

4 HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2nd

EVERY THURSDAY



Wolseley Saloon

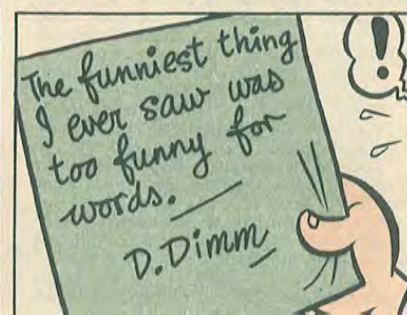
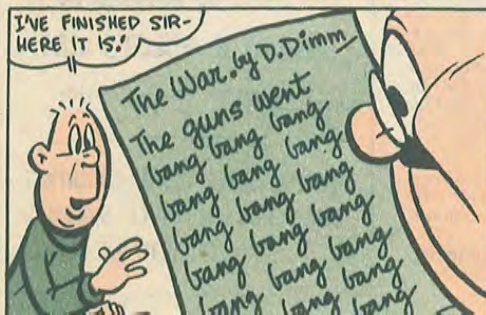
Photo: Nuffield Organisation



A cartoon illustration showing a boy, a pig, and a man in a snowy landscape. The boy is on the left, the pig is in the center, and the man is on the right. A speech bubble from the man says "EE! I THOUGHT I SAW IT MOVE!".

GOSH! IT'S SCAMP!

HARRY





SUPER TOFFEE!

MR. QUELCH frowned. He came to a halt under the open window of the Rag. From that open window voices and the sound of chuckles floated from within.

Quelch, certainly, was not the man to listen to talk among the juniors not intended for his ears. Never would he have dreamed of such a thing. But, taking a walk in the quad after dinner and slowly pacing by the path under the window of the junior day-room, he simply could not help hearing what Harry Wharton and Co. were saying.

"You've got that jumping cracker, Bob?"

"In my pocket."

"Will it make Coker jump?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The jump will be terrific!"

No wonder Mr. Quelch frowned! On the Fifth of November rules were relaxed and fellows were allowed to fizz and bang to their heart's content. But only in the Quad! Greyfriars fellows were not allowed to have fireworks in their pockets or in their studies.

And here were five members of Mr. Quelch's form discussing letting off a "jumping cracker"—one of those fearsome objects that do not bang merely once, like a common or garden cracker, but bang and bang and bang, again and again.

Perhaps Harry Wharton and Co., for the excellent purpose of making Coker of the Fifth jump, considered that they might relax the rules in their own favour. If so, their form master did not see eye to eye with them.

Mr. Quelch came to a halt outside the open window and his tall head looked in. There was a squeak from Billy Bunter in the Rag.

"I say, you fellows! There's Quelch."

"Oh, scissors!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, all spun round towards the window—to gaze in dismay at the severe countenance of Mr. Quelch.

"Cherry!" rapped the Remove master.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

"I heard what was said as I passed the window. You are well aware, Cherry, that junior boys are not allowed to bring fireworks into the school."

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I had this one left over—" stammered Bob.

"In the circumstances, Cherry, as I heard your words by accident, I shall not punish you. But you will hand that firework over to me immediately," said Mr. Quelch sternly.

Five faces registered dismay. The chums of the Remove had been looking forward quite keenly to making Coker of the Fifth jump, with that jumping cracker. But there was no help for it. Slowly and sadly Bob Cherry extracted that cracker from his pocket and handed it through the window to his form master. Mr. Quelch walked away with it.

"Might get another from Uncle Clegg's in Friardale!" suggested Nugent.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"There'd be a row if Bob was caught smuggling fireworks into the school after this! Better wash it out."

"But the jump of the esteemed Coker would be entertaining," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look here, I'm jolly well going to get another," said Bob. "I can cut down to

FIREWORKS for BUNTER!

A Sparkling Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

Friardale on my bike before class—"

"But—I!" said Harry Wharton.

"Buts be blowed!" said Bob cheerily, and he walked out of the Rag and went down to the bike shed for his jigger.

"GOT it?"

There were four fellows in No. 1 Study, in the Remove, when Bob Cherry came in only a few minutes before the juniors were due for class. They all asked the question at once, and Bob grinned and nodded.

"I've got it all right," he answered. He chuckled, "I say, I passed Quelch coming into the House and he gave me a look."

"Lucky he didn't ask you to show up what you've got in your pocket," said Harry Wharton.

"It wouldn't have mattered a lot if he had," grinned Bob. "Look!"

He groped in an inside pocket and produced a little packet. It was a cardboard carton with an inscription on the outside: TUCKER'S SUPER TOFFEE.

His friends gazed at it blankly.

"Toffee!" said Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed toffee is very tasty," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "but it will not make the absurd Coker jump."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Never mind Coker," he said. "After what Quelch said it's jolly risky to smuggle in fireworks. Just time to whack out the toffee before class."

"I don't think you'd like to eat what's in that packet," grinned Bob.

He opened the end of the carton and drew out, not a chunk of toffee, but a jumping cracker! He held it up for inspection.

"Can't be too careful, with Quelch's jolly old gimlet eye on us!" said Bob with a grin. "We've got to keep it jolly dark that we've got fireworks about. So I packed the cracker into an empty toffee carton to bring it in, see—and we'll leave it there till we want it for Coker after class."

And Bob pushed the cracker back into the carton and closed the end carefully.

There was a chuckle in No. 1 Study. Certainly no one, glancing at that harmless looking packet, would have supposed that it contained a firework warranted to emit seven terrific bangs, one after another, when once it was set going. It certainly looked as if it contained the harmless and necessary toffee; merely that and nothing more.

"I'll leave it in the cupboard here till after class," said Bob. "The bell will be going in a minute—"

"I say, you fellows—"

A fat face looked in at the study doorway and a large pair of spectacles glimmered in. Bob had laid the packet on the table. Now he put his hand over it quickly.

Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles. Quick as Bob's action was, the Owl of the Remove had spotted the packet and the words "Tucker's Super Toffee" printed on it. Billy Bunter was immediately interested in that packet. Toffee, and anything else sweet and sticky, had an irresistible attraction for William George Bunter.

"Buzz off, old fat man," said Bob.

"Nothing to eat here."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there's the bell," exclaimed Bob. "Let's roll Bunter down the stairs like a jolly old barrel, what?"

"Good egg!"

"Beast!" ejaculated Bunter. And he disappeared from the doorway.

Bob Cherry picked up the packet, placed it in the study cupboard and closed the door on it. Then the Famous Five left the study. The bell was ringing and they did not want to be late for class.

Bunter was not to be seen and they concluded that he had scuttled down in haste. But Billy Bunter was not so far away as they supposed.

As the clatter of five pairs of feet died away down the stairs, the door of No. 7 Study, up the passage, opened, and Billy Bunter blinked out. The passage was empty and Bunter rolled along from No. 7 to No. 1. Grinning, he rolled into that study. Bunter had spotted that packet bearing the enticing inscription "Tucker's Super Toffee." He had heard Bob Cherry say that he would leave it in the study cupboard till after class. That was enough for

Billy Bunter.

He was in haste. The bell had stopped ringing and it was very risky to be late with Quelch. Bunter did not want lines, still less did he want a whop from Quelch's cane.

But it was the work almost of a moment to cut across to the study cupboard, spot that packet on the shelf inside, and grab it. It vanished into Billy Bunter's pocket and he rolled out of the study again. There was no time to devour his prey. He had to get down to the form room. He was a minute or two late already. But there was a cheery grin on his fat face as he hurried down the stairs. That packet was safe in Bunter's pocket, to be devoured—as the fat Owl believed at least—immediately the Remove were dismissed after class.

It was a breathless Bunter who rolled into the form room after the other fellows were in their places. Mr. Quelch gave him a look.

"Bunter!" he rapped.

"I—I—I had to stop and shy my too-lace, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I—I mean I had to stop and tie my shoelace—I—I—"

"Go to your place"

The fat Owl rolled to his place. And then there was history in the Remove, though one member of that form, at least, was thinking much less of dead and gone kings and queens than of a packet marked "Tucker's Super Toffee." And the more Billy Bunter thought of that packet the less possible it seemed to him to wait till after class before he sampled it.

"BEAST!" breathed Billy Bunter under his breath.

Sad to relate, he was alluding to his form master.

Never had Quelch's eyes seemed so much like gimlets. Twice and thrice had Billy Bunter sneaked a fat hand towards the pocket where the toffee packet reposed, and withdrawn it in haste, in terror of a gimlet-eye. Half an hour had passed and to resist toffee for more than half an hour was more than flesh and blood could stand—Billy Bunter's flesh and blood, at any rate.

If only Quelch would have turned his head, or bestowed his attention elsewhere for a minute or two, it would have been all clear. Bunter could have inserted a fat paw into his pocket, got the carton open and taken at least a nibble—as he happily believed at any rate. But Quelch's eyes seemed to be everywhere. He dared not make the venture. Toffee in class was very much against the rules and Bunter would have had to give it up at once had it been discovered. That would have been truly awful.

Then suddenly Bunter had a brainwave. It was a cold day and the fire in the form room was burning a little low. Quelch, deep in the historical knowledge he was imparting to his form, did not notice it. Bunter might not have thought of it had he not been cudgelling his fat brains for a chance of getting at Tucker's Super Toffee. Now he thought of it.

"If you pip-pip-please, sir—I!" squeaked Bunter.

"What?"

"It's kik-kik-kik-cold, sir," stammered Bunter. "M-m-mum-may I put some kik-kik-coal on the fire, sir?"

"Oh!" Mr. Quelch glanced at the fire and noted that it was, in fact, low. "Very well, Bunter—you may mend the fire."

Bunter almost shot from his place.

He grabbed up the tongs and proceeded to lift knobs of coal from the scuttle to the fire. Then, taking the poker in his left hand, he poked the fire. With his right he groped in his pocket, his back to Quelch, and extracted the packet.

It was quite a masterly scheme. Only a few moments were required to get that carton open, to cram a chunk of toffee into a capacious mouth, with his back to Quelch, his actions unobserved. Unluckily for Billy Bunter, his actions were not unobserved.

"Bunter!" came a sharp rap.

Bunter jumped and dropped the poker. But he did not drop the packet. His fat fingers closed over it almost convulsively.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" he gasped, blinking round at his form-master and keeping his right hand behind him.

"What have you taken from your pocket, Bunter?"

"Eh! Oh! nothing, sir!"

"What? I distinctly saw you take something from your pocket, Bunter," thundered Mr. Quelch. "Show me what is in your hand at once."

"Oh, lor!"

All eyes in the Remove were on Bunter. Slowly, reluctantly, mournfully, the fat junior brought a fat hand round from behind him, and opened it. A packet was revealed, and the Remove fellows stared at it and five fellows in the form gave quite a jump as they read on it "Tucker's Super Toffee."

"The fat villain!" breathed Bob Cherry. "He's got our cracker—"

"Shush!" murmured Harry Wharton.

Quelch's gimlet eyes glistened at the packet in Bunter's hand. Harry Wharton and Co. guessed where Bunter had obtained that packet and they knew what was in it. Quelch, naturally, did not. Like Bunter, he naturally supposed that a packet marked "Toffee" contained toffee. He frowned portentously.

"Bunter! You have a packet of toffee in your hand—"

"I—I—I—I!" stuttered Bunter. "I—I—I—"

"This is not the first time, Bunter, that you have introduced eatables into the form room," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "You will take fifty lines, Bunter. And you will throw that packet of toffee into the fire."

"Oh, really, sir—I!" gasped Bunter.

"Immediately!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, crikey!"

Slowly, sadly, Bunter turned to the fire.

There was no help! He had not even been able to open that packet—much less taste the contents. And it had to go! There was a "plop" as the packet dropped into the flames.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Bob Cherry.

Bunter turned to roll back to his place, under Quelch's stern eye. Most of the Remove were grinning. But Harry Wharton and Co. were gazing at the fire almost in horror. If Bunter had snooped that packet from No. 1 Study, believing that it contained toffee—and they had no doubt that he had—they knew what to expect now that it was in the fire! And what they expected was not long in coming!

Bang!

Bunter jumped almost clear of the floor. Mr. Quelch fairly bounded. Most of the Remove fellows jumped.

Bang! Bang!

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"What—what—?"

Bang! Bang!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Bunter!" shrieked Mr. Quelch. "Bunter!"

What have you done—what—?"

Bang!

Fragments of coal from the fire shot out, clattering in the fender and on the floor. The cracker banged and banged. True to its name, it jumped. It shot out of the fire and landed almost at the feet of the staring, astonished form master. There it delivered its final bang.

BANG!

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quelch, jumping back so suddenly that he lost his footing and sat down on the form room floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove fellows could not help it. They yelled. Mr. Quelch scrambled up. He made one stride to his desk for his cane—and another stride to Bunter. The Remove were yelling with laughter—and the next moment Billy Bunter was yelling too. But it was not with laughter!

The lesson is, "Be sure your sins will find you out!" But Billy Bunter has not learnt it! Don't miss next week's smashing Greyfriar's story.

START NEXT WEEK!

The amazing adventures of
JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT

By George E. Rochester

DON'T MISS THE OPENING
CHAPTERS IN NEXT WEEK'S
"COMET"

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SPLASH PAGE

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



THIS WEEK:—THE CASE OF THE SCARRED MAN!

"LOOK, Splash—nylons!" cried Jill Brent. "I'm going in to get a pair!" Splash Page of the *Daily World* groaned. He and his assistant were walking down Oxford Street, without a story in mind, but looking for one. They were just passing Bournefridge's big department store when Jill spotted the notice: "Nylons Today."

"Oh, well," sighed Splash as Jill tugged his arm and steered him into the store entrance. "There might even be a story in here."

Inside the store he shuddered as he saw the crowd of women and girls milling round the stocking counter.

"This is no place for a mere man," he muttered. "I'm going upstairs to buy a tie, Jill. See you up there—if you live!"

Jill squared her elbows and dived purposefully into the eager crowd. Splash, forgotten, went smiling up the broad stairs. Haberdashery, he remembered, was on the second floor. He needed a new tie badly. His present one was beginning to look like a bit of string the dog had chewed.

He veered left under a direction sign on the second floor and strode into a quiet place where suits hung in rows and many tailors' dummies stood about clad in men's snappy outfits.

He sensed rather than saw a slight movement behind one of the waxy-faced smiling dummies. Half turning, he glimpsed a lean face with a scar from cheekbone to jaw. Then something crashed on his head.

Splash Page went down into a pit of blackness, clutching at the tailor's dummy and pulling it down with him.

When he came to he saw Jill's face through a swimming mist as she bent anxiously over him, with a startled assistant close behind her. Groggily, Splash got to his feet as she helped him up.

"Splash, whatever happened? I came to look for you and found you lying there hugging that dummy like a long-lost brother!"

Splash swayed, holding the side of his head.

"Somebody coshed me," he grunted. "I think only my hat saved my skull from being cracked."

"Coshed you! But who? Who on earth would want to do such a thing?"

"Maybe somebody doesn't like my stories," said Splash wryly. "Anyway, they coshed me! It was a bloke with a scar on his dial. Didn't know him. No friend of

mine, anyway."

His head throbbed, but it was beginning to clear. He shook it and reeled a little. Jill Brent clutched his arm.

"Steady, Splash!"

"I'm all right, Jill, but I'd like to—"

Somewhere in the next department a bell clanged shrilly.

"The alarm bell!" gasped the assistant.

"A robbery!"

The jangling sound made Splash's nerves jump. But it shook the giddiness from his head. He grabbed Jill's arm.

"Something up! Come on, Jill. That bell's announcing a story, or I'm a Pekinese poodle!"

They dashed under a sign, "Jewellery Dept.," into a brightly-lit, and usually quiet and restful part of the store. Glass cases gleamed and sparkled with expensive items of jewellery and rare metalwork. Men and women crowded together, gazing at a little man in black coat and striped trousers who was wringing his hands and moaning. Splash gripped his shoulder.

"What's up? Why the bell?"

"A smash and grab raid," gasped the little man. "I just saw his back as I turned from the shelves—the case over there—"

Splash and Jill glanced at the display case on the counter nearby. A large section had been slashed out of the glass—evidently by a diamond cutter. There was a black velvet tray inside. But the tray was empty.

"The Dunshire Tiara!" moaned the little man. "Stolen!"

"The Duke of Dunshire's heirloom?" exclaimed Splash. "Gosh, this is a big story!"

SPLASH saw a burly man in a trilby hat, with "store detective" written all over him, hurrying from one direction. Then he glanced the other way, past the chattering people. He saw a tall, lean man just darting for the head of some stairs leading downwards. He glimpsed a lean face, slashed by a long scar—

"Stop thief!" yelled Splash Page.

He went through the crowd like a rugby player, scattering them to both sides, with Jill coming along fast behind him in his slipstream. Swinging round the corner of the stairs, which were a narrow emergency exit, Splash went down them three at a time. The fugitive was just disappearing at the end of a corridor. Splash tore along that

corridor like a hundred yards champion.

He went through another door and found himself back in the main store again. The scarred man was already at the bottom of the main stairs. Splash swung himself on to the polished handrail and went sliding down. It was quicker that way.

People gaped at him. A floorwalker tried to clutch him as Splash shot off the end of the bannister. The floorwalker fell back, gasping, as Splash's shoulder caught him in the chest.

A great clanging sounded from the gardening department as the fugitive knocked over a pile of watering cans. Splash went after him and leap-frogged over a startled assistant who was trying to pick up the cans. The scarred man glanced back. He tipped the handle of a garden roller. It swung over and down, right in Splash Page's path. Splash did a somersault over it and crashed on the floor.

Picking himself up and limping slightly because of his barked shins, he continued the chase. The scarred man was resourceful. He grabbed at a great towering pile of garden baskets as he passed. They swayed and fell in a heap almost on Splash Page's head.

The fugitive disappeared through a doorway as Splash stumbled among the baskets.

Splash dashed on as the scarred man disappeared. Some way behind Splash Page raced Jill Brent. Behind Jill pounded the store detective. Behind the store detective streamed a crowd of eager men and women—and behind them panted the little man in the black coat. He created a diversion by tripping and falling down the stairs.

It was an exciting day for Bournefridge's Store.

But Splash Page heard nothing of all this. He was grimly intent on catching the man who had coshed him.

The swing doors out of the store were still revolving as he came to them. He bashed his way through and stumbled out on to the pavement.

"Hi, you! Stop!" he shouted.

The scarred man had leaped into a sports car and was just accelerating away. Splash Page put on a spurt. He went across the pavement like a rocket.

He leaped on to the running board of the car as it shot away, and one hand grabbed at the door of the car while his other clutched the driver's shoulder. He saw the scarred face, distorted by fear and rage, turn towards him.

"I want you," said Splash Page. "I owe you for a headache!"

"Let go, you fool!" snarled the driver. "You'll have us crashing!"

The car weaved with roaring engine through the traffic. A bus swerved, its driver shaking his fist, as the car scraped one of its front wings. Then the scarred man half-turned in his seat to beat at Splash with one fist, trying to shake him off.

It was a fatal move. He lost control. The car swerved, bounced up over the kerb and skidded on two wheels along the pavement, scattering angry shoppers. It jarred to a standstill as the raging driver stamped on the footbrake.

"NOW then," said Splash, "we'll continue this argument."

His jaw jutting grimly, he hauled the scarred man out of the car as it stood canted over partly on the pavement, partly in the road. He imprisoned the lean man's wrists as he tried vainly to fight him off.

"You coshed me," said Splash, "and I want to know why!"

Angry women surged round them. They were complaining about the scarred man's dangerous driving. A policeman came pushing through them.

"What's going on here?" he said.

"This fellow's mad!" gasped the scarred man. "Stark raving mad! He jumped on my car and nearly caused a serious accident."

"He coshed me in Bournefridge's store," rasped Splash.

"What did I tell you?" cried the scarred man. "He's crazy! Officer, do you know who I am?"

The policeman, a restraining hand on Splash's arm, stared at the scarred man doubtfully.

"Well, sir, I do seem to know your face—"

"I'm the Duke of Dunshire!" rapped the scarred man. "And I ask you to take this man in charge for assault and battery!" He pulled some papers from his breast pocket and showed them to the policeman. Splash Page, his brain whirling, saw the name on an envelope: "The Duke of Dunshire, Regent Chambers."

The policeman saluted. "Quite so, sir. I've seen your picture several times."

"Fortunately, he hasn't damaged my car," said the scarred man stiffly. "You know my address, officer, if you need me as a witness."

With a glare at Splash Page he turned back to his car. The policeman gripped Splash's jacket, but the reporter was too astounded to try to struggle.

Then as he stood there wondering, with people grinning at him, he spotted something. With a cry of rage he leaped forward. There sounded a tearing and ripping noise as the shoulder of his jacket gave in the policeman's strong hand.

Once again Splash Page was going for the scarred man, and this time he caught him in a low flying tackle which would have brought cheers on the rugby field. With a yell the Duke went over, and he lay half stunned with his head on the running board of his car as Splash sprawled on him, pinning him down.

The crowd really thought Splash was mad this time. The policeman lunged forward, reaching for his truncheon.

"Look!" exclaimed Splash, pointing at his victim's face. "I thought that scar had got smaller! Half of it's fallen off!"

Jill Brent's camera clicked.

"Nice work, Splash!" she chuckled.

"Blow me," said the policeman, bending closer. "It's a fake scar!"

Splash Page ripped off the remainder of the cunningly-made false scar.

"And he's a fake Duke!"

AN hour later, Splash Page and Jill Brent interviewed the real Duke of Dunshire in his flat. He was a lean, distinguished-looking man.

"They found the Dunshire jewels in his pocket," said Splash. "He was on his way to pinch them when he spotted me, and knowing I spend a lot of time crime reporting, thought I was tailing him! So he outed me."

"Yes, I've had a lot of trouble with Trevor," said the Duke. "He's a distant cousin of mine, you know. Amazingly like me, too, except for this—" He fingered the scar on his face, the result of a war wound. "A bad lot! He's run up bills with tradesmen many a time by passing himself off as me."

He smiled.

"I'm not so well off that I can stand much of that," he said frankly. "I sold the Dunshire Tiara to Bournefridge's because I was short of cash. I suppose he thought he'd bring the jewels back into the family again!"

"He told the station sergeant that he disguised himself as you in case anything went wrong," Jill put in.

"And he even had the nerve to borrow my car for the job!" said the Duke. "Well, it'll be a relief to me to have him put away out of mischief for a while."

Splash Page grinned wryly as he touched the bump on his head.

"Your cousin Trevor may be a black sheep to you, your Grace, but by golly! he's been a headache to me!"

There'll be another Splash Page adventure in next week's COMET. 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. He is journeying home with Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles' trainer, and with Hillbilly in a horse-box. Hearing of a race meeting at Pine Centre they stop to enjoy themselves and so meet Lila Chatfield. If her horse, Starlight, loses and her half-brother's horse, Supersonic, wins she will have to sell her estate. Her jockey, Joe, proves awkward and refuses to ride the way she wants. Lila doesn't know it, but Joe is working in with her half-brother, Purvis Chatfield. It is arranged for Rusty to ride Starlight in the race.

OH, MR. PURDY, DO YOU REALLY THINK RUSTY COULD RIDE IN A REAL RACE? SO MUCH DEPENDS ON IT!

WELL, MA'AM, RUSTY AIN'T A JOCKEY—PROFESSIONAL, THAT IS. BUT HE LOVES HORSES AND THEY LOVE HIM... BESIDES... WELL, LET'S TALK TO HIM—HEY, RUSTY! COME HERE!

SURE, TEX—GEE! THIS IS A SWELL FILLY!

I HELD HER IN, LIKE YOU TOLD ME, MISS CHATFIELD... BOY! I BET SHE COULD REALLY RUN IF SHE WAS LET OUT!

RUSTY, DO YOU FEEL AS IF YOU COULD RIDE STARLIGHT IN A REAL RACE?

COULD I? GOLLY, MISS CHATFIELD, I ONLY WISH I HAD THE CHANCE!

I JUST KNOW I COULD WIN WITH HER... SHE'S A WONDERFUL HORSE, AND SHE... I THINK SHE LIKES ME!

ALL RIGHT, RUSTY, YOU COOL HER DOWN NOW, AND I'LL SEE YOU AT THE BARN

NOW, RUSTY, STARLIGHT ALWAYS DOES A BETTER MILE IF SHE SAVES HER BIG SPRINT FOR THE LAST QUARTER... THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL JOE

SURE, MISS CHATFIELD, I'LL RIDE HER ANY WAY YOU SAY!

PURVIS CHATFIELD'S FRIENDS TALK IT OVER...

LISTEN, CHATFIELD, AS YOUR HALF SISTER'S JOCKEY HAS QUIT, MAYBE IF WE OFFER HER A PRESENT, SHE'LL SELL CHATFIELD HALL, AND WITHDRAW HER FILLY FROM THE RACE!

I DON'T KNOW BUT I'LL PUT IT UP TO HER

LILA, WHY DON'T YOU CALL OFF THIS RACE? I HEAR THAT JOE QUIT... WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A PRESENT OF... SAY A THOUSAND DOLLARS... TO LET THE DEAL GO THROUGH?

DON'T BE SILLY! RUSTY RILEY IS GOING TO RIDE STARLIGHT!

IS THIS RUSTY RILEY? GOOD NIGHT! HE LOOKS AS IF HE'D DO PRETTY WELL ON A SHETLAND PONY!

DON'T WORRY! HE'LL GIVE YOUR BOY ALL THE RACE HE WANTS

LISTEN, MISTER—I WON A RACE IN LEXINGTON!

I GUESS MR. CHATFIELD DOESN'T THINK I CAN RIDE VERY WELL!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM... HE'S JUST SORE BECAUSE I WON'T SCRATCH STARLIGHT!

THIS WILL BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM MOST RACES, RUSTY... ONLY TWO HORSES... AND IT'S NOT UNDER THE RULES OF THE RACING ASSOCIATION

HOW DO YOU MEAN IT'LL BE DIFFERENT? WILL THERE BE DIFFERENT RULES?

OH, NO, BUT THERE WON'T BE OFFICIALS AROUND THE TRACK—JUST JUDGES AT THE FINISH

OH, YOU MEAN MR. CHATFIELD'S JOCKEY MIGHT TRY SOMETHING THAT ISN'T FAIR? GOLLY, MISS LILA! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! WITH ONLY ONE OTHER HORSE TO WATCH, IT'LL BE EASY!

MEANWHILE, IN PURVIS CHATFIELD'S ROOM...

BY JOVE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! JOE'S A MUCH TRICKIER RIDER THAN MY BOY! WHY, HE'S THE BOY TO RIDE SUPERSONIC

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, JOE? I'LL PAY OFF MY BOY, AND THERE'LL BE AN EXTRA HUNDRED BUCKS FOR YOU IF YOU WIN!

IT'S A DEAL, MR. CHATFIELD. YOU'D BETTER GET THE MONEY READY!

FINE, JOE... AND LISTEN... I WANT SUPERSONIC TO WIN! I KNOW YOU'VE GOT TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE... BUT NOTHING OUT-AND-OUT CROOKED—NO DOPE... DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

JUST LET ME HAVE A WORD OR TWO WITH THAT HOBBYHORSE JOCKEY, AND THE RACE'LL BE OURS BEFORE WE GET ON THE HORSES!

A LITTLE LATER...

LISTEN, KID, I JUST WANT TO LET YOU KNOW I'M RIDING SUPERSONIC. DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO ME, OR... WELL... YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU EVER SAW A HORSE. GET ME?

I WON'T BE CLOSE TO YOU, JOE. I'LL BE FIVE LENGTHS IN FRONT OF YOU!

SHO... DEPUTY S...

WHAT THE—? YE... ON S... PAY...

OH, GOOD! I NEVER TO SACK YOU—S'...

BUT GEE SHERIFF! I...

WANTED DEPUTY SHERIFF

GOSH, SHERIFF, DON' ON ME—I'LL DO ANY ONLY GIVE ME MY J...

TCHAH!

RTY
SHERIFF

H, SHERIFF-T'M
STRIKE! MORE
OR I QUIT!

ON
STRIKE

Kit Carson

and the **GOLDEN ARROW**

Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Indians, led by Hawkeye. They join a wagon train but the Indians overtake them and attack in force. Johnny risks his life to fetch the troops while Kit stays to help. The Indians are driven off and, later, Kit and his friends set out again on the trail of the Golden Arrow.

SO LONG, PARTNERS!
HAPPY TRAVELLING!

AS THEY RODE SLOWLY
ACROSS THE PLAIN, KIT AND
HIS COMPANIONS STUDIED
THE STRANGE SYMBOLS
CARVED ON THE HEAD
OF THE GOLDEN ARROW.

THE SIGNS SAY WE
MUST SEEK THE
MOUNTAINS OF
FIRE.

THAT'S A MIGHTY
LONG WAY. WE'LL
HAVE TO GO DOWN
RIVER BY CANOE.

HAWKEYE, THE OUTLAW
INDIAN, WAS STILL ON
THEIR TRAIL.

HAD THE HEART
ONG, PARD.

?

WAS ONLY KIDDIN'!

KIT AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS
CAME AT LAST TO A TRADING
POST ON THE RIVER BANK.

WE'D LIKE TO HIRE
A CANOE AND BUY
SUPPLIES FOR A
LONG TRIP
DOWNRIVER.

SOON THEY WERE READY TO LEAVE.

LOOK AFTER OUR
HORSES UNTIL WE
COME BACK.

SURE
WILL,
KIT.

FOR DAYS THEY JOURNEYED
DOWN THE SWIFTLY-FLOWING
RIVER, THROUGH MANY RAPIDS.

THEY WERE UNAWARE THAT HAWKEYE HAD
FOLLOWED THEM LIKE A SHADOW ALONG
THE RIVER BANK.

GOSH, THE RIVER
SHOOT'S STRAIGHT
INTO THAT TUNNEL!

KEEP HER STEADY,
OR WE'LL CRASH
AGAINST THE
ROCK WALLS!

WAH, THEY HAVE ESCAPED
ME! BUT I WILL FIND
A WAY!

JOHNNY LIT A TORCH, AND THEY
PADDED BY ITS LIGHT.

THEN, SUDDENLY . . .

LOOK OUT! THE
ROOF'S CAVING IN!

Y BE SO HARD
HING - IF YOU'LL
OB BACK-SOB!

THEY
TURNED
THE CANOE,
BUT THE
STREAM
KEPT
SURGING IN,
PILING UP,
AGAINST
THE FALLEN
ROCK
BLOCKING
THE
TUNNEL.

WE CAN'T PADDLE
BACK! THE STREAM'S
TOO STRONG!

THE WATER KEPT RUSHING IN,
RAISING THE CANOE TOWARDS
THE ROOF OF THE TUNNEL.

WE'LL BE TRAPPED
AND DROWNED!

LOOK, THERE'S
A HOLE IN
THE WALL!

DESPERATELY
THEY SWUNG
THE CANOE
ROUND,
AND THE
OVERFLOWING
TORRENT
SWEEPED THEM
THROUGH
THE HOLE
AND INTO
ANOTHER
PASSAGE.

WHAT? A DEPITTY
KEEPING THE
STREETS? GO
ON STRIKE,
SHORTY!

YIPPEE!
DAYLIGHT AHEAD!

THE
TRAVELLERS
SWIRLED
OUT
INTO THE
SUNLIGHT
AGAIN,
AND FOUND
THEMSELVES
RUSHING
DOWN
TOWARDS
A STRANGE
CITY.

GOSH,
LOOK AT
THAT!

A LOST CITY!

WHAT STARTLING ADVENTURES AWAIT KIT CARSON AND HIS FRIENDS IN THIS STUNNING EPIC!

Just to remind you!

Chick Brown and Molly Weston are passengers aboard an air liner, flying over the Pacific. Three of the other passengers are crooks. They overpower the pilot and crew and bring the air liner down on the sea near an uninhabited island. After robbing the other passengers they land them on the island, planning to make off with the plane. But as they take Chick and Molly ashore in the rubber dinghy their plans go wrong. It is night. Chick and Molly suddenly hurl themselves into the water and swim back to the plane. Stubbs, the leader of the crooks, dives in and swims after them.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

"GET on, Chick!" cried Molly desperately. "He's catching us!" Chick forced his pumped-out lungs and agonised muscles to one last despairing effort. The aircraft was only a few paces away now. He reached the ladder, which was hanging down from the open lighted doorway of the saloon. As he grabbed one of the rungs, Molly cried: "Up you go—don't wait for me!"

It was no time for politeness, no time for argument about ladies going first. Chick knew that Molly was faster in the water than he and not so pumped out and exhausted as he was.

So he heaved himself out of the water and clambered desperately up the ladder into the saloon, Molly following close behind him.

But Stubbs had already gripped the lower rung of the ladder, and it was impossible to close the sliding door in the side of the hull until the ladder had been raised.

"Leave this to me!" panted Chick, thrusting Molly aside.

The gangster leader, exhausted but triumphant, was coming heavily up the ladder. Chick drew back. Then as the man's soaking black hair and swarthy face appeared at the top of the ladder, Chick kicked him full between the eyes with the toe of his shoe.

He hated to have to do it, but it was the only possible thing he could do if he was to save the aircraft and the loot aboard her, to say nothing of the marooned prisoners.

For, totally unarmed as he and Molly were, they would stand no chance at all if they permitted the armed and murderous Stubbs to get aboard.

Chick kicked him only hard enough to half-stun him and make him release his grip on the ladder. And he succeeded, for with a cry, the gangster let go of the ladder and fell heavily backwards into the sea.

"He's all right!" panted Chick, peering down from the lighted doorway. "The cold water's brought him round. He's making for the ladder again!"

"Then for goodness' sake, let's get it up before he can grab it!" cried Molly.

Swiftly they pulled up the ladder and shut the sliding door, then Chick turned and dashed into the control room followed by Molly.

Switching on the light, he dived for the controls and flung himself down into the pilot's seat with a wet squelch of his soaking clothes.

"Can you manage her?" demanded Molly breathlessly.

"I'm certain I can," said Chick, his eyes travelling swiftly over the instrument panels and controls. "Raynor, the pilot, let me come in here once or twice on the way out from London, and he explained the controls to me. Apart from that, I've grown up on airfields and I know quite a bit about aircraft."

There was nothing of boasting in the words, for Chick did know a lot about aircraft. It would have been strange if he didn't, for as he had said, he had grown up on airfields and meant one day to be a pilot himself.

"The anchor's raised by an electric motor," he told Molly. "Here's the switch. We'll get it up for a start."

He pressed the switch, a small but powerful electric motor hummed into life, and the thin steel cable of the anchor commenced to coil itself smoothly around its revolving drum.

"It's coming up!" cried Molly excitedly.

"Of course it is!" said Chick triumphantly. "What did you expect?"

The motor clicked and was silent, switched off by its automatic control. That meant that the anchor was up. Chick pressed another switch and a glass button glowed red on the instrument panel, signal that the main power had been switched on.

Chick's fingers hovered over the four push-buttons which were the starters of the four engines.

THE FLYING GUNMEN

An Amazing Story of Thrills in the Air

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER



"I've turned the fuel on and I've set the throttles," he said. "So here goes!"

He pressed the button of the outer starboard engine. Out in the night the propeller started to revolve, then the engine burst into life with a shattering roar which echoed far across the darkened sea.

Quickly and triumphantly, Chick pressed the other three power-starters and the night vibrated to the roar of all four engines as they ran under one-quarter throttle.

"We're moving!" cried Molly. "You bet we're moving!" cheered Chick.

UNDER the pull of her whirling propellers the air liner was surging steadily forward over the calm night-enshrouded sea. Chick gave a quick turn to the wheel which operated her sea rudder. As he did so, the aircraft swung her high white tail towards the reef off which she had been lying and cruised steadily away into the night, in front of her, the vast and boundless expanse of the Pacific.

Closing down the throttles until her cruising speed showed at a steady nine knots, Chick locked the controls. Then he jumped to his feet and looked at Molly.

"Well, we've done it!" he cried triumphantly. "I wouldn't try to fly her because I can't, but I knew jolly well that I could taxi her along the water all right. All we've got to do now is to keep her cruising northwards until we either sight a vessel or are sighted by some aircraft out in search of us, because it'll be known by now that the Lampton is missing and they'll soon start a search for her."

"And are we heading northwards now?" asked Molly.

"Yes, we are."

"It's marvellous!" cried Molly. "Stubbs and his gang won't be able to get away from the island. They're stuck there with the rest of the passengers and they're bound to be captured. What's more, we've got all the loot aboard here. It's rather comic, when you come to think of it, the way we've turned the tables on Stubbs. I bet he isn't half mad!"

"I'll bet he is," chuckled Chick. "I wonder what he's doing now?"

"Swimming back to the island, or to the dinghy, I suppose," said Molly. "Anyway, we don't have to worry about him. What do we do now?"

"Get changed out of these soaking wet things," said Chick promptly. "Our luggage is still aboard, so we'll get a change out of that. Go on, you go first and I'll stay here and keep an eye on things."

Molly departed. She was gone some time, but when she returned she had changed into dry slacks and sports shirt and had towelled her hair.

"I'm sorry I've been a long time," she said, "but the baggage room is in a most frightful mess. Those beasts just ripped and forced the luggage open and flung everything about all over the place. It took me ages to find anything at all belonging to me."

"Well, if it's as bad as all that I don't mind letting my things dry on me," laughed Chick.

"No, go and find something dry,"

urged Molly. "I'll keep a look-out while you're gone."

"Righto, I'll be as quick as I can," said Chick. His expression sobered and he went on: "There's just this, Molly. I don't know how long it will be before we're sighted and picked up, but in the meantime there's neither food nor water aboard this kite. It was all put in the dinghy to be taken to the island."

"Yes, so it was," said Molly. Then after a pause: "But it doesn't matter, Chick. We'll stick it, and I'd rather be aboard here without food and water than be on the island, with Stubbs and his gang in possession of the aircraft."

"Yes, so would I," agreed Chick. "A jolly sight rather. And we might be picked up very quickly. Righto, I'll go and get changed!"

He went aft to the luggage compartment. As Molly had said, the place was in a fearful mess, clothes and other things having been thrown about all over the place, and it took him some time to find a pair of his own flannels and a sports shirt.

He found them eventually, however, together with a pair of his shoes and, having changed, he returned to the control room.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," said Molly.

Chick looked at her quickly and saw that her face was troubled.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Come and look out here!" said Molly, who was standing at the forward look-out windows.

Chick swiftly joined her and peered out through the windows into the inky blackness of the night.

"Do you notice anything?" he asked Molly.

"No, nothing," said Chick, puzzled.

"What's the matter?"

"The stars have gone," said Molly.

"They're completely blotted out. And haven't you noticed how stiflingly hot it's become in here? I thought at first that it might be because the engines were running, then I realised that it couldn't be that. If you ask me, Chick, we're in for a storm. I've seen plenty of these tropical storms, and some of them can be really terrible."

"Yes, I know," said Chick uneasily, peering through the window again. "And I believe you're right. I've never been in this part of the world in my life before, but I've read about how quickly storms blow up in the Pacific. And, as you say, it is jolly hot in here. It's like an oven. Let's have the windows open. It'll not only let some air into the cabin, but it might give us a better idea as to just what is happening out there."

He slid open all the windows to their fullest extent. But it was no cooling breeze which flowed into the cabin. On the contrary, it was air so hot that it might well have come from some gigantic furnace.

"Look at the water, how queer it is," said Molly, as she and Chick leaned out of the forward windows.

In the brilliant light streaming from the cabin, the sea was the colour of copper and seemed treacherously and sluggish, as though it were thick oil.

"It's a storm all right, Chick," said

Molly. "I know the signs. I don't know how long it's going to be in coming, but it is coming. We might be lucky and find that we're on the fringe of it—My goodness, look there!"

A VIOLENT flash of forked and violet-coloured lightning had split the darkness ahead of them, illuminating for one blinding moment the oily sea and the black and lowering sky.

"Come on, let's close the windows!" said Chick hastily.

They quickly closed the windows and Molly asked uneasily:

"What are the chances of an aircraft like this riding out a storm when she's seaborne? A real violent storm, I mean?"

"I don't know, Molly, honestly I don't," confessed Chick. "She's solidly built and she's metal-hulled and her wings are high-slung, all of which might help. But just how she'll take it, I don't know. I only wish I knew how to fly her. If I did, I'd take her off and chance it. But I daren't. I'd crash her for certain."

"Yes, I know, so we've got to stay down here on the water," said Molly. "And we'll probably find that she'll ride it like a gull," she went on with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "Can she be made absolutely watertight?"

"Yes, I'll see to that," said Chick. "If you'll stay here on watch, I'll go and see that all the windows, ports and air vents are shut. I'll slide the metal crash-shutters across the outsides of the windows as well. That'll help tremendously if we're in for a bashing."

Stepping quickly into the brightly-lighted and deserted saloon, he made a swift tour of the windows and air vents, securely closing those which were open. That done, he pressed the switch which operated the steel crash-shutters and, as he did so, they slid smoothly across the outside of the windows, completely covering them.

Moving aft into the rear and kitchen quarters, he closed and shuttered everything there and switched off the lights. On his way back to the control room he switched off the lights in the saloon, for there was no sense in wasting power.

"I've made everything tight and ship-shape," he reported, as he rejoined Molly in the control room. "How's it look outside now?"

Molly turned from the windows. Her face was damp with perspiration, for the cabin was more hot and stifling than ever. "It's pretty grim," she said. "The lightning is almost incessant now and the aircraft's beginning to roll. But you'll have noticed that."

"Yes, I have," said Chick. "I suppose when the storm does hit us, it'll come all of a sudden, won't it, with a sort of WHAM? What I mean to say is, there won't be much real warning, will there?"

"No, scarcely any," replied Molly. "It'll be on us with a rush and the first we'll know of its arrival will be when it hits us."

"That's what I thought," nodded Chick. "And what I'm trying to decide is the best way to meet it. I don't know whether to keep her at her present speed of nine knots or increase the speed, or throttle her back to dead slow. Personally, I don't like the dead slow idea very much. I think she ought to have a decent amount of way on her and a bit of power behind her."

"So do I," agreed Molly promptly.

"Right, we'll keep her at nine knots and chance it," decided Chick. "It would help a lot if we knew from just what angle the storm is going to hit us—"

"Listen!" cut in Molly tersely.

Chick tensed. As he did so, above the faint, muffled drone of the engines there came to his ears a swiftly mounting roar.

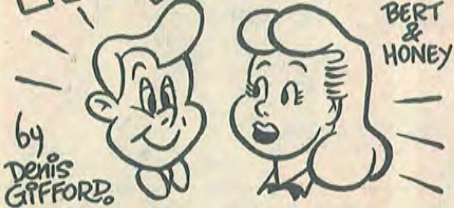
He reached the controls at one bound. Flinging himself down into the pilot's seat, he swiftly unlocked the controls and gripped the wheel of the control column, bracing his slim young body for what was to come.

The roar had increased to a deafening, terrifying tumult of sound which stunned the senses. Molly, her face pale, was gripping the edge of the chart table.

The night outside blazed with lurid, blinding lightning, and there came a long-drawn, deafening crash which seemed to split the very ear-drums. And in that same instant some appalling, terrifying force struck the air liner. She reared wildly, almost perpendicularly, her nose high into the night, then she went plunging dizzily down and down into the deep, vast abyss of water behind the rushing, roaring tidal wave which had hit her.

Can Chick bring the air liner safely through the storm? Don't miss next week's thrills!

the NEXDAWS



by
DENIS GIFFORD

BERT
&
HONEY



I SHALL BE HOME A LITTLE LATE TONIGHT,
HONEY—MR. MOUNTJOY WANTS ME
TO FINISH A JOB!

O-DEAR,
WHAT A
PITY!



PITY? WHY, DEAR?

WELL,
BERTIE—



YOU KNOW WHAT
TODAY IS, DON'T
YOU?



PPFFT! ULP! PTOO!
KAFF! SPLUT!

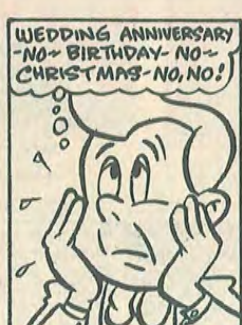


NOW DON'T SAY YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN WHAT DAY
THIS IS ALREADY?

NUNNO, DEAR—
OF COURSE
NOT!



BY GOLLY, I HAVE FORGOTTEN—
I WONDER WHAT
TODAY IS—BESIDES
BEING THURSDAY—



WEDDING ANNIVERSARY—
NO—BIRTHDAY—NO—
CHRISTMAS—NO, NO!



WHAT'S UP, O. MR. MOUNTJOY—
NEXDAW? WOULD YOU MIND
IF I DIDN'T WORK
LATE TONIGHT? IT IS
SOME KIND OF AN
ANNIVERSARY TODAY—



AND YOU CAN'T REMEMBER
WHICH ONE, HEY? HEH-HEH! RUN
ALONG AND BUY YOUR WIFE A
BOX OF CHOCOLATES, MY BOY—
THAT'LL DO, WHATEVER IT IS!

GOLLY—THANKS!



OH BOY—THE BOSS IS A GOOD SORT—
THESE CHOCOLATES WILL PLEASE
HONEY, AND SHE WON'T KNOW
I'VE FORGOTTEN!



YOOHOO, DEAR! HONEY!
COOEE! HUMM—NOBODY
IN!



OH-OH: A NOTE!



BAH!

Dear Bertie,
This is the
day I go to
the Housewives'
Guild—Dinner
in the oven—
Love Honey

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.

If you would like your name and address to appear, then cut out the coupon below and send it to the Editor, the "Comet," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, together with your age and a few facts about yourself. At the same time, don't forget to say what you like best in the "COMET."

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

FROM THIS LIST

PEGGY ELLISON, 55 Roundhill Avenue, Blakelaw, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5. Fifteen. Dancing, drawing, painting.

MICHAEL BURNS, c/o S. Wits, Worcester Walk, Broadwell, Coleford, Glos. Twelve. Cricket.

BRENDA BROCKELSBY, 68 George Street, Wakefield, Yorks. Thirteen. Sports, swimming.

KENNETH WOOD, 1 Back George Street, Sandford Hill, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent. Twelve. Football, swimming.

JUNE BARTON, 8 Atherton Street, Bickershaw, Wigan, Lancs. Thirteen. Reading.

PETER BELL, 14 Haining Road, Cross Roads, P.O., Kingston, Jamaica. Ten. Science, inventions.

RUTH HONAN, Hillview, 29 Queen Street, Carnoustie, Angus. Ten. Dancing, reading.

PATRICIA COLFER, 121 Robert Street, Mansalton, Swansea, Glam., S. Wales. Sport, films, dancing.

ANN ROAST, Hancox Cottages, Watlington, Battle, Sussex. Eleven. Sport, films.

GEORGE CARTER, 28 Richard Street, Darlaston, S. Staffs. Eleven. Collecting, reading, films.

ANITA STEEN, 23 Horatio Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire. Thirteen. Dancing, acting.

MALCOLM GREENSMITH, Thorney Dyke, Thorney, nr. Peterborough, Northants. Eleven. Drawing, football.

JEAN DAVIES, 15 Minyros, Penrhos, Swansea, Glam., S. Wales. Fourteen. Music sport, stamps.

IAN WHITELEY, 157 High Street, Hook, nr. Goole, Yorks. Thirteen. Film stars, drawing.

MARGARET NICHOLLS, 20 French Avenue, Mile Oak, Tamworth, Staffs. Sixteen. Swimming, tennis, films.

MARIAN HARVEY, 3 Cumberland House, Portsea, Portsmouth, Hants. Eleven. Netball, swimming, skating.

MARY THOMPSON, 36 Gregg House Road, Sheffield, S. Thirteen. Cooking, swimming.

ANN COOPER, 115 Lichfield Road, New Invention, Willenhall, Staffs. Thirteen. Swimming.

COLIN MACKENZIE, 10 Trinity Buildings, Wigton Road, Carlisle. Thirteen. Stamps, film stars.

JUNE ANDERSON, 21 Mortimer Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. Twelve. Animals, reading.

MARY SIMPSON, "Lawn Dale," Over Lane, Rawdon, nr. Leeds. Fourteen. Pets, cycling.

CORAL PARRY, Station House, Caerwys Station, nr. Mold, Flintshire, N. Wales. Thirteen. Dancing, sports.

NORMAN CLARK, 18 Chester Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N.9. Sixteen. Music, films, sports.

KEITH HOLDEN, 12 Collard Street, Atherton, Lancs. Thirteen. Engine-spotting, stamps.

PAMELA DRAPER, 182 Bath Road, Worcester. Sixteen. Films, music, cycling.

BARBARA BARLOW, 34 Bosley Road, Cheadle Heath, Stockport, Cheshire. Seven. Sport, films.

JEAN LEE, 13 Stoneleigh Road, Carshalton, Surrey. Fifteen. Music, films, sport.

BRIAN NEAL, 15 St. Stephens Street, Aston, Birmingham. 6. Eleven. Fishing, speedway, stamps.

ANTOINETTE PINCEMIN, Le Sez Farm, Rozel, St. Martin, Jersey, C.I. Thirteen. Stamps, pets.

RAY MADELIN, 87 Taylor Street, Leicester. Eighteen. Films, modern music.

KEITH GREENWELL, 14 Dean Road, Spennymoor, Co. Durham. Twelve. Motor cycles, skating.

JUNE COLE, Lower Moor, nr. Pershore, Worcester. Fourteen. Piano, knitting, stamps.

MALCOLM SCOTTO, Newhaven, 58 George Street, Ettingshall, Wolverhampton. Ten. Motor cycles.

JOHN RANSON, 57 Chiltern View, Letchworth, Herts. Twelve. Stamps.

BETTY BROWN, 24 Northfield Avenue, Englands Lane, Knottingley, Yorks. Sixteen. Music, films.

KENNETH SMITH, 44 Coclas Street, Liverpool, 8. Eleven. Swimming, football, stamps.

JOHN ARTHUR, c/o The United Africa Co., Ltd., P.O. Box No. 25, Konongo, Ashanti-Akim, Gold Coast. Nineteen. Sport, stamps.

PATRICIA FULWELL, G. Ward, Yardley Sanatorium, Yardley, Birmingham. Fourteen. Swimming, speedway.

BERYL HEPPEL, 57 Cranford Road, Liverpool, 19. Fifteen. Music, cycling.

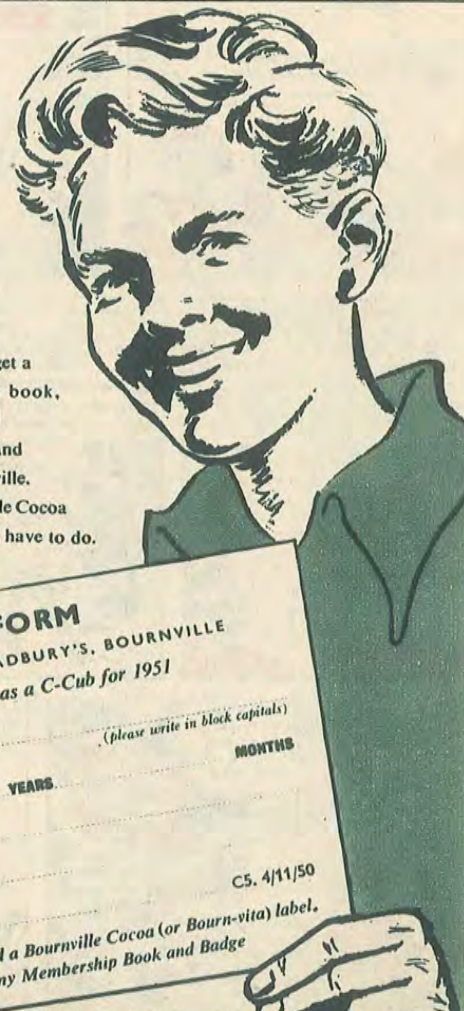
WENDY INGRAM, 104 Kenmuir Avenue, Kingley, Northampton. Twelve. Reading.

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" November 4, 1950

JOIN the C-CUBS for 1951

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C5, 4/11/50

Don't be late — do it now!



THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



ELIZABETH TAYLOR
(M.G.M.)



WALTER BRENNAN
(Twentieth Century-Fox)



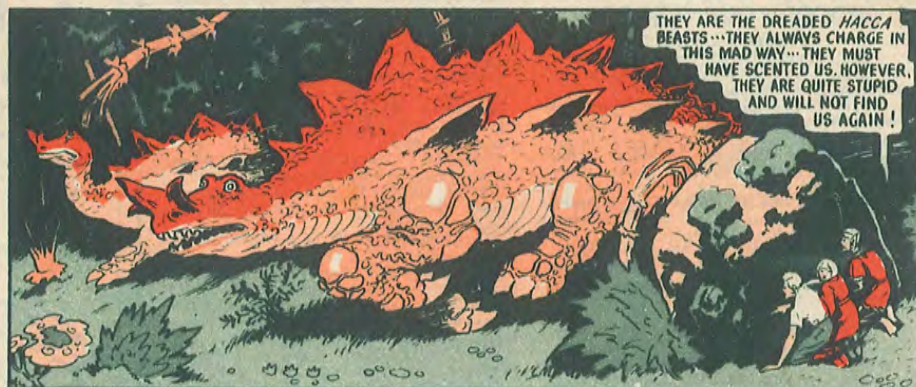
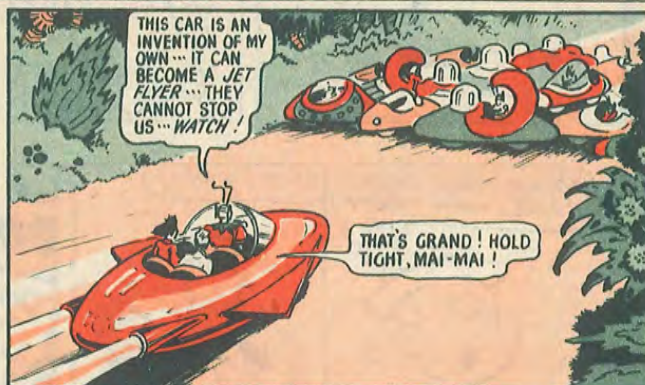
VIVECA LINDFORS
(Warner Bros.)



NOAH BEERY, Jr.
(Reliance Pictures Inc.)

DON DEEDS

Don Deeds and Mai-Mai escape from the temple but are hotly pursued. Luckily they meet their old friend, Krim, in his car. He whisks them away, intending to go to his house outside the city, but the road is blocked by the high priest's guards.



WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO DON AND MAI-MAI NOW? SEE NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"