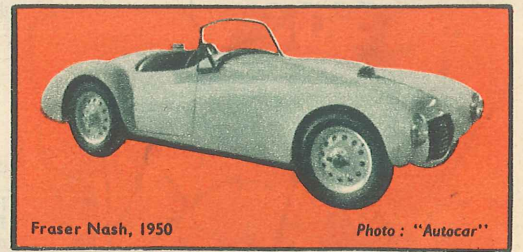


# COMET

No. 124  
(New Series)  
Dec. 2, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY  
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2<sup>¢</sup>

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



The other day Mum's little niece Arrived—and shattered Scamp's peace!



It was a fine and sunny day, So Mother sent her out to play!



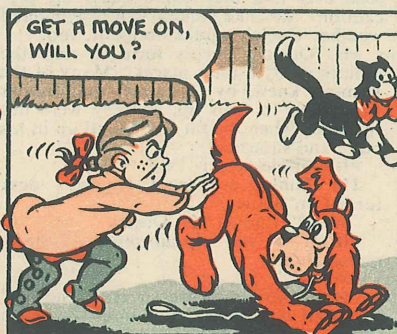
As soon as she was on her own, She robbed poor Scamp of his bone!



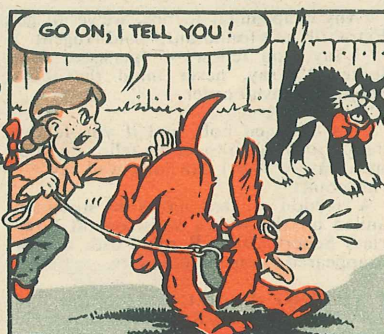
Now if he'd been bad, Scamp might, Have given her a nasty bite.



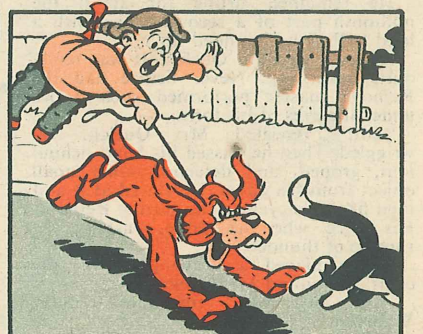
But Scamp's a very docile chap, And has been taught he mustn't snap.



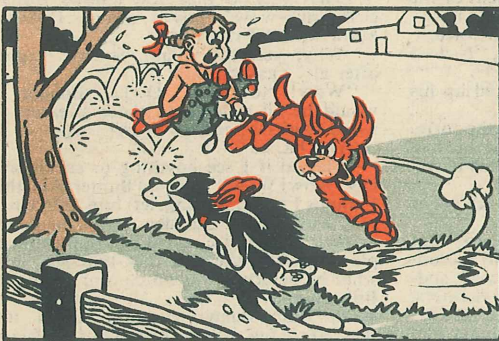
And then this nasty, horrid kid, Lugged Scamp out on his lead, she did.



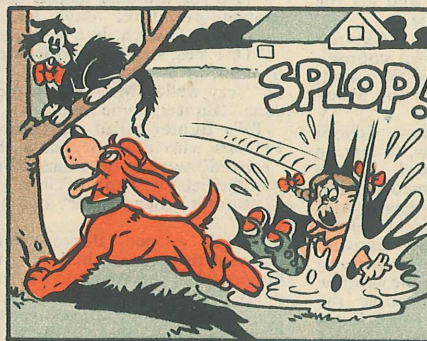
Scamp tried his very best to stay, Until a pussy came that way!



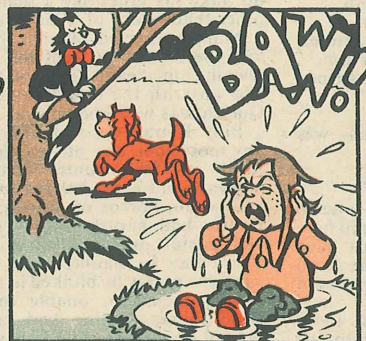
Then off went Scamp at full bat, Determined he would catch the cat!



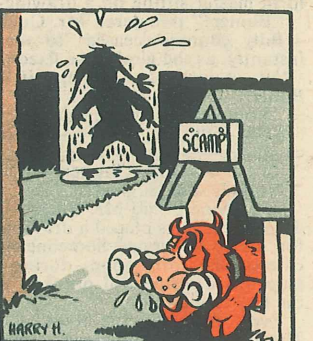
And pretty soon the bad child found, That she was bumping o'er the ground!



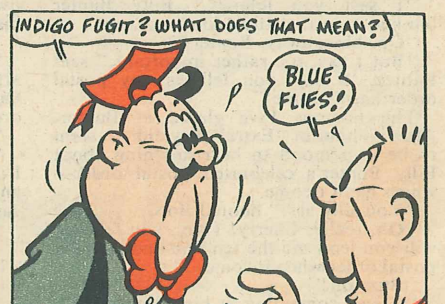
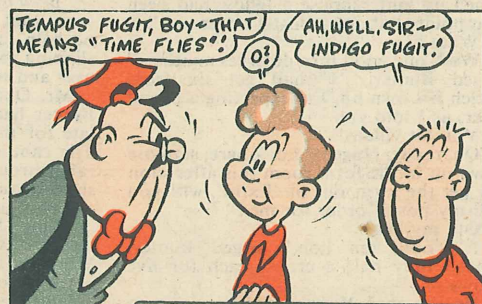
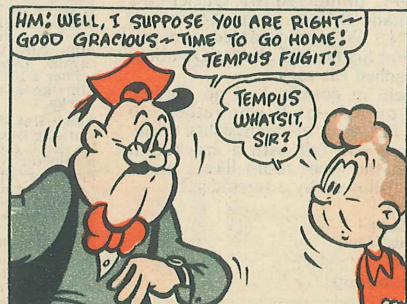
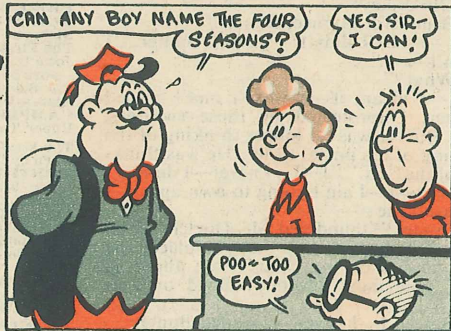
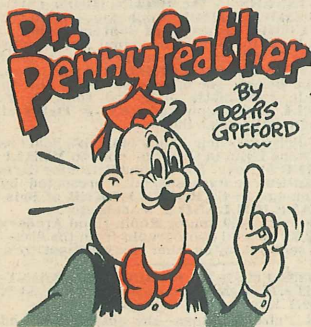
Just then Scamp got that Pussy "treed," And she, at last, let go the lead!

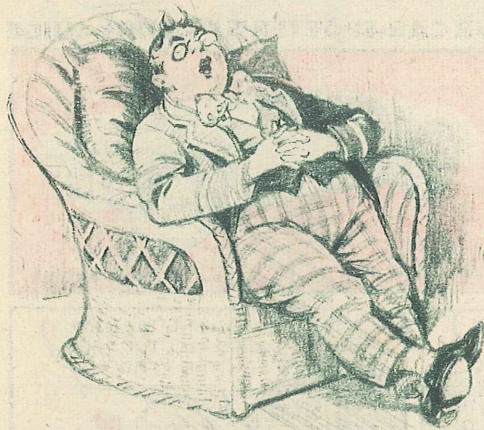


She let out many a scream and yell, For she was sore—and wet as well!



By time she reached home on her own, Old Scamp was happy—with his bone!





# BUNTER OWNS UP!

A Smashing Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

## The Drawing Pin

"Oh!" It was quite unlike Mr. Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove, to utter a sudden, loud, sharp exclamation, awakening the echoes of the form room.

All the Remove stared. They had taken their places for third school. Quelch had gone to his high desk and sat down on the high stool.

He remained sitting for about the millionth part of a second. Then with a loud "Oh!" he bounded up.

All eyes were on Quelch. It was really quite surprising. Never before had the Remove master performed such antics under the eyes of his form.

"Oh!" repeated Mr. Quelch. He wriggled. Then he passed his hand behind him, groped, and detached some small object from his gown. He stared at it and then fixed his eyes on the staring Remove. His voice, when he spoke, was like the rumble of thunder.

"Who placed a drawing-pin on my chair?" inquired Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Harry Wharton.

"He, he, he!" came involuntarily from Billy Bunter. Apparently the fat Owl of the Remove saw something funny in his form master sitting on a drawing-pin.

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter ceased to be amused instantly, as the gimlet eye fixed on him.

"It—it—it wasn't me, sir," gasped Bunter.

"You were laughing, Bunter."

"Oh! Oh, no sir! I—I—I was—was coughing—"

"Take fifty lines, Bunter."

Nobody else laughed!

"Someone," said Mr. Quelch, in a deep, deep voice, "has placed a drawing-pin here for me to sit upon! Someone must have entered the form room during break to play this disrespectful prank. I command the boy to stand up."

Every fellow in the Remove sat tight. The culprit, certainly, was there. But he gave no sign. There was a brief pause, a silence that might have been felt. Then Mr. Quelch spoke again.

"The form will be detained for one hour after class. The detention will continue every day until the culprit is discovered."

"Oh!" murmured all the Remove. And that was that!

"ROTTEN!" said Bob Cherry in No. 1 Study after class—and after an hour of "Extra" following class.

"Putrid!" agreed Frank Nugent.

"The fellow ought to own up now the whole form's getting it in the neck," growled Johnny Bull.

"I expect that's Quelch's idea," remarked Harry Wharton. "But—"

"Who the dickens was it?" growled Bob. "Might have been Smithy, or Skinner, or anybody! I wonder—"

"I say, you fellows," Billy Bunter blinked in at the study door.

"Oh, blow away, Bunter!"

"But I say, it's rather important," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, my postal order hasn't come!"

The Famous Five glared at Bunter. After an hour of "Extra" they did not seem to be in a mood to hear anything about Billy Bunter's celebrated postal order—which hadn't come.

"You silly ass!" hooted Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, will you lend me the ten bob and take the postal order when it comes?"

"Bzzz off!"

"Beast! I mean, dear old chap—"

"Hold on, though," exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Was it you, Bunter? Did you plant that drawing-pin on Quelch's chair this morning?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "Of course I didn't! I say, you fellows, don't you get making out that I did it—Quelch might get on to it—he might think it was me—he had his eye on me in form this morning—"

"Well, was it you?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Haven't I said that it wasn't?" howled Bunter.

"If it was you, Bunter, you ought to own up," said Frank Nugent. "You've landed the whole form in the soup—"

"But it wasn't me!" shrieked Bunter.

"I—I'd own up like a shot if it was me, of course! I ain't afraid of a licking! But it wasn't—"

"More like Skinner," said Johnny Bull. "But he's not the man to own up, if he did it."

"Any chap ought to now we've all got 'Extra' till he's found out," said Nugent.

"I say, you fellows—," persisted Billy Bunter. "I say, never mind that now. About my postal order—"

"Hook it!"

"It's only ten bob, and if you fellows are too jolly mean to lend a fellow ten bob for a day or two I can jolly well say— Yaroooooh!"

A cushion whizzed across the study and landed on the widest waistcoat at Greyfriars School. Billy Bunter, with a roar, disappeared from the doorway.

DURING the next two or three days the Greyfriars Remove were a rather disgruntled form. Everybody agreed that the man who had "planted" that drawing-pin for Quelch to sit upon, ought to own up, take his gruel like a man, and get the other fellows out of their scrape.

Many suspected Skinner, but if Skinner was the culprit he kept his own counsel. Owning up meant "six" of the very best, laid on with the scientific skill for which Quelch was well known.

Billy Bunter did not like Extra School any more than any other fellow, in fact he liked it less. Bunter loathed lessons anyway, and extra lessons seemed to him, as it were, horror on horror's head! And Bunter had another worry on his mind. His postal order still had not arrived. Every day he haunted the letter-rack in vain. Every day he blinked in at the window of the tuckshop, unable to sample the good things within. And between Extra School on one hand and his stony state on the other, Billy Bunter did an unusual amount of thinking, and so it was that the big idea came to him. And having made up his fat mind, he cornered the Famous Five in the quad after dinner.

"I say, you fellows, they haven't found out who punctured Quelch," said Bunter. "You fellows jolly well don't know who it was."

"I jolly well wish we did!" growled Bob Cherry. "We'd boot him till he went to Quelch and owned up."

"Well, look here," said Bunter, "if I owned up—"

Five fellows jumped.

"You!" roared Bob.

"You, you fat villain!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"You—and you've landed us in 'Extra' for three days already!" howled Johnny Bull.

"I—I say, you fellows, suppose a fellow owned up and suppose a fellow had been disappointed about a postal order—"

"What?"

"Well, one good turn deserves another," argued Bunter. "I shall get six from Quelch if I own up. I'm expecting a postal order, as I told you—"

"You fat villain!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! Look here, suppose I own up in the form room this afternoon and get the form out of 'Extra', will you cash my postal order for me?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's only ten bob," urged Bunter.

"That's only half a crown each for five fellows—"

"No, no, no! Your arithmetic isn't—"

hot, old fat man!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, is it a go?" demanded Bunter. "You cash my postal order and I'll own up! There!"

"So it was you all the time!" said Bob Cherry. "You ought to be jolly well booted. But it's worth two bob each to get out of 'Extra.' It's a go!"

And a "go" it was!

BILLY BUNTER was busy in his study for quite a considerable time before the bell rang for class that afternoon. It was not warm weather by any means, but when Bunter joined the Remove at the door of the form room, he looked very warm and perspiring. The tightest trousers at Greyfriars looked tighter than ever, and the fat Owl moved even more slowly than was his wont. Bunter had, in fact, been "packing." Two thick sweaters were carefully packed round Bunter, under which protection he did not expect to feel much of the "six" that would certainly be awarded him. The Famous Five grinned when they saw him. Bunter looked fatter than ever and they could guess the precautions he had taken—and wondered whether Quelch would notice it, too.

Mr. Quelch let his form in and the juniors went to their places. Many of the Remove knew, by this time, that Bunter was going to own up, so they were not surprised when the fat Owl stood up in his place and squeaked:

"If you please, sir—"

The gimlet eye from Quelch's desk turned on Bunter.

"Well?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"If—if—if you pip-pip-pip—" stammered Bunter.

"What?"

"If you pip-pip-please, sir, it was me—"

"What do you mean, Bunter?" Quelch stared at him. "What was you?"

"I—I—I'm going to—to own up, sir! I—I—I did it, sir—I—I—I—"

"Are you alluding to the incident of the drawing-pin three days ago, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch, in a very deep voice.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I own up, sir. I—I—I did it, sir."

"Very well!" Mr. Quelch picked up his cane. "Bunter, come here."

Billy Bunter rolled out before the form. Fellows who did not know that he had "packed" were quite amazed by his nerve. Mr. Quelch swished the cane.

"Bunter! Bend over and touch your toes!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. Up to that moment the fat Owl had been full of confidence. But his confidence seemed suddenly to have deserted him. Those sweaters, packed so carefully to protect the fat Owl from the cane, were slipping! Bunter had not counted on that!

"Do you hear me, Bunter?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, crikey!"

"Bend over at once, Bunter!"

"I—I—I—I didn't!" gasped Bunter. "I wasn't—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, it—it wasn't me!" gasped Bunter. Unprotected by those sweaters, Billy Bunter was no longer thinking of the cashing of his postal order. He was thinking of the "six." "I—I—I never—I didn't—I wasn't—I—I ain't going to own up, sir—it wasn't me—"

"Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "You have already owned up that you placed the drawing-pin on my chair! I am about to cane you most severely! Bend over at once!"

"But I—I—I never—" wailed Bunter

"Bend over!" thundered Mr. Quelch in a voice that made Bunter jump. There was no help for it! With two folded sweaters slipping round his fat legs the fat Owl bent over and touched his toes.

Mr. Quelch, of course, had no doubts. Bunter had owned up! It was rather too late for the fat Owl to change his mind. The cane rose and fell with a crack that rang through the form room like a pistol shot. It was followed by a terrific yell.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Whop! Whop!"

"Yow! Ow! Ow!"

"Whop! Whop!"

"Whoooooooop!"

WHLDR

Quelch laid on the last of the six with plenty of vim. The hapless fat Owl almost curled up. Quelch laid down the cane.

"You may go to your place, Bunter."

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"And if ever you play another trick in this form room, Bunter, I shall punish you more severely!"

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

"Silence! Go to your place!"

Billy Bunter crawled to his place. But silence was beyond his powers. All through that lesson, the fat Owl wriggled and squeaked and mumbled, and when the Remove were dismissed after the hour, he was still wriggling and mumbling as he limped out of the form room.

"Oh, lor! Oh, dear! Oh, crikey!"

Billy Bunter leaned on the table in the Rag. Armchairs were available, but for once Bunter did not want an armchair. Never had Bunter had such a "six", and just at present he was feeling that he never would want to sit down again at all.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

The Famous Five came in. Billy Bunter blinked at them with lack-lustre eyes. He moaned and he groaned.

"Ow! Wow! I say, you fellows—wow! That beast laid it on—wow! I say, I'd packed two sweaters—wow!—but they slipped down—wow!—I—I never thought of that—wow—"

"Brace up, old fat man," said Bob Cherry consolingly. "Here's the ten bob for that jolly old postal order that won't come, anyhow. You've earned it."

"Ow! Wow! Yow-ow-ow!" moaned Bunter. "I wouldn't have had that six for it—wow!—only I thought those sweaters—wow! Ooooooh! I wish I hadn't owned up—yow-ow-ow!"

"Well, you did the right thing, you know," said Harry Wharton. "You've got the form out of 'Extra'—"

"Wow! Blow the form! Wow!" moaned Bunter. "I shan't be able to sit down for a week! Wow! If those sweaters hadn't slipped it would have been—wow!—all right! Wow! I'd like to punch the head of the fellow who put that drawing-pin on Quelch's chair, whoever he is—wow!"

"What?" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "It was you—"

"It wasn't—"

"But you owned up!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"That was so that you fellows would cash my—wow!—postal order! I don't know who did it! Wow!"

"Why, you fat villain, wasn't it you after all?" gasped Bob.

"Wow! No! Wow! Ow! I thought it would be all right, with those sweaters—wow! Ow! Oh, crikey! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Ow! Wow! Wow!" moaned Bunter. And the Famous Five, chuckling, left him to moan.

It had been a big idea, but it had not worked out quite as Billy Bunter had planned. And the fact that that was just what he deserved was no comfort at all to Billy Bunter.

Well, Billy Bunter certainly asked for that! More fun with the chums of Greyfriars next week!

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

PRIZEWINNERS in the ROBIN HOOD COL-OURING COMPETITION which appeared in the SUN and COMET issues dated September 16.

The First Prize for Boys—the actual bow used by John Derek in the film, *Rogue of Sherwood Forest*—goes to JULIAN MOGGORD of Newcut, Mon. The Second Prizes—the bows used in the film by Alan-a-Dale and Little John—go to IAN F. CAMPBELL of Glasgow and PETER TOMES of Upper Tadmartin, near Banbury.

The First Prize for Girls—Lady Marion's Scarf as worn by Diana Lynn in the film—goes to MERLE NORTHMER of Hove. The Second Prizes for Girls—two beautiful scarves specially presented by Diana Lynn—go to CAROLE LEAKER of Bristol and JANE HOLLAND of Manchester.

The other prizes—50 Junior Robin Hood Archery Sets and 2,000 special photographs from the film—have been sent out to the other lucky competitors.

PRIZEWINNERS in the ROBIN HOOD PAINTING COMPETITION which appeared in the SUN and COMET issues dated September 30.

The First Prize for Boys—the actual belt and pouch worn by John Derek in the film and autographed by him—goes to GERALD J. ANDERSON of Sholdon, Birmingham. The Second Prize for Boys—two of the actual arrows used in the film—goes to QUENTIN MITCHELL of Morecambe, Lancs. The Third Prize for Boys—the archer's leather cuff and one arrow, used in the film—goes to F. CORRIGAN, of Bridlington, Yorks.

The First Prize for Girls—the actual coronet worn by Diana Lynn in the film, and autographed by her—goes to PATRICIA MITCHELL of Netherton, near Huddersfield, Yorks. The Second Prize for Girls—the actual brooch worn by Diana Lynn in the film—goes to MARIE PAULINE BUNTY of Bishopston, Bristol. The Third Prize for Girls—a scarf specially presented by Diana Lynn—goes to MAUREEN OSMAN of North Baddesley, near Southampton.

The Consolation Prizes—1,000 beautiful glossy photos of Robin Hood, Lady Marion and Little John—have also been sent out to the other lucky



### A FISHY AFFAIR

"THERE'S uncle calling!" said June Watson to her brother Jimmy. They had just come in from afternoon school and June was getting the tea ready. They lived with their uncle Jaspas Grabb, the ironmonger. The rooms were above the shop, which was downstairs, and it was from the shop that June had heard her uncle's bellow.

"I'll see what he wants," said Jimmy. He went to the head of the stairs and called down:

"Are you wanting something, uncle?" "Yes, I am!" bawled Jaspas Grabb, who was a very bad-tempered man. "What is there for tea?"

"Some nice toast, uncle," cried Jimmy. "Toast?" roared Jaspas Grabb, for all the world as though Jimmy had said soap, or something. "D'you think I can live on toast, you stupid brats? I want summat better than toast. I fancy a kipper. Come on down here and I'll give you the money and you can go along to Codd, the fishmonger, and get me a couple o' nice kippers. Hurry up, drat ye!"

"I'm coming, uncle!" cried Jimmy, for he knew better than to keep the bad-tempered Jaspas Grabb waiting.

As he set off down the stairs he was followed by Tutty, the cat, who said: "I'll come with you, Jimmy. I rather fancy a visit to the fishmonger's."

Tutty spoke in a human voice, for he was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for he was an Egyptian Prince and came from a long line of Wizard Princes. But he had been changed into a cat by an old wizard named Ur-huh, who was jealous of him, because Tutty could do quite a lot of magic himself. And a cat poor Tutty was doomed to remain until he could find a certain mummified Egyptian beetle called the Sacred Scarab of Shendi.

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

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

"You're not taking that nasty, skinny cat with you, are you?" demanded Jaspas Grabb, as Jimmy appeared downstairs with Tutty at his heels.

"Let him come, if he wants to, uncle," pleaded Jimmy.

Jaspas Grabb grinned savagely. "Aye, take him," he said, "and let's hope that a dog grabs him and chews him up. I hate the nasty critter!"

He did hate him, but he didn't know that Tutty was a magic cat. All he knew was that Tutty was a very queer cat indeed and if you were unkind to him, something very unpleasant happened to you.

Something terribly unpleasant had happened to Jaspas Grabb one night when he had tried to fling Tutty out into the street and he had got such a fright that from that night onwards he had left Tutty severely alone.

"Aye, take him with you," he cried, fumbling in the till for some coppers to give Jimmy for the kippers. "And if you don't bring him back, I won't shed no tears about it!"

No sooner had he said the words than a most extraordinary thing happened. For, without the slightest warning, he burst into loud sobs and stood there crying and "Boo-hoo-hoo-ing" over the till for all the world as though his heart was breaking.

# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

"Why, uncle, what on earth is the matter?" cried Jimmy in the greatest of alarm. "Why are you crying like that?"

"I d—d—dunno!" sobbed Jaspas Grabb, the tears fairly streaming down his thin and spiteful face. "It's—it's—Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo—it's come over me all of a sudden. Aw-ww, dear—Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo!"

Jimmy looked down at Tutty, who gave him a wink. And then, of course, Jimmy understood. This was some more of Tutty's magic. It was he who was making the bad-tempered ironmonger cry.

"Here's the mur—mur—money for the kippers," sobbed Jaspas Grabb, handing Jimmy some coppers. "And don't you buy any for yourself or for that bur—brat of a sister of yours. It's jur—jur—just for me that they're for. Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo!"

"Oh, well, cheer up, uncle!" said Jimmy, taking the money and skipping gaily from the shop, Tutty going with him. "I'm sure there's no need to cry about it!"

"I dunno why I'm cur—cur—crying," sobbed the ironmonger. "I haven't any pur—pur—pain."

"No, and he can think himself jolly lucky that he hasn't," chuckled Tutty, as he trotted along the pavement beside Jimmy. "For two fish-bones I'd have changed the spiteful old misery into a kipper himself to be put into the frying pan and fried. He'd yell loud enough then, I bet."

"Yes, I bet he would," laughed Jimmy. "But I'm jolly glad you didn't do anything so dreadful as that to him, Tutty."

"Trying to sneak some fish, are you, you skinny brute? Scram!"

He didn't know that Tutty was with Jimmy. He thought he was a stray cat, that had wandered in off the street. Not that it would have made a ha'p'orth of difference if he had known that Tutty was with Jimmy. He would still have tried to kick him out of the shop.

With a bellow of rage he rushed at Tutty and aimed a terrific kick at him. But Tutty had seen the kick coming and he sprang nimbly aside.

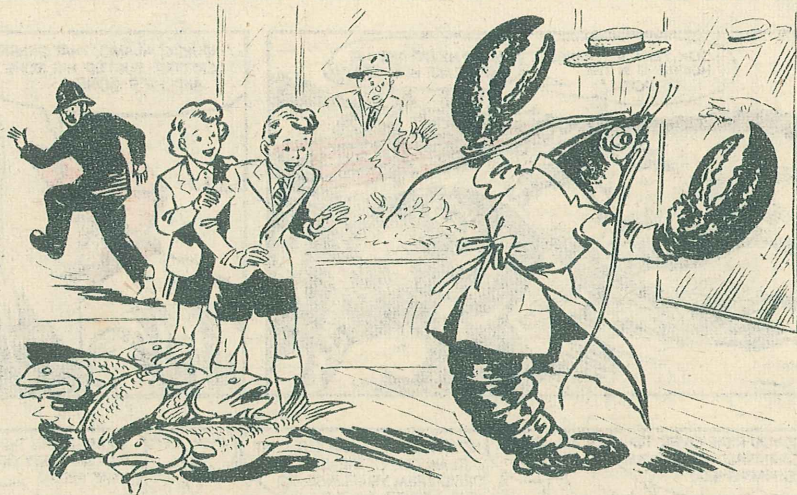
The result was that Mr. Codd's boot met empty air, his leg flew violently up, he lost his balance and down he went with a thump which shook the floor.

Roaring with pain and fury, he scrambled to his feet. A hose-pipe was running in a sink nearby, ready to wash down the marble slab on which the fish were lying. Tutty had leapt up on to the slab and was pacing daintily along it, examining the fish.

His great fat face purple with fury, the raging fishmonger grabbed the hose, turned the tap on to full, then directed the powerful jet of water straight at Tutty.

But Tutty was no longer there. He had completely vanished, as though into thin air, and the hissing jet of water shot straight over the slab and drenched several passers-by on the pavement outside. And, oh! What a commotion there was then.

"What d'you think you're doing, you



"That can't be me!" gasped Mr. Codd

"Why should you be?" demanded Tutty. "He treats you and June terribly. The trouble with you is you're too kind-hearted."

By this time they were approaching the fishmonger's shop and Tutty gave another sniff. But this time it was a long, blissful sort of a sniff.

"Great Haddocks! Doesn't it smell lovely?" he said. "You know, Jimmy, although I'm really a prince, I've simply doted on the smell of fish ever since I've been a cat."

"Yes, I know you have," chuckled Jimmy. "I only wish Uncle had given me some money with which to buy you an extra special nice bit for your supper."

"I can just see him doing it!" scoffed Tutty. "He'd rather part with his eyebrows than part with a single ha'penny, particularly if it was for me. Anyway, it doesn't matter. I can always get fish for myself by using my magic."

"Yes, I know you can," said Jimmy. "But I'd like to buy you some, all the same."

By this time they had reached the fishmonger's. Jimmy told Mr. Codd, a big, fat, red-faced man, that he wanted a couple of nice kippers.

"All my kippers is nice!" snapped Mr. Codd, who was just about as bad tempered a man as was Jaspas Grabb. "I keep the best fish in town."

He suddenly caught sight of Tutty, who was strolling about the shop.

stupid idiot?" they shouted furiously at Mr. Codd.

"Be careful, can't you?"

"Have you gone mad, or what?"

The frantic fishmonger hadn't gone mad. All he knew was that, for some mysterious reason, he couldn't let go of the hose. Neither could he stop aiming it at everybody who was passing the shop, soaking them to the skin.

"Turn the water off, Bert!" he screamed at his spotty-faced assistant. "Don't stand gaping there like a stuck sheep, you silly fathead. Turn the water off!"

Bert leapt to obey. But no matter how he twisted and turned the handle of the tap, he could not turn the water off. It still shot from the nozzle of the hose in a powerful jet. And no matter how the frantic Mr. Codd tried, he could not let go of the hose, nor could he stop aiming it at the passers-by, drenching them to the skin.

Jimmy, of course, knew that all this was being done by the invisible Tutty and his magic. But the soaking passers-by didn't know that and, shouting and yelling with rage and temper, they rushed into the shop and started to pummel the wretched fishmonger. And as that gentleman was still clutching the hose, which he could not leave go of, they all got wetter than ever.

Then suddenly the invisible Tutty switched off the magic. As he did so, the water stopped shooting from the nozzle and the hose dropped from Mr. Codd's

But that did not save him from the pummelling he was getting. For the people he had soaked were really mad with him and, in spite of his roars and bellows and struggles, they kept on hitting him and punching him until suddenly a big, fat policeman strode into the shop shouting: "Now then, now then, what's all this? Stop it, d'you hear? Stop it, I tell you!"

The soaking wet citizens, who were punching the fishmonger, turned to the policeman and, all of them shouting and yelling at once, they told him what had happened.

"Wet you to the skin on purpose, did he?" said the policeman, pulling out his note-book.

"No, I didn't!" roared the terrified fishmonger. "I didn't do it on purpose. I couldn't help it. I couldn't let go of the hose and the water wouldn't stop coming out of it!"

"What d'you mean, the water wouldn't stop coming out of it?" demanded the policeman, as though he had never heard such a ridiculous tale in his life. "Let's have a look at it!"

Mr. Codd stooped and picked up the hose. He shoved the nozzle right under the policeman's nose to show him it.

And in that same moment Tutty switched on the magic again!

The result was that a terrific jet of water shot from the hose and hit the bobby such a smack in the face that it knocked him flat on his back on the floor.

With a bellow of rage and with his face streaming with water, he scrambled to his feet and pounced on the terrified fishmonger.

"Come on with me!" he roared. "I'm taking you inside. I'll larn you not to play your silly tricks on me with your nasty hose. Come on!"

He started to propel the desperately struggling fishmonger towards the door. As he did so, however, he let out a howl of pain, for Mr. Codd had gripped him fiercely by the wrist.

But that howl was nothing to the howl the policeman gave a moment later when he discovered that it was a monster nipper which had him by the wrist—and discovered, also, that Mr. Codd had been changed into an enormous lobster!

Now Mr. Codd didn't know that he had been changed into a lobster, because he couldn't see himself properly. All he did know was that he was being taken to the lock-up, so he roared:

"Lemme go, will you? I'm not going to the lock-up! Lemme go, I tell you!"

He was very surprised, but very pleased indeed to find how quickly the bobby did let him go. For, tearing his wrist free from the monster nipper, the policeman bolted madly from the shop. So did everyone else except Jimmy. And they were in such a frantic hurry to get out that the whole bunch of them got jammed in a struggling mass in the doorway.

Mr. Codd stood staring at them in astonishment. Then as he started to look at Jimmy, he suddenly caught sight of himself in the shop mirror.

As he did so, his lobster eyes nearly bulged right out of their sockets and he stood gaping at himself in absolute horror.

"That—that can't be me!" he gasped.

"It is, you know," said Jimmy.

"But what's happened?" howled the terrified fishmonger. "How can I be a lobster? I'm—I'm dreaming!"

No sooner had he said the words than another astonishing thing happened. For a big cod, lying on the marble slab, suddenly raised its head, looked at him and shouted:

"No, you're not dreaming, you bad-tempered old sinner. You shouldn't kick stray cats. It's unlucky!"

Only Jimmy knew that it was the invisible Tutty who had lifted up the cod's head with his paws and that it was Tutty's voice which had shouted the words.

The terrified Mr. Codd remained a lobster for another few minutes, then suddenly he was changed back into his proper self. Nor was he taken to the police station, because even the fat bobby could see that something very, very queer and mysterious had been happening to the wretched fishmonger.

"But I bet it'll be many a long day before he'll try to kick another cat out of his shop," chuckled Tutty as he and Jimmy went off home with the kippers.

"Yes, I bet it will," laughed Jimmy. "You've certainly taught him a lesson this time, Tutty."

"He needed one," said Tutty.

Be sure not to miss the fun and thrills with Jimmy, June and Tutty in next week's "COMET."



# RUSTY RILEY



# SHORTY

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. Rusty chums up with Patty, the daughter of Quentin Miles. He has a dog—Flip—and a horse—Hillbilly. Mr. Quentin gives permission for a Carnival to be set up in one of his fields, and they have in the outfit, a bad-tempered, savage horse that nobody can tame. This horse is named Satan, and looks like making trouble.



DON'T LET HIM GET LOOSE, CHARLEY. HOLD HIM WHILE I DRIVE IN ONE O' THEM EIGHTEEN-INCH IRON STAKES!



HURRY UP, ALAMO! I'LL TRY TO TAKE A TURN AROUND A TENT POLE, BUT HE'S REALLY GETTIN' ORNERY!



OKAY. ONE O' YOU GUYS GIVE CHARLEY A HAND AND TIE SATAN OUT HERE AWAY FROM THE OTHER HORSES!

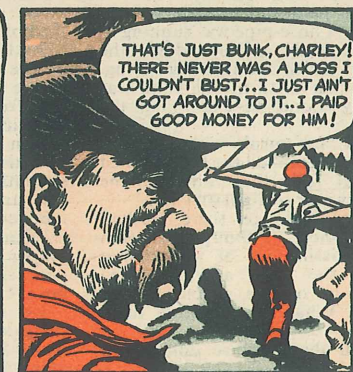


I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS AND JOIN A GANG OF BAD LERN THEIR PLANS.



HE'LL BE SAFE, STAKED OUT THERE... I WANT HIM TO GET SOME O' THAT BLUEGRASS!

IF I HAD ANYTHING TO SAY, I'D GET RID OF THAT HORSE! HE'S CRAZY!



THAT'S JUST BUNK, CHARLEY! THERE NEVER WAS A HOGS I COULDN'T BUST! I JUST AIN'T GOT AROUND TO IT... I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR HIM!



A LITTLE LATER AT MILESTONE FARM...

LOOK AT THOSE YEARLINGS, PATTY!... THEY'RE ACTING AWFUL FUNNY! JEEPERG! THEY SURE ARE... THEY ACT FRIGHTENED!... WE BETTER TELL TEX!



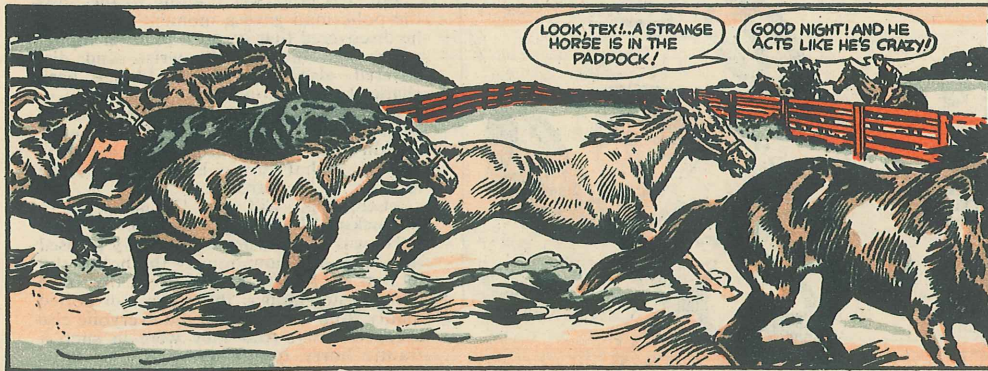
JUMPING CATFISH! YOU'RE RIGHT!... THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THEM YEARLINGS!

JEEPERG! THEY'RE ALL RUNNING AWAY FROM SOMETHING!



H'M! WHAT'S SHORTY UP TO NOW?

HE'LL AFTER



LOOK, TEX!... A STRANGE HORSE IS IN THE PADDOCK!

GOOD NIGHT! AND HE ACTS LIKE HE'S CRAZY!

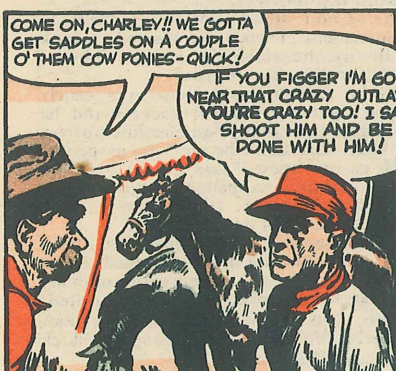


QUICK, ALAMO! THAT ORNERY CRITTER BUSTED HIS ROPE AND HE'S GONE!!

GONE? DOGSONE IT! IF HE GETS IN WITH MILES'S THOROUGHBREDS THERE'LL BE HECK TO PAY!!



HOWDY STRANGER! SHERIFF LUCKY I AIN'T PULL I DON'T LIKE SHERIFFS! ROUGHEST TOUGHEST THE WEST!



COME ON, CHARLEY!! WE GOTTA GET SADDLES ON A COUPLE O' THEM COW PONIES—QUICK!

IF YOU FIGGER I'M GOIN NEAR THAT CRAZY OUTLAW, YOU'RE CRAZY TOO! I SAY SHOOT HIM AND BE DONE WITH HIM!



PATTY, YOU RIDE OVER TO THE CARNIVAL AND TELL 'EM WHAT'S HAPPENED!



ALL RIGHT, TEX!



NOW, RUSTY, IF I CAN CUT THAT OUTLAW OUT O' THE HERD, YOU DRIVE THEM YEARLINGS TO THE LOWER GATE!

OKAY! LET'S GO!

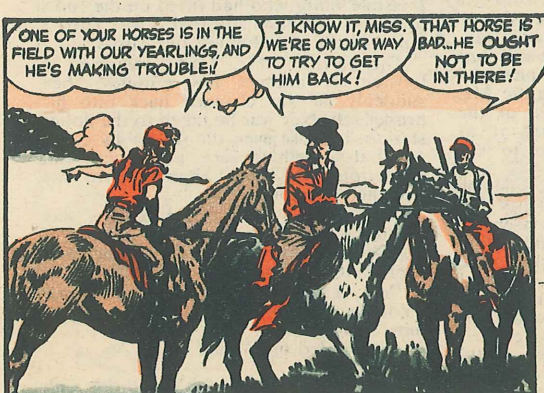
GREAT GUNG! THERE'S A MAN AN' A BOY GOIN' INTO THAT FIELD!

SOMEBODY'S RIDING FAST THIS WAY!—BY JINGOES! IT'S A GIRL!



OH NO YOU AIN'T—CO

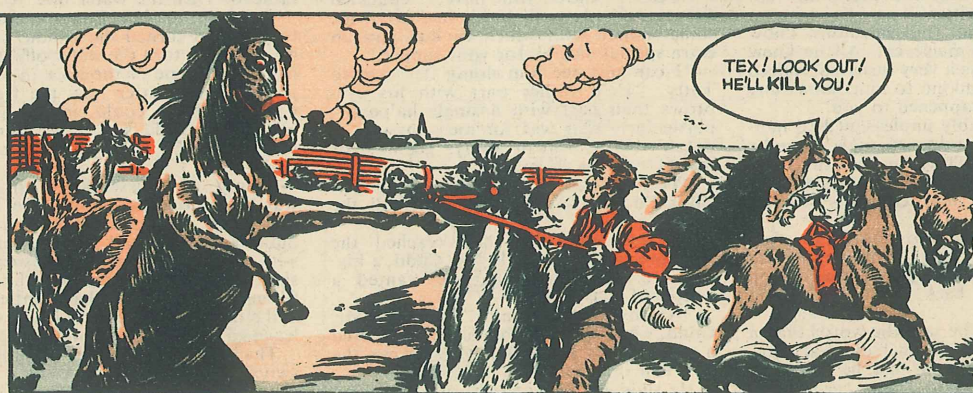
BONK



ONE OF YOUR HORSES IS IN THE FIELD WITH OUR YEARLINGS, AND HE'S MAKING TROUBLE!

I KNOW IT, MISS. WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO TRY TO GET HIM BACK!

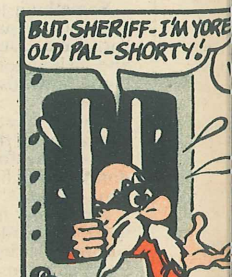
THAT HORSE IS BAR... HE OUGHT NOT TO BE IN THERE!



TEX! LOOK OUT! HE'LL KILL YOU!



THAT'S OUR SHERIFF—A SHOOTIN'—I'LL DO IT.



BUT, SHERIFF—I'M YORE OLD PAL—SHORTY!

**SHORTY**  
SHERIFF

AN OUTLAW  
AND MEN AN

MAKES  
PRINT

# Kit Carson

and the **GOLDEN ARROW**



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Hawkeye, an Indian. The trail brings them to a strange lost city. They are attacked by jaguars, but White Dove is able to tame them. They meet the Keeper of the Temple. When Hawkeye traps them on the temple roof, demanding the Golden Arrow, White Dove leaps, astride a jaguar, to the roof of another building.

AS THE JAGUAR CLAWED THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, WHITE DOVE WAS FLUNG FROM ITS BACK.



HASTILY WHITE DOVE PICKED HERSELF UP AND HURRIED TO THE EDGE.



THE SPIRITS ARE MERCIFUL! MY FRIEND THE JAGUAR IS SAFE!

HEH! HEH! I'LL  
BOO! SHERIFF!  
FEEL REAL SILLY  
WARDS

ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT, WHITE  
DOVE?

I AM UNHARMED!  
WAIT, MY FRIENDS.  
I WILL FIND A WAY  
DOWN AND COME TO  
FREE YOU.

BUT AS THE BRAVE INDIAN  
GIRL HURRIED TO A  
DOORWAY ON THE ROOF...

HAWKEYE! I SAW ALL!  
YOU ARE  
AT MY MERCY,  
WHITE DOVE!

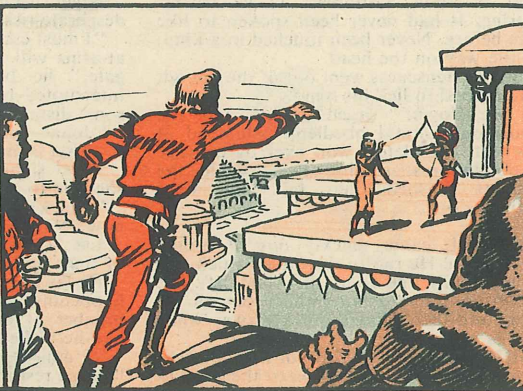
WHITE DOVE IS IN MY POWER,  
PALEFACE! THROW ME THE  
GOLDEN ARROW OR SHE DIES!

SHERIFF, EH?  
LUGGED YUH!  
SEE? I'M THE  
BADMAN IN

IF WE GIVE HIM THE  
ARROW, HE MAY  
DOUBLE-CROSS US!

IT'S A RISK WE'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE,  
JOHNNY.

KIT HURLED  
THE  
PRECIOUS  
GOLDEN  
ARROW  
ACROSS  
SPACE,  
FOR  
WHITE  
DOVE'S  
LIFE WAS  
EVEN  
MORE  
PRECIOUS.



HAWKEYE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO  
SEEK THE TREASURE  
THAT HE FORGOT  
WHITE DOVE.

AT LAST  
I HAVE THE  
GOLDEN ARROW!  
NOW TO FIND  
THE TREASURE!

IS I AM, SEE?

WHITE DOVE DASHED DOWN  
THE STAIRS AFTER HIM.

BUT WHEN SHE REACHED THE COURTYARD  
BELOW, HAWKEYE HAD VANISHED.

I MUST NOT  
LET HIM ESCAPE  
WITH THE GOLDEN  
ARROW!

I HAVE LOST HIM!  
NOW WE SHALL NEVER  
FIND THE ANCIENT  
TREASURE OF  
MY PEOPLE.

SHE HURRIED TO THE  
TEMPLE TO FREE KIT  
AND THE OTHERS.

HAWKEYE  
HAS  
ESCAPED!

HE HAS A GOOD START  
BUT WE KNOW WHERE  
HE WILL GO.

WE KNOW THAT THE TREASURE LIES SOMEWHERE IN  
THE MOUNTAINS OF FIRE. WE'LL GO THERE.

I WILL SHOW YOU A QUICK  
WAY TO GET THERE.

WHEN HE NEEDS  
SEE?

MEANWHILE HAWKEYE  
LEFT THE CITY AND  
CLIMBED OUT OF  
THE VALLEY.

I MUST HASTEN.  
THE TREASURE  
WILL SOON BE  
MINE NOW THAT  
I HAVE THE  
GOLDEN ARROW.

BUT  
SOON  
THE THREE  
ADVENTURERS  
SET OUT  
ON THE  
TRAIL TO  
THE  
MOUNTAINS  
OF FIRE,  
GUIDED BY  
THE  
FRIENDLY  
HIGH  
PRIEST.

I'M NOT SORRY TO LEAVE  
THAT PLACE! AND NOW TO  
GET THE GOLDEN ARROW BACK!

THERE WERE MORE SHOCKS  
IN STORE FOR JOHNNY AND  
HIS FRIENDS...

OUR WAY  
LIES ACROSS  
THIS CHASM.

BUT HOW CAN WE  
GET ACROSS? IS  
THIS A TRICK?

NONSENSE!  
SHORTY DOESN'T  
WEAR A MASK!

# YOUNG SIR NIGEL

BY REX HARDINGE

## TRAITORS!

**R**ICHARD must die!" Young Sir Nigel Wayne, crouched behind a tapestry in the great hall of Dale Castle, listened in horror to the terrible words. He knew that the Richard the plotters were talking about was the King of England.

Nigel found it hard to believe his ears. Peering through a gap in the tapestry he could see the knights gathered at the table by the big fireplace. There were seven of them, and the leader, seated at the top of the table, with a scowl on his dark, scarred face was Sir Roger Moxton, Nigel's guardian. Nigel's parents had perished in a shipwreck on the way back from the Crusades.

"But Father had been away from England for so long—he probably did not know that Sir Roger had become so bad," thought Nigel grimly.

He remembered the cold, unfriendly way Sir Roger had received him on his arrival at the castle, and then ignored him. He had hated Sir Roger from that moment, and now he knew just how bad he was—plotting to murder the king!

Nigel wondered desperately what he could do. He had only been at Dale Castle a few days and he had no friends there. It was such a grim and lonely place, with Sherwood Forest stretching away on all sides, mile upon mile of green woods, filled, he had been told, with outlaws and thieves, led by a scurvy knave called Robin Hood.

Knights, squires, pages, servants and men-at-arms—even the ladies—seldom spoke to him. All looked at him strangely. He was given a room at the top of one of the towers. He was allowed to feed at the foot of the knights' table. Otherwise he was ignored. He was not given a horse to ride, and he was not allowed outside the castle, even for a walk. Always he was turned back at the gate and nobody would tell him why.

He felt that Sir Roger hated him as a nuisance, and wondered why he had accepted the guardianship of him and let him come to Dale. He knew there must be a reason, and guessed from what he had already seen of Sir Roger that it was an evil one. That was why he had crept down and hidden himself behind one of the great tapestries that covered the walls of the hall. He wanted to know why Sir Roger had called the knights together like this.

And now all was clear. He listened with bated breath as the plot was unfolded, and the question of why he was kept at Dale, although Sir Roger so obviously hated him, was answered.

The king was making a tour to show himself to the people after his return from the Holy Land, and had been persuaded to turn off his route and visit Dale Castle simply because of Nigel—because Nigel's father had been one of his bravest knights, and he wanted to see for himself that the boy was all right in his new home!

"He makes good bait, does our young Sir Nigel," jeered Sir Roger. "For no other reason would Richard have visited Dale, for he knows we are John's men. All is prepared. Let the king but set foot within these walls and the blow will be struck! John promises to make me Earl of Huntingdon, the day the crown is placed on his head. All we have to do now is to wait for Richard to walk into our trap."

Nigel tensed. His blood went cold, for at that moment one of the great hounds that were always to be found roaming the castle came padding into the hall. It was a huge, half-starved brute that, like all the others, covered at the sound of Sir Roger's voice. It slunk around with its tail down, but suddenly stiffened, snuffing at the ground. Then crept forward, straight towards the spot where Nigel was hidden!

With the ruff standing up on its back, jaws slaving, it came seeking. It growled menacingly, but luckily the knights were



too busy talking to pay any attention. The big jowl came close to the tapestry, and Nigel seemed to feel the hound preparing to bark, to announce that somebody was hidden there. He realised that he must act like lightning.

Nigel put out his hand. Fearlessly, for he knew that any hesitation would be fatal, he reached straight for the ugly head.

"Good boy!" he whispered. "Good boy!"

For a moment the hound was so startled that it stood motionless in its tracks, staring. It had never been spoken to like this before. Never been touched in a kind, gentle way on the head.

All the tenseness went out of the hound, and it tried to lick his hand.

"Lie down," urged Nigel; and the enormous animal obediently slumped at his feet, completely won over by courage and kindness, staying there while the knights finished their talk and went clanking out.

**N**IGEL came quickly out of hiding then. He ran to the table, which was littered with the food they had left. He gave the hound a bone and a pat on the head and then slipped quickly away while it was busy eating.

His face was very grim, for he knew that somehow he had got to warn the king to stay away from Dale; but how could he when he couldn't get out of the castle? He knew it was no good going to the main gate. The drawbridge would be down to let the visiting knights through, but the strong guard there would not let him out.

But he refused to accept defeat. There must be a way out. He wandered desperately around, from room to room, even going to the kitchens. Then suddenly, looking through a slit in the wall down into the keep, he saw some country carts with the horses in the shafts. Many people were moving around, and he realised that they were the wood carriers who had brought logs to the castle. They would be going away soon with their empty carts.

Nigel went down into the keep. He tried to seem quite calm, just wandering around as he approached the carts and anxiously examined them. His hopes rose, for he found that most of them had old skins flung carelessly in the back—obviously used to cover the wood in wet weather.

He braced himself. Nobody seemed in sight, so he began to scramble into the back of a cart.

Then he gasped with dismay, for there was a quick rush of running feet behind him, and a hand grabbed at his foot.

He spun round, ready to fight. Then his jaw dropped and he didn't know what to do. For this wasn't one of the men-at-arms. It wasn't even one of the woodsmen. It was a girl of about his own age!

"What are you doing there?" she began. Then she blushed and curtsied, seeing by his dress that he was a young knight.

"Is this your cart?" asked Nigel.

"It is my uncle's, young sir. He is called Matt of the Ford, and we bring logs to the castle."

Nigel decided that he must take a desperate risk.

"I must escape from the castle. The men-at-arms will not let me pass through the gate," he began breathlessly, but was interrupted by a voice that shouted from some distance away.

"Joan—Joan, where are you?"

"That is my uncle calling," said the girl. Nigel sighed, about to turn away, but she held to his arm.

"Quick!" she whispered, "into the cart now! Nobody looks!"

Like a flash Nigel obeyed, plunging out of sight under a heap of skins. He lay there for a long time with nothing happening, but at last he heard voices, as a number of people approached the carts, and he picked out Joan's.

"I am weary, Uncle," she was saying. "May I rest in the back of the cart?"

And a few moments later Nigel felt her climb on to the heap of skins and lie down quite near to him.

"Be still as a mouse, young sir," was all that she whispered, and he wondered what she was up to.

He soon found out, for the cart had not travelled far before it stopped and the hard voice of a guard at the gate rang out.

"Ho, fellow, what have you in the back? Stop and be searched!"

To Nigel's amazement he heard a soft little snore close to him.

"It is my daughter," boomed the voice of the woodman, "and you can see for yourself that she sleeps. The poor child is weary, for we have travelled far today."

"A pretty little wench, and sleeping like a babe," said the guard. "I would indeed be a shame to disturb her. Drive on, woodman."

And the cart went lumbering over the drawbridge and along the rough track that led into the greenwood.

**N**IGEL could scarcely believe his luck. He was out of the castle. He stirred, but Joan's hand reached quickly for him.

"Hush! My uncle must not find you, for he is a hard man in the service of the master

of Dale, and he would, I fear, make it his duty to return any runaway to the castle," she whispered.

"Then, when we are around a bend where none can see me, give me a tap," replied Nigel, "and I will drop off."

"As you wish, young sir," replied Joan, but with an anxious note in her voice. "Do you know the greenwood?"

"No," admitted Nigel. "I am a stranger here."

She made no answer to that, but a moment later tapped him lightly on the arm.

"Now!" she whispered. "I can never thank you—" he began, as he wriggled out.

"Jump—now!" she interrupted. And then, when he dropped to the ground, to his amazement he found her still beside him. She held to his arm and pulled him quickly off the track into the bushes before another cart came round the bend behind them.

"But what are you doing—" he gasped as they lay still for a moment. "Why have you come, too?"

"Because you are a stranger to the greenwood, and night is nearly here," she replied calmly. "You would soon be lost and there is great danger here for those who do not know the way of the woods."

"But your uncle?"

"He won't miss me, and I shall catch up with him before he arrives home, for I know all the short ways through the forest," she declared in the same cool way. "Meanwhile, young sir, I shall first put you safely on your road, if you will tell me whither you wish to travel."

"I—I don't really know which way I have to go," admitted Nigel. "You see, I have to find the king."

"The king?"

"Yes—" Abruptly Nigel made up his mind and breathlessly he poured out the full story of the plot he had overheard, and Joan stared at him wide-eyed as she listened.

"But, young sir—" she exclaimed when he had finished.

"Don't call me that," he protested. "My name is Nigel."

"Nigel?" She looked at him doubtfully, then smiled. "But, Nigel, where is the king?"

"That I do not know," he admitted. "I tell you, Joan, I am a stranger in these parts. But I must find him! I shall go to the nearest town and inquire in the market place."

Joan rose to her feet. "Come, we will go to Nottingham."

"We?" exclaimed Nigel.

"Indeed, yes," insisted Joan, "for you wouldn't get far without me, Sir Knight who doesn't know the greenwood!"

Nigel was about to argue, but the words died in his throat, for suddenly he heard the sound of horses galloping. Together they peered through the bushes, and there, coming along the track from the castle, was a group of horsemen. At their head rode Sir Roger himself, his face as black as thunder.

"He cannot have travelled far! He must have slipped out with the wood-cutters' carts," he was shouting. "Scatter and find him. There is a reward of a hundred crowns to the man who brings young Sir Nigel back to me alive!"

The horsemen obediently spread out, and one of them spurred his horse straight towards the clump of bushes behind which Nigel and Joan were hiding. Instinctively they turned to run, but before they could move, steel-strong hands grasped each of them and held them down.

Nigel managed to squirm round enough to see kneeling over him a tall, bearded man in Lincoln green, but before he could do anything, he heard Joan gasp:

"Robin Hood!"

Can Robin Hood help Nigel to find the king? Don't miss the thrills next week!

Why don't you walk to the side teddy?—The waters only up to your arm-pits!

Don't be silly—I'm standing on the head of the fat old gent who fell in first!

Did you wake up the man in room 44?

No sir! I couldn't wake him up at all. So I woke up the chap in room 43!

I've dropped a sixpence, porter! If you find it give it back to me. But if you don't you can keep it!

The leopard's escaped shoot him on the spot! Er... which spot, boss?

CHUCKLE CORNER

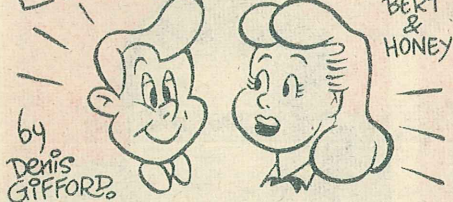
CHUCKLE CORNER

CHUCKLE CORNER

CHUCKLE CORNER

CHUCKLE CORNER

# the NEXDAWS



by DENIS GIFFORD

BERT & HONEY



LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON OUR NICE NEW TELEVISION SET!

OO, LOOK, BERTIE-- IT'S GONE WRONG ALREADY!

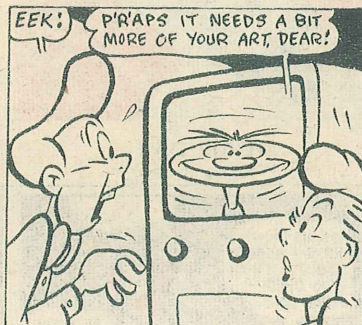
NONSENSE, DEAR! JUST TUNING IN, SEE? A TWISTY OF THE KNOB AND THERE'S THE PICTURE!

HUH? WOOPS! WHAT'S WRONG, BERTIE?

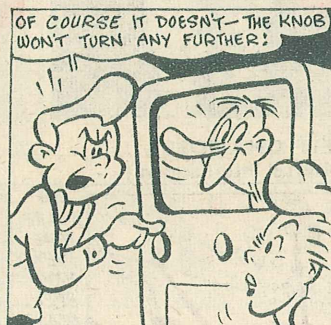
COO! PWETT!



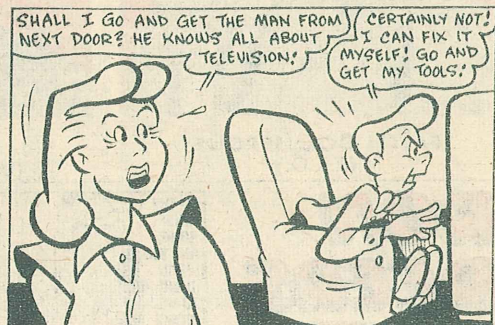
NOTHING, DEAR-- HEH, HEH-- ONLY NEEDS A BIT MORE TUNING! THERE'S AN ART IN IT, Y'KNOW!



EKK! P'RAPS IT NEEDS A BIT MORE OF YOUR ART, DEAR!



OF COURSE IT DOESN'T-- THE KNOB WON'T TURN ANY FURTHER!



SHALL I GO AND GET THE MAN FROM NEXT DOOR? HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT TELEVISION!

CERTAINLY NOT! I CAN FIX IT MYSELF! GO AND GET MY TOOLS!



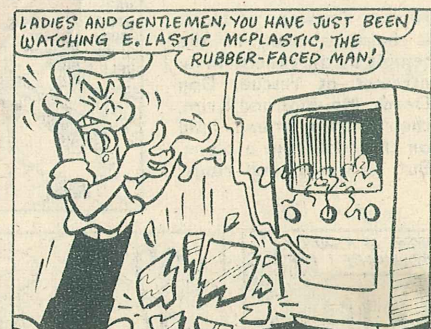
BAH! FANCY WANTING TO ASK OLD KNOWALL FROM NEXT DOOR? I KNOW MORE'N HE DOES!



IT WON'T TAKE FIVE MINUTES TO PUT THIS THING RIGHT!



HAH! THAT'S GOT RID OF THAT FUNNY FACE! I'LL JUST LOOK OVER THIS BIT BEFORE I PUT IT BACK AGAIN!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE JUST BEEN WATCHING E. LASTIC McPLASTIC, THE RUBBER-FACED MAN!

## DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

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

### CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

#### FROM THIS LIST

Dorothy Didcote, 83 High Street, Cinderford, Glos. Fifteen. Cycling. John Howard, 54 Fairmead House, Mash Hill, Homerton, London, E.9. Eleven. Boxing. Betty Barfoot, 72 Hurst Grove, Queen's Park, Bedford, Beds. Fourteen. Speedway. Music. Robert Lancaster, 27 Denny Ave., Waltham Abbey, Essex. Thirteen. Art, films, sport. Sandra McMuldrod, 158 Easton Road, Roby, Lancashire. Eleven. Painting, cycling. Jean Witts, 15 Barcliff Ave., Glascoate, Tamworth, Staffs. Thirteen. Reading. Eileen Corser, 30 Channel Road, Liverpool 6. Ten. Drawing, dancing, film stars. Judy Hortin, Rowses Farm, Gt. Wigborough, Nr. Colchester. Thirteen. Farming, riding, swimming. Barbara Hogg, 5 Eaglesham Road, East Kilbride. Ten. Swimming. Raymond Heming, 1 Hayes Cottages, Coopers Lane, Northaw, Herts. Fourteen. Speedway, music. Jean Burnett, 12 Alice Street, Ryhope, Sunderland. Co. Durham. Fourteen. Reading. Ann Piner, 4 Harrowdean Lane, Bedford, Beds. Twelve. Art, sport. David Proudley, 80 Coltman Street, Hessel Road, Hull, E. Yorks. Eleven. Cycling. Shirley Curtis, 17 Cottesmore Road, Firat Lane, Hessele, E. Yorks. Fifteen. Reading, sewing. Ian Shipton, 37 Brambletye Road, Redhill, Surrey. Fourteen. Fishing, rugby. Eileen Swyer-Sexey, 95 Cart Lane, Chorley, Lancs. Fourteen. Art, music, films. Colette Featherstone, 72 Union Road, Nottingham. Ten. Films, reading. Grace Coull, 14 Richmond Tce., Port Gordon, Banffshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Films. Sandra Potts, 38 Wyresdale Road, Aintree, Liverpool 9. Eight. History. Roy Stambridge, 30 Hawthorne Ave.,

Stapley, Luton, Beds. Sixteen. Stamps, swimming.

Mackie Swanson, 31 Hermitage Park, Edinburgh 6, Scotland. Fifteen. Speedway, boxing. Robin Lythgus, 57 St. Augustine Ave., Grimsby, Ten. Reading. Jean Woodward, 96 Ruskin Road, Low Hill, Wolverhampton, Staffs. Fifteen. Music. Rita Shannon, 21 Phillips Ave., Linthorpe, Middlesbrough, Yorks. Fifteen. Cycling. June Proctor, 9 Whitaker Sq., Batley, Yorks. Fifteen. Sport. Barrie Noble, 188 Chester Road, Little Acton, Wrexham, N. Wales. Twelve. Cycling, drama.

Ken Parley, 9 Darlington Road, Queensway, Rochdale, Lancs. Eighteen. Tennis. Anthony Makey, 10 Council Houses, Newport, Brough, E. Yorks. Twelve. Art, films. Shiela Owen, 40 Park Lane, Bonehill, Tamworth, Staffs. Thirteen. Swimming. Ian Smith, 40 Scarsdale Road, Woodseats, Sheffield 8, Yorks. Fourteen. Swimming, cycling. Geoffrey Coote, 11 North Common, Redbourn, Herts. Twelve. Swimming, football. Andrew Brown, Ward K2, St. Luke Hospital, Bradford. Ten. Westerns. Josephine Lerner, 31 George Street, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Durham. Nine. Swimming. Patricia Campbell, 15 Beechwood Gdns., Prescot, Lancs. Thirteen. Reading. Edna Savage, 83 Loughton Road, Dinnington, Sheffield. Eleven. Art. Alan Kyte, 10 Ynys Tce., Rhydyfelan, Pontypridd, Glam., S. Wales. Fourteen. Sport. Anne Dimmick, 5 Hendon Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham. Sixteen. Cycling, swimming. Shirley Youngman, 90 Shakespeare Road, Whitton, Ipswich. Thirteen. Dancing, arithmetic. Mary Kay, 36 Langthorpe Ave., Springboig, Glasgow, E.2, Scotland. Thirteen. Music.

Jasmine Laffin, 39 Wordsworth Road, Addlestone, Surrey, Ten. Birds, horses. Doreen Coles, 77 Booker Lane, High Wycombe, Bucks. Thirteen. Films, cycling. Glenys Evans, 32 Station Road, Nantymael, Glam., S. Wales. Fifteen. Tennis, films. Lynne Steel, 134 Carsebar Road, Micklebergs, Paisley, Renfrewshire. Fourteen. Music. Beryl Davies, 2 Walters Tce., Neath Road, Swansea. Twelve. Tennis, films. Peter Moss, Hillside Cottage, Bardfield Road, Thaxted, Essex. Nine. Model railways.

### PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet," December 2, 1950

HERE'S A NEW CHUM FOR YOU!

# POOCHIE—

YOU'LL LIKE POOCHIE!

★ MEET HIM IN NEXT WEEK'S COMET ★

## HOW TO RUSTLE UP MORE SWEETS

'S'easy, Pardner! Jest show 'em this page down at the cook-house. You won't need to work up no appetite for the delicious CHOCOLATE FUDGE that's coming your way.'

### CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Cadbury's Own Recipe  
3 tablesp. sweetened condensed milk—or evaporated  
4 tablesp. water + 3 oz. sugar  
1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa  
½ oz. margarine  
1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all the ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 minutes. Stir the fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in the same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat and well beat the fudge until it is almost setting. Pour it quickly into a greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.



GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE COCOA HABIT

# CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

★ Mother knows that the surest way to round up wayward appetites is with cakes, sweets and drinks made with wonderful Bournville Cocoa. Ask her for it often.

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



FAITH DOUMERGUE  
(R.K.O.)



JEFF CHANDLER  
(Universal International)



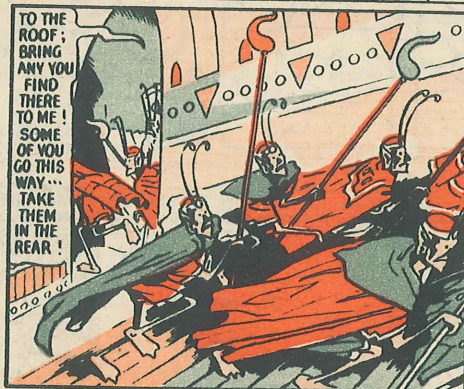
DORIS DAY  
(Warner Bros.)



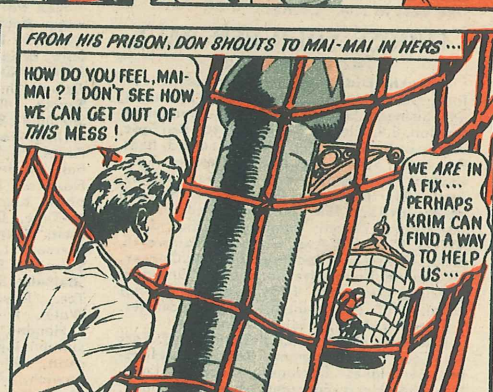
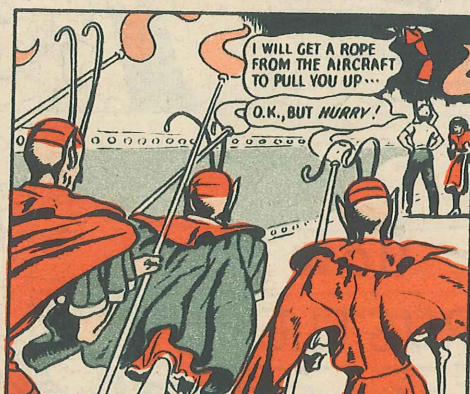
GLENN FORD  
(Columbia Pictures)

# DON DEEDS

Alphar, Emperor of Mars, is held prisoner in the temple by the rebels. In an attempt at rescue, Don Deeds, Mai-Mai and Krim, their Martian friend, land on the roof from a plane. But an alarm bell rings!



NOT AWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN HEARD, DON, MAI-MAI, AND KRIM COME DOWN FROM THE ROOF...



BACK ON EARTH, HOO SUNG HAS BEEN MAKING A GIANT SPACE SHIP. HE PLANS TO GO AFTER MAI-MAI AND DON...

