



















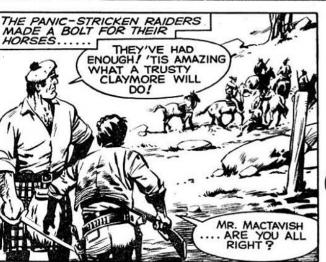
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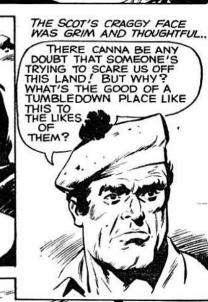
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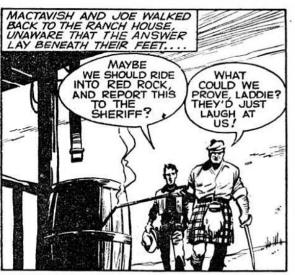




















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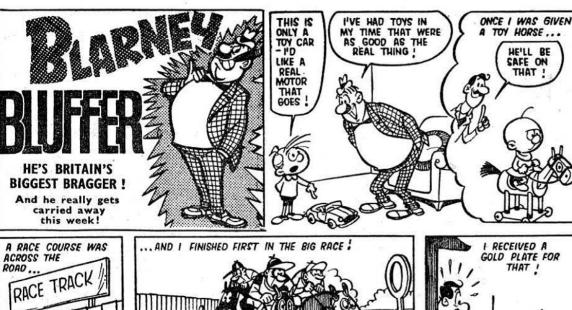
in scarlet tunics, including troopers on horseback, buglers, etc. Accurate in every detail of uniform and equipment, and made in unbreakable plastic. If you wish to be sure of receiving your toy set before Christmas, make sure your application is sent off

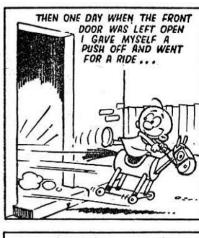
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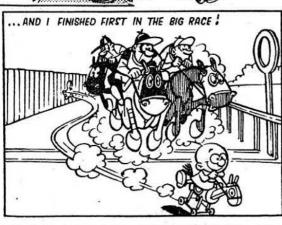
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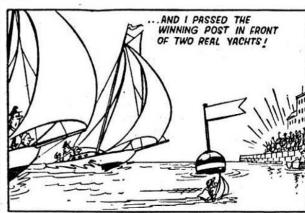


























The THREATOF the JORE TERRIBORE

An evil genius named Doctor Nikolas had developed a tunnelling machine called the Terribore. He hreatened to destroy London if he was not paid a million pounds in gold bars, so the Prime Minister asked inventor Malcolm Franklin to find a solution to the problem. Meanwhile, the country's only hope ay in special agent Jeff Power, who was a prisoner n Nikolas' underground hide-out. Jeff escaped in he Terribore . . . but then he lost control of it!

A DANGEROUS MISSION

S Jeff Power sat at the controls of the Terribore he was as helpless as a baby, for the great machine seemed to have a will of its own. The twin steering levers moved automatically and Jeff could do nothing to stop them. They moved back and forth, responding them. They moved back and forth, responding to some invisible control, and the machine

changed its direction in time with them!
"It's no use!" gasped Jeff, as he wrestled vainly with the levers. All the strength in his arms, his back and his legs was going into a mighty effort to steer the Terribore in the direction he wanted it to travel. But it was about as much use as trying to stop the "Flying Scotsman"

with one finger.

The Terribore ground to a halt in the cavern with its great engine throbbing gently. Then Jeff watched wide-eyed as the twin clutch pedals moved downwards of their own accord to disengage the gear-boxes of the monster.

It was uncanny . . . almost frightening. But Jeff Power had a tight grip on himself. He had not been picked for secret service work for nothing. Machines, however wonderful, held no terrors for him, and he vowed that Doctor Nikolas would not set foot in the Terribore again without a battle.

At that instant a sinister chuckle echoed through the steel hull of the great machine. Jeff started. He had heard that laugh before.

It belonged to Doctor Nikolas!

"No, no, young friend—do not look for me!"

The voice of the doctor followed his laugh. "I am not with you in the Terribore. My voice is reaching you by radio !

Jeff relaxed and looked swiftly around for the loudspeaker. But it was well hidden and there

was probably more than one. "You are a resourceful young fellow," purred the mocking voice. "The way you escaped from the dungeon where I left you, bound hand and foot, was very clever. But you are not clever enough. You surely did not think that you could snatch the Terribore from under my

very nose, aid you? The voice chuckled again, and Jeff clenched his

dets in helpless anger.

"I'd punch your nose if I had you here!" he growled, more to relieve his feelings than anything else.

The mocking voice went on.
"So you thought you'd like to take a little ride
in my machine, did you? Well, you shall, my
friend—you shall! As you have found out, the Terribore is under complete radio control from my secret headquarters here. It can go anywhere I wish . . . I can steer it without ever getting up out of my easy chair here. You see, it is sometimes best that the machine should do its job without anyone being on board. Some-times it has work to do involving great danger."

Doctor Nikolas dropped his voice until it was

little above a whisper.

"It has such a job tonight . . . a task which might prove very dangerous. I hope you enjoy your little jaunt . . . Au revoir!"

With these words the idling engine roared, the clutch pedals snapped into working position, and the Terribore thundered forward across the

had been called as the result of the threat which Doctor Nikolas had made that very afternoon

Cutting in on the Home Service of the BBC Doctor Nikolas had demanded one million pounds in gold bars, to be left in a certain disused Underground railway station by midnight. If he did not get the gold, Nikolas had said, it would be the worse for London.

It was now a little after seven.
"We have had proof of the power of the Terribore, as Doctor Nikolas calls his terrible machine," declared the Prime Minister. "It is quite clear that it could easily wreck any part of London, simply by burrowing under the foundations of the buildings. We would have no way of knowing where Nikolas might strike I think, therefore, that to pay the gold is the bes course, if only to give ourselves breathing space.'

The Chancellor cleared his throat.

"The gold left the Bank of England in an armoured car half an hour ago," he said. "By now it will

The arch-criminal's demands had to be met-for hundreds of lives were at stake!

floor of the cavern. It swerved round, and through the thick armoured window Jeff saw that the whirling steel nose was pointed straight at the wall of solid rock.

The shimmering cone of steel blades sliced into the cave wall and a great plume of powdered granite sprayed back over the torpedo-shaped body.

Then blackness blotted out the window. The Terribore was burrowing into solid earth.

Inside, the din was tremendous, but even so leff could hear the evil, hissing voice of Doctor

The task is set for midnight. I hope you find it interesting, Mr. Power. Remember . . . midnight!"

HELD TO RANSOM!

E have until midnight, gentlemen. That is more than enough time to do what little can be done," said the Prime

The scene was a special Cabinet meeting which

have been placed upon the platform at Fellowes Hi Station."

The Prime Minister nodded.

For the moment, at any rate, we must submi to this blackmail. Meanwhile, the best brain in the country are working upon the problem of fighting Doctor Nikolas and his machine Malcolm Franklin, the inventor, for one, ha offered his valuable services for this task. Soon, hope, we shall be in a position to fight the menace. But for tonight we shall give Nikola the gold he demands. It will be left for him as hasks . . . unguarded."

The hour of midnight drew near.

The old Underground station at Fellowes Hi was dark and silent. It had not been used for years . . . not since the old North Circula loop-line had been closed down.

Upon the empty platform, where now only th rats scuttled and hurried, was a stack of brick shaped objects.

They were gold bars-a million pounds' worth of them.

Then out of the darkness loomed the figure of a man, clad from head to foot in black, and wearing upon his head what appeared to be a gas mask.

But the goggle eye-pieces were bigger, and protruded more than those of an ordinary gas mask. They had been specially made to enable the wearer to see in the dark, for upon the man's forehead was an infra-red lamp which emitted invisible rays. The goggles could change this invisible "black" light into light by which the wearer's eyes could see.

The man was on foot. He had walked a long way to get here, through many used tunnels, from a spot where the line plunged underground in the countryside beyond London. He had crouched back against the walls of tunnels, unseen in his black garb, as speeding Underground trains had thundered past him.

Now he had reached the platform, and clambered up. For a moment he stood gazing at the gold stacked up in the darkness, then he tensed.

From somewhere beneath his feet came a distant thunderous rumble.

The Terribore was coming!

Doctor Nikolas was keeping his midnight appoint-

The masked man took up a position from which he could watch the gold and drew a gun from a holster at his side. He slid back the safety catch and checked the action to ensure that the weapon would not fail him. Possibly he might not need it at all. But he had no way of knowing. His only plan was to be ready for anything.

The rumbling grew louder—louder. The floor under his feet shook and trembled. But for the tubular metal lining of the tunnel, the roof would have come crashing down.

The eyes of the watching man darted this way and that. He could not guess where the whirling steel blades of the Terribore would break through. He might have to jump for his life . . .

Suddenly, at the far end of the station, the paving of the old platform heaved, split and flew asunder as the Terribore burst into view. The edge of the platform wilted and crumbled under its weight. Then the monster rolled along the disused rails, and came to rest near the pile of gold bars.

- THE BLACKMAILER COLLECTS!

HE man in the shadows crouched tensely, ready for anything.

A beam of greenish light shot from the side of the monster, probed around and focused upon the gold. A steel shutter slid aside and a dull, round "eye" of black glass seemed to peer out at the treasure.

The watcher guessed that this was some kind of radar or television unit, such as is used for inspecting sunken wrecks, and that by this means the controller of the Terribore could see what lay in the light of the green ray.
What the watcher did not know was that the

objects picked out by that eerie green light were being seen by Doctor Nikolas in his secret lair, over a hundred miles to the north!

Next, a second panel slid open just beside the first, but much larger. From within came the whine of machinery, and a big steel grab slid into sight.

The grab was like a giant hand of steel, with four jointed fingers which were flattened and spade-like, and it moved at the end of a jointed telescopic arm.

The grab swung over, scooped up a number of the gold bars, and slid back into the hull of the Terribore. There came the rattle of the bars being unloaded, and then the arm shot out again for a second great load.

The silent watcher frowned under his mask. He had hoped to see doors open in the machine and men step out, for he had been prepared to fight his way in. But this was different.

He meant to get into the Terribore, however, and there was now only one way to do it.

The man raised his gun and aimed carefully at

the television "eye." He would stand a slightly better chance if that was out of action—if his enemies were "blind."

He waited a few seconds, until the grab was again poised to take up bars of gold—and then he fired. The eye shattered with a "plop" like a big electric light bulb exploding and the man in the gas mask leapt across the platform

Scattering gold bars in all directions he swiftly took their place in the hand of the steel grab He crouched down, as small as he could make himself, and a second later was drawn swiftly into the Terribore. The grab turned over, and he was deposited on the steel floor of a small well lit compartment. He came swiftly to his feet among the bars of gold and swung around, his gun at the

Then a flicker of movement at the far end of the steel gangway caught his eye.

Like lightning his gun flamed and the electric light in the gangway went out, shattered by the bullets. The masked man took two leaping strides along the length of the gangway and grappled with the figure that lurked there in the shadows.

His clubbed gun sprung up and crashed down upor the other's head. Then the man in black stood up and swung tensely around, but there was nobody

Like a shadow, he darted here and there, unti he had searched the whole hull of the Terribore

Not another living soul could he find. Somewhat puzzled, he made his way back to the limp form of the man he had knocked senseless He dragged him into the light of the empty control cabin and turned his face upward.

An exclamation broke from under the man's

"Ye Gods! Jeff Power!"
Swiftly the stranger lossened Jeff's collar and made him comfortable. Then he ripped of his own mask to reveal the lean, tanned features of Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire inventor !

(Can Franklin find an answer to Doctor Nikolas evil plans? See next week's action-packed episodel

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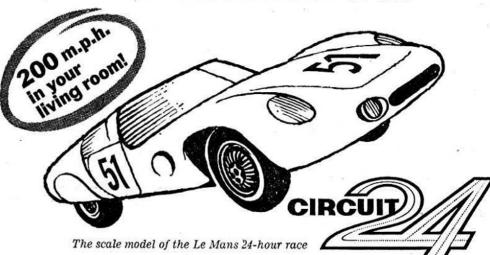
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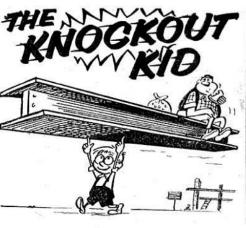
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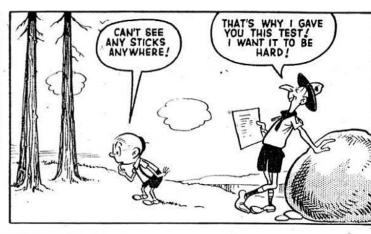


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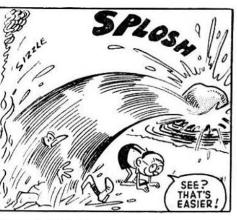






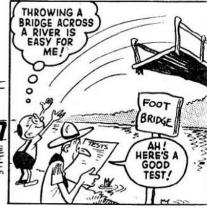








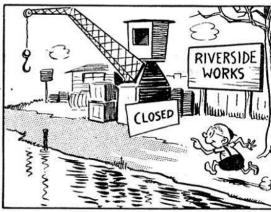


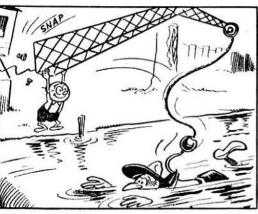
















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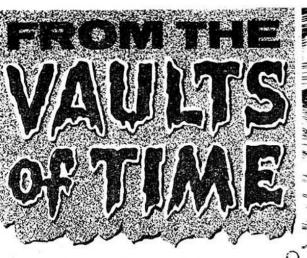
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THE PARTY AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE WATCHED THE MIGHTY MONSTER THUNDER DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...



Professor Kraken led an expedition to investigate the sensational discovery he had made in Britain's deepest pothole. His bitter rival, Professor Needler, and some of the party, found the going too heavy, and turned back-but no sooner had they eached the surface than a prehistoric beast came storming up from the depths!



THE THING'S
PROBABLY BLINDED BY
THE SUNLIGHT. IT'S USED
TO LIVING IN UNDERGROUND CAVERNS WHERE THERE WILL BE HARDLY ANY LIGHT AT ALL! THE VILLAGE POLICE STATION,
THREE MILES AWAY, WAS THE RADIO
HEADQUARTERS OF PROFESSOR
KRAKEN'S EXPEDITION AND A
BAFFLED CONSTABLE RECEIVED YOU'VE GOT A WHAT ..? CAN'T HEAR YOU STRAIGHT ... NEEDLER'S MESSAGE .. TRICERATOPS .. HEY, SARGE . . . THEY SAY THERE'S A GREAT MONSTER ESCAPED FROM A POT-HOLE ON THE MOORS!

THANK HEAVENS
IT DIDN'T TURN BACK
AND CHARGE US A
SECOND TIME,
NEEDLER!

T-R-1-







YOU'RE
DAYDREAMING,
OXLEY! HOP OUT
OF IT—GIVE ME
THEM HEAD

PHONES





What is Professor Kraken's amazing secret? Don't miss next week's spine-chilling instalment!



AND DIAMENTAL STANCE

Strongbow the Mohawk and Hawkeye the Hunter had trailed their deadly Chief Rattleenemy. snake the Huron, to the mountain city of Manaya, where he had proclaimed himself ruler. As the comrades were entering the city by a secret passage Hawkeye was bitten by a snake, so Strongbow continued He made his alone. way to the Hall of Chiefs, where Rattlesnake lay sleeping, and gained entry through a high window . . .



THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF ANY GUARDS IN THE STILL, DARK HALL SO STRONGBOW STEALTHILY APPROACHED THE SLUMBERING FORM.

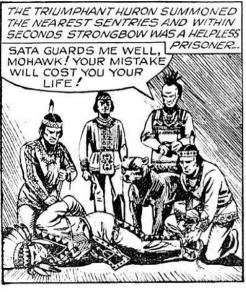


THE SNARLING COUGAR SPRANG...
AND NEXT MOMENT THE MOHAWK
WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!

















Will Hawkeye find a way into the city in time to save Strongbow? See next Wednesday's big thrills!





