

# COMET

FOUR THRILL-PACKED  
PAGES OF  
KIT CARSON INSIDE!

3<sup>0</sup> EVERY  
MONDAY

No. 237. January 31, 1953

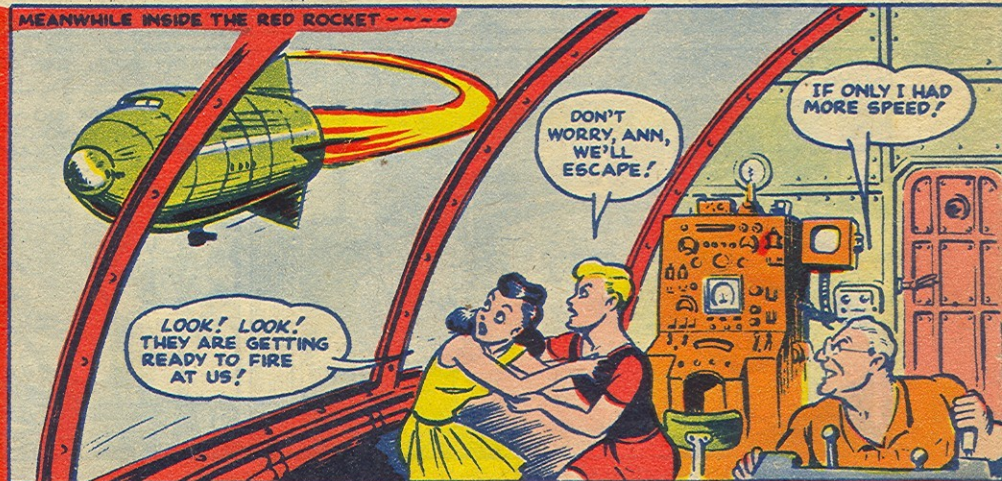
## THE SKY EXPLORERS

PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. IN THE RED ROCKET ARE THREATENED BY A PIRATE SPACE-SHIP WITH A STRANGE GUN!



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE RED ROCKET ~~~~

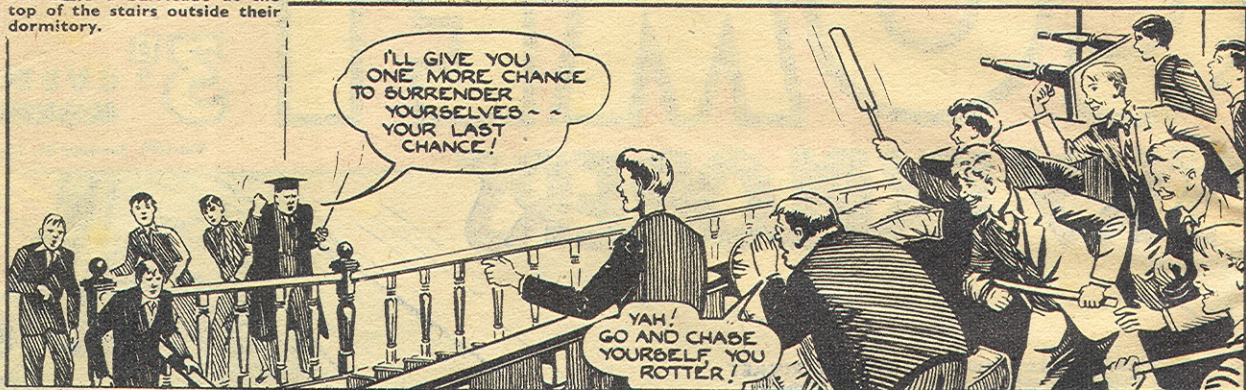
PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. ARE FLYING HAPPILY ON THEIR WAY HOME TO EARTH IN THE RED ROCKET. SUDDENLY THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A PIRATE SPACE-SHIP. WHILE THE PROFESSOR IS TRYING TO GIVE THIS ATTACKER THE SLIP, A STRANGE-LOOKING GUN APPEARS ON THE PIRATE SPACE-SHIP!



(More pictures on the centre pages)

Dr. Locke, headmaster of Greyfriars, is away recovering from an attack of flu. Meanwhile, Dr. Grimstone has taken his place, and proved to be not only strict, but very unjust. Led by Harry Wharton, the boys rebel against him and build a barricade at the top of the stairs outside their dormitory.

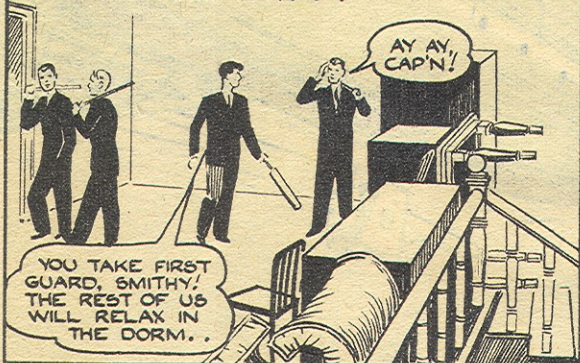
# The GREYFRIARS REBELLION!



I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO SURRENDER YOURSELVES ~ ~ YOUR LAST CHANCE!

YAH! GO AND CHASE YOURSELF YOU ROTTER!

THE HEAD AND PREFECTS WITHDRAW, LEAVING THE REMOVITES TRIUMPHANT. . .



AY AY, CAP'N!

YOU TAKE FIRST GUARD, SMITHY! THE REST OF US WILL RELAX IN THE DORM. . .

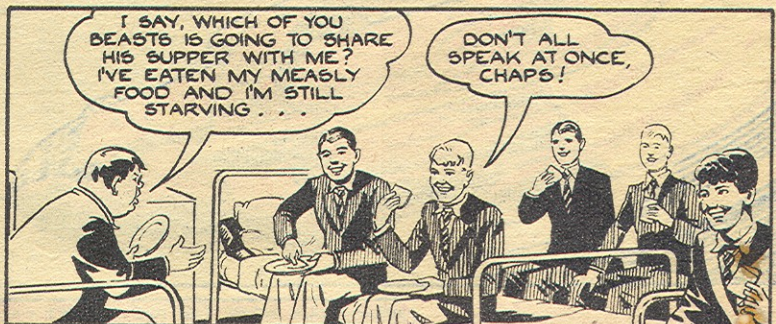
HARRY WHARTON HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE DORMITORY. . .



INKY WILL BE IN CHARGE OF THE FOOD! WE'LL HAVE A SNACK THEN GET SOME REST! BUT NO UNDRESSING, IN CASE OF AN ALARM. . .



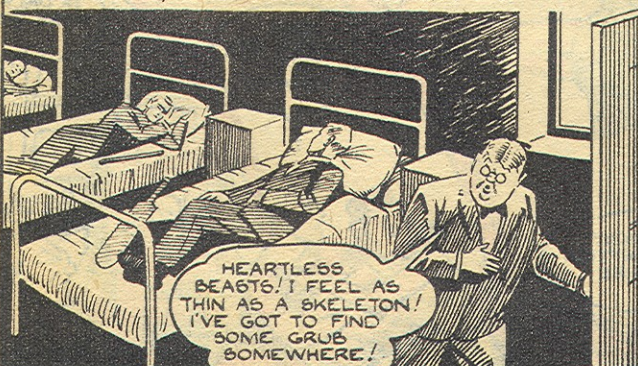
FOOD MAY HAVE TO LAST A LONG SIEGE, SO ESTEEMED RATIONS MUST BE SMALL! STEP UP AND COLLECT YOUR SUPPER NOW. . .



I SAY, WHICH OF YOU BEASTS IS GOING TO SHARE HIS SUPPER WITH ME? I'VE EATEN MY MEAGLY FOOD AND I'M STILL STARVING. . .

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE, CHAPS!

DUSK FALLS, AND THE REMOVITES DOZE, BUT BUNTER STAYS AWAKE, HUNGER GNAWING AT HIM. . .



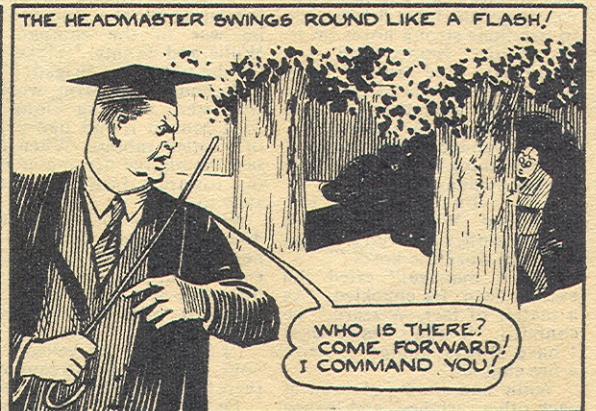
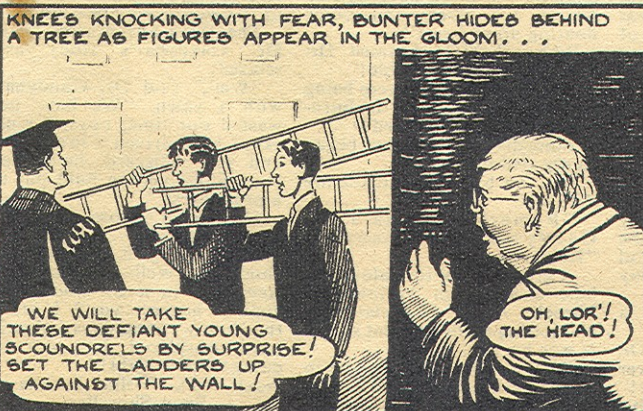
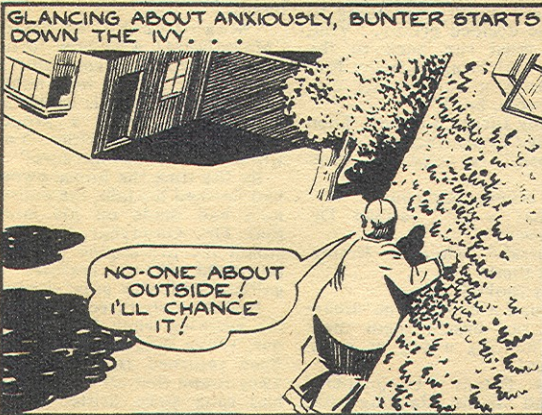
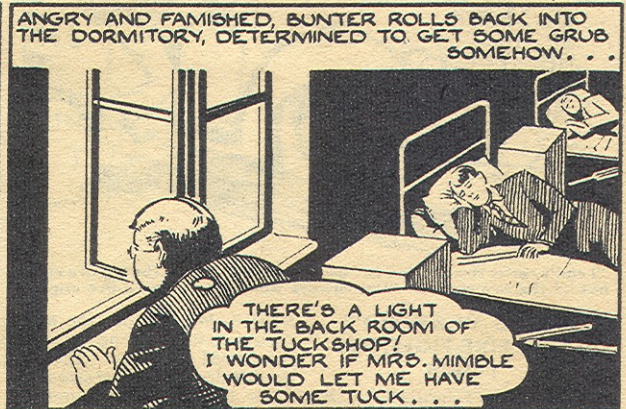
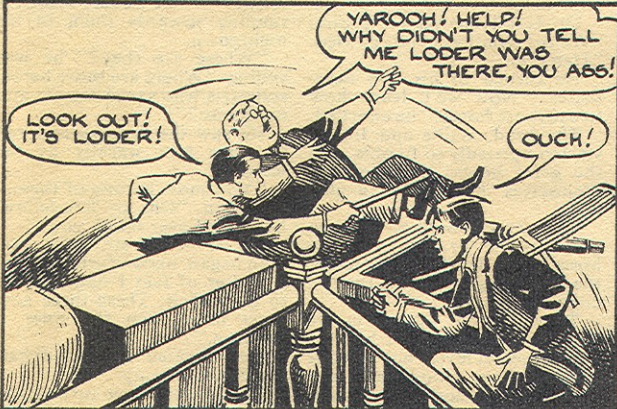
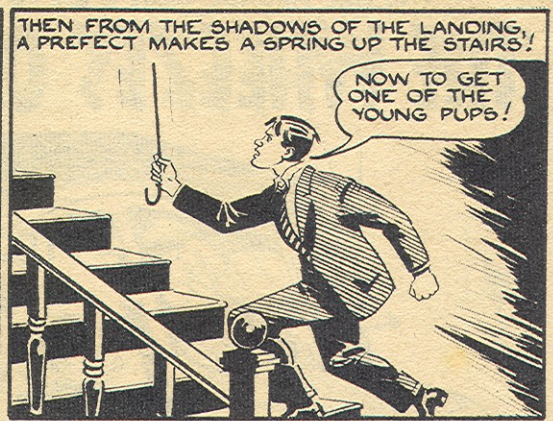
HEARTLESS BEASTS! I FEEL AS THIN AS A SKELETON! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME GRUB SOMEWHERE!

JOHNNY BULL NOW STANDS ON GUARD AT THE BARRICADE. . .



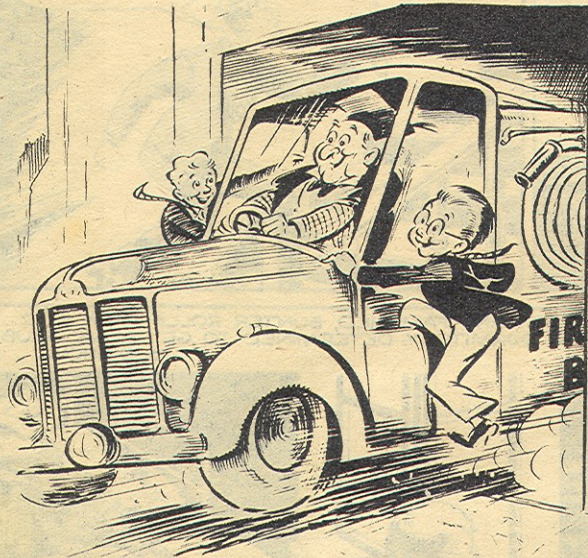
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, YOU FAT ASS?

I'M GOING TO RAID THE KITCHEN FOR SOME GRUB! I'M STARVING. . .



THE FIRE BRIGADE WERE A BIT PUT OUT WHEN DR. GANDYBAR PUT OUT A FIRE!

# THE WHEEZES OF WILLIE WIZZARD



"I can't resist this!" cried Dr. Gandybar as he drove the big fire engine out of the fire station. "I've always wanted to drive a fire engine."

## WILLIE WIZZARD'S SUPER FIRE-FIGHTING FOAM

WITHOUT hesitation, Dr. Gandybar clambered into the driving seat of the fire engine.

"Climb aboard, boys!" he shouted to Willie Wizzard and Jimmy Bash. "There's no time to lose!"

Willie Wizzard, the school-boy inventor, and his pal Jimmy Bash were standing inside the fire station of the little village of Mugwump Magna.

The reason for their being there was that Willie had invented a foam that put out fires. Unfortunately Willie had spilt a whole bottle of it in the school and at once the place was alive with green bubbles which slowly spread out from the school and started to cover the countryside.

Willie had said that the only way to clear the bubbles away was to get the local fire brigade to use their strong hoses on it. So Willie, Jimmy and Dr. Gandybar, had rushed into Mugwump Magna to get a fire engine. But when they got there the fire station was deserted.

Dr. Gandybar decided that the only thing to do was to take the fire engine themselves.

"But—but—" began the astonished Willie, "we can't just drive off, sir!" And anyway, who will work the hoses?"

"We'll manage!" cried the excited head. He chuckled. "As a matter of fact, Wizzard," he confided. "I can't resist this! I have always wanted to drive a fire engine!"

Willie and Jimmy glanced at each other, grinned, and leaped

aboard. With a roar the motor sprang to life, and the fire engine thundered through the big double doors into the street!

As the red-painted monster took the road there was a sudden angry shout. Looking back, Jimmy saw a man in fire service uniform standing by the side of Dr. Gandybar's car. He was waving his arms furiously.

"They have spotted us, sir," reported Jimmy to the head. "And incidentally, sir—how about your car? Are you going to leave it there?"

"I'll pick it up in the morning," chortled Dr. Gandybar. "This is the vehicle I want to drive now! Wheee! What fun!"

They hurtled down the village street and out into the open country beyond, headed for Gandybar School.

Dr. Gandybar gripped the wheel tightly as he drove the huge red fire engine through the country lanes.

"Yippee!" yelled the head, forgetting for the moment that he was in the company of Willie and Jimmy. "Make way for the Gandybar Brigade!"

A couple of farm workers who were strolling along the road looked round like a pair of startled rabbits. When they saw the big red fire engine tearing towards them they didn't stop to argue.

With yelps of fright they dived head-first through the hedge. With a roar the powerful engine shot past them and away down the road.

All at once Willie gave a shout.

"Look, sir!" he yelled. "On your left, by the stream over there! There's a house on fire!"

Dr. Gandybar glanced to his

left. A large house, by the side of which ran a small river, was indeed ablaze. Flames leapt from the first floor windows.

Without a moment's hesitation Dr. Gandybar swung the steering wheel round.

The vehicle rumbled to a stop near the building.

Someone was shouting. Looking upwards, Willie Wizzard saw a man leaning out of the topmost window of the house.

"Save me!" the man was howling. "Quick! I'm cut off by the flames! The staircase is on fire!"

Dr. Gandybar waved to him. "We're coming!" he bawled. "Hang on!"

He turned to his two help-mates. "Now we'll learn how to use those hoses!" he chortled.

The head, Willie and Jimmy started hurriedly to fumble with the giant hoses. But they got themselves hopelessly tangled up!

The three would-be firemen gave up the struggle with the hoses. They tried instead to get the extending ladder of the fire engine to work.

They turned every handle they could see, pushed buttons and tugged at levers but without success. They stood back and stared at one another in dismay.

Dr. Gandybar spoke at last. "There is only one thing to do," he decided grimly. "You, Bash, must run back to the village and bring as many firemen as you can in my car. Quick now, boy!"

Jimmy turned to obey. Then he halted in his tracks.

"Gosh!" he cried in amazement.

The others spun round. "What is it?" rapped Dr. Gandybar.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jimmy. "Look there!"

They looked.

Around a bend in the stream which ran beside them there came floating a fog of green bubbles!

"My Patent Fire-Queller!" chortled Willie, dancing with delight. "It must have drifted on to the river, and come floating down here!"

"Remarkable!" beamed Dr. Gandybar. "Remarkable!"

The green bubbles were being wafted gently towards the burning house. They reached it.

Immediately the flames began to dip and die.

In a few brief seconds the fire died out.

"Remarkable!" said Dr. Gandybar again, happily. "Remarkable..."

A great commotion along the lane caused him to interrupt himself. A car was clattering and jolting along at great speed. It was his car!

With a rattle the car came to a halt. From it jumped a fireman—and a policeman.

The fireman pointed an angry finger at the thunderstruck headmaster.

"There he is, constable!" the fireman cried furiously. "There is the thief! Arrest him! He stole the village fire engine!"

The constable strode forward. He placed a heavy hand on Dr. Gandybar's trembling shoulder.

Before he could speak, however, there was more commotion.

This time it came from the man who had been at the top window of the house, who was running towards them in his nightgown.

"Where are they?" he was yelling. "Where are those heroic stalwarts who saved my life and my house?"

He saw the fireman and ran to clasp him warmly by the hand.

"You must be one of them," he began. "Oh, my fine fellow, how can I ever thank you?"

"I—er—well, sir," the fireman began, uncomfortably. "As a matter of fact I had nothing to do with it. These three here must have been the ones, I suppose."

He indicated Dr. Gandybar, Willie and Jimmy.

The house-owner turned and pumped Dr. Gandybar's right hand.

"Magnificent!" he cried. "Magnificent! And how fortunate it is that this constable is here! I can tell him how nobly you and your friends acted, so that he can make a proper report to the authorities. You will be rewarded, I am sure!"

By the time the house-owner had finished his tale, the policeman had made up his mind that Dr. Gandybar had not stolen the fire engine but had borrowed it to perform a gallant deed with great daring!

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when Dr. Gandybar, Willie Wizzard and Jimmy Bash returned to the school. They found that all the bubbles had long since drifted away. Everyone was once again tucked up in bed, sleeping peacefully.

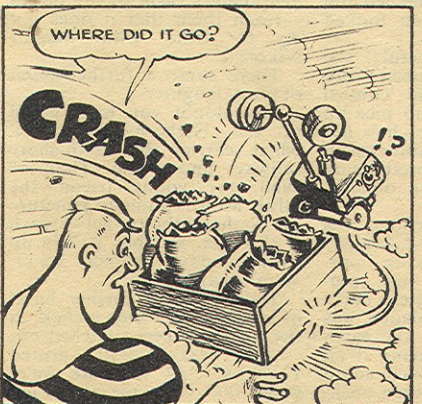
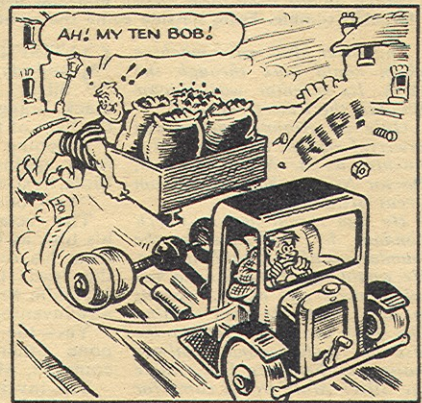
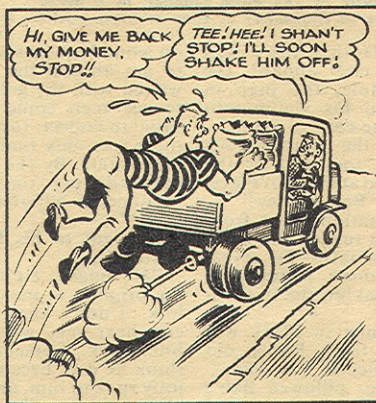
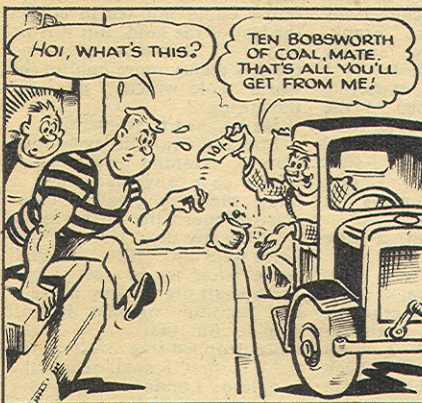
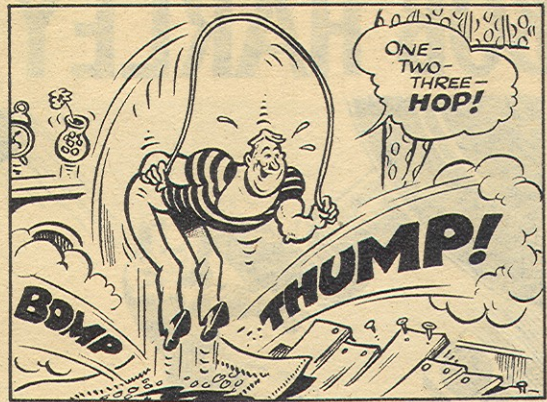
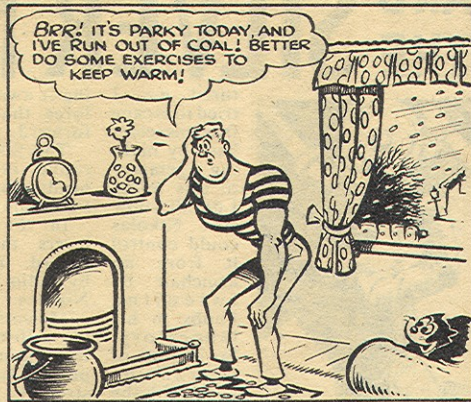
The three adventurers sat in Dr. Gandybar's study and relaxed.

"Well," said Dr. Gandybar, with a yawn. "We have not wasted our time, boys, I must say. I have driven a fire engine and you, Wizzard, have seen your Fire-Quelling fluid put to a proper test."

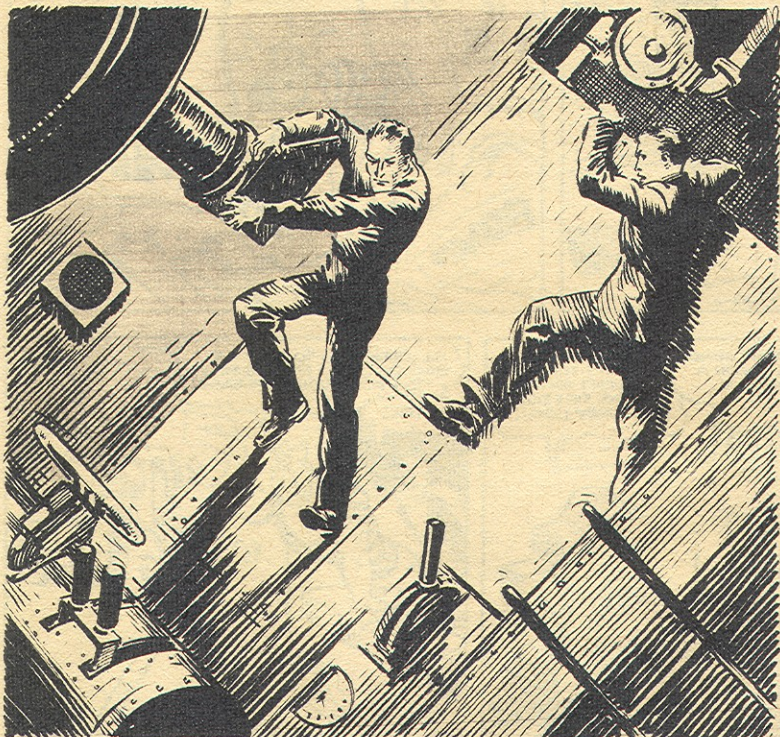
He looked across at Jimmy Bash, grinning.

"As for you, Bash," he chuckled. "Well—you have had free rides in a car and a fire engine, haven't you? I know that in my young days I should have considered that very exciting! Good night!"

Next week—Willie Invents a Snow Shoveller.



# BOB HARLEY AND THE SILVER MOLE



"Hang on for your life!" yelled Malcolm Franklin as the Mole plunged in a dizzy lurching tumble. From outside came the rumble of thousands of tons of loose rock!

The Silver Mole was a machine which could bore through the earth. Its inventor was Doctor Nikolas, the traitor scientist.

Only an Atomic engine was powerful enough to drive such a machine as the Mole, and this, Doctor Nikolas had stolen from Great Britain.

He had threatened to wreck London, by undermining the foundations of its great buildings. He would surely do this, he had said, unless one million pounds in solid gold was paid to him. The gold was to be left in the disused underground railway station at Fellowes Hill, where the Silver Mole would come for it.

And so at midnight, the Mole arrived. Doctor Nikolas was taking no chances, and the Mole was radio controlled. The only person aboard the Mole was Bob Harley—the young secret service man who was the Doctor's prisoner. Alone in the gleaming steel monster, he was quite helpless to do anything with the mighty robot controls. Only Doctor Nikolas, using special radio gear, could steer and work the monster.

So the million pounds'-worth of gold bars was scooped aboard by a powerful mechanical grab.

But then the grab brought something else aboard. It was a man, clad all in black, who leaped at Bob Harley, and knocked him out!

**S**ATISFIED that there was nobody else aboard the Silver Mole, the man in black dragged his victim into the light of the control cabin.

Propping the unconscious form against the wall of the Mole, he stared at the man's face.

"Ye Gods! Bob Harley!" The exclamation burst from his lips, as he tugged the mask from his own face—To reveal the lean, tanned features of Malcolm Franklin, the millionaire inventor.

Yes—the man in black was none other than Bob's old comrade, Malcolm Franklin.

The inventor pillowed Bob's shoulders against his knee, and pulling a flask from his hip pocket, forced a few drops of liquid between Bob's teeth. He loosened his collar, and did his best to make him comfortable.

Bob's eyelids fluttered. "Sorry, old son," Franklin said softly, "I'd no idea it was you!"

Bob frowned, blinked, and looked hard at him.

"Mr. Franklin!" he exclaimed, "But—how—what—?"

At that moment, the Silver Mole gave a lurch, and with a thunderous roar as its mighty engines built up to full revs, started to move again. Bob felt Franklin's muscles tense.

"There's nobody else here—the thing's radio controlled," said Bob, "After Nikolas cap-

lin wound up his story, "and try to get aboard the Mole. So I waited with the gold, expecting to see men come out of the Mole to collect. Instead of that, there was only that mechanical grab affair. By the way, I shot the radio-eye out of action. I wonder if Nikolas knows I'm here?"

Bob got to his feet, a little unsteadily.

"He might. He's been chatting brightly at me over a radio link. I don't know whether he can hear me, when I answer him back. Somehow I don't think he can, because I've been jolly rude to him, and he's never given any sign of being peeved."

Malcolm Franklin helped him into a seat, and then looked keenly around.

"Hm, sounds hopeful," the inventor's gaze probed into every corner of the control cabin, "If he's got no pick-up microphones to listen, he's not likely to have any radio eyes in here to look. I'm pretty sure that was one on the outside, though."

By now the machine was tunnelling along thunderously at around fifty miles an hour. Up at the front, the huge spinning cone, with its great cork-screw of alloy steel blades, was ripping its way into the earth and solid rock, reducing it all to mere powder, which could be thrust aside, and then push-

ing it away at the back, with a force that helped to drive it forward.

The Silver Mole was boring round in a great half-circle, heading back towards the direction from which it had come.

In the cabin, the steering levers moved of their own accord. They were controlled by radio at the will of Doctor Nikolas.

Malcolm Franklin watched the self-moving controls for a few moments, and tried their power against his own wiry strength.

"I've tried that," said Bob ruefully "It's about as much use as trying to stop an earthquake."

Franklin was thoughtful.

"It would be a feather in our caps, if we could get control of the Silver Mole. Nikolas would be pretty helpless without it. And even if he's got another Mole, at least we'd have a weapon to fight him with. I'm going to start looking for the radio circuits that control the controls. If I can . . ."

Franklin broke off, as the loud-speakers in the cabin crackled into life.

The voice of Doctor Nikolas rang out harshly.

"You see, Harley—they are powerless to fight me!" The sinister voice held a note of triumph. "With some weapon, they smashed my radio eye, so that I could not see to collect the last of the gold. But it is no matter—I have most of it, and there is plenty more gold in the world—gold which is mine for the taking!"

He laughed triumphantly.

Bob and Franklin exchanged glances. Nothing in the man's words gave any sign that he knew that the great inventor was on board the Silver Mole.

"Now my dear Harley," the voice went on, "Now you shall come back to me. My Silver Mole shall dig its way home—and nothing you can do will stop it. But first . . ."

the voice dropped to a sinister hiss, " . . . first I shall teach the people of London a lesson for smashing my radio eye. I will give them a taste of my power—teach them that it does not do to trifle with Doctor Nikolas!"

There came a further burst of crazy laughter.

"No doubt you have heard of the Netherhythe tunnel, which carries the south-shore railway under the Thames? Well, my young friend—the Silver Mole is going to puncture the Netherhythe tunnel—smash it through, so that it fills up with muddy Thames water. Won't that be nice?"

There came a further burst of laughter, and then a click, as the loud speakers switched off.

"The crazy fiend!" gritted Franklin, "At the rate we're going that gives me about ten

## LOOK BELOW! WILL YOU RECEIVE A PRESENT THIS WEEK?

minutes to find the control circuits, and to do something about putting them out of action. Even that's a forlorn hope—they're probably well armoured."

"What can I do to help?" Bob wanted to know.

Franklin swept his gaze around.

"There's a chunk of the steel floor there—" he pointed to a spot between the control levers, "—that looks as though it's made to lift up. Have you got any money in your pocket?"

Bob was startled at the question, but he knew Malcolm Franklin too well to think that it was an idle one.

"I've got a few shillings and some coppers," he said.

"Good. A penny should do the trick. Use the edge as a screw-driver, and see if you can undo those six screws that hold the plate down. I'm going to take a quick look around the rest of the Mole. I might just spot something useful . . ."

He darted away. Bob bent down, and busied himself at the six screw-heads, which were sunk flush with the floor.

He knew that if any man could "spot something useful" that man was Malcolm Franklin.

**I**N his secret headquarters, which were in a huge cavern deep under the Derbyshire moors, Doctor Nikolas looked at a big glass map of England, and chuckled. The map was divided into squares, which were numbered. In one square—in which London lay—was a little point of red light. This square was numbered nine.

He turned to the man who stood beside him. This man was thickest, with a bull neck, and close cut hair.

"You understand so far, my dear Kropov?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" the man replied in a thick rumbling voice, "The red dot upon the map—it shows where the Mole is digging."

"Now watch." Nikolas crossed to a sort of desk. He turned a small wheel, and as he did so, numbers clicked into view in a little round window at one corner of the top. He stopped turning as the number nine appeared.

Then he pressed a switch. Instantly the square yard of the desk top became a map—a map of London.

"So!" said Kropov, "It is same as the square nine—but bigger. I see! Now where is the Mole?"

Nikolas smiled cunningly, and adjusted two knobs on the front edge of the desk. At once a little arrow-head of light appeared, moving steadily across the map to where the Thames estuary was marked.

"You see? Wherever the Mole is, that arrow upon the map will show it. So, by radio, I can steer it wherever I wish. Watch . . ."

The Doctor crossed to the main control panel, and seized

two short levers which were the counterparts of the steering levers of the Silver Mole. He pressed the left one forward. The arrowhead swung left.

He pressed the right one forward. The arrowhead swung right.

Kropov crooned with delight.

"Doctor—you are a magician!"

Nikolas chuckled. "No power on earth can fight the Silver Mole!" he boasted, "No weapons can reach it under the ground. Soon the nations of the earth will all have to obey me—or I will smash their cities! I will be dictator of the world!"

His voice dropped.

"You are the only man who shares my secrets, Kropov—the only one I trust. You have been faithful to me—without you I could never have stolen the Atomic engine."

"I photographed the plans of the radio muscle, too," said Kropov, proudly.

"Yes, yes—the radio muscle—the device that takes the place of human hands and arms to work the controls of the Mole. That was good work, Kropov!" Nikolas chuckled, "Malcolm Franklin invented the radio muscle for the British—and so far the fools do not even know that they have lost their secret!" He roared with laughter.

"It is big joke!" Kropov rumbled with noisy laughter. Then he stopped, and looked at the map.

"See—what is Mole doing now?"

The arrow-head was jerking wildly, this way and that.

Nikolas stopped laughing, and stared at the little V of light. His teeth clenched, and his breath hissed noisily between them.

His eyes staring wildly, he darted back to the control levers, and moved them, trying to steer against the movements of the arrow.

But it was useless.

"Thunder and lightning!" hissed Doctor Nikolas, "The Silver Mole is out of control!"

**T**HE floor of the Silver Mole was tilted at a crazy angle. With engines at full bore, it was driving steeply down, deeper and deeper into the black earth.

Malcolm Franklin steadied himself against a steel bulkhead, and looked across at Bob.

"The Silver Mole's out of control," he said.

Bob wiped the sweat from his brow. It was getting hotter as they drove deeper.

"At least the Netherhythe tunnel's safe. How did you manage it?"

Franklin pointed into the square opening in the floor where they had unscrewed the panel.

"You see those red metal cylinders, set into the steel rods?"

Bob nodded.

"Those are radio muscles," said Franklin, and watched the puzzled frown on Bob's face, "I'd better explain. Your muscles are worked by your brain, which tells 'em to tighten up, or slack off, and so make your arms, or your legs, or any part of you, move the way you want to move. Well, these radio muscles work the same way, with old Nikolas taking the part of the brain, and telling them what to do by radio."

"I see—" said Bob doubtfully. "Then what have you done with those electric cables?"

"I've just worked it so that one muscle pulls against another. So Nikolas has no control over the Mole. The only snag is, neither have we."

"You're a marvel!" said Bob fervently, "You worked out that lot in less than five minutes. I don't know how you do it!"

"Not five minutes, Bob," said Franklin quietly. "Five years would be more like it. I invented the radio muscle myself. It was top secret. Nikolas must have got wind of it, and stolen the plans. The cunning devil! We didn't even know he'd done it."

Franklin crouched down again beside the radio muscles, and frowned thoughtfully. He muttered something about potentials and outputs, which was double-dutch to Bob.

But Bob knew that the keen brain was at work, scheming out some way of getting the Silver Mole to behave, and to stop their steep plunge downwards.

"We're forty miles down now," said Bob, trying to sound happier than he felt, "At least, that's what it says on that clock affair marked 'depth'. Couldn't we just keep going, and come out on the other . . ."

At that moment, the steel

floor seemed to drop from under their feet. There came the sudden, earthquaking rumble of shifting rock!

The Silver Mole was falling! "Hang on for your life! Grab that bulkhead!" yelled Franklin.

The Mole turned over twice, in a dizzy, lurching tumble. From outside came the rumble of thousands of tons of loose rock shifting as they crashed down into some awful, underground cavern.

Then they struck solid earth, with a jar that nearly jolted their arms from their sockets.

The engines of the Mole roared up in their ears, as the noise of the rock-fall died, and they felt the monster surge forward again.

But only for a moment. Then the engines stopped—dead.

The silence was awful.

"Are you okay, sir?"

"Phew! Yes, thanks, Bob. We must have taken a tumble into some underground cave, I suppose. What's up?"

Bob was sniffing.

"Can't you smell it, sir? I think—I think it's chlorine gas!"

"Good grief!" Franklin swung the beam of his electric torch back into the tunnel that led through to the engines of the Mole.

A greenish cloud of gas was creeping along the floor.

"That fall smashed some of the lighting batteries!" Franklin ended with a choking cough. "We've got—got—to get—out—of here—quickly!"

He clamped his hand across his mouth, and dived for the door of the Mole. It opened easily as he turned the hand-wheel. With the main power of the monster out of action, the magnetic lock no longer worked.

He flashed his torch over a weird scene of fantastic rock shapes—shapes that no human eyes had ever beheld—and then stepped out. Bob followed him, and breathed the dank air of the cavern in great gulps.

"Have to stay here—stay until the chlorine clears," gasped Franklin. "Deadly stuff. I wonder what made the engines stop?"

"I expect the bashing we took did that," guessed Bob. "We came an awful cropper. Phew—that stuff's following us out!"

Picking their way carefully with the aid of Franklin's torch, they backed away over the uneven floor of the great cave, which stretched away into inky blackness on all sides of them. At last they stopped, out of reach of the curling green tendrils of the deadly gas.

And then a dreadful thing happened.

The engines of the Mole thundered into life again. The sliding door clanged shut, and the great steel monster began to speed away from them!

They were trapped—forty miles under England!

Next week: The monster of the lake!

## ENGINE-SPOTTERS CLUB

**L**IKE an exciting present, Spotters? You can choose any one from those in our Club store if your Album number is one of the thousand printed below.

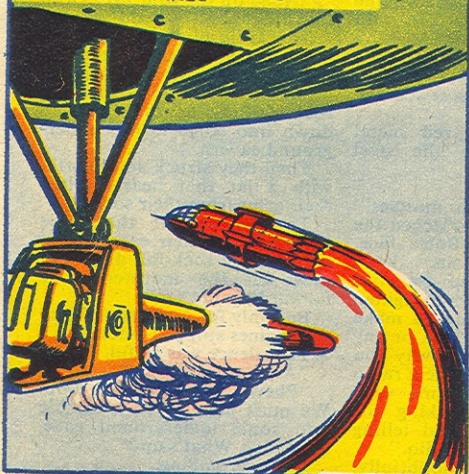
All those with numbers between 32,000 and 32,500 inclusive, and between 43,000 and 43,500 inclusive, may claim.

If your number is here, first choose one of these presents: Cowboy Belt and Holster, Box Game, Charm Bracelet, Wrist Compass, Jack-knife, Autograph Album, Ball-point Pen, or a Water Pistol. 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. Also, write on a postcard or piece of paper the name of the character or story you like most in COMET, and in a few words—say why. Post Album and postcard (not forgetting a 2½d. stamp on the envelope!) to:

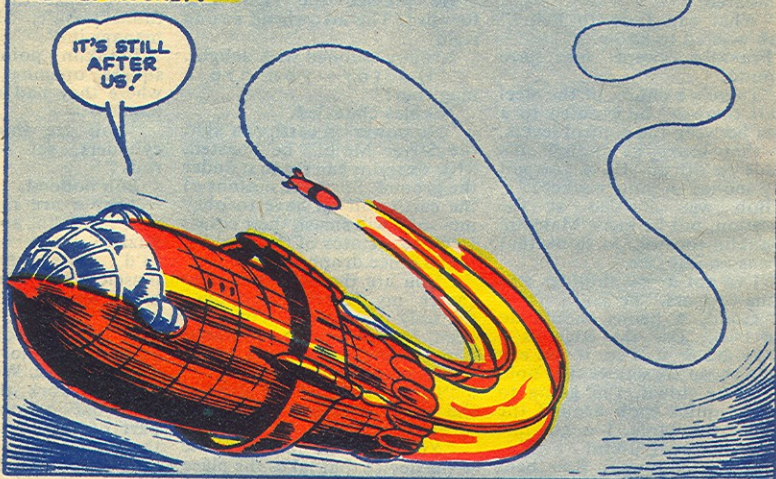
**COMET E.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).**

to arrive by Tuesday, February 10, the closing date. The presents—together with the returned Albums—will be sent out about a week later.

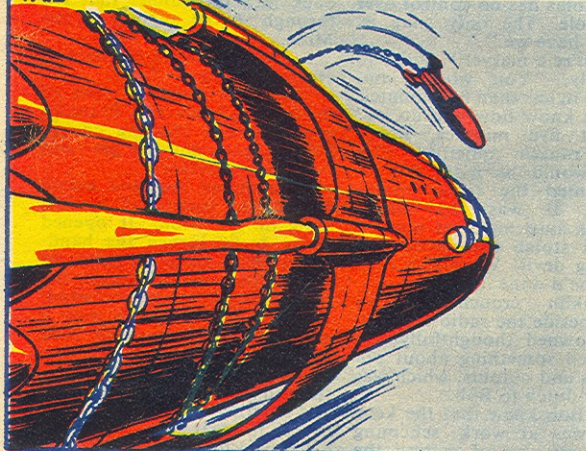
**THE STRANGE GUN ON THE PIRATE SPACE-SHIP FIRES**



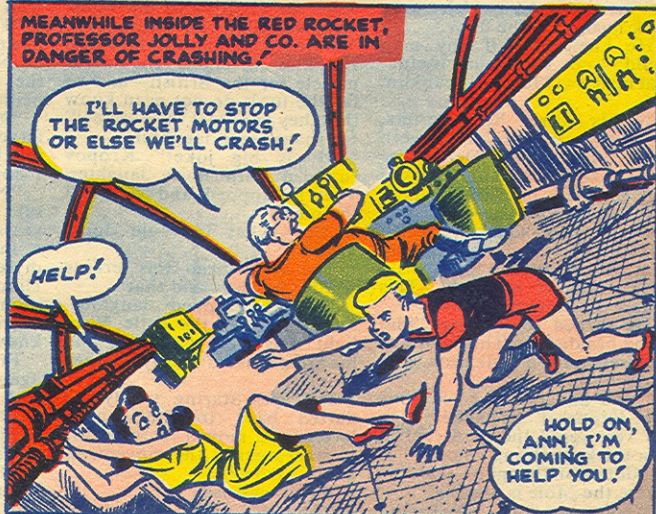
**AND A RADAR-GUIDED AERIAL TORPEDO CHASES THE RED ROCKET!**



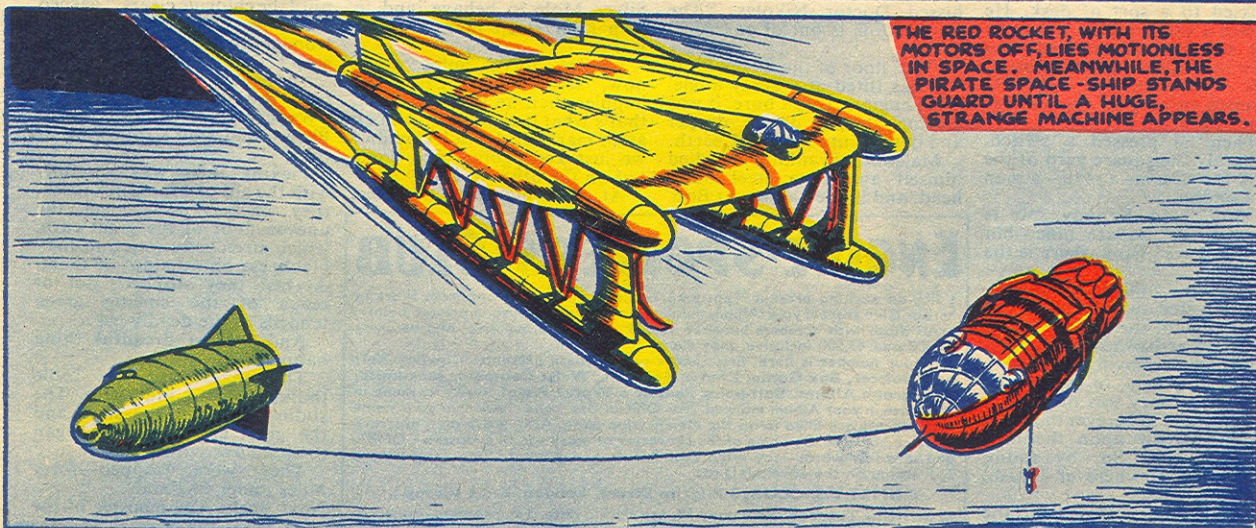
**BUT NO MATTER HOW PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. TRY TO ESCAPE, THE AERIAL TORPEDO FINALLY CATCHES THE RED ROCKET AND WRAPS ITSELF AROUND THE TAIL.**



**MEANWHILE INSIDE THE RED ROCKET, PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. ARE IN DANGER OF CRASHING!**



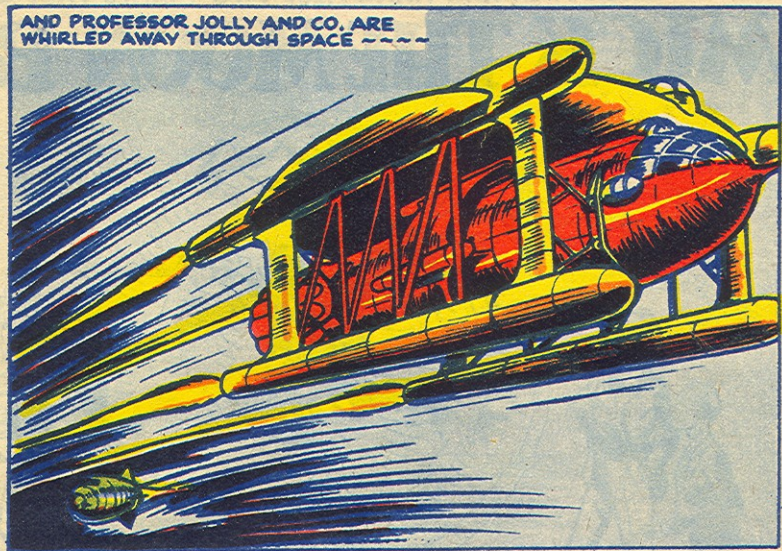
**THE RED ROCKET, WITH ITS MOTORS OFF, LIES MOTIONLESS IN SPACE. MEANWHILE, THE PIRATE SPACE-SHIP STANDS GUARD UNTIL A HUGE, STRANGE MACHINE APPEARS.**



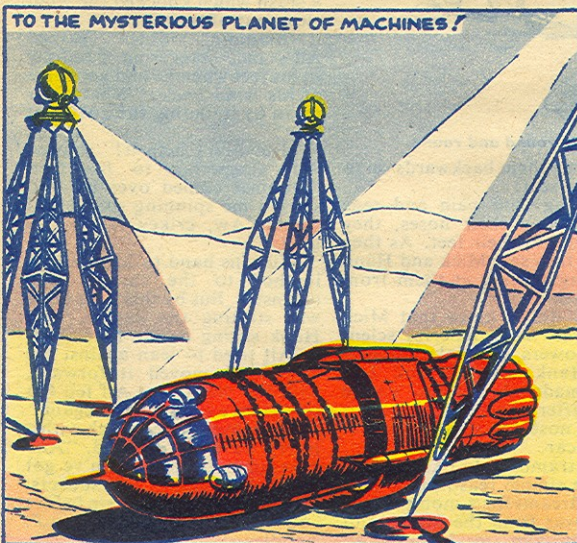




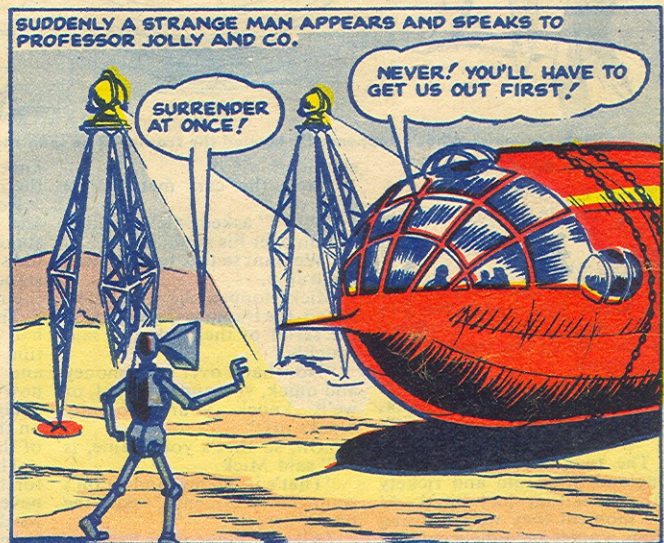
THE STRANGE MACHINE GRABS THE HELPLESS RED ROCKET FROM ABOVE WITH LARGE STEEL CLAWS!



AND PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO. ARE WHIRLED AWAY THROUGH SPACE ~~~~



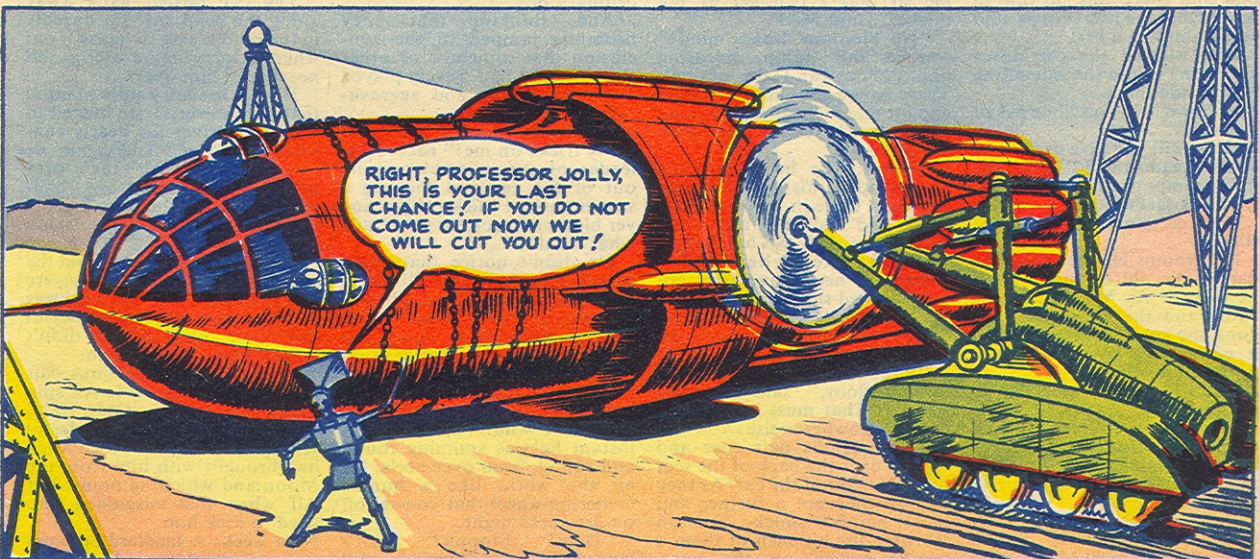
TO THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET OF MACHINES!



SUDDENLY A STRANGE MAN APPEARS AND SPEAKS TO PROFESSOR JOLLY AND CO.

SURRENDER AT ONCE!

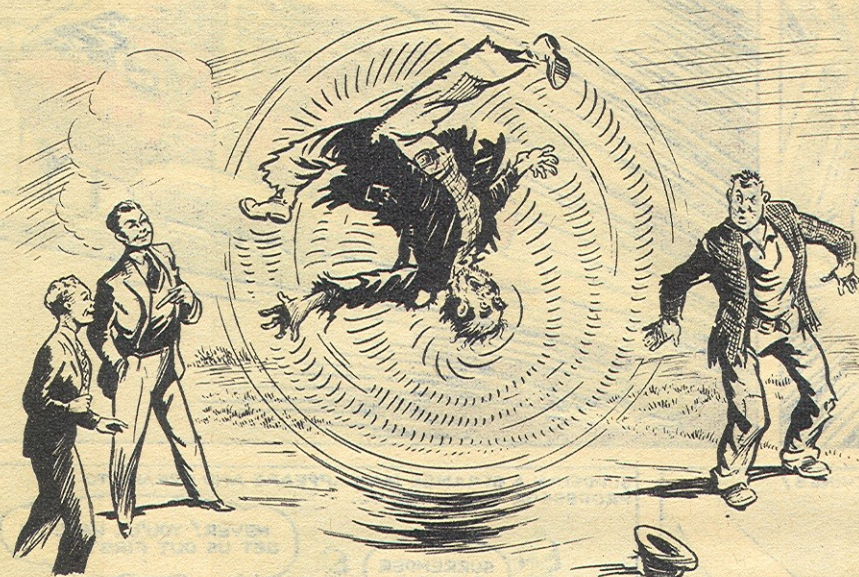
NEVER! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET US OUT FIRST!



RIGHT, PROFESSOR JOLLY, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! IF YOU DO NOT COME OUT NOW WE WILL CUT YOU OUT!

WHEN MICK AND HANK MEET TWO TRAMPS THEY GIVE THEM QUITE A TURN!

# MICK THE MOON BOY



"Help! Stoppit! What's happened?" howled the tramp, as he spun madly round and round.

## THE SUCKERS!

"HEY, Mick, there's a couple of guys thumbing a lift!" said Hank Luckner, the twelve-year-old American boy.

"So I see," said his pal Mick the Moon Boy, eyeing the two burly, ragged tramps standing by the side of the road a little way ahead.

"They look sort of rough characters to me," said Hank. "Are we gonna give 'em a lift?"

"We may as well," said Mick.

The two boys were touring England in an old and rickety car which they had hired. At the moment they were cruising along a quiet and lonely country road and there was no one in sight except the two tramps who were thumbing a lift.

Mick slowed the car down and swung it into the side of the road beside them.

"Can we help you?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yus, will you give us a lift as far as Meadowfield?" said one of the tramps gruffly. "It's about five miles farther on."

"Yes, certainly, hop in!" said Mick.

The tramps climbed into the rear of the old car and seated themselves. As Mick let in the clutch and the car cruised on along the road, the pair looked at each other and exchanged grins and a wink.

"This is goin' to be easy," muttered one.

"Yus, just a couple o' kids," grinned the other. "And they must have some money on 'em besides the luggage what they've got stuck in 'ere."

The road was still very quiet and deserted and he leaned forward and tapped Mick on the

shoulder.

"Stop the car, matey!" he ordered.

"Why?" asked Mick, looking at him over his shoulder.

"We want to talk to yer," said the tramp.

Mick stopped the car. As he did so, the tramp gripped him by the scruff of the neck and said roughly:

"Now hand over your money and quick, you and your pal, or we'll knock your bloomin' blocks orf!"

"Oh, so that's your game, is it?" said Mick.

"That's it, matey, and I don't want no argyment!" said the tramp fiercely.

"All right, take your hand off me so that I can get at my pocket," said Mick.

"No bloomin' larks, mind!" warned the tramp, releasing him. "You can't do nuthin'. There isn't a soul about and me and me mate'll beat you up good and proper if you try any funny bis'ness—"

Abruptly he broke off, his mouth open, his eyes bulging. For right there in front of him, Mick had suddenly and completely vanished. So had Hank.

"What the—where the—where the heck have they got to?" gasped the tramp.

"I dunno!" gasped his pal. "I didn't see 'em get out o' the car."

"Praps they've slid down on to the floor," said the first tramp. "That must be it. They can't be nowhere else!"

The precious pair rose and looked over the back of the seat into the front of the car. As they did so, they got a further and most painful shock. For an invisible fist hit each of them a terrific smack on the nose,

knocking them backwards on to the rear seat.

Roaring with pain and rage and holding their noses, they staggered to their feet. As they did so, they saw Mick and Hank standing smiling at them from the road.

They didn't know that Mick had used his wonderful scientific powers to make himself and Hank invisible and had now made themselves visible again after punching the tramps on the nose and scrambling out of the car.

The tramps didn't know that, for the simple reason that they never dreamt for a moment that Mick was from the Moon, but thought him to be just an ordinary boy.

And, thinking that, they promptly jumped to the conclusion that somehow or other the two boys had merely played some mysterious and aggravating trick on them.

"I'll 'arn yer not to play your nasty tricks on me!" roared the leader of the pair, blundering out of the car and making a savage rush at Mick. "I'll wring yer bloomin' neck for yer, that's what I'll do!"

He didn't notice that Mick was holding a little glittering instrument in his hand shaped something like a small silver pencil. He was in much too violent a rage to notice anything like that as he rushed at him and aimed a savage kick at him.

The kick missed, the tramp's foot shot wildly up and next instant he was spinning round and round, head over heels, for all the world like a human catherine-wheel that you set off on fireworks night.

"Help! Stoppit! Wot's 'appened?" he howled, still

spinning madly round and round.

His pal, who had followed him out of the car, was standing gaping at him with bulging eyes.

"Alf—stoppit—ave yer gorn daft?" he gasped. "What're yer spinning round and round like that for?"

"Because I can't 'elp it!" screamed the spinning Alf. "I can't stop. Do summat, hang yer! Get hold o' me or summat!"

His pal rushed forward and seized him. Next instant he let out a howl of terror as he, too, started to spin swiftly round with the frantic Alf clinging tightly to him.

"Leggo o' me, drat ye!" he screamed. "What the heck d'yer think yer're playin' at? LEGGO!" howled he.

But the terrified Alf didn't let go. He only clung the tighter and round and round the pair of them whirled until suddenly and abruptly they stopped spinning and hit the road with a thud and a crash which knocked the wind clean out of them.

"Bloomin' idjit!" gasped Alf's pal, staggering painfully to his feet when he had got some of his wind back. "What d'yer mean by it, acting the goat that way?"

"I couldn't help it!" snarled Alf, staggering to his feet. "Summat comed over me and started me spinning round and round. Aw, crikey, I do feel giddy!"

With his hand to his head, he lurched to the car to lean against it. But by this time Mick was starting the engine, with Hank sitting beside him. And, as Alf tried to lean against the car, Mick moved it forward, with the result that Alf fell flat on his face on the road again.

"Bye 'bye!" cried Mick with a merry wave of his hand. "And next time you think you've got hold of a couple of suckers, you'd better make certain before you start the rough stuff. Tooodleoo!"

The car rattled gaily away along the road. Alf sat dazedly in the road trying to figure it out when a lorry came along and nearly ran him over.

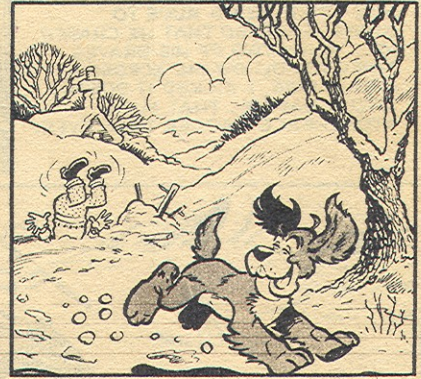
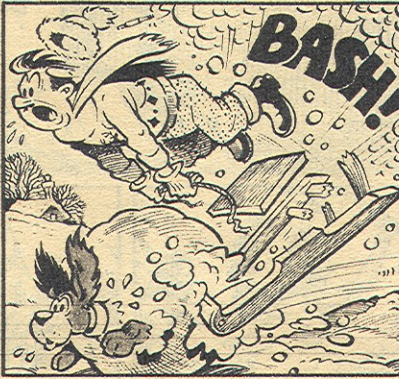
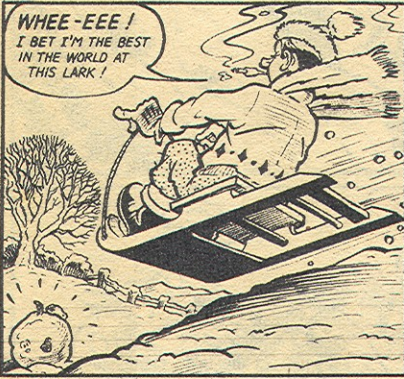
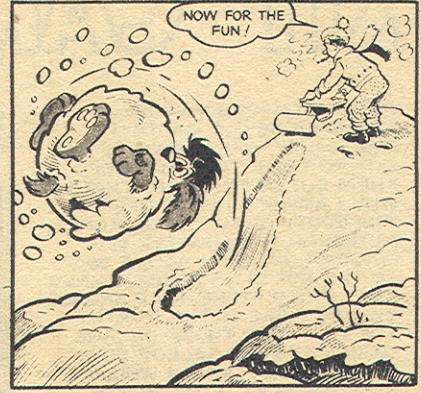
He was in such a state of mind that he was very rude indeed to the lorry driver for nearly running him over. And again he was unlucky, for the lorry driver was a big, strong, bad-tempered man who wasn't going to stand any lip from a tramp like Alf.

So he climbed down from the cab and gave Alf a very severe hiding indeed. And Alf's pal was so upset and bewildered about the whole thing that he didn't raise a finger to help him.

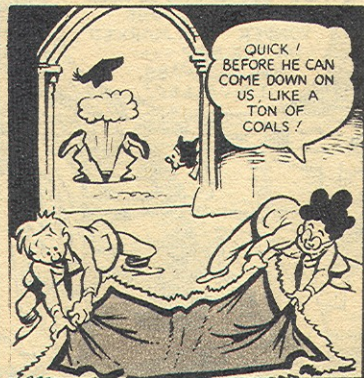
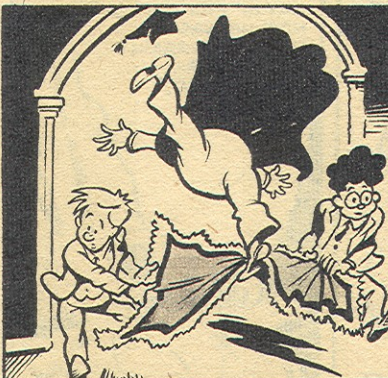
To this day the precious pair don't know what made Alf spin round like he did. Only Hank knows that it was the wonderful scientific instrument which Mick had brought with him from the Moon and which he pointed at Alf when that misguided gent tried to kick him.

Next week: A landlord becomes an old horse!

# SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND

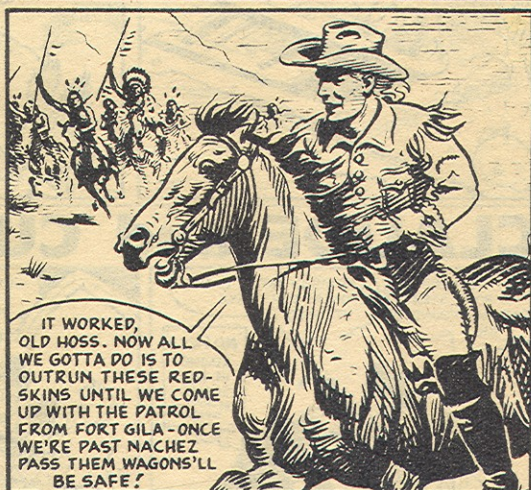
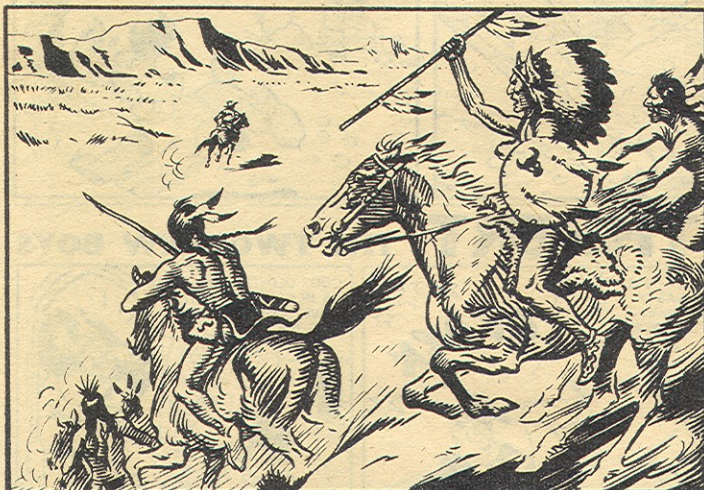


## CLAUDE and CUTHBERT THE TWO NEW BOYS



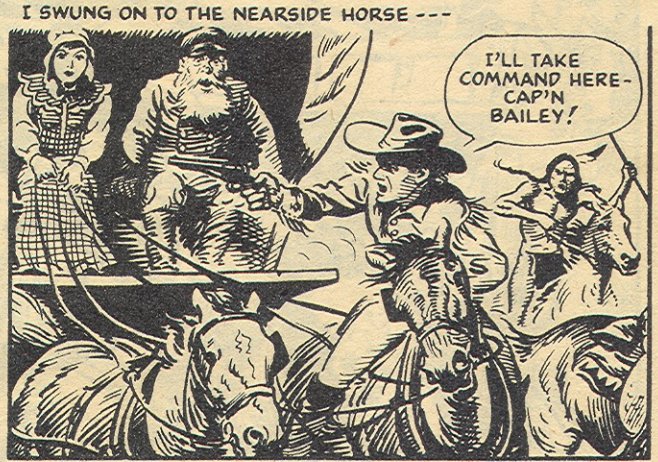
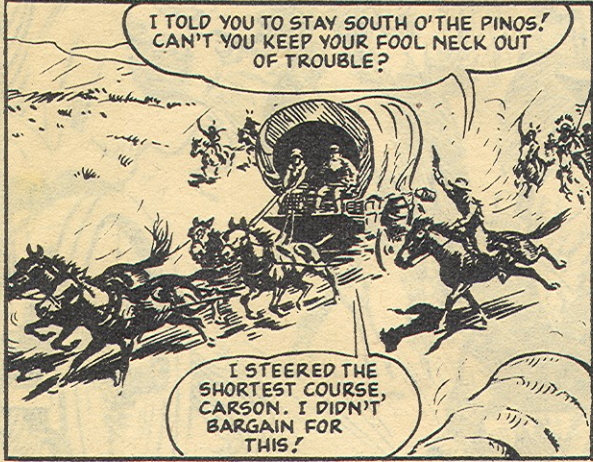
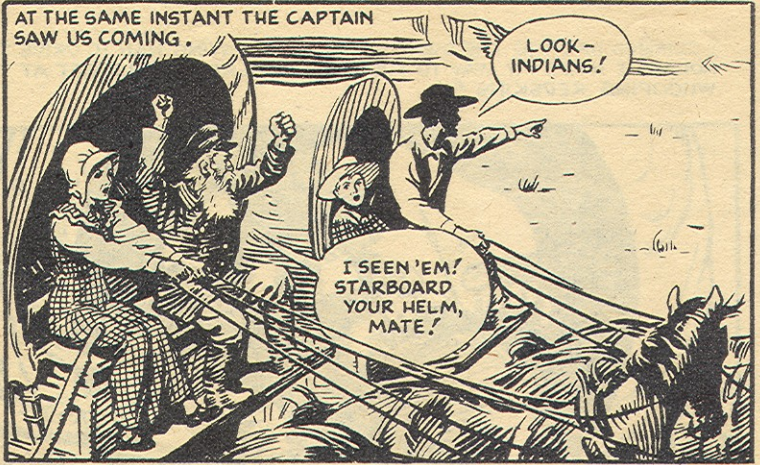
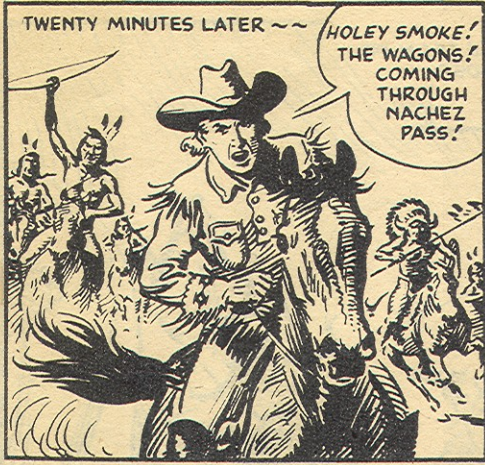
# KIT CARSON and the PIG-HEADED PIONEER

WHEN YOU MEET SOMEBODY AS STUBBORN AS OLD CAPTAIN JOB BAILEY, YOU'VE SOMETIMES GOT TO TRICK THEM TO KEEP THEM OUT OF TROUBLE. THAT'S WHY I ADVISED HIM TO KEEP TO THE SOUTH OF THE PINOS RANGE, ALTHOUGH THE SHORTER WAY FOR HIS COVERED WAGONS WAS TO THE NORTH. YOU SEE, I KNEW THAT CHIEF STONE-FACE AND HIS BRAVES WERE TO THE NORTH. THEN I FOUND THOSE INDIANS, GOING AT FULL GALLOP FOR NACHEZ PASS, WHICH WOULD RUN 'EM SLAP INTO CAPTAIN JOB. SO I TRIED BEING RUDE TO STONE-FACE, SO THAT HE CHASED ME. WHEN TWO OF HIS BRAVES TRIED TO FOLLOW ME ACROSS A LOG BRIDGE, I KICKED IT DOWN INTO A RAVINE. THAT MADE STONE-FACE MADDER THAN EVER!

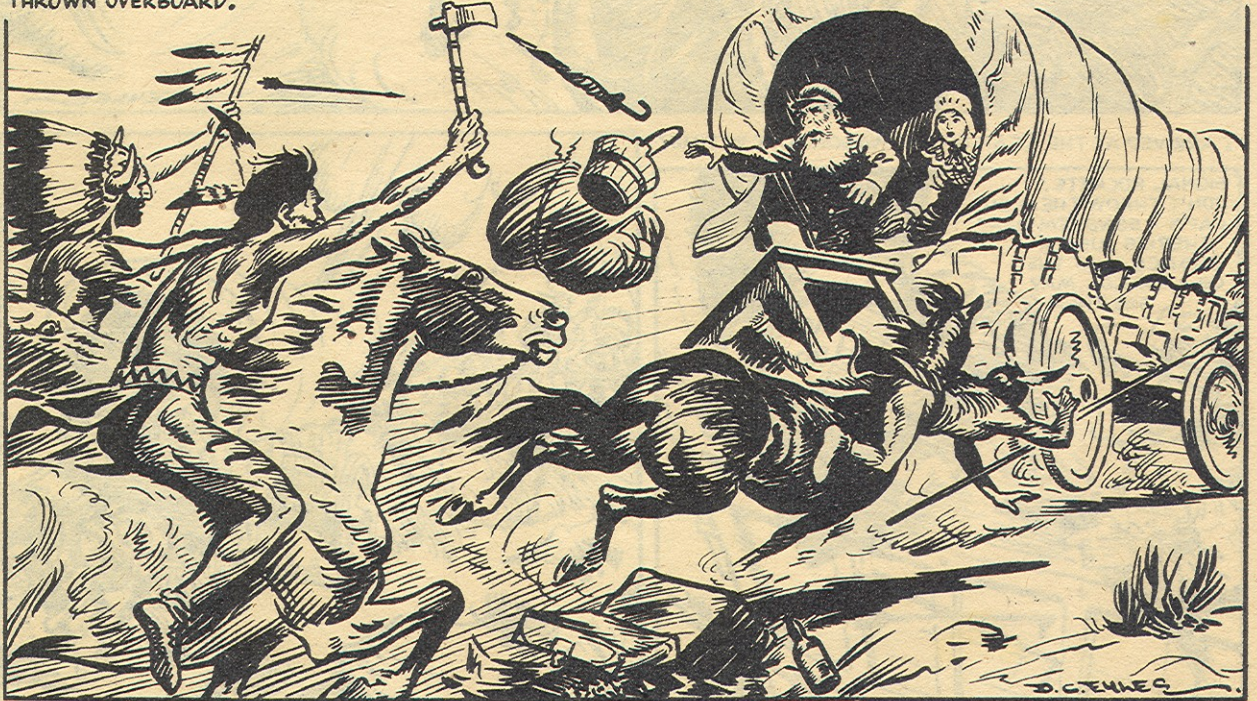


WHILE I WAS KEEPING STONE-FACE BUSY, CAPTAIN JOB HAD SEEN THROUGH THE LITTLE TRICK I HAD PLAYED ON HIM.

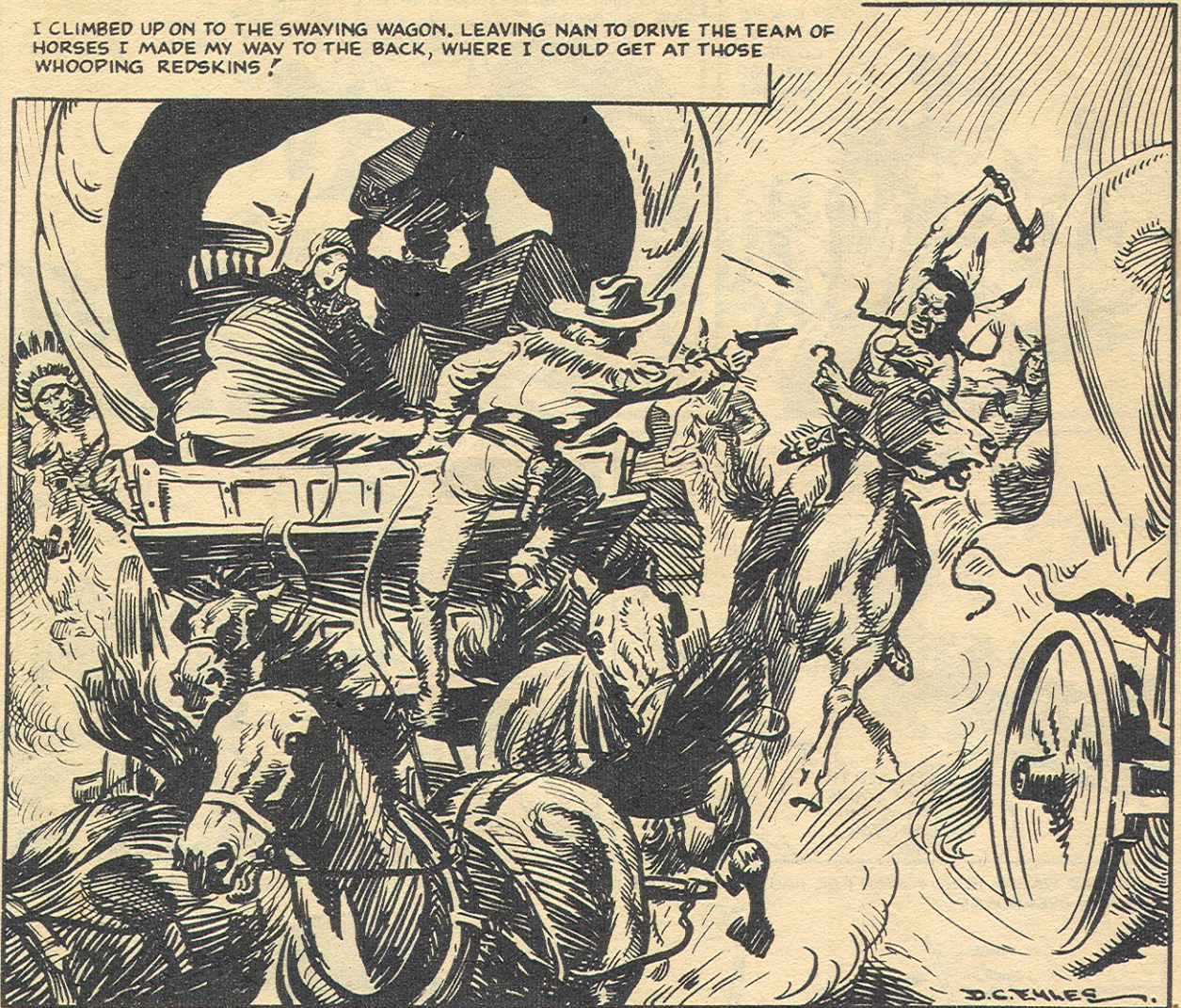




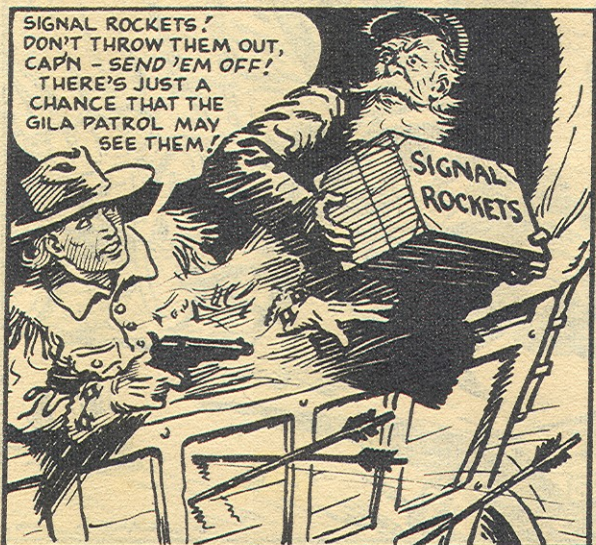
A LOADED WAGON IS NO MATCH FOR FAST INDIAN PONIES ----- SO EVERYTHING THAT COULD BE MOVED WAS FRANTICALLY THROWN OVERBOARD.



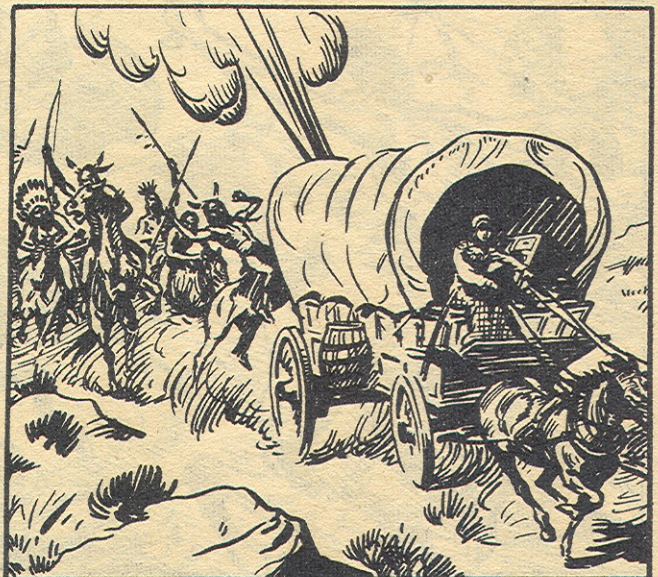
I CLIMBED UP ON TO THE SWAYING WAGON, LEAVING NAN TO DRIVE THE TEAM OF HORSES I MADE MY WAY TO THE BACK, WHERE I COULD GET AT THOSE WHOOPING REDSKINS!



I ARRIVED AT THE REAR OF THE WAGON JUST IN TIME!



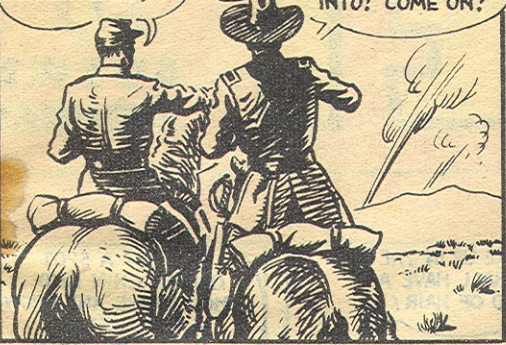
SIGNAL ROCKETS!  
DON'T THROW THEM OUT,  
CAPN - SEND 'EM OFF!  
THERE'S JUST A  
CHANCE THAT THE  
GILA PATROL MAY  
SEE THEM!



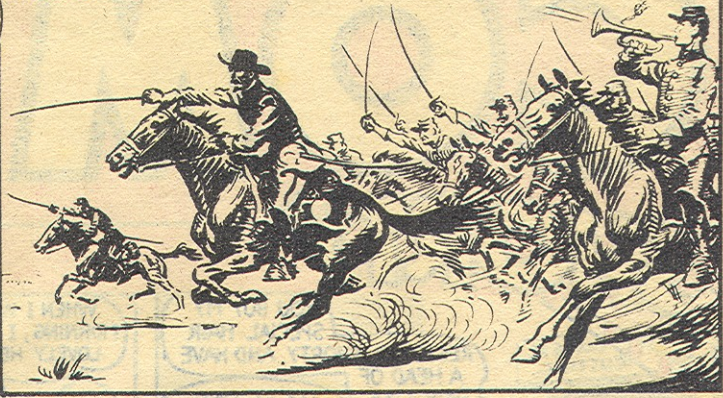
OUR LUCK WAS IN, FOR SEVERAL MILES ACROSS THE PLAIN ---

CAPTAIN GRANT-  
LOOK!  
WHAT IS IT?

IT LOOKS LIKE SHIP'S ROCKETS!  
BUT THAT'S CRAZY! WHATEVER  
IT IS, IT NEEDS LOOKING  
INTO! COME ON!



AND WITH THE THUNDER OF HOOVES AND THE CLEAR CALL OF A BUGLE, THE PATROL FROM FORT GILA SWEEP FORWARD TO OUR AID ----



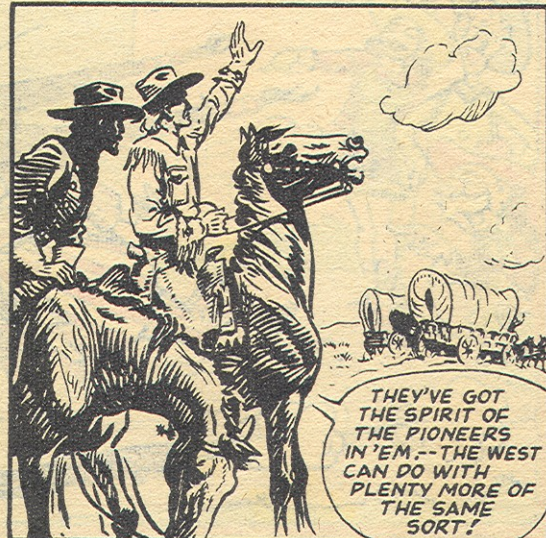
A FEW MINUTES LATER STONE-FACE AND HIS BRAVES WERE ROUTED!



WE'VE HAD AN ALMIGHTY NARROW SQUEAK, MR. CARSON --- I WAS WRONG --- YOU WERE RIGHT! MY APOLOGIES, MR. CARSON -- AND I'LL BE PROUD TO SHAKE YOU BY THE HAND!



GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE, CAPTAIN!



THEY'VE GOT THE SPIRIT OF THE PIONEERS IN 'EM -- THE WEST CAN DO WITH PLENTY MORE OF THE SAME SORT!

# COMET

3<sup>D</sup>  
EVERY  
MONDAY

## SHORTY

