

ALWAYS A GRAND NEW COMPLETE BILLY BUNTER STORY (See Page 2)

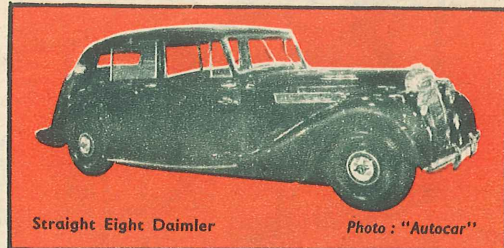
COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

No. 123
(New Series)
Nov. 25, 1950

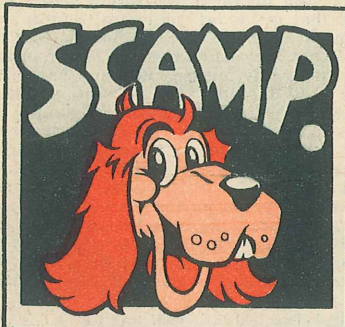
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Straight Eight Daimler

Photo: "Autocar"



There were a lot of dead leaves, and Dad took the clearing up in hand.



But as from barrow they did fall So also did old Scamp's ball!



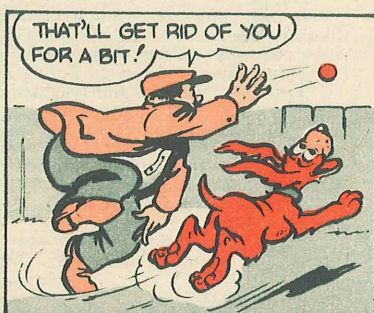
Finding his ball caused lots of scatter, Though Scamp thought it didn't matter.



Those scattered leaves gave Dad a pain— He'd have to sweep them up again!



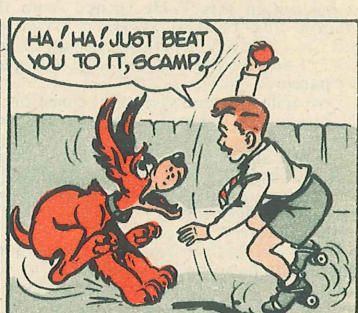
He'd have to send old Scamp away, Or else he'd not get done that day!



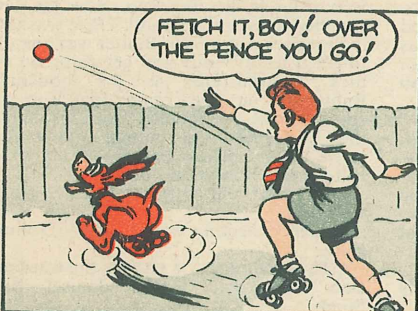
And so it was the best of sense, To throw Scamp's ball across the fence.



Scamp fell for father's little trick, And chased his ball both fast and quick!



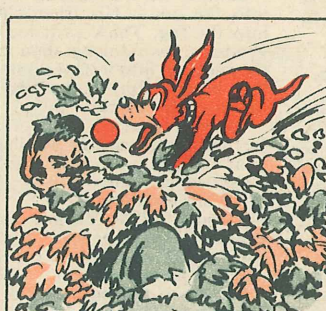
But sonny caught the ball instead, And whisked it over Scamp's head!



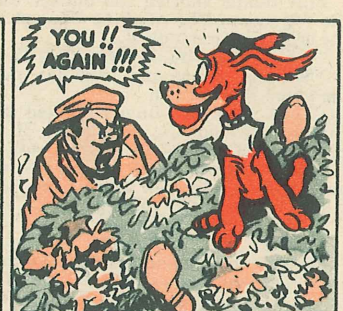
Trying to please his little chum, He threw the ball whence it had come.



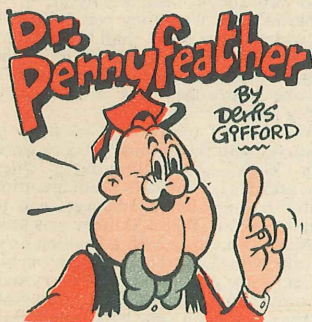
So just as Pa got leaves in pile, Scamp cleared the fence in splendid style.



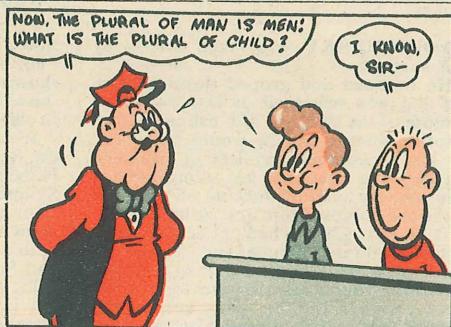
Pa crouched with match and bended back Then something hit him such a smack!



Scamp thought all this was splendid sport But you can guess what father thought!



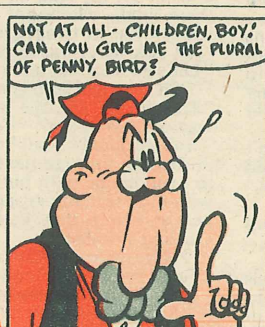
BY DENNIS GIFFORD



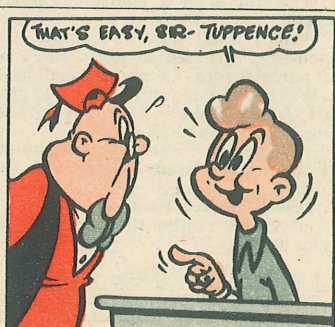
NOW, THE PLURAL OF MAN IS MEN! WHAT IS THE PLURAL OF CHILD?

I KNOW, SIR—

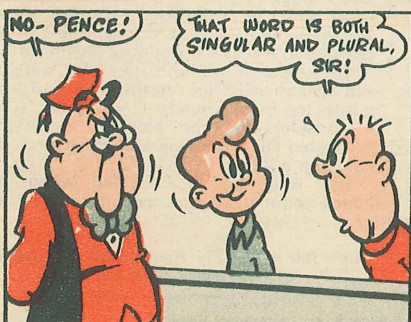
TWINS!



NOT AT ALL— CHILDREN, BOY! CAN YOU GIVE ME THE PLURAL OF PENNY, BIRD?



THAT'S EASY, SIR— TUPPENCE!



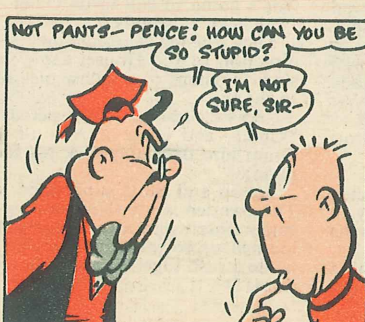
NO— PENCE!

WHAT WORD IS BOTH SINGULAR AND PLURAL, SIR?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOY?

PANTS ARE SINGULAR AT THE TOP AND PLURAL AT THE BOTTOM!

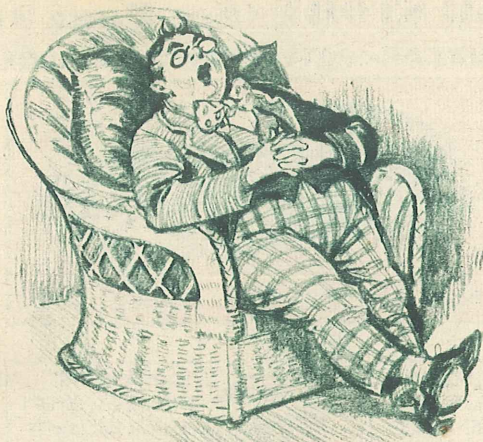


NOT PANTS— PENCE! HOW CAN YOU BE SO STUPID?

I'M NOT SURE, SIR—



—BUT IT ISN'T EASY!



BILLY BUNTER'S LUCKY DAY

A Smashing Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

CATCHING A TARTAR

"IT'S jolly thick!" said Billy Bunter. "Pea soup—and then some!" said Bob Cherry.

A dozen Remove fellows were looking out of the window in the Rag. They looked out into a dense wall of fog. Sea fog had drifted in, in great grey masses and Greyfriars was enveloped as if in a blanket.

Billy Bunter blinked out at the fog through his big spectacles.

"Blow!" said Bunter. "How's a fellow to get out in this?" He turned from the window and blinked at Harry Wharton and Co. "I say, you fellows, which of you will cut down to Gosling's lodge and fetch my parcel?"

Five fellows grinned at that question. "I wonder which!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Don't all speak at once!" said Johnny Bull, sarcastically. "Who's going through this pea soupy fog because Bunter's too jolly lazy to go himself?"

"I say, Harry, old chap—!"

Harry Wharton laughed. "No good Harry-old-chapping me, Bunter. I'm not going."

"Franky, old fellow—"

"No good Franky-old-fellowing me!" grinned Frank Nugent. "I'm not going, either."

Billy Bunter snorted and blinked out at the fog again. The more he blinked at it, the less inviting it looked.

"What about you, Brownie?"

"Nothing about me, old fat man," answered Tom Brown.

"I say, Skinner," Bunter blinked at the frowsters round the fireplace. "I say, Skinner, old chap, will you cut down to Gosling's lodge for me? My parcel's there and Gosling jolly well won't come across with it in this fog. If you'll go—"

"Fathead!" said Skinner.

"Beast!" retorted Bunter.

He gave the fog another dismal blink. "I say, you fellows, I think one of you might go," he urged. "It's a parcel from home, you know—I had a letter about it this morning. The carrier's delivered it all right. Will you go and fetch it, Toddy?"

"Ask me again next term," said Peter Todd.

"Why not fetch it yourself?" inquired Nugent.

"Well, I don't want to go out in this rotten fog," granted Bunter. "But I want that parcel for tea. I suppose I shall have to go. Will you cut up to the study and get my scarf, Toddy? I don't want to catch a cold going out in this filthy fog."

"Any special reason why you shouldn't cut up to the study yourself?" asked Toddy.

"Beast!" hooted Bunter.

And he rolled out of the Rag, making up his fat mind to it.

HAROLD SKINNER rose from his chair by the fire and made a sign to Snoop and Stott and strolled out of the Rag. Snoop and Stott, rather unwillingly, left the crackling fire and followed him out into the corridor. There was a sour grin on Skinner's face. He led the way to the junior lobby and his friends followed him, wondering what was up. In the lobby Skinner glanced round to make sure that no one was in hearing before he spoke.

"Look here, what's on?" asked Stott impatiently. "It's jolly parky here."

"We're going out—"

"We're jolly well not," contradicted Snoop. "Not in this putrid fog! Why, a fellow could hardly pick his way across the quad in this."

"That's why," said Skinner. "You could hardly see your hand before your face out

of doors now. That's why we're going. Bunter won't know a thing."

"Bunter!" repeated Snoop and Stott blankly.

Skinner sneered.

"Perhaps you fellows have forgotten that I had six from Wingate the other day because Bunter gave it away that I had smokes in my study. I'd have taken it out of the fat foolster with a ruler, only Cherry's standing up for him and—I don't want a scrap with Bob Cherry."

Snoop and Stott grinned. They were well aware that the weediest slacker in the Remove did not want a scrap with the form's heaviest fighting man.

"But there's more than one way of killing a cat," he went on. "That fat frump's going down to Gosling's lodge for his parcel as he can't get anybody to fetch it for him. He's gone up to his study for his scarf now. We're going to wait for him near the lodge, see?"

"But—" objected Snoop.

"He won't spot us if you're thinking of Bob Cherry's knuckles," sneered Skinner.

"We shall hardly be able to see one another in the fog and Bunter's nearly as blind as an owl. Safe as houses! Somebody collars Bunter in the fog, rolls him over in the puddles, smother's him with mud—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And he won't know who it was—he can think it was Temple's gang in the Fourth larking with him, if he likes—or Tubb's crowd in the Third—or anybody—nothing to connect us with it."

"That's all very well," said Stott.

"But—"

"Oh, cut out the buts," snapped Skinner. "That fat chump will be starting in a few minutes and we've got to be ready for him. Will you come on?"

"Oh, all right," grunted Stott.

Skinner led the way, by the lobby door, into the quad. His friends followed him into the fog. Thick as it looked from the windows, it was thicker than it looked when they got out into it. Once out of the House, they became dim shadows to one another, looming ghost-like.

"Keep together," muttered Skinner. "If we miss one another we shan't find one another again in a hurry. Ow! Oh! Wow!"

He added suddenly.

"What the thump—?"

"Ooogh! I've banged into a tree—wow!" Skinner paused to rub his nose, which had established contact with the trunk of an ancient elm. "Oh! Wow!"

"Keep to the path," said Snoop. "I'm keeping to it—yow-ow-ow-ow! What's that? Wow! Oooh!"

Another nose had established contact with a tree!

"Clumsy!" said Stott. "Keep behind me and follow my lead and I'll take you right there and—whooop!" Stott broke off suddenly as he banged into a trunk.

"Look here, this is rot," gasped Snoop. "Let's go back! It's too jolly thick."

"Shut up and come on," snarled Skinner. "The thicker it is the safer it is. Feel your way and come on."

"Clumsy!" said Stott. "Keep behind me and follow my lead and I'll take you right there and—whooop!" Stott broke off suddenly as he banged into a trunk.

"Look here, this is rot," gasped Snoop. "Let's go back! It's too jolly thick."

"Shut up and come on," snarled Skinner. "The thicker it is the safer it is. Feel your way and come on."

In decidedly bad tempers the three pushed on through the fog. It was not easy to keep to the path but they felt their way with their feet and groped with their hands, and at length they had a dim glimpse of Gosling's lodge.

"Here we are," muttered Skinner in great relief. "Now we've only got to wait."

"I'd rather be indoors," growled Snoop.

"So would Bunter when we collar him! I've just trodden in a puddle—that fat frog's going to roll in it! Quiet—I believe I can hear somebody."

They listened. Through the fog, from the direction of the House, came footsteps—slow footsteps of a fellow picking his way in the fog.

"He's coming!" whispered Skinner.

"Quiet—and jump on him all together—bump him over and stick his face in that puddle!"

Snoop and Stott suppressed a chuckle. They waited while the tramping footsteps came closer, and as a vague dim shadow loomed up in the thick clinging fog, they made a rush together and collared it on all sides.

"I SAY, you fellows."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter reappeared in the doorway of the Rag. His fat form was encased in a coat and a scarf was wound round his plump neck. Evidently he had prepared for the tramp in the fog down to Gosling's lodge. Equally evidently he had not started on it. A dozen fellows grinned at him. Apparently Bunter was going to renew his request that somebody else would undertake that foggy trip. In which case everybody was prepared to reply in the negative.

"I say, I put my head out at the door and it was awfully thick," said Bunter.

"That's no news," said Bob. "We all knew your head was awfully thick, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" howled Bunter. "I mean the fog was awfully thick! I say, I shouldn't wonder if I got lost in the fog if I go out."

"That all right," said Johnny Bull. "So long as you don't get found again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! Look here, Bob, I think a pal like you might cut down to Gosling's lodge for a chap," said Bunter reproachfully.

"Think again!" suggested Bob.

"You know I'm a bit short-sighted—"

"More than a bit!" agreed Bob.

"Well, I mean, I can't find my way like you could," argued Bunter. "You wouldn't like me to get lost outside and not get in again for hours and hours—"

"My dear chap, I'd love it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fancy not seeing Bunter again for hours and hours!" said Bob. "Sounds jolly, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Some chaps would be a bit sympathetic when a fellow's got short sight like me. Unsympathetic beast! Yah!"

And Billy Bunter revolved on his axis to roll away. But that last appeal touched Bob Cherry's heart. Bunter, after all, was short-sighted and much more liable than another fellow to blunder in the fog. Bob made up his mind at once.

"O.K., fathead," he called out. "I'll go."

"Oh, good," Bunter halted. "I'll wait for you here, old fellow. Don't be long, will you? Buck up, you know. It's tea-time and I'm jolly hungry. I say mind you don't get lost in the fog—I don't want to have to hang about waiting for that parcel—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's concern, evidently, was wholly for the parcel!

"You fat ass!" said Bob, and he walked out of the Rag, and a minute later, in overcoat and cap, he was plunging through the fog in the direction of Gosling's lodge—little guessing what was waiting there for Bunter!

BOB CHERRY was taken utterly by surprise.

He tramped and groped through thick fog and was rewarded at last by a dim glimpse of the chimney of Gosling's lodge. Another minute and he would have been at his destination, collecting Bunter's parcel. But just as he glimpsed the chimney, three fellow lurking on the path in the fog glimpsed him and rushed.

That Bob Cherry had, after all, come instead of Bunter, Skinner and Co. had not the faintest idea—any more than Bob had that three young rascals were waiting for the fat Owl in the fog. They rushed and grasped at a dim figure of which they had only the merest shadowy glimpse and which they did not doubt was Bunter. And Bob, taken by surprise by that unexpected rush, went headlong over, with the three all over him clutching him. There was a heavy splash as he landed in an extensive puddle.

"Urrrrrgh!" gasped Bob.

For the moment, in his surprise, he was helpless in enemy hands. Skinner and Co., for that moment, had it all their own way. Had their victim been Billy Bunter, they would have continued to have it all their own way. But as it happened, their victim was of a very different calibre. For one moment Bob Cherry rolled helplessly in

their hands. The next, he was heaving up with a strength that was amazing—in Bunter!

Who they were, Bob did not know. All he knew was that three fellows had collared him suddenly in the fog, and bumped him into a puddle, apparently for a "rag." That was rather over the limit in the raging line. Billy Bunter would have been helpless in the grasp of three pairs of hands; Bob Cherry was very far from helpless. He wrenched himself free from grasping hands and hit out. There was a terrific jolt as a set of hefty knuckles landed in an eye. Skinner's yell, as he spun over, woke every echo in the fog.

Skinner crashed and rolled, yelling. He had never dreamed that Bunter had a jolt like that in his fat right arm! Snoop and Stott, realising that it couldn't be Bunter, and that they had caught a Tartar in the fog, hurriedly released Bob and backed— but they did not back fast enough. Bob Cherry had only the dimmest glimpse of them: but enough to guide his punches. His right crashed on Snoop's chin and a second later, his left banged rather like a coke-hammer on Stott's nose. Snoop went over backwards on the ground and Stott sprawled headlong over Skinner.

Bob Cherry panted. He was dripping from the puddle and more than ready to give his assailants more if they wanted it.

But they did not want any more. Three severely damaged fellows squirmed away in the fog, only anxious to get out of reach of those hard-hitting fists. Bob found himself left alone. He heard sounds of hurried retreat from the clinging fog, and that was all.

"Oh!" gasped Bob. "Who the dickens— what the thump—jumping on a fellow in the fog and sticking him in a puddle—by gum, I'll bet they're sorry they did!"

There was no doubt about that. There was not a sorrier trio in the wide world than Skinner and Co. as they lurched away in the fog, Skinner clasping his eye, Snoop his chin, and Stott his nose.

"What any more?" roared Bob. "Come on, if you do!"

But answer there came none! Skinner and Co. vanished in the fog and Bob Cherry, with a cheery grin, tramped on to Gosling's lodge for Billy Bunter's parcel.

HERE you are fathead!"

Bob Cherry tossed a parcel to Billy Bunter, in the Rag. The fat Owl clutched it and rolled away. There was tuck in that parcel and Billy Bunter was anxious to get it to his study and get going on the tuck. Concentrated on the foodstuffs, Bunter did not even notice that Bob had come in wet and muddy. Not, probably, that he would have thought that it mattered, it was only the parcel that mattered. But other fellows noticed.

"Tumbled over in the fog?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Been collecting mud?" asked Johnny Bull.

"The mudfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Blessed if I make it out" said Bob. "Some fellows—there were three of them— were larking in the fog—they collared me and tipped me into a puddle near Gosling's lodge—rotten trick—"

"Who were they?" asked Nugent.

"I couldn't see who they were. But—"

Bob chuckled. "I expect I shall know later! I got in three punches and I'll bet they'll be showing the marks—and I'll bet they'll think twice before they lark with a fellow in the fog again!"

It was quite an interesting question in the Remove, who those three fellows were. Nobody knew—till calling-over, when Skinner and Co., who had been spending their time bathing damaged faces, had to show up in public. When Skinner was seen with a black eye, Stott with a swollen nose and Snoop with a big black bruise on his chin, everybody guessed. Bob Cherry had got in only three punches, but only too clearly they had been very hefty ones. Bob had thought of giving his assailants some more when he found out who they were. But when he looked at Skinner and Co. he decided that they did not need any more!

On which point Skinner and Co. were in full agreement! They felt that they had had a little too much already. It was likely to be a considerable time before they quite recovered from their painful experience of catching a Tartar!

But Billy Bunter chuckled when he heard about it. It was certainly his lucky day!

More fun with Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars, next week.



YELLOW TOWN

“WHAT shall we do today, Jimmy?” asked his sister, June Watson, as she and Jimmy washed up the breakfast dishes.

It was a Saturday morning, and there was no school, so Jimmy said:

“Let’s go and watch them putting the tents up for the circus tonight, shall we?”

“Oh, yes, let’s!” cried June excitedly. “Perhaps we might see some of the animals.”

“I expect we will,” said a voice near her feet. “I’ll come along with you.”

“Oh, hallo, Tutty!” said June, looking down at the cat, which had strolled into the kitchen. “Yes, of course you can come along with us if you want to.”

“Good!” said Tutty, starting to lick himself. “I’ll just titivate myself up.”

He spoke in a human voice, for he was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for he was an Egyptian Prince and came from a long line of Wizard Princes.

But he had been changed into a cat by an old wizard named Ur-huh, who was jealous of him, because Tutty could do plenty of magic himself. And a cat poor Tutty was doomed to remain until he could find a certain mummified Egyptian beetle called the Sacred Scarab of Shendi.

This Scarab was the only thing in the world which possessed the magic powers that would change Tutty from a cat back again to his proper self. But it was lost and Tutty had searched everywhere for it. He was still searching and, while doing so, he was staying for a time with Jimmy and June, who had befriended him.

Nor was Tutty his real name. He had a whole string of names, all of them very long and very difficult to pronounce. But one of them was Tut-u-kamen, so he was called Tut-tut for short and Tutty for shortest.

“Well, come on!” he said, sitting stroking his whiskers. “Hurry up with those dishes and let’s get off. I’m ready now and I’m looking forward to a walk.”

“We’ve just finished,” said June, hanging up the drying cloth.

She and Jimmy lived with their uncle, Jaspas Grabb, the ironmonger. They lived above the shop and, in order to go out they had to go downstairs and through the shop.

As they did so now, with Tutty at their heels, they saw Jaspas Grabb standing behind his counter. He was a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered and very bad-tempered man, and he fairly glowered at them.

“Ho, and where might you be off to?” he demanded.

“We’re going to watch them putting the tents up for the circus, please, Uncle,” said Jimmy.

“You’re—you’re going to what?” gasped Jaspas Grabb, as though he couldn’t believe his ears.

“Watch them putting the tents up for the circus,” repeated Jimmy.

“Ho, no, you’re not!” roared Jaspas Grabb, his thin and spiteful face twisted with rage. “I’ve got some errands for you and that brat of a sister of yours to run. Here’s me slaving my fingers to the bone to keep the pair of you,” he went on furiously, “and you stand there as bold as brass and say you’re off to watch them putting up some silly tents or summat. I’ve never heard of such impudence. Who d’you think you are, anyway?”

Jimmy said nothing. He knew it was no use. And as for Jaspas Grabb slaving his fingers to the bone for them, the man was so mean that he never gave them so much as a ha’penny to spend on themselves. On top of that, he was always making them work in the shop and about the house after

JIMMY’S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

school hours.

He was so mean also, that had he dared, he would have flung Tutty out of the place altogether rather than keep him and feed him. But he didn’t dare. He had tried it once and some very unpleasant things had happened to him.

He did not know that Tutty was a magic cat. All he did know was that Tutty was a very queer cat indeed and was best left alone. So Jaspas Grabb left him alone, but he simply hated him, all the same.

“The first errand you can do,” he went on angrily, “is to take that drum of paraffin there out to old Mrs. Tulip at her cottage. You can take it on the barrow. And don’t stand gaping there,” he shouted. “Get busy! And be quick back, else I’ll take the strap to you. I’ve got lots of other errands for you to do after that ‘un!’”

Seeing there was nothing else for it, Jimmy got the barrow from the yard at the back of the shop. He and June lifted the drum of paraffin on to it, then they set off for old Mrs. Tulip’s cottage, which was about a mile outside the town.

Tutty went with them and, as he trotted along beside them, he said:

“For two fish-bones I’d have changed that straggly-whiskered old misery of an uncle of yours into a squint-eyed, piebald mouse and chased him down a hole.”

“I’m very glad you didn’t,” chuckled Jimmy, who knew that Tutty could have done it quite easily with his magic powers.

Next instant he had completely vanished as though into thin air. But although Jimmy and June could no longer see him, they knew that he was still there with them.

A few moments later the two bullies reached Jimmy and June. Grinning all over their faces, they halted right in front of the barrow so that Jimmy and June were forced to halt too.

“Why, if it isn’t that ugly little Jimmy Watson!” said Basil Bloggs, grinning harder than ever.

“And his cheeky little sister!” said Charlie Clegg, a sharp-nosed, spotty-faced youth.

“Where do you think they can be going?” tittered Basil Bloggs.

“I just wouldn’t know,” giggled Charlie Clegg.

“Do you mind getting out of the way and letting us pass?” demanded Jimmy.

“Do you mind getting out of the way and letting us pass?” squeaked Basil Bloggs, pretending to imitate him. “Yes, we do mind getting out of the way, you cheeky little twerp. What have you got in that drum?”

“Paraffin,” said Jimmy.

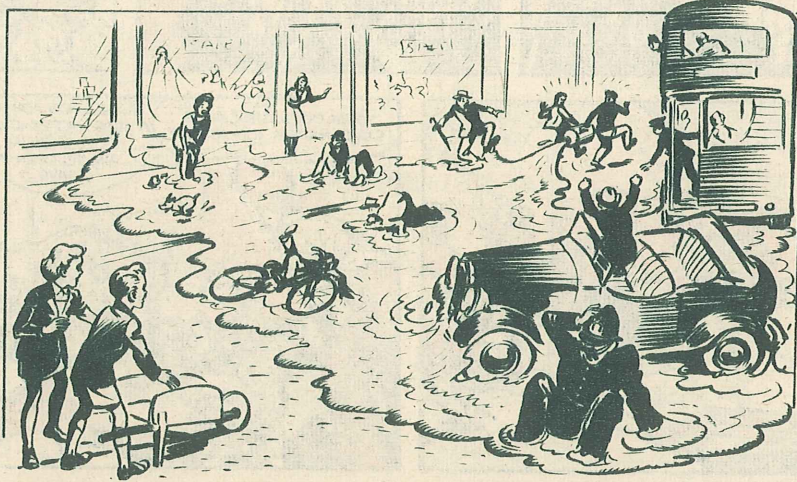
“I don’t believe you,” said Basil Bloggs, still grinning.

“Neither do I,” tittered Charlie Clegg.

“Come on, let’s see!” said Basil Bloggs.

“Yes, let’s!” giggled Charlie Clegg.

They grabbed hold of the drum and started to pull it off the barrow.



“If you’d done that, then either June or I would have had to stay in and look after the shop for him, and we’d much rather be out of doors on such a nice morning as this.”

“He’d better be careful, all the same,” said Tutty. “Or one day I’m going to give him the fright of his horrid old life.”

They soon reached the outskirts of the town and they were trundling the barrow along the quiet country road, which led to old Mrs. Tulip’s cottage when suddenly June exclaimed in dismay:

“Oh, goodness, here come Basil Bloggs and his friend Charlie Clegg!”

“Who are they?” demanded Tutty, eyeing the two big rough-looking boys who were coming along the road towards them.

“They’re two of the worst bullies in the town,” said June. “They’re always picking on children smaller than themselves and hitting them and twisting their arms and things like that.”

“Are they, indeed?” said Tutty with interest. “Are they likely to pick on you and Jimmy, do you think?”

“They might do,” put in Jimmy. “And they’ll pick on you as well, if they see you. They love teasing animals and twisting their tails and that sort of thing.”

“They’d better not try twisting my tail,” said Tutty. “Not if they know what’s good for them. They’ll not try it twice, I bet!”

“Listen, Tutty,” said Jimmy anxiously “you heard what uncle said. We’ve got to hurry and get back, so we don’t want to waste time having trouble with these two rotters. So you’d better make yourself invisible, then they won’t see you and perhaps they won’t interfere with us.”

“All right, if you want me to,” said Tutty obediently.

to the drum as though glued there and, try as they would, they could not pull them free.

And all the time the bright yellow paint was pouring from the drum as though it was never going to stop, and was spreading all over the road.

And the queer thing about the paint was that it hardened and dried in a moment, so that the road all around the barrow was quickly covered with a bright, hard, yellow surface.

Then another most astonishing thing happened. For, without warning, the two terrified bullies suddenly found themselves running along the road towards the town, carrying the drum between them and pouring the bright yellow paint all over the road as they ran.

They most certainly didn’t want to run and they most certainly didn’t want to keep on pouring the mysterious paint all over the road. The one thing the terrified pair wanted to do most in all the world was to drop the drum and bolt away in the opposite direction, just as fast as ever their legs would carry them.

But they could neither drop the drum nor could they stop running towards the town. For it seemed as though some mysterious power had entered into their legs and was forcing them to keep on running along the road to the town.

“Help!” howled the terrified Basil Bloggs. “What’s the matter—what’s happened?”

Jimmy and June could have told him what had happened. For they knew that it was the invisible Tutty who had done all this with his magic powers.

“My hat! Tutty, but you’ve pulled a smart one this time!” chuckled Jimmy. “Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg won’t half catch it for painting the road like this!”

“It serves them jolly well right!” laughed June. “But what I’m wondering is what is going to happen when they reach the town?”

What happened when the two frantic, blubbering bullies reached the town was perfectly terrible. At least, it was from their point of view. For, as they weaved their way in and out of the traffic, pouring the bright yellow paint from out the bewitched drum, the paint not only spread swiftly all over the road, but it spread over motor cars, buses and trams as well, and all over the fronts and roofs of the shops and houses until, before very long, the greater part of the town was painted all over a bright yellow colour.

Then suddenly, not because they wanted to, but because the magic power in their legs carried them there, Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg ran in through the open doorway of a big stone building.

It was the police station!

They carried the drum in with them, of course, for the simple reason that they could not let go of it.

Then Tutty suddenly switched off the magic. As he did so, the drum became empty at once and it dropped with a clatter from the hands of the two howling, terrified bullies.

In that same instant, half a dozen big burly policemen leapt on the hapless pair and handled them very roughly indeed, for those policemen were real mad at Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg.

“Don’t lock us up!” howled the terrified pair, nearly fainting with fright. “Aw-ww, don’t lock us up. We d-d-didn’t mean to do it—we c-c-couldn’t help it. Aw-ww, don’t lock us up—Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo!”

But the policemen did lock them up and they were kept under lock and key until the Monday while the magistrates decided what to do with them.

By that time, however, all the yellow paint had vanished from the streets and the buildings and everything in the town was just as it had been before.

So the magistrates let Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg off with a very heavy fine and a very severe talking to.

But perhaps you want to know what happened about the paraffin, which Jimmy and June had been taking out to old Mrs. Tulip. Well, that was all right, for Tutty used his magic powers and gave them another drum of paraffin which they took out to the old lady.

“Well, it’s been heaps more exciting than watching them putting up the tents for the circus,” said June merrily. “Don’t you think so, Jimmy?”

“I jolly well do!” said Jimmy, laughing. “You’re a wonder, Tutty!”

“I can be when I want to,” said Tutty, stroking his whiskers. “And I never did like bullies.”

Next week, a fishmonger annoys Tutty! Don’t miss the fun and thrills!



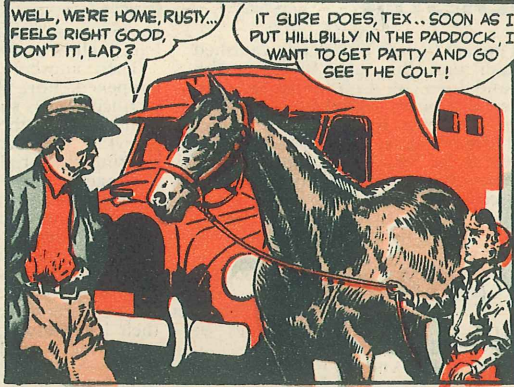
RUSTY RILEY



SHO

DEPUT

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. Rusty chums up with Patty, the daughter of Quentin Miles. He has a dog—Flip—and a horse—Hillbilly. With Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles' trainer, Rusty helps to foil a bunch of crooks and save the estate of Lila Chatfield at Pine Centre. After many thrilling adventures, Tex and Rusty arrive home on the ranch.



WELL, WE'RE HOME, RUSTY... FEELS RIGHT GOOD, DON'T IT, LAD?

IT SURE DOES, TEX... SOON AS I PUT HILLBILLY IN THE PADDOCK, I WANT TO GET PATTY AND GO SEE THE COLT!



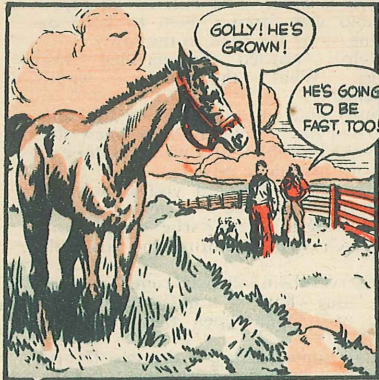
HI YA, PATTY... WE'RE BACK! COME ON OUT WITH ME AND SEE THE COLT!

OH, RUSTY, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU - WE READ ABOUT HOW YOU WON THE RACE IN PINE CENTRE! COME ON... LET'S GO!



THE COLT'S OVER IN WHAT USED TO BE CRANDALL'S PLACE... DADDY BOUGHT IT AS SOON AS WE GOT BACK!

HE DID? GEE, THAT'S SWELL!



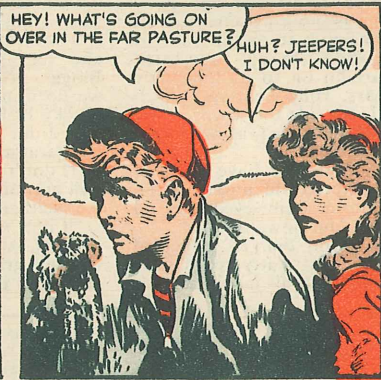
GOLLY! HE'S GROWN!

HE'S GOING TO BE FAST, TOO!



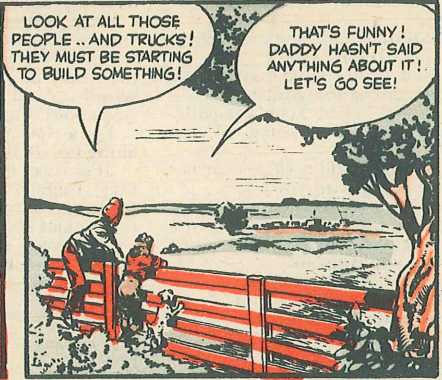
LOOK! HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN ME!

OF COURSE NOT! HE NEVER WILL!



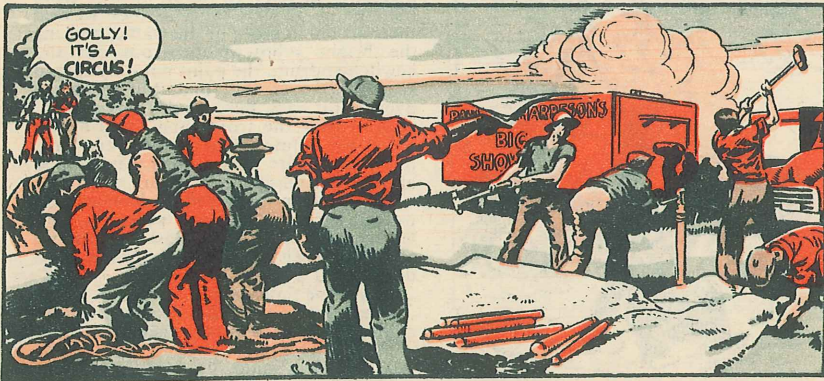
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON OVER IN THE FAR PASTURE?

HUH? JEEPEERS! I DON'T KNOW!

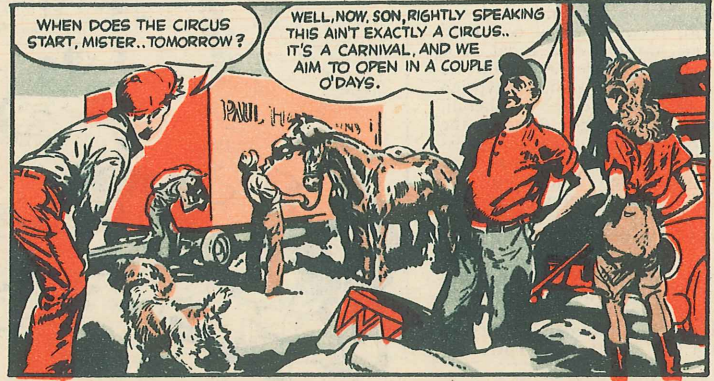


LOOK AT ALL THOSE PEOPLE... AND TRUCKS! THEY MUST BE STARTING TO BUILD SOMETHING!

THAT'S FUNNY! DADDY HASN'T SAID ANYTHING ABOUT IT! LET'S GO SEE!



GOLLY! IT'S A CIRCUS!



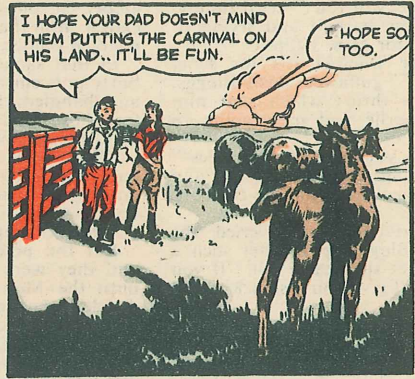
WHEN DOES THE CIRCUS START, MISTER... TOMORROW?

WELL, NOW, SON, RIGHTLY SPEAKING THIS AIN'T EXACTLY A CIRCUS... IT'S A CARNIVAL, AND WE AIM TO OPEN IN A COUPLE O'DAYS.



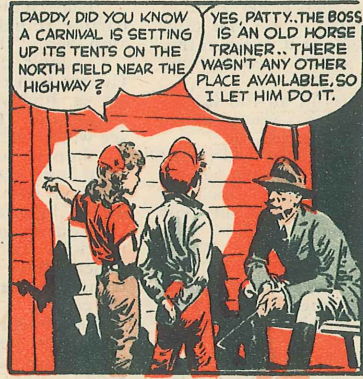
GOLLY, PATTY... LOOK AT THAT BIG HORSE! I BET HE'S PLENTY STRONG! PERCHERON, ISN'T HE?

I THINK HE'S A SHIRE!



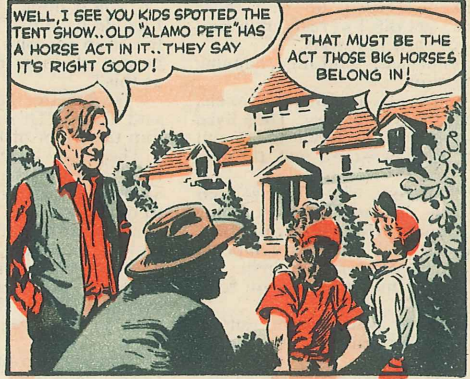
I HOPE YOUR DAD DOESN'T MIND THEM PUTTING THE CARNIVAL ON HIS LAND... IT'LL BE FUN.

I HOPE SO TOO.



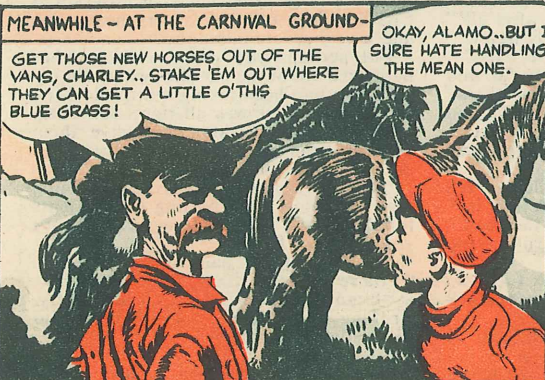
DADDY, DID YOU KNOW A CARNIVAL IS SETTING UP ITS TENTS ON THE NORTH FIELD NEAR THE HIGHWAY?

YES, PATTY... THE BOSS IS AN OLD HORSE TRAINER... THERE WASN'T ANY OTHER PLACE AVAILABLE, SO I LET HIM DO IT.



WELL, I SEE YOU KIDS SPOTTED THE TENT SHOW... OLD 'ALAMO PETE' HAS A HORSE ACT IN IT... THEY SAY IT'S RIGHT GOOD!

THAT MUST BE THE ACT THOSE BIG HORSES BELONG IN!



MEANWHILE - AT THE CARNIVAL GROUND - GET THOSE NEW HORSES OUT OF THE VANS, CHARLEY... STAKE 'EM OUT WHERE THEY CAN GET A LITTLE O'THIS BLUE GRASS!

OKAY, ALAMO... BUT I SURE HATE HANDLING THE MEAN ONE.



I SURE WISH ALAMO WOULD GET RID OF THAT ORNERY CRITTER... HE'S GOIN' TO KILL SOMEBODY SOMEDAY!



WHOA, SATAN! TAKE IT EASY THERE!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, CHARLEY!



WHY DON'T YOU LOOK GOING, CLUMSY?



YOU WERE WALKING YORE EYES CLOSED



I'LL GET CROSS WITH TROUBLE IS - YOU CAN'T MOST MEN'S KNEES



ONE OF THESE DAYS SLAP INTO THE RIVER



RTY

Y SHERIFF



WHERE YOU'RE THAT'S RIGHT-BLAME ME!



WITH TCHAH! YOU WUZ STROLLING IN A DREAM!

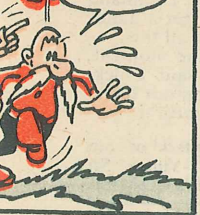


YOU IN A MINUTE! I'T SEE HIGHER THAN

AND YOU - YORE HEADSTICKS IN THE CLOUDS - NO WONDER YOU BUMP INTO PEOPLE



YS YOU'LL WALK ER!



Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Hawkeye, an Indian. The trail brings them to a strange lost city. They are attacked by jaguars, but White Dove is able to tame them. And then, as they climb the steps leading up to the temple, they see the massive doors opening!



GOSH, WHO'S THIS OLD FELLER?



YOU ARE WELCOME! ENTER, FOR IT IS MANY MOONS SINCE I SET EYES ON HUMAN BEINGS.

WE THOUGHT YOUR GREAT CITY WAS DESERTED.



FOLLOW ME, MY FRIENDS, TO THE TEMPLE ROOF. FROM THERE YOU SHALL SEE THE WHOLE CITY.

THE KEEPER OF THE TEMPLE WAS FRIENDLY - BUT AS KIT AND HIS FRIENDS FOLLOWED HIM, AN EVIL FIGURE LURKED NEARBY...

HAWKEYE, THE RENEGADE INDIAN WAS DETERMINED TO GET HOLD OF THE GOLDEN ARROW.



THEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME. THE TREASURE SHALL BE MINE.

KIT FOLLOWED THE TEMPLE GUARDIAN UP THE MIGHTY STAIRS.



SEE OUR GREAT CITY! IT HAS STOOD HERE SINCE TIME BEGAN.



SUDDENLY THE GREAT DOOR SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND THEM.



WHO CAN HAVE DONE THAT? THERE IS NO WIND!

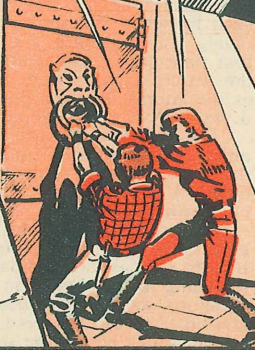


GLOATINGLY HAWKEYE SECURED THE HEAVY DOOR...



THEY ARE AT MY MERCY! THERE IS NO WAY OF ESCAPE FROM THE ROOF!

IT WON'T SHIFT! WE'RE TRAPPED, JOHNNY!



AS THEY SOUGHT A WAY OF ESCAPE, THEY HEARD A SHOUT FROM THE COURTYARD.



GIVE ME THE GOLDEN ARROW AND I WILL FREE YOU!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! OPEN THAT DOOR OR IT'LL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU!

HAWKEYE'S MOCKING LAUGH SOUNDED IN REPLY. THE SUN BLAZED DOWN OUT OF A PITILESS SKY. AS THE HOURS PASSED THE CAPTIVE'S ON THE ROOF-TOP SUFFERED AGONIES OF HUNGER AND THIRST.

HE'S WAITING FOR US TO DIE. THEN HE'LL COME AND GET THE GOLDEN ARROW.



SUDDENLY THE TEMPLE GUARDIAN ROUSED HIMSELF. HE STARTED TO UNWIND HIS HEADRESS.



MY HEAD-CLOTH IS VERY LONG THE LIGHTEST OF YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO CLIMB DOWN WITH ITS HELP.

BUT THE CLOTH WAS SNATCHED FROM THEIR HANDS...



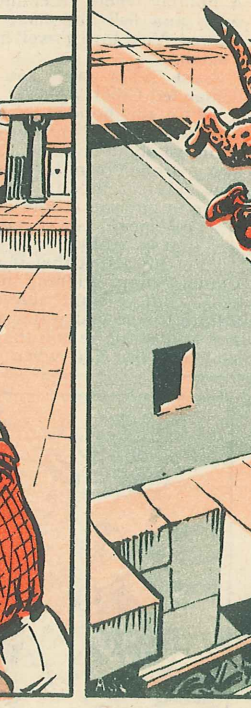
IT'S GONE! HAWKEYE HAS SEEN IT!

THEN, BEFORE KIT AND JOHNNY COULD STOP HER, THE INDIAN GIRL LEAPED ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE JAGUARS AND IT WENT BOUNCING ACROSS THE ROOF-TOP.

COME BACK, WHITE DOVE! COME BACK!

DO NOT BE AFRAID. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!

THE JAGUAR LEAPED DIZZILY OUT OVER SPACE...



IT MUST REACH THAT OTHER ROOF! IT MUST!



Just to remind you

Chick Brown and Molly Weston are passengers aboard an air liner, flying over the Pacific. Three of the other passengers are crooks. After robbing the other passengers they land them on the island, planning to make off with the plane. But Chick and Molly manage to seize the air liner and taxi away. They are caught in a terrific storm and the air liner sinks. Chick and Molly are rescued by a trading schooner. They take a case of valuables with them. The captain of the schooner soon discovers what is in the case—and that means danger for Chick and Molly.

THE BEACON

"THEN what are we going to do?" demanded Chick.
 "What can we do?" said Molly helplessly. "There are four Kanakas and Jupp and Egg. That's six of them against us two. And we can't even escape. There is no escape."

"Of course we may be wrong about Jupp," said Chick for the second time.

"We're not wrong about him," said Molly. "You know we're not. The way he grabbed the money and the jewellery and the greedy way he looked at it and then scuttled down below with it showed plainly enough that he's going to keep it if he can."

She broke off as the skinny, watery-eyed Mr. Egg approached.

"What are you two whisperin' about?" asked Mr. Egg affably. "You ain't skeered, are you?"

"What should we be scared of?" demanded Molly.

"There ain't nuthin' that I knows of," answered Mr. Egg with a shrug of his skinny shoulders. "Why don't you go below and get yourselves dried? There ain't no sense in standin' around in them soakin' wet things o' yours."

"I know there isn't," said Chick. "But we've nothing dry to change into unless you can find us something."

Mr. Egg shook his head.

"I don't reckon I can," he said regretfully. "Cap'n Jupp's things wouldn't fit neither of you and I ain't got nuthin' meself what I can lend you. But you can wring your things out and they'll dry on you mighty quick soon as the sun gets hotter."

"EGG!" roared the thunderous voice of Captain Jupp from the cabin below.

"Aye, aye!" cried Mr. Egg, hastily.

Leaving Chick and Molly, he hurried below.

"The pair of them are now going to split the loot," predicted Molly. "Or plan the best way of getting rid of us."

They were silent a few moments, both of them striving to quell the mounting fear in their hearts. Then Molly said bravely and with an attempt at cheerfulness:

"Well, I'm going to be as comfortable as I can while I can. I'm going to do as Egg suggested and wring my things out. There's nobody for'ard yonder beyond the galley, so come on!"

The four Kanakas were aft, one being at the wheel, another tending the auxiliary engine and the other two lounging idly near them. Moving for'ard of the little galley, Chick and Molly wrung out their soaking wet things, then pulled them on again to allow them to dry on them.

"I feel better than before," said Molly, "although I'm still jolly clammy and uncomfortable."

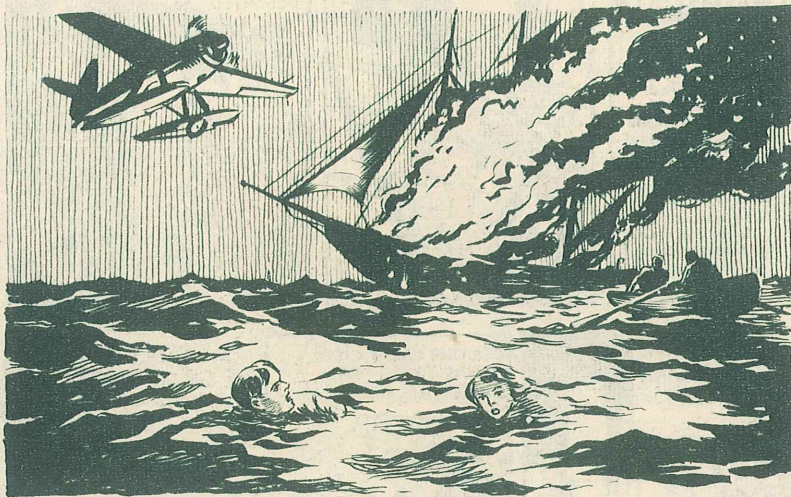
"We'll soon dry once the sun gets really hot," said Chick. "It's going to be a proper scorcher today."

He was perfectly right, for the sun, mounting higher and higher, blazed down with a fierce and burning heat from out a sky of cloudless blue.

Slowly and on leaden feet the tense and anxious hours passed for Chick and Molly. They were quite certain that Captain Jupp was meaning them ill, but as the *Maid of*

THE FLYING GUNMEN

A Thrilling Story of Thrills in the Air



Kalpao chugged on and on across the calm and glistening sea, that burly bearded ruffian made no hostile move.

As hour succeeded hour and the day dragged slowly on, the two youngsters continually searched the sea and sky for some vessel or patrolling aircraft, for they knew that the search would now be on in earnest for the missing Lampson air liner.

But they saw neither sail nor hull, nor could their straining ears detect even the faintest sound of aircraft engines.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Egg came on deck and said to them, "You're to come down to the cabin. Cap'n Jupp wants to see you."

Chick and Molly exchanged glances. In spite of themselves their hearts were thumping and they both felt a little sick with fear. For they knew that they were about to learn their fate.

Together they followed Mr. Egg down the ladder and into a dark, stuffy and untidy little cabin, the atmosphere of which was heavy with cigar smoke and the smell of rum.

Captain Jupp, bearded and massive, was seated at the cabin table. He was leaning back in his chair, a cigar in his mouth. A chart was spread out on the table in front of him and standing on the chart was a glass of rum.

"So here ye are!" he cried jovially when Mr. Egg had ushered Chick and Molly forward to the table. "And how d'ye like bein' aboard the *Maid O' Kalpao*?"

Without waiting for an answer he went on:

"Well, now, I've got a surprise for ye. A real dandy surprise. I bet the pair of ye wouldn't say no to havin' a mighty fine holiday where ye could do just as ye like. A holiday where ye could camp out and swim and fish and have all the fun ye wanted. Ye'd love a swell holiday like that, I betcha!"

"Just what are you getting at?" demanded Chick.

"Why, this holiday, o' course," grinned Captain Jupp. "This holiday what I'm tellin' ye about. I know a nice little island about a hun'erd miles from where we are now. There's nobody lives there and I'm going to put you ashore on it—"

"You mean you're going to maroon us?" cut in Molly.

"Ye can call it that if ye like," agreed Captain Jupp, grinning more hugely than ever. "But ye wont' starve. I'll put stores ashore for ye and water and fishing lines and an axe for ye and the boyo to make a shelter with. And when I reach 'Frisco

I'll see that the authorities are tipped off about where ye are and then ye'll be picked up and fetched home. It's a swell idea!"

"From your point of view, I suppose it is," said Chick. "What your'e meaning to do, of course, is to dump us on this island, then clear off with the loot from the Lampson, sell it and vanish. And do you think you'll get away with it?"

"I know I'll get away with it!" declared Captain Jupp. "I'll take mighty good care that I get away with it. I'm not goin' to let a fortune like this slip through my fingers, don't you worry!"

He scowled and went on with an angry change of tone:

"Many a feller in my position wouldn't bother to maroon ye. He'd just heave ye overboard and nobody'd be any the wiser. But I'm not like that. I'm soft-hearted. But I'm only soft-hearted up to a point. If I have any nonsense or back-talk from ye or the lass there, I'll not bother to maroon ye. It'll be over the side for ye both. D'ye understand?"

"Yes," said Chick.

"That's okay, then," said Captain Jupp, grinning again. "We'll raise this island, what I'm goin' to put ye on, tomorrow morning. So long as ye behave yourselves that's the worst that'll happen ye. If ye don't behave yourselves—well, ye'll not live to see the island. Now get up on deck!"

Chick and Molly did so, for there was nothing to be gained and everything to be lost by trying to argue with the bearded scoundrel. Moreover, they were both fervently thankful that they were only to be marooned and not to be killed.

"It could have been a lot worse, Molly," said Chick, as he and she discussed it up on deck. "I suppose we're lucky, really."

"Yes, we are," agreed Molly. "It won't be too bad on the island and we're bound to be sighted and picked up sooner or later. What does make me furious, though, is Captain Jupp getting away with the treasure after all we went through trying to save it."

"I know," said Chick grimly. "It makes me so hopping mad that I just hate to think about it. But what can we do?"

"Nothing," said Molly helplessly.

After a time Captain Jupp came up from his lighted cabin below and joined Mr. Egg, who was lounging by the wheel.

Then suddenly Chick tensed, listening. "D'you hear that?" he whispered excitedly.

far away and high in the night sky the, Molly listened. As she did so she heard, distant drone of an aircraft's engines.

"It might be a kite out looking for the Lampson—for distress flares," said Chick swiftly. "It could be. By golly, I'll give him a flare! Stay here, don't move!"

Unseen by Captain Jupp and Mr. Egg at the wheel, he went down the ladder and into the cabin, which was lighted by a hanging oil lamp. Jumping on to the table, he lifted the lamp from its hook.

Next moment he was pouring oil from the still lighted lamp over the floor and on the blankets of the bunk. Then removing the glass funnel, he applied the burning, naked wick to the oil-drenched flooring of the cabin.

He saw the flame spread with terrifying rapidity, then hurling the lamp on to the bunk, he darted from the cabin and sped silently up the ladder to rejoin Molly.

"What have you been doing?" she whispered.

"You'll know in a minute," said Chick tensely. "Is that aircraft still around?"

"Yes, I've been listening to it," said Molly. "It seems to be north of us—"

Abruptly she broke off as there came a shrill yell from one of the Kanakas, followed by a furious bellow from Captain Jupp, who came pounding from the wheel towards the cabin ladder up which a dense volume of smoke was rolling.

Bellowing and cursing, the raging man went down the ladder while Mr. Egg, leaving the wheel, screamed to the frightened Kanakas to get the boat slung out.

"Did you do that, Chick, set her on fire?" gasped Molly.

"Yes, I did!" said Chick. "I'd have grabbed the loot, too, if I'd known where it was. Come on, this is where we fade!"

"Where to?" demanded Molly.

"Overboard!" said Chick tersely. "That aircraft'll be here as soon as the pilot spots the flames. She'll pick us up!"

He was right, for as the flames devouring the doomed schooner leaped high into the night, the aircraft roared low overhead and touched down on the water.

By that time the schooner's boat had been launched and into it had piled the raging Captain Jupp and his crew. By that time also, Chick and Molly were in the water, having dived overboard; and as the aircraft touched down, they swam to her and scrambled aboard.

"Don't pick those men in the boat up unless you're armed!" panted Chick to the startled captain of the aircraft. "Stand them off until you can get the assistance of an armed aircraft."

Swiftly he poured out his story. The aircraft was a big amphibian from the British air base at Samoa and was out searching for the Lampson.

Before dawn an armed flying boat arrived from the base and touched down on the water beside the schooner's boat. Realising that there was nothing else for it, Captain Jupp surrendered.

He had the loot with him, for he had enough sense to know that he would only make matters worse for himself if he threw it into the water. It was taken from him and he and his crew were flown as prisoners to Samoa.

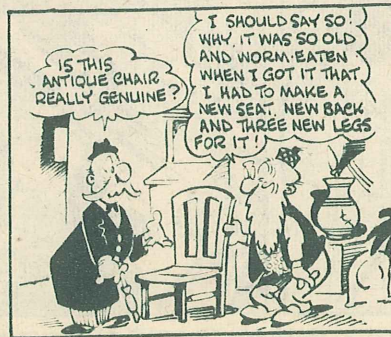
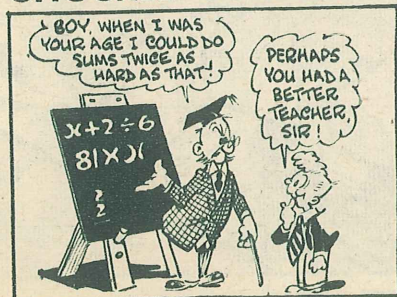
Chick and Molly, aboard the other aircraft, arrived at Samoa at the same time as the prisoners and found themselves the heroes of the hour.

"Armed aircraft have already left to pick up the passengers of the Lampson and the gangsters who held up the air liner," the Air Commodore in command of the base told them. "You'll get a handsome reward, both of you, for all this."

"What we'd like most at the moment, sir, is a jolly good sleep," said Chick. "And we're just about out on our feet," added Molly. "But it's been worth it!"

Don't miss the opening chapters of our grand new Robin Hood serial—Young Sir Nigel—which starts in next week's COMET.

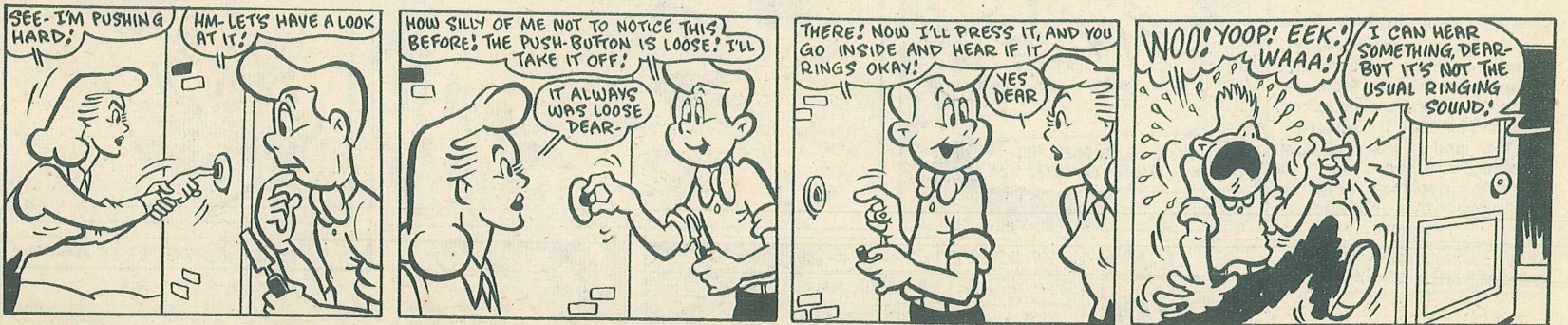
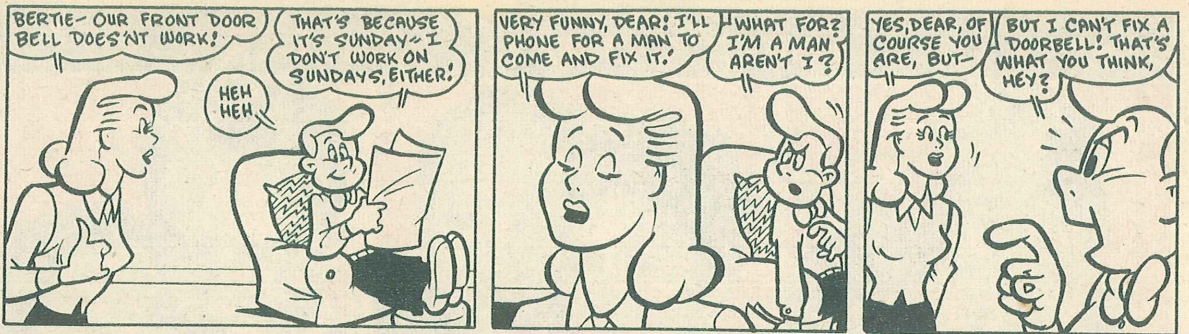
CHUCKLE CORNER



The NEXDAWS

by DENIS GIFFORD

BERT & HONEY



DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, but write direct to one of the readers whose names and addresses, together with age and interest, appear below. If you would like your name and address to appear, then cut out the coupon below and send it to the Editor, the "Comet," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, together with your age and a few facts about yourself. At the same time, don't forget to say what you like best in the "Comet."

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

FROM THIS LIST

- DOROTHY SHERIDAN, 9 Conway Street, Beswick, Manchester 11. Fourteen. Swimming, cycling.
- AGNES FINNIE, 76 Katherine Street, Thurcraft, nr. Rotherham, Yorks. Seventeen. Netball, cycling.
- FLORENCE LOWE, 29 Victoria Road, Rhyd, N. Wales. Fifteen. Film stars' photographs.
- COLIN MASON, 8 Amberly Grove, Leeds 7. Yorks. Thirteen. Stamps.
- ALAN WALKER, 96 Wyld Way, Wembley, Middlesex. Thirteen. Football, cycling, pets.
- VIOLET WILSON, 5 Front Stone Road, Bebside Furnace, Blyth, Northumberland. Fourteen. Films, stamps.
- JOSE BENNET, 22 Parkland Drive, Leeds 6. Yorks. Films, swimming.
- FAYE TURNER, 43 Markham Crescent, Staveley, nr. Chesterfield, Derby. Twelve. Sport.
- JEAN MORRIS, 121 Gypsy Lane, Leicester. Fifteen. Reading, films, football.
- JOAN ABBOTT, 18 Ecterby Street, Stanwix, Carlisle. Ten. Swimming, painting.
- SHEILA LIDDEL, 160 Kingsway North, Clifton, York. Thirteen. Poetry, needlework.
- MARGARET JUDSON, The Lodge, Grimstone Manor, Gilling East, York. Fourteen. Knitting, cycling.
- JANET HASKELL, 47 Green Lane, Aldersley, Wolverhampton. Ten. Collecting views.
- ROSE PRICKETT, 29 Church Road, Old Windsor, Berks. Thirteen. Table tennis, music.
- DORIS McCALLA, 151 Queen Anne Road, Bromley, Kent. Eighteen. Films.
- MICHAEL HYDE-BARKER, 43, Layton Avenue, Mansfield, Notts. Twelve. Swimming, cycling.
- ALASTAIR WILMOT-GRAHAM, Milton Lodge, Wells, Somerset. Fourteen. Natural history, art, history, cycling.
- CYNTHIA CROFTS, 104 Katherine Street, Thurcroft, nr. Rotherham, Ten. Reading.

- KENNETH HAYNES, 11 Whitby Road, Brislington, Bristol 4. Fifteen. Sport, films, reading.
- ROSA REDHOUSE, 57 Gabriels Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2. Thirteen. Animals, Latin.
- JOSEPH DOWNES, David Lewis Colony, Sandbridge, Warford, Cheshire. Fourteen. Reading, writing.
- PATRICIA BILLS, 52 Fonton Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs. Twelve. Films, swimming.
- JEANNETTE RICHMAN, 53 Long Lane, Ashton, Preston, Lancs. Fourteen. Drawing, swimming, films.
- PETER SIMPSON, 197 Cundy Street, Walkley, Sheffield 6. Eleven. Swimming.
- MARJORIE PATTIE, 11 Crossburn Terrace, Loams, Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland. Fourteen. Hill-climbing, cooking.
- ALFRED HUNTER, Bolton Terrace, Hot-ham Street, Hull, Yorks. Eleven. Boxing, rugby.
- ANNE NORCLIFFE, Scar House, Bess-tonley Lane, Stainland, nr. Halifax, Yorks. Twelve. Tennis.
- STEPHEN BARNES, 59 Mowbray Road, Catterick, Richmond, Yorks. Fifteen. Astronomy, films.
- JOHN STEPHENSON, 15 Ridley Terrace, Cambois, Blyth, Northumberland. Sixteen. Football.
- IRENE FREEMAN, Louise Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 21. Twelve. Painting, reading.
- G/21137011 Sgt. BERNARD RAI, 1st Battalion, 7th G.R. Headquarter Coy., Sikamat Camp, Seremban, N.S., Malaya, Far E.L.F. Twenty-two, Dancing, film stars, films, badminton.
- SHEILA BARNES, 46 Cownal Villas, Yorkley Slade, Sydney, Glos. Twelve. Sport, reading.
- VIVIENNE LANCEY, 9 Greenfield Street, Swansea, South Wales. Thirteen. Sport, reading.
- WILLIAM DALTON, 9 Lorona Drive, Thorne, Doncaster, Yorks. Ten. Sport, gardening.
- JUDITH GRANGE, "Brentwood", Laureston Grove, Douglas, Isle of Man. Ten. Sewing, writing.
- VALERIE BERRY, "Spring Clough", Broad Oak Park, Worsley, Manchester. Ten. Animals.
- MAVIS TAYLOR, 60 5th Avenue, North Hull Est., Hull, Yorks. Thirteen. Sport, girl guide.
- MAVIS WORKER, 155 Holmewood, Chesterfield, Derbyshire. Eleven. Swimming, skating.

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet," November 25, 1950

FIRST OF THE GANG to get

his YR Star

FOR YOU, BOB POSTMAN'S JUST COME

HI, JACK - REG. GOT MY STAR AND BADGE. LOOK!

SMASHING WEAR THEM SATURDAY, BOB

12 FREE BADGES entitle you to a Y.R. FOOTBALLER'S STAR

When you have got the full set—a Complete Soccer Eleven, plus a Captain's or Vice-Captain's Badge—send for your Y.R. STAR.

Write on a sheet of paper your name and address, and state your favourite team-position. Enclose it, with the 12 badges, in a box or stout envelope, stamp with a 3d. stamp, and post to GOODALL BACKHOUSE & Co. Ltd (Dept. 8), Sovereign Street, LEEDS

REMEMBER—ALWAYS GIVE THE Y.R. SIGN it means you're a keen footballer.

THAT BOY WITH THE STAR IS VERY GOOD, HE'LL GO FAR

WELL DONE BOB. IF THAT'S WHAT THE Y.R. STAR DOES, YOU'D ALL BETTER GET ONE!

Are you one of the lucky boys to get the YR Star? Just collect the badges that are given FREE with every bottle of Y.R. Sauce. For the complete set of 12, we send you the YR. Star in shining chromium, plus your favourite team position badge. Keen footballers will wear both. Swap your duplicates only with boys who give the correct Y.R. Secret Sign. Y.R. Sauce makes meals more tasty. Ask mother to buy it always. This offer does not apply to Eire.

YR SAUCE made by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LTD., LEEDS



DANE CLARK
MARGARET LOCKWOOD



JEAN SIMMONS
TREVOR HOWARD



ROBERT FLEMYNG
MAI ZETTERLING

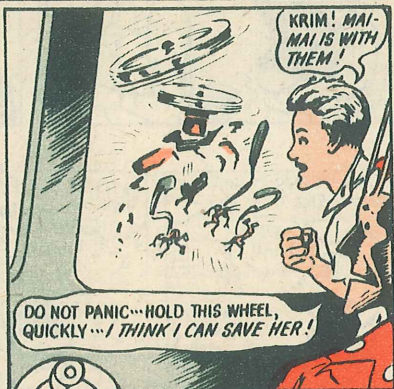


SUSAN SHAW
DIRK BOGARDE

(Rank Organization Stars)

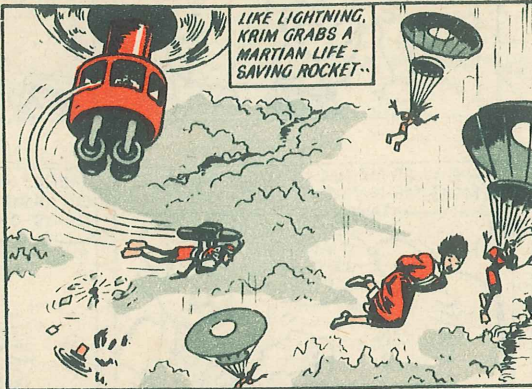
DON DEEDS

Don Deeds, Mai-Mai, and their Martian friend, Krim, set out to rescue the emperor, Alphar, from the rebels. They are attacked and Mai-Mai is captured. Don and Krim seize a plane and shoot down a rebel machine, only to discover that Mai-Mai is aboard.



DO NOT PANIC...HOLD THIS WHEEL, QUICKLY...I THINK I CAN SAVE HER!

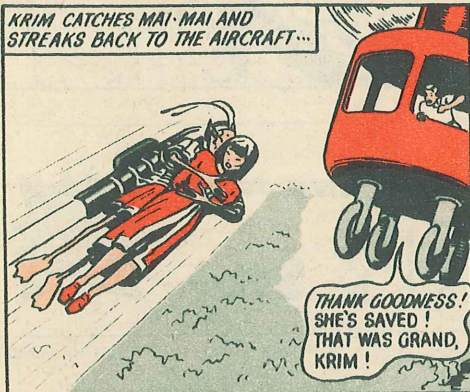
KRIM! MAI-MAI IS WITH THEM!



LIKE LIGHTNING, KRIM GRABS A MARTIAN LIFE-SAVING ROCKET...

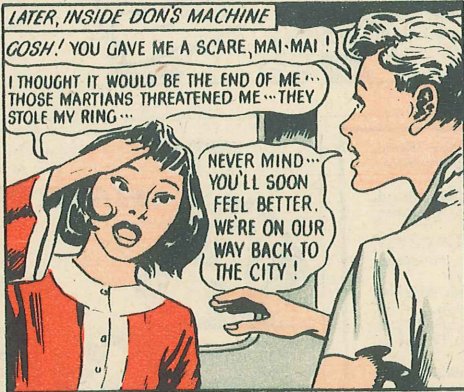


...AND DIVES BELOW MAI-MAI FASTER THAN SHE FALLS...



KRIM CATCHES MAI-MAI AND STREAKS BACK TO THE AIRCRAFT...

THANK GOODNESS! SHE'S SAVED! THAT WAS GRAND, KRIM!



LATER, INSIDE DON'S MACHINE

GOSH! YOU GAVE ME A SCARE, MAI-MAI!

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THE END OF ME...THOSE MARTIANS THREATENED ME...THEY STOLE MY RING...

NEVER MIND...YOU'LL SOON FEEL BETTER. WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE CITY!



OVER INNUL, THE CAPITAL CITY OF MARS...

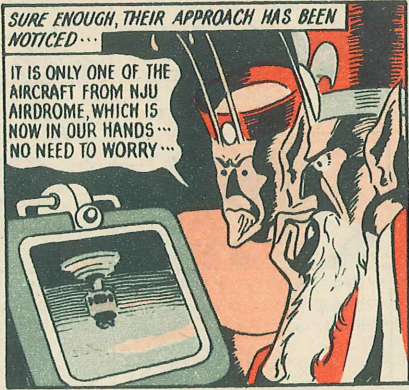
WHEN IT'S DARK ENOUGH, KRIM IS GOING TO LAND ON THE ROOF OF THE TEMPLE OF THE GREAT MARTIAN GOD...



DON, MAI-MAI, AND KRIM CONFER TOGETHER

BUT SUPPOSE WE ARE SEEN, WAITING HERE?

I AM HOPING THAT THEY WILL THINK WE ARE ONE OF THEIR OWN AIRCRAFT. ANYWAY, WE MUST TAKE THE RISK!

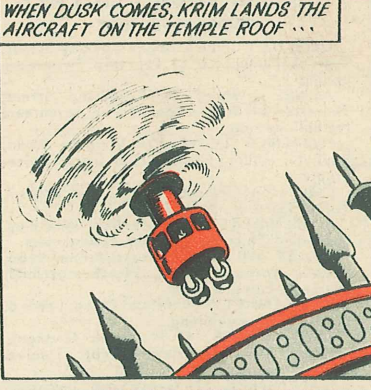


SURE ENOUGH, THEIR APPROACH HAS BEEN NOTICED...

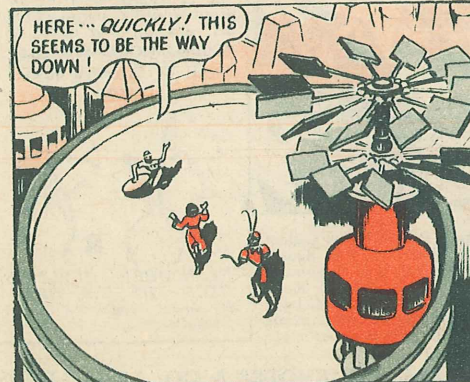
IT IS ONLY ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT FROM NJU AIRDROME, WHICH IS NOW IN OUR HANDS...NO NEED TO WORRY...



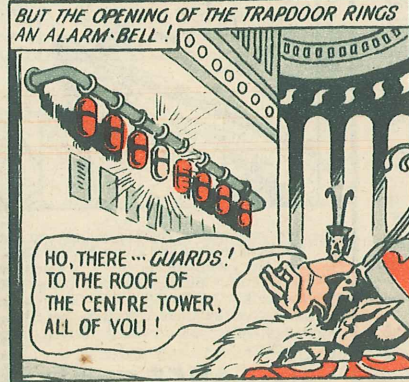
NEVERTHELESS, IT IS STRANGE THE PILOT DOES NOT SEND THE PASSWORD...ZORN, SEE TO IT THAT EVERY POSSIBLE CARE IS TAKEN!



WHEN DUSK COMES, KRIM LANDS THE AIRCRAFT ON THE TEMPLE ROOF...

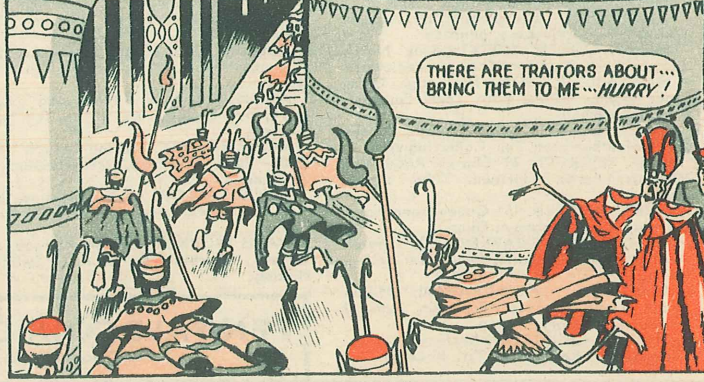


HERE...QUICKLY! THIS SEEMS TO BE THE WAY DOWN!



BUT THE OPENING OF THE TRAPDOOR RINGS AN ALARM-BELL!

HO, THERE...GUARDS! TO THE ROOF OF THE CENTRE TOWER, ALL OF YOU!



THERE ARE TRAITORS ABOUT...BRING THEM TO ME...HURRY!