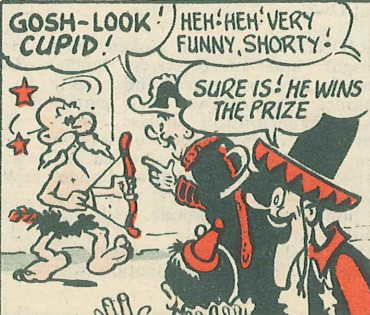
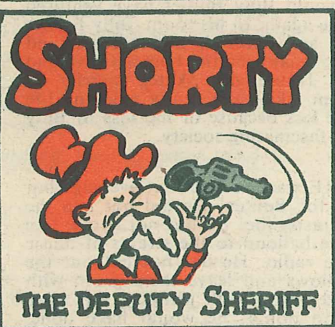
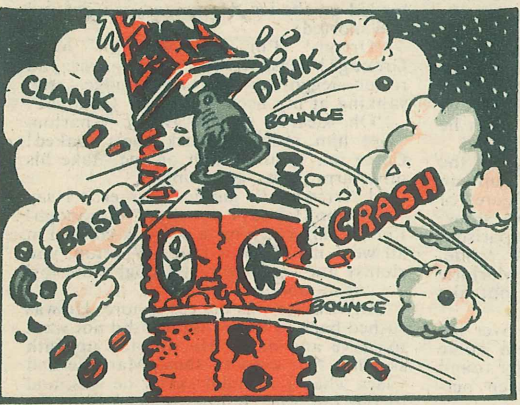
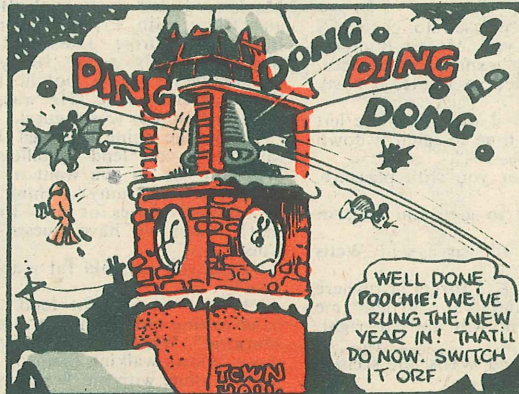
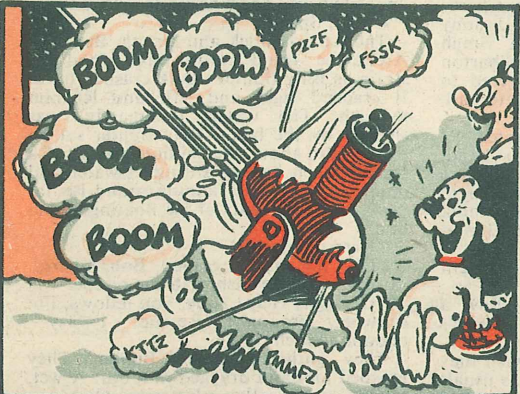
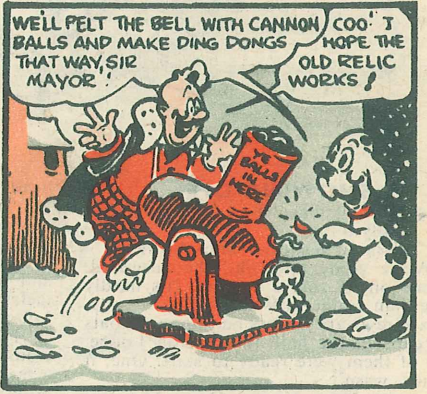
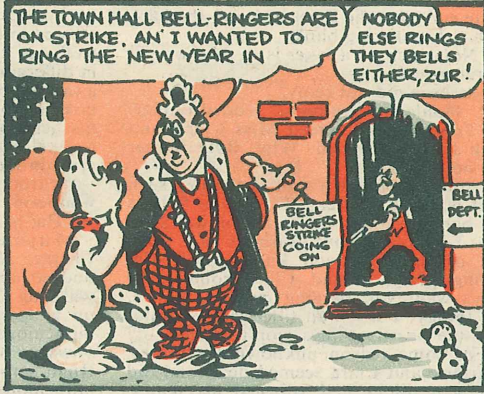
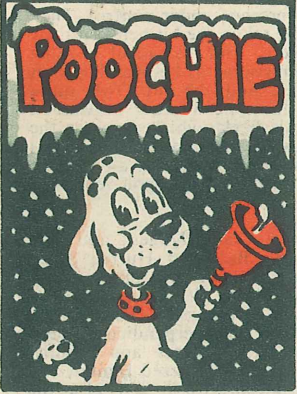
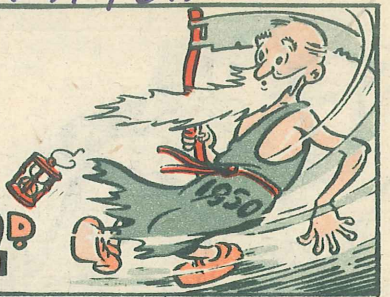


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BUNTER BREAKS THROUGH!

A Smashing Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS



SHOWING OFF!

"CAN'T we have the car?" demanded Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton shook his head. "We're going to walk," he answered. "Come on, if you're coming. It's hardly more than a mile to Wimford."

Six Greyfriars juniors had donned coats and caps in the hall at Wharton Lodge. Five of them were ready to start. One, it seemed, wasn't.

It was New Year's Day. Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn, of Cliff House School, were coming. Harry Wharton and Co. were going to meet them at the station and escort them to Wharton Lodge. So was Bunter—if he wanted a walk. But it seemed that he didn't.

"Coming?" asked Bob Cherry. "Time to start, old fat man! Can't keep ladies waiting at the station."

"I'm not going to walk!" said Bunter positively. Billy Bunter was a guest—of sorts—at Wharton Lodge for the Christmas holidays. But even as a guest he still had his own manners and customs. "Look here, why can't we have the car, Wharton?"

"Chiefly because my uncle's gone out in it," answered Harry.

"Well, if you've got only one car and the old bean's using it, I suppose it can't be helped," Billy said. "We keep three at Bunter Court and we don't ask guests to walk a mile on a freezing morning, I can tell you. And—"

"Speech taken as read," said Harry. "Coming?"

"Get going, you fellows," said Johnny Bull. "We shall be late for the train at this rate."

"I say, you fellows, hold on," hooted Billy Bunter. "I'm jolly well not going to stay behind. I jolly well know that you'd like to leave me out. You don't want a good-looking fellow around when there's girls about—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle—but I jolly well know!" said Bunter disdainfully. "Look here, Wharton, if we can't have the car I suppose you can ring up a garage?"

"Suppose again!" suggested Harry. "We're going to walk; second, nobody's going to throw away seven and six for nothing."

"If that's what's worrying you, you can leave the fare to me," said Bunter scornfully. "I'll stand the hire! One of you fellows lend me seven and six—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. If this is your idea of the way to treat a guest, Wharton, I've a jolly good mind to go back to Bunter Court. Mind, you jolly well go without me and you jolly well won't find me here when you get back," said Bunter impressively.

"In that case we'll say goodbye now," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Goodbye, Bunter!"

"Goodbye, Bunter," said Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in chorus.

And the Famous Five walked out into the frosty sunshine, leaving Billy Bunter blinking after them through his big spectacles with an absolutely devastating blink.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter.

The cheery bunch of juniors disappeared down the snowy drive. They were walking to Wimford and coming back with Marjorie and Clara on the bus. Shanks' pony and a bus were good enough for them; but not, evidently, good enough for William George Bunter. Bunter was not going to walk a mile. Neither was he thinking of shaking the dust of Wharton

Lodge from his feet. Having edged in for the Christmas hols., Bunter had come to stay, not to go. But he was deeply indignant. "Beasts!" repeated Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to ring up a taxi on my own, and chance it."

The fat Owl of the Remove blinked across the hall at the telephone cabinet. It was quite easy to ring up a taxi from Wimford. The spot of bother was that Bunter was in his usual state of poverty.

"Beasts!" said Bunter, for the third time. They were gone to meet Marjorie and Clara who, as Bunter had no doubt at all, would ever so much rather have seen Bunter! "Rotters!"

"Hem!" It was a cough behind Bunter, and he blinked round through his spectacles at Wells, the butler of Wharton Lodge. His fat face brightened.

"Here, Wells," said Bunter, quite graciously. "I say, I've run out of change for a taxi. Nothing smaller than a five-pound note. Lend me a few half-crowns for change, will you?"

"I shall be very pleased to change a five-pound note for you, Master Bunter," said Wells with an expressionless face, but with what seemed to Bunter a nasty glimmer in his eye.

"Oh! Ah! Yes! I—I mean, I—I've left it in my room—no time to fetch it down now, Wells. Lend me—"

"I will fetch it for you with pleasure, Master Bunter."

"I—I don't want to give you all that trouble, Wells—"

"No trouble at all, sir," said Wells respectfully.

"The—the fact is, I—I forget just where I left it," said Bunter. "If you lend me three half-crowns it will be all right, Wells."

"Will it, sir?" asked Wells. He seemed to doubt it.

"Oh! Yes! Quite." Bunter held out a fat hand. Wells gazed at that fat hand, probably thinking that it would be none the worse for a wash. But he made no movement to produce three half-crowns. "I'm in rather a hurry, Wells—you can lend me seven and six for a few hours, I suppose. I'm going to give you a jolly good tip when I leave here after the hols, Wells."

"I shall look forward to that day, sir," said Wells, which was a remark that Billy Bunter could take in any sense he pleased. "Oh! Ah! Yes! Well, lend me seven and six, will you?"

"No, sir!" said Wells.

"Eh! Do you mean that you won't lend me seven and six?"

"You apprehend my meaning precisely, sir!" said Wells. And he went on his respectful way, Billy Bunter blinking after him with a blink that might almost have cracked his spectacles.

Billy Bunter breathed hard, and he breathed deep. There was no seven and six from Wells; and there was no taxi for Bunter. He rolled to an armchair before the hall fire and deposited his extensive weight therein. Billy Bunter was annoyed, and he was indignant; in fact, he was exasperated. But there was still fat comfort in frowning before the fire.

That afternoon there was going to be skating on the frozen lake, and that evening there was going to be a dance to the music of the radio; and on both occasions Billy Bunter, taking full advantage of his good looks and inimitable grace, was going to cut out less attractive fellows, and leave them green with envy. Which was quite a comforting reflection to the fat Owl.

MARJORIE and Clara looked very bright and merry over lunch. Everyone, in fact, was merry and bright. Old Colonel Wharton was very genial; Miss Amy Wharton all smiles; Harry Wharton and Co. in the best of spirits; and even Billy Bunter had a satisfied air. The "grub" was good at Wharton Lodge, which was one of the reasons why Billy Bunter honoured that abode with his distinguished presence.

After lunch, Billy Bunter was breathing a little heavily, and his inclination was

rather for a nap in a deep armchair before the fire. But five Greyfriars juniors and two Cliff House girls were preparing to go on the frozen lake, and Bunter was not to be left out. When the party sallied forth the fat Owl rolled along with skates under a fat arm.

He surveyed the sheet of ice in the park with a disparaging blink.

"Not much of a lake, is it, Marjorie?" he remarked.

Marjorie did not reply.

"I should call it a pond," added Bunter.

"You would!" agreed Miss Clara, and both the girls smiled. Why, Billy Bunter did not know.

"Still, we can get a spot of skating, such as it is," said Bunter. "Don't you fellows get barging about like a lot of walruses. You know what your skating's like! Keep out of the way, you know, while I'm taking Marjorie and Clara round. We don't want you barging into us, do we, old things? I say, wait till I get my skates on—the beastly things won't fasten—"

For some reason unknown to Bunter, Marjorie and Clara seemed deaf, and did not wait till he had adjusted his skates. Marjorie glided away with Bob Cherry and Clara with Frank Nugent. Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh whizzed merrily away. Harry Wharton was ready to follow, but he lingered to lend Bunter a hand. He was, after all, host, and Bunter was a guest.

"Blow the thing!" hissed Bunter. "I say, can't you lend a fellow a hand, Wharton—or do you want to stick there like a stuffed dummy? I think you might fix a fellow's skates for him—I really think that! When we have guests at Bunter Court—"

"Here you are, old fat man! All right now?"

"I think you might lend a fellow a hand getting out on the ice. I say, where's Marjorie? Where's Clara? Pretty thick, those fellows walking them off when they want to skate with me. Jealousy, as usual! Look here, don't grab a fellow like that! You're pinching my arm. You're twisting my elbow! You clumsy ass—"

It was one of Billy Bunter's quite unfounded beliefs that he could skate. Bunter never had any doubt that he could do anything better than any other fellow, until he came actually to do it. Then he was liable to wake up, as it were.

Harry Wharton piloted him out on the ice. Bunter had promised himself quite an attractive performance: cutting figures of eight, cutting out the other fellows, showing how clumsy they were in comparison, putting them hopelessly in the shade, basking in admiring glances from Marjorie and Clara. But it did not work out like that.

So far from gliding gracefully over the ice, and witching the world with noble skatesmanship, so to speak, Bunter found it extremely difficult even to keep perpendicular.

"All right now?" asked Harry.

"Oh! Yes! No! Don't let go!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, this—this ice is—is jolly slippery—"

"Ice is generally a bit slippery," agreed Harry. "Think you'd rather sit it out?"

"Beast! I—I mean, hold me, old chap! Oh, crikey! Don't let go!" shrieked Bunter. "I—I say—yarooooooh!"

Why one of Bunter's feet started, on its own account, northward, while the other, also on its own account, headed for the south, Bunter did not know. But he knew that he was left without any visible means of support except Harry Wharton, who staggered under his uncommon weight.

"Oh, gum!" gasped Harry. "Oh, my hat! Look here—ooooooh!" He spluttered for breath as two fat arms were flung round his neck and Billy Bunter held on for dear life. "Oh! Ooogh! Leggo! Oooooh!"

"Ow! wow! Hold me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from the other skaters. Four Greyfriars juniors and two Cliff House girls glided merrily and laughed as they glided, while Billy Bunter clung to Wharton and shrieked.

"I say, don't let me go! I'm gig-gig-gigging! Oh, crikey! I say, hold me—d-d-d-don't let me gig-gig-gig-go—woooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leggo!" gurgled Harry Wharton. "You fat ass—ogh—you're choking me—will you leggo?"

"I—I—I kik-kik-can't! Wooooogh! I'm slipping all over the shop! Hold me, you beast—wow! D-d-don't you lemme go! Oh, crikey!"

Harry Wharton's skates clattered as he sagged over under Bunter's weight. He sprawled on the ice, gasping. Billy Bunter lost his hold and his fat arms waved wildly in the air.

"Oh, crikey! I say, you fellows—help! Oh, crumbs! Rescue! Yaroooh."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter strove to plunge at the bank. Miraculously, he remained on his feet—but his feet were not under control. They seemed to have taken the bit between their teeth, as it were. And instead of heading in different directions, as before, they shot away together, and the fat Owl, quite unaware by this time whether he was on his head or his heels, whizzed across the ice, yelling as he whizzed, with both fat arms brandishing in the frosty air.

"Yaroooh! Help! I say, you fellows—whooooop! Save me! Yarooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Marjorie and Clara, Nugent and Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh dodged actively out of the course of the whizzing Owl. Harry Wharton scrambled up and whizzed in pursuit. Bunter, still miraculously keeping perpendicular, shot onward, waving fat arms and yelling. Right across the lake whizzed Bunter, still miraculously upright, till he arrived at the opposite bank. There he sat down suddenly.

Crash! Splash!

The ice was thick and strong. But even Arctic ice would hardly have stood the strain as Billy Bunter's bulk crashed on it. It cracked right and left, and let him through. The water, fortunately, was shallow by the bank. Billy Bunter sat on the ice for about the millionth part of a second; then he was sitting in water and mud, with the lake lapping round his fat neck, and fragments of ice floating round him.

"Urrrrrrgggghh!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Come on!" He rushed to the rescue.

"Urrrrgh! Help! I say, you fellows, I'm drowned—grooogh! Rescue! I say—oooooohoooh!"

They gathered round Bunter. They grasped him and dragged him out. A wet, muddy, frantically spluttering Owl was landed on the ice. He gasped and gurgled and snorted.

"Urrrrgh! I'm wet—wet all over! Grooogh! Beasts! Don't pull my hair, you rotter—leggo my ear, you smudge—stop yanking at my neck, will you? Oooooh!"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Get him indoors, quick—he's soaked! Come on, Bunter—lean on me—take his other arm, Bob—get going."

"Urrrrrrgggh!" gurgled Bunter. "I say—atchoooh! I say—aytishoo! Grooooooh! I'm kik-kik-catching a kik-kik-cold—I'm all wet—it's all your fault, Wharton, you clumsy ass—grooogh—woooooh—oh, lor'—aytishooooooh!"

Billy Bunter was heaved ashore. He was rushed back to the house. He did not want to skate any more. He was fed up with skating. Not even to show Marjorie and Clara what a splendid skater he was, and to put the other fellows hopelessly in the shade, would Billy Bunter have ventured on the ice again. In his room, Billy Bunter towelled and sneezed, and sneezed and towelled: what time the Famous Five and the Cliff House girls skated merrily on the frozen lake—apparently enjoying life none the less because of the loss of Billy Bunter's fascinating society.

THERE was a dance that evening; but alas for Bunter! He did not trip the light fantastic toe. He did not gyrate like a barrage balloon to the strains of music from the radio. He did not cut out the other fellows and leave them green with envy and yellow with jealousy. All these things, no doubt, he would have done, but for that unlucky outcome of his skating.

While others danced, Billy Bunter lay in bed under three or four blankets, with a hot-water bottle at his feet and a handkerchief at his nose; and the sweet strains of music from below were almost drowned by the sneezing, snorting, and snuffling, the gurgling and the guggling of the hapless Owl. Everybody else seemed to be enjoying New Year's Day—but it was not Billy Bunter's lucky day.

Poor old Billy! Don't miss the fun in next week's Greyfriars story.



ROUND AND ROUND

IT was Saturday morning and there was no school. But instead of being able to go out and play like most of their friends, Jimmy Watson and his sister June had to run errands for their uncle, Jaspas Grabb, the bad-tempered ironmonger.

"I've got a dustbin for ye to take out to Ned Hicks's cottage," Jaspas Grabb said to them. "That's a couple of miles out of town, so don't dilly-dally on the way, else I'll take the strap to ye. Get the barrow!"

Jimmy fetched the barrow from the yard at the back of the shop. He and June lifted the dustbin on to it, then off they set for Ned Hicks's cottage. As they did so, a voice behind Jimmy and June said:

"That man is a proper slave-driver!"

Jimmy and June looked round.

"Oh, hallo, Tutty!" said June to the rather skinny black-and-white cat which was following them. "Are you coming with us?"

"Yes," said Tutty. "I just fancy a nice stroll this morning."

He spoke in a human voice, for he was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for he was really an Egyptian Prince and he 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 lots of magic himself. As 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 to his proper self again. 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 June, who had befriended him.

Nor was Tutty his real name. He had a whole string of Royal 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.

"Have you seen any of your cat friends this morning?" asked June, as she and Jimmy trudged along with the barrow, Tutty strolling beside them. "I was wondering if they'd seen anything more of that horrid old wizard, Ur-huh?"

"No, they haven't seen a sign of him," said Tutty, "and they're all on the look-out for him. I think he must have left the district."

"And a good job, too!" said Jimmy.

It was a good job, for Ur-huh had lately appeared in the town disguised as a tramp. He had been looking for Tutty, and Tutty was pretty sure that the wicked Ur-huh meant to kill him before he could find the Sacred Scarab which would change him back from a cat into a Prince.

"I've got nearly every cat in the town on the look-out for him," said Tutty, "so I'm bound to get the tip if he turns up again."

"He'll not catch you, if June and I can help it!" said Jimmy grimly.

"No, and not if I can help it, either!" said Tutty.

By this time they had left the town behind and Jimmy and June were trundling the barrow along the quiet country road which led to Ned Hicks's cottage.

"What's that queer noise?" demanded Tutty suddenly.

Jimmy and June stopped the barrow and listened. As they did so, they heard in the distance the faint musical notes of a horn.

"It's the hounds!" cried Jimmy. "That's a hunting horn!"

"And they seem to be heading this way!" cried June, as a distant yelping and

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

yowling sounded above the notes of the horn.

Leaving the barrow, they ran to the side of the road and looked over the hedge, June picking Tutty up in her arms so that he could see, too.

"There they are!" cried Jimmy, pointing to a pack of hounds and some red-jacketed huntsmen, who were coming tearing down a hillside. "They're coming this way, all right, but I can't see the fox yet!"

"I can!" cried June. "Look, it's just come through that hedge over there and it's coming straight across the field towards us!"

"Yes, I see it!" cried Jimmy. "And it looks to me to be just about dead-beat, poor thing!"

This was quite true, for the fox was making no speed at all. Its tongue was hanging out and it really did look to be at about its last gasp, but it was running bravely on.

"Oh, I do think that hunting is hateful!" cried June. "Fancy those great big brutes of hounds and those big, red-faced, over-fed huntsmen all chasing that poor little fox and when the hounds catch it they'll tear it limb from limb. It's so cruel!"

"Yes, it jolly well is!" cried Jimmy angrily. "It ought to be stopped by law!"

He broke off as Tutty gave a sudden queer, short, barking sort of cry.

"Why, whatever's the matter, Tutty?" cried June in alarm.

"There's nothing the matter with me,"

here are going to pop you in the dustbin on the barrow and put the lid on it and you'll lie low in there and not make a sound. D'you understand?"

"Yes, but—but what are you going to do?" panted the fox. "The hounds will tear you to pieces, if they catch you."

"They're not going to catch me. I've told you," cried Tutty. "They're terribly fond of a good run, aren't they? Well, I'm going to give them a good run. The best run they've ever had in their horrid, cruel lives. I'm going to run their legs right off!"

"But you can't!" cried the fox. "They won't follow your scent. It's my scent they're after!"

"Listen, Fox, I haven't time to explain," said Tutty quickly. "But I'm a very queer cat and I can give myself the very same scent as a fox as easily as anything. And that's what I'm going to do to start off with!"

He turned to Jimmy, who was still holding the fox in his arms.

"All right, Jimmy, put him in the dustbin and put the lid on!" he said quickly. "Those hounds will be here in two or three seconds!"

Jimmy popped the fox swiftly into the dustbin. As he put the lid on, Tutty cried:

"Now you lie quiet in there, Fox, and don't make a sound!"

"You bet!" came the muffled, grateful voice of the fox from inside the dustbin.

"Now off I go!" chuckled Tutty to Jimmy and June. "I've given myself a very powerful fox scent, so those stupid hounds



said Tutty. "I was just calling to the fox in animal language to come on over here."

"Can you save the fox?" cried June excitedly, as she and Jimmy returned to the barrow.

"I'll save him all right, don't worry," said Tutty, grinning. "But I'm going to have some fun with those hounds, as well. And now I'd better do some magic to begin with. Put me down on the road, June."

June put him down on the road and he made a queer movement with his right paw.

"Was that a magic wave you made with your paw?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, that's right," chuckled Tutty. "But it's for you and June I did it. You can now understand animal language, so you'll be able to hear me talking to the fox and you'll understand what he and I say to each other. Here he comes now!"

With the last pitiful remnants of its strength, the fox came crawling through the bottom of the hedge.

"Run and pick him up, Jimmy!" said Tutty quickly. "He knows you're a friend, so he won't try to bite you or anything."

Jimmy darted forward and picked the beaten fox up in his arms. It lay panting painfully in his arms, its tongue lolling out.

Then because both he and June could now understand animal talk, they heard the fox gasp to Tutty:

"Thanks, Cat, but—I'm afraid it's too late. The hounds are nearly here!"

"Don't you worry about those old hounds, Fox!" cried Tutty merrily. "They won't catch you and they won't catch me, either. Now, listen! My human friends

will be sure to follow me. Just stick around here with the barrow and you'll see some fun!"

With that, he shot across the road, dived under the opposite hedge as the pack of hounds came pouring over the other hedge and landed on the road beside the barrow.

And what a terrible sight they must have looked to a poor, hunted fox. For you could see the cruel teeth in their great jaws, and their eyes were blazing with excitement and with the lust to kill.

And because Jimmy and June could now understand animal language, they heard them yelping eagerly to each other:

"He can't be far, he's nearly beat!"

"We'll have him in a minute and we'll tear him limb from limb!"

"Where is the little red rascal, do you see him?"

"No, but here's his scent!" bawled the leader of the pack, a great brown-and-white brute of a hound. "Come on, chaps!"

He had picked up Tutty's scent and away the whole pack of them rushed, yelping and yowling with excitement as they bounded over the hedge on the fresh and powerful trail which Tutty had left.

"They're on a wild goose chase now, all right," chuckled June.

"On a magic cat chase, you mean," corrected Jimmy, laughing. "And I bet old Tutty jolly well will lead them a chase, too. I wonder what he's really up to?"

"We'll soon see, I expect," said June. "Hallo, here come the huntsmen!"

The first of the red-jacketed huntsmen were jumping the hedge on their horses. They landed on the road and one of them,

a big, burly, red-faced man, bawled excitedly at Jimmy and June:

"Which way did the fox go?"

"What fox?" asked Jimmy.

"What fox?" roared the big, burly man, glaring at him as though he could eat him. "Why, the fox that the hounds are after, you stupid little blockhead!"

"Would it be a black-and-white fox?" asked Jimmy innocently.

The big, burly man nearly choked with rage.

"No, of course it wasn't a black-and-white fox!" he roared.

The big, red-faced man looked as though he were going to have a fit. But before he could find his tongue again, some of his pals spied the racing pack away in the distance and cried excitedly:

"Yonder they go! Tally-ho!"

"Come on, come on! For'ard, for'ard!"

They set their horses at the hedge, jumped it, and away the whole bunch of them pelted, galloping after the hounds.

"Oh, look!" cried June. "The hounds are coming back this way!"

With their noses to the ground, as they followed Tutty's scent, the racing pack had swung and were coming tearing back towards the road.

"I don't see Tutty anywhere," said June in a puzzled voice. Then she laughed and said: "But, of course. He'll have made himself invisible. I was forgetting that!"

"What on earth are the hounds doing now?" cried Jimmy in surprise.

The tearing pack had reached the field which bordered the road. But instead of coming charging straight across it, they had changed direction and were now racing madly round and round the field in a big circle.

"I'll tell you," chuckled a voice beside them.

Jimmy and June turned quickly round and there was Tutty, sitting on the barrow grinning at them and stroking his whiskers.

"I reached the field well ahead of those stupid hounds," chuckled Tutty. "I was invisible, of course, and what I did was to run round in a big circle. Then I switched off my fox scent and ran across here. So what they're doing, the silly chumps, is following the scent round and round and round and round."

"And there's that big, horrid, red-faced man trying to stop them!" cried June.

The big, burly man, astride his horse, was furiously cracking his whip and bellowing at the hounds to lay off. So were the rest of the huntsmen. But the madly racing hounds took not the slightest notice of them.

"I told you I'd run 'em off their legs," chuckled Tutty. "And, by golly, I'm doing it. Just look at their legs!"

"Why, they're getting shorter!" cried June in astonishment.

It was quite true.

They still had their paws, of course, but their legs were certainly becoming shorter and shorter until they were only a few inches in length.

By that time the big, red-faced huntsman and his pals were nearly off their heads with rage, fright and astonishment. For never in their lives before had they heard of or seen a pack of hounds that had really run themselves off their legs.

But that is what this pack had done, all right, and now the big, red-faced man was bellowing furiously for someone to fetch a cart to take them home in.

"Of course, I know it's your magic that has made their legs short, Tutty," said Jimmy mirthfully. "But will their legs grow again?"

"Oh, yes, when I say the word, which will be as soon as they get back to their kennels," said Tutty. "But I bet it will be many a long day before that bunch do any more hunting."

He was right. For they had all got such a fright that they did not hunt any more that season.

When at length they had left the field on their way to the kennels, Jimmy took the lid off the dustbin and lifted the fox out. Tutty told the fox all that had happened and the fox laughed and laughed.

"Well, thank you very, very much indeed, Cat!" he gasped when at length he could speak. "I won't forget what you and your two friends have done for me this morning and if ever I can do anything for you, I will. And now I must go and tell the other foxes about this. They'll laugh themselves silly!"

And, still laughing, he trotted away, turning to wave his paw to Jimmy, June and Tutty before he vanished through the hedge.

More fun in next week's COMET with Tutty, Jimmy and June. Don't miss it!



RUSTY RILEY



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. Satan, a bad-tempered horse from a nearby carnival, causes trouble, but pals up with Flip, Rusty's dog. Two showmen, Alamo and Charley, offer to buy Flip for a new act, but Rusty refuses. Alamo and Charley quarrel and separate. And later, Charley steals Flip, and to disguise him has him clipped like a French poodle. Alamo tells Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles's trainer, that Charley has another act with the wild horse and a dog. Tex and Rusty call on Charley's landlady, but Charley has gone. The landlady says that Charley's dog is black, and they go away, disappointed. Then Tex gets an idea and they go back to question the landlady again.

SOMETHING THAT LANDLADY, MRS. SMITH, SAID GAVE ME AN IDEA... COME ON... WE'RE GOIN' BACK!

SOMETHING SHE SAID? WHAT, TEX?

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! WELL, WHAT IS IT NOW?

SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AGAIN, MA'AM... BUT I GOT TO THINKIN' OF WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THEM STAINS ON THE RUG AND WALLS!

LOOK, MISTER... I HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE TALKIN' ABOUT THAT MAN AND HIS DOG... THEY'RE GONE AND GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY!

WELL, MA'AM, I WAS THINKIN' I MIGHT PAY FOR THE DAMAGE, SINCE THIS HOMBRE WAS AN ACQUAINTANCE O' MINE!

OH! WELL THAT'S DIFF'RENT, I'LL GROW YOU!

THERE NOW! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT! IT'LL COST ME PLENTY TO GET THIS ROOM REPAPERED... AND THE RUG'LL HAVE TO BE CLEANED!

HM-M-/YES! HE PLUMB RUINED THIS ROOM!

YOU'VE BEEN REAL KIND, MA'AM... NOW JUST ONE MORE THING... DID HE LEAVE ANY RUBBISH? BOTTLES OR ANYTHING?

WELL, NOW, HE DID LEAVE A LOT O' BROKEN GLASS WRAPPED IN PAPER... IT'S IN THE DUST BIN!

WE'RE IN LUCK, RUSTY! HERE'S WHAT I WAS LOOKIN' FOR!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

NOW I FIGGER WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK... LIKE YOU MIGHT SAY, "HE'S A DOG OF ANOTHER COLOUR!"

GOLLY, TEX! YOU MEAN HE DYED FLIP?

TEX, IF THAT MAN DYED FLIP'S HAIR BLACK, WOULD IT DO HIM ANY HARM?... I MEAN, MAKE HIM SICK OR ANYTHING?

I DON'T THINK SO, LAD... IT WAS GENUINE HAIR DYE, ACCORDIN' TO THE BOTTLE WE FOUND!

YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO FIND HIM AT THE CARNIVAL, DO YOU, TEX?... I THOUGHT ALAMO PETE AND CHARLEY LEFT THE SHOW!

THAT'S RIGHT... BUT PETE SAYS CHARLEY IS COMING BACK WITH A NEW ACT... I FIGGER "HANDLE BAR" HARBESON THE OWNER, WILL KNOW WHERE HE'S REHEARSIN'!

HELLO, "HANDLEBAR"... I HEAR THAT CHARLEY IS REJOINING THE SHOW WITH A NEW ACT... CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE HE IS NOW?

HI, THERE, TEX... YES... HE JOIN US NEXT WEEK... THEY SAY HE HAS A DOG AND HORSE ACT THAT'S REAL GOOD!

RIGHT NOW HE'S REHEARSING HIS ACT AT THE TROTTING TRACK... YOU KNOW WE'RE PITCHING OUR TENTS NEAR THERE NEXT WEEK, ON ACCOUNT OF THE RACES!

THANKS! I WANT TO SEE HIM

WHAT SHOULD WE DO NOW, TEX... GO THERE AND TAKE FLIP?

IT MAY NOT BE THAT EASY, RUSTY... I THINK WE BETTER HAVE THE LAW WITH US

HARBERSON'S SHOWS

LATER-AT THE FARM-

SURE, TEX... JUST GIVE ME THE DOG'S LICENCE, NUMBER AND A DESCRIPTION... I'LL GET HIM BACK FOR YOU.

FINE! I KNEW THE POLICE WOULD HELP US!

THANKS, DETECTIVE CONNOR

ARE YOU THE FELLOW THEY CALL CHARLEY? I'M A POLICE OFFICER... ABOUT THAT DOG... I'D LIKE TO SEE HIS LICENCE... WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?

HIS NAME IS "INKY"... SURE I'LL SHOW YOU HIS LICENCE, AND HIS PEDIGREE... AND THE BILL OF SALE I GOT WHEN I BOUGHT HIM.

THERE Y'ARE, OFFICER... ALL IN APPLE-PIE ORDER... BLACK FRENCH POODLE BOUGHT FROM THE ACORN HILL KENNELS... YOU'LL FIND HIS LICENCE, TOO

HM-M- YER... THIS ALL SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER... GUESS I WAS WRONG...

LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE OFF THE BEAM, TEX... THAT GUY'S GOT A BILL OF SALE FROM A KENNEL... I THINK IT'S A DIFFERENT DOG

I SEE... HM-M-! WELL, THANKS, ANYHOW

I'M GOING TO SEE THAT DOG! I'D KNOW IF IT'S FLIP, EVEN IF HE WAS DYED BLUE!

Dr. Pennyfeather

WE WILL HAVE SOME SCIENTIFIC QUESTIONS NOW, BOYS?

I AM MOST GLAD TO SEE YOU NOW THEN, WHAT IS A UNIT OF ELECTRICITY?

IT IS PERFECT SIR - A UNIT OF ELECTRICITY IS A WATT!

BUT WHAT IS A UNIT OF ELECTRICITY?

WHAT WHAT IS?

EXCUSE ME, HEADMAN PENNYFEATHER'S FACE HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE WHAT'S WHAT?

Will Rusty recognise Flip? If so, what can he do? Don't miss his adventures, next week!

ather
Gifford

IFIC
HUR?
O DEAR!

CELLENT?

YOU SO ENER, LADS
OF ELECTRICITY?
WATT?
A WHAT?

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THAT'S
WHAT IT
IS!

YES!

A UNIT OF
ELECTRICITY

STER, BUT DOCTOR
NTED AGAIN!
NOW
WHAT?

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, who gains the Golden Arrow from them, by a trick. Kit and his friends succeed in regaining the Golden Arrow. Hawkeye and his Indians pursue them but Kit and his friends outwit their enemies and are free to set out once more on the Treasure Trail.

WE'LL HAVE TO GET HORSES BEFORE WE CAN GO MUCH FURTHER.

MAYBE WE'LL RUN ACROSS A WILD HERD.

HAWKEYE AND HIS BRAVES HAD SPOTTED THE SMOKE OF THE CAMPFIRE.

SEE, MY BROTHERS! WE WILL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE! THE GOLDEN ARROW SHALL YET BE MINE!

KIT LEAPED UP AS HE HEARD THE RUMBLE OF THE FALLING BOULDER.

LOOK OUT!

HAWKEYE HAS FOUND US AGAIN!

THEY HEARD THE YELLS AS THE REDSKINS RACED DOWN THE HILLSIDE.

WE'RE TRAPPED!

ACROSS THE TREE TRUNK, KIT! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

WE'LL MAKE IT, WITH LUCK! THEY DARE NOT SHOOT OR THEY MIGHT LOSE THE GOLDEN ARROW!

WHITE DOVE STOPPED SHORT WITH A CRY AS AN ENORMOUS GRIZZLY BEAR APPEARED SNARLING IN THE FOLIAGE OF THE TREE.

WHITE DOVE SLIPPED AND FELL AS THE BEAR LUMBERED TOWARDS HER.

HELP! HELP!

GRAB HER, JOHNNY!

I'LL TRY TO HOLD THIS CRITTER OFF!

HANG ON, WHITE DOVE!

EVEN HAWKEYE AND HIS REDSKINS PAUSED AND FELL SILENT AS KIT GRIMLY FACED THE SAVAGE GRIZZLY.

DESPERATELY KIT WRESTLED TO HOLD OFF THE BEAR.

KNOWING THAT HIS PISTOL WOULD BE USELESS AGAINST THE HUGE BEAST, HE FELL ON HIS BACK AND TRIED AN OLD WRESTLING TRICK.

HERE'S ONE TRICK YOU DON'T KNOW! OVER YOU GO!

WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE KIT FLUNG THE BEAR OVER HIS HEAD.

THE BEAR SCUTTLED ALONG THE TREE TRUNK AND SCENTED THE REDSKINS.

THAT'S TURNED THE TABLES ON HAWKEYE, ANYWAY!

KIT AND HIS FRIENDS SCRAMBLED TO SAFETY WHILE THE REDSKINS RAN FOR THEIR LIVES.

GOSH, I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL UP WITH US THEN!

GUESS THAT OLD BEAR DID US A GOOD TURN AFTER ALL!

But there are more perils awaiting Kit and his friends. Don't miss the thrills next week!

CAPTURED!

As men sprang at him to seize him, young Sir Nigel Wayne saw the trap he had fallen into.

Facing him was the Black Knight, Sir Roger Moxton, his guardian and his enemy, the man who plotted to kill the king. And the only friends Nigel had with him were outside—Joan, a woodman's niece, and Robin Hood, the outlaw, who were helping him in his desperate efforts to reach King Richard with a warning.

"So, my bold young knight," jeered Sir Roger as Nigel was overpowered, "you thought yourself clever enough to wreck my plans. But I'm too old a fox to be outwitted by such as you. I reasoned that if I spread the word that the king had left Lincoln and come to this hunting lodge, you would turn aside and come here, and so I've got you at last—and it only remains to silence you!"

The Black Knight waved a mailed hand. "Take him down to the cellar—put him to death!" he ordered.

Nigel struggled, but he was powerless against the burly men-at-arms who held him.

He opened his mouth to shout to Robin Hood, but closed it again, for he thought of Joan. She had been so splendid right from the moment when she helped him escape from Sir Roger's castle in the first place. He knew that she would come dashing to his aid, only to become a prisoner also, and she was still bruised and weary from their last encounter with enemies.

No, he decided, he must stay quiet. Then, when he didn't return to where he had left the outlaw leader with the ponies Robin Hood would know something had gone wrong, and would start doing something about it.

While these thoughts were passing through Nigel's mind he was being bundled down a rough ladder into what was nothing more than a dark, damp hole in the ground under the kitchen of the hunting lodge. Four men were with him. Two dragged him, one carried a lantern, and the fourth had a coil of rope.

Nigel couldn't help shivering slightly at the sight of the rope. Then he looked around him in the lantern light, and a desperate idea came to him—if only he could get up into the open!

"Do you knaves plan to hang me?" he asked, in a voice that he allowed to quaver.

"That we do," growled one of them. "No!" cried Nigel, dropping to his knees. "Not that!—I beg of you—any death but hanging! I am a knight—son of a noble knight—and to die by the rope is a disgrace meant for rogues—spare me that, I beseech you!"

They laughed at him. Even as he hoped, his pleading not to be hanged made them all the more determined that he would hang.

"You shall hang like a common thief, young Sir Knight," retorted their leader. "Come on! string him up!"

And it was only then that the dim-witted brutes realised what Nigel had already seen—that there was nowhere in this cellar to fasten the rope! And the ceiling was too low, anyway, for their purpose!

They dragged him back up the ladder to the kitchen, and out from there into the open behind the house, to the foot of a great tree. The man with the rope threw one end over a stout limb. A woodcutter's block was fetched and Nigel forced to stand on it. The noose was then put round his neck and drawn tight, and the rope made taut.

"So you don't want to die by hanging, young knight?" jeered the leader. "Well, that is what is going to happen to you!"

The noose was terribly tight around Nigel's neck, the rope straining away above him almost as taut as a bowstring.

Then—"twang!"

Like a streak of light an arrow flashed through the air. With unerring aim it split

YOUNG SIR NIGEL

Grand Story of Thrilling Adventures with Robin Hood!

BY REX HARDINGE



the rope, causing Nigel to topple and fall. The men holding him were so startled that they sprang back, staring in horror, for to them this was like magic.

Then there was another "twang!"—and one of them uttered a yelp of pain as another arrow found a home in his shoulder.

"Twang!"—the other man sprang for shelter behind the tree, with a feathered shaft through the crown of his shabby hat. "Seize the lad!—don't let him get away!—we are attacked!" gasped the leader, but his words were drowned by the sound of galloping hooves.

Straight towards the tree galloped the stout pony that Nigel and Joan had been sharing, but the men-at-arms only took one look at it, and then turned their attention once more to trying to discover where the arrows had come from, for the pony seemed riderless.

And yet, almost as unerringly as the arrows it was steered straight for Nigel. He was lying where he had fallen, for a man's hand still held him from behind the tree and a knife still menaced him, so he could not get up and run.

For a moment he feared that this desperate attempt at rescue was going to fail. He also gave little thought to the pony, which seemed to be running away. He could only imagine that it had thrown Joan and bolted.

But suddenly he realised that it was not riderless. It had the usual long saddle-cloth hanging down each side, and from out of the trappings suddenly appeared a small brown hand—Joan's!

The girl was there, stretched out under the saddle-cloth, steering the pony. She drove it straight for the man holding Nigel, and when she was almost on to him, she twisted and aimed a blow at him with a stirrup, making him stagger back with a curse.

Nigel was free! He had the fleeting moment that he needed. Like an uncoiling spring he was on his feet and on to the pony, springing to the pillion seat.

Then the gallant little animal sped away like the wind, twisting and turning among the trees, and—sitting up in the saddle now, the saddle-cloth having fallen off—Joan laughed excitedly.

"We've done it, Joan—got away again," Nigel panted. "I feared that Sir Roger had me that time."

"So did I," she admitted, her laughter dying as she slowed the pony down, all

pursuit being left far behind. "Good job Robin and I were told to wait while you were taken in to the king, but he liked not the appearance of the men outside the hunting lodge. He observed that they, none of them, wore the royal livery. He scented a trap, so he signalled to me and we made a run for the woods. We were chased, but nobody could catch Robin Hood. We twisted and turned, and at last worked our way back to look for you. And then—oh, Nigel—we were only just in time! It was such luck that they brought you out here. Robin feared that they would do you harm inside the building before we could reach you."

"It was not only luck, Joan," replied Nigel, and told her of the desperate ruse that had got him out of the cellar, and added: "Where is Robin Hood?"

"He said he would deal with those

THE EDITOR . . .
WISHES YOU ALL
A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

scurvy knaves and keep them from following us, while we ride on to Lincoln to the king," said the girl.

So they stopped by a stream in the woods and tidied themselves up as well as they could, but they were both bruised and scratched, and the smart clothes Robin Hood had given them to disguise them as some country gentleman's son and daughter were torn and bedraggled. Still Joan had quick, clever fingers and she managed to hide the worst of the damage, covering the bruises with dust, which would naturally cake their faces after riding hard, and patching the clothes with thorns for pins.

Then once again they set forth on what they hoped was the final stage of their perilous journey, and came at last to Lincoln. There were great crowds at the gate and thronging the streets, so they hoped to pass unnoticed, but the guard at the gate looked at them suspiciously and remarked on the state they were in.

"The pony threw us and ran away. We got scratched chasing him," said Nigel shortly. "Tell me, good man, is it true

that His Majesty King Richard is in Lincoln this day?"

Before the man could answer, however, Joan whispered in Nigel's ear.

"Ride on—ride on, quickly!"

"Why?" he asked, as he obeyed.

"My uncle is there!" came the anxious reply. "I know not what he is doing in Lincoln, but he is there—I saw him staring at me!"

Even as she spoke, a harsh voice shouted:

"Joan! Stop those children! That's my runaway niece!"

Nigel clapped his spurs to the pony's flanks and turned it down a side street. But it was no use. The streets were too crowded and the wild, angry cries made people turn. In a moment the way was barred and before Joan or Nigel could slip from the saddle and seek escape on foot hands seized them.

Joan's uncle came running up, accompanied by several men-at-arms.

"What's this?" demanded an officer, also forcing his way through the crowd.

Nigel drew himself up. He knew that this was the moment to play a part as he had never acted before.

"That is what I want to know," he declared, in a ringing voice, "what is the meaning of this? How dare these people bar our way?"

His proud manner made people draw back, but Joan's uncle had reached the officer and was speaking to him.

"Who are you, young sir?" demanded the officer. "This man says that the maid with you is his niece, who has run away."

Nigel stared, then pretended to laugh.

"I have no time for such things," he declared. "Out of my way, all of you. I have business with the king."

For a moment he thought that his boldness was going to win the day, but suddenly Joan gave a cry and he saw that her uncle had sprung forward and grabbed her arm. She was trying to snatch it away, but the man held it up.

"See that scar," he shouted, "that proves that this is my niece Joan, for she has borne this mark ever since my cottage was burned down last year."

He looked eagerly into the crowd.

"There are friends of mine here who also live near Dale Castle, and they will bear witness that this scar proves that this maid masquerading in this finery is indeed my niece!" he added fiercely.

Voices answered him from the throng, and men pushed themselves forward.

"'Tis so! I recognise the maid!"

"'Tis the woodcutter's niece, right enough! How comes she like this, dressed like a fine young lady?"

Nigel felt Joan stir again behind him. "You escape, Nigel—go to the king—leave me with them," she whispered.

But that he would not do. He raised his voice again.

"All right—she is the woodcutter's niece, but she has done no wrong in running away," he cried. "She came with me to help me take a message to the king. I am Sir Nigel Wayne!"

But the officer only laughed jeeringly.

"Oh-ho, so you're a knight now, are you, my fine fellow?" he mocked. "I'll say you're full of tricks for your age. Methinks a cool dungeon is the place for you till we find who you really are."

"I tell you I am Sir Nigel Wayne," insisted Nigel. "I have a message for the king. Take me to His Majesty."

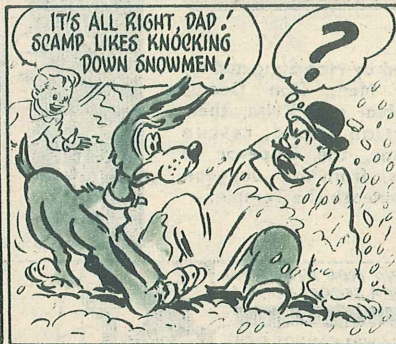
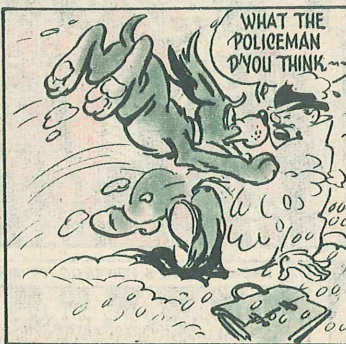
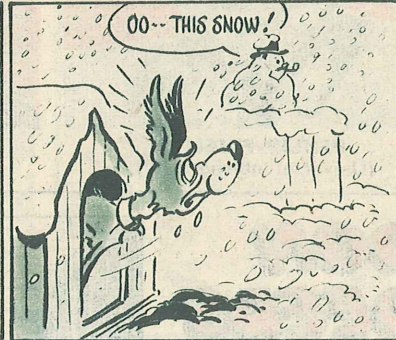
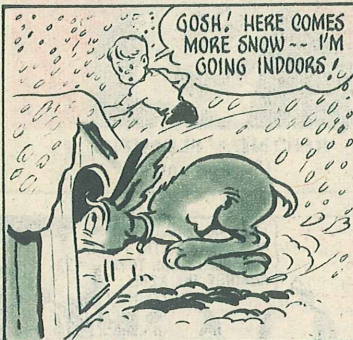
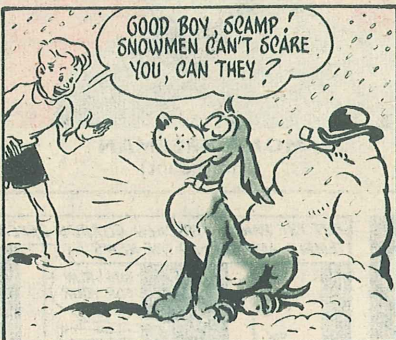
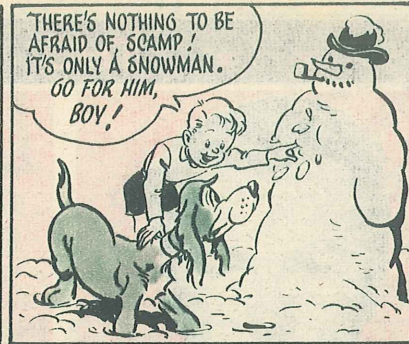
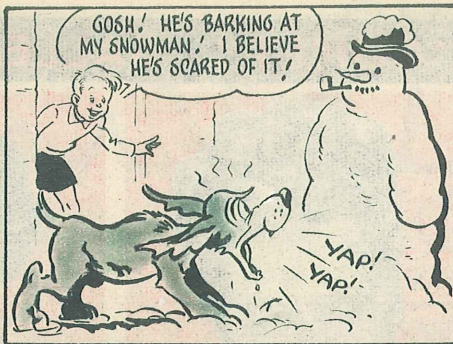
The note in his voice made the officer look at him sharply, but before he could speak again another man came pushing through the crowd. He was a little shrivelled old man, who peered at the pony.

"I know that palfrey," he declared. "It belongs to my master, who was waylaid and robbed a while back by Robin Hood. That pony was stolen from my master then! See, I shall prove it to you!"

(Continued on page 7)

CHUCKLE CORNER





YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from page 6)

He suddenly called a name and gave a peculiar whistle—and the pony instantly turned to him.

A cry went up from the watchers, and under cover of it the officer said to Nigel, "How came you by this pony?"

Nigel gulped, and decided that the only hope was to tell the truth.

"Robin Hood mounted us on it. He is helping me take my message to the king—"

But he got no farther. Too late he realised that he had made a mistake. The officer's eyes glittered.

"So you are in league with Robin of Sherwood, are you, mystery lad?" he cried excitedly. "Then indeed is this my lucky day, for there is a great reward for

the capture of that knave, and 'tis said that he will take any risk to come to the aid of those he sets out to help. Away to the dungeons with you both, while we investigate your story and use you as bait to catch bold Robin himself!"

Rough hands seized Nigel and Joan and hustled them away. They struggled and protested but it made no difference. The men only laughed at them.

Nigel was downcast. He was blaming himself for having got Joan into this plight, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

Joan was very serious, but there was still a gleam of hope in her eyes. As she whispered to Nigel, Robin Hood would miss them and seek them out. It was their only hope!

So Nigel is helpless again. Will Robin be able to save him? And what of Joan? See next week's COMET.

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.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL! FROM THIS LIST

Peter Wood, 62 Central Drive, Blackpool, Lancs. Twelve. Film stars, football. **Brenda Strade**, 70 Coleford Road, Southmead, Bristol. Thirteen. Stamps, swimming.

Sheila Cooper, 7a Manor Terrace, Yeading, Leeds. Eleven. Dancing, films. **Terry Randle**, 29 Lyme Road, Welling, Kent. Twelve. Stamps, photographs. **Mary Flynn**, 1 Wolfe Road, Norton-on-Tees, Co. Durham. Fifteen. Hockey, netball. **Frank Gallagher**, 16 Harvey Street, Belfast, N. Ireland. Twelve. Football. **Maureen Clapperton**, 38 Ings Cottages, Crofton, near Wakefield, Yorks. Twelve. Piano. **Walter Collins**, 19 St. Anns Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Football.

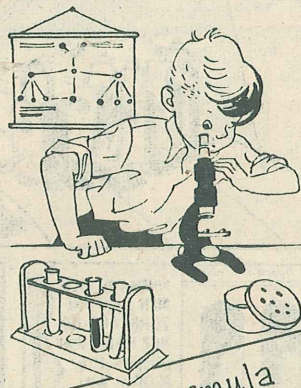
Molly King, 39 Spawd Bone Lane, Knottingley, Yorks. Ten. Reading, cycling. **Buddy Roberts**, 1 Leonard Street, Holyhead Anglesey. Thirteen. Sport. **John Robertson**, 23 Victoria Terrace, Leeds 3, Yorks. Thirteen. Painting, Reading.

Wilma Wells, Ward Y, Royal Infirmary, Forester Hill, Aberdeen, Scotland. Thirteen.

Reading, **Sylvia Tuch**, Good Hope Seminary, Gardens, S. Africa. Fourteen. Piano, sport. **Rochelle Sloman**, Good Hope Seminary, Gardens, S. Africa. Thirteen. Sewing, piano sport.

Doreen Denbigh, 9 Curzon Crescent, Willesden, London, N.W.10. Fourteen. Reading, swimming. **Edna Austin**, 76 Southfield Drive, Westhoughton, near Bolton, Lancs. Twelve. Reading, embroidery. **Peter Wall**, 100 Queen's Drive, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs. Fourteen. Football, painting. **Stephanie Phillips**, 49-50 Lichfield Road, Bow, London, E.3. Eleven. Films, swimming, reading. **Pamela Horston**, 9 Sprung Hill Close, Scarborough, Yorks. Twelve. Stamps, music, dancing. **Margaret Dickson**, 59 Delaval Gardens, West Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5. Fifteen. Roller skating, films, swimming.

Maureen Woodward, 57 Broadwater Way, Broadwater, Worthing. Eleven. Stamps, netball. **Jessica Harris**, 218 Carshalton Road, Sutton, Surrey. Twelve. Reading, netball. **Doreen Ayling**, 16 Leigh Common, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Eleven. Reading, writing, knitting. **Sandra Willet**, 245 Crosslet Road, Dumbarton, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Thirteen. Tennis, swimming, reading. **Edna Bosley**, 10 Lansdown Terrace, Twyford, Berks. Fourteen. Hockey. **William Stocks**, 12 Woodhall Road, Darfield, near Barnsley, Yorks. Fourteen. Boxing, shorthand, typing, book-keeping, mathematics. **Maureen Thompson**, "Ashlea," Woods Lane, Dobcross, near Oldham, Lancs. Thirteen. Stamps, music, first aid.



How to ENLARGE your sweet supply

This is Kitchen Science. Give your Mum the formula shown here. You'll be thrilled with the result of the experiment—wizard, off-ration CHOCOLATE NUTTY FRUITS

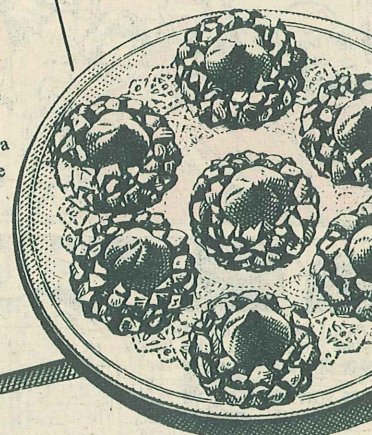
Formula CHOCOLATE NUTTY FRUITS

Cadbury's own recipe

- 4 tablesp. hazel nuts or chopped walnuts
- 1 heaped tablesp. Bournville Cocoa
- little orange squash or essence (few drops)
- 4 tablesp. chopped dates
- 3 level tablesp. sweet orange or lemon marmalade
- ½ teasp. golden syrup

Mix dates, golden syrup, Bournville Cocoa and marmalade well together with the orange squash to form a stiff paste. Form into small balls and roll in the chopped nuts. Place on greaseproof paper overnight, to set.

In place of marmalade the rind of one small orange, chopped in small pieces, may be substituted and a little more syrup added.



★ Mother knows that Bournville Cocoa has the property of making cakes, sweets and drinks deliciously tasty. Ask her to make you some samples.

CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

GROWING FAMILIES
HAVE THE
COCOA
HABIT





THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



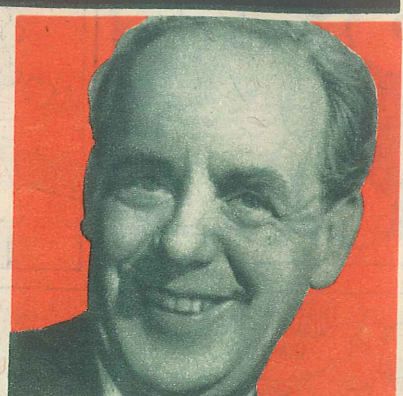
PHILIP FRIEND
(Universal International)



RHONDA FLEMING
(Paramount)



MONA FREEMAN
(Paramount)



MERVYN JOHNS
(Rank Organisation)

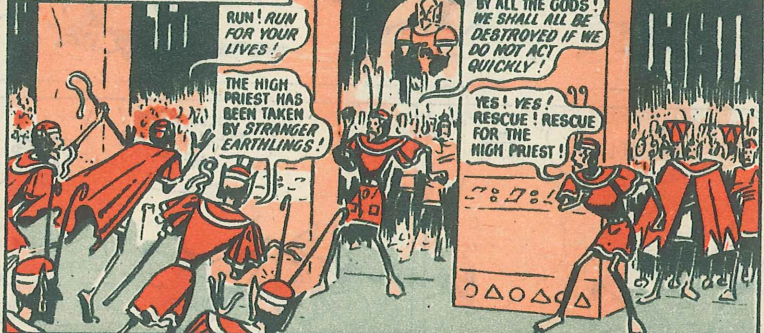
DON DEEDS

Aided by Hoo Sung and his Iron Men, Don Deeds, Mai-Mai and Krim, their Martian friend, rescue Alphas, the Emperor of Mars, from his dungeon beneath the Temple.



I WILL GO INTO THE TEMPLE AND SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE - THEY WILL SOON TURN AGAINST THE REBEL ZORN!

BUT THE PANIC-STRIKEN GUARDS, DEFEATED BY HOO SUNG'S IRON MEN, HURRY TO THE TEMPLE AND SPREAD THE NEWS!

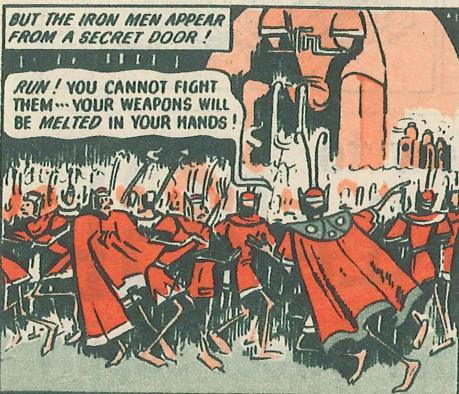


RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THE HIGH PRIEST HAS BEEN TAKEN BY STRANGER EARTHLINGS!

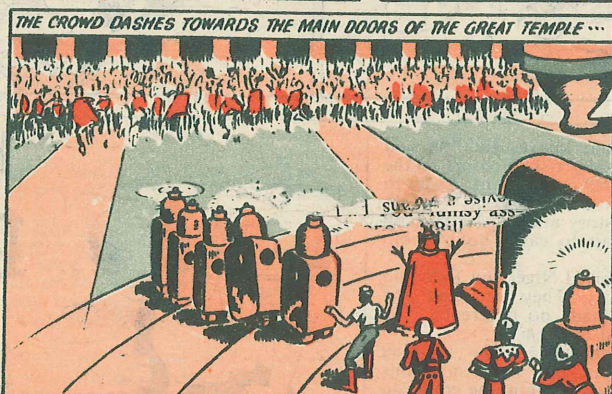
BY ALL THE GODS! WE SHALL ALL BE DESTROYED IF WE DO NOT ACT QUICKLY!

YES! YES! RESCUE! RESCUE FOR THE HIGH PRIEST!

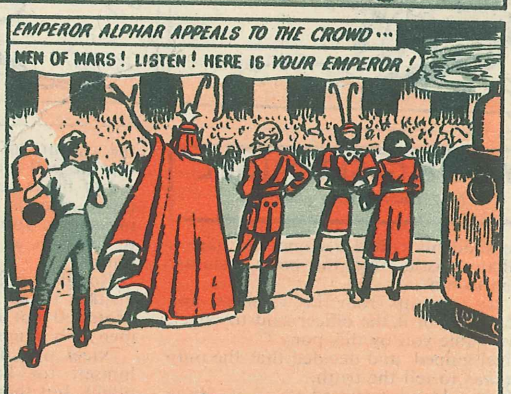


BUT THE IRON MEN APPEAR FROM A SECRET DOOR!

RUN! YOU CANNOT FIGHT THEM... YOUR WEAPONS WILL BE MELTED IN YOUR HANDS!



THE CROWD DASHES TOWARDS THE MAIN DOORS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE...



EMPEROR ALPHA APPEALS TO THE CROWD...

MEN OF MARS! LISTEN! HERE IS YOUR EMPEROR!



THIS HUMBLE PERSON THINKS PEOPLE TOO FRIGHTENED TO LISTEN, HONOURABLE EMPEROR...

I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO STRAIGHT TO THE PALACE AND MAKE THIS REBEL ZORN, A PRISONER - THEN THE PEOPLE WILL LISTEN. COME ON!

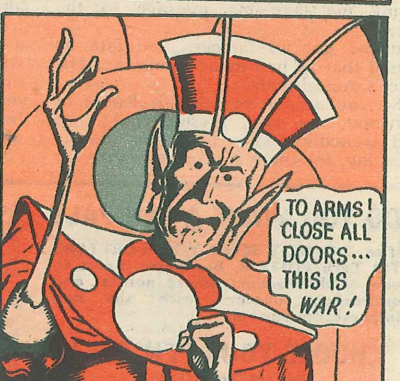


WHEN THE IRON MEN CAPTURE ZORN, AND DO NOT HARM ANY OTHERS, THE PEOPLE WILL KNOW WE ARE THEIR FRIENDS

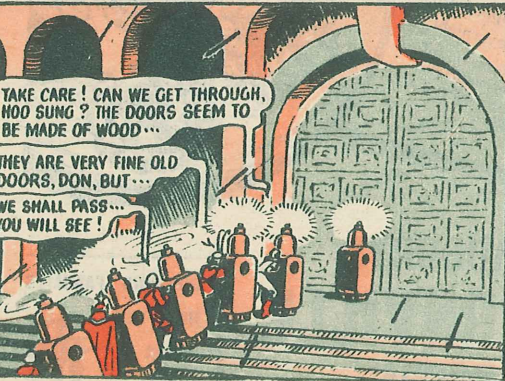


BUT ZORN IS WARNED!

EXCELLENCY! IT IS DISASTER! THE HIGH PRIEST IS CAPTURED AND ALPHA IS FREE! THE EARTHLINGS ARE HERE, NOW... AT THE GATES!



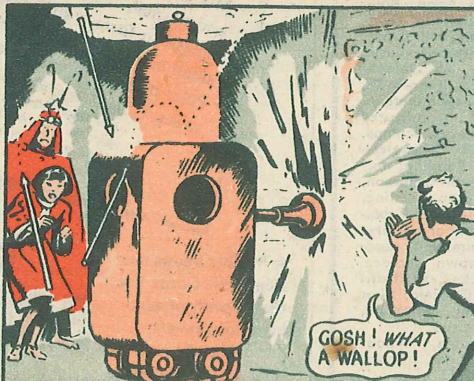
TO ARMS! CLOSE ALL DOORS... THIS IS WAR!



TAKE CARE! CAN WE GET THROUGH, HOO SUNG? THE DOORS SEEM TO BE MADE OF WOOD...

THEY ARE VERY FINE OLD DOORS, DON, BUT...

WE SHALL PASS... YOU WILL SEE!



GOSH! WHAT A WALLOP!



INSIDE THE PALACE...

GUARDS... FIGHT! FIGHT ON! WE ARE FAR MORE THAN THEY ARE, AND WE SHALL WIN!

Can the Iron Men stand up to such odds? More of this thrilling adventure in next week's Comet!