

COMET

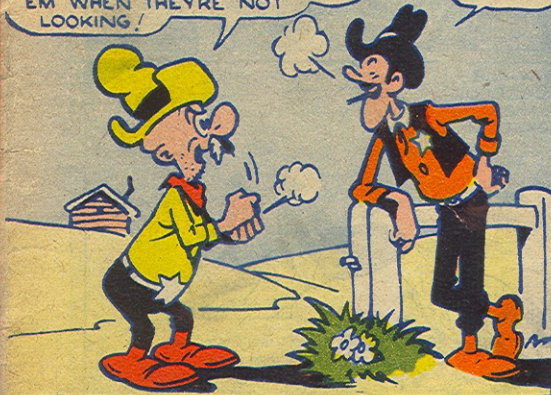
PRICE
3^o
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 211. August 7, 1952

SHORTY

SHERIFF, I'M LETTING MY WHISKERS GROW, SO I'LL LOOK TOUGH LIKE A BANDIT THEN I'LL MIX WITH BADMEN AND ARREST 'EM WHEN THEY'RE NOT LOOKING!

GOOD IDEA, SHORTY.



LATER...

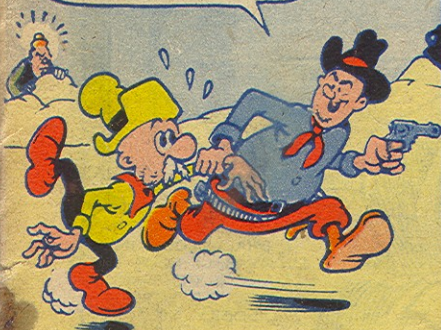
OHO! A STRANGER -- AND A BADMAN IF EVER I SAW ONE!



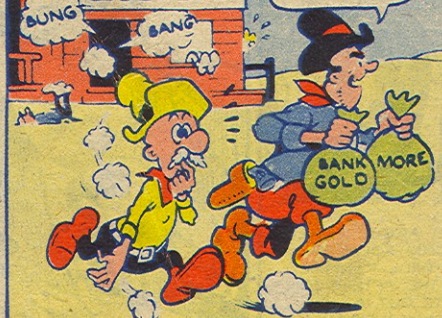
HIYA, PARD! I'M THE BADDEST BADMAN IN THE WEST!



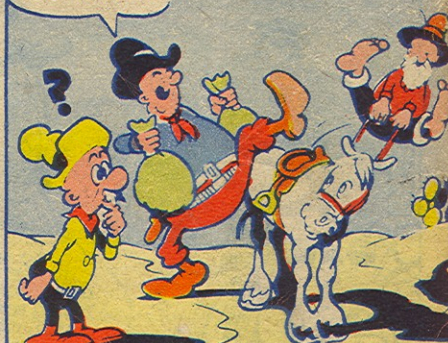
GEE! YOU'RE JUST THE FELLER I'M LOOKIN' FOR! I ALWAYS WANTED A PARD!



COME ON, PARD, WE NEED A HORSE!



THIS ONE'LL DO NICELY



THERE HE IS, BUDDIES! -- THE MOST WANTED BADMAN IN THE WEST!

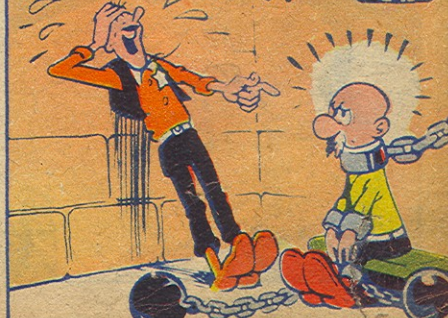


THEY'RE COMIN' FER YOU, PARD. I WAS JUST GOIN' TO ARREST YOU MYSELF, 'COS I'M A DEPUTY IN DISGUISE! HEH, HEH, HEH!

THIS IS THE GUY - I HEARD HIM BRAGGING -- AND THE THINGS HE SAID! TUT! TUT! TUT!

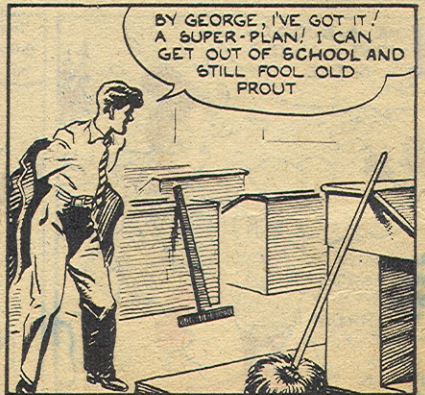
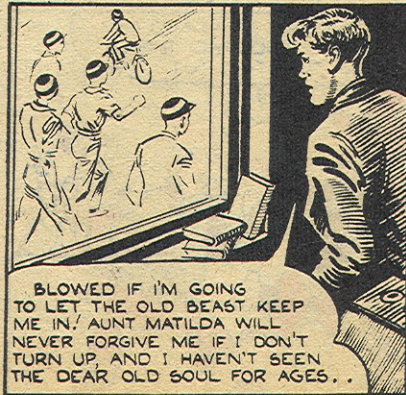
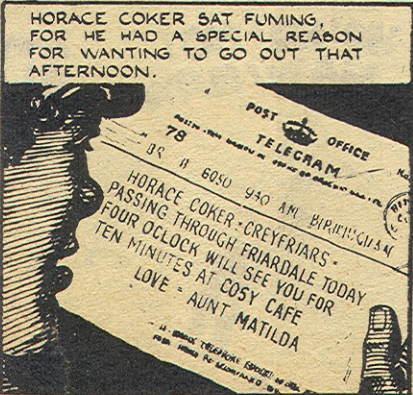
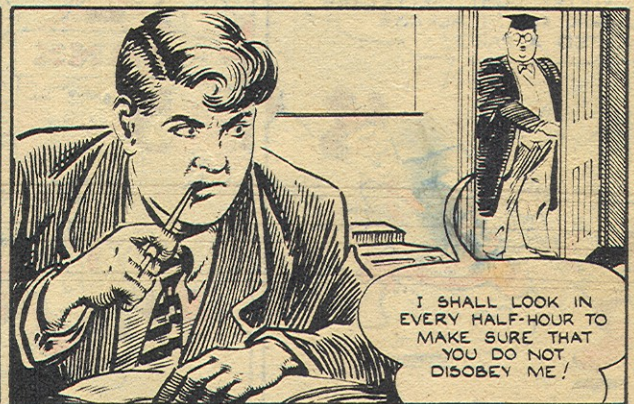
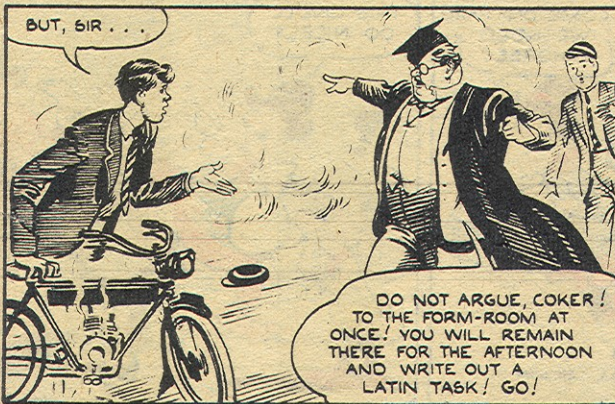
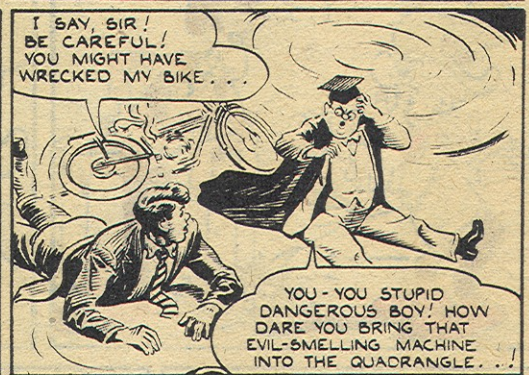
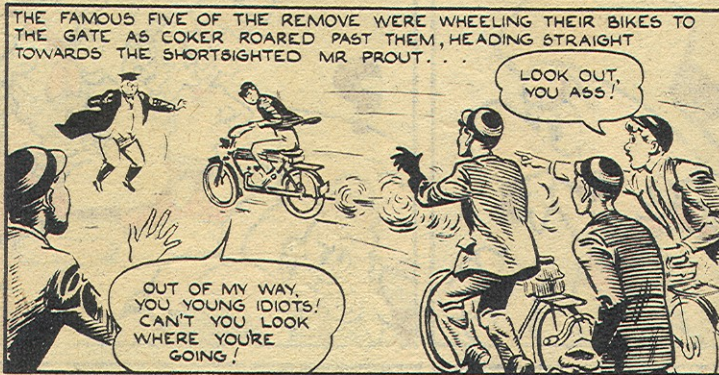
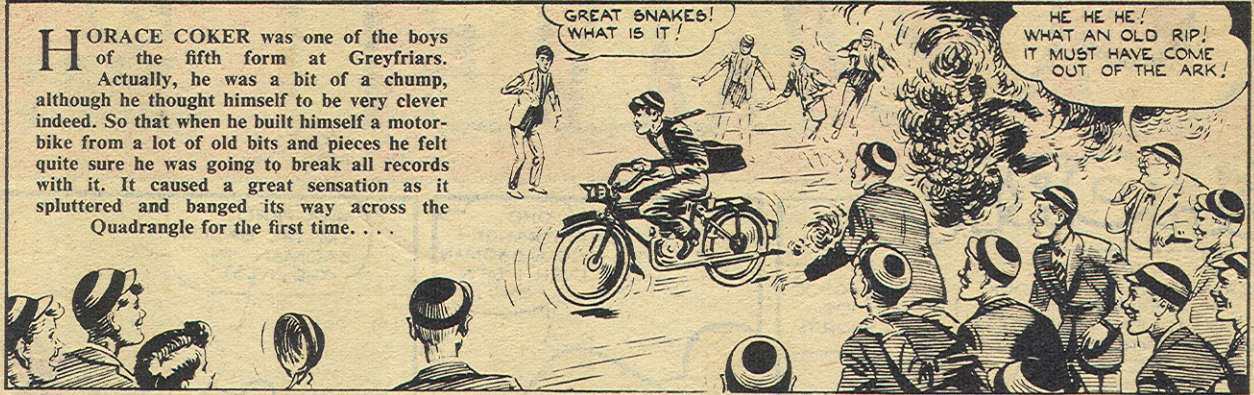


HO! HO! HO!
HAW! HAW!

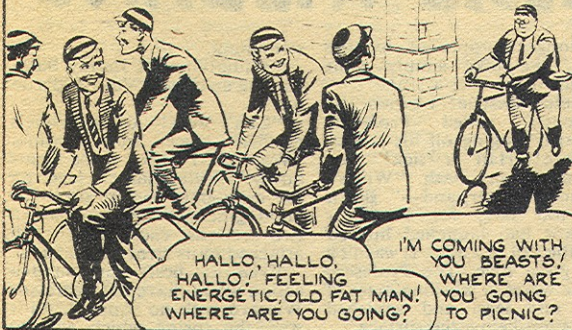


HORACE COKER'S MOTOR BIKE

HORACE COKER was one of the boys of the fifth form at Greyfriars. Actually, he was a bit of a chump, although he thought himself to be very clever indeed. So that when he built himself a motor-bike from a lot of old bits and pieces he felt quite sure he was going to break all records with it. It caused a great sensation as it spluttered and banged its way across the Quadrangle for the first time. . . .

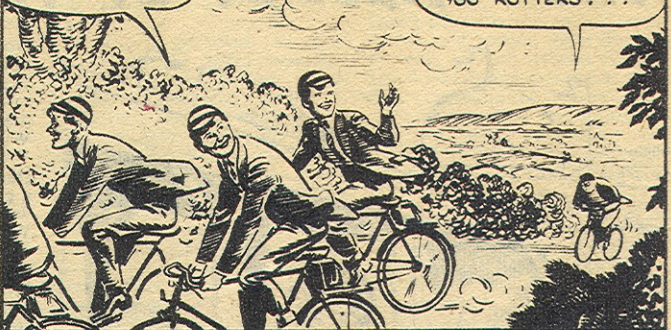


MEANWHILE, THE FAMOUS FIVE OF THE REMOVE WERE STARTING OFF ALONG FRIARDALE LANE.

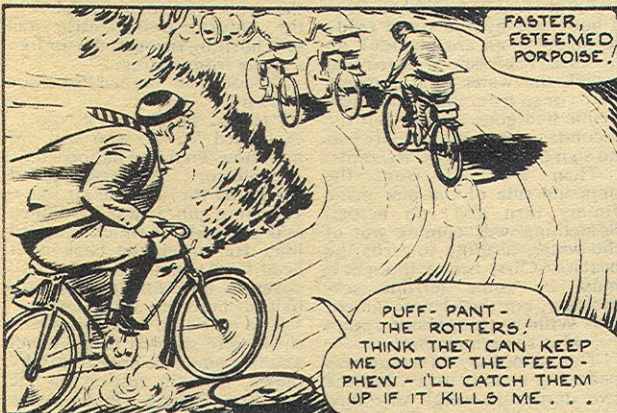


HALLO, HALLO, HALLO! FEELING ENERGETIC, OLD FAT MAN! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M COMING WITH YOU BEASTS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO PICNIC?

THERE'S NO PICNIC, YOU ASS! WE'RE JUST GOING TO RIDE AROUND...



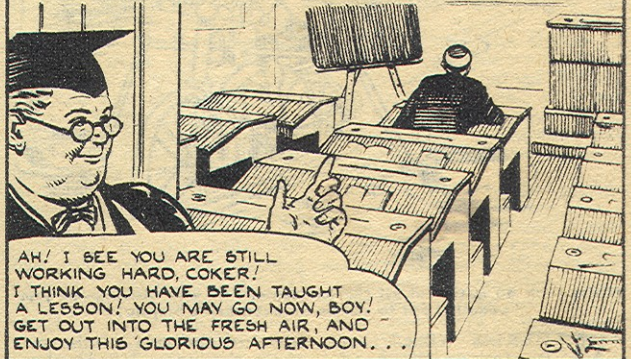
YAH! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE TRYING TO KEEP ME OUT OF A FEAST! NOT SO FAST, YOU ROTTERS...



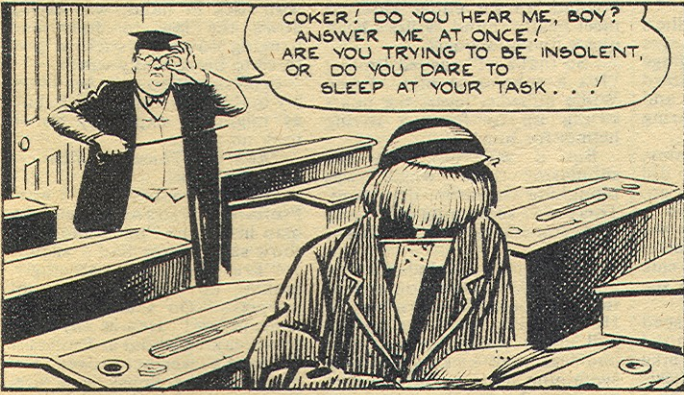
FASTER, ESTEEMED PORPOISE!

PUFF-PANT-THE ROTTERS! THINK THEY CAN KEEP ME OUT OF THE FEED-PHEW - I'LL CATCH THEM UP IF IT KILLS ME...

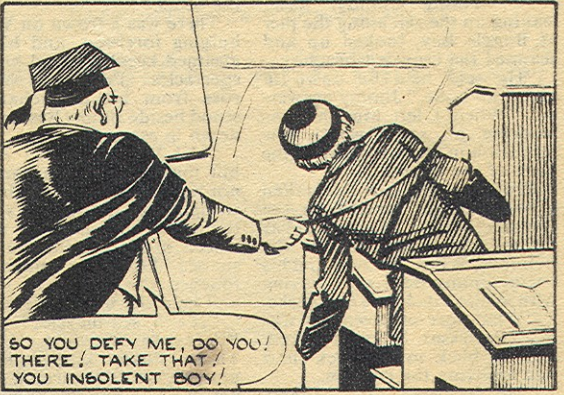
BACK AT GREYFRIARS, THE SHORT-SIGHTED MR PROUT WAS FEELING IN A MORE MELLOW MOOD...



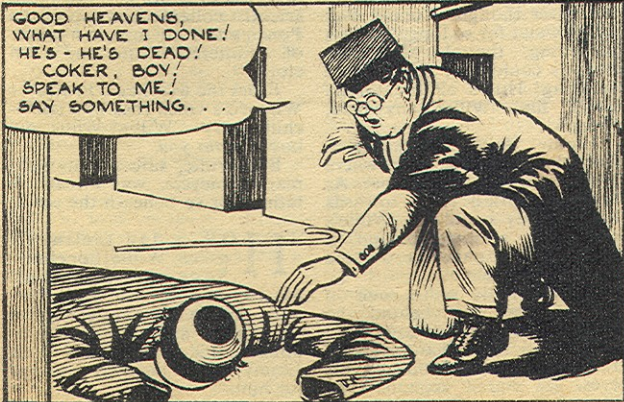
AH! I SEE YOU ARE STILL WORKING HARD, COKER! I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN TAUGHT A LESSON! YOU MAY GO NOW, BOY! GET OUT INTO THE FRESH AIR, AND ENJOY THIS 'GLORIOUS AFTERNOON...



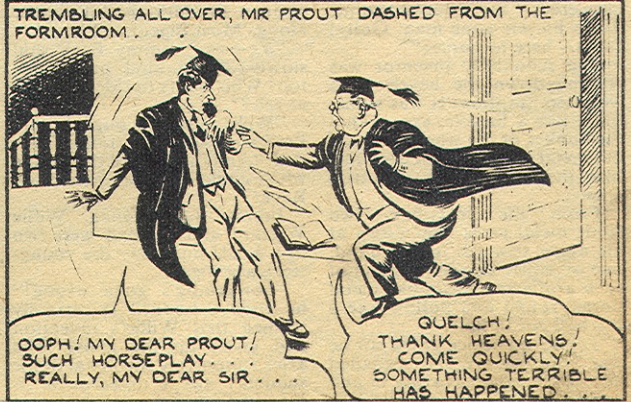
COKER! DO YOU HEAR ME, BOY? ANSWER ME AT ONCE! ARE YOU TRYING TO BE INSOLENT, OR DO YOU DARE TO SLEEP AT YOUR TASK...



SO YOU DEFY ME, DO YOU! THERE! TAKE THAT! YOU INSOLENT BOY!



GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT HAVE I DONE! HE'S - HE'S DEAD! COKER, BOY! SPEAK TO ME! SAY SOMETHING...



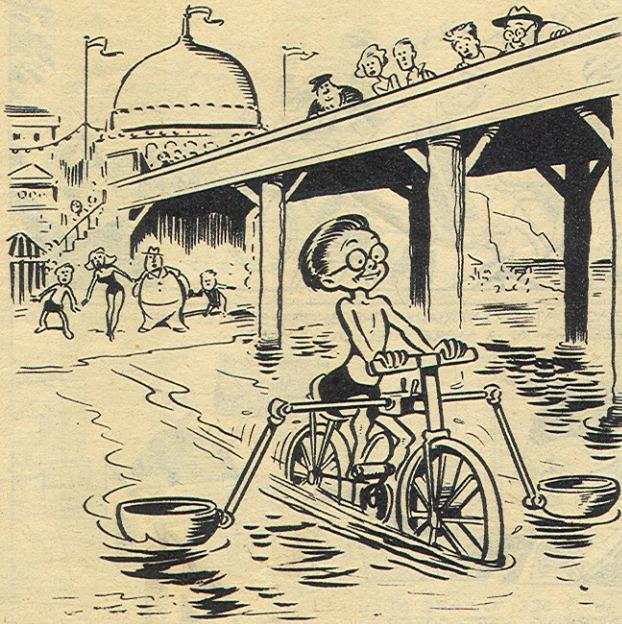
TREMBLING ALL OVER, MR PROUT DASHED FROM THE FORMROOM...

OOPH! MY DEAR PROUT! SUCH HORSEPLAY... REALLY, MY DEAR SIR...

QUELCH! THANK HEAVENS! COME QUICKLY! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED...

Has Coker got away? And what will Quelch say when he finds Mr. Prout has been fooled! Don't miss the fun next week!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Willie took no notice of all the excitement he was causing—he just pedalled out to sea on his submarine bicycle!

"WHERE'S Willie?" said Professor Wizzard. Young Jimmy Bash, leaning on the rail along the pier at Boggle Bay, looked up and scanned the crowded beach.

"He said he'd be down in about an hour," Jimmy answered. "When I left him, he was working on some weird new invention in the workshop at the back of the house."

Professor Wizzard had taken a house by the seaside for the summer season. As Gandybar School had broken up for the holidays, Willie Wizzard and his friend Jimmy Bash were staying with Willie's dad for a few weeks.

"What sort of invention was it?" Professor Wizzard asked, leaning back in his deck-chair and enjoying the hot sun.

"He wouldn't say," Jimmy answered, "but it looked to me like a bicycle gone mad. Golly! Look—here he comes!"

The schoolboy inventor was coming down the beach on a weird contraption. It was something like a bicycle, except that the spokes of the wheels were of flat metal about two inches wide, like the paddles of a water-wheel.

From the cross-bar, two stout metal arms bent down at an angle towards the ground, one on either side. At the end of each arm was a basin-like metal dome, round and hollow like a big ball cut in half.

Taking no notice of the stir he was causing, Willie pedalled across the sand, weaving in and out of the holiday-makers, past the Punch and Judy show, and

down to the side of the pier where the water lapped along the beach.

There was a frown on Willie's bulging forehead, and his eyes gleamed keenly behind his huge spectacles. Professor Wizzard rose from his deck-chair and stood beside Jimmy Bash, staring down in astonishment.

"Hi! Willie!" called Jimmy, but the schoolboy inventor did not hear. He went pedalling on, straight into the sea. As soon as the water rose halfway up the wheels of the bicycle, the basin-shaped floats on either side touched the surface of the sea and held the bike upright.

"It's a sea-bicycle!" gasped Professor Wizzard. "Look! Those floats keep the bike upright, and the turning wheels act like the paddle-wheels of a steamer to make the bike move along. Most ingenious!"

"Ye-e-es," Jimmy Bash said slowly. "And kind of useless, too! Who wants to ride a bicycle at sea?"

"Well, somebody might!" said Professor Wizzard, rather nettled. "And think of all the people who could follow the Boat Race!"

Jimmy Bash sighed. Willie Wizzard and his dad were two of a kind! Suddenly the youngster gave a gasp.

"Something's gone wrong!" he cried. "Look!" It certainly seemed that Willie's invention had given up the ghost. The arms supporting the metal dome suddenly swept upwards as if they had given way at the point where they joined the cross-bar.

No longer supported by the floats, the bike simply went straight down like a stone!

"Help! Rescue! Launch the life-boat!" yelled Professor Wizzard, flinging off his jacket.

"Here! Half a tick!" exclaimed Jimmy Bash. "Willie's a good swimmer, and—" But it was too late, for Professor Wizzard had launched himself over the rail in a dive. It wasn't a very good dive. The Professor hit the water, a whirling mass of arms and legs, and vanished from sight below the surface.

Jimmy grabbed a lifebelt from a hook nearby and stood ready to throw it, an anxious look on his face. Professor Wizzard had struck the water only a dozen yards or so from the point where Willie had gone under—but the seconds ticked by, and there was no sign of either of the Wizzards.

Then a shout from the opposite side of the pier made Jimmy turn and run across. Something was coming out of the water, heading towards the beach. At first Jimmy thought it must be some terrible sea-monster, but then he recognised it as Willie's strange contraption . . . plus something else!

The schoolboy inventor was pedalling merrily away, but the two domes of metal were now enclosing his head! They had pivoted up on either side, to meet neatly round Willie's head like a diving helmet!

"So that's it!" gasped Jimmy. "It's a submarine bike! When Willie pulled a lever, the floats swung up to form a diving helmet for him!"

But it was not only the submarine bike which was ploughing towards dry land. There was something else—and that something was Professor Wizzard!

The scientist was balanced on his middle, squarely on top of the two joining domes of metal. He seemed to think that he was still under water, for his arms and legs were kicking out in a swimming motion and his eyes were tightly closed.

"Never thought I could stay under water for so long," he was muttering, though of course nobody could hear him. "Most amazing! Not a bit breathless! Can't find Willie anywhere, though!"

Jimmy Bash dashed down from the pier to the point where Willie was pedalling ashore. As the contraption came towards him, Jimmy could see Willie's spectacles glinting behind a narrow glass panel across the front of the helmet.

Triumphantly Willie rode on to dry sand just behind the Punch and Judy show, and pulled up. At that moment Professor Wizzard opened his eyes. He stared around, then looked down. His mouth fell open in a gape, and he stopped

swimming. "Willie!" yelled Jimmy Bash, coming up close. "Your dad's on top!"

"Can't hear!" came Willie's muffled voice from within. "Wait till I've let these floats down!" Willie pulled a lever on the cross-bar, and at once the "diving-helmet" sprang apart in two sections, each section still attached to its strong metal arm.

Even at best, this sudden action would have left Professor Wizzard with no support. As it was, the spring which worked the arms was so powerful that the unfortunate scientist was sent hurtling through the air like a stone from a sling.

"Oooooow!" wailed Professor Wizzard.

"Hallo! That's dad's voice!" exclaimed Willie, who still did not know what had happened.

Professor Wizzard sailed gracefully through the air like a swooping gull. It was the Punch and Judy show which stopped him. He struck the back of it head-first, tore through the thin covering, and came to rest with half his body stuck through.

The children watching the show were startled to see a wet and dripping face appear as if by magic, its chin resting on the platform where Punch was performing his antics. Punch, with stick in hand, was laying down the law to Judy and banging down his stick to give force to his squeaky words.

Professor Wizzard's head now lay in the path of that stick, but, as might be expected, Punch took no notice.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! went the stick.

"Ouch! Ooof! Eek!" went Professor Wizzard. Then the man inside the Punch and Judy show saw that he had a visitor.

"Ere!" he said threateningly, looking up from his array of puppets. "Oo said you could come in 'ere!" He was answered by a creaking sound as Professor Wizzard's weight proved too much for the flimsy structure. With a wail of de-pair, the dazed scientist collapsed on top of the Punch and Judy man in a tangle of splintered struts and torn cloth.

From the wreckage, Professor Wizzard's voice rose in a spine-chilling cry: "Willie! Willie, my boy, I want you!"

But Willie, safe on his submarine bicycle, was already a fathom or so beneath the sea!

"HOW'S dad feeling?" asked Willie hopefully.

Several hours had passed, and it was mid-afternoon. Willie had not been home for dinner, and was now gobbling some sandwiches that Jimmy had managed to scrounge for him.

"Oh, he's forgotten all about it," grinned Jimmy, stretching

BUT TUG PULLET, THE CROOK, DOESN'T EXPECT THE HEADACHE IT GIVES HIM!

himself out on the sand beside Willie's weird invention. "As a matter of fact, my father arrived to see him. Dad had to come down here on business."

"What sort of business?" Willie asked with some excitement. Jimmy's father was Inspector Bash of Scotland Yard.

"Oh, something about a jewel robbery that took place in Boggle Bay some weeks ago," Jimmy answered with a yawn. "They reckon the thief hid the jewels somewhere, and they picked up a rumour that he's returning to collect them. Dad thought he'd better come down to Boggle Bay to see if he could nab this chap."

"Hm!" said Willie thoughtfully. "He's got a job on with all these people here!"

"You're right," Jimmy nodded. "Well—come on Willie, let me have a crack with this submarine bike of yours."

For the rest of the afternoon the two youngsters enjoyed themselves with Willie's weird invention, and quite a crowd of people gathered to watch the amazing sight.

"Let's go home to tea early," Willie said at last. "I'd like to spend half-an-hour making a few improvements on this machine."

They strolled happily back to Professor Wizzard's house, and Willie wheeled his bicycle into the workshop at the back. Jimmy stood by and watched with interest as Willie got busy with spanners and screwdrivers.

"Hm! Shan't finish this before tea," Willie murmured after a while. "And we've arranged to spend the evening at the funfair. Oh, well, I can easily put the finishing touches to it in the morning."

"Good," grunted Jimmy, who was beginning to get rather bored. "Then let's—hallo what's that? Look!" He broke off sharply, pointing to the window in the workshop which overlooked the low wall at the end of the garden.

"Eh? What?" Willie jerked out with a start, blinking up through his spectacles.

"There was a face there!" exclaimed Jimmy. "It was a man with a big round face and a toothy mouth. He was looking in at us through the window." Jimmy turned and hurried outside. A few seconds later he came back, shaking his head.

"Whoever it was, he's gone now," he said, frowning.

"Just some Nosey Parker, I expect," said Willie with a shrug. "Either that, or you imagined it."

Now look here—!" Jimmy began hotly, but his friend merely grinned and waved a soothing hand.

"Forget it, Jimmy," said the schoolboy inventor. "I was only kidding. Come on, let's have tea."

They had tea with Willie's dad, for Inspector Bash had gone to the local police-station to make inquiries. After tea

Willie and Jimmy spent the evening at the big funfair nearby. When they returned, Willie slipped into his workshop to pick up some plans he was working on. It was only a few minutes later that he burst into the sitting-room, goggle-eyed with surprise and anger.

"Somebody's pinched my submarine bike!" he cried. "It's gone from the shed, Dad! Oh—sorry, Mr. Bash. I didn't know you were talking here with Dad."

"That's all right, Willie," said Inspector Bash, looking slightly puzzled. "I've heard about this invention. But who on earth would want to steal it?"

"I don't know," Willie began, then stopped short as Jimmy broke in excitedly:

"What about that man! The chap with the big face who was looking through the window this afternoon!"

"A big chap?" Inspector Bash's eyes were alert. "Was it a burly man with a big head and a toothy sort of grin?"

"That's him!" Jimmy cried eagerly.

"Then it's the man I'm looking for!" said Inspector Bash grimly. "It's Tug Pullet, the jewel-thief! He must have seen you with the bike on the beach today, and he wants it for a special reason. I think I can guess what that reason is! Come on!"

Ten minutes later the four of them were on the beach. It was getting late now, and there was nobody about, but the night was clear and a full moon was shining brightly. With Inspector Bash in the lead, they went trudging hurriedly along the top of the beach. Rounding a corner of the cliff, Inspector Bash stopped short.

"There he is!" he rapped out. "Look!" In the distance, down by the water's edge, they could see the form of a burly man. He was mounted on Willie's submarine bicycle and preparing to ride it into the water.

Inspector Bash went dashing forward.

"The game's up, Tug!" he roared. "This is Inspector Bash! You'd better come quietly!" But Tug Pullet was not going to give himself up so tamely! He sprang into the saddle and went pedalling furiously towards the sea.

"I—I didn't finish the adjustments I was making!" Willie panted as he raced over the soft sand with the others.

Just as the bicycle-wheels touched the water, Tug jerked the lever operating the floats, so that he could ride straight under and perhaps come up somewhere else along the beach, where he could make a dash for freedom.

The cup-shaped metal domes swung up . . . but Tug had not allowed for the fact that they had been made to fit a much smaller head!

"Eeek!" he squealed as they clapped together—or rather

tried to clap together! Tug's head was a good inch too big all round! The bicycle wavered in a circle. Hardly knowing what he was doing, Tug pedalled madly on.

And as he pedalled, the arms swung up and down remorselessly, and the metal floats boomed against Tug's skull!

Doynng! Doynng! Doynng! Chasing after the bike as it reeled crazily across the sand, Willie and his friends heard those metallic *doynngs* alternating with Tug's "*Eeeks!*" of pain.

Mad as he was at his wonderful new invention being treated so roughly, Willie felt terribly sorry for the poor man.

He shouted out instructions about stopping the machine, but Tug Pullet was past hearing anything. Then the engine got choked with sand.

Slowly the bike ploughed to a halt. For a long second Tug remained quite upright on it, motionless as a statue. Then bike and man toppled over sideways on to the soft sand.

"All right, Tug! You've had it!" snapped Inspector Bash, laying a firm hand on Tug's shoulder. Tug stared up with crossed eyes and a vacant expression.

"Listen to the bells, the beautiful bells!" he babbled dazedly. "Ding-dong! Tra-la-la! The beautiful bells and the beautiful jewels—tucked away in the sand by the twelfth post of the breakwater. . . ."

"So that's it!" Willie cried excitedly.

"I guessed it when I learned that Tug had stolen your bike," grinned Inspector Bash. "He didn't dare lift the jewels from where he'd hidden them during the day. He had to wait till the beach was deserted—and at that time of evening the tide was in!"

"You mean he was going to ride out under the water on Willie's submarine bike to get the jewels?" gasped Professor Wizzard.

"That's about it!" came the reply. "We know just where they are now—probably buried in a waterproof bag. We'll get them in the morning when the tide has gone out." He turned and began to lead the muddle-headed Tug Pullet up the beach. "There you are!" Professor Wizzard said proudly to Jimmy Bash. "That's the answer for you!"

"Eh? What? The answer to what?" gasped Jimmy.

"You asked what use Willie's submarine bike was," returned the Professor smugly. "Well, now you know! No professional jewel-thief should be without one!"

Jimmy Bash stared, mouth agape. He started to say something, then stopped and shook his head resignedly. There were times when the Wizzard family simply left him speechless!

Next week: Willie finds he can walk upside down on the ceiling! Don't miss the fun he has with his newest invention!

CADBURY'S PUZZLE CORNER No. 13

What's wrong with this map?

Our artist has made at least 8 deliberate mistakes in this map of England. See if you can spot them without looking at your own atlas. For the correct answers, turn page upside down.

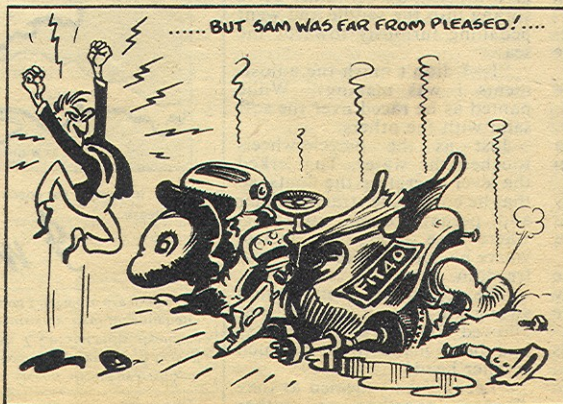
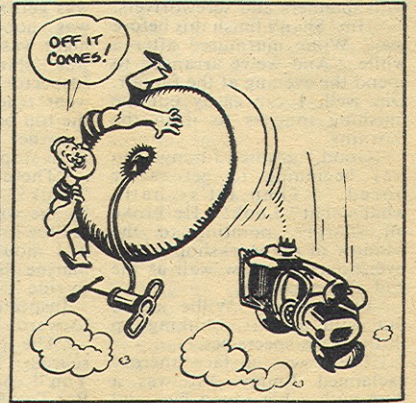
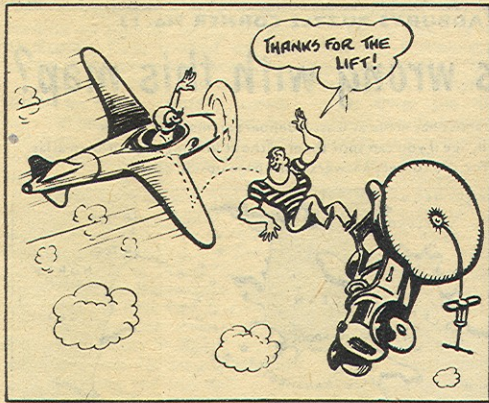
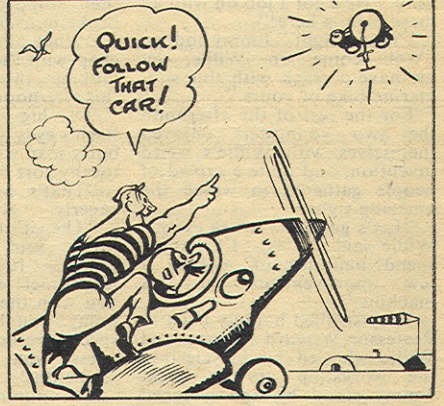
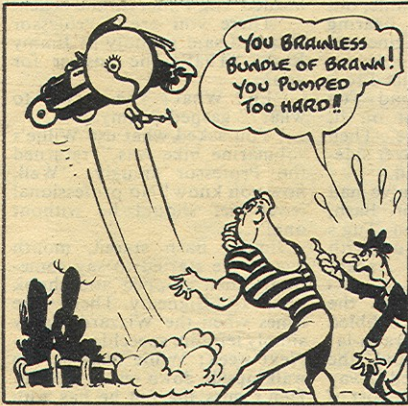
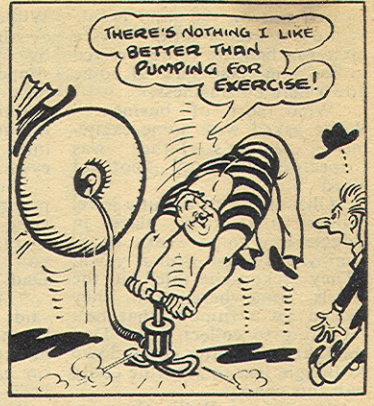


When it comes to cocoa and chocolate, you'll make no mistake when you say 'Please

I want Cadburys!

The mistakes—1 Isle of Wight too far west, 2 Atlantic Ocean should be Irish Sea, 3 Cotswold Hills should be Anglesey, 5 Bristol on the South bank of Severn, 6 Humber should be Wash, 7 Cheviot Hills should be Pennine Range, 8 Bournville should be Bournmouth, Bournville, near Birmingham, is the factory in a garden where Cadbury's Cocoa and Chocolate are made.

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



The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin

THE ivory mandarin was a little carved figure of a Chinese mandarin, with clockwork in its base which would make it dance when it was wound up. And the way it danced told a secret. It told where the treasure of Wan Chen was hidden—a huge hoard of stolen property.

Only half of the mandarin's secret had been discovered—and then something had gone wrong with the clockwork, and for the moment, nobody could be sure of the other half.

But a crook known as the Professor had guessed at the second half of the mandarin's secret, and this had led him to seek the treasure in a sunken wreck. This had almost cost him his life, for there had been a depth charge hidden on the wreck, and it had blown up while he was below in a diving suit.

Wan Chen himself, who was also there, had actually died.

Also on the spot were Bob Harley, the son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard, and Lotus Chen, Wan Chen's daughter, who had become firm friends with Bob after the many adventures they had been through together.

Just after the explosion, a destroyer of the Royal Navy had turned up, and the Captain had taken charge.

Now Bob and Lotus were safe aboard the destroyer. The Professor lay in the ship's sick bay, waiting to be taken back to England to answer for his crimes.

But still the treasure had not been found!

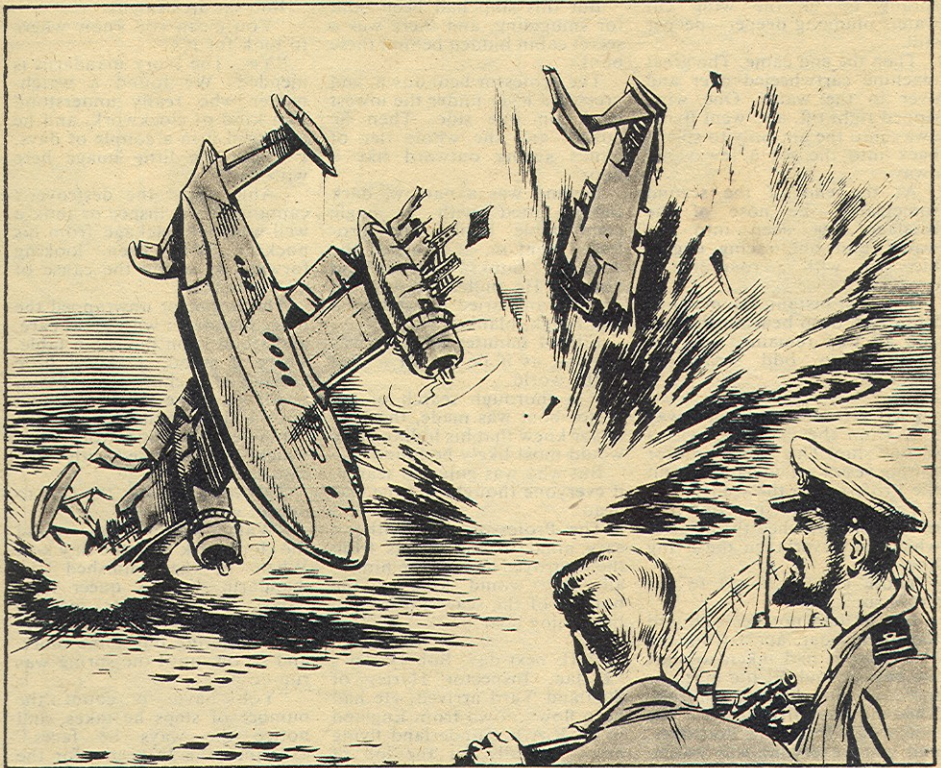
BOB HARLEY, sitting in the chart room of the destroyer, had just finished telling the Captain the story of the strange adventures that had befallen them in the last few days.

They were anchored just by the spot where the sunken ship, *Southern Star*, lay beneath the waves. Nearby was another ship—a big motor fishing vessel—which had brought the Professor to the scene. Also riding on the waves was a big twin-engined flying boat. In this Wan Chen had arrived, bringing Bob and Lotus with him.

The men of the Royal Navy had everything under control.

"The treasure must be pretty huge, for this Professor chap to take such big risks to get it," said the Captain, as Bob finished his tale.

"Dad says Wan Chen has been the brains behind most of the big robberies in England during the last twenty years—" said Bob. His dad was Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard—"The Treasure is his share of the loot. The queer thing is that he never spent any of it. But



One wing-tip of the speeding flying-boat dipped into the water. The next second it went into a terrifying, cart-wheeling crash!

then, Wan Chen was a rich man . . ."

Bob broke off, as a sharp knock came at the cabin door. "Come in!" said the Captain.

The door opened, and the ship's medical officer came in. His face was pale with excitement.

"Captain!" he gasped "The Professor—he's gone!"

"What? Gone? But how could he have gone?"

"I blame myself, Sir. He couldn't have been so badly hurt as I thought. He was just foxing. I left him in the sick-bay, safely, as I thought, because he had not opened his eyes. When I came back, he was gone, and this note was pinned to his pillow."

The Captain almost snatched the note from the doctor's hand.

"Thank you for your hospitality—" it read. "I'm sure that the rest has done me good. But weren't you fools to think that you could hold me! You will never catch me!"

The note was signed simply "The Professor."

"The porthole was open, Sir—he must have gone over the side," explained the M.O. as the Captain finished reading.

The Captain frowned, and straightened up.

"He won't get very far swimming. Man the boats at once—

get after him!"

Bob broke in, as the Captain finished speaking.

"I'll bet there's more to this than meets the eye, Sir," he said. "The Professor is too cunning a crook to be caught as easily as that. There's some trickery here—you can be sure of that!"

"Maybe," said the Captain. "But what can he do?"

Almost as if in answer to his question, there came the sudden roar of powerful engines!

"The flying boat!" cried Bob Harley. "He's getting away in the flying boat!"

The Captain leaped out through the door, with Bob and the M.O. hard upon his heels. From the rail of the bridge outside, the three of them gazed across the water.

The flying boat—the one in which Wan Chen had arrived—was clipping swiftly across the waves, a white wake curling from her sleek hull, and her engines roaring at full throttle.

"The cunning devil!" muttered the Captain. "The cunning, cunning devil! He tricked us all!" Then he jerked himself out of his surprise, and snapped out an order. "Man the low-attack guns! Shoot to cripple the flying boat if it comes within range!"

The 'plane was clear of the

water now, climbing ever so slightly and turning to the left. The engines were roaring at the very peak of their power.

"He's coming right round—he's coming back at us!" cried Bob. "Look—he's not climbing any more—he's coming right back at us!"

With its wings banked at a steep angle, the flying boat came snarling round, almost as if it was going to crash upon the destroyer.

"Open fire!" commanded the Captain.

The sharp rattle of the quick-firing guns cracked out above the roar of the plane's engines. Bob could see the smoking lines of the shells screaming up towards the fast moving machine. As yet the gunners hadn't corrected their aim, and the shells were hurtling up a few yards behind the plane's tail.

It swept past, banked right up, so that the bottom of the hull was facing the watchers on the ship.

"He's in trouble!" shouted Bob. "Look! He's losing height!"

The 'plane screamed on in its crazy two-hundred mile-an-hour curve. But as Bob had said, it was losing height.

Bob saw flecks of white spray
(Continued on next page)

THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

(continued from page 7)

thrown up, as the lower tip of the banked-up wing flicked the tops of the waves.

The speeding plane dipped lower.

A great plume of water sprang up as the wing cut water, plunging deeper—deeper still.

Then the end came. The great machine cartwheeled over and over in the water. One wing ripped right off, and went flying away into the air, only to splash back into the sea a few yards away.

At the end of the second somersault, the nose of the fuselage dug deep into the water, and one racing engine blew up with a roar like a cannon.

The next instant, the machine had dived deep beneath the sea, and all that remained in sight were a few odd scraps of wreckage.

ANCHORED a short way from the destroyer was a second ship. This was the motor fishing vessel which had brought the Professor to the scene.

From this ship, just one pair of eyes had watched the disaster which had overtaken the flying boat.

Those eyes belonged to the Professor!

For he had not been aboard the flying boat, apart from the brief time it had taken to start the engine, and set the machine moving with locked controls. Then he had dived off on the side away from the destroyer, and while everyone was watching the flying boat, he had swum the few yards to the big motor boat, and slipped aboard quite unseen.

The Professor cackled with evil laughter, as he watched a boat put out from the destroyer, and make for the spot where the plane had sunk.

"Fools!" he hissed. "Fools—all of them! I'll beat 'em yet!"

The Lascar crew of the vessel were all safely shut away in the destroyer's lock-up, and there was nobody aboard but the Professor.

Swiftly he made his way through the deserted ship to the crew's quarters in the fore-castle. Here narrow bunks were crowded together one above the

other, as closely as it was possible to pack them. The whole place was filthy, and the only light came from the narrow companion-way that led up to the deck.

But this ship had been built for smuggling, and there was a secret cabin hidden behind these bunks.

The Professor bent down, and pressed a lever under the lowest bunk on one side. Then he pulled, and the whole tier of bunks swung outward like a door.

Beyond was a narrow, dark cabin, fitted with a single comfortable bunk. The Professor went in, and tugged the door of bunks shut behind himself. He pulled off his wet clothes, and dried himself on a big, rough, blanket.

Fifteen minutes later he was sleeping as if he hadn't a care in the world.

If a thorough search of the motor-boat was made, the Professor knew that his hiding place would most likely be found.

But who was going to search, if everyone thought that he was dead?

The Professor slept with an easy mind. If the sailors from the destroyer looked for him at all, they would look at the bottom of the sea—not here in the fishing boat!

THE next day, Bob Harley's dad, Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard arrived. He had been flown down from England in an R.A.F. Sunderland flying boat, specially for the job of winding up the affair of the ivory mandarin. He listened carefully to the whole story of yesterday's happenings.

"I wonder if the Professor has tricked you after all," he said at last. "He was such a cunning old devil. I wouldn't put it past him."

"But how, Dad?" asked Bob. "The Captain here had boats out searching for a couple of hours after the plane crashed. They found plenty of wreckage, but the Professor must have gone down with the fuselage. That went straight to the bottom, and didn't come up again."

The Inspector nodded. "I know, son. I suppose we really have seen the last of the Pro-

fessor and certainly of Wan Chen. But it's hard to believe, just the same. Anyway, we're not taking any more chances. The next job is collect the treasure!"

Bob sat up straight. "You mean you know where to look for it?"

"Yes. The ivory mandarin is mended. We found a watchmaker who really understood that kind of clockwork, and he managed it in a couple of days. I've got the little image here with me!"

"Aha!" said the destroyer's captain, as the inspector took a well-wrapped package from his pocket. "I've been looking forward to seeing the cause of all the bother!"

The Inspector unwrapped the ivory mandarin with great care, and stood it on the cabin table. There it stood, a skilful little carving of a chinese mandarin, about six inches high, standing upon a little round base, which contained the clockwork, and which was decorated with intricate carving.

This little toy was the clue to untold wealth.

"Watch!" Bob's dad wound the clockwork with the tiny key. When he had finished the mandarin did his queer little dance, pattering out just so many footsteps, turning another way, pattering out some more, and so on, until the spring was run down.

"You have to count the number of steps he takes, and notice the ways he faces," explained the Inspector for the Captain's benefit. "These signs around the base are the Chinese symbols for the four points of the compass. If you put all the numbers and directions together in the right manner, they tell you exactly the longitude and latitude of the spot where the treasure is hidden—so many degrees East—so many degrees South."

"That's right," put in Bob. "We knew the longitude days ago, but we lost the mandarin before we could get the latitude. We guessed, and so did the Professor, that the treasure was hidden in the sunken ship, because the longitude was right. But it seems we guessed wrong. What's the real latitude of the

treasure, Dad?"

"It works out due North of here."

"North!" exclaimed Bob. "That's what Wan Chen was trying to say as he died."

Bob's Dad nodded. "Exactly north of here, on the self-same longitude line on the map, right in the middle of Ulondu territory, in Africa."

"I wonder why Wan Chen chose a spot like that?"

"Maybe because it was dead in line with the position of the sunken Southern Star, replied the Inspector, "Wan Chen may have had some queer idea of making things harder for anyone who sought his treasure. After all, it tricked us. We jumped at the idea that the treasure was on board the wreck. Or, of course, he may have had quite a different reason for hiding his loot in Ulonduland, and it may have been just a fluke that it worked out to the same longitude line as the wreck. We'll never know now that the old chap's dead."

"And now we're going to look for the treasure?"

"I've got a special permit from the foreign office to go into Ulonduland. It's a sort of free territory, about half the size of England, tucked away in the middle of Tanganyika. It's ruled over by a native king called the Ondu. We'll have to go and pay our respects to him first, before we head up country to where the treasure is hidden. But now that the Professor is out of the way, I don't suppose we shall have any trouble in clearing up the whole affair quite quickly."

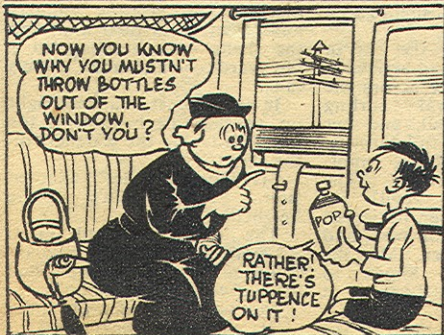
But in the days that followed, Bob's Dad was to find out just how wrong he was about this!

THREE days later and fifteen hundred miles away, the destroyer put into the port of Mombasa, about three hundred miles from the equator. From here, they would have to make a further journey of some two hundred miles inland to the jungles and mountains ruled over by the Ondu of Ulondu.

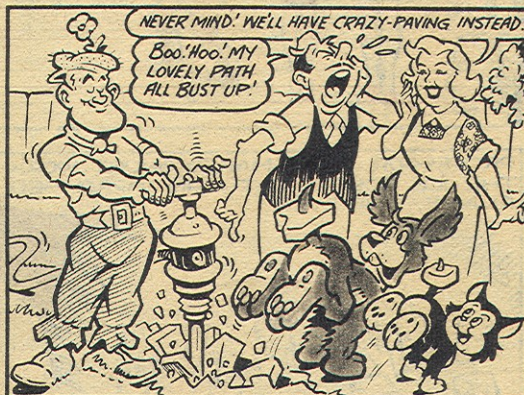
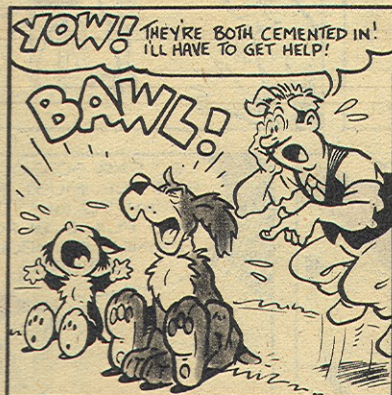
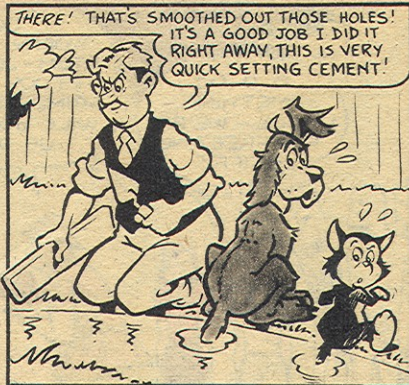
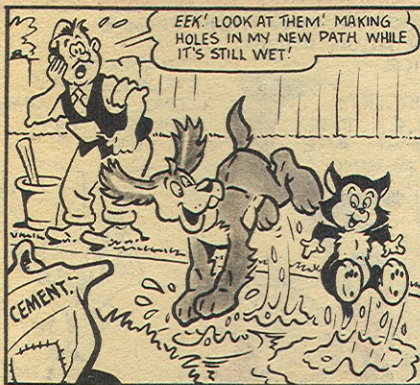
The motor fishing boat, with the Professor hidden aboard, was brought in as well, towed behind the hard steaming destroyer.

(Continued opposite)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

Continued from page 8

The night after they dropped anchor, the Professor slipped ashore, and nobody saw his going. He had darkened his skin, and he faded like a ghost into the crowds of Negroes and Arabs in the busy port.

Bob's Dad turned over the fishing boat to the officials of the port, and he, Bob and Lotus said goodbye to the friends they had made on the destroyer.

The next day they located and hired a tough, powerful jungle lorry, of the sort that can go almost anywhere. It had six wheels, and on each of the four rear ones were two massive tyres, with deep treads, like those on a tractor.

Bob looked at the hefty proportions of the lorry approvingly.

"How long will it take us to get there, Dad?" he asked.

"About three to four days, if we can find a driver who knows the country. At least, that's what I'm told," replied the Inspector.

At that moment a voice sounded behind them.

"Behold, Effendi, here am I—a driver of the great excellence."

They turned, and saw a tall arab, bowing deeply. He

straightened up, and showed white teeth in a broad grin.

"Behold—I, Sidi Ben Fazool, learn the drivement of many motors when soldier in English army. Please to observe many certificates of great excellence!"

Still grinning, he thrust a handful of greasy papers under the Inspector's nose.

"See—Sidi Ben Fazool—it is I!" he explained eagerly, pointing with a dusky and far from clean finger at the name which was written in at various points in the papers. The Inspector read them through swiftly. They were, as the man had said, certificates from the Army authorities.

"Hm. These seem to be in order. But where did you come from? Who sent you here?" he asked, looking at the man keenly.

Sidi Ben Fazool grinned more broadly than ever, and bowed again.

"Effendi—nobody send me. I come here to place of selling of motors often. White man buy motor—white man want driver."

Sidi Ben Fazool best driver in Mombasa. You give me job, yes?"

"All right, Sidi—you're hired," said Bob's father with a smile. "You can drive us around to our hotel for a start. We've got some baggage to pick up. We'll make a start this evening, as soon as it gets cooler, and drive by night."

"Okay—okay—okay!" the grinning arab bowed again. "Please to mount lorry-motor. I drive!"

And as they threaded their way swiftly through the crowded traffic in the narrow streets, it became most clear that Sidi Ben Fazool was, as he had claimed, a most skilful driver. And all the time he was driving he kept up a stream of talk, telling them about the various streets and buildings that they passed upon their way. Bob and the Inspector found themselves chuckling at his strange English, and for his part, the grinning arab did not seem to mind in the least that they were laughing at him.

At the hotel they met Lotus, and their camping gear and the stores they would need for their trip, were loaded aboard the lorry.

As dusk fell, they rolled out of the town, on the first stage of their journey inland.

"What a bit of luck we ran into this Fazool chap," said Bob. "It must be jolly hard work, driving this hefty great lorry. I'm glad we haven't got to do it ourselves."

Just for once, the Arab was not talking, and as he heard what Bob said, a wolfish sneer crossed his thin face.

And if Bob or the Inspector had seen that sneer, they would have had a shock, for they would have known at once who Sidi Ben Fazool really was.

That sneer would have given him away.

For Sidi Ben Fazool was none other than the Professor!

He had bought the official papers from the real Sidi Ben Fazool in Mombasa. Driving the lorry was child's play to him.

And now, as he sat hunched over the steering wheel, Bob, Lotus and the Inspector were at his mercy. As he drove, he planned the vengeance he would wreak upon them for all the trouble they had caused him.

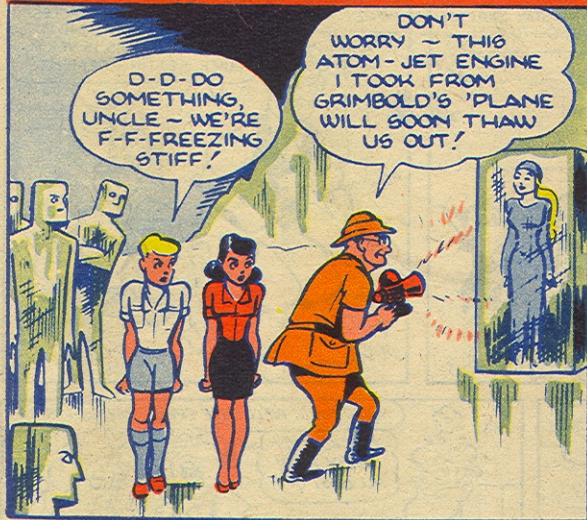
But first, he meant to get his hands on Wan Chen's treasure! Next week: The strange guardian of Wan Chen's treasure!

DON'T MISS THIS—IT'S GOOD NEWS!

Next week you will be able to buy your **COMET** two days earlier than usual! Owing to the August Bank Holiday, your favourite paper will be on sale on Saturday, August 2nd, instead of Monday the 4th.

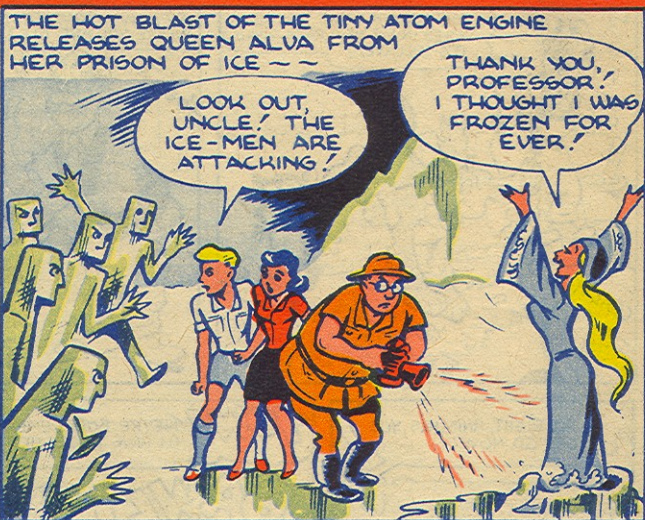
Peter, Ann and their uncle, Professor Jolly, are on the Milky Way, which Prince Grimbold has seized from the rightful ruler, his cousin, Queen Alva. He kidnaps the Queen and in trying to rescue her, our chums are taken prisoners. Grimbold takes them to an ice-cold world to see the Queen and leaves them there guarded by ice-robots.

THE SKY EXPLORERS



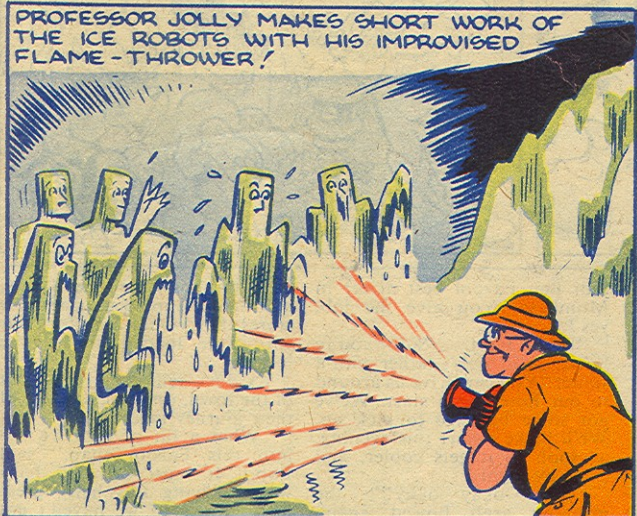
D-D-DO SOMETHING, UNCLE - WE'RE F-F-FREEZING STIFF!

DON'T WORRY - THIS ATOM-JET ENGINE I TOOK FROM GRIMBOLD'S 'PLANE WILL SOON THAW US OUT!



LOOK OUT, UNCLE! THE ICE-MEN ARE ATTACKING!

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR! I THOUGHT I WAS FROZEN FOR EVER!



PROFESSOR JOLLY MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ICE ROBOTS WITH HIS IMPROVISED FLAME-THROWER!



SO FAR SO GOOD, BUT WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET OFF THIS PLACE BEFORE PRINCE GRIMBOLD RETURNS.

YOU'RE RIGHT - THE ATOM FUEL IN THIS ENGINE WON'T LAST FOR EVER.



THE PROFESSOR HAS AN IDEA - HE STARTS TO CUT AT THE ICE WITH HIS RED-HOT FLAME.

WAIT AND SEE! THIS CUTS THE ICE LIKE BUTTER!

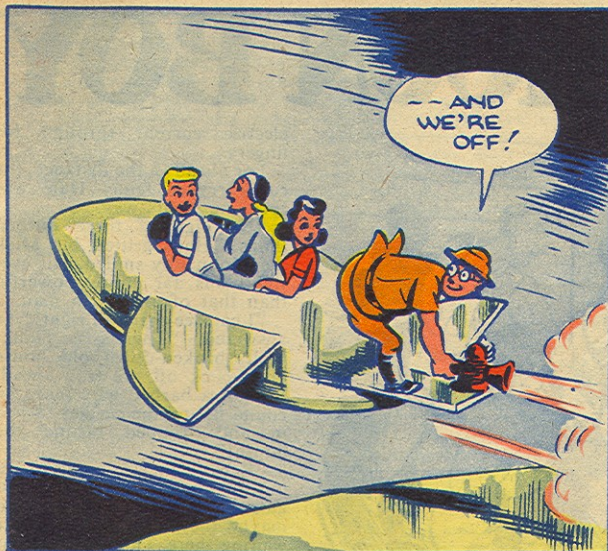
WHAT'S UNCLE UP TO NOW?



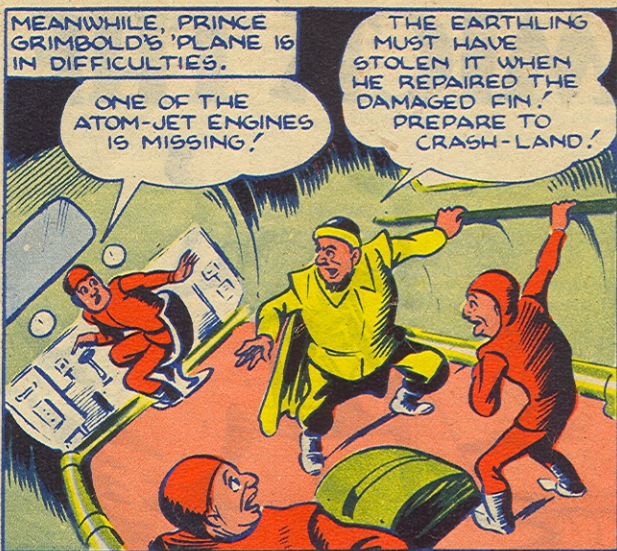
AND IN A SHORT TIME A 'PLANE IS READY - MADE OF SOLID ICE!

THIS IS FINE - BUT WHAT ABOUT AN ENGINE?

YOU FORGET! THIS IS AN ENGINE! I'LL FIX IT ON THE TAIL AND OPEN THE THROTTLE--



-- AND WE'RE OFF!



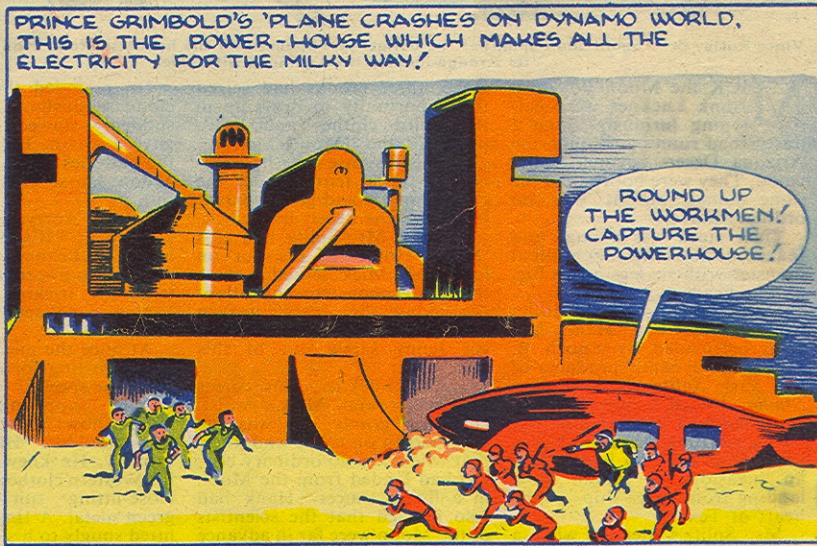
MEANWHILE, PRINCE GRIMBOLD'S 'PLANE IS IN DIFFICULTIES.

ONE OF THE ATOM-JET ENGINES IS MISSING!

THE EARTHLING MUST HAVE STOLEN IT WHEN HE REPAIRED THE DAMAGED FIN! PREPARE TO CRASH-LAND!



LOOK OUT ~ WE'LL HIT THOSE BUILDINGS!



PRINCE GRIMBOLD'S 'PLANE CRASHES ON DYNAMO WORLD, THIS IS THE POWER-HOUSE WHICH MAKES ALL THE ELECTRICITY FOR THE MILKY WAY!

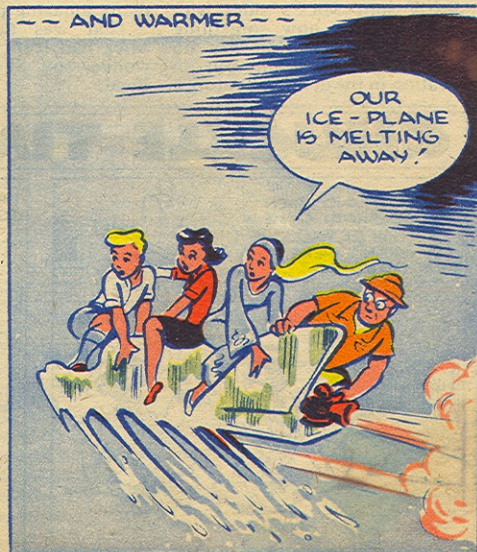
ROUND UP THE WORKMEN! CAPTURE THE POWERHOUSE!



THE PROFESSOR'S ICE-PLANE ZOOMS AWAY FROM THE COLD REGIONS ~ ~



-- INTO AIR WHICH GROWS WARMER --



-- AND WARMER --

OUR ICE-PLANE IS MELTING AWAY!

THE ICE-PLANE IS MELTING FAST! SEE BACK PAGE FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

THE FILM PRODUCER'S IDEA OF A MOON MAN IS STRANGE ENOUGH—

MICK THE MOON BOY



Vince Rutley fired again and again, but the bullets just bounced off the headless Moon Man costume, and its strange-looking head grinned with glee.

MICK the Moon Boy and Hank Luckner were galloping furiously along a dusty road running through the Arizona Desert beyond Hollywood. They were both riding the same horse, but it was no ordinary horse.

Their steed was a huge and fearsome-looking mechanical monster with six legs and a big, oblong head.

During their visit to Hollywood, Mick and Hank had been befriended by Enoch B. Splitz, the dynamic producer of the vast *Splitz-Majestic Film Studios*. Enoch B. was making a super-colossal Western film, but with a startling new idea. It was about a sheriff who had to face an invasion of Moon Men, landing from space-ships in the heart of Texas.

Mr. Splitz's idea of what a Moon Man looked like had nearly split Mick's sides with laughter! But now something had happened which was no laughing matter. While out on location in the desert, shooting a

scene, three crooks had seized the opportunity to dress up in the weird clothes and head-pieces of the "Moon Men".

In this disguise they had kidnapped little Jenny Dale, the child film-star and gone roaring off across the desert in a car.

"Lucky Mr. Splitz had this 'Moon Horse' of his out on location!" Mick jerked out as the strange monster went galloping along the dusty, uneven trail. "Hold tight, Hank! We'll get Jenny safely out of this jam!"

Hank Luckner, his arms wrapped round Mick's waist, clung on grimly. He was the only person on earth who knew that Mick was no ordinary boy, but had landed on the Moon in a flying saucer. Hank had also learned that the scientists of the Moon were far in advance of those on earth, and Mick had many amazing powers.

That was the reason why Mick had leapt to fame as the wonder-boy Sheriff of Indian Bend.

On pounded the horse in a cloud of dust . . . and then it suddenly slowed down. Hank gave a groan. He guessed that the batteries which operated the Moon Horse had almost run out.

"Don't worry, Hank!" Mick exclaimed. "It's only the batteries!" Leaning down, he placed two fingers against metal terminals sticking out of the control panel set in the horse's neck.

At once the mechanical steed went hurtling forward again at twice the speed!

"I'm supplying the juice myself, now!" Mick called over his shoulder. Hank grinned broadly. He knew that beneath his Western clothes Mick wore a close-fitting suit of flexible green metal. A tiny control-box fitted snugly to his chest. With a touch on the controls, Mick could make himself completely invisible! He could also jump from any height and just float gently down to the ground, or he could project a powerful

electric current through his fingers.

Far ahead in the distance, the car carrying Jenny Dale was speeding on its way.

"No sign of those durned thugs!" Hank gritted, but Mick the Moon Boy smiled. His eyesight was far more powerful than that of any earth man.

"I can see them all right!" he answered. "There's a plank-built, broken-down old house lying back off the trail ahead. It's got a barbed wire fence all round it, and the car has turned in and stopped behind the house!"

"Reckon they're going to get out of their Moon Men disguises!" shouted Hank. "And maybe they've got another car waiting there. Going on in that would cover up their tracks nicely!"

"We'll see about that!" Mick snapped grimly. By this time the 'Moon Horse' was tearing across the desert in great bounds fairly eating up the distance. Five minutes later, Mick halted the mechanical monster behind a fold of ground which hid them from the house.

In a flash he had stripped off his check shirt and pants. For a moment he stood there dressed in the strange green suit of metal—and then he vanished.

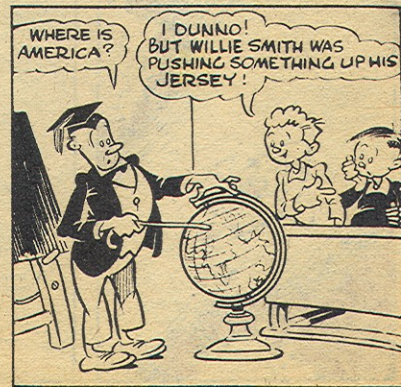
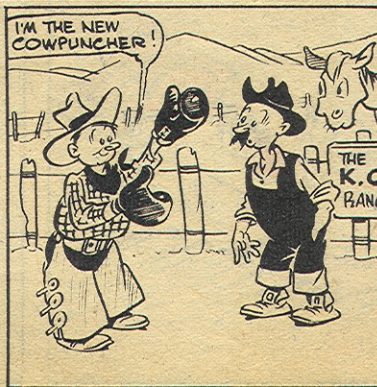
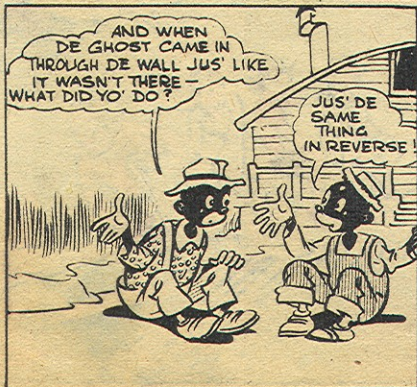
"I'm going on with the horse, Hank," said a voice from nowhere. "You follow me up. I think I can scare the pants off those guys, so you be standing by to look after Jenny Dale as soon as I've got them on the run!"

Next moment the mechanical horse reared up and leapt forward again with its invisible rider.

Inside the ramshackle house, three tough and dangerous-looking men had just finished wriggling out of the Moon-suits covering their ordinary clothes. Little Jenny Dale stood with her back to one of the walls

(Continued opposite)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



BUT WHEN ONE LOSES ITS HEAD, MUCH STRANGER THINGS HAPPEN!

white-faced and trembling. "O.K. boys," rasped Vince Rutley, the leader of the gang. "Let's pick up the other car and get going. We'll get a fine ransom for this kid!"

At that moment the long, shuttered windows of the room burst open as if struck by a thunderbolt, and with a clatter of metal hoofs the Moon Horse came plunging through into the room, bucking and rearing dangerously.

"Look out, you guys!" bel-lowed Vince Rutley, his eyes bulging with surprise and fear. Seated on the back of the horse, the invisible Moon Boy brought his weird-looking steed prancing round so that one of the thugs was sent spinning to the floor.

For a moment it looked as if the horse would quickly settle the whole business, but Vince Rutley whipped out a gun and fired straight into its side. The whirring of machinery from within the horse died away, and the monster stood stockstill on its six legs in the middle of the room.

"They've damaged the machinery, darn it!" Mick muttered to himself. Vince Rutley dashed across and seized Jenny Dale.

"C'mon!" he jerked out hoarsely to his men. "I don't understand this! Let's get outa here while we've got the chance!"

They started to move towards the door—and then one of the Moon-suits lying crumpled on the floor began to writhe upwards and take on the shape of a man! Up it rose, a terrifying

sight and began to stalk towards the three crooks. The globe-like helmet still lay on the floor, and it seemed that a headless, awful figure was moving towards them! Of course, it was Mick, who had made himself invisible, inside the suit.

Vince Rutley fired again and again, but the bullets just bounced off. Mick's wonderful metal garment was bullet-proof!

The empty sleeve of the figure rose up, and an invisible hand grasped Vince Rutley by the nose. He screamed with fear and pain as a powerful shock went through him! Next second all three had gone blundering out of the door in a wild, panic-stricken rush.

But if they thought they were going to escape as easily as that they were mistaken. For by pressing another button on the control box strapped to his chest Mick could make himself fly.

So he pressed the button and leaped through the window. He came floating around the corner of the house just as the crooks dashed out into the open. Floating in mid-air, and without its head, the weird Hollywood moon man costume looked more terrifying than ever. Frantically the crooks fired their guns again and again—but still the bullets only bounced off.

The crooks dived back into the house and slammed the door. Mick jumped again and soared in through the window, waving the empty sleeves of his costume as he did so. Then the crooks flung down their guns and bolted in earnest.

Mick slithered out of the studio Moon-suit. As he came out of the door, Rutley and his friends were scrambling through the wire fence. Mick chuckled, took three long strides to one side, and clasped a strand of the fence in both his invisible hands.

"Aggh! Help! Urrgh!" Strangled yells arose from the crooks. That wire fence was electrified now! They were jerking about on it like puppets, unable to unclasp their hands!

"Hank!" called Mick, and from within the house came Hank Luckner, his arm round the shoulders of little Jenny Dale. He had obeyed orders, and whipped in through the broken window as soon as the gang took to their heels.

Hank spotted Rutley's gun lying on the ground where it had fallen. Grinning, he darted forward and picked it up.

"O.K. Mick!" he muttered quietly. The Moon Boy smiled an invisible smile and let go of the fence. The three kidnappers crumpled limply to the ground and lay there gasping.

Mick knew he could safely leave matters in Hank's capable hands while he trotted off to get dressed and make himself visible once again.

IT was an hour later when a police car, hurtling along the desert road, met a strange procession coming in the opposite direction. Enoch B. Splitz gulped and nearly swallowed his unlit cigar.

"Hold it, boys!" he cried to the four tough policemen in the car with him. "It's them! Look!

It's Sheriff Mick ... and he's got Jenny Dale and the kidnapers!"

The Moon Horse, which Mick's wonderful knowledge of mechanics had enabled him to repair in a few minutes, was plodding at a steady gait along the road. On its great back were Sheriff Mick, Hank Luckner and Jenny Dale. Stumbling behind them, with hands bound, came the three crooks. They were linked by a rope attached to the back of the Moon Horse.

"Hope you don't mind my poaching on your territory, captain!" Mick said cheerily to the police officer as the two parties met. "Here are three prisoners for you!"

Enoch B. Splitz bounded forward and lifted Jenny Dale from the saddle. Giving her a great hug, he set her down.

"It's amazing!" he burst out. "It's super-colossal! 'It—it's ... Gee! I've run out of words!' He seized Mick's hand and pumped it furiously.

"Sheriff," he said solemnly, "I'd sure like to know how you pulled this off! It's gigantic! Why, I'd make a film of it—!" he paused and looked suddenly wistful,—"except that everyone would say it was impossible!"

Mick glanced at Hank and winked. Enoch B. Splitz didn't know how right he was! He only knew half the story!

"Reckon you're right, Mr. Splitz!" said the Moon Boy, and his green eyes twinkled with laughter.

Next week Mick and his pal have some exciting adventures in Mexico! Make sure you don't miss them!

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

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| 58,955 | 203,377 | 4,349 | 72,772 | 18,811 |
| 148,953 | 64,275 | 202,352 | 113,943 | 151,020 |
| 120,897 | 148,657 | 104,451 | 201,967 | 86,168 |
| 37,509 | 21,111 | 62,974 | 52,785 | 195,773 |
| 206,468 | 212,782 | 102,267 | 121,592 | 212,509 |
| 8,447 | 40,848 | 81,969 | 92,452 | 64,891 |
| 44,519 | 106,165 | 13,607 | 148,883 | 165,707 |
| 124,157 | 202,679 | 145,873 | 206,437 | 37,401 |
| 211,322 | 92,890 | 38,780 | 156,588 | 135,462 |
| 65,209 | 124,675 | 138,491 | 101,269 | 92,978 |
| 111,843 | 19,662 | 203,453 | 96,355 | 203,634 |
| 148,465 | 201,318 | 44,970 | 62,371 | 176,847 |
| 27,666 | 63,712 | 150,292 | 44,885 | 120,789 |

If you saw your number then choose a present from the following: A Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, Jack Knife, Wrist Compass or a Water Pistol. Write the name of the present chosen in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use," and also make sure your name and full address are written on the Membership page. Also, on a piece of paper, write the name of the story, picture-story or character you like best in COMET, and add a few words saying why. Then put the Album and piece of paper in an envelope, seal it, and post to:

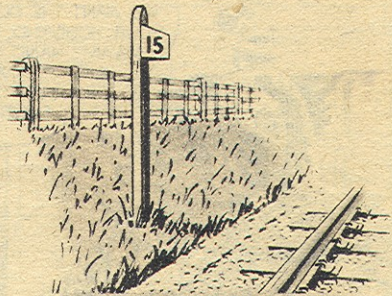
COMET E.S. Club, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

to arrive by Tuesday, August 12. Don't forget to put a 2d. stamp on the envelope! Your present will be sent and your Album returned about one week after the Closing Date—post free.

TWO MORE INTERESTING FACTS FOR YOUR SPOTTERS NOTEBOOK

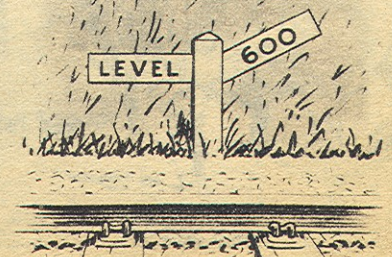
MILE POST

These are located on the 'down' side of the line at every $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. The intermediate posts read: $\frac{1}{2}$; $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$.



GRADIENT POST

These indicate every change of gradient and are located on the 'down' side except at a few points near Glasgow. The figure '600' on the arm inclined upwards tells us that the line on that side of the post rises 1 ft. in every 600 ft.



KIT CARSON AND THE PRAIRIE TREASURE

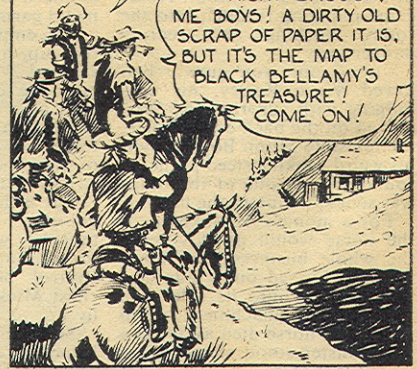
IN DAYS GONE BY, THE NAME OF BLACK BELLAMY WAS ONE TO STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE SETTLERS! SWEEPING ACROSS THE WEST WITH HIS RUTHLESS GANG, ATTACKING FARMS AND BANKS, STAGECOACHES AND SETTLEMENTS, BLACK BELLAMY LOOTED AND KILLED ON A SCALE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

BUT WHEN THE GANG WAS FINALLY TRAPPED AND BROKEN UP, NOT A SINGLE DOLLAR COULD BE FOUND OF THE GIGANTIC FORTUNE THAT THEY HAD AMASSED! MANY WERE THE SEARCHES THAT WERE MADE FOR BLACK BELLAMY'S TREASURE, BUT ALL WERE IN VAIN . . .

THEN ONE DAY, MANY YEARS LATER, FOUR MASKED MEN GALLOP TOWARDS A LONELY FARMHOUSE IN THE HILLS . . .

THAT'S THE WIDOW WILSON'S PLACE, PAT! THAT'S A CRUMMINY JOINT. ARE YOU SURE IT'S HER WHO'S GOT THE OLD MAP?

SHE'S GOT IT, RIGHT ENOUGH, ME BOYS! A DIRTY OLD SCRAP OF PAPER IT IS, BUT IT'S THE MAP TO BLACK BELLAMY'S TREASURE! COME ON!



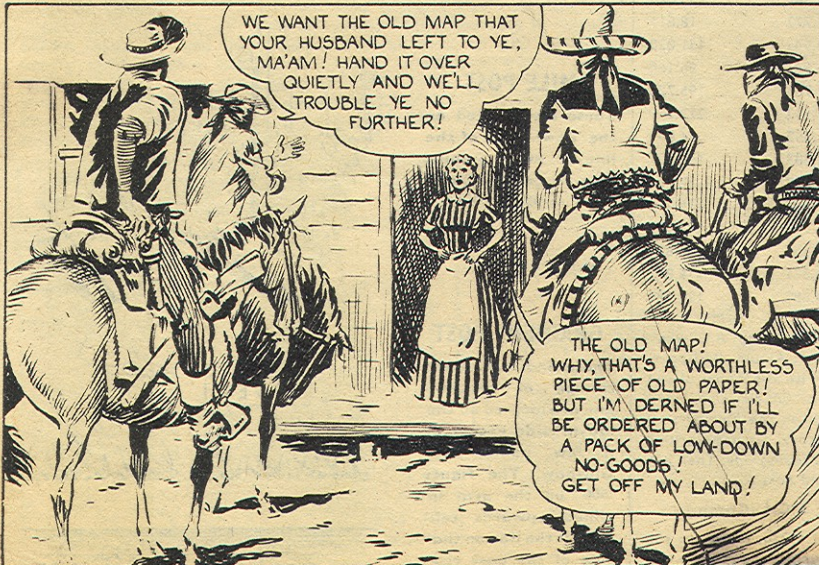
GO GET THE WINCHESTER, SON! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THESE GUYS!

SURE THING, MOM!



WE WANT THE OLD MAP THAT YOUR HUSBAND LEFT TO YE, MA'AM! HAND IT OVER QUIETLY AND WE'LL TROUBLE YE NO FURTHER!

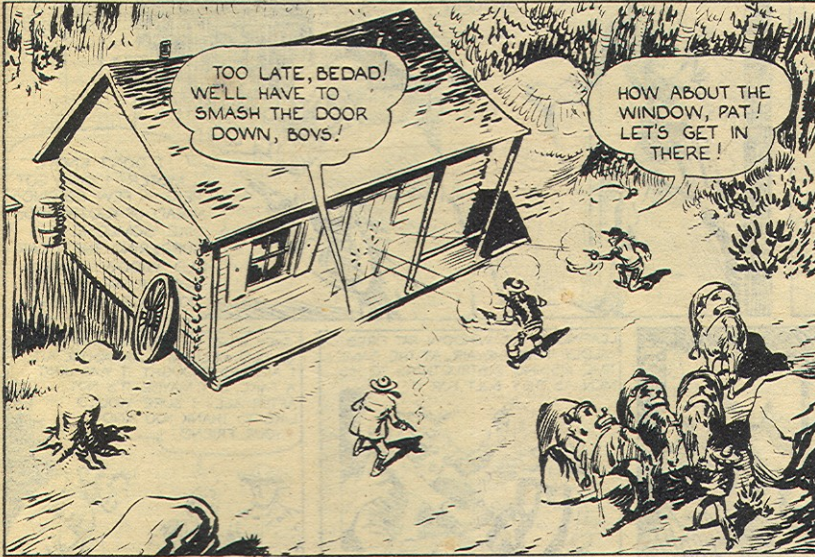
THE OLD MAP! WHY, THAT'S A WORTHLESS PIECE OF OLD PAPER! BUT I'M DERNED IF I'LL BE ORDERED ABOUT BY A PACK OF LOW-DOWN NO-GOODS! GET OFF MY LAND!

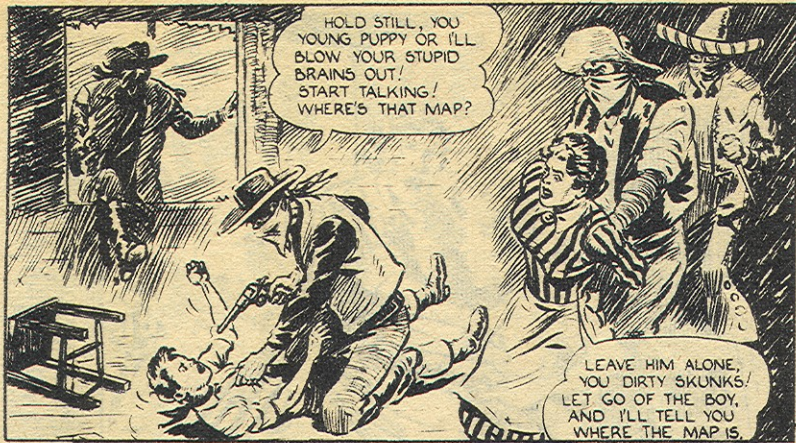


SO YOU WANT TO GET TOUGH, HUH! OKAY BOYS! TEAR THE PLACE APART!

LEAVE EET TO US, PAT!

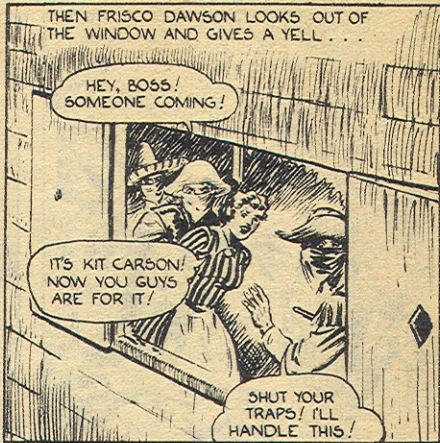






HOLD STILL, YOU YOUNG PUPPY OR I'LL BLOW YOUR STUPID BRAINS OUT! START TALKING! WHERE'S THAT MAP?

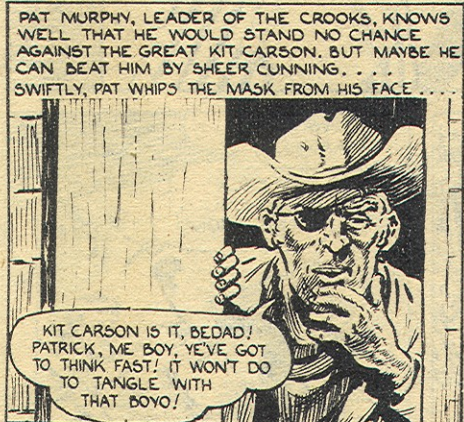
LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU DIRTY SKUNKS! LET GO OF THE BOY, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE MAP IS.



HEY, BOSS! SOMEONE COMING!

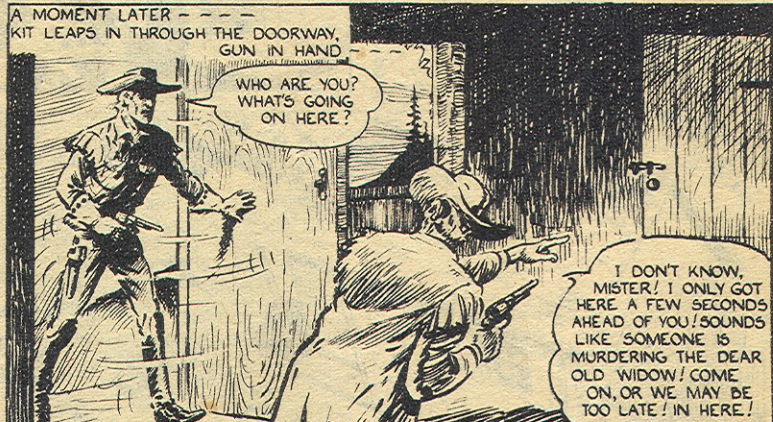
IT'S KIT CARSON! NOW YOU GUYS ARE FOR IT!

SHUT YOUR TRAPS! I'LL HANDLE THIS!



PAT MURPHY, LEADER OF THE CROOKS, KNOWS WELL THAT HE WOULD STAND NO CHANCE AGAINST THE GREAT KIT CARSON. BUT MAYBE HE CAN BEAT HIM BY SHEER CUNNING. . . . SWIFTLY, PAT WHIPS THE MASK FROM HIS FACE. . . .

KIT CARSON IS IT, BEDAD! PATRICK, ME BOY, YE'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! IT WON'T DO TO TANGLE WITH THAT BOYO!



A MOMENT LATER - - - KIT LEAPS IN THROUGH THE DOORWAY, GUN IN HAND -

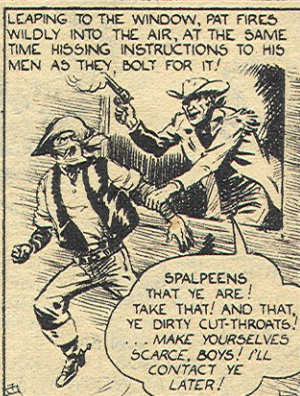
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I DON'T KNOW, MISTER! I ONLY GOT HERE A FEW SECONDS AHEAD OF YOU! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE IS MURDERING THE DEAR OLD WIDOW! COME ON, OR WE MAY BE TOO LATE! IN HERE!



THERE THEY GO, BEDAD!

KIT! THANK GOODNESS! YOU AND YOUR FRIEND GOT HERE IN THE NICK OF TIME!



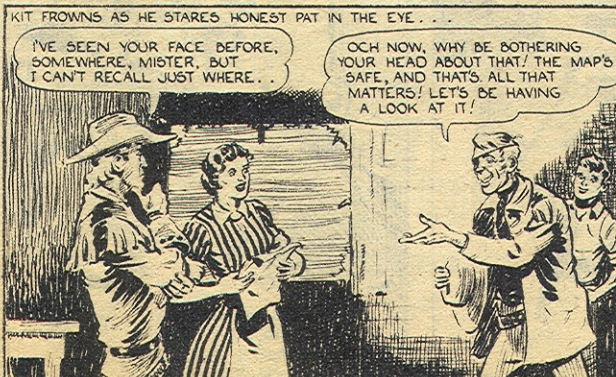
LEAPING TO THE WINDOW, PAT FIRES WILDLY INTO THE AIR, AT THE SAME TIME HISsing INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS MEN AS THEY BOLT FOR IT!

SPALPEENS THAT YE ARE! TAKE THAT! AND THAT, YE DIRTY CUT-THROATS! . . . MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE, BOYS! I'LL CONTACT YE LATER!



THEY WERE AFTER THIS MAP OF OLD BELLAMY'S TREASURE, KIT! I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A FAKE, BUT MAYBE IT'S NOT, AFTER ALL! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU AND YOUR FRIEND!

PAT MURPHY IS THE NAME! HONEST PAT MURPHY AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM!



KIT FROWNS AS HE STARES HONEST PAT IN THE EYE. . . . I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE, SOMEWHERE, MISTER, BUT I CAN'T RECALL JUST WHERE. . . .

OCH NOW, WHY BE BOTHERING YOUR HEAD ABOUT THAT! THE MAP'S SAFE, AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! LET'S BE HAVING A LOOK AT IT!



SAY! THIS LOOKS GENUINE, ALL RIGHT! THE TREASURE SEEMS TO LIE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOJAVE DESERT! IF THIS IS THE GOODS, THEN YOU FOLKS ARE MADE FOR LIFE!

BLACK BELLAMY ROBBED MY LATE HUSBAND OF EVERY CENT HE POSSESSED! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT TREASURE, KIT!

Don't forget to come along on the treasure hunt next week! There will be thrills and adventure galore!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

THE PLAN MISCARRIES

"HE refuses to come back, you say?" roared Dr. Grunter, the polar bear. "Yes," said Alf, one of the farm hands of Meadowsweet Farm. "He says that he's going to make his fortune on the stage!"

"I'll fortune him!" snarled Dr. Grunter, fairly gnashing his great, long, yellow fangs with rage. "I'll give him the thrashing of his life when I do catch him, and I'll put him in detention in an empty stable for a month. I'll teach the miserable little wretch a lesson that he'll not forget in a hurry, I bet!"

Dr. Grunter hadn't always been a polar bear. As a matter of fact, he was a schoolmaster in charge of a party of school-boys 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 Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gentleman you ever saw. He got the bottles mixed up, and, instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he gave 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 into their proper selves again.

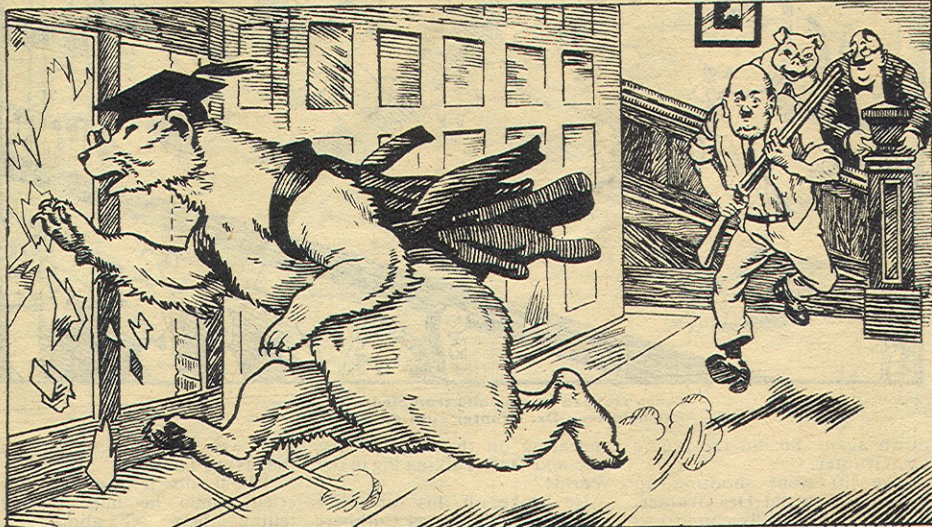
But one of the boys named Tubby Tweeks had run away. Tubby was the fat boy of the Fourth and he had been changed into a great, fat pig. To Dr. Grunter's rage and fury, Tubby was now appearing at the Empire Theatre, in the town of Market Gosling as the one and Only Talking Pig in the World.

"It's disgraceful!" roared Dr. Grunter, fairly dancing with rage. "A boy in my charge appearing on the stage as a talking pig. We've got to get him back somehow!"

"Yes, but how?" grinned Alf. "I went and saw him, like you told me to, and I told him that your orders were that he was to come back here to the farm at once. He flatly refused. He said he was blowed if he was coming back to be chivvied around by you."

"Oh, he did, did he?" roared Dr. Grunter, nearly foaming at the mouth. "Oh, my, I'll make him pay for that. Just wait till I get my hands on him—my paws, I mean. There must be some way of getting the little wretch back. Let me think!"

Dropping on all fours, he started to pace furiously up and down the wooden hut in which he lived along with Mr. Drripp, his assistant master, who had



The polar bear crashed through the glass at a run, For why should he stay to be shot with a gun!

been changed into a mournful-looking turtle.

"I've got it!" he cried suddenly, rearing up on his hind legs again. "Or, at least, I think I've got it. You say the stupid little wretch is staying at an hotel in Market Gosling?"

"Yes," said Alf.

"Fancy a pig staying at an hotel!" snorted Dr. Grunter savagely. "Never mind, it makes it all the easier. Now I'll tell you what you must do, Alf. You must go back into Market Gosling and try to find out just how this wretched little oaf gets from his hotel to the theatre in the evenings. When I learn that, I think I know how I can get him back here to Meadowsweet Farm."

"How?" demanded Alf.

"Never mind how!" snarled Dr. Grunter. "I'll explain all that later. Off you go and do as I tell you!"

Alf had already harnessed a horse and trap. He climbed into the trap and set off for the town of Market Gosling. He was back within about two hours.

"I've found out how he gets from the hotel to the theatre, he reported. "Mr. Snitch drives him there in his car and then drives him back to the hotel after the show."

"And who the thump's Mr. Snitch?" snarled Dr. Grunter.

"Oh, that's his manager," explained Alf. "Now that he's appearing as the one and only talking pig in the world, Master Tweeks has got himself a manager. This gent looks after the arranging of Master Tweeks' pay and sees that Master Tweeks gets plenty of grub and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Dr. Grunter savagely. "And his name's Snitch, you say? I'll

Snitch him. I'll gobble that rascal up, bones and all, if I get hold of him!"

"Now, you listen to me, Alf. I've got a plan whereby I can fetch Tweeks back to the farm here, and I can't see now it can fail."

He thereupon told Alf his plan. When he had finished, Alf nodded briskly.

"Yes, it ought to work," he said, with a grin. "If you do it properly, I don't really see how it can fail."

"I'll do it properly, don't you worry!" snarled Dr. Grunter.

That evening, shortly before it was time for Tubby to leave the hotel in order to go to the theatre, Alf drove back again into Market Gosling.

Lying in the trap, but hidden underneath a lot of sacks, was Dr. Grunter. Now Dr. Grunter's plan for catching Tubby was really very simple.

What he meant to do was to wait until Mr. Snitch and Tubby were in the motorcar, ready to go to the theatre. Then he was going to leap out of the trap and make a rush for the car.

He knew jolly well that Mr. Snitch, seeing a savage-looking polar bear rushing at him, would jump right out of the car and flee for his very life.

Tubby, however, wouldn't have a chance of getting out. At least, Dr. Grunter reckoned he wouldn't. For he—Dr. Grunter intended to leap into the car before Tubby could move then drive off like the wind in the direction of Meadowsweet Farm.

So, with all this in their heads, Alf and Dr. Grunter waited in the trap outside the hotel, but on the opposite side of the road.

"Any sign of the young rascal yet?" growled Dr. Grunter,

from underneath his sacks.

"No, not yet," said Alf. "Hallo—wait a minute—yes, here he comes. Him and that Mr. Snitch. They're getting into the car!"

Dr. Grunter, who was fairly quivering with impatience, could wait no longer. With a terrifying roar he hurled the sacks aside, bounded down to the road and charged straight at the motorcar.

But, alas! he was just a few moments too quick. Mr. Snitch and Tubby hadn't quite got into the car. Seeing a frightful-looking polar bear charging madly at him, Mr. Snitch let out a howl of terror, turned, and bolted straight back into the hotel as fast as ever he could shift.

So did Tubby, who, a moment before, had been looking very elegant with a shiny top hat on his head and a gold-mounted stick tucked under one of his front trotters.

But Dr. Grunter meant to catch him, so he charged straight into the hotel. Luckily for Tubby, the lift was on the ground floor and the lift doors were open.

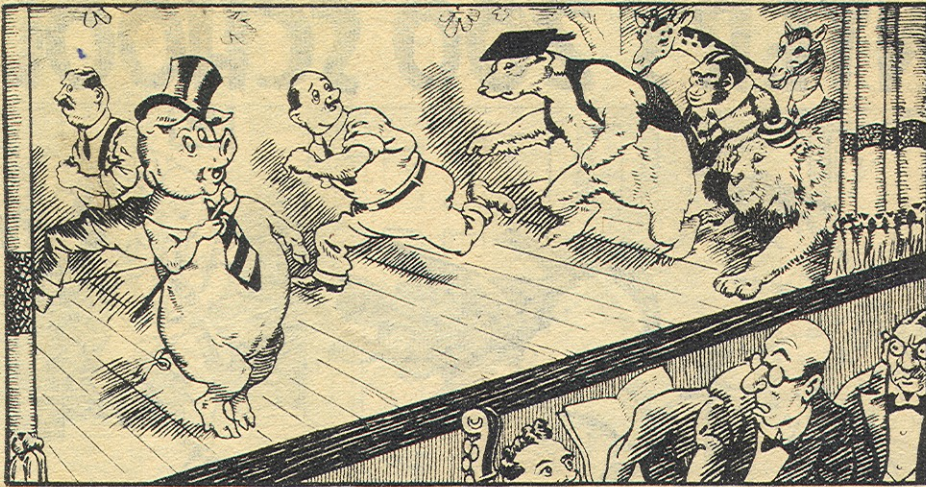
Rushing madly into the lift, Tubby bawled at the astonished-looking lift boy:

"Close the lift gates, you silly fool, there's a beastly polar bear after me. Close 'em, you mutt!"

Seeing the polar bear come charging into the hotel, the lift boy slammed shut the gates and the lift shot away up to the floors above.

But Dr. Grunter wasn't beaten yet. Bellowing with fury, he went bounding savagely upstairs. But the lift, containing the quaking Tubby and the frightened lift boy, came shooting

(Continued on next page)



Tubby stopped singing and trembled with fear—
For he'd seen Dr. Grunter rush on from the rear.

down again. So did the raging Dr. Grunter.

The lift went shooting up again, and so did Dr. Grunter. In fact, it was really comical to see the way he went rushing upstairs and down in pursuit of the lift.

By this time an excited crowd had gathered outside the hotel and Dr. Grunter heard them shouting:

"Get a gun. There's a savage polar bear in there. It's chasing the famous talking pig. It wants to eat it. Get a gun!"

Dr. Grunter didn't wait to hear any more. He hadn't the slightest desire to be shot at with a gun. So, with a great smashing of glass he went sailing out through some french doors and bounded away across the fields in the direction of Meadowsweet Farm.

"But I'll get that beastly Tweeks yet!" he snarled.

THE LAST ACT

"DRIPP!" cried Dr. Grunter. "Yes?" said Mr. Dripp. "Parade the boys!" cried Dr. Grunter. "I wish to speak to them."

"Very well!" said Mr. Dripp, and shuffled away on his hind flippers to carry out Dr. Grunter's order.

He was soon back.

"Well?" snapped Dr. Grunter.

"The boys are waiting," said Mr. Dripp.

"Oh, are they?" snarled Dr. Grunter. "All right. I'll talk to them!"

He charged out of the hut with such a rush that he nearly knocked Mr. Dripp down. Standing outside, drawn up in two lines, was the party of boys—or rather, the party of birds and animals, as they now were.

"Now pay attention!" roared Dr. Grunter, rearing up on his hind legs and glowering at the assembled party. "As you know, that wretched boy Tweeks, who was changed into a pig, has run away. At the moment he is staying in the town of Market Gosling, where he is

appearing on the stage as the One and Only Talking Pig in the World!"

He broke off, his fur fairly bristling with rage, as Cuthbert Coot, a boy who had been changed into a laughing hyena, suddenly burst into shrill and helpless peals of laughter.

"Coot!" thundered Dr. Grunter in a terrible voice. "How dare you laugh like that, you miserable creature? Stop it at once, do you hear, or I'll give you a thrashing which you'll not forget in a hurry!"

"Pur-pur-please, sir, I c-c-can't help it, sir!" gasped Cuthbert who, being a laughing hyena, had a habit of going off into howls of laughter at the slightest thing. "He, he, he! Haw, haw, haw-w-w-w-w!"

"Oh, my, I'll teach you not to laugh when I'm talking!" snarled Dr. Grunter, nearly choking with rage. "I'll make you laugh on the other side of your stupid face."

With the words, he dropped on all fours, rushed at the hilarious Cuthbert and dealt him a couple of cuffs round the ear with his paw which made Cuthbert's head fairly ring. Snorting and growling, Dr. Grunter ambled back to where he had been standing. Then he reared up on his hind legs and had another go.

"Listen to me!" he roared. "As I was saying, this wretched boy Tweeks has run away. He has defied all my orders to return to the farm and when I set out to catch him and bring him back myself the little rascal succeeded in eluding me and giving me the slip. However, I have thought out a plan whereby we can catch this wretched boy Tweeks and bring him back to the farm. I will have no boy in my charge going around making money by appearing as the One and Only Talking Pig in the World. It's disgraceful, that's what it is!"

Having got that off his chest, Dr. Grunter proceeded to tell his excited hearers just what his

plan was for the recapture of the erring Tubby.

"We'll do it tonight!" he cried, when he had finished telling them all about his marvellous plan. "And now we'll have a rehearsal. Nothing must go wrong, so we'll practise the whole thing and keep on practising till we've got it perfect. Someone will have to act the part of Tweeks!"

His eyes lighted on Cuthbert Coot, the laughing hyena.

"Ah, yes, you, Coot!" he snapped. "You will act the part of Tweeks. That'll give you something to laugh about, I don't think!"

All unconscious of this latest plan to catch him, Tubby Tweeks appeared as usual that evening on the stage. The theatre was packed to the very doors, for the fame of Tubby had spread far and wide and everybody was wildly excited to see such a wonderful animal.

No one guessed for an instant that Tubby was really a fat schoolboy who had been changed into a pig. Tubby was far too cunning to let that secret out of the bag.

Very posh and smart he looked as he tripped on to the stage on his hind trotters, with a shiny top-hat on his head and a gold-mounted stick under one of his fat little trotters.

The thunder of applause from the audience, which greeted his appearance, made him feel more conceited and important than ever. For, even when he had been the fat boy of the school, Tubby had always liked to swank and to make people think he was such a fine fellow.

Raising his shiny top-hat to the audience, he advanced to the front of the stage and started to warble:

"When I was young I used to dwell

In a sty which belong to Farmer Bell,

He never dreamt that I was a talker;

But thought I was just an ordinary porker!"

The audience clapped and cheered and Tubby started on the second verse:

"One day to a butcher said
Farmer Bell:
'Here's a fat little fellow I'm
going to sell!'
I said: 'Oh, no, you can't
sell me,
I'm the cleverest pig in the
world, you see!'"

That was as far as Tubby got, when a sudden frightful commotion broke out in the wings at the side of the stage. Next instant the manager and half a dozen scene-shifters rushed madly across the stage, howling with terror and nearly knocking Tubby down in their wild and frantic rush.

"Here, I say, what the thump d'you silly fatheads think you're playing at?" yelled Tubby.

Next instant he knew what they were playing at. They were fleeing madly from a crowd of savage-looking animals which must have got into the theatre by the stage-door and which now came rushing on to the stage.

At the head of the animals bounded a fierce-looking polar bear, whom the quaking Tubby recognised at once as Dr. Grunter. Behind Dr. Grunter came a great hairy gorilla, whom Tubby recognised as a boy named George Harris.

"Help—keep 'em off—don't let 'em touch me!" he yelled, turning and making a frantic bolt for the side of the stage.

To his horror, however, he found his way barred by a snarling Dr. Grunter, who had bounded past him and then turned to face him.

With a squeal of terror, Tubby tried to dodge past the raging Dr. Grunter. But a blow from that gentleman's paw sent Tubby staggering back into the great powerful hairy arms of George Harris, the gorilla.

"Got you, you fat little freak!" grunted George. "Come on, you're coming back to the farm!"

Squealing and kicking, the frantic Tubby was borne from the stage in George's arms.

Alf was waiting outside the theatre with a big covered lorry in which he had brought Dr. Grunter and the boys.

Pushing the yelling, struggling Tubby into the lorry, George, Dr. Grunter, and all the rest of the animals leapt and scrambled in as well.

Next moment the lorry was tearing away through the streets, bound for Meadowsweet Farm.

"So, I've got you at last, have I, you miserable little wretch?" snarled Dr. Grunter, fairly gnashing his great long, yellow fangs with mingled rage and triumph. "Just you wait till I get you back to the farm. It'll be a thundering long day before you'll run away again, I'll wager. Oh, just you wait!"

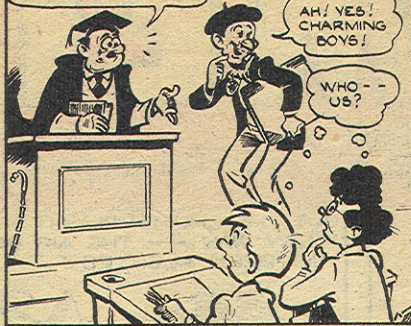
There'll be more grand fun with the boys of Dr. Grunter's Zoo School in next week's COMET. Look out for it!

THE ADVENTURES OF

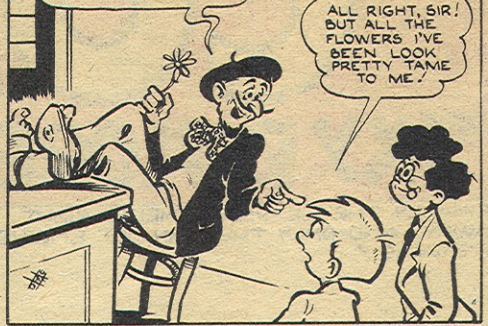
CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

TAKE THE TWO NEW BOYS THIS AFTERNOON, MR SCREEBLE! I CAN'T SEE HOW THEY CAN GET UP TO ANY MISCHIEF IN AN ART CLASS!

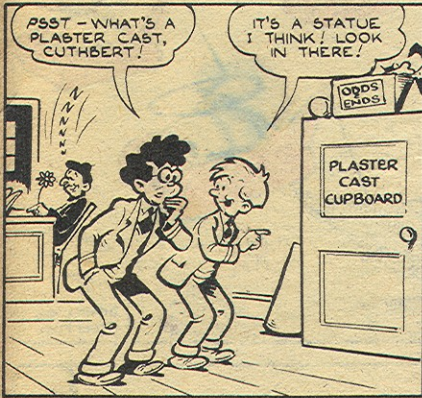


NOW YOU START DRAWING A PLASTER CAST - AND YOU START DRAWING SOME WILD FLOWERS - GO OUT AND PICK 'EM!



PSSST - WHAT'S A PLASTER CAST, CUTHBERT?

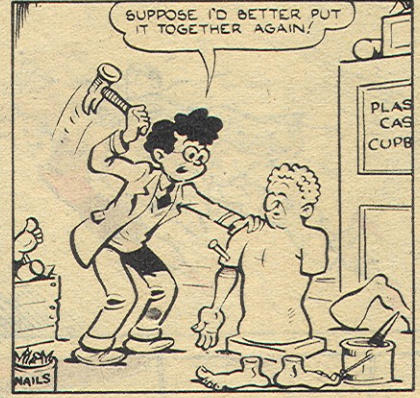
IT'S A STATUE I THINK! LOOK IN THERE!



CRUMBS! SOMEBODY'S HAD A SMASHING TIME - AND I BET I GET BLAMED FOR IT!



SUPPOSE I'D BETTER PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN!



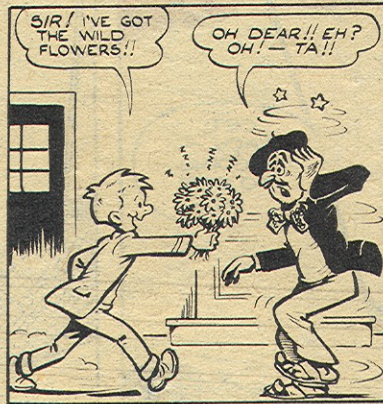
EKK! WOTTISIT??

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT TEN MINUTES AGO - IT LOOKED A REAL MESS THEN!!

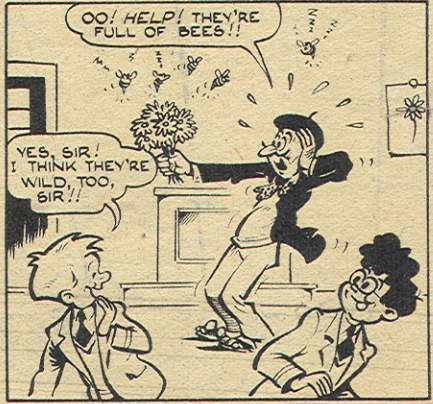


SIR! I'VE GOT THE WILD FLOWERS!!

OH DEAR!! EH? OH!! - TA!!



OO! HELP! THEY'RE FULL OF BEES!!

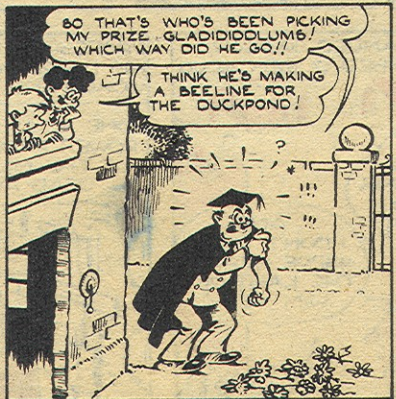


GO AWAY, HORRID BEES! TAKE YOUR WRETCHED FLOWERS!



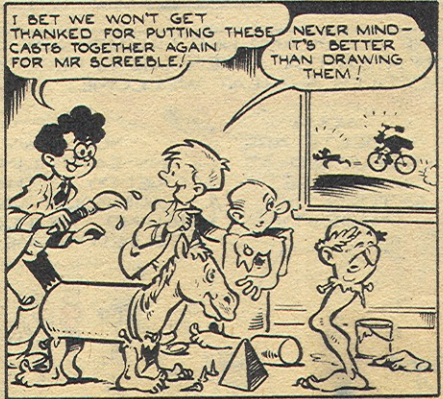
SO THAT'S WHO'S BEEN PICKING MY PRIZE GLADIDDOLUMB! WHICH WAY DID HE GO!!

I THINK HE'S MAKING A BEELINE FOR THE DUCKPOND!



I BET WE WON'T GET THANKED FOR PUTTING THESE CASTS TOGETHER AGAIN FOR MR SCREEBLE!

NEVER MIND - IT'S BETTER THAN DRAWING THEM!



COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

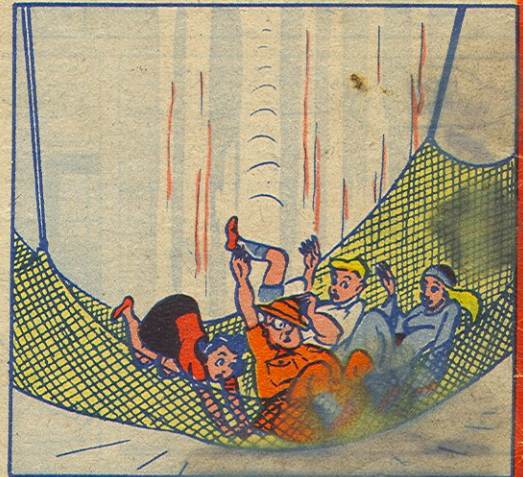
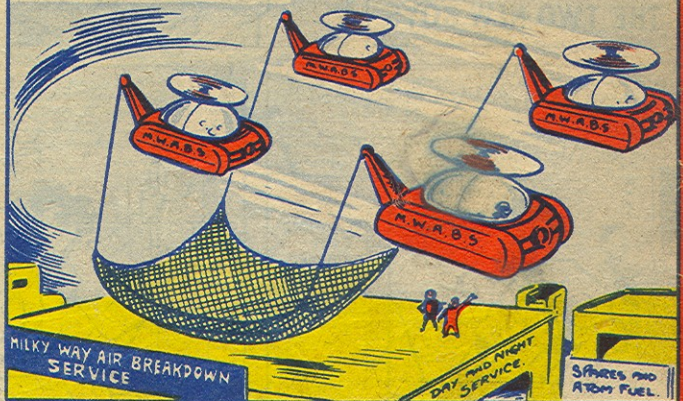
THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

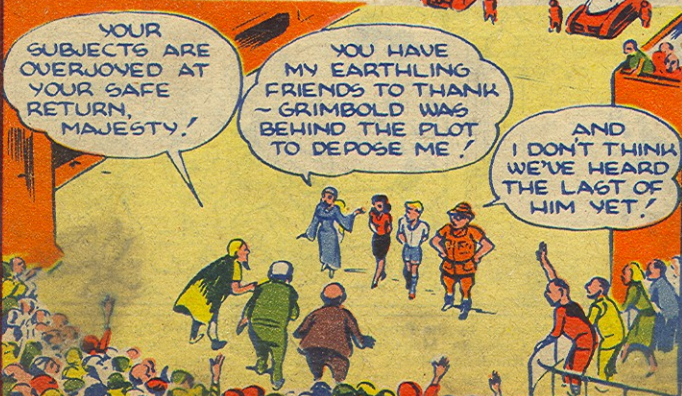
FINALLY THE ICE-PLANE MELTS RIGHT AWAY, AND ONLY THE TINY JET ENGINE REMAINS!



BUT THE CHUMS' FLIGHT HAS BEEN SEEN ON THE MILKY WAY -- THE AIR BREAKDOWN SERVICE HAS BEEN ALERTED!



THE QUEEN AND HER FRIENDS ARE LANDED SAFELY ON ATLANTA. WHEN SHE IS RECOGNISED, QUEEN ALVA RECEIVES A GREAT WELCOME.



PROFESSOR JOLLY IS RIGHT! GRIMBOLD AND HIS DESPERADOES HAVE CAPTURED DYNAMO WORLD AND PLAN THEIR NEXT MOVE!

