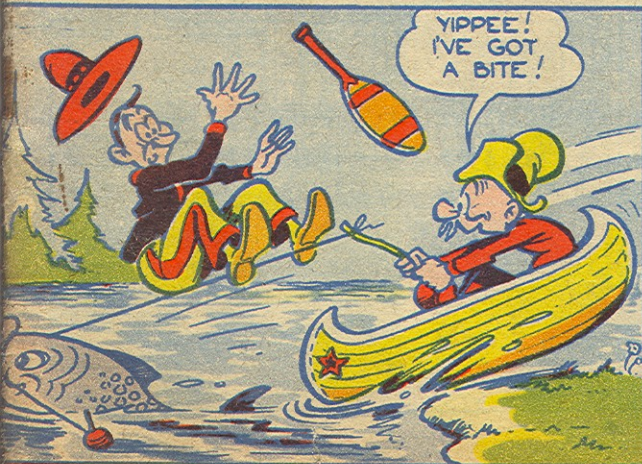
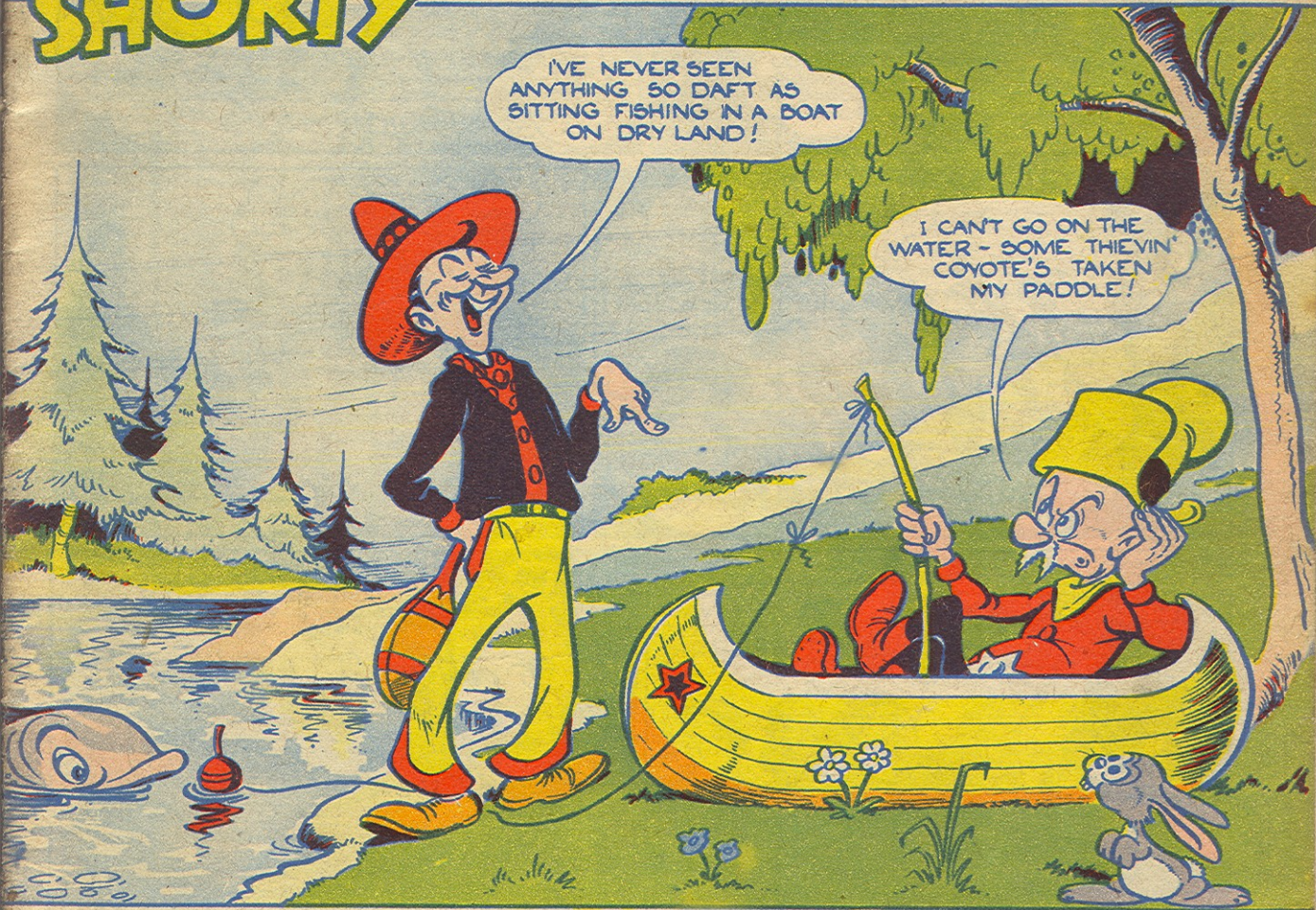


COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
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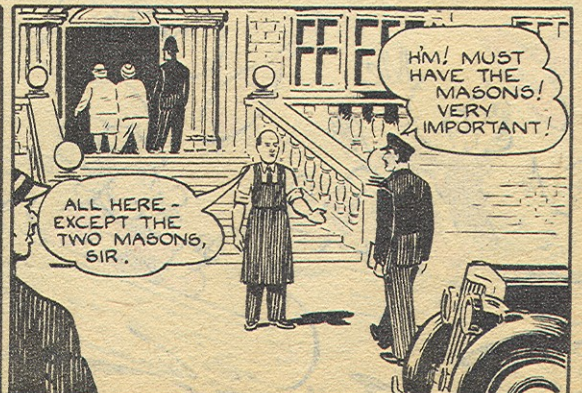
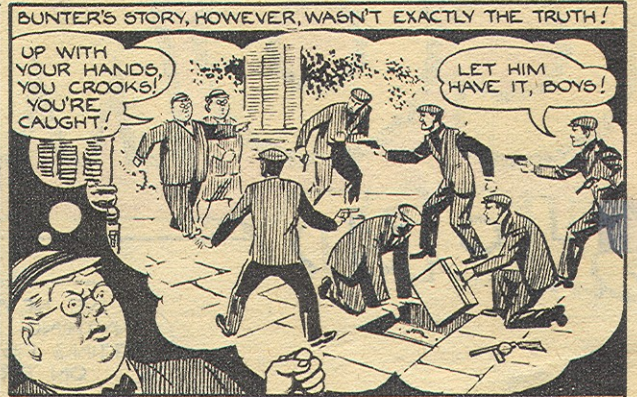
No. 221. October 11, 1952

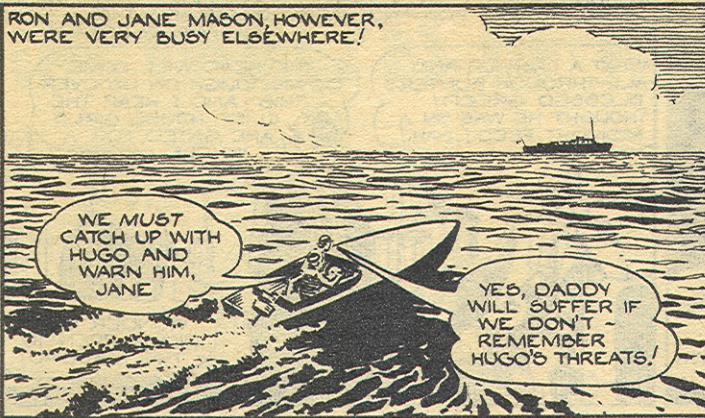
SHORTY



Ron Mason and his sister, Jane, are new pupils at Greyfriars and Cliff House. They are in bad trouble, for their father is one of a gang of smugglers. They are forced to hide some watches for the smugglers. Bessie Bunter finds a watch and tries to sell it to a local jeweller. Suspecting the watch to be smuggled, he calls the police. Police arrest Bessie and Billy Bunter for smuggling!

THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!

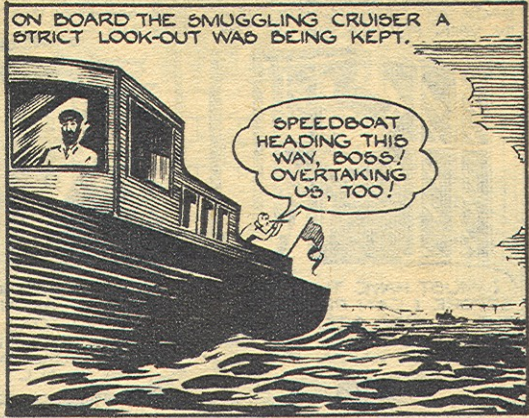




RON AND JANE MASON, HOWEVER, WERE VERY BUSY ELSEWHERE!

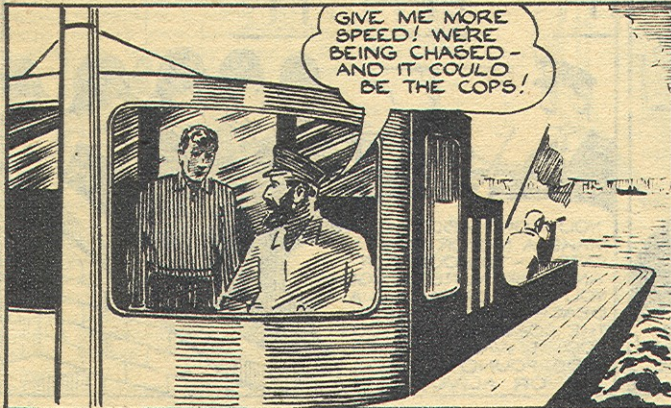
WE MUST CATCH UP WITH HUGO AND WARN HIM, JANE

YES, DADDY WILL SUFFER IF WE DON'T - REMEMBER HUGO'S THREATS!

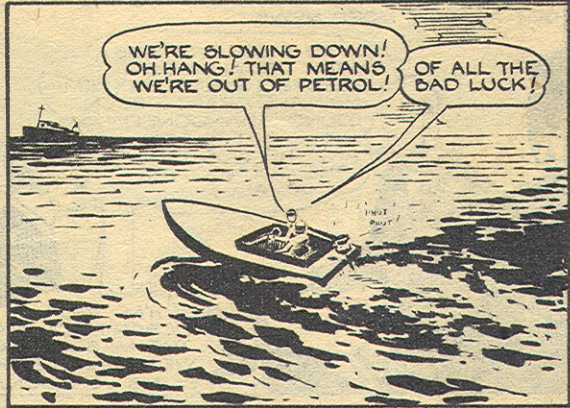


ON BOARD THE SMUGGLING CRUISER A STRICT LOOK-OUT WAS BEING KEPT.

SPEEDBOAT HEADING THIS WAY, BOSS! OVERTAKING US, TOO!

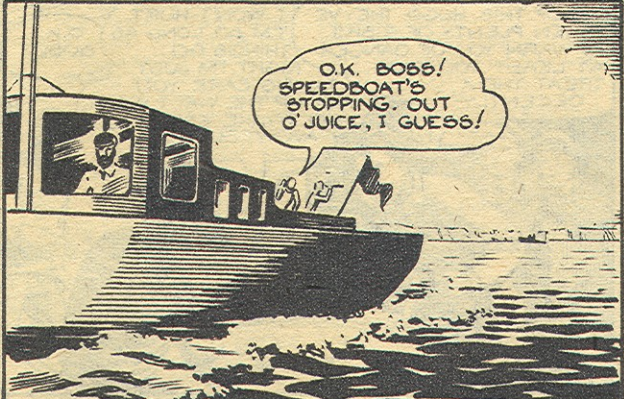


GIVE ME MORE SPEED! WE'RE BEING CHASED - AND IT COULD BE THE COPS!

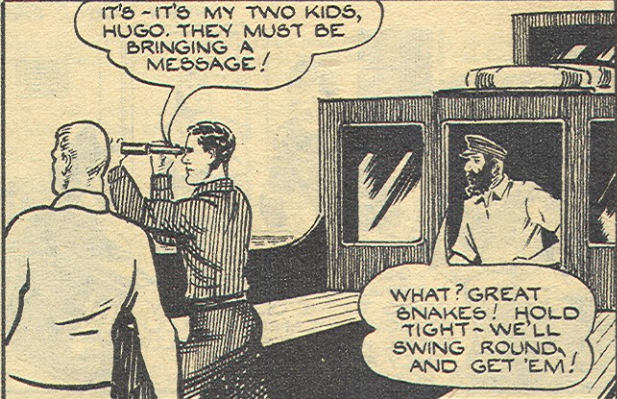


WE'RE SLOWING DOWN! OH HANG! THAT MEANS WE'RE OUT OF PETROL!

OF ALL THE BAD LUCK!

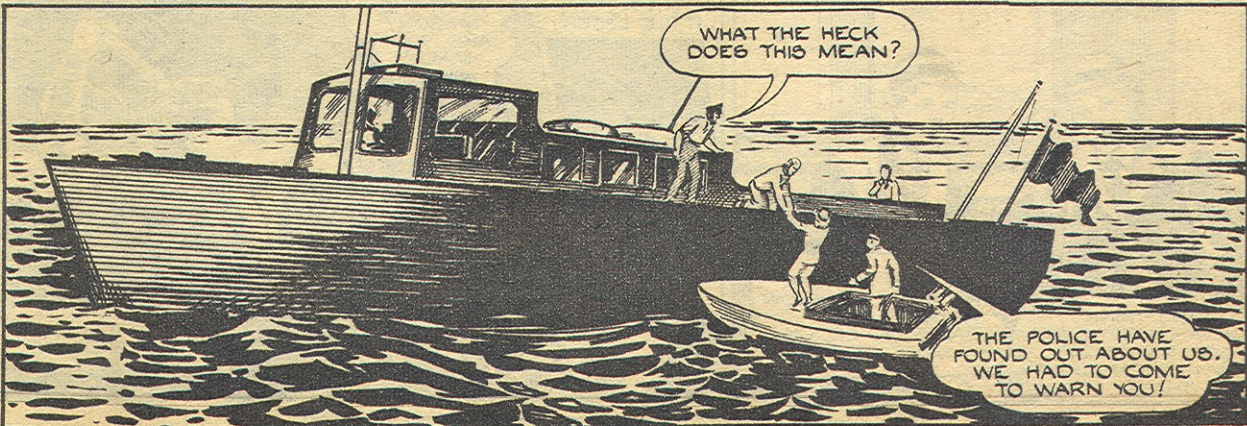


O.K. BOSS! SPEEDBOAT'S STOPPING. OUT O' JUICE, I GUESS!



IT'S - IT'S MY TWO KIDS, HUGO. THEY MUST BE BRINGING A MESSAGE!

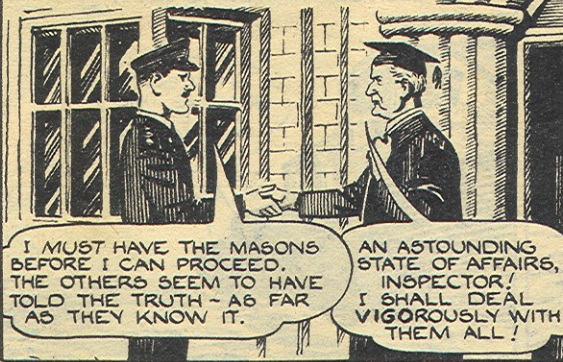
WHAT? GREAT SNAKES! HOLD TIGHT - WE'LL SWING ROUND! AND GET 'EM!



WHAT THE HECK DOES THIS MEAN?

THE POLICE HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT US. WE HAD TO COME TO WARN YOU!

BACK AT GREYFRIARS, INSPECTOR MARTIN WAITED IN VAIN FOR NEWS OF THE MASON'S.



I MUST HAVE THE MASON'S BEFORE I CAN PROCEED. THE OTHERS SEEM TO HAVE TOLD THE TRUTH - AS FAR AS THEY KNOW IT.

AN ASTOUNDING STATE OF AFFAIRS, INSPECTOR! I SHALL DEAL VIGOROUSLY WITH THEM ALL!

IN STUDY NO. 1 BOB AND HARRY DISCUSSED THE AFFAIR GLOOMILY.



WHAT A LASH-UP, AND ALL THROUGH BUNTER'S BLESSED GREED! I THOUGHT HE WAS ON A MIDNIGHT FEED! BAH!

THE HEAD WILL COME DOWN TIGHT ON US OVER THIS - AND I HEAR THE CLIFF HOUSE GIRLS ARE GATED FOR A WHOLE MONTH!

WONDER WHAT DID HAPPEN TO THE MASON'S?

AT THE POLICE STATION THAT EVENING THE INSPECTOR GOT A LITTLE MORE NEWS.



... SO THESE TWO KIDS WENT OFF IN MY BOAT BEFORE I COULD STOP 'EM. NOW THE CRAFT'S BEEN FOUND ABANDONED - WELL OUT TO SEA - AND NO SIGN OF THE YOUNGSTERS AT ALL!

H'M! YOUR DESCRIPTION FITS THE MASON'S, RIGHT! WE'LL HANDLE THIS MR. JOHNSON!



YOU, CONSTABLE, MAKE A MOTOR-BOAT PATROL - TO LOOK FOR ANY SURVIVORS. SERGEANT, YOU WILL ORGANISE A BEACH SEARCH. GET THE COASTGUARDS OUT, TOO. I WANT THOSE KIDS FOUND - DEAD OR ALIVE!

ON BOARD THE SMUGGLERS BOAT THEY WERE VERY BUSY. . .



WE'VE GOT TO GET A MESSAGE TO SPIKE - TO STOP HIM GOING TO THE OLD PRIORY TONIGHT! MEANWHILE - LOCK THESE KIDS UP SAFELY, SLUG. THEY ARE VALUABLE HOSTAGES - EH, MASON?



LEAVE THE YOUNGSTERS OUT OF THIS, HUGO. THEY'VE TAKEN PLENTY OF RISKS TO WARN YOU OF DANGER - AT LEAST YOU CAN TREAT THEM DECENTLY!

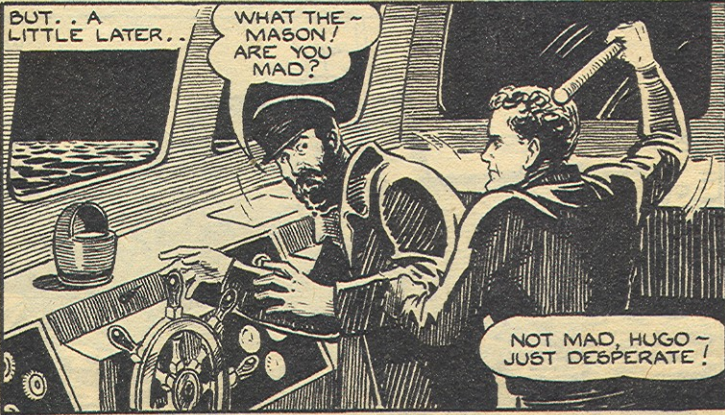
I WON'T HURT 'EM SO LONG AS THINGS GO RIGHT. I'M JUST TAKING CARE YOU ACT UP THE WAY I WANT, SEE? TAKE 'EM AWAY, SLUG!

O.K. BOSS!



I CAN'T THINK HOW DADDY EVER GOT MIXED UP WITH MEN LIKE THAT!

THERE'S MORE IN THIS THAN WE KNOW ABOUT, JANE. DAD'S NO CROOK! I'M SURE OF THAT!



BUT . . . A LITTLE LATER . . .

WHAT THE - MASON! ARE YOU MAD?

NOT MAD, HUGO - JUST DESPERATE!

Why has Mr. Mason suddenly turned on Hugo? You'll find out next week!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

WILLIE WIZZARD, the schoolboy inventor, was not often asked by his father, Professor Wizzard, to help in solving a problem. The Professor was too clever a scientist to need his son's ideas. So Willie was very surprised one day when he opened an envelope marked "URGENT" and found inside a note from his dad asking his aid.

"I have been consulted by the British Explore the World by Canoe Society," the Professor's letter began, "to find some way of getting a canoe overland without carrying it. It seems that these foolish people—fancy wanting to travel by canoe, anyway!—have to get out of the boat whenever they reach a waterfall or some rapids and carry the thing along the banks until they reach calmer water again. Then they put the canoe back in the water and start their stupid paddling once more.

"Have you any suggestions? The Society is sending an expedition shortly to Central Africa, and they want the job done quickly. I'm far too busy trying to invent a way of making hens lay unbreakable eggs. Your loving Father. P.S.—This is urgent."

Willie started to think about adding wings to a canoe, first of all, so that the craft could fly over any rapids. This didn't seem to work out, so he cast around for another notion. It was not long before he remembered his paper-chase machine, and decided that he could use some parts from this. Within a week he was successful and he sent a telegram to his father saying:

"Can you come Saturday? Hope you are well. Am broke. Willie."

PROFESSOR WIZZARD was so impatient that he arrived bright and early on Friday. Willie was just getting ready to go on parade with the school cadet force when the door of his room was flung open and the excited professor burst in crying: "Where is it? Let me see it!"

"Eh?" said the startled Willie. "The boat, my boy," explained his father impatiently. "We must try it out at once."

"Well," said the schoolboy inventor. "You're jumping to conclusions, I must say. Who said I had fitted the gadget to a boat, anyway?"

"Well, haven't you?" demanded the Professor, slightly taken aback.

"As a matter of fact I have," Willie said. "I fitted it up only last night, though, and I haven't tried it out. It—er—it was an expensive business."

"Well, let's try it out!" cried his father, moving towards the door.

"Very expensive," repeated Willie firmly, buttoning up his tunic.

"Here's five shillings," scowled the Professor. "Now come on."

"Thanks, dad," beamed Willie, pocketing the coins. "But what will old Gandybar say if I don't turn up on parade with the cadets? It's a big day. We're having a mock battle with the cadets of St. Wilkiebars."

"Oh, take no notice of old—I mean Dr. Gandybar," snorted the Professor. "This is far more important than playing soldiers. I'll explain things to the head afterwards if necessary."

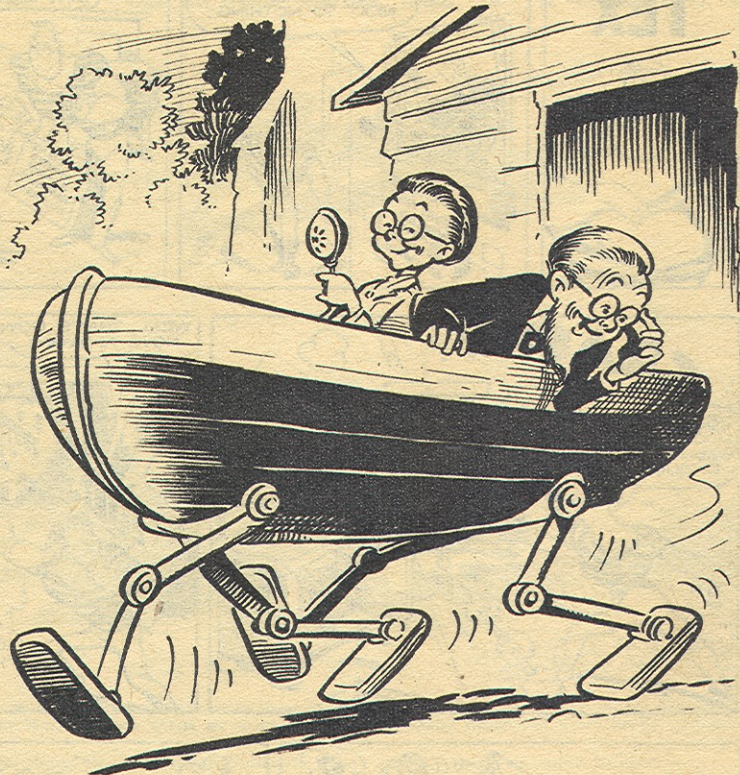
Secretly pleased, for he was not very fond of cadet drill, Willie shrugged his shoulders and led the way to the shed behind the boilerhouse. Inside the shed was a strange object. It was an ordinary rowing boat, for the most part, resting on a pair of trestles, but from underneath sprouted four metal legs which hung down to the floor.

Willie proudly dragged forward a stepladder and invited his father to climb up into the boat. The Professor eagerly obliged, while Willie told him what to look for.

"The legs are the answer to the whole problem," he began. "The boat simply walks across land when necessary. That small box in the bows holds all the controls. Just beside it is a microphone. I don't know if you ever saw a paper-chase machine I once made? Well, that had a remote control device—and I have simply made a smaller, portable copy of that and fixed it inside the boat. But wait a minute. I'll get in too, and set the thing going."

The schoolboy inventor clambered into the boat beside his father who was still peering and muttering, "Ah yes, I see," to himself. He nodded when Willie asked if he was ready.

Willie had moved the stepladder out of the way, and now he pressed a switch and picked



"Right wheel! Quick march!" commanded Willie into the mike. As he did so the boat moved forward and Professor Wizzard hung over the side to watch the four metal legs striding along underneath.

up the microphone. "Right wheel! Quick march!" he commanded into the mike.

Immediately the boat moved forward jerkily, turning right and heading for the doorway of the shed. As it came out into the open the delighted Professor hung his head over the side to see the four metal legs striding along underneath, carrying the boat easily and swiftly!

Every now and again Willie issued another order into the microphone, and every time the legs and the boat obeyed. Soon they had reached the river bank. As the legs touched the water Willie cried "Halt!" The legs stopped moving instantly, and the boat drifted gently out into the stream.

"The legs are not working now," Willie pointed out. "Now the boat can be rowed in the ordinary way. If it was a canoe, of course, it could be paddled in the ordinary way."

"Remarkable!" chortled the Professor. "Well done, my son! I see you have solved my problem completely. And I suppose that if we wanted, the legs would carry us up on to the opposite bank there?"

"That's it," agreed the schoolboy inventor. "Here—we've drifted to within a few feet of the bank, so just you give the

necessary order into this mike and we'll march up on to dry land."

The Professor grabbed the microphone and cried "Quick march!" into it.

Perhaps it was suddenly hearing a voice different from Willie's which confused the mechanism, or perhaps the Professor should have made it clear that he wanted the legs to march up the river bank. Anyway, something altogether different happened.

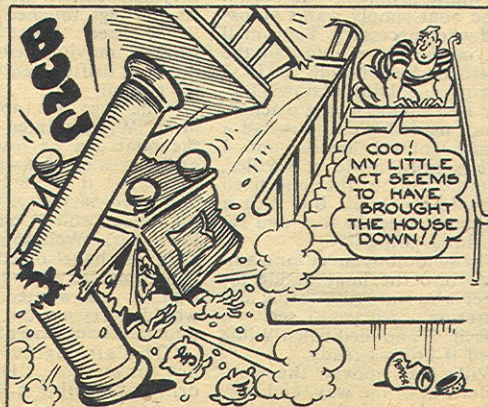
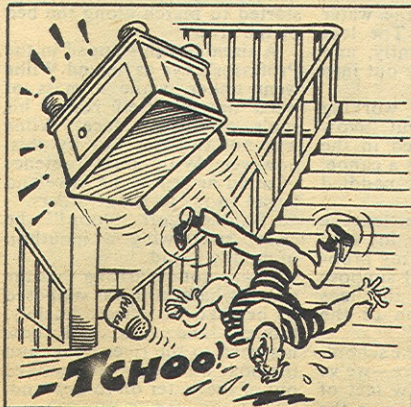
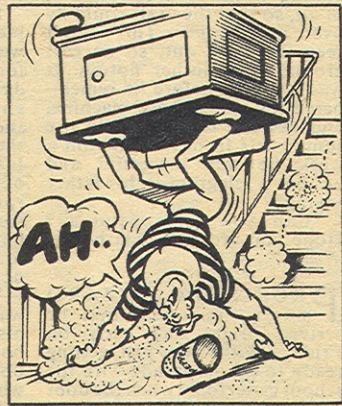
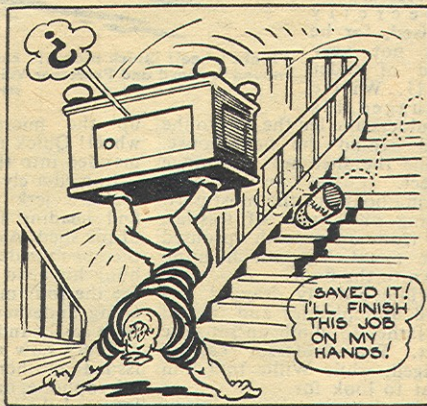
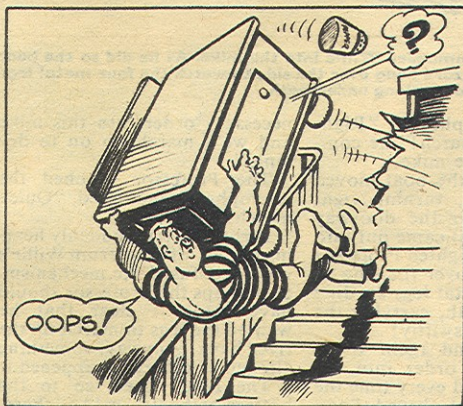
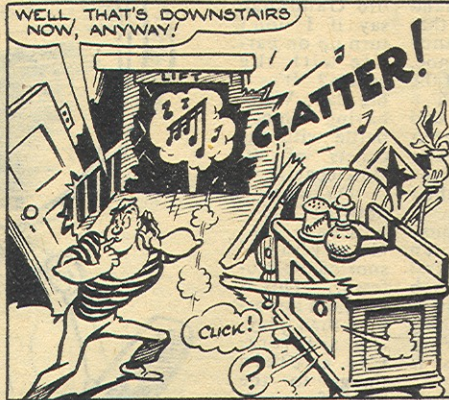
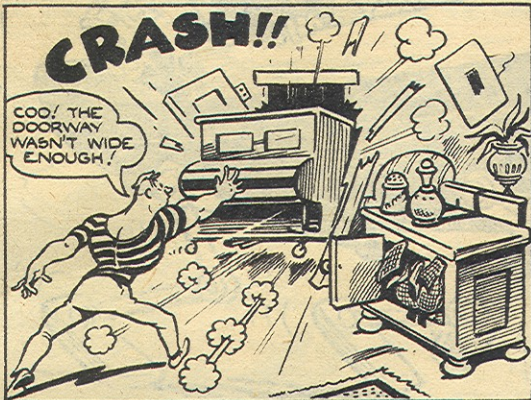
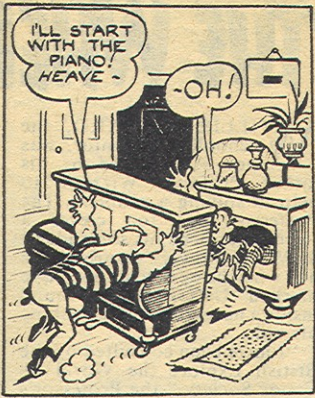
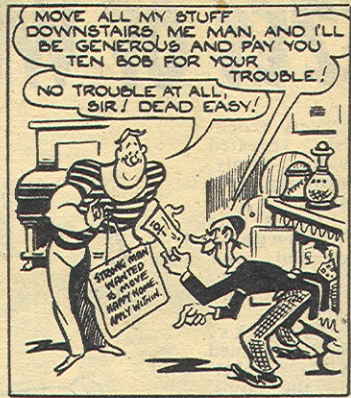
The boat nosedived to the bottom of the stream! And there, in response to orders, the legs started to march along the bed of the river!

A sizeable fish slapped in the Professor's eye as he and Willie went under, while a mass of weed draped itself round his son's astonished face. Willie was not too put out by this, however. With great presence of mind he seized the mike and began to try to shout orders.

"Bubble gurl bloop!" he cried, swallowing a mouthful of muddy liquid.

It was not surprising that the order, whatever it was supposed to be, had no effect. Luckily, though, the legs had now marched to the river bank, and the boat was now being walked out of the water on to dry land.

(Continued on page 18)



BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT

The "Prowler" was like a huge tank—as big as a battleship—which was specially made to crawl about upon the bed of the ocean. Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire inventor, built it to get back some of the gold from all the sunken treasure ships that lie upon the bed of the oceans. The "Prowler" could reach the very deepest depths, where no man had ever been before.

Bob Harley, the young special agent from "X" branch of Scotland Yard, was given the secret service job of helping Franklin to protect his secrets.

Deep under the seas they met and fought with a steel-masked undersea pirate called the Shark. He, too, was after the sunken treasures of the sea-bed, and though his submarine could not go as deep as the "Prowler," he had armoured divers, who could be lowered from the submarine.

But the Shark was determined to have a "Prowler" of his own, and in a daring raid on Franklin's headquarters, he stole the big working model of the "Prowler," so that he could build a full-sized one from it.

Later, his submarine was wrecked on the sea-bottom, and his men were first rescued and then imprisoned by Malcolm Franklin in the mighty "Prowler."

But there was not a trace to be found of the Shark himself. Malcolm Franklin thought that he might be hidden aboard his wrecked submarine, which lay within the salvage lock of the "Prowler," and ordered a search.

But the Shark was at liberty—within the main hull of the "Prowler" itself!

THE job of straightening up the "Prowler" after the battle which had raged, was still going on.

The electric lights, which had fused and burned out during the fight with the Shark's forces, were still out of action, and only emergency lights were working.

Everywhere there were shadows—patches of deep blackness, where the scattered lamps and torches did not reach.

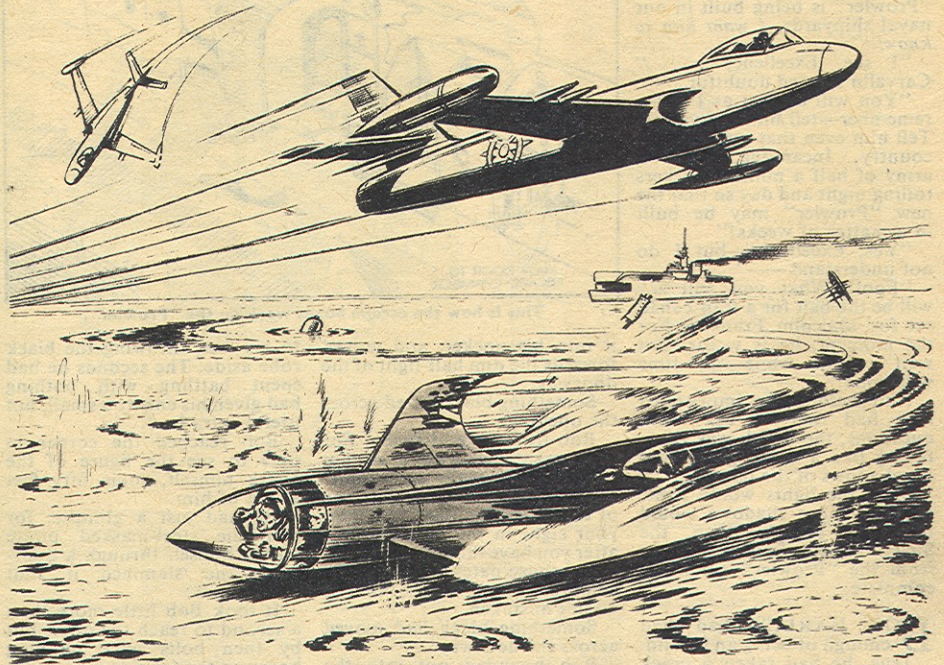
Nothing could have suited the Shark better.

His submarine was wrecked. His crew was locked up in the steel-doored holds of the "Prowler." But he himself was still free—and he meant to stay free.

Now he was clad from head to foot in black. A black hood hid the bright steel of the strange mask that always covered his face.

He was like a black shadow himself, as he slipped swiftly through the corridors of the "Prowler's" hull, darting like a rat from one patch of darkness to the next.

Footsteps clattered towards him, as he neared a bend in the



"Look out!" was all Bob had time to yell, as orange fire stabbed out from the diving plane. Fragments flew from one of the Bathysplane's wings as some of the shells came much too close to be pleasant!

passage-ways, and he faded like a ghost into the blackness beneath a sloping steel ladder. Two of the "Prowler's" crew came into view.

"The lights aren't in such a bad way as we thought," said one man "Just a sixteen-foot length of cable burned out. Take about half an hour to get a new bit put in."

Half an hour! The Shark knew he would have to work fast to do what he planned. Once the ordinary lighting of the "Prowler" was working again, he would soon be discovered. His mantle of black would be of no help to him in the light.

Before the footsteps and voices of the two men had died away, the Shark was darting up the narrow ladder. He paused at the top, as his eyes darted this way and that in the corridor above. Then he sprang upwards through the rounded hatchway. He knew just where he was going, for he had studied the big working model of the "Prowler" very closely, after he had stolen it.

At the end of this upper corridor, he knew, was the navigation cabin. This was the cabin from which the movements of the monster craft were controlled. From this cabin it could be stopped and started and steered.

The door was open as he crept up. He stopped as he came near to the patch of light that flooded out into the gloomy

corridor outside the cabin. Inside were three men—the men on duty. The Shark looked swiftly around, then shifted his vantage-point so that he could see another part of the cabin.

Then he saw what he sought—a big, illuminated map of the ocean bed. It formed almost the whole of one wall of the cabin, and looked something like a cinema screen.

About half way down, over to the right of the map, was a red dot of light. That dot marked the exact position of the "Prowler."

The Shark looked carefully at the little dot of light, and his lips moved soundlessly as he read off its position on the map.

A grin spread over his hidden features. This was excellent, he told himself.

That map had told him what he hoped to learn—that the "Prowler" was still close by the sunken liner, *Lupercalia*. That meant that his escape plan had a good chance of working.

Then he moved soundlessly back in the direction from which he had come. Back down the passage, down the steel ladder, and then down another passage—not, this time, one he had travelled before.

The Shark's hurrying footsteps slowed to a creep as he rounded the final corner.

There, a few yards ahead of him was an armed man—a sentry. This sentry was guarding a steel door. Behind that door, the Shark knew, were his own

gang of tough sailors.

The sentry turned his head, and looked in the Shark's direction. The Shark froze—still as a statue—and the sentry saw nothing but black shadow. Then the sentry turned his head the other way.

Three springing, bounding steps carried the Shark over the space which separated him from the sentry. A clubbed gun in his hand swept upwards.

Before the sentry could turn, the gun-butt had crashed down upon his head. He slumped to the floor with hardly a moan.

The Shark flattened himself against the door. He had no hope of opening it, for it was secured with a heavy padlock.

"Carvallo! Vigos! Sargo!" As loudly as he dared he called the names of three of his men through the steel of the door.

There came a stir of movement from within.

"Excellency!" a voice spoke excitedly in reply, "Is it you? Here is Carvallo speaking!"

"Listen Carvallo—listen carefully. I cannot set you free, for I have not the key of this lock. But you can help me where you are, and I promise you that your loyalty shall not go unrewarded."

"What must we do?" "Franklin will ask you questions—he will ask you what became of the working model of this "Prowler"—the model which we seized from his secret base."

(Continued on next page)

"And if he does, Excellency?"
 "You will tell him what he wants to know. Tell him that I handed it over to a battleship of the Incaraguan navy, and that even now a second "Prowler" is being built in our naval shipyards. I want him to know!"

"I see, Excellency . . ."
 Carvalho seemed doubtful.

"You will do just as I say—remember—tell him everything. Tell him even that our glorious country, Incaragua, has an army of half a million workers toiling night and day so that the new "Prowler" may be built in a matter of weeks!"

"Yes, Excellency—but I do not understand—"

"Fool! What you will say will be the bait for a trap I shall set for Malcolm Franklin. For the moment, he is victor. But wait a little while—my time will come!"

And before the imprisoned men had time to ask more questions, the Shark was gone, fading like a black ghost into the shadows of the passage.

Soon the lights would come on, and those shadows would be gone. But by then, the Shark hoped that his escape from the "Prowler" would be complete.

BOB HARLEY had had enough of being an invalid. True, he had taken a crack on the head during the battle with the Shark's men, but it had only stunned him for a while, and apart from a slight headache, he felt fine again now.

Rattigan, the other "X" branch man, looked at him the least bit anxiously.

"Why don't you stay in your bunk, and rest for a bit. I would if I were you."

"That's a tale, for a start," Bob grinned at him as he washed his face in a basin of cold water. "You know darned well that you'd be rarin' to go again. You wouldn't want to miss any of the fun, any more than I do. Stop trying to mother me, Ratty—it doesn't suit you."

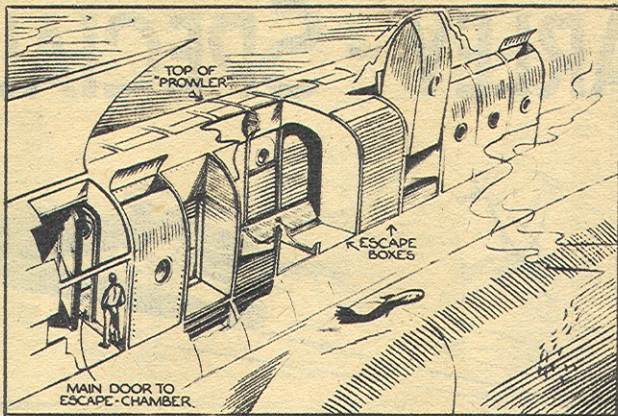
Rattigan grinned back at Bob, and dug him in the ribs.

"It's no good trying to help some folk. Have it your own way, chum. I'm going down to the radio room. I'm on duty soon. Be seeing you."

And Rattigan left Bob alone. There was no one else in the living quarters of the "Prowler" Every fit man was busy working on the repairs that were needed to get the huge craft into full commission again after the battle damage. The few men who had been at all seriously injured were in the sick bay, and Bob, who had only needed rest, had been put to bed in his own bunk.

But he hadn't stayed there for very long. Bob finished dressing himself in the light of his electric torch, which was laid on its side on his bunk.

When he had finished, he switched the torch off, slipped



This is how the escape boxes work on the "Prowler".

it into his pocket, and moved towards the dim half-light of the doorway.

Something black flitted across the opening.

Bob froze in mid-stride. For a moment he wasn't certain whether he'd really seen something, or whether it was just one of those patches that flit across your sight in the darkness just after you have turned a light out.

But those patches you see are coloured, thought Bob. No—he wasn't mistaken.

Something black had moved across the doorway!

Bob bounded out into the passage, just in time to see a swirl of black rounding a corner just ahead.

"Hey!" Bob called. The figure hesitated for a split second, and then dived out of sight.

Bob sprinted after the shadowy figure.

Around the corner, the passage stretched away for thirty or forty feet. There was no sign of Bob's quarry along there. But there were steps going upward.

That's the way he went, thought Bob—and then a slight sound from above clinched his guess.

Bob leaped up the steps, and stood poised at the top, looking this way and that.

There in the shadows to his left was a shape of blacker blackness. It was still—unmoving—a tall form of black.

This could be nobody of Malcolm Franklin's crew, Bob knew.

He hurled himself in a headlong tackle at the sinister stranger.

Almost nothing stopped his headlong tackle. His fingers brushed folds of cloth, and the black robe flapped down limply around him. Bob thudded into the wall behind, with only black cloth clutched in his arms.

It took him a second or so to see that he had been tricked. The black robe had been hooked up onto a wheel-valve of a pipe that ran along the passage about six feet up.

Even as Bob's brain worked this out, he heard the thud of running feet round the next bend of the passage. He leaped

to his feet, throwing the black robe aside. The seconds he had spent battling with nothing had given his enemy a small, but useful extra lead.

Bob reached the corner in time to see the figure of the Shark himself, some fifty feet ahead of him.

He had just a glimpse, for then the steel-masked pirate hurled himself through a doorway, and slammed it shut behind him.

It took Bob little more than a second to reach the door, but by then bolts were scraping home on the far side.

A mocking laugh told Bob that the Shark knew how helpless he was to get through that door. Then silence.

Bob wasted no time. He made for the nearest point in the main central passageway on that deck. In all such passages, on every deck, there were microphones installed, so that messages to the whole crew of the "Prowler" could be sent out at any time, and from any deck.

Bob knew just where to look for the nearest microphone. He pressed the finger-switch, and spoke. His own voice echoed back at him from loudspeakers everywhere.

"Bob Harley here. Calling Malcolm Franklin. Calling Malcolm Franklin. The Shark has shut himself inside the main escape chamber, on the top deck. Bob Harley calling Malcolm Franklin. The Shark has shut himself in the main escape chamber, on the top deck."

Bob repeated his message twice more, and then he heard the sound of feet hurrying up from below. Malcolm Franklin appeared beside him, with three of the "Prowler's" crew.

"He's locked the escape chamber door from the other side!" explained Bob as they hurried on together. "I can't open it!"

"Neither can I—without special gear," said Franklin grimly, as they halted outside the big ribbed steel door. "That's an emergency door—designed to keep the sea out if the "Prowler" was ever to leak. The idea is that in case of trouble, we could shut ourselves

safely in, and then get away in the escape-boxes!"

"The escape-boxes—gosh—of course!" gasped Bob. "That's what the Shark was making for!"

Franklin nodded grimly. "With the time he's had to study the working model he stole, he'd know just where to look for those escape-boxes, and how they worked!"

Even as Franklin spoke, there came a sudden hissing roar from the other side of the door.

"He's let the sea in!" said Franklin. "That means he's already shut himself up in one of the escape-boxes, and is floating up towards the surface. There's food enough to last him a couple of weeks, and he's got a radio to broadcast his position. Confound it—we can't let him get away like this—he knows too much, and I want to know what he's done with that model!"

"What about going after him with one of the bathyplanes, sir?" suggested Bob.

"It's the only chance," snapped the inventor, "Come on!"

He led the way at a sprint down to the big "hangar" four decks below, where the bathyplanes were housed. These bathyplanes were something like fast fighter aircraft, and they "flew" in the water just as a plane flies in the air. The "Prowler" itself could only move on the bottom, but it's bathyplanes could range upward to the surface of the sea, rather in the way that planes can fly away from an aircraft carrier.

In less than five minutes' time, Bob Harley and the inventor were lying side by side in the slim, torpedo-like body of a bathyplane, as it sped out from the "Prowler".

Out into the darkness of the water they shot at nearly two hundred miles an hour. The headlights of the bathyplane cut green tunnels of light ahead of them—no more than was enough to let them see obstacles ahead. The powerful floodlights of the "Prowler" were still out of action, or they would have been turned on to help their take-off.

Like green, ghostly fingers the masts of a sunken liner, the *Lupercalia*, that lay nearby, loomed up ahead of them. Malcolm Franklin pulled the nose of the bathyplane up in a steep climbing turn, and the masts fell away below them at one side.

Strange fishes, like night-marish birds, fled away on all sides as they clove the water. The nose of the machine was pointed steeply up now, and they were heading for the surface, four miles above, in tight, climbing turns.

Bob strained his eyes upwards, peering this way and that, seeking a glimpse of their quarry.

"He'll be at the top now," said Franklin, who had seen
 (Continued on next page)

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 10. THE HUSKY

Here is a really tough dog which, as I expect you will know, is used in pulling sledges. In fact, a Husky is an ideal dog for his life of sledge-pulling in the coldest and roughest countries.

His coat is so thick that neither cold nor wet penetrates it. And his pads, with thick hair between them, are the toughest of any breed in the world.

Unlike most dogs, the Husky can be of any colour!

But the Husky, though quite friendly, needs to be kept under good control.



BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

what Bob was doing. "That escape box will shoot up like a cork. Time enough to start looking when we're in sight of the surface. We should be able to spot him from below. It's daylight up there."

"What are you going to do when we sight him?" asked Bob. "You can't open fire, if you want him alive."

"I'm not going to open fire. I'm going to catch onto that escape box with the bathyplane's magnetic grabs. Then we can take the escape box down to the bottom again—and there won't be a thing Captain Shark can do about it!"

Bob grinned. The bathyplane was fitted with big magnets, on the underside of its steel body, and when these were switched on, it could cling tightly to anything made of steel, like the escape-box. Then, Bob knew, the weight of the bathyplane would be enough to carry them down again, without the help of its powerful engine. Just as an aeroplane is heavier than air, so the bathyplane was heavier than the water it "flew" in.

Above them, the water lightened into green. Franklin switched off the headlights, and soon, as they sped along about twenty feet under the surface, they could see the rippling patterns of light and shade made by the sunlight on the waves above.

Franklin swept the bathyplane back and forth, so that they covered a wide area in their search, for the escape-box might have drifted a mile or more during its upward trip.

Suddenly Bob gave a cry. "Look!" he pointed upward

and ahead. About a mile away, the underside of something square could be seen, bobbing about on the waves.

Malcolm Franklin smiled grimly, and eased the control stick back, so that the bathyplane climbed to the surface. A second or two later the machine was skimming through the surface, half in the air, half in the water, like a flying fish.

"If I stop or slow up, we'll drop!" yelled Franklin. "I'll have to try and catch onto him without stopping. The trick will be to do it without crashing into him. Throw over the magnet switch, and we'll make a trial pass at him on this course!"

Bob turned on the switch that worked the magnets. The high whine of the magnet dynamos added itself to the thunder of their engine, and the roar of wind and water hurtling past them.

Going flat out, they were almost flying in the air now, leaving the water in twenty-yard leaps whenever the bathyplane broke through into the trough of a wave.

There was the escape-box ahead of them, looming nearer, nearer. Bob held his breath. Then they shot past, missing it by some twenty feet.

It seemed to Bob that the escape box did lurch towards them, pulled by the magnets, but the drag of the water was too great, and they did not make contact.

They'd have to pass closer than that to do the trick.

The inventor brought his machine round in a wide sweep to make a second pass. Bob turned to try and get a glimpse of the escape box again.

As he did so, he got a glimpse of the sky above.

Something was hurtling down

towards them out of the blue! It was an aeroplane!

"Look out!" was all Bob had time to yell, as orange fire stabbed out from the guns of the diving plane. He saw the white foam where the shells ripped into the water and fragments flew from the right wing as one of the shells came much too close to be pleasant.

Then the plane pulled up and away in a zooming climb.

Malcolm Franklin had only caught the merest split-second glimpse of their attacker, and he had not heard the gunfire above the din of his own machine.

"He opened fire at us!" yelled Bob.

Malcolm Franklin's eyebrows shot up in surprise. Then, before he could act, a second machine swept into view ahead of them, and opened fire.

"Carrier-borne fighters—of the Incaraguan Navy!" he yelled. "I'm going to make one more try to—"

He got no further, for the

roar of their engine changed to a clattering thunder, and a terrifying shudder shook the bathyplane from end to end.

"We've been hit!" Franklin punched at the cut-out switch of the engine.

The noise stopped. Their speed died with the dragging water. The nose of the bathyplane dropped.

The Shark had known that an aircraft carrier of the Incaraguan Navy might be patrolling the surface above the sunken *Lupercalia*, in the hope of taking up some of that liner's cargo of gold, if the Shark should succeed in salvaging it. His whole escape plan had depended on this.

But the Shark's good luck was Franklin's and Bob's bad luck.

Nose-down, out of control, with half of one of their twin propellers shot away, their bathyplane was dropping to the bottom like a stone!

Next week: Trapped on the sea-bed!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HAVE a look at this list of numbers. Spotters, because if one of them is the same as that printed on the back of your Club Album, then you can send up for a grand present—absolutely free!

61,493	201,893	135,816	111,962	36,505
120,060	62,114	204,169	164,894	151,283
205,990	79,995	22,789	24,721	207,381
14,405	148,489	199,776	116,370	3,865
170,460	40,285	4,137	206,491	174,988

Well, if you've seen your number, then this is how to claim a present. First choose one of these—Water-pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, Cowboy Belt and Holster or a Charm Bracelet—and write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use" and at the same time make sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Also write on a piece of paper the name of the story or character you like best in COMET and, in a few words, why. Post Album and paper in a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

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

to arrive by Tuesday, October 21. You'll receive your present—and your Album back—about a week after this date.

Peter and Ann, and their inventor uncle, Professor Jolly, are on the Milky Way, which is ruled over by Queen Alva. Her crown jewels have been stolen by space pirates. They set out to get the crown jewels back, but they are up against the Hawk, pirate son of the pirate who stole them. The jewels are now in the hands of the Monkey folk—and our three friends have been captured by them!

THE SKY EXPLORERS



IF ONLY WE COULD GET OUT OF THIS CAGE, WE COULD SWING AWAY THROUGH THE TREE-TOPS, WITH THIS LITTLE CHAP. PERHAPS PETER WILL RESCUE US!

UNCLE - THERE'S PETER! THEY'VE GOT HIM TOO!



A MINUTE OR TWO LATER ---

I'M SORRY - I MEANT TO SAVE YOU, BUT I ONLY WENT AND GOT CAUGHT MYSELF!

NEVER MIND - WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!



MEANWHILE, HIGH IN THE AIR ABOVE THE JUNGLE WHERE THE MONKEY-FOLK LIVE, FLIES THE HAWK IN HIS HELICOPTER. THEY HAVE JUST SEEN THE MONKEY-CITY ---

LOOK - SEE THAT BRIGHT GLEAM IN THE JUNGLE --- IT MUST BE THE TREASURE!

THE LONG-LOST CROWN JEWELS OF ATLANTA -- IN OUR GRASP AT LAST!



LET'S GET BACK TO OUR CAMP AT ONCE, BEFORE THEY SPOT US!

WE'LL ATTACK BY NIGHT, AND, TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE!



AND BACK IN THE PRISON-CAGES, THE PROFESSOR HAS JUST HAD AN IDEA!

I'VE GOT IT! MY GLASSES WILL DO THE TRICK!



PROFESSOR JOLLY HOLDS HIS GLASSES CAREFULLY SO THAT THE SUNLIGHT SHINES THROUGH THEM, AND ---

WHAT A GOOD IDEA! YOUR GLASSES MAKE A FINE BURNING GLASS!

THEY BURN THROUGH ENOUGH OF THE LASHINGS TO MAKE IT EASY TO PUSH OUT BETWEEN THE POLES OF THE CAGES, AND THEN WAIT UNTIL DUSK ----



IT'S DARK ENOUGH NOW --- UP INTO THE TREE-TOPS!



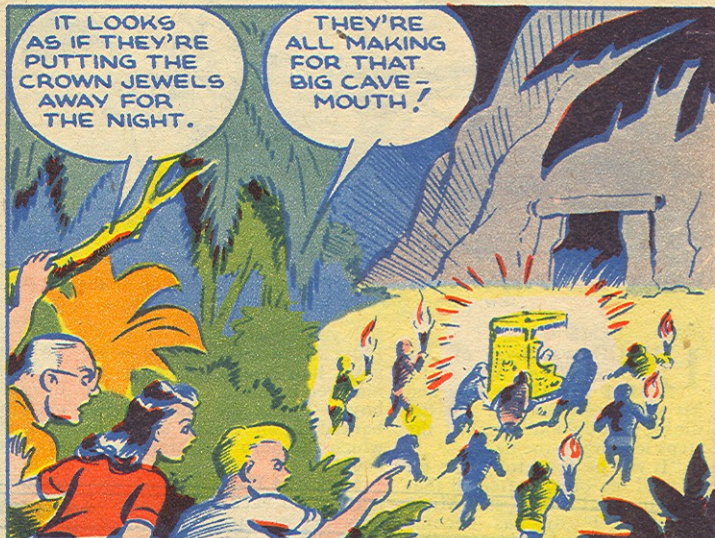
I HOPE WE'RE NOT SPOTTED!

ALL THE MONKEY-FOLK ARE GATHERED ROUND THE THRONE, WITH TORCHES.

THEY SWING FROM TREE TO TREE, WITH THE HELP OF THE STRONG JUNGLE CREEPERS ----



THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME SORT OF CEREMONY DOWN THERE. WE'D BETTER WATCH.



IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE PUTTING THE CROWN JEWELS AWAY FOR THE NIGHT.

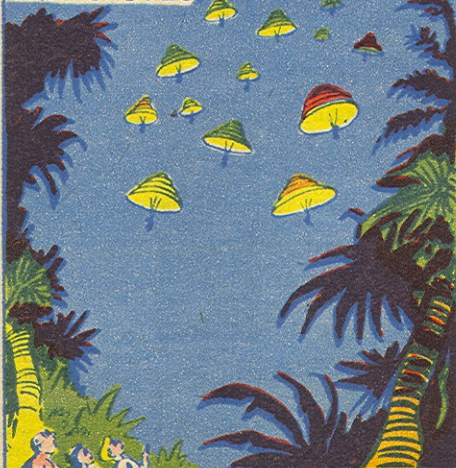
THEY'RE ALL MAKING FOR THAT BIG CAVE-MOUTH!

SUDDENLY PETER GIVES A CRY!



GOSH --- LOOK --- UP THERE!

AND FLOATING DOWN FROM THE DARK SKY ABOVE THEM, COME DOZENS OF STRANGE-LOOKING PARACHUTES!



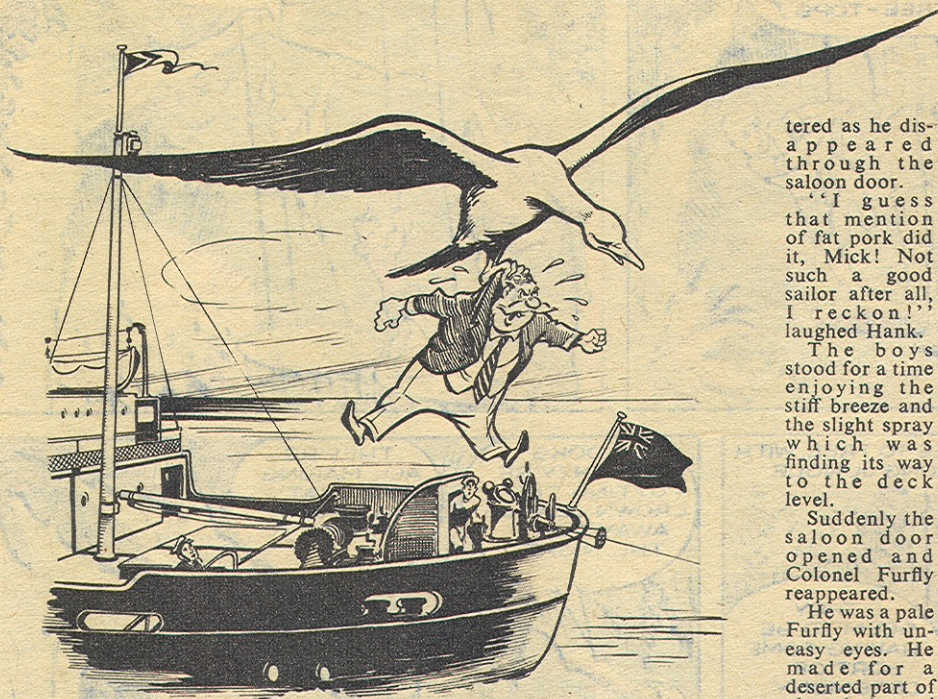
THAT'S THE HAWK AND HIS MEN! THEY MUST KNOW THAT THE TREASURE IS HERE!



IF THEY TAKE THE MONKEY PEOPLE BY SURPRISE, THEY'LL GET AWAY WITH THE TREASURE --- THEN WE'LL LOSE IT FOR GOOD!

WHEN THE COLONEL FEELS SEASICK HE GETS THE FLIGHT OF HIS LIFE!

MICK THE MOON BOY



Before he knew what was happening, the Colonel was picked up by the gull and carried away from the ship, back towards America!

THE GULL

LUNCH was over on the S.S. *Golden Star*, and Mick the Moon Boy and his pal Hank Luckner left the dining saloon and climbed the steps leading to the deck.

"It will be good to have a bit of cool sea breeze after all that hot air about India," said Mick. "Colonel Furfly has become very boring this last day or two."

"Gee, I'll say," agreed Hank. "Accordin' to him his exploits in the Indian Army must be world-famous—but I ain't ever heard of him!"

The two boys leaned over the deck rail and watched the rolling Atlantic.

"Getting a bit choppy, Hank!" remarked Mick. "There's a stiff breeze, too."

"I'll be mighty glad to see a bit of rougher weather, anyway. Don't seem right to have the Atlantic ocean as blue an' calm as it has been," replied Hank.

"Haw, haw, what!" boomed a loud voice behind them. "Rollers, eh? That'll test out you good sailors, what! You won't be so glad in another hour or two, my boy! What!"

Mick and Hank heaved sighs of resignation. Colonel Furfly, who had lots more to talk about, had followed the boys to the deck.

"Good sailor yourself, Colonel?" asked Mick, turning to face the retired British Army officer.

"Haw, haw! What! I could

tell you tales of my trips to India an' back that would make your hair stand on end. In nineteen hundred and eight, my boys—" and the colonel embarked upon a sea story of which the hero was himself, as usual.

Mick and Hank listened with half an ear each and wondered how they were to get rid of him.

"Rollers as big as houses, an' the whole battalion, my boys, were hangin' over the rails or lyin' in their bunks, sick as dogs, you know! What! Sick as dogs! But not their O.C. Not me, sir! No. Didn't affect me in the least! Gad, no! I strode along the deck to help 'em. Just a lot of squeamy stomachs, they were. Squeamy stomachs! What! Haw, haw!"

The S.S. *Golden Star* began to roll gently as the wind grew in strength. Mick invited the colonel to stand with them by the rail, and encouraged him to watch the sea as it heaved and sank. Colonel Furfly opened his mouth to speak, but Hank spoke first.

"Nice lunch today, Mick," said Hank. "Those pork chops were okay!"

The colonel closed his mouth. "A bit fat, though," observed Mick.

The colonel swallowed hard and took his suddenly tired eyes away from the tilting horizon.

"If you'll excuse me—book I must read, what?" he mut-

tered as he disappeared through the saloon door.

"I guess that mention of fat pork did it, Mick! Not such a good sailor after all, I reckon!" laughed Hank.

The boys stood for a time enjoying the stiff breeze and the slight spray which was finding its way to the deck level.

Suddenly the saloon door opened and Colonel Furfly reappeared.

He was a pale Furfly with uneasy eyes. He made for a deserted part of the deck and leaned heavily on the rail.

Even as he did so his face took on a greenish hue.

"Steward!" he wailed, and dropped on all fours, his hands clasping the lower rail.

A steward heard his heart-rending cry and came to help him, taking him by the shoulders.

"Take your hands off me, sirrah!" gasped the colonel, shaking off the steward. Then he sagged again, miserably. The steward shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Steward!" came the colonel's despairing gurgle.

"Yes, sir?"

"Help me, confound you!" After his first spasm of sea-sickness was over, Mick and Hank helped the steward to settle the colonel in a deck chair. He refused to go below as he said the whole boat was so confoundedly stuffy, what!

He had stewards running here, there and everywhere, fetching soda water which he didn't drink, and arranging rugs. Nothing anyone did for him was right, and not a person came near who wasn't given some job of sick nursing to do.

"Can't understand it. Strongest stomach in the British Army!" he groaned. "Nothing like air travel, after all. Shall take a plane next time!"

"Regular old cuss, ain't he?" remarked Hank to Mick, who was getting tired of the colonel.

"Yes, I think it's about time we did something to give those

stewards a break," said Mick thoughtfully, and in a low voice he told Hank what he would do.

Mick could do wonderful things. He had come from the moon on a flying saucer, but only Hank knew this. He had a marvellous knowledge of science and he now planned to use his thought-power to teach the colonel a lesson.

By his almost magical powers he would make the colonel have a strange dream.

"Oh, how I wish I'd taken a plane! I wish I were up in the air, by gad!" groaned the colonel.

It seemed to the colonel then that the ship gave a decided lurch and a series of shudders.

The colonel dashed to the side once more and rested his aching head on the lowest rail. He watched the sea, fascinated.

The sea! It was away beneath the liner and those great rollers were mere ripples.

Mick had used his magic thought-power to make the colonel imagine that the boat was flying.

Hank, who could see all this, chuckled.

"Gad!" muttered the colonel. "The world's gone mad! The confounded boat's flyin'!" Nevertheless, his sea-sickness was going away.

Mick grinned. "Feeling better now, Colonel?" he asked.

The colonel's white moustache, limp for the last hour, bristled into new life as the colonel, twirling it confidently, said he was feeling much better.

"Nothin' like air travel, what!" he said. Mick allowed him a quarter of an hour's smooth flying in which the colonel lost all his sea-sickness, then he thought up a very gusty wind.

Once more the boat, high above the Atlantic, began to lurch, and once more the colonel found himself hanging over the rail.

This was air sickness. It was even worse than before.

"This ship wasn't built for flyin'," he said to Mick, showing an agonised green face. "She'll crash at any minute!" And he leaned over the side again, hoping the end would come quickly.

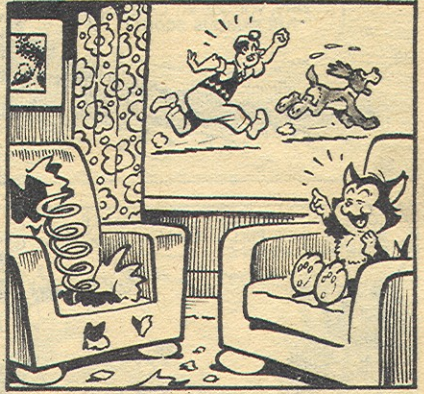
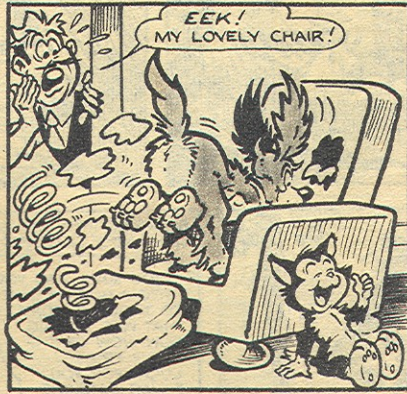
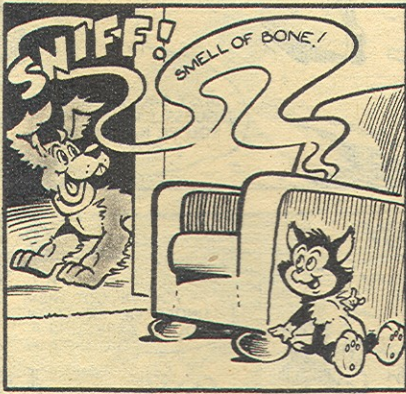
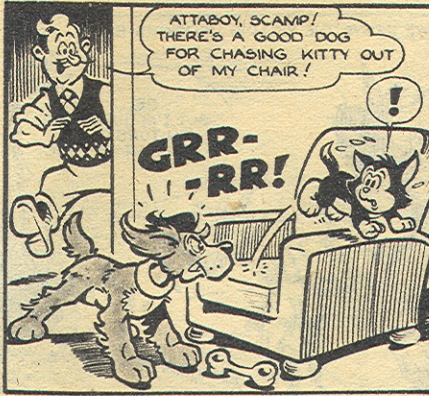
"Oh, gad! I wish I were back in the States, confound it!" he groaned fervently.

At his words a passing gull of giant size swooped down towards the colonel, and before he knew what had happened the colonel was picked up by the collar of his coat in the gull's strong claws and was being carried back towards America.

IT took a few minutes for the colonel's mind to adjust itself to this sudden change of
(Continued on next page)



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY (Continued from page 12)

course. Stiffly turning his head, he saw the liner, still bound for England, growing smaller and smaller. Then it disappeared in a big grey cloud.

Colonel Furfly was alone with the gull.

"Good gad!" he managed to mutter as his arms and legs were forced back and away from him in an attitude of swift flight.

A screechy voice above his head startled him even more.

"Should make it by Christmas," said the gull.

"Make it? Make what, confound you!" said the colonel, not daring to let his mind dwell on the fact that he was talking to a bird. He felt that the whole world was crazy—except himself, and he wished to keep his sanity.

"New York!" answered the gull.

"New York? Gad—it's England I want!" gasped the colonel. He wished he were back on the liner. At least he had something to stand on there, even though the boat had taken to flying.

"England you say? I heard you say you wished you were back in the States not ten minutes ago!" remarked the gull.

"Take me back to the boat, confound you!" stuttered Colonel Furfly.

"Is that a command or a request?" asked the gull.

"A request!" came the despairing reply.

"What an impolite request!" observed the gull. "Say 'please!'"

"Please!" gasped the colonel.

The gull turned round and flew back towards the boat, which once more was churning its way through the Atlantic.

"Some folks are never satisfied!" said the gull sullenly as it dropped the colonel into his own deck chair and then flew away.

The next day was calm and clear with the sea smooth once more.

"I guess that little dream trip yesterday cured old Furfly, Mick!" said Hank. "He ain't been around us yet."

"I'm a bit doubtful," answered Mick as he watched Colonel Furfly bear down upon two defenceless men nearby.

"Gad, sir," he heard him say.

"When I was in Darjeeling in nineteen hundred and twelve—"

Mick grinned at Hank.

"Anyway, he's not bothering us," he said.

Next week Mick and Hank reach England and find some funny customs!

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.

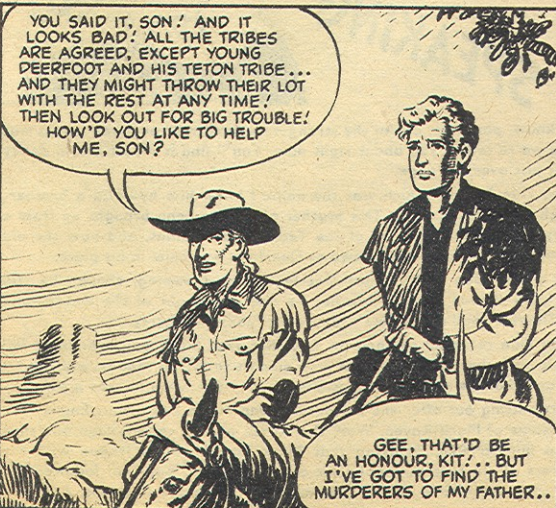
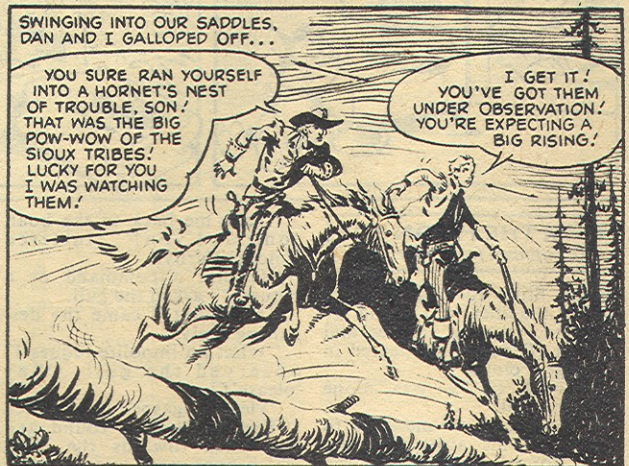
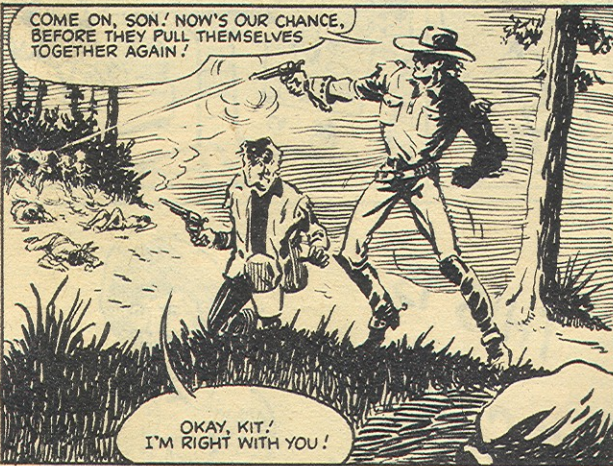
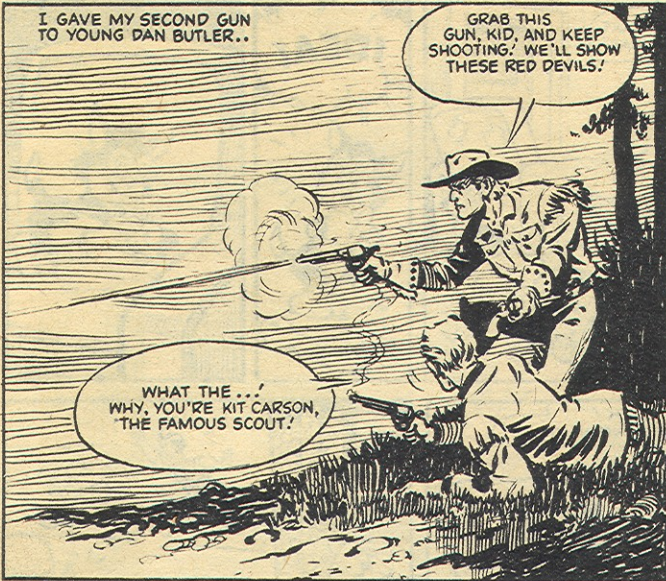
Young Dan Butler—which was the name I knew him by—had a brother, although he didn't know it. This brother of his had been brought up from a baby by old Red Cloud, chief of the Teton Sioux Indians, and now the old man was dead the boy, now known as Deerfoot, was chief in his place.

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 young Deerfoot had saved Dan's life from a Sioux war party.

Young Dan returned to camp to find that Tom Stack and Cinnamon Bill had shot his father. Before the old man died he told Dan that he was not his father and that his real father was killed by Indians when he was a baby.

Before setting out after the murderers, Dan met a mysterious Englishman by the name of Mark Raven. Well, this Raven offered to help Dan and then tried to murder him. Thinking that Mark Raven was in league with the murderers of old Nat Butler, he set out after them. But Dan followed the wrong trail and landed right in the middle of the Sioux Redskins. And that was where I came on to the scene.

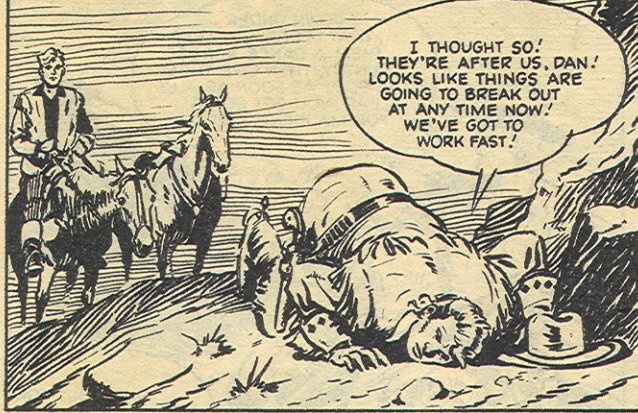
THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN



WITH A LUMP IN HIS THROAT, DAN TOLD ME OF OLD NAT BUTLER'S MURDER BY CINNAMON BILL AND TOM STACK, AND OF THE PUZZLE OF THE MYSTERIOUS ENGLISHMAN, MARK RAVEN, WHO HAD TRIED TO MURDER DAN FOR NO REASON AT ALL...



I REINED IN ATOP THE BLUFF, AND SWINGING DOWN, PUT MY EAR TO THE GROUND...



I THOUGHT SO! THEY'RE AFTER US, DAN! LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TO BREAK OUT AT ANY TIME NOW! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

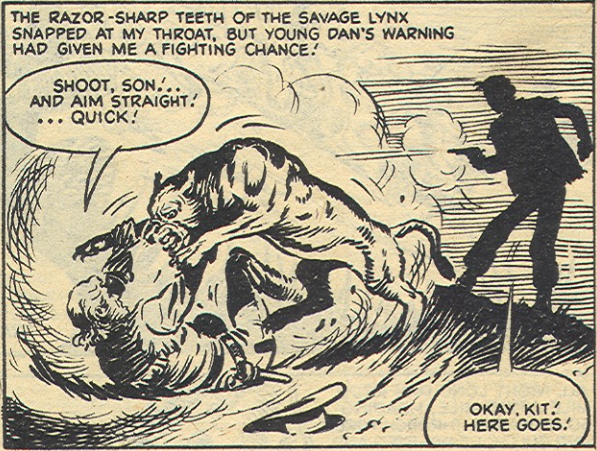


LISTEN CAREFULLY, KID! THERE'S A WAGON-TRAIN WEST OF HERE, HEADING FOR THE BLACK HILLS. THEY'RE RUNNING SLAP INTO TROUBLE! I'LL GO WARN THEM! I WANT YOU TO RIDE SOUTH TO MADDEN'S COACH STATION AND STOP THE WEST-BOUND STAGE FROM CHEYENNE! TELL THEM TO TURN BACK! AND TELL MADDEN TO CLEAR OUT AND VACATE THE STATION...



I'LL JOIN UP WITH YOU LATER, DAN! NOW GET GOING, AND GOOD LUCK!

KIT! LOOK OUT!



THE RAZOR-SHARP TEETH OF THE SAVAGE LYNX SNAPPED AT MY THROAT, BUT YOUNG DAN'S WARNING HAD GIVEN ME A FIGHTING CHANCE!

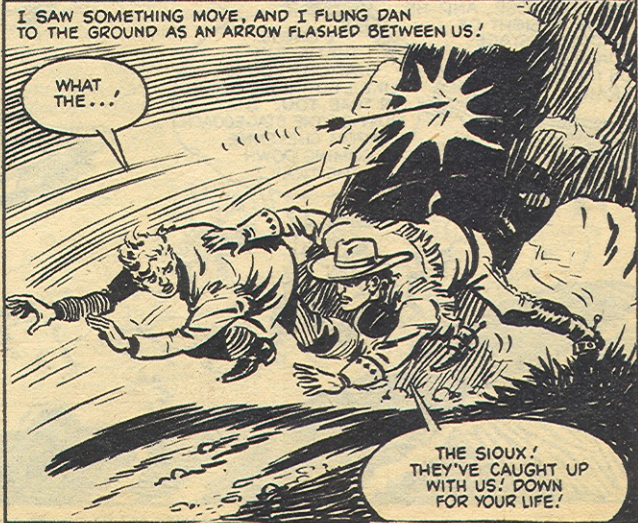
SHOOT, SON... AND AIM STRAIGHT! ... QUICK!

OKAY, KIT! HERE GOES!



YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DAN! I WON'T FORGET IT, YOUNGSTER!

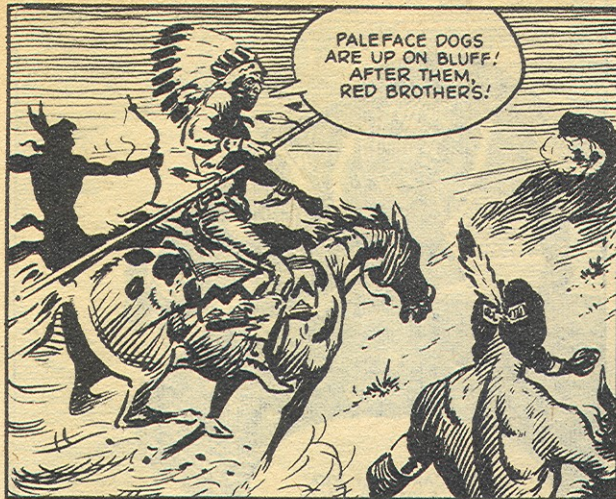
I GUESS THAT MAKES US QUITS!



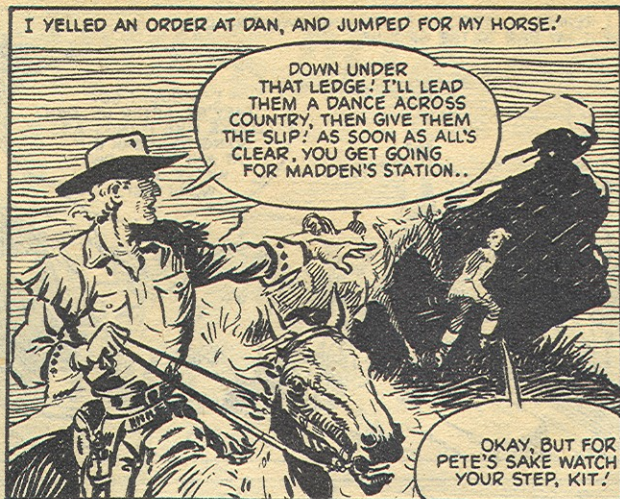
I SAW SOMETHING MOVE, AND I FLUNG DAN TO THE GROUND AS AN ARROW FLASHED BETWEEN US!

WHAT THE...!

THE SIOUX! THEY'VE CAUGHT UP WITH US! DOWN FOR YOUR LIFE!



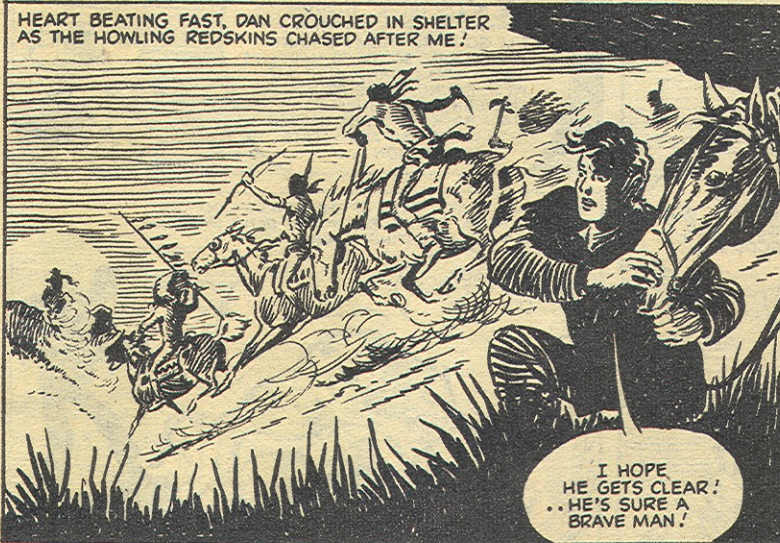
PALEFACE DOGS
ARE UP ON BLUFF!
AFTER THEM,
RED BROTHERS!



I YELLED AN ORDER AT DAN, AND JUMPED FOR MY HORSE!

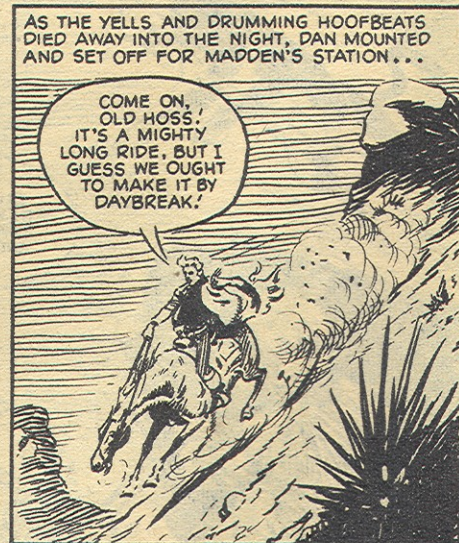
DOWN UNDER
THAT LEDGE! I'LL LEAD
THEM A DANCE ACROSS
COUNTRY, THEN GIVE THEM
THE SLIP! AS SOON AS ALL'S
CLEAR, YOU GET GOING
FOR MADDEN'S STATION..

OKAY, BUT FOR
PETE'S SAKE WATCH
YOUR STEP, KIT!



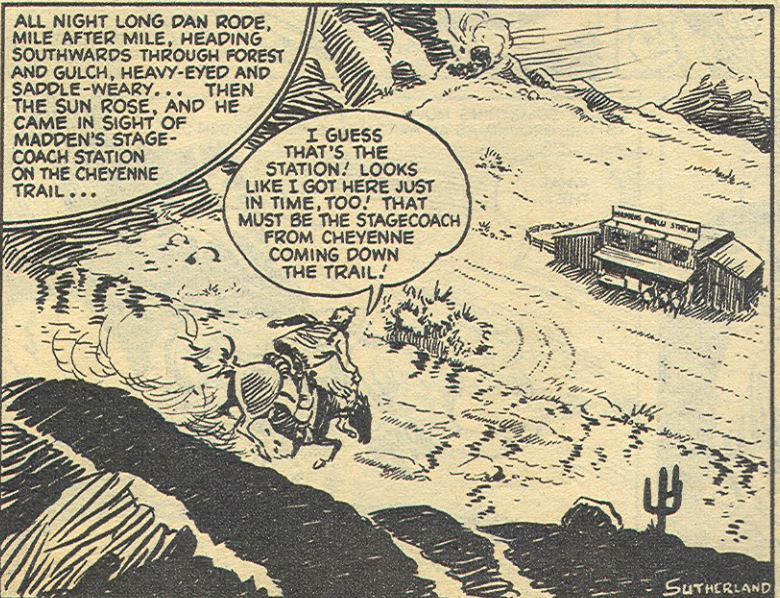
HEART BEATING FAST, DAN CROUCHED IN SHELTER
AS THE HOWLING REDSKINS CHASED AFTER ME!

I HOPE
HE GETS CLEAR!
.. HE'S SURE A
BRAVE MAN!



AS THE YELLS AND DRUMMING HOOFBEATS
DIED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, DAN MOUNTED
AND SET OFF FOR MADDEN'S STATION...

COME ON,
OLD HOSS!
IT'S A MIGHTY
LONG RIDE, BUT I
GUESS WE OUGHT
TO MAKE IT BY
DAYBREAK!



ALL NIGHT LONG DAN RODE,
MILE AFTER MILE, HEADING
SOUTHWARDS THROUGH FOREST
AND GULCH, HEAVY-EYED AND
SADDLE-WEARY... THEN
THE SUN ROSE, AND HE
CAME IN SIGHT OF
MADDEN'S STAGE-
COACH STATION
ON THE CHEYENNE
TRAIL...

I GUESS
THAT'S THE
STATION! LOOKS
LIKE I GOT HERE JUST
IN TIME, TOO! THAT
MUST BE THE STAGECOACH
FROM CHEYENNE
COMING DOWN
THE TRAIL!

SUTHERLAND



SWINGING FROM THE SADDLE, DAN STRODE UP
THE STEPS OF THE STATION, THEN PAUSED,
STARTLED, AS HE PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR...

WELL,
I'LL BE...

What is Dan staring at? Be sure to read next week's thrilling adventures!

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL

MAROONED BY A CROCODILE

"GOT a bite yet, Sammy?" asked Algy Brown the monkey.

"Not yet," said Sammy Small, the grey squirrel.

The pair of them were sitting fishing on what looked like a log in the middle of the river. It was the back of Claude Corker, the crocodile.

Algy, Sammy and Claude, hadn't always been animals. Not so very long ago they had been just three ordinary school-boys—members of a party of boys who had come to Meadow-sweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest.

One morning 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 had got his bottles mixed up, 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.

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

As Algy Brown and Sammy Small sat fishing on the back of Claude Corker, the crocodile, they were so intent on getting a bite that they did not notice three boys suddenly appear amongst the bushes on the river-bank.

The three boys were wearing the straw hats and blazers of St. Anselm's school, and they were three of the worst bullies in the school. Their names were Marmaduke Mopp, Ogden Platt, and Cuthbert Cropper. At sight of the monkey and the squirrel sitting holding little fishing-rods in the middle of the river, the bullies stared as though they couldn't believe their eyes.

"It can't be possible—a monkey and a squirrel sitting fishing!" gasped Cuthbert Cropper.

"Well, it just shows you, doesn't it?" gasped Marmaduke Mopp.

"Shows you what?" demanded Ogden Platt.

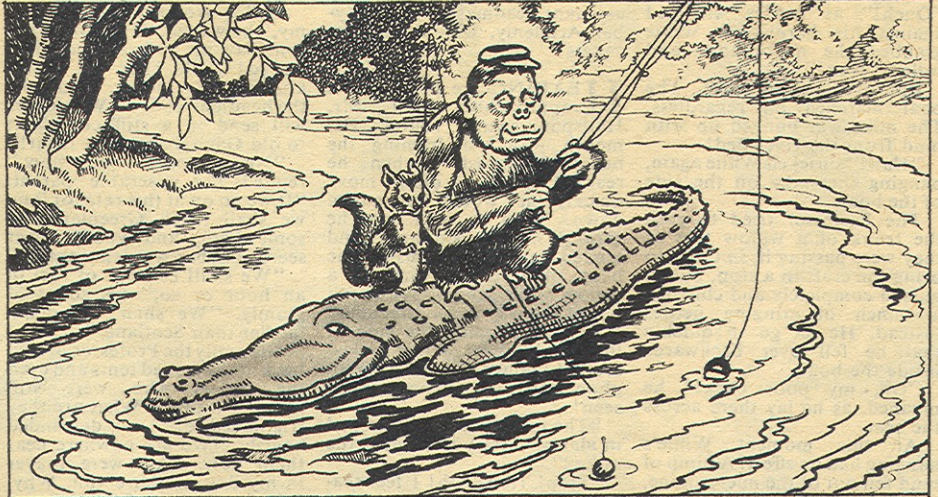
"That animals aren't as daft as we think they are," said Marmaduke Mopp. "Fancy those two little brutes having the sense to sit there and fish."

By this time he and his two pals were beginning to recover a little from their first astonishment.

"Here, let's get out of sight!" sniggered Cuthbert Cropper.

"I've got an idea. He, he, he!"

"Well, what is it?" demanded



When Algy Brown, the monkey, and Sammy Small, the squirrel, went fishing, they didn't worry about a log to fish from, they used Claude Corker, the crocodile!

Marmaduke Mopp as they hid behind a bush.

"Let's collect some stones and chuck them at those two little brutes, and knock 'em into the water!" giggled Cuthbert Cropper.

Marmaduke Mopp and Ogden Platt thought it a simply wizard scheme, but the only snag was that they couldn't find any stones to throw at the monkey and the squirrel. But they weren't to be beaten. They got out their pocket knives and cut out a great heap of turfs and clods.

"Ready?" giggled Marmaduke Mopp.

Next instant three great heavy turves were whizzing through the air straight at Algy, the monkey and Sammy, the squirrel. The first that Algy knew about it was when a turf hit him fairly and squarely, and knocked him head-over-heels into the water. Next moment a turf hit Sammy, knocking him into the water beside the struggling, spluttering Algy.

"Har, har, har!" roared the three bullies on the bank, capering about with glee. "Keep it up, chaps!"

BY this time, however, Claude Corker, the crocodile was beginning to take an interest in the proceedings.

Claude had been floating there peacefully dozing, with only his back showing out of the water. That is why the three bullies never dreamt for an instant that he was a crocodile. They thought he was just an ordinary log.

But now Claude was stirring.

"What the thump's the matter with you two chaps?" he demanded irritably of Algy and Sammy. "What are you making all that splashing for?"

"It's not our fault!" retorted Algy furiously. "Three St.

Anselm louts on the bank are pelting us with turf. They've knocked Sammy and me clean off your back into the water!"

"Oh, have they?" roared Claude, now fully awake, "All right, I'll jolly soon settle their hash for them, the cheeky rotters!"

Next instant he had swirled round in the water, and was making for the bank with the speed of a torpedo.

When the three bullies saw what they had thought was a log suddenly come to life, and come tearing towards them, the precious trio turned and fled madly away howling with sheer terror. And, as they did so, they got a second frightful shock—worse even than the first. For they had rushed straight into the arms of three brown bears, who were walking on their hind legs towards the scene of the row.

The three bears were three members of the party of school-boys who had been turned into animals. They were three brothers, and their name was Baxter. Baxter major was the big bear, Baxter minor was the medium-sized bear, and little Baxter was the tiny bear.

"Hallo! Where are you chaps off to?" growled Baxter major, holding the struggling, howling, Marmaduke Mopp tightly with his forelegs.

At hearing the bear speak in a human voice, Marmaduke Mopp and his two pals nearly fainted.

To make matters worse, the crocodile came crawling up behind them, shouting: "So, you've caught 'em, have you, you Baxters? That's fine! Don't let the rotters go! I want 'em!"

"Help, mother—help!" screamed the three frantic prisoners.

"Shut up!" cried Baxter major, giving Marmaduke Mopp a light cuff round the ear. Then

to Claude the crocodile: "What've they been up to?"

"They knocked Algy and Sammy into the water with clods when the pair of 'em were fishing from my back," growled the crocodile. "But I know jolly well what I'm going to do with 'em. Bring 'em along!"

Screaming and struggling, but completely helpless in the grip of the bears, the bullies were dragged to the river bank.

"Now put 'em astride my back," ordered Claude. "If they struggle don't bother with them. Just gobble them up!"

At this frightful threat the three terrified bullies got astride Claude's back.

Next instant Claude had slid into the water, and was shooting swiftly towards a small, wooded island in the middle of the river, where Algy and Sammy were waiting for him.

"Now, get ashore!" roared Claude to his three passengers. The terrified trio needed no second bidding. They shot off his back, rushed ashore, and started to climb frantically up the nearest trees.

"You'll stay on this island until I give you permission to leave!" roared Claude.

Then he said to Algy and Sammy:

"Come on chaps, hop on!"

Algy and Sammy did so, and Claude took them across to the bank. When dusk fell he, the three bears, Sammy and Algy slipped quietly off to Meadow-sweet Farm.

But all night the three wretched bullies cowered and trembled on the island. They were found there next morning by a master sent to search for them. And did they get a licking for staying out all night?

More fun with the Zoo School lads next week, chums. The tortoise and the hare run in a race

Steadily the boat plodded on, up the muddy bank, and advanced into tall reeds, long grasses, and a healthy crop of stinging nettles. After crying "Ouch!" as nettles whanged against his bare legs, Willie grabbed the microphone and called "Halt!" into it.

But nothing happened. The boat marched on regardless. The mike was bunged up with mud from the river bed!

"Halt!" shrieked Willie again, banging the mike on the side of the boat.

The Professor tried to grab the trunk of a willow tree as they were passing it, in order to bring the craft to a stop, but he missed completely and clutched a bunch of stinging nettles instead. He let go so quickly that he fell over backwards inside the boat.

"Oh, my poor back!" he moaned, as he lay there across the seat.

At this moment Willie's banging had its effect. A lump of mud fell out of the microphone, which began to work again. It heard the word "back," and immediately the boat stopped its forward march. It set off backwards towards the river again.

Professor Wizzard grabbed the microphone from his son's hand. He tried to yell "Go forward!" but he was out of breath and the words did not come. The stern of the boat had just entered the water when Willie shouted "Forward march!" and once more the vessel plodded forward through the nettles.

Finding his breath the Professor panted: "Let it go on until we get clear of this stuff. Then we can call the thing to a —" he dropped his voice to a whisper so that the microphone should not hear—"halt."

At last the boat emerged into an open field. "Stop!" cried both Willie and his father at once. The boat obeyed, and its two passengers breathed a sigh of relief.

In the next instant, however, more trouble began. From somewhere near at hand came a shouted command of "Charge!" The boat obeyed the order like greased lightning.

For the second time that afternoon Professor Wizzard landed on his back inside the

boat. Willie managed somehow to keep his balance. And he saw, a few yards ahead of him, who it was who had shouted the order. It was Mr. Halfspun, the assistant headmaster of Gandybar Academy, with the school cadets!

HEARING the noise of the approaching boat, Mr. Halfspun swung round. His mouth was just framing the name "Wizzard!" when he realised that if he didn't move quickly he would be mown down. With a wild cry he sprang nimbly sideways and landed in a gorse bush! The boat plunged by him at a gallop, while schoolboys leaped out of the way in all directions!

Grimly gripping the side of the swaying boat, Willie looked around wildly for the microphone. It was nowhere to be seen!

"The mike, pater!" he gasped in alarm. "Are you holding the mike?"

"Stop! Halt! Oh! I feel seaisick! Stand still!" the unhappy Professor wailed, lurching to his knees. "No, I haven't got the wretched thing. But can't it hear, wherever it is? Check! Pause! Attention! Be motionless!"

"It's gone!" his son wailed, holding up the piece of wire to which the microphone had been fixed. Its ends were frayed and broken! "It's gone overboard! Oh, crumbs!"

"That jerk forward must have done it," moaned his father, scrambling on to the seat of the rushing, rocking craft. "Now how do we stop the horrible thing? Can't we—OOOH!"

He raised a shaky hand and pointed ahead.

Willie turned. Twenty yards away, straight in the path of the bucking boat, was a line of tents. And from the tents dozens of boys in uniform were running in panic!

"It's the headquarters of the St. Wilkiebars cadets!" he shouted. "Hold tight!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a ripping, crunching sound. Pieces of tent canvas slapped into the faces of Willie and the Professor. Bits of tent pole showered on their heads. A cadet's hat sailed through the air and perched on

the Professor's cranium.

Then they were past the camp, leaving a trail of ruin behind. The boat bounded on as if nothing had happened.

Willie groaned aloud. "Oh, my," he wailed. "First old Halfspun saw me and realised I had dodged drill. Then we nearly knocked him down. And now the headmaster at St. Wilkiebars will send in a stiff complaint to old Gandybar. I'll be for it!"

"Never mind that now," replied his miserable parent. "If we go on at this rate for long we shall reach Greenland, or somewhere, and you'll never see Gandybar Academy again!"

"We shall run out of fuel in an hour or so," his son said glumly. "We shan't be taken farther than Scotland."

Gloomily the Professor peered back at the ruined tents and eyed the cadets who were still running wildly. "What are they frightened of?" he demanded angrily. "We are nowhere near them now. Boys were braver in my day, I assure you. Why, I remember—I—OOOH!"

The Professor's face had gone as white as a sheet. With another cry of "Oooh!" he flung himself face downwards in the boat.

Willie looked around him in amazement. Then he, too, went pale and gulped. Ahead of them was a powerful, beefy bull, snorting and pawing the ground!

"That's what the boys are running from!" squeaked Willie.

The bull began slowly to move forward. It gathered speed. It was heading directly for the advancing boat.

What happened in the next few seconds Willie could never afterwards recall. There was certainly a hefty "Wham!" as bull and boat met head on. Then Willie and the Professor went sailing through the air like a couple of circus acrobats.

They landed with a gentle swoosh on top of a haystack. For one second Willie thought one of his legs had been broken off. He could feel it lying beside his right hand. Then he recognised the object as one of the metal legs from the boat!

On the ground below pieces of boat were littered in small heaps. The bull was lying unconscious in the middle of the wreckage. There was a happy smile on its face and a lump as

big as an orange on its head.

"Are you all right?" someone was shouting.

The Professor, recovering from his daze, answered with a snort. "Get us off the top of this stack and we'll find out!"

There was a ladder leaning against the side of the stack, and in a moment a man had climbed it.

"You are from Gandybar Academy, boy," he begun, on seeing Willie. "I recognise the school cap which is lying in the field here. Why, Dr. Gandybar shall hear of this!"

He looked at the Professor. "Is this your son, sir?" he demanded.

"He is," said the Professor with as much pride and dignity as he could find, with hay sticking out of his hair.

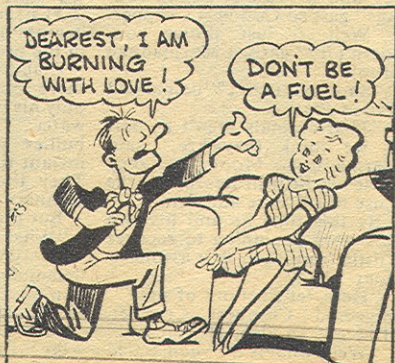
"Then, sir," said the man on the ladder, "allow me to introduce myself. I am Dr. Pinkerpound, headmaster of St. Wilkiebars Hall. Dr. Gandybar shall hear from me of the courage shown today by you and your son." His voice shook with emotion. "Why, sir," he went on. "That bull was charging my boys when I managed to distract its attention for a few minutes. It would have had me, sir, it would have had me—and then you arrived. The way you disregarded all obstacles and did not think of your own safety was magnificent. I thank you most humbly."

AND Dr. Pinkerpound kept his promise to tell Dr. Gandybar all about the "epic rescue," as he called it. The headmaster of Gandybar Academy had, of course, to give Willie a bit of a wiggling for dodging cadet drill—especially when Mr. Halfspun reported to him—but it did not amount to much. So Willie's Walking Boat Expedition ended happily, after all.

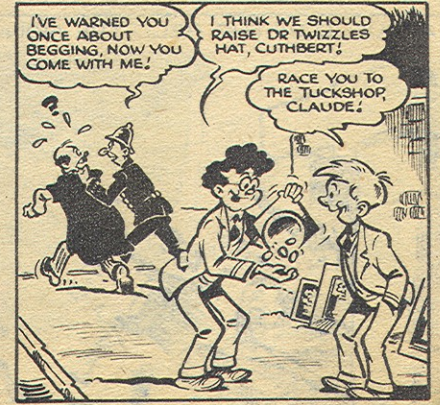
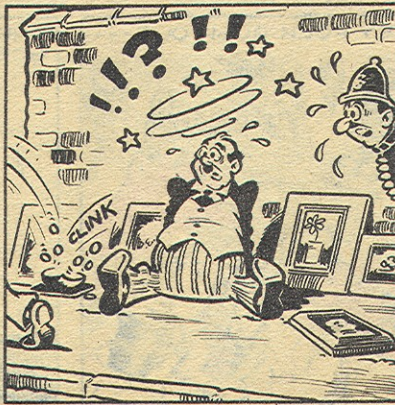
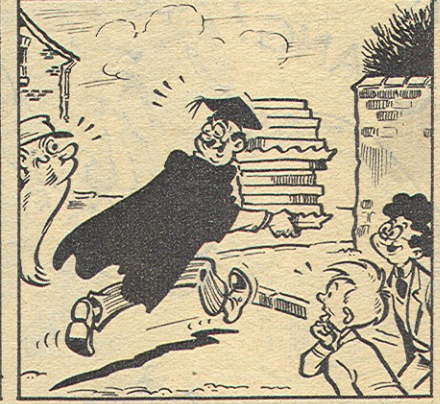
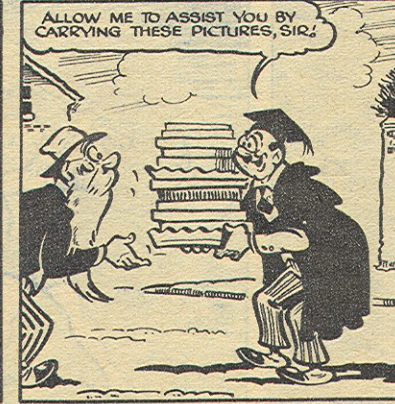
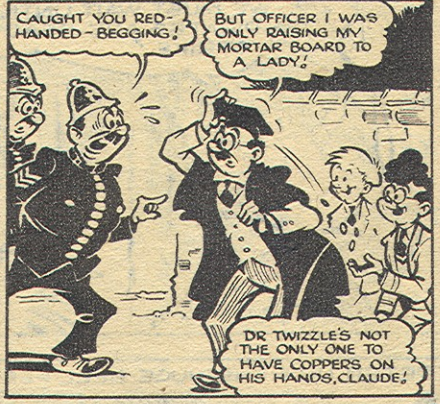
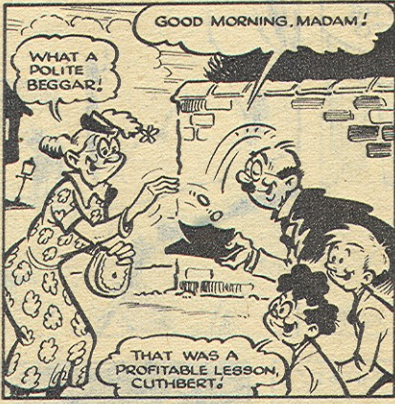
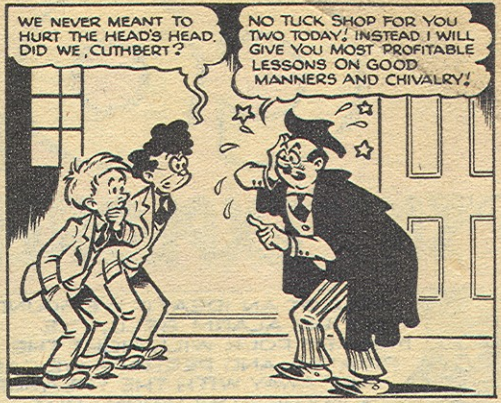
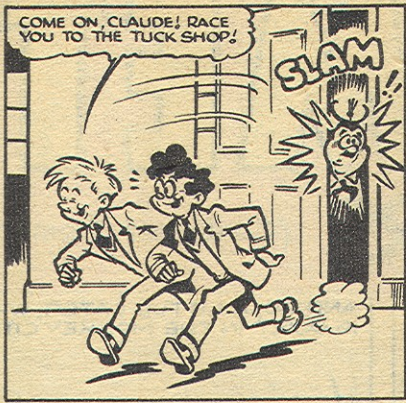
The British Explore the World by Canoe Society never did get their canoe device, however. The Professor decided that he would tell them that he could find nothing which would safely solve their problem, and he went home happily to continue his experiments on unbreakable eggs.

Next week—Willie's Patent Fly-Catcher.

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THE ADVENTURES OF
CLAUDE
 AND
CUTHBERT
 THE TWO NEW BOYS



COMET

PRICE
3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

