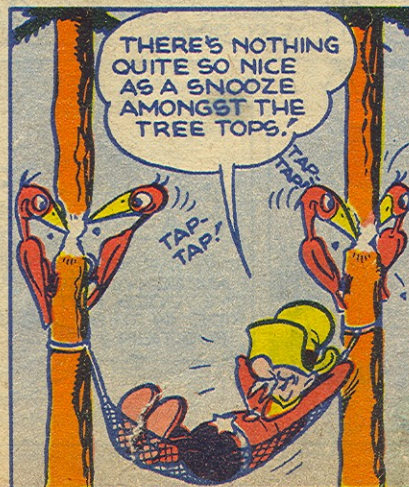
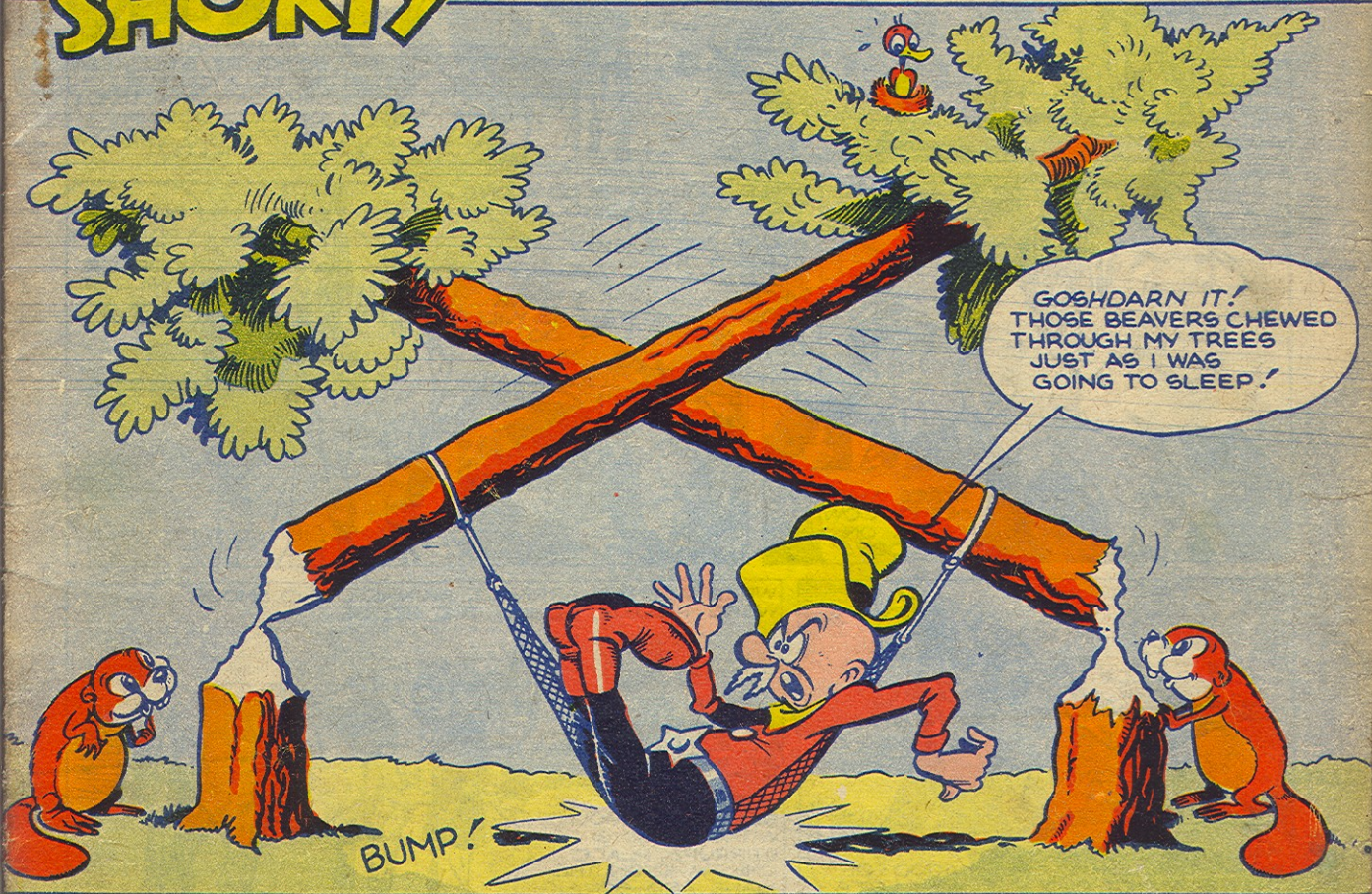


# COMET

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

No. 224. November 1, 1952

## SHORTY



When Alonzo Todd got the idea that he'd make a good clown, he tried his hand at juggling. But two bullies, Skinner and Snoop, played a trick on him—only to receive five hundred lines each for their trouble.

# ALONZO THE CLOWN!



HO, HO, HO! LOOK AT TODDY!

WHAT ON EARTH IS THE DUFFER UP TO NOW?

THE UPFULNESS IS TERRIFIC!



IT IS ESSENTIAL FOR A CLOWN TO BE ABLE TO RIDE, MY DEAR FELLOWS! THIS BOOK TEACHES THE ART OF RIDING IN NINETY-THREE EASY LESSONS!

HA-HA-HA! SO YOU'RE STILL KEEN TO BE A CLOWN? WHY NOT PRACTISE ON OLD DOBBIN IN FARMER CURRY'S FIELD?



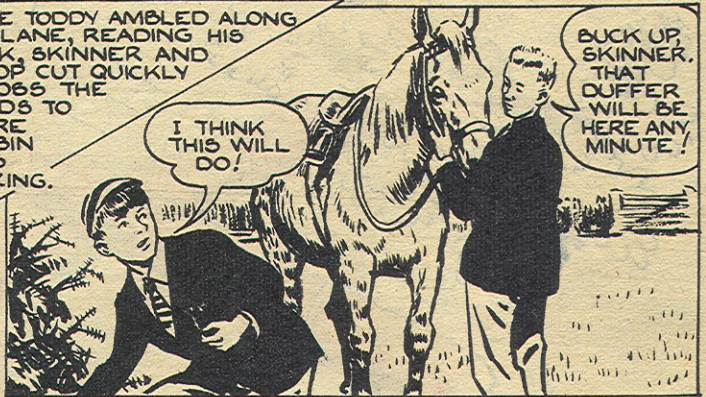
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, MY DEAR FELLOW!

WHILE TODDY AMBLED ALONG THE LANE, READING HIS BOOK, SKINNER AND SNOOP CUT QUICKLY ACROSS THE FIELDS TO WHERE DOBBIN WAS GRAZING.

I THINK THIS WILL DO!

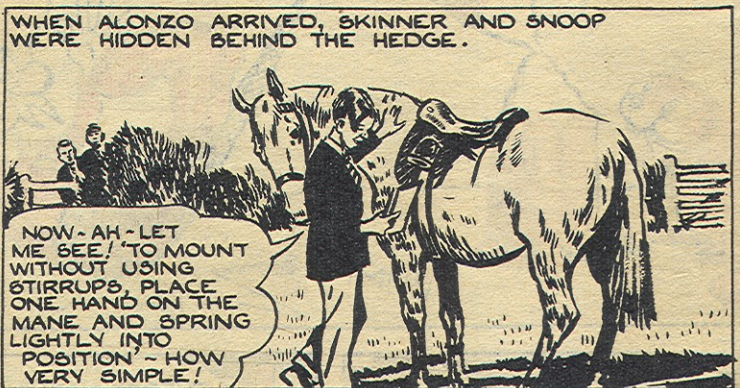
BUCK UP, SKINNER. THAT DUFFER WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

HERE'S WHERE WE GET OUR OWN BACK ON TODDY!



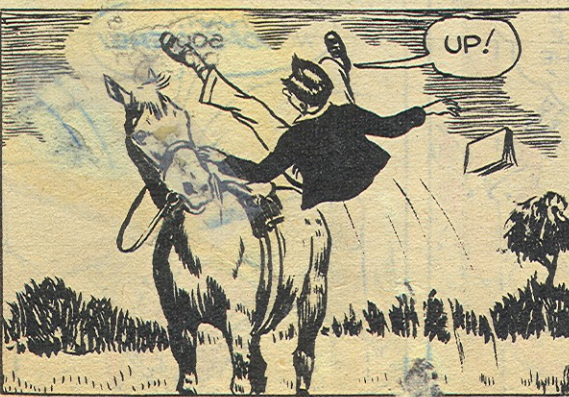
WHEN THE THORNS WORK THROUGH THAT BLANKET, OLD DOBBIN WILL CERTAINLY GET FRISKY!

GOOD-OH! NOW LET'S DO UP THE GIRTH!

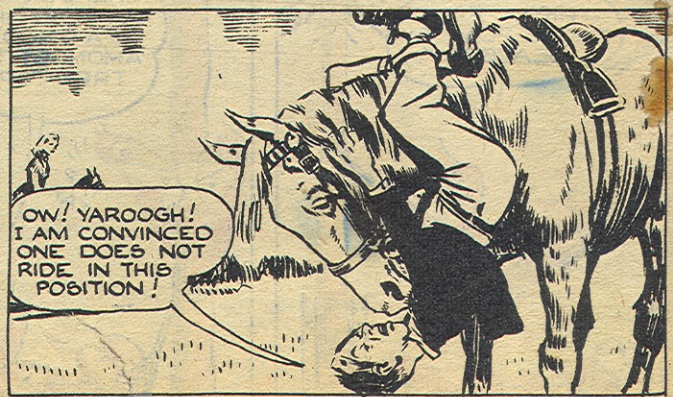


WHEN ALONZO ARRIVED, SKINNER AND SNOOP WERE HIDDEN BEHIND THE HEDGE.

NOW-AH-LET ME SEE! TO MOUNT WITHOUT USING STIRRUPS, PLACE ONE HAND ON THE MANE AND SPRING LIGHTLY INTO POSITION! - HOW VERY SIMPLE!



UP!



OW! YAROOH! I AM CONVINCED ONE DOES NOT RIDE IN THIS POSITION!

AT THAT MOMENT COLETTE, THE GIRL FROM THE CIRCUS, RODE INTO THE FIELD TO EXERCISE HER MARE.

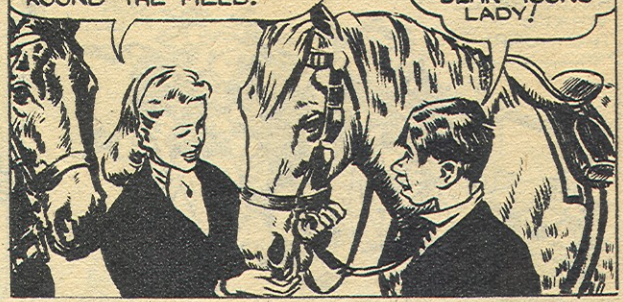
HALLO - WHY - YOU'RE THE BOY WHO CAUSED SUCH FUN AT THE CIRCUS! WHATEVER ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

OH! ER - GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS COLETTE! I AM ENDEAVOURING TO LEARN THE ART OF RIDING.

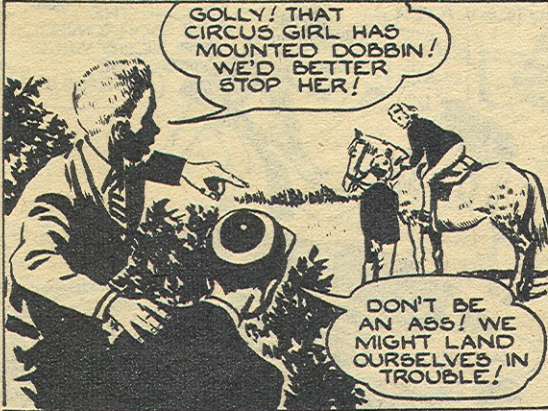


HE'S A DEAR OLD HORSE - BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LEARN TO RIDE FROM A BOOK! LOOK - I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MOUNT AND TROT HIM ROUND THE FIELD.

I SHOULD BE MOST GRATEFUL, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY!



GOLLY! THAT CIRCUS GIRL HAS MOUNTED DOBBIN! WE'D BETTER STOP HER!

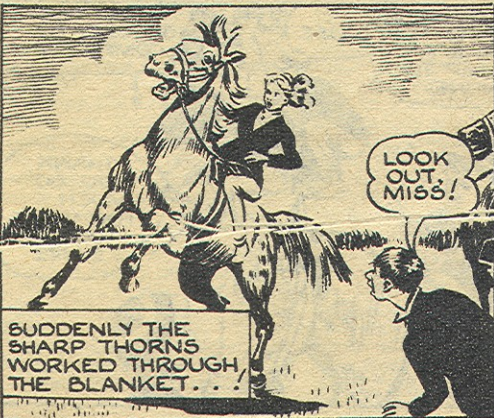
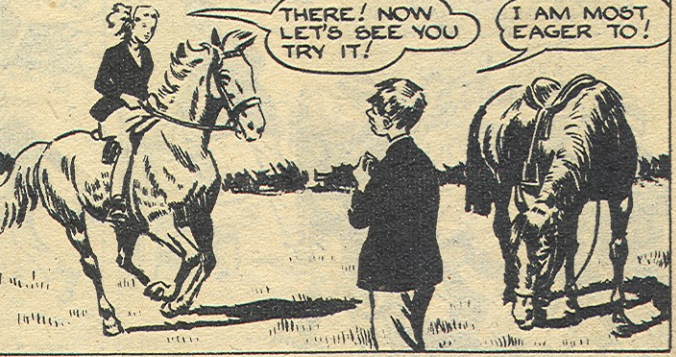


DON'T BE AN ASS! WE MIGHT LAND OURSELVES IN TROUBLE!

COLETTE MADE DOBBIN TROT ROUND THE FIELD, THEN BROKE INTO A CANTER AS SHE RETURNED.

THERE! NOW LET'S SEE YOU TRY IT!

I AM MOST EAGER TO!

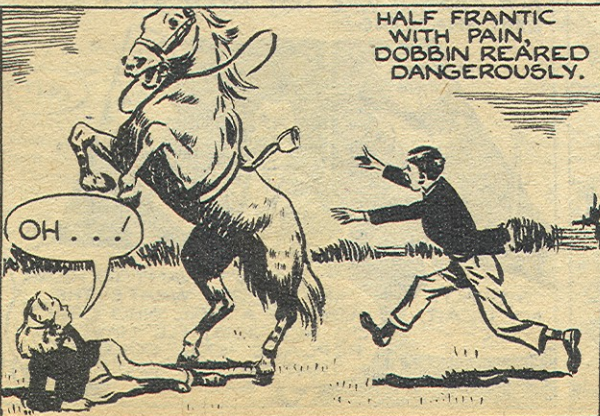


LOOK OUT, MISS!

SUDDENLY THE SHARP THORNS WORKED THROUGH THE BLANKET...



OH, MY HAT! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

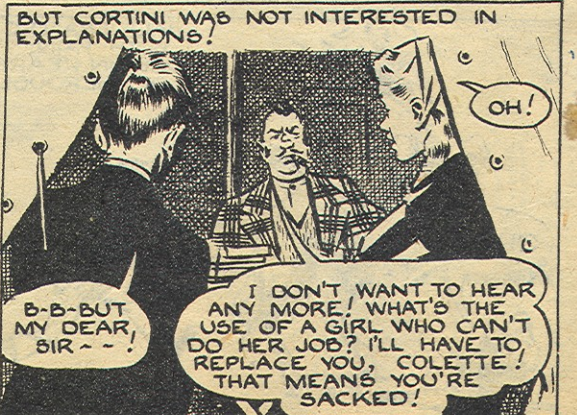
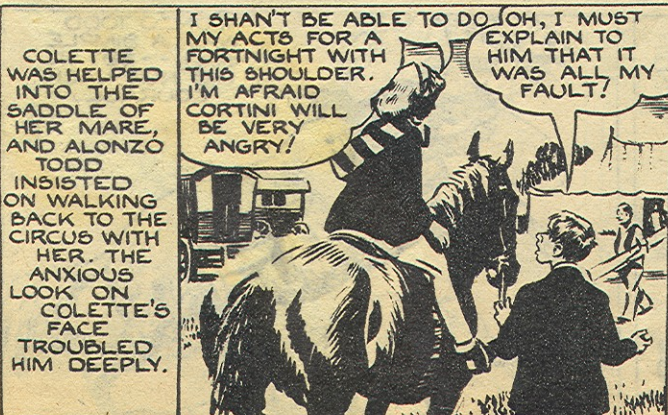
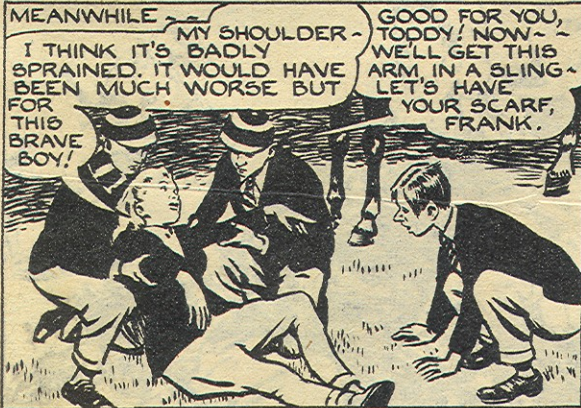
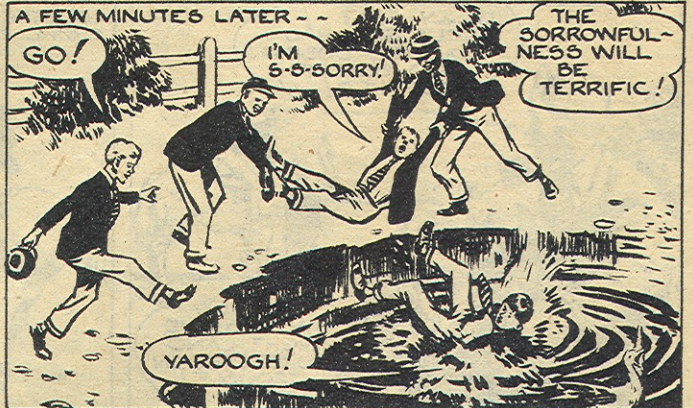
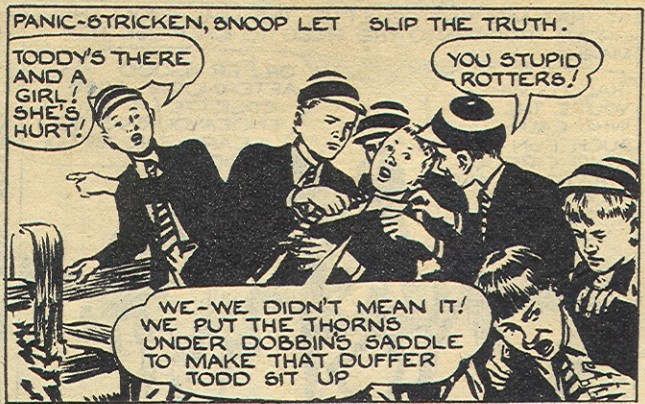


HALF FRANTIC WITH PAIN, DOBBIN REARED DANGEROUSLY.

OH...!



ALONZO TODD WAS A SIMPLE SOUL - BUT HE DID NOT LACK COURAGE.



COLETTE WAS HELPED INTO THE SADDLE OF HER MARE, AND ALONZO TODD INSISTED ON WALKING BACK TO THE CIRCUS WITH HER. THE ANXIOUS LOOK ON COLETTE'S FACE TROUBLED HIM DEEPLY.

# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

## WILLIE WIZZARD'S GUY

OUTSIDE the open door of the boiler house of Gandybar's School stood a crowd of juniors admiring the guy which Willie Wizzard had made for the Fifth of November.

Willie had just put the finishing touches to his invention and was explaining the way it worked to Jimmy Bash and Scroggins in the boiler house.

Oh, yes, it worked! This was a mechanical guy, and all the other school guys would look silly beside it.

As Willie Wizzard was the inventor son of a famous scientist, everything he made had to work.

This Fifth of November guy which looked very lifelike, had works inside its body which made it walk and turn round and sit down and move its arms about.

In fact it could do everything but talk.

"It's jolly good, Wizz, you know," said Jimmy as Willie pressed a button and the guy slowly held out its hand.

"Remember the guy, sir?" asked Willie Wizzard with a laugh. "You see, it can do the begging for us! Ought to bring in pots of money!"

"Who's it supposed to be?" asked Scroggins, eyeing the guy. "A bit more imagination on your part, Willie, and it would have been just like old Gandybar!"

Doctor Gandybar, the headmaster, at that moment was taking his evening stroll in the twilight. He arrived at the boiler house and peered over the heads of the chaps outside.

Fortunately he did not hear Scroggins remark.

"What is all this, my boys?" he asked kindly enough.

"Wizzard's guy, sir. It's a smasher!" said Topnot of the Third.

Doctor Gandybar entered the boiler house to have a look.

"Well, Wizzard," he said, "I see you have given of your best again!" He examined the guy and Willie pressed all the buttons.

The guy came to life and did a little dance. Then it stopped in front of the headmaster and held out its hand.

"Remember the guy, sir!" shouted an unknown voice from the crowd at the door.

Doctor Gandybar frowned at Willie but his brow cleared as Willie explained that the guy was to beg round the town for them.

"Hm! Begging, eh? Well, well! Remember to beg politely and keep up the tone of the school! It is a very good invention, Wizzard, but whom does it represent? That absent-minded face reminds me strangely of someone I know—now I won-

der who?" The doctor became thoughtful.

"He's just going to be Guy Fawkes, sir," said Willie hastily. "As soon as we can get a hat and cloak for him, and stick on a beard and moustache. But he needs a suit, sir—I suppose you haven't got an old one you don't happen to want?" Willie asked, feeling very bold and hoping for the best.

Doctor Gandybar, still a schoolboy at heart, stroked his chin in thought.

"As a matter of fact, I have a suit which I don't wear—it's an old dress suit. But I couldn't give it to you, you know. I was going to sell it to the theatrical profession. It should be worth a lot to them."

The doctor watched Willie's face as it fell.

"You are hoping to make money for fireworks with this guy?" he asked.

Willie nodded.

"Then I suggest that I let you have the suit and you can give me a portion of your takings. If, by any chance, you do not make any money, that will have to be my loss!" The doctor, feeling very generous, beamed at the boys.

"Okay, sir! Thanks a lot!" cried the three in chorus.

Jimmy Bash begged an aged outside in Homburg hats from Mr. Topham, the Sixth Form master, and Scroggins found some old black-out material used for curtains during the war, in the lumber-room. This made a very good cloak.

Willie added a little black beard and a sinister moustache and then they were all set.

Even carrying the guy down the long country lane to Giggleton was to be easy.

For a long time Willie had been busy making a little car for himself. He managed to finish it in time.

It was a curious little two-seater on three wheels, and the wide front seat just held Jimmy Bash, the guy and Willie. Scroggins had to sit on the back over the boot.

The next evening they set off.

The little car, which Willie had christened "Fairy," was worked by pedals, and it trundled down the quadrangle and out at the school gates. As it was getting dark, Willie switched on Fairy's lights and they slowly went down the road.

"It isn't very fast, is it?" said Scroggins, who was not very comfortable.

"Well, it's heavily loaded, you know. But just wait until we get down the road a way then you'll see something!" answered Willie pedalling comfortably.

Half a mile down the road, Willie pulled a lever. Then he pressed a button and Fairy shot forward.

"Gosh!" shrieked Scroggins,



"Remember the guy, sir," said Willie politely. And the mechanical guy held out his hand. The occupants of the houses and the people walking around the street, amused by the guy, paid up smilingly.

hanging on for dear life. "What's happened?"

"It's got a three-speed gear," shouted Willie. "This is top speed. Rather good, isn't it?"

They arrived in town in great style. As the streets became busier, Willie changed over to low gear and kept close to the kerb.

"Please to remember the Fifth of November," they chanted from the car, and Guy Fawkes held out his hand for coppers.

"Remember the guy, sir," they said politely, with the doctor's instructions in mind.

They also made a few calls on the houses round about, and the occupants, amused by the walking guy, paid up smilingly.

Wizzard, Bash and Scroggins were not the only schoolboys guying in Giggleton that night.

Tyke, Juggins and Asse, of Hobson's, the town's grammar school, were out too, with their guy.

They caught sight of Willie's group and the guy that did the begging further down the road, and they were eaten up with envy.

"Got a smashing little car for it, too," said Juggins morosely, looking with disgust at their own guy, which was little more than a scarecrow.

"Must be pulling in heaps of cash!" said Asse.

"We'll jolly well grab it, car and all. About time we did something about that Gandybar crowd," decided Tyke with gleaming eyes.

They made their plans, and while Wizzard, Bash and Scrog-

gins were standing under the yellow light of a street lamp with their heads together counting their money for the fourth time, they heard a roar behind them. They turned to see Fairy flashing down the dark road, guy and all, with a Hobson's chap at the wheel.

Tyke had taken a chance with the car.

Guessing correctly, he had pulled the right lever and pressed the right button. The pedals worked well at top speed.

He took Fairy a couple of miles round a quiet part of the town to put Wizzard's crowd off the scent, and then made straight for the pre-fab estate, to meet Juggins and Asse.

In a quiet turning they examined the guy.

"Gosh!" said Juggins. "Isn't it like old Gandybar?" He took off the hat, cloak, beard and moustache, and the resemblance was even more striking.

"Isn't it!" said Tyke admiringly. He pulled the nose a bit and flattened the chin a bit, for the putty was still soft, then he added a bit of cotton wool he had in his pocket for hair.

The likeness was complete. Triumphantly they toured the pre-fabs.

The people who lived there had reason to remember Gandybar School, having had some trouble back in the spring with a paper-chasing hare invented by Willie Wizzard.

The sight of a guy exactly like Doctor Gandybar, begging for small coins in a 1910 dress suit touched off their humour as a

(Continued on page 18)



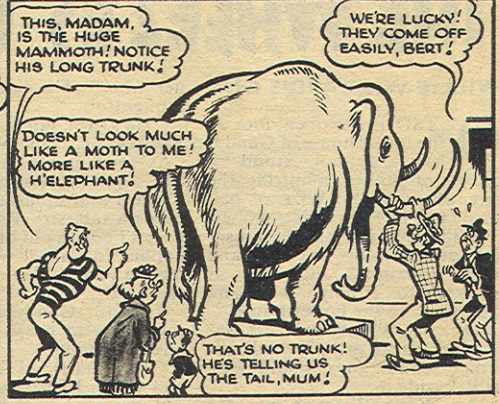
# TOUGH TEX



RIGHT, TEX. THE JOB'S YOURS! TAKE GREAT CARE OF THE MAMMOTH HE'S A VALUABLE EXHIBIT!



THERE'S A MAMMOTH IN HERE WHOSE IVORY TUSKS WILL BE WORTH A HUNDRED QUID TO US, BERT!



THIS, MADAM, IS THE HUGE MAMMOTH! NOTICE HIS LONG TRUNK!

WE'RE LUCKY! THEY COME OFF EASILY, BERT!

DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A MOTH TO ME! MORE LIKE A H'ELEPHANT!

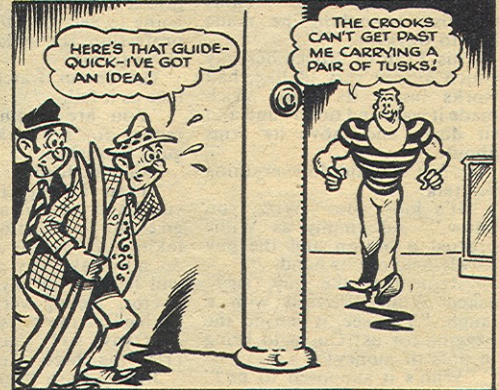
THAT'S NO TRUNK! HE'S TELLING US THE TAIL, MUM!



BYE-BYE! JUMBO. THANKS FOR THE MOLARS!



SOMEONE'S STOLEN THOSE TUSKS FROM RIGHT UNDER THE MAMMOTH'S NOSE. TEX; UNLESS YOU GET THEM BACK-YOU'RE FIRED!



HERE'S THAT GUIDE-QUICK-IVE GOT AN IDEA!

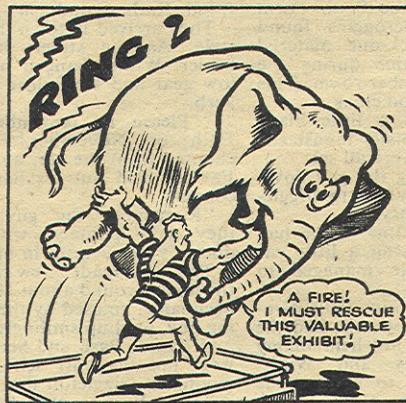
THE CROOKS CAN'T GET PAST ME CARRYING A PAIR OF TUSKS!



IT WORKED. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A MOUSTACHE!

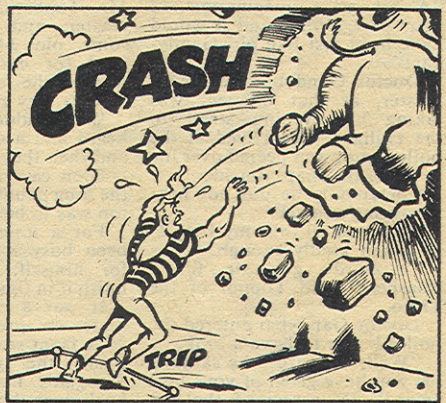
FIRE ALARM

RING!  
RING!



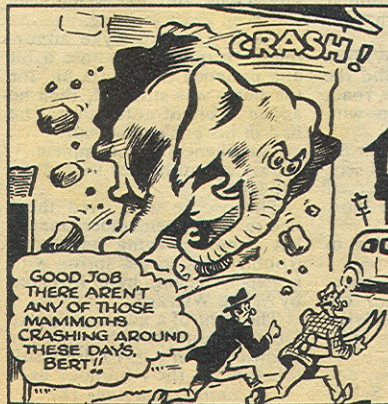
RING?

A FIRE! I MUST RESCUE THIS VALUABLE EXHIBIT!



CRASH

TRIP



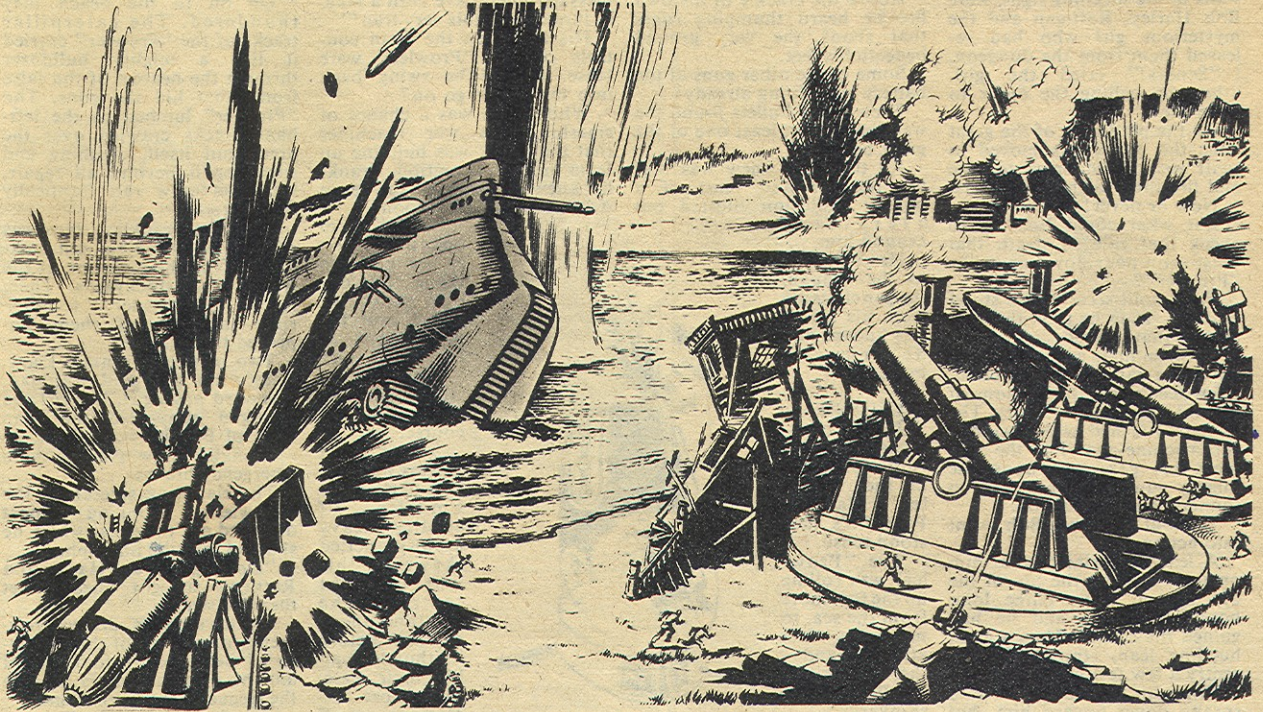
GOOD JOB THERE AREN'T ANY OF THOSE MAMMOTHS CRASHING AROUND THESE DAYS, BERT!!



SO YOU FOUND THE TUSKS, TEX! FIX THEM BACK ON AGAIN, WILL YOU?

WHATISSIT?

# BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT



As the "Prowler" crawled out of the sea and advanced up the beach Bob fired from the shoulder, sending a stream of bullets at the giant howitzers. Then the bullets found their mark on the warheads of the great bombs.

Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire inventor, built the mighty "Prowler." It was like a huge tank, specially designed to travel on the bed of the oceans. It could go down to the very deepest depths, where no man had ever been before. Malcolm Franklin's idea was to use it to get back the gold and treasure that lay sunken in thousands of wrecked ships.

Bob Harley, the young special agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, was given the Secret Service job of going with Franklin to help protect his secrets. But while they were away at sea, Franklin's secret headquarters were raided by a mysterious submarine commander called the Shark, and the big working model of the "Prowler," which held all Franklin's secrets, was stolen.

Nobody had ever seen the Shark's face, for it was always covered by a strange mask of steel. But he turned out to be in the pay of the South American country, Incaragua. His plan was to build another "Prowler" in the Incaraguan shipyards and use it as a weapon of war—for the "Prowler" could sink any ship afloat by attacking it from below.

To put a stop to the Shark's schemes, Franklin planned to raid the Incaraguan dockyards in Porto Visto and destroy the new "Prowler" before it could be completed. Bob Harley and Rattigan went ashore to spy out the land, but were captured by

the Shark's men before they could warn Franklin about the powerful guns that defended the harbour, and thrown into prison. But they were set free by a mysterious Incaraguan girl who was working against the Shark.

She led Bob and Rattigan through a secret tunnel to the ruins of an old fort on the foreshore, and told them that the Shark was luring Franklin and his "Prowler" into a trap. He had sent Franklin a radio message which had seemed to come from Bob, telling him it was safe to attack the harbour at dawn.

And all along the shore-line, hidden behind dummy houses, were those big, bomb-throwing guns!

Bob and his friends got there just as dawn broke.

AS dawn broke, the Shark was watching the sea from his control-tower overlooking Porto Visto.

With him was little, fat General Porfirio Prando, the dictator of Incaragua.

"It is dawn, Shark—and they do not come!" said Prando anxiously. "Perhaps they suspect some trick. If you have blundered, man..."

"I have not blundered, Excellency." The Shark's tone was very polite, but under his steel mask his hidden face was angry. "They will come!"

General Prando trusted the Shark. He little knew that the

Shark hated him and planned to seize power from him as soon as possible!

At that moment the great grey back of the "Prowler," glistening in the morning light as the water ran from it in streams came heaving up out of the waters of the harbour.

"See, Excellency! My trap has worked! Franklin brings his 'Prowler' into the very jaws of destruction!"

The Shark's fists clenched until his knuckles showed white. He knew that the batteries of hidden bomb-throwing guns were all at the ready—that they only awaited the word from him to open fire.

That word he would give the very instant that he judged the "Prowler" to be so truly inside the range of his bombs that no amount of dodging could save it from destruction.

At that instant a courier burst into the control-room.

"Captain Shark—Excellency—" he panted.

"Silence, fool!" snapped the Shark. General Prando's face reddened with anger. To think that this fellow should be so stupid as to butt in at a time like this!

But the man would not be silenced.

"Excellencies—the British prisoners—Harley and Rattigan—they have escaped from the Castello!"

"What!"

In spite of himself, the Shark stopped in the very act of raising the command microphone to his mouth.

"Escaped? Impossible! Nobody has ever escaped from the Castello!" spluttered General Prando.

"They were let out. Their dungeon was unlocked from the outside," said the courier.

"We have been betrayed!" cried Prando. "There is a traitor in our midst!" His face was purple with rage. "Shark—this is your fault—you were so sure—you told me nothing could go wrong—you gave me your word—"

With an effort the Shark mastered his temper. It was a good job his face was covered by the steel mask or Prando would have seen its expression of black rage.

"Excellency—" he said politely, "as yet, nothing has gone wrong that cannot be righted. Everything important goes according to plan. Now you shall behold the destruction of the 'Prowler'!"

The Shark raised the command microphone to his lips and snapped into it two harsh words in Incaraguan:

"Open fire!"

THE old ruined fort on the foreshore had been built centuries ago in the most commanding spot overlooking the

(Continued on next page)

sea. So it was natural that it should be roughly central in the line of great guns that stood to defend the coastline now.

Crouched amidst the ruined walls in the morning light, were Bob Harley, Rattigan and the mysterious girl who had released them from the dungeon.

"Senors!" cried the girl, "they are calling the order to open fire!"

On the platforms of the great guns the gun crews moved in swift well-drilled order to fuse and fire their mighty howitzers.

Now or never!  
But what could Bob do to check that rain of death that must soon pour down upon the "Prowler"?

For a split second Bob stood hesitant. Then he took the only chance that offered.

Between them and the nearest gun, on a patch of level ground, a few feet below the bastions of the old fort, stood a sentry. The man was armed with a stubby sub-machine-gun. For the moment his gaze was upon the mighty guns that were soon to thunder out destruction.

Without a word Bob went into action.

A leaping sprint carried him on to and along the top of the old broken wall. Three long bounding strides and he had gained the corner. Then a great hurtling leap, straight for the sentry a few feet below.

The man half turned as Bob sprang down toward him, but Bob's left boot took him on the side of the jaw before he could bring his gun up and into line.

He crashed to the ground, senseless, and Bob landed heavily beside him, half pitching forward on to his hands.

But Bob was up again in a flash, snatching up the man's gun as he rose.

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!  
The gun spluttered into lead-spitting life as Bob squeezed the trigger. Firing from the shoulder, he hose-piped the stream of bullets up and across, aimed at the nearest of the great egg-shaped bombs that sat there in the muzzles of the howitzers, ready to be hurled

up and out at the advancing "Prowler."

Bob saw the gun crews check in surprise and turn as his bullets screamed above them.

Above the crackle of his own fire he heard thumping roars that shook the very ground beneath his feet.

Some of the other guns of the battery were firing already!

Then Bob's bullets found the war-heads of at least one of the great bombs.

All that Bob knew was that the thunder and blast of a mighty explosion blotted out everything around him.

He was hurled to the ground, the gun clattered from his nerveless fingers, and he knew no more.

**BEHIND** the armorglass observation "blisters" of the "Prowler", Malcolm Franklin's men stood tense.

The "Prowler" was rolling up the foreshore from the sea, to make its first attack on land—the attack on the Porto Visto shipyards.

Then, from the buildings on the shore-line ahead of them came booming roars. Something tore upwards and out towards them, dropped, and splashed into the sea close by.

Crashing explosions, that sent up great mushrooms of water, shook the "Prowler" through and through.

"Bombardment!" snapped Franklin tensely. "Heavy stuff, too. Those went up like block-busters!"

The officer of the watch nodded.

"Young Harley seems to have slipped up a bit. His

message said we had nothing to worry about from the defences."

"I know," Franklin nodded. "Maybe Bob did slip up, or maybe we did the slipping. That message could have been a fake, to lure us into this very trap!"

His hands on the main controls of the "Prowler" were tense. Should he swing back into the sea or go on?

While there was a chance of smashing the war machines that the Shark was building up from his own invention, Franklin knew he must go on—even if it meant his own doom.

"Stand by to open fire as soon as we get into range of our own guns!" he called into the microphone, as he held the "Prowler" steady on its shoreward course.

At that moment the flame and smoke of another heavy explosion jetted skyward—this time from the centre of the coastline ahead of them. Before its thunder had hit their ears, four more explosions, set off by the first, added their power to the holocaust.

"Open fire! That's the work of Bob and Rattigan—or I miss my guess!" cried Malcolm Franklin. The "Prowler" was almost entirely out of the water now, racing in at a mile a minute, straight for the hole that these last explosions had blown in the Porto Visto defences. "Keep the guns low! Aim for those sea-front houses! They're just camouflage to hide the shore batteries!"

More bombs came lobbing over from the hidden howitzers, but the shock of the great

explosion touched off by Bob's shooting had thrown the gunners off their aim and timing, and none of them were dead on the target.

Up on to the beach they thundered. The caterpillar tracks of the "Prowler" carried it like a mighty bulldozer through the nearest of the false fronts that hid the guns. The "Prowler" lurched as the left-hand tracks crawled over the great gun itself, crushing and smashing it beyond all repair, while its crew ran frantically for shelter.

Malcolm Franklin's face was grim as he swung his vast tank-like craft in the direction of the Porto Visto dockyards. Then, full in the "Prowler's" tracks—right in front of them—appeared three figures.

Two of them Franklin knew. They were Bob and Rattigan. The third was a girl. The girl and Rattigan supported the limp form of Bob between them.

Franklin threw over the main emergency brakes.

The clattering screech of the "Prowler's" stopping almost drowned out the order which he shouted into the microphone:

"Down gangway! Harley and Rattigan straight ahead! Get them aboard!"

Within seconds, armed crewmen dropped out of the "Prowler's" belly, ready to fight off anyone who should try to stop the rescue of the three friends.

But there was nobody near, and in less than a minute, Bob, Rattigan and the mystery girl were safely aboard and the "Prowler" was again thundering upon its mighty way.

Now it was behind the main defences of Porto Visto, there was little or nothing that could be done to stop its progress. Franklin gave the order to cease fire, for he had no wish to destroy people's homes and property.

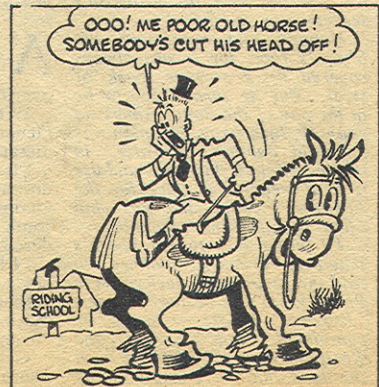
The tall cranes and gantries of the shipyards loomed ahead, and there before them stood the skeleton of the first "Prowler" which the Shark had hoped to build.

(Continued on next page)



"General Porfirio Prando", Dictator of Nicaragua.

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

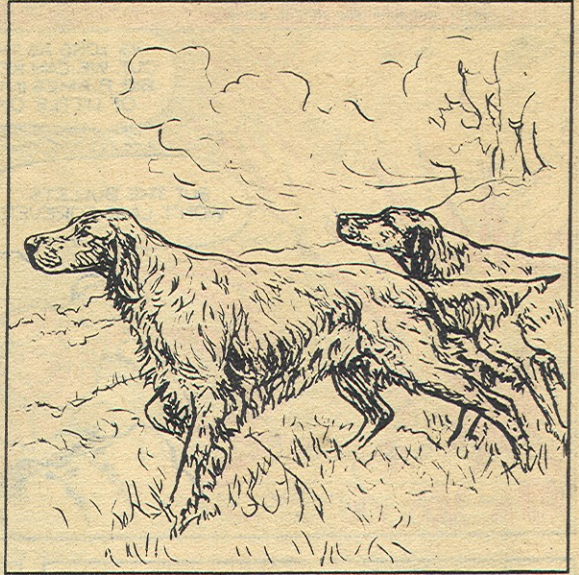




# YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS.

In the first picture you can see the English Setter. He is a well-built dog, slim but strong. His colouring is of pastel shades of lemon, blue, liver or blue and tan which are arranged in small patches and markings on a white ground. He makes a useful gun dog.

On the right is the Irish Setter. He is tall with an athletic build and a deep golden chestnut in colour. His coat is mostly long and smooth with a satin shine. He makes a good gun dog, but is also a wonderful pet.



**BOB HARLEY—  
SPECIAL AGENT**  
(Continued from page 8)

It was the work of mere minutes to crush and smash it as it stood, by the simple means of driving tank-like through the middle of it.

Then Malcolm Franklin wheeled the "Prowler" round towards the Porto Visto river and headed seawards once again.

**S**AFE from attack in a hundred fathoms of water, six miles off the Incaraguan coast, the "Prowler" stood at rest on the sea-bottom.

Bob Harley, who had recovered consciousness, was sitting up and taking notice. He and Rattigan had told Franklin the strange story of their escape from the Castello.

Franklin turned to the mystery girl who had set them free.

"Now, young lady," he said, "perhaps you'll tell us who you are and where you fit into the picture."

"Senors—it is very simple," she replied. "I am but one among many in Incaragua who hate the Shark and all that he stands for. All that he lives for is to make himself more powerful. He wishes to make himself the ruler of our country, and when he manages that he will plunge Incaragua into war. But he can only do that if he has 'Prowlers.' That is why I helped you to smash the first one he tried to build."

"I see." Malcolm Franklin frowned. "Of course—he will try again—and again—as long as he has the model to copy. At all costs we must get that model back or destroy it."

"I have a plan, Senor Frank-

lin." Franklin raised his eyebrows in surprise and the girl went on.

"The Shark is not yet ruler of Incaragua. General Porfiro Prando is the country's dictator. He is—what you say—the boss. If you bargain with him, I think perhaps you can get the model back."

"Bargain? But how?"  
"You have a valuable hostage, senor. A hostage for whom the general will give you back your model."

"A hostage?"  
"Yes, senor." The girl smiled. "Myself. I am Amanda Prando. General Prando is my father."

For a moment you could have heard a pin drop. Then the girl spoke again:

"It is because I know of the

Shark's plan to betray my father that I have helped you. For if the Shark's plans succeed then my father is doomed. But once the Shark is beaten, then your 'Prowler' will be safe, my father will be safe, and there will be no war. I tried to tell my father these things, but he would not listen to me. You see, he trusts the Shark."

**FIFTEEN** minutes later a message was going out over the "Prowler's" radio:

"This is Malcolm Franklin calling General Porfiro Prando. Your daughter, Amanda, is my prisoner. I will exchange her for my model of the 'Prowler' which your lackey, the Shark, stole from me. I await your reply."

Six times the message was repeated, on the wavelength of the Incaraguan home station in Porto Visto. Then the receivers in the "Prowler's" radio-room crackled and the eagerly-awaited reply sounded from the loudspeakers:

"Calling Malcolm Franklin. Calling Macolm Franklin. I have your message. Here is your reply. General Porfiro Prando is no longer the ruler of Incaragua. My secret police arrested him half an hour ago."

A choked sob came from the girl. Then the harsh voice in the loudspeaker ended its message.

"This is the Shark speaking. I am now the dictator of Incaragua!"

Next week: The "Prowler" is attacked!

## WHAT CAN I GIVE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

Christmas is coming—and you will soon be thinking about presents. And what a problem that often is! Well, here's a suggestion.

### WHY NOT GIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO COMET?

What a grand present to receive—and to give! Every issue of **COMET** for a whole year! It means happiness—not simply at Christmastime, but for every week throughout 1953!

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To .....

Please use block capitals .....

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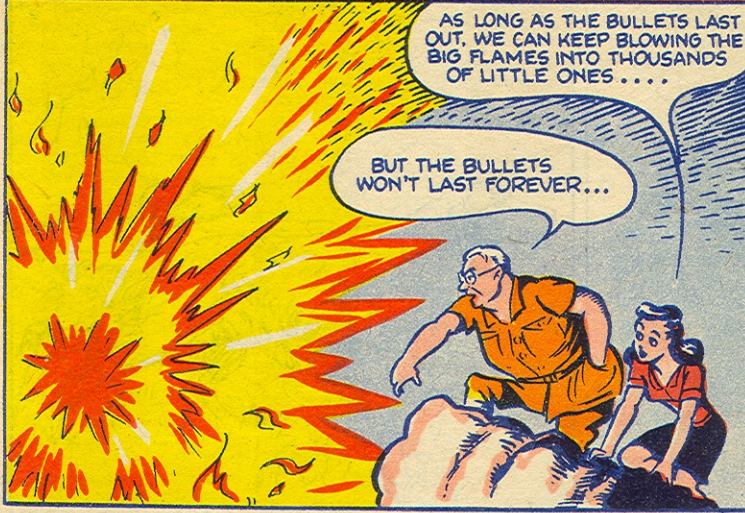
I enclose P/O or Cheque for { 19s. 6d. (Inland)  
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From .....

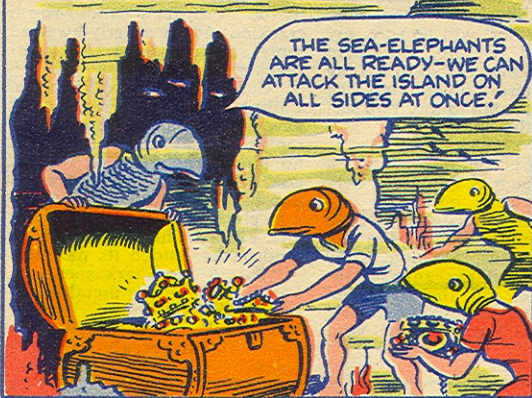
Block capitals please.....

Peter, Ann, and Professor Jolly have been seeking the last crown jewels for Queen Alva, ruler of the Milky Way. Peter gets separated from the others and finds the jewels and Queen's twin sister, Olva. But they free the terrible Flame People, who have been trapped in the planet for centuries. Peter and Olva are rescued by the Fish Folk, but Professor Jolly and Ann are still in peril.

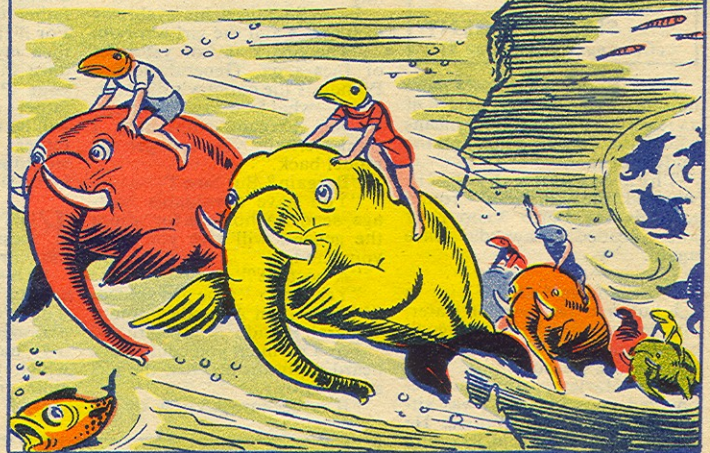
# THE SKY EXPLORERS



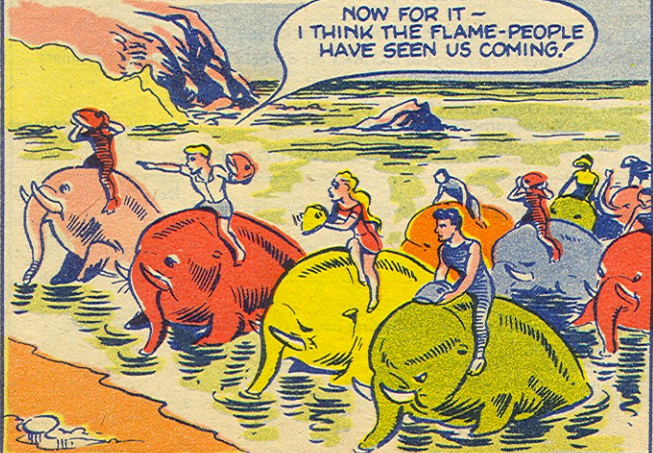
BUT PETER, AND PRINCESS OLVA ARE PLANNING A RESCUE WITH THEIR FRIENDS THE FISH-PEOPLE. THANKS TO THE FISH-HELMETS, THEY CAN BREATHE UNDER THE SEA... FIRST THEY PUT THE CROWN JEWELS OF ATLANTA IN A SAFE PLACE...



AND SO, SOON, THEY ARE ALL SWIMMING UP TOWARDS THE ISLAND ON THEIR STRANGE STEEDS . . .

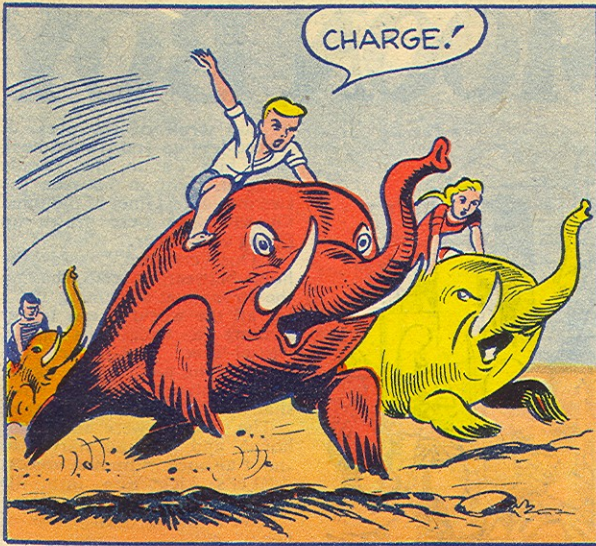


THEY REACH THE SHORE, AND THE SEA-ELEPHANTS ARE HALTED FOR A DEEP DRINK.



AND PETER IS RIGHT! THE STRANGE FIERY FOLK WHO LIVED INSIDE THE PLANET, MASS THEMSELVES FOR AN ATTACK!



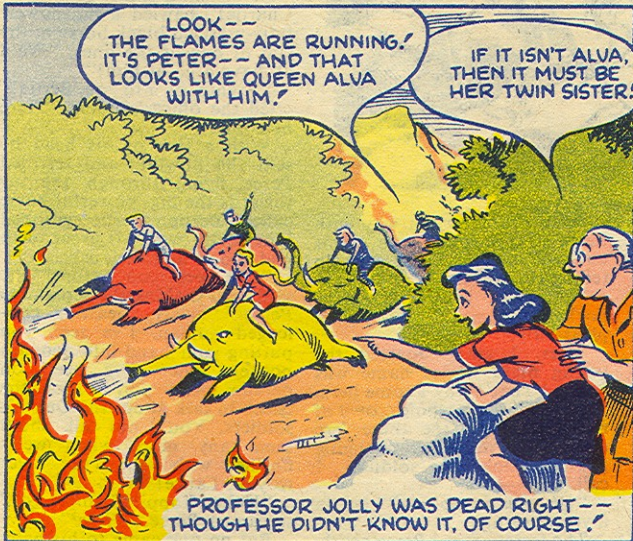


CHARGE!



DOUSE 'EM!

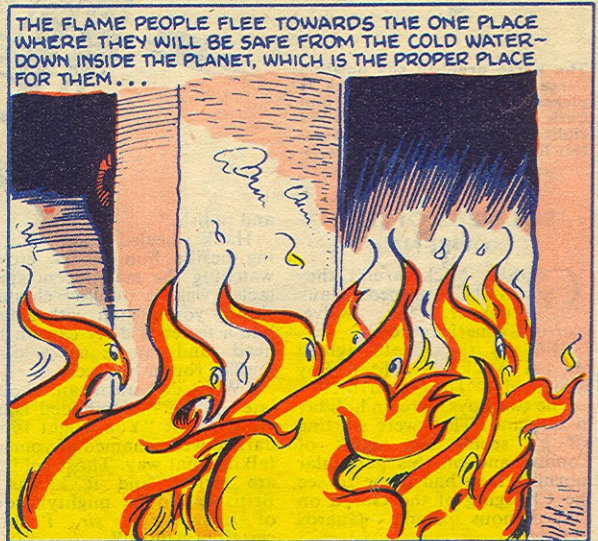
WE'LL PUT 'EM OUT!



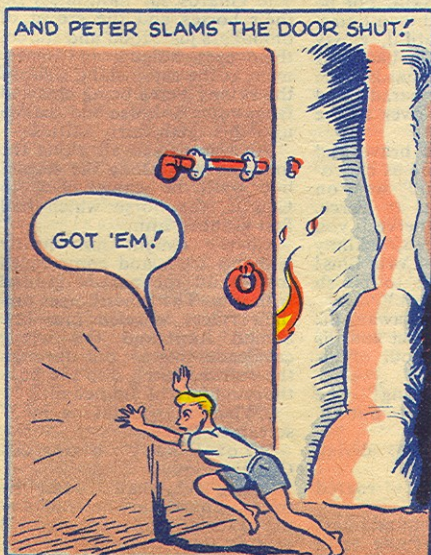
LOOK -- THE FLAMES ARE RUNNING. IT'S PETER -- AND THAT LOOKS LIKE QUEEN ALVA WITH HIM.

IF IT ISN'T ALVA, THEN IT MUST BE HER TWIN SISTER!

PROFESSOR JOLLY WAS DEAD RIGHT -- THOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW IT, OF COURSE.

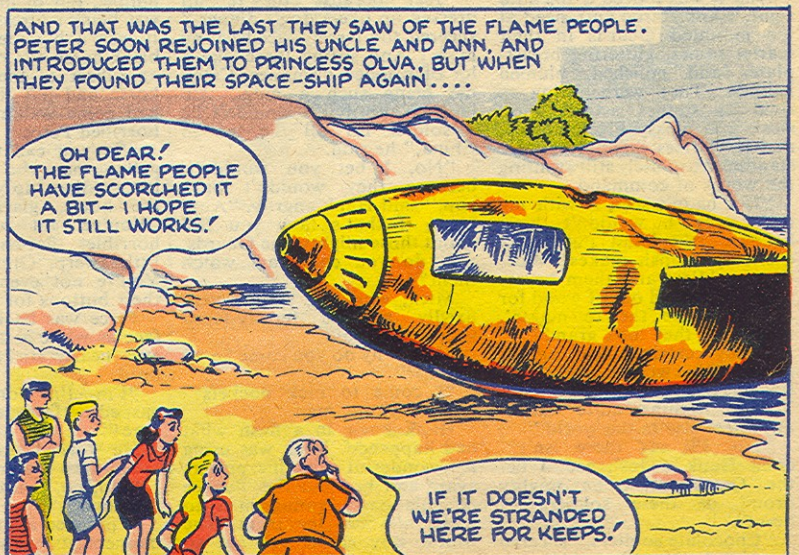


THE FLAME PEOPLE FLEE TOWARDS THE ONE PLACE WHERE THEY WILL BE SAFE FROM THE COLD WATER -- DOWN INSIDE THE PLANET, WHICH IS THE PROPER PLACE FOR THEM...



AND PETER SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT!

GOT 'EM!



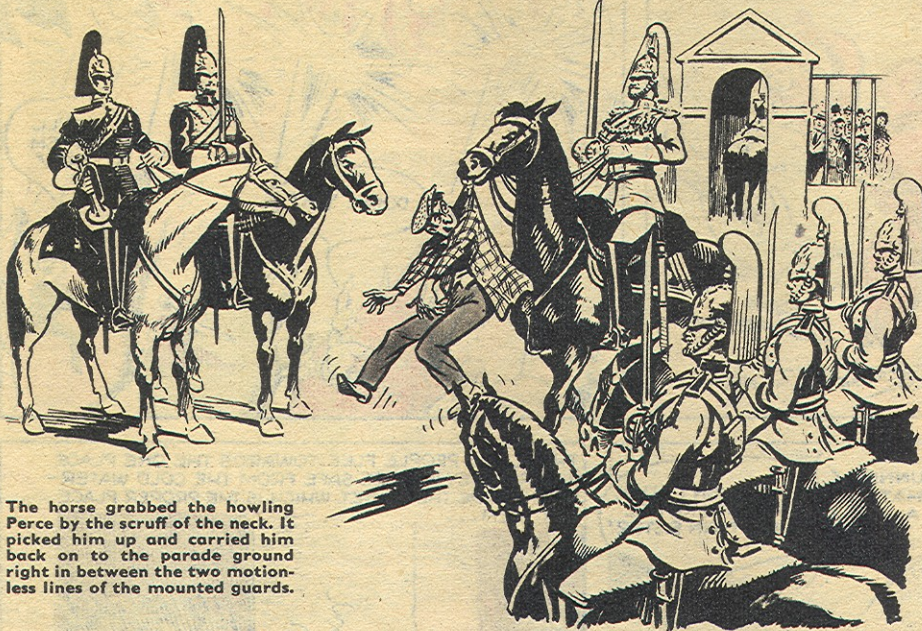
AND THAT WAS THE LAST THEY SAW OF THE FLAME PEOPLE. PETER SOON REJOINED HIS UNCLE AND ANN, AND INTRODUCED THEM TO PRINCESS OLVA, BUT WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR SPACE-SHIP AGAIN....

OH DEAR! THE FLAME PEOPLE HAVE SCORCHED IT A BIT -- I HOPE IT STILL WORKS!

IF IT DOESN'T WE'RE STRANDED HERE FOR KEEPS!

PERCE GETS TAKEN FOR A RIDE—BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS NECK!

# MICK THE MOON BOY



The horse grabbed the howling Perce by the scruff of the neck. It picked him up and carried him back on to the parade ground right in between the two motionless lines of the mounted guards.

## SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN!

"GOSH, Mick, aren't they smart?" gasped Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy.

"I'll say they are!" agreed his pal Mick the Moon Boy admiringly. "They're terrific!"

The two boys were on holiday in England. They were starting off by seeing the sights of London and on this particular morning they had come to see the Changing of the Guard on the famous Horse Guards Parade.

And it was indeed a splendid sight. Hank stared entranced at the mounted Guards in their scarlet tunics, glittering breastplates and polished, plumed helmets. They were sitting as rigid as statues astride their sleek and glossy black horses; and the horses themselves were standing absolutely still awaiting the words of command.

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it!" burst out Hank excitedly. "Gosh snakes! Mick, those soldiers and them hosses might be carved out of wood for all the move they're makin'. And don't they look grand?"

"They certainly do," agreed Mick. "No wonder folks call this one of the sights of London. There's nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world."

"No, I'll say there isn't!" cried Hank. "Gosh gee! I bet the Queen must be mighty proud of these soldiers of hers!"

"Chocolate soldiers," sneered a voice beside him. "All spit

and polish."

Hank wheeled round. Standing beside him in the crowd watching the magnificent spectacle was a hollow-chested, skinny young man with a face like a ferret, a dirty cap on his head and an equally dirty muffler round his neck.

"What do you mean, chocolate soldiers?" demanded Hank indignantly. "You ought to be darned well ashamed of yourself talking that way. Those soldiers are terrific and if I was a Britisher I'd be mighty proud of them. Yes, sir, I most certainly would!"

"Just because they're all dressed up like a dog's dinner," sneered the ferret-faced young man. "And sitting there like a lot of wooden dummies. Catch me being such a mug." He laughed nastily. "I wouldn't be a soldier for all the tea in China," he said.

"No, I bet you wouldn't, because they wouldn't have you," said Hank angrily. "Anyways, if that's how you feel about those mighty fine Guards, why do you come an' watch them?"

Mick, who was staring very fixedly at the ferret-faced young man, said:

"Yes, why do you come here? Tell us!"

"I come to pick pockets!" said the young man.

Hank knew in a flash what had happened. Mick was using his wonderful scientific powers again and had put the fluence on this nasty young man to make him tell the truth. The Moon Boy could do that so easily. He just had to look at

a person in a certain way with those strange green eyes of his and the person couldn't help telling the truth.

"Oh, so you're a pick-pocket, are you?" said Mick pleasantly.

"Yes, I am!" boasted the young man, whose name was Perce. "That's why I come here. There's always a whole crowd of mugs come to see these 'ere dressed-up dummies changing guard. Chocolate soldiers, I call 'em—"

"Oh, you do, do you?" cut in a voice sternly.

The ferret-faced Perce nearly jumped out of his skin. For he was being addressed by a horse. It was a big, beautiful, glossy black horse and on its back was an officer of the Guards. The horse had left the parade and had come walking over to the horrified Perce.

"So you call the brave and gallant men who ride us chocolate soldiers, do you?" went on the horse, glaring at Perce. "You've got a nerve, you horrible, flat-chested, skinny little twerp. Great Corn Bins! You're not even fit to polish their buttons for them."

Perce was backing away, his face as white as a sheet and his eyes nearly sticking out of his head.

"I'm—I'm dreaming!" he gasped. "Lemme get out o' here!"

He turned to flee, diving madly into the crowd.

"Ho, no, you don't!" roared the horse.

It plunged after him and next moment its great strong teeth had the terrified, howling Perce

by the scruff of the neck. It picked him up and trotted back with him on to the Parade Ground, right in between the two motionless lines of mounted Guards, who were drawn up facing each other.

"This creature," said the horse between its teeth, shaking the struggling, screaming Perce for all the world like a terrier shaking a rat, "this nasty, weasel-faced pick-pocket has been calling our riders a bunch of chocolate soldiers. What shall we do with him, fellows?"

The fellows were the other horses and they all started to shout at once in human voices: "Let's kick him into the middle of next week!"

"We'll make bran mash of him!"

"No, sling him over here Charlie!" bawled a big powerfully-muscled black horse at the end of one of the lines. "We'll all have a go at him!"

"Righto, over to you, Bertie!" cried the officer's horse. "Here he comes!"

With a jerk of his head he sent the howling and terrified Perce flying through the air towards the big, powerful horse called Bertie. Bertie grabbed him neatly with his great teeth and shook him furiously.

"I've seen you before!" he said, still shaking the screaming Perce. "Nasty, beastly, two-legged human. I've seen you putting your hand into people's pockets when I've been on parade. And you've got the cheek to talk about the Queen's soldiers. You'll not talk about them any more when we're finished with you, I bet. Over to you, Lance!"

"Help! Stopit! Lemme go!" screamed Perce. "Help!"

But no one came to his help. The Guards sat motionless on their horses and the crowd of onlookers just stood and stared, their eyes bulging in amazement at the astonishing sight of the skinny Perce being chucked from horse to horse and shaken until his teeth fairly rattled.

He was passed all along the line and then along the second line until he came back to Charlie, the horse which had first grabbed him.

Charlie caught him neatly with his teeth and commenced to trot off the parade ground with him. The other horses and their riders wheeled into line behind him and the whole cavalcade trotted out through the entrance arch into the busy thoroughfare of Whitehall.

"Where're you taking me?" screamed Perce.

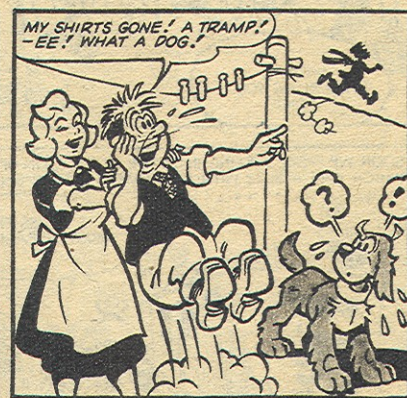
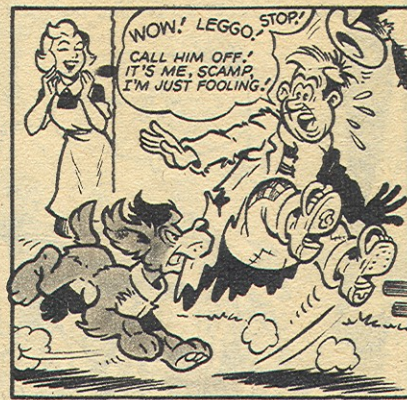
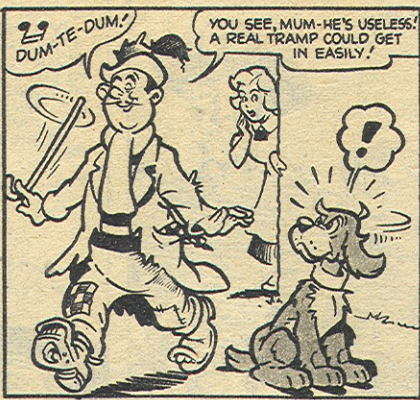
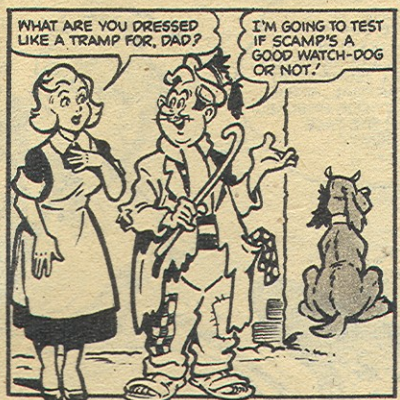
"You'll see!" promised Charlie grimly.

Along Whitehall trotted the troop, Charlie in the lead and the excited, hilarious crowd surging along behind.

(Continued opposite)



# SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



## MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 12)

Then Charlie trotted up to a policeman on traffic duty and shook the wretched struggling Perce under his nose, saying: "This skinny pest is a pick-pocket. D'you want him?"

"I certainly do, if he's a pick-pocket," said the bobby.

"CONFESS!" roared Charlie giving Perce a most terrible shaking. "Are you a pick-pocket, or aren't you?"

"Yes—yes, I am!" screamed Perce. "That's how I make my living. I'm one of the slickest pick-pockets in London!"

"There you are!" said Charlie triumphantly. "You'd better run him in and lock him up!"

He dropped the frantic Perce on the road at the policeman's feet, then turned and trotted back in the direction of the parade ground, the rest of the troop following him.

Meanwhile the policeman had pounced on Perce and was marching him away.

"It's not often your sort confess to being crooks," he said. "What made you give yourself up just now?"

"What d'you mean, what made me give meself up?" snarled Perce. "It was that beastly black horse that made me give meself up!"

"What beastly black horse?" asked the policeman.

"The one that carried me in its teeth!" screamed Perce.

"You're barmy!" said the policeman, taking a tighter grip on him. "Either that, or you've been dreaming. There wasn't any black horse. All I know is, you suddenly rushed up to me yelling that you were a pick-pocket and one of the slickest in London. We'll soon find out about you."

They did and Perce got twelve months in clink. He spent the time trying frantically to figure out just what really had happened on the Horse Guards Parade that dreadful morning.

He never found out. How could he? For the truth was that Mick the Moon Boy had used his marvellous scientific powers to make Perce dream that all those frightful things had happened to him.

The dream had ended when Perce had been walking along Whitehall and had nearly bumped into the traffic policeman. That was the moment when Perce had woken up and the dream had all been so terribly real to him that he had bawled out his confession about being a pick-pocket.

Which was tough luck on Perce, but it served him right!

Next week: A visit to the Waxworks.

# THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING



Hullo there, folks!

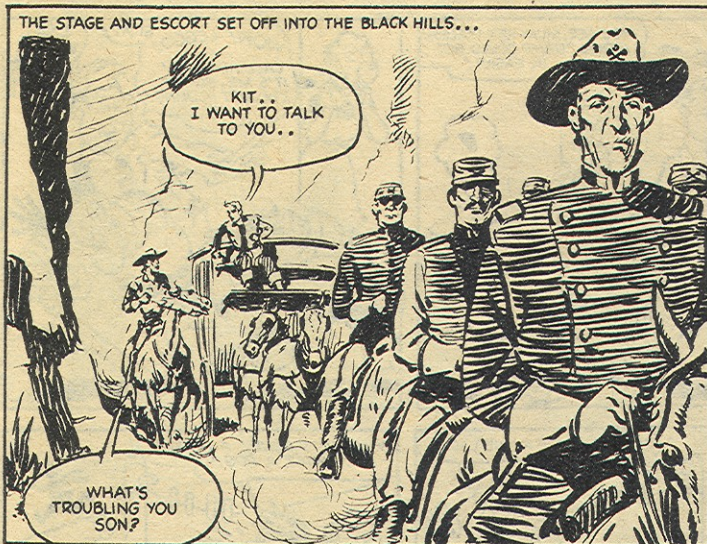
Over the page you'll find some more pictures telling my exciting story of "The White Redman's Secret", and just in case you've missed what's happened up until now, I'll tell you about it.

This is the strange tale of two brothers who grew up without knowing each other. Their parents were killed in an Indian raid. One grew up with white folks, and was called Dan Butler. The other grew up as Deerfoot, chief of the Teton Sioux tribe.

There was a lot of mystery around these two lads. For one thing there was a sinister Englishman, named Mark Raven, who had tried to kill Dan, and knew some valuable secret about him. Then there were Tom Stack and Cinnamon Bill, who had killed old Nat Butler, whom Dan had known as his father.

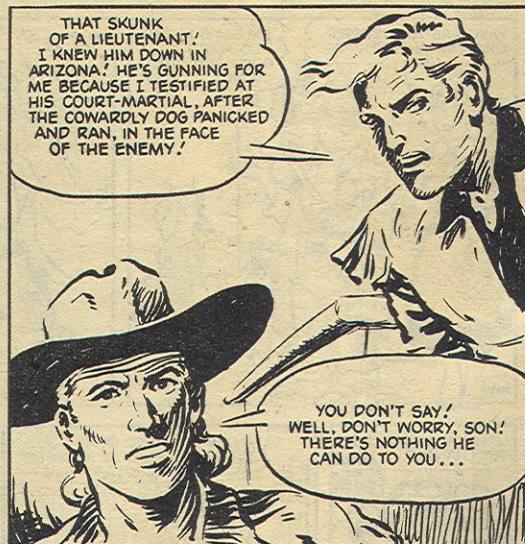
Dan was on the trail of the killers but got mixed up in a couple of Indian attacks. Then Tom Stack and Cinnamon Bill held up the stage which Dan was travelling on—just as the Indians attacked again. But the cavalry arrived in time to drive them off. Dan captured Cinnamon Bill and had an escort of cavalrymen to help take him to gaol. The lieutenant in charge, Kenrick by name is, known to Dan—and wasn't too pleased when he saw him.

# THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN



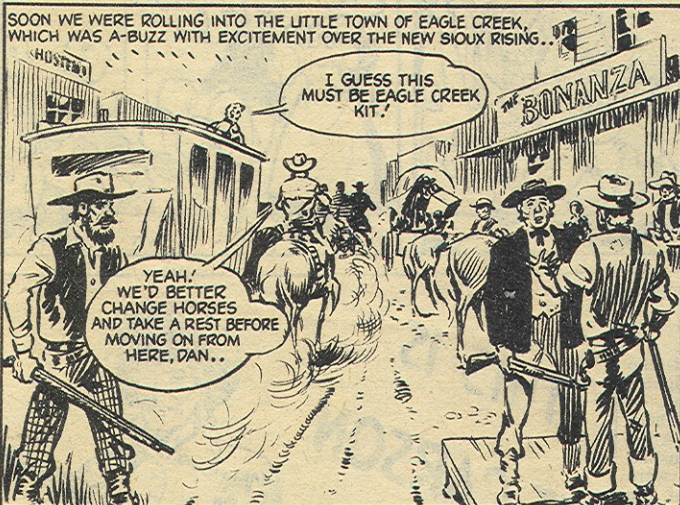
KIT.. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU..

WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU SON?



THAT SKUNK OF A LIEUTENANT! I KNEW HIM DOWN IN ARIZONA! HE'S GUNNING FOR ME BECAUSE I TESTIFIED AT HIS COURT-MARTIAL, AFTER THE COWARDLY DOG PANICKED AND RAN, IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY!

YOU DON'T SAY! WELL, DON'T WORRY, SON! THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO TO YOU...



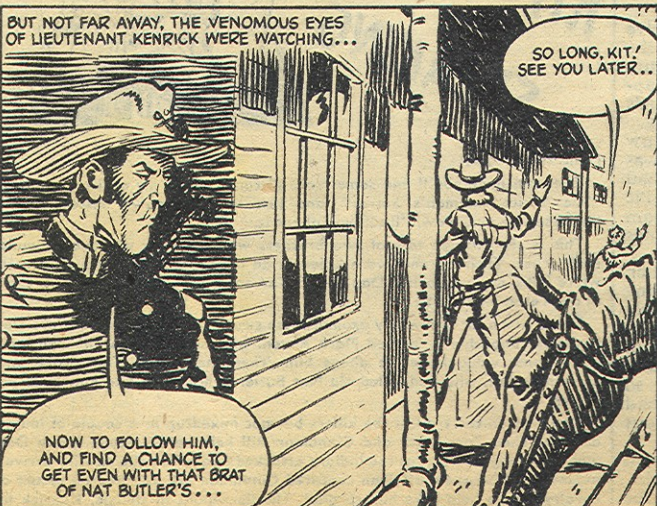
I GUESS THIS MUST BE EAGLE CREEK KIT!

YEAH! WE'D BETTER CHANGE HORSES AND TAKE A REST BEFORE MOVING ON FROM HERE, DAN..



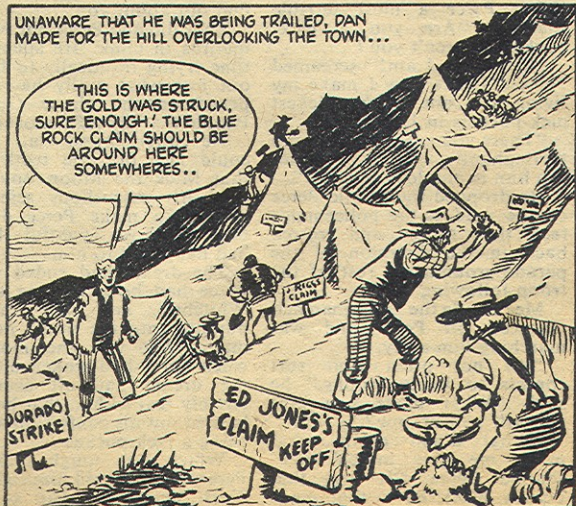
WHILE I'M HERE, I'D LIKE TO CHECK UP ON THE GOLD CLAIM THAT DAD LEFT TO ME, KIT... THE BLUE ROCK CLAIM...

OKAY, SON! YOU'VE PLENTY OF TIME! WE WON'T BE MOVING ON YET AWHILE...



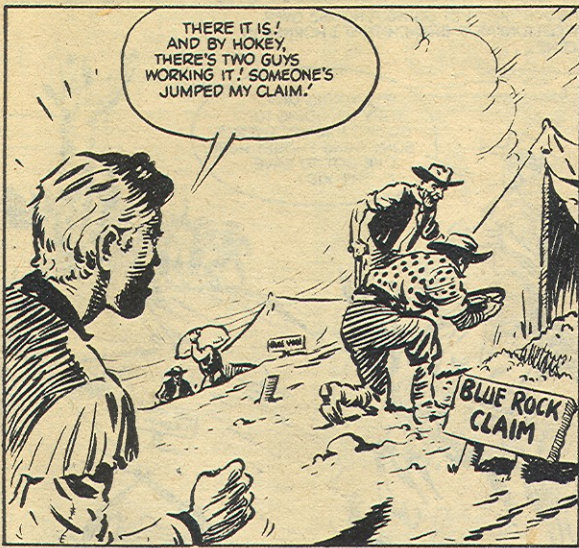
SO LONG, KIT! SEE YOU LATER...

NOW TO FOLLOW HIM, AND FIND A CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH THAT BRAT OF NAT BUTLER'S...



THIS IS WHERE THE GOLD WAS STRUCK, SURE ENOUGH! THE BLUE ROCK CLAIM SHOULD BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

THERE IT IS!  
AND BY HOKEY,  
THERE'S TWO GUYS  
WORKING IT! SOMEONE'S  
JUMPED MY CLAIM.



WITH A GROWL, BURLY BUCK FINNEGAN ROSE..

WHAT DO YOU  
WANT, MISTER?



YOU DIRTY  
CLAIM-JUMPERS!  
THE BLUE ROCK CLAIM IS  
MINE! IT BELONGED TO MY  
FATHER, AND HERE'S THE  
PAPERS TO PROVE IT!

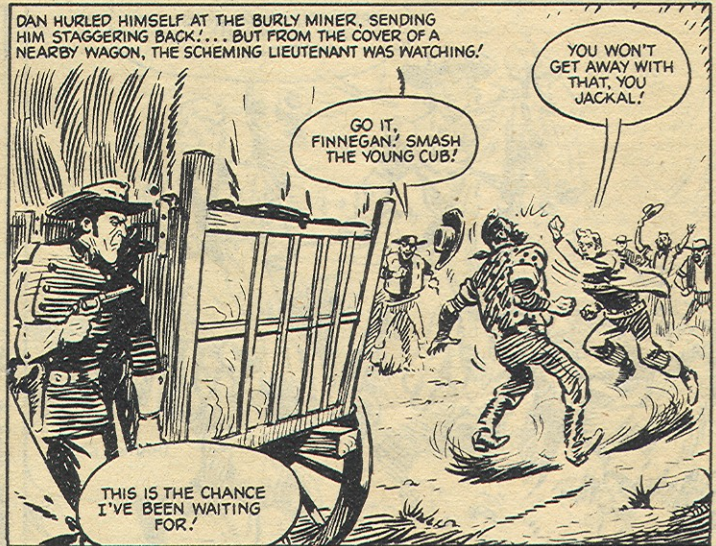
I'LL HAVE THOSE  
PAPERS! NOW BEAT IT, KID,  
BEFORE YOU GET HURT!



WHY, YOU  
LOWDOWN THIEVING  
SKUNK!

DAN HURLED HIMSELF AT THE BURLY MINER, SENDING  
HIM STAGGERING BACK... BUT FROM THE COVER OF A  
NEARBY WAGON, THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT WAS WATCHING!

YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY WITH  
THAT, YOU  
JACKAL!



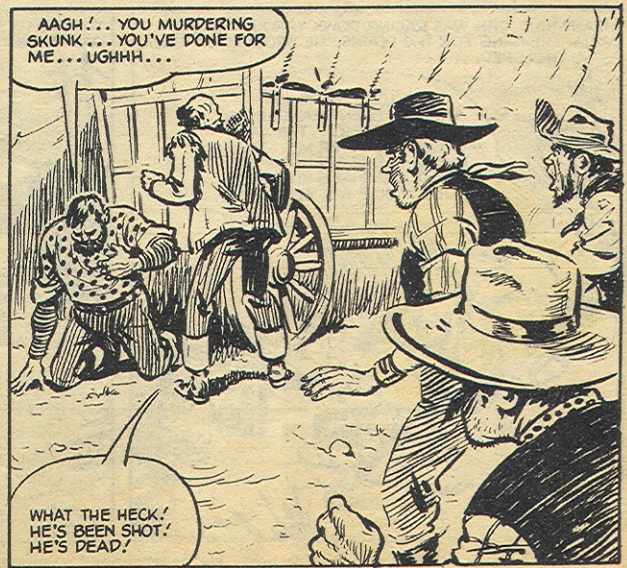
GO IT,  
FINNEGAN! SMASH  
THE YOUNG CUB!

THIS IS THE CHANCE  
I'VE BEEN WAITING  
FOR!

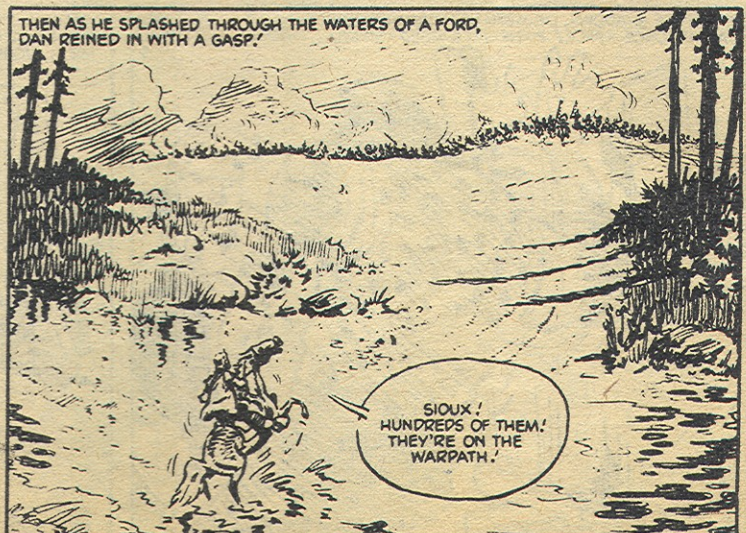
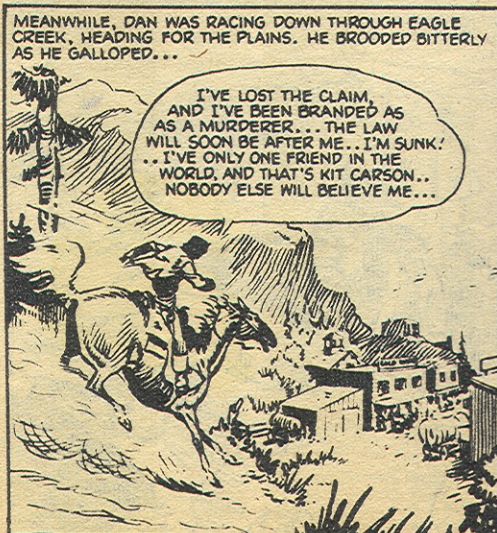
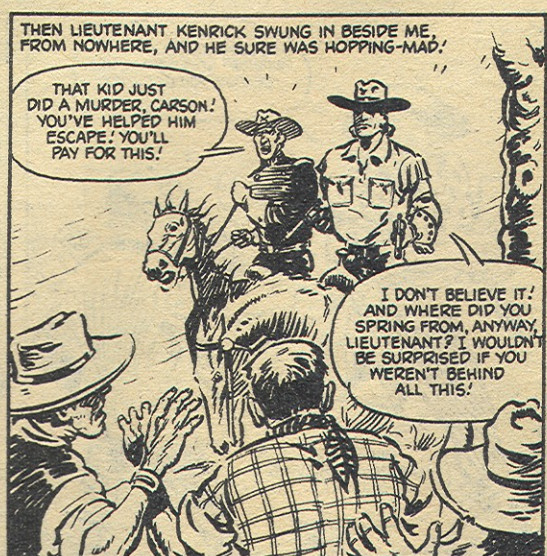
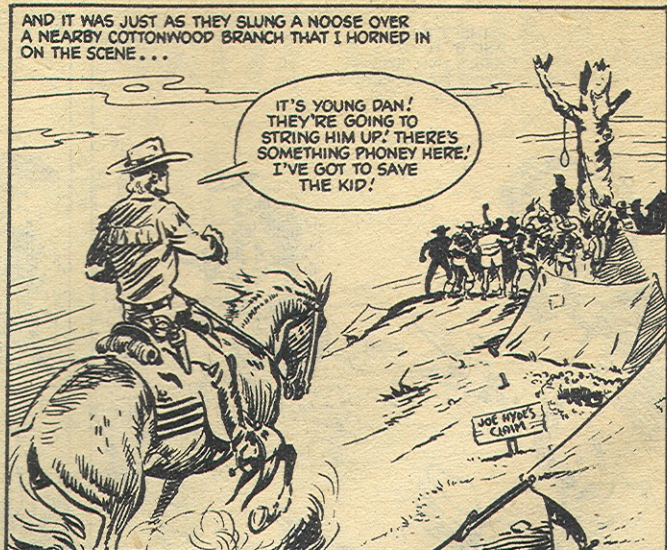
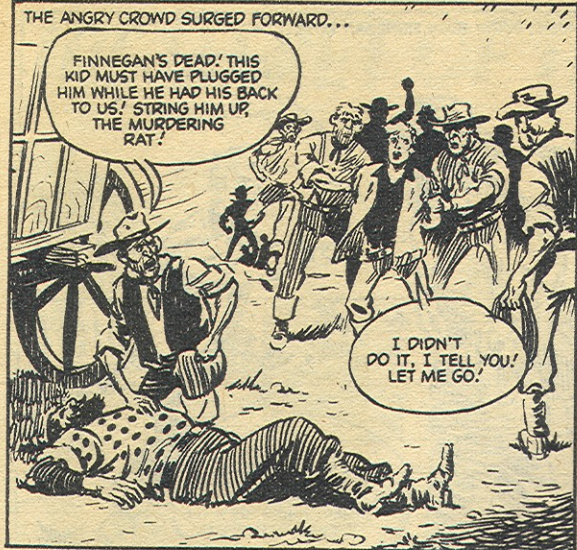
FROM THE SHADOWS, LIEUTENANT KENRICK'S GUN  
BARKED ONCE-TWICE! FINNEGAN SAGGED AND FELL.



AAGH... YOU MURDERING  
SKUNK... YOU'VE DONE FOR  
ME... UGHHH...



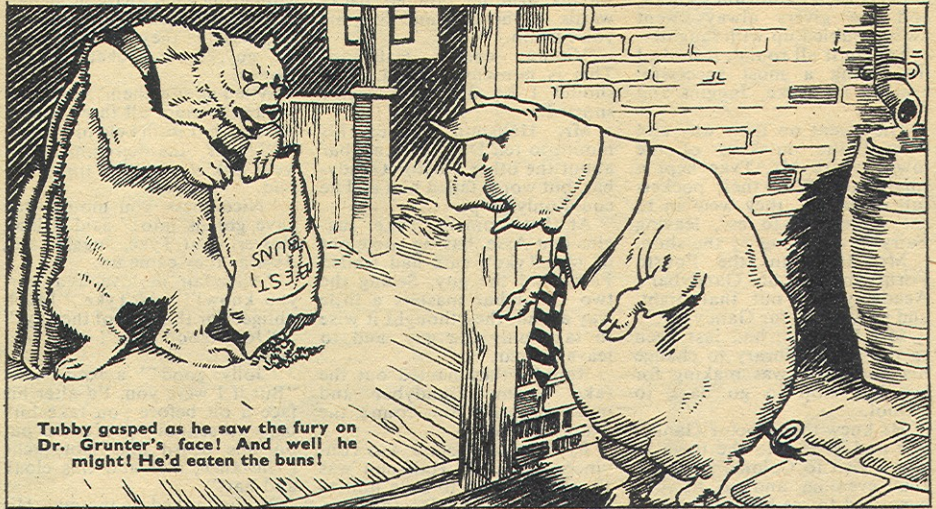
WHAT THE HECK!  
HE'S BEEN SHOT!  
HE'S DEAD!



What will Dan do now? He's surrounded by enemies! Don't miss the exciting adventures next week!



# DR. GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Tubby gasped as he saw the fury on Dr. Grunter's face! And well he might! He'd eaten the buns!

**A BUN FIGHT**  
**"I** CAN'T find him anywhere!" roared Dr. Grunter the polar bear.

"Can't find whom anywhere?" inquired Mr. Drripp, the turtle.

"That wretched boy Tweeks, who was changed into a pig!" roared Dr. Grunter, gnashing his great, long, yellow fangs with rage. "But when I do catch him, pity help him!"

"Why, what's he been doing now?" asked Mr. Drripp.

"Doing now?" bellowed Dr. Grunter, in a voice which fairly shook the wooden hut in which they were standing. "He's eaten a whole sackful of fresh buns which arrived for me from the baker's this morning, that's what he's been doing now. Just wait till I catch him! I'll teach him not to steal my buns!"

"But how do you know it was he who stole them?" asked Mr. Drripp.

"Because I've just found the empty sack hidden in his hut," roared Dr. Grunter.

Dr. Grunter hadn't always been a polar bear. Neither had Mr. Drripp always been a turtle. As a matter of fact, not so very long ago they had been two schoolmasters in charge of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning the whole party had felt ill. So, Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give the whole lot of them a dose of medicine. But Dr. Dozey was very absent-minded and he got his bottles mixed up. Instead of giving them all a dose of medicine, he had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals. And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back again to their proper selves.

At that moment, Tubby was hiding in the woods because he knew jolly well that old Grunter would be out looking for the boy—or, rather, the animal—who had stolen his buns.

He lay racking his fat brains as to how he could best escape the punishment which he knew lay in store for him. Then he suddenly started.

"I've got it!" he tittered. "He, he, he! Oh, what a giddy brainwave! He, he, he!"

Getting to his fat little legs he slunk out of the woods and made towards the farm buildings, keeping a sharp look-out for Dr. Grunter. He reached the sties in safety, and there he saw Joe, Farmer Whipstraw's pigman.

"I say, Joe, would you like five bob?" he demanded, for, although they had been changed into birds and animals, they could still talk in their human voices.

"Aye, 'course I would like five bob!" said Joe. "What's the idea?"

"Just this," sniggered Tubby. "He, he, he! You know that I share a hut with Freddy Fenton, who's been changed into a fox, and Gussy Green, who's been changed into a goat. Well, I want to play a joke on them and I'll give you five bob if you'll help me!"

"What's the joke?"  
 "I'll tell you," giggled Tubby. "You know that big, fat white pig that you've got in the sty there. Well, it's the spitting image of me. You've often said so yourself. Well, I want you to take it along, without anybody seeing you, and put it in my hut. Then Freddy and Gussy'll think it's me, see? He, he, he!"

"I don't reckon much of that as a joke," growled Joe.  
 "Don't you?" tittered Tubby.  
 "Well, I jolly well do. It'll be a terrific leg-pull, Freddy and Gussy thinking that the white pig is me. Anyway, I'll give you five bob out of my pocket money if you'll do it."

"Oh, I'll do it," growled Joe, who wasn't going to miss the chance of making five shillings and knowing that his white pig could come to no harm. "But I still think it's a daft joke."

"Ah, that's because you can't see the funny side of it like I can," giggled Tubby.

"You leave it to me," promised Joe. "I'll manage it."

Shaking with laughter, Tubby dodged back into the woods.

Joe would slip the fat white pig into the hut. Old Grunter would find the pig there and would think it was him—Tubby. He would give it a terrific lamming, the pig would flee squealing away—it was bound to get away sooner or later—then, after a suitable interval, he—Tubby—would turn up looking very sad and pitiful and nobody would dream that it wasn't he who had got the lamming.

Meanwhile Joe, seeing nobody about, was taking the pig

quietly along to Tubby's hut. But as he opened the door he got a shock. For sitting there was Freddy Fenton, the fox.

"Hallo, Joe," said Freddy.  
 "What's the idea, bringing that pig here?"

"Well, it's like this, d'y'e see, Master Fenton," stammered Joe, and he thereupon told Freddy about Tubby's joke. "And he offered me five bob if I'd help him," concluded Joe.

"Oh, well, there's no need for you to lose five bob," said Freddy. "You leave the pig here and you needn't tell Tubby that I know anything about it."

"Thanks very much, Master Fenton," said Joe, and, leaving the pig in the hut, he went off.

"Now what's that fat freak up to?" thought Freddy to himself. "He wouldn't give Joe five bob just to help him play a joke on Gussy and me. He's got something up his sleeve!"

He gave a start as the door suddenly burst violently open and Dr. Grunter rushed in.

"Oh, so there you are, you miserable young glutton!" roared Dr. Grunter, glowering at the poor white pig. "How dare you steal my buns. I'll give you a lesson this time that you'll not forget in a hurry!"

"Dr. Grunter," yelled Freddy, as that raging gentleman rushed at the pig, "that's not Tubby Tweeks!"

"What d'y'ou mean, not Tubby Tweeks?" snarled Dr. Grunter, giving the squealing and terrified pig a wallop with his fore-paw. "Of course it is!"

"It's not!" yelled Freddy, who could see the whole of Tubby's deep-laid plot quite clearly now. "It's a pig out of the sty. Tubby Tweeks gave Joe five bob to bring it here!"

"What?" roared Dr. Grunter. Freddy repeated what he had said.

"Oh, my—oh, just wait till I get hold of Tweeks!" he choked, fairly trembling with fury.

It was towards supper-time that Tubby rolled into the hut. Freddy, the fox, and Gussy Green, the goat, were there. On the table stood an empty hamper with a label tied to it which read: "MASTER TWECKS, MEADOWSWEET FARM."

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tubby. "Where did that come from?"

"It came for you this afternoon," said Freddy. "Don't you remember? You and Gussy and I had it for tea. We finished everything in it."

"I didn't!" howled Tubby. "It wasn't me. D'y'ou mean to say you let that beastly white pig out of Joe's sty have my hamper?"

"Beastly white pig?" gasped Freddy, with a wink at Gussy. "Why, we—we thought it was you, Tubby."

"Of course it wasn't me! howled Tubby, nearly frantic at the thought of how his clever wheeze had cost him his lovely hamper which had been sent to him from home. "Any fathead could have seen it wasn't me. Nobody but a perfect blithering idiot would have thought that beastly pig was me—"

"I thought it was you!" roared a frightful voice behind. Tubby spun round. As he did so he nearly fainted with fright. For standing glaring at him and gnashing his long yellow fangs with fury was Dr. Grunter.

"Miserable, deceitful, wretched boy!" thundered Dr. Grunter. "So you thought to escape your just punishment by tricking the pig-man into putting a poor, innocent pig into this hut. Your punishment will now be double what I intended it to be!"

He rushed at Tubby. A few moments later Tubby's frenzied howls and bellows could be heard fields away. Which just shows you that even the cleverest wheezes can come unstuck. Next week Billy Bunn, the rabbit, meets an old friend and helps him to break a record!

match touches off a firework. They roared with laughter.

Shillings and sixpences and pennies began to swell the pockets of the Hobson's chaps, and the givers always went away doubled up with laughter.

Taking it all round, it looked like being a most successful evening for Tyke, Juggins and Asse.

They went on their way and entered the outskirts of the town, where Mr. Tyke kept a small café. With their pockets full of money, they went in to get something to eat, leaving Fairy in a turning by the shop.

Mr. Halfspun, the Fourth Form master of Gandybar's Academy was out that night, and so was Doctor Gandybar.

Mr. Halfspun had just been to the public library to change his book and was making for the bus stop to go back to school.

He knew that Doctor Gandybar had gone into the town to pay a visit to Colonel Bullfinch that evening, and so he was surprised to see him seated in a queer little car in a dark turning.

Mr. Halfspun stopped by the car. Doctor Gandybar (it was really the guy, of course) gazed steadily before him with unseeing eyes.

"Doctor Gandybar—my good sir!" began Mr. Halfspun, alarmed.

Mr. Halfspun peered with short-sighted eyes through the gloom at the Doctor.

In the dim light the doctor's face looked pallid.

"His face is as pale as putty! He must be ill!" murmured Mr. Halfspun in concern. He touched the guy timidly on the shoulder. Doctor Gandybar didn't move.

One thing and one thing only remained for Mr. Halfspun to do. He must take his chief to Doctor Sawshin's surgery at once.

Nervously Mr. Halfspun examined the car.

The car didn't seem to have any doors so he put a skinny leg over the side and tremblingly took his place in the driver's seat by the guy.

The "Doctor" still didn't move.

Mr. Halfspun, feeling he must be going crazy too, clutched the wheel and pedalled away like fury, his legs moving like clockwork. He managed to get up to the speed of a push-bike and drove off in the direction of Doctor Sawshin's surgery.

But halfway to the surgery, which was not far away, Mr. Halfspun caught sight of the real Doctor Gandybar in the porch of Colonel Bullfinch's house.

His popping eyes went from one Gandybar to the other. Hardly knowing what he was doing he parked Fairy by the kerb and clambered out.

Dr. Gandybar saw him. "Halfspun! Sir! Are you possessed? Come, sir, pull yourself together. What ails you? Are you ill?" Doctor Gandybar

felt very cross.

Mr. Halfspun found his voice.

"Ill, sir? Oh, no sir! It's you, sir. Are you ill, sir?" With a waving arm he pointed backwards to the car, and lost his voice again.

"Come, come, Halfspun! This is nonsense indeed. Why should I be ill?" the doctor snorted.

Mr. Halfspun opened his mouth to tell Doctor Gandybar about the other Doctor Gandybar, but words failed him and he could only gasp.

At that moment, Tyke, Juggins and Asse, having come out of Mr. Tyke's café had trailed Fairy and the guy. Seeing the two Gandybar masters a little way ahead, they thought it wise to take only the guy, and to leave the car.

Rapidly they hauled out the fake Doctor Gandybar and made off with him round the nearest corner.

By now, the doctor was convinced that Mr. Halfspun was ill, and decided to take him to the surgery to let Doctor Sawshin have a look at him. He would have been astonished if he he'd known that Mr. Halfspun had been going to do the same for him.

Following the direction of Halfspun's waving arm, he saw the little car, empty, standing by the kerb.

"Surely that is the car the boy Wizzard was making some time ago?" he said to himself. "If I can get Mr. Halfspun into the seat, I can take him to Sawshin's surgery easily," and Doctor Gandybar piloted his Fourth Form master towards the car.

When Mr. Halfspun saw that the car was empty he almost fell in, and Doctor Gandybar found him easy to manage.

Then he climbed in himself.

Knowing something of the way Willie Wizzard's mind worked, he placed his feet upon the pedals, and carefully selected a lever to pull. He gingerly pressed a button, and the car sprang into life.

Off they shot down the road, the jolt and the rush of air throwing the frail Mr. Halfspun out and backwards. He clutched at the back of the seat and climbed in again.

And there he sat, trying to work out the problem of the two Gandybars, but not daring to speak about it.

They had gone some way at furious speed, even passing Doctor Sawshin's surgery, when Doctor Gandybar began to enjoy himself. He forgot about the surgery.

"You know, Halfspun—this is good fun! Quite exhilarating, in fact!" screamed Doctor Gandybar through the fierce wind which whisked around them, as he clutched at the wheel, wildly swearing to avoid an oncoming bus.

"I agree, my dear sir. Very jolly!" faintly gasped Mr. Halfspun, his words being plucked from his lips by the force of air and tossed to the wind before

they could reach the Doctor.

Willie Wizzard, Bash and Scroggins had seen the car and its occupants with misgiving, wondering what awful thing had happened. So had Tyke, Juggins and Asse as they came up with the guy, their pockets full of money.

When he saw them, Scroggins wanted to fight all three single-handed, but Bash held him back.

"Under the circumstances, we'll talk it out, this time," he said.

"Nice mess you mouldy lot have got us into!" said Willie, glowering at Tyke, Juggins and Asse as they came up.

"All's fair in love and war, you know!" said Tyke. "Much obliged for the loan of the guy!"

"Jolly good guy!" said Juggins.

"Jolly good!" agreed Asse. "But if I were you, I'd alter his face a bit before you take him back to school—you could put on this beard and moustache for instance, and add this cloak and hat!"

Willie looked at the guy. His eyes stared and his mouth fell open.

"Doctor Gandybar!" he groaned, horrified.

"Told you it looked like him!" said Scroggins.

"Never mind, old scouts. Bury the hatchet and all that, you know! We've made such a packet out of your guy that we're going halves with you!" said Tyke, taking out a handful of money.

"That's right!" said Juggins, doing the same.

"Good guys, that's us!" said Asse, counting his silver.

In all, the Hobson's fellows had made £3. Willie, Bash and Scroggins made their way to the bus stop with their guy, now looking like Guy Fawkes once more, and 30/- which they had accepted without argument, as being theirs by right. They also had about 10/- which they had made themselves.

Doctor Gandybar and Mr. Halfspun had flashed on their

way and had reached the school gates. Just then a speed cop caught up with them.

"Nice little ride, gentlemen?" he asked. "Names and addresses?"

Doctor Gandybar felt the light of youth fade from his face. He gave their names and addresses.

"Licence?" inquired the cop.

"A licence is surely unnecessary for a pedal-driven vehicle!" said the doctor, but produced his driving licence, thankful that he owned one.

"Car number and licence?" went on the cop.

"Ridiculous!" said the doctor. Fairy hadn't a licence. Or a number.

In vain did the doctor explain how the car was just a boy's car, and that she was driven by pedals. The speed cop stood firm.

"Tell all that to the magistrates!" he said. "Ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Careering around in a kid's car at your time of life! And to the danger of the public, too! Probably cost you two pounds in fines—if you're lucky. Ha, ha! 'Night gentlemen!" and the speed cop went off to make his report.

Willie, Bash and Scroggins, having just got off the bus, caught up with the doctor and Mr. Halfspun as they slowly pedalled up the quad.

The boys had made up their minds what to do. They had not heard the conversation with the speed cop; they only hoped that the doctor would let them keep the old dress suit in spite of the trouble the guy had caused. Willie advanced.

"Oh sir," he said. "About that suit—here is two pounds which we have made. We hope that will cover it." Willie held out £2 in silver hopefully.

The doctor took the money. "I hope it will cover it, too," he said with a sigh.

Next week, Willie's Firework Display goes off with a wizard bang!

## ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK, Spotters! Here's another big offer this week. Once again we're calling a whole thousand of you with a special "bonus" offer. Think of that, 1,000 Spotters become eligible for our super presents—just like that! So read on quickly and find out what to do—there may be a present for you.

All those whose Albums are numbered between 76,100 and 76,600, inclusive, and between 148,000 and 148,500 inclusive, may send up for one of our presents this week.

If yours is included in either of these two sets of numbers, just choose which present you'd like from one of these: Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Wrist Compass, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Ball-point pen, or a Water Pistol. Then write your choice in the space on the Album marked "For Official Use"—and at the same time make sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Next, on a piece of paper or postcard, write the name of the story or character you like best in COMET, and in a few words, say why. Pop both Album and piece of paper in an envelope and send them to:

COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) to arrive by Tuesday, November 11. Don't forget to put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope before posting! Presents are despatched about one week after the closing date, Albums being returned at the same time.

Look out for more numbers in next week's COMET.

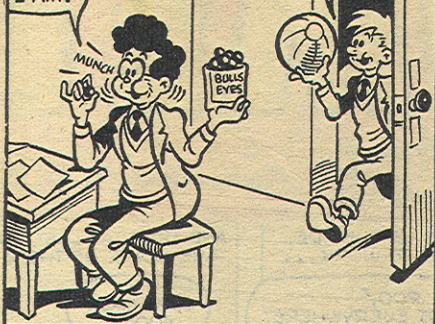
THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE  
AND



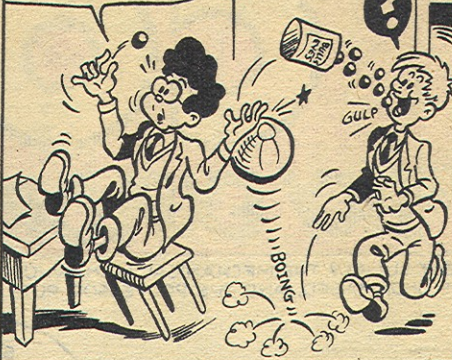
CUTHBERT  
THE TWO NEW BOYS

TEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO EAT THESE TOFFEES WITHOUT TELLING CUTHBERT, I AM!



I WONDER IF THIS OLD FOOTBALL STILL BOUNCES?

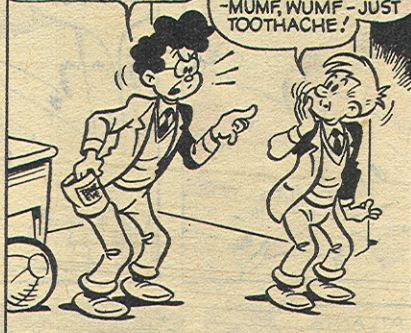
WOOPS. WHASSUP!



HEY! MY TOFFEE TIN IS EMPTY! WHERE HAS ALL MY TOFFEE GONE?

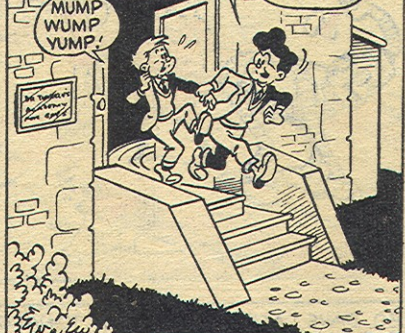


HERE! WHAT'S THAT CAUSING YOUR BULGING CHEEK, YOUNG CUTHBERT?

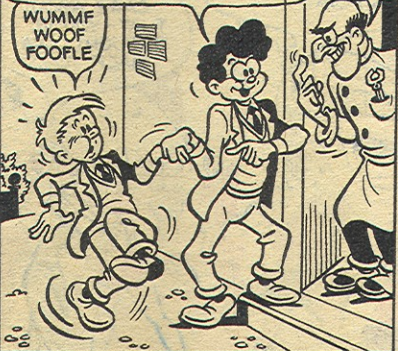


EH? OOMF-OOMF-O NOTHING, CLAUDE - MUMF WUMF - JUST TOOTHACHE!

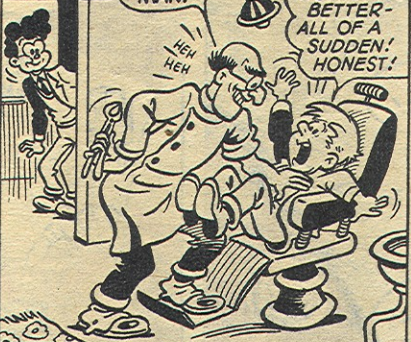
HO! TOOTHACHE, EH? THEN YOU MUST HAVE IT OUT AT ONCE, MY FRIEND! COME WITH CLAUDE!



LUCKY YOU, CUTHBERT. THE DENTIST IS VISITING THE SCHOOL TODAY!

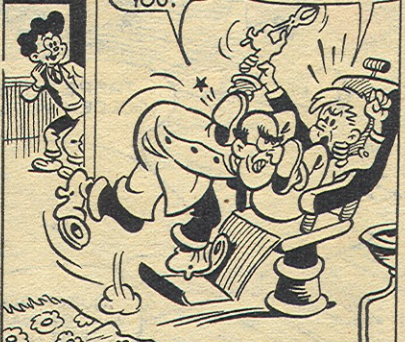


HEH HEH! SIT DOWN IN THAT NICE COMFY CHAIR, MY LITTLE MAN.



NO! NO! IT'S BETTER - ALL OF A SUDDEN! HONEST!

EASY, LAD, EASY! THIS ISN'T GOING TO HURT YOU!



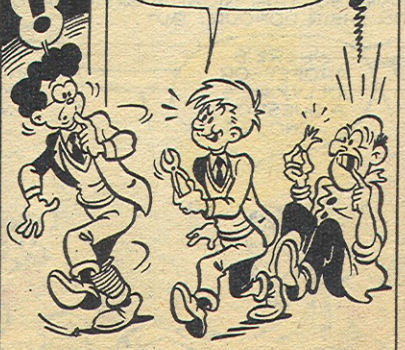
HEE-HEE! SERVE OLD CUTHBERT RIGHT! THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO HOG ALL MY TOFFEE AND PRETEND HE'S GOT TOOTH TROUBLE!



NO HO! IT'S ALL OVER CUTHBERT! YOUR TOOTH IS OUT!



NEXT PLEASE!

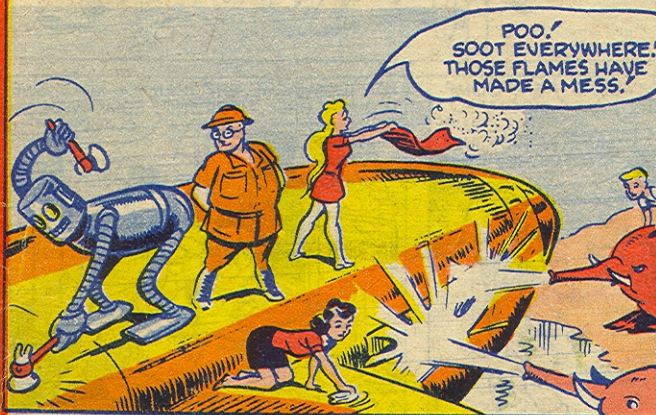


# COMET

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

## THE SKY EXPLORERS (Continued from page 11)

BUT LUCKILY THE MECHANICAL MAN, WHO WAS LEFT INSIDE, IS UNDAMAGED, AND THE PROFESSOR PUTS HIM TO WORK...



AND THEN, AT LAST, EVERYTHING IS READY, AND THEY TAKE LEAVE OF THEIR FRIENDS THE FISH PEOPLE....



SO, DAYS LATER, THEY FLY IN TOWARDS ATLANTA, THE CAPITAL OF THE MILKY WAY....



QUEEN ALVA WILL BE WAITING FOR US!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT, A GREAT BANQUET WAS HELD IN THEIR HONOUR. BUT....



SO ANN AND PETER SEARCH THE PALACE FOR THEIR UNCLE. THEY FIND HIM IN THE ROYAL WORKSHOPS.

