

GOOD KING WENCESLAS LOOKED OUT
GOOD IDEA OF YOURS, GINGER!

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC

No. 126
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EVERY THURSDAY 2D

GOOD KING WENCESLAS LOOKED OUT

POOCHIE

MY SON'S SENT ME A CHRISTMAS HAMPER FROM ABROAD, BUT I CAN'T EAT WHAT'S IN IT 'COS I'VE ONLY GOT ONE TOOTH! ISN'T IT A SHAME

BRIGHT IDEA!

MINCER

CERTAINLY YOU CAN USE MY MINCER, POOCHIE

MINCER

MINCER

CRUNCH MINCE MINCE

OH POOCHIE! I'VE JUST HAD ANOTHER PARCEL FROM MY SON - AND GUESS WHAT HE'S SENT !!!

FALSE TEETH!

HE REMEMBERED I HAD ONLY GOT ONE! NOW I CAN ENJOY MY TURKEY AND THINGS! - WHERE ARE THEY?

OO! CRUMBS! AN' I'VE MINCED THEM ALL UP SO'S YOU COULD EAT THEM WITHOUT TEETH!

WHAT?

STAND THERE! I'M GOING TO SLOSH THIS MESS ALL OVER YOU. I'M PROPER MAD I AM

FIVE POUNDS FOR THE PIG-SWILL LADY?

JUST IN TIME CHUM

MY DREAM COME TRUE! A POSH CHRISTMASSY DIN-DIN AND NO POTS TO WASH AFTER! COME ON POOCHIE!

RYZY HOTEL

CHRISTMASSY DINNERS VERY POSH VERY DEAR

SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

GOT YOU RED-HANDED, BADMAN! IT'S JAIL FER YOU!

GEE, PARD - IT'S CHRISTMAS! YOU KNOW - GOODWILL TO MEN AN' ALL THAT!

SAVED!

I DON'T CARE - I MUST DO MY DUTY! SAY NO MORE

BUT JUST THINK! ME IN JAIL OVER CHRISTMAS AN' MY TWENTY KIDS STARVIN' WITH NOTHIN' TO EAT BUT FOOD!

YOU CAN'T DO IT, PARD! MY THIRTY CHILDREN ALL CRYIN' FOR DADDY ON CHRISTMAS DAY - HAVE A HEART!

SOB!

PICTURE IT! SIXTY LITTLE STOCKINGS HUNG UP WITH NOTHIN' BUT HOLES IN 'EM. SOB!

T-TAKE MY CHRISTMAS SAVINGS FOR YOUR DEAR LITTLE ONES AND GO - GO!

GEE, PARD! YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

OH WON'T HE!

BILLY BUNTER'S INVITATION

A Rollicking End-of-Term Story of the
Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

Telegram for Wharton

"Oh, here you are!" said Billy Bunter. Billy Bunter pushed open the door of No. 1 Study in the Remove and blinked in through his big spectacles. Harry Wharton and Co. were discussing the Christmas holidays, Greyfriars School being due to break up on the morrow. The discussion ceased as Billy Bunter blinked in. On the subject of the Christmas holidays, nobody wanted to hear anything from Bunter.

The Famous Five, on the morrow, were heading for Wharton Lodge, in a cheery bunch. Not one of the party of five wanted to make it six, by the addition of the fat Owl of the Remove. Bunter had suggested it, indeed urged it: but Harry Wharton and Co. felt that they saw quite enough of Billy Bunter during the term. Bunter in the hols. was too much of a good thing.

"Yes, here we are," agreed Harry Wharton. "Shut the door after you, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Wharton! I think you might ask a fellow to sit down, when he's jolly tired walking across the common," said Bunter, reproachfully.

"Why didn't you take the bus back, if you've been to Courtfield?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Because Toddy was too jolly mean to lend me the fare. I—I mean, I haven't been to Courtfield," said Bunter, hastily. "I haven't been anywhere near the post office. Why should I? I haven't been out of gates at all."

"You got tired walking across the common, without going out of gates at all?" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"I—I mean I—I've been walking in the quad, you know. Nothing to go to Courtfield Post Office for," said Bunter. "It's a long walk, and I hadn't any money left over for the bus."

"Then you have been to Courtfield?" asked Bob.

"Eh? Oh! No! Nowhere near the place," answered Bunter.

The Famous Five gazed at Billy Bunter. That he was fibbing was perfectly clear. But why he was fibbing was not so clear: unless, indeed, habit had grown too strong for him, and he couldn't help it.

There was a footstep in the passage, and another figure appeared beside Billy Bunter at the doorway. It was that of Trotter, the House page. He had a telegram in his hand.

"Master Wharton," he said.

"Here," said Harry.

He took the telegram and opened it. As he glanced at it, he gave quite a jump. He stared at it blankly and read it over again, and then again, as if he could not quite believe what he saw there.

"Any answer, sir?" asked Trotter.

"Oh! No!" gasped Harry Wharton.

Trotter departed, leaving the captain of the Remove staring blankly at the telegram, and his friends staring blankly at him. Billy Bunter, leaning his fat person on the door, blinked at him, with a glimmer in his little round eyes behind his big round spectacles.

"Not bad news, old chap?" asked Nugent.

"Er? Yes—no—" stammered Wharton. "Blessed if I make it out! It's from my uncle at Wharton Lodge, but—but—but—well, it beats me! Listen to this, you fellows."

"About Christmas?" asked Bob.

"Yes! Listen: 'Expecting you with your friends tomorrow. Do not forget Bunter. Uncle.'"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry.

"Suffering cats!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Sure you've got it right?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Look at it," said Harry.

They looked at it. There was surprise in all faces. There had been occasions when Billy Bunter had spent the holidays at Wharton Lodge. Nobody had ever noticed that Colonel Wharton had been particularly taken with him. Nobody had surmised or dreamed that the old Colonel had the slightest desire to see him again. But, apparently he had!

"Well, that's queer," said Nugent.

"I thought your uncle couldn't stand him," said Johnny Bull.

"So did I," said Harry. "But—" He

turned to Billy Bunter, blinking at him from the door. "If you'd like to join up, Bunter, after what my uncle says."

"Well, I'm not so sure," said Billy Bunter, with an air of deep consideration. "There will be no end of festivities at Bunter Court—crowds of titled people, and all that. Still, if your uncle makes a point of it, old chap, I'll come. He's a bit of an old fossil."

"You fat frowsy frumpious fathead!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Look here, I'll come," said Bunter. "I'll go and tell Mauleverer and Smithy that they can't have me for Christmas."

"They'll be glad to hear it," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter revolved on his axis, and rolled away from the door of No. 1 Study. There was a fat grin on his fat face as he rolled. The fat Owl had been in doubt about the Christmas holidays—but all doubts were settled by that unexpected telegram.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

It was a sudden roar from Bob Cherry.

Bob had the telegram in his hand, looking at it. Since the old Colonel, apparently, wanted the Christmas party to include Bunter, his dutiful nephew was prepared to play up, and the other fellows to make the best of it. But they were all astonished, and they looked at that telegram, one after another, to make sure that there was no possibility of mistake. There seemed none—the wording was clear and precise enough. It was almost by chance that Bob, scanning it for the second or third time, spotted a detail that had hitherto passed unnoticed.

He jumped up, in great excitement, waving the telegram.

"Spoofed!" he roared.

"What the thump—"?

"What do you mean?"

"Look!" roared Bob. He held up the telegram, and indicated, with his fingertip, the section marked in small print "Office of Origin". In that section, was a pencilled scrawl which might have meant almost anything, but which could only be the name of the post office where the telegram had been handed in for transmission. That should have been Wimford, the nearest town to Wharton Lodge, in Surrey. But it was not Wimford. It was almost illegible: but it began, as Bob noted, with a C, not with a W. And scanning it carefully, he made it out—a longer word than Wimford. Hence his excited roar.

"See where this wire was handed in?" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "Look at it—count the letters—spell it out—and you'll find that it's Courtfield."

"Courtfield!" exclaimed four fellows with one voice.

"But—but it can't be!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, bewildered. "Courtfield's only a few miles from here, and my uncle's at home in Surrey."

"Bunter's just been to Courtfield!" roared Bob.

"Oh!" gasped Harry. He caught the telegram from Bob's hand, and examined it. On close inspection, undoubtedly it was "Courtfield" that was given as the office of origin. That telegram had been handed in at Courtfield, only a few miles away: it had been flashed over the wires to Friardale for Greyfriars. And Billy Bunter had come back from Courtfield only just before the telegram was delivered—and had been fibbing about it! The truth dawned on the minds of the Famous Five!

"Bunter!" gasped Nugent.

"The esteemed and pernicious Bunter!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Bunter!" hooted Johnny Bull.

"Suffering cats and crocodiles!" said Bob Cherry, "that fat villain sent this telegram—that's what he went to Courtfield for—and why he said he hadn't been there—he's pulled your leg to join up for Christmas. Colonel Wharton doesn't know anything about it at all."

"Oh!" gasped Harry, again.

"Plain enough, now we know," said



Frank Nugent, "I daresay he hoped you wouldn't notice the office of origin, or wouldn't be able to make it out if you did—"

"And I didn't!" said Harry, "but now—Bob's noticed it, if I didn't! Why, I'll go after that spoofing fat villain and strew him in small pieces up and down the Remove passage." He picked up a ruler, "Might have got landed with him for the hols.—and my uncle can't stand him. Why, nothing might have been said about the telegram—and my uncle would have been wondering why we rolled Bunter along, while we were wondering what the dickens he wanted us to do it for. I'll slaughter him bald-headed—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob. He caught the captain of the Remove by the arm, as Harry Wharton headed for the door, ruler in hand. "Hold on, old bean—"

"I tell you I'm going to make mincemeat of that spoofing porpoise—"

"Hold on!" repeated Bob, "look here, Bunter thinks he's landed for the hols. What about giving him a surprise—tomorrow?"

"I don't see—"

"You will if you'll let me explain."

"Oh, go ahead."

Bob Cherry went ahead: and, as he explained the bright idea that had come into his head, there was a roar of laughter in No. 1 Study.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton, laughing, threw the ruler on the table.

"It's a go," he said.

And it—whatever 'it' was—was a go!

BILLY BUNTER grinned serenely. It was a cold day: there was snow on the landscape and frost on the trees: but it had been quite a cheery journey for the fat Owl. Greyfriars School had broken up for the Christmas holidays: and Billy Bunter had left in cheery company—that of the Famous Five. Bunter's little scheme for landing himself for the "hols." had worked—or seemed to have worked—like a charm. For there he was—on his way, sitting in the train with Harry Wharton and Co., booked to get out at Wimford with them, instead of travelling ten miles further on for Bunter Villa all on his own.

The fat Owl had despatched that spoof telegram without the slightest scruple. All he worried about was whether it would work! And it seemed that it had worked. Very likely nothing would come out—Colonel Wharton would think that Harry had wanted to bring Bunter and Harry would think that his uncle had wanted him to. Bunter hoped for the best! In the meantime, here he was—en route!

The party had left Greyfriars by a rather later train than usual. But that did not matter, as they stopped for lunch on the way. They did not hurry over lunch: and the early December dusk was falling, as they rolled on to Wimford. It was quite dark when they reached that station. That the Famous Five had any reason for desiring to arrive there after dark did not occur to Bunter. Bunter sprawled in his seat, thinking of the lunch he had had, and the supper that was to come, of his own remarkable cleverness in pulling Harry Wharton's leg, and of Harry Wharton's fatheadedness in having his leg pulled—and it was not likely to occur to him that his own fat leg was now in the process of being pulled. Billy Bunter grinned with serene satisfaction, as the train rolled through the December dark, and stopped, at last at Wimford.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here we are!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, "Roll out, Bunter."

Bunter rolled out.

"I say, Wharton, I hope your uncle's sent the car," he squeaked. "We always send the car for guests at Bunter Court."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"O.K. The car will be waiting," he said.

And it was. The juniors piled in the car while Harry Wharton spoke aside to the chauffeur. Colonel Wharton's chauffeur stared for a moment or two: then he nodded with a faint grin.

"Got it clear?" asked Harry.

"Quite, sir!"

"I say, Wharton, don't hang about," squeaked Bunter from the car, "it's jolly parky! Look here, let's get off."

"Coming," answered Harry.

And he followed his friends in. The car rolled out of Wimford into the December night, on a road almost as black as a hat.

It rolled on and on and on. Swift as it was, it seemed, to Bunter a long time in getting to Wharton Lodge. He blinked from the windows but could see nothing but frosty trees and hedges dim in the gloom. Where he was, the fat junior had no idea, excepting—of course—that he was on his way to Wharton Lodge.

"I say you fellows the driver's going a jolly long way round, ain't he?" asked Bunter at last. "Ain't we going straight to Wharton Lodge?"

"It doesn't look like it," said Harry, "but we shan't be long now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter, "if he's going the wrong way I'd sack him."

It was a little later that the car at last halted. The chauffeur remained in his seat: it was Harry Wharton who opened the door and jumped out. Billy Bunter blinked out through his big spectacles into December blackness.

"Come on, Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "It's pretty dark—I'll give you a hand! This way."

Billy Bunter grunted and alighted. Wharton caught a fat arm and marched him on. Bunter blinked round him, puzzled. Dark as it was, he could make out a narrow gravel drive and a frosty laurel bush, which did not seem like what he remembered of Wharton Lodge. But he had no time for observation: the grip on his fat arm marched him onwards through the gloom.

"I say, the place seems changed since I was here before—I say, it's jolly queer but it looks like our garden at home—I say, don't drag a fellow at that rate—look here, you beast—"

"Here you are!" said Harry, cheerfully as he landed Bunter in a stone porch dimly lighted from a fanlight over the door. He released Bunter's fat arm, grasped the knocker, and gave a tremendous bang on it. Then he disappeared into the night.

Bunter blinked after him, puzzled and irritated.

"I say, Wharton, where are you going? Where are the other fellows? I say, wharrer you mean? I say, where's that car going?"

The sound of a restarting car came to Bunter's perplexed fat ears. He blinked and stared, as a red rear-light flashed away and disappeared. The car was gone.

In bewilderment the fat Owl turned round to the door which was opening. It opened on a small hall, which seemed to be nearly filled by a very portly figure—very like Bunter's own on a larger scale. Bunter blinked at it, and almost fell down in his astonishment as he beheld Mr. Bunter, his honoured parent.

"Oh! It is you, William!" said Mr. Bunter, "you are late! Sammy and Bessie arrived long ago. Why are you so late?"

Bunter blinked at him. He could not speak. His little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles. It was Mr. Bunter at the door of Bunter Villa! He had not arrived at Wharton Lodge! He had arrived at Bunter Villa—and they had left him there and gone off in the car!

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, as at last—at long last!—he grasped it, "Oh! Beasts! They jolly well knew—they've brought me home—Beasts!"

Mr. Bunter stood there waiting. He was annoyed, for one thing, with Billy being late. He was also annoyed, for another thing, at just standing there in the cold while Billy glared at a retreating car. And he said so!

"What? What? For goodness sake William, do not stand there mumbering—come in, and let me get the door shut."

Billy Bunter cast one infuriated blink into the December night. But the car was gone—well on its way to Wharton Lodge. Then he tottered in—home for the hols!

This looks like no party for Billy Bunter! But wait and see what happens, next week! Don't miss the fun.



JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

Good-bye to Solomon Sneek

IT was a Saturday and there was no school. But instead of being able to go out to play like most of the other children, Jimmy Watson and his sister, June, had to run errands all day for their uncle, Jaspas Grabb, a bad-tempered ironmonger.

"I've got a mangle for you to take along to Colonel Chutney at the Hall," he told them. "It's a new 'un, so you be careful with it and don't get it scratched. You can take it on the barrow."

Jimmy got the barrow from the yard at the back of the shop. Jaspas Grabb helped him and June to get the mangle on to the barrow, because it was too heavy for the pair of them to lift by themselves.

"Go on now, off you go!" he ordered them. "And if you waste any time and don't get back quick, I'll take the strap to you!"

He would take the strap to them, too, as Jimmy and June very well knew. The reason they lived with him was because their own parents were dead. Jaspas Grabb was very unkind to them and he was so mean and greedy that he never gave them so much as a ha'penny to spend on themselves.

"What a shocking old miser that uncle of yours is," remarked a voice behind them, as they trundled the barrow away along the road.

"Why, it's Tutty!" exclaimed June, as she and Jimmy looked round to find that they were being followed by a black and white cat. "Are you coming with us, Tutty?"

"Yes, of course," said Tutty in his human voice. "A stroll will do me good. Where are you off to, anyway?"

June told him, for Tutty was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for he was really an Egyptian prince and he came from a long line of wizard princes.

But he had been changed into a cat by an old wizard named Ur-huh, who was jealous of him, because Tutty could do any amount of magic himself. And a cat poor Tutty was doomed to remain until he could find a certain mummified Egyptian beetle called the Sacred Scarab of Shendi.

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

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

"I heard Jaspas Grabb telling you to hurry back, or he'll take the strap to you," said Tutty. "But don't you worry about that. I'll look after Jaspas Grabb, if he gets cross."

"Yes, I bet you will, Tutty," chuckled Jimmy.

Jaspas Grabb didn't know that Tutty was a magic cat. All he knew was that he was a very queer cat indeed and that if you were unkind to him, then very unpleasant things happen to you.

"Is the Hall far, where this Colonel Chutney lives?" asked Tutty.

"No, not very far," replied Jimmy. "It's a big house and stands in its own grounds."

They soon reached it and, as Jimmy and June pushed the heavily-laden barrow up the winding drive, they noticed that it was moving as easily as though they were trundling it down a slope and they knew that Tutty was using some of his magic to make the push easy for them.

"This is very nice of you, Tutty, to make

the barrow move as easily as this," said June.

"Pooh, that's nothing!" said Tutty. "It's one of the easiest things for me to do. Where are you taking the barrow? Round to the back of the house?"

"Yes, we daren't go to the front, not with a mangle," said Jimmy. "It's the back door for us. I don't suppose that Colonel Chutney would mind if we went to the front door. He's rather a nice gentleman, although he's got a very quick temper."

"No, it's not Colonel Chutney who would mind if we went to the front door, it's his butler," said June. "The butler is terribly snooty, Tutty. He's a man called Solomon Sneek and the way he goes on, you would think he owned the place."

"I would rather like to meet him," said Tutty.

He did meet him, for it was Solomon Sneek himself who opened the back door in answer to Jimmy's knock. The butler was a black-haired, yellowish-faced man, with cold dark eyes and a very haughty manner about him.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "We've brought you a mangle from Mr. Grabb, the ironmonger," Jimmy said.

"No, you have not!" retorted Mr. Sneek. "What you really mean to say, you stupid little ass, is that you have brought a mangle for the use of those of the female staff who do the washing."

"Oh, all right, have it your own way," said Jimmy. "Anyway, here's the mangle

"No, I haven't been bitten by a dog," screamed the raging Mr. Sneek, still hopping madly about and clutching at his injured toe. "That beastly mangle there fell off the barrow and landed clean on my toe."

"That's not true!" roared a voice, and believe it or not, it seemed to come right from the mangle itself. "I didn't fall off the barrow. I jumped off the barrow AND I JUMPED OFF IT ON PURPOSE!"

Well, when they heard that the cook and the two maids nearly fainted with fright. In fact, they were so frightened that they couldn't stir from the spot. Neither could the odd-job man, who was standing gaping at the mangle with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly bulging right out of his head.

The only two persons who were at all calm were Jimmy and June, who knew that all this was some more of Tutty's magic.

"Did you hear that, Mister Sneek?" gasped the odd-job man, still gaping at the mangle as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears. "That—that there mangle spoke!"

"Rot and rubbish!" yelled the butler. "Of course it didn't speak. I believe it was one of those kids!"

"No, it wasn't!" cried Jimmy and June, as the raging Mr. Sneek glared at them. "It wasn't us at all!"

"Well, you know something about it!" shouted the butler. "You must do. You brought the beastly thing here!"



on the barrow and somebody will have to help me to get it off, because it's too heavy for me to manage by myself."

"Are you suggesting that I should help you to take it off the barrow?" demanded Mr. Sneek coldly.

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to help me," said Jimmy.

Next moment he gave a cry of pain and alarm as Mr. Sneek swiftly and soundly boxed his ears for him.

"What did you do that for?" cried June hotly.

"Because the little wretch was impertinent," said Mr. Sneek, dusting his well-kept hands for all the world as though he had soiled them by boxing Jimmy's ears. "And if there is one thing I will not stand, it is impertinence from grubby little boys."

"All right, then," said a mysterious voice, "if you won't stand it you can jump for a change!"

Next instant a most amazing thing happened, for the mangle jumped clean off the barrow and landed with a thump bang on one of Mr. Solomon Sneek's elegantly-clad feet.

"Ow-ww!" he screamed, wrenching his foot free and hopping madly about. "Ooo-er—ow-oww—ooo-er!"

Hearing his frantic yells, a big, stout, rosy-cheeked cook came rushing from the kitchen, followed by two frightened-looking maids and a straggly-whiskered odd-job man.

"What's the matter?" they cried. "Is somebody being murdered?"

"Oh, whatever's happened?"

"What are you leavin' about like that for, Mister Sneek?" cried the odd-job man. "Have you been bitten by a dog, or summat?"

"Here comes the guv'nor!" cried the odd-job man hoarsely.

Attracted by the uproar, Colonel Chutney had come hurrying around a corner of the house. Nor was he alone, for he had been showing a very important neighbour of his, Lady Goldacres, his prize chrysanthemums, and she was still with him.

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried the peppery little colonel fiercely. "What's all the row about, Sneek?"

But Mr. Sneek didn't explain. On the contrary, he acted in a very curious manner indeed. He suddenly rushed at Colonel Chutney, grabbed him by the trouser's seat, and put him head first through the mangle.

And as he busily turned the handle, flattening little Colonel Chutney almost as thin as a playing card, he sang lustily and merrily:

"Rub-a-dub-dub, he's not had a tub!
But now we will mangle, then air him;
We'll hang him up high, all spread out to dry,

For I've never been able to bear him!"

The curious thing was that it didn't seem to hurt Colonel Chutney an awful lot to be put through the mangle. For when he came out through the rollers, as flat and as thin as a playing card, he was shouting more with temper than anything else.

"What's the idiot doing?" he yelled. "Sneek, you impertinent rascal, I'll sack you for this!"

Mr. Solomon Sneek took not the slightest notice of this threat. When the flattened little colonel had come out through the mangle, Solomon Sneek picked him up, skipped gaily across to the clothes line with him and pegged him up to dry, singing merrily the while:

"Ups-a-daisy, up to dry!
On the line so nice and high;
Catching all the winds that blow,
Swinging gaily to and fro,
And I do it, don't you know,
Just because I hate you so!"

"You scoundrel!" screamed the flattened colonel, swinging to and fro on the clothes line for all the world like some very queer washing hung up to dry. "I'll have the law on you for this. Let me down this instant, you scoundrel!"

But the scoundrel did nothing of the sort. He had darted at the petrified Lady Goldacres and he was now busily putting her through the mangle. And as he did so, he merrily sang:

"My pretty dear, just listen here!
This really is a wangle;
The colonel lured you here today
To bung you through the mangle!
He said last night, in deep delight:
'Oh, Sneek, it will be fine,
If Lady G. will hang with me,
Pegged out upon the line!'"

By this time the flattened but screeching Lady Goldacres had emerged through the mangle. Picking her up, Solomon Sneek skipped gaily across to the clothes line and pegged her up beside the colonel singing merrily as he did so:

"There you are, dear Lady G,
Hanging up with Colonel C;
Hanging nice and close together
In this lovely breezy weather;
How you flap and how you blow,
Waving gaily to and fro;
How you jib and how you prance
In the clothes line's merry dance;
The way you do it's really fine—
LOOK OUT, YOU CHUMPS, YOU'VE
BROKE THE LINE!"

The clothes line had snapped. But it was only because Tutty had suddenly switched off his magic and, in a flash, the raging Colonel Chutney and the screeching Lady Goldacres had been changed back to their proper shapes and the line had snapped under their combined weight.

"Oh, you rascal—you scoundrel—I'll spifflicate you for this!" roared the colonel, making a furious rush at Solomon Sneek.

But the terrified butler didn't wait to be spifflicated. Now that the magic had been switched off, he knew only too well the perfectly dreadful things he had been doing. So he turned and fled.

Round the big garden raced the butler, and Colonel Chutney, snatching up a thick stick, raced after him. The pair beat all records, twice round the garden.

Then Solomon Sneek dashed into the house. This took Colonel Chutney by surprise and the butler gained a little. He dashed up the front stairs to his room, paused long enough to cram a few of his belongings into a suitcase, then dashed out again.

Colonel Chutney was thundering up the stairs, shouting: "Come here, Sneek! Come and let me thrash you, you rogue! Oh, you rascal—wait till I catch you!"

But Solomon Sneek was out of his room and racing away down the back stairs. The Colonel was closer this time, so the butler had to put on considerable speed.

Round the garden he sped again, scared out of his wits. Fear helped him on his way. He dodged through to the kitchen garden and round by the chicken run. He dived through the hedge, then dived back again. And all the time Colonel Chutney was close on his heels.

Then Solomon Sneek sped right across the potato patch and the Colonel, tripping over a rake the gardener had left lying there, fell flat on his face.

That was the butler's chance. He sped straight into the house and up to his room. Hurriedly he packed the rest of his belongings into the suitcase—then down the stairs he came again and out by way of the front door.

Colonel Chutney bounded in hot pursuit of him, but he never caught him, and from that day to this Solomon Sneek has never been seen anywhere near the Hall.

By the time the colonel returned from his fruitless chase, the cook and the maids had assisted Lady Goldacres into the house and Jimmy and June were on their way home with Tutty and the empty barrow.

"Well, we've certainly had some fun this morning, thanks to you, Tutty!" laughed Jimmy. "You didn't half take that Solomon Sneek down a few pegs!"

"Clothes pegs, you mean!" laughed June.

"Well, he asked for it when he boxed Jimmy's ears," said Tutty. "Nobody will get away with that sort of thing while I'm around."

More fun and thrills with Jimmy, June and Tutty in next week's "COMET"



RUSTY RILEY



Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. Rusty chums up with Patty, the daughter of Quentin Miles. Satan, a bad-tempered horse from a nearby carnival, gets in amongst Mr. Miles's yearlings, and nobody can master him. But Rusty's dog, Flip, comes along. Satan chums up with Flip and is easily handled after that! Alamo and Charley, two showmen, see a chance of working up a new act and offer to buy Flip, but Rusty refuses to sell.

LISTEN, ALAMO, BE REASONABLE! YOU KNOW OUR PART OF THE SHOW HAS BEEN GETTING THE BIRD EVERY PERFORMANCE... WE COULD WORK UP A SWELL ACT WITH THAT KID'S DOG AND THAT OUTLAW HORSE

I'M NOT DENYING IT, CHARLEY... BUT THE DOG IS THE BOY'S, NOT OURS... AND HE WON'T SELL HIM!

HEY, ALAMO, THE BIG BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU TWO FELLOWS IN THE OFFICE TRAILER RIGHT AWAY!

BOTH OF US?

OKAY... WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

THIS IS IT, ALAMO! I BET YOU WE'RE GETTING FIRED!

I'VE BEEN DREADING THIS!

WELL, BOYS - THE END HAS COME!

AND SO YOU SEE, BOYS... YOUR ACT IS OLD FASHIONED AND UNLESS YOU CAN PEP IT UP WITH SOME REALLY GOOD, NEW FEATURE, I'LL HAVE TO REPLACE YOU

I SEE, MR. HARBEGON.

NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY, ALAMO?

I STILL SAY I WISH I COULD WORK UP THE ACT WITH THE HORSE AND THE DOG, BUT THE BOY WON'T SELL THE DOG! WE'RE THROUGH... WE'LL DIVIDE UP THE HORSES AND QUIT.

A LITTLE LATER---

ALAMO AND I ARE SPLITTING UP, BOSS... IF I CAN GIVE YOU A REAL FIRST-RATE ACT IN A COUPLE O' WEEKS, AM I HIRED?

IF IT'S GOOD, YES. I NEED AN ACT, BUT YOUR OLD STUFF IS MOTH-EATEN

THAT NIGHT---

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' UP AT THIS TIME O'NIGHT, RUSTY? YOU SHOULD BE IN BED?

I'M TRYING TO FIND FLIP, TEX... HE DIDN'T COME FOR HIS DINNER

HERE, FLIP! HERE, FLIP! GOLLY! I'M WORRIED! HE ALWAYS COMES FOR HIS DINNER

MEANWHILE, AT A SMALL KENNEL SHOP IN THE CITY---

WHAT I WANT IS THAT REGULAR, FANCY POODLE CLIP... LIKE YOU SEE IN THE BIG DOG SHOWS

SURE... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN - I'LL HAVE HIM READY IN THE MORNING!

GOLLY, TEX, SOMETHING MUST SURELY HAVE HAPPENED TO FLIP. I CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE, AND HE NEVER FAILS TO COME FOR HIS SUPPER!

DID YOU LOOK IN BLAZE'S STALL?... OR MAYBE HE'S WITH THE COLT

I DID LOOK IN BLAZE'S STALL... 'CAUSE FLIP LIKES TO GO THERE... BUT I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THE COLT!

GEE, WHILIKENS! IF HE ISN'T IN HERE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK!

FLIP! ARE YOU IN THERE?... GEE I HOPED HE'D BE HERE, BUT HE ISN'T

HE WASN'T THERE, TEX!... WHAT AM I GOIN' TO DO?... HE MIGHT BE HURT!

A LITTLE LATER AT THE CARNIVAL---

IT'S ABOUT THE BOY'S DOG, ALAMO... I THOUGHT HE MIGHT'VE TAKEN A FANCY TO THAT BLACK STALLION AND WANDERED OVER HERE!

DIDN'T SEE HIM, TEX... BUT WE CAN TAKE A LOOK... FUNNY THING, I TRIED TO BUY THAT PUP, BUT THE LAD WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!

WELL, S'POSE YOU TAKE A LOOK IN THERE AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU FIND HIM!

HE AIN'T IN THE HORSE TENT, TEX... BY THE WAY, OLD "HANDLEBAR HARBEGON" FIRED OUR ACT, SO CHARLEY AND I ARE DIVIDING UP THE HORSES

HM-M! WHO GETS THE BLACK STALLION?

WHY, CHARLEY IS TAKING THAT OUTLAW HORSE... THINKS HE CAN WORK UP A NEW ACT WITH HIM!

I SEE... WELL, BE SURE TO LET ME KNOW IF YOU SEE ANYTHING OF RUSTY'S DOG!

IN THE LITTLE KENNEL SHOP---

HERE'S YOUR DOG, MISTER... SAY! WHERE'D YOU GET HIM?... IF YOU ASK ME, HE COMES FROM A LINE OF CHAMPS... HE'D GET A PRIZE IN ANY SHOW!

YEAH! HE LOOKS GOOD! YOU DID A FINE JOB OF CLIPPING!... YEAH, HE'S A GOOD PUP!

SAME TO YOU

Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Hawkeye, an Indian, who gains the Golden Arrow from them, by a trick. Kit and his friends follow him. But when clambering down a cliff, the rope snaps.



KIT CRASHED ON TO THE PLATFORM BELOW AND ITS ANCIENT WEATHER BEATEN TIMBERS BROKE UNDER HIS WEIGHT.



KIT CARSON'S STRONG ARM SAVED JOHNNY, BUT THE YOUNG PIONEER'S WEIGHT TORE THE SCOUT'S HAND FROM THE ROPE...



TOGETHER THEY FELL TOWARDS THE NEXT PLATFORM.

KIT! JOHNNY!



OF THE TERM... COME ONCE... ARE -



U, BIRD AND DIMM... RYTHING I KNOW -



Y CHRISTMAS TO... COME BACK NEXT... ENSE... ON



U, SIR:!



HE HUNG THERE WHILE WHITE DOVE CLIMBED DOWN THE ROPE TO THEIR RESCUE.

HANG ON, KIT. WE'LL GET YOU UP! GOSH, YOU SAVED MY LIFE, THEN!



THEY CLIMBED DOWN THE ROPES THAT HUNG DOWN THE DIZZY PRECIPICE AND AT LAST REACHED THE SOLID EARTH.



I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER!

I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET DOWN ALIVE!

KIT CARSON AND HIS TWO PALS TRAVELLED STEADILY ALONG A ROCKY TRAIL UNTIL THEY SAW A BAND OF HORSEMEN GALLOPING ACROSS THE PLAIN BELOW THEM.



KEEP UNDER COVER! IT'S HAWKEYE AND HIS REDSKINS!

THEY FOLLOWED THE INDIANS UNTIL THEY REINED-IN AND DISMOUNTED.



THEY'RE MAKING CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

NOW WE CAN GET THE GOLDEN ARROW!

HAWKEYE SPOKE PROUDLY TO HIS BRAVES.



THE GOLDEN ARROW, MY BROTHERS! IT WILL LEAD US TO GREAT RICHES!

MEANWHILE, KIT HAD A PLAN TO GET BACK THE GOLDEN ARROW.



WHITE DOVE, YOU GO TO THEIR HORSES - GRAB THREE OF THEM FOR US, JOHNNY AND I WILL GET THE ARROW.

KIT CARSON CLIMBED DOWN THE GREAT TREE THAT STOOD NEARBY -



- WHILE JOHNNY WENT DOWN THE ROCK SLOPE.



CAUTIOUSLY JOHNNY CREPT TOWARDS THE INDIANS' CAMP.



THEN, SUDDENLY, KIT DROPPED FROM THE BRANCHES OF THE TREE - STRAIGHT INTO THE INDIANS' CAMPFIRE.



YOUNG SIR NIGEL

BY REX HARDINGE

The Impostor!

"SEIZE them!—stop that boy and girl!—a reward for their capture!"

The angry shouts rang through Nottingham Fair, and it seemed to young Sir Nigel Wayne that he was trapped, for people ran from their stalls to block the way of escape in all directions. He could hear Sir Roger Moxton shouting that he had stolen his purse, but the young knight knew that much more than that was at stake.

Sir Roger was determined to capture him because he was the bait with which the bad knight plotted to lure King Richard of England to Dale Castle to be murdered. But Nigel had discovered the plot and was now trying to reach the king, aided by Joan, the niece of a woodman, who had helped him escape from Sir Roger's castle.

But Nigel suddenly remembered, as he and Joan found their way blocked on all sides, that Robin Hood had promised to help. Nigel had saved the outlaw's life in the forest, and bold Robin had sworn that he and his merry men would always be ready to spring to his aid.

So, as he ran, Nigel reached for the little hunting horn that Robin Hood had given him. But he didn't put it to his lips. He didn't have a chance.

A hand reached out and snatched it away!

He swung round and found behind him a huge, ragged man, with a tangled beard, who had outdistanced the other pursuers.

"So, thieves are ye?" panted the man. "And such a comely lad and maid. It fills me with shame to look upon you—stealing the gold of such a gallant knight as Black Sir Roger!"

But, in a hoarse whisper, the man added: "Run to that fat dame over yonder, young sir knight—and you, maid—and fear not, this rabble won't catch you!"

And then both Nigel and Joan gasped, for they recognised the wild-looking beggar. He was Robin Hood's faithful Little John.

The fugitives could see the fat woman Little John told them to run to, but it looked as though they would never reach her. Like a pack of hounds, the men from the fair, spurred on by Sir Roger's promised reward, leapt at them.

But Little John suddenly sprawled full length on the ground.

"Ow! The lad hurt me—knocked me down!" he roared, rolling over and over. And, in so doing, he spread confusion among the pursuers, for his unusually long body seemed to get in everybody's way.

The leading pursuer tripped over him and went sprawling. So did others. And those behind fell over those who fell first, several of whom—being more of Robin Hood's merry men—fell so clumsily that they also rolled in the path of others and brought them down.

But Nigel realised that this only gave them a short breathing-space, for Sir Roger and his horsemen were following fast.

Even as Nigel and Joan reached the fat woman, however, they heard a fresh din behind them, and looking back saw that the outlaws were tumbling in front of the horses, making them stagger and unseat their riders, and then bouncing clear like rubber balls.

"Save us, good dame," panted Joan, for she could see that several men had broken away from the fight and were after them again.

Then came the greatest shock of all, for a great, gruff voice growled—"What would I be here for if 'tis not to save ye, ye young scamps—but ye offend me when ye call me dame. The name is Friar Tuck!—Quick, on to my cart with ye—under those skins!"



Nigel couldn't think how hiding in the cart would save them, for the pursuers would be sure to search there, but he had already learnt that Robin Hood's lieutenants were men to be obeyed. And the fat Friar of Fountains Abbey gave him no chance to hesitate, for he positively pushed both of them on to the cart and under the heap of hides.

To their amazement they felt something wriggle, and came up against warm bodies already under the skins, where they discovered two fine hunting dogs. But the animals were only there for a moment.

Friar Tuck hissed—"Harkaway!—Bell-man—away with ye—home!—back to the greenwood, my good hounds!"

And the dogs slipped off the far side of the cart and went crashing through the bushes that grew close at that place.

Scarcely had they gone when the leading pursuers reached the scene.

"Woman!—where are the fugitives?" Nigel heard Sir Roger rasp.

"Fugitives?" squeaked Friar Tuck shrilly. "Would ye be meaning a lad and a maid, good master?"

"Babble not, dame! They are hidden here, for I did not see them run beyond," interrupted the angry knight.

"And how would ye be seeing them, with all those bushes between?" squawked Friar Tuck. "But if ye have ears hid under that helmet, sir knight, make use of them—hark!"

Even in his hiding place Nigel could hear the noise the dogs made as they ran crashing through the bushes.

"There they go!—hear them!—after them!" shouted a voice, which Nigel recognised as belonging to Little John, followed by a great commotion as everybody went crashing away to hunt through the bushes.

A moment later the cart began to move, Friar Tuck singing a gay little song in a squeaky voice as he drove calmly out from Nottingham.

But he didn't drive far. Before long the cart stopped, and looking out from their hiding-place Nigel and Joan found they were in the outskirts of the forest. And out from the trees stepped Robin Hood.

"Well met, young friends! I' faith, you was a close shave," said the outlaw. "And all for naught, for word has reached me that the king is in Lincoln, so 'tis there you must hither away with your warning."

"But you cannot travel like that," he went on, helping them from the cart and

looking at the ragged clothes they were wearing. "Sir Roger will have the countryside roused to seize all ragged children, but who would dare stop the children of a landed gentleman on the way to visit their kin in Lincoln's fair city?"

As he spoke he drew them in among the trees, and there they found a fine plump pony tethered, with a magnificent saddle and pillion, all set with rich trappings. But they had no time to admire the gallant pony, for out of hiding in the bushes stepped a beautiful lady.

"Fair Marian," said the outlaw, "do you take the little maid and attire her according to her new station. Young Sir Nigel, follow me."

Quite bewildered by the smooth speed with which Robin Hood worked, Nigel followed him in among the bushes, where soon he was dressed in neat doublet and hose, with a feathered hat, becoming, as though by magic, the handsome son of some country gentleman.

When they returned, the cart and Friar Tuck had vanished, but Maid Marian soon joined them, leading by the hand a vision that made Nigel blink. Surely this couldn't be Joan, the woodcutter's niece—this beautiful girl in a fine frock, with a crimson hooded cloak! But she gaily held out a foot for his inspection.

"See, Nigel," she declared, "now I have shoes for my buckles!"

And she made both Robin Hood and Maid Marian laugh by describing how Nigel had won the silver buckles by moving the burr from under the horse's saddle that made it seem too wild to be ridden.

"Bold work," chuckled the outlaw, "but there is bolder yet to be done, for my messenger tells me that the king's next visit is to Dale Castle. He will ride that way very shortly, and who knows—with you missing Sir Roger may waylay His Majesty on the road, instead of waiting for him to reach the castle? So he must be warned before he leaves Lincoln, and only you can do that, young knight. So mount!"

Obediently Nigel swung into the saddle, and Robin Hood lifted Joan to the pillion behind him. But he told them to wait while he went back into the bushes, and when he returned he was leading another pony. Also he had changed his clothes. Now he was attired in sober brown, with a wide-brimmed hat.

"Methinks your father would not permit you to travel alone," he said, with a smile, "so behold the old retainer—your faithful

servant, Job, who rides with you on the road to Lincoln."

Then, with a wave to Maid Marian, he led the way out on to the road.

Nigel and Joan were both almost speechless with excitement. Adventures were coming so fast that they were left breathless, but they were no longer worried. How could they be with Robin Hood, himself, as their companion? And they guessed that, where Robin went, his men would not be far away.

It was lucky that Robin Hood was with them for along the road they came upon men-at-arms, who stopped them and asked if they had seen two ragged children.

"Indeed yes," said Robin. "A while back, when my young master and mistress were resting in the shade, I was seeking spring water for their refreshment when I saw such a couple as you describe."

He assured the men-at-arms that the ragged fugitives had run in a northerly direction, and that if they hastened they would soon catch them, for they were spent with much running.

"I did hear the lad talk of going to York to see the king—king of the beggars, he must mean," he shouted after the men as they dashed away. And then, as they rode on, Nigel and Joan could at last give way to the laughter that was almost choking them at the thought of the pursuit going north to York, while they went east to Lincoln.

But their laughter ended abruptly. Suddenly, as they rode along a winding path they found the way barred. Two rough-looking men appeared out of the bushes.

"Halt!" they ordered and drew back the arrows in their long bows.

"Ho, varlets, who are you?" demanded Robin Hood, spurring his pony forward.

"Men of the woods," was the sharp reply, "who levy toll on travellers who pass this way."

"And what toll do you expect these young folk to be able to pay?" snorted Robin, rather inclined to laugh at the thought of being held up in his own woods.

"Our leader will answer that, but methinks he will say ransom," was the reply. "Doubtless the father of such a handsome pair would pay highly to have them returned safely."

"You scurvy knaves!" gasped Robin Hood, and suddenly hurled himself from his pony, straight at the man with the bow.

The attack was so swift that the man went down in a heap before he could shoot, with the outlaw on top of him. And in a flash Robin Hood was up again.

Nigel made to spring from the saddle to aid him, but Robin shouted a warning.

"Ride!—do not tarry—these knaves are not alone!"

But he was too late. Out from the bushes and the trees swarmed men. Robin Hood cracked one on the jaw, snatching his big quarter-staff as he fell, and turning to use it on the others.

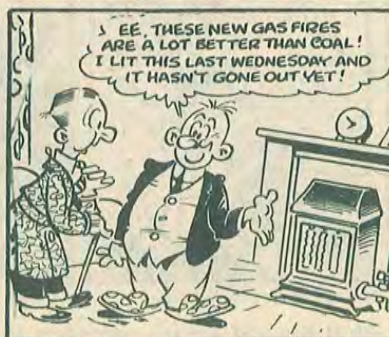
"Ride!" he repeated, keeping the scoundrels at bay by the sheer speed and fury of his attack. But Nigel was already in the battle. He dropped on a man's shoulders, and managed to twist the cudgel out of his hand. With this he hurled himself at those who by weight of numbers had beaten Robin Hood to his knees.

Meanwhile Joan had managed to grab the reins, and now she drove the pony at the battling men. With her other hand she managed to unbuckle a stirrup-iron, and she pluckily laid about her with this on the end of its long strap.

But the gallant fight could only end one way, for more and more ruffians came dashing from the woods, and at last Robin Hood was down, with a full dozen to hold him. Joan was dragged from the pony, and Nigel was knocked flying by a blow over the head, and then seized before he could

(Continued on opposite page)

CHUCKLE CORNER





YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from opposite page)

rise again.

Glumly they stared at their captors. Who were these men? Was this some trick of Sir Roger Moxton's?

But then a new voice suddenly spoke. "What have we here, my bold fellows?" it demanded, and on to the scene stepped a tall, scarred-faced man in a shabby suit of Lincoln green.

Robin Hood was the first to answer. "And who might you be, you miserable rogue?" he demanded, staring. And then stared even more, for the man retorted, with a swagger--

"They call me Robin Hood!" It was the most amazing thing that could possibly have happened. Nigel and Joan just stood there gaping, wondering what the real Robin Hood could do now to prove his identity!

Who is this impostor? Don't miss the thrills in next week's instalment of this exciting story.

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.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

FROM THIS LIST

Bryan Unwin, 19 Fordmill Road, Catford, London, S.E.6. Twelve. Reading. Elizabeth Ayling, 1 Still Waters, Chalkesly Glen, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth. Nine. Swimming, dancing. Dennis Hill, 150 Oak Avenue, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs. Eleven. Reading, stamps. Blanch England, Blanche Pierre, Trinity, Jersey. Channel Islands. Thirteen. Films, swimming. John Anderson, 11 Corporation Street, North Road, London, N.7. Twelve. Football.

Mary Davies, Ward 2, Adeline Patti Hospital, Pen-y-cae, Swansea Valley, Glam. Horse riding. Audrey Carson, "Winalat," Pudsey Lane, Caneardon, Essex. Seventeen. Films, cycling, dancing. Dorothy Jackson, Bounds Pitch, Much Marle, near Ledbury, Herefordshire. Fourteen. Cycling. Winnie Livingston, 9 Crown Cottages, Banair, near Fort William, Invernesshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Films, dancing. Marjorie Sims, 15 Seddon Road, Garston, Liverpool 19. Fifteen. Music, sport. Marie Jenkins, 22 Bridge Street, Kenfig Hill, near Bridgend, Glam. Fourteen. Hockey, sport, films.

Donald Bell, 102 Rockwood Hill Estate, Greenside, Ryton-on-Tyne, Co. Durham. Twelve. Football, reading. George Williams, 14 New Park Close, Castlefields, Shrewsbury. Fourteen. Fishing, football. Dorothy Bailey, 37 Gordon Road, Wellingborough, Northants. Thirteen. Radio, films. Paul Cottril, 2 Conway Villas, Main Road, Gedling, Nottingham. Eleven. Sport. June Knight, 246 Peterborough Road, Carshalton, Surrey. Thirteen. Reading. Lydia Laws, 47 Bethune Avenue, Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham. Twelve. Reading.

Margaret Wilson, 5 Colliers Row, High Street, Beighton, Sheffield. Fifteen. Dancing, singing, reading. June Rowatt, Lunley Moor, Grantley, nr. Ripon. Thirteen. Music, stamps. Margaret Cornhill, 34 Esmeralda Road, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1. Thirteen. Sport, films. Sheila Kelsey, 18 Torre Mount, Lupton Avenue, Leeds, 9. Fourteen. Cycling, knitting. Robert Maiden, 5 Chapel Lane, Aqueduct, Madeley, Shropshire. Eleven. Drawing, football. Ann Cordell, 54 Dorset Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs. Thirteen.

Animals, music, horse riding.

Jean Lowe, 2 Alvington Crescent, Dalston, London, E.8. Thirteen. Speedway, ice-skating. Joan Degen, 81, Lullingstone Crescent, St. Pauls Cray, Kent. Ten. Dancing. Josephine Herron, Wiers Road, Burwell, Cambs. Thirteen. Film stars. Marion Walker, 23 Florence Road, Upper Edmonston, London, N.18. Twelve. Science, dancing. Maureen Simmons, 36 Ogwy Street, Nantymael, Glam., S. Wales. Twelve. Sport. Avril Irvine, 35 Holborn Avenue, Thurso, Caithness. Seventeen. Dancing, films.

Michael Ford, 24 Wolsdon Street, Plymouth, Devon. Fourteen. Cycling, speedway. Patricia Day, 13, Shakespear Place, Stikely Road, Huntingdon, Hunts. Fourteen. Music. Ian Wilson, 1 Scott Road, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. Twelve. Photography. Doreen Baker, 7 Oldbury Road, Chertsey, Surrey. Twelve. Reading, knitting, cycling. Maureen Pike, 6 Dwry-felin Road, Neath, Glam., S. Wales. Thirteen. Sewing, knitting. Roger Hildred, 186 Rutland Avenue, Castlefield, High Wycombe, Bucks. Thirteen. Stamps, football.

Albert Beech, 145 East Street, Walworth, London, S.E.17. Twelve. Dancing, reading. Olive Thorpe, 12 Woodcot Avenue, Ferniehurst Park, Baldon, Yorks. Fifteen. Films, dancing, hiking.

SAMMY SHUTEYE

MAKES CHRISTMAS MAGIC

MARS ARE MARVELLOUS - AND BIG!

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



THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



LARRY PARKS
(Columbia)



PATRICIA NEAL
(Warner Bros.)



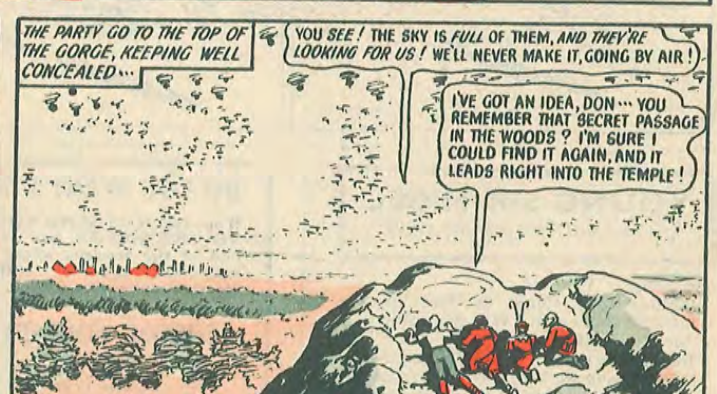
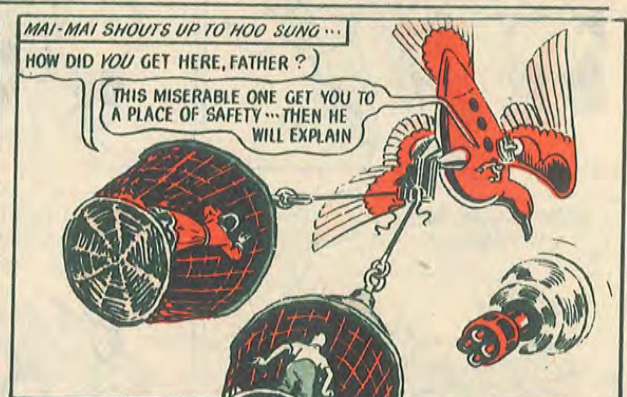
DONALD O'CONNOR
(Universal International)



ANNE CRAWFORD
(Rank Organisation)

DON DEEDS

While trying to rescue Alphar, the Emperor of Mars, Don Deeds and Mai-Mai are captured by the high priest and left to perish in cages on the temple roof. But Hoo Sung, Mai-Mai's father, arrives from the Earth and rescues them, aided by the jet-flying gear he has invented.



What will the Iron Men do? Must they...