

HERE'S THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF A GRAND SWASHBUCKLING SEA YARN!

# COMET

# GUY GALLANT

CAPTAIN OF THE SPANISH MAIN

## COMIC 2<sup>d</sup>

EVERY THURSDAY

No. 134  
(New Series)  
Feb. 10, 1951



The Spanish Main—hunting ground of the most ruthless pirates in the world. Of all that merciless band none was more savage, more feared, than the Spaniard, Don Diego, better known as The Grande! Our story opens as he and his buccaneers plunder a stricken merchantman.



... CLEAR THIS SCUM AWAY!  
— BRING ME THE CHESTS FROM THE CAPTAIN'S LOCKER...



HOLA!! — A SAIL — DON DIEGO!



PESTE!! — SEE THE CHESTS SAFELY TO MY CABIN JUAN — THEN AWAY!

The Grande departed, leaving behind a burning ship of dead men. With his hold loaded with loot the Spanish pirate was concerned only with getting away safely. The newcomer approached under full sail.

It was the Sea Witch, under the command of Captain Guy Gallant, commissioned by King Charles II of England to cleanse the Spanish Main of piracy.

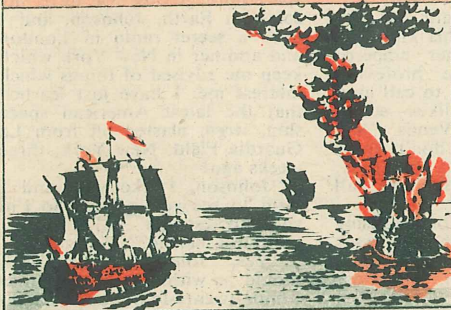


THE GRANDE'S WORK I'LL WAGER! — EH — TRELAWNEY?

AYE! — SCURVY RAT!!



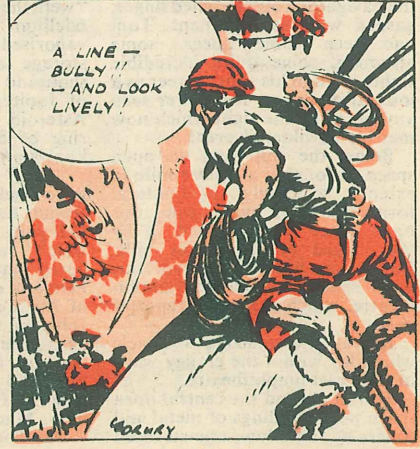
... WELL SETTLE WITH HIM LATER...! DRAW ALONGSIDE... I'LL GO ABOARD...



... BY THUNDER! A GIRL!!



... A BONNY SAILOR...!!! — BUT — A BURNING DECK IS NO PLACE FOR YOU...!

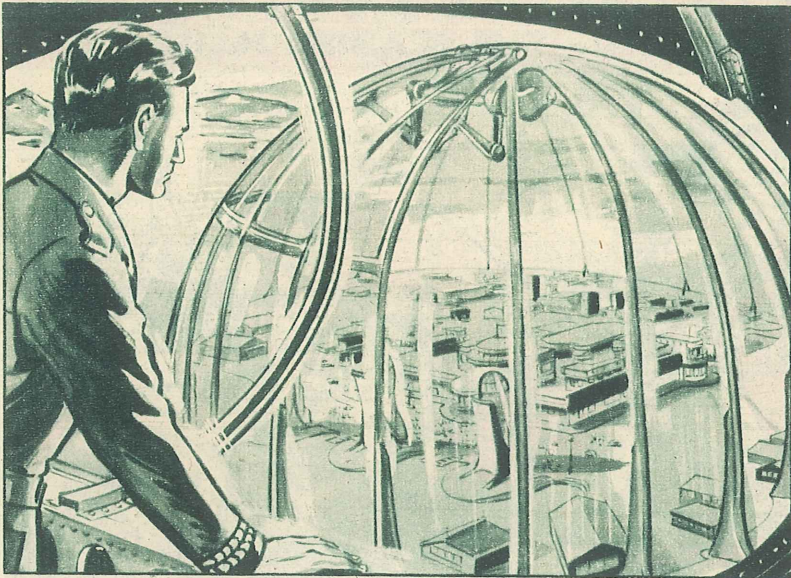


A LINE — BULLY!! — AND LOOK LIVELY!



# VIKINGS OF THE SPACEWAYS

The most startling story ever written of thrills and amazing adventures in space, by PAUL FLOOD



Tom stared in amazement. The whole of the airport was enclosed in a great glass dome!

## Just to Remind You

PROFESSOR WILLIAM TEMPLE is a brilliant, but crooked scientist. He builds space ships to journey through space to the planets, and will only have convicted criminals as members of his crews. His are the only space ships that ever return safely!

TOM PENNANT, reporter on the *Daily Courier*, is suspicious of the professor. Helped by his editor, and the Home Office, he fakes a criminal record for himself. Under the name of "Baby-face Johnson," he manages to get taken on as one of the crew of the professor's space ship *Pegasus*. As the *Pegasus* hurtles through space he learns much about the ship and previous voyages from the first mate, Mr. Jeffcoat, and the rather surly Scots third mate, Mackintosh. At last he is told they are heading for Deimos, one of the two moons of Mars.

(Now read on)

## The Big Test!

FOUR days later, the space ship *Pegasus*—her speed cut down to a mere crawl—came to Deimos, the larger of the two tiny moons which swing rapidly around the planet Mars.

And as the ship straightened into the orbit of the little satellite, passing over the rocky, barren surface at a height of not more than twenty thousand feet, Tom asked Mackintosh:

"Is there any life here, Mac?" The Scotsman grinned, his eyes glued to the altimeter—the instrument which showed the height of the ship above the ground.

"Quite a lot!" said Mac dryly. "What, Mac . . . monsters . . . and things?"

Still watching the altimeter, Mackintosh pointed out through the wide glassite observation port. "Aye, laddie! There's life enough," he said. He added: "And monsters, too! Though perhaps you'd better not call 'em by that name!"

Tom, following the direction of the navigator's outstretched finger, gasped with astonishment. Tom had seen some queer, some alarming, some quite incredible sights, even in his short career as a journalist, but he had never seen anything like the sight which now met his bewildered eyes!

Below the ship was an open space of roughly a square mile in extent, seemingly of natural formation. On every side, this open space was hemmed in by the rugged peaks of low hills. But it was not the sight of this open space, this natural amphitheatre, which made the reporter gasp.

It was the amazing spectacle which lay within the craggy walls of that vast amphitheatre.

For all around the central open space were buildings of metal and concrete; some low, one-storeyed

structures; others rising to as high as four storeys; but all buildings bearing the unmistakable mark of human design! Only men could have built those things!

And that he had already solved the mystery of the missing space ships Tom well knew as he saw the rows of sleek, cigar-shaped objects which were ranged in orderly ranks around the various buildings.

But the greatest wonder of all, Tom did not for a moment see. When he did, he let out such a whistle of astonishment that Mackintosh asked sharply:

"What's that making ye whistle, lad?"

Tom said incredulously: "Is that a—sort of glass dome over the whole thing?"

"Aye!" said the Scotsman in a satisfied manner. "That's a glassite dome a mile and a half in diameter and half a mile in height—it's not quite a true hemisphere."

Mackintosh, still looking at the altimeter, explained:

"There's no air on Deimos, lad, and so all the life of Deimos has to be lived under that enormous glassite dome. The professor's got ideal Earth conditions there. Artificial gravity, temperature control and perfect air-conditioning."

"But those ships, Mac! Surely they can't be . . .!"

Mackintosh grinned as he saw Tom's eyes open wide in astonishment.

"Right in one, lad! This is Space-Port Deimos. Yes . . . those are the missing space ships! There's a bare twenty in port at present. What you see here, in fact. The others are . . . well—" his hand made a wide gesture which seemed to include the farthest corners of the Universe—"well, they are everywhere. Mining bedlium on Callisto; pumping vaporised platinum into the storage tanks of space ships ten thousand miles above the surface of Jupiter; blasting gold out of Asteroid 654 in the innermost ring of Saturn. . . . Goodness knows where they are!"

"But," Tom whispered, looking wide-eyed at the pirated ships, "what happened to the crews? Did you—did you bump them off, Mac?" Just in time Tom remembered that he was no longer Tom Pennant, clean-living cub reporter of *The Courier*, but "Baby-Face" Johnson, the little tough guy who had done a smash-and-grab and had got ten years in the Awful Place. So he added with a cynical laugh: "That must have kept you busy, Mac!"

But Tom was not prepared for

the space man's almost rebuking tone as Mac said:

"Weel, lad, 'twas no so bad as that! The professor's no murderer! He has more uses for people alive than as dead bodies! One or two got themselves killed, o' course, but most o' the space ships' commanders soon saw reason when the professor pointed out to them that they'd look pretty darned silly when he turned the heat-ray on their stern rocket tubes and left the space ships to become derelicts somewhere between Neptune and

Earth!"

"And so they—played ball?" Tom said, keeping up the character of Lionel "Baby-Face" Johnson.

"Aye!" said Mackintosh, grinning in his turn. "They saw reason. And why not? They came over to the professor's side, sure enough. They hadn't much choice, come to that! They're paid good wages and one of these days they'll be free to go home with more money in their pockets than they'd ever have earned on Earth, or navigating an Earth space ship."

"But,"—and despite his excitement and indignation, Tom could not help but see the funny side of the situation—"you must have captured Sir Walter Wilmot, the Astronomer Royal, and Air-marshal Lord Chillingworth, and Branton Rochester, the famous novelist. . . ."

"Aye!" "And . . . oh, Mac, this is rich! . . . you must have Gloria de la Valette, the film star. . . .?" "Aye, lad, we've got her too!" The Scotsman grunted. "And it was no' a good day, I'm tellin' ye, when we signed her on! She's more trouble than a Venusian mountain-dragon. Aye! Even though it's got nine eyes and eighteen feet—all armed with the sharpest claws in creation!"

THEY were descending now. At a little below the 20,000 feet level, Mackintosh had bawled an order into the inter-communicator and had ordered the rocket engineers to switch over from atomic power to hydrogen propulsion. The atomic jets were relatively silent, but the hydrogen jets set up a piercing whine which made the ears ache and set the teeth on edge. Conversation was impossible, and Tom busied himself with seeing how the space ship was to be brought down to the surface of Deimos.

Mackintosh shouted above the piercing whine of the hydrogen jets.

"We're coming down to five hundred feet and they'll have to open the air-lock of the glassite dome for us. As we go in through the dome we shut off the jets and are brought down by magnetic power. That saves us leaving the ship and also saves us from having to put on space suits."

"Why space suits?" said Tom. "Because there's no air on Deimos except what's in the dome. Not a living person could breathe without wearing a space suit. But thank goodness we don't have to worry about that! I'll say one thing about the professor, he certainly knows how to get

things done!"

The ship was now dropping rapidly, and as they came near to the surface of the glassite dome Tom saw that there was a huge hole opening in the dome's side. Coming closer, Tom saw that there were two doors to be opened before the ship could get into the enormous space that the dome covered.

"If there was only one door," Mac explained, "all the air in the dome would rush out and be lost. This system of double doors is what we call an 'air-lock.' We use the same system when we wish to get into or out of this space ship. But . . . I can't tell you any more now. I'm just going to manoeuvre for a vertical drop."

Mackintosh had thrown the switch which provided direct control from the chart room and Tom felt the shudders run through the space ship as Mackintosh, with sudden burst of rocket-fire, eased the great ship gently down with a skill which was born of long experience. As the *Pegasus* came up to the open outer door of the air-lock, the rockets suddenly ceased to whine as Mac cut the juice.

"Magnetic control takes over now," he explained in the sudden hush. "The Dome Control will now warp us in. The outer door of the air-lock closes automatically before the inner one opens."

A few minutes later the *Pegasus* landed on the great open space that Tom had seen from the sky, and as the crew—Tom with them—tumbled out through the landing port, Tom saw that the shiny surface of the ground was as smooth as a billiard table.

As the landing port opened. Tom saw a crowd of people pouring out of a large building which had a clock tower on top. There was a flagstaff on top of the clock tower and a big blue flag with a yellow star fluttered from the staff.

As Tom got nearer the building he saw that there was a painted board attached to the wall above the main door. The words on the board were:

## ROYAL DEIMOS

### SOCIAL CLUB

#### Patron-in-Chief:

His Majesty William the First

#### Emperor of Space.

"William the First!" said Tom to Frisco Jim who happened to be beside him. "Who on earth's he?"

"William the First? Why . . . dat's the gent we calls the professor! This here's his kingdom. They ain't no other emperor hereabouts but the professor. Reckon he's entitled to call himself Emperor, if he likes—seeing as he's conquered Venus, Neptune, Pluto, and I don't know what else. Wouldn't you think, white boy, he's entitled to call hisself Emperor?"

"Well, yes," said Tom, realising with a shock that the professor had made himself king, not of one world, but of several, "I suppose I would."

BUT Tom was too interested in the people who were coming out of the Deimos Social Club to bother much what Professor Temple chose to call himself. Tom, with his keen reporter's eye, soon saw that the people were of very different types, and here and there Tom saw faces whose appearance showed that their owners were of a higher degree of intelligence than was usual among the professor's chosen helpers.

And Tom saw, too, that men were strolling through the crowd in that casual attitude which shows the policeman the world over. These policemen were smartly dressed in trim blue overalls and wore peaked caps with metal badges, and Tom noticed that each man carried a heat-gun holstered at his hip.

Tom stood and gazed in wonder at the beauty of the small town, but turned as a hand fell heavily on his shoulder. It was the professor.

"Welcome to Deimos!" said the professor, in a friendly manner. "This, Johnson, is the Labrador of *Our* new world! Leif Ericsson was a Norse pirate and he discovered America five hundred years before Columbus. But I don't remember that anyone has ever thought worse of him because he made his exploring trips pay!"

"This is Space-Port Number One of the Universe! Deimos!" The professor pointed overhead to where a planet hung vast and menacing. "I'll have other worlds for my own one day, when I've learnt how to make them safe. I've already got Venus and Mercury and Pluto and Neptune! At least, no other man has got them. Now, Johnson," said the professor, putting his arm around Tom's shoulder in a friendly way, "isn't working with me—and for me—better than sticking-up bank managers or cinema cashiers—or whatever it was you used to do—for a few miserable shillings? If you stay with me and help me loyally, I can give you such wealth and power as man never even dreamed of!"

The professor, still with his arm around Tom's shoulder, said:

"I've taken a great fancy to you, Johnson! I like lads with spirit and what I'm looking for is a personal assistant. Somebody who'll work in with me and one day succeed to my position when I've got too old to carry on. How would you like to be Emperor of Space, Johnson? Eh?"

Tom mumbled his thanks. To tell the truth, his head was whirling with excitement.

He decided that the best thing was to show great enthusiasm.

"I'd love that, sir!" he exclaimed. "When do we start?"

But the professor's next words literally made Tom's heart stop!

"Tomorrow, Johnson! Tomorrow! Just as we landed a moment ago a message was flashed in from Dome Control. That's where we're going now—to see the Dome Controller, Captain Rushworth."

Tom could see that the professor was labouring under intense excitement. That was obvious by the absent-minded way in which he returned the salutes of the space-port guards. "I have my spies on Earth, Johnson, and I have a secret radio in London and another in New York which keep me advised of things which interest me. I have just learned that the latest American space ship, *Argo*, blasted off from La Guardia Field, New York, three weeks ago!

"Johnson, I like you, and I want to see you go far. So I'm going to test you. . . ."

"T-test me, sir?" "Yes, Johnson. The *Argo* should be within hailing distance within twenty-four hours Earth-time. Johnson, lad, we are going to stop and seize that vessel! And I'm putting you in charge of the boarding party!"

Tom did not know what to say. His only chance of being able to carry out his plans was to get the professor's absolute trust. Whatever the professor ordered at this moment Tom must carry out! But Tom felt literally sick when the Professor said casually:

"I'm going to arrange for you to have some practice in using the Temple heat-ray this afternoon, Johnson. There may be some trouble seizing the *Argo*. My spies in New York inform me that this time the space ship is armed. But you won't mind that, will you, Johnson, as an old smash-and-grab man. . . ."

What can Tom do? Don't miss the terrific thrills in this amazing story next week.



# Billy Bunter—Football Star

Bill Bunter in the Greyfriars First Eleven!  
Unbelievable—but a fact—in this great school yarn  
by FRANK RICHARDS.

## A Match for Bunter!

**BUNTER!**  
"Wharton's gone crackers!"  
"Must be batchy!"  
"Bunter! My hat!"

It was quite a buzz of excited voices in the Rag at Greyfriars. A crowd of fellows had gathered to look at the football list, posted up by Harry Wharton, the captain of the form, for the match with Rookwood School on Saturday. Every footballer in the Remove—and the Remove were nearly all keen on Soccer—hoped to find his name there; and few fellows were quite satisfied with the list when they didn't. But there was one name that no Greyfriars man would ever have dreamed of seeing in a Soccer list—that of Billy Bunter, the fat Owl of the Remove.

And Billy Bunter's name was there!  
Fellows gazed at it as if they could hardly believe their eyes. They stared. They gasped. They almost wondered whether they were dreaming. But there was the name—W. G. Bunter, written in Harry Wharton's hand. For the first time in history Billy Bunter had been picked to play for his school.

"I say, you fellows, that's all right, ain't it?" grinned Bunter.  
"What does it mean?" hooted Squiff.

"Eh? It means I'm playing on Saturday," answered Bunter.  
"Ain't you glad? Don't you want to beat Rookwood?"

"Beat Rookwood—with you in the team!" gasped Tom Brown.  
"You fat, frumpious frump, you can't play footer."

"What has Wharton done this for?" howled Vernon-Smith.  
"Eh? He's bound to play the best men he can get against a team like Rookwood," said Bunter. "That's why. Ain't I a first-class forward?"

"You fat chump!"  
"You podgy piffler!"  
Evidently nobody but Bunter believed that the Owl of the Remove was a first-class forward!

Bunter believed it. Indeed, Bunter believed that he had hitherto been excluded from Remove football owing to jealousy of his wonderful powers.  
"Wharton must have gone off his rocker," said Vernon-Smith. "We'd better see him about this. We can't play Rookwood with a potty porpoise barging about the field."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"  
"Come on," said Squiff.  
And the whole crowd streamed away in great excitement to see the captain of the Remove about it. Billy Bunter was left alone in the Rag to blink at his name in the football list, which he did with undiminished satisfaction.

**BOB CHERRY** made a grimace.  
"They're coming!" he said.  
Harry Wharton nodded. His face was worried, as were four other faces in No. 1 Study. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh knew why that unexpected name was in the Soccer list in the Rag. They had agreed, not seeing what else the captain of the Remove could do in the curious circumstances. But they expected a "row" when the other fellows saw it. And a tramp of feet and a buzz of excited voices coming up the Remove passage indicated that the "row" was at hand.

A crowd of faces looked in at the doorway of No. 1 Study. Six or seven fellows spoke at once.  
"Look here, Wharton—"  
"Gone crackers?"  
"Bunter—that fat ass!"  
"That blithering bloater!"

Harry Wharton waited for a pause. It came after a few minutes. Then he answered:

"I don't want to play that fat ass any more than you want me to," he said. "The fat chump's no good at Soccer, or at anything else, except scoffing tuck. But—"

"But what?" hooted Vernon-Smith.

"It's a promise," said Harry. "I got into a jam yesterday, and Bunter helped me out. He said he wanted me to do something for him and I said I would—thinking that it was lines he wanted done, or borrowing five bob on that idiotic postal order of his, or something of the kind. But—what he asked was to be played in the Rookwood match. The fat ass thinks he can play Soccer. I gave him my word, never dreaming what was in his fat head. I've got to keep it."

"Rot!" hooted the Bounder. "What's that got to do with Soccer? You've had your silly leg pulled—"

"Yes!" said Harry.  
"Well, we're not going to let you chuck away a Soccer match whether you gave your silly word or not. If that's your idea of captaining a side, stand down and let somebody else do it!" hooted Vernon-Smith.

But at that, there was a murmur of dissent. The Remove footballers were excited and wrathful. But nobody but Smithy seemed disposed to go to the length of "turfing out" the captain of the Remove.

"Pack it up, Smithy," said Squiff. "We're standing by our skipper. You were a silly ass to be caught like that, Wharton—"

"I know that!" said Harry, "and if we lose the match through playing Bunter, I shall resign the captaincy. That's all I can say."

"No 'if' about that," snapped the Bounder.

"Oh, we'll pull through, Smithy," said Bob Cherry. Bob always took the hopeful view.

"We're licked at the start," growled Smithy. "And I can tell you this, Harry Wharton—after we're licked, you'll be held to it—you'll have to resign."

"That's settled," said Harry quietly. "Now chuck it."  
"Let's go and kick Bunter," suggested Squiff.

That suggestion was adopted eagerly. Billy Bunter, still grinning with glee over the name of "W. G. Bunter" in the football list, blinked round at the tramp of many feet.

"I say, you fellows—yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "I say—whoop! Wharrer you kicking me for, you swobs! Oh, crikey! Leave off kicking me, will you? Yaroooh! Oh, whooooooop!"

It was some consolation to the footballers, if a small one, for the dubious prospects of the Soccer match on Saturday!

**HARRY WHARTON** and Co. as a rule looked forward to a football match with keen anticipation. And they had been looking forward to the game with Jimmy Silver and Co. of Rookwood with the usual anticipation. But all that was changed now. The Rookwooders were a good team, very good, and the Greyfriars side needed its best men to meet them. It was going to play ten of the best, and one of the worst—and that one was the worst ever!

Billy Bunter was in high feather. That he had practically "diddled" the captain of the Remove into putting him into the team did not bother Bunter. His view was that he was getting justice at last! That Harry Wharton was booked to lose his captaincy if—as seemed inevitable—the fat Owl



lost the game for Greyfriars, mattered still less.

Moreover, Bunter—though Bunter alone—was anticipating victory. Bunter—though Bunter alone—was unaware that when he played Soccer he was like unto an insane rhinoceros barging about in everybody's way. And even if the match was lost—which to the fat Owl seemed almost impossible, with his fat self in the front line—still he would have played for the school; and his pater at home had promised him a whole pound note if he played for the school! So, as far as Bunter could see, the outlook was set fair!

Nobody else could see it! Right up to Saturday afternoon, when the match was due, fellows argued with Bunter and tried to persuade him to see reason. Bunter was deaf to argument. All the arguments in the world would not have induced him to stand out of the Rookwood match now that he had succeeded in wedging into it. And when the fellows, finding argument in vain, kicked him, even that did not influence the fat Owl to change his fat mind. Often as Billy Bunter had been kicked, he had never grown to like it; but any amount of kicking could not move him.

On Saturday afternoon Billy Bunter rolled into the changing room with the team, merry and bright—absolutely indifferent to the stares, glares and frowns turned on him from every side. He fairly strutted, in his football rig, out of which he looked as if he might burst at any moment. He blinked round at disgruntled faces with a sarcastic blink.

"I say, you fellows, you look a glum lot," he remarked. "Don't let Rookwood see you looking like a lot of moulting fowls. Pull up your socks, you know. And mind you let me have the ball. Don't you get sticking to it as if it belonged to you, Smithy, in your usual way—"

"You fat ass!" snapped Smithy. "And you just remember, Bob Cherry, that a half's business is to feed the forward," said Bunter, turning his big spectacles on Bob. "Keep an eye on me, and see that I have the ball—"

"You burbling bloater!" said Bob.

"And mind you don't knock my specs off, as you did in practice the other day, Squiff—don't be a clumsy ass, you know—"

"You dithering dunderhead," said Squiff.

"And look here, Wharton—"  
"Oh, shut up!" said Harry Wharton. He was keeping his word to the Owl, but he really could not feel pleasant about it.  
"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Kick him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yaroooh!"

Even Billy Bunter realised that he was a little unpopular in the changing room. Still, he was comforted by the prospect of the goals he was going to score. The fellows would come round when they saw what a really brilliant player he was, and would clamour for Bunter to play in the St. Jim's match, and the Carcroft match, after the show he was going to put up against Rookwood! He could already hear the crowd cheering—in his mind's ear, as it were.

He rolled cheerily into the field.

Jimmy Silver and Co. of Rookwood all looked at him as he lined up with the forwards. Perhaps they wondered to see him there. If Billy

Bunter was a footballer, he certainly did not look it. However, he was going to show 'em! And he was still merry and bright when the ball was kicked off and plunged happily into the elephantine barging which he fondly believed to be Soccer. But—

**BUT** there was a snag. In five minutes Billy Bunter was short of breath. In ten minutes he was winded to the wide. In those minutes he had, to some extent, distinguished himself. He had charged Harry Wharton off the ball, letting it go to Rookwood, with a goal to result. He had kicked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh in mistake for the ball, and the hapless nabob was limping; and he had actually landed a kick on the ball itself, unfortunately passing it to a Rookwood forward instead of a Greyfriars one.

After these exploits, it was rather lucky for the Remove that Bunter was winded, and that when Vernon-Smith shoved him unceremoniously out of the way, he collapsed breathlessly on the ground and remained there. A considerable part of the first half Bunter spent on his back gazing at the wintry sky; and, on the whole, did less damage to his side than most of the fellows had anticipated. And at half-time Harry Wharton put the leather in just before whistle went, and the score was level—which was more than any fellow could have hoped with Bunter in the team.

In the second half, Bunter was determined to be active. His activity was a little disastrous. Vernon-Smith was absolutely certain of a shot from the wing, when Bunter crashed into him and the ball went to a Rookwood half-back instead of into the Rookwood goal.

After that, Bunter found that the Remove footballers were playing him almost as much as they were playing Jimmy Silver and Co. They shoved him ruthlessly; they shouldered him off; they charged him over; Smithy even hacked a fat shin; they really felt that anything was good that kept the fat and clumsy Owl out of the way; and Billy Bunter, at length, lay gasping, so hopelessly winded that he could not crawl. Which was at least a relief to the Greyfriars side, hard pushed by the enemy, and fighting an uphill battle.

It was close on time, and the score was still level. Again and again the Rookwooders came up the field, but Johnny Bull, in goal, was a tower of strength, and he saved again and again. There was a hot tussle going on in midfield, when Billy Bunter, recovering a little, tottered to his feet. He blinked round him dizzily, not quite sure whether he

was on his head or his heels; and as he blinked, the ball came out of the press and dropped fairly at his feet. Bunter blinked at it. Then he kicked it.

In what direction he was kicking it, the fat Owl had only a hazy idea. All he really knew was that he had the ball for once, and that he was jolly well going to kick it, and kick it jolly hard. He did not even know that it wanted only seconds to time, and that the referee was about to blow his whistle. He kicked.

The next moment he went over under a Rookwooder. He roared as he went. But everyone else was roaring too:

"Goal!"  
It was amazing. It was almost miraculous. But it happened! Arthur Edward Lovell, of Rookwood, in goal, hardly saw the ball. It whizzed in like a rifle shot. It landed in the net. It was followed by the sharp note of the whistle. The game was over. It was a win. And Bunter had kicked the winning goal!

"Goal!"  
"Bunter!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter had dreamed of hearing cheers. Now he heard them! They were mingled with laughter, it was true. That goal was the maddest fluke that had ever happened on a Soccer ground. But it had happened!

"Goal!"  
"Good old Owl!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Wow! Ow! Wow!" spluttered Bunter, as grinning footballers helped him to his feet. "Leggo! Stop lugging me about! Ow! Keep off, you beasts—ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry into a fat ear. "You've kicked the winning goal, old fat man! We've beaten them, by gum! Goal, old potty porpoise."  
"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Oh, crikey!"

**LATER**, in the changing room, Billy Bunter was merry and bright again. He was gasping and gurgling for wind, but he was merry and bright. So were the other fellows. Harry Wharton's face was as bright as Bunter's. That amazing goal had saved him, as well as the match; there was no idea of resigning the captaincy now. Everybody, in fact, was jocular, Bunter most of all.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter.

"Good old porpoise!"  
"I say, after this, I can't be left out of matches," said Bunter. "You'll play me against St. Jim's, Wharton, what? What about it, old chap?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"And against Carcroft?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"What are you cackling at?"

hooted Bunter. "Blessed if I see anything to cackle at."

Billy Bunter had kicked the winning goal. But it was not only the first time, but the last, that in a School match the Greyfriars fellows saw Bunter on the ball!

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

**GRAND NEWS!**

**GRAND NEWS!**

**TARZAN is coming!**

Do you know that **TARZAN** is an Englishman and the son of an Earl?

You'll be able to read about him in "**Comet**" in two weeks time.



RUSTY FINDS A NEW PAL - A BEAR!

# RUSTY RILEY



One day Rusty Riley, a British orphan who has been adopted by an American rancher, Quentin Miles, comes on the scene of a road accident. A motorist has knocked a man down and driven away without stopping. The injured man had a companion who just went off and could not be found. Then, strangely enough, Rusty's dog, Flip, started off, following a trail—and Rusty went after him. Flip leads Rusty into the woods where they find an escaped circus bear. Rusty plays a mouth-organ and the bear follows. While a police officer checks at the hospital, a mysterious stranger in a nearby garage is trying to knock out some tell-tale dents from his car.

TEX! LOOK! THAT'S RUSTY AND FLIP COMING ACROSS THAT FIELD. BUT THERE'S A MAN OR...OR SOMETHING FOLLOWING HIM!

WELL, I'LL BE ROPED AND HOG-TIED!.. PATTY, UNLESS I'VE GONE PLUMB CRAZY THAT THING IS A BEAR!

HI, PATTY! HI, TEX! DON'T BE AFRAID! HE'S TAME!

HE WAS WITH A MAN WHO WAS STRUCK BY A HIT N' RUN DRIVER!.. FLIP TRAILED HIM AND WE FOUND HIM IN THE WOODS!

WELL, DOGGONE! THAT THERE'S A EUROPEAN BROWN BEAR! THE KIND THEY TRAIN FOR CIRCUSES.

TURNED IF THIS DON'T BEAT ANYTHING I EVER HEARD OF! BETTER PUT HIM IN THAT DOG RUN WITH THE HIGH FENCE TILL WE CAN FIGURE WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!

OKAY, TEX..I'M S'POSED TO CALL THE STATE POLICE AND TELL THEM WHAT FLIP WAS TRAILING.

A LITTLE LATER AT THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS--

FLIP AND I FOLLOWED THAT TRAIL, GIR, AND WE FOUND A TRAINED BEAR!.. I TOOK HIM TO THE FARM.

I KINDA THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.. HIS OWNER IS TONY SANDECCI, AND HE CARRIES A LICENCE TO EXHIBIT A PERFORMING BEAR.

POOR CHAP.. HE'S IN BAD SHAPE.. I FEEL SURE THAT HE KNOWS WHO HIT HIM, BUT I DOUBT IF THEY CAN PULL HIM THROUGH!

GOLLY! THAT'S TOO BAD!.. IF HE DIES, WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BEAR?

WELL, NOW, RUSTY.. I'M NOT UP ON ALL THE STATE GAME LAWS, BUT I KINDA THINK THAT IF NO RELATIVES CLAIM HIM, HE'S YOURS!

GEE WHILLIKENS! BUT I HOPE MR. SANDECCI GETS WELL!

THE NEXT DAY--

OH, JEEPEERS! HE'S JUST SUPER! CAN WE KEEP HIM, TEX?

WELL, NOW, HE AINT EXACTLY OUR BEAR... NOT YET, ANYHOW. IF HIS OWNER DON'T GET WELL, I RECKON WE CAN'T JUST TURN HIM LOOSE!

I'M GOING TO THE HOSPITAL TODAY TO SEE HOW MR. SANDECCI, HIS OWNER, IS.

THE POOR FELLOW DIDNT EVEN REMEMBER HIS OWN NAME.. THE POLICE FOUND IT OUT FROM CARDS AND THINGS IN HIS WALLET!

I'D SURE LOVE TO HAVE THE BEAR, BUT I'D LIKE IT EVEN BETTER IF THAT POOR MAN GOT WELL!

OH, SO WOULD I...I SOMEHOW FEEL THAT HE WAS GOOD TO OLD BRUNO.

MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER WHO STRUCK SANDECCI--

DOGGONE IT! I'VE READ EVERY PAPER FOR DAYS, AND I CAN'T FIND OUT A THING ABOUT THAT GUY I HIT.. DON'T KNOW IF HE'S GOING TO LIVE OR DIE!

HE AND HIS BEAR WORKED IN A CARNIVAL WITH ME LAST MONTH, AND IF HE KNOWS MY CAR... IF HE GETS WELL ENOUGH TO TALK, I'LL GO TO THE JAIL ON A HIT-AND-RUN CHARGE!

LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL--

THE MAN'S HEAD INJURY IS SUCH THAT ONLY AN EXTREMELY DELICATE BRAIN OPERATION CAN SAVE HIM...THERE ARE ONLY FOUR OR FIVE BRAIN SURGEONS ALIVE WHO COULD DO IT...VERY HIGH-PRICED SPECIALISTS!

HM-M-M... I SEE!

THAT'S AWFUL SAD NEWS ABOUT MR. SANDECCI, RUSTY! THE POOR MAN..IT WOULD COST A TERRIBLE LOT FOR ONE OF THOSE SPECIALISTS!

YEAH.. I GUESS SO.. SAY! WAIT! I THINK I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA!

LISTEN, PATTY!.. WE'VE GOT A TRAINED BEAR, AND FLIP KNOWS A LOT OF TRICKS.. AND ONE OF THE BOYS AT SCHOOL IS A SWELL JUGGLER.. WE COULD RAISE A LOT OF MONEY WITH A SHOW!

JEEPEERS! THAT'S A SUPER, GIGANTIC, COLOSSAL IDEA! I CAN DO SOME TRICKS ON MY HORSE, DAWN, TOO!

MORE WEST

Cut these out for your "Kit Remember, there are three.



Best wishes  
Gene Autry

No. 19. Gene Au



No. 24. Tim H



No. 21. Errol Flynn

## PEN PALS CORNER

Fifteen. Films. Edna Tyrer, view, Huyton, nr. Liverpool. Fifteen. Cycling, swimming. M Avenue, Hounslow West, M cycling. Stanley Rawson, 1 nr. Barnsley, York. Sixteen. McCafferty, Milltown, Ballyk Ten. Reading, knitting. John Kelly, Co. Derry, N. Ireland.

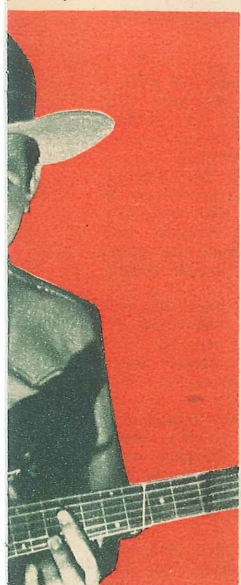
Write direct to the readers--

Next week—Rusty starts his own circus!



**ERN STARS**

Carson's Autograph Book," grand pictures each week!



try (Columbia)



Holt (R.K.O.)



(Warner Bros.)

Irene Grace, 13 Venison Road, Selby, Yorks. 259 Knowsley Lane, Longourteen, Reading, film stars. Margaret Bates, 32 Manor Middlesex. Twelve. Stamps. 2 King's Road, Cudworth. Sport, dancing. Mary Kelly, Co. Derry, N. Ireland. O'Brien, Glasvey, Bally-Eleven. Cycling.

NOT to the Editor, please.

**CAPTURED BY BADMEN!**

# Kit Carson

and the **GOLDEN ARROW**

Kit and Johnny escape with the slaves and Kit retrieves the Golden Arrow and his gun which had been taken from him. They press on in search of the Mountains of Fire, and one day are spotted by a gang of Mexican buffalo hunters and badmen.

GRINGOS! WE DO NOT ALLOW GRINGOS ON OUR TERRITORY!

THE BIG HOMBRE IS KIT CARSON. HE ONCE PUT ME IN JAIL, AMIGOS!

BY THUNDER! A HOLD-UP!

KIT HAS NO CHANCE TO GO FOR HIS GUN. HE MIGHT SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE AMBUSHERS - BUT THAT MIGHT ALSO MEAN DEATH TO WHITE DOVE AND JOHNNY. THE SNEERING MEXICANS FORCE THEM TO DISMOUNT.

YOU REMEMBER ME, SENOR CARSON? HUH?

I REMEMBER YOU, SANCHEZ. THE BIGGEST ROGUE ON THE RIO GRANDE!

SI, GRINGO! AND NOW I SHALL PUNISH YOU FOR THE INSULT YOU GIVE ME! SEARCH HIM, AMIGOS!

THE GOLDEN ARROW IS REVEALED.

THERE'S ONLY THIS ARROW INSIDE HIS TUNIC, SANCHEZ!

THEY MUST NOT GET THE GOLDEN ARROW!

WHITE DOVE SNATCHES THE GOLDEN ARROW.

THAT IS MINE!

WHITE DOVE RUNS FOR HER LIFE, THINKING THAT IF SHE, AT LEAST, CAN ESCAPE SHE WILL BE ABLE TO HELP KIT AND JOHNNY. BUT SANCHEZ LAUGHS, AND SWINGS HIS LARIAT -

SO THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL THINKS SHE CAN ESCAPE!

THE NOOSE FALLS OVER WHITE DOVE'S SHOULDERS.

BUT WHILE THE ATTENTION OF THE MEXICANS IS ON WHITE DOVE...

I'LL HAVE THOSE GUNS!

THE TWO GUNS ROAR IN KIT'S SKILLED HANDS AND THE LARIAT IS SEVERED.

BUT AS WHITE DOVE TURNS -

NOW I'LL DO THE TALKING!

BEWARE, KIT!

KIT GOES DOWN BEFORE THE TREACHEROUS ATTACK, BUT WHITE DOVE ESCAPES.

I CAN HELP MY WHITE BROTHERS BETTER IF I ESCAPE.

THE MEXICANS ARE BUFFALO HUNTERS, AND THEY LEAD KIT AND JOHNNY, BOUND, TO A PEN INTO WHICH THEY HAVE DRIVEN A HERD OF BUFFALO.

YOU CAN STAY THERE UNTIL TOMORROW, GRINGOS! SLEEP WELL!

FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, KIT AND JOHNNY STAND UNDER THE PITILESS SUN, TORTURED BY THIRST. THEN, AS NIGHT FALLS AND THE MOON RISES IN A CLOUDLESS SKY...

GOSH, IT'S WHITE DOVE!

QUIET, JOHNNY!

THANKS A LOT, WHITE DOVE. GUESS WE WERE ABOUT ALL IN.

HURRY UP! WE'LL MAKE A DASH FOR THE HORSES!

TOO LATE! THEY'VE SEEN US!

SWIFTLY WHITE DOVE CLIMBS THE STOCKADE.

FOLLOW ME! OVER THE STOCKADE!

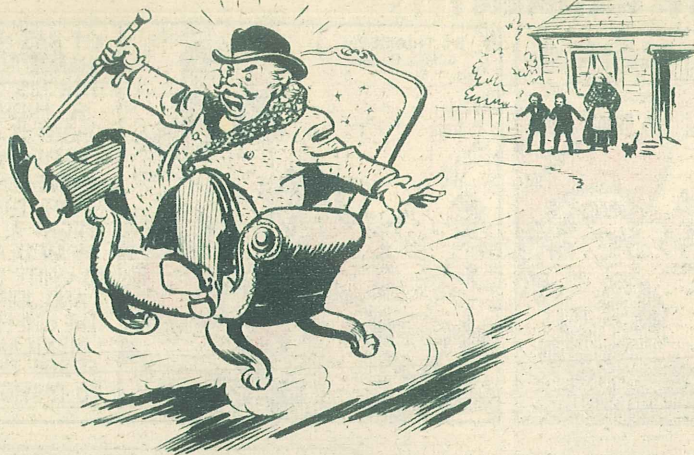
IT'S FULL OF WILD BUFFALO! WE'LL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH!

Amongst the wild buffaloes! Don't miss next week's gripping instalment!



# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

Jimmy finds a modern goose that lays golden eggs—with some amazing results in this cheery tale by GEO. E. ROCHESTER.



The armchair suddenly came to life and tore off with Marmaduke Munney at terrific speed.

## Mrs. Wiggs Goes Back

"I SAY, look there!" said June Watson.

She and her brother Jimmy and Tutty, the cat, were out for a walk in the country. A bend in the road had brought a little wayside cottage into view and, standing on the road, outside the cottage, was a lot of furniture.

"It's old Mrs. Wigg's furniture," said Jimmy in a puzzled voice. "It must be. She lives in that cottage, but I didn't know she was moving."

"Neither did I," said June. "Come on, let's go and say goodbye to her."

They quickened their pace a little. So did Tutty, the cat, in order to keep up with them.

"Who exactly is old Mrs. Wiggs?" he asked, as he trotted along.

"She's a widow and a very nice old lady," said June. "She's lived alone in that cottage for years and years. Ever since Jimmy and I can remember, anyway. I wonder where she's moving to?" "She'll probably tell you that," said Tutty.

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 back again to his proper self. But it was lost and Tutty had searched everywhere for it. He was still searching and, while he was doing so, he was staying with Jimmy and June, who had befriended him.

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

"Hallo, there's Mrs. Wiggs herself!" said Jimmy, as they approached the cottage and the pile of furniture standing in front of it.

An old woman had come out of the cottage and was standing at the garden gate. She had a handkerchief in her hand and kept dabbing at her eyes with it.

"Why, Mrs. Wiggs, whatever is the matter?" cried June.

"I've been turned out of my cottage because I'm behind with the rent," wept the poor old lady. "And where I'm to go, I'm sure I don't know."

She explained how she came to be behind with her rent. She made her living by selling vegetables from her garden, fruit from her

little orchard and the eggs which her hens laid.

But she had been ill and had not been able to attend to her garden. On top of that, her hens had stopped laying, like hens sometimes do. So she had had hardly any money coming in at all and had been unable to pay her rent.

"You should have sent for us, Mrs. Wiggs," said Jimmy. "June and I would have been only too pleased to do your garden for you in our spare time."

"But who is turning you out of your cottage?" cried June indignantly.

"The landlord, Mr. Marmaduke Munney," said Mrs. Wiggs. "He's a very strict man about money and if his rent is not there on the very day, he flies into a terrible rage and turns you out. I'm not the only one he's turned out with nowhere to go."

"I know you're not," said Jimmy angrily. "Everybody knows what a mean and miserly money-grabber old Marmaduke Munney is. Money's the one thing he thinks about."

He broke off as Tutty gave a loud "Miaow!" and trotted away along the road, looking back at Jimmy as he did so. Realising that Tutty wanted to speak to him, Jimmy hastened after him and bent down as though to stroke him.

"I don't want Mrs. Wiggs to know that I can speak in a human voice," whispered Tutty. "I say, did you see a goose in her garden?"

"Yes, why?" asked Jimmy. "It's a pet goose of hers."

"Good!" chuckled Tutty. "Then that's settled her trouble about the rent. Go back and have a look in the garden. Did you ever hear of the goose that laid the golden eggs?"

Jimmy took one look at him, then turned and dashed into the little garden in which the cottage stood. Mrs. Wiggs's pet goose was waddling about there and, as Jimmy looked, he saw two big, bright yellow eggs lying gleaming and glittering on the grass.

He snatched them up and found that they were very heavy indeed; far heavier than ordinary eggs. With one in each hand, he ran to the gate where old Mrs. Wiggs and June were standing, and cried:

"Look, Mrs. Wiggs! Look what your goose has just laid!"

He held the eggs out, lying on the palms of his hands. June picked one up, then cried breathlessly:

"Why, Jimmy, it's solid gold!"

"You bet it is!" cried Jimmy triumphantly. "They both are. That goose must be related to the goose in the fairy tale that laid the golden eggs. Mrs. Wiggs won't have to worry any longer about being turned out of her cottage. She can sell one of the eggs and pay old Miser Munney the rent which is owing and stay

on here as long as she likes."

He gave June a wink and glanced down at Tutty, who had joined them. June knew straight away what he meant and knew that Tutty had used some of his magic to make the goose lay the golden eggs. She bent down and gave him an affectionate little stroke.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. Wiggs was blinking at the golden eggs.

"Is it—is it really true?" she gasped. "Are they—are they really gold?"

"Yes, real solid gold, Mrs. Wiggs!" cried

Jimmy. "Your troubles are over. Your goose Sally must have known you were in trouble, so she's come to the rescue!"

"But she's—she's never laid any golden eggs before," quavered the old lady.

"Well, she's laid 'em now, all right!" cried Jimmy. "And she couldn't have chosen a better time." Then he broke off to exclaim: "Hallo, here comes Mr. Stamp, the postmaster, on his bike. I'm going to let him have a look at these eggs. He'll know what they're worth."

Mr. Stamp, a tall, thin and rather stern-looking man, was coming pedalling along the road. At sight of Mrs. Wiggs and the furniture and Jimmy and June and Tutty, he slowed down and cried:

"Why, hallo, Mrs. Wiggs! Are you leaving?"

"She was going to leave, Mr. Stamp," said Jimmy. "But not now. Would you mind having a look at these things?"

He held out the two golden eggs. At sight of them Mr. Stamp's eyes opened wide in astonishment and he quickly dismounted.

"Why, goodness gracious me!" he gasped, as Jimmy gave him the eggs and he examined them. "They're solid gold. Where on earth did you get them?"

"They belong to Mrs. Wiggs," said Jimmy. "Her pet goose laid them."

"Her goose?" cried the postmaster, as though he could not believe his ears. "Bless my soul, I've never heard of such a thing!"

"How much do you think they're worth, Mr. Stamp?" asked June.

"Worth?" cried Mr. Stamp, who was examining the eggs as though he still could not believe his own eyes. "Oh, they're worth heaps and heaps of money. Any amount of money. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds."

"There, Mrs. Wiggs!" cried Jimmy triumphantly. "I told you your troubles were over. You see, Mr. Stamp," he went on, turning to the postmaster, "Mrs. Wiggs was being put out of her cottage by old Marmaduke Munney because she's behind with the rent. But all she needs to do now is to sell one of

these golden eggs and pay him the rent, isn't it?"

"Here's old Miser Munney coming now!" put in June quickly.

The landlord was coming driving along the road towards the cottage in a spanking pony trap.

"Listen, Mrs. Wiggs, you leave this to me!" said Mr. Stamp quickly. "I'll handle this for you."

Next moment Marmaduke Munney arrived on the scene and pulled up his pony. He was a big, fat, bullying-looking man, with a great hooked nose and greedy little eyes.

"So you're out of the cottage, woman, are you!" he bawled at old Mrs. Wiggs. "And it's a good thing for you that you are. I've come along to see that you're out. If you hadn't been, I'd have thrown you out!"

"Yes, I have no doubt you would!" cried Mr. Stamp angrily. "As it happens, however, Mrs. Wiggs can now pay you the rent she owes you."

"Is that so?" sneered Marmaduke Munney. "Then where has she got the money from?"

Mr. Stamp had slipped the two golden eggs into his pocket. He now pulled one out and handed it to Marmaduke Munney.

"That belongs to Mrs. Wiggs," he said. "It's solid gold, as you can see. She is going to sell it and pay you your rent."

Marmaduke Munney's little eyes were fairly gleaming with greed and amazement as he examined the golden egg.

"But where did she get this?" he gasped.

"Never mind!" retorted Mr. Stamp. "It is no concern of yours where she got it. The fact remains that it belongs to her, and as you can see for yourself, it is worth hundreds and hundreds

of pounds."

"No, not as much as that," said Marmaduke Munney, still greedily examining the golden egg with fingers which were trembling with excitement.

"Yes, it is!" cried Mr. Stamp sternly. "Don't you try to come that sort of game with me, you rascal. It's not a helpless old woman you're talking to now. It's me, and I'm acting on behalf of Mrs. Wiggs."

He held out his hand for the golden egg. But Marmaduke Munney hung on to it, still staring at it with greedy little eyes. Then he looked at Mr. Stamp and cried:

"You say you're acting for Mrs. Wiggs. All right, then, listen, I'll make a bargain with you. She can have the cottage rent free for the rest of her life and I'll keep the golden egg. That's fair!"

Mr. Stamp hesitated. He still had the other golden egg for Mrs. Wiggs in his pocket and he knew that the money she would get for it would keep her in comfort for the rest of her life. He looked at her and said:

"What do you think, Mrs. Wiggs?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried eagerly. "I love my little cottage and it would break my heart to leave. He can have the golden egg and welcome, if I can stay in the cottage for the rest of my life."

"Yes, but rent free," said Mr. Stamp. He turned to Marmaduke Munney. "Very well, it's a bargain," he said. "But we'll have an agreement written out right here and now and we'll have it properly signed and witnessed."

The landlord sat down in an old armchair which was standing on the road, and took out his fountain pen.

(Continued on next page)

## SCAMP ... OUR HAPPY HOUND





A GRAND NEW SERIES  
FOR YOU TO COLLECT

# The GREAT BATTLES of the WORLD!



Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Russia was not so friendly with China as she is now. Seeking to extend her frontiers, she trespassed upon Chinese territory. She founded the flourishing town of Albazin from which she dominated some three thousand acres of cultivated land. The Tsar even presented the town with a coat-of-arms—a spread eagle, holding a bow and arrow in its claws—which was supposed to show the mastery of Russia over the Chinese. Furious at this invasion, the Chinese gathered a force of nearly twenty thousand men armed

with bows, sabres, matchlock guns and fifteen cannon, and surrounded the town. The Chinese commander sent a demand for surrender translated into Chinese, Polish and Russian. When this was rejected, the Chinese attacked furiously. Completely defeated, the Russians at last surrendered. But the Chinese allowed their enemy to march out complete with baggage and arms—though they followed them to the border to ensure they kept to their word. (The splendid picture above is by R. Caton Woodville and is reproduced by permission of "The Illustrated London News.")

## JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

(Continued from page 6)

tain pen. Jimmy and June put a table in front of him, and a few minutes later, the agreement had been written out to Mr. Stamp's entire satisfaction.

"All right, sign it!" he told Marmaduke Munney. "Then I'll sign it as a witness!"

The greedy landlord signed the agreement. Then Mr. Stamp put his name to it and handed it to old Mrs. Wiggs, and said:

"There, Mrs. Wiggs, in exchange for the golden egg the cottage is now yours for the rest of your life, rent free."

"Hurrah!" yelled Jimmy and June.

Tutty merely grinned to himself and made a queer movement with his paw. As he did so, a most amazing thing happened. For the tables and chairs and beds standing on the road started to run into the cottage of their own accord, for all the world as though they knew that they could now go back indoors.

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Stamp, his eyes nearly popping right out of his head.

For the armchair in which Mr. Marmaduke Munney had been sitting had suddenly bolted with that terrified gentleman and was scudding away along the road with him at a simply

terrific pace on its little wooden legs.

"Help!" howled the terrified landlord. "Stop—help!"

But the armchair didn't stop and it was going at such a speed that its panic-stricken passenger daren't throw himself out in case he broke his precious neck.

"After him!" yelled Jimmy, who knew perfectly well that this was some more of Tutty's magic, and he, June, Tutty and Mr. Stamp raced after the runaway armchair and the howling, bellowing Marmaduke Munney.

Then suddenly the armchair swerved off the road, scudded in through a farmyard gate and stopped dead on the very edge of a duck pond covered with

greenish slime. It stopped dead so suddenly and quickly that Mr. Marmaduke Munney was shot clean out of it and went head-first into the duck pond with a most terrific splash.

And, oh, what a horrid sight he was as he crawled out, for he was soaked to the skin and covered all over with the smelly green slime. But the worst thing of all, from his point of view, was that the golden egg had slipped from his pocket.

During the days which followed it cost him no end of money to have the pond pumped dry. The egg was found, but somehow or other it had shrunk so small that when the raging Marmaduke Munney sold it, he

got only enough money for it to give him what was a fair rent of old Mrs. Wigg's cottage.

And that nearly broke his greedy heart, because he had been expecting to make a simply enormous profit. If he could, he would have gone back on the agreement, but he knew he couldn't, thanks to Mr. Stamp. So Mrs. Wiggs was going to be happy for the rest of her life in her little cottage and, as June said to Tutty:

"It's all thanks to you, Tutty. You were wonderful!"

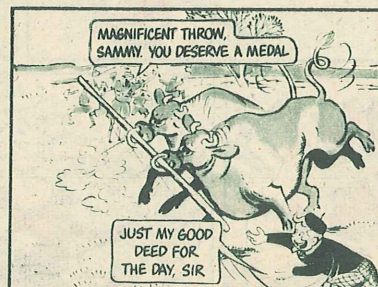
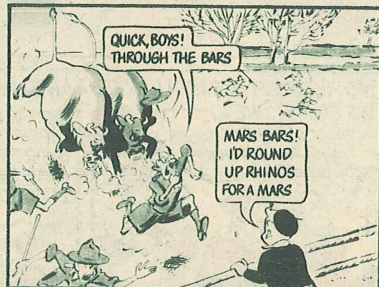
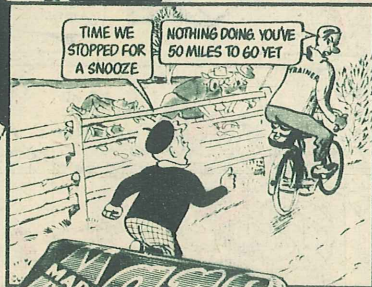
"Oh, that's all right," said Tutty. "I like to help nice people."

More fun and thrills with Jimmy, June and Tutty next week.

Exclusive to "COMET"! Tarzan of the Apes—tell your friends.



## SAMMY SHUTEYE RINGS THE BULL.



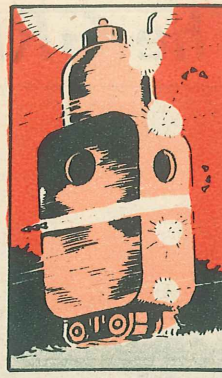
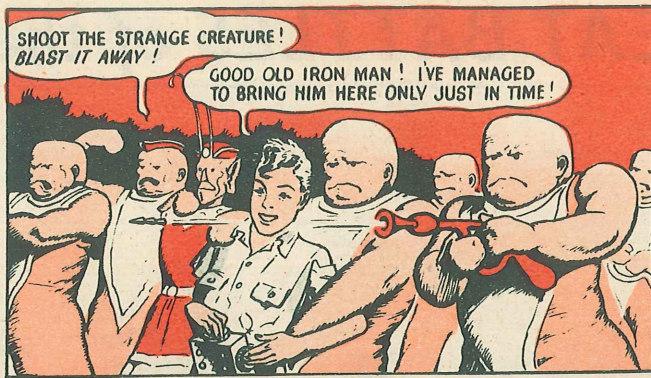
**MARS ARE MARVELLOUS — AND BIG!**

Mars are such big bars • Mars have such a marvellous taste • Mars are such fine value — get yours today!



# DON DEEDS

Don Deeds and Krim, his Martian friend, journey to Uranus with one of Hoo Sung's Iron Men to capture Zeros, the mad warlord. They have to make a forced landing and Don and Krim are caught. But Don is able to summon the Iron Man to their aid.



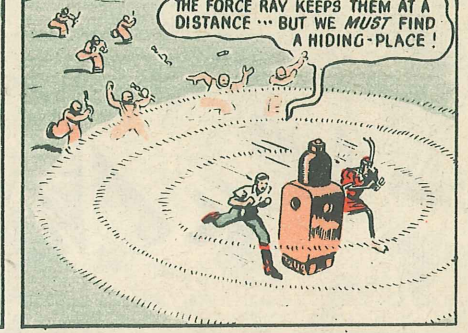
AS THE IRON MAN ADVANCES, DON AND KRIM MAKE A DASH TO GET AWAY...



WITHOUT STOPPING, THE IRON MAN DASHES PAST



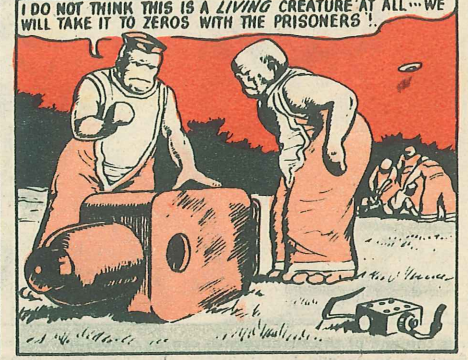
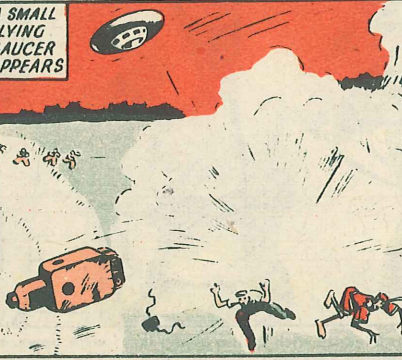
THE URANIANS RECOVER AND CHASE THEM...



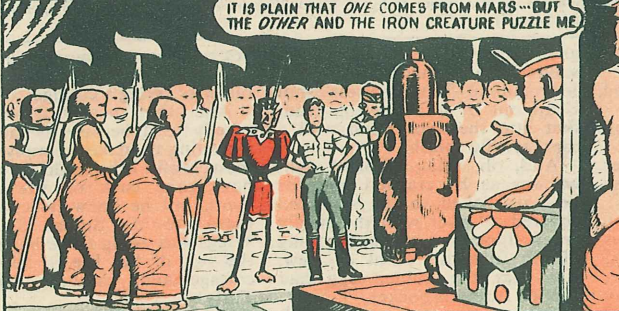
THE URANIAN COMMANDER REPORTS BACK TO ZEROS, WHO THEN GIVES HIS ORDERS



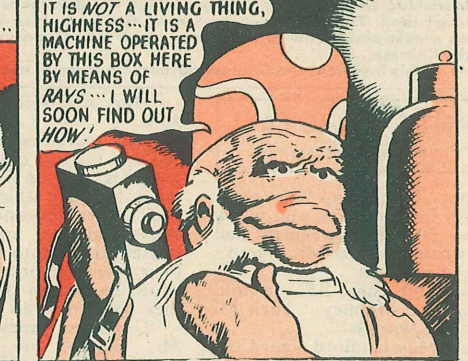
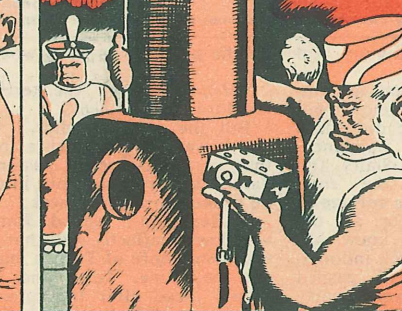
KEEP AWAY FROM THEM, HIXOS. I WILL SEND A SMALL AIRCRAFT TO STUN THEM WITH A SLEEP BOMB...I DO NOT WANT THEM TO BE HARMED!



WHEN DON AND KRIM REGAIN THEIR SENSES THEY FIND THEMSELVES BEFORE ZEROS...



ZUM, THE URANIAN SCIENTIST, IS MAKING A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE IRON MAN...



What will happen to Don and Krim now they are prisoners on Uranus? Don't miss next week's thrills!

