

COMET

STARTING TO-DAY!
A GRAND NEW
BOB HARLEY YARN!

3^D EVERY
MONDAY

No. 235. January 17, 1953

THE SKY EXPLORERS

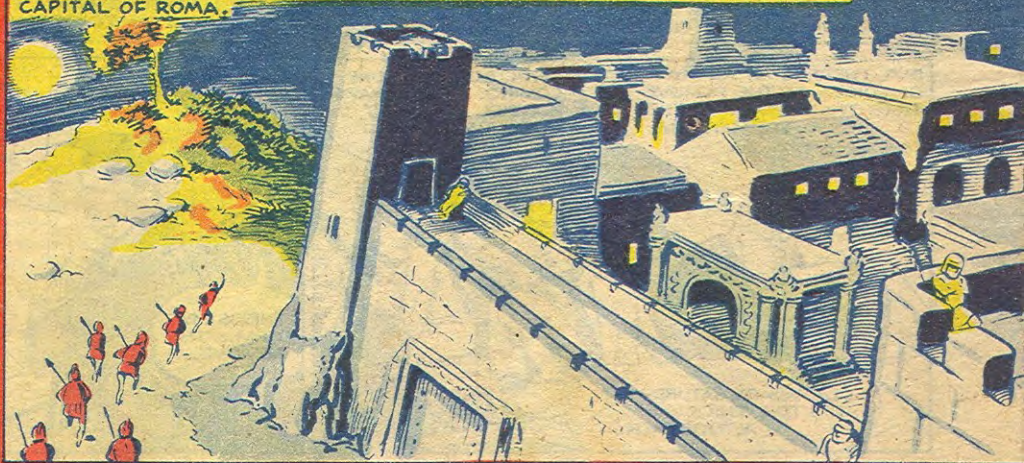
PROFESSOR JOLLY HAS MANAGED TO
GET AN ANCIENT RADIO EYE WORKING,
TO SPY OUT THE LAND.

LOOK, THEY SLEEP!
NOW IS THE
TIME TO ATTACK!



PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO.,
AND THEIR FRIEND KOSMO,
HAVE LANDED ON THE STRANGE
PLANET ROMA. HERE THEY
WERE CAPTURED BY THE
WICKED EMPEROR CAMBUSTA,
WHO SEIZED POWER WHEN
HIS BROTHER NESCIOR
DISAPPEARED ON AN
EXPEDITION TO THE TEMPLE OF
EZE. FIDDYCAT, AN ANCIENT
ROMAN INVENTOR, RESCUED
PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO.,
AND AFTER MANY EXCITING
ADVENTURES LED THEM TO
NESCIOR'S HIDING PLACE.
HERE THEY DECIDED THAT
THEY MUST OVERTHROW THE
WICKED CAMBUSTA. SO
WORKING DAY AND NIGHT,
PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO.
MANAGED TO GET A FLEET OF
SPACE MACHINES, THAT ARE
RELICS OF A PAST CIVILIZATION,
INTO WORKING ORDER. NOW AT
LAST EVERYTHING IS READY
FOR THE ATTACK!

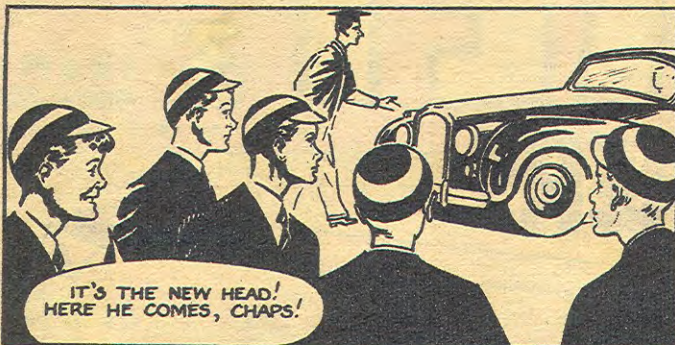
UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS NESCIOR'S FORCES SILENTLY SURROUND THE
CAPITAL OF ROMA.



(More pictures on the centre pages)

Dr. Locke, the headmaster of Greyfriars, has had a severe attack of 'flu, but he's better now and gone away to a convalescent home in the north of Scotland. Dr. Grimstone is just arriving at Greyfriars to take over during his absence.

The GREYFRIARS REBELLION!



IT'S THE NEW HEAD!
HERE HE COMES, CHAPS!



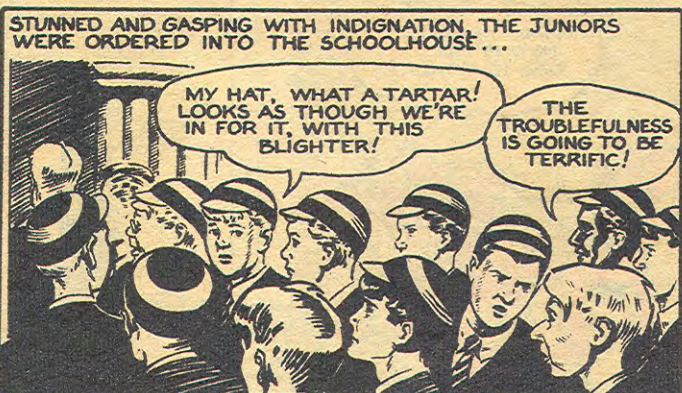
DR. GRIMSTONE? I AM
MR. QUELCH, MASTER OF
THE REMOVE... WELCOME,
SIR, TO GREYFRIARS...

WHAT ARE THESE BOYS
DOING? WHY ARE THEY
NOT IN THEIR FORM-ROOMS,
WORKING?



BUT, BUT IT IS SATURDAY,
SIR! THERE ARE NO
CLASSES ON
SATURDAYS...

DISGRACEFUL! THAT
RULE WILL BE ALTERED
IMMEDIATELY! ORDER
THESE BOYS TO THEIR
FORMROOMS
AT ONCE!



STUNNED AND GASPING WITH INDIGNATION, THE JUNIORS
WERE ORDERED INTO THE SCHOOLHOUSE...

MY HAT, WHAT A TARTAR!
LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE
IN FOR IT, WITH THIS
BLIGHTER!

THE
TROUBLEFULNESS
IS GOING TO BE
TERRIFIC!



THEN THE NEW HEAD GLARES AND WAVES AN OMINOUS
HAND TOWARDS THE TUCKSHOP...

DO YOU MEAN TO
TELL ME THAT THE
SALE OF DISGUSTING
FOODSTUFFS IS ACTUALLY
PERMITTED WITHIN THE
WALLS OF THE SCHOOL ITSELF!
THIS MUST CEASE AT ONCE! THE
TUCKSHOP SHALL BE CLOSED DOWN!



BILLY BUNTER GASPS AS HE HEARS THE
TERRIBLE WORDS!

HA HA
HA!

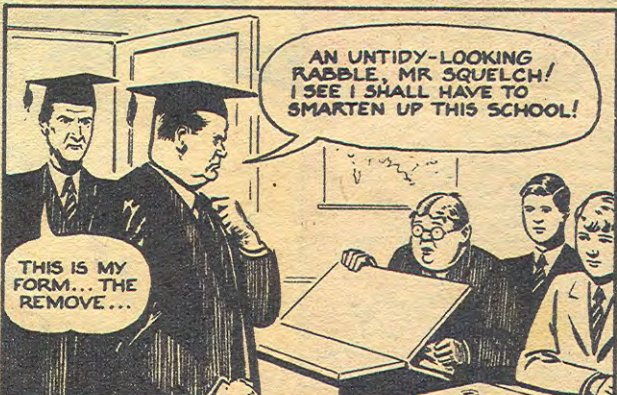
I SAY YOU FELLOWS!
DID YOU HEAR THAT! HE'S
JOLLY WELL TRYING TO
STARVE US TO DEATH!



BUT THERE IS AN ANGRY HUM
OF VOICES AS THE REMOVE
TAKE THEIR SEATS IN THE
FORM-ROOM...

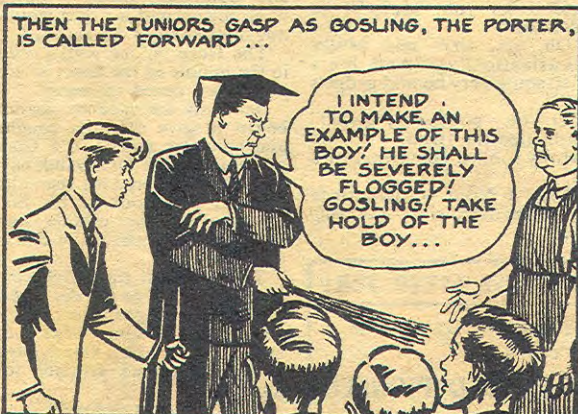
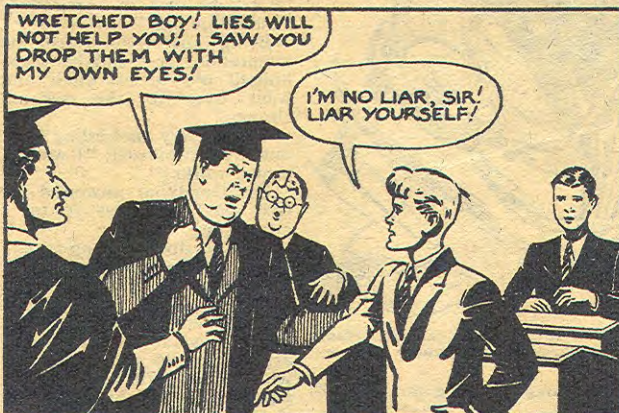
SHH, BOB! SOMEONE
COMING! QUIET, CHAPS!
BUNTER, PUT THAT
TUCK AWAY, YOU
FAT ASS!

CLASSES ON SATURDAYS!
IT'S TOO THICK
ALTOGETHER!



AN UNTIDY-LOOKING
RABBLE, MR. SQUELCH!
I SEE I SHALL HAVE TO
SMARTEN UP THIS SCHOOL!

THIS IS MY
FORM... THE
REMOVE...



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

ONE morning Dr. Gandybar was seated at his breakfast when Molly, the maid, came rushing in.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" she cried. "I don't know whatever I shall do now!"

"What is the matter, Molly?" inquired Dr. Gandybar, a little peeved at having his breakfast interrupted.

"Oh, sir, it's the vacuum cleaner," she cried. "It's got no suck left in it!"

"It's got no *what*?" spluttered Dr. Gandybar as he took a mouthful of hot tea.

"No suck, sir," bleated Molly. "It just won't work and I've got all the studies to clean!"

"All right, Molly, my girl," said Dr. Gandybar, picking up the morning paper. "I'll see what can be done when I've finished my breakfast."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Molly, and then, mumbling something about the suck probably being blow, she left the study.

WILLIE WIZZARD was talking to his pal, Jimmy Bash, in the Quad when Dr. Gandybar approached him.

"Ah, Wizzard!" beamed the head. "I have a little problem I wish to discuss with you. It is of grave importance!"

"Yes, sir," said Willie, wondering what it was all about.

"Ah, hrm!" Dr. Gandybar cleared his throat and nearly blew Willie's cap off at the same time. "It seems, Wizzard, that the school vacuum cleaner has broken down."

"Oh!" gasped Willie, much relieved.

"Yes! Well, Wizzard, I'd like you to see if you can get it going again."

"Er—I think I'll be able to do something, sir," said Willie. "And shall I begin now?"

"Yes, m'boy," beamed Dr. Gandybar. "You may take the morning off from lessons."

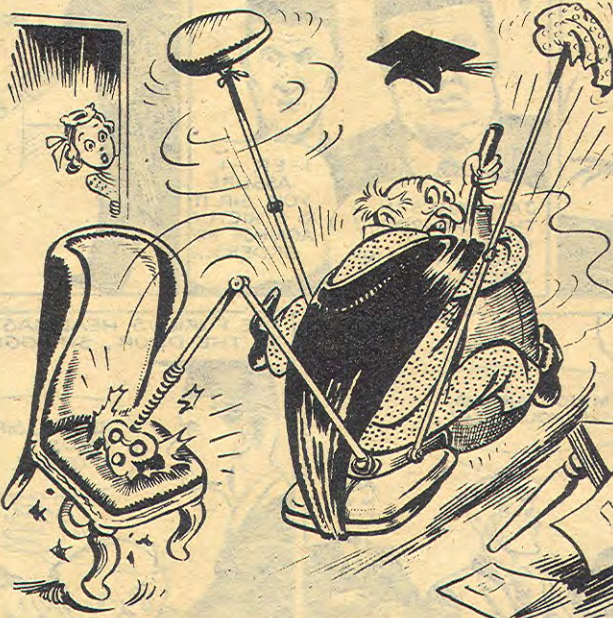
"Good—er—I mean, thank you, sir!" gasped Willie.

Willie got the vacuum cleaner from Molly and took it to his workshop in the old boiler-house at the back of the school. He was in there for a good two hours and during that time many clangings and bangings were heard.

Then Willie came out with the vacuum cleaner. It was, however, a very different machine to the one he had carried in. It now looked much bigger and it had a couple of arms attached to the sides plus a carpet beater fitted to another long arm.

Willie took it along to Molly, who was astounded with what she saw.

"What on earth have you done to it, Master Wizzard?" she gasped.



"Oh, Dr. Gandybar!" gasped Molly as she saw the terrified Head careering round the study on Willie's "improved" vacuum cleaner!

"Oh, there was only a small screw loose in it," replied Willie. "That's fixed, but I thought I'd put a few more things on it to help you when you clean the studies. I've also made the suction unit more powerful so that it won't leave any dust behind at all!"

"Oh, have you now," said Molly, smiling at Willie. "That's very kind of you, I'm sure."

"That's quite all right," beamed Willie, his spectacles sliding to the end of his nose in his embarrassment.

"And how does it all work?" asked Molly.

Willie showed her the different switches he had put on and which one to turn on for each arm.

"This arm," said Willie, pointing to the arm on the left side, "is for dusting, and this one on the other side is for polishing the floor round the carpet."

"Wonderful!" cried Molly. "Thank you very much, Master Wizzard. But how does this arm with the carpet beater on work?"

"Well, you just press this switch here," said Willie. "Then it beats away like this."

The carpet beater began to switch backwards and forwards

as though beating an invisible carpet.

Willie then left Molly with the vacuum cleaner and returned to his workshop for the rest of the morning.

DR. GANDYBAR sat down at his desk and began to correct a pile of exercise books.

"Should have finished these last night!" he murmured to himself.

At that moment there was a knock on his door.

"Come in!" called the Head, and Molly, the maid, entered. "What is it, Molly?"

"Oh, I didn't know you were working, sir," apologised Molly. "I was just going to vacuum your study for you."

Dr. Gandybar immediately looked his interest.

"Then Wizzard was able to mend it for you, Molly?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Molly enthusiastically. "And he's added some very helpful gadgets too!"

"Er—oh—good, very good!" commented the Head.

Molly looked somewhat at a loss.

"May I leave it here until you've finished, sir?" she suggested.

"Yes, yes! Of course, Molly," replied Dr. Gandybar as he opened another exercise book and began marking it with his red pencil.

Molly left the study and Dr. Gandybar finished correcting the rest of the essays. When he'd put the last book on the finished pile he leaned back in his chair with a large sigh of relief.

Then his eyes fell on the vacuum cleaner.

"My word, Wizzard has indeed made some alterations to it!" he said in admiration. "Indeed he has!"

Being unable to resist the temptation, Dr. Gandybar eased himself out of his chair and went over to the vacuum cleaner.

"Very, very interesting!" he muttered to himself. "I wonder how it works?"

Dr. Gandybar unwound the flex and connected it to a power plug.

Pressing down the top switch, he started the vacuum working. He pushed it across the room and it seemed to be doing very well. Then he pushed the second switch over and the arms began to work. The one with the duster on it, not finding any corners nearby, began to dust the head's shoes, much to his annoyance, while the other arm was polishing his favourite leather armchair each time he passed it.

"Hm! There must be some use for the duster and polisher," Dr. Gandybar said to himself, "but I don't see what it is!"

Finding the duster was getting in his way, Dr. Gandybar decided to shut it off. But in doing so he touched the wrong switch.

"Whack!" The carpet beater caught him a resounding smack on his back which nearly sent him head-first into the waste-paper basket.

"Whack!" This time it caught him fair and square in the middle.

"Ooooff—urrrrggle!" gasped Dr. Gandybar, doing a backward roll in mid air that would not have shamed an acrobat.

The Head landed with a thud in the middle of the floor, where he sat too dazed to move.

Suddenly the vacuum cleaner began to give off little coughs and splutters and then a flash of light dazzled Dr. Gandybar. When he recovered his vision he received the shock of his life. For the vacuum cleaner had suddenly taken charge of everything itself.

The arms on the sides were whirling round at terrific speed just like two propellers. Suddenly the vacuum began to move and to Dr. Gandybar's terror, it headed straight for him.

(Continued opposite)

EXCITING NEWS! SOMETHING YOU'VE ASKED FOR!

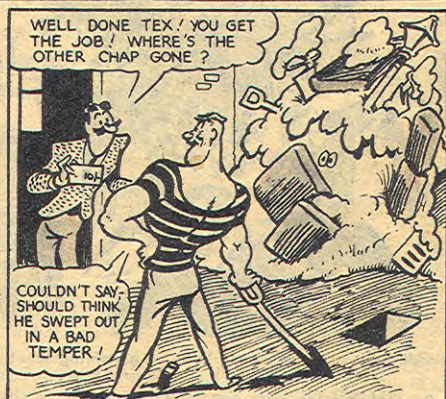
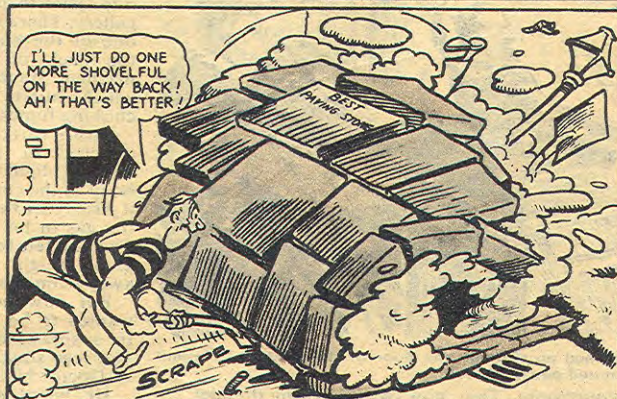
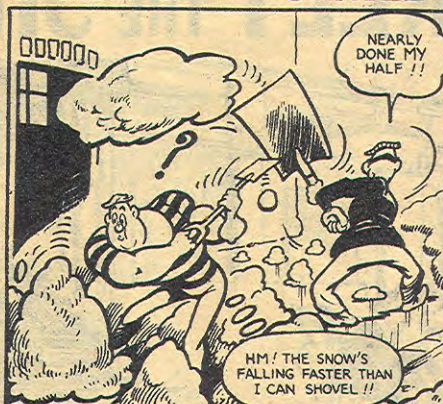
Don't miss the extra page of Kit Carson next week in a grand new story called:

KIT CARSON and the PIG-HEADED PIONEER

WILL YOU RECEIVE A PRESENT THIS WEEK? LOOK BELOW AND FIND OUT!

TOUGH TEX

THE GENTLE TOUGH GUY



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Continued from page 4)

"Wow—help!" he yelled, and tried to dodge out of the way. But his gown got in the way and he fell back onto the carpet again, once again in the path of the charging vacuum.

Then the Head gave another gasp of horror. He was being slowly sucked towards the vacuum cleaner. Try as he would he couldn't stop himself. Suddenly the vacuum gathered speed. Dr. Gandybar jumped! But as he leapt his gown was suddenly caught and dragged into the vacuum cleaner. Next moment he had landed astride the charging machine.

The vacuum began to rush wildly round the study with the Head clinging on to it, but facing the other way.

"Whack!" went the carpet beater with such force that it made a hole in the Head's favourite leather armchair.

Suddenly the door opened and Molly, the maid, looked in. She clasped her hands in amazement.

"Oh, Dr. Gandybar!" she gasped. "Playing at hobby horses! At your age too!"

Suddenly the vacuum charged towards her.

"Oh—my goodness!" Molly gasped in terror—and fled.

"Wow—help—come back, Molly!" shrieked the Head.

But at that moment a shower of exercise books descended upon him but they were immediately sucked up by the vacuum. There followed a bottle of ink, pencils, paper-weights and sheets of blotting paper. These, too, disappeared into the dark cavity of the dustbag.

"MASTER WIZZARD! Master Wizzard!"

Molly's frantic voice made Willie's workshop shake.

"Er—what's up?" asked Willie, opening the door and peering out.

"The cleaner's gone mad in the Head's study!" Molly cried. "Oh, crumbs!" gasped Willie.

"I'll have to do something."

He went racing by the breathless Molly.

As Willie neared the Head's study he could hear a terrible noise coming from it. He threw the door open and almost fell back in horror.

For he saw a most amazing sight.

Dr. Gandybar was sitting astride the vacuum cleaner, which had now stopped moving. His face was a deep red in colour. The duster on the arm had gathered up a pool of red ink. Evidently finding nothing else to dust, it had done a good job of work on the Head's face.

The other arm was very carefully polishing the bald spot on Dr. Gandybar's head while the

carpet beater was slowly pounding his mortar board to pieces as it lay on the carpet.

Willie dashed over to the plug and pulled it out. The arms stopped their dusting and polishing and the beater gave one final clout to the wrecked mortar board.

Molly helped Willie lift the Head off the vacuum cleaner and seat him in his armchair.

"Ouccchh!" yelled Dr. Gandybar, shooting a couple of feet in the air as he sat on the end of a spring.

They helped him over to his chair behind the desk.

"Wizzard, I—I—I—I—I—" gasped the Head.

Then Dr. Gandybar turned as white as a ghost.

"Look out! Take cover!" he cried.

Willie spun round. The bag on the vacuum cleaner was slowly swelling to a gigantic size. Willie, Molly and the Head dived under the desk.

"BANG!"

The whole study was suddenly filled with bits of flying paper and ink. The study was a complete wreck.

"Molly, kindly leave now," requested the Head severely. "And Wizzard, I have a few matters to settle with you."

Next week: Willie invents a super fire-fighting foam!

COMET—January 17, 1953—5

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HAVE a look at these smashing presents, Spotters! Cowboy Belt and Holster, Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Ball-point Pen, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Box Game, Charm Bracelet. You may choose one of these—free—if your Album number is one of the thousand below.

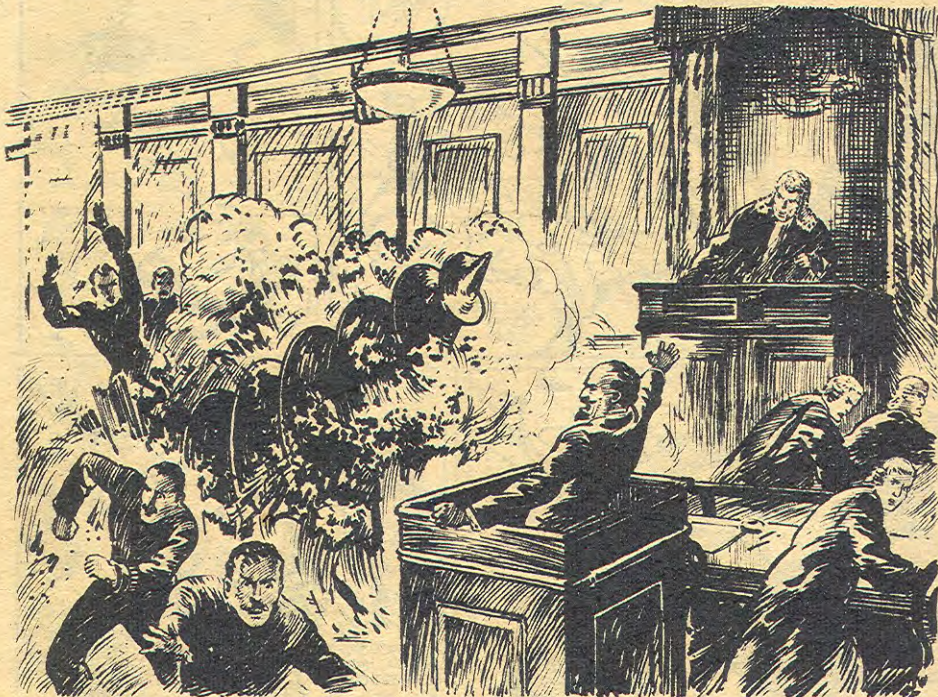
You may claim if your number is between 14,000 and 14,500 inclusive, and between 22,000 and 22,500 inclusive.

This is what to do if your number's here. First, write the name of your choice of present in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use", and at the same time make sure that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Also, on a postcard or piece of paper, write the name of the character or story you like most in COMET—and in a few words, say why. Post album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

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

All claims must arrive at the above address by Tuesday, January 27, the closing date. Presents will be sent off about a week after this and Albums returned at the same time.

BOB HARLEY AND THE SILVER MOLE



Suddenly a great spinning cone of gleaming steel crashed up through the floor of the Central Criminal Court! Pandemonium and panic reigned!

A HUSH fell over the court at the Old Bailey as the learned judge addressed the prisoner at the bar.

"Doctor Nikolas," he said, "you came to this country as an outcast, a refugee—a man without a country—a man ruined by war. We in England made you welcome, and because of your great gifts as a scientist you rose to a position of great trust. That trust you have betrayed."

The judge paused. All eyes were upon the man at the bar, the prisoner who was about to be sentenced. He stood, straight and lean, a tall man with a mane of iron-grey hair above a lean face. His steely grey eyes were fixed defiantly on the judge's face and a hint of a mocking smile lingered around the corners of the thin mouth.

The judge cleared his throat and went on.

"On your own confession you are guilty of stealing a very secret atomic engine. You have refused to disclose for what purpose."

"The sentence of the court is that you are to spend the next fifteen years in penal servitude."

As the judge pronounced the grim sentence a hush fell on the court.

Then the silence was broken by a laugh.

It was a mocking laugh, and it came from Doctor Nikolas, the prisoner.

A buzz of astonished whisper-

ings swept the courtroom. The clerk of the court pounded upon the table.

"Order—order in court!" he cried.

Doctor Nikolas stopped laughing and his flashing eyes swept round the big chamber.

"I defy you!" he cried. "I laugh at you and I tell you that you will never carry out your sentence. You cannot hold me against my will. The fate of every one of you is in my hands at this very moment."

From somewhere outside the court a clock began to chime out the hour of eleven.

The second stroke was still ringing on the air when an astonishing thing happened.

The whole courtroom began to quiver!

The floor underfoot trembled like the deck of a destroyer when its engines are roaring round at the very peak of their power.

Some mighty machine was throbbing down below the courtroom—louder—louder.

Plaster began to fall in lumps from the ceiling. Up in the public gallery somebody screamed. People began to rush towards the exits.

And above the din the laughter of Doctor Nikolas rang out again, harsh and mocking.

Then the floor heaved and bulged upwards. The walls of the great chamber began to split.

The throbbing roar had risen

now to a deafening thunder.

Then something burst upwards through the floor. It was a great whirling cone of gleaming silvery steel, like a giant corkscrew.

Some mighty machine was boring its way up out of the bowels of the earth into the Central Criminal Court!

Pandemonium and panic reigned as a great cigar-shaped steel monster heaved itself into view. The whirling blades that had torn up through the floor came to rest. A hatch in the top of the shining steel body clanged open and the figures of three men, steel-helmeted and clad all in black, leaped into view.

Each one wore a gas-mask and was armed with what appeared to be a gas-bomb, with which he menaced all present.

With a triumphant laugh Doctor Nikolas vaulted over the rail of the dock down onto the floor of the court.

It was then that Bob Harley acted.

Bob, the young Special Agent, had been in court to give evidence at the trial of Doctor Nikolas. He had been watching the final dramatic moments of the trial from the public gallery. It would be his duty now to help take Doctor Nikolas to prison.

When the floor had started to throb and quake Bob had been as amazed as anyone. He

had stayed there watching, clutching the rail at the gallery's edge as the strange machine had bored its way into view.

Now, in a flash the meaning of it all came to him. This was a rescue! Doctor Nikolas was being snatched from the grip of justice by these men from the strange machine!

To think, with Bob Harley, was to act. He was unarmed, but in his jacket pocket were a pair of handcuffs in case he needed them for the job of taking the prisoner from the dock to Pentonville prison.

The handcuffs were hooked over his right wrist as he leaped into space from the edge of the gallery. There was a shout from one of the black-clad men on the back of the great steel machine. He threw a gas-bomb, which burst in a cloud of choking fumes.

Bob's outstretched hands clutched at and caught the hanging light fitting over the body of the court. He swung on it briefly as he felt the sting of the gas in his eyes and throat. Then he felt the wrenching tear as his weight ripped the fitting away from the ceiling.

But now he was where he wanted to be, and he dropped in a sprawl of outflung arms and legs squarely on the back of Doctor Nikolas.

He heard shouts and cries and gasps from all sides as he grabbed the escaping prisoner-at-the-bar.

It was then that his right hand grasped the prisoner's left, and there came a steely snap as the young Special Agent clamped the free clasp of the handcuffs shut on the Doctor's wrist.

"Where you go—I go!" panted Bob as both he and Doctor Nikolas fell unconscious to the floor of the court.

A LITTLE while later, Malcolm Franklin, the world-famous inventor, arrived by car at Number 10 Downing Street.

He had been sent for by the Prime Minister.

"You saw what happened at the Old Bailey, Mr. Franklin," said the great man, "and with your knowledge, I think you are the best person to give me an account of the event."

"I was outside the courtroom, sir," said Malcolm Franklin, "when things started. The first I knew was when the floor started to shake. Even then I did not know where the shaking was coming from until the machine burst up through the floor of the Central Court. I made for the courtroom at once, but I could not get in, because there was a torrent of people trying to get out and the fumes of gas were causing panic. Also my path was further blocked by the wreckage of

part of the public gallery which had just collapsed, but I caught a glimpse of the machine which had done the damage."

"What was this machine like?"

"Roughly, sir, it was the shape of a torpedo, although at the front it had a great cone of spiral steel cutting blades. I saw Doctor Nikolas dragged into the hull of the machine. Young Harley, the Special Agent, was attached to him by handcuffs. He was taken inside the machine too."

"Good lad, young Harley. Hope he's all right. What happened then?"

"The machine turned around in its own length, moving on caterpillar tracks, like a tank. Next a sort of jack arrangement lifted up the back of the hull, which tilted the nose down. Then the blades at the front started to spin again and the machine burrowed its way into the earth—disappearing the way it had come."

The Prime Minister blew out a cloud of cigar smoke.

"As you know, Mr. Franklin," he said, "Doctor Nikolas was engaged in highly secret work for the government. Work in connection with atomic energy. Unhappily, we know that he stole our new top-secret atomic power unit. Would you suppose that this machine—this earth-borer—had the stolen atomic engine built into it?"

Franklin's face was grave as he replied.

"That machine must have had atomic engines. No other type of engine would give enough power to drive a machine through solid earth and rock. It must have an atomic engine of very advanced design—small enough to go into a hull little bigger than a railway carriage and capable of delivering several million horsepower."

The great man nodded.

"That is as I thought myself. You see, the secret work on which Doctor Nikolas was engaged was the designing of just such an engine, for use in aircraft and submarines. Doctor Nikolas helped in this invention and now he has stolen the fruits of his success for his own use, or for the use of some person or power unknown. The position is very serious."

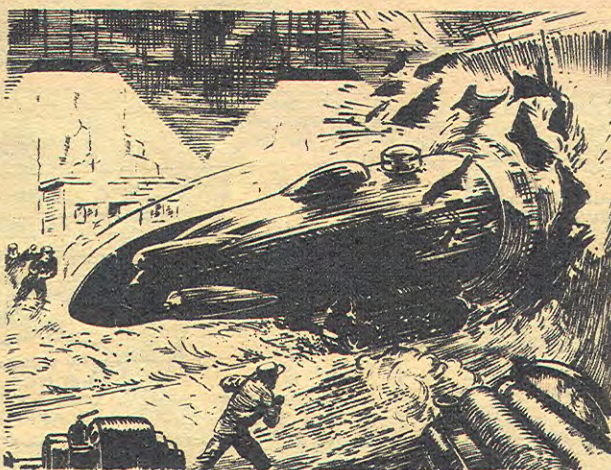
The Prime Minister got up and walked to the window. He stretched out a hand towards the buildings of London which stretched away before them.

"Thanks to the treachery of Doctor Nikolas a terrible machine exists. A machine capable of wrecking great cities, like our own, and then vanishing into the bowels of the earth, where no man can follow it."

He turned back towards the inventor.

"Mr. Franklin, I want you to turn your inventive genius to the problem of combating this menace..."

He broke off as a knock sounded at the door and a very



Bob Harley stood at the controls inside the Silver Mole as the whirling blades of steel cut into the metal doors!

agitated-looking official hurried in. He said something very rapidly to the Prime Minister, who strode across the room and swiftly pressed down a small switch. There came the sound of a loudspeaker coming to life.

"The Home Service," explained the Prime Minister. "Listen..."

At first there was a crackling noise, behind which the ordinary programme could be faintly heard. Then a voice cut in.

It was the harsh voice of Doctor Nikolas!

"Doctor Nikolas calling. Doctor Nikolas calling. I will repeat my message of five minutes ago."

The Prime Minister looked across at Franklin meaningly, his eyebrow raised and his cigar in his hand. The voice went on.

"The sum of one million pounds in gold bars will be paid to me at once. The gold will be placed on the platform of the disused Underground station at Felloes Hill, in North London. If it is not there by midnight tonight, London will suffer. Remember, I can burrow anywhere in the Silver Mole. There is no place I cannot attack. I can plant explosives where I please. If I do not get the gold I require disaster shall fall upon the city and people of London. That is all."

With that, the ordinary home service programme came back full strength.

"Blackmail!" said the Prime Minister, "blackmail on a vast scale. Are we powerless against this scoundrel? Is there nothing we can do?"

"Not quite nothing, sir," said Franklin quietly. "There is one slight hope. Bob Harley is on the Silver Mole."

"Yes," said the great man, "yes. Bob Harley is on the Silver Mole. A good man, young Harley. I only hope he's all right."

BOB HARLEY came to himself slowly. His head was throbbing and he could not

move either his hands or his feet. Where he was he could not imagine, but he was lying upon an earthy floor in almost total darkness.

Then the memory of the fantastic scene in the court of the Old Bailey came flooding back to him. He remembered clamping the loop of the handcuffs around the wrist of Doctor Nikolas. He groped with his fingers and felt a single cuff of steel upon his own right wrist and a short scrap of severed chain.

But what to do now?

Bob lay listening for a few minutes. Scraps of noise reached him from a distance, but gave him no clue to where he was.

But he might soon find out. The ropes which bound his wrists and ankles did not really offer much of a problem, for Bob had with him a little gadget that had been made for him by a cobbler friend—a gadget that had stood him in good stead before now.

He stretched his arms down behind his back and his fingers found the heel of his right shoe. He groped for a moment and then found the right spot.

There was a soft click and a tiny blade of razor-sharp steel sprang into sight, like a spur, at the back of his heel.

It was the work of a moment to rip his bonds through on the keen edge. Next he untied the ropes round his ankles. Bob snapped the tiny blade shut again and then stumbled rather unsteadily to his feet.

He massaged his cramped limbs and took deep breaths. His head was still sore and throbbing, but getting himself upright on his feet helped a lot. Bob looked around him.

The thing that caught his attention was the outline of a door, marked out in light, as though whatever lay beyond was well lit. Bob walked towards it and found that it was very solid and securely locked from the outside. Then he made another discovery.

(Continued on page 15)

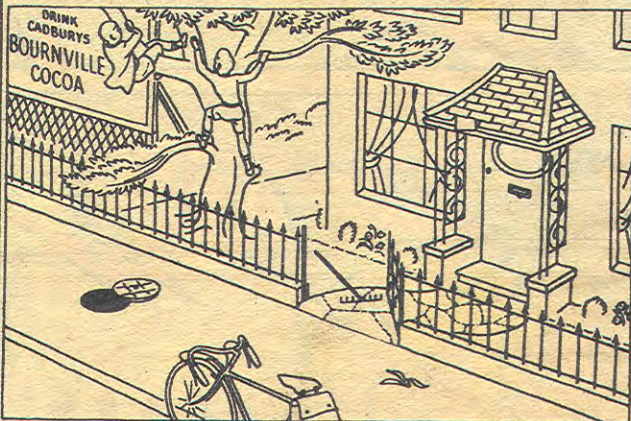
CADBURY'S PUZZLE CORNER No. 17

Can you prevent an accident?

The people who live in this house are very careless about other people's safety.

There are several things that are likely to cause accidents.

See how many you can find—the seven most important ones are listed below.



When it comes to cocoa and chocolate, take care to say 'Please...'

I want Cadburys!

THE THINGS THAT MAY CAUSE AN ACCIDENT—Loose tile coming off roof, 2 Garden rake left on path, 3 Mashed skin on path, 4 Boy climbing on tree over spiked railing, 5 No bell on bicycle, 6 Bonanza skin on path, 7 Low branch on tree sticking out at a dangerous angle.

This is not a competition and no prizes are offered—it's for your amusement only.

COMET—January 17, 1953—7

**BUT NEXT MORNING, THERE ONLY APPEARS
TO BE A MERE HANDFUL OF ATTACKERS—**



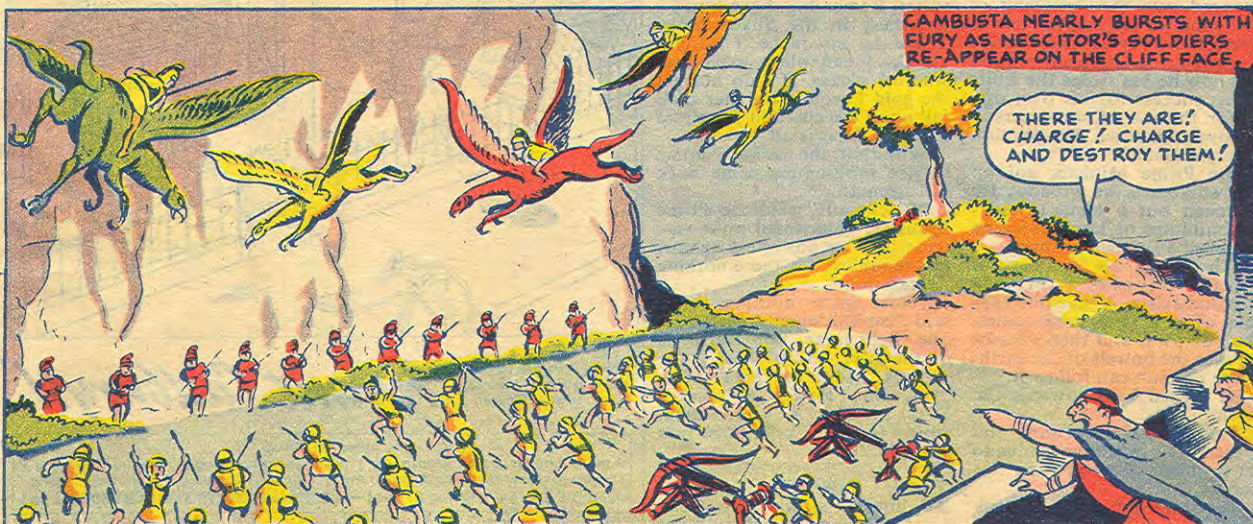
**ON THE BATTLEMENTS
CAMBUSTA WATCHES
HIS MIGHTY ARMY
ADVANCE!**



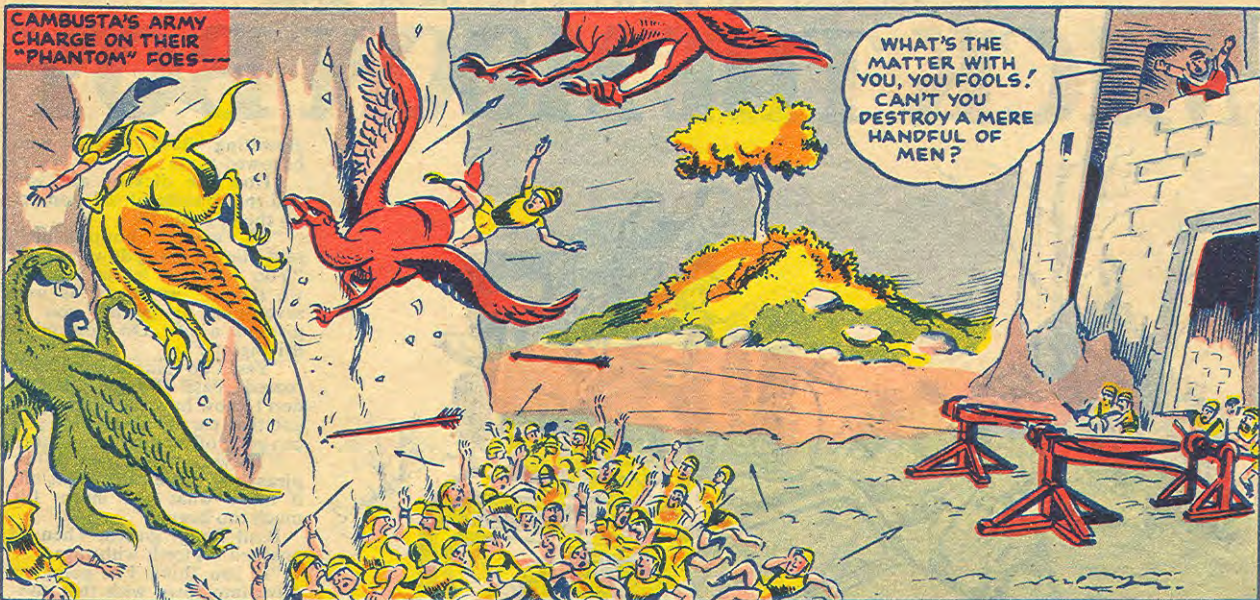
**BUT SUDDENLY CAMBUSTA'S SOLDIERS FIND TO THEIR
AMAZEMENT THAT NESCIOR'S ARMY HAS
DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!**



**BUT NESCIOR'S ARMY HAD NEVER
BEEN THERE! PROFESSOR JOLLY
WAS BUSY WITH AN ANCIENT
CINEMA PROJECTOR!**



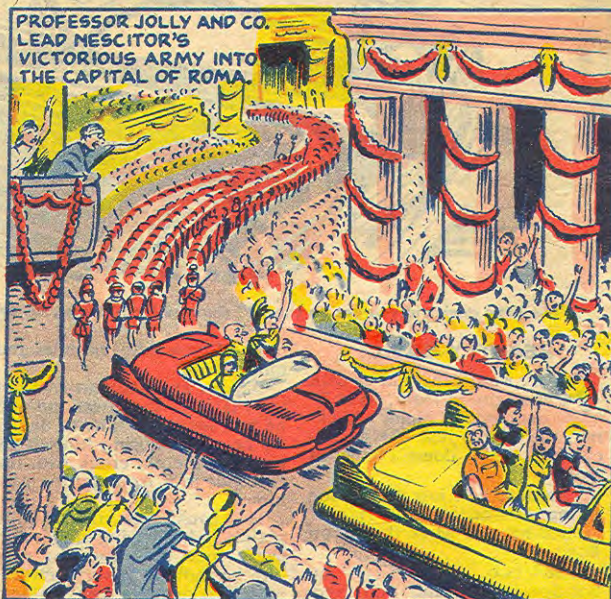
**CAMBUSTA'S ARMY
CHARGE ON THEIR
"PHANTOM" FOES—**



**SOON CAMBUSTA'S ARMY IS TIRED
OUT WITH FIGHTING A Foe THAT
ISN'T THERE!**



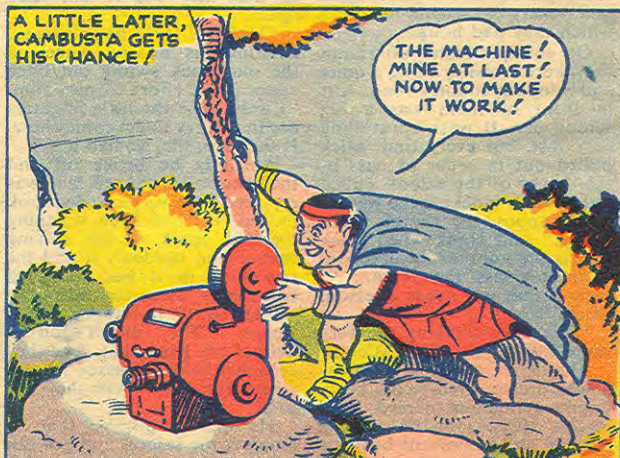
**PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO.
LEAD NESCIOR'S
VICTORIOUS ARMY INTO
THE CAPITAL OF ROMA.**



**MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO.,
CAMBUSTA --- WAS FREE --- AND WHAT WAS MORE, HE
HAD SEEN THEM WORKING THE PROJECTOR!**



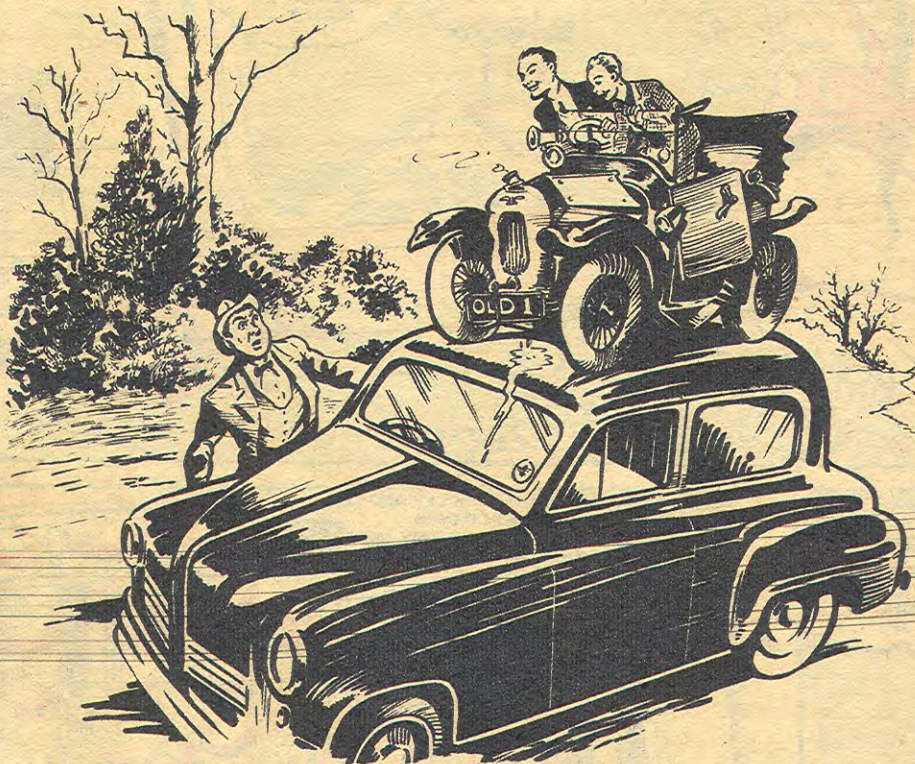
**A LITTLE LATER,
CAMBUSTA GETS
HIS CHANCE!**



Next week: Cambusta gets a surprise! Don't miss it!

COMET—January 17, 1953—9

MICK THE MOON BOY



"How the devil did you get up there?" shouted Basil Boggs, his eyes nearly bulging out of his head.

BEASTLY BASIL!

"**S**AY, what's the matter with that guy in front, Mick?" demanded Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy. "Why doesn't he let us pass?"

"Because he's just a road hog trying to be smart, Hank," replied his pal, Mick the Moon Boy.

The two boys were on holiday in England and were touring around seeing the sights in a rickety old second-hand car which they had bought.

On this particular afternoon they were cruising along a quiet and winding country road. Just in front of them was a big saloon car. It wasn't travelling very fast, but every time Mick pulled out in order to pass it, the driver of the saloon pulled out as well, blocking the way.

"I suppose he thinks that's funny," said Hank when Mick had made another unsuccessful effort to pass the saloon. "I reckon that guy needs a lesson, Mick."

"I've been thinking the very same thing," chuckled Mick.

The driver of the saloon was a well-dressed, red-faced, beefy young gentleman named Basil Boggs. He was on his way to keep a very important business appointment in the market

town of Downley, ten miles and more ahead.

But his appointment was not until later in the afternoon and he had heaps of time to spare. So he was amusing himself by stopping the old crock with the two kids in it from getting past him.

He could see them quite plainly in his driving mirror and every time they tried to pass him he thought it very comical indeed to swing in front of them so that they had to fall back again.

"He! He! He!" he sniggered, twisting his driving wheel as the old crock swung out once again in an effort to pass him. "I only hope the little blighters are in a hurry to get somewhere. If they are, they've had it."

Abruptly he broke off and the grin on his fat red face was replaced by a very puzzled look indeed. He had been watching the old crock in his driving mirror and suddenly it and the two kids in it had vanished completely from the mirror.

"Queer!" muttered Basil Boggs. "They didn't pull in behind me. I saw that. And they certainly haven't passed me. So where the heck have they got to?"

He was so puzzled that he stopped the saloon and got out to have a look for the car which

had so mysteriously vanished. He looked back along the road and it wasn't there. He looked ahead along the road and it wasn't there, either.

Then he happened to look up and, as he did so, he got the shock of his life.

For there was the old crock, perched on the roof of his car, the two boys sitting in it and grinning down at him!

Basil Boggs got such a shock that he staggered back a pace, his mouth open and his eyes nearly bulging clean out of his head.

"How the—what the—?" he gasped. Then finding the power of speech again, he roared: "How the dickens did you get up there, confound you?"

Mick and Hank had got up there by means of the Moon Boy's marvellous scientific powers. What Mick had done was to take a little silver-coloured gadget from his pocket and switch it on. As he did so, their ramshackle old car had lost all weight and had floated up into the air, for the gadget was an anti-gravity tube.

The car had been still moving forward, however, and Mick had dropped it lightly down on the roof of the saloon and stopped it. But neither he nor Hank had the slightest intention of explaining any of that to the

glowering Basil Boggs, who bellowed again:

"How the dickens did you and that bundle of old iron get up there, I said?"

"Oh, we just hopped up," said Mick, smiling down at him. "You wouldn't let us pass so we thought we might as well save juice by getting you to give us a lift. Do you mind driving on?"

"Yes, I do mind driving on!" roared Basil Boggs. "I still don't know how the thump you got that car up there, but you can get it off again this minute!"

"How?" inquired Mick pleasantly. "We can't lift it off, if that's what you mean. It's much too heavy!"

Basil Boggs glared. Then he gnashed his teeth with rage.

"If you think I'm going to drive into town with that contraption on my roof, you're mistaken!" he bellowed.

"Then we'll all have to stay here, won't we?" said Mick, smiling more pleasantly than ever.

Basil Boggs glared. Then he started forward as though to climb up onto the roof of the saloon to sort Mick and Hank out. Suddenly, however, he seemed to be struck with another idea, for he stopped dead in his tracks. Then laughing evilly, he jumped back into the driving seat of the saloon, slammed shut the door and commenced to drive on fast along the road, the old crock and its two occupants still on the roof.

"That guy's got something in his mind," said Hank. "He's aiming to fix us."

"I know he is," chuckled Mick, "and yonder's how he aims to do it!"

He pointed ahead towards a bridge which crossed the road. It was a low bridge and it was perfectly plain that when the saloon went under it the old crock would hit the stonework and be swept from the roof.

That was exactly Basil Boggs's idea. And grinning furiously, he pressed his foot hard down on the accelerator and drove at full speed towards the bridge.

As the bridge came whizzing towards them, however, Mick pressed the switch of the little silver-coloured anti-gravity tube. As he did so, the old crock immediately lost all weight again and soared up into the air.

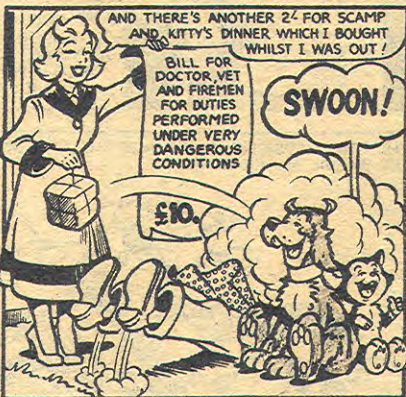
It shot forward over the bridge while the saloon swept on underneath the bridge. Basil Boggs, who had been listening for the crash when the old crock hit the stonework, was very puzzled indeed when he heard no crash at all.

He twisted round in the driving seat and tried to look back through the rear window.

(Continued opposite)



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Contd. from previous page)

But he had a very restricted view and he could see no sign of the flivver.

He turned round again in his seat to watch where he was going and, as he did so, he got another terrific shock. For right there in front of him, down on the road again and only a few feet in front of his bonnet, was the rickety old car, speeding gaily along with the two kids looking back at him and laughing.

What Mick had done, of course, once he had cleared the bridge, was to bring the car diving down to the road. And although it was an old car, he had a gadget which could pep up the engine and make it go as fast as, or faster than, any other car on the road.

Basil Boggs knew nothing about that, however. All he knew was that there was the rickety old car in front of him and the very sight of it and the kids laughing at him sent him nearly crazy with rage.

"It's some sort of trick!" he told himself savagely. "But I'll catch them and, by jingo, I'll give 'em something when I do!"

He pressed his foot as hard down as he could on the accelerator and the saloon tore

forward at full speed. But fast though it went, the astonishing old crock went equally fast, keeping just those few feet in front of it. And that, in itself, sent Basil Boggs nearly off his head with fury. To think that his powerful saloon couldn't catch up with a rickety old contraption like the one in front of him! It was maddening!

The old car tore round a bend in the road, the saloon roaring along just behind it.

"Look out, Mick!" screamed Hank.

Mick whipped out his anti-gravity tube, switching it on. As he did so the flivver shot straight up into the air, because it hadn't any weight again.

Not so the swiftly speeding saloon. The saloon kept to the road and, next instant, it crashed full into a tar-boiler which Mick and Hank had already seen and which had brought the yell of warning from Mick's lips.

The saloon hit the tar-boiler such a bash that it knocked it clean over. A great deluge of tar shot out and plonked down over the startled roadmen working beside the boiler.

Next moment, covered from head to heels in tar and looking for all the world like a bunch of raven blackamoors, the roadmen rushed at the saloon which was standing with its front

fender against the overturned boiler.

Basil Boggs had braked hard just before he had hit the boiler. The crash had jolted him, but that was all. He was far more furious than he was hurt and he was ill-adequately enough to start bawling the roadmen out for having the tar-boiler where it had been standing.

That did it, of course. The tar-covered roadmen weren't going to have Basil adding insult to injury by calling them all the names he could lay his tongue to, so they hauled him out of the car and the last Mick and Hank saw of him as they drove gaily away, was Basil being daubed with tar and looking a perfect blackamoor himself. Which, of course, completely spoiled the swagger suit he was wearing for his important appointment.

"Yeah, well, he shouldn't have been such a hog to us," chuckled Hank. "We didn't do him no harm, but too-smart guys like him always come unstuck!"

"I don't know about unstuck," said Mick with a grin. "I should say he was stuck up—with tar!"

Chuckling to themselves, the two pals drove away down the road towards the next village. Next week: Our two friends make Mr. Hardman wish he wasn't as hard as nails!

THIS IS KIT CARSON SPEAKING

Hullo there, folks.

Over the page you'll find some grand pictures telling my story of the "Secret of the White Redman," and in case you've missed what went before, I'll tell you about it.

This is the tale of two brothers who grew up without knowing each other. Their parents were killed in an Indian raid. One grew up with the white folks and was called Dan Butler. The other grew up as Deerfoot, Chief of the Teton Sioux tribe.

Attempts to kill Dan were made by Mark Raven, a sinister Englishman who knew a valuable secret about him, and by Cinnamon Bill and Tom Stack, a couple of outlaws who were in league with him. Also after Dan was a cavalry officer, Lieutenant Kenrick, who had an old score to settle with Dan.

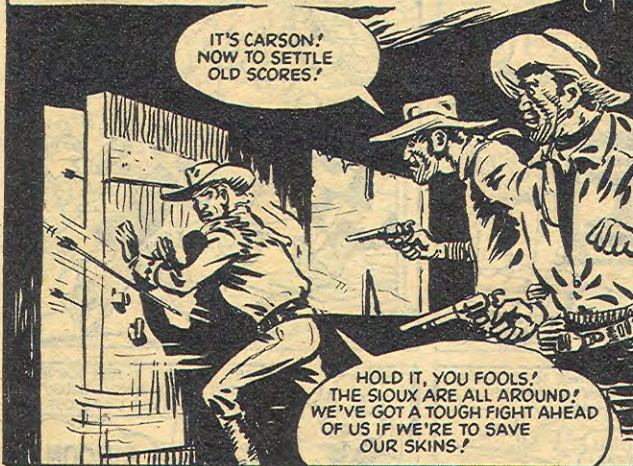
Well, folks, after a number of narrow escapes from both outlaws and Indians, I got separated from Dan and Deerfoot when we were washed over a waterfall. When I scrambled out of the water there was no sign of them. But on a hill nearby was a party of redskins.

Taking to my heels, I ran for my life. There was a shack a little way ahead and if I could reach it I could at least put up a fight. And when I burst in through the door, who should be there? None other than Cinnamon Bill, Tom Stack and Mark Raven, who were just about to shoot Dan and Deerfoot whom they had captured.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THIS STORY—

THE SECRET OF THE WHITE REDMAN

I BURST INTO THE OLD SHACK, STRAIGHT INTO THE GUNS OF CINNAMON BILL AND TOM STACK...



SWIFTLY I SLASHED FREE YOUNG DAN AND DEERFOOT WHO STOOD ROPED IN A CORNER...



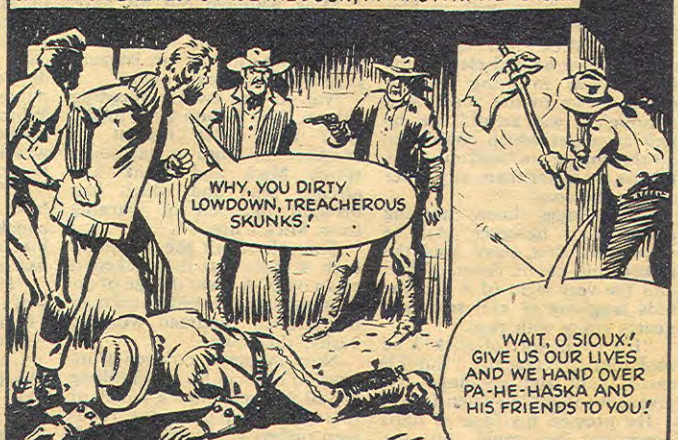
THEN THE REDSKINS SWEEPED IN TO THE ATTACK, LED BY EVIL SNAKE FANG...

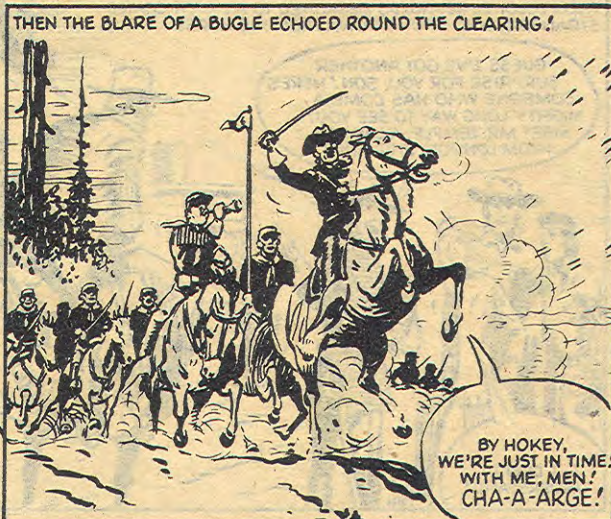
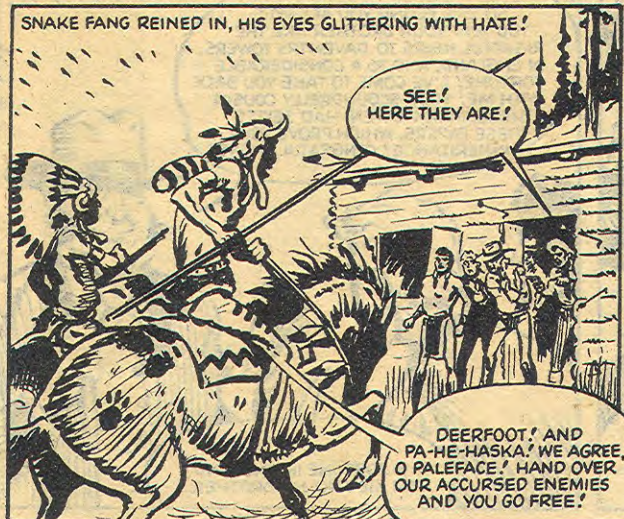


THEN THE TREACHEROUS SKUNKS STRUCK!



CINNAMON BILL FLUNG WIDE THE DOOR, WAVING A WHITE FLAG...





THEN COLONEL REYNOLDS BECKONED TO A FROCK-COATED STRANGER, WHO SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS HORSE...

GUESS I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU, SON! HERE'S SOMEONE WHO HAS COME A MIGHTY LONG WAY TO SEE YOU! MEET MR. TEMPLE, A LAWYER FROM LONDON, ENGLAND!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

EXCITEDLY, DAN CLASPED HIS ARM ABOUT DEERFOOT'S SHOULDERS!

THIS IS MY BROTHER! DEERFOOT! HE WAS STOLEN BY REDSKINS WHEN A CHILD! NOW HE CAN LIVE THE LIFE OF A TRUE WHITE MAN!

SUFFERING CATS! I NEVER SUSPECTED IT! BUT I CAN SEE THE LIKENESS NOW, BY HOKEY!

THE WAYS OF THE PALEFACE ARE NOT FOR ME. MY HEART IS IN THE PRAIRIES! MY TRIBE CALL FOR ME! I MUST GO!

DEERFOOT! - NO! - YOU CAN'T DO THIS! -

THEN THE REDSKINS GAVE A MIGHTY YELL THAT RANG ABOUT THE CLEARING!

AIEE! DEERFOOT! DESERT US NOT! BE OUR CHIEF AGAIN! WE HAVE DONE WITH THAT DOG SNAKE FANG! WE WISH PEACE AGAIN, UNDER YOUR WISE RULE! SAY YOU WILL NOT LEAVE US...

YOU HEAR, BROTHER!

WITH A LAST FAREWELL CLASP, DEERFOOT SWUNG ONTO HIS HORSE, TO JOIN HIS BRAVES...

FAREWELL, BELOVED BROTHER! MAYBE WE MEET AGAIN ONE DAY...

I FOUND A BROTHER, ONLY TO LOSE HIM AGAIN -

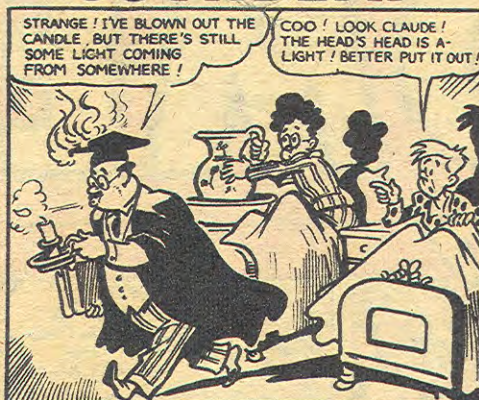
NEVER MIND, SON! HE'LL BE HAPPIER WITH HIS TRIBE, AND YOU'VE GOT A GREAT NEW LIFE BEFORE YOU...

CLAUDE AND CUTHBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



TUT TUT / READING IN BED ISN'T ALLOWED! I'LL TAKE THOSE BOOKS AND THE CANDLE! - NOW GO TO SLEEP!



STRANGE! I'VE BLOWN OUT THE CANDLE, BUT THERE'S STILL SOME LIGHT COMING FROM SOMEWHERE!

COO! LOOK CLAUDE! THE HEAD'S HEAD IS A LIGHT! BETTER PUT IT OUT!



WHOOOPS! THE WATER'S FROZEN!



OOH! I'M FEELING ALL LIGHT-HEADED!

THAT WAS NO GOOD CLAUDE! WE'LL HAVE TO SMOTHER IT!



THERE IT'S OUT NOW!



COME OUT TWIZZLE! YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO DRESS UP AS A GHOST TO SCARE THE DEAR BOYS!!

BOB HARLEY and the SILVER MOLE (Continued from page 7)

The place he was in was a cave with this heavily-timbered door built solidly across the entrance. Bob felt his way carefully around the walls but there was no other way out. Then he stood listening to the sounds that came from outside.

Faintly, he could hear voices, and a clanging metallic sound. Also, once in a while, a whirring sound, as if a machine was running.

Then suddenly came the sound of footsteps getting nearer, nearer. Somebody was coming towards the door!

Bob stood tense for an instant, then he acted. The doorway in which the door was set was made of great baulks of timber, set solidly across the mouth of this little cavern. Bob's fingers found a grip, and his feet a toe-hold.

In a few seconds he had hoisted himself up and was clinging above the door lintel.

The bolts scraped back noisily. The door opened and a man stepped inside. He flashed a torch across the floor and a gasp came from his lips as he saw the cut scraps of rope lying where Bob had left them.

But before he got a chance to act Bob leaped out and

down from the lintel and locked himself on to the man's shoulders, one hand clamped firmly over his mouth.

The man's torch crashed to the floor and rolled away, and he began to fight desperately. But Bob, though much lighter, had the advantage of surprise. And the fingers of his free hand were already seeking out a spot—a nerve centre—under the left ear, where a little pressure could lay a man out as surely as a blow from a cudgel. It was a trick he had learned from a Judo expert in the course of his training as a Special Agent. . . .

The man went limp in Bob's grasp. Bob left him where he lay, and moved carefully to the door and peeped out.

Nobody else was near. The sounds of the brief struggle had attracted no attention.

But mingled with Bob's relief at this fact was amazement at what he saw. The door opened into a vast cave as big as an aircraft hangar. Big steel doors closed off one end.

The whole place was brightly lit by powerful electric lights, and standing in the midst of the flood of brilliance was the gleaming stainless steel monster that had bored its way up into the Old Bailey.

Bob knew that it could not be long before his escape was discovered, and he was deter-

mined that he would get out of this strange place somehow.

The sliding doors of the Silver Mole were standing open. Bob could see nobody else in the whole of the cave. The voices he had heard were coming from a lighted hut built over against the far wall.

Bob made up his mind and sprinted swiftly towards the great metal monster. A moment later he was standing, panting, just inside the open doors, listening carefully.

No sound came from the Mole's machinery-packed interior. Bob found a handwheel that caused the doors to slide silently shut.

"They'll have their work cut out, winking me out of this tin can!" Bob told himself, as he looked around.

There was barely room to move amid the forest of shafts and pipes. Silent-footed, for as yet he did not know that there might not be men inside the Mole, Bob made his way forward and found the control cabin. He looked carefully around and his eyes lit up.

The driving controls were just the same as those of a tank, with two hand-levers for steering. The engine-starting controls were clearly marked. Bob sat himself in the driving seat and decided to try starting the Mole.

What had he got to lose? If he wrecked the machine, at

least he would stop Doctor Nikolas using it for his evil purposes, whatever they might be.

Bob's fingers hovered over the starting buttons for an instant and then stabbed down. A thunder of noise filled Bob's ears as the great motors throbbed into life. Bob let in the tractor clutches and the monster lurched forward. Through the armour-glass window Bob could see the big steel doors ahead of him. . . .

Bob gritted his teeth and held the monster straight. The whirling blades of steel bit into the metal doors. Sparks flew, and there came the rending scream of metal tearing metal. Then the Mole was through, and Bob found himself in yet another cavern, even bigger than the one he had just left.

And then Bob's face grew grim, for under his hands the steering levers were tugging with a life of their own!

Bob used all his strength, but he could not stop them moving against him as, controlled by some unseen power, the monster swung round in little more than its own length and headed back in the direction it had come from!

And there was nothing Bob could do to stop it! Next week: Doctor Nikolas blackmails the City of London for gold!

COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY

