aroma the night before.

"Just wait a moment, Squire!" Dr. Gandybar was gabbling frantically, "You'll smell it in a minute, I'm sure!"

At that moment Willie's hand found the bottle . . . and it was then that he lost his precarious balance on the rafter where he was crouching. Desperately he tried to save himself, but it was hopeless. He toppled back on to the plaster between the rafters and went crashing straight through the ceiling with a wild yell of alarm!

In a shower of broken laths and shattered plaster, Willie hurtled down. Dr. Gandybar was standing directly beneath him on a thick gym mat. The portly Headmaster broke Willie's fall and together they crashed in a tangle of arms and legs on the mat.

"By jove! It's a boy!" gasped Squire Perrins, staring from the gaping hole in the ceiling to the squirming couple on the floor. The fall had jerked the cork out of the bottle in Willie's hand and both he and Dr. Gandybar were now liberally sprinkled with the dreadful liquid.

"Poof! Agh! Oh, help!" spluttered Dr. Gandybar as he scrambled to his feet. He very much wanted to get right away from himself just then! He also feared the searching questions which Squire Perrins was bound to ask!

But oddly enough, Squire Perrins asked no questions at all. Instead he was staring with a greedy gleam in his eyes at a small silver coin which lay among the rubble on the floor. Like a pouncing cat, the squire bounded forward and grabbed up the coin, studying it intently.

"Ha! By jove! A seventeenth-century coin!" he exclaimed with the delight of a true collector. "Not particularly valuable in itself, of course, but it would hardly be on its own! Must have been hidden away when this old building was put up! Bound to be more coins—perhaps a whole range of coins for that period!"

Suddenly the squire became aware that Dr. Gandybar and the boy who had fallen through the ceiling were listening in perplexity to his babblings. The squire was so delighted with his find that he was only dimly conscious of a strange and awful aroma in the gym. Quickly he slipped the coin into his waistcoat pocket.

"You've quite convinced me, Gandybar!" he said airily. "This whole building must be pulled down and the foundations excavated! Gandybar School must have a new gym! I'll put the matter in hand at once and see that special workmen are put on the job of pulling this place down. Good day!"

And Squire Perrins clapped on his hat and strode out.

A moment later the squire was back again.

"I have been thinking some more about this matter," he announced grandly, "and I have decided that what Gandybar School needs is a gymnasium with a basement—and a good solid foundation underneath that. We must make sure

that the foundations of the basement of the gymnasium go really deep."

"Yes, Squire Perrins—really deep," beamed Dr. Gandybar.

"On second thoughts, it might be better still to have two basements, one below the other," went on Squire Perrins. "Gandybar School must have nothing but the best!"

"Oh, definitely—nothing but the best!" burred Dr. Gandybar happily.

The squire went upon his way again, and this time he did not come back.

Dr. Gandybar looked at Willie Wizzard.

"The squire reckons he's going to make a wonderful addition to his coin collection by pulling down the gym!" the Headmaster exclaimed dazedly. "Well—it's worked out all right, Wizzard! We're in luck! Let's hope the squire will be, too!"

Willie Wizzard smiled faintly.

"No harm in hoping, sir," he said innocently. "But as a matter of fact that coin fell out of my pocket! I found it on Salisbury Plain about a year ago and kept it as a lucky mascot! Do you think we should tell Squire Perrins?"

Dr. Gandybar gaped, then patted Willie genially on the shoulder.

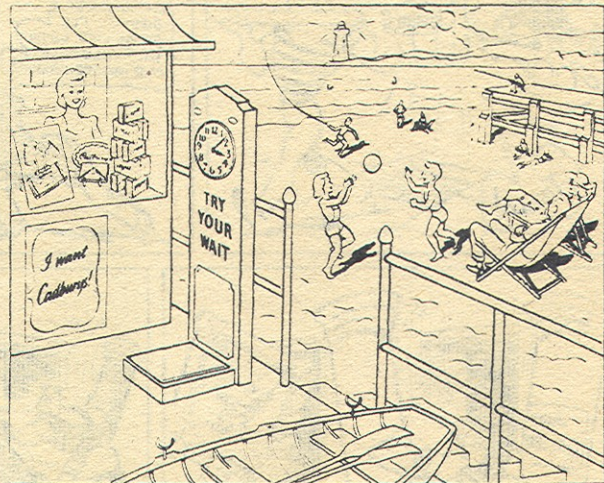
"I think not, my boy," he beamed. "After all, we don't want to spoil his fun, do we?"

Next week—Willie's new invention—A Gardening Machine.

CADBURYS PUZZLE CORNER No. 12

What's wrong at the seaside?

Our artist made several mistakes when he drew this picture. See how many you can spot . . . the eight most important ones are listed below.

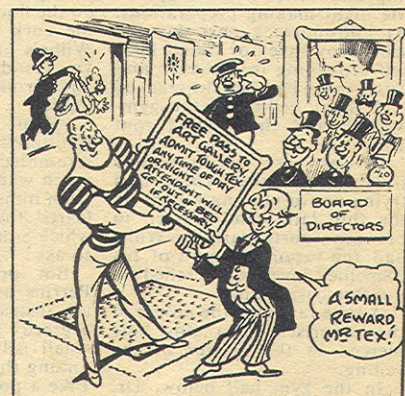
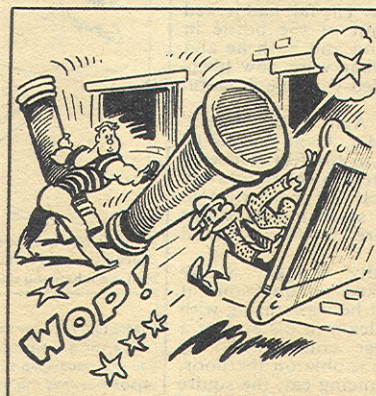
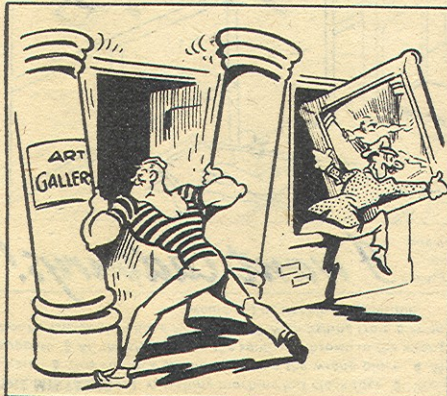
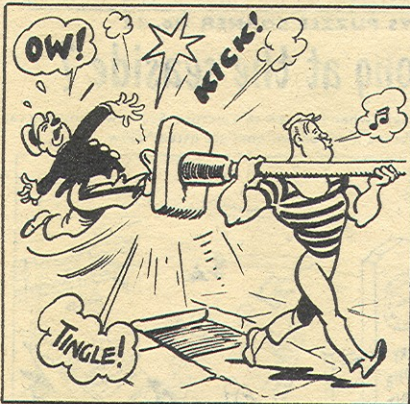
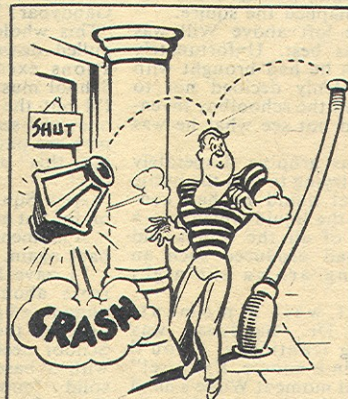
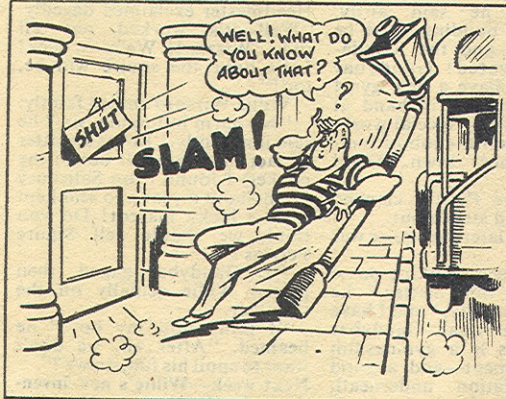


When it comes to cocoa and chocolate you'll make no mistake when you say 'Please

I want Cadburys!

THE MISTAKES—1 Weighing machine has clock face 2 Weight has been mis-spelt would not be flashing in daytime
has no kite on the end of his string 7 Man fishing from pier on to sand 8 Lighthouse support 5 All the shadows on the sand are thrown in the wrong direction 6 Little boy is not sitting on the beach 4 Man's deck chair has no wheels 3 One rowlock on the boat is in the wrong place

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



WATCH OUT FOR MORE FUN WITH OUR TOUGH PAL NEXT WEEK!

The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin

Bob Harley was the son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard. Lotus Chen was the daughter of Wan Chen, a cunning old Chinese master crook. The ivory mandarin had brought them together, and now they were firm friends.

The ivory mandarin was a little ivory statue, with clockwork which made it dance. And the way it danced was important, because the exact numbers of steps the figure made would tell you where Wan Chen had hidden his treasure—a huge hoard of stolen property.

Lotus had known nothing of her father's crooked past, until the mystery of the ivory mandarin had brought it to light. Now, although she loved her father dearly, she was determined to right some of his wrong doing by restoring his stolen treasure to its rightful owners. So she was on the side of the police in their quest for the ivory mandarin.

But another master-crook, known as the Professor, was after the treasure, and he had kidnapped Bob and Lotus aboard his submarine. Thanks to the two of them the Professor had been tricked into leaving the submarine, and Bob and Lotus had captured it. The Professor and Captain Gaffo, who commanded the submarine, they had left stranded on one of the old Ack-ack towers in the Thames estuary.

Now the submarine was headed back, full speed for shore, with Bob at the wheel. But she was sinking fast, because of damage to the nose end.

Could Bob manage to beach her before she sank?

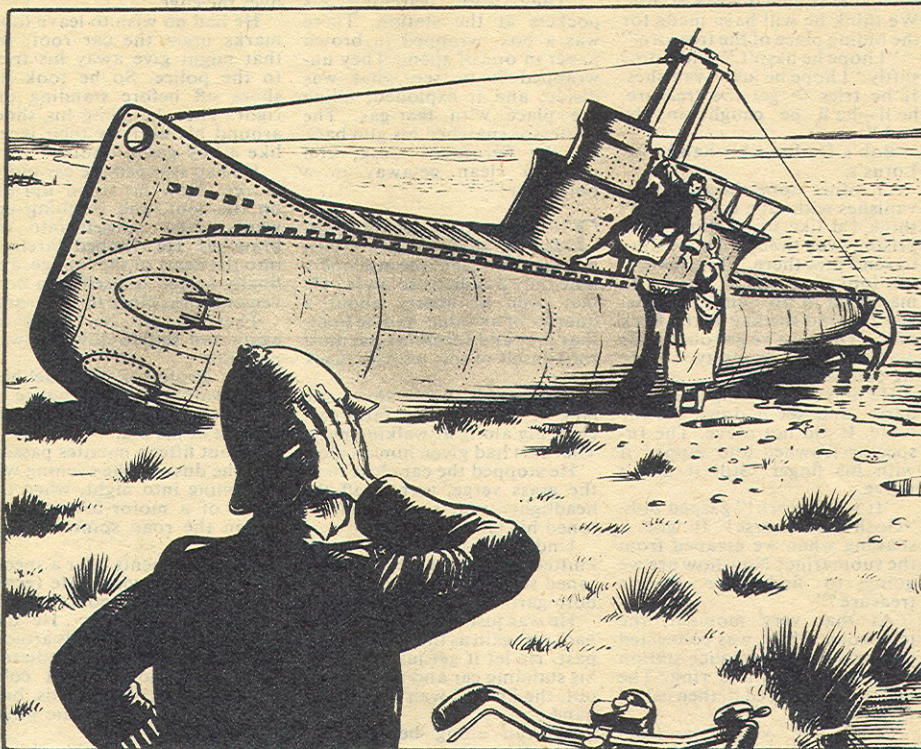
SERGEANT BRETTE of the Essex police was cycling on his rounds. Few beats in England could be as dull as his, he thought, as he pedalled along the dyke road. The road ran along the top of an earthwork barrier which had been thrown up to keep the sea out. To one side of him stretched flat dirty sand and the grey-brown waters of the estuary. To the other side, lying almost as low, stretched the flatlands of Essex—land which had all been marshland up till twenty years ago.

The Sergeant scanned the mud-flats on the river side of the dyke road. Once in a while things got washed ashore from wrecks along here.

Then the Sergeant took another look, and rubbed his eyes. Something long and grey and slender was cleaving through the water from the direction of the open sea.

"A submarine! And he's going to run ashore from the looks of things, too!"

The Sergeant put on a spurt which took him to the spot



The hatch of the submarine clanked open and Sergeant Brettle got the shock of his life. He hadn't expected a pair of youngsters like Bob and Lotus to clamber out!

nearest to where the sub was heading. He swung off his bike, and ran down the side of the dyke just as it ran its nose up on the grey mud, and keeled gently over to one side, before it came to rest.

Sergeant Brettle splashed into the shallow water alongside, as the conning tower hatch came open with a scrape and a rattle.

Two figures clad in duffle coats much too large for them clambered out.

"A couple of youngsters!" said the Sergeant in surprise, "What's this—" and then the Sergeant stopped, and looked at them more closely.

"Robert Harley and Miss Lotus Chen, if I'm not mistaken," said the Sergeant. "There's an all-stations call out from Scotland Yard for you!"

"That's us!" replied Bob, who felt as though he'd like to laugh out loud with sheer relief at being safe. "We'd better get through on the phone to my Dad as soon as possible. We've got a prisoner inside here and there are a couple more crooks stranded out on one of those old Ack-ack towers. One of them's a wanted man!"

"We'll give you action, young fella," said the Sergeant with a grin. "Bring the prisoner out. You'll have to walk to the station I'm afraid. There's only room for one on my bike!"

The next hour was taken up with telephoning to London, to tell Scotland Yard that Bob and Lotus had turned up, and to the nearby depot of the Royal Navy to take charge of the grounded sub. At the same time a navy motor patrol boat set out for the Ack-ack tower to pick up Gaffo and the Professor.

Bob and Lotus were sitting in the parlour of the Sergeant's house—next door to the station—when Inspector Harley arrived from London.

The Inspector looked at the large meal which the Sergeant's wife had got ready for them, and grinned.

"Nothing like adventure to give you an appetite!" he said. "It's good to see you both safe and sound. You've had us very worried."

"We followed the Professor, when he got away from Scotland Yard disguised as the Assistant Commissioner of Police," explained Bob. "It was Lotus who saw through his disguise. By the way, Dad, what happened to the real A.C.?"

"The Professor left him tied up in his own office, clad only in his underwear! And that's another thing that's had us worried. The A.C. was most annoyed! He'll be very pleased to see the Professor behind bars."

The Sergeant cut in: "The Navy phoned through a

few minutes ago, sir. They've picked him and his pal up. They're both in the police lock-up at Broadsea."

"Good. I'll arrange for a police escort to take them up to London." The inspector turned back to Bob and Lotus. "Now you two finish your meal while it's nice and hot. Then you'd better tell me all about your adventures."

Bob and Lotus soon had clean plates in front of them, and then between them told how they had shadowed the Professor all the way from Scotland Yard to the Thames-side wharf where they had fallen into his trap. How they had been taken aboard the submarine, and how they had escaped from it, and finally turned the tables on the crooks.

"Good work!" approved the Inspector, when they had finished. "And you say you've got the ivory mandarin?"

Bob fished in the pocket of his duffle coat, and pulled the little figure out. He set it on the table. "Here it is."

"I'll take jolly good care we don't lose it again," Bob's Dad said. "From what you say, the Professor knows where to look for the treasure—or thinks he does. We'll have to make arrangements to collect that treasure before he does—or before Wan Chen does." The

(Continued on next page)

Inspector broke off, looking at Lotus, and then went on. "I'm afraid I've no news of your father. Since he made his escape in the helicopter, we haven't been able to find a trace of him. We think he will have made for the hiding place of the treasure."

"I hope he hasn't," said Lotus softly. "I hope he just—vanishes. If he tries to get the treasure, he'll—he'll be caught in the end."

Bob's Dad put his hand over Lotus's.

"I rather hope the old rascal vanishes without a trace. I don't think I'd like to see him go to prison, even though it's my duty to send him there." The Inspector looked down at the ivory mandarin in his hands, and began to wind the key at the back of it. "Once we've got our hands on that stolen property, I hope we can call it quits."

He finished winding the mandarin, and set it down on the table. It did not move. The Inspector frowned and tapped it with his finger. Still it didn't move.

"It won't work!" gasped Bob. "Gosh—of course! It got a soaking when we escaped from the submarine! Now how are we going to find Wan Chen's treasure?"

At that very moment, the telephone, which was connected through from the police station next door, began to ring. The Sergeant answered it, then called to Bob's Dad.

"Call for you, sir—from Broadsea police."

Bob's Dad took the instrument.

"Hullo!"

He listened for a moment, and his face changed as he did so.

"All right, all right!" he said at last. "I don't suppose it was your fault—you couldn't know what to expect from a man like the Professor. Has an all-stations call gone out?"

He listened for a moment longer, then he hung up. His

face was grim as he turned back towards them.

"The Professor has escaped." "What?" Bob cried. "But—how?"

"They were searching his pockets at the station. There was a box, wrapped in brown paper in one of them. They unwrapped it to see what was inside, and it exploded, filling the place with tear-gas. The Professor snatched his gun back off the Sergeant's desk, and made a clean getaway in a police car!"

TEN minutes later, the Professor stopped his stolen police car under a tree in a lonely lane only a mile or so away. He had been at liberty about a quarter of an hour, and he knew that first and foremost, he must rid himself of this tell-tale black car.

Fifty yards back along the lane he had passed a farm cart clobbering along at walking pace. That cart had given him an idea.

He stopped the car close in to the grass verge, turned off the headlights, and rapidly unbuttoned his jacket.

Under his jacket he wore a knitted waistcoat. He unbuttoned this as well, and took off both garments.

He was just putting the jacket back on again as the cart plodded past. He let it get just ahead of his standing car and then leaped out, the knitted waistcoat in his hand.

He ran along between the cart and the grass verge, screened from the carter's view by the piled-up load on the cart. As he ran he did a strange thing.

He tied his woollen waistcoat to the rim of the slowly turning rear wheel of the cart. Round it went as the wheel turned, over the top, and then down to be crushed into the gravel of the road surface as it came to the bottom.

This was just what the Professor wanted. He gave a grunt

of satisfaction, and hurried back to the police car. He went round to the side of it and climbed on to the roof, sitting there for a moment with his legs dangling over the edge.

He had no wish to leave foot-marks upon the car roof, for that might give away his trick to the police. So he took his shoes off before standing upright. Then he slung his shoes around his neck by their laces, like a boy going wading.

He had stopped the car under a tree. Now he stood upright on the roof, and reaching upwards, drew himself into the branches. He climbed carefully into the heart of the foliage, and finally seated himself in a convenient fork, close to the trunk.

Then he put his shoes on again and settled down to wait patiently.

The Professor was deliberately waiting for the police to catch up with him. That was all part of his plan.

About fifteen minutes passed, and the dusk of the evening was darkening into night, when the lights of a motor-bike showed up on the road some distance back.

A few moments later a speed-cop came into view. He recognised the stolen police car at once, and pulled up. He dismounted, looked sharply around and then felt the radiator, which was now almost cold. He then returned to his bike and switched on the radio which was fitted to it.

"Mobile patrol 14 calling headquarters!" he said into the small microphone. "Calling headquarters! Have found missing police car. Have found missing police car. No sign of escaped prisoner. Radiator cold. Car now stands in Cobbin's Lane, near Ellsfurrow."

The Professor held his breath, and listened tensely as the reply came in a small tinny voice from the speaker of the radio. "Headquarters calling patrol

14. Remain with abandoned car. Assistance coming at once."

The Professor grinned to himself. So far, so good!

Assistance from the county police headquarters five miles away was not long arriving. A police car and a dark blue van drew up beneath the tree ten minutes later. Uniformed men got out of the car, and then, from the back of the van came two big tawny shapes.

Bloodhounds! They were held in leash by a burly policeman in plain clothes.

"Bring them round to the driving seat," ordered one of the uniformed men. "See if the dogs can pick up a scent from there. If he's on foot they should be able to follow him easily. He can't have more than about thirty minutes start on us!"

The big dogs sniffed around the driving seat of the escape-car for a moment, then one of them bayed, and they set off up the road.

The Professor felt like laughing out loud in triumph. His plan was working perfectly.

The hounds were following the false scent left by his woollen waistcoat as it trailed around upon the rim of the cart-wheel!

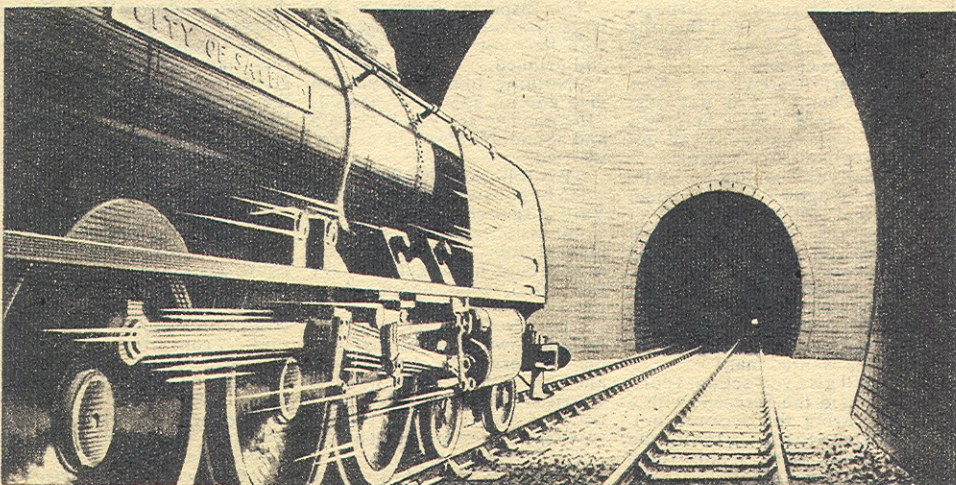
"They're on the trail!" cried one of the uniformed men, getting back into the car. "Constable Harris—you'd better take the car back to headquarters!"

"Very good, sir!" The constable got into the escape car and drove off as the rest of the officers followed the eager bloodhounds.

A few minutes later the Professor was alone. Swiftly he clambered down from the tree and made his way off across the fields away from the road.

"Next stop, Chergrove Hall!" muttered the Professor to himself. There was nothing haphazard about the Professor's
(Continued on next page)

Here's another interesting fact for your ENGINE SPOTTERS NOTEBOOK!



FRESH AIR for the ROYAL SCOT!

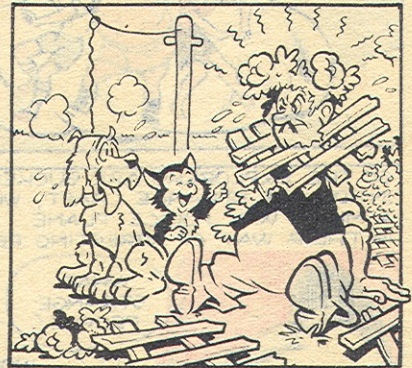
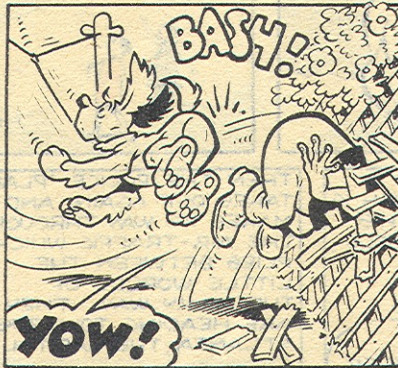
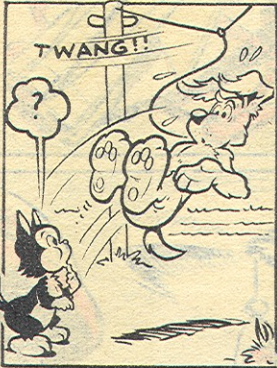
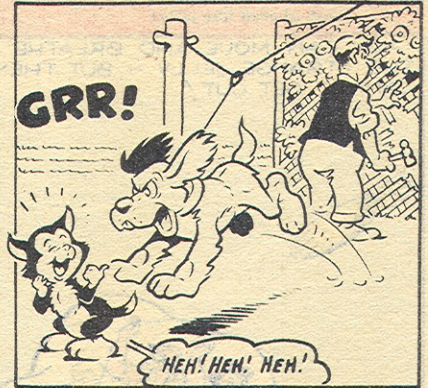
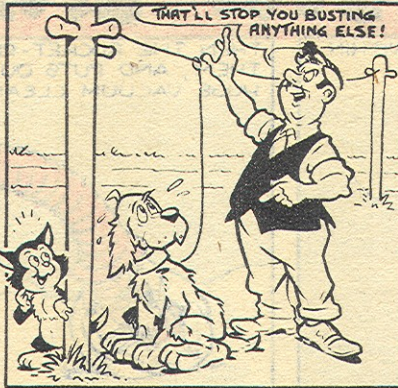
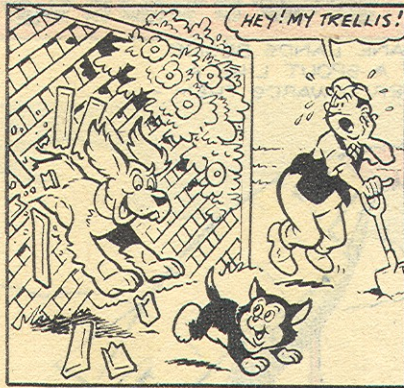
There are hundreds and hundreds of tunnels in the railways of the British Isles and some of them are very long indeed. The longest tunnels would soon become filled with smoke, if there was no way for it to escape, and so they dig air-shafts up from the tunnel to the open air.

Here we see one of the two huge air-shafts in Kilsby Tunnel, on the route of the "Royal Scot."

Thirty-six million bricks went into the building of Kilsby Tunnel, and when it was being dug the workmen struck an underground lake. Many of them had to make their escape on hastily-built rafts!



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

Continued from page 8

movements. He knew exactly where he was going, and what he was going to do. For the Professor had settled upon a bold plan of action and Chergrove Hall was a part of it.

Chergrove Hall, as anyone who read newspapers knew, was the home of Captain Godfrey De Holland, famous the world over as the designer of some of the best and fastest aircraft ever to fly. And close by Chergrove Hall were the big factories of the De Holland aircraft company, which included their own private aerodrome.

Lights were blazing in the lower windows of the Hall as the Professor drew near. He peered carefully in from the shelter of a thicket, and saw that some kind of party was in progress. This suited the Professor very well indeed.

He worked his way silently around the house until he came to a darkened room, the window of which was partly open. He slipped inside like a shadow.

A quarter of an hour later he came out the same way. But now he was wearing different clothes—a suit of brown tweeds belonging to Captain De Holland. But he had not only put on

the Captain's clothes. He had put on his manners as well. He walked and moved like the famous airman. The Professor had often seen De Holland on the cinema screen, in news-reels, and he had a gift of impersonation which enabled him to take off almost anyone.

Now, as he hurried towards the De Holland aerodrome, the soft tweed hat pulled well down over his eyes, it was very easy in the gathering darkness to mistake him for the Captain himself.

Henry Robinson, the gate-keeper at the aerodrome, stepped out of his hut as the tall figure in tweeds approached. He peered for a moment, then saluted as the figure passed through the yellow light from his hut windows.

"Good evening, sir!"

The Professor mumbled a reply and hurried on. Henry went back to reading his newspaper without another thought. It was nothing unusual for the Captain to come down to the aerodrome at any hour of the day or night.

A quarter of a mile away, across the smooth grass, a big 'plane stood in the bright light from an open hanger. The 'plane was easily recognisable.

It was one of the new De Holland "Rockets"—the fastest jet-propelled air-liners in the world. The Professor grinned to

himself as he strode towards it. "Nothing like having the best of everything!" he told himself.

The thought of flying a new type of aircraft did not bother the Professor at all. During the war he had been a special agent in the pay of an enemy power and he had flown many different kinds of planes, from big bombers down to fast fighters.

On one expedition to North Africa he had had to fly one of the newest Messerschmidt jets, at that time the very latest thing in the Luftwaffe.

He knew that there were three or four possible ways in which he might have to start the jet engines going. He was ready to tackle any of them.

Several people saw him as he climbed into the sleek silver 'plane. But all of them recognized the familiar walk, and the style of dress of the tall figure.

A few minutes later the mighty roar of the "Rocket's" four jet engines filled the night air as she moved away across the grass.

"Hey! Who's taking the 'Rocket' out?" asked the pilot, who had been standing by to take the machine out on night landing tests, as he came out of the crew-room.

"It's the governor!" one of the mechanics told him.

The pilot shrugged. "Oh, well! Nothing to stop him taking his own kite up, if

he wants to, I suppose. He's the boss!"

So the Professor winged upwards and away to the South-east, at a speed which few machines in the world could equal.

He grinned to himself as he glanced at the fuel meters, which told him that every tank in the machine was full to the brim. There had been many stories in the newspapers about the wonderful performance of the "Rocket", and if those stories were anything to go by, the fuel in the tanks would carry him ten thousand miles.

Down on the ground three very annoyed policemen were looking at a tattered woollen waistcoat, tied to the wheel of a farm cart.

"We've been properly diddled! While we've been following this red herring, he'll have got clean away!" snapped the inspector in charge. "By now he might be almost anywhere. For all we know, he might be flying to Timbuctoo in that jet-plane up aloft there."

Above them the "Rocket" thundered on its six-hundred-mile-an-hour way. The inspector little dreamed how true his words really were!

Next week Wan Chen takes a hand in the game, and the mystery of the Ivory mandarin takes a new twist!

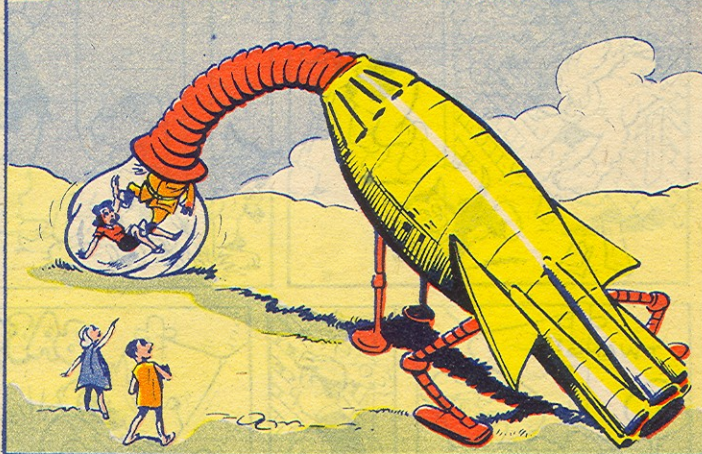
Peter and Ann, and their uncle, Professor Jolly, have crash-landed their space-ship on one of the thousands of little worlds in the Milky Way. But the people there don't like the look of them and have made them prisoners in a big blob of stuff like jelly!

THE SKY EXPLORERS

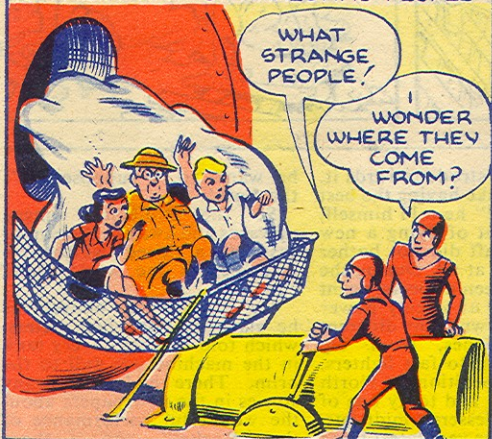
THEY CAN MOVE AND BREATHE WITHIN THE STRANGE JELLY ~ BUT THEY CANNOT GET OUT!



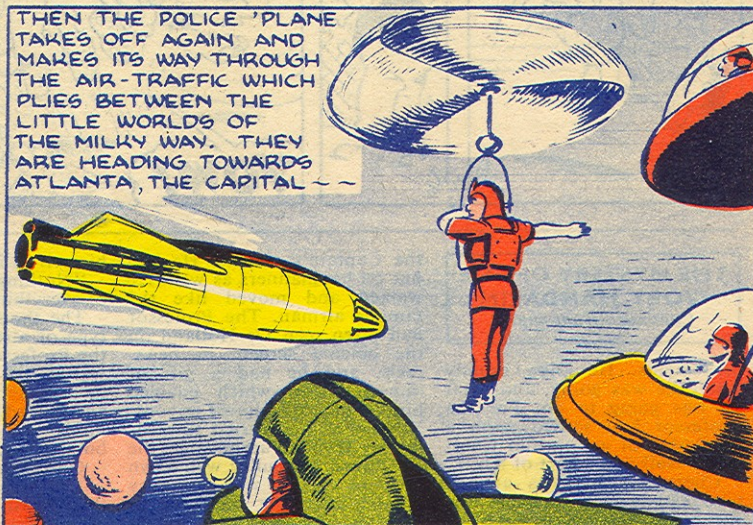
THEN THE ROCKET-PLANE LANDS BESIDE THEM, AND PUTS OUT A SPOUT LIKE A HUGE VACUUM CLEANER TOWARDS THEM ~ ~



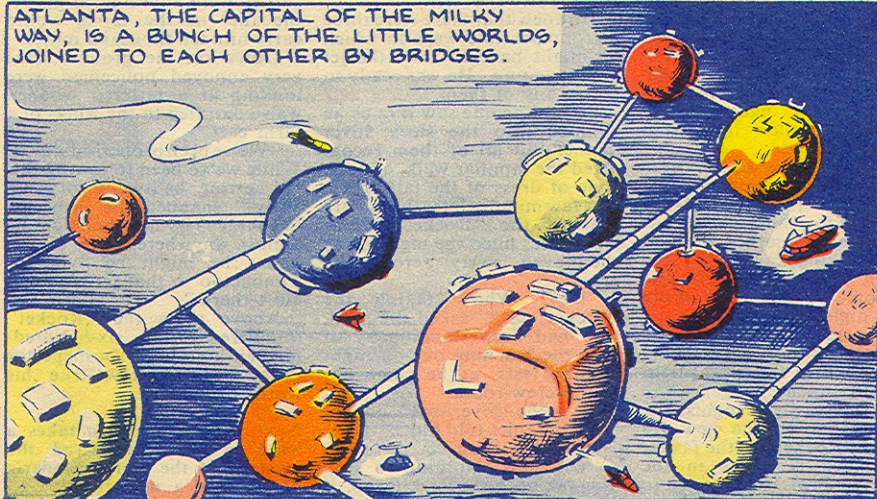
SO THE EXPLORERS ARE SUCKED INSIDE THE STRANGE CRAFT, WHICH IS A MILKY WAY POLICE 'PLANE. THIS IS THEIR WAY OF ARRESTING PEOPLE-



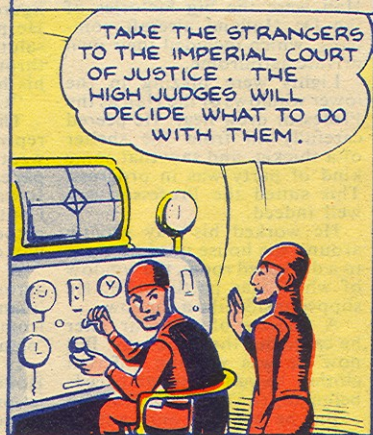
THEN THE POLICE 'PLANE TAKES OFF AGAIN AND MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE AIR-TRAFFIC WHICH FLIES BETWEEN THE LITTLE WORLDS OF THE MILKY WAY. THEY ARE HEADING TOWARDS ATLANTA, THE CAPITAL ~ ~



ATLANTA, THE CAPITAL OF THE MILKY WAY, IS A BUNCH OF THE LITTLE WORLDS, JOINED TO EACH OTHER BY BRIDGES.

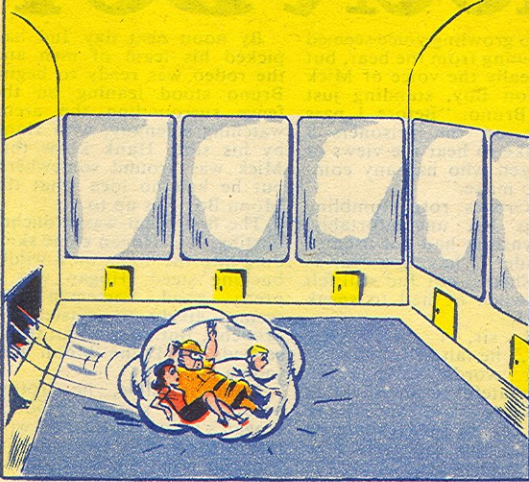


AS THE POLICE 'PLANE SPIRALS DOWN, THE CAPTAIN GIVES HIS ORDERS.



MORE ADVENTURES OF THE SKY-EXPLORERS ON THE BACK PAGE!

SO THE THREE PRISONERS IN THE JELLY FIND THEMSELVES BLOWN OUT OF THE 'PLANE, AND ARRIVE INSIDE A HUGE ROOM~



SUDDENLY, A BRIGHT RAY OF LIGHT SHINES ON THE JELLY ~~~



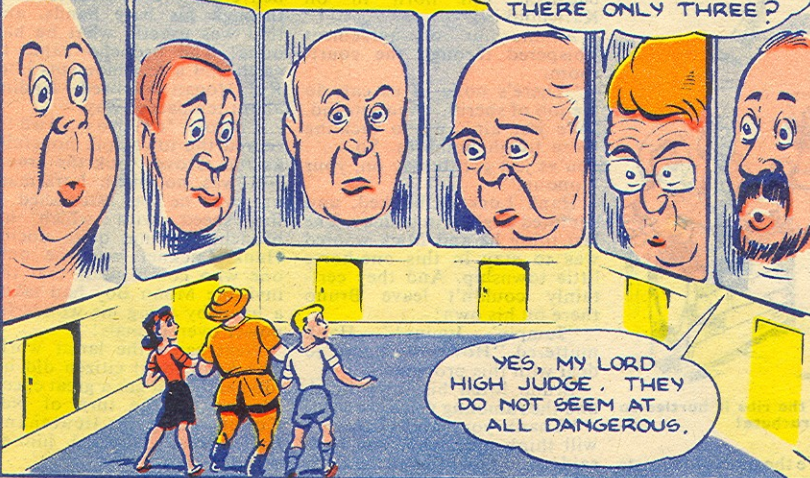
--- AND THE JELLY MELTS AND VANISHES.



WHERE ARE WE?

I DON'T KNOW --- BUT THESE MILKY WAY PEOPLE HAVE SOME WONDERFUL MACHINES. I HOPE WE CAN MAKE THEM BELIEVE THAT WE'RE FRIENDLY!

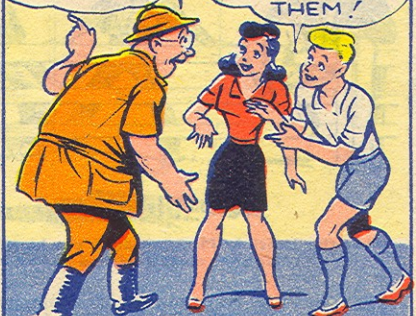
THEN HUGE FACES APPEAR SUDDENLY ON THE SCREENS AROUND THE ROOM~



SO THESE ARE THE CREATURES FROM THE STRANGE SPACE-SHIP. ARE THERE ONLY THREE?

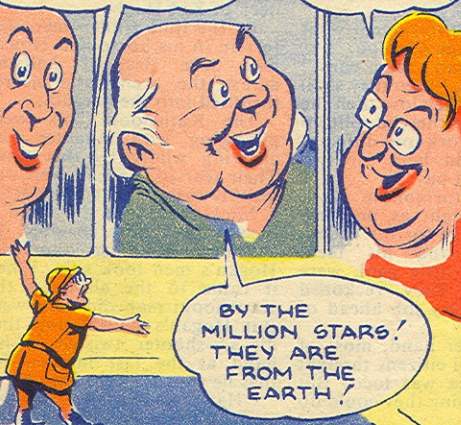
YES, MY LORD HIGH JUDGE. THEY DO NOT SEEM AT ALL DANGEROUS.

I CAN TELL WHAT THEY ARE SAYING! THE LANGUAGE THEY ARE SPEAKING IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE ATLANTANS --- THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED ON THE LOST CONTINENT THAT SANK BELOW THE ATLANTIC OCEAN THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!



ANSWER THEM, UNCLE. TELL THEM THAT WE WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH THEM!

WE ARE FRIENDS --- WE MEAN NO HARM! WE COME FROM THE EARTH! OUR SPACE-SHIP CRASHED ON ONE OF YOUR WORLDS WHEN WE RAN OUT OF FUEL!



HE SPEAKS OUR LANGUAGE!

BY THE MILLION STARS! THEY ARE FROM THE EARTH!

THEN THE LITTLE DOORS OPEN, AND THE JUDGES COME OUT FROM BEHIND THEIR TELE-SCREENS TO GREET THE EARTHLINGS~

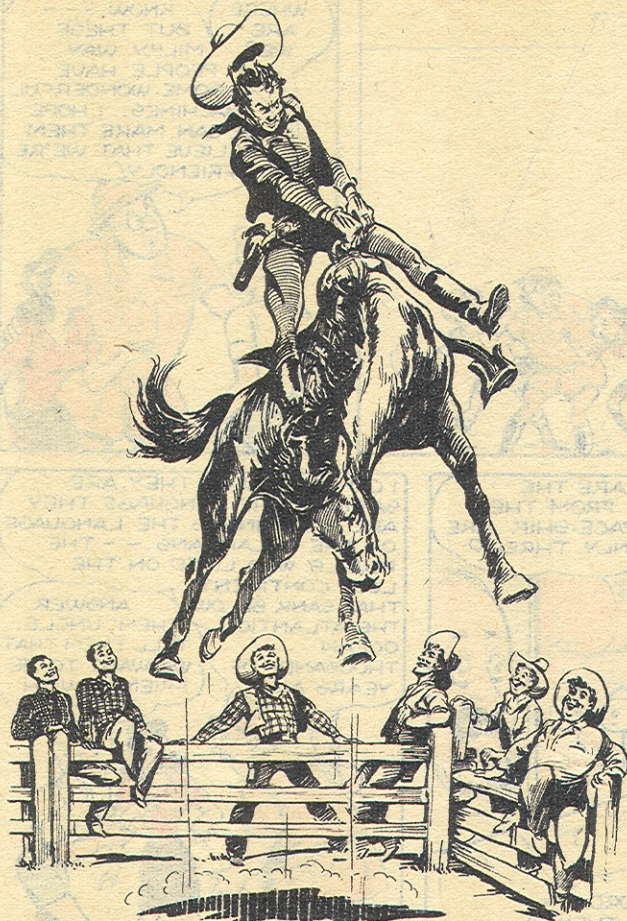


THEY'RE FROM THE EARTH!

WE COME FROM THE EARTH TOO!

WE FLEW AWAY TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO WHEN OUR LAND SANK BELOW THE OCEAN!

MICK THE MOON BOY



When the invisible Mick prodded the horse in the ribs it hurtled so high the outlaw wished he had a parachute!

THE little court-house in the Middle West Town of Katichooki was crowded. Nine men stood before the judge's bench, and behind, a huge bear was seated rather awkwardly in the judge's chair. "Gee!" Hank Luckner chuckled softly as he gazed at the scene. "This surely is the craziest darned thing I've ever set eyes on!"

The bear wore a Stetson, carried crossed gunbelts round its waist and had the badge of a deputy pinned to the thick fur of its chest. Suddenly its great paw reached forward and picked up the wooden hammer which lay on the desk.

Rap-rap-rap! went the hammer, and the buzz of conversation died away. Only Hank Luckner noticed that the bear's claws had not really grasped the hammer. Hank knew that it had been lifted by the invisible hand of his chum, Mick the Moon Boy.

Hank was the only person on earth who knew that the famous Sheriff Mick had come from the

moon, where the moon scientists had developed many marvellous inventions. Nobody else in Katichooki even knew that Sheriff Mick was anywhere around. The green, flexible metal suit that Mick wore had a gadget attached by which he could make himself invisible—but the gadget had gone wrong!

Mick could not make himself visible again until he had repaired it, but the Moon Boy made light of this trouble. He had enrolled a deputy—Bruno the bear! The Moon folk had learned the secret of understanding and controlling all animals, and this fierce mountain bear was completely obedient to its invisible master.

Bruno, with Mick's unseen help of course, had cleaned up the town of Katichooki by capturing the famous gunman Kid Hogan and all his gang. But the spokesman for the town, Jud Groves, still seemed anxious about something. He sat on a chair near the judge's bench, looking gloomy.

"Citizens of Katichooki!"

The deep growling voice seemed to be coming from the bear, but it was really the voice of Mick the Moon Boy, standing just behind Bruno. "Before I pass sentence on the prisoners I would like to hear the views of any citizen who has any comments to make."

Jud Groves rose, fumbling with his hat uncomfortably. The townsfolk had got used to the wonder of having a bear as deputy sheriff, but Jud still felt foolish when he had to speak to Bruno.

"Well, sir, I mean your Honour," he faltered, ffoundering for words. "We're all mighty grateful to Sheriff Mick for sending you, and we're grateful to you for cleaning up this gang. But for years now Katichooki has been under the thumb of one gang or another. We want you to stay on as sheriff, your Honour! If you don't, then some other gang of bad-men will horn in on Katichooki!"

A murmur of agreement whispered through the courtroom.

"There's none of us can do the job of sheriff," went on Jud. "We just ain't up to tackling these tough hombres. So . . . you've just got to stay on, your Honour!"

Hank Luckner blinked, and squinted slightly in dismay. The last thing he and Mick wanted was to stay in this one-horse little township. And they certainly couldn't leave Bruno there on his own!

"Jumpin' Jiminy!" Hank muttered. "How's Mick goin' to deal with this problem?"

Bruno lifted his furry head, and the rumbling voice growled:

"Thank you, Mr. Groves! I will think over what you have said! And now, this is the decision of the court. A rodeo will be held at noon tomorrow with all the usual events—broncho-busting, steer-wrestling, roping shooting and the rest. Kid Hogan and his men will be matched against a team of Katichooki citizens led by Jud Groves."

A gasp of astonishment went up at this strange decision.

"If Kid Hogan's team wins," Bruno went on, "then they shall be set free. If they lose then the sentence is that they be split up and put to work on different ranches around here for two years—without pay!"

There was turmoil in Katichooki that night as preparations were made for the rodeo. Kid Hogan and his men, lodged in the little gaol, were cock-a-hoop! They reckoned they had an easy job ahead of them.

On the other hand, most of the Katichooki citizens thought the whole idea was loco! But there was nothing they could do about it.

By noon next day Jud had picked his team of men and the rodeo was ready to begin. Bruno stood leaning on the fence surrounding the arena watching solemnly, with Hank by his side. Hank knew that Mick was around somewhere, but he had no idea what the Moon Boy was up to.

The first event was broncho-busting. Kid Hogan came skidding into the arena on a wildly bucking steed. Hogan was a pretty good horseman and seemed likely to master the broncho. But after about thirty seconds Mick the Moon Boy took a hand.

Quite invisible, he trotted across and simply prodded Hogan's mount in the ribs with one finger. In a flash the broncho went hurtling up so high that Kid Hogan had a fleeting wish that he had worn a parachute.

Mick the Moon Boy could deliver a powerful electric shock through his bare hands, and that was exactly what he had done! The broncho came to earth and a few moments later Kid Hogan followed—landing about ten paces away.

"Show 'em how, Jud!" roared the townsfolk hopefully as Jud Groves took the arena. Jud was no mean horseman, but even he was astonished at the speed with which his broncho became quite docile. Hank Luckner was the only one who could guess that the invisible Moon Boy had taken a hand by using his wonderful power over animals!

Next came the lariat work. The Katichooki citizen did his job neatly and got a great cheer. Then came the turn of Ned Cullen—Hogan's lieutenant. Cullen really fancied himself with a lariat.

Thundering across the arena, he whirled his rope and sent it snaking out for the steer he was supposed to noose. But something went wrong. The lariat changed direction in mid-air as if guided by invisible hands, and dropped neatly round the neck of Kid Hogan.

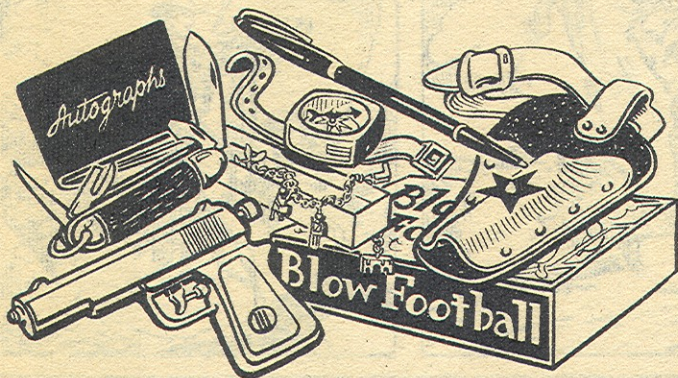
By the time Cullen managed to rein in his horse Kid Hogan had been dragged halfway across the arena and nearly throttled into the bargain.

The Katichooki folk were guffawing with laughter and cheering wildly by this time. Their fear of the bad-men was quickly turning to contempt!

Mick the Moon Boy had a busy time that afternoon! In each event he contrived to make Hogan's men look silly. When it came to the shooting the Katichooki man did very well. But Hogan's man found that his six-shooter twisted in his hand at the last moment so that he shot his own hat off!

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared
(Continued on opposite page)

THE COMET ENGINE SPOTTERS CLUB



A Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, Cowboy Belt and Holster, Charm Bracelet

See those Club presents above? Well, if you can also see your membership number—it's printed on the back of your Club Album—in the long list in the next column, then any one of these grand presents can be yours! Don't waste any time, check now!

ARE YOU A 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 2½d. stamps to the paper and enclose it in an envelope and post to the Club address (given above). The Engine Spotters' Album with your Club Number printed on it and lots of interesting things inside will then be sent to you post free. Once you're a member, you too can join in our Club fun and, of course, watch for your number to appear.

IS YOUR NUMBER HERE?

CAN you spot your number in this list? If you can then there's a present waiting for you in the Club store. Read the instructions below which tell you how to claim it!

91,470	16,275	63,045	167,589	172,013	141,389
216,573	48,302	183,165	200,617	123,157	99,414
108,171	63,434	212,235	21,728	41,235	184,584
156,995	103,567	135,349	56,894	63,343	33,615
183,130	214,694	79,473	72,967	141,442	84,775
33,746	156,784	40,565	155,060	216,511	106,885
12,431	115,891	7,610	183,198	2,679	142,962
56,991	94,929	55,792	132,239	43,713	43,033
103,066	83,088	156,811	72,308	104,871	66,111
155,447	40,132	205,961	12,447	141,921	2,247
215,580	70,290	8,009	56,506	44,082	215,374
135,711	108,332	33,198	84,646	3,185	181,408
64,033	141,445	61,228	155,776	112,226	113,521
96,158	184,597	108,398	211,822	128,350	19,633
161,284	213,625	156,456	135,948	18,474	48,741
100,319	17,777	184,561	45,052	56,515	156,841
33,485	42,807	40,629	2,870	167,624	199,957
47,538	109,583	77,764	77,183	141,533	52,062
85,609	98,699	141,857	101,258	79,691	7,178
205,966	59,700	153,940	138,200	23,756	36,289
176,742	167,811	212,034	196,330	141,816	133,397
141,881	213,471	21,132	18,476	216,937	176,400
103,992	77,555	47,258	41,581	33,074	213,509
47,071	32,616	1,349	69,645	4,145	148,616
182	40,778	118,452	127,752	72,213	56,724

Well, was your number there? If so, the first thing to do is choose a present from the list on the left. Then write what it is in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album, and on a separate piece of paper tell us what character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET—and add a word or two saying why. When you've made sure that your name and full address are filled in on the Membership page of the Album address a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

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

Pop both Album and piece of paper inside, seal it and post at once, as the closing date for claims for this week's presents is **Tuesday, July 8th**. Providing your claim is in order your present will be dispatched to you about a week after the closing date, and your Album returned with it—post free.

MICK THE MOONBOY (Continued)

the townsfolk. "What a gunman!"

The next event was the chuck wagon race. In this, the little covered wagons that go with the cowboys at round-up time to keep them fed, are raced against one another. But they have to race with all their cooking gear—pots and pans and so on—lashed in place.

The invisible Mick slipped from wagon to wagon, loosening lashings, and as the crooks got going their gear all went clattering off on to the ground.

The rodeo audience roared with laughter.

When the last event was ended Kid Hogan was glowering in wild fury.

"We'll show 'em how tough

we are," he muttered to his gang. "C'mon. Let's beat 'em up!" The bad-men went charging forward to attack Jud Groves and his team with bare fists. But the Katchooki team was feeling on top of the world now.

With yells of joy they flung themselves forward to meet the challenge.

"Now see what a difference it makes having a bit of confidence!" the voice of Mick the Moon Boy whispered in Hank's ear. "I don't need to help Jud and his men any more!"

It was true! The Katchooki team, led by Jud Groves, fairly whaled into the bad-men and knocked them all over the arena! That really finished the whole business. Five minutes later Hogan and his men were being led off to the gaol while the ranchers, bubbling with confidence, decided how they

should be split up and put to work.

Suddenly Hank gave a gasp, for walking towards him through the crowd was Mick the Moon Boy, now dressed in pants, check shirt and Stetson . . . and quite visible.

"I managed to repair my invisibility gadget last night," whispered Mick, "but I thought I'd stay out of sight until this job was over! Now introduce me to Jud Groves, Hank!"

Jud was mighty pleased that the famous Sheriff Mick had at last arrived in Katchooki.

"We're mighty grateful to you and your—er—deputy," beamed Jud. "We were going to ask for him to stay on with us, but since this little dust-up at the rodeo we reckon we can take care of ourselves all right! I'm ready to be sheriff, and if any bad-men come into Katchooki I'll be ready for 'em!

What's more, I'll have the citizens right behind me. They ain't skeered any more!"

"Fine!" smiled Mick. "Then I guess we'll hit the trail, eh Bruno?" But Bruno did not answer. In fact, he never spoke again!

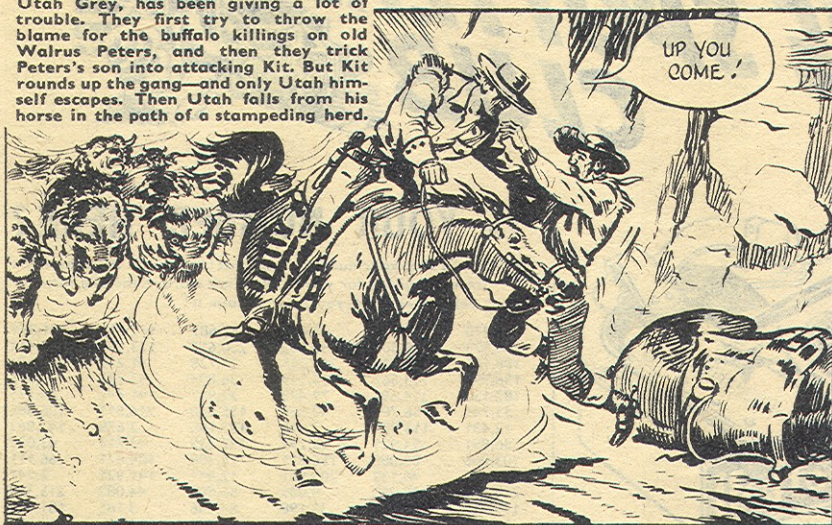
Mick, Hank and Bruno had a great send-off from the townsfolk. Once they were safely into the hills Mick removed Bruno's gunbelts, badge and Stetson. Then, with crooning little grunts and and snuffles he thanked the great bear and sent him lumbering happily away with a friendly pat.

"Okay, Hank," smiled the Moon Boy, swinging into the saddle. "Let's ride!" And together they rode on towards the adventure that might be awaiting them beyond the hills. **More adventures with the Moon Boy next week.**

KIT CARSON

Kit Carson has taken on the job of game warden of the buffalo herds. Thanks to ruthless hunters, they are in danger of being wiped out. One such gang, led by Utah Grey, has been giving a lot of trouble. They first try to throw the blame for the buffalo killings on old Walrus Peters, and then they trick Peters's son into attacking Kit. But Kit rounds up the gang—and only Utah himself escapes. Then Utah falls from his horse in the path of a stampeding herd.

and the BUFFALO BANDITS



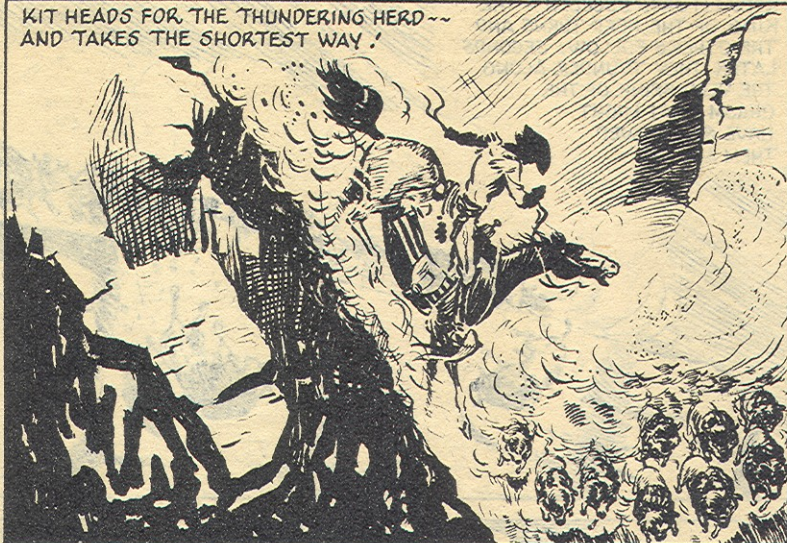
KIT CARSON RIDES THE MIGHTY KING BISON AT THE HEAD OF THE THUNDERING HERD!

FROM THE LEDGE AT THE MOUTH OF SILVER CANYON, KIT SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING ~~~

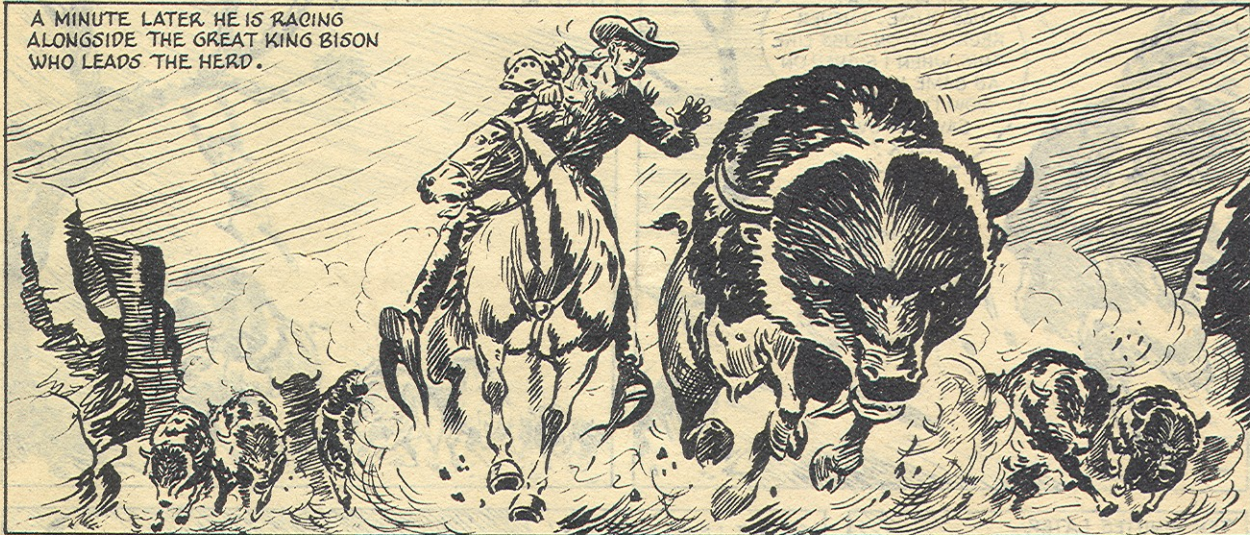


JUMPING CATFISH! THE HERD'S SWINGING ROUND! THEY'RE HEADING FOR DEAD-DROP GULCH! HERE'S ME STOPPING UTAH GRAY SHOOTING A FEW BUFFALO, AND THE WHOLE DARN HERD'S HEADING FOR DESTRUCTION! I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING ~ FAST!

KIT HEADS FOR THE THUNDERING HERD ~ AND TAKES THE SHORTEST WAY!



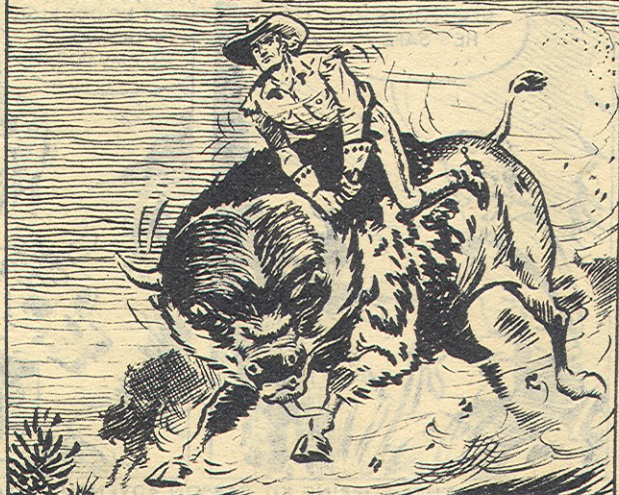
A MINUTE LATER HE IS RACING ALONGSIDE THE GREAT KING BISON WHO LEADS THE HERD.



KIT SWINGS ACROSS ONTO THE BACK OF THE KING BISON ~~~



~ AND TUGS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO TURN THE HEAD OF THE HUGE ANIMAL.



KIT'S EFFORTS SUCCEED -- THE KING OF THE HERD TURNS AND THE OTHERS FOLLOW. SECONDS LATER THEY THUNDER ALONG THE VERY BRINK OF THE CHASM THAT MIGHT HAVE SWALLOWED THEM ALL --



PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE. I NEVER RECKONED ON JOBS LIKE THIS WHEN I SIGNED ON AS GAME WARDEN. NOW I'VE GOT TO SAVE MY OWN NECK!

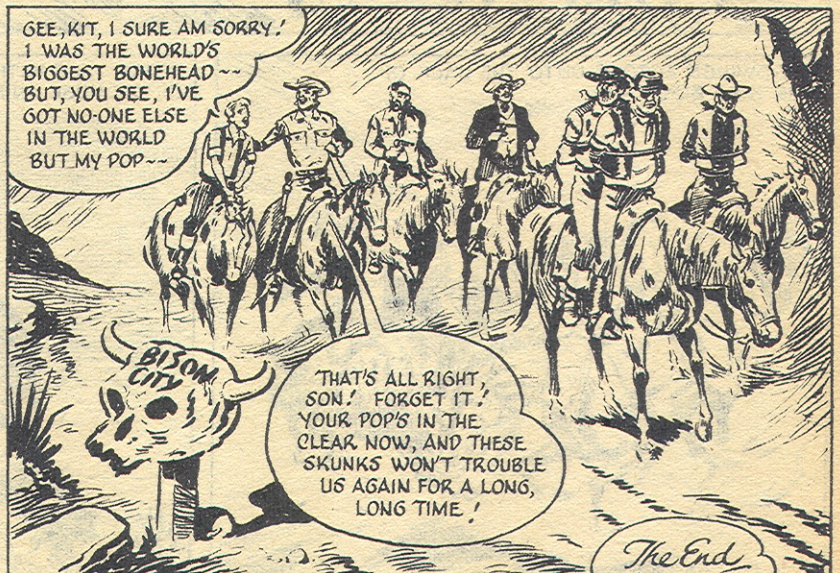


A LONE PRAIRIE TREE GIVES KIT HIS CHANCE



TEN MINUTES LATER.

LOOK! HERE COMES KIT! HE'S SAFE!



GEE, KIT, I SURE AM SORRY. I WAS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BONEHEAD -- BUT, YOU SEE, I'VE GOT NO-ONE ELSE IN THE WORLD BUT MY POP --

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SON! FORGET IT! YOUR POP'S IN THE CLEAR NOW, AND THESE SKUNKS WON'T TROUBLE US AGAIN FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!

The End

ANOTHER STIRRING KIT CARSON ADVENTURE STARTS NEXT WEEK -- IT'S CALLED "REDSKIN RISING!"

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

TURNING THE TABLES

"I'll not half be glad when it's the season for nuts," sighed little Dicky Dawson the dormouse. "I simply dote on nuts."

Dicky was out by himself for a gambol in the woods. He hadn't always been a dormouse. Not so very long ago Dicky had been just an ordinary schoolboy.

He had been one of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, all the boys had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give the whole lot of them a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was one of the most absent-minded little old gentlemen you could meet anywhere. He had got his bottles mixed up and, instead of giving the boys 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 a liquid which would change them all back to their proper selves again.

Dicky stopped suddenly. Lying on the ground in front of him was the shell of a peanut.

"What a pity they didn't drop the nut as well as the shell," thought Dicky wistfully.

He scuttled on and his tiny little heart began to beat with excitement as he saw that he was following a regular trail of peanut shells. It was quite plain that someone was walking along eating peanuts as they went.

"Perhaps I might be able to get one," Dicky told himself, fairly flying along on the trail of the peanut shells.

Suddenly he saw two boys strolling along in front of him. He could see by their caps that they were from St. Anselm's School, which was about two miles from Meadowsweet Farm.

Although he had been changed into a dormouse, Dicky could still talk in his human voice, as could all the rest of the boys who had been changed into birds and animals.

He wondered if he should catch the two St. Anselm's boys up and ask them for a peanut. He would catch them up, he decided, but he wouldn't ask them for a nut in his human voice. If he did they might get such a fright that they would take to their heels and rush away. For whoever heard of a dormouse speaking in a human voice?

So, scuttling along until he was right behind the two boys, Dicky started to squeak and to

squeak for all he was worth.

"What on earth's that squeaking?" exclaimed one of the boys, swinging round.

He was a fat, pudding-faced boy, and Dicky didn't like the look of him very much.

Why it's a blessed dormouse!" he ejaculated, gaping in astonishment at Dicky, who was sitting up on his little hind legs.

"So it is!" exclaimed his pal, who had also turned round. "If you ask me, the beastly little thing looks as though it's begging."

"Wants a nut, perhaps!" guffawed the first boy, whose name was Marmaduke Mopp, although he was called Marmalade Mopp at St. Anselm's.

Taking a nut from his pocket, he threw it down beside Dicky, who promptly pounced on it with a grateful squeak.

"Well, would you believe it?" ejaculated Marmalade's pal, whose name was Cuthbert Cropper. "I tell you, that mouse has got sense."

With a sudden crafty look on his face, Marmalade Mopp threw Dicky another nut. Then, as Dicky was tucking into it, Marmalade swooped swiftly on him and clapped his cap down over him.

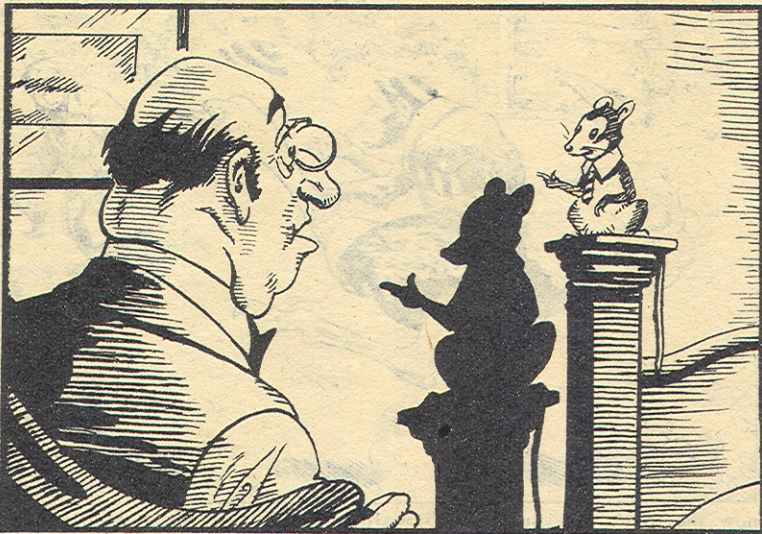
"Got him!" he cried triumphantly. "I'm going to put it in old Basher's bed. I owe the rotter one for that caning he gave me this morning. Har! Har! Har! He'll get the fright of his blessed life when he tucks his tootsies under the sheets tonight and finds a hungry mouse there. I hope the scruffy little beast bites him good and hard!"

"He! He! He! So do I!" cackled Cuthbert Cropper. "Oh, Marmy, what a giddy wheeze! But when will you slip it into the rotter's bed?"

"After prayers tonight," tittered Marmalade. "Old Basher always goes to the masters' common-room for a chinwag after prayers, so it'll be a good chance."

"But where will we keep it in the meantime?" demanded Cuthbert.

"In a box in my study," replied Marmalade. "I've got a pencil box that'll fit it nicely. I won't give the little beast any-



The schoolmaster's face went as white as a ghost—
For that small mouse was talking sat upon his bed-post!

thing to eat, either, so it'll be nice and hungry and more inclined to have a go at Basher's tootsies. Har! Har! Har!"

Poor little Dicky, tightly grabbed inside Marmalade's school cap, heard all this quite distinctly. These fellows were going to play a joke, were they? Very well, Dicky was quite a good hand at a joke himself. So he kept quiet, contenting himself with little struggles such as a real dormouse would give.

Dicky spent the rest of that day shut up in a horrid stuffy pencil box in Marmalade's study. He had been shut up there for what seemed ages and ages when suddenly it was opened and he felt himself grabbed by Marmalade Mopp's podgy hand.

Shaking with laughter, Marmalade sped along a corridor, down some stairs, along another corridor and into a bedroom. It didn't take more than a few moments to pop Dicky right down inside the bed, then he departed, closing the door behind him.

This, thought Dicky, must be Mr. Basher's bed. But he still didn't know who Mr. Basher was. Suddenly he heard the door open and a faint click as the light was switched on.

Creeping up the bed, Dicky peeped out. A big, fat, pompous-looking man was taking his jacket off. Slipping up on to the bedpost, Dicky sat up on his hind legs.

"Excuse me!" he said in his human voice.

The fat gentleman spun round as though he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Don't be alarmed," said Dicky pleasantly, "but is your name Mr. Basher?"

"Y-y-yes, it is," gulped the

fat gentleman, backing away, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head. "But I—I didn't know that mice could t-t-talk!"

"Oh, yes, we can sometimes," chuckled Dicky. "However, to get to business. I must apologise for occupying your bed like this, but I was put here by two boys. The idea was that I should bite your tootsies when you had got into bed. These boys, I might say, thought I was just an ordinary dormouse. They had no idea that I can talk!"

"What—what boys are they?" gulped Mr. Basher, still gaping at Dicky with protruding eyes.

"I'm not certain of their names," confessed Dicky, "but one is called Marmy and the other Cuthbert."

"Marmaduke Mopp and Cuthbert Cropper!" burst out Mr. Basher. "I'm their Form master. I'll teach the miserable little wretches not to play about with my bed!"

Snatching up a heavy hairbrush, he rushed from the room, charged along several corridors and burst into the Fourth Form dormitory with Dicky scuttling at his heels.

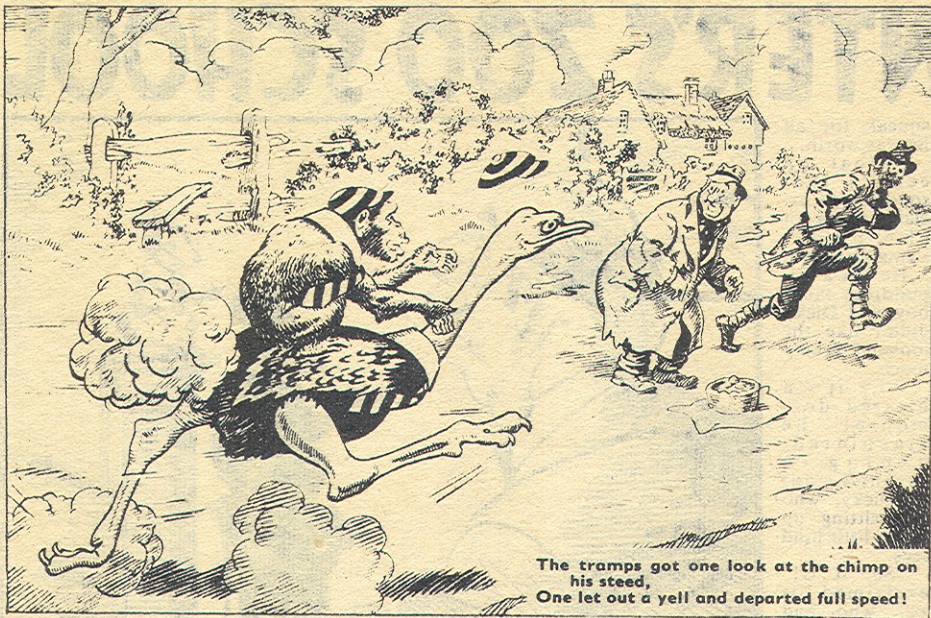
"Mopp, how dare you and Cropper put beastly mice into my bed?" roared Mr. Basher, purple in the face with rage. "I know it was you. The mouse has just told me it was you!"

Well, when he said that every boy in the dormitory gaped at him as though he had suddenly gone dotty.

"But mice can't talk, sir," stammered Marmalade.

"Oh, yes, they can!" piped Dicky. "I can, anyway. You thought you were pretty clever keeping me in that horrid pencil box all day and then popping me into Mr. Basher's bed. But

(Continued on next page)



The tramps got one look at the chimp on his steed, One let out a yell and departed full speed!

now the joke's on you. He! He! He!"

The joke certainly was on them for, bounding forward, Mr. Basher started to lay into Marmalade Mopp and Cuthbert Cropper with the back of the hairbrush.

Dicky slipped swiftly and silently from the dormitory. He got out of the school easily enough and scuttled away across the moonlit fields towards Meadowsweet Farm, chuckling as he went.

A SHOCK FOR THE PIE STEALERS

"I'M not going too fast for you, am I?" asked Oswald Tupper, the ostrich.

"Well, you are a bit," replied Charlie Cluff, the chimpanzee. "Your legs are so much longer than mine, you know. D'you mind taking shorter strides?"

"Not at all," replied Oswald, the ostrich, politely.

"Hallo! What's that?" said Charlie suddenly.

A sudden distant cry had fallen on their ears. It came from the direction of a cottage which they could see away across the fields. As they stared towards the cottage they saw a woman come running out and stand wringing her hands.

"What's the matter with old Widow Wiggs?" exclaimed Oswald. "She seems to be in trouble. He started to rush away towards the cottage on his great long legs.

"Hi, wait!" yelled Charlie. "I can't move as fast as you across open country, you know!"

"Sorry, I forget," chuckled Oswald, stopping and sitting down on the ground.

"But I can go a jolly sight faster than you through woods," said Charlie, clambering on to Oswald's feathery back and wrapping his arms round Oswald's long, thin neck.

"I know you can," agreed

Oswald. "Right-ho! Hold tight!"

Next instant he was rushing towards the little cottage at a simply terrific speed.

Old Widow Wiggs got a terrible fright when she saw an ostrich tearing towards her with a chimpanzee sitting on its back. But she got a greater fright than ever when the ostrich cried in a human voice: "What's the matter? What's happened? Why are you wringing your hands like that?"

"Lawks a mussy!" cried Widow Wiggs, her eyes nearly popping out of her head with astonishment. "I—I didn't know that ostriches could talk!"

"They can't as a rule," chuckled Oswald. "But I'm rather a special sort of ostrich. But tell us what the trouble is. Perhaps we can help you."

"D'you—d'you mean that monkey on your back?" gasped Widow Wiggs.

"Yes," cried Oswald. "He's a very clever monkey, although you wouldn't think so to look at him. But do tell us. Are you in trouble?"

"Yes, I am," wailed Widow Wiggs. "I've got my little niece and nephew coming for dinner to-day and I cooked such a nice pie for them. I put it outside the kitchen window to cool, and two horrid tramps have run off with it."

"Oh, have they?" cried Oswald indignantly. "Which way did they go?"

"They went along the road there," cried Widow Wiggs, pointing in the direction taken by the two tramps.

"How long ago would that be?" demanded Oswald.

"Just a few minutes ago," cried the poor old lady.

"Then we'll catch them up and get your pie back for you, don't you worry!" cried Oswald. "Hold tight, Charlie!"

Next instant he was rushing

swiftly away long the road, with Charlie clinging on his back.

"There they are!" he cried triumphantly, as he tore round a bend in the road.

It was quite true. Sitting in the hedge-side were two big, burly, rough-looking tramps. Between them was a big, lovely-looking pie. They hadn't started to eat it yet, but were sharpening their clasp-knives on the soles of their boots.

"Hi!" yelled Oswald.

The two tramps looked up. At sight of an ostrich coming rushing along the road towards them with a chimpanzee sitting on its back the two tramps goggled in blank amazement.

"Am I—am I dreamin', Alf?" gasped one.

"If you are, then I am as well!" gasped his pal. "They must've escaped from a circus!"

For a brief moment or two they gaped at the strange, oncoming pair. Then one said:

"What'd you reckon we ought to do, Alf?"

The other scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Mebbe they're tame 'uns, Bill," he said.

"Well, you stay here and find out, while I hide," retorted Bill, getting up on his feet. "I'm off!"

"No, wait a bit," cried Alf.

"If them creatures have escaped from a circus, mebbe there'll be a reward for anybody who catches 'em. See what I mean?"

Bill saw what he meant, but he didn't feel too happy about it. After all was said and done, he wasn't a tamer of wild animals.

"Tell you what!" he declared. "You catch 'em and I'll help take 'em to the circus."

But Alf was a man with ideas.

"It'll be easy," he said. "If they're tame 'uns, then they're tame and they'll do anythin' for a bite o' grub. We got this 'ere pie, ain't we? We'll tempt 'em with that. Chuck 'em a spot o' grub. Then, when they stop to

gobble it up you slips a rope over their necks and there you are!"

By that time the ostrich and the chimpanzee came rushing up and Alf said nervously: "Now to get them to the circus!"

"Circus, my foot!" yelled Oswald, coming to a halt in front of them. "What d'you mean by stealing that pie, you rotters?"

The tramps got such a fright at hearing the ostrich speak in a human voice that they nearly fainted on the spot.

"We—we are dreamin'!" gasped one of them.

"Oh, no, you're not!" cried Charlie, swinging himself agilely down from Oswald's back. "We'll teach you not to pinch old ladies' pies, you horrid thieves!"

With the words, he rushed at the two tramps, seized them by the hair, and cracked their heads together with a thump which nearly stunned the terrified pair. He could do it easily, because chimpanzees are terribly strong.

"Now gimme that pie!" he yelled, grabbing the pie in his great hairy paws.

Neither of the two tramps tried to stop him grabbing the pie. They were too frightened for that. Jumping to their feet they tried to bolt. But Oswald was waiting for that.

Out whipped his leg, catching the nearer of the tramps such a terrific kick that, with a howl of pain and fear, that terrified rascal was sent sailing clean over the hedge. Nor did the second tramp come off any better. An ostrich has a most powerful kick, and Oswald caught the second tramp a kick which sent the scamp flying over the hedge to join his pal.

Picking themselves up, the precious pair fled howling across the field, nor did they stop until they'd run a mile or more. By that time Oswald was trotting triumphantly back to Widow Wiggs' cottage, with Charlie on his back carrying the pie.

"Here you are, ma'am!" said Charlie, as Oswald halted outside the cottage door.

"Oh, thank you so much!" cried the good lady, taking the pie. "But I still can't get over animals being able to talk—and birds as well, because an ostrich is a bird, isn't it? Would you like some nuts?"

"Well, I jolly well would, ma'am!" confessed Charlie, his eyes gleaming.

"And would your friend like some nice juicy lettuce?" cried Widow Wiggs.

"He would, indeed, ma'am!" cried Oswald, answering for himself.

So they were rewarded for their kind deed; but to this day Widow Wiggs can't get over the very strange way in which her stolen pie was rescued from the two tramps.

There'll be more fun next week with the boys of Dr. Grunter's Zoo School. Don't miss their amazing adventures!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



I'VE GIVEN THE KITCHEN STAFF A HALF HOLIDAY, SO YOU TWO BOYS ARE DETAILED FOR WASHING-UP DUTIES!

H'M! - SO OUR HALF-HOLIDAY IS A WASH-OUT IT SEEMS!

KITCHEN



COO! WHAT HEAPS OF WASHERY-UPPERY TO DO! PITY WE HAVEN'T GOT A WASHING-UP MACHINE!

OH YES WE HAVE! WE'VE GOT TWO OF THEM! - YOU AND YOU! NOW GET CRACKING!



GET CRACKING, SIR? YESSIR! THAT'S EASY!

BAH! NOT LIKE THAT!! I MEANT GET ON WITH THE WASHING!



TRY AGAIN WITH THIS LOT HERE!

DRAT! A KNOCK AT THE DOOR NOW! DROP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND ANSWER THE DOOR!

RAT A TAT!



HOW CAN WE ANSWER THE DOOR? - IT HASN'T SAID ANYTHING!

WE'LL TRY ANY! HULLO, DOOR!



TCHAH! FOOLISH YOUTHS!! I MEANT OPEN IT!!

ER, YESSIR!



KITCHEN

I'LL GO AND FIND A BROOM TO SWEEP UP THE BITS!

WASHING MACHINE FOR MRS. TWIZZLE! YOU CAN SIGN FOR IT!

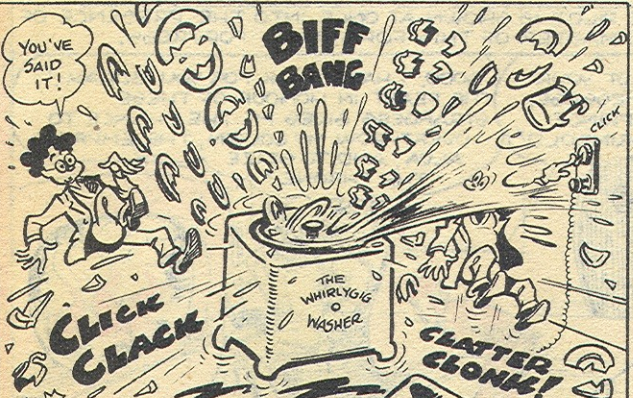
OH! JUST THE JOB! WE'LL BORROW THIS!

SURRIN!



THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF UNBROKEN THINGS TO WASH UP! IN THEY ALL GO!

SMASHING INVENTION, WHAT?



YOU'VE SAID IT!

BIFF BANG

CLICK CLACK

CLATTER CLONK!

BAH! THAT'S A WASHING MACHINE FOR SOCKS - NOT A WASHING-UP MACHINE FOR CROCKS!!

NEVER MIND SIR! THE WASHING-UP IS DONE - THERE'S NO CROCKERY LEFT!



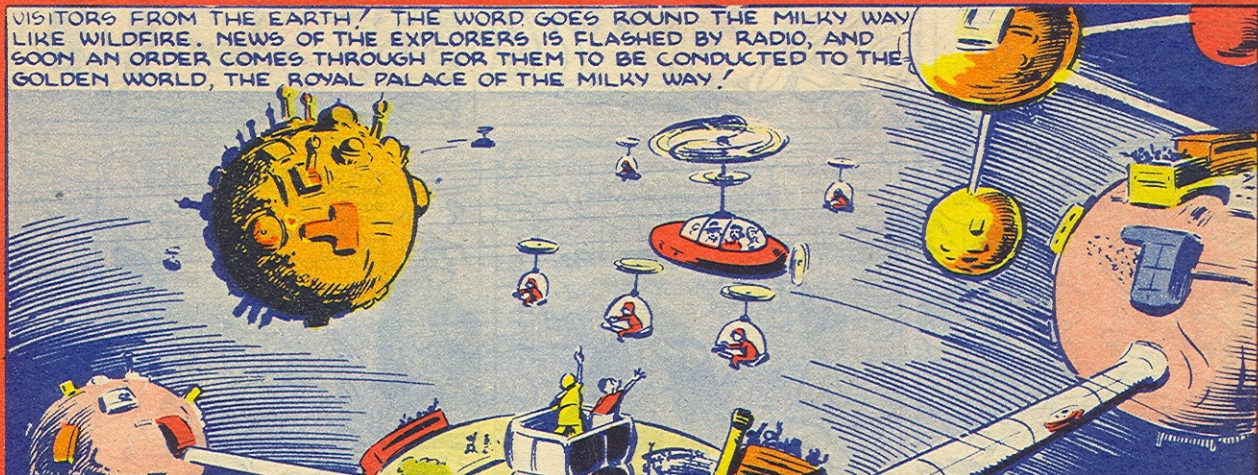
COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

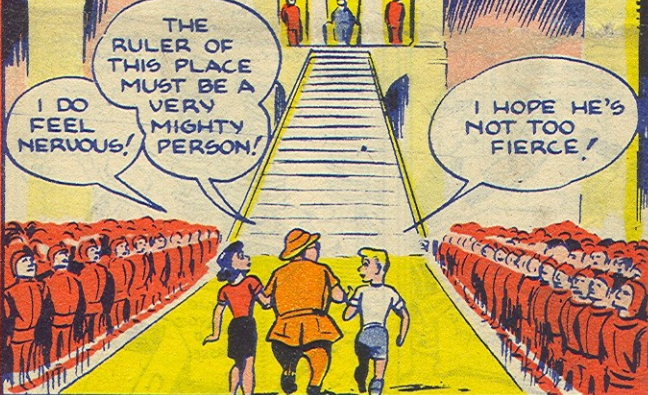
THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

VISITORS FROM THE EARTH! THE WORD GOES ROUND THE MILKY WAY LIKE WILDFIRE. NEWS OF THE EXPLORERS IS FLASHED BY RADIO, AND SOON AN ORDER COMES THROUGH FOR THEM TO BE CONDUCTED TO THE GOLDEN WORLD, THE ROYAL PALACE OF THE MILKY WAY!



THEY ARE TAKEN INTO THE THRONE ROOM --



I DO FEEL NERVOUS!

THE RULER OF THIS PLACE MUST BE A VERY MIGHTY PERSON!

I HOPE HE'S NOT TOO FIERCE!

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALVA THE FIFTY-NINTH, RULER OF THE EMPIRE OF THE MILLION WORLDS!

WHY - IT'S A GIRL!



WELCOME TO THE MILKY WAY, EARTH PEOPLE. YOU SHALL BE OUR HONOURED GUESTS.

BUT WHILE THIS GREAT WELCOME IS GOING ON, A SLEEK BLACK SPACE-PLANE GLIPS AWAY FROM THE CAPITAL OF THE MILKY WAY, AND SPEEDS TOWARDS ONE OF THE OUTER WORLDS ---



AFTER A FEW HOURS FAST FLYING, THE BLACK CRAFT REACHES A ROCKY, BLEAK WORLD ON THE OUTER FRINGE OF THE MILKY WAY ---



THE PILOT IS SHOWN AT ONCE INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTER OF THIS FORBIDDING FORTRESS.



I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, PRINCE GRIMBOLD!

GOOD! I HAVE WORK FOR YOU, BORAK! THE FEAST IN HONOUR OF THESE STRANGERS GIVES ME THE CHANCE TO OVERTHROW MY COUSIN, THE EMPRESS ALVA, AND TO SEIZE THE THRONE!