

COMET

KIT CARSON AND
THE TRAITOR GUNS
BEGINS TO-DAY!

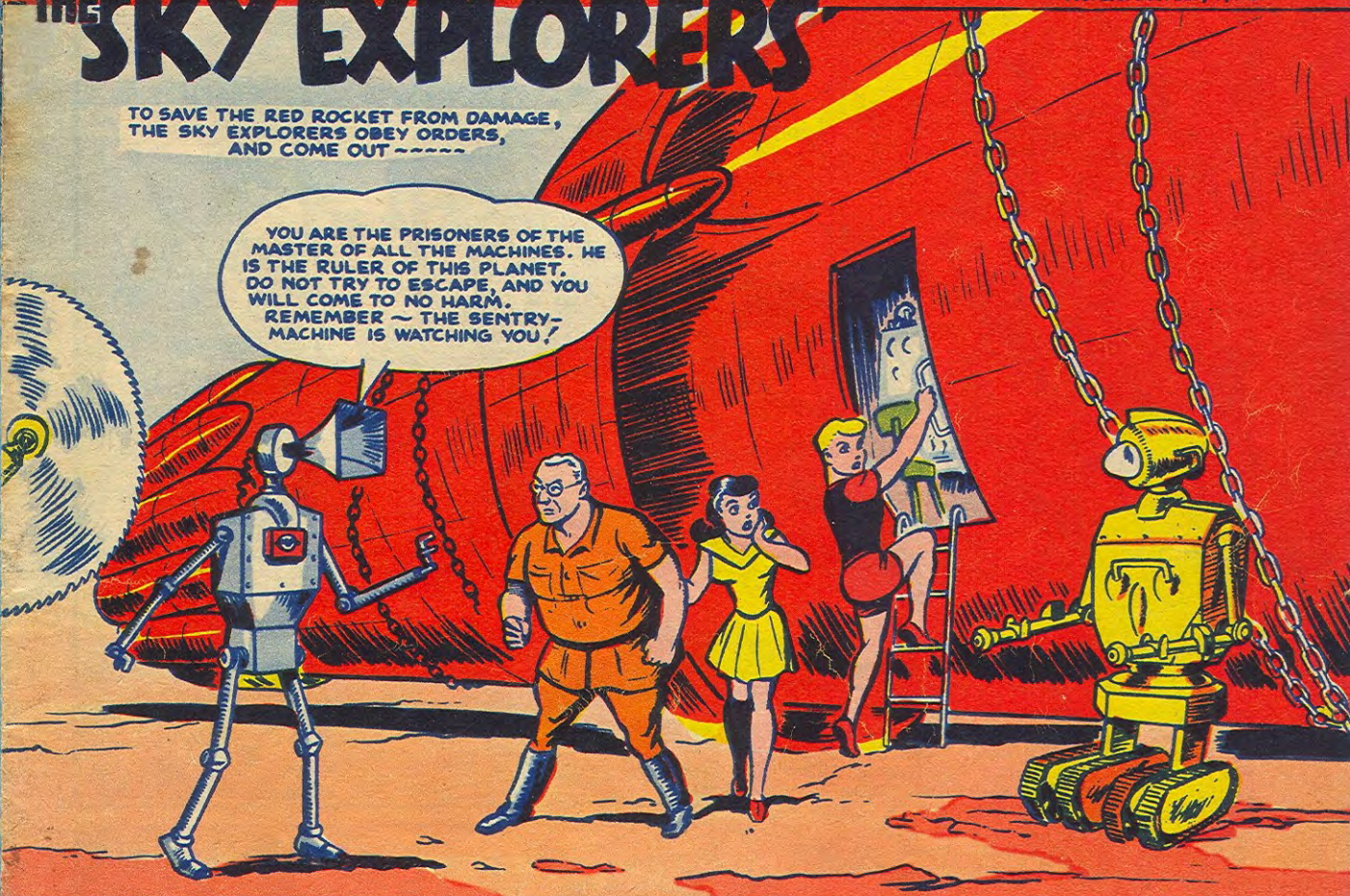
3⁰ EVERY
MONDAY

No. 238, February 7, 1953

THE SKY EXPLORERS

TO SAVE THE RED ROCKET FROM DAMAGE,
THE SKY EXPLORERS OBEY ORDERS,
AND COME OUT ~~~~~

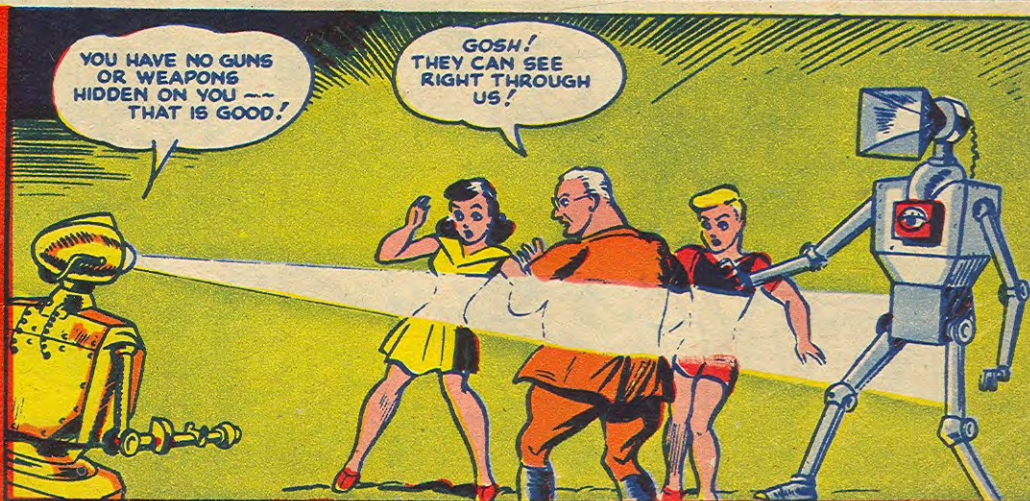
YOU ARE THE PRISONERS OF THE
MASTER OF ALL THE MACHINES. HE
IS THE RULER OF THIS PLANET.
DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE, AND YOU
WILL COME TO NO HARM.
REMEMBER ~ THE SENTRY-
MACHINE IS WATCHING YOU!



THE SKY EXPLORERS HAVE
BEEN CAPTURED, OUT IN
SPACE, BY A PIRATE
CRAFT. THEIR SPACE-SHIP,
THE RED ROCKET, HAS
BEEN BOUND IN CHAINS,
AND CARRIED TO THE
STRANGE PLANET OF
THE MACHINES. THERE
THEY FIRST REFUSE
TO COME OUT, BUT A
HUGE SAW APPEARS WHICH
COULD CUT THROUGH THE
RED ROCKET IN NO TIME!

YOU HAVE NO GUNS
OR WEAPONS
HIDDEN ON YOU ~~~
THAT IS GOOD!

GOSH!
THEY CAN SEE
RIGHT THROUGH
US!



(More pictures on the centre pages)

KIT CARSON*and the*

TRAITOR GUNS!



YELLOW KNIFE AND HIS BRAVES WERE ON THE WAR-PATH! AS THE THUNDERING HOOVES APPROACHED FORT BRIDGER, THE SOLDIERS BRACED THEMSELVES FOR YET ANOTHER ATTACK! THIS WAS NO ORDINARY RAID HOWEVER, THE RED MEN WERE ARMED WITH BRAND NEW BREECH LOADING RIFLES - JUST THE SAME AS THOSE RECENTLY GIVEN TO THE SOLDIERS! IN THE MIST OF THE FIGHTING WAS KIT CARSON, HIS GUNS BLAZING AT THE RAIDING INDIANS!



AT LAST THE BETTER
DISCIPLINED SOLDIERS
WON THE DAY ---
THE INDIANS WERE
BEATEN OFF ---



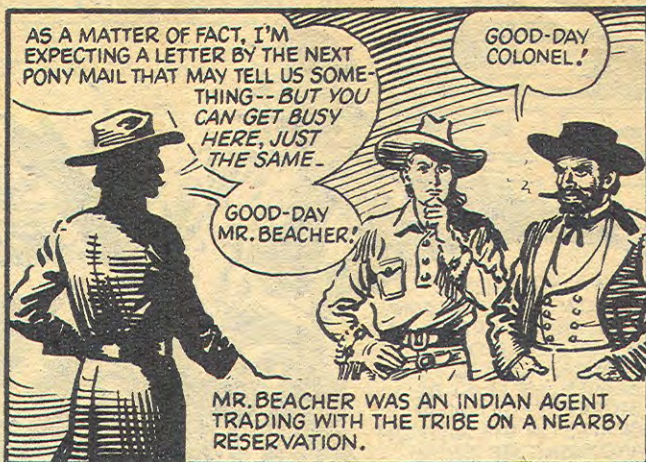
NOW YOU'VE SEEN
FOR YOURSELF WHY
I NEED YOUR HELP,
CARSON --
WHERE ARE
THESE INDIANS
GETTING THEIR
GUNS FROM?

I'LL GET BUSY AT
ONCE - BUT TELL ME - ISN'T
THERE A CHANCE OF FINDING
A CLUE BACK EAST -- WHERE
THE GUNS ARE MADE?

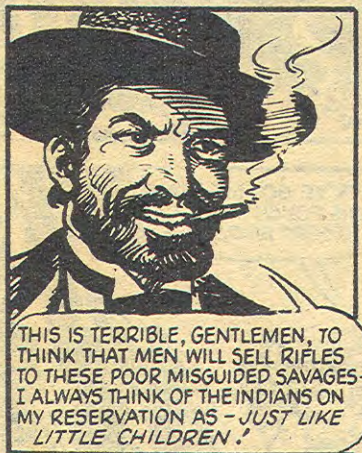
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M
EXPECTING A LETTER BY THE NEXT
PONY MAIL THAT MAY TELL US SOME-
THING -- BUT YOU
CAN GET BUSY
HERE, JUST
THE SAME.

GOOD-DAY
COLONEL!

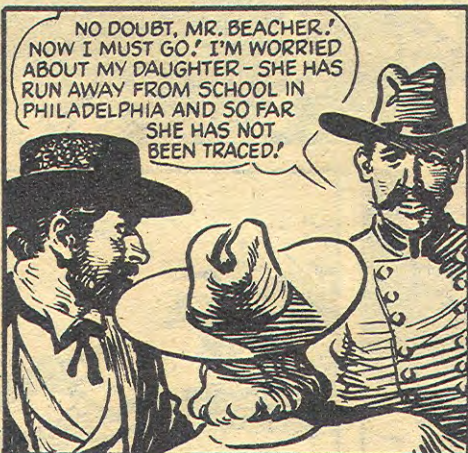
GOOD-DAY
MR. BEACHER!



MR. BEACHER WAS AN INDIAN AGENT
TRADING WITH THE TRIBE ON A NEARBY
RESERVATION.



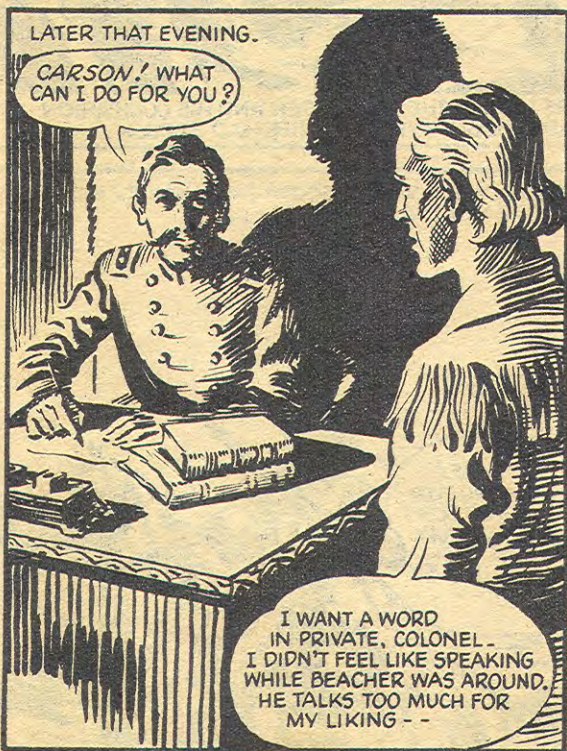
THIS IS TERRIBLE, GENTLEMEN, TO
THINK THAT MEN WILL SELL RIFLES
TO THESE POOR MISGUIDED SAVAGES --
I ALWAYS THINK OF THE INDIANS ON
MY RESERVATION AS -- JUST LIKE
LITTLE CHILDREN.



NO DOUBT, MR. BEACHER!
NOW I MUST GO! I'M WORRIED
ABOUT MY DAUGHTER - SHE HAS
RUN AWAY FROM SCHOOL IN
PHILADELPHIA AND SO FAR
SHE HAS NOT
BEEN TRACED!



POOR COLONEL DUNN! WHAT TROUBLES
HE HAS -- FIRST GUN RUNNING -- NOW A
FLIGHTY DAUGHTER WHO WON'T
BEHAVE -- AH ME -- WE LIVE IN A
WICKED WORLD,
MR. CARSON!



LATER THAT EVENING.

CARSON! WHAT
CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I WANT A WORD
IN PRIVATE, COLONEL --
I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SPEAKING
WHILE BEACHER WAS AROUND --
HE TALKS TOO MUCH FOR
MY LIKING --

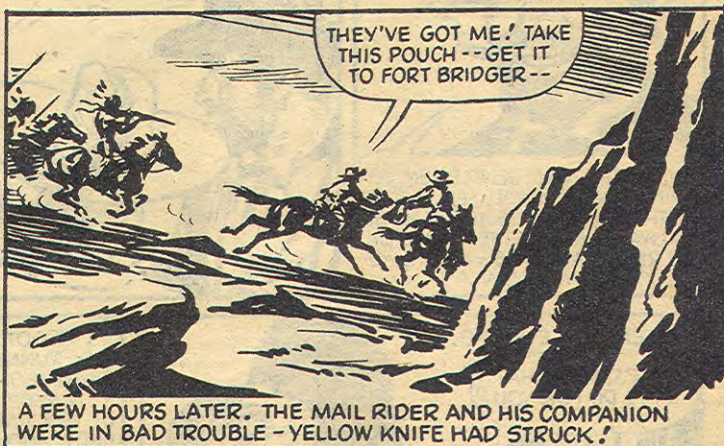


I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THE
GUN-RUNNING IS BEING ORGANISED
BY SOMEONE PRETTY CLOSE TO YOU
-- MAYBE SOMEONE YOU TRUST --
BY THIS TIME THEY MAY EVEN
KNOW ABOUT THAT LETTER YOU'RE
EXPECTING --- SO I'M GOING
OUT TO MEET THE MAIL RIDER --
JUST IN CASE HE RUNS
INTO ANY TROUBLE!

WHILST KIT WAS TALKING TO THE COLONEL,
BEACHER HAD A SECRET MEETING WITH
YELLOW KNIFE.

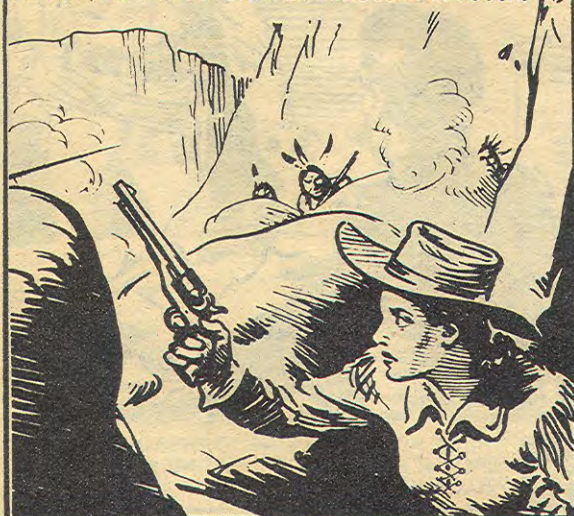


AND SO KIT CARSON SLIPPED OUT OF THE FORT BY NIGHT, AND RODE FOR SOUTH PASS AND THE VALLEY OF THE SWEETWATER --

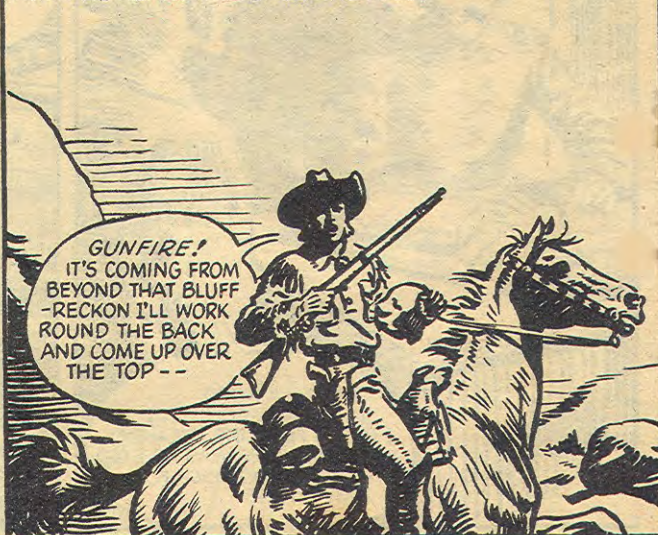


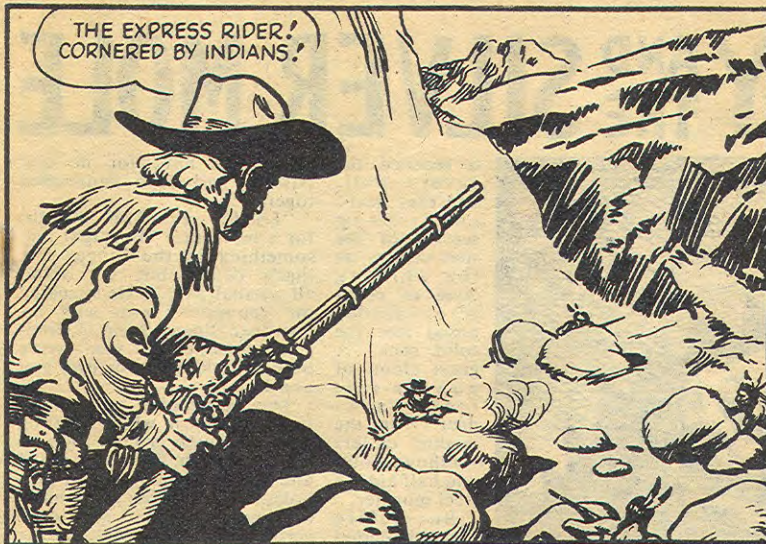
A FEW HOURS LATER. THE MAIL RIDER AND HIS COMPANION WERE IN BAD TROUBLE - YELLOW KNIFE HAD STRUCK.

THEN AN INDIAN BULLET FINISHED THE HORSE OF THE REMAINING RIDER, WHO, CROUCHED BEHIND A ROCK, DID BATTLE FOR THE PRECIOUS MAIL POUCH.



KIT CARSON ON HIS WAY TO SOUTH PASS, HALTED HIS PONY WHEN HE HEARD THE SHOOTING

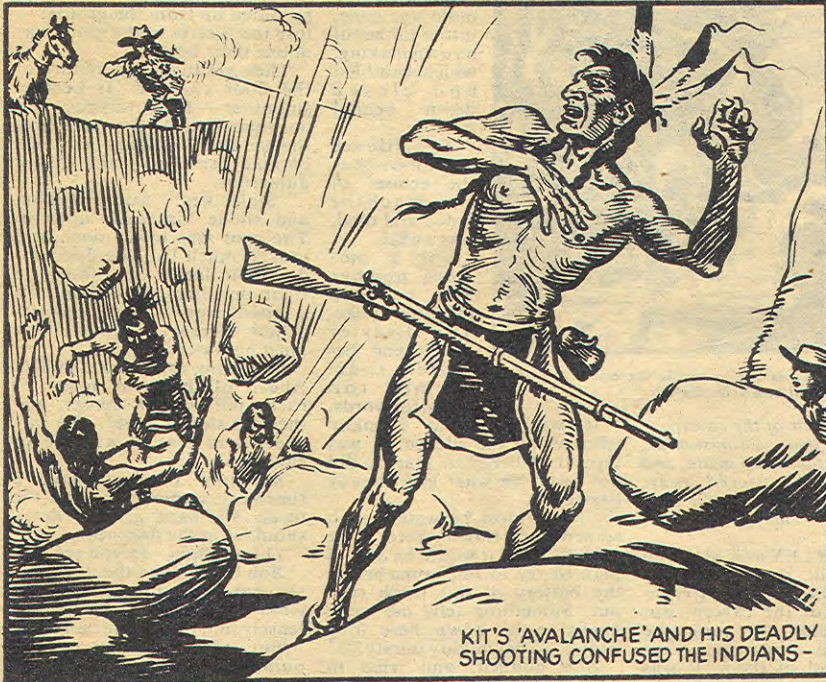




THE EXPRESS RIDER!
CORNERED BY INDIANS!



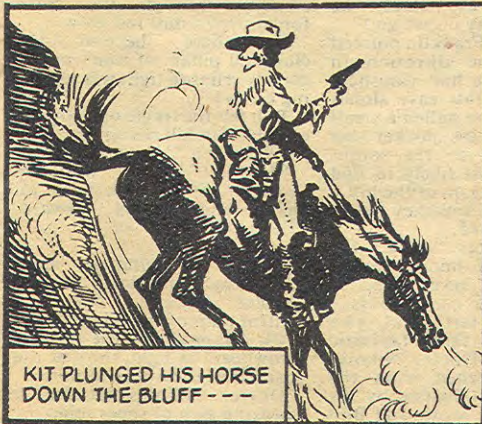
FIRST-KIT STARTED SOME BOULDERS ROLLING--



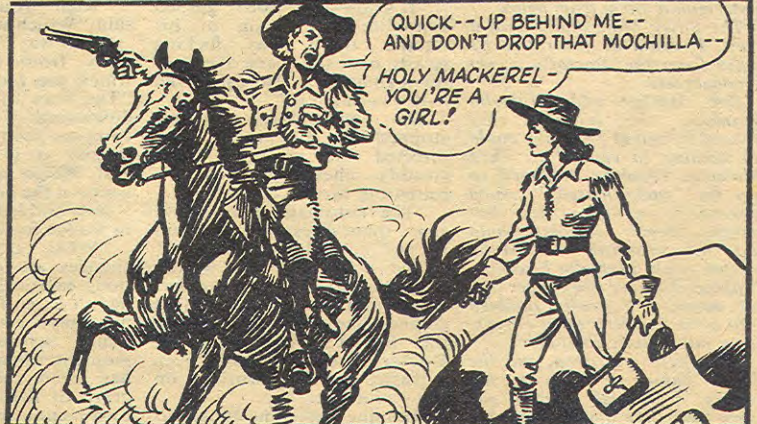
KIT'S 'AVALANCHE' AND HIS DEADLY
SHOOTING CONFUSED THE INDIANS--



GIDDAP HOSS! WE GOTTA
GET DOWN THERE BEFORE THE
INDIANS FIND THERE'S ONLY
ONE OF ME!



KIT PLUNGED HIS HORSE
DOWN THE BLUFF---



QUICK-- UP BEHIND ME--
AND DON'T DROP THAT MOCHILLA--
HOLY MACKEREL--
YOU'RE A
GIRL!

Next week: Kit is trapped in a buffalo stampede! Don't miss his thrilling adventures!

COMET—February 7, 1953—5

BOB HARLEY AND THE SILVER MOLE



Bob and Malcolm Franklin stood rooted to the spot as the monster let out a cry—half bellow, half scream—and lumbered towards them!

Doctor Nikolas, the traitor scientist, built the Silver Mole in secret. It was a mighty machine, of stainless steel which could bore through the earth as easily as the animal from which it took its name. The huge cone of alloy steel blades which formed the nose of the monster could cut through solid rock as if it were cheese.

With this machine, Doctor Nikolas planned to become a world-dictator. All the nations would have to bow down to him, or he would smash their cities by undermining them from below.

The Silver Mole didn't need a crew. It could be controlled by radio from the Doctor's secret headquarters.

Bob Harley and Malcolm Franklin, the inventor, got aboard it, and at first they could do nothing to control it. Then Malcolm Franklin managed to put the "radio muscles" which steered it out of action. But though Doctor Nikolas could not now control the Mole, neither could Malcolm Franklin. It plunged deeper and deeper into the earth, and finally tumbled into a vast underground cavern, forty miles under England.

The engines stopped, and the Mole came to rest in the cavern. A greenish cloud of gas crept over the floor from the smashed batteries, choking Bob and Franklin. They hurried out

into the dank air of the cavern.

Then, to their astonishment, the engines started up again, and the Silver Mole roared away, leaving them trapped in the cave deep under the earth!

BOB HARLEY and Malcolm Franklin ran desperately over the broken, treacherous floor of the cavern. But with every step they took, the Silver Mole drew ten steps further ahead of them. It was hopeless to try to catch it!

"It's no—use—Bob!" gasped Franklin. The beam of his electric torch was flicking jerkily over the scene ahead of them as he ran. "No use! Even if we—catch it!"

The millionaire inventor stopped in his tracks, and directed the powerful beam steadily ahead towards the retreating Mole.

"The automatic doors have shut themselves—we couldn't get in!" he said soberly.

The echoes of the Mole's mighty atomic engines thundered around the cavern. Those engines had been stolen from the British Government by Doctor Nikolas, who had been a trusted scientist, working on top-secret research.

Running freely, the Mole was tanking along at seventy miles an hour. Then, as they watched,

it reached the cavern wall, and they heard the rising scream of the steel cutters, as the whirling cone of cork-screw-blades nosed into the solid rock. A great cloud of powder-fine rock—"sawdust" from the mighty cutters—billowed out, and half hid the steel monster.

But before the dust-cloud could settle, the mole was gone, into a tunnel of its own making, which crumbled and closed down behind it.

The silence that followed as the echoes of the machine faded and died, was awful.

For a moment neither Bob nor the inventor spoke. The disaster which had befallen them seemed too awful for words.

It was Malcolm Franklin who broke the silence. It was typical of the man that he did not dwell on what had already happened.

"There must be water about somewhere down here," he said, "I think it would be a good plan to try to find some before the battery of this torch runs out. Something tells me we're going to be down here long enough to get mighty thirsty."

Bob nodded, and tried to grin.

"Right you are, chief," he said "Which way do we go?"

"This way," Franklin pointed away from the direction in which the Mole had vanished, "The floor of this cave slopes downward—" he pulled a small compass from his pocket and looked at it—"to the south-east. We're most likely to find water at the bottom of the hill."

Bob nodded, and they began to trudge forward.

"What d'you think the chances are of finding something eatable?" asked Bob. He hadn't eaten for many hours—not since his last meal, two hours before that fantastic moment when Doctor Nikolas had been snatched from the grasp of British Justice by his own men in the Mole, and Bob Harley, who was a Scotland yard special Agent had perforce

gone with him, for he and Nikolas had been handcuffed together.

"Food?" Franklin thought for a moment, "We might find something in the fungus line that's edible—but it's about all we shall find." He squeezed the youngster's arm with his own lean sinewy hand. "Don't give up hope, old son—we've been in tight spots before, you and I."

They scrambled on without speaking for a while. Getting over the rough ground took all their attention, for it was pitted and split with cracks and pot-holes, that made the going more and more difficult and dangerous. Besides that, great towering obelisks of rock sprouted up from the ground to lose themselves in the gloom far above their heads.

Then gradually the nature of the floor changed. It became smoother—almost slippery under their feet. At the same time the sprouting pillars of rock became smaller, and more numerous.

"Stalactites!" said Franklin, and shone his torch upward. The roof was lower now, and looked much like the floor under their feet. "See, they run right up—floor to ceiling. It's a good sign for us, though. Where there's stalactites, there must be water."

He swung the torch forward. Ahead of them the forest of rocky pillars grew denser, and the roof sloped lower. The way ahead was lost in a maze of shadows.

Suddenly Franklin gave a sharp cry, and switched off the torch. His hand gripped Bob's shoulder in the darkness.

"Look, Bob—do you see it?"

Bob blinked, as the dazzle of the put-out torch-beam faded from his eyes. He peered tensely into the blackness ahead.

But the blackness wasn't quite black.

In front of them, coming steadily through the stone forest, was a dull red glow.

Somewhere beyond the clustered pillars of stone, an unearthly crimson light was gleaming eerily!

Bob felt the tingle of a strange excitement chill his spine.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"I don't know," Malcolm Franklin switched the torch on again, and started forward. "Let's find out!"

OVER a hundred miles away to the North, Doctor Nikolas crouched over the control map of the Silver Mole. On this map, a little moving arrowhead of light showed the position of the Silver Mole.

Doctor Nikolas let out a wheezing sigh of sheer relief.

"The Silver Mole is answering her radio controls again!" he

said. He operated the steering levers on the control panel, and the little arrow head responded almost at once, showing that the Mole was doing likewise.

"What happened, think you?" rumbled Kropov, the doctor's trusted assistant. "For a little while, the Mole does not do as you wish. This was bad, no?"

"It was bad. Maybe something failed in the mechanism. Maybe not. See..." Nikolas pointed at the depth dial on the control panel. It stood at nearly forty miles. "That is very deep. All the while the Mole was out of control, it was going deeper. It could be that it slipped into a crevasse which carried it deep into the bowels of the earth. I could not control the Mole if it was falling."

"Now you bring the Mole home, yes?"

Nikolas nodded. "I can't take the chance of losing the Mole. I must find out what caused that loss of control. The boy Harley—he was aboard," rumbled Kropov, "Could he..."

"There was nothing he could do!" snapped Nikolas. "My machine is built to chew through solid earth—to stand the crushing pressure of miles of rock above it. The Silver Mole is not easily tampered with. It would take a top-grade scientist to sabotage the Mole. I can think of only one man who could do it—Malcolm Franklin!"

"Ach yes—Franklin! Franklin invented the radio muscles, which we steal to fit in the Mole—is not so?"

Nikolas nodded. "If Malcolm Franklin was in the Mole, I would be worried. He is the only man who might find a way of wresting her from my control. But all seems to be well now—" Nikolas made a small change in the Mole's course. "The Silver Mole is homing at top speed. She should reach us here at the secret base within half an hour."

Twenty-eight minutes later the Mole arrived.

It burst through the rock wall of the cavern under the Derbyshire moors, where Nikolas had built her in secret, and ground to a halt in front of the control hut.

Nikolas threw off the main power switches, and hurried out of the small building, followed by Kropov. From other parts of the cave, several more of his gang appeared.

Now that the main power was turned off, and the mighty atomic engines were silent, the magnetic locks on the sliding door were out of action. The door opened easily to the Doctor's touch.

Gun in hand he peered inside. "Come out, Harley!" he ordered harshly.

There was no reply. "Kane!" Nikolas beckoned to a burly tough. "Go in, and fetch him out!"

As Kane vanished inside the Mole, Nikolas scanned the

sleek silvery steel armour of the monster. That armour was tough enough to stand the rasping scour of speeding through solid rock, but even so, there were marks.

"Hmmm!" muttered Nikolas. "There are signs that I was right. The Silver Mole has fallen, perhaps into some underground cavern. Maybe the boy Harley was stunned in the fall..."

At that moment Kane reappeared, choking and gasping, for the fumes from smashed electric batteries were still hanging about.

"He's not in there, Doc!" he gasped. "He's gone!"

"So!" Nikolas himself sprang into the Mole. He soon saw that Kane was right. Then his gaze became riveted upon the floor of the control cabin.

The gold bars that the Mole had collected during its raid on London were on the floor. Nikolas took no notice of them. Instead, he dropped to one knee beside the controls.

A square section of the steel floor had been lifted out, and gaped open. In the opening were visible a row of cylinders of gleaming reddish metal, set into steel bars. These were the radio muscles, that could exert pulls or pushes to steer and control the Silver Mole.

And on those "muscles" connections had been roughly made with short lengths of electric cable—connections which were hanging half adrift.

Doctor Nikolas took all this in, and sucked his breath with a hissing noise between his teeth.

"Now I see!" he muttered. "I lost control of the Mole because the radio muscles were shorted across. Then it must have fallen into some crack or crevasse in the earth—maybe it dropped into some underground cavern. Some of the batteries were smashed in the fall—and Harley was driven out of the Mole by the gas. He could get out—because that was when I tried switching off the power by radio—and the magnetic locks would be off. Yes—he must have got out into some underground cave. That is it!"

Kropov, standing beside him, nodded.

"So. But then you control the Silver Mole again, yes? How is that?"

Nikolas pointed to the hanging connections.

ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HAVE a look at this list of smashing presents, Spotters! Cowboy Belt and Holster, Water Pistol, Wrist Compass, Jack-knife, Charm Bracelet, Ball-point Pen, Box Game, or an Autograph Album—one of them waits for you if your Album number is one of those below.

All those with numbers between 39,000 and 39,500 inclusive, and between 50,000 and 50,500 inclusive may send up and claim.

Here's what to do if your number's one of these. Write the name of your choice of present in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use" and see that your name is entered with your address on the Membership page. Now, on a postcard, say which is your favourite character or story in COMET and give your reason in a few words. Post Album and postcard to:

COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, February 17th, the closing date. The presents will be sent out about a week after this and Albums returned at the same time.

"The fall jerked away the shorting leads—see? Then the radio muscles would respond again to my control, instead of being locked. But my friend..." the Doctor's voice rose excitedly. "...you see what this means?"

"Means? Means what?" rumbled Kropov.

"It means that Harley was not alone in the Mole. Malcolm Franklin was with him! How he got into the Mole, I do not know—but no matter. He must have been there. Malcolm Franklin is the only man who would know how to do that!" He pointed dramatically at the wires hanging loosely from the radio muscles. "Malcolm Franklin invented the muscles—he understands them better even than I do!"

Doctor Nikolas began to chuckle wickedly.

"And now Malcolm Franklin is at my mercy! We will go and find him, my friends, and bring him back here. I will make him use his genius for my ends—Malcolm Franklin shall be my slave!"

He swung round towards his waiting men.

"Get the Silver Mole ready for action! We are going to find Malcolm Franklin. Come on—jump to it! Get those smashed batteries out—bring over the spare set from the supply hut. Get food and water aboard, and loaded guns. Kropov—you will come with me, and Kane, and Rogan. Hurry! I want Malcolm Franklin, if he still lives!"

ON the far side of the forest of stone, an amazing sight met the eyes of Bob Harley and Malcolm Franklin.

There was no need for their torch now, for the red glow they had seen through the rock pillars was now bright enough to see by.

They were now in a vast open cavern again—a cavern whose bounds were lost to view in the distance. The roof they could see, a mile or more above their heads.

Stretching away before them, beyond a wide foreshore, or beach, was a great underground sea, and rising from that sea was an island mountain.

This mountain was conical, and stretched up, until it merged into the roof.

And the whole upper half of this mountain was glowing red hot!

"What is it?" wondered Bob,

in an awestruck whisper.

"I'd guess that it's a volcano," replied Franklin. "The hot lava flowing up from the earth's centre, has spilled over, and built up into that mountain—just as a volcano does up top, on the earth's surface. Only here, it's reached the roof, and then the molten lava has gone bubbling on up, to find its way, maybe for hundreds of miles through cracks and crannies, until it finally comes sprouting up out of somewhere like mount Vesuvius in Italy."

"Phew!" Bob wiped his brow. "We shan't catch cold, anyway—and there's your water, down there!"

The atmosphere of the great cavern was like a hot-house, damp and warm. Indeed, away to their right, a mile or so along the shore of the "sea", they could pick out a cluster of strange rounded shapes, that could only be giant mushrooms, or some other kind of fungus.

Under their feet was a carpet of mossy grass, that covered the rocks. There was warmth, and there was moisture and light, and things could grow. The red warmth of the volcano took the place of the sun in this deep cavern, where daylight had never shone.

"And we shan't starve!" went on Bob. "We ought to be able to find something to eat."

Franklin nodded. "Let's explore," he said, and moved away to the east.

But Bob did not follow. He stood staring out over the water. Malcolm Franklin cocked an enquiring eyebrow, and then followed the direction of the younger man's intent gaze.

Out on the surface of the underground sea a black shape was moving, carrying a ripple that spread outward in all directions.

The shape was moving towards the shore—towards a point quite near to them.

They stood rooted to the spot, watching. The object, whatever it was, drew nearer.

As the water shallowed with the upshelling beach, it rose higher above the surface.

They saw a great scaly back, studded along with a ridge of wattled conical lumps. Then a neck appeared, and a wicked lizard-like head.

The creature came ashore, and reared up on its stubby hind legs.

It stood as high as a house.

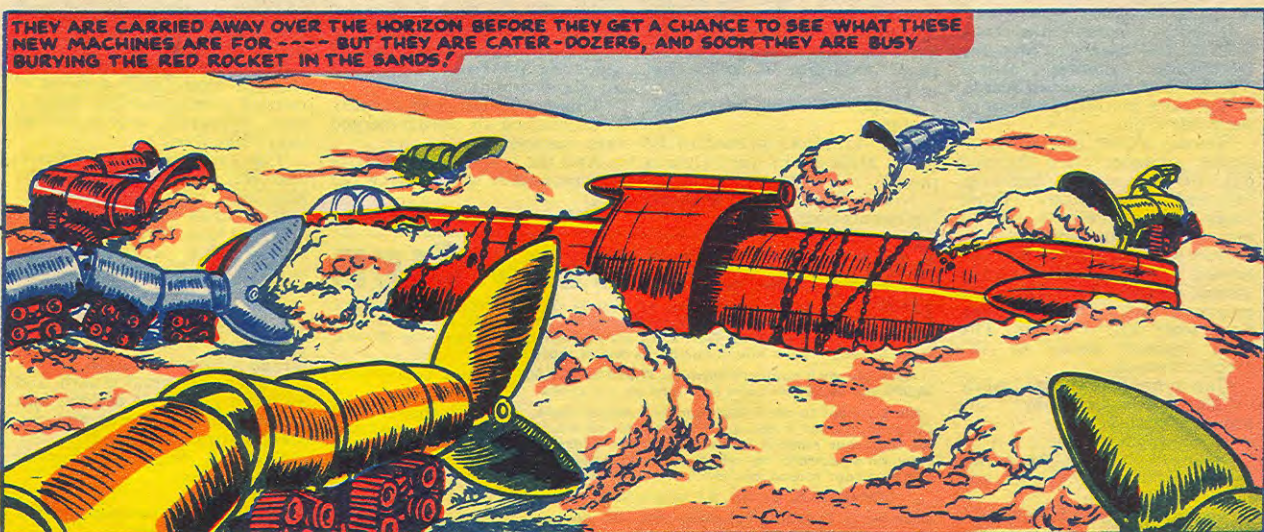
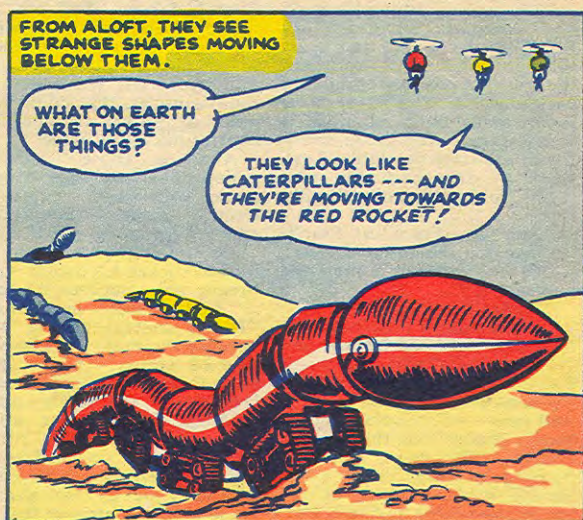
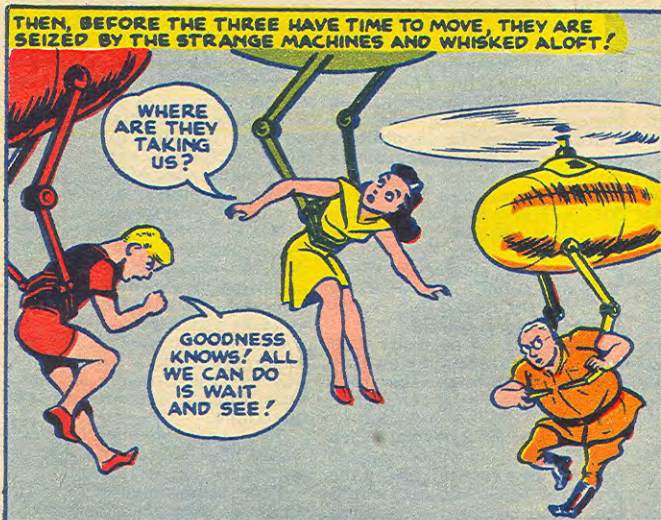
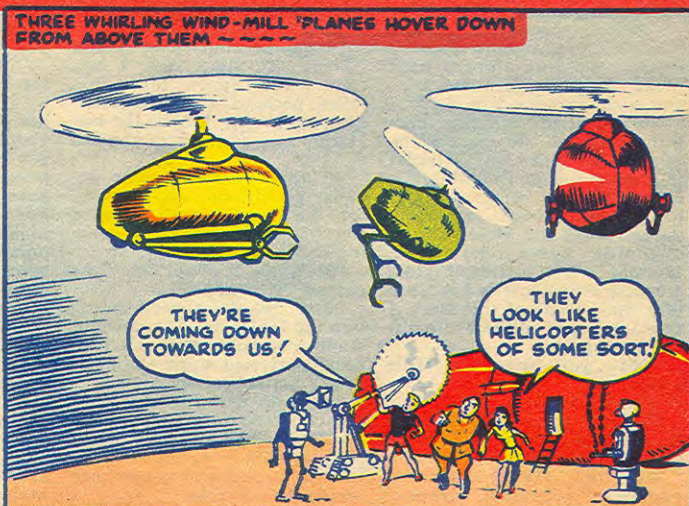
Down here, forty miles under the earth's crust, strange monster lizards from the dawn of time still lived!

Bob and Franklin stood speechless. Then the creature seemed to sniff the air, and turned in their direction.

It opened its great mouth, and let out a cry—half bellow, half scream—that echoed and re-echoed around the cavern.

Then it began to lumber towards them.

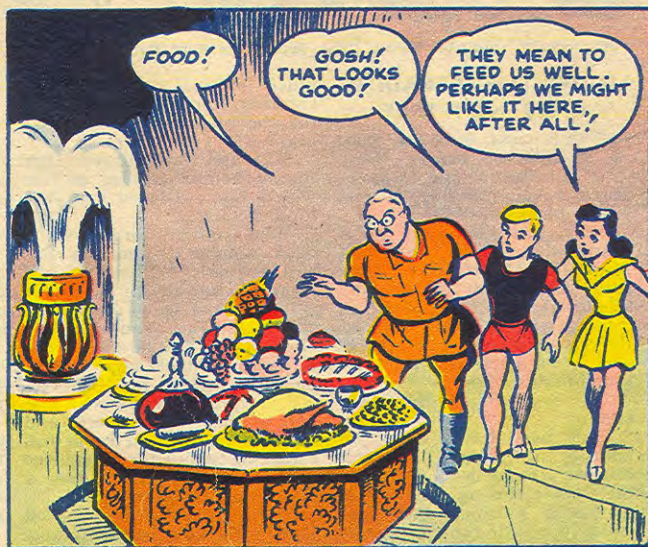
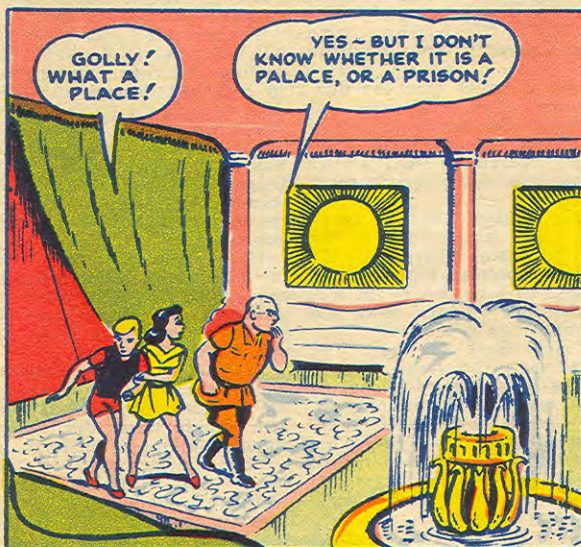
Next week. The machine and the monster!



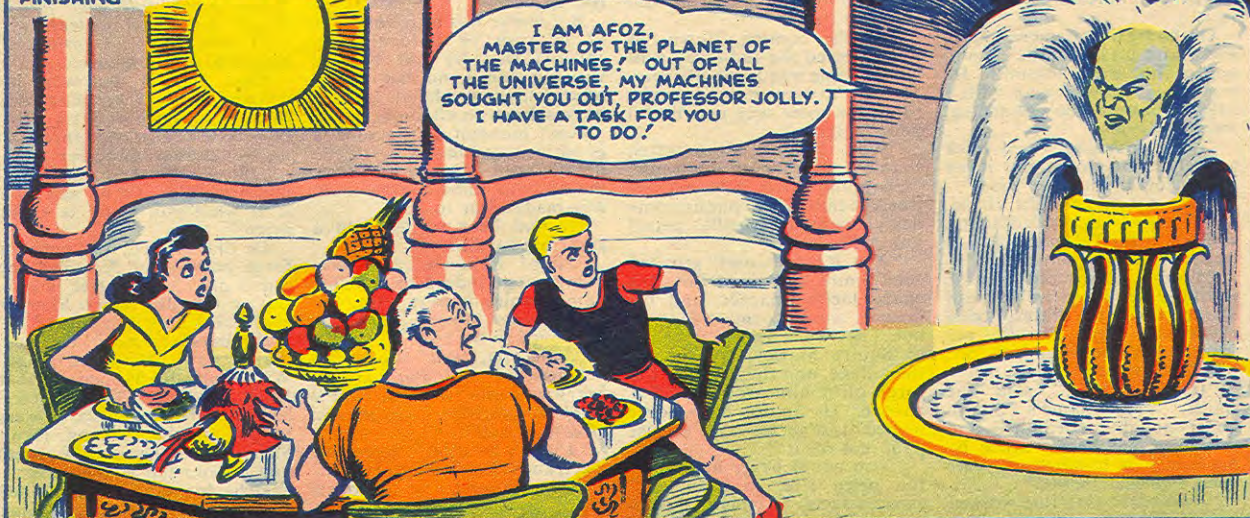
THEN, HAVING BEEN CARRIED FOR MILES
ACROSS THE PLANET OF THE MACHINES,
THE THREE ADVENTURERS ARE SET DOWN ~



THEN THE PATH CARRIES THEM FORWARD, LIKE A
CONVEYOR BELT, AND THE STRANGELY-SHAPED DOORS
SWING OPEN ~~~



SO THEY SIT DOWN TO EAT. AND JUST AS THEY ARE
FINISHING ~~~~~



Next week—Peter is taken prisoner!

COMET—February 7, 1953—9

MICK THE MOON BOY



"Hi, folks!" said the horse. "I'm Jacob Sharper! I've been changed into a horse!"

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"GEE, just look at that, Mick!" cried Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy. "A real village blacksmith!"

"Yes, just like what we've heard about," said his pal, Mick the Moon Boy. "How does the poem go again? 'Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands.' There's a chestnut tree here as well. We'd better take a photograph of this, Hank."

"I'll say!" cried Hank excitedly.

The two boys were on holiday in England and were touring around in an old hired car, seeing the sights. On this particular morning they had come to a little remote village, and there, right in front of them, was a village blacksmith working at his forge beneath a grand old spreading chestnut tree.

Grabbing their cameras, Mick and Hank got out of the car and approached the blacksmith. He was a big, brawny man with a rugged, honest face and strong, muscular arms.

"Good morning," said Mick politely. "Do you mind if we take a few pictures of you?"

"Not a bit, go right ahead, lads," said the blacksmith, smiling. "But I dunno what ye want to take my picture for!"

"You're a real old English smithy like what we've read about back in the States," cried Hank. "Why, gee, I bet this old forge dates back hundreds an' hundreds of years."

"It does that," said the smith. "My name's Smith, queer enough—Jem Smith—and this forge has been worked by my family for hundreds of years back, like what ye say."

"Yes, but it won't be worked by you and your family very

much longer," cut in a nasty sneering voice. "You're out at the end of the month and you know it!"

Mick and Hank turned. They found themselves face to face with a big, red-faced man in a loud check suit.

"Blacksmiths' forges are a back number," went on this individual. "They're old fashioned and out of date. This is the modern age of motor-cars and aeroplanes and suchlike. Soon there won't be a horse left on the road. Blacksmiths' forges, indeed!" sneered he. "Garages are the thing. That's why I've bought this here property and why I'm kicking Jem Smith out. I'm going to pull down the forge and build a garage and a petrol pump station here."

"Why, that's awful!" cried Hank. "Haven't you any respect for old things? Over in the States they'd give just anything to have a real ol' forge like this. And just look at that grand old chestnut tree!"

"That's coming down as well," leered the red-faced gent whose name was Jacob Sharper. "It's got to come down to make room for some nice new useful petrol pumps."

"Well, I think it's a rotten shame!" cried Hank in disgust. "Chopping down a lovely old tree like that just to put up some nasty, painted, smelly petrol pumps!"

"Aye, it is a shame!" growled Jem Smith angrily. "But this chap, Jacob Sharper, and his lawyers was too smart for me, lad. They went behind my back to Squire Marley, what owns the village, and they bought the forge off'n him afore I had a chance. Us Smiths have never owned it, d'ye see? We've just paid rent for it."

"You could never have paid the price I've paid for it," sneered Jacob Sharper. "You're too poverty-stricken."

slightest doubt that the mysterious, thundering voice was coming from the chestnut tree!

"Going to cut me down, are you?" roared the tree. "I'll see about that, you miserable smart Alec!"

Next instant a further amazing thing happened. For the terrified Jacob Sharper, on the point of bolting, found himself seized by a branch of the tree which had whipped down and grabbed him by the neck.

"Help! Save me! Leggo!" he screamed as the branch whipped up again, carrying him kicking and struggling high into the air.

"Cut me down and kick old Jem out, would you?" roared the tree. "You don't like forges, don't you? Well, you're going to need one now, you money-grabbing wretch!"

With that the tree let go of the howling Jacob Sharper with the result that that terrified gent hit the ground a most horrid thump.

But worse was to follow. For as he rose he suddenly discovered that he had become very big indeed and that instead of standing upright on his feet he was down on all fours.

Next moment, as he took a good look at himself by screwing his head this way and that, the hideous unbelievable truth was made clear to him.

He had been turned into a great big carthorse!

"Help!" he howled, and it was very strange indeed to hear his human voice issuing from the carthorse's mouth. "What's happened to me?"

"Shoe him, Jem!" thundered the chestnut tree. "Put four big, heavy iron shoes on him. That'll teach him whether forges are out of date or not!"

"I won't be shod!" screamed the frantic Jacob Sharper, and, wheeling round, he galloped madly away.

But he hadn't gone more than

twenty yards when he met Squire Marley coming along the village street. He halted so abruptly that he skidded on his hooves.

"Oh, Squire Marley, just look at me!" he howled. "I'm Jacob Sharper. Don't stare at me like that, you fool!"

Squire Marley didn't say a word for he had fallen flat on his back in a dead faint.

With a snort of disgust and fury the frantic Jacob Sharper galloped on along the street until he came to the general store, which was run by old Mrs. Purvis.

There were four or five customers in the shop when Jacob Sharper poked his head in through the door and howled: "Hi, folks, I'm Jacob Sharper. I've been changed into a horse. Oh, whatever am I to do?"

The customers didn't wait to tell him what to do about it. Yelling with fright, they all tried to rush out through the rear door at once, the terrified Mrs. Purvis with them.

"Stupid fools!" roared Jacob Sharper, glaring at them as they fought and struggled to be first through the rear door. "What's the matter with you? Why don't you help me?"

He found no one in the village to help him. He galloped around, bawling for help and advice, but everyone who heard him either bolted in terror or else fainted clean away.

In the end he galloped madly back to the chestnut tree, nearly off his head. Mick, Hank and Jem Smith were still there, standing talking by the forge.

"Change me back to me proper self!" sobbed Jacob Sharper, dropping on his foreknees in front of the chestnut tree. "Aw, do please change me back to me proper self!"

"I will if you give your solemn promise to sell the forge to Jem Smith at a fair and proper price!" thundered the tree.

"I will, I will, I promise!" screamed Jacob Sharper.

Next instant he was his proper self again, kneeling there in front of the tree. With a sob of heartfelt relief, he jumped to his feet and turned to Jem.

"I'll sell you the forge, Jem," he cried. "I'll—I'll let you have it at what you think is a fair price!"

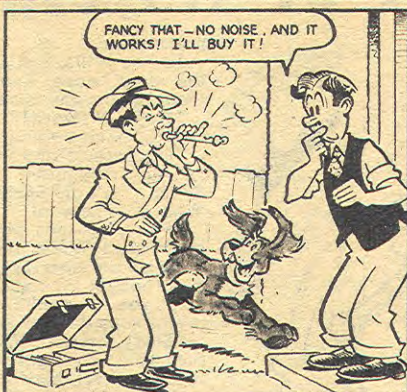
He did, as well, and now the forge belongs to Jem and the grand old chestnut tree is safe. But to this day Jacob Sharper can't think how it happened.

He doesn't know, you see, that it never happened at all. What really did happen was that Mick the Moon Boy had used his wonderful scientific powers to put the 'fluence on Jacob Sharper and that greedy rascal had dreamt the whole thing.

Watch for another fun-filled adventure with Mick and Hank next week!

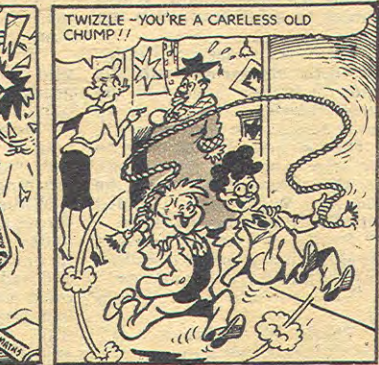
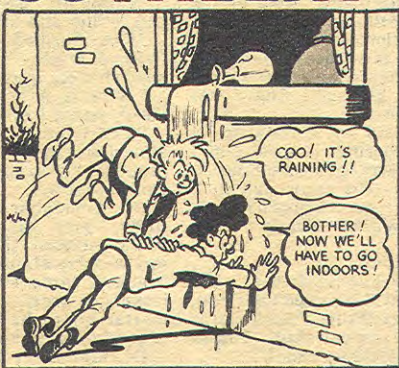


SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND

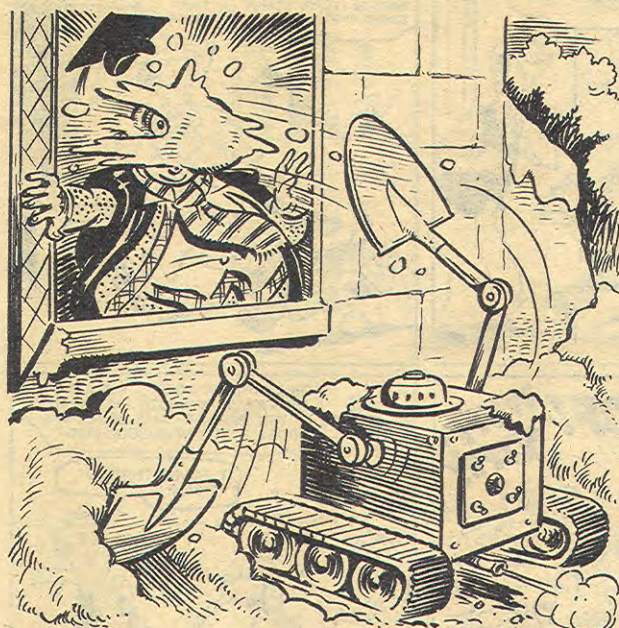


CLAUDE and CUTHBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



"CRUMP!" As Dr. Gandybar opened the window a huge lump of snow caught him smack in the face.

WILLIE'S WONDER SNOW SHOVELLER

"GOSH!" exclaimed Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor, as he looked out of the dormitory window. "It's snowing and, by the look of it, it's been snowing all night!"

The boys of Gandybar School crowded to the windows excitedly.

"Wow!" gasped one of them. "It must be about three feet deep!"

Willie hurriedly dressed and, with Jimmy Bash at his heels, ran down to the dining hall for breakfast. Gulping this down, the two boys dashed out into the snow.

It wasn't so bad as they went down the school steps but when they reached the bottom all that could be seen of them was their heads and shoulders.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Willie, coming to a full stop. "It's too deep!"

"Y-y-yes!" gasped Jimmy, his teeth chattering with the cold. "Let's go back and get some shovels. It'll warm us up doing a bit of snow shovelling!"

The two boys dashed back up the steps and into the school. As they charged through the doorway, Willie nearly collided with Dr. Gandybar, the Head.

"Really, Wizzard!" gasped the Head, jumping out of Willie's way. "You nearly had me over!"

"Yes, sir!" said Willie. "Sorry sir!"

"That's all right, m'boy," said the head with a smile.

"As a matter of fact, I rather wanted to talk to you about a little matter."

"Yes, sir," said Willie again, wondering what was coming next.

"As you know, it has been snowing all night," went on the head. "Well, today is delivery day for the tradesmen but as the snow is so deep round the school, they cannot get here."

Willie guessed what was coming next.

"So," said Dr. Gandybar, "I was wondering if you could possibly arrange something to clear away the snow quickly."

"Arrange something!" thought Willie. "That's a good one!"

Then aloud:

"I think I could do that, sir."

"Capital!" boomed the Head, beaming at Willie. "And as it is Saturday, you can skip—I mean—miss morning school."

"I shall need Bash to help me, sir!" said Willie, giving Jimmy a wink.

"Er—oh, very well, Wizzard," said Dr. Gandybar a little grudgingly. "Bash may accompany you."

"Good. Oh! I mean—thank you, sir!" gasped Jimmy. It was very rarely that he ever had a morning off.

Willie and Jimmy rushed through the school to one of the back doors. It took a bit of time to open as it opened outwards and had about four feet of snow piled up against it. Then the two boys had to plough their way through the snow to Willie's workshop in the old

boilerhouse.

Just as Willie and Jimmy got the door open another boy ploughed his way towards them. "Hey! Wizzard!" the boy called. "Wait a minute."

"Oh, bother!" muttered Willie as he recognised Septimus Snitch. "It's old Sneaky Snitch. What does he want?"

"I say," gasped Septimus as he reached Willie and Jimmy. "I've got the morning off as well. So I thought I'd come over and help you if you're going to invent something. Can I?"

"Sorry," replied Willie. "But the work I've got to do is strictly secret between Jimmy and myself."

"Beast!" snapped Septimus. "It's not secret at all. I heard you talking to old Gandybar about making something to clear away the snow."

"Well, you shouldn't listen in to other people's conversations," said Jimmy. "That's your trouble!"

"I'll get even with you for that!" cried Septimus. "Just you wait!"

With that he ploughed his way back the way he had come until all that could be seen was a cloud of hot breath appearing at intervals off the snow.

Willie and Jimmy disappeared into the boiler house.

LATER that morning Dr. Gandybar was seated at his desk in his study when there was a knock upon his door.

"Come in!" called the Head, and Willie and Jimmy entered.

"I've finished it, sir," exclaimed Willie. "It's out in the quad shovelling away the snow."

"What is, m'boy?" asked the Head, rising from his seat.

"The Wizzard Wonder Snow Shoveller, sir!" replied Willie proudly. "You can see it from your window."

Dr. Gandybar strode, a bit stiffly, over to the window. Willie noticed that the Head was wearing about four pairs of trousers, three waistcoats, two jackets, a scarf, and under his mortar board he could see the edge of a night-cap.

Dr. Gandybar peered out of the window. A most amazing sight came to his eyes. For at the edge of the quadrangle was a small box-like machine with caterpillar tracks on each side moving slowly round the school. Attached to the machine were two very large shovels which were jointed in the middle of their handles so that they looked like two large arms with spade heads instead of hands.

As the machine moved slowly forward the spades worked in a circular movement. As one spade dug into the snow the other was just chucking a shovelful to one side. Behind it stretched a fairly clear path.

"Wonderful!" cried Dr.

Gandybar as he turned away from the window. "That'll save the school a good bit of money—er—I mean—save the boys a lot of hard work this afternoon!"

"Yes, sir," said Willie.

"I must reward you boys for your hard work," said the Head, going over to his desk.

"Thank you, sir!" said Willie and Jimmy together, rather surprised.

"Here you are!" beamed the Head, holding out a paper bag. "Have a peppermint!"

Willie looked at Jimmy in disgust. But they both had one.

When they were outside Willie turned to Jimmy and said:

"That kind aren't even on the ration!"

But unknown to Willie and Jimmy, Septimus Snitch had been at work. While they were in the Head's study receiving their peppermints, he had ploughed his way up to the snow shoveller. Producing a spanner from his pocket, he had unscrewed a nut and bolt just about where he thought the motor was. Glancing round quickly to make sure he hadn't been seen, he pocketed the nut and bolt and ploughed his way back to the school.

DR. GANDYBAR was feeling very warm indeed. What with all the clothes he had put on and the big fire that was in the room, it wasn't a wonder.

Pushing back his chair he stood up and walked over to the window.

"I'll have some fresh air for a few minutes," he said to himself.

Gripping the handle, he threw open the window.

"CRUMP!"

At the same moment a huge lump of snow came whizzing through the open window, hitting him smack in the face. Some of it flew past him and landed on the roaring fire and with a sizzling splutter the fire died out.

"Wow! Help!" shouted the Head, feeling the cold snow melting and running down his neck.

Mr. Halfspun rushed into the study.

"Really, Dr. Gandybar!" snapped Mr. Halfspun, seeing the Head lying in a heap of snow. "I'm surprised at you playing with snow. In your study, of all places!"

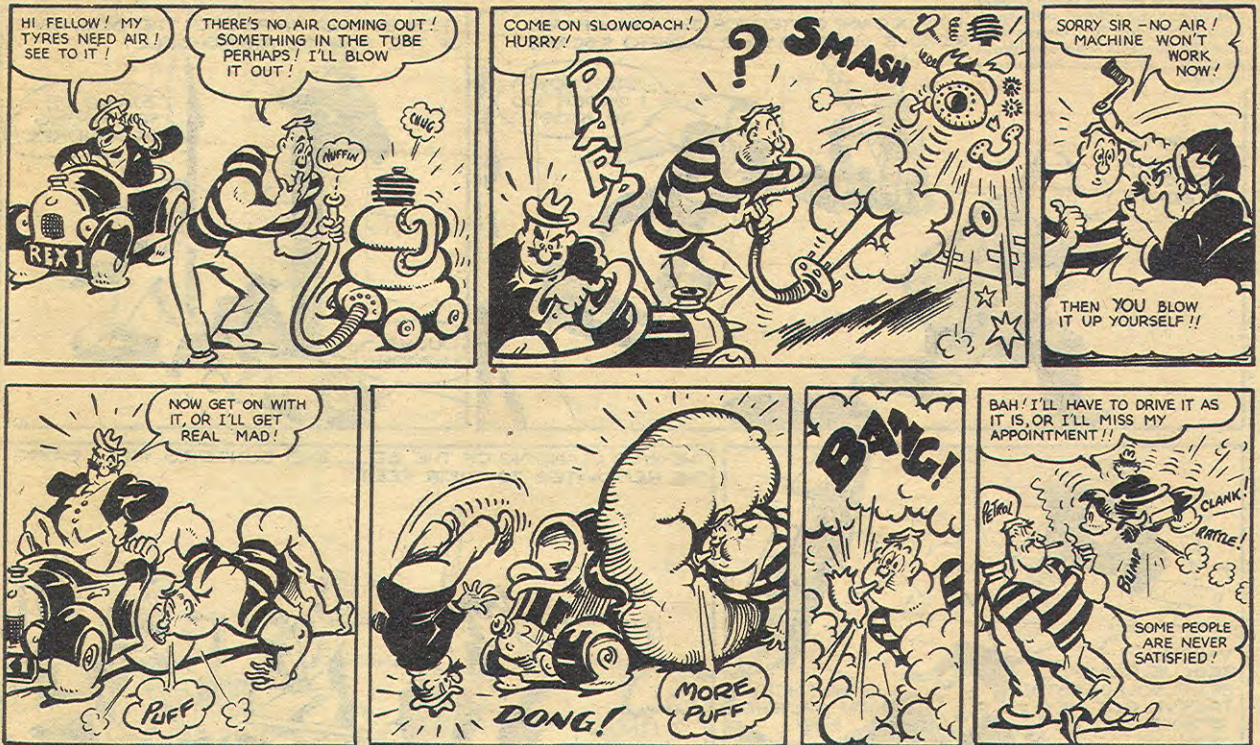
"Halfspun!" thundered the Head. "I'm not playing with snow. Somebody hurled this lot through the window."

"I rather doubt that!" said Mr. Halfspun, looking at the amount of snow that was now melting in the room. "It would take quite a few—"

Mr. Halfspun's words ended in a gurgle as another huge lump

(Continued opposite)

TOUGH TEX THE GENTLE TOUGH GUY



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

(Continued from page 4)

of snow whistled through the window and flattened him on top of Dr. Gandybar.

Suddenly Willie's head appeared round the door. When he saw the two masters he gave a gasp of dismay.

"Oh, crumbs!" he moaned. "Too late!"

"What's too late, boy!" roared Dr. Gandybar, sitting up in the middle of the snow.

"The Snow Shoveller, sir!" gasped Willie. "It's got out of hand!"

"What!" roared the Head. "It's bombarding the school from every side, sir," cried Willie.

"Can't you stop it?" raved Mr. Halfspin. "You invented it!"

"I can't!" gasped Willie. "Every time I approach it, it hurls a huge chunk of snow at me!"

"I'll phone the fire brigade!" suggested Dr. Gandybar, rising to his feet. "They'll know what to do!"

"You can't, sir," said Willie. "The snow last night brought all the telephone wires down!"

Dr. Gandybar paced up and down. Mr. Halfspin was wringing the water out of his gown. Willie stood in the doorway, squinting through his glasses.

Suddenly Dr. Gandybar spun round.

"Halfspin, this is serious!" he said. "We have very little food left in the kitchens and the tradesmen have been unable to reach the school through the snow. And now they won't even be able to get past that wretched machine!"

"Do you think that the tradesmen could run a dog team and sledge to the school?" asked Mr. Halfspin. "They could leave the food at the school gates."

"Yes," agreed the head. "That would be a good idea but we have to get a message to them first and that is impossible."

"We could send the school cat," suggested Willie, "with a message tied round his neck!" "You would have to fit the cat with snow-shoes first, boy!" snapped Dr. Gandybar. "The snow is far, far deeper than the cat."

Willie nodded dismally. "In other words," went on the Head, "we are besieged and in danger of being starved."

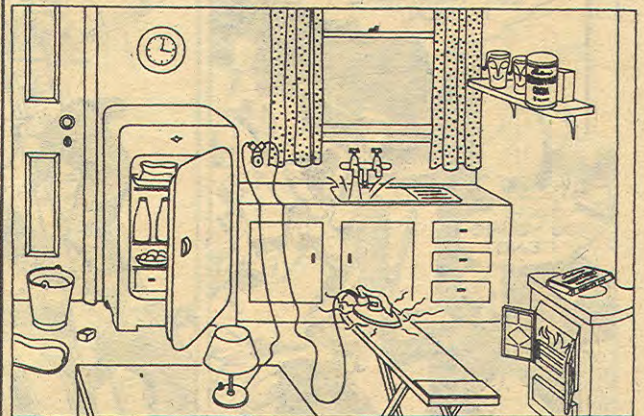
"Golly!" gasped Willie, not liking that thought in the least.

Next week—Willie deals with the Snow Shoveller!

CADBURYS PUZZLE CORNER No. 18

Somebody's been very careless!

Someone has gone out of this kitchen without seeing that everything will be all right while they're away. Several annoying and unnecessary things may happen, all through carelessness. Can you see why? Listed below are eight things that can easily be put right.



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

I want Cadburys!

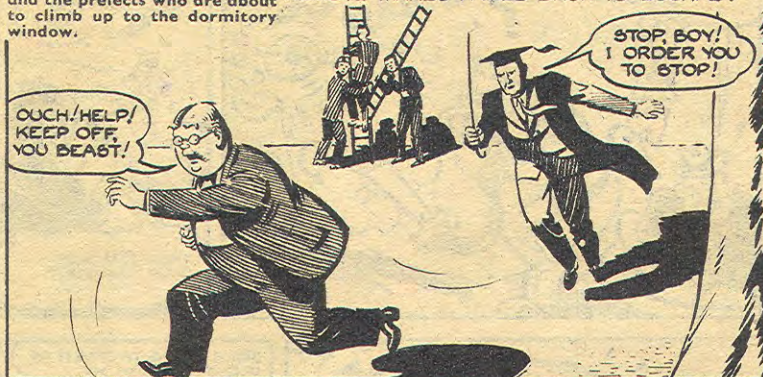
THE CARELESS THINGS:—1 Slab of Cadbury's chocolate on top plate of boiler which will get knocked over. 2 Tin of Cadbury's Bourneville cocoa is too near edge of shelf. 3 Iron is plugged in and is on cloth part of ironing board. 4 Top has been left running. 5 Electric wire from table lamp is strung across floor. 6 Bucket of water is too close to door—it will get knocked over. 7 Bar of soap left on floor. 8 Refrigerator door has been left open.

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

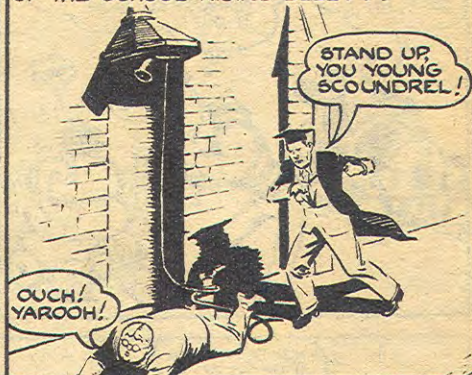
While Dr. Locke was recovering from an attack of 'flu, Dr. Grimstone was sent to take his place. He proved himself to be a very strict and unjust man. Led by Harry Wharton, the Remove rebelled and barricaded themselves in their dorm. But Billy Bunter felt hungry so he slipped out to get some food, only to be discovered by Dr. Grimstone and the prefects who are about to climb up to the dormitory window.

The GREYFRIARS REBELLION!

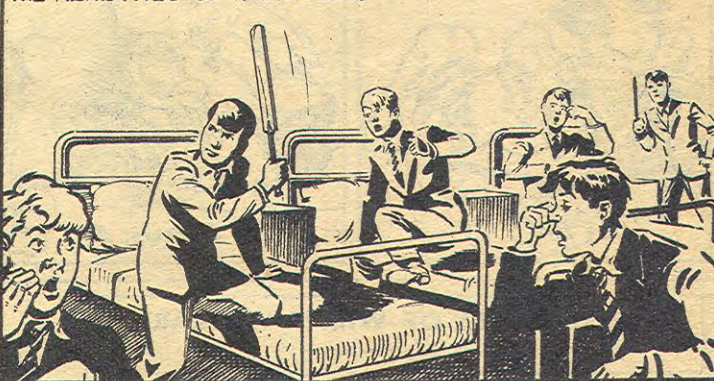
WITH A GASP OF TERROR, THE OWL OF THE REMOVE MAKES A WILD DASH TO ESCAPE!



THEN BUNTER TRIPS OVER THE BELL-ROPE OF THE SCHOOL RINGING-BELL...



THE WILD CLANGING OF THE BELL, AND BUNTER'S YELLS BRING THE REMOVITES TO THEIR FEET!

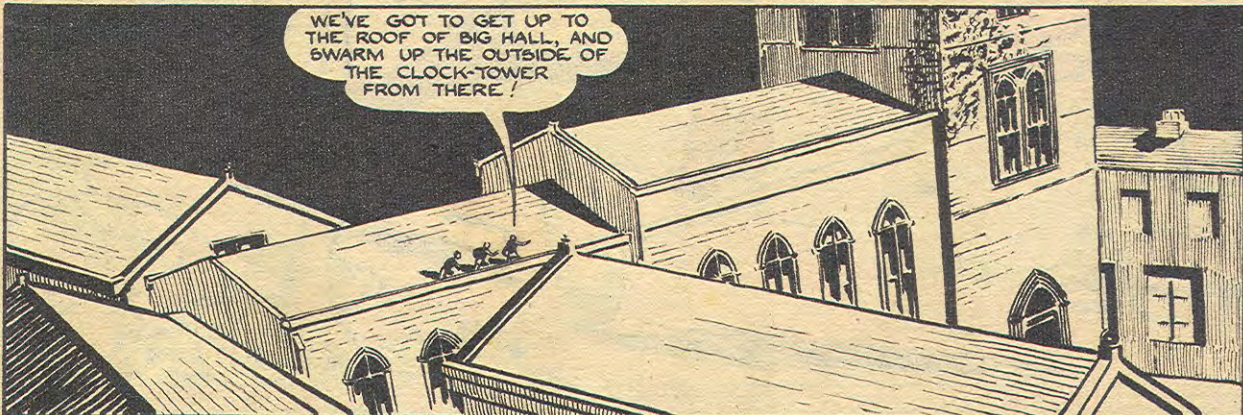




MEANWHILE, BUNTER IS TAKEN TO THE PUNISHMENT-ROOM IN THE CLOCK-TOWER...



BACK IN THE REMOVE DORMITORY, A RESCUE PLAN HAS BEEN DECIDED UPON...



NEXT WEEK—THE RESCUE OF BILLY BUNTER!

COMET—February 7, 1953—15

COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY

