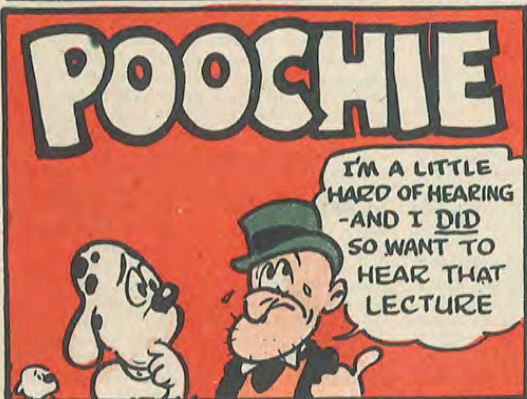


POOCHIE



I'M A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING - AND I DID SO WANT TO HEAR THAT LECTURE



I'LL LISTEN AT THIS WINDOW - AND REPEAT WHAT SHE SAYS SO'S YOU CAN HEAR

OO! GOOD DOG!

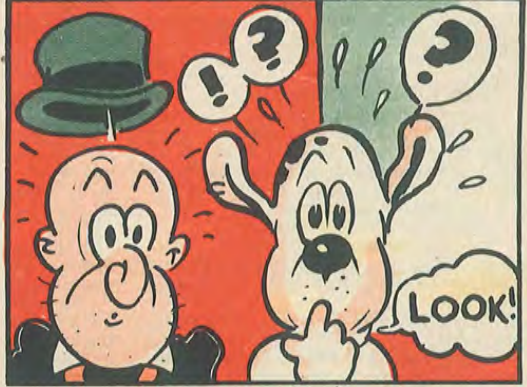


ALL CINEMAS SHOULD BE PULLED DOWN, PARKS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC -

LOUDER, POOCHIE



BEACHES SHOULD BE COVERED WITH BARBED WIRE, AND SCHOOL HOLIDAYS DONE AWAY WITH



LOOK!



MUTTER ANGRY!! SUCH TALK!! HAS HE QUITE FINISHED



SPLASH



DID YOU DO SOMETHING TO THOSE PEOPLE SOMETIME?

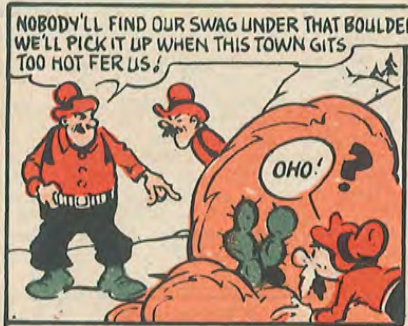
HAD HAD THAT'LL TEACH THEM!

DUCK POND

SHORTY



THE DEPUTY SHERIFF



NOBODY'LL FIND OUR SWAG UNDER THAT BOULDER! WE'LL PICK IT UP WHEN THIS TOWN GETS TOO HOT FER US!

OHO!



TEE HEE! HE FELL FER IT!

I'VE GOTTA GET SOME TOOLS!

REWARD

TO TOWN

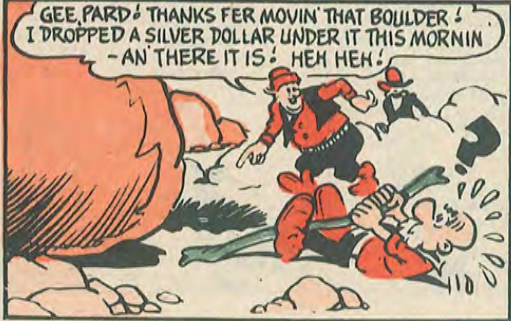


THOSE BADMEN ARE IN FOR A SHOCK! HEH! HEH!



HEAVE! GASP! PUFF SHE'S MOVIN'!

GASP!



GEE, PARD! THANKS FER MOVIN' THAT BOULDER! I DROPPED A SILVER DOLLAR UNDER IT THIS MORNIN' - AN THERE IT IS! HEH HEH!



HEH! HEH! WAIT TILL WE TELL THE BOYS! HO! HO! HO!

WISE GUYS!



BUNTER'S BARGAIN!

A Rollicking Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

CAUGHT!

BILLY BUNTER marched into No. 1 Study in the Remove with a frowning fat brow over his big spectacles.

They were talking Soccer in No. 1 Study. That was a subject that, as a rule, did not interest Billy Bunter. His chief interest in soccer was to dodge games practice as often as he could.

"I say, you fellows—" recommenced Bunter.

"Hook it," said Johnny Bull.

"Travel!" said Bob Cherry.

"Scram!" said Frank Nugent.

But Billy Bunter did not hook it, or travel, or scam. He stood and fixed his big spectacles on the captain of the Remove and repeated his first remark:

"Look here, Harry Wharton—"

"My dear porpoise," said Harry, "we're talking about the Rookwood match and fixing up the team. Roll away, like a good barrel."

"That's what I've come to speak about," said Bunter.

"Are you going to roll up and cheer our goals, when Rookwood come over?" asked Bob Cherry. "Highly honoured, old fat man."

"Fat lot of goals you're likely to score," said Bunter scornfully. "Leaving out the best junior footballer at Greyfriars, I'll bet."

"Who's that?" asked Harry Wharton laughing.

"What about me?" asked Bunter.

"You!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yes, me! That's what I've come here to speak about," said Bunter while the Famous Five stared at him blankly. "I've had a letter from my pater. He's shirty about my report from Quelch. What do you think Quelch said? Low in class and slack at games! The pater's got his hair off about it. I was expecting a postal order and I've got a jaw instead. It's all your fault, Harry Wharton."

"How's that?" asked Harry.

"Don't you always leave me out of the matches? Have I played once since you've been skipper? I'm not going to slog in class to please Quelch. But it would be all right with the pater if I showed up well in games. All I want is a chance. Do you ever give me one?" demanded Bunter indignantly.

"Why, you fat, lazy, footling slacker," said Harry. "You don't even turn up at games practice, unless you're jolly well booted."

"I don't need all the practice you fellows do—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's what I've come here about," said Bunter. "I want a show in the soccer. The

pater's got his back up and I've got to get it down somehow. If I tell him I'm playing for School he will be jolly pleased. It will mean a postal order—very likely a pound note! That's why I want a show in the Rookwood match."

"In the Rookwood match!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Why, you fat ass, we have to put in our very best men and go all out to beat Rookwood."

"Now, look here, Harry Wharton, let's have this plain," said Bunter. "Jealousy apart, you know jolly well that I can play your head off. Shove my name down in that list for the Rookwood game, and I'll tell you what," added Bunter, "if it means a pound note from the

pater I'll stand a feed in this study. I can't say fairer than that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. Look here, if you've made up the eleven you can leave out one of the duds to make room for me. Bob Cherry's not much good as half—"

"Thanks," grinned Bob.

"Bull's not much good in goal—"

"Much obliged," said Johnny Bull.

"But put me where you like, so long as you put me in," said Bunter. "That's the important point. The pater will come round like a shot when he hears that I'm playing for School. And you'll be glad of it yourself when you see me kick the winning goal. Now, are you going to play me in the Rookwood match or not?"

"Not!" said Harry Wharton laughing. "I'll put you into the team to play for School when we play Rookwood at marbles—"

"You silly ass," yelled Bunter.

"But not at soccer," said the captain of the Remove, shaking his head. "Marbles or hop-scotch, or perhaps conkers—but not soccer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now you've done your funny turn, old fat man, roll away," said Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter glared at five hilarious faces with a glare that might almost have cracked his spectacles. Then he revolved on his axis and departed from No. 1 Study, slamming the door after him.

GREYFRIARS CAD!

HARRY WHARTON looked round quickly as that far from polite remark fell on his ears.

He was on the footpath across Courtfield Common—a short cut from the town to Greyfriars. Under a tree by the path four juniors in Highcliffe caps were seated in a row on a log, smoking cigarettes. And all four of them made the same remark as the Greyfriars junior came along.

Harry Wharton paused for a moment, with a glint in his eyes, as he looked at the four. Ponsonby, Gadsby, Monson and Drury stared back at him, grinning. Had the Co. been on the spot Ponsonby and his friends certainly would not have made themselves offensive. But the captain of the Greyfriars Remove was on his own, with nobody else in sight on the wide expanse of the common which made a very great deal of difference.

Cecil Ponsonby whispered to his friends and the four threw away their cigarettes and jumped up from the log. They came towards the Greyfriars junior with a rush. Pon and Co. had many old grudges to remember and they had long memories for such things. This was an opportunity

not to be lost.

"Stop!" rapped out Ponsonby.

Harry Wharton had to stop, with the four Highcliffians crowding into the footpath in front of him.

"Well?" he rapped. "What do you want?"

"Just a pleasant little chat," answered Ponsonby, while his friends chuckled. "It's a pleasure to meet you—without that gang you usually go around with. Quite a pleasure on a half-holiday, old bean. 'Member punchin' me in the eye last term?"

"Quite! I'll punch you in the eye again this term if you ask for it," said the Greyfriars junior. "Are you getting out of my way?"

"Not so's you'd notice it," grinned Ponsonby. "Collar him, you chaps!"

The next moment Harry Wharton's fists were up and he was hitting out. There was a yell from Gadsby as he rolled in the grass and another yell from Monson as he rolled over Gadsby. Then Harry Wharton went over with Ponsonby and Drury sprawling over him. The two of them had their hands full till their comrades, scrambling up, came to their help. After which, Pon and Co. had it all their own way. Four pairs of hands were sufficient to hold the captain of the Remove helpless.

"Got him!" said Pon. "He's a bit of a wildcat but we've got him all right. Let's see—we're about half a mile from Greyfriars here. Think you could hop the distance on one leg, Wharton?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Pon's pals.

Harry Wharton did not answer that question. He made a fierce wrench to break loose and for a full minute the five of them rocked. But the odds were too heavy and Wharton, panting and breathless, ceased to struggle at last. Pon grinned at him cheerfully.

"You've got it coming," he said. "We simply couldn't lose a chance like this! Hold the rotter, you fellows, and put his paws behind him. I'll fix them with his hanky."

Again the hapless Greyfriars junior essayed to struggled. But he had no chance. His hands were dragged behind him and his own handkerchief, twisted, was knotted round his wrists.

"That's better," said Gadsby rubbing his nose. "The cad's altogether too handy with his knuckles. What next, Pon?"

"I've got a whipcord in my pocket. Double up his leg and I'll fix it for him. They'll laugh at Greyfriars when he comes hopping in! Why shouldn't we give 'em a laugh?"

"Oh, you rotters!" panted Harry.

There was no help for it. Gadsby and Monson grasped his right leg and doubled it up at the knee. Drury held him by a shoulder to keep him from falling. Ponsonby, grinning gleefully, proceeded to wind the whipcord round his bent leg, binding the ankle to the thigh. He knotted it with the greatest care. Harry Wharton had no chance of getting that leg loose without aid.

"Now hop it!" said Pon.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton had to "hop it," to keep from tumbling over, with only one leg to stand on. The Highcliffians watched him, roaring with laughter. Highcliffe did not often score over Greyfriars, but Pon and Co. were getting away with it this time. They yelled with merriment as the captain of the Remove hopped and hopped.

"I fancy that will do!" chuckled Pon. "Goodbye, old bean—pleasant journey home and a happy landing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters!" panted Harry. "You can't leave me like this—!"

"Can't we?" chuckled Pon. "I sort of fancy we can! I've got a sort of idea that we're going to! Hop it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The four Highcliffians, howling with laughter, returned to their log and their cigarettes. But they were laughing too much to smoke as they watched the hapless junior hopping to keep his balance.

Wharton wrenched at his wrists but they were too securely tied to come loose. There was no help for it. He had to hop home. He gave the merry Highcliffians a look which promised dire things at some future date, and started. Yells of laughter followed him as he hopped along the footpath till he was out of sight.

Breathless, panting, aching, the unfortunate captain of the Remove hopped on. Only by continual hops could he avoid going over headlong. With all his weight on one leg that leg was soon aching sorely, and feeling like collapsing under him. By the time he had covered half the distance to the school he was doubtful whether he would ever be able to cover the other half. But even that was not the worst. The prospect of hopping in at the gates of Greyfriars under a crowd of staring eyes, amid shouts of laughter, was worse than the ache in his suffering leg. But there was no help, and Harry Wharton, with feelings too deep for words, hopped on and on till, at length, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a Greyfriars cap on the common.

HE, HE, HE!

Billy Bunter seemed amused.

Up to that moment Bunter's fat face had been wearing a dismal and disgruntled expression. Bunter was not enjoying that half-holiday. His ireful pater, "shirty" over that report from Mr. Quelch, had not written to him since the letter that had contained the "jaw" but no postal order. Evidently Mr. Bunter had his back up over that report from his son's form master at Greyfriars. Bunter, certainly, could have placated him, by industrious attention to his lessons and getting on in class. But that meant work and Bunter loathed work. The other method, of shining at games, was easier—if only that beast Harry Wharton would have given him a chance in the football. All he wanted was a chance, but Wharton, whether from jealousy or some other reason, wouldn't give him one.

Bunter was thinking of it as he "moohed" over Courtfield Common that afternoon with his fat hands in his pockets. Harry Wharton and Co. had forgotten what Bob Cherry had called Bunter's "funny turn" in No. 1 Study. But Billy Bunter had not forgotten. He was very sore about it.

But his disgruntled fat face melted into a wide grin and he uttered a loud cackle of merriment at the sight of a singular figure hopping towards him on the footpath.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "Oh, crumbs! Is that you, Wharton? What are you hopping on one leg for? I say, you look awfully funny! He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton came to a precarious halt on one leg. It was a cold day but his face was streaming with perspiration. Billy Bunter was not often regarded as a gladsome sight. But Wharton was very glad to see him just then.

"Get me loose, Bunter!" he gasped. "A gang of Highcliffe cads tied me up like this—"

"And you let them?" grinned Bunter.

"You fat ass, they were four to one—"

"I'd have knocked 'em right and left," said Bunter.

Harry Wharton breathed hard.

"Get me loose!" he hissed.

Billy Bunter blinked at him, grinning.

"Blessed if I think I could untie all those knots," he said. "You'd better keep on to the school—He, he, he! Won't they laugh!"

"Will you get me loose?" yelled the

(Continued on page 7)

CHUCKLE CORNER



THE MOST AMAZING STORY EVER!

VIKINGS OF THE SPACEWAYS

By PAUL FLOOD

Just to Remind You

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

TOM PENNANT, reporter on the *Daily Courier*, is suspicious of the professor. Helped by his editor, and the Home Office, he fakes a criminal record for himself. Under the name of "Baby-face Johnson", he manages to get taken on as one of the crew of the professor's space ship *Pegasus*. As the *Pegasus* hurtles through space, some of the crew suspect the new hand of being a spy.

(Now read on)

JOURNEYING IN SPACE!

WATCHES on the space ship, *Pegasus*, were kept with the regularity that one would have expected on a naval vessel or on some crack blue-ribbon liner on the North Atlantic run. Each member of the crew did eight hours on, eight hours off, except when special watches had to be kept during times of exceptional danger.

Tom—"Baby-Face" Johnson—to the crew—had got himself signed on as "writer," that is to say, as a ship's clerk; for it was obvious that Tom's education had fitted him for better things than helping the cook in the galley or greasing the bearings in the engine-room.

The professor acted as ship's captain, but he never mixed with the crew except during working hours, and the orders were given through the first officer, Mr. Jeffcote, a man of considerable education, but whose scarred face showed that his owner had lived a tough life. But Mr. Jeffcote, though strict to see that his orders were obeyed, was no bully, and provided that orders were carried out instantly and properly, one had nothing to fear from either his sharp tongue or his heavy fist.

In any case, Tom had been provided with a small room as an office. It was a mere box of a place, placed midships, just abaft the galley, and the smell of cooking onions was the most disagreeable thing about its situation. Tom, like most healthy young men with a normal keen appetite, liked onions, but he did not like to smell them all day long! The ship was equipped with a wonderfully efficient system of ventilation—but not so efficient as to kill the smell of Frisco Jim's onions!

What the professor found to occupy himself throughout the long periods when he was off duty, neither Tom nor any of the other members of the crew could imagine. Tom thought that the professor—"The Viking of the Spaceways"—must be thinking up some new inventions, designed to take him eventually to the furthest limits of space.

Tom certainly could not complain of overwork! It was his job to write up the ship's log and to do such clerical work as was necessary. But until the ship touched down at some planet or other, nothing was likely to happen that Tom could write down. The log at present simply consisted of entries like:

Earth subtends 12° of arc.

Mr. Watts relieves Mr. Jeffcote for dog-watch.

Crew's dinner: roast pork, potatoes, cabbage, steamed jam roll, tea.

Ship's cat, Jemima, caught mouse in No. Six aft hold.

In fact, Tom was bored. He longed for action—for the chance of action. For there was no place on the ship where one might go to escape from monotony. There was no change of scenery. There was not even any apparent change of motion. The ship had been set to a constant speed and the stars were at such remote distances that they seemed motionless, even though the ship was holding on a compass-course at a speed that Tom had marked in the log as slightly over twenty miles a second.

The only relaxation from watch-keeping was to be found in eating, talking or sleeping. Tom was travelling under false colours, so he was forced to watch his tongue—to take second place in the conversation.

And it was this necessity to avoid taking the lead in the talk which helped him to overcome the natural suspicions of the crew. They liked a youngster who, in their opinion, had no swollen head; and they soon came to like Tom, even though his smooth skin and obvious youth were in sharp contrast to the hard faces and experienced manners of these battered space-rovers.

The others appreciated Tom's gameness when, sick and dizzy, he had staggered from the hydraulic-cushioned armchair in which he had been strapped in order to withstand the fearful acceleration as the



ship left Earth, and insisted in taking his watch at the forward look-out. Even space-hardened veterans were known to collapse under the terrible pressure of ten gravities, and Tom's plucky gesture had done more to earn the crew's friendship than a thousand boastful "accounts" of his criminal activities!

One thing, though, Tom had quickly learnt that joining these men did not give him—or anyone else—the right to ask questions. When Tom, on the first night after leaving Gravesend, had ventured to ask mildly where the ship was bound, he had been silenced with a fierce:

"We don't ask questions on this hooker, sonny! We just takes orders ... and likes it!"

And the tone in which the rebuke had been given had shown Tom clearly that it would be foolish, if not downright dangerous, to pursue the subject farther.

So now he was content to sit at the long duralumin mess-table, and listen to the tales of Earth and the planets, which the experienced men had to tell.

"What a story I shall have to write when I get home!" he used to think as he heard the space-rovers talk of the steamy swamps of Venus, of the white-hot glory of Jupiter, of the sun-scorched deserts of Mercury and the eternal darkness of frozen Pluto, from which the sun appears only as the tiniest pin-prick of light.

Tom used to listen with bated breath to the tales of the dangers which haunted deep space. "Dangers, lad," said a one-eared ex-burglar called Corduroy Clifford, "as we wouldn't ever live to tell of, if it wasn't for the professor's weapons! I don't know what would have happened to us without them!"

There were shuddersome tales of the terrible space-serpents, miles-long trails of a shapeless jelly which was alive with a sort of evil intelligence. The acid slime of the space-serpent could burn through even the tough beryllium hull of the most heavily armoured space ship. Or, rather, any space ship which was not protected by the Temple Omicron-ray Projector.

"And what happens," Tom asked, "when the space-serpent burns through the hull of the ship?"

"Then, lad ... ?" It had been the chief stoker who had spoken. He was a tall, thin man, with a dark-skinned face now badly burned from escapes of rocket fuel. He laughed grimly. "It's daisies for us, young 'un!" He turned towards one of the

navigator's bosuns and asked: "Remember the time when that castaway got into our orbit and came floating alongside with his face pressed against the port-hole, until the Old Man told you to get on a space-suit and leave the ship by the air-lock and get rid of it?"

The bosun had shuddered at the recollection. Tom did not know why but he was to learn later.

"A terrible sight, lad," the engineer continued with the gruesome liking an old space-rovers has for frightening any newcomer. "Floating there in free space. Just a castaway. ... Ah well!"

"And where," Tom asked, "did he come from?"

Once again Tom realised that he made a mistake. The faces of the others grew watchful and secret; the conversation faltered and died away. The engineer looked at Tom with a sullen suspiciousness as he answered with a shrug:

"Guess he musta come out of one of these space ships they tell me was wrecked. Guess, though, I wouldn't know too much about it!"

"And that," said Tom to himself, "means that I'd better not know too much about it either." Tom had wished to ask the engineer his opinions of the missing space ships but he guessed it wasn't safe to be too curious.

BUT as the third week of their trip was drawing to a close and the speed had been stepped up to an even thirty miles per second, Tom had come to the conclusion that he could learn all that he wished to know without asking any questions at all. For a hundred grinning hints had practically confirmed a suspicion which had come to him when he had first heard the story of the castaway body.

In those three weeks Tom had seen the professor every day, but "The Viking of the Spaceways" no more encouraged personal questions than did the members of his crew. About a week after *Pegasus* had left Earth, the professor had stopped Tom one morning in a companion-way and had asked the lad if he knew anything of trigonometry. When Tom replied that he had done very well at trigonometry at school the professor transferred Tom from the stuffy little cabin to the comparative comfort of the navigation-room.

Here Tom was instructed by Mr. Jeffcote, the first officer, in his duties, which were principally in connection with the

photo-electric cells controlling the director-beam. This ingenious invention of the professor's was of essential importance in navigating the space ship through the clouds of asteroids which were often encountered in flight.

The principle of the Temple Director-Beam was based on that of "radar," which had first been used in the 1939-45 War, but the professor had made vast improvements on the original "radar," and so sensitive was the director-beam that it would enable a space ship to avoid an obstacle only three inches in diameter. To avoid it if necessary, with only half an inch to spare!

In practical use, the director-beam made collisions in space an impossibility; but the safety of the ship depended, of course, on the fact that the director-beam was at all times in perfect working order. It was now Tom's job to see that the beam was kept working perfectly; and so Tom found himself in a position of great importance since on the proper working of the beam depended the safety of *Pegasus* and the life of every man aboard.

Mr. Jeffcote, though of a surly disposition, seemed to take to Tom. After a few days of being alone with Tom in the navigation-room, he confided to Tom that he had been serving a twenty-year sentence for forgery when he had the chance of escape by joining the crew of the professor's first space ship. To his surprise and secret amusement, Tom found that Mr. Jeffcote believed he had got the "respectable" sentence of ten years hard labour. It amused Tom very much when he learnt this and realised that the first officer would not have unbent to him had he thought that Tom had served, say, a miserable six months. Mr. Jeffcote despised small-time offenders!

When Tom remarked how ingenious the director-beam was, Mr. Jeffcote had nodded his head in the direction of the third officer, a Scotsman named Andrew Mackintosh.

"You ask Mr. Mackintosh what he thinks of the beam," said Mr. Jeffcote.

"Ay," said Mr. Mackintosh. "Everything the Old Man does is ingenious. This ship, now, she's doing near on thirty miles a second. That's over a hundred thousand miles an hour. Two and a half million miles a day. That's some speed, lad! And she's not doing a quarter of what she could. Eh, Mr. Jeffcote?"

"Quite right, Mac!" said the first officer.

"I've accelerated," said Mackintosh, "up to thirty miles per second, and it breaks me heart, laddie; it breaks me heart to think that our human weakness won't let us do more. A measerable hundred thousand miles an hour, when we could do four hundred thousand or even half a million!"

"But why can't we?" Tom asked.

The third officer heaved a long sigh, casting his light-blue eyes upwards. Shaking his head, he said to Tom:

"Ye remember, I hae nae doot, what ye felt like when we left Gravesend? Well, that wasna accelerating to more than six-seven gravities! If ye hadna been slung in your padded armchair ye'd never have been here to listen to me! Six-seven gravities. Do ye know what that means? No? Very well, I'll tell ye. It means that the pressure weighing on your body—the apparent weight of your body—is increased six-seven times.

"Ye're being pulled down into the airth six times as much as ye are in the ordinary way. Ye weigh—or think ye weigh—six times as much. And even in the special chairs, it's a terrible strain on the heart. The acceleration forces the brain against the brain-pan, and that's why ye feel sick. If ye were standing on your feet, instead of lying in your padded chair, ye'd faint from the lack of blood in the brain, as it was drawn away to your feet. And heaven knows what would happen if I notched her up to twelve or even fifteen gravities!"

"But speed by itself doesn't hurt, does it?" Tom asked.

"Hoots, no! Ye could travel a million miles a second and not know it. A billion miles a second, come to that. It's quick acceleration that hurts. Stepping up your speed too quickly. As it happens I've been stepping up the speed slowly ever since we left Earth. In a week's time I'll begin to slow down again, just as slowly. But sometimes we have to take instant evasive action—to miss an asteroid, say. For the beam is automatic and sometimes the ship slows round when ye aren't expecting it. Sometimes that gets a wee bit troublesome."

Already, through the forward ports of

KIT CARSON'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF COWBOY HEROES

DON'T DELAY SENDING FOR YOUR COPY! SUPPLIES, THOUGH LARGE, ARE NOT UNLIMITED

You will find THREE MORE GRAND AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS OF COWBOY HEROES on Page 8 of this issue.



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. One day, when out with his dog, Flip, Rusty comes upon the scene of an accident. A motorist has knocked a man down and driven away without stopping. The injured man had a companion who just went off and could not be found. Then, strangely enough, Flip started off, following a trail—and Rusty went after him.



THAT PUP IS SURE ON A SCENT OF SOMETHING! DID YOU SAY HE WOULDN'T FOLLOW A PERSON?

NOT UNLESS IT WAS PATTY OR ME... OR TEX, MAYBE HE'S AFTER A RABBIT OR SOMETHING... I BETTER FOLLOW OR HE'LL GO TOO FAR AWAY!



OKAY, SON... I'LL HAVE TO GO OVER TO THE HOSPITAL AND SEE HOW BADLY THAT POOR GUY IS HURT... IF THAT SHOULD TURN OUT TO BE A MAN, LET ME KNOW... I'D SURE LIKE TO FIND A WITNESS TO THAT HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT.

SURE, SIR... I'LL PHONE YOU - BUT I'M SURE IT'S NOT A MAN!



SOMETHING ODD HERE... THAT FARMER, WHO SAW THE ACCIDENT FROM A DISTANCE, IS SURE THERE WERE TWO PEDESTRIANS! BUT IF THERE WERE TWO, WHY SHOULD ONE OF THEM RUN AWAY INSTEAD OF HELPING?



GOLLY! FLIP GOT SUCH A START, I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM... BUT I CAN HEAR HIM!



THERE HE GOES -- INTO THAT GROVE!



GEE WHIZ! I'VE NEVER SEEN FLIP SO EXCITED! - IT MUST BE SOMETHING BIG OR HE'D GO RIGHT IN AFTER IT!



OH, GOLLY! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S COMING OUT! IT IS A MAN, WITH A GOLDIER'S HAT ON!



A BEAR! A CIRCUS BEAR!



BY JIMINY! IT'S A CIRCUS BEAR! NO WONDER THAT FARMER THOUGHT IT WAS ANOTHER MAN... WITH THAT HAT AND THAT WOODEN GUN!



COME HERE, FLIP! DON'T BARK! DON'T SCARE HIM!



WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT MY MOUTH-OR-SAN IN MY POCKET! IF HE'S A DANCING BEAR, MAYBE HE'LL LIKE MUSIC!



BY GOLLY! HE'S NOTICED THE MUSIC!... HE'S DROPPED THE WOODEN GUN!



HE'S FOLLOWING ME! I WISH I KNEW HIS NAME!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOSPITAL --

HOW IS HE, DOC?.. WILL HE PULL THROUGH?

CAN'T SAY YET... HE'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE... HEAD INJURY... CONCUSSION... IT'S TOUCH AND GO!



HAS HE BEEN CONSCIOUS AT ALL?... I WAS HOPING HE MIGHT KNOW WHO HIT HIM... OR THE LICENCE NUMBER OF THE CAR.

HE WAS PARTLY CONSCIOUS FOR A SHORT TIME, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW EVEN WHO HE IS!



IN A PRIVATE GARAGE A FEW MILES AWAY --

I GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE PENTS IN THIS MUDGUARD BEFORE SOME NOBEY COP STARTS ASKIN' QUESTIONS!



Who is this mysterious man who knocked down the stranger? Don't miss next week's "Comet"!

Feather
by DENIS GIFFORD

LAND'S MOST
VAL, DIMM?

YES, SIR-

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, but Kit and his friends outwit him and set out once more on the treasure trail. They come to a strange city inhabited by men of a bygone age who put them to work with their slaves. But Kit overpowers the guards and leads the slaves in a bid for freedom.

THAT'S FIXED HIM! HURRY THAT CROWD OUT OF HERE, JOHNNY, WHILE I GET RID OF THIS GALOOT!

KIT DRAGGED THE STUNNED SENTRY INTO THE GUARDHOUSE.

SMART WORK, KIT!

LEMONADE!

YIPPEE! MY SIX-GUN AND THE GOLDEN ARROW!

BUT AS KIT HURRIED THROUGH THE GATE WITH THE LAST OF THE INDIAN SLAVES...

THE SLAVES ARE ESCAPING! CALL OUT THE GUARD!

THE FUGITIVES FOUND HORSES TETHERED ON THE HILLSIDE OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL.

PRONTO, WHITE DOVE! I CAN HEAR THOSE GUYS SHOUTING DOWN THERE! HERE - TAKE THE GOLDEN ARROW!

I'LL CARRY THE LITTLE PAPOOSE, TOO.

MEANWHILE...

FERRING TO IRON? HOW IRON WAS?

ER, YES SIR-

DESPERATELY KIT AND HIS FRIENDS TOILED UP TO THE HEIGHTS.

C'MON, OLD-TIMER - STEP! LIVELY!

THEY'RE GAINING! WE'LL HAVE TO STAND AND FIGHT, JOHNNY.

AS WHITE DOVE AND THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN CLIMBED ON, KIT AND JOHNNY TURNED AT BAY.

THIS MEANS GUN-PLAY JOHNNY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW!

STILL THE SPANIARDS PRESSED ON, OUT-NUMBERING THE GALLANT DEFENDERS. KIT DREW HIS SIX-GUN.

THIS'LL RATTLE 'EM! GUESS THEY HAVEN'T MET A SIX-GUN BEFORE!

ANK THEY SMELT IT, SIR?

AGAIN KIT FIRED - AND THE SPANISH SOLDIERS FELL BACK IN TERROR BEFORE THE QUICK-FIRING REVOLVER.

BY GOSH, THEY CAN'T FACE HOT LEAD! THE SIX-GUN'S A NEW WEAPON TO THEM!

WE'LL FIX 'EM FOR GOOD AN' ALL THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US AFTER THIS LOT HITS 'EM!

THE BIG BOULDER BOUNDED DOWN, SCATTERING THE FOE.

SHALL HAVE A SUPPOSE CAUSES AM-?

KIT AND JOHNNY CLIMBED TO JOIN WHITE DOVE.

THAT WAS BRAVE, MY WHITE BROTHERS. YOU HAVE SAVED US ALL.

AFTER A LONG, WEARY MARCH THE PARTY REACHED THE VILLAGE WHERE THE INDIANS LIVED.

IT'S MIGHTY FINE TO SEE THOSE POOR FOLK SO HAPPY!

BUT SOON KIT AND HIS CHUMS LEFT TO CONTINUE THEIR QUEST.

ONCE MORE WE HAVE THE GOLDEN ARROW!

NOW FOR THE MOUNTAINS OF FIRE!

TSSES' FEETSES!

But Kit's old enemy, Hawkeye, is not far away! Don't miss the thrills next week!



LATE FOR SCHOOL

"MY goodness, we'll catch it this morning, all right!" said Jimmy Watson as he put his coat on before going to school.

"Yes, I bet we will," agreed his sister June.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice. "Why will you catch it?"

Jimmy and June turned round. Tutty, the cat, had strolled into the room from the kitchen and he had spoken to them in his human voice.

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 Urhuh, 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 Royal names, all of them very long and very difficult to pronounce. But one of them was Tut-u-kamen, so he was called Tut-tut for short and Tutty for shortest.

"Why will you catch it?" he repeated, standing looking up at Jimmy and June. "And what will you catch?"

"A jolly good hiding from old Bodger, our teacher," replied Jimmy grimly. "We're nearly half an hour late for school already."

"And that's because Uncle made us wash the shop out after breakfast this morning," said June. "He doesn't care whether we're late or not."

"I can quite believe that," said Tutty, for they knew all about their bad-tempered Uncle Jaspur Grabb, the ironmonger, with whom they lived. "Well, it looks to me as though I'd better come along to school with you," he said.

"But what for?" demanded Jimmy.

"Oh, just because I'd like to," said Tutty with a grin. "And don't argue!" cried he. "I'm coming with you, whether you want me to or not, so you'll only waste more time if you try arguing."

"Righto, come on, then!" said Jimmy. "But mind you make yourself invisible when we reach school. As I've told you before, old Bodger won't stand for having a cat in the classroom."

"Don't worry, he won't see me," chuckled Tutty.

He followed Jimmy and June downstairs and out through the shop to the street. Standing there, drawn up against the curb, was a baker's van with a horse between the shafts.

"Hallo, here's old Bob!" exclaimed Tutty, that being the name of the horse. Then he spoke to him in animal language: "Good morning, Bob," he said. "How are you?"

"So-so," replied the horse. "Just so-so, Tutty."

By means of his magic Tutty had given Jimmy and June the power to understand animal talk. They had had the power for some weeks now and they found it very interesting indeed to listen to animals talking to each other. And now they heard Tutty say to Bob, the horse:

"Jimmy and June here are terribly late

for school. Do you think you can do anything about it, Bob?"

"You mean, can I take them to school on the bread van?" asked Bob.

"Yes, it would be a very good idea and would help them no end," said Tutty.

"I'd do it with pleasure," said Bob. "You know that. The trouble is, I'm not my own master. I have to go where Bill says."

Bill was the man who drove the van. Tutty saw him approaching with the bread basket and he said:

"I'll soon fix Bill. You leave this to me."

He made a queer movement with one of his paws and both Jimmy and June knew that he was putting some sort of a magic spell on Bill. But it was quite a nice spell for Bill clapped Jimmy on the shoulder and cried:

"Hallo, young 'un! Goodness, you and your sister aren't half late for school. I'd better take you there. Go on, hop up on to the van!"

"Are you sure it's all right?" asked Jimmy, for he knew that it was only Tutty's magic that was making Bill talk like that.

"Sure, 'course it's all right!" cried Bill heartily. "Go on, hop up and I'll get you to school in no time!"

Jimmy and June hopped up. So did Tutty, but Bill didn't see that for the simple reason that Tutty had made himself invisible, a thing he could do quite easily. Bill had seen Tutty on the pavement, but he thought that the cat had sloped off somewhere. He didn't dream for a moment

you've troubled to come to school at all. I trust you won't find it too dull and tiresome."

Then, dropping the sarcasm, he gave full rein to his rage and roared:

"Do you know that you're more than forty minutes late? Forty minutes, I say! How dare you come to school forty minutes late! Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Jimmy.

He knew it was no use at all his telling Mr. Bodger that he and June had had to wash their uncle's shop out. Mr. Bodger was the sort of man who would take no notice at all of that sort of excuse; or of any sort of excuse short of the culprit having been run over or something like that.

"Come inside!" he roared. "I'll teach you to get here at the proper time in the morning. I'll teach you to get out of bed instead of lying snoring your beastly little heads off until the middle of the day. You'll not be late again in a hurry, I'll wager!"

He marched into the classroom. Jimmy and June followed him, for they were both in his class. Tutty followed him as well, but as he was still invisible, Mr. Bodger didn't know that.

Striding to his desk, Mr. Bodger lifted the lid and took out a very whippy-looking cane.

"Come over here!" he ordered Jimmy and June and, as though to show them what was in store for them, he brought the cane down on his desk with a terrific whang!

No sooner had he done so, however,



that Tutty was sitting behind him on the van.

He picked up the reins and off went old Bob, lickety-split for the school. And it was truly amazing the way old Bob weaved in and out of the traffic, going along at such a break-neck gallop that folks would have thought he was bolting had they not seen Bill sitting there in the driving seat as cool and calm as could be, with Jimmy and June sitting beside him.

"Here we are!" cried Bill, pulling up outside the gate of the school yard. Then he added with a grin: "And if I'm not much mistaken, yonder's your schoolmaster!"

It was quite true. Having set his class on doing sums, Mr. Bodger was standing in the school doorway.

He was a big, red-faced man and his face went redder than ever with anger as he saw Jimmy and June climb down off the baker's van, pause a moment to thank Bill, then come running across the yard.

"Hah, so you've turned up, have you?" he snapped. "How very, very nice of you. I was beginning to think that we weren't going to be honoured by your company today. And you've arrived on the baker's cart. I suppose you hired it, being too lazy to walk. Next thing we know, you'll be arriving in a motor-car."

Jimmy and June said nothing. There didn't seem much sense in saying anything at all when Mr. Bodger was going on like that.

"I suppose you've been for a nice drive round the park?" went on that gentleman, his voice trembling with temper. "Or perhaps you've been shopping with your carriage and coachman. I'm surprised

than he nearly jumped out of his skin. For a mighty voice roared:

"DON'T DO THAT, YOU SILLY CHUMP!"

Mr. Bodger glared furiously round the faces of the boys and girls in the class.

"Who said that?" he thundered. "Who spoke?"

"I DID!" roared the mighty voice and this time Mr. Bodger leapt back so swiftly that he bumped violently into the wall behind him. For the lid of the desk had opened and shut just like an enormous mouth and there wasn't the slightest doubt but that the mysterious voice had come from the desk itself.

Mr. Bodger's eyes were nearly sticking right out of his head as he stood staring at the desk. Never in his life before had he heard of a desk talking, and neither he nor anyone else in the class, except of course Jimmy and June, knew that this was some more of the invisible Tutty's magic.

"Hitting me with your cane like that," went on the desk angrily, its lid opening and shutting exactly like a mouth. "You're a jolly sight too handy with that cane of yours, Bodger. Who d'you think you are, anyway?"

"He's the biggest ass in the class!" roared another voice.

Mr. Bodger spun round and stood gaping at the blackboard, for there wasn't the slightest doubt that it was the blackboard that had spoken.

"Yes, you may well stare!" cried the blackboard angrily. "I've been wanting to have a word with you for some time, Bodger. I'm sick and tired of the stupid things you chalk on me. Call yourself a

school teacher? Why, you couldn't teach a duck to swim, you bone-headed baboon!"

Mr. Bodger stood gaping at the blackboard, looking as dazed as though he had been suddenly biffed good and hard on the napper with a fair-sized brick.

"I—I didn't know you could talk," he stammered.

"No, it's just one of the hundreds and thousands of things that you don't know, Bodger," sneered the blackboard. "You don't know anything, that's your trouble. But you try to kid those boys and girls there that you do. Why, they've got more sense in their little fingers than you've got in the whole of your great fat head!"

It broke off as Mr. Bodger suddenly leapt violently into the air with a startled howl of: "Ow-w-w-w!"

The reason why Mr. Bodger did that was because the desk had stepped quietly up behind him on its four long legs and had kicked him violently in the seat of the trousers.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" guffawed the blackboard. "Good for you, Desky. Give him another!"

"I will and all!" laughed the desk.

It stepped towards Mr. Bodger again, but that terrified gentleman turned and bolted. As he did so, however, the door of a big, nearby cupboard flew violently open and caught him a crack which sent him staggering. And, in that same instant the cupboard roared:

"Hah, that's one for your nob, Bodger, my boy! I've been wanting to land you a crack for a long time now, the way you keep cramming my poor tummy with useless junk like old exercise books and dirty, chalky dusters and things. How would you like your tummy stuffed with old dusters and empty ink bottles and things?"

"What he likes to stuff his horrid tummy with its sweets and apples that he takes from the kids in class," roared the blackboard. "The man's a thief!"

"And a bully!" cried the desk.

"Let's scrag him!" roared the cupboard.

"Yes, come on!" shouted the blackboard.

With a howl of terror the frantic Mr. Bodger turned to flee. But the desk thrust out one of its legs and tripped him so that he went sprawling on the floor.

Before he could recover and get to his feet the desk, the blackboard and the cupboard had been joined by a couple of unoccupied desks in the classroom and, joining hands—for they had suddenly grown skinny little arms and hands—they started to dance round and round the terrified Mr. Bodger, singing to the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush":

"Here we go round old Bodger, the ass!
Old Bodger, the ass; old Bodger, the ass!

Here we go round old Bodger, the ass;
And now we'll kick him hearty!"

With that, they all closed in on Mr. Mr. Bodger, kicked him heartily, then danced back and, still holding hands, continued to dance round him, singing:

"He's fond of using his cane, the ass!
His cane, the ass; his cane, the ass!
He's fond of using his cane, the ass,
So now we'll kick him hearty!"

Again they all closed in on the bawling, terrified Mr. Bodger, kicked him, then pranced back and went on dancing round him, singing:

"We bet he won't use it again, the ass!
Again, the ass; again, the ass!

We bet he won't use it again, the ass!
Not when we've kicked him hearty!"

Again they all closed in on Mr. Bodger. But this time, bellowing with pain and fright as they kicked him, he managed to burst his way between them and he bolted madly for the door.

"After him!" roared the blackboard.

They rushed after the fleeing Mr. Bodger, who by this time was pelting madly across the playground.

"It's no good, we can't follow him out there," said the desk, halting in the school doorway. "Let's get back to our places and we'll wait for him coming back."

"I bet he doesn't come back today," laughed the cupboard, as they trooped back into the classroom.

Mr. Bodger didn't. He had got such a fright that he never stopped running until he reached his lodgings.

Which meant, of course, that there was no one to teach his class. So they got a holiday for the rest of the day.

"But none of them will ever guess that it was your magic that did it, Tutty," chuckled Jimmy, as he and June and Tutty strolled homewards.

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

VIKINGS OF THE SPACEWAYS

(Continued from page 3)

highly toughened glassite, the great red disc of Saturn showed in the upper right quadrant.

"Are we going to land?" Tom asked, forgetting his resolution not to ask questions.

Mr. Jeffcote answered.

"Better ask the Old Man," he said to Tom with a return to his original unfriendliness.

But at that moment the professor came out of the chartroom into the navigation-room. He had heard the first officer's surly remark, but the professor seemed to be in a better humour than Tom remembered ever to have seen him.

He said:

"You can tell him, Mr. Mackintosh. We're too far out of Earth for anyone to be a nuisance, even if he's thinking of it!"

Tom said angrily:

"Now, look here, Professor! If you think that . . ."

The professor smiled, not unkindly.

"All right, son. Keep your hair on! I only have to take a few precautions, you know!" He added: "Yes, that's Saturn, and those lines on the surface are cracks caused when the water drained into the boiling hot core of the planet and practically blew it to bits one day."

"Are we going to land there, sir?" Tom asked, emboldened by the professor's friendly manner and remembering that "Baby-Face Johnson" had a reputation for being no shrinking violet.

But Tom was not prepared for the shudder of horror which passed over the professor's muscular body as the question was asked. Tom saw the professor exchange a quick glance with his navigator, a glance in which horror was clearly to be seen.

At last Temple said:

"No, son. Never again . . . I hope!"

"But why, Professor?" Tom persisted, all his journalist's instincts now thoroughly aroused.

"What's wrong with the place?"

"What's right with it, yemean!" Mackintosh growled. "Better tell the young man, Professor, if only to stop him asking questions!"



Professor William Temple,
Emperor of Space.

"Bad medicine, young 'un!" said Professor Temple briefly. "It hasn't known water for more thousands of years than there are hairs in my beard. There are . . . were . . . inhabitants there."

"They died, of course?" Tom said.

The professor nodded.

"Yes," he said slowly, "they died. Or at least, some of them did . . ."

"Some of them . . .!" said Tom.

"Some of them, lad. And some . . . didn't." The professor pointed out through the wide observation port. "Out there, in the powdery sand, Johnson, they are waiting, as they have waited for countless thousands of years. What they think about I can't tell you . . . and yet, perhaps I can. Perhaps there is only one thing they can think about, dream about. The thing that they have sat there waiting for while every other living thing was turned to dust around them. . . ."

"And what are they?" Tom asked, his voice hushed to a whisper by the eerie

tones of the professor's words. "And what are they waiting for?"

"Goodness only know what they are! I think that once, thousands and thousands of years ago, they were something like us; but in a million years things can alter beyond recognition. Now, lad, they sit . . . waiting, hungering, dreaming. . . ."

"For what?" Tom asked.

"For water."

There was silence in that small navigation-room.

"We landed there once," said the professor. "I remember the men's names—so do you, Jeffcote. Ferguson, Williams and . . . yes, it was the same as yours—Johnson. We had only time to close the air-lock. There was nothing that we could do to save the men. They perished!"

The professor turned on his heel and walked down the companion-way without another word, and Tom heard the door of his cabin slam behind him.

White-faced, Tom turned towards the third officer.

"Is that . . . I mean, did that actually happen, Mac?"

"Every word of it, son! There's not one of us wouldn't rather take afternoon tea and fancy biscuits with a space-serpent than set foot on that benighted planet. Ah, well, lad, get back to your work!" Mackintosh pressed the button of the communicator and the face of the chief rocket-engineer appeared in the fluorescent screen.

"Tim, make ready to alter course!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" Tom saw the rocket-engineer's fingers hover above the firing-keys, his body taut and ready for the shock which would come as the great ship swung off its course.

"All right, Tim! Wait for it! All ready, Mr. Jeffcote, for orders!"

The first officer nodded and Mackintosh pressed another switch which flashed a warning signal to every part of the ship. The signal meant: Prepare for an alteration of course!

Everywhere men battened down hatches, locked tools away, fastened lockers and chests, strapped themselves to chairs or gripped stanchions. *Pegasus* was going into a swerve! In the galley Frisco Jim adjusted the magnetic clamp which fastened the simmering saucepans to the electric hot-plate. He gave a quick half-turn to each of the lids, thus locking them down. Hurriedly he swept crockery and

cutlery away into sorbo-rubber-lined drawers and slammed the drawers to.

As each man on the ship came to the ready he pressed a button and the signals came back to the navigation-room: Crew ready for alteration of course!

Again Mackintosh pressed a switch and roared into the ship's audiphone: "Attention all! Altering course to starboard! Prepare for shock!"

Tom, grasping a stanchion with both hands, had a glimpse of the crew on the visigraph hurriedly bracing themselves against the dizzying pull of a half-quadrant turn at thirty miles a second.

With speedy, practised hands, the navigating officers braced themselves in their shock-absorbing chairs, while Tom braced himself against the heavily padded wall. Into the communicator Mr. Jeffcote came with quiet authority:

"All set? Right! Prepare to fire forward port rockets and aft port rockets. Five seconds only. Repeat: five seconds, forward and aft port rockets only. Fire!"

For one second only, Tom, looking at the visigraph screen, saw the rocket-engineer's hand pressing on the firing keys; in the room, saw Mackintosh straining in his chair, bent almost double in an effort to hold up under a pressure increase to six times normal. Tom felt his breath leave his body in one great gasping sob as the inertia forced his body back against the rubber-padded wall of the cabin. Five seconds of such agony seemed unbearable; then slowly the mass of his body overcame its inertia and took up the motion of the ship.

Gradually the pressure eased, gradually power returned to bruised and aching muscles.

He caught Mackintosh's humorously doleful eye.

"That was a nasty one!" said the Scotsman. "Those half-quadrant turns are always the worst. But, thank goodness, that's the last for a bit. We don't turn again before we land."

"And where's that?" Tom asked.

"Deimos, lad!"

"Deimos?"

"Aye! Deimos. One of the two moons of Mars." He added with a throaty chuckle, "You'll see some sights there!"

Will Tom learn the truth about the Professor on Deimos? Don't miss the startling thrills in this amazing story next week.

BUNTER'S BARGAIN!

(Continued from page 2)

captain of the Remove. There was nobody else in sight. Bunter was his only hope.

"Well, that's all very well," said the fat Owl argumentatively. "It would take a jolly long time to unfasten all those knots. You want me to take all that trouble when you won't do anything for a fellow—"

"You fat chump, I'll do anything you like if you untie me," gasped Harry Wharton.

"Oh!" said Bunter. "Mean that?"

"Yes, you fat footling ass! Get me loose."

"Honest Injun?" asked Bunter.

"Yes!" roared Wharton. "Now get going!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter.

He got going. He was slow and he saw no occasion for putting on speed. But he did at all events get going. Harry Wharton, tottering on one leg, had to hop every now and then to save a fall. Bunter's fat fingers seemed to be crawling. But at long, long last the twisted handkerchief was untied and Wharton, once his hands were free, was able to deal with the whiplash knotted on his leg. At long, long last he stood on both feet again.

Then, manfully repressing a natural desire to kick Bunter, he walked on to Greyfriars, the fat Owl rolling, grinning at his side.

"MIND, it's a promise!" said Bunter. "You said honest Injun, you know."

"I know! What do you want me to do?" growled the captain of the Remove. "If it's lines—"

"Tisn't that!"

"If you want me to stand you a spread—"

"Tain't that!"

"Then what is it?" asked Harry, quite puzzled to know what Bunter wanted him to do.

"Put me in the team for the Rookwood match!" said Bunter.

"Wh-a-a-t?"

"You couldn't do better, you know—I'm a splendid footballer—"

"You fat ass!"

"If you're going to break your word, Harry Wharton—!"

"It isn't so much a matter of me breaking my word," argued Harry Wharton. "I've got to consider what's best for the team."

Billy Bunter beamed delightedly.

"Then it's as good as settled," he said. "Everybody knows the team will be much better with me in it. I'm not particular, you know. I don't care where I play, so long as I'm playing."

"You utter ass!" cried Harry. "You're no good as a footballer. And if you don't know it, then everybody else does. What d'you think the men will say if I stand somebody down to make room for a chump like you?"

Billy was still beaming. When he wanted his own way it just didn't matter to him what other people thought or said. In his own mind he felt sure he was the finest footballer at Greyfriars, and there was nothing he could not do.

Already he had visions of himself being the hero of the match, scoring the winning goal in the last few moments and being carried shoulder high off the field.

"What does it matter what the men say?" he retorted. "You've got to do the best for the team and I am the best. I'm first class, and you know it! In any case, you've got to keep your promise. If you don't I'll let everybody know about it. So, if you're going to break your word—"

Harry Wharton did not answer. He looked at Bunter. Then he kicked him. Then he walked in at the gates of Greyfriars, leaving Bunter yelling. But his face was grim. It was a consolation to kick Bunter but he had given his word and he had to keep it! He was fairly caught!

What can Wharton do now? Don't miss the fun in next week's Greyfriars 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 interests, appear below.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

Robert Parker, 68 Hallgarth Street, Durham. Ten. Reading, stamps. Edward Kell, Mayfield House, 4 High Grange Road, Spennymoor, Durham. Thirteen. Cycling, chemistry. Shirley Stacey, 71 Leckwith Road, Canton, Cardiff, S. Wales. Fourteen. Baseball, netball. Marion Ellis, Stormy Cottage, Kenfig Hill, Nr. Bridgend, Glam., S. Wales. Eleven. Swimming, cycling. Norman Eldred, 56 Blenheim Drive, Welling, Kent. Ten. Football, stamps. Michael Bloomer, 30 Daleview Road, South Tottenham, London, N.15. Eleven. Stamps, boxing. Brenda Waite, 8 Waide Yard, Potteries, Castleford, Yorks. Twelve. Tennis, cycling. Deana Bradley, Dale Abbey, Nr. Ilkeston, Derby. Twelve. Animals. Jacqueline Horrocks, 99 Claremont Road, Boothtown, Halifax, Yorks. Twelve. Speedway. Bridget Herbert, 19 Sparkbrook Street, Hillfields, Coventry. Twelve. Dancing. Cecil Tipping, 60 Fairfield Avenue, Datchet, Nr. Slough, Bucks. Eleven. Football, stamps. Mary O'Brien, 12 Warsaw Avenue, Sharston, Manchester. Fourteen. Sport. Sally Dowding, New Eye Infirmary, Alexandra Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham. Seventeen. Tennis, skating. Patricia Carter, 125 Gilders Road, Chessington, Surbiton, Surrey. Fifteen. Hockey. Brenda Luckey, 5 Garrison Houses, Monk Bretton, Barnsley, Yorks. Eleven. Music, animals. Helen Mill, Williams Street, Hastings, Hawkes Bay, North Island, New Zealand. Fourteen. Sport. Norman Elliot, 4 Ismay Road, Litherland, Liverpool 21. Sixteen. Films. Barbara Higgins, 63 King's Mead, Pontefract, Yorks. Thirteen. Horse riding. Barbara Rickwood, 7 Stanley Road, S. Tottenham, London, N.15. Ten. Ice-skating, swimming. Geoffrey Buckley, "Hazelmere", Sedgwick Lane, Nr. Horsham, Sussex. Eleven. Bird watching, pets, archery, conjury, photography. Ivor Nichols, 191 Duncannon Road, Nottingham, London, S.E.9. Eighteen. Swimming, skating. Arthur Coulter, 55 Forest Avenue, Moor Lane, Ilkington, Halifax. Nineteen. Skating, football. Sheila Woodward, 718 Halifax Road, Hightown, Liversedge, Yorks. Eight. Sewing, knitting, reading.

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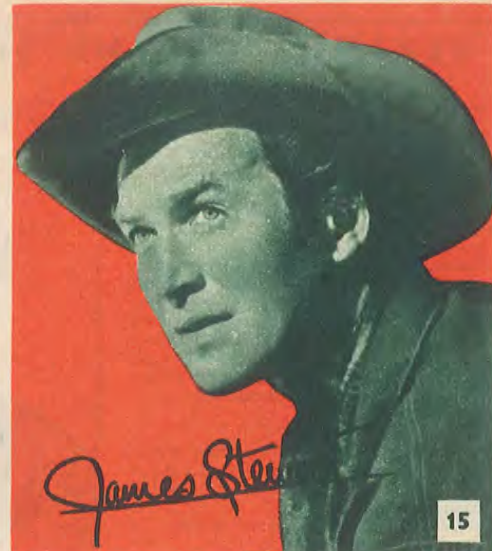
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