

ARE YOU READING—"JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT"?—(See Page 3)

COMET

No. 122
(New Series)
Nov. 18, 1950

4 HAPPY FAMILY

COMIC 26

EVERY
THURSDAY

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



The other day, when Scamp was out,
The rain-clouds started in to spout.



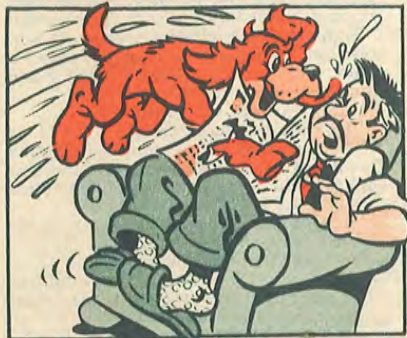
And then, as you can safely bet,
Our Scamp got very, very wet!



He scratched the door, and made a din,
So Mother went and let him in.



Then Scampy had a real good shake,
Not thinking of the mess he'd make!



Next Scampy did the fondsome trick,
Of giving Dad a loving lick!



He tore Dad's paper—soiled his clothes,
And licked him wetly on the nose!



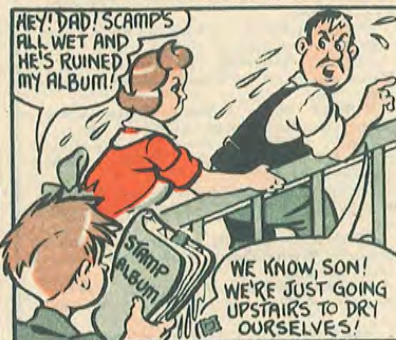
With angry scowl upon his face,
Dad sent Scamp off—in deep disgrace.



Then Sonny called him, for the lad
Some new stamps in an album had!



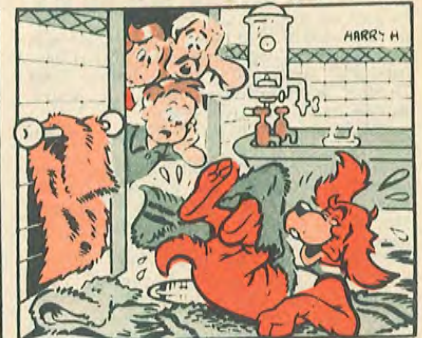
Well trampled on with muddy feet,
That album looked, far, far from neat!



So all the family were mad—
Young Sonny, Mum, and dear old Dad!



There was not any sign of Scamp,
As they went up to dry the damp.



But there he was, with all the towels,
Drying himself with joyous howls!





BILLY BUNTER and DUTTON'S CAKE

A Rollicking Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

THE UNEXPECTED

"I SAY, Dutton!" squeaked Billy Bunter. There was no answer.

The fat Owl of the Remove blinked impatiently into No. 7 Study, through his big spectacles. The fact that Tom Dutton was deaf was irritating to Billy Bunter.

Tom Dutton did not even look round, at that fat squeak from the doorway. He did not hear it. He was standing by the study table, his attention concentrated on a parcel he was about to unpack.

"Dutton!" roared Bunter.

Then Tom looked round.

"It's not mutton," explained Dutton, "it's a parcel from home. They couldn't be sending me mutton."

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter, "I didn't say mutton, you chump, I said Dutton. I've got a message for you. You're to go to Quelch!"

"I tell you it isn't mutton, so it can't be Welsh mutton," answered Tom, "I expect it's a cake. What do you mean by Welsh?" "Quelch!" shrieked Bunter, "Quelch wants you in his study."

"Oh! All right." Leaving the parcel on the table, Tom Dutton went down the passage. If Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had sent for him, he had to go, parcel or no parcel.

Bunter rolled into the study.

His eyes, and his spectacles, were on that parcel. It was very annoying to Bunter to be sent up to the study to tell Dutton that he was wanted. But he was rather glad of it now. He was deeply interested in that parcel—if it contained a cake! Before Tom Dutton was half-way down the stairs, Bunter had that parcel open.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sudden roar from the doorway.

Billy Bunter jumped and blinked round at Bob Cherry. He did not want to see Bob's cheery ruddy face at that moment. He did not want to see anybody. He wanted to see Dutton's cake.

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter, "making a fellow jump! Wharrer you want?"

"Only your charming company," answered Bob, coming into the study, "you fat villain, you're not going to scoff old Dutton's cake while he's gone down to Quelch. Leave that parcel alone."

"Why, you beast!" exclaimed Bunter, indignantly, "Think I'd scoff a fellow's cake?"

"Yes, rather."

Bob Cherry chuckled, and sat on the corner of the table.

"I'm going to wait till Dutton comes up," he said. "And if you put a fat paw on that cake, I'm going to smack your head. That's a promise."

"Dutton asked me to unpack it and help myself!"

"He must have whispered then. I heard all he said, as I came down the passage."

Billy Bunter breathed hard and deep. He gave Bob Cherry an absolutely devastating glare through his spectacles.

"I—I say, is that Wharton calling you, Bob?"

"I didn't hear him."

"I'm sure it was Nugent calling—I mean Wharton—"

"I must be getting as deaf as old Dutton," said Bob Cherry, gravely, "I didn't hear a sound!"

"I—I say, Johnny Bull asked me to tell you to go to his study—"

"You can tell me if you like," agreed Bob, "I shan't go."

"Beast!" howled Bunter, "look here, I'm going to have a slice of that cake."

The opening of the parcel had revealed quite a large cake. It was thick with plums, and it had marzipan on top. It made Billy

Bunter's capacious mouth water. He grabbed a knife from the table drawer and sliced off a slab.

Smack!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter.

"Wait till Dutton comes up," said Bob, cheerily, "Quelch can't keep him long. You won't scoff so much as a crumb or a plump of his cake till he comes back."

"I say, Skinner," yelled Bunter, as Skinner of the Remove passed the doorway, "I say, like a spot of plum cake?"

Skinner stopped and looked in. Skinner and Bunter were on rather cat-and-dog terms. But Skinner was quite prepared to bury the hatchet, temporarily at least, if there was a cake going.

"What-ho!" he said, "by gum, that looks a topping cake."

"Shove Bob Cherry out, and we'll go halves," said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, "it's Dutton's cake, Skinner and I'm keeping that fat cormorant from scoffing it while he's gone."

Skinner shrugged his shoulders. A dozen cakes would not have tempted him to tackle so hefty a fighting man as Bob Cherry. But he came into the study.

"Where's Dutton?" he asked.

"Gone down to Quelch. He won't be long."

"I'll jolly well wait," said Skinner, "that cake's too good to miss, if Dutton's going to whack it out."

"Look here, if you ain't going to shove that interfering beast out, you needn't wait, Skinner," yapped Bunter.

"My dear fat frog, I don't mind waiting

for a whack in that cake," grinned Skinner, "I'm on in this, as well as you and Cherry."

"I'm not on in it," snapped Bob, "I'm not after Dutton's cake—I'm only looking after it till he comes back."

"More fool you," said Skinner. "Anyhow, I'm on."

Billy Bunter breathed harder and deeper. Instead of getting rid of Bob Cherry, he had only succeeded in adding Harold Skinner to the participants in that cake when it was sliced, which was not what he wanted at all.

MR. QUELCH gave Tom Dutton a kind smile, as the deaf junior came into his study. Quelch was a severe gentleman, sometimes a stern one: but he was invariably kind and considerate to the boy in his form who was afflicted with deafness.

"Come on, Dutton," said the Remove master, "I have something here for you." He tapped a little box that lay on the table before him. "I think, Dutton, that this will be an excellent thing for you."

Dutton stared at him blankly.

"It's very kind of you to sing for me," added Dutton. "I'll listen as long as you like, sir."

Mr. Quelch put on steam.

"I have something here for you, Dutton," he almost roared, "it is called a Hearing Aid! I have sent for it, Dutton, so that you may give it a trial. It is an instrument which enables the deaf to hear."

"I'm not exactly deaf, sir. A little hard of hearing, when people mumble—"

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Exactly! However, this Hearing Aid will, I am sure, be very useful. Try it on, Dutton, and I will explain its use to you."

"Yes, sir!" said Tom, not very enthus-

astically. Like many deaf people, Tom had an impression that he was not really very deaf—not what you'd call deaf!—but that people persisted in mumbling! However, he was prepared to give it a trial, at his form-master's request.

Mr. Quelch unpacked the apparatus, and explained its use, Tom listening very attentively.

"This disc," said Mr. Quelch, "is called the 'insert', because it is inserted in the ear! This flex leads from it to the microphone, which can be clipped to your waistcoat. The battery, to which the microphone is attached, is kept in this little leather case, which can be hung over the shoulder by this strap, like field-glasses. A slight turn of this little wheel on the 'insert' sets the apparatus in action. Do you understand, Dutton?"

"I didn't hear you, sir."

"Wha—a—t?"

"Would you mind saying it over again, sir?"

Mr. Quelch, breathing rather hard, said it all over again in a louder key. Tom Dutton nodded comprehension this time.

"We will now try the effect, Dutton," said Mr. Quelch.

"I shall be very careful, sir: it won't get wrecked."

"Bless my soul! I will help you adjust it, Dutton."

"I shan't bust it, sir."

"Adjust it!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! I thought you said bust it, sir. But if you mean dust it, can I have a duster, sir?"

Quelch did not answer that. He was getting short of breath. In silence, he aided the deaf junior to adjust the Hearing Aid.

Tom was an intelligent fellow. He very soon had the apparatus adjusted in perfect order, and in action. Then Quelch spoke, in quite a normal tone:

"Can you hear me, Dutton?"

"Oh, yes, sir, quite plain."

Mr. Quelch's face registered satisfaction. By means of the Hearing Aid, the deaf junior could hear! It really seemed almost miraculous: but there it was!

"I hope you like it, Dutton," said Mr. Quelch, benevolently.

Tom looked rather doubtful.

"Well, it's very clever, sir," he admitted, "but wearing a thing like this may make people think a fellow's deaf!"

"What! Oh! Really, Dutton—!"

"I mean to say, I'm a bit hard of hearing, but I shouldn't like people to think I'm deaf, sir," said Dutton.

"Bless my soul! Dutton, keep that apparatus where it is for the remainder of the day and report to me tomorrow on its usefulness."

"Yes, sir!" said Dutton, meekly.

And he left his form-master's study, prepared to carry out Mr. Quelch's instructions but rather worried by the prospect of people thinking him deaf!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

Tom Dutton stared a little, as he came into his study, and found Bob Cherry, Billy Bunter, and Skinner there: and his cake unwrapped. Bob slipped off the corner of the table.

"I've been keeping an eye on your cake old scout," he roared, "all serene."

Dutton gave quite a jump. With his Hearing Aid on, he could hear as well as well as any fellow who was not deaf: and Bob's roar was like thunder in his ear.

"You needn't yell!" he exclaimed, "what are you bellowing at a fellow like that for? I'm not deaf!"

Bob laughed, and walked out of the study. His duty done, he was glad to go about his own affairs. Bunter and Skinner, interested in the cake, remained.

"Look here, who's been messing about with my parcel?" demanded Dutton.

"I thought I'd unwrap it for you, all ready, old chap," said Billy Bunter. Then, remembering that Dutton was deaf, he yelled, "I've unpacked it for you, see?"

"I wish you wouldn't yell, Bunter! I've told you lots of times that there's no need to yell when you speak to me."

"Look here, you deaf ass—"

"What?"

"I—I—I mean, look here, dear old chap!" roared Bunter, "that looks a jolly good cake, old fellow. Not like the cakes I get from Bunter Court, but jolly good, all the same. I'll have some, if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind," answered Dutton, "think I want to keep my tuck all to myself, like you do? I'm not a pig, I hope."

"Oh, really, Dutton—"

"Looks topping," said Skinner, on his top note, quite unaware that Dutton was (Continued on page 7)

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 interest, 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

CYNTHIA GARRATT, Stansfield Villa, Newport Road, Hanslope, Bucks. Twelve. Films, reading.

SALLY GIRVAN, 767 Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow, W.1. Fourteen. Racing, swimming.

KATHLEEN WARE, 15 Jellalabad, Tidworth, Hants. Fourteen. Sport.

BERYL FIELD, 20 Clifton Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk. Fifteen. Sport.

PETER LAKIN, Vernie Press, High Street, Measham, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. Fourteen. Films, sport.

LESLIE BYRANT, 60 Day Street, Hull, Yorks. Seventeen. Films, rugby, dancing.

TONY STOCKS, 14 West Avenue, Draycott, nr. Derby. Fifteen. Stamps, swimming.

FREDA GRIGGS, The Bungalow, Stubbs Grove, Hedge End, nr. Southampton, Hants. Fourteen. Gardening.

BARRY NORTH, 10 Huddersfield Road, Millbridge, Liversedge, Yorks. Thirteen. Films, cycling.

JOAN CRAPPER, 13 Duke Street, Fitzwilliam, Pontefract, Yorks. Fourteen. Drawing, films.

MARGARET BROUGH, 114 Ladykirk Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne 4. Thirteen. Music, swimming, cycling.

GRAHAM NICHOLSON, 25 Caution Avenue, Ransom Road, Mapperley, Notts. Thirteen. Football.

VALERIE SLADER, 13 Nalla Gardens, Chelmsford, Essex. Nine. Ballet.

KATHLEEN SEDON, 20 Nala Gardens, Chelmsford, Essex. Eleven. Needlework, knitting.

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, 36 Rutland Avenue, Walkergate, Newcastle-on-Tyne 6. Fifteen. Football, reading, cricket, athletics, cycling.

ENID MILLS, 9 Park Street, Kenfig Hill, Bridgend, Glam., S. Wales. Ten. Art, cycling.

BARRY WHITEHOUSE, 13 Waterloo Street, Tipton, Staffs. Eleven. Reading.

BERNARD WILLIAMS, 25 Rochester Avenue, Bromley, Kent. Fourteen. Sport.

ELSIE CALVIN, 52 Society Street, Coleraine, Co. Down, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Films.

ALAN ROWBOLTHAM, 13 Barton Street, Pendleton, Salford 6, Lancs. Fourteen. Cycling, films.

GILLIAN GROVES, 224 Harold Road, Clive Vale, Hastings, Sussex. Fifteen. Films.

GERALD THOMAS, 96 London Road, Neath, Glam., S. Wales. Twelve. Biology, art, music.

SHIRLEY BEAL, 6 Savile Grove, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks. Thirteen. Sport.

JANET DORMAN, West End, Wintingham, Scunthorpe, Lincs. Fifteen. Pets, gardening, music.

SYLVIA YOUNG, 10 Well Close Square, Whitby, Yorks. Fourteen. Swimming, reading.

GEOFFREY GIBBON, 38 Overton Road, Benchill, Wythenshawe, Manchester. Fourteen. Stamps.

EILEEN BURTON, 7 Cruchley Avenue, Birkenhead, Cheshire. Fourteen. Swimming, art.

MARILYN LLOYD, 43 Heol llechau, Watts-town, Rhondda, Glam., S. Wales. Twelve. Films.

GILLIAN CRUMP, Leomont House, Cemetery Road, Jump, Yorks. Twelve. Music, tennis.

NESTA HITCHINS, 119 Ribblesdale Road, Northolt, Middlesex. Thirteen. Sport, music.

MAUREN WALKER, 14 Tennyson Road, Harden, Walsall, Staffs. Eleven. Piano, cycling.

MOLLY NICKLIN, 166 Somerset Street, Hestle Road, Hull. Thirteen. Dancing, swimming.

BRENDA HARRISON, 23 Fairbank Wind-hill, Shipley, Yorks. Eleven. Ballet.

JOAN HAWKES, 73 Parkfield Street, Rusholm, Manchester 14. Fourteen. Drawing, autographs.

JEAN PEACOCK, P.W.D. El Fasher, Province Darfur, Sudan. Ten. Reading, writing.

JAMES POTTER, 17b Portland Gardens, Liverpool 5. Fifteen. Film stars, cycling.

CHARLES OKARABIA, P.W.D. Oji River, Nigeria. Sixteen. Writing.

GORO NAGASE, 177 Shibusaki 2nd Street, Tachikawa City, Tokyo, Japan. Sixteen. Baseball, table tennis.

ALLEN WHITTAKER, Milton Lodge, Wells, Somerset. Fifteen. Cycling, camping.

AGNES HUGHES, 111 New Shaw Lane, Hodfield, Manchester. Eleven. Speedway, cycling.

GLADYS GRANT, 26 Farringdon Street, Leicester. Fourteen. Reading, sport.

GWENNIE ALMOND, 111 Worton Road, Isleworth, Middlesex. Ten. Sewing, history.

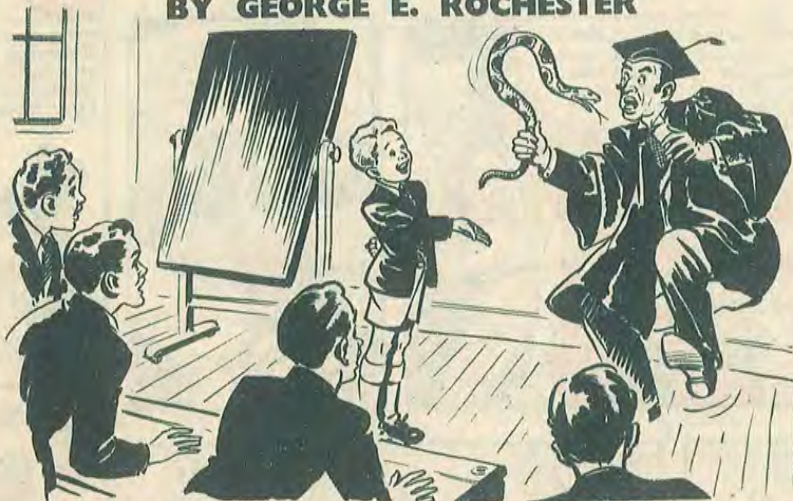
PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" November 18, 1950

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Smashing Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER



BEASTLY FOR BODGER!

JIMMY WATSON and his sister June were sitting having their breakfast when Tutty, the cat, strolled into the room.

"Where are you off to this morning?" asked Tutty in his human voice.

"School," said Jimmy.

"That's where you learn lessons, isn't it?" said Tutty. "I think I'll go along with you."

"Then you'll have to keep out of sight, mind," said Jimmy.

"That'll be easy," said Tutty, with a grin. It would be, as well, for Tutty could make himself invisible with the greatest of ease. And that was only one of the many magic things he could do. For Tutty was no ordinary cat. Far from it, indeed.

He was an Egyptian Prince and he came from a long line of Wizard Princes. He had been changed into a cat by an old wizard named Ur-huh, who was jealous of him. And a cat he would have to remain until he could find a mummified beetle called the Sacred Scarab of Shendi.

This Scarab was the only thing in the world which possessed the magic power that would change Tutty from a cat back to a Prince again. He had searched everywhere for it and he was still searching. While he was doing so, he was staying for a while with Jimmy and June, who had befriended him.

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

"Well, come on, if you're coming, Tutty," said Jimmy, as he and June finished their breakfast and rose from the table. "But don't forget what I've said. Don't let Mr. Bodger, our teacher, see you. He's bad tempered enough at the best of times and I bet he won't have a cat in the classroom."

"Which just shows what a stupid man he must be," said Tutty scornfully. "I bet cats—even ordinary cats—have as much sense as he has."

"And I wouldn't be surprised at that," said Jimmy, laughing.

He and June got their satchels and set off for school, Tutty strolling along beside them.

"Are you sure you'll be able to find your way home again?" asked June a trifle anxiously, for this was the first time that Tutty had accompanied her and Jimmy to school.

"Yes, of course I will," said Tutty. "I've found my way nearly all over the world, searching for the Sacred Scarab, so I'm not likely to get lost in a town of this size."

"You'd better watch out!" cut in Jimmy quickly. "Here comes that dog of Mr. Brawn, the butcher. He hates cats and he's an absolute brute!"

THE dog really was a brute. He was a great, savage-looking mastiff and he had already got his wicked eye on Tutty. His bristles came up, he showed his great gleaming fangs in a snarl, then he came tearing along the pavement straight at Tutty intent, it seemed, on tearing him to pieces.

"Look out, Tutty!" screamed June.

Tutty had stepped back a few paces, but that was all. He was making no effort to

run nor to make himself invisible. He was just standing there as cool as you please, watching the mastiff coming hurtling towards him.

Then, when the brute was within about three paces of him, a most astonishing thing happened. For one of the paving slabs of the pavement suddenly shot bolt upright on end to form a solid barrier right in front of Tutty.

WHAM!

That was something like the sound which was made as the hurtling mastiff, unable to stop himself, crashed snout-first full into the paving block.

He hit it with such a crash that he shot right back on his haunches. Then picking himself up, he turned tail and bolted frantically back along the road, his tail between his legs and howling and yowling with pain and in fright.

"That'll teach him!" tittered Tutty, as the paving stone thudded down into place again. "I bet he has the jaw-ache for a week."

"Yes, I'll bet he has, too," laughed Jimmy. "That was a smashing good wheeze of yours, Tutty. It was more of your magic, I suppose, the paving block suddenly standing up on edge like that?"

"Of course," said Tutty. "You don't think I lifted the thing up with my paws, do you? It would take two or three grown men to do that."

"It was jolly smart, anyway," said June. "And I can't feel a bit sorry for that dog. He's always chasing cats, yes, and children, as well. But we'd better hurry, or we're going to be late for school."

"I can whisk you there in a jiffy, if you like," offered Tutty.

"No, I think we'll just do it, if we run," said Jimmy. "Come on!"

They set off at a run, Tutty loping along beside them. But when they reached school they found that all the other children had already gone in and that they were late after all.

"Old Bodger is going to be hopping mad about this," said Jimmy uneasily to June, for they were both in Mr. Bodger's class. "He simply hates anybody to be late."

"Oh, well, he can't kill us," said June cheerfully. "But where's Tutty got to? I don't see him."

"I'm here," said Tutty's voice from somewhere near their feet. "Jimmy told me to keep out of sight when we reached school, so I've made myself invisible."

"Well, you keep like that," warned Jimmy. "We're going to have enough trouble with old Bodger as it is, without taking a cat into the classroom. A cat that he can see, I mean. Come on!"

He marched into the classroom followed by June and the invisible Tutty. Mr. Bodger, a big, red-faced, bad-tempered looking man, had just finished calling the roll. He glared at Jimmy and June and barked:

"Oh, so you've arrived, have you? I thought perhaps you had decided to take the day off. You've just got up, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry we're late."

"So am I," sneered Mr. Bodger. "Very sorry. But I'm not half so sorry as you're going to be. Come here, both of you!"

Jimmy and June advanced to his desk. Mr. Bodger lifted the lid and took out a cane.

"I could, of course, keep you in after afternoon school," he said, running the whippy cane through his fingers. "But that would mean that I would have to stay here, as well. And I do not intend to stay here. Why should I? So I am going to cane you, instead. Hold your hand out!"

Jimmy held out his hand. With a tigerish sort of grin, Mr. Bodger gave the air a swish with the cane and said:

"This is going to hurt you more than it does me!"

He raised the cane to give Jimmy a real good juicy one across the hand. In that very same instant, however, before he could bring the cane swishing down, a most astonishing thing happened. For, in a flash, the cane changed into a long, green, writhing snake, which Mr. Bodger was holding by the tail.

"**HELP!**" he howled and dropped the snake for all the world as though it had already bitten him, which it hadn't.

The snake dropped to the floor and lay there writhing and twisting and hissing. Jimmy and June knew exactly what had happened, of course. They knew that the invisible Tutty had used some of his magic to turn the cane into a snake.

But the frightened Mr. Bodger didn't know that and, terrified that the snake might bite him on the ankle or somewhere he let out another howl and bounded right up on to his desk where he stood swaying and balancing himself and glowering down at the snake.

By this time the whole room was in a most tremendous uproar. Boys were shouting, girls were screaming, and, following the example of Mr. Bodger, the boys and girls were climbing swiftly up on to their desks.

"Where's it come from?" roared Mr. Bodger. "Who brought the beastly thing in here?" Then to Jimmy and June, who were



still standing beside his desk: "Don't stand gaping there, you silly dolts! Put the waste paper basket or something over it!"

BEFORE Jimmy could obey, the door burst open and Mr. Grimshaw, the headmaster, came charging into the room. He had heard the shouts and the yells and had come rushing in to see what it was all about.

He was a tall, thin, stern-looking man and, at the moment, he was looking very angry indeed.

"What is going on in here?" he cried furiously. "Have you no control over your class, Mr. Bodger—Good gracious, what on earth are you doing up there?"

As his glare swept round the room it had suddenly become fixed on Mr. Bodger, swaying and balancing himself on top of his desk.

"What the dickens are you doing up there?" shouted Mr. Grimshaw more furiously than ever. "Have you taken leave of your senses, or what?"

"It's the snake!" bellowed Mr. Bodger. "Be careful of the snake. Don't let it bite you!"

"What snake?" shouted Mr. Grimshaw. "What are you talking about?"

"That snake down there!" bawled Mr. Bodger, pointing to the floor. "I was just going to cane Jimmy Watson for being late and I suddenly found that, instead of holding a cane, I was holding a snake. Somebody must have put it in my desk. For goodness' sake, don't let it bite you. I'm certain it's a poisonous one!"

Mr. Grimshaw glared at him for a moment longer, then he stepped forward and looked at the spot on the floor towards which the frantic Mr. Bodger was pointing.

But there was no snake there now. All that was lying there was a cane, and Jimmy and June knew that the invisible Tutty had changed the snake back into the cane

again.

Mr. Grimshaw stooped and picked up the cane. He ran it through his fingers, then he glowered up at Mr. Bodger.

"I do not know whether this is meant as a joke, Bodger," he said in a very nasty sort of voice. "If it is, I fail entirely to see the humour of it. I will talk to you later about this. Come down off that desk!"

"But it was a snake!" gulped Mr. Bodger. "I had hold of it by the tail—"

"Come down off that desk, sir!" thundered Mr. Grimshaw.

Mr. Bodger climbed down from the desk and stood looking very silly and angry and bewildered.

"You are quite all right, I presume?" demanded the headmaster, staring at him. "In the head, I mean?"

"Yes, of course I am!" snapped Mr. Bodger, who was beginning to get some of his courage back. "You can believe it or not, but that cane really was a snake—"

"I do not believe it!" cut in Mr. Grimshaw furiously. "I have never heard such nonsense. You must have imagined it and in your stupid fright and panic you threw all these children into a panic as well. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"If you'll listen to me," began Mr. Bodger, his voice trembling with rage.

"I will not listen to you!" thundered Mr. Grimshaw. "I have listened to you quite enough and I refuse to hear another word. Get on with the lesson. What are you taking the class in first?"

"Geography," said Mr. Bodger sulkily. "Very well, proceed!" ordered Mr. Grimshaw. "I will remain here a few minutes while you do so."

He stood grim and silent by the desk. Mr. Bodger, his face purple with rage and with the fright he had had, told Jimmy and June and the rest of the class to sit down. When they had done so, he said:

"Now take out your geography books. This morning we are going to talk about Egypt—"

"**WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT EGYPT?**" demanded a voice loudly.

Both Mr. Bodger and Mr. Grimshaw spun round. On top of a cupboard was a plaster bust of an old gentleman named Mr. Doodle who, many, many years ago, had been a headmaster of the school, and it seemed as though the voice had come from him.

"**WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT EGYPT, BODGER?**" repeated the voice loudly. "**YOU'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN THERE, YOU SILLY OLD MUTT!**"

This time everybody in the room was absolutely certain that it was the plaster bust that was talking. Everybody, that is, except Jimmy and June. They alone knew that the invisible Tutty must have leapt up on to the top of the cupboard and was sitting there beside the bust and doing the talking.

"**I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF BEING STUCK UP HERE AND HAVING TO LISTEN TO THAT ASS BODGER'S DRIVEL!**" roared the bust of Mr. Doodle—or, Tutty's voice, rather. "**THE MAN'S BARMY!**"

"B—b—bless my soul!" gasped the petrified Mr. Grimshaw, his eyes nearly sticking out of his head, as he gaped up open-mouthed at the bust.

"**AND YOU'RE JUST AS BAD!**" it roared. "**YOU'RE A BIGGER ASS THAN BODGER AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF IT. LOOK OUT!**"

With the words, the bust hurled itself from the top of the cupboard—or, rather, it was sent flying by Tutty. It landed smack on the top of Mr. Grimshaw's head, causing that gentleman to sit down with a bump which shook the floor, then it bounced from his head to the floor where it smashed to pieces.

With a bellow of fright, Mr. Grimshaw leapt to his feet and bolted madly from the room. Mr. Bodger followed, bawling over his shoulder to the class:

"Get out of here—the room's bewitched—run for your lives!"

The class did so, rushing pell-mell from the room and pelting excitedly across the playground. Nor did any of them go back to school that day. Instead, they thoroughly enjoyed their unexpected holiday.

"But what did you do it for, Tutty?" demanded Jimmy later that morning, when he and Molly were alone with the magic cat and it had made itself visible again.

"Oh, just for a bit of fun," tittered Tutty. "And you didn't think I'd let that Bodger beast cane you, did you? Not likely! Nobody's going to do things like that to you or June while I'm around."

More fun and thrills with Jimmy, June and Tutty, in next week's **COMET**. Make sure of your copy, now.



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. It is arranged for Rusty to ride Starlight. The crook pals of Lila's half-brother remove a nail from one of Starlight's shoes hoping to make him lose. Later, Rusty finds the nail.

HERE'S THE HORSESHOE NAIL, MR. JONES... I FOUND IT IN THE STRAW... YOU CAN MAKE A SWELL RING OUT OF IT!

YES, I'VE SEEN THEM RINGS... BUT WHAT'S BOTHERING ME IS... WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

MISS LILA HAD RACIN' PLATES PUT ON STARLIGHT A COUPLE O' DAYS AGO... DON'T SEEM LIKE ONE OF 'EM COULD COME LOOSE, BUT BY CRACKY, I'M GOIN' TO HAVE A LOOK!

JINGO! HERE IT IS! STARLIGHT'S NEAR FRONT SHOE! SHE'D THROW THIS IN THE FIRST FURLONG!

REMEMBER, SHORTY- INTO AWFUL TROUBLE WRONG GUY! MAKE FACTS RIGHT FIRST!

...AND SO MR. JONES SAID I WAS TO TELL YOU RIGHT AWAY!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE, AND I DON'T LIKE IT... YOU AND ZEB JONES TAKE STARLIGHT TO THE TRACK BARN AND I'LL HAVE THE BLACKSMITH MEET US THERE!

JUST BEFORE THE RACE..... ALL RIGHT, RUSTY... JUST REMEMBER, THE FILLY IS A NATURAL STRETCH RUNNER, SO SAVE HER FOR THE FIRST HALF... GET IT?

OKAY TEX... I'LL REMEMBER

I WARN YOU NOW, KID... YOU GET TOO CLOSE TO ME AND YOU'LL BE SORRY!

YOU DON'T MIND MY BEING ON THE SAME TRACK, DO YOU?

THEY'RE OFF!

GOOD BOY, SUPERSONIC! WE ONLY NEED TO HOLD THIS LEAD!



I SAW YOU HIT THAT GUY! MONEY! YORE UNDER-ER-WAIT A MINUTE-C

WHAT'S THE IDEA, GRINNELL? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT FILLY WOULD THROW A SHOE IN THE FIRST QUARTER-MILE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, THEY MUST'VE FOUND OUT!

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! COME ON! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE GOTTA GO SOME WAY UP THE TRACK!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, GRINNELL? WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

NO TIME TO TALK NOW!... DRIVE AROUND TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE TRACK!

THAT KID ON STARLIGHT WILL WIN IF WE DON'T SLOW HIM UP! THOSE BUSHES HIDE US FROM THE GRANDSTAND... KEEP YOUR MOTOR RUNNING, I'M GOING TO OPEN THAT LONG GATE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK!



WELL- HE WUZ COMING THAT BAG OF GOLD- YES GO

THE KID'S ON THE INSIDE OF THE TRACK... THIS'LL SLOW HIM UP... I TOLD OUR JOCKEY TO BE READY FOR THIS.

HE'S PRACTICALLY NECK AND NECK NOW... I CAN'T GET ANYTHING MORE OUT OF THIS NAG!

GOLLY! THAT BIG GATE IS HALF-WAY ACROSS THE TRACK!

MISS CHATFIELD NEVER SAID WHETHER STARLIGHT CAN JUMP OR NOT, BUT I'LL LOSE IF I TRY TO GET AROUND THAT GATE... SO HERE GOES!



I WANTED THAT GOLD LIKE THAT!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THE KID TOOK THE FILLY OVER THAT GATE AS IF IT WASN'T THERE!

ATTA GIRL, STARLIGHT!

HE DID IT, TEX! IT'S STARLIGHT BY THREE LENGTHS!

I KNEW HE WOULD IF THE FILLY HAD THE STUFF!

OKAY, LILA... YOUR HORSE WON FAIR AND SQUARE... AND PLEASE BELIEVE ME, I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT DIRTY TRICK WITH THE GATE.

I BELIEVE YOU... I KNOW WHO DID IT!

COME ON, SMITH... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US!



-THERE'S REALLY N TO TELL!

SO RUSTY WINS! NEXT WEEK HE STARTS A NEW ADVENTURE. DON'T MISS IT!

PORTY

Y SHERIFF

A SHERIFF CAN GET FOR ARRESTING THE SURE YOU GET THE

O.K! SHERIFF!



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. After many amazing adventures the trail takes them down a fast-flowing river, in a canoe. The current carries them to a strange lost city, which looks as if nobody has lived there for centuries. They start exploring the place.



KIT AND JOHNNY CAME TO A DOOR IN THE FAR WALL. JOHNNY HEAVED ON THE HANDLE...

GOSH, IT'S HEAVY! WONDER WHAT LIES BEHIND IT?



THEN, AS THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN THEY SAW GREEN EYES GLARING AND SLEEK MUSCULAR FORMS LEAPED OUT AT THEM.

JAGUARS! RUN, JOHNNY!



WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH KIT HURLED THE SAVAGE ANIMAL FROM HIM...



THEN KIT AND JOHNNY BACKED AGAINST A STONE PILLAR. THE SNARLING JAGUARS SURROUNDED THEM PROWLING... THREATENING...

DON'T MOVE, JOHNNY! THEY'LL BE ON US IF YOU FLICKER AN EYELASH!



BUT TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE SCOUT AND HIS YOUNG PARDNER, WHITE DOVE HELD OUT A HAND AND SPOKE SOFTLY AND SOOTHINGLY TO THE JAGUARS, USING WORDS THE WHITES COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.



THE FIERCE GROWLING OF THE JAGUARS DIED AWAY. THE SAVAGE GLEAM LEFT THEIR EYES. THEY ALLOWED WHITE DOVE TO STROKE THEM

PHEW, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! THANKS, WHITE DOVE!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD THE GIFT OF MAKING FRIENDS WITH WILD ANIMALS.

THEY WILL BE OUR FRIENDS NOW.



THE THREE EXPLORERS LEFT THE ARENA WITH THE GREAT JAGUARS PADDING OBEDIENTLY BEHIND WHITE DOVE.



PRESENTLY THEY CAME TO A MIGHTY TEMPLE. AS THEY MOUNTED THE BROAD STEPS...



IS THERE SOMEONE THERE? IF SO—WHO IS IT? MORE THRILL IS NEXT WEEK!

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 Chick and Molly manage to seize the air liner and taxi away. They are caught in a terrific storm and the machine is badly damaged and sinking when a schooner comes in sight.

THE SCHOONER

THE signal rocket which Chick fired hissed high into the cloudless blue of morning in a soaring arc, then burst in a galaxy of crimson stars.

"I hope to goodness they spot it!" he said to Molly. "It would be easy enough to spot it at night, but they won't be looking out for this sort of thing on a fine, clear morning such as this."

He fired two more rockets, then taking the powerful binoculars again, he pressed them to his eyes and focused them on the still far distant schooner. Molly, sitting in the pilot's seat, watched him anxiously.

Then after a few moments, during which time he continued to watch the schooner, he cried excitedly:

"No, by golly, she's coming about! She must have seen the rockets and she's heading towards us."

"Thank goodness for that!" said Molly fervently. "But do you think we'll keep afloat until she reaches us, or shall we have to take to the dinghy?"

"It's going to be a pretty near thing," said Chick.

"What about the loot?" asked Molly. "It's still in the saloon, isn't it?"

"Yes, I packed it into a small suitcase last night after I'd changed into dry things," said Chick. "I'll fetch it in here and then we'll have it with us."

He went back into the saloon to return with the suitcase containing the loot.

"Righto, I'll take over the controls now, Molly," he said.

He slipped into the pilot's seat, which Molly vacated. Making certain that the throttle of their one remaining engine was open to full, he turned his eyes again to the distant schooner, which by this time was standing directly towards them.

"She's using her auxiliary engine," said Molly, standing watching her through the binoculars.

The gap between the schooner and the sinking Lampson was steadily closed until at length she lost way close inboard to the doomed aircraft.

She was a black-hulled, untidy-looking trading schooner with her name, *Maid of Kalpao*, painted in dingy white lettering on her bows.

THROUGH the open windows of the control room, Chick and Molly could see a group of men watching them from the side of the schooner. Two of the men were white, the others being yellow-skinned and semi-naked Kanakas.

One of the white men was a great, burly, black-bearded individual wearing a dirty white singlet and ducks and a broken-peaked, nautical cap. The other, smaller and thinner, was wearing dirty white ducks and singlet and a battered old felt hat.

"They're island traders, all right," said Molly. "I don't know what they're doing as far south as this, though. I guess they've probably been blown off their course during the storm."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Chick. "Anyway, it's a blessing for us that they're around."

He switched off the engine and rose from the controls; then picked up the suitcase containing the loot and he and Molly moved quickly into the flooded saloon.

As they pulled open the sliding door in the side of the hull, which gave exit from

THE FLYING GUNMEN

A STIRRING STORY OF THRILLS IN THE AIR



the saloon, and appeared in the doorway, the burly, black-bearded man roared from the schooner:

"Ahoy there, what aircraft are you?"

"A Lampson of British Atlantic and Pacific Airways," cried Chick. "We're disabled and sinking. Can you send a boat for us?"

"How many of you are there?" bawled Black Beard.

"Just us two!" cried Chick.

"WHAT?" roared Black Beard, as though he couldn't believe his ears. "IF THERE'S ONLY THE TWO OF YOU WHERE'S THE REST OF YOU? DROWNED?"

"No, I'll tell you about it when we're aboard you," cried Chick. "Can you send a boat, or shall we launch our dinghy?"

Abruptly he broke off as the Lampson gave a sudden ominous lurch and tilted dangerously.

"My hat, she's going, Molly!" he ejaculated. "Come on, we'll have to swim for it, or she'll pull us down with her when she goes under. Quick, you first!"

"Give me the suitcase!" said Molly, grabbing at it. "I'm a better swimmer than you. I can manage the case better!"

There was no time for argument and Chick knew that she was perfectly right when she said that she would be able to manage the suitcase better than he. So he let her have it and, with it in her hand, Molly jumped into the water.

Chick followed her, then supporting the case between them, they swam away from the aircraft, heading towards the schooner. When they knew they were safe from being caught by any downward suction, they trod water and looked back at the doomed Lampson.

Nearly three-quarters of her hull was completely submerged by now and, as Chick and Molly watched, her nose rose slowly up and up as though she were taking a last sad look at the high blue sky which for so long had been her home; then with a gurgling and swirling of oil-stained waters she slid tail-first beneath the sea.

"Poor thing," said Molly sorrowfully. "I hate to see her go like that, Chick."

"Yes, so do I," said Chick unsteadily.

They turned and swam on towards the schooner. A rope ladder had been lowered overside for them. Molly went up it first, carrying the case.

Chick followed her and they gained the deck of the schooner to find themselves confronted by the beaming Black Beard and his crew.

Viewed at close quarters that great,

burly gentleman, in spite of his smile, was quite a ferocious-looking individual. His bushy, black beard was matted and uncombed; he had a great, fleshy nose which at one time had been broken and flattened by a fist or something and was spread half over his great hairy face; his beady little black eyes were mean and cunning and were almost hidden behind a great tangle of bushy, black eyebrows.

"So here you are!" he roared heartily. "Welcome aboard the *Maid of Kalpao*. Cap'n Jupp's me name—Cap'n Nathaniel Jupp, owner and master of this here craft and it's lucky for you, kiddos, that we was blown off'n our course like we was by that hurricane during the night."

"Yes, it is lucky," agreed Chick. "And thank you very much indeed for picking us up. My name is Chick Brown and this is Miss Molly Weston."

"I'm very pleased to meet ye both," said Captain Jupp, grinning affably. "But I'm mighty curious to know just how the pair o' ye come to be aboard that there aircraft by yourselves. Where's the rest o' the folks what must've been aboard her?"

"It's quite a story," said Chick.

"And we're aimin' to hear it," encouraged Captain Jupp. "Ain't we, Egg?"

These latter words were addressed to the other white man of the crew, a thin-built, lean-featured individual, with sunken cheeks and pale, watery blue eyes.

"This is Egg," explained Captain Jupp to Chick and Molly. "He's my mate. His real name is Homer Egg, but I call him Egg for short. I don't like Homer. It's a silly sort o' a name for a mate. But Egg sounds nice and friendly. So the pair o' you just call him Egg. And now, c'mon, let's have your story!"

CHICK told him, as briefly as possible, everything that had happened from the time the aircraft had been held up by the gunmen until he and Molly had been sighted and picked up by the schooner.

Captain Jupp and the skinny Egg listened in open-mouthed astonishment, the former occasionally interrupting with some oath of amazement or with some short question.

"Well, sink me, I've never heered anything to beat it!" he ejaculated when Chick had finished. "Blowed if I have. Have you, Egg?"

"No, I ain't," said Egg.

"And them nasty, low-down, thievin' gunmen is still on the island along with the passengers, d'you say?" demanded Captain Jupp, staring at Chick.

"Yes, unless the whole bunch of them

have been sighted and picked up," replied Chick. "But that can scarcely have happened yet, I reckon."

"No, nor me," agreed Captain Jupp. "There hasn't been time. But what about the loot?" he demanded sharply. "Where's that? Them nasty gangsters wouldn't take it ashore with 'em, not if they was just aimin' to maroon the passengers and refuel the aircraft. What did they do with it?"

Chick hesitated. Somehow he didn't want to tell this bearded, rough-looking man that the loot was there at his feet in the suitcase.

"C'mon, speak up!" roared Captain Jupp. "What did they do with the loot?"

"They left it aboard the aircraft," said Chick.

"And has it gone down with her, or have ye had the sense to save it?" cried Captain Jupp.

Again Chick hesitated. It was the skinny Egg who spoke.

"If they've saved it," he said, still chewing at his cud of tobacco, "it'll be in that there case, I reckon. It can't very well be in anything else."

With an excited cry, Captain Jupp pounced on the case and snatched it up. It wasn't locked and with eager, excited fingers he snapped it open and flung back the lid.

At the sight of the glittering array of rings, watches, brooches, bracelets and other expensive jewellery set with precious stones, to say nothing of the wads of money, he caught his breath and his beady little eyes glittered with greed, triumph and excitement.

"Jumpin' jimminy!" he gasped. "Why, there's—there's a fortune here!"

Even Mr. Egg had stopped chewing for once and was staring at the contents.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated.

Captain Jupp looked at him, grinning.

"Seems like our luck's in," he said.

"Seems like it," agreed Mr. Egg.

"What d'you mean, your luck's in?" demanded Chick.

"Well, now, there'll be a reward for the return of these here geegaws and trinkets, won't there?" demanded Captain Jupp, turning to him and grinning more hugely than ever. "Sure there will. There's bound to be. And as I've saved ye and the young lady from that there sinking aircraft it's on'y fair that I should share the reward with ye, ain't it? Me and Egg."

"Oh, yes, that's fair enough," said Chick.

"Well, then, that's what I meant when I said that me luck's in," explained Captain Jupp, shutting the case. "And now I'll just put these down in me cabin where they'll be snug and safe."

"And then what?" demanded Chick.

"What d'you mean, and then what?" demanded Captain Jupp.

"I mean, what do we do when you've parked the loot in your cabin?" said Chick.

"Oh, then we'll get under way again and—and resume our course for 'Frisco," said Captain Jupp. "See to it, Egg!"

He hastened below, taking the suitcase of loot with him.

Oblivious of their soaking wet things, Chick and Molly had withdrawn to the side of the schooner.

"D'you know what?" muttered Chick uneasily. "I don't trust that fellow Jupp. I think he wants that loot for himself."

"So do I," said Molly. "But if he keeps it for himself, he'll know that we'll tell people he's got it. And he won't let us do that."

Chick stared at her.

"Do you mean he'll bump us off?" he demanded.

"Yes, if he's going to keep the loot, and I'm certain he is," said Molly uneasily. "He certainly won't let us go free to talk about it."

What can Chick and Molly do now? Don't miss the thrills, next week.

CHUCKLE CORNER



THE NEXDAWS

by DENIS GIFFORD

BERT & HONEY



BILLY BUNTER AND DUTTON'S CAKE

(Continued from page 2)

now able, with the help of the Hearing Aid, to hear normal tones. "I wouldn't mind having a slice or two, Dutton, old boy."

"It's enough to make a fellow go crackers, fellows yelling at him like this," exclaimed Dutton hotly. "First Bob Cherry roaring like a rhinoceros, then Bunter yelling like a hyena, and now you bellowing like a mad bull. Chuck it, see? I can hear you all right without roaring and yelling and bellowing."

"Of course you can, old top," said Skinner blandly—or as blandly as a fellow could speak, at the top of his voice. "I know you're not really deaf, old chap—not at all really."

"He, he, he!" from Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to boot you, Bunter, for opening my parcel," said Tom. "I expect you'd have swiped it if Cherry hadn't been here. But you can have some, you fat image! Hand me that knife."

"Here you are, old chap!" said Bunter. He handed over the knife, his fat face eager with anticipation.

Tom Dutton proceeded to carve the cake. Skinner watched him with keen interest—Bunter with his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. A large slice was handed to each, and then Tom sliced a third for himself. Three slices were disposed of with satisfaction all round, and then Tom carved again.

"HAVE some more?" asked Dutton. "Yes, rather!" shouted Skinner. Then, in a lower key, he added, "your cake's all right, if you're not, you deaf dummy."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Billy Bunter, "I say, that silly deaf idiot thinks he isn't deaf, and he's as deaf as a post! He, he, he!"

"Blessed if I should like to be in this study," said Skinner. "A deaf chump like that makes a fellow tired."

"Oh, it's funny sometimes," said Bunter. "You see, you can call him any names you like, and he can't hear you. He can't hear a word unless you yell at him like a Red Indian. If you call him a fool, he thinks you're speaking of a school, or a stool, or a pool."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Skinner.

"If you call him a deaf dummy, he thinks you're asking him to play rummy," went on Bunter, "of course, he's an awful idiot."

"A blithering chump!" agreed Skinner. "Never saw such a silly fathead," said Bunter.

It was tremendously amusing to Bunter and Skinner, to exchange these remarks right under Tom Dutton's nose, with the knowledge that he could not hear a word that they were saying!—and while they were eating slices of his cake!

Tom looked from one to the other.

Quite an extraordinary expression came over his face. Instead of cutting fresh slices of the cake, he laid down the knife, crossed to the armchair, and picked up a heavy leather cushion. Then he turned on Bunter and Skinner. With the help of Quelch's Hearing Aid, he had heard every word!

"You rotters!" he roared. "Scoffing a fellow's cake, and running a fellow down!"

"Eh!"

"What?"

"Take that, Bunter!"

"Yaroooo!"

"And you take that, Skinner—"

"Yoo-hoop! Oh, crikey! Ow!"

"And that—and that—and that!"

roared Tom, in great wrath, swiping away with the cushion with all the vigour of a sinewy arm, and "that—and that—and that—"

"Ow!" Stopped! Wow!"

"Oh, crikey! Keep off! Whoop!"

"And that—and that—and that—"

Skinner, yelling frantically, fled from the study. Billy Bunter, with a roar that the Bull of Bashan might have envied, rolled after him, in haste. The cake was forgotten: they only wanted to get away from that swiping cushion. It was painful, as well as unexpected!

It was some time before Billy Bunter wondered how Dutton knew what had been said. Skinner was equally mystified. But they dared not go back to find out. The memory of that swiping cushion was still too vivid to let them go within yards of Dutton's study.

But later, Billy Bunter just had to go back, because it was as much his study as Dutton's. Then it was that he saw the Deaf Aid and understood everything. But, by that time, the cake had vanished for ever!

Things happen to Billy Bunter, but he never learns anything. Don't miss next week's smashing Greyfriars story.



SAMMY SHUTEYE HEADS THE SCORE





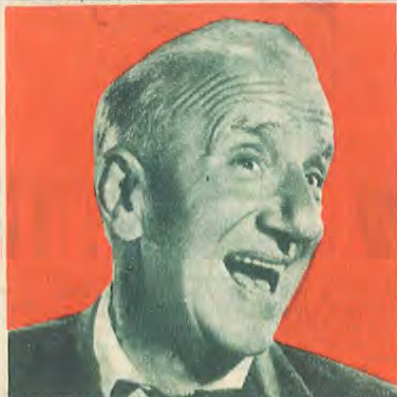






MARS ARE MARVELLOUS — AND BIG!

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



JIMMY DURANTE
(Rank Organisation)



WANDA HENDRIX
(Universal International)



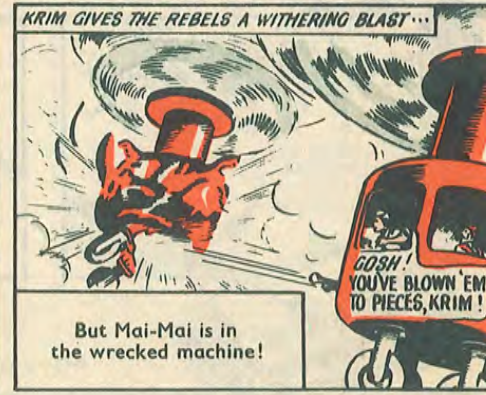
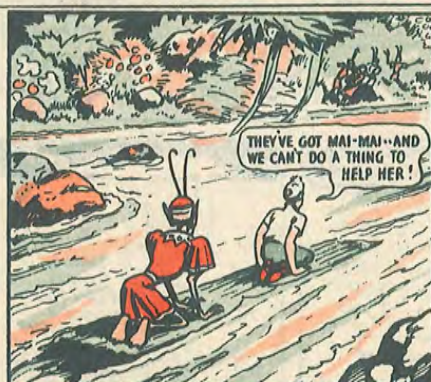
DENNIS PRICE
(Rank Organisation)



EVELYN KEYES
(United Artists)

DON DEEDS

Don Deeds, Mai-Mai, and their friend, Krim, are journeying down a river, aboard a raft, hoping to get help to rescue Alphar, the Emperor of Mars, who is a prisoner of the rebels. But a bomb from a rebel plane upsets the raft and Mai-Mai is captured.



WHAT WILL DON AND KRIM DO WHEN THEY FIND OUT?