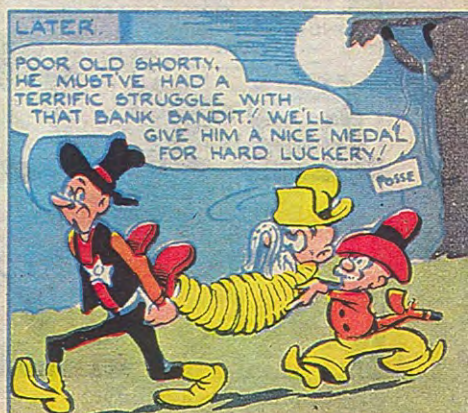
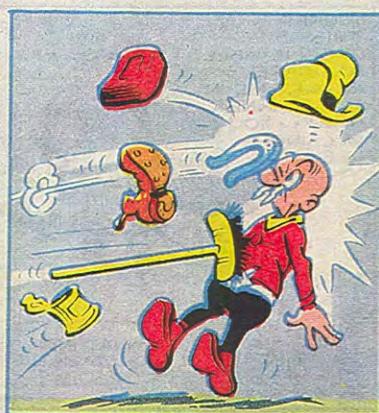
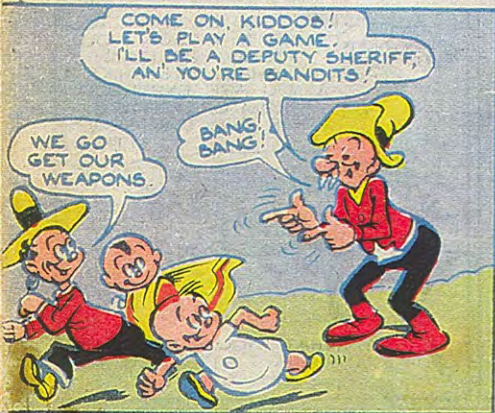
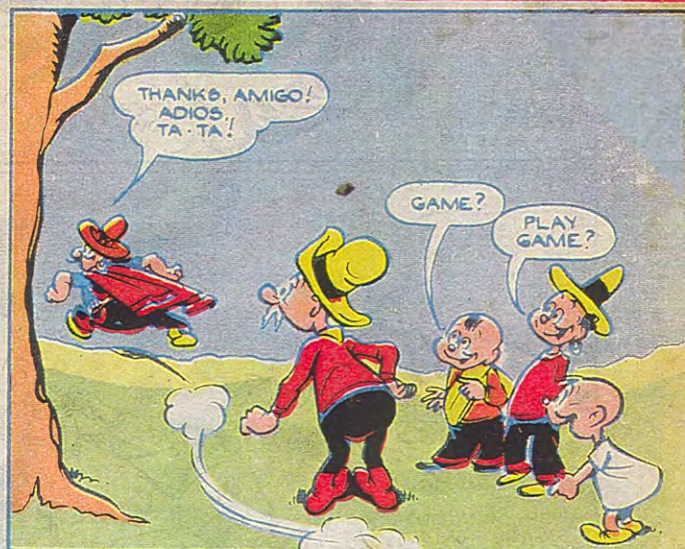
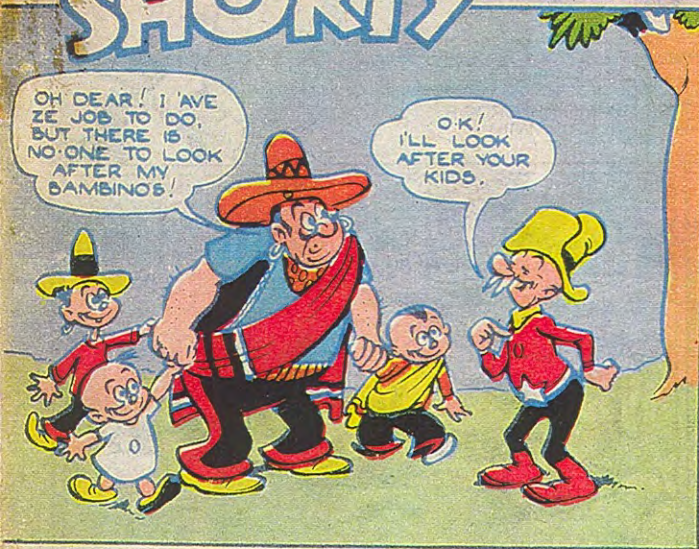


COMET

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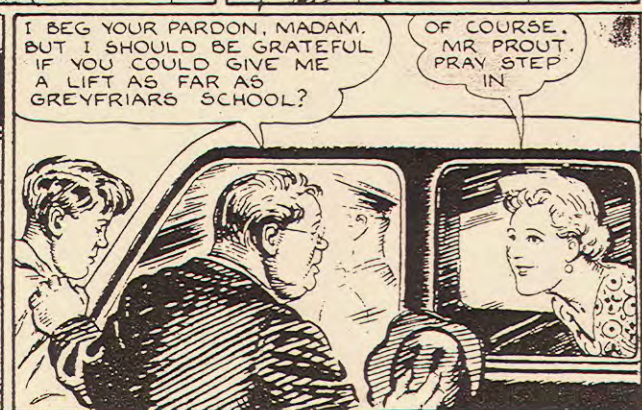
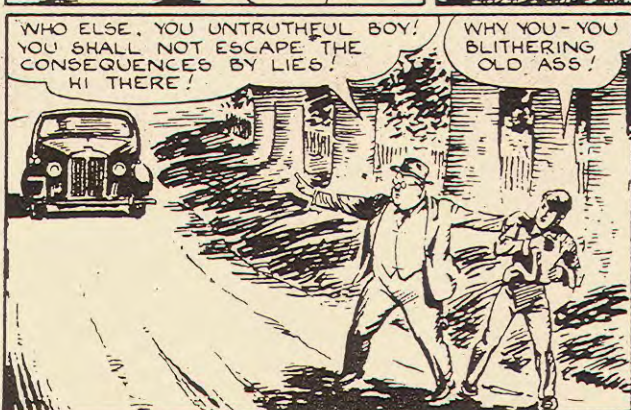
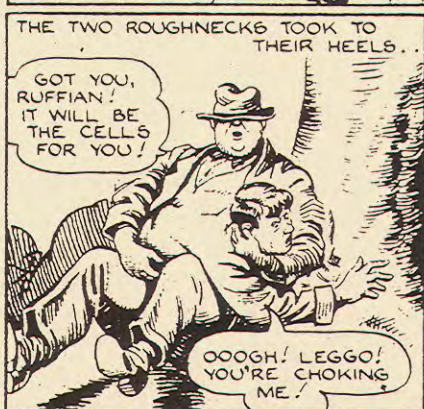
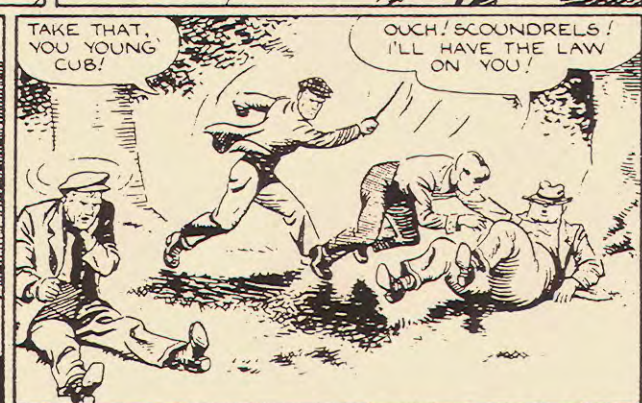
SHORTY

No. 214, August 23, 1952



THANKS to his motor-bike, Horace Coker is in trouble. He breaks bounds to meet his aunt in Friardale and is in Mr. Prout's bad books. Billy Bunter borrows Horace's bike, has an accident, and leaves Coker to take the blame. Meanwhile Mr. Prout has been attacked by robbers.

HORACE COKER'S MOTOR BIKE



OF COURSE, YOU ARE MISS COKER! I'M AFRAID I HAVE GRAVE NEWS FOR YOU, MADAM. YOUR NEPHEW HAS BEEN GUILTY OF A DASTARDLY ATTACK ON MY PERSON



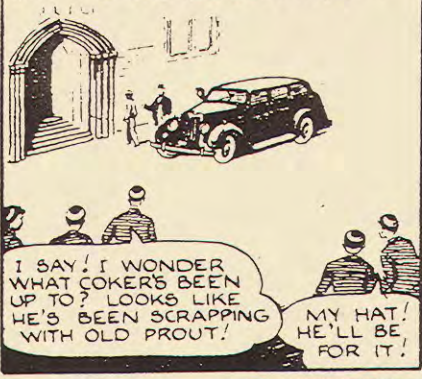
HORACE!

I SHOULD BE GLAD IF YOU WOULD ACCOMPANY ME TO THE HEADMASTER, MADAM. I REGRET THAT I SHALL DEMAND YOUR NEPHEW'S EXPULSION!



IF THAT'S WHAT YOU JOLLYWELL THINK OF ME, YOU CAN GO ON THINKING IT!

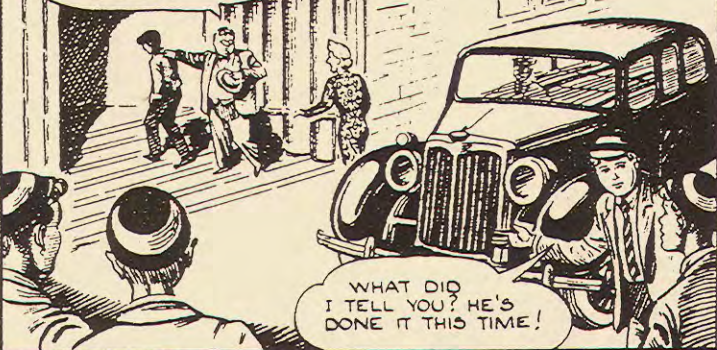
MISS COKER'S LIMOUSINE SWEEPED INTO THE OLD QUADRANGLE...



I SAY! I WONDER WHAT COKER'S BEEN UP TO? LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN SCRAPPING WITH OLD PROUT!

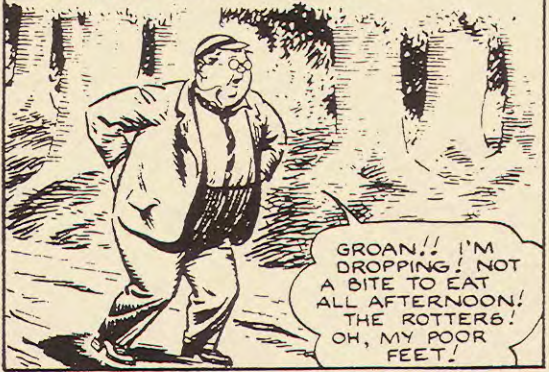
MY HAT! HE'LL BE FOR IT!

THIS WAY, MADAM. TO THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY!



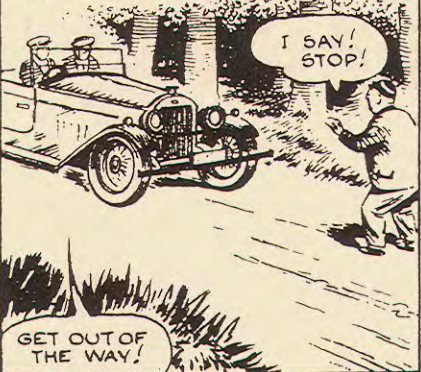
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? HE'S DONE IT THIS TIME!

MEANWHILE, BILLY BUNTER LIMPED PAINFULLY BACK ALONG FRIARDALE LANE...



GROAN!! I'M DROPPING! NOT A BITE TO EAT ALL AFTERNOON! THE ROTTERS! OH, MY POOR FEET!

THEN A RAMSHACKLE OLD CAR CAME IN SIGHT.



I SAY! STOP!

GET OUT OF THE WAY!

GIVE ME LIFT TO THE SCHOOL, YOU MEAN BEASTS -- I MEAN, MY GOOD FELLOWS!



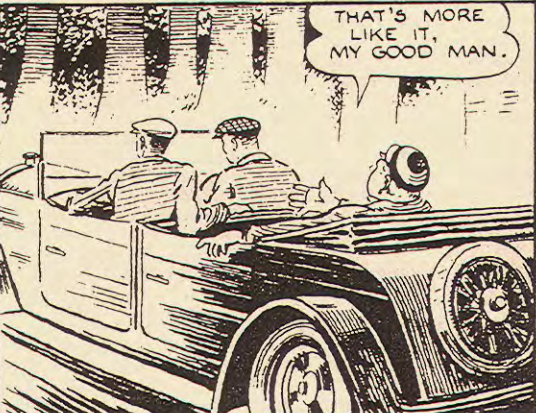
HOP IT, GET YOUR HANDS OFF! A WALK WOULD DO YOU GOOD, YOU FAT FREAK!

OH, REALLY! I COULD PAY JOLLY WELL, YOU KNOW! I'M NO BLINKING CADGER! MY PATER IS A WEALTHY NOBLEMAN!

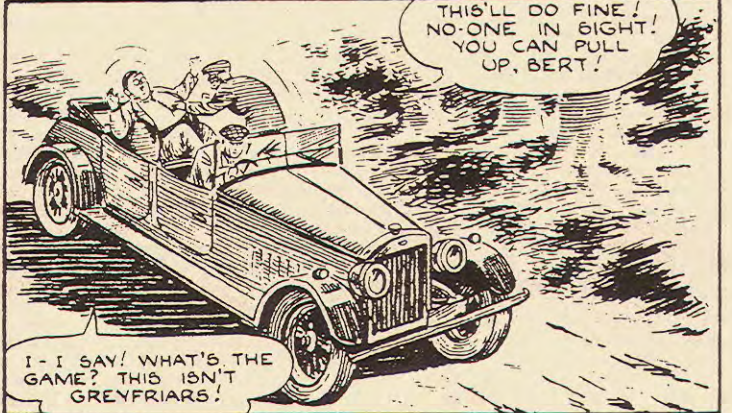
THAT'S DIFFERENT! HOP IN, FATTY!



THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, MY GOOD MAN.

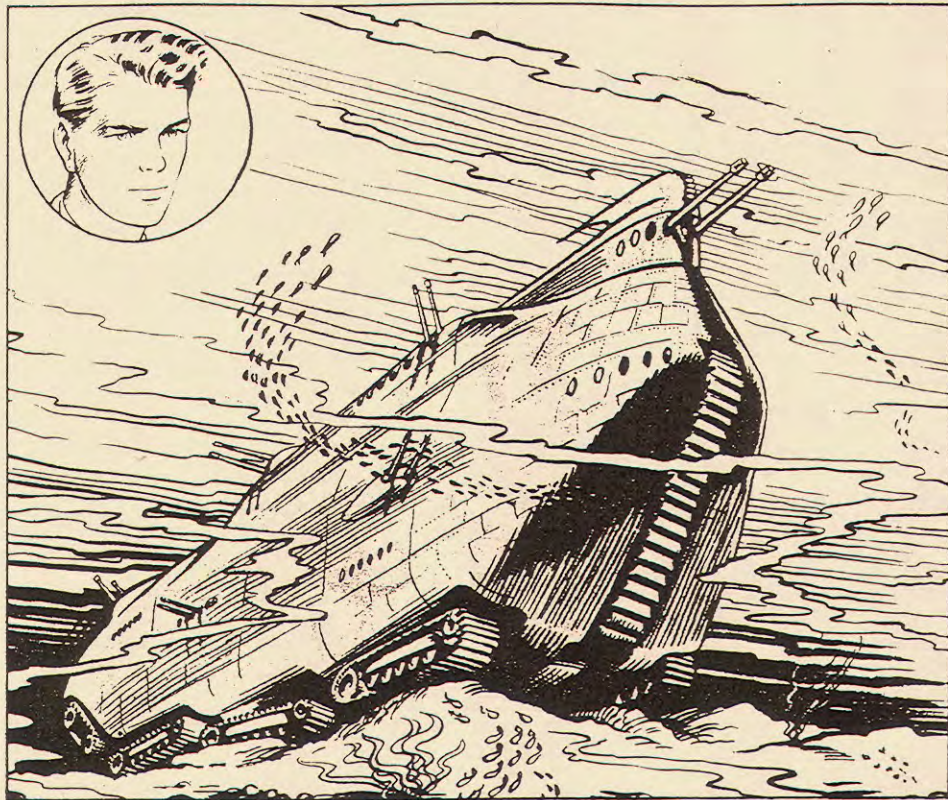


THIS'LL DO FINE! NO-ONE IN SIGHT! YOU CAN PULL UP, BERT!



I-I SAY! WHAT'S THE GAME? THIS ISN'T GREYFRIARS!

BOB HARLEY - SPECIAL AGENT



STARTING TODAY—THRILLS AND ADVENTURE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! BOB HARLEY FINDS NEW FRIENDS AND NEW PERILS ABOARD THE "PROWLER"—A MAN-MADE MONSTER OF THE DEEP!

INSPECTOR HARLEY of Scotland Yard slowed his car as it reached the edge of Bladen Moor. Ahead, in all directions stretched the rough gorse and craggy hills that made this moor one of the wildest spots in England.

Miles away to the east was the silvery gleam of the sea.

The Inspector reached for the brake, and stopped the car.

"This is it, Bob," he said to his sixteen-year-old son who sat beside him, "From now on, you're on your own."

Bob looked at his father.

"Can't you tell me anything about this job, Dad?"

"Only that from now on, Bob, you become a Special Agent. You are attached to 'X' branch of Scotland Yard. You've been picked out for big things, young Bob."

"But what is 'X' branch, Dad?"

The Inspector shrugged.

"You can call it Secret Service, if you like. Hardly anyone outside Scotland Yard even knows that such a thing as 'X' branch exists. It started during the war, when there was dangerous secret work to be done—

secret weapons to be guarded, spies to be tracked down. The men of 'X' branch are hand-picked, Bob. Every one of them is a first-rater. You'll be in good company, son!"

Bob nodded soberly.

"It's the sort of job I've always dreamed about, Dad. Gosh—but I'm lucky!"

"I wouldn't call it luck, Bob. You did a good job on that Ivory Mandarin case last year, when you were only a cadet at police college. You were on your own then, and you came through it like an old hand. You've earned this job in 'X' branch."

The Inspector looked at his wrist watch.

"It's eleven o'clock—time you were on your way." He held out his hand, and Bob took it. "Good luck, son. I only wish I was coming with you."

"I do too, Dad. So long—and take care of yourself."

A moment later Bob was striding away along the road. He stopped at the top of a rise to wave once to his Dad. The Inspector waved back. Then Bob dropped out of sight, as the road fell away on the far side

of the hill.

The Inspector turned his car around in the road, and began the long drive back to London. He was wondering when he would see Bob again.

Being made a Special Agent of "X" branch was a great honour for a youngster of sixteen.

It meant that the powers—that be reckoned Bob to have enough pluck for one of the most dangerous jobs in the world!

AN hour later Bob was still walking. That was according to the orders given him in London. Also, according to those orders, someone would meet him, and take him on the next mysterious step of his top-secret job.

Bob would know who this person was, because of the sign he would give.

"The wasps are causing a lot of damage to the fruit trees this year."

The words broke suddenly into Bob's thoughts. He started a little, and looked around for the speaker.

Those words formed the sign! There, sitting in the shade of

the hedge, was a young man. Like Bob, he was dressed in rough walking clothes—the sort of outfit any sensible chap would wear to go for a ten-mile tramp over Bladen Moor. As for the man himself, there was nothing special about him. He was of average height, he was thinly built, he wore glasses, and had gingerly hair. He looked like a young clerk, or shop assistant, out for a day's healthy exercise.

"The wasps are causing a lot of damage to the fruit trees this year," he said again, looking at Bob.

Bob collected his thoughts hurriedly. Those words told him that this was the man he wanted.

"Yes, they are," replied Bob, remembering that he had been told to say as the counter-sign. "But you can trap them in a jar half full of water with some apricot marmalade smeared round the sides."

The thin young man got up and grinned.

"Glad to meet you, Bob. My name's Rattigan—Ratty for short. Come on—let's get moving."

Leaving the road, Rattigan strode away across the dry scrubby grass, and Bob followed.

"What now?" Bob wanted to know.

"We're going pot-holing," explained his new friend. "Ever done any?"

"No—but I've heard about it. It's exploring underground caves and lakes, isn't it?"

"Yep. We've got some very special caves round here. You're going to love 'em."

"What's all this about?" Rattigan grinned. "Ever heard of Malcolm Franklin?"

"The millionaire speedboat man?" said Bob. "Gosh, yes—I was reading something in the paper about him the other day. It said that he was building some monster submarine, or something. But didn't it all turn out to be just a rumour, in the end?"

"That's what we got the papers to say, Bob. Actually there was something behind the yarn—we were very worried that the story had got out at all."

"Then he really is building a submarine of some sort?" asked Bob.

"Not exactly a submarine. You'd better wait till you see it for yourself. It'd only be a waste of time if I told you about it. You'd never believe me!"

"But what's it got to do with 'X' branch?"

"What Malcolm Franklin is up to could be of great use to certain foreign powers. Our job is to give him protection from spies and so-on. We've already got a headache on our hands over that story that got into the Press. Somebody must have talked too much."

Bob thought back to what Rattigan had said about pot-holing, and couldn't help wondering what pot-holing had to do with Malcolm Franklin.

He was about to ask another question, but then he decided that he would wait and see.

After all, what he had heard already had given him plenty to think about!

THEY reached the pot-hole an hour later. It was just a big hole in the ground, big enough to hold a couple of double decker buses. Its sides were covered with rough gorse and other shrubs, and it got narrower as it went deeper. As far as Bob could see, the bottom was some eighty feet down, and was a mass of tightly packed gorse.

"Down we go, Chum. The first part's the easiest," said Rattigan, and lowered himself over the edge.

Bob followed. The sides were steep, but the tough shrubs that grew upon them offered first-rate hand-holds, and a few minutes later they were both waist deep in the undergrowth of the bottom.

"Heaps of hikers go pot-holing," said Rattigan. "They come down this one, now and again. So if anyone has seen us climbing down here, they won't think anything of it. Now for the next bit!"

He led the way through the shrubbery, and Bob followed. Rattigan stooped, and crawled forward on all fours. Bob did the same, and a moment later found himself looking at a narrow crack between two massive, mossy rocks.

"It drops straight down, just inside here," explained Rattigan. "You'll do best feet first."

Bob followed the "X" branch man's example, and found himself clambering down a narrow crack, or chimney, in the natural granite rock that lay under Bladen Moor.

Down, down they went. The light from above got fainter and fainter. Rattigan produced a powerful torch from his pocket, and clicked it on. Below their feet, the narrow cranny dropped away into blackness that seemed to be bottomless.

They clambered on. Sometimes there were cracks and bulges in the rock that gave them toe and finger holds. Sometimes the sides were smooth, and they had to descend by thrusting with their feet against one wall, and their backs against the other. Once the cranny was so narrow that there seemed no way of going further, until Rattigan pushed his thin shanks into a hole hardly bigger than the opening of a hen-house, and squeezed himself through.

At last Rattigan stopped, where a shelf of rock allowed them to sit comfortably.

"We're four hundred and eighty-two feet underground, to be exact," he said. "And the worst is yet to come!"

Bob tried to grin in the torchlight, and look as though he couldn't care less.

"I'm game. What do we do next?"

Rattigan shone his torch straight down over the edge of the rock shelf. From far below came a faint glimmer of water. But now there was no reflected gleam from walls of rock—only black nothingness.

"Lots of nothing down there," he said. "We're actually sitting on the edge of a hole in the roof of a cave. That's water down there, about sixty feet down." Rattigan paused and grinned straight at Bob. "I'm not a very expert diver, so I usually drop feet first, but you can do the swallow dive stuff if you're good at it."

Bob gulped, and nodded. Of course—they'd know that he was a strong swimmer. They'd have seen his reports from the police college. Bob made up his mind to go through with it. If Rattigan could do it, so could he.

"This torch is water-proof," went on Rattigan, "and it clips onto my belt, here. You'll be able to follow its light under water. And don't worry about hitting your head on the bottom. It's about forty feet deep down there. Be seeing you!"

Rattigan took off his glasses, and buttoned them into the breast pocket of his thick khaki shirt.

Then he dropped feet first into the blackness.

It was only two seconds before his feet hit the water below, but it seemed much longer than that as Bob watched the little spot of light dropping away below him. Then he took a firm grip on his courage, and pushed himself off the rock shelf.

Bob jack-knifed his body as he dropped, and then raised his legs again behind him, so that now he was head-first, with his arms spread out. Then he swung his hands together in front of his head.

An instant later he was cleaving through cold, clear water. Ahead of him the glimmer of Rattigan's torch was easy to pick out. Bob struck out powerfully, upwards and towards it. A minute later he was clambering out on a gentle rock slope beside Rattigan.

"Meet Gertrude," said Rattigan, and shone his torch away from Bob. Bob brushed the water from his eyes, and looked.

A few feet away, close in



Rattigan and Bob sped through mile after mile of buried water-ways on the two-man submarine.

under a shelf of rock, a dark shape was floating in the water. The lower part of it was shaped like a torpedo, and was mostly below the surface of the clear water. The above-water part consisted of three box-like humps, with spaces between. Bob recognised "Gertrude" at once for a human torpedo—a tiny two-man submarine—of the sort commandos used for their daring raids on enemy shipping during the last war.

Rattigan walked over and pulled a large bundle from between the two front humps.

"Frog suits," said Rattigan. "I understand you've worn one before, when you made a neat escape from the Professor's submarine during the Ivory Mandarin case!"

"You people in 'X' branch don't miss much, do you?" grinned Bob as he strapped on the webbed rubber feet, and wriggled into the chest harness with its steel "bottle" of air for breathing.

"Not our job to miss things," said Rattigan as he pulled on the mask, with its round glass window. Then he pointed to the space between the middle and rear humps of the torpedo, and indicated that Bob should mount. He himself straddled the space in front of Bob. He turned his head to make sure that Bob was settled, and had a firm grip upon the two metal hand-holds, and then he started the electric motors.

With a smooth surge of power the torpedo slipped forward. Bob felt the water drag at his legs, and then, as Rattigan allowed the water to flow into the ballast tanks and they dived, he had to hold on tightly, or he would have been pulled from his seat as the dragging water surged past them.

Bob had no way of talking to Rattigan, and there was nothing he could do but sit as the tiny craft plunged deep into the green, clear waters of the

underground lake.

Rattigan switched on a built-in headlamp, and the water around them was brilliantly lit up. Bob glimpsed the silvery shapes of fishes as they drove along, and saw, looming through the water, the shadowy forms of great crags of rock that stuck up from the bottom.

It was a fantastic journey. Deep in the bowels of the earth, they sped through mile after mile of buried waterways. Sometimes all that the light showed was green water, as far as the eye could see. Sometimes there were rocks on all sides, and once it seemed as though they were threading their way through a forest of stone tree-trunks—great stalactites of stone that had formed thousands of years ago, before the waters had flowed in and covered them.

It must have been more than an hour after they had first boarded the torpedo that they seemed to reach an end to their underwater voyage. What seemed to be a dead-end loomed before them—a great wall of craggy rock, barring their way as far as Bob could see.

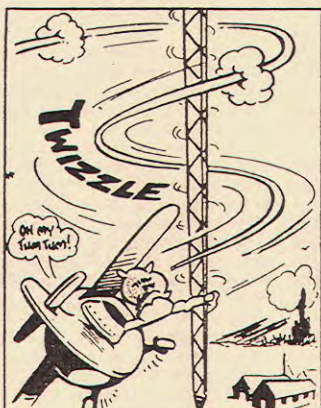
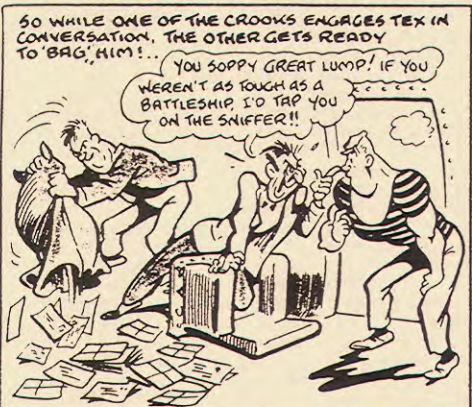
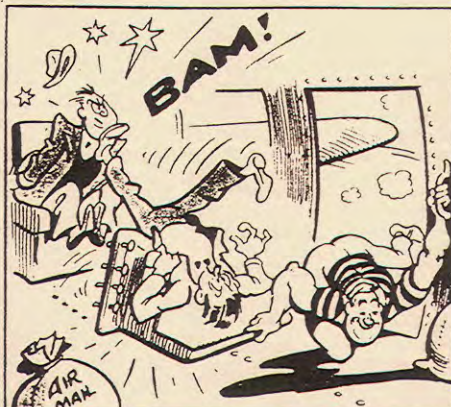
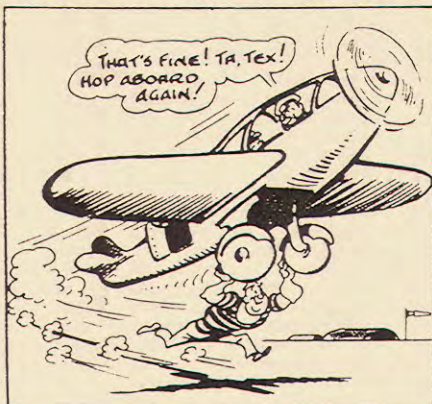
Then Rattigan turned around, and with a wave of his arm, told Bob to duck low in his seat. Rattigan himself then crouched, so that his head barely showed above the foremost hump, and cut the engines to half speed. Wondering what would come next, Bob ducked down.

The torpedo nosed gently forward, straight towards the wall of rock. Jagged crags loomed nearer and nearer, until Bob began to wonder whether Rattigan knew what he was doing. Then he saw the gap.

It was not as big as an ordinary room door, but somehow the torpedo went through. Beyond was a vaulted tunnel that curved and twisted like a snake. With motors barely turn-

(Continued on page 8)

TOUGH TEX



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

IT was Jimmy Bash's idea that he and his pal, Willie Wizzard should go on a holiday to the seaside. It was also Jimmy's idea that they should walk the whole way.

"It will be good for you," said Jimmy who was a strong, healthy boy, and liked plenty of exercise. "Besides, we'll save the train fare."

Willie Wizzard the schoolboy inventor, wasn't very keen on the idea. He would much rather have stayed in his private shed at the foot of the garden, inventing things. But Jimmy Bash was a good pal, who often helped Willie Wizzard in his wheezes; so Willie felt that for a change he should do what Jimmy wanted.

"But," he protested, making a last effort to get out of it, "it's sixty miles. It will take us days to get there. Where will we sleep?"

"In a tent," said Jimmy. "A tent?" exclaimed Willie. "Do you mean we have to carry a tent the whole way?"

"Yes," replied Jimmy, smiling at the pained look on Willie's face. "Tents, and blankets, and food, and pots, and pans, and a stove, and a tin mug, and an enamel plate, and loads of other things. It'll be great fun."

Willie groaned. "Call that a holiday?" he asked.

"It'll help to develop your muscles," said Jimmy heartily. "Now don't forget, tomorrow morning at six o'clock. Have your haversack packed and on your back."

"We'll see about that," retorted Willie; and Jimmy could tell, by the look on his pal's face, that the brain behind Willie's bulging forehead was busy working out a new invention.

Early next morning Jimmy called at Willie's house. At first, Willie, who was a bit shortsighted, thought that it was the coalman who had come to deliver the coal.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "what a clever coalman. He's carrying two bags of coal on his back at once." Then Willie put on his spectacles, and saw that it was Jimmy.

"Well," he cried, "if it isn't Jimmy Bash! What are you doing with all that load, Jimmy?"

Jimmy struggled into Willie's private shed at the foot of the garden. "Phew," he gasped, slipping his arms out of the straps of his haversack. "It's going to be a scorcher of a day." He dumped the pack on the ground. "That's my gear," he added. "Blankets, tent, clothes, and everything."

"Looks like everything," retorted Willie. "Do you mean to say you are going to carry that the whole way to the seaside?"

"Of course I am. That's what

you do when you go hiking. We'll take short-cuts over the fields. Come on, haven't you got your pack ready?"

"Oh yes," said Willie. "I shoved a few things into a pillow-case."

"A pillow-case. You can't go hiking with a pillow-case slung over your shoulder."

"Of course not," said Willie, as he disappeared into the house.

A few minutes later he came out again. He looked very pleased with himself—but he had no pillow-case slung over his shoulder. In fact he wasn't carrying anything at all. He came sauntering down the garden-path with his hands in his pockets.

"You silly ass," said Jimmy. "You've forgotten your pack—or—pillow-case."

"No, I haven't," retorted Willie, looking over his shoulder and giving a little whistle. What Jimmy saw made him cry out in amazement, for walking behind Willie, on four iron legs, with an iron tail sticking out behind, was a big pillow-case stuffed with blankets and clothes, and everything he needed.

"What on earth is that?" gasped Jimmy.

"That is my latest invention. The Wizzard Walking Wonder Kitbag. It is driven by a petrol engine and controlled by the tail. Legs are better than wheels. More control downhill. Besides, they can climb over fences and go over fields where wheels can't. Come on, let's go."

They set off on their sixty-mile hike to the seaside. Jimmy was bent double with his heavy haversack. On top he had a black waterproof cape in case it should rain, and all around him hung tin pans and mugs that rattled as he went. At his side walked Willie, one hand on the iron tail of his walking kit-bag—which was really a big pillow-case.

As the day wore on the sun grew hotter. Jimmy's heavy pack seemed to grow heavier and heavier. He looked more and more like an overburdened coalman. He walked almost double. The only thing he could see was his own dusty boots bobbing up and down, and sending clouds of dust into his face.

Willie walked along whistling—or trying to, for he wasn't very good at it. The people passing stopped to stare at the strange sight of a pillow-case walking on four iron legs.

At first Jimmy Bash grumbled about it. "You're just making us look silly," he said. "If you go on a hike you're supposed to carry a pack." But after a while Jimmy became silent. He needed all his energy to carry his own burden. At last they came to a field where a flock of sheep were grazing.



Willie walked along whistling. People passing stopped to stare at the strange sight of a pillowcase walking on four iron legs!

"We'll cut across here," said Jimmy. "It'll save miles. Gosh, it's warm. Here, Willie, 'since you're not carrying anything you can at least take my cape."

He pulled the cape from the top of his haversack, and slung it at Willie.

"I'll take it," said Willie, "but I won't carry it."

He spread the black cape over his walking pillow-case. "The Wonder Walking Kitbag is very useful," he remarked as he helped it through a fence, and the two boys made their way across the field.

It happened that the farmer's wife was feeding the hens close by. When she saw the two boys, and the strange walking thing came over the fence she dropped her basin of hen-food and scurried away to the farm-house as fast as she could.

"Oh, Farmer John," she cried. "Oh farmer John, they're at it again. Two boys with a big black dog. I see'd them with my own eyes. They're after the sheep again."

"What!" cried Farmer John, jumping up from his porridge and spilling it all over his lap. "Fetch me my gun."

He stumped over to the fireplace and climbed onto an old rickety stool. From above the mantelpiece he took an old blunderbuss, with a big, wide muzzle.

"Now John, you be not goin' to use that," said his wife. "Besides," she added, "there be no bullets, or whatever 'tis you use."

"Bullets be not needed," said Farmer John. "Fetch me your

work-basket."

While the work-basket was being fetched Farmer John went over to the telephone—for this old-fashioned farm-house had a telephone—and 'phoned the police.

"I've caught them," he said over the 'phone to the Sergeant at the village police-office. "I've caught them red-handed stealing my sheep. There's two of them at it now, with a big black dog. Stuffing my sheep into a furniture van they are. Going to sell them in the black market." "Hurry, I'm going out to shoot them before you arrive."

When his wife came back with her work-basket Farmer John opened it and scooped up a big handful of small pins. These he stuffed into the muzzle of the old blunderbuss. "This'll make 'em jump," he chortled. "Hee-hee-hee."

Meantime Willie and Jimmy were making their way across the field. It was very full of sheep. When the sheep saw Willie and Jimmy they trotted away and, standing at a safe distance, said: "Baa."

"They're laughing at us," said Jimmy. "They're killing themselves laughing at that queer contraption of yours with the iron legs."

"No, they're not," said Willie. "They're laughing at you with that silly burden on your back. 'Why don't you take a rest?'"

The sun had now reached its full power, and was beating down on the back of Jimmy's neck. Sweat poured from his chin. He was so doubled up that

(Continued on next page)

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 7)

at every step his knees nearly knocked his teeth out.

"I think," he said, slipping the pack from his back, that I will take a rest. Maybe your idea of a walking kitbag isn't so bad either."

"I'm glad you should think so," replied Willie, "for it just happens that I have a spare pillow-case, and a set of iron legs with me."

Jimmy was delighted, and he said so. "Silly to carry a big pack on your back when you can make it walk in front," he said, as they packed his haversack into the big spare pillow-case. Soon they were off again—and from the farm-house Farmer John, looking through his field-glasses, gave a cry of rage and waved his stick in the air.

Just then a bumble bee, tired of being a busy bee all morning, looked around for somewhere to rest. It spied Jimmy's hot, red face, and thought it a new kind of flower. It decided to settle there. So, with buzzing wings it landed on his nose. It didn't sting, but it tickled. Jimmy drew in his breath, and let forth the biggest sneeze of his life. He sneezed so hard that he nearly threw himself off his feet. As it was he jerked on the iron bar that stuck up like a tail from the walking kitbag. The kitbag gave a snort and a jump, and off it shot like a stiff-legged pony in a race. Jimmy tried to hold on; but the firmer he held the faster the walking kitbag ran, till finally he had to leave go.

Willie, seeing his pal trying so desperately to control the runaway kitbag, made his kitbag go faster too, so that he might catch up on Jimmy and help him. But running wasn't in Willie's line. He failed to see an old tree stump that stuck out of the ground, and over it he went, headlong on his face. His kitbag—still draped in the black waterproof cape—dashed away on its own after the other kitbag.

Next week: See what happens to the kitbag!

BOB HARLEY—SPECIAL AGENT (Continued from page 5)

ing over, Rattigan nosed his craft through the gloom.

An hour later they nosed out again into clear water. By now the chill of these lakes that never see the sun had struck into Bob's bones, and he was very glad to hear the pumps go into action. These pumps, he knew, would empty the ballast tanks, and allow the torpedo to rise.

They broke surface ten minutes later. It was quite light now and Bob thought at first that they were in the open, but when he raised his head and looked around at the craggy walls of towering rock, he knew that he was in just another vast cavern. Then he saw that they were running alongside a jetty built of stone blocks.

Two or three men in jerseys and heavy blue serge trousers appeared, and Bob, who by now was as stiff as a board with cold, was glad of the helping hands they offered to lift him off his seat and to tug off his frogman's gear.

"Brrrr!" gasped Rattigan as soon as he had taken his head-gear off. "I think the water gets a bit colder every time I make that trip! What we need now is a hot bath and some good grub under our belts!"

"This'll make you feel better, for a start!"

Bob jumped. It was a girl's voice that he had heard! He turned around and there was a slim, smiling girl, dressed in serge slacks and a zip-fronted jacket. In each hand she held a steaming cup of cocoa.

"Drink this—there's nothing like it for driving the cold out!"

"Thanks!" Bob took the cup gratefully and sipped the hot liquid. He felt more human at once.

"I didn't expect to find a girl in a place like this!" he said with a grin.

"Life is full of surprises," she smiled back at him as he took his empty cup. "You don't think they could manage with-

out us, do you? There's a dozen or so of us down here!"

She smiled again and walked away. Rattigan took Bob's arm.

"Come on," he said. "We'll have to hurry. The 'Prowler's' due back in an hour or so. And you'll want to see the 'Prowler'!"

The "Prowler"?

What in the name of goodness was the "Prowler," Bob wondered as he hurried after Rattigan?

THE "Prowler"—the mighty machine that was to be the centre of Bob's whole life for months to come—crawled powerfully over the bed of the North Sea.

It was huge and sleek and grey. Its massive shellback of two-foot thick armour plating held back the great weight of the water pressing down from above it and its tank-track "feet" drove it forward over the sand and rock of the seabottom.

It was as big as a battleship and something like the hull of a boat turned upside-down. From its great smooth grey bulk gun turrets stuck out.

It was the mightiest secret weapon in the world!

Great whales and monsters of the deep watched warily as it passed, but it did not harm them and they went their way.

But theirs were not the only eyes that watched its passing.

Half hidden among the gloomy crags of a great rock reef that towered up in the water was another man-made monster of steel. Smaller than the "Prowler," and more fin-like in its shape, its sides were painted in greens and browns that made it almost impossible to pick out in the flickering lights of the deep waters.

From the conning-tower of this lurking monster a man watched. His face was covered with a smooth mask of steel that hid his expression completely.

But there was no mistaking the glint of evil in his eyes.

He turned to a second man who stood behind him.

"There it goes!" he snarled

in a foreign tongue. "The accursed British machine! Once they get wind of us we'll be finished. There'll be no more rich pickings of sunken treasure for us!"

"What're you going to do about 'em, boss?"

"Smash them—before they get a chance to smash us!"

"But—they're too big and powerful for us to fight!"

"Fool!" the masked man laughed harshly. "I don't intend to fight them. We'll follow them—at a safe distance. When they reach their base—we'll use the seeing torpedo to spy out who they are and what they are doing!"

So it began—a fantastic game of hide and seek under the sea. The sleek sinister craft of the man in the mask, known to his men as the Shark, slipped gently through the waters, her engines only just turning over fast enough to keep her moving.

Ahead of them the mighty "Prowler" rumbled on, until the undersea cliffs that formed the coast of England loomed blackly before them through the water.

The "Prowler" moved along the base of the black shining granite, mile after mile. If those aboard her knew of the watching submarine behind them, they gave no sign of it, for they carried on until the mouth of a vast cave yawned in the base of the cliffs.

The "Prowler" moved swiftly under the huge arch of natural rock and the darkness of the vast watery tunnel swallowed her up.

The Shark chuckled hollowly under his steel mask.

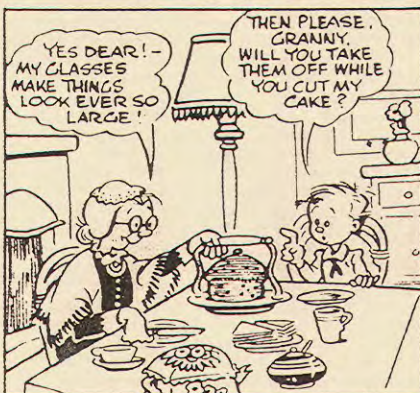
"So!" he said. "We have found the lair of this steel turtle. Prepare torpedo number one for firing!"

Half a minute later the slender silver shape of the torpedo slid silently from the hull of the pirate craft.

But this was no ordinary torpedo. It was, as the Shark had said, a "seeing" torpedo. With its Radar "Eyes" it could see the "Prowler," and televise what it saw back to the Shark.

The Shark, watching closely (Continued opposite)

CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!





SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND

DAD! DO STOP LAZING, AND PICK SOME APPLES FOR ME—I'M FAR TOO BUSY MYSELF.



HELP!!

IT IS MEAN OF YOU NOT TO HELP, DAD!



I'LL GET SOME PEACE UP HERE, OUT OF THE WAY OF THOSE PESTS!

HEE-HEE!



BOB HARLEY— SPECIAL AGENT

(Continued from page 8)

at the gleaming screen in his control-cabin, could see which way the torpedo needed to go to stay upon the "Prowler's" track. Swiftly his strong hands flew over the wheels and levers that controlled the torpedo by means of a powerful radio-control set.

Soon Malcolm Franklin's secret would be a secret no longer!

HAVING had his meal and his bath, Bob was given a seaman's jersey, with heavy sergetrousers and strong boots—the outfit that all the men here seemed to wear—and he was just finishing dressing himself when Rattigan joined him again. "Nearly ready? Good-oh!" he said as he stuck his head into the room where Bob was. "The 'Prowler's' due in. You'll want to see this. Come on down to the beach."

"What is this 'Prowler'?" Bob wanted to know as he hurried after Rattigan. The "X" branch man grinned.

"You'd better see it for yourself. I said before that you wouldn't believe me if I told you!"

Bob looked around him again as they came out of the tunnels and into the main cave.

The whole scene was lit by huge floodlights, but in spite of this, the roof of the mighty cavern was lost in shadows, hundreds of feet above their heads. The lake stretched away into the distance, and only the fact that there were other lights at various points on the distant shores made it possible for Bob to guess that it must measure almost a mile from end to end and about half that distance across.

Bob was about to ask another question when Rattigan spoke again.

"The 'Prowler's' coming! Feel it?"

For an instant Bob wondered what Rattigan meant—but only for an instant. Then he felt a tremor in the rock under his feet—a tremor which grew, until it was strong enough to dislodge showers of pebbles from the sloping beach and send them skittering down into the water.

"Look!" Rattigan was pointing out over the water. Bob's heart pounded with excitement as he peered outward.

A patch of light was gleaming up from somewhere below the surface—rising and coming towards them. Something huge and heavy, which carried that light, was surging up through the water towards them.

Then the surface began to heave and swirl as the thing, whatever it was, rose nearer. Then it broke into view and all

at once the cavern echoed and re-echoed with a mighty rumbling, a noise like a dozen express trains, or a whole regiment of tanks.

Bob gasped as the monstrous thing rumbled up the slope of the lake bottom, rising higher and higher as the water got shallower.

This was the "Prowler"!

As Rattigan has said, Bob would not have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes. But there it was—like a monstrous tank, designed to work on the bed of the ocean!

Rattigan grinned at Bob's astonishment.

"There she is!" he said. "Forty-two thousand tons of top secret, with two million horse-power to make her go—the mightiest machine ever built and nobody in the world but the bunch of us here even knows she exists!" Rattigan's eyes were shining as he spoke. "There's nothing in the seven seas to match her—come and have a closer look!"

The "Prowler" was now right out of the water, having climbed straight up the sloping beach of rock on her tank-like "feet."

The rumble and clatter ceased suddenly as the monster came to rest and a steel gangway dropped into sight from the underside. Bob followed Rattigan over the three hundred yards of foreshore that separated them from the steel

monster.

So this was Malcolm Franklin's secret, thought Bob.

Only a man like Franklin, who was a brilliant engineer and a daring adventurer too, could have thought of such a sea-monster as this. Bob knew, too, that Franklin was one of the world's richest men. Even so, the whole of his fortune must have gone into the building of this machine.

Bob's heart pounded with excitement as he neared the monster, and it's sleek grey armour plating towered above him like the wall of some strange modern castle.

But in his wildest dreams he did not imagine the adventures he was soon to share with the bold and daring man who was the "Prowler's" master!

Little did he guess at the strange perils that already threatened them.

For out on the water of this underground lake a round object, which gleamed with green glass, was just visible above the surface of the choppy water.

It was little bigger than a cricket ball and neither Bob nor any of the others saw it.

It was the eye of the Shark's seeing torpedo, which lay quietly just below the surface, watching every move on the lake shore and televising all it saw back to its evil master!

Next week: The Shark strikes!

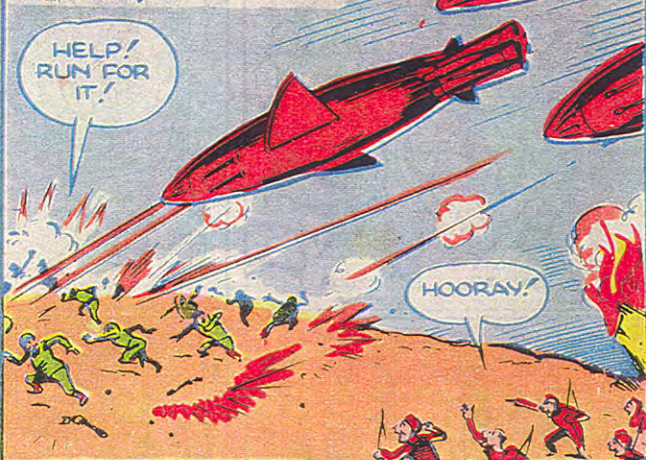
Ann, Peter and their uncle, Professor Jolly, are on the Milky Way—the Kingdom of the Thousand Worlds. Aiding the loyal subjects of Queen Alva in their fight against her rebel cousin, Prince Grimbald, they are captured just as help is on the way.

THE SKY EXPLORERS

THE PROFESSOR'S HOME-MADE BATTLE FLEET IS HAVING THE WORST OF THE ENCOUNTER WITH GRIMBOLD'S MEN!



THEN HELP ARRIVES FROM ATLANTA!



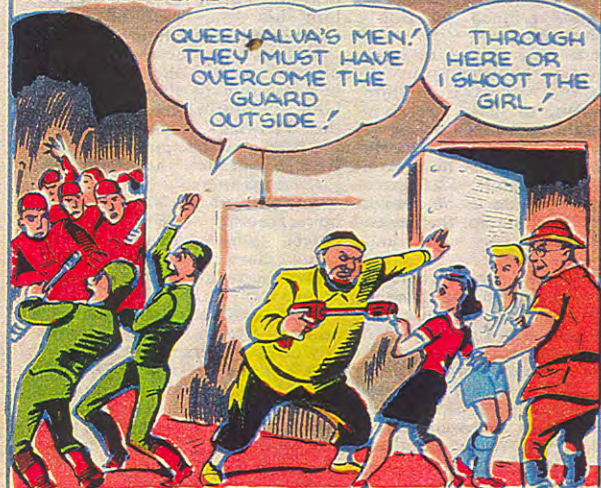
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE POWERHOUSE ~ ~ ~



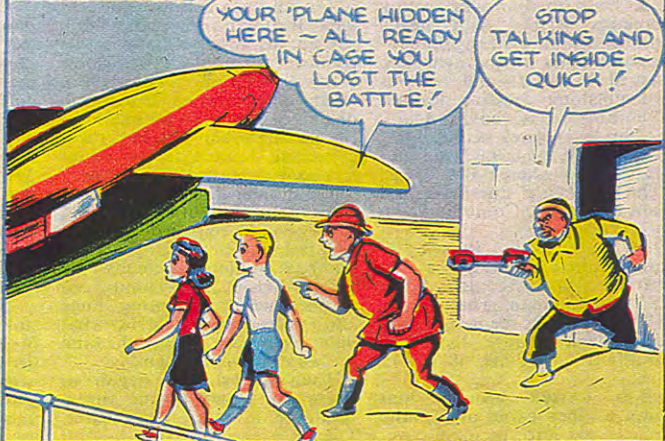
ANN, PETER AND PROFESSOR ARE MARCHED OFF TO THE DUNGEONS ~



WHEN SUDDENLY ~ ~ ~



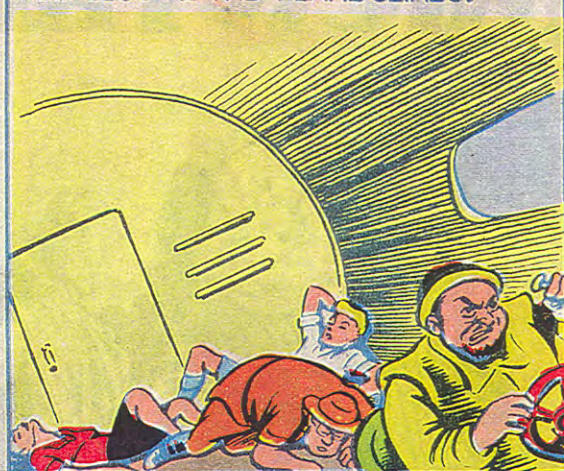
THE QUEEN'S MEN HAVE RECAPTURED THE POWERHOUSE, BUT GRIMBOLD TAKES HIS CAPTIVES BY SECRET ROUTE ~



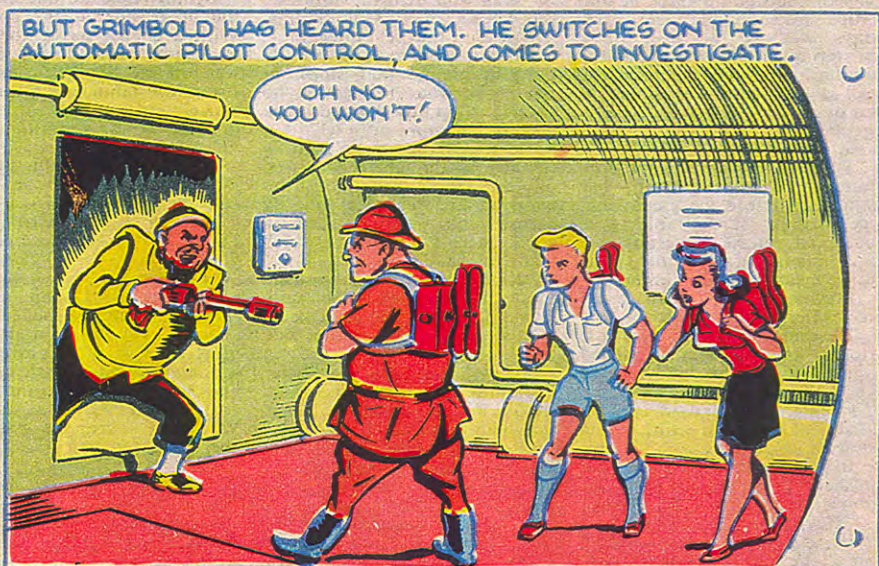
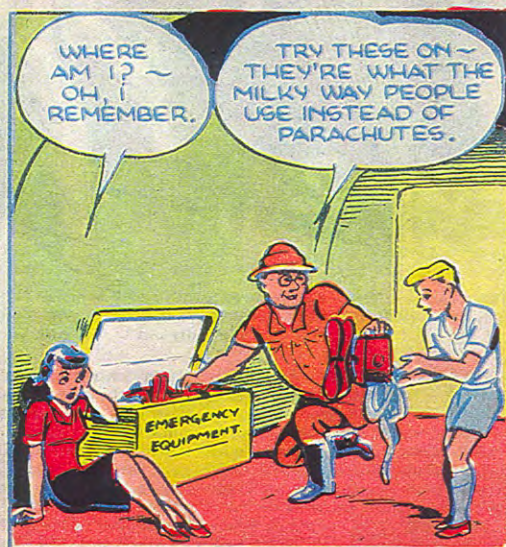
WITH THE THREE OF THEM IN HIS 'PLANE, GRIMBOLD
AIMS HIS GUN ~ AND FIRES!



STUNNED BY THE SHOT FROM GRIMBOLD'S
RAY-GUN, THE SKY EXPLORERS LIE
HELPLESS AS THE 'PLANE CLIMBS.



BUT GRIMBOLD FORGETS THAT
THE FOLK FROM THE
EARTH ARE BIGGER AND
STRONGER THAN THE
MILKY WAY PEOPLE.
ANN, PETER
AND THE PROFESSOR
COME ROUND
SOONER THAN HE
EXPECTS.



(Continued on back page)

MICK THE MOON BOY



The Ice-cream Cone made a furious rush at the terrified Mr. Frampton, who turned and ran madly out of the milk bar!

HORRID FOR HARRY

"HOW about an ice cream soda, Hank?" asked Mick the Moon Boy.

"Gee, yes, I can sure do with one!" cried his twelve-years-old pal Hank Luckner. "These streets is as hot as Ma's oven on baking day."

He was right, for the great city of Chicago in which he and Mick were staying for a few days was in the grip of a blistering heat wave and the air in the streets, between the tall sky-scrappers, was as hot as an oven.

"Righto, let's go in here!" said Mick.

He led the way into the cool interior of a long milk bar which also sold ice cream and iced drinks. All the tables were occupied, but he and Hank saw a couple of vacant stools at the long, metal-topped counter.

"Come on, let's grab 'em!" said Mick.

He and Hank made for the stools, but as Hank hoisted himself up onto his he was abruptly pushed off by a nattily-dressed young man in a spotlessly white linen suit, white shoes and white hat.

In fact, so abruptly was Hank pushed off the stool that he sat down on the floor with a thump.

"Hey, what's the game?" he cried angrily, sitting glowering up at the nattily-dressed young

man who had perched himself elegantly on the stool.

"You saying something?" enquired the young man pleasantly, smiling down at him.

"You betcha I'm saying something!" cried Hank, scrambling to his feet. "What you mean shoving me off that stool? I was there first."

"Was you really?" drawled the young man, still smiling. "Now ain't that real interesting. What you going to do about it?"

"You gimme that stool, or you'll see what I'm gonna do about it right now!" cried Hank fiercely. "C'mon, off'n it!"

He seized the young man by the arm as though to drag him off the stool. But the latter whipped his free hand smartly across and caught Hank a crack across the ear which made his head ring.

"Kids ain't got no manners these days, Harry," he said, grinning at the white-jacketed man standing on the other side of the counter.

"They sure ain't, Mister Frampton," agreed the bartender. He glowered at Hank, who had released the smartly-dressed Mr. Frampton's arm and was standing rubbing his ear. "Scram!" he ordered sharply. "Mister Frampton's a regular customer here and I ain't gonna have your sort bustin' in and getting sassy.

You get out of here!"

"Shan't!" retorted Hank.

Short of coming round the long and crowded counter and trying to throw Hank forcibly out of the place there wasn't much the bar-tender could do about that. So he contented himself with giving Hank a very fierce glare, then turned to the immaculate Mr. Frampton.

"Same as usual?" he enquired. "Yeah, iced coffee Harry," said Mr. Frampton. "A big one."

"Sure," said the bar-tender, filling a tall glass with iced coffee. "Here you are!"

With the words he did a very surprising thing indeed. For instead of putting the iced coffee down on the counter in front of Mr. Frampton, he flung it slap right over him, making the most horrid mess of that immaculately-clad young gentleman's white linen suit.

"What the heck d'you think you're doing, you crazy goof?" screamed Mr. Frampton, his voice shrill with rage. "What for you throw that coffee over me? By golly, I'll show you!"

With that he proceeded to climb swiftly over the counter, sending glasses, dishes and other hardware flying in all directions in his furious haste to get at the pop-eyed bar-tender, who had backed away and was crying in a frightened voice.

"But I didn't mean to do it, Mister Frampton—honest I didn't!"

"Didn't mean to do it?" screamed the raging Mr. Frampton. "Course you meant to do it. What for you done it, if you didn't mean to do it? I'm gonna beat the living daylight outa you. I'll beat you up worse'n one of your own whipped creams!"

By this time he had reached the other side of the counter. With a cry of terror the poor bar-tender turned to flee. But he was too late, for the furious Mr. Frampton pounced on him and started to pummel him with furious blows, shouting as he did so:

"I've just bought this suit and look what you've done to it? But I'll pay you out. I'll make ice cream of you, that's what I'll do. I'll make ice cream of you!"

No sooner had he said these ridiculous words than another amazing thing happened. For instead of holding and pummeling the bar-tender, he suddenly found himself holding and shaking an enormous ice cream cone as big as himself. What was more, the great big cone was yelling in a human voice:

"Stoppit! Aw, stoppit it, Mister Frampton! Aw, please lemme alone!"

The astounded Mr. Frampton let the cone alone, all right.

He leapt right back against the shelves which lined the wall and crouched goggling in horror at the enormous cone.

"What the—what's happened?" he gasped.

The grinning Mick and Hank watching the scene from the other side of the counter, could quite easily have told him what had happened, which was, that Mick had used his strange green eyes to hypnotise all those watching into seeing the bar-tender as an ice cream cone.

And it was the Moon Boy's magic power which had made the bar tender sling the coffee over the snooty Frampton in the first place.

But not a soul in the place knew that except the two boys. By this time the whole place was in an absolute uproar as you can very well imagine, for it's not every day that a bar tender is suddenly changed into an ice cream cone.

"It's Frampton's fault, of course!" cried Mick loudly. "He said he would make ice cream of the poor guy. You all heard him say it, folks. He said he would make ice cream of him and now he seems to have done it."

"Yes, yes, that's right!" bellowed a score or more of the amazed and angry customers. "We all heard him say it. Shame! BOOO-OOO! He oughta be hung!"

"But I didn't mean to do it!" screamed the frantic Frampton. "I dunno how I've done it. Honest I don't. It—it just happened!"

"No, it didn't!" roared the customers. "You said you'd make poor Harry into ice cream. You said it plain as plain and now you've gone and done it. What you gonna do about it now? That's what we want to know. What you gonna do about it now?"

"I dunno what to do about it!" yelled Frampton, nearly off his head with fright. "I didn't mean to make him into ice cream—"

"Yes, you did!" screamed the enormous Ice Cream Cone. "You said you was gonna do it and you've done it. Aw dear, this is awful!"

The Ice Cream Cone suddenly discovered that it was possessed of arms and legs and made a furious rush at the terrified Mr. Frampton, who turned and rushed madly out of the milk bar as though he were fleeing for his very life.

"After him!" screamed the Ice Cream Cone, waving a wooden ladle and scuttling madly in pursuit on its spoon-like legs. "Don't let him get away. I'll have him hung. I'll have him sent to the electric chair. After him, folks!"

The folks were after him all

(Continued on next page)

YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS. No. 3 THE ALSATIAN



HERE IS THE THIRD PICTURE
IN OUR NEW SERIES OF
YOUR FAVOURITE DOGS

You all know that this dog is called an Alsatian, but did you know that it is also called a German Shepherd-dog? This dog is well known for his cleverness. Some of the jobs they have been trained for are sheep-dog, police dog, war dog, Red Cross dog, and guard and leader of blind people. They have even been known to be film stars! In other words, he really is an all-round wonder dog.

If you have an Alsatian, you will notice that when he is moving he is long-striding and tireless and very fast when he runs. The sharply-pricked ears, watchful eyes and the whole build of this dog will make you feel really proud of your pal.

If you train your Alsatian, remember he is very willing to please if you make a pal of him. And once you have made a real pal of him he will never let you down.

MICK THE MOONBOY (Continued from page 12)

right, all the customers who had been in the milk bar including the mirthful Mick and Hank. And although the streets of Chicago must have seen many strange sights, it's a pretty safe bet that they had never seen a stranger one than that of a terrified young man in a coffee-stained white linen suit being chased by a huge Ice Cream Cornet waving a wooden ladle and screaming:

"Stop, will you? By jimminy, jus' you must till I get hold of you. I'll make you plenty sorry for this. STOP!"

But the madly fleeing Framp-ton didn't stop. Instead, he yanked open the door of a passing taxi and leapt inside.

But before he could slam the door, the Ice Cream Cornet had jumped in beside him and the driver got such a fright that he accidentally stepped on the gas and the taxi shot away amongst the traffic.

"What's happening now, Mick?" panted the laughing Hank, coming to a halt.

"Oh, I've just changed the bar-tender back again to his proper self," chuckled Mick the Moon Boy. "So they can argue it out and try to figure it out as best they can in the taxi, but they'll never hit on the truth."

"No, I betcha they won't!" laughed Hank. "And now what about that ice cream soda? Only we'll try some other joint this time."

Next week: Read about "Mick the Moon Boy" and the lift that won't stop going up!

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HERE we are again Spotters, with another list of Club numbers. Maybe yours is among them! If it is, get cracking right away and send up for the free present that's waiting for you!

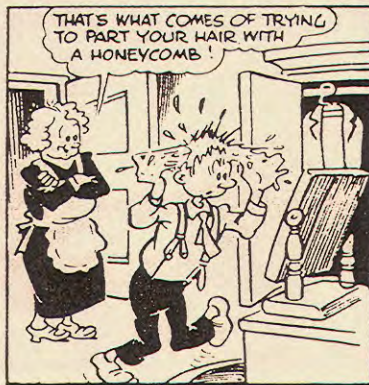
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201,560	148,756	205,692	145,674	203,052
156,112	50,692	163,959	212,372	48,712
79,807	202,433	48,553	102,485	24,538
164,398	121,054	3,894	62,799	145,632
205,424	195,184	209,029	22,510	206,181
37,478	8,350	119,547	189,890	64,777

Well, did you see your number there? If you did then choose one of these presents—Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Water Pistol, Charm Bracelet, Jack-knife, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen or an Autograph Album—and write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use". Also write, on a piece of paper, the name of the character or story you like best in COMET, and in a few words, say why. After you have made quite sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page of the Album post it and the piece of paper in a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

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

to arrive by Tuesday, September 2, the Closing Date. Presents are despatched about a week after, and Albums returned at the same time.

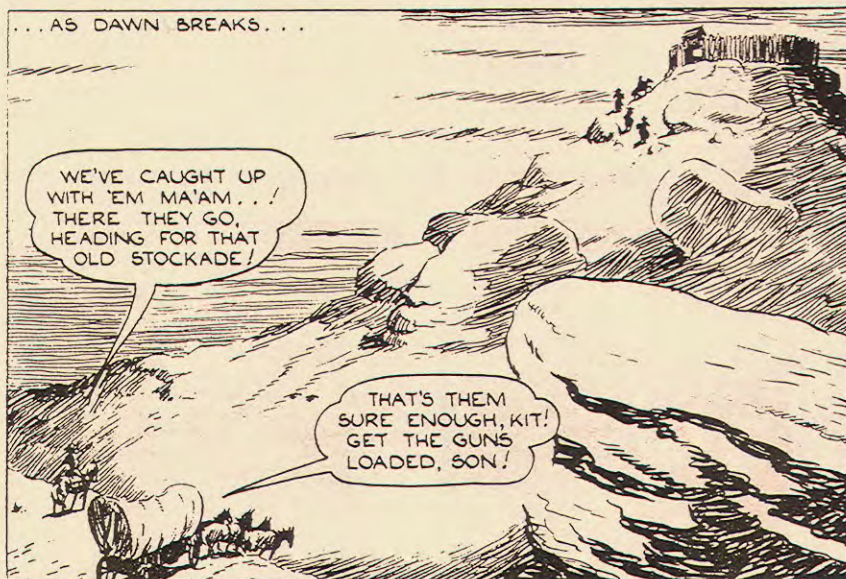
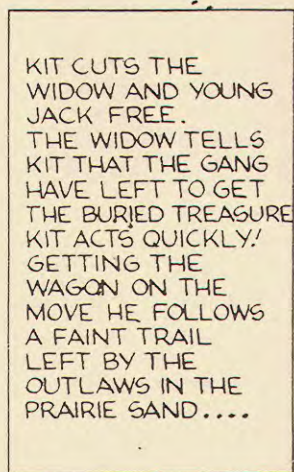
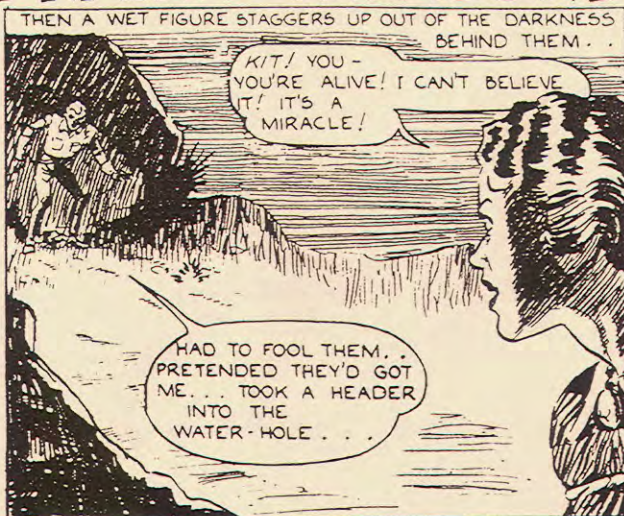
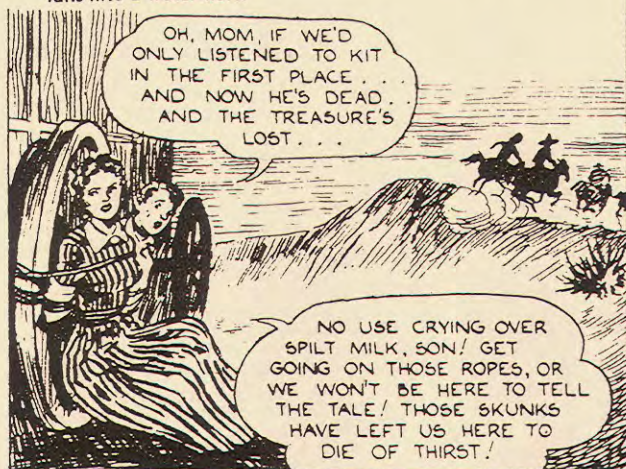
CHUCKLE TIME - Some jokes to keep you laughing!

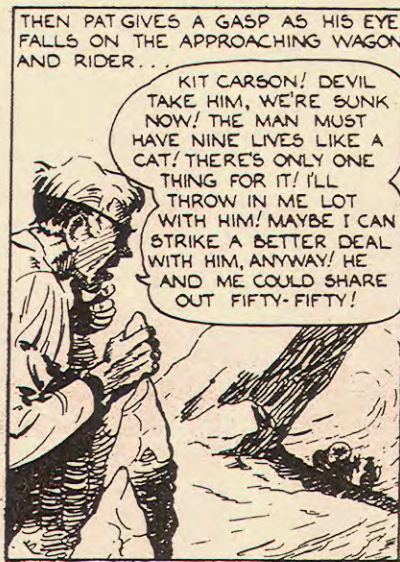


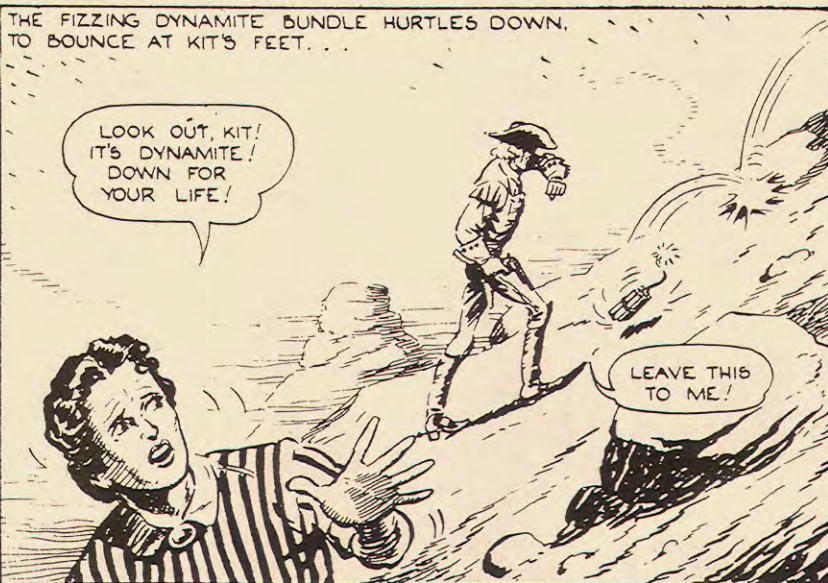
Widow Wilson and her son Jack are seeking the buried treasure of Black Bellamy, the bandit. Kit Carson is with them. Pat Murphy, whom they trust, is a rogue, and Kit knows it. When Kit tries to trap the gang things go wrong and Kit falls into a water-hole.

KIT CARSON AND THE

PRAIRIE TREASURE







THE CROOKS TUMBLE BACK DOWN THE HILL IN PANIC AS KIT LEAPS INTO THE STOCKADE.



WE'D BETTER START DIGGING THESE CHESTS OUT RIGHT AWAY! YOU TOO, MURPHY! GRAB THAT SPADE AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS! THE LADY WILL BE KEEPING YOU COVERED!



MEANWHILE, PEDRO, LIMEY AND FRISCO DAWSON GALLOP AWAY ACROSS THE DESERT.



THERE'S HOW! YELLOW DOG AND HIS BRAVES! I KNOW HIM WELL! HE'D MURDER HIS OWN GRANDMOTHER FOR TEN CENTS! HOW, O CHIEF!



THE CROOKS JOIN THE RED MEN IN PARLEY...



THE PARTY HITS THE WAR-TRAIL!



BETTER GET THESE CHESTS LOADED ON THE WAGON RIGHT AWAY!



Next week: A battle against fearful odds! Don't miss it!

COMET—August 23, 1952—17

DR GRUNTER'S ZOO SCHOOL



Mr. Basher went out with a gun, But Baxter, the bear, had all the fun!

THE THREE BEARS

IF you had been out in the woods near Meadowsweet Farm one afternoon you might have seen three brown bears ambling along.

One was a bigish bear. The second was a medium-sized bear, while the third was a little bear. As a matter of fact, not so very long ago these three bears had been three schoolboys—three brothers. Their names were Baxter major, Baxter minor, and Baxter tertius—or little Baxter.

What had happened was this. The three Baxter brothers were members of a party of schoolboys who had come to Meadowsweet Farm to help Farmer Whipstraw with the harvest. One morning the whole party had felt ill. So Dr. Dozey, the village doctor, had come out to the farm to give the whole lot of them a dose of medicine.

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

their proper selves again.

"Well, anyway," said Baxter major, as he ambled through the wood with his two brothers, "this is a jolly sight better than school."

"Not half," agreed Baxter minor.

"It's fun!" squeaked little Baxter.

The three of them were talking in human voices because, although they'd been changed into animals, they could still talk with human voices.

"I don't know a bout you chaps," went on Baxter major, "but I'm beginning to feel a bit peckish."

"So am I," said Baxter minor.

"Same here!" squeaked little Baxter.

"I've often thought," continued Baxter major, "how lovely it would be if we could find a hive full of honey."

"Or a cask full of treacle," said Baxter minor.

"Oh, goodness, wouldn't it be scrummy!" squeaked little Baxter, his mouth fairly watering at the thought.

For now that they had been turned into bears they were—like all bears—passionately fond of honey and treacle and all such sweet things.

"Listen!" exclaimed Baxter major, coming to a halt.

His two brothers also halted and stood listening intently.

"I hear voices," said Baxter minor.

"So do I," squeaked little Baxter.

"Let us proceed with caution," said Baxter major.

The three of them advanced slowly and without making the slightest sound. Suddenly they came to a clearing. In the middle of the clearing a party of St. Anselm's schoolboys were holding a picnic.

The leading three were Marmaduke Mopp, Ogden Platt and Cuthbert Cropper, who were well known for their bullying ways. The rest were pals of theirs. They were all sitting round a tablecloth laid out on the grass and absolutely covered with great plates of buns, sandwiches, cakes, tarts, jellies, pots

of jam and honey and bottles of ginger-pop.

"Gosh!" gasped Baxter major from the edge of the clearing.

"Look at those sugared buns!"

"And those jam tarts!" exclaimed Baxter minor, his mouth fairly watering.

"And those jars of jam and honey!" squeaked little Baxter.

"Let's have a closer look!" said Baxter major.

Together the three of them ambled from out the cover of the trees and approached the picnickers. Marmaduke Mopp was the first to see them, and he got such a fright that he nearly jumped right out of his skin. "Look!" he howled.

His pals looked. Next instant, with one accord they had leapt to their feet and were fleeing madly away, howling with fright.

"Well, would you believe it?" exclaimed Baxter major.

"They don't seem to like us," said Baxter minor.

"Great cowards!" squeaked little Baxter.

The three of them sniffed longingly at the good things spread out on the tablecloth. Then they looked at each other.

"I don't suppose they'll come back so long as they think we're in the woods," said Baxter major.

"No, and if they don't come back this stuff'll be just wasted," said Baxter minor.

"I'll tell you what," said Baxter major. "We can always pay for it. We haven't spent any pocket money since we've been changed into bears, and we've got heaps saved up."

"That's an idea," agreed Baxter minor.

"I think it's a wizard idea," gurgled little Baxter, who had picked up a jar of honey between his forepaws and was licking greedily away at the contents. "Ooh, it isn't half scrummy!"

"Yes, it would be a pity to waste this lovely grub," said Baxter major. "Here goes!"

The three of them sat themselves round the tablecloth, and within a remarkably short time, buns, cakes, tarts, sandwiches, jam and honey had all vanished.

"Gosh, that was lovely!" said Baxter major, rubbing his tummy.

"Marvellous!" sighed Baxter minor. "I've never had such a blowout since we changed into bears."

"I feel that full I could bust!" squeaked little Baxter.

"Well, you cut off and see Mr. Dripp and get our pocket-money and bring it back here!" ordered Baxter major. "Fair's fair, and we'll pay for what we've had, even if those St. Anselm cads have got far more money than us."

Little Baxter scuttled obediently away to find Mr. Dripp, one of the masters in

charge of the party at Meadowsweet Farm. Mr. Dripp, by the way, had been changed into a mournful-looking turtle.

Meanwhile, the terrified Marmaduke Mopp and Company had rushed madly back to St. Anselm's to tell Mr. Basher, their form master, that there were three bears in the woods.

Now Mr. Basher was always swanking about what a marvellous shot and fearless big-game hunter he was. According to him he had shot all sorts of animals abroad, from man-eating tigers to crocodiles.

"Oh, sir!" cried Marmaduke Mopp and Company, "there're three awful savage bears in the wood! Get your gun and shoot them, sir!"

Mr. Basher would dearly have liked to make an excuse not to go into the woods because, to tell the truth, he was scared nearly out of his wits at the very thought of meeting the three bears.

But he'd talked so much and swanked so much about how brave he was that he didn't see how he could very well refuse. So in fear and trembling he got his gun and crept into the woods, making his way from tree to tree towards the scene of the picnic.

As he drew nearer and nearer to the clearing he got more and more frightened until his knees were knocking and his teeth were chattering.

Suddenly someone tapped him on the shoulder!

With a gasp of terror Mr. Basher spun round. As he did so he nearly jumped out of his skin. For standing on its hind legs smiling at him was a big brown bear.

"What's the idea of the gun?" inquired the bear in a human voice.

Mr. Basher didn't stop to explain what the idea of the gun was. With a howl of terror he dropped the gun and shot off through the woods.

"Silly fellow!" chuckled the bear, who was none other than Baxter major, of course. Then he added with a frown: "It's a good job I twigged him, because I really think he meant to have a pot at us with that gun!"

It was hours later when a party of men, braver than Mr. Basher, went into the woods to see if they could find the three bears. But all they found was the tablecloth, the empty plates, Mr. Basher's gun laid neatly beside them, a little pile of money and a note. The note read:

"Many thanks for the picnic. The money is to pay for what we ate. We thought it would be wasted if we didn't eat it. We enjoyed it very much.—The Three Bears."

And to this day no one has solved the mystery of those three strange talking, writing bears who spoil the picnic.

An elephant, a gorilla, a wolf and a pear tree will make the fun in next week's adventures at

Dr. Grunter's Zoo School!

THE ADVENTURES OF

CLAUDE
AND

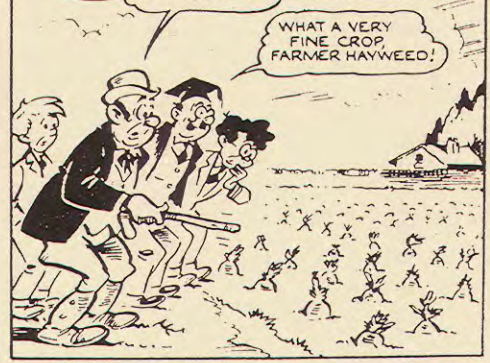
CUTHBERT
THE TWO NEW BOYS

FOR TODAY'S HALF HOLIDAY WE SHALL
HELP FARMER HAYWEED TO LIFT TURNIPS!



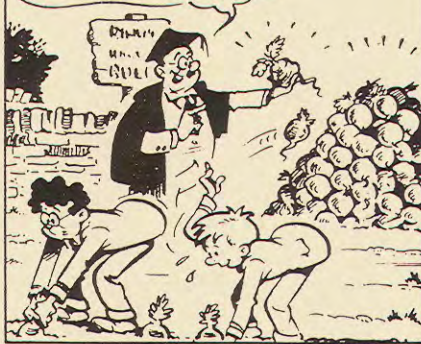
BUT WE WERE
GOING TO
THE PICTURES,
SIR!

THESE BE THE TURNIPS I WANT LIFTING,
OR TWIZZLE.

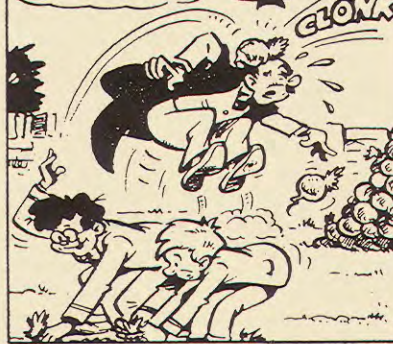


WHAT A VERY
FINE CROP,
FARMER HAYWEED!

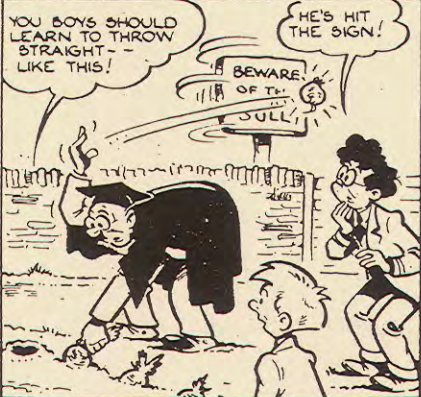
A GOOD FARMER, MR HAYWEED.
BOYS! THIS STRIKES ME AS AN
EXCELLENT TURNIP!



YOWK! SO
DOES THAT ONE!

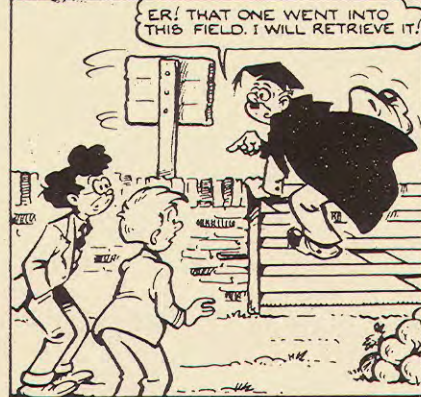


OLD TWIZZLE
SEEMS TO HAVE
TURNIPS ON THE
BRAIN, CLAUDE!



YOU BOYS SHOULD
LEARN TO THROW
STRAIGHT --
LIKE THIS!

HE'S HIT
THE SIGN!



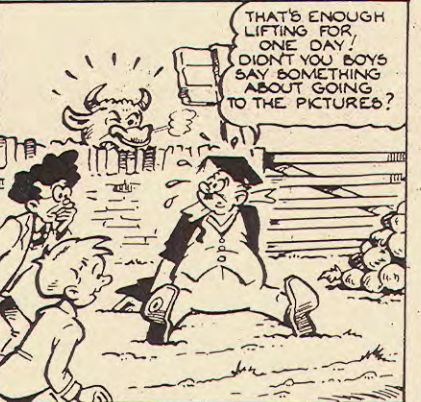
ER! THAT ONE WENT INTO
THIS FIELD. I WILL RETRIEVE IT!



YOU BOYS HAD BETTER BE CAREFUL!
THERE'S A BULL LOOSE ON YOUR
SIDE OF THE WALL!



CLAM



THAT'S ENOUGH
LIFTING FOR
ONE DAY!
DIDN'T YOU BOYS
SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT GOING
TO THE PICTURES?



NOW SHOWING
TWO TWO AND
SIXPENNIES, PLEASE,
AND ONE STANDING!

WILD
BILL
HICKUP
SEATS 2/6
STANDING 2/4

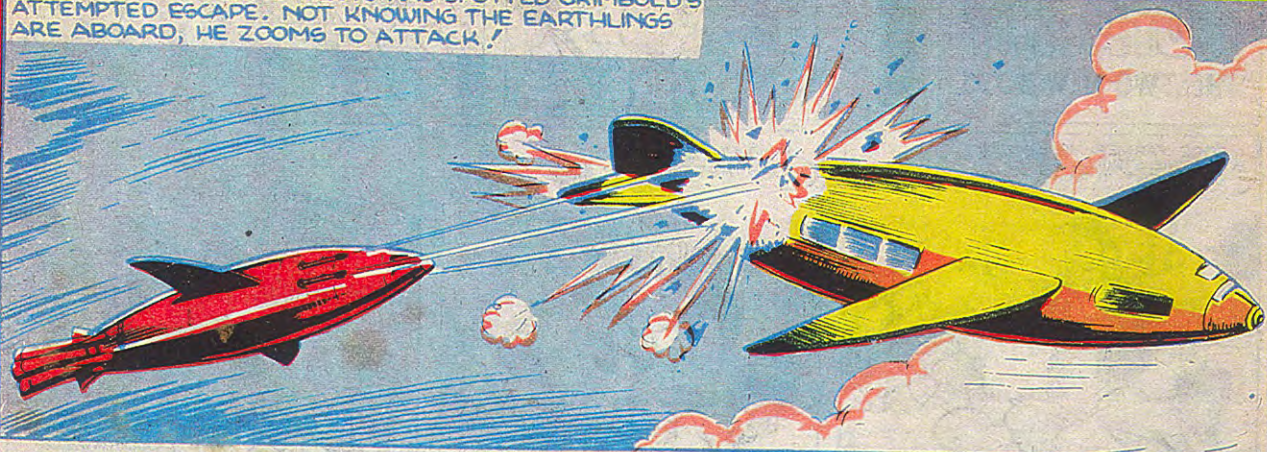
COMET

PRICE
3⁰
EVERY
MONDAY

THE SKY EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 11)

ONE OF QUEEN ALVA'S PILOTS HAS SPOTTED GRIMBOLD'S ATTEMPTED ESCAPE. NOT KNOWING THE EARTHINGS ARE ABOARD, HE ZOOMS TO ATTACK!



GRIMBOLD'S 'PLANE BREAKS IN HALF AND CRASHES ~ ~ ~ ~



~ ~ ~ BUT THE EARTHINGS ARE SAVED BY THEIR ESCAPE WINGS!

I LIKE THIS FLYING ~ ~ IT'S A WONDERFUL FEELING!

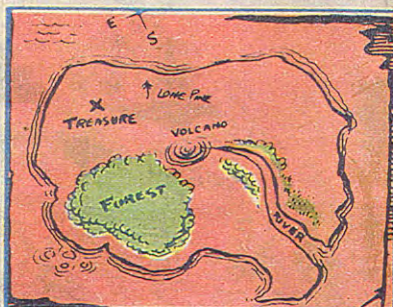
THAT'S THE END OF PRINCE GRIMBOLD!

BACK TO ATLANTA AND QUEEN ALVA!



THE SKY EXPLORERS RETURN IN TRIUMPH.

ATLANTA HAS COME TO LIFE AGAIN ~ THANKS TO YOU!



AND SO ENDED THE WICKED SCHEMES OF PRINCE GRIMBOLD! DON'T MISS THE NEW ADVENTURES OF OUR THREE SKY EXPLORERS NEXT WEEK WHEN THEY SET OUT WITH THIS MAP TO FIND THE VULTURE'S TREASURE!