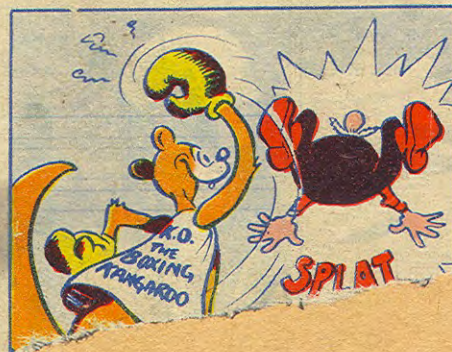
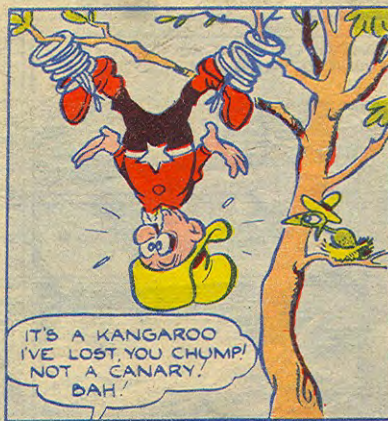
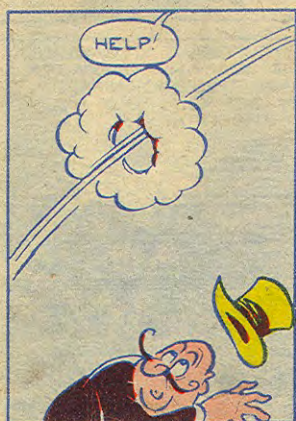
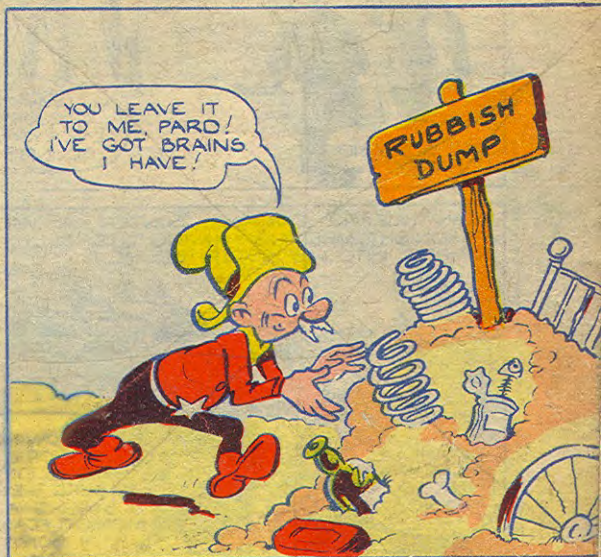
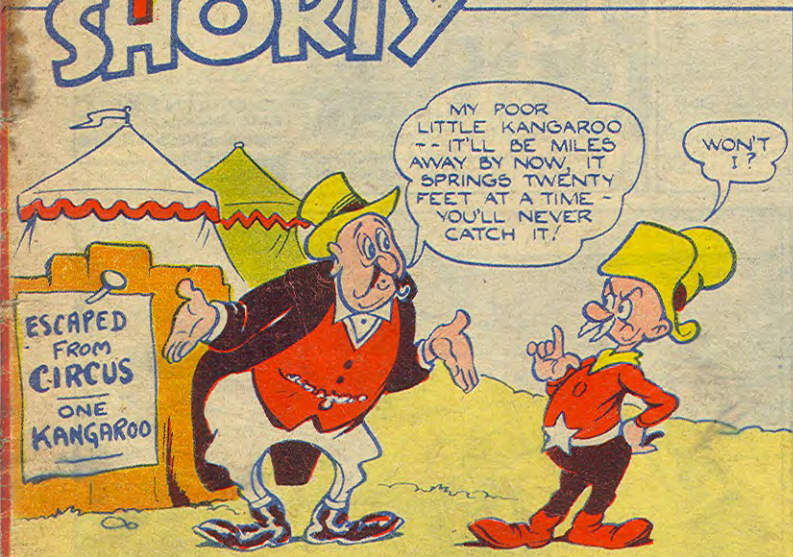


COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

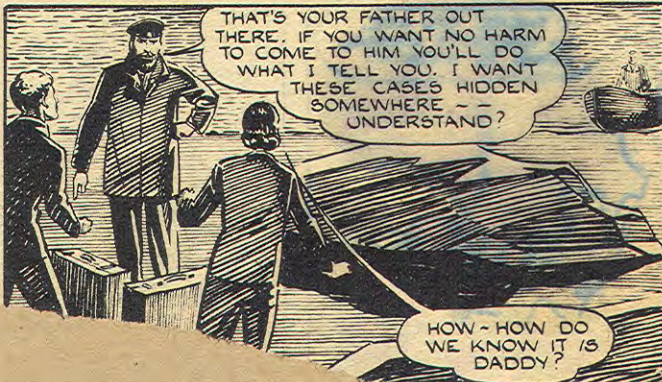
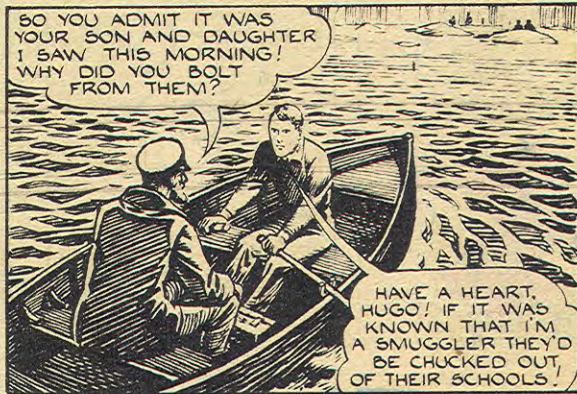
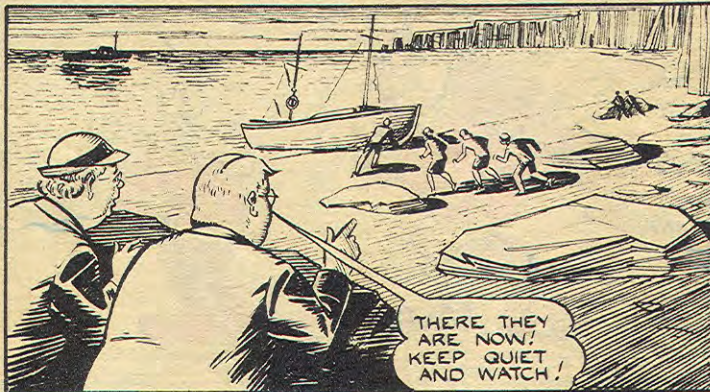
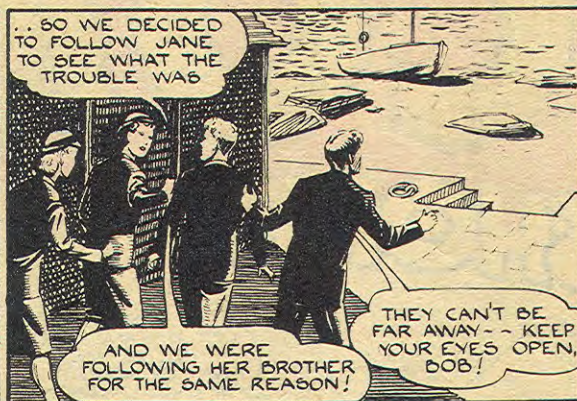
No. 218. September 20, 1952

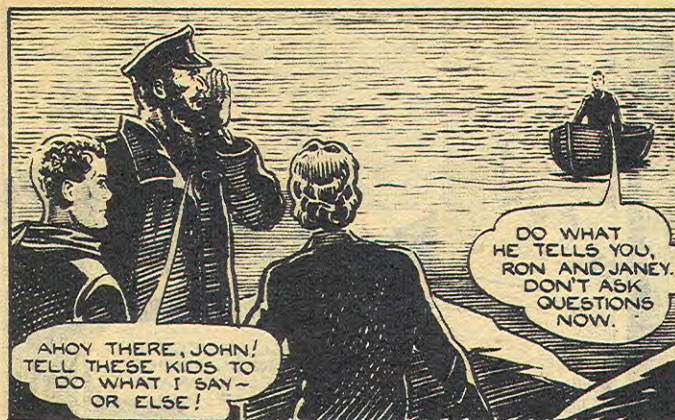
SHORTY



Ron Mason, a new boy at Greyfriars, and his sister Jane, who is a new girl at Cliff House, have a secret. Their father is one of a gang of smugglers. Neither of them believe this. Ron breaks out of school at night to meet Jane, and Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton follow him. They discover that some of the girls from Cliff House have also broken bounds that night!

THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!





AHOY THERE, JOHN!
TELL THESE KIDS TO
DO WHAT I SAY—
OR ELSE!

DO WHAT
HE TELLS YOU,
RON AND JANEY.
DON'T ASK
QUESTIONS
NOW.



DON'T FORGET—UNDER THE THIRD
ARCH ON THE WEST SIDE OF
THE OLD PRIORY, YOU'LL FIND A
LOOSE STONE THERE. LIFT IT AND
DROP THE CASES IN—
AND MAKE SURE YOU'RE
NOT SPOTTED!

WE UNDERSTAND.
COME ON, JANE!

WATCHING FROM NEARBY, BOB AND HIS CHUMS HAVE
SEEN WHAT WAS GOING ON, BUT HEARD NO WORD.
THEY CAN ONLY GUESS AT THE TRUTH.

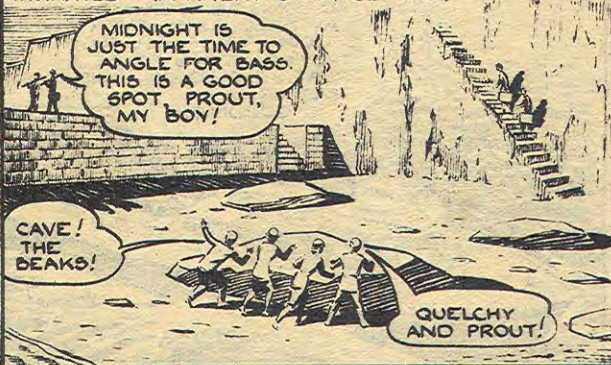


THEY ACT AS
IF THEY'RE
SMUGGLERS!

OH DEAR!
WHAT CAN WE
DO ABOUT IT,
HARRY?

JUST FOLLOW 'EM—
TRY TO MAKE 'EM
SEE WHAT CHUMPS
THEY ARE!
COME ON!

BUT THE GREYFRIARS AND CLIFF HOUSE CHUMS WERE
THWARTED—IN A VERY STRANGE WAY!

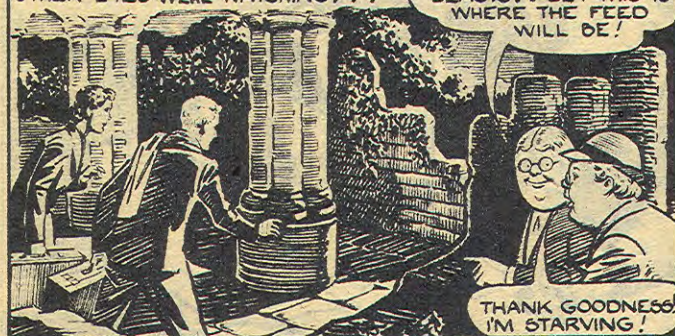


CAVE!
THE BEAKS!

MIDNIGHT IS
JUST THE TIME TO
ANGLE FOR BASS
THIS IS A GOOD
SPOT, PROUT,
MY BOY!

QUELCHY
AND PROUT!

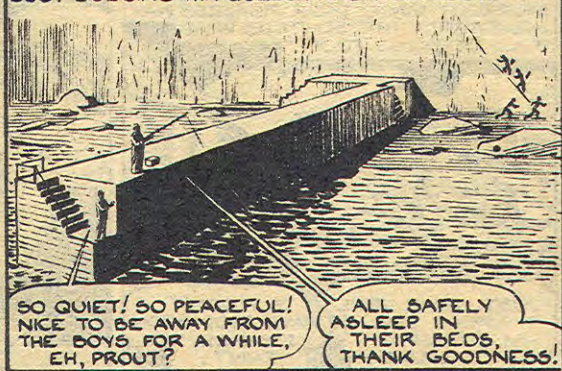
SO RON AND JANE ESCAPED FROM
THE WELL-MEANING CHUMS, AND
REACHED THE OLD PRIORY. BUT
OTHER EYES WERE WATCHING...



THANK GOODNESS
WE'VE LOST WHARTON
AND THE OTHER
BEASTS! I BET THIS IS
WHERE THE FEED
WILL BE!

THANK GOODNESS!
I'M STARVING!

ON THE BEACH WHARTON AND CO WERE
BUSY DODGING MR QUELCH AND MR PROUT.



SO QUIET! SO PEACEFUL!
NICE TO BE AWAY FROM
THE BOYS FOR A WHILE,
EH, PROUT?

ALL SAFELY
ASLEEP IN
THEIR BEDS.
THANK GOODNESS!



WELL, WE'VE LOST 'EM.
ONLY THING TO DO
IS TO GET BACK,
I SUPPOSE.

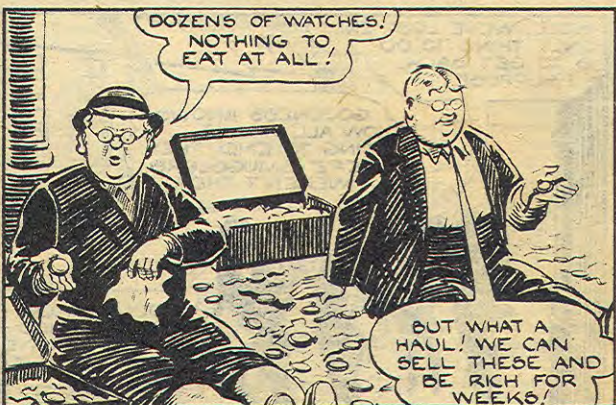
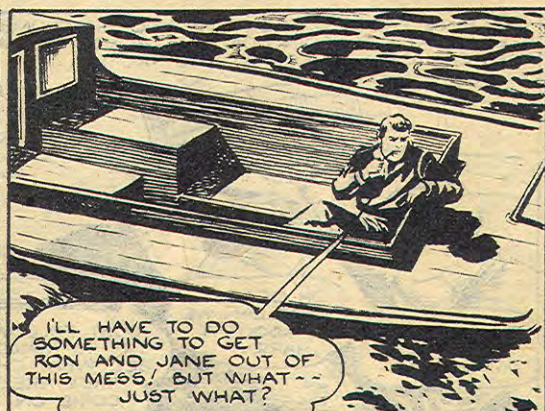
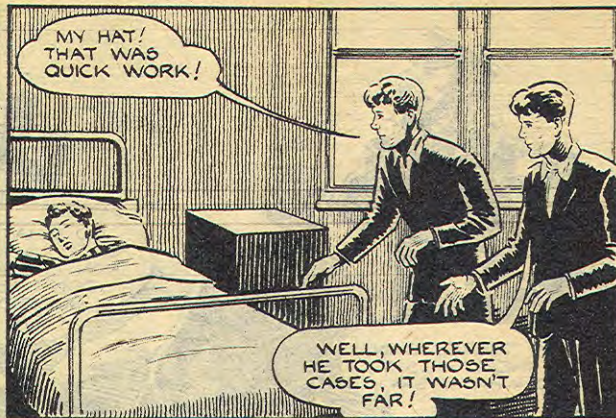
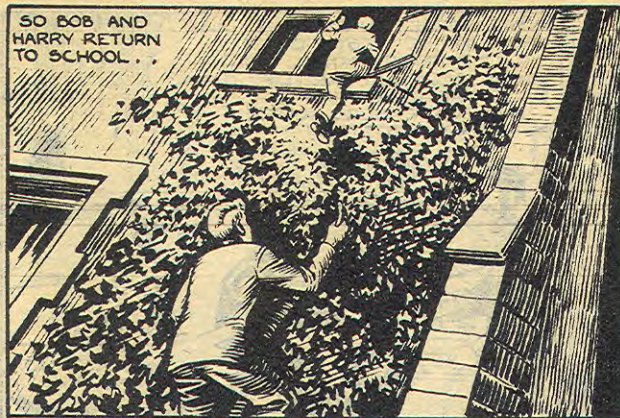
GOODNESS KNOWS
HOW ALL THIS IS
GOING TO END. THEY
WERE SMUGGLERS,
WEREN'T THEY?

I DON'T KNOW—
BUT I'M WORRIED—
WHAT OUGHT WE
TO DO ABOUT IT?



WE'LL MEET ON THE
BEACH TOMORROW
AND TALK IT OVER,
SHALL WE, BOYS?

THAT'S AN
IDEA. WE'LL
HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS!



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

"SWE-E-E-E!" The long-drawn-out cry echoed through the village street. Dr. Gandybar, of Gandybar School, stopped and stared.

On the far side of the road, some little distance away, he could make out the figure of Willie Wizzard pedalling very slowly along on a box-tricycle. The afternoon sun glinted on Willie's spectacles as the boy inventor threw back his head, which seemed to bulge with brains, and called again: "Swe-e-e-ee!"

Dr. Gandybar had some troubles on his mind, but he forgot them in his astonishment. As he watched, a lady came to the door of one of the houses and beckoned Willie. The schoolboy genius promptly lifted from the top of the box-tricycle an object which looked like a big foot-pump with a hose attached.

He climbed from the saddle and unclipped from the side of the box a thing which looked like a huge butterfly net, except that at the end of the handle there was a canvas bag instead of a net. With the pump in one hand and the stick with its canvas bag over his shoulder, Willie marched into the house.

Dr. Gandybar waited.

"Seems a queer way to spend a half-holiday," he muttered. "But young Wizzard's not doing it for fun, if I know anything about him! What does he think he knows about sweeping chimneys?"

Dr. Gandybar was not in a happy mood. An official of the Education Board had been inspecting Gandybar School for the past few days, and Dr. Gandybar was feeling very pessimistic about the report that would be sent in.

"Not enough discipline and too much horseplay," the inspector had remarked with a sniff, even after the first day.

"If I can catch Willie Wizzard up to one of his capers I'll soon show this inspector chap what discipline is!" muttered the headmaster, his eyes on the house that Willie had entered. "It would give me a fine chance to make an example of somebody!"

In less than three minutes Willie came out again. Dr. Gandybar saw the lady give him some money, smiling and nodding delightedly. As Willie climbed on the tricycle once more, Dr. Gandybar strode up to him.

"What are you up to, Wizzard?" he snapped suspiciously.

Willie gazed round with a start, then beamed.

"I'm sweeping chimneys, sir," he answered. "I've invented the Wizzard Wonder Soot-shifter. No fuss, no mess, no trouble!"

"Shoot-sifter? I mean Sift-shooter?" exclaimed Dr.

Gandybar, getting rather tangled up with the tongue-twister. "Do you mean you cleaned that lady's chimney in three minutes?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie proudly.

"For how much?" asked the headmaster, lowering his voice.

"Sixpence, sir."

"Sixpence!" exclaimed Dr. Gandybar.

"Sixpence in three minutes is — er — let me see, three fives are twenty-four, carry one, that makes — er — His voice trailed away as he paused, baffled by the problem.

"Well, a lot of money in an afternoon!" he finished triumphantly.

"I must see this work, Wizzard."

Willie pedalled on slowly, shouting his cry, and soon a man came out of a house and called Willie in to sweep one of the chimneys.

Dr. Gandybar went in as well.

"It's really very simple," explained Willie as he set the pump on the floor and began to work up pressure by pumping with his foot. "This pump forces a fine spray of a special fluid through the hose and up the chimney."

He paused and looked at the pressure-gauge.

"The spray is lighter than air and it rises slowly up the chimney. As it goes it carries every scrap of soot with it. The spray gets into every nook and cranny, so that the whole chimney is swept as clean as a whistle."

"You mean the soot goes up instead of coming down?" gasped the headmaster.

"Right up to the top," Willie nodded. "My special spray gathers it all together in a huge ball — like a snowball, except that it's made of soot. Then I pop this open-necked canvas bag underneath and catch the ball of soot as it falls down!"

Willie picked up the nozzle of the hose and pointed it up the chimney. He turned a tap and there came a faint hissing sound. After about ten seconds Willie switched off and laid



"Grooh! Paagh!" spluttered Dr. Gandybar as a ball of soot as big as a football came hurtling down from the top of the chimney and burst on his head!

down the hose.

"That's it," he grinned. "The spray will be travelling slowly up to the top, gathering the soot as it goes." He turned and picked up the stick with the canvas bag on it. At that moment Dr. Gandybar moved forward.

"Astounding, Wizzard!" he exclaimed. "I can hardly believe it! How fascinating to see the chimney being swept as if by an invisible hand!" He crouched down, put his head in the big empty grate and twisted his neck to gaze up the chimney.

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Willie cried desperately. But it was too late. A ball of soot as big as a football came hurtling down from the top of the chimney and burst on Dr. Gandybar's head!

"Grooh! Paagh!" spluttered Dr. Gandybar, staggering back. The owner of the house, who had been watching, leapt forward angrily.

"You silly clown!" he roared. "Why didn't you wait for the boy to catch the soot in his bag. Now look at it — all over my room!" He grabbed Dr. Gandybar by the arm and rushed him out of the house. The headmaster's face was black as night. His mortarboard had fallen off and he was choking and gasping.

Together the two men reeled into the front garden, and

at the same moment there came a screech of brakes as a black van drew up outside. Next second the garden seemed to be swarming with uniformed policemen!

They descended like a swarm of bees on the black-faced Dr. Gandybar, seized him and dragged him spluttering and struggling out to the van. With a heave they flung him into the back and slammed the doors.

"All right, sir!" a police sergeant called to the bewildered householder just as Willie came hurrying out. "We've got him safe now! Lucky for you we were passing just then! A lucky break for us, too!"

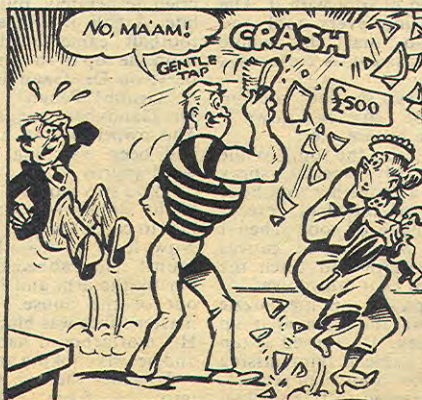
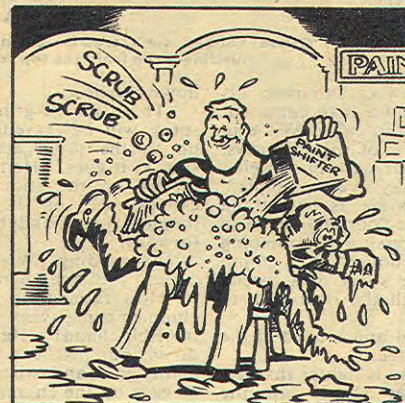
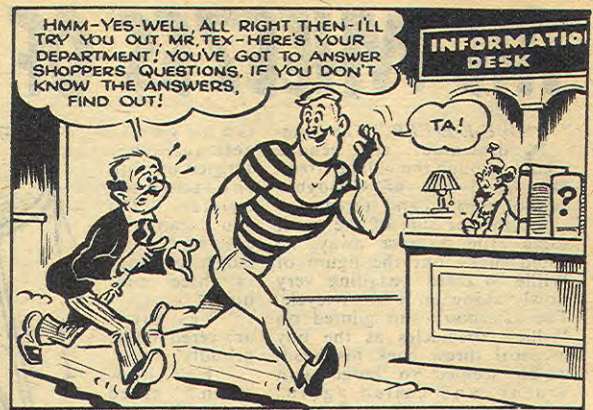
He bolted the doors and went round to the driving seat.

"Hey! Who do you think you've got in there?" Willie gasped. The police sergeant turned and stared.

"Why, it's Rastus Penny-feather, the coloured cat-burglar!" he said with a pleased grin. "The police have been looking for this dorkie for weeks!" And before Willie could say another word the van went roaring away with its prisoner.

"Oh crumbs!" Willie gasped faintly. "Poor old Gandybar. He'll be furious!"

(Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

Untold wealth lies at the bottom of the sea. Gold, precious stones—all kinds of treasure—lies hidden in the holds and strongrooms of countless ships that have sunk to the bottom through the centuries.

Malcolm Franklin built the mighty "Prowler" to try to recover some of this lost treasure. The "Prowler" was like a huge tank, specially designed to travel over the bed of the ocean.

But he was not the only one who had had this idea. At the bottom of the sea, he found himself battling with an unknown enemy, who was also seeking sunken gold.

Young Bob Harley, a special agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, had been given the secret service job of helping Franklin to protect his secrets.

But now Bob had been captured by Franklin's unknown foe. He proved to be a mysterious masked submarine pirate, named the Shark, who came from Incaragua in South America. Nobody knew what the Shark looked like, for his face was always covered by a steel mask!

When the Shark's submarine was standing by an undersea wreck it was gripped by some mighty monster of the deep, which dragged it down towards the sea bed!

MALCOLM FRANKLIN peered through the big armour-glass observation blister in the control room of the "Prowler." The water around was brightly lit by its powerful headlights and there, before his eyes, an amazing drama was unfolding.

A submarine was plunging down through the water towards him. It was dropping tail-first, its propeller thrashing vainly. And claspings the submarine's hull as easily as a man's hand clasps a broomstick was a sea monster like a giant octopus or squid.

Its rounded body was as big as a house, and each of its mighty tentacles was fully 60 feet long.

The submarine was powerless in its awful grip.

"Great grief! What is it!" Rattigan, the other "X" branch man on the "Prowler" breathed the words.

"The depths are full of monsters that never see the light of day!" snapped Franklin. "They're too huge and heavy to swim up to the surface, except very rarely. And when one does show up at the top, you get your stories of sea-serpents. But we're wasting time!" The inventor snatched up a telephone, and spoke rapidly into it. "Get the bathyplanes ready for immediate combat!" he called. "All guns to be loaded. Number one bathyplane to carry a torpedo!"



Never had so strange a battle been fought! The doomed submarine plunged downwards in the terrible grip of the monster!

He put down the telephone, and turned to Rattigan.

"You'll come with me in bathyplane number one!" he said.

Rattigan nodded.

"The people in that submarine," went on Franklin, as he led the way out of the control cabin, "must be the gang we've been fighting down here under the sea. They're the men who robbed me of the working model of 'the Prowler,' the model that holds all my secrets. As far as we know, young Bob is their prisoner, or if he's not, then they're responsible for his fate. But whoever they are, and whatever they've done, we can't leave them in the grip of that—that nightmare!"

Rattigan hurried after his chief through the steel-lined passages and down the steep steps which led from one deck to another inside the mighty "Prowler."

At last they came out into the huge steel room where the four bathyplanes were housed. At first sight the bathyplanes looked like sleek, shining jet-planes. Then, when you looked

closer, you saw that they were massively built of solid steel, and that at the rear of their torpedo shaped bodies were twin propellers, which drove them forward.

But though they were far too heavy ever to fly they were like jet-planes in a lot of ways. They were fast, nimble fighters, designed to speed and swerve through the water as a plane does through the air.

They were ready for action. Rattigan climbed aboard number one with his chief, and when the pilots of the other three bathyplanes were safely sealed inside, Malcolm Franklin gave the signal to move.

All inner doors to the bathyplane hangar were shut. Then the big sea-doors rolled open, and the green water of the ocean came jetting and gushing in.

An instant later the bathyplanes hurtled into battle.

The watchers aboard the "Prowler" were treated to a weird and thrilling sight. Never before had so strange a battle been fought.

The bathyplanes were tiny

beside the hugeness of the great squid. One after another they zoomed and swooped to the attack, and as each in turn got the body of the monster in its gun-sights, they loosed off salvo after salvo of shells.

But though they could hardly miss with a target as big as the squid, they did not seem to be doing any damage. The soft, leathery body of the monster quivered and shuddered slightly as the shells struck home, but that was all. It seemed impossible to find a vital spot.

Nothing they did broke the terrible grip of the monster upon the doomed submarine, and the awful plunge to the bottom continued unchecked.

Malcolm Franklin's face was grim as he unhooked the microphone from beside his head and held it to his mouth.

"Number one, calling bathyplanes two, three and four!" he snapped. "Stand clear! Stand clear! Am going in with torpedo. Repeat — bathyplanes two, three and four, stand clear!"

The other machines must have picked up the message at once, for Rattigan saw them draw off in close formation and circle round the scene some three hundred feet higher up in the water, like three planes patrolling a target area.

Malcolm Franklin flipped the red switch marked "Danger" which fused the torpedo he carried so that it would explode when fired.

"I didn't want to use this!" he told Rattigan. "That submarine is down far deeper than she was ever meant to go, and the pressure of the water must be breaking her up already. An explosion at close quarters won't do her any good at all—but we'll have to risk it. It's our last chance of beating that sea-beast!"

His knuckles gleamed as he gripped the control wheel more tightly and he swung the bathyplane around.

The sinister shape of the giant squid loomed larger and larger in their field of view. Rattigan saw Franklin's thumb move over to the button on the control wheel which would fire the torpedo.

They were so close now that it seemed that they would never be able to miss the huge leathery shape of the monster. Then Franklin pressed the button. An instant later he pulled the bathyplane up in a fast climb, zooming like a rocket away from its target.

Peering out and downward, Rattigan got a brief glimpse of the silvery shape of the small but deadly torpedo streaking across the few remaining yards towards the squid.

Then came the explosion. A thunderclap of sound

(Continued on next page)

carried through the water towards them. At the same time the blast hit the bathyplane like a punch from a giant fist. The little craft reeled through the water, while Malcolm Franklin fought to get it under control once again.

After frantic seconds that seemed to last hours, they levelled off. The inventor swung the bathyplane around again so that they could see the submarine.

The grip of the squid was broken. Mortally wounded, it was swirling away through the water, throwing off great inky clouds of fluid from its body after the manner of its kind.

The doomed submarine meanwhile turned slowly over and plunged downward faster than ever.

"The hull must be leaking badly—she should have had enough buoyancy to rise!" said Franklin. "We haven't much time—she'll break up fast now—the pressure of the water will see to that!" Once more he snatched up the microphone at his side.

"Malcolm Franklin calling the 'Prowler'—Malcolm Franklin calling the 'Prowler'! Full speed ahead to wrecked submarine. Ready all salvage gear! Prepare to take submarine inboard without delay! Bathyplanes will be taken in at once! Open sea-doors!"

Rattigan knew that the other bathyplanes would have picked up the message and would know what to do. Without a word he took over the controls of the bathyplane from his chief and began to steer it back to its base inside the "Prowler", so leaving the inventor free to continue his radioed salvage orders.

Three minutes later they were back inside the "Prowler", hanging safely from the magnetic clamps beside the other three bathyplanes. Then the sea-doors rumbled shut and the pumps whined into action to drive out the water.

The last of the water was hardly pumped out before

Franklin was out of the bathyplane. By this time the "Prowler" had come to rest with its leading caterpillar "feet" straddling the half-crushed submarine. He took over command of operations at once.

"Get the magnetic grabs out!" he snapped into a microphone. "Get them fastened on to the hull—then haul it into the salvage lock! There isn't a second to lose!" Having said this, he tossed the microphone back on to its hook and ran for the door.

Half a minute later he was in the armoured-glass control-box of the salvage lock.

The salvage lock was a huge steel-lined room in the lowest part of the "Prowler." It had sea-doors, like the bathyplane hangar and it was specially made so that wreckage of all sorts could be dragged into it off the sea-bed to be worked upon.

Now the sea-doors were open and, as Franklin stepped into the control-box to watch operations at close quarters, the crewman in charge was switching on the current of the big electro-magnets of the grab gear. As the magnetic force surged through them they went shooting swiftly out towards the steel hull on the sea-bed outside, carrying with them the tough cables of the hauling tackle.

Ringling clangs sounded as the magnets clamped home on to the sub's hull. Franklin gave the signal for haulage to begin and the big electric winches whined into life.

Slowly the nose of the wrecked submarine moved into the salvage lock. Franklin gripped the rail in front of him tensely.

"Goodness knows what we shall find when we open her up!" he said through clenched teeth. "Heaven grant we're in time to save young Bob!"

THE submarine, too, had a salvage-lock, though it was not more than one-tenth the size of that on the "Prowler." However, it was the strongest

part of the craft, and here it was that the Shark had gathered his crew when he saw that there was no hope of saving the submarine from disaster.

There they had stayed during the terrifying minutes when the monster was dragging them down into the crushing depths of the ocean. Even now, the vast weight of water above them was causing the steel plates of the hull to groan and creak, and water was jetting fiercely in at a hundred and one places where joints in the plating had given way under the strain.

But within the double-doored salvage lock all was safe—up till now.

Bob Harley was there, too—bound hand and foot. After the first mad lurch, when the sub. had begun its death-dive, Bob had lost his gun, and he had been quickly overpowered by the Shark's men.

The steel-masked pirate of the underseas stood looking down on him now, as he lay helpless upon the wet steel floor. His voice rang evilly from under the hollow mask.

"We have a saying in my country, my young friend!" the Shark snarled. "It is that victory is never sweeter than when it is snatched from the jaws of defeat! Soon you shall see how true that saying is—for me!"

From outside came the scraping sounds of the submarine being dragged bodily into the salvage lock of the "Prowler."

"Mister Malcolm Franklin is very kindly taking us aboard his 'Prowler.' I could ask for nothing better!" hissed the Shark. "He thinks I am finished—but he shall learn how wrong he is! I may have lost this submarine—it will never sail again—but soon I shall be master of his mighty 'Prowler!'"

Bob's tongue was dry in his mouth. A gag was tied cuttignly tight across his lips. If only that were not there—he might have tried a desperate shout to warn his friends outside to beware. But what black treachery was this master of villainy plotting

now?

With a final mocking chuckle, the Shark turned away from his prisoner, and addressed his crew. Now Bob could not tell what he was saying, for the Shark was speaking in a foreign tongue.

"My loyal comrades!" declared the Shark in Incaraguan, "what at first seemed to be dire disaster now presents itself as a glorious opportunity! Now is our chance to capture the 'Prowler' from Malcolm Franklin!"

A stir of interest ran through his swarthy crew, and grins spread over their wolfish faces. Bob's blood ran cold. Whatever they were plotting, one thing was clear—there was no mercy to be expected from this gang of cut-throats!

"When Mr. Franklin releases us from this hulk, we shall meet him with smiles, my friends!" declared the Shark. "We shall thank him for saving us—we shall shake him by the hand, we shall embrace him—tell him he is our brother whom we love. And when his suspicions of us are lulled, we shall strike!"

A roar of approval went up from the crew. The Shark's eyes flashed under his mask. He pointed across the salvage lock towards the far wall.

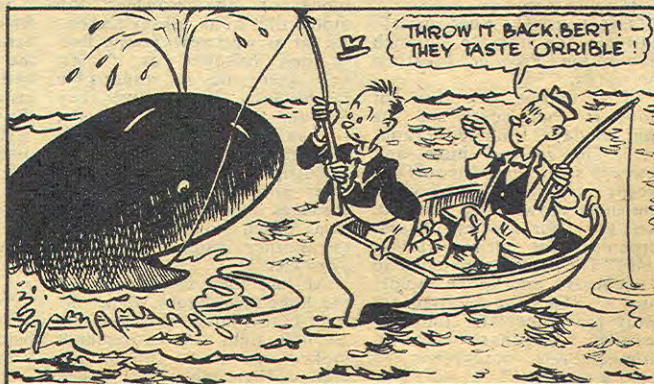
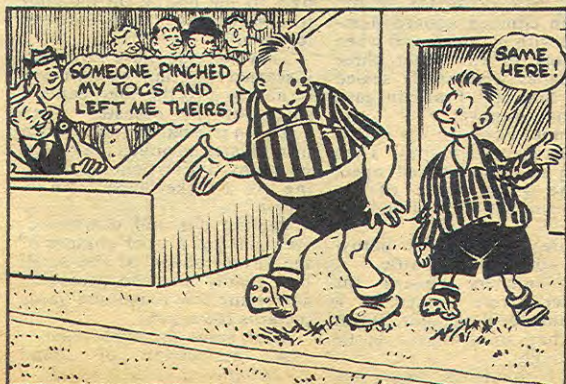
"In those lockers are guns and ammunition—grenades and bombs! Arm yourselves, my comrades—arm yourselves to the teeth, for when we strike, we strike hard! As to this middle-some brat—" He kicked Bob with his toe. "Put him out of sight—in one of the lockers will do!"

As he finished speaking, the men leaped into action. Bob found himself grabbed roughly by the feet, and dragged across the floor. He was bundled without ceremony into a steel-doored cupboard in one wall.

The last thing he saw before the door clanged shut was the men of the Shark's crew thrusting guns and grenades into their pockets.

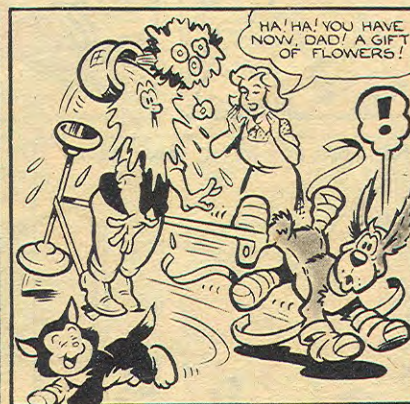
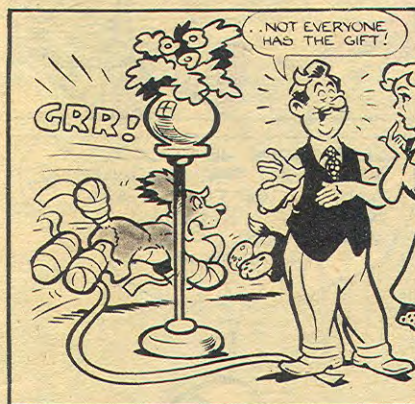
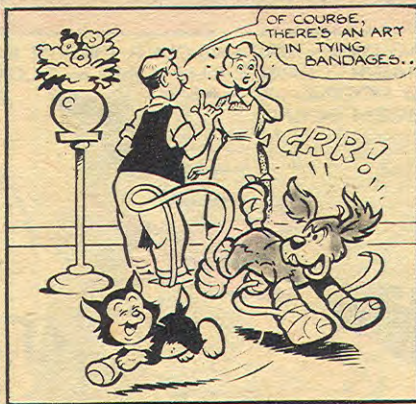
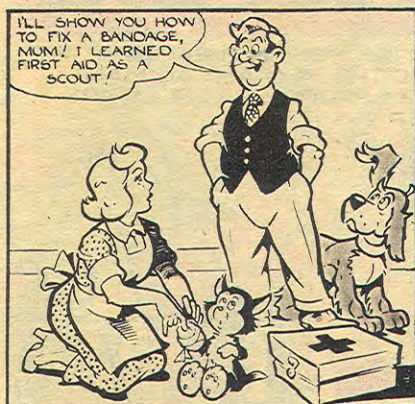
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CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!





SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

The fact that Malcolm Franklin had saved all their lives, counted for nothing with this band of ruffians. They would strike—without mercy—and there was nothing Bob could do to stop them or to warn his friends of their danger!

THE sea-doors of the salvage lock were tightly closed. The sea had been pumped out and the wrecked submarine lay there, high and dry.

Guided by tapping from within, Franklin's men were ready with oxy-acetylene cutting torches to burn a hole in the hull and to release the men inside. The doors of the sub's own salvage lock could not be opened, for they were in the underside of the hull and the sub was lying on them.

A few minutes later a great jagged square of steel dropped away from the side, its edges glowing redly with the heat of the torches.

Malcolm Franklin loosened his gun in its holster and stepped towards the opening.

Inside he could see men pulling themselves to their feet

from what seemed to be various positions of sheer exhaustion. Right in front of him stood one man—a strange figure whose head was encased in a mask of shining steel. This man took a step towards Franklin, his hands outstretched.

"I am Captain Shark, of the Imperial Incaraguan Navy, at your service!" gasped the figure. "To whom do I owe your gallant rescue? My poor craft was attacked by a great monster of the depths—and but for you we should all have perished horribly! Sir—I am your devoted servant! Never shall I be able to repay you for your so gallant rescue of myself and my men! But what is this strange craft in which you are so at home on the bottom of the sea?"

Malcolm Franklin frowned, his brain racing. It was just possible that he was mistaken—just possible that this was not his unknown enemy. After all, another submarine could have fallen prey to the giant squid. For a moment he hesitated.

His hand came away from the butt of his gun and the Shark seized it to pump it up and down in a fervent hand-shake. His crew now were crawling from the hull of the submarine, beaming smiles upon their faces—hands outstretched

towards the men of his own crew who were standing round in the salvage lock.

For a moment he was almost deceived into thinking that these were just honest submariners whom he had rescued and that they knew nothing of the attacks against the "Prowler"—nothing of the capture of Bob Harley, of whom he could see no trace. But it was all too good to be true.

"Search them all for arms—at once!" Franklin snapped out the order.

The Shark acted—fast!

"No you don't!" he snarled savagely. "Get your hands up!"

Malcolm Franklin felt the hard muzzle of a gun pressing into his ribs!

"Get your hands up—all of you!" snapped the Shark. "Quickly—and don't try any tricks, or your leader dies!"

Helplessly, Franklin's men raised their hands above their heads, and as they did so the Shark's men produced their hidden guns.

The Shark was master! Next week: The battle for the "Prowler"!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

MORE numbers for you, Spotters! If you see yours in the list, then you can send up for a grand present—absolutely free!

11,568	205,814	92,050	101,897	206,583
115,716	40,688	120,522	205,237	23,026
200,878	148,905	201,691	28,479	111,339
164,309	14,207	4,338	127,586	92,791
76,016	206,480	61,519	59,317	183,692

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

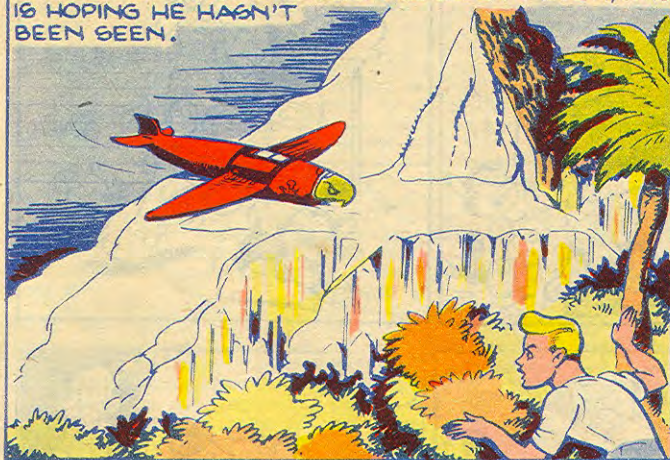
COMET E.S. Club, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, September 30. Don't forget to make sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page of your Album before posting!

COMET—September 20, 1952—9

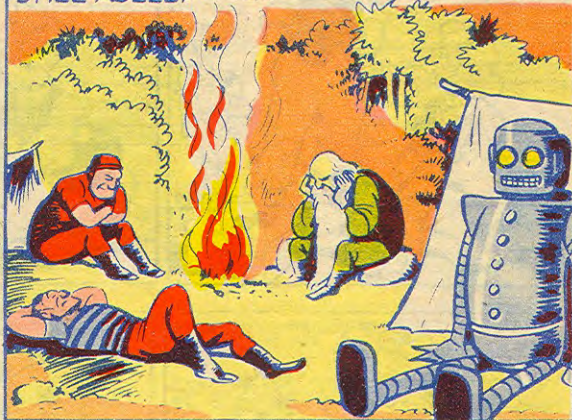
Three rival parties are seeking treasure, hidden long ago by the Vulture, a Space Pirate, on an island in the Milky Way. One is led by Professor Jolly, with Peter and Ann. The second is headed by Woznik, a traitor who stole the professor's map, and the third is that of the Hawk, ruthless son of the Vulture.

THE SKY EXPLORERS

AS DAWN BREAKS OVER PIRATE ISLAND, THE HAWK'S SPACE-SHIP LANDS CLOSE BY PETER, WHO IS Hoping HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN.



WOZNIK AND HIS MEN, IN THEIR CAMP WITH THE MAP AND THE MECHANICAL MAN STOLEN FROM PROFESSOR JOLLY, ARE STILL ASLEEP ---



AND IN THEIR OWN SPACE-SHIP, ANCHORED IN THE BAY, THE PROFESSOR AND ANN ARE BUSY.



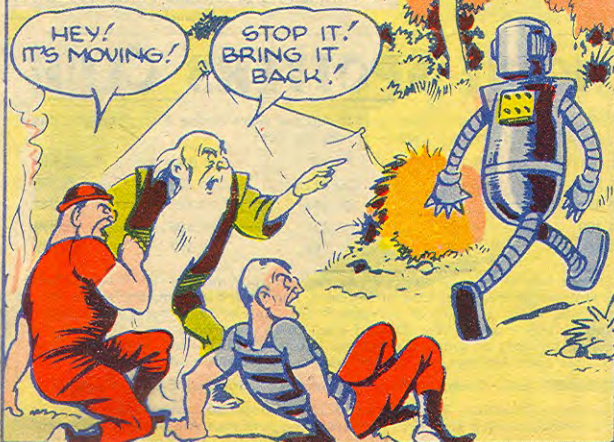
HURRAH! I'M IN RADIO CONTACT WITH THE MECHANICAL MAN!

I CAN SEE WOZNIK'S CAMP ON THE T.V. SCREEN --- THERE'S NO SIGN OF PETER.

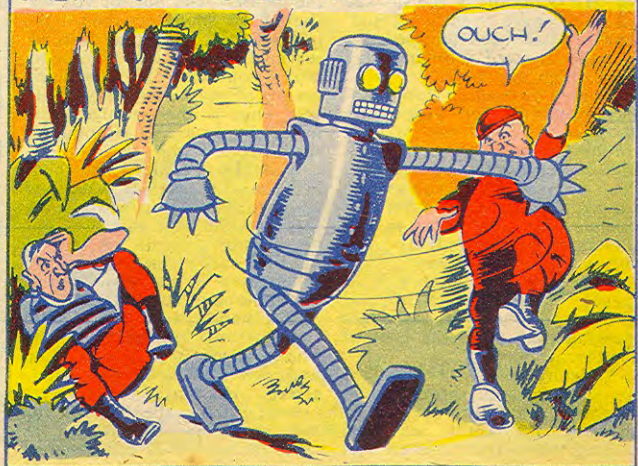
LET'S HOPE HE ESCAPED! WE'LL GET THE MECHANICAL MAN OUT OF THAT CAMP, ANYWAY. I'M GOING TO START HIM UP BY RADIO NOW!

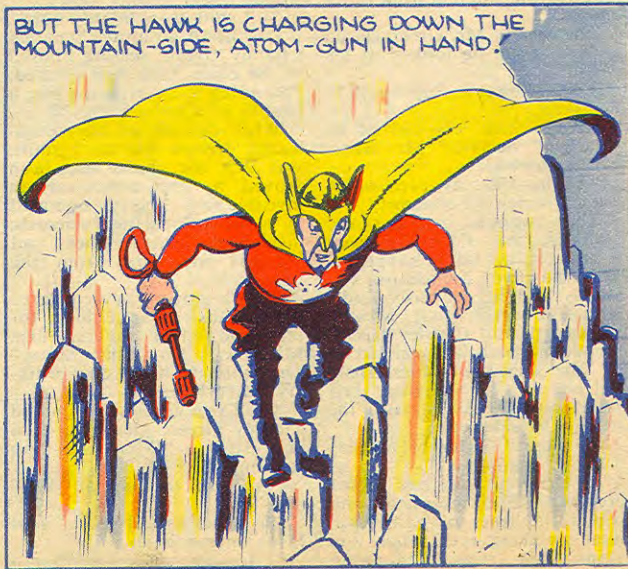
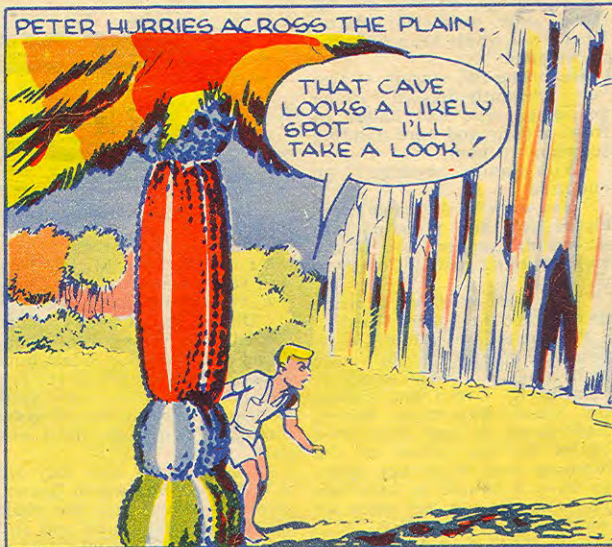
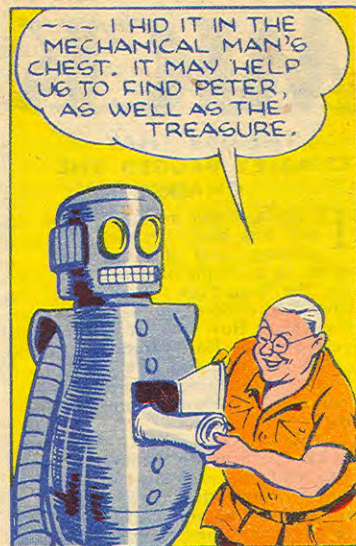
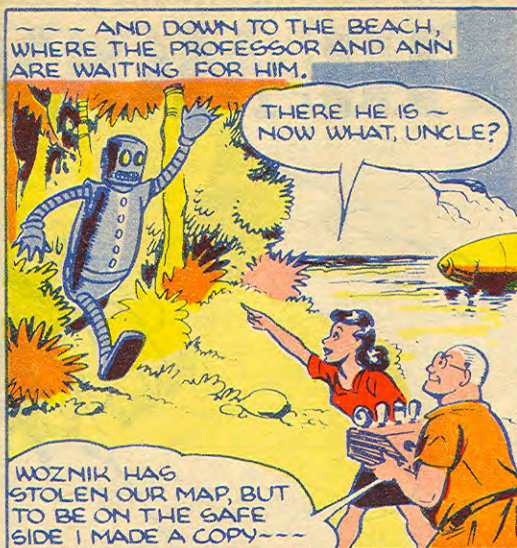
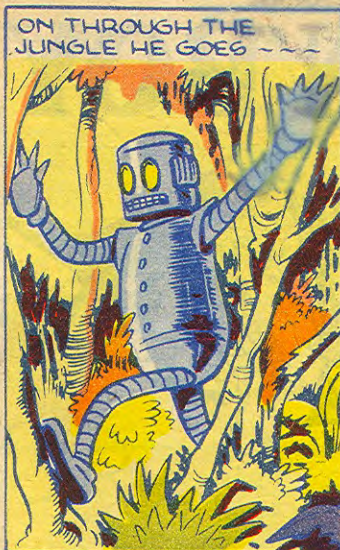


CALLED BY THE PROFESSOR'S RADIO, THE MECHANICAL MAN GETS UP AND STARTS TO WALK FROM THE CLEARING!



BUT THE MECHANICAL MAN IS TAKING ORDERS ONLY FROM PROFESSOR JOLLY!





THE TWO BULLIES CROSS THE ATLANTIC BY DECK-CHAIRS!

MICK THE MOON BOY

THE DAY THAT CHARLEY BAGGED THE CHAIRS!

IT was a lovely morning. The sky was blue, the sun was shining, and the sea was calm. In a couple of deckchairs on the boat-deck of the big liner S.S. *Golden Star* sat Mick the Moon Boy and his twelve-year-old pal Hank Luckner.

"Well, here we are safely bound for old England, Hank!" said Mick. "How're you feeling?"

"Swell!" cried Hank. "Gee, Mick, I can hardly believe that you and me is really on our way to England. I'm jus' dying to see them old castles an' things that they've got over there, an' Buckingham Palace where the Queen lives an' all those other wonderful places. I bet it's a whole heap different to America."

He broke off, staring at two very elegantly-dressed young gentlemen who had halted in front of them and were standing scowling at them.

"You wantin' anything?" he enquired.

"Yes, we want those two deckchairs you and your pal are sitting in," snapped one of the elegant young gents. "Come on, out of it!"

"Oh, no!" said Mick pleasantly. "We were here first."

"I don't care a hoot when you were here!" cried the young gent angrily. "My name is Charles K. Green and this is my friend Bugsworth Brown and we've bagged those two chairs for the whole of the crossing and we're not going to have a couple of kids like you sprawling in 'em when we want 'em, so scram!"

"Oh, no!" said Mick again. "You scram and find some other chairs."

The elegant Mr. Green glared at him. Then he looked at his friend.

"What about it, Bugsworth?" he asked.

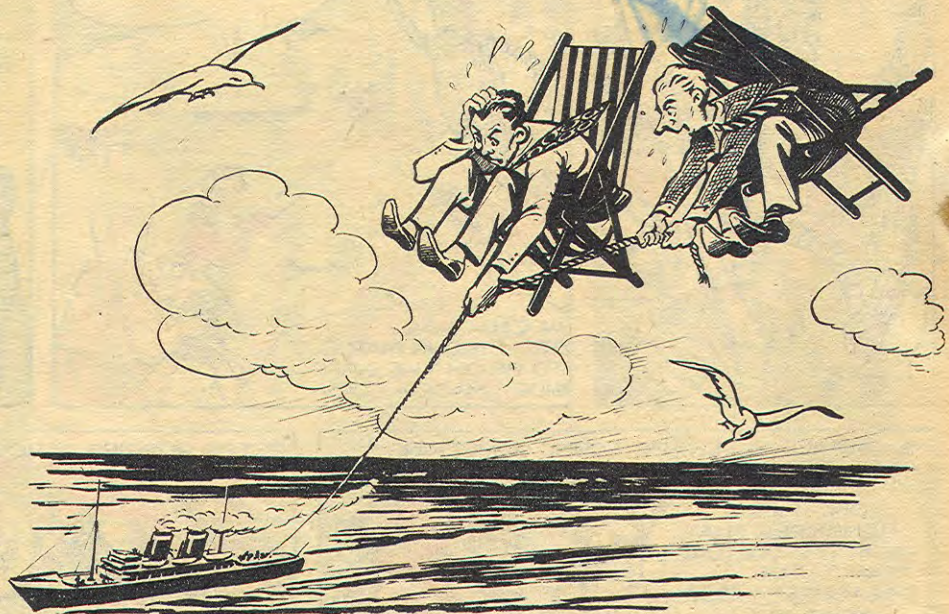
"We'll have 'em out of it, Charley," declared Mr. Bugsworth Brown.

"Yeah, I'll say we will!" cried Charley. "Come on!"

They swooped on Mick and Hank. As they did so, however, a remarkable thing happened. For the two deckchairs slid swiftly and mysteriously aside, with the result that Messrs. Bugsworth and Charley missed them completely and, carried on by the speed of their rush, finished up by banging their noses very severely against the side of a deckhouse.

"Oww-ww! Ooo-er!" they cried in anguish.

By the time they had recovered and rubbed their noses and wiped the tears of pain from their watering eyes, Mick and Hank had risen and were



Charley and Bugsworth howled in terror as they floated above the ocean liner in two deck-chairs!

standing watching them.

"Tut, tut!" said Mick. "That was very clumsy of you, Charley. And of you, Bugsworth."

"Don't you Charley me!" roared that young gentleman. "And don't you Bugsworth him, either. Cheeky little brat. For two pins I'd give you and your skinny little pal a darned good hiding, shifting the chairs like that."

"I don't know how they did it," growled Bugsworth Brown, slumping down into the chair Hank had been using and still rubbing his aching nose. "They shifted them mighty quick."

"I'll shift them mighty quick, if they don't go away!" snarled Charley Green, seating himself in the chair Mick had vacated. "Standing there grinning like a couple of Cheshire cats!"

What neither he nor Bugsworth dreamt for an instant, was that the chairs had been moved by the power of an invisible ray. The ray operated by a marvellous little scientific instrument which Mick had brought with him from the Moon.

Such a thought never entered their heads. How could it, for they hadn't the slightest idea Mick was from the Moon? They thought he was an ordinary Earth boy.

"Will you go away?" snarled Charley Green, glaring at him and Hank. "What are you standing there for?"

"We like looking at you," said Mick.

"It makes us feel good," said Hank mysteriously.

"I'll make you feel good in a

minute!" cried Charley, meaning just the reverse. "I'll make you wish you'd never been born!"

"Shut up!" cut in his friend Bugsworth warningly. "Here come Lottie Purvis and her sister."

Two very pretty and smartly-dressed young ladies were approaching. They were the daughters of Pincher P. Purvis, the American millionaire, and both Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown simply loved people with money. That's why they'd already got to know the two Purvis sisters.

They beamed all over their faces as the two girls approached and Charley cried:

"Hallo, hallo, how nice to see you! We didn't think you'd be up so early after the ship's dance last night. Well, this is a nice surprise!"

Next instant it was the girls who got the surprise. And a most terrific one it was, too. For, without the slightest warning, the deckchairs in which Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown were sitting commenced to float gently up into the air bearing those two astounded young gentlemen with them.

"Well, for land's sake!" gasped Lottie Purvis, her eyes nearly sticking out of her head.

"It—it must be a sort of conjuring trick!" gasped her sister. "I guess they're doing it to amuse us."

It wasn't a conjuring trick and the frantic Charley and Bugsworth certainly weren't doing it to amuse them. What had happened was that Mick

had secretly switched on his anti-gravity ray and directed it on the deckchairs.

The result was that the chairs no longer had any weight. And if Mick had given them the full power of the ray they'd have shot right up into space, taking their occupants with them. As it was, however, he had given them just enough power from the ray to send them floating gently up above the mast-head of the liner.

The liner, of course, was steaming along at a pretty good speed, but the terrified Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown weren't. They were just suspended there in space, floating gently on the balmy breeze. And as they saw the liner steaming away from under them leaving nothing between them and the deep blue sea except air, they let out a couple of ear-splitting screams:

"Help! What's happened? Come back! Don't leave us!"

Lottie Purvis, her eyes bulging even further out of her head as she stared up at them gasped: "Gosh, it's not a conjuring trick after all!"

"But how they're doing it?" cried her sister.

"Search me!" said Lottie helplessly. "I don't know!"

Meanwhile, the screams and howls of the two frantic young gentlemen had attracted the attention of other passengers. They stared and they stared, then they rubbed their eyes and stared again.

But it wasn't an optical illusion they were seeing. It was still there, that amazing and

astonishing spectacle of two young gentlemen sitting in deck-chairs poised in space astern of the fast steaming liner.

What was more, the way the two young gentlemen were screaming and yelling and waving their arms, it was easy to see that they weren't there because they wanted to be.

So somebody ran to tell the captain and he, too, stared and stared and rubbed his eyes and swore that in all his fifty years at sea, man and boy, he'd never seen anything like it, hanged if he had.

He had the ship turned round and it cruised back until it was right underneath the frantic Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown again.

"Bring us down!" screamed Charley. "Fetch us down!"

It was easy enough for him to say that. The question was, how was it to be done? They couldn't possibly be reached by ladder. They were much too high for that. And they were too high for a rope to be thrown up to them.

It was the captain himself who solved the problem.

"There's only one thing to be done and that's to fire a rocket over them," he said to his officers and the excited passengers who were crowding around him. "If we can get a rope across them, they can grab it and we'll haul them down."

He gave the necessary orders and when the ship had cruised

away a little distance the rocket firing commenced. At first the purpose of it was completely misunderstood by the terrified Charley Green who screamed:

"Jumping jimminy! They're firing at us! They're trying to shoot us down! Help! Murder!"

"Shut up, you great fool!" bawled Bugsworth Brown, who was quicker on the uptake than Charley. "They're trying to get a line across us, that's what they're doing!"

After several attempts, a rocket soared right over them and the line dropped across their knees. They grabbed it in frantic haste, then amidst the cheers of the passengers crowding the rails, they were hauled down out of the air.

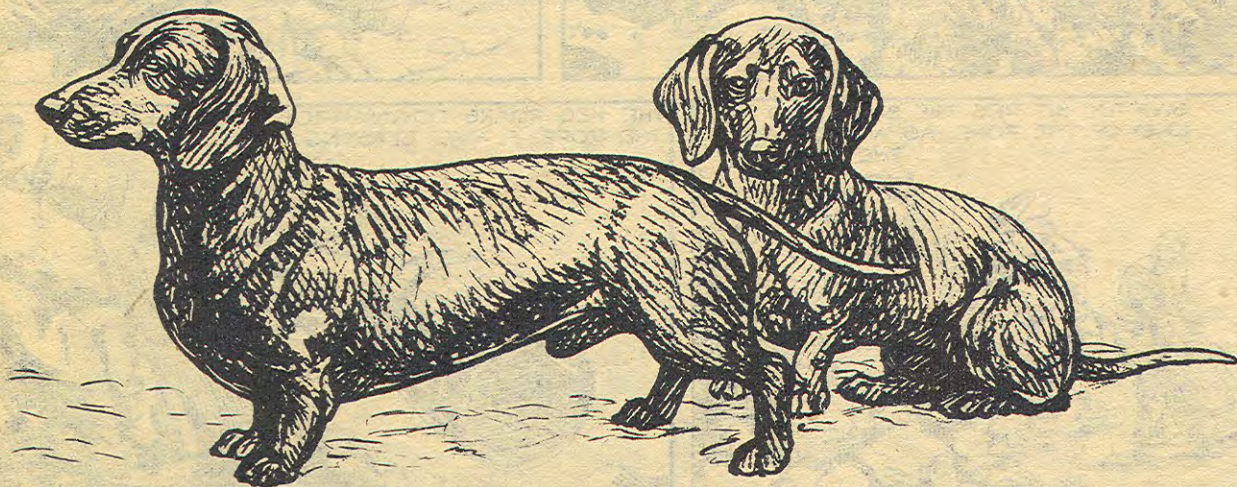
But their misadventures were not over yet. For when they were still some feet above the deck, Mick switched off the anti-gravity ray. And the result of that was that the hapless Charley Bugsworth and their deck-chairs hit the deck with a frightful wallop.

As they picked themselves up, rubbing their bruises and nearly crying with fright, Mick said to them quite sweetly:

"I'm so glad it was you who bagged those chairs. Just think if that had happened to Hank and me!"

Next week: Our two pals have more fun on the liner! Don't miss it!

No. 7. THE DACHSHUND

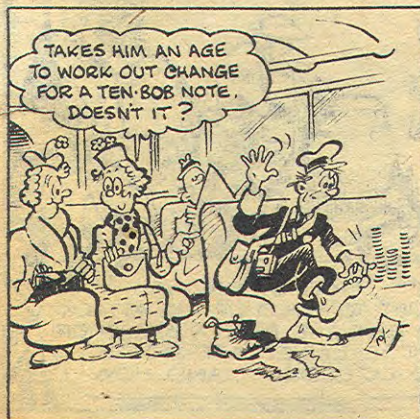


THE Dachshund, which is usually accepted as coming from Germany, is a funny little dog to look at. But they are wonderful trackers and very intelligent and full of courage. You probably know this dog as a "Sausage Dog" because of its long, low body. These little dogs make really good guards and are the true "one-man" dogs.

They have very sleek, satin, short coats which makes it very easy for them to keep clean.

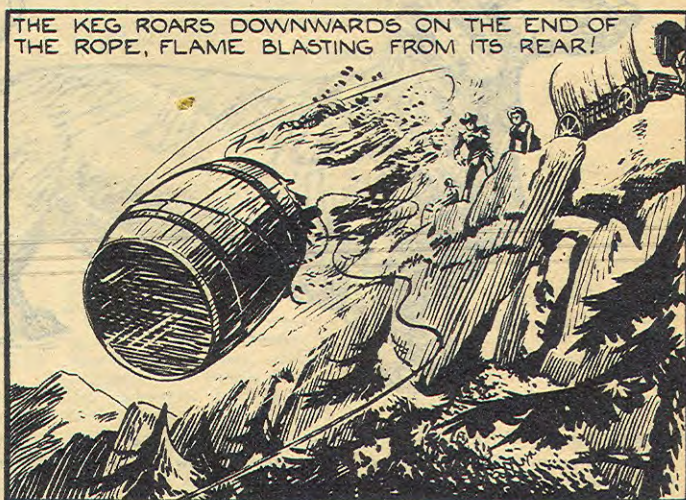
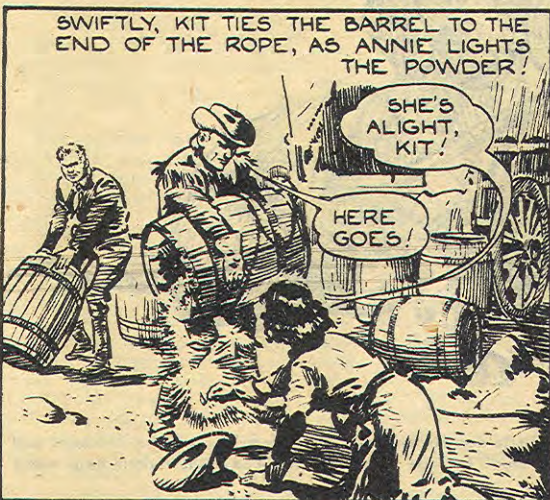
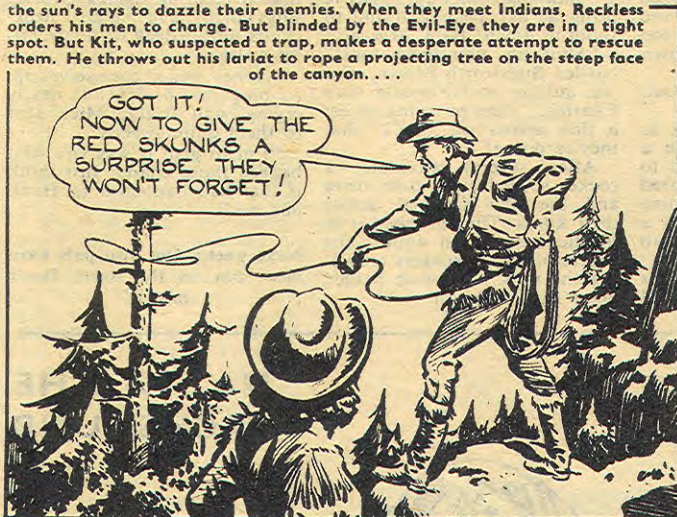
Their colours are dark or light brown, black and tan or dappled, which is usually a brown with another colour in it.

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



Kit Carson and Buckskin Annie ride out with Reckless Smith and his men to meet a tribe of Pawnees who are on the warpath. The Indians, led by Chief Black Hawk, carry Evil-Eye Totems which reflect the sun's rays to dazzle their enemies. When they meet Indians, Reckless orders his men to charge. But blinded by the Evil-Eye they are in a tight spot. But Kit, who suspected a trap, makes a desperate attempt to rescue them. He throws out his lariat to rope a projecting tree on the steep face of the canyon. . . .

KIT CARSON and THE EVIL EYE



OVER THEY GO!
WE'RE GOING TO FINISH
OFF THIS PAWNEE NEST
OF SNAKES FOR GOOD!



THE BOUNCING KEGS
EXPLODE AMONG THE
RETREATING PAWNEES...



AIEE! FLEE!
THE PALEFACE
THUNDER-DEMONS
ARE UPON US!

BACK
DOWN THE
CANYON,
MY BRAVES!

RECKLESS LEAPS TO HIS FEET,
EYES SHINING!

THAT MUST
BE KIT HELPING US!
I WONDERED WHERE THAT
SON-OF-A-GUN HAD GOT TO!
COME ON, MEN!
LET'S FINISH
THEM OFF!



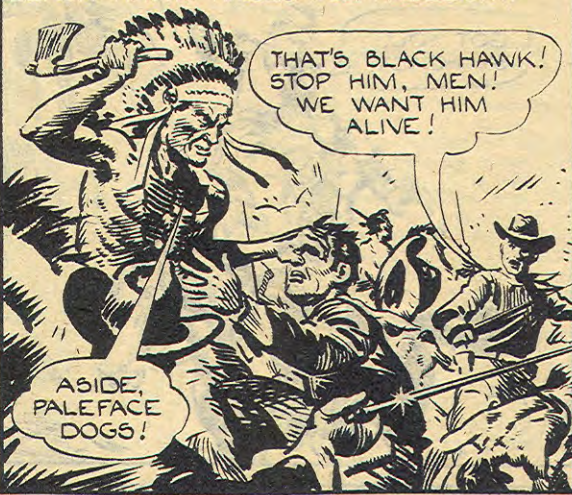
WE'RE RIGHT
WITH YOU,
MAJOR!

CHARGE, MEN!
GIVE 'EM BEANS!



TAKE THAT,
YE RED RATTLESNAKE
TRY YOUR FANCY
TRICKS ON US,
WOULD YE!

THEN RECKLESS LETS OUT A YELL AS
BLACK HAWK RACES FOR FREEDOM!



THAT'S BLACK HAWK!
STOP HIM, MEN!
WE WANT HIM
ALIVE!

ASIDE,
PALEFACE
DOGS!

SWIFTLY, RECKLESS SWINGS INTO THE
SADDLE TO GIVE CHASE!



KEEP THOSE
SKUNKS COVERED,
MEN! I'M GOING
AFTER THE BIGGEST
SKUNK OF THE LOT!

AS RECKLESS RACES IN PURSUIT, THE CHIEF
TURNS IN THE SADDLE, WITH A SNARL!



YOU'RE GOING
BEHIND BARS,
YOU... UGHH...

TAKE THAT,
ACCURSED
PALEFACE DOG!

THEN KIT FLASHES INTO ACTION!

KIT! ARE YOU CRAZY! YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF! THERE'S A SHEER DROP AT THE BOTTOM! STOP!

I'M GOING TO GET THAT RED SKUNK IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

KIT RACES DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED, AS THE REDSKIN CHIEF GALLOPS BELOW HIM!

IT'S NECK OR NOTHING! HERE GOES!

NOT SO FAST, YOU SLIPPERY RED SNAKE!

KIT CRASHES FULL ONTO BLACK HAWK'S BACK, SMASHING HIM TO THE GROUND!

GOT YOU, BY HOKEY!

THEN KIT RIPS HOME A SIZZLING UPPERCUT THAT LIFTS THE CHIEF CLEAN OFF THE GROUND

TAKE THAT, YOU POLECAT!

HEY! LEAVE A BIT FOR ME, KIT! I'M GOING TO KNOCK THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THE SKUNK... OH, MY POOR HEAD!

I SURE HAND IT TO YOU, KIT! YOU CERTAINLY PULLED THE FAT OUT OF THE FIRE! BUT HOW THE HECK DID YOU KNOW THAT THEY WERE GOING TO PULL THAT TOTEM TRICK?

I DIDN'T! BUT I ALWAYS PAY ATTENTION TO THESE WILD REDSKIN RUMOURS, RECKLESS! THERE'S USUALLY SOMETHING BEHIND THEM! OR MAYBE I'M JUST NATURALLY A CAUTIOUS GUY!

YEAH! I LIKE THE CAUTIOUS WAY YOU RAN DOWN THAT CLIFF!

TREACLE TRICKS
"TREACLE!" gasped the big brown bear. "Barrels and barrels of it!" cried the medium-sized bear.

"I'm—I'm dreaming!" gasped the very little brown bear, rubbing his eyes, then staring again.

But he wasn't dreaming. He and the other two bears were standing in a field staring over the top of a gate. And there, parked at the side of the road in front of them, was a great big lorry, laden with barrels. And on every barrel in great big letters was the word: TREACLE.

It was the dinner hour, and the driver of the lorry, having finished his lunch of bread and cheese, was taking a nap. Being a nice warm day he was lying flat on his back on the grassy bank at the side of the road, snoring lustily.

"Crumbs! But I wouldn't half like some of that treacle!" said the big brown bear.

"Me, too!" cried the medium-sized bear. "Let's have a closer look!"

"I simply dote on treacle!" squeaked the very little bear, rubbing his tummy as they ambled over to the lorry.

They spoke in human voices. For, not so very long ago, the three bears had been three ordinary schoolboys—members of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

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

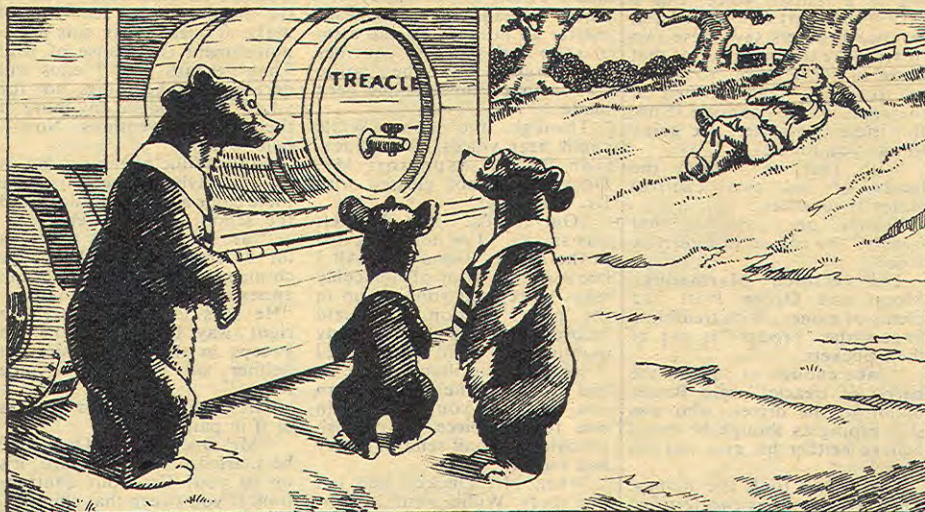
The result was that in a flash the whole bunch of them had been changed into the strangest collection of birds and animals that you ever saw in your life. And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid which would change them all back to their proper selves again.

The three brown bears were brothers called Baxter. The big bear was Baxter major, the medium-sized bear was Baxter minor, and the little bear was Baxter tertius—or little Baxter. Having been changed into bears they were passionately fond of treacle and honey and sugar, and all sweet things like that, just as real bears are.

On this particular morning the three of them had been out for a walk when they had suddenly seen the parked lorry and its load, at which they were now staring with such eager, longing eyes.

"Do you think if we woke the driver up he might give us some treacle?" said Baxter

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



"Do you think if we woke the driver up he might give us some treacle?" said the big bear.

major, the big bear.

"No, I don't," said Baxter minor, the medium-sized bear. "What he'd do would be to run for his very life."

"He'd be frightened of us, you see, being bears," squeaked little Baxter, the tiny bear.

"I've never known anything so tantalising," growled Baxter major. "All that lovely treacle here and not even a spoonful for us."

"It makes me mad to think about it!" agreed Baxter minor.

"My mouth's fairly watering!" squeaked little Baxter.

Then he broke off, his ears pricked up.

"Somebody's coming!" he squeaked as he heard voices approaching along the road.

"So there is! Quick, back into the field!" cried his big brother.

"Being bears we don't want anybody to see us!"

The three of them bobbed down out of sight behind the hedge.

"It's two of those St. Anselm cads!" said Baxter minor, peeping through a gap in the hedge. "I can tell by the bands round their straw hats."

St. Anselm's was a school situated about two miles from Meadowsweet Farm. Most of the St. Anselm's boys were quite nice, but there were some horrible bullies and cads there, too.

The two boys who were now coming along the road were a pair of the worst bullies at the school. Their names were Marmaduke Mopp and Ogden Platt.

"Hallo, what's this?" exclaimed Marmaduke Mopp as they reached the lorry.

"Treacle!" said Ogden Platt, staring at the lettering on the barrels.

"And the driver's sound asleep, the lazy ass!" sniggered Marmaduke Mopp. "Let's pull

the bung out of one of the barrels and the treacle will flow all over the road. He, he, he! Fancy a road covered with treacle! Motor-cars and everything'll just simply stick!"

"So they will!" giggled Ogden Platt, hugging himself with delight at the very thought. "Golly, what a giddy brain-wave! He, he, he! Come on, let's do it!"

"Don't make a noise!" warned Marmaduke Mopp as the precious pair tiptoed towards the back of the lorry. "We mustn't wake the driver."

"I know that, you ass!" whispered Ogden Platt.

Behind the hedge the three bears watched.

"My hat, what a bit of luck for us!" breathed Baxter major, his eyes shining.

"How?" whispered Baxter minor.

"I'll tell you," breathed his big brother.

He did so, and Baxter minor fairly quivered with joy.

"Pass the word on to the kid," whispered Baxter major.

Baxter minor told his little brother. Little Baxter shook with mirth and delight as he heard his big brother's plan. In fact, so great was his excitement that he could scarcely keep quiet.

Meanwhile, by the aid of a penknife, Marmaduke Mopp and Ogden Platt were forcing the bung out of one of the barrels.

"It's coming!" tittered Marmaduke Mopp.

"Yes," giggled his pal. "Watch out—here it comes!"

Out came the bung, and from the barrel there started to pour a thick stream of brown, sticky treacle.

"Har, har, har!" guffawed Marmaduke Mopp. "Come on, this is where we scam!"

The precious pair turned to bolt. But as they did so they got the shock of their lives. For out of the field bounded three brown bears.

"Help—mother—help!" howled Marmaduke Mopp, as, rearing up on its hind legs, the biggest bear grabbed him and Ogden Platt by the scruffs of their necks with its fore-claws.

"Help—lemme go—help!" screamed Ogden Platt, struggling madly in the grip of the bear.

Next instant the medium-sized bear had whipped Marmaduke Mopp's nice straw hat off that terrified youth's head. The little bear whipped off Ogden Platt's hat. Then he and the medium-sized bear rushed to the barrel and started to catch the stream of treacle in the straw hats.

"Um—um—golly—isn't it scrumptious?" they cried, gobbling up the treacle as fast as ever they could, then holding up the straw hats to catch more.

"Leave some for me!" roared Baxter major, the big brown bear, still holding the two struggling cads by the scruffs of their necks.

At the sound of the bears talking in human voices Marmaduke Mopp and Ogden Platt had got a greater fright than ever, if that was possible.

But they weren't the only ones who were frightened. The driver had been awakened by the uproar. He was sitting up, rubbing his eyes and gasping!

"I'm still dreaming—I must be. I can see a bear holding two boys and there're another two bears drinking my treacle. I am still dreaming!"

"No, you're not," said Baxter major, dragging the struggling, howling cads towards the driver.

"Don't be alarmed at my talk—

(Continued on next page)

ing in a human voice. I'm a very special sort of a bear. I and my two brothers saw these two rotters take the bung out of that barrel of treacle there. Not wanting to see the treacle wasted on the road, we're gobbling it up. But these two rotters are going to pay you for it!"

With that he banged the heads of his two captives violently together.

"Come on, pay for that treacle!" he roared in a terrible voice.

The terrified Marmaduke Mopp and Ogden Platt had plenty of money. With trembling fingers they brought it out of their pockets.

"Take enough to pay for the barrel of treacle!" said Baxter major to the driver, who was still gaping as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears.

The driver took the money. Then, releasing his two terrified captives, Baxter major rushed at the barrel and had his share of the lovely treacle. Not until the barrel was quite empty did he and his two brothers bound over the hedge and go ambling merrily away across the fields.

More fun next week, chums. The three bears scare their own father!

IT was two hours later when Willie stood hesitantly outside the door of Dr. Gandybar's study. It had taken the headmaster an hour's talk and a lot of soap and water to convince the sergeant at the police station that a mistake had been made.

Through the door Willie could hear voices. The Education Board inspector, Mr. Duckett, was not pleased with Dr. Gandybar.

"Outrageous!" Mr. Duckett was saying. "I'm not interested in the details, Gandybar! All I know is that a lot of horseplay takes place, and you end up in the police station. I've said before that there are too many high-jinks at your school. And it seems to me that you are as bad as any of the boys! I warn you—if I find you indulging in one further piece of childish behaviour I shall send in a very bad report!"

When Mr. Duckett had left the study Willie went in. Dr. Gandybar bared his teeth.

"Your inventions always make trouble, Wizzard!" he rasped. "I'm going to cane you, and I'm going to make you thoroughly unpopular with your friends. No—it's useless to say it wasn't your fault! You shouldn't invent such things!"

Willie thought that was unfair, but what came next made

him gasp indignantly.

"I shall cancel the School Concert on Saturday," went on the headmaster "and I shall make it clear that this mass-punishment is because of you! Then perhaps your friends will decide to make things hot for you if you produce any more of these crazy inventions. Now—bend over!"

Sadly Willie bent over, but as Dr. Gandybar raised his cane there came a tap on the door and the school porter entered.

"Mr. Duckett says there's a lot of soot coming down the chimney in the music-room annex, sir," he announced. "He says it must be seen to right away. I've phoned the two sweeps in the village, sir, but neither of them can come today."

Dr. Gandybar closed his eyes as if in pain.

"Mr. Duckett, Mr. Duckett!" he snarled. "Well, Wizzard, it's up to you! Get your contraption. If you sweep that chimney, I'll let you off the caning."

Ten minutes later Willie was at work in the annex of the music-room. Dr. Gandybar watched. Willie pumped up pressure, then sent a jet of spray up the chimney. At one moment the pump seemed to cough and hesitate, as if there were a stoppage, but then it cleared.

Willie put down the hose and picked up the stick with the bag on it. He held it under the chimney and a few seconds later a great ball of soot fell into the bag.

"There you are, sir!" he grinned. Dr. Gandybar grunted. He couldn't help being fascinated by the invention. Satisfied that all was safe now, he bent forward to look up the chimney. But that slight stoppage in the pump had caused two separate gusts of the magic spray to go wafting up the chimney.

As Dr. Gandybar gazed up, a second ball of soot hurtled down and burst over his head! Slowly Dr. Gandybar straightened up, his eyes gleaming whitely. Willie turned and fled into the music-room. As the headmaster started after him, Mr. Duckett entered.

"Gandybar!" he roared in astonishment. "What do I find? I warned you, sir! Yet I find you playing some stupid prank, blacking your face, and..." he stormed on while Dr. Gandybar spluttered helplessly. But rescue was at hand.

Suddenly the door opened and Willie Wizzard pranced in. His face was black and he was twanging a banjo.

"Oh, de Campdown ladies sing dis song,

Doo-dah, Doo-dah,
De Campdown race-track's five miles long,
Doo-dah, Doo-dah, day!"

Willie carolled the song blithely, then broke off as if surprised.

"Oh—sorry Mr. Duckett!" he gasped. "Didn't know you

were here! We were just rehearsing for the Concert!"

The stormy look disappeared from Mr. Duckett's face.

"Concert? Rehearsal?" he said in a pleased tone. "A nigger minstrel turn, I suppose? Well, well, well! I'm a great fan for amateur dramatics myself. Glad to see that you take part in these things, Gandybar! I like it! In fact, I'll come back specially to see this School Concert. It will make me tackle my report on the school with a far more favourable mind. Gandybar! Well, carry on. Don't let me disturb you!"

The door closed behind him. Dr. Gandybar turned towards Willie. The headmaster should have been feeling grateful, but he was conscious only of the soot in his ears, eyes and mouth. With a growl of rage he snatched up the stick with the bag and sprang forward. Willie fled.

Down the stairs they went and out of the back entrance.

Willie disappeared into the cloisters, dodging through the arches. With the huge canvas "butterfly net" poised, Dr. Gandybar stalked after him.

Suddenly the headmaster heard the sound of a faint foot-fall behind a buttress of stone. He leapt forward and swung the stick down with such force that the head of the person he had trapped burst through the top of the canvas bag.

The metal ring which held the bag open swept down to clamp like a vice round the body of the victim, pinning his arms to his sides. But the victim was not Willie Wizzard. It was a man with a coal-black face and eyes which rolled white with fear!

Rastus Pennyfeather, the cat-burglar, had been quietly looking over Gandybar School. He had not expected to be trapped in such startling fashion in those deserted cloisters!

DR. GANDYBAR sat at his desk, studying a letter from Mr. Duckett. Willie Wizzard stood facing him.

"... although I had certain doubts at first," the Head read out, "your concern for the welfare and contentment of the school in organising and taking part in amateur dramatics, combined with your skill and gallantry in catching single-handed a notorious cat-burglar, have made me feel that you are a person fitted to be a headmaster. I am therefore sending in a good report of your school."

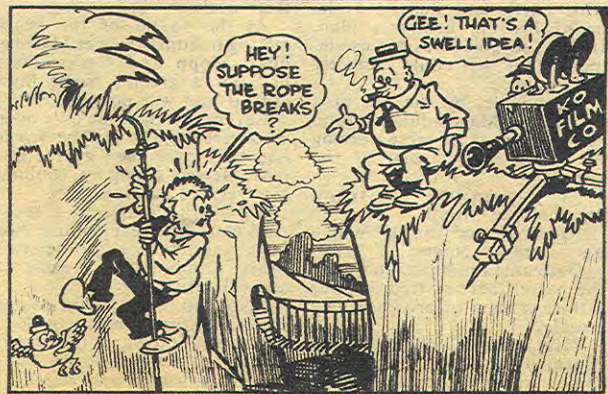
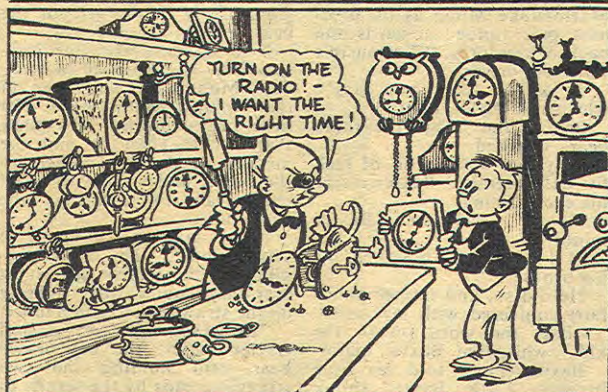
Dr. Gandybar put down the letter with a smug smile.

"Very nice, sir!" exclaimed Willie Wizzard. "I'm glad everything's turned out well. And if you ever need any of the school chimneys swept, sir—"

"I'll get a brush and sweep them myself!" snapped Dr. Gandybar quickly.

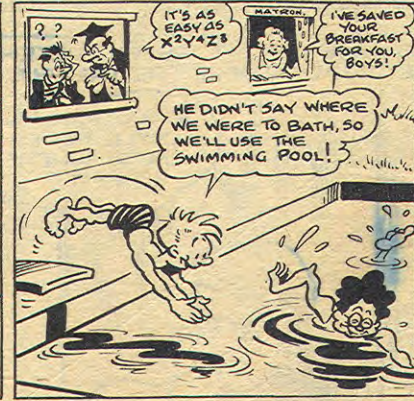
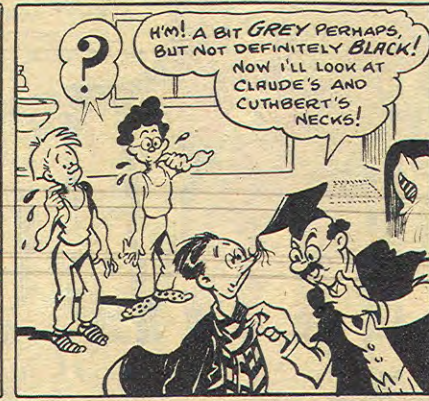
Next week: Willie invents a hair straightener! Don't miss the fun!

CHUCKLE TIME



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT THE TWO NEW BOYS



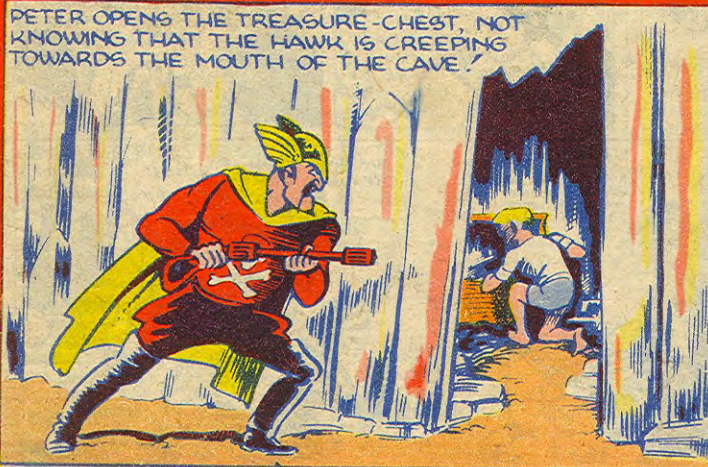
COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

PETER OPENS THE TREASURE-CHEST, NOT KNOWING THAT THE HAWK IS CREEPING TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE!



EMPTY!



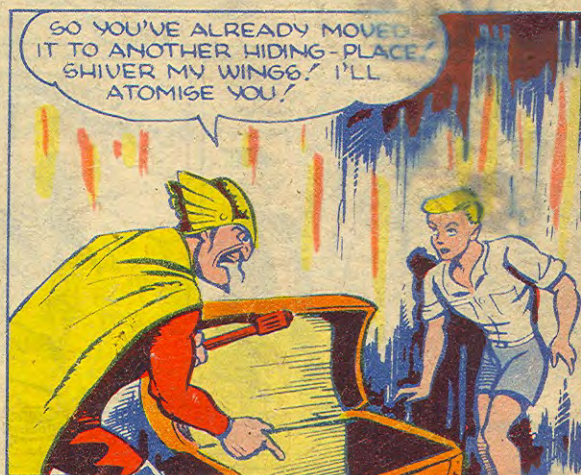
A SOUND AT THE CAVE-MOUTH MAKES HIM TURN!



CAUGHT YOU - YOU YOUNG PUP! SO YOU'D STEAL MY FATHER'S TREASURE, EH?

THE TREASURE'S GONE!

SO YOU'VE ALREADY MOVED IT TO ANOTHER HIDING-PLACE! SHIVER MY WINGS! I'LL ATOMISE YOU!

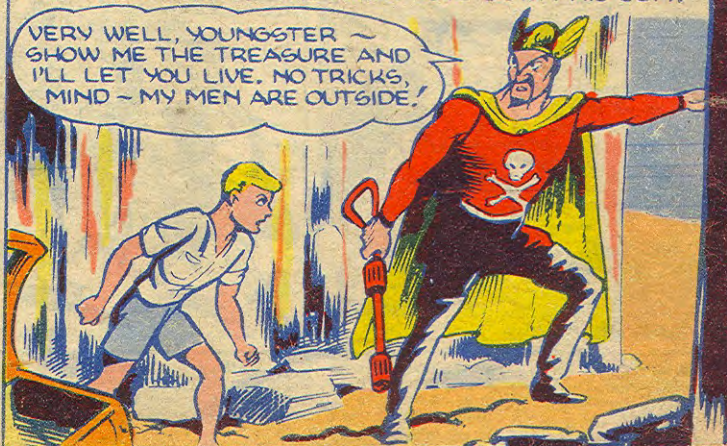


TO SAVE HIS LIFE, PETER PRETENDS HE KNOWS WHERE THE TREASURE IS.

IF YOU KILL ME, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE I HID IT!

THE TRICK WORKS! THE HAWK PUTS DOWN HIS GUN!

VERY WELL, YOUNGSTER - SHOW ME THE TREASURE AND I'LL LET YOU LIVE. NO TRICKS, MIND - MY MEN ARE OUTSIDE!



Next week: Ann and her uncle are captured by strange monkey-folk!