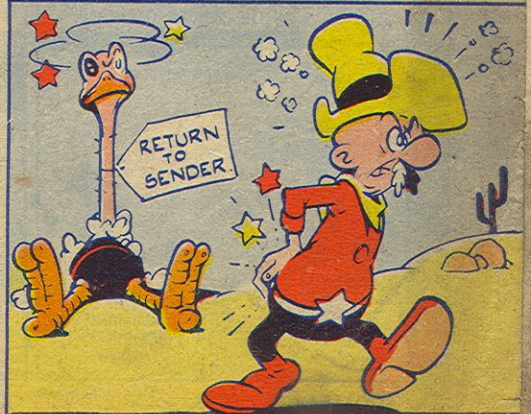
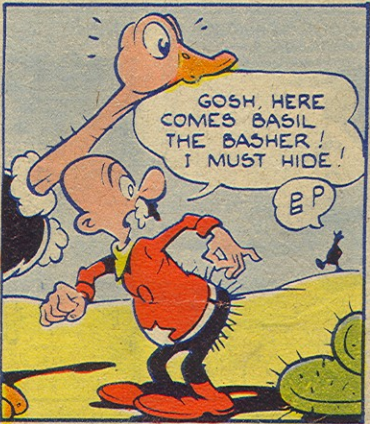
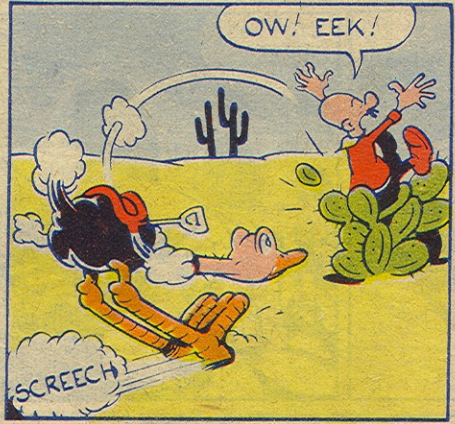
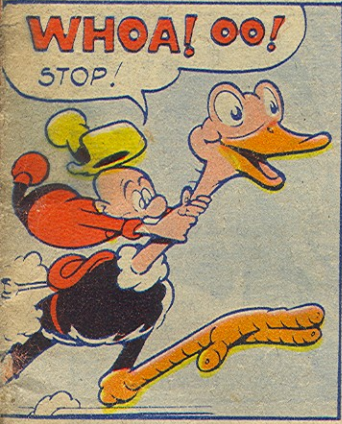
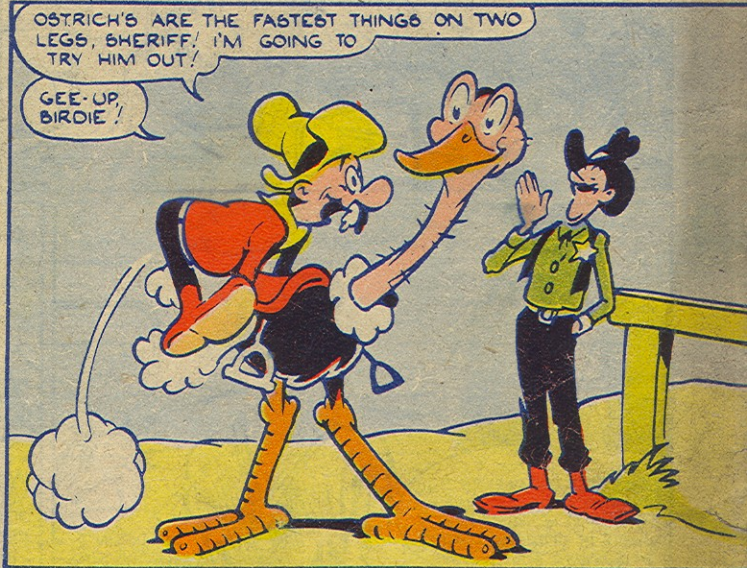
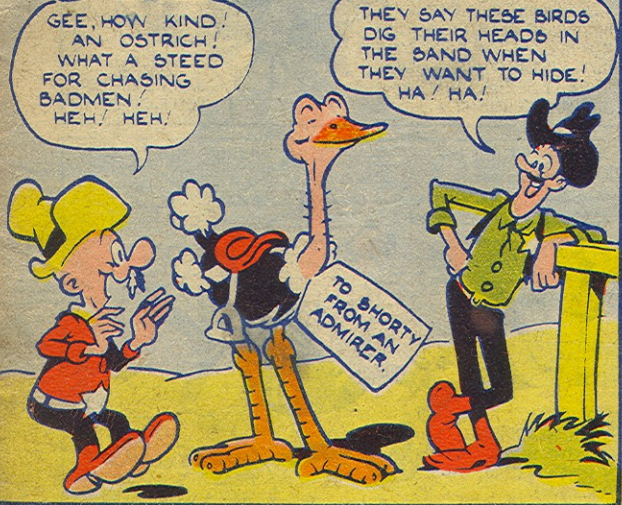


# COMET

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

No. 210. July 26, 1952.

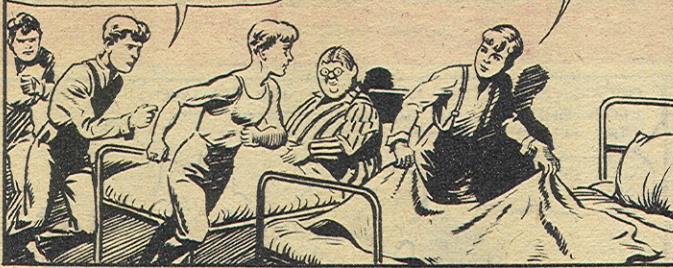
## SHORTY



Vernon-Smith, the Bounder, has let the School cricket team down. Through him they lost the match. Everyone thinks that he has returned to his bad old ways. What they don't know is that he is shielding and hiding his cousin Alan, a deserter from the Army, in the old Bell Tower. He breaks out of the dormitory to take some grub to his cousin.

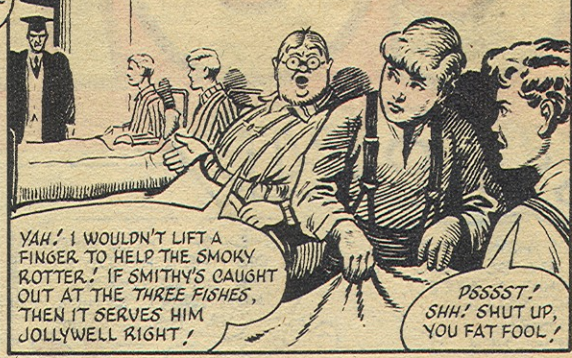
# THE WORST BOY AT GREYFRIARS

SMITHY'S A RECKLESS FOOL, BUT WE CAN'T LET HIM BE SACKED LIKE THIS! WE'VE GOT TO COVER UP FOR HIM!



COME ON CHAPS! LEND A HAND! WE'LL FIX A DUMMY IN HIS BED--

THEN THE DOOR OPENS AS BUNTER SNORTS WITH DISDAIN--



YAH! I WOULDN'T LIFT A FINGER TO HELP THE SMOKY ROTTER! IF SMITHY'S CAUGHT OUT AT THE THREE FISHES, THEN IT SERVES HIM JOLLYWELL RIGHT!

PSSST! SHH! SHUT UP, YOU FAT FOOL!



CAN I BELIEVE MY EARS! WHARTON! YOU ARE HEAD BOY. WHAT IS THIS I HEAR? WHERE IS VERNON-SMITH? ANSWER ME!

I-I DON'T KNOW, SIR--

WITH A THUNDEROUS BROW, MR QUELCH SWISHES FROM THE DORMITORY.



YOU FAT IDIOT! YOU STUPID BLADDER OF LARD! THE BOUNDER'S REALLY FOR IT, NOW! BUMP HIM, MEN!

YAROOH! LEMME GO, YOU BEASTS! I DIDN'T SAY A WORD! OUCH!

MEANWHILE, MR QUELCH HURRIES DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE GLOOMY QUADRANGLE--



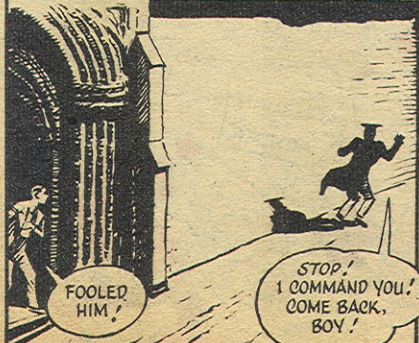
THE RECKLESS DEFIANT BOY! HE SHALL BE EXPELLED! THERE HE GOES! VERNON-SMITH--STOP!



STOP, BOY! YOU HEAR ME!

MY HAT! IT'S QUELCH! HE'S SPOTTED ME! IT'S THE SACK IF I'M CAUGHT! I'VE GOT TO HIDE!

SWIFTLY THE BOUNDER FLATTENS BACK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TOWER DOORWAY--



FOOLED HIM!

STOP! I COMMAND YOU! COME BACK, BOY!

THEN A VOICE CALLS SOFTLY FROM ABOVE--



IS THAT YOU, SMITHY? I'M UP HERE!

WHAT THE-- WHO ARE YOU, SIR? WHO'S THERE? ANSWER ME!

STUPID FOOL! TO CALL OUT LIKE THAT, JUST WHEN I'D SHAKEN QUELCHY OFF!



STOP, YOU RECKLESS BOY! YOU SHALL BE EXPELLED FOR THIS. YOU CANNOT ESCAPE.



THEN, AS MR QUELCH RACES UP THE STEPS IN PURSUIT --

AAAAH! THE STEPS! -- THEY'RE COLLAPSING! HELP! HELP!

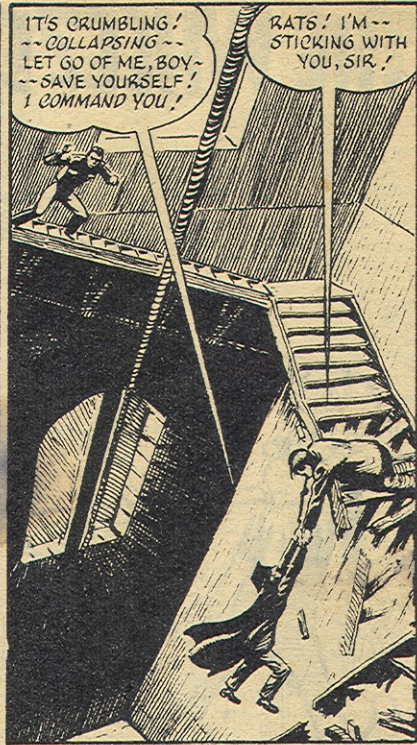
GREAT HEAVENS! HE'LL BE KILLED!



MR QUELCH CLINGS FOR A MOMENT TO THE CRUMBLING TIMBERS, THEN, EVEN AS THEY BREAK AWAY IN HIS GRASP, THE BOUNDER COMES TO HIS RESCUE --

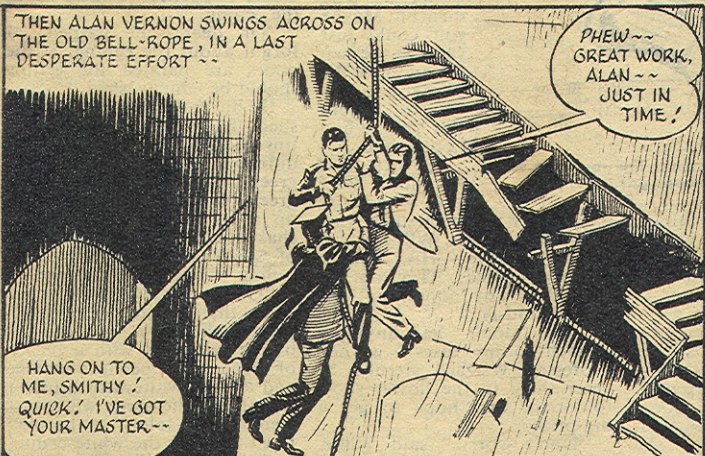
HANG ON, SIR! I'VE GOT YOU! HOLD TIGHT --

NO -- NO -- YOU ENDANGER YOURSELF -- BACK, BOY -- DO AS I SAY -- SAVE YOURSELF -- NEVER MIND ME --



IT'S CRUMBLING! -- COLLAPSING -- LET GO OF ME, BOY -- SAVE YOURSELF! I COMMAND YOU!

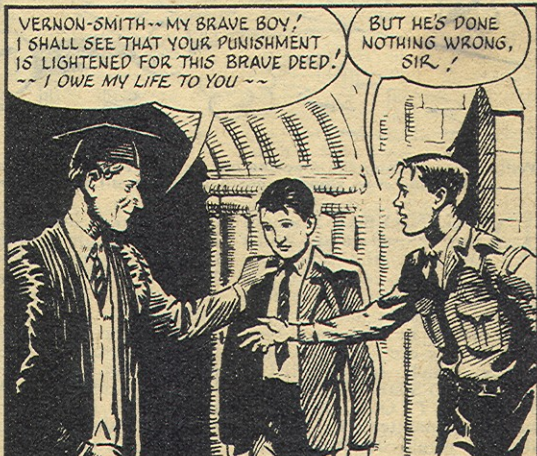
RATS! I'M -- STICKING WITH YOU, SIR!



THEN ALAN VERNON SWINGS ACROSS ON THE OLD BELL-ROPE, IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT --

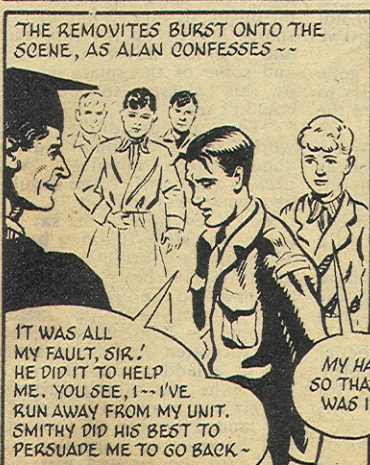
PHEW -- GREAT WORK, ALAN -- JUST IN TIME!

HANG ON TO ME, SMITHY! QUICK! I'VE GOT YOUR MASTER --



VERNON-SMITH -- MY BRAVE BOY, I SHALL SEE THAT YOUR PUNISHMENT IS LIGHTENED FOR THIS BRAVE DEED! -- I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU --

BUT HE'S DONE NOTHING WRONG, SIR!



THE REMOVITES BURST ONTO THE SCENE, AS ALAN CONFESSES --

IT WAS ALL MY FAULT, SIR! HE DID IT TO HELP ME. YOU SEE, I -- I'VE RUN AWAY FROM MY UNIT. SMITHY DID HIS BEST TO PERSUADE ME TO GO BACK --

MY HAT! SO THAT WAS IT!



YOU ARE A BRAVE YOUNG MAN. I SHALL RING YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER FIRST THING TO-MORROW AND TELL HIM OF YOUR BRAVE DEED. YOU MAY SPEND THE NIGHT AT GREYFRIARS. TO-MORROW, I THINK, YOU WILL FIND IT -- EASIER -- TO GO BACK!

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, SIR! ALL I WANT IS ANOTHER CHANCE! I'LL GO BACK!

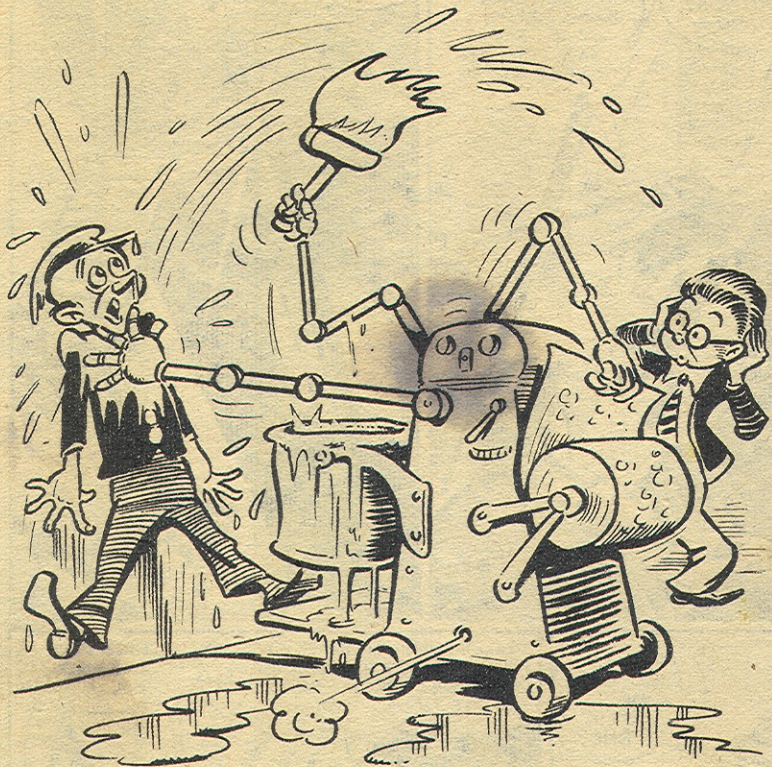


AND THE TWO HEROES ARE CHEERED INTO THE REMOVE DORMITORY.

BRING OUT ALL THE TUCK YOU'VE GOT, MEN. IT'S A MIDNIGHT FEAST TO-NIGHT, FOR THE GIDDY HEROES!

THREE CHEERS FOR GOOD OLD SMITHY AND HIS COUSIN! HIP HIP HURRAH!

# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Willie tried to stop the machine but he pressed the wrong button. The machine went faster than ever, slopping paste and paper all over the unhappy gas inspector.

DR. GANDYBAR'S School was closed and Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, was home for the summer holidays. At the foot of the garden he had a special shed which he had built himself. On the door it had a huge notice which said: WILLIE WIZZARD'S DEN. PRIVATE. KEEP OUT. Only part of it had been painted. The rest of it soon would be, for Willie's special Wizzard Wonder Self-working Painting Machine was on the job. It looked a simple enough contraption. Like a ladder with little wheels attached to the feet and a tank on top. You filled the tank with paint and the paint ran down a tube and came out in a fine spray which moved up and down, covering a large part of the wall with a coating of paint. At the same time the ladder moved slowly sideways along the wall and a special device made it turn at corners. It was making a good job of Willie's shed, and Willie was very proud of it. He had watched it working for a while, then had gone into his den to work on his next invention.

This was the Wizzard Wall-papering Machine. It was much more complicated and difficult to invent. Willie didn't mind

that. He liked inventing things. He was the son of the world-famous inventor, Professor Wizzard who, at that moment, was watering his prize roses in the garden.

Willie was just screwing in the last screw in the stop-it knob of his wall-paperer when his little sister, Winnie Wizzard, popped her head in the doorway. "Mummy wants you. You're to come at once," she announced.

Reluctantly Willie put down his screwdriver and went into the house. He found his mother in great distress. His father, who had left his roses, was trying to console her.

"Your mother has just had a letter from Mr. Attaboy," he explained. "He is coming to visit us and bringing his son Tommy with him."

"Oh, that's great," cried Willie, for Tommy was his pal at school.

"Well, we'll be pleased to have them, but they're coming tomorrow. They wrote the letter a fortnight ago. It must have been lost in the post, for it has just arrived. Your mother is upset because she hasn't had time to get the spare room ready for Mr. Attaboy."

"Yes, it wouldn't have been so bad if we hadn't promised

to visit poor old sick Mrs. Jones today," put in Mrs. Wizzard. "We must go. So I haven't time to get the room ready. The only thing we can do is send a telegram asking Mr. Attaboy and Tommy not to come for a day or two."

"Oh, we don't have to do that," said Willie. "You and Dad and Winnie can go and visit old Mrs. Jones. I can stay at home and get the spare room ready for Mr. Attaboy."

"Well," said Mrs. Wizzard thoughtfully, "I don't really want to put them off. Maybe you could just vacuum the carpet and give the place a dust. I'll see about the rest when I come back."

About half an hour later the Wizzards were ready to go on their visit to old Mrs. Jones. Willie waved them goodbye. His mother looked worried. "Try not to get up to any nonsense," she said anxiously.

"And don't let anything happen to my roses," warned Professor Wizzard sternly. "I enter them in the flower show tomorrow and hope to get a big prize."

"Don't worry," said Willie. "I'll not get into mischief. I'll work very hard. You'll not know the spare room when I've finished with it."

As soon as they had gone Willie bounded up the stairs to the spare room and opened the door.

"Can't see anything wrong with it," he said to himself as he looked around. "Seems all right to me. But Mum is so fussy. She thinks it needs thoroughly cleaning so I'd better do it."

He cleared all the furniture out on to the landing except the bed, which was too big. Then he got the vacuum.

"It won't look any better when it is done," he grumbled. "All this work will be for nothing. There won't be any difference!"

He felt annoyed. He wanted to make a difference to the

room and have his mother delighted with the result when she came back. For a moment he stood in thought, then he made a decision.

"I'll paint the woodwork," he thought. "It won't take long with my mechanical painter. It will dry in no time and make the room look nice and fresh."

So Willie fetched his Wizzard Wonder Painting Machine. He had a bit of a job getting it up the stairs, and when he reached the landing he was so puffed and out of breath that he couldn't be bothered cleaning up the trail of paint he had left behind him. "Time enough to do that later," he said.

He stood the machine against the door and set it in motion. He had filled the tank with a bright yellow paint. The doors were already a dull brown. There was no sense in making them a dull brown over again. Nobody would notice that they had been re-painted. So he had decided on a bright yellow.

While the painting machine was whirring away spreading yellow paint over the door Willie happened to look up at the ceiling.

"Oh dear!" he gasped. "I forgot about the ceiling. If the doors are painted the ceiling should be whitewashed."

He hurried down to the toolshed. There were a number of tins of distemper there, each a different colour: white, red, green, yellow. Willie decided on green. Quickly he mixed some up in a bucket, and in two shakes he was on top of a pair of steps plastering the white ceiling with green distemper.

"Green whitewash is much nicer than white whitewash," he thought as he stood on top of the tall steps with a bucket of green distemper in one hand and a large whitewash brush in the other. The green whitewash went "splop-slop" as he plastered it on to the white ceiling, and "splat-splat" as it dripped off on to his face. Some of the splops landed on his forehead and trickled down his nose, and some of the splats landed on his glasses so that he couldn't see.

"This is dreadfully hard work," he told himself, after about fifteen minutes. "My neck is quite stiff. There should be a better way to do it."

For a few minutes he sat on top of the steps thinking hard. Then his face brightened. The great Wizzard brain had found an answer to the problem.

"I've got it," he cried, jumping up. Unfortunately, he had forgotten that he was on top of a ladder—and the next minute he was sailing through the air in a beautiful back-dive. He landed on top of the bed and bounced so hard that he rose into the air and met the

distemper pot on its way down. The pot turned upside down on Willie's head.

"Oh dear," wailed Willie, looking like a figure off an icing cake. "What a dreadful mess! Now I'll have to change and take a bath."

Willie had settled nicely in a hot bath when a horrible thought occurred to him.

"Crikey!" he cried, jumping out of the bath. "I forgot to turn off the painter."

Quickly he dried himself and pulled on clean clothes, then hurried to the spare room. Sure enough, the mechanical painter was on its third journey round the room. It had sprayed a thick coating of bright yellow paint all over the wallpaper, the windows and the curtains. Willie gave a cry of despair. He sat down on the bed—on top of a pool of green distemper—and groaned.

"Oh dear. Oh dear. Mum was so proud of her nice wallpaper. Whatever will I do? The whole room will have to be papered over again."

Then for a second time his face brightened. "Why, of course," he exclaimed, "the Wizzard Paper-pasting machine! I'll have the ceiling finished, the wall re-papered, the carpet vacuumed, the bed-clothes and my own clothes washed, the furniture all back in place and the paint and green whitewash marks removed from the stairs, the landing and the bathroom—all before Mum and Dad arrive back from Mrs. Jones!"

He gathered up the distemper-soaked clothes and took them down to the kitchen. There he popped them into the Wizzard Wonder Clothes Washer, added a generous dollop of Wizzard Paint Remover, pressed the switch and set the washing-machine in motion.

"That's that," he said, making his way into the garden. In the tool-shed he found his father's garden spray, then he went to his den and started to haul out his latest invention, the Wizzard Paper-paster.

It was an awful struggle getting it up the stairs. It had a tank full of paste that splashed all over the carpet and the rolls of paper kept falling off and rolling down the stairs. Willie Wizzard was quite exhausted by the time he had the machine in position. Then he plugged it into the electric light socket and away it went.

It looked like a mechanical man with a bag of paper rolls on his back and a tank of paste on his chest. He had three arms. One, coming out of his chin, held a paste brush which it dipped into the tank. Then, as the head moved backwards and forwards the paste was spread on the wall. The other arms reached over the mechanical paster's shoulders selected a roll of paper and held it against the wall while it was pasted into position.

The wallpaper Willie had

selected was one that had a pattern of bright red roses in vases. The machine put the first roll of paper on upside down. This annoyed Willie. He kept feeling that the roses should all fall out of the vases. Still, it couldn't be helped. While the machine papered, Willie got busy again on the ceiling. This time there were no splods or splats, for he used his dad's garden syringe, which sprayed a fine coating of green distemper over the surface of the ceiling.

He had just finished when a knock came to the front door. With a sigh of annoyance Willie went down and opened it. On the doorstep stood a funny-looking man in uniform. He had a large head, with a pointed chin, wide grinning mouth and big eyes that danced with merriment.

"Is your Dad in?" he asked.

"No," said Willie.

"Is your Mum in?"

"No," said Willie.

"Then can I come in?" said the funny-looking man. "I'm from the gas company. Tee-hee." When he laughed his shoulders came up and his head went down so that his ears almost disappeared inside his collar. "I've come to inspect your gas meter."

Willie stepped aside and the man stepped into the hall.

"Very nice house you have here," he said. "Belongs to Professor Wizzard, of course. Very clever man. Tee-hee." Again his ears almost vanished. "Where's the meter?"

Willie pointed. The meter-man pulled off his peaked cap and took a notebook and pencil from the lining. He stared at the meter, frowned and scribbled a row of figures in his notebook. "Very clever man," he said again. He put his ear to the meter and listened, then he added a second row of figures to the first. "Yes, very clever man," he repeated as he snapped shut his notebook and returned it to the lining of his cap. "Nice house, too. Is this Professor Wizzard's house? You must show me round. Tee-hee."

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room and went in. He walked around, picking up ornaments and having a good look at them. Everything was very nice, he said—tee-hee. Willie didn't know what to do. He had to get back to his work, for his parents would soon be in. At last he decided to get rid of the unwelcome visitor.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I'm very busy. You see, I've a machine going upstairs—"

"A machine?" cried the meter-man. "Oh, you must show me. Upstairs, you said?"

Before Willie could stop him the meter-man was halfway up the stairs, his big feet grinding the yellow paint and green distemper splashes deeper into the carpet.

Willie's machine had nearly finished its job and was working

away steadily. The meter-man's eyes grew larger than ever when he saw it.

"Wonderful. Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I've often thought of a machine like that. Only mine would be even better!"

He went on to tell Willie about the improvements he would make. He kept poking his finger at the machine and putting his head so close that Willie's heart was in his mouth. He felt an accident might happen. And an accident *did* happen. The machine's arms, feeling for another roll of paper, felt the meter-man's big ears instead. It was all the same to the machine whether it pasted up a roll of paper or a funny-looking meter-man. It did both jobs equally well. But the meter-man made so much fuss about being held against the wall and plastered with paste that the machine got stuck and instead of passing on to the next stretch of wall with the next roll of paper, it stayed where it was and plastered the roll on top of the meter-man. Willie tried to stop the machine but he was so excited that he pressed the wrong button. The machine went faster and faster and increased the amount of paper and paste it heaped on top of the unhappy gas inspector.

In the midst of Willie's frantic efforts there came a loud knock at the front door.

"Oh," wailed Willie. "That's them back from Mrs. Jones's. Dad must have forgotten his key."

He snatched up the garden syringe and rushed out to the tool-shed with it, then he came back through the house and opened the front door.

On the doorstep stood a tall gent in a white overall. He was chewing a matchstick which he removed when he started to speak.

"I represent the Dinky Decorators Company Limited," he said. "We decorate. We paint. We whitewash. We paper. All done in half a day. No delay. What do you say?"

"Go away," shouted Willie. The man put his foot in the door.

"Give us a trial," he pleaded.

"Let's make a job of the best bedroom. I bet your mother won't know it when we're finished. Ooh. OW."

The man hopped around holding his bruised shin, for Willie had given him a hard kick.

"That serves you right for being so persistent," said Willie, coming out on to the doorstep. Just then a gust of wind came blowing through the hall. It caught the doors and slammed them shut, and there was Willie left standing on the doorstep without a key, while up in the spare room the mechanical wall-paperer, which had a big supply of paper to work with, kept plastering more rolls on top of the unlucky meter-man.

"Oh," cried Willie, "what shall I do? The poor man will suffocate." He dashed round to the back of the house and into his den. There he picked up the Wizzard expanding ladder, which was about a foot high. He pressed a button and at once it stretched till it reached the upper windows of the house. Hastily Willie mounted. He had almost reached the spare bedroom window when he heard a cry from the lane behind the house.

"Here! Here! What are you doing up there? Come down at once."

Willie looked down. Below him was the angry red face of a policeman. Willie reached for the window. The policeman grabbed at the ladder. But the policeman didn't know that it was the Wizzard expanding ladder. His hand pressed the expander button. Up shot the ladder and up went Willie, six clear feet above the roof. The jerk sent him flying into the air. He landed with a thud on the slates. As soon as he had recovered he clambered over the slates to the skylight, while from below came the sound of whistles, voices and running feet. The skylight window was open. Willie wriggled through and landed softly on his own bed in the attic.

Down he rushed to the spare room on the landing below. The machine was still working

(Continued on page 9)

## ANOTHER SUPER BARGAIN PARCEL!

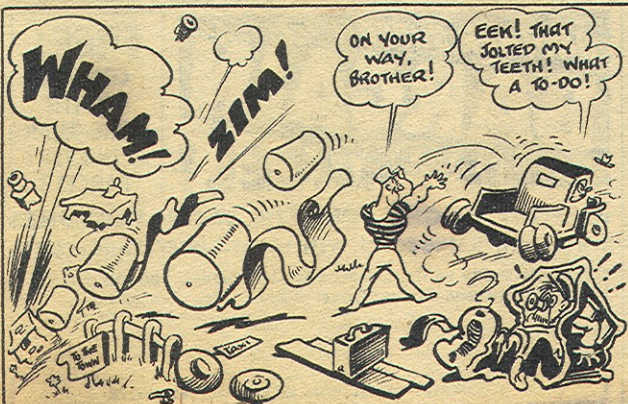
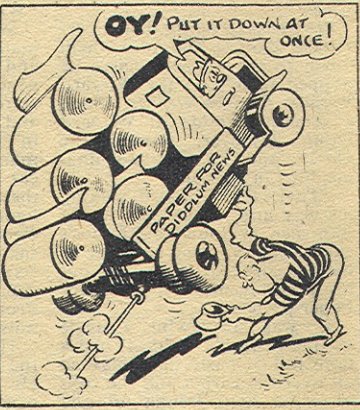
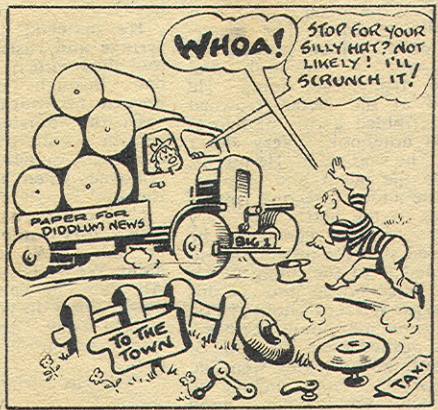
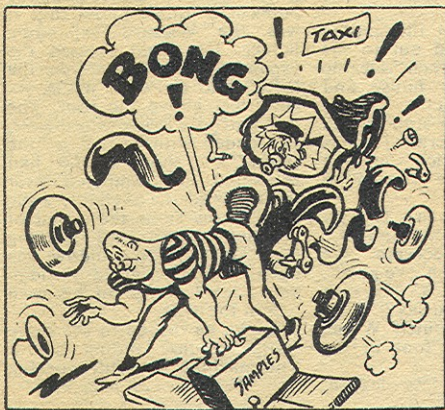
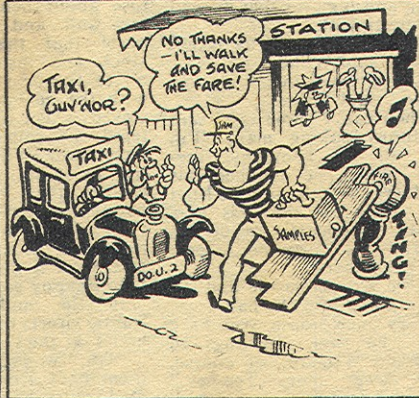
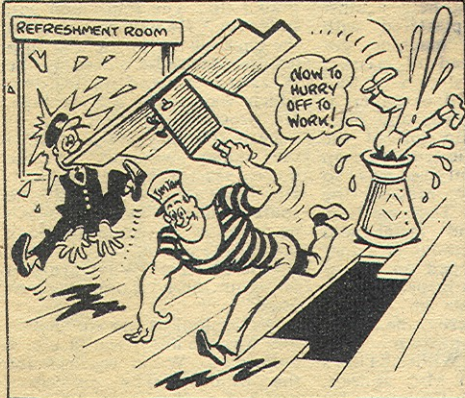
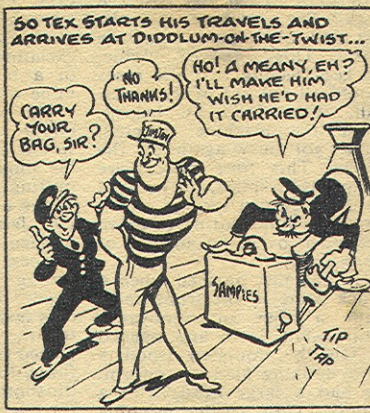
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# The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin

WAS Wan Chen's treasure really in the sunken ship *Southern Star*?

Only the ivory mandarin could tell!

But the clockwork which made the little statue dance in the special way that told where the treasure was hidden was out of order.

Wan Chen was a crafty old Chinese master-crook, and his treasure was the loot from dozens of daring robberies. Instead of marking the spot where he had hidden his treasure on a map he had made the ivory mandarin, which would tell his secret if you knew how to make the little statue work properly.

The Professor was another crook who had found out half the secret of the treasure from the mandarin and guessed the other half. His guess had led him to make for the *Southern Star*, a sunken ship lying below the waves off the south-east coast of Africa.

Wan Chen had learned about this and it had made him laugh. None the less, he had hurried in a flying boat to the spot where the ship lay wrecked because he wanted to set a trap for the Professor. With him he took his daughter Lotus and Bob Harley, the son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard. Bob was Wan Chen's prisoner.

At the scene of the wreck Wan Chen donned a diving dress and went down to the sunken ship, taking with him a small metal box. Then the Professor arrived in a motor fishing vessel with a crew of lascars. Wan Chen's pilot and Bob and Lotus were quickly overpowered.

And during the battle one of the lascars hurled an axe, which cut through the rope which ran down to Wan Chen in his diving suit. At the same time his air supply stopped, for Bob and Lotus could no longer work the air pump.

THE Professor stepped off the deck of the ship and walked along the wing towards the hull of the flying boat. He turned to Bob and Lotus and grinned.

"So we meet again!"

Lotus struggled wildly in the grip of the dark-skinned seaman who held her.

"My father—he's down below in a diving suit! He needs air! He'll suffocate!"

"That would be terrible, wouldn't it?" mocked the Professor. "However, it is not my plan that Wan Chen should die—yet." He signalled with his hand towards Bob. "Let the boy go. Let him pump air down to the Chinaman!"

Bob grasped the handle of the air pump and began to turn. The Chinaman might be in bad

trouble, for he had had no fresh air for four or five minutes.

"Take the girl aboard my ship," directed the Professor.

Lotus was pushed roughly up through the hatch on to the top of the aircraft and urged along the wing towards the Professor.

"You beast! What are you going to do with us?" she cried.

"We shall see, my dear!" purred the Professor. "Just at this moment I am going to pay a call on your father down below. I think he went below to remove the treasure from the wreck before I should find it. Well—I am too clever for him!"

The Professor re-boarded his own ship.

"Prepare my diving suit!" he ordered.

THE Professor sank down into the green-lit world below the waves.

The reef of rocks on the surface that marked the scene of the wreck was the craggy pinnacle of a great mountain of black rock that towered up from the sea bottom. He could see it, looking dark and forbidding through the clear green water.

The Professor paddled with his arms and he turned slowly around on the end of his rope. He bent himself forward as much as he could in his heavy suit, for it was hard to see downward from inside the round brass helmet with its small windows.

Yes—there it was, the *Southern Star*. He could see the ship clearly. She was caught on a massive crag of the undersea mountain with her decks slanting at a crazy angle.

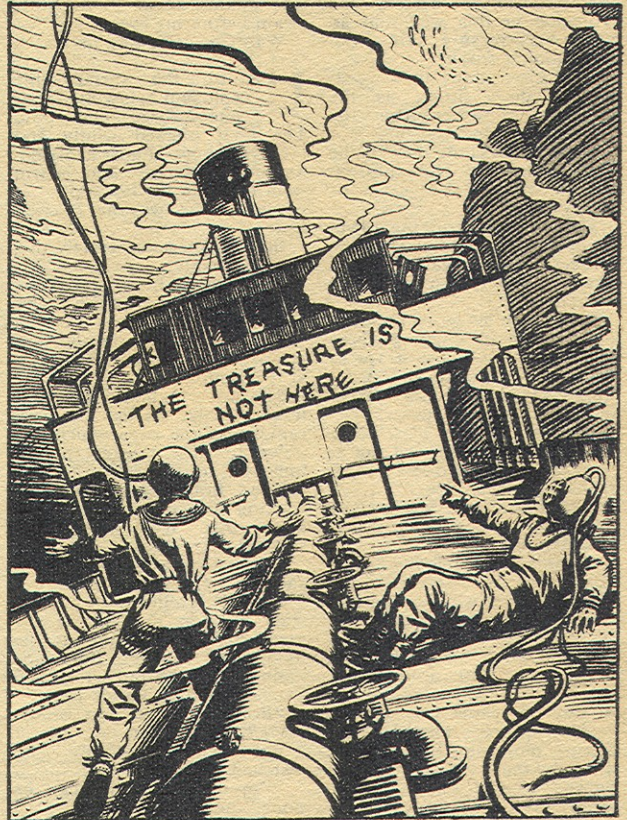
But almost the whole of the front half of the ship was hanging over nothing. The black rock of the mountain dropped cliff-like to untold depths below the wreck's bows!

The Professor's feet scraped upon the sloping deck and he stood there a moment getting his bearings. Now that his eyes were used to the undersea twilight he could see quite well.

Wan Chen lay in his diving dress over on the other side of the deck. A steady stream of bubbles from the top of his helmet told that air was coming down to him from above. The Professor clumped across towards him. At first he thought that the Chinaman might be dead. Then as he peered down at him he could see his breath misting the inside of the round window in his helmet.

The Professor guessed that he had been knocked out by lack of air when the pump up above had stopped.

Wan Chen stirred as the Professor stood over him. He pushed himself weakly up from the deck upon one arm and



peered up at the Professor. He must have recognised him, for he raised one arm and pointed up towards the bridge of the sunken ship. Through the glass of his helmet there was a thin smile upon his face.

The Professor looked towards the bridge and started.

There, scrawled crudely in big lettering across the width of the bridge were the words:

THE TREASURE IS NOT HERE.

The Professor read the words and made an impatient gesture. The treasure must be here. Did Wan Chen think he was to be put off so easily?

The first thing to do, thought the Professor, was to find the ship's strong room. He had a good idea where to look for it, from what he remembered of the ship. He started towards a steel door that stood half open just below the bridge.

Wan Chen raised himself with a great effort and hurled himself at the Professor's legs. The water slowed his movements, but he wrapped his arms around his enemy and brought him down to the deck.

Like two strange monsters the two men rolled over and over on the tanker's sloping deck, Wan Chen clinging desperately and the Professor

striking fiercely with both arms to free himself.

Then the Professor changed his tactics and drove one of his lead-soled boots at the Chinaman's stomach. Wan Chen doubled up with pain and his grasp failed.

The Professor kicked himself free and stood looking down in triumph at his beaten enemy.

"You'll never stop me getting the treasure, my friend!" he snarled within his helmet. Then he turned and tramped towards that half-open steel door.

Wan Chen's desperate attack upon him had made him sure that the treasure was somewhere in the ship. He little thought that those words scrawled across the bridge were true. He little guessed Wan Chen's real reason for trying to stop him!

The Professor reached the steel door and pushed it open.

Instantly there came a thunderous roar and a flash of fire that seethed the water into a turmoil of boiling bubbles.

Wan Chen had set a trap for the Professor. He had thought that he would be far away when the Professor walked into that trap. But as things turned out Wan Chen was much too near the explosion for his liking.

For the metal box which he

had brought down with him was a depth charge which he had set to explode as soon as that steel door was opened. He had planned to destroy the Professor in this way and so make his treasure safe from that cunning crook.

Wan Chen clung to a weed-covered deck fitting as the hurricane of water from the explosion hit him.

Then, as he clung, he felt the whole deck move. The explosion had shifted the ship upon its craggy perch!

The nose was dropping down, the deck tilting wildly. Then the *Southern Star* began to slide forward and down into the awful depths!

Wan Chen let go of the deck—no sense in clinging there now—and tore at the straps of his boots. The ship was dropping away below him—fast—and he was sinking, too.

Just as the first boot came loose he felt the upward tug as he reached the extreme length of the rubber air line.

It held him for a few seconds—then he was sinking again. The pipe had broken!

In the nick of time his fingers closed the air-valves in his helmet so that what air he had would not be crushed out by the pressure of water around him, and would stay in his suit.

Then he bent double and tore again at the leaden boot as he sank. It came free and he let it drop from him. He was sinking more slowly now, but still sinking. Desperately he worked at the straps of the second boot.

The weight of many fathoms of water was pressing in on him, flattening his diving suit against his body as he got the boot off his other foot at long last.

He stopped sinking.

But now his head, encased in the brass helmet, was the heaviest part of him, and as he rose his feet rose fastest. Soon he was completely upside down.

He could feel the blood pounding in his ears. It was hard to breathe. Almost every last trace of air in the suit was

being used up and stale.

Worse still, he could feel water inside his suit. The suit was getting water-logged. He was sinking again. A red mist swam before his eyes.

Wan Chen knew no more.

**U**P on the surface the explosion below made the water surge and boil. The boat pitched wildly and the flying-boat almost capsized. Shouts of terror and alarm went up from the lascars.

"Bob—what was that?" cried Lotus.

Bob pumped desperately, his face set grimly.

"Something blew up—down below—depth charge!" he panted.

"Father!" cried Lotus, and gripped the rail, peering down at the seething water.

The lascars aboard the Professor's ship started to haul rapidly on the rope which ran down to their master to pull him back to the surface.

Then Bob saw the air line snaking out over the side and knew that Wan Chen was sinking.

"Lotus—quickly!" he shouted. "Come over here!"

In the excitement nobody tried to stop the girl as she raced across the wing of the flying-boat towards Bob. She jumped down through the open hatch and stood beside him.

"Bob—can't we do something?" she sobbed.

Bob pumped grimly and watched the rubber line.

"I'm doing all that can be done," he told her.

Then the rubber pipe went taut, stretched for a second and broke loose just below the surface. A line of bubbles boiled upward as it sank, and then stopped. Bob stopped pumping.

"That's the air line gone," he said. Lotus sobbed. "Don't give up hope yet. I think he's managed to close his air-valves, from the way those bubbles stopped. Perhaps if he can get his lead boots off he'll float up."

Lotus stopped sobbing for a moment and the two of them

peered tensely into the green water, not breathing or speaking a word. But still there was no sign of Wan Chen.

From across the water on the ship there came shouts as the limp form of the Professor was hauled up from the water. Whether he was dead or alive they had no way of telling.

Then Bob stripped off his shirt and, picking up a coil of rope, looped one end of it loosely with a slip-knot. The other end he gave to Lotus.

"Hang on to this end," he told Lotus. "I'm going down to take a look-see. Perhaps I can help your Dad."

Lotus nodded and looked at Bob through her tears.

"Be careful, Bob," she whispered.

Bob nodded, picked up a heavy iron anchor to make him sink, and dropped over the side.

Lotus leaned forward, watching his pale shape sink through the green water until she could see him no longer.

Then a sudden commotion made her look up.

There, coming into sight around the end of the reef of rocks, was a destroyer of the Royal Navy!

**B**OB'S lungs had almost reached bursting point when he suddenly saw Wan Chen in his diving suit floating nearby in the green water.

He grasped Wan Chen firmly by one arm and at the same time let go of the anchor which formed his ballast. Then with his free hand he tugged the ready-made loop over the helpless man's head and shoulders.

That was all Bob could do. He could hold his breath no longer. He struck out for the surface with powerful strokes.

He had almost given up hope of ever breathing fresh air again, when his head broke through the surface and he was able to take a deep breath.

At once he saw the big white rowing boat, and recognised the uniforms of the Royal Navy.

As he struck out towards the flying-boat, he guessed what must have happened. Knowing that the Professor would almost certainly make for the sunken

ship, Bob's father at Scotland Yard had sent out a call for help to the Navy and the nearest ship had made for the spot with all speed!

Strong hands helped him from the water and hauled up Wan Chen.

Ten minutes later the captain of the destroyer was in command of the situation.

The Professor, hurt in the explosion, had been hauled up and was now in a bed of the ship's hospital. Wan Chen was there, too, and so far he had not opened his eyes.

"He's in a bad way," the ship's doctor told Bob and Lotus as they stood at his bedside. "It takes a very fit man to stand going down as deep as he must have done. I'm afraid it's damaged his heart."

Wan Chen's eyes flickered and opened. He looked slowly around him and saw Lotus. He reached his hand out and grasped her arm.

"Unworthy father soon to join honourable ancestors," he said weakly. "Please to listen carefully—many things to say—little time—"

He broke off, gasping painfully to get his breath.

"Treasure of no use to honourable daughter," he whispered. "Stolen gold not for honest people. Daughter must find treasure—give back to rightful owners—reward make her—rich. . ."

His eyes closed again and for a moment he fought for breath while the group at his bedside stood in tense silence. When he began to speak again his voice could barely be heard.

Lotus bent her head low to catch his whispered words.

"The—treasure—treasure is—hidden—North—"

He raised one hand weakly and his eyes glazed over.

"Hidden—North—"

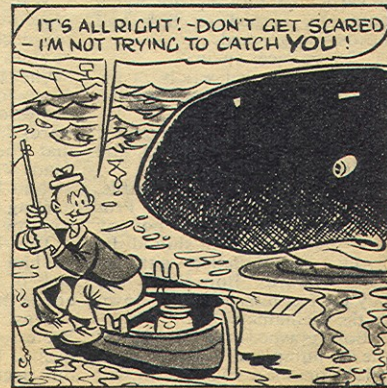
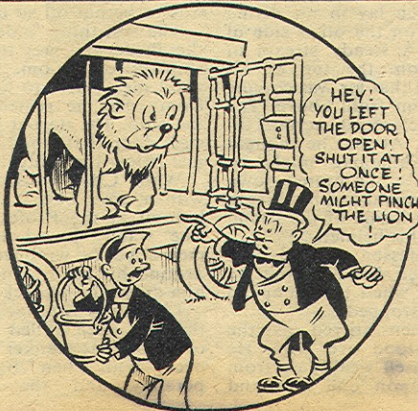
Wan Chen tried to say more, but could not. His head fell back and he was still.

Now he would never tell his secret.

Now only the ivory mandarin could show where Wan Chen's treasure was hidden.

Next week: The Ivory Mandarin tells its secret!

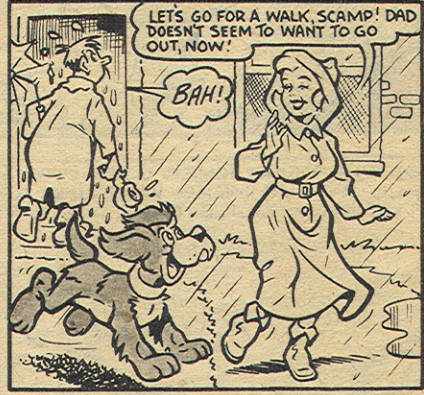
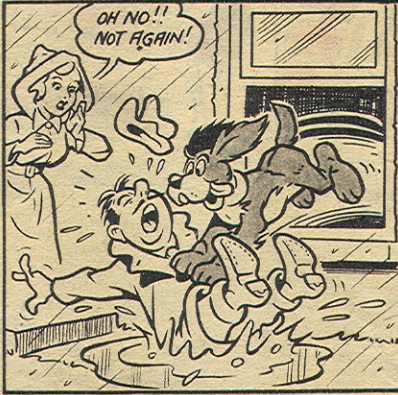
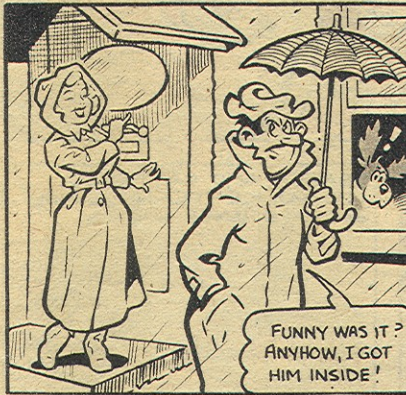
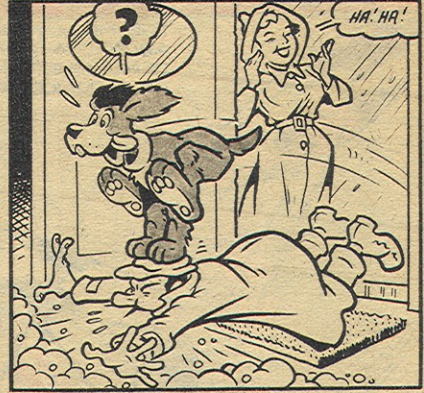
CHUCKLE TIME







# SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



## THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

away, sticking sheet upon sheet of wallpaper on top of the meter-man. From beneath the great bulge his voice kept faintly calling to be let out.

Willie stopped the machine and started to peel off the paper. "It's all right," he called to the imprisoned man. "Don't panic. I'll have you out in a jiffy."

The sound of the front door opening and shutting made him pause to listen. From the hall came his father's voice.

"I can't understand it. What is that crowd doing outside. I hope Willie hasn't been up to something."

"I hope not," said Willie's mother. She raised her voice. "WILLIE," she called.

"C-coming, mother," answered Willie. Don't go away, Mister. I'll be right back."

"What is that crowd doing round the garden gate?" his father demanded when Willie reached the living-room.

"Why have you changed your clothes?" asked his mother.

"Clothes? Oh, gosh!" cried Willie. "I'd clean forgotten."

He rushed into the kitchen and pulled the lid off the washing machine. Then he

groaned in despair, for there was nothing left of all the clothes he had put into the machine except a heap of rags lying on the bottom.

"What is the matter? What have you been up to?" demanded Mrs. Wizzard suspiciously. She looked into the boiler. "Oh! Oh!" she exclaimed. "I believe that used to be my spare bedroom curtains. "Oh! What have you done?"

She dashed up the stairs as fast as she could, crying out in horror at the paint and distemper stains on the carpet. When she reached the spare room she gave such a scream that Professor Wizzard flew up the stairs three steps at a time. He met her on the landing.

"Oh, oh," sobbed the poor lady. "See what he's done to the spare room. It's in a dreadful mess. And—and—there's a big long arm sticking out of the wall."

"Now, now," said the professor. "You're imagining things. Arms don't stick out of walls. Not in my house, anyway. I'll go and see."

At that moment there came a loud banging at the front door.

"What on earth—" began the professor. "I suppose this is the police—or the fire brigade."

He was right both times. It was the police and the fire brigade. The fire brigade had

the fire engine with them and a big long ladder stretched over the Wizzards' house.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the policeman. "But a man was seen climbing on to your roof. We have reason to believe it is an escaped crook called Gas-meter Charlie. He's very dangerous, and must be handled carefully."

Professor Wizzard was very angry at all this upset inside his house and outside his house.

"Well," he thundered at the policeman, "we don't have any gas-meter men here. Will you kindly go away and take all these other people with you."

"Just a minute," said Willie, coming forward. "We do have a gas-meter man here. He's the one you want, too."

"Good," said the policeman eagerly, coming into the hall. "Where is he?"

"Upstairs," replied Willie, "behind the wallpaper."

"What?" exclaimed the policeman, glaring at Willie. "I don't want any cheek, young man. Gas-meter Charlie is a dangerous character. There's a hundred pounds reward for his capture."

"Good!" exclaimed Willie, crossing to the telephone.

"What are you doing?" asked his father.

"I'm going to phone up the Dinky Decorating Company Limited," replied Willie. "They

will come at once and have the spare room beautifully decorated by the morning. I will pay for it myself out of the reward money. Will the rest of you please go up and release poor Charlie. He must be most uncomfortable."

Ten minutes later the house was quiet again. Charlie was away in the police van, the brigade had gone to put out a fire, and the crowds had departed.

"You're a terrible boy," said Willie's mother.

"He's a very clever boy," put in Willie's father. "Not many lads would think of such a way to deal with a dangerous character like Gas-meter Charlie. Make him a nice supper, Mother. I'm just going out to look at my beautiful red roses. I'll be back in a minute." He was back in half a minute—with murder gleaming in his eye.

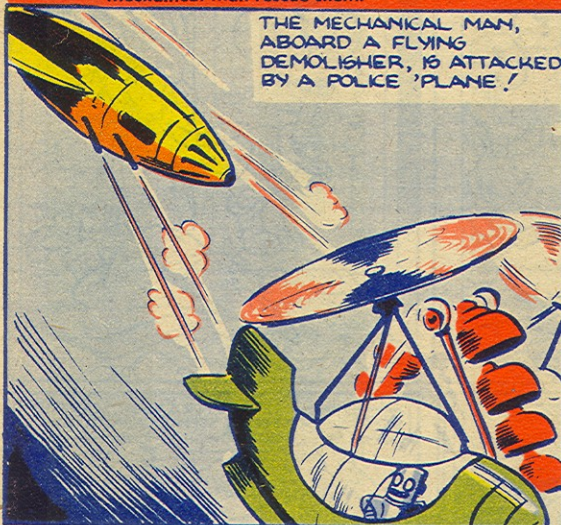
"Where's that boy?" he shouted. "I'll—I'll—Where is he? My beautiful red roses have all turned green. GREEN—do you hear. My Crimson Beauties are GREEN. Where is that boy?"

But Willie was nowhere to be seen—for he had noticed the green whitewash dripping from the professor's garden syringe. Next week: Willie invents a submarine bicycle! Don't miss the fun!

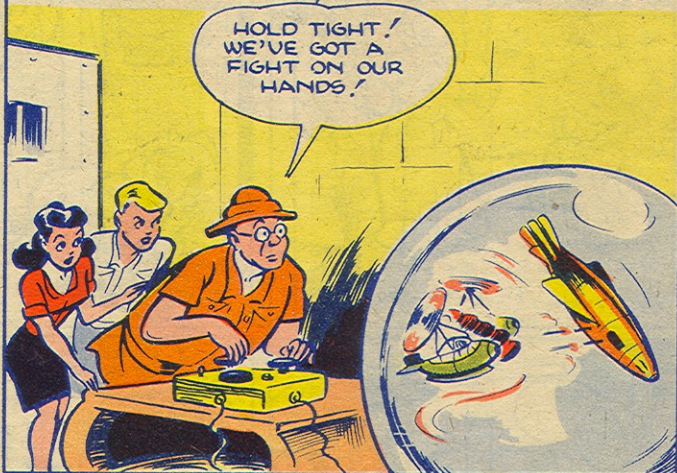
Peter and Ann, with their inventor uncle, Professor Jolly, have landed on the Milky Way. They are made welcome and have a wonderful time until Prince Grimbold kidnaps Queen Alva and blames the explorers. They are thrown in jail but the professor has a plan to make his mechanical man rescue them.

# THE SKY EXPLORERS

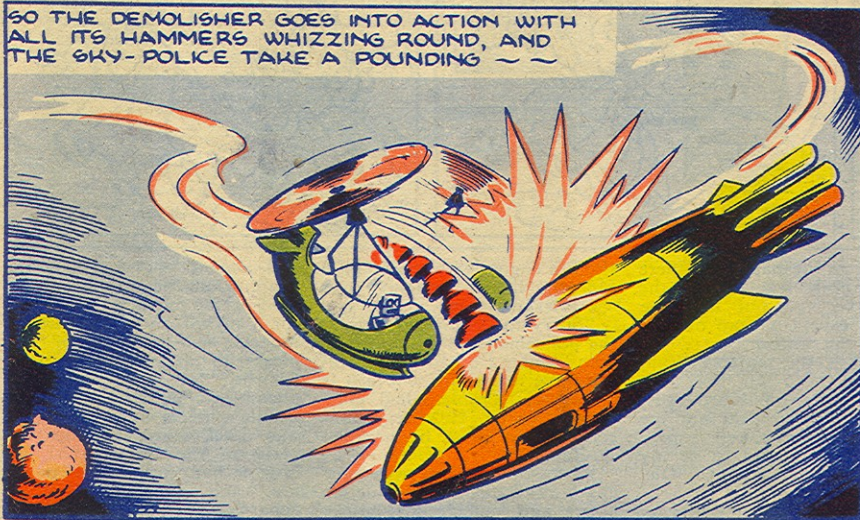
THE MECHANICAL MAN, ABOARD A FLYING DEMOLISHER, IS ATTACKED BY A POLICE 'PLANE!



BUT PROFESSOR JOLLY, AT HIS HOME-MADE REMOTE-CONTROL SET IN PRISON, TAKES INSTANT ACTION.



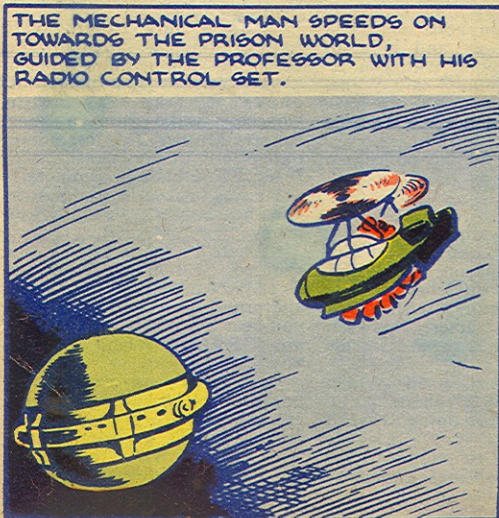
SO THE DEMOLISHER GOES INTO ACTION WITH ALL ITS HAMMERS WHIZZING ROUND, AND THE SKY-POLICE TAKE A POUNDING ~ ~ ~



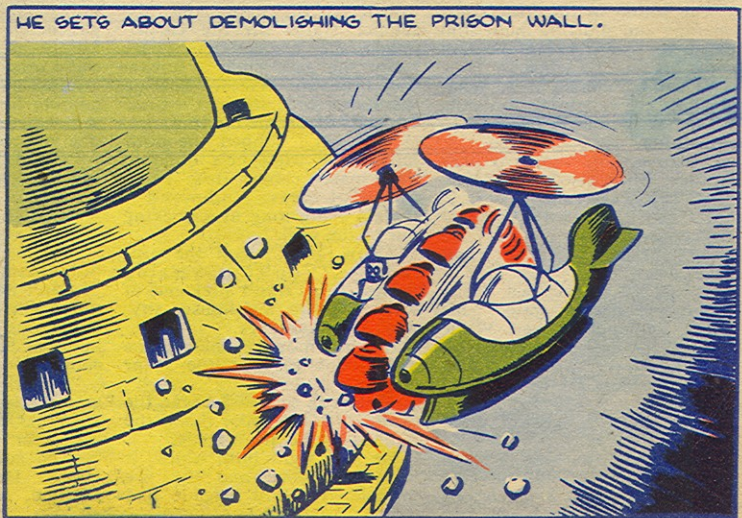
BEATEN AND BATTERED, THE POLICE 'PLANE LIMPS BACK TO BASE ~ ~ ~ ~

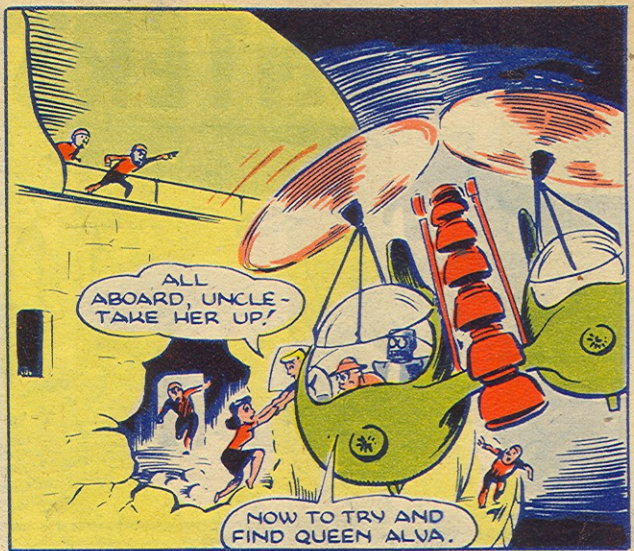


THE MECHANICAL MAN SPEEDS ON TOWARDS THE PRISON WORLD, GUIDED BY THE PROFESSOR WITH HIS RADIO CONTROL SET.

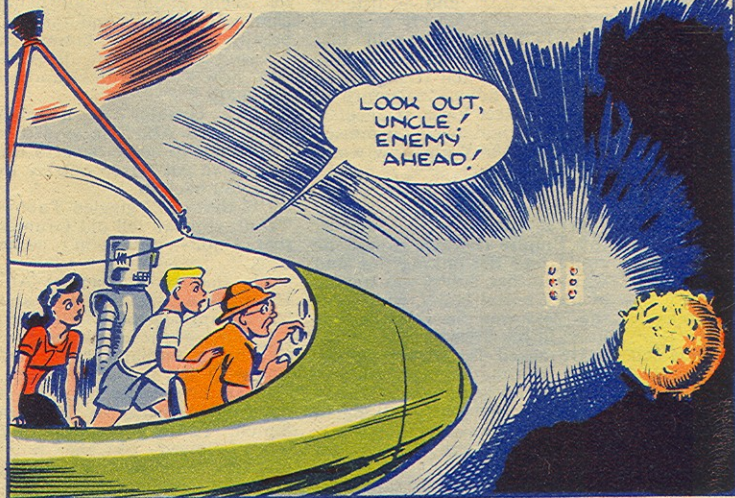


HE GETS ABOUT DEMOLISHING THE PRISON WALL.

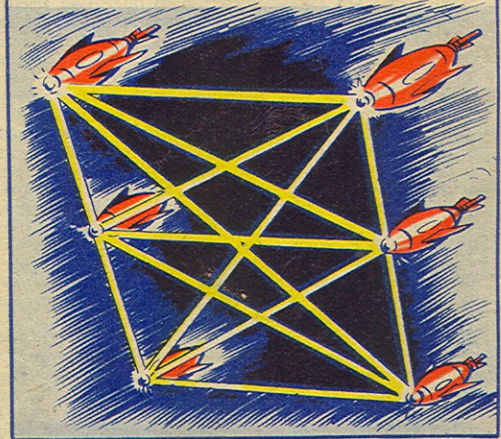




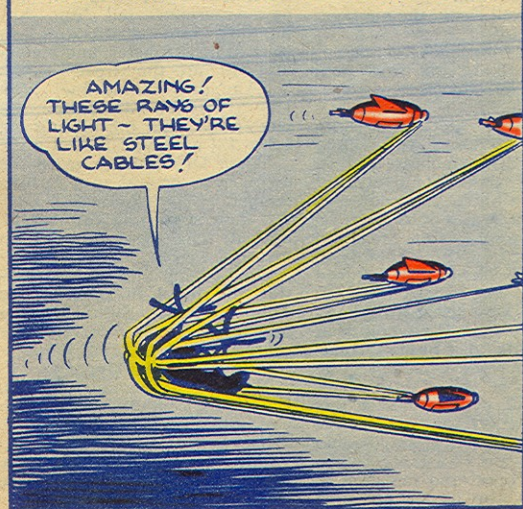
THEY HEAD FOR THE GOLDEN WORLD, WHERE PRINCE GRIMBOLD REIGNS IN QUEEN ALVA'S PALACE.



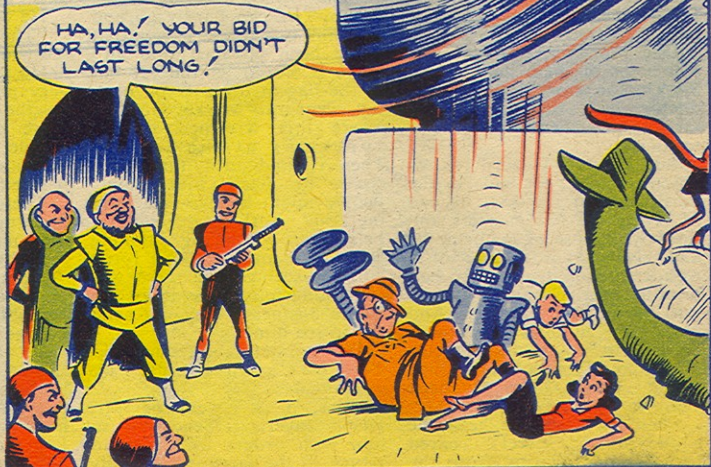
NEWS OF THE PRISON-BREAK HAS BEEN FLASHED TO PRINCE GRIMBOLD. AS HIS 'PLANES SWOOP TO INTERCEPT THE RUNAWAYS, BEAMS OF LIGHT FLASH FROM ONE 'PLANE TO THE OTHER ~ ~ ~



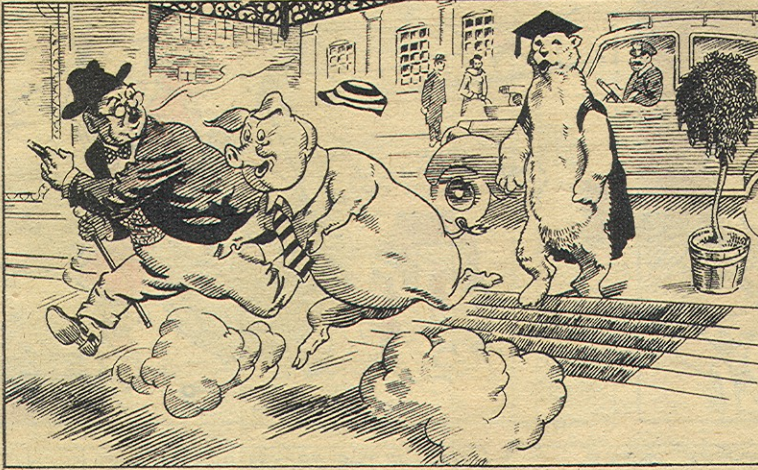
AMAZING!  
THESE RAYS OF  
LIGHT ~ THEY'RE  
LIKE STEEL  
CABLES!



GRIMBOLD'S PLANES ZOOM OVER THE PALACE COURTYARD ~ ~ THE RAYS ARE SWITCHED OFF AND THE PRISONERS TUMBLE TO THE GROUND ~ ~ ~



# DR. GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



The bear was there—right on their track—  
So Tubby turned and ran straight back.

## DR. GRUNTER ON THE WARPATH

**J**UST look at this!" roared Dr. Grunter, the polar bear.

He was standing on his hind legs glaring at a copy of the local newspaper which he was holding in his front paws.

"Look at what?" exclaimed Mr. Dripp, the turtle.

"This photograph of that wretched boy Tweeks!" roared Dr. Grunter, fairly gnashing his great yellow fangs with rage. "Not content with running away from Meadowsweet Farm, he's had the impertinence to have his beastly photograph put in the newspapers. My word, just wait till I catch him. I'll teach the little wretch a lesson that he'll not forget in a hurry!"

Dr. Grunter hadn't always been a polar bear. Neither had Mr. Dripp always been a turtle. As a matter of fact, they were 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 lot of them had felt ill. So Doctor Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them all a dose of medicine.

But Doctor Dozey was so absent-minded. He had got the 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 Doctor Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back again to their proper selves.

"And I've tried to keep the whole thing a secret!" roared Dr. Grunter, glaring from the

newspaper to Mr. Dripp, the turtle. "I've tried to keep it a secret because I know thundering well that if ever it leaks out we shall be the laughing stock of every school in the country. And now this wretched boy Tweeks, who had been turned into a pig, runs away and goes on the stage as the One and Only Talking Pig in the World! I've never heard of such a thing. Hanged if I have! We've got to get this wretched boy back, do you hear?"

"It's not going to be easy," said Mr. Dripp timidly.

Dr. Grunter nearly foamed at the mouth.

"I know it's not going to be easy, you stupid blockhead!" he bellowed. "If it was easy, I wouldn't be standing here asking how the thump we're going to do it. But we've got to get him back. I'm not going to have a boy in my charge going round the country as the One and Only Talking Pig in the Whole beastly World."

"The trouble is," said Mr. Dripp, "we can hardly go and get him ourselves, seeing that we've been changed into animals. It would let the cat out of the bag at once if you or I, say, went into Market Gosling, where this wretched boy is appearing at the Empire Theatre, and said that we'd come to fetch him home. People might believe in a talking pig, but they wouldn't believe in a talking pig, a talking polar bear and a talking turtle without seeing that there was something jolly fishy about the whole business. Why not send Alf to see him?"

Dr. Grunter gave a start. "That's an idea!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is," went on Mr. Dripp eagerly. "Send Alf to him with orders from you to return to the farm immediately

unless he wants a severe thrashing."

"I'll give the miserable little wretch something more than a severe thrashing when I do get my hands—I mean, my paws—on him," snarled Dr. Grunter. "However, you go and get Alf!"

Mr. Dripp waddled away on his hind flippers to find Alf, who was one of the farm hands. Alf was a jolly, cheery sort of fellow, and he listened with a grin while Dr. Grunter told him that he must go and find Tubby Tweeks and tell that erring youth that he was to return to Meadowsweet Farm at once.

"I'll go right away," promised Alf. "Farmer Whipstraw won't mind."

He harnessed a light trap and drove off into the town of Market Gosling. He asked at the Empire Theatre where he could find the talking pig, and was told that Tubby was staying at the Central Hotel, which was the best and most expensive hotel in the town.

He asked for Tubby at the hotel. But the manager said:

"He won't see you, I know. At the moment he's talking to a lot of newspaper reporters. He's given orders that he's not to be disturbed."

"Oh, has he?" said Alf grimly. "He'll see me all right. Just you go and tell him that Alf has a very important message for him."

"Very well," said the manager and went off.

He was soon back.

"The talking pig says he'll see you," he said.

He took Alf up in a lift to a very posh private sitting-room on the first floor. And lolling there in an armchair with a couple of pails of lovely pig swill and a big bowl of potatoes beside him, was Tubby Tweeks.

There were a lot of newspapermen all writing rapidly in their notebooks as they listened to Tubby, who was saying:

"Yes, I was just a little baby pig when I first discovered that I could talk in a human voice. I remember the occasion quite well. He, he, he! Old Farmer Brown, on whose farm I was born, was poking me in the ribs with his stick and saying how nice and fat I was when I turned round and told him to jolly well stop it. He got such

a fright when he heard me speak in a human voice that he fell flat on his back in a faint!"

He broke off as he saw Alf. "Oh, hallo, Alf!" he said cheekily. "You want to see me, I believe?"

"Yes, in private!" said Alf. "I've got a message for you!"

Tubby waved one of his trotters at the newspapermen.

"Well, that's enough for just now, chaps," he said. "I want to talk to this pal of mine, who I knew once on a farm. Cheerio!"

The newspapermen departed very reluctantly, because they hadn't yet got over the excitement of a real talking pig.

"What d'you mean by telling them all those lies?" demanded Alf when the door had closed on the last of the newspapermen.

"Oh, well, I had to tell them something, hadn't I?" tittered Tubby. "And I wasn't going to tell them about us all being changed into birds and animals, because then they'd know that I wasn't a real pig at all. Anyway, how's old Grunter and all the chaps?"

"Dr. Grunter is hopping mad!" said Alf. "He says that you've got to come back to the farm. I've got a trap outside to take you back in."

"Is that so?" giggled Tubby. "Well, you can tell old Grunter that I jolly well won't come back."

"Is that so?" snapped Alf. He made a dive at Tubby and hauled him clean out of the chair.

"Help—thieves—murder! I'm being kidnapped!" yelled Tubby at the top of his voice.

Next instant the door burst open and in rushed Mr. Ephraim Snitch, Tubby's manager. He was followed by the hotel manager and by the excited crowd of newspapermen.

"Help! I'm being kidnapped!" howled Tubby.

The furious Mr. Snitch, the hotel manager, and all the newspapermen fell on Alf, bundled him downstairs, in spite of his struggles, and kicked him out into the street.

"And don't come back, you villain!" yelled Mr. Snitch. "If you try to steal the talking pig again I'll have you locked up!"

When Dr. Grunter heard the awful news he was in a furious temper.

"There's nothing for it!" he barked. "I'll have to get him myself."

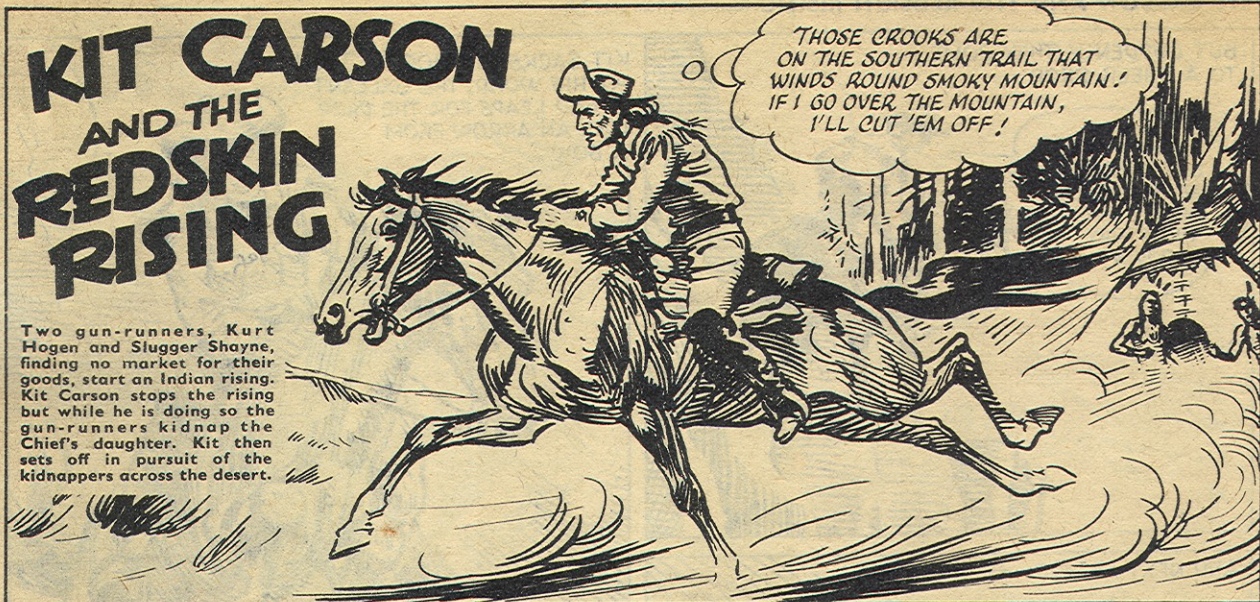
Off he went and arrived outside the hotel in time to see Tubby and Mr. Snitch coming out for a stroll. Dr. Grunter roared in anger and made a frantic dive at Tubby.

He was a second too late. For Tubby and Mr. Snitch had bolted back into the hotel.

Tubby's got to be smart to dodge Dr. Grunter now. You'll see what he does next week.

# KIT CARSON AND THE REDSKIN RISING

Two gun-runners, Kurt Hogen and Slugger Shayne, finding no market for their goods, start an Indian rising. Kit Carson stops the rising but while he is doing so the gun-runners kidnap the Chief's daughter. Kit then sets off in pursuit of the kidnapers across the desert.



THOSE CROOKS ARE ON THE SOUTHERN TRAIL THAT WINDS ROUND SMOKY MOUNTAIN! IF I GO OVER THE MOUNTAIN, I'LL CUT 'EM OFF!

MINUTES LATER, KIT STARTS TO CLIMB SMOKY MOUNTAIN ~~



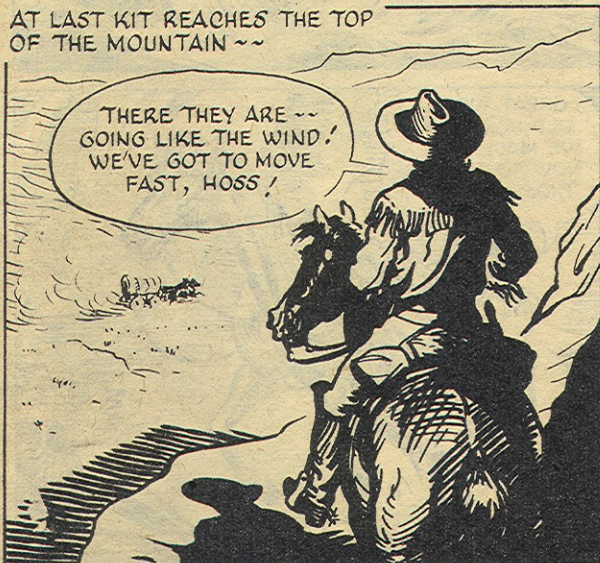
COME ON, OLD TIMER! UP WE GO!

ON AND ON THEY CLIMB UP THE PERILOUS TRAIL ~~



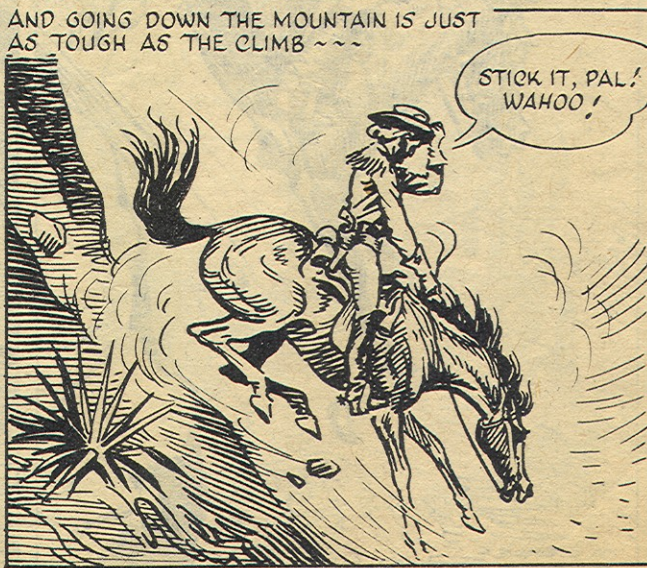
STEADY PARTNER! ONE SLIP UP HERE AND WE'RE GONERS!

AT LAST KIT REACHES THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN ~~



THERE THEY ARE ~~ GOING LIKE THE WIND! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, HOSS!

AND GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN IS JUST AS TOUGH AS THE CLIMB ~~



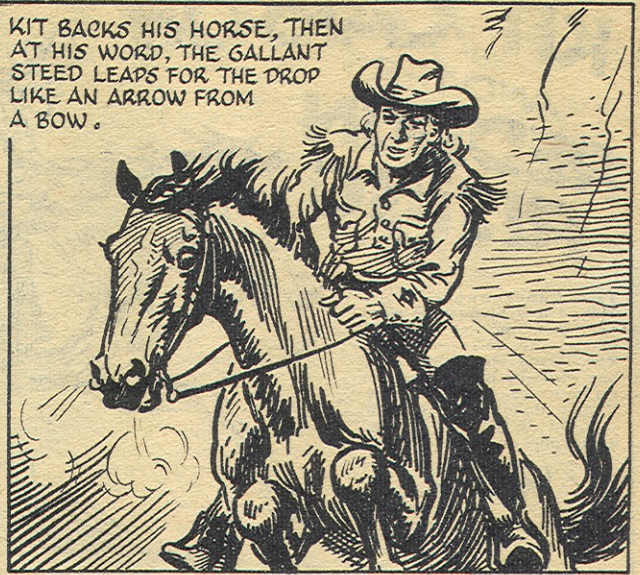
STICK IT, PAL! WAHOO!

BUT SUDDENLY THEY COME  
TO A SHEER DROP ~ ~ ~

CONSNARN IT!  
BUT THERE'S A  
LAKE DOWN THERE--  
AND IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY  
DOWN!

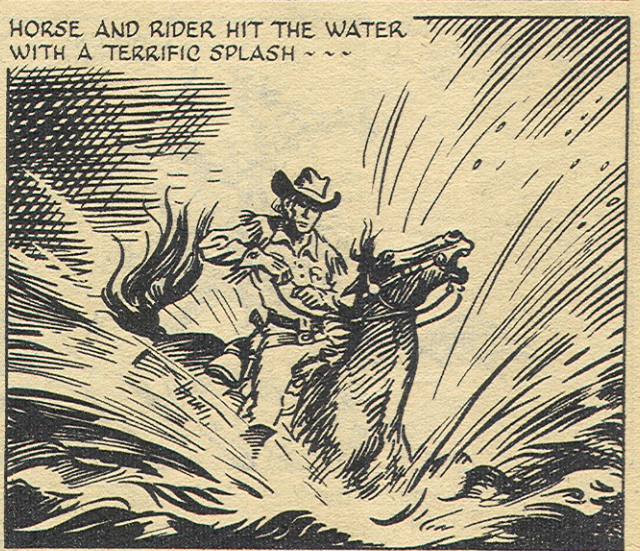


KIT BACKS HIS HORSE, THEN  
AT HIS WORD, THE GALLANT  
STEED LEAPS FOR THE DROP  
LIKE AN ARROW FROM  
A BOW.

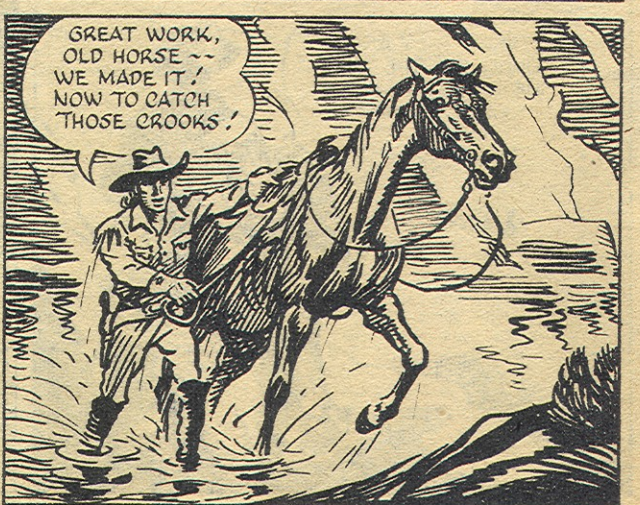


AND NEXT SECOND ~ ~ ~

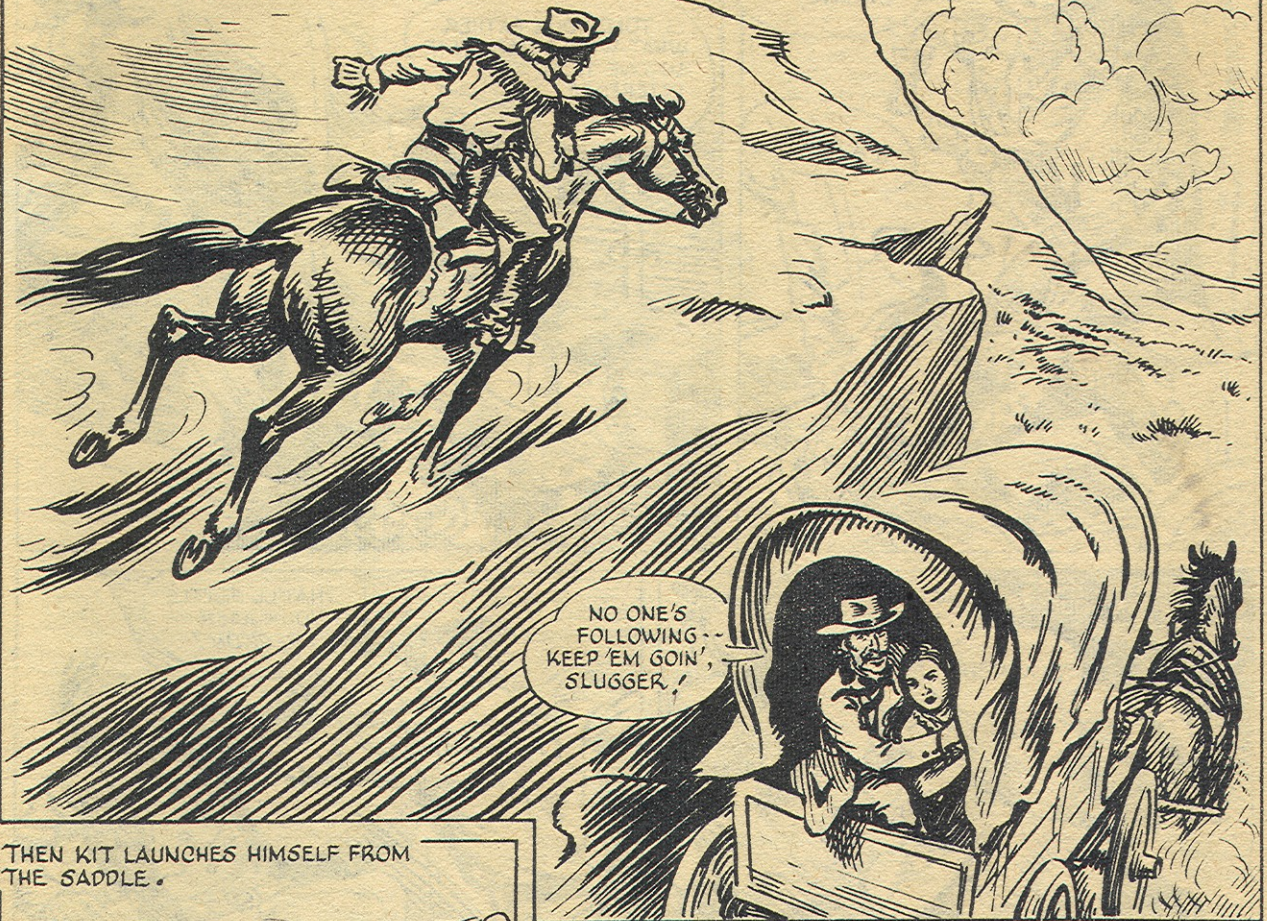
HORSE AND RIDER HIT THE WATER  
WITH A TERRIFIC SPLASH ~ ~ ~



GREAT WORK,  
OLD HORSE--  
WE MADE IT!  
NOW TO CATCH  
THOSE CROOKS!



KIT CARSON SWOOPS DOWN  
ON THE WAGON FROM ABOVE. . .  
THE CROOKS HAVE NO IDEA OF  
THE DANGER THAT THREATENS THEM!



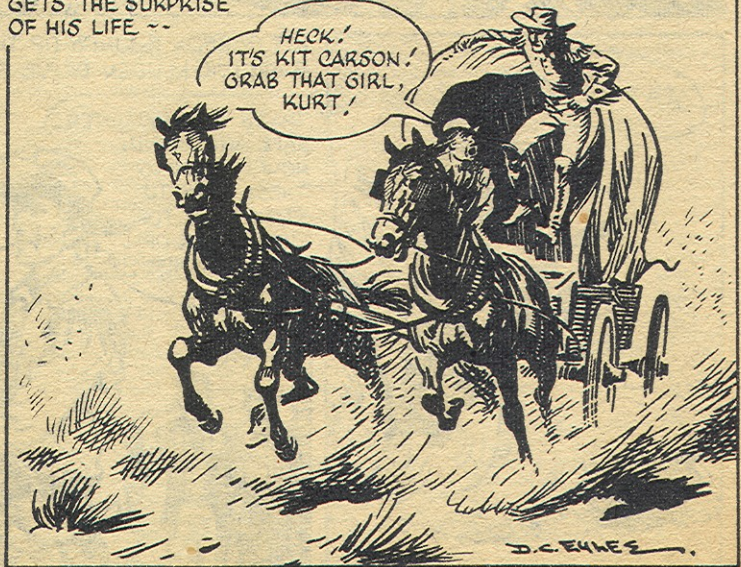
NO ONE'S  
FOLLOWING --  
KEEP 'EM GOIN',  
SLUGGER!

THEN KIT LAUNCHES HIMSELF FROM  
THE SADDLE.



THIS IS  
IT!

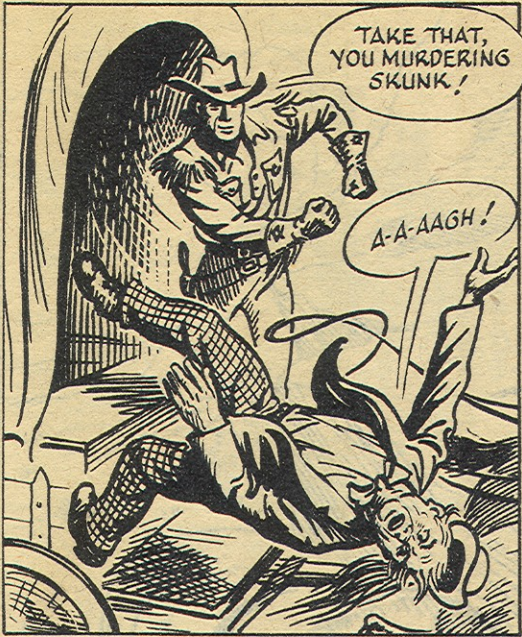
NEXT SECOND SLUGGER SHAYNE  
GETS THE SURPRISE  
OF HIS LIFE --



HECK!  
IT'S KIT CARSON!  
GRAB THAT GIRL,  
KURT!

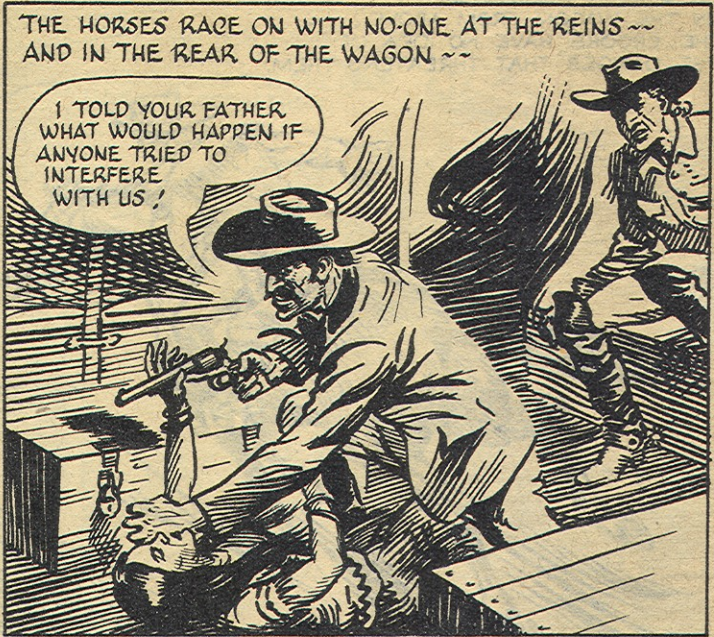
D.C. EVANS

(Continued on next page)



TAKE THAT, YOU MURDERING SKUNK!

A-A-AAGH!



THE HORSES RACE ON WITH NO-ONE AT THE REINS~~ AND IN THE REAR OF THE WAGON~~

I TOLD YOUR FATHER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ANYONE TRIED TO INTERFERE WITH US!



BUT BEFORE KURT HOGEN CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER

NOT SO FAST, HOMBRE!

OOOWCH!



THAT'LL SETTLE YOUR HASH~~ I RECKON!



A-A-AAAGH!



KIT CARSON ROUNDS UP THE TWO GUN-RUNNERS~~ AND HE AND THE WARRIOR-MAIDEN DRIVE BACK TO THE COMANCHE VILLAGE~~~

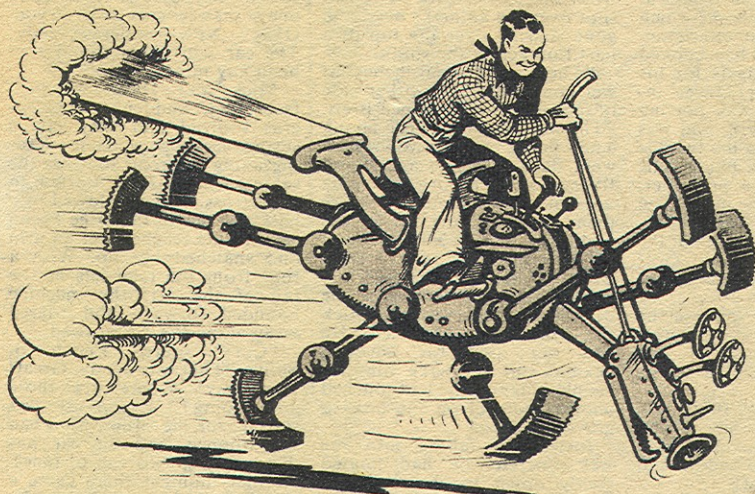
THAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER, SAFE AND SOUND. NOW I'M TAKING THESE RATS TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF KICKING HORSE.

IT IS GOOD, WHITE BROTHER. AND NEVER WILL THERE BE WAR BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE!

Don't miss "Kit Carson and the Prairie Treasure". It starts next week.



# MICK THE MOON BOY



With a terrific bound the Moon Horse came to life and went bucking wildly across the studio floor. Those who were watching expected Mick to be jerked off at any moment, but he was holding on very well!

**H**ANK LUCKNER and his pal, Mick the Moon Boy, stood on the corner of a wide boulevard and stared around them wonderingly. Great gleaming cars purred smoothly up and down the street, and all the way along there were shops and restaurants with glittering glass and chrome fronts.

Mick had landed from the moon in a flying saucer which crashed near the little western town of Indian Bend. Hank was the only person on earth who knew that Mick was no ordinary boy. The moon people were far in advance of the earth scientists, and Mick the Moon Boy had proved to be full of surprises.

In Indian Bend he had become famous as the boy sheriff, cleaning up a number of tough gangs with his amazing powers. Now, in company with Hank, Mick was travelling all over the States in search of adventure—and the fame of Sheriff Mick was spreading far and wide.

The two youngsters were dressed in ordinary western clothes, and they looked rather dusty and travel-stained. There was nothing to distinguish Mick from an ordinary boy, except that he had rather strange eyes of a luminous green, like a mountain cat.

"Well, we can't just stand here gaping," Mick said at last. "Let's have something to eat, Hank."

Hank nodded, and together the two wandered along until they came to the swing doors of a large and very grand-looking restaurant. Hank felt rather nervous, but Mick blithely pushed through the swing-doors and went in.

"Whadda you two kids reckon you want?" demanded a harsh

voice. Mick blinked up in surprise, and found himself looking at a tall waiter with a scowling face.

"We just want something to eat, mister," the Moon Boy answered mildly. "Where can we sit?"

"On the sidewalk outside if you don't scam!" the waiter rapped back grimly. "This is a posh place—all the big stars and producers come here, see? We don't allow a couple of roughneck kids to come bustin' in!"

"Hey, just a minute!" Mick snapped curtly. "We're not roughnecks, and we've just as much right—"

He got no further, for with a sudden swoop the big husky waiter grabbed the two youngsters by the scruffs of their necks, hustled them to the door and sent them whirling through.

"Creepin' Cactus!" Mick jerked out fiercely, picking himself up from the sidewalk. "I'm going to teach that guy a lesson!" He helped Hank to his feet and dusted him down, then turned and led the way round the corner to the back of the building.

Nipping quickly into a space between the big garages there, Mick halted at a point where some building work was obviously being carried out. There was nobody around, and Mick quickly stripped off his check shirt.

Underneath he was clad in a close-fitting suit of green flexible metal. Mick fixed a tiny control box to his chest, pressed a small lever . . . and promptly disappeared! Hank showed no surprise, for he knew that the Moon Boy could make himself invisible when he wanted to.

Mick's leather-fronted cow-

boy pants, which had been standing upright, began to wriggle and flap around, then crumpled in a heap as Mick kicked them off. "You stand by, Hank," said a voice from nowhere. "You might see some fun!" Grinning, Hank saw a long plank rise from the ground, lifted by invisible hands.

"What are you doing, Mick?" he whispered. "There's an adjustment on my invisibility gadget by which I can make this plank invisible!" came the reply. "You get round to the front, Hank, and watch through the glass doors. I'm going in through the kitchens!"

**F**IVE minutes later Hank was patiently waiting outside the restaurant, peering through the doors and waiting for Mick to get busy. Inside, the husky waiter was making himself very pleasant to a tubby, quick-talking, bespectacled man who was sitting at a table together with a number of other film people.

This was Enoch B. Splitz, the most famous producer in Hollywood. As usual, he was talking about the film he was making.

"It's terrific! Colossal!" he was saying, his cigar jutting from one corner of his mouth. "I'm telling you this film will be the smash-hit of the century." He turned and called over his shoulder: "Hey! Carlos! Hurry along with the food! I'm a busy man! I got to get back to the studios!"

"Coming, Mr. Splitz! Coming right up, sir!" came the reply, and the broad-shouldered Carlos came bustling forward with an oily grin on his face. In front of him he carried a huge tray of food. Carlos was proud of his speed and skill when handling a heavy tray. Increasing his speed he made a final dash towards the table—and then he stopped short with a startled squeak of fear!

It was no wonder! The restaurant became suddenly hushed, and the diners stared. Those nearest to him had seen Carlos walk straight off the floor as if running up a slope—and now he stood poised in thin air, apparently standing on nothing

about six feet above the centre of Mr. Splitz's table!

Mick the Moon Boy, holding the invisible plank, could hardly keep his grip for laughing! He had it at an angle, sloping up from the floor so that the end was over the table. And Carlos, intent on showing off and with his eyes fixed on the tray, had gone bustling straight up the invisible slope!

Mick gave the plank a sudden twist. There came a frightened yell, and Carlos crashed down on the table in a welter of soup, salad and hamburger. A shout of wrath burst from Mr. Splitz—and Mick decided that it was time he withdrew from the scene.

Five minutes later, the Moon Boy came strolling round to the front of the restaurant. He was now dressed in his usual western clothes once again. Mick stopped short in some surprise as he saw that Enoch B. Splitz was talking eagerly with Hank.

"Why, sure I know your face, laddie!" the great producer was saying. "I read the papers, don't I? I've seen your photograph. You're Hank—er—Hank Luckner! That's it! And you're the buddy of this famous Sheriff Mick! Say—don't tell me he's here in Hollywood! I sure would like to meet that young man, yes sir!"

"He—he's right here, sir!" Hank blurted out, almost overwhelmed by Enoch B. Splitz's flow of words. The producer turned. His eyes fell on Mick's face, and his eyes gleamed happily behind his spectacles.

"The famous Sheriff Mick!" he roared heartily, seizing Mick's hand and pumping it. "I'm right proud to meet you, laddie! And say! You're just the feller to give me some advice! Here, get in my car and we'll drive back to the studios together!"

Excited, but rather bewildered, Mick and Hank climbed into the long, gleaming car. Mr. Splitz flung away the cigar which he had chewed into tatters in his enthusiasm, and settled his podgy form behind the wheel.

"I'm making a super-colossal western picture!" he boomed, sending the car away with a great bound. "But it's new! It's wonderful! We've had enough of cowpokes fighting Injuns, see? So Enoch B. Splitz has a triple-atomic brain-wave! I get a million of 'em a day!"

He paused, beaming proudly then went on:

"This is a scientific western! It's the story of a Sheriff—like you might be, only older, Mick. And this Sheriff has to tackle an invasion from space! An invasion from the Moon, with a whole crowd of Moon Men

(Continued on next page)

landing from space-ships in the heart of Texas!"

When they arrived at the huge *Splitz-Majestic Film Studios*, Mick and Hank stood and gaped. "Never seen men from the moon before, I guess?" chuckled Enoch B. Splitz. "Waal, now you know!"

Part of the studio was taken up by a section of a dummy space-ship, made of wood and tin sheeting. Around the space ship were gathered a number of strange-looking creatures who stood talking together.

They looked more like a cross between a sea lion and a giant ant than a man! Their legs seemed to have a shiny black skin which merged into orange bodies clothed in queer, sparkling metal clothes. Their arms sprouted fingers all the way from the elbow downwards, ending in a "hand" like a black rubber ball.

The heads of the moon men were round, like diving helmets, but with bulging and glassy eyes all the way round. And their ears waved about in the air like the horns of a snail!

Mick the Moon Boy was weak with stifled laughter.

"Boy! What an imagination I got!" beamed Enoch B. "Just look at those guys! Don't they look like they might have stepped straight off the moon?"

"Well . . ." Mick gulped and started again. "Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Splitz," he choked out in a weak voice, "I've always imagined the people on the moon to be a bit different!"

"Ha-ha!" Mr. Splitz bit off half his cigar and gave a guffaw of laughter. "Gee, son! There ain't *really* any people on the moon! That's all hokey! But I thought 'em up for this super-colossal film, see?"

"I see!" Mick nodded gravely. He hadn't enjoyed himself so much for a long time!

"Now I'll introduce you to the actors and the studio folk!" rattled on Enoch B. Splitz. "They'll show you some of the other ideas. I gotta go an' talk to Jenny Dale about the scene I'm shootin' this afternoon. She plays the part of the Sheriff's eight-year-old daughter."

Mick and Hank found that the actors they met were friendly folk. Some were dressed as cow-boys and some as moon men. It seemed that they were waiting around for two coaches which would take them a few miles out into the desert for a scene which was being shot that afternoon.

"The chief sure has cooked up some weird gadgets for his moon men," Brett Dover informed them. He was playing the part of the Sheriff, and was a jovial sort. Noting the twinkle in Brett's eye, Hank felt that he might be a bit of a prankster.

"Now here's an interesting thing!" went on Brett. "Say, boys!" he called. "Bring out the chief's Moon Horse! Gee! You've never seen anything like this, Mick!"

Hank stared, for some of the men had wheeled out a most amazing contrivance. It was vaguely the shape of a horse, but it had six legs.

"It's mechanical!" Brett said. "It really works! Say Mick! You must be something of a rider. Climb in the saddle and try this broncho out!"

There was a little smile on the Moon Boy's lips as he meekly obeyed. The real Moon people were far in advance of the earth's scientists. Among other things, they had solved the problem of reading peoples thoughts!

"So Brett reckons I'm going to take a good toss from his mechanical Moon Horse!" Mick murmured to himself as he climbed on to the strange back of the animal. "Well, maybe I can turn the joke on him and give him a little surprise!"

"Right!" he said, taking up the metal reins, and at once Brett Dover touched a control on the horse's side. With a terrific bound, the Moon Horse came to life. A whirring of machinery sounded inside its body, and it went bucking wildly across the studio floor.

Whoops of laughter came from the watching men. They expected Mick to be jerked off at any moment, but he was hanging on surprisingly well. Across the studio went the Moon Horse—then suddenly stopped short. Mick's wonderful knowledge of

mechanics had helped him to work out how the horse was operated in a matter of seconds and he had simply touched the right control for stopping it.

Then a cry of alarm came from Brett Dover, for Mick had shot over the animal's head and gone soaring over the top of a partition across the studio.

"There's eighteen inches of wet concrete on the other side of that partition!" gasped Brett. "The workmen have been laying a new floor!" In a crowd the men went dashing across and round the end of the partition. A wide area of wet concrete lay before them—and sticking up in the middle of it were Mick's boots! "He's headfirst in it!" cried Brett. "Quick, get him out!"

Watching from behind a pile of crates and odd scenery, Mick the Moon Boy chuckled! He had not used his amazing flexible suit to make him invisible, this time he had touched another control on the box—a gravity-register!

Instead of falling into the wet concrete, he had floated gently down to the far side. And then he had tossed his boots so that they landed neatly upside-down in the middle!

Mick waited until the actors had waded as far as the sinking boots, then stepped into view.

"Hi, fellows!" he called. "You might bring my boots out with you when you've finished your swim!" Brett Dover gazed round goggled-eyed. Then slowly a grin spread over his face and he began to laugh.

"I don't know how you did it, son!" he chuckled. "But you certainly turned the joke on me that time! Guess I'm beginning to see why you're reckoned the smartest Sheriff in the U.S.A."

Later that afternoon Mick and Hank were with the film people way out on a dusty road in the Arizona desert which bordered Hollywood. Ahead of them was what looked like a saloon, but it was only a front made up of struts and boards.

"Now this is the set-up," Enoch B. Splitz was saying. "You, Brett! You're firing from one of the windows with your

gun. Jenny——" he turned to the pretty little girl nearby, Jenny Dale, the famous child filmstar, "you're Brett's little daughter, and you come runnin' towards the saloon. But the Moon Men come sweepin' by in one of their jet-cars an' grab you. Okay? Now—cameras ready! The car will come round that bend any minute now."

Mick and Hank watched, fascinated. Suddenly the cameras whirred and they saw a strange-looking car come speeding along the road towards the saloon. Jenny Dale started to run across. The car slowed to a halt, and one of the three Moon Men inside reached out an arm and snatched her up. With a roar from the fake jets at the tail of the car, the machine bounded forward and roared away along the desert road.

"Cut!" roared Enoch B. Splitz. "That was dandy. Great! Now—say! Where are those guys going?" Everybody was staring, for the Moon Men had not stopped, and the car was disappearing into the distance. At that moment there came a shout, and from the opposite direction a man came staggering round the bend of the road.

"Mr. Splitz . . . Mr. Splitz!" he panted, and he looked as if he had been roughly handled. "It's a snatch! Those guys aren't actors! I'm one of the Moon Men. We were waiting with the car when these guys jumped out, slugged us and took our Moon Men suits! I came round just too late to warn you! The other two are still unconscious!"

"Jenny Dale . . . kidnapped!" All the bounce had gone out of Enoch B. Splitz, and his face was pale. But Mick the Moon Boy had grabbed Hank's arm and was racing towards the place where the Moon Horse stood.

"Lucky they brought this out on location!" rapped Mick grimly. "Those heavy coaches could never take the desert road—but this mechanical horse can! Get up behind me, Hank!"

The crooks are in for a big surprise! Be sure you don't miss next week's fun-filled pages!

# OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

OUT with your Membership Albums, Engine Spotters, and see if the number printed on the back cover is the same as any one of those in this list. If it is then you can send up for a grand free present! Claiming instructions are given below.

114,593	63,164	151,523	82,281	43,738	18,314
148,499	141,480	210,319	170,603	61,282	65,282
201,299	203,766	120,645	123,444	123,079	103,034
9,191	125,450	94,737	101,834	204,434	177,263
20,763	4,404	36,205	44,137	17,218	206,777
73,147	48,921	64,068	2,907	48,412	92,073
115,954	113,596	167,142	22,242	122,344	121,849
167,506	216,798	173,536	156,546	152,632	156,188
37,729	189,551	205,381	212,141	189,061	186,552
86,422	123,756	40,087	92,579	58,686	71,408
119,640	9,012	62,881	22,842	4,585	104,273
173,417	64,763	148,354	123,947	202,831	150,241
186,721	40,329	190,282	194,435	148,079	191,221
52,419	118,050	211,843	206,166	47,547	106,716
121,217	216,155	81,163	4,052	125,483	36,224
145,726	103,744	121,185	62,286	173,171	52,848
	18,882	26,314	102,449	64,466	

Did you see your membership number? If you did, then choose one of these presents: A Cowboy Belt and Holster, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Box Game or a Charm Bracelet.

Write the name of the present chosen in the space marked "For Official Use" in your Album and on a piece of paper name the character, story or picture-story you like best in COMET—and add a few words saying why. Make sure your full name and address are filled in on the membership page of the Album and then address an envelope to:

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

Put both Album and piece of paper inside, stick on a 2½d. stamp, seal the envelope and post at once, as the Closing Date for claims from this week's list is August 6. Presents are despatched about one week after the closing date and Albums are returned at the same time—post free.

THE ADVENTURES OF

# CLAUDE AND

# CUTHBERT

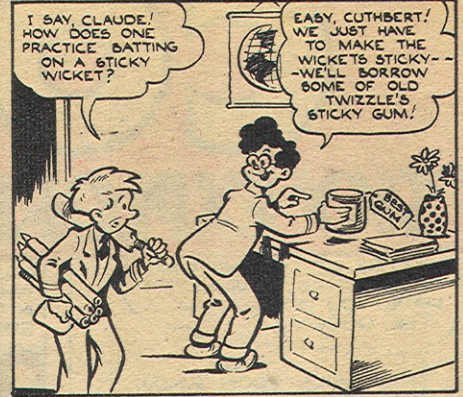
THE TWO NEW BOYS



JUST IN CASE I SHOULD BE BATTLING ON A STICKY WICKET WHEN THE MASTERS PLAY THE GOVERNORS AT CRICKET NEXT SATURDAY I WANT YOU TWO TO HELP ME PRACTICE AT THE NETS!

CERTAINLY, DR TWIZZLE!

YES, SIR.



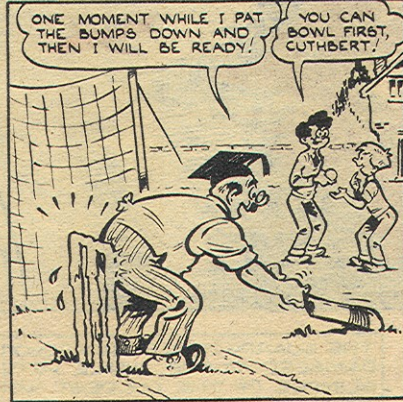
I SAY, CLAUDE! HOW DOES ONE PRACTICE BATTLING ON A STICKY WICKET?

EASY, CUTHBERT! WE JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE WICKETS STICKY--WE'LL BORROW SOME OF OLD TWIZZLE'S STICKY GUM!



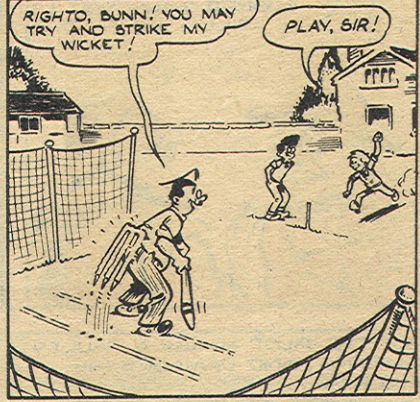
BY GUM! THIS WICKET IS NICE AND STICKY NOW, CUTHBERT!

GOOD SHOW! HERE COMES OLD TWIZZLE!



ONE MOMENT WHILE I PAT THE BUMPS DOWN AND THEN I WILL BE READY.

YOU CAN BOWL FIRST, CUTHBERT.



RIGHTO, BUNN! YOU MAY TRY AND STRIKE MY WICKET!

PLAY, SIR!



**YEEOW!**

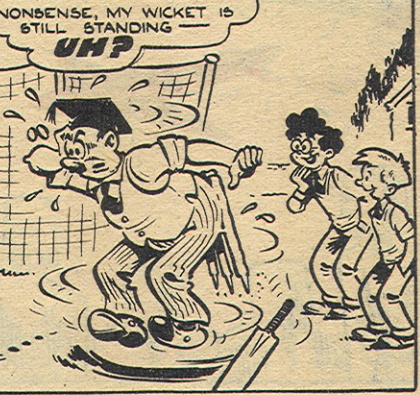
NICE WORK, CUTHBERT! YOU'VE HIT IT FIRST BALL.



BAH! I TOLD YOU TO HIT THE WICKET, FOOLISH BOY! -- NOT ME!

YOU'RE OUT, SIR! BUNN HIT YOUR WICKET!

BUT I DID, SIR!

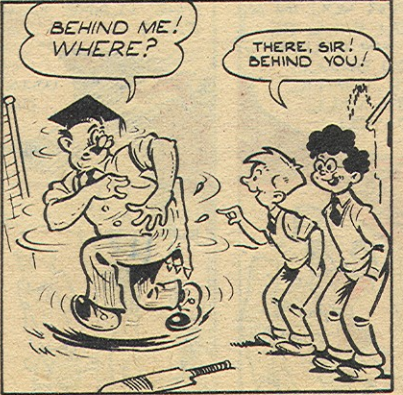


NONSENSE, MY WICKET IS STILL STANDING -- **UH?**



DEAR ME! WE BEEM TO HAVE LOST THE WICKET!

NO WE HAVEN'T, SIR! IT'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



BEHIND ME! WHERE?

THERE, SIR! BEHIND YOU!



**??** I SAY, CLAUDE! OLD TWIZZLE SEEMS TO BE ALL OF A TWIZZLE!

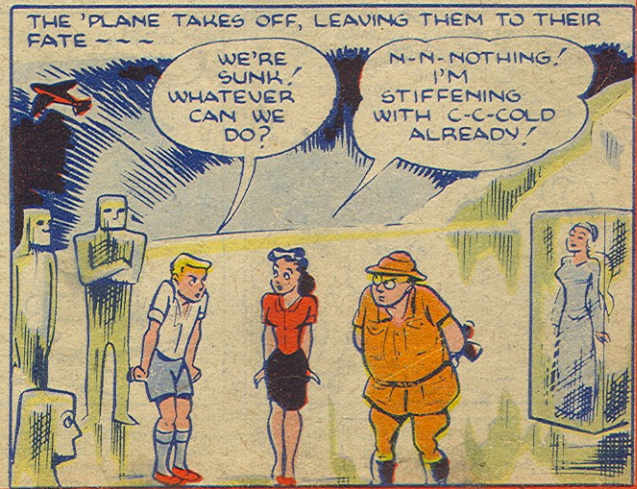
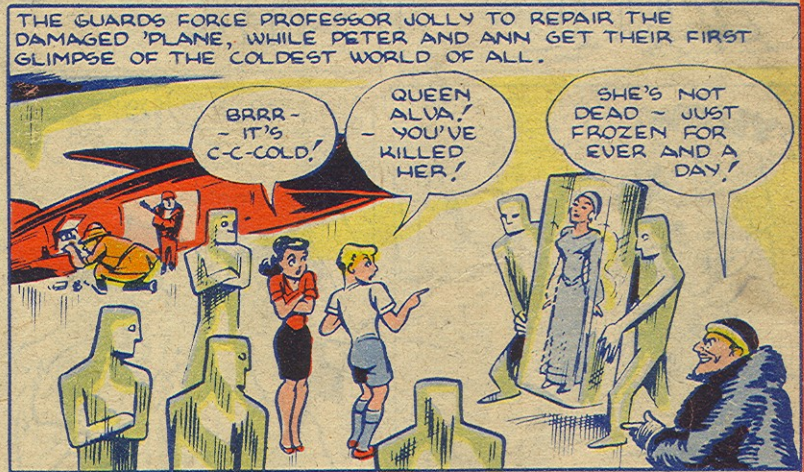
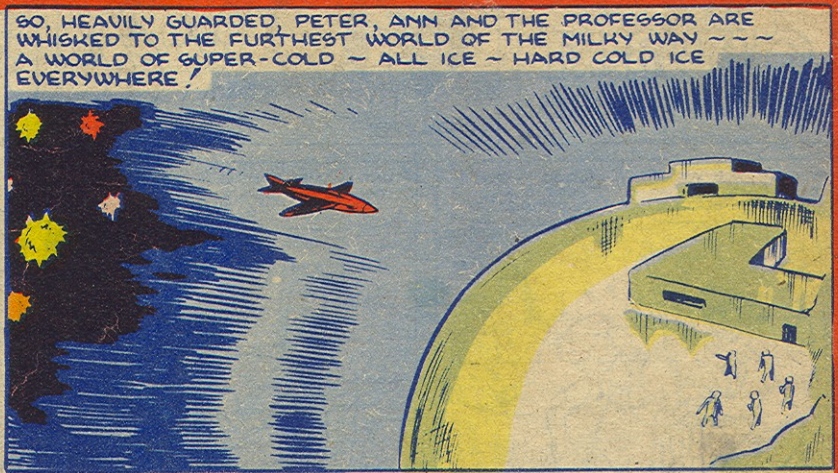
HA! HA! WE'VE GOT HIM PROPERLY STUMPED!

# COMET

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

## THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)



What is Professor Jolly up to now? Next week you'll know!