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DANGEROUS WATERS

**FROM THE STORY BY
JACK COX**





JUST OUT!

DON'T
MISS OUR
THRILLING
COMPANION
ISSUE

64
**ACTION-
PACKED
PICTURE
PAGES!**

This is the strange story of a "dead" man, who returned from the jungle... of the terror he brought to a quiet home in England... and of the frightened girl who alone held the key to a fabulous treasure...

Most of all, it is the story of Rip Kirby and his duel, with his greatest enemy, a man who truly deserved his name of "The Devil's Henchman."

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No. 148 of
**SUPER
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LIBRARY**

**AND DON'T FORGET TO ORDER NEXT MONTH'S
TWO EXCITING ISSUES!**

DANGEROUS WATERS

FROM THE STORY BY
JACK COX

JOHN SKIPTON HAD COME TO STAY WITH RELATIVES ON THE SCILLY ISLANDS, TO INDULGE IN HIS PASSION FOR UNDERWATER SWIMMING... BUT AS HE WATCHED THE WAVES LASHING THE ROCKS BELOW, HE COULDN'T HELP THINKING THAT HIS HOLIDAY LOOKED LIKE BEING A WASTED ONE.

HE TURNED GLOOMILY TO THE TWO MEN STANDING BESIDE HIM... UNCLE JOHN, AND GREAT-GRANDFATHER TREMELLYN, WHO HAD LIVED ALL THEIR LIVES ON THE ISLAND.



IS THERE ANY
CHANCE OF THE WIND
DROPPING SOON, UNCLE?

NOT A HOPE.
WE'RE IN FOR A STORM,
AS MY GRANDFATHER
HERE WILL TELL YOU.

AYE, WHEN
I WAS YOUNG, WE'D
BE LOOKING FOR
WRECKS ON A NIGHT
LIKE THIS.

YOU AND YOUR WRECK.
GRANDFATHER? WE HAVEN'T HAD
ONE ON THIS PART OF THE COAST
FOR YEARS. LET'S GET BACK INTO
THE HOUSE AND FORGET THE
STORY.



BUT THAT VERY NIGHT A SAILING BOAT
WAS SWEEPED ON TO THE ROCKS.



SPRAY AND BREAKERS
FOAMED ALONG HER EMPTY
DECK, AND THE UNMANNED
WHEEL SWUNG WILDLY.



BELOW DECKS, TWO MEN FOUGHT,
WATCHED BY A FRIGHTENED BOY.

"I'M NOT GOING
TO LET YOU BLACKMAIL
ME, BRESLER."



WITH A MOAN OF HORROR, THE BOY
COVERED HIS EYES, AS THE MAN WHO
SPOKE WAS FLUNG BACK AGAINST THE
TABLE...

"ALL RIGHT,
IF THIS IS THE
WAY YOU WANT IT..."



MEANWHILE, SKIPPER WAS SLEEPING UNEASILY IN THE D.N. OF THE STORM, WHEN A TOUNDING ON HIS DOOR AWAKENED HIM..



SKIPPER COULD NOT STAY IN BED... BUNDLING ON SOME CLOTHES AND AN OILSKIN, HE FOLLOWED HIS RELATIVES OUT INTO THE FURY OF THE STORM.



SHIPPER RAN AHEAD TO JOIN SOME LOCAL PEOPLE ON THE SHORE, WHO WERE TRYING TO CATCH A GLIMOSE OF THE DOCKED VESSEL.



OLD TRENELLYN GRASPED HIS GRANDSON'S ARM EXCITEDLY.



SKIPPER JOINED THEM IN A WILD SCRAMBLE
OVER THE ROCKS... A MOMENT LATER,
THEY SAW THE VESSEL...

THERE SHE IS!
LOOK, SHE'S ALMOST
ON THE POINT!



SKIPPER STOOD, HORRIFIED AS THE BEAM
OF THE LIGHTHOUSE PICKED OUT THE LAST
MOMENT OF THE DOOMED YACHT.



SKIPPER TURNED WILDLY TO THE OTHERS...

HADN'T WE - BETTER GET DOWN
TO THE BEACH - JUST IN CASE SOMEONE
GETS WASHED ASHORE...



AS SKIPPER RAN DOWN TO THE SHORE, GREAT WAVES SMASHED INTO THE BROKEN SHIP, AND SHE VANISHED IN A TURMOIL OF WATER. THEN, SECONDS LATER, AS THE LIGHTHOUSE BEAM FLASHED AGAIN...

THERE'S SOMEBODY... IN THE WATER!

AS GREAT WAVES FLEW THE HUMAN FLOTSAM TOWARDS HIM, SKIPPER DASHED INTO THE HISSING SURGING SEA. HE STRONG HAND CLUTCHED A BELT.

HE FOUGHT TO KEEP HIS FEET SASPING AND DEAFENED BY THE ROARING CASCADE. ... THEN A STRONG VOICE SCOLTED:

ALL RIGHT, SKIPPER! HANG ON TO HIM. WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU BOTH RESCUED!

SOAKED AND EXHAUSTED,
THEY DRAGGED THE
SURVIVOR OUT OF THE
REACH OF THE WAVE.

THERE WAS
ANOTHER ONE
SAW HIM ON A
LEDGE, BUT THE
NEXT MINUTE HE'D
GONE.

HE'S ALIVE
JUST ABOUT
BREATHING.



TAKING TURNS WITH THE OTHER MEN, WHO HAD RUN TO THE SPOT, THEY
NOTED ON THE INCONSCIOUS BOY WITH ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

HIS BREATHING
BETTER NOW, JOE.

AH, BUT
HE'S TAKEN A
VASTY KNOCK,
BRING HIM UP TO
MY HOUSE,
LAOS.



NEXT DAY, SKIPPER SLEPT LATE. WHEN HE AWOKED AT LAST, THE STORM HAD DIED DOWN. THE BOY HAD BEEN PUT ON A CAMP BED IN THE PARLOUR, AND THE DOCTOR HAD BEEN TO EXAMINE HIM...



THE DOCTOR SAYS HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A DAY OR TWO. HIS NAME IS PETER COVELL. THE POOR MITE. HE RAN AWAY FROM AN ORPHANAGE AND SICKED AWAY ON THE BOAT. WHAT AN EXPERIENCE FOR HIM ---

HAS HE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE WRECK?



ONLY THAT THERE WAS A CONVERTED BOOZER WITH AN ALARMING ENGINE VIBRATION

HE SEEMS TERRIBLY SCARED. IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE WRECK

SKIPPER FROWNED THOUGHTFULLY. IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT THE ORDEAL WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO UNNERVE ANYONE. HIS AUNT, HE THOUGHT, WAS IMAGINING THINGS.

BUT IT'S ALL VERY ODD... WHAT WERE THE CREW DOING TO LET THE BOAT RUN INTO SUCH DANGER?



LATER, HE TOOK A TRAY OF FOOD INTO PETER COVELL'S ROOM. THE YOUNG STRANGER WAS GRATEFUL TO SKIPPER FOR SAVING HIM, BUT HE DID NOT SEEM TO WISH TO TALK ABOUT THE WRECK.

WHAT HAPPENED? DID SHE GET OUT OF CONTROL?

YES. THAT WAS IT. SHE GOT OUT OF CONTROL. I THINK HER... HER RUDDER WENT.

FOR A MOMENT, SKIPPER THOUGHT THE BOY WAS GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ELSE. BUT THEN HE FELL SILENT. SKIPPER PICKED UP A BELT FROM THE CLOTHES-HORSE...

IT'S A WONDER THE THING DIDN'T DRAG YOU DOWN WEIGHED WITH ALL THESE BADGES

I COLLECT ARMY BADGES. MY FATHER WAS IN THE ROYAL ENGINEERS. HE WAS KILLED IN KOREA.

TWO DAYS LATER, WHEN PETER COVELL WAS ALLOWED OUT SKIPPER TOOK HIM ON A TRIP AROUND THE ISLANDS. WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE BOAT, A STRANGER HELPED PETER ABOARD.



THE STRANGER INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS FRED WILSON... AS HE CHATTED TO SKIPPER AND PETER, IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT HE KNEW ALL ABOUT THE WRECK...



SKIPPER FROWNED THOUGHTFULLY



WILSON LOOKED ONLY AT THE BOY...



WILSON, TOO, STARED AGENY AT THE BOY WHOSE FACE HAD SUDDENLY BECOME CHALK WHITE...



SKIPPER TOOK PETER BELOW TO THE CABIN, AND THEN CAME BACK ON DECK...

YOUR FRIEND'S VERY JUMPY, SKIPPER.

I EXPECT IT'S THE REACTION

CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT THIS CHAP. HE SEEMS PLEASANT ENOUGH, BUT HE CERTAINLY S-DOOK YOUNG PETER

THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE WRECK GRIPPED SKIPPER'S MIND. WHY WAS PETER SO SCARED? WHY HAD HE STUMBLED OVER THE NAME OF THE YACHT? WHY HAD WILSON'S REMARK SO UPSET HIM? THE NEXT DAY SKIPPER BORROWED HIS UNCLE'S BOAT AND ROWED TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK...

A MARKER BUOY! THAT'S LUCKY! IF THE WRECK'S NOT TOO FAR DOWN, I'VE GOT A CHANCE OF HAVING A LOOK AT IT. I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE NAME OF THE BOAT MIGHT BE 'MUNTIAC'.

PUTTING ON A MASK AND FLIPPERS
SKIPPER DIVED INTO THE DARK WATER



BELOW HIM HE SAW A DARK MASS A-CHANGING
MIGHT WELL BE THE WRECK... BUT
ALREADY HIS LUNGS SEEMED TO BE
BURSTING.



AGAIN AND AGAIN
SKIPPER DIVED,
STRIVING TO GO
JUST A FATHOM
DEEPER... AT
LAST HIS HAND
TOUCHED THE
OF SOMETHING
LONG AND
SLENDER

IT'S A
MASK - BUT
ONLY BE A MASK
BUT I MUST GO
GO ANY DEEPER.



INDOUBTEDLY HE HAD
FOUND THE PENGUIN
BUT HE COULD GET
TO NEARER TO THE WRECK
DISPIRITED, HE
WENT TO THE DINGY.

STEPS NO MORE THAN
FORTY OR FIFTY FEET DOWN
ON FOR AN AQUALUNG AND
A LEAD BELT TO LIKE HALF
AN HOUR DOWN THERE,
LOOKING HER OVER.



SKIPPER BORROWED AN AQUALUNG
FROM THE RHODES FAMILY WHO
WERE FRIENDS OF HIS UNCLE. AS
YOUNG CLIFTON RHODES ROWED
BACK WITH HIM TO THE WRECKED
BOAT, SKIPPER TOLD HIM THE
STORY...

MAY BE
NOTHING IN IT!
MAYBE I'M BARKING
UP THE WRONG
TREE!

WELL,
GOOD LUCK,
ANYWAY,
SKIPPER!



THIS TIME AS HE SLEPT BELOW THE SURFACE, HE SHOT DOWN WITH EASE, AIR FLOWING INTO HIS YACHT, AND A FEW MINUTES HE HAD FOUND THE WRECK.



THERE WAS NO NAME ON THE YACHT'S HULL, BUT ON A RUSSIAN BOAT, HE SWAM ROUND TO REVEAL THE SUPERSTRUCTURE.



HE HAD CONFIRMED HIS SUSPICIONS. NOW, AS HE ROILED BACK TO OIL MARTIN'S, HE REALIZED THAT THERE REMAINED THE PROBLEM OF PETER COVELL AND HIS STRANGE SILENCE.



THAT EVENING, SKIPPER AGAIN TACKLED
PETER COVELL ABOUT THE WRECK...
PETER'S FACE WAS TENSE AS HE REPLIED



I CAN'T TELL YOU!
BRESLER MAY STILL
BE ALIVE! I SAW
SOMEBODY ELSE IN THE
WATER...



WHO'S HE?
NOW LOOK! ANOTHER
MAN WAS SIGHTED, BUT
NOBODY COULD HAVE
LIVED IN THAT SEA.
YOU'VE NO NEED TO
WORRY

THEN PETER TALKED... HE TOLD SKIPPER
OF THE TERRIBLE SCENES IN THE STORM

THE BOAT BELONGED TO CATESBY,
BUT BRESLER WAS SAILING IT FOR HIM
TO TANGIER... I SAW BRESLER KILL
CATESBY... WHO WANTED A BIGGER
SHARE OF THE LOOT...



WHAT LOOT?



BREATHLESSLY, PETER TOLD HIM HOW THE TWO MEN HAD DISCOVERED HIM AND HAD SET HIM TO WORK AS A CABIN BOY. THEY HAD MADE NO ATTEMPT TO HIDE THEIR CRIME FROM HIM, AND SKIPPER COULDN'T HELP THINKING THAT IT WAS JUST AS WELL THAT THE BOAT HAD BEEN WRECKED. IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE BOY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE BOAT ALIVE.



THE DOCTORS ARRIVAL ENDED THE TALK, AND SKIPPER WENT OUTSIDE TO THINK OVER THE BOYS STORY. WAS PETER STILL IN DANGER...

IF WILSON'S ONE OF THAT GANG HE'LL BE AFTER THE LAD.



BUT SOMEHOW SKIPPER COULD NOT BELIEVE HE WAS A CROOK. HE SEEMED A PERSON ONE COULD RELY ON, AND SKIPPER AT LAST DECIDED TO HAVE AN OPEN CHAT WITH HIM. THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HE FOUND WILSON AT THE AIRPORT.

WOULD SKIPPER, LOOKING FOR ME?



WILSON'S NEXT WORDS
ASTOUNDED SKIPPER...

I KNEW YOU'D
BE SENSIBLE AND
COME TO TALK TO
ME. DO YOU THINK
IT WAS THE
MUNTJAC?

I KNOW
IT WAS THE
"MUNTJAC"
DIVED DOWN
TO IT WITH AN
AQUALUNG.



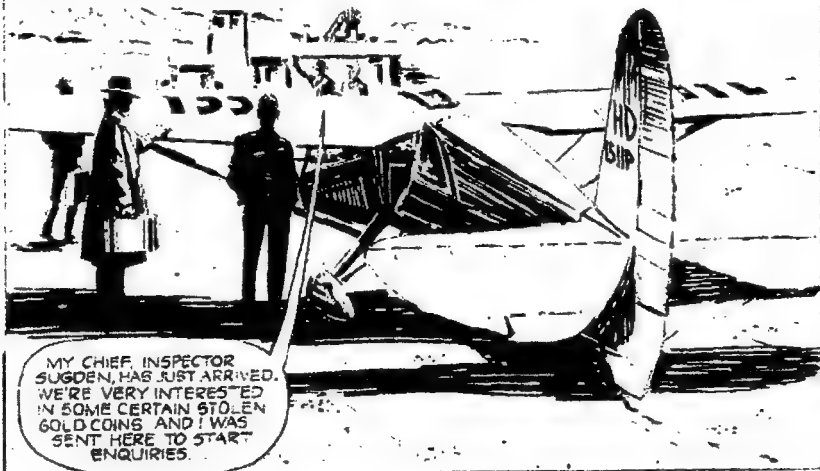
WILSON SUDDENLY TOOK A LEATHER
CARD CASE FROM HIS POCKET AND
FLIPPED IT OPEN.

IT'S TIME
YOU KNEW WHO
I AM, SKIPPER

DETECTIVE
INSPECTOR PHILIP
CHARLES WILSON,
C.I.D.



SKIPPER AT ONCE TOLD THE INSPECTOR ALL HE KNEW ABOUT THE AFFAIR. WILSON
LISTENED WITH KEEN INTEREST.



MY CHIEF, INSPECTOR
SUGDEN, HAS JUST ARRIVED.
WE'RE VERY INTERESTED
IN SOME CERTAIN STOLEN
GOLD COINS AND I WAS
SENT HERE TO START
ENQUIRIES.

SKIPPER WAS INTRODUCED TO SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN, AND WARNED THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO ANSWER A LOT OF QUESTIONS, BUT HE HAD A QUESTION TO ASK

WHY DIDN'T YOU INTERVIEW
PETER STRAIGHT AWAY?

THE DOCTOR SAID
HE WAS IN A NERVOUS STATE
I GUESSED HE WOULD SOON
WANT TO CONFIDE IN
SOMEBODY
FRIENDLY.
YOU, FOR
INSTANCE!

FROM THEN ON, SKIPPER
WAS QUESTIONED AND
QUESTIONED AGAIN BY
THE SUPERINTENDENT.
A SALVAGE VESSEL
ARRIVED, AND HE WAS
TAKEN ABOARD TO
WATCH DIVING
OPERATIONS AT PLUMB
ISLAND

IF THE SAFE'S
HERE, AND THE
COINS ARE IN
IT, HE'LL FIND 'EM
AND THAT'LL BE
A RELIEF

WE'RE VERY
GRATEFUL FOR
YOUR INFORMATION,
SKIPPER.



THE STREAMING FIGURE OF THE DIVER WAS HAULED UP. HE LAY SIMPLY ON THE DECK AS HIS HELMET WAS SWIFTLY REMOVED.

WHAT
HAPPENED
GEORGE?

MY BACK...
SOMETHING
HIT ME AND
PASSED
OUT!

THE DIVER COULD ONLY TELL THEM THAT HE HAD GLIMPSED A FLASH OF BLACK AND WHITE, AND THEN SOMETHING HAD STRUCK HIM CLEVERLY IN THE BACK.

IT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN ONE
OF THE KILLER
WHALES WHICH
HAVE BEEN
REPORTED!

KILLER
WHALES! THEN I'M
NOT GOING DOWN AGAIN.



A STRANGLER GRUNT BROKE FROM SUPERINTENDENT SUSDEN.

WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE DELAY. WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND THOSE COINS!

WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER DIVER



SKIPPER HAD HIS OWN IDEAS. THAT EVENING, HE FOUND CLIFTON RHODES, AND ONCE MORE THEY ROWED OUT TO THE WRECK.

I'M GOING TO CHANCE HAVING ANOTHER LOOK! THAT DIVER MAY HAVE BEEN IMAGINING THINGS.





SKIPPER'S HEART POUNDED AS HE FREED THE TUBE. THE NEXT MOMENT, HE AGAIN SAW THE FLASH OF BLACK AND WHITE... IT WAS A FROGMAN!



THE FROGMAN SWIRLED FORWARD, SWINGING VICIOUSLY AT SKIPPER WITH AN ROV EAR, THAT HE MUST HAVE PICKED UP FROM THE BOAT DECK...





THE UNKNOWN ENEMY LOST SIGHT OF SKIPPER, AND THE YOUNG FROGMAN WENT QUICKLY TO THE SURFACE. HE TORE OFF HIS FACE PLATE TO BREATHE IN GREAT GASPS OF FRESH AIR AS CLIFTON ROWED OVER TO HIM.

WHAT'S UP, SKIPPER? YOU LOOK SHASTLY!

I FEEL IT! A FELLOW DOWN THERE JUST TRIED TO MURDER ME!



CLIFTON HELPED HIM INTO THE BOAT, AND SKIPPER RESTED GRATEFULLY WHILE HE TOWELLED HIMSELF.

HE COULD HAVE COME OUT ANYWHERE AMONG THE ROCK POOLS. HE WAS READY TO KILL TO KEEP ANYBODY AWAY FROM THAT SAFE!





I MUST GET BACK TO THE HOUSE AND PHONE WILSON. HE'LL HAVE TO SPEED UP HIS PLANS TO GET THAT SAFE UP.

LATER, SKIPPER FOUND THAT WILSON WAS NOT AT HIS LODGINGS . . . THE LANDLADY HAD NO IDEA WHEN HE WOULD BE BACK. HE WENT HOME VERY WORRIED . . .



I REALLY MUST REPORT TO INSPECTOR WILSON. PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE LEFT A MESSAGE FOR HIM TO RING BACK?

IT'LL KEEP TILL MORNING. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?

SKIPPER RELATED - S BRV
UNDERWATER ADVENTURE TO - S
ASTONISHED RELATIVES....

NO WONDER YOU
WANT TO TALK TO
WILSON.



SKIPPER WANTED TO TALK TO
PETER, BUT HE WAS ASLEEP. SO
HE WENT TO BED AND
SLEPT UNEASILY, UNTIL HE
AWAKENED SUDDENLY - HOURS
LATER...

I'M SURE I HEARD
SOMETHING. THERE IS
SOMEBODY MOVING
ABOUT!





THE REST OF THE NIGHT WAS SPENT IN A BLIND, FUTILE, SEARCH. THE POLICE DID NOT ARRIVE UNTIL LATE IN THE MORNING.

... WE'LL SOON FIND THE
BOY. ALL THE ISLAND POLICE ARE
LOOKING FOR HIM.

WE'VE GOT
BAD NEWS FOR
YOU, TOO
SKIPPER

WE'VE BEEN
OUT AGAIN IN THE
SALVAGE SHIP AND
WE MANAGED TO
BRING UP THE
SAFE...

THE SAFE WAS
EMPTY... IF THE COINS
WERE EVER IN IT,
SOMEONE'S TAKEN
THEM...

WHILE SKIPPER'S MIND REBELLIED WITH THE NEWS, THE TWO OLD MEN WENT INTO THE PARLOUR...



AT THAT MOMENT, INSPECTOR WILSON CALLED EXCITEDLY FROM THE WINDOW...





SHORTLY AFTERWARDS THE SCOTLAND YARD MEN LEFT.



AS SKIPPER STOOD LOOKING WOOLLY INTO SPACE, HIS UNCLE SLIPPED AN ARM ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS.



WHILE THE POLICE INTENSIFIED THE SEARCH FOR PETER, SKIPPER AND HIS UNCLE CROSSED TO GREAT GANILLY.



SKIPPER SAT DOWN, AND STUDIED THE NEARBY SEAL ISLAND THROUGH THE GLASSES.



THAT LOOKS LIKE
ANOTHER OF THE
BRONZE AGE BURIAL
MOUNDS OVER THERE.



BUT SKIPPER SHIFTED HIS FIELD OF
VISION TO STUDY THE SEALS.



THEN HIS EYE WAS CAUGHT BY A
MOVEMENT IN THE SKY OVER THE
ISLAND, AND HE SAW A GRACEFUL
BIRD WHICH HE RECOGNIZED AS A
PERSIAN FAUCON.



SKIPPER WATCHED THE FALCON SOAR UP IN A FLUTTER OF ALARM!

THAT'S STRANGE! THAT FALCON WAS SCARED BY SOMETHING-AND YET NOBODY LIVES ON THAT ISLAND.

HE WAS VERY QUIET WHEN HE REJOINED HIS UNCLE FOR THE TRIP BACK TO ST. MARTIN'S.

DID YOU ENJOY YOUR VISIT OF SEAL ISLAND?

YES. IT WAS VERY INTERESTING, AND IT GAVE ME A HUNCH!

SKIPPER THOUGHT OF PETER AND HE COULD NOT HELP THINKING THAT SEAL ISLAND WOULD MAKE A GOOD SPOT TO HIDE A KIDNAPPED BOY. SOME TIME LATER, SKIPPER FOUND CLIFTON WITH HIS FAMILY ON THE BEACH.

WILL YOU COME TO SEAL ISLAND WITH ME TONIGHT? I NEED SOMEBODY TO WATCH THE BOAT AND GIVE WARNING IN CASE SOMEBODY COMES.

GOSH! THAT SOUNDS EXCITING... YES, I'LL COME!

THAT NIGHT, THEY ROWED OVER TO SEAL ISLAND.



AS THEY GROUNDED ON A SMALL BEACH, SKIPPER LEAPT ASHORE AND PULLED THE BOAT ON TO THE SANDS...



SKIPPER LEFT CLIFTON BY THE BOAT AND THEN CLAWED HIS WAY UP THE ROCKS, TOWARDS THE ANCIENT BURIAL CHAMBER...

I FEEL IT
IN MY BONES THAT
SOMEONE'S IN THERE!
IT COULD BE PETER!



AS HE REACHED THE ENTRANCE, HE HEARD A FAINT MOVEMENT.

THERE IS SOMEBODY
IN THERE... HERE GOES!



SKIPPER STEPPED INSIDE, INTO ALMOST COMPLETE DARKNESS...

I CAN HEAR
BREATHING...



THE NEXT MOMENT HE FROZE, AS HE REALIZED THAT THIS MIGHT NOT BE PETER AFTER ALL - IT COULD BE ONE OF PETER'S CAPTORS. AS HE STOOD THERE, LISTENING, HE SUDDENLY HEARD THE FAINT SCRAPPING OF SHOES. INVOLUNTARILY, HE SHOUTED OUT:



THE NEXT MOMENT HE FELT AN ARM GRASPING HIS THROAT, AND HE WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...



HARD, SNEWY HANDS CAME FOR SKIPPER'S THROAT. SKIPPER FOUGHT, TRYING TO BREAK THE STRANGLEHOLD.



HE REALISED THE BIG MAN WAS TOO STRONG FOR HIM AND BROUGHT UP HIS KNEE. THEN HE DASHED INTO THE OPEN... AND AT THAT MOMENT HE HEARD CLIFTON'S WARNING CRY.



HE FLUNG HIMSELF FLAT IN THE GRACKEN, AS A SECOND MAN CAME UP FROM THE BEACH...



SILENTLY SKIPPER WORMED HIS WAY DOWN TO THE BEACH. HE HEARD THE MEN'S LOW VOICES ABOVE AS THEY SEARCHED FOR HIM. . .

LET'S HOPE THE
BOAT WILL GIVE ME
A CLUE.



THE DINGHY HAD BEEN NEWLY VARNISHED, BUT SKIPPER TOOK OUT HIS JACK-KNIFE AND CUT A MARK ON THE BOW.

THE MARK OF THE
DOUBLECROSS! THAT
SHOULD HELP ME TO
FIND THEM LATER ON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE HAD CREDIT ROUND TO JOIN CLIFTON



ROW HARD, CLIF!
I'VE DONE ALL I CAN
HERE!

HOURS LATER, SKIPPER SAT GLUMLY IN THE COASTGUARD STATION. A POLICE RAID ON SEAL ISLAND HAD DRAWN BLANK.

WELL, WHOEVER THEY WERE, SKIPPER THEY'VE GONE NOW.

BUT THEY CAN STILL BE TRACED, BY THE MARK I MADE ON THEIR BOAT...

THERE'S SOMETHING IN WHAT SKIPPER SAYS. I THINK WE SHOULD KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR THAT BOAT.

ALL RIGHT.

SKIPPER DECIDED TO LOOK FOR IT, TOO. HE TOLD CLIFTON RHODES' FAMILY ABOUT IT, AND LATER THEY ALL SET OFF ON A SEARCH OF THE ISLANDS...



SKIPPER WAS DELIGHTED TO HEAR THAT PETER'S FUTURE WAS TO BE A HAPPY ONE, BUT FIRST, HE AND THE BOAT HAD TO BE FOUND. THEY HAD NO LUCK IN THEIR SEARCH FOR SOME DAYS, AND SKIPPER AND MR. RHODES WERE GETTING DEPENDENT, WHEN PAT RHODES RAN TO THEM.



TAKING DART'S HAND, SKIPPER DASHED WITH HER TOWARDS THE QUAY.



SKIPPER GROANED AS HE DASHED ON TO THE QUAY.

THAT'S HER GOING OUT TO SEA!



SKIPPER STARED DOWN HOPEFULLY AT THE TWO PEOPLE IN THE BOAT THAT WAS MOORED TO THE QUAY BELOW.

WE WANT TO FOLLOW THAT BOAT IF YOU'RE HEADING THAT WAY. I WONDER IF YOU'D GIVE US A LIFT?

OK, M.I.S. OR WHATEVER YOU ARE! HOP IN!

SKIPPER AND CLIF LEAPT DOWN INTO THE BOAT. THEIR SPIRITS ROSE AS THE MAN STARTED UP A POWERFUL ENGINE...

THIS IS VERY GOOD OF YOU! I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT'S ABOUT YET, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT.

THE SPEEDY VESSEL CUT ITS WAY THROUGH THE WATER, AND IN MINUTES IT WAS OVERHAULING THE DINGHY.

HE'S HEADING FOR
BRYHER... WE'D BETTER
NOT GET TOO CLOSE -- HE
MUSTN'T KNOW WE'RE FOLLOWING
HIM.



AS THEY WENT INTO THE HARBOUR OF BRYHER, THEY SAW THEIR QUARRY JUMP ON TO THE QUAY...



SKIOPER THANKED THE COUPLE FOR THEIR HELP AS HE AND THE BOY LEAPT ON TO THE STONE STEPS OF THE QUAY.

I'LL BE BACK
AFTER WE'VE BEEN
TO TRESKO. DO YOU
WANT A LIFT?



THEN THEY BEGAN TO TRAIL THEIR MAN THROUGH THE NARROW, WINDING STREETS. SUDDENLY HE TURNED TO MEET A WOMAN AND THEY SLIPPED BACK OUT OF SIGHT JUST IN TIME.



HALLO, SOMEBODY
KNOWS HIM. I'LL SPEAK
TO HER IN A MOMENT.
CLIF...

SKIPPER STOPPED THE WOMAN, AS SHE CAME ROUND THE CORNER.

EXCUSE ME... I WONDER
IF YOU COULD GIVE ME THE ADDRESS
OF THAT MAN WHO'S GONE UP THE
ROAD? MY FRIEND AND I WANT TO DO
SOME FISHING, AND HE MAY BE ABLE TO
HELP US.

MIR PEARCE?
HE LIVES IN IVY
COTTAGE, AT THE
END OF THE ROAD...
I'M SURE HE WILL
HELP YOU.



SKIPPER GRINNED, AS HE HURRIED
ON WITH CLIF.

WE KNOW HIS
NAME AND WHERE
HE LIVES NOW.
AND I'M SURE HE
WAS ONE OF THE
MEN ON SEAL
ISLAND.



THEY WATCHED PEARCE TURN INTO
THE YARD OF A DILAPIDATED, LONELY
HOUSE.

SO FAR
SO GOOD! NOW
WHAT?

I'LL GO IN AND
TALK ABOUT FISHING.
CLIFTON... MAYBE
PEARCE'S FRIENDS
WILL BE THERE.



BOLDLY SKIPPER WALKED TO THE DOOR OF THE COTTAGE.

SORRY TO ATRUDE
LIKE THIS, BUT I WONDERED
IF YOU COULD HELP US...

HALLO, I KNOW YOU
QUITE FAMOUS, AREN'T
YOU, GETTING INTO THE
PAPERS, AND I THINK I'VE
SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE
ELSE.

SKIPPER'S GAZE WAS ON THE THICK SET HULK OF A MAN. HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED
PETER HAD TOLD HIM THAT BRESLER WORE A BEARD...

YOU'RE A
SMART LAD, BUT
DON'T DO
"VEDDLE"

I'M SURE THAT
FELLOW'S BRESLER.

SUDDENLY THE BEARDED MAN'S FACE BECAME SUFFUSED WITH RAGE...



BEFORE SKIPPER AND CLIF COULD MOVE, THE THREE POWERFUL MEN HAD CURLED THEMSELVES ON TO THEM... THEIR STRUGGLES WERE USELESS



SKIPPER AND CLIFTON WERE BOUND AND GAGGED, AND THROWN INTO A SHED. AS THE MOON ROSE, THEY WERE FREED FROM THEIR BONDS AND TAKEN DOWN TO A BOAT.

WE'RE IN BRESLER'S HANDS NOW... AND HE'S A KILLER! I WONDER WHAT HE HAS DONE WITH PETER?



THEY WERE TAKEN TO A BOAT ANCHORED A MILE FROM SHORE AND HURLED ABOARD.

GET BELOW, AND STAY QUIET.



DOWN BELOW IN THE CABIN, THEY HEARD THE RUMBLE OF THE AUXILIARY ENGINE, THEN SNIPPER BECAME AWARE OF ANOTHER SOUND... A STRANGE UNEVEN THUDDING

WHAT'S THAT NO SE?

IT'S THE PROPELLER SHAFT THUMPING.



SNIPPER LEAD FORWARD.

NO, IT'S NOT
IT'S COMING FROM
THE LOCKER
DOOR - SOMEONE'S
HERE



SEVERAL POWERFUL KICKS SMASHED THE LOCKER DOOR AND SKIPPER PULLED A LIMP, MUMBLING FIGURE FROM INSIDE.



PETER: AY
I GLAD TO SEE
YOU!

FREED FROM THE STRONG CORDLINE AND WITH THE STIFLING GAS TORN FROM HIS MOUTH, PETER TOLD THEM HOW BRESLER HAD BEATEN HIM TO TRY TO FIND OUT WHERE THE COINS WERE.



HED HAVE KILLED
ME IF IT HADNT BEEN FOR
THE PEARCE BROTHERS.
THEY FOUND HIM WHEN
HE WAS WASHED UP, AND
HE PROMISED THEM A
HALF SHARE IF
THEYD HELP HIM

SO THEY STILL
HAVEN'T GOT THE
COINS, AND YOU
DONT KNOW WHERE
THEY ARE!



THEY HEARD FOOTSTEPS THUMPING ON THE PLANKS ABOVE, AND SKIPPER LEAPED SILENTLY UP THE COMPANION STEPS TO THE HATCH. AS SOON AS THE DOOR OPENED, HE THURLED HIMSELF FORWARD.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE - UGH!

COME DOWN, YOU!



THE SWINGING BLOW FROM THE SAUCEPAN STUNNED PEARCE. INSTANTLY SKIPPER CALLED THE TWO BOYS TO FOLLOW HIM, AS HE RATED FOR THE HATCH. UP ON THE DECK HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH BRESLER!



THEY CIRCLED ROUND EACH OTHER FOR A FEW SECONDS, AND THEN SKIPPER WENT IN, HIS SWINGING.



AS BRESLER REELED, ALL THREE FLEW THEMSELVES AT HIM.



BREGLER CRASHED TO THE DECK, AND SKIPPER SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET. AS THE VESSEL HEeled OVER TO A SUDDEN SQUALL, HE HALF-RAN, HALF-SUTHERED TOWARD THE MAN AT THE WHEEL...



FURIOUSLY SKIPPER THURLED HIMSELF AT THE HELMSMAN AND THE ELDER PEARCE CURSED AS HE TRIED TO TROW HIM OFF



WITH A SWINGING PUNCH HE SENT PEARCE STAGGERING. THEN SKIFFER
LEAPED TO THE WHEEL AND SWUNG IT HARD OVER



THE KETCH HEELED DANGEROUSLY AND A FLOODING CRASH RAN RIGHT
THROUGH HER



THE KETCH BEGAN TO BREAK UP ON THE JAGGED ROCKS
HANDS AND LEAPT FROM THE DECK.

SKIPPER SEIZED THE BOYS'



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100. NO. 99

THE THREE FOUGHT THROUGH THE RAGING SEA TOWARDS A ROCK. WHILE
BEHIND THEM, THE VESSEL SANK RAPIDLY BENEATH THE WATERS



SOAKED AND SHIVERING, SKIPPER AND HIS FRIENDS CLAMBERED ON TO A LEDGE, WHERE THEY STAYED THROUGH THE NIGHT HOURS.



THERE'S
JUST ONE
HOPE. THE
WRECK MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
SEEN BY THE
ROUND HOUSE
LIGHT-
KEEPERS

WHEN CHAN ARRIVE, THEY HAD A FURTHER ADJACATING THEM.



"HANG ON,
WE CAN'T GET
CLOSE ENOUGH IN
THIS SEA TO TAKE
YOU OFF. BUT
WE'VE ASKED FOR
A HELICOPTER.

"I'LL
TRY TO
US FROM 1000
16-10-1961

HALF AN HOUR LATER, A FLEET AIR ARM HELICOPTER WAS HOVERING OVER THEM. A ROPE WAS LOWERED AND PETER WAS THE FIRST TO BE HAULED TO SAFETY.



SKIPPER HAD ONLY ONE THOUGHT AS HE SAT IN THE HELICOPTER AND LOOKED DOWN AT THE FIGURES OF THE TWO DEACONS AND BRESLER, STILL WAITING BELOW...

WELL, BRESLER IS TRAPPED NOW... BUT WE SEEM TO BE NO NEARER FINDING THOSE GOLD COINS.



WE'LL PICK THOSE FELLOWS UP LATER. THE POLICE AT ST. MARTINS ARE ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU.



INSPECTOR WILSON WAS GLUM WHEN HE VISITED THE BOY'S NEXT DAY.

WE'VE GOT BRESLER, AND HE
WILL STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF CATEBY.
BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T GOT THE COINS. I'D GIVE
MY MONTH'S PAY PACKET TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE...



HE PACED THE ROOM FOR A WHILE... AND THEN
HE NOTICED PETER'S BELT. HE GRINNED
SUDDENLY AS HE SAW THE ARRAY OF ARMY BADGES.

HALLO, YOU'VE
GOT AN INTERESTING
COLLECTION. THERE,
PETER, I USED TO
COLLECT THEM MYSELF
AS A LAD. DO YOU MIND
IF I LOOK AT THEM?



DON'T KNOW
IF YOU'VE NOTICED
PETER, BUT THE
STITCHING'S A BIT
DIFFERENT
HERE AT THE
BACK

IT'S ALL QUITE
CLEAR NOW.
CASSIDY COULDN'T
HAVE "RUSTED"
ROBBERIES FROM THE
BEGINNING, SO HE
HID THE COINS
IN THE BOYS' BELT
WHILE THEY WERE
BOTH ASLEEP...

...IT WAS A WISE PRECAUTION, WHICHEVER WAY YOU LOOK AT IT. SENT THE COINS FROM BRESLER... AND IF THEY WERE CAUGHT AT SEA, WAS ODDS AGAINST THE BOY BEING SEARCHED.

WELL, THANK GOODNESS IT'S ALL ENDED SATISFACTORILY, ESPECIALLY FOR JETER WHO KNOWS HE'S GOING TO BE VERY HAPPY WITH HIS NEW FAMILY WHEN HE GETS HOME.

[illegible]

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He held secrets that were worth more than just money to some people. Was the kidnapping an attempt to force him to turn traitor?

Blake set out to find the answer and walked into a case brim-full with trouble!



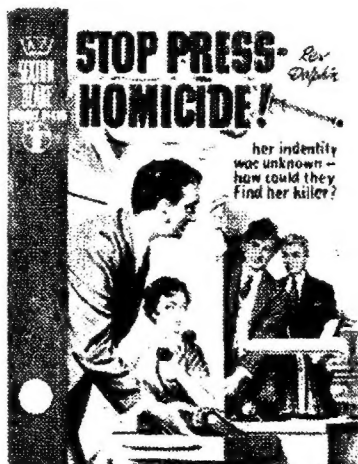
STOP PRESS—HOMICIDE!

by REX DOLPHIN

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The identity of the victim was unknown. All Blake could discover was that the body was that of a young woman. Even with the able help of Chief Detective Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard, it was a difficult case for Blake, with hardly any information to work on.

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