

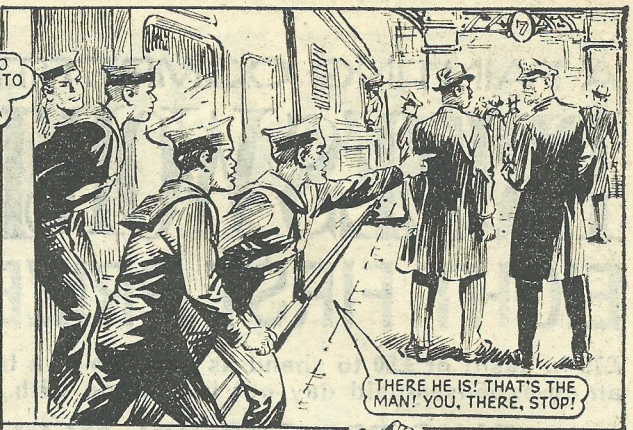


DASH IT, WE'RE GOING THROUGH A TUNNEL AND I CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING. I'LL GO BACK TO OUR COMPARTMENT!



Andy told his pals his suspicions. —SO WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING. HE'S UP TO NO GOOD, AND HE CERTAINLY ISN'T A SAILOR.

WE'RE NEARLY IN KING'S CROSS STATION. THERE'S NO TIME FOR A FANCY PLAN.



THERE HE IS! THAT'S THE MAN! YOU, THERE, STOP!

WELL TACKLED, ANDY! HE WAS RUNNING AWAY—



GRAB HIM, LADS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

WHAT'S THIS? ER—I MUST LEAVE YOU, FLOYD. I—



W-WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? I'M A NAVAL COMMANDER! I-I'LL



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO! YOU'RE NO NAVAL COMMANDER!

HERE COMES C.P.O. HARDACRE, OUR CLASS INSTRUCTOR!

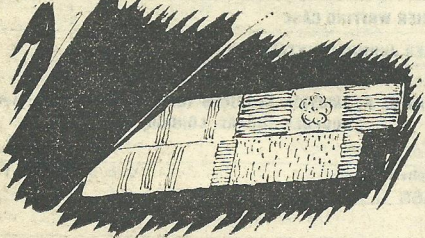


I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, SIR.

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, WILSON!

WELL DONE, WILSON. YOU DID WELL TO NOTICE THOSE RIBBONS.

Andy explained to Hardacre that he had spotted that the commander was incorrectly wearing the ribbon of the D.S.O. below that of the D.S.C. Hardacre immediately called the police and it turned out that the commander was a notorious confidence trickster who had involved Floyd in a fraudulent treasure ship hunt.



THERE'S A REWARD OUT FOR THAT MAN'S CAPTURE. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO ENJOY YOUR WEEKEND NOW, YOUNGSTER!

THANK YOU, SIR! I CERTAINLY WILL!