

POOCHIE

ME BERRY C-COLD, B-12-R. C-CHATTER. M-ME FROM VERY HOT C-COUNTRY. C-CAN'T GET W-WARM B-2-R. UGH!

IDEA!

COME WITH ME, YOU POOR LITTLE FELLOW

THERE! YOU CAN HAVE A NICE WARM SNOOZE NOW. THE SQUIZE WOULDN'T MIND!

THE SQUIRE'S KITCHEN

THE SQUIRE'S STOVE

BERRY NICE BERRY WARM-WARMER THAN WOOLLI-UNDIZ- WHERE I COMES FROM

HELLO POOCHIE! FANCY SEEING YOU! I'M ALL ALONE TODAY- DO HAVE LUNCH WITH ME! I EXPECT COOK HAS LEFT ME SOMETHING IN THE OVEN!

WELL, THIS WAS IN THE OVEN, POOCHIE LOOKS LIKE BLACK PUDDINGS TO ME!

LASHINGS OF SAUCE AND THINGS ON THE OLD BLACK PUD, I ALWAYS SAY

NOW POOCHIE! WHAT'S YOURS? - A LEG?

ME WANT LEG- BERRY USEFUL

LEMME SEE. IT CAN'T BE A BLACK PUD, 'COS THEY DON'T HAVE LEGS! BLACK TRIPE? NO! NO FEATHERS ON TRIPE. I GIVE UP

HI! LET ME EXPLAIN!

HE COMES FROM WOOLLI-UNDIZ WHERE IT'S VERY HOT, AND-

WOOLLI-UNDIZ? HOW LUCKY! I'M GOING BIG GAME HUNTING THERE- AND I NEED A GUIDE!

HE'S HIRED

HERE'S WHAT I BROUGHT HOME FROM MY LAST BIG GAME HUNT, POOCHIE. YOU CAN HAVE IT AS A REWARD!

GUIDE

SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

SAY, SHORTY, WILL YOU FIX THOSE LOOSE PLANKS IN HANK'S FENCE? HIS CATTLE MIGHT GET OUT WHILE HE'S AWAY

SURE WILL, SHERIFF!

HANK'S A GOOD GUY- AH! THERE ARE THE LOOSE PLANKS

HANK'S PLACE

THAT'S FIXED 'EM

SNORT!

WOW! OOH! I CAN'T GET OUT!

OUCH!

TOSS

GOSH! MY BULL'S TOSSED SHORTY!

SOME CHUMP NAILED UP THE ESCAPE HOLE, SHORTY!



Paying Out Coker!

THAT beast Coker—
Smack!
"Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter certainly would not have expressed his opinion of Coker of the Fifth quite so freely had he been aware that Horace Coker was almost at his fat elbow.

Bunter was standing in the doorway of the school shop when Coker of the Fifth came along. When Billy Bunter was standing in a doorway it did not leave a lot of room for any other fellow to pass. Coker shoved him out of the way unceremoniously, his sleeve brushing off Bunter's spectacles as he passed.

Coker went into the tuckshop leaving Billy Bunter blinking round like an excited owl for his spectacles. Bob Cherry ran up and fielded them for him. And as Bob picked them up, Bunter delivered himself of his opinion of Coker of the Fifth—just as the big and furry Fifth-former came out of the shop!

Coker smacked his head.
"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter, rubbing the fattest head at Greyfriars with the fattest hands. "Ow! Wow! Woohoo!"

"Here's your specs, old fat man," said Bob.
"Yow-ow-ow! I ain't going to have my head punched!" roared Bunter. "I'd jolly well go after that beast Coker and—knock him spinning, if—if—if I could, you know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You can cackle!" howled Bunter indignantly. "Punching a fellow's head like that—"

"Coker didn't punch it, old fat man—only a smack!" said Harry Wharton soothingly.

"And there's nothing in it to damage, is there?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yow-ow-ow! Might have blacked my eye—I say, you fellows, is my eye going black?"

"Of course it isn't, fathead," said Frank Nugent. "Don't pile it on."

"Yow-ow-ow! I'll jolly well pay him out for punching my head!" Bunter seemed determined to make that smack a punch. "Punching a fellow's head after knocking his specs off! Gimme my specs! Wow! I'm going to bathe my eye—I shouldn't wonder if it goes black—"

"Rot!" said Harry Wharton and Co. all together.

"Beasts!" retorted Bunter.

And the fat Owl of the Remove rolled away spluttering wrath. Bunter, at the moment, would have been glad if his eye had gone black, which would certainly have led to very unpleasant consequences for Coker.

Billy Bunter, as he bathed that eye and blinked into the mirror, actually hoped to see it assuming a darker shade! And when it showed absolutely no sign of doing anything of the kind, one of Billy Bunter's very brightest ideas germinated in his fat brain.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Bunter—"

"What the dickens—"

"Great pip!"

The bell had run for third school. The Remove had gathered at the door of their form room, for Mr. Quelch to come along and let them in. Billy Bunter was the last to arrive. And his arrival caused exclamations of surprise for every other fellow in the form.

Bunter did not present his usual aspect! His look was unusual, startling—indeed, almost unnerving!

Black eyes were very uncommon at Greyfriars. A black eye might happen now and

BILLY BUNTER'S TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES!

A Smashing Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

then, but it was rare. A fellow with a black eye was certain to draw all other eyes. And Billy Bunter had not merely a black eye! He had two! A Greyfriars' fellow with one black eye was very rare, a Greyfriars' fellow with two black eyes was absolutely unknown—till now! Billy Bunter was making history!

Both his eyes under his big spectacles were black—black as soot! The Remove fellows stared at him, almost dumb-founded.

"What on earth—?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Fallen downstairs?" asked Squiff.

"I say, you fellows, are my eyes very black?" asked Bunter, blinking at the Remove fellows with a blackened blink.

"Think Quelch will notice?"

"Unless he's gone blind," grinned Bob Cherry. "But how did it happen?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! You saw Coker punch my head in break—" squeaked Bunter. "You jolly well know how it happened."

"Oh, my hat! But he only smacked your head—"

"He jolly well punched it—"

"Rotten trick, smacking a fellow's head," said Vernon-Smith. "This will mean a fearful row for Coker if he did it."

"A lot of fellows saw him," squeaked Bunter. "Knocked my specs off and then punched my head—"

"Here comes Quelch!"

The Remove master came rustling up the corridor. He glanced over the waiting form as he unlocked the door. Then he was seen to give quite a jump as his eyes fell on Bunter. It seemed, for a moment, as if Quelch's gimlet-eyes would pop out of his face.

"Bunter!" he ejaculated. "What—what—what—Bunter, your eyes are blackened—both your eyes—have you had an accident?"

"Oh, no, sir! A fellow punched me—I'd rather not mention who it was, sir—I-I don't want to give Coker away—"

"Coker! A Fifth form boy! I must inquire into this!" said Mr. Quelch, his face, always a little grim, assuming its grimmest aspect.

The Remove went into their form room and took their places. Every fellow was looking serious. Whether Coker of the Fifth had given Bunter a smack, or a punch, the awful result leaped to all eyes, and there was no doubt that Horace Coker was booked for bad trouble.

"Now, Bunter, tell me precisely what occurred!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Coker pushed me, sir, and my glasses fell off—and he smacked—I mean he punched my head—lots of fellows saw him—Wharton was there—"

"You saw this, Wharton?"

"I saw Coker smack Bunter's head, sir. I can't understand how it blacked his eyes—it was a smack—"

"You can see that Bunter's eyes are blackened, Wharton, I presume?"

"Oh! Yes, sir! I-I suppose—"

"That will do! Wharton, I shall leave you in charge of the form for a few minutes. Bunter, you will follow me at once to the Fifth-form room and I shall report the matter to Mr. Prout."

Mr. Quelch strode from the form room. Billy Bunter rolled after him. He grinned as he rolled. Some of the fellows were surprised to see him grin, a fellow with two black eyes was not expected to feel in a mood for grinning! But Billy Bunter was grinning, a wide grin, no doubt in anticipation of what was going to happen to Horace Coker of the Fifth form.

"BLESS my soul!" said Mr. Prout. The master of the Fifth stared. All the Fifth form stared. They were just settling down to third school when Quelch interrupted. Quelch rustled in, followed by Bunter—and every eye in the Fifth-form room fixed on Billy Bunter's black eyes.

"Mr. Prout!" Quelch's voice rapped like a postman's knock. "You see this boy—Bunter, of my form—"

"Really, Mr. Quelch, I fail to see why you have brought this boy of your form

to my form room," said Mr. Prout, "and in that disgraceful state—the boy's eyes are blacked, sir—"

"By a boy of your form, sir!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "That disgraceful state, as you are pleased to term it, was caused by a blow struck by a Fifth-form boy, sir."

Prout almost jumped. There was a buzz in the Fifth.

"Impossible, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"No boy in my form would—"

"The boy, sir, was Coker! There are witnesses to his action. It is for you to deal with him, sir, for what he has done. Had this boy been wearing his glasses at the time the result might have been extremely serious. It is sufficiently serious, sir, as it is."

"Bless my soul!" repeated Prout. His glance swept round over his form. "Coker! Stand up, Coker."

Coker of the Fifth stood up. His rugged face was a picture of amazement. If Coker of the Fifth had blacked Bunter's eyes he certainly was utterly unaware of what he had done.

"Did you do this, Coker?" thundered Mr. Prout.

"I, sir?" gasped Coker, quite dazed.

"No, sir! Certainly not. Think I'd hit a fag and black his eyes, sir? Nothing of the kind."

"Did you touch Bunter at all, Coker?"

"I smacked his head, sir," admitted Coker. "He was cheeky, sir, and I smacked his head."

"You smacked his head!" repeated Mr. Prout. "Were Bunter's eyes blackened before you smacked his head, as you term it, Coker?"

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"N-n-no, sir!" stammered Coker.

"Then it was the smack, as you are pleased to call it, that blackened his eyes!" boomed Prout.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Coker.

He gazed at Bunter in horror. Coker had a short way with fags and he had a heavy hand. But not for worlds would he willingly have done damage like that. Apparently he had smacked not wisely but too well! Bunter, certainly, had had no black eyes before the smack. Now he had two! The hapless Horace could only conclude that his smack had been much more hefty than he had intended it to be.

"Mr. Quelch," said Prout, "I regret this—I regret extremely that a boy of my form should have acted in this—this ruffianly manner. You may rely upon it, sir, that Coker will be adequately punished for his act. I shall take him to his headmaster after this lesson and Dr. Locke will deal with him. Coker, you will receive a flogging for this action."

"But—I—" gasped Coker. "But—I-I—"

"Silence! I trust you are satisfied, Mr. Quelch?"

"Quite, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "Come, Bunter."

And Mr. Quelch rustled out of the Fifth-form room, frowning, with Billy Bunter at his heels, grinning. Coker collapsed into his seat. He was going to be flogged—just for smacking a fag's head—as if a fag's head mattered! But two black eyes certainly did matter, they mattered very much indeed. How that smack could have blacked Bunter's eyes was a mystery to Coker, but apparently it had! Anyhow, Coker was up for a flogging—and Billy Bunter's grin was wider than ever as he rolled after his form master.

"FOLLOW me to the matron's room, Bunter."

"Eh?"

"Mrs. Kebble will do whatever can be

done for your eyes, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch kindly. "Follow me at once."

Billy Bunter stood stock still.

The grin faded from his fat face. A look of consternation replaced it. He blinked after Mr. Quelch, with his blackened eyes, in deep alarm.

"Oh, lor!" breathed Bunter.

Mr. Quelch glanced round. Bunter was not following him. He seemed unable to drag himself in the direction of the matron's room.

"Bunter! Follow me at once."

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

"What?"

"If you pip-pip-please, I-I-I'd rather not go to the matron, sir," gasped Bunter.

"I-I don't want anything done for mummy-my eyes, sir—"

"What? Nonsense!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Are not your eyes hurting you, Bunter?"

"Oh! Yes, sir, fearfully—I-I-I mean, no, sir, not—not at all!" stammered Bunter.

"I-I can bear it, sir! I-I-I'd rather not go to Mrs. Kebble, sir—"

"You will come to Mrs. Kebble at once, Bunter. She will bathe your eyes—"

"Bib-bub-bathe them, sir!" articulated Bunter.

"Yes, and apply whatever remedies are possible. Come." And as Billy Bunter seemed to be still rooted to the floor, Mr. Quelch dropped a hand on a fat shoulder and marched him off, willy-nilly, to the matron's room.

Bunter's fat knees knocked together as he almost tottered into that apartment. Any other fellow with two black eyes would have been glad of the matron's kindly ministrations. Bunter, evidently, dreaded them. But there was no escape for Bunter. Quelch was a dutiful form master.

Bunter, at the moment, would have been better satisfied with one much less dutiful. But Quelch was going to have everything possible done for those black eyes.

"Mrs. Kebble! You see the state of this boy's eyes—"

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Kebble, her own eyes popping at Bunter's.

"Poor boy—!"

"Whatever you can do for him, Mrs. Kebble—"

"Certainly, sir! Come here, you poor boy! Take off your glasses—"

"Oh, crikey! I-I-I mean, I-I-I'd rather not have my eyes bathed, ma'am—I-I-I'd much rather not—"

"You may be silent, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch sharply. "Such a disfigurement must receive immediate attention. You should have come to Mrs. Kebble at once."

"Oh, lor!"

"I shall not hurt you, you poor boy," said Mrs. Kebble. "Bend your face over the basin—so! And now—"

There was no help for Bunter. With a kindly hand Mrs. Kebble bathed those black eyes with a soft sponge in a basin of warm water. Mr. Quelch looked on sympathetically. But the sympathy suddenly died out of his face. To his utter amazement and the matron's, the warm water in the basin was tinged with black!

"Goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Kebble faintly.

"What—what—what—! stuttered Mr. Quelch.

He gazed at Billy Bunter's wet face like a man in a dream! The two black eyes had disappeared! They had been washed off! Streaks of sooty water ran down Bunter's fat cheeks—all the black that remained of his black eyes!

For a long moment Mr. Quelch stood transfixed. Then he grasped it.

"Bunter!" Quelch almost roared. "What does this mean? Your eyes were not black—it is a trick—you had rubbed them with soot to give the appearance of blackened eyes—Bunter, how dare you play such a trick?"

"Oh, crikey!"

"Explain yourself, Bunter!"

"Oh, lor! That—that beast Coker smacked my head, and I-I—couldn't smack his head back, so I-I—I—"

"Upon my word! You utterly unscrupulous boy. Mrs. Kebble, I am sorry that I have wasted your time. Bunter, follow me."

COKER of the Fifth was not, after all, reported to his head master for a flogging. It was quite awkward and painful for Mr. Quelch to explain the matter to Mr. Prout, but he had to. But it was still more awkward and painful for Billy Bunter. That deep and astute scheme for "paying Coker out" did not result in a flogging for Coker. Six of the very best, well and truly laid on by Mr. Quelch's cane, was the result of Billy Bunter's Black Eyes.

Don't miss the fun next week with Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars.



A Queer Caller

JIMMY WATSON, his sister June and Tutty the cat, had been out for a walk. Dusk was falling as they returned along a lonely country road and it was beginning to rain.

"Just look at that poor donkey over there!" cried June, halting at the gate of a field and pointing towards a miserable-looking donkey standing close in against the hedge. "I think it's a shame the way that horrid Farmer Snatch treats his animals."

"So do I," said Jimmy. "That poor donkey is left out day and night in all sorts of weather. So are most of Snatch's other animals, as well."

"Who exactly is this Farmer Snatch that you're talking about?" asked Tutty, the cat.

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 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 Tutty for short.

"Snatch is a man who lives in that house over yonder," said June, pointing towards a house away beyond the field. "He's got a small farm and half starves his animals. He beats them and leaves them out in all sorts of weather just like that poor donkey there."

"Is that so?" said Tutty. "Then we'll see what I can do. I'm going to have a word with that donkey there."

He raised his voice and gave a curious animal cry.

"What's that for, Tutty?" asked June, with interest.

"I've called to the donkey to come over here," explained Tutty. "Look, he's coming. And as you and Jimmy can hear and understand animal talk, you'll be able to listen to us having a chat."

It was quite true that Jimmy and June could understand animal talk. Tutty had used his magic to give them that power, and they found it very interesting indeed to hear what different animals said to each other.

"Howdo, Moke!" said Tutty cheerfully, as the donkey came to the gate. "What are you looking so down in the mouth for?"

"You'd look down in the mouth, if you had my sort of life," said the donkey. "Or the life of any of us animals on this farm have."

"Pretty bad, is it?" asked Tutty, sympathetically.

"Bad's not the word for it," groaned the donkey. "It's horrible. Look at that!"

He turned his flank, through which the ribs were nearly sticking, and Jimmy, June and Tutty saw some cruel weals on it.

"He's been hitting you, has he, this Snatch creature?" asked Tutty.

"I'll say he has," groaned the donkey. "He uses me to pull his pony trap and he gave me a proper belting only this morning because I couldn't pull him and the trap and a load of vegetables up Rackstraw Hill at a trot."

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

"Yes, I can see that," said Tutty. "Well, now, are you game for a bit of fun?"

"Fun?" repeated the donkey dismally. "I never get any fun. It's ages since I've had a good laugh."

"Well, you're going to," said Tutty. "And what is more, if you'll do what I tell you, I promise you that Snatch will never again be unkind to any of you animals."

"That's a lot to promise, Cat," said the donkey, staring at him in wonder. "You'll never cure Jacob Snatch of cruelty."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Tutty. "I'm not an ordinary cat by any means. Now you listen to me, Moke."

The donkey listened and, watching him, Jimmy and June saw a look of surprise on his face.

"You're pulling my leg, Cat!" he burst out when Tutty had finished. "You

of his alarm and he jumped to his feet.

"Drat ye, ye'll have the door down in a minute, knocking like that!" he shouted, as the thunderous knocking was resumed.

Next moment he got another fright, for a hoarse sort of voice roared from the other side of the door: "Are you in there, Snatch? If you are, you'd better open up!"

His spiteful face twisted with rage and alarm, Jacob Snatch strode across the floor and yanked open the door. As he did so his eyes nearly popped out of his head and he staggered back with a cry of terror.

For standing there at the door was his donkey. But it was a far different donkey to what it had been when he had last seen it. It was standing on its hind-legs, exactly like a human being, and it was wearing a cap, muffler, red waistcoat, jacket and a pair of trousers.

"Hah, so you're in, Snatch, are you?" said this extraordinary-looking donkey in a human voice, advancing into the kitchen and kicking the door shut behind it.

"I'm glad of that. I've been wanting to have a word with you in private for a long time now!"

"I'm—I'm dreaming!" gasped the horrified Jacob Snatch, backing away until he came up against the table.

The donkey gave a great braying sort of laugh.

"Oh, no, you're not, Snatch!" he cried. "You're not dreaming, you rascal. I'm real enough, don't you worry. Sit down!"

Jacob Snatch didn't sit down. He couldn't. For the moment he was frozen with terror!

"Sit down!" roared the donkey, and he caught Jacob Snatch a

cuff with one of his fore-hoofs which sent that terrified man staggering towards the chair into which he collapsed, limp and trembling.

"That's better," said the donkey. "Now you sit there and don't move, or I'll brain you. Great corn bins and carrots!" he cried fiercely. "I wonder I don't dot you one now!"

"Don't—don't—aw, don't hit me!" croaked the terrified Snatch, as the donkey made a threatening move towards him.

"Don't hit you!" sneered the donkey. "No, that's what you say now, you miserable coward, but the boot's on the other foot when you're hitting me."

"I—I—I'm sorry," gasped the quaking Snatch.

"No, you are not!" roared the donkey. "You're not really sorry. You're just saying you are, because you're frightened of what might happen to you. Well, something's going to happen to you, all right, don't you worry. You'll not hit me or any of the other animals after tonight, I bet!"

Still glowering at the cowering, trembling Jacob Snatch, the donkey stepped back and seated himself in a chair opposite him.

"Ah, this is better," he said. "It's nice and warm in here, Snatch. Far nicer and warmer than out in that nasty field where you leave me. Now I'm going to ask you a question, Snatch. What exactly do you think of yourself?"

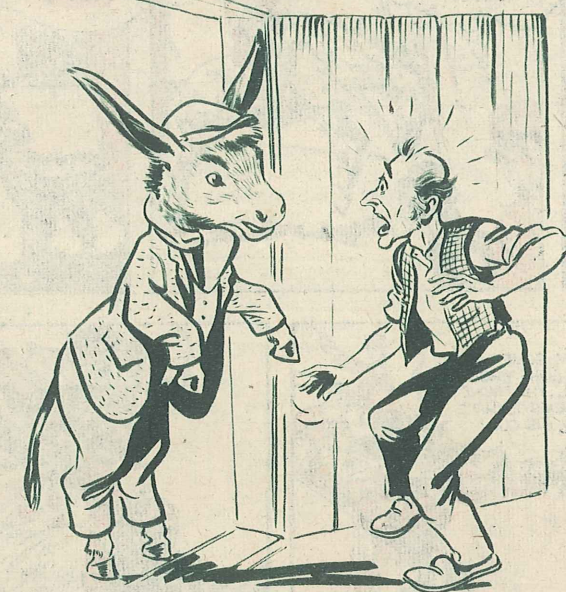
The wretched Snatch just gaped at him dumbly, too terrified to speak.

"Answer me, will you?" roared the donkey, starting up and catching him another good hard clout with his hoof. "What do you think of yourself, you miserable, sneaking wretch?"

"Not much," gasped Jacob Snatch, thinking that that answer might please his frightful visitor.

"Not much!" sneered the donkey. "No, I bet you don't, but you'll think a jolly sight less of yourself after tonight!"

He sat himself down on his chair again, stared very hard at the trembling, again,



couldn't do the things you say you can!"

"Oh, yes, I could," said Tutty. "You ask my two friends here. They can understand animal talk, although they can't talk it themselves, of course. You ask 'em!"

The donkey looked at Jimmy and June and said:

"Can this cat really do the magic things he says he can?"

Both Jimmy and June nodded their heads vigorously.

"Well, chase me round a haystack!" gasped the donkey, who used some rather curious expressions. "It seems to be true!"

"It is true!" declared Tutty. "So what about it? Are you game to do what I've told you and take the rise out of Jacob Snatch?"

"Yes, I am!" cried the donkey eagerly. "Of course, I'll do it. Stinging nettles and thistles! I'll do anything in the world to teach that two-legged rascal a lesson. You can get busy with your magic right now."

A LITTLE while later Jacob Snatch was sitting in his kitchen toasting his toes in front of the fire. He had lighted the lamp and drawn down the blind, for by this time darkness had set in and it was raining hard.

He was a scraggy, spiteful-looking man, with cunning little eyes and a cruel, thin-lipped mouth.

"Aye, it's going to be a real wet night," he muttered. "But I'm cumfy enough in here."

Oh, yes, he was comfy enough, and he hadn't a thought for his poor animals out in the fields without any shelter.

He leaned forward in his chair and poked the fire. He had just replaced the poker when, without warning, there came a deafening, thunderous knocking at the door, which opened straight from the yard into the kitchen.

"Now who can that be?" gasped Jacob Snatch.

Next moment his temper got the better

then said: "Now you listen to me, Snatch, because I'm here on behalf of every bird and animal on your farm. We're sick to death of you and your ways—starving us and beating us—and we're not going to have any more of it. Do you understand that?" he roared.

"Yes—yes—oh, yes!" gasped the terrified man, cowering away in his chair.

"If we have any more of it," went on the donkey, "we'll not only come in here and kick your furniture to splinters for you, but the hens will refuse to lay, the cows won't give any milk and the bull will gore you!" he bawled.

"Nunno—no—I'll never be unkind to any of ye again!" gasped the terrified man. "I—I promise!"

"Your promises break easier than carrots," sneered the donkey. "Now raise your hand and repeat this solemn oath after me. Raise your hand!" he roared.

Jacob Snatch raised a dirty, trembling hand and repeated these words after the donkey:

"I, Jacob Snatch, the meanest, cruellest wretch that ever was, do hereby solemnly swear that from now on I will change my wicked ways and will never again starve, beat, or be unkind to any bird or animal."

"Good!" said the donkey when he had finished. "And if ever you dare to break that solemn promise in even the tiniest way, then you know what will happen to you. Now get up out of that chair!"

"What are you goin' to do to me?" cried Jacob Snatch, his voice trembling with terror.

"You're coming for a walk with me!" roared the donkey, starting up again and catching him another most painful clout. "Get out of that chair before I kick you out!"

The terrified man got himself out of the chair and the donkey said: "That's better. Now come with me. And if you try to run away or anything I'll be after you like a shot and I'll kick you till you howl for mercy and are black and blue all over."

"But—but where are we going?" cried Jacob Snatch.

"We're going to the field I was in," said the donkey, grinning nastily. "And you're going to stay there all night, like I've done hundreds of times, and we'll see how you like that. No, you don't want your coat and you don't want your hat and you don't want your boots, either!" he roared.

The donkey looked so fierce with its bared teeth that, nearly fainting with fright, Jacob Snatch went off with him to the field, and by that time it was raining so hard that the wretched man's teeth were chattering with cold and he was soaked to the skin before he had gone fifty yards.

He didn't see Jimmy and June following behind in the darkness. They weren't worrying about the rain, because they had their coats on. And Tutty wasn't worrying about it either, because he was comfortably snuggled up inside June's coat.

"Now then, Snatch," said the donkey, when he and the shivering, terrified man had reached the field, "you are going to stay out here all night and see how you like it. I'll be around watching you and if you try to run away or get under shelter anywhere then look out for trouble!"

"But I'll—I'll catch me death of cold!" almost sobbed Jacob Snatch.

"And that will worry me a fat lot, I must say," sneered the donkey. "You never worried about me catching my death of cold, and if you happen to catch yours, then we'll all give three very hearty, rousing cheers. Now stay here and don't you dare move!"

Leaving the quaking, shivering Snatch standing by himself in the middle of the field, the donkey moved away into the darkness and joined Jimmy, June and Tutty.

"Well, that's fixed him, I think," he chuckled. "He'll be a different man after tonight, thanks to you, Tutty."

And Jacob Snatch was. After his strange visit from the donkey and his night spent out in the rain and darkness, he was a changed man and he was so kind and thoughtful to all his birds and animals that folks just couldn't believe it at first.

But one thing Jacob Snatch never discovered, and that was how the donkey had been able to speak to him in a human voice and how it had come to be wearing clothes.

For it never spoke to him again in a human voice, and he never saw it dressed up again. Not that that made any difference. He had got such a fright that from then onwards he treated the donkey in such a respectful manner that quite a lot of folks thought he was clean barny.

Don't miss the thrills and fun with Jimmy, June and Tutty in next week's COMET.



RUSTY RILEY



Dr. Penny

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 and dyed black. Alamo tells Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles's trainer, that Charley has a new act with the wild horse and a dog. When at the carnival, trying to get a closer look at Charley's dog, Rusty gets a job as a clown.



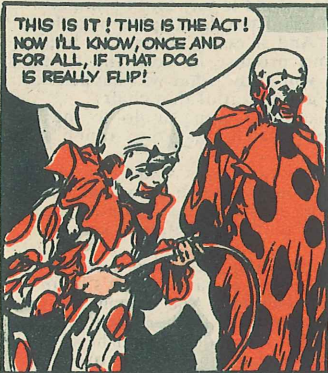
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE... YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE PREMIERE PERFORMANCE OF THE SENSATIONAL NEW CANINE STAR, "INKY, THE WONDER DOG!"



THIS MUST BE THE WILD HORSE ACT NOW, TEX! I HAVEN'T BEEN TO ANYBODY IN A CLOWN GET-UP!



HAPPY NEW YEAR, BO GOING TO TURN OVER

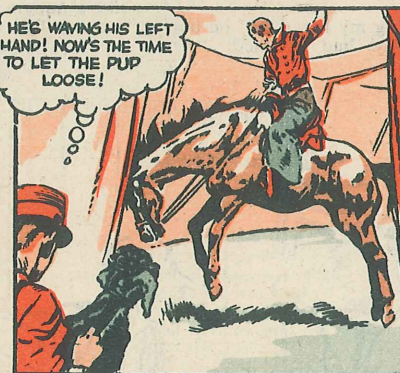


THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE ACT! NOW I'LL KNOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL, IF THAT DOG IS REALLY FLIP!



NOW, I'M GOIN' TO MAKE SATAN BUCK LIKE A WILD HORSE THAT WON'T BE BUSTED... THEN, WHEN I WAVE MY LEFT HAND, LET THE DOG LOOSE... GET IT?

I GET IT, CHARLEY.



HE'S WAVING HIS LEFT HAND! NOW'S THE TIME TO LET THE PUP LOOSE!



BUT RUSTY SEES THE DOG! HERE, FLIP!



YOU'VE GOT TO? WH



WHAT IN THUNDER HAS GOT INTO THAT DOG?... DURNED IF HE AIN'T GOIN' BACK!



HM-M-SOMETHING MUST'VE GONE WRONG WITH THIS ACT!... THE "WONDER DOG" SEEMS TO HAVE MISSED HIS CUE!



FLIP! OH, FLIP! I KNEW IT WAS YOU—I'D HAVE KNOWN YOU IF THEY'D PAINTED YOU GREEN!



HM—HAVE YOU A R



COME ON, FLIP! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! --QUICK!



WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, TEX?

STAY HERE, PATTY... I GOT A HUNCH I MIGHT BE NEEDED OUTSIDE!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET THE DOG LOOSE?... YOU MADE A MESS OF MY ACT!

I DID LET HIM LOOSE, BUT HE RAN RIGHT TO THAT LITTLE CLOWN!

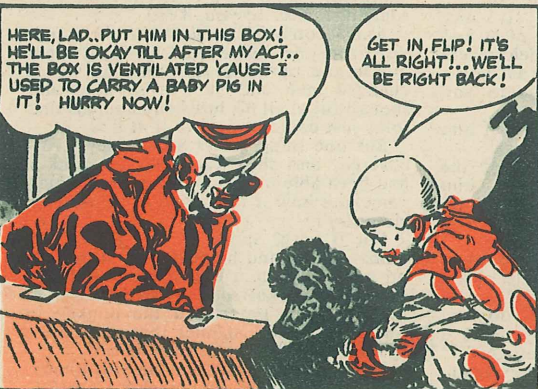


HEY, THERE, LAD! WHERE YOU GOING? IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO ON! WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT DOG?

PLEASE, MISTER... HE'S MY DOG! PLEASE HELP ME HIDE HIM, PLEASE!



TCH—I SAID RESOLU



HERE, LAD... PUT HIM IN THIS BOX! HE'LL BE OKAY TILL AFTER MY ACT... THE BOX IS VENTILATED 'CAUSE I USED TO CARRY A BABY PIG IN IT! HURRY NOW!

GET IN, FLIP! IT'S ALL RIGHT!... WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



THERE HE IS, CHARLEY! THE DOG RAN TO THAT LITTLE CLOWN!... THE ONE WITH THE HOOP!

BY CRACKY! THAT LITTLE CLOWN IS A KID!



LEMME GET MY HANDS ON THAT KID! I'LL TEACH HIM TO SPOIL AN ACT OF MINE!



BUT TEX BARS THE WAY--

IN A BIT OF A HURRY, AIN'T YOU, COWPOKE? WAS YOU GOIN' SOMEPLACE?



--AND TOP



--SO THAT I CAN

VS-I HOPE YOU ARE
A NEW LEAF, BIRD?
WE GOT TO, SIR-



Y IS THAT?
HE OLD LEAF'S GOT
A BLOT ON IT, SIR!



OLUTION, DIMM?

LIKE THE ONE
THEY HAD IN
RUSSIA, SIR?



ION, NOT REVOLUTION!

ES, SIR-I'VE
SOLVED TO
RK HARDER-



GET UP TO THE
OF THE CLASS-



SIT NEARER
THE FIRE!



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. They sleep that night in a queer ruined house in a forest. During the night their horses are stolen and they follow the trail down a strange, underground tunnel.

DOES THIS TUNNEL
NEVER END? THERE MUST
BE MILES OF IT!

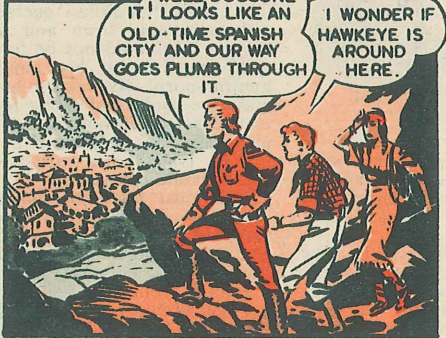


SOME TIME LATER.

YIPPEE! THERE'S THE
END OF IT! WE'RE
NEARLY THROUGH!



DAWN IS BREAKING AS THEY EMERGE FROM
THE TUNNEL.



WELL DOGGONE
IT! LOOKS LIKE AN
OLD-TIME SPANISH
CITY AND OUR WAY
GOES PLUMB THROUGH
IT.

I WONDER IF
HAWKEYE IS
AROUND
HERE.

SUDDENLY
FROM BEHIND
THE ROCKS,
MEN DASH
OUT UPON
KIT AND HIS
FRIENDS-
STRANGE MEN,
IN THE
GLEAMING
ARMOUR
AND HELMETS
OF A
BYGONE AGE-
SURROUNDING
THEM.



GOSH! WHO ARE
THESE GUYS?

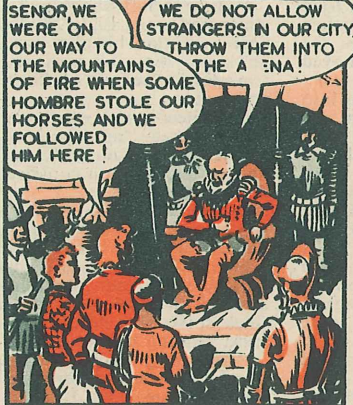
PARK THE GUN, JOHNNY.
WE CAN'T FIGHT THIS
LOT.

KIT AND HIS CHUMS HAVE NO CHANCE TO RESIST.
THEY ARE MARCHED DOWN INTO THE STRANGE VALLEY

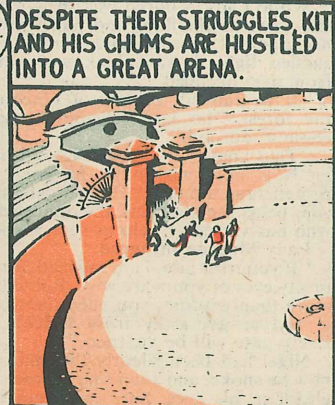


SPANIARDS CONQUERED ALL THIS LAND HUNDREDS
OF YEARS AGO. THIS BUNCH MUST BE THEIR
DESCENDANTS, TRAPPED IN THIS VALLEY AND
LIVING HERE EVER SINCE.

OUR COMMANDER
WILL DEAL WITH
YOU!



SENOR, WE
WERE ON
OUR WAY TO
THE MOUNTAINS
OF FIRE WHEN SOME
HOMBRE STOLE OUR
HORSES AND WE
FOLLOWED
HIM HERE!

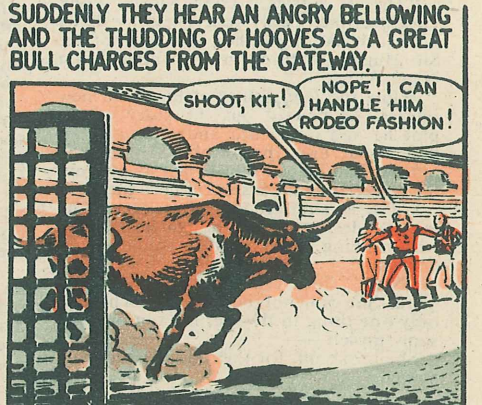


DESPITE THEIR STRUGGLES KIT
AND HIS CHUMS ARE HUSTLED
INTO A GREAT ARENA.



LOOK KIT!
THE GATES ARE
OPENING! WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN?

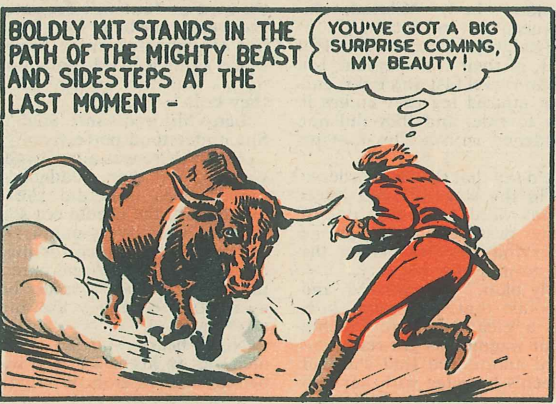
MY GUESS
IS CATTLE!



SUDDENLY THEY HEAR AN ANGRY BELLOWING
AND THE THUDDING OF HOEVES AS A GREAT
BULL CHARGES FROM THE GATEWAY.

SHOOT, KIT!

NOPE! I CAN
HANDLE HIM
RODEO FASHION!

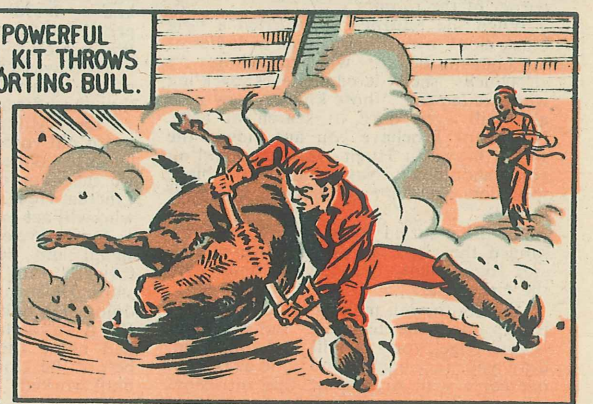


BOLDLY KIT STANDS IN THE
PATH OF THE MIGHTY BEAST
AND SIDESTEPS AT THE
LAST MOMENT -

YOU'VE GOT A BIG
SURPRISE COMING,
MY BEAUTY!



WITH A POWERFUL
WRENCH, KIT THROWS
THE SNORTING BULL.



QUICK! THAT ROPE,
WHITE DOVE!

HERE YOU ARE,
KIT!

SWIFTLY KIT TIES THE BULL'S FORELEGS
WITH THE LARIAT.



THAT'S FINISHED YOUR
TRICKS! YOU WON'T GET UP
AGAIN IN A HURRY!

HAVING
CONQUERED
THE
WILD
BULL,
KIT
MARCHES
BOLDLY
ACROSS
THE
ARENA
WITH
JOHNNY
AND
WHITE
DOVE.



SO MUCH FOR YOUR BULL
SENOR! NOW WE DEMAND
RELEASE! HOLD US AT
YOUR PERIL!

Two Old Ladies!

THE king has gone to Dale Castle!" Young Sir Nigel Wayne was horrified when he heard the news. He knew all too well that Sir Roger Moxton, the Black Knight, was plotting to lure the king to Dale and kill him. Nigel, the son of a favourite knight of King Richard's, was the bait the plotters planned to use to get the king into their trap. But Nigel had found out about the scheme and, after many adventures, had reached Lincoln in search of His Majesty.

And now he was too late. The king was at that very moment on his way to Dale Castle, and Nigel, with his brave comrade, Joan, a woodcutter's niece, had only just managed to escape from the dungeon in which they had been clapped. They could hear the guards and men-at-arms still searching for them.

Nigel looked at the woman into whose room they had bolted to dodge their enemies. She was staring at them, for they had changed their clothes as part of their escape and the young knight was wearing bedraggled skirts—the girl a sodden doublet and hose.

"What means this—?" the woman began, but a voice sounded outside.

"They cannot have gone far," it roared. "Search every apartment!"

Nigel decided that there was only one thing to do. This woman had a kind, proud face and looking at her rich dress he guessed that she must be one of the queen's ladies and no newcomer to the royal household.

"Good lady," he said quickly, "you speak of the king's favourite knight, Sir Hugh Wayne—perchance you knew him?"

"Indeed yes," was the reply. "A gallant knight, killed on the way back from the Holy Land. 'Tis his son that His Majesty goes to Dale Castle to visit, for they say that the poor boy lies ill—"

"That is a trick," cried Nigel. "Look closely at me, I pray you. They say that I am much like my father. Do you not see Sir Hugh's features in my face? I am Nigel Wayne!"

While the lady stared at him with new interest he poured out the story of the plot he had overheard and the way that first Joan, and then Robin Hood, the outlaw, had helped him to get away from Sir Roger and take his warning to the king. "Tis a strange tale, but true," he insisted desperately, although he realised with sinking heart that it sounded unbelievable.

"Nigel," Joan cried suddenly, "it is no good. She will not believe you. There is only one thing to do—let me run out and show myself—"

She broke off, for the old lady suddenly moved.

"Bravely spoken, child, but unnecessary," she declared briskly as she ran to a corner of the room.

When she returned she carried a long black cloak with a hood, such as ladies of her high station wore when travelling.

"Quick!" she ordered, her eyes sparkling with excitement, "those knaves draw near and will even dare to search in here. Nigel—for I believe you are indeed the son of brave Sir Hugh—take the maid on your shoulders! Nay, stare not—those shoulders are wide and strong, like your father's."

As the puzzled Nigel obeyed she arranged the cloak so that it covered him and Joan, finally drawing the hood over the girl's head.

"Forsooth, you make a tall dame and a plump one," she declared, "but my cloak is vast. Nigel, you stay still, and you, maid, draw your face back in the hood as though overcome with shyness at this intrusion. 'Tis a dangerous ruse, but—"

Before she could finish speaking there was a shout from beyond the doorway. "Good Lady Mildred, we seek two escaped prisoners, and fain must search

YOUNG SIR NIGEL

Grand Story of Thrilling Adventures with Robin Hood!

BY REX HARDINGE



your apartment!" announced the captain of the guard.

"Search my apartment?—how dare you, sir!" protested Lady Mildred, with a last quick look at the tall black-draped figure standing in the darkest corner of the apartment.

But the captain pushed the curtain aside and came striding in.

"Your pardon, ladies," he said, bowing stiffly, "but these fugitives are dangerous ruffians—a boy and a maid, but in league with that scoundrel Robin Hood. We were helping them to trap him, but they are as slippery as eels. We must search everywhere."

Nigel heard several men come into the room, and the clatter they made as they searched every possible hiding place, pursued all the time by shrill protests from Lady Mildred.

"This is an outrage!" she stormed. "The good Lady Matilda and I will assuredly see that it comes to the notice of the king."

And then Nigel nearly dropped Joan, he was so surprised, for a cracked, squeaky old voice added its protests to Lady Mildred's—and he realised that it was Joan speaking. With her usual courage, she was playing her part perfectly.

"My troth, yes—His Majesty shall hear of this," she fumed. "And you, my man, will hang by the ears for an impudent knave. Never did I imagine that the privacy of two ladies could be disturbed in this fashion—"

There was a moment's silence and Nigel's nerves became even tenser, for he guessed that the officer was suspicious.

"Lady Mildred," cried Joan, still in that weird old voice, "come—enough of this—let us leave these men to their search while we take our complaint to the Sheriff of Lincoln. He is well known to me and is one who will act instantly!"

A pressure of Joan's knee gave Nigel his signal and he began to move blindly forward with two or three quick little steps. He realised the risk of what he was doing. He might blunder into something. But it was a chance he had to take, and he had noted the position of the doorway before the cloak enveloped him. But the bluff worked!

The captain growled abruptly: "Enough! Good ladies, pray forgive me, but my duty had to be performed. I shall trouble you no more. I am satisfied that the prisoners are not here."

Anxiously Nigel stood very still, listening to the noise the men made as they left the room. Then, suddenly, he realised that a new sound was Lady Mildred laughing.

"Indeed and you are well served by your comrade, young Sir Nigel," she chuckled. "Maid Joan, you would have deceived even me had I not known the truth. And now those varlets will not dare return, so let us plan how to get you to the king."

While Lady Mildred was speaking Joan slid down to the floor and Nigel stretched his cramped muscles and blinked in the sudden light as the cloak was removed from over his head.

"If we can but get out of Lincoln into the forest," he said, "Robin Hood will come to our aid."

"That knave—"

"Nay, he is no knave, ma'am," interrupted Joan stoutly. "He is a gallant man who helps the poor and the oppressed and who has vowed to help us save the king."

Lady Mildred shrugged. "If you trust him, I am satisfied, for those pretty eyes of yours are wise. But you need more than wisdom, you need the wings of a bird to get away from Lincoln now. Every gate will be guarded."

Nigel had been silently thoughtful, but now he spoke, and Joan's hopes rose at the gleam in his eyes. She was beginning to know that look.

"Tell me, good Lady Mildred," he asked, "is the queen still in Lincoln?"

"Nay, young knight, she travels with His Majesty. Only I, of their train remain, for the king wishes to travel fast and light, and I, alas, have an injured leg that makes it difficult for me to ride, and they did not wish to be burdened with a slow-moving wagon."

"But you could say that they had ordered you to follow in the wagon," said Nigel eagerly. "Nobody would dare stop one of the queen's ladies passing out through the gate if she says that she travels on the queen's affairs, to join Her Majesty."

"'Tis a goodly plan," she declared, and set to work so fast that, in a very short time there was a great bustle in Lincoln Castle as a stout wagon was got ready. Lady Mildred announced that she had to take the queen's baggage with her and she managed to smuggle Nigel and Joan down with the many bundles and boxes and hide them under the seat where they were concealed by her voluminous skirts. Again there was an anxious moment as

the wagon lumbered to the gate, but Lady Mildred's shrill voice would brook no interference, and the heavy horses went plodding on along the road that led into the woods.

Nigel began to breathe freely again, but Lady Mildred reached down, as though seeking something she had dropped, and managed to whisper to him.

"I fear the enemy suspect me," she said. "Listen—do you hear the noise of armed men on the march? A guard of twenty men has been sent with me. They march with pikes levelled on each side of the wagon. You will not be able to get away unseen and will be caught. You had better stay there until we reach Dale Castle."

But Nigel felt that he could not risk that. He suspected that Sir Roger Moxton would have all approaches to Dale guarded and would not let this wagon through without being searched.

Only Robin Hood could help them now.

For a moment he fumbled for the little hunting-horn that he now wore at his belt since he had changed back into his own clothes. If he blew a call Robin would come seeking him. But he realised grimly that even if the outlaw guessed where the call had come from and attacked the wagon, that could not be for some time!

So Nigel took his hand from the hunting-horn. There must be some other move he could make! He felt Joan, still and tense beside him, and knew that she also was seeking a plan.

"Oh, Nigel," she whispered in his ear, "if we could but get out of sight of these guards—just for long enough to spring into the woods! The undergrowth would soon hide us. We both run fast and I know the way of the woods. If we had but one precious moment away from these men marching around us—"

Nigel tweaked at Lady Mildred's skirt. As usual Joan had inspired him—given him the idea he sought.

"There is only one thing to be done," he whispered when Lady Mildred bent down again, and now his plan was complete, for he knew that, to pass the time while travelling she was working at her embroidery.

"The needle with which you are sewing," he whispered, "and the stick upon which you lean when you walk, because of your injured leg, can you contrive to pass both down to me?"

Puzzled but calm, Lady Mildred obeyed, sliding the long needle and the stick down under the seat where Nigel had already explained his plan to Joan. Swiftly the girl unravelled threads from her bedraggled dress, with which she fastened the long thick spike of a needle to the end of the stick, binding it firmly.

"And now, Lady Mildred," whispered Nigel, "do you wait until we are at such a distance from a bend in the road that, if the horses should run off with the wagon the men on foot will not catch up until we are around the bend for a few moments and out of sight—when we are at such a distance from a bend, goad the hindmost horses with this needle—jab them so that they bolt—"

Lady Mildred's soft laugh cut him short. She understood perfectly.

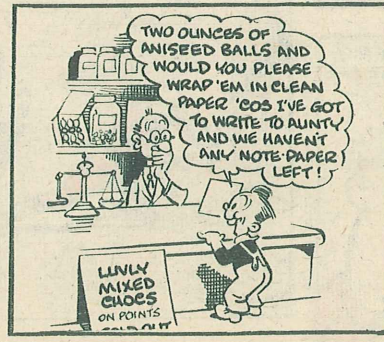
Again there was a tense moment or so of waiting, and then, suddenly, the old lady moved. Not only did she jab the two horses with the needle but she screeched at them in a terrifying manner.

This was too much for the horses. They reared up in terror and panic. With a wild plunging the two animals bolted, tearing away and dragging the lumbering cart after them.

Nigel heard startled shouts from the men, but to his relief these soon died away behind in confusion. Wildly the horses fled in panic, the heavy wagon lurching and bounding at their heels and adding to their terror.

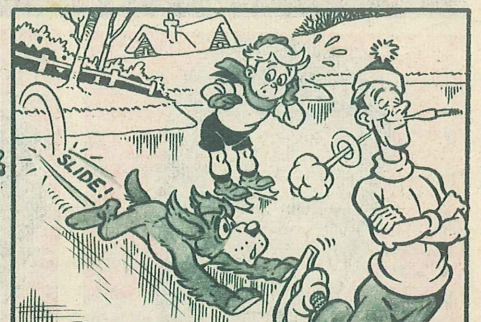
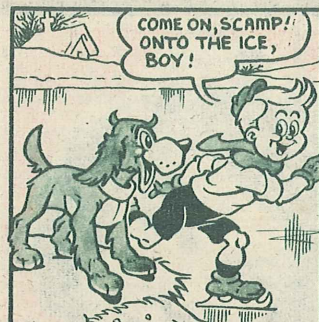
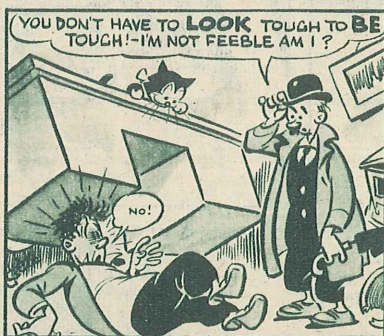
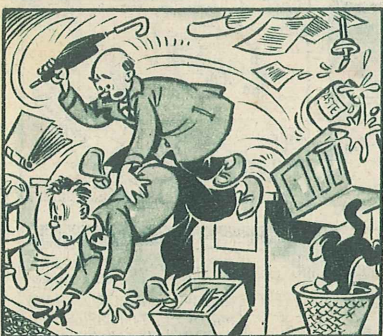
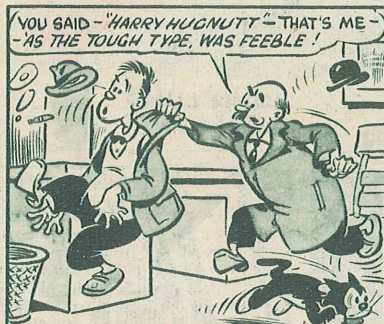
"Now!" cried Lady Mildred suddenly. (Continued on next page)

CHUCKLE CORNER



SCOOP

SCAMP



YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from previous page)

But Nigel had already pushed his head out to see for himself. He discovered how well the old lady had timed the daring attempt. The bolting horses had outpaced the men or foot and were safely around a bend. Nobody was in sight.

"Jump, young knight—and my blessing go with you!" gasped Lady Mildred.

"For the king!" echoed Nigel, hurling himself from the cart into the bushes at the side of the track. And after him went Joan.

They lay where they had fallen, well hidden in thick undergrowth and watched the armed guard run past to catch up with the wagon. Then the two of them turned and ran into the forest, Nigel unslinging his horn.

"Come hither! Come hither!" went the summons, ringing through the woods. And soon, from many sides, came answering notes. Robin Hood and his merry men were within call and were hurrying to answer the summons.

Next week, Nigel reaches the king! Don't miss the excitement!

DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

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

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL! FROM THIS LIST

- Bryan Randle, 67 Bracebridge Street, Nuneaton, Warwickshire. Nine. Film stars.
- Mavis Arundell, 24 Finch Road, Euston House, London, E.16. Thirteen. Fish keeping.
- Sheila Tilsley, 105 Rivington Crescent, Kingstanding, Birmingham, 22c. Thirteen.
- Desmond Whitehouse, 11 Union Street, Lipton. Eleven. Boxing, swimming.
- Edith Gibson, 5 Berry's Lane, Ratby, nr. Leicester. Thirteen. Films. Henry Cawthorn, 100 Cut Farm, New York, Lincoln, Lincs. Sixteen.
- Football. Muriel Goodley, Rose Cottage, Cockley Cley, Swaffham. Fourteen. Knitting.
- Ian Hinds, 3 Convention Avenue, Port-stewart, Co. Derby, N. Ireland. Twelve.
- Football, reading. Patricia Jardine, North-bank House, Kirkintilloch, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Seventeen. Swimming, art, music.
- Patricia Ryan, 27 Mount road, Gorton, Manchester 18. Fourteen. Swimming. Elizabeth Green, 2 Ried Terrace, Port Gordon, Banffshire. Thirteen. Cycling. Andrew

McFarlane, 3 Baronald Street, Rutherglen, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Twelve. Astronomy, ice-skating, rugby. John Allen, 87 Birkin Avenue, Hyson Green, Nottingham. Fourteen. Skating. Rosemary Page, 2 Evans Avenue, Watford, Herts. Thirteen. Film stars. Rodney Reeve, 26 Stratford Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. Fifteen. Music.

Bryan Campbell, 216 Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5. Sixteen. Stamps. Maureen Spencer, 69 Adkins Road, Parson Cross, Sheffield 5, Yorks. Fourteen. Films, sport. Brian Redfern, 28 Egmont Street, New Cross, London, S.E.14. Ten. Football. Susan Wood, 3 Castleway, Steyning, Sussex. Eleven. Speedway, skating. Brian Rooms, 9 Mabels Avenue, Franklin Street, Hull, Yorks. Fourteen. Cycling. Esther Dyson, 14 Sydney Street, Swinton, nr. Manchester, Lancs. Fourteen. Films, films star photos.

Pauline Irving, 6 Sunny Side, River Street, Brighouse, Yorks. Nine. Reading, films. Edna Whatnough, 3 Oak Street, Shawforth, Rochdale, Lancs. Seventeen. Films, cycling. Paul Pardoe, Mirror Studio, South Street, Lancing, Sussex. Eleven. Violin, football. Patricia Freeman, 4 Hilton Road, New Invention, Willenhall, Staffs. Eleven. Films, sport. Lynn Walker, 17 Birtwistle Road, Rudheath, Northwich, Cheshire. Thirteen. Dancing, cycling. Marjorie Haigh, 68 Victoria Road, Saltaire, Shipley, Yorks. Twelve. Photography.

Peter Moss, Hillside, Bardfield Road, Thaxted, Essex. Nine. Locomotives, match-box covers. Doreen Denbigh, 9 Curzon Crescent, Willesden, N.W.10. Fourteen. Fashions, swimming. Jean Gilroy, 78 Peddie Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. Fifteen. Sport. Margaret Wisdon, 20 Bennet Place, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Twelve. Art, nature. John Hearne, Colston's School, Stapleton, Bristol. Sixteen. Sailing. Alan Thompson, 7 Walker's Buildings, Seaton Burn, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Fifteen. Stamps, athletics.

Leslie Holloway, 237 Higher's Heath Lane, Warstock, Birmingham 14. Fifteen. model-making. Graham Williams, 8 Landore Avenue, Morgan, Port Talbot, Glam., S. Wales. Twelve. Music, carpentry.

Leslie Holland, 31 Water Street, Northwich, Cheshire. Ten. Films, football. Dennis Hawkshaw, 9 Broadlea Road, Sandford Estate, Bramley, Leeds, Yorks. Thirteen. Stamps, football. Janet Robinson, 163 Norton Road, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham. Twelve. Music, singing, dancing.

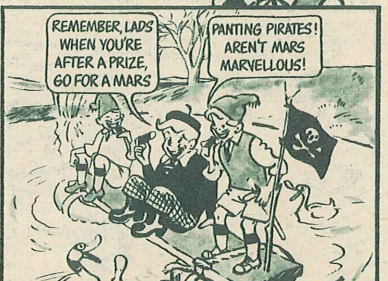
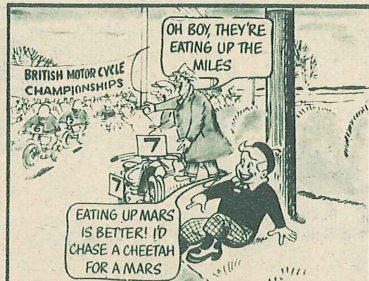
Donald Marshall, 3 Wembley Terrace, Cambos, Blyth, Northumberland. Fourteen. Films, pets. June Bethell, 13 Whitgift House, Whitgift Street, Lambeth High Street, London, S.E.11. Seventeen. Films, dancing.

Christine Marshall, 99a Wallace Street, Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland. Thirteen. Cycling, tennis, swimming.



SAMMY SHUTEYE

WINS THE GRAND PRIX



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CHARLES DRAKE
(Universal International)



LUCILLE BALL
(Columbia)



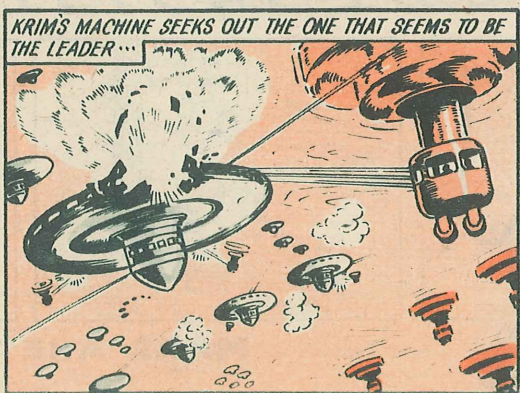
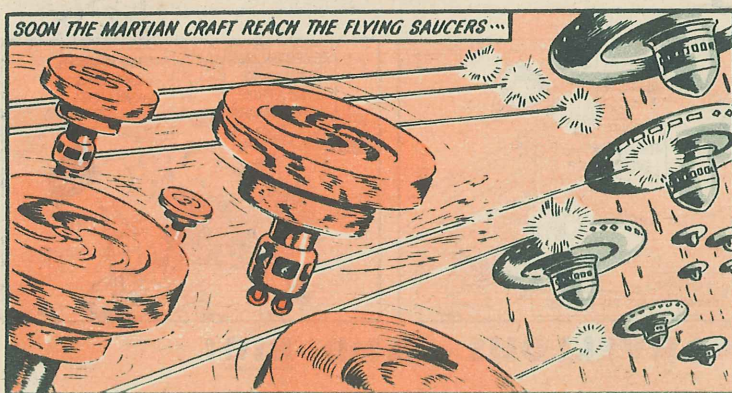
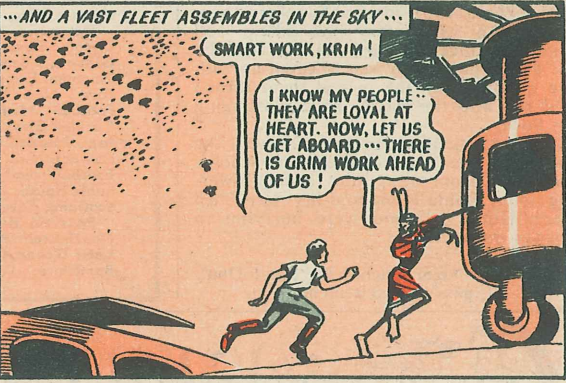
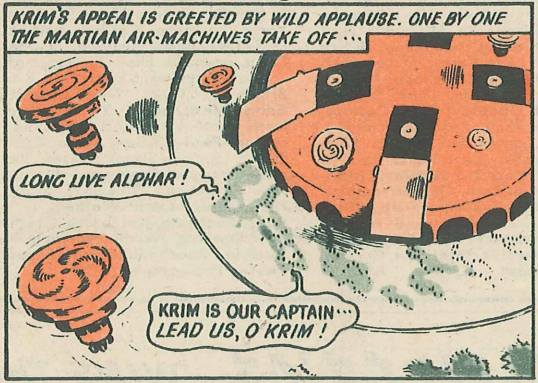
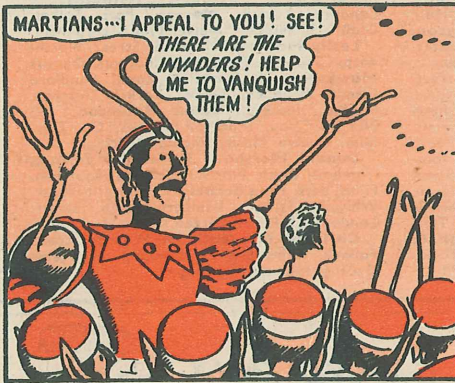
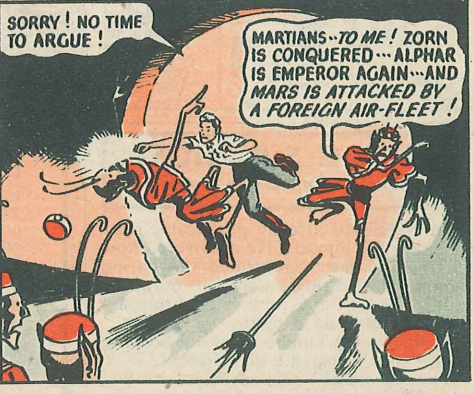
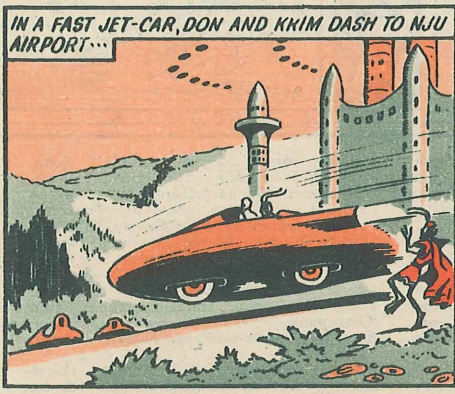
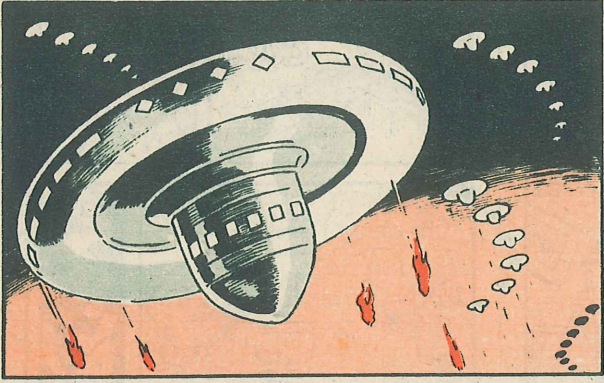
JOHN LUND
(Paramount)



LAUREN BACALL
(Warner Bros.)

DON DEEDS

Thanks to Don Deeds, Mai-Mai, Hoo Sung and his Iron Men, Alphar, the emperor of Mars, regains his throne. But strange air-machines, like flying saucers, are seen approaching.



Where do these strange machines come from? What controls them? Don't miss the thrills next week!