

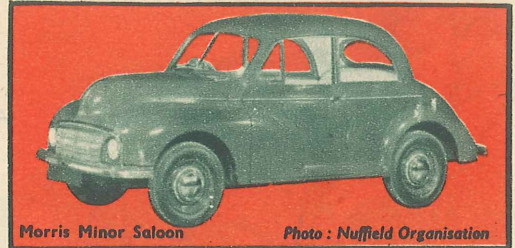
COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

No. 121
(New Series)
Nov. 11, 1950

4 HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Now when our Scampy has a bone, He buries it—all on his own.



One day the pup was fairly caught, In middle of his fav'rite sport.



To keep him from the flower bed, Mum ordered him inside instead.



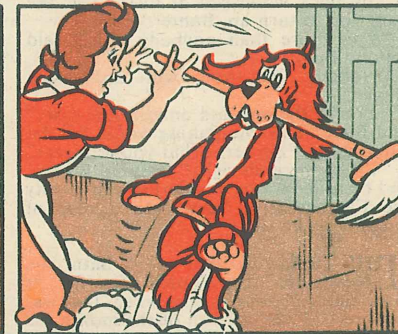
Now she'd been polishing the room With a long-handled mopsome broom.



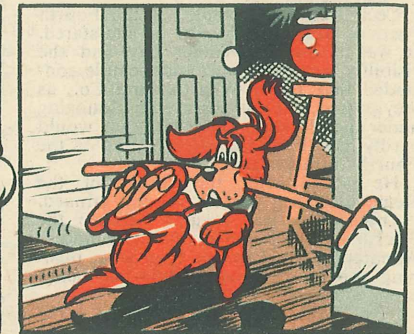
Then Mum remembered that, when young, Scamp oft-times to the broom had clung.



Scamp grabbed the thing between his jaws, And backed away upon all fours.



So fierce was Scampy's toothy grip, That mother's hold began to slip.



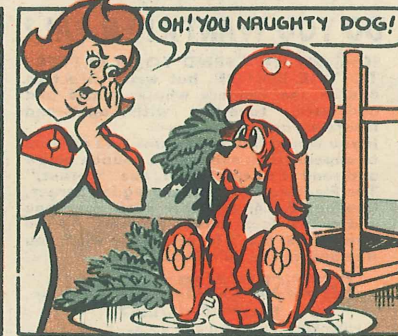
And then, on mother's polished floor, He slid, and slid, and slid some more!



That broom was just a little long, And as you'll see, not very strong!



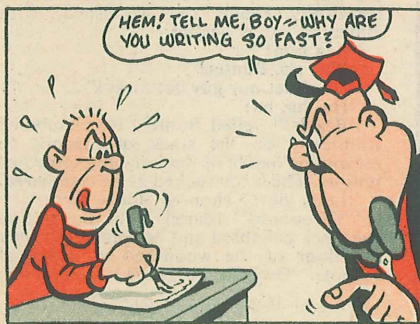
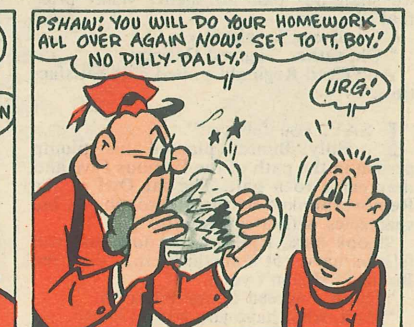
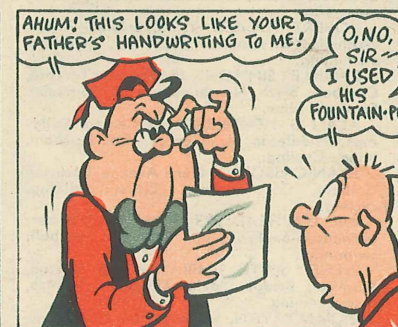
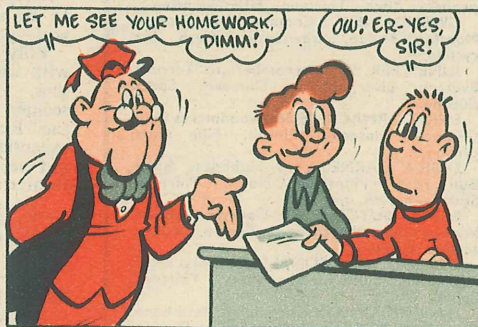
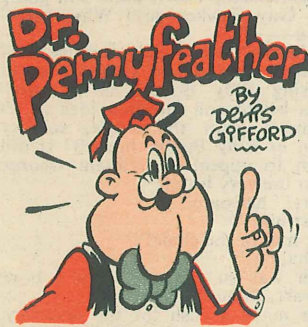
So, having busted Mum's best mop, Scamp skidded on, without a stop.



And when at last he came to rest, Mum's what-not looked quite past its best!



So she was forced our pup to send, Back to the garden, in the end!





THE GREYFRIARS GUY

A Rollicking Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

BILLY BUNTER GETS LEFT OUT

GOSLING'S woodshed, at half-past five tomorrow," said Bob Cherry. "Right-ho!" "It will be no end of a rag on the Fourth!" remarked Johnny Bull. "It's a big idea," said Harry Wharton laughing.

"The idea is terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth Form at Greyfriars, looked up and stared. It was a dim November day and the visibility was not good, and Temple concluded that Harry Wharton and Co., as they passed, did not observe him lounging under the old elms. Otherwise they would hardly have been discussing a "rag on the Fourth" in his hearing.

He stared after the chums of the Remove as they walked on, and grinned. Often there was ragging between the Fourth and the Remove, very often indeed. Apparently the Famous Five were planning another rag and Temple had heard every word as they passed.

"By Jove!" murmured Temple. "A rag on the Fourth, what? And they've been kind enough to put me wise in advance! Ha, ha!"

Temple chuckled as he strolled away to the House to look for his friends, Dabney and Fry. Cecil Reginald Temple was not a very bright youth, but he was bright enough to catch on to this.

"They're plannin' a rag on us in the Remove," he told Dabney and Fry. "Wharton's gang, you know."

"How do you know?" asked Fry. "Oh, I keep my eyes open," said Temple carelessly. "I've spotted it all right. They're holdin' some sort of a meeting in Gosling's woodshed tomorrow afternoon, at half-past five. Then I'm going to hear all about it."

"How?" asked Dabney. "I shall be present, dear boy," smiled Temple. "About five o'clock I shall park myself behind Gosling's stack of faggots in that woodshed and when they hold their jolly old meetin' at half-past, I'm goin' to hear every word! Then I rather fancy that we shall put paid to them! What price that?"

"Good egg!" said Fry. "Oh, rather," agreed Dabney. And Cecil Reginald smiled with satisfaction.

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter planted his plump person in the path of the Famous Five and they came to a halt. The fat Owl of the Remove blinked at them through his big spectacles with a severe blink.

"Look here, I jolly well know that you fellows have got something on," declared Bunter. "Haven't you?"

"Quite!" agreed Harry Wharton. "Well, what have you got on?"

"Clothes." "You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I mean, you're going to have something on, for Bonfire Day. Smithy was whispering to Toddy and they both laughed when they saw me. Well, why?"

"Might have been your features!" suggested Bob.

"Yah! And Ogilvy and Russell and Skinner were talking and laughing and they shut up as soon as I came along. There's something on, and I'm being kept out of it," said Bunter. "Is that what you call pally?"

"My esteemed and idiotic Bunter—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I jolly well want to know!" said Bunter. "Keeping a fellow in the dark! It's

a rag of some kind on the Fifth, I know that. And you jolly well think you're going to leave me out!"

"You're not going to be left out, Bunter," said Harry Wharton shaking his head.

"Far from it!" grinned Nugent.

"In fact, you're going to take a leading part," said Johnny Bull. "You'll get all the attention, Bunter."

"Well, that sounds all right!" said Bunter, the frown on his fat brow relaxing. "I'm the right kind of chap to take the lead in anything, as you fellows know—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"But what's the big idea?" asked Bunter. "If I'm to take a leading part I want to know what it's all about."

"You'll know all about it tomorrow," said Bob. "There's going to be a meeting in Gosling's woodshed at five-thirty. We want you to turn up, Bunter."

"You more than anybody else," said Johnny Bull.

"Nobody but you will do!" said Nugent.

"You're the one and only in this case," said Bob. "The whole thing would fall flat without you, Bunter. Mind you're there!"

"I'll be there all right!" assured Bunter, and he rolled away, wondering a little why the Famous Five burst into a roar of laughter as he went.

THE following day was Saturday, November the Fourth. So far as Greyfriars School was concerned, that was Bonfire Day, as the fifth of the month fell on a Sunday. It had not occurred to Cecil

Reginald Temple, when he heard the chums of the Remove speaking of a "rag on the Fourth," that they were alluding to the fourth day of the month and not thinking at all about the Fourth Form at Greyfriars. Temple had no doubt that that "rag" was planned on the form of which he was the brightest ornament. He was going to know all about it when the meeting took place in Gosling's woodshed at half-past five!

Billy Bunter was looking forward to the occasion, too. The fat Owl did not yet know what was "on"; but he knew that he was to play the leading role in it, whatever it was, which seemed quite right and proper to Bunter.

In form that day, Bunter gave his form master even less attention than usual, for which Mr. Quelch duly rewarded him with lines. Little cared Bunter! Lines did not matter much to a fellow who was going to take the lead in a tremendous "rag" in which the whole form were concerned. After class that day the fat Owl was full of anticipation.

So was Temple of the Fourth. When five o'clock chimed out from the ancient clock tower, Cecil Reginald Temple bestowed a wink on Dabney and Fry and strolled away with a casual air, in the direction of Gosling's woodshed. Nobody was about and no eye fell on the captain of the Fourth as he slipped quietly into the shed and "parked" himself behind a great stack of faggots out of sight of anyone who came in later.

In that hide-out, Temple waited with cheery patience till, towards half-past, there were footsteps and voices and Remove fellows came in. There seemed to be quite a crowd of them; he heard the

voices of the Famous Five, and Vernon-Smith, Tom Brown, Squiff, Peter Todd, Ogilvy, and a good many others. There was a buzz of cheery voices and laughter which was interrupted by a fat squeak:

"I say, you fellows!" "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter!" "Roll in, Bunter!" "Shut that door, some of you."

"This way, old porpoise." Billy Bunter rolled in. He blinked round him through his big spectacles. More than a dozen Remove fellows were present. They were gathered round a larger wicker armchair, on which lay an old patched coat, an extremely well-worn pair of trousers and a battered old hat. This looked like preparation for the "guy" that was to be paraded round the School Field where the big bonfire was already piled in readiness for lighting.

"Well, here I am, you fellows," said Bunter breezily. "Getting the guy ready?" "Waiting for him to walk in," said Vernon-Smith.

"Eh?" "Sit down in that chair, Bunter," said Bob Cherry.

"What?" "You're playing the leading part, as we told you," explained Bob. "Squat down." Bunter blinked at him, puzzled.

"But that old chair's to carry the guy in," he exclaimed.

"Exactly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter peevishly. "Haven't you got a guy?"

"Yes—now you've come."

"What?" yelled Bunter.

"You see, it's like this," explained Bob, while the other fellows chortled. "We want a guy for Bonfire Day. We were going to manufacture one, as usual, and then I had a ripping idea. Why take the trouble to make a guy when we've got one on hand already actually designed by Nature for the part?"

Billy Bunter blinked at him, speechless. "You want to take the lead," went on Bob. "Well, the guy takes the lead in a Fifth of November procession. He simply can't be left out! Get into that chair!"

"Beast!" yelled Bunter. Billy Bunter had been quite pleased at the idea of playing the leading part in the Fifth of November rag. Now that he had learned the precise nature of the role, however, he did not seem pleased! Quite the reverse, in fact.

"Sit in that chair and we'll shove that old coat and trousers on you. See? Your face won't want any make-up for a guy! It's just the thing."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You—you—!" gasped Bunter. "You—you—"

"Don't waste time, old fat man," said Peter Todd. "They're lighting the bonfire already and we want to get on with the procession."

"As a rule," said Bob, "the guy is chucked into the bonfire. But we won't chuck you into the bonfire, Bunter. It would be a waste—we shall want you on the next Fifth of November!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You—you—you—!" gasped Bunter. "Why, you cheeky beast, think I'm going to be a Guy Fawkes guy! Why, you—you—you—"

Billy Bunter's very spectacles gleamed with wrath as the juniors gathered round him. Using Billy Bunter as a "guy" seemed a bright and hilarious idea to all the Remove—with the single, solitary exception of Billy Bunter himself! It did not seem to appeal to William George Bunter in the very least!

"Beasts!" he roared. "Collar him!"

"Stick him in the chair!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never was such a guy—you're born for the part, Bunter—"

Bunter made a rush for the doorway. He was promptly headed off. He dodged frantically round the woodshed, with clutching hands behind.

"Bag him!" "Play up, Bunter!"

"Don't let our guy get away!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" yelled Bunter. He clambered frantically on the stack of faggots, to escape the hands of the laughing crowd of juniors. The stack rocked as he clambered.

"Look out!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as the stack collapsed and he spread out over the floor of the woodshed in a sea of faggots. "Ow! Oh! oh, crikey! Wow! I say,

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. 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

- GWENDOLINE RILEY, 13 Soyland Town Road, Ripponden, Halifax, Yorks. Thirteen. Stamps, dogs.
- DAWN MORGAN, 35 McDannel Road, Bargoed, Glam., S. Wales. Thirteen. Films, swimming.
- ROBERT TUCKER, 215 Cromwell Street, Nechells, Birmingham 7. Ten. Cycling, swimming.
- BROMLEY SIMMONS, 15 Wembley Terrace, Cambois, Blyth, Northumberland. Fourteen. Football, films.
- ALAN G. HENDERSON, 9 Central Buildings, Middleton St., George, Co. Durham. Nine. Cycling.
- JOAN CASSON, 23 Dene Avenue, Easinton Colliery, Co. Durham, Eleven. Hiking, cycling.
- WILLIAM HEAD, 323 Benson Road, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne 6. Eleven. Football, swimming.
- WENDY SMITH, 1 Hill View, High Cotton, Stamford Bridge, York. Thirteen. Stamps, music, sewing.
- BRYAN BEVAN, Sunny Lodge, Hill Mountain, Neyland, Pem., S. Wales. Eleven. Stamp, football, cycling.
- CONSTANCE DYSON, 33 Cross Street, Harle Syke, near Burnley, Lancs. Thirteen. Sport, stamps, music.
- TERENCE BURKE, 3 Cornwall Street, Burnley, Lancs. Eleven. Boxing, athletics.
- JEAN HARRIS, 4 Coppenthal Grove, Lea Hall, Birmingham 26. Fifteen. Dancing, films.
- EILEEN JOHNSON, Alsop Barn Farm, Winstar, Matlock, Derbyshire. Thirteen. Music.
- EDWARD BRUCE, St. Margarets Cottage, The Orphanage, Aberlow, Banffshire. Fourteen. Stamps, athletics, films.
- BLYTH KIRKBRIDE, 26 Drummond Street, Townhead, Glasgow C4. Thirteen. Singing, books.
- VIOLET KIRKHAM, 6a Whitefield Lane, Liverpool 4. Eleven. Dancing.
- ANTHONY HOLMES, 3 Autherd Garth Close, Walkington, Beverly, E. Yorks. Eleven. Football, stamps, birds.
- JUNE CODD, 17 Crescent End, Thurcroft, Rotherham, Yorks. Twelve. Painting.
- MAUREEN EVANS, 26 Westby Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Hants. Eighteen. Hiking, skating.
- GEOFFREY COOPER, 67 Parsonage Gardens, Enfield, Middlesex. Ten. Stamps.
- BETTY SMALLMAN, 309 Park Road, West-houghton, Bolton, Lancs. Eleven. Films, knitting.
- DEREK BARKER, 102 Hunters Grove, Heston, Middlesex. Thirteen. Radio, cycling.
- MARIE LARKIN, 14 Gordon Avenue, Chapman Street, Hull, Yorks. Sixteen. Films, cycling.
- HILDA JOHNSON, 20 Brierley Street, Brindle Heath Road, Pendleton, Salford, Lancs. Thirteen. Films, speedway.
- PHYLLIS BARRET, 6 The Crescent, Skirpenbeck, York. Thirteen. Films, dancing.
- GWENDA NEW, 6 Common Field, Grafton, Montford Bridge, Shrewsbury. Fifteen. Art, cycling.
- JUNE TEER, 96 Northumberland Terrace, Everton, Liverpool 5. Thirteen. Sport, skating.
- ENID CORMACK, 66 Eastwoodmains Road Giffnock, Glasgow. Eleven. Film stars, cycling.
- SHEILA CARNELL, 40 Hobhouse Road, Bull Farm, Mansfield, Notts. Thirteen. Stamps, horses, cycling.
- BETTY BUTCHER, 1 Courtfield Road, Walker Gate, Newcastle-on-Tyne 6. Dancing sewing, sports.
- SHIRLEY THOMPSON, 3 St. Nicholas Road, Tillingham, Southminster, Essex. Thirteen. Sport.
- JEAN DICKINSON, 77 Church Balk Lane, Pontefract, Yorks. Seventeen. Songs, dancing.
- JOAN WELLS, Yew Tree Cottage, Morton Valence, Gloucester. Fourteen. Reading.
- CHRISTOPHER KNIGHT, 257 Staveley Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs. Fourteen. Stamps, fishing, football players.
- VICTOR STOCKFORD, 29 Bromsgrove Street, Grangetown, Cardiff, S. Wales. Fifteen. Stamps, film stars.
- JACQUELINE DUNN, 19 Ash Grove, Heston, Middlesex. Fourteen. Stamps, animals, cycling.
- ANN ARCHER, 81 Bushey Grove Road, Bushey, Herts. Fourteen. Dancing, swimming.

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet," November 11, 1950

(Continued on page 7)

OUT OF THE NIGHT

THE night was dark and wet. Jimmy Watson and his sister June were running home from the cinema. Suddenly June stopped.

"Listen, Jimmy!" she said.

Jimmy stopped and listened. As he did so he heard from somewhere near their feet a piteous: "Miaow-ww!"

"It's a cat!" he exclaimed.

"I know it is," said June. "I thought I heard it crying. Fancy the poor thing being out on a night like this. Can you see it?" Then before Jimmy could answer, she cried: "Here it is. It's rubbing itself against my legs."

She and Jimmy stooped and looked at the cat. It was a thin, miserable, black and white animal with a skinny tail, and it was soaking wet.

"It's a stray all right," said Jimmy. "And it looks half-starved to me. We'll take it home with us."

"But Uncle won't let us," said June in a troubled voice. "You know how he hates all animals and especially cats."

"We'll try to smuggle it up into our bedroom and then he won't see it," said Jimmy, gathering the cat up in his arms and straightening up. "It would be wicked to leave it outside on a night like this. Come on!"

With the cat in his arms, he and June hurried on homewards. Their parents were dead and they lived with their uncle, Jaspas Grabb, who kept an ironmonger's shop.

But Jaspas Grabb was a mean and a very bad-tempered man. He had not given Jimmy and June the money to go to the pictures. They had got into the cinema with a pass given them by old Mrs. Hobbs, who kept a newsagent's shop and who got a free pass each week for showing the cinema posters in her shop.

"I do hope that we don't meet Uncle," said June nervously as they reached home with the cat and she opened the door.

But that is just whom they did meet. For they lived above the shop and, as they went through and mounted the stairs to the rooms above, who should be coming downstairs with his hat and coat on but Jaspas Grabb himself. He was a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered man, with mean, little eyes, a straggly moustache and a thin, bad-tempered, spiteful sort of face.

"Hallo, what have you got there?" he demanded sharply, glowering at the cat in Jimmy's arms.

"It's a cat, Uncle," said Jimmy. "We found it out in the street and it's soaking wet with the rain and it's starving, as well."

"Well, let it starve!" cried Jaspas Grabb angrily. "Just because it's wet and starving is no reason why you should bring it in here, drat ye! I've got enough to do keeping you two brats without having the place cluttered up with hungry, stray cats."

He grabbed the cat from Jimmy's arms. As he did so, however, he let out a yell of pain and fury, for the cat promptly scratched him on the hand.

"Ow-ww!" he yelled and caught the cat a smack across the head with his bony hand, which must have made it feel very sick indeed. "Scratch me, would you, you nasty little beast? I've a good mind to wring your skinny neck for you!"

"Oh, Uncle, please don't do that!" cried June in distress. "It didn't mean to hurt you. It's only frightened."

"I'll frighten it!" shouted Jaspas Grabb furiously. "I'll skin the dratted thing alive if it scratches me again. Get out of the way!"

He thrust Jimmy and June roughly aside and clattered downstairs with the cat. Then he yanked open the front door and flung the poor thing far out into the cold, wet night.

"And don't you bring no more cats in here, or I'll take the strap to ye!" he shouted, turning and glaring up at Jimmy and June who were still standing on the stairs. "Now go and get your suppers and wash-up, and then get yourselves to bed. I've got to go out!"

With that he was gone, slamming the door behind him.

"I KNEW he would throw the poor thing out if he saw it," said June miserably. "I hate to think of the poor thing out there in all this rain. I'm sure it hasn't got a home."

"So am I," agreed Jimmy. "I'm going to see if I can see it. If I can I'll bring it in again now that Uncle's gone."

"But, Jimmy, he'll be perfectly furious if you bring it in again and if he finds out," cried June in alarm. "He'll give you a most terrible beating."

"He won't find out if we smuggle it into our bedroom and let it out first thing in



START
NOW!

A GRAND
NEW YARN!

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Smashing Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

the morning before he gets up," said Jimmy. "I'm going to risk it, anyway."

He knew that by this time Jaspas Grabb must have turned the corner of the street. So he ran downstairs, pulled open the door and cried: "Puss, puss! Where are you, puss?"

He quickly discovered that the cat was quite near. For it came streaking out of the darkness, shot across the pavement, in through the open doorway.

"So Uncle didn't scare you away after all!" cried Jimmy triumphantly, shutting the door and then stooping to gather the cat up in his arms again. "Come on, puss, you're coming into our bedroom and we'll dry you and give you some nice warm milk. And you keep quiet, mind. If uncle finds you, he'll give Molly and me a jolly good hiding as well as you!"

He carried the cat upstairs into their bedroom and dried it with a cloth while June heated some milk for it.

"It certainly is very hungry," said Molly a few minutes later as she and Jimmy stood watching the cat gratefully lapping up the saucer of warm milk which she had given it. "I'll give it some more."

She did so and the cat finished that as well. Then, after stretching itself, it turned and sprang nimbly up on to a low chest of drawers and sat there licking itself and cleaning itself.

"It looks a lot better now," said June. "Next instant both she and Jimmy nearly jumped out of their skins as a voice said: 'Yes, I am a lot better. Very much better. I enjoyed that milk. It was very nice indeed, thank you!'"

"Who said that?" gasped Jimmy.

"I did," said the voice, and Jimmy and June stared in pop-eyed amazement at the cat, for it was he who was talking and no one else.

"Am I—am I dreaming?" gasped Jimmy.

"Not that I know of," said the cat. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, I've never heard a cat talk before!" gasped Jimmy. "Not in a human voice, I mean. Have you, June?"

"No, I haven't!" said June, still staring at the cat as though she could believe neither her eyes nor her ears. "How do you do it?"

"Quite easily," said the cat. "I haven't, always been like this, you know. Certainly not. Fifty years ago I was just like you. Or, rather," he corrected himself, "like him," and he nodded towards Jimmy.

"What do you mean, fifty years ago you were like me?" demanded Jimmy, still staring in amazement at the talking cat.

"I mean that fifty years ago I was a fine handsome, young Egyptian prince," said the cat. "And I would be now, if I could be changed back into my proper self, because I haven't aged a day since I was changed into a cat by that shocking old scoundrel Ur-huh."

"Who is Ur-huh?" asked June, still scarcely able to believe that the cat was sitting there talking to them.

"Ur-huh is a very clever wizard, but a very jealous one," said the cat. "That is why he changed me into a cat. He was frightened that I would become a far cleverer wizard than he is. And I would

have done, as well, because I can do any amount of magic."

"Can you still do magic?" demanded June.

"Yes, of course I can," said the cat scornfully. "What a silly question."

"I don't think it's silly," cried June. "Because if you can still do magic, like you say, why don't you change yourself back into a prince again?"

"Ah, that's just it!" said the cat. "That happens to be just the one thing I can't do. Not until I find the Sacred Scarab of Shendi."

"What on earth is that?" demanded Jimmy.

"A scarab is a mummified Egyptian beetle," explained the cat. "And the Sacred Scarab of Shendi possesses magic powers which will change me from a cat back to a prince. When I find it, all I need to do is to hold it in my paw and say some magic words and, in a flash, I will be changed back into my proper self."

"Do you mean that the Scarab is lost?" cried June.

"I am very sorry to say that it is," replied the cat. "It has been lost ever since it was stolen from the Temple of Shendi more than fifty years ago. I have travelled the world looking for it," he sighed, "and I am still looking."

"Is that what has brought you to Barminster?" asked Jimmy, for that was the town in which he and June lived.

"Yes, it is," said the cat. "I have searched the bazaars, the museums and the second-hand shops in all the big cities of the smaller towns."

"You poor thing!" said June pityingly. "You must be nearly worn out?"

"Oh, no, I keep pretty fit, you know," said the cat cheerfully. "And I always have my magic to help me when I'm hungry, footsore and weary."

"Well, if that's so, your magic didn't seem to be helping you very much tonight," pointed out Jimmy. "I'm not meaning to be unkind or anything, but you looked pretty miserable out there in the rain. Why didn't you use some of your magic to help you then?"

"Because I couldn't," said the cat. "And I'm glad you've mentioned that point. I would like to explain it. You see, once my whiskers get wet I can't do any magic at all. It's a curious thing, but there it is. Once my whiskers get dry I'm completely powerless until they dry again. Then, of course, I can do my magic."

"What sort of magic?" demanded Jimmy.

"Oh, any sort of magic," said the cat, with an airy wave of its paw. "For instance, I can—"

Abruptly it broke off, its ears pricked, its head turned towards the door. "Someone is coming!" it said.

NEXT instant it had completely vanished into thin air and Jimmy and June were left standing staring at the vacant spot where it had been sitting on the chest of drawers. And before they could speak, the door was flung open and their uncle, Jaspas Grabb, burst into the room.

"What's going on here?" he cried

angrily. "I heard voices. Who were you talking to? Come on, speak up, you brats! Who was it?"

Jimmy and June did not answer.

"Answer me, will you?" he roared and he caught Jimmy a cruel cuff around the ear which sent the lad staggering. "Who were you talking to?"

Next instant he saw the saucer on the floor. "You've got that dratted cat in here!" he shouted, his spiteful face twisted with rage. "You must've sneaked out and fetched it in after I'd gone out. All right, you varmint, I'll tan the hide off'n you for this. But first I'll find that nasty cat and wring its skinny neck for it. Where is it?"

He started hunting furiously around the room for it, but he couldn't see it anywhere.

"I know it's in here somewhere!" he roared. "I bet it's under the bed!"

He dropped on his hands and knees and looked under the bed, but he could see no sign of the cat. And then it was that, try as he would, he could not get up off his hands and knees again.

"What's happened?" he bawled in the greatest of fright, crawling madly about the floor as he tried to get to his feet. "I can't get up. I must've twisted me back or summat. Help me up, you stupid brats!"

Before Jimmy and June could help him, however, he made another terrifying discovery. He was shrinking at lightning speed and his arms and all the rest of him that he could see had become covered with ginger-coloured fur. Suddenly he caught sight of himself in the long wardrobe mirror and his eyes nearly bulged out of his head.

"I'm a cat!" he screamed. "I've changed into a nasty, horrible ginger cat!"

It was quite true, for he had indeed been changed into a skinny and spiteful-looking ginger cat.

"What's done it?" he howled. "How's it happened? Get the doctor—get the vet—summat'll have to be done. I can't stay like this!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" said a voice behind him.

The terrified Jaspas Grabb spun swiftly round. Coming out from under the bed was the cat which he had flung out into the rain.

"A nice object you look, I must say," sneered the cat in its human voice. "You won't throw me out again in a hurry, I bet. And you won't hit that boy again, either. I saw you do it, you wicked old rascal. We'll see how you like it!"

With that, he hurled himself spitting and scratching at the terrified Jaspas Grabb. With a yell of sheer terror, the wretched ironmonger turned and streaked from the room, flew madly downstairs and shot behind a pile of boxes in his shop.

The cat did not pursue him. Instead, it sat down on its haunches in the middle of the floor and laughed and laughed until the tears rolled down its cheeks.

"What changed Uncle into a cat?" gasped June.

"I did!" said the cat, still laughing. "I told you I can do magic and a little thing like that was as easy as anything. But what are your names?" it demanded.

Jimmy and June told it their names.

"I won't bother to tell you my names," said the cat, "because they're so long and there are so many of them that you would never remember them. Ramilles Tamases Tut-u-kamen are the first three and then there's a whole lot more. But before I was turned into a cat my family and my special friends called me Tut-tut for short and Tutty for shortest. So you can call me Tutty."

"Thank you very much, Tutty," began June. "But—"

"I've decided to live with you for a while and have a holiday," interrupted Tutty. "I like you. You are very kind-hearted, both of you."

"Thank you, Tutty," began June. "But will you please, please change Uncle back into his proper self? Please, Tutty!"

"Well, I don't see why I should," said Tutty. "It would do him a lot of good to be a cat for a while. But I will, if you want me to."

He made a queer movement with one of his paws. As he did so, Jaspas Grabb, hiding under the pile of boxes downstairs in his shop, was changed in a flash from a ginger cat back to his proper self.

The result was, as he suddenly shot up to his proper size, that the pile of boxes went over with a terrific crash, which was plainly heard upstairs. Tutty grinned.

"That," he explained to Jimmy and June, "is your uncle being changed back again to his proper self."

Tutty, Jimmy and June have more amazing adventures next week. Don't miss them!



RUSTY RILEY



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 she sacks him. Joe is working in with her half-brother, Purvis Chatfield. It is arranged for Rusty to ride Starlight. Later, Joe warns Rusty not to get too close to him during the race.

RUSTY, THIS IS ZEB JONES. ZEB HAS BEEN IN CHARGE OF OUR STABLE SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL

HOWDY, RUSTY. MISS LILA TELLS ME YOU'RE RIDING STARLIGHT TODAY

HOW'RE YOU, MR. JONES?

YOU COULDN'T RIDE A BETTER FILLY, SON. JUST SO LONG AS YOU DON'T LET HER SPEND HER SPEED IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE RACE!

COME ON, RUSTY, WE'VE GOT TO DIG UP SOME COLOURS FOR YOU TO WEAR!

I ALMOST FORGOT THAT!

BUT GRINNELL AND SMITH ARE PLOTTING!

I'M BOTHERED, GRINNELL... I DON'T LIKE HAVING SO MUCH HANGING ON THE OUTCOME OF A HORSE RACE!

STOP WORRYING IT'S IN THE BAG, ACCORDING TO YOUNG CHATFIELD

YES, I KNOW HE SAYS THAT... BUT HANG IT ALL. HE DRAWS THE LINE AT SOME THINGS. FOR INSTANCE, HE WON'T STAND FOR A CROOKED RACE!

HM-M! LOOKS AS IF WE BETTER DO THE JOB FOR HIM!

WHERE YOU GOING? WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

GET YOUR HAT. YOU'RE COMING, TOO. I'VE GOT AN IDEA! BRING THAT CAMERA OF YOURS! YOU'RE GOING TO BE A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER

HOWDY, FOLKS. HOW ABOUT POSING FOR A FEW PICTURES FOR THE "SADDLE AND BRIDLE REVIEW"?

WHY, SURE, MISTER—GO AHEAD!

FOR THE PAPER?

FINE! BUT LET'S GO OUT IN THE PASTURE BEHIND THE STABLES.

MEANWHILE, IN THE STABLES....

NOW IF SMITH WILL JUST KEEP THEM BUSY WHILE I HAVE FIVE MINUTES WITH THAT HORSE.

AIN'T YOU GOT ENOUGH PICTURES YET, MISTER?... I'M S'POSED TO STAY IN THE STABLES!

JUST A COUPLE MORE... I'D LIKE TO GET ONE WITH THESE YEARLINGS IN THE BACKGROUND!

WELL, STARLIGHT WON'T SET ANY RECORDS WITH A LOOSE SHOE... NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE AND GET RID OF THIS CLAW HAMMER.

HELLO, TEX. HELLO, MR. DICKY... WHAT DO YOU THINK? A MAN WAS HERE FROM "THE SADDLE AND BRIDLE REVIEW" AND TOOK A LOT OF PICTURES OF MR. JONES AND ME!

FROM "SADDLE AND BRIDLE" DID YOU SAY? HM-M THAT'S ODD!

WHAT'S ODD ABOUT IT, MR. DICKY?

WHY, WE REPRESENT THEM FOR SOCIAL NEWS, AND THEY ALWAYS GET RALPH LOONEY FROM LEXINGTON FOR PICTURES.

RUSTY, WHAT DID THIS PHOTOGRAPHER LOOK LIKE? ABOUT MY SIZE, AND WEARING GLASSES?

OH, HE WAS A BIG, FAT MAN... KINDA OLD... WEARING A BLACK SUIT. NO, HE DIDN'T HAVE GLASSES ON.

SAY, LILA, RUSTY HAS BEEN TELLING US ABOUT A PHOTOGRAPHER WHO WAS JUST HERE... A FAT, MIDDLE-AGED GUY IN A BLACK SUIT... WAS HE IN TOUCH WITH YOU? WE THINK HE'S A FAKE!

NO PHOTOGRAPHER HAS BEEN IN TOUCH WITH ME!—WAIT!... THAT DESCRIPTION FITS SMITH!... HE'S ONE OF THE MEN WHO WANT CHATFIELD HALL!

A LITTLE LATER IN THE STABLES....

I SAW SOMETHING SHINY IN THE STRAW... BY GOLLY, IT'S A HORSESHOE NAIL! IT'LL MAKE A LUCKY MASCOT!

A HORSESHOE NAIL! WAIT A MINUTE, NOW! WE DON'T HAVE THE HORSES SHOD HERE, SO IT MUST'VE COME LOOSE FROM A SHOE ON ONE OF THE HORSES!

SHOD

DEPUTY

PUFF! GASP! OK! IT'S A C... RUN ANY FARTHER! PH...

GOT YOU, CRAFTY JOE!

GEE—YOU KIN RUN, PAR... KEEP SO FIT?

EXERCISES AND ACROBATICS

GO ON! CAN YOU STAN...

CHILD'S PLAY—WATCH THIS!

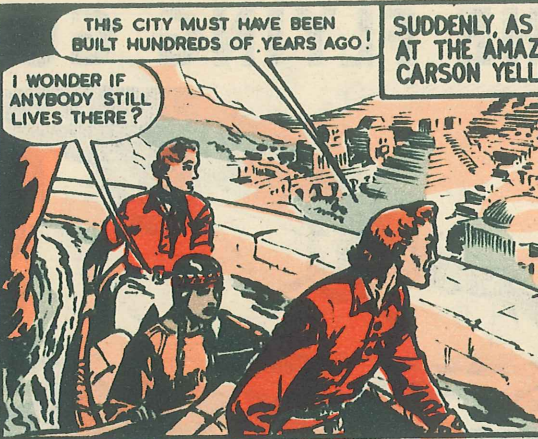
GEE! SO YOU CAN...

?

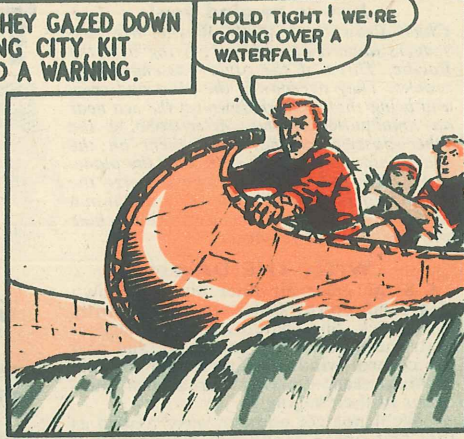


Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW

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 Hawkeye. After many amazing adventures the trail takes them down a fast-flowing river in a canoe. The current carries them through underground tunnels, until they find themselves in sunlight again, swooping down towards a valley and a strange, lost city!

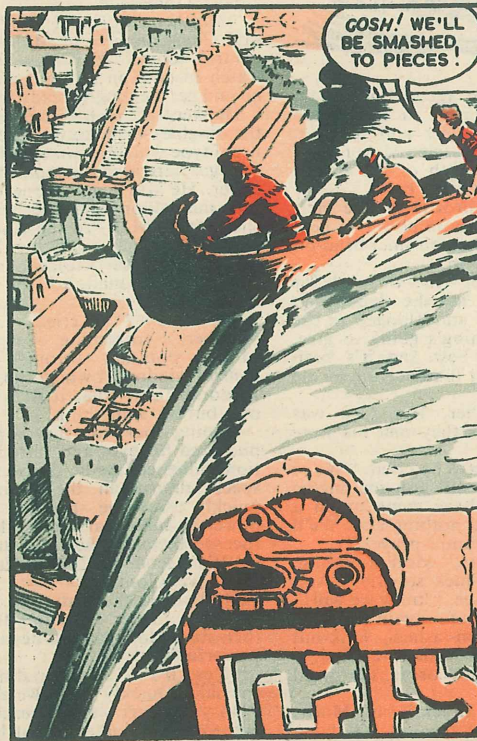


THIS CITY MUST HAVE BEEN BUILT HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!
I WONDER IF ANYBODY STILL LIVES THERE?



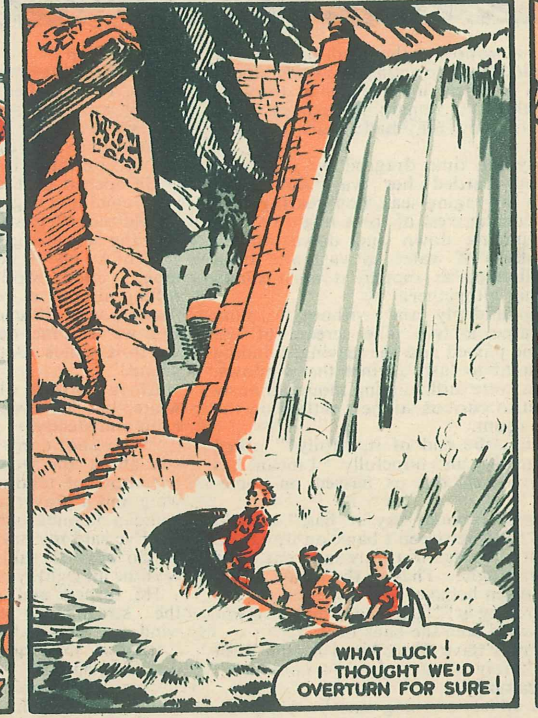
SUDDENLY, AS THEY GAZED DOWN AT THE AMAZING CITY KIT CARSON YELLED A WARNING.
HOLD TIGHT! WE'RE GOING OVER A WATERFALL!

BORNE BY THE RUSHING STREAM, THE CANOE POISED OVER A TERRIFYING DROP...



GOSH! WE'LL BE SMASHED, TO PIECES!

THE CANOE SWOOPED GIDDILY FROM TOP TO BOTTOM OF THE WATERFALL AND PLUNGED INTO THE SEETHING WATERS BELOW.

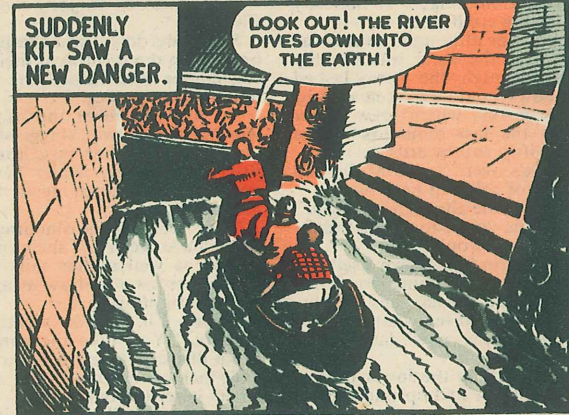


WHAT LUCK! I THOUGHT WE'D OVERTURN FOR SURE!

THEY WERE CARRIED ALONG THE WATERWAY...



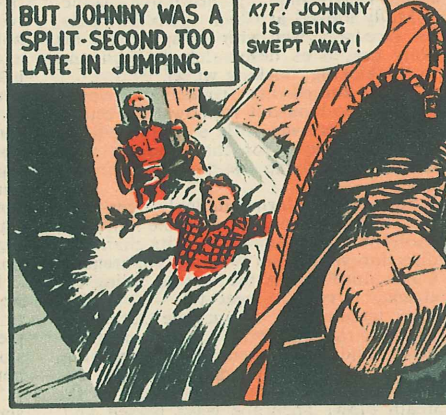
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BUILDINGS.
THEY WERE BUILT BY THE ANCESTORS OF MY PEOPLE.



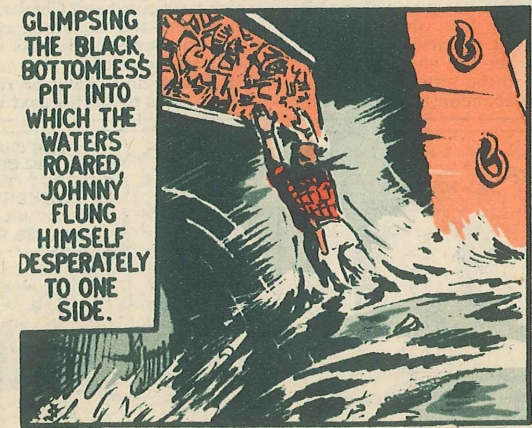
SUDDENLY KIT SAW A NEW DANGER.
LOOK OUT! THE RIVER DIVES DOWN INTO THE EARTH!



JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!



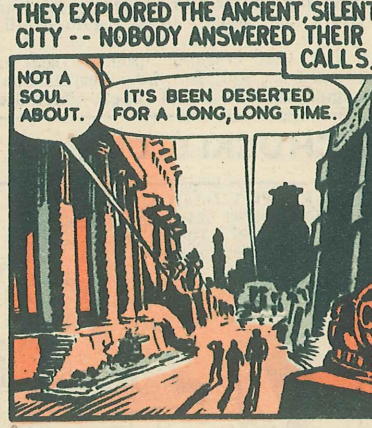
BUT JOHNNY WAS A SPLIT-SECOND TOO LATE IN JUMPING.
KIT! JOHNNY IS BEING SWEEPED AWAY!



GLIMPING THE BLACK BOTTOMLESS PIT INTO WHICH THE WATERS ROARED, JOHNNY FLUNG HIMSELF DESPERATELY TO ONE SIDE.



KIT CARSON RUSHED TO HIS AID...
THANKS, KIT! I COULDN'T HAVE HUNG ON, MUCH LONGER!



THEY EXPLORED THE ANCIENT, SILENT CITY -- NOBODY ANSWERED THEIR CALLS.

NOT A SOUL ABOUT.
IT'S BEEN DESERTED FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

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. They overpower the pilot and crew and bring the air liner down on the sea near an uninhabited island. 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 it seems as if the machine will be battered to pieces.

WITH THE DAWN

AS the great air liner plunged down and down, Chick throttled swiftly back. She soared wildly and sickeningly, hung, then plunged again, and past the control windows poured the roaring, rushing seas, burying her almost hull-under in their raging fury.

"We'll not get another wave as bad as that first one!" Molly had hauled herself into the vacant seat beside Chick and was shouting in his ear. "The first one's always the worst. D'you think she's going to ride it?"

"I don't know!" shouted Chick to make his voice heard above the crashing roar of the thundering seas. "We seem to be heading right into the thick of it at the moment, but if the seas start hitting us from port or starboard I'll have to try to swing her nose to meet them."

"What's she throttled at?"

"She ought to be doing fifteen knots in ordinary weather," yelled Chick. "But what she's doing at the moment, I don't know. She may be going backwards for all I know!"

Except for an occasional quick glance out into the screaming, lightning-riven night, his eyes were fixed on the glittering array of dials and gauges in front of him, and suddenly he jerked his head towards them and shouted:

"D'you see that? The outer port engine has packed in. All its instruments are showing at zero. It's as dead as mutton!"

"Is it going to make much difference?" cried Molly.

"Not yet, we can still keep going," bawled Chick. "But if one engine has packed in, we've got to be prepared for the others doing the same."

Molly said nothing, but she knew only too well what would be their fate should the remaining three engines fail. With no power to keep her head-on into the storm, the Lampson would be completely at the mercy of the roaring seas, which would whirl her broadside on, battering and pounding her as they poured over her until at length some part of her cruelly strained structure gave way.

And when that happened the seas would rush triumphantly into her and she would swiftly fill and go down like a stone.

Molly looked at Chick again. His pale, set face was wet with perspiration, his body braced as desperately he hung on to the kicking, bucking wheel.

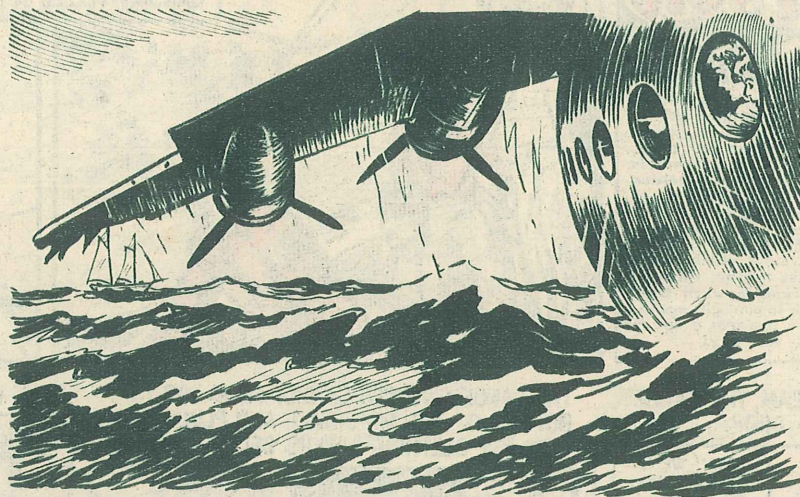
Molly turned her frightened, helpless gaze to the look-out windows in front of her. But there was little or nothing to be seen there now, for the windows were lashed with flying spume and blinding rain.

Should the storm suddenly veer—and that it could veer with terrible swiftness, Molly very well knew—then its change of direction might not become apparent to Chick until it was too late to swing the stricken aircraft to meet it.

A terrific sea struck the Lampson, pouring right over her and forcing her down and down beneath its crushing, tearing weight. She quivered and was motionless, as though yielding to the death blow. Then the wave passed and, groaning and creaking in every joint and rivet, she slowly lifted again, rolling heavily.

But that crashing, pouring sea had exacted its toll, for the inner starboard engine was now out of action. Chick drew

THE FLYING GUNMEN



Molly's attention to the dead instruments. She nodded to show that she understood.

Chick opened up the main throttle, giving the two remaining engines more power, for now they had to do the work of four.

Slowly the time dragged by while the Lampson battled her way slowly on through the raging seas, now rearing high on the curling crest of some mighty roller, now plunging down and down into a black abyss of water so vast and deep that it looked as though it must surely engulf her altogether.

Then suddenly and without warning there came a lull. The scream of the hurricane passed and the driving, blinding rain ceased to lash against the windows. The seas were still running mountainously high, but a curious stillness settled on the control room.

"Is that the end of it, Molly?" asked Chick quickly and hopefully. "I mean, has it blown itself out or passed on somewhere?"

"I wish I could say it has," replied Molly. "But we daren't bank on it, Chick. It might start again at any moment from another angle. That's the way these storms often behave."

"Oh, hang it!" groaned Chick. "I was hoping we'd seen the back of it."

"We may have done," said Molly. "But we can't rely on that yet—Look out!" she screamed.

With an ear-piercing shriek, the hurricane had struck them again, howling in from the port quarter. The Lampson reeled under the terrific impact, rolling half-over so that Molly was flung violently against Chick who, white-faced, was hanging desperately on to the control wheel.

The starboard windows were under water and roaring merciless seas were pouring over the almost horizontal port ones. She would never right herself—could never right herself. Molly was certain of that. Her starboard wing was right under, her port wing rearing itself high from out the inferno of raging, boiling sea.

But her structure held, her rounded, water-tight hull offering little resistance to the seas which poured over her. Then the thundering cascade passed and slowly, miraculously, she began to right herself.

"Outer starboard engine's gone!" shouted Chick.

Molly said nothing. She had been expecting that.

"The inner port engine is still running," shouted Chick. "It must have lifted clear of the seas when the hurricane struck us again and rolled us. But d'you know what?"

"No what?"

"She's facing into it again. I'm certain she is. I've got her big air rudder locked and it must be still there and holding. The wind hitting it has slewed her nose right round into the teeth of the storm. I'm certain that's it. It must be!"

He opened up the throttle to give their sole remaining engine more power to help it hold the sorely-stricken air liner head-on into the screaming storm.

"Chick she'll never ride this lot for long," cried Molly as the labouring, rolling aircraft reared and plunged in the roaring seas. "Something's going to give. But we've done our best and it's been worth it, Chick. Better than staying at the island!"

Chick looked at her. Her face was white, but her eyes as they met his were calm and steady.

"We're not done yet," he cried. "We're still afloat and we've still got one engine left. Lots of fellows have come in on a wing and a prayer and nothing else. We'll come in on one engine and a prayer."

"I've said my prayers," Molly told him. "So have I" said Chick soberly. "And we'll be all right, you see. I know we will!"

He turned and peered again through the streaming, storm-lashed look-out windows. Then, after a while, he cried:

"Am I imagining it, or is the wind dropping again?"

"No, it's dropping, Chick," said Molly. "I've been listening to it. And it's dying gradually this time. Chick—oh, Chick," her voice was trembling, "I honestly believe it's blowing itself out."

She was right. For although the sea was still running high, the wind was steadily dropping and through the spray-lashed look-out windows could be seen ragged patches of starry sky, which grew larger and clearer as the last remnants of the storm swept swiftly southwards.

"Oh, Chick, it's over!" cried Molly and there was a sob of relief in her voice.

"I knew we'd come through all right," said Chick and his voice, too, was trembling. "I told you we would."

By dawn the storm had blown itself out and the sea was rapidly going down. By that time, however, Chick and Molly, haggard with strain and for want of sleep, had discovered that a new danger was threatening them.

For somewhere along the lower part of her hull the Lampson had sprung a plate and was steadily taking in water.

It was impossible to pump her out, impossible to locate just where the leak was, and slowly but remorselessly the sea was flowing into her and she was sinking lower and lower in the water.

"We'll have to abandon her before very

long," said Chick glumly. "Thank goodness Stubbs and his pals didn't collar all the rubber dinghies. There's bound to be a couple left and we only want one."

"And there'll be aircraft out searching for the Lampson," said Molly bravely. "Even if we're in a dinghy we're almost certain to be spotted, because the dinghies carry distress flares, don't they?"

"Yes, that's right," said Chick.

What neither of them mentioned, although it was very much in their minds, was the fact that they had neither food nor water to take with them in the dinghy. And the prospect of being adrift on the limitless Pacific beneath the blazing, burning sun without food or water and at the mercy of any storm which might suddenly blow up was one which would strike fear to the very stoutest of hearts.

The sun came up above the distant horizon. The wind had died completely, the sea was almost flat calm again, and the sky was a deep cloudless blue, giving every promise of a scorching hot day to come.

And still the Lampson was afloat, but so low in the water now that her tail was almost submerged.

"Another hour and she'll be under," said Chick, as he and Molly stood in the control room. "You stay here and keep watch in case an aircraft comes over. I'll go and get the dinghy ready for launching."

He went aft to the compartment where the dinghies were stored. They were of the usual type which became inflated by means of a gas cartridge the moment they hit the water. He was lugging one of them back into the saloon when he heard a sudden shout from Molly in the control room:

"Chick, quick, come here!"

Dropping the folded and deflated dinghy, Chick made for the control room at a run.

"What is it?" he cried.

"There's something over there!" cried Molly, pointing through the forward control window at which she was standing. "I don't know what it is, I can't make it out, but it's something!"

Joining her at the window, Chick puckered his eyes and stared in the direction indicated. As he did so he saw a tiny speck almost on the horizon. Turning quickly away, he snatched the aircraft's powerful binoculars from their rack and focused them on the far distant object.

"It's a schooner!" he exclaimed. "Here, you have a look!"

He handed the glasses to Molly. Pressing them to her eyes, she focused them, then stared long and earnestly through the powerful lens.

"Yes, it's a small trading schooner," she said. Quickly she lowered the glasses. "Do you think we can reach her, Chick, with our one engine, or at least get close enough to her for her to sight us?"

"We're going to jolly well try!" cried Chick.

Slumping down into the pilot's seat, he opened up the throttle of their one remaining engine and turned the wheel of the under-water rudder.

To his vast relief the rudder was still working and slowly, sluggishly, the sinking aircraft turned her nose towards the far distant schooner. Molly had the glasses pressed to her eyes again and she said anxiously:

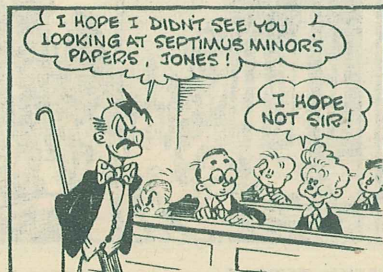
"She seems to be standing northwards, the same as we are. If she's got an auxiliary engine as well as her sails she might be faster than us and draw away ahead of us without sighting us."

"Here, I'll tell you what!" said Chick quickly. "You take the controls and I'll fire a distress signal. All you need do is to keep her on her course by means of this wheel here. It's quite easy."

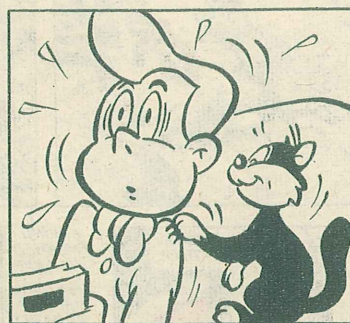
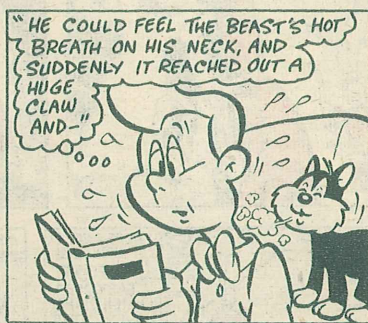
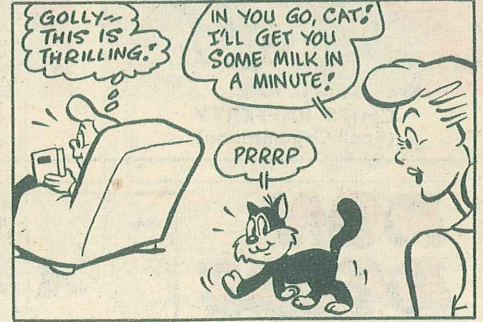
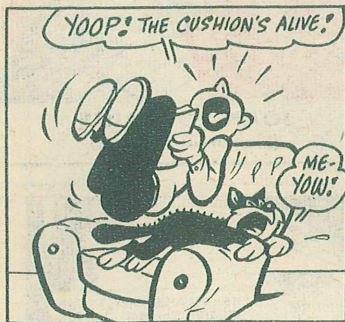
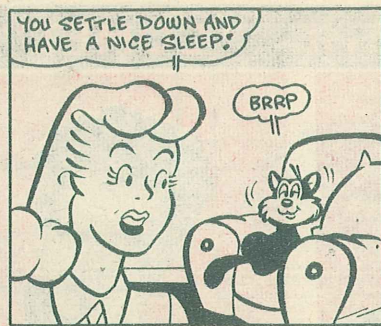
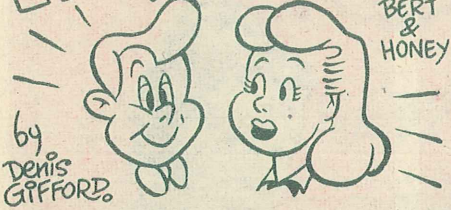
Molly slipped quickly into the seat which he vacated and Chick ran to the rack which held the signalling cartridges and small but powerful distress rockets which the aircraft carried.

Will Chick and Molly be rescued? Don't miss the thrills next week.

CHUCKLE CORNER



The NEXDAWS



THE GREYFRIARS GUY

(Continued from page 2)

you fellows—yarooop!"

"Oh, gad!" gasped Temple of the Fourth as his hide-out was thus suddenly obliterated and he stood revealed to all eyes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Temple!"

"What's that Fourth Form smudge doing here?"

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

Temple, like Bunter, made a desperate rush for the door. Like Bunter, he was headed off. Why Cecil Reginald Temple was there in hiding, to watch, the Remove fellows had no idea. But they had an idea that he was going to be sorry that he was there! Temple, spluttering, whirled in the grasp of many hands.

BILLY BUNTER sat up in the midst of the scattered faggots. He set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose and blinked at Cecil Reginald Temple, struggling and wriggling in the hands of the Removites.

"I say you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "I ain't jolly well going to be a guy—"

"You jolly well are!"

"I jolly well ain't!" yelled Bunter. "But what about Temple?"

"Temple!" repeated Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! Topping! Stick Temple in that chair, you men—we'll guy him instead of Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Billy Bunter's happy suggestion seemed to take the Removites by storm. There was a roar of laughter that almost rocked the woodshed, and Cecil Reginald was hustled towards the old armchair.

He resisted frantically.

"Leggo!" he yelled. "Me a guy! Why, you cheeky fags—Ow! Leggo! I tell you—oh, crumbs!—will you leggo? I only came here because I thought it was a rag on the Fourth—"

"So it is—now!" chuckled Bob. "You've asked for it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leggo!" shrieked Cecil Reginald.

But the Removites did not let go. They jammed Cecil Reginald Temple into the

old wicker armchair, encased his elegant legs in the patched old trousers, draped the ancient coat round him and stuck the battered old hat on his head, amid yells of laughter. Billy Bunter, grinning—Bunter felt like grinning now!—seized one of Gosling's paint brushes and daubed red paint on Temple's nose.

"Up he goes!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Six or seven fellows grasped the old chair and heaved it up. Temple had to clutch hold of the arms to save himself from being pitched out headlong.

"Come on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"March!" roared Bob.

In a hilarious crowd the Removites poured out of the woodshed with the "guy" in the armchair swaying over their heads. Billy Bunter followed on, grinning from one fat ear to the other. Bunter had had a narrow escape of figuring as a guy, but there was no escape for Cecil Reginald Temple. Holding on desperately to the chair, he was borne to the School Field, where the bonfire was already blazing and squibs and crackers fizzing and banging.

"Here's another guy—"

"Please to remember the Fifth of November—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Quelch to Mr. Prout as the procession passed the two masters, and he stared at the strange figure with the flaming red nose. "One might almost fancy that it was alive—"

"Almost!" agreed Prout. "I even fancied I saw its eyes move."

"Here's another guy!" roared the Removites.

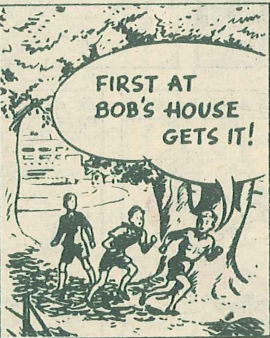
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Right round the School Field the Removites paraded their guy, to an accompaniment of fizzing squibs and banging crackers and roars of laughter. But they mercifully allowed Cecil Reginald to jump out before the old chair and the trousers and coat and hat were pitched into the bonfire!

It was quite a gorgeous rag, from the Remove point of view. Only Cecil Reginald Temple did not enjoy it. For days and days afterwards Temple of the Fourth could not show his nose in public without hearing a yell: "Here's another guy!"

Billy Bunter dodged that all right. Don't miss next week's grand Greyfriars story.

JACK BEATS REG for the YR Captain's Badge



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. B), Sovereign Street, Leeds.

Boys everywhere are collecting the Y.R. Footballer's Badges. Are you? One is given FREE with every bottle of Y.R. Sauce. For the complete set of 12, we send you the Y.R. 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**

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



CHIPS RAFFERTY
(Rank Organisation)



HELENA CARTER
(Universal International)



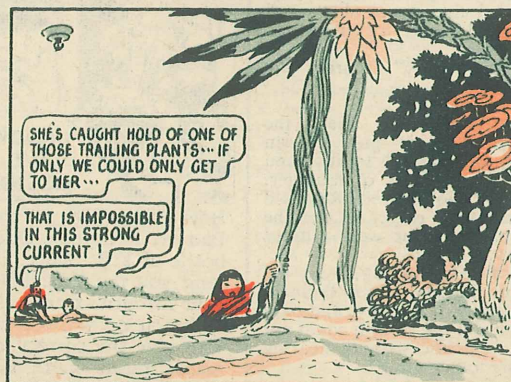
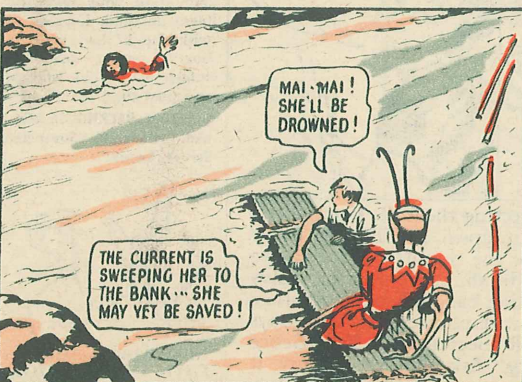
NAUNTON WAYNE
(Rank Organisation)



JOAN FONTAINE
(Universal Pictures)

DON DEEDS

Alphar, the rightful emperor of Mars, is a prisoner in the temple. Zorn, the rebel, is on the throne. Don and Mai-Mai, with their friend, Krim, are hiding in the jungle. They are the only ones who can spoil the high priest's plans, and he has vowed to get them, alive or dead!



HOW WILL DON AND KRIM BE ABLE TO HELP MAI-MAI? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK