

EVERY THURSDAY





DANCING 'COS OF MY BIG NOSE ISN'T IT A SHAME, EH?





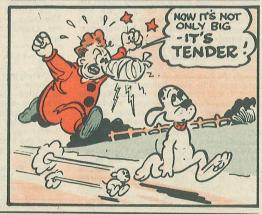






























## **BUNTER'S ARTFUL DODGE**

A Rollicking Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

#### BY FRANK RICHARDS

ONE your lines, Bunter?"
"No!" them."

"He, he, he!"
Bob Cherry stared at the fat Owl of the

Bunter seemed amused! There was nothing amusing, so far as Bob could see, in Mr. Quelch asking for a fellow's lines, when a fellow hadn't done them. The result was likely to be anything but amusing

result was likely to be anything but amusing.

"Look here, you fat ass," said Bob. "I came up to tip you. Quelch came into the Rag a few minutes ago, looking for you."

"Did he?" grinned Bunter.

"He wants those lines—"

"He, he, he!"

"If you haven't done them—"

"I jolly well haven't."

"Well, ten to one he will come up to your study next."

"I know he will!"

"Well, then, you benighted chump, cut

your study next.

"I know he will!"

"Well, then, you benighted chump, cut off to your study and get going," said Bob. "Do you want whops from Quelch?"

Billy Bunter blinked through the banisters, down the staircase. Quelch, if he was coming up, was not yet in sight. Bunter did not stir from the settee.

"It's all right," he explained. "I've thought of a dodge. I fancy I know how to pull Quelch's leg. He won't worry me about those lines."

"He looked as if he was going to," said Bob. "You fat foozler, you've had those lines on hand for days. Quelch told you this morning that if they weren't handed in by six o'clock, it would be a caning. Well, it's gone six now. I came up specially to put you wise, you fat chump."

"Thank you for nothing," yawned Bunter.

Bob Cherry stared at him, and then turned and went down the stairs again. He had taken the trouble to come up and warn the fat Owl of the wrath to come: but

warn the lat Owl of the Wrath to collie. But apparently Bunter had no use for warnings. He grinned, as Bob disappeared down the staircase, and went on chewing toffee. But his little round eyes, behind his big round spectacles, were watching the stairs, through the banisters. And when a mortar-board rose into view below, Billy Bunter moved. It was certain now that the Remove

moved. It was certain now that the Remove master was coming up, and his fattest pupil did not want to meet him on the landing. Billy Bunter rolled swiftly into the Remove passage and into the first study there, closing the door after him, but keeping it a few inches open.

He waited inside No. 1 Study, as a heavy tread came across the landing and up the passage. It was the tread of his formmaster. Bunter listened to it as it passed the door, going up the passage to No. 7, which was Bunter's study. When that heavy tread had passed, the fat Owl ventured to blink out, and had a glimpse of Mr. Quelch's gown as it whisked in at the doorway of No. 7.

Then Billy Bunter emerged from No. 1 Study, cut across the landing, and rolled away down the stairs. His fat face was quite cheery as he rolled into the Rag.

R. QUELCH was looking quite grim as he entered No. 7 Study in the Remove. His cane was under his arm, as Bob Cherry had mentioned, Quelch having thoughtfully brought it with him ready for use. Billy Bunter's lines were overdue—long overdue—and unless Bunter was now prepared to hand them over, that cane was going to be featured in the next scene.

"Bunter—!" began Mr. Quelch, as he stepped in. He stopped at that, as he realised that the study was vacant and that he was wasting his sweetness on the desert

Then his eyes fixed on a sheet of paper on the study table. He glanced at Bunter's scrawl. If Bunter had, after all, done his

scrawl. If Bunter had, after all, done his lines and only omitted to hand them in at the appointed time—

But the scrawl on that sheet of paper was not Latin. Quelch, as he looked at it, could not help reading what was written there; and it made him stare. It was not Bunter's lines. It was, apparently, a letter home that Billy Bunter had been writing.

and that he had left unfinished.

Deer Father,

Deer Father,

I have been thinking over what you rote in your last letter, and I hoap I have taken it to hart. I am afrade I have been rather lazey, and have not bennyfitted as much as I mite have done from my lessons. I have truing to tern over a new have done from my lessons. I am trying to tern over a new leef. I have just ritten a hundred lines for Mr. Quelch, which he gave me for being kareless in klass, but they got smudged and I have throne them away and am gowing to rite them over again, as neetly as I can, as I shood verry much like to pleeze him for wunce. I will finish this letter after tea, as the bell is gowing now. "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch. His frowning brow relaxed. He would have been pleased had he found Billy Bunter's lines there. Now he was more than pleased. What was written in that letter now showed signs of amendment in the fattest and laziest member of the Remove. Bunter, apparently, had come

ment in the fattest and laziest member of the Remove. Bunter, apparently, had come to a sense of his shortcomings, and was trying to turn over a new leaf and do better. Indeed, it appeared from this that he actually had written the lines, and was going to write them again in a more creditable manner!

Quelch could not help feeling pleased. He had had little hope of amendment in William George Bunter. So far as even his gimlet-eyes had been able to see, Bunter's laziness was unalterable. And now, quite accidentally, he learned that Bunter really was making an effort to reform his slack and lazy ways—even to the extent of was making an effort to reform his stack and lazy ways—even to the extent of writing over again an imposition which, formerly, he would have handed in without caring a bean how smudgy it was!

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Quelch. He left the study with a thoughful brow. The cane was still under his arm: but Mr. Quelch had no intention of using it

HALLO, hallo, hallo! Seen Quelch?"
"He went up after your lines."
"Whopped?"

"Whopped?"
Those questions greeted Billy Bunter as he rolled cheerily into the Rag. Harry Wharton and Co. stared at the fat junior, quite surprised to see him looking so cheery. They had expected, when they saw Bunter again, to see him doubled up after six of the best from Quelch's cane. Instead of which, he seemed to be quite merry and bright

bright.

Billy Bunter grinned. Certainly he did not look like a fellow who had been whopped, or who expected to be whopped.

"I say, you fellows, I fancy it's all right," grinned Bunter. "I only wanted to be sure that Quelch would go up to my study after those lines. Well, he's gone—I saw him go in. He, he, he!"

"But you haven't done your lines!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

in. He, he, he!"

"But you haven't done your lines!"
exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"No fear!" grinned Bunter.

"Well, Quelch will be looking for you,"
said Harry Wharton.

"I don't care if he does." Bunter
chuckled. "You see, I thought of a dodge
—a jolly good dodge! I'm pretty wide, you
know."

-a John yook dodget him peed know."

"You are!" agreed Bob. "Widest fellow live ever seen."

"The wideness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Double-width, at least," said Johnny

Bull.
"You silly asses!" hooted Bunter. " on't mean wide—I mean wide! Too jolly wide for Quelch, I can tell you. I fancy it will work all right! He's bound to see it, in my study."

"To see what?"

"To see what?"
"He, he, he!" was Bunter's only reply

"He, he, he!" was Bunter's only reply to that.
"You he-he-heing ass!" said Frank Nugent, "Quelch will come down after you, and ask for those lines."
"Perhaps!" grinned Bunter, "and perhaps not! You'll see!"
And Billy Bunter rolled across to an armchair and deposited his weight therein, apparently regardless of Quelch and all his works. A few minutes later there was an



ejaculation from Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is."

An angular form appeared in the doorway of the Rag. Mr. Quelch glanced in over the crowd of juniors.

"Is Bunter here?" he asked.

Billy Bunter heaved himself up from the

armchair. Every fellow in the Rag expected to see him quake under the eyes of his form-master. The cane was still under Quelch's arm: and nobody needed telling why it was there. But the fat Owl did not quake. Evidently he had great faith in his "dodge", whatever it was!

"Here, sir!" squeaked Bunter.

"Here, sir!" squeaked Bunter.
"You have not handed me your lines, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, in a voice very unexpectedly mild.
"I—I was going to, sir, but—but they got smudged, and—and I—I thought I'd better do them over again, sir."
"Oh, my only hat!" breathed Bob Cherry: and all the juniors stared. That Billy Bunter could hope to get by with a yarn like that seemed, to all the Remove fellows, simply amazing. Really it was the thinnest and feeblest fib that even Billy Bunter had ever invented.

Bunter had ever invented.

But, to their still further amazement, Quelch seemed to take it like a lamb. The thunder did not roll. He did not grasp his cane and order Bunter to bend over. Thin and feeble as that fib was, Quelch seemed to be lapping it like milk. The juniors could only wonder.

to be lapping it like milk. The juniors could only wonder.

"I am aware of it, Bunter." Quelch's tone was quite genial. "Inadvertently, Bunter, when I went into your study a few minutes ago, I saw the letter on your table which you had been writing."

"Oh! Did you, sir?"

"I did, Bunter! I am glad, Bunter, to see that you are now making an effort to do better than heretofore, and I shall certainly encourage you in every way. In the circumstances, Bunter, you need not write the lines again."

lines again."

'Oh! Thank you sir!" gasped Bunter.
Mr. Quelch gave him a quite kindly glance, turned, and left the Rag. He left every occupant of that apartment staring blankly, and wondering dizzily whether they were dreaming this.

"HE, he, he!"
The fat Owl of the Remove was grinning, from one fat ear to the other. So wide was Bunter's happy grin, that it really almost seemed as if it would meet round the back of his fat head. Seldom had Billy Bunter looked so pleased with himself

Billy Bunter looked so pleased with himself.

"I say, you fellows! Did it work? He, he, he!" chortled Bunter, "Am I going to do those lines, what? He, he, he!! Am I going to be whopped? He, he, he! I can jolly well tell you, I know how to pull Quelch's leg! I say, you fellows, you'd never have thought of a dodge like that! You haven't the brains."

And the fat Owl gurgled with happy satisfaction. His "dodge" had worked. Quelch had fallen for it, like an innocent lamb. Quelch, well known in the Remove to be a downy bird, had been completely taken in by the astute Owl. The other fellows could only stare.

"But what—?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "How—?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"How the thump have you pulled Owlets' leg?" exclaimed Paren. Smith.

"How—? exclaimed Bob Cherry.
"How the thump have you pulled Quelch's leg?" asked Vernon-Smith
Billy Bunter chuckled explosively. He was in high feather. He proceeded to explain. Bunter wanted all the fellows to know how clever he was. He had never

been a fellow to hide his light under a bushel.

"You see, I left a letter on my table,"
he chortled. "I knew Quelch would see it,
if he went into my study for my lines. And
he did! He, he, he! Of course, I ain't going
to post that letter. It was written just for
Quelch to see! He, he, he! And he saw it
all right! He, he, he!"

"But what—how—?" exclaimed Bob.
Butter chortled again

But what—now—? exclaimed Boo.

Bunter chortled again.

"You see, I mentioned in the letter that I'd written the lines, and was going to do them over again because they were smudgy, because I wanted to please Quelch. "Oh, crumbs!"

"Oh, crumbs!"
"Letter home, you know," chortled Bunter. "About turning over a new leaf, and all that! Some dodge, what? I knew it would be all right, if Quelch saw it—and he jolly well did! He, he, he! Of course Quelch hasn't the faintest idea that it was a plant. He, he, he! He thinks he saw the letter inadvertently, as he said—he, he, he! What do you fellows think of a dodge like that?"

Billy Bunter blinked round through his

Billy Bunter blinked round through his big spectacles, apparently for admiration. The juniors gazed at him. They understood now what the "dodge" was, and it seemed to have worked. But they did not seem to admire Bunter!

'You fat spoofing villain!" said Harry

Wharton.
"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"You prevaricating porpoise!" said Bob

"Oh, really, Wharton—"
"You prevaricating porpoise!" said Bob Cherry.
"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"You ought to be jolly well kicked," said Johnny Bull
"Oh, really, Bull—"
"The esteemed Queich would be terrifically infuriated if he knew," said Hurree Jamest Ram Singh.
"He, he, he! He won't know," chuckled Bunter. "I can stuff Quelch all right! You fellows haven't the brains! You'd never have thought of a dodge like that, Bob."
"I hope not," said Bob.
"I've got the brains, you see," grinned Bunter, "Leave it to me to stuff Quelch! Quelch is an old ass, anyhow!"
"Shut up!" breathed Bob Cherry suddenly, as he sighted an angular form in the doorway again. Mr. Quelch had come back, doubtless having something further to say to Bunter, in the way of encouragement of his new efforts. His expression was very genial as he looked in at the doorway.

ment of his new efforts. His expression was very genial as he looked in at the doorway. But Billy Bunter had his back to the doorway and was quite unaware that Quelch was looking in again. And he did not shut up as Bob hurriedly warned him to do. Shutting up was not much in Bunter's line, anyway.

"Oh, really, Cherry! You jolly well know that Quelch is an old ass," rattled on Bunter. "It tell you, he lapped it up like milk! Think he'd guess that I wrote that letter and left it on my study table for him to see? He, he, he! He wouldn't guess that in a month of Sundays! He just lapped it up like milk. I'm too jolly wide for Quelch, I can tell you, and—"
"BUNTER!"
"Oh!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"BUNTER!"
"Oh!" gasped Billy Bunter.
He spun round like a fat humming-top.
He blinked at the figure in the doorway in horror. His eyes almost bulged through his spectacles, at Mr. Quelch.
"Bunter!" The genial expression was gone from Quelch's face as if wiped off by a duster. His gimlet-eyes glinted at the horror-stricken Owl. "Bunter! I heard what you said—I—I—I am amazed, revolted, by such deceit. Bunter, I shall punish you with the greatest severity."

by such deceit. Bunter, I shall punish you with the greatest severity."

'Oh, crikey!"

Quelch advanced into the Rag. He swished the cane he had taken from under his arm. Then he pointed with it to a chair. "Bunter! Bend over that chair!"

What followed was quite painful! When Quelch tucked the cane under his arm, and left the Rag once more, he left a fat junior wriggling like an eel and yelling like a Red Indian, and wishing from the bottom of his fat heart, that he had never been such an artful dodger, and had never dreamed of that artful dodge!

Cheats never prosper—but Billy Bunter will never learn that! Don't miss the fun in next week's Greyfriars story.

### **Leading Laughter-Makers** COMIC CUTS and CHIPS

7 D. everywhere



The Free Pass
IMMY WATSON and his sister June had washed up the tea things and were

had washed up the tea things and were putting their coats on.

"Hallo, where are you two off to?" asked Tutty, the cat.

"We're going to the pictures, Tutty," said June. "Old Mrs. Hobbs, the newsagent, gets a free pass for showing the cinema posters in her shop and this week she's given it to Jimmy and me."

"That was nice of her," said Tutty. "I think I'll go with you."

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 any amount 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 Scarah was the only thing in the

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 June, who had beginned him.

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

was called Tut-tut for short and Tutty for shortest.

"It's ages since I've been to the pictures," he said. "In fact, I've never been since that beastly old Ur-huh changed me into a cat, and I'd like to see a decent film, if you'll let me come with you."

"Yes, of course we will," cried June.
"And, being a Prince and not an ordinary cat, you'll be able to understand the pictures all right."

"Yes, but how are we going to smuggle Tutty in?" asked Jimmy. "If the doorman sees him, I bet he won't let him in."
"He won't see me," said Tutty. "I can make myself invisible, can't I?"

"Oh, yes, of course you can," said."

"Oh, yes, of course you can," said Jimmy, for by means of his magic, Tutty often made himself invisible.

often made himself invisible.

"And it's not as though Tutty's taking up a seat," said June. "He can sit on my knee and, if he can't see from there, I'll hold him in my arms."

"Don't you worry about me," said Tutty. "I'll see all right once I get in.

Come on!"

They set off for the cinema and they soon reached the brightly-lighted entrance. As they did so, Tutty made himself invisible, but Jimmy and June knew that he was still with them

"Have you got the pass, Jimmy?" asked June.

"Yes here it is "

"Have you got the pass, Jimmy? asked June.
"Yes, here it is!" said Jimmy, taking it from his pocket.

Next moment, however, he gave a cry of dismay. For the pass had been snatched from his hand by a big, puddingy-faced boy named Basil Bloggs.
"You don't want this, you little twerp!" guffawed Basil Bloggs, who was one of the worst bullies in the town. "Let's have a look at it. Oh, good! It says 'Admit Two'. That's you and me, Charlie," cried he, turning to his pal, Charlie Clegg, who was as big a bully as himself.
"Give me that pass back, you big sneak!" cried Jimmy hotly, striving in vain to grab back the pass from Basil Bloggs.

"You run away and play!" guffawed Basil Bloggs, giving him a push which sent him staggering. "Charlie and me's

# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

#### BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

going to use this pass. Come on, Charlie!" Laughing triumphantly, the hilarious pair marched into the cinema and vanished

through one of the swing doors.
"Well, of all the cheek!" gasped June
in distress. "Fancy them stealing our pass
like that. I wonder if Tutty saw them do

it? He might have done something—"
"I could have done dozens of things to stop them!" chuckled Tutty, who certainly could by means of his magic. "And I have

done something. Just wait a few seconds."

Inside the cinema, Basil Bloggs was handing the pass to one of the usherettes. But the moment the girl took it, it changed in her hand from a small, thin pass to a dead mouse. The girl shone her torch on it then between the second to the contract of the contr

it, then let out a scream.
"EEE-EEE!" she screamed, dropping
the mouse. "EEE-EEE-EEEE!"

A couple of burly commissionaires came rushing to the scene and so did quite a number of gentlemen among the audience. "What is it?" they cried in the greatest

of alarm.

of alarm.

The trembling girl told them. "That horrible boy there put a dead mouse in my hand instead of a ticket!" she cried, pointing an accusing finger at Basil Bloggs. "No, I didn't!" cried the bully. "I gave you a pass to admit two—"

"No, you didn't it was a mouse!"

"No, you didn't, it was a mouse!" screamed the girl.
"No, it wasn't!" roared Basil Bloggs.
By this time the whole place was in an uproar and the angry and agitated manager arrived on the scene at a gallop.
"It was a mouse!" bawled one of the

"I could if that big fat man wasn't sitting right in front of me, Tutty. "But I'll soon fix that."

Tutty. "But I'll soon fix that."

He made a queer movement with one of his paws. As he did so, an astonishing thing happened. At least, it was very astonishing for the fat man, who was sitting right in front of Tutty. For, without the slightest warning, that gentleman suddenly felt himself being whisked from his seat and, before he quite knew what had happened, he had been dumped down in another seat a few rows away.

had happened, he had been dumped down in another seat a few rows away.

"B-b-bless my soul, how did that happen?" he gasped.

"Sss-ssh!" said everyone around him, for they wanted to listen to the talkie as well as watch it.

So the fat gentleman shushed and was silent, but to this day he doesn't know how he came to change his seat so swiftly and mysteriously. and mysteriously.

"Can you see now, Tutty?" asked June, as Tutty sat up and made himself comfortable in her lap.

fortable in her lap.
"Yes, fine thanks," said Tutty. "But
feel in your coat pocket."
"What for?" asked June.
"You'll see," chuckled Tutty.
June put her hand in her pocket and
what she found there was a big bag full of

lovely sweets.

"Oh, thank you very much indeed,
Tutty," she whispered, giving him an
affectionate little stroke. "How lovely of

"You're welcome," said Tutty. "Now let's enjoy the picture."



commissionaires, who had been shining the beam of his torch about the floor.
"Here it is!"

He stooped and picked ip the dead mouse and showed it to the manager and

mouse and showed it to the manager and to everybody else standing there.
"Beastly little ruffians, playing a trick like that!" cried the manager furiously, glowering at Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg. "This is the last time they'll ever set foot inside this cinema. They'll not be admitted again!" Then he said to the burly commissionaires: "All right, throw

The two men pounced on Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg and, despite their yells and struggles, the two bullies were propelled roughly from the cinema and flung out into the street.

Jimmy, June and the invisible Tutty, standing in the entrance, saw all this happen, and the mirthful voice of Tutty explained to Jimmy and June about how he had changed the pass into a dead

Yes, but we can't get in now," said

"Oh, yes, we can," said Tutty. "Feel in your pocket!"

your pocket!"

Jimmy did so and, lo and behold, there was another pass in there.

"Oh, thanks awfully, Tutty!" cried June, for she knew that the new pass had been produced by Tutty's magic. "Come on, let's go in!"

Inside the cinema the uproar was subsiding and the audience was settling down again to enjoy the pictures. Jimmy and

again to enjoy the pictures. Jimmy and June got two good seats and June felt

the invisible Tutty jump on to her knee.
"Can you see, Tutty?" she whispered.

The three of them enjoyed the pictures very much indeed, particularly Jimmy and June, who found that the sweets which Tutty had given them were simply had given them were simply scrumptious.

scrumptious.

They sat the big picture round twice and it was late when at length they came out. Tutty was still keeping himself invisible, and invisible he meant to remain until they were away from the cinema and walking home. But as they came out on to the pavement, June said uneasily:

"Oh, look, there's that Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg. They look as though they're waiting for us!"

That is exactly what the two bullies were doing. For although they hadn't the slightest idea how it had been done, the pair of them were quite certain that Jimmy

pair of them were quite certain that Jimmy had somehow played a trick on them, the way the pass had suddenly changed into a

dead mouse.

So, on vengeance bent, they had promised themselves that when Jimmy and his sister came out of the cinema they would grab hold of Jimmy and give him the hiding of his life.

But not outside the cinema, of course. That was much too public a place to bash Jimmy, and folks were sure to interfere. No, there was a dark lane which Jimmy and June had to go along in order to reach home and that is where the two bullies

meant to pounce on him.

"They're following us," said June, as she and Jimmy and the invisible Tutty set off along the street.

"Let 'em!" said Jimmy.

"Yes, let 'em!" chimed in Tutty. "I'll deal with those two heauties if they start

deal with those two beauties, if they start any rough stuff!"

They reached the dark and narrow lane and had got half-way along it when, with a rush, the two bullies closed on them and grabbed Jimmy by the arms.

"Now, you little beast, you're going to get the bashing of your life and no bloomin' error!" cried Basil Bloggs savagely. "I'll learn you not to play your nasty, sneaky tricks on me!"

Next instant, however, he got the shock of his life. For something which felt like a bony hand grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and yanked him right up into the night. Charlie Clegg had been similarly treated and the two terrified bullies discovered to their horror that the thing which had grabbed them and was holding them suspended high above the ground them suspended high above the ground

One of the boughs had bent down just like an arm and the twigs, like bony hands, had seized them.

"Help—mother—let us down—help!" they howled, kicking frantically in mid-air, for like all bullies they were real cowards at heart

at heart.

"Perhaps that will teach you not to hit Jimmy!" cried June, peering up at them through the darkness.

"Help—mother—help!" howled the hapless bullies, kicking and struggling more frantically than ever.

Now the tree that had hold of them was have tree that had hold of them was help to the little.

a laburnum tree and it stood in the little back garden of the house of Mr. Twist, back garden of the house of Mr. Twist, the pawnbroker. And the one thing which Mr. Twist had a perfect horror of was burglars. In fact, he was so scared of burglars that he had burglar alarms all over the house and, on top of that, he always kept an old-fashioned musket fully leaded.

At the moment he was sitting in his kitchen having his supper, for he lived all by himself, so you can imagine his fright and alarm when from somewhere upstairs there came a sudden terrific crash of breaking glass followed a moment later by another terrific crash of more glass

by another terrific crash of more glass being broken.

"Burglars!" cried Mr. Twist, leaping to his feet and grabbing his old-fashioned musket from the corner in which it stood. But it wasn't burglars. It was Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg, who had been slung through a couple of upstairs windows by the laburature tree.

slung through a couple of upstairs windows by the laburnum tree.

With one great heave of its bough the tree had sent the wretched and terrified Basil Bloggs crashing through the window, then a second heave had sent his pal Charlie Clegg flying after him to crash through another window.

By the time the terrified pair had picked themselves up, Mr. Twist had rushed out of the house at the front and was firing off his musket with a terrible bang and bawling, "Burglars, burglars!" at the very top of his voice.

Added to that, nearly every burglar alarm in the house was ringing frantically and you never heard such a din. So it is small wonder that, within a very few seconds, a couple of police cars came racing up to the house and out jumped quite a swarm of bobbies.

They rushed into the house followed by

They rushed into the house followed by the alarmed and excited Mr Twist. Within a very few minutes they reappeared with the sobbing Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg is their crise.

the sobbing Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg in their grip.

"We're not bur-bur-burglars," blubbered the wretched pair. "The tur-tur-tree chucked us in through the window!"

"That's a likely story, that is!" jeered one of the bobbies. "You'll have to think of a better yarn than that, my lads!"

But the miserable pair couldn't think of a better yarn. When they appeared in court in front of the magistrates the next day they swore desperately that the tree had snatched them up and heaved them through the window.

The magistrates could see that there was

The magistrates could see that there was something very queer about the affair, because how could Basil Bloggs and Charlie

Clegg have come crashing in through the upstairs windows if they hadn't been thrown through them?

So the magistrates dismissed the case, but they made Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg pay for the broken windows, which meant that the luckless pair didn't have meant that the luckless pair didn't have any pocket money for quite a few weeks.

But for a long time after that they gave Jimmy a very wide berth in case he played some more of his tricks on them. "If only they knew it was you, Tutty," chuckled June. "But nobody knows that except us three."
"And nobody is going to know either."

And nobody is going to know, either,"

More fun, next week, with Jimmy, June and Tutty. Make sure of your COMET!





# 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 badtempered 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's dog is black,



I SURE DO ...HE WANTED FLIP AWFUL BAD, BECAUSE HE TAMED THAT WILD STALLION!

I REMEMBER! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE HE STOLE FLIP WHEN YOU WOULDN'T SELL!

















AT ONE O'CLOCK --

HELLO, LADDY.. RIGHT ON TIME, AIN'T YOU ? PUT THIS GUIT ON AND I'LL HELP YOU MAKE UP YOUR FACE...THEN WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE REHEARSAL!







HE WON'T











WELL, IT SAYS IN THE

All Purch 3



DAY, BOYS ~ WE'RE RT LOUIS SON! ARE WE. SUR!

Kit Carson and a young friend,
Johnny Scott, are helping White
Dove, an Indian girl, to find a
reasure 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 RIDE DOWN INTO THE SHADE
OF THAT FOREST. IT'LL BE COOLER
THAN THESE HILL TRACKS.







PRESENTLY THEY COME
TO A VAST CLEARING
AND SEE A LARGE
HOUSE

WELL WHAT D'YOU
THINK OF THAT!
STUCK RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE FOREST.





IN THE AFTERNOON!



AS THEY SLEEP WITH NO SOUND BUT THE RUSTLING OF THE NIGHT WIND IN THE TREES, A STRANGE FIGURE CREEPS FROM THE SHADOWS.







JOHNNY DASHES AFTER THE INTRUDER AND COMES UPON A CONCEALED DOORWAY WITH A MASSIVE STONE SLAB RUMBLING BACK INTO PLACE.







Y'S NOW, THE MUTINY







#### Checkmate!

As the dungeon slammed, and the heavy bolts rattled home on the outside, young Sir Nigel Wayne looked anxiously about him. He realised that he was in a desperate situation.

was in a desperate situation.

He must reach King Richard, to warn him that Sir Roger Moxton, the Black Knight, was plotting to kill him. With the aid of Joan, a wood-cutter's niece, and Robin Hood, the outlaw, Nigel had reached Lincoln in search of His Majesty reached Lincoln in search of His Majesty only to be arrested on the charge of stealing the pony that Joan and he were riding. They were clapped in this dungeon to be used as decoys to capture bold Robin himself.

'Nigel, we must get out of here," Joan declared.

Joan was looking at the little barred

'I must be the smallest person they've I must be the smallest person they've ever had in their dungeon. It was not built for quite such little people," she declared. "Nigel, I think I could squeeze through those bars. And then I can see to your receive."

"How?" demanded Nigel.
"Oh, I don't know, but I'll find a way. If all else fails, I'll get out of the city to the woods. Robin Hood said he would follow to Lincoln as soon as he had disposed of the Black Knight's men. I'll take the little hunting-horn and call him with that. Then he will soon find a way to free you. Good Robin never fails."

Nigel hesitated. It would be a terrible risk for Joan to take, all on her own, and he felt that he shouldn't let her do it. But she wouldn't let him stop her. Her next words so startled him that they dried up his arguments.

words so startled him that they dried up his arguments.
"I cannot do it in this," she declared, looking down at the long silk frock, of which she was so proud. "I have it—Nigel, we must change clothes!"
"What——?" The young knight jumped as though stung. "Don't be silly!"
"But we must. It's the only way," she insisted. "Remember, it is the life of the king that is at stake."
Nigel realised that she was right. Every chance, no matter how desperate, must be

Nigel realised that she was right. Every chance, no matter how desperate, must be taken to save the king. So in a very short time Joan was looking trim in doublet and hose—even though they were rather too big for her—and he was standing, feeling foolish, in a trailing silk frock.

But he couldn't waste time thinking what he looked like. He gave Joan Robin Hood's horn, and then stooped down so that she could climb on his back.

The gap between the bars was very small.

The gap between the bars was very small, but so was the girl. Determinedly she twisted and wriggled, even though she scraped her skin; and then, suddenly, she

scraped ner skin, and shoulders are through!
"'My head and shoulders are through!
Farewell, Nigel—I won't be long!"
And then he heard a light splash as she slid through into the water. He pulled himself up to the window in time to see the dark head moving away across the

Then he dropped back again. He had a

Then he dropped back again. He had a wretched feeling that he was leaving Joan to do all the work, but abruptly he sprang into action. He realised that if the guards came into the dungeon and found Joan missing, there would be a hue and cry after her. He must stop that happening.

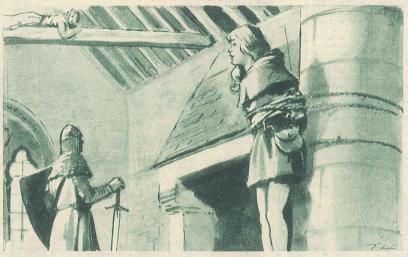
He had noticed that the heavy door opened inwards, and now he saw what he must do. He took the bench and smashed it to splinters by battering it against the wall. Then he collected pieces of the split wood and pushed them under the bottom of the door, hammering them in as wedges.

wood and pushed them under the bottom of the door, hammering them in as wedges. At last he stepped back, satisfied. It would take quite a time for even a number of men to push the door open now. He had acted only just in time. He heard people moving outside, and the big handle on the door rattled. Then the bolts were dragged back.

# YOUNG SIR

A Grand Story of Thrilling Adventures with Robin Hood

BY REX HARDINGE



"Bring them out," said the voice of the officer who had made the arrest. 'Put them in the stocks, so that all can see them, and then word will travel swiftly to this outlaw rogue—"

moment later:

"What is the matter? Why do you not open the door?"

"I am truing."

"I am trying to, but it won't open. It is stuck, methinks!"

The door shook as somebody pushed

hard against it.
"Ho there!" called the officer's voice. "If

"Ho there!" called the officer's voice. "If you young rogues are up to tricks, it will be the worse for you."

Nigel made no answer. Tensely he waited, watching the door. If only it would hold long enough for Joan to get clear!

But the officer was shouting orders, telling men to fetch a big log to use as a battering ram to smash the door in. And in a very short time a smashing blow made the tough timbers shiver, while the great iron hinges creaked.

the tough timbers shiver, while the great iron hinges creaked.

Nigel grabbed up a heavy piece of the broken bench and began to hammer at the wedges under the door.

He heard angry shouts from the other side, and guessed that the men thought he was strengthening his barricade, but he was doing exactly the reverse. He was knocking out the wedges!

He paused, choosing his moment carefully—waiting till he judged the men had drawn back with their battering-ram for a violent charge—then he knocked out the

violent charge—then he knocked out the last wedge.

The door burst open, and the men couldn't stop. Still clutching the log they crashed into the dungeon, hurtled across it, and piled up in a heap against the

opposite wall.
Meanwhile, Nigel took his chance. He sprang out through the doorway. The officer was still there, but he twisted under the man's arm, and raced along the

At the far end a stone stairway led upwards, and he sped up it. On the way he heard men coming down, out of sight around a bend in the spiral. He realised that they were running, so he stopped and crouched, as close against the wall as he could get, right on the corner.

As the first man hurried round the bend,

Nigel's hand snatched out and grabbed

The man gave a despairing wail as he tripped. His halberd went clattering down the steps, with its owner after it.

Nigel had no time to draw back, to repeat the trick on the following man, so he stayed where he was, stretched out on the step. Then, as the man appeared, the young knight arched his body.

The hurrying foot stumbled against it—and the second man followed the first, his wail of surprise floating back up the stairs.

wail of surprise floating back up the stair-

way. But Nigel was away like a streak, dashing

But Nigel was away like a streak, dashing up the remaining steps.

At the top was a guard-room, but it was empty, so he ran across it to the far doorway, which he found opened on to the battlements. He was about to risk dashing through and dodging the sentries he could see along the outer wall, but abruptly stonged stopped.

He saw the men turn and look towards a distant archway. A small group of people appeared there, and Nigel saw to his dismay that Joan's brave effort had failed. Two men-at-arms were dragging between them a little figure, with the water dripping from it, and he realised that Joan had been caught before she could get out of the city to Robin Hood

caught before she could get out of the city to Robin Hood.

He dodged back into the guard-room, and looked quickly about him. Then he looked upwards at the great beams that stretched across the room. Like a monkey, in spite of his billowing skirt, he squirmed up and lay along a beam.

He was only just in time, for the two angry men came dashing back up the stairway at almost the same moment as the other two came through the doorway with

other two came through the doorway with Joan. And a moment later the officer came

pounding up from the dungeon.
"The lad has got away—" he began; then saw Joan.
"So they both tried it, did they?" he

growled.
"We caught this one—a maid in boy's

clothing—sneaking through the city, soaking wet. She must have swum the moat,"

said one of the men.

"So?—well, we've got her. Now we've got to get him back," snapped the officer.
"Quick—tie her to that pillar, and one of you stay on guard. The rest follow me after the lad. He can't get far, dressed as

Nigel watched Joan struggle gallantly, but realised that he daren't spring to her aid, or they would both be captured. He must wait—watch for his chance.

must wait—watch for his chance.

He saw the men drag her to one of the upright pillars that supported the ends of the beams, and he feared that they might look up, for he realised that the beam was

not wide enough to hide him completely. He couldn't keep the wide skirt from trailing over the edge.

But Joan unwittingly helped him, for she fought so gallantly that they had to give all their attention to her. In a matter of moments, however, they forced her back against the pillar, pulled her arms round it and bound her hands. Then one dropped to his knees and put a rope round her feet, tying them to the pillar.

The officer was calling outside, so they hurried away, leaving one giant of a man

nurried away, leaving one giant of a man on guard.

Nigel eyed him grimly, realised that he could not possibly tackle this giant on his own. If only Joan could help—go for his legs in her usual terrier fashion, while he dropped on his shoulders! But Joan was

powerless.
Nigel's eyes gleamed again as he looked across the guardroom. Piled in a corner were a number of long pikes. The gleaming blades at the top of the long poles gave him an idea.

him an idea.

Carefully, inch by inch, he began to work his way along the beam. His heart was in his mouth, for he realised that the slightest sound would make the man look

Abruptly he stopped, freezing flat along the beam. But it was not the guard who looked up—it was Joan, her forest-bred ears picking up a sound that didn't reach

the man.

Nigel saw her eyes widen. He signalled to her. Then again he realised what a wonderful comrade this little girl from the woods was. She did exactly the right thing, as usual. She began to weep and wail twisting in her bonds, making the guard scowl at her, and hiding any noise Nigel might make.

might make.

This made it possible for him to risk moving faster. He slithered along the beam like a lizard, and soon he was in the corner

above the stack of pikes.

He waited his moment, and then snatched at one. Then he crept along the side beam, squirming along until he was immediately above the pillar to which Joan was bound.

was bound. She was still crying wildly, but out of the corner of her eyes she risked glances at him, and guessed something of what he

was trying to do.
"Nigel!" she suddenly screamed. "Nigel—be careful!"

But she stared beyond the guard towards the doorway, and the man spun round, and then sprang towards the door.

That was the chance Nigel wanted. He pushed the pike down swiftly and brought the sharp blade up against the rope around Joan's wrists. He knew he must be quick, but at the same time careful. The blade was like a razor. If he misjudged he would cut her arms badly.

But he made no mistake. He sliced through the cords. Then quickly pulled the pike out of sight as the man swung back. Joan stood motionless, though still bound.

bound.
"Nigel, run," she screamed. "Go back

"Nigel, run," she screamed. "Go back down the stairway—run!"
This was too much for the guard. He ran to the doorway and looked down the stairs—and the pike blade flashed down and severed the cord holding Joan's legs. But Nigel was only just in time, for the man came running back and, as he did so, he glimpsed the flash of the blade and looked up.

looked up.
Nigel flung himself from the beam.
Nigel flung himself from the man's si

Nigel flung himself from the beam.
Squarely he landed on the man's shoulders, and he suddenly discovered that a billowing skirt could have its uses. He dragged the silk over the man's head, muffling his yell and blinding him.
Even as he had hoped Joan played her part. She flung herself at the thick legs, and the man went crashing down, his head striking the stone floor with a thud.
"He is knocked out! What luck—quick!" nanted Nigel.

panted Nigel.

(Continued on opposite page)

#### CHUCKLE CORNER

































### YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from opposite page)

He seized Joan's hand, and they ran

from the room.

They found themselves in a passage, but they could hear men running, shouting, so Nigel pulled a tapestry curtain aside. He was met by a shrill scream, and dis-covered that they had entered one of the

covered that they had entered one of the women's apartments. An old woman was standing, staring at them.

Nigel ran to her.

"Fear not, good dame—we shall not harm you," he panted. "His Majesty the King—where is he?"

The woman stared at the two of them—the young knight in bedraggled skirts, the girl in sodden doublet and hose—but something about Nigel's anxious voice made her answer.

wade her answer.

"He has gone to Dale Castle with Sir Roger Moxton. It seems that young Sir Nigel Wayne—son of a favourite knight of the king's—lies ill, calling for the king—and His Majesty has gone to Dale—"

Is Nigel too late to save the King? More of this stirring adventure next week!

DO YOU WANTAPENPAL?

If so, DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, but write direct to one of the readers whose names and addresses, together with age and interests, appear below.

#### **CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!** FROM THIS LIST

Patricia Jones, 15 Bamforth Street, Hillsbro, Sheffield, 6. Eight. Films, animals. Peter Garland, 38 Buxton Drive, Sidley, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex. Ten. Aeromodels, fishing. Jean Garton, 2 Victoria Road Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, Cheshire. Thirteen. Stamps, swimming. Margaret Irvine, 32 Adelaide Road, Leyton, London, E.10. Thirteen. Skating, cooking, netball. Raymond Wardle, 69 Marshall Wallis road, South Shields, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Film stars.

South Shields, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Film stars.

Irene Proctor, 23 Jalland Street, Holderness Road, Hull, Yorks. Thirteen. Netball, dancing. June O'Brien, 21 Mortimer Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. Eleven. Swimming. Anne Mc Leod, 3 Milburngate, Durham City. Sixteen. Films, music. Ann Way, 14 George Street, Semington Road, Melksham, Wiltshire. Nine. Swimming. Margaret Higgs, 117 Commercial Street, Mt. Gambier, S. Austra-

lia. Twelve. Basketball, stamps, tennis. Jean Grint, "Six Oaks," Breck Farm Lane, Taver-ham, near Norwich, Norfolk. Twelve. Violin,

ham, near Norwich, Norfolk, Twelve, Violin, speedway, dancing.
Shirley Cooper, 76 Naple Drive, Northstead, Scarborough, Sixteen, Writing, Grace Brown, 32 Mosedale Crescent, Ewanrigg, Maryport, Cumberland, Twelve, Films, books, Kevin Cronin, 22 Stow Hill, Treforest, near Pontypridd, S. Wales, Fourteen, Reading, Marjorie Stewart, King's Arms Hotel, Girvan, Ayrshire, Scotland, Nine, Nature study, swimming, riding, Jacqueline Taylor, 22 Noble Street, Leicester, Ten, Films, sport, music, Greta Ellis, 19 Lache Park Avenue, Chester, Cheshire, Ten, Painting, music, riding.

Chester, Cheshire. Ten. Painting, music, riding.

Jean Green, 2 Steadfold Lane, Thurcroft, near Rotherham, Yorks. Thirteen. Dancing, films. Joyce McGee, 48 Victoria Road, South Shields, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Reading, dancing. Norma Field, 3/84, Little King Street, Hockley, Birmingham, 19. Fourteen. Films. William Langley, 2 Grinston Avenue, Welbeck Street, Princes Avenue, Hull, Yorks. Eleven. Football, cycling. Betty Bycroft, 4 Brigg Road, Grasby, near Barnet, Lincs. Sixteen. Films, music, dancing, sport. Mina McConnell, 88 Walton Street, Crumlon Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Radio, reading. reading.

Sheila Hargrave, 3 Spawd Bone Lane,

Knottingley, Yorks. Eleven. Dancing, films, sport. Joy Pettit, Post Office, Sudborough, Kettering, Northants. Ten. Swimming, tennis, dancing, films. Elizabeth Duffin, 10 Council Houses, Bainton, near Driffield, E. Yorks. Thirteen. Reading. Sheila Gospel, Rose Cottage, Everingham, Yorks. Eleven. Films sport. Gillian Breeze, 245 Winchester Avenue, Nunsthorpe, Lincs. Ten. Dancing, stamps. Valerie Davies, 23 Station Road, Tirphill, Newtredegar, Mon., S. Wales. Fifteen. Films, animals.

Jenneta Mitchell, 53 Braemar Avenue, Endike Lane, Hull, Twelve. Stamps. Jane Hambey, Portland House. Whitchurch, Rosson-Wye, Herefordshire. Thirteen. Reading, sport. Maria Plaza, 60 Lime Street, Newport, Mon. Twenty-one. Films, music. Roger Gales, La Moye Cottages, Vale, Guernsey, C.I. Ten. Films, swimming. Phillis Driver, 46 Victoria Avenue, Blackley, Manchester, 9. Eleven. Cycling. Dorothy Ord, 160 Split Crow Road, Deckham Estate, Gateshead, Co. Durham. Sixteen. Film stars, dancing.

Joan Harper, 1 Darlington Street, Tyldesley, Manchester. Fourteen. Reading, films. Pauline Longstreth, "Kingston Cottage", Slimbrodge, Glos. Twelve. Hockey, netball. Maureen Burke, 19 Barton Lane, Eccles, Manchester, Lancs. Thirteen. Netball, films. Pat Mullen, 173 Shortheath Road, Erdington, Birmingham. Fourteen. Cycling.

AT THE ZOO

## Wily Willie









Made by MARS

#### $\star$ $\star$ $\star$ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS $\star$



GREGORY PECK (Warner Bros.)



LUCILLE BARKLEY (Universal-International)



WAYNE MORRIS (United Artists)



BARBARA PAYTON (Universal-International)

# DON

Having rescued Alphar, the Emperor of Mars, from his enemies, Don Deeds and his friends attack the palace to capture Zorn, the traitor. Hoo Sung's iron men batter down the massive doors.





























What are these strange flying machines? What will happen now? More thrills next week!