

COMET

THE SKY EXPLORERS

DON'T MISS KIT
CARSON ON THE FIRST
FOUR PAGES INSIDE!

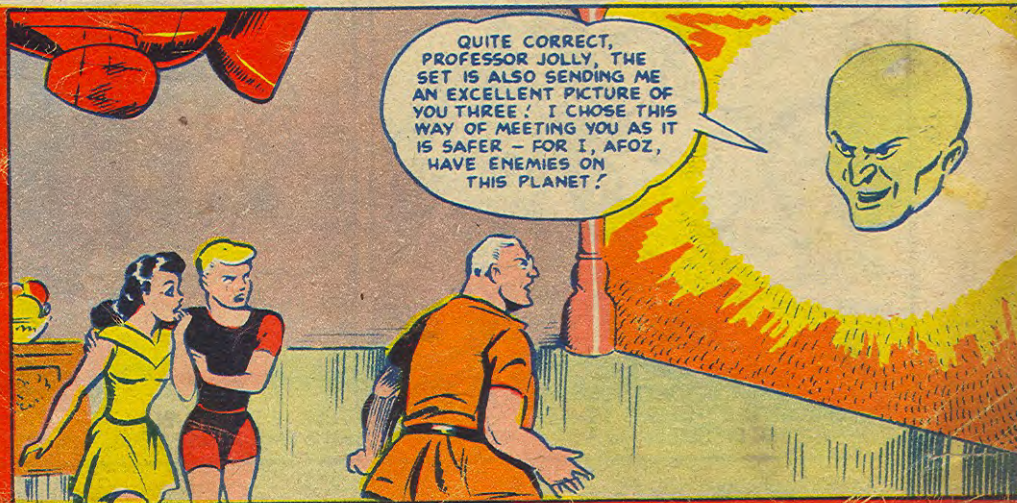
3⁰ EVERY
MONDAY

No. 239. February 14, 1953

THE TALKING PICTURE OF A STRANGE
GREEN HEAD HAS APPEARED BEFORE
THE SKY EXPLORERS.



PROFESSOR JOLLY WITH ANN
AND PETER WERE RETURNING
TO EARTH IN THE
RED ROCKET. WHEN THEY
WERE CAPTURED AND
CARRIED TO THE PLANET OF
MACHINES. THEY WERE
TAKEN TO A STRANGE
BUILDING, WHERE A TABLE
LADEN WITH FOOD ROSE
FROM THE FLOOR. WHEN
THEY HAD EATEN, A HUGE
HEAD APPEARED AND SAID
THAT HE WAS AFOZ, MASTER
OF THE MACHINES, AND
THAT HE HAD WORK FOR
PROFESSOR JOLLY TO DO --



(More pictures on the centre pages)

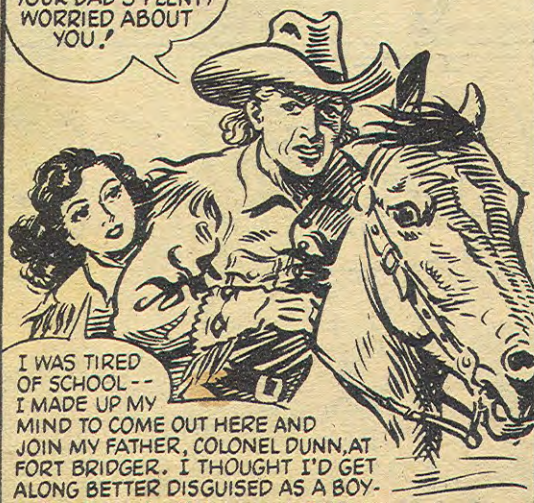
KIT CARSON *and the***TRAITOR GUNS!**

BEACHER THE TRADER HAD BEEN SECRETLY SELLING FINE NEW RIFLES TO YELLOW KNIFE AND HIS BRAVES, AND THEY HAD BEEN ON THE WARPATH WITH THEM. BUT THERE IS A LETTER ON THE WAY BY PONY MAIL WHICH WILL EXPOSE BEACHER'S SCHEMES, AND HE IS DETERMINED TO STOP IT ARRIVING AT FORT BRIDGER. KIT CARSON RODE OUT TO ESCORT THE MAIL RIDER IN—AND FOUND THAT THE RIDER WAS A GIRL. HE WAS IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE HER FROM THE ATTACKING INDIANS...

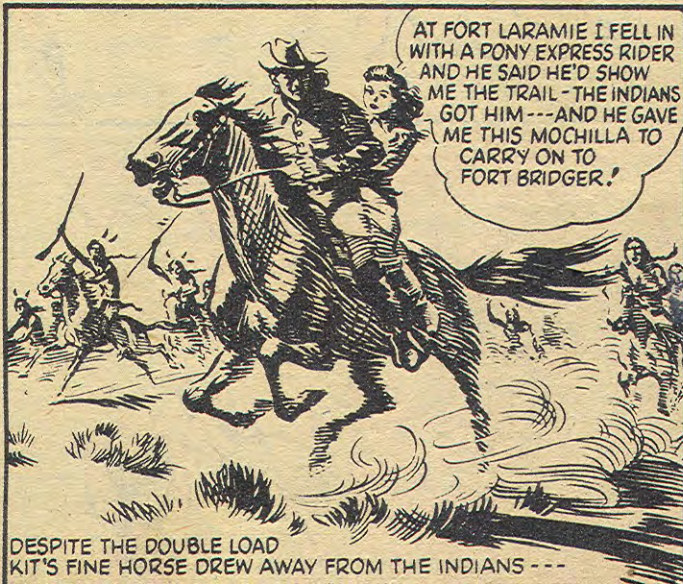


AS KIT GUESSED, THIS "BOY" WAS NONE OTHER THAN CAROL DUNN. SHE TOLD KIT HER STORY AS THEY RODE—

YOUR DAD'S PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT YOU.



I WAS TIRED OF SCHOOL -- I MADE UP MY MIND TO COME OUT HERE AND JOIN MY FATHER, COLONEL DUNN, AT FORT BRIDGER. I THOUGHT I'D GET ALONG BETTER DISGUISED AS A BOY.



AT FORT LARAMIE I FELL IN WITH A PONY EXPRESS RIDER AND HE SAID HE'D SHOW ME THE TRAIL - THE INDIANS GOT HIM --- AND HE GAVE ME THIS MOCHILLA TO CARRY ON TO FORT BRIDGER.

DESPITE THE DOUBLE LOAD KIT'S FINE HORSE DREW AWAY FROM THE INDIANS ---

BUT THE CRAFTY INDIAN TRADER SET ANOTHER TRAP FOR THEM!

BUT THE CHASE WAS WATCHED FROM THE BROW OF A HILL --
A MILE OR MORE AWAY --

TARNATION! LOOKS LIKE
CARSON'S GOT THAT RIDER CLEAR-
AND THE MAIL POUCH, TOO!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
THOSE INJUNS'D
BUNGLE IT!



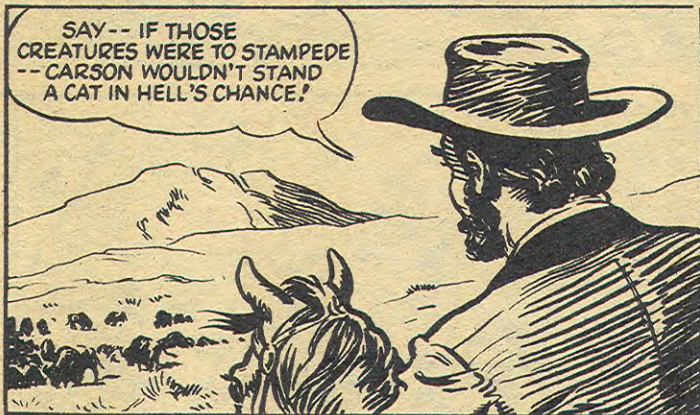
THE MAN WITH THE TELESCOPE WAS NONE
OTHER THAN
BEACHER.

IF THAT
MAIL POUCH
GETS THROUGH
TO FORT BRIDGER
I'M DONE FOR-
WHEREAS IF IT
DOESN'T GET
THROUGH I CAN GET
ENOUGH RIFLES
THROUGH FOR THE INJUNS
TO FINISH FORT BRIDGER
FOR KEEPS --KIT CARSON'S
GOT TO BE STOPPED!

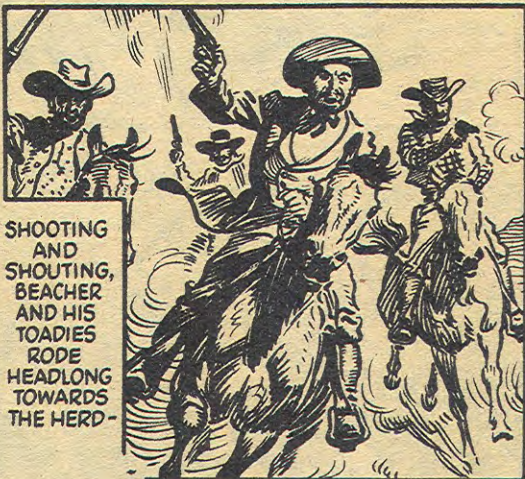


NOW IT JUST HAPPENED THAT THERE WAS A HERD OF BISON GRAZING
ON THE LOWER SLOPES -- BETWEEN BEACHER AND THE PLAIN --

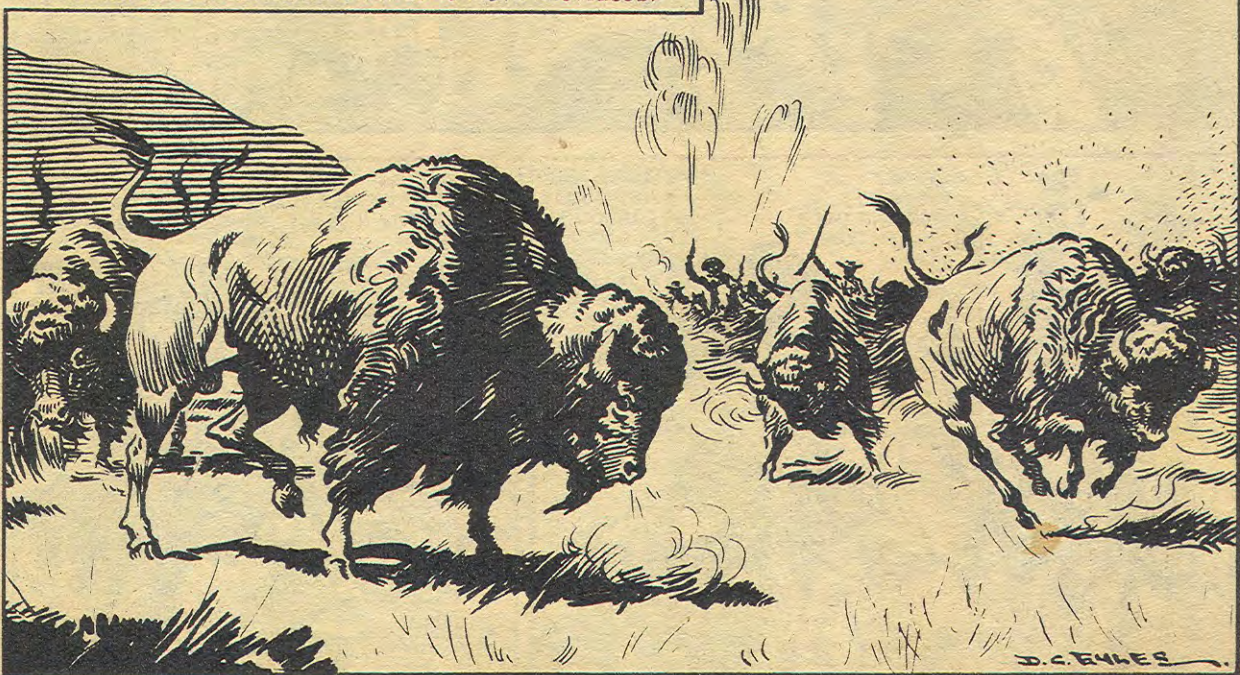
SAY -- IF THOSE
CREATURES WERE TO STAMPEDE
-- CARSON WOULDN'T STAND
A CAT IN HELL'S CHANCE!



SHOOTING
AND
SHOUTING,
BEACHER
AND HIS
TOADIES
RODE
HEADLONG
TOWARDS
THE HERD --



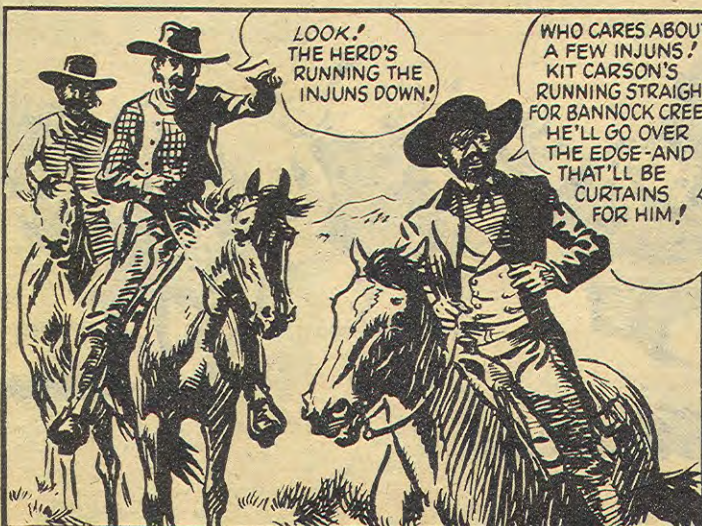
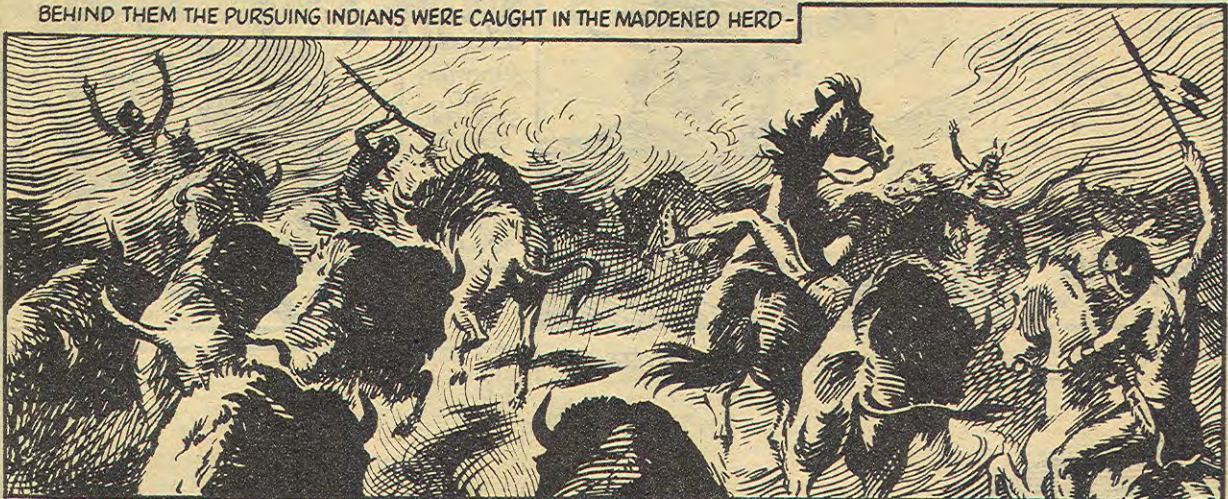
--AND THE GREAT SHAGGY BISON STARTED TO MOVE RESTLESSLY--

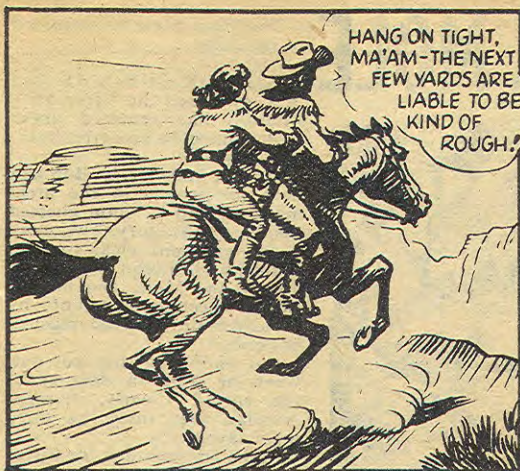


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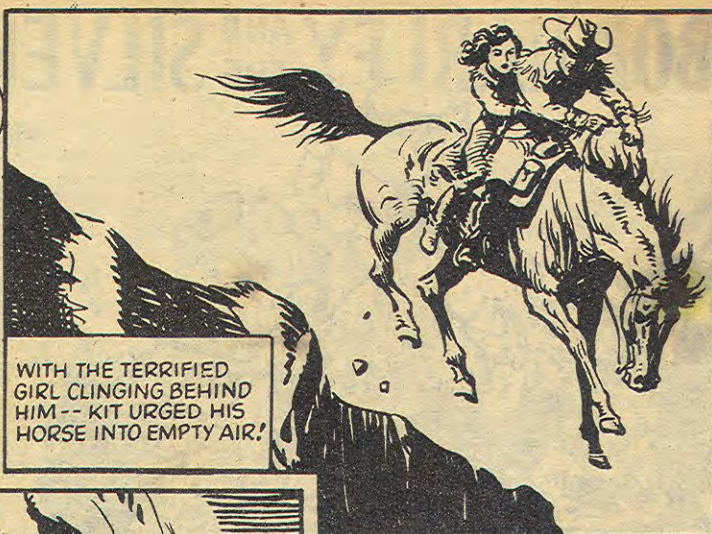


BEHIND THEM THE PURSUING INDIANS WERE CAUGHT IN THE MADDENED HERD—





HANG ON TIGHT,
MA'AM--THE NEXT
FEW YARDS ARE
LIABLE TO BE
KIND OF
ROUGH!

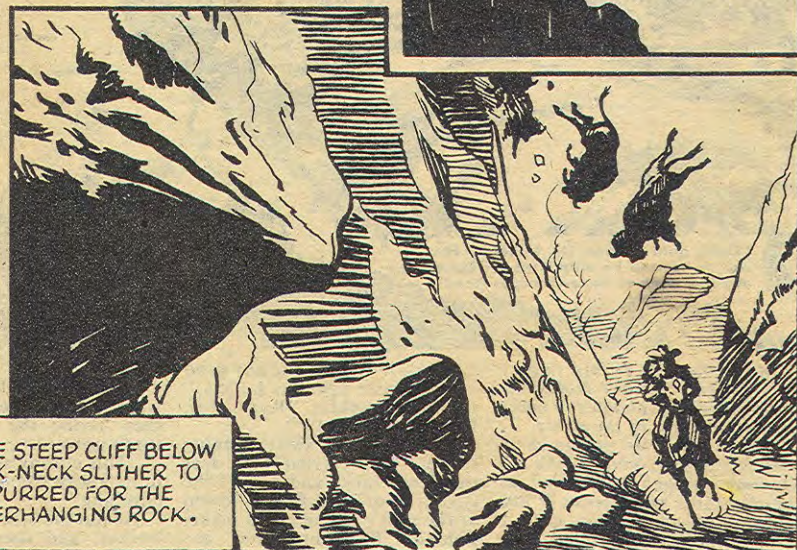


WITH THE TERRIFIED
GIRL CLINGING BEHIND
HIM-- KIT URGED HIS
HORSE INTO EMPTY AIR!

A BREATH-TAKING PLUNGE ---



-- THEN THEY HIT THE STEEP CLIFF BELOW
AND AFTER A BREAK-NECK SLITHER TO
THE BOTTOM, KIT SPURRED FOR THE
SHELTER OF AN OVERHANGING ROCK.



WE'LL LAY LOW A WHILES, MA'AM -
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S
MORE THAN JUST
BISON ON OUR
TRAIL!



WELL--
THAT'S THE END
O' KIT CARSON -
GUESS HE'S UNDER
ALL THOSE BISON
DOWN THERE!

BOB HARLEY AND THE SILVER MOLE

The Silver Mole had returned to the cavern!



"Gold, gold!" cried Dr. Nikolaus. He was so excited he didn't see the huge ape-like man on his enormous steed!

With the aid of his mighty Silver Mole, Doctor Nikolaus, the traitor scientist, planned to make himself dictator of the world.

The Silver Mole was an earth boring machine, which could cut its way through solid rock as easily as if it were cheese. It was driven by an atomic engine, which Nikolaus had stolen from the British Government.

Bob Harley, the young secret service man, and Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire inventor, were determined to foil his plans. They got aboard the Mole, but Doctor Nikolaus made a clever move which ended with Bob and Malcolm Franklin finding themselves stranded in a vast cavern, forty miles down under England!

It was another world, with its own sea, and heat and light from a huge, red-hot volcano!

And there were monsters there, too!

Standing before them was a huge prehistoric lizard.

Bob had seen pictures of creatures like this in books which told what the world was like at dawn of time, but he had never expected to see one alive. —It stood as high as a house on its stubby hind legs. Its tiny eyes glinted wickedly in the red light of the great volcano.

Then it let out an ear-shattering bellow, and began to lumber towards them over the rough rocky floor of the cavern.

BOB drew the pistol which Franklin had given him, but the inventor stopped him.

"No—it wouldn't do any good—only waste precious bullets!" snapped Franklin. "Run for it, Bob! Follow me!"

He ran with swift leaping strides, that carried him over the deep cracks and pits of the cavern floor, and Bob followed at the best pace he could make. Behind them lumbered the monster, with great strides that covered four yards at a time. Luckily for them, he was too heavy to move fast.

Franklin was making for the rock wall of the cavern, that towered up, cliff-like, to the lofty roof, miles above their heads. He had spotted a section where there were great cracks which ran up and down—cracks into which a man could easily squeeze his body.

"In here!" he cried to Bob, "Too narrow for the brute to follow!"

Together they pressed themselves deep into the cranny. It grew narrower as they pressed inward, and at fifteen feet or so from the face of the rock, they could go no farther.

But they were out of reach of the lumbering nightmare.

Bellowing angrily, the great brute scrambled at the rocks, as though trying to dig them out. It could smell them—to it they were a new animal scent, meaning new food. And the great monster needed the best part of a ton of food every day.

"He can't reach us," said Bob, "But at this rate, he'll starve us out. What chance have we got to hunt food with him

around?"

Malcolm Franklin peered upward through the shadows, and then shone the beam of his torch upward.

"This cranny stretches up for quite a way," he said, "Let's try climbing."

He put the torch back into his pocket, and then, by dint of pressing his back against one wall of the crack, and his feet against the other, he began to worm himself slowly upwards.

Bob followed suit. It was tough, tiring work, but at the end of twenty minutes, they were thirty feet above the monster's head, and it had no way of reaching them.

Malcolm Franklin began to work his way sideways in the cranny, back towards the cliff-face, hoping that they might find some way down out of reach of the great brute.

Suddenly Bob tensed, and laid a hand on Franklin's sleeve.

"Listen!" he whispered urgently. "Listen!"

The cavern was filled with the bellowing of the monster below them, and for a moment, Franklin wondered what Bob meant. But he listened, just the same.

For an instant the bellowing stopped, and the echoes faded a little as they rolled around the great cavern. For an instant, it was quiet enough to hear other things.

Then there was another sound—a distant, thunderous rumble—that could only mean one thing.

DOCTOR NIKOLAS had examined the Silver Mole when it had returned under radio control to his secret headquarters.

He had known that Bob had been imprisoned in the great machine, and he soon guessed the rest of the story. Two main facts were quite clear to him. Malcolm Franklin had been aboard the Mole, and he and Bob had been driven out of it by the acid fumes from the smashed batteries.

But where had they got out, when the Mole was deep under the earth? Clearly, thought Nikolaus, there must be some great cavern.

So he had boarded the Silver Mole and set out to retrace the Mole's radio-controlled path, to find Malcolm Franklin and Bob.

His idea was not to rescue them from the cavern, but to make them his prisoners. He hoped to force Malcolm Franklin to work for him. He had good uses for a brilliant inventor, such as Franklin.

As the Silver Mole lurched out of the solid rock, and into the warm red "daylight" of the cavern, a gasp of surprise left his lips.

"Another world—forty miles under England!" he cried as he peered forward through the thick armour glass at the weird scene without. "Now I have something for which to thank Malcolm Franklin! These vast caves are just what I seek! Here I will build factories, and my slaves shall build me a whole fleet of Silver Moles! Why—the Derbyshire cave where I built this first machine is a mere rabbit-hole, compared to this!"

Kropov, the burly, thick-set tough, who went everywhere with the Doctor, grunted his agreement.

"Much room, for many men!" he growled. "We find plenty men to help schemes. Plenty men like to be safe from police, down here. They follow you!"

Nikolas nodded, and shut off the engines of the Mole. What Kropov had said was true, he knew. In every country of the world were crooks and wanted men who would come to his call, once he offered them safety from the long arm of the law. Soon he would command a great army of crooks....

The Silver Mole came to rest, and the thunder of her mighty engines faded and died away. Doctor Nikolaus pressed a control, and a big periscope sprouted up from the top of the cigar-shaped body. With this, Nikolaus would be able to see all around, instead of just a narrow strip, which was all that could be seen through the thick port of armour glass at the front.

Nikolas crouched at the eyepiece, and swung the periscope around. He drew his breath in sharply through his teeth.

"So! There are creatures that live down here—the great lizards, that vanished from the face of the earth many thousands of years ago!"

As he spoke he swung the periscope around, following the path of a great scaly monster that scuttled away from the Mole, and plunged into the waters of the underground sea.

This was the same monster that had been besieging Bob and Malcolm Franklin. Doctor Nikolas had no idea that his two bitterest enemies were so close at hand.

"Finding Franklin and the boy Harley can wait!" he declared as he swung the periscope around, taking in every detail of the vast, weird cavern. "This is a discovery of the greatest importance—this place must be explored—" he stopped suddenly, and became very intent, as he crouched at the periscope—"must be explored—" he repeated softly. Then he straightened up, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "I am going out, Kropov. I have seen something which requires my personal attention. You and Kane and Rogan—" he nodded towards the two other members of the crew—"Will stand by with guns, in case any animals like the one I have just seen come near. Open the main doors!"

The two doors, which curved smoothly into the stainless steel skin of the Mole, slid back.

Dr. Nikolas looked this way and that at the strange rocky scenery of this world within the world. Then he loosened the pistol that hung in the holster at his side, and stepped down.

Kane, Rogan, and Kropov watched him clamber over the rocks towards where a shelving outcrop ran like a wall, or a breakwater, down towards the waters of the underground sea.

Then Nikolas produced his torch, and shone its bright beam at the face of the eight-foot rocky wall before him.

Something gleamed yellow in the torchlight. The three thugs all saw it together, and all of them started forward out of the door of the Mole.

Even at fifty yards, there was no mistaking the bright gleam of virgin gold!

Nikolas dropped on one knee, and grinned delightedly at the sight of this great mass of natural treasure. Like a broad stripe in the rock, stretching in either direction as far as he could see, was this twelve inch wide band of pure, virgin gold.

Even if it were only a mere coating, a fraction of an inch thick, Nikolas knew that he was looking upon millions. But Nikolas also knew that in all probability the vein of gold was many feet thick, stretching back deeply into the shelving rocky wall before him.

Here was wealth that defied the imagination—more gold than any man had seen before. Gold to make all his dreams come true!

"Gold! Gold!" Nikolas muttered hoarsely. And behind him, drawn forward by the magic of the gleaming yellow stuff, his three henchmen gaped at the wealth that was theirs for the taking.

Not one of them saw the newcomer.

So engrossed were they in looking at that great natural slab of gold, that none of the four saw the figure that appeared above them, and stood silently watching.

It was the figure of a mounted man.

But a man of no ordinary sort, and mounted upon no ordinary steed.

The steed was like a huge newt—a newt the size of a horse.

And the man was immensely powerful—ape-like—with a round head, set upon a thick neck, and shoulders almost twice as broad as an ordinary man's. His arms were long, powerful, and covered in reddish brown hair.

His chest was covered with a tough breast plate of what seemed to be a thick hide, and in one huge, gnarled hand, he carried a thick spear that was all of seven feet long.

Spear poised, he sat his mount at the top of the rocky wall, looking down menacingly at the figures of the four men below him.

FROM the cranny in the cliff-face, Malcolm Franklin and Bob had watched the arrival of the Mole, and had seen Nikolas discover that great vein of gold.

Then they had seen the silent arrival of the mounted watcher. Bob looked at Franklin in wide-eyed astonishment.

"A real, live cave-man!" Franklin whispered back at him. "But never mind about him. This is our chance, Bob. They haven't seen us! Keep inside this cranny—and get down to the ground as fast as you can follow me. Make for that bunch of boulders there—" he pointed away to the right, out of line of sight of the men from the Mole—"Then we'll be nearer to the Mole than they are. We can make it with a quick rush. . . ."

"Suppose there's more of them inside?"

"We'll have to chance that. We've both got guns, and we'll have the advantage of surprise. I expect those three gold-happy

coons behind Nikolas are supposed to be keeping a lookout. Come on!"

Swiftly Franklin began to slither down towards ground level. They arrived without further incident, and stood crouching there for a moment, listening.

Only the sound of the other men's voices, talking excitedly, reached them. Now they were hidden from view by a bulging rise in the ground. Franklin loped swiftly off, bent low, with his gun held loosely in his fingers. Bob followed, and five seconds later they reached the shelter of the group of rocks.

From around the far flank of these, they could see their enemies, but there was now no more cover between them and the Mole—only fifty yards of rough open ground—fifty yards which they would have to cover at the dead sprint, if they were to have any hope at all of their plan succeeding.

Nikolas and his three henchmen were still intent upon the gold. Then, as Bob and Franklin watched, they saw the silent figure on the rock above them raise his hand in some kind of signal.

Instantly the whole rock face seemed to come alive with the massive figures of ape-men. Six or seven of them sprang into view, and hurled themselves at the crooks!

"It's now or never!" cried Franklin, as guns crackled into life. "Once those hairy monsters get into the Mole, we've had it! Run!"

Bob shot across the rocky ground faster than he would have thought possible, and hurled himself through the open door of the Mole, his gun at the ready for any trouble from inside.

Franklin hurled himself in, even as Bob's gaze and gun swept the machinery-packed inside of the Mole. He seized the closing-lever of the doors, and slammed them shut.

But even before they could close, a massive, powerful arm, thickly covered in red-brown hair, shot through the opening, and seized a grip upon the door edge!

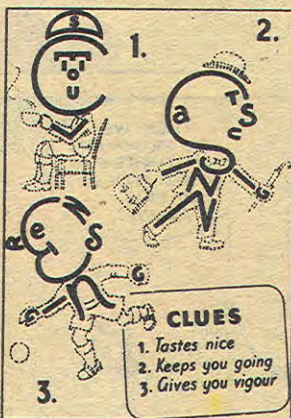
One of the Ape-men had seen them run for the Mole, and had broken away from the battle to follow them!

Franklin slammed at the inch—
(Continued on page 11)

The Ovaltine's OWN COLUMN OF AMUSEMENT



Each of these intriguing figures is made up of hidden letters to form a word that represents an outstanding virtue of delicious 'Ovaltine'. Study the clues and see if you can find the missing word in each case.



Turn this upside down to find the correct answers

Enriching (1) Delicious (2) Sustaining (3)

OVALTINEs are among the brightest and happiest of children. They know that 'Ovaltine' is a delicious, appetizing drink and make it a golden rule to drink this nourishing beverage every day. It is delightful with any meal and is a favourite bedtime drink with thousands of Ovaltineys. It helps to keep them strong and full of energy.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINEs

Members of the League of Ovaltineys have great fun with the secret high-signs, signals and code. You can join the League and obtain your badge and the Official Rule Book (which also contains the words and music of the Ovaltine songs), by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to: THE CHIEF OVALTINE (Dept. 52), 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

OVALTINE

The World's Most Popular Food Beverage

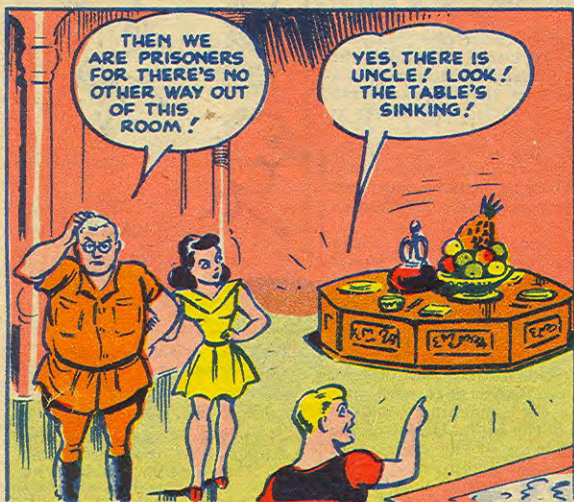
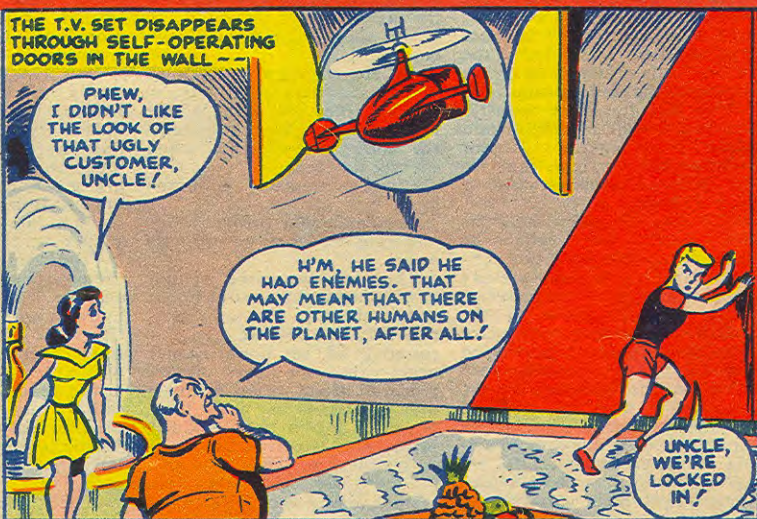
ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

HULLO, Spotters! Got those Albums ready? Then check the number and see if it is one of those printed below. If so, you may send up for one of our exciting Club presents—free!

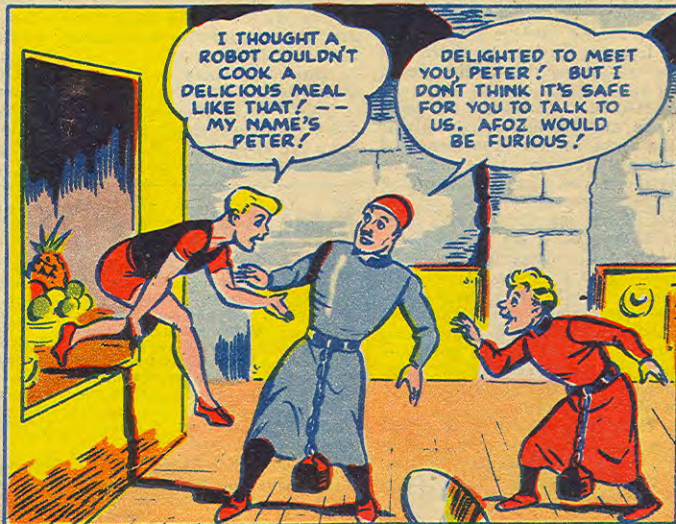
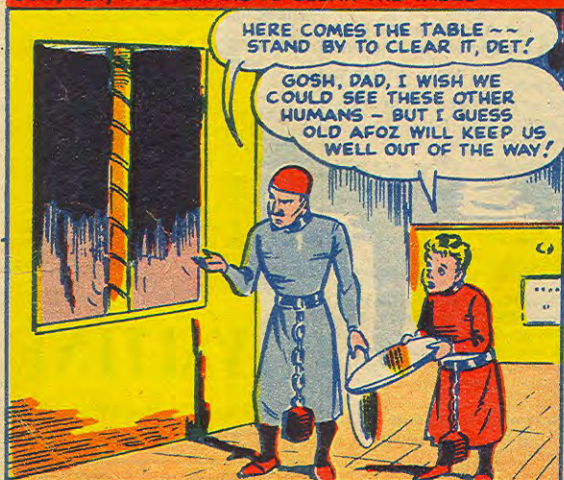
All those with numbers between 6,000 and 6,500 inclusive, and between 20,000 and 20,500 inclusive, may claim.

First of all, choose one of the following gifts: Water Pistol, Ball-point Pen, Autograph Album, Jack-knife, Wrist Compass, Charm Bracelet, Box Game, or a Cowboy Belt and Holster. Write its name in the space in your Album marked "For official Use," and check that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Then, on a postcard, write the name of the character or story you like most in COMET—and in a few words say why. Post Album and postcard to:

COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, February 24th. Presents will be despatched about a week later and Albums returned at the same time.



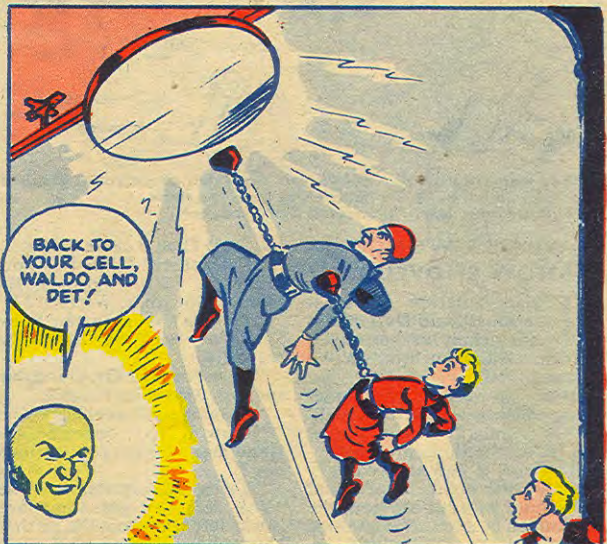
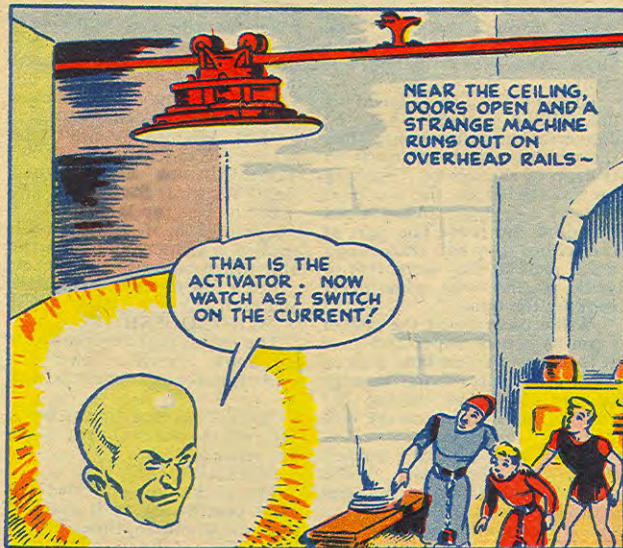
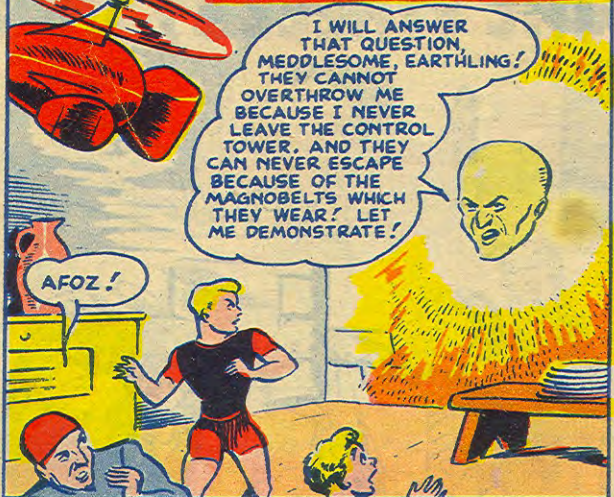
DOWN IN THE KITCHENS, THE COOK, WALDO, AND HIS SON, DET, ARE WAITING TO CLEAR THE TABLE —



WALDO TOLD PETER THAT FOR MANY YEARS THE PLANET OF MACHINES HAD BEEN A HAPPY PLACE. THE ROBOTS AND MACHINERY HAD DONE ALL THE WORK AND THE PEOPLE HAD PEACE AND PLenty. THEN ONE NIGHT AFOZ HAD LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE CONTROL TOWER. FROM THERE HE COULD CONTROL ALL THE PLANET'S MACHINERY. HE TURNED THE ROBOTS ONTO THE PEOPLE AND HAD THEM DRIVEN INTO THE IRON MINES AND MADE THEM SLAVES.



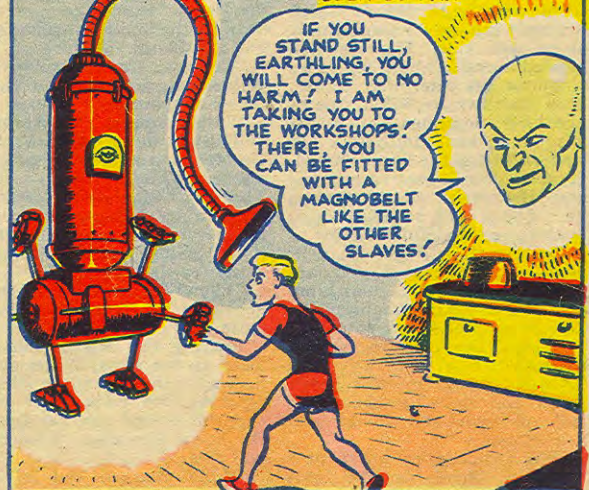
BUT BEFORE WALDO COULD ANSWER HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE VOICE OF AFOZ!



THE ACTIVATOR HAVING CAUGHT WALDO AND DET GOES BACK THROUGH THE SWING DOORS, WHICH CLOSE SILENTLY, LEAVING PETER ALONE WITH THE T.V. PICTURE OF AFOZ ~~~~



SUDDENLY THE DOOR CLANGED OPEN AND IN TRUNDLED THE WEIRDEST ROBOT PETER HAD SEEN SO FAR ~~~~



Will Peter stand still? Or can he escape? Don't miss next week's thrilling adventures.

COMET—February 14, 1953—9

WHEN SEPTIMUS SNITCH OPENED HIS MOUTH HE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



"You wait till I tell that old fathead Gandybar about you!" snapped Septimus Snitch as Willie hauled him from the snow.
"Tell old who, boy?" thundered Dr. Gandybar.

WILLIE'S WONDER SNOW SHOVELLER

THE situation is most serious!" said Dr. Gandybar grimly as he looked at Mr. Halfspin and Willie Wizzard, the schoolboy inventor. "If we don't do something quickly we shall starve!"
"Oh crumbs!" moaned Willie, not liking the thought at all.

You see, it had snowed very heavily the night before and the school was cut off from the tradesmen by snow at least three feet deep. So Willie had invented a Snow Shoveller to clear it away. It was a box-like machine with two arms, attached at the sides. On these arms were huge shovels which scooped the snow up and threw it to one side. The machine moved along at about ten miles an hour on caterpillar tracks. But unknown to Willie, one of the boys, Septimus Snitch was his name, had removed a nut and bolt from the Snow Shoveller and now it was completely out of control, slowly circling the school and bombarding it with large shovelfuls of snow.

No one could get near it, because every time you approached, it shot a great lump of snow in your direction. Dr. Gandybar had tried to phone the local fire brigade, but the telephone wires had been brought down by the heavy snow and now the school was cut off from the village and tradesmen.

Willie racked his brain for a solution. There must be some

way out. Then it came to him.

"I've got it!" Willie burst out suddenly. "Eh!" gasped the Head. "Got what, Wizzard?"

"The way to stop the Snow Shoveller, sir!" cried Willie excitedly.

"How?" asked Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfspin together.

"Blow it up!" replied Willie. "Blow it up!" repeated Dr. Gandybar. "Are you serious, boy?"

"Y-yes, sir," stuttered Willie.

"You see, I've got some fireworks left over from the Fifth of November and I think I could invent something with them to put the Snow Shoveller out of action!"

"Very well, Wizzard," said the Head. "But make sure you blow up the Snow Shoveller and not the school."

"I'd never do that, sir," said Willie indignantly. "You know I'd—Look out, sir!"

Willie shouted the warning and dived under a chair. Dr. Gandybar and Mr. Halfspin ducked. And just in time. Through the window came a huge lump of snow, travelling at a good speed, which flattened itself against the door of the study.

"Phew!" gasped Willie, staggering to his feet. "That was a close one!"

Leaving the two masters to clear up the mess, Willie made his way to the rear of the school. Opening the back door with care, he looked out. No sign of the Snow Shoveller. The coast was clear.

Willie charged out of the

door and through the snow towards his workshop. Reaching it, he wrenched the door open and leaped inside.

For, as he slammed the door behind him, the Snow Shoveller came into sight round a corner hurling snow in all directions.

Searching around inside his workshop Willie found what he wanted. In an old box was an assortment of fireworks, one of which was a large rocket. Taking this rocket, Willie worked away for half an hour mixing the contents of the other fireworks together and adding a little mixture of his own and then pouring the lot into the rocket.

Making sure that the rocket was properly sealed, Willie wrapped it up in a sheet of brown paper, tucked it under his arm and then, once again, rushed through the snow back into the school as soon as the Snow Shoveller was out of sight.

Hunting out Jimmy Bash, his pal, Willie had a whispered conversation with him. Then the two boys made their way to the top of the school. Climbing up a short ladder, the two boys opened a skylight and climbed out onto the roof. The part of the school they had chosen had a flat roof so they were able to walk to the very edge overlooking the quad.

Willie unwrapped the rocket from its brown paper and gave it to Jimmy. Willie then cleared away some snow from the edge of the roof and, taking the rocket, laid it down on the very edge.

Willie and Jimmy crouched down on the roof. Willie brought out a box of matches and gave them to Jimmy.

Jimmy gave him a nudge. "Think we ought to tell old Gandybar that we're going to blow it up now?" he asked.

"No," replied Willie. "It'll be a surprise for him!"

"O.K. then," said Jimmy. "Shall we fire the rocket now?"

"Wait until the Snow Shoveller has come into sight, you dope!" said Willie.

The two boys waited in silence until the Snow Shoveller came shovelling its way round to the front of the school. With care, Willie sighted the rocket at the Snow Shoveller.

Taking a match out Jimmy held it near the box.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes!" cried Willie. "FIRE!"

UNKNOWN to Willie and Jimmy, someone else was also waiting for the Snow Shoveller to come into sight. Septimus Snitch was at the foot of the school steps and in his hand he was holding a white sheet.

"If I can replace the nut and bolt and make the machine

work properly again," he said to himself. "Then, perhaps, old Gandybar will give me a half day off from school!"

Suddenly the Snow Shoveller came shovelling round to the front of the school. Hastily, Septimus put the white sheet over his head and ploughed his way forward into the snow towards the Snow Shoveller.

With the sheet over him, Septimus could hardly be seen in all the snow. Slowly he crept forward until he was nearly level with the slowly moving Snow Shoveller.

Glancing round to make sure nobody could see him, he suddenly saw Willie Wizzard on the school roof.

"What's that beast doing up there?" he asked himself. "Tee-Hee, he must be scared of his own invention!"

Suddenly he saw Willie raise an arm and then he also saw Jimmy Bash pointing something at him.

"FIRE!" The word reached Septimus Snitch's ears.

"Eh! Where's a fire?" he gasped. Suddenly a second thought struck him. "Wow! Help! Wizzard! Stop it!"

But he was too late. Back on the school roof Jimmy Bash applied a lighted match to the blue touch paper of the rocket.

For a few moments it fizzled, and then:

"WHOOOOSSHH!"

The rocket shot away towards the Snow Shoveller leaving a trail of smoke and sparks behind it.

"Gosh!" gasped Jimmy Bash. "It's going straight at the Snow Shoveller all right!"

"CRUUMMP!"

The rocket hit the machine dead centre just as it reached the spot where Septimus Snitch was hiding. A huge fountain of snow shot up into the air and right in the middle of it was the Snow Shoveller, or rather, bits of it.

"Corks!" gasped Jimmy looking at Willie. "What did you put in that rocket. Dynamite?"

"No," said Willie adjusting his glasses which were hanging round his chin and splattered with snow. "I mixed a little invention of my own called Nitromite in with the rest of the stuff from the fireworks. I've never tried it before."

"Well," said Jimmy. "It's the biggest explosion I've—"

Suddenly Dr. Gandybar charged out of the school below, sailed headfirst down the steps and into a drift of snow.

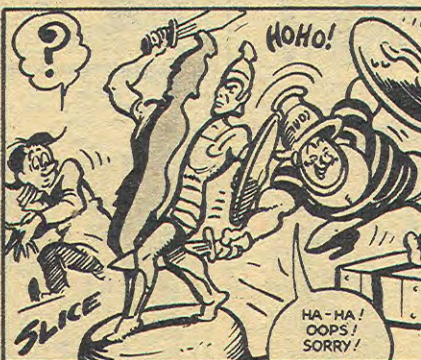
"What on earth!" gasped Willie astoundedly.

The two boys rushed down the stairs and out of the front door of the school.

"Where is he?" asked Willie of Jimmy.

"There he is," cried Jimmy. (Continued opposite)

TOUGH TEX THE GENTLE TOUGH GUY



THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD (Contd. from page 10)

"You can see his shoes sticking out of the snow!"

Digging down, they managed to get hold of the shivering master and pull him out.

"W-W-Wizzard, w-what was t-that terrible n-n-noise?" gasped the Head, his teeth chattering as the snow slowly thawed and ran down his neck.

"Oh—er, well, that was the Snow Shoveller, sir!" said Willie.

"Good heavens!" cried the head. "What on earth has it done now?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Willie. "I've just blown it up."

"You've blown it up!" gasped the Head, squinting at Willie.

"Yes, sir," said, Willie squinting back.

"Gracious, I thought the local gas works had blown up!" said Dr. Gandybar with relief.

Suddenly a muffled voice was heard.

"Help! Get me out. I'm freezing!"

"Goodness, whoever can that be?" said Dr. Gandybar.

"Gosh!" cried Willie. "It's coming from where the explosion was!"

Willie tore through the snow with Dr. Gandybar and Jimmy Bash floundering through the snow behind him.

Willie stopped by a pile of snow.

"Help! I'm freezing!" came the voice again.

"Golly, I know that voice!" said Willie. "It's Sneaky Snitch!"

Picking up one of the broken shovels from the Snow Shoveller, Willie prodded the snow.

"Ouch!" cried Septimus.

"That was my ear."

"He's still alive!" grinned Willie, as he shoved his arm up to the shoulder in the snow searching for Septimus. Finding his coat collar, Willie hauled him out.

"You wait till I tell that old fathead Gandybar about you!" snapped Septimus.

"Tell old who, boy?" thundered Dr. Gandybar.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Septimus seeing Dr. Gandybar for the first time.

"What were you doing in the quadrangle, Snitch?" demanded the head. "You had no business there."

"No, sir," gasped the unfortunate Snitch. "I—I was just t-taking a stroll, s-sir!"

"Huh! A likely story!" snorted the head unbelievably.

"You can get to work at once clearing the snow from the quad," Snitch.

"Yes, s-sir!" gasped Septimus Snitch, much relieved at getting off so lightly. But when he had been shovelling for about an hour he wished he'd never touched the Wizzard Wonder Snow Shoveller!

Next week—Willie invents an enlarging and reducing liquid!

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

thick fingers with the butt of his gun—but it was about as much use as hammering a lump of teak.

The great hand would not let go its hold!

Bob, now satisfied that there was nobody in the Mole, sprang to Franklin's side and hurled himself at the closing lever.

"Hang on, Bob!" gasped Franklin. "I've got an idea!"

As Bob held grimly on to the lever, Franklin sprang towards the engine-room of the Mole. A moment later he re-appeared, dragging a thick, rubber-covered cable with him. From the look of the cable, which he had seen before, Bob knew that Franklin had disconnected one of the main wires of the Mole's electric heating system.

Franklin touched the bare end of the wire on the huge arm. There came a deafening yell of rage and pain from outside the Mole, and the arm vanished from sight like magic!

"Wonderful what a jolt of electricity will do!" grinned Bob as the doors slammed shut. Franklin threw over the small switch that operated the magnetic latches.

"We're safe now!" he said, and looked swiftly around. His keen eyes picked out the eyepiece of the periscope, left

turned towards the great vein of gold, just as Nikolas had been using it. He strode towards it, and seized the control handles.

For a moment he peered through, his face grim and set. Then he straightened, and turned to Bob, pointing at the periscope.

Bob put his eye to the eyepiece.

He saw the scene by the gold vein framed as though in a little round window.

Nikolas and his three cronies were held, helpless as kittens, in the mighty grip of the ape-men. The shaggy creatures did not seem to be harming them in any way—merely holding them. The mounted ape-man—the one they had seen first, was gesturing towards the Mole, and seemed to be telling the others something, for they all looked over their huge shoulders to see what he was pointing at.

Then they all began to shamble away across the rocky floor, taking their captives with them.

"They're going now," said Bob as he turned to face Malcolm Franklin. "What are we going to do now? We've got the Mole—we can clear out any time we like—but—"

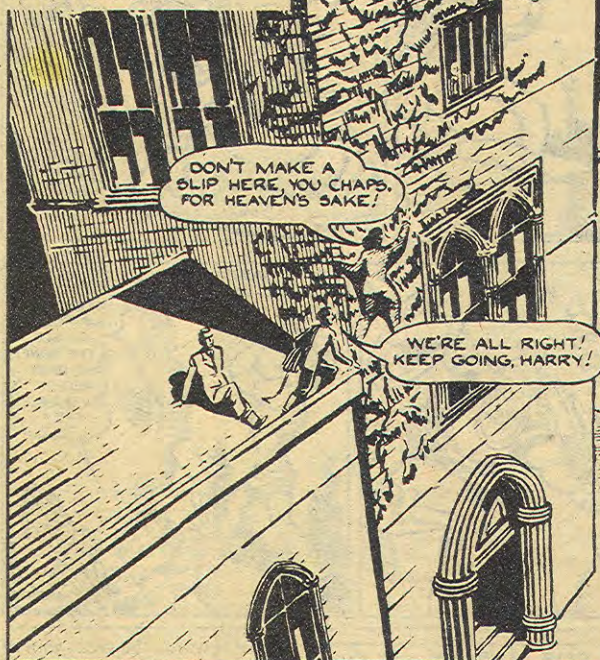
"Exactly. But..." said Franklin grimly. "We can't leave Nikolas and Co. to the mercy of those hairy monsters. We've got to rescue them."

Next week—the wreck in the Secret Sea!

While Dr. Locke recovered from flu, Dr. Grimstone took his place. He was very strict and unjust, and very quickly became unpopular. Led by Harry Wharton, the boys rebelled and barricaded themselves in the dorm. But when Billy Bunter slipped out to get some food he was caught by Dr. Grimstone and locked in the school tower. Harry Wharton and Co. set out to rescue him in the early hours of the morning.

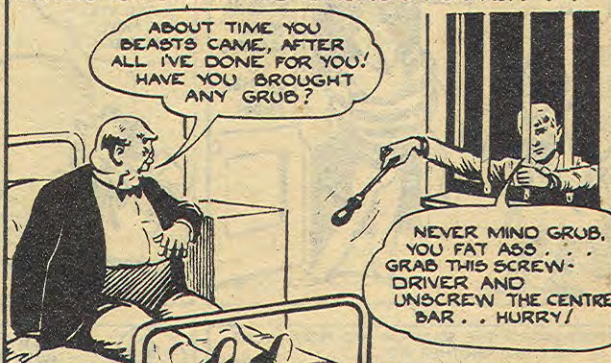
The GREYFRIARS REBELLION!

THE THREE CHUMS START UP THE LAST DANGEROUS PART OF THEIR DARING CLIMB...



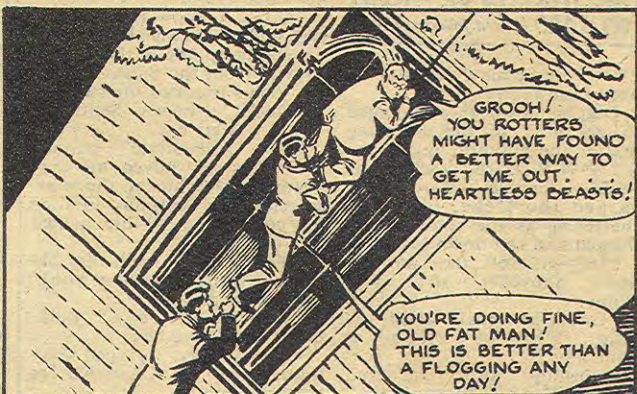
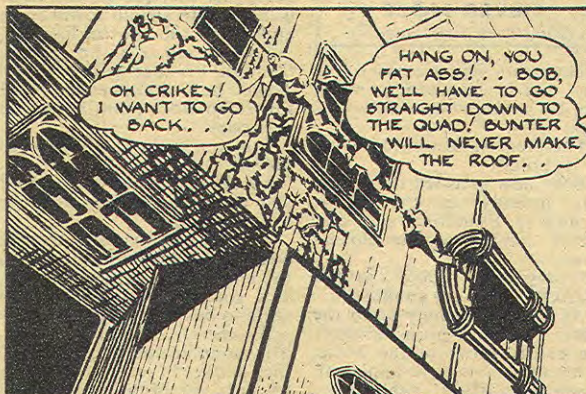
WE'RE ALL RIGHT! KEEP GOING, HARRY!

HARRY WHARTON REACHES THE BARRED WINDOW, PANTING FOR BREATH AND HANGING ON GRIMLY...



THAT'S FINE! NOW GET HOLD OF THIS ROPE AND CLIMB OUT...

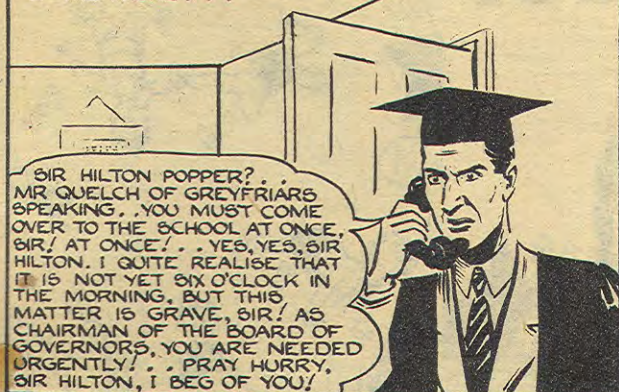
CLIMB OUT AT THIS HEIGHT! NO JOLLY FEAR!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY, MR QUELCH WAS HAVING SOMETHING TO SAY...



MR QUELCH SWEEPS ANGRILY INTO HIS STUDY, AND SNATCHES UP THE PHONE . . .



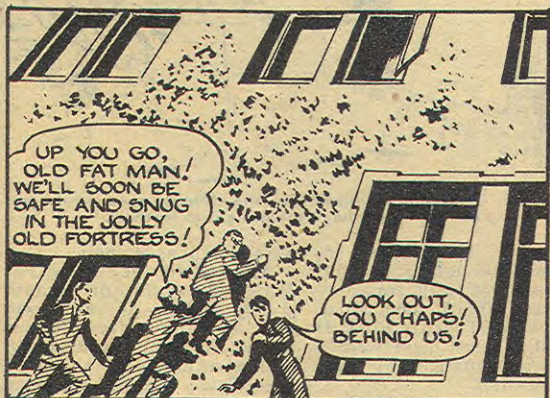
SIR HILTON POPPER? . . . MR QUELCH OF GREYFRIARS SPEAKING. YOU MUST COME OVER TO THE SCHOOL AT ONCE, SIR! AT ONCE! . . . YES, YES, SIR HILTON. I QUITE REALISE THAT IT IS NOT YET SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, BUT THIS MATTER IS GRAVE, SIR! AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS, YOU ARE NEEDED URGENTLY! . . . PRAY HURRY, SIR HILTON, I BEG OF YOU!

AND IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAWN, THE RESCUE PARTY ARE CREEPING BACK TO THE SCHOOLHOUSE . . .



IT'S NEARLY DAYLIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY BEFORE WE'RE SEEN! COME ON, YOU CHAPS!

I HOPE YOU ROTTERS HAVE GOT SOME BREAKFAST READY UP IN THE DORM . . . I'M STARVING . . .



UP YOU GO, OLD FAT MAN! WE'LL SOON BE SAFE AND SNUG IN THE JOLLY OLD FORTRESS!

LOOK OUT, YOU CHAPS! BEHIND US!



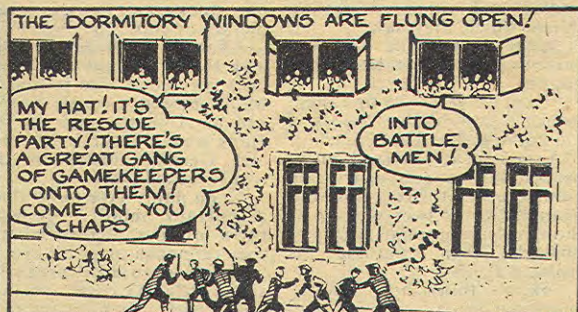
THERE ARE SOME OF THE YOUNG SCOUNDRELS! SEIZE THEM, MEN! THEN WE'LL DEAL WITH THE REST OF THEM!



GRAB THE YOUNG VARMINTS, MEN!

HELP! HELP! RESCUE, REMOVE!

TAKE THAT, YOU BRUTE!



THE DORMITORY WINDOWS ARE FLUNG OPEN!

MY HAT! IT'S THE RESCUE PARTY! THERE'S A GREAT GANG OF GAMEKEEPERS ONTO THEM! COME ON, YOU CHAPS!

INTO BATTLE, MEN!



WE'RE COMING, YOU CHAPS! HOLD THE FORT!

MICK THE MOON BOY

IN THE STOCKS

"WHAT d'you say they call this village, Mick?" asked Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy.

"Little Snorem," replied his pal, Mick the Moon Boy.

"It's sure well named," remarked Hank, sitting gazing about him as their old second-hand car rattled slowly along the quiet and straggling village street. "There's hardly a soul about. Reckon they must all be asleep. Is there anything specially interesting to see here?"

"Yes, there is," said Mick. "According to the guide book there're some old-fashioned stocks here."

"What are stocks?" demanded Hank.

"They're things in which they used to fasten law-breakers in the olden days," explained Mick. "The offender was made to sit on a low bench with his feet fixed in the stocks and then the villagers would jeer at him and pelt him with rubbish and all that sort of thing."

"Another good old English custom, eh?" said Hank, grinning. "Well, it'll be mighty interesting to take some pictures of them old stocks."

The two boys were on holiday in England. They were touring around in their rickety old car, seeing the sights and taking photographs of old abbeys and castles and other interesting things which they saw.

Mick stopped the car and, collecting their cameras, they got out.

"Now we've got to find these stocks," said Mick. "Here's a kid coming. We'll ask him."

A small, neatly-dressed, curly-headed boy was coming trotting along the street. Every now and again he would swerve, jump as though clearing some imaginary obstacle, then continue his trotting again.

"D'you think he's crazy?" suggested Hank, watching with interest the boy's curious way of progress.

"No, I don't think so," said Mick. "He looks a bright, intelligent lad to me."

The boy reached them and Mick said:

"Excuse me, but can you tell us where the stocks are?"

"Yes, they're at the side of the road outside the churchyard wall," said the small boy politely, regarding him with big blue eyes. "I'll show you, if you like?"

Mick said it wasn't necessary, but the boy said he had nothing else to do. So he set off with them in the direction of the stocks and every now and again he would swerve and give a leap and Hank said to him:

"Say, what d'you keep doing that for?"

"Cos I'm a horse," explained the curly-headed little lad.

"Least, I'm not really a horse. I'm just pretending."

He told them that his name was Georgie and that his father was the vet and he spoke so nicely and politely that Mick and Hank thought him a very jolly and well-mannered little fellow indeed.

When they reached the stocks he told the two visitors all about them and he watched with interest as they got their cameras ready to take some pictures.

"It would make a mighty fine picture, Mick, if you or me could sit in them of stocks," said Hank. "But we can't because they're locked."

"I can get the key for you," cried little Georgie eagerly. "Mr. Bell, the sexton, has it. I won't be a jiffy!"

He dashed off and vanished down a lane at the side of the churchyard wall.

"A nice kid that," remarked Mick.

"Yeah, we'll give him a shilling to buy some candy with," said Hank.

Georgie returned with the key and unlocked the stocks for them. Hank sat in them and Mick took a picture of him, then Mick sat in them and Hank took a picture.

"Look, I know how to use a camera," cried little Georgie. "I've got a box one of my own. It'll make a smashing fine picture if you both sit in them old stocks an' let me take a picture of you."

After a short debate Mick and Hank thought this would be a very good idea indeed. So Mick showed Georgie how to use his camera, then he and Hank went and sat in the stocks and Georgie turned the key which locked them.

"You don't have to do that," said Hank mildly. "It won't show on the picture whether they're locked or not."

"It's best to do it properly," said little Georgie, backing away with Mick's camera as though to get the stocks and their two occupants into focus.

Then suddenly he put the camera down on the ground and scampered nerrily away. And although he had his back to them, it seemed to Mick and Hank that he was laughing fit to split.

"Hey, where're you off to?" yelled Hank. "Come back!"

But Georgie didn't come back. At least, not straight away. But he was back within a very few minutes and with him came a gleeful, excited swarm of boys and girls.

"Look at the two silly old prisoners!" yelled little Georgie pointing at Mick and Hank imprisoned in the stocks. "I caught them myself, He! He! He! Come on, let's pelt them!"

Mick and Hank were staring at him in horror. They could scarcely believe their eyes or



Yelling with fright and astonishment, the children rose slowly into the air as though they were as light as feathers.

their ears. That blue-eyed, curly-headed little Georgie could be capable of such treachery and deceit shook them rigid. He had seemed such a nice lad!

"Well, if ever there were a couple of chumps, it's us!" muttered Mick.

"Look out!" yelled Hank.

A lump of turf, hurled by one of Georgie's pals, came whizzing at him. He ducked his head, but it hit him all the same. Next moment he and Mick were facing a perfect barrage of more turves, old tin cans, rotten fruit and various other unwholesome missiles while curly-headed little Georgie capered about yelling:

"Whoopee-eee! Pelt the silly old prisoners. Pretend they're robbers. He! He! He!"

Hank, ducking and dodging as he sat in the stocks, said desperately to Mick:

"Can't you do something about this?"

"I'm doing it," said Mick.

He had taken from his pocket a little round gadget about the size of a wrist watch. As he pressed a switch on it the barrage of flying missiles stopped short of the stocks and fell to the ground.

The little gadget was one of the marvellous scientific instruments which Mick had brought from the Moon. When it was switched on it made a powerful but invisible electric curtain which nothing could penetrate.

Little Georgie and his pals were speechless and bewildered when they saw their missiles suddenly stopping short in mid-air and falling to the ground.

Next moment, however, they got a worse shock than ever. For they suddenly found themselves floating gently up into the air, for all the world as though they

were as light as feathers.

And indeed they were. For Mick had switched on his anti-gravity gadget—an instrument like a little silver-coloured pencil. When this gadget was pointed at anybody, the person immediately lost all weight and floated up into the air.

A slight breeze was blowing and it was wafting the whole bunch of them in the direction of a nearby duck pond.

"Help!" they screamed. "Help! Let us down! What's happened? Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo!"

When they were right over the duck pond Mick switched off the anti-gravity ray. He didn't do it abruptly because if he had they would have tumbled down pell-mell into the pond and probably hurt themselves. He switched the ray off gradually, with the result that, howling and yelling, they dropped gently down, slap into the muddy, shallow pond.

By this time, drawn by the astonishing spectacle of the airborne children, a crowd of excited villagers was rapidly gathering.

The key of the stocks was recovered from the soaking, muddy, blubbering Georgie and Mick and Hank were released. Not that Mick couldn't have burst the lock on the stocks with one of his marvellous gadgets. But he hadn't wanted to do that, because the lock was of historic value and interest and could never have been replaced.

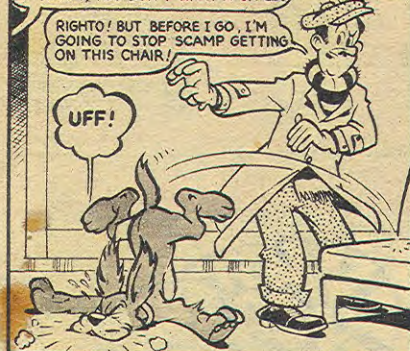
But to this day the mystery of the floating children has never been solved and it is still one of the main topics of conversation in the village.

Next week—Mick helps the fox in a fox hunt!



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND

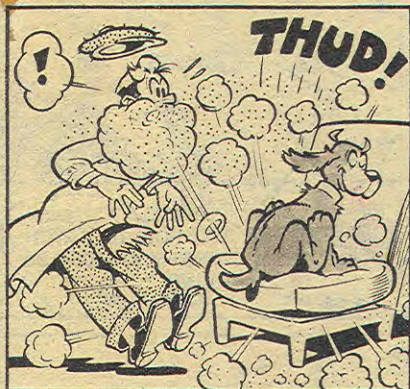
DAD! IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE FOOTBALL MATCH, WRAP UP WARM, YOU DON'T WANT A CHILL!



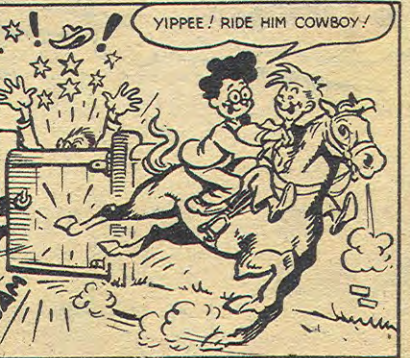
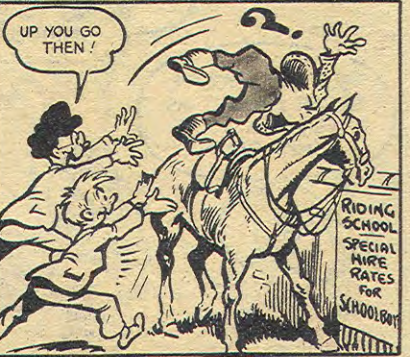
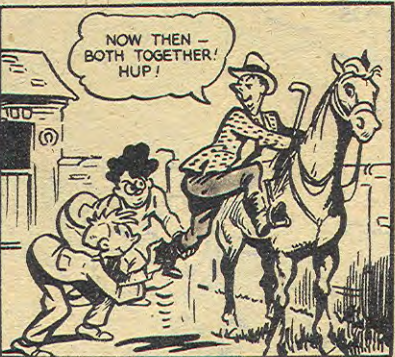
HEH! HEH! THIS PEPPER'LL FIX HIM - ONCE HE'S HAD A DOSE, HE WON'T GO NEAR THE CHAIR ANY MORE!



NOW FOR IT! HEH! HEH! ALL RIGHT, SCAMP! I DON'T REALLY MIND - ON TO THE CHAIR AGAIN!



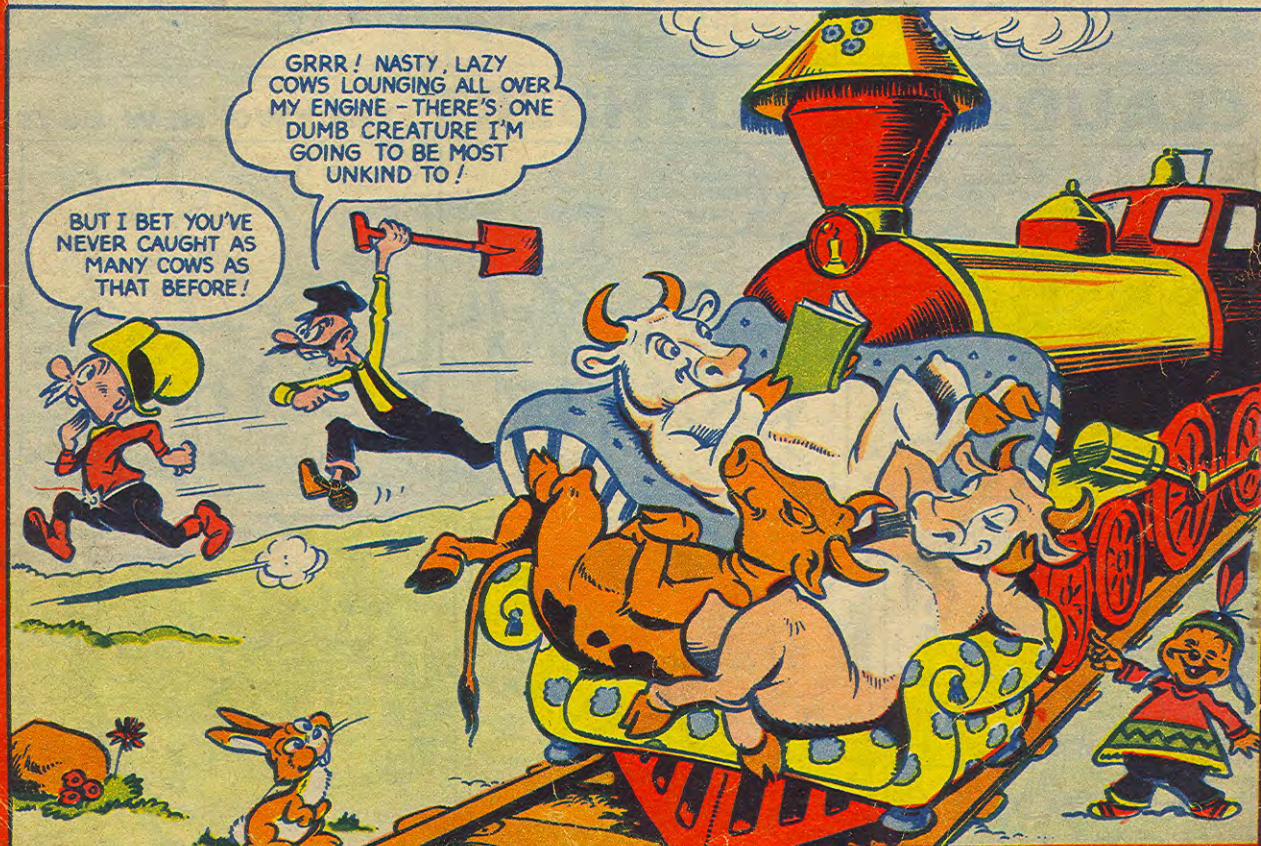
CLAUDE and CUTHBERT THE TWO NEW BOYS



COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY



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