

COMET

No. 117
(New Series)
Oct. 14, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



To go out walking in the sun,
Is Scampy-dog's idea of fun.



COME ON OLD PUP WE'LL HAVE
A NICE LITTLE WALK - AND
MIND YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF.

But dog-leads are a thing the tyke
Most definitely doesn't like!



DON'T LIKE BEING ON THE
LEAD, EH? WELL, YOU'VE
GOT TO COME!

Leads always make him act quite mulish,
Because, he says, they feel so foolish.

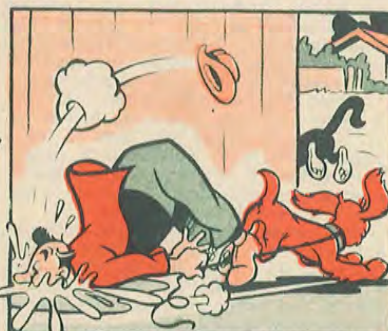


Scamp tugged, and so did Dad, until
The lead just snapped, and caused a spill.



WELL, YOU'RE NOT
GETTING AWAY WITH
THAT, SCAMP!

But this, our Dad just couldn't take,
And knotted up to mend the break.



Just then our Scampy saw a cat,
And once again poor Pa went flat.



Scamp pulled away, as you will see,
For Dad looked angry as can be.



And then the Cop upon his beat,
Did not look where he put his feet.



HUMPH! PLAYING TRICKS,
EH? I WANT A WORD
WITH YOU!

The copper then did growl and grumble,
He clearly blamed Dad for his tumble!



WUFF! WUFF! WOOF!
ROW! WOW! WOW!

Just then a bull-dog came along,
And trouble started, hot and strong!



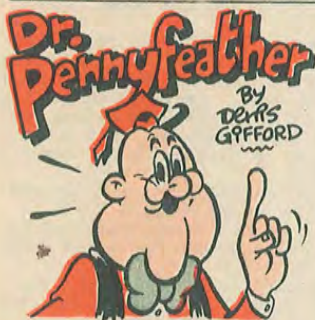
RELEASE THE DOG!
DOING IT ON PURPOSE,
EH? RIGHT!

Both Cop and father quickly found,
That by the dog-lead they were bound!



NOW THEN -
NAME -
ADDRESS -!

So Scamp was from that lead set free,
And ran off happy as could be!



THIS AFTERNOON I SHOULD LIKE YOU
TO BRING YOUR PETS TO SCHOOL
FOR DISCUSSION!



HERE'S MY PET, SIR -
MEET 'CAMERA'.

WHAT A SWEET LITTLE
CHAP, BUT WHY CALL HIM
'CAMERA'?



'COS HE'S ALWAYS
SNAPPING, SIR!

I SEE WHAT
YOU MEAN!



AH! THAT IS A NICE PUSSY, DIMM -
WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?

'TOMORROW'
SIR!



WHAT AN ODD NAME! HERE, TOMORROW -
COME TO DR. PENNYFEATHER, THEN.



HM! TOMORROW DOES NOT
OBEY WHEN I CALL HIM!

OF COURSE
NOT, SIR!



EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT
TOMORROW NEVER COMES!



FIFTY LINES!

"BUNTER!"
Mr. Quelch, in the Remove form room at Greyfriars, shot out that name like a bullet.

Billy Bunter gave quite a jump. "Oh! Yes, sir!" he stammered. Billy Bunter's thoughts had been wandering from the lesson. Really, it could not be helped. Bunter had bullseyes in his pocket. He was debating in his fat mind whether he could possibly transfer the same from his pocket to his mouth unnoticed by Quelch.

But that sharp rap from the Remove master caused him to sit up and take notice. He blinked at Mr. Quelch uneasily through his big spectacles. He was glad, at that moment, that the bullseyes were still in his pocket. Had they been in his mouth, Quelch would have spotted them. "You are not giving attention to the lesson, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, yes, sir! I—I heard everything you were saying, sir!" stammered Bunter, wondering, at the same time, what Quelch might possibly have been saying.

"What was the year of the Norman Conquest, Bunter?"

"Oh!" mumbled Bunter. Some of the Remove fellows grinned. That really was an easy one. Any fag in the Second Form could have answered it without stopping to think. But dates were not Bunter's long suit.

There were dates that he could digest with ease and satisfaction and in large quantities. They were sweet and sticky! But the kind of dates that were dealt with in the history class did not attract Bunter. He loathed them.

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

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Then answer me at once." Bunter had to make a shot at it. He remembered at least that there was a double number in it. Mixed dates jostled in his fat head, and he selected one at random.

"1588, sir!"

There was a double number in that, and Bunter hoped that he had made a lucky shot. But the look on Quelch's face immediately apprised him that he hadn't!

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. "Did you say 1588, Bunter? 1588, Bunter, was the year of the Spanish Armada."

"Oh! Yes! I—I know!" gasped Bunter. "I—I didn't mean to say 1588, sir—I—I meant to say 1688."

"1688, Bunter, was the year of the English Revolution!" said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice.

"Oh! Was it, sir? I mean, of—of course, sir! I—I know exactly the—the year of the Norman Conquest, sir. I—I remember it perfectly, sir, only—I've forgotten it!" stuttered Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Bunter! After class, you will write out that William of Normandy invaded England in 1066 fifty times."

Bunter blinked at his form master. "Did—did—did he, sir?" he ejaculated. "I have told you so, Bunter."

"Oh! I—I suppose he did if you say so, sir! But—but I thought William of Normandy invaded England only once, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from nearly all the remove. Apparently the fat Owl had misunderstood.

"Silence in the class!" hooted Mr.

SIMPLE BILLY BUNTER

A Rollicking Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

Quelch. "Bunter! What do you mean? Are you venturing to jest in form, Bunter? You will bring your imposition to my study at half-past four, Bunter. Otherwise I shall cane you. Wharton, the date of the Battle of Hastings?"

Quelch's attention passed to other members of the form. Billy Bunter had a rest—probably it was a rest to his form master also!

"I SAY, you fellows."

Billy Bunter was reclining, not to say sprawling, in an armchair in the Rag, when Harry Wharton and Co. came in. He greeted them with a fat squeak.

Bunter's fat brow was wrinkled. He seemed to have food for thought. It was not the bullseyes this time; they had gone on the downward path.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Done your impot, Bunter?"

"I haven't touched it yet," answered Bunter. "You see—"

"You'd better get a move on, fathead," said Harry Wharton. "Quelch meant what he said, and you've got to take it in at four-thirty, or get a whopping."

"But I say, you fellows, what do you think Quelch meant?" asked Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five through his big spectacles.

"What he said, fathead," answered Johnny Bull.

"Well, he said that William of Normandy invaded England in 1066 fifty times," said Bunter.

"Wha-a-t?"

"Of course, I jolly well know that he jolly well didn't," said Bunter. "We've had the Norman Conquest in history class before, and I know jolly well that William invaded England only once—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Quelch makes out that I'm dense," went on Bunter. "He's as good as called

me a fool, at times. Well, if I am, I'm not dense enough to believe that William invaded England fifty times, all in the same year, too! If Quelch meant what he said, I've got only one line to write—"

"Only one line!" ejaculated Frank Nugent.

"Yes, that was what Quelch said! He said, 'Write out that William of Normandy invaded England in 1066 fifty times! His very words. You all heard him.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I know that William didn't!" said Bunter. "Why, that would be doing it regularly every week! But that was what Quelch said, and if I write out what Quelch said, I've got only one line to write, see?"

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You'd better not try that on with Quelch, Bunter," he said. "Quelch gave you fifty lines, and your best guess is to go and get them done."

Billy Bunter grunted. The way Quelch had put it was liable to misunderstanding, and Bunter, evidently, had been pondering over whether he could venture to misunderstand it to that extent! He received no encouragement from the Famous Five. He heaved himself out of the armchair.

"Well, if he meant fifty lines—" he said.

"You fat chump, you know he did!"

"Well, if I've got fifty lines to do, I suppose I'd better get on with them," grunted Bunter. "But I say, you fellows—suppose you all come up to the study and lend a hand with them?"

But answer there came none. Nobody, apparently, was going to do Bunter's lines for him. With fifty lines to write, or a whopping to come, the fat Owl realised that he had better get a move on, and he rolled out of the Rag, en route for No. 7 Study in the Remove.

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.

We have received so many names and addresses for publication that it will take several weeks for them all to appear in our columns. Therefore, please do not send in any more until we are able to deal with them, when you will see a notice asking you to write.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

MARY COWIE, 23 Gordon Street, Port Gordon, Banffshire, Scotland. Fourteen. Badminton, reading.

SHIRLEY LEAN, 105 Hertford Road, Dalston, London, N.1. Fourteen. Radio, dancing, swimming.

ALAN JOHNSON, 13 North View, High Spen, Rowlands Gill, Co. Durham. Ten. Reading.

PETER BUXTON, 27 Mansfield Road, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks. Twelve. Cigarette cards, sport.

MICHAEL LEECH, 159 Hale Road, Speke, Liverpool 19. Thirteen. Sport, reading, writing.

ALMA HUGHES, 19 Aston Crescent, Fulwell, Sunderland, Co. Durham. Twelve. Swimming, cycling, craft.

PAT AUSTIN, 3 Wilson Close, Mathersey Thorpe, nr. Doncaster, Yorks. Fourteen. Swimming, films.

SYBIL RICHARDSON, 100 Main Street, Larbert, Stirlingshire, Scotland. Twelve. Drama, poetry.

DAVID ASHALL, 23 St. James Street, Widnes Lancs. Twelve. Football.

COLIN QUAYLE, 36 James Street, Widnes Lancs. Eleven. Reading, films.

CORAL JONES, 38 Brithweynydd Road, Trealaw, Rhondda, Glam. Thirteen. Reading, painting.

AVRIL HENSON, 3 Zetland Terrace, Low Laithes, Tummer Bridge, Harrogate, Yorks. Twelve. Swimming, hockey, reading.

GWENDA HARRIS, 48 Rutland Avenue, High Wycombe, Bucks. Thirteen. Films.

SHEENA LANDICK, 17 Samares Avenue, St. Clements, Jersey, C.I. Fourteen. Stamps, swimming, cycling.

LAVINIA BENNETT, 11 Boverton Avenue, Brockworth, Glos. Thirteen. Books, swimming.

BRIAN CORLEY, 50a Russel Rise, Luton, Beds. Nine. Drawing, arithmetic.

BARBARA WILSON, 3 Wilford Cottages, Goodhead Street, Neadows, Nottingham. Fourteen. Films, sport.

STELLA CERESA, 43 Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.26. Ten. Stamps, reading.

MARGARET TAYLOR, 50 Barrington Avenue, Chatterlands Avenue, Hull. Eleven. Films, nature study.

BERYL ROBINSON, 15 Howliss Avenue, Coundon, near Auckland, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Tennis.

EILEEN BROCKBANK, 49 Swan Street, Longtown, Carlisle, Cumberland. Twelve. Stamps, reading.

JOHN LARGE, 22 Hawthorne Avenue, Stopley, Luton, Beds. Thirteen. Football.

JOYCE MILLER, 40 Twybridge Way, Stonebridge, London, N.W.10. Fourteen. Sport.

PAULONE WHARTON, 65 New John Street, Blackheath, Birmingham. Fourteen. Films.

JOAN MEGSON, 1 Sissons Mount, Middleton, Leeds, 10, Yorks. Fourteen. Music, films.

ALISON BULLAUGH, 11 Jerviston Street, Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Eleven. Horses, swimming.

MARGARET DAY, 6 Blackburn Road, Ribchester, Preston, Lancs. Ten. Films, horse riding.

ALFRED WATSON, 240 Canongate, Edinburgh, Scotland. Ten. Swimming, sport.

MICHAEL DUNPHY, 5 Coldcotes View, Gipton Estate, Leeds, 9. Ten. Stamps, sport, cycling.

DOREEN CLEWTOW, 5 Croxden Road, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Fourteen. Dancing, skating, films.

JANE SWANN, 8 Dolben Square, Finedon, Wellingborough, Northants. Ten. Reading.

ROSEMARY NASH, "Daleswood" Caravan Site, Romsley, Halesowen. Nine. Reading.

JAMES ANDREWS, Stable Flat, Bishopswood, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire. Eleven. Stamps, aeroplanes.

BARRY WELCH, 7 Brookfield Road, Ipswich, Suffolk. Fourteen. Photography, cycling, cars.

SYLVIA WILKINSON, 13 Binglefield Gardens, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 5. Eleven. Gardening, films, stamps.

MICHAEL HALL, Flat 11, 204 Hall Street, Stockport, Cheshire. Nine. Stamps, football, reading.

ARTHUR CLULOW, 151, Brunswick Street, C.-on-M., Manchester, 13. Twelve. Sport.

BILLY ALLEN, 12 New Laithes Close, Lowerhouses, Huddersfield, Yorks. Fourteen. Astronomy, films.

PATRICIA CHURCH, 1 Brighton Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, 15. Thirteen. Piano, cycling.

LILLIAN BARNES, 17 Barnfield Road, Kirkham, Preston, Lancs. Eleven. Reading.

THOMAS MACDONALD, 55 Blorwich Road, Walsall, Staffs. Sixteen. Sport.

Continued on page 6

"Oh, lor!" breathed Billy Bunter.

He listened in trepidation. The Owl of the Remove, when he rolled out of the Rag, had quite made up his fat mind to get those lines done. But on his way to No. 7 in the Remove, he passed the open doorway of No. 2 Study. He blinked in at that open doorway and discerned a tin of toffees on the study table. Neither Tom Brown nor Hazeldene was in the study and the coast was clear, as Bunter ascertained by a rapid blink up and down the passage. For the moment he forgot his lines. It did not even occur to Billy Bunter to refrain from dipping his fat fingers into an unguarded tin of toffees. There was nobody about. He rolled into No. 2 Study and dipped.

He intended to take only a few. But he found the few so palatable, that he took a few more. Then he helped himself to another few. And so it came to pass that the tin of toffees was empty, and Bunter, in a happy sticky state, prepared to roll away, when there were voices and footsteps in the passage outside. And among the voices, to his dismay, he heard those of Brown and Hazel, to whom that study belonged.

They did not come in. They were talking to some other fellows—Smithy and Redwing, and Ogilvy. Only the half-shut door hid the fat Owl from the group in the passage.

They were talking games. They talked and talked, while Bunter longed for them to go. He dared not venture forth while they were there. He knew what to expect if he did. Time was going. Bunter's lines had to be handed in by half-past four, or else! He simply had to get to his study and write those lines. But he had to wait till the coast was clear! A booting from Tom Brown was as bad as a whopping from Quelch.

Minutes passed—minute after minute! From the bottom of his fat heart, Billy Bunter repented him that he had fallen to the temptation of those toffees! There was barely time to scurry through fifty lines now, even if he got to his study.

Minute followed minute! And then, to Bunter's infinite relief, he heard the Bouncer say: "Come on, Reddy!" They were going at last!

But his relief lasted only a moment. Tom Brown's voice followed:

"Hold on, you chaps! I've got some toffees in my study."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The door was pushed open and a little crowd of juniors tramped in. Five pairs of eyes fixed on Billy Bunter's sticky face and an empty toffee tin!

"Bunter—"

"My toffees!"

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I—I haven't—I—I didn't—I—I wasn't—I—I wouldn't—"

"Boot him!"

"Scrag him!"

"I say, you fellows—yaroooooh!" roared Bunter.

How many kicks he collected before he escaped from No. 2 Study, Billy Bunter could hardly have counted. They seemed innumerable. It was a breathless and spluttering fat Owl that bolted up the passage, hurtled into No. 7 Study and slammed the door—too late to have any hope of getting fifty lines done in time.

"YOU'RE for it!" said Peter Todd.

He came into No. 7 Study at four twenty-five to find Billy Bunter seated at the table, with a pen in his fat hand, a wrinkle in his fat brow, and a blank sheet of impot paper before him. With only five minutes to go, Bunter had not written a single line.

He blinked round at his study-mate through his big spectacles.

"I say, Toddy, I've been thinking it out. Quelch makes out that I'm awfully dense, doesn't he?"

"It doesn't need much making out," grinned Peter. "A tropical jungle has nothing on you, old fat bean."

"Well, look here, if I'm dense, as Quelch makes out, and he doesn't put things plain, of course a fellow might misunderstand," said Bunter. "Quelch can't have it both ways—calling a fellow dense, and expecting him to make out what he means when he doesn't put it plain. He said that I was to write out that William of Normandy invaded England in 1066 fifty times. That's just one line! If he didn't mean that, I can't be expected to guess what he did mean, you know, me being so dense!"

"I mean to say, I haven't got time now to write fifty lines," said Bunter. "And I don't want a whopping from Quelch,

(continued on page 7)

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SPLASH PAGE

ACE REPORTER OF THE 'DAILY WORLD'
AND HIS ASSISTANT—JILL BRENT



THIS WEEK:—THE CASE OF SCORCHER SMITH

ONE FOGGY NIGHT!

THE telephone rang on Splash Page's desk in the *Daily World* building.

"Hallo!" said Splash. Then after a few moments' listening, "Great Scott!" Jill Brent, his assistant, heard the metallic voice on the wire and saw Splash Page's expression change from surprise to anger.

"Thanks for telling me, Mrs. Smith," said Splash. "I'll look into this. Don't worry!" He hung up and turned to Jill. "Remember Scorchersmith, Jill?"

"Could I ever forget him!" laughed Jill. "It's the boy who kidnapped us and then made you ride one of those queer-looking bikes to open the Bexton Panthers' speedway track!"

"He's been arrested," said Splash grimly. "That was his mother. Scorchersmith was picked up by the river police rowing in the Thames down near the docks—and he was carrying a parcel with ten thousand pounds' worth of gems in it! It's a smuggling charge."

"I don't believe it!" said Jill in astonishment.

"It happened, just the same," said Splash. "And Scorchersmith has been up in court, and he won't talk. He won't say why he was carrying this package—or who he was carrying it for!"

"He's shielding somebody," said Jill decisively. "Scorchersmith's no crook."

"It must be a very good friend," said Splash, "or"—he added thoughtfully—"somebody who has got a hold on Scorchersmith."

He banged a fist on his desk. "Silas Simms!"

"Simms? The grocer who gave the land for the cycle speedway track?" gasped Jill. "Oh no, Splash! He may be nasty, but he's no smuggler!"

"But Scorchersmith do a lot to keep that track," said Splash. "Come on, Jill! I may be wrong—but we've got to find out why Scorchersmith's done this thing! And Simms will do as well as anyone for a start."

They took a taxi down to Bexton, the dockland area where Scorchersmith lived. Fog wreathed round them as they walked to Silas Simms' main store. He owned many grocery shops in the district.

Jill shivered. "Nice night you've brought me out on, Splash Page!"

"Nice night for Scorchersmith, stuck in that Remand Home," said Splash Page

grimly. "Come on, Jill, round the back of the store."

They came to a backyard littered with broken packing cases. Light showed yellow in the fog from a ground floor window.

"He's in," said Splash. "That's his office!"

They picked their way past dustbins and packing cases. A door yawned before them—open.

"Looks like he's got visitors," whispered Splash. "And now he's left the door open. That's unusual for this district."

As he stepped into the doorway, Jill, close behind him, he heard the sudden thud of running footsteps on the bare boards of the passageway. A dark figure loomed—and Splash crashed back and sideways against the wall as a fist grazed his cheek.

"Hi!" roared Splash Page. "What's going on?"

His hand grabbed upwards. He felt and heard cloth ripping. His other hand jabbed out, fist bunched. It sank into a muscular body, and he heard the "Oof!" of quickly expelled breath.

Then something hard and knobby and smelling of tar crashed on the bridge of his nose. He reeled again, grabbed vainly at a big body that lurched past, heard Jill's cry as the hefty stranger barged against her and knocked her flying. The sound of footsteps blundering across the yard, packing cases and dustbins crashing and clanging—then silence.

Splash Page heaved himself upright groggily. "All right, Jill?" he snuffled, feeling his battered nose.

"All right," said Jill faintly. "But definitely annoyed!"

Mirror, keys, powder compact streamed from her bag and tinkled on the floor as she opened it and fumbled for a torch. The torch beam wavered and settled on something on the floor.

Splash picked it up. It was a wallet. While Jill, muttering angrily, collected her things, Splash took the torch and examined the wallet. He found a card with the name: "Johannes Doorn, Rotterdam." And the name of a ship, *Van der Tag*.

"Dutch seaman's card," said Splash, scanning it. "Let's have a look for Simms!"

They opened a door at the end of the

passage, under which a crack of light gleamed. They saw the black-clad form of Silas Simms lying sprawled on the floor in front of his desk. One clenched hand stretched out on the floor in front of him, the other was underneath his body.

"Is he—is he dead?" whispered Jill. Splash examined the grocer. "No—just unconscious. Coshed on the back of the nut!" He prised open the man's clenched hand. Something gleamed! "A diamond!" "A Dutch seaman—Rotterdam—a diamond!" gasped Jill. "Splash, you were right! Old Simms is mixed up in this!"

Splash Page pointed to the telephone. "Jill, call the police—there's a river police station near here. Get an ambulance for Simms. Tell the coppers to have a look at the Dutch ship—they'll know where it is."

"Where are you going?" said Jill. "To find the ship," snapped Splash Page, and was gone.

Splash sprinted through the thinning fog, guided by the mournful hoots of vessels on the river. He pounded on to a wooden quay. It was not hard to find the *Van der Tag*. She lay tied up to the quay, a small Dutch coaster, with arc lights splashing her with light from her derricks. She must just have moved in from the stream for unloading.

Splash ran up the gangway. He jumped down on to the well-scrubbed deck and walked along towards the bridge.

Then he saw a big man standing at the top of the ladder leading up to the bridge, who stared down at him, a long black cheroot glowing as he puffed at it.

"Who are you?" said the big man thickly.

Splash slowly climbed the ladder until he was standing close to the big man and staring into his face.

"I'm Splash Page," he said calmly.

"Who are you?" "I am Captain Van Tronk," said the big man, "and I t'row you off if you not tell me vat you do on my ship. Maybe I t'row you off anyway."

Splash Page chuckled. He took the wallet from his pocket and held it out in his hand.

"I found a wallet," he said quietly. "It belongs to one of your crew—Johannes Doorn."

"Ah, Johannes! He is so careless," said Van Tronk jovially. "It is so good of you to bring der wallet back. Der good Johannes vill be very pleased!"

"I'm sure he will," said Splash, "and I'll be pleased to see him to repay that bash on the boko that he gave me!"

He saw the big Dutch captain's eyes flicker past him, over his shoulder. He heard the slight scrape of a boot. Then he ducked forwards, and as he ducked he seized the captain's arm. His head rammed into the captain's well-filled middle and Van Tronk folded up, his cheroot falling from his mouth as he gasped.

The cosh swished past Splash's head and landed with a thud on Captain Van Tronk's shoulder. He gasped again and thumped to the boards of his bridge.

Splash turned in an eel-like movement. His fist came up in a vicious hook and connected with Johannes Doorn's jaw. With a grunt the seaman flung up his arms and fell backwards. He fell many feet down the ladder—not touching any of the rungs—until he landed with a jarring thud on his back on the main deck.

Captain Van Tronk was bellowing. His wheezy roars of pain and rage brought two more of his crew running to the bridge on slippery feet. Splash's fist caught one as he came up the ladder.

The seaman staggered back, cannoned off the edge of the wheelhouse door and fell on top of Captain Van Tronk. The second seaman rushed at Splash. The reporter ducked under him and straightened. Carried forward by his own rush the man sailed through the air over Splash's shoulder. He flew right over the end of the bridge and fell with waving arms and legs

towards the dark water.

He hit the water with a yell and a splash. He was lucky. He fell within a foot of a police motor-launch which was nosing up against the ship. The police crew fished him out with a boathook and he landed flapping and gasping on the floorboards like a stranded fish.

"Splash Page ahoy!" yelled the police sergeant. "Are you aboard?"

"Splash Page replying!" bawled the reporter. "Come aboard."

He swung down the ladder and had a look at Johannes. The seaman's blue serge jacket was ripped all along the shoulder seam.

"Yes, you're the chap that coshed Simms all right!" said Splash Page.

The police sergeant came over the low side of the Dutch vessel. He found Splash Page sitting on the bottom of the bridge ladder, looking tired.

"We got your message," he said. "Everything's all right as long as we can connect this ship with Silas Simms. We suspected they were smuggling through jewels which he passed to a fence."

Splash Page held out the wallet. "This is your connection, sergeant. That fellow there dropped it when he had a barney with me after coshing Silas Simms."

"The only thing is," said the sergeant thoughtfully, "why did that boy we picked up with the smuggled stuff on him keep so quiet? Why didn't he tell us?"

"I think you'd have to know Scorchersmith pretty well to find that out," grinned Splash. "I'll go and see him now."

Off went Splash Page to see Scorchersmith—to tell him all that had happened. The news made a big difference. For the first time, Scorchersmith was willing to explain matters so that he was released.

Meanwhile, the police were busy aboard the Dutch ship. The skipper realised that the game was up and blamed Mr. Simms for all his trouble. It seemed plain to him that Mr. Simms had doubled-crossed him, so he owned up to everything.

LATE that night Splash Page and Jill Brett sat at supper in Scorchersmith's home with Scorchersmith and his mother. Red-headed, stocky Scorchersmith was willing to talk now.

"You see, Mr. Page," he said, "old Simms came down to the Bexton Panthers' cycle speedway track and asked me if I'd run a message for him—row to the ship and pick up a package from Captain Van Tronk. I refused at first."

"What did he say?" asked Splash Page. "He told me if I didn't go he'd take our bit of ground back. That would have meant closing down our speedway."

"And you went," said Splash, "and the police caught you on the way back. And you didn't say a word. Why?"

"That would have been splitting," said Scorchersmith uncomfortably. "And I was afraid my pals would be turned off after they'd put in so much work in getting the track ready."

"And Captain Van Tronk thought Simms was double-crossing him when you got caught and sent Johannes Doorn to deal with him," said Splash page. "That is what Johannes told the police just now, anyway."

"We're very grateful, Mr. Page," said Mrs. Smith.

Splash chuckled. Jill Brent replied for him. "Don't thank him, Mrs. Smith! He's already planning his story for the *Daily World*!"

Another gripping adventure of Splash Page in next week's "COMET." Don't miss it!

STARTING NEXT WEEK!

A Grand New Story of Thrills
in the Air

"THE FLYING GUNMEN"

By Geo. E. Rochester

DON'T MISS IT!

CHUCKLE CORNER



RUSTY RILEY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. He has a dog, Flip, and a horse, Hillbilly. A couple of swindlers persuade Rusty to let them take Hillbilly to a race meeting to make money for him. Actually, they are working a swindle. But Mr. Miles turns up with his daughter, Patty, and Tex Purdy, his trainer, and the crooks are foiled. Mr. Miles and Patty fly home, leaving Rusty and Tex to follow, with Hillbilly in a horse-box. They stop at Rocky Spring and hear about a celebration and race meeting at Pine Centre, near by, and decide to take a look at it!

THEY TELL ME PINE CENTRE IS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE BIG CELEBRATION?

SWELL, TEX. WE CAN PUT FLIP IN THE BARN WITH HILLBILLY —

WHILE YOU'RE BEDDING DOWN HILLBILLY AND FLIP, I'LL TRY TO HUNT UP A TAXI.

OKAY, TEX... I WON'T BE LONG.

ANY CHANCE OF HIRING A CAB? THE BOY AND I WOULD LIKE TO RUN OVER TO PINE CENTRE.

WELL, WE DON'T HAVE A REG'LAR TAXI, BUT MR. DICKY IS DRIVIN' OVER. HELL TAKE YOU

SHO DEPU

WATCH OUT FOR - HE PICKS ON LIT



HOWDY, PARD! ALL MYSELF - PARDON CALL ME



WITH YOUR P



PARDON ME!



IT'S BEEN DELI YOU!



I MEAN TO SA TAKE OFFEN



MR. DICKY, THIS HERE'S MR. PURDY. HE'D LIKE TO RIDE OVER TO PINE CENTRE WITH YOU.

HOWDY, MR. DICKY

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. PURDY. WHY SURE... COME ALONG.

THIS YOUR HOME HERE IN ROCKY SPRING, MR. DICKY?

YES, I LIVE HERE, BUT I RUN THE WEEKLY PAPER "THE OBSERVER" OVER IN PINE CENTRE.

IS THAT GOING TO BE A BIG HORSE RACE TOMORROW, MR. DICKY?

I DON'T KNOW AS YOU'D CALL IT A BIG RACE, RUSTY, BUT IT'S SURE TO PACK PLENTY OF REAL EXCITEMENT!

WHAT'S GOING TO MAKE TOMORROW'S RACE SO EXCITING?

IT'S QUITE A STORY. COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU ONE OF THE HORSES... BOY, THE WHOLE COUNTY WILL BE WATCHING THIS RACE

HELLO, LILA. THIS IS MR. PURDY, OF MILESTONE FARM, AND THIS IS RUSTY RILEY. MR. PURDY, SHAKE HANDS WITH LILA CHATFIELD... HOW'S THE HORSE, LILA?

HOWDY, MISS CHATFIELD

OH, YOU'RE QUENTIN MILES'S TRAINER! GLAD TO KNOW YOU. HELLO, RUSTY... "STARLIGHT'S" FINE. I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE JOCKEY WHO'S GOING TO RIDE HIM

CONGRATULATIONS, MISS CHATFIELD. THAT'S A FINE ANIMAL. HOW'S HER TIME?

SHE DID A MILE IN ONE THIRTY-SIX CARRYING A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS THIS MORNING

ONE THIRTY-SIX! WHY, THAT'S RIGHT FANCY TIME, MA'AM! SOUNDS MIGHTY NEAR A WORLD RECORD!

UNLESS THERE ARE SOME PRETTY SWELL HORSES IN THE FIELD, YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH

THIS IS ONLY A TWO-HORSE RACE, AND IT ISN'T HER TIME THAT WORRIES ME —

WHAT IS WORRYING YOU, MA'AM? ANYTHING AN OLD HORSE TRAINER CAN HELP YOU WITH?

WELL, MR. PURDY, MY JOCKEY... WELL HE... OH, SKIP IT... I GUESS I'M JUST A BIT JITTERY

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE OBSERVER OFFICE

TELL ME MORE ABOUT THAT RACE TOMORROW, MR. DICKY. THAT'S A RIGHT NICE GAL, THAT MISS CHATFIELD

MR. PURDY I WISH I COULD PRINT THE WHOLE STORY, BUT FIRST WE MUST BE SURE OF OUR FACTS. MISS CHATFIELD IS THE SALT OF THE EARTH!

SO WAS OLD RAVINEL CHATFIELD, HER DAD... HE WORSHIPPED HER... MADE HER JUST ABOUT THE BEST HORSEWOMAN IN THE STATE... BUT HE MADE ONE TRAGIC MISTAKE

RAVINEL CHATFIELD! WHY HE WAS THE GREAT BREEDER OF TENNESSEE RACE HORSES! SO SHE'S HIS DAUGHTER, HM-M, WHAT WAS THE MISTAKE?

THE MISTAKE WAS IN HIS WILL. HE LEFT HIS ENTIRE ESTATE JOINTLY TO HIS DAUGHTER AND HER NO-GOOD HALF BROTHER. EVER SINCE CHATFIELD'S DEATH, THIS HALF BROTHER HAS TRIED ONE TRICK AFTER ANOTHER TO GET ALL THE ESTATE FOR HIMSELF

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CHATFIELD BARN—

WELL, JOE, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP... YOU'RE AN HOUR LATE!... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT HOW TO RIDE STARLIGHT TOMORROW

LISTEN TO ME. I'VE BEEN RIDING GOOD AND BAD NAGS FOR PLENTY O' YEARS. REMEMBER, I AIN'T NO APPRENTICE... YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME HOW TO RIDE THIS OR ANY OTHER RACE!

PORTY

TY SHERIFF

"ARDON-ME-PERCY"
"LE GUYS LIKE YOU"



"YEAH? WELL I'D
LIKE TO SEE HIM
TRY IT ON ME!"

"LOW ME TO INTRODUCE
IN-ME-PERCY" THEY



PERMISSION!



HTFUL MEETING



-YOU CAN'T REALLY
E CAN YOU?"



Kit Carson

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 Indians, led by Hawkeye. Kit Carson is captured and Johnny Scott and White Dove set out to rescue him. They find him tied to a stake, with Hawkeye threatening to fire the brushwood at his feet unless he tells where the Golden Arrow is. White Dove says she can save him and takes careful aim with her bow and arrow.

HAWKEYE HELD THE FLAMING TORCH CLOSE TO THE DRY WOOD AT KIT'S FEET.

FOR THE LAST TIME, PALEFACE - WHERE IS THE GOLDEN ARROW? I'M NOT TALKING.



- THEN WHITE DOVE'S BOW TWANGED.



THE ARROW SPED TO ITS MARK, CUTTING THE ROPES BINDING KIT'S HANDS.



SWIFTLY KIT CARSON KICKED OUT, SCATTERING THE PILE OF STICKS IN HAWKEYE'S FACE.



GUIDED BY JOHNNY'S CALL, HE RACED FOR THE ROCKS AND CLIMBED AMID A SHOWER OF ARROWS. REACHING DOWN, JOHNNY DRAGGED HIM TO SAFETY.



THEN THE THREE FRIENDS MADE THEIR ESCAPE.



BUT WHERE IS THE GOLDEN ARROW, KIT?

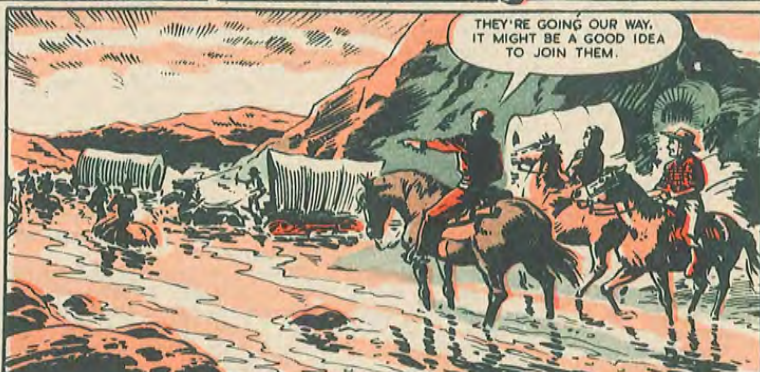
I THREW IT INTO THE ROCKS BEFORE THE REDSKINS SURROUNDED ME!

RIDING FAST, KIT AND HIS COMPANIONS WENT BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE HE HAD BEEN CAPTURED.

AH! HERE IT IS! GOOD! NOW WE CAN TAKE THE TRAIL TO THE MOUNTAINS OF FIRE ONCE MORE.



THROUGH THE STARLIT NIGHT RODE KIT, JOHNNY AND WHITE DOVE. THEY CAME TO A BROAD RIVER AND TOOK TO THE WATER, RIDING DOWNSTREAM TO THROW HAWKEYE AND HIS BRAVES OFF THEIR TRAIL. AT DAWN THEY MET A PIONEER WAGON-TRAIN FORDING THE RIVER.



THEY'RE GOING OUR WAY, IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO JOIN THEM.

SO KIT AND HIS FRIENDS HELPED THE PIONEERS TO GET THEIR WAGONS ACROSS THE RIVER AND JOINED THEM FOR THE JOURNEY OVER THE GREAT PLAINS.



THEN KIT SAW A HORSEMAN GALLOPING MADLY TOWARDS THEM.

WHO'S THAT? HE LOOKS IN A BAD WAY!

IT'S ONE OF MY SCOUTS!



REDSKINS -- IN THEIR HUNDREDS -- COMING TO ATTACK!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE COMMAND, KIT!



GET THE WAGONS ROUND IN A CIRCLE. MAKE IT QUICK, BOYS, - THE INDIANS ARE ON US!



SWIFTLY THE PIONEERS DREW THEIR WAGONS INTO A CIRCLE AND PREPARED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. SCREAMING THEIR TERRIFYING WAR-cries, THE INDIANS RUSHED TO THE ATTACK.



THIS PUTS KIT CARSON IN A FIX. DON'T MISS THE THRILLS NEXT WEEK

TITTLE TATTLE



AN OUTLAW NO LONGER!

THE news the messenger brought from England came as a great shock to Hereward. He had known that matters had not been going very well with his countrymen. Always warring against each other, they had fallen an easy prey to the Norman invader.

But Hereward had reasoned that it was not for him to interfere. He had been outlawed and cast from the land of his birth. He would wait for those who had wronged him to ask for his assistance.

At last the summons had come and Hereward was ready.

It was the year 1069. Already the Normans had landed at Hastings and the great battle, which men called Senlac, had been fought and lost.

Hereward had been stirred by the stories that had reached him in Flanders of that battle. How Harold Godwinson, the king, had cut his way into the very thick of the fight, only to fall with the bolt from a cross-bow in his eye; how the Danes had rallied round the dragon standard, asking and giving no quarter; and how William the Conqueror had finally cut them to pieces with overwhelming odds.

Hereward had heard these stories and he had been sick at heart. But William had only managed to overcome the southern part of England, called Wessex. Hereward's lands were in Mercia, the great central plain, where his father had been the ruler.

Now the messenger brought the news of his father's death. He told how his mother, the Lady Godiva, had fled to their castle at Bourne. She had been pursued by the advancing Norman hordes and even now may be dead or a prisoner in their hands.

"We must return to Bourne, Martin," said Hereward to his servant and friend, who had followed him through all his adventures abroad since he had been outlawed.

"Will you raise an army?" asked Martin. "No. We shall go alone. I wish to spy out the land first. This campaign must be carefully planned, for the Norman is no baby in the art of war."

So Martin and he took ship and landed at Boston. They made their way across the fens and Hereward did not fail to notice the signs of invasion of his beloved countryside. He was glad to have his magic armour, his good sword, Brainbiter, and his horse, Mare Swallow. They would all three stand him in good stead for what was to come. And Martin, trotting by his stirrup, was as good an ally as any fighter could wish.

They came at last to Azerdun, a small island in the fens, cut by the hedgerows into small fields and with a sturdy farmhouse in the centre. As they approached they saw the slaves and their Viking masters making defensive preparations against the invader.

By the gate stood a short, fair-haired, strongly built young man, swinging a twybill, or two-edged axe.

"Hold!" he cried, brandishing his weapon menacingly. "No man passes this gate while I stand."

"Do you not know me, Winter?" asked Hereward.

It was indeed Winter, Hereward's youthful companion, who had been with him in the Abbey at Peterborough and afterwards, when they had avenged themselves on the rascally steward and Hereward had been outlawed for his pains.

"Hereward!" cried Winter. "Is it really you? Here, Vikings all! Here is Hereward the Wake, returned and ready, by the looks of him, to show these Normans that we Englishmen are not defeated yet."

The men crowded round Hereward and Martin, pressing him for news of the invader and of his own adventures, of which they appeared to have heard a great deal. They were taken into the house where old Azer rose from his place by the fireside to greet them. His bent back straightened and he had something of the old fire of battle in his eyes as he recognised his visitor.

"So you have come at last, my Lord Hereward?" cried the old man. "I hope that you come not too late."

"What is the news from Bourne?" inquired Hereward after he had shaken Azer's hand.

The men fell silent and, from their looks, Hereward feared the worst.

"The Normans took possession of your castle three days ago," said Winter sadly.

"Your mother is their prisoner, with the few serving women who have remained with her."

Hereward ground his teeth in helpless rage.

"But you must be hungry after your long voyage," cried Azer after a moment's

THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the Famous Book by Charles Kingsley)



The French could not resist Hereward's onslaught.

silence. "See that food is prepared and rushes for Hereward's bed."

"Thank you, no," replied Hereward quietly, and thereupon he swore a great oath that he would neither eat nor sleep until he had cleared the Frenchmen from Bourne and rescued his mother.

"Give my horse some fresh oats and water," he begged, "for Martin and I must travel farther this day."

And all the entreaties of the old man and his followers would not avail against Hereward's decision.

"At least go with him some of you," said Azer, "for it is dangerous for any man to be abroad alone these days."

Several of the young men, Winter foremost among them, saddled their horses and prepared to go with Hereward. But he sent them back.

"This is my quarrel and I will handle it alone," he said. "I shall have need of you soon enough against the Frenchmen. When I do, I shall not fail to call you."

And Winter and the others swore that they would follow Hereward whithersoever he led them and fight to the death against their common enemy.

So Hereward and Martin set out alone once more. Hereward loosened Brainbiter in its sheath, for he felt that he would have need of that trusty blade before so long.

They arrived in Bourne as the last rays of the sun disappeared from the sky. They rode down the main street between the overhanging gables and not a soul did they meet by the way.

"There have been some changes in the local customs since we were here last," quoth Martin. "The townsfolk are a-bed early it seems."

Hereward nodded and set his teeth as he realised the reason for the awful quiet that pervaded the once bustling little town.

"We must find lodgings for the night," he said, "for I would learn more about the way matters stand before we approach the castle."

"Old Surturbrand used to live hereabouts," answered Martin. "We can trust him. Ah, here is his house."

Hereward dismounted and hammered on the gate. Presently a gruff voice answered from within, telling him to be about his business.

"We are from Flanders and good friends of the English."

That seemed to satisfy the owner of the voice, for he opened the gate a crack and peered out at them. Hereward recognised Pery, old Surturbrand's son. But he did not make himself known, for he dared not trust any man with the Normans so nearby.

"We are travellers from Flanders and seek a roof for the night," he said. "We came to you, for we have been told that you are no friends to the Frenchmen."

Pery seemed satisfied and stood aside for them to enter. The air was heavy with peat smoke, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom Hereward saw that there were several young men present, who laid down their arms again at a sign from Pery.

Suddenly a figure stirred near the fire. It was old Surturbrand, bent and blind, though his sightless eyes, glowing in the firelight, seemed to Hereward to pierce

right through him.

"Is it Hereward, come at last?" quavered the old man.

"No, father. But it is a gentleman from Flanders who may have word of him."

"I have indeed," quoth Hereward. "I fought under him against the Hollanders and would fight with him again."

"So would we all."

The murmur of agreement that arose on all sides raised a lump in Hereward's throat. But he had come on urgent business and had no time for sentiment.

"I hear the Normans are here in the castle," he said. "When did they come?"

Pery told him all that he had already learned from Winter. But he had other details besides.

"Two of the cowards seized hold of my Lady Godiva and threatened to make her ride through Bourne as she had through Coventry. Then young Godwin, who is Hereward's brother, but a lad of no more than sixteen summers, drew his sword and slew both of them, only to be slain himself in his turn."

Hereward's heart was very heavy when he heard this news and his hand tightened round the ivory hilt of Brainbiter. But he gave no other sign.

"We could do nothing," Pery went on. "But if my Lord Hereward should ever return we are ready to lay down our lives to rid the fens of these Norman tyrants."

And he began to tell stories about their renowned champion, some of them true, but most of them false or exaggerated. But Hereward was pleased to find that he would lack no followers to repel the invader.

At last it grew late and they retired to bed on the rushes laid on the floor. But Hereward did not close his eyes.

"We must waste no more time, Martin," he whispered. "We will wait until they are all asleep and then make our way to the castle. I would see these tyrants for myself."

Soon the heavy, regular breathing in the room indicated that it was safe for them to stir. Hereward wrapped a long cloak over his armour so that it would not shine in the moonlight, while Martin saddled Mare Swallow and led her out on to the roadway.

They passed the crossroads at the farther end of the town and travelled along the dyke which led to the earthworks of the castle. Lights blazed in the great hall and, as they approached, they heard the sound of revelry and the clipped accents of the Normans.

Leaving Mare Swallow tethered outside, Hereward and Martin climbed the earthworks and crept silently towards the windows of the hall.

The Normans were seated round the great table. There were upwards of fifteen of them and the wine evidently flowed freely, for they lolled on the benches in drunken ease.

"You wait by the door," whispered Hereward. "And if any man gets past me make sure that he does not pass you."

Martin produced his small battle-axe, felt the edge with his thumb and nodded in silence. Hereward drew Brainbiter and gripped the ivory hilt, until his knuckles showed white in the first faint light of the

moon. Then he put his shoulder to the door and burst it open with a cry of: "A Wake! A Wake!"

The Normans were taken completely by surprise. They had discarded their weapons, for great ease in their merry-making. They fought with goblets and jugs and with the benches, but they were no match against the fury of Hereward's onslaught.

Brainbiter sang through the air and, true to the spell that it was said had been cast upon it in the forging, it had no need to strike twice in the same place. Those of the Frenchmen who escaped from its devastating edge and tried to sneak out of the door were met there by Martin and his little axe.

After a few minutes of furious fighting, an awful quiet fell upon the hall. Hereward and Martin stood alone, the only living creatures below the rafters that had but recently echoed to the shouts and laughter of drunken revelry.

Hereward cast a contemptuous look around him and went in search of his mother. Some of the women, attracted by the noise, had watched the fight from the gallery and were telling the Lady Godiva of it when Hereward entered her room.

"Can you forgive me, Mother?" he asked.

"It is I who should pray for your forgiveness, for I have wronged you," answered the proud old lady. "But now I must turn to you for protection, as I have no one else left to me in this world."

For a long time Hereward clung to his mother while she wept on his shoulder. At last he pushed her away from him gently tilting her chin with his finger.

"We must think what is best to be done," he said. "You cannot stay here, for the Normans will waste no time in sending an army when they hear of this night's work."

"I will go to the Abbey of Crowland," said his mother. "There perhaps I may find the peace that has gone from the world outside. Your Uncle Brand is the Abbot there and he will take care of me."

Hereward nodded. It was best that his mother should seek sanctuary in the one place where it was still to be found. But, for himself, he had other plans. He knew that the death of fifteen Normans would not make the fens safe for Englishmen. He had started a crusade and he must continue it.

The next morning, however, he accompanied his mother to the Abbey at Crowland. There they were greeted by Hereward's Uncle Brand, who had given his sister up for lost.

With due ceremony, they buried the body of Godwin, who had died like a true Viking, fighting his enemies. The Lady Godiva was received by the nuns as a novice in their order. Then Abbot Brand asked Hereward what he intended to do.

"I must stay here and hold out against the invader," answered Hereward quietly.

"But first I would like you to knight me, Uncle, so that I may have the blessing of the Church on my crusade and put an end to my being an outlaw."

Abbot Brand gladly agreed to this. Hereward was knighted beneath the high altar of Crowland. It was the end of his wanderings as an outlaw and to this chapter of his history. But he had to fight hard to keep the birthright he had regained so nobly. He had many adventures in this crusade against the Normans before he was buried at Ely beneath the inscription: "The Last of the English."

So, for a time, we say farewell to Hereward the Wake. Next week you will chum up with new pals in a smashing flying story by Geo. E. Rochester, entitled THE FLYING GUNMEN! Make sure of your copy of the "COMET" now.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL

Continued from page 2

EILEEN SPRAWLES, 68 Prieeet House, Unicorn Street, Portsmouth, Hants. Twelve. Sport.

ROSE WATKINS, 41 Iron Bridge Road, Tongwynlais, Cardiff, Wales. Fourteen. Sport, music.

MARGARET MILLS, 214 St. Anns Well Road, Nottingham. Fifteen. Films, swimming.

NORA YODALE, 80 Eton Street, Hestle Road, Hull. Eight. Reading, sewing.

BARBARA WATSON, Forest Farm Cottage, Kintore, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Twelve. Sport.

TERESA UNWIN, 22 Spencer Road, Waterside, Londonderry, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Cycling.

VIOLET LOWE, 152 Walsall Wood Road, Aldridge, Staffs. Fourteen. Stamps, films.

SHIRLEY GRIFFITHS, 5 Coronation Street, Williamstown, Penyrgraig, Rhondda, Glam. Fifteen. Sport.

LILIAN LOUIS, 24 Leri Road, Town Hill, Swansea. Twelve. Swimming, games.

PATRICIA REEVES, 56 West Street, Bridlington, E. Yorks. Thirteen. Swimming, sport.

the NEXDAWS

by DENIS GIFFORD

BERT & HONEY



SIMPLE BILLY BUNTER

(Continued from page 2)

Peter. That's important. I'm going to write just that line. Think Quelch will put it down to my denseness?"

"Oh, my only hat and umbrella!" said Peter. "I wouldn't risk it with Quelch, Bunter. He told you plainly fifty lines—"

"He jolly well didn't! He may have meant it, but I don't see why I should guess what he meant, if I'm so jolly dense! I'm going to chance it, Peter. I've no time to do the fifty, anyhow. I'm jolly well going to try it on."

And the hopeful Owl, hoping for the best, scribbled a single line on his impot paper and rolled out of the study with it—leaving Peter gurgling. Billy Bunter was going to try it on!

"COME in," said Mr. Quelch. He spoke quite genially.

Seldom, or never, was William George Bunter, of his form, on time with an impot. This time he was as punctual as a clock. Half-past four was chiming as he tapped at his form master's door and rolled in. It was, Quelch thought, a sign of grace in Bunter.

But as he glanced at the paper, the smile evaporated. He looked astonished. It was, indeed, rather a surprising imposition, a new one on Quelch. Certainly nobody at Greyfriars School had ever written before "William of Normandy invaded England in 1066 fifty times!"

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. He gazed at the paper and he gazed at Bunter. "What—what does this mean, Bunter?"

"Is—is—isn't that what you said, sir?" asked Bunter.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch. Certainly it was what he had said. But was it possible, was it imaginable, that any fellow, howsoever dense, could have misunderstood him to this extent? Bunter was dense; but could this be genuine, even in Bunter?

Quelch was in doubt.

If Bunter really was so dense as this, Quelch was prepared to go easy with him. If Bunter was pretending to be more dense than he really was, in order to get out of lines, Quelch was prepared to handle him.

But really he did not know which it was! He gazed at the fat junior in doubt. He spoke at last.

"You appear to have misunderstood me, Bunter." His voice was quite mild. If there was doubt, Bunter was entitled to the benefit of it. "I find it hard to believe, Bunter, that you can have so completely misunderstood what I said to you in the form room."

"Oh, yes, sir! It's because I'm so dense, sir," said Bunter anxiously.

"What?"

"You remember, sir, you've said so more than once, sir. Me being so dense, sir, I—I didn't know you meant me to write fifty lines, sir—"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I—I had no idea of it, sir! I never thought of fifty lines at all. Any other fellow might have, sir, but me being so dense—"

"Upon my word!"

"M-m-may I go now, sir?" asked Bunter. He edged towards the door.

He was feeling alarmed. Quelch had looked quite mild at first. Now he was looking thunderous; Bunter did not know why.

"Upon my word!" repeated Mr. Quelch. He rose from his chair and picked up the cane from his table. "No, Bunter, you may not go yet! You may bend over the table."

"Oh, crikey! I—I mean, I—I really did misunderstand you, sir—I mean I really did misunderstand—I—I never knew you meant fifty lines, sir—never thought of it for a minute—me being so dense, sir—"

"Bend over that table, Bunter."

"Oh, lor!"

"Whop! whop! whop!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You may go now, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, laying down the cane. "You will write your fifty lines and hand them to me before preparation. Otherwise I shall cane you again. Do you understand me clearly this time, Bunter?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" groaned Bunter.

The fat Owl wriggled out of Quelch's study. He was not likely to misunderstand Quelch again! He realised sadly that it was no use trying it on with Quelch!

Poor old Billy Bunter. Maybe he'll have better luck in next week's wizard Greyfriars story! Don't miss it!

YR SAUCE INTRODUCES ITS Footballer's Badge scheme

HALLO SMITHY, WHAT'S THE BADGE?

MY Y.R. BADGE—SHOWS I'M KEEN ON FOOTBALL. POSH, ISN'T IT?

JOLLY NEAT, HOW COME?

EASY. YOU COLLECT THEM FREE WITH THAT SCRUMPTIOUS Y.R. SAUCE. WHEN YOU'VE GOT ALL 12 YOU CLAIM A Y.R. STAR.

WIZARD IDEA, BUT WHAT IF WE GET TWO TEAM BADGES ALIKE?

COME ON CHAPS. LET'S GET OUR FOLKS TO BUY SOME Y.R. SAUCE, SO WE CAN START COLLECTING OUR BADGES.

DON'T BE A DOPE. DO A SWOP TILL YOU GET THE SET.

TWO OF THE TEAM BADGES

WHEN YOU GET 12

Captain or Vice Captain
Centre Forward
Left Full Back
Left Half Back
Inside Left
Left Wing
Goalkeeper
Centre Half Back
Right Full Back
Right Half Back
Inside Right
Right Wing

Send in for your YR FOOTBALLERS' STAR

HOW TO CLAIM YOUR Y.R. STAR

Write on a piece of paper your name and address and say what is your favourite team position. Enclose it, with your 12 team badges, in a box or stout envelope, stamp with 3d. stamp, and post to Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Ltd., Dept. (8), Sovereign Street, Leeds.

YR SAUCE made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Ltd., Leeds

WATCH FOR THE Y.R. Secret Sign COMING SHORTLY!

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



RICHARD TODD
(Warner Bros.)



MARTA TOREN
(Universal International)



TREVOR HOWARD
(Rank Organisation)



KATHLEEN HARRISON
(Rank Organisation)

DON DEEDS

Don Deeds and Mai-Mai have been captured by Martians and taken to Mars. They save the life of the emperor, Alphar, from rebels who later bribe the high priest to poison the minds of the people against them. During a terrific storm, Don and Mai-Mai shelter in the temple and hear the "god" say that they are to blame!



IN THE MAZE OF NARROW ALLEYS DON AND MAI-MAI MANAGE TO DODGE THEIR PURSUERS AND REACH THE PALACE BUT ONLY TO FIND MORE TROUBLE!



WHAT MYSTERY IS THIS? WHAT HAVE DON AND MAI-MAI DISCOVERED? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK