

COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 216, September 6, 1951

SHORTY

LISTEN, GUYS!
WE GOTTA GET RID
OF THE SHERIFF. WE'LL
GO TO HIS OFFICE NOW,
AND WHEN HE COMES
IN THE SIX OF US
WILL GIVE HIM
THE WORKS!

THE POOR SHERIFF!
I MUST WARN HIM!

DON'T GO TO
YOUR OFFICE, SHERIFF!
SIX BAD MEN ARE
WAITING THERE TO
GIVE YOU THE WORKS!

YOU
DON'T SAY!

DON'T WASTE
MY TIME WITH
YOUR FAIRY TALES,
SHORTY!

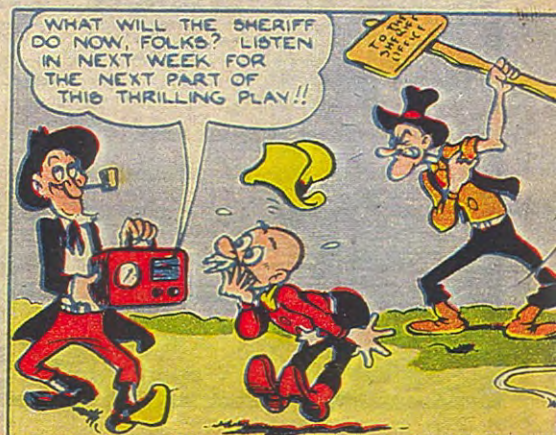
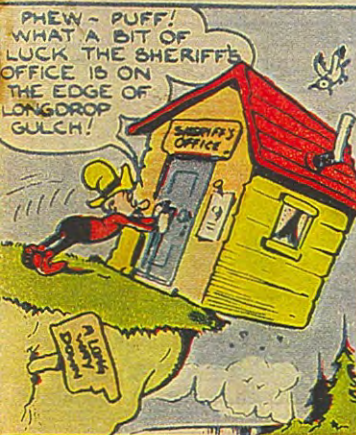
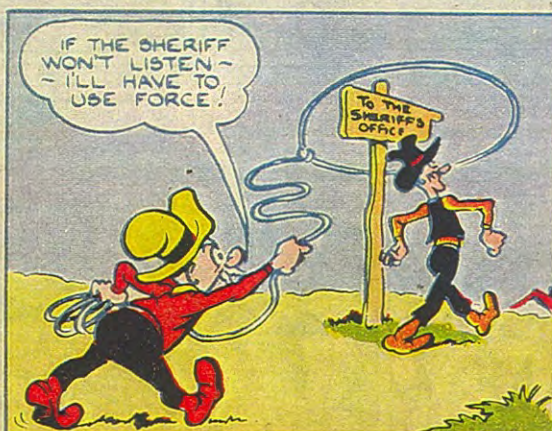
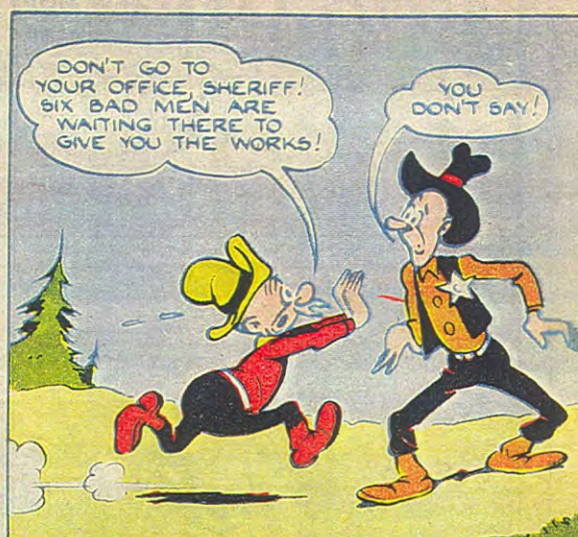
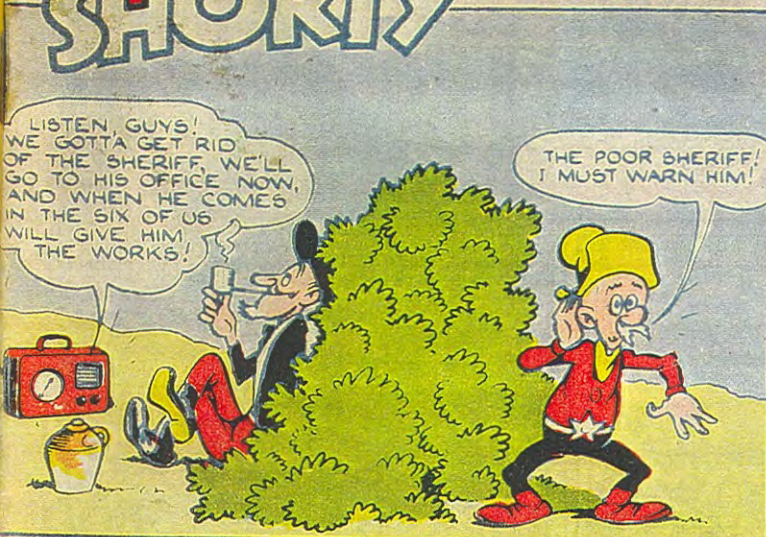
IF THE SHERIFF
WON'T LISTEN -
I'LL HAVE TO
USE FORCE!

DON'T WORRY!
YOU JUST STAY
THERE TILL I'VE
FIXED THOSE SIX
BAD MEN...

PHEW - PUFF!
WHAT A BIT OF
LUCK. THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE IS ON
THE EDGE OF
LONGDROP
GULCH!

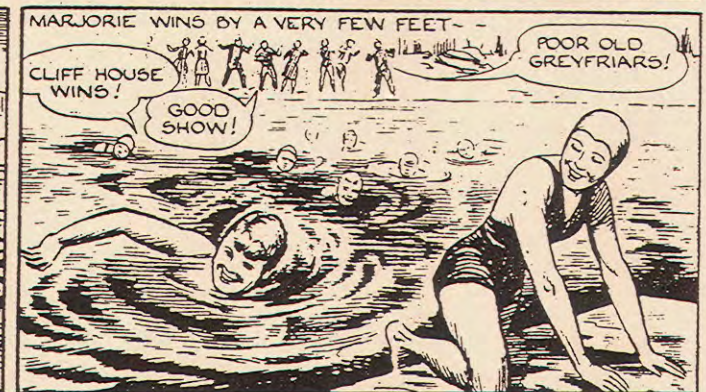
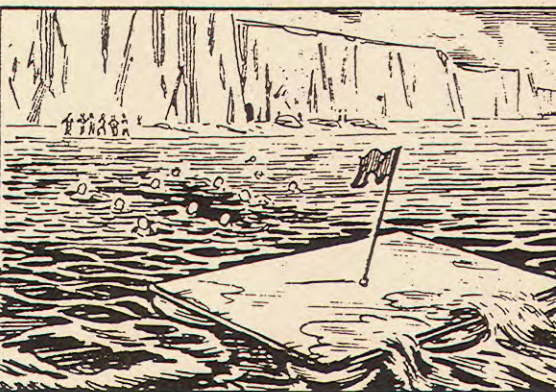
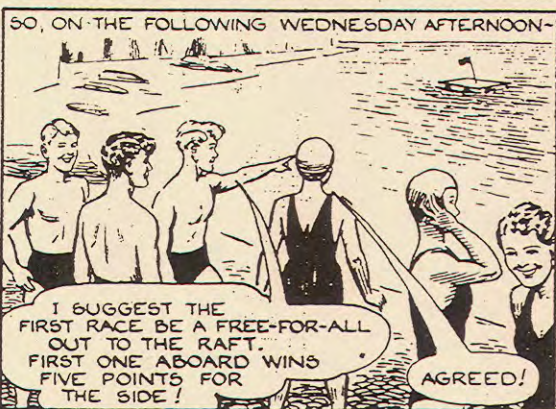
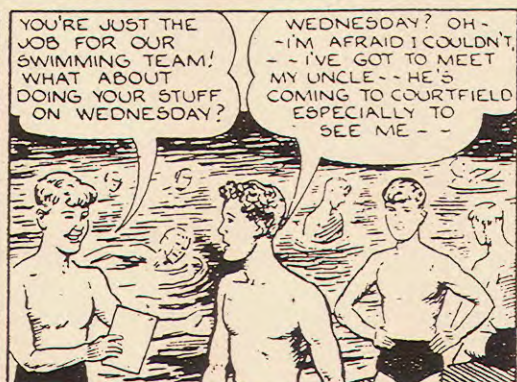
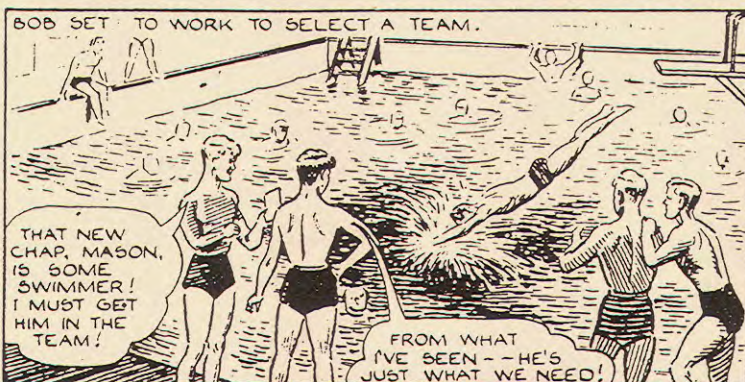
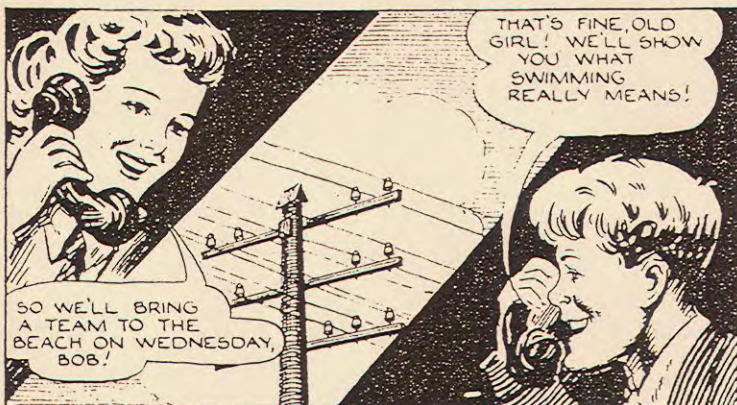
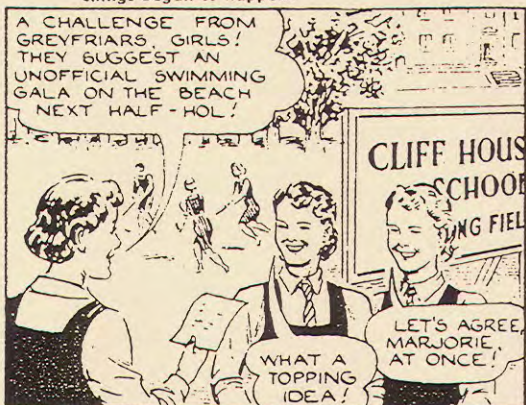
RECKON IT'S SAFE
TO GET YOU FREE
NOW, SHERIFF!

WHAT WILL THE SHERIFF
DO NOW, FOLKS? LISTEN
IN NEXT WEEK FOR
THE NEXT PART OF
THIS THRILLING PLAY!!



The girls of Cliff House and the boys of Greyfriars were good friends and neighbours. Then along came two new pupils—brother and sister—one to each school, and a whole lot of mysterious things began to happen!

THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!



HULLO - THAT LOOKS LIKE MASON GOING ALONG THERE WITH THAT GIRL - - BUT IT CAN'T BE - - HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO COURTFIELD TO MEET HIS UNCLE.



MASON? THAT'S FUNNY - - WE'VE GOT A NEW GIRL CALLED JANE MASON. I WONDER IF SHE'S HIS SISTER?

BUT IT WAS RON MASON AND HIS SISTER JANE, AND SOON THEY WERE IN DEEP DISCUSSION JUST ROUND THE HEADLAND...



HE WAS OVER THERE, RON - - NEAR THOSE CAVES. I'M SURE IT WAS DAD I SAW WITH TWO OTHER MEN. BUT WHEN I CALLED OUT HE TOOK NO NOTICE, AND HURRIED AWAY. THIS MORNING I GOT THIS LETTER.

YOU MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, JANE. DAD WOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE! LET ME SEE THAT LETTER!

If you want to help your father and avoid trouble meet me on the headland near the caves about midnight tonight a friend

GOB! IT MUST HAVE BEEN DAD, THEN. I WONDER WHO 'A FRIEND' IS?



GOODNESS KNOWS! BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT TONIGHT!

THAT IS MASON! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



THAT'S FIXED THEN, SIS! I'LL MEET YOU DOWN - HERE TO-NIGHT, AND WE'LL TACKLE THIS FELLOW TOGETHER!

OKAY, RON! I'M SURE DADDY IS IN SOME TERRIBLE DANGER! WE MUST HELP HIM IF WE CAN!

MEANWHILE...

THE SCORES ARE DEAD LEVEL, GIRLS AND CHAPS! IT'S A DRAW!



HOORAY! WE MUST HAVE A RETURN MATCH!

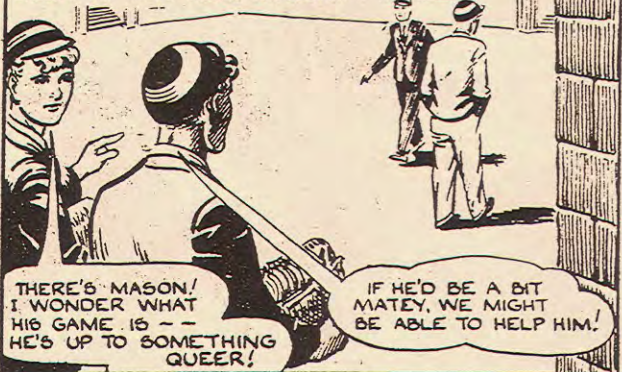
WE CERTAINLY MUST. IT'S BEEN GREAT FUN!

CHEERIO, BOYS. IT'S BEEN GREAT FUN. SEE YOU ALL AGAIN NEXT WEEK



YOU BET WE WILL. AND WE'LL PICNIC ON THE BEACH AFTERWARDS, EH? LOSERS PAY!

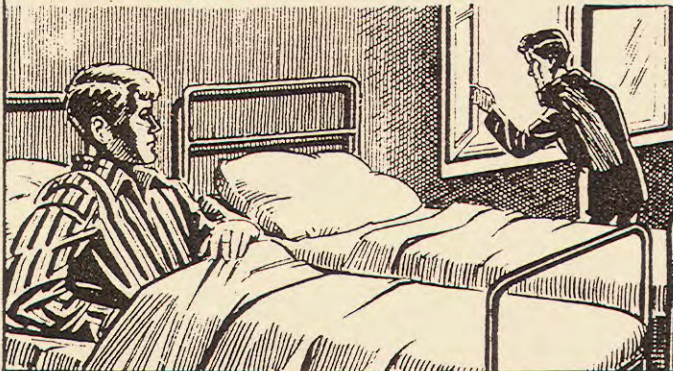
BACK AT GREYFRIARS, ALMOST THE FIRST PERSON BOB SAW WAS RON MASON...



THERE'S MASON! I WONDER WHAT HIS GAME IS - - HE'S UP TO SOMETHING QUEER!

IF HE'D BE A BIT MATEY, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP HIM!

LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE DORM, HARRY WHARTON WAS AWAKENED SUDDENLY. . .



THEN HARRY RECOGNISED THE SHADOWY FIGURE. . .



MASON!
JUST A TICK--

YOU'RE BREAKING ALL THE RULES. GET CAUGHT-- AND YOU'LL BE SACKED, SURE AS EGGS. GET BACK TO BED AND DON'T BE A MUG, MASON!



I'VE GOT TO RISK GETTING CAUGHT, WHARTON! I'VE JUST GOT TO GO OUT-- WHATEVER HAPPENS! WHY CAN'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

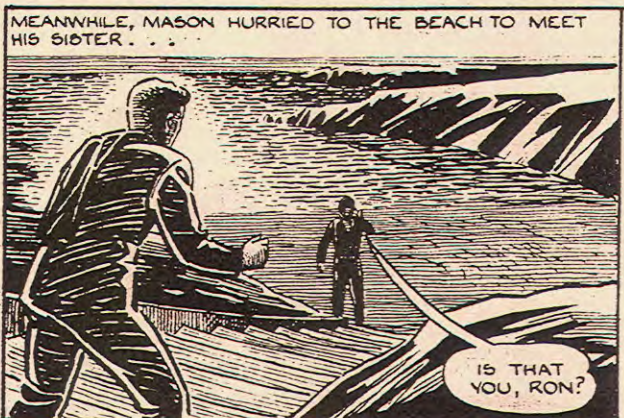


LOOK, MASON! IF YOU'RE IN ANY KIND OF TROUBLE WHY NOT LET ME HELP? YOU'RE A NEW KID HERE, THERE'S LOTS WE CAN DO FOR YOU!

I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP, ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU MIND YOUR OWN AFFAIRS-- AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT ABOUT THIS. THAT'S ALL! GOODNIGHT!



PIGHEADED CHUMP! WHY WON'T HE LISTEN TO REASON?



MEANWHILE, MASON HURRIED TO THE BEACH TO MEET HIS SISTER. . .

IS THAT YOU, RON?



I TRIED TO LOOK LIKE A BOY-- TO AVOID SUSPICION. DO YOU THINK HE'LL COME, RON?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, COME ON!



LOOK RON! IT'S HIM-- IT'S DADDY!

Is it their father? Don't miss this exciting school story next week when a smuggler threatens Jane and Ron!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

WILLIE WIZZARD, the schoolboy inventor, and his pal Jimmy Bash were testing their new catapults behind the school gym. Their target was an old tin can perched on a bean pole. So far Jimmy had hit it three times out of four. Willie had missed it at every go.

He was just going to have another shot when someone came running round the corner of the gym yelling his name. It was Twimple, one of the boys in his form.

"Wizzard!" Twimple called. "Ah, there you are! You're wanted!"

"Oh, bother," growled Willie, lowering his catapult. "I would have hit that can this time if you hadn't interrupted, Twimple. Why don't you go and boil your soft head?"

Twimple ignored the question. "You couldn't hit that can in a dozen years," he jeered. "But still, don't let me put you off trying to hit Mr. Swackem's top hat when he comes for the prize-giving ceremony today. Which reminds me—old Gandybar wants to see you about the prize-giving. He sent me to fetch you."

Willie sighed. "One day I must invent a machine to stop headmasters being a nuisance," he growled. "I wonder what's up now?"

He turned to Jimmy. "Call for me in about half-an-hour," he suggested. "Old Gandybar is bound to have said his piece by then, and we can carry on with our target practice."

DR. GANDYBAR, the headmaster of Gandybar Academy, was sitting glumly at his desk in his study when Willie went in. His face brightened as he saw the schoolboy inventor.

"Ah, Wizzard," he began, pompously. "Ah—once more the school turns to you in an hour of need."

Willie was impressed. "Yes, sir," he said.

"As you know, my boy," Dr. Gandybar went on, now pacing up and down the room. "Today is prize-giving day. Mr. Swackem, chairman of our board of governors, is to make a speech and present the silver cups and other prizes."

"Yes, sir," said Willie. "Do you want me to invent something to stop him talking for too long?"

"What a jolly good idea!" Dr. Gandybar exclaimed. Then he remembered that he was talking to a pupil. "I mean certainly not, Wizzard. How dare you say such things, boy?" he thundered.

"I'm sorry, sir," mumbled Willie.

"No," said the head. "No, the trouble is this. Mrs. Sprogs, the school housekeeper, has run

short of supplies. There is, in fact, not enough food for tea for the boys' parents and all our other visitors. And today is Thursday, early closing day at the shops."

"I have a bit of stale seed-cake my aunt gave me," Willie offered.

"Thank you," said Dr. Gandybar hastily. "I think we have enough cake. The main trouble is, we have no preserves."

"Preserves?" queried Willie.

"Jam," explained the head. "And Mr. Swackem, in particular, loves jam. Raspberry jam. You see our problem?"

Willie nodded. "You want me to—"

"—To whip up some stuff that tastes like raspberry jam," finished Dr. Gandybar. "Exactly. How about that, er, Wizzard Wonder. Polish of yours? Can you, er, can you possibly fiddle with that and turn it into a sort of spread, or something?"

"Hardly, sir," replied Willie, frowning in thought. "But as it so happens I have had an idea in mind for some time which may do the trick. It is a compound of pepsin and sugar which, when added—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the headmaster quickly. "I leave the details to you. Now Mr. Swackem will be here in about two hours' time. Can you do it?"

"Leave it to me, sir," Willie said, and went.

In his workshop behind the school boilerhouse Willie started pouring things into test tubes, mixing up powders, and generally making a fine old mess. In about an hour he had a dozen small white tablets lined up on his bench. Taking two in his hand he hurried towards the school kitchen.

"Got a glass of water, please, Mrs. Sprogs?" He asked the housekeeper as he entered the kitchen.

"Go away, Wizzard!" she snapped. "I'm busy getting food ready."

"Well," said Willie. "You want jam, don't you? Let me have a glass of water and I'll give you some jam."

Mrs. Sprogs quickly gave him the water. Willie dropped one of his tablets into the glass and before the housekeeper's amazed eyes the water slowly turned into a red-coloured sticky substance!

"Now you taste that," instructed Willie proudly. "I'll go and get some more tablets."

WHEN he returned to his workshop Jimmy Bash was there, waiting.

"How much longer are you going to be?" asked Bash, swinging his catapult idly.

"Let's get on with our target practice. I've been waiting



Willie was bogged down on his bike. But it wasn't mud that bogged him, it was RASPBERRY JAM!

donkey's years."

"Shan't be long now," promised Willie cheerfully. "I must just deliver these tablets to Mrs. Sprogs. Hey—I say—where are they all?"

"Those things over there?" asked Jimmy, pointing.

"Yes," said Willie. "But there were ten there just now. There are only six left!"

"Well," said Jimmy, "I didn't think they were anything important. I fired a few from my catapult, just for something to do when I was waiting. Sorry, old chap. Have I done wrong?"

"You blithering idiot!" spluttered Willie. "Where did you shoot them?"

"I'm awfully sorry and all that," said Jimmy. "Let me see. I aimed a couple down the drive. I shot another couple towards the roof of the school. Good shot, too," he went on smugly. "One of them sailed right inside the water tank."

Willie gazed at him in astonishment.

"Into the water tank on the roof?" he gurgled. "The tank from which we get water inside the school?"

"Right in it," nodded Jimmy.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Those tablets turn water into jam," explained Willie hoarsely. "There will be jam coming out of every tap in the place instead of water before very long!"

Jimmy Bash burst into laughter. "Crumbs!" he chortled. "What fun! We shan't be able to wash!"

"It's all right for you," moaned Willie. "You didn't

invent the tablets. I'll be the one who gets the blame."

"Nonsense," chuckled his pal. "I shall tell the truth when it is necessary."

He stopped chuckling at this thought and looked a bit green.

"Anyway," he went on, sighing. "Let's get these other tablets over to Mrs. Sprogs. Then we had better get into the hall for the prize-giving. Crumbs! I bet old Swackem speaks for hours, too. He usually does."

They hurried to give Mrs. Sprogs the remaining tablets. As they left the kitchen they saw the village taxi drive up to the school steps. A well-dressed man got out. Dr. Gandybar came down the steps to greet him.

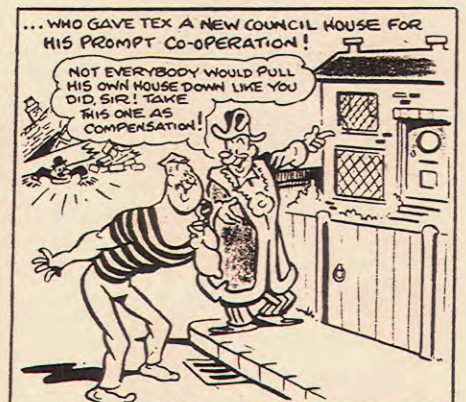
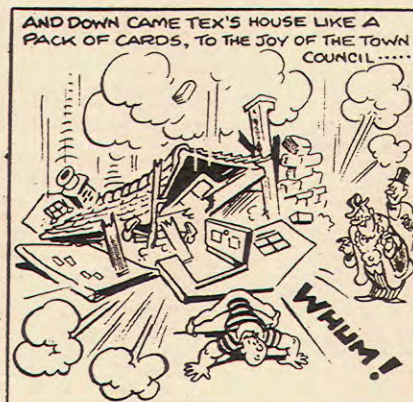
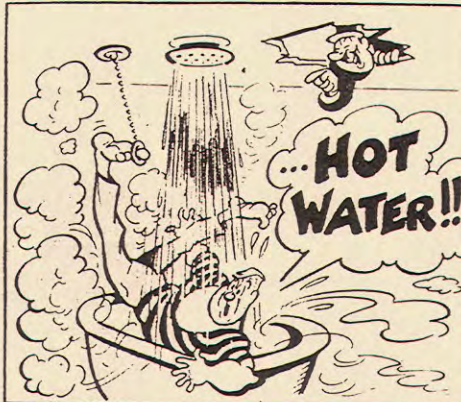
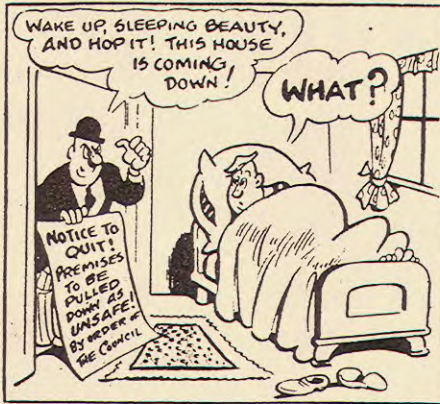
"I can't see that chap's face from here, but it must be Swackem," muttered Jimmy. "Come on, we'd better hurry."

They ran to the school hall to find it crammed with boys and their relatives. Neither Willie's father nor Jimmy's could spare the time to come to the school that day, but it looked as if the parents of every other pupil in the school were there. Everyone was dressed to look their best.

The two boys had just slipped into their places when the headmaster walked on to the platform. He bowed and began to speak.

"I am afraid I have a disappointment for you, ladies and gentlemen," he began. "Our distinguished chairman, Mr. Swackem, is unable to

(Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

Malcolm Franklin, millionaire inventor, spent his whole fortune on building a mighty sea-going tank which he called "The Prowler." This tank could prow around on the bed of the ocean, and could reach the very deepest depths, where no man had ever been before.

Franklin's plan was to use the "Prowler" to recover all the lost gold and treasure that was sunk in wrecks, far out of the reach of ordinary submarines and divers.

Bob Harley, the young Special Agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, had been sent to join Franklin. His job was to look after the gold when it was salvaged.

Unknown to Malcolm Franklin, a deadly foe was hoping to steal the plans of his invention. His "Prowler" had been seen and spied upon by the Shark, mysterious masked commander of a speedy submarine. The Shark came from the South American Republic of Incaragua. The Shark was also after sunken gold.

The first Bob and Franklin knew of the Shark's activity came when they visited the wreck of the "Lupercalia"—a sunken liner with a million pounds in gold bar in her strong room. They found that someone else had already cut a way into the wreck!

But before they could look into things, a message came through Franklin's secret headquarters beneath the cliffs of Britain. Unknown enemy raiders had made a sloop, and stolen the working model of the "Prowler."

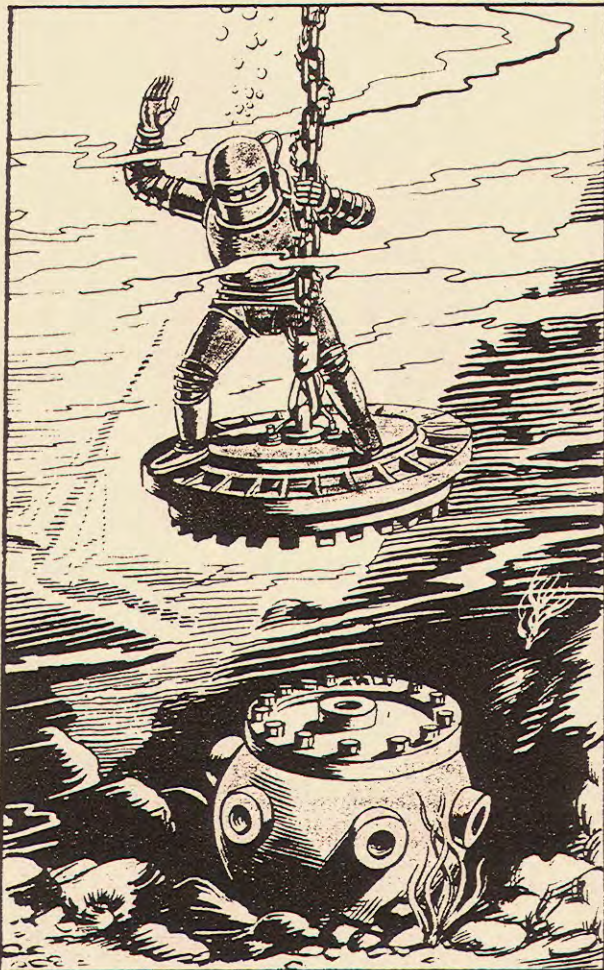
At full speed, the "Prowler" headed back over the seabed towards the North-west of England. Its ten tank-track feet carried it powerfully over every cleft and crag that lay in its path, or drove it through the great tracts of soft shifting sand.

At last the grim undersea cliffs that shelved upward to form the coastline of England loomed before them. The "Prowler" followed the line of these cliffs, until its powerful headlights picked out a huge cavern. This was the underwater way into Malcolm Franklin's secret headquarters.

The monster tank plunged into the gloom of the cavern, the floor of which sloped steadily upward. At last it came out again into a great stretch of water—not the sea this time but an underground lake, deep in the granite below Bladen Moor.

Up onto the shore of the lake climbed the "Prowler," and there in the vast cavern which held the lake, were the buildings and workshops where the "Prowler" had been built in secret.

As soon as the machine stopped, a steel gangway sprouted



At the bottom of the sea, Bob was keeping secret watch on the sunken "Lupercalia" from a diving sphere. But the Shark knew he was there, and sent a magnet-grab down to capture him!

out from beneath it, and the tall figure of Malcolm Franklin hurried ashore. Close behind him were Bob Harley and Rattigan, the two "X" branch special agents, and also the chief officers of the "Prowler's" crew.

Franklin's chief engineer, who had been left in charge while the "Prowler" was at sea, met them on the quay.

"This is a bad business, Rogan," said Franklin. "Were any of the men hurt?"

"I'm afraid so, sir," Rogan looked grave. "The raiders were well armed. They had some kind of gun which wasn't affected by water. They came up out of the lake firing as they moved."

"Was anyone—killed?"

"No, Mr. Franklin. Luckily none of the wounds were really dangerous. All the injured men are in the sick bay, and making good progress."

"Thank goodness for that!" By now the little party had

reached the doors of Malcolm Franklin's private workshop. The strong doors had been smashed, and hung crazily from what was left of their hinges. "How did they break in here? Explosives?"

"They used some sort of hand grenade," nodded Rogan.

Franklin led the way into his raided workshop. An empty space in the middle of the floor showed where the big working model of the "Prowler" had stood. Drag-marks on the floor showed where it had been towed by sheer force towards the doorway.

"You'd better begin at the beginning, and tell me all that happened, Rogan."

"Well, sir, the explosion of a grenade was the first I knew of the raid. I ran out of the machine shop, where I was working, and there they were, in a bunch around this building. There must have been a dozen of them—all dressed in black frogmen's

outfits, with round helmets, and all armed with guns. They laid down a heavy fire, and threw tear-gas bombs as well, so that we couldn't get near them. Then some more of them came running up out of the lake, carrying a rope. They went into your workshop here, and they must have hitched their rope around the model, because the next thing we saw was the model being hauled out, towards the water."

"You mean the men were hauling it?"

"No. That was a funny thing. It was just as if there was a powerful winch down under the water, towing the model down to it. I reckon there must have been some sort of a submarine down under the lake, that came in through the sea-cave."

Malcolm Franklin nodded. "The Frogmen must have had some sort of undersea craft which brought them here. What happened then?"

"That was almost the end of it. They backed down into the water, firing as they went, and that was the last we saw of them."

The millionaire inventor paced up and down for a few moments, while the others waited for him to speak.

"This is worse than I thought. In the first place, somebody knows we're here—somebody working with a large and powerful submarine. It's got to be a large one, to be able to carry more than a dozen men—the number Rogan saw making the raid. In the second place, our unknown enemies have been spying on us long enough to know just where to look for what they wanted—the model of the "Prowler." In the third place, now that they have got that model, they can build another "Prowler"—or another dozen "Prowlers." That model contains all the secrets of the big machine—in fact it forms the only complete "plan" of the "Prowler" in existence."

The inventor passed his hand through his hair and looked at Rogan, "Have we any clue as to who the raiders were?"

"Not one, sir."

Franklin punched one fist into the other. "We've got to get that model back—or destroy it completely, before big 'Prowlers' can be built. Certain foreign countries would stop at nothing to have craft like the 'Prowler.' Armed with guns, they could sink the most powerful navies in the world—without any trouble—by attacking them from below. If that model has got into the wrong hands, I shudder to think what may happen!"

"We don't even know where to begin looking for it, sir," put in Rogan. "The raiders

(Continued on next page)

might have gone in any direction from here—and they'll be anything up to a couple of hundred miles away by now."

The inventor nodded. "It seems pretty hopeless. . . ."

"Not quite, sir!" It was Bob Harley speaking.

"If you've got any ideas, Bob—let's have 'em!"

"What about the *Lupercalia*? We saw that someone had got down to her, and cut a hole in her side, in spite of her being too deep for any ordinary submarine to reach. . . ."

"I see what you're getting at. It must have taken something special in the line of submarines to reach the *Lupercalia*. . . ."

Bob cut in and finished the inventor's words "and it took something special in the line of submarines to make this raid and get away with the model!" he said. "I think that there's a good chance of both jobs having been done by the same craft! It'd be a bit odd if there were two of 'em cruising around quite separately!"

Franklin frowned. "What you say is quite true. But how does it help us to get the model back?"

"Perhaps they haven't finished their work on the *Lupercalia*. Perhaps they'll be coming back there!"

"By gosh, young Bob—it's a chance! It's our only chance! We'll set a watch on the wreck, and wait for them to come back! That hole we saw in her side, was newly cut—it's ten to one they haven't had time to clear all the bullion out yet—remember, they'd have to cut their way into the ship's strong room, and that wouldn't be easy. We'll set a watch on the *Lupercalia* and wait for them to come back for the gold!"

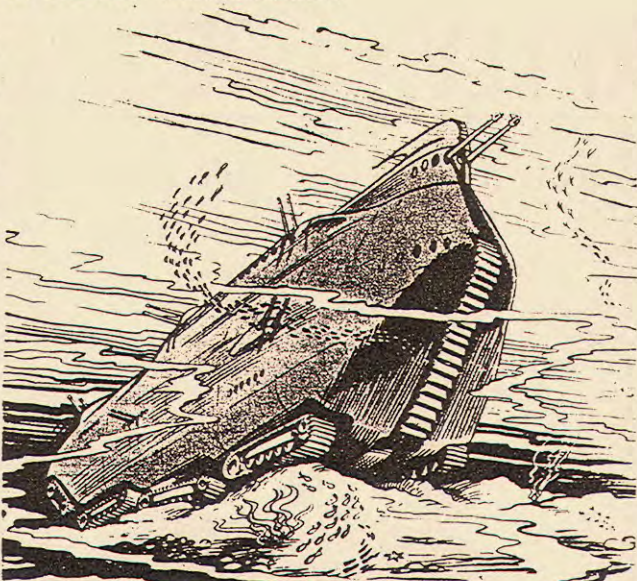
"So, for the time being, gentlemen, we shall have to abandon our work on the *Lupercalia*. The most important thing is to get this model of the English 'Prowler' as they call it; back to Incaragua."

The speaker was he who was called the Shark. His eyes glinted wickedly through the slits of his steel mask, as he looked round at his men seated around the chart-room of his submarine.

"This 'Prowler' can go to far greater depth than our own submarine, and so it can reach wrecks that we never could. Once a 'Prowler' has been built in our own shipyards, then untold wealth from a thousand treasure ships is within our grasp. For the time being, the *Lupercalia* can wait. We can collect its gold once we have handed this model into safe keeping."

"What about the British 'Prowler'?" one of the Shark's swarthy crew spoke up.

"Pah—we have nothing to fear, once we have 'Prowlers' of our own. The British machine is not well armed. Ours, we shall fit with the latest heavy



The "Prowler"—Malcolm Franklin's huge sea-going tank—moved swiftly over the floor of the ocean towards the sunken treasure-ship "*Lupercalia*."

guns!" The Shark laughed harshly. "We shall blow them to pieces with copies of their own invention!"

And the Shark's sinister craft sped on, south and west through the waters of the Atlantic.

THE next day the "Prowler" put to sea again, and headed for the sunken *Lupercalia*.

Lying almost completely on one side, the great ship was at the bottom of a deep cleft, like a valley, in the sea-bed.

Malcolm Franklin steered the huge steel sea-monster down steep ways to the bottom of the mile-deep valley and finally halted it close by the wreck.

All the while the "Prowler's" listening gear had been at work, and if there had been a submarine within a dozen miles they would have picked up the vibrations of its engines. But all was silent and they felt sure that their unknown enemy was nowhere near.

Malcolm Franklin and Bob were in the lower hold of the "Prowler"—a part of the craft which had water-tight double doors which could be opened to the sea.

On the floor of the hold was something big and round. It was about 15 feet across, and it had been newly painted a dull green colour. In shape it was just a huge ball. There was a manhole in one side, and small circular windows which faced in all directions.

"I built that thing to find out what the sea-bottom was like," explained Malcolm Franklin, "before I started to build the 'Prowler'. I had to know the sort of 'ground' it would have to tackle. As you can see, it's just a round steel ball, strong enough to stand the enormous pressure

at the bottom of the oceans." The inventor looked keenly at Bob. "It won't be very nice, you know, living in that for a week!"

"I'm game!" said Bob. "After all, it's my job!"

"Good lad. The ball is all ready. There's plenty of food inside and plenty to read, too. The radio is in first-rate order, so you'll be able to keep in touch with us all the time. We'll leave you here in the ball to watch the *Lupercalia* but we'll be back in a week without fail, if you don't send for us before. Meanwhile, I'm going to put every man-jack on the job of fitting the 'Prowler' with heavy guns. We may find ourselves in a fight sooner than we bargain for it."

Bob nodded.

"I'll radio you at once if anything shows up. I'll be quite safe in the ball. Painted green like that it's hardly likely to be spotted from above. Don't worry about me."

The inventor clapped Bob on the back as he clambered in through the small manhole.

"Good luck, Bob!"

Franklin made sure that the manhole was properly closed and left the hold. As soon as he had shut the water-tight doors behind him he gave orders for the hold to be flooded so that the steel ball could be dropped out on to the seabed.

Half an hour later Bob was alone in his little round prison, watching the mighty "Prowler" heading back to England.

Of course, the "Prowler" could have stayed there, and the watch could have been kept from it. But Malcolm Franklin had felt that if it came to a fight with their unknown enemy they were not armed strongly enough. For although the "Prowler"

carried guns they were not big ones. In fact they had only been fitted so that they could deal with any of the great monsters—fishes and strange reptiles—that lived in the depths.

Bob had volunteered to keep his solitary watch so that the inventor could have the week's grace he needed to arm his craft.

"I expected adventure when I joined 'X' branch," Bob told himself, "but I didn't bargain for anything like this!"

TIME passed. Down in the darkness of the depths Bob had no way of knowing whether it was night or day, apart from his wrist watch. He carefully made a mark every twelve hours, to note the passing of each day and night.

He slept quite a lot but always his submarine listening gear was switched on, and it would have made quite enough noise to have awakened him if anything had come near while he slept. Sometimes he picked up the faint vibration of a ship passing far up over his head—three miles up on the surface of the sea.

It was on the fifth day that he picked up a louder noise. The direction finders of his listening gear told him that it came from somewhere up above him—about two miles above him. That was a mile below the surface. It might be quite an ordinary submarine, thought Bob.

But then, when the craft he had picked up was almost exactly above him, it stopped. What was more, it remained there, without further movement.

Bob peered through the thick armour glass of one of the upper windows and made out the lights of a big submarine, riding motionless far above him.

His heart pounding with excitement, Bob switched on his radio, ready to send out the message that would bring the mighty "Prowler" to his aid at full speed.

ABOARD his submarine the Shark was well content with the way things were going.

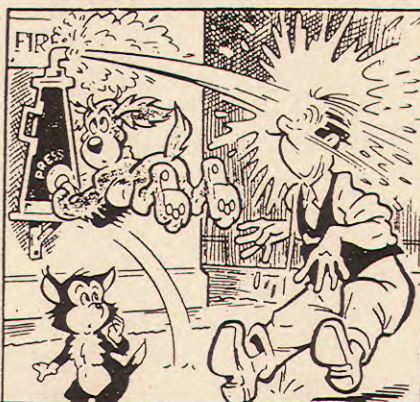
He was back over the wreck, back to collect the gold, far sooner than he had expected. He had had the good fortune to meet a warship of the Incaragua navy, and he had turned over the working model of the "Prowler" to the warship's captain.

"Make ready the diving armour!" he ordered.

Unlike the "Prowler" his submarine could not go down to the very bottom, for it was not strong enough to stand the huge weight of miles of water pressing down on it. The hole in the *Lupercalia*'s side had been cut by his divers, working in strange outfits of thick steel.

The work of bolting and
(Continued on next page)

SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

screwing the two divers into their massive suits began. Bosco, the Shark's first officer, approached his chief.

"Shouldn't we make sure that the British 'Prowler' isn't somewhere down there?" he asked.

"Why should it be?" snapped the Shark. "Nothing has been picked up on our listening gear. You are an old woman, Bosco!"

"If they were waiting on the bottom with stopped engines our listening gear would not find them," Bosco insisted. "There is just a chance that they might be—after all, chief—we are not far from England!"

The Shark frowned. "Then if we cannot hear them on our listening gear, how else should we find them?"

"There are other ways—their radio might be working. Then, perhaps, our radio could pick them up!"

The Shark wheeled suddenly on Bosco.

"Then why do we waste time talking? Fool! Let it be done at once!"

Bosco scuttled away towards the radio cabin, followed by his masked master.

When the Shark arrived in the tiny cabin, with its close-packed mass of radio gear, the

operator was already turning the wave-length controls of his receiver, and listening keenly to the built-in loud-speaker.

Snatches of music—people talking—songs—odd bits of a hundred-and-one programmes came gabbling in. The Shark snorted impatiently.

Then the operator tuned to the very short wavelengths and began, again. Suddenly the Shark stiffened. A strong signal was coming in—one that was so strong that it must come from somewhere close at hand. It was a voice speaking in English!

The three men stood tense.

"Bob Harley calling 'Prowler' headquarters," Bob Harley calling "Prowler" headquarters—"The call was repeated many times. Then at last came the reply they were waiting for.

"Malcolm Franklin here. Carry on, Bob."

"There's a strange submarine hanging about here, right up above the wreck. I can only see its lights. . . ."

Bob Harley's voice went on, giving details of all he knew. But the Shark was only half listening.

"So Franklin has found the *Lupercalia* and set a spy to watch!" he snarled. "Quickly—the Radar scanner—let us see what kind of hiding place this spy has got!"

The operator switched on a second set on the other side of

the cabin. At once a small screen glowed greenly. Then gradually the green glow shaped itself into a picture of what lay below them on the ocean floor.

Had they not already known that something lay below them, they would never have noticed the steel ball in the radar picture, for it only showed as a tiny round dot. As it was, the Shark picked it out at once.

"There!" he snapped. "That dot! That has not been in the picture when we have looked at the wreck before! Pah—it is but a small thing—some sort of diving bell, perhaps!"

He stood for a moment, thinking. Then his eyes flashed wickedly.

"Let us capture this 'small thing' my friends. A prisoner might be very useful to us. He might tell us much I wish to know about this Malcolm Franklin. Yes, my friends—let us capture this spy—this Bob Harley as he calls himself!"

He led the way swiftly to the air lock, where the two divers were ready to be lowered to the wreck.

"Close the doors!" he snapped. "Make ready to dive at once. Prepare the magnetic hoisting gear."

He stepped into the glass-fronted control cabin, from where the heavy divers could be lowered upon their steel cables. He picked up a microphone that

enabled him to speak to the men inside their thick steel.

"Kovacs!" he said, "you will dive first, with the magnetic crane gear. There is, near the wreck, at a spot to which I will guide you, a round object of metal. You will pick it up, if it is of steel. If it is not of steel then Erickson will dive with the grab. Bring this round object back to me!"

Ten minutes later, Bob Harley in his sphere was startled to see the water around him grow suddenly light.

"Gosh!" he thought. "The 'Prowler's' got here quickly!"

But even as he thought it, he knew that this could not be true. The "Prowler" could not be here for hours yet!

He peered from the windows, but could see nothing. The light came from somewhere above him—actually from the search-lamp that Kovacs had switched on to pick out the exact spot where he lay.

Then he saw it—a shadowy shape, descending from above him. But still he could not tell what it might be. The thrill of approaching danger tingled through him.

Then he felt the steel sphere stir strangely on its sandy bed.

Some powerful force was tugging it upwards!

Next week: In the clutches of the Shark!

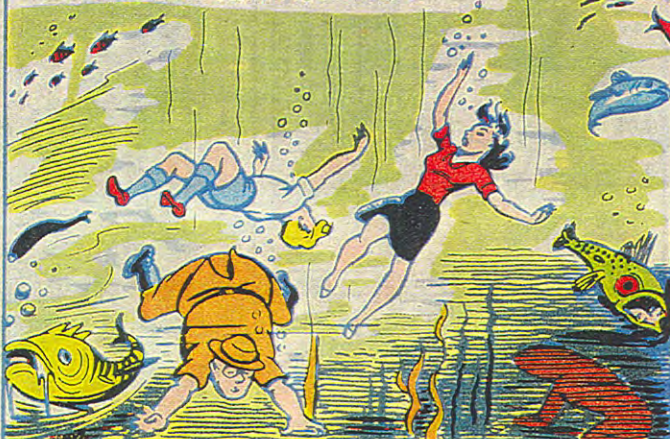
Searching for treasure buried long ago by The Vulture, a Space Pirate from Saturn, Ann, Peter and their Uncle reach a remote world in the Milky Way. Their crew, headed by the treacherous Woznik, steal the treasure map and throw them into the sea.

THE SKY EXPLORERS

DOWN, DOWN, PLUNGE OUR ADVENTURERS, UNTIL THEY HIT THE WATER WITH A MIGHTY SPLASH!



ALL THE BREATH KNocked OUT OF THEM, THEY SINK LIKE STONES IN THE GREEN DEPTHS ~ ~ ~



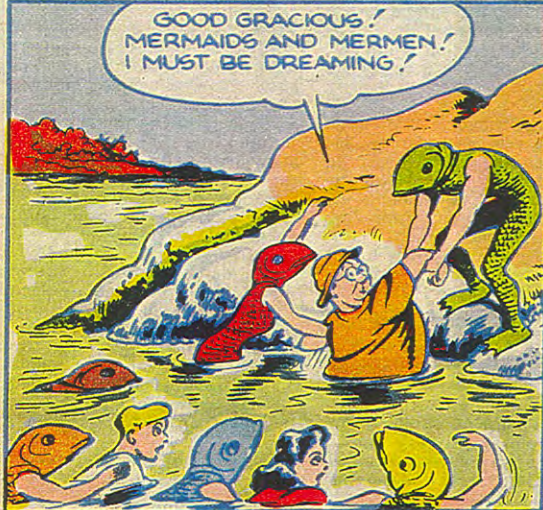
BUT STRANGE UNDERWATER CREATURES ARE WATCHING THEM ~ ~



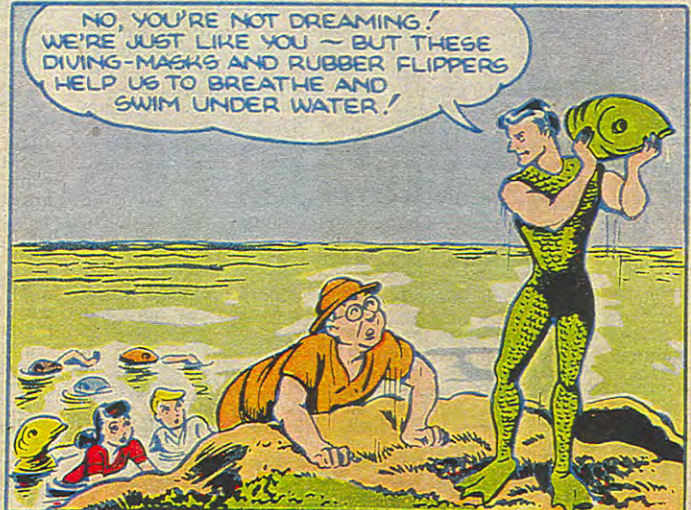
JUST AS ANN, PETER AND PROFESSOR JOLLY HAVE GIVEN UP HOPE, THEY ARE GRASPED BY STRONG HANDS AND CARRIED TO THE SURFACE.



GOOD GRACIOUS! MERMAIDS AND MERMEN! I MUST BE DREAMING!



NO, YOU'RE NOT DREAMING! WE'RE JUST LIKE YOU ~ BUT THESE DIVING-MASKS AND RUBBER FLIPPERS HELP US TO BREATHE AND SWIM UNDER WATER!



YOU SAVED
OUR LIVES,
ANYWAY -
THANKS!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND -
I THOUGHT NOBODY
LIVED ON THIS
WORLD.



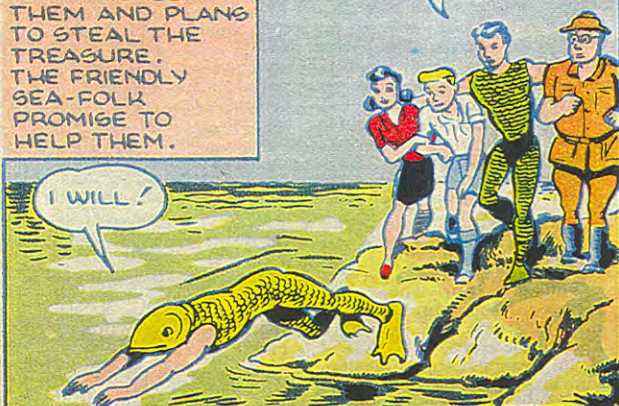
ONE OF THE STRANGE PEOPLE
EXPLAINS -

OUR PARENTS
CAME FROM ATLANTA. THE
VULTURE BROUGHT THEM HERE
AS PRISONERS AND MAROONED
THEM ON THE ISLAND. WE HAVE
LIVED HERE ALWAYS, AND ARE
AS AT HOME IN THE SEA AS
ON LAND.



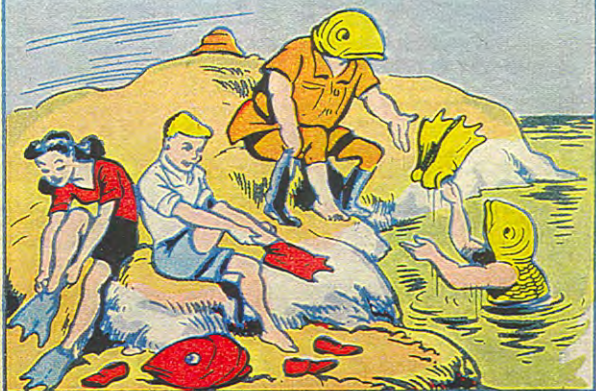
PROFESSOR JOLLY
TELLS THE
ISLANDERS WHY
THEY HAVE COME,
AND HOW WOZNIK
HAS TRICKED
THEM AND PLANS
TO STEAL THE
TREASURE.
THE FRIENDLY
SEA-FOLK
PROMISE TO
HELP THEM.

TONGO - FETCH THREE
SETS OF MASKS AND
FLIPPERS FROM THE
SEA-BED STORE FOR
OUR FRIENDS!



I WILL!

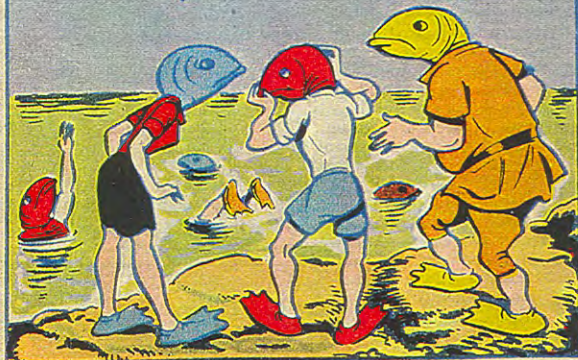
IN A FLASH TONGO RETURNS WITH
UNDERWATER SWIMMING KIT FOR THE
ADVENTURERS!



COMPLETE WITH MASKS AND FLIPPERS,
THE TRIO PREPARE TO TRY THEIR SKILL
AT UNDERWATER SWIMMING!

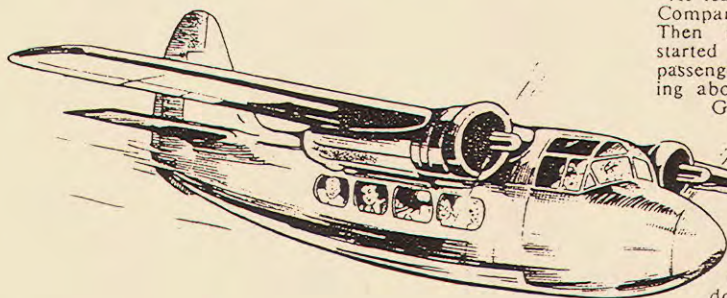
DO YOU THINK
WE'LL MANAGE?

WELL, WE CAN'T
DROWN IN THESE
MASKS. HERE GOES!



(Continued on back page)

MICK THE MOON BOY



The amazed and pop-eyed passengers stared out of the windows of the airliner at the strange sight of Hugo galloping alongside with the important, but terrified, figure of the Airport Official trailing behind him!

THE CURIOUS ADVENTURE OF MR. EGG

"HERE we are!" said Mick the Moon Boy, as a taxi dropped him and his twelve-year-old pal Hank Luckner at the big Chicago airport. "It won't be long now before we're in New York."

"I sure am excited, Mick," cried Hank. "I ain't never been in an aircraft afore."

"Well, now's the time to start!" chuckled Mick.

He paid off the taxi-man, then a uniformed official directed him and Hank to where the big, white-coloured, passenger-carrying air liner for New York was standing on the tarmac with engines ticking over.

"Golly, she ain't half a whopper!" gasped Hank. "And is all them folks going on her?"

"No, just some of them," said Mick, for there was quite a crowd of passengers and their friends, porters, officials and ground staff gathered about the aircraft.

Among them was a small, neatly dressed gentleman, with a huge black hound on a light steel chain. He was a very meek and mild looking little gentle-

man, but a uniformed official who was talking to him certainly wasn't.

This official was tall and thin, with cold, hard eyes and a tight-lipped mouth. There was a bullying, bossy manner about him, as well, and he was saying angrily to the meek and mild little gentleman:

"I've already told you you can't take that huge hound on the aircraft with you. How many more times d'you want me to tell you?"

"But when I bought my ticket, they told me at the booking office I could take him," cried the little man, looking very distressed and unhappy.

"I don't care what they told you at the office!" shouted the bossy official. "I'm telling you that you can't take him. Now do you understand?"

"But if I can't take him with me, what am I going to do?" wailed the little man. "I've got him entered for the All-America Dog Show at New York and he's got to be there by this afternoon."

"He's not going to be there by this afternoon!" cried the nasty, bad-tempered official.

"At least, not on any of this Company's aircraft he's not!" Then raising his voice he started to bawl at the other passengers who were still standing about: "ALL ABOARD! GET ABOARD THERE, PLEASE! IT'S TIME TO TAKE OFF!"

"Oh, dear, what am I going to do?" almost wept the little man. "I must get to New York even if I don't take the hound with me. What can I do with him?"

"You can leave him here and I'll bung him in an empty room or somewhere until you arrange to have him called for," cried the horrid official, snatching the chain from the little man's hand. "That is, if you're going on the aircraft. You'd better make your mind up quick. She's leaving in a couple of minutes!"

"Yes, yes, I must go on her, I really must!" cried the little man. "Good-bye, Hugo, my boy!" He patted the great hound's head. "I'm so sorry this man won't let me take you with me to the Dog Show—"

"Are you going to get aboard that aircraft, or aren't you?" snarled the official. He glared at Mick and Hank, who were standing watching the scene. "And you brats, too, if you're going!"

"Okay, Sunshine!" said Mick.

The official fairly choked with rage as Mick, Hank and the little man started to climb aboard the aircraft.

"My name's not Sunshine, you sassy little two-bit snipe!" he roared, recovering the use of his tongue. "It's Hiram K. Egg and I'm the Passenger Superintendent of this Airways Company!"

"Is that so?" said Mick sweetly, looking back at him over his shoulder. "Egg, eh? No wonder you're a bit cracked. Guess you must have been dropped sometime."

If the aircraft hadn't been on the very point of taking off there's not the slightest doubt but what the raging Hiram K. Egg would have gone after Mick. But the engines were already revving up, the sliding door in the side of the hull was closing, so he had to content himself with standing glowering up at Mick as he and Hank stood smiling down at him through the saloon windows before seeking their seats.

With the two boys was the little man. But he wasn't looking down at Hiram K. Egg. He was gazing most sorrowfully at Hugo, the hound. And the moment Hugo saw him at the

saloon window he started to make frantic efforts to reach him.

"Stop it! Keep quiet, you brute!" roared Mr. Egg, slipping his wrist through the leather loop at the end of the hound's chain and getting a real good grip.

In spite of that, however, the powerful Hugo nearly had him off his feet and it was only by teetering on his heels and gripping the chain frantically with both hands that the Passenger Superintendent was able to keep his balance at all.

"That dog seems mighty fond of you," said Mick to the little man whose name he learned later was Mr. Toplady.

"Oh, yes, he is, he is!" cried Mr. Toplady. "And I'm mighty fond of him, too. If only I could have taken him to New York with me, I'm sure he'd have won a prize at the Dog Show. And they told me at the Air Company's office when I bought my ticket that I could bring him with me, but you heard that man down there say I couldn't."

"I heard him," said Mick, taking what looked like a little silver-coloured pencil from his pocket. "But you don't have to worry what that pompous, official ass says. Hugo's coming along to New York with us, all right. Hallo, we're moving!"

The big air liner was beginning to taxi towards the runway. As though realising that his beloved master was leaving him, the frantic Hugo redoubled his efforts to reach him and so great was his strength that he was fairly dragging the raging Mr. Egg along behind him.

"Will you stop it, blister your blamed hide!" yelled Mr. Egg. "Down, you brute!"

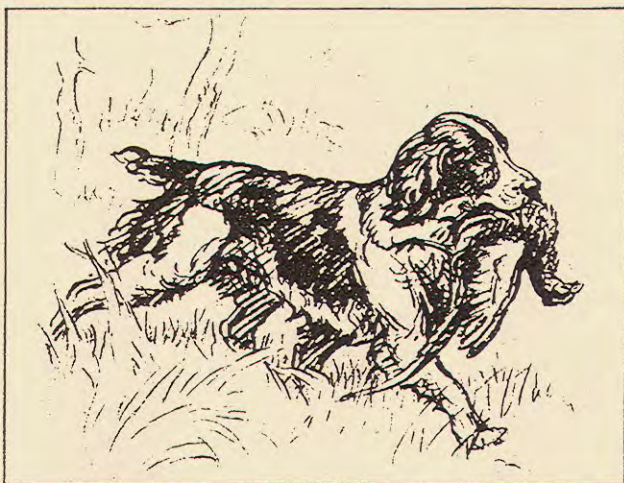
But instead of sitting down, Hugo took such a terrific bound forward that, with a howl, Mr. Egg was jerked clean off his feet and fell flat on his nose.

But worse was to follow. For by this time the aircraft was roaring along the runway for the take-off and Hugo went bounding along beside it. And as the frantic and bellowing Mr. Egg couldn't release his wrist from the aut leather loop at the end of the chain, he went along after Hugo, being dragged willy-nilly flat on his face.

And then a most frightful thing did happen to Mr. Egg. For as the air liner took off and went soaring up and up into the blue, Hugo took off too and went soaring up and up with it, his powerful legs working away for all the world as though he were galloping.

And behind him, still unable to let go of the chain, came sailing the howling, bellowing and completely terrified Mr.

(Continued on next page)



Here is a dog that really enjoys the hard work when he goes out with his master on a day's shooting. Bigger, stronger and longer legged than a Cocker, the English Springer Spaniel finds it much easier to carry a heavy bird than its smaller cousin. His coat is either flat or wavy and can be of various colours. The most usual colours, however, are brown and white or black and white. In height he stands about 19 inches at the shoulder. He is a very loyal and friendly dog and likes children. In fact, he is a real pal and will stick by you anywhere.



MICK THE MOONBOY

(Continued from page 12)

Hiram K. Egg.

By this time the saloon windows were crowded with amazed and pop-eyed passengers. For surely a stranger sight had never been seen than that of that great black hound galloping through mid-air alongside an aircraft and trailing behind him an important, but screaming, uniformed Official of the Air Company.

"Why—why, bless my soul!" gasped little Mr. Toplady, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head. "However is Hugo managing to do that?"

"It's amazing what some dogs can do when they set their minds to it," Mick said to him with a chuckle. "I guess that hound of yours just *meant* to come along to New York with you."

He didn't tell him that the little, silver-coloured gadget which he had taken from his pocket and secretly pointed at Hugo back there on the tarmac was a scientific marvel which defeated the laws of gravity and

enabled the hound to rise off the ground and gallop through the air at an astonishing speed.

The frantic and terrified Mr. Egg didn't know that, either. All he knew was that he was being whisked breathlessly through space by this dreadful hound.

He tried to tell himself that it must all be just a frightful nightmare. But when he looked down at the ground whizzing past far below, and when he looked at the amazed faces staring at him from the saloon windows of the air liner, he knew it was no nightmare but terrifying, horrifying fact.

It didn't take the air liner long to reach New York. It didn't take the galloping Hugo long either, for he kept alongside the aircraft the whole way, towing Mr. Hiram K. Egg behind him. And every now and again Hugo would look across at Mr. Toplady, watching him through the saloon window, and wag his tail twenty to the dozen.

As the air liner came gliding down to land on the airfield at New York, Hugo came loping down beside it. The air liner made a graceful landing. So did

Hugo. Not so Mr. Hiram K. Egg, who landed flat on his face with a thump which nearly squashed his nose and knocked the wind right out of him.

And when he had been assisted to his feet and partly recovered, who should come bustling up to him but little Mr. Toplady crying:

"Hah, Egg! You owe me some money. I have to pay to

fly to New York in your aircraft, so you have to pay to fly to New York with Hugo. That's only fair. My two young friends here say so!" He indicated the grinning Mick and Hank, then stretched out his hand towards the speechless Mr. Egg. "The fare, please!" he demanded.

Next week Mick turns two greedy people into doll-sized midgets.

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COMET—September 6, 1952—13

KIT CARSON and THE EVIL EYE

STRIKING EASTWARDS IN TRIUMPH, CHIEF BLACK HAWK AND HIS TRIBE WERE SWEEPING ALL BEFORE THEM! ARMY HEADQUARTERS GOT MIGHTY WORRIED AS THE VICTORIOUS PAWNEES DREW NEARER WITH EVERY DAY! THEN STRANGE TALES DRIFTED BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, BROUGHT BY FRIENDLY REDSKINS. TALES OF AN EVIL-EYE TOTEM THAT THE PAWNEES CARRIED INTO BATTLE! OF ITS WEIRD BLACK MAGIC WHICH OVERCAME AND DEFEATED ALL PALEFACES...



BUT THE GENERAL SCOFFS AT A FRIENDLY BRAVE'S EXCITED TALE...



IT IS TRUTH, GREAT PALEFACE! I HEAR IT FROM MY RED BROTHER WHO FLED BEFORE THE ADVANCING PAWNEES! HE SAW IT ALL WITH HIS OWN EYES!

OKAY, OKAY! YOU CAN GO, RED WING! I GUESS YOU MEAN WELL, BUT YOUR INFORMATION'S NOT MUCH USE TO US...

AS THE REDSKIN LEAVES THE HUT, KIT SPEAKS, HIS FACE SERIOUS.

I WOULDN'T LAUGH AT THAT GUYS YARN TOO MUCH, GENERAL! THERE'S NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE! BLACK HAWK IS HEADING THIS WAY FAST, AND AS FAR AS WE KNOW, HE HAS BEATEN ALL TROOPS THROWN AGAINST HIM...



OH, COME NOW, KIT! DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE ALL THIS EVIL-EYE BUSINESS!

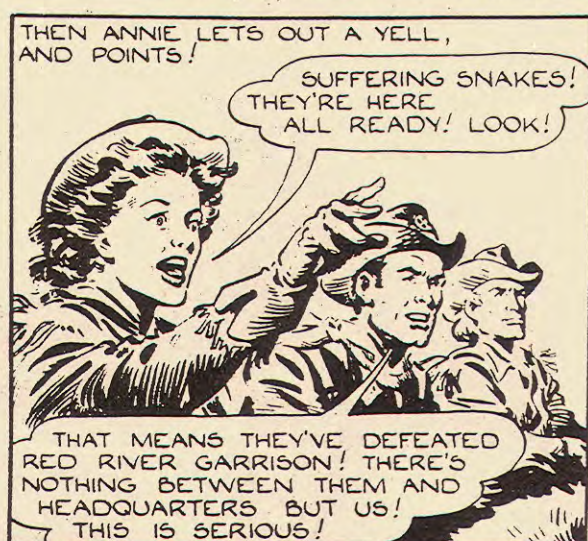
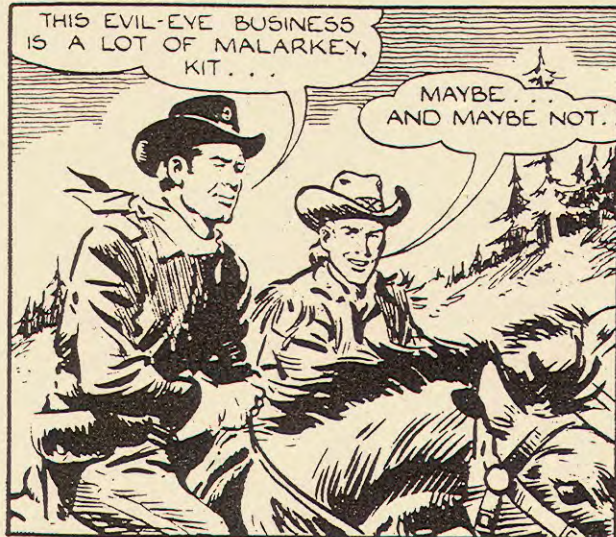
I'LL SHOW BLACK HAWK AND HIS SKUNKS! I'M SENDING OUT THE BEST SQUADRON IN THE ARMY... RECKLESS SMITH AND HIS MEN! THEY'RE TO INTERCEPT BLACK HAWK AND HIS MEN, BEAT THEM UP AND BRING IN BLACK HAWK ALIVE! AND I WANT YOU TO GO WITH THEM, KIT!



YOU BET! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

AT THE HEAD OF HIS CRACK SQUADRON, RECKLESS SMITH GALLOPS OUT OF THE FORT, WITH KIT AND ANNIE RIDING BESIDE HIM...





BUT RECKLESS SMITH IS NOT CALLED RECKLESS FOR NOTHING!



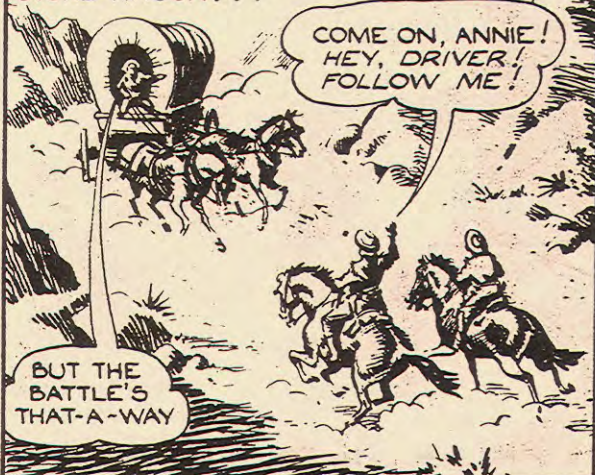
AS THE SQUADRON STORMS FORWARD, KIT DRAGS ANNIE TO ONE SIDE.



YOU CAN'T BACK OUT OF THE ATTACK! YOU'LL BE COURT-MARTIALLED FOR COWARDICE...



SWINGING ABOUT, KIT GALLOPS BACK TOWARDS THE SLOWLY-MOVING STORE-WAGON...



DON'T ARGUE! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME



DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

HORACE HAKE, the donkey, was standing staring over the gate of one of Farmer Whipstraw's fields. He wasn't staring at anything in particular, because there wasn't much to stare at except the hedge on the other side of the road.

Horace hadn't always been a donkey. Not so very long ago he had been just an ordinary schoolboy—one of a party of boys who had come to Meadow-sweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole lot of them had felt ill. So Doctor Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them all a dose of medicine. But Doctor Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gentleman that you could meet anywhere. He got his bottles mixed up and, instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine, he gave them a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

The result was that, in a flash, the whole bunch of them had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals that you ever saw in your life. And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Doctor Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back again to their proper selves.

As Horace stood staring dreamily over the gate of the field, he suddenly pricked up his ears. Voices were approaching along the road. Looking in the direction of the voices, Horace saw two boys coming towards him. They were from St. Anselm's School, which was about two miles from Meadow-sweet Farm. Horace knew that they were from the school by the caps they were wearing.

"Hallo, here's a moke!" exclaimed one of them, stopping to stare at Horace as they reached the gate.

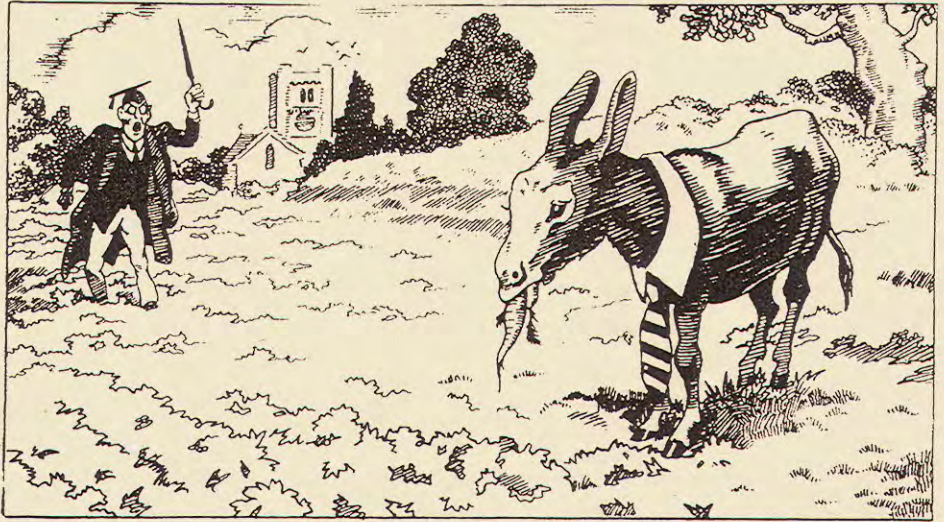
"D'you know," remarked his pal, "I can never understand why donkeys look so daft!"

Horace glared at him. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell the cheeky little fathead that donkeys weren't the only ones who looked daft. For, although he had been changed into a donkey, Horace could still talk in his human voice.

However, he kept his mouth shut and just glared.

"Listen, I'll tell you what, Cuthbert," cried the first boy, whose name was Marmaduke Mopp. "I've got an idea. He, he, he! It's a beastly hot day, so what about you and I riding this moke back to the school? It'll save us walking, what?"

"My hat! So it will!" guffawed his pal, whose name was Cuthbert Cropper. "What a



Horace went on peacefully enjoying the prize carrots, as Mr. Basher rushed towards him yelling at the top of his voice.

wizard wheeze. Har, har, har! But what'll we do with the brute when we get to the school?"

"Oh, we'll just turn it loose," said Marmaduke Mopp. "It'll find its way back here sooner or later. It won't matter if it doesn't. It's not our moke!"

"No, that's true!" laughed Cuthbert Cropper. "But d'you think it can carry the pair of us?"

"It'll jolly well have to," said Marmaduke Mopp. "Come on, let's grab it!"

The pair of them approached the gate, Marmaduke Mopp saying: "Poor Neddy—good old Neddy!"

Horace stepped back as they opened the gate. But he made no effort to bolt. In fact, he stood quite still while the pair of them climbed gleefully on to his back.

Now you might be surprised at Horace acting like that. But Marmaduke Mopp wasn't the only one who could think of clever wheezes. Horace was pretty good at thinking of clever ones himself. And while the pair of them had been talking about riding him back to the school, Horace had thought of a perfectly marvellous wheeze.

Growing in the headmaster's garden at the school were the loveliest, juiciest carrots that Horace had ever seen. More than once, while taking a trot across the fields, he had stopped and stared longingly at those carrots over the hedge of the headmaster's garden. The very sight of them made Horace's mouth fairly water. For, being a donkey, he simply loved carrots. And now he saw how he could not only help himself to some of them, but how he could also get even with these two

louts who had the cheek to get on his back.

"Gee-up Neddy!" cried Marmaduke Mopp, digging his heels into Horace's sides.

"Yes, get a move on, you brute!" cried Cuthbert Cropper, who was sitting with his arms round Marmaduke's waist.

Horace did so. He trotted out through the gate and along the road towards St. Anselm's School.

"Yippee-ee!" yelled Marmaduke Mopp triumphantly. "I told you this was a giddy brain-wave, Cuthbert!"

"Yes, it's a jolly sight better than walking," guffawed Cuthbert. "Where'll we dismount?"

"Oh, when we reach the school drive," replied Marmaduke. "He may as well take us all the way there. If we get off in the drive, none of the masters'll see us."

"No, we don't want any of those rotters to see us," said Cuthbert, "or there'll be a giddy row!"

Horace grinned to himself, but trotted docilely along with the two triumphant louts on his back.

"Here we are!" cried Marmaduke Mopp, when they had reached the school drive. "Whoa, you brute!"

Horace obediently whoa'ed, and the two riders slid off his back.

"Now, let's chase him out into the road again and he can find his own way home," said Marmaduke.

But Horace had no intention of being chased out into the road. Brushing Marmaduke and Cuthbert aside, he trotted gaily up the drive and vanished round the side of the school.

"Where the dickens is the brute making for?" panted

Marmaduke, as he and Cuthbert pelted in pursuit. "Oh, my hat! Look, he's in the Head's garden?"

"Eating the Head's prize carrots!" gasped Cuthbert. "Oh, my gosh! There won't half be a row about this. Can we chase him out, d'you think?"

"No, we jolly well can't!" cried Marmaduke. "We'd be seen for certain. Listen, this is where we fade. Nobody knows that it's us who brought him here, so we'll be quite safe if we lie low and say nothing. Come on, let's slip into school!"

The pair of them turned tail and sneaked swiftly into the school.

MEANWHILE Horace was having the feed of his life.

"Golly! These carrots are simply scrumptious!" he told himself gleefully, gobbling them up as fast as ever he could.

"Hallo, what's that row?"

The row was the yelling and bawling of Mr. Basher, the Fourth Form master, who was coming rushing at Horace from the rear of the school. He had apparently seen Horace from one of the windows and was waving a long cane and yelling: "Shoo-oo, you brute! Stop that, you brute! Get away, you brute!"

Rushing up to Horace, he dealt him a terrific smack with the cane.

"Stop that!" roared Horace, wheeling round and glaring at him. "What the thump d'you think you're doing, hitting me with that cane."

At hearing the donkey speak in a human voice, Mr. Basher got such a shock that he staggered back and sat down in a cucumber frame with an awful

(Continued on next page)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

come today, after all, and so will not be able to present the prizes."

Everyone brightened up. No one had been looking forward to a long speech from Mr. Swackem.

"Instead, however," Dr. Gandybar was continuing, "Mr. —er—Mr. Spinks, a new addition to our board of governors, has just arrived to give away the silver cups and valuable books. In a few moments I shall be happy to introduce Mr. Spinks to you."

The headmaster sat down and everybody applauded politely.

The seconds ticked by, but there was no sign of Mr. Spinks.

Willie turned to gaze idly out of the window. It had started to rain. He was beginning to think about a device for controlling the weather when something Dr. Gandybar was saying made him jump in alarm.

"If you will excuse me," he heard the Head saying, "I will leave you for a moment to try to find Mr. Spinks. He said he was going to wash, then he would join us at once."

Looking a little anxious, Dr. Gandybar left the platform.

Jimmy and Willie gazed at each other in horror. "Wash?" croaked Jimmy.

"Wash," repeated Willie with a moan. "Jam! Jam coming out of every tap!"

All at once there was an angry sound in the passage outside the hall. The door burst open and a podgy little man came bouncing in. He was dancing with rage and shouting in fury.

And he was covered from head to foot in jam!

"Gandybar!" the little man was howling. "Where is that dunderhead Gandybar?"

Mr. Halfpun, the assistant headmaster, leaped from the platform and ran forward.

"Mr. Spinks!" he babbled. "Oh, my dear Mr. Spinks! I—oh—Mr. Spinks!"

"Spinks!" roared the jam-covered one. "Spinks! I am Elisha Swackem, sir, the chairman of your board of governors! Where is that dolt Gandybar?"

There was a stunned silence.

You could have heard a spoonful of sherbert drop.

"But—but," stammered Mr. Halfpun. "The new governor, Mr. Spinks, told the Head that you could not come!"

"New governor!" cried Mr. Swackem. "Are you all mad? First some lunatic directs me wrongly so that I am delayed! Then someone throws this horrible glue from the roof all over me. And now you talk about a new governor. There is no new governor, man! I repeat, are you all mad?"

Jimmy Bash had turned pale. He leaned towards Willie. "That other tablet," he gasped. "The one that missed the water tank and fell on the roof. It must be turning the rain on the roof to jam! That's what fell on old Swackem!"

At this moment there was another commotion. It came from outside the hall.

"Help! Let me out!" someone was crying.

Everyone started to move at once. There was complete confusion in the hall. Willie, with Jimmy at his side, battled his way through the agitated crowd out of the hall.

They had just reached the passage when another shout of "Help!" rang out. Willie stopped.

"That's the Head's voice," he called to Jimmy excitedly. "He's in that washroom there!"

The two boys rushed into the washroom. As they opened the door a river of jam started to flow out. It came from the corner where the showerbath was!

Propped up underneath the shower was the unfortunate Dr. Gandybar, tied hand and foot. A thin plum-coloured liquid was squirting from the shower all over him and all over the floor.

Willie and Jimmy dived forward and started to drag the moaning Head from his sticky prison. Dr. Gandybar stopped them.

"Don't worry about me, boys," he gasped. "Catch that villain Spinks! He is an impostor. When I left the hall I found him cramming all the prizes into a sack. He hit me, tied me up and pushed me in here! Go after him quickly!"

DR. GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL (Continued from page 17)

splintering of broken glass.

And there he sat, goggling up at Horace, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head.

"Did you—did you speak?" he gasped.

"Yes, I spoke!" roared Horace. "I asked you what the thump you meant by hitting me with that cane?"

"But I—I didn't know that donkeys could speak!" gasped Mr. Basher.

"There's a lot you don't know," sneered Horace. Then he added: "I'm a very special sort of a donkey!"

"Well, even if you are,"

stammered Mr. Basher, getting up out of the cucumber frame "you—you mustn't eat the headmaster's carrots."

"Why not?" bawled Horace. "I didn't come here specially to eat them. I was brought here by two of your nasty, wicked little sneaks who rode on my back for two miles. So, being here, I thought I'd help myself to a few carrots in sort of payment for the ride."

"But who rode you here?" demanded Mr. Basher. "Tell me their names and I shall see that they are both punished severely."

"I can't tell you their names,

Willie and Jimmy rushed out of the school in response to this order. As they ran they shouted the news about the unhappy Head to several of the boys' parents, who soon hurried to rescue Dr. Gandybar.

The rain was pouring down now. Dodging the jam which was trickling off the roof, Jimmy and Willie ran outside towards the garage.

"Swackem must have come in a car," panted Willie. "We'll phone the police, then pile in and chase that blighter Spinks!"

They reached the garage. There was a hubbub inside there, too.

Mr. Swackem, a little less jammy than before, was there, dancing with rage again.

"My car!" he was screaming. "Now some madman has stolen my car!"

Willie did not wait to hear more. He dashed past the furious governor and leaped on his bicycle, which was propped up against the garage wall.

"Tell the police what's happened!" he shouted at Jimmy as he whisked out of the garage door. "Tell Mr. Swackem! Tell everyone!" And pedalling madly, he swished off down the drive.

Through puddles he whizzed, rain driving fiercely down his neck as he crouched over the handlebars. He was so excited he did not pause to wonder about what he was doing. Actually he had little chance of finding the crook, for he did not know what the villain looked like! Nor had he any idea what the stolen car looked like!

All of a sudden the bicycle became heavy to push. Willie strained on the pedals, but his pace became slower and slower and slower. The reason came to him all at once.

The surface of the drive was as sticky as glue. It was covered in jam!

Then Willie remembered that Jimmy had fired two of the tablets from his catapult down the drive. The rain had been turned into a solid sea of jam!

The cycle came to a sticky stop. Willie tumbled off and sat down with a squelch on the jammy road. As he picked himself up he saw something ahead which made him yell.

because I don't know them," said Horace. "But if you'll parade the whole school, I'll jolly soon pick the pair of them out for you!"

Well, Mr. Basher did so. And a stranger sight than the whole school standing on parade and being inspected by Mr. Basher and a donkey you never saw in your life.

"Here they are!" exclaimed Horace suddenly, pointing with his fore-leg at the quaking Marmaduke Mopp and Cuthbert Cropper. "These are they!"

At the sound of Horace's voice, Marmaduke Mopp and

It was a car, bogged down in the deep plum-coloured tacky fluid. And from it a man was lifting a heavy sack!

Spinks—for he was the man—dropped the sack to deal with Willie.

Willie took off his spectacles and prepared to fight. And fight he did, very valiantly!

Over and over the two rolled, getting jam into their hair, in their eyes, over their hands, over their suits, over their shirts and over their shoes. It was a messy battle, but not a long one. The crook slipped and staggered, then fell into a patch of jam about two feet thick.

Spinks struggled and struggled. But he was caught like a fly on flypaper!

Willie was heaving himself to his feet when a crowd of boys and parents came surging towards him. Best suits or no best suits, some plunged through the jam towards the wailing Spinks, while others insisted on carrying Willie shoulder high back to the school!

Mr. Swackem was beaming when Willie was brought before him. "Fine work, my boy," the governor said happily. "Fine work indeed! It was a cunning trick that thief played, I must say, to spread that glue or whatever it is, all over the place to stop us all from following him, but he did not bargain for a brave chap like you!"

Willie risked winking a sticky eye at Jimmy Bash. As he turned his head he saw Dr. Gandybar watching him.

The headmaster, his jam-covered mortar-board tilted over one ear, looked away and spoke to Mr. Swackem.

"Well, Mr. Swackem," he said. "I expect you would like some tea after all this excitement. We have a good spread with some, er, special jam I hope you will enjoy!"

"Yes, yes," nodded the governor eagerly, smacking his lips. "I'm sure I shall enjoy it. I'm ready when you are!"

As Dr. Gandybar led the way towards the dining room his eyes met Willie's again. This time he could not help grinning and it was a very broad grin!

There will be more fun with Willie next week, when he makes everything in the garden grow like Jack's Beanstalk!

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And there he sat, goggling up at Horace, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head.

"Did you—did you speak?" he gasped.

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At the sound of Horace's voice, Marmaduke Mopp and

Cuthbert Cropper nearly fainted with fright. They hadn't known until that moment that Horace could talk.

"Well, I'll leave you to deal with them," said Horace, turning to Mr. Basher. "Give 'em a proper good hiding, won't you. Toodle-ooo!"

Turning, he kicked up his heels and, with a whisk of his tail, he trotted gaily away down the drive.

Don't miss the fun with Dr. Grunter's Zoo School lads next week, chums. A monkey and a parrot get even with a couple of tough boys!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

FOR TODAY'S NATURE
LESSON WE SHALL GO TO
THE WOODS TO PHOTOGRAPH
OUR FEATHERED
FRIENDS!

SCHOOL
PERHAPS HE MEANS
REDSKINS, CLAUDE!

I HOPE TO FIND A LESSER GLUGTAIL! - TO
TAKE A SNAP OF THIS BIRD IS MOST
DIFFICULT! HOWEVER, AN EXPERT LIKE
MYSELF CAN DO IT STANDING
ON HIS HEAD!

TO THE
WOODS

THIS MIGHTY ELM
SHOULD BE A
HAUNT OF THE
TIMID LITTLE
SUBJECT!

LESSER
GLUGTAIL

HEY, SIR! NOW'S
YOUR CHANCE
TO SNAP HIM
ON YOUR HEAD
LIKE YOU SAID!

HOLD ON, BOYS -
I'LL SOON GET
A SHOT AT
THIS BIRD!

Ho!

SHOOT MY BIRDS,
WOULD HE? I'LL SHOW
HIM WHAT
GAMEKEEPERS
ARE FOR!!

STOP! HE'S
ONLY SHOOTING
WITH A CAM.....

TOO LATE,
CLAUDE!!
...ERA!!

BOOM!

THAT'LL
TEACH HIM!

WATCH THE
BIRDY, SIR!

LATER

YOU CERTAINLY MAKE A FINE SNAP
STANDING ON YOUR HEAD,
SIR!

ENLARGEMENT BY
Charles G. Gadden

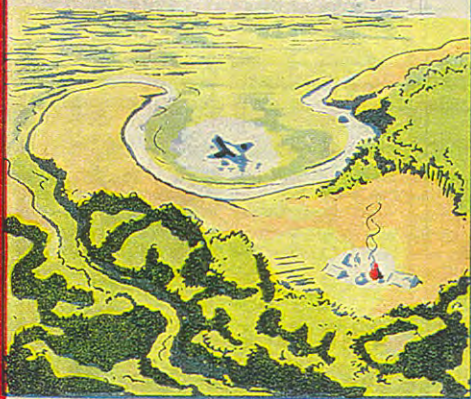
COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

THE ISLANDERS LEAD THEM UP THE RIVER WHICH WINDS INTO THE HEART OF THE ISLAND.



THEY CLIMB ASHORE CLOSE TO WHERE WOZNIK AND HIS MEN HAVE CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT.



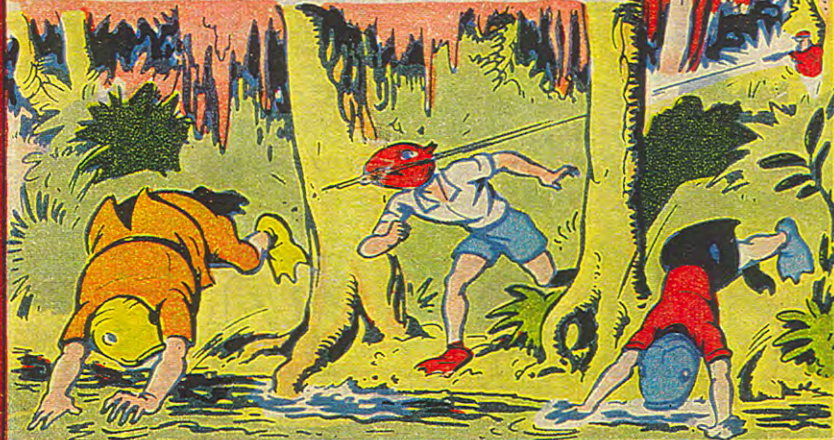
AS THEY CREEP BACK TO THE RIVER, PETER STEPS ON A DRY TWIG ~~~~



--- AND THE SENTRIES ARE ALERT!



A BULLET RIPS OPEN PETER'S SWIMMING-MASK!



MY MASK'S TORN! BUT DON'T WAIT FOR ME, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

