

FUN! THRILLS!! ADVENTURE!!!

COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 201. May 24, 1952

SHORTY

The
DEPUTY SHERIFF

I WANT TO ASK COWGIRL KATIE TO TEA— BUT I'M TOO SHY, SHORTY.

LEAVE IT TO ME, YOUNG ELMER!



I'LL LEAN THIS AGAINST HER FENCE SO SHE CAN SEE IT!



I'LL STICK IT UP NOW! AND I'LL GET THE TEA READY.



WILL YOU PLEASE COME TO TEA TODAY I'M TOO SHY TO ASK.

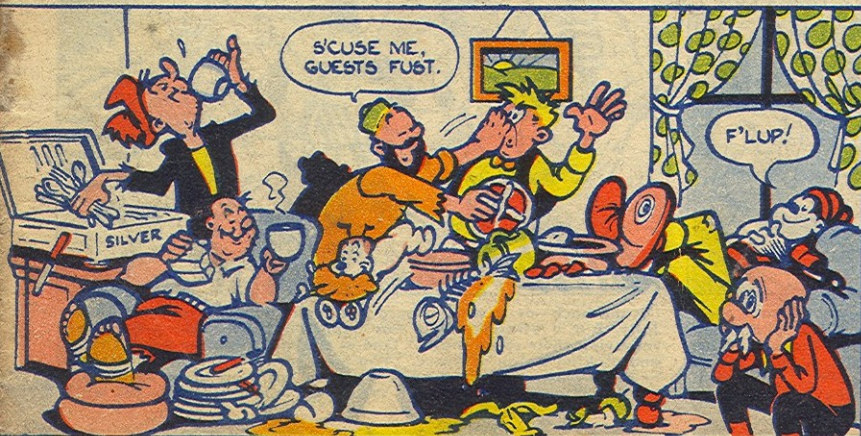
OKAY!



TA EVER SO, FOR INVITING US, PARDS.

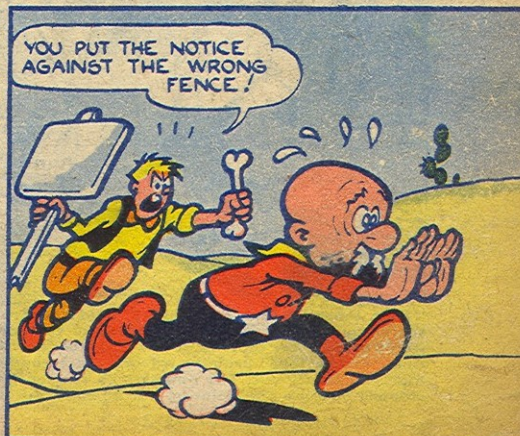


S'CUSE ME, GUESTS FUUT.



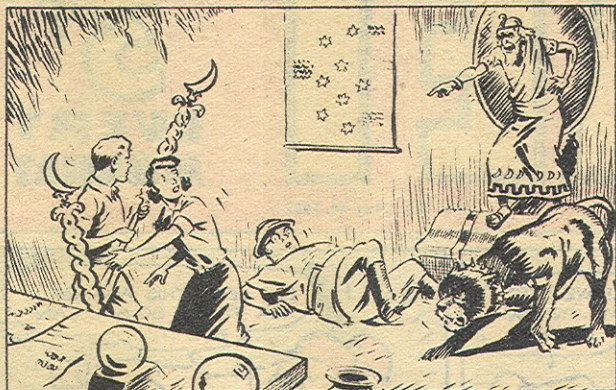
F'LUP!

YOU PUT THE NOTICE AGAINST THE WRONG FENCE!



ISLAND OF SECRETS

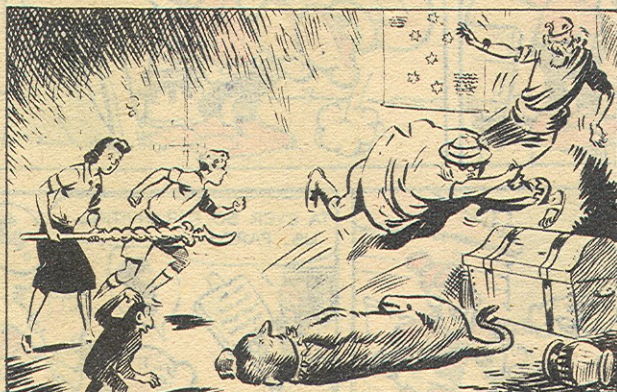
Nothing ever dies on this strange island, and Eblis knows all about the magic of olden days!



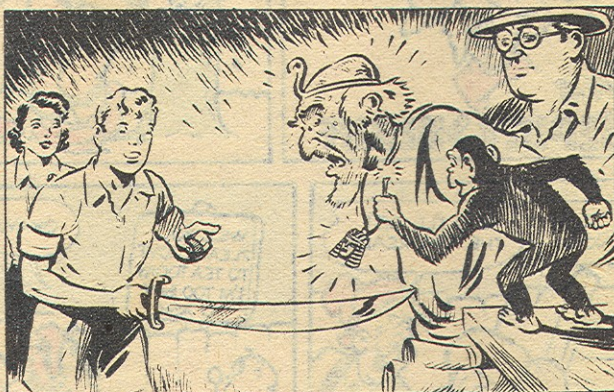
A shrill cackle of laughter broke from the lips of Eblis, the ancient Egyptian sorcerer, as his great black panther crouched to spring. Peter, Ann and Professor Jolly had penetrated the hidden city which lay beneath the Island of Secrets—but now they were trapped. Seeking some weapon to fend off the panther's spring, Peter turned and snatched up a long wand, carved with wriggling snakes.



The panther launched itself through the air, a fierce growl rumbling from its throat. Ann, too, had seized one of the strange wands, and together our chums lunged out in a brave attempt to hold the great animal off. The ends of the two wands wavered close together, and in that moment a blinding flash leapt between them! The panther jerked and writhed, caught in the arc of that mystic power!



A wild shriek of rage broke from Eblis as he saw the panther thud to the stone floor and lay there limp and still. Peter and Ann stared in amazement, startled at what had happened. Professor Jolly was the first to recover his wits. Scrambling up, he launched himself at Eblis's legs in a powerful tackle, and brought the Egyptian sorcerer crashing to the floor. Peter sprang forward to help his uncle.



Professor Jolly and Peter soon had Eblis helpless. Chattering excitedly, Koko jumped up and snatched at something which had caught his eye. It was a strange charm, a miniature of the stone masks which Eblis's slaves—the Sphinx-men, had worn for thousands of years! It hung from a thin chain round the sorcerer's neck, and as the chain snapped, Eblis's dark-skinned face went grey with rage and terror!



"That charm means something!" said the Professor. "Look! He's scared out of his wits!" Peter moved to the door. "The Sphinx-men won't attack now that we've got their leader!" he said grimly. With Koko in the lead, proudly waving the strange charm, our chums marched boldly out. The Sphinx-men started forward . . . and then stopped, staring and pointing not at Eblis, but at the dancing Koko!



"Stand back—or it will go hard with your master!" cried Professor Jolly. But a strange thing was happening! The Sphinx-men were removing their stone masks! One of the men came forward, smiling and making a sign of peace. "You have set us free, white strangers!" he cried. "Now that the ancient charm has been taken from Eblis, his power over us is broken! We are no longer slaves to his will!"

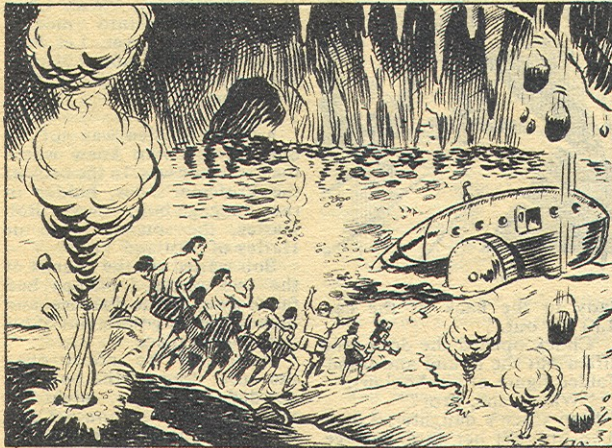
THE WIZARD KING OF THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM!



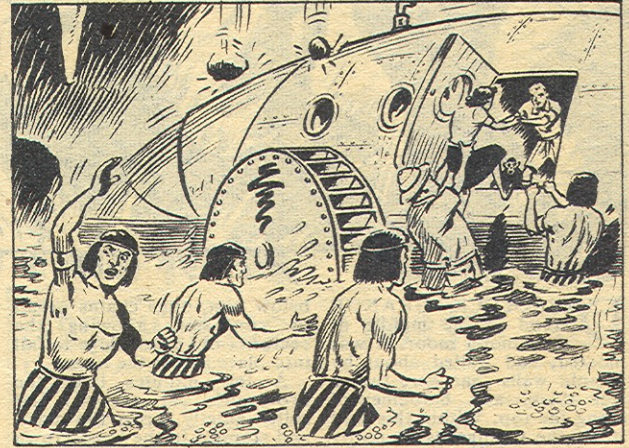
"Now we know why Eblis was so scared when Koko grabbed that charm!" cried Ann. The Egyptian warriors gathered round, smiling and thanking our chums. Suddenly Eblis broke Professor Jolly's hold and sent him reeling. In a flash the sorcerer was darting along the stone corridor. Cries of anger went up from the Egyptians, and they started in pursuit of the man who had made them slaves.



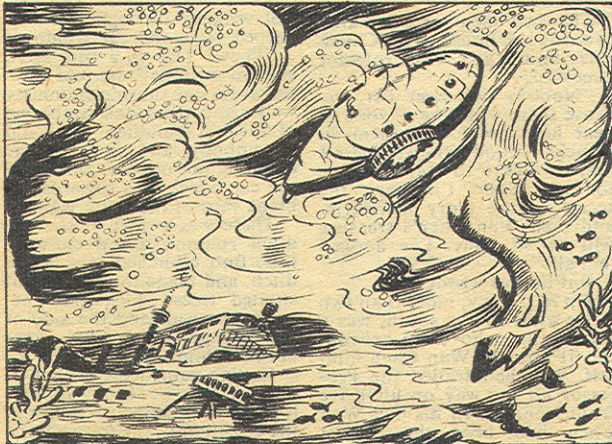
"Wait!" cried the Professor, getting to his feet. "If you will help us, we can take you away from this underground city!" The Egyptians turned back, hope and excitement shining in their eyes. Quickly Professor Jolly explained about the underwater ship which could take them through the submerged tunnel leading to freedom. "Come! With your help we can refloat our ship!" he cried.



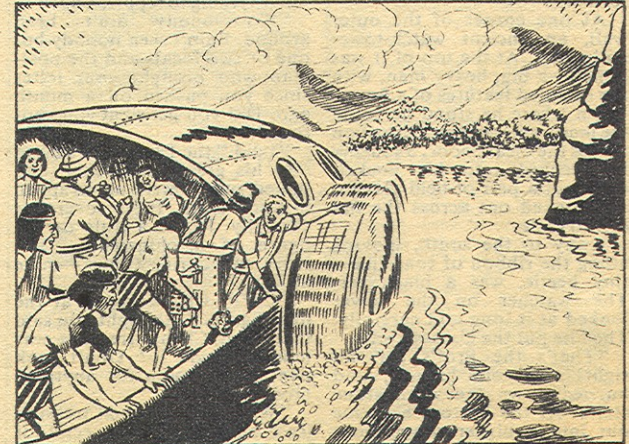
Together they made their way to the great cavern where the submarine had gone hard aground. "Hurry, white friends!" said one of the warriors. "Eblis has many strange powers, and—" he broke off as the ground heaved beneath their feet! Great cracks appeared in the rock, and fierce puffs of steam spurted upwards. Eblis was using his powers in a last attempt to bring disaster on them!



"The whole roof will cave in soon!" Peter cried. Even as he spoke, the water began to bubble and surge. "The eruptions have refloated the submarine!" shouted Professor Jolly. "Quick! Everybody aboard!" The whole party plunged into the water and waded to the floating submarine. Professor Jolly helped Peter and Ann through the door. Great chunks of rock were now falling from the cave roof.



The last of the Egyptians scrambled aboard, and with a gasp of relief Professor Jolly slammed the watertight door and leapt to the controls. Bucking and reeling in the surging water, the submarine dived. They were halfway through the tunnel when the final eruption came. A fierce rush of water caught them up as if in the hand of a giant, flinging the submarine through to the open sea!



It was several seconds before Professor Jolly could regain control, then he brought the submarine to the surface and pulled the lever which changed it back to a ship again. There were cheers from the Egyptians as they felt the air on their faces, and saw the sunlight. For the next hour they sailed round the coast to our chum's encampment. "Safe at last!" Ann sighed contentedly.

The Mystery of the Ivory Mandarin



Suddenly the floor under Wan Chen opened up, and he tumbled feet first into a dark hole. The Professor had scored again!

DREADLOCK GRANGE stood in the middle of Grimmond moor. It was moated, and walled about by age-old walls that were twelve feet thick, and battlemented along the top. Within this wall stood the Grange itself, partly an ancient, half-ruined castle, and partly an old, timbered house that had been built in Queen Elizabeth's day.

It belonged to that white-haired master crook, the Professor.

At one corner of the outer wall, an ancient watch-tower still stood. At the top of it was a man—a big, heavy man, with the battered features of a boxer. From where he stood he could see many miles in every direction across the bleak moor. Suddenly he reached into his pocket, drew out a pair of field glasses, and looked out across the flat countryside.

Away to the south, moving along the ribbon of road like a tiny beetle, was a black car. The watcher on the tower looked at it long and carefully. Then he put the glasses away.

"That's the Prof's car, all right!" he told himself, and hurried down the worn stone stairs. At the bottom he came out into a bigger room, built out of the wall itself. In this room was ancient machinery. He started to push a big bar around, like a sailor working a capstan. There was a clicking of heavy ratchets, and in the wall

below him, huge chains began to run out, allowing the centuries-old drawbridge to fall into place across the moat.

A few minutes later the Professor's car arrived, and rolled quietly across the moat, and stopped in the weed-grown courtyard. The Professor got out, and waited while the drawbridge was pulled up again behind him.

The big man joined him as soon as this was done.

"Anything to report, Chuck?"

"No—nobody ain't been around. I ain't seen nobody but one or two locals and the postman who brought your letter since you pushed off a month ago. Did you get what you went for, Prof?"

"I did," the Professor reached into his greatcoat pocket, and pulled out something wrapped in a soft cloth. He uncovered it carefully. It was a little carved figure of a chinaman. "The ivory mandarin, Chuck—mine at last!"

"Cor!" Chuck gaped at the little figure. "I thought you said that Wan Chen's treasure was hidden inside it? Don't look like there's room for anything much to me!"

"Wan Chen's actual treasure isn't here—only the secret of how to find it. And I have the rhyme that is the key to that secret, too!" The Professor returned the ivory mandarin to his pocket. "But we're wasting time, Chuck. You'll find a young

lady in the back of the car. Lift her out."

Chuck opened the door, and lifted out the bound and blindfolded figure of a schoolgirl.

"Who is she, Prof?"

"Wan Chen's daughter, Lotus. I've brought her as a hostage. You can put her in the room in the old Keep. She'll be safe enough there. Untie her, and lock her in. She can shout for help till she's hoarse—nobody will hear her outside these walls."

The two men were walking towards the house, with Chuck carrying the girl. The Professor chuckled.

"Nobody will hear her, because there won't be anyone to hear her. I've fooled them all Chuck! Nobody knows where I am, or where to start looking for me. Soon I'll learn the secret of the ivory mandarin, and then Wan Chen's treasure will be all mine. I've dodged 'em all!"

But he was wrong!

Up in the sky, more than two miles away to the south, was a watcher in a hovering helicopter. It was old Wan Chen himself, who had trailed the Professor all the way on his drive from London. In his day Wan Chen had been the biggest receiver of stolen property in London, and it was this stolen property that made up his treasure.

The Professor and Wan Chen had once been partners in

crime. But twenty-five years ago the Professor had been thought lost when a ship named the *Southern Star* had sunk. It had been a big shock to Wan Chen to find that the Professor was still alive and determined to have the whole of the treasure for himself.

The Professor knew that Wan Chen had hidden his secret in the ivory mandarin, and he had kidnapped the girl to force Wan Chen to part with the little image.

But though the Professor now had both the girl and the ivory mandarin, Wan Chen wasn't beaten. He meant to rescue his daughter, and get the mandarin back before the Professor could learn its secret.

"As soon as coast clear," Wan Chen told the Chinese pilot of the helicopter, "Wan Chen make descent into moated grange. But not yet. Let Professor think all safe. Till then Wan Chen watch like cat at mouse-hole!"

And Wan Chen was not the only person who knew where the Professor was. In the back of the Professor's car, hidden in the luggage-boot, was Bob Harley, the son of Inspector Harley of Scotland Yard!

Bob waited till the sounds of the two men's footsteps had faded away in the distance, and then set about getting out of his dark hiding place.

It wouldn't be safe to open the outer door of the boot, he decided. Someone might be watching from the house. Carefully Bob pushed against the other side of the little space—the side that lay behind the seat-cushions at the back of the car. Yes—as he had thought, the cushions could be lifted out of place, so that the boot could be reached from inside the car. Bob wriggled through, and then peeped from the car windows.

"Phew! This is a rum spot, and no mistake!" he told himself as he saw the ancient mossy walls, and the black timbering of the old building. He could see nobody, and so at last he carefully got out on the side of the car which was towards the blank face of the outer wall.

There was a sort of shallow ditch running along close to this. Bob crouched low in the ditch, and made for a clump of stunted trees which grew between the wall and the side of the grange some fifty yards ahead of him.

Having gained the shelter of these trees, he took another look at the grange itself. From the direction of the footsteps he had heard while he was still in the boot, he felt sure that the Professor and Chuck had taken the girl into this building.

Criss-crossed with Tudor timbering, the side of the grange

WILL HE DISCOVER ITS SECRET AND SO FIND THE HIDDEN TREASURE?

towered above him. Many of its windows were without glass—some had been boarded up. Evidently only some of the rooms were lived in. Bob picked his spot with care, and then made a quick dash across half a dozen yards of open space towards the cover of thick hanging ivy, that half screened a ground-floor window. This window was half broken, and one side of it hung at a crazy angle upon its wrenched hinges.

Bob vaulted the mouldering sill, and stood listening in the gloomy room. The air was heavy with the smell of damp, and the panelled walls were patchy with mould. Keeping close to the wall, in case the floor should be rotten, Bob made for the door. The handle turned with a squawk that made him catch his breath and listen tensely. But no sound came from the other side, and at last Bob ventured to push the thick door open.

He found himself in the great hall of the grange—a huge shadowy room that seemed to vanish upwards into sheer blackness, so high was the ceiling. Age-blackened suits of armour stood around the walls, and a flickering fire burned in a huge open fire-place.

Bob stood in the shadows of the deeply alcoved door, and wondered what to do next. What he should do, he knew, was get in touch with his Dad at Scotland Yard. But how?

No—it looked to Bob very much as if he was going to have to play a lone hand against the Professor. But where was the Professor now?

The sound of feet upon a boarded floor rang out, and Bob pressed close into a patch of black shadow, peering towards the sound, which came from one side of him—the opposite side of the hall from the fire.

His eyes were now more used to the dimness, and he could see the outlines of a broad stairway. Coming down this was Chuck, whom he now saw for the first time. An ugly customer, decided Bob.

Chuck crossed the hall away from Bob, and entered a room which opened off the far side.

"I put the little Chink up in the keep, like you said, Prof!" Bob heard him say. "What now?"

"You'd better give her some food," the Professor replied, "I want her kept alive and well, for she is a valuable hostage, and I may yet have need of her."

"How do you mean?"

"Wan Chen is supposed to be dead, my friend. But I do not think that he is. I think that he arranged it to look as though he died in the fire when his house was burned down, so that both I and the police stop bothering him. I am only guessing—but if Wan Chen is still alive, it may be useful to have his daughter as a hostage, in case I need to bargain with him!"

The Professor had no idea

how close Wan Chen really was!

"I catch on, Prof. Okay—I'll go feed the kid."

"Good. I'll ring if I need you. I am going to study this little carved figure. Its secret should not be too difficult to discover, now that I have the key to it."

Bob had watched Chuck vanish down a gloomy side-passage. Ten minutes later, the ex-pug returned carrying a tray. He made for the stairway and went up. Bob listened tensely as his footsteps died away down a corridor somewhere up there in the gloom, and then cat-footed after him.

Chuck made his way through the passages of the upper floor, until they emerged into open air through a doorway. Bob saw the big man cross the low section of flat roof outside, and vanish again through a doorway in a grey stone tower that he guessed must be the keep. He didn't risk following him across the open space, but kept carefully out of sight behind an ancient chest until Chuck returned. Then when he was safely downstairs again, Bob ventured out onto the roof, and made for the grey tower.

The door was not locked, and inside was a spiral stair, leading upwards. At the top of this stair was a second door. This door was locked.

Bob decided to take a chance, and tapped softly upon the door.

"Who's there?" said a girl's voice.

"A friend!" said Bob softly. "My name's Bob Harley—my Dad's a Scotland Yard detective. Don't worry—we'll get you out of here soon!"

Bob sounded more confident than he felt, for that door was a massive affair, studded with black iron rivets, and securely locked. Without the key, he hadn't a chance of opening it, and Chuck had the key.

"Why have I been kidnapped? What's this all about?" the girl asked. Bob remembered what his father had said—that the girl knew nothing of Wan Chen's shady past. "It's something to do with your father's—er—fortune," he said. "That Professor chap is after it. He thinks that with you as a hostage, he can strike a bargain with your Dad—if he needs to."

"Then my father isn't—isn't—dead?"

"He doesn't think so—but I just don't know," said Bob, feeling rather uncomfortable.

"Are you all right in there?" he ended rather lamely—more to change the subject than anything.

"It's not so bad. There's a bed, and a chair—What are you going to do now, Bob?"

"Try to get hold of the key to this door," said Bob. "The sooner I get it unlocked, the sooner we can get away from here, and fetch help."

"Bob—help may be closer than you think!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just before that big man came up with the food for me. I was looking out of the window, and I saw something very odd!"

"Yes?"

"A man came down from the sky on a parachute! He must be somewhere in the grounds of this place!"

"Gosh!" breathed Bob. "It might be my Dad—I wonder how he traced us here! I'll scout around, and see if I can spot him! Keep your chin up, Lotus—I'll be back!"

Bob had retraced his way to the great hall, when a sudden sound almost made him jump out of his skin.

Somewhere in the Grange a bell jangled loudly. Bob froze in the shadow of the stairway, and waited. A moment later Chuck appeared running from somewhere to the rear.

"Coming, Prof!" Bob remembered that the Professor had said he would ring if he wanted Chuck. That explained the bell.

"What's up?" Chuck left the door of the Professor's room open behind him as he went in.

"I have solved the secret of the ivory mandarin!" For some reason, the Professor's voice was shaking with excitement. "It was very easy!"

Tense with excitement, Bob crept near enough to see into the room. The Professor and Chuck were on the far side, standing over a heavy carved

table. Their backs were turned towards him. Just inside the door, Bob could see the heavy folds of tapestry hanging against the wall. Silently he slipped into the room, and slid into the black shadows between the wall and the heavy hangings.

From there he peered through a slit at the two men.

On the desk stood the ivory mandarin. The Professor had evidently wound it up, for it was clicking away, its little feet moving up and down, as it faced first one way, and then another.

"To read the secret, you must know a rhyme," said the Professor. "It goes like this, 'Four steps there are that tell you where—then seek as deep as final pair.' 'Steps' can only mean the steps which the figure takes when you wind it. So I guessed that I should count the steps. Now see, the steps are in jerky groups. So I must count the first four groups—that's the 'four steps that tell you where'. Now see how the figure faces different ways, one way for the first group—another for the third—but always towards one or other of these four marks around the base. See what I mean?"

"Yes—but where's it all getting us?"

"You'll see in a minute!" The Professor's voice was eager. "These four marks are the Chinese signs for the four points of the compass—North, South, (Continued on next page)

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THE MYSTERY OF THE IVORY MANDARIN

(Continued from page 5)

East and West!"

The Professor wound the little figure up again, and set it down on the table. Bob could see his lips moving as he counted the tiny pattering footsteps.

"That's thirty-four—facing east. Now off it goes again." Another pause followed, as the Professor counted silently. "Twenty-six—still facing east!"

As the figure pattered on, the professor scribbled down the figures on a scrap of paper.

"We'll have to wind it up again, to get the third and fourth numbers!" he said. "But there's the first part of the answer, Thirty-four, Twenty-six east!"

"That sounds like the way sailors give positions at sea," said Chuck.

"That's just what it is—it's what's called a latitude!" said the Professor. "The second pair of figures should give us a longitude, and that'll be exactly where the treasure is hidden!"

At that instant a new voice broke into the conversation.

"Old friend right in all guesses!"

The new voice was Wan

Chen's!

Bob nearly gave himself away with a gasp of surprise. Wan Chen was standing in the doorway, close beside him.

In Wan Chen's hand was a gun, pointed unwaveringly at Chuck and the Professor.

"Please to raise hands in usual manner!" said Wan Chen blandly, taking a step forward into the room, "Wan Chen now hold whip hand. . . ."

That was as far as he got. Bob saw the Professor's foot move, as though he were kicking something on the floor.

The rug under Wan Chen's feet suddenly collapsed in the centre, and Wan Chen dropped

feet first into a hole that yawned open below it.

His gun went off with a bang, and Chuck gave a yelp of pain. Wan Chen's free hand flailed wildly, snatching for something solid to hold onto as he fell.

At the last instant, as the chinaman vanished into the gaping hole, his clutching fingers caught at the tapestry behind which Bob was hidden.

The tapestry tore from the wall, in a cloud of choking dust, and Bob found himself suddenly face to face with the sinister Professor!

Whatever will Bob do? Don't miss the thrills in next week's gripping instalment!

OUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HERE it is again, Engine Spotters—your own Club page with lots more members' numbers printed below. If you see yours—that's the one on the back of your Club Album—printed in this list, then there is a present waiting for you!

110,906	1,466	162,834	132,684	90,364
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53,517	7,611	157,711	123,285	63,678
5,715	100,466	32,583	126,086	115,976
78,791	56,689	140,681	92,593	196,378
17,293	163,991	99,393	30,891	156,598
103,817	146,878	25,991	125,695	168,958
64,891	194,789	79,656	62,181	186,557
165,617	84,789	108,709	154,984	14,214
160,667	128,247	20,596	178,511	12,195
198,615	56,218	77,813	119,712	187,811
42,381	174,798	50,498	138,186	28,581
18,866	48,294	191,256	72,396	176,518
159,491	69,356	46,273	117,398	886
121,285	10,786	189,516	74,911	184,296
130,718	23,446	93,466	39,541	60,919
150,626	47,683	7,068	27,681	113,362
71,314	156,491	41,292	63,396	129,367
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106,602	58,691	144,469	161,162	97,485

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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 marked "For Official Use" in your Album, and at the same time make sure that you have filled in your name and full address on the membership page. Then, on a separate sheet of paper, write which story, character or picture-story you like best in COMET—and also, in a few words, say why.

Slip both Album and piece of paper in an envelope—stamped with a 2d. stamp, addressed to:

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CLUB CORNER

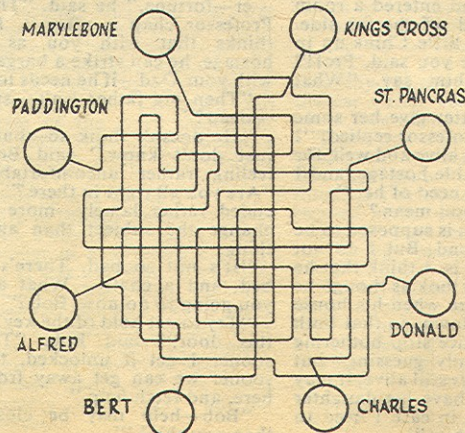
RAILWAY QUIZ

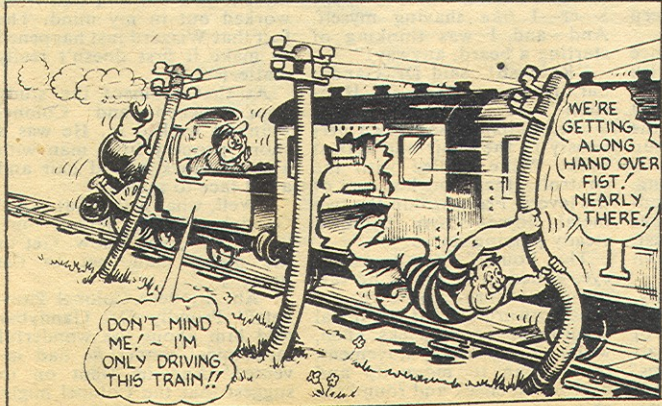
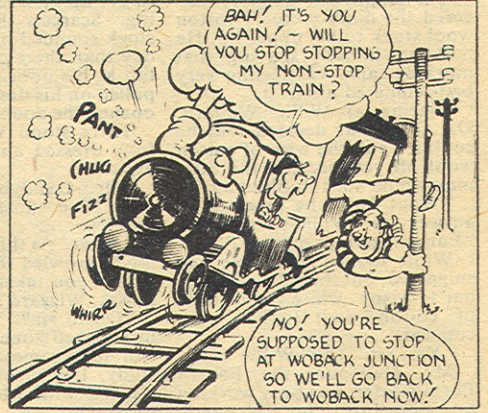
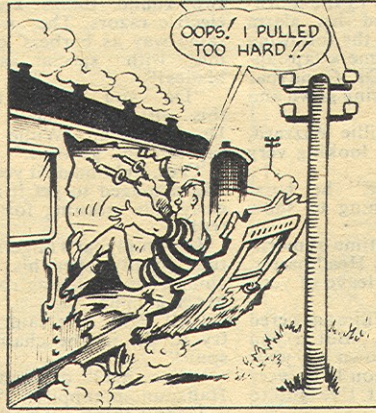
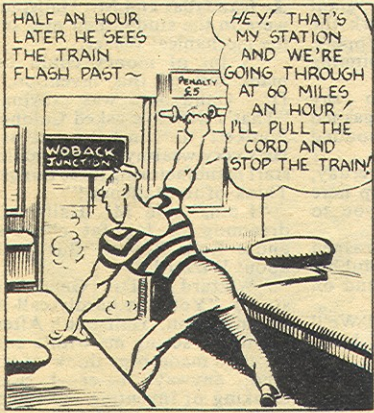
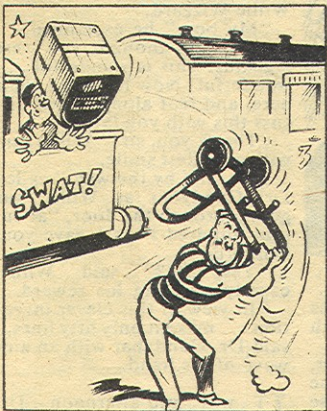
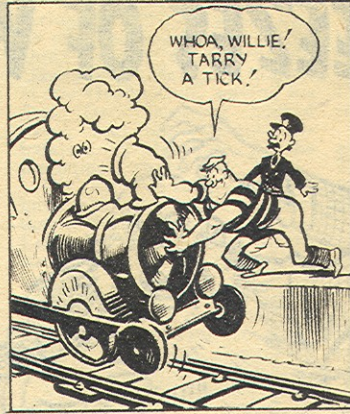
Alfred, Bert, Charles and Donald are four members of the Engine Spotters Club, and they have got a day off from school. They are each going to go "spotting", one at Paddington, one at Marylebone, one at King's Cross and the other at St. Pancras.

Can you tell which boy is going to which station?

SOLUTION

Alfred to King's Cross; Bert to St. Pancras; Charles to Marylebone; and Donald to Paddington.





THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



"Grrr!" screamed the Colonel furiously. "Now I've got no hair on my head and a beard on my chin!"

"WIZZARD!" snapped Dr. Gandybar. "Take a hundred lines!"

Willie Wizzard sat up indignantly in his desk.

"What for, sir?" he gasped. Dr. Gandybar gingerly fingered the fluffy piece of cotton wool stuck to his upper lip. He had cut himself shaving that morning, and was feeling very bad-tempered about it.

Glaring at Willie Wizzard, Dr. Gandybar decided that he couldn't pull the wisp of cotton wool off yet, because the little nick would start to bleed again.

"What for?" he repeated in answer to Willie's question.

"For sniggering, my boy!"

Willie looked glum. He had sniggered, but then, Dr. Gandybar's wispy white moustache of cotton wool looked very comical.

"Yes, sir," said Willie sadly.

Mr. Halfspun, the Fourth Form master, was busy working on some of the school accounts, and Dr. Gandybar himself was taking the class for lessons that morning.

"Now!" snapped Dr. Gandybar, glaring round with an eagle eye. "We'll see what you know about history. A most interesting subject."

Willie did not think that history was interesting but as the lesson went on his brain was busy. Dr. Gandybar's cut lip had given him an idea. The boy inventor's bulging forehead seemed to bulge more than ever as he thought it over.

That afternoon was a half-holiday, and Willie could hardly wait to get out of the class-room when the morning lessons were over. He spent the rest of the day hard at work in his little

workshop behind the boiler house, and when he went to bed that night there was a happy gleam in his eyes behind the huge glasses that he wore.

It was Dr. Gandybar's custom to get up at seven in the morning. Scarcely had his alarm clock sounded on the following day than there came a tap-tap at his door. Dr. Gandybar pulled on his dressing gown and opened the door.

There stood Willie Wizzard, fully dressed and looking very excited.

"Dr. Gandybar," he burst out, "I've something to show you!"

"What? At this time of morning?" growled the Headmaster. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Wizzard?"

"Oh no, sir?" Willie answered in shocked tones. "But if you will just come down to your study, I'm sure you'll be very pleased with what I've got to show you!"

Dr. Gandybar drew a deep breath.

"Very well," he said. "Since you're so sure of yourself, I'll come. But if this is some joke, Wizzard. . . !" He left the threat unfinished. On the way to the study, they met Mr. Halfspun on his way to the bathroom.

"You'd better come along, Halfspun," said the Headmaster. "Wizzard here has something to show us—at least, I hope he has, for his own sake!"

When they entered the study, both the masters stopped short and blinked. In the middle of the floor was a big padded chair on wheels. Two tubular arms, each jointed in two places, rose up on either side of the chair,

and at the end of each arm was a dome-shaped affair which looked like a very fine sieve.

"It's my mechanical shaver, sir!" said Willie proudly. "The works are in the back, and these two round things are giant electric razors. They work the same way as barbers' clippers, but with special spinning blades!"

"Do you mean to say this will shave me?" gasped Dr. Gandybar. Willie nodded eagerly, and grinned.

"Yes, sir! I made it yesterday, and managed to get it up here early this morning for you to try!"

Dr. Gandybar's fingers rasped thoughtfully over his stubby chin. Then he swung round on Mr. Halfspun.

"All right," he said. "We'll try it. Sit in the chair, Halfspun!"

"Who, me?" demanded Mr. Halfspun unhappily. "Oh—er—I don't think I'll bother, sir. I—er—I like shaving myself. And—and I was thinking of starting a beard, anyway!"

"Rubbish!" said Dr. Gandybar, frowning. "Get in, Halfspun!"

Mr. Halfspun sat down nervously in the chair and leaned back. Willie fiddled with the controls, then touched one of the levers. From within the two metal domes there came a steady purring sound.

The Fourth Form master's eyes rolled in terror as he saw the jointed arms move in and bend forward so that the metal domes touched his cheeks. Then, with a gentle rocking movement, they began to move up and down each cheek and round the chin.

Two minutes later Willie switched off. The jointed arms moved back, and Mr. Halfspun rose. He was feeling his chin, and there was a look of wonder in his eyes.

"It's a perfect shave!" he cried in amazement. "Smooth as a milk bottle! I wouldn't have believed it!"

Having seen Mr. Halfspun safely shaved, Dr. Gandybar was ready to try the mechanical shaver himself, and in another couple of minutes the job was done. He stood feeling his close-shaved cheeks and beaming at Willie Wizzard.

"My boy," he exclaimed, "I have always thought you were a genius. This is wonderful. . . wonderful! Now leave the chair here, and trot along. I will discuss this with you later."

"Thank you, sir!" Willie said with a modest smile.

"Oh, and by the way," called Dr. Gandybar as Willie was going through the door, "about that hundred lines I gave you, Wizzard—"

"Yes, sir?" said Willie, eagerly awaiting his reward.

"In view of this clever invention. . . make it only fifty lines," said Dr. Gandybar with an airy wave of his hand.

IT was mid-afternoon. Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfspun were in the study, their eyes on the mechanical shaver.

"A lot of money could be made out of this invention," Dr. Gandybar was saying. "That's why I've asked Colonel Plunkett to come to see us. He's very wealthy, and he could start manufacturing these things. Think of it, Halfspun!"

"I am," said Mr. Halfspun, dreaming of big fat cheques and a Rolls Royce. "But what about Wizzard?"

"Wizzard?" Dr. Gandybar stared. "You can hardly call it his invention, Halfspun! After all, it was seeing me with a cut lip that made him think of it. And, anyway, I—er—I was thinking of inventing the thing myself, you know. I had it all worked out in my mind. The fact that Wizzard just happened to make it first doesn't really matter!"

At that moment the study door opened and Colonel Plunkett walked in. He was a short, peppery little man with a thick shock of red hair and a red face to match.

"Well, what is it, what is it," Gandybar?" he jerked out. "Busy man, you know. Get to the point, man, get to the point!"

"Ah, my dear Colonel Plunkett!" Proudly Dr. Gandybar told him about the wonderful mechanical shaver he had invented! And he went on to suggest that the Colonel might put up the money to open a

TILL IT SHAVES THE COLONEL'S HEAD AND THE BUTTONS OFF THE HEAD'S WAISTCOAT!

factory to make lots more shavers.

"Try it yourself, my dear sir," he ended, pushing the Colonel into the chair. "Both Halfspin and I can assure you that it is perfectly safe!"

With a grunt, the Colonel settled himself and leaned back. Dr. Gandybar went round to the back and gazed at the controls.

"Do you know how to work it?" Mr. Halfspin whispered anxiously.

"Of course I do!" muttered the Headmaster, "I watched Wizzard most carefully. Just leave it to me. Now then . . ."

He pressed a lever, and with a whirr the machinery started. The metal domes closed in upon Colonel Plunkett—and then there came a startled yell!

"Gandybar! Stop, you block-head!" roared the Colonel, his legs kicking fiercely. The domes had closed in upon his head, and were swiftly mowing down his thatch of red hair! His struggles were hopeless, for the metal arms holding the two shavers were far too strong to be pushed away!

"Oh! Ah! Hm! Now let me see," burred Dr. Gandybar desperately. He twiddled a knob here and there, but it made no difference. Then at last his hand touched a switch and the whirr of machinery ceased.

Panting and breathless, Colonel Plunkett rose from the chair.

He was now the possessor of a gleaming bald head with not a single hair upon it! Dr. Gandy-

bar backed away nervously.

"Perhaps I should thank you for leaving me my ears!" snarled the Colonel.

"W-w-wait!" gasped the Headmaster desperately. "Just a silly mistake, Colonel! I'll put things right. Halfspin—go and get Wizzard. And hurry!"

TEN minutes had gone by, and Willie was rushing down the corridor towards the study. He had already been there once, to inspect the damage that his machine had done in Dr. Gandybar's hands.

Now, as he hurried along, he was holding a basin of liquid which he had brought from his workshop.

"My Wizzard Wonder Hair-restorer should do the trick!" Willie gasped as he trotted along. "Crumbs! Poor old Colonel Plunkett! But it just serves Dr. Gandybar right!"

The Colonel was sitting in a chair—not the shaving chair—when Willie burst into the room.

"Here it is, sir!" Willie cried "Now . . . whoops!" He tripped over the rug, and the basin of liquid shot over Colonel Plunkett's angry face.

"Ugh! Pfoo!" spluttered the Colonel. Willie babbled apologies, and Dr. Gandybar looked frantic. For a minute or two there was chaos in the room, and then Colonel Plunkett felt his chin. A luxuriant beard of red hair was steadily growing there! Willie Wizzard's Hair-restorer had worked all right, but in the wrong place!

"Grrr!" screamed the Colonel furiously. "Now I've got no hair on my head and a beard on my chin! This is all your fault, Gandybar!" He flung himself at the Headmaster, waving his fists. Dr. Gandybar backed away, and was caught off-balance by the back of the mechanical shaver.

His feet rose in the air, and he toppled into the chair upside-down. With a gleam in his eye, Colonel Plunkett leapt at the controls and pulled every lever in sight.

Whirr-whirr-whirr! The metal domes seemed to go mad! They raced up and down the struggling Dr. Gandybar, shaving all the buttons off his waistcoat.

Then the Colonel twisted another knob, and the metal arms carrying the domes began to wave up and down, beating a smart tattoo on the seat of Dr. Gandybar's trousers.

"Arrgh! Help! Stop it!" yelled the luckless Headmaster. Willie shouldered the Colonel aside and switched off the current.

"Ha!" snorted Colonel Plunkett grimly. "Tit-for-tat, eh? That'll teach you to play tricks on me, Gandybar. As for you, young man—" He swung round on Willie Wizzard . . . but Willie had gone.

Already the schoolboy inventor was on his way back to his workshop, to mix up some more hair restorer.

"Oh, crumbs! What a mess!" he muttered.

"Anyway, old Plunkett can shave off his beard, so that's no

trouble. And my Hair-restorer will bring back his hair in no time. I'll mix up a big bottle-full for him. But I don't think I'd better give it to him personally. I'll send it by post. I shall feel safer that way!"

In the study, Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfspin were alone. The Colonel, with his hat down low on his head, had stalked out breathing threats about what would happen if he didn't receive a bottle of Willie's Hair-restorer by the next morning.

Mr. Halfspin surveyed the mechanical shaver gloomily.

"It's a pity your invention didn't work out quite right, sir," he said with a sorrowful shake of his head. "You would soon have been a millionaire."

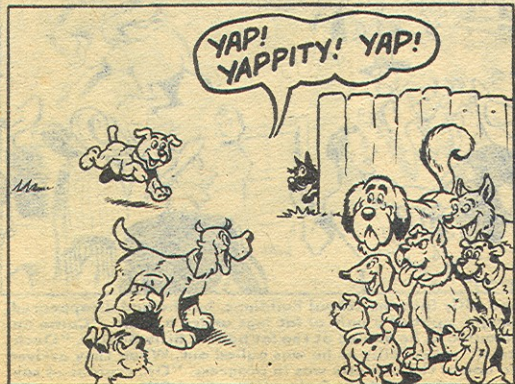
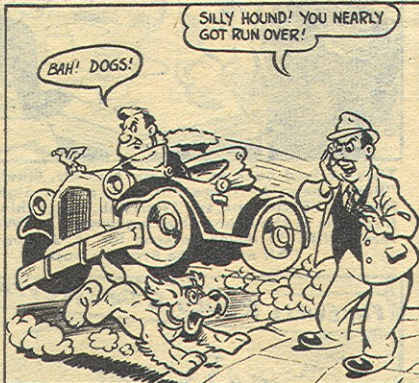
"My invention?" Dr. Gandybar almost choked as he screamed the words. "How dare you call it my invention, Halfspin! Just wait till I get my hands on young Wizzard. Why, I'll . . . I'll . . ."

"I don't suppose you'll do anything, sir," put in Mr. Halfspin. "Not if you want Wizzard to calm Colonel Plunkett down by sending him some Hair-restorer! Wizzard is the only one who knows how to make it!"

Dr. Gandybar's jaw dropped, and he gaped blankly. For several seconds he could not speak. Then:

"I suppose you're right, Halfspin," he said wearily.

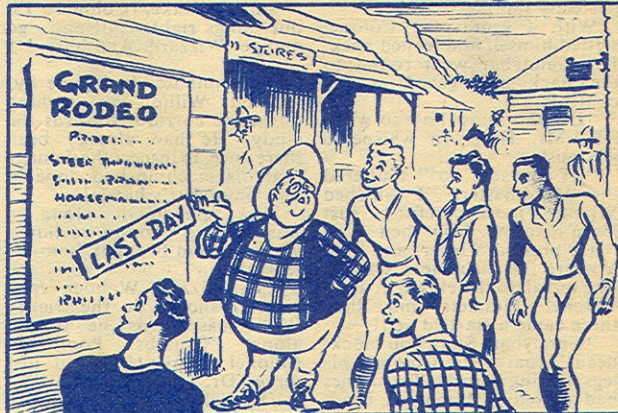
Next week Willie invents a wonderful gadget for seeing round corners! Don't miss the fun!



BILLY BUNTER OUT WEST



The boys of Greyfriars, who had changed places with the pupils from Pinto Valley School, were busy packing for their return to England. "Look at that fat Owl," said Harry Wharton, grinning. "He's stuffing all the grub he can into his trunk." Bob Cherry laughed and asked Billy where the picnic was. "Don't be a beast, Cherry," snorted Billy. "I may need a snack on the way."



Billy stopped to look at a Rodeo notice while he was in town with some of the boys. "What a pity the horse riding events are over," he said. "I feel quite fit now." "You're a fat fraud," said Harry. "Really, Cherry," said Billy. "If I hadn't had such a large meal yesterday I'd have won all the events." Bob suddenly had an idea. "I say, Harry," he whispered, "the bucking bronco contest hasn't finished."



"Come on," said Harry, "we'll enter his name for it." When they explained to the cowboys what their idea was, they agreed to find a fairly quiet horse for Billy to ride. "Say," grinned an old-timer, "I ain't sure that there's a hoss strong enough to buck with him in the saddle." They all laughed at this. "Come on!" said Bob. "We'll break the 'good' news to Bunter! What a lark we'll have!"



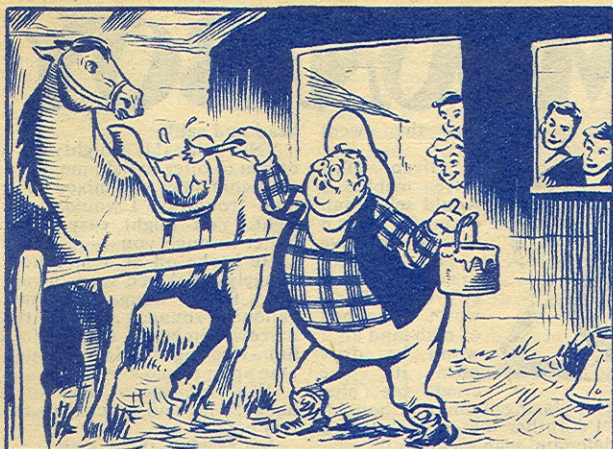
They arrived back in time for tea. Mr. Quelch tapped on the table. "Boys," he said, "there will be no prep tonight so you may attend the Rodeo." "Excuse me, sir," said Bob, "but I think you'd like to know that Bunter is in the bronco busting contest." "What—here, I say," spluttered Billy. "I never entered for it. Anyway, they've all finished." "All except the broncho busting," laughed Bob.



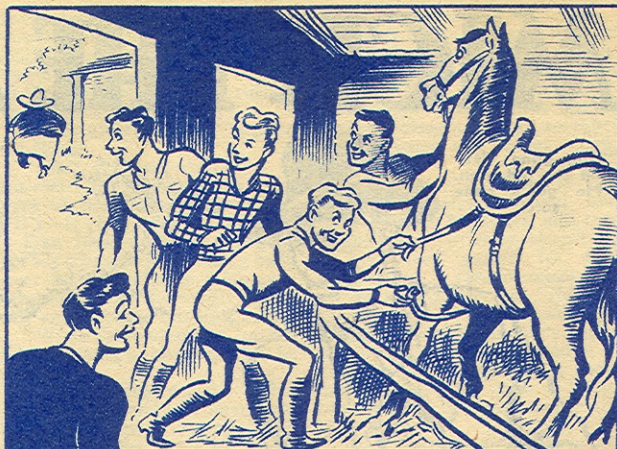
"Well, Bunter, this is indeed a surprise," said Mr. Quelch, smiling. "I had no idea you were a horseman." "I'm not a horseman—I mean—er—that is—well, I don't usually talk about it, sir." Billy gave Bob a look that was meant to kill. "Well, Bunter, I shall most certainly come and watch you," said Mr. Quelch. "Er, oh lor—I mean, thank you, sir." When Billy had finished his tea he made a hasty departure.



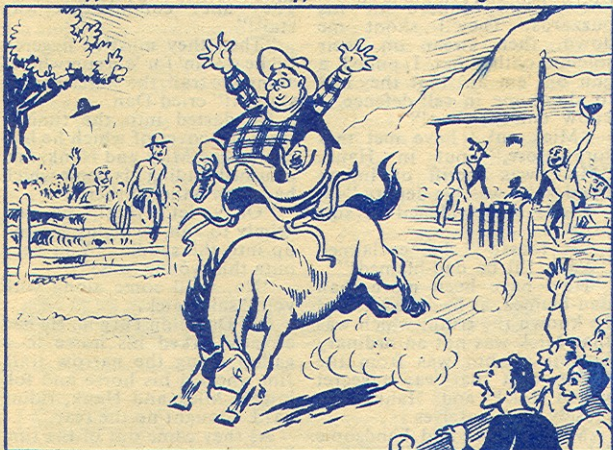
They followed Billy into the school buildings, but he had disappeared. Then Bob caught sight of a pair of fat legs under a table. "Come on, chaps!" he shouted as he hauled at the fat bulk of Billy Bunter. "Ouch! leggo!—beasts!" yelled Billy as he was pulled out. When they arrived at the Rodeo one of the contests was in progress. "Oh, crumbs—I say, you chaps, I don't feel well!" yelped Billy.



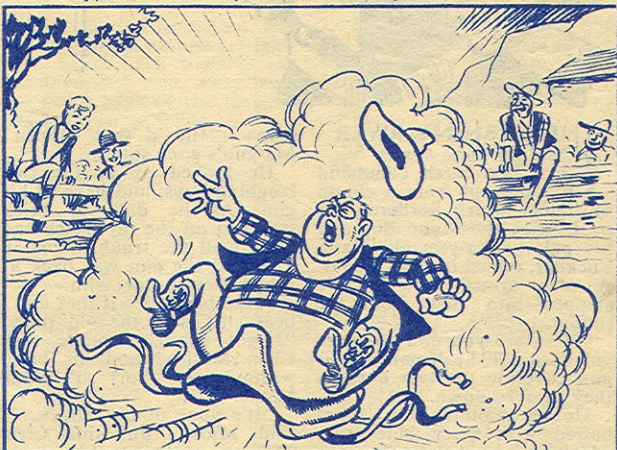
"Don't worry, old fat man," said Bob. "All you've got to do is to keep your seat. 'Oh lor!' moaned Billy. Then Billy had a bright idea. Seeing a pot of glue, he grabbed it and made for the stalls where his horse was. Taking the glue, he spread a thick layer of it on the saddle. 'Tee hee!' giggled Billy to himself. 'I'll show those rotters.' Bob and Harry, who had followed Billy, watched him through the window.



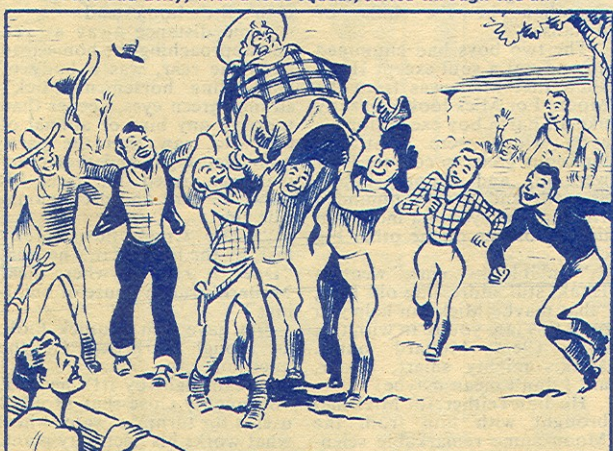
When Billy left the stall they went inside. "He certainly put enough glue on the saddle," said Bob, laughing. "Yes," said Harry, grinning. "He must be a real 'stickler' for horse riding." Bob had an idea. "If I undo one of the straps holding the saddle," he said, "he won't be such a 'stickler' for the horse as the saddle." Chuckling, he unfastened the strap, and then they made their way to watch the contest.



When the time came for Billy to enter the arena all the boys from Greyfriars were there to watch. "Good old Bunter!" they cried, as Billy, mounted on a bronco, came charging into the arena. The horse didn't seem to like the weight of Billy, so he leaped into the air and came down with his legs stiff. With a "TWANG" the other strap broke and Billy, with a loud squeal, sailed through the air.



Billy sailing through the air was really something to see. His legs and arms flailed about and the saddle remained attached to him. With a loud thump, Billy hit the ground in a cloud of dust. "Yarooch!" he yelled. Everybody cheered, for he had 'stuck' in his saddle longer than anyone else. But Billy wasn't interested in that, he was too sore to get up. The saddle, still being stuck to him, made it worse.



"Good old Bunter!" roared the crowd. "Three cheers for Bunter." "Ow—beasts!" yelled Billy as they picked him up. "Leggo, you rotters!" But the tough cowboys soon had Billy high above their heads, and you have to be very tough to carry Billy Bunter. They chaired him high in the air and carried him out of the arena. Bob and Harry followed behind, laughing until they were red in the face.

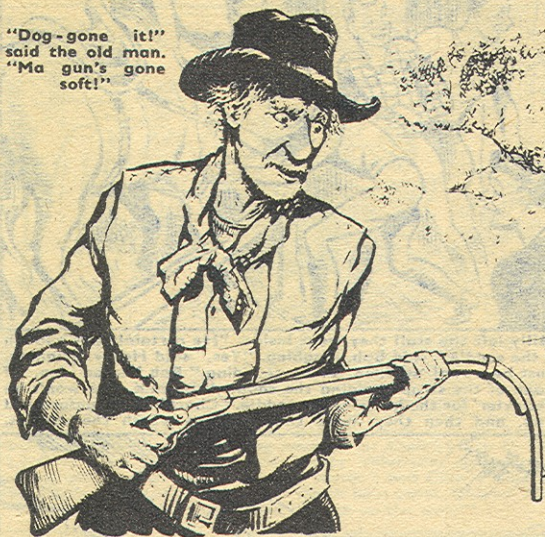


When they got Billy back to the school they managed to get the saddle unstuck, and when Billy realised that he had won the contest there was no holding him. "I told you fellows I could ride!" he boasted. "Well done, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch during the huge meal that followed the Rodeo. "Er—oh, it was nothing, sir!" said Billy, who thought that perhaps, after all, it has been worth it.

Next week: Back to Greyfriars, with Billy boasting of his deeds in the Wild, Wild West!

MICK THE MOON BOY

"Dog-gone it!"
said the old man.
"Ma gun's gone
soft!"



THE BURNING RIVER

GET off those hosses!" The harsh command rang out from a clump of timber which bordered the trail. Mick the Moon Boy and his pal, twelve-year-old Hank Luckner, reined in their horses. A man armed with a rifle stepped into view from the timber.

"Who are yuh and where're yuh headin'?" he demanded, his gun covering the two boys as they climbed down.

He was an oldish man, white-haired with fierce blue eyes, which were hard and suspicious as he stared at the two boys.

"Names are Hank and Mick," said the Moon Boy pleasantly. "We're heading for the railroad at Albasca."

"That's sixty miles an' more on," said the man, still keeping them covered. "You gotta long ride. Where're you from?"

"Indian Bend," said Mick. "Sure you ain't with Clem Mollard's outfit?" demanded the man suspiciously.

"Quite sure," said Mick. "We've never even heard of him."

Hank looked sharply at Mick, for he thought he heard the hint of a chuckle in his voice. Then he saw that in one of Mick's hands was a slim silver tube, like a little torch, which was pointed straight at the old chap's gun.

Hank guessed that Mick was up to some of his Moon-magic, and he wasn't wrong, for all of a sudden a strange thing happened to the old man's gun.

The barrel seemed to go limp, and it sagged down at the end just as if it was made of putty!

Mick and Hank roared with laughter at the old man's dismay.

"Dog-gone it!" said the old

fellow. "How'd that happen? Ma gun's gone soft!"

He looked up at the two laughing boys, and back at his gun. As he did so, Mick switched off the ray which had caused all the trouble, and in a second the gun was back as it had been to start with.

"Dad-blame it—if that don't beat all!" said the old timer.

"I got enough trouble with Clem Mollard and his boys, without this sort o' thing happening!"

"It's none of our business," said Mick. "But this Clem Mollard outfit you're talking about. Are they pushing you around?"

"They're tryin' to," said the old man bitterly. "They're aimin' to run me right off'n my land an' they're comin' sometime today to do it. That's why I'm watchin' the trail. I aim to fight."

"I should think so, too!" agreed Mick heartily, for he liked the look of the white-haired old-timer. "But why do they want to run you off your land?"

"It's becoss of the water," explained the old man. "White Creek, what waters Mollard's cattle, starts on my land. She comes from an underground lake or sumthin'. Anyways, she starts on my land and Mollard figgers he wants control of the water for his cattle."

"Who exactly is this Mollard, anyway?" asked Mick.

"He owns the Bar Y ranch," replied the old man. "You're on the northern border of his range now. It's a mighty big outfit. But he ain't content with that. He aims to git hisself mah bit of land, as well. Gittin' control of the water is just an excuse."

He paused a moment, frown-

ing, then went on:

"Given a fair price, mebbe I would sell. Mah name's Dan Dobbs an' I've allus acted straight with ev'rybody. But I won't be robbed of mah land an' I won't be druv off'n it?" he cried, his blue



eyes blazing at the very thought. "I'd ruther die in mah boots, defendin' mah property!"

"And is that likely to happen?" asked Mick. "That you might die in your boots, I mean?"

"It sure is!" cried Dan. "I know Clem Mollard an' his buzzards. They'll shoot me down, then swear on their solemn oaths that I pulled a gun on 'em an' that they had to shoot me in self-defence. I know 'em, cuss 'em!"

"Mick an' I have met that sort afore," put in Hank. "Mick was sheriff of Indian Bend an' I was his deputy."

Dan's eyes widened in surprise.

"Is thasso?" he exclaimed "Waal, I'll be dad-blamed!"

He'd have been more than dad-blamed, as he called it. Had he known the truth, which was that Mick was not an ordinary boy at all but was from the Moon. But that was a secret which Mick and Hank kept closely to themselves.

Mick, a slim and handsome boy of sixteen years of age, had landed on the Earth from a Flying Saucer, which had crashed near the lonely little shack where Hank had lived with his grown-up sister and Grandma in the hills of Arkansas.

The two boys had chummed up and not a soul except Hank knew that Mick was from the Moon. For Mick looked exactly like an Earth boy except for his eyes, which were a strange luminous green in colour. They were big and almond-shaped as well, and always reminded Hank of the eyes of a mountain lion or of one of the other big cats.

"An' it looks to me," went on Hank, still addressing old Dan, "that maybe Mick kin help you outa this jam you're in with this hyar Clem Mollard outfit. Mick's mighty smart, mister, an' I don't mean maybe!"

He didn't either, for Mick had brought with him from the Moon some remarkable scientific gadgets which he had been able to use with great success against the bandits, gunmen and other crooked characters whom he and Hank had already met.

Old Dan, however, knew nothing of this. He shook his

head and said:

"No, kiddos! It's mighty good of you to offer to help me, but I ain't gonna hev you mixed up in mah troubles. 'T'wouldn't be right. You might easy git a bullet through you—"

He broke off as a mounted, straggly-whiskered man in ragged, faded dungarees came galloping round a bend in the narrow, timbered trail behind him. Hearing the rider coming, Dan spun round.

"It's Jim, one o' mah hired hands!" he said quickly to the two boys.

Jim reached them, reined his horse in nearly to its haunches, and cried:

"Say, Dan, them Mollard buzzards is ridin' in acrost the flats from t'other direction. They ain't comin' this way at all!"

"Then they must've figgered I'd be waitin' for 'em sumwheres along the trail, the yaller-livered skunks!" cried Dan.

He darted into the timber, from the cover of which he had challenged Mick and Hank, and returned leading his horse which had been tethered there.

"Okay, let's ride!" he said grimly to Jim, swinging himself up into the saddle. "You keep outa this, young 'uns!"

"No, we'll come along with you," said Mick.

Old Dan didn't argue. He had already jerked his horse to a gallop along the narrow trail. Jim wheeled his horse and followed. Mick and Hank, riding hard, brought up the rear.

As they came out of the timber, the two boys saw the shining waters of White Creek about a mile away. Near the bank of the creek, standing amid lush pasturage, were the house and out-buildings of Dan's little homestead.

Some distance away as yet, and approaching the homestead from the rear, was a body of hard-riding horsemen. Mick's strange green eyes, keener than those of any bird or animal of the wild, saw that the party numbered eight and that every man was armed. He urged his horse forward and drew alongside Jim.

"White Creek flows pretty fast, by the look of it," he said. "Does it run anywhere near Mollard's ranch house or buildings?"

Jim gave him a quick look, as though surprised by the question.

"Yeah, right by it!" he said. "So mighty close that Mollard uses it for turnin' a water wheel what works his lectricity plant. Whaffor you want to know?"

"I'm just interested, that's all," said Mick. "Dan's been telling me about the trouble he's havin' with Mollard."

"Yeah, an' this is gonna be the show-down!" said Jim

HE SELLS A RIVER WHICH CATCHES FIRE!

grimly.

"Is Clem Mollard with that bunch?" asked Mick, staring towards the Bar Y riders, who by this time were very close to the homestead.

"Naw!" sneered Jim. "I've bin lookin'. He's too clever to be in on any shootin'. Too yaller, as well. That guy in front yonder's his foreman Al Hicks, the meanest snake between here and the Mexican border."

Al Hicks looked it. Mick and Hank saw that when they, Dan and Jim reached the buildings and reined in less than a score of paces from the Bar Y party, who had halted their horses. For Al Hicks was a long, lean, rangy man, with cunning little eyes and a thin, tight-lipped mouth.

"You know why we're here, Dobbs!" he said harshly to old Dan. "This is your last chance to git off'n this land, I'm warning you." He grinned evilly. "If you refuse, reck'n your buildings is kinda liable to catch on fire and if you poke that musket of yours in this direction reck'n some of us is gonna git that skeered that we'll shoot in self-defence."

"I'll shoot the fust coyote what puts a match to them buildin's!" roared old Dan. "Then yuh'll git me. I knows that. But afore I go, I'll take a few of yuh with me!"

As though he wasn't interested in the scene, Mick had

turned his horse and ridden it at walking pace to the bank of the fast-flowing creek a few yards away. Al Hicks and his men took not the slightest notice of him. They were watching Dan, their hands on their guns, the whole bunch of them eager and expectant for the first hostile move Dan might make with his rifle.

"I'm giving you just one minit to make up your mind, you old fool!" said Al Hicks harshly. "One minit, then we fire the buildin's an' run you off of here by force!"

He yanked out the twin guns at his belt. His men pulled theirs. Jim grabbed the barrel of old Dan's rifle.

"I ain't a coward, Dan!" he cried desperately. "But cain't you see they're jus' waiting for you to point this gun at 'em? Land's sake Dan, don't start no shootin'!"

"Leggo!" yelled old Dan, struggling furiously to wrench the rifle from Jim's grasp. "Leggo, durn yuh!"

But Jim didn't let go and, in that same moment, one of Al Hicks's men flung out a pointing hand and yelled:

"Look! Lookee thar!" Al Hicks was looking, so were the rest of his men; the whole bunch of them staring in open-mouthed amazement at the fast-flowing waters of the creek.

For the waters were on fire! Yes, right there in front of

their awe-stricken eyes White Creek was burning; a long and swiftly-moving river of roaring flame leaping high into the air as the blazing waters rushed along between the banks.

"It—it ain't possible!" gasped Al Hicks.

"Ain't it?" croaked one of his men still staring with bulging eyes at the amazing spectacle.

"It's—it's happenin', anyways!" Dan had stopped wrestling for his rifle and was glaring back over his shoulder in wide-eyed amazement at the swiftly-flowing and fiercely burning creek.

"What the—what the 'tarnation thunder's happened?" he gasped.

Hank, sitting on his horse beside him, couldn't have told him just what it was that had happened. But what he could have told him was that he was pretty certain that Mick the Moon Boy must have used some of his amazing scientific knowledge to fire the waters of the creek.

Mick had dismounted and was leading his plunging, frightened horse back towards the dumbfounded men, away from the fierce heat of the leaping, roaring river of flame.

"The creek flows past your ranch buildings, doesn't it?" he asked the gaping Al Hicks.

"Yeah, she does!" said the foreman.

"Pretty close past?" asked Mick.

"Mighty close!"

"Then that's going to be just too bad for you and Clem Mollard and the whole bunch of you, isn't it?" said Mick pleasantly. "Your ranch buildings are almost certain to take on fire when the flames reach them."

With a startled shout to his men, Al Hicks wheeled his horse, dug in his spurs, and the whole bunch of them set off at a breakneck gallop for the distant Bar Y ranch houses.

"Waal, that's got rid o' them!" said old Dan hoarsely. "Reck'n they wanna save their buildings. But I'm blamed if I know what's makin' that thar creek burn. Fust time in mah life that I've knowed watter to burn!"

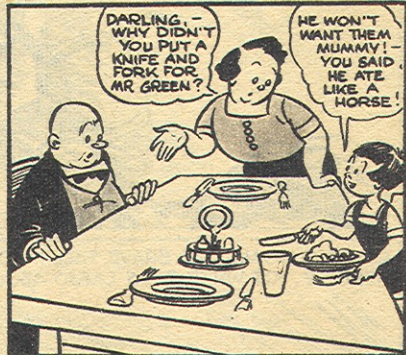
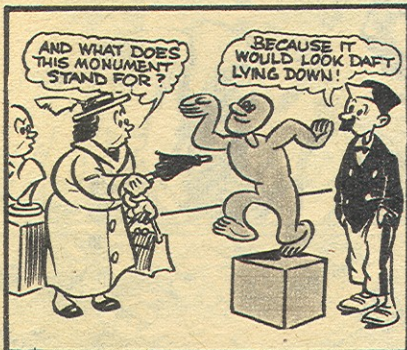
Hank looked at Mick, who gave him a grin and a wink. Jim, seeing nothing of this, flung out a pointing hand towards where a dense column of billowing black smoke was rising away in the distance and cried:

"See yonder! Them's the Bar Y buildin's. They're on fire already. Wonder what Clem Mollard'll hev to say about the crazy an' plum marvellous way the creek's actin'?"

They learned that within a very short time. For, smoke-begrimed and his eyes nearly starting out of his head, Mollard came along at a breakneck gallop followed by two of his

(Continued on page 18)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



KIT CARSON TAKES THE WAR PATH!

KIT CARSON, THE FAMOUS WESTERN SCOUT, AND HIS INDIAN PAL, 'POSSUM, HAVE GOT A VERY DANGEROUS JOB. THEY HAVE TO TAKE A MESSAGE TO FORT FOREMOST TELLING THEM ABOUT SOME SECRET DUMPS OF GUNS, WHICH A SCHEMING HALF-BREED NAMED DUCLOS MEANS TO SELL TO THE INDIANS.

BUT THE COUNTRY THEY ARE GOING THROUGH IS THICK WITH CHIPPEWA AND MOHAWK INDIANS, WHO ARE ON THE WAR-PATH.

KIT AND 'POSSUM FIND THE FIRST DUMP OF GUNS ON TOMAHAWK ISLAND, AND MANAGE TO DESTROY THEM BY ROLLING ROCKS DOWN UPON THEM AS THE INDIANS TAKE THE GUNS AWAY IN CANOES. NOW KIT IS IN DEADLY DANGER. ~ ~



I GUESS WE MADE A GOOD JOB OF THAT, 'POSSUM! WE'VE SUNK THE LOT!

BUT BEHIND KIT IS NOT 'POSSUM, BUT ONE OF THE ENEMY INDIANS.



KIT! LOOK OUT! DANGER!
PALEFACE DIE!

'POSSUM COMES HURLING IN ~ ~



WHAT THE HECK ~ ~ ?

SWEEPING IN LIKE A WHIRLWIND, 'POSSUM SWINGS THE BRAVE AROUND, ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.



CHIPPEWA DOG! YOU SHALL NOT KILL CARSON!



DIE, YOU DOG!
'POSSUM! WATCH OUT!

AS 'POSSUM AND THE BRAVE FALL INTO SPACE, STILL GRAPPLING FIERCELY, KIT WHIRLS HIS LASSO ABOUT HIS HEAD.



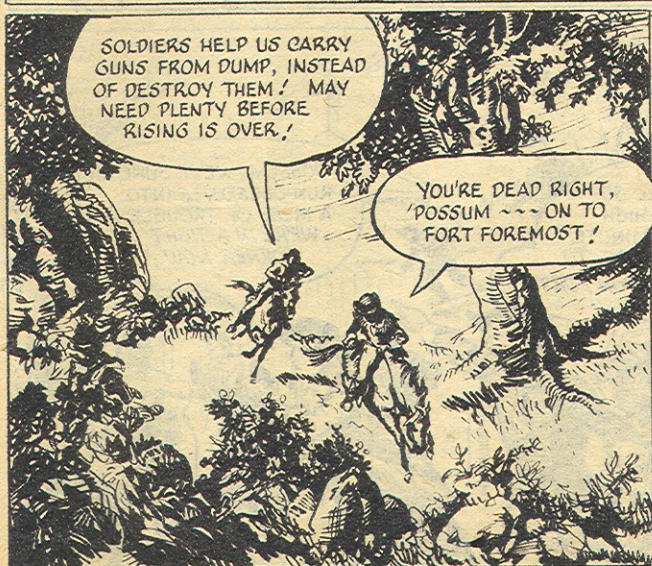
AAAAAGH!

HERE'S HOPING!

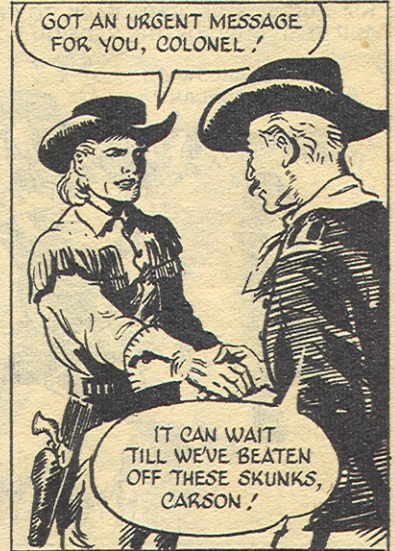
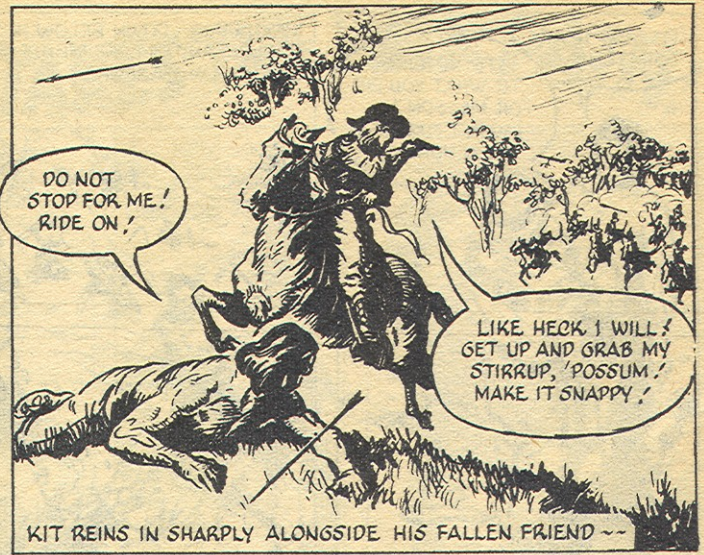


GOT HIM! THAT WAS A MILLION TO ONE CHANCE, BY HOKEY!

HAVE YOU LOOKED TO SEE IF YOU WILL RECEIVE A PRESENT THIS WEEK?



TURN BACK TO PAGE SIX AND SEE IF YOUR NUMBER IS THERE!



DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Joe Scrubbs thought he must be mad, to see a pig so poshly clad!

PORKY PUDDING, THE PIG'S PRESIDENT

IF you had peeped into a wooden hut in one of Farmer Whipstraw's fields, you would have seen a big fat pig sitting in a rickety armchair, scowling at the store.

"I think it's a rotten shame, that's what I think!" it suddenly burst out in a human voice.

"What's a shame?" demanded a goat, which was sitting lazily eating a copy of the local newspaper.

Only a short time ago the pig and the goat had been just ordinary boys. They had come to Farmer Whipstraw's farm with a party of other boys to help with the harvest. But one morning the whole lot of them had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had given them all a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was so absent-minded that he had got the bottles mixed up and, instead of giving the boys medicine, he had given them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into animals.

The result was that, in a flash, the whole bunch of them had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals you ever saw.

The fat pig sitting in the rickety armchair was really a boy named Tubby Tweaks, the

goat was a boy named Gussy Green, and a fox sitting by his side was a boy named Freddy Fenton.

"Come on, Tubby, what's biting you now?" demanded Gussy the goat. "What's a shame?"

"The way that rotter Joe Scrubbs treats his pigs!" burst out Tubby furiously. "I saw him go off to the village this afternoon, so I took a look round by his pigstyes. They're as thin as laths, their troughs are empty, and there wasn't a bit of grub in any of the styes."

"So you were unlucky, eh?" chuckled Freddy. "That's what's annoying you, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is—no, it isn't, I mean!" hooted Tubby. "I'm sorry for those poor pigs, that's what I'm sorry for! I'd like to tell that beastly Joe Scrubbs what I think of him!"

"Well, why don't you?" said Freddy the fox. "I agree with you that Joe Scrubbs is a rotter. Why, his hens and chickens are so skinny that their bones are nearly sticking out through their feathers. It's time something was done about it. I've just thought of the most marvelous wheeze. You listen to me."

He quickly told them his plan. As Tubby listened his little pig's eyes opened wide with astonishment, and he sat gaping at Freddy as though he couldn't believe his ears.

"But it's me that got to do it!" he burst out when Freddy had finished.

"Of course it's you!" retorted Freddy. "The wheeze will be no good if you don't do it."

"How the thump can we do it, you fathead?" snapped Gussy. "We're not pigs like you. It's got to be a pig to do the wheeze. You're scared, that's the trouble!"

"I'm not!" hooted Tubby. "Then do it," put in Freddy quickly. "Gussy and I will be hanging around to see that nothing happens to you. If you do as I tell you Joe Scrubbs' styes will be absolutely full of the most lovely grub, and you'll be able to help yourself to it."

Tubby's eyes fairly glinted at the thought. For he had been

a terribly greedy boy, and was now an even more greedy pig.

"Oh, all right, I'll do it. But, mind, you two fellows have got to hang around in case anything goes wrong. When'll we do it?"

"Tonight," chuckled Freddy the fox. "There's no time like the present. Come on, we'll get busy now!"

JOE SCRUBBS was a neighbour of jolly old Farmer Whipstraw. But he was a very different sort of man from the jolly farmer. He was mean, spiteful and bad-tempered.

He had a small piece of land, and he lived in a cottage which he was too mean to keep in a decent state of repair. He was sitting over his miserable little fire that same night when there came a knock at the door.

"Now, who can that be at this time o' night?" he grumbled.

Getting to his feet, he slouched to the door and opened it. As he did so Joe Scrubbs got the shock of his life. For, standing there on his hind legs was a great fat pig with a shiny top hat on its head, a rolled-up umbrella tucked under one of its front trotters, and wearing a smartly cut tail-coat.

The pig was Tubby, of course, and his outfit had been taken from the wardrobe of Dr. Grunter by Freddy the fox.

Dr. Grunter was the headmaster and in charge of the schoolboys. He'd been changed into a savage-looking polar bear, so at the moment he hadn't much use for his best clothes.

The petrified Joe Scrubbs knew nothing of all this, however. All he did know was that here on his very doorstep was a big, fat, dolled-up pig. Next instant he got another frightful shock. For the pig said in a nasty, threatening human voice:

"Oh, so you're in, are you, you rascal! I'm glad of that. I want a word with you."

He gave Joe Scrubbs a push with one of his front trotters which sent the terrified man staggering back. Stalking in-doors after him, Tubby pointed to a chair and roared:

"Sit down!"

With a gasp of terror Joe Scrubbs collapsed limply on to the chair.

"Now, what do you mean by it?" roared Tubby, standing glaring at him. "Answer me, you scoundrel! What d'you mean by it?"

"M-m-mean by what?" stammered the wretched man, fairly shaking with terror.

"By starving those poor pigs of yours out there!" yelled Tubby, who was beginning to enjoy himself immensely. "Do you know who I am?"

"No-n-no!" gasped the terrified man.

"I'm Porky Pudding, the

Pigs' president!" roared Tubby. "You didn't know that pigs have a president, did you, you stupid, ignorant, two-legged human oaf? Well, they have, and I'm him. My job is to look after their interests wherever they may be. I've had a most serious complaint about you, you wretch. You starve your pigs!"

"I d-d-don't," gasped Joe Scrubbs, nearly fainting with terror.

"Yes, you do!" screamed Tubby, fairly dancing with rage—or, at least, pretending to. "Don't tell lies, you villain. Well, I'm going to give you one last chance. But if you starve your pigs or chickens or any of your livestock from tonight onwards, d'you know what will happen to you, you scoundrel?"

"N-n-nunno!" gulped Joe Scrubbs.

"I'll set my trained army of wild boars on you!" roared Tubby. "They're very close relations of yours, the wild boars, and they've got the most terrible tempers and the most frightful tusks. I keep them specially for dealing with miserable two-legged wretches like you. So be warned!"

"Y-yes," stammered the trembling Mr. Scrubbs. "I—I'll never, never starve my pur-pur-pigs or anything again!"

"See you don't then!" ordered Tubby. "I shall be popping in to see how you're behaving every now and again. And remember this. I shall expect the best food in the place, when I do call!"

"Y-y-you shall have it," stammered Joe Scrubbs.

"Very well, then," swaggered Tubby. "Now you can let me out. I've got a friend of mine—a Mr. Gussy Goat—waiting for me outside. Open the door!"

Tremblingly Joe Scrubbs rose and did so.

"You step outside first!" ordered Tubby.

Again the terrified man obeyed. But no sooner had he stepped outside than something hit him a most terrific biff in the seat of his trousers, sending him flying head-first into a nearby water-trough.

"He, he, he!" tittered Tubby. "That was my friend Mr. Gussy Goat who did that. It's just to remind you to be more careful in future about how you treat your pigs and other livestock. Come on, Gussy. Good-night, Scrubbs—and, remember, I've got my eye on you!"

Joe Scrubbs remembered all right. He'd had such a fright that from that night onwards his pigs and the rest of his livestock were amongst the best fed in the whole countryside.

Next week the monkey schoolboy from Dr. Grunter's Zoo School pays a visit to another school! Don't miss the fun chums!

men. By that time the flames had died out and the creek was running normally again.

Mollard reined in his horse where old Dan and Jim were standing with Mick and Hank on the bank of the creek and flung himself from the saddle.

"Dobbs, I'll pay you fifty thousand dollars for this land of yours!" he cried breathlessly.

"Yuh will, huh?" said Dan suspiciously. "Jus' what's the idea, Mollard?"

"You know as well as I do what the idea is!" cried Mollard excitedly. "You're not that dumb. That was oil burning. It must have been washed out from underground somewhere by the creek and it took on fire. It's high-grade stuff, else it wouldn't have burned like that. There's an oil deposit here somewhere and I'll buy your land and find the stuff!"

"An' make a fortune, eh?" sneered Dan. "That's why you're offerin' me big money, 'cos yuh know blamed well that the law 'ud be on yuh if yuh tried runnin' me off'n oil land. There's too many important folks gonna be interested in an oil find for you to run me off, Mollard!"

This was true and the rascally Mollard knew it. He whipped out his wallet and produced a cheque which he had written out for fifty thousand dollars.

"Sell and don't argue!" he cried, thrusting the cheque under Dan's nose. "I'm taking a gamble on finding the oil, but there's no gamble about this cheque. Take it to the bank at Four Butts and they'll give you fifty thousand dollars cash for it. Is it a deal?"

"Just a minute!" put in Mick mildly. "That wasn't oil burning on the water."

Mollard glared at him. "You shut your mouth!" he snarled. "When I want you to butt in, I'll tell you!"

Mick turned to Dan. "I've told him that it wasn't oil that was burning, Dan," he said, "and I'm telling you the same. If he thinks he knows better and if he still wants to give you fifty thousand dollars

for this land of yours, it's up to you whether you take it or not."

"Yes, he's taking it!" shouted Mollard and stuffed the cheque into the pocket of Dan's old, faded shirt. "Now sign this, Dobbs. It makes your land over to me all proper and legal!"

He whipped out a paper and a pen.

"Yuh're sure takin' a gamble, Mollard, like what you say," drawled Dan, slowly scrawling his signature on the document. "But I'll let the land go for yore fifty thousand dollars."

"I know what I'm doing!" cried Mollard triumphantly, snatching the signed document. "When d'you aim to be away from here, Dobbs?"

"I'll be away by sundown," said old Dan. "I kin now go stay with mah married daughter an' I gotta fortune to take to her. Yippee-ee!"

Mick swung himself up into the saddle of his horse.

"Just how bad's your ranch burning, Mollard?" he asked.

"Fierce!" gritted Mollard. "There'll be nothing left. Not a stick. With the creek being on fire, we couldn't get any water to fight the blaze when the flames took hold of the buildings—"

He broke off, for already Mick had wheeled his horse and, followed by Hank, was riding at a tearaway gallop in the direction of the distant, burning buildings.

Reaching them, the two boys saw that several of the wooden out-buildings had already been burned down and were just a pile of smoking, red-hot ashes. The ranch house, bunk house, and other buildings were still burning and Al Hicks and his men were working frantically to subdue the blaze by means of a hand-pump and hose from the waters of the creek.

"They may's well use a tea spoon as that ol' pump!" said Hank, overtaking the fast-riding Mick as the Moon Boy flung himself from the saddle. "What you gonna do, Mick? What've us come here for?"

"I'm going to put this fire out," said Mick. "Mollard's a bad egg, but I reckon he's paid in plenty this morning."

Beneath his shirt and pants, he was wearing the one-piece, tightly-fitting green suit of flexible metal in which he had arrived from the Moon. Around the waist of the suit was a thin metal belt with a small pouch.

Thrusting his hand inside his shirt, Mick took from the pouch a little transparent ball about the size of a marble. There was a slight breeze blowing and, leading his horse to windward of the blazing buildings, Mick cracked the little transparent ball between his fingers and flung it to the ground.

As he did so, a dense and swiftly-spreading white fog rose from the little broken ball. Borne on the breeze, the fog drifted over and around the burning buildings and a startled yell went up from Al Hicks and his men:

"Look, the flames is goin' out!"

It was quite true. As though the fog was some vast wet blanket which was suffocating them and quenching them, the flames were swiftly dying down and going out. Still borne on the breeze, the fog drifted on, thinning now and dispersing; but when it had passed, the saved buildings were cool to the touch and there was no longer the slightest trace of fire anywhere.

"Waal, I'll be doldarned!" gasped the amazed Al Hicks, who had joined Mick and Hank. "What is that fire-fightin' stuff an' where did you git it?"

"Oh, I just happened to have it with me," said Mick off-handedly, swinging himself up into the saddle, for he certainly wasn't going to tell the foreman that it was just one of the many scientific marvels invented by the Moon Men. "Here comes your boss!"

Mollard came galloping up and reined in.

"So you've got the fire out?" he cried triumphantly.

"That kid there did it!" said Al, pointing at Mick. "He let loose a sorta fog what put it out. It was blamed amazin'!"

"I didn't have to put it out for you, Mollard," said Mick, eyeing the rascally rancher steadily with his strange green

eyes. "I know what you were trying to do to old Dan this morning. But I have put it out and in return I'm hoping you'll act straighter in future. Okay, Hank, let's go!"

They wheeled their horses and galloped away. As they rode Hank came out with the question he was bursting to ask:

"Just how did yuh set the creek on fire, Mick, an' why?"

"I did it to stop old Dan using his gun and to give Al Hicks and his men something else to think about," chuckled Mick. "I knew it would set fire to the ranch buildings. And I did it with this."

He showed Hank a little, silver-coloured, metal tube shaped like a small pocket torch.

"When you press the button at the end," he explained, "it gives off a gas ray which makes water as inflammable as petrol. I stuck the tube into the bank of the creek and I fixed the press-button so that it stayed pressed. That kept the water burning. When I picked up the tube after Hicks and company had gone, I switched off the ray and it was just ordinary water again."

"Gosh, what a marvellous invention!" exclaimed Hank, examining the tube.

"We've had it for years and years on the Moon," said Mick. "I tried to warn Mollard that it wasn't oil that was burning in the creek, but he wouldn't believe me."

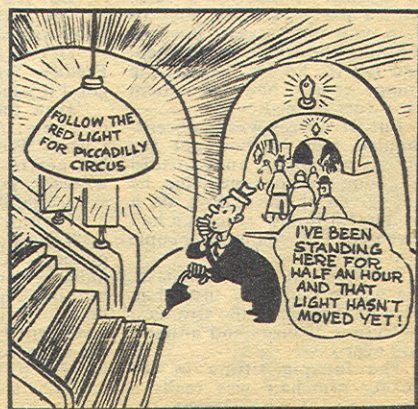
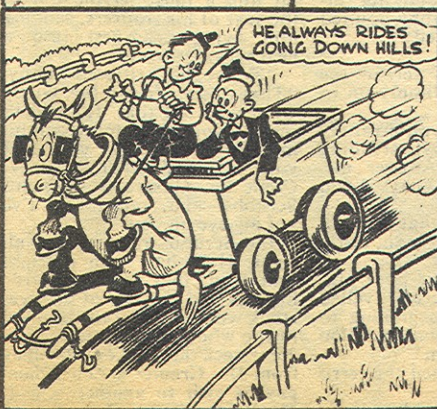
"No, an' it serves him right, the big know-all!" laughed Hank. "But you've done ol' Dan a bit of good this mornin', Mick, an' I'm glad of that."

"So am I," said Mick. "He deserved a break."

Next week Mick and Hank have some fun with two tough hombres when Mick electrifies their guns!

HAVE YOU LOOKED ON PAGE SIX YET?
You may be able to send up for a present this week! Hurry and turn back to see if your number is in the list!

More CHUCKLES



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

I HAVE A PROBLEM FOR YOU, BUNNY!
IF I BUY FOUR MARBLES FOR ONE
PENNY, HOW MANY WOULD
I GET FOR A POUND?

SIXTEEN TIMES AS
MANY AS YOU'D
GET FOR AN
OUNCE, SIR!

BAH! I MEAN FOR A POUND
IN MONEY, NOT WEIGHT,
YOU FOOLISH BOY!

GOSH! I DON'T
KNOW, SIR! I'VE
NEVER BOUGHT
A POUNDWORTH
OF MARBLES!

THERE'S THE BELL FOR END OF CLASS!
FOR YOUR STUPID ANSWER YOU WILL
REMAIN BEHIND AND FIND OUT HOW
MANY MARBLES I CAN BUY FOR TWENTY
POUNDS, AND FORD CAN DO LIKEWISE
FOR LAUGHING.

CRUMBS, CLAUDE!
HOW ARE WE GOING
TO FIND OUT HOW
MANY MARBLES OLD
TWIZZLE WILL GET
FOR TWENTY POUNDS!

EASY, CUTHBERT!
WE'LL POP DOWN TO
THE SHOP IN THE
VILLAGE AND ASK!
—COME ON!

HOW MANY MARBLES WILL
YOU GET FOR TWENTY POUNDS?
NM. — FOUR FOR A PENNY — THAT'LL
BE FORTY EIGHT FOR A BOB —
OOER! I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW!

GOSH! YOU
OUGHT TO, SIR
IN CASE SOMEBODY
WANTS TO BUY TWENTY
POUNDWORTH!

YES, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD, BUT
I'M NOT GOOD AT SUMS. I KNOW,
WE'LL COUNT OUT TWENTY
POUNDWORTH ON
THE FLOOR.

A JOLLY GOOD
IDEA, SIR! COME
ON, CUTHBERT!

LATER AS DR TWIZZLE PASSES THE SHOP.

GRACIOUS NIE,
THERE'S FORD
AND BUNNY PLAYING
MARBLES INSTEAD OF
DOING THEIR TASK!

THIS IS
FUN, CLAUDE!

BAH! I WILL
TEACH THEM TO
LEAVE THE CLASS.

PHEW!
THAT'S THE LOT, SIR!
NINETEEN THOUSAND
AND TWO HUNDRED.

COO,
AS MANY
AS THAT!

FORD AND BUNNY,
WHAT DO YOU MEAN
BY SLIPPING OUT —
COPS!!

A GOOD
JOB WE
COUNTED
THEM ALL,
CLAUDE.

BAH! YOU WILL
PAY DEARLY
FOR THIS, YOU
WRETCHED BOYS!

AND SO WILL
YOU, SIR!

THOSE LADS JUST COUNTED OUT
TWENTY POUNDWORTH OF
MARBLES FOR ME, I WANT
EVERY ONE PICKED UP OR YOU'LL
PAY FOR THE LOT!

THERE ARE NINETEEN
THOUSAND AND TWO
HUNDRED EXACTLY,
SIR!

NEVER MIND, SIR!
WE'LL HELP — WE
LIKE PLAYING MARBLES!

COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

More

ISLAND OF SECRETS

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 3



The three adventurers went ashore, where Towser the puppy greeted them joyously. But the Egyptians stayed on board. "We do not wish to live on this island, good friends," said one of them. "Let us take this ship and sail away to find another island, far from the scene of our slavery!" Professor Jolly agreed, and together our chums waved farewell.



But all was far from well on the Island of Secrets. The eruptions had spread, and the ground beneath them kept heaving and rumbling. "Eblis started something that he couldn't stop!" said Professor Jolly grimly, looking at a great tree which had fallen across their hut. "These earthquakes are getting worse. It would be dangerous to stay!"



"But where can we go to?" asked Peter. "And how can we leave the island? It's too late to call the Egyptians back!" Professor Jolly smiled, and led them across to the cliffs. "There's something you don't know about," he said, and pressed a button hidden in the rock. A wide metal door, painted to look like stone, moved smoothly upwards at his touch.



"This is something I was working on secretly before we left," said Professor Jolly. In the cave was a huge, gleaming object on a platform. Together they wheeled it into the open. Peter and Ann stared wide-eyed. "You—you've built a space-ship, Uncle!" Peter gasped. "Right first-time," smiled the Professor, "and—it's ready to fly!"

Be sure to read next week's exciting adventure, when our chums set out on a "Journey to Jupiter!"

FAMOUS TRAINS

Our train this week is "The Flying Scotsman"

This is one of the oldest and most famous of all our express trains. Every day since 1862 it has left King's Cross for its journey to Edinburgh, 392½ miles away. Starting at 10 a.m. it speeds through the country making only three stops, at Grantham, York and Newcastle, before it arrives in Edinburgh 7½ hours later.

