

DELL
COMIC

TOM CORBETT

FEB - APRIL

10¢

SPACE CADET



Space Academy

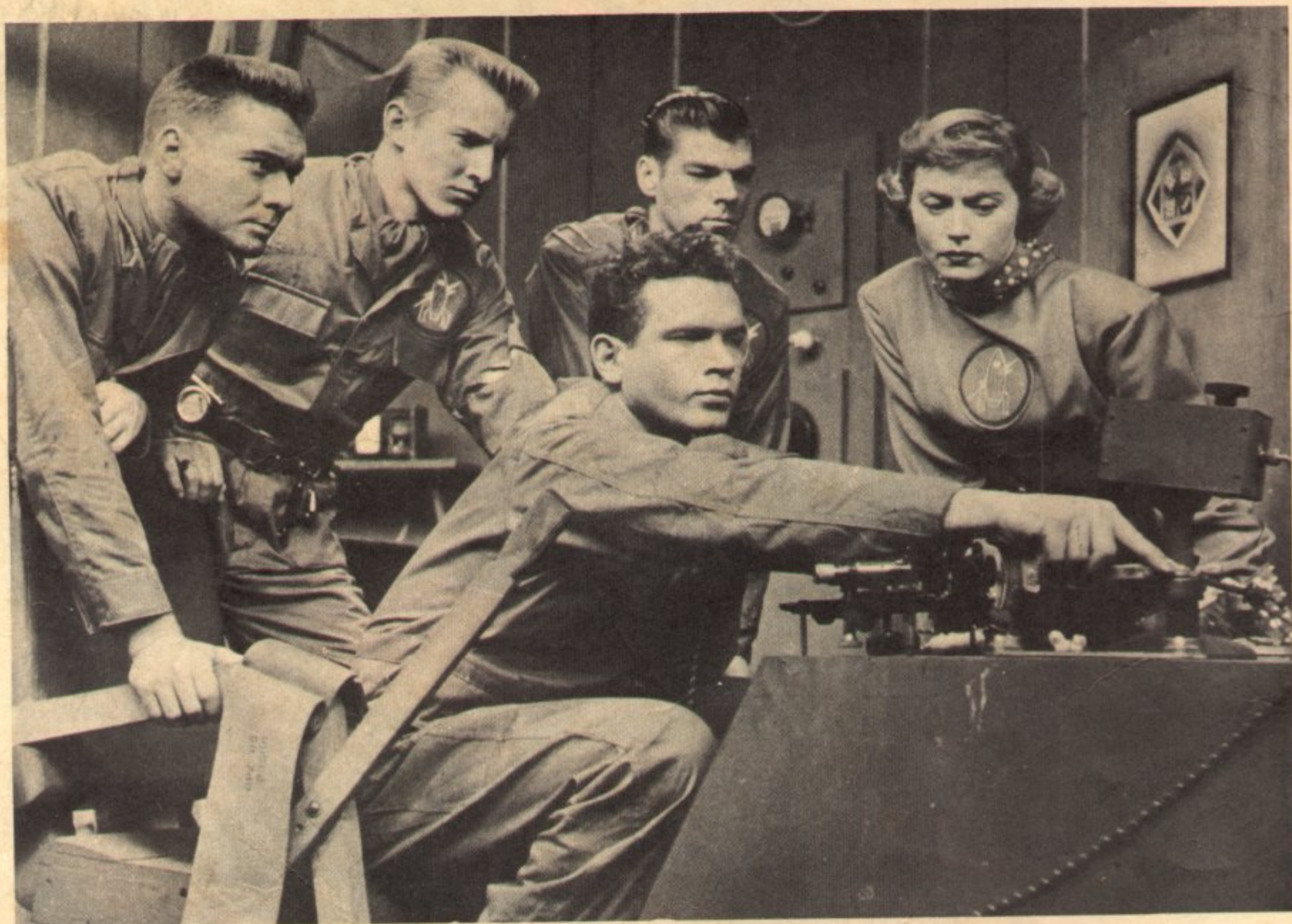
UNIVERSITY
OF THE
PLANETS

Once out in the vast, cold emptiness of space, even a slight mistake at the controls can bring disaster to the space ship.

That's why Space Academy has classrooms which are exact copies of the control deck of a real space cruiser. The various complicated instruments which spacemen must handle are installed in such classrooms.

Here, Space Cadet Tom Corbett practices his lesson in astronavigation while his spacemates Astro and Roger Manning look on.

Captain Strong and Dr. Dale, of the Space Academy teaching staff, supervise the classroom assignment.



TOM CORBETT, SPACE CADET, No. 9, Feb.-Apr., 1954. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. Authorized edition. Copyright, 1953, by Videofeatures Company. World Rights reserved. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Printed in U.S.A.

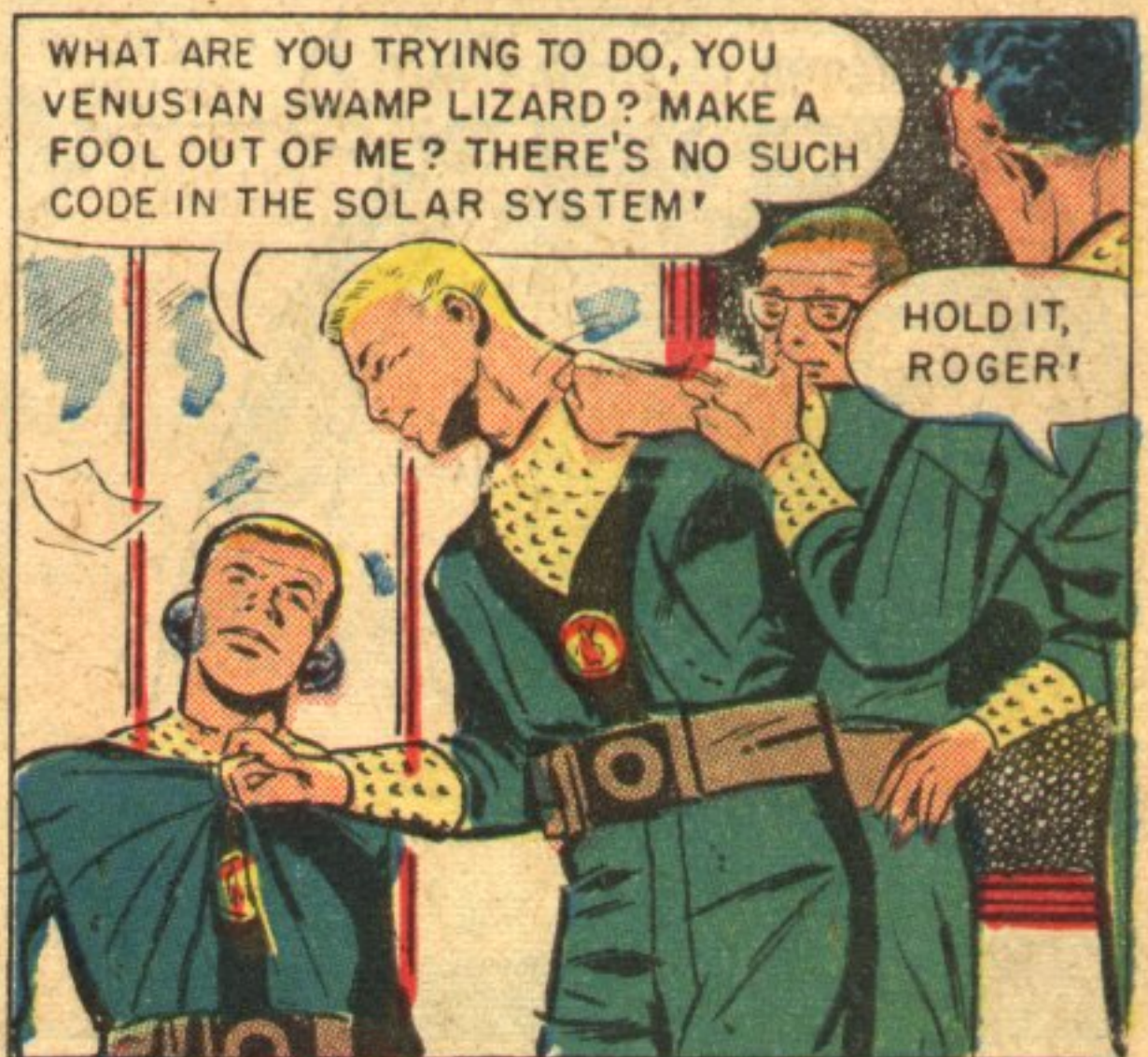
TOM CORBETT

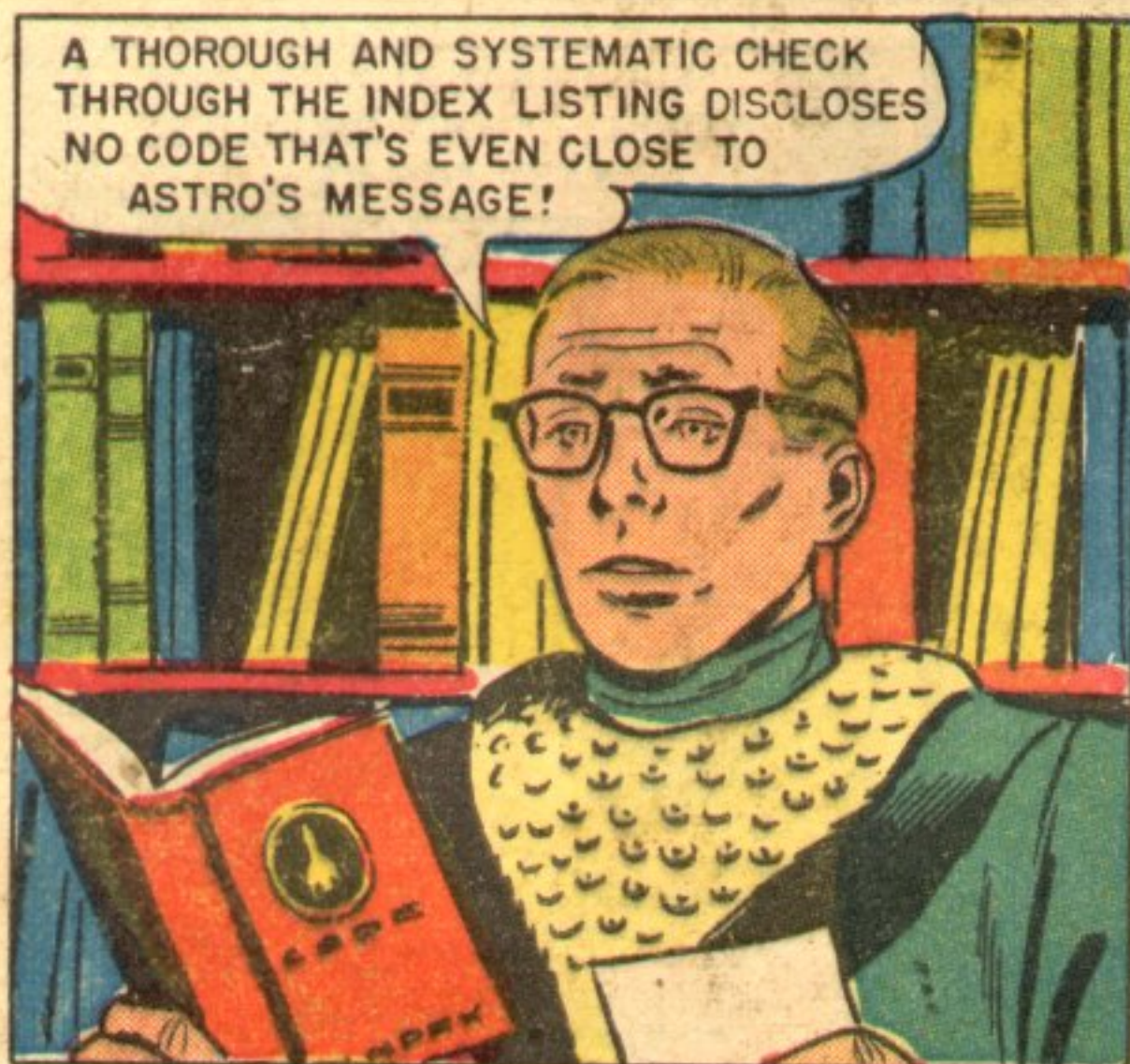
SPACE CADET

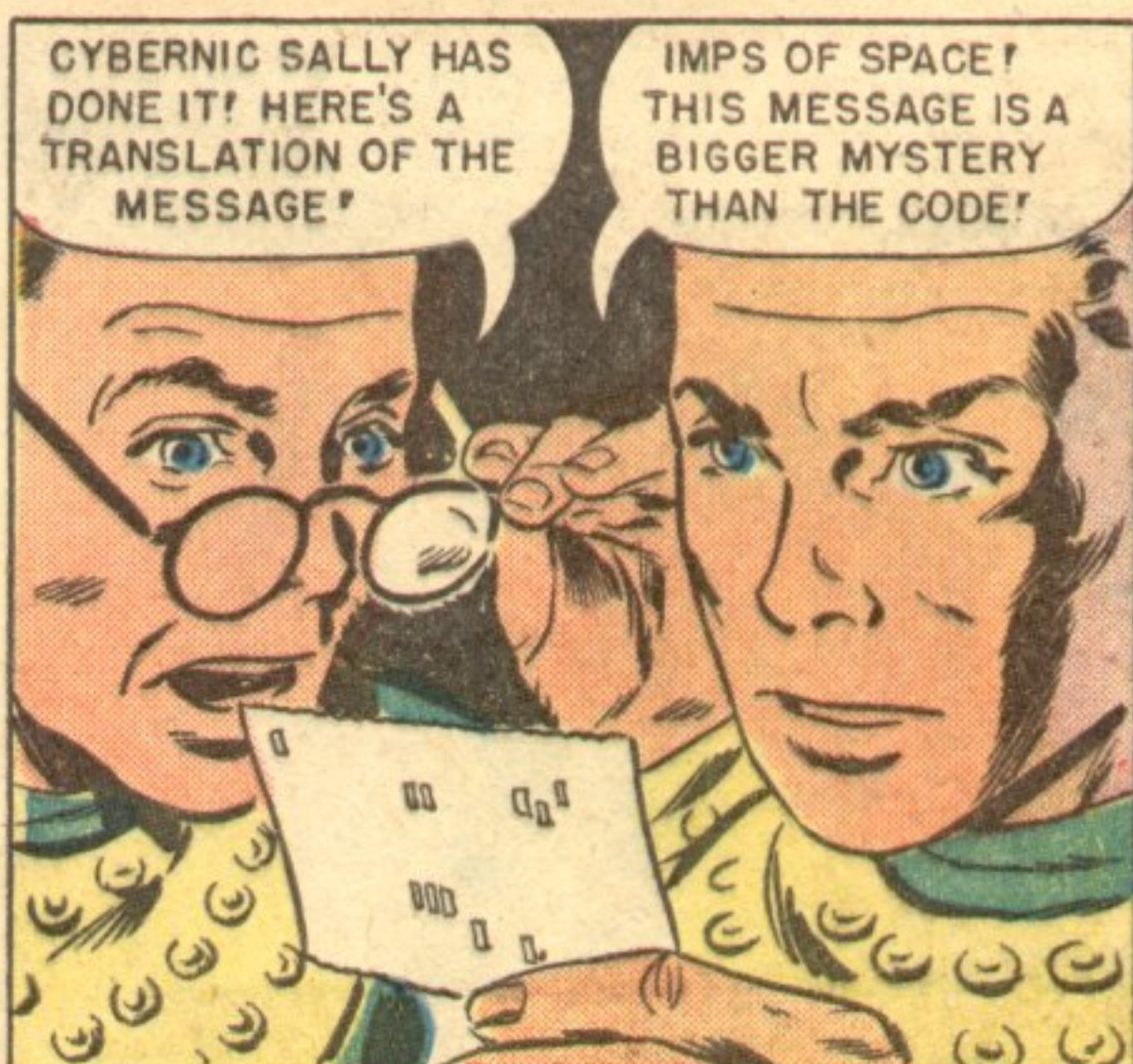
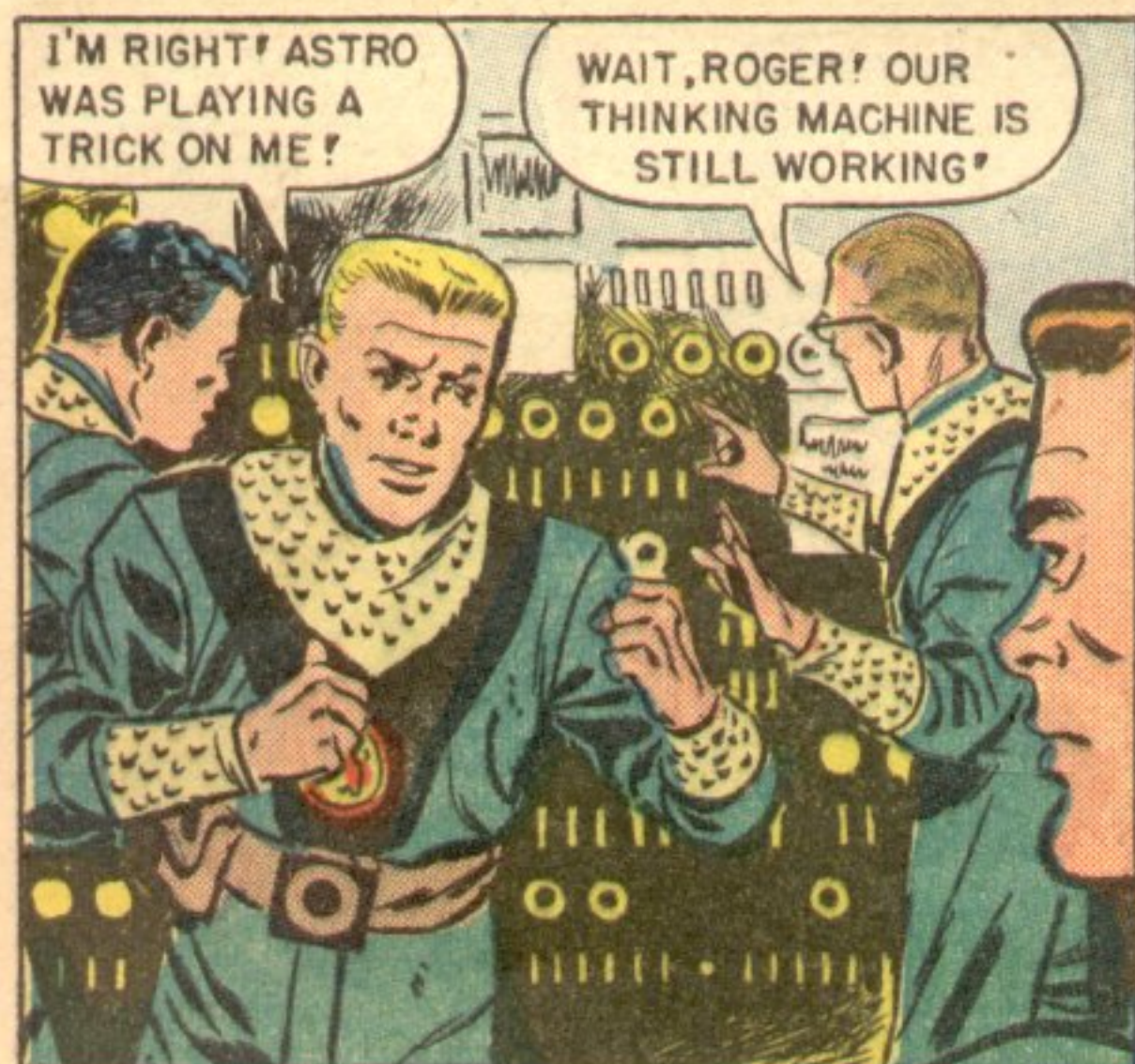
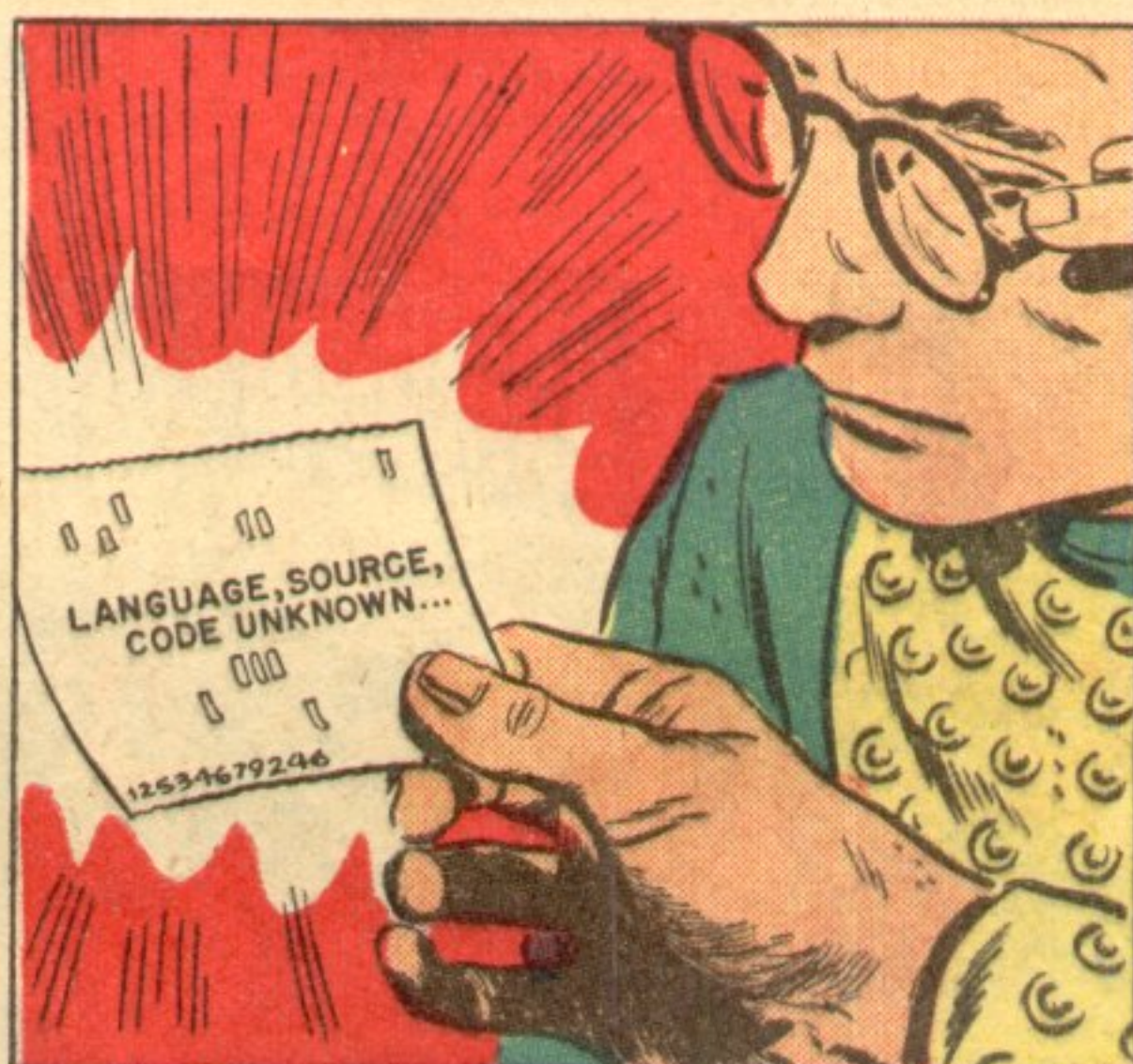
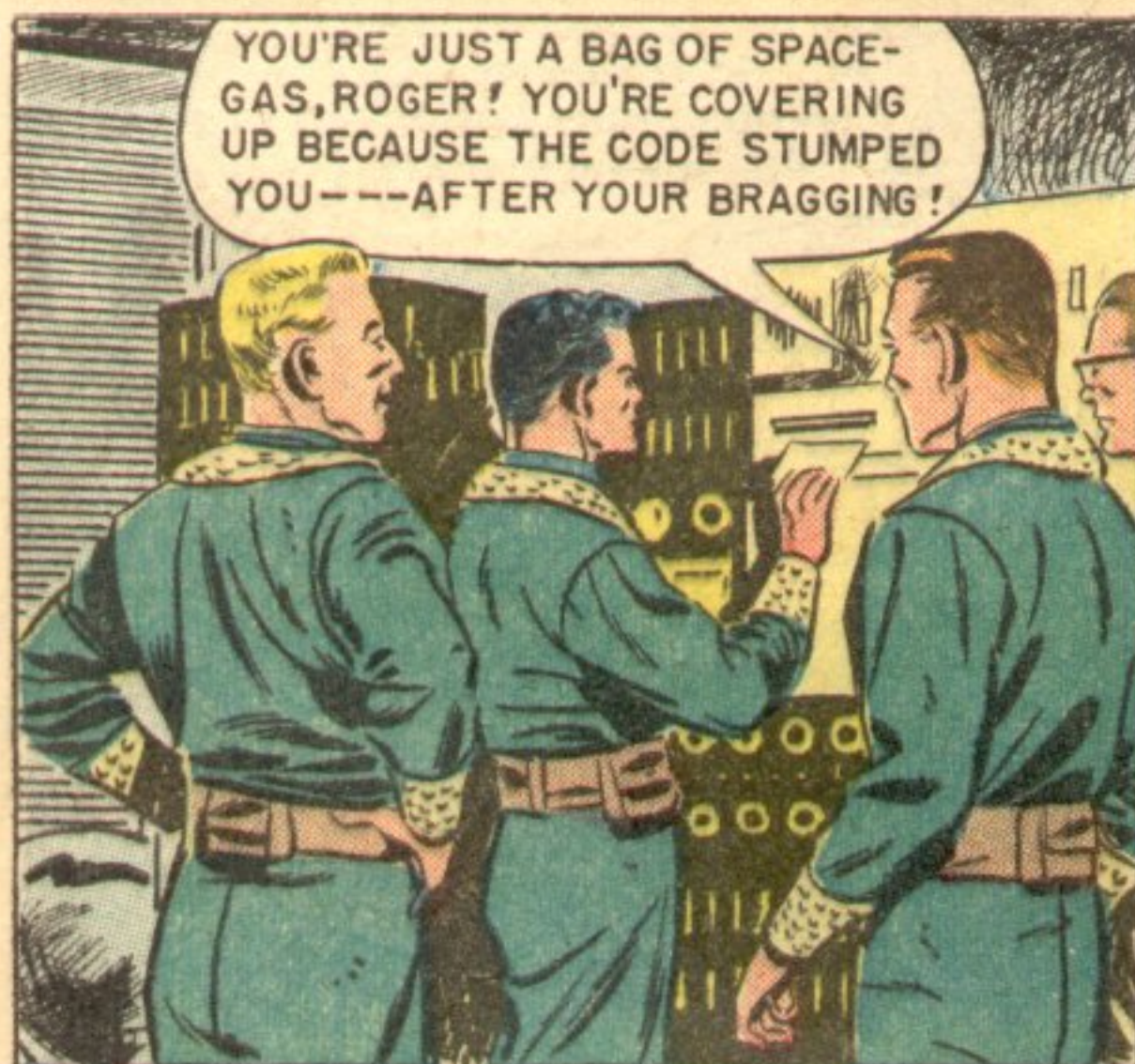
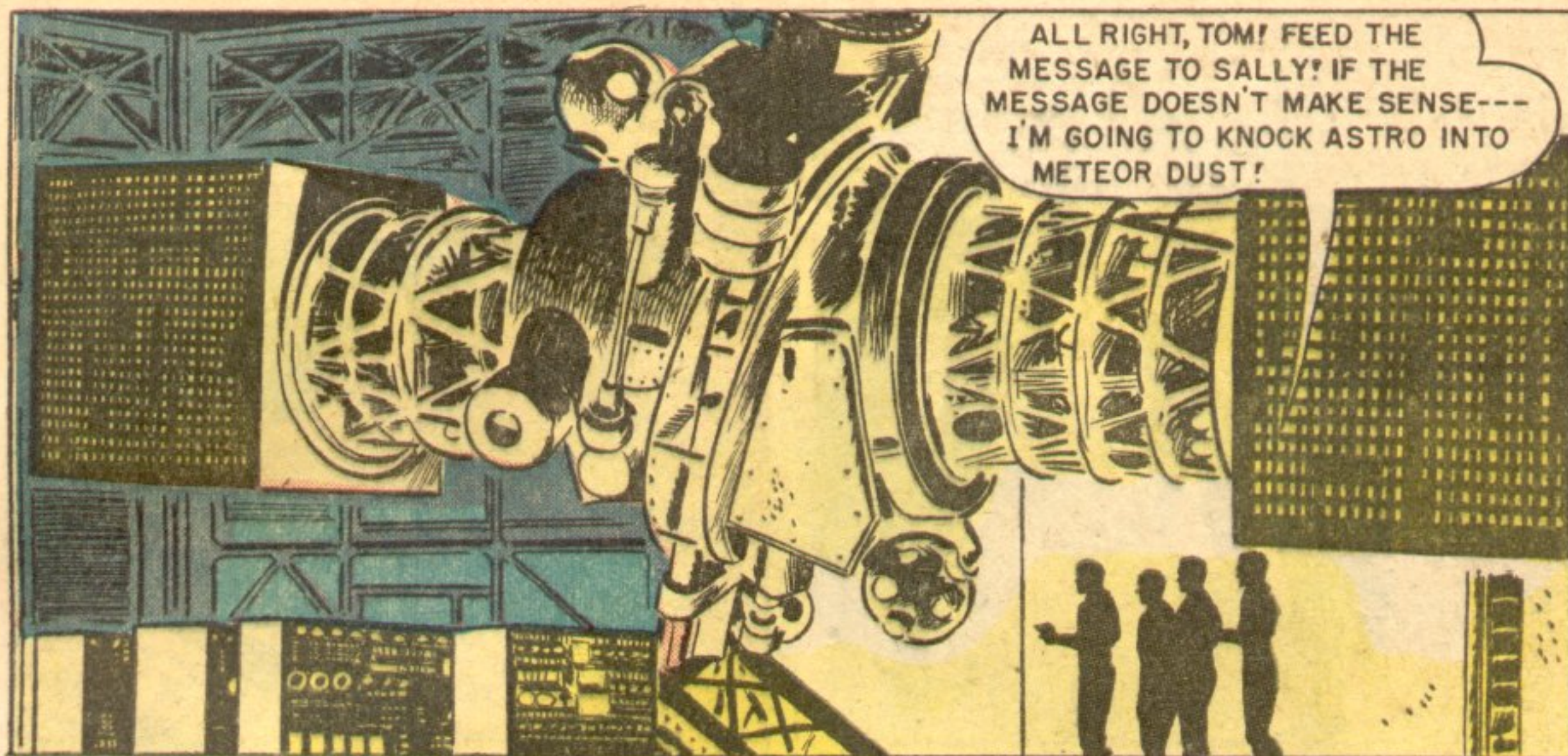
THE WORLD OF
DEEP WATERS

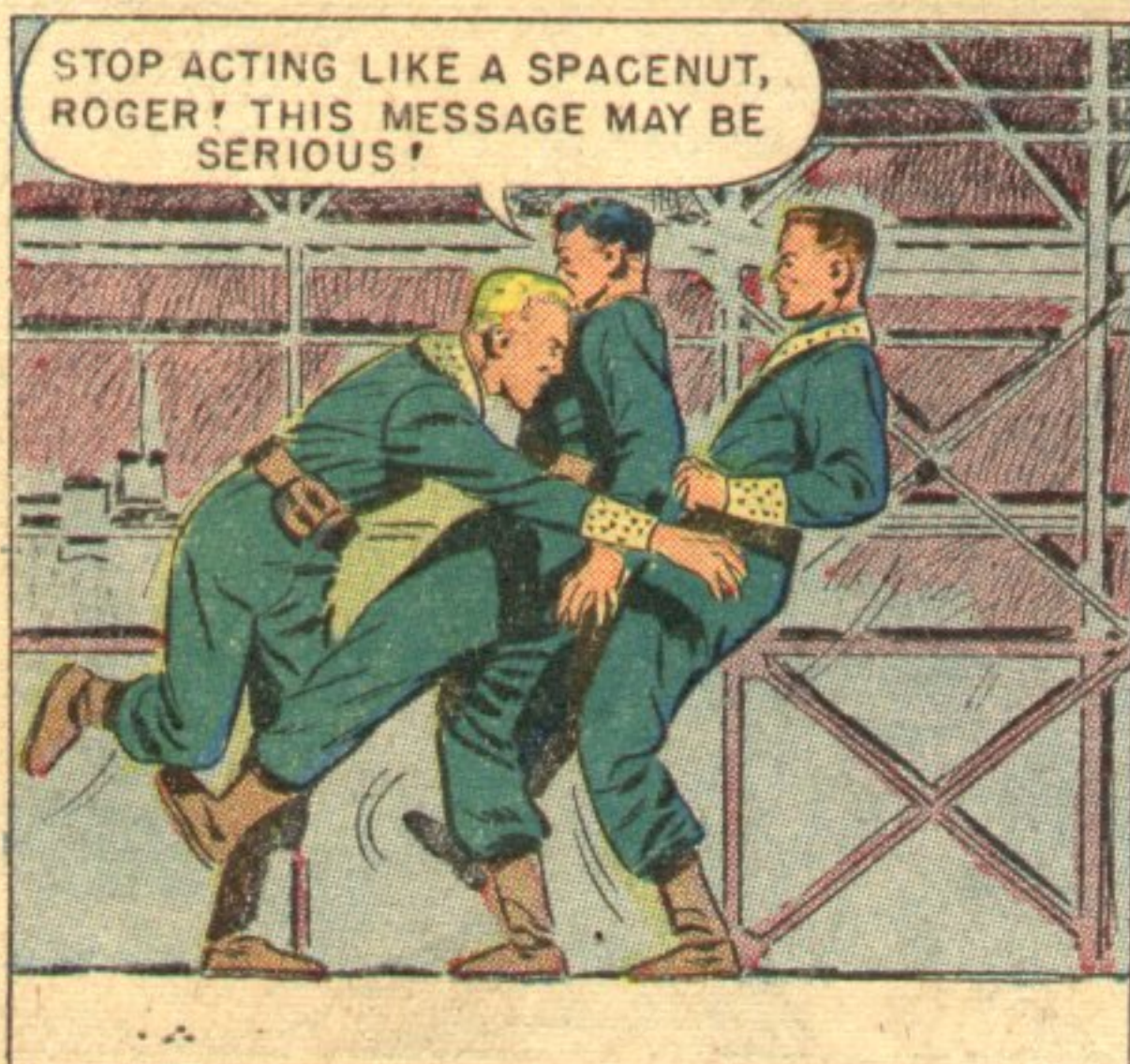
THE CLASS IN SPACECODE READING IS
SUDDENLY STARTLED TO RECEIVE A
FAINT SIGNAL FROM OUTER SPACE...
WHERE NO SHIPS ARE EXPECTED
TO CRUISE!

HEY, YOU SPACELUGS! THIS
CODE MESSAGE SOUNDS TOUGHER
THAN PLUTONIAN GRANITE!









AND WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS CONDUCT? ARE YOU SPACE CADETS OR SPACEROWDIES?



THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! YOUR FIGHTING HERE MIGHT HAVE CAUSED AN ACCIDENT AND DAMAGED OUR CYBERNIC MACHINE!



INTO MY OFFICE--- MARCH! I SHALL REPORT THIS TO COMMANDER ARKWRIGHT AT ONCE!



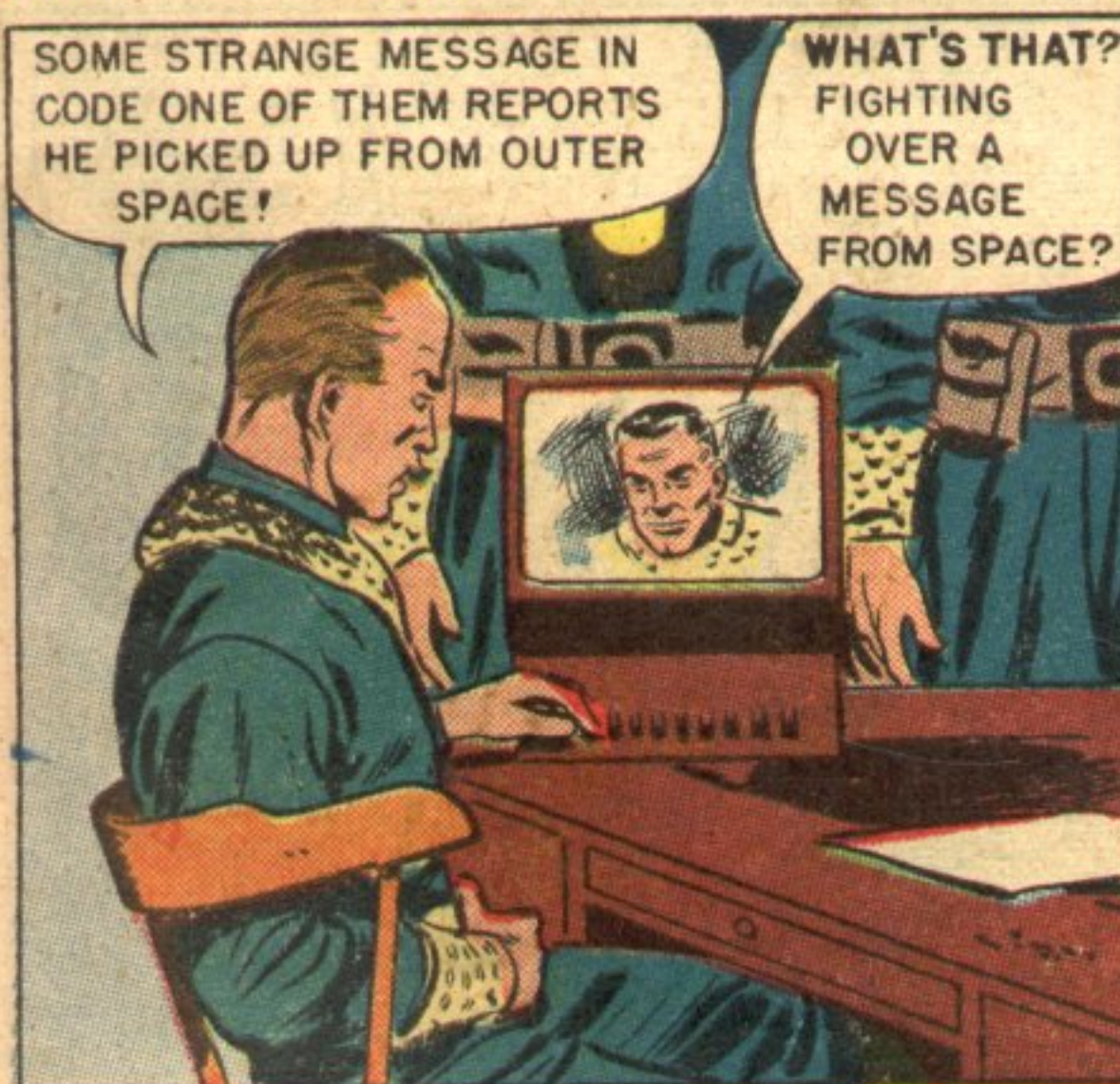
MOST SHOCKING, SIR! THE CADETS INVOLVED WERE TOM CORBETT, ROGER MANNING, AND ASTRO!

WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE FIGHT, PROFESSOR?



SOME STRANGE MESSAGE IN CODE ONE OF THEM REPORTS HE PICKED UP FROM OUTER SPACE!

WHAT'S THAT? FIGHTING OVER A MESSAGE FROM SPACE?



THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY, SIR. BUT I DOUBT ANY SUCH MESSAGE!

ORDER THEM TO REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!





YOU HEARD COMMANDER ARKWRIGHT'S ORDERS! REPORT TO HIM IMMEDIATELY! AND I HOPE THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT THE RULES OF SPACE ACADEMY IN THE FUTURE--- IF YOU ARE NOT EXPELLED!



AND I DO HOPE HE HAS YOU EXPELLED!

THANKS FOR THE KIND WISHES...



DO... DO YOU THINK HE MEANT IT, TOM? ABOUT US BEING EXPELLED?

I DON'T KNOW, ASTRO. YOU AND ROGER SURE BEHAVED LIKE A COUPLE OF SPACE-LOONIES!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, SIR?

I DON'T KNOW YET, CAPTAIN STRONG, BUT IT SURE LOOKS LIKE A SPACE CADET SQUADRON HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

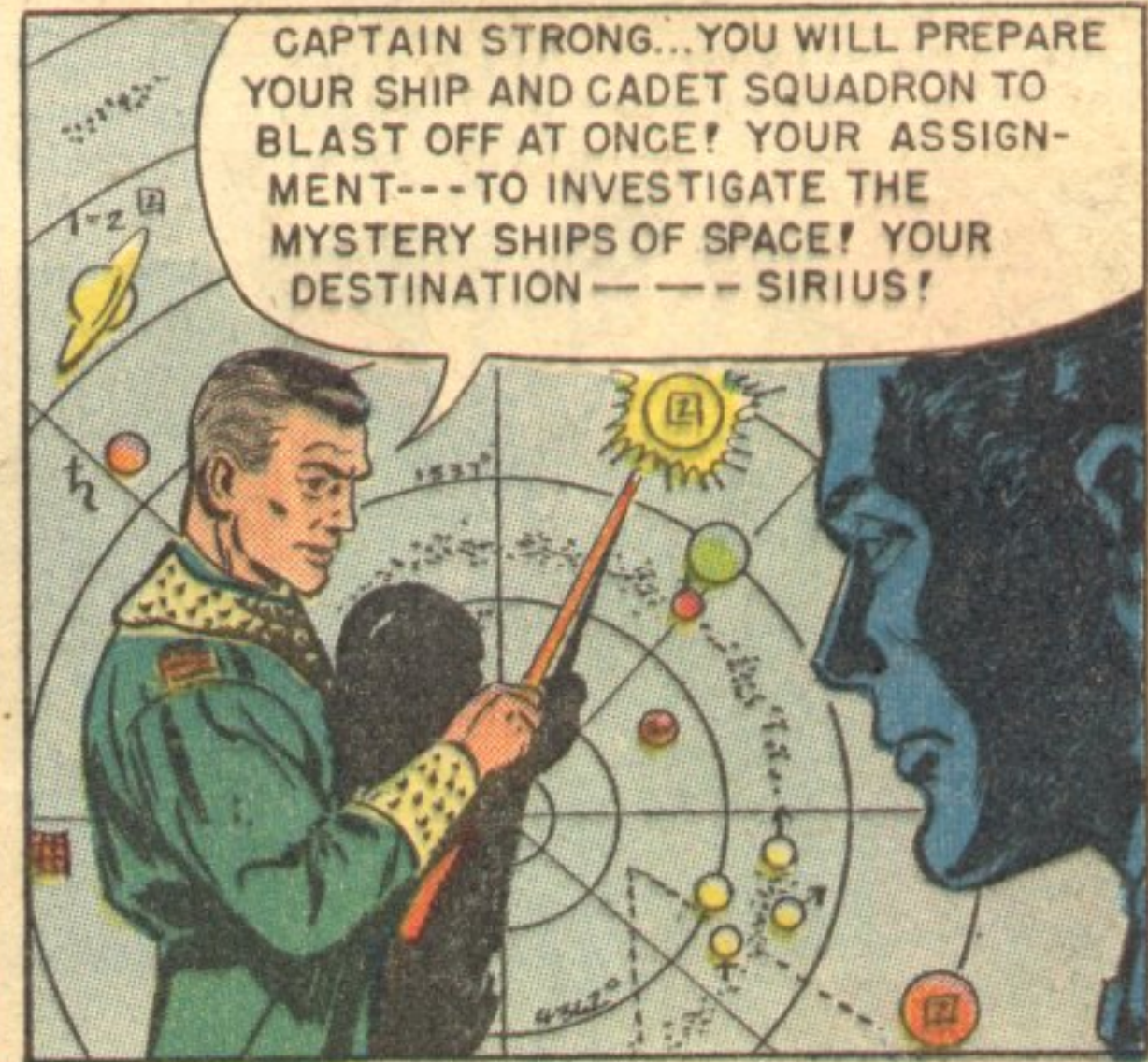


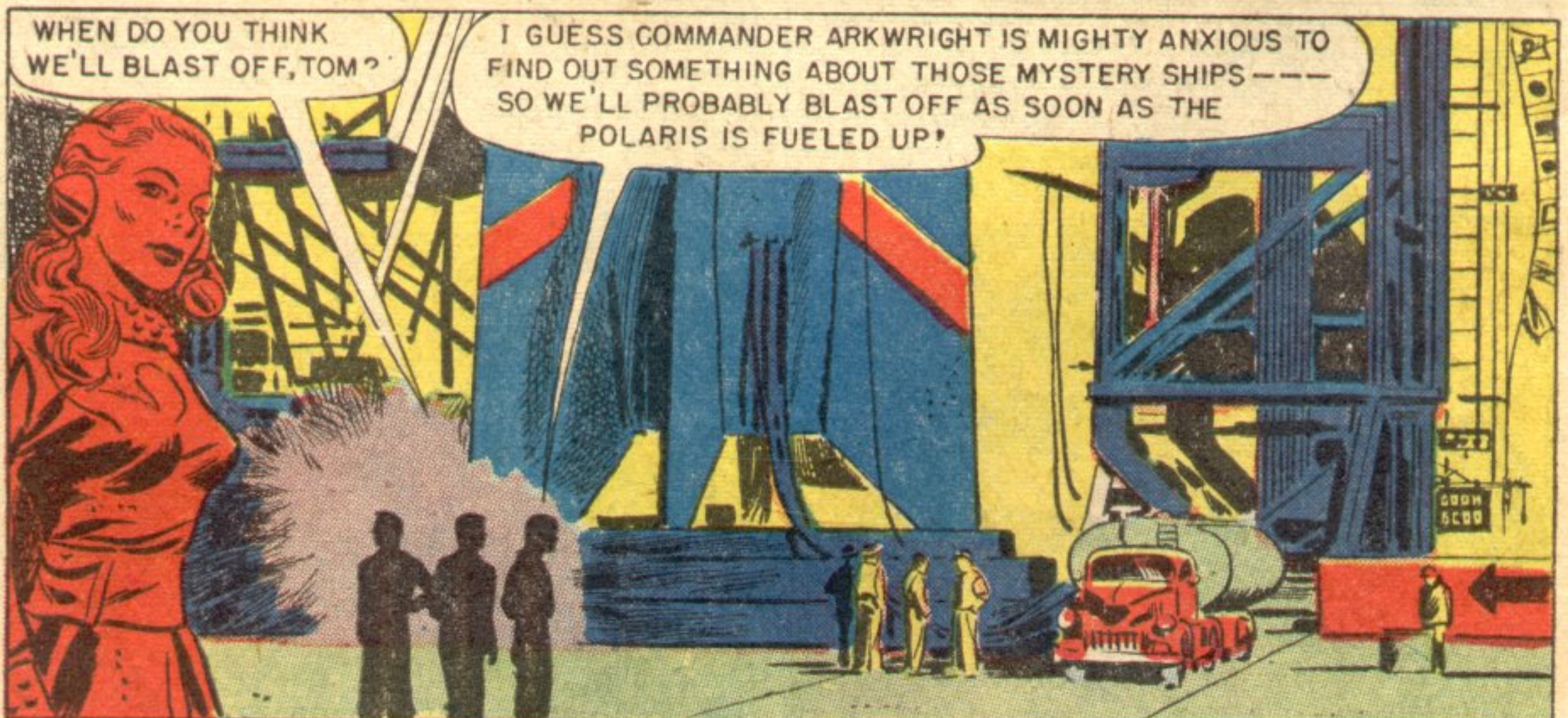
ALL RIGHT, SPACE CADETS. AT EASE... AND LET'S HAVE YOUR STORY!

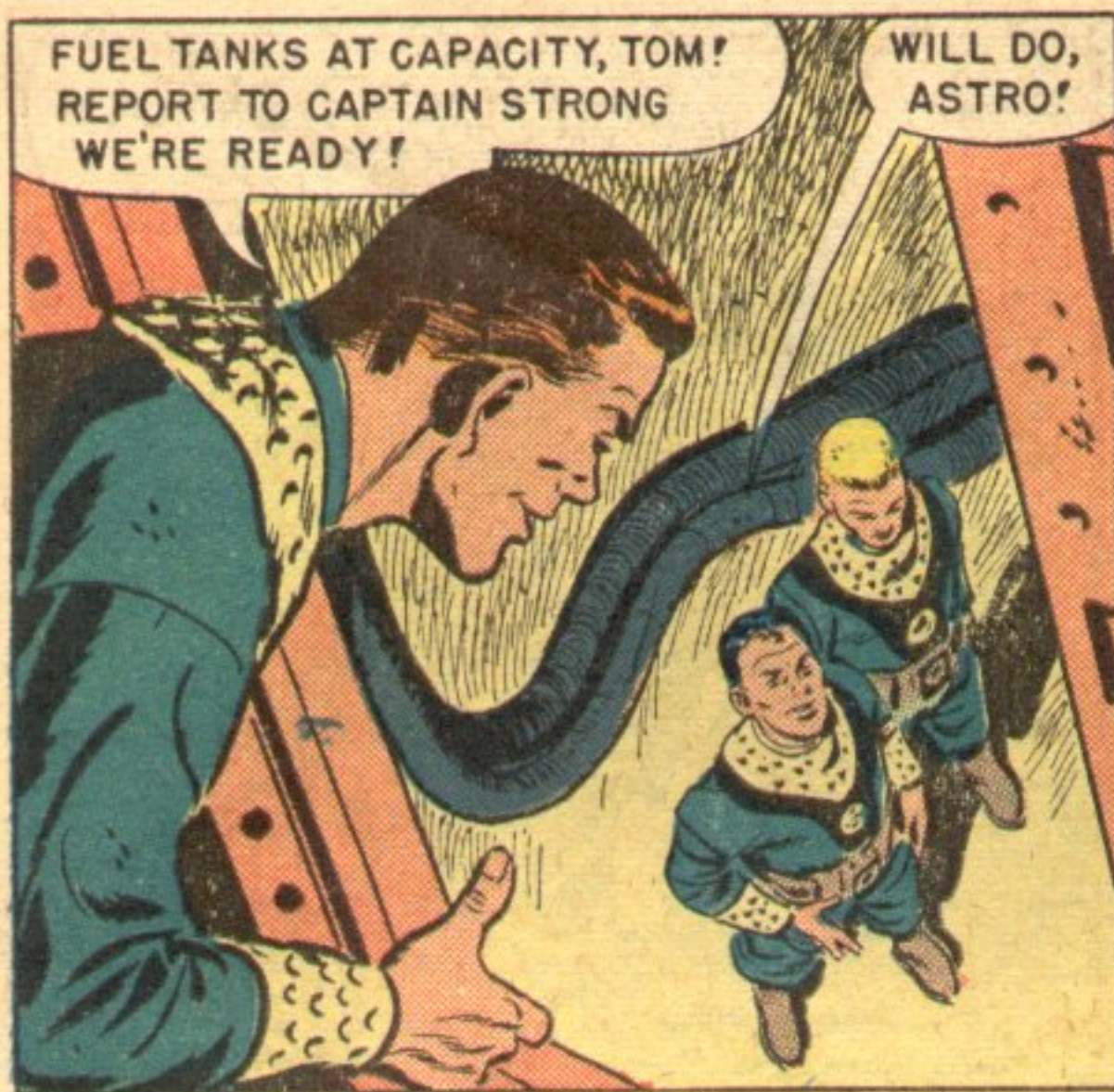


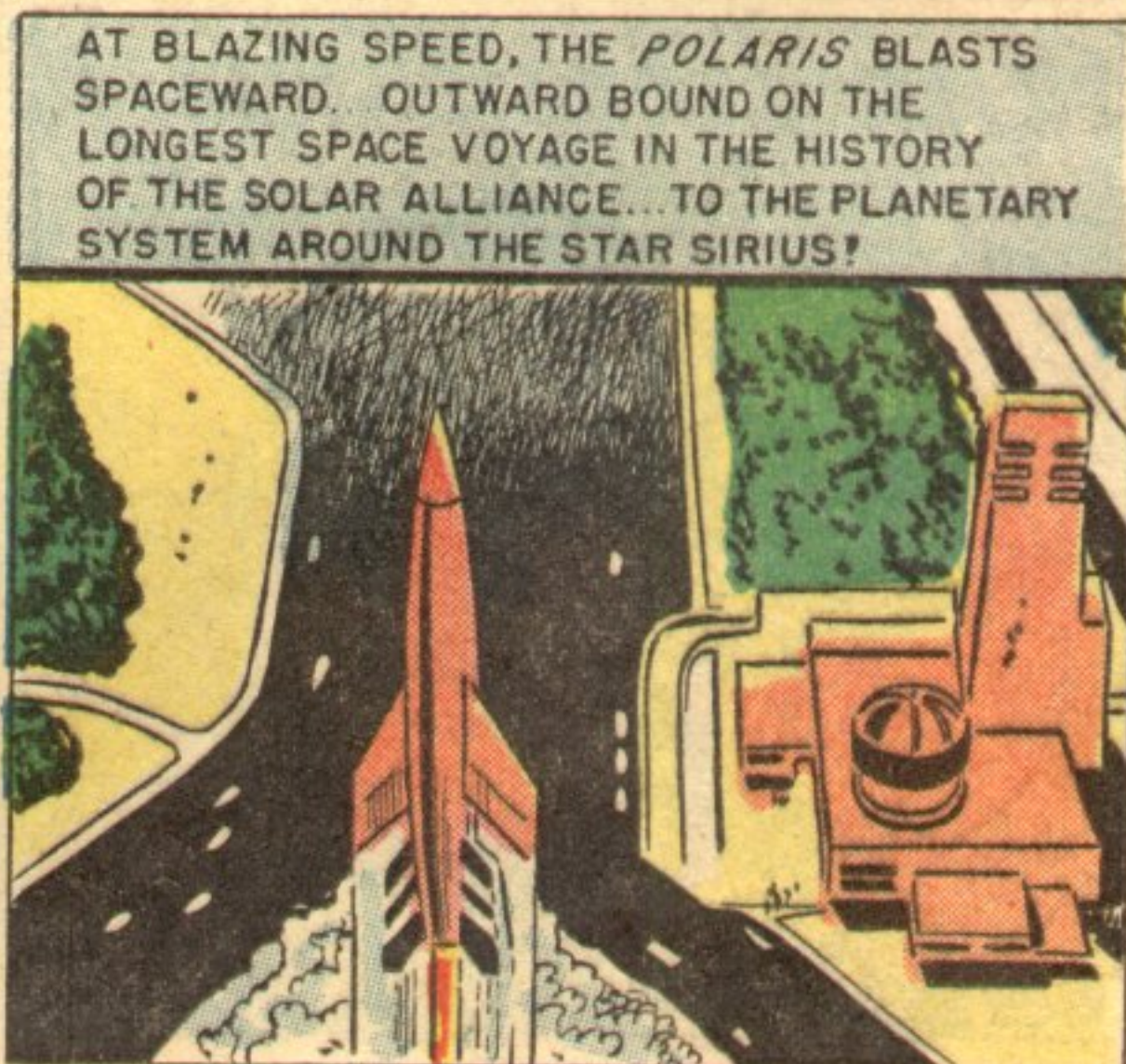
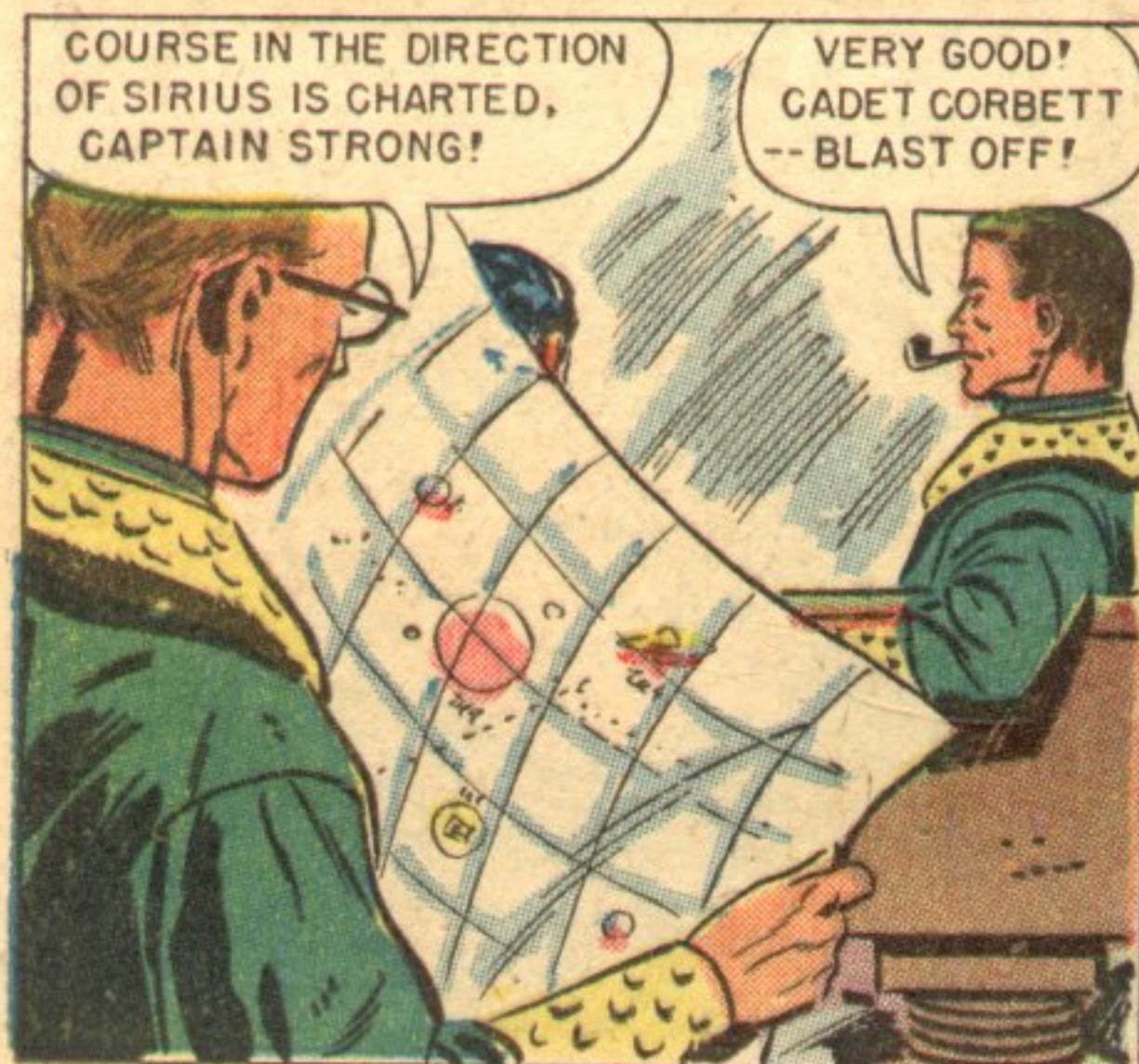
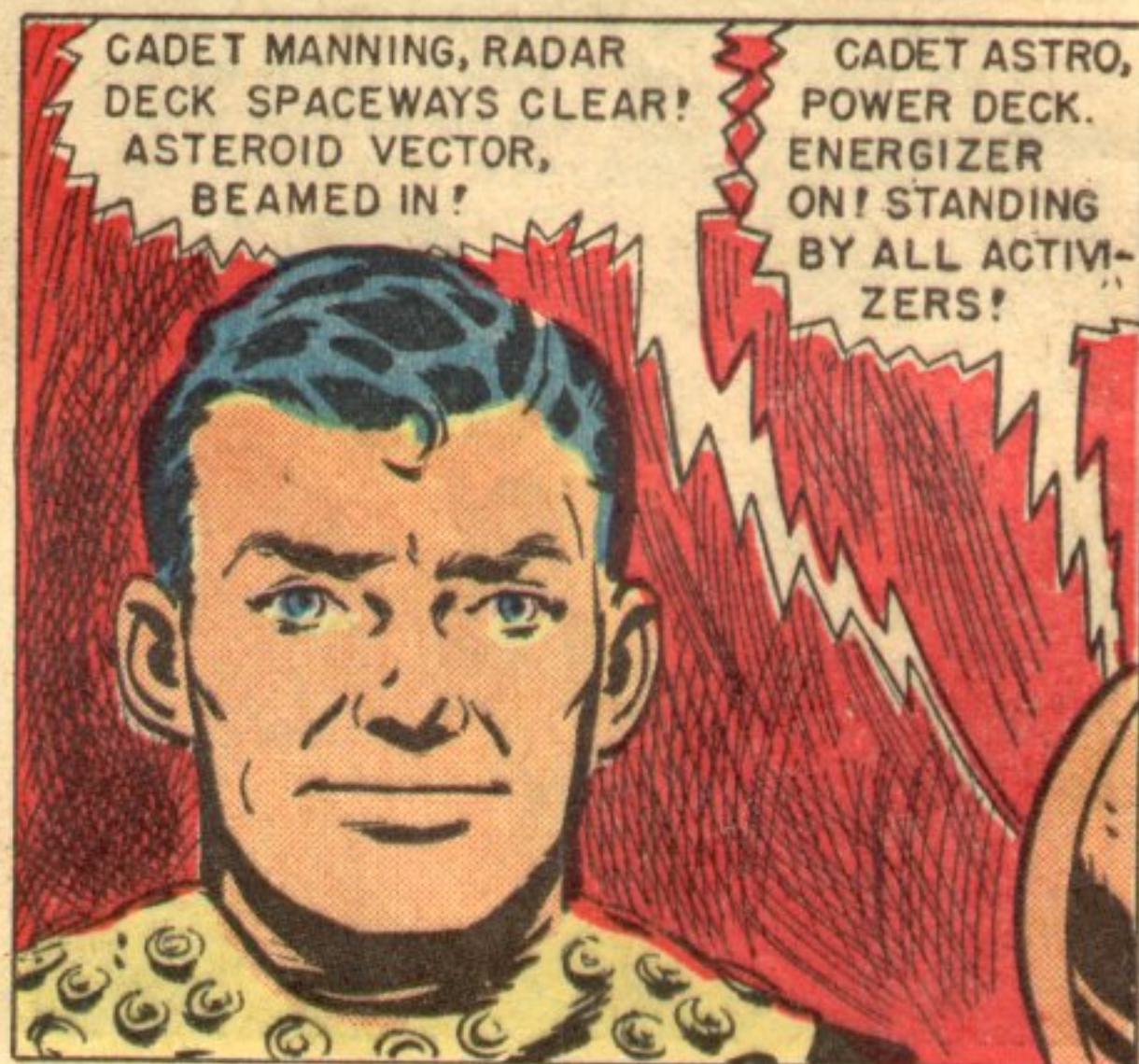
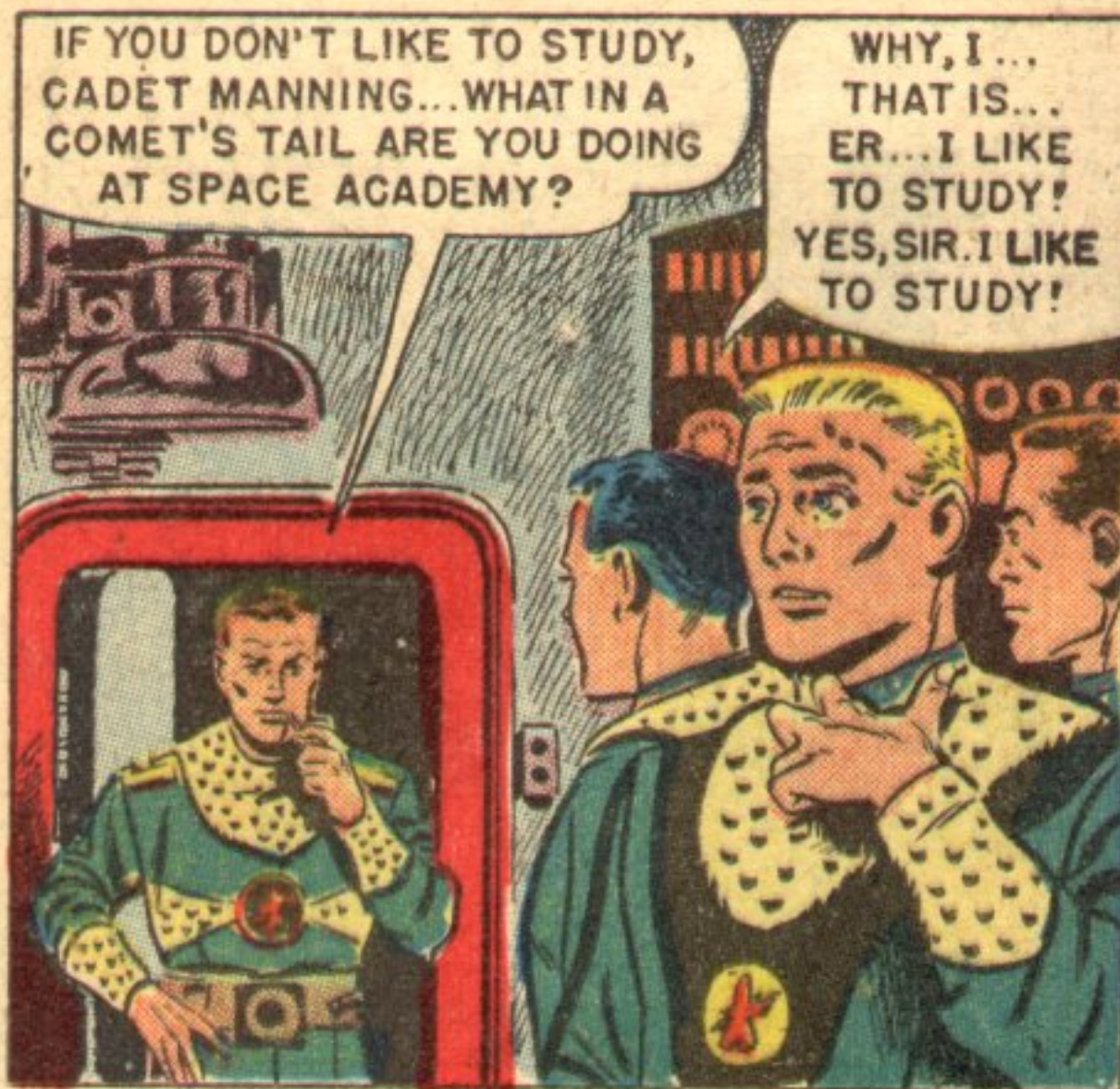
I RECEIVED A FAINT SIGNAL ON THE RADARSCOPE, SIR. I THREW IN FULL VOLUME AUTOMATIC ASTROCATOR IMMEDIATELY--- TO LOCATE THE SOURCE OF THE SIGNAL ---

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SIR! ASTRO IS LYING!









NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT TAKE IT EASY FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS! THIS IS THE PART OF SPACE LIFE I LIKE BEST!



THAT'S RIGHT, ROGER. WE'LL HAVE FUN STUDYING THE SIRIAN LANGUAGE...



IF YOU MENTION *STUDY* AGAIN, ALFIE...THERE'S GONNA BE A GALACTIC COLLISION BETWEEN MY FIST AND YOUR NOSE!



BUT, ROGER, COMMANDER ARKWRIGHT HIMSELF ORDERED US TO LEARN THE NEW LANGUAGE AND...

THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAID, ALFIE!



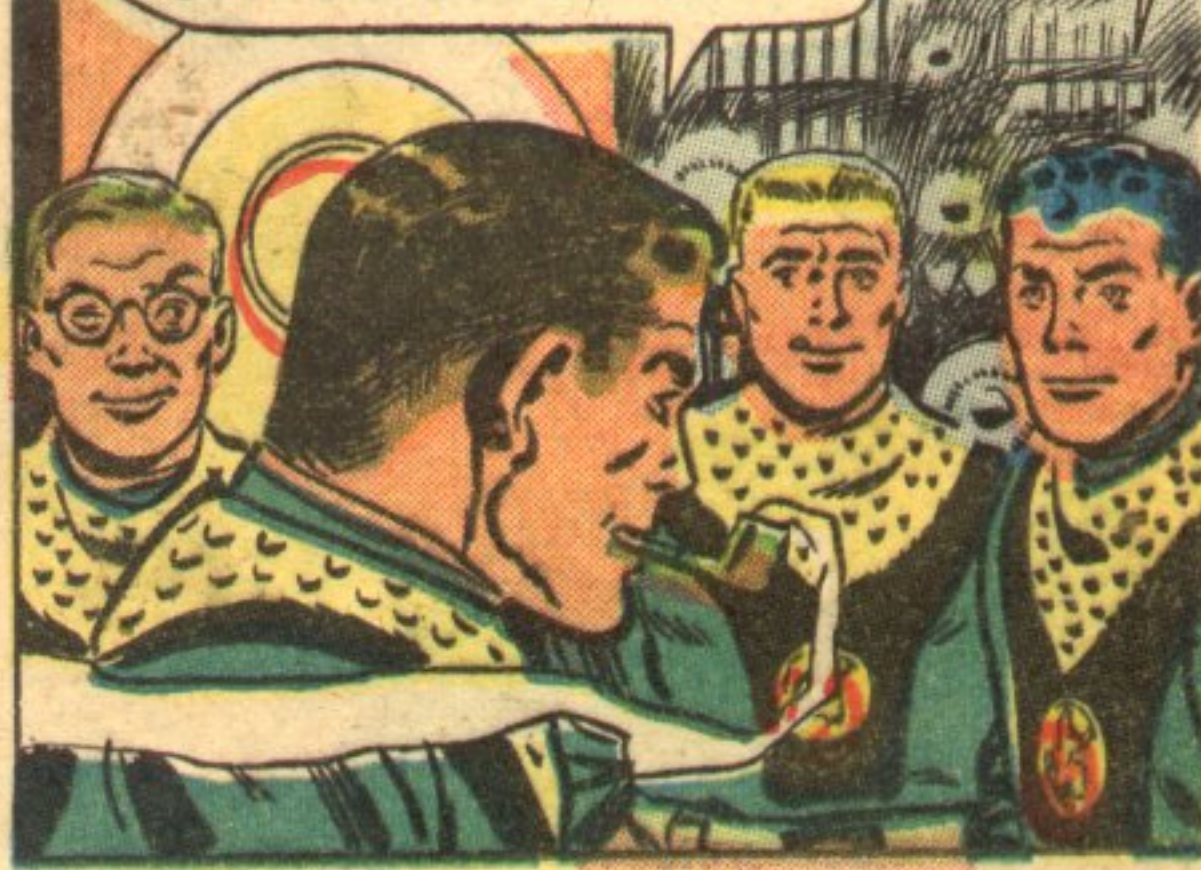
THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAID, ALFIE, OLD SPACEMATE. WE'RE WASTING TIME. WE SHOULD BE STUDYING!

HUH? BUT YOU JUST SAID



GLAD TO SEE YOU SPACE CADETS BUCKLING DOWN TO SOME HARD STUDYING! I'LL SET UP OUR SPACE-WATCH SYSTEM--- YOU BOYS GET BUSY ON YOUR LESSONS!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



PUSHED BY THE SPECIAL SUPER-ACCELERATION FUEL, THE POLARIS SPEEDS THROUGH THE VASTNESS OF COLD, SILENT SPACE AT A SPEED FAR GREATER THAN LIGHT!



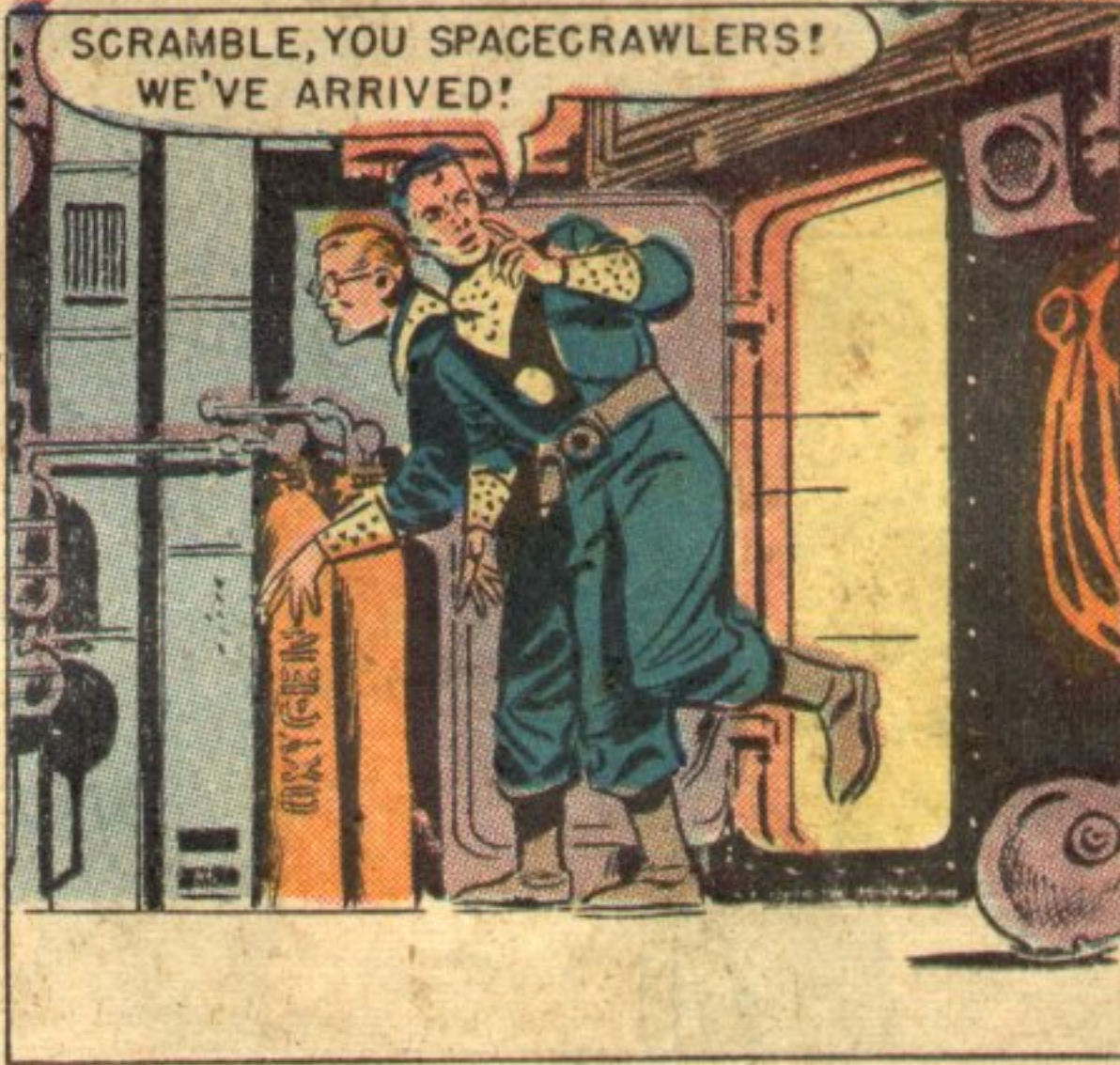
IN THE QUARTERS OF THE SPACE CADETS, A SILENCE AS DEEP AS THAT OF SPACE PREVAILS WHILE THE STUDY MACHINE POUNDS THE NEW LANGUAGE INTO THEIR MINDS!



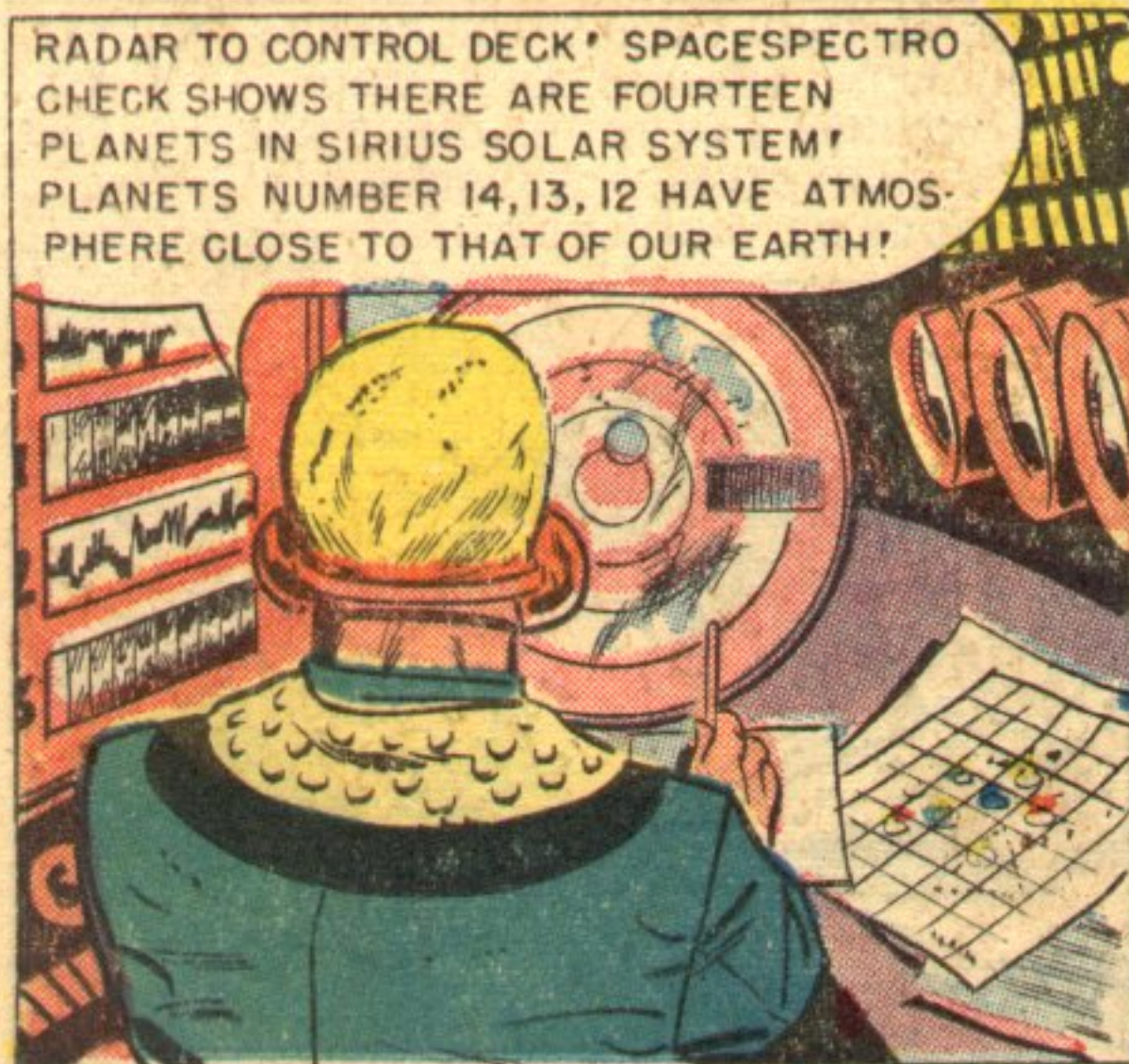
ATTENTION, SPACE CADETS! SIRIUS IN SPACESPECTRO RANGE! STAND BY YOUR STATIONS! STAND BY YOUR STATIONS!



SCRAMBLE, YOU SPACECRAWLERS! WE'VE ARRIVED!

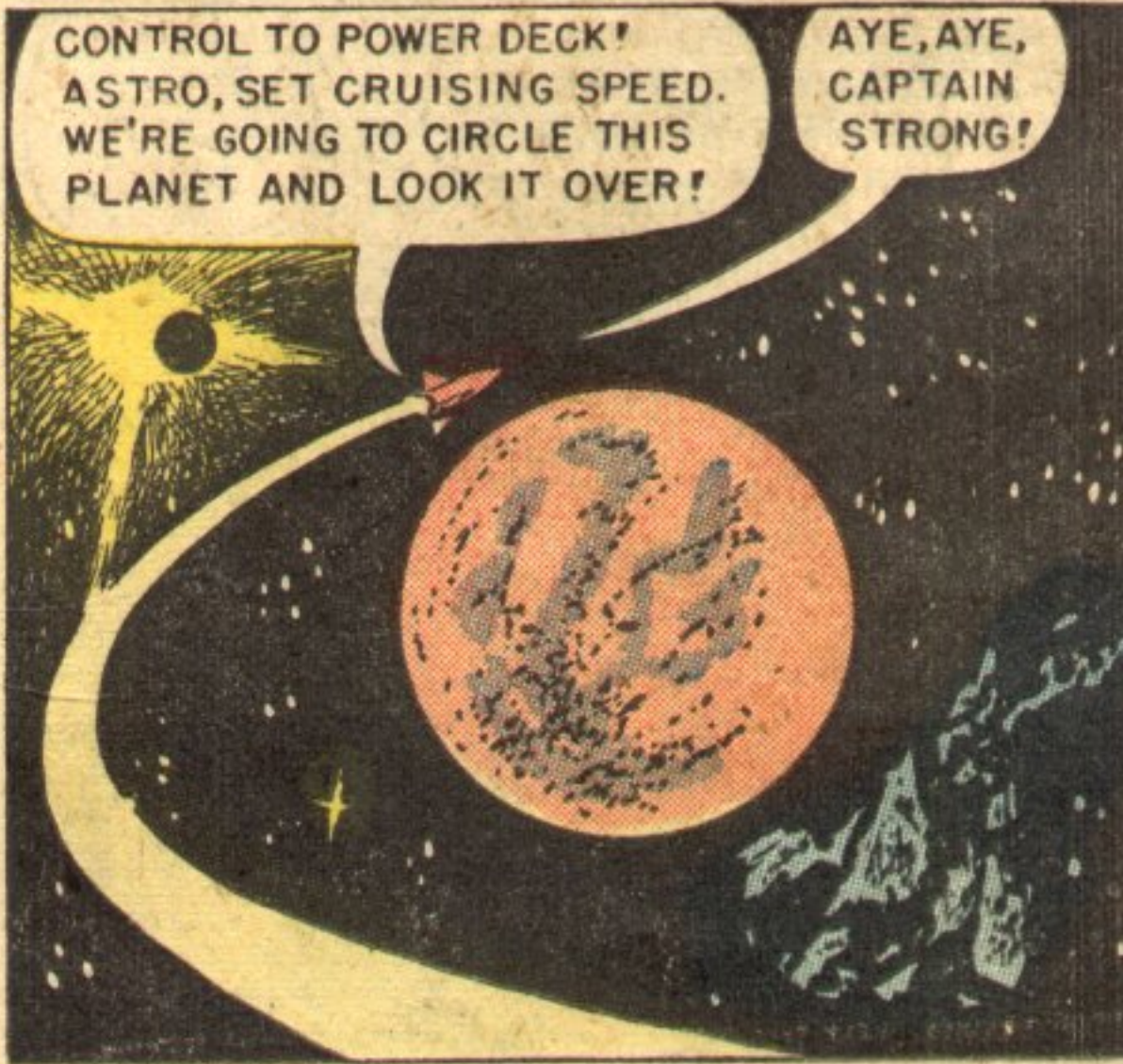


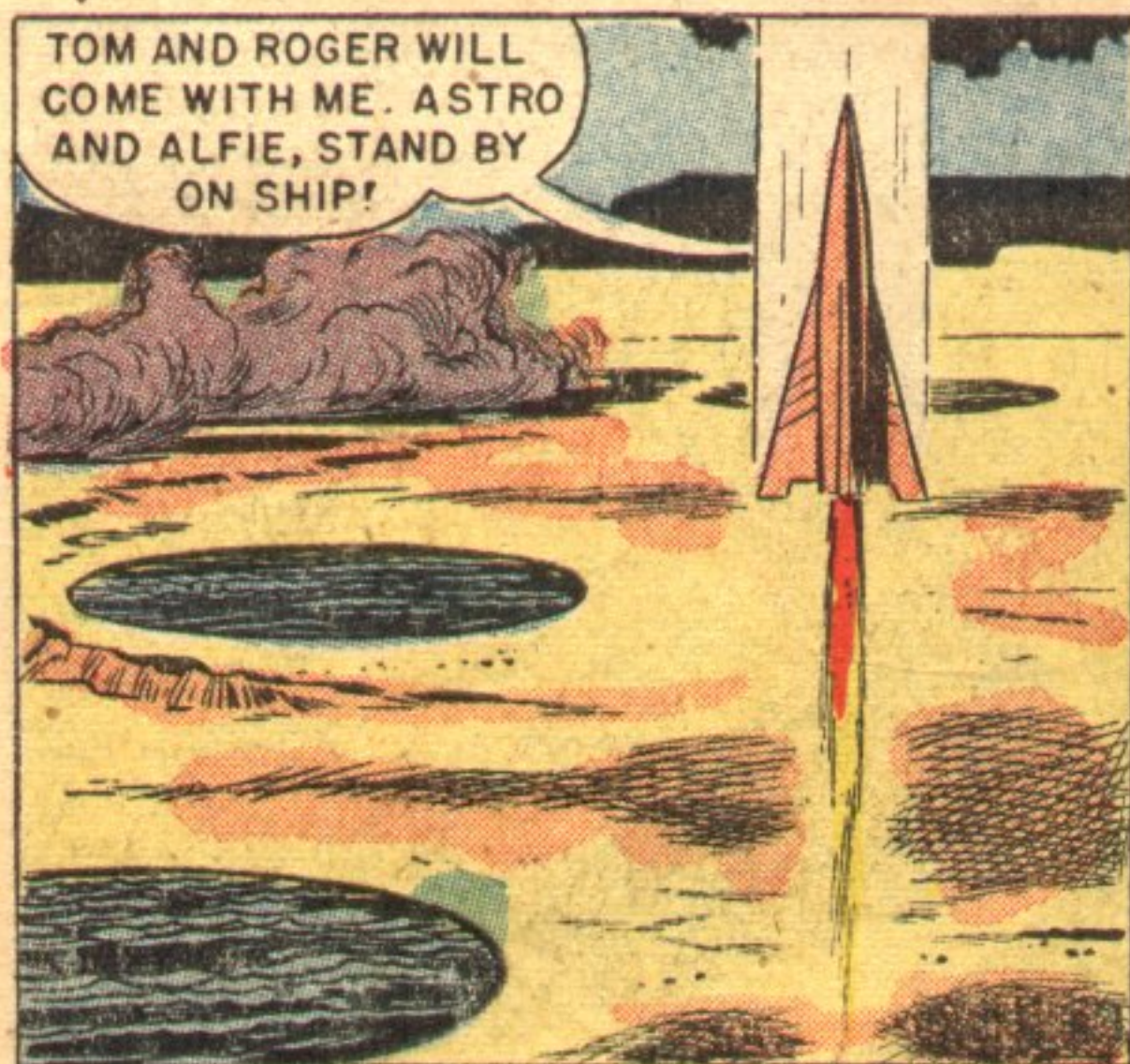
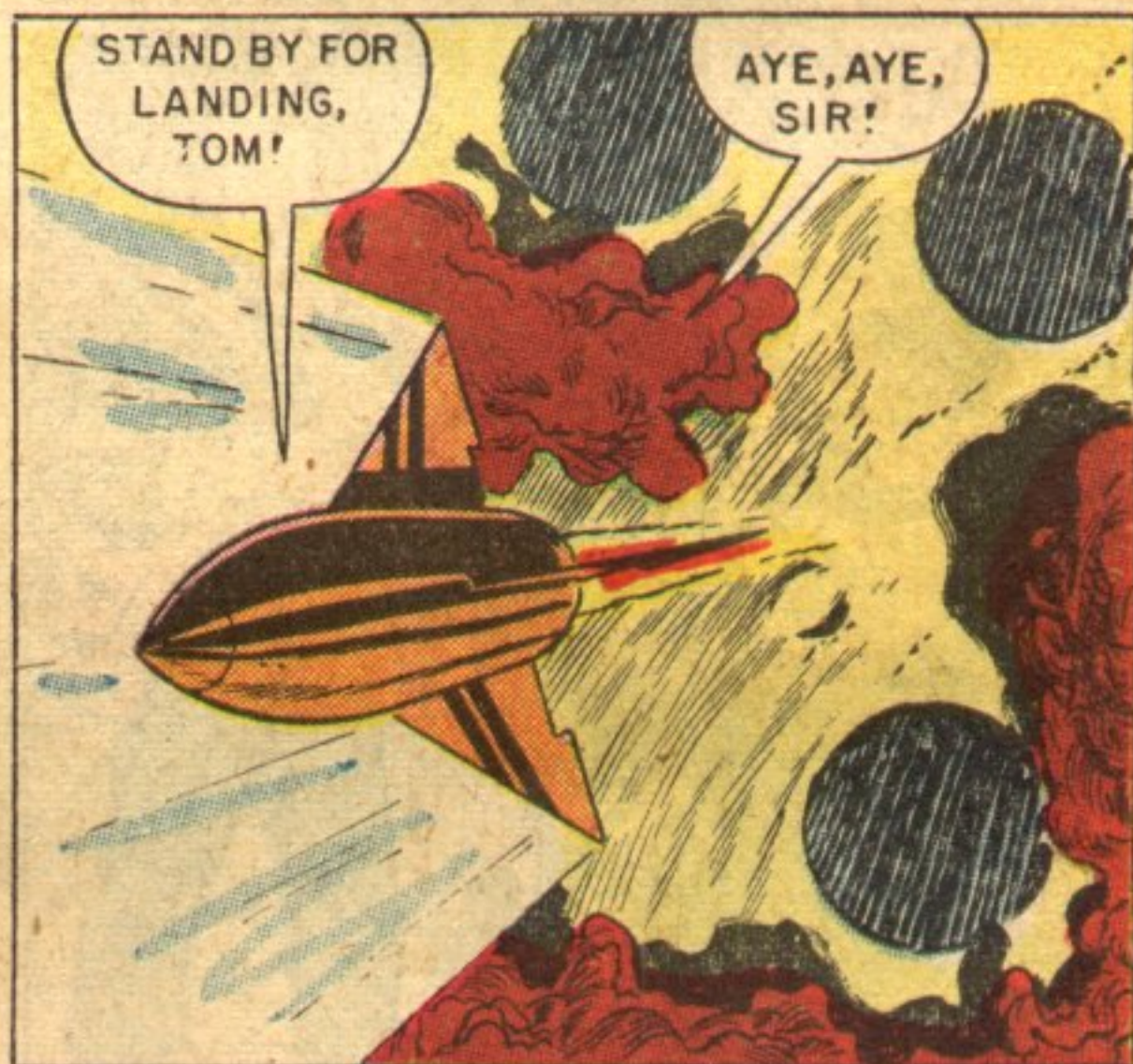
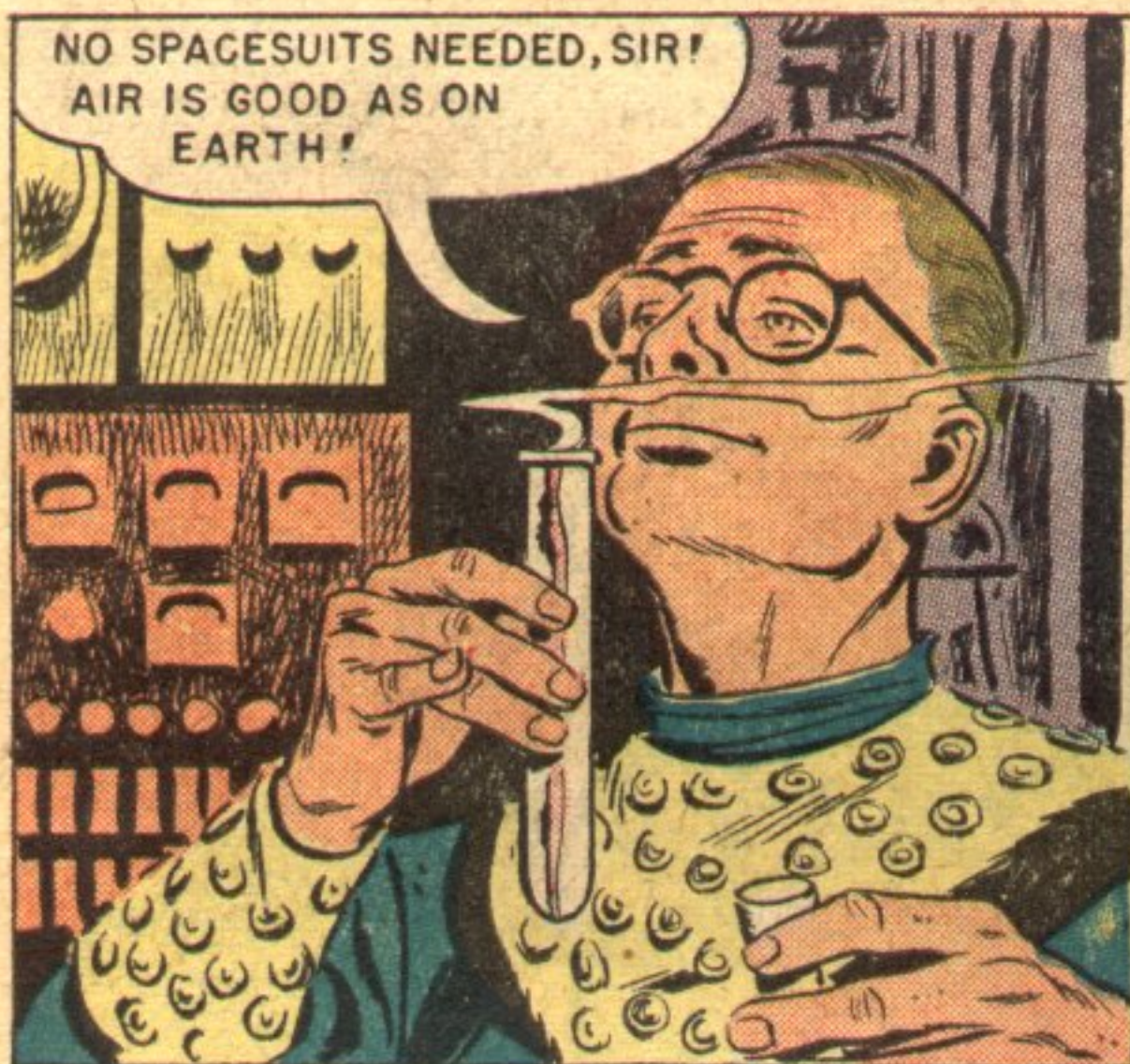
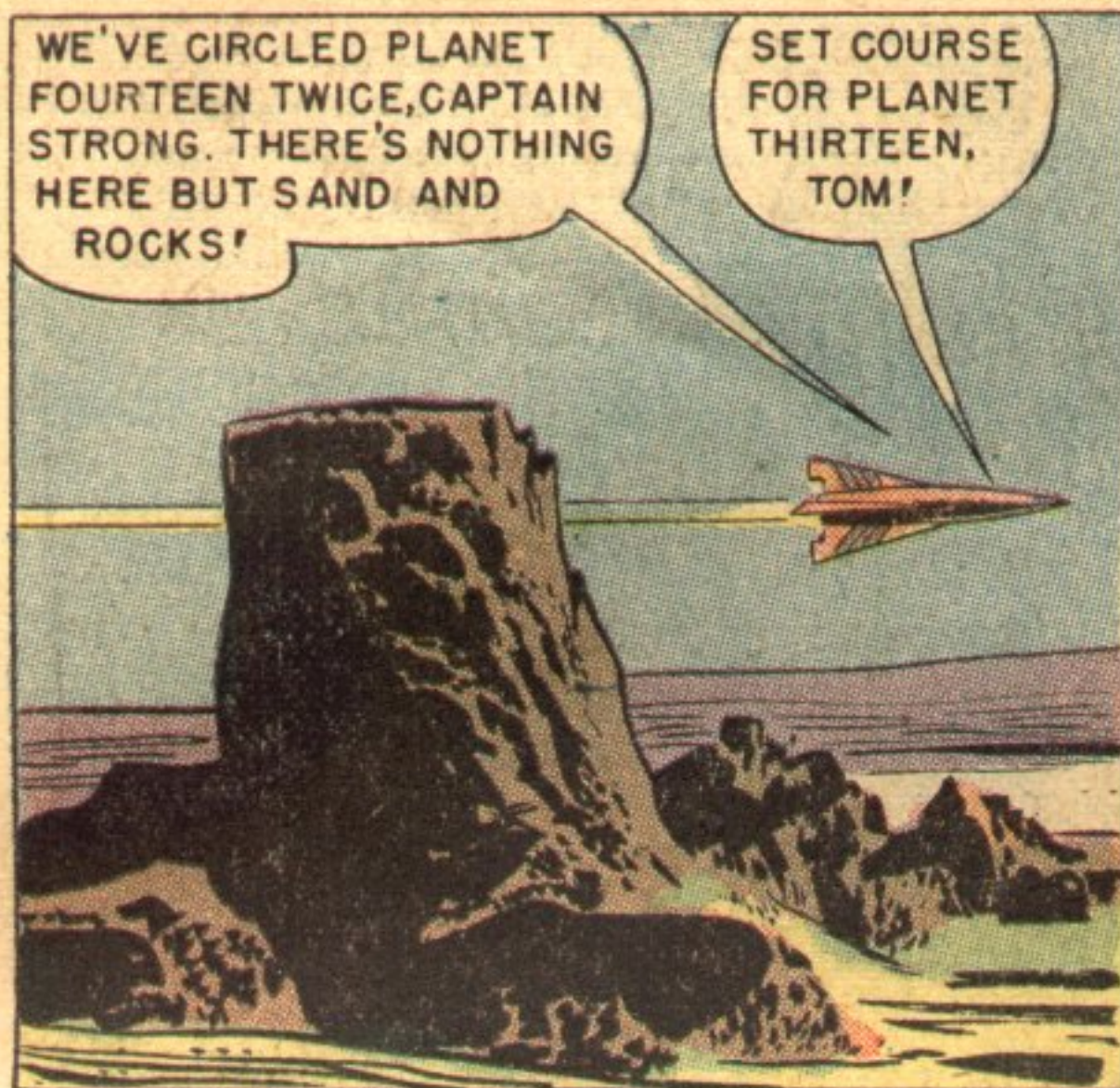
RADAR TO CONTROL DECK! SPACESPECTRO CHECK SHOWS THERE ARE FOURTEEN PLANETS IN SIRIUS SOLAR SYSTEM! PLANETS NUMBER 14, 13, 12 HAVE ATMOSPHERE CLOSE TO THAT OF OUR EARTH!

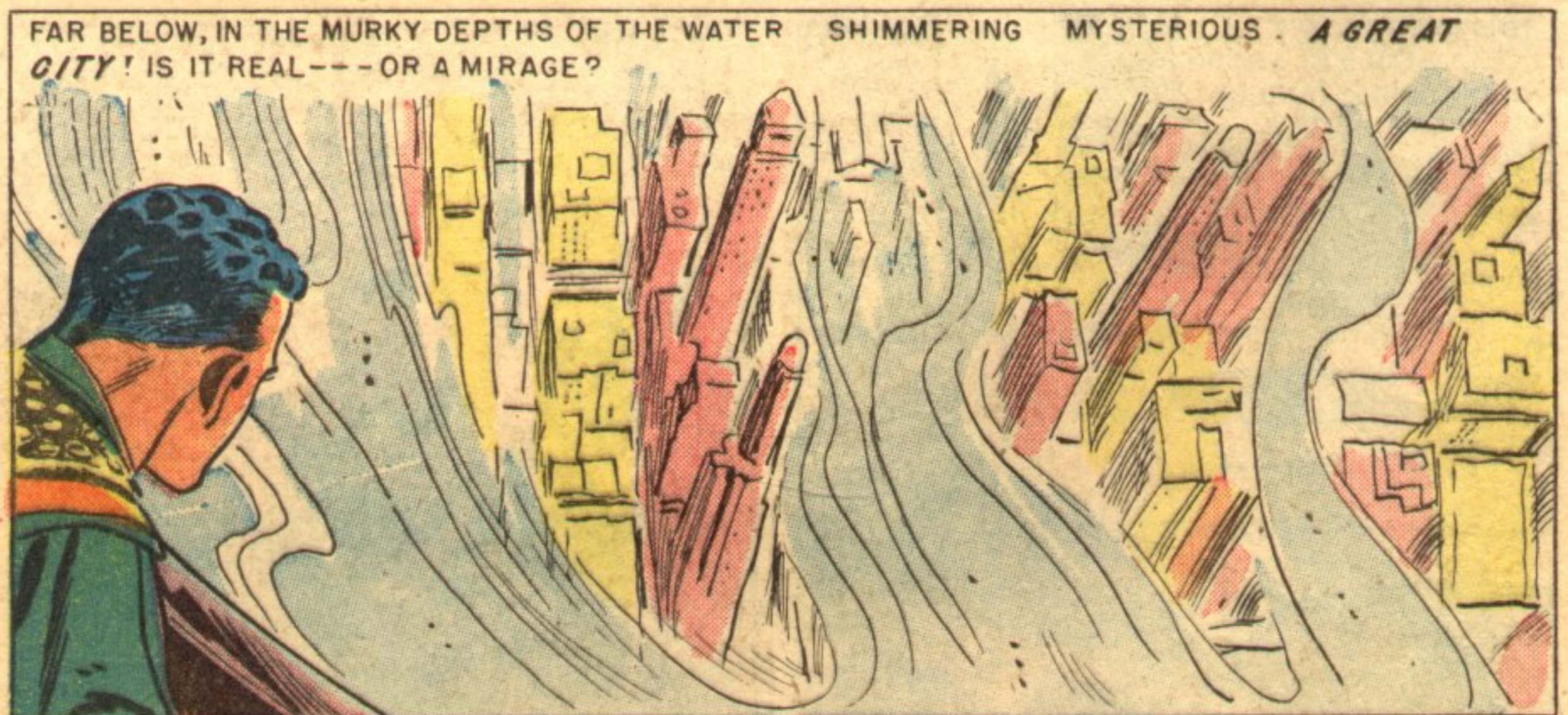
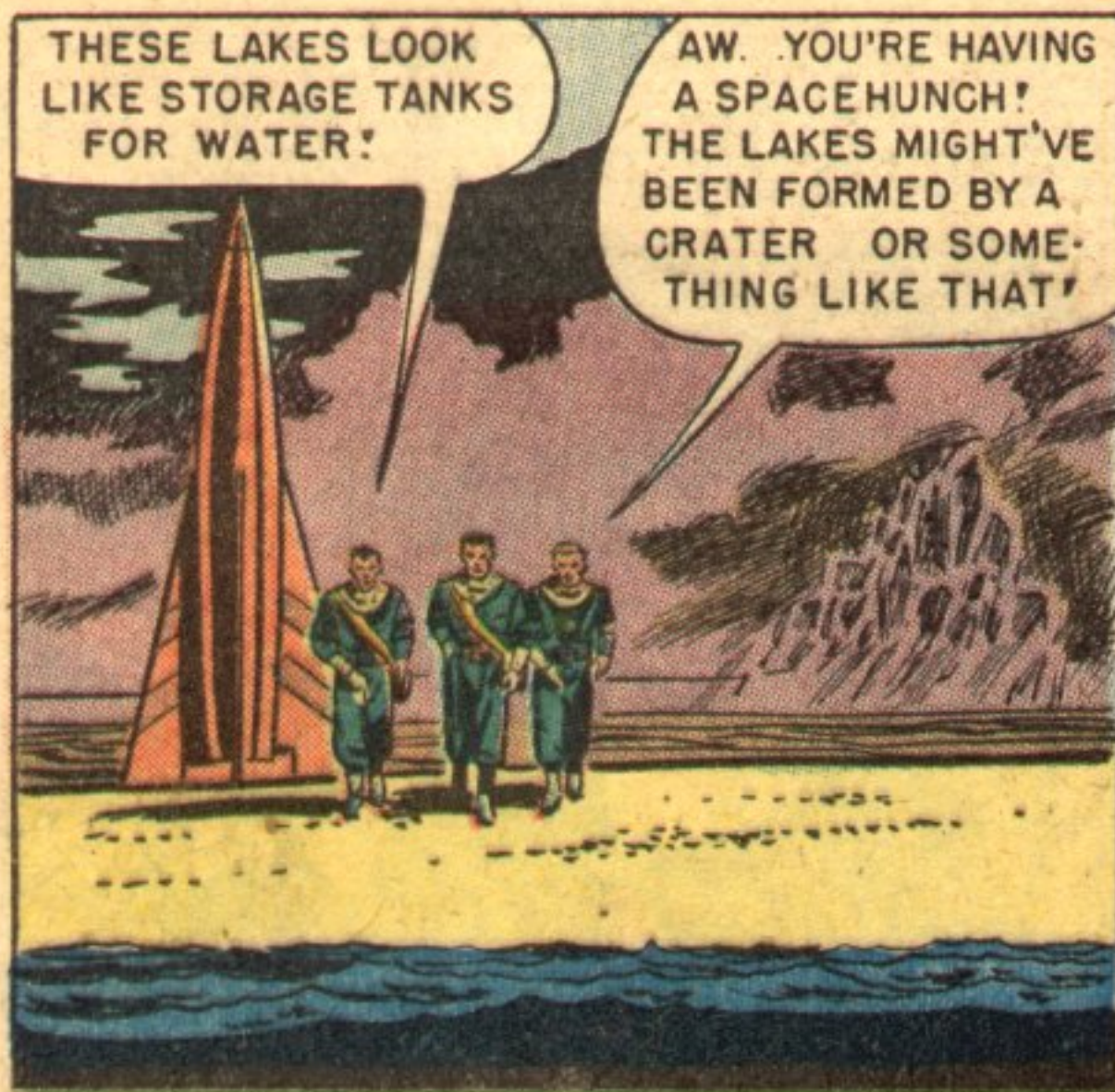


CONTROL TO POWER DECK! ASTRO, SET CRUISING SPEED. WE'RE GOING TO CIRCLE THIS PLANET AND LOOK IT OVER!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN STRONG!









A DEAD...
DROWNED
CITY!



WELL, NOW WE *KNOW*
THAT LIVING, INTELLIGENT
BEINGS HAVE BEEN ON
THIS PLANET!

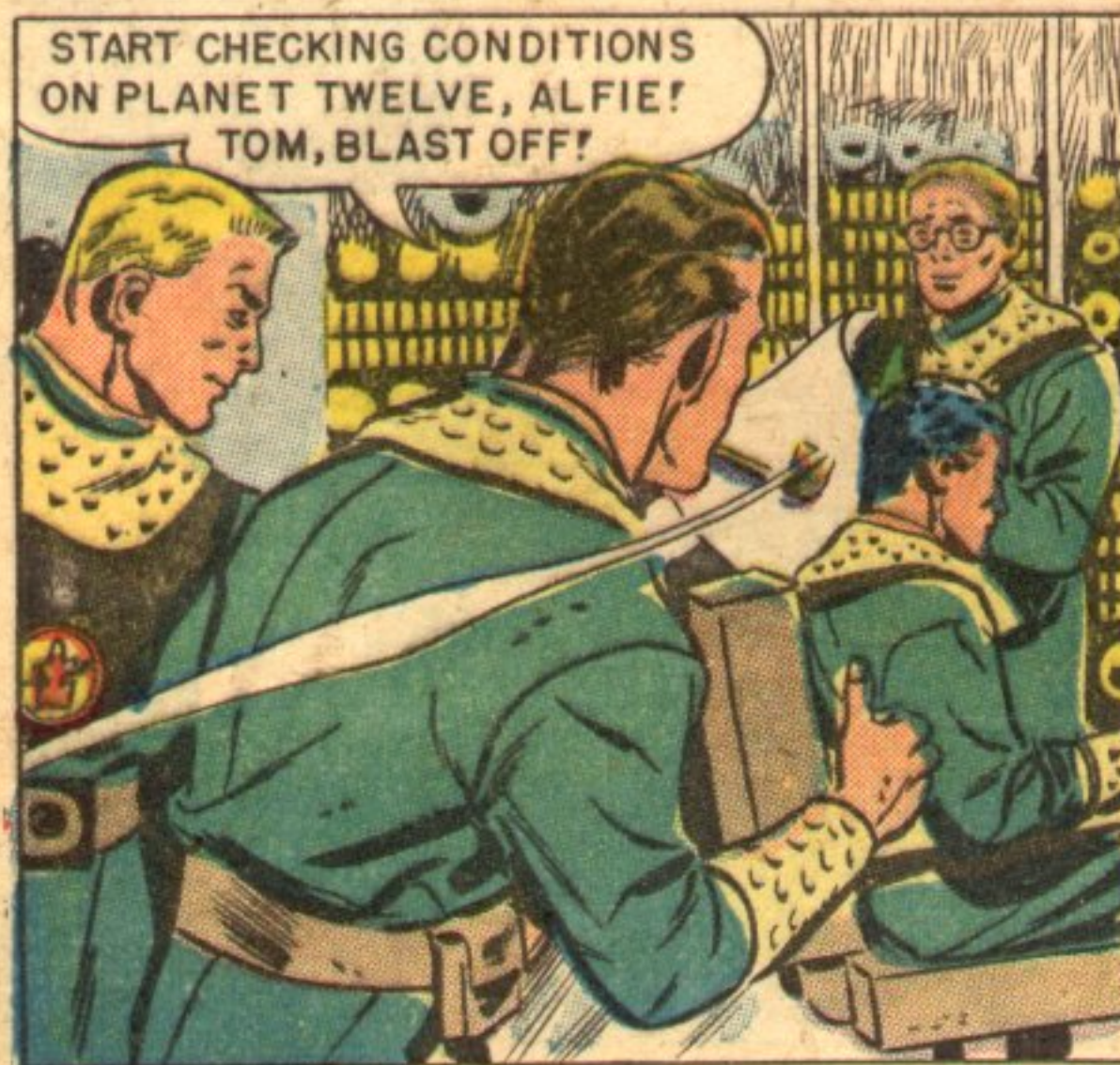
BUT WHY BUILD
A CITY...AND THEN
HIDE IT IN AN
ARTIFICIALLY-
FORMED LAKE?



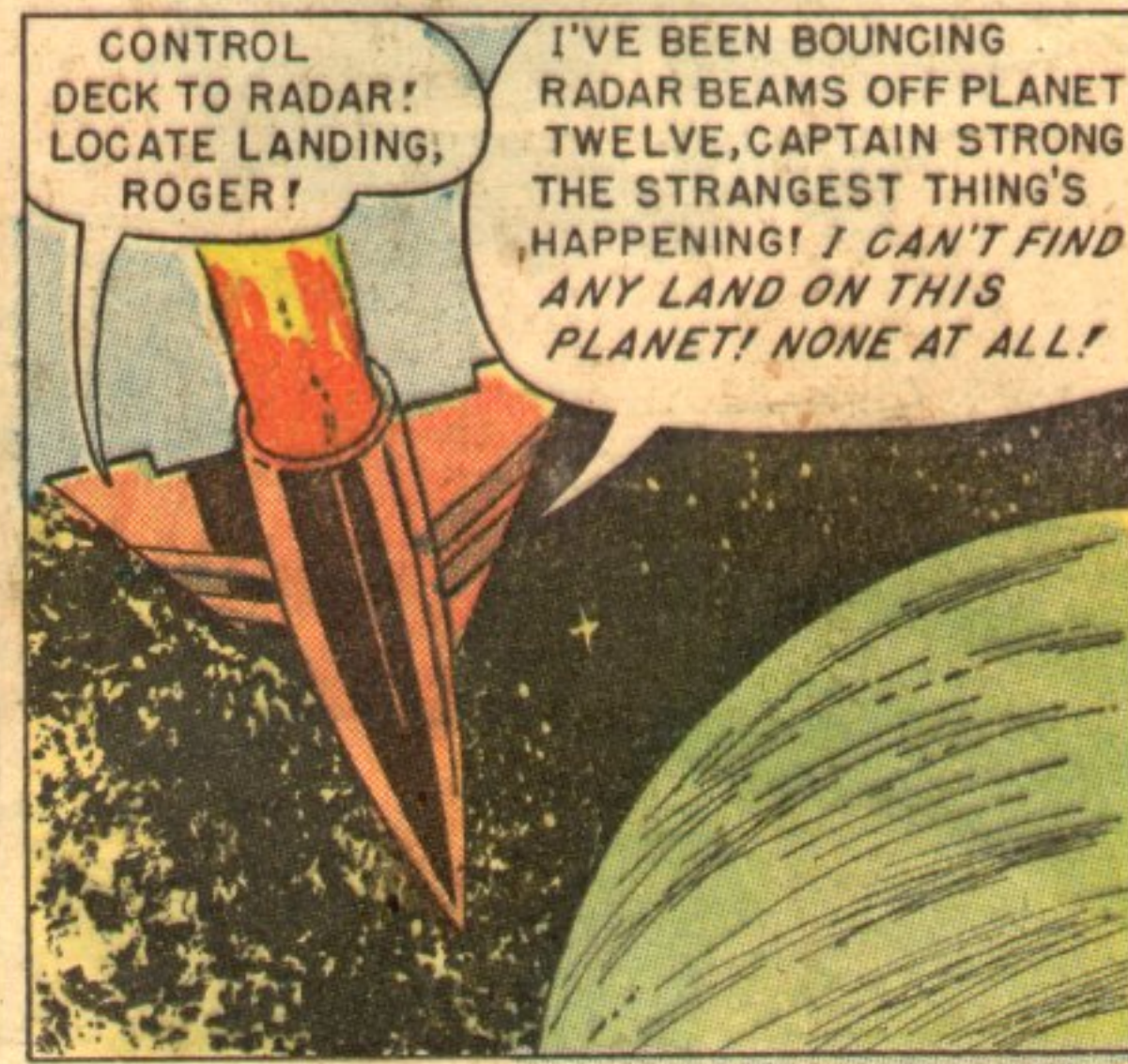
THAT'S EASY TO FIGURE OUT!
THEY PUT IT IN STORAGE! THAT'S
HOW THEY MADE SURE NO ONE
CAN USE THE CITY! WHEN THEY
COME BACK TO THIS PLANET---
THEY DRAIN THE WATER... AND
THE CITY IS GOOD AS NEW!



MAYBE ROGER'S EXPLANATION IS RIGHT...
MAYBE NOT! WE'LL BLAST OFF AT ONCE FOR
PLANET TWELVE. THE ANSWER MIGHT
BE THERE!

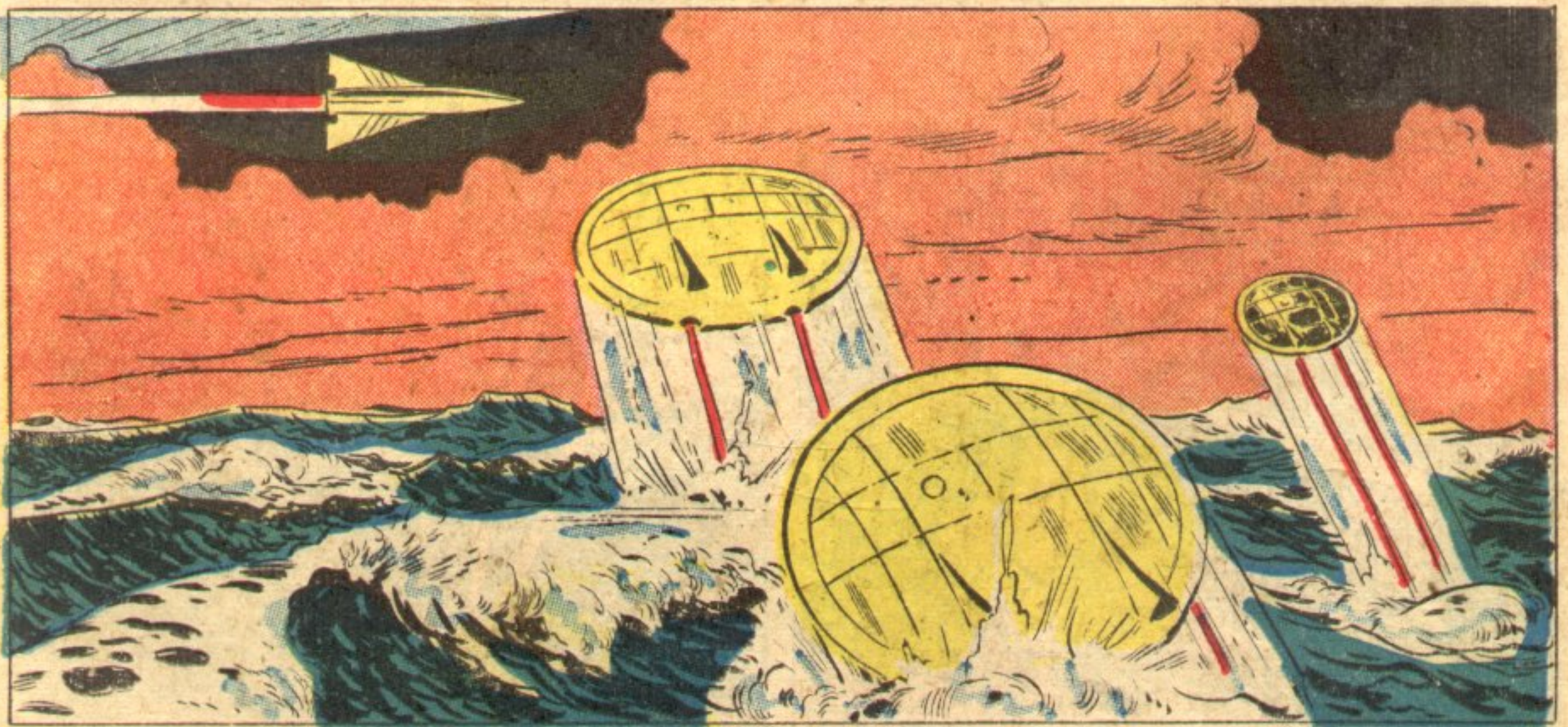


START CHECKING CONDITIONS
ON PLANET TWELVE, ALFIE!
TOM, BLAST OFF!



CONTROL
DECK TO RADAR!
LOCATE LANDING,
ROGER!

I'VE BEEN BOUNCING
RADAR BEAMS OFF PLANET
TWELVE, CAPTAIN STRONG.
THE STRANGEST THING'S
HAPPENING! I CAN'T FIND
ANY LAND ON THIS
PLANET! NONE AT ALL!



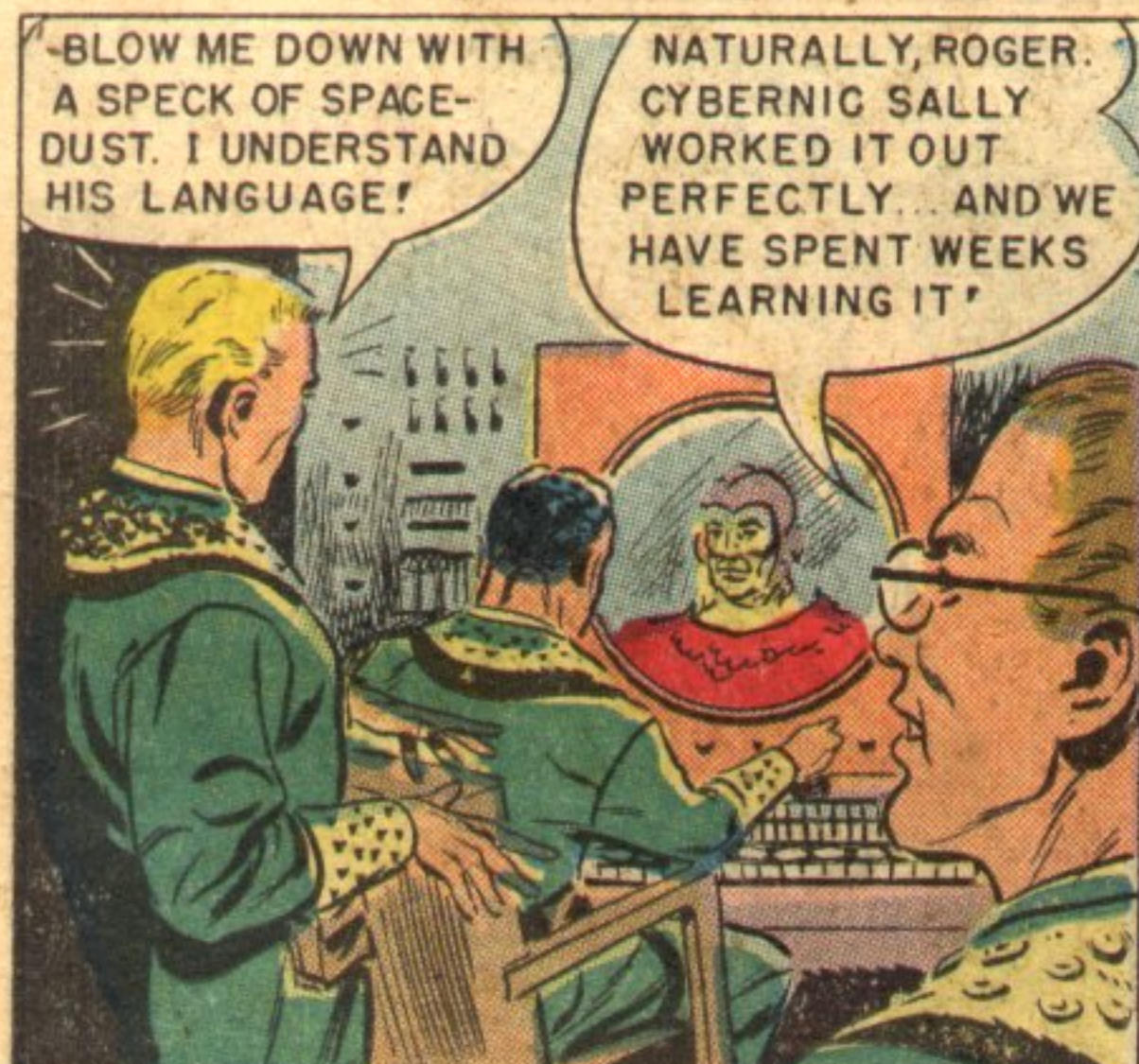


THEY'RE BUZZING US
ON THE SPACEPHONE,
SIR!

MAKE CONTACT,
TOM!



I AM TADOR QUETZAKL. BY COMMAND
OF THE SUPREME THREE OF SIRIUS,
I ORDER YOU TO LAND PEACEFULLY
AT OUR SPACEPORT.



BLOW ME DOWN WITH
A SPECK OF SPACE-
DUST. I UNDERSTAND
HIS LANGUAGE!

NATURALLY, ROGER.
CYBERNIC SALLY
WORKED IT OUT
PERFECTLY... AND WE
HAVE SPENT WEEKS
LEARNING IT!



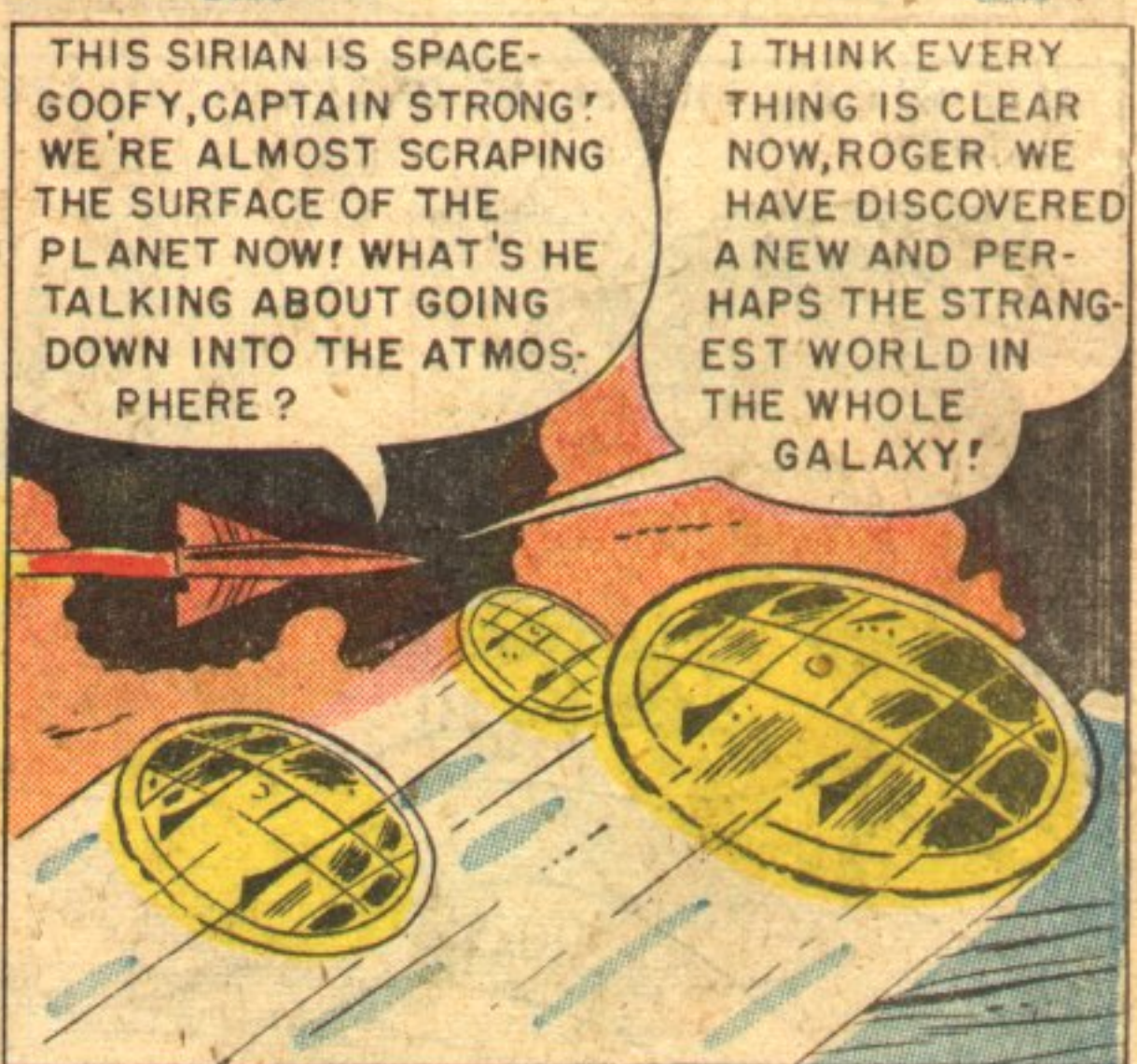
WE SHALL LAND.
BUT WHERE IS THE
SPACEPORT, TADOR
QUETZAKL? WE
DON'T SEE IT!

YOU CAN'T SEE IT. WE
ARE ABOVE THE
ATMOSPHERE. YOU
SEE IT WHEN WE GET
LOWER DOWN TO
LAND!



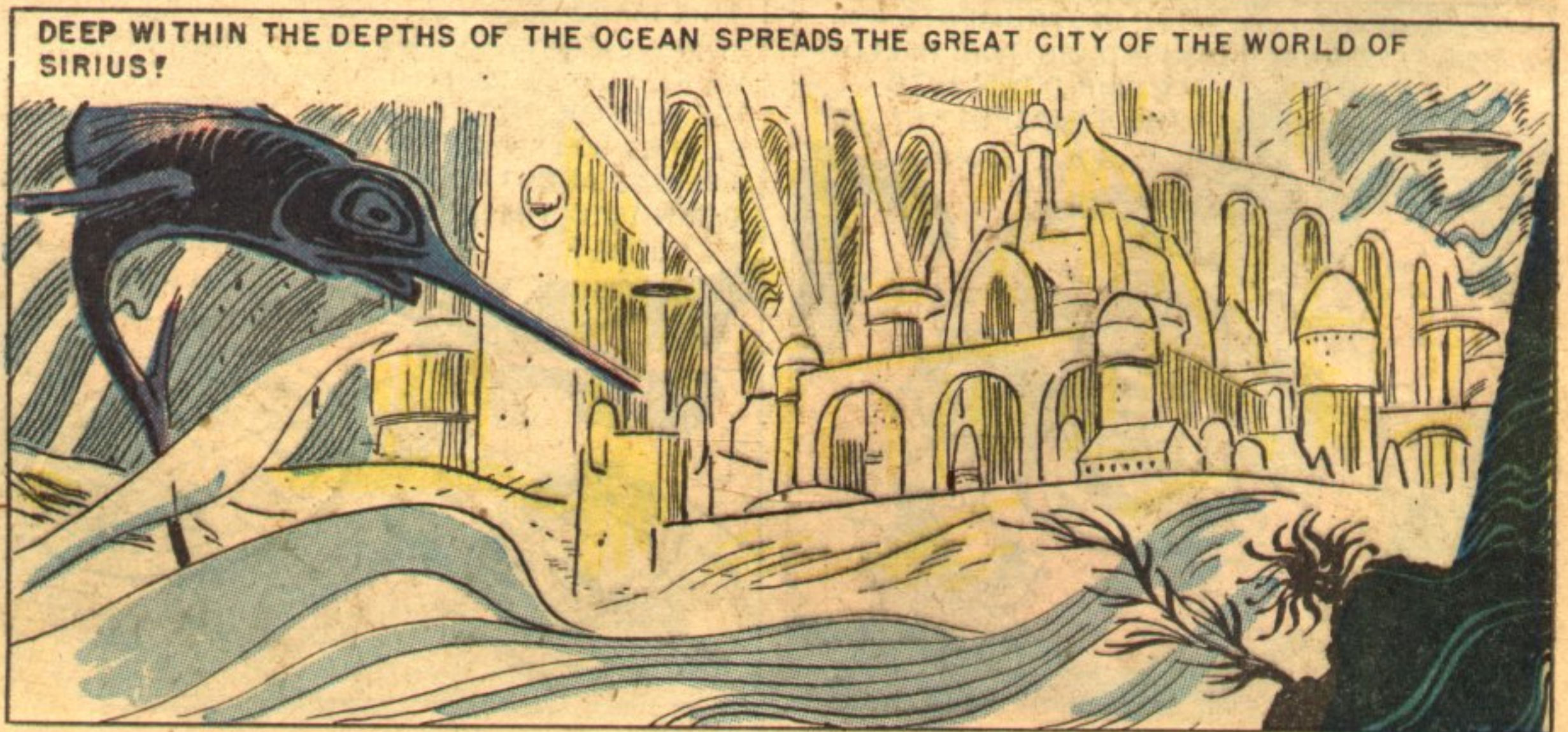
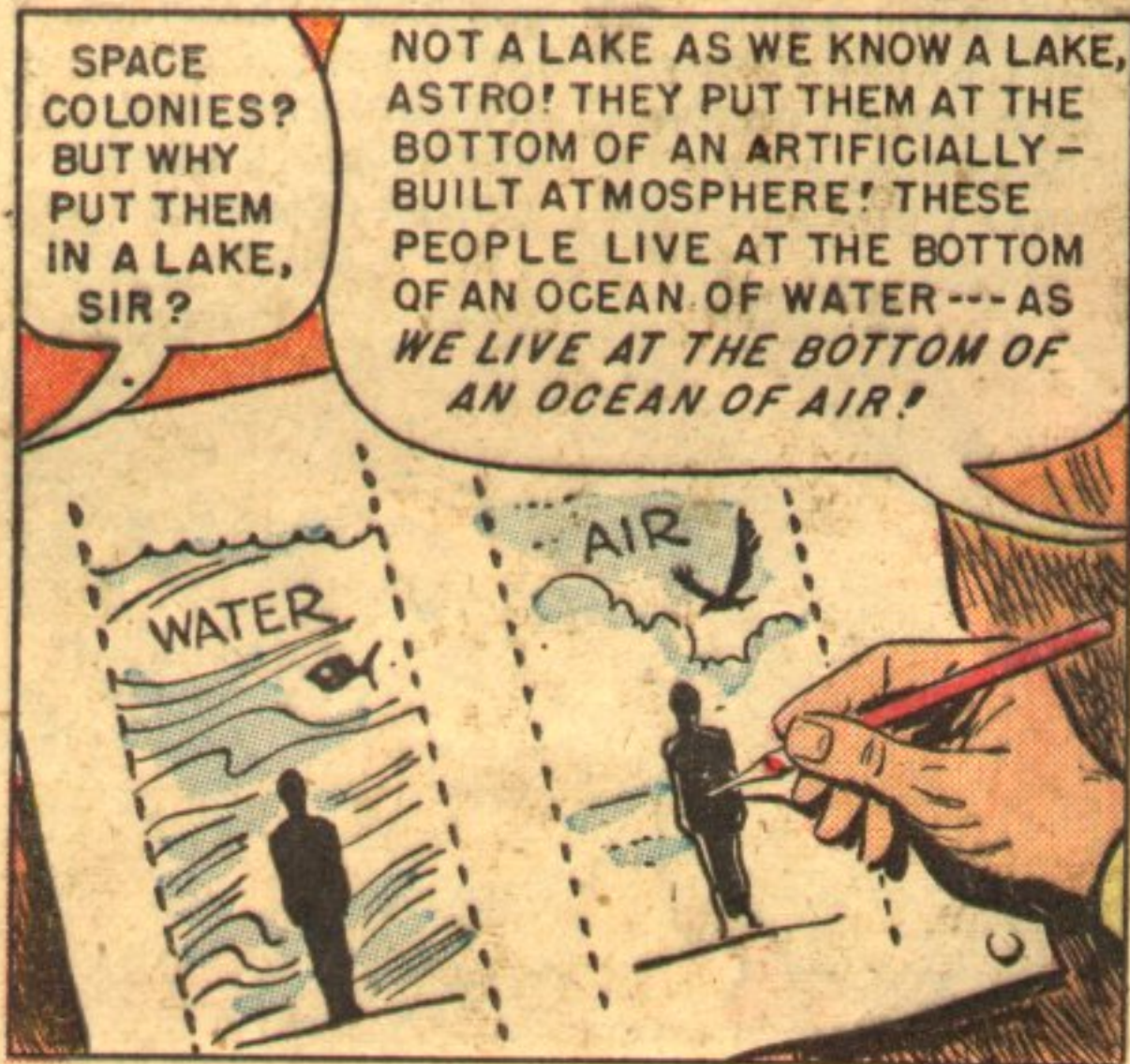
THERE IS NO
LAND, SIR! WHAT
SHALL I DO?

YOUR INSTRUMENTS ARE
LIMITED, VISITOR. FOLLOW
MY SHIP DOWN INTO
THE ATMOSPHERE!



THIS SIRIAN IS SPACE-
GOOFY, CAPTAIN STRONG!
WE'RE ALMOST SCRAPING
THE SURFACE OF THE
PLANET NOW! WHAT'S HE
TALKING ABOUT GOING
DOWN INTO THE ATMOS-
PHERE?

I THINK EVERY
THING IS CLEAR
NOW, ROGER. WE
HAVE DISCOVERED
A NEW AND PER-
HAPS THE STRANG-
EST WORLD IN
THE WHOLE
GALAXY!





THERE'S THE SPACEPORT.
AND TADOR QUETZAKL IS
LANDING HIS SHIP!

LAND BESIDE
HIM, TOM!



HE'S MOTIONING
FOR US TO
COME OUT!

GET INTO YOUR
SPACESUITS, CADETS.
THEY'RE AIRTIGHT
AND WILL BE AS
GOOD AS ANY
DIVING SUIT!



SAY, THIS ISN'T BAD! WE DON'T
HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN... WE
JUST DRIFT DOWN!



THESE PEOPLE CAN'T
HAVE ANY FIRE.. OR
EXPLOSIVE ENGINES. I
WONDER HOW THEY
RUN THINGS HERE!

FROM WHAT I'VE
SEEN OF THIS CAR.
I WOULD GUESS
THEY POWER
EVERYTHING WITH
MAGNETIC
FORCE!

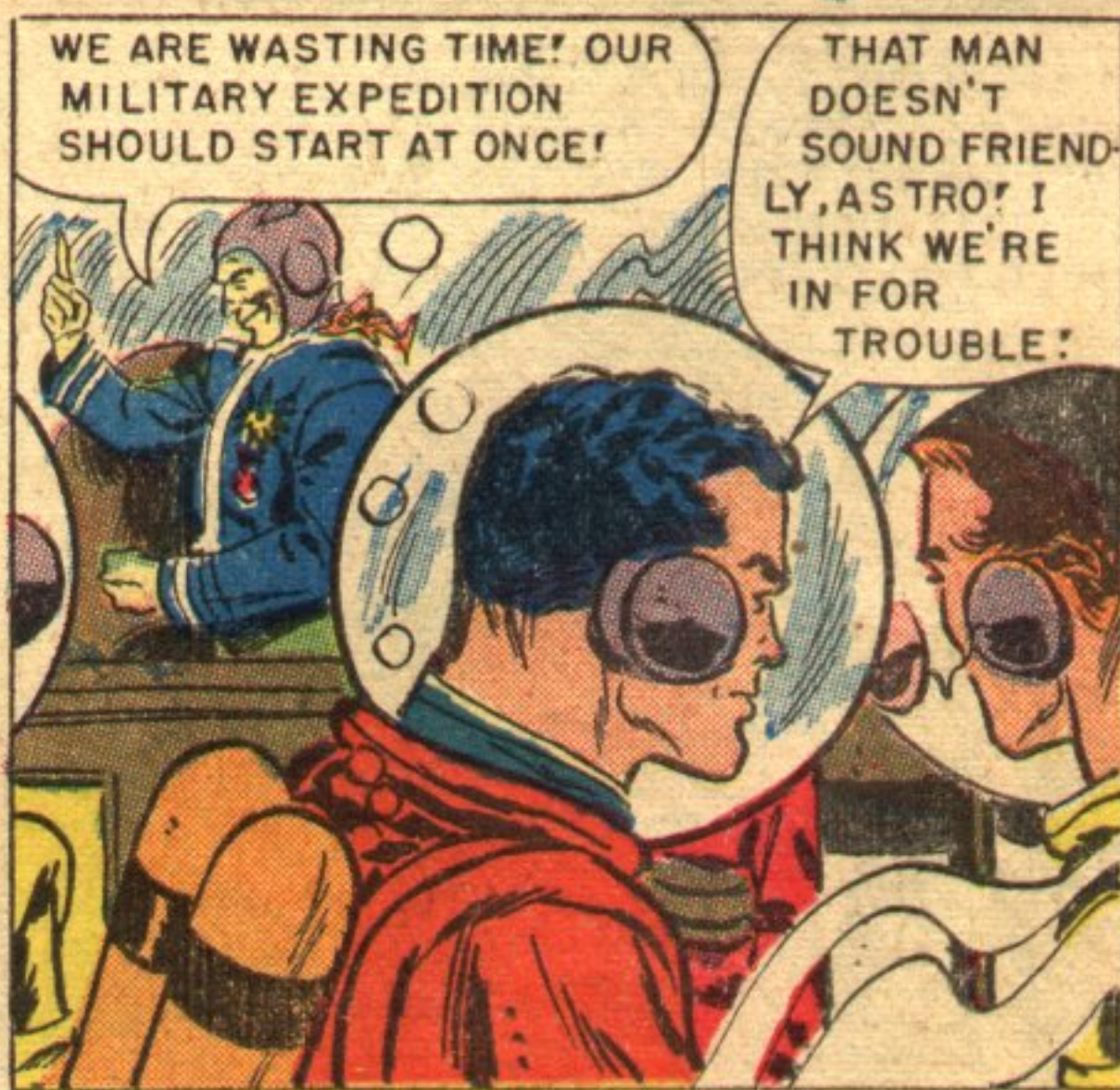
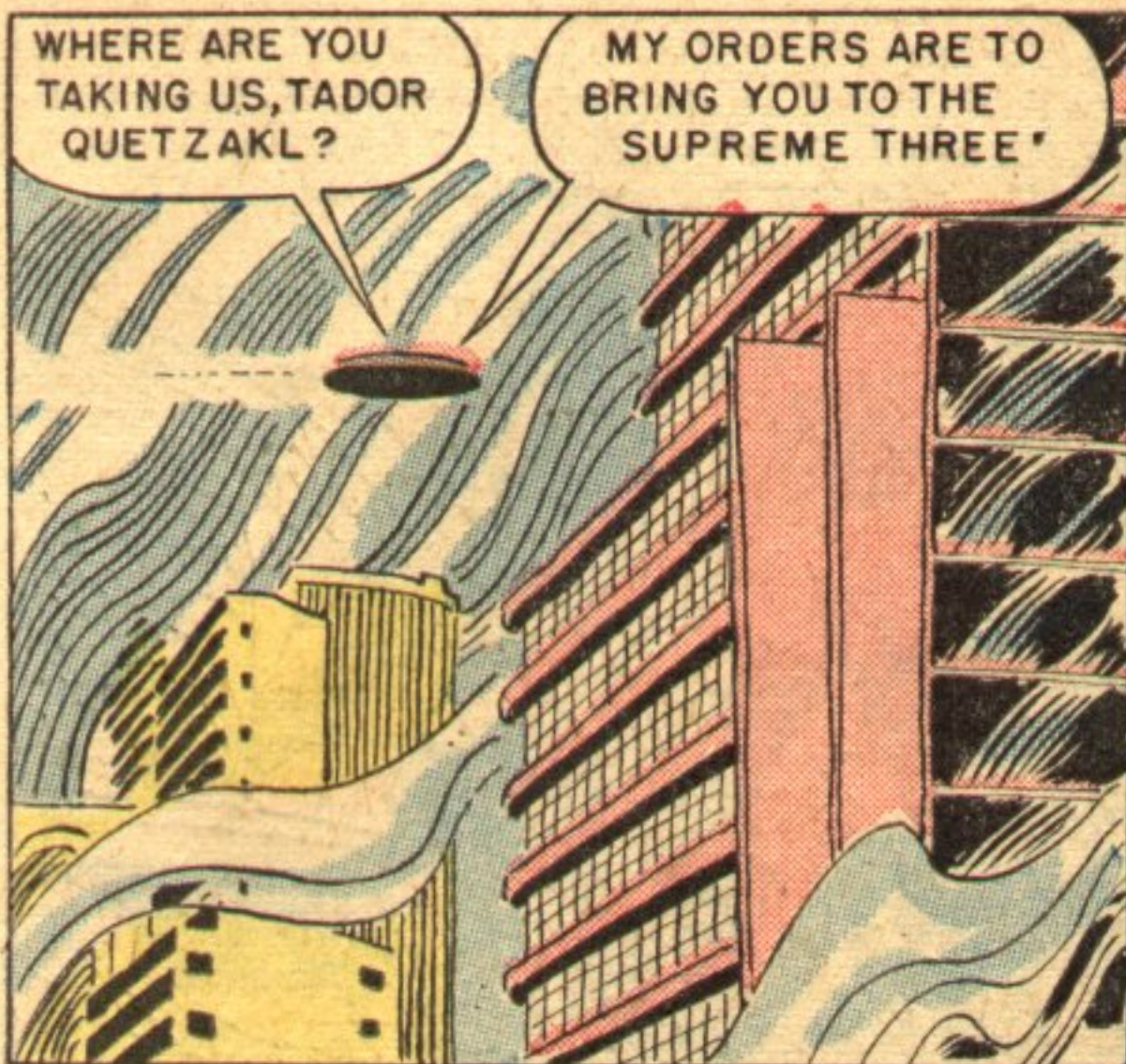


NATURALLY, YOUNG VISITOR WE USE
MAGNETIC POWER. THERE IS NO OTHER
POSSIBILITY. WE HAVE NEVER HEARD
OF THIS THING "FIRE", YOU SPEAK
OF, NOR OF "EXPLOSIVE ENGINES"!



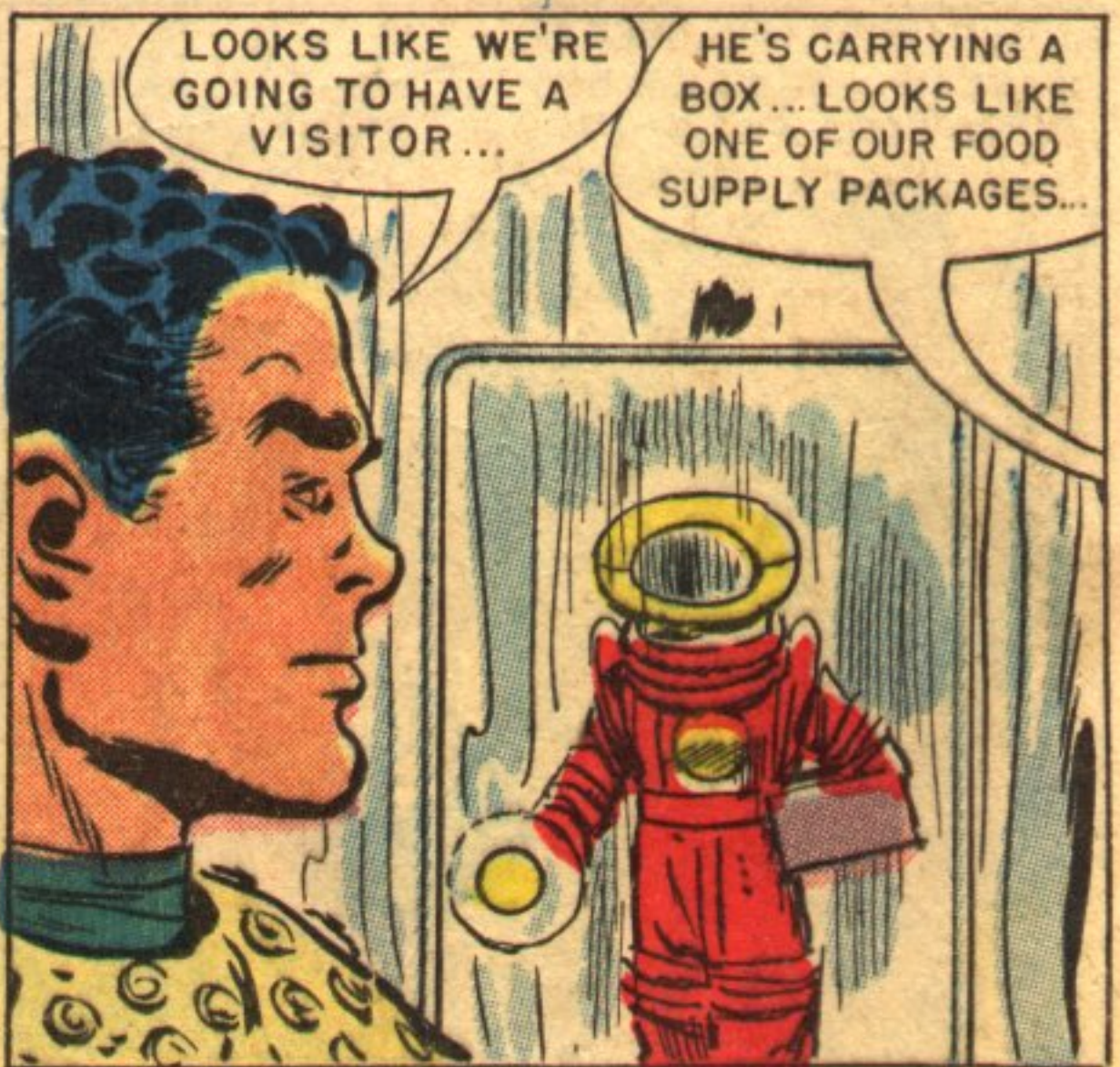
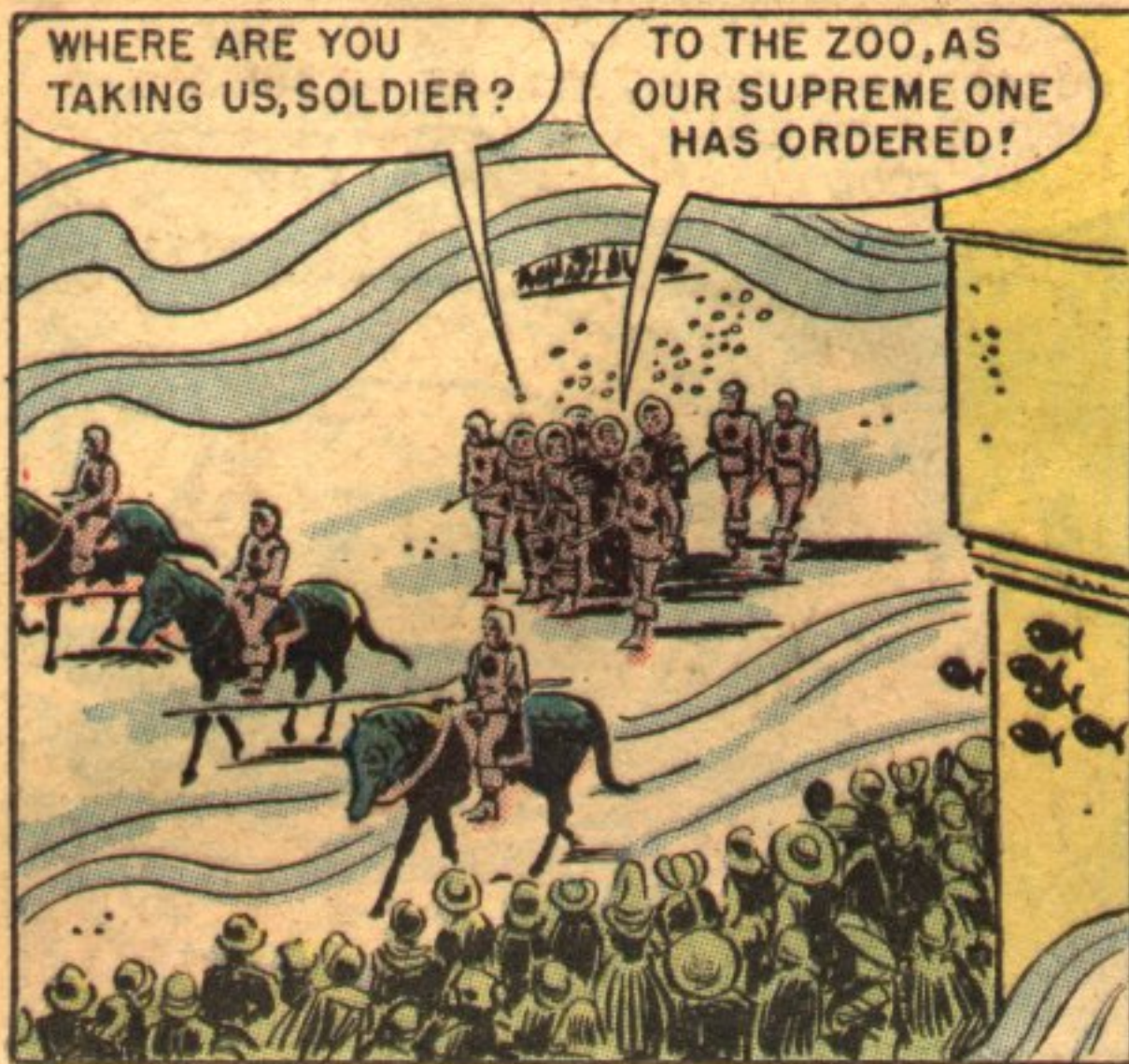
I'D THINK I WAS
BACK ON EARTH
FROM THE WAY
THINGS LOOK
HERE!

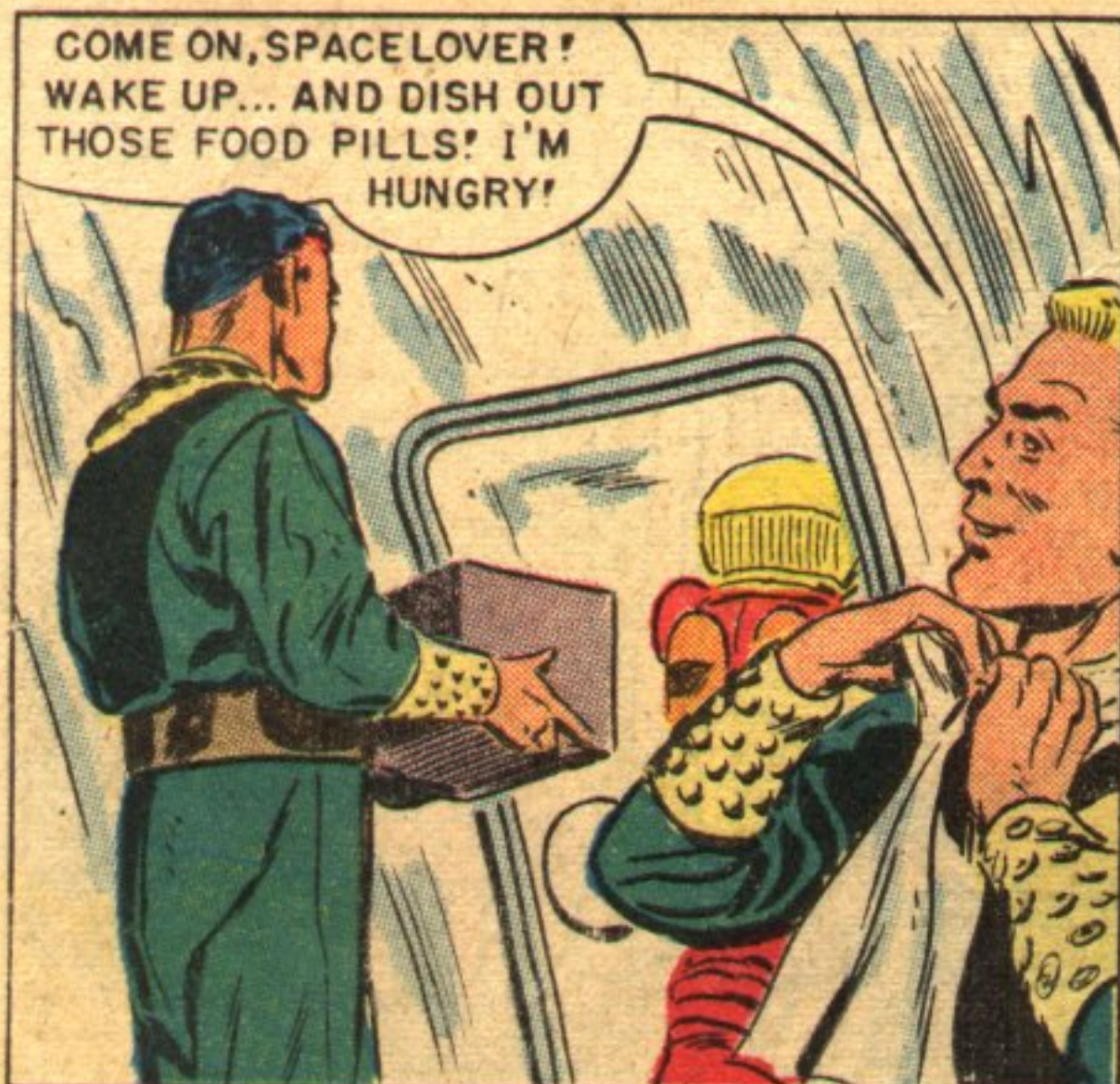
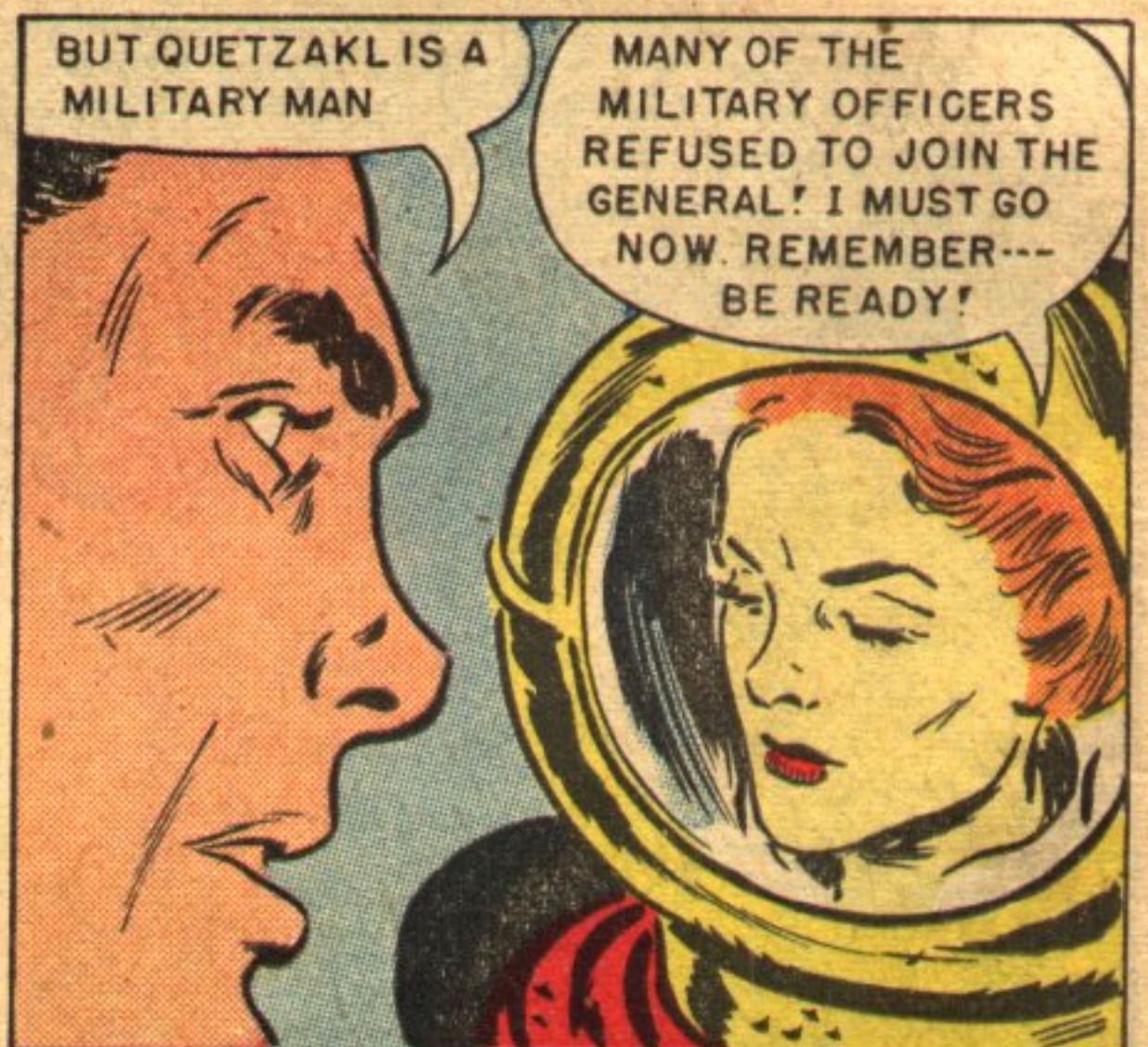
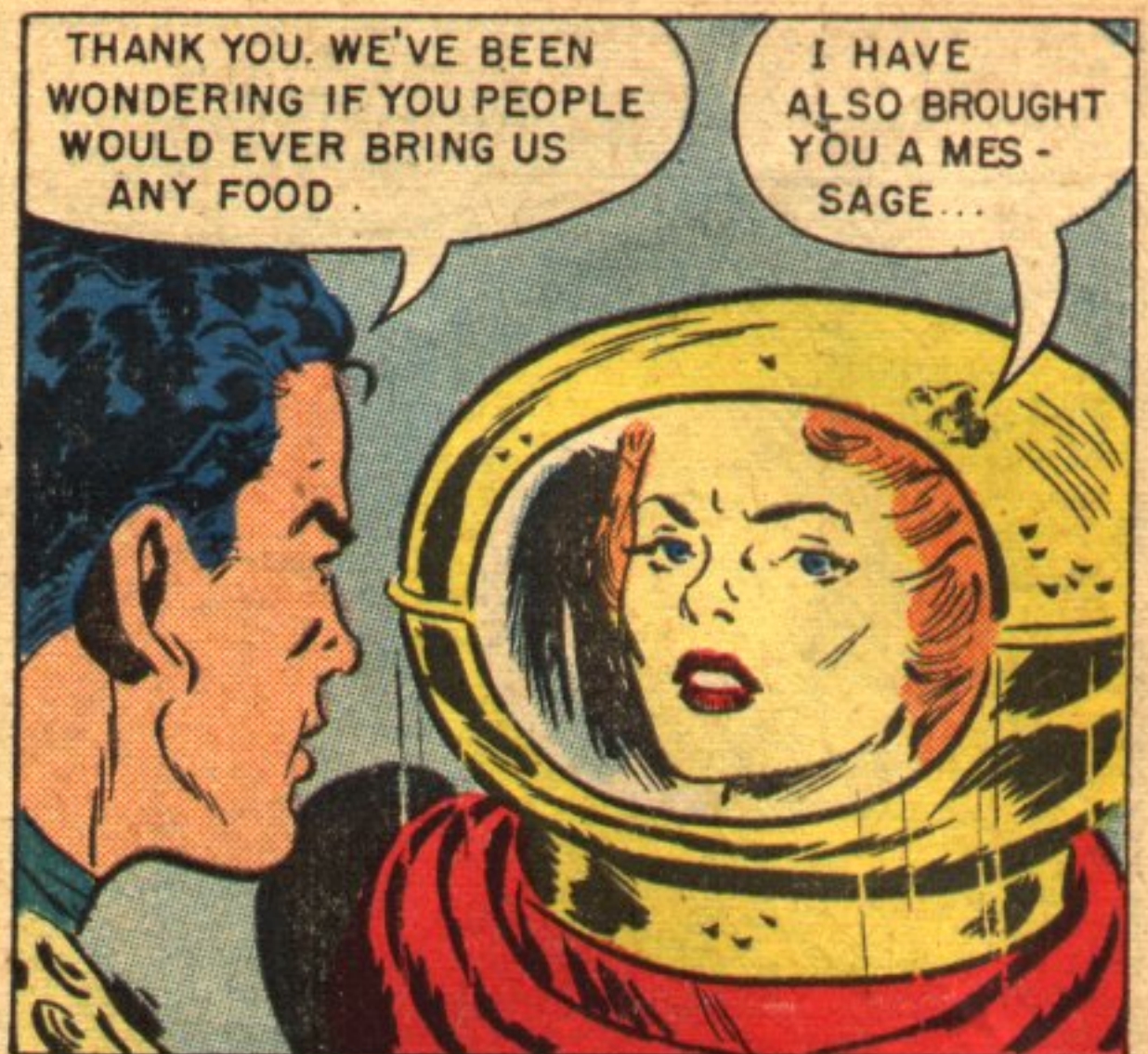
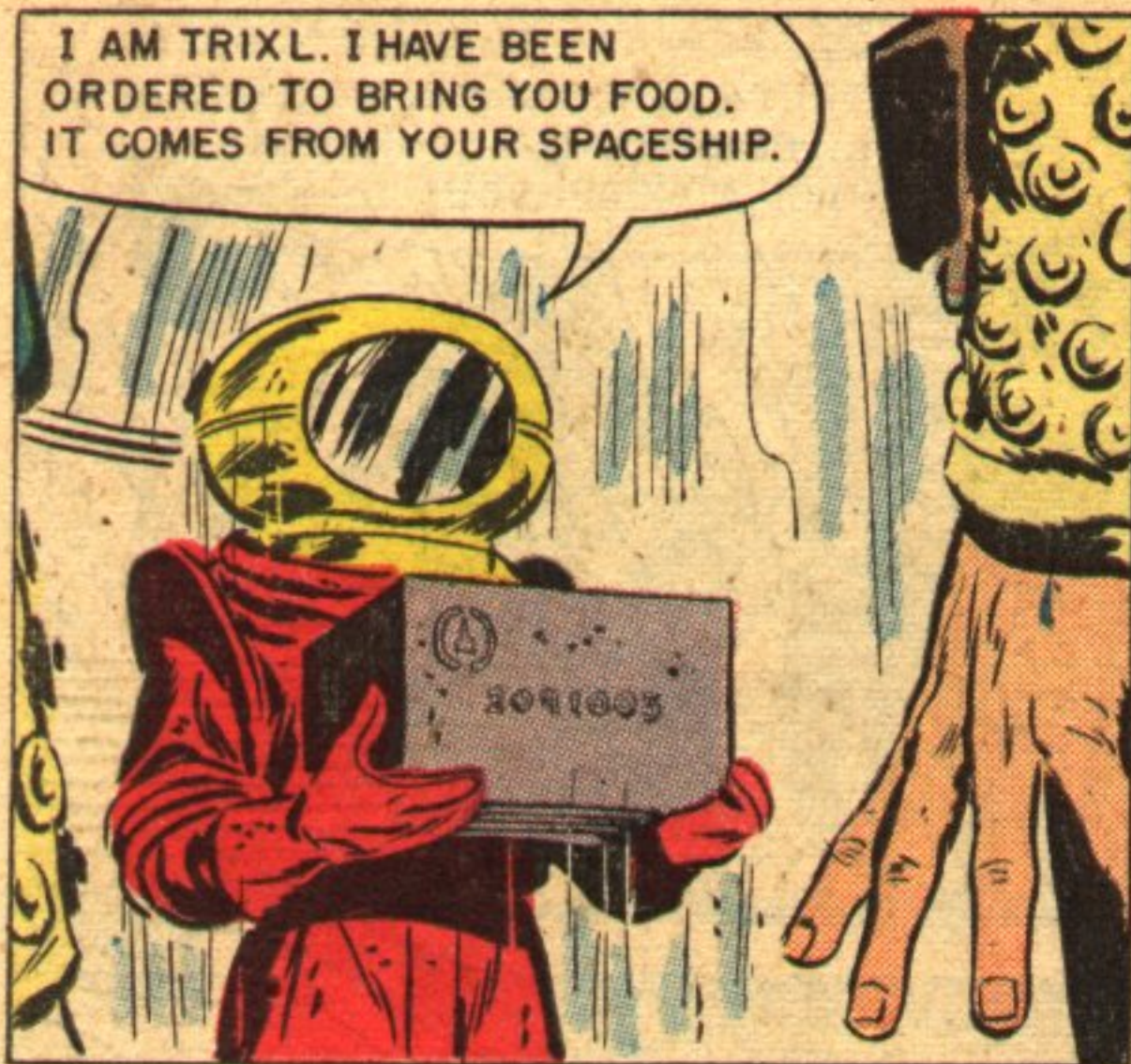
ME, TOO! IF
WE DIDN'T
HAVE TO
WEAR
THESE
SUITS!

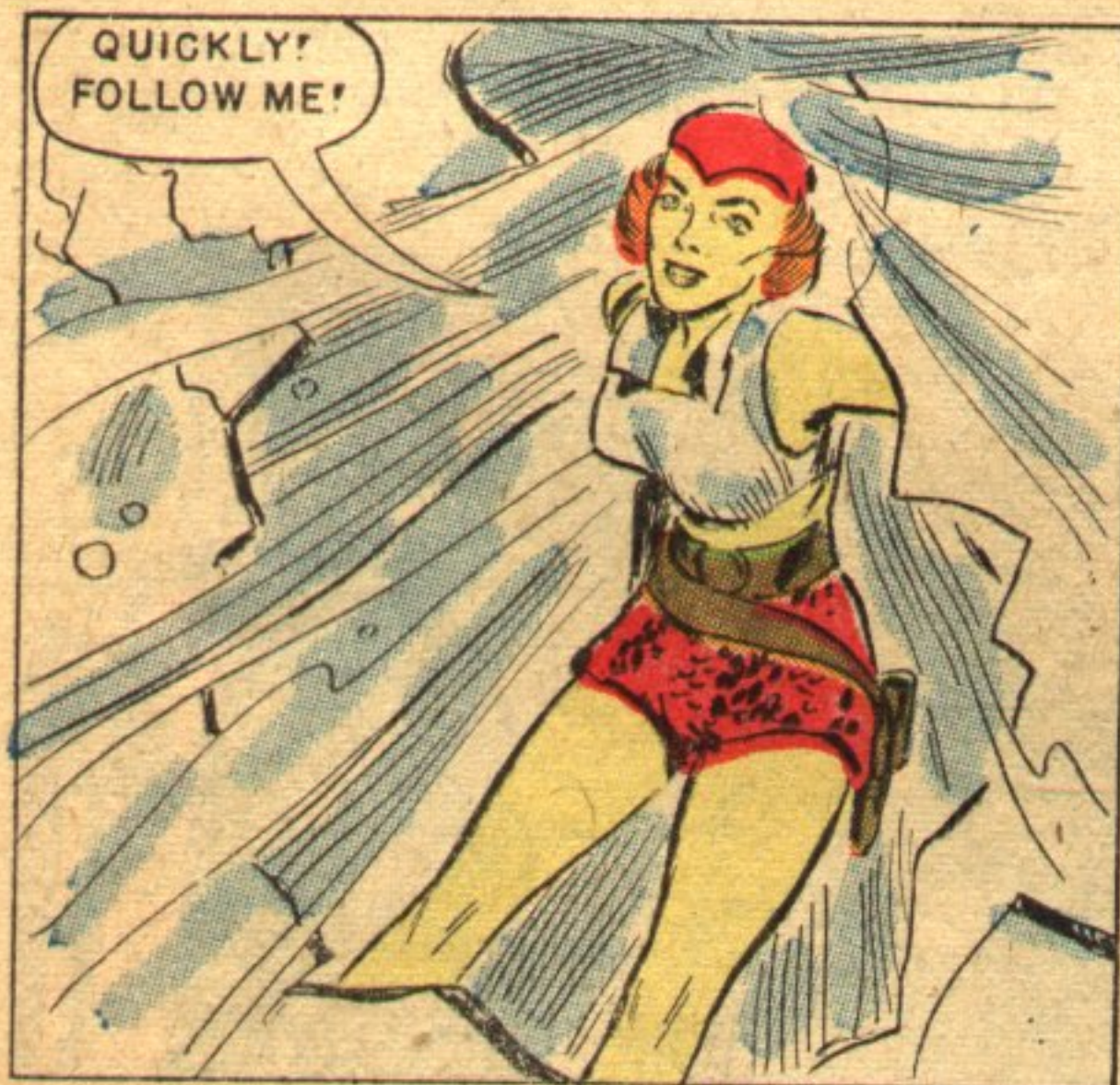
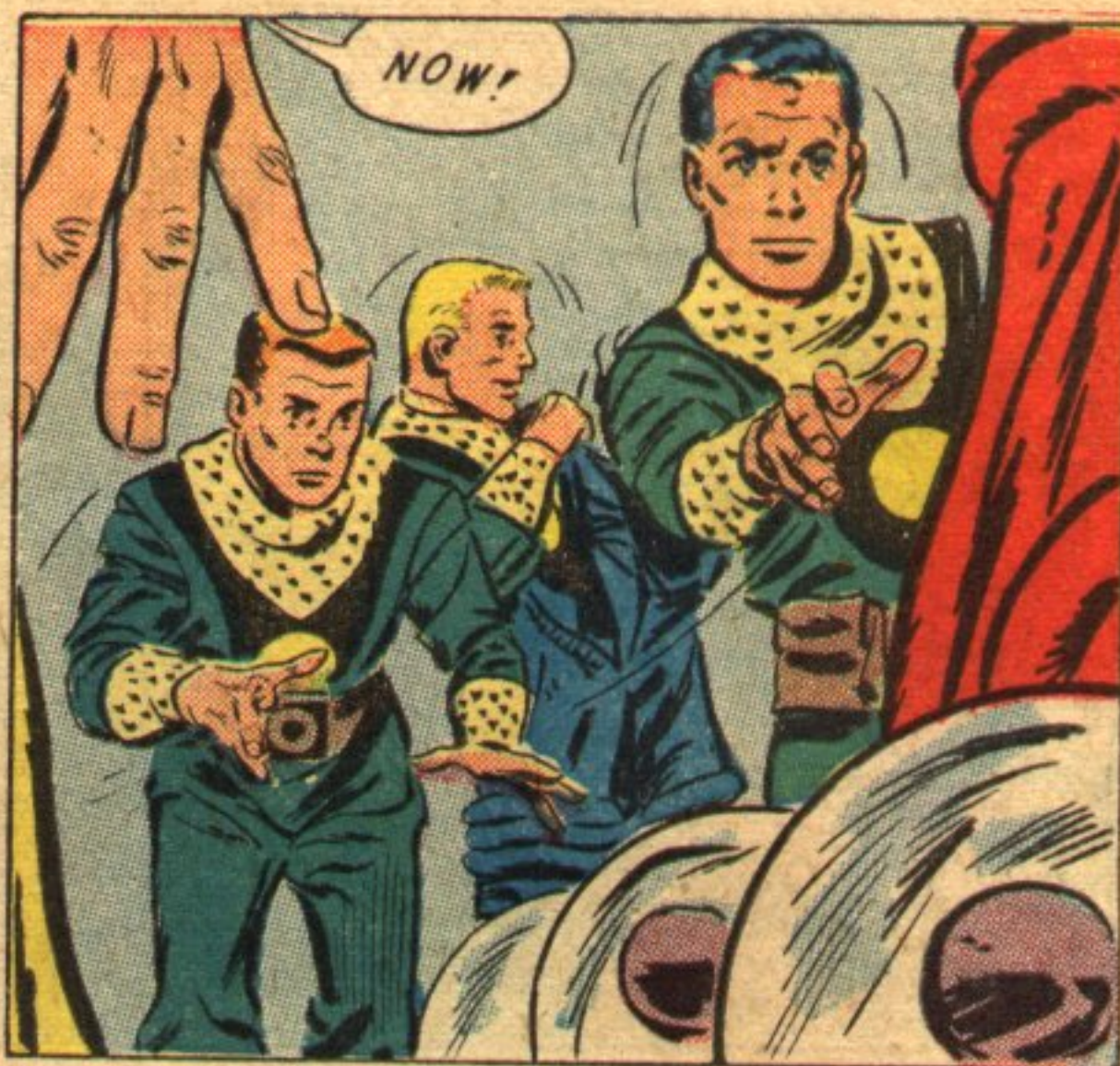


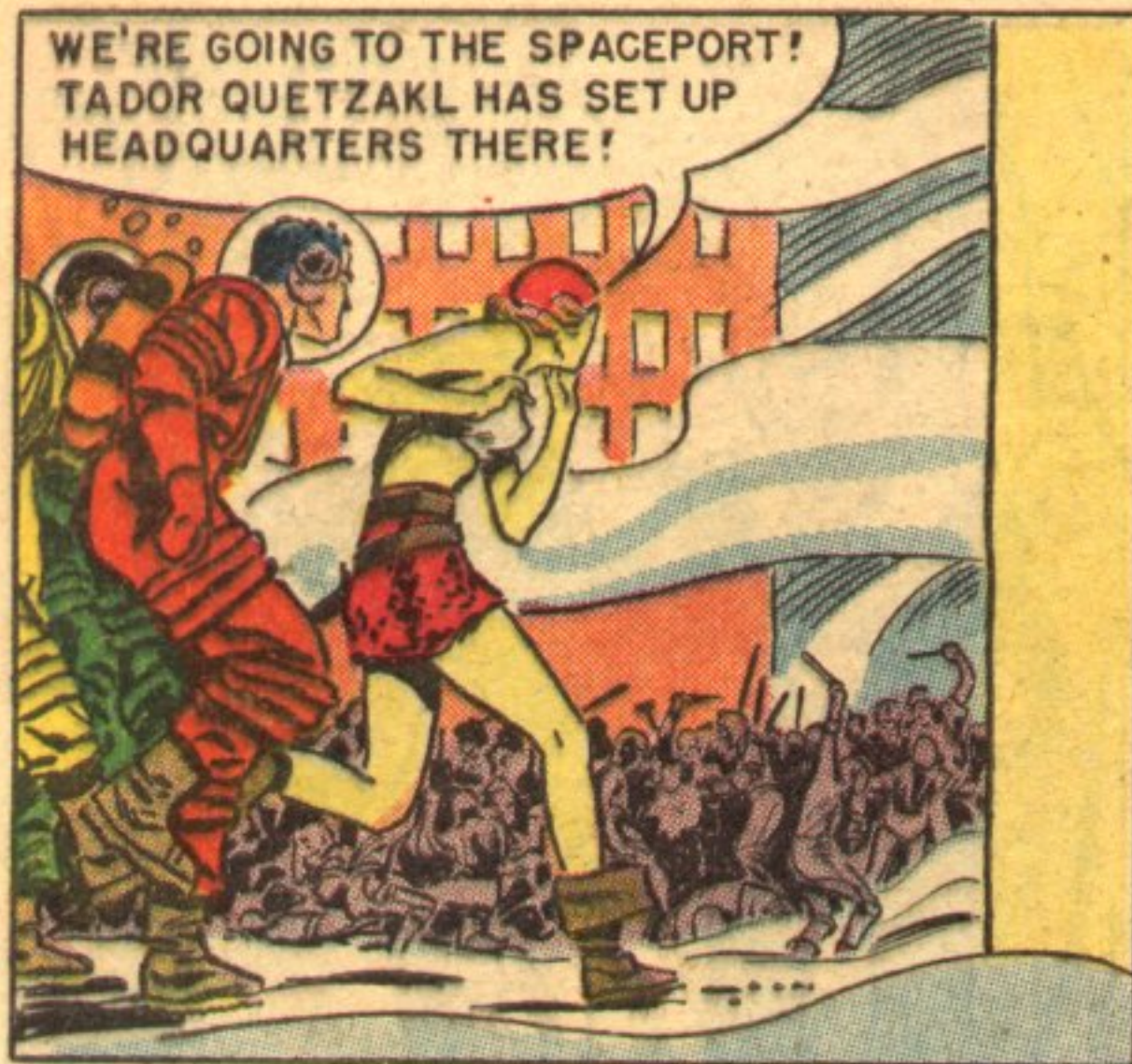












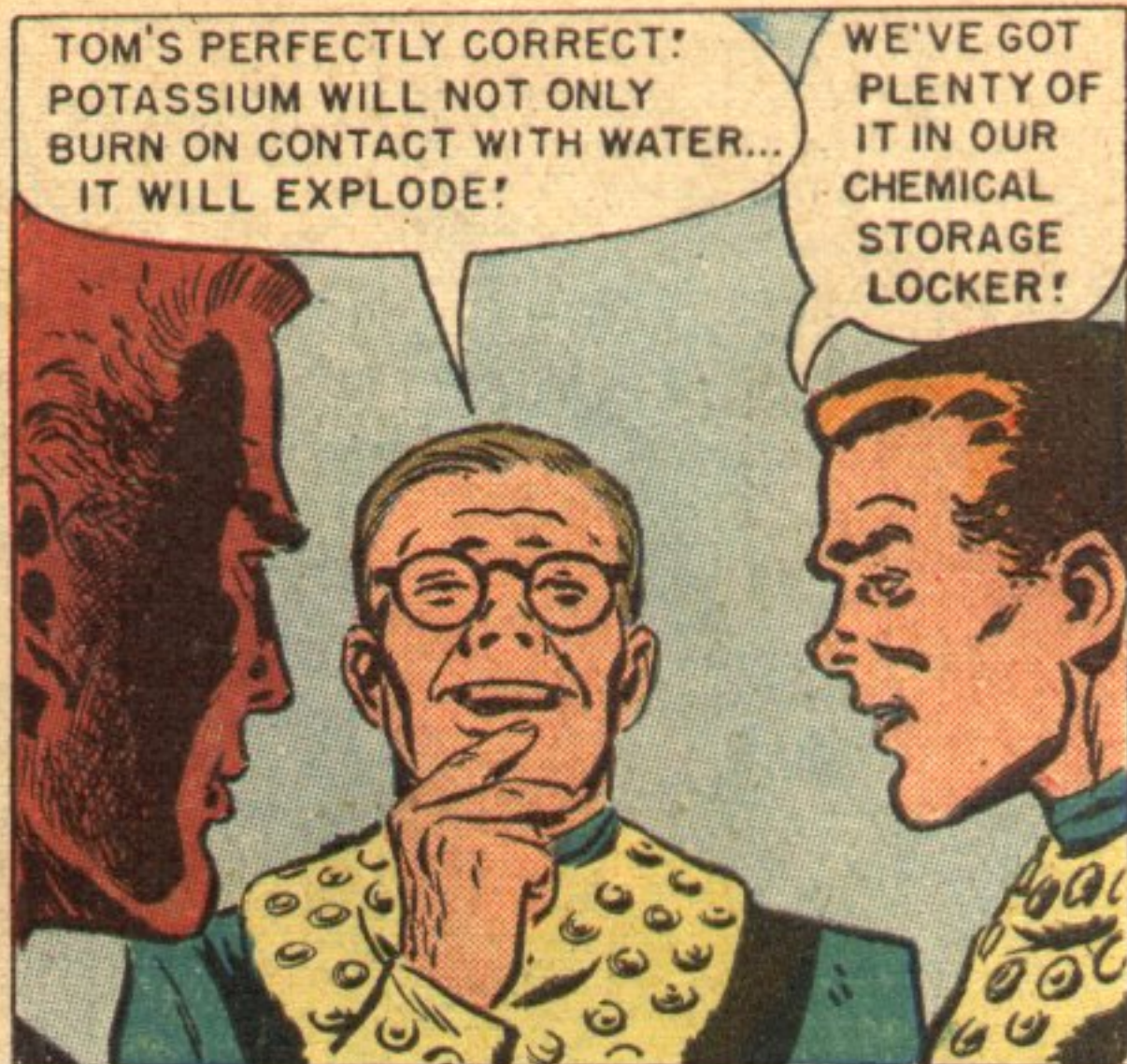






YOU MEAN A
CHEMICAL, TOM?

YES, SIR! POTASSIUM,
FOR EXAMPLE!



TOM'S PERFECTLY CORRECT!
POTASSIUM WILL NOT ONLY
BURN ON CONTACT WITH WATER...
IT WILL EXPLODE!

WE'VE GOT
PLENTY OF
IT IN OUR
CHEMICAL
STORAGE
LOCKER!



ASTRO AND ALFIE, GET BUSY AND
MAKE POTASSIUM BOMBS! PUT THE
CHEMICAL INTO WATERTIGHT BOTTLES.
WE'LL BREAK THE BOTTLES TO
EXPLODE THE BOMBS!

RIGHT,
SIR!



I'M GOING BACK TO THE CONTROL
TOWER TO CONVINCE QUETZAKL AND
HIS MEN NOT TO SURRENDER. WHEN
THE BOMBS ARE READY, MEET ME
AT THE POWERHOUSE!

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!



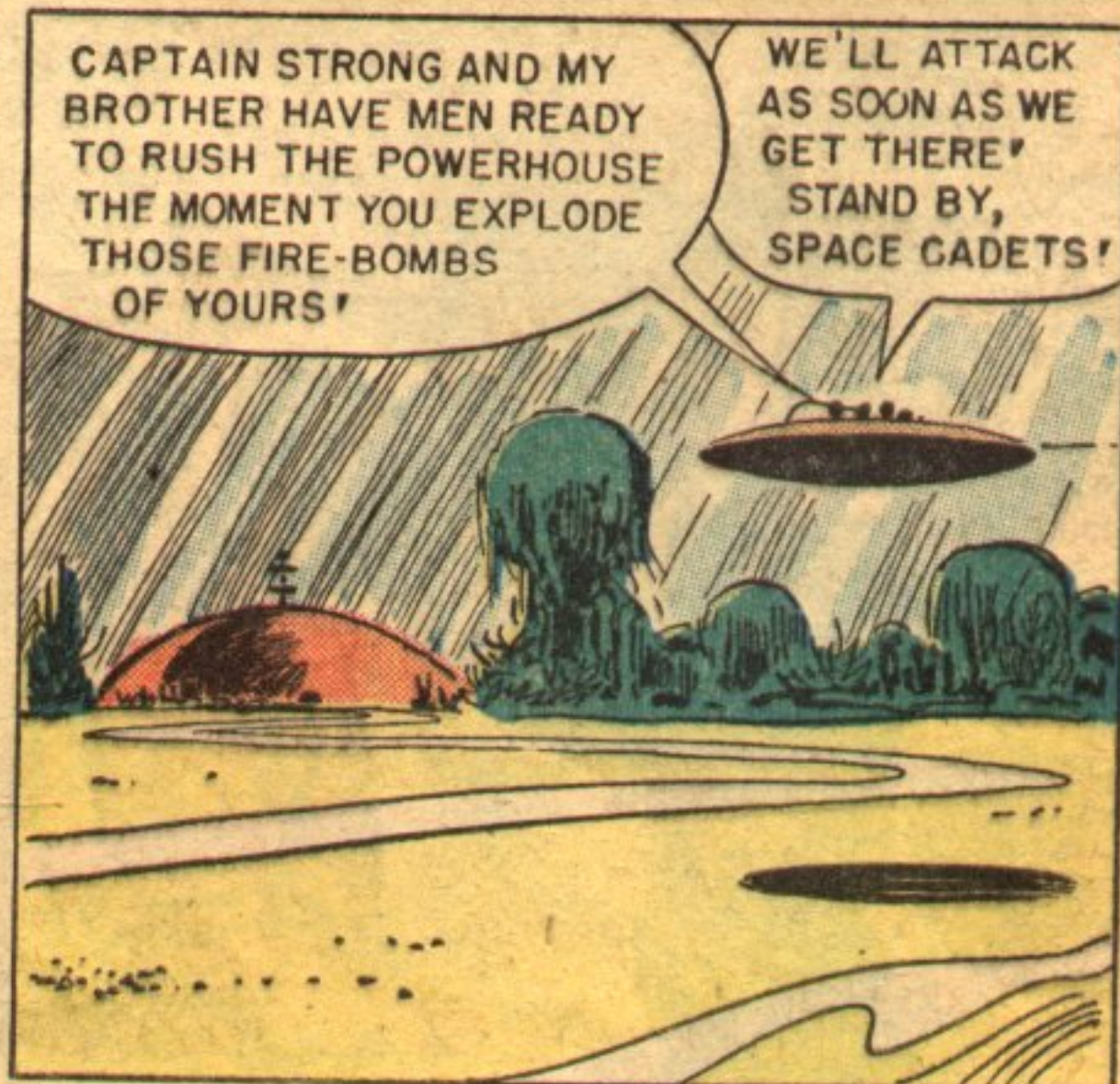
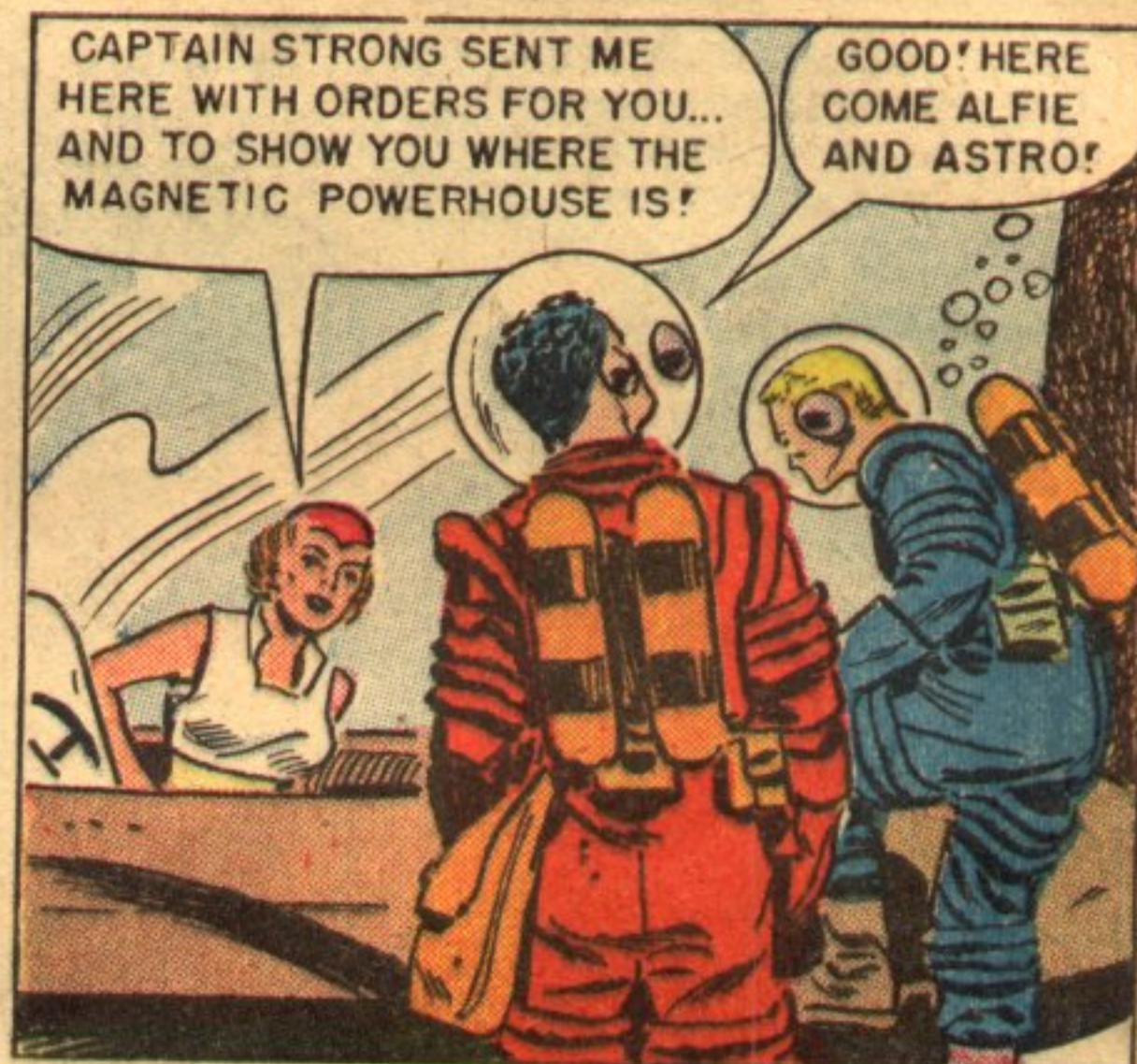
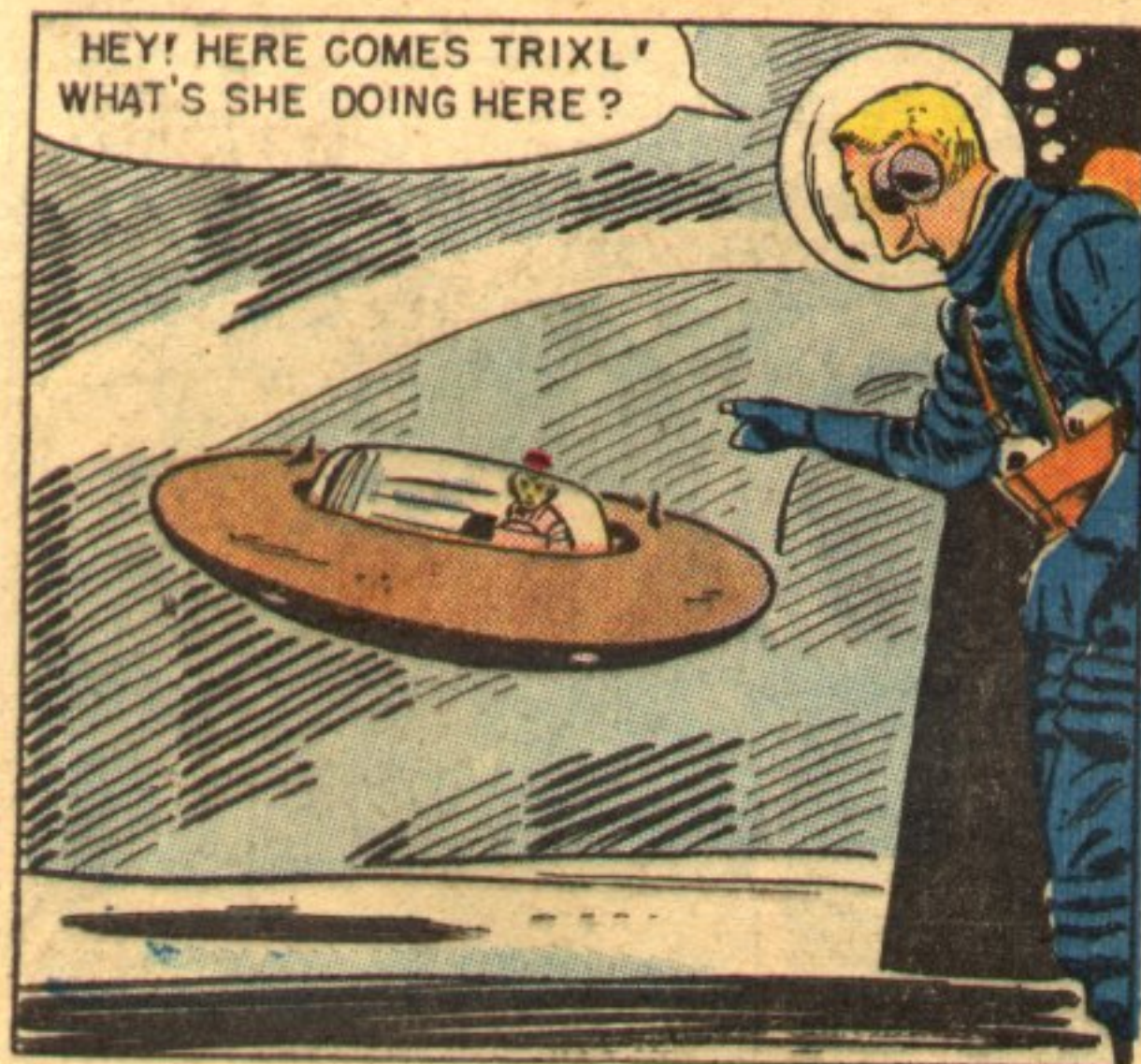
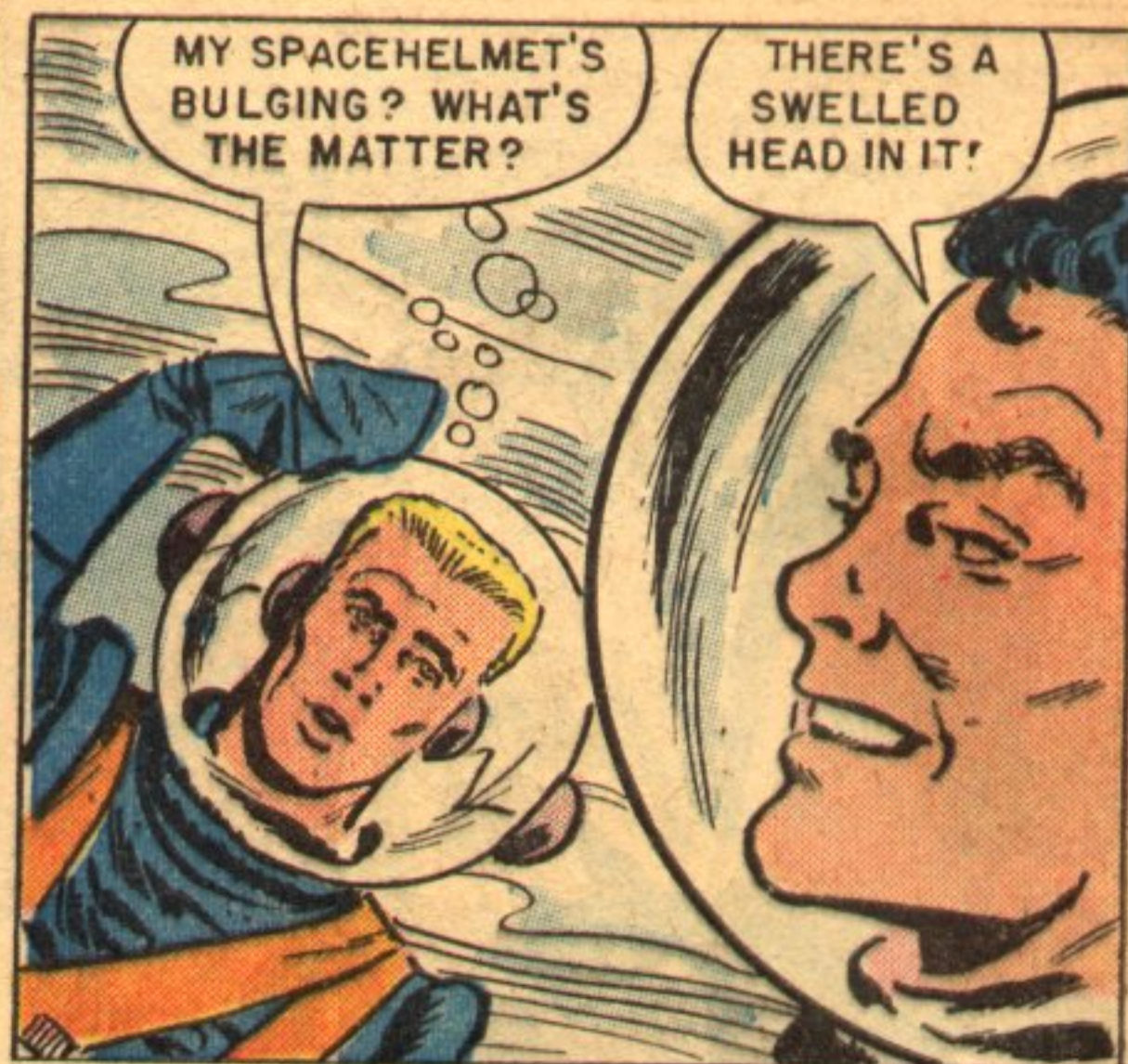
WHERE IN SPACE
ARE THOSE TWO
GUYS?

THEY'LL BE COMING
ALONG WITH THE
BOMBS, ROGER! JUST
HOLD YOUR SPACE
HORSES!



ROGER AND I ARE GOING,
ALFIE. YOU AND ASTRO GET
INTO YOUR SPACESUITS
AND FOLLOW US!

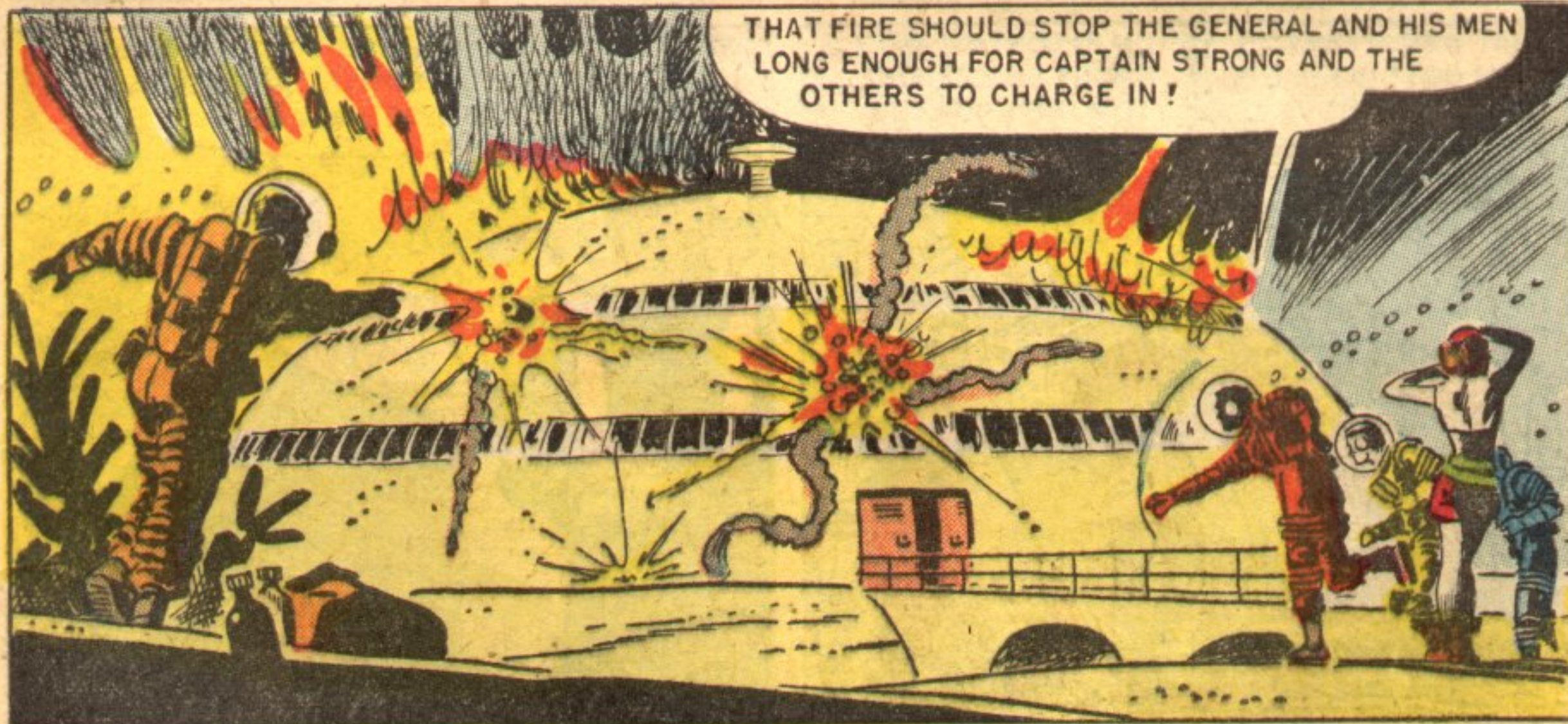
RIGHT,
TOM!



ALL RIGHT, YOU SPACEDEVILS! THIS IS IT! GET CLOSE UP AND START PITCHING!



THAT FIRE SHOULD STOP THE GENERAL AND HIS MEN LONG ENOUGH FOR CAPTAIN STRONG AND THE OTHERS TO CHARGE IN!



TOM! WHERE ARE THEY? WHY AREN'T THEY CHARGING?

MAYBE THEY GOT COLD FEET AT THE LAST MINUTE!

TRIXI! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU HAVE GOT TO FIND YOUR BROTHER AND TELL HIM TO CHARGE THE POWERHOUSE NOW!

... I CAN'T SEE, TOM! THIS FIRE THING--- IT HURT MY EYES!

LOOK! THERE'S CAPTAIN STRONG GOING IN... ALONE!

ALL THE SIRIANS MUST BE BLINDED TEMPORARILY. COME ON! FOLLOW CAPTAIN STRONG!



