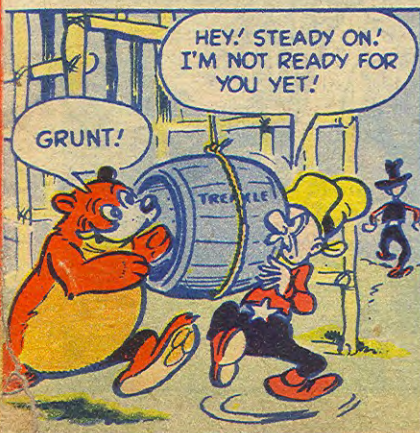
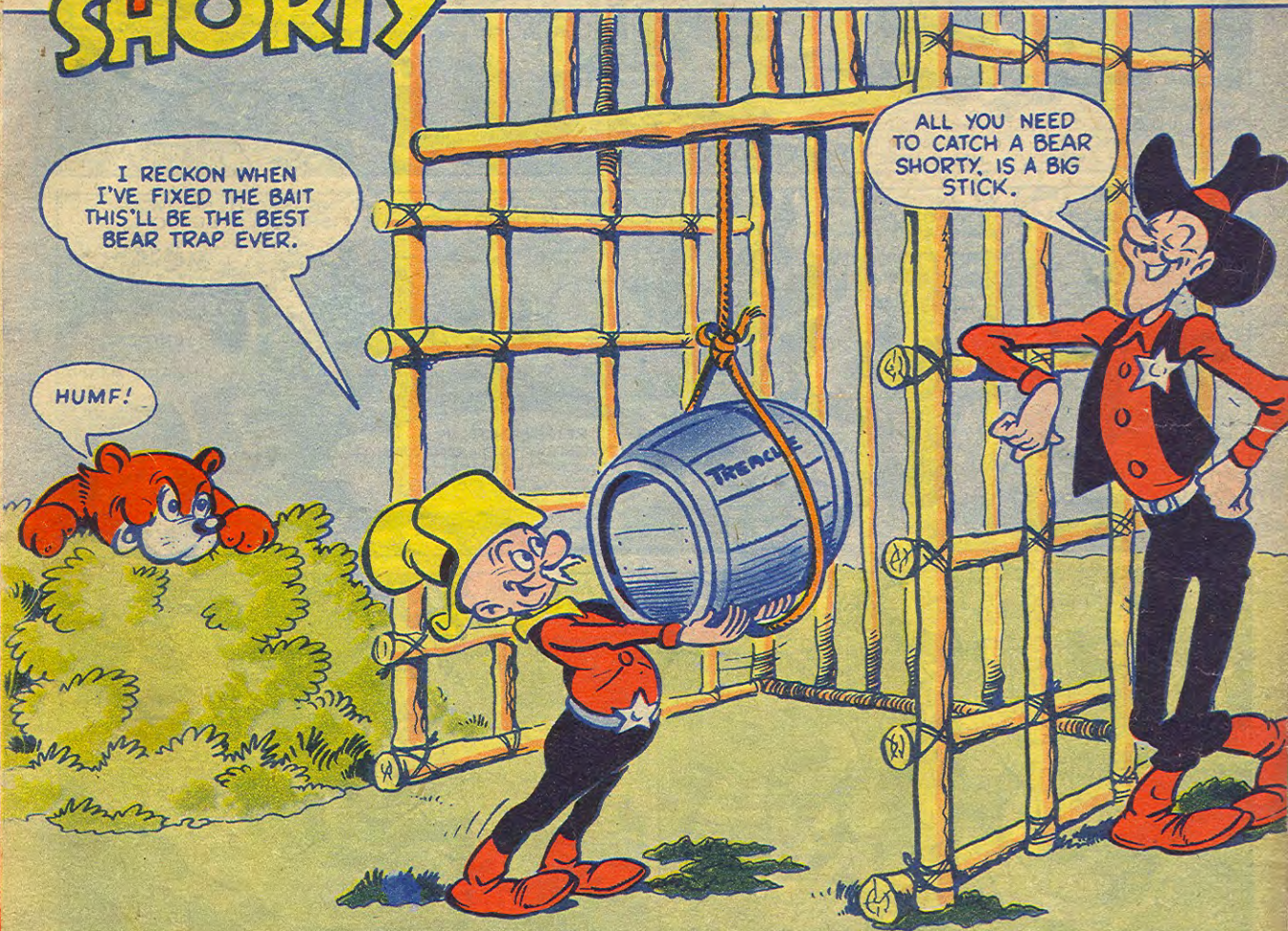


COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 219. September 27, 1952

SHORTY



Ron Mason, a new boy at Greyfriars, and his sister Jane, who is a new girl at Cliff House, discover that their father is one of a gang of smugglers. They are forced by the head of the gang to help smuggle two cases by hiding them in the old priory. But Billy and Bessie Bunter spot them and when they go Billy and Bessie grab the cases, thinking there is food in them. But all they find are lots and lots of watches!

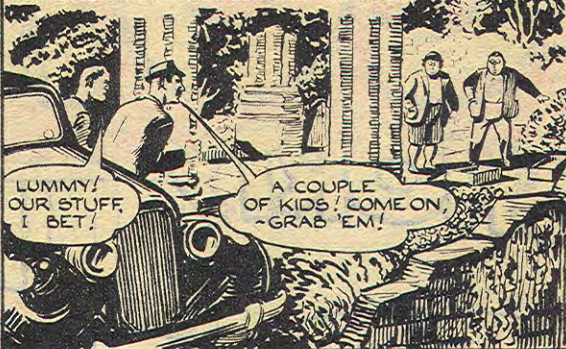
THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!



WHAT A HAUL!
WE CAN SELL THESE
WATCHES AND BE
STUFFY WITH MONEY!

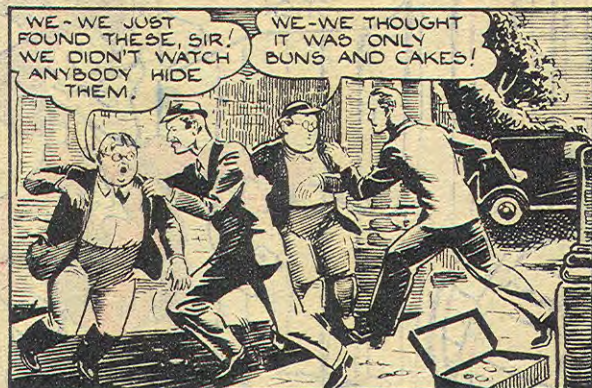
AND YOU MAKE
SURE I GET
MY SHARE!

JUST THEN THE GANG OF CROOKS FROM LONDON, WHO WERE GOING TO SELL THE SMUGGLED WATCHES ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.



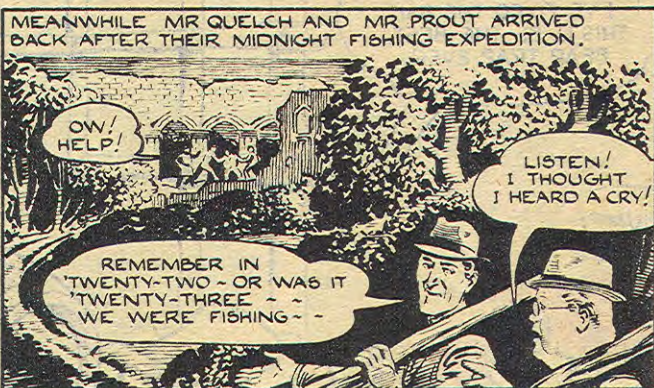
LUMMY!
OUR STUFF,
I BET!

A COUPLE
OF KIDS! COME ON,
-GRAB 'EM!



WE-WE JUST
FOUND THESE, SIR!
WE DIDN'T WATCH
ANYBODY HIDE
THEM.

WE-WE THOUGHT
IT WAS ONLY
BUNS AND CAKES!



MEANWHILE MR QUELCH AND MR PROUT ARRIVED BACK AFTER THEIR MIDNIGHT FISHING EXPEDITION.

OW!
HELP!

LISTEN!
I THOUGHT
I HEARD A CRY!

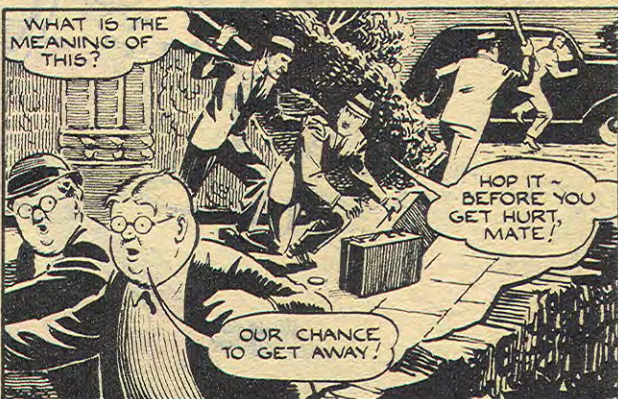
REMEMBER IN
'TWENTY-TWO - OR WAS IT
'TWENTY-THREE - -
WE WERE FISHING - -



QUICK! GRAB
THE STUFF, ARRY -
-AND RUN!

O-K! GET
THE VAN
STARTED!

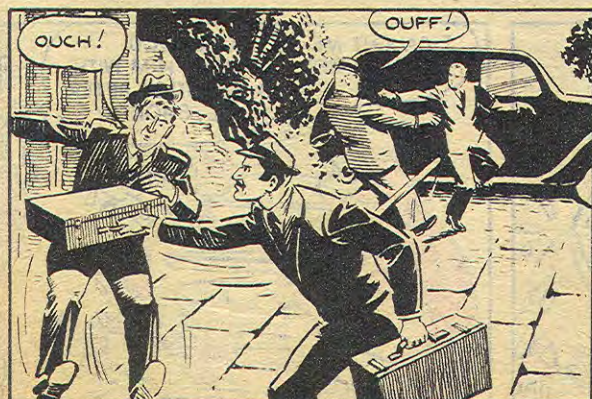
QUELCHY!
MY HAT!
NOW WE'RE SUNK!



WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF
THIS?

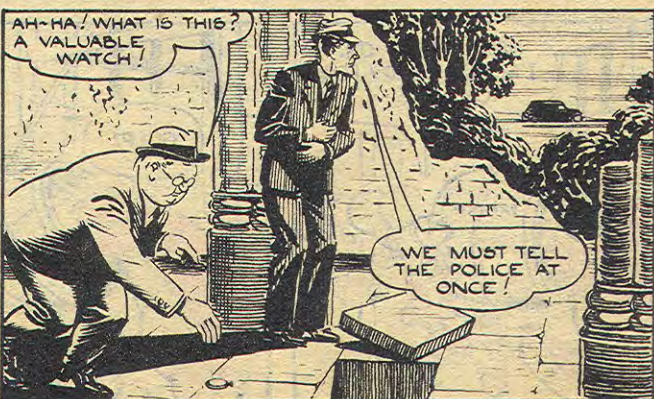
HOP IT -
BEFORE YOU
GET HURT,
MATE!

OUR CHANCE
TO GET AWAY!



OUCH!

OUFF!



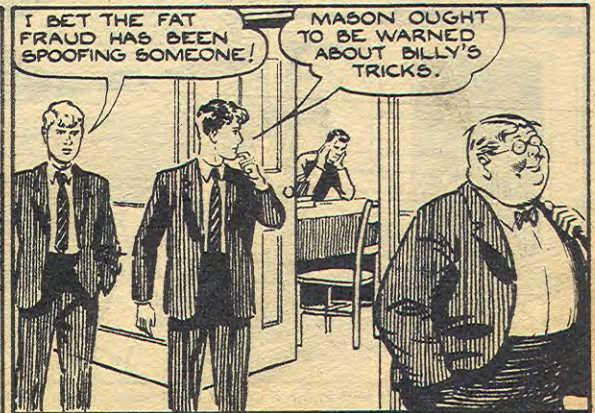
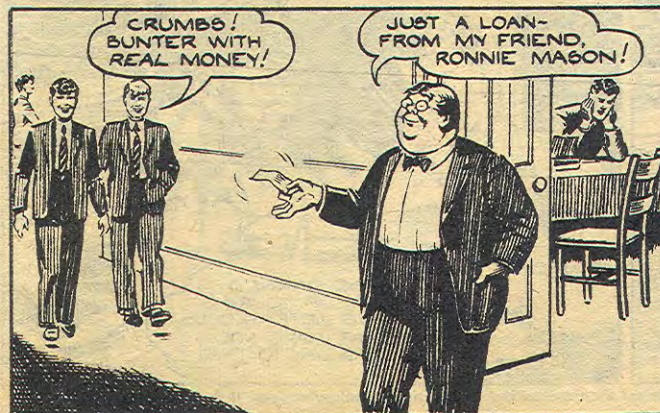
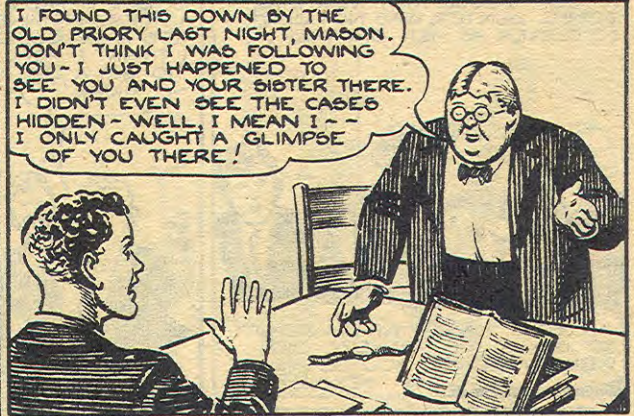
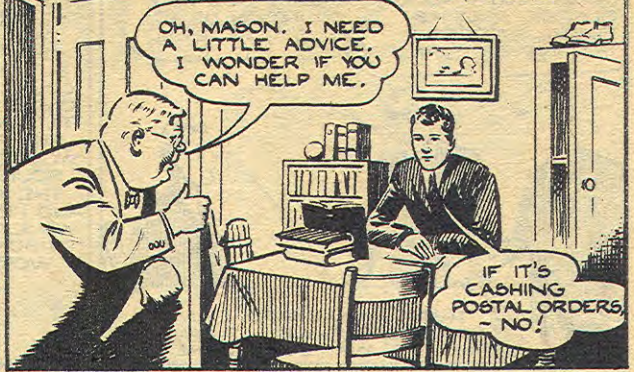
AH-HA! WHAT IS THIS?
A VALUABLE
WATCH!

WE MUST TELL
THE POLICE AT
ONCE!

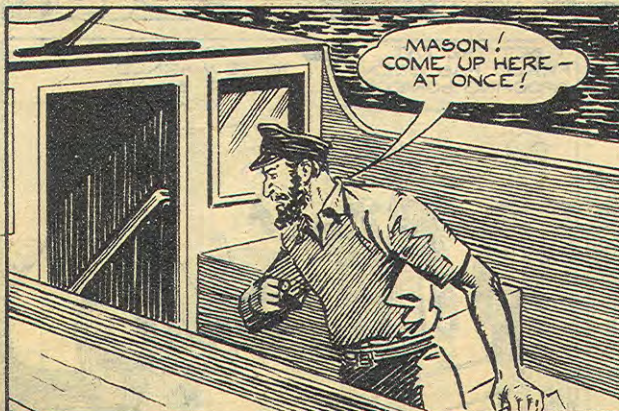
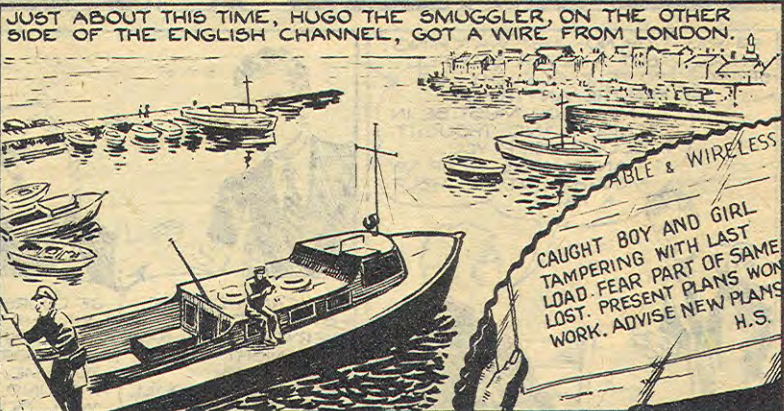
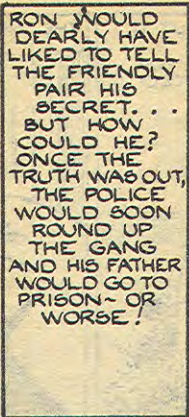
AND SO ENDED A VERY EXCITING NIGHT. BUT IT LOOKED VERY MUCH AS IF RON AND JANE MASON'S SECRET WOULD SOON BE OUT-- FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE GETTING INTERESTED IN THEIR AFFAIRS!



THE NEXT DAY BUNTER TRIED TO 'CASH IN' ON HIS DISCOVERY.



(Continued on next page)



What will Hugo do now? Mr. Mason is in a tight spot! Don't miss the thrills next week when you'll find out!

WILLIE'S LATEST INVENTION WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

"**B**LOW this hair of mine!" Jimmy Bash scowled at his reflection in the mirror over the wash basin.

He dragged the comb savagely through his curly hair. It made no difference. His hair was still as untidy as an uncut hedge.

Willy Wizzard was sharing the mirror.

He peered through his thick glasses at his own reflected face and with ease ran his comb through his thick straight hair which he had well sprayed with Wizzard Hair Grease.

The comb made a pleasant hissing sound as it ran smoothly through his hair. Willy's hair was ever so posh in no time.

"It's all right for you straight-haired chaps," said Jimmy Bash watching him. "It's all jolly easy for you! But us curly ones get all the chaff from folk like old Halfspun. You listen to him this morning. I'll bet I get more funny remarks even than usual. He's always making jokes about it, but it's been living a life of it's own since Scroggins upset that bottle of gum on it yesterday!"

It was as Jimmy said.

Mr. Halfspun livened up the Fourth Form's first period with more than usually sour remarks about doormats, badly-trained mops and haystacks.

This had a noticeably brightening effect on the rest of the form but it left poor Jimmy Bash less than cold.

Willy Wizzard felt sorry for his pal and made up his mind to do something about Jimmy's hair.

Afternoon classes found Willy, when the master's back was turned, deep in a book about hairdressing which he had borrowed from Matron.

Matron was hoping to give herself a 'home perm'.

Willy Wizzard, noted at Gandybar School for his clever inventions, was the son of a famous scientist. As such, he considered no problem too great for his brain to tackle, and he now hoped to solve the problem of Jimmy Bash's unruly hair.

"You know, Bash," he said to his friend when they were going into the dining hall for tea, "I think I can do something about that rotten hair of yours. I've found out that the process of permanent waving is a stretching of the hair among other things. It is simple common sense therefore, that to straighten hair one must shrink it!"

Jimmy Bash looked at Willy and saw that the great brain was working overtime.

"You think then that you can make some gadget that will straighten my hair? Then go to it, pal! I'll try anything! I'm thoroughly fed up with it!"

Willy spent all his free time

that evening and that of two successive ones in making his Hair Straightener.

By the time it was finished, poor Jimmy Bash was almost a raving lunatic as a result of the remarks shot at him from all directions.

So he was a very willing victim, and Willy, who was anxious to try out his machine got busy right away.

Jimmy sat on a chair and the machine was wheeled up.

It looked almost like a permanent waving machine. Its use differed in the fact that instead of the hair having to be wound round and curled tightly, it was pulled out at full length, straight, and attached by clippers to wires which ran from the machine.

The hair was drenched with Willy Wizzard's Hair Shrinker, a whitish mixture, and the machine switched on. The electricity coming from the machine made the shrinking 'permanent'.

Jimmy submitted to all this with great hope. The machine looked very expert and Willy had visions of a great future for it.

When Jimmy's hair was completely shrunk, the clippers were detached. Jimmy's hair, though shorter, was straight.

Jimmy was very pleased.

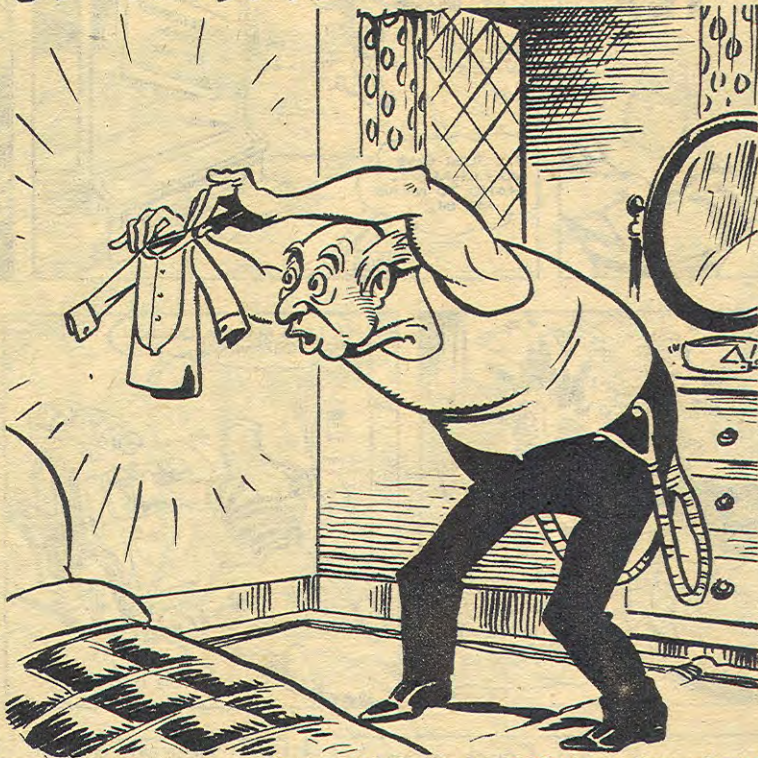
He doused his head with Wizzard Hair Grease, then he brushed it and combed it and finished it off.

It looked beautiful. Sleek and smooth and shining. Jimmy was overjoyed.

THE next morning, instead of providing Mr. Halfspun and the Fourth Form with their usual morning's entertainment, Jimmy became the hero of the hour.

Mr. Halfspun came in in a vicious temper having come off worst in an argument with Doctor Gandybar on the subject of the school's laundry problems.

The sight of Jimmy's sleek and golden crowning glory, well plastered down, put Mr. Halfspun in a good mood at once. He even went so far as



Dr. Gandybar turned pink, then red, then purple, as he held his best shirt up. It was no bigger than a doll's shirt!

to praise Jimmy for his well-groomed appearance and held him up as a model to boys whose hair was of the hit or miss variety.

The news of the wonderful Wizzard Hair Straightener spread like wildfire through the school, and Willy bought a little notebook to write down the appointments which fellows made with him for hair straightening.

Even the school captain, Danday descended upon him to make an appointment. Danday was going with Spruce, to visit Spruce's aunt who had a pretty daughter. The pretty daughter was noted for her hatred of chaps with curly hair, and Danday, whose hair curled unmistakably, wished to create a good impression at any cost.

The Third and Second Forms, mostly straight-haired little fags were very interested, and had ambitions to have in their group, a curly-haired chap who had been 'straightened'.

They badgered and brow-beat young Curly Topnot, a youngster with soft, fair curls, to have his hair done, but Curly remained unmoved.

"Go on, Curly, get it done. You don't want all that soft, fluttery stuff around. With all that curly mop you only need a skirt instead of pants, and you'd look just like a girl. Be a man,

Curly, and get it straightened!" they said.

They even got up an Anti-curly Movement. Curly found notes left in his books or on his pillow. **GET IT STRAIGHTENED, CURLS!** Heads popped round corners unexpectedly, shouting, "Yah! Girly Curly!"

One bright member of the movement scrawled on the Third Form blackboard the words:

Chaps who have **CURLS**,
Are always like **GIRLS**.
for Curly to see when he came in with the rest of the Third.

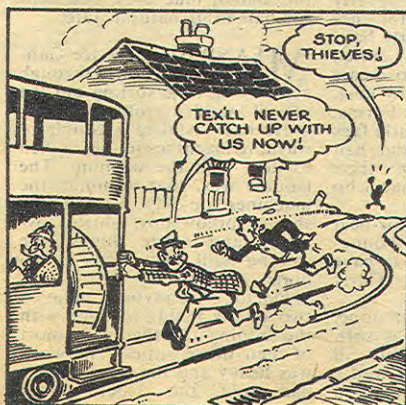
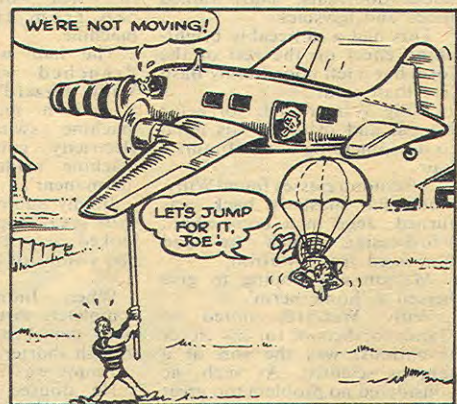
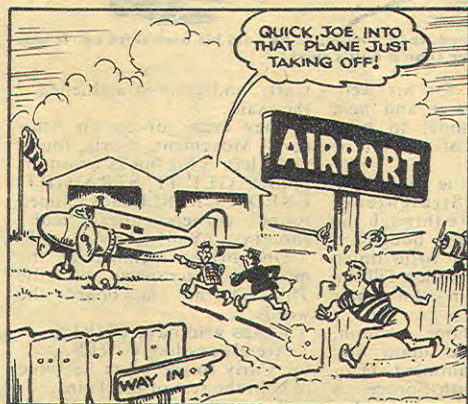
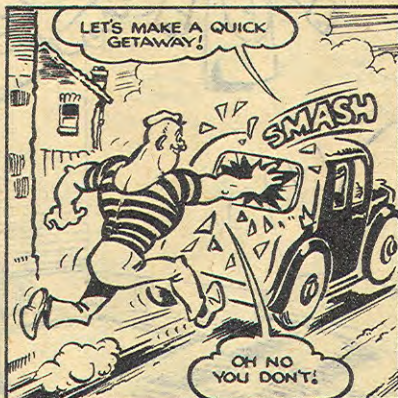
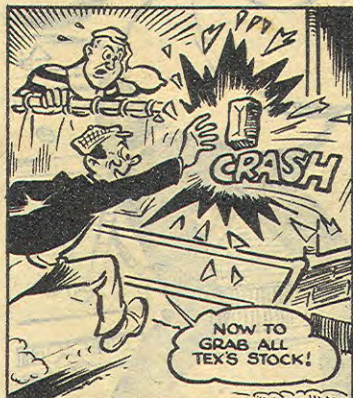
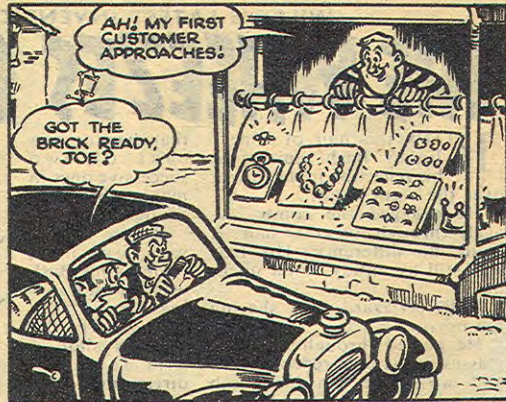
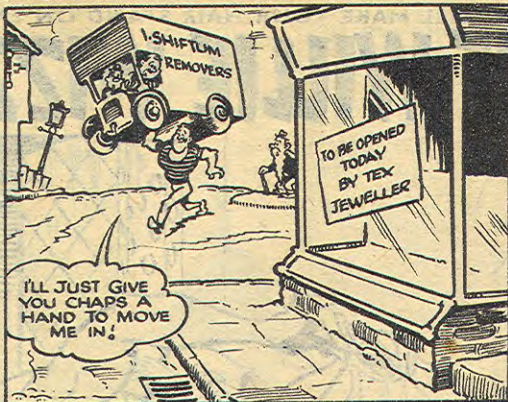
But Curly received it all with big, bland, blue eyes, and kept his hair in its natural state.

MEANWHILE Doctor Gandybar was going through a worrying time sorting out the school laundry problems.

He had installed a couple of washing machines in the kitchen to deal with the washing. The trouble was, that although the machines quickly washed the sheets, pillowslips, shirts, pyjamas and other things, the ironing still remained to be done.

Doctor Gandybar detailed two of the maids to cope with the ironing together with most of their other duties. The work was heavy and the housekeeper had told the Doctor that

(Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

Treasure lies at the bottom of the sea!

Thousands of ships have sunk when laden with gold and precious stones—from the proud galleys of ancient times, down to great liners of today.

Malcolm Franklin, millionaire inventor, built an enormous ocean-going tank, specially made to move about on the bed of the ocean. It could go down to the very deepest depths, where no man had ever been before. Franklin's idea was to reclaim lost treasure from the sea.

Bob Harley, a young special agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, was given the job of going with him, to help safeguard his secrets.

But down below the waves they met an unexpected peril. A speedy submarine from the South American country of Incaragua was already raiding the gold-laden wrecks. This submarine was commanded by a steel-masked mystery man, known as the Shark.

Bob Harley was captured by the Shark, and a little after this, the Shark's submarine got into difficulties, and went to the bottom. Malcolm Franklin brought the huge "Prowler" to the rescue, and hauled the wrecked submarine into the side of the "Prowler"—it had a specially built chamber for taking in wrecks from the sea-bottom.

But in spite of the fact that his own life and the lives of all his crew had been saved by Franklin, the Shark lost no time in striking a treacherous blow. He meant to capture the "Prowler" for himself!

THE hard muzzle of the Shark's gun stabbed into Malcolm Franklin's ribs.

"One false move from any of you—" he snapped, "—and your leader dies!"

Nobody in the big steel room moved. Malcolm Franklin's faithful crew could do nothing, for fear of what might happen to their beloved chief. The Shark's wolfish gang were poised, each of them with a drawn gun, covering the others.

"Disarm them!" ordered the Shark in his own language. One after another guns clattered to the floor, as his men searched Franklin's crew.

Malcolm Franklin looked calmly at his masked captor.

"You rat!" he said. "You rat! I save your worthless life and this is how you reward me—with treachery and low cunning. But you'll never get away with this," he added scornfully. "You seem to forget that we are four miles under the surface of the sea, and that this is my craft. If anything goes wrong now, we're all doomed—you won't be able to handle the 'Prowler', unless you do as I advise you."

"And what do you advise me



Malcolm Franklin hurled the chain at the electrical gear. Instantly an inferno of flashing sparks crackled out! Half a million volts was short-circuiting through the steel chain!

to do?" asked the Shark mockingly.

"Drop that gun, for a start, and then we'll come to terms," retorted the inventor.

"You are in no position to come to terms with anybody!" sneered the Shark. "and as to my not being able to handle the 'Prowler' without your help, you seem to forget the very successful raid I made upon your secret headquarters. You seem to forget that I captured the working model of this machine of yours, and that I have had plenty of time to study its secrets. I think I know quite enough about its workings to take command without your aid!"

Malcolm Franklin said nothing, for he knew all too well that what the Shark had said must be the truth. But his brain was working at top speed. Somehow—somehow—he'd got to find a way of turning the tables on these pirates.

A slight movement from the control-cabin at the corner of the big steel-lined room gave him faint hope.

This big steel room, in which they were, could be opened to the sea, so that they could drag in wrecks off the bottom of the ocean. This was what had been done with the Shark's submarine. The control cabin, where Franklin had seen the tiny movement, was a sort of box, fronted with armour glass, from which it was possible to watch what went on in the big main room when it was full of sea-water.

One of Malcolm Franklin's own men was in that control-cabin, and was watching all that was happening! The inventor prayed that the Shark would not spot him, and tensed himself to take advantage of any help that might come from this quarter.

The Shark spoke again.

"Thanks to your so perfect working model, my dear Franklin," he said, "I happen to know that those steel steps—" he pointed to the end of the place—"lead up into the main power-house of the 'Prowler'. That is good!"

Now he turned to his own men, and spoke to them in Incaraguan. Franklin was able to understand what he said fairly well, for the language was something like Spanish, which he spoke fluently.

"Each of you will take the arm of one of these Englishmen," he said, "and go with him into the power-house above. Remember—the men there will know that you have been rescued from my wrecked submarine, and they will not be surprised to see you. You must look as though you are poor sailors, happy to have been rescued from an awful fate. When you are all up there, take command of the power-house. Then when we have tied up our prisoners so that they can give us no trouble we will move into the next part of the 'Prowler' and take command of that. I shall remain here, with Mr. Franklin, until you have the men above all covered

with your guns!"

Then he switched to speaking English again, and addressed Franklin's crew.

"You are going up into the power-house. Remember—one false move, and your leader dies. If your comrades up there speak to you, tell them all is well. If you let them have one hint of what has happened here—" He left his sentence unfinished—but they all knew what he meant.

The men of the two crews—pirates and prisoners—filed rapidly up the steel companion-way. The Shark nudged Malcolm Franklin with his gun, and together they moved to the foot of the steps.

Now Franklin could not see the control cabin window, but this did not really matter, for he knew that any help that came must come from above. Even if the man in the control cabin were to shoot at the Shark from where he was now, it would do no good. No bullet could pierce the armour glass of the cabin front.

Franklin listened tensely to what went on above. He knew that there would only be two or three men on duty in the power-house—not enough to give the pirates much trouble even if they tried. He heard the remarks they passed as the men from below appeared, and then exclamations, as the Shark's men brought their guns into view.

A second later one of the Shark's men appeared at the top of the stairs, and spoke to (Continued on next page)

BOB HARLEY—SPECIAL AGENT (Continued from page 7)

his chief. The Shark urged Franklin up the stairs ahead of him.

THE man in the control-cabin was Rattigan, the second secret service agent aboard the "Prowler".

He had watched what was happening in the salvage-lock, but so far he had not dared to make a move. If he acted too soon, he would risk being seen through the cabin's glass front.

But as the Shark turned his back, and moved up the companion-way Rattigan acted fast. He was through the door in a flash, and up another flight of steel steps leading to the power house. Near the top he flung himself flat, and drew his gun. Then he peeped carefully up over the top step at the scene in the power house.

His own comrades—Franklin's men—were all in a bunch on the far side of the big room. The Shark's men, looking a little uncertain of what to do until their leader rejoined them, were scattered between the Englishmen and the companion-way up which the Shark was now coming with Malcolm Franklin.

His heart thumping with excitement, Rattigan forced himself to think calmly.

There was plenty of cover in the power house. Once Rattigan had made the first move, he felt sure his friends could look after themselves. Here in the power house was the big atomic pile that acted as furnace for the rows of mighty turbines that drove the main dynamos. Then there were all sorts of transformers and other electrical gear for passing on the current to the powerful motors in the actual tank-like "feet" that moved the "Prowler" over the sea-bed.

Any of the metal-cased transformers or the turbines or dynamos themselves would act as shields for flying bullets.

Rattigan slid back the safety-catch of his gun.

The Shark and Malcolm

Franklin were sideways-on to him.

It was now or never!

Rattigan took careful aim, and squeezed the trigger.

The shot was a good one, and the Shark's gun went flying from his grasp! The masked pirate let out a yell of pain—and then things happened fast.

Rattigan charged across the power house, shouting as he ran, to try to make it seem as if he was not alone. His gun blazed again and again, and the Shark's men, not knowing what was happening scattered for shelter.

At the same time, Malcolm Franklin took two long, bounding steps which carried him towards his own men. As he moved his eye was caught by a length of chain—belonging to a machinery hoist—and a plan formed instantly in his mind.

"Run for the starboard switch-bank!" he yelled to his men, and snatched up the chain from its stowage. He saw that Rattigan, too, was moving to starboard.

Then he hurled the chain. It swept upwards, and then dropped.

One end of it draped over the long porcelain-cased terminal of a main power transformer. The other dropped with a clatter across the top of the steel fence that was placed round the transformer to stop people getting too near to it.

Instantly an inferno of flashing sparks crackled out!

Half a million volts was short-circuiting through that steel chain!

All the lights went out, as the fuses blew—but the scene was brightly lit by the flashing, crackling sparks which ran and danced across the steel floor, and up the caging of another bank of electrical gear.

"Here—take this!" Rattigan was beside him, thrusting a gun into his hand. Franklin loosed off a shot that sent the Shark diving for cover behind a turbine-casing.

"We're safe for the moment

—they won't get past that lot!" yelled Franklin above the bang and crackle of the jumping blue lightning. "But we've got to act fast—the batteries will soon burn out—then the fireworks will stop. Through the door—all of you!"

While he and Rattigan loosed off shot after shot to keep the enemy under cover, the crewmen darted one after the other in good order through the steel door that led into the main hull of the "Prowler".

Last of all, Malcolm Franklin and Rattigan dived through. Then they shut the thick steel door, and shot home the bolts.

"Thanks, Rattigan," panted Malcolm Franklin, leaning back against the wall. "At least we've got a breather."

"What's the next move, Chief?"

"I don't know," Franklin straightened up, and spoke to his crew. They had now been joined by men from other parts of the craft, who had heard the shooting and the noise. The inventor's face was grave, as he went on.

"I'm sorry to say that we've had to leave the Shark in command of the power house. That means that he can cut off power and heat from the rest of the hull—and I don't need to tell you how cold it can get down here, four miles under the sea. The Shark has direct contact with his own submarine, which is lying in our salvage-lock. There he has food, supplies, ammunition—all he wants to stand a siege. He may be able to last out longer than us!"

There was silence for a moment, as the men took in the grim situation. Then Rattigan spoke.

"Chief—where's Bob Harley?"

Malcolm Franklin shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "We can be pretty certain that Bob was the Shark's prisoner. But what became of him is a mystery, there was no sign of him among the Shark's men. We got no chance to search the wrecked

submarine. I should guess that he's probably shut up somewhere in there. Malcolm Franklin frowned. "That makes just one more card that the Shark can play against us: If Bob is still his prisoner, then he can use him as a hostage to bargain with us."

Things certainly looked very grim for Malcolm Franklin and the crew of the "Prowler"!

INSIDE the power house the inferno of sparks had died down. Only the reek of hot metal remained to tell of the damage which all that electricity, running wild, had done.

One of the Shark's men had produced an electric torch, in the weak light of which the masked pirate-leader was pacing angrily up and down, nursing his bruised gun-hand.

Suddenly he stopped pacing, and gave an exclamation.

"The boy! I was forgetting our prisoner! We will use him as a hostage! I know these English—they will do anything I ask, rather than let any harm come to one of their comrades!" he laughed wickedly, "Sentimental fools! Bring the boy here at once!"

Two of the Shark's men darted off at once to fetch Bob Harley, who had been left tied up and bundled into an ammunition locker on the wrecked submarine.

While he was waiting for Bob to be brought, the Shark resumed his restless pacing.

Scarcely a minute later his men re-appeared. But Bob was not with them.

A glance at their frightened faces told the Shark that all was not well.

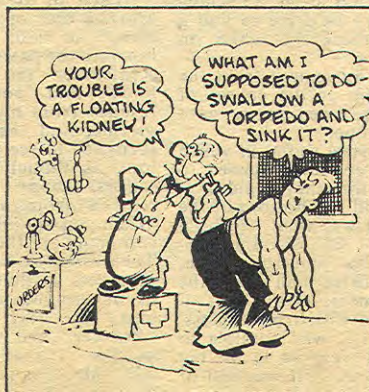
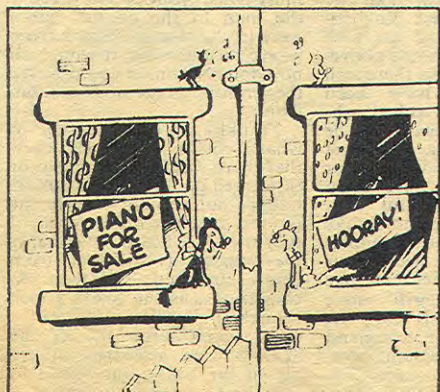
"Dolts!" he screamed angrily, "where is he?"

"Excellency—" babbled one of them. "He is gone—"

"Fools!" roared the Shark, pushing them angrily aside. He strode down the companion way and into the salvage-lock, where his submarine lay, a crumpled wreck.

(Continued on next page)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!

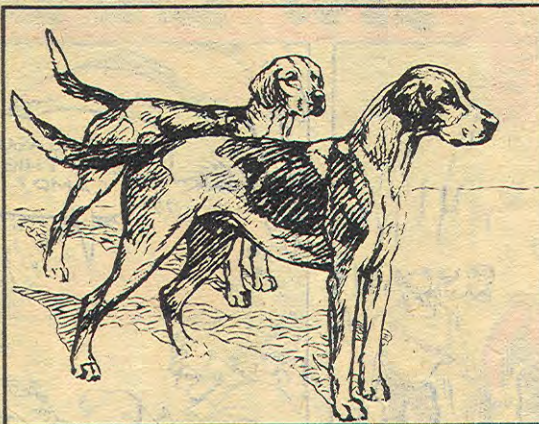


YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS.

No. 8. THE FOXHOUND

IT'S very difficult to make a friend of a Foxhound unless you live near some kennels and are allowed to take one of the puppies out for walks. He is nearly always an affectionate animal and very loyal to the huntsman. To be a good hound he must have big bones and great strength, speed and endurance. He must have a good nose and be able to let you know when he finds the scent of a fox.

The colours of a Foxhound are usually mixtures of white, black, tan and lemon.



BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

He clambered inside. The lights of the submarine were still burning, and would do, as long as the batteries lasted. He made his way rapidly to the ammunition locker where Bob had been left, bound and gagged.

The door of the locker was open. On the floor were the ropes with which Bob had been tied.

The ends of them were blackened and burned, and a blackened patch on the painted metal wall told where the heat had come from to burn them through.

A small electrical cable—part of the light wiring—ran up the wall. It was easy to see that Bob had kicked at it with his bound feet until it had ripped from its fixings, and finally broken through. Then, as the broken ends had sparked and fused, Bob had held the ropes binding him in the heat until they had parted.

But where was Bob now?

The Shark took a deep breath.

"Search!" he snarled. "That boy must be found! As long as he remains at liberty, all my plans are in danger! Search for him! I'll give a year's pay to the man who brings that boy to me—alive. With him for a hostage, the 'Prowler' will soon be mine, and all the treasure of the oceans will be mine, too. But as long as he is at liberty, the chance remains that he may be able to turn the tables against us! Search!"

Flattened against the other side of a steel door, Bob Harley heard the Shark's words, and heard his men start out to search the wrecked submarine.

Of course, Bob could not understand the actual words which the Shark was speaking, for he did not speak Incaraguan. But there was no mistaking the tone in which they were spoken,

and the sounds from the ammunition locker, too, had told Bob as plain as words that his escape had been discovered.

He had intended to get out of the wrecked submarine, and into the "Prowler", for he knew every inch of the "Prowler" as well as he knew the rooms in his own home back in London, but the return of the Shark's men looking for him had put paid to that idea.

Then another notion occurred to Bob. Perhaps he could find some other way out of the submarine than through the lock at the rear.

He flattened himself desperately against the wall, as the door behind which he stood, was slammed open. One of the hefty locking levers of the door jabbed cruelly into his midriff, and he almost let out a gasp of pain. But somehow he choked it back, and kept silent, as four of the Shark's men clattered away along the steel-floored corridor.

Another way out of the submarine—there had to be another way! Before the echoes of the men's hurrying feet had died away, Bob was sliding himself carefully out from behind the door to search for that other way out. Carefully he peered back into the lock, and caught a glimpse of the Shark's back, as the master-pirate paced restlessly, muttering savagely to himself under his mask.

Then Bob cat-footed away along the passage, thankful for the rubber-soled shoes he was wearing.

A steel ladder leading upwards through a round hole in the ceiling gave Bob hope. Swiftly he darted up it, to find himself in a narrow space between the big pumps which were used for emptying or filling the ballast tanks. Bob slipped swiftly past the array of cranks and cylinders, and up another ladder. His heart gave a bound. There was the periscope of the submarine. He was in the main navigation cabin—just under the conning tower!

The conning tower! That should provide a way out onto the deck of the submarine. Bob made for the steel ladder that sloped upwards from just beside the periscope. Then he stopped.

There was no way out here. The whole conning tower above him was crushed and crumpled, as though it had been hit by a giant hammer. Bob had forgotten the colossal pressure of water that had almost flattened the powerful craft, like a crushed tin can. There was no way out through the wrecked metal above him.

Footsteps sounded from the cabin beyond the navigation room. Someone was coming! Bob stood irresolute for a moment, and then dived down the ladder to the pump chamber again.

The Shark's men were searching every inch of the Submarine.

Where could he hide?

They must not find him! He alone might save the "Prowler" from the Shark—provided he could avoid being captured.

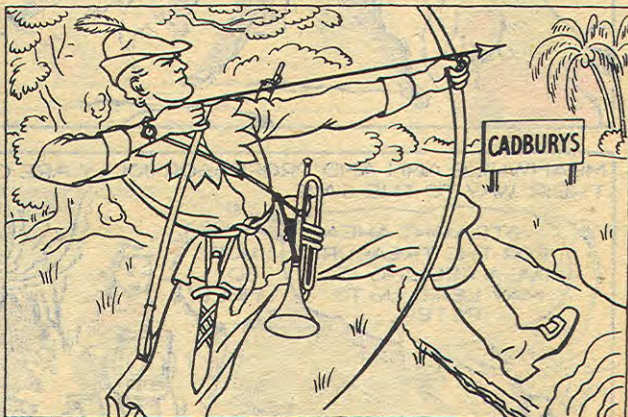
But where could he hide?

Next week: Face to face with the Shark!

CADBURYS PUZZLE CORNER No. 15

What's happened to Robin Hood?

When our artist drew this picture he made several mistakes. Can you spot them? The eight most important ones are listed below.



When it comes to cocoa and chocolate you'll make no mistake if you say 'Please ...

I want Cadburys!

THE MISTAKES—1 No string to bow 2 No feathers on arrow 3 He should not be wearing wrist watch 4 He should not be carrying a rifle 5 Type of trousers shown not worn in Robin Hood's day 6 No palm trees in Sherwood Forest 7 No trumpet with valves in those days—should be a horn 8 Cadburys were not founded until 1831, and Robin Hood is supposed to have lived at the end of the 12th century

This is not a competition and no prizes are offered. It's for your amusement only

COMET—September 27, 1952—9

Three rival parties are seeking treasure buried 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. The third led by the Hawk, son of the Vulture. Peter discovers where the treasure was hidden in a cave but the huge trunk is empty. The Hawk finds him there and Peter, to save his life and gain time, tells the Hawk he will show him where he has hidden the treasure. He leads the Hawk and his men towards Woznik's camp.

THE SKY EXPLORERS



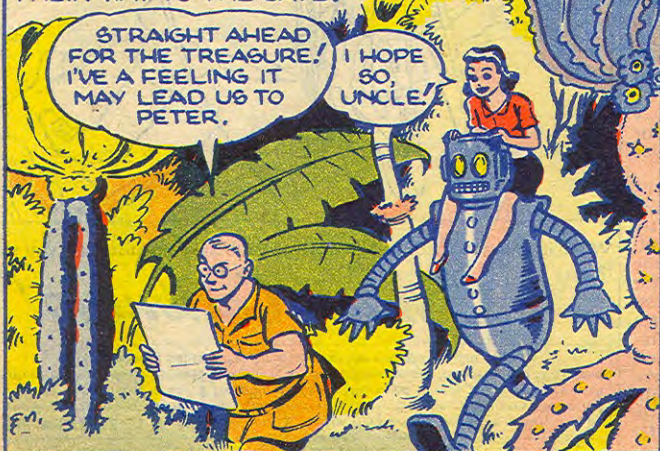
THE HAWK LEADS HIS MEN IN A CHARGE



AND PETER SLIPS AWAY IN THE CONFUSION

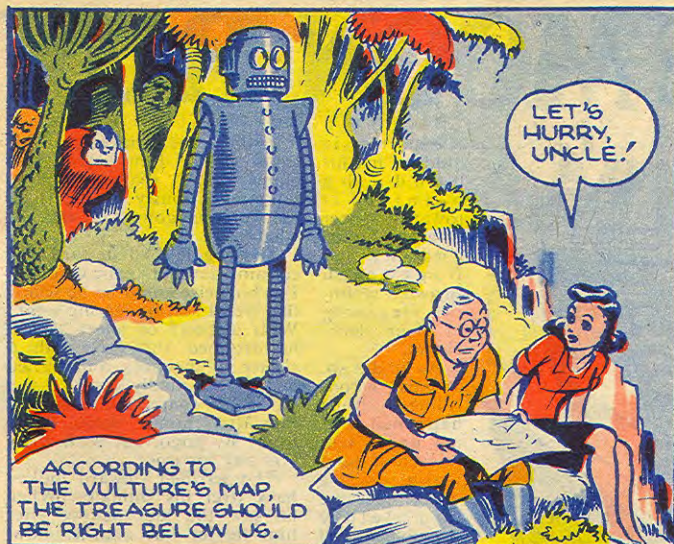


MEANWHILE ANN AND PROFESSOR JOLLY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAVE.



BUT HIGH IN THE TREETOPS, STRANGE CREATURES ARE WATCHING THEM!

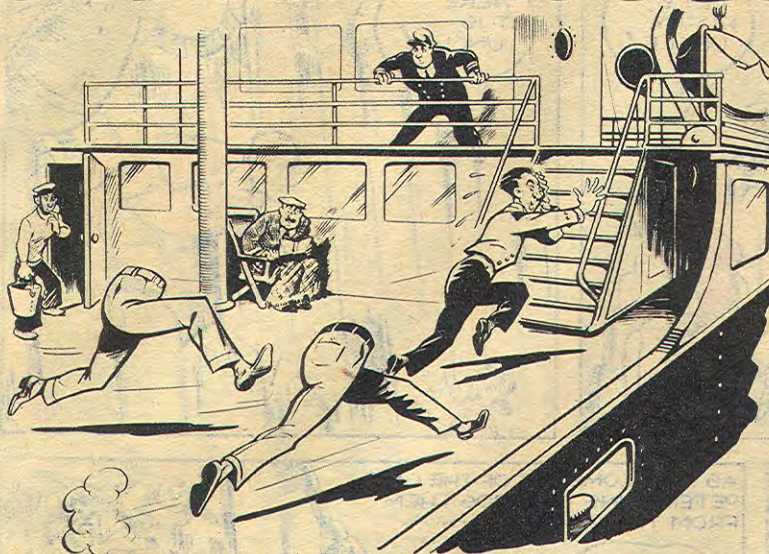




CAN PETER DO ANYTHING TO SAVE THEM? TURN TO THE BACK PAGE AND FIND OUT!

TWO BULLIES BECOME ONLY HALF WHAT THEY USED TO BE WHEN MICK'S AROUND!

MICK THE MOON BOY



The terrified steward looked back over his shoulder. When he saw the legs pelting after him he let out a howl and ran faster than ever!

THE HALF MEN!

"ARE you enjoying the trip, Hank?" asked Mick the Moon Boy.

"I sure am!" cried his twelve-year-old pal, Hank Luckner. "Gee, Mick, I jus' can't hardly believe it's real yet!"

He and Mick were crossing to England from America aboard the big liner S.S. *Golden Star*. She was a fast, modern ship, fitted with every luxury, and Mick and Hank were enjoying the crossing so much that they knew they'd be sorry when it was over.

On this particular fine and lovely morning they were taking a stroll along the boat-deck. Quite a lot of the passengers were sitting about there, some sunning themselves, others either talking or reading.

"Hallo, there's Charley Green and his pal Bugsworth Brown!" exclaimed Hank.

He indicated two very posh and elegant young gentlemen lounging in deck-chairs. He and Mick knew them all right for the simple reason that the elegant pair had already tried to take the mike out of the two boys and had failed dismally.

At that moment a steward approached the seated pair carrying a tray of drinks.

As the steward passed them Charley stuck out his foot and the steward, with a howl of fright, sailed through the air to land with a crash among broken glasses and spilled drinks.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the elegant pair.

"That'll teach you to look where you're going, my man!" said Charley Green with a sneer.

The dazed steward collected up the pieces and staggered away muttering threatening words under his breath.

Hank stepped forward in front of the two bounders.

"Hey, Charley!" cried Hank. "And you, ol' Bugsworth, stop bullying that steward or it'll be the worse for you!"

As Hank turned to walk away Charley jumped to his feet and strode after Hank and caught him by the arm.

"Listen, twerp!" he said, jerking him round. "Don't you be so beastly familiar in future. My name's Mister Green to you, and my friend's is Mister Brown. And we don't like being threatened by two young whippersnappers. And that's to help you to remember it!"

He caught Hank a painful cuff across the ear.

"Any more Charleys and ol' Bugsworths from you and you'll get worse than that!" he warned.

"You show some respect to your betters. You'll never be half the man I am, not even if you live to be a hundred!"

He caught Hank another painful crack, then released him, turned, and marched back to his pal Bugsworth Brown, his snooty nose cocked in the air.

"Did the ass hurt you much?" enquired Mick.

"No, not much," grinned Hank, rubbing his ear. "Guess I'm tough. I didn't sass him back on account of I figger you'll be fixin' him."

"I'll fix him all right," chuckled the Moon Boy. "He said you'll never be half the man he is. Okay, I'll make him half a man, and Bugsworth Brown as well, and we'll see what they look like."

He drew from his pocket a little silver-coloured tube about the size of a small pencil. It was one of the amazing scientific instruments he had brought with him from the Moon.

waist up," chuckled Mick to Hank. "I could easily make their legs invisible as well, but I'm leaving those."

"Yeah, that's the idea!" tittered Hank.

Blissfully unaware of the fate which had overtaken them, the two elegant young gents were watching the white-jacketed steward, whom they had played the trick on, approaching with two brimming glasses on a tray. They hadn't the slightest idea that they'd been made invisible from the waist up and Charley said:

"Here comes the iced orangeade we ordered. It looks jolly good."

"It certainly does," agreed Bugsworth Brown. "But what's the matter with the steward? The fool looks as though he's going to throw a fit or something!"

The steward did. He suddenly halted dead in his tracks right in front of them, his face going white as a sheet and his eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets.

For instead of two nattily-dressed young gentlemen, all he could see was a pair of neatly-attired legs sitting in each deck-chair.

"Jumping jimminy!" he gasped, backing away.

The legs moved impatiently and one pair cried angrily:

"What the thump's the matter with you, steward? Give us our orangeade, hang you!"

The steward did so, but not in the way the owners of the legs anticipated. With a howl he leapt back, nearly dropping the tray, and the two glasses of iced orangeade shot right over the mysterious and nattily-attired legs, soaking them properly.

Keeping it hidden in his hand, he pointed it towards Mister Charley Green and Mister Bugsworth Brown reclining elegantly in their deck-chairs.

As he did so, a most astonishing thing happened. For the upper half of each of those posh young gents became completely invisible and all that could be seen of them was a pair of legs sitting in each deck-chair.

"I've just given them the juice from the

"What the dickens d'you think you're doing, you great clumsy oaf?" roared the legs, jumping furiously to their feet. "Have you gone crackers or what?"

The goggle-eyed steward was certain he had gone crackers. For how else could he be seeing this weird and unnerving sight? With a howl of sheer terror, he dropped the tray with a clatter to the deck and turned and bolted madly away.

"Stop!" roared the legs, rushing after him. "Stop, d'you hear? By jingo, but we'll make you pay for this!"

The terrified steward looked back over his shoulder. When he saw the legs pelting after him he let out another howl and spurted desperately.

But the pursuing legs were longer than his and the leading pair reached him just as he reached the top of the ladder which led to the deck below.

"Got you!" they roared triumphantly and kicked the terrified steward clean down the ladder.

He landed with a thump on the deck below. But he was up again in a jiffy and, without pausing to rub his bruises, he shot madly away and vanished from view round the corner of a deck-house.

"There, that'll teach you!" bawled the pair of legs at the top of the ladder.

They were Charley Green's legs. They were joined by Bugsworth Brown's legs and, still blissfully unconscious of the fact that they were completely invisible from the waist up, those two elegant young gents commenced to stroll back along the deck.

"Hallo, here's Lottie Purvis and her sister coming!" said Charley. "We'll take them and buy them some ice-cream."

Lottie Purvis and her sister were the daughters of Pincher P. Purvis, the American millionaire. Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown simply loved people with money and that was why they were always so friendly to the Purvis sisters.

Well, there were the two girls coming strolling along the deck, enjoying the air and talking of this and of that and not doing anybody any harm, so you can imagine the awful shock they got when they suddenly found themselves confronted by two nattily-attired pairs of legs which stopped right in front of them and said:

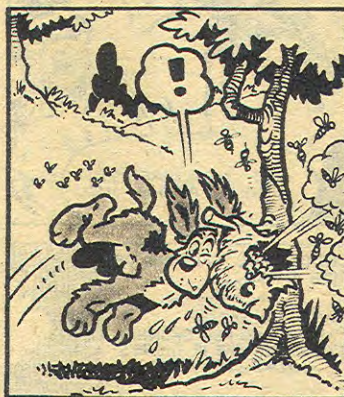
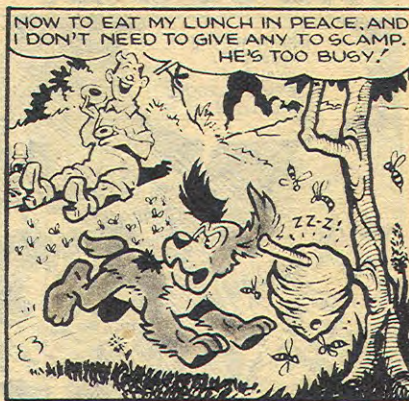
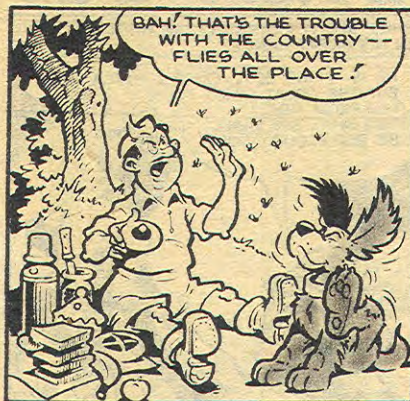
"Hallo, halo! What about coming and having some ice cream?"

Lottie leapt back as though she'd been stung, her eyes nearly starting clean out of her head. As for her sister, she gave a wild sort of screech and fainted clean away.

(Continued on next page)



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 12)

"Dear, dear, dear!" cried the legs, bending over her. "Whatever's the matter? She seems to have fainted. W'd better take her into the saloon."

"HELP!" screamed Lottie, nearly passing out herself. "EEEE-EEEE! HELP! EEEEE-EEEE!"

Attracted by her piercing screams, dozens of passengers came rushing to the spot shouting:

"What is it? What's the matter? What's happened?"

"LOOK!" shrieked Lottie, pointing at the two pairs of legs.

No one spoke, there were just gasps of horrified amazement, for suddenly the body of the girl floated up in the air, and, with a pair of legs on either side, started to move along the deck. Of course, the invisible smart-boys were really carrying her along, but the people weren't to know that.

Half the passengers nearly had a fit on the spot, particularly as the legs roared:

"What the thump's the matter with you all? Have you gone crazy or what, staring at us like that?" Then the girl came round and they put her down.

Two ladies amongst the

passengers promptly swooned clean away. Another screamed:

"The ship's haunted. Get the captain. Oh, dear, this is awful!"

Mick chose that particular moment to make the upper halves of Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown visible again. And when the frightened passengers saw them standing there, no longer just two pairs of legs but all of them, they thought the whole thing must have been some queer sort of trick played by Charley and Bugsworth just to scare folks.

And they were so furious about it that the men-folk among them took it upon themselves there and then to give those two bewildered young gentlemen a thorough good hiding.

"But why—what're you doing it for?—stop it!" howled the madly struggling Charley and Bugsworth as they were pummeled by righteous and angry fists. "We haven't done anything!"

"Yes, you have," said Mick sweetly, standing watching. "You've just been half the chaps you really are."

And even then the frantic Charley Green and Bugsworth Brown didn't understand what he meant!

Next week: Mick and Hank have a lot of fun with a very boastful passenger!

THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING



If you turn over the page, pardners, you'll find the start of a rip-roaring new Western adventure, called THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN.

I always reckon that this was one of my most exciting adventures and that's why I picked it out to tell you about. The Editor had it all drawn up in pictures by a really swell artist and, personally, I think it looks dandy.

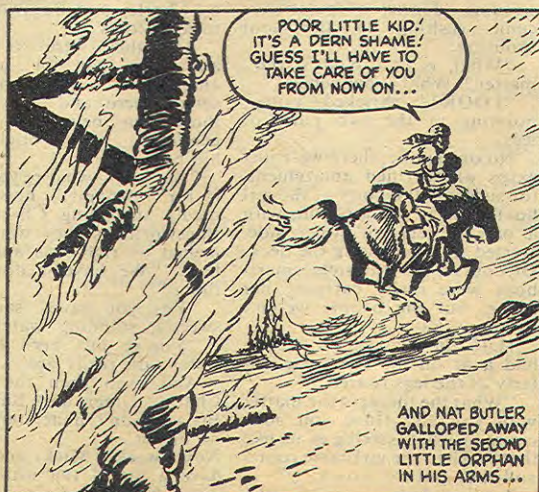
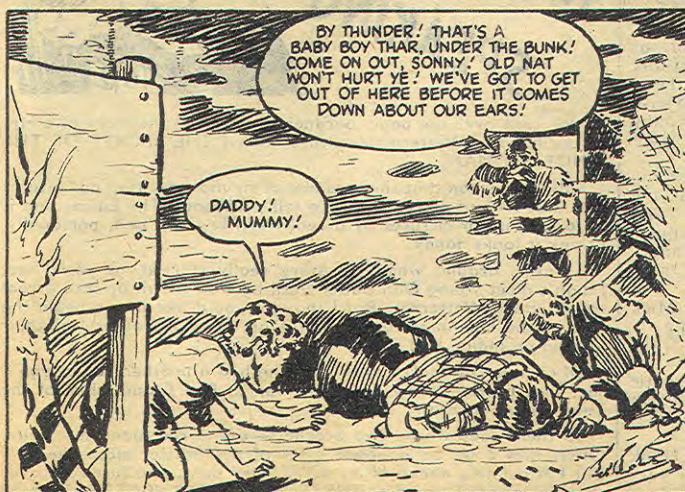
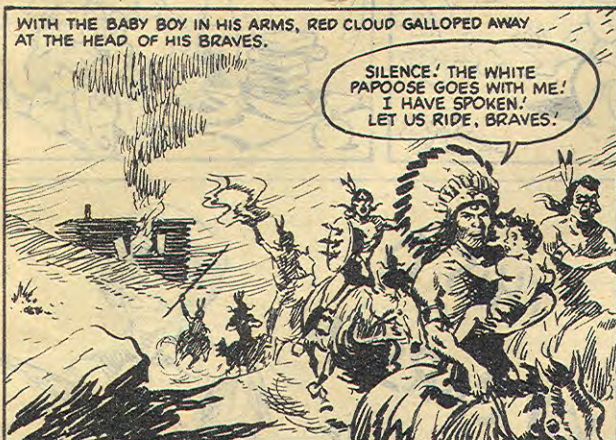
I wasn't around when the story really started, as you'll see. I didn't meet young Dan Butler until he was grown up into a real tough young Westerner. But I thought you'd like me to begin the tale at the beginning, back when Dan and his brother lost their folks in an Indian raid.

Of course, Dan never even knew he had a brother, for as you'll see, that brother grew up as the son of Red Cloud, chief of the Teton Sioux Indians.

So there they were—two brothers—one a red man, one white. Often they'd be on opposite sides of the battle, often they'd— But I'm running ahead of my story. Why don't you just turn over the page and start reading THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN?

RED INDIANS WIPE OUT A PIONEER AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR LONELY SHACK—

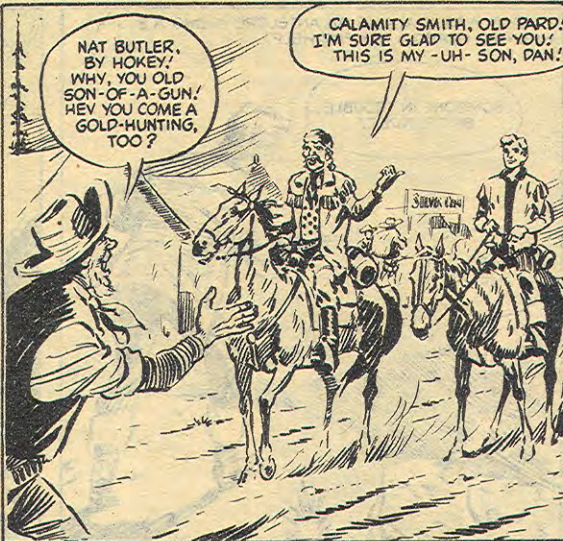
THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN



FIFTEEN YEARS LATER! THE BADLANDS ECHOED THE MAGIC WORD... **GOLD!** UP IN NEBRASKA, TENT TOWNS GREW UP OVERNIGHT AS THE GREAT GOLD RUSH BEGAN! AND IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF GUNNISON, UP IN THE BLACK HILLS, AN OLD VETERAN AND A STURDY YOUTH RODE INTO TOWN THROUGH THE LINES OF TENTS. THEY WERE NAT BUTLER AND THE ORPHAN BOY HE HAD RESCUED FIFTEEN YEARS AGO...



NAT BUTLER, BY HOKEY! WHY, YOU OLD SON-OF-A-GUN! HEY YOU COME A GOLD-HUNTING, TOO?



CALAMITY SMITH, OLD PARD! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU! THIS IS MY -UH- SON, DAN!

YEAH, WE'RE AFTER GOLD, CALAMITY, BUT I GUESS ALL THE BEST CLAIMS HAVE BEEN GRABBED BY NOW!



I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD CLAIM UP IN THE HILLS YONDER, NAT! HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME GOING FIFTY-FIFTY! I'M WILLING TO SELL YOU A HALF-SHARE FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS...

DONE! I GUESS I CAN TRUST YOU, OLD PARD! BUT WHY AREN'T YOU UP AT THE CLAIM?

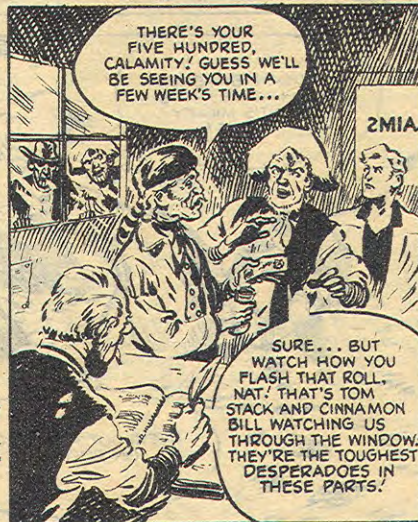


ON MY WAY TO MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING DOWN IN OHIO! YOU CAN LOOK AFTER THE CLAIM UNTIL I GET BACK, NAT! NOW, LET'S GET THE DEAL ALL SIGNED AND SEALED AT THE GOVERNMENT AGENT'S OFFICE!

THE TWO OLD PARDS AND THE YOUTH MADE THEIR WAY TO THE GOVERNMENT AGENT'S OFFICE, TO GET THE DEED OF PARTNERSHIP MADE OUT AND SIGNED. BUT TWO SHIFTY PAIRS OF EYES WERE WATCHING.



THERE'S YOUR FIVE HUNDRED, CALAMITY! GUESS WE'LL BE SEEING YOU IN A FEW WEEK'S TIME...



SURE... BUT WATCH HOW YOU FLASH THAT ROLL, NAT! THAT'S TOM STACK AND CINNAMON BILL WATCHING US THROUGH THE WINDOW! THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST DESPERADOES IN THESE PARTS!

THEN AS THE THREE FRIENDS LEFT THE AGENT'S OFFICE, A WELL-DRESSED MAN STEPPED TO THE COUNTER...



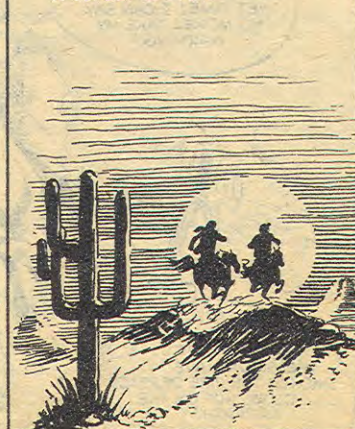
MY NAME IS MARK RAVEN. I WANT TO FIND THE WHEREABOUTS OF RICHARD NEWTON AND HIS FAMILY! THEY LIVED IN THESE PARTS ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO...

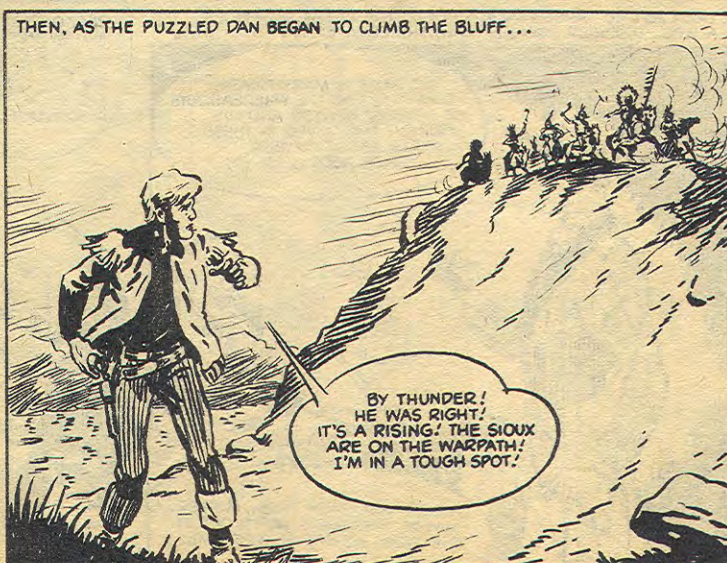
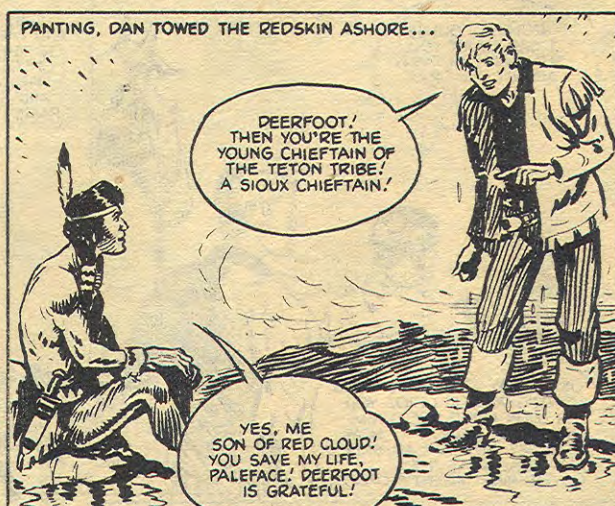
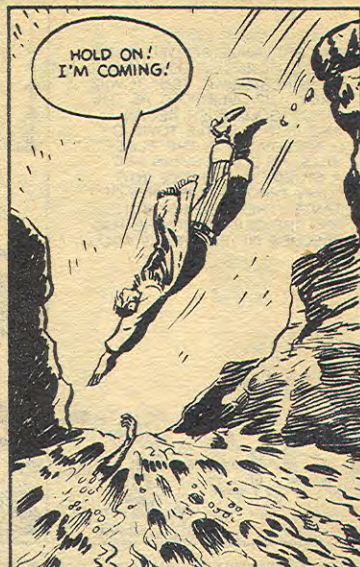
NEVER HEARD OF THEM, MISTER! MAYBE THEY WERE WIPED OUT IN THE SIOUX RISINGS AT THAT TIME...

RECKON I'M WASTING TIME AND MONEY, BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF BEFORE I RETURN HOME TO ENGLAND. I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THE RISK OF LOSING A FORTUNE...



AND SO, SAYING GOODBYE TO CALAMITY SMITH, NAT AND YOUNG DAN SET OFF INTO THE HILLS, HEADING FOR THE CLAIM. THEN AS DARKNESS FELL, THEY MADE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT IN A LONELY SPOT...





Next week: Deerfoot repays his debt! Don't miss this thrilling adventure story!

THE THREE BEARS' DAD

"WHAT are we going to do about it?" demanded Baxter major, the big brown bear.

"We've jolly well got to do something about it!" cried Baxter minor, the medium-sized brown bear.

"That's what I say!" squeaked Baxter tertius—or little Baxter—the smallest of the three bears.

The three Baxter brothers hadn't always been bears. Not so very long ago they 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 the most absent-minded little old gentleman that you could meet anywhere. He got his bottles mixed up, and instead of giving them a dose of medicine, he gave the boys a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

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

Knowing jolly well that if the truth ever leaked out they would become the laughing stock of every school in the country, Dr. Grunter, their headmaster, who had come to the farm with the party, had insisted upon them staying at Meadowsweet Farm until they were cured, instead of going back to school.

He himself had been changed into a savage-looking polar bear, and Mr. Dripp, the assistant master, had been changed into a mournful-looking turtle.

"And now dad's written to say that he's coming down to see us," growled Baxter major, the big brown bear, to his two brothers, "and old Grunter won't let us see him. Not even our parents know that we've been changed into animals."

"They'd have had about six fits if they did!" cried Baxter minor, the medium-sized bear.

"That's what I say!" squeaked little Baxter, the tiny bear. "But how's old Grunter going to stop dad from seeing us?"

"He's persuaded Farmer Whipstraw to go to the station to meet dad and tell him that we've all gone away for a day's picnic," growled Baxter major.

"Oh, the fibber!" cried Baxter minor.

"What time is dad arriving?" squeaked little Baxter.

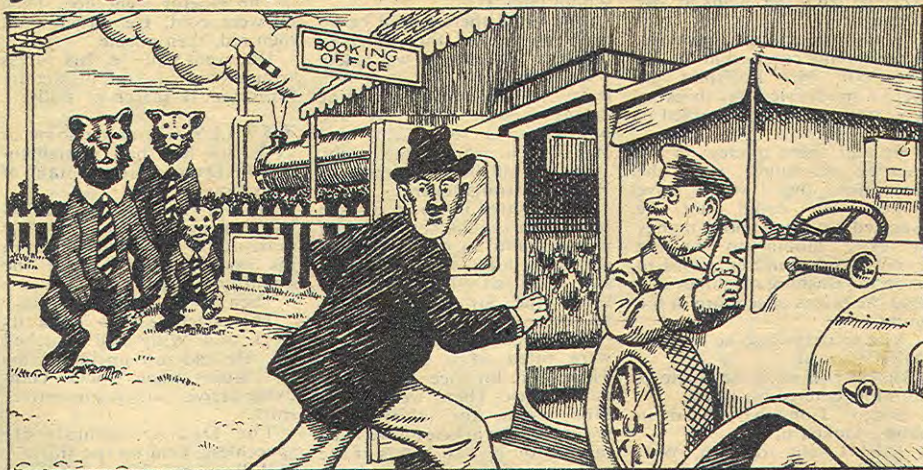
"In about an hour," said Baxter major. "But I've got an idea."

"What is it?" cried Baxter minor excitedly.

Baxter major looked carefully around him, then lowered his voice.

"What I vote we do is this," he said. "Let's sneak off and

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Mr. Baxter simply shot into the taxi as his three sons rushed towards him!

make across country to Martindale Station. It's only a little country station, but dad's train stops there before arriving here. We'll be able to have a word with him while old Farmer Whipstraw is waiting at Meadowsweet Station, see?"

"Yes, yes, I see!" cried Baxter minor excitedly. "It's a simply wizard wheeze!"

"That's what I say!" squeaked little Baxter delightedly capering about. "Come on, let's go!"

With another cautious look round, the three bears sneaked quietly away from the wooden huts in which they and the other boys—or, rather, the other birds and animals—lived.

Once clear of the huts they quickened their pace and ambled across country towards the little wayside station of Martindale.

"The train's not in yet," said Baxter major as they cut across a field towards the station. "No, but it's signalled," said Baxter minor.

"Come on, let's hurry!" squeaked little Baxter.

There was a porter, an old lady, a farmer and a small boy standing on the platform when the three bears trotted on to it.

"Look!" screamed the old lady, nearly fainting with fright at the sight of the three bears.

"Cor, stone the crows!" gasped the porter, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head.

Followed by the old lady, the farmer and the small boy, he made a frantic rush for the lamp-room. The whole four of them piled in, the porter slammed the door, then, with trembling hands, they set about barricading it with everything they could find inside.

"Silly fools!" said Baxter major scornfully.

"Fancy being frightened of us!" snorted Baxter minor.

"He, he, he! They didn't half shift!" sniggered little Baxter.

"Hallo, here's the train!" The train slid into the station

and came to a stop with a great hissing of steam and grinding of brakes.

"Now to find father!" cried Baxter major. "Come on!"

The three bears ambled along the platform, rearing up on their hind legs and peering into every compartment. And you can imagine the fright of the passengers as they saw the bears staring in at them.

Some of them were so frightened that they shot under the seats, while others tried to climb up on to the luggage racks.

As for Mr. Baxter, the father of the three bears, he was sitting by himself in the corner seat of a first-class compartment. It was little Baxter who first spotted him.

"Here he is!" he yelled, staring through the window.

Mr. Baxter got the fright of his life when he saw the bear staring at him. But he got a bigger fright than ever when, a moment later, the bear was joined by two bigger bears.

To his horror, the biggest of them seized the handle of the door between his paws, turned it and yanked the door open.

"Hallo, father!" said the big bear with an awful bearish grin.

With one bound the terrified Mr. Baxter was out of his seat and across the compartment to the farthest door. It was bad enough to have a bear poke its head into your compartment, but it was simply frightful to hear that same bear say in a human voice:

"Hallo, father!"

What was more, the bear was now climbing in, followed by the other two bears.

"Don't be frightened, father!" it said.

"It's only us!" said the medium-sized bear.

"We've come to meet you!" squeaked the little bear.

The portly Mr. Baxter was in such a state of terror that he thought the little bear said: "We've come to eat you!"

With a howl of fright he whipped open the farthest door, jumped down on to the railway lines, bounded across them and scrambled up on to the other platform.

"Hi, father!" yelled the big bear, bounding down on to the track in pursuit of him.

"Wait, father!" roared the medium-sized bear, also bounding down on to the track.

"What're you running away for, father?" squeaked the little bear, following his two brothers.

Mr. Baxter was running away because he didn't want to be gobbled up by these dreadful talking bears who would insist upon calling him father.

Rushing madly out through the barrier, he saw a taxi waiting.

"Where to, sir?" asked the taxi-driver as Mr. Baxter shot into the cab.

"Anywhere—anywhere!" roared Mr. Baxter, fairly trembling with fright. "I'm being chased by three bears!"

"Being chased by three bears!" repeated the taxi-driver, thinking Mr. Baxter must be an escaped lunatic or something. "Why, there ain't no bears around these parts—"

He broke off, his eyes nearly popping out of his head. For the three bears had come rushing out of the station and were making straight for his taxi.

With a howl of sheer terror the driver started up his engine and the taxi shot madly away along the road.

"Stop—wait!" bellowed the three bears.

But the taxi-driver neither stopped nor waited. He shot round a bend on two wheels and vanished from view in a cloud of dust.

Mr. Baxter went straight back home to town. He'd had such a fright that he had already made up his mind to postpone his visit to Meadowsweet Farm.

Next week: Dr. Grunter catches a salmon—and loses it!

rebellion and mutiny was to be expected from the maids at any minute.

At his wits' end to know what to do, having come to no useful idea with Mr. Halfspin, he spent a miserable hour thinking it all out, getting very ruffled in the process.

He had spent money on the washing machines, with the idea that they would save money. He could not be expected to spend more money on extra labour to do the ironing. Nor could he afford to scrap the washing machines and send the things once more to the laundry.

As a last resource he sent for Willy Wizzard.

Willy knocked at the Doctor's door and entered his study.

Doctor Gandybar, head in hands, looked up.

"Ah! I sent for you, Wizzard—"

"Yes, sir—"

Willy, now being very hair conscious noted the Doctor's ruffled appearance. Doctor Gandybar's hair, not much in evidence at the best of times was rough and slightly wild, the Doctor's fingers having run through it frequently in his despair.

It was of the fluffy kind—it was hair and yet it wasn't, not wavy and not straight.

"I suppose, sir, that you are interested in my hair Straightening Machine." Willy whipped out his little notebook.

"I can manage to fit you in—er—let me see—" said Willy running his forefinger down the list of his appointments. "—er—after Danday, sir, on Friday at 6 p.m."

"Fit me in, Wizzard? What nonsense is this? Fit me in?" asked the Doctor irritably.

"Yes, sir. To have your hair straightened, sir, with my Straightening Machine!" said Willy encouragingly.

Doctor Gandybar looked at Willy hard and smoothed back his hair. He thought for a moment.

"Did I hear you say Straightening Machine, Wizzard?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willy and explained his machine and the way it worked to Doctor Gandybar.

"And do you say that it is completely successful, Wizzard?" asked the Doctor thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes sir! Completely. I can produce several heads to bear out my statement!"

Doctor Gandybar put both his arms on the desk and leaned on them.

"Do you think, Wizzard my boy, that you could make such a machine to deal with the straightening of sheets, pillowslips, towels, shirts, vests, pyjamas and so on?"

Willy strained forward like a dog shown a rabbit.

"Just let me try, sir!" said he.

"Why?"

Doctor Gandybar then told

Willy of his troubles with the school laundry.

Willy said there would be no problem when the Wizzard Washing Straightener was made.

Doctor Gandybar gave him leave to make his machine during lesson time as the business was so urgent, and Willy got to work immediately.

He put all he knew into the Washing Straightener.

It was fitted up in an unused room near the kitchen. One just plugged into an electric socket and the thing started, but it switched itself off automatically when the straightening was finished.

Electrically heated rollers were fitted to a large table. These were for sheets and other flat articles. There were clever little irons for shirts and pyjamas. The articles were fixed in position by two hands at the top end of the table, and the machine had an uncanny knack of knowing whether it was a sheet or a shirt it had to straighten.

Another brilliant bit of machinery mixed the starch, with plastic starch from a bottle and water from a large jug. This mixed starch was sprayed over the linen with a huge spray gun, and did away with the ordinary process of starching, thereby saving more labour.

After the article had been sprayed with very thin starch the rollers or irons straightened it out.

Willy set his machine to work under the Doctor's admiring gaze. It needed no supervision. A handkerchief of the Doctor's was straightened out so well that the Doctor was struck with its handsome appearance.

Doctor Gandybar left the kitchen well satisfied. Willy put a huge heap of laundry at the end of the table for his machine to starch and iron, and left too.

Being so anxious to start his hair straightening again, Willy forgot to fill the water jug, and left a bottle of hair shrinker which he kept in an empty starch bottle, by the starch mixer.

He took the starch away with him, thinking he had the hair shrinker.

That evening Doctor Gandybar was washing in the bathroom before going to an important dinner in the town. He called out through the closed door to his maid.

"Lizzie, my girl, put out a clean dress shirt, if you please and my best dinner suit."

"Yes, sir!" answered Lizzie.

Doctor Gandybar, humming a tuneless ditty left the bathroom and entered his bedroom.

He took off his dressing gown and put on the trousers which Lizzie had laid out on the bed.

He looked for his shirt. He couldn't see it. He looked again. Yes—no—it couldn't be. He picked the thing up.

A tiny, tiny shirt, and ironed so beautifully. No bigger than a

doll's shirt—if dolls wore shirts.

The Doctor went hot. Then he went cold. He turned pink then red, then purple.

He went off in his dress trousers and his vest, his dignity forgotten, in search of Willy.

WILLY was doing some of his best hair straightening on Danday, the captain of the school.

He had carefully mixed his hair shrinker, adding a little more out of the bottle he had in his pocket to make up the quantity.

Then he had got busy.

The machine had done its work and Willy had switched off. He had just unclipped the last clipper when Doctor Gandybar arrived with his miniature shirt.

The Doctor, completely speechless, held up the shirt.

Willy stared, his eyes bulging behind his thick spectacles.

Now it was his turn to go hot and cold and speechless.

But when Danday, who had been trying to brush out his short straight hair faced him, mirror in hand, his face white with rage, Willy froze completely.

Danday's hair stood on end, stiff as a wire brush.

Starched, short and straight.

Willy, sick at heart, looked from one to the other. Not one of the three spoke.

The Doctor's shirt was definitely shrunk, and Danday's hair was definitely starched.

It was Danday who made the first lifeline sign.

He moved very violently towards another bottle of pure shrinker which stood, cap off, on the table. With a mighty sweep of an athletic arm, he swept the bottle aside. Then he strode off to wash the starch out of his hair, if this were possible. Spruce and he were off to keep their appointment in ten minutes.

The bottle of hair shrinker dashed itself to the floor drenching Doctor Gandybar's trousers as it fell.

The Doctor at that moment had felt speech returning to him.

"All the school laundry, boy! ALL the school laundry! I suppose we can expect sheets like handkerchiefs and hand-

kerchiefs like—soapflakes!"

Then he had to bend down to shake the bottoms of his trousers, which were wet.

He hadn't to bend quite so far as he expected. His trouser hems were half way up his calves, and the trousers were shrinking fast.

With one horrified gurgle, the Doctor was gone, showing as he ran increasing expanses of thin hairy legs, black silk socks and a dashing pair of purple suspenders.

The next day Willy looked very mournful. He had been grieved for a week and had a thousand lines to do. "I must not play tricks with my inventions."

In addition he had the heavy problem on his mind of how to get the school laundry back to its normal size.

His mood can be imagined. He had just got to his fortieth line and had a vision of nine hundred and sixty lines stretching into eternity before him when a straight-haired deputa-tion from the Third and Second Forms came to see him.

Having his reputation as an inventor to keep up, he put on his best 'scientist look' for the benefit of the fags.

"Please Wizzard, we've found out why Curly Topnot won't have his hair straightened," said their spokesman.

Willy shuddered.

"Why not?" he asked weakly.

"Well," came the reply, "All of us are members of the Gandybar school choir. Last night the choir sang at a special service in the town. When we came out we waited for Curly, for the first time. Then we saw why not!"

"Why not?" repeated Willy again, tired.

"Because all the old ladies waited for him to give him chocolates and sixpences and even half-crowns, because they said he looked so pretty in his little gown with his nice curls. Mouldy little horror!"

"So what?" Willy asked, wearily.

"Well, we've all got gowns—please, will you make us a permanent waving machine?"

Next week: Willie invents a cure for sleep walking!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

SPOTTERS who see their membership number in this list can send up for a grand present—free. Claiming instructions are below.

120,485	79,788	209,703	47,611	102,609
61,552	164,414	92,285	206,258	14,791
17,960	203,092	198,694	115,317	202,526
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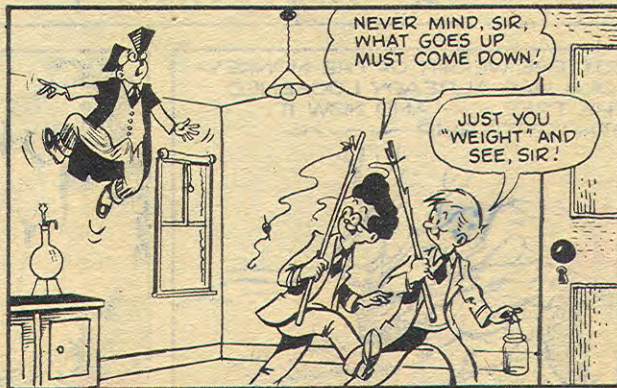
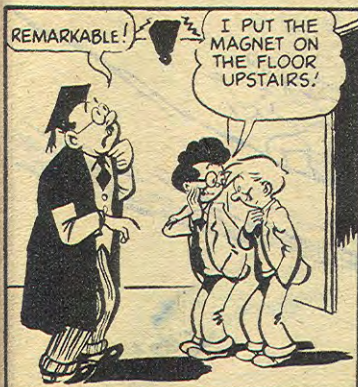
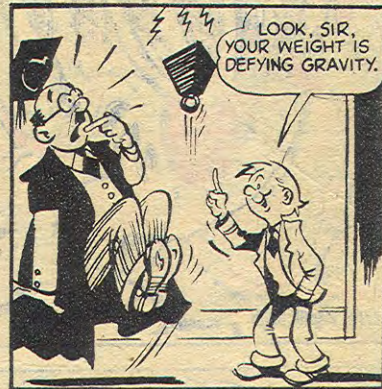
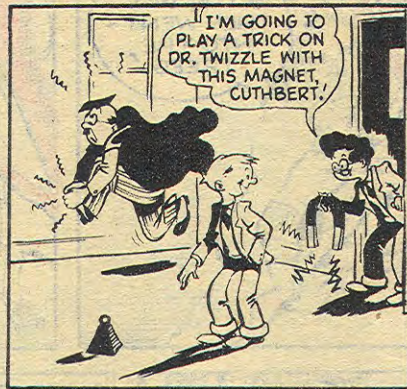
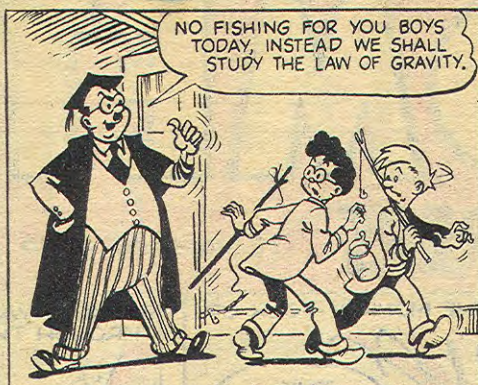
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THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS



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THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

PETER FOLLOWS THE TRACKS OF THE MONKEY-FOLK UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE ~ ~ ~



BROKEN TWIGS POINT THE WAY THROUGH THE FOREST



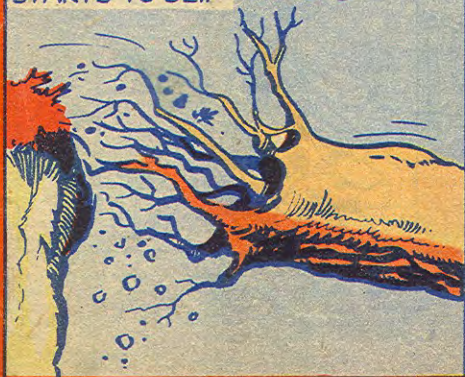
THEY MUST HAVE GONE OVER THAT TREE ~ IT'S THE ONLY WAY ACROSS.



PETER STARTS ON THE PERILOUS CROSSING!



BUT THE WEIGHT OF THE MONKEY-FOLK HAS ALREADY LOOENED THE TREE ~ ~ ~ AND NOW IT STARTS TO GLIP ~ ~ ~



HELP!



NEXT WEEK—THE VULTURE'S TREASURE!