

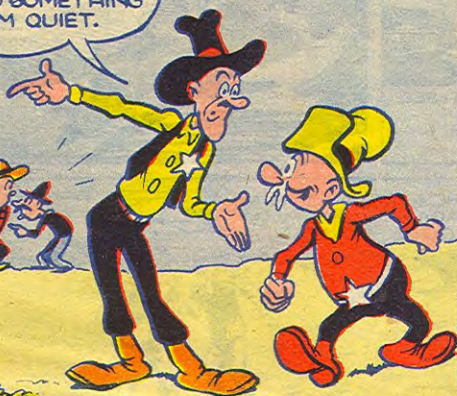
COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 217, September 23, 1952

SHORTY

SHORTY, THE BADMEN ARE STARTING TO QUARREL AND THAT MEANS SHOOTING. DO SOMETHING TO KEEP THEM QUIET.



STOP! CEASE! WATCH ME, PARTNERS - I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOME CLEVER CONJURING!

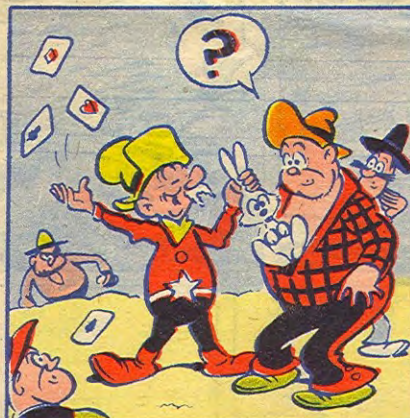


ACES?

HEY PRESTO!



?

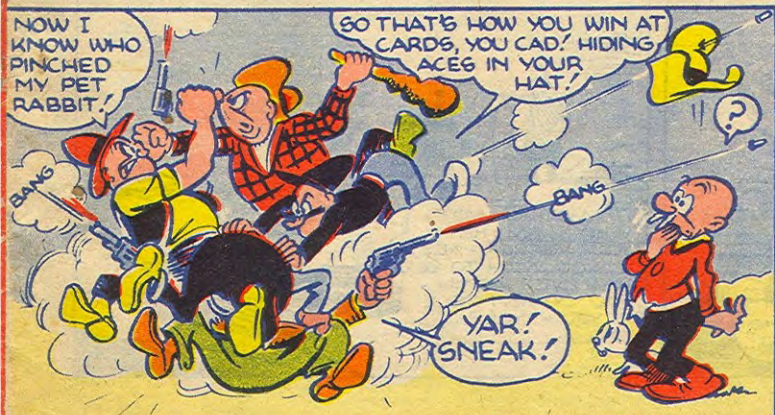


THANKS, SHORTY - YOU SURE HAVE SHOWN US SOMETHING!

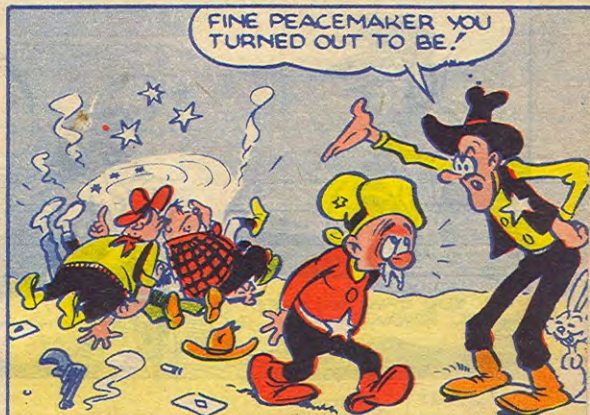


NOW I KNOW WHO PINCHED MY PET RABBIT!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU WIN AT CARDS, YOU CAD! HIDING ACES IN YOUR HAT!

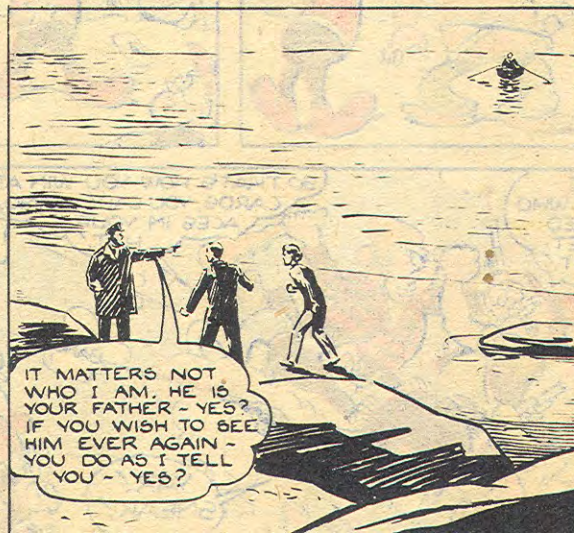
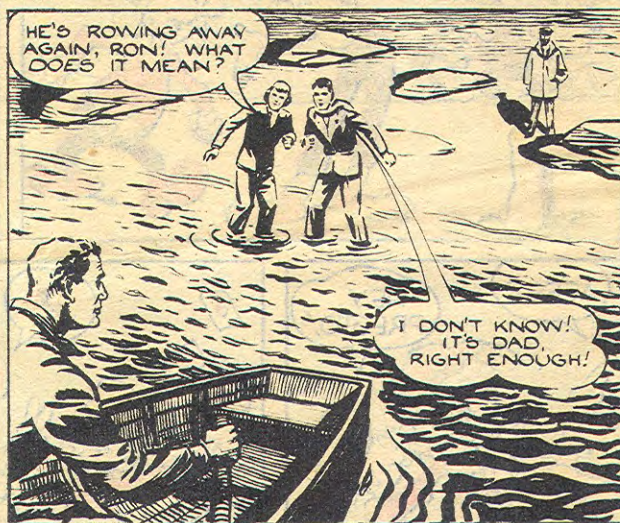
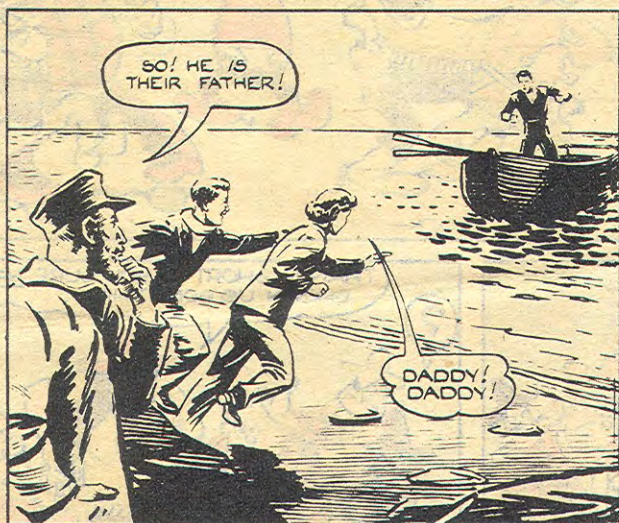
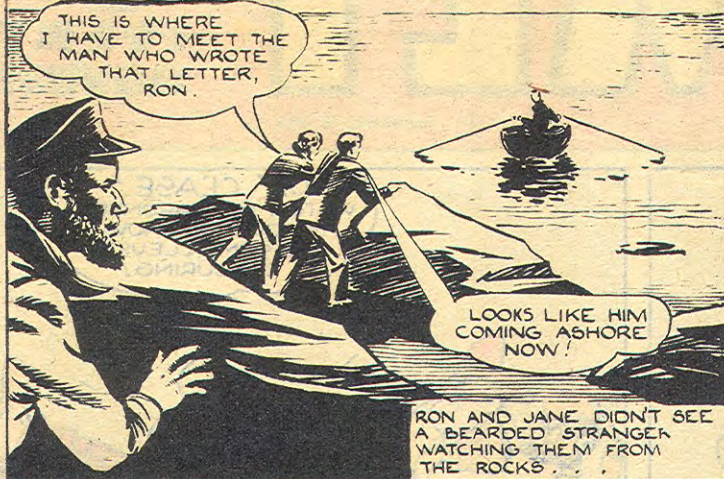


FINE PEACEMAKER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!



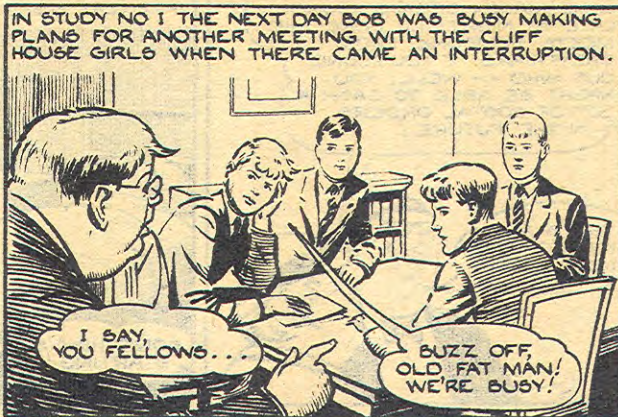
Ron Mason, a new boy at Greyfriars, and his sister Jane, who is new at Cliff House, have a secret. Jane has seen their father in mysterious circumstances. She receives a letter signed "a friend" telling her to be at the shore at midnight if she wants to help her father. She tells Ron and they both go down to the shore.

THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!





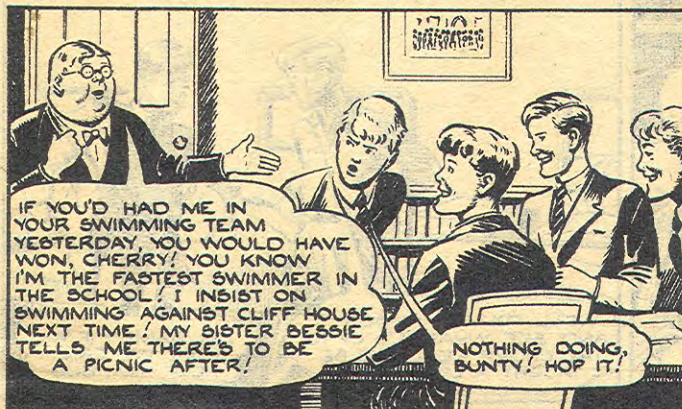
YOUR FATHER IS ONE OF MY GANG OF SMUGGLERS -- HE IS A CRIMINAL! THAT IS WHY HE WOULD NOT SPEAK TO YOU! AND IF YOU DO NOT WISH HIM TO GO TO PRISON -- YOU MUST KEEP SILENT -- AND DO AS I SAY! BE HERE TOMORROW. I HAVE A PACKAGE WHICH I WISH YOU TO DELIVER FOR ME.



IN STUDY NO 1 THE NEXT DAY BOB WAS BUSY MAKING PLANS FOR ANOTHER MEETING WITH THE CLIFF HOUSE GIRLS WHEN THERE CAME AN INTERRUPTION.

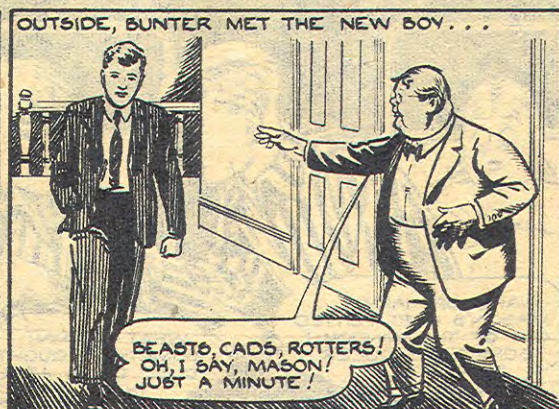
I SAY, YOU FELLOWS...

BUZZ OFF, OLD FAT MAN! WE'RE BUSY!



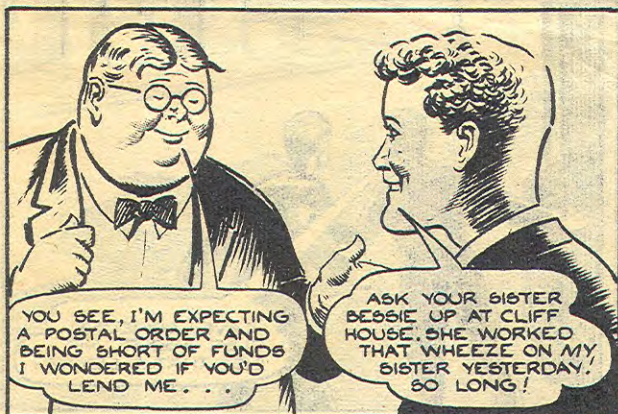
IF YOU'D HAD ME IN YOUR SWIMMING TEAM YESTERDAY, YOU WOULD HAVE WON, CHERRY! YOU KNOW I'M THE FASTEST SWIMMER IN THE SCHOOL! I INSIST ON SWIMMING AGAINST CLIFF HOUSE NEXT TIME! MY SISTER BESSIE TELLS ME THERE'S TO BE A PICNIC AFTER!

NOTHING DOING, BUNTY! HOP IT!



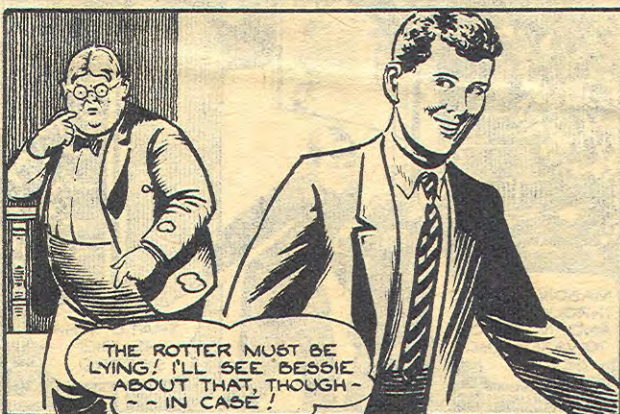
OUTSIDE, BUNTER MET THE NEW BOY...

BEASTS, CADS, ROTTERS! OH, I SAY, MASON! JUST A MINUTE!



YOU SEE, I'M EXPECTING A POSTAL ORDER AND BEING SHORT OF FUNDS I WONDERED IF YOU'D LEND ME...

ASK YOUR SISTER BESSIE UP AT CLIFF HOUSE. SHE WORKED THAT WHEEZE ON MY SISTER YESTERDAY! SO LONG!



THE ROTTER MUST BE LYING! I'LL SEE BESSIE ABOUT THAT, THOUGH -- IN CASE!



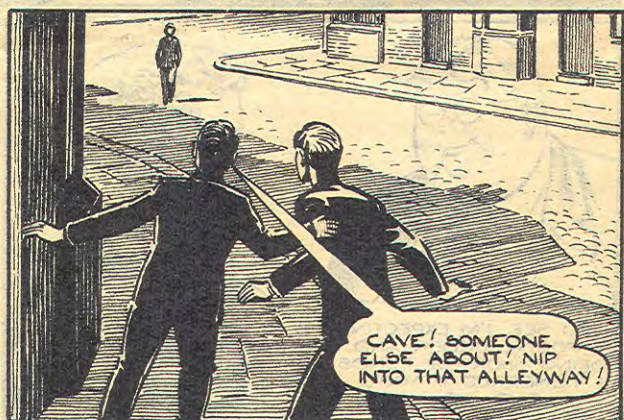
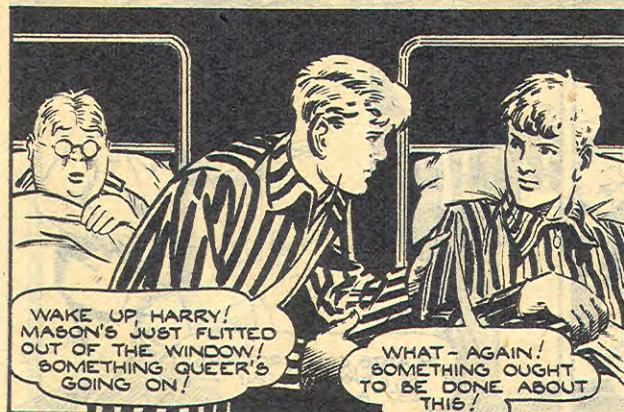
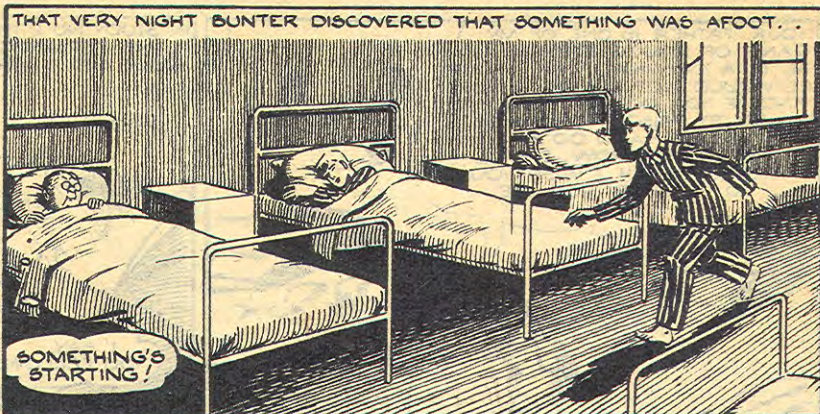
BEFORE PREP THAT EVENING, BUNTER PAID A VISIT TO CLIFF HOUSE SCHOOL.

NOW WHAT DOES HE WANT? SCROUNGING AGAIN, I KNOW!



I HEAR JANE MASON CASHED A POSTAL ORDER IN ADVANCE FOR YOU, BESSIE. I WONDER IF --

SHE DID NOT, THE BEAST! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT GIRL, BILLY!



What are Marjorie and Betty breaking bounds for? Be sure to read next week's gripping adventures.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

WILLY WIZZARD'S CROP CULTIVATOR

"AND the next time you want fruit and vegetables from me, you can come for them yourself. Telling me my goods are rotten! The idea!"

Mr. Grub, the greengrocer turned his back on the housekeeper of Gandybar School and the crates of fruit and vegetables at her feet. He jumped in his cart, took the reins and made off in the direction of his shop.

"Dear me, Mrs. Biggs! What on earth is the matter?" asked Doctor Gandybar, who was passing. He glanced in concern at the sorry-looking vegetables, as Mrs. Biggs stood over them, hands on hips.

"That Mr. Grub, the greengrocer, is a very rude man. I gave him a piece of my mind, that's all. I'm afraid sir, that we shall get no more deliveries from him."

Doctor Gandybar looked alarmed. Then seeing again the wilting lettuces and over-ripe tomatoes, he said:

"No matter, Mrs. Biggs. This is for the best. I will now advertise and invite tenders from greengrocers beyond the town." He placed his hands behind his back and wandered off with pursed lips, thoughtfully.

Willie Wizzard of the Fourth Form, who was the son of a famous scientist, happened to be nearby at the time, and thought the matter over. After school he disappeared, and Jimmy Bash guessed that he would be in the boiler house, busy on another invention. Willie would not tell him what he was making. He just buried his head in a gardening book for an hour, before going to bed that night.

In the morning, Doctor Gandybar was pleased to find his advertisement in the local paper.

"Tenders are invited for the supply of fruit and vegetables to Dr. Gandybar's School. Highest quality; lowest prices. Urgent.—Apply, Headmaster."

The first person to apply was Willie Wizzard. He saw the headmaster in the corridor and rushed up to him with a bright face behind his thick spectacles and a tomato in his hand.

"Look, sir, isn't this a beauty! I grew it myself!"

Doctor Gandybar took the tomato absent-mindedly. It certainly was a beautiful tomato. As tomatoes were a passion of his, it had a special appeal. Unable to resist, he took a juicy bite and then finished it off.

"Mm. Delicious, Wizzard, I must say! Did you say you grew it yourself?"

"Yes, sir. I grew it overnight with my new Wizzard Pressure Crop Cultivator. If you will let

me, sir, I can rig it up in your greenhouse and you can grow tomatoes very quickly. I can also connect up your kitchen garden, so that the vegetables will grow quickly, too."

Doctor Gandybar looked amazed. Truly, this boy was a marvel. If what he said happened to be true, then all the fruit and vegetables required could be grown at the school at very little cost. He rubbed his hands, happily.

"All right, my boy. Go ahead. In the meantime, please deliver some more of those wonderful tomatoes. You may take a holiday from lessons to fix your apparatus."

Willie was busy all day. The boys coming out of afternoon school caught sight of him in the Head's kitchen garden. He was running thick rubber tubing to the rows of potato and cabbage plants already growing. With the gardener's help he planted more peas and beans, and rigged up supports for them. He fitted his batteries and control box in the greenhouse and ran all his tubing from there. It looked far too simple to the gardener, who laughed at his scheme.

"Wait till tomorrow! You won't laugh then!" said Willie contentedly and he explained the control box to the gardener.

"Look!" he said, "Over this switch I have marked 'slow', 'medium' and 'fast'. If we switch it to 'medium' I think it will be just right."

Next day they had the first crop.

The masters and boys lingered over their dinners. The potatoes were perfect and they even had new garden peas; lots of them. This was wonderful, as the pea plants were only tiny the day before, with no sign of flowers.

The gardener was not laughing, though. As the food was growing so quickly, he was kept very busy gathering it in.

Willie was in favour. As a reward he was invited with Jimmy Bash as his friend, to a special tea at Doctor Gandybar's house.

The Doctor was delighted and tore up three tenders he had received from greengrocers, without reading them.

The only person with a grudge against Willie was the gardener, who had more work that day than he usually had in a year. That night when the boys were in bed, he made his way to the greenhouse.

"I've just about had enough of this hard work," he muttered to himself as he turned the speed knob on Willie's control box. "I'll switch it to 'fast' and we shall see what we shall see!"

Then after making sure that the Pressure Crop Cultivator was working properly, the



"Bless my soul!" murmured Dr. Gandybar as another stalk found his upraised hand holding the safety razor and twined itself lovingly round his fingers.

gardener went off to bed grinning to himself.

The Doctor was shaving in his bathroom the following morning, when he was amazed to see a plant growing by the open window in the sunlight. It grew quickly, and a tiny tendrill curled itself round the window-lock. Doctor Gandybar watched fascinated. Slowly but surely the plant pushed its way upwards and inwards. Then a small bud grew larger, and opened into a pea-blossom under the Doctor's nose. He started back. A tendrill fastened itself round his ear. The pea-blossom persisted in growing, and changed rapidly into a pea-pod.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Doctor. Another tendrill found his upraised hand with his safety razor and twined itself lovingly round his fingers.

Doctor Gandybar was amazed. He watched spell-bound, as the pea-pod swelled before his eyes. Then with a little 'pop' it opened near his face, showing in a grin, a perfect set of green peas.

Mechanically the Doctor emptied the pod and ate the peas, one by one. Immediately several other pods burst open and brought Doctor Gandybar to his senses. He gave one glance round the bathroom and fled.

The pea plant was growing so quickly, that it was creeping up the walls. Tendrils twined themselves round the taps. The plant had caught the Head's sponge and it lay hanging in mid-air, clutched by new tendrils and

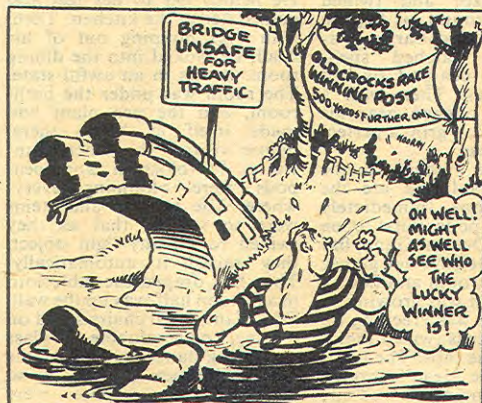
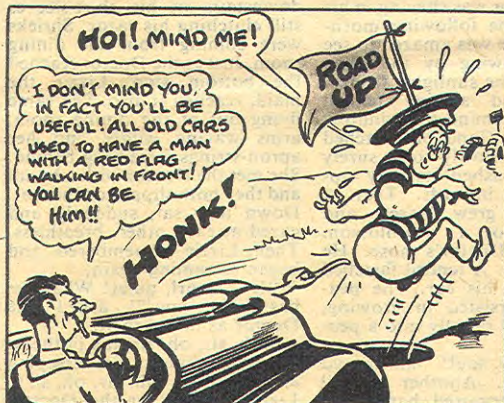
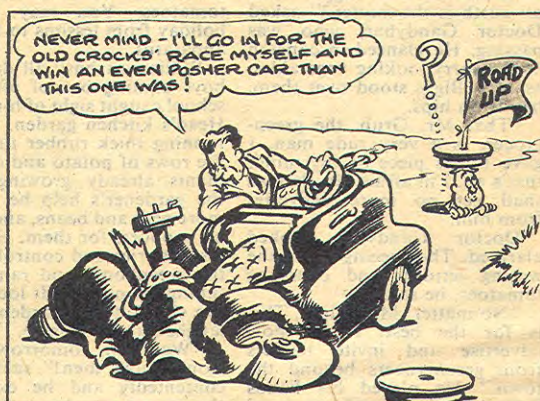
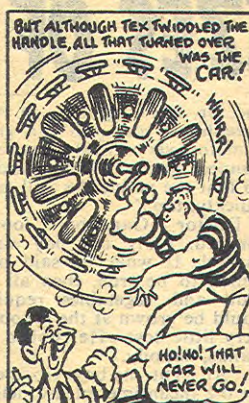
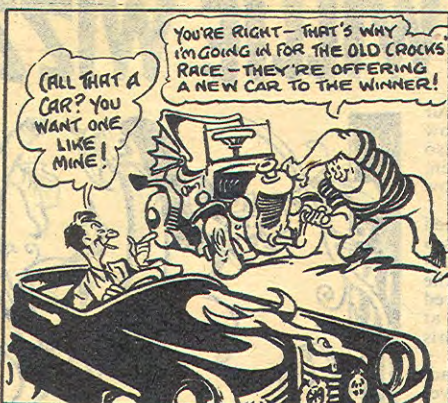
surrounded by pea-blossoms.

Doctor Gandybar rushed downstairs in his shirt-sleeves still clutching his razor. Shrieks were coming from the dining room. Just as the Doctor reached the bottom step, Lizzie the maid, reached it also. She came flying out of the dining room, arms waving wildly and her apron-strings streaming behind. She met the Doctor with a bump and they both slipped on the mat. Down they sat, suddenly, and gazed at each other, breathless. Then Lizzie remembered and began screaming again.

"Quiet, girl, quiet! Whatever has hurt you?" asked the Doctor as he sat there.

"Oh, sir, oh, sir, it's in there! Horrible things, sir, creeping and clutching. Oh, sir, oh, sir!" Lizzie clutched at the Doctor. He helped her to her feet and guided her to the kitchen. Then, with eyes popping out of his head, he looked into the dining room. It was in an awful state. The room was under the bathroom, and the pea plant had made itself at home there, before visiting the Doctor upstairs. Pea-blossom and pea-pods were blooming everywhere. The tendrils and stems were so strong, that as they twined round any light object, they raised it automatically. They had draped the tablecloth in a festoon half-way up the wall. One of the small chairs stood on one leg, and a valuable cut-glass jug swung dangerously near the door. The pea plant was so happy, that pea-pods were

(Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

There's gold at the bottom of the sea—tons of it, in the thousands of treasure ships that lie sunken beneath the waves!

That was why Malcolm Franklin millionaire inventor and speedboat king built the "Prowler," a monster tank, specially planned to work at the bottom of the sea. It could crawl over the bed of the deepest ocean where no man had ever been before, upon its ten powerful tank-track "feet". Malcolm Franklin planned to salvage the lost gold.

Bob Harley, the young special agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, had been sent to join Franklin on his secret mission, and to help protect the gold when it was salvaged.

But Franklin was not the only man seeking sunken gold. There was also the Shark, steel masked man of mystery, who was working to the same end for the government of Incaragua, in South America. He had a super submarine—but it would not go down nearly so deep as Franklin's "Prowler".

Unluckily, the Shark knew about Franklin and his "Prowler" before Franklin learned about him. And so the Shark was able to make a surprise attack against Franklin's secret headquarters, and steal the working model of the "Prowler". He planned to build a "Prowler" for himself in Incaragua.

To try to track down his undersea enemy, Franklin set Bob Harley to keep secret watch upon the wreck of the "Lupercalia". This was a sunken liner with a hoard of gold bar aboard, which Franklin suspected that his enemy was planning to steal. Bob was hidden in a diving sphere, a big ball of steel, with armour-glass windows, from which he could keep watch on the great sunken wreck. Meanwhile Franklin took the "Prowler" back to its base to fit guns with which he could fight his unknown enemy.

As soon as Bob Harley spotted the enemy submarine hovering over the wreck, he radioed a report to Franklin expecting that he would set out at once to tackle the foe.

But Bob's message was picked up by the Shark himself, who used a Radar "eye" to spot the diving-sphere. As soon as he knew where it was he sent down a diver with a powerful magnet-grab to capture Bob Harley!

AT forty-five miles an hour the "Prowler" was churning over the bed of the sea, leaving the shores of England behind.

In the control cabin, Malcolm Franklin paced restlessly.

"I don't like it, Rattigan!" he told the second "X" branch man, the man whom Bob Harley had been sent to partner on this



Only Bob could save the "Prowler" from the Shark's trap! Desperately he snatched the grenade from the crook's belt and hurled it at the switchboard!

dangerous job. "One moment young Bob's message from the diving-sphere was coming in perfectly and the next all we got was a squealing noise. It was just as if somebody was trying to jam his message to us."

Rattigan nodded. He was a trained radio man himself.

"If there was any powerful electric gear working near the sphere, that would have done it," said Rattigan. "I wonder if our mysterious foes have managed to spot that diving-sphere down there?"

"That's what's worrying me!" said the inventor grimly. "If young Bob has fallen into the hands of those villains—whoever they are—he may be in for a rough time. If only we knew who they are—who we are up against! At the moment they know a darn sight more about us than we know about them—and they've got the model of the 'Prowler.' Somehow, we've got to track them down and get that model back—and if they've got their hands on Bob—we've got to rescue him too!"

For the next minute Franklin paced silently, deep in thought. Then Rattigan spoke:

"How long before we get to the Lupercalia?"

Franklin looked swiftly at the big chart on the wall and then glanced at his watch.

"Another hour, at least.

I hope to heaven we're not too late!"

BOB'S heart pounded against his ribs. He pressed his face against the armour-glass of the upper window and strained to see what was happening above him.

All he knew was that a strange shape had dropped down on to the diving-sphere, that he had felt the whole sphere lift suddenly and land with a clang against the mysterious something from up above.

And now he could feel the sphere being drawn upward, like a load of metal upon the hook of a giant crane.

His radio had gone crazy, too. He couldn't get through to Malcolm Franklin now. When he tried, all that happened was that his ears were almost split by wild atmospheric howlings.

Bob had no way of knowing that all these things were due to a huge electro-magnet which, lowered on a cable from the Shark's submarine, was now carrying him upward towards it.

Bob looked swiftly around the tiny round cell within the diving-sphere. No—there was nothing there that would betray any secrets to an enemy. And Bob didn't mean to tell his captors anything himself.

He switched out the light, and tried once more to make out

what was outside.

There was a glow of lights in the water. Bob guessed that he must be nearing the big submarine that he had seen in the water above him. Then, quite suddenly, the light grew brighter, and looking out at the side, Bob could make out the steel walls of what seemed to be a riveted metal tank all around him.

At the same time the upward hoisting of the sphere stopped. From somewhere outside came the noise of machinery and a heavy metallic clang. This clang was the steel sea-doors of the submarine closing on Bob Harley.

Next came the whine of high-speed pumps driving the sea out of the air-lock, until Bob, as he looked out, saw that he was high and dry in a small steel room. He guessed that this steel room must be some sort of air-lock in the submarine, designed to enable things to be hauled up from the sea-bottom, into the hull.

"You'd need an arrangement like this to get gold out of wrecked ships," thought Bob.

Then, as Bob peered out, a door opened in one of the steel walls and men came into the air-lock. They were dark, Latin-looking men, all of them—except one.

(Continued on next page)

That one held Bob's attention. For the man's head was covered by a close-fitting mask of polished steel, through the slits of which his eyes gleamed wickedly. He was dressed in a sort of half-military uniform—jack-boots, serge breeches, and a belted tunic. A heavy pistol hung from one hip, and from the strap which ran up from his belt and over one shoulder, dangled the egg-like shapes of two hand-grenades.

No sound reached Bob through the thickness of the sphere's steel and glass.

The masked man came near, peered through a window and saw Bob. He made a sign with his hands for Bob to come out.

Bob shook his head positively. The round manhole through which Bob had climbed into the sphere was bolted from within. Bob didn't intend to unbolt it.

The Shark shrugged and snapped an order. Two of his men darted away and returned a minute later with a kit of heavy spanners. They clambered on to the top of the sphere.

Bob frowned. What were they at?

Then he remembered. The upper part of the sphere was made as a separate part—like a lid—held on by massive bolts and nuts. It hadn't been much use Bob refusing to open the manhole!

For a moment he almost felt like getting out of his own free will. Then he changed his mind. After all, why should he save them any trouble?

Five minutes later the lid was lifted clear and Bob found himself looking at the round muzzle of the Shark's pistol.

"Please to come out," grated the Shark. "Quickly! I do not like to be kept waiting!"

Bob did as he was told. The masked man looked him over swiftly and ran a searching hand over Bob's clothes. Then he pushed his gun back into its holster.

"Pah!" he said contemptuously. "An unarmed boy. We have nothing to fear from him."

"We don't make a habit of

walking round armed to the teeth in my country," said Bob quietly.

The masked man snorted. Then he snapped an order in some language that Bob did not understand. Some of the other men hurried away and returned carrying small but heavy canisters, which they began to pack into the diving-sphere.

Bob frowned. What were they doing?

The space inside the sphere was no bigger than the inside of a small saloon car, but it took quite a lot of canisters to fill it. Then, last of all, came a square, grey-painted metal box.

This was placed in the centre of the topmost layer of canisters, and Bob could not help noting that the man who did so handled it with great care.

Then the lid of the sphere was bolted back into place.

The Shark jabbed Bob in the ribs and pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he grated harshly. "I have no time to waste. It is now necessary to lower the sphere, which Mr. Franklin so kindly provided, back to its resting place on the bottom. When he arrives in his 'Prowler,' I wish him to find it there, just as he left it!"

A feeling of horror swept over Bob as he suddenly guessed at what must be the truth. Those canisters that had been packed in so tightly held high explosive! The diving-sphere was now a huge bomb, to be set off by some mechanism in the grey metal box!

The Shark chuckled.

"Mr. Franklin will expect to find you in the sphere! Instead, he will find the surprise I have prepared for him! There is enough high explosive packed in there to put even the mighty 'Prowler' out of action! It can rust beside the wreck of the *Lupercalia*, while I shall build my own 'Prowler'. Then there will be no one to interfere with my quest for gold—I shall be king of the oceans—the most powerful man in the world!"

ALL the while the "Prowler" was drawing nearer. Her mighty hull, something

like the shape of a boat turned upside down, clove swiftly through the water. Her ten tracked "feet," each one bigger than a big tank, carried her powerfully over every rock and obstacle.

But anyone who had seen the "Prowler" before would have seen a difference in her. Up till now she had only carried quite small guns, for defence against sea-monsters. Now, the rounded turrets of far more powerful guns bulged aggressively from her sides.

Franklin consulted his instruments.

"About two miles to go," he said, turning to his navigators. "If there's a submarine cruising anywhere near the *Lupercalia* we ought to be able to pick it up on the listening gear soon. Can you hear anything yet?"

The man at the listening gear shook his head.

"Nothing of interest yet. There are one or two ships up on the surface—we're picking up the vibrations of their propellers faintly—but so far nothing below surface."

"Any luck with Bob?"

Rattigan, sitting at the radio, shook his head. All this while he had sat at the radio, trying to get back into contact with the young special agent. But all he got on his earphones was the squeal of atmospherics.

Malcolm Franklin went forward to one of the big armour-glass observation "blisters" and peered out.

"My guess is," he said at last, "that the submarine that Bob reported is lying doggo with the engines shut off. That's why we can't pick it up on the listening gear." He turned about swiftly. "Turn on the main searchlights! If they're waiting quietly with their listening gear working they'll pick up the vibration of our engines easily, so being in the dark won't help us. And if they're not waiting for us the sooner I know whether young Bob is safe or not, the better!"

And so, its huge headlights glaring brightly, the "Prowler"

forged on towards the Shark's deadly trap!

"THERE, my young friend—you shall have the pleasure of watching the destruction of the 'Prowler'!" The Shark chuckled evilly under his mask as he pointed to the green-glowing television screen in the control-cabin of his submarine.

Bob clenched his teeth in helpless rage. What could he do? In the cabin with him were three other armed men besides the Shark. If he attacked them he would be overpowered. Even if he could overpower all three he was still a mile under the sea in a craft full of other enemies.

There must be some way he could help Franklin and his other friends—some way he could stave off the terrible disaster that threatened them. But how?

Bob didn't even know how that huge bomb—the bomb that had been his diving-sphere—would work. Was it a time bomb? Was it one of the special sort that goes off when something comes near to it? Bob had no idea—but perhaps he could find out.

He forced himself to hold back his anger and to speak quietly.

"You are a very clever man indeed!" he told the Shark. Then he gestured towards the green screen. "What—what does this all mean? I don't understand all these green patches."

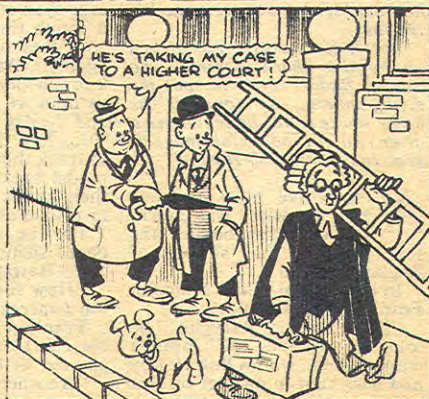
"Bah! You English are all alike—fools!" exclaimed the Shark. "That is a picture of the sea-bottom—not a very pretty picture, true—but clear enough for my purpose. See—here is the *Lupercalia*—even you can see that this patch is of the shape of a ship!"

Bob had spotted that at once, of course. He didn't need the Shark to tell him. But once the Shark started to talk, he might tell other things—things that Bob could find out in no other way.

"I see—" said Bob, as though it needed a big effort to do so.

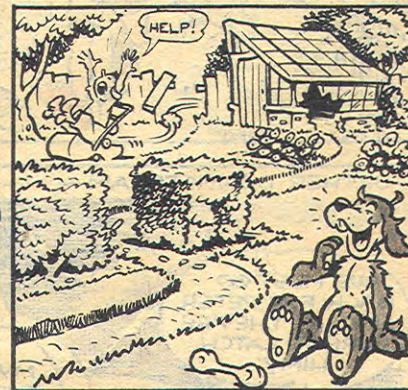
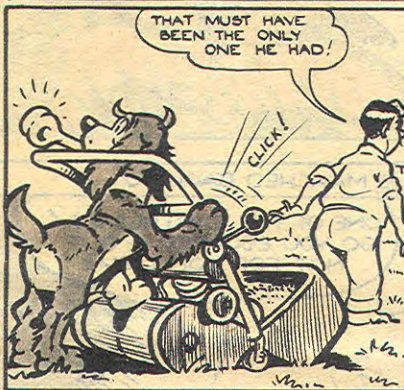
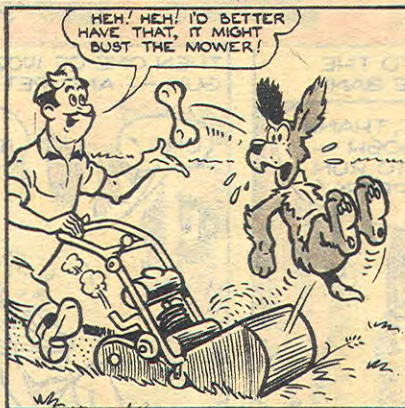
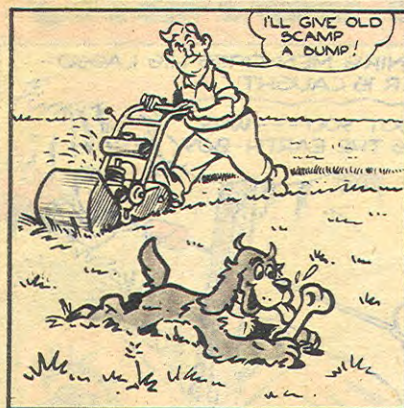
The Shark went on:
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CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!





SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT (Continued from page 8)

"And here—this little dot—that is your diving-ball, waiting so quietly to welcome my dear friend Malcolm Franklin! He will not suspect a thing until it is too late!"

He roared with laughter. Bob shuddered.

At that moment one of the Shark's men turned from a panel where he had been busy.

"The 'Prowler'! We've picked it up on the listening gear!"

He had spoken in a foreign tongue, and though Bob could not understand, he guessed what must have been said. He forced himself to look around rather stupidly.

"What's up?"

"Your friends are nearing their doom!" the Shark snapped. "See—here comes the 'Prowler'!"

He pointed to the edge of the screen, where a swirling squarish patch of lighter green had suddenly appeared. The Shark spun towards a man waiting beside a bank of switches.

"All is ready, Volta?"

"All is ready, chief," Volta nodded.

"Then prepare to close explosion switches!"

Bob could not understand the words but he knew their mean-

ing as certainly as if he had been told in plain English. The Shark was poised, watching the screen tensely—watching the image of the "Prowler" crawl nearer and nearer to the little dot that marked the position of the deadly sphere. Volta's hands hovered over switches, ready to tug them down at the signal from the Shark's upraised hand. The other men just waited.

Bob judged that a mere half-mile separated the "Prowler" from deadly peril. It was now or never!

Bob's mind was made up. He knew what he must do—even if it cost his own life!

In his rapt attention to the glowing screen the Shark seemed to have forgotten all else.

Bob sprang.

All he had went into that sudden attack. He yanked the Shark towards him and then snatched one of the two hand-grenades from his cross-belt!

So sudden had Bob's move been that everyone was taken by surprise. With his teeth Bob tugged the safety-pin from the grenade. Now it would explode in a matter of seconds!

Bob pushed the startled Shark from him with one hand and lobbed the grenade towards Volta at his switch panel. He could almost have laughed aloud at the expression of stupid wonder on Volta's face as the bomb flew towards him.

Then the bomb dropped, just where Bob had meant it to, behind the panel of switches, where it couldn't be reached and snatched out before it exploded.

Bob hurled himself at the floor as screams of rage and fright came from the other men.

Then a blinding, shattering explosion blotted out everything for a moment. Bob clutched his arms tightly about his head as flying splinters whizzed past him.

Bob raised his head, a little startled at finding himself unhurt. Only the Shark remained on his feet.

"Meddling brat!" the Shark snarled at Bob. His hand flew to his pistol.

But in that instant there came a second explosion—the explosion of the sphere below.

They felt it, rather than heard it—a thunderclap of force that smote the submarine like the blow of a giant fist. If the "Prowler" had been close to the sphere—

Bob shuddered at the thought.

The Shark staggered as the jolt of the blow-up hit the submarine. His foot skidded in some oil that was leaking out from a pipe broken by the grenade blast. As he went down his pistol flew from his hand.

Bob made a wild dive and grabbed it. He was on his feet before the Shark could recover.

"Get your hands up!" he panted. "Get your hands up and do as I say!"

Snarling with rage, the Shark obeyed. Bob's eyes flickered round at the other men in the cabin. None of them had risen since the grenade exploded.

There came the sound of running feet from outside the cabin and then a fist pounded on the door. Voices called out in a foreign tongue.

"Tell them to go away!" snapped Bob. "Tell them all is well—and don't try any tricks—or you'll pay for 'em!"

The Shark spoke quickly to the men outside, his masked eyes watching Bob's gun warily. The turmoil outside ceased.

"That's better," said Bob. "Now, perhaps, I've got time to think!"

But at that instant a new disaster struck!

Without warning the whole submarine took a sudden tilt! Bob went flying as the floor on which he stood became a wall!

The whole craft was up-ended—plunging swiftly downwards towards the bottom!

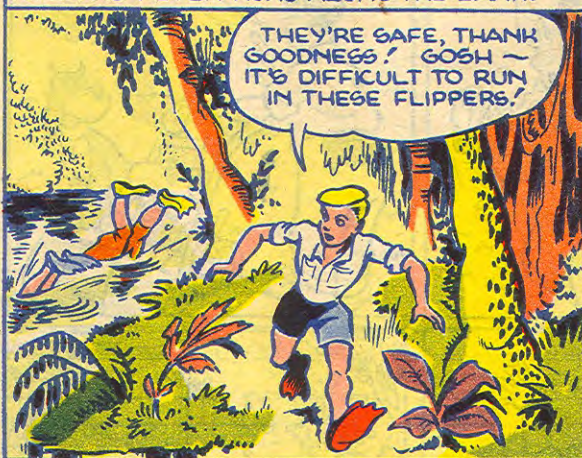
It was just as if some mighty, silent monster had seized the vessel in its grip and was dragging it down to its lair in the green depths of the ocean!

Next week—The Battle in the Depths!

Ann, Peter and their uncle, Professor Jolly, are seeking pirate treasure on a world in the Milky Way. Aided by the islanders, who wear fish-like masks and flippers, they have spied on the camp of the treacherous Woznik, who has stolen the treasure map. They are discovered! Ann and her uncle escape, but Peter's underwater mask is torn.

THE SKY EXPLORERS

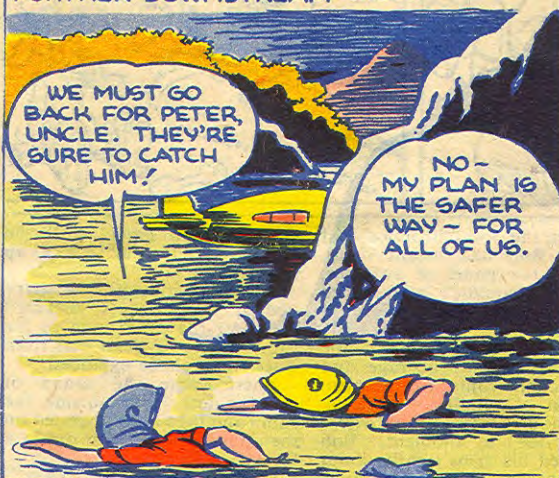
ANN AND THE PROFESSOR DIVE INTO THE RIVER AS PETER RUNS ALONG THE BANK.



THEN ONE OF WOZNIK'S MEN FIRES HIS LASSO-GUN - AND PETER IS CAUGHT!



FURTHER DOWNSTREAM ~ ~ ~



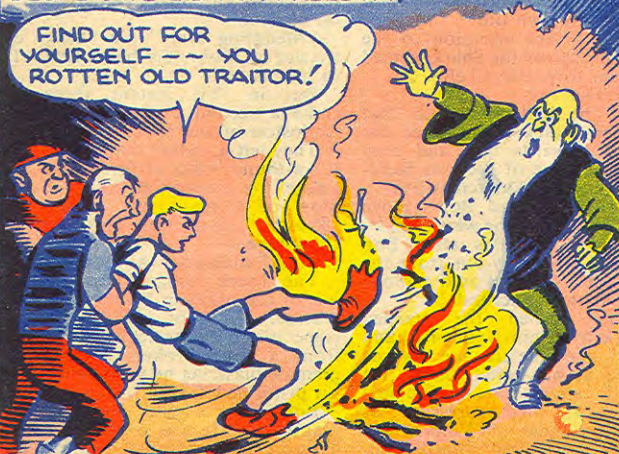
MEANWHILE, PETER IS MARCHED BACK TO WOZNIK'S CAMP.



WHERE ARE YOUR SISTER AND THE PROFESSOR? TELL ME, OR IT WILL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU!



DEFYING HIS CAPTIVES, PETER MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM!

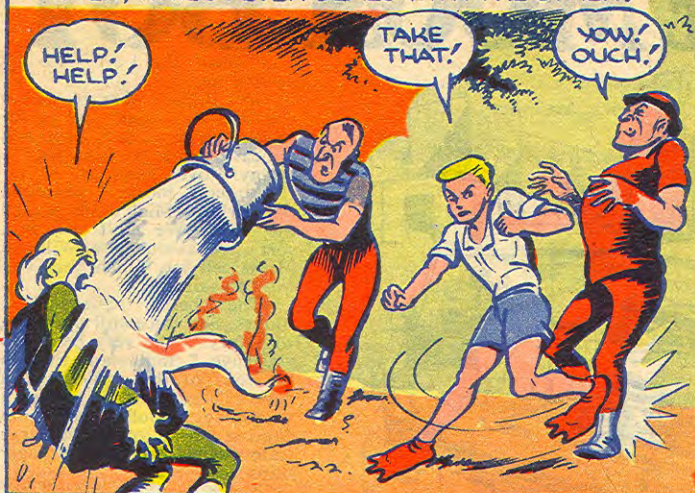


HELP! MY BEARD'S ALIGHT! PUT IT OUT!



THIS WEEK THE PROFESSOR MAKES A DARING ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE ENEMY SPACE-SHIP!

ONE OF THE CREW RUNS TO HELP HIS VILLAINOUS MASTER, WHILE PETER DEALS WITH THE OTHER!



PETER STREAKS OFF LIKE LIGHTNING!



HE DOESN'T MEAN TO BE CAUGHT A SECOND TIME! TEARING OFF THE CLUMSY FLIPPERS, HE DARTS INTO THE JUNGLE.



IT'S NO USE - IT'S TOO DARK TO FOLLOW HIM IN THAT FOREST!

NEVER MIND - HE WON'T GET FAR WITHOUT THE MAP. TOMORROW WE'LL LOOK FOR THE TREASURE!



MEANWHILE, ANN AND PROFESSOR JOLLY, WITH THE ISLANDERS, HAVE REACHED THE SPACE-SHIP IN THEIR FIGH SUITS.



SUDDENLY THE GENTRY TURN ~ ~ ~

HALT! WHO GOES -- YOW!

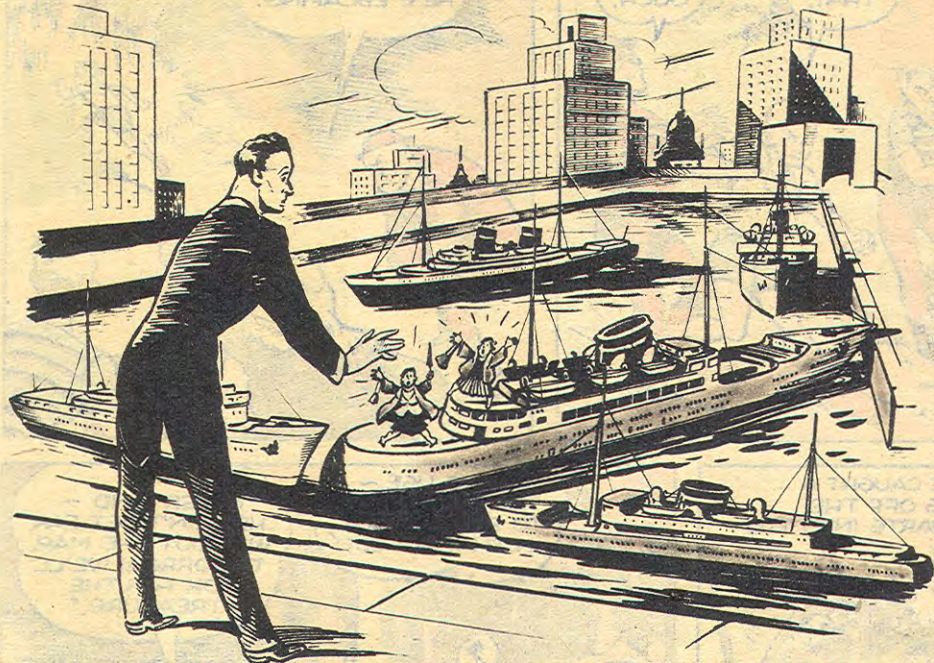


FISHES WITH LEGGS! I'M GEEING THINGS! HELP!



(Continued on back page)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD BUT IT GETS EVEN SMALLER FOR TWO LADIES! MICK THE MOON BOY



"Jumpin' jimminy! It's them. I must be going crazy!" gasped the clerk as he stared at the two tiny figures on the model ship.

"WELL, I guess we've just about seen all the sights of New York, Hank," said Mick the Moon Boy.

"Yeah, and it's mighty like Chicago," agreed his twelve-year-old pal Hank Luckner. "I reckon most of these big cities is the same. Just streets an' traffic an' buildings then more streets an' traffic an' buildings. Let's get our steamship tickets an' pop over to England an' see all them wonderful ol' castles an' things what folks say they've got over there."

"Okay, we will!" said Mick. They stopped a taxi, told the driver what shipping office they wanted, and were borne swiftly to a tall, imposing, sky-scraper building.

"Shipping office is on the top floor," the driver told them, as Mick paid him off.

A smoothly silent lift, operated by a boy with a lot of glittering buttons on his uniform, shot them up to the offices of the Shipping Company.

They found the enquiry desk in the outer office. It was presided over by a very elegant and smartly-dressed young man with wavy, pomaded hair.

"We want a couple of steamship tickets to England, please," said Mick.

"Sure, when do you want to go?" asked the young man.

"Soon's we can," put in Hank. "We want to see all them grand ol' castles what they've got over there an' Buckingham Palace where the Queen lives—"

"Out of the way, boy, out of the way!" trumpeted a female

voice behind him and he and Mick were swept aside by a big, stout, expensively-dressed lady, with a lot of rings on her fingers and wearing a fur coat which only someone very rich indeed could afford to buy.

She had with her another big, stout and similarly-attired lady and it was easy to see that the pair of them were simply oozing with money.

"I am Mrs. Butterworth K. Bluggs," she informed the elegant young clerk in a very loud, posh voice. "And this is Mrs. Hopper L. Hooker. We wish to visit Europe, so kindly

"But, madam, I was attending to those two boys," protested the clerk.

"Boys?" repeated Mrs. Butterworth K. Bluggs, as though she had never heard of such things. "I should think that I and Mrs. Hooker should be attended to before two wretched boys. We wish to visit Europe, so kindly give us details of the ships which will be sailing. We shall travel first-class, of course. We always travel first-class. Now as to cabins, I shall require a cabin for myself, a cabin for my maid, a cabin for my husband and a cabin for darling Fifi—"

"Who's Fifi?" put in the clerk.

"Fifi is my cuddly, adorable, little pet dog!" cried Mrs. Butterworth K. Bluggs. "He's going to enjoy this trip to Europe ever so, ever so much, the darling little dinkums!"

"But d'you mean to say you

want a cabin for him?" gasped the clerk, with a helpless sort of look at Mick and Hank.

"Yes, of course I want a cabin for him!" trumpeted the stout Mrs. Bluggs. "And why not, might I ask? He's entitled to travel in comfort like anyone else, isn't he?"

"Okay, if you say so!" said the clerk. "But this trip looks like as if it's going to set you back quite a lot of bucks."

"Money is no object to me!" cried Mrs. Bluggs, turning on the swank full heat. "My husband is a millionaire twice over. Now about these cabins. One for myself, one for my maid, one for my husband, one for darling Fifi, one for my female secretary—oh, yes, and one for Fifi's little doggy friend Pongo. He's coming with us, too."

"Is he?" gulped the clerk.

"I've just told you he is!" trumpeted Mrs. Bluggs. "Now that makes six first-class cabins I require and Mrs. Hooker requires the same, don't you, dear?"

"That's so!" agreed the fat Mrs. Hooker.

"Twelve cabins in all, eh?" remarked Mick loudly to Hank. "The wonder to me is these two dames don't take the whole ship."

"And I could do that, as well, if I wanted to!" cried Mrs. Bluggs furiously, wheeling on him. "And how dare you refer to us as dames, you impertinent little wretch. Can't you recognise a lady when you see one?"

"Sure, I can when I see one."

said Mick. "But I don't see any around here."

Mrs. Bluggs went purple in the face with anger and so far forgot she was a lady as to aim a heavy swipe at him with a podgy, gloved hand.

"Madam, please!" protested the clerk, as Mick easily eluded the blow. "We can't have that sort of behaviour here. Will you please tell me which ship you want to sail on?"

"The best!" cried Mrs. Bluggs, her voice still quivering with fury. "The very best ship you have. I understand that on the roof of this building you have a large tank the size of a swimming pool and that floating on it you have large scale models of your passenger ships?"

"That's so," nodded the clerk. "It's quite a new idea, but it's certainly caught on. Intending passengers like to see what the ship they're going on looks like and what she looks like when she's afloat at sea."

"Then kindly conduct Mrs. Hooker and myself up to this—ah—pool and we will select for ourselves which ship we wish to travel on!" cried Mrs. Bluggs.

The clerk did so, leaving Mick and Hank standing at the reception desk. But what neither he nor the two fat female swank-pots knew was that Mick had used his marvellous scientific powers to make himself and Hank invisible and that the two boys were now following them up the iron staircase which led to the roof.

Up there, floating on the calm surface of the swimming pool, were a dozen or more big and wonderful models of ocean liners. Mrs. Bluggs and her pal Mrs. Hooker studied them for a while, then Mrs. Bluggs jabbed a podgy finger towards the biggest of the lot, floating close in against the side of the pool.

"We'll go on that one there!" she cried. "What's it called? The *Glorious*, isn't it?"

"That's right," began the clerk. "And a real fine ship she is—"

Abruptly he broke off, his mouth open and his eyes nearly popping out of his head. For the most amazing thing had happened. Mrs. Bluggs and Mrs. Hooker had completely vanished!

At least, the flabbergasted clerk thought they had vanished. Then he suddenly discovered they hadn't. For, hearing tiny little passionate cries, he stared towards the model of the *Glorious* and there he saw two little inch-high figures in fur coats running madly about the boat deck.

"Jumpin' jimminy!" he gasped. "It's them. But they're only a foot high! I'm going crazy, I must be!"

He wasn't going crazy. What

he didn't know was that the invisible Mick had used one of the marvellous little scientific gadgets, which he had brought with him from the Moon, to turn the two fat female swank-pots into tiny little midgets.

Nor did he know that, shaking with laughter, the two invisible boys were stripping off their invisible clothes in order to plunge into the pool.

They went in with a couple of terrific splashes just near the *Glorious* and, oh boy! did she rock? She rocked and she plunged so much that the two terrified little fat women clung frantically to the rail of the boat deck and began to feel sea-sick already.

"What's happened—get us out of here—this is terrible!" screamed Mrs. Bluggs in her tiny little voice.

Next moment she and her pal let out another couple of screeches, for the *Glorious* was sailing swiftly away towards the centre of the pool. They never dreamt that it was being pushed by the hand of the invisible Moon Boy, who was a first-class swimmer.

"Help! Save us!" they screamed, beginning to rush madly about the deck again, "Get us out of here. Oh, this is awful!"

Then another frightful thing happened. At least, it was frightful to them. For a strange and mysterious voice suddenly whispered across the ship:

"You wanted twelve cabins to yourselves. Now you've got a

whole liner to yourselves. Don't you think you're lucky?"

The frantic Mrs. Bluggs and Mrs. Hooker thought they were anything but lucky. That ghostly voice—the voice of Mick—had made them more terrified than ever.

But worse was to follow. For all around the big model liner the water suddenly became very rough and stormy indeed and the *Glorious* rocked, pitched, plunged and rolled as the invisible Mick and Hank merrily splashed and dived all around her.

On the boat deck the two sobbing and terrified fat ladies were being very sea-sick. Oh, very, very sea-sick indeed.

"Come on, I think they've had enough of it!" chuckled Mick to Hank.

Leaving the still plunging and rolling *Glorious* with its sobbing and sea-sick passengers aboard, they swam to the side of the pool, climbed quickly out and slipped into their invisible clothes.

As they did so, a well-dressed and very important looking gentleman came bustling up on to the roof. He was obviously in search of the counter clerk, for he cried:

"What are you doing up here, Binns? Why aren't you attending to your duties at the reception desk?"

In a flash, and before Binns could answer, Mick had pointed his secret scientific gadget at the two tiny ladies aboard the *Glorious*. They instantly became

their proper size again, and under their combined weight, the big and expensive model liner promptly sank beneath the water.

The well-dressed and important looking gentleman, who happened to be Mr. Jenkins Jones, the office manager, nearly had a fit. All he had seen was two big, stout, over-dressed ladies standing on one of his models in the pool. And now they'd gone and sunk it!

"How dare you?" he screamed, fairly dancing with rage, as the two frantic ladies stood up to their middles in the pool. "How dare you come up here and try to ride about on our most expensive model? Are you mad? My goodness, you'll pay for this. I'll see you do!"

He did, as well. He made them pay for all the cleaning and repairing of the *Glorious* when

she had been salvaged from the pool.

As for Binns, the clerk, he never told the real truth about what he had seen, for the simple reason that if he did he was certain nobody would believe him.

The thoroughly frightened Mrs. Bluggs and Mrs. Hooker also kept their mouths shut for the very same reason because who, they asked each other, was going to believe their astounding story. Besides, it would have been an awful come-down to their swank to tell folks that they'd been made little and all the rest of it.

But they never went on that trip to Europe. No, thank you! They never wanted to see the sight of a ship again!

Next week Mick and Hank sail for England followed by two flying deckchairs.

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK and see if your club number is printed in this list. There's a free present for you if it is!

14,451	203,161	169,436	23,786	2,699
62,784	8,675	209,492	111,781	36,703
201,210	79,993	64,205	92,707	202,356
121,903	115,501	145,396	206,359	76,662

If you've seen your number above then first choose one of these presents: Water Pistol, Cowboy Belt and Holster, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Wrist Compass or a Charm Bracelet—and write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use." Also write on a piece of paper the character or story you like best in COMET and, in a few words, why. Post both Album and paper in a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

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

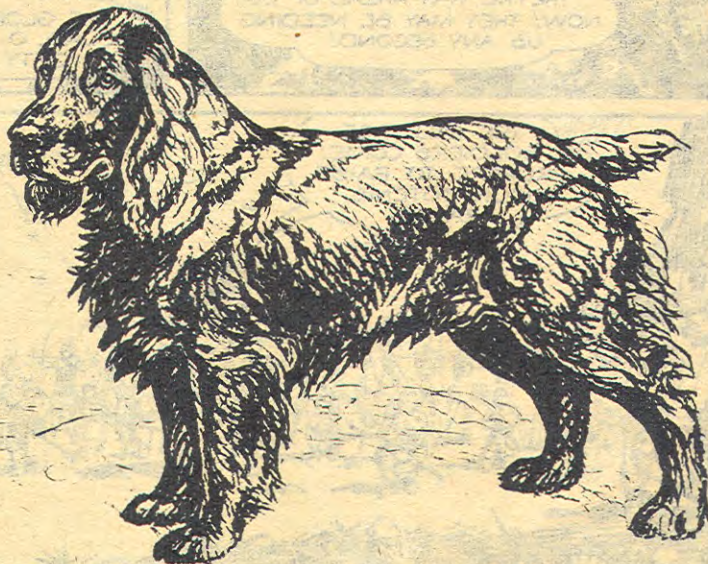
to arrive by Tuesday, September 23. Don't forget to check that your name and address are filled in on the membership page of the Album before posting!

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 6. THE FIELD SPANIEL

This Spaniel, like the Springer and Cocker, is also a good working dog but not so often seen out with the guns, mainly because he is slower and not so spectacular in his work.

You will notice that he is a very sturdy and strong dog which enables him to carry heavier game, such as a large hare, with ease. In height he stands about 17 or 18 inches at the shoulder. His coat is either wavy or flat and should not curl. All black is the usual colour for this dog, but he can also be liver, dappled or red.

This Spaniel makes a great pal and you can show him in the dog shows for which, as a matter of fact, he is bred more than for a sporting dog. He is also very good-tempered and will enjoy any game, at the same time remaining very dignified.



Strange tales reach headquarters of an Evil-eye Totem carried by Chief Black Hawk and his braves. The tales say that the Evil-eye has overcome and defeated all pale-faces. Kit Carson and Buckskin Annie set out with Reckless Smith and his men to intercept the pawnees. When they meet, Reckless orders his men to charge. But Kit stops Annie and the store wagon. He suspects a trap!

KIT CARSON and THE EVIL EYE



THUNDERING DOWN ON THE
MOTIONLESS REDSKINS, RECKLESS
YELLS WITH EXCITEMENT!

WE'VE GOT 'EM SCARED,
MEN! THEY'RE NOT
MOVING AN INCH!



FOLLOW ME, MEN!
INTO THEM!

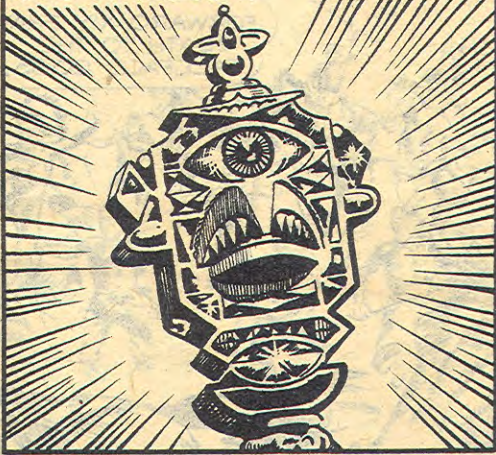


THEN THE LINE OF TOTEMS ARE SWUNG ALOFT!

TOTEMS ALOFT!
BOWMEN MAKE
READY!



EACH TOTEM IS A MASS OF DAZZLING
GLASS THAT REFLECTS THE BLAZING
RAYS OF THE SUN!



HECK!
I'M DAZZLED!
I CAN'T SEE--



WITH EYES SCREWED UP PAINFULLY, AND TEARS
FLOWING DOWN THEIR CHEEKS, THE BLINDED
SQUADRON ARE FORCED TO REIN IN. . .



(Continued on next page)

THEN BLACK HAWK RAPS OUT AN ORDER AND A HAIL OF ARROWS FLASHES FORTH!



DOWN BEHIND YOUR HORSES, AND GET YOUR CARBINES OUT, MEN! ... IF WE COULD ONLY SEE, WE COULD WIPE THESE SKUNKS OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH...



THEN BLACK HAWK GIVES THE ORDER TO ATTACK!

FORWARD, MY BRAVES! DEATH TO THE PALEFACE DOGS!



HERE THEY COME, MAJOR!

LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN! EVEN IF YOU CAN'T SEE, SHOOT AND KEEP SHOOTING! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE!



THEN KIT AND HIS PARTY SCREECH TO A HALT ON THE CANYON TOP!

SO THAT'S THEIR EVIL EYE! I GUESSED THERE'D BE SOME SNAKY BUSINESS! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST OR IT'S CURTAINS FOR THE MAJOR AND HIS MEN!



WHOA THERE, ME BEAUTIES!



GET THE GUNPOWDER KEGS OUT OF THE WAGON! QUICK! THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

THE PARROT'S REVENGE

PERCY PEEKE, a brilliantly-coloured parrot, was sitting on the branch of a tree enjoying the nice, warm, morning sunshine.

Percy hadn't always been a parrot. Not so long ago he had been just an ordinary schoolboy—one of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning, however, the whole lot of them had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give them a dose of medicine.

But Dr. Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gentleman that you could ever meet. He got his bottles mixed up, and instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine he gave the whole lot of them a dose of 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 Dr. Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back again to their proper selves.

"Well, anyway," thought Percy Peeke, the parrot, as he started preening his gaily-coloured feathers upon the branch where he was sitting, "it's got us off going back to school, that's one blessing, 'cos we've got to stay at the farm till that silly old Dozey has found that liquid."

He broke off with a start as he heard voices beneath him. Looking down with his bright, beady little eyes, he saw two loutish, pudding-faced boys standing staring up at him. One of the boys was named Bertie Bragg. The other was his pal, Joe Cluff. Percy didn't know that, of course. All he knew was that they looked a couple of bullies—which, in fact, they were.

"Corks!" gasped Bertie Bragg gaping up at Percy. "That's a parrot up there!"

"So it is!" exclaimed Joe Cluff. "I wonder where it's come from?"

"It's a real beauty" said Bertie Bragg. "I reckon it must have escaped from a cage somewhere."

"Yes, that's it, I bet!" cried Joe Cluff eagerly. "I wonder if there's a reward out for it?"

"Sure to be, I reckon!" said Bertie Bragg. "Crums! I wouldn't half like to catch it."

"Let's try!" said his pal excitedly.

"No, it'll mebbe fly away if we try to climb up after it," said Bertie Bragg, getting behind him and taking something from his pocket.

"But I've got an idea. Stand still a minute. I don't want it to see what I'm doing. Parrots are

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

pretty smart birds, you know."

"What are you going to do, anyway?" demanded Joe Cluff.

"You'll see in a jiffy!" tittered Bertie Bragg.

His pal saw all right. So did Percy, the parrot. For stepping quickly back, Bertie Bragg suddenly let fly at Percy with a small stone from a catapult.

The stone whizzed straight at Percy, catching him such a frightful smack in the ribs that it knocked him off the branch and nearly knocked the wind clean out of him.

"Grab him!" yelled Bertie Bragg excitedly, dashing quickly forward. "Don't let him get away!"

Joe Cluff also dashed forward towards the gasping and wildly fluttering Percy. In their eagerness and excitement, however, the two bullies collided, tripped and fell flat on their noses.

"Oh, you great clumsy, silly, fatheaded fool!" roared Bertie Bragg, scrambling frantically to his feet. "Can't you look where you're going?"

"Can't you look where you're going?" cried his pal. "It was your fault—it was you that bumped into me—"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Bertie Bragg savagely.

He made another frantic dive at Percy. But he was too late. For by this time Percy had recovered his wind, and spreading his wings he went sailing up into the topmost branches of one of the trees.

"There you are, you see!" snarled Bertie Bragg, turning fiercely on his pal. "We've lost him and it's all your fault!"

"No it's not!" roared Joe Cluff. "It was just as—"

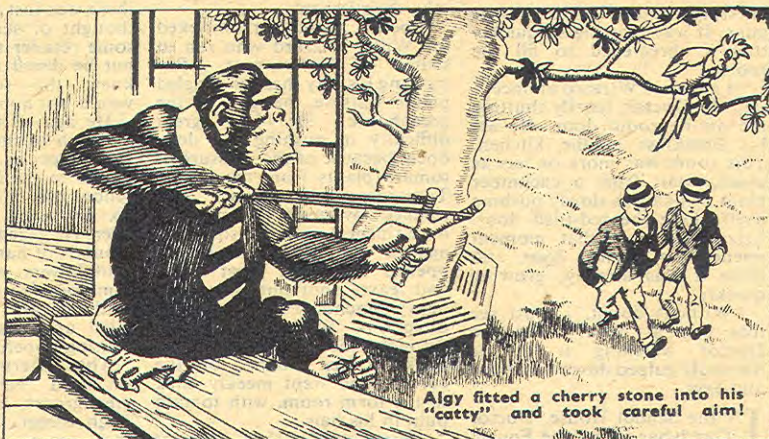
He broke off as, to their ears, there came the sound of a distant bell.

"Gosh! There's the bell for morning school!" he gasped. "Come on. Old Whacker's certain to keep us in if we're late!"

The pair of them set off, running just as fast as ever they could shift, leaving Percy sitting up in the tree, glaring down after their fast retreating forms.

"Great, nasty, horrid louts!" muttered Percy aloud, for although he had been changed into a parrot he could still speak with his human voice. "They've nearly broken my ribs with that beastly catapult!"

Then he nearly lost his balance and fell off the tree



again as a cheery voice beside him cried:

"Who have, Percy? Who's nearly broken your ribs?"

Percy turned round quickly. Beside him on the branch was a grinning little monkey. Like Percy, the monkey was one of the schoolboys who had taken a dose of the wonderful medicine. His name was Algy Brown.

"Oh, hallo, Algy!" said Percy, then he told Algy what had just happened.

"You ought to think yourself jolly lucky they didn't catch you," said Algy.

"I'd have given them some good hard pecks if they had," snapped Percy.

He stamped furiously about the branch for a moment. Then he stopped and stared at Algy, a gleam in his beady little eyes.

"I've got it!" he cried excitedly. "My hat! What a giddy wheeze. He! He! He! Listen, Algy, you're pretty smart with those paws of yours, aren't you? You could easily make a catty."

"Oh, yes, easily," announced Algy. "Why?"

"I'll tell you," giggled Percy.

ABOUT two hours later Mr. Whacker, the master in charge of Bertie Bragg's and Joe Cluff's class, got the surprise of his life. He was marching his class from the playground after break when he suddenly saw a monkey and a parrot on a window-sill staring at him.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Whacker. "Wherever can they have come from?"

Following the direction of his stare, the whole class had turned their heads and were gazing at the monkey and the parrot.

"Why, it's that parrot we tried to catch this morning!" cried Bertie Bragg to Joe Cluff.

Next instant they got the shock of their lives. For the parrot yelled:

"Yes, I'm him. I'm the parrot you tried to catch, you great, silly, pudding-faced lout!"

At hearing the parrot talk in a

human voice, Bertie Bragg nearly jumped out of his skin. So did everybody else.

"I suppose you and your ugly pal thought it was clever to take a shot at a poor harmless parrot, you great bully!" roared Percy. "Well, you're not the only one who's got a pal. I've got a pal. This is him here!"

He jerked his brightly-feathered head towards Algy, the monkey, who was squatting on the window-sill beside him, grinning from ear to ear and with his tiny paws hidden behind his back.

"And you're not the only one who can use a catapult, either," yelled Percy, turning to glower at the petrified Bertie Bragg again. "My pal's a jolly sight better shot than you are. Go on, Algy, show him and the other lout what it's like to be peppered by a catty."

"You bet I will!" cried Algy. Whipping a catapult from behind his back, he fitted a cherry stone into it, took swift but careful aim, and let fly.

"Owww-ww!" howled Bertie Bragg, leaping about a foot in the air as the cherry stone hit him right on the end of his nose.

"Attaboy, Algy—go on—go on!" yelled Percy, dancing about as Algy continued to pepper the bawling bullies.

He turned and glared at the amazed Mr. Whacker.

"Do you encourage your boys to be unkind to birds and animals?" he roared.

"No—no, I don't—certainly not," gulped Mr. Whacker.

"Well, those two there nearly bust my ribs in with a catty this morning," yelled Percy. "So will you give them a jolly good hiding?"

"I will—I certainly will," gasped Mr. Whacker.

"Thanks!" said Percy. "Well, I won't interrupt you any longer. Toodle-oo!"

With that the pair of them shot away off the sill and made for Meadowsweet Farm.

Next week: Three bears have a sticky time, and like it.

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

bursting regularly like little guns. It was growing so quickly that it threatened to fill the room.

"I must see Wizzard at once!" said the Doctor, hastily shutting the dining room door. He ate his breakfast in the kitchen. This room was more or less as usual, apart from a cucumber plant, which was slowly pushing itself along the red-tiled floor. Lizzie had only that moment opened the kitchen door, and there it was already, growing quickly.

"Without doubt, I must see that boy at once!" said the Doctor watching it as he hurriedly gulped down his bacon and eggs.

In the School House, Doctor Gandybar found the Fourth Form, whose quarters were nearest his garden, in an uproar. Poor Mr. Halfspin had been awakened by a runner-bean swinging above his head like a pendulum. His room was swarming with runner-beans, stems and tendrils. He had dressed hastily and had left in a hurry without his tie or shoes, with runner-beans clinging all over him as if to keep him there.

Scroggins had been chased by a vegetable-marrow, which swelled to an enormous size as the plant pushed its way along the quad, trailing behind it lots of leaves and little marrows. It had burst in a heap of sticky wet seeds on the main doorstep, while the smaller ones went on growing.

Poor little Emily, the school maid-of-all-work, was crossing the kitchen garden when she was trapped by a cabbage. This enormous vegetable popped through the soil very suddenly and tripped Emily up. By the time she had recovered her senses, the huge leaves had grown all around her. She was rescued by Jimmy Bash, armed with an axe, who luckily saw what had happened.

In the Fourth Form rooms garden peas were fighting with

runner-beans for possession, while the boys cheered madly. The place was full of greenstuff, leaving no room for the boys to take their lessons.

Doctor Gandybar shrieked for Willie Wizzard who ran to switch off the current. After pushing his way through tangled plants outside, he got to the greenhouse. He had great difficulty in pushing the door open, because of the pressure of tomato plants from the inside. Tomatoes had grown and ripened overnight. Some had over-ripened and were squashed against the glass. As Willy opened the door, great stems and leaves shot out, scattering heavy bunches of tomatoes in all directions. Willie cut a path through the plants with his pocket knife, switched off the current and went meekly back to the form room, with tomato pulp in his hair.

"Someone switched it on at 'fast', sir," he said unhappily.

Doctor Gandybar mopped his brow, but didn't reply.

"A good scheme, Wizzard—but too good, as usual," he gasped after a time.

The wildly-waving plants slowed down their growing and at last all was peaceful.

The problem now, was how to get rid of the stuff. The boys of the Fourth, whose form room was completely occupied by peas and beans, were formed into cutting-down groups. They were told to gather all pods and to put them in heaps. The perspiring gardener fought his way into the greenhouse to pick tomatoes and soft fruits, thankful that he could see an end to all his toil. Mr. Halfspin put on some shoes and set to work cutting down cabbages and cauliflowers. The Headmaster wrote a large notice and stuck it on the board at the school gates.

It read:

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES FREE!

To save needless waste as we are overstocked with fruit and vegetables, will anyone interested please call at the school kitchen, where they will receive all they require.

Doctor Gandybar hadn't hopes of any callers, as the school was a long way from the town and off the main road; but there was just a chance. He had thought of selling the crop to some retailer to make a profit, but he dared not do this as he knew the school governors would not approve.

He had all the potatoes, and as much of the softer fruit and vegetables as he could keep, placed in the lumber room, for school use. Still there remained six or seven times as much over. He gazed sadly at the huge mounds of handsome cabbages, cauliflowers and his beloved tomatoes for which he had no cold-storage. They were all piled up outside the kitchen, waiting hopefully for callers.

That afternoon, Mrs. Grub surprised her husband, the greengrocer, in his shop in the High Street. She was pushing the pram, containing their youngest son, Sandy. Mr. Grub couldn't see Sandy, as he was hidden under stacks of tomatoes cabbages and cauliflowers. He pushed back his cap and scratched his head.

"What's all this, Maud?" he asked "Here am I, working myself to death, selling greengrocery, while you go trapesing off with young Sandy, buying it, when you could have had it from the shop for nothing!"

"I've got it for nothing, Sid," said poor Mrs. Grub, tired and helpless after pushing her load, and falling on a sack of potatoes in a corner.

"Got it for nothing? All that? And good stuff too! Never! You've bought it! It's ridiculous, that's what it is! How far have you pushed that load?" Sid Grub looked at his wife doubtfully.

"It's true, Sid. I got it from that Dr. Gandybar's School. You know!" and she told her husband about the notice at the school gates.

Sid became interested.

"We'll get our Tom on this!" he said, rubbing his hands.

Half an hour later, Doctor Gandybar thankfully allowed a boy with a cart to relieve him of most of his stock of fruit and

vegetables. Then he 'phoned the local council, who sent their refuse van to pick up the tons of cut-down greenstuff.

Willie Wizzard spent a miserable day, taking down his Pressure Crop Cultivator and tubing gear. Then he started digging up more potatoes.

The next day, the headmaster called to see Mr. Grub. Doctor Gandybar, having torn up the answers to his advertisement, had still no one to supply him with fruit and vegetables after his own stock had run out.

Mr. Grub was hurt.

"I read your advertisement in the local paper, sir, and was very upset by it. After all, sir, I've served you faithfully for all these years. There was no need for Mrs. Biggs to be rude to me that day—and then to go and want someone else to serve you! Oh, sir!" he said in sorrow to Doctor Gandybar.

The Doctor took up a tempting Gandybar tomato from a pile in a basket marked 3/6d. and took a luscious bite.

"These are delicious, my friend. Nearly as good as the ones I grew. I'll take a pound back with me." He handed Mr. Grub 3/6d.; then he said, "I seem to remember, Mr. Grub, that you expressed a desire to Mrs. Biggs that the next time we wished for a delivery she was to come herself. Here am I, Mr. Grub, instead. I shall be most pleased to see you deliver your greengrocery at the school again regularly, starting Monday week."

Monday week found Mr. Mr. Grub there, delivering a selection of crops all grown at Gandybar School.

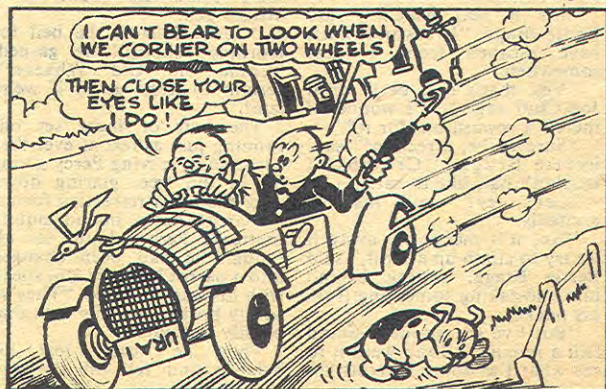
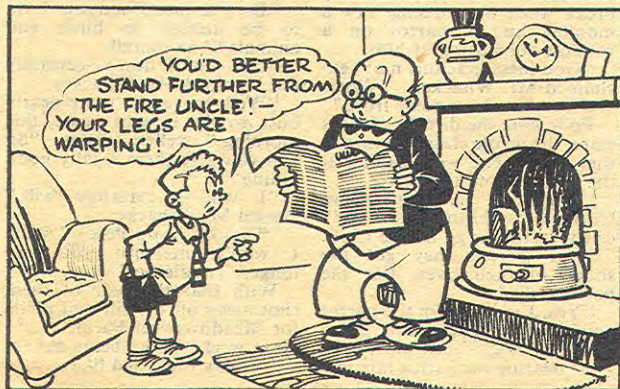
"Of course," Mr. Grub said to Doctor Gandybar, who was present, "I must charge you a little more for this lot, as I got it in particularly for you, sir," and he brought in the now slightly wilting Wizzard-grown greengrocery.

"Of course, my friend. Quite right!" said Doctor Gandybar, and went off content.

Mr. Grub was content, too.

Next week Willie invents a Wonder Soot-Shifter.

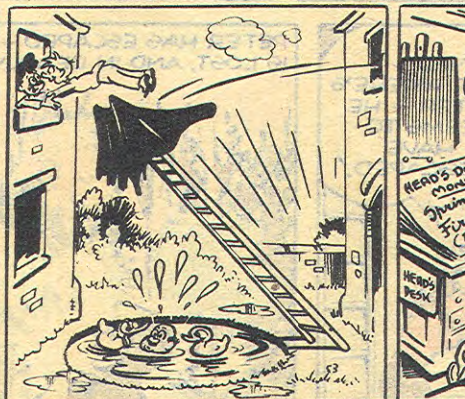
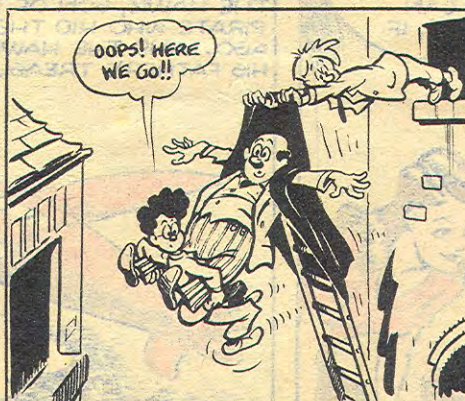
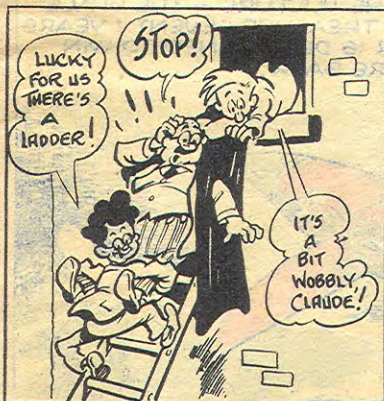
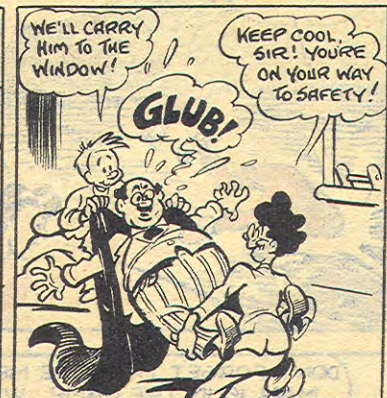
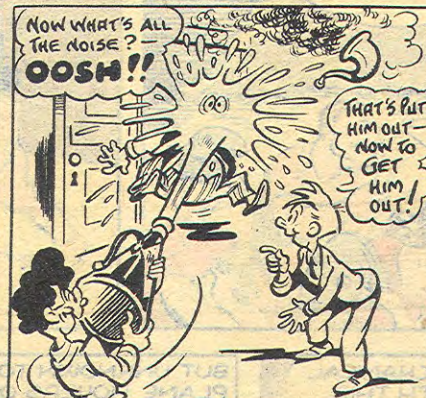
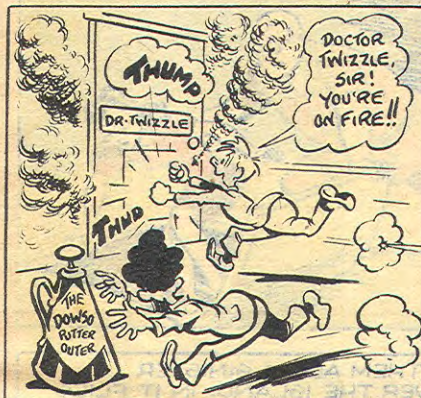
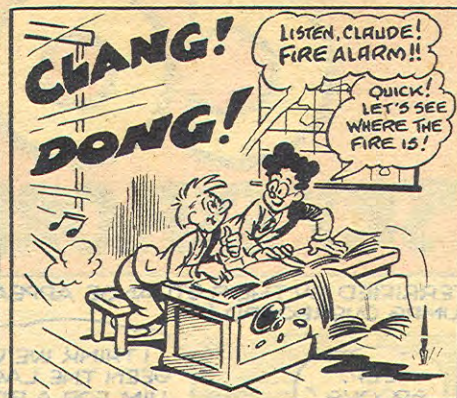
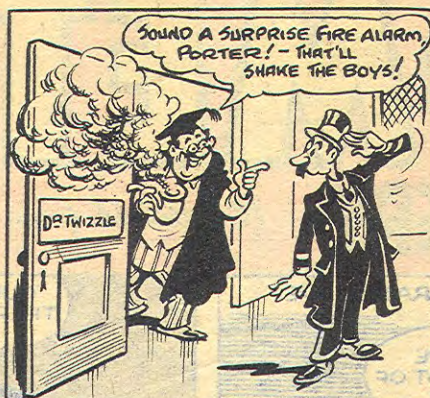
CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

TERRIFIED BY THEIR STRANGE APPEARANCE, HE JUMPS OVERBOARD!



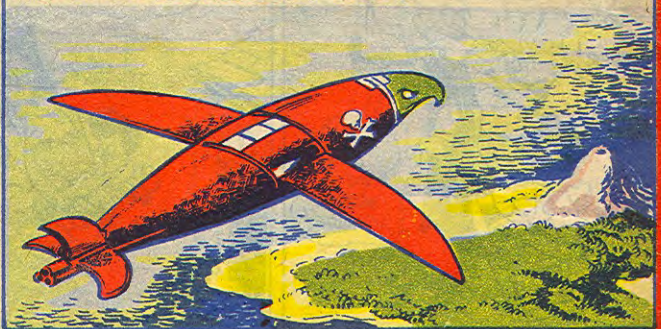
QUICK! GET INSIDE! THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT IN A HURRY!



DON'T FORGET THAT THE MECHANICAL MAN IS IN THE CAMP. WITH THIS REMOTE CONTROLLER, I CAN MAKE HIM RESCUE PETER, IF HE'S STILL THERE.



BUT UNKNOWN TO THEM ALL, A SINISTER PLANE HOVERS OVER THE ISLAND: IN IT FLIES THE HAWK, SON OF THE VULTURE - THE SPACE PIRATE WHO HID THE TREASURE SEVENTY YEARS AGO. AND THE HAWK IS DETERMINED TO WIN HIS FATHER'S TREASURE BACK!



I'M IN CONTACT WITH THE MECHANICAL MAN NOW.

YES -- BUT WHERE'S PETER - HE SEEMS TO HAVE ESCAPED!



PETER HAS ESCAPED - BUT NOW HE IS LOST, AND IN DEADLY DANGER!



IS PETER TRAPPED? NEXT WEEK YOU'LL KNOW!