

COMET

THE BACK PAGE
IS A
FRONT PAGE
TOO!

3⁰ EVERY
MONDAY

No. 234, January 10, 1953

THE SKY EXPLORERS



PROFESSOR JOLLY, ANN, PETER, AND THEIR FRIEND KOSMO HAVE LANDED ON THE PLANET ROMA. HERE THEY WERE CAPTURED BY THE WICKED EMPEROR CAMBUSTA, BUT ESCAPED INTO THE JUNGLE WITH THE AID OF FIDDYCAT, AN ANCIENT ROMAN INVENTOR. THEY HAVE DECIDED TO TRY AND FIND EMPEROR NESCITOR, THE RIGHTFUL RULER, BUT CAMBUSTA WAS STILL AFTER THEM, AND THEY WERE CORNERED IN A CAVE WHERE A GIANT WATERFALL PLUNGED DOWN IN FRONT OF THEM. FOR A MOMENT THEY SEEMED TRAPPED. THEN-----

WITHOUT A SECOND LOST, THE GALLANT PARTY JUMP QUICKLY ACROSS TO SAFETY.

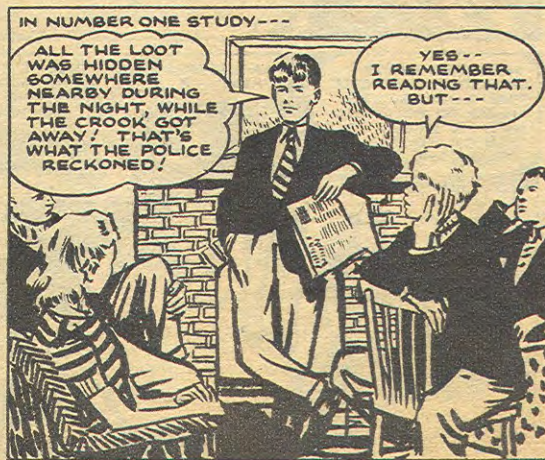
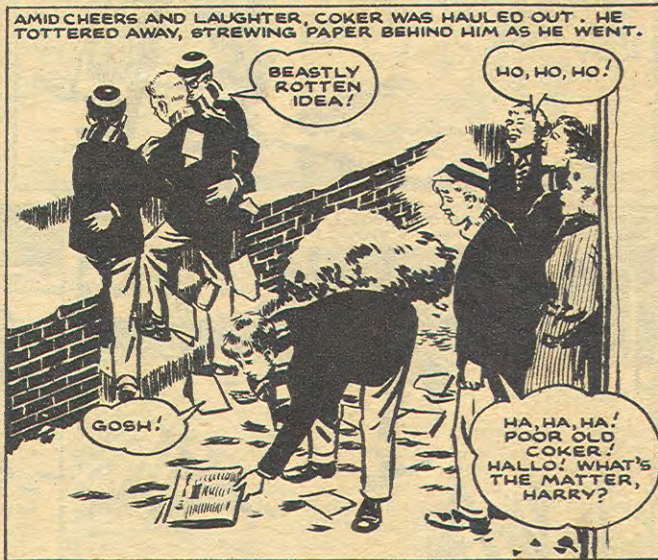


Continued on Centre Pages

The boys of Greyfriars were spending their Christmas holiday at the school, because of an epidemic in Friardale. Then mysterious things happened. A ghost was seen in the Cloisters and two holes appeared in the football pitch. Then Professor Creep, a ghost hunter, arrived to deal with the ghost. But Harry Wharton and Marjorie Hazeldene made an odd discovery!

The GREYFRIARS GHOST







HE MUST HAVE BURIED IT IN OUR SOCCER PITCH -- AT ONE OF THE CORNERS, SO HE'D KNOW WHERE TO FIND IT AGAIN! BUT WE MARKED OUT THE PITCH AFRESH LAST SEPTEMBER! SO HE DUG FOR THE LOOT IN THE WRONG PLACE!



THEN CREEP'S YOUR MAN! FIRST HE PLAYED THE GHOST, TO PUT YOU OFF THE SCENT. THEN HE BECAME GHOST-HUNTER, SO THAT HE COULD PROWL ROUND UNWINDERED AT ANY TIME OF NIGHT!

CREEP! GHOST! WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

MARJORIE AND I FOUND OUT SOMETHING ELSE EARLIER TODAY, BOB!



THE FAMOUS FIVE AND THEIR FRIENDS TALKED LONG AND EARNESTLY, AND CAREFUL PLANS WERE LAID. WHEN AT LAST THE GIRLS HAD TO LEAVE FOR CLIFF HOUSE, THERE WAS A THOUGHTFUL LOOK ON MARJORIE'S FACE. THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE REST OF THE SCHOOL SLEPT ----

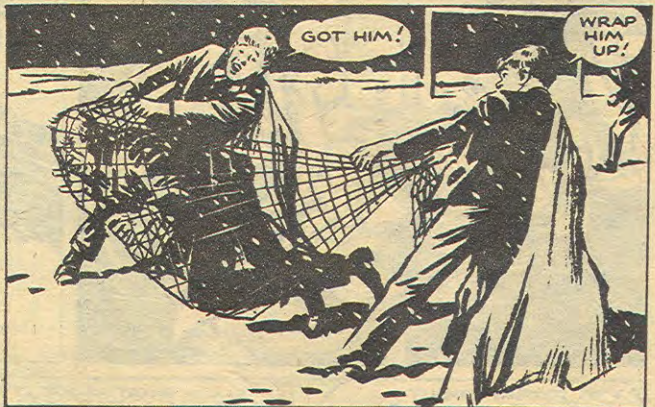


EEEEK!



A FUSILLADE FROM TWO WELL-HANDLED CATAPULTS SENT CREEP FLYING IN PANIC!

FRANK AND JOHNNY HAVE TICKLED HIM UP! NOW FOR IT!



GOT HIM!

WRAP HIM UP!



HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT WHERE THE GOAL-POSTS USED TO BE LINED UP! HE KNEW WHERE TO DIG THIS TIME!

MARJORIE! WHAT--?

YOU DIDN'T THINK WE WERE GOING TO MISS THE FUN, DID YOU?



IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING --

BOYS! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TACKLED THIS ON YOUR OWN! HOWEVER --- I AM VERY PROUD OF YOU! NOW YOU MAY CONDUCT THESE YOUNG LADIES TO THEIR SCHOOL, AND THEN RETURN TO BED. OFF WITH YOU!

GOODNIGHT, SIR!

OH--THANK YOU, SIR!

WELL, SIR! WE'VE GOT THE SILVER PLATE UP SAFELY, AND WE'VE GOT THE THIEF, THANKS TO THESE YOUNGSTERS!

AND WHEN AT LAST, TIRED BUT HAPPY, THE FAMOUS FIVE, GOT TO BED, THEY KNEW THAT THE GHOST OF GREYFRIARS WOULD WALK NO MORE!

STARTING NEXT WEEK--A GRAND NEW STORY--THE GREYFRIARS REBELLION!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

WILLIE'S AERIAL GUTTER-CLEANER

THE board of governors decided one day that Gandybar School must be redecorated, inside and out. They told Dr. Gandybar, the headmaster, to get the job done immediately.

Dr. Gandybar at once asked for extra money to employ a firm of decorators. The governors shook their heads. There should be enough school funds in hand, they said.

Dr. Gandybar muttered "Mingy!" under his breath as he went away. That evening he did a bit of reckoning-up. He found there was even less cash left than he had thought.

The headmaster scratched his pate. How was he going to pay workmen to do the job?

The answer came to him in a flash. If he made the boys do the papering and distemping and all the rest, he would not need money!

Luckily the boys were delighted at the idea. It would be good fun, they thought, to bash about with paint brushes and ladders and such—especially as they were going to be let off lessons now and again!

So they set to work cheerfully.

Once or twice they came up against jobs which were too difficult. At these times Dr. Gandybar called Willie Wizzard the schoolboy inventor, to his aid.

One morning he asked Willie: "Can you design a special, fast-working wallpaper scraper?" By the afternoon, Wizzard had presented him with a patent paper peeler that could strip an entire dormitory in half an hour.

At another time the head queried: "Do you think you can knock up an automatic extending ladder?" Within twenty-four hours a Wizzard Super Stretchit Ladder was being gleefully operated by the schoolboy decorators.

The work went on quickly and cheaply. It was not as cheap as it might have been, simply because Simpkins Minor twice fell in a bucket of whitewash and the head had to pay to have the boy's suit cleaned!

At length all that remained to be done on the building was, to clean and paint the gutters outside.

Now these gutters presented a problem. They were about forty feet from the ground. Even Willie's ladder would not reach high enough.

Dr. Gandybar refused to consider hiring a longer ladder from a firm of builders. It would cost too much.

Once again he called Willie Wizzard into his study and sought his help.

"Perhaps you could invent a sort of platform which could be

hung on the gutter itself?" the head suggested.

Willie pooh-poohed the idea. "The gutter would collapse under the weight," he pointed out.

"H'm," said Dr. Gandybar.

There was silence for a moment.

"Could we borrow a double-decker bus, or a van, and stand on the roof of it to reach the gutters?" said Willie.

"Money!" said Dr. Gandybar sharply. "I mean, that is an excellent idea, Wizzard, but impractical I fear. For one reason and another, that is."

"H'm," said Willie.

There was silence again.

"Well," said the headmaster uncomfortably, at last. "I am a busy man, as you know Wizzard, and I cannot give any more thought to the matter now. Run along and think up something, there's a good chap. It—er—it shouldn't be difficult."

Willie went to his room, scowling. His friend Jimmy Bash was whitewashing the ceiling there.

"What's up?" queried Jimmy, seeing Willie's long face. "Had a wiggling?"

Willie shook his head. "Gandy's got me on the run again," he growled. "Think up this, think up that! He hasn't any ideas of his own, so I have to do all the dirty work!"

"Sit down and tell us all about it," suggested Jimmy soothingly, still slopping away with his brush. "Not on that chair, though. I've just upset a pot of paint over that one. Try the armchair over there."

Willie pushed aside several rolls of wallpaper and sat down gloomily.

"He's so unreasonable," he went on. "If I don't do what he wants quickly and well, then the balloon goes up. He asked me—hey, wait a minute!"

He jumped to his feet again, his eyes shining.

"That's it!" he chortled. "I've got it!"

Jimmy was so surprised by all this that he lost his balance on



"That's it!" chortled Willie. "I've got it!" Jimmy Bash was so surprised by this outburst that he fell off the ladder amidst a deluge of whitewash.

the step-ladder. Herocked to and fro for a frantic moment, then crashed to the floor. His bucket sent up a spray of whitewash all over the place.

"Yow!" Jimmy yelled. "Yes!" gloated Willie, as if nothing had happened. "That's it! I'll get working on it right away!"

Excitedly he rushed out of the room, heading for his workshop behind the school boiler house.

Jimmy was left moaning and mystified amidst pools of whitewash on the floor!

BY the time he saw Willie again, Jimmy had cleaned up the mess, finished doing the ceiling, and had a bath.

Willie was grinning broadly as he entered the room.

Jimmy all his troubles forgotten, grinned back.

"Well?" he asked.

"The problem is solved," Willie said airily.

"You haven't told me yet what the problem was," Jimmy pointed out patiently.

Willie explained what Dr. Gandybar had asked him to do.

"I see," nodded his pal. "And now—out with the big secret. How have you solved it?"

"Well," chuckled Willie. "Do you remember that I said to you that Gandy was unreason-

able? Then I added that if I didn't do what he wanted quickly and well, the balloon went up?"

"Go on," said the mystified Jimmy.

"That was the whole answer!" exclaimed Willie. "A balloon! I have made an observation balloon—one of those big efforts with a basket underneath to carry people."

"Of course!" chuckled Jimmy. "We clamber into the basket, float upwards, and sail along near the gutter painting as we go!"

Willie nodded. "I've made some hydrogen," he said. "All we have to do in the morning is to inflate the balloon and away we go!"

Jimmy was looking thoughtful.

"Just one thing," he asked. "How did you talk old Gandy into parting with the cash so that you could buy the balloon fabric?"

"I didn't buy it," Willie answered. "The head said there was a great spread of it just outside the boiler house. I just went along and helped myself."

"Crums!" said Jimmy, his jaw dropping. "Old Halfspin bought that yesterday to cover up his new motorbike. The

(Continued on next page)

balloon will go up when he finds out what's happened—in the way you meant when you first said it!"

THE following morning, however, there was so much excitement that Mr. Halfspin, the assistant headmaster, did not even notice that his balloon fabric was missing.

One of the school governors, Mr. Canem, arrived at the School by the first train. He came to see what progress was being made with the decorating.

Dr. Gandybar showed the great man the school hall. Then Mr. Halfspin took over and proudly led the way to the freshly-painted dining room. The governor nodded with satisfaction and said he was very, very pleased.

"What remains to be done now, Gandybar?" Mr. Canem asked the headmaster at last.

"Only the gutters, sir," replied the headmaster. "We are about to tackle the job with a gadget one of my pupils has rigged up—I mean, with a device one of the boys has evolved. Would you like to see it?"

"Certainly, certainly," beamed Mr. Canem.

He waddled after Dr. Gandybar into the quadrangle. Willie Wizzard's balloon was there, inflated and ready for use.

"What a corking idea, by jingo!" Mr. Canem chortled delightedly.

He looked around the deserted quad thoughtfully.

"Er—when will you start using this, Gandybar old man?" he asked softly.

"We planned to start this afternoon," answered the head. Mr. Canem's eyes twinkled.

"I—er—I wonder if it is safe enough for the boys to use? I mean, do you think, we should try it out first? Eh? Ha, ha!"

Dr. Gandybar chuckled. "I say!" he chirruped. "What fun! Let's!"

Stealthily, like a couple of fourth formers dodging out of the dorm on a midnight spree, the governor and the headmaster clambered into the big basket below the balloon.

"Ballast overboard!" instructed Mr. Canem excitedly.

Dr. Gandybar started smartly to hurl bags of sand over the side of the basket. The balloon began to rise.

"This is spiffing!" gloated the governor. "We're as high as the school roof already!"

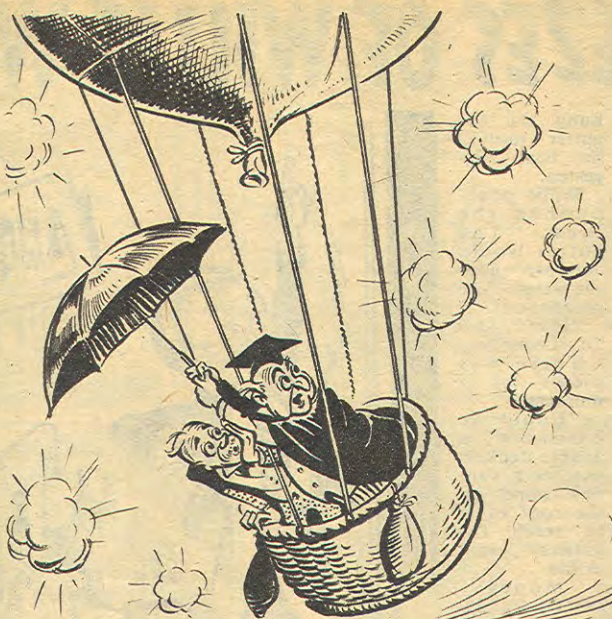
"Whizzo!" laughed Dr. Gandybar.

"How long is the rope tying us to the ground, old man?" asked Mr. Canem. "How high can we go before the rope pulls us to a stop?"

The wind was beginning to whistle around Dr. Gandybar's ears now. He couldn't hear very clearly.

"What?" he shouted. "How long is the rope which is tying us to the ground?" yelled the governor.

Dr. Gandybar suddenly felt faint.



As the anti-aircraft shells exploded around the balloon Dr. Gandybar hastily opened an umbrella above their heads.

"Rope?" he repeated, in a quaky voice. "What rope?"

"You mean—there is no rope?" howled the other. "You mean—we're adrift?"

Dr. Gandybar could only nod miserably.

The two unwilling aviators looked down in horrified silence. The school was far below them now. They were going higher and higher and the wind was blowing them along faster and faster!

FOR an hour or so, no one at Gandybar School realised that the headmaster and Mr. Canem, the visiting governor, were missing.

The two men had started their balloon ascent unseen by anyone. Everybody assumed that they had retired to Dr. Gandybar's study for a private discussion on school affairs.

It was Mr. Halfspin, the assistant headmaster, who brought the truth to light.

Mr. Halfspin thought he would nip outside to look at his motorbike. He was very proud of the new machine, and he liked to go and admire it now and again.

The assistant head stopped and gasped. Where was the balloon fabric which he had bought to cover the machine and protect it against the rain?

Mr. Halfspin stormed back to the classroom and angrily demanded if any boy had touched the fabric.

Willie Wizzard slowly rose to his feet.

"I—I took it, sir," he said lamely. "To make a balloon, sir. I did it more or less on Dr. Gandybar's instructions, sir," he added hopefully.

"Dr. Gandybar's instructions?" repeated Mr. Halfspin,

slightly taken aback. Then, "What balloon?" he thundered.

"The one in the quadrangle, sir," replied Willie. "The one we are going to use to clean and paint the gutters outside."

After that, it was soon found that there was no balloon in the quadrangle.

Then someone found the bags of ballast.

Then everyone guessed at once what had happened to Dr. Gandybar and the governor.

"We must telephone somebody!" yelled Mr. Halfspin, in a flutter. "You, Bash! Send out search parties or something! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

Everything was confusion. All the boys were highly delighted, of course, at the thought of their headmaster floating about helpless in the sky!

Willie Wizzard was delighted for another reason, too. Mr. Halfspin had, in his agitation, forgotten completely about the matter of the purloined fabric!

HIGH up in the sky the balloon was silently sweeping along, borne by a strong westerly wind.

It was cold in the basket below the bag of gas.

Dr. Gandybar and the governor huddled together miserably for warmth. Their faces and hands were blue. They were not feeling very friendly towards each other.

"Y-you and your wretched s-s-schoolboy and his m-m-mad inventions," mumbled Mr. Canem, his teeth chattering with the cold.

Dr. Gandybar scowled.

"If y-y-you and the other g-g-governors were not so m-m-mean with the m-m-money we could have had the b-b-builders in," he retorted, blow-

ing on his frigid fingers. "Then we would n-n-never have s-s-seen this b-b-balloon!"

Then it started thundering. At least, there were noises like thunder. There was, however, no sign of any lightning.

Boom! Crump! Crump! Dr. Gandybar looked at the governor. The governor looked at Dr. Gandybar.

"It sounds like..." began the headmaster fearfully.

Crump! Crump! Boom!

"It can't possibly be..." Mr. Canem started to say.

Whee! Thud!

"It's anti-aircraft fire!" howled both the unhappy aviators together.

Then Dr. Gandybar's eyes fell on an umbrella put in by Willie in case of rain. Hastily the head grabbed it and opened it above his head, but the wind was so strong that it nearly took the head out of the basket. So he had to let go and watch it sail away. Anti-aircraft shells were bursting all around the rocking, heaving balloon! Little white puffs of smoke kept appearing a few dozen yards away!

Dr. Gandybar sprang into frantic action.

"Quick!" he yelled, "Help me chuck some more ballast overboard! We must rise higher, out of range!"

The governor leaped to his feet and grabbed some bags of sand. Dr. Gandybar was already slinging bags over the edge of the basket, two at a time.

The balloon started to gain height immediately. Very soon the noise of the anti-aircraft shells, and the white puffs of smoke had been left far below.

"Phew! That was a close one!" breathed Mr. Canem. "A few minutes more and—WOW! Duck, Gandybar! Duck!"

Wheeee!!!

Something screamed past the balloon at the speed of a rocket. The basket swung violently to one side, hurling Dr. Gandybar off his feet and nearly throwing Mr. Canem over the side!

Dr. Gandybar, clinging desperately to a rope, found his voice.

"They are jet planes!" he squeaked.

His companion nodded weakly. "We must have got mixed up with some Air Force exercises!" he wailed.

Mr. Canem was quite right. A big air exercise was taking place that day in the area.

There were jet planes all around the balloon now, diving and climbing, shrieking and whistling.

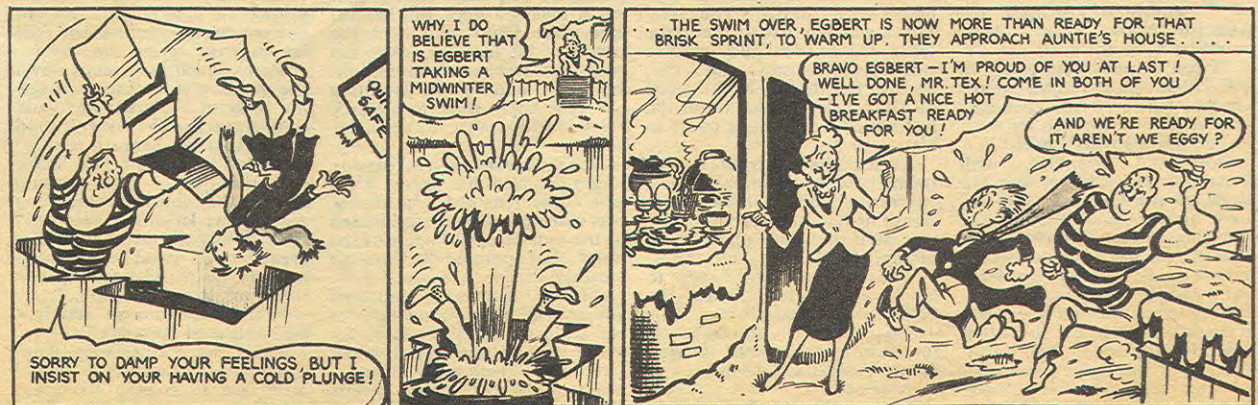
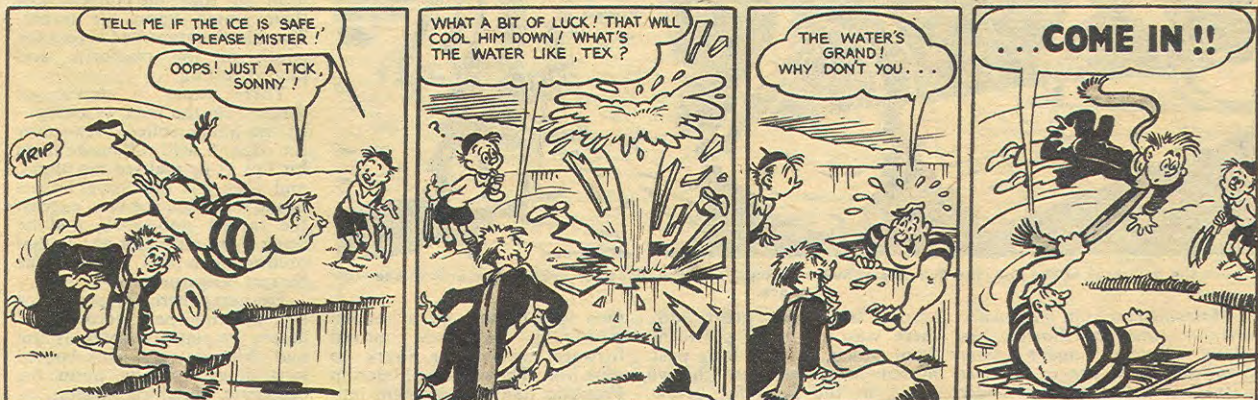
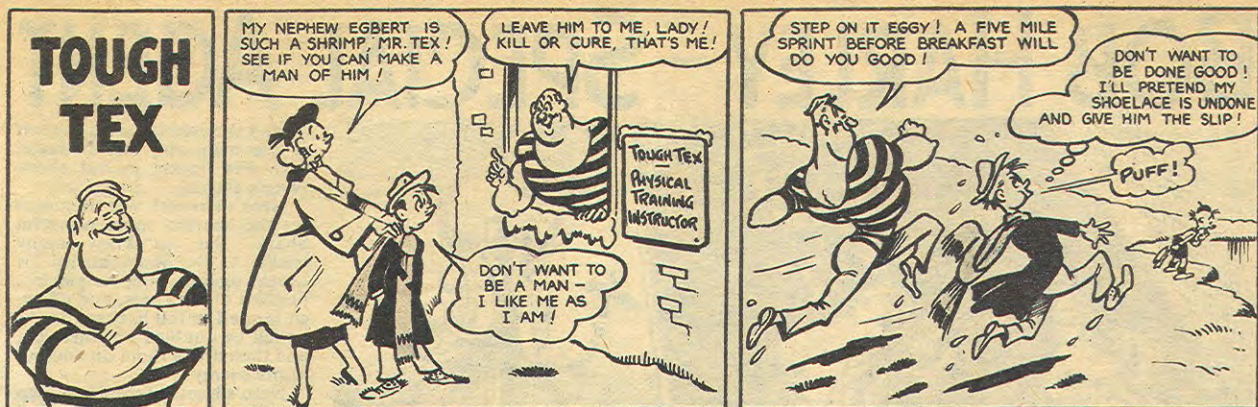
Dr. Gandybar shut his eyes and moaned softly.

Suddenly the noise began to lessen.

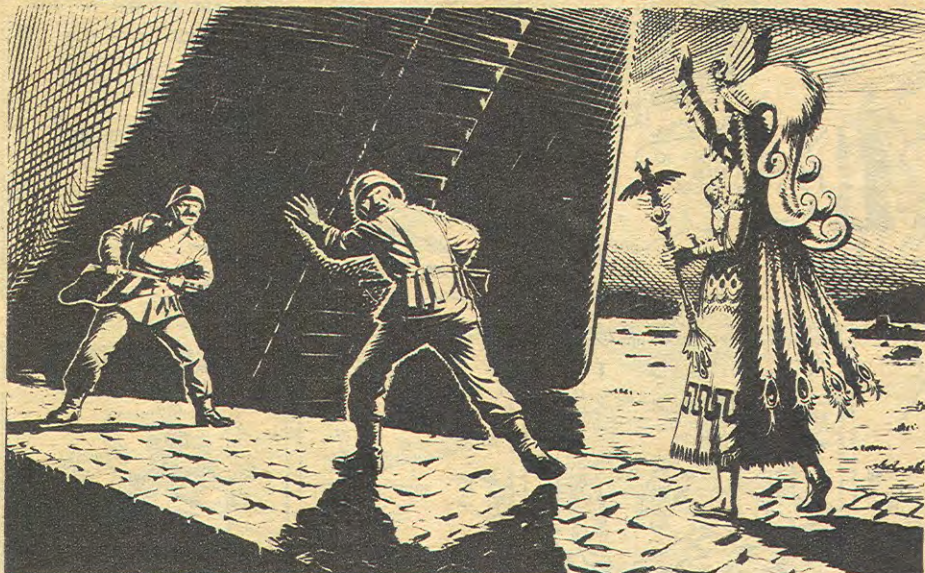
Finally things were quiet enough for Dr. Gandybar to risk opening one cautious eye.

The first thing he saw was Mr. Canem on his knees with his head buried in the remaining bags of sand!

The next thing he noticed was (Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT



"I am the daughter of the Sun, the Princess of Swamp City," said the girl as she raised her arm in the sign of peace.

Malcolm Franklin, millionaire inventor, and Bob Harley, the young Special Agent from Scotland Yard, are in the lost City, deep in the middle of a vast swamp in Incaragua, a South American republic. The Shark, rascally, self-elected President of Incaragua is their prisoner. They had hoped to exchange his freedom for the return of the "Prowler." But events took a strange turn.

Doctor Nero, disguising himself as the Shark planned to seize power for himself. The disguise was easy, for nobody had ever seen the Shark's face. It was always hidden under a mask of steel.

But to Nero's surprise, the Shark himself confronted him. Now, in the ancient temple of the swamp god, the two masked men, the real Shark and the false one, stand face to face!

THE SHARK—free!" gasped Bob Harley. "We left him locked up in that treasure house place. How could he have got out?"

"I don't know," said Franklin softly. "But he has done—that's all that matters. And this may give us just the chance we want to get the 'Prowler' back!"

Bob and Franklin, with Amanda, and Chilka, the old chief, of the Ochoone Indians, were hidden inside the head of the huge stone idol which squatted in the temple of the swamp god. Through the deep-cut eye-holes, they were watching the strange drama which was unfolding across on the other side of the temple.

Around the other three sides of the temple ran a stone gallery, and at the point straight

across from the great idol, there was a sort of platform, from which, in days long past, human sacrifices were thrown down to the pool far below, where giant alligators swam around.

On that platform, the central figures of a tense group, were two men, dressed alike in jack-booted military style, and both wearing upon their heads the strange steel mask by which men recognised the Shark.

Bob and his friends knew that one of the men was really Doctor Nero in disguise, and that the other was truly the Shark himself. But the Incaraguans there—part of the crew of the "Prowler"—were just bewildered.

Here were two Sharks. Only one could be the real one—but which was it? How do you recognise a man who is always disguised—a man whose real face you have never seen?

"This man is false—he is a fake—seize him!" The real Shark was the first to break the tense silence. He had no clue who the imposter might be, and, to tell the truth, the name of Doctor Nero was about the last which would have come to his mind.

As for Nero, his brain was racing madly. Here he was, confronted by the man whose power he had planned to steal—the man he had planned to betray.

"He lies—do not listen to him!" he snarled. "I am the Shark—I am your leader. This—this—" then he had an inspiration "This man is Malcolm Franklin, disguised to trick you!"

The bewildered silence of the

men was broken by a sudden muttering, as they moved forward towards the Shark, to seize him. The name of Malcolm Franklin had roused them into action.

"Wait!" The real Shark's voice was an angry scream. "Fools! Do you not know me? Do you not know my voice? Tear his mask off—see his face for yourselves. I am the Shark—not he!"

The Shark had blundered in saying this, and Nero was quick enough to see it. He laughed wickedly.

"Tear off the mask, then, and you may see a strange face. But how will you know I am me—for you have never seen my face. Tear off his mask—" he pointed dramatically at the real Shark "And maybe you will see a face you do know—the face of Malcolm Franklin!"

Of course, Doctor Nero knew very well that it was not Malcolm Franklin who faced him in that other mask of steel. But he also knew the Shark had kept the secret of his face for years. No man had ever seen him without his mask, and he was gambling on the hope that the Shark would still want to keep his secret.

But if he expected a screaming angry denial of his words, it did not come. Instead, the Shark was staring as though fascinated at the outstretched fingers of the hand that pointed at him so steadily.

"Those fingers!" muttered the Shark. "That yellow stain—the stain of acids! Traitor! his voice rose in a shout, I know you now! I know who you are—Doctor Nero!" His words ended in a scream of fury.

And the Shark hurled himself at the man who had betrayed him. His fingers locked about Nero's throat.

Nero's strength was no match for the heavier, more powerful Shark. But he knew many tricks. As the Shark hurled his weight against him, he yielded, buckled at the knees, and allowed himself to fall backwards. As he fell he doubled his knees up, and then drove them up and out at his enemy.

Nero's booted foot drove into the Shark's middle, and lifted him, so that the fingers lost their clutch upon his throat. The Shark catapulted across the width of the platform, and landed rolling.

There came a chorus of gasps from the men watching—as the Shark rolled over—the edge. A wild yell broke from his lips as he realised his plight, and then his clutching fingers found a grip on the very edge of the carved stonework, and he hung there, fifty feet above that oblong green pool, house of the hungry alligators. . . .

He hung there for perhaps a second, and then Nero leaped across the platform towards him and brought his jack-booted foot down brutally upon the desperate, clutching fingers.

The fingers held, and Nero in a blind fury of rage and terror, lest he be proved for the traitor he was, jumped and stamped again and again.

Still the fingers held—but the centuries-old cement of the stonework did not.

The whole edge of the platform cracked away suddenly, and the two Sharks—real and the false, but equals in evil and villainy—plunged downwards to their doom. . . .

LET'S get away from here!" Malcolm Franklin was first to break the silence that followed the end of that desperate battle. His voice was sober, and a trifle unsteady.

As they turned away from the carved eye-holes through which they had watched the drama, a chatter of excited voices broke out from the Incaraguans across the way.

Franklin led his friends down the winding stone stair through the body of the great idol, and so they reached the underground tunnel that lay beneath it.

"I don't see how The Shark ever got out of that treasure house—that golden shrine thing—where we left him," said Bob. "We bolted the doors with that great bar of wood. There was no way he could have opened the doors from the inside."

"Perhaps someone let him out," guessed Amanda.

They were ascending stairs again now, stairs that would bring them up into the great tent-shaped inside of one of the

stone pyramids of the island city. In the centre of that pyramid stood the little shrine, or temple, of solid gold, where they had left The Shark securely locked up.

Malcolm Franklin flashed his torch at the gleaming thing as they approached it.

The doors were still solidly bolted.

Bob tugged them open, and the beam of Franklin's torch swept over the piled up treasure that lay within the little golden room.

There was nobody there, as they knew there would not be, but...

The treasure had been cleared from one corner, and a gaping black hole showed in the floor, where a slab of stone, fitted with a ring in its centre, had been dragged aside.

A strong draught of fresh air was blowing up from the tunnel beneath.

"Well—now we know how he got out," said Franklin. "That tunnel must lead to the open air somewhere."

"We can get out this way, Señor," said Amanda excitedly. "We can get out without the men from the 'Prowler' seeing us!"

Franklin nodded, and swept his torch over the stack of gems and gold that covered the floor of the shrine. Then it came to rest in one particular spot.

"Wait!" he said. "I've got a plan. Now is our chance to win back the 'Prowler'. There will be a strong guard upon her—more than we can possibly tackle—but they are men without a leader, and I think that we can trick them. Listen—you in particular, Amanda, because this whole scheme depends on you."

The girl nodded eagerly. "Señor—I will do anything you say, for I know that if your plans succeed, then you will help me to free my father. Tell me what I must do."

"You'll need all your courage, Amanda," said Franklin quietly. "Listen..."

NIGHT fell over the swamps and jungles of Incaragua. Bathed in the fitful light of the moon, the island city was an eerie place.

Down in the square basin of the ancient dock, where centuries ago ships had berthed—that was in the days when the swamp had been an inland sea—the "Prowler" stood.

It looked strange, and out of place—a great, armour-plated monster, as big as a battleship. Its powerful twin head-lights were switched on, flooding the quayside with a light as bright as day. On the quayside sentries paced back and forth, loaded Tommy-guns slung loosely under their right arms.

Inside the "Prowler" were around thirty men—hand-picked toughs from the Incaraguan commando battalions. Twenty or more of their comrades were still ashore, camped

in the city itself.

As Franklin had said, they were men without a leader. But they were agreed on one thing. There must be hidden treasure somewhere in this fabulous city—and they meant to find it.

Suddenly one of the sentries halted in his pacing, and peered intently into the gloom of the city beyond the flood-lit quay.

"What is it, Caspar?" his comrade had come to his side.

"Something moved—there!"

Caspar pointed with his left hand. Something was moving in the shadows.

It came towards them, and resolved itself into a figure, gleaming strangely with bright flashes of colour, and the duller gleam of yellow gold.

It was a girl, strangely clad in a regalia of gold and jewels that must have been worth a king's ransom. Caspar caught his breath, and he and his comrade stood open mouthed, and gazing at the unearthly figure. In this setting, amid the shadows of the ancient buildings, and with

the traitor, Doctor Nero. Your master, The Shark, bade me tell you this, and summon you to his presence, in the pyramid of the great treasure!"

The two men held a whispered consultation, and then one darted away into the "Prowler". He returned a few minutes later, followed by the crew officer who being the senior man remaining on the craft, had taken command. Behind him crowded most of the remaining thirty men from within the "Prowler".

They listened amazed, while the girl repeated her story.

"Why doesn't the Shark come himself?" the crew officer wanted to know.

"Fool!" the girl spat the word at him. "Does a great commander run errands? He sent his message by me, his friend, and bids you meet him in the pyramids of the great treasure. I am to conduct you there, and you are to guard the treasure until he comes."

"But what of the others? The squad who went ashore with

they threw themselves upon it—they ran their fingers through great piles of gems, they dangled golden chains, and they danced around with splendid golden helmets upon their heads.

The fabled treasure of the secret city was theirs!

They were rich!

Not one of them noticed that their guide had slipped silently away!

Bob Harley was waiting for Amanda where the tunnel came out in the house of the High Priest.

"Good girl!" he whispered, "We've done it! We've got the 'Prowler' back. There were only three men left aboard her, and two of them were asleep! Anyway—awake or asleep, they're all trussed up, and the 'Prowler' is ours again!"

They sprinted across the floodlit quayside—to have put those lights out would have aroused the suspicions of the men stationed in the city—and across the steel gangway that led to the doors of the "Prowler", which were underneath the body of the great machine, at the front.

Malcolm Franklin, up in the control cabin of his great craft, watched them, and after they had vanished from his sight, listened for the sound of their feet within the hull of the "Prowler". Then he reached out, and pressed a button on the control panel.

The gangway slid smoothly inward and upward, driven by silent-running electric motors. The massive steel sliding doors slid shut.

Now they were safe! The "Prowler" was shut and sealed, and nothing short of an Atom bomb could force a way into it.

The first inkling that the Incaraguans in the island city had of their loss was the mighty thunder of the "Prowler's" engines.

As the men who had come ashore with Doctor Nero ran for the quayside, they met the others, who had been guided to the treasure chamber by Amanda.

And as they all stood watching the great grey machine ploughing out across the swamp, they started blaming each other and quarrelling.

But whoever was to blame for the loss of the "Prowler", the truth was that they were stranded in the island treasure city, surrounded by miles of swamp and jungle. Gold and gems in plenty were around them, but of what use was treasure without freedom?

THE Castillo, the huge grim fortress which looked down upon the streets of Porto Visto from the heights behind the city, was swathed in the mist of early morning.

Sentries paced round the battlements, seeing on one side Porto Visto spread out below them, and on the other side, the countless miles of green jungle that lay inland.

(Continued on page 17)

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

A GRAND NEW BOB HARLEY YARN

BOB HARLEY and the SILVER MOLE! DON'T MISS IT!

the moonlight playing strange tricks, they would have been prepared to believe that she was a ghost.

But she came forward, right into the bright lights of the "Prowler's" headlamps, and they could see that she was as real and alive as they were. She raised her right hand, palm outward, in the age-old sign of peace, and spoke.

"I am the daughter of the Sun, the Princess of the Swamp-city. I am the descendant of the great Emperor Pultapac." She was speaking the language of the Ochoones, the Indian tribe who were all that remained of the people who had built this city, long ages ago. In some ways, it was not unlike the modern Incaraguan tongue, and the men could understand her. She went on:

"Take me to your leader. I bear a message from he who wears the mask of steel—he whom you call The Shark!"

The two soldiers exchanged glances. They had, of course, heard the story of what had happened that afternoon in the temple of the Swamp God, when The Shark had perished.

"The Shark is not dead," said the girl, as though she had read their thoughts. "Neither of those who perished this afternoon was the true Shark. Both were impostors. One was the man Franklin. The other was

old Nero?"

"They are asleep. The boy Harley drugged their food. They are helpless." She stepped back a pace, and pointed into the city. "Come—your master the Shark awaits you!"

The girl turned her back on them, and marched forward up the ancient street. The men hesitated for a moment, and then followed.

Amanda—for it was she—breathed a silent sigh of relief. The scheme was working!

The precious trappings she wore they had found in the golden shrine. It was the sight of them, lying there on the floor in the light of his torch, that had given Malcolm Franklin his idea.

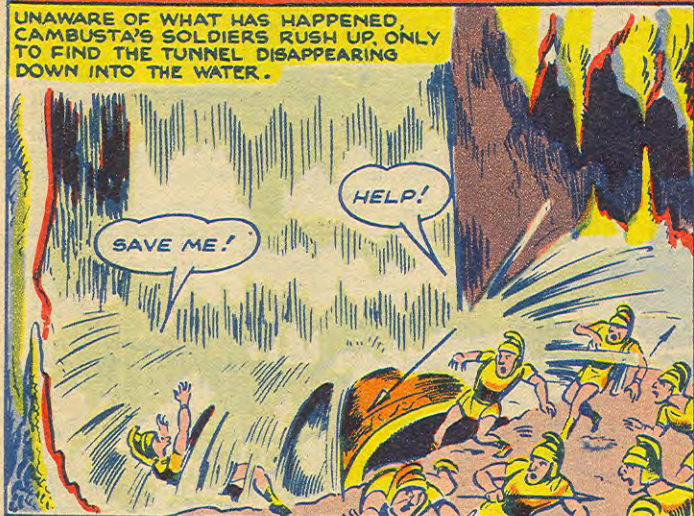
Amanda led them through the streets to what had been the house of the High Priest of the pyramid. From the innermost room of the house, she led them along a secret tunnel, the tunnel which came out within the golden shrine, and through which the ill-fated Shark had made his escape.

For of course, it had been the Shark who had plunged to his doom with Doctor Nero.

The men following her were wary, suspicious—until they saw the gleam of piled-up gold in the treasure chamber, and then they forgot everything else but that!

With cries of greedy wonder,

UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, CAMBUSTA'S SOLDIERS RUSH UP ONLY TO FIND THE TUNNEL DISAPPEARING DOWN INTO THE WATER.



THE STRANGE MAN INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO THE GALLANT PARTY AS THEY FOLLOW HIM ALONG THE TUNNEL.



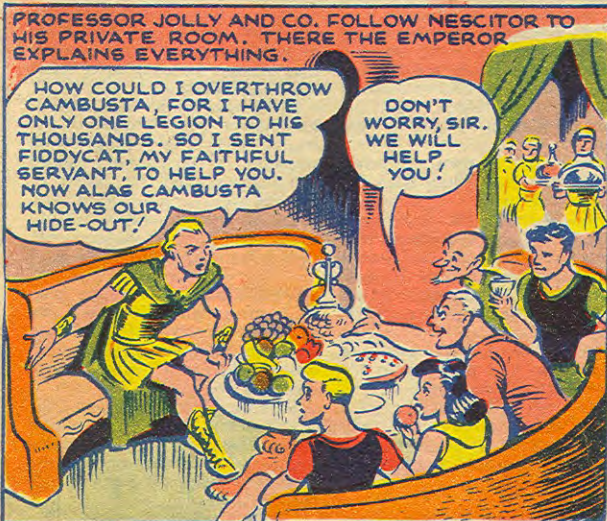
THE DOORS OPEN AS IF BY MAGIC, AS JOMO LEADS PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. TO THE EMPEROR NESCTOR.



AS JOMO SPEAKS, A TALL KINDLY LOOKING MAN STEPS FORWARD WITH OUTSTRETCHED HAND.



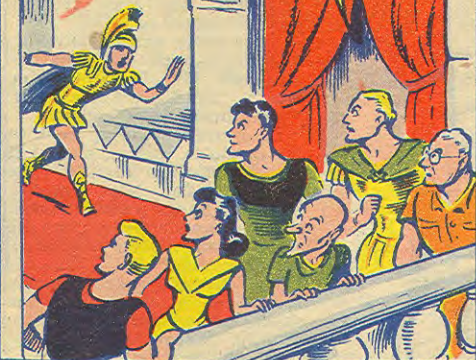
PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. FOLLOW NESCTOR TO HIS PRIVATE ROOM. THERE THE EMPEROR EXPLAINS EVERYTHING.



SUDDENLY----

SIRE! SIRE!
CAMBUSTA'S
LEGIONS ARE
MAKING READY
TO ATTACK!

THEN
THERE IS NO
TIME TO LOSE!
QUICK, COME
WITH ME!



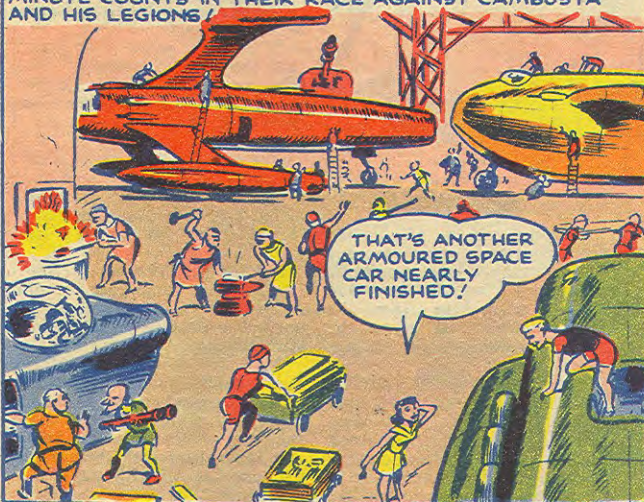
THE EMPEROR NESCIOR LEADS PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. TO
AN ANCIENT UNDERGROUND WORKSHOP.

THIS IS ONE
OF THE WORKSHOPS
THAT OUR ANCESTORS
USED. BUT I'M
AFRAID WE HAVE LOST
THE ART OF MAKING
MACHINES.

THIS IS FINE!
JUST GIVE US THE
MEN, EMPEROR,
AND WE WILL
START AT ONCE!



PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. SET TO WORK, FOR EVERY
MINUTE COUNTS IN THEIR RACE AGAINST CAMBUSTA
AND HIS LEGIONS.



THAT'S ANOTHER
ARMoured SPACE
CAR NEARLY
FINISHED!

MEANWHILE KOSMO TEACHES NESCIOR'S
SOLDIERS HOW TO DRIVE EACH SPACE CAR.



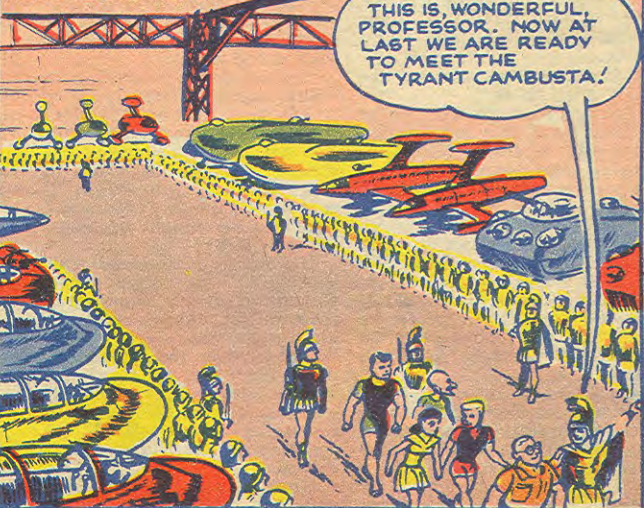
NOW FOLLOW
MY INSTRUCTIONS
CLOSELY!

MEANWHILE CAMBUSTA IS MARSHALLING HIS
LEGIONS READY FOR WAR!



NO-ONE WILL EVER
OVERCOME THE
MIGHT OF MY
ARMY!

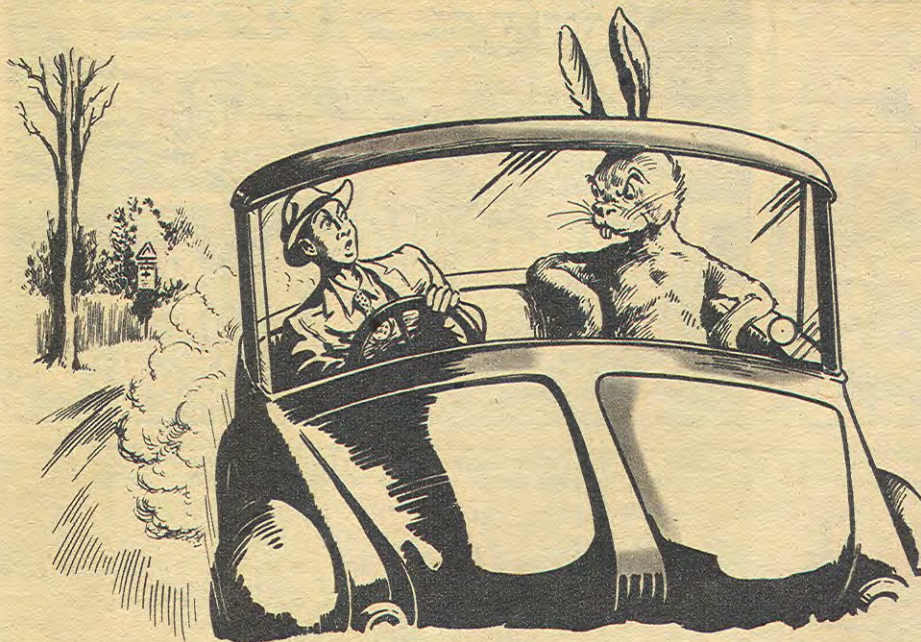
BUT UNKNOWN TO CAMBUSTA,
NESCIOR IS READY.



THIS IS, WONDERFUL,
PROFESSOR. NOW AT
LAST WE ARE READY
TO MEET THE
TYRANT CAMBUSTA!

MICK MAKES A MOTORIST SEE A RABBIT—SIX FEET TALL!

MICK THE MOON BOY



When Mr. Bragg found a rabbit sitting beside him, he got the shock of his life! "I want a word with you!" said the rabbit severely.

COUNTRY BOUND

"WELL, I guess we've seen most of the sights of London, Hank," said Mick the Moon Boy to his pal Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy. "The main ones, anyway. So what about you and me setting off to see the rest of Britain?"

"Sure!" cried Hank eagerly. "I'm just dyin' to see them old, historic castles and abbeys and places what I've heard about. How'll we go? By train?"

"No, the old car we hired at Christmas will suit us better, then we can go anywhere we like without having to hang about waiting for trains," said Mick.

"Sure, let's go and get the car!" cried Hank.

Leaving most of their luggage at their hotel, they left London later that morning. Mick was driving and, as they rattled gaily away into the country, he said:

"She's a bit of an old rattle-trap this bus, but we're in no hurry. Anyway, I can easily make her shift, if ever we want her to."

"Yeah, I'll say you can!" agreed Hank admiringly, for he knew the marvellous scientific powers of the boy from the Moon.

They drove on until they were well out into the quiet and pleasant countryside and Hank was thrilled and delighted with everything he saw.

"Them fields and woods all seem so mighty small compared

to the wide, open prairies and forests of America," he said. "But they're a lot cuter and prettier. And, say, just look at that tiny li'l rabbit there!" he cried excitedly, pointing ahead to a baby rabbit which had suddenly jumped out on to the road from the hedge-side.

Next instant a big, powerful red car overtook them from behind and swept on ahead of them. As it did so, its driver deliberately swerved towards the little baby rabbit which seemed too paralysed with terror to move.

By a miracle the wheels missed it, then the huge car swerved again and roared on along the road to vanish from view round a bend.

"Hey, didja see that?" cried Hank angrily. "That guy tried to kill that li'l rabbit. Whaffor? The pore li'l thing hasn't done him any harm."

"No, he just did it out of sheer cruelty," said Mick. "I reckon he's the sort of guy who needs to be taught a lesson. We'll fix him!"

He took from his pocket what looked like a little silver pencil. He pointed it at the engine of their old car and pressed a tiny knob at the end.

As he did so, the engine took on a far more powerful and sweeter note and the car simply whizzed forward as Mick took it tearing in pursuit of the speeding red car and its brutal driver.

Hank knew perfectly well what had happened, of course.

The thing which Mick had taken from his pocket was one of the marvellous scientific instruments which he had brought with him from the Moon and it had given the engine new and terrific super-charged power.

The car was travelling at such a speed that the smart car soon came into view. As Mick quickly overhauled it, he took one hand from the driving wheel and made a queer sort of motion with it. As he did so, both he and Hank became completely invisible, which was just another of the wonderful scientific secrets long known to the Moon Men.

A few moments later the driver of the red car got the shock of his life—for he was overhauled by a rickety-looking old car going faster than he was, but with nobody in it!

The driver, a cocky, cheeky young man named Mr. Bragg, stared at the driverless car with his eyes bulging like golf balls. Then as the car swerved right in front of him and slowed down, he jammed on his brakes and stopped to avoid crashing into it.

The driverless car had also stopped. Thrusting open his driving seat door, Mr. Bragg jumped out and hastened forward to examine the mysterious car.

But as he leaned over it, staring inside it, it suddenly shot forward again, sending him sprawling flat on his back on the road.

Howling with rage and pain and more mystified than ever he got himself to his feet. The driverless car was cruising away along the road.

"I've never known anything like it, hanged if I have!" muttered Mr. Bragg, glaring after it. "But I'm going to get to the bottom of this somehow!"

He limped painfully back to his own car, got in, started it up and set off in pursuit of the mysterious car. Next moment, however, he got another shock. For someone tapped him on the shoulder and a deep voice said:

"Excuse me!"

Mr. Bragg looked quickly round. As he did so, all the shocks he had already had were nothing to the shock he got then. In fact he got such a terrible shock that he jumped up in the air and screamed.

For sitting beside him was an enormous rabbit the size of a man or even bigger!

"I want a word with you," said the rabbit severely. "You tried to kill my baby nephew Clarence away back there along the road. What did you do it for?"

The terrified Mr. Bragg didn't pause to explain what he'd done it for. He jammed his brakes on as hard as he could and tried to thrust open the driving seat door.

"What did you do it for?" roared the huge rabbit and caught him a crack across the ear with its paw which nearly stunned him.

"HELP!" howled Mr. Bragg nearly fainting with fright.

He managed to get the door open and almost fell out on to the road so great was his haste. But that didn't help him a bit, because the rabbit jumped out after him.

Taking to his heels, Mr. Bragg rushed along the road at a speed that would have broken the world record for a hundred yards.

But even so, the rabbit was right behind, running with an easy stride, and every so often he would give Mr. Bragg a push in the back. This so scared Mr. Bragg that he left the road and started to run across some fields. And this being more to the rabbit's liking than Mr. Bragg's, caused that terrified man more worry and many stumbles.

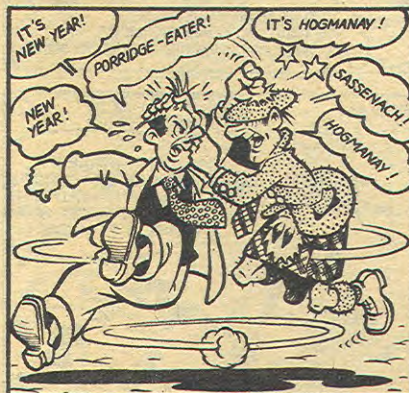
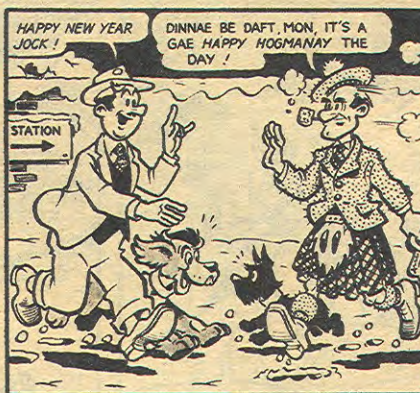
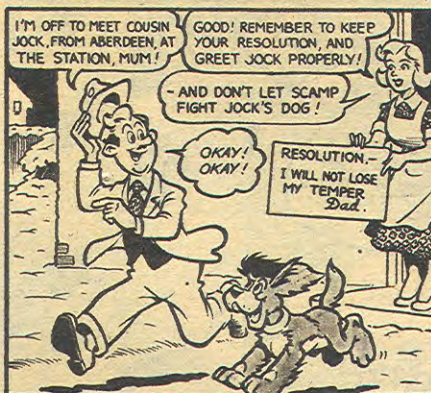
Suddenly the rabbit stopped dead in its tracks. Mr. Bragg didn't notice this and kept on running. Round the field he went, turning at each corner. Imagine his surprise as he started to go round the field for the second time, to see the rabbit leaning against a tree, chin on paw, watching him rushing along.

With a squeal of surprise Mr. Bragg turned sharply and rushed back the way he had come.

(Continued opposite)



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from page 12)

Once again the rabbit followed him, running softly along behind him.

Reaching a young silver birch tree at the edge of the road, he scrambled up it like a squirrel. When he got to the topmost branches he looked down. The rabbit was still there.

"Please—please go away!" screamed the terrified Mr. Bragg. "I d-didn't mean to chase your nephew, honest I didn't!"

The rabbit didn't say a word. Instead, he gripped one of the lower branches in his paws and began to swing on it. Slowly the tree began to sway and the terrified Mr. Bragg had to hold on for all he was worth. Finding it unsafe after a while, he tried to climb down. But he had only got half way when he slipped. With a howl of terror he hurtled down into the bushes along the edge of the road.

He didn't stay there very long, either! For he suddenly saw the rabbit glaring at him over the top of a bush.

"Help! Keep off! Don't touch me—aw, please, don't touch me!" screamed Mr. Bragg jumping to his feet and tearing madly away along the road.

The rabbit bounded after

him and it touched him all right. In fact it kept giving him most terrific punches which nearly knocked him flat on his face and between each punch it kept demanding:

"What did you try to run over young Clarence for, you wicked monster!"

"I didn't!" screamed the terrified Mr. Bragg. "I never meant to. It was an accident!"

"Fibber!" thundered the rabbit and caught him a crack which really did knock him flat on his face.

As he lay sprawling, crying like the great coward he was and too terrified to get up, a police car came along the road behind him and pulled up. A uniformed copper jumped out and yanked him to his feet, demanding:

"What's the matter with you? Have you been knocked down or what?"

"Yes, I've bur-bur-been knocked down by a great bur-bur-big rabbit," sobbed Mr. Bragg. "Don't let it touch me!" he yelled flinging his arms round the copper and clinging to him. "Keep it off!"

"You're mad!" cried the copper. "There's no rabbit here!"

Still clinging tightly to the copper, Mr. Bragg looked fearfully about him. There was no sign of the big rabbit anywhere.

"There wur-wur was one," he stammered.

"Rubbish!" snorted the copper. "You must have been dreaming. Is that your car away back there along the road?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bragg, who was still so dazed and frightened that he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Ho, is it?" cried the copper. "It's a stolen car, let me tell you, and I'm taking you in charge for stealing it!"

Mr. Bragg, who really was a car thief, got a very long prison sentence. He spent most of it frantically trying to figure out about the driverless car and the big rabbit.

He didn't know that the invisible Mick had hopped into the red car and put the fluence on him and made him dream about the rabbit. And it had been such a very real and vivid sort of a dream that Mr. Bragg really had jumped out of the car and run along the road until he had tripped and fallen sprawling.

It had been a perfect nightmare in fact. But Mr. Bragg never guessed that, for the simple reason that he didn't know there was such a person as Mick the Moon Boy with his wonderful powers.

Next week: Mick and Hank have some more extraordinary adventures in their travels round England!

THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING

Hullo there, folks,

Over the page you'll find some grand pictures telling my story of the "White Redman's Secret," and in case you've missed the beginning of it, I'll tell you what's happened up until now.

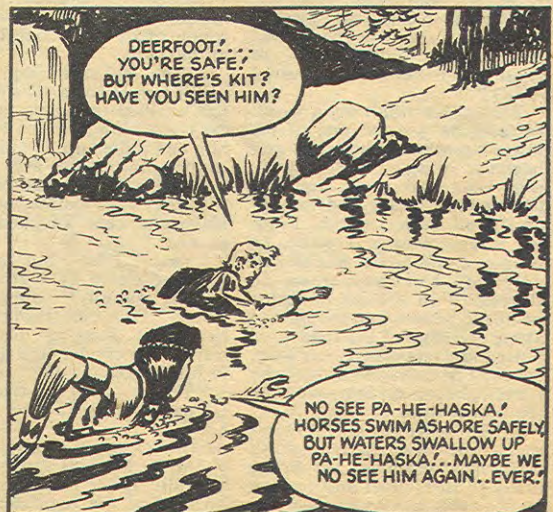
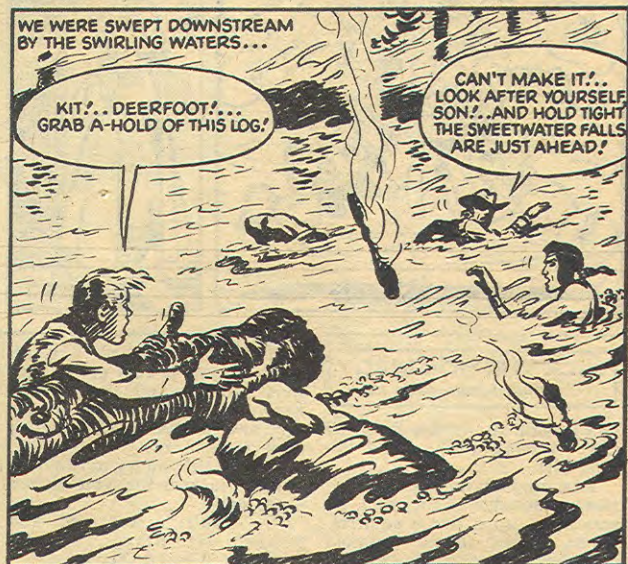
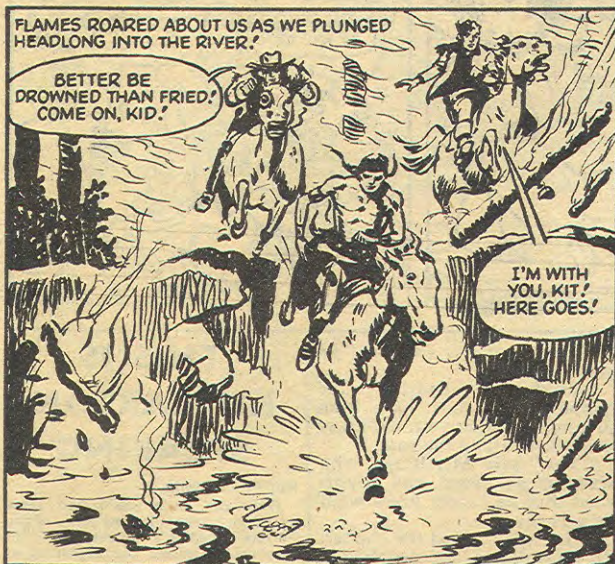
This is the tale of two brothers who grew up without knowing each other. Their parents were killed in an Indian raid. One grew up with white folks and was called Dan Butler. The other grew up as Deerfoot, Chief of the Teton Sioux tribe.

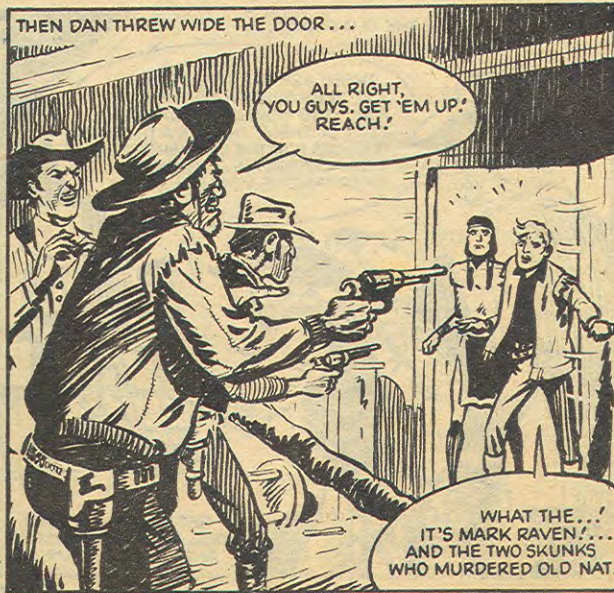
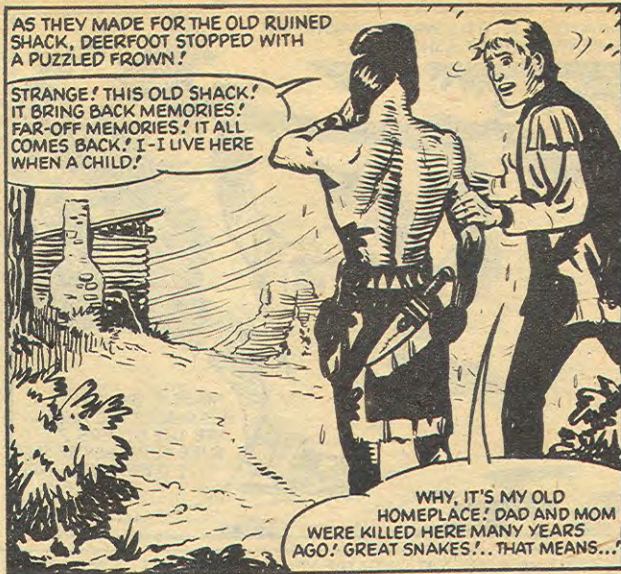
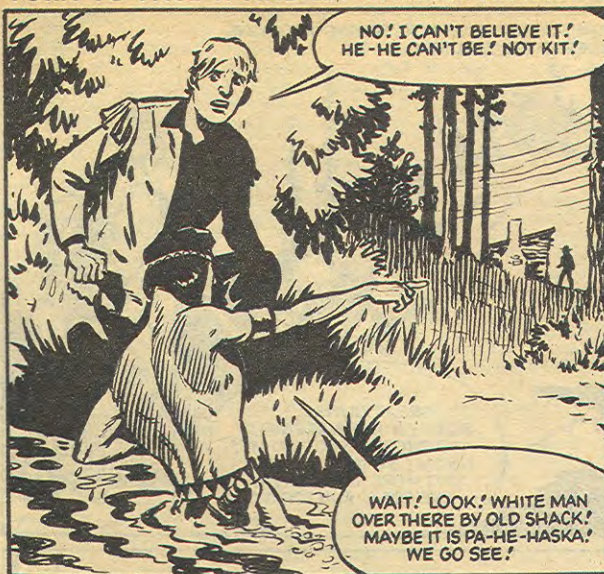
Attempts to kill Dan were made by Mark Raven, an Englishman who knew a valuable secret about him, and by Cinnamon Bill and Tom Stack, a couple of outlaws who were in league with Raven. Also after Dan, was a cavalry officer, Lieutenant Kenrick was his name, who had an old score to settle with Dan.

Well, folks, after a number of narrow escapes we got into the worst jam. We were confronted by three, huge grizzly bears in a cave. We scrambled up the wall for safety but Dan lost his hold and I had to shoot one of the bears to save him. The noise of my gun brought the roof down and Grey Bear, Deerfoot's old friend, was killed.

We escaped from the cave on some Indian ponies but had only ridden a short way when Deerfoot gave a shout and pointed ahead. Right in our path was a wall of fire. It was death to go forward and death to go back!

THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN



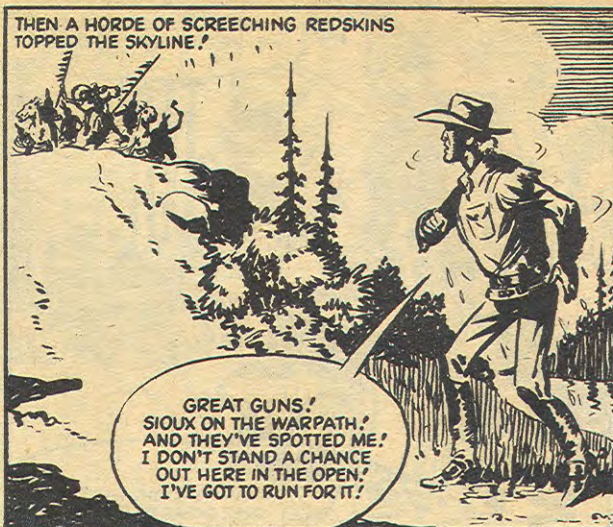


MEANTIME, A LITTLE WAYS DOWNSTREAM, I HEAVED MYSELF ASHORE...



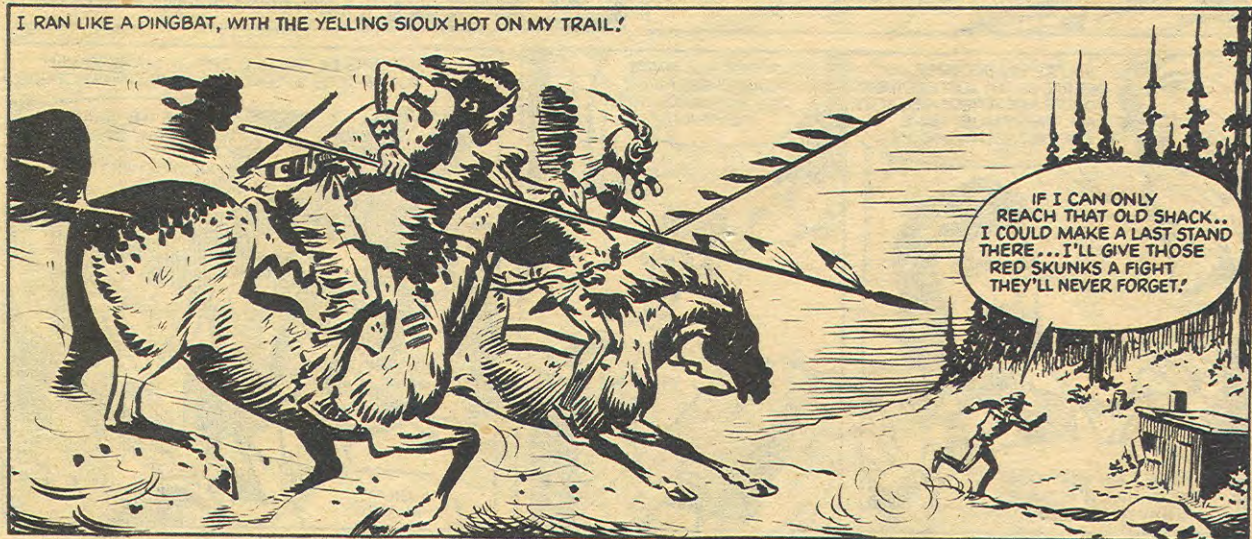
MADE IT, BY HOKEY!... BUT WHERE THE HECK ARE THE OTHERS? I SURE HOPE THEY'RE SAFE... I'D BETTER SEARCH FOR THEM...

THEN A HORDE OF SCREECHING REDSKINS TOPPED THE SKYLINE.



GREAT GUNS! SIOUX ON THE WARPATH! AND THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! I DON'T STAND A CHANCE OUT HERE IN THE OPEN. I'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!

I RAN LIKE A DINGBAT, WITH THE YELLING SIOUX HOT ON MY TRAIL!



IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT OLD SHACK... I COULD MAKE A LAST STAND THERE... I'LL GIVE THOSE RED SKUNKS A FIGHT THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

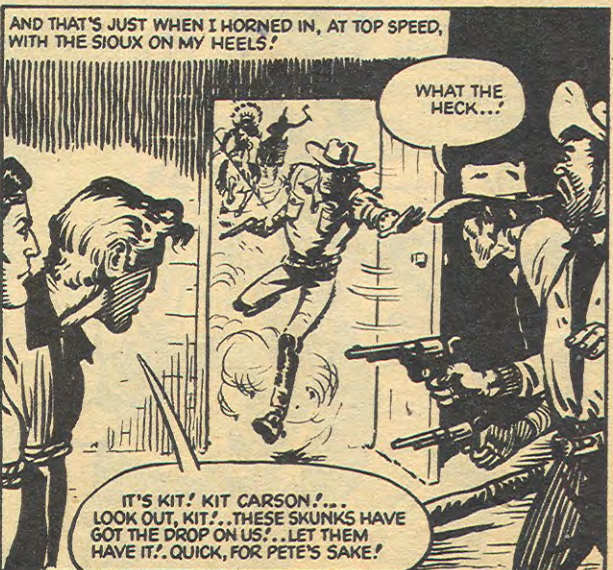
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE OLD SHACK...



THESE ARE THE TWO BRATS I'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE WEST FOR. AND NOW I'VE GOT THEM. BOTH OF THEM. THERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE MAN WHO FINISHES THEM OFF FOR ME... THEN THE INHERITANCE IS MINE! ALL MINE!

GET YOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS READY, MISTER, AND LEAVE IT TO US...

AND THAT'S JUST WHEN I HORNED IN, AT TOP SPEED, WITH THE SIOUX ON MY HEELS!



WHAT THE HECK...

IT'S KIT! KIT CARSON!... LOOK OUT, KIT!... THESE SKUNKS HAVE GOT THE DROP ON US... LET THEM HAVE IT! QUICK, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

Enemies in front and enemies behind! What can Kit do? You'll find out next week!

One of the sentries halted in his pacing, and stood listening.

Yes—there was a new sound borne on the morning air—a sound which was getting nearer. It was the clattering rumble of a huge machine.

But the Incaraguans had grown to know that sound of late. It was the sound of the "Prowler"—the mighty machine that their leader, the Shark, had taken from the inventor, Franklin. Over the radio, the Shark had told his people that Franklin was a war-monger, and that he had taken the "Prowler" so that Incaragua could be strong and peaceful.

The "Prowler" came into view, breasting the green jungle like a ship ploughing through the waves.

With a beaming smile, the sentry hurried to the telephone post, and reported to the commandant of the fortress that the "Prowler" had been sighted, and that it was following the banks of the Porto Visto river. Doubtless it would pass close by the Castillo . . . Possibly the Shark himself would be at the observation turret on top of the great machine, and he would survey the Castillo—his great prison-fortress—as he swept past on the way to Porto Visto.

In a little under ten minutes, the commandant of the Castillo had turned out a full guard of honour, and had them lined up upon the battlements in their bright red uniforms to present arms as their great leader passed.

The commandant swelled with pride, as he watched the "Prowler" swing aside from the line of the river, and take a course that would bring it close to the fortress.

The Shark was honouring him, he thought!

His pleasure turned to dismay as the "Prowler" forged straight up the mountain-side, and ploughed through the fifteen foot thick walls of the Castillo as though they were made of sand. It came to rest within a few feet of the keep itself, with all its mighty guns trained upon the walls.

The commandant had no way of knowing that there were only four people within, and that, at a pinch they might have managed to man and fire just

two of the smaller guns!

He quaked with terror, and his jaw dropped open with amazement.

Looking through the armour glass of the front observation "blister", Malcolm Franklin, at the controls, was close enough to see the look on the man's face, and he chuckled inwardly.

Then the inventor picked up a microphone which connected with loud-speakers fitted into the outside skin of the "Prowler".

His voice thundered out like the voice of a giant upon the still morning air. He was speaking in Incaraguan, coached carefully by Amanda, who stood near him.

"You have ten minutes, señor commandant!" he said. "Ten minutes in which to release the English crew of the 'Prowler' from your dungeons, and also General Prando. General Prando is your rightful ruler, and you are guilty of high treason in holding him prisoner. Set him free at once! If you refuse to obey, or you harm one hair of your prisoners' heads, I shall smash the Castillo open like a rotten nut, and set them free myself!"

The look upon the commandant's face was so ridiculous that Franklin could hardly keep his voice from shaking with laughter.

"Just give the orders, Señor Commandant—do not try to move. Remember, I have one of my smaller guns aimed at you personally!"

The commandant had seen that gun. Its black muzzle was pointed unerringly at him.

The commandant gulped, and in an unsteady voice, gave the orders for the prisoners to be set free.

Within the half hour, the "Prowler" was fully manned and on its way down to the coast. And General Prando, reunited with his daughter Amanda, was a free man again.

A WEEK passed—a week in which Porto Visto was agog with excitement at the strange story of recent events which had been unfolded to them by General Prando.

Speaking on the wireless, he had told them of the treachery of the Shark—of his mad

schemes, that might easily have plunged the little country into war and utter ruin.

Now, it was Saturday, and all Porto Visto was in gala mood. Thousands of people thronged the big square in front of the President's palace. The cheering rose to a thunderous roar as the little figure of the general appeared on the steps, accompanied by Malcolm Franklin and Bob Harley, and his daughter Amanda. He raised his hands for silence.

"My friends!" he cried "I do not need to tell you the debt of gratitude we all owe to our gallant friends, Señor Franklin, and Señor Harley. Thanks to them, the Shark is no more—for they saw him for the villain he was, while I . . ." General Prando shrugged ruefully . . . "I trusted him, and played right into his evil hands. I am a wiser man now, my friends, thanks to Malcolm Franklin."

The general waited till the storm of cheering had died down, and then went on.

"There is more to it than that. The Shark squandered the money of this country, until there was hardly anything left. As the English say—we were 'broke'. Now we are rich people again, for the treasures of the island city are ours. Helicopters have flown there and brought away the traitors who were left stranded there. They would have stood trial for high treason, but I have decided to give them a free pardon—for they, like myself, were deceived by the Shark."

There was more cheering, and then the little general went on.

"I cannot reward my dear friends enough—but I can give them some small token of what we all feel towards them. . . ."

He clapped his hands, and from the doorway of the palace behind him came two powerful commando soldiers, who had to use all their strength to push a small truck before them.

The truck was piled high with gleaming, shimmering treasure. And upon the very top was a great golden sceptre, with a diamond the size of hen's egg set into one ornate end.

"Take this treasure, my gallant friend—share it among your men. It does to equal one thousandth part of what you have done for us!" cried General Prando.

TWO days later the "Prowler" headed out to sea. The waves of the Pacific rose higher and higher as it ploughed into deeper and deeper water.

Bob Harley and Franklin watched the coast dropping out of sight from the observation turret on the top.

In the "Prowler's" strong-room was a treasure that made up for all their hardships. But as Malcolm Franklin said, it was nothing to the treasure they were leaving behind.

For there was nobody in Incaragua, from General Prando himself, right down to the humblest peasant, who wouldn't have been proud to shake them by the hand, and to call them friends!

Be sure to read the first thrill-packed pages of "Bob Harley and the Silver Mole." It starts next week!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK for your Album numbers here, Spotters! If yours is on this week's list of a thousand—given below—you may send up for a present—free!

All those with numbers between 36,000 and 36,500 inclusive, and between 61,000 and 61,500 inclusive, may claim.

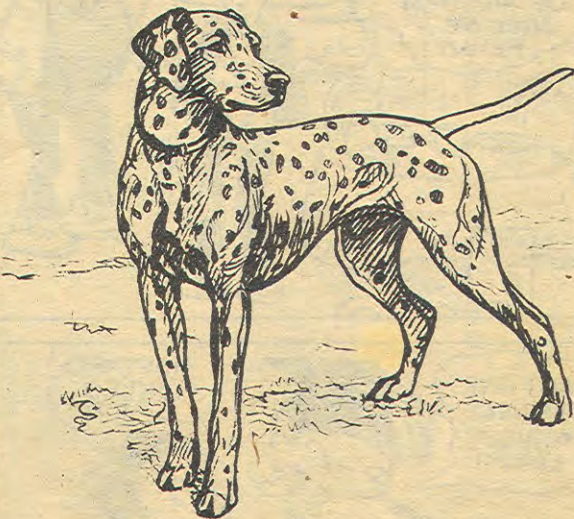
Yes, if your number's come up you can choose any one of these: Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Wrist Compass, Jack Knife, Autograph Album, Ball Point Pen, or a Water Pistol.

All you do is write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"—making sure at the same time that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Now, on a postcard or piece of paper, write the name of the character or story you like most in COMET—and in a few words say why. Post both Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to:

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

It must arrive by Tuesday, January 20th, 1953—so hurry! We will be sending out presents about a week after this date and the Albums will be returned at the same time.

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS



No. 23. DALMATIAN

"Carriage dogs", "Plum Pudding dogs", "Spotted dogs", are some of the names by which a Dalmatian is known. About 20 to 22 inches high, these dogs have a free, long-striding action. The black or liver spots should be even in size and distribution. Loyalty, long memories and affection make these dogs really grand pals.

that the balloon was losing height rapidly!

The third thing he saw was a tall factory chimney—and they were heading straight for it!

"Hey!" the headmaster shouted excitedly, prodding his companion.

"Mph, gluph," mumbled Mr. Canem, keeping his head down amongst the ballast.

Dr. Gandybar shot another glance towards the factory chimney. It was less than twenty yards away!

With a howl, the headmaster grabbed at the governor's legs and pulled him clear of the ballast. "Quick, quick!" he yammered.

"What now?" wailed Mr. Canem.

"Abandon ship!" shrieked Dr. Gandybar. "I mean, look out! That is—jump!"

In another second, with nothing more than a gentle bump, the balloon and basket cannoned into the very top of the chimney.

As the balloon bounced up a few feet Dr. Gandybar flung out his arms frantically.

His hands clasped the lightning conductor which stuck upwards above the top of the chimney.

Dr. Gandybar hung on grimly. Mr. Canem, with his eyes clenched tight, grabbed the headmaster's coat tails!

The balloon swept on, still falling fast. It left its two

passengers hanging in space, clinging desperately to the lightning conductor!

"Open your eyes!" screeched Dr. Gandybar. "Move your feet about! Try to get on to the top of the chimney!"

Mr. Canem did not open his eyes, but he did move one foot gingerly.

It came to rest firmly on the top rung of an iron ladder which ran right down the side of the chimney to the ground.

As he felt something firm beneath him the governor became a little bolder. Cautiously he moved his other foot on to the ladder.

Slowly he let go of Dr. Gandybar's coat tail!

He took a tottering step downwards.

"Whew!" he breathed, feeling safe now, and opened his eyes.

Mr. Canem took one look downwards, saw the ground far below, moaned, and shut his eyes again!

Up above him, Dr. Gandybar was edging his way down the lightning conductor. Inch by inch he descended, till at last his feet touched the ladder too.

"Don't dawdle, man!" he snapped to the trembling governor. "Just keep stepping downwards! This ladder goes all the way to the ground. We're safe now!"

Step by step the two men came down the chimney. Now

and again they stopped to get their breath, or to fight a moment's dizziness.

At last they were only fifteen feet from the solid ground. There was a sound of great cheering from below.

Risking a glance downwards Dr. Gandybar saw that a huge crowd had gathered. Most of the people were waving their hats.

In the forefront of the crowd was a portly man dressed in a bright check shirt. He was cheering louder than anyone else.

Down and down the two men went, many willing arms stretched up to help them, and finally their feet touched the earth again!

Dr. Gandybar felt his hand being shaken vigorously.

"Stupendous!" the check-shirted one chortled. "That was some of the finest stunt work I ever did see, brother! Sam Q. Shootem of Miraculous Pictures is mighty proud to shake your hand, pardner!"

Dr. Gandybar gazed at him in astonishment.

"We photographed every thrill-packed foot of that gigantic, daredevil descent," Mr. Shootem rattled on. "It'll be the greatest scene in the entire colossal production, my friend! I dunno how you knew we wanted some stunt work done up there, but you mighty sure earned yourself a nice fat

cheque, brother!"

He thrust a piece of paper into the dumbfounded headmaster's hands.

Dr. Gandybar looked at it, goggle-eyed. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds!

Somebody coughed politely by his ear. It was Mr. Canem.

"Er, that cheque can be used to finish off the school decorating," he suggested. "I—er—I think it would be advisable to get the gutters painted by a firm of decorators after all!"

Dr. Gandybar winced. Then he caught sight of a crumpled mass of fabric and basket on top of a nearby roof. It was all that was left of Willie's balloon.

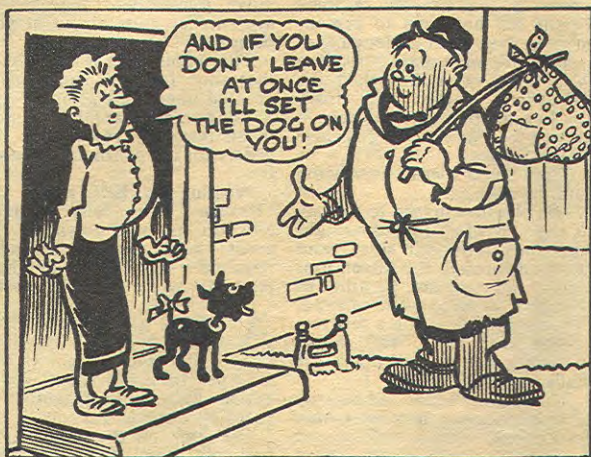
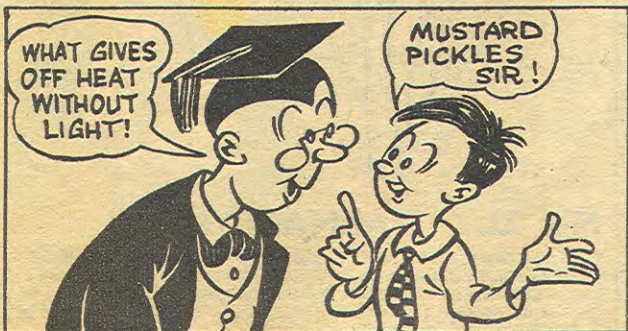
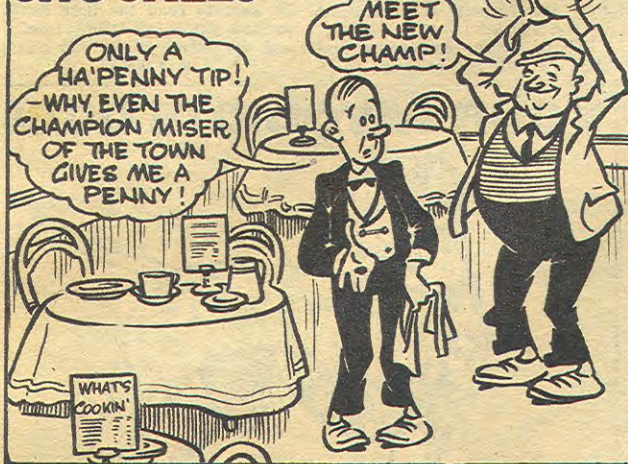
"H'm," said Dr. Gandybar thoughtfully, looking at the cheque again. "What a pity you suggested trying out that balloon. The—er—the other governors will be very amused when they hear about it!"

Mr. Canem's face went white. He cleared his throat.

"Well," he said at last. "Perhaps you had better hang on to the cheque for other purposes, Gandybar old man. Don't worry about the school gutters. I—er—I feel sure I can persuade the board to let you have a small grant to get the work done, after all!"

Next week: Willie adds some gadgets to the vacuum cleaner! It's a real clean-up—full of laughs!

CHUCKLES



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

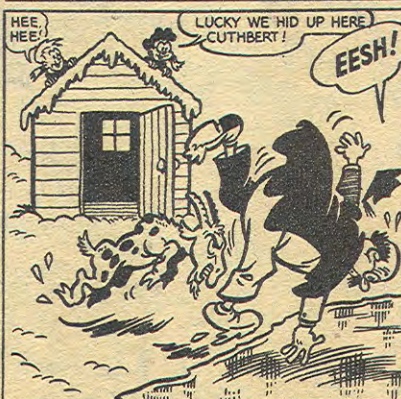
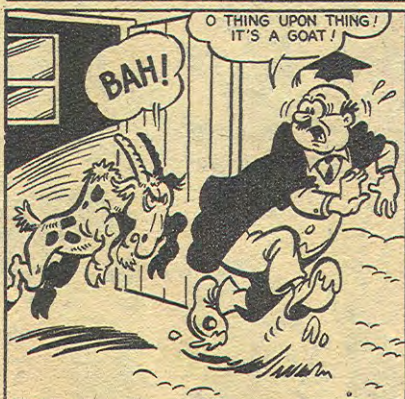
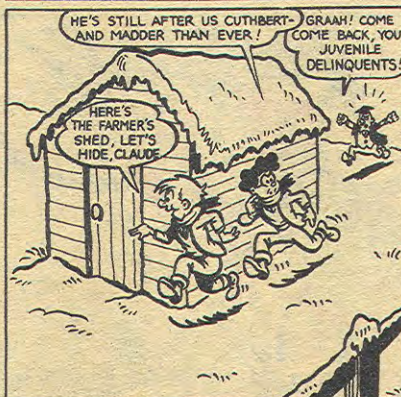
HA! HA! HAPPY NEW YEAR,
DR. TWIZZLE!

SPLOP!

O DEAR! I FEAR OLD
DR. TWIZZLE CAN'T TAKE
A JOKE - CUTHBERT!

I AGREE
CLAUDE -
WE'D BETTER
BUNK!

TCHAU! WRETCHED
DISRESPECTFUL BOYS!
COME HERE!



COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY

