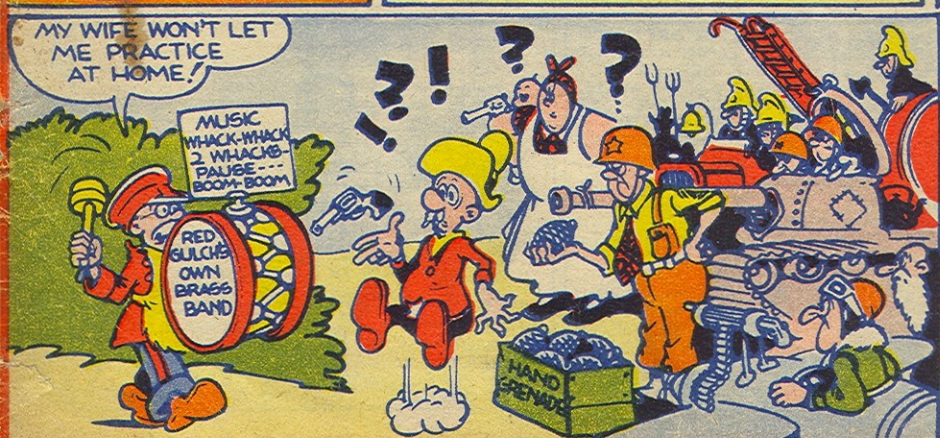
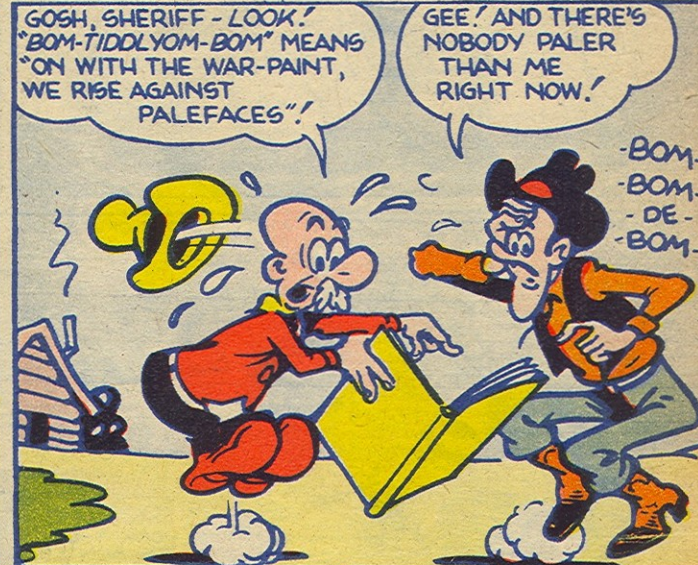
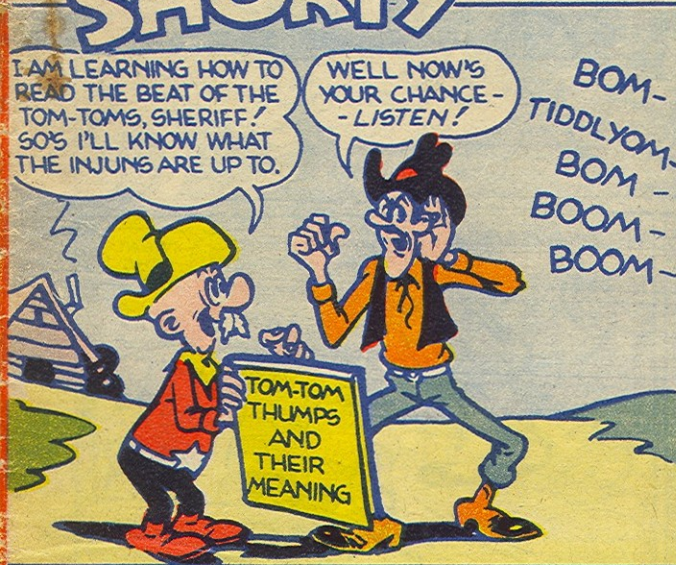


COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

No. 215, August 30, 1952

SHORTY

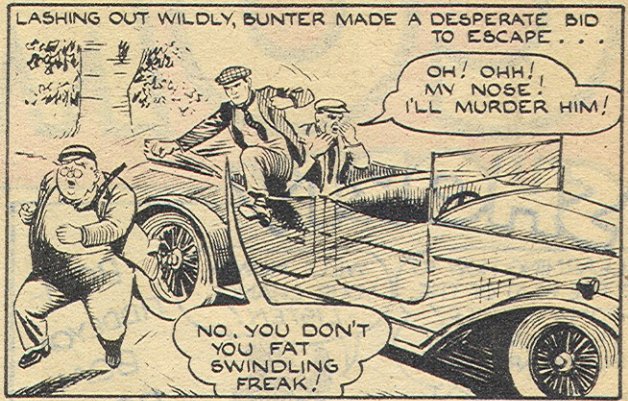


THANKS to his motor-bike, Horace Coker gets into the bad books of his form-master, Mr. Prout, by breaking bounds to meet his aunt in Friardale. As Mr. Prout walks home he is attacked by two robbers. Coker comes to the rescue, but is accused of the attack. Meanwhile, Bunter is being attacked by the same robbers.

HORACE COKER'S MOTOR BIKE



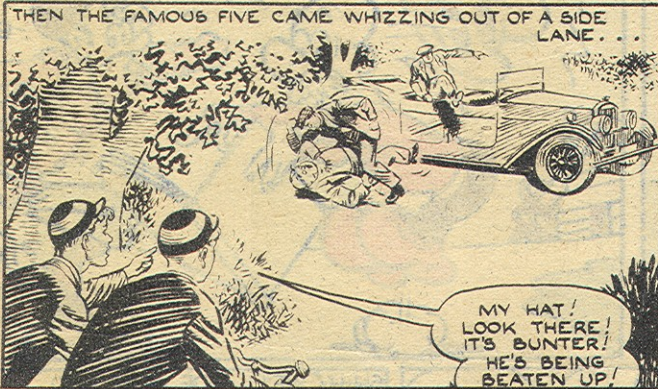
YAROOH! HELP!
OUCH, YOU'RE
BREAKING MY ARM,
YOU BEAST!
HELP!



LASHING OUT WILDLY, BUNTER MADE A DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE . . .

OH! OHH!
MY NOSE!
I'LL MURDER HIM!

NO, YOU DON'T
YOU FAT
SWINDLING
FREAK!



THEN THE FAMOUS FIVE CAME WHIZZING OUT OF A SIDE LANE . . .

MY HAT!
LOOK THERE!
IT'S BUNTER!
HE'S BEING
BEATEN UP!



COME ON,
YOU FELLOWS!
RESCUE, REMOVE!

WHAT
THE . . .!

YOW!
OUCH!
HELP!



TAKE THAT,
YOU YOUNG
'OUND!

BITE THE DUST,
YOU ROTTER!
TAKE THAT!



WE'VE
WON!

THE
WINFULNESS
IS TERRIFIC!

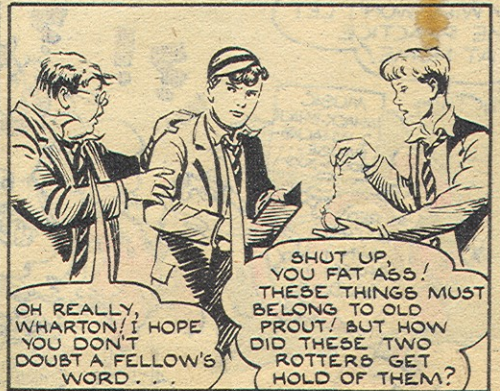


I SAY, WHAT'S
THIS ON THE
GROUND?



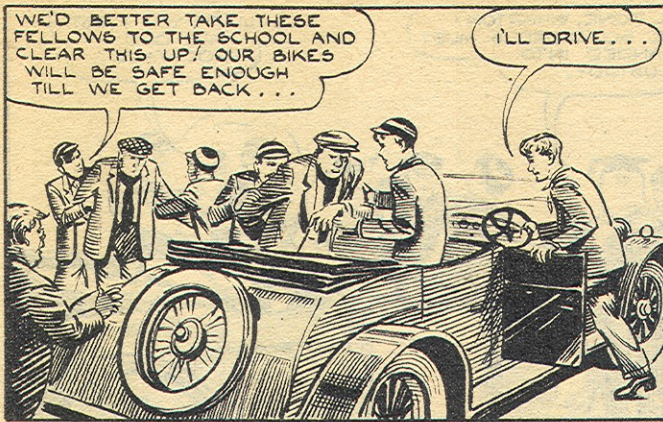
THEY'RE MINE,
OLD CHAP! THESE
ROTTERS STOLE
THEM FROM ME.
HAND THEM
OVER . . .

JUST A SECOND!
HOW LONG HAS YOUR
NAME BEEN PROUT,
YOU FAT FRAUD!
THERE'S THE
NAME, HARRY,
INSIDE THE WALLET!



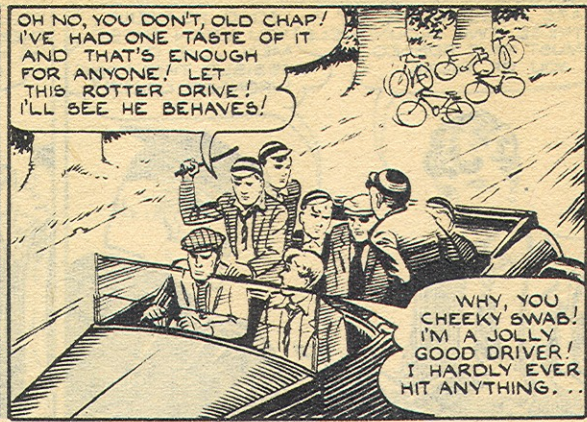
OH REALLY,
WHARTON! I HOPE
YOU DON'T
DOUBT A FELLOW'S
WORD . . .

SHUT UP,
YOU FAT ASS!
THESE THINGS MUST
BELONG TO OLD
PROUT! BUT HOW
DID THESE TWO
ROTTERS GET
HOLD OF THEM?



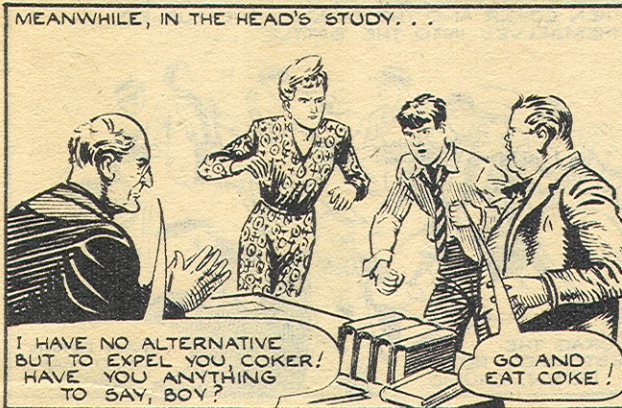
WE'D BETTER TAKE THESE FELLOWS TO THE SCHOOL AND CLEAR THIS UP! OUR BIKES WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH TILL WE GET BACK...

I'LL DRIVE...



OH NO, YOU DON'T, OLD CHAP! I'VE HAD ONE TASTE OF IT AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ANYONE! LET THIS ROTTER DRIVE! I'LL SEE HE BEHAVES!

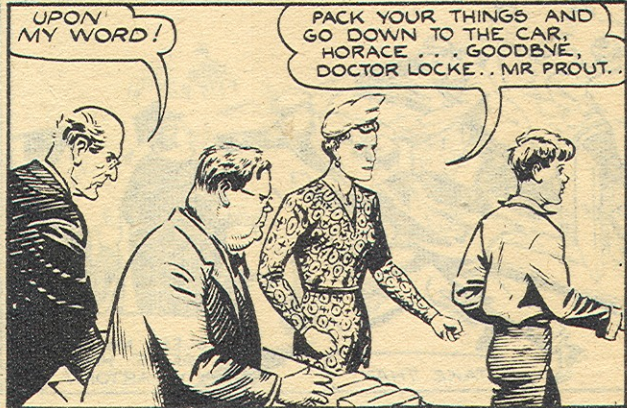
WHY, YOU CHEEKY SWAB! I'M A JOLLY GOOD DRIVER! I HARDLY EVER HIT ANYTHING...



MEANWHILE, IN THE HEAD'S STUDY...

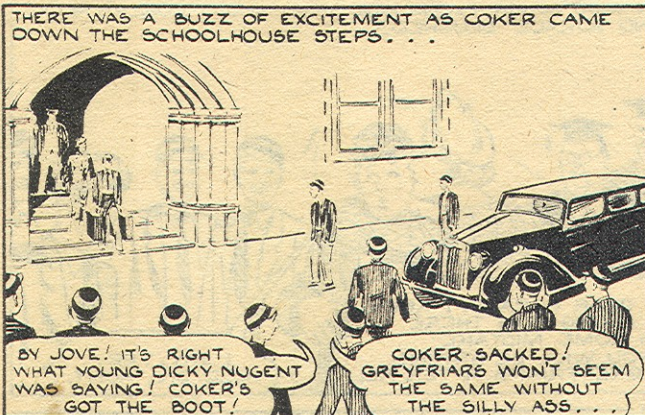
I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO EXPEL YOU, COKER! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY, BOY?

GO AND EAT COKE!



UPON MY WORD!

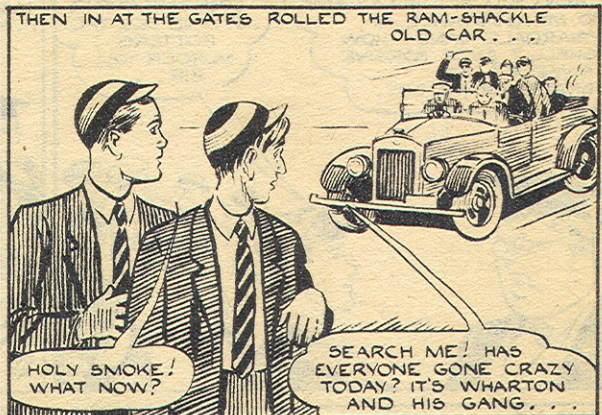
PACK YOUR THINGS AND GO DOWN TO THE CAR, HORACE... GOODBYE, DOCTOR LOCKE... MR. PROUT...



THERE WAS A BUZZ OF EXCITEMENT AS COKER CAME DOWN THE SCHOOLHOUSE STEPS...

BY JOVE! IT'S RIGHT WHAT YOUNG DICKY NUGENT WAS SAYING! COKER'S GOT THE BOOT!

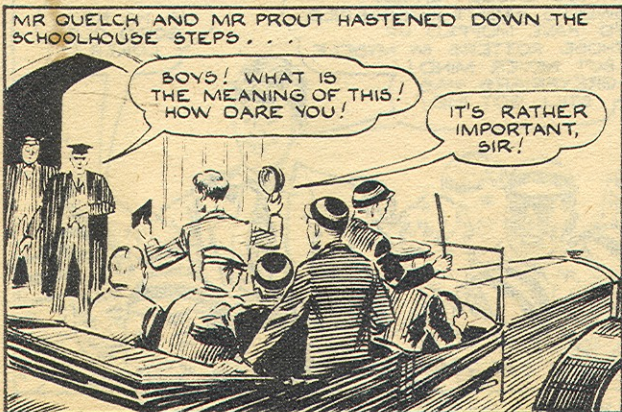
COKER-SACKED! GREYFRIARS WON'T SEEM THE SAME WITHOUT THE SILLY ASS...



THEN IN AT THE GATES ROLLED THE RAM-SHACKLE OLD CAR...

HOLY SMOKE! WHAT NOW?

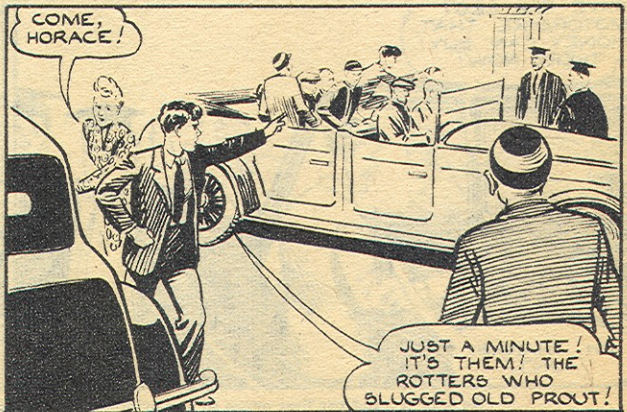
SEARCH ME! HAS EVERYONE GONE CRAZY TODAY? IT'S WHARTON AND HIS GANG...



MR. QUELCH AND MR. PROUT HASTENED DOWN THE SCHOOLHOUSE STEPS...

BOYS! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS! HOW DARE YOU!

IT'S RATHER IMPORTANT, SIR!



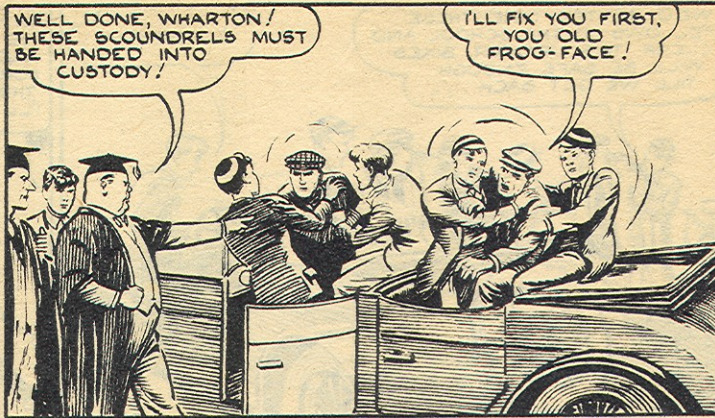
COME, HORACE!

JUST A MINUTE! IT'S THEM! THE ROTTERS WHO BLUGGED OLD PROUT!



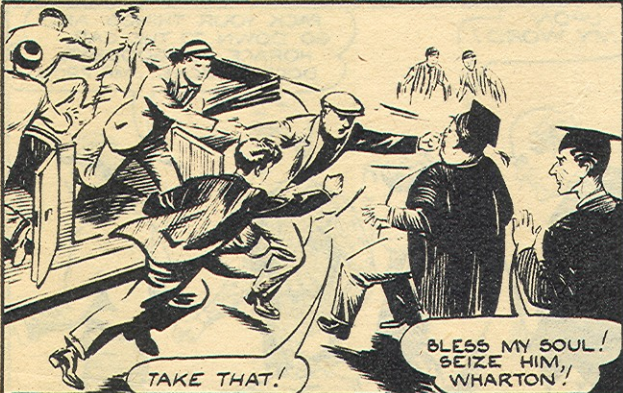
ARE THESE YOURS, SIR? THESE TWO SCOUNDRELS MUST HAVE ROBBED YOU OF THEM...

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU MEAN THESE MEN... IS IT POSSIBLE THAT I HAVE WRONGED COKER?



WELL DONE, WHARTON! THESE SCOUNDRELS MUST BE HANDED INTO CUSTODY!

I'LL FIX YOU FIRST, YOU OLD FROG-FACE!



TAKE THAT!

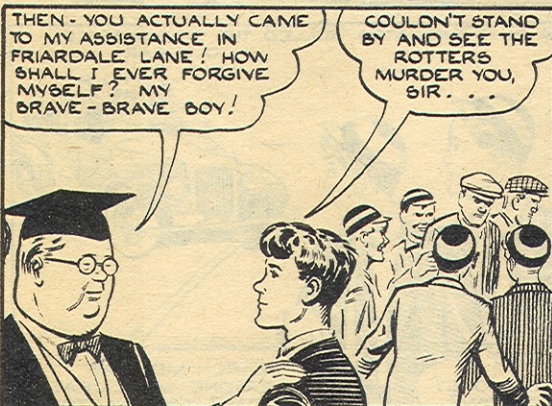
BLESS MY SOUL! SEIZE HIM, WHARTON!



THEN COKER AND THE FAMOUS FIVE HURLED THEMSELVES INTO THE BATTLE...

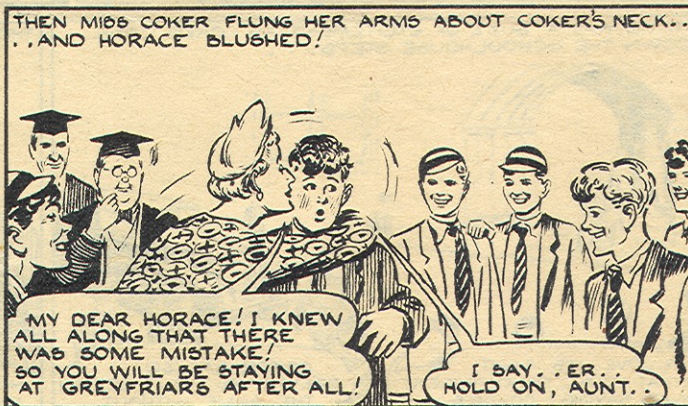
DRAG THE ESTEEMED ROTTER DOWN, CHUMS!

MAN DOWN! GOOD MAN, COKER!



THEN - YOU ACTUALLY CAME TO MY ASSISTANCE IN FRIARDALE LANE! HOW SHALL I EVER FORGIVE MYSELF? MY BRAVE - BRAVE BOY!

COULDN'T STAND BY AND SEE THE ROTTERS MURDER YOU, SIR...



THEN MISS COKER FLUNG HER ARMS ABOUT COKER'S NECK... AND HORACE BLUSHED!

MY DEAR HORACE! I KNEW ALL ALONG THAT THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE! SO YOU WILL BE STAYING AT GREYFRIARS AFTER ALL!

I SAY... ER... HOLD ON, AUNT.



AND YOU SHALL HAVE THE BEST MOTORBIKE THAT MONEY CAN BUY! THERE NOW!

OH, THANKS, AUNT!

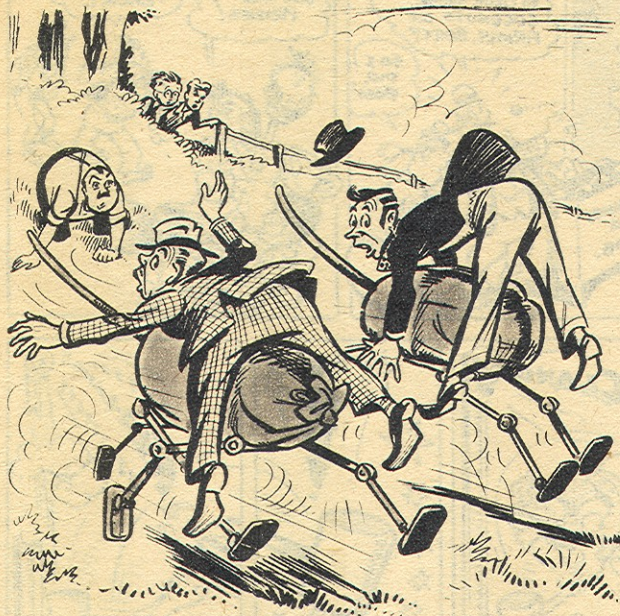
OH, DEAR!



IF YOU GRUBBY LITTLE SWEEPS HADN'T INTERFERED, I'D HAVE MOPPED UP THOSE ROTTERS BY MYSELF, BUT NEVER MIND! GREYFRIARS HAS STILL GOT ME!

HA HA HA! GOOD OLD COKER!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Over went the two crooks, right across the backs of the two runaway kitbags!

OLD Farmer John, peering through his field-glasses, nearly choked with rage: "They've got one of my sheep," he yelled. "Their big black dog is chasing it right out of the field. Where's my gun?"

Now Farmer John had been troubled with sheep thieves, but what he thought was a big black dog was really one of Willie Wizzard's special inventions.

Willie and his friend, Jimmy Bash, were out hiking. Their kit was packed into two pillowcases which Willie had fitted with mechanical legs and tails to guide them, but unfortunately Jimmy had jerked his kitbag's tail too hard, and it had run away.

Willie followed with his, trying to catch up with the madly charging bag, but he'd tripped over a tree stump and now, his bag, draped in a black waterproof cape, was racing over the fields too. No wonder Farmer John thought it was a big black sheepdog!

When the policeman, Sergeant Pepper, got the farmer's phone call at the village police station he decided that it was a very serious matter. It was too serious for him to investigate by himself on his old bicycle. He decided to call out all his forces. So he mounted the police station tandem and pedalled off as fast as he could to the house of Constable Custard.

"They're at it again!" he called over the garden gate to the Constable, who was weeding the garden in his shirt-sleeves. "Them city spivs are raiding the sheep farms. They're stealing

the sheep for the black market. They're up at Farmer John's this minute. Come on. Never mind your jacket, get aboard."

So Constable Custard mounted the tandem, and off they dashed, heads down, legs whirling, siren screaming, at nearly five miles an hour.

When they reached Farmer John's farm they dismounted. "You stay here on guard," ordered the Sergeant. "Look out for suspicious characters, while I go and see Farmer John." The stout old Sergeant wheezed and puffed his way across to the farmhouse.

Constable Custard hadn't been on guard a minute when a furniture van appeared along the road. It stopped when it reached the constable, who was still in his shirt-sleeves. The driver of the van poked out his head.

"Say, buddie," he said, "could you tell us where we'll find Farmer John's farm?"

"Yes, this is it," said Constable Custard helpfully. "Did you want to see the farmer?"

"Not particularly. Sure this is his farm?"

"Yes, but the farmer is busy just now. He's gone after some sheep stealers with his shot-gun.

"Sure you won't wait for him?"

"No, no," said the driver, starting up the van. "Some other time maybe." Suddenly he stopped the van again, and his face reappeared at the window. His eyes were popping out of his head, he pointed across the field with a trembling finger.

"W-what's that?" he gasped.

Constable Custard followed the van driver's gaze. "Crikey," he gulped. "It's big sheep without any heads!"

And that's exactly what it looked like, for the black cape had now fallen off Willie's kitbag and was now walking smartly alongside Jimmy's. Both seemed anxious to join Farmer John's flock.

"By jiminy," exclaimed the van-driver. "The folk around here must surely love sheep's head broth. Can't wait to get their ration. Creep up on the poor sheep and chop their heads off while they're still alive. Downright cruel, I call it. Dishonest, too, come on, Sydney."

Sydney was his mate, he had been sleeping all this time. Now he wakened with a jolt. At first he thought the headless sheep were part of a dream.

"Go away, Archie," he said. "I'm still counting sheep. They're lovely. Soft and woolly. They'll not half fetch a price on the black market, if they weren't a dream. Only somebody's been chopping their heads off."

"Wake up," said Archie, giving Sydney a shake. "It's not a dream. Somebody's been pinching the heads and legs off our sheep."

"What!" cried Sydney, becoming wide awake. He looked across the field and rubbed his eyes to make sure he wasn't seeing things. "Come on," he shouted, leaping from the driver's cabin, "let's see what goes on here."

"Just a minute!" said Constable Custard as the two crooks started climbing the fence into Farmer John's field. "What's all this?"

"Listen, bud," said Sydney, who didn't know he was talking to a policeman, "You look a big strong fellow. How would you like to earn a quid? All you have to do is help us load those sheep into this van."

"All of them?" gasped Constable Custard. "Into the van?"

"Yes, all of them, except the ones without heads."

"Why?" asked the constable suspiciously. "They belong to Farmer John."

"That's just it," said Sydney. "They belong to Farmer John. Did you ever see a worse tempered man than Farmer John? We are Government Sheep Inspectors. All these sheep have foot and mouth disease. We have orders to collect them before the disease spreads. But Farmer John has a shot-gun and a bad temper—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Constable Custard, "these sheep look healthy enough to me."

"What! without heads and feet? They must have foot and mouth disease."

Constable Custard seemed

half convinced. He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I've never seen foot and mouth disease affect them that way before!"

"Of course not," explained Sydney. "It's a new kind of foot and mouth disease. Comes from America. Acts double quick. The poor things eat their legs off first, then they eat their own heads off. It comes on them in a flash"—Sydney snapped his fingers to show how quick a flash was—and it's hours before they know what's happened to them. They go about trying to bleat, but they can't 'cos they've no head. They try to eat grass and they can't. It's really terrible—and when they're dead nobody wants them, 'cos they've no heads to make sheep's head broth with."

Constable Custard was tender-hearted. His eyes filled with tears; he shook his head sadly.

"That's awful," he agreed. "If you really come from the Government it's my duty to help. I'm a policeman—"

"What?" cried Sydney.

"Come on," yelled Archie. "Let's blow—"

"Wait a minute," said Sydney stopping Archie from running away. "Of course you're a policeman. We knew that all along. That's why we're asking you to help. If we were dishonest characters—like sheep-stealers for instance—do you think we'd ask a policeman to help?"

"I should say not!" said Constable Custard emphatically. "I'll help you get the van loaded up, then I'll go and tell Farmer John of the terrible disease his sheep have."

WILLIE and Jimmy were nearly exhausted. They had looked everywhere for the runaway kitbag-pillowcases.

"Where on earth can they have gone?" asked Jimmy.

"I don't know," sighed Willie. "They'll be in amongst these sheep, I suppose. It'll take us a year to find them."

"I must say," said Jimmy, "you think up the daftest inventions. Imagine going a hike with a walking kitbag! I told you it was silly. You're supposed to carry a pack on your back. Now we've lost everything—"

"Wait a minute," broke in Willie, "there's three men in amongst those sheep over there. Let's ask them if they've seen a couple of walking kitbags anywhere."

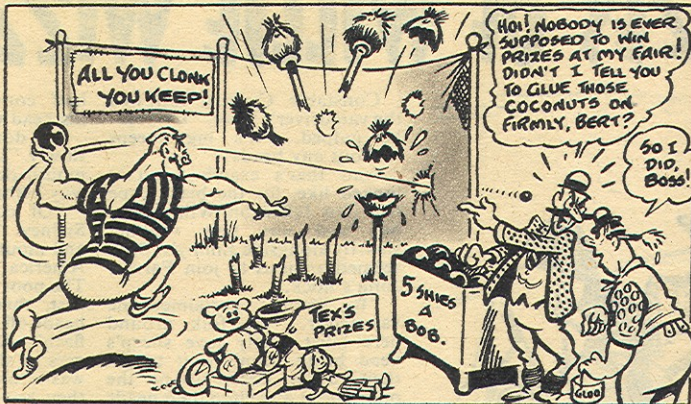
MEANWHILE Farmer John and Sergeant Pepper were trotting on to the scene. The farmer gripped his blunderbuss.

"When I see those crooks, Pepper, I'll pepper them," he

(Continued on page 9)



TOUGH TEX



HO! NOBODY IS EVER SUPPOSED TO WIN PRIZES AT MY FAIR! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GLUE THOSE COCONUTS ON FIRMLY, BERT?

SO I DID, BOSS!



I'M DOING WELL TODAY! I'M BAGGING ALL THE PRIZES!

I'LL FIX HIM GUN'OR! WE'LL GET THEM BACK!!



HEY, CHUM! YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY! - SEE IF YOU CAN BEAT ME ON THIS MACHINE!

TAP!



HA! WHILE TEX ISN'T LOOKING I'LL WALK OFF WITH HIS WINNINGS!

WAIT TILL I'VE PUT MY PRIZES DOWN AND I'LL BEAT THAT!

CLANG!

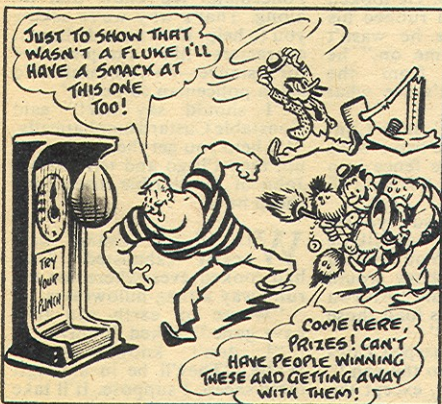


WOP!



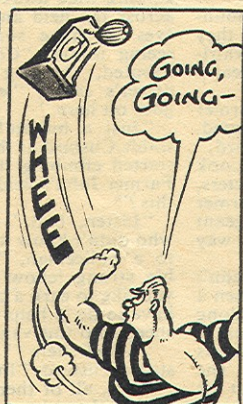
KER-LANG!!

WUMP!



JUST TO SHOW THAT WASN'T A FLUKE I'LL HAVE A SMACK AT THIS ONE TOO!

COME HERE, PRIZES! CAN'T HAVE PEOPLE WINNING THESE AND GETTING AWAY WITH THEM!



GOING, GOING-

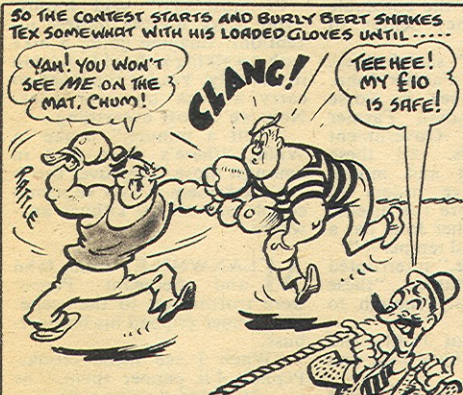


GONE!!



I'LL HAVE A GO!

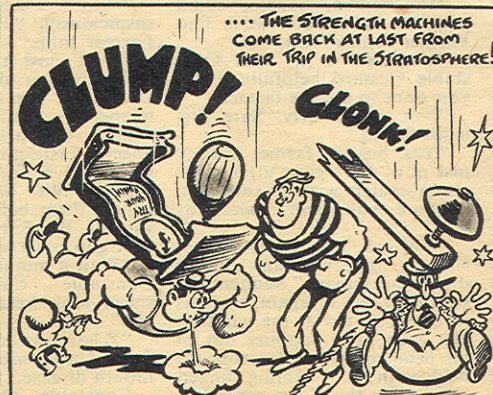
YOU WOULD!



YAH! YOU WON'T SEE ME ON THE MAT, CHUM!

CLANG!

TEE HEE! MY £10 IS SAFE!



.... THE STRENGTH MACHINES COME BACK AT LAST FROM THEIR TRIP IN THE STRATOSPHERE!

CLUMP!

CLONK!



AH! TA! THAT'S BETTER THAN ALL THOSE SILLY TEDDY BEAR PRIZES! I'LL BUZZ OFF NOW!

BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

THE *Prowler* was an enormous ocean-going tank—specially made to work upon the bed of the sea. It had been built by Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire speedboat king, in a secret cavern deep under the north-west coast of England. There were two ways into this cave—one by a long maze of tunnels and underground lakes from a pothole on Bladen Moor—the other through a vast sea-cave that lay fathoms deep under the waves.

The *Prowler* had been kept completely secret. But the great steel monster had been seen entering its undersea lair by the Shark, masked commander of a mystery submarine that was cruising nearby. He had sent a "Seeing Torpedo", carrying television gear, after the *Prowler*, and unknown to any of Malcolm Franklin's men, he was watching every move in their secret headquarters!

The mystery man in the steel mask peered closely at the picture on the television screen in the control cabin of his submarine. This picture was coming back to him from the television camera "eye" on the seeing torpedo.

Behind the Shark was another watcher, a big dark-skinned man.

"What do you make of it, Chief?" he asked, speaking in a foreign language.

"This British sea-monster, it puzzles me," answered the other in the same tongue. "It would not seem to be of the Royal Navy, for I do not see any naval uniforms. Yet this fortress of steel that crawls upon the bed of the sea—what a weapon it would be!"

The man in the steel mask grasped a pair of control wheels beside the TV screen and moved them carefully. These wheels controlled the movements of the seeing torpedo. One was for steering and the other for stopping and starting. With the aid of powerful radio control gear the masked man was able to guide the torpedo anywhere within a distance of twenty miles.

As he moved the wheels the picture upon the TV screen grew larger as the seeing torpedo drew nearer to the *Prowler*. Soon the vast grey bulk of the undersea monster more than filled the little screen. The Shark focused the picture carefully and peered closely at a group of figures that could be seen walking from the companionway of the *Prowler* to the quayside of its harbour in the cavern.

Suddenly he gave a sharp cry. "See, Bosco... see the tall man walking from the monster now!"

"He of the light suit who stops now to shake hands with

the young man?"

"Yes! Bosco, my friend—that is Malcolm Franklin! Malcolm Franklin—that explains everything! Malcolm Franklin is a millionaire, and he has spent much money on building fast speedboats, and seaplanes, too. A little while ago there was a rumour in the English newspapers that he was building a monster submarine. They said the rumour was false, Bosco—but now we know it was true!"

The man in the mask stood up, his eyes gleaming wickedly through the slits in the polished steel.

"If I possessed the plans of such a craft and could build a fleet of them, Bosco, then I would be powerful indeed! And my country, Incaragua, instead of being just another South American republic, would be the most powerful country in the world!"

"You mean you're going to try to steal the plans?"

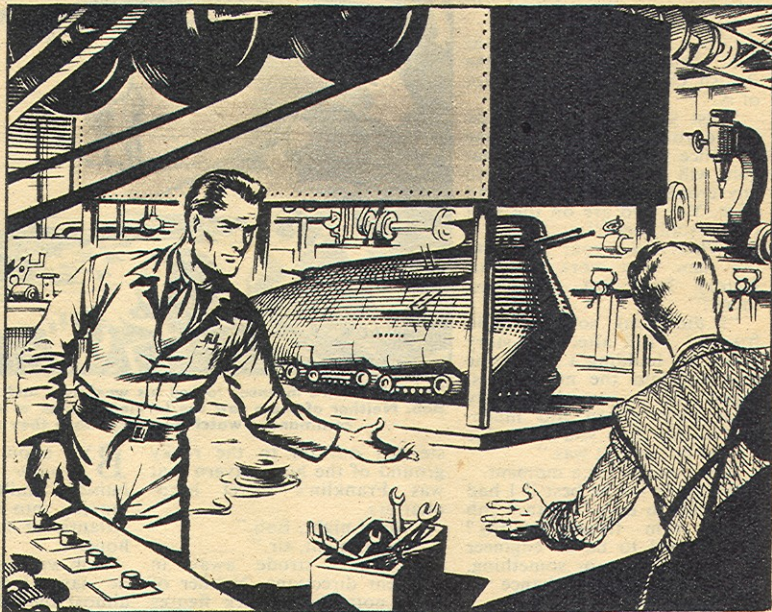
"Perhaps. Who can tell? This needs careful planning, Bosco. Methinks the first thing is to spy out the land—find out all we can about Franklin and his secrets. Then, when I am ready, we will strike!"

He switched off the television. "Steer the seeing torpedo back to its tube, Bosco, and have a diver-commando squad ready for action. I shall lead them myself, Bosco!"

When the Shark had seen the tall figure of Malcolm Franklin shaking hands with a much younger man, he had been looking at the first meeting between the millionaire inventor and young Bob Harley.

After his good work in the Ivory Mandarin case, when he was only a police cadet, Bob had been made a Special Agent of "X" branch of Scotland Yard. And for his first job he had been sent here to help another "X" branch agent in the task of safeguarding Malcolm Franklin's secrets.

"Glad to meet you, Bob," said Franklin, looking at Bob keenly. "You did a fine job on that Ivory Mandarin case. I read all about it. As a matter



The steel case rose as Malcolm Franklin pressed the button. Below it was a working model of the 'Prowler'!

of fact, I asked specially that you should come on this job if you could be spared."

Bob flushed with pleasure at the great man's words and did his best to return the powerful grip of the other's hand.

"I want to talk to you as soon as possible," Franklin went on. "Rattigan here knows where my private workshop is. Will you wait for me there? I'll join you as soon as I've seen to one or two things here."

And with a friendly smile, Franklin walked on. Bob watched him as he stopped beside one of the huge tank-track feet upon which the *Prowler* moved, and saw him talking rapidly to some of his mechanics, pointing as he did so to various parts of the massive machinery.

"He designed every bit of this thing himself," said Rattigan quietly to Bob. Rattigan was the other "X" branch man, whom Bob had been sent to help. "I sometimes think he knows every rivet in the *Prowler* by its first name!"

It was nearly an hour later when Franklin arrived in his workshop, where Bob was already waiting for him. The inventor came straight to the point.

"I'd better tell you why I built the *Prowler*, so that you'll understand what your job's going to be," he said.

Franklin took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked what looked like a big metal cupboard in the middle of the room. Then he pressed a switch and the whole cupboard rose up on four polished steel

columns. Bob gasped as he saw what lay underneath.

It was a big model of the *Prowler*.

From end to end it was about six feet long, and it was complete in every detail.

"This is the model I built when I was planning the *Prowler*," explained Franklin. "As you can see, it has a main shell of armour-plating, and moves upon these ten tank-track 'feet'. The big *Prowler* has two million horsepower in its engines, which can take her anywhere under the sea—even down to the deepest depths where no man has ever been before. Guns are fitted"—Franklin pointed to the projecting barrels on the model—"because there are sea-monsters down at the ocean bottom such as you never dreamed of. And some of them are huge enough to be dangerous—even to the *Prowler*. That is the only reason why we carry guns, for the *Prowler* is not a fighting craft."

Bob looked surprised. "I'd thought it was some sort of an undersea battleship, sir," he said. "What is it for, then?"

"Salvage," said Franklin simply. "Down at the ocean bottom are hundreds upon hundreds of sunken ships with treasure in their holds. But they are all far too deep for any ordinary diver or submarine to reach them. But even if they are twenty miles down, the *Prowler* can get there and salvage the gold and treasure from their holds!" The inventor flipped a switch on a control

(Continued on next page)

panel set into the top of the model and the searchlight headlamps of the model lit up. "There is gold enough for a thousand kings' ransoms at the bottom of the sea!" he said. "And we are going to find it!"

Bob nodded. "I see. But then, some of that gold belongs to people—the British Crown must own a lot of it."

"Just so. And that's partly where you and Rattigan come in. Once we salvage it, all that gold will be a powerful lure to any crooks who may get wind of it. You two are on the spot to forestall them."

"What about your crew and the men who work in your factory here—can you trust them?"

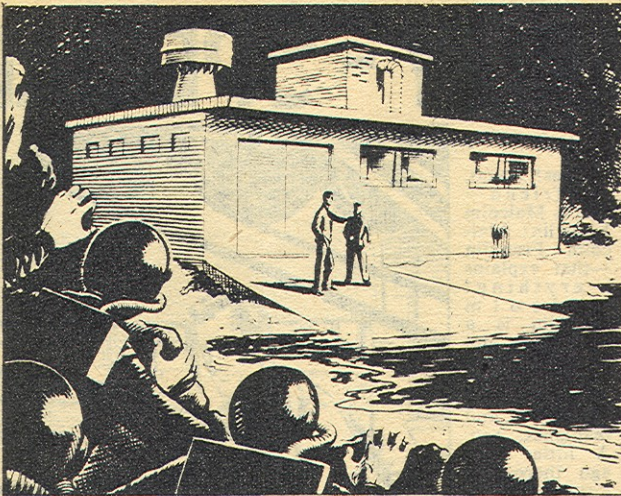
"I did think so." Franklin frowned. "But after that story about my building a submarine that got into the newspapers, I can't be so sure. Somebody must have talked too much. I'm hoping that you'll be able to find out who it was."

Bob thought for a moment. "Wouldn't it be best if I had some job to do—I mean a job apart from trouble-hunting? If I seemed to be an engineer or an electrician or something, I'd have a better chance of getting results."

Franklin nodded approvingly. "I was coming to that. Rattigan is an expert radio engineer. You'd better be his mate. You know quite a bit about radio, I'm told."

"That'll be fine!" "Good! Then you'd better get a night's sleep, Bob. You'll be making your first trip in the *Prowler* tomorrow." Franklin pressed the switch to drop the metal cover over the model once more and locked it securely. "That model is always under lock and key," he explained. "There are no complete plans of the *Prowler*, apart from this. If anyone got hold of this model they could find out all my secrets. All the parts that matter on the big chap are on this little fellow as well!"

A moment later Bob and the inventor left the workshop and



The millionaire inventor locked his workshop and said goodnight to Bob. Neither of them saw the lurking figures of the Shark's diver-commandos watching every move they made.

stepped out on to the rocky ground of the huge cavern that was Franklin's secret headquarters.

"Good night, Bob." "Good night, sir." The two strode away in different directions. Neither of them noticed the dark figures lurking nearby.

There were four of them. They were clad from head to foot in close-fitting suits of dead black. Even their heads were totally covered by round black helmets, in which round glass eye-holes gleamed faintly. Upon their backs were square black boxes, slung like a soldier's pack.

As long as they kept in patches of shadow, which were plentiful among the scattered rocks, they were almost totally invisible.

These were the Shark's diver-commandos from the Incaragan mystery submarine!

Their leader, his steel mask hidden under the black helmet, gestured with his hand and they all moved silently forward towards Malcolm Franklin's workshop.

* * *

In the short time he had been aboard Bob had had no chance to see more, and now he was at one of the big observation "blisters" at the front of the *Prowler*. These were like half-eggs, sticking out from the hull, and were made of specially toughened armour-glass over two feet thick.

The mighty headlights of the *Prowler* lit up strange undersea landscapes. There were great mountains and forests of waving weed. In the waters above and around them thousands of fishes swam, for all the world like the birds in the air above the waves.

Time passed quickly for Bob, for he was never without something new to see and wonder at.

At twenty past twelve they came to the edge of a great chasm.

The *Prowler* rumbled to a stop on the edge of a lofty cliff. Below them the rocks dropped sheerly down for two miles to where the seabed lay like a great valley.

The headlights of the *Prowler* swung downwards to light up the depths.

Far below, as Bob looked, he could see a ship. Once it had been a mighty ocean liner. Now it was just a pitiful hulk, covered in a rock-like crust of weed, barnacle and coral.

"That's the *Lupercalia* down there." Malcolm Franklin appeared behind Bob. "You'll perhaps have read that she went down with a million pounds' worth of gold bar aboard some forty years ago."

"You're going to try getting the gold out of her?" Bob asked.

"Yes. She'll be our first try. But first I want to get a good look at the lie of the land down there before we go down with the *Prowler*."

"How are you going down there—in a diving dress?"

"No!" Franklin smiled. "We're going to use a bathyplane."

"Bathyplane? What's that?"

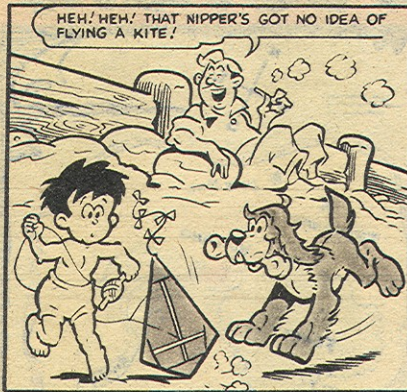
"It's another invention of mine. A bathyplane 'flies' in the water just like an aeroplane

(Continued on page 18)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



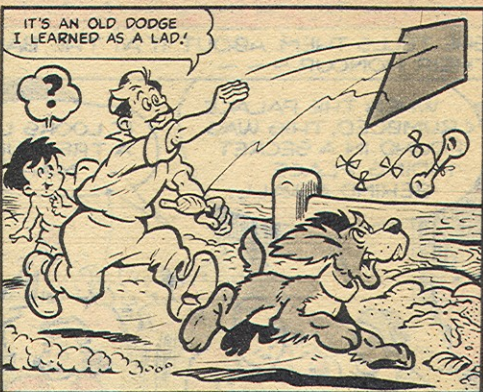
SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



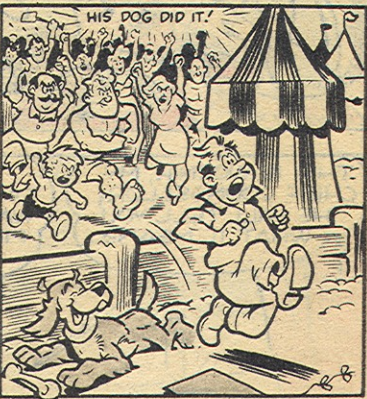
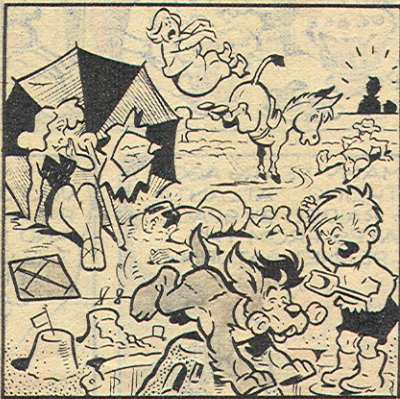
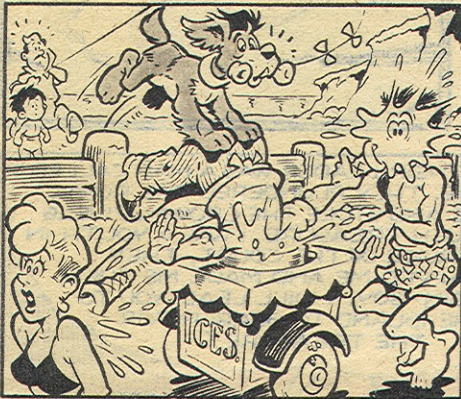
HEH, HEH! THAT NIPPER'S GOT NO IDEA OF FLYING A KITE!



YOUR KITE NEEDS A WEIGHT ON IT'S TAIL, LITTLE MAN!



IT'S AN OLD DODGE I LEARNED AS A LAD!



HIS DOG DID IT!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 5)

said fiercely. "They'll look like overcrowded pincushions before I'm finished."

"Look!" cried Sergeant Pepper. "There they are. In amongst those sheep. Three of them."

Farmer John raised the blunderbuss to his shoulder, and squinted his eye along the barrel. "This is going to be fun," he chuckled.

When Sydney, Archie, and Constable Custard got in among the sheep they started driving them towards the waiting van. The sheep obediently obeyed—all except two. Those two just stayed where they were. Constable Custard went over to give them a prod.

"Why, it's the headless ones!" he cried. "And they're not sheep at all—they're—they're—bag-wash on legs!"

He caught the two kitbag-pillowcases by the tails—one tail in each hand—and confronted the two crooks.

"They haven't got foot and mouth disease at all," he said. "I believe you've been telling me lies. You're not Government inspectors at all."

"Maybe not," sneered Sydney, as he and Archie advanced

threatfully on the constable. "But we're very good at coshing cops."

Just at that moment there was a loud bang, and a thousand small pins left Farmer John's blunderbuss, and came singing through the air like a swarm of bees. They made straight for Constable Custard.

"Ow!" roared the constable jumping into the air. As he did so he pulled the tail-levers of the kitbag-pillowcases. Away they went—one straight at Sydney's legs, and one straight at Archie's legs. Over the crooks went, landing right across the backs of the run-away pillowcases.

"Look!" cried Jimmy, who saw them at that moment. "Two men running away with our kitbags."

"You mean our kitbags running away with two men," corrected Willie. "Come on, let's see if we can head them off."

The boys dashed across the field, and with a great effort caught up on the run-away kitbags.

"Pull the tail-lever to the left and it will stop," instructed Willie.

When the boys had the kitbags under control they guided them back to where Sergeant Pepper and Farmer John were pulling pins out of Constable Custard.

Sydney and Archie were too surprised at being attacked by a

couple of running kitbags, and much too frightened of Farmer John's blunderbuss, to offer any resistance. They just gave themselves up.

"Clever boys," said Farmer John as Sergeant Pepper led the two crooked characters away. "You must come up to the farm-house. We'll all sit down to a smashing big dinner as a reward. You too, Constable."

"Oh no, not me," said Constable Custard hastily. "I'll

never be able to sit down again." "Oh, yes you will," said Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, as he pulled a little gadget from his pocket. "Allow me to present you with the Wizzard Wonder Pin-puller-out, my own invention. It will make you all right again in no time."

Next week: Willie gets everyone well and truly "stuck up" with his latest invention—raspberry jam tablets!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK below quickly, Spotters, and see if your membership number is printed in the list. You know what's waiting for you if it is! That's right—a grand free present!

62,090	125,696	16,510	208,775	23,267
164,981	101,273	44,395	100,293	111,214
212,432	48,144	73,849	47,508	170,660
4,885	177,936	156,244	126,797	203,518
115,319	213,692	206,945	198,866	128,378
183,408	12,599	102,156	202,219	40,068

Well, did you spot it? If so, then this is what to do: First choose one of these presents—A Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Wrist Compass, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, or a Water Pistol. Write the name of the present you would like in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use" and at the same time make sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Next, on a piece of paper, write the name of the story or character you like best in COMET and, in a few words, say why. Pop both Album and piece of paper in an envelope and send it to:

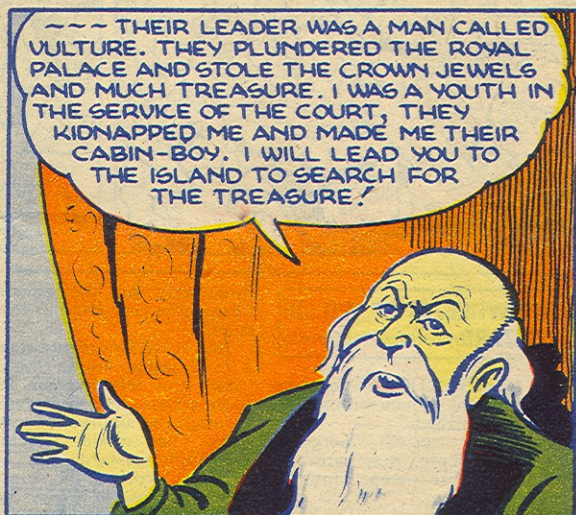
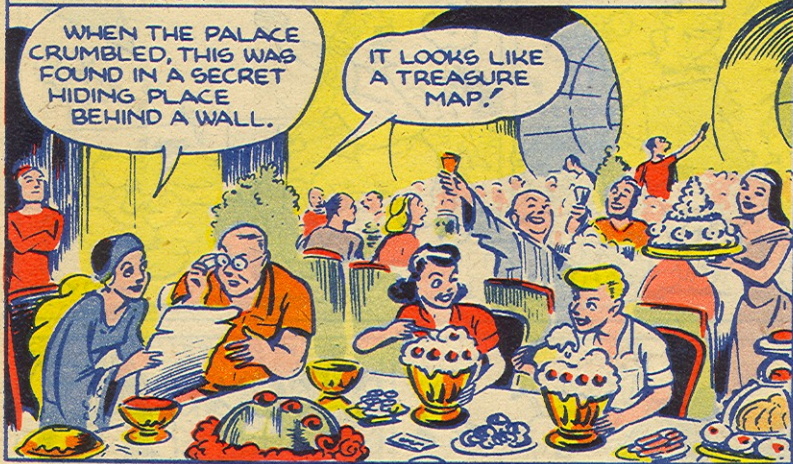
COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

to arrive by Tuesday, September 2. Don't forget to put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope before posting! Presents are despatched about one week after the closing date and Albums are returned at the same time.

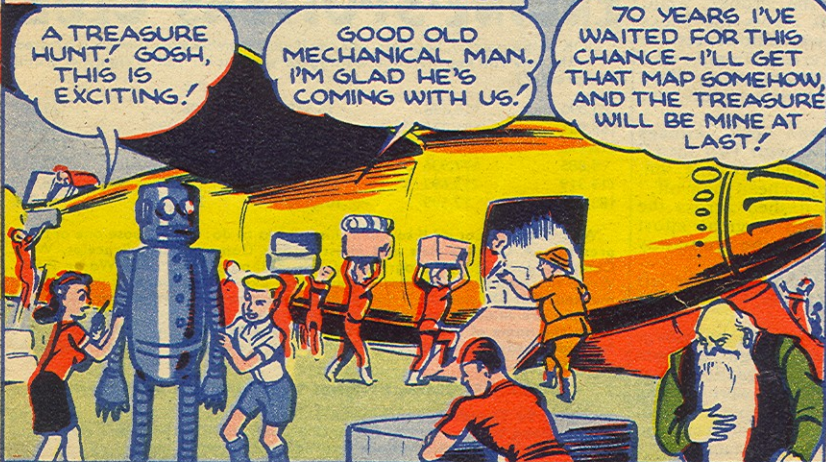
Ann, Peter and their uncle, Professor Jolly, are on the Milky Way—the Kingdom of the Thousand Worlds. They have helped Queen Alva's loyal subjects to overcome the rebel Prince Grimbold, and on their triumphant return to Atlanta, the capital, the Queen has exciting news for them!

THE SKY EXPLORERS

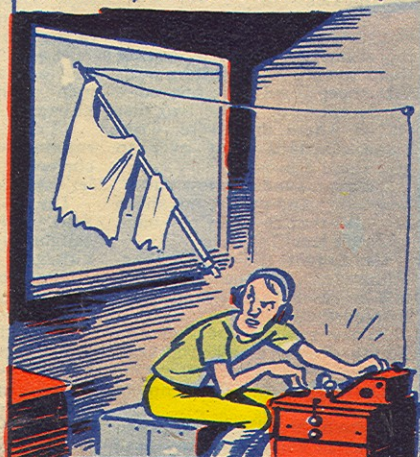
SHE TELLS THEM ABOUT IT AT THE BANQUET HELD IN THEIR HONOUR ~ ~ ~



SO AN EXPEDITION IS FITTED UP WITH PROFESSOR JOLLY AS CAPTAIN AND OLD WOZNIK AS GUIDE.



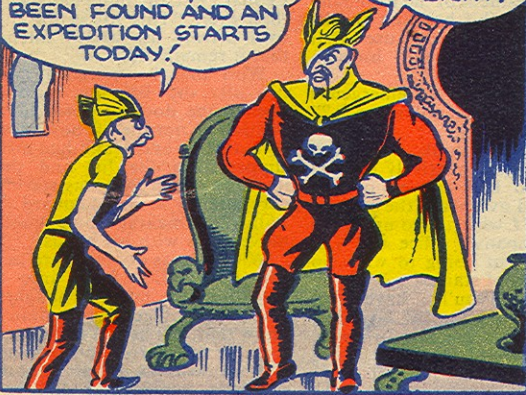
BUT IN A SECRET RADIO STATION, A SPY IS AT WORK!



AND ON FARAWAY GATURN ~ ~ ~

A MESSAGE FROM OUR AGENT ON ATLANTA, O HAWK. THE TREASURE-MAP OF YOUR FATHER, THE VULTURE, HAS BEEN FOUND AND AN EXPEDITION STARTS TODAY!

AT LAST! PREPARE MY SPACE-SHIP FOR INSTANT FLIGHT!

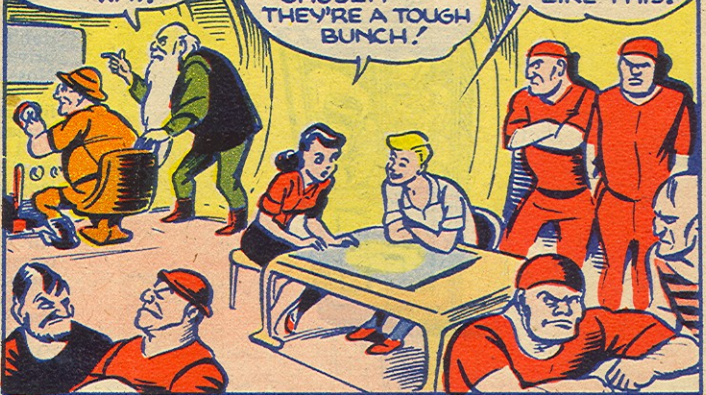


THE PROFESSOR'S EXPEDITION STARTS OFF!

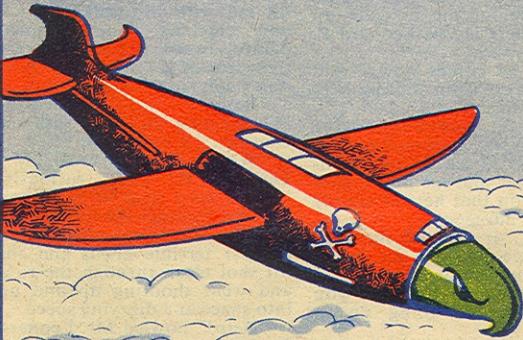
THE TREASURE LAND LIES AT THE FURTHEST LIMITS OF THE MILKY WAY!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THE CREW OLD WOZNIK HAS CHOSEN - THEY'RE A TOUGH BUNCH!

DON'T WORRY, ANN. YOU HAVE TO BE TOUGH FOR A JOB LIKE THIS.

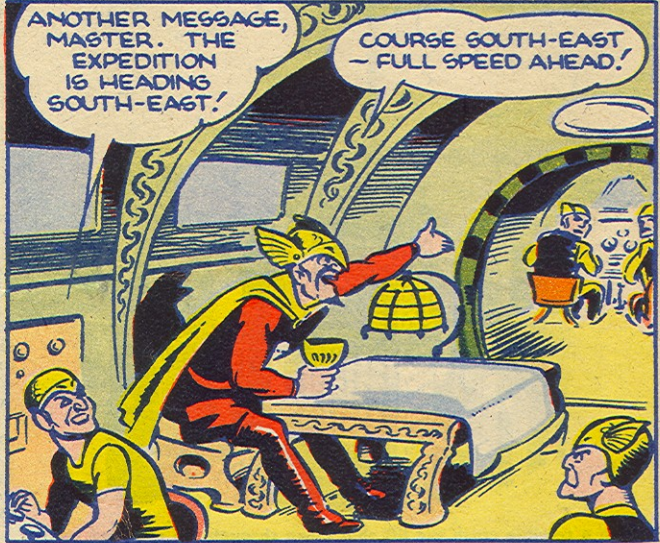


WHILE, FAR ABOVE, THE HAWK'S PIRATE SPACE-SHIP HOVERS ~ ~ ~



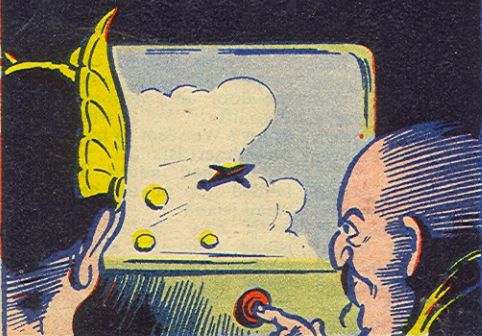
ANOTHER MESSAGE, MASTER. THE EXPEDITION IS HEADING SOUTH-EAST!

COURSE SOUTH-EAST - FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THE HAWK PICKS UP THE PROFESSOR'S 'PLANE ON HIS T.V. RADAR SCREEN!

THERE THEY ARE! FOLLOW THEM BY RADAR, AND DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!



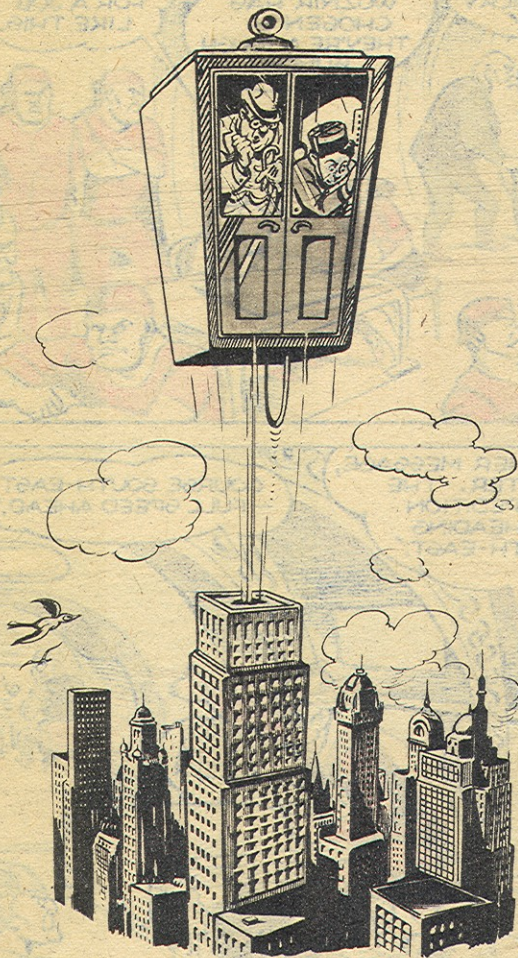
AFTER MANY DAYS AND NIGHTS OF FLYING THE PROFESSOR, GUIDED BY WOZNIK, SIGHTS THE REMOTE WORLD WHERE THE VULTURE BURIED HIS TREASURE LONG AGO, AND LOOKS FOR A PLACE TO LAND.



THAT'S THE PLACE - I RECOGNISE IT!



MICK THE MOON BOY



With a terrible crash the lift shot clean through the roof and went shooting up into space at a dizzying speed!

"I RECKON we've been in Chicago long enough, Hank," said Mick the Moon Boy. "What about moving on somewhere?"

"Sure!" agreed his twelve-year-old pal Hank Luckner. "Where shall we go?"

"What about flying to New York?" suggested Mick. "Then from there we can cross over to England."

"Yeah, that'll be fun!" cried Hank excitedly. "I guess New York ain't so very much different from Chicago, but I'd sure like to see England and all them old castles and things what they've got there."

"Then we'll go in here and book seats for a flight to New York," said Mick. "We'll leave on the first aircraft we can get."

He led the way into the entrance lobby of the tall, skyscraper building outside which they had been talking.

"The offices of the Trans-American Airways Company

are in this building somewhere," he said to Hank. "I'll ask that lift boy what floor they're on."

He crossed to a plump, chubby-faced boy in uniform who was leaning lazily against the wall beside a lift, chewing gum.

"Sure, them offices is right up on the top floor," said the boy in answer to Mick's question.

"But I can't take you up on account of the lift being out of order. The engineers is working on her now."

"But we can't climb all the way up to the top floor," protested Mick. "This is a skyscraper and there must be thousands of stairs to climb to get right up there."

"There sure is, bud," agreed the lift boy, continuing his chewing.

"But haven't you got an emergency lift?" demanded Mick. He pointed to a nearby lift. "What's that one there?"

"That's Mr. Leonard P.

Lally's private lift," said the boy. "He's President of the Company what owns this building and he don't let anybody use that private lift except himself. Nossir, not nohow!"

"But surely in an emergency like this he'd let folks use it?" demanded Mick.

"I should think so, too!" cried a big, expensively dressed lady who had arrived on the scene and overheard the conversation. "I wish to go up to the Air Company's office and I'm certainly not going to walk up thousands of stairs."

"Guess you'll have to, ma'am," said the lift boy in a couldn't-care-less sort of voice. "Mr. Leonard P. Lally won't let nobody use his lift 'cept himself."

"Well, I think it an absolute shame!" cried a gentleman who had also arrived on the scene. "I wish to go up to the eighty-fourth floor and it's quite impossible for me to walk up there. Where is this Leonard P. Lally, anyway?"

"Here he comes now," said the lift boy. "I bin waiting here to take him up."

A big, fat, pompous-looking gentleman was approaching and it was easy to see by his expensive clobber and his heavy gold watch chain that he was simply rolling in money.

"I say, sir!" cried the gent who wanted to go up to the eighty-fourth floor. "The lift is out of order, so I'm sure you won't mind us going up in yours."

"On the contrary, I should mind very much," said Mr. Leonard P. Lally in a very haughty sort of voice. "I permit no one to use my private lift except myself."

"Well, I think it's real mean of you!" cried the expensively dressed lady angrily. "We wouldn't hurt your nasty old lift if we were to ride in it. There's me and this gentleman and these two boys want to go right up—"

Abruptly she broke off, staring about her.

"Why, where are those two boys?" she cried. "They were here just this very minute. Wherever can they have got to?"

Mick and Hank hadn't got to anywhere. They were still there, but what had happened was that the Moon Boy had used his wonderful scientific powers to make himself and Hank invisible, for that was a trick which had been known for a very long time to the clever scientists on the Moon.

"Well, it looks like as if they've gone," cried the lady, turning to Mr. Leonard P. Lally again. "So that makes two less to take up and I'm sure you can't stand there and say you won't take us up—"

"I am NOT going to take

you up, madam!" cut in Mr. Leonard P. Lally more haughtily than ever. "This lift is for my own private use and I intend that it remains so."

With that he marched into his lift, the lift boy having opened the door of it for him. Neither he nor the lift boy knew it, but Mick and Hank had also slipped into the lift and the invisible Moon Boy was staring very intently at Mr. Leonard P. Lally and making some queer movements with his hands.

What he was doing was to put Mr. Leonard P. Lally into a sort of dream, but that haughty and pompous gentleman didn't know that. All he did know was that the lift started to shoot up and up with its usual smooth swiftness, but instead of stopping at his floor it continued on, shooting up and up and up.

"What on earth do you think you're doing, boy?" he raged, aiming a severe clout at the lift lad with his walking stick and catching him a most painful twank across the very tight seat of his breeches. "Why don't you stop the lift?"

"Because I can't!" wailed the lad, juggling furiously with the controls. "It won't stop!"

"Won't stop?" cried Mr. Leonard P. Lally furiously. "But it *must* stop. If it doesn't we'll go through the roof!"

The next instant there came a most terrible crash and the lift shot clean through the roof and went shooting up and up into space at a dizzying speed.

"Help!" howled Mr. Leonard P. Lally, nearly off his head with sheer fright. "Oh, dear, this is awful. It's terrible. We'll be killed. I'm certain we will!"

"P'raps if you'd taken them folks up with you this wouldn't have happened," wailed the lift boy. "P'raps it's a judgment on youse for being so selfish!"

The lift continued to shoot up and up until it was very high up in the sky, then suddenly it changed direction and started to whizz away level with the earth, travelling at the speed of the fastest Flying Saucer.

On and on it sped until the land was left behind and it was far out over the sea. Then suddenly it started to drop swiftly and smoothly until it landed on something hard with a terrific thump.

"We're down, anyway!" gasped Mr. Lally, yanking open the door and stepping out of the lift. "Well, what d'you know? We seem to have landed on a desert island."

They had indeed. They had landed slap on the beach of a small island.

"It may not be a desert island, after all," went on Mr. Leonard P. Lally, regaining some of his courage. "There may be folks living here. Come,

(Continued opposite)

let us see if we can find them."

He and the snivelling lift boy set off along the beach. But they didn't go very far. Oh dear, no! For suddenly from out of the trees and bushes which fringed the top of the beach there came pouring a horde of war-painted savages, howling and yelling and waving their spears. What was more, they were bringing with them a huge cooking pot.

"Cannibals!" gasped Mr. Leonard P. Lally, turning as white as a sheet.

He wheeled round and pelted in terror for the lift. But the chubby and equally terrified lift boy was already scudding madly in the same direction. He reached the lift first, slid inside and shut the steel grille door.

"Let me in!" screamed Mr. Leonard P. Lally, beating madly on the grill with his fists. "Let me in, you little beast!"

"I dasn't!" wailed the trembling lift boy. "They'll catch me as well as you if I let youse in. I dasn't open the door!"

This was quite true, for by this time the foremost of the cannibals had already grabbed Mr. Leonard P. Lally. Struggling like mad, he was borne away along the beach, a fire was lighted under the huge cooking pot, and when the water was hot enough the frantic Mr. Lally was popped into the pot.

"Oww-www! Ooo-er! HELP! OWW-WWW!" he howled,

striving desperately to get out of the pot, for the water was exceedingly hot and, apart from that, he hadn't the slightest desire to be cooked and eaten.

But he couldn't get out of the pot because the jeering, laughing cannibals kept poking him back again with their spears. There was one cannibal in particular who kept poking him in the stomach—then suddenly Mr. Leonard P. Lally gave a violent start and stood blinking dazedly at the lift boy who was poking him in the waistcoat and saying:

"Come on, come on, wake up! What's the matter with you? This is your floor!"

Mr. Leonard P. Lally stood looking about him. He was in the lift and not in the cooking pot and the lift had stopped at the floor on which he had his office.

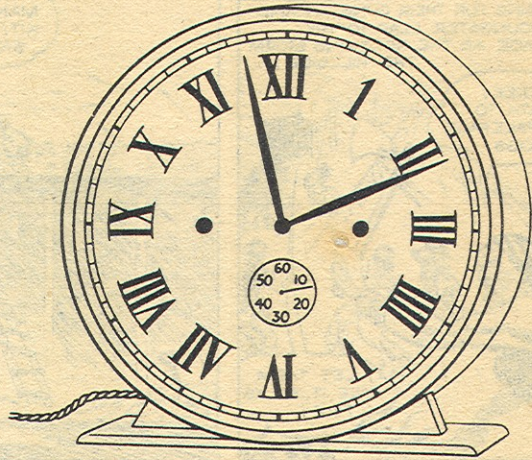
It had all been a dream. What he didn't know, however was that it was the invisible Moon Boy who had made him dream the terrible things which had happened. But he'd got such a fright, that as he stepped out of the lift, he said to the lift boy in a trembling voice:

"I guess you'd better go down and fetch them folks up from down there on the ground floor. It's kind of selfish of me not to let them use my lift."

Next week: Mick gives a grumpy airport attendant a flying surprise. Don't miss it!

What's wrong with this clock?

Our artist made several mistakes when he drew this picture of an electric clock. See how many you can spot... the eight most important ones are listed below.



When it comes to Cocoa and Chocolate, you'll make no mistake when you say "Please..."

I want Cadburys!

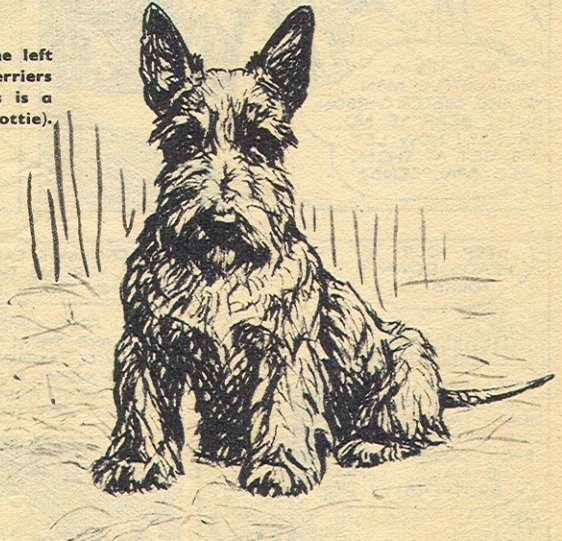
THE MISTAKES—1 The figure one shows is not a Roman numeral. 2 Six o'clock should read VI and not V. 3 The 'V' in seven is upside down. 4 Electric clocks do not have key-holes. 5 The clock hands are out of alignment. 6 The hour hand should be shorter than the minute hand. 7 Electric clocks do not have separate second hand discs. 8 Only 4 minutes are marked between ten and eleven.

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

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 4. The CAIRN and SCOTTISH TERRIER



The picture on the left shows two Cairn Terriers at play, and this is a Scottish Terrier (Scottie).



Do you know the difference between the Cairn and the Scottish Terrier? Well, in the two pictures above you can see that the Cairn is a much lighter dog than the Scottie. You will also notice that the Scottie has larger ears and is much longer in the face.

The Cairn Terrier is a shaggy-looking little dog and being lighter than the Scottie, he is quicker in his movements. The colouring of the Cairn is usually grey, red, or sandy. Although the Cairn is a small dog he has the pluck to tackle a Fox, Badger, Otter and even a Wild Cat. In fact, these were the uses for which he was originally bred.

The Scottie is a tough little dog with a wiry, hard, thick coat, hairy eyebrows and plenty of whiskers and beard, which add to his lively appearance. Like the Cairn, the Scottie is very short in the leg, but even so, they are very active and can put on a very good turn of speed when ratting or chasing a trespassing cat. Although the Scottie is usually black in colour, they are also bred in other colours.

Widow Wilson and her son Jack are seeking the buried treasure of Black Bellamy, the bandit. Pat Murphy, who professes to help them, turns out to be a crafty old rogue, as Kit suspected. Pat's gang turn against him and he joins Kit. They find the treasure, but are trapped in the old stockade as Indians attack.

KIT CARSON AND THE PRAIRIE TREASURE

GRABBING FOR THEIR GUNS, KIT AND THE YOUNGSTER LEAP TO THE PALISADE AS THE REDSKINS STORM THE HILLSIDE!



AIEEEE!
DEATH TO THE
PALEFACE
DOGS!

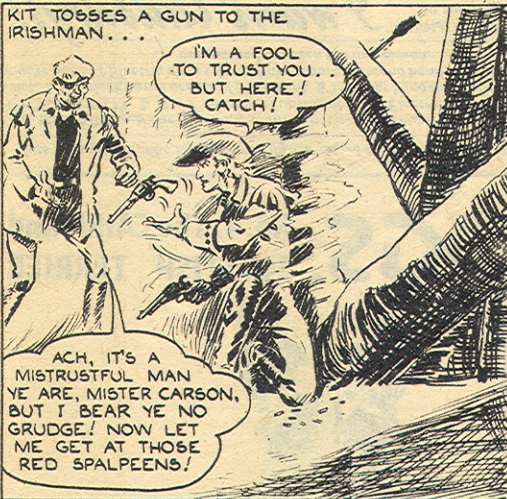
LET THEM
HAVE IT, FOLKS
FIRE!



THEY'RE TOO
MANY FOR US,
KIT! WE'LL NEVER
STOP THEM!

GIVE ME A GUN,
CARSON! LET ME
FIGHT BESIDE YE!
IT'S MY LIFE AS WELL
AS YOURS, BEDAD!

KIT TOSSES A GUN TO THE IRISHMAN...



I'M A FOOL
TO TRUST YOU...
BUT HERE!
CATCH!

ACH, IT'S A
MISTRUSTFUL MAN
YE ARE, MISTER CARSON,
BUT I BEAR YE NO
GRUDGE! NOW LET
ME GET AT THOSE
RED SPALPEENS!



I RECKON THOSE
DOUBLE-CROSSING
HOODLUMS OF MINE
ARE BEHIND ALL THIS!
TAKE THAT, YE RED
RATTLESLAKE!

THINGS ARE
DESPERATE!
I GUESS I CAN
FIND A USE FOR
THIS DYNAMITE
BUNDLE THEY
LEFT
BEHIND!



LIGHTING THE FUSE SWIFTLY, KIT
WHIRLS THE BUNDLE ABOUT HIS
HEAD ON THE END OF A LARIAT!

STAND BACK,
FOLKS!
HERE GOES!



KEEP YOUR
HEADS DOWN,
FOLKS!

AIEE! BACK!
IT IS THE FIZZING
DEATH THAT ROARS
LIKE THUNDER!
BACK DOWN
THE HILL,
BROTHERS!

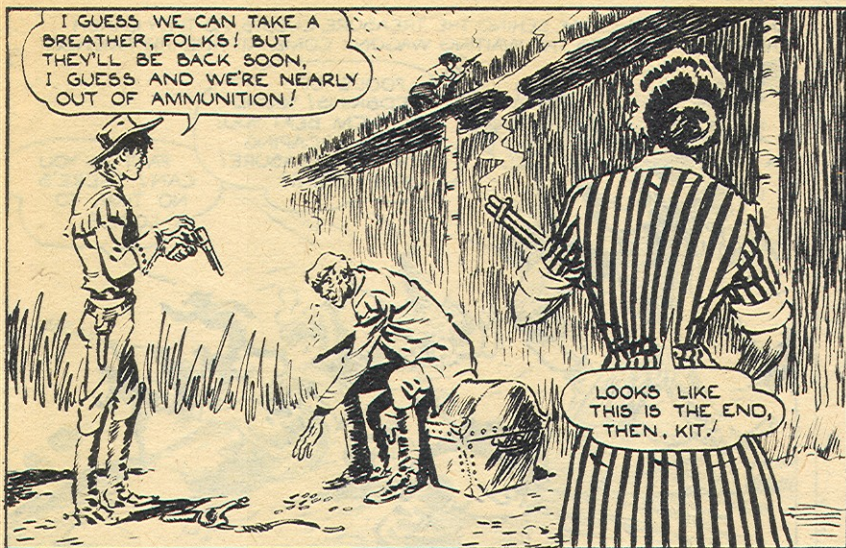


THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES WITH A SHATTERING
ROAR, HURLING THE REDSKINS BACK, AND
FLINGING GREAT ROCKS INTO THE AIR!

YOU FOOL, LIMEY,
TO LEAVE THEM THAT
DYNAMITE! ANYWAY,
THEY HAVEN'T ANY MORE!
THE NEXT RUSH
SHOULD GET THEM!

AAAAGH!

THE EXPLOSION PUTS HALF OF YELLOW DOG'S MEN OUT OF ACTION. BUT STILL THEY OUTNUMBER THE DEFENDERS OF THE OLD FORT BY TWO TO ONE.



I GUESS WE CAN TAKE A BREATH, FOLKS! BUT THEY'LL BE BACK SOON, I GUESS AND WE'RE NEARLY OUT OF AMMUNITION!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END, THEN, KIT!



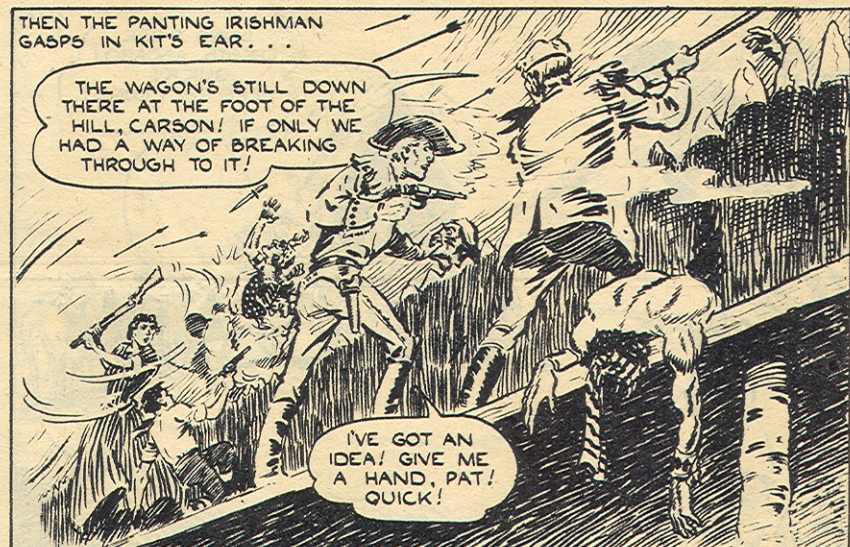
THEN YOUNG JACKIE LEAPS UP, YELLING AND POINTING!

STAND TO! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!



HOLD THEM, FOLKS, OR WE'RE SUNK!

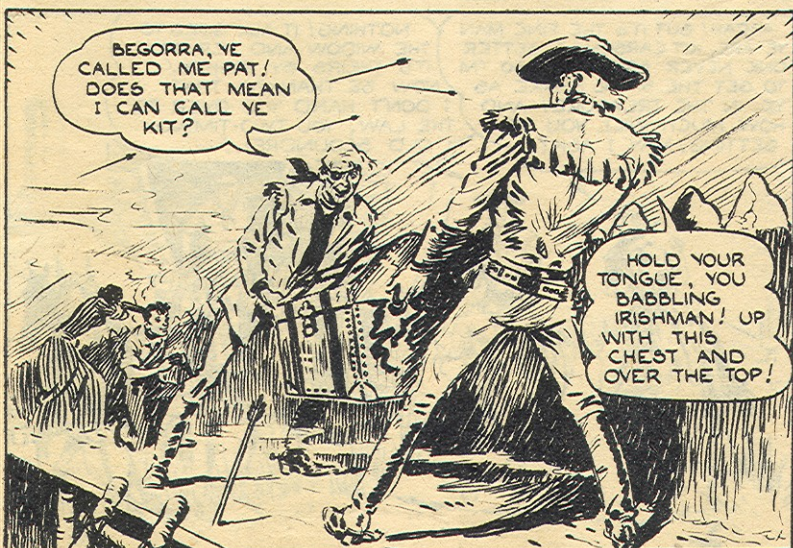
BACK, YE SNIVELLING RED GOMERILL!



THEN THE PANTING IRISHMAN GASPS IN KIT'S EAR...

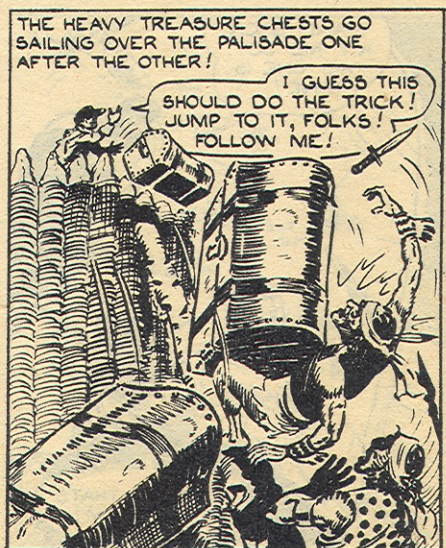
THE WAGON'S STILL DOWN THERE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL, CARSON! IF ONLY WE HAD A WAY OF BREAKING THROUGH TO IT!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! GIVE ME A HAND, PAT! QUICK!



BEGORRA, YE CALLED ME PAT! DOES THAT MEAN I CAN CALL YE KIT?

HOLD YOUR TONGUE, YOU BABBLING IRISHMAN! UP WITH THIS CHEST AND OVER THE TOP!



THE HEAVY TREASURE CHESTS GO SAILING OVER THE PALISADE ONE AFTER THE OTHER!

I GUESS THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK! JUMP TO IT, FOLKS! FOLLOW ME!



CRASHING AND BOUNCING DOWN THE STEEP ROCKY SLOPES, THE WEIGHTY CHESTS CARRY EVERYTHING BEFORE THEM!

AAAGH! LOOK OUT!

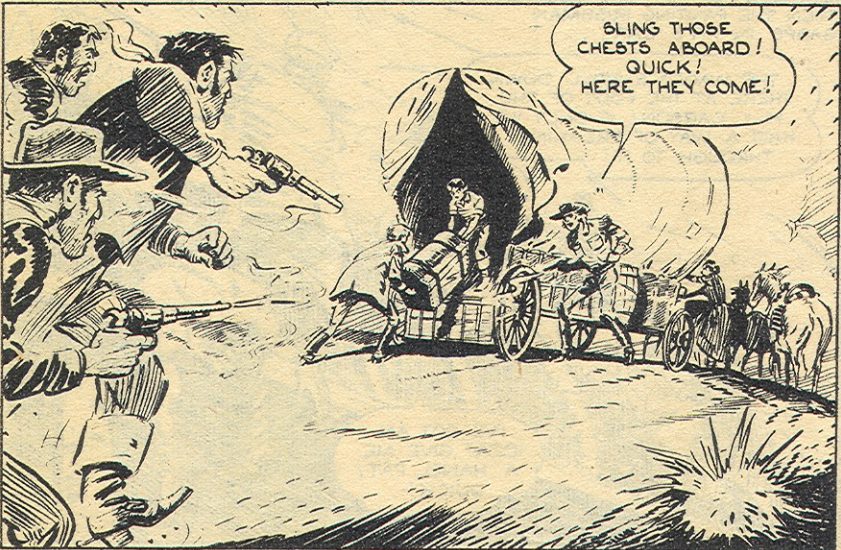
ASIDE FOR YOUR LIVES, IT IS ANOTHER TRICK OF THOSE CURSED PALEFACES!



AND FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND THE TREASURE CHESTS, AS THEY CRASH THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE WAITING WAGON. COME KIT AND HIS FRIENDS.

FOOLS OF REDSKINS! YOU'VE LET THEM BEAT YOU! THEY'RE ESCAPING WITH THE TREASURE! STOP THEM!

FAST AS YOU CAN! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



BLING THOSE CHESTS ABOARD! QUICK! HERE THEY COME!

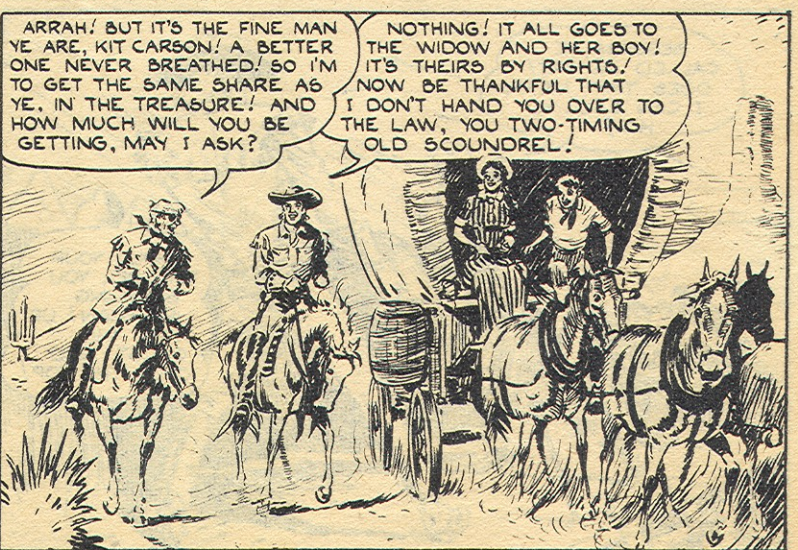


THE WAGON STARTS AWAY WITH A RUSH, AS KIT AND PAT BATTLE SIDE-BY-SIDE AT THE BACK OF THE WAGON.



STAND BACK, KIT ME BOY! THIS ONE IS MINE!

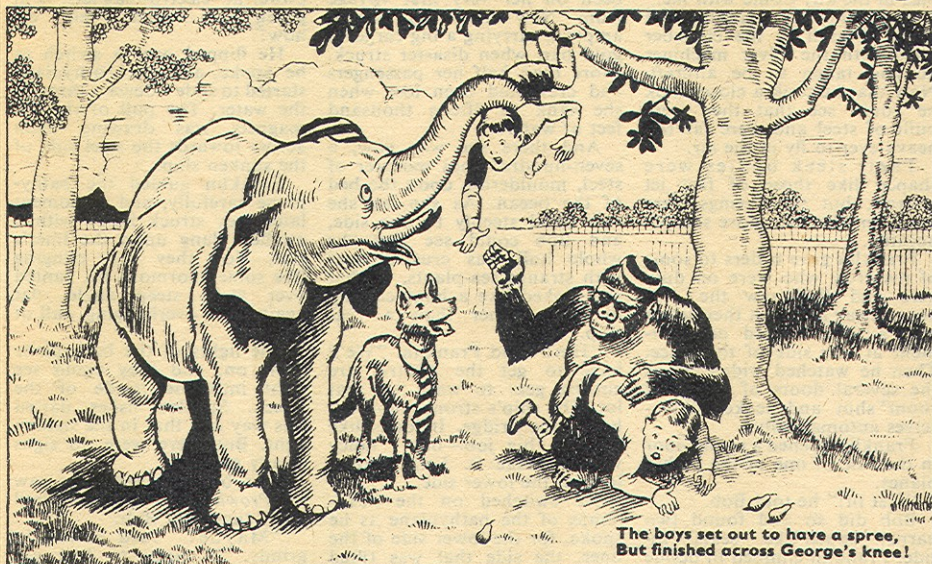
I GUESS THAT'S FIXED THEM!



ARRAH! BUT IT'S THE FINE MAN YE ARE, KIT CARSON! A BETTER ONE NEVER BREATHED! SO I'M TO GET THE SAME SHARE AS YE, IN THE TREASURE! AND HOW MUCH WILL YOU BE GETTING, MAY I ASK?

NOTHING! IT ALL GOES TO THE WIDOW AND HER BOY! IT'S THEIRS BY RIGHTS! NOW BE THANKFUL THAT I DON'T HAND YOU OVER TO THE LAW, YOU TWO-TIMING OLD SCOUNDREL!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



The boys set out to have a spree,
But finished across George's knee!

THE BEASTLY HUMANS

"THAT'S fine!" cried George Harris, the gorilla. "Do it again, Basil."

Basil Bulstrode, the elephant, obediently filled his long trunk with the muddy water of the duck pond, then squirted it over George.

"I'm glad you like it," he chuckled.

"Like it!" cried George, the gorilla. "I should jolly well think that I do like it! It keeps me nice and cool on a hot day like this. Thanks, Basil."

"Don't mention it," said the elephant politely. "It's a pleasure."

He turned to Willy Watkins, the wolf.

"What about you, Willy?" he asked. "Would you like a nice showerbath?"

"Not jolly likely!" cried Willy, the wolf. "Not with that muddy water. No thank you."

"Then if we're quite finished, George, I vote that we continue our stroll," said Basil Bulstrode, the elephant, turning to the gorilla again.

"Yes, come on," said George the gorilla.

The three of them moved away from the duck pond. Passing through a gate which they carefully closed behind them, they strolled along a narrow country lane.

They hadn't always been a gorilla, an elephant, and a wolf. As a matter of fact, 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.

What had happened was this. One morning all the boys had felt ill, so Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the

farm to give them a dose of medicine. But Dr. Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gent that you could meet anywhere. He got his bottles mixed up and, instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine, he gave them all a dose of a wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals.

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

George the gorilla, Basil the elephant, and Willy the wolf, were talking about this.

"It's not so bad really, being turned into an animal," said George. "I've got used to it by now, and it's rather fun at times."

"Yes, it may be all right for you two," complained Basil the elephant, "but I find it very awkward being as big as all this—"

He broke off as a distant voice fell suddenly on his ears.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "It sounds like a lady's voice," said Willy the wolf, standing with his ears pricked and his head inclined in a listening attitude. "She seems to be angry about something."

"If you ask me," said George the gorilla, "it's poor old Widow Wiggs. The voice seems to be coming from the direction of her cottage. Come on, let's see what's up."

WIDOW WIGGS was a nice kindly old lady who lived in a little cottage all by

herself. As George, Basil and Willy approached the cottage they heard her crying:

"Oh, you bad wicked boys! How dare you raid my orchard like that! How dare you steal the fruit off my trees!"

The only answer to this was a lot of jeers and mocking laughter which seemed to come from up in the trees of Widow Wiggs's orchard.

"I'll see if I can find a policeman, that's what I'll do!" cried the voice of Widow Wiggs.

"I'm very glad that we've come along this way," chuckled George the gorilla as he, Basil and Willy the wolf ran on towards the cottage. "We're going to take a hand in this."

"You jolly well bet we are!" cried Basil.

"Hallo, there's Widow Wiggs there!" said Willy.

Widow Wiggs had appeared at her garden gate and was staring anxiously up and down the lane as though in search of a policeman or somebody. When she saw the three animals running along the lane towards her she gave a violent start and her eyes opened wide in sheer amazement.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am, don't be frightened!" cried George, scuttling up to where she was standing. "We're quite harmless. We won't hurt you. We're your friends, even if we are animals."

Widow Wiggs got such a shock at hearing the gorilla speak in a human voice that she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Why, I—I didn't know that animals could talk!" she gasped.

"Not many can, ma'am, but we can," chuckled Basil the elephant. "We're rather special sort of animals. But is anything wrong in your garden?"

"I should think there is," almost wept Widow Wiggs, forgetting her surprise at hearing the animals talk, and suddenly remembering her woes. "A party of boys from St. Anselm's School are stealing all the fruit off my trees. And it's only by selling my fruit and the things out of my garden that I can make a living."

George, Basil and Willy looked at each other. They knew all about the boys of St. Anselm's, which was a school about a mile away from the farm. Some of the St. Anselm's boys were quite nice, but there were others who were absolute cads and spent most of their out-of-school hours bullying younger boys and girls and annoying old people.

"That St. Anselm's bunch again, eh?" grunted George. Then he said to Widow Wiggs: "All right, ma'am, don't you worry. We'll look after this, and I bet the rotters will never come near your orchard or your garden again. Come on, Basil, and you, Willy!"

Pushing open the gate, he marched round the cottage and into the orchard at the back. He was followed by Basil and Willy, with Widow Wiggs bringing up the rear.

It was Marmaduke Mopp and his friends who were raiding the orchard. They were the worst cads at St. Anselm's, and they thought it marvellous fun to steal the fruit of a poor lonely old lady like Widow Wiggs, who hadn't anybody to protect her.

"Ha, ha, ha!" guffawed Marmaduke Mopp, up a tree. "These pears are simply scrumptious. I've got my pockets absolutely stuffed with 'em!" "So have I!" yelled one of his pals named Ogden Platt, from up another tree. "I've got my tummy stuffed as well. He, he, he!"

He broke off as there came a sudden howl from Cuthbert Cropper, who was up another tree.

"Look!" howled Cuthbert, nearly falling out of the tree with fright! There's a great savage-looking wolf down there!"

"Yes, and a gorilla!" yelled Marmaduke Mopp, looking down and suddenly seeing George.

"And an elephant!" bawled Ogden Platt. "Oh, help, where can they have come from?"

"They must have escaped from a circus," cried Marmaduke.

"Oh, no, we haven't!" chuckled Basil the elephant, reaching up and plucking the terrified Marmaduke neatly out of the tree with his trunk. "Come on, you horrible little beast, we'll teach you not to

(Continued on next page)

DR. GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 17)

rob Widow Wiggs's orchard. Here you are, George."

He handed the howling, struggling Marmaduke to George, who had seated himself on an upturned box. Being a gorilla, George was terribly strong. He could have handled a dozen Marmaduke Mopps.

"You seemed to think it a great joke to steal Widow Wiggs's pears," he remarked, yanking the howling, terrified Marmaduke across his knee and starting to give him a terrific smacking. "I hope you're still enjoying the joke."

Marmaduke certainly wasn't. He was nearly fainting with fright at hearing the gorilla talk in a human voice. His yells could have been heard nearly a mile away.

"There, perhaps that'll teach you not to rob Widow Wiggs orchard in future," said George, releasing him at last. "Now another one, Basil."

"Here you are!" said Basil the elephant, plucking the screaming Ogden Platt from out of a tree. "A nice fat one."

George dealt with the howling Ogden as he had dealt with Marmaduke. In fact, he dealt with every one of the cads in the same way. They daren't climb down from the trees because of Willy the wolf, who was prowling around. So they had to stay up the trees until they were plucked out of them.

When the last of the cads had been dealt with and had fled howling along the lane, George rose and turned to Widow Wiggs.

"Well, I don't think they'll ever trouble you again, ma'am," he said politely. "I'm glad we were able to help you. Good afternoon!"

Watch for more fun next week, when a couple of bullies come up against Horace Hake, the donkey!

BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

flies in the air. Come with me."

Bob followed Franklin and found himself in the chamber filled with the silver machines he had taken to be aircraft. Now that he took a closer look he could see that they were built of steel and were far too heavy ever to fly in the air.

Their sleek bodies were shaped like those of fast jet aircraft, but their wings were much smaller and more sharply pointed.

Franklin gave orders to some of his crew who were on duty here and Bob saw the men hurry away and shut themselves into a glass-fronted compartment at one side of the place. Then he watched wide-eyed as the several doors of the great room shut and locked themselves automatically.

Franklin opened a round door in the side of one of the bathyplanes.

"Get in!" he told Bob.

Bob did so and found two narrow couch-like "seats" inside. Franklin climbed in beside him and closed the round door.

"You lie flat on your stomach with your elbows on these rests," Franklin told him. Bob did so and found that he had a good view forward and down through the glazed nose.

Then the sea-doors of the place were opened by machinery and the green water came rushing in. Franklin pressed a lever and the engine of the bathyplane whined into life.

They shot out from the *Prowler* and soared away through the water over the great chasm.

It was just like flying. The slender, silvery craft sped out and down at over a hundred miles an hour. Malcolm Franklin, at the controls, steered the machine low over the huge sunken wreck.

Bob was too young to remember the sinking of the

Lupercalia, but he had read about the tragedy which had shocked the whole world. She had been a brand-new super-luxury liner in her day and had been on her very first voyage from New York to Southampton, carrying a big cargo of gold bar, when disaster struck. More than half her passengers and crew had been lost when she sank in fifteen thousand feet of water.

And there she was now, a seven-hundred foot monster of steel, mouldering upon the bed of the ocean. As she lay she was tilted steeply to one side, and Bob could see that the whole hull was crusted over with strange sea-plants, so that she looked like a huge carving in coral rather than a real ship.

"Hm!" said Franklin. "We'll have to get the electric arc cutting gear to work on that lot. The ship's strong-room lies below the bridge. It looks like being a big job—but I fancy we'll manage it. Let's take a look at the lower side."

He switched on the headlamps of the bathyplane as he spoke, for the lower side of the liner, the side that was tilted down towards the seabed, was in deep shadow from the *Prowler*'s powerful searchlights.

They sped under the boat, which loomed like a great tilted wall above them.

Suddenly Franklin gave a cry.

"Look!" he pointed at the great hull. "Look! Somebody else has been here before us!"

Bob looked and saw a great square-cut hole in the ship's side.

"Gosh!" gasped Bob. "The cut edges of that hole are still bright—it's been done lately—perhaps the people who did it are still inside!"

"We'll soon find out!" snapped Malcolm Franklin.

He threw over a short control lever at his side and at once the note of the bathyplane's engine changed. At the

same time their speed fell rapidly.

"The engine is driving the generator now," explained Franklin. "We're fitted with powerful electro-magnets. I'm going to switch them on now!"

He flipped over a switch as he spoke, and the bathyplane started to slide sideways through the water. The pull of the big magnets was drawing them across towards the steel side of the sunken ship.

Franklin guided the bathyplane carefully, and a moment later they struck home with a muffled clang upon the liner's side. Now they were clinging like some enormous fly, canted over at a steep angle, flat against the overhanging wall of steel.

The lights of the bathyplane came on, and they could see right into the inside of the wreck. Startled fishes darted this way and that in the sudden light. But there were no signs of any people.

"Maybe they heard or saw the *Prowler* coming and cleared out," suggested Bob.

"Maybe!" said Franklin grimly. "I mean to find out and—"

He stopped, for suddenly a red light was flashing on the control panel of the bathyplane.

That meant that an urgent radio message was coming through to them. The inventor flipped a switch and spoke into a built-in microphone.

"Malcolm Franklin here. Please come in—am receiving you."

"Base calling Malcolm Franklin. Bad news here, sir. The base has been raided by a strong party of unknown enemies. They came from the sea."

"Any damage?" Franklin's voice was tense.

"Little damage, sir—but they have stolen the working model of the *Prowler*!"

Next week: Trapped by the Shark!

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!



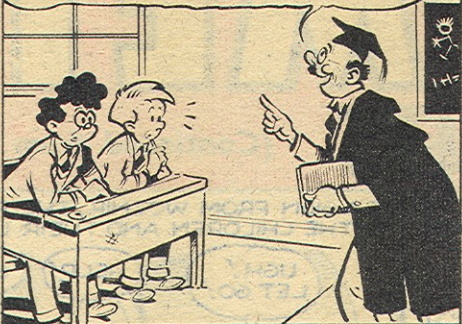
THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND



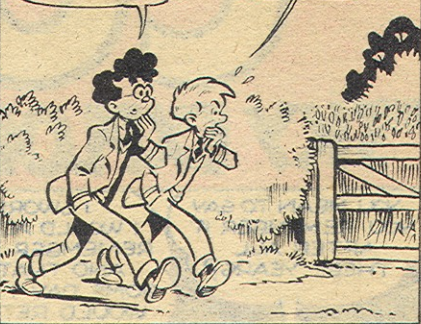
CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

NOW FOR TONIGHT'S ARITHMETIC HOMEWORK. I AM SETTING THIS LITTLE PROBLEM - IF IT TAKES ONE MAN THREE DAYS TO PLOUGH A FIELD, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THREE MEN?



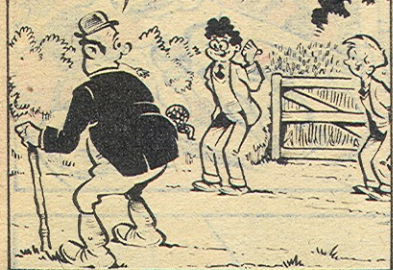
JOLLY TRICKY PIECE OF HOMEWORK, CUTHBERT!

PROPER TEASER, CLAUDE.



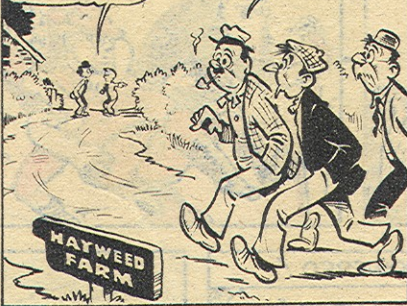
EXCUSE ME, FARMER HAYWEED, HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE YOU TO PLOUGH THIS WHEATFIELD?

'BOUT THREE DAYS, I RECKON!



HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FIND HOW LONG THREE MEN WILL TAKE, CLAUDE.

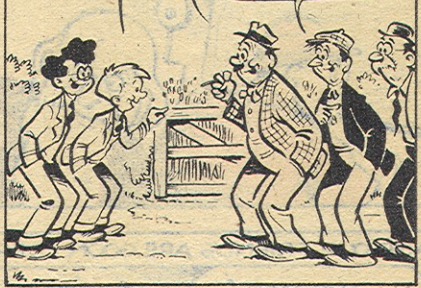
RECKON WE'LL FIND SOME WORK HERE, MEN!



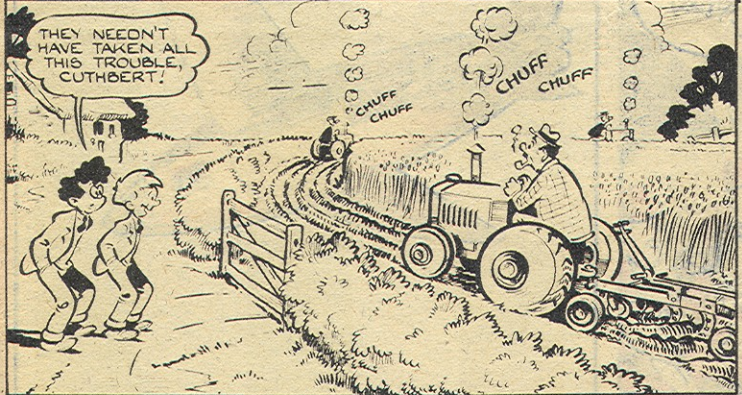
HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE YOU CHAPS TO PLOUGH THIS FIELD?

DON'T KNOW, MASTER. BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

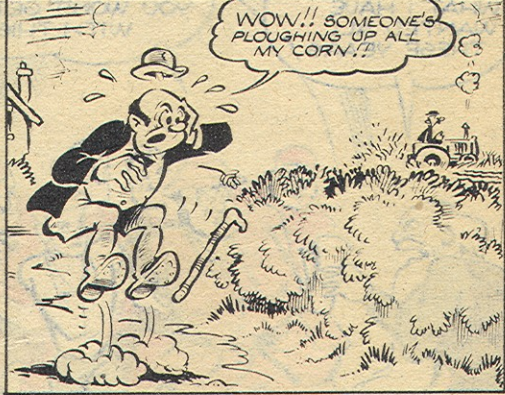
JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO US, SIR!



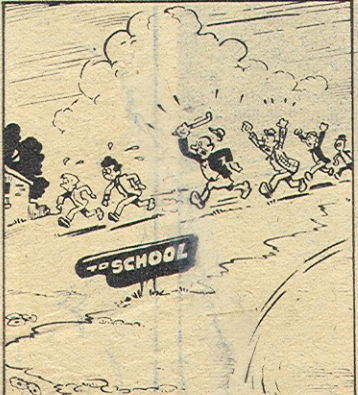
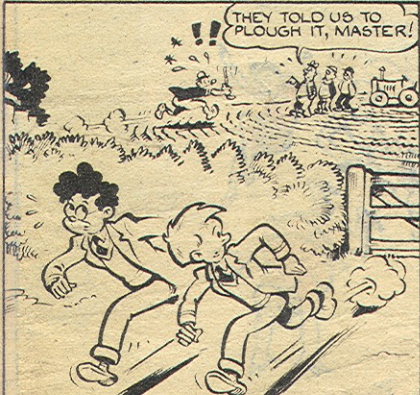
THEY NEEDN'T HAVE TAKEN ALL THIS TROUBLE, CUTHBERT!



WOW!! SOMEONE'S PLOUGHING UP ALL MY CORN!!



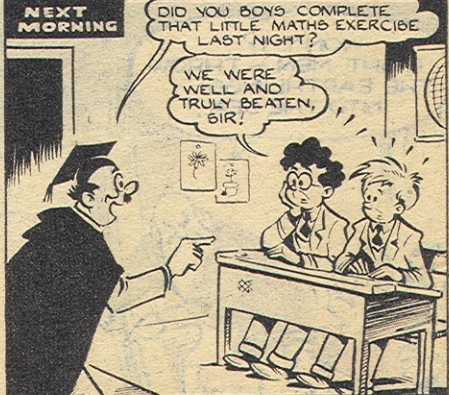
THEY TOLD US TO PLOUGH IT, MASTER!



NEXT MORNING

DID YOU BOYS COMPLETE THAT LITTLE MATHS EXERCISE LAST NIGHT?

WE WERE WELL AND TRULY BEATEN, SIR!



COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)



Next week: Our three chums meet some strange people who live under the sea!