

COMET

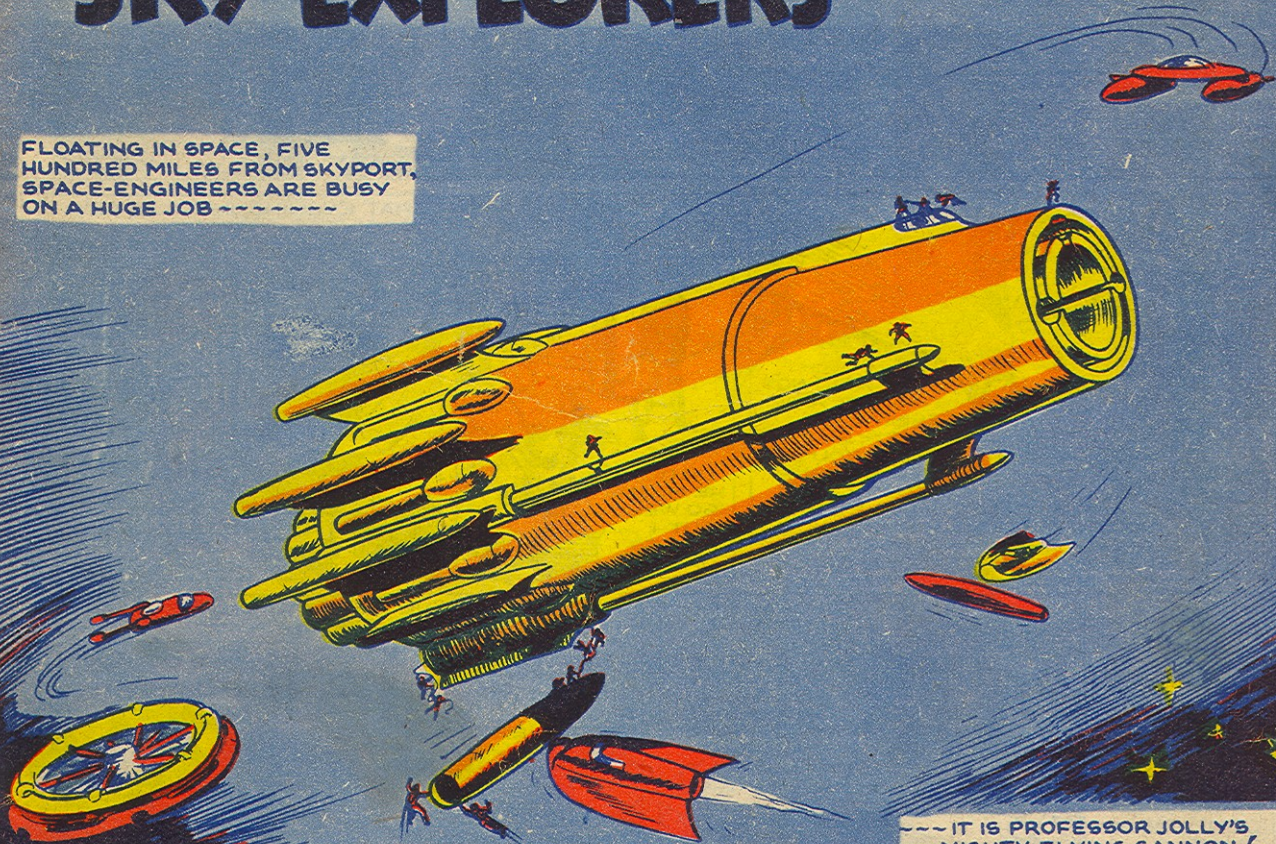
THE BACK PAGE
IS A FRONT PAGE
TOO!

3^D EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

No. 227, November 22, 1952

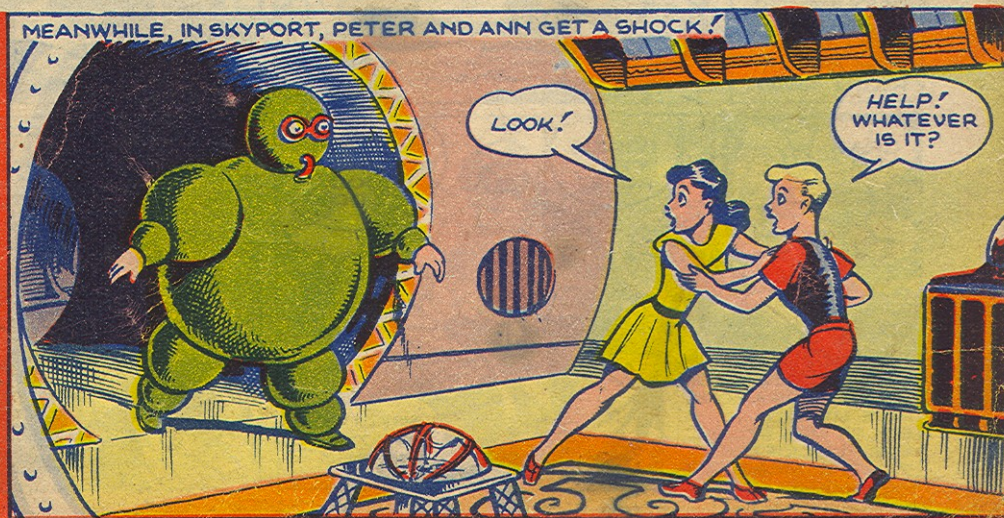
FLOATING IN SPACE, FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM SKYPORT, SPACE-ENGINEERS ARE BUSY ON A HUGE JOB ~~~~~



~~~~ IT IS PROFESSOR JOLLY'S MIGHTY FLYING CANNON !

PETER AND ANN, AND THEIR INVENTOR UNCLE, PROFESSOR JOLLY, HAVE REACHED SKYPORT, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MEN OF THE SPACE-PATROL. WITH THEIR FRIENDS, THE PATROL-MEN, THEY WANT TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY PLANET ROMA ~~~ BUT THE PLANET LIES BEYOND THE GREAT BARRIER OF FIRE! HOW CAN THEY GET THROUGH IT, WITHOUT BEING COOKED TO CINDERS? THE PROFESSOR THINKS THAT HIS FLYING CANNON WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM ~~~~~

MEANWHILE, IN SKYPORT, PETER AND ANN GET A SHOCK!

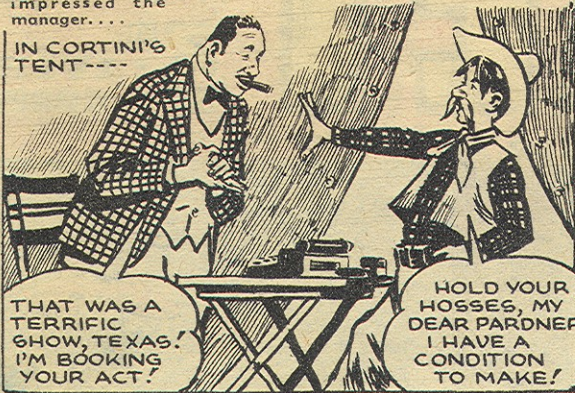


(More pictures on the center pages)



Alonzo Todd wanted to become a clown, but while trying to help him, Colette, a circus rider, injured her arm and lost her job. Alonzo dressed up as a cowboy and became Texas Todd. By luck, he impressed the manager....

# ALONZO THE CLOWN!



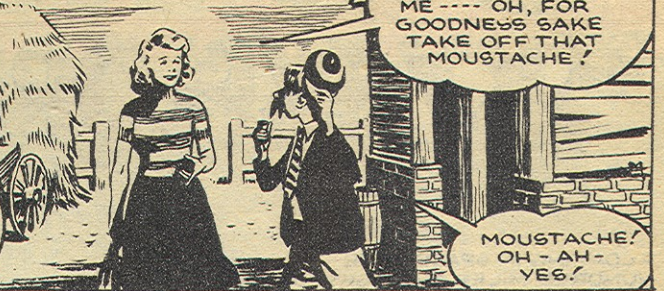
IN CORTINI'S TENT----

THAT WAS A TERRIFIC SHOW, TEXAS! I'M BOOKING YOUR ACT!

HOLD YOUR HOSSES, MY DEAR PARDNER! I HAVE A CONDITION TO MAKE!

WHEN TODDY LEFT, PROMISING TO RETURN FOR THE SHOW THE NEXT EVENING, HE MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE OLD BARN TO TAKE OFF HIS DISGUISE.

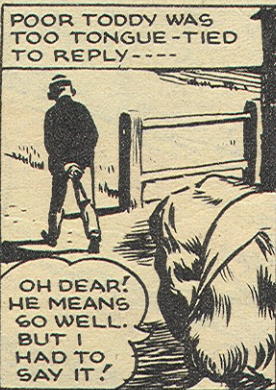
ALONZO! I GUESSED YOU'D BE HERE! BEPPO THE CLOWN RECOGNISED YOU, OF COURSE. HE TOLD ME---- OH, FOR GODNESS' SAKE TAKE OFF THAT MOUSTACHE!



MOUSTACHE! OH - AH - YES!

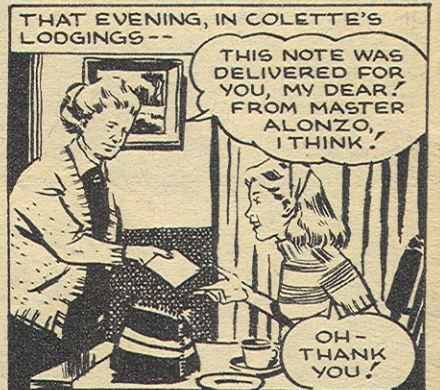


I'VE TRIED NOT TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, ALONZO, BUT IT'S NO USE. YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO A CIRCUS ACT! AND IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS YOU'LL GET BADLY HURT. NOW STOP ALL THIS NONGENSE. I'M SPEAKING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



POOR TODDY WAS TOO TONGUE-TIED TO REPLY----

OH DEAR! HE MEANS GO WELL. BUT I HAD TO SAY IT!



THAT EVENING, IN COLETTE'S LODGINGS--

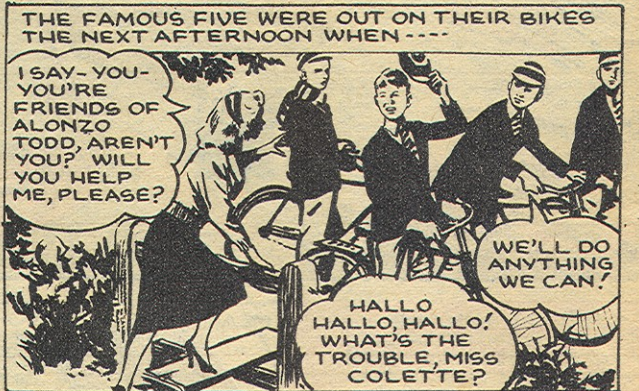
THIS NOTE WAS DELIVERED FOR YOU, MY DEAR! FROM MASTER ALONZO, I THINK!

OH - THANK YOU!

COLETTE LEARNED THAT ALONZO HAD BEEN BOOKED BY CORTINI AS TEXAS TODD - AND HAD MADE THE CONDITION THAT COLETTE SHOULD BE RE-INSTATED IN THE CIRCUS RIGHT AWAY.



OH DEAR! NO WONDER HE LOOKED SO HURT! BUT I CAN'T LET HIM GO THROUGH WITH IT. HE MIGHT BE BADLY INJURED!



THE FAMOUS FIVE WERE OUT ON THEIR BIKES THE NEXT AFTERNOON WHEN----

I SAY - YOU - YOU'RE FRIENDS OF ALONZO TODD, AREN'T YOU? WILL YOU HELP ME, PLEASE?

WE'LL DO ANYTHING WE CAN!

HALLO HALLO, HALLO! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MISS COLETTE?



GRAB HIM!

HERE'S THE ROPE!

IT'S ALL FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, TODDY!

WHEN THE FAMOUS FIVE HEARD COLETTE'S STORY, THEY DECIDED ON DRASTIC MEAGURES.

YAROOOH I PROTEST -- UGH!



YOU'LL BE SAFER THERE THAN AT THE CIRCUS, TODDY!



ALONZO WAS LEFT HELPLESS BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER ----

TODDY'S GOT A CAKE SOMEWHERE-- THE GREEDY BEAST -- OH, CRUMBS! I-I WASN'T GOING TO PINCH YOUR CAKE, TODDY!

BUNTER! RELEASE ME, MY DEAR FELLOW, AND YOU SHALL HAVE ALL THE CAKE YOU CAN EAT

BILLY BUNTER JUMPED AT THE BARGAIN! THE NEXT HALF-HOUR WAS A HECTIC ONE FOR TODDY. HE KNEW THAT THE CIRCUS HAD STARTED, AND THAT HIS ACT WAS ALMOST DUE.

COLETTE! CORTINI'S JUST ANNOUNCING THE GREAT TEXAS TODD-- AND THE KID HASN'T ARRIVED YET!

HE WON'T BE COMING BEPPO! I WON'T LET HIM GET HURT!

BUT COLETTE WAS WRONG!

PRAY STAND ASIDE! I AM PRESSED FOR TIME!

--- HERE IS THAT DARING RIDER AND ROPER --- TEXAS TODD!

WAIT! I'M NOT ON YET!

ALONZO!

YOU'RE ON, KID! AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW!

GILGOS

SAPRIGT!! WHAT IS THIS?

TODDY SWEPT PAST CORTINI, LEGS WAVING AS HE TRIED TO SLOW DOWN THE HORSE.

ARRRRGH!

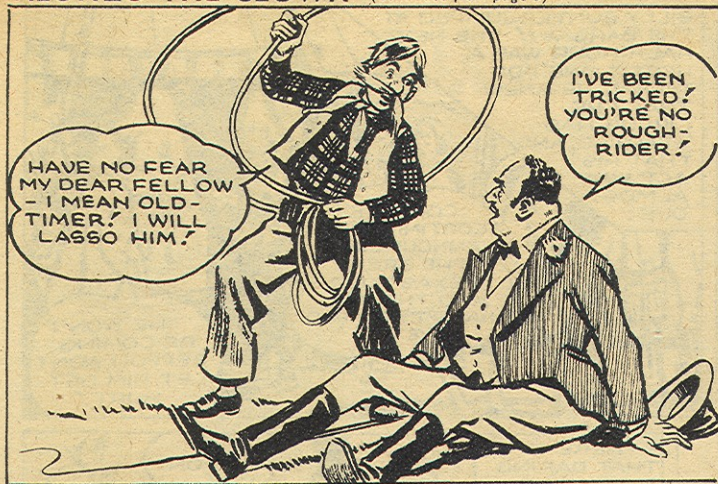
I REALLY MUST APOLOGISE!

HA, HA, HA!

OH DEAR! MY SIDES ACHE!

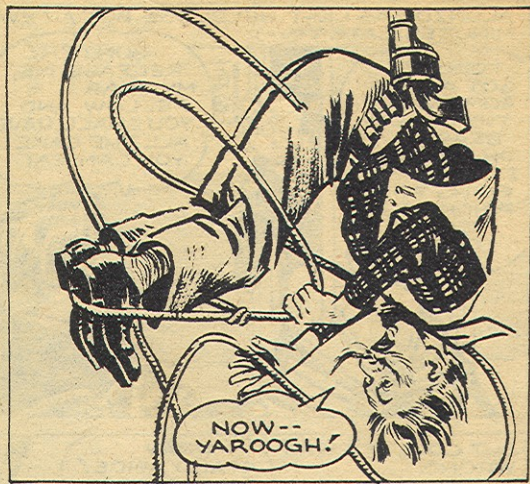
IT'S A STUNT! THIS CHAP'S A FIRST CLASS CLOWN! HA, HA, HA!





HAVE NO FEAR MY DEAR FELLOW - I MEAN OLD-TIMER! I WILL LASSO HIM!

I'VE BEEN TRICKED! YOU'RE NO ROUGH-RIDER!

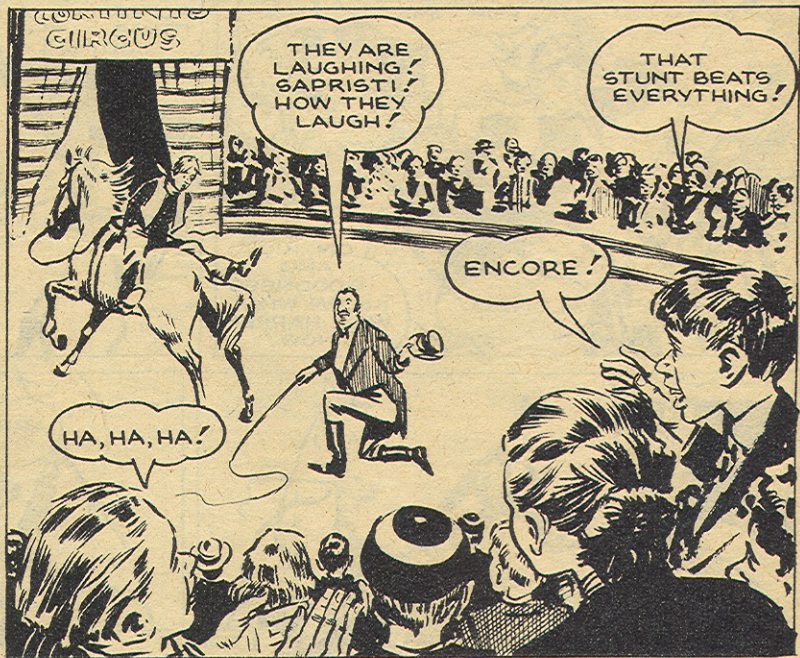


NOW-- YAROOGH!



YOU YOUNG SCOUNDREL! YOU'RE A FAKE!

OUCH! STOPPIT!



CORTINI'S CIRCUS

THEY ARE LAUGHING! SAPRISTI! HOW THEY LAUGH!

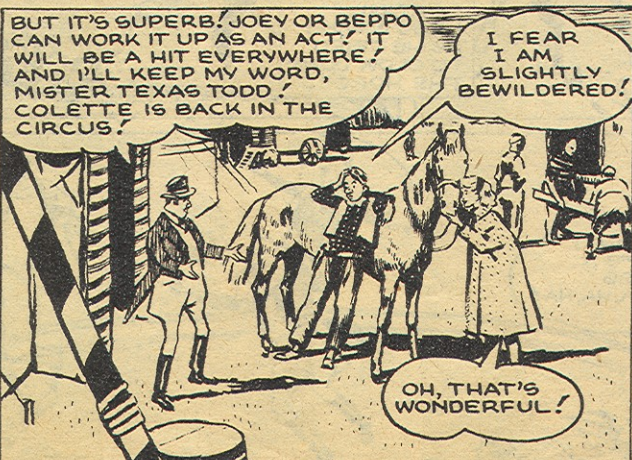
THAT STUNT BEATS EVERYTHING!

ENCORE!

HA, HA, HA!



WHAT AN IDEA! THE STUNT - IT IS TERRIFIC! THEY LAUGH! THEY CLAP! AND IT NEED NOT BE THE BOY. BEPPO OR JOEY CAN BE TEXAS TODD! IT IS THE GREATEST STUNT FOR CLOWNING IN YEARS!



BUT IT'S SUPERB! JOEY OR BEPPO CAN WORK IT UP AS AN ACT! IT WILL BE A HIT EVERYWHERE! AND I'LL KEEP MY WORD, MISTER TEXAS TODD! COLETTE IS BACK IN THE CIRCUS!

I FEAR I AM SLIGHTLY BEWILDERED!

OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL!



THANK YOU, ALONZO! I'M SO GLAD EVERYTHING HAS WORKED OUT ALL RIGHT!

IT'S MIGHTY FINE, MA'AM! MIGHTY FINE!

TODDY AND COLETTE, EXPECTING TROUBLE, WERE SPEECHLESS AT CORTINI'S CONGRATULATIONS!

Watch for "Pennies from Heaven!" It's a grand new fun-filled adventure of the boys of Greyfriars, starting next week



# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

## WILLIE'S WONDER WINDOW CLEANER

WASH AND COMPANY, the window cleaners of Giggleton, were busy cleaning the windows of Gandybar School.

Mr. Wash, a sturdy, good-natured man, half-way up a ladder, whistled a little tune as he examined his work on a second-floor window.

"Mmm, that'll do!" he murmured, well satisfied, and began his climb down to join his 'Company', a tall thin man at work on a ground-floor window nearby.

Down the ladder he came, rung by rung. But his left foot, instead of finding the seventh rung, found Doctor Gandybar.

The doctor was coming back from his morning stroll with his head well down in thought and his hands behind his back. He failed to see the ladder as he approached.

Mr. Wash's left foot neatly stepped on the doctor's left shoulder; the doctor, startled, stepped aside and down they both fell in a heap.

They sat up on the paved quadrangle and gazed at each other speechless for a moment.

While the doctor's indignation rose, Mr. Wash found his voice.

"Sorry, guv'nor, I'm sure! Still, I'm glad I see you—"

"Seed me?" spluttered Doctor Gandybar as he sat there rearranging his mortar-board. "You never seed me! If you'd sawn me—I mean seed me—that is, seen me, this unfortunate collision would not have happened. But now that we have met—" the doctor breathed hard, "what is the meaning of this peculiar note which I received from you this morning?"

And still sitting there, the doctor read from a slip of paper which he took from his pocket.

"This is to inform you that windows is gone up to a shilling apiece. Wash and Company."

"Sright, sir," said Mr. Wash as he helped Doctor Gandybar to an upright position. "Bob each now. Cost er livin', y'know!"

He dusted down the doctor's gown with a spotted handkerchief.

"A shilling each! You have doubled the price! Disgusting!" snorted Doctor Gandybar as he shook his gown back into place. "What about my cost of living? What about that? Most unjust, sir, most unjust!"

"These is very big winders, guv'nor, and very dirty," began Mr. Wash in self-defence.

"And very dirty they shall remain, my man. I'd rather clean them myself than pay your high prices!" choked

Doctor Gandybar.

"Ha! I'd like to see you do it, guv'nor," said Mr. Wash with a grin. "I've made a life study o' winders, I've—"

The doctor broke in impatiently.

"How many have you cleaned this morning?" he asked.

"On'y just started guv'nor—one—an' my mate's done one too!" said Mr. Wash.

"One two—pah!" snapped Doctor Gandybar as he felt in his pockets for a coin. He caught sight of Willie Wizzard on his way to the tuckshop.

"Ah! Wizzard!" called the doctor.

Willie approached.

"Wizzard, my boy, have you two shillings which I might borrow? I have unfortunately left my small change in the study," and the doctor held out his hand.

Willie reluctantly handed over the two-shilling piece which he had intended to spend on chocolate marshmallows.

"Here, my man—two windows, two shillings. Now be off with you!" snorted the doctor, holding out the money.

Mr. Wash eyed the doctor good humouredly, then he took the two-shilling piece.

"Thanks," he said. "Let me know when you want 'em cleaned—don't make it too long or they'll be so dirty it'll be one an' a tanner apiece!"

He picked up his pail and shouldered his ladder.

"Hey—Charlie!" he called to his Company, "Guv'nor's goin' to clean 'em 'imself. Come on, mate!" And Wash and Company, grinning broadly, disappeared through the school gates.

Willie Wizzard watched the headmaster as he slowly regained his temper.

Doctor Gandybar looked round at the school building and shuddered. The whole place suddenly seemed to be made entirely of windows.

"Hm! Some effort will be needed, I'm afraid," muttered the doctor, his spirits falling to zero.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked Willy hopefully. "I have just invented a fluid which will clean glass instantly, better than water."

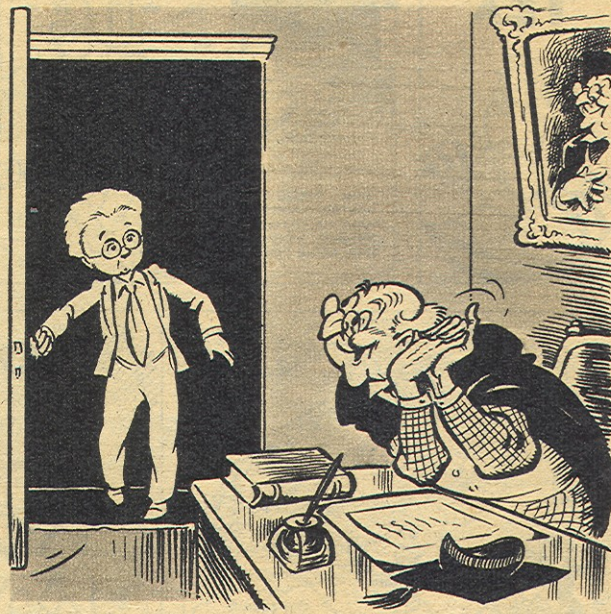
Doctor Gandybar brightened.

"You have, Wizzard? How fortunate! How very fortunate! Bring some of your fluid to my study at once, my boy, and then I will repay the loan."

In Doctor Gandybar's study Willie explained his fluid.

"It cleans beautifully, sir," he said. "I invented it to clean my spectacles with. Shall I clean yours with it to show you?"

Doctor Gandybar handed over his glasses, which Willie cleaned with some of the fluid



The doctor looked up and saw the White Wizzard standing miserably before him. He beamed. "Wonderful! Really beautiful!" he murmured.

on a bit of rag.

"It's a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and syrup thinned out with a special th—"

"Quite, quite, my boy!" broke in Doctor Gandybar as he took his spectacles and placed them on the desk. "And how do you intend to make the cleaning speedy, my boy?"

"I'll think out a machine right away, sir," said Willie. "Er—please may I have my two shillings now, sir?"

The doctor opened the safe and took out the petty-cash box. He selected a coin and handed it to Willie.

"Sir—this is only a shilling!" said Willie, hesitating.

"Oh, so it is, my boy, so it is! I'm so short-sighted without my glasses," Doctor Gandybar sighed and placed his hand inside the box again, then withdrew it empty.

"Hah, Wizzard, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha! Why not trust me for the other shilling as I am about to trust you with the window cleaning? You may have the other shilling when your machine has proved that it works. Mutual trust, my boy, you know! Mutual trust! Ha! ha! And now, to your work, boy. Off you go!"

BY the following morning Willie's Wonder Window Cleaner was ready for use. Willie, with his reputation as the inventor-son of a famous scientist at stake, and with the recovery of his shilling also at stake, had worked with a will to produce an efficient machine.

Willie discovered that the

cleaning fluid showed a tendency to bleach white anything it came in contact with, but as it was only to be used on glass he decided that this small failing didn't matter.

The machine consisted of a long tube with a spray attachment which turned in any direction required, and which could be lengthened to clean the second- and third-floor windows. This tube ran down to a container which held Willie's cleaning fluid. Complicated machinery worked the invention and it could be switched on and off as desired.

The whole thing was mounted on two slim legs which could bend or straighten for those windows which were difficult to get at.

"When it is switched on, sir, the fluid is sprayed on the windows," Willie explained to Doctor Gandybar. "As it evaporates almost immediately after removing the dirt, there is no mess. You will need someone to operate it, though—" said Willie, hoping for the job instead of lessons.

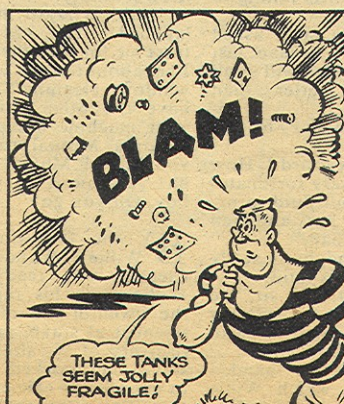
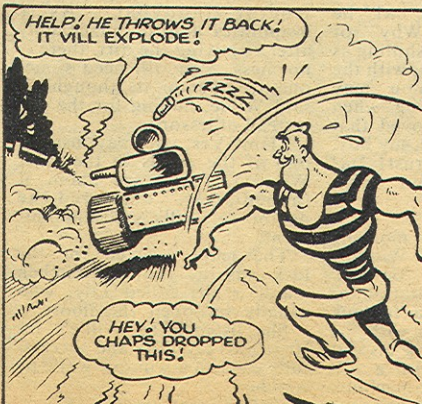
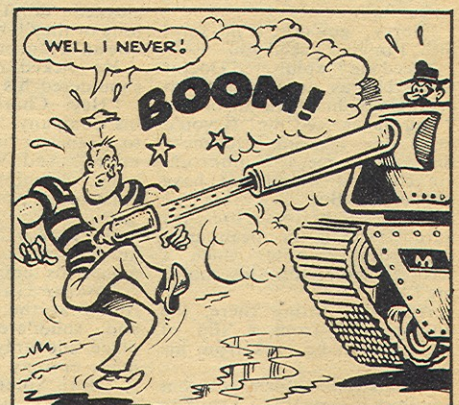
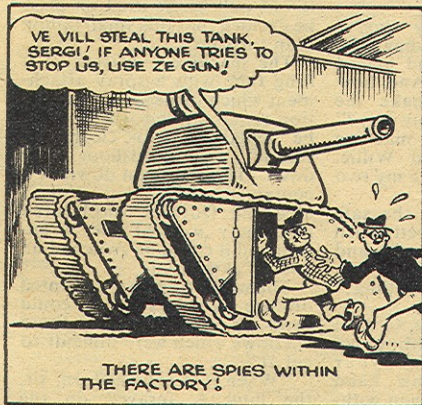
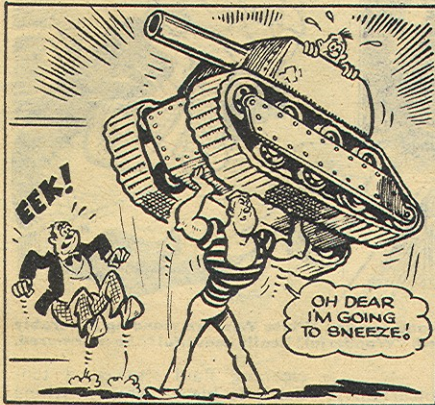
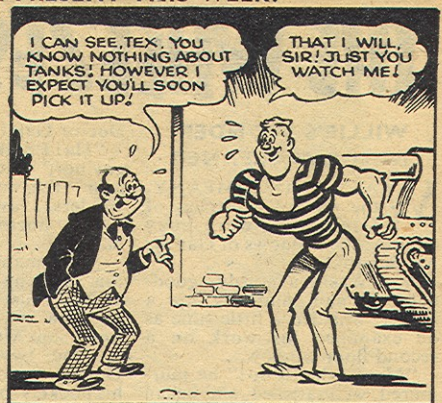
"Hm! Yes, you may instruct one of the maids in the task, Wizzard. I will see about it immediately," answered the doctor to Willie's disappointment.

The maid selected for the task was the youngest kitchen maid, a girl called Lily, who usually scrubbed the floors.

She listened to Willie's instructions carefully and successfully cleaned a window while he watched.

(Continued on page 18)







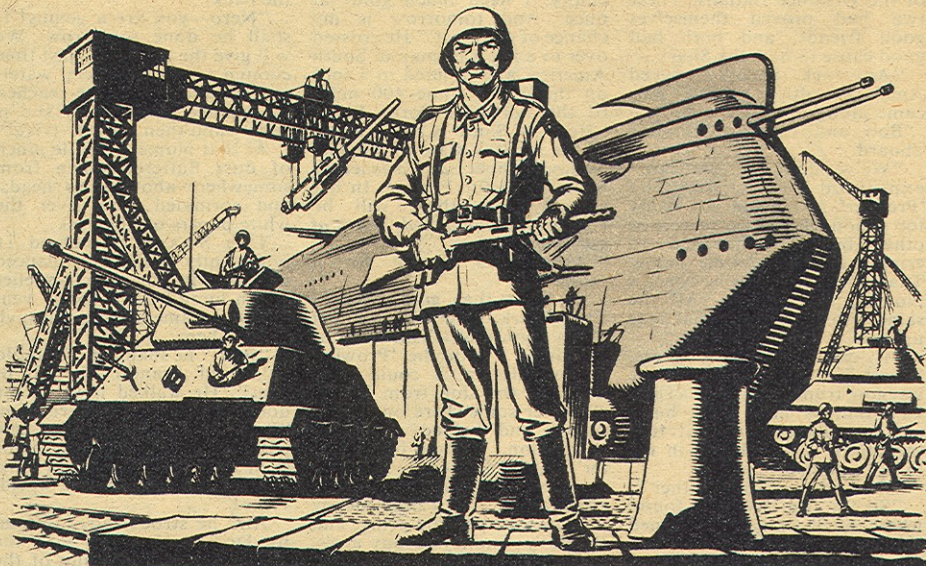
# BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

Only Bob Harley, the young Scotland Yard man, and Malcolm Franklin, the inventor, stand in the way of the Shark's wicked plans.

The Shark, a ruthless crook, who will stop at nothing, has made himself dictator of the South American country of Incaragua, after throwing the rightful ruler, General Prando, into prison.

And with the aid of Doctor Nero, a scientist, he has captured Malcolm Franklin's mighty "Prowler," with all its crew. The "Prowler" is a huge tank, as big as a battleship, which is specially made to travel upon the bottom of the sea. It can go down to the very deepest depths, where no submarine can reach it. And, armed with guns, the "Prowler" could sink any ship afloat by firing at it from below.

The Shark means to use the "Prowler" for war! And only Bob and Franklin can foil his evil plans!



The mighty "Prowler" is heavily guarded on all sides! How can Bob and Malcolm Franklin foil the Shark's evil plans to use it for war?

"THE Shark certainly isn't taking any chances of losing the 'Prowler' now he's got it!" said Bob Harley softly. Malcolm Franklin nodded without speaking.

The two were disguised as Incaraguan peasants. They wore broad, floppy-brimmed sombrero hats upon their heads, and striped blankets draped around their bodies. Their faces were stained dark brown, and it would have taken a keen pair of eyes to have seen through their disguises.

Even so, they were taking a big risk in visiting the heavily guarded dockyards of Porto Visto.

But that was where the stolen "Prowler" was berthed, and before they could make any plans, they had to spy out the lie of the land.

There stood the "Prowler" among the tall cranes of the shipyard, a huge turtle-backed monster of grey armour-plating. As they watched, the guns which Malcolm Franklin had built into his under-sea craft for defending it against attack from monsters of the deep, were being hauled from their mountings by the huge cranes.

Malcolm Franklin nudged Bob, and spoke softly.

"Over by the railway sidings—look!"

Bob looked, and at first did not guess what he was supposed to see. A horde of men were busy lashing slings around something long and massive, and the tackle of a powerful gantry crane was being lowered close by.

"He's putting in the biggest guns that'll go into the turrets!" whispered Franklin. "Not losing any time, either. What's he in such a rush for, I wonder?"

Bob's eyes widened. The new,

bigger guns were about to be hoisted into place right on the heels of the smaller ones which had been taken out. As well as that, they could see that supplies of every kind were being taken aboard as swiftly as the labourers could carry them.

"They're getting the 'Prowler' ready for action!" whispered Bob, as they slouched on, trying to see as much as possible, without seeming to hang about. The last thing they wanted to do was to draw attention to themselves, or to fall foul of the armed guards who were patrolling all around the dockyard.

"I wish we dared go closer!" Franklin murmured in reply, "I'd dearly love to know what the Shark is plotting—keep moving—" he hissed the last words sharply. "The gunner in that nearest tank is watching us!"

They had just passed this tank, which was one of several which formed part of the defences of the dockyard. Bob felt the hair on the back of his head creeping up, as he sensed that the tank's turret was swinging round, to follow them as they lolled along.

But they did not quicken their pace, nor did they look back, and the gunner must have decided that they were just a couple of loafers. At any rate, no commands to fire were heard, nor even a call to halt, much to Bob's relief.

They kept moving, and they came at last to another dockyard. This one was littered with twisted wreckage, all that was left of the Shark's attempt to build a "Prowler" of his own. Malcolm Franklin had wrecked it, with the original "Prowler."

This wreckage offered some

shelter and cover, and a pile of twisted scrap metal gave them a chance to linger, without the danger of being seen at once.

They stood and looked more carefully at what was going on. After a minute or so, Bob heard Franklin snap his fingers together, and lean forward sharply.

"What is it?"

"See that gang of mechanics?" Franklin pointed to a bunch of half a dozen men, who were clustered around one of the "Prowler's" ten tractor-like "feet."

Bob nodded.

"Yes—they've got the armour off the starboard front 'foot,' haven't they?"

"That's right. From the look of it, they're repacking the grease that keeps the water out of the electric tractor motors. That's a bit of luck!"

"How come?"

"It gives me a chance to do a little bit of damage in a vital spot!" Franklin drew out a long-barrelled automatic pistol from under his blanket robe, and clicked back the safety catch. "If I can hit the right spot, just one small bullet will put the "Prowler" out of action for days! That'll give us time to find out what the Shark's up to!"

Franklin rested the slim barrel of the gun across his left fore-arm, and took careful aim. Then he waited, until the clanking racket of one of the cranes made enough noise to cover the sound of his shot.

He fired.

The result was startling, to say the least.

From the open side of the "Prowler's" "foot," where the

armour plating had been lifted away, came a blinding flash of blue light. The men working around jumped back in alarm, and some of the grease which they had been packing in caught fire.

For a moment or two there was a bedlam of shouting, and then there came the clanging of a bell, as a fire tender raced towards the spot to deal with the fire.

"That bullet certainly worked wonders!" chuckled Bob. "What did you do? What did it hit?"

"There's a main power connection box in each 'foot,' and I aimed to hit that one," explained Franklin. "I knew exactly where to aim for it, and that it was made of plastic. I figured that one bullet anywhere in there would cause a nice big short circuit—and it did!"

"They don't even seem to have realised that it was a bullet that did the damage," put in Bob, as he watched the men keenly. "All the same, I think we'd better get away from here as soon as possible—don't you?"

Franklin nodded, and at that moment a big lorry, carrying more fire-fighting equipment, went speeding past them.

"Now's our chance!" Franklin tugged Bob by the arm, and while the lorry was still between them and their enemies, the two slipped out of the shelter of the wreckage and hurried away from the shipyard.

Five minutes later they were hurrying down a narrow street in the busy native quarter of Porto Visto.

Half way down the street was a heavy ox-drawn cart, with

(Continued on next page)



two blanket-wrapped figures seated upon it. They were Amanda Prando, daughter of the imprisoned ruler of Incaragua, and Chilka, the old chief of the Ochoonee Indians. These two had proved themselves good friends, and both had good cause to hate the Shark.

"Any luck, Senors?" asked Amanda softly, as the pair came alongside the cart.

Bob and Franklin climbed aboard.

"We've done all we can," explained Franklin. "The 'Prowler' was being got ready for action—for some reason or other—but we managed to cripple it for the time being. That will hold up the Shark's plotting for a while. All the same, I wish we knew what he is up to."

"I can help you there, Senors," said Amanda as the wagon trundled away. "Chilka's Indians have been busy, and they have found out that the Shark is now living in my father's palace."

"And what of your father?"

"So far, we have not found where the Shark has imprisoned him," she said sadly, "but now that the Shark is living in my father's palace, we may find out much—that is what I meant when I said I could help you. I have many friends in that palace—I lived my childhood there. I know all of its secret places—how to come and go without being seen. Leave it to me, Senors. Once inside my father's palace, we can spy upon the Shark, and find out all his plans!"

"HOW soon can the 'Prowler' be repaired, and ready for action?" demanded the Shark angrily.

Doctor Nero shrugged his shoulders.

"A week—maybe two weeks—it is hard to say!"

"Tchah!" snarled the Shark angrily. "And what of my plans in the meantime? Are they to fail because of this—what you call it—this short-circuit?"

"I fear so, Excellency. The electric motor which drives the starboard front 'foot' of the 'Prowler' is burned out."

"Bah! I am not interested! All I know is that I must have the 'Prowler' ready for action tomorrow, or a most important chance will be lost to me for ever!" The Shark's voice echoed hollowly under the steel mask that covered his features. Nobody had ever seen him without that mask.

Doctor Nero shrugged again. The two were alone in the big study that had once been General Prando's, and which the Shark had now taken for his own.

"Excellency," he said. "Tell me, please, why must you have the 'Prowler' tomorrow? Perhaps I can help you, if I know the reason."

The Shark paced up and down on the thick carpet a couple of times before answering.

"It is this way, Nero, my friend," he said at last. "To make war one must have money—gold. As you know, the Incaragua treasury is almost empty. I need much gold—at once. And tomorrow is my chance of getting it." He crossed over to a big wall-map of South America, and pointed to a spot on the coast, some 400 miles to the north of Porto Visto. "Here is Santo Cruz, capital of the wealthy state of Havilla. Today the liner *San Carlo* leaves Santa Cruz for Europe. In her strong room there will be *eighteen million pounds worth of gold bars!*"

There was silence for a moment.

"I want that gold, Nero!" The Shark slammed his fist down upon the polished top of the desk. "With the 'Prowler' in commission, I could have attacked the ship from below, sunk her somewhere out in the ocean, and helped myself to the bullion. Without the 'Prowler' that gold is lost to me—the chance will pass, and never come again. And I need money—money to pay the army, and the navy—money to buy arms. And there it is, for the taking, in the strongroom of the *San Carlo*, and you talk of short circuits!"

Doctor Nero listened in silence to this tirade. Then he placed his finger-tips together, and spoke softly.

"You shall have the 'Prowler' by the end of the week . . ."

"The end of the week! What use is that?"

"Excellency—hear me out, I beg! I was about to say that you can have the 'Prowler' ready for action by the end of the week. In the meantime, there are other ways of sending the *San Carlo* to the bottom."

"So?"

"You have a jet strato-bomber in your air force, Excellency. Why not bomb and sink the *San Carlo* with that, and when she is lying snugly on the bottom with all her treasure, take the 'Prowler' out at your leisure, and collect your gold?"

"That is an excellent plan!" the Shark spoke softly. "Of course! The bombs could be dropped from eight miles up, and nobody would ever know who had dropped them! Once

the gold is sunk, it will be mine for the taking, when I like!"

Doctor Nero bowed, and smiled an oily smile, as the Shark clapped him heartily on the back.

"Nero—you are a genius! It shall be done tomorrow. We will give the *San Carlo* just time enough to get into deep water, so that she cannot be reached by salvage ships when she is sunk—and then we will strike!"

At that moment a little pinch of dust fluttered down from somewhere above their heads, and sprinkled itself over the white papers on the desk.

The Shark brushed it impatiently aside, and glanced up at the heavy chandelier which hung from a round vent in the ornamented ceiling high above them.

"Bah!" he snapped. "This old palace of Prando's is full of dust!" He walked towards the door and Nero followed him. "Soon I will build a fine new palace, Nero—a palace fit for such a master-man as me. I shall be master of the world, Nero!"

And he strode out, followed by Doctor Nero, to give the orders for the bombing of the *San Carlo*.

"PHEW!" breathed Bob Harley, as the door closed behind the Shark and Doctor Nero. "I thought we'd given ourselves away when that shower of dust fell down on to the Shark's desk!"

Together with Amanda and Malcolm Franklin, he was up in the rafters above the ceiling of the very room where the Shark and Nero had been talking. Amanda had been as good as her word, and had smuggled them into the palace by secret ways. They had been able to spy on their foes through the vent in the ceiling over the chandelier.

Swiftly Amanda had told them what the two plotters had been talking about, for they had been speaking in Incaragua.

When she had finished Malcolm Franklin's face was grave.

"The devil!" he muttered. "The ruthless devil! He'd sink that ship, and drown every living soul aboard her, to get the gold!" He thought for a moment. "Where would this

strato-bomber be now?" he asked at last.

"At the aerodrome at Potopetl," Amanda replied. "It must be there. I know that my father had special hangars built for it there—there were none large enough anywhere else."

"Potopetl! That's on the banks of the Porto Visto river, some miles inland?"

"Yes—you could reach it in your sea-jeep, senor—your car that can go under the water!"

"Then that's what we're going to do!" snapped Franklin.

"We're going to grab that bomber, and bomb the *San Carlo* before the Shark can!"

"Bomb it?" gasped Bob.

"Yes—bomb it. But our bombs will miss—and the *San Carlo* will turn back into harbour where it will be safe. Come on—there isn't a minute to lose!"

THE sea-jeep came out of the river under cover of a dense thicket of tall reeds. Away beyond the reeds stretched the flat expanse of Potopetl aerodrome.

Half a mile or so to their left, the black bulk of the hangar that housed the strato-bomber loomed large in the moonlight.

Bob and Franklin clambered out, leaving Amanda inside.

The sea-jeep was just like a car to drive, and the girl could easily take it back under the water, and up-river to Chilka's village, where it would be safe.

"Good luck!" she said, and waved.

Then, Franklin closed the round hatch in the side, and the strange car, with its glass-like plastic domed top, vanished into the waters of the river.

Making use of whatever cover they could find, Bob and Franklin made for the hangars and, as they neared them, the landward side of the hangars, which had faced away from them at first, came gradually into view.

The great doors were open, and beyond them they could see the sleek, paper-dart shape of the big tailless bomber.

And though it was night-time, men were working on it. A tanker lorry was alongside and fuel was being pumped into the huge tanks.

The Shark's orders had come through already and, from the look of things, the silver monster was being readied for its job early next morning, or even sooner.

"Hm!" said Bob. "That complicates things!"

Franklin's keen eyes scanned the busy scene thoughtfully.

"If we're going to fly that thing, we'll need the proper flying outfits anyway," he said softly. "And one man looks very much like another in those special flying suits. If we can find the locker room where they're stored. . . ."

Bob nodded. "I get the idea. Let's find that locker-room."

This did not prove so difficult (Continued on next page)

## ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HULLLO, Spotters! Here are another thousand numbers, and if you can see yours here (you will find it printed on the back of your Club Album) you can send up for one of our presents—free!

The numbers are: between 13,000 and 13,500 inclusive, and between 43,500 and 44,000 inclusive.

Is yours here? Right, then here's what you do. First of all choose one of these presents: **Cowboy Belt and Holster, Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, or Charm Bracelet.** Now write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use", at the same time checking that your name and address are filled in on the Membership Page. Also, on a postcard or piece of plain paper, write the name of the character or story you like best in COMET, and in a few words say why. Then post Album and postcard in a 2d. stamped envelope to:

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

so that it arrives by **Tuesday, December 2nd.** You will receive your present, together with your Album, about a week after this date.



**BOB HARLEY—  
SPECIAL AGENT**

(Continued from page 8)

as they expected, for like nearly all hangars, the crew-rooms and locker-rooms were built out, along the sides of the main building, and had ground-floor windows, through which they could peer as they slipped swiftly along in the darkness.

A quick glance was enough to tell them that one room was a canteen, another a workshop, an office, and so on. Then, at last, the flight locker-room.

There, hanging on special stands, were the suits that made it possible for the crew to fly in the super-bomber when it was at great heights and moving at great speeds.

They were almost like diving suits, though much lighter, and built into them was breathing gear and heating coils, so that the wearers could live in the cold, thin air of seven or eight miles up.

Malcolm Franklin slid the blade of his pocket-knife between the sashes of the window, and pushed back the catch. A moment later they slipped silently into the darkened room.

On the far side was a door, which led through into the main hangar. It was open a tiny slit. Bob pushed it carefully a little further, until he could see the men working on the bomber.

"We'll let them finish what they have to do, and then go out in these suits as though we owned the place," whispered Franklin softly. "Nobody will stop us, if we act as though we belonged here."

For the next half an hour they took turns at watching events in the hangar through the narrow slit, until Franklin judged that the work of preparing the bomber was complete.

Bob was taking a turn at watching, when an unexpected event happened. Two men in uniforms of the Incaraguan air force appeared in the hangar, and made straight for the locker-room!

Franklin leaped to Bob's side as Bob called him urgently. In a flash he took in what was happening.

"Behind the door, Bob!" he hissed, clubbing his gun. "Take the man nearest to you. Don't give him a chance to cry out!"

Franklin darted to the centre of the room, swiftly twisted the electric bulb from its pendant, and was back on the side of the door opposite to Bob in less time than it takes to tell.

A second later, the two air-men entered the darkened room. One pressed down the light switch, but no light came.

Then two clubbed gun-butts crashed down upon their heads.

It was the work of only a few minutes to bind and gag them, so that they were quite helpless.

"This is a bit of luck, really," said Malcolm Franklin, as they

pushed them out of sight behind some lockers. "The folks out there will be half expecting these two to come out again—so they won't be surprised to see us!"

And so it was, a little later, when the two flying-suited figures of Bob and Franklin strode boldly out across the hangar towards the big silver bomber. They climbed aboard without trouble, and shut themselves in the cockpit.

"They'll think we're making the final check-up," said Franklin quietly. "On a job like this, the pilot always satisfies himself about the plane's condition, and has the last word. He'd have to wear his flying suit to do it, because there are so many gadgets to test that connect up with things in the suit."

Bob nodded. "But—" went on Franklin, "they won't expect us to be taking off in this thing by night—so once the engines start up—it's all or nothing. All set, Bob?"

Bob nodded, and gave a thumbs-up.

"Good. This is it." Franklin spent a few moments more studying the array of dials and levers in the cockpit, then he leaned forward, made a few adjustments, and snapped down a row of six short red levers.

At once there came a coughing roar, as the starting charges in the six jet engines blasted off, followed by a screaming whine, that mounted higher and higher as the turbines in the jets spun faster and faster.

Bob saw the expressions on the faces of the men outside change from surprise to alarm, as the great bomber thundered into mighty life. Several of them tried to reach the door in the fuselage which led into the pilot's cockpit, but the blast from the mighty jets swept them off their feet like scraps of paper.

Franklin eased off the wheel brakes, and let the urge of the jets thrust them forward with swiftly-growing speed. Bob saw angry faces, and shaking fists from the men on the ground, who ran this way and that as the bomber swept past them, and then they were out of the hangar, and racing away into the night.

Malcolm Franklin hauled back on the stick, and the sleek silver nose lifted skyward. The bumping of the spinning wheels ceased suddenly beneath them. They were airborne.

"Made it!" cried Bob, with a broad grin on his face.

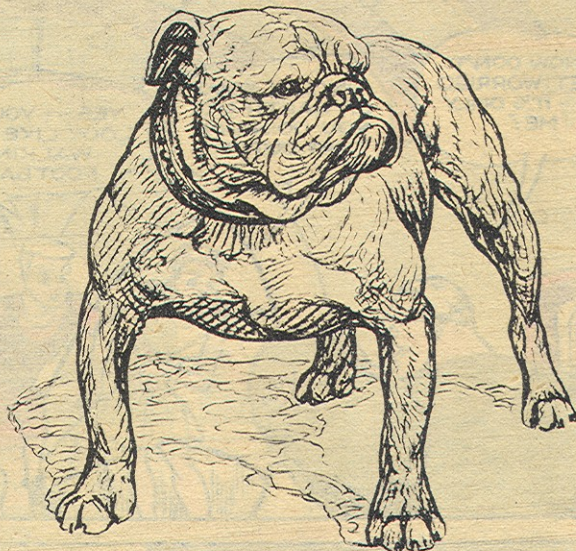
Malcolm Franklin heard his words on the intercomm telephone, for ordinary talking was impossible in the racket of the howling jets.

"We made it all right," he said dryly, "but our troubles are just about beginning. Every fighter in the Incaraguan air force will be on our tail soon, or I miss my guess!"

Next week: Peril in the Sky!

**YOUR FAVOURITE  
DOGS. No. 16**

**THE  
BULLDOG**



The Bulldog was originally bred for fighting and bull-baiting, which may account for his rather ugly appearance. But today he is gentle, quiet and good tempered.

He is still a tremendously strong and muscular dog, but being so wide and thick he is not so "quick off the mark" as in days gone by.

His coat should be smooth and fine and can be all-white, fawn, or red with or without patches of white.

**Watch  
out!**



**AFRICAN ADVENTURE  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

This is just one of the many titles in store for *Cadbury C-Cubs* next year. *C-Cubs* have their own magazines delivered free, a secret code, a handsome badge and lots of other exciting things. Want to join in the fun? Fill in this coupon now!



To **Colin, C.H.Q. CADBURYS, BOURNVILLE**

Please enrol me as a *C-Cub*

MY FULL NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

MY AGE IS \_\_\_\_\_ YEARS \_\_\_\_\_ MONTHS

I LIVE AT \_\_\_\_\_

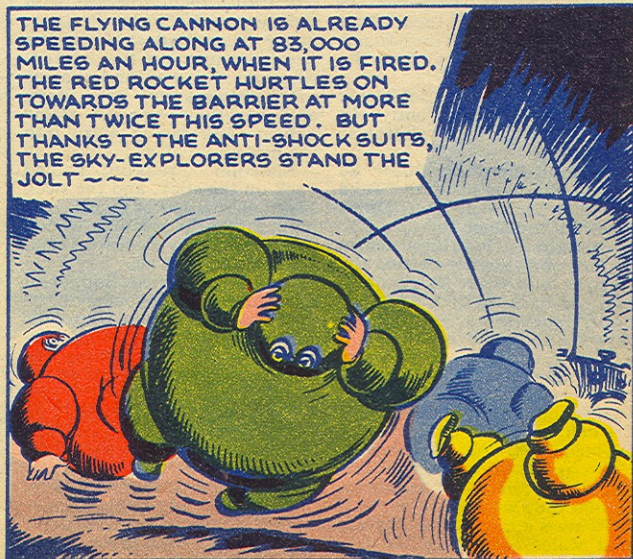
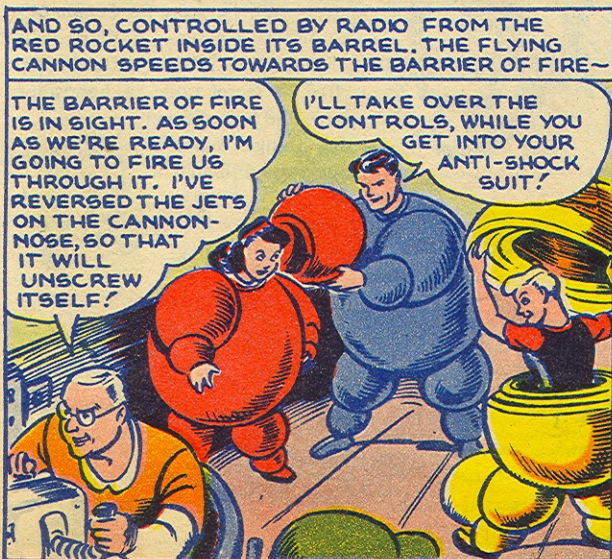
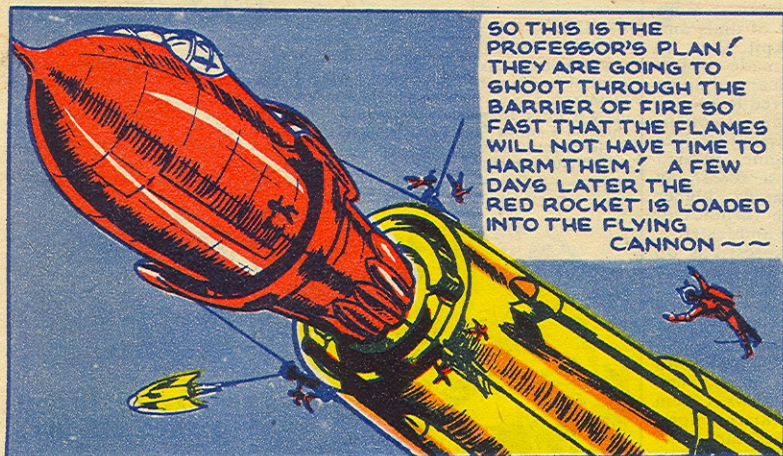
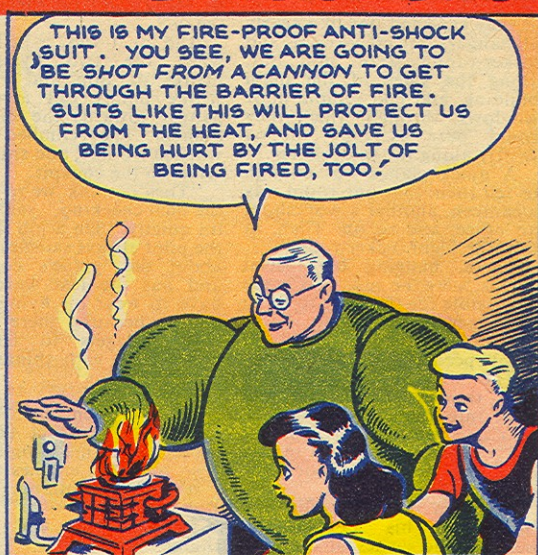
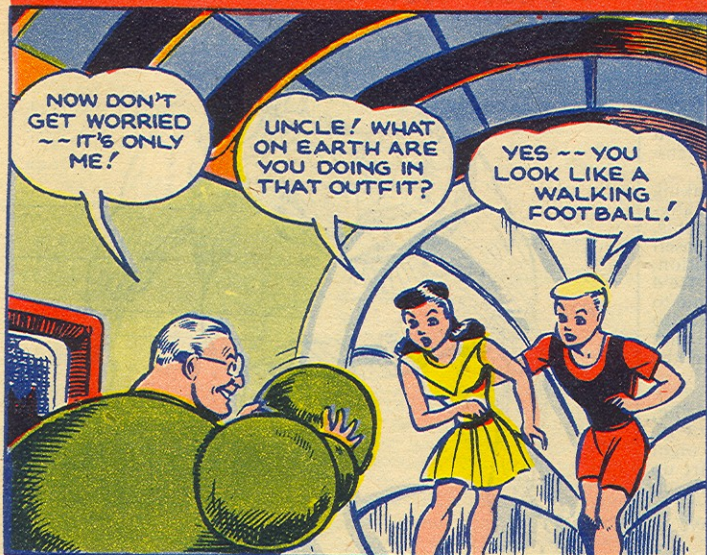
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ COUNTY \_\_\_\_\_

CS, 22-11-52

I enclose 3d. in stamps and a *Cadbury* label. Please send me my *Membership Book and Badge*.

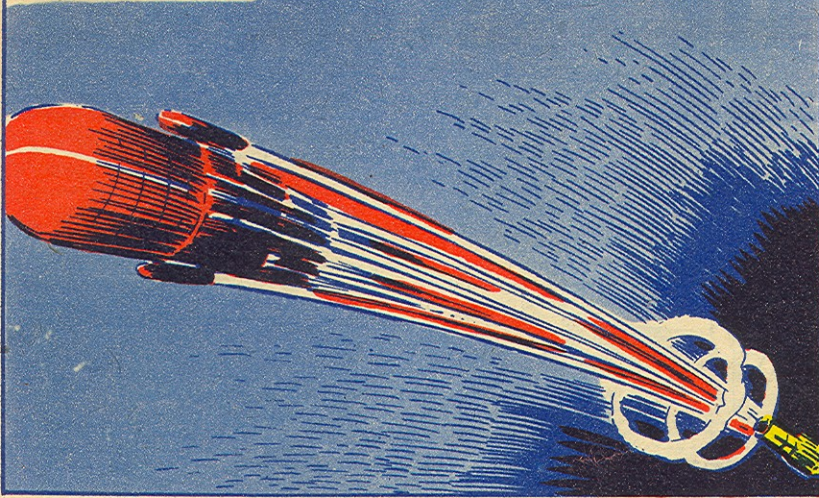
Membership of *C-Cubs* is open to every boy and girl in the British Isles.



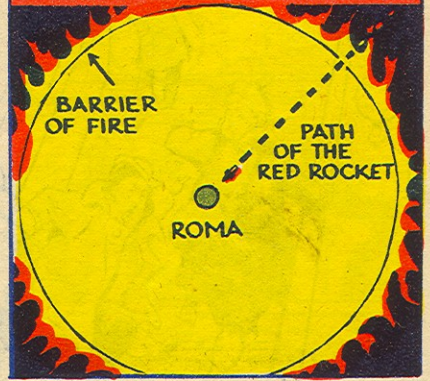




NO SHOOTING STAR EVER MOVED AS FAST AS THE RED ROCKET!



THE BARRIER OF FIRE IS LIKE A HUGE HOLLOW BALL OF FLAME, TWO MILLION MILES ACROSS. THE PLANET ROMA IS IN THE VERY MIDDLE. THERE THEY HAVE NO NIGHT OR DAY, AND THEIR SKY IS ALWAYS YELLOW FIRE --- THEIR SKY IS THE SUN!



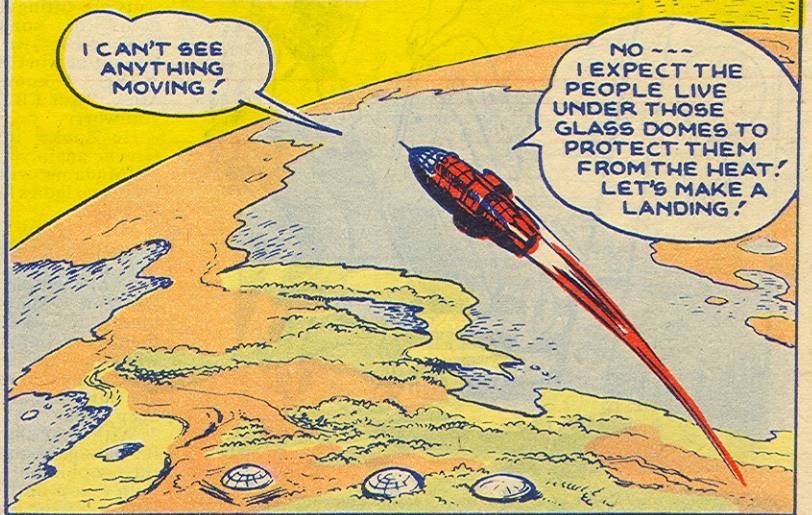
IN SPLIT SECONDS THEY ARE THROUGH THE BURNING BARRIER!



I'VE PUT THE JET BRAKES FULL ON --- OTHERWISE WE SHALL OVER-SHOOT!

LOOK! THERE'S THE PLANET ROMA --- DOWN BELOW US!

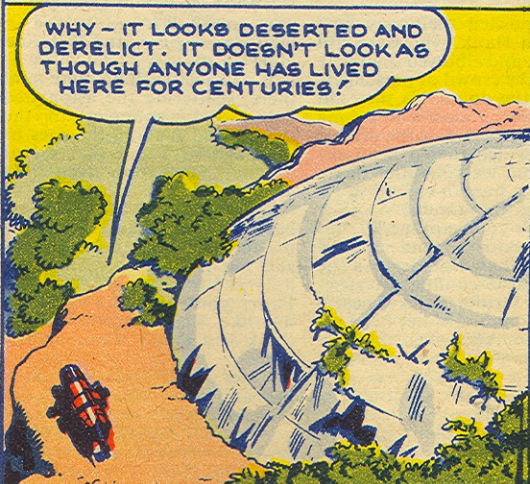
FIRST THEY CIRCLE THE PLANET ~ ~ ~



I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING MOVING!

NO --- I EXPECT THE PEOPLE LIVE UNDER THOSE GLASS DOMES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HEAT! LET'S MAKE A LANDING!

SO THE RED ROCKET TOUCHES DOWN NEAR ONE OF THE HUGE BLISTERS OF GLASS AND PLASTIC ~ ~

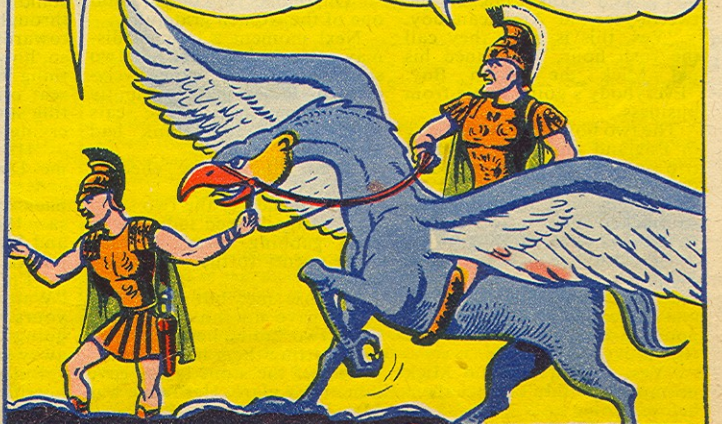


WHY - IT LOOKS DESERTED AND DERELICT. IT DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH ANYONE HAS LIVED HERE FOR CENTURIES!

BUT THEIR LANDING HAS NOT GONE UNOBSERVED!

WHO ARE THEY, MASTER? WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS WHO HAVE COME FROM THE SKY?

I DO NOT KNOW! LET US CALL UP THE MEN OF MY LEGION AND TAKE THEM PRISONER!



Next week: Our friends explore a deserted city! Be sure to join them on their thrilling adventures!



MICK AND HANK GIVE UP THEIR SEAT, NOW THE SEAT WON'T GIVE UP THE TWO LADIES!

# MICK THE MOON BOY



"Hi, wait for me! Don't you want me?" yelled the seat. Mrs. Potts-Greene looked back over her shoulder. When she saw the seat running after her and Mrs. Griffin her eyes nearly bulged right out of her head!

## AN UNDERGROUND AFFAIR

"GOSH, Mick, but this tube's mighty crowded!" said Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy. "Yes, this is what they call the rush hour," explained his pal Mick the Moon Boy. "Everybody's going home from business."

The two boys were on holiday in England and were taking a trip on one of London's underground trains. The coach in which they were travelling was so packed that a lot of the passengers were standing.

"Reckon we'd better give them two ladies our seats, muttered Hank, nudging Mick and indicating two elderly and poorly-dressed working women who looked very tired.

"Yes, of course!" said Mick promptly. "I didn't notice them before. Come on!"

He and Hank rose from the

double seat they had been occupying and he said to the two women:

"Will you please take our seats."

"Oh, thanks very much," said one of the women gratefully.

Next moment a look of dismay came to her face. For two stout and very expensively-dressed ladies had promptly seated themselves in the seats which Mick and Hank had given up.

"Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Hank.

Mick turned to the two stout and poshly-dressed ladies, who were gabbing away at each other twenty to the dozen, and said:

"Excuse me, but my friend and I gave up those seats for these two ladies here. Do you mind letting them have them?"

One of the stout ladies gave him an icy glare. Her name was Mrs. Potts-Greene.

"Are you—ah—addressing

me?" she snapped.

"Yes, I am," said Mick. "My friend and I didn't give up our seats for you to occupy them. We gave them to these two ladies here, so do you mind getting up?"

"Yes, I do, you impertinent boy!" cried Mrs. Potts-Greene, angrily. "How dare you speak to me in that manner? These seats are ours now and we intend to remain here, so kindly be quiet!"

She turned to her fat and poshly-dressed pal whose name was Mrs. Griffin and next instant the pair of them were gabbing away to each other again as though Mick and Hank and the two working women didn't even exist.

"My goodness, this is a bit thick, you know," said Hank angrily to Mick. "I bet those two dames who've pinched our seats are sitting down all day at home or somewhere while these other two poor women are out at work."

"Yes, I know," murmured Mick. "But I'll fix them, don't you worry."

He spoke to Mrs. Potts-Greene again.

"Madame, will you please let these two ladies have the seats?" he asked.

Mrs. Potts-Greene fairly glared at him and her fat face went quite crimson with fury.

"No, I will not let them have the seats!" she shouted. "And kindly stop pestering me about them, you impudent boy, or I will complain to the guard and have you given in charge. These are our seats and we intend to keep them!"

With that she turned to her fat pal again and they resumed their gabble and the pair of them didn't stop until a few minutes later when the train pulled up at the station they were getting out at.

"Here we are!" cried Mrs. Potts-Greene, rising. "Come, Agnes!"

They pushed their way past Mick and Hank, who were still standing, and elbowed their way through the crowd of passengers towards the doors. As they did so, however, a most astonishing thing happened. For the double seat on which they'd been sitting started walking after them, crying in a human voice:

"Hi, wait a minute! Wait for me. Don't you want me?"

Mrs. Potts-Greene looked back over her shoulder. As she saw the seat coming after her and Mrs. Griffin her eyes nearly bulged right out of her head.

"I'm yours!" yelled the seat. "Wait for me. You said I was yours and you said you were going to keep me, so don't run away without me!"

But that was exactly what the horrified Mrs. Potts-Greene and Mrs. Griffin did do. At least, it's what they tried to do. They

blundered out on to the platform and so great was their fright that they made a mad rush for the moving staircase which led up to the street above.

But the seat wasn't going to be left behind. It scuttled rapidly after them, yelling:

"Hi, hi, wait for me! I'm your seat. You said I was. I'm coming with you!"

Their fat faces white with terror, Mrs. Potts-Greene and Mrs. Griffin went up the moving staircase faster than they'd shifted for many a long day.

"This is terrible!" gasped Mrs. Potts-Greene. "We— we must be dreaming!"

"But we can't both be dreaming!" cried her friend. "Is it—is it coming after us?"

"Yes, it is!" cried Mrs. Potts-Greene, flinging a frantic glance back over her shoulder.

She was perfectly right. The seat was coming scuttling up the staircase behind them, yelling:

"Why don't you wait for me? You can't shake me off, you know. I'm your seat and I'm going where you go!"

Nearly off their heads with fright, Mrs. Potts-Greene and Mrs. Griffin reached the top of the staircase and rushed out into the street. Nearby was a very big and posh hotel, so they rushed in there, hoping to dodge the terrible seat which was following them.

The big entrance lounge of the hotel was fairly crowded and Mrs. Potts-Greene and Mrs. Griffin dodged behind a massive marble pillar.

"Is it—is it coming?" quavered Mrs. Griffin, as her friend peeped cautiously out from round the pillar.

"Yes, it is!" gasped Mrs. Potts-Greene, fairly quaking with fright. "Oh, dear, this is awful!"

Into the entrance lounge came scuttling the seat, yelling at the top of its voice:

"Where are you? Where have you gone? I know you're in here somewhere and I'll find you!"

It started rushing here and there, scattering the astounded ladies and gentlemen in the lounge and making the eyes of the page-boys and the rest of the staff fairly pop from their heads.

"Hah, here you are!" it bawled triumphantly, finding the terrified Mrs. Potts-Greene and her pal hiding behind the pillar. "I told you I'd find you. Fancy you running away from me like that. Anyone would think you didn't want me any more!"

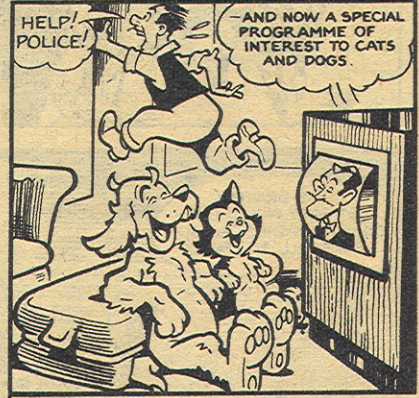
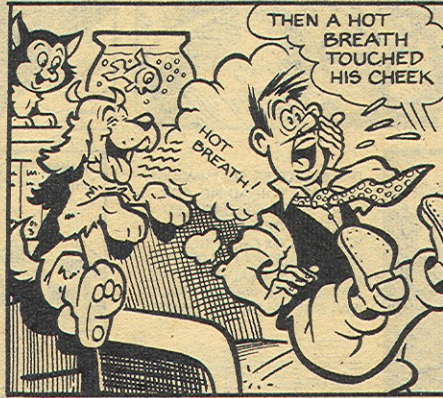
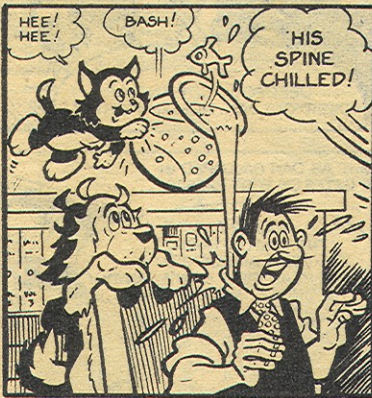
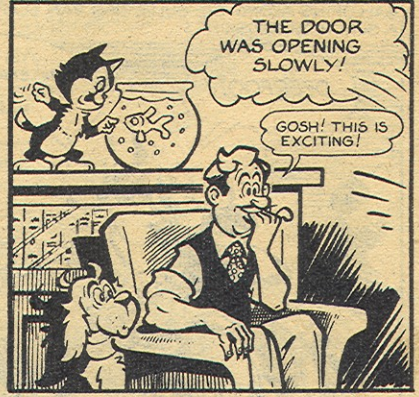
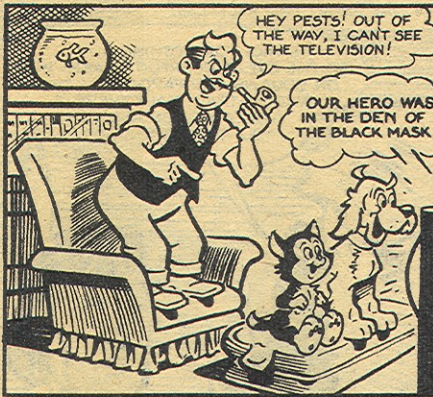
"We don't!" moaned Mrs. Potts-Greene. "Go away. Go away at once!"

"Shan't!" said the seat. "You said you were going to keep me. You told those two boys that

(Continued opposite)



# SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



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

you were going to keep me. That's why I've come with you. Would you like to sit down on me again?"

"No!" screamed Mrs. Potts-Greene, nearly crazy with fright.

The manager of the hotel came bustling up, looking very angry and upset.

"I don't know how you're doing all this!" he snapped at the two ladies. "If it's some sort of conjuring trick, it's a very clever one. But I must ask you to leave the hotel at once and to take your perambulating seat with you."

"It's not our seat!" screamed Mrs. Potts-Greene. "We don't want the wretched thing—"

"Oooh, what a fib!" yelled the seat. "You do want me. You said you did. I'm your seat and I'm going wherever you go!"

"Madame, will you kindly get out of this hotel and take your talking contraption with you before I call a policeman!" shouted the manager. "You're upsetting the guests and I am not going to have it!"

He looked so fierce and the thought of being arrested and having their names in the newspapers so terrified Mrs. Potts-Greene and Mrs. Griffin that they made a wild dash for the door, the seat scuttling after

them into the street again.

There was a taxi outside. It had just dropped a guest at the hotel. Mrs. Potts-Greene and her pal jumped into it and slammed the door.

"Drive!" she screamed at the driver. "Drive anywhere and drive quick!"

The taxi shot off and after it scuttled the seat, yelling:

"Hi, wait! Ooh, what a dirty trick! Wait, will you?" it screamed.

But the two frantic and almost fainting ladies didn't wait. They urged the driver to drive even faster and after a time, looking back through the rear window, Mrs. Potts-Greene saw that the seat was no longer following them.

"We've shaken it off!" she gasped to Mrs. Griffin. "Oh, what a dreadful nightmare it's all been!"

And, had she but known it, that is exactly what it had been. For Mick the Moon Boy had used his marvellous scientific powers to make the two snooty ladies dream that all this had really happened.

They didn't know that, however. They thought it really had happened and they'd had such a fright that never again did they bag anybody else's seat in the underground or anywhere else.

Next week Mick meets a Member of Parliament.

## THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING



Hullo there, folks.

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

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

There was a lot of mystery around these two lads. For one thing there was a sinister Englishman named Mark Raven, who had tried to kill Dan, and knew some valuable secret about him. Then there was Tom Stack and Cinnamon Bill, who had killed old Nat Butler, whom Dan had known as his father. And lastly, there was Lieutenant Kenrick, a cavalry officer, who had an old score to settle against Dan.

Dan went on to find old Nat's gold mine. But found that the mine had been jumped. A fight followed and a miner was killed by a shot in the back. Dan was accused of the killing. I happened on the scene at that moment and managed to get him out of the trouble for the time being.

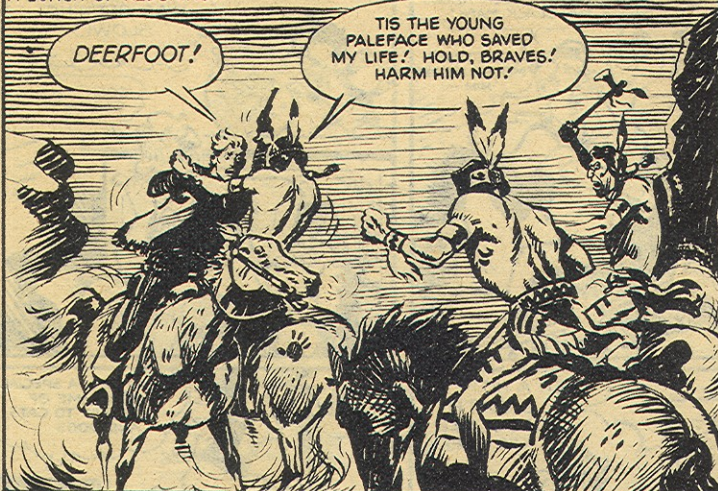
Dan escaped, but in doing so ran into a band of Indians on the warpath. But the Indians did not see Dan. He then managed to warn a wagon train and its escort of cavalry of the Indians. The wagon train was attacked but the cavalry held them off for a while.

At that time I was captured by Deerfoot and his tribe. Dan risked his life to save me. The fight then got even hotter and Dan left to try to get help, but as he fought his way through, he came face to face with Deerfoot and his braves.



# THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN

GALLOPING ALONG THE GULLY, DAN RAN SLAP INTO A BUNCH OF REDSKINS!



DEERFOOT!

TIS THE YOUNG PALEFACE WHO SAVED MY LIFE! HOLD, BRAVES! HARM HIM NOT!

BUT DAN WAS ANGRY AND RECKLESS!



THANKS FOR NOTHING! SO THE GREAT DEERFOOT MAKES WAR ON SQUAWS AND PAPOUSES! THAT WAGON-TRAIN BACK THERE IS FULL OF WOMEN AND KIDS, YOU RED SKUNK!

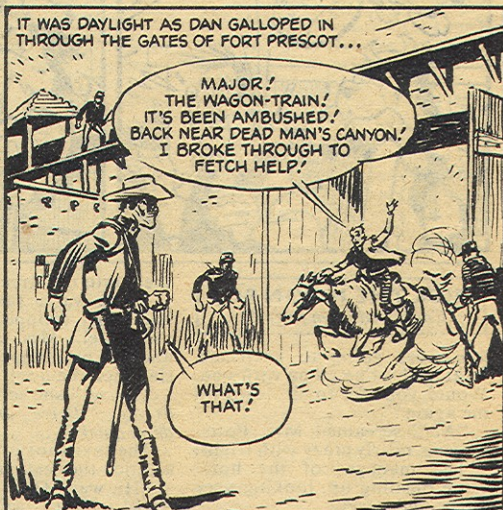
DEERFOOT NOT KNOW! DEERFOOT NOT WOMAN-FIGHTER!



COME BRAVES! LET GREY WOLF FIGHT ON IF HE WISHES! WE GO! FAREWELL, PALEFACE!

WELL, I'LL BE... HE'S QUITTING THE SIEGE! HE'S REALLY TAKING HIS TRIBE AWAY! I SURE DIDN'T EXPECT THAT!

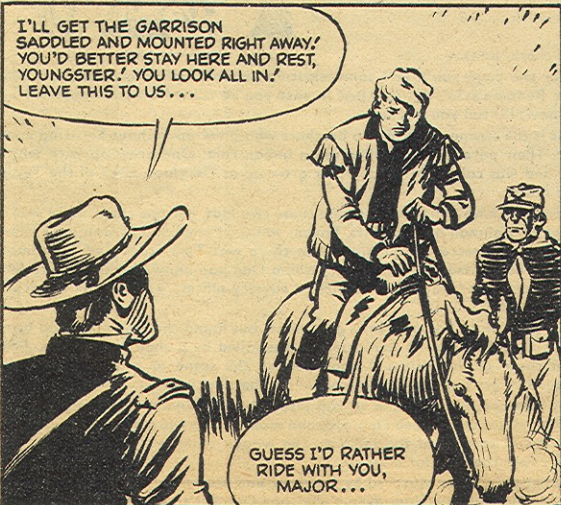
DAN GALLOPED ON THROUGH THE NIGHT, HEADING FOR FORT PRESCOT, BAFLED AND MYSTIFIED! THAT YOUNG SIOUX CHIEF SURE WAS A PUZZLE! BUT DESPITE HIS WITHDRAWAL FROM THE BATTLE, THE WAGON-TRAIN WAS STILL IN DEADLY DANGER...



IT WAS DAYLIGHT AS DAN GALLOPED IN THROUGH THE GATES OF FORT PRESCOT...

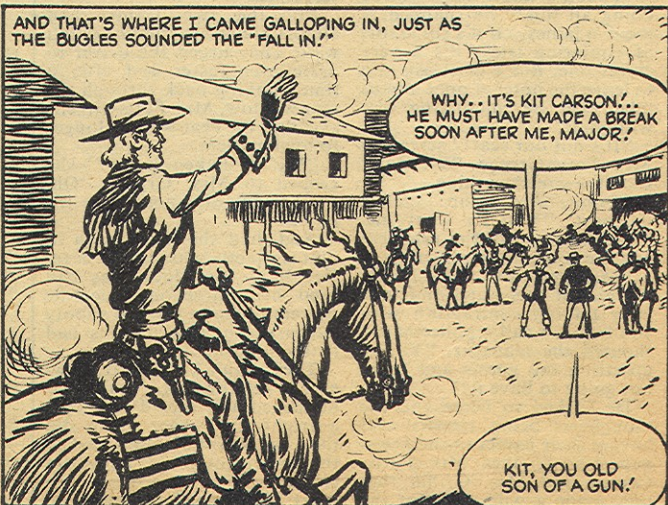
MAJOR! THE WAGON-TRAIN! IT'S BEEN AMBUSHED! BACK NEAR DEAD MAN'S CANYON! I BROKE THROUGH TO FETCH HELP!

WHAT'S THAT?



I'LL GET THE GARRISON SADDLED AND MOUNTED RIGHT AWAY! YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE AND REST, YOUNGSTER! YOU LOOK ALL IN! LEAVE THIS TO US...

GUESS I'D RATHER RIDE WITH YOU, MAJOR...



AND THAT'S WHERE I CAME GALLOPING IN, JUST AS THE BUGLES SOUNDED THE "FALL IN."

WHY... IT'S KIT CARSON! HE MUST HAVE MADE A BREAK SOON AFTER ME, MAJOR!

KIT, YOU OLD SON OF A GUN!





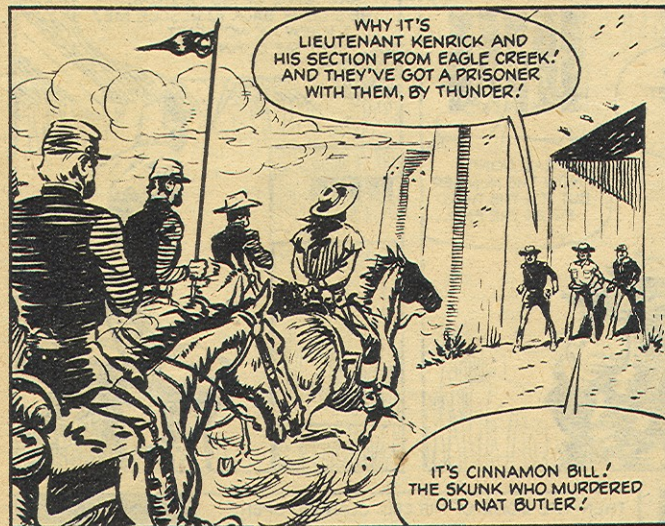
I BROKE THROUGH TO FETCH HELP, IN CASE YOUNG DAN HERE DIDN'T MAKE IT, BUT I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE HE DID! WELL, I SEE YOU'RE NEARLY READY TO MOVE OFF, MAJOR. WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE HARD IF WE'RE TO GET THERE IN TIME!



THEN A SENTRY YELLED FROM THE LOOK-OUT TOWER!

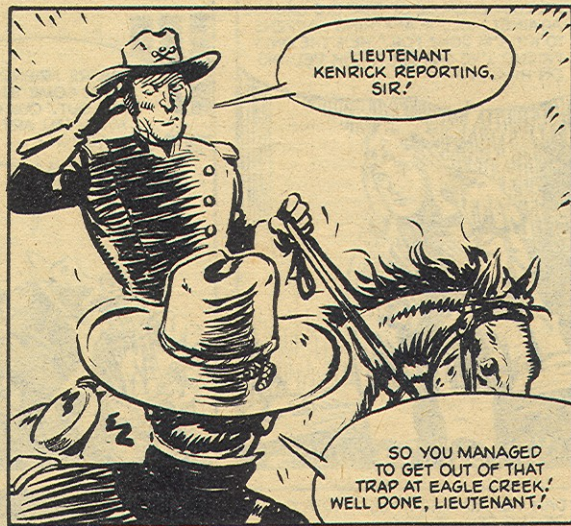
PARTY OF HORSEMEN APPROACHING!

HORSEMEN! WHO THE HECK CAN THAT BE!



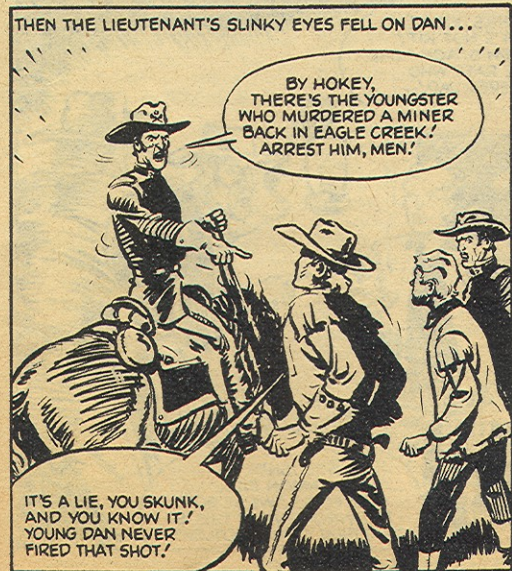
WHY IT'S LIEUTENANT KENRICK AND HIS SECTION FROM EAGLE CREEK, AND THEY'VE GOT A PRISONER WITH THEM, BY THUNDER!

IT'S CINNAMON BILL! THE SKUNK WHO MURDERED OLD NAT BUTLER!



LIEUTENANT KENRICK REPORTING, SIR!

SO YOU MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THAT TRAP AT EAGLE CREEK! WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT!



THEN THE LIEUTENANT'S SLINKY EYES FELL ON DAN...

BY HOKEY, THERE'S THE YOUNGSTER WHO MURDERED A MINER BACK IN EAGLE CREEK! ARREST HIM, MEN!

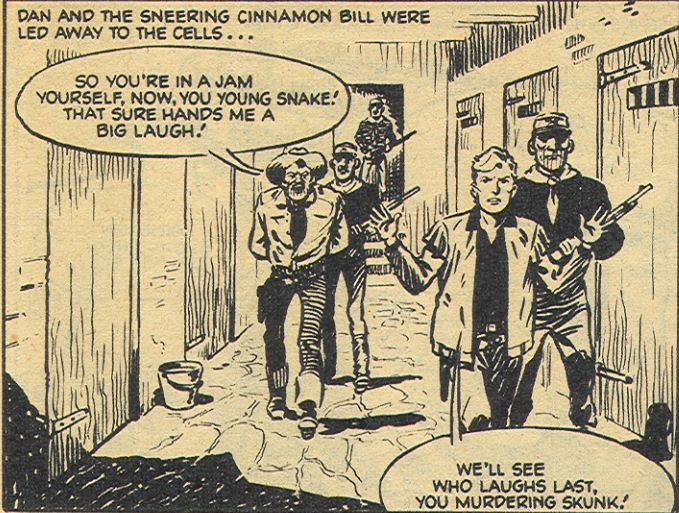
IT'S A LIE, YOU SKUNK, AND YOU KNOW IT! YOUNG DAN NEVER FIRED THAT SHOT!



I'M SORRY, KIT, BUT THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE YOUNGSTER IN THE CELLS, TILL WE GET BACK FROM DEAD MAN'S CANYON...

DON'T WORRY, DAN! I'LL SEE COLONEL REYNOLDS! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS! TRUST ME, SON!





DAN AND THE SNEERING CINNAMON BILL WERE LED AWAY TO THE CELLS...

SO YOU'RE IN A JAM YOURSELF, NOW, YOU YOUNG SNAKE! THAT SURE HANDS ME A BIG LAUGH!

WE'LL SEE WHO LAUGHS LAST, YOU MURDERING SKUNK!



FROM HIS CELL WINDOW, DAN WATCHED THE RELIEF FORCE THUNDER OUT OF THE GATES, HEADING FOR DEAD MAN'S CANYON...

I SURE HOPE THEY GET THERE IN TIME TO SAVE THE WAGON-TRAIN... ALL THOSE WOMEN AND KIDS...



THAT SKUNK KENRICK... HE'D SEE ME SWING FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO, JUST BECAUSE OF THAT OLD GRUDGE AGAINST ME... IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO KIT, I'M DONE FOR! HE'S THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT LEFT! I'M RELYING ON HIM...



THEN AS DUSK FELL, A LOW WHISTLE BROUGHT DAN TO THE CELL WINDOW...

WE'RE FRIENDS! WE'VE COME TO GET YOU OUT! QUICK! WHICH CELL ARE YOU IN?

I-I DON'T KNOW THE NUMBER, BUT IT'S THE THIRD FROM THE END..



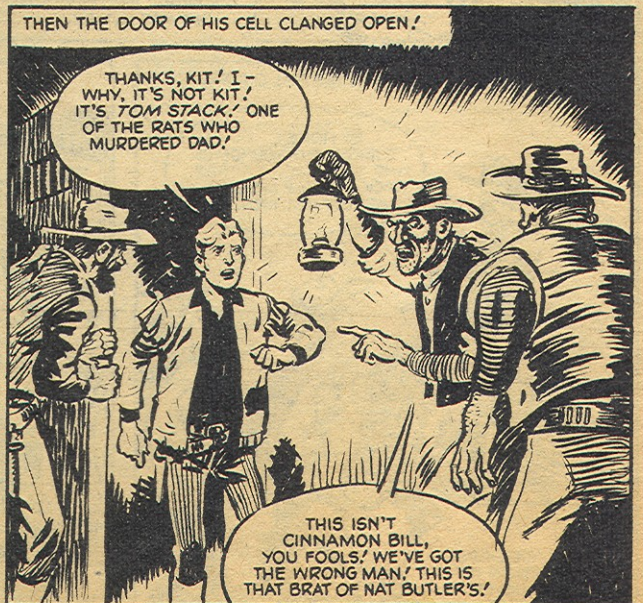
IT MUST BE KIT CARSON AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS! HE'S COME BACK TO RESCUE ME! I KNEW HE WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!



DAN HEARD A SCUFFLE AND A GASP IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE CELL-BLOCK...

SLUG THAT GUARD! QUICK!

TAKE THAT!



THEN THE DOOR OF HIS CELL CLANGED OPEN!

THANKS, KIT! I - WHY, IT'S NOT KIT! IT'S TOM STACK! ONE OF THE RATS WHO MURDERED DAD!

THIS ISN'T CINNAMON BILL, YOU FOOLS! WE'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN! THIS IS THAT BRAT OF NAT BUTLER'S!

What will Dan do now? Don't miss the thrills in next week's action-packed adventure!



# DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

## CURLY LOCK'S COTTAGE

IF you had been out in the woods one day not far from Meadowsweet Farm you might have seen three brown bears ambling along. There was a big bear, a medium-sized bear and a tiny bear.

Strange though it may sound, not so very long ago the three bears had been just ordinary schoolboys—members of a party of boys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning all the boys had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to Meadowsweet Farm to give the whole party a dose of medicine. But Dr. Dozey was the most absent-minded little old gentleman that you could meet anywhere. He got his bottles mixed up and, instead of giving the boys a dose of medicine, he gave them a dose of a 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 all back to their proper selves again.

The three bears were three brothers named Baxter. There was Baxter major, he was the big bear; Baxter minor was the medium-sized bear; while Baxter tertius—or little Baxter—was the tiny bear.

As they ambled along through the woods Baxter major suddenly stopped.

"Listen!" he said. "I can hear somebody sobbing."

The three of them moved quietly forward until they came to a clearing in which stood the sweetest little cottage you ever saw. Sitting on a log quite near to them was a grey-haired old lady sobbing as though her heart would break.

"I don't like to see an old lady crying," muttered Baxter major.

"Perhaps we can help her," whispered Baxter minor.

"We've jolly well got to help her!" piped little Baxter.

The old lady had her back to them. Baxter major moved quietly forward, followed by his two brothers. Rearing up on his hind legs, he touched the old lady gently on the shoulder and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am!"

The old lady looked round. As she did so she got such a fright at seeing a big brown bear standing behind her that she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," cried Baxter major hastily. "We won't hurt you!"

"Lawks-a-mussy-me!" gasped the old lady. "I didn't know bears could talk!"

"Most of them can't," said

Baxter major, "but we're rather special bears! If it isn't a rude question, ma'am, will you tell us why you were crying?"

"Oh, I'm so sad and upset," sobbed the old lady. "You see that lovely cottage there. Well, I've lived there since I was a little girl and now I'm going to be tur-tur-turned out!"

"Is that so?" cried Baxter major angrily.

"And who's going to turn you out, ma'am?"

"Sir Silas Skimpole!" wept the old lady. "It's his cottage, and although I've always paid my rent regularly and never owed a ha'penny he's going to tur-turn me out. He says he wants the cottage for a friend of his, and I know that his friend has lots and lots of houses already!"

"Then what's he want your cottage for?" demanded Baxter major. "Old Skimpole's friend, I mean?"

"Because it's so pretty," sobbed the old lady. "I've always looked after it very carefully and kept the garden nice, and now I'm going to l-lose it."

"Oh, no, you're not," said Baxter major.

"You bet you're not!" cried Baxter minor.

"We'll see to that!" squeaked little Baxter.

The old lady looked at them hopefully.

"But what can you three bears do?" she faltered. "Sir Silas Skimpole and his men will be here at any moment now to put my furniture out."

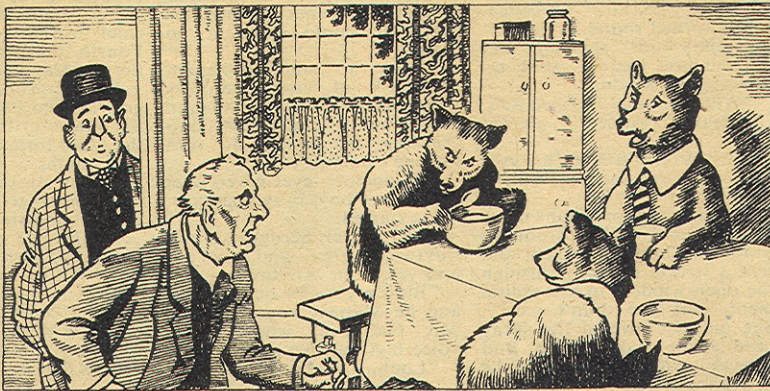
"Oh, will they?" growled Baxter major. "Excuse us a moment, ma'am."

He and his two brothers withdrew a little way. They had heard of this Sir Silas Skimpole before, as had most folks in the district. He was a skinny, mean, grasping man—a proper miser—and it was just like him to turn a poor, harmless old lady out of her cottage. But Baxter major had already thought of a plan to stop him. With much tittering and chuckling he now unfolded the plan to his two brothers.

As they listened, Baxter minor and little Baxter laughed and laughed until they were weak with mirth.

"Well, what'd you think of it?" chuckled Baxter major when he had finished.

"It's a simply wizard scheme!" gasped Baxter minor,



"Good morning, Skimpole," growled the big bear. "I've been expecting you!"

holding his furry sides with his paws.

"Absolutely spiffing!" spluttered little Baxter.

"Come on, then, let's get busy," said Baxter major. "But first I'll have a word with the old lady."

It was only a few minutes later that Sir Silas Skimpole came striding towards the cottage, followed by three great burly men of his.

Reaching the door of the cottage, he didn't bother to knock. That was just the horrid sort of man he was. He flung the door wide open and barged straight in, followed by his men.

As he did so, however, he got the shock of his life. So did the three burly louts who were with him. For sitting at the table, with a bowl of porridge in front of each of them, were three bears—a big bear, a medium-sized bear, and a little bear.

Sir Silas and his men stood rooted to the spot with fright. There was no sign anywhere of the old lady whom they'd come to turn out.

Next moment they got a greater shock than ever. For the big bear growled in a human voice:

"Good morning, Skimpole. I've been expecting you!"

With howls of terror, Sir Silas and his three men turned to flee madly from the cottage. But the medium-sized bear—who was Baxter minor, of course—had already bounded from his chair and was standing on his hind legs with his back against the door so that the men could not escape.

"Attend to me, Skimpole, will you?" roared the big bear. "You and those ugly, two-legged oafs with you have come to turn out the old lady who lives here, haven't you?"

"Well, I—I—it's my cottage," stammered the terrified Sir Silas, fairly trembling with fright.

"Is that so?" roared the big bear. "Well, it might be your cottage now, but it used to be our cottage once. Did you ever

hear that story about Curly Locks and the three bears? Curly Locks found a cottage in a wood where three bears lived. D'you remember the story?"

"Y-yes," stammered Sir Silas.

"And I suppose you thought it was just a fairy story," sneered the big bear. "Well, it wasn't. It was a true story." His voice rose to a roar again: "Because we're the three bears and this is the very cottage!"

"We've been away a long time, the three of us. We've been travelling and seeing the world. And now we've come back to the cottage which used to be our home. And what do we find? We find a dear, harmless old lady living here. All right. That suits us fine. We're going to lodge with her!"

"L-lodge with her?" gasped Sir Silas.

"Yes, lodge with her!" roared the big bear in a terrible voice.

"So remember that. If you want to turn her out you'll have us to deal with. You're just a skinny bag of bones," went on the bear, eyeing him closely, "and I could gobble you up in a couple of jiffys. Do you still want to turn her out?"

"N-no—no!" stammered Sir Silas. "She can l-live here as long as ever she likes."

"Well, see that she does, or it'll be the worse for you," snapped the bear. "Now get out and take those ugly louts with you."

The medium-sized bear had moved aside and opened the door. Sir Silas and his terrified men shot out of the cottage.

"Well, that's settled them," chuckled Baxter major, the big bear. "I don't think they'll ever try to turn that poor old lady out again."

And Sir Silas and his men never did!

The little old lady was so happy at not losing her cottage that she gave the three brothers a huge feed of home-made currant buns before they left.

Next week: Tubby Tweaks, the pig, has some luck at a picnic!



Lily was then left to the task. Everything was going well and Lily had started on the doctor's kitchen window, when the butcher's boy arrived on the scene.

"What yer—Lil!" he called. Lily turned round.

"Hello, Bud!" she said, and the window cleaner went on cleaning the window.

"What yer doin'?" asked Bud. "Cleanin' winders!" giggled Lily.

"Crikey!" said Bud, his eyes popping as he watched Willie's machine.

Lily shot the spray tube up to Doctor Gandybar's bedroom to show Bud how it worked, and sent a stream of spray through the open window in her excitement. But she didn't worry. She quickly lowered the spray tube again and showed Bud how the machine walked to the next window.

Unfortunately Doctor Gandybar's corns had been giving trouble that morning and at last he had been driven by the pain to go up to his bedroom to change his shoes.

He sat on the bed with his back to the window and put on an old pair.

He was busy tying his laces when the spray tube of Willie's machine popped up and liberally sprayed his back through the window.

Apart from a sudden cold feeling, the doctor didn't notice anything strange, and as the fluid evaporated instantly he didn't even feel wet.

"Winter is indeed coming upon us! I distinctly feel the chill in the air!" he muttered as he left the bedroom and made his way down to the Fourth Form room to see Mr. Halfspun.

Outside, Lily, becoming annoyed with Bud, who said that he was handsomer than any film star, turned the spray round and sprayed him from head to foot very generously.

"That'll learn you, you conceited thing!" she giggled as she watched him flash down the road on his bicycle.

Then she began on the Fourth Form windows.

Inside the Fourth Form room Mr. Halfspun was boring his boys with a lengthy description of coal mining when the door opened and Doctor Gandybar entered.

"Pray continue, Halfspun, continue!" said the doctor, taking a seat and closing his eyes.

At that moment Lily started on the windows. The window nearest the boys was open, and as no one had told Lily that the windows should be closed before cleaning, she didn't worry, but with nice aim directed the spray well over the heads of the boys before moving on to the next window.

The spray fell gently on the heads of the Fourth Formers, lingered for a moment and then evaporated.

Mr. Halfspun droned on. With the doctor in his audience,

he felt inspired and enlarged upon the hard life of the miners and, with tears in his eyes, spoke at great length of the sad life of the pit ponies.

After a quarter of an hour Doctor Gandybar opened his eyes. He could stand it no longer.

"Upon my soul, Halfspun, this talk of yours becomes unbearable. It is more than even I can stand. Your prosy descriptions are enough to turn anyone's hair grey!"

The doctor's eyes roved over the class of boys in sympathy. He started.

Surely, surely Scroggins's hair was turning grey—and Jones's—and yes, even Wizzard's.

"Bless my soul!" he muttered and he whipped round to face Mr. Halfspun, whose reedy voice had become silent.

"Look, sir! Look! Look at

head to foot.

This was the result of the spraying in the bedroom. Doctor Gandybar didn't know, however, and no one had the courage to tell him.

Mr. Halfspun followed his chief in bewilderment, and the Fourth Formers crowded into the quadrangle.

The appearance of twenty grey-headed Fourth Formers in the quad startled the boys from the other forms.

"Crumbs!" shrieked young Topknot of the Third. "You chaps been getting Wizzard to wash your hair or something?"

Topknot's words, Doctor Gandybar's white back, and the sight of Lily spraying the form room windows with Wizzard's Wonder Window Cleaner tied up in the mind of the greyheads. The truth dawned.

"It's that ass Wizzard and his

white outfit!" gasped Jones doubled up with laughter.

WILLIE, expecting the worst tapped on Doctor Gandybar's study door.

"Come in!" said Doctor Gandybar's voice from within, and Willie entered.

The doctor was sitting at his desk. He looked up and saw the white Wizzard standing miserably before him. He beamed.

"Wonderful! Really beautiful!" he murmured.

Willie blushed. "Come, my boy, take a seat!" said the doctor.

Willie sat down gingerly. "Cigar—?" asked the doctor in a moment of forgetfulness. "Oh, hum, no, of course not. Acid drops are more to your taste I fancy," and he pushed a box of sweets over to Willie.

"Help yourself!" he invited. Willie, wondering, did so.

"Now, my boy! This invention of yours is a marvel. I have been talking it over with Mr. Halfspun. He pointed out that your grey hair and—ahem—my white gown were probably caused by your cleaning fluid. As a window-washer, my boy, it is a washout! Ha ha ha! But as a bleach—well Wizzard, with your quick brain you will see the possibilities!"

"What do you want to do with it, sir?" asked Willie.

"My boy," said the Doctor, "I have had offers by phone from a firm which manufactures household cleansers and such things. They wish to buy the fluid—or at any rate, the formula for it. They became interested in it today, when one of their directors saw a snow-white butcher's boy roaming through the streets, and so they made inquiries. It is a pity, of course, about the grey heads of yourself and your form mates, but it will doubtless be some consolation to you all to know that your hair turned grey in the cause of science."

Doctor Gandybar dug deep down in his trouser pocket.

"I believe I owe you the trifling sum of a shilling, Wizzard," he withdrew his hand from his pocket and held out two coins.

"Here you are my boy, one shilling. And here is a further sixpence for you, my boy. That will make up for your trouble in inventing my bleach!"

Willie, dazed took the one and sixpence.

Doctor Gandybar reached for the phone.

"You may go now, Wizzard. I wish to get in touch with Wash and Company. I can afford to pay their prices now. It will be nice to have clean windows once more."

Willie tottered from the room. Doctor Gandybar watched him go.

"Giggleton two-three, two-three," he said into the receiver. "Is that Wash and Company, the window cleaners—?"

Next week: Willie invents a football-blower-upper!

## GREAT NEWS!

A GRAND NEW GREYFRIARS YARN BEGINS NEXT WEEK

### "PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"

DON'T MISS IT!

your handiwork! Grey-haired boys! Boys old before their time! And all due to you and your lengthy descriptions."

Mr. Halfspun's sad eyes widened as he gazed at his class. He trembled slightly and raised a shaking hand to his mouth.

He couldn't speak. There before his eyes, all his boys were turning grey!

This was the effect of the sprayed fluid from the window cleaner, but no one knew it.

"How am I to account for these grey heads when I send them home to their parents—nothing more than little old men?" asked the doctor, waving an arm wildly.

So far the boys had enjoyed this break from lessons, but the doctor's words began to have some effect upon them and they turned to look at each other.

It was true! Their heads were all varying shades of grey.

"Crikey!" broke from Scroggins. "Look at old Bash! Grey as a badger!"

"Look at yourself!" retorted Jimmy Bash. "You're like your own grandfather!"

Outcries broke from most of the boys, but the bell which ended morning school stopped the riot which threatened to overwhelm poor Mr. Halfspun, who was now the only dark-haired person present.

He stood there shaking very violently waiting for the doctor to speak.

The doctor didn't speak; he thundered.

"Follow me to my study, sir—we must talk seriously upon this matter!" and Doctor Gandybar swept out.

As he turned everyone noticed that the whole of his back was white. Pure, pure white. From

rotten machine. We've all been sprayed with his cleaning fluid. Scrag him!" howled Jones, and they made a rush at Willie.

Bash and Scroggins loyally stood by their pal, but the odds were too great and soon Willie and his two pals were lying on the ground under seventeen triumphant Fourth Formers.

Jones, who led the seventeen suddenly had a bright thought.

"Grab that rotten window cleaning thing from Lily over there!" he commanded.

Willie, underneath six boys was doing his best in a muffled voice to explain that the fluid was completely harmless.

"Harmless!" snorted Jones. "Look at my grey hair!"

"Mine's grey too!" pointed out Willie.

"Grey!" chortled Jones. "Not for long it won't be. It's going to be white, old chap. White as snow! Get busy, you sprayers!"

The window cleaner was switched on and Willie was sprayed over and over again from head to foot. Within seconds Willie was as white as snow—or whiter.

Then he was allowed to go, and Bash and Scroggins were released also.

"There!" said Jones with satisfaction. "Maybe you'll go away now an' invent something else. Make a nice hair colour restorer old chap, and try it out on yourself, first!"

Just then Lily came rushing up. She giggled at the sight of Willie.

"Oh, Master Wizzard—you look like something off a Christmas cake—the head-master says you're to go to his study at once he said."

"Whoops! Poor old Wizzard! More trouble! Old Gandybar's found out about his black and



THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE  
AND

CUTHBERT  
THE TWO NEW BOYS

CAN'T WE HAVE A PLACE IN THE FOOTBALL TEAM, BLOGGS?

CERTAINLY NOT! YOU WILL STAND AT THE TOUCH LINE AND CHEER EVERY TIME A GOAL IS SCORED!

SCHOOL NOTICES  
FOOTBALL XI THIS YEAR WILL BE THE SAME AS LAST YEAR. NEW BOYS CAN'T PLAY BUT MUST STAND AND CHEER! C. Bloggs. Capt.

..... PRESENTLY THE MATCH COMMENCES AND OUR CHUMS OBEY THEIR ORDERS!

GOAL!! HOORAY!! NICE WORK, GIR!

BRAVO!! JOLLY GOOD!! DO IT AGAIN!!

BAH! YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG! STOP CHEERING THAT SORT OF THING AND BOO INSTEAD!

WHATEVER YOU SAY!

... THEN PLAY RESUMES AND WHEN THE SCORE IS 75 TO NIL, THE VISITING TEAM SPORTINGLY DECIDE IT IS TIME THEY LET BLOGGS GET A GOAL FOR A CHANGE!

HELP YOURSELF, CHUM!

OKAY, BLOGGS!

ICAN'T MISS! COME ON, NEW BOYS, AND ENCOURAGE ME! REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!

BOO!! TURN HIM OFF! FOUL!

OFFSIDE! YAH!! WHERE'S THE REF?

CHUMPS! DON'T BOO ME OR YOU'LL PUT ME OFF! GIVE ME A ROUGHING CHEER WHENEVER I'VE GOT THE BALL!

HOORAY! BLOGGS HAS GOT THE BALL! BRAVO! WELL DONE!

WAM!

MORE! WE LIKED THAT!

YOU MISERABLE MAGGOTS! I'LL TEACH YOU TO BARRACK ME! YOU GAVE YOUR CHEERS FOR MY GOALS SEE!

WE'RE TRAPPED IF WE GO IN THERE, CUTHBERT!

GOAL!! HOORAY!

THREE CHEERS FOR BLOGGS!

THANKS, CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT - YOU HELPED OUR TEAM TO WIN SO WE'LL TREAT YOU TO TEA!

TO THE TUCKSHOP



# COMET

3<sup>D</sup>  
EVERY  
MONDAY

## SHORTY

