

# COMET

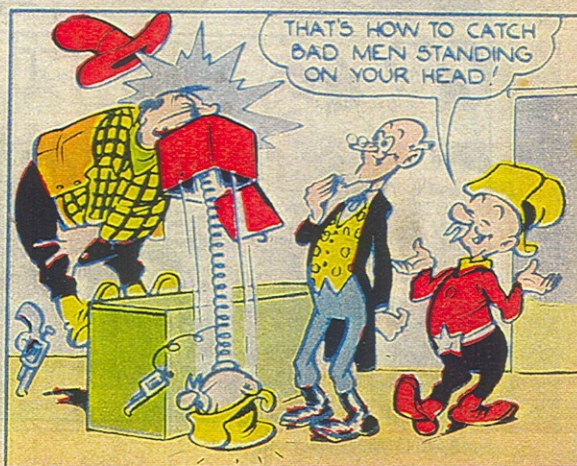
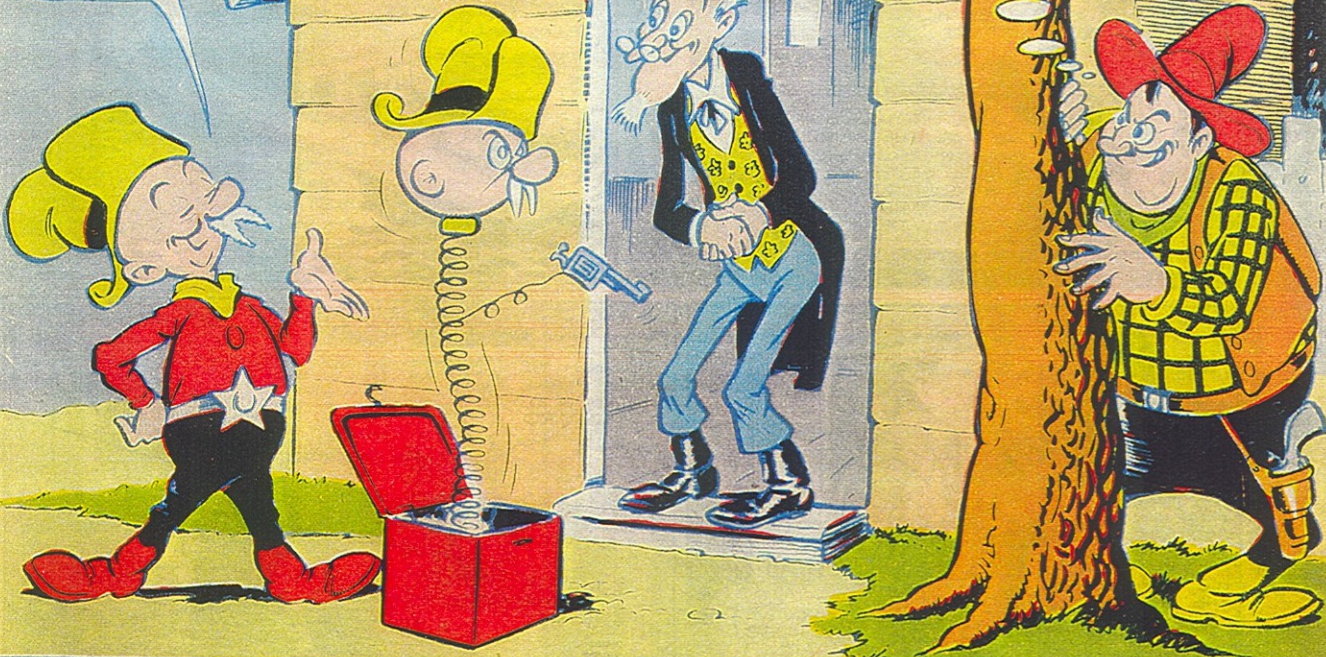
PRICE  
**3<sup>D</sup>**  
EVERY  
MONDAY

No. 220, October 4, 1952

## SHORTY

MY PATENT  
SHORTY-IN-THE-BOX  
TO GO BEHIND YOUR  
BANK COUNTER.  
GUARANTEED TO  
SCARE AWAY  
BAD MEN!

I'M SCARED  
STIFF!  
HA! HA!



# THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!

Ron Mason and his sister Jane are in bad trouble. They think their father is one of a band of smugglers. The leader forces Ron and Jane to help them, and they carry a case ashore and hide it. The Bunters find the case and open it. There are watches inside. Crooks surprise them and they run away. One watch falls into the hands of the police. Now the leader of the gang thinks Ron and Jane have betrayed him.

WHERE YOU AND YOUR BROTHER HID THOSE CASES. WE THOUGHT THEY WERE BUNS AND CAKES!

I'LL BUY THE WATCH - BUT JUST NOW I HAVE NO MONEY. PLEASE - PLEASE KEEP THIS TO YOURSELF, WON'T YOU?

OF COURSE! I WON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THE SMUGGLERS! IF YOU BUY THE WATCH I WON'T HAVE ANY PROOF. WILL I?

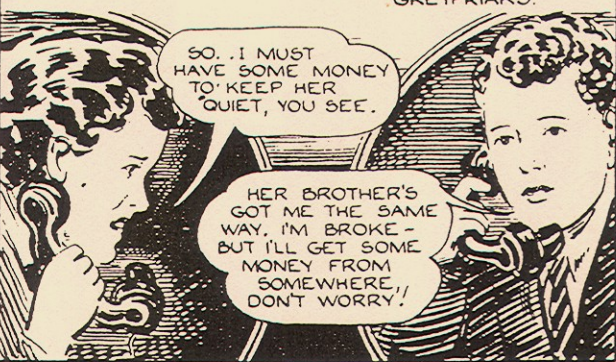
JUST WHERE DID YOU GET THIS WATCH, BESSIE?



SO JANE TELEPHONED TO HER BROTHER AT GREYFRIARS.

SO... I MUST HAVE SOME MONEY TO KEEP HER QUIET, YOU SEE.

HER BROTHER'S GOT ME THE SAME WAY. I'M BROKE - BUT I'LL GET SOME MONEY FROM SOMEWHERE. DON'T WORRY!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SMUGGLER'S BOAT, JUST OFF THE FRENCH COAST, THE CHIEF OF THE GANG IS CONFRONTING MR MASON ANGRILY.

YOUR KIDS HAVE BETRAYED US, I SAY! YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS, MASON!

THEY WOULDN'T GIVE ME AWAY, HUGO! LET ME GO AND FIND OUT THE TRUTH!



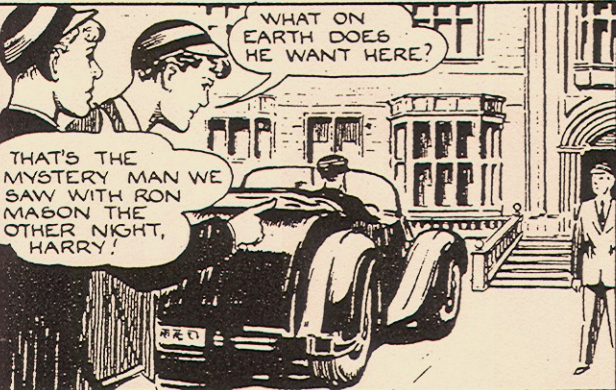
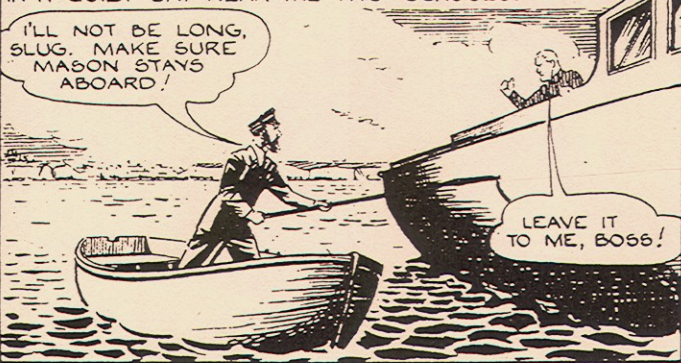
YOU GET BELOW! I'LL DEAL WITH THE KIDS MY OWN WAY!

DON'T DRIVE ME TOO FAR, HUGO! IF YOU HARM THEM, --WATCH OUT!

SO THE CRUISER CROSSED THE CHANNEL AND ANCHORED IN A QUIET BAY NEAR THE TWO SCHOOLS.

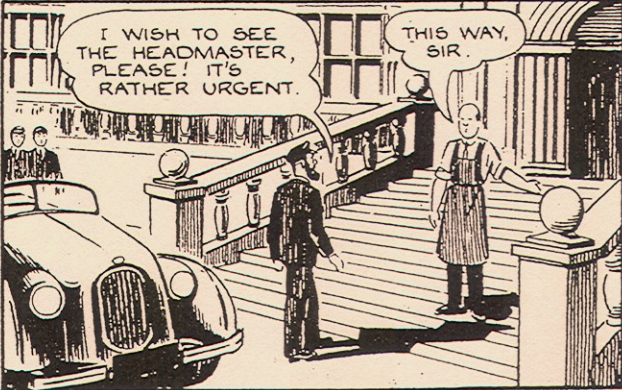
I'LL NOT BE LONG, SLUG. MAKE SURE MASON STAYS ABOARD!

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!



WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE WANT HERE?

THAT'S THE MYSTERY MAN WE SAW WITH RON MASON THE OTHER NIGHT, HARRY!



I WISH TO SEE THE HEADMASTER, PLEASE! IT'S RATHER URGENT.

THIS WAY, SIR.

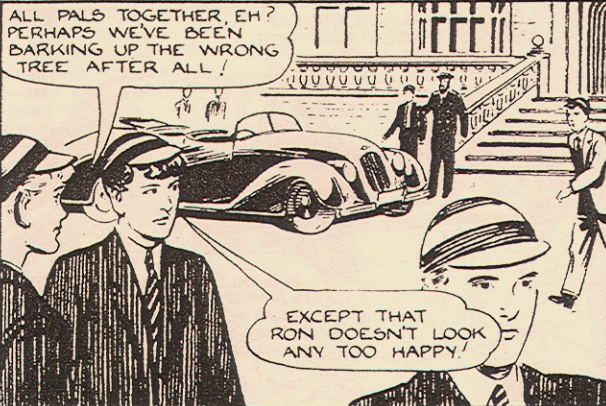
A FEW MINUTES LATER RON MASON GOT A MESSAGE TO GO TO THE HEAD'S STUDY.



WHAT ON EARTH CAN HE WANT ME FOR? SURELY HE DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING!

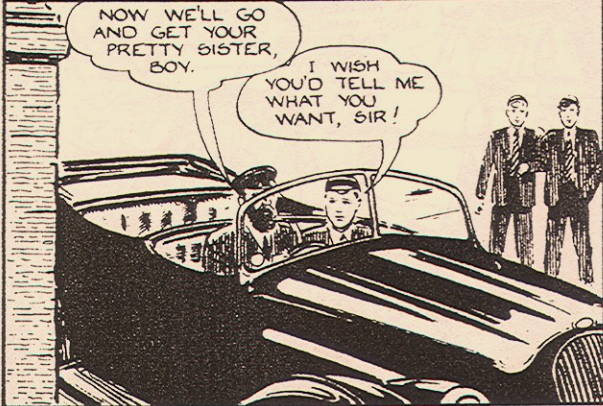


THIS IS A FRIEND OF YOUR FATHER'S, MASON. HE WANTS TO TAKE YOU OUT TO TEA. HERE'S A PERMIT FOR YOU, MY BOY!



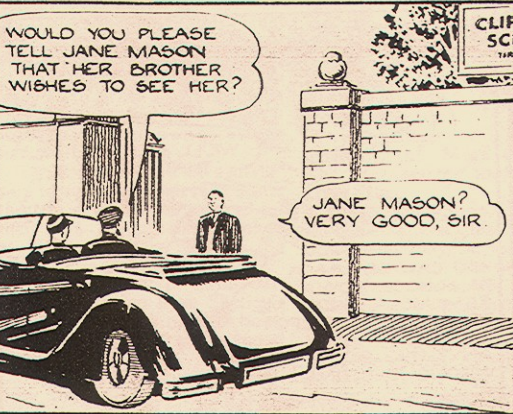
ALL PALS TOGETHER, EH? PERHAPS WE'VE BEEN BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE AFTER ALL!

EXCEPT THAT RON DOESN'T LOOK ANY TOO HAPPY!



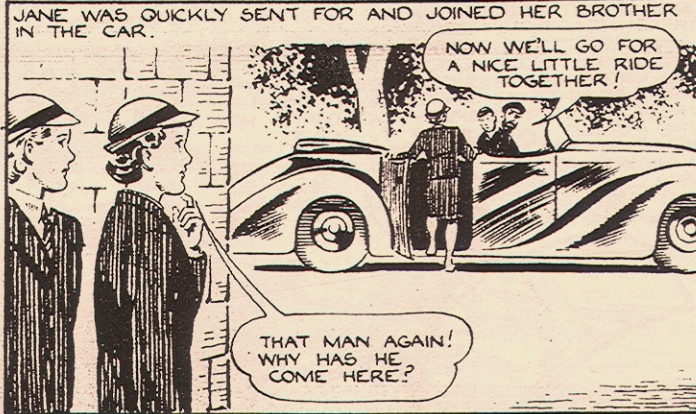
NOW WE'LL GO AND GET YOUR PRETTY SISTER, BOY.

I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, SIR!



WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL JANE MASON THAT HER BROTHER WISHES TO SEE HER?

JANE MASON? VERY GOOD, SIR.

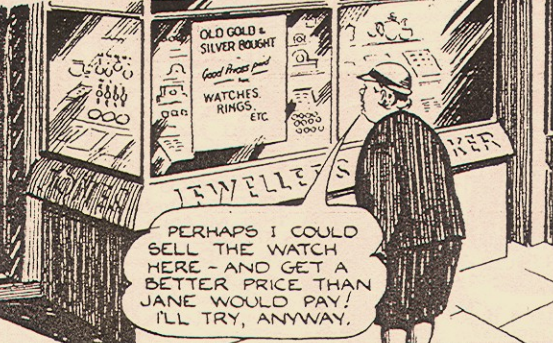


JANE WAS QUICKLY SENT FOR AND JOINED HER BROTHER IN THE CAR.

NOW WE'LL GO FOR A NICE LITTLE RIDE TOGETHER!

THAT MAN AGAIN! WHY HAS HE COME HERE?

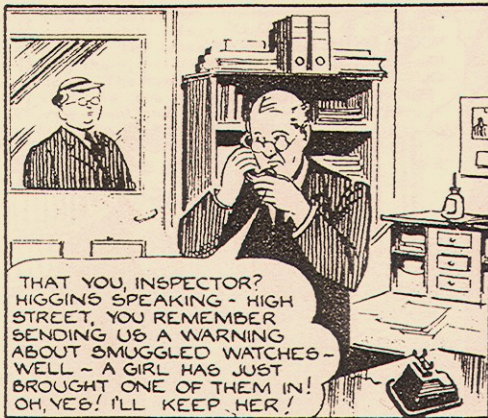
BESSIE BUNTER, UNABLE TO FIND JANE AND ANXIOUS TO GET SOME CASH, HAD OTHER IDEAS ABOUT THE SMUGGLED WATCH.



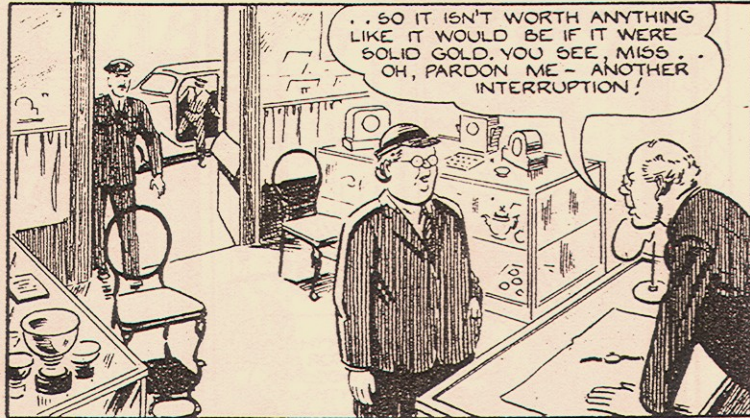
PERHAPS I COULD SELL THE WATCH HERE - AND GET A BETTER PRICE THAN JANE WOULD PAY! I'LL TRY, ANYWAY.



EXCUSE ME - I WON'T KEEP YOU LONG!



THAT YOU, INSPECTOR?  
HIGGINS SPEAKING - HIGH STREET, YOU REMEMBER SENDING US A WARNING ABOUT SMUGGLED WATCHES - WELL - A GIRL HAS JUST BROUGHT ONE OF THEM IN! OH, YES! I'LL KEEP HER!

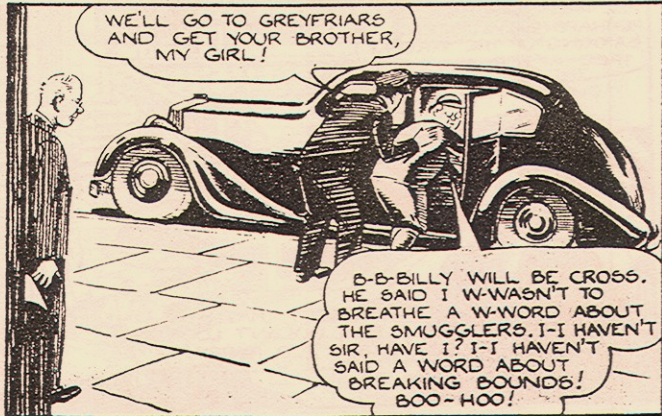


... SO IT ISN'T WORTH ANYTHING LIKE IT WOULD BE IF IT WERE SOLID GOLD. YOU SEE, MISS... OH, PARDON ME - ANOTHER INTERRUPTION!



NOW, YOUNG LADY! JUST WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS WATCH?

I-I DID-DIDN'T FIND IT. M-M-MY BROTHER GAVE IT TO M-M-ME. P-P-PLEASE, SIR!



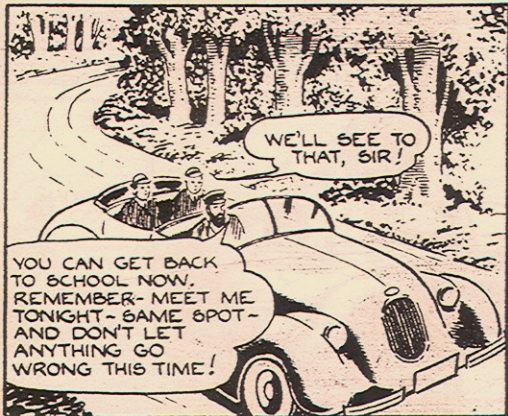
WE'LL GO TO GREYFRIARS AND GET YOUR BROTHER, MY GIRL!

B-B-BILLY WILL BE CROSS. HE SAID I W-WASN'T TO BREATHE A W-WORD ABOUT THE SMUGGLERS. I-I HAVEN'T SAID A WORD ABOUT BREAKING BOUNDS! BOO-HOO!



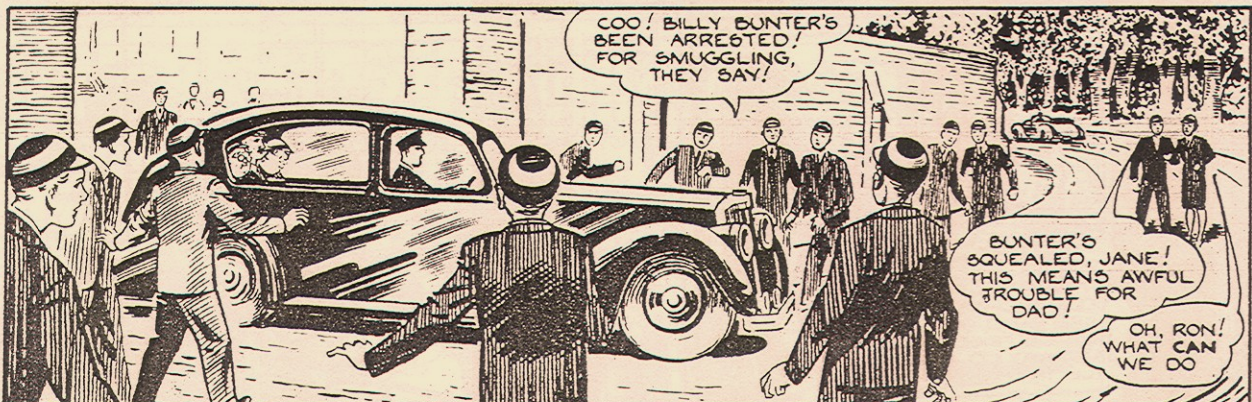
JUST ABOUT THIS TIME, HUGO AND THE MASONS FINISHED THEIR HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

WELL, I'LL BELIEVE YOUR STORY. YOU WERE EARNED CARELESS, TO SAY THE LEAST OF IT. SOMEONE SAW YOU - THESE BUNTER PEOPLE - AND THAT'S HOW THE POLICE CAME IN TO IT, RIGHT! NOW WE MUST FIND A NEW HIDING-PLACE!



WE'LL SEE TO THAT, SIR!

YOU CAN GET BACK TO SCHOOL NOW. REMEMBER - MEET ME TONIGHT - SAME SPOT - AND DON'T LET ANYTHING GO WRONG THIS TIME!



COO! BILLY BUNTER'S BEEN ARRESTED! FOR SMUGGLING, THEY SAY!

BUNTER'S SQUEALED, JANE! THIS MEANS AWFUL TROUBLE FOR DAD!

OH, RON! WHAT CAN WE DO

# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

## WILLY WIZZARD'S SLEEP-WALKING SENTINELS

THE Fourth Form English Literature period was a bore that morning. The late Percy Bysshe Shelley left the boys cold and their minds were on anything but his "Ode to a Skylark," which they were supposed to be reading.

Mr. Halfspun had been called away two days before to his grandmother, who had temporarily taken a turn for the worse.

Doctor Gandybar, who was taking his classes in his absence, was finding it a bore, too.

"These boys are a dull, stupid collection," said the Doctor to himself as his glance wandered round the form. "Half of them are obviously not reading and the other half only pretending to."

His eye caught sight of Sope, who was gazing enrapt through the window.

"Sope!" he thundered, "to your work, boy!"

Sope heard.

"My work, sir? Yes, sir, of course, sir!"

"What is that book, boy, on your desk!" asked the Doctor, grimly.

"My Shelley, sir!" said Sope, looking earnestly with large solemn eyes at the Doctor.

"Not your Shelley, boy—that massive exercise book, or whatever it is. Bring it to me!"

Sylvester Sope picked up his book with pride and brought it to the headmaster's desk. It was filled with his own sprawling handwriting.

The Doctor, glad of a diversion turned the pages idly, while the rest of the form pricked up their ears. Jimmy Bash winked at Willy Wizzard across the room.

"Ah!" said Doctor Gandybar. "Here, boys, we have Shelley's rival!" and handing the book back to Sope he commanded him to read.

Sope took his book and gracefully tossed a strand of long hair out of his left eye. Then, his lanky form swaying gently, he began.

"Ode to the Dawn.

Softly spreads the dawning ray

O'er the sky,  
Flowers begin another day  
So must I."

Sope paused and gazed vacantly round the form.

"Go on, boy," said Doctor Gandybar, slightly overcome.

"Rosy glows a glinting gleam  
On the dew

Fish are waking from their dream

So must you."

Sope closed the book.

"Hum!" said the Doctor.

"Well said, Sope! You see, boys, Sope knows you well. Dreaming fish. I could not have described you better myself. And, pray,

what do you know about the dawn, Sope?"

Sope clasped his hands and became excited.

"Oh, a lot and more. I see it every morning at four from the door!"

Doctor Gandybar darted an astonished look at the poet.

"From the door," he asked. "Which door?"

"The door to the quad, sir," said Sylvester. "You see, sir, I wake up at the door each morning, so I stay to watch the dawning."

Doctor Gandybar looked mystified.

"You awake at the main door each morning? Then you are a sleepwalker, boy, a sleep-walker! Well, well, well! I suppose we must see about having iron bars put up at the dormitory window to stop you from falling out in your sleep. Tut, tut, tut. More expense!"

The Headmaster looked irritable.

"And now, Sope," he went on. "Remember this—and any other who may be tempted to watch the dawn. The dark hours are meant for sleep, and not for sleep walking. Anyone whom I find prowling round passages before rising bell I shall view with the gravest suspicion and to their cost. I find I have no desire to see the dawn, and I don't expect anyone under my care to have, either!"

At this point the bell for morning break rang and the boys trooped out.

Doctor Gandybar's remark about having iron bars put up at the dormitory window was a disturbing one and it was well talked over.

Some boys said they would feel like criminals in a cell; others said that they would bear a marked resemblance to monkeys in a cage. The idea was unbearable and they all turned to Willy Wizzard for help.

Willy Wizzard's brain being of a scientific turn, bit on problems as a dog's teeth bites on a bone.

He was the son of a famous scientist and his inventions were something of a mixed blessing,



Whenever Dr. Gandybar tried to get back into the school by the window, he was turned back in a very decided fashion by the Wizzard Sleepwalking Sentinel!

as they always seemed to manage more than was intended of them.

"Go on, Wizz, old man. Do something. Apart from this rotten idea of bars at the dormitory window, I, for one, am positively fed up with our pet poet waking me up when he opens the door in his sleep. It's a bore having to lead him back to bed—even then he manages to see the sun come up. It's all such a waste of effort!" said Jimmy Bash, talking the matter over with Willy.

Willy Wizzard thought for ten minutes. At the end of that time he looked at Jimmy with bright eyes behind his thick glasses.

"The Wizzard Sleepwalking Sentinels will finish all that. I'll just pop off and tell Doctor Gandybar that he needn't bother about iron bars and things, and then I'll get busy."

Doctor Gandybar was glad to let Wizzard try out his scheme and as that afternoon was a half holiday, Willy was able to work hard at his inventions.

That night the Sentinels were in position in the Fourth Form dormitory.

Willy explained them to his friends and to Sylvester Sope, who was ever so pleased.

They were curious contrap-

tions. Just large hands and arms fixed on pedestals, standing on small platforms with little wheels, battery-driven. One stood by the door, the other by the window.

They were not entirely silent as they made a low throbbing noise when switched on, but Willy told them that this noise induced sleep, rather than disturbed it.

"So you see, Sylvester, when you walk in your sleep, either to the door or the window, these hands which are magnetised to people, will take hold of you gently and lead you back to your bed. So that none of us will have you on our minds, and you will be safe as houses," said Willy.

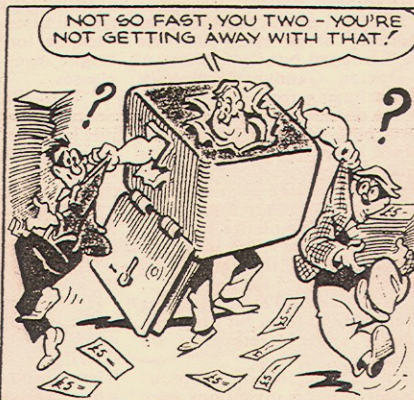
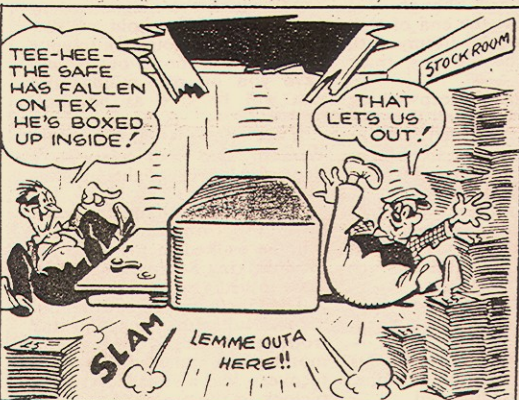
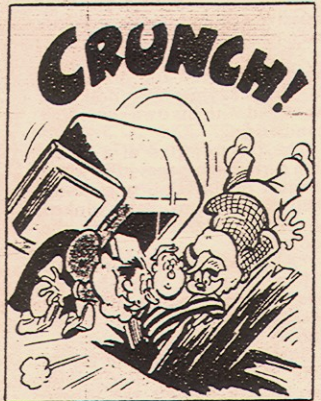
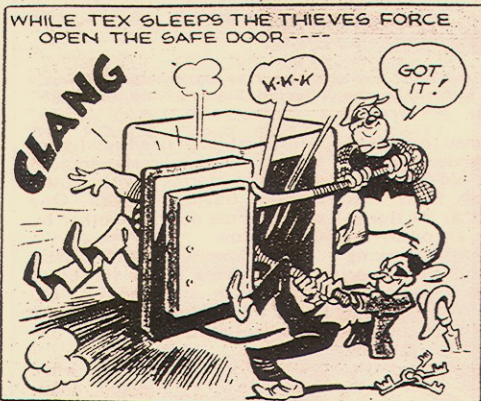
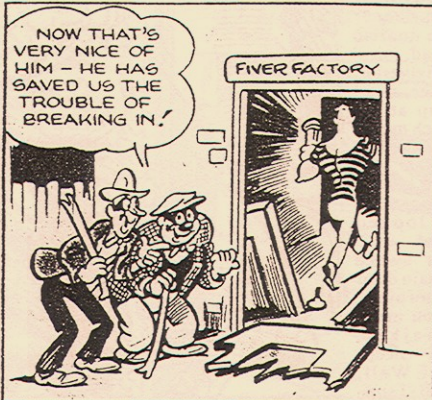
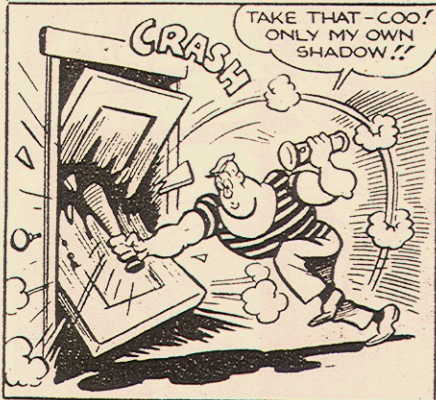
It all turned out as Willy Wizzard said and every boy slept for three nights undisturbed.

Sope had no chance to wake up at the front door, as each time he walked in his sleep the Sleepwalking Sentinels saw him back to bed again.

The fourth night was different.

Mr. Halfspun, back that day from his visit to his grandmother who had made a sudden recovery, was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by what

(Continued on page 18)



# BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

The biggest and most powerful craft ever to be built for undersea travel was in the power of a ruthless pirate!

The "Prowler", invented and run by Malcolm Franklin, was like a huge tank, designed to travel on the bottom of the ocean. It was as heavy and massive as a battleship, and could reach the very deepest depths of the ocean, where no man had ever been before.

Malcolm Franklin had built the "Prowler" in order to salvage gold and treasure from sunken wrecks, and Bob Harley, the young Special Agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, had been sent along with him to help protect his secrets.

Down below the sea they had met with a swift, mysterious submarine. It was commanded by a masked pirate who called himself the Shark. Nobody had ever seen his face. The Shark, came from the South American country of Incaragua.

Soon after this, the Shark had got aboard the "Prowler" and was now in control of the power house.

Malcolm Franklin and his loyal crew still held the upper decks of the "Prowler", but the Shark and his gang of pirates were in command of the lower decks. And it looked as though the Shark had the advantage, for all the power and heat, were in his control, and he could cut off supplies to the part where the Englishmen were holding out. They would soon become half frozen by the intense cold of the deep seas.

But Bob Harley was in the Shark's part of the "Prowler". He was hiding in the wreckage of the Shark's submarine which now lay in the salvage chamber of the "Prowler".

"FIND him!" roared the Shark. "As long as he is free, all my plans are in danger!"

Crouched in a narrow passage of the Shark's wrecked submarine, Bob heard the words as they echoed through the steel hull. He did not understand them, for they were spoken in Incaraguan, the Shark's native tongue. But he had no doubt that his escape had been discovered, and that the Shark was ordering a search.

But how could Bob avoid recapture? The Shark's men would search everywhere on the submarine. There was nowhere Bob could go where they could not follow—and they knew the ins and outs of the submarine. Bob didn't.

If he could get out of the submarine, and into the hull of the "Prowler", within which the submarine lay, Bob would have a better chance. But the way would be blocked by armed ruffians put there by the Shark



Bob certainly had a surprise waiting for the Shark. For when the Shark entered his cabin he came face to face with himself!

to guard against that very thing.

Bob tensed. The sound of footsteps was approaching. One of the Shark's searchers was drawing near.

Bob pulled himself back into a narrow space between some thick pipes which ran up the wall of the narrow passage-way. He peered into the gloom towards the end of the passage, where it joined a wider one which was lit.

The figure of a man appeared, crouching, looking down the passage towards him. Levelled in the man's hands was a stubby sub-machine gun. Bob held his breath.

The man crept towards Bob, swinging his gun this way and that as he peered into the shadows. The barrel of the gun came level with Bob's middle. The man paused, looking and searching.

The mass of close-packed pipes hid Bob from his view. All the same, if the man took another step and happened to turn sideways, Bob knew that he must be discovered.

Keeping behind one of the big pipes, Bob brought his right arm up above his head as the man took a step forward. The gun was now past the spot where Bob was hiding, and the man himself was close alongside Bob.

Bob did not dare wait a second longer. He had to risk everything on a single blow—now.

He brought his fist down and round in a swift, chopping arc.

The man caught the movement out of the corner of his eye, and started to turn. His mouth began to open, to cry out. Then Bob's fist caught him, as Bob had meant that it should do, just under the left ear.

The man gave a grunt, and dropped like a log.

That blow under the ear had been a very special one, which Bob had learned during his secret service training at Scotland Yard. But this was the first time he had ever had to use it in deadly earnest—and it had worked.

Bob snatched up the man's Tommy-gun. At least he now had a weapon to fight with.

He tugged the man out of sight, and crept back along the passage. He stopped at the corner and peered around. This was the main passage of the big submarine, and it was brightly lit. For the moment, nobody was in sight, either towards the stern, where Bob had come from, or up forward towards the bows.

Bob glanced swiftly both ways, trying to make up his mind what he should do next.

Then his eye was caught by a very small thing a few yards to his left. A very small, very ordinary thing.

But it wasn't an ordinary thing to find aboard a submarine.

It was a key, sticking out from

the keyhole of a door. The door itself was of riveted steel, like the others aboard the sub. It had the usual locking handles and levers, but as well it had an ordinary key in an ordinary key-hole.

Bob decided to look beyond the door with the key. Two swift paces carried him to it, and he pressed. The heavy door, ribbed and riveted, of thick steel, swung inwards easily. It wasn't locked.

In the light which flooded in from the passage, Bob could see a cabin. It was more roomy than any other cabin he had ever seen within the narrow hulls of submarines. There was a comfortable bunk, a desk, charts on the wall.

Bob stepped inside; closed the door, and switched on the light. Then he locked the door from inside with the key which he had taken from the outside.

This must be the Shark's cabin, Bob told himself. He looked swiftly around, and his eye was caught by a half-open locker. He stepped close to it, and pulled the door fully open. It was a wardrobe.

There were three or four uniforms hanging up there, and a black dressing-gown. But it was not these things that interested Bob. At the top of the wardrobe was a shelf. On that shelf stood a gleaming steel mask!

The Shark had more than

(Continued on next page)

one mask—this was his spare one. A grin spread over Bob's face. An idea had come to him. But there wasn't much time to act. Bob got busy at once.

**T**HE first few of the Shark's men came trailing back from searching the submarine. Each one had been assigned a separate part to search. Each of the first three reported no success in their search for Bob Harley.

One of them was the man who had been given the main centre passage, and the torpedo chambers up in the nose.

"You have looked everywhere?" snapped the Shark.

"Everywhere but in your cabin, excellency. That is private to yourself. You have forbidden us to enter. . . ."

That was quite true. The Shark's own cabin was the only one in the submarine fitted with a lock and key. The Shark had good reasons for keeping his men out of that cabin.

The Shark's hand strayed to his pocket, where he usually kept the key, and he started slightly. The key was not there.

Under his steel mask, the Shark frowned. He could remember leaving his cabin in a hurry, when the submarine had begun its disastrous dive to the bottom, but he could not remember locking the door.

"I will look in my cabin—to be sure," said the Shark shortly, and strode down the passage away from his men.

The key was standing out of the keyhole as he approached. Seeing it, the Shark relaxed his wariness a little. Surely, if the English lad had hidden here, he thought, he would have locked himself in, instead of leaving the key on the outside.

Which was just what Bob had hoped he would think. Because, if the Shark had been but half a minute earlier, he would have seen Bob replace that key carefully in the outside of the lock.

Still, now that he was here, he might as well look. . . .

The Shark pushed open the door, stepped inside, and

switched on the light.

He found himself looking at the unwavering muzzle of a gun!

More than that, the gun was held by someone who looked exactly like himself!

Steel mask and all, his double stood there across the cabin, aiming a gun steadily at his middle.

"Put your hands up, and come right inside!" said Bob Harley's voice from under the second steel mask. "Don't try any tricks—I shan't miss at this short range!"

The Shark snarled with sheer fury, but he did as he was told. Bob moved around, so as to get nearer to the door, and motioned the Shark across to the other side.

"Turn around!" said Bob. Then he softly backed away from the pirate. A second later, the steel door clanged shut. The Shark spun about, to find himself alone, just in time to hear the key turn in the lock.

He hurled himself forward, and pounded his fists against the door. But he might just as well have saved his energy, for the steel door was watertight—designed to keep the sea out, if need be—and it was sound-proof.

He soon gave up his pounding, and turned his attention to his desk. He tugged out first one drawer and then another, searching feverishly. If only he could find what he sought he might still win the day!

**BOB HARLEY**, disguised as the Shark, strode boldly back among the Shark's men. He had decided on bold, fast, action. It was his one chance. He dared not give the men time to think about the fact that their leader was now wearing a slightly different uniform. And though he had left the Shark under lock and key, Bob didn't feel really sure of him.

So Bob strode, almost running, in among the Shark's men. They stood aside to let him pass. He did so, gesturing for them to follow. Bob did not dare to say anything, for he

could not speak the Shark's language, Incaraguan. But he succeeded in putting over the idea that urgent matters were afoot. He broke into a run, his gun levelled at his side, and the others ran after him.

Bob led the way out of the wrecked submarine, into the salvage lock of the "Prowler", and the men followed him. Up the steps from the lock ran Bob, and into the power house of the "Prowler".

He saw the Shark's men who had been posted, with drawn guns, to guard the doors which led through into the rest of the craft, and guessed at once how things must stand. Beyond those doors were Bob's friends, cut off from the very heart of the "Prowler", as long as the Shark kept the upper hand in the power house.

Bob thought fast. His brain raced, as he led the Shark's men towards those very doors.

The guards covering the doors turned towards him as he ran up. Seeing what appeared to be their leader in a hurry, they stood aside. Bob ran through between them, and grinned to himself as he heard one of the men who had followed him from the submarine shout an order. The guards, too, joined the party charging up behind him. Bob reached the doors, and grabbed the big locking levers. He tugged them down, and thrust the doors open. Then he charged through, and the Shark's men poured after him, yelling wildly.

Instantly an inferno of firing burst out from the darkness of the passages beyond. Bright battery lamps leaped into life, lighting the charging pirates brightly, but giving no sign of where Malcolm Franklin's men were hidden.

The inventor had prepared well for an attack from the power house!

Bullets screamed and bounced between the steel walls of the narrow passages. Bob knew that he was in deadly danger. At any second, a bullet from one of his own friends might bring

him down. But he wasn't daunted. He had reckoned that risk as part of the cost of saving the "Prowler" from the Shark, and counted it well worth taking.

All around him the Shark's men were dropping, or throwing down their weapons, as the terrible fire from the hidden defenders raked through them. Then Bob saw some of Franklin's crew burst through the battle, to gain command of that crucial doorway before the pirates could fall back through it.

At that instant a bullet hit the steel mask Bob was wearing with the force of a hammer-blow. It bounced off without making a hole, but the mask slammed viciously against the side of Bob's head. A blinding white light seemed to flash inside Bob's head, and he knew no more.

Seeing the man they took to be their leader fall senseless to the floor, the remainder of the Shark's men gave up the fight, dropped their guns, and raised their hands above their heads.

Malcolm Franklin, his gun levelled, stepped into view.

"Get these men into the empty store-room—we'll use it as a lock-up," he snapped to one of his officers, "the rest of you—follow me!"

He led the way at the double into the power house, on the alert for further trouble. But none came—all was quiet.

"Right!" he said. "Get the emergency lights working at once, and switch on the heating system again. Then find out how much damage has been done to the dynamos. Report to me—I'll be in my cabin."

He sent a further search party of men down into the salvage lock to go through the Shark's submarine, with special orders to look for Bob, and then, satisfied that everything was under control, he made his way back into the main hull of the "Prowler".

The uninjured pirates had been marched off by now, and the wounded of both sides were

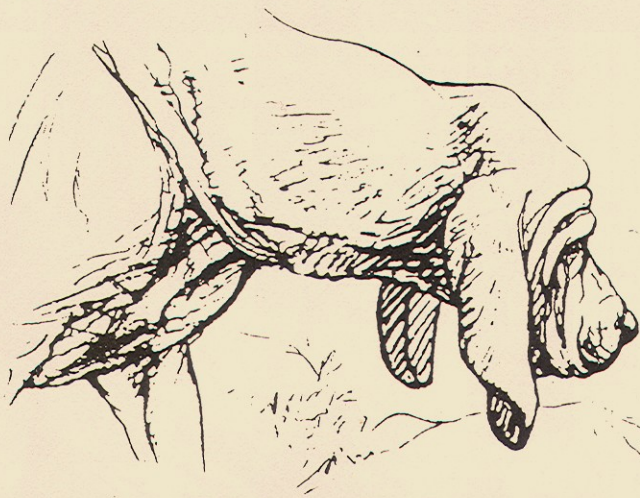
(Continued on next page)

**CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!**





# YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 9. THE BLOODHOUND



Most of you will think of a bloodhound as a fierce dog used in tracking down criminals by the police. Actually, he is a most gentle dog. In height he stands about 27 inches.

His colours are black and tan or red and tan. He is very easily recognized by his curious head and very long inward-folding ears, hanging lips and loose folds of skin.

## BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT (Continued from page 8)

being dealt with.

"Chief!" one of his officers called to him, "Here's that Shark fellow—their leader!"

Franklin hurried across the passage to where three of his men, including Rattigan, were kneeling beside a steel-masked figure.

"His heart's beating—he's alive," Rattigan told him. "This helmet affair he wears on his head seems to have taken a wallop from a bullet and he's been stunned. We were just going to take off the helmet, and see if he's wounded."

"Yes—do that," said Franklin. "It'll be interesting to see who he is under that mask. He must wear it for a very good reason, and I've got a hunch its because everybody would recognize him, if they saw his face."

Rattigan by this time had found the single leather strap, just under the edge of the collar, that secured the mask. Gently he moved the rear half of the mask aside on its hinge, and then uncovered the face.

"Bob Harley!" gasped Rattigan. "But—but—"

Franklin's keen brain worked faster.

"Bob's not the Shark—that's silly," he said. "But this explains a lot. This explains why we had such an easy time just now—why they practically walked into our hands. Young Bob here led them into a trap—and risked his own life doing it. Better get him to bed at once!"

Strong hands lifted Bob gently onto a stretcher, and

carried him away. Franklin turned to Rattigan, and frowned.

"Bob impersonated the Shark, to help us. But what became of the real Shark? That's something we shan't know until Bob tells us—or we find him. Perhaps Bob's got him tied up, and stowed away somewhere aboard the submarine. We'd better look—come on."

He led the way at a fast stride through the half darkened power house, for the emergency lights were not yet working, and only battery torches gave illumination.

"There'll be no safety for any of us as long as that scoundrel is at liberty!" snapped Franklin grimly. "We've got to find him!"

But as he passed a deep patch of shadow under the casing of one of the turbines, a black figure pulled itself deeper into the blackness.

It was the Shark!

Somehow, he had escaped from the locked cabin where Bob had left him. As a matter of fact, had Bob been any slower in leading his crew into the trap, the Shark would have been in time to stop him, for he had remained a prisoner for less than a minute after Bob had locked him in.

Now, clad from head to foot in a shadowy garment of dead black, with a monk-like cowl that covered the bright steel of his mask—the Shark was at liberty.

Under the hooded mask, his lips moved.

"This is your hour, Mister Malcolm Franklin—but my turn will come—my turn will come!"

Next week: Terror below the sea!

## WHAT CAN I GIVE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

Christmas is coming—and you will soon be thinking about presents. And what a problem that often is! Well, here's a suggestion.

Why not give a year's subscription to COMET?

What a grand present to receive—and to give! Every issue of COMET for a whole year! It means happiness—not simply at Christmastime, but for every week throughout 1953!

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FOOTBALL  
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**TABLE  
SOCCER**



**NO** DICE  
BLOWING  
CARDS or  
BOARD

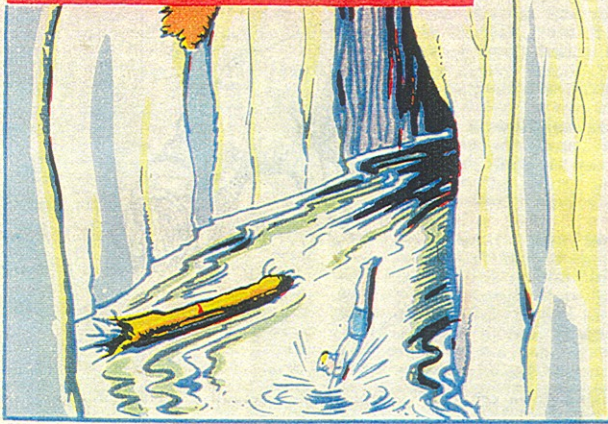
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**T**HREE separate parties are searching for the buried treasure of the Vulture. One is led by Professor Jolly with Peter and Ann. The second is headed by Woznik, a traitor. The third by the Hawk, son of the Vulture. Professor Jolly and Ann are captured by the Monkey-Folk and carried away. Peter follows them but when crossing a ravine the tree on which he is walking across slips from the edge of the cliff. Peter tumbles downward but manages to straighten out into a dive.

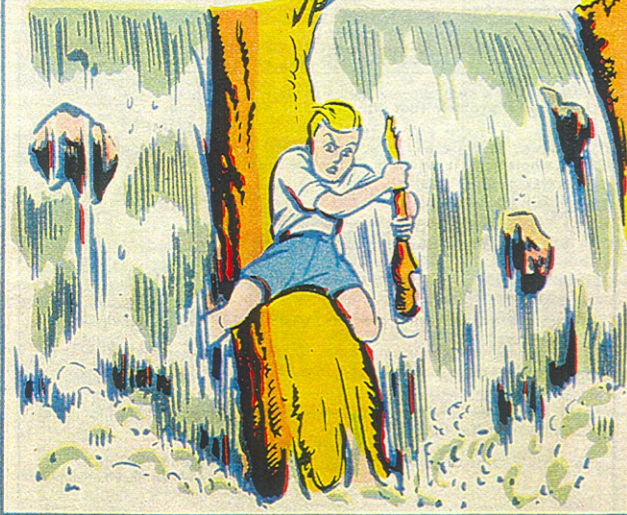
# THE SKY EXPLORERS



~ ~ ~ AND COMES UP NEAR THE FALLEN TREE!



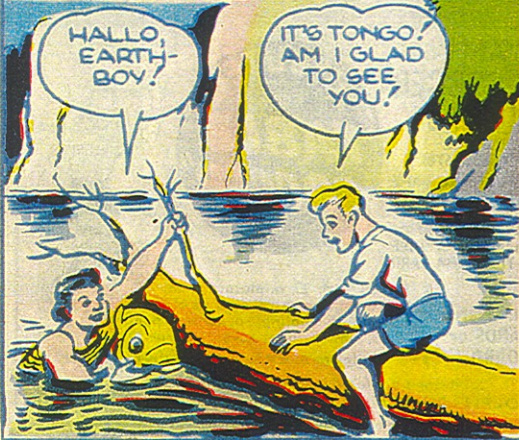
ASTRIDE THE TREE, PETER HURTTLES OVER DANGEROUS ROCKS!



AT LAST HE REACHES SAFETY!



HE MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.



WHILE TONGO PUGHES THE FLOATING TREE TO THE SHORE, PETER TELLS HIM ABOUT THE STRANGE MONKEY-FOLK WHO HAVE KIDNAPPED ANN AND THE PROFESSOR.

I KNOW THE MONKEY-FOLK ~ THEY ARE VERY BAD. WHEN THE SPACE PIRATE CALLED THE VULTURE CAME HERE MANY YEARS AGO HE LEFT SOME OF HIS CREW AND PRISONERS BEHIND ~ ~ ~



THE PRISONERS, AS YOU KNOW, TOOK TO THE SEA. THEY WERE THE PARENTS OF US, THE FISH-FOLK. THE MAROONED PIRATES STAYED IN THE JUNGLES AND JOINED THE MONKEY-FOLK. FISH-FOLK AND MONKEY-FOLK HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ENEMIES - THE PIRATES TAUGHT THEM TO HATE US!



TONGO OFFERS TO LEAD PETER TO THE CITY OF THE MONKEY-FOLK TO LOOK FOR ANN AND PROFESSOR JOLLY.

OOH! IT LOOKS DARK AND FRIGHTENING!

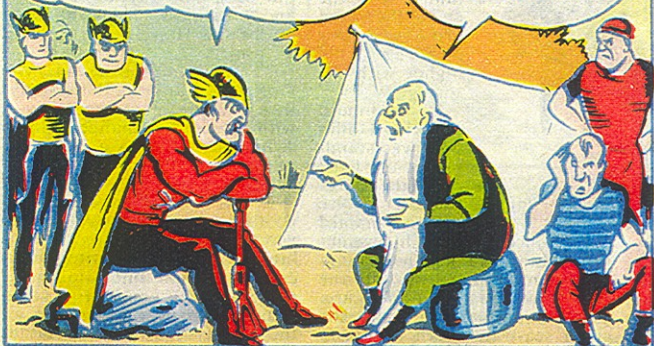
THIS SECRET RIVER LEADS TO THE CITY! FOLLOW ME AND YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE!



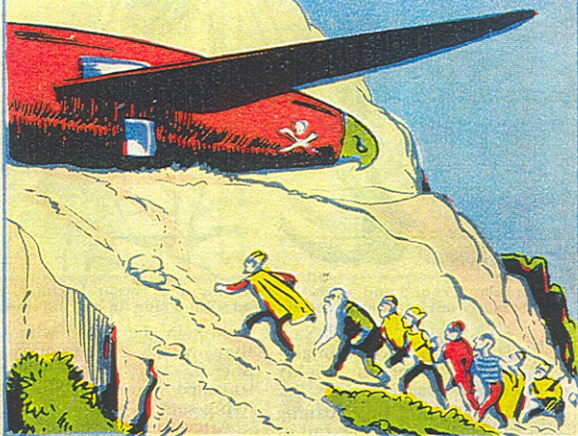
MEANWHILE WOZNIK AND THE HAWK HAVE JOINED FORCES!

VERY WELL, OLD MAN, I BELIEVE YOU WHEN YOU SAY YOU HAVE NOT GOT MY FATHER'S TREASURE.

THEN WE JOIN FORCES, AND TOGETHER OUTWIT THE EARTHINGS!



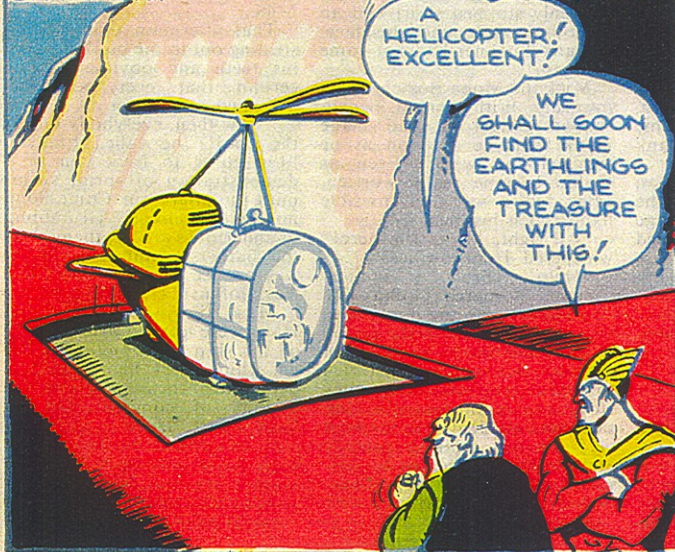
THEY ALL MAKE FOR THE HAWK'S SPACE-SHIP.



A HUGE TRAP-DOOR OPENS IN THE TOP OF THE SPACE-SHIP

A HELICOPTER! EXCELLENT!

WE SHALL SOON FIND THE EARTHINGS AND THE TREASURE WITH THIS!



BUT PETER AND HIS FRIEND, TONGO, ARE APPROACHING THE CITY OF THE MONKEY-FOLK BY THE SECRET RIVER -



WE ARE NEARLY THERE!

# MICK THE MOON BOY



Goffin turned round and let out a shrill whoop of terror. Facing him was a shark, standing perfectly upright on its tail-fins and with a side fin resting lightly on his shoulder.

"YOU know, Mick," said Hank Luckner thoughtfully, "I'm getting mighty tired of that feller."

Mick the Moon Boy, leaning with his back against the rail of the liner, nodded vigorously.

"Goffin, Goffin, Goffin!" he exclaimed. "It's always Mister Godfrey Goffin, telling everybody how, or showing everybody how! Can't seem to get away from the guy. Just look at him now!"

Godfrey Goffin reckoned himself the life and soul of the s.s. *Golden Star*. He was tall and handsome, with gleaming teeth and a little black moustache, and there was nothing he did not know. In the dining-room his voice would rise high above the buzz of general conversation. In the deck games and entertainments he was always well to the fore, organising everybody and everything.

At this moment most of the passengers were sunbathing round the large sea-water swimming pool sunk in the deck amidships. They were being treated to an exhibition of diving by Godfrey Goffin.

"Think we ought to take him down a peg or two, Hank?" asked Mick, his eyes twinkling. Hank grinned. He was the only

person in the world who knew that Mick, the famous boy Sheriff, was a boy who had travelled from the Moon in a flying saucer.

After touring the length and breadth of America, Mick had decided that he wanted to visit England, and now they were on their way.

"What's the plot, Mick?" Hank asked.

"Goffin's all for a practical joke," Mick murmured. "Let him entice you up on the diving-board, to get a laugh out of you, and then..." Mick added some instructions which made Hank chuckle.

Hank knew that the Moon folk were far in advance of the Earth scientists. They had strange powers, and had developed many amazing inventions.

Keeping a straight face Hank wandered towards the diving-board. There he gazed in open-mouthed admiration while Godfrey Goffin performed several tricky dives.

"Want a few tips, laddie?" demanded Goffin breezily.

"Ooo-er, yes, sir!" gasped Hank. "But I haven't got my swim-trunks on just now—"

"Oh, never mind that!" Goffin said airily, hiding a grin. "I'll just show you how to bounce the board. Very impor-

tant in diving, you know! Come on!"

A few moments later the people round the pool were gazing up at Hank as he stood nervously at the end of the board.

"Now watch, everybody!" cried Goffin, winking and grimacing down to let everyone know about the gorgeous joke he was going to play. "Master Hank Luckner will show how easy it is to bounce the board without falling in!"

Looking rather doubtful, Hank began to make little jumps on the end of the board slowly going higher and higher with the spring.

"Fine! Fine!" chuckled Goffin who was standing at the fixed end of the board. Suddenly he darted forward

and bounced with all his weight just behind Hank. The youngster went sailing up off the board, swooped down in an arc, and disappeared beneath the green sea-water with a splash.

Goffin was roaring with laughter, though very few of the onlookers echoed him. But, after a few moments, Goffin suddenly stopped short and an anxious look touched his face.

Hank Luckner had not come up again!

Mick the Moon Boy chuckled inwardly. With a small, pencil-shaped gadget he had made Hank invisible as soon as he touched the water! Even as Goffin became really worried, Mick felt a wet and invisible hand touch his arm.

"All right, Mick! I'm here!" whispered Hank's voice.

"Help! Throw a life-belt someone!" roared Goffin, and dived down into the pool. With a quick adjustment of the gadget Mick made Hank visible again. Several other people had started towards the pool, but they stopped in astonishment as they saw Hank suddenly step forward very wet but grinning cheerily and pressing a finger to his lips, warning them to keep silent. Nobody had seen Hank come out!

Godfrey Goffin was having a

terrible time. He swam all down one side of the pool under-water, came up for breath then ducked his head again and swam back down the middle, peering through the swirling green water for some sign of Hank.

By the time Goffin was making his sixth under-water trip all the passengers were rolling with laughter. Every now and then, Goffin's head broke the surface and he puffed like a steam train, then down he went again. But at last he gave up. He dragged himself from the pool, water streaming all over him so that he could barely see or hear.

"Where's the captain? Drain the pool! Do something!" he spluttered weakly. He made a dash for the narrow iron ladder leading to the bridge. Unfortunately he put one foot in an empty bucket, where it jammed firmly.

Anybody who tries to climb a narrow iron ladder with a bucket on one foot is asking for trouble! And Godfrey Goffin found it! He bumped down on the deck and lay there dazed and breathless. Then, blinking up, he saw Hank's face grinning at him.

"Thanks for the lesson, Mr. Goffin," Hank said heartily, then wandered contentedly away with Mick, to change into a swim-suit and enjoy a swim free of Godfrey Goffin's company.

IT was a relief for everybody to have Goffin out of the way for an hour or so, but by lunch-time he had quite recovered his usual bumptiousness. Once again his penetrating voice rang out as he took charge of the conversation at his table. Mick and Hank exchanged glances.

"We'll have to do something drastic next time!" murmured Mick.

That afternoon Goffin came striding out to the pool, flashing his teeth and obviously quite certain that everybody was delighted to see him.

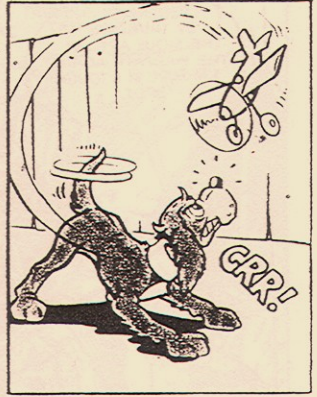
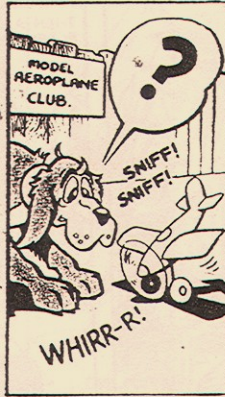
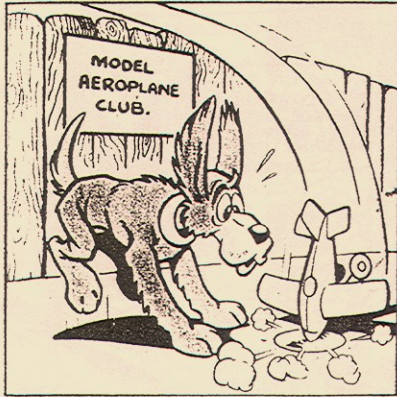
"Now then, everybody out of the pool!" he called blithely. "I'm going to treat you to a demonstration of sprint swimming this afternoon. Come along now! Come along!" Grumbling in undertones among themselves the bathers clambered out. It was no use arguing with Godfrey Goffin.

Mick the Moon Boy and Hank were leaning over the side of the ship aft, dangling a big net which Mick had scrounged from one of the crew. There was a look of concentration on Mick's face. He was using his amazing thought-powers to bring something into that net. Hank knew that his pal had a wonderful command over all forms of animal life, but he had

(Continued on next page)



# SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



## MICK THE MOON BOY (Continued from page 12)

never seen this done before!

MEANWHILE, Goffin was giving a short lecture on the crawl-stroke before starting his demonstration. He babbled gaily on and on, unaware of the boredom of his audience. Then, abruptly, the audience became not at all bored!

"... the secret of the leg-kick, as I will demonstrate," Goffin was saying. "is to—" he hesitated as something that felt like a very cold hand tapped him on the shoulder.

A deep rolling voice said: "Reckon I could give you seventy-five yards start in a hundred, mister!"

Goffin lifted his nose in the air, too proud even to look round.

"Nonsense!" he cried, snapping his fingers. "Absurd! Why, —"

"Like to bet?" demanded the deep, oily voice, and once again that hand was laid on Goffin's shoulder. It seemed a very cold, wet hand. A very strange hand. . . .

Goffin turned round, and let out a shrill whoop of terror. Facing him was a shark, standing perfectly upright on its tail-fins, and with a side-fin resting

lightly on his shoulder. The shark's head was level with Goffin's, and the great fish seemed to be grinning. At least, it was showing a fine range of teeth!

"Like to bet, mister?" repeated the shark.

Watching from a few yards away, Hank Luckner was doubled up with silent laughter. Mick was completely invisible, and it was his voice speaking, though it seemed to come from the shark. He had brought the shark into the net by his amazing thought-power, and the fierce fish was now obeying the Moon Boy's will.

"B—b—bet?" gurgled Goffin weakly, backing away. He was wondering if this was a nightmare!

"Sure!" rumbled the shark. "If you wanna bet, let's shake fins on it!"

"F—f—fins?" stammered Goffin.

"Sure!" said the shark. "I'd like a race with you. It's something I could get my teeth into!" The great mouth gaped wider, and Goffin's nerve broke. With a wild yell he turned to run, and blundered straight into the pool. Swimming like a fiend, he ploughed through the water.

The shark slipped into the pool without a ripple, and in a flash was swimming lazily alongside Goffin, its head reared out

of the water close to his ear.

"I'm right with you pal!" rumbled the shark jovially.

It was a shame that nobody had a stop-watch, for there is no doubt that Goffin covered four lengths of that pool in a time that set a new world record for the hundred yards.

Then, exhausted, he simply sank. The invisible Mick directed his thought-control on the shark, and the great fish slithered to the steps and out on to the deck. It wriggled across the smooth timbers, and with a last, "So long, folks!" dived overboard into the blue Atlantic.

Godfrey Goffin was hauled out of the water like a piece of wet rag, and everybody gathered around, chattering excitedly about the strange happening.

But Godfrey Goffin did not join in. He had had enough. He tottered down to his cabin and sent for the ship's doctor.

Mick, who had made himself visible again, joined Hank and together they wandered away from the crowd.

"I don't think we'll have any more bounce from Mister Goffin for the rest of the trip!" grinned Hank.

"Guess not!" replied Mick. "Come on, let's have an ice-cream. We deserve it!"

Next week: More fun at sea with Mick the Moon-boy!

## THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING

You know, pardners, one of the strangest adventures I ever ran across was the one we're telling you about right now. You'll find it all set out in dandy pictures just over the page.

Young Dan Butler—which was the name I knew him by—had a brother, although he didn't know it. This brother' of his had been brought up from a baby by old Red Cloud, chief of the Teton Sioux Indians, and now the old man was dead the boy, who was known as Deerfoot, was chief in his place.

Now young Dan had rescued Deerfoot from drowning, though he still didn't know it was his own brother—he had pulled out of the water—and just after that, when the young redskin had left him, he was cornered by a Sioux war party!

# THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN



REDSKINS!  
BY THUNDER!  
THE SIOUX ARE ON  
THE WARPATH AGAIN!  
I'M SURE IN A TOUGH  
SPOT!

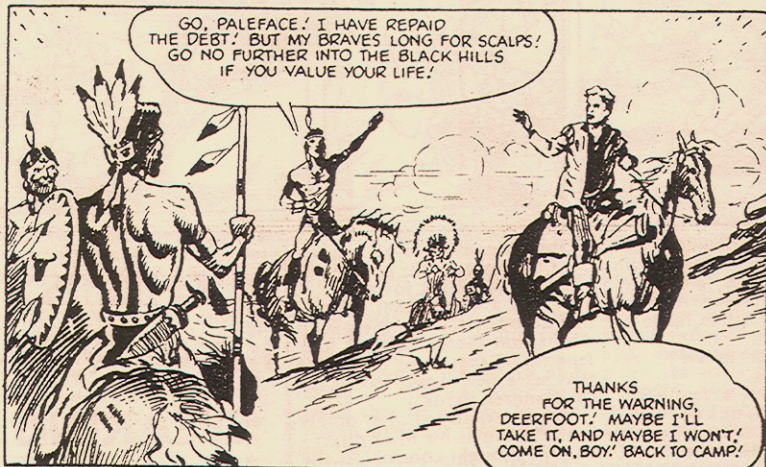
DEATH  
TO THE PALEFACE!



THEN A LITHE FIGURE ON HORSEBACK  
FLASHED BETWEEN:

STOP! I COMMAND YOU!  
THIS PALEFACE MUST NOT BE  
HARMED! HE HAS JUST  
SAVED MY LIFE!

IT'S DEERFOOT!  
THE YOUNG SIOUX CHIEF!  
HE'S SAVED ME FROM  
CERTAIN DEATH!



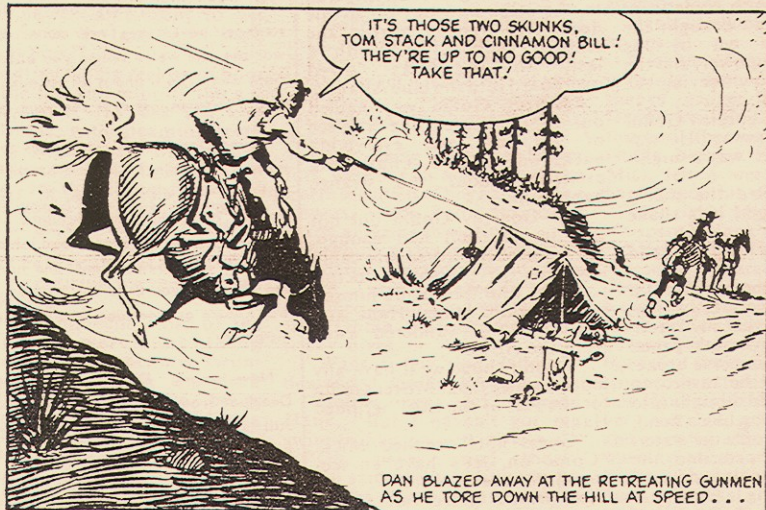
GO, PALEFACE! I HAVE REPAID  
THE DEBT! BUT MY BRAVES LONG FOR SCALPS!  
GO NO FURTHER INTO THE BLACK HILLS  
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

THANKS  
FOR THE WARNING,  
DEERFOOT! MAYBE I'LL  
TAKE IT, AND MAYBE I WON'T!  
COME ON, BOY! BACK TO CAMP!



AS DAN HEADED BACK TO CAMP, HE HEARD  
THE DEADLY CRACK OF SIX-GUNS AHEAD OF HIM!

THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE GUNPLAY!  
DAD MUST BE IN TROUBLE!  
FASTER, BOY!



IT'S THOSE TWO SKUNKS,  
TOM STACK AND CINNAMON BILL!  
THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD!  
TAKE THAT!

DAN BLAZED AWAY AT THE RETREATING GUNMEN  
AS HE TORE DOWN THE HILL AT SPEED...



DAD! DAD!  
SPEAK TO ME!

THEY GOT ME, DAN!...  
I'M DONE FOR... THE SKUNKS  
STOLE OUR MONEY BUT THEY DIDN'T  
GET THE CLAIM DEEDS... THOSE  
ARE IN MY INSIDE POCKET...  
YOU GRAB THEM AND PUSH ON...  
TAKE OVER THE CLAIM TILL MY  
PARD CALAMITY ARRIVES...  
YOU CAN TRUST HIM, DAN...



DAN... AND ONE LAST THING,  
I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU...  
YOU AIN'T REALLY MY SON...  
THIS LOCKET CONTAINS A PICTURE  
OF YOUR REAL DAD... DICK NEWTON...  
KILLED BY SIOUX WHEN YOU WAS A BABY!  
I TOOK YOU AND BRUNG YOU UP...



BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TENT,  
KEEN EARS WERE LISTENING!

AT LAST!  
I'VE FOUND ONE  
OF NEWTON'S BRATS!  
THEY'LL NEVER LAY A  
FINGER ON MY  
INHERITANCE!



AS OLD NAT'S HEAD FELL BACK,  
MARK RAVEN STEPPED FORWARD...

WHAT'S THE  
TROUBLE, YOUNGSTER?  
CAN I HELP!

IT'S TOO LATE,  
MISTER... HE'S DEAD!  
...MURDERED!  
BUT I'LL GET THE  
SKUNKS WHO DID  
IT IF IT'S THE LAST  
THING I DO...



THE LOWDOWN  
SNAKES! I'LL RIDE  
ALONG WITH YOU, KID!  
WHO ARE THE MEN  
YOU'RE AFTER?

TOM STACK AND  
CINNAMON BILL! THEY'RE  
RECKONED TO BE THE  
TOUGHEST DESPERADOES  
IN THE WEST, BUT I'LL  
SETTLE WITH THEM!

MILES FLASHED BENEATH  
THE HOOPS OF THEIR  
GALLOPING HORSES,  
AS MARK RAVEN AND DAN  
SPED ON THE TRAIL OF THE  
COWARDLY MURDERERS...  
BUT AS THEY RODE,  
MARK RAVEN'S COLD EYES  
PEERED SIDELONG AT THE  
UNSUSPECTING DAN...



THEN DAN REINED IN SHARPLY ON THE EDGE  
OF A BLUFF, WITH A CRY OF TRIUMPH!

THERE THEY ARE!  
THEY'VE MADE A HALT  
DOWN IN THE CANYON  
TO SHARE OUT THE  
LOOT! THIS IS IT!

YOU'RE  
DEAD RIGHT!  
... THIS IS IT  
ALL RIGHT...!



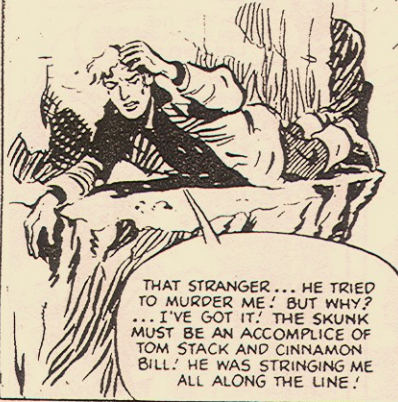
TAKE THAT,  
YOU YOUNG CUB!

HELP!  
WHAT THE...!



THAT'S FIXED  
ONE OF THEM! WHEN  
I FIND THE SECOND  
BROTHER, MY SEARCH  
IS OVER! AND MY  
INHERITANCE  
WILL BE SAFE!

SPRAWLED ON A NARROW LEDGE, DAN WOKE LATER WITH A THROBBING HEAD WHERE THE BULLET HAD GRAZED IT...



THAT STRANGER... HE TRIED TO MURDER ME! BUT WHY? .. I'VE GOT IT! THE SKUNK MUST BE AN ACCOMPLICE OF TOM STACK AND CINNAMON BILL! HE WAS STRINGING ME ALL ALONG THE LINE!

BLAZING WITH ANGER, DAN CLIMBED BACK UP THE FACE OF THE BLUFF...



THEY'VE GONE... ALL THREE OF THEM! BUT THEY WON'T GET FAR! I'LL AVENGE DAD YET!

DAN TOOK UP THE TRAIL OF THE CROOKS AGAIN, AS DUSK BEGAN TO FALL...



THEY WENT THIS WAY, SURE ENOUGH! BUT IT'S GETTING DUSK! I WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THIS TRAIL MUCH LONGER...

THEN DAN YELLED WITH TRIUMPH AS HE SAW A FLICKER OF LIGHT THROUGH THE PINES!



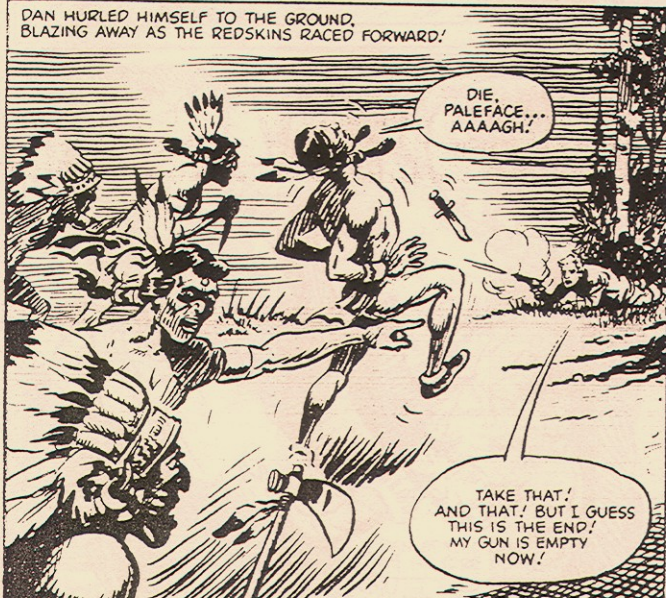
A CAMP FIRE! THEY MUST HAVE CAMPED FOR THE NIGHT! NOW FOR IT!



ALL RIGHT, YOU MURDERING SKUNKS! GET UP AND... WHY? WHAT THE? IT'S NOT THEM, BY THUNDER! IT'S REDSKINS!

AIEE! PALEFACE DOG! DEATH TO THE PALEFACE!

DAN HURLED HIMSELF TO THE GROUND, BLAZING AWAY AS THE REDSKINS RACED FORWARD!



DIE, PALEFACE... AAAAGH!

TAKE THAT! AND THAT! BUT I GUESS THIS IS THE END! MY GUN IS EMPTY NOW!

AND THAT WAS WHEN I CAME ONTO THE SCENE - JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE BOY'S LIFE...



GRAB THIS, SONNY! SHOOT FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH! I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

WHO THE...! BY HOKEY, IT'S - IT'S KIT CARSON! THE FAMOUS SCOUT!



## FISHY BUSINESS

**H**IDDEN in a clump of bushes on the river bank, with only the tip of his nose showing, Dr. Grunter, the polar bear, was lying watching Colonel Buster.

Colonel Buster, a fat, red-faced little gentleman, hadn't the slightest idea that he was being watched by a savage-looking polar bear. He was far too intent on his fishing for that. If he had known that there was a polar bear within half a mile of him he'd have jumped to his fat little legs and fled for his very life.

Dr. Grunter lay as still as he could. He watched Colonel Buster cast his fishing line over the water. Then he fixed his eyes on the bobbing float which showed where the hook was.

Dr. Grunter watched that float even more intently than Colonel Buster was doing. He watched it eagerly, hungrily. For, being a polar bear, he was as fond of raw fish as children are of chocolate and ice-cream.

Dr. Grunter hadn't always been a polar bear. He had been a headmaster, but not so long ago he had come to Meadowsweet Farm with a party of his boys to help with the harvest.

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

But Dr. Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gentleman you could meet anywhere. He got his bottles mixed up, and, instead of giving Dr. Grunter and the boys a dose of medicine, he gave them all a dose of wonderful liquid which he had invented for changing people into birds and animals. And birds and animals they were doomed to remain until Dr. Dozey could find a liquid which would change them back into their proper selves again.

On this particular evening Dr. Grunter had been taking a stroll all by himself along a quiet river bank near Meadowsweet Farm when he had suddenly spied fat little Colonel Buster sitting fishing.

The very thought of fish had made Dr. Grunter ravenously hungry, as it always did, and he simply could not tear himself away. So he had sunk quietly into the clump of bushes near the little colonel and had laid down to watch the fishing with eyes as ardent and as eager as any fisherman's.

Suddenly Dr. Grunter gave an excited start. Colonel Buster had got a bite. The float had bobbed swiftly down under the water, the line had tightened and the rod was bending as the fish on the hook strove to escape.

"My word, but it's a big one!" cried Dr. Grunter to himself, absolutely quivering with excitement.

He couldn't see the fish, but he could easily tell that it was a big one by the way the rod was

# DR. GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Dr. Grunter's mouth watered when he saw the large juicy salmon. It was the biggest one he had ever seen in his life!

almost bent double.

Tense with excitement, he watched while the colonel slowly wound in the line inch by inch. Then suddenly Dr. Grunter gave a gasp of greed, envy and astonishment all sort of mixed up together.

For the fish had appeared out of the water, and it was the biggest, fattest, juiciest, salmon that Dr. Grunter had ever seen in the whole of his life. His great jaws fairly quivered at the sight of it.

"By jove! I'd give a month's salary to get my teeth into that fellow!" he told himself fiercely, watching it with glittering eyes. "No, hang it, I'd give a year's salary. Yes, I would, I'd give a year's salary to get hold of that fine, fat, juicy salmon! Mmmm-mmmm-mmmm!"

He smacked his lips—or, rather, his great jaws—at the very thought of it. Meanwhile, the fat little colonel was hauling in the salmon. He was absolutely delighted with it because it was the biggest, finest salmon he had ever caught in his life.

Watching him from the bushes, Dr. Grunter could resist temptation no longer.

"Perhaps he'll sell me the salmon," he muttered eagerly to himself. "He might, you know. Anyway, I can ask him. There's no harm in asking!"

Getting to his feet he ambled out of the bushes. Rearing up on his hind legs when he reached the colonel, who had his back to him, he tapped that fat little gentleman gently on the shoulder with his paw and said:

"Er—ahem—excuse me, sir!"

The colonel turned quickly round. When he saw that it was a great big, savage-looking polar bear that had tapped him on the shoulder he gave a gasp

of terror, dropped line, salmon and everything and jumped back so quickly that he tripped over a clump of grass and shot backwards into the river with a terrific splash.

"Oh, I say, I'm frightfully sorry!" cried Dr. Grunter in dismay.

"I wouldn't have had that happen for anything!"

With the words he dived into the river to help to pull the colonel out. But that terrified little gentleman didn't know that the polar bear had dived in to pull him out. He thought it had dived in to gobble him up.

So, bawling with terror, he clambered out faster than he had ever moved in his life before, jumped to his fat little legs and rushed madly away.

"Hi, stop!" roared Dr. Grunter, clambering out on to the bank. "I'm not going to hurt you. My dear sir, kindly do stop. There is not the slightest cause for alarm!"

But the terrified little colonel thought that there was every cause for alarm.

"Tut, tut, what a foolish fellow!" said Dr. Grunter vexedly. "And all I wanted to do was to offer to buy this lovely salmon from him!"

"I've got it!" he cried triumphantly. "I know what I'll do. I'll ring him up when I get back to the farm. He's sure to have his name and address on his fishing basket!"

The little colonel had. Dr. Grunter read it and committed it to memory—Colonel Buster, Sparrowgrass Hall. Then, taking the juicy salmon gently in his great jaws so as not to damage it, Dr. Grunter ambled back to Meadowsweet Farm.

Before going to the farmhouse to ring up Colonel Buster, he ambled into the hut which he

shared with his assistant master, Mr. Dripp, who had been turned into a mournful-looking turtle, and left the salmon on the table. There was no sign of Mr. Dripp.

Going into the farmhouse, Dr. Grunter told jolly old Farmer Whipstraw that he wanted to use the phone. Then, picking up the telephone receiver in his forepaws, he got through to Sparrowgrass Hall, and asked for Colonel Buster.

"My name's Grunter!" cried that gentleman heartily. "I want to speak to you about a salmon. As a matter of fact, I spoke to you on the river bank only a short time ago, but—ha, ha!—you became quite unnecessarily alarmed, my dear good sir . . . Why, would you believe it, he's hung up on me!"

Trembling with terror, Colonel Buster had banged down his receiver at the other end of the line and was gasping:

"That dreadful polar bear has rung me up. It has—it's just rung me up!"

Meanwhile, wondering what on earth he should do now about the salmon, Dr. Grunter was trotting angrily back to his hut. He entered it to find that Mr. Dripp, the mournful-looking turtle, had returned. What was more, for once Mr. Dripp was looking almost happy.

"Oh, I'm feeling ever so good!" cried Mr. Dripp happily, rubbing his tummy with one of his front flappers. "I've had such a lovely surprise. Someone left me a present of the loveliest, juiciest salmon you ever saw. It was lying on the table, and I've just gobbled it up, bones, fins, tail and all!"

Needless to say, Dr. Grunter nearly gobbled him up!

Next week: Three bullies marooned by a crocodile!

seemed to be a quiet drilling noise in the Fourth Form Dormitory over his head.

He puzzled over it for some time and at last forced himself to investigate.

He reluctantly dragged himself from his bed and crept upstairs to the Fourth Form quarters. He opened the dormitory door.

The noise was much plainer now, and squaring his shoulders against unknown horrors, he entered.

The Sleepwalking Sentinel, mistaking him for Sope, grasped him kindly and gently by the arms and propelled him further into the room towards Sope's bed.

Poor Mr. Halfspun who, having been away knew nothing of Wizzard's latest invention, opened his mouth to cry out, but cold terror struck him and his cry died away like a gargle gone wrong as he realised that he could not free himself.

Three o'clock was Sylvester's time for his nightly amble, and just as Mr. Halfspun was laid trembling on his bed, Sope got out, still asleep muttering quietly.

He paced slowly to the door with outstretched hands, his mutterings becoming plainer—or almost—

"She upped and she went and she left him alone,

She said he could make all his tea on his own."

Sylvester arrived at the door at the same time as the Sentinel, which was on its way back from the bed. His voice trembled sorrowfully as he went on with his rhymes—

"With eyes like mince pies which were circled with black,

He knew 'twas a cert she would never come back."

The Sentinel grasped Sope before its mechanism had time to adjust itself at the door, and as both were going the same way, they passed through into the corridor together.

Down the passage they glided slowly, Sylvester's voice floating eerily back to the panting Mr. Halfspun as he lay in Sope's bed.

"Oh, a piteous sight was he, was he,

A piteous sight was he! Left by his sister, none knew how he missed her,

Till he was found making his tea, his tea,

Till he was found making his tea!"

The throbbing noise of the Sentinel like a subdued and unhappy motor bike, accompanied Sope's chanting, fading away at last in the dark distance of the corridor.

In the meantime, Doctor Gandybar was dreaming that he was Headmaster of a school where money was unlimited and expense no object when a low throbbing noise and the sound of bare feet on linoleum woke him up.

From a lovely dream about good boys the unwilling Doctor awoke. He had forgotten all about Sope and Wizzard's invention, three days having passed since both were brought to his notice.

Evidently some ruffian had broken into the school and maybe he was already making his way to the Doctor's study where the safe was kept.

The safe! Containing all the small change for running expenses!

So flew the Doctor's thoughts through his head.

He leapt out of bed and throwing on his dressing-gown as he went, he ran along the passage towards the School House like a competitor in the Olympic Games.

So intent was he on getting down the staircase to his study that he did not see Sope and his mechanical companion slowly making their way towards his bedroom.

The door being open, the Sentinel once more fulfilled his destiny by putting the poet to bed, this time in the Doctor's room.

Then, as was natural to him, he made his way to the door to stand guard as usual, but being a different room and the real door in a different direction to the dormitory one, he stood in front of a cupboard.

Downstairs Doctor Gandybar found his study deserted.

"The petty cash is quite safe, thank Heaven!" he muttered in relief as he looked in the safe.

As he could still hear the low throbbing noise, he ventured outside into the quad by the main door, to make sure that there was no one drilling a hole through the outside wall.

When he came back after finding no one about, he saw to his annoyance, that the main door was shut.

He almost rang the bell but, fearing to wake the boys, decided to try to force his study window and enter than way, unknown to anyone.

In the meantime, Mr. Halfspun, now out of the Fourth Form Dormitory had begun his search for Sope and the unknown quantity which had taken him away.

He was unsuccessful.

This was only natural as the poet was sleeping soundly in the Headmaster's bed.

In his wanderings round the house, Mr. Halfspun found the main door open.

"What a careless thing to do, to go to bed leaving doors unlocked! I must have this out with Gandybar in the morning!" he said with a snort as he closed it, locking Gandybar out.

He hoped that the misguided Sylvester Sope was not outside. Being of a nervous nature Mr. Halfspun did not intend his search for the sleepwalker to extend as far as the dark and eerie school grounds.

He continued his search

indoors.

He arrived at the open door of Doctor Gandybar's study just as the Doctor arrived at the window.

Through the open doorway Mr. Halfspun was horrified to see a shadowy figure, trying to force the window with a flat stone.

Raising his voice to a thin tremolo Mr. Halfspun tried to raise the alarm.

Doctor Gandybar outside the window did raise the alarm.

The burglar alarm, which he had forgotten.

The harsh clanging of the bell echoed through the buildings for a second or two. Then the alarm, being a Wizzard invention and not to be completely relied upon, fused with a quick flash, and all the lights in the buildings fused too.

Doctor Gandybar dropped the stone and made off like a thief into the darkness. His dignity being foremost in his mind, he had no wish to be caught and hauled through his own study window.

Inside all was noise and bustle: The whole school except Sylvester—who was sound asleep—had heard the clanging bell and everyone knew that someone was trying to break in.

Masters and prefects chased each other in the dark passages, brandishing cricket stumps and bats. There were boys everywhere. It was chaos for ten minutes until they sorted themselves out, then all the boys were ordered back to bed.

Willy Wizzard in the Fourth Form Dormitory had the brainy notion of reversing the movement of the one remaining Sentinel which stood by the window, so that the arms would fling out anyone who attempted to get in.

It was rather a mystery to the Fourth why Sope and the other Sentinel had disappeared, but it was decided that they had got lost in the scum outside and would eventually turn up.

Once again Gandybar School was wrapped in peaceful silence.

Outside, Doctor Gandybar, having tried to break into the

Fourth Form Dormitory as its window was the only open one near the ground, had been turned back in a very decided fashion by the Wizzard Sleep-walking Sentinel.

Doctor Gandybar had recognised the invention by this time.

Six times he tried to enter at the half open window, imagining the boys to be asleep, and six times he was thrown out.

The boys, very much awake, and thinking he was the burglar, watched with enthusiasm from their beds, but didn't make a sound.

After the Doctor's sixth attempt, Jimmy Bash decided that they ought to make a grab for him the next time he tried.

"You grab his head, Wizzard, and I'll grab his arms. He's an ugly looking ruffian and might give us trouble. The rest of you chaps stand by at the ready."

The Doctor heard it all.

Warily he dropped to the ground and trudged once more round the house. He paused by the main door and sat down on the doorstep. He noticed with interest that dawn was breaking.

He had been sitting for five minutes, watching the first rosy streaks of day appearing over the gymnasium roof when the door behind him opened and a pyjamaed-figure stepped out.

Sope, leaving the door open, took his seat by the Doctor without a word, and together they watched the sun rise.

"Beautiful!" said the Doctor at last, in ecstasy.

"I thought you would like it, sir," said Sylvester, overjoyed.

"I've finished my 'Ode to the Dawn', sir; shall I repeat the last verse to you?" asked Sope, hopefully.

"Yes, please," said Doctor Gandybar, clapping his hands.

Sope began in a soft voice.

"Sunbeams blinking in the wood,

By yon' tree, Birds are searching for their food,

So must we."

"Come along boy," said Doctor Gandybar. "Let's go!"

Next week: Willie's Walking Boat!

## ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

LOOK at this list of numbers, Spotters, and if you see one that is the same as that printed on the back of your Club Album then send up for your free present. Claiming instructions are below.

44,151	156,895	201,044	92,158	148,013
116,880	62,987	36,610	164,879	66,573
186,362	205,797	101,373	203,581	22,249
203,558	14,362	170,874	4,651	208,372
90,752	72,309	43,408	67,882	111,308

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

COMET E.S. Club, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, October 14th. You will receive your present together with your Album about one week after this date.

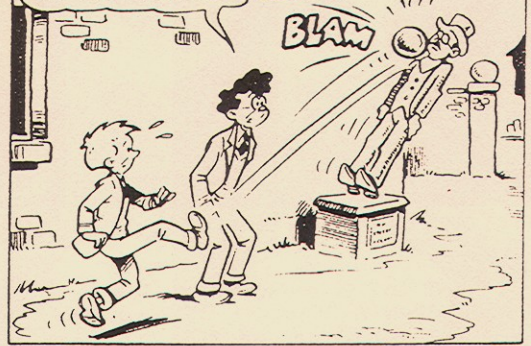
THE ADVENTURES OF

# CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT THE TWO NEW BOYS

TODAY WE ARE BEING HONOURED BY A VISIT FROM OUR FOUNDER - SIR WILLIAM GRIM! I EXPECT YOU BOYS TO BE EXTRA GOOD!

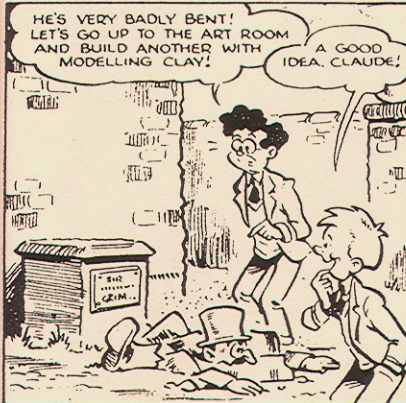


COR, CUTHBERT! YOU'VE KNOCKED THE STATUE OF THE FOUNDER RIGHT OFF HIS PEDESTAL!



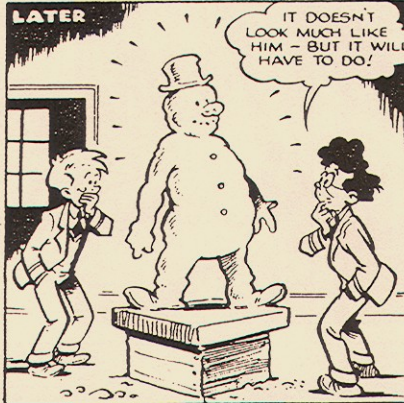
HE'S VERY BADLY BENT! LET'S GO UP TO THE ART ROOM AND BUILD ANOTHER WITH MODELLING CLAY!

A GOOD IDEA, CLAUDE!



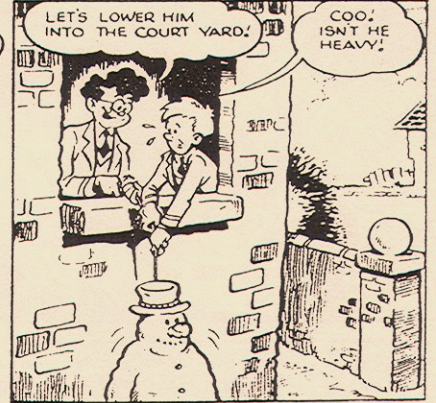
LATER

IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE HIM - BUT IT WILL HAVE TO DO!



LET'S LOWER HIM INTO THE COURT YARD!

COO, ISN'T HE HEAVY!

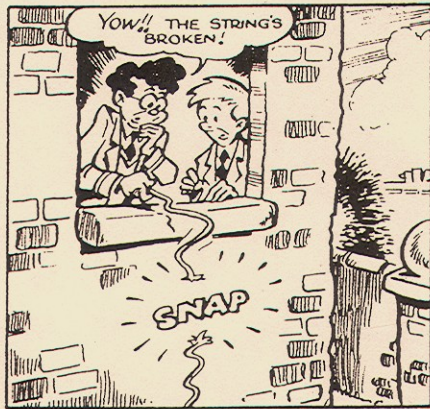


WONDER WHERE MY STATUE HAS GONE!

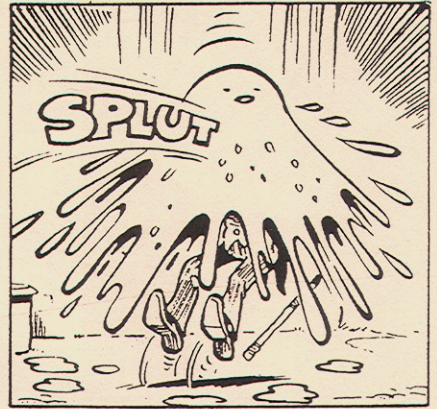


YOW!! THE STRING'S BROKEN!

SNAP



SPLUT

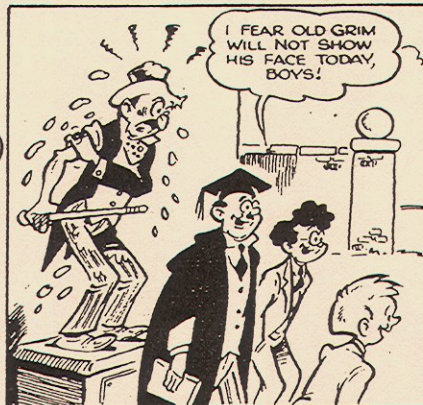


LET'S PUT IT ON THE PEDESTAL! GOOD JOB IT DIDN'T BREAK, CLAUDE!

SOMEHOW IT LOOKS MUCH MORE LIKE HIM, NOW!



I FEAR OLD GRIM WILL NOT SHOW HIS FACE TODAY, BOYS!



SEEMS DR TWIZZLE HAS FOUND THE FOUNDER!



# COMET

PRICE  
**3<sup>0</sup>**  
EVERY  
MONDAY

## THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

