

COMET

FOUR THRILL-PACKED
PAGES OF KIT
CARSON INSIDE!

3⁰ EVERY
MONDAY

No. 240. February 21, 1953

THE SKY EXPLORERS

PETER IS CAUGHT BY
THE SUCTION ROBOT.

YOU ARE NOW IN
THE CLUTCHES OF MY
VACUUM-ARRESTER,
EARTHLING. IT WILL
TAKE YOU TO THE
WORKSHOPS TO BE
FITTED WITH A
MAGNOBELT LIKE MY
OTHER SLAVES!

PROFESSOR JOLLY, PETER AND
ANN ARE ON A STRANGE
PLANET WHERE THERE SEEM
TO BE NO PEOPLE, ONLY
MACHINES. IT IS RULED BY
AFOZ, WHOM THEY NEVER
MEET IN PERSON-- HE
TALKS TO THEM BY MEANS
OF A T.V. PICTURE OF HIS
HEAD THROWN BY A FLYING
T.V. SET.

THEN PETER FINDS THAT
THERE ARE PEOPLE ON THE
PLANET-- BUT THEY ARE
SLAVES, WORKING NIGHT
AND DAY FOR AFOZ.
NOW PETER HIMSELF
HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS, PROFESSOR JOLLY AND ANN
ANXIOUSLY AWAIT PETER'S RETURN. SUDDENLY THE
SEMI-CIRCULAR DOORS SWING OPEN AND THE
T.V. SET FLIES INTO THE ROOM--

OH, UNCLE, PETER SHOULD
BE BACK BY NOW! I'M SURE
HE MUST BE IN SOME KIND
OF TROUBLE!

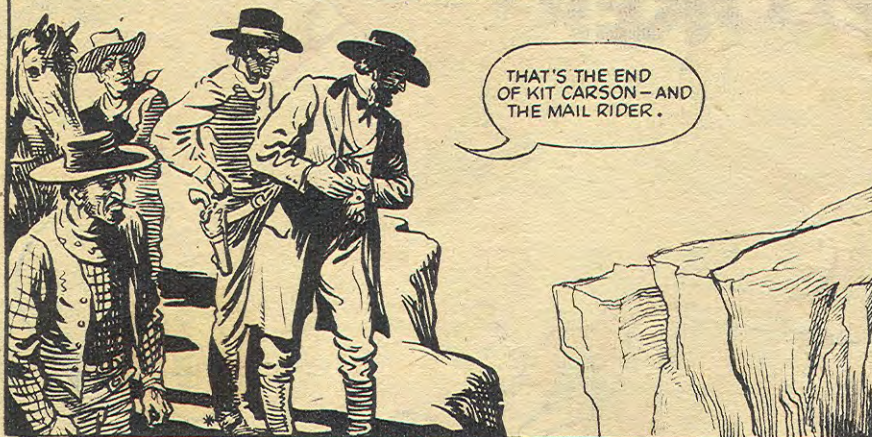
DON'T WORRY, ANN,
HERE COMES AFOZ--
HE MAY HAVE NEWS
OF PETER!

(More pictures on the centre pages)

KIT CARSON *and the* TRAITOR GUNS!

BEACHER THE TRADER HAD BEEN SELLING GUNS TO THE INDIANS, AND THEY HAD BEEN ON THE WARPATH WITH THEM. BUT NOBODY KNEW THAT BEACHER WAS BEHIND ALL THIS TROUBLE. HOWEVER - THERE WAS A LETTER ON THE WAY BY PONY MAIL WHICH WOULD GIVE AWAY HIS SECRET. KIT CARSON RODE OUT FROM FORT BRIDGER TO ESCORT THE MAIL RIDER IN - AND BEACHER TRIED TO WIPE THEM BOTH OUT BY STAMPEDING A HERD OF BUFFALO, WHICH SEEMED TO DRIVE THEM OVER A CLIFF EDGE. BEACHER DID NOT KNOW THAT KIT HAD ESCAPED FROM HIS TRAP.

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, BEACHER ARRIVED AT FORT BRIDGER.

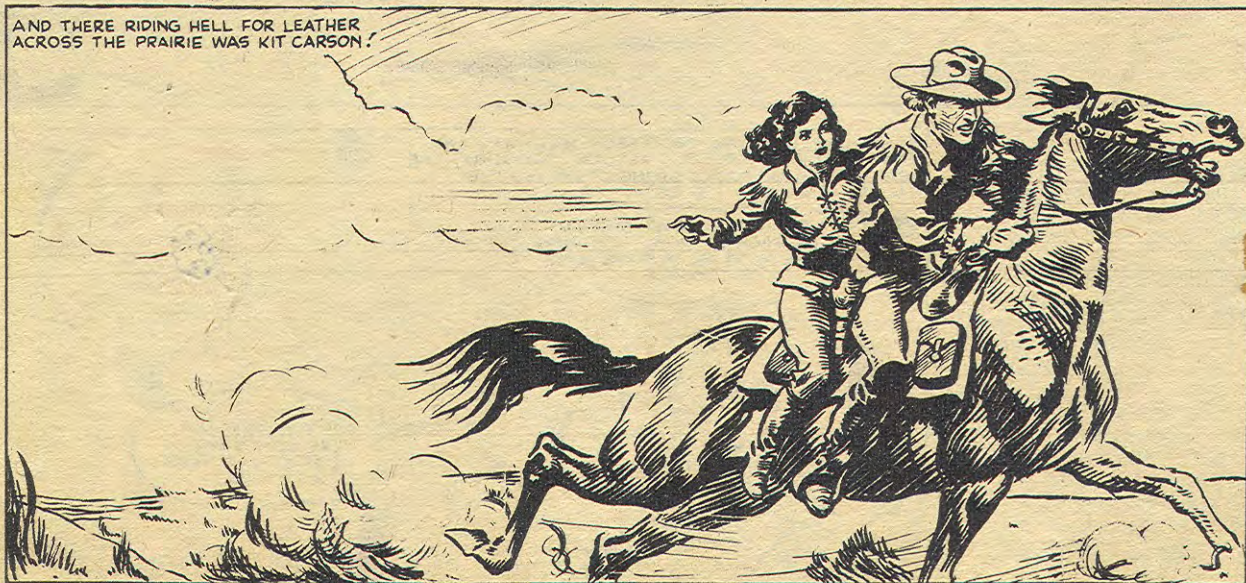


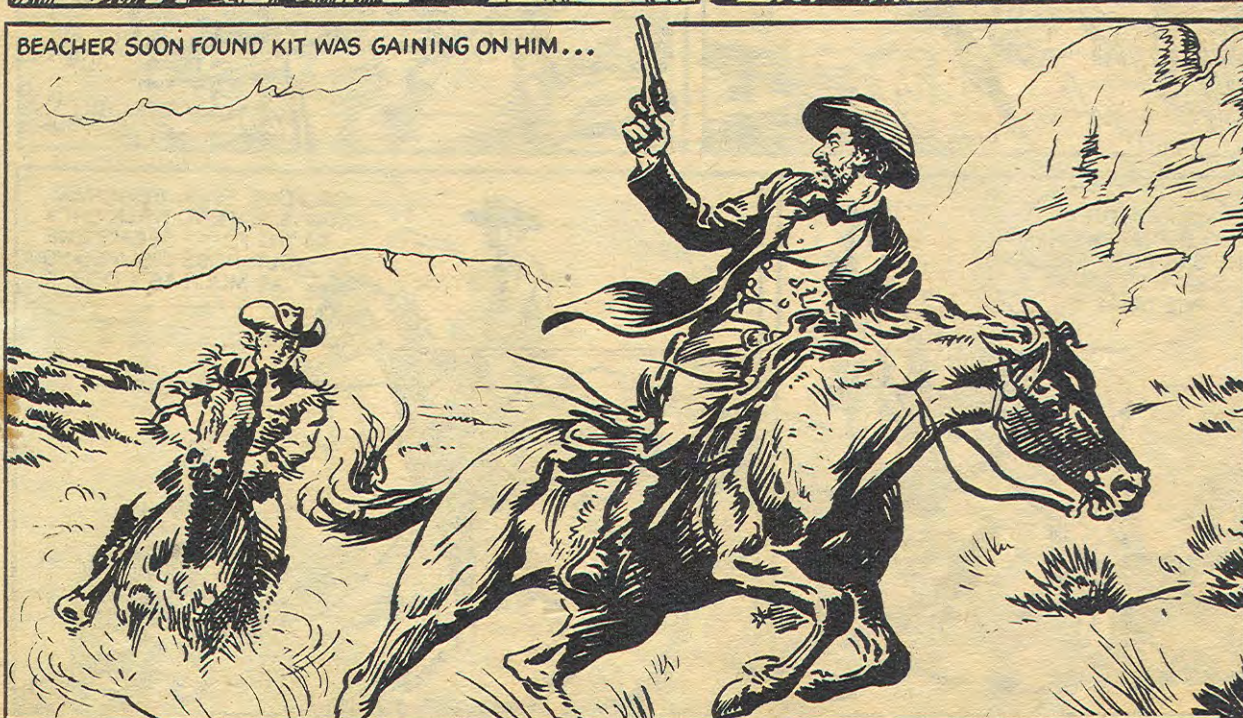
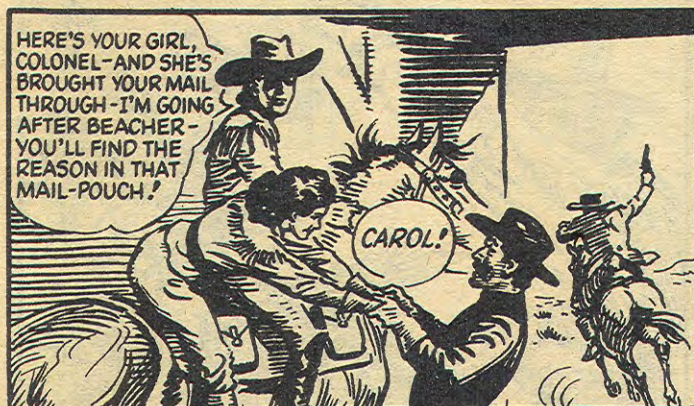
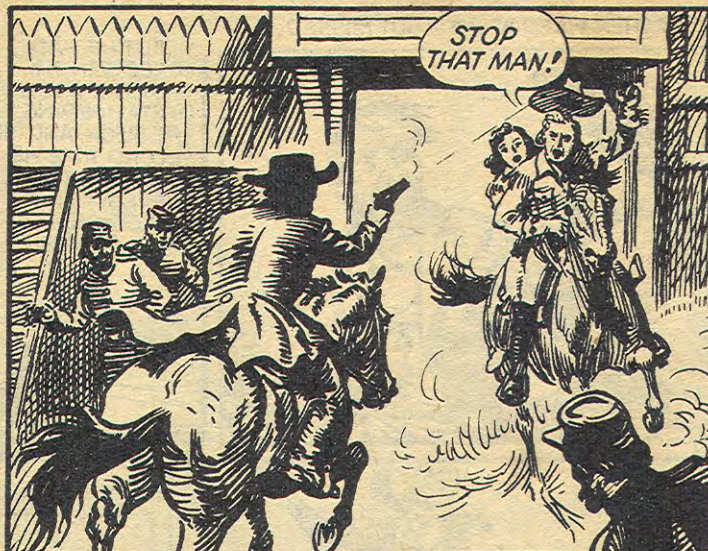
AT THAT MOMENT, THE SENTRY ON THE LOOK-OUT TOWER LET OUT A CRY. —

KIT CARSON'S COMING, SIR - AND HE'S GOT SOMEBODY RIDING PILLION - LOOKS LIKE THE MAIL RIDER!



AND THERE RIDING HELL FOR LEATHER ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WAS KIT CARSON.





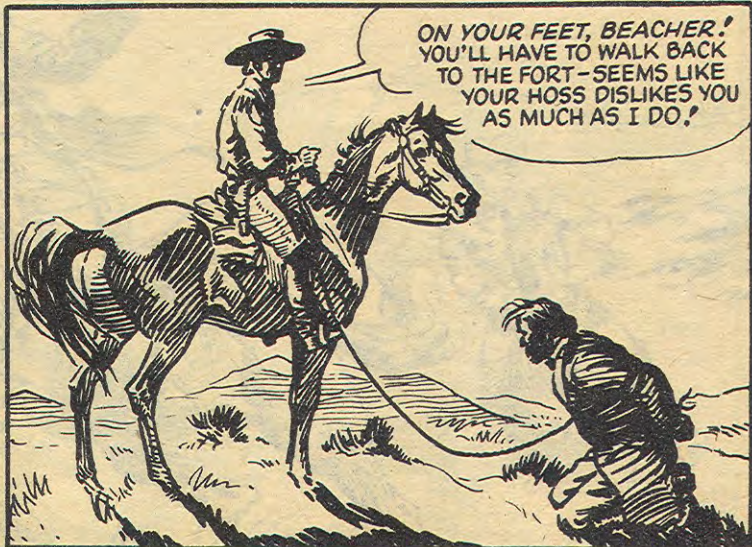
BEACHER FIRED AT KIT - BUT MISSED...



— BUT HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE SHOTS HE WASTED IN STAMPEDING THE BISON—AND THE SECOND TIME HE PULLED THE TRIGGER THERE WAS NO EXPLOSION — ONLY A CLICK!



CARSON FLUNG BACK THE GUN WITH STUNNING FORCE!



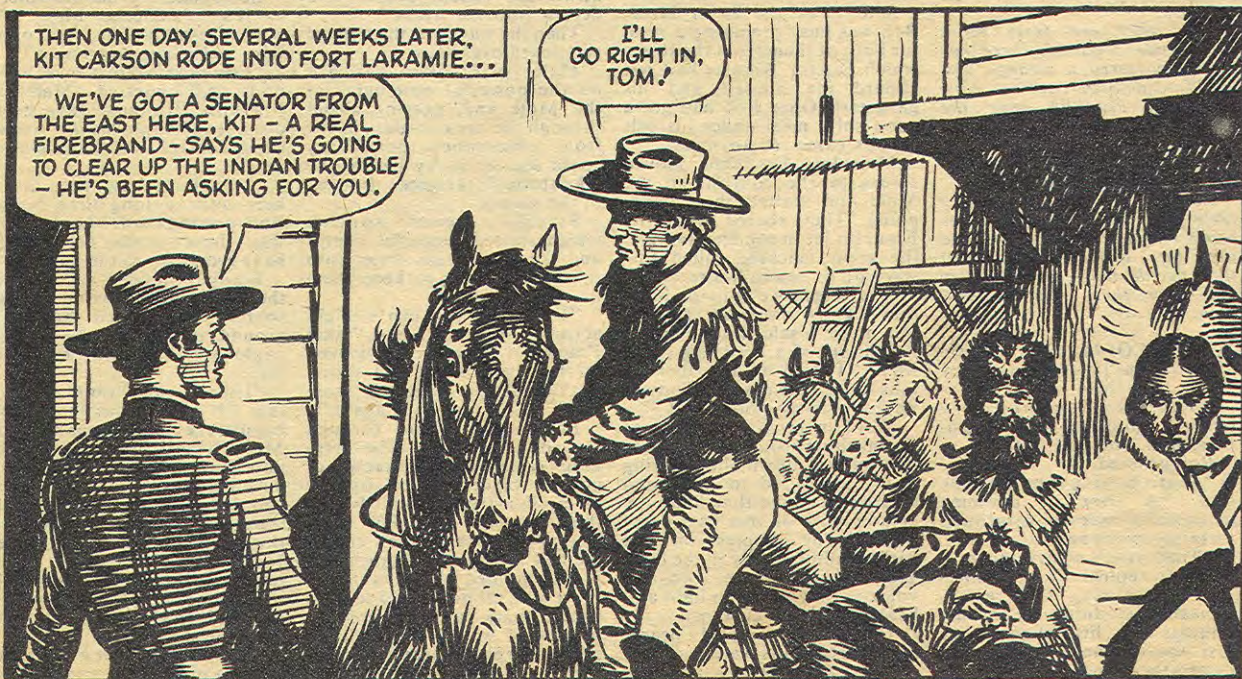
SO THAT WAS THE END OF BEACHER'S SCHEMES. HE HAD BEEN PLAYING RED MAN OFF AGAINST WHITE MAN FOR HIS OWN GAIN. AFTER BEACHER HAD PAID THE PENALTY-- COLONEL DUNN CALLED A GREAT POW-WOW OF THE LOCAL CHIEFTAINS --AND IT LOOKED AS IF PEACE HAD COME TO SWEET-WATER VALLEY.



THEN ONE DAY, SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, KIT CARSON RODE INTO FORT LARAMIE...

WE'VE GOT A SENATOR FROM THE EAST HERE, KIT - A REAL FIREBRAND - SAYS HE'S GOING TO CLEAR UP THE INDIAN TROUBLE - HE'S BEEN ASKING FOR YOU.

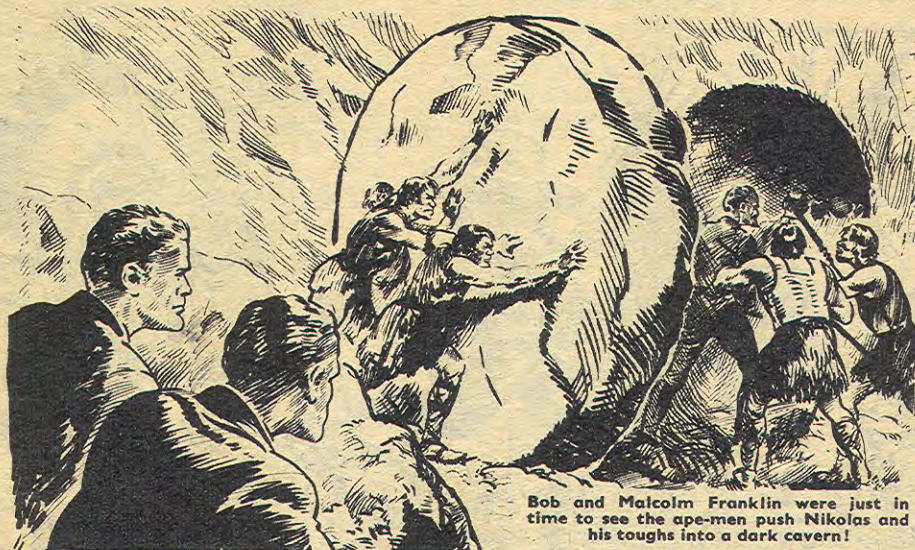
I'LL GO RIGHT IN, TOM!



Next week: Kit gets the sack!

COMET—February 21, 1953—5

BOB HARLEY AND THE SILVER MOLE



Bob and Malcolm Franklin were just in time to see the ape-men push Nikolas and his tongs into a dark cavern!

The Silver Mole was an earth-boring machine. It could dig its way through solid rock as easily as if it was cheese. It was built by Doctor Nikolas, the traitor scientist, and was powered by an atomic engine, which he stole from the British Government.

With the Mole, Nikolas plans to wreck whole cities by undermining them from below and so make himself dictator of the whole world.

Bob Harley, the young Secret Service man, and Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire inventor, have sworn to foil his evil schemes.

Now they are forty miles down, under England, where they have discovered a strange new world inside huge caverns. Now Bob and Franklin have the Silver Mole, and Nikolas and his men have been captured by the strange ape-like cavemen who live in the underground world.

Bob and Franklin could make their way back to the upper world and leave their enemies to their fate, if they wished. But they decide that they must try and rescue them from the cave-men.

MALCOLM FRANKLIN was looking very thoughtful.

"There's something very strange about this whole business, Bob," he said at last.

Bob grinned.

"That's putting it mildly," he said. "A tribe of cavemen living forty miles underground certainly is strange."

"That wasn't what I meant," Franklin replied. "I was thinking of the way they acted. I mean, they didn't try to hurt Nikolas and his tongs—they just took them prisoner and carted them away."

"That's true. What about

it?"

"I'd like to find out more about these ape-men—that's all. And if they are disposed to be friendly, I don't see why we should go boring into the midst of them with the Silver Mole and hurting a whole lot of them, just to rescue Nikolas. On the other hand, we daren't take the risk of being captured ourselves. I think we should try to find some way of spying secretly on the cave-men before we decide what to do."

"That's fine by me," said Bob.

Safe inside the Silver Mole, Bob was busy preparing a meal for both of them from the stores which Doctor Nikolas had put aboard for himself and his gangsters. Once Bob had got a good solid meal under his belt he was game for anything.

Malcolm Franklin moved across to the controls of the Mole and started the engines going. They roared into life. Franklin let in the clutches and the great machine rolled forward on its caterpillar tracks.

"As long as we're in the Mole they'll know where we are from the noise," said Bob between mouthfuls of a fried egg sandwich. "They'll be able to keep tabs on us very easily. What are we going to do about that?"

Franklin swung the nose of the machine around so that they now moved down the shelving beach which led to the broad underground sea that filled the greater part of this vast cave-world. The ripples on the surface glistened redly in the lurid glow of the huge, red-hot volcano that served to light and heat the mighty cavern.

The Mole rumbled nearer and nearer to the water's edge.

"I've been taking a pretty careful look at this Mole,"

explained Franklin, "and I've come to the conclusion that Nikolas built her so that she could work as a submarine if the need arose. The sliding doors are watertight, there's a periscope, and the cone of blades up front, which bores through the earth, will act as a propeller, or I miss my guess. Anyway, we'll soon find out."

As he spoke, the whirling cone of steel blades at the front cut into the water, sending up a huge cloud of spray. The caterpillar treads drove them down the beach, deeper and deeper into the water.

Then the waters of the strange sea closed over them.

Malcolm Franklin switched on the powerful nose-lights of the Mole and, peering ahead through the armour-glass of the front observation port, they could see the rocky bed of the lake through the green dimness of the waters.

Franklin pressed switches which started powerful pumps and forced enough water into the ballast tanks to keep them on the bottom.

"I'm going to keep straight across to the north-east," said Franklin. "The cave-men moved off that way along the shore. We'll start looking for them when we hit the beach again."

Bob peered ahead through the round window. The spinning cone, or corkscrew, of cutting blades, aided by the caterpillar treads, was driving them forward at a fair pace. The noise of the Mole's engine seemed to have died down, for it was muffled by the water.

At first, all Bob could see was rocks, some partly covered by masses of waving weed. Then something else appeared—something huge, which moved swiftly.

It had a great long neck and

a small, snake-like head. Its body barrelled out and in place of legs it had four seal-like flippers. Its tail was tapering and almost as long as its neck.

Bob let out a cry as the great head appeared suddenly before him and two huge round eyes looked at him dully. Then the blades of the cone must have touched the monster's body, for it shot away at an enormous pace.

"A good job he didn't turn nasty?" said Malcolm Franklin grimly. "Not that he'd have done himself any good if he had. But he was big and strong enough to turn the Mole over, which would have given us a nasty..." he broke off as Bob gripped his arm tensely and pointed ahead through the port.

"Look!" breathed Bob.

"What is it? Another one—or is that one coming back?" And then Franklin stopped, for now he had seen what Bob had seen.

Franklin's eyes widened in surprise. He steered the Mole round a little to the left and brought it to rest.

They came to a stop, with the powerful nose-lights shining full on to the object which Bob had first seen.

It was another Mole!

Or to be really correct, it was the remains of another Mole. For the metal of the cigar-shaped hull was torn open in a great jagged rip, right along one side, as though some powerful explosion had blown it open from within.

Bob spoke in a hushed voice: "It's—it's another Mole! It's almost exactly like this one! How did it get down here?"

"I suppose Nikolas must have built it," guessed Malcolm Franklin. "It must have been on a trial run—maybe under radio control, and have blown up."

"It looks to have been down here quite a long time," said Bob, peering hard. "Look at the way those weeds and things have grown on to the hull."

Franklin nodded and started the Silver Mole moving slowly, so that they inched their way around the wreck. Now they could see into the rent-open hull.

"Hmm!" said Franklin, peering. "It's got what looks like big diesel engines to make it go. Must have been enormously powerful. Most likely the machine was built some years ago, before there was any such thing as an atomic engine, like the one which drives this Mole. I suppose old Nikolas must have built the thing. It's so much like this one. Apart from the engine, it might have been built from the same plans."

They fell silent for a moment, looking at the torn and twisted wreckage of the mighty machine.

Then Franklin glanced at the compass and let in the clutches.

"There's nothing we can do about it, anyway," he said. "So we'd better get on with our original plans. All the same, it's a mystery I'd like to solve before we go back to the upper world."

And the Silver Mole sped forward again towards the north-eastern beaches of the underground sea.

THE hands of Doctor Nikolas and of his three henchmen were tied behind them with rough ropes made out of what appeared to be some kind of dried-out seaweed. Their feet were left free so that they could walk, which they were forced to do by their ape-like captors.

There were nine in all of the strange, hairy men. All of them were clad alike in leggings of some crude cloth and breast-plates of toughened rawhide. Eight of them were on foot, surrounding the four captives. The ninth was mounted on a huge lizard-like animal, about the size of a horse. All of them carried heavy spears.

Kropov, the doctor's trusted crony, a thickset, powerful tough, broke the silence as they tramped along the rock-strewn foreshore.

"Where they take us, Doctor?"

"How do I know, fool?" snarled the doctor. "You will see where they take us—as soon as I do!"

Kropov muttered under his breath and then was silent. In the distance behind them they heard the roar of the Mole's powerful atomic engines. At the sound, the ape-men grunted to one another and looked back over their shoulders.

Then the note of the engine changed and faded away to nothing. Doctor Nikolas looked keenly at Kropov.

"So!" he said softly. "Malcolm Franklin takes the Mole into the water, does he?" He could tell from the noise that this must have happened. "Now why should he do that? Why does he not tunnel his way back up to England? Could it be that he means to rescue us from these apes?"

"Franklin hate us plenty," growled Kropov. "Why should he rescue us? I wouldn't rescue him."

"Of course you wouldn't," purred the doctor. "Of course you wouldn't. But then you are not an Englishman, Kropov. These English do strange things and a man like Franklin would not leave us at the mercy of these ape creatures without trying to rescue us!"

"If Franklin rescue us he only hand us over to police," muttered Kropov.

"That is what he *thinks* he'd do, no doubt," said Nikolas. "But I think differently. Once I set foot inside the Mole again Franklin will be at my mercy—depend on that. There are secrets in the Silver Mole that Mr. Malcolm Franklin does not

know about!"

They topped a rise in the rocky ground and rounded a small headland. Nikolas let out a grunt of surprise at the scene which lay before them.

They were now a mile or two closer to the great, conical volcano on its island out in the midst of the sea, and the whole scene was plainly visible in the red light of the glowing hot rocks of the mountain. As well as this, the light of many cooking fires now brightened the scene.

Before them was the town of the ape-men.

The cliff which formed one wall of the mighty cavern which held this underground world, was honeycombed with small caves. They ran back into the cliff at all levels, up to some sixty feet from the ground. The higher ones were reached by means of rough hanging ladders which seemed to be made of the same sort of rope that had been used to bind the wrists of the ape-men's prisoners.

In the mouths of many of these smaller caves cooking fires burned brightly.

At the sight of the party of ape-men and their prisoners, dozens more of the strange creatures—women and children, as well as men—came flocking out and crowded round to look at them, chattering excitedly.

They tramped on, surrounded now by the crowd, past the dwelling caves, until they came to a very much larger cave, set somewhat apart from the rest. This cave had massive doors, crudely pegged together from slabs of rough-hewn timber. One door stood partly open and beside it was an armed ape-man who was evidently a sentry.

The sentry stood aside to let them pass.

They went in and Nikolas and his cronies found themselves in a clean, dry cavern, lighted brightly by a number of blazing torches that were set in sockets hewn into the solid rock of the walls.

The walls themselves seemed to have been hewn away to make them smooth and the floor had been levelled off.

Clearly this must be the home of the chieftain of the ape tribe, thought Nikolas.

They were urged forward,

through a curtain formed from hangings of some kind of weed.

Beyond the curtain, the cave widened into a circular room and on the far side of that room a man sat at his ease on a couch of gleaming black wood, cushioned with rushes.

He was dressed in clothes of soft leather. His hair and beard were snow white. His eyes were grey and keen. His face had a kindly expression which hardened a little as he looked at the newcomers.

But the sight of this white-haired old man had a strange effect on Doctor Nikolas.

His face paled to a greyish white and he began to tremble violently.

"Feddon!" he gasped hoarsely.

The man replied—in English! "Yes—Feddon it is, Nikolas," he said quietly. "I wondered whether it was you when my men told me that a strange machine had appeared on the further shore of our sea, so I sent them out to bring you to me—by force if need be!"

Nikolas stared at the speaker as though his eyes would pop from his head.

"But—Feddon—you're dead!"

"That's what you may have thought, Nikolas! When you planted a time-bomb in Mole number one, twelve years ago, you thought you'd got rid of me for good, didn't you, Nikolas? Well, you were wrong! The Mole blew up in the sea out there and how I escaped with my life I'll never know. I must have been unconscious for days. When I came to myself again, I found that I was in the good hands of these simple people—and I have lived with them ever since. Meanwhile, you'd done what you set out to do, Nikolas. You'd got the plans of the Mole, which you'd worked on as my trusted assistant, for yourself, and as far as you knew, I was dead—blown to bits, miles underground, by your time-bomb!"

"Feddon—no!" Nikolas made a sickly attempt to smile. "You've got it all wrong, my old friend!"

"I don't think so!" said Feddon quietly. "Now I shall have to decide what to do with you." He turned to the leader

of the ape-men, who had dismounted from his strange steed.

"Take them away. Let them be shut in the prison-cave and give them food and water."

The big ape-man nodded his head slowly.

"It shall be done, white father," he said in a deep, rumbling voice.

THE Silver Mole was hidden under overhanging rocks by the shores of the sea. Bob and Franklin had left it there and then made their way secretly on foot.

Now they were hidden in a cluster of rocks, watching a group of figures moving along the beach in their direction.

"It's them all right," said Franklin softly. "I can just make out Nikolas in the middle. Look—they're turning now—making back for the cliff-face."

Franklin and Bob had come up on the beach a mile or two beyond the cave-town, which they had not yet seen, and, working their way back, had just spotted their quarry.

"Come on!" said Franklin.

They moved swiftly from cover to cover, always keeping a sharp lookout and always keeping as far as possible out of sight.

They came up within fifty yards of the ape-men and their prisoners just as they reached the base of the cliff.

They were in time to see Nikolas and his three toughs marched into the mouth of a big cave.

Then five or six of the ape-men, pushing to the limit of their huge muscles, rolled a huge circular slab of stone into place across the opening.

Two of the ape-men remained as guards outside the cave while the rest strode back along the foreshore.

"Hmm!" breathed Franklin. "They don't seem to mean them any harm. And Nikolas won't get out of there in a hurry. It begins to look as if we shall be able to plan our rescue—or capture, if you like to call it that—to suit ourselves. They'll be safe enough in there. This gives us time to think."

But within the cave a strange thing was happening—something that was to upset all of Franklin's plans.

No sooner had the tramp of the departing ape-men's feet died away, then a soft, new sound filled the cavern.

Nikolas peered into the gloom tensely.

"Did you speak, Kropov?"

"I not speak, Doctor!"

"Quiet, then, and listen!"

The four men stood straining their ears in the gloom of the cave.

The sound came again. It was a soft, whispering voice.

"Nikolas!" said the voice. "This is a friend, Nikolas! You have no love for White-beard, whom you call Feddon. Neither have I, Nikolas! Promise to help me and I will help you!"

Next week: Nikolas sets a trap!

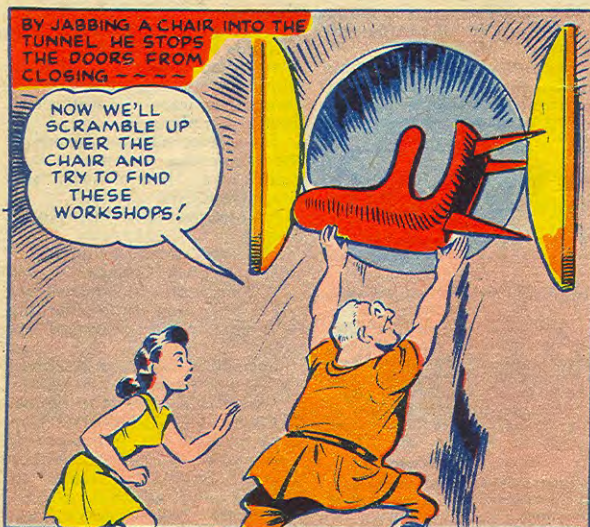
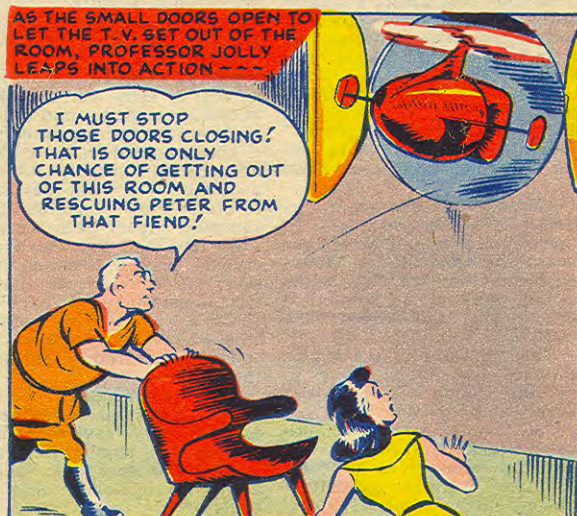
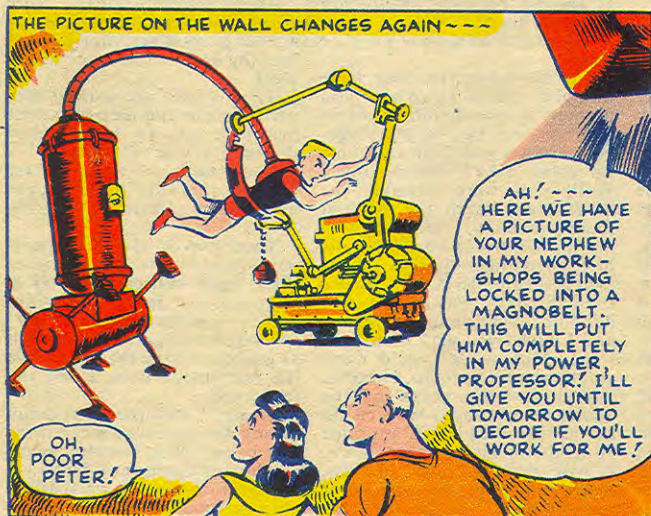
ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

CAN you spot your Album number amongst the thousand printed below. Spotters? If it's there you're in line for a fine free present this week, and may send up your claim.

All those with numbers between 10,000 and 10,500 inclusive and between 31,000 and 31,500 inclusive may claim.

This is what you do. First of all, choose one of these exciting Club gifts: Wrist Compass, Charm Bracelet, Autograph Album, Water Pistol, Cowboy Belt and Holster, Jack-knife, Box Game, or Ball-point Pen. 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 write on a postcard the name of your favourite character or story in COMET—and in a few words give the reason for your choice. Post Album and postcard to:

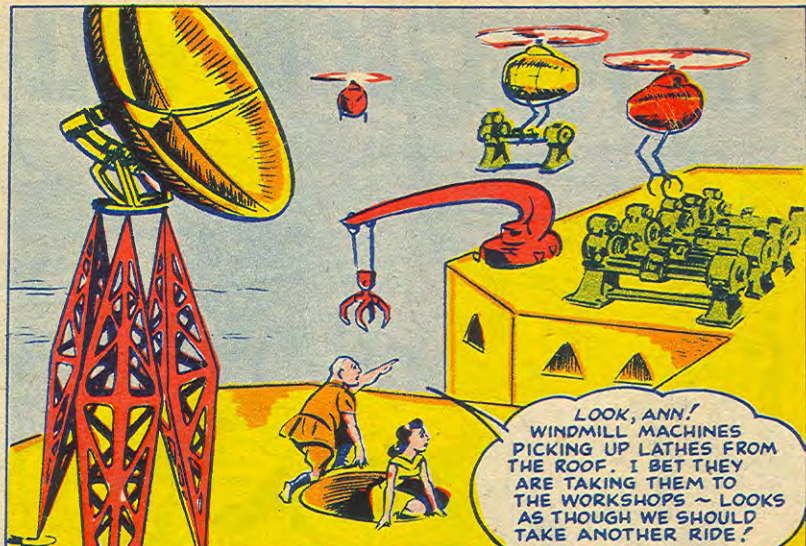
COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, March 3, the closing date (and don't forget the 24d. stamp on the envelope). Presents will be despatched about a week after this date and the Albums returned at the same time.



FOR WHAT SEEMS AGES, ANN AND THE PROFESSOR CLIMB UP THE SHAFT ~ ~ ~

THIS MUST BE A VERY TALL BUILDING, ANN. LET'S HOPE THE FLYING T.V. SET DOESN'T APPEAR AND GIVE THE GAME AWAY!

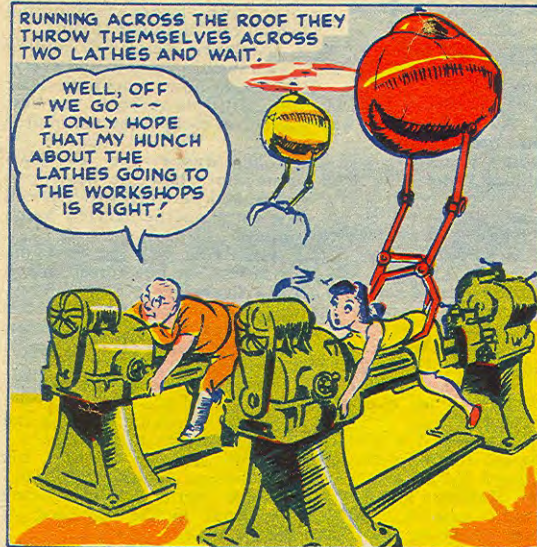
PHEW! I'M GETTING QUITE PUFFED, UNCLE!



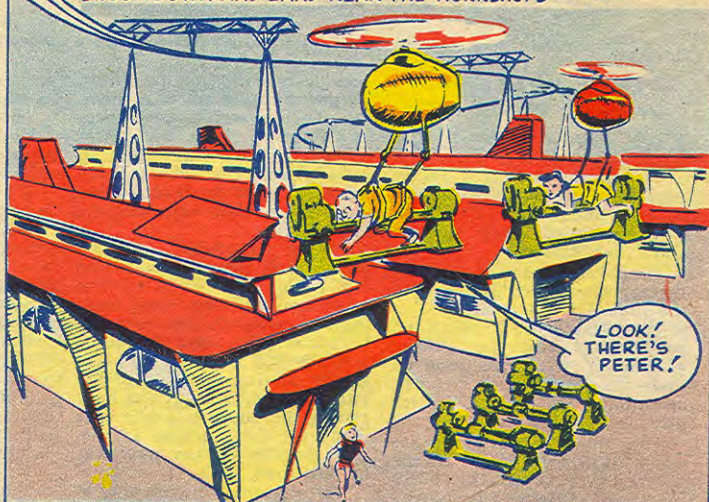
LOOK, ANN! WINDMILL MACHINES PICKING UP LATHES FROM THE ROOF. I BET THEY ARE TAKING THEM TO THE WORKSHOPS ~ LOOKS AS THOUGH WE SHOULD TAKE ANOTHER RIDE!

RUNNING ACROSS THE ROOF THEY THROW THEMSELVES ACROSS TWO LATHES AND WAIT.

WELL, OFF WE GO ~ I ONLY HOPE THAT MY HUNCH ABOUT THE LATHES GOING TO THE WORKSHOPS IS RIGHT!



BUT THE PROFESSOR'S GUESS IS CORRECT. THE WINDMILL MACHINES SWOOP DOWN AND LAND NEAR THE WORKSHOPS ~ ~ ~



LOOK! THERE'S PETER!

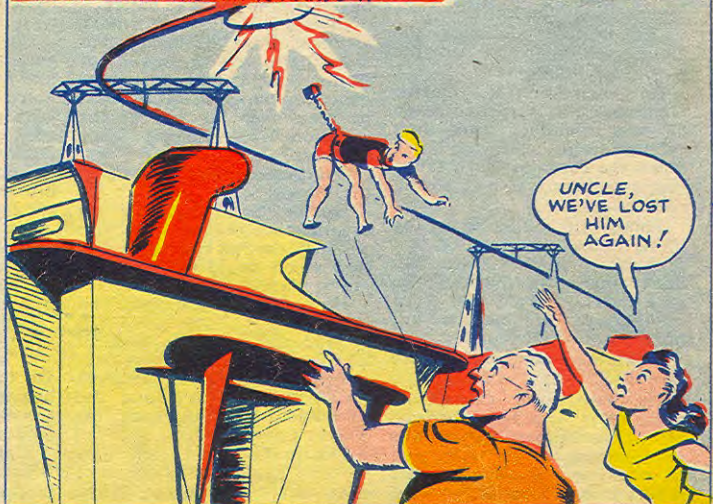
UNCLE!

ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!



IT IS A JOYFUL MEETING! PETER TELLS THE PROFESSOR OF THE SLAVES WALDO AND DET. OF HOW AEOZ HAD IMPRISONED THE PEOPLE OF THE PLANET AND MADE THEM SLAVES IN THE IRON MINES.

BUT SUDDENLY THERE'S A RUMBLING NOISE FROM OVERHEAD AND AN ACTIVATOR RUNS ACROSS THE OVERHEAD RAILS ~ PETER IS WHISKED INTO THE AIR TOWARDS IT ~ ~ ~



UNCLE, WE'VE LOST HIM AGAIN!

Where is Peter being taken this time? Don't miss next week's exciting adventures!

COMET—February 21, 1953—9

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



Willie's pancake machine was working much too well!

WILLIE WIZZARD'S WIZZARD PANCAKES

ON Shrove Tuesday, the Mayor of Giggleton, who was the father of Harry Juggins of Hobson's Grammar School, and Councillors Tyke and Asse made their way to Gandybar School.

They had been invited by Doctor Gandybar to share in the annual pancake-eating.

"So pleased you could come, gentlemen," said the Doctor graciously, when he received them. "I am sure our pancake ceremony will fill you with pleasure!"

"As long as your pancakes don't fill us with pain!" roared Councillor Tyke heartily. Then, on seeing Doctor Gandybar's blank expression (the Doctor could never see the point of a joke unless he made it himself) he added by way of explanation, "Indigestion, you know!"

"Er—quite!" answered the Doctor chillily, and led the way to the dining-hall.

On their arrival, Doctor Gandybar was surprised when he saw miniature train lines running from the serving hatch down the centre of each table. He wondered about them, silently.

Then, with a sinking feeling in his stomach, he realised that probably Willie Wizzard had done some more inventing. He swallowed hard and said nothing to his guests, but blindly hoped for the best.

Willie had done some more inventing!

He had made a pancake machine to help Mrs. Sprogs, the housekeeper, who was short-staffed, in the large job of cooking pancakes for the whole school. The machine had

been designed to mix the batter, fry the pancakes and toss them, too. Then it would serve them by shooting them on plates down the little train lines to each place. The whole thing was controlled by levers fitted up in the kitchen adjoining the dining-hall.

Doctor Gandybar and his guests took their places at the top table with some of the masters. The boys were soon seated, and lunch was served.

Pancake time soon arrived.

Willie had taken up his place at the serving controls in the kitchen. Mrs. Sprogs was busy getting the flour, milk and eggs ready for the machine to use. Lily, the little kitchen-maid, was helping them both.

Through the wide opening in the low partition, which divided the dining-hall from the kitchen, the interested boys could see Wizzard's weird contraption busy with the pancake batter.

Clouds of pale blue smoke ascended from the frying pans and there was a sound of sizzling. The machine tossed the pancakes so high that they could be seen over the top of the partition like smoking flying saucers.

"Very interesting!" murmured the Mayor.

Doctor Gandybar held his breath and prayed that this would be the one Wizzard invention which would work according to plan.

He watched Willie pull a few levers.

Suddenly, with the speed of an express train, the first pancake on its plate shot through the serving hatch along the lines and arrived just under the Mayor's nose.

Doctor Gandybar, taken by surprise had no time to make the pleasant little speech he had

prepared. All he could do was to stammer breathlessly:

"For you, s-sir!"

Councillors Tyke and Asse were each served similarly in a split second.

The three guests were delighted.

Then, in the kitchen, Lily, trying to be extra helpful, clumsily dropped a spoon in the works.

Something went wrong with the tossing machinery and the pancake intended for Doctor Gandybar was tossed over the partition.

With the grace of a bird in flight it sailed down the dining-hall, followed by all eyes. All except Mr. Halfspin's.

He wasn't looking, and it caught him nicely on the right ear with an echoing "slap!"

"Oh, well held, sir!" shrieked young Topknot of the Third.

"How's that, umpire?" roared Councillor Tyke, shaking with laughter.

Then Mr. Halfspin was forgotten as pancake after pancake flew over the partition.

No one knew where they were going to land. The lucky ones caught them with plates. Others were not so lucky.

Doctor Gandybar, rooted to his seat with horror at first, suddenly jumped into action.

"A slight hitch, no doubt—excuse me, gentlemen," he gasped, and crawled through the serving hatch to the scene of action.

Willie was searching for the spoon.

"Wizzard!" roared the Doctor. "You again!" and he began peering into the works of the machine to see what could be done about it.

Unfortunately, the pair of hands which raised and emptied bags of flour into the huge mixing

bowl found him as he bent low over the levers.

They mistook him for a bag of flour, grasped him firmly round the middle and dropped him in the mixing bowl.

Then, quick as lightning, the machine broke three eggs over his head and drenched him with milk.

"Wizzard!" shrieked the poor headmaster. "Get me out of this, boy!"

Willie stopped searching for the spoon, and somehow got the Doctor out of the bowl.

"Sorry about this, sir," said Willie absent-mindedly, and mumbling something about "the show must go on", began his search again.

Doctor Gandybar turned his attention to the stopping of the machine and began puzzling over the levers, wondering which one he ought to pull.

Pancakes were still sailing down the dining-hall, and everyone was now crouching near the partition as being the best place to escape the bombardment.

The Mayor and the two councillors had the best positions, and were perched between the lines on the serving hatch counter.

Poor Lily was the next one to suffer. She got herself mixed up with the serving machinery, and was picked up and placed on a large tray which had been hurriedly placed on the lines in the confusion.

The weight of Lily carried the tray forward and she shot down the lines, breaking through the crowd cheering at the hatch.

Now the Mayor and his companions thought they could manage better than Doctor Gandybar in the stopping of the machine.

Scrambling into the kitchen, they pushed the Doctor aside and took control themselves.

"Rugby, Crewe, Warrington and Wigan!" roared the Mayor, pulling a large lever, which changed the points.

Poor Lily, clinging to the edges of her tray for dear life, shot off on another route.

She advanced speedily to a large box of eggs which were waiting to be used.

Councillor Tyke pulled a likely-looking lever and Lily and her tray came to an abrupt halt. She shot off the tray and landed in the eggs.

The sight of the egg-covered kitchen-maid sobered everyone considerably. She was helped out of the box and Mrs. Sprogs took her away to be cleaned.

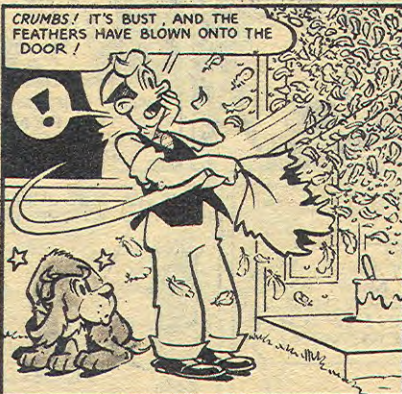
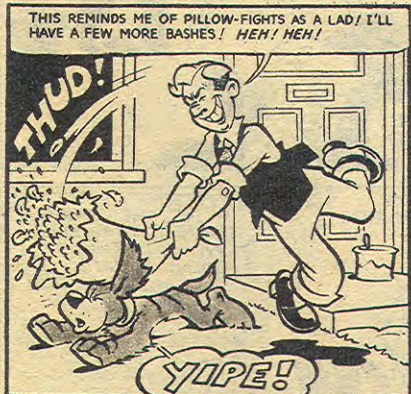
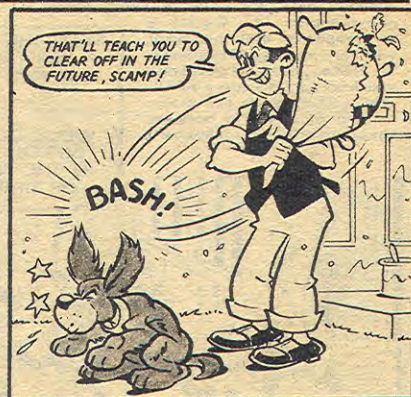
"The poor girl!" murmured the Mayor.

"Sorry this happened!" said Councillor Tyke.

But he was even more sorry when another batch of pancakes came flying through the hatch.

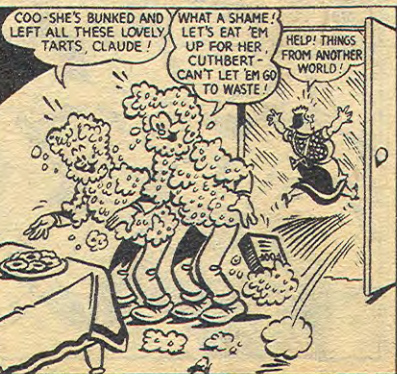
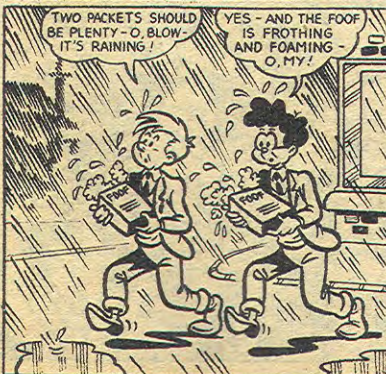
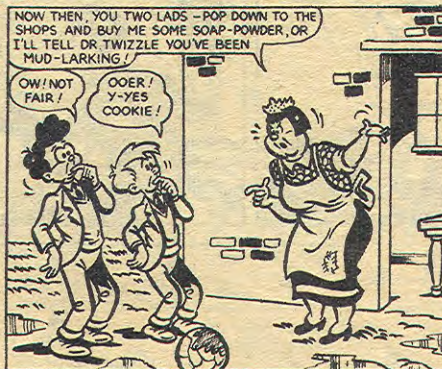
(Continued on page 15)

SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



CLAUDE and CUTHBERT

THE TWO NEW BOYS



While Dr. Locke recovered from an illness his place was taken by Dr. Grimstone. He was very strict and unjust, and the Remove rebelled against him. Finding it was hopeless to do anything without help, he calls in some local gamekeepers. Mr. Quelch is in sympathy with his boys, and very worried. He phones Sir Hilton, a school governor, and asks him to come to the school at once. In the meantime a fight starts between the boys and the gamekeepers.

The GREYFRIARS REBELLION!

THEN THE RE-INFORCEMENTS
FLING THEMSELVES INTO
THE FIGHT!

WELL DONE,
SMITHY!
IN THE NICK
OF TIME!

GIVE 'EM
BEANS,
MEN!



DR GRIMSTONE RAGES AS HIS MEN ARE ROUTED!

COME BACK, YOU
COWARDLY RASCALS!



THREE CHEERS
FOR THE REMOVE!
DOWN WITH OLD
GRIMSTONE!

THEN HARRY WHARTON LOOKS ABOUT HIM
SHARPLY . . .

JUST A SECOND, CHAPS!
WHERE'S BUNTER?
HAS ANYONE SEEN
HIM?

MY HAT!
THEY MUST HAVE
COLLARED HIM
AGAIN! AFTER
THEM, MEN!



BUT AS THE JUNIORS
RUSHED TO THE CORNER . .

HERE THEY COME!
TURN IT ON, JIM!
WE'LL SHOW
THEM NOW!



OH CRUMBS,
LOOK OUT!

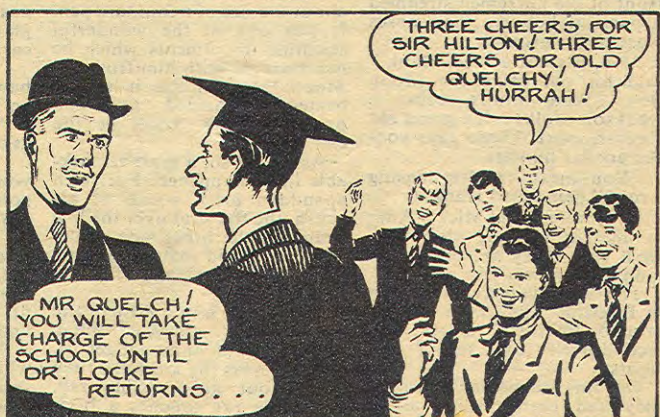
THEN THE REMOVITES ARE SWEEPED
FROM THEIR FEET, GASPING AND YELLING . . .

UGH! TURN IT OFF,
YOU ROTTERS . .
OOF!!

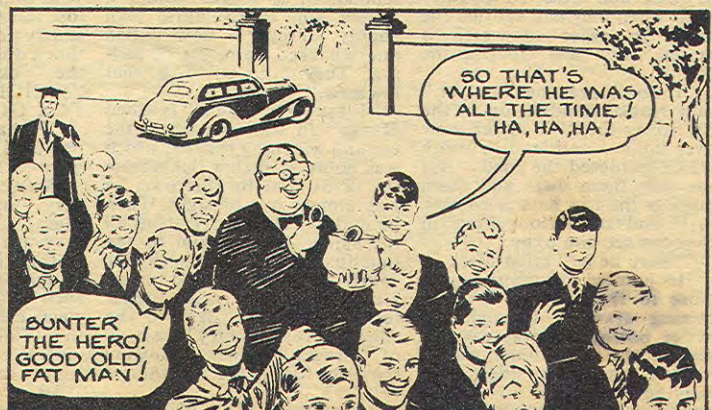
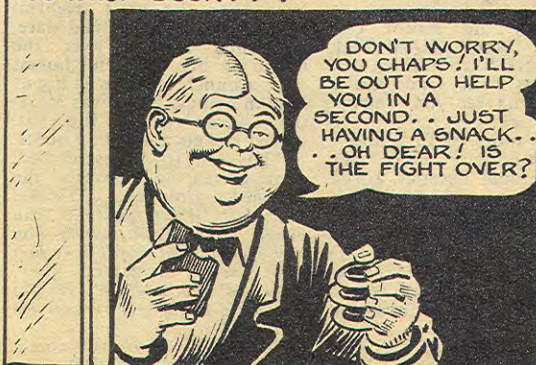


GO GET 'EM,
LADS! THEY'LL
GIVE US NO
MORE TROUBLE . .

THEN A GLEAMING LIMOUSINE SWEEPS INTO THE QUADRANGLE...



THEN A FAT FACE PEEPED OUT OF THE TUCKSHOP DOOR...



MICK THE MOON BOY



When Colonel Beestley looked round he got the shock of his life. For leaping over the hedge on big powerful horses were a bunch of foxes as big as human beings.

A FOXY AFFAIR

"HEY, Mick, what's them fellers doing?" demanded Hank Luckner, the twelve-years-old American boy. "Are they having a race?"

He pointed to a bunch of horsemen who, in top hats, red jackets and white riding breeches, were coming galloping across a nearby field. In front of the horsemen streamed a pack of hounds, their noses close to the ground.

"No, it's not a race, Hank," said his pal Mick the Moon Boy. "What you're seeing is what some folks call a grand old English sport. Those guys yonder are fox hunters."

"You mean they're chasing a fox?" demanded Hank.

"Yes, sure," said Mick. "And, as they're heading this way, we'll very likely see the fox in a minute or two."

The two boys were on holiday in England. They were touring around in their rickety old, second-hand car seeing the sights.

On this particular morning they had been rattling along a quiet and deserted country road when they had spotted the hunt. In order to watch it better, Mick had stopped the car.

"I don't see the fox yet," said Hank, standing up in the car so as to get a better view over the low and leafless hedge which bordered the road. "But the way them dogs and them guys in the top hats is coming rarin' and tearin' along, I reckon they can see him okay."

"There he is!" cried Mick. He pointed to where, quite close to the car, the fox was coming crawling through the hedge bottom. It was easy to see that the poor animal was at its last gasp. Its sides were heaving, its tongue was lolling and, as it started to drag itself

across the road, it gave the two boys a most piteous, hunted look.

"Hey, Mick, we've gotta do something about that li'l feller!" cried Hank hotly. "It'll be cruel if we let them great wallowing hounds tear him to pieces."

"They won't," said Mick. "You watch this!"

He had taken from his pocket a little, silver-coloured tube about the size of a fountain pen. It was one of the wonderful scientific instruments which he had brought with him from the Moon. He pointed it at the beaten, exhausted fox and pressed a tiny knob at the end.

As he did so, a most remarkable thing happened. For, with a sudden brisk whisk of his brush, the fox shot over the low hedge on the other side of the road and raced swiftly away, as fresh as paint and full of running.

"I've given him a dose of the Energy Ray," chuckled Mick. "That's what this gadget is. When I press the knob the tube shoots out an invisible ray. When the ray touches a bird, animal, or a human being, it makes him nearly burst with energy no matter how puffed and whacked he might be feeling. They'll never catch that fox now."

"I'll say they won't!" laughed Hank, still standing up in the car and watching the fox, which was going at such a lick across the fields that by this time he was almost out of sight. Then he said more seriously: "But all the same, Mick, I aim to say that fox hunting and such like sports are wicked and cruel. How would them rarin', tearin' top-hatted guys like to be chased across country by a pack of hungry wolves, knowing they'll be torn to pieces if they're caught?"

"I quite agree with you,"

said Mick. "It certainly is a cruel sport and it ought to be stopped. Here they come now!"

Over the hedge poured the pack of hounds and after them bounded the horsemen led by a big, beefy gent with a fat, red face. But instead of racing on in pursuit of the fox, the hounds started running around, their noses to the ground, as though they had lost the scent

and were trying to find it again.

And that is just what had happened. For there were chemical properties in the Energy Ray which had completely killed the scent of the fox.

The big, fat, beefy gent didn't know this, of course. His name was Colonel Beestley and he was Master of the Hunt. When he saw the hounds milling helplessly about, his face was nearly purple with rage and he glared at Mick and Hank in the car.

"Where's the fox?" he bawled. "Which way did he go?"

"Who wants to know?" asked Mick, pleasantly smiling.

"I want to know, confound you!" roared Colonel Beestley, going quite purple in the face. "Which way did he go?"

"He didn't stop to tell us," grinned Mick.

Colonel Beestley looked as though he was going to have a fit. He gripped his riding crop and rode up to the car.

"For two pins I'll lay this whip about you, you impudent young rascal!" he choked, his voice thick with rage. "It's your fault that the hounds have lost the scent. It's this stinking, smelly contraption of yours that's done it." He was meaning the rickety old motor car. "WHICH WAY HAS THE FOX GONE?" roared he.

"Perhaps he'll send you a postcard and let you know," grinned Mick.

With a snort of fury and a very unmannerly oath, the raging Colonel Beestley aimed a savage swipe at him with his riding crop. Mick ducked, dodging the blow, then blew such a piercing blast on the electric hooter of the car that the Colonel's horse reared violently and almost unseated him.

Using the most shocking language, the raging Colonel

fought to quieten the horse. By this time his top-hatted, red-jacketed pals were becoming impatient and were shouting:

"Come on, come on, we're wasting time!"

"Yes, come on, he must be on ahead!" roared the Colonel, getting his horse under control. "I'll deal with these two cheeky young jackanapes later!"

He set his horse at the hedge over which the frisky fox had leapt minutes ago.

"For'ard! For'ard!" he screamed. "Yoicks! Tally-ho! We'll mash him and hash him—we'll tear him to pieces!"

He dug in his spurs and his horse bounded over the hedge. As it landed on the other side, however, it stopped stone dead. The result was that the fat Colonel shot clean out of the saddle and landed on his noggin with a thump which squashed his top hat right down over his eyes.

The reason why the horse had stopped dead was because Mick had pointed another of his wonderful little scientific gadgets at it. When this particular gadget was switched on, its ray froze whoever it touched and made them incapable of movement.

Next instant, however, Mick switched the ray off and the horse cantered gaily away, leaving Colonel Beestley sitting on the ground tugging madly to wrench his hat off from over his eyes.

He got it off and sat gaping about him. To his surprise he wasn't sitting beside the hedge. He was sitting some distance away, and there was no sign anywhere of the rest of the hunt or the hounds.

"Queer!" muttered the Colonel.

Next instant, from somewhere behind him, sounded the most frightful yell:

"Yonder he is! Yoicks! Tally-ho! We'll mash him and hash him! We'll boil him and broil him! For'ard! Tally-ho!"

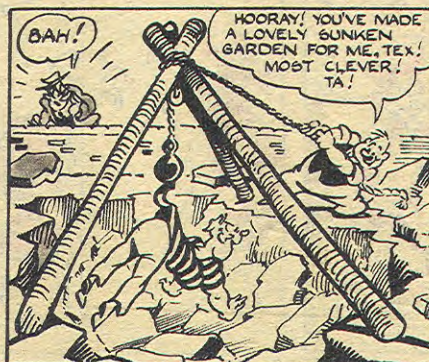
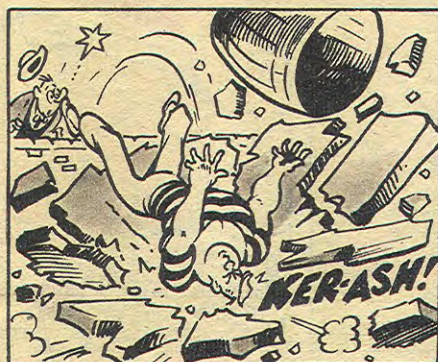
Colonel Beestley looked round very swiftly. As he did so, he bounded to his feet, his eyes nearly sticking clean out of his head. For the most frightful sight had met his terrified stare.

Coming leaping over the hedge on big, powerful horses were a bunch of foxes as big as human beings. What was more, they were wearing top hat, scarlet jackets and riding boots.

"Yonder he is!" they screamed, coming tearing towards the petrified Colonel. "Yoicks! Tally-ho! We'll pummel and punch him! We'll munch him and crunch him! We'll have him for lunch!" screamed they. "For'ard! For'ard! We've got him quite beat, he's run off his feet!"

They were wrong there. (Continued opposite)

TOUGH TEX THE GENTLE TOUGH GUY



MICK THE MOON BOY

(Continued from opposite page)

however, for the terrified Colonel wasn't run off his feet by any means. He whirled round and shot madly away, running as he had never run in his life before.

And then he made another most awful discovery. He was quite little. He was no more than about a foot high. The grass was nearly as tall as he was.

"Help!" he squealed, nearly fainting with fright, but scudding madly along as fast as his tiny little legs could take him.

Behind him he could hear the dreadful whoops and yells of his terrible hunters.

He reached some trees at the edge of the field. At the foot of one of them was a big hole. It was a fox's burrow. The frantic Colonel didn't stop to consider that. All he saw was a hole which might give him shelter and he shot down it.

He scuttled down a sloping earth passageway; then to his astonishment he burst into an underground kitchen where four or five young foxes—as big as he, though—were sitting eating their breakfast porridge.

"Hi, look who's here!" yelled one of them. "It's that beastly Colonel Beestley who's always chasing poor Pop!"

"Talk about cheek!" screamed another. "Fancy him bursting in here. Let's scrag him!"

They jumped off their chairs and rushed at the panting,

terrified Colonel. Seizing him, they started to give him a very rough time indeed.

"Stop it, aw, stop it!" he howled. "I'm sorry—I've been wrong—I'll never hunt your Pop again. I'll never hunt another fox!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded a loud human voice.

Colonel Beestley blinked. The kitchen had vanished, the young foxes had vanished, and he was sitting on the ground beside the hedge being shaken by one of his pals.

"What the dickens is the matter with you?" demanded the friend who had been shaking him. "You've been talking the most utter rot. When you fell and landed on your head it seemed to knock you a bit daft."

"Nunno—nunno!" cried the Colonel wildly. "I've been dreaming. I've had the most awful dream. I thought I was being chased by foxes on horseback. It was terrible. But I know now how a hunted fox feels and I'll—I'll never hunt another one as long as I live. I'm going to sell my hounds!"

He did, as well, and he never hunted again. But to this day he has never guessed that it was Mick, using his wonderful scientific powers, who had made him dream that terrible dream which cured him of fox hunting for ever.

Next week: Mick has fun with a stuck-up archer!

THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD

(Contd. from page 10)

One settled with a quiet plop over his face.

"Wow! Help! Turn the lights on," he spluttered through the pancake, sending bits of it flying in all directions.

Councillor Asse opened his mouth to speak, and received the greater part of two pancakes, in it. Which was unusual as when he opened his mouth it was generally his foot that he put in it.

Willie took a look through the hatch, but when he saw the "goings on" dashed back to look for the spoon that had been thrown in the works.

Dr. Gandybar was trying to hook a fair-sized piece of pancake from out of his ear, but only succeeded in fixing it in more tightly. So much so, that he couldn't hear a word.

Turning to Councillor Asse Dr. Gandybar asked him what he thought of the pancakes, and how he should deal with Willie Wizzard.

Councillor Asse said nothing, but having had a brain wave, pulled the electric plug out of its socket. The machine stopped working.

Doctor Gandybar, dripping with egg and milk, looked round and saw Willie Wizzard half hidden in the machinery. "Wizzard!" he thundered.

Willie dug himself out and came forward smiling. He held

something out to the Doctor.

"I've found it, sir," he said cheerily.

The Doctor took the object mechanically. It was a spoon. "It will be all right now, sir," said Willie. "Got me a bit worried at first when I couldn't find it. But it will work all right again now. There's no harm done."

"No harm done?" spluttered the Doctor.

"No, sir. Shall I start it up again?" asked Willie.

"No!" roared Doctor Gandybar.

Willie now realised that the Doctor was rather wet. Then he noticed the crate of broken eggs.

"Anyway, it's got rid of the eggs," he said.

"Eggs?" howled the Doctor.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie. "We had too many, you know."

Later that day the Mayor sat at tea with his wife and son, Harry.

Mr. Juggins eyed his son thoughtfully.

"I'm beginning to think that boy Wizzard is a bit mad," he remarked.

He was silent for a few minutes. Then:

"What's your position in class today, Harry?"

"Bottom," said Harry.

"Good!" breathed the Mayor thankfully.

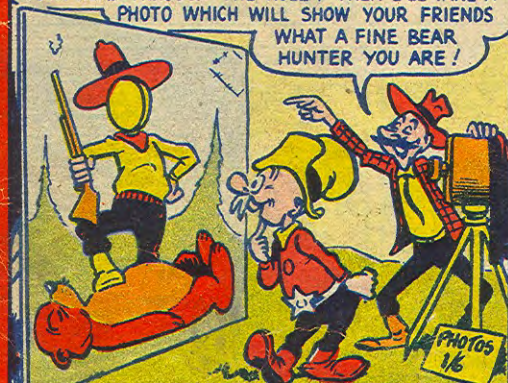
Look out for more fun with Willie next week!

COMET

3^D
EVERY
MONDAY

SHORTY

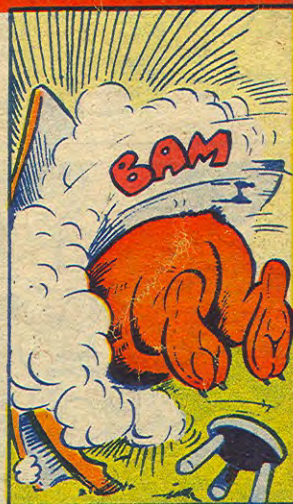
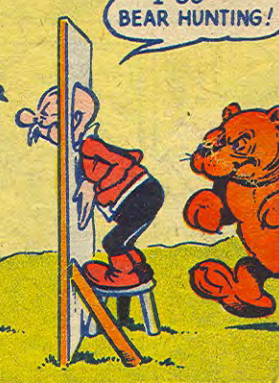
JUST GO ROUND THE BACK OF THE SCREEN AND STICK YOUR HEAD THROUGH THE HOLE. THEN I'LL TAKE A PHOTO WHICH WILL SHOW YOUR FRIENDS WHAT A FINE BEAR HUNTER YOU ARE!



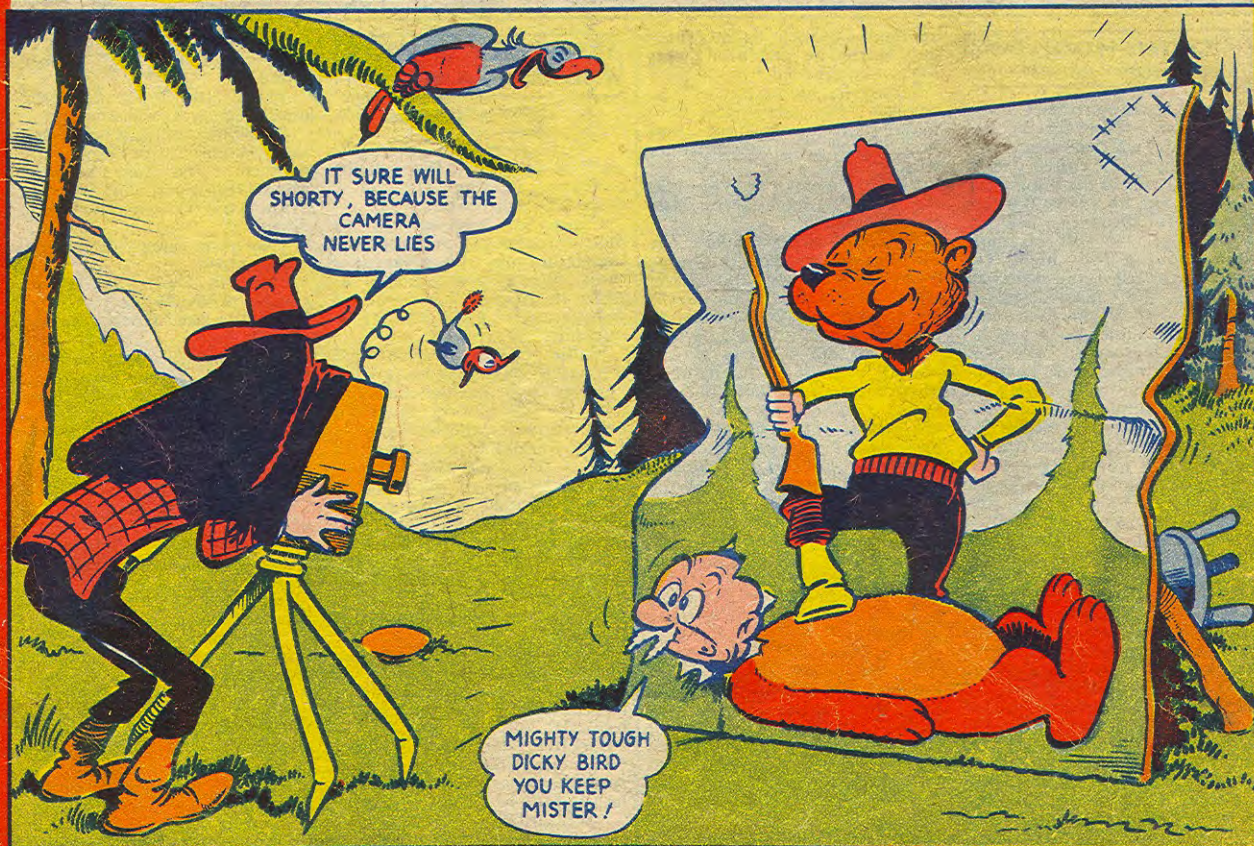
LOOK OUT FOR THE DICKY BIRD SHORTY!



TEE HEE! THIS WILL SHOW THE FOLKS, WHO COMES OUT ON TOP, WHEN I GO BEAR HUNTING!



IT SURE WILL SHORTY, BECAUSE THE CAMERA NEVER LIES



MIGHTY TOUGH DICKY BIRD YOU KEEP MISTER!