

26 BOURTON

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

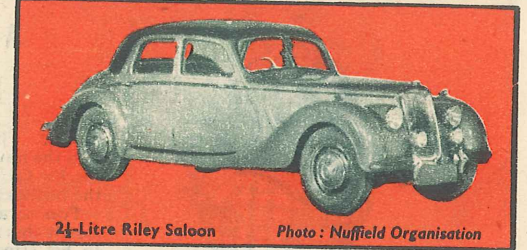
COMET

No. 119
(New Series)
Oct. 28, 1950

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2nd

EVERY THURSDAY

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



24-Litre Riley Saloon

Photo: Nuffield Organisation

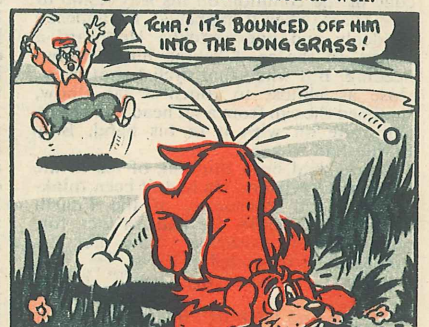
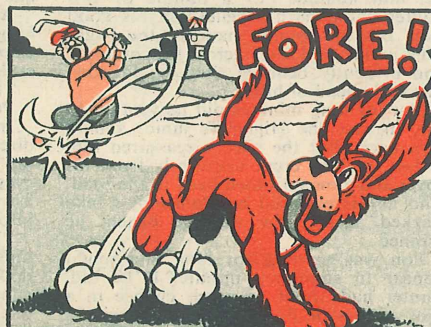


With balls our Scamp likes to play—He'll do it all and every day.

Said Dad, "That is my last golf ball—I've got no more golf balls at all."

Scamp eyed that ball with watchful care, As Pa swung club up in the air.

How Scamp was missed is hard to tell—Although the ball was missed as well.

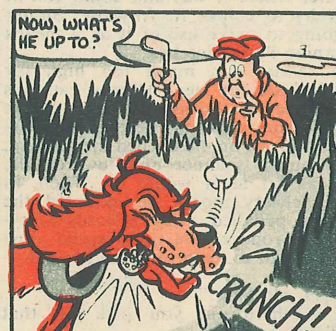
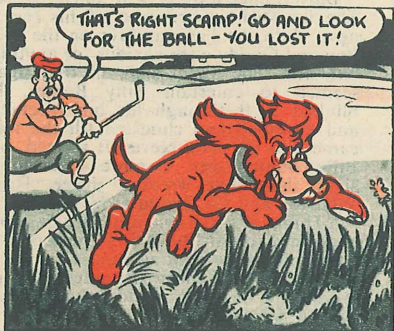


So Pa drove Scampy on his way—He didn't want his help to play.

So off went Scampy, sad and glum, He'd thought that he was Dad's best chum.

He hadn't gone ten yards—no more—When came a mighty yell of "FORE!"

'Ere he'd got time to dodge a bit, Pa's ball had scored a direct hit!



Pa blamed Scamp for its loss at once, And sent him seeking it, the dunce!

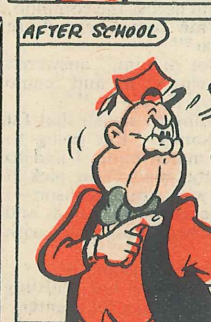
For Scamp, you see, was feeling wild, That ball's impact had not been mild!

At ball Scamp launched a fierce attack—Since it had hurt, he bit it back!

At sight, poor Pa had forty fits, For Scamp had bitten it to bits!

Dr. Pennyfeather

BY DEAN'S GIFFORD





THE CAD AND THE CAP

"EAST" roared Billy Bunter. The fat Owl of Greyfriars blinked round with a blink of annoyance.

Billy Bunter had rolled out of Courtfield and was rolling along the road by the edge of the common on his way home to Greyfriars, when it happened. It happened suddenly and unexpectedly. He heard a cyclist on the road behind him, without heeding. But when that cyclist shot by so close as almost to touch a fat elbow, snatched the cap from a fat head in passing, and rode on with it in his hand, Billy Bunter had to heed.

Bunter had been thinking of tea in the study at Greyfriars. He hadn't been thinking of Cecil Ponsonby, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe. He had, in fact, forgotten Pon's existence. Now he was unpleasantly reminded of it.

"Beast! Gimme my cap!" roared Bunter.

"Come and fetch it!" invited Pon. The bike slowed down. Bunter made a rush. He had almost reached Pon, when the bike shot on again, leaving him spluttering for breath.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Ponsonby. "Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Will you gimme my cap, you Highcliffe cad?"

Again the bike slowed down. Again the fat Owl made a desperate rush. And again the bike shot away just in time, and Billy Bunter came to a halt, puffing and blowing, with perspiration trickling down his fat face.

Pon roared with laughter. This little game with the fat junior of Greyfriars seemed to amuse him immensely. But Billy Bunter, like the old Queen, was not amused!

The Highcliffe junior half-turned, with one hand on his handlebars, waving the cap in the other, to tempt the fat Owl into another futile rush.

It was rather unlucky for Ponsonby that he did not notice a rut in the road, into which his front wheel slid and jammed. He noticed it the next moment, as the bike suddenly curled up under him and he found himself sprawling in the dust by the side of a clanging jigger.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "He, he, he!" "Oh! ah! ow! oogh!" spluttered Ponsonby as he sprawled. Up to that moment he had been amused. Now his amusement had suddenly evaporated and his face was furious.

Billy Bunter made a rush and snatched the cap. Bunter would have been quite content to leave it at that and roll on his homeward way. But Pon didn't like Bunter's laugh!

Billy Bunter was no fighting man. He had not the ghost of a chance in a scrap with the dandy of Highcliffe. But as Pon scrambled up and jumped at him he hit out wildly, and his fat knuckles landed on Pon's nose.

A punch with Billy Bunter's weight behind it was no light matter. It landed fair and square, fairly bowling the Highcliffe junior over. Pon sprawled again, this time on top of his bike, with crimson spurting from a sorely damaged nose.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He had knocked Ponsonby down. That was satisfactory so far as it went. But the drawback of knocking a fellow down was what he might do when he got up again!

He did not wait for it! His one thought was of instant flight. On the open road Pon would have run him down under a

BUNTER LAUGHS LAST!

A Rollicking Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

minute. The fat Owl shot off the road into the hawthorns on the common, fleeing for his fat life. He charged away through the bushes like a terrified rhinoceros.

Pon scrambled up again, rather more slowly this time. He pressed a handkerchief to his streaming nose. Pon's nose, in its normal state, was handsome. Now it looked like an over-ripe beetroot.

For a minute or two Ponsonby dabbed that streaming nose, breathing fury. Then he picked up his bicycle, leaned it against a wayside bench and plunged into the hawthorn thickets in pursuit of Bunter.

"O H, lor!" breathed Billy Bunter.

The fat Owl had intended to flee across the open common and dodge Ponsonby among the trees and bushes. But wind, always in short supply with William George Bunter, failed him. He puffed and he blew, he gasped and he gurgled: and he had to stop. He plunged into a thick mass of brambly bush and lay still, hoping that Ponsonby would pass him unseen and undiscovered.

Ponsonby, unsuspecting, crashed on and left him behind. For a minute or two Bunter could hardly believe in his good luck. But the sounds made by the Highcliffe junior died away across the common. Pon evidently believed that the fat Owl was still ahead of him.

Not for long minutes did he venture to stir, in case the Highcliffe junior should turn back. But the silence reassured him at last, and he crept cautiously from his cover and almost tiptoed back to the road. And as his eyes fell on Ponsonby's bike stacked against the wayside bench, he grinned.

Pon was hunting for him, and might appear in sight any minute. If he did, Bunter had about as much chance in a foot race with Pon as a tortoise with a hare. But on a bike it was quite a different proposition. Bunter resolved on the spot to requisition Pon's bike. He could be told later where it was and could call at Greyfriars to collect it. Anyhow, Bunter was going to make use of it as a means of escaping Pon's clutches.

The saddle was much too high for Bunter's little fat legs. After a cautious blink at the hawthorns that screened the common from view, and seeing and hearing nothing of Pon, he opened the toolbag, picked out a spanner and lowered the saddle as far as it would go. Then, in quite a cheery mood, he mounted the bike and pedalled away towards Greyfriars. He rode at his usual speed—just about enough to keep the bike upright.

"PON, old man!" "Where did you pick up that nose?"

Gadsby and Monson, Pon's pals in the Highcliffe Fourth, stared at him and grinned. They were strolling across the common when they came on Ponsonby. Their eyes leaped to his nose at once. That nose, red and swollen, was fairly flaming. Bunter's punch had done damage. Seldom or never had a Highcliffe fellow been seen with such a nose before. Gadsby and Monson could not help grinning: indeed, it was, in their opinion, enough to make a cat laugh.

Pon gave them a black scowl. "Seen anything of Bunter?" he rapped. "That fat Greyfriars chap?" asked Gadsby. "No! Was it Bunter gave you that nose?"

"Some nose!" murmured Monson. "If you want one like it you've only got to ask," snarled Pon. "Yes, it was that fat freak, and I'm going to smash him into little bits for it. He cut across the common, and he's dodging me somewhere. Sure you haven't seen him?"

"Not a grease-spot of him," answered Monson. "Better chuck it and come along—we're going in to tea."

"I tell you I'm going to smash that fat freak," hissed Ponsonby. "I'm going to give him a nose to match mine. I had to leave my bike on the road. You pick it up and take it in with you, Monson—I left it at that old bench on the road, and I don't want it pinched. You come with me, Gaddy."

"Oh, all right," said Monson. "But I say, I'm jolly well not scuttling all over the common hunting for Bunter,"

objected Gadsby.

"Neither am I," snapped Ponsonby. "He's dodged me somewhere. But he's got to get back to Greyfriars, and if we wait at the corner by Oak Lane, he's bound to pass us sooner or later."

"Might have to wait a long time."

"I don't care!"

Gadsby, judging by his expression, did care. He wanted to get in to tea, but he nodded a reluctant assent. Monson walked away in one direction to collect Pon's bike on the road near Courtfield: Pon and Gadsby in the opposite direction, to wait for Billy Bunter at the corner of the common nearest Greyfriars.

"Here we are!" said Pon as they reached the clump of trees at the corner. "Keep your eyes open, Gaddy."

"Oh, all right."

From the cover of the trees they watched the road, the lane, and the common; Pon dabbing his nose every now and then with a handkerchief that was thickly spotted with crimson. Pon was simply yearning to reduce Bunter's little fat nose to the same state, and he had no doubt that he had only to wait.

As it happened, he did not have to wait long. Hardly ten minutes of watching had elapsed when Gadsby uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Here he comes, Pon! He's on a bike."

Pon stared up the road from the trees. In the distance, coming from the direction of Courtfield, was a well-known fat figure mounted on a bicycle. Pon's eyes gleamed at it. It was Bunter, riding at a very leisurely pace—and riding fairly into his hands.

"The fat rotter!" muttered Pon. "He must have got to Courtfield after he dodged me on the common—Wharton's gang are in Courtfield this afternoon, and one of them has lent him a bike to get home on. I expect he told them I was after him. Well, whoever lent him that bike will be sorry for it. I'll jolly well smash the bike as well as Bunter."

"Oh, draw it mild, old man," said Gadsby. "There'll be a row if you smash a fellow's bike—"

"I don't care!"

"Well, I do!" snapped Gadsby. "There's a limit."

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Ponsonby. "Cut out and collar him as soon as he comes up."

They waited and watched.

BILLY BUNTER pedalled on cheerfully. He was grinning as he pedalled, wondering whether Ponsonby was still hunting him on the common near Courtfield. He was taken completely by surprise when two figures suddenly rushed out of the clump of trees at the corner of Oak Lane and grabbed him before he knew what was happening.

"Oh!" spluttered Bunter. He went off the bike in a sprawling heap, yelling. The bicycle clanged down in the road.

"Collar him, Gaddy!" yelled Pon. "I'll look after the jigger."

"Ow! wow! I say, leggo!" howled Bunter, as Gadsby grasped his collar. "I say, you fellows—oh, crikey—wow!"

Bunter sat up dizzily in Gadsby's grasp. There was no escape for him. But for the moment Ponsonby gave him no attention. He was busy with the bike. That a Greyfriars man had lent Bunter the bike to get home on, Pon did not think of doubting for a moment. And he wasted no time. There was a horrid sound of crunching as he stamped on the wheels. But he was not satisfied with that.

There was a large spot of the hooligan in Pon, with all his dandified ways: and he was going to do all the damage that he possibly could. Bunter's turn was coming—but first, he dealt faithfully with the bike. A few slashes of his penknife, and the tyres were in a state that defied repair. Nobody was going to ride that jigger again in a hurry! In a few minutes, the wreck of what had been a good bike lay by the roadside: and then Pon, with vengeance in his look, turned on Bunter, wriggling in Gadsby's grasp. But just at that moment there came an interruption.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" "The esteemed Pon—"

"And Bunter!"

"Put it on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. Five cyclists drove at their pedals.

Harry Wharton and Co. were riding home from Courtfield when they suddenly came in sight of a startling scene on the road ahead. A wrecked bike lay by the roadside, and on the grass verge the fattest figure at Greyfriars or anywhere else was wriggling and spluttering in the grasp of a Highcliffe junior. And another Highcliffe fellow, with a look on his face that revealed his intentions only too plainly, was stepping towards Billy Bunter, who fairly yelled with apprehension as he came.

Harry Wharton and Co. put on speed. Bob Cherry, his sinewy legs going like machinery, shot ahead of his comrades, and was on the scene almost in a twinkling. He jumped down, leaving his bike to run where it liked, and hurled himself at Ponsonby just in time.

"Look out, Pon," yelled Gadsby, "Greyfriars cads!"

Pon spun round from Bunter. The next moment the heaviest fist in the Greyfriars Remove jarred on his chin and he sat down with a sudden bump.

"I say, you fellows! Rescue!" yelled Bunter. "I say—help—oh, crikey—"

Gadsby released the fat junior, and backed away. Pon sat in the grass rubbing his chin, ignoring Bob Cherry's cheery invitation to get up and carry on. In a moment more, Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were jumping off their bicycles. Billy Bunter tottered to his feet.

"I say, you fellows, keep him off!" he spluttered. "I say—"

"Pon doesn't want much keeping off!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He doesn't seem frightfully anxious to come on! You coming on, Gaddy?"

Gadsby, without replying, backed further away. Pon sat where he was, rubbing an anguished chin and breathing fury. The Famous Five stared at the wrecked bike in the grass.

"Did Pon do that, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"Eh? Oh! Yes! He smashed up the bike!" gasped Bunter. "I suppose he thought it was mine, as I was riding it—he, he, he!"

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You've borrowed some fellow's bike, and now look at it—"

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter looked at it and exploded. The fat Owl was relieved of his terrors now. With the Famous Five on the spot, Pon and Gaddy were anxious for anything but war. The awful state of that jigger seemed to entertain Billy Bunter. He blinked at it through his big spectacles and chuckled and chuckled till the tears came into his eyes. Never, it seemed, had Billy Bunter seen a more entertaining sight than that wrecked jigger. Harry Wharton and Co. stared at him.

"Think it's funny, you fat chump?" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "It will cost pounds to put that bike right again—"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "I know it will! He, he, he! Pon didn't know whose bike it was when he smashed it up! He, he, he! He thought that it was a Greyfriars bike, of course! He, he, he!"

"Isn't it?" exclaimed Bob.

"No fear! He, he, he! 'Tain't a Greyfriars bike—"

"Then whose is it?"

"He, he, he! Pon's!"

"What?" yelled the Famous Five all together.

Ponsonby jumped. He bounded to his feet. He stared at Bunter, stared at the bike, and stared at Bunter again.

"Mine!" he yelled.

"He, he, he! I found it where you left it and borrowed it to ride home—he, he, he! You can stamp on it again if you like! He, he, he!"

"Pon's own bike!" gasped Bob Cherry. "And he's smashed it up! Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared with laughter. Billy Bunter chortled till the tears of merriment ran down under his spectacles. Even Gadsby was grinning. The only serious person on the spot was Cecil Ponsonby. His face, as he gazed at the wrecked bike, was like unto that of a demon in a pantomime.

BILLY BUNTER rolled in at Greyfriars with the Famous Five, still chortling—while a weary and infuriated Pon wheeled, dragged and pushed home a clanking, clinking, jingling, jangling jigger, with feelings too deep for words.

So Billy Bunter laughs best this week. Don't miss next week's grand Greyfriars story!

PURSUIT!

STUBBS glared at Chick. "I've told you before to keep your trap shut!" he rapped. "One more crack out of you and I'll sling you out of the kite altogether!"

"And that'll be murder!" said Chick. "And that won't stop me!" threatened Stubbs. "Now shut up, or out you go!" He turned to Fenton.

"Okay, Fenton," he said, "you and Muller get busy!" It didn't take the two gangsters long to relieve the bound and helpless passengers of their money, rings, wrist watches, bracelets and other jewellery and valuables. "We've done even better than we expected," grinned Stubbs when the loot had been piled on a table beside him. "At a rough guess I'd say that there's more'n seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of stuff there and that's not including the cash."

"And we've still got their heavy luggage to go through," put in Fenton. "There should be some good pickings there."

He was right, for by the time they had finished rifling the baggage in the luggage compartment the gangsters had added considerably to their loot.

"And now I'll see how Cooper's getting on," said Stubbs to Fenton and Muller. "You two stay here."

Leaving them in the saloon, he stepped into the control cabin where Cooper was seated at the controls.

"How's she going?" he asked. "Fine!" said Cooper. "We're dead on course and I reckon to sight the island in another forty minutes. How've you been doing?"

"We've been doing real swell," grinned Stubbs. "Far better than we hoped, in fact. Everything's gone smooth, easy, and according to plan. We've roped in a million dollars worth of loot and more."

"Gosh, as much as that?" exclaimed Cooper in pleased surprise.

"Yes, as much as that!" cried Stubbs triumphantly. "I told you, properly handled, this job would be dead easy. It's been what the Britishers call 'a piece of cake'!"

In high good humour he stood chatting with Cooper until suddenly the latter stirred in his seat and pointed to a far distant speck on the glistening blue waters twenty-five thousand feet below.

"There's the island!" said Cooper.

"Talula, d'you mean?" cried Stubbs, his eyes following the direction of Cooper's pointing finger. "Attaboy!" he cried. "You're one real smart pilot, Cooper. I'll not forget this when it comes to the share out!"

"I'll see you don't," said Cooper with a grin.

He throttled back and, pushing forward the control column, he took the big Lampton air liner down towards the still distant island in a long, smooth dive.

"Okay, I'll go and acquaint 'em in the saloon that we're running in to land," said Stubbs as the island came swiftly nearer. "They're kinda anxious to know what's going to happen to them."

He turned and walked quickly from the control cabin into the saloon.

"Well, ladies and gents," he said, grinning at the bound and helpless prisoners, "the flight is over and we're going to land. You want to know where, of course. I'll tell you. We're landing at a nice little island called Talula, where you'll be quite safe and happy until you're found and picked up."

"Do you mean you're going to maroon us there?" cried one of the men passengers.

"Sure!" said Stubbs. "You don't think we can take you with us any farther, do you? We've gotta dump the lot of you somewhere and this is a mighty nice little island, let me tell you, even if it is hundreds of miles off the main shipping and air routes."



THE FLYING GUNMEN

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER

"Does anyone live on it?" demanded Chick.

"No, 'course nobody lives on it unless it's a few parrots and things," replied Stubbs. "It's a desert island. But all that you folks have got to do is to keep a signal fire burning day and night and you'll soon be sighted and picked up."

"And what do you suggest we live on in the meantime if it's a desert island?" demanded Chick.

"You think of everything, don't you?" sneered Stubbs. "Me, I don't care a hoot what you live on. There's fruit on the island and you can have most of the stores and the water from the aircraft. If that don't last the lot of you until you're picked up, then that's gonna be just too bad."

He turned to the prisoners again. "We'll be down on the water off the island in a few minutes," he said. "The whole bunch of you will be put ashore in the rubber dinghies what the aircraft carries and I'm warning every one of you, here and now, against trying to give any trouble while we're putting you ashore!"

With that he turned on his heel and strode back into the control cabin. As he did so, the big amphibian air liner touched smoothly down on the water within half a mile of the island.

"How close in do you want to go?" demanded Cooper as, with engines ticking over, he took the Lampton cruising steadily in towards the island.

"Lie off the lagoon and we'll put 'em ashore from there," said Stubbs.

The island was shaped like a crescent. It was about half a mile in length and less than that across. It was thickly timbered. The ends of the crescent, where they ran into the sea, continued to curve towards each other in the form of a sea-washed reef. This made a big, oval-shaped lagoon, entry to which was gained through a wide gap in the centre of the reef.

Waiting until the aircraft was riding at anchor off the gap, with engines switched off, Stubbs returned to the saloon. He was followed by Cooper and the job of ferrying the tied-up prisoners from the aircraft to the beach was started.

It turned out to be a slow and laborious job. For, as Stubbs had said, the only means of transport were the rubber dinghies which the Lampton carried. And as that gentleman was certainly not risking the freeing of the prisoners' wrists they had to be assisted down the ladder into the dinghies and ferried ashore in batches.

On top of that there was only Fenton and Cooper to do the ferrying. For Stubbs

made Muller remain on the beach on guard over the prisoners already landed while he himself stayed aboard the aircraft to keep a watchful eye on those awaiting their turn to be paddled ashore.

The gangsters worked as quickly as they could Stubbs continually urging Fenton and Cooper to hurry up. For already the setting sun had almost touched the far horizon and he knew that the swift, tropical darkness would soon come flooding across the lonely sea.

"You two kids ain't going ashore yet," he said to Chick and Molly. "Go get the stores out of the kitchen and bring 'em into the saloon here. We'll put you and the stores ashore when we've finished dumping these other guys."

Chick and Molly did as they were bid, for there was no sense in refusing. At Molly's suggestion they added a useful assortment of cooking utensils to the pile of stores.

By the time the last batch of prisoners had been ferried ashore the sun had vanished behind the far distant horizon and the tropic night was at hand.

That the gangsters had previously put a store of fuel on the island with which to refuel the air liner was made plain to Chick and Molly when Cooper, arriving back with his empty dinghy, said the Stubs: "Fenton and Muller are putting the fuel drums aboard Fenton's dinghy. Is there anything more to go ashore?"

"Just the stores and these two kids," said Stubbs. "I'll come ashore as well for a minute just to see that everything's okay there."

The stores and cooking utensils were quickly put aboard the dinghy. Then, with Chick, Molly, Stubbs and Cooper aboard, the rubber craft commenced to creep through the gap in the reef on its last journey to the beach.

Stubbs was standing beside Cooper, who was wielding a broad-bladed stern-paddle. Chick and Molly were standing forward of them, little more than half a dozen paces away.

"Listen, Molly," breathed Chick. "I've got an idea. You've told me you can swim?"

"Yes, I can," whispered Molly.

For a few moments they whispered together, unheard by Stubbs, who was talking to Cooper. Then suddenly and without the slightest warning the dinghy rocked violently, throwing Stubbs off his balance so that he almost fell against the startled Cooper. In that same moment there came a splash. Actually there were two splashes, but they were so close

together that they sounded like one. Recovering himself with an oath, Stubbs glared about him. Cooper yelled: "They've gone—those two kids—they've gone overboard!"

"But what in thunder for?" shouted Stubbs. It was getting darker every minute. "D'you mean they've gone overboard on purpose?"

"Yes, when the dinghy rocked I saw them dive!" cried Cooper.

"But what've they done it for?" yelled the raging Stubbs. "What's the sense in it? There's nowhere they can swim to except the beach?"

"What about the aircraft?" shouted Cooper. "What if they're making back there? If they set her on fire or anything we'll be marooned here ourselves!"

Stubbs glared at him in the darkness, his face fiendish with fury.

"You might be right!" he burst out with an oath. "There's no one aboard her. Fenton and Muller are still at the beach. We've gotta stop 'em, just in case. Can you swim?"

"Not very well," admitted Cooper.

"I can!" gritted Stubbs, whipping off his jacket and flinging it down. "Turn the dinghy and follow me just as fast as you can make it!"

Next instant his arms whipped up and he dived, his lithe, strong body cleaving the water as cleanly as a fish. Coming to the surface well astern of the dinghy, he struck out for the gap in the reef, swimming with such swift and powerful strokes that one might have thought his very life depended upon his speed.

And indeed it did. For should anything happen to the aircraft—should it be set on fire by Chick and Molly as Cooper had suggested—then Stubbs and his fellow-gangsters would be marooned on Talula as effectively as were the prisoners.

Small wonder then that Stubbs swam with desperate, frantic strokes, wondering furiously if Chick and Molly really were heading back towards the aircraft.

They were! They were both good swimmers, especially Molly, for she had been born and bred in the islands and had been able to swim almost as soon as she could walk.

She was wearing a pullover and slacks, which was much better than being hampered by a skirt, and suddenly she turned, treading water while she peered back the way they had come.

As she did so, her pretty face became set. The tropical night had now fallen. Plainly visible to her keen, searching eyes was a faint, phosphorescent splash, which was following swiftly in their wake and moving faster than was Chick.

Breasting the water again, Molly drew quickly alongside that desperately swimming youth.

"For goodness' sake spurt, Chick!" she warned him anxiously. "We're being followed. It's either Stubbs or Cooper—it can't be anyone else—but whichever one it is, he's gaining on us!"

"How far behind us is he?" panted Buck, spurring desperately.

"About twenty yards," said Molly. "We'll just make it, if you keep going."

Chick maintained his spurt. In fact, by a prodigious effort, he improved on it for a few paces.

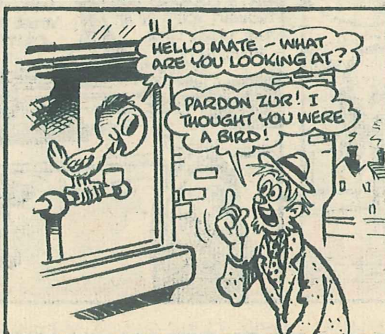
"That's fine!" encouraged Molly, keeping pace with him. "Keep that up and we're there!"

The aircraft was very close now. Less than fifteen paces away. But the man following them was catching up with them hand over fist.

"Keep going, Chick, and for goodness' sake spurt!" she yelled.

Stubbs, very close behind them by now, heard her voice. He had already seen them and, his swarthy face contorted with rage, he drove through the water like a torpedo. Will Chick and Molly get to the aircraft before Stubbs reaches them? More thrills in next week's "COMET"!

CHUCKLE CORNER





RUSTY RILEY



SHORTY

DEPUTY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. He has a dog, Flip, and a horse, Hillbilly. He is journeying home with Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles' trainer, and with Hillbilly in a horse-box. Hearing of a race meeting at Pine Centre they stop to enjoy themselves and so meet Lila Chatfield. If her horse, Starlight, loses and her half-brother's horse, Supersonic, wins she will have to sell her estate. Her jockey, Joe, proves awkward and refuses to ride the way she wants. Lila doesn't know it, but Joe is working in with her half-brother, Purvis Chatfield. But Rusty and Tex arrange to go to Pine Centre.

GET HILLBILLY BACK IN THE VAN AS SOON AS YOU FEED HIM. WE'RE GOING OVER TO PINE CENTRE MISS CHATFIELD OFFERED TO LET HIM HAVE A BOX STALL IN HER BARN TILL AFTER THE RACE

GOLLY, TEX! I FED HIM, BRUSHED HIM AND CLEANED HIS STALL BEFORE YOU GOT UP. WE'RE READY TO GO!

AS THEY DROVE OVER TO PINE CENTRE WITH THE HORSE BOX, RUSTY WAS EXCITED BUT TEX PURDY SEEMED TO BE WORRYING ABOUT SOMETHING--

YOU'RE AWFUL QUIET, TEX. YOU AREN'T MAD AT ME FOR ANYTHING, ARE YOU?

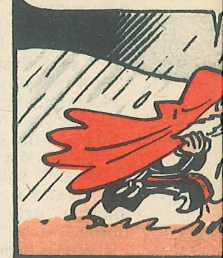
GREAT GUNS, NO, LAD! I'VE JUST BEEN STEWIN' A BIT ABOUT MISS CHATFIELD. I'VE GOT A FEELIN' SHE'S NOT GETTIN' A FAIR BREAK IN THAT RACE TODAY



GEE! I NEARLY FERGOT TO SEE SHERIFF BEFORE



IT'S A SHOCKING NIGHT JUST MAKE IT IN TIME



HE'LL BE IN BED BUT I'LL HAVE TO WAKE HIM!



IF SHE LOSES, SHE'S AGREED TO LET HER HALF BROTHER SELL THE CHATFIELD ESTATE TO SOME ROADHOUSE PROMOTERS--AND I THINK THAT WOULD BREAK HER HEART.

HELLO, MISS CHATFIELD! RUSTY AND I CAME OVER EARLY, HOPIN' TO SEE STARLIGHT WORK OUT. GOING TO LET HER STRETCH HER LEGS?

HELLO, MR. PURDY. I MEANT TO, BUT MY BOY JOE HASN'T COME YET

WELL, NOW, MISS, IF YOU WANT TO GIVE STARLIGHT A LITTLE WARM-UP WAY, NOT LET RUSTY RIDE HER?

RUSTY? I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD RIDE.

JUST TAKE HER AROUND EASY, RUSTY. YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD HER IN A BIT

SURE, MISS CHATFIELD



OH, GEE--WILLIKENS! LOOK AT THAT LITTLE FELLOW RIDE! WHY, IT'S LIKE HE AND THE HORSE WERE ONE PIECE!

YES, HE'S A NATURAL-BORN HORSEMAN, MA'AM. HE'LL HAVE THAT FILLY TALKIN' TO HIM BY THE TIME HE GETS BACK

HEY, LOOK HERE MISS LILA! WHO'S THAT GIMP UP THERE ON STARLIGHT? HUN? WHO IS HE??

WHY, HIS NAME IS RUSTY RILEY, JOE. YOU DIDN'T SHOW UP TO WORK HER OUT, SO RUSTY'S DOING IT.

WELL, GET HIM OFF THAT HORSE, SEE?.. I DON'T LIKE NOBODY FOOLIN' WITH NO HORSE I'M S'POSED TO RIDE!

PULL UP, THERE, LITTLE HOMBRE! THAT'S NO STYLE O' TALK TO USE TO A LADY!

JOE, I'VE TAKEN JUST ABOUT ENOUGH FROM YOU!



SHORTY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY ARE YOU HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT? SPO



LOOK, JOE... I DON'T MEAN TO TELL YOU YOUR BUSINESS... IT'S JUST THAT I RAISED AND TRAINED STARLIGHT AND I KNOW HOW TO GET THE BEST TIME OUT OF HER

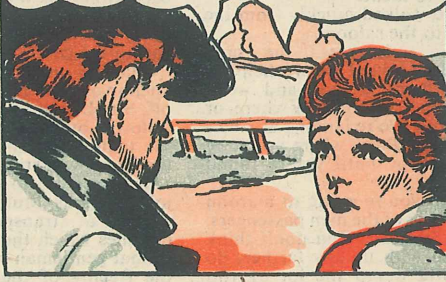
I AIN'T GOIN' TO ARGUE WITH YOU, MISS LILA... I RODE PLENTY OF WINNERS FOR YOUR POP, AND I'M GOIN' TO RIDE STARLIGHT MY WAY OR I QUIT... WELL? WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SAY YOU'RE THROUGH! I STILL HAVE SOME SELF-RESPECT. YOU WON'T RIDE FOR ME, EVEN IF I HAVE TO SCRATCH STARLIGHT AND LOSE BY DEFAULT--GOOD-BYE!

OKAY-- BUT YOU MAY AS WELL GET READY TO MOVE OUT OF CHATFIELD HALL!

MISS CHATFIELD, THIS MAY BE A LUCKY BREAK... I DON'T THINK THAT COCKY LITTLE HOMBRE WOULD HAVE WON FOR YOU!

BUT, MR. PURDY, HE'S THE ONLY RIDER I CAN GET WHO IS LIGHT ENOUGH TO RIDE MY FILLY!



CHECK! THE DOOR'S LOCKED OUT!



WELL, MA'AM, THAT LAD BRINGIN' YOUR FILLY IN NOW IS JUST ABOUT THE BEST NATURAL RIDER I EVER SAW.

RUSTY? OH, GEE WHIZ, MR. PURDY! WOULD YOU LET HIM RIDE STARLIGHT IN THE RACE?

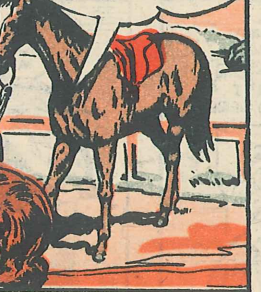
MEANWHILE, JOE MET LILA'S HALF-BROTHER.

WHAT'S COOKING JOE? THOUGHT YOU'D BE AT THE TRACK WITH STARLIGHT!

I QUIT! LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL YOUR RACE, MR. CHATFIELD.

HELLO, CHATFIELD! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

GENTS, CHATFIELD HALL IS PRACTICALLY YOURS..... MY HORSE SUPERSONIC IS BOUND TO WIN. MY SISTERS JOCKEY HAS QUIT... SHE'LL HAVE TO SEND HER FILLY IN WITH SOME YOKEL RIDING IT!



ER-- I REMEMBERED IT BIRTHDAY-- ER-- MANY SHERIFF



RTY
SHERIFF

NOT - I MUST
RE MIDNIGHT!

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 Indians, led by Hawkeys. They join a wagon-train but the Indians overtake them and attack in force. Johnny crawls away to fetch help but is seen by one of the attacking braves.

DESPERATELY JOHNNY DRAGGED THE RED MAN FROM HIS HORSE . . .

HE SCRAMBLED UP AS MORE REDSKINS CHARGED DOWN UPON HIM.

HOPE THIS MUSTANG'S GOT PLENTY OF SPEED!

HT - BUT I'LL
E!

MOOOO!

SQUELCH

FOR MILE AFTER MILE JOHNNY RODE WITH SEVERAL YELLING INDIANS CLOSE ON HIS HEELS. HE KEPT HIS LEAD BUT COULD NOT SHAKE THEM OFF.

THEY'LL GET ME IF I DON'T REACH THE FORT SOON!

THEN, AFTER A HARD AND DANGEROUS RIDE, HE SAW THE FORT . . .

AT LAST! THIS PONY'S DEAD BEAT!

SHERIFF!

KNOCK KNOCK

JOHNNY URGED HIS PONY INTO A HEADLONG GALLOP DOWN THE ROUGH AND ROCKY SLOPE. BUT NEAR THE BOTTOM IT STUMBLED.

DAZED AND BRUISED, JOHNNY PICKED HIMSELF UP AND RAN, WITH ARROWS WHIZZING ALL AROUND HIM.

HELP! HELP! OPEN THE GATE!

STRUCK IN THE ARM BY AN ARROW, HE STUMBLED, GASPING, AGAINST THE GATE.

OPEN - QUICKLY!

ALL RIGHT, SON, YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

OPENED? WHAT'S UP?
THE MIDDLE
FAK, MAN!

THE SENTRIES FLUNG OPEN THE GATE AND JOHNNY STUMBLED THROUGH.

WHAT'S UP? YOU'RE ABOUT ALL-IN, LAD!

TAKE ME -- TO YOUR COMMANDER!

A WAGON-TRAIN, ATTACKED BY REDSKINS, TEN MILES TO THE SOUTH, MAJOR!

I'LL SEND A TROOP RIGHT AWAY!

SOON, HIS WOUNDS BANDAGED, JOHNNY RODE TO THE RESCUE AT THE HEAD OF A CAVALRY TROOP.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE WAGON-TRAIN WERE AT THEIR LAST GASP - NO WATER - NOT A BULLET LEFT. THEN KIT CARSON WAS THE FIRST TO HEAR A BUGLE CALL, AND THE DRUMMING OF MANY HOOF.

SLAMMED!

SLAM!

IT'S JOHNNY! HE'S BROUGHT THE CAVALRY!

THERE WAS A SHORT SHARP SKIRMISH . . .

THE SURVIVING REDSKINS RACED AWAY INTO THE HILLS, AND THAT NIGHT SOLDIERS AND SETTLERS CELEBRATED THE VICTORY.

IT WON'T HURT TO HAVE A PEACEFUL NIGHT BEFORE WE GET ON THE TRAIL AGAIN TO-MORROW!

WAS YORE
HAPPY RETURNS,

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SPLASH PAGE

ACE REPORTER OF THE 'DAILY WORLD'
AND HIS ASSISTANT—JILL BRENT



THIS WEEK:—THE CASE OF THE MARKTON RANGERS

IT was Saturday and everything was quiet in the *Daily World* offices. Splash Page had been told to attend a billiards tournament that afternoon, for want of anything else to do. He didn't like the idea. Billiards can be very interesting but it was far too slow for the ace reporter.

"I'll be bored silly," he said to Jill Brent, his assistant.

Then the telephone rang. Splash dropped his feet from the desk and seized the receiver.

"Maybe a story—" he exclaimed. Then Jill saw his expression change as he listened. "Bill Kane!" he said.

Bill Kane was manager of the famous amateur team, Markton Rangers.

"Splash," he said, "I want your help. We're playing today at the Pulham Town ground. It's a cup tie for the Home Counties Challenge Cup. Half an hour ago Charlie Turner, our centre forward, was knocked down by a motor bike. He's not dangerously hurt but he won't be able to turn out for us—"

"That's bad," said Splash. "Splash, you're on our books, you know. Will you play for us? You're our only chance."

"Well—" Splash hesitated, thinking of his boss and the sports editor and the jobs they were planning for him.

"Besides, Splash," came Bill Kane's voice again, "there's something else that's got me worried. I can't tell you now, but there might be something in your line if you come out."

"I'll be there in half an hour—ready to play!" said Splash. He rang off and jumped up. "Jill, get your camera. We're going to play football."

Jill looked surprised and shocked. "But you can't! Have you forgotten the billiards tournament?"

"No! But I'm not thinking about it!" Splash grinned. "Step lively, Jill."

"But you'll get the sack!"

"Then I'll make my name as a centre forward today, and take up football as a career! Come on!"

Jill found herself being rushed to Splash's sports car. In half an hour they were swerving into the car park at the Pulham Town ground. Splash scrambled out with his kit.

"Park the car, Jill," he exclaimed. Then he heard the sudden roar of a motor cycle engine close behind him. He swung round and saw a motor bike swerving at him, its rear wheel skidding and seemingly out of control. He glimpsed a goggled face with a heavy black moustache and black eyebrows before he jumped back at the car and fell sprawling half into the driving seat.

He saw the motor bike stop at the entrance gate to the ground. Its rider got off, pulled it on to its stand and ran through the gate as Splash Page glared after him.

"That bloke tried to run me down!" he snapped.

"Don't be silly," said Jill Brent. "Why should he?"

"I don't know," said Splash darkly. "But he nearly knocked me for six!"

"It wasn't his fault," said Jill coolly. "You stepped out right in his path not,

looking where you were going."

"Rot! I tell you he drove straight at me," said Splash Page. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Charlie Turner was knocked down by a motor bike! I wonder if it means anything? Anyway, see you later, Jill."

He went through into the stands and down to Markton Rangers' dressing-room. The players greeted Splash cheerfully, but he sensed tension in the air. Big, bluff Bill Kane was pacing up and down with a worried frown on his face. He fell on Splash with open arms, took him into a corner and, while the reporter changed into football kit, brought out a crumpled note and read it.

"Listen to this, Splash. I got it this morning. It's worried me stiff ever since. It goes: 'Remember me, Kane? I suffered five years in prison because of Markton Rangers. The team is going to pay! Watch out today! George Jones!' "George Jones?" said Splash. "Who's he?"

"In our early days, George Jones was our honorary treasurer," explained Bill Kane. "He was a clever chap—a research chemist—but crooked. We began to make a name for ourselves, our funds grew. Then we found Jones had been embezzling them. He went to prison for five years—and his last words in the dock were that he'd get even!"

Splash glanced at the players, who were chatting to relieve the nervous tension before their big game.

"The lads look all right," he said. "This fellow doesn't seem to have got at 'em yet."

"I thought at first he might have caused Charlie Turner's injury," said Bill Kane. "But we can't prove anything. The motor cyclist didn't stop and nobody recognised him!"

"There must be twenty thousand people out there," said Splash Page. "He's just sent that note to get you rattled. What can he possibly do before all those people? Don't worry, Bill—it's just an empty threat."

But there Splash Page was wrong, as the sensational game, Markton Rangers v. Pulham Town, was to show.

MARKTON RANGERS were up against a powerful side in Pulham Town, but they attacked strongly from the start. They had won the toss and had chosen to play the first half with the freshening breeze behind them, and it helped.

It was true that Pulham nearly scored in the first few moments, but that danger over, Markton had things more their way. Pulham fought hard to keep them out but Splash Page, at centre forward, played the game of his life, always swinging the ball about just where it was wanted, and always ready to accept a centre and slam it at the goal.

Splash was enjoying himself and had completely forgotten all about the billiards tournament. By the time half-time came, Markton were leading by the only goal scored and everybody felt hopeful of victory. Even Bill Kane had forgotten his worries.

The players trooped off the field towards the dressing-rooms. Splash naturally went with them. He met Bill Kane near the entrance to the dressing-room tunnel.

"Keep it up, Splash," said Bill. "Everything's going fine."

The other players had vanished into the dressing-room. Splash saw a man hurrying after them with a plateful of cut lemons. It was the man with the black moustache and tufty eyebrows who had nearly run him down in the car park.

Splash gave him a frown as he went by, and the fellow hurriedly turned his face away as if he didn't want to be noticed.

"No trouble from Mr. George Jones, eh?" he asked.

Bill Kane shook his head. "Not a thing," said Kane. "I'm beginning to think you were right, Splash. All the same, I'm going to keep a close watch over the boys."

He went into the dressing-room. Splash followed him leisurely.

"So the chap with the tash and eyebrows is a groundsman," he muttered to himself. "I'll have a word with him after the game!"

In the dressing-room somebody thrust a plate before him. It had several portions of lemon on it. But Splash waved them aside.

"No, thanks," he said. "Funny, but I can't stand lemons!"

He contented himself with simply washing out his mouth with water. He knew too much about football to make the mistake of drinking.

It wasn't long before the referee made it plain that it was time to resume play. The teams took up their places and the second half began.

Markton kicked off. Splash Page swung the ball out to the left wing and expected the winger to trap the ball and go speeding down the touchline.

True, the winger tried to do that, but he didn't get far. His movements were slow and uncertain. He was easily robbed and Pulham were attacking.

Splash frowned with anxiety. The Markton defence were floundering about as if they just didn't know what to do. The fans in the stand and on the bankings began to show uneasiness.

"Come on, Markton!" they yelled. "Wake up!"

It was only sheer luck for Markton that the Pulham centre forward skied the ball over the crossbar. From the goal kick, Splash got the ball. He was charged off and fell heavily, but he managed to tip the ball to the inside right.

Not that it did much good. The inside right hesitated, gazing around in bewilderment. The ball was whisked away from him. Pulham went ahead with the greatest of ease. There came the shot at goal and the goalie just stood there watching it crash into the net.

"What's up with you!" roared the men on the bankings!

"Have you gone to sleep?"

"What d'you think we've paid our money for?"

Splash Page was as rattled as the spectators. He kicked off, only to see the Markton men floundering about as if they didn't know what was going on.

Splash tackled a Pulham half-back and got the ball. He forged ahead with it, expecting his team-mates to rush up in support. But they didn't have a clue! He was racing ahead of his own forward line.

Somebody bawled: "On your own! Do it yourself! The others have got sleepy sickness!"

Splash never really heard. He was too worried. He couldn't make out what had happened to the speedy, slick Markton forwards. They were wandering around the field in a dazed, lifeless sort of way.

Splash was challenged. He beat his man, only to have the ball beaten down by a back as he shot at goal. He just could not tackle Pulham all by himself.

The people on the touchline were booing loudly.

"Play up, Markton! Play—or get off!" they roared.

Pulham went away again. The Markton defence certainly tried to stop them but everything they did was far too slow. Pulham scored again. They were winning and it seemed as if nothing could stop them.

Splash set the game going again. He tried all he knew to put life into his forward line but it was hopeless. Pulham got the ball and attacked the Markton goal again.

The Markton players just did the silliest things. One man actually started walking off the field!

Splash went after him. "Where d'you think you're going?" he asked.

The chap gazed at Splash in amazement.

"Isn't the game over?" he asked dully. "I heard a whistle!"

Splash saw Bill Kane up in the stand fairly tearing his hair in dismay.

"I'll sack the lot!" he was exclaiming. "Come on, the Rangers! Put a jerk in it!"

The crowd was booing.

Splash was beginning to wonder. He realised that no team could change like this, in such a short time, without there being something to account for it. But what had caused it?

"Well, I don't know!" he muttered. "They all seem doped—"

He broke off. That word "dope" brought him up with a jerk. He watched the Markton defence trying to play and failing miserably. They certainly did look as if they had been doped!

But how—and when—could it have been done? That was the question and it wasn't so hard to answer, either. The Rangers had been all right during the first half. Therefore they must have been doped during the interval!

How? That was easy to answer, too. For Splash, himself—the only player in the Rangers' team who was not affected—was the only one who had not touched a portion of lemon!

In a flash, Splash remembered the man with the heavy moustache and the tufty eyebrows!

Charlie Turner—knocked down by a motor bike. Splash nearly croaked in the same way in the car park. Now the doping!

The man with the moustache and eyebrows seemed to be around every time. Maybe nobody could prove it was he who had knocked down Charlie Turner, but Splash guessed it was.

And he remembered how Bill Kane was worried about George Jones who had vowed vengeance on the Markton Rangers!

It was then that he saw the man, close against the railings behind the Pulham goal. Splash knew he had to act and act quickly. He got the ball, intercepting a pass, and raced for the Pulham goal.

The man saw him coming. Maybe he guessed that Splash had tumbled to him, for he turned to make himself scarce.

Without pausing, Splash swung a mighty kick at the ball as it bounced. The ball whizzed off the field like a cannonball and slammed with a stinging smack straight into the face of the black-moustached groundsman.

The man fell back as the crowd swayed away from him in alarm. Then Splash, running fast and dodging the clutching hands of players who thought he had gone mad, cleared the railings in a wild leap and flung himself on the dazed groundsman.

Pinning him down, Splash nipped one of the man's eyebrows between finger and thumb and wrenched. There was a yell of pain as it came right off. The second followed, while the spectators around, already pulling at Splash's shoulders, gasped with amazement.

Then Splash ripped off the heavy black moustache.

"I thought that tash and eyebrows were too good to be true," he said grimly. He stood up as two policemen came pushing through the crowd. "I charge this man, George Jones, with sending a threatening letter to Markton Rangers," he said loudly, "and with administering a drug to them in the lemons at half-time!"

There came a long blast on the referee's whistle as the voices of the crowd spread the sensational news. The game was abandoned and Markton Rangers walked dazedly off the ground.

Jill Brent was beside Splash Page, excited and patting her camera.

"I got the picture!" she cried. "Clicked it just as the ball hit his clock!"

Later Splash Page explained to Bill Kane and the team.

"I suddenly remembered you said he'd been a research chemist, Bill. There are one or two drugs that act on the brain and memory. He fixed up one on the lemons, destroyed the evidence after half-time, then went to grin over Markton's disgrace. But he grinned too openly!"

"He got a job as temporary groundsman here yesterday," said Bill Kane. "All ready for the job. He's been keeping his eye on us since he came out of jail."

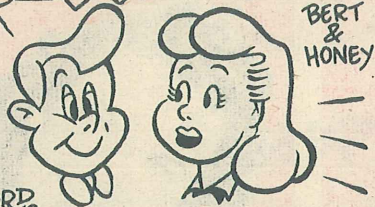
"Now he's back there again," said Jill. "Thanks to Splash Page."

So Splash Page got his sports story—a scoop, about the team that forgot how to play. And at the match replay during the following week he had the satisfaction of scoring the winning goal for Markton Rangers.

There'll be another smashing Splash Page adventure in next week's "COMET."

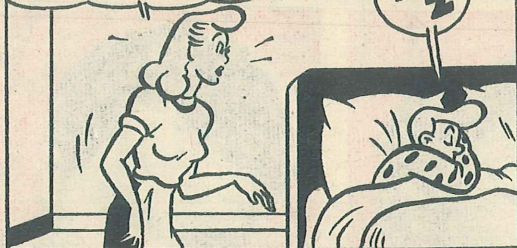
The NEXDAWS

by Denis GIFFORD.

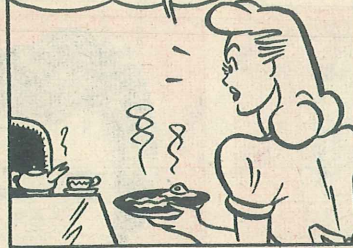


BERT & HONEY

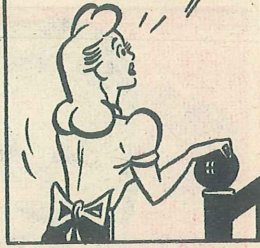
BERTIE'S SLEEPING SO SOUNDLY I WON'T WAKE HIM TILL I GET BREAKFAST ALL READY!



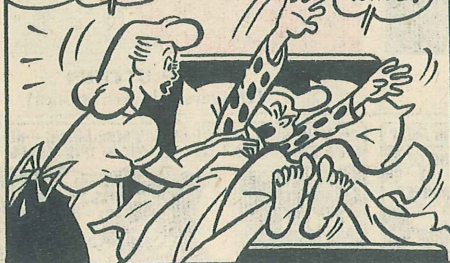
THERE! BERTIE CAN EAT HIS BREAKFAST IN HIS DRESSING GOWN! I'LL CALL HIM!



BERTIE! BREAKFAST!



WAKEY-WAKEY, BERTIE! BREAKFAST!



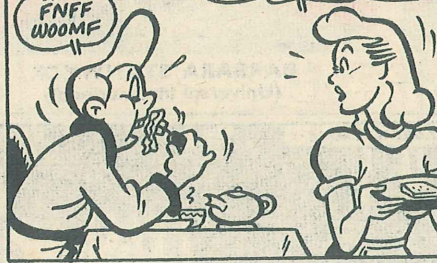
COME ALONG, DEAR-SHAKE A LEG!

ZUNK! BZZZ!



FUZZZ CHUMP-WOMP-FNFF WOOMF

EAT UP ALL YOUR NICE BACON AND EGG, DEAR-



ALL RIGHT, THEN - AS YOU'RE SO TIRE YOU CAN GO BACK TO BED



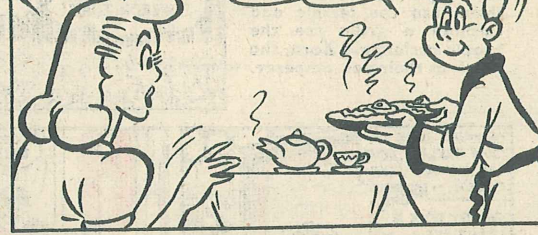
WOOW! NINE O'CLOCK! HONEY MUST BE UP - I'LL SURPRISE HER - HEH-HEH!



I WONDER IF BERTIE'S GOT UP WHILST I'VE BEEN DOWN TO THE SHOPS?



SURPRISE, DEAR! WHILE YOU'VE BEEN OUT I'VE GOT BREAKFAST ALL READY - BACON 'N' EGGS! BOY - AM I HUNGRY!



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 interests, appear below.

We have received so many names and addresses for publication that it will take several weeks for them all to appear in our columns. Therefore, please do not send in any more until we are able to deal with them, when you will see a notice asking you to write.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

- ALAN THOMAS, 2 Blaenmagur Terrace, Nantymoel, Glam., S. Wales. Ten. Sport.
- VERONICA HARRIS, 17 Tweed Street, Saltburn-on-Sea, Yorks. Twelve. Dancing, swimming, tennis.
- JAMES KITCHEN, 21 Glebe Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Thirteen. Sport.
- JOAN BARLOW, 58 Basildon Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2. Eleven. Dancing.
- MICHAEL BARBOUR, 87 Norman Street, Glasgow, Scotland. Fourteen. Football.
- CHARLES WESTWOOD, 38 Kenilworth Crescent, Burnbank, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Fourteen. Sport, stamps.
- SYLVIA DICKINSON, The Laurels, Moor Road, Rushden, Northants. Fourteen. Skating, reading.
- STEWART FERGUSON, Southouse Broadway, Liberton, Edinburgh. Fifteen. Photography, sport.
- RITA HOMBLY, 22 The Oval, East Garforth, nr. Leeds, Yorks. Fifteen. Films.
- JOYCE MILWARD, 5 Council House, Main Road, Winstar, Matlock, Derbyshire. Thirteen. Poems.
- HANNAH TURNBULL, 21 Greta Avenue, Wigton Road, Carlisle. Thirteen. Reading.
- NORRIS STOTT, 48 Caldecott Road, Higher Blackley, Manchester, 9. Twelve. Cricket.
- MICHAEL HUGHES, 27 Seymour Walk, Fulham Road, London, S.W.10. Eleven. Stamps.
- BARBARA DEIGHTON, 86 Victoria Road, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs. Twelve. Stamp collecting, sport.
- ANN HARKIN, 39 Potovens Lane, Loft-house Gate, nr. Wakefield, Yorks. Eleven. Swimming, sewing, reading.
- KENNETH DALE, 214 Wollgate, Wigan, Lancs. Fourteen. Sport, stamp collecting.
- ELIZABETH SCOTT, Dunmore Village, nr. Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Reading.
- MAHOMED ABOO, c/o P.O. Box 140, Standerton, T.V.L., S. Africa. Fifteen. Radio, sport, films.

PATRICIA BILLS, 52 Fenton Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs. Twelve. Swimming, needlework, knitting, reading.

MARGARET SPEDDING, 2 Asco Place, Wakefield Road, Dewsbury, Yorks. Fifteen. Tennis, cycling, swimming.

RENEE HALL, 11 High Blocks, Metal Bridge, nr. Ferryhill, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Cycling, reading.

PAULINE SQUIRE, 11 Cocker Road, Turkey Street, Enfield, Middlesex. Fourteen. Swimming, needlework.

MARY THOMAS, 57 Commercial Road, Taiback, Port Talbot, Glam. Thirteen. Stamps, sport, reading.

BRIAN FORD, 61 Northumberland Street, Vauxhall, Birmingham, 7. Twelve. Engine spotting, rabbit keeping.

KENNETH HORROCKS, 115 School Lane, Brimsall, nr. Chorley, Lancs. Fourteen. Fishing, cricket.

ANTHONY ELDRIDGE, 12 Victoria Road, Mitcham, Surrey. Twelve. Cycling, swimming.

AUDREY YATES, 19 Balling Holme, Hall Lane, Bradford, Yorks. Eleven. Films.

BETTY ASHMAN, 107 Horn Lane, Woodford Green, Essex. Fifteen. Reading.

SHEILA COLTON, 21 Cartmell Road, Woodseats, Sheffield, 8, Yorks. Twelve. Reading.

GODFREY WILLS, 7 Marina Road, Fulwood, nr. Preston. Eleven. Sport, stamps.

MAUREEN BAKER, 142 Albert Road, Aston, Birmingham, 6. Fifteen. Reading.

JOSEPHINE THOMPSON, 51 Exmouth Street, Newland Avenue, Hull. Fourteen. Reading.

BILLY LEATHER, 2 Broughton Cottages, Ditton Road, Ditton, Lancs. Twelve. Rugby, stamps.

UNAGH O'FLAHERTY, 2 Park Drive, Hollywood, Co. Down, N. Ireland. Twelve. Films.

MARIE STEPHANS, 7 Crickton Place, Docks, Cardiff. Twelve. Reading.

WENDY MYERS, 22 Douglas Avenue, Paddock, Huddersfield. Twelve. Sport, sewing.

JOHN LEE, 268 Park Road, South Moor, Stanley, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Tennis.

ALAN BROWN, 22 Glebe Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Ten. Reading.

DIANE COTTRILL, 2 Conway Villa, Main Road, Gedling. Fifteen. Sport, nature.

GRAHAM KRAFT, 12 Harewood Avenue, Newlands, Scarborough, Yorks. Ten. Reading.

MAUREEN GUEST, 46 Wimbourne Road, Radford, Nottingham. Thirteen. Stamps.



"DOPEY SMITH" gives the YR secret sign

and gets his GOALIE'S badge



1 HERE COMES DOPEY SMITH FOR SOME Y.R. BADGE SWOPS. LET'S CHALLENGE HIM FOR THE SECRET SIGN



2 'LO, BOB, GOT A GOALIE BADGE?



YEP-AND I'M KEEPING IT TILL SOMEONE GIVES THE SECRET SIGN



3 BUT DOPEY IS A JUMP AHEAD FOR ONCE. HE GIVES THE SIGN 'Y' 'R

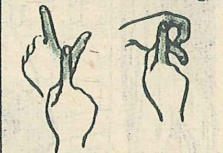
4 HA HA ONE UP TO DOPEY. GIVE HIM THE GOALIE BADGE, BOB



THANKS, PAL. NOW I CAN GET MY Y.R. STAR

HOW TO GIVE THE YR SECRET SIGN

To show you are a keen collector of Y.R. Badges, always give the Y.R. Secret Sign



First, the Y Then, the R

When you've got a set of 12 Badges—a complete 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 with the 12 badges in a box or stout envelope, stamp with a 3d. stamp, and post to

Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Dept. No. 8, Sovereign Street, Leeds.

This offer does not apply to Eire.

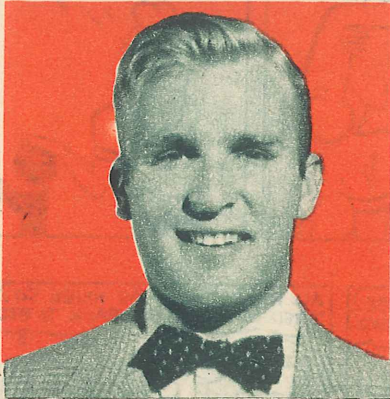
PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet," October 28, 1950

YR SAUCE

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

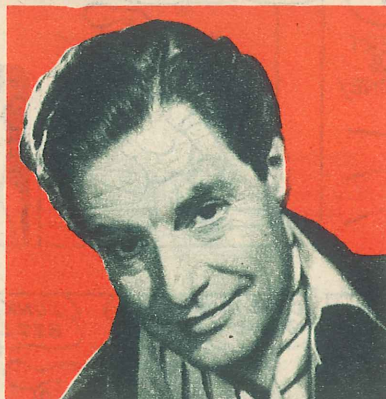
★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



JOE KIRKWOOD
(Monogram International)



BARBARA STANWYCK
(Universal International)



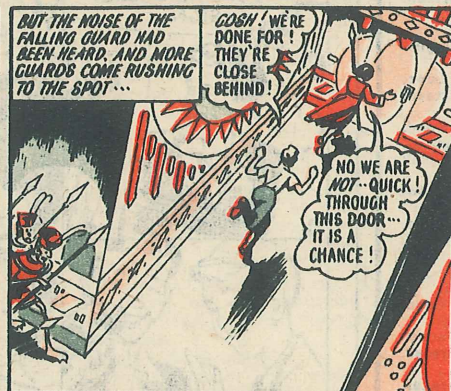
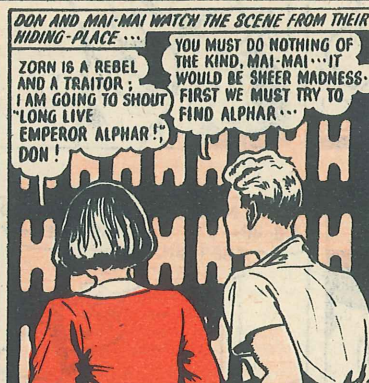
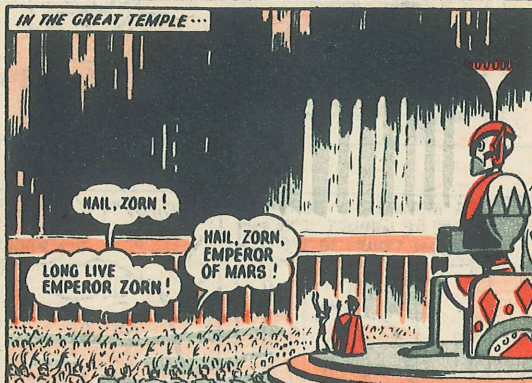
ROBERT DONAT
(London Films)



GALE STORM
(Universal International)

DON DEEDS

Don and Mai-Mai learn that the Emperor Alphar, of Mars, is held prisoner by the high priest. They find a secret passage that takes them into the temple and through a grille see the people acclaiming Zorn, the rebel, as their new emperor.



WHAT DOES KRIM MEAN TO DO? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET."