

COMET

No. 112
(New Series)
Sept. 9th, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2¢

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



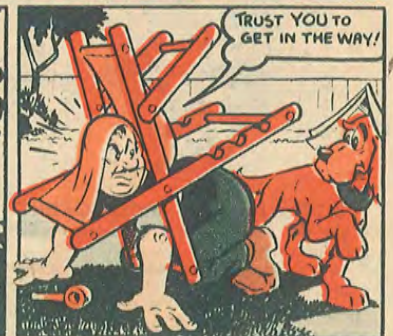
Upon a hot and sunny morn,
Scamp loves to doze upon the lawn.



Well, as it happened, father, too,
Decided that a snooze was due.



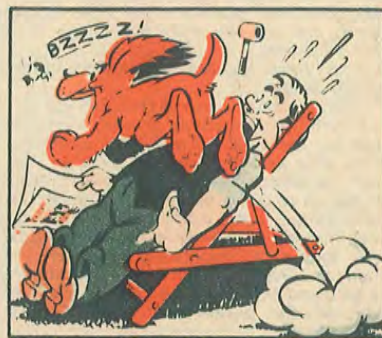
As he ambled, sleepy eyed,
He tried to take Scamp in his stride.



The "trip" which followed made him roar,
And left his nose a trifle sore!



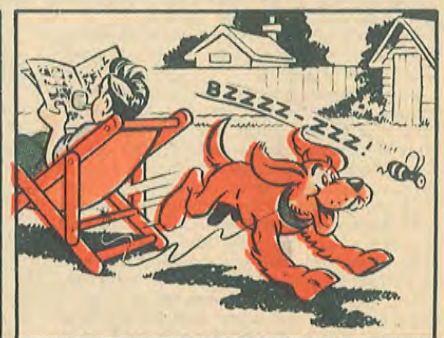
But Dad knew Scamp was not to blame,
And soon to rest in comfort came.



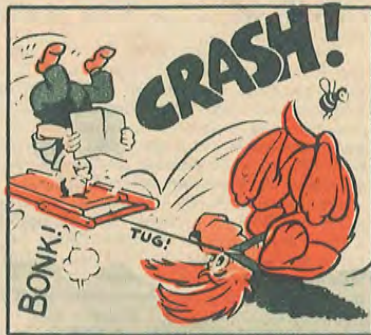
Though not for long—Scamp saw a bee
And shot in hot pursuit—zow-eee!



Pa growled, "I've got to stop this thing,"
And tied the puppy up with string.



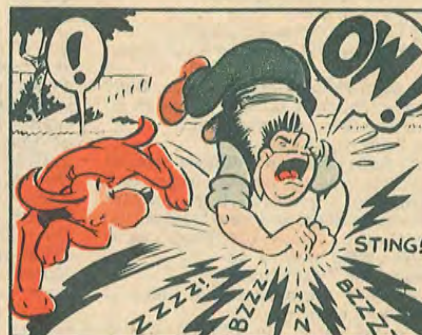
But once again the bee buzzed by
And gladsome gleam lit Scamp's eye.



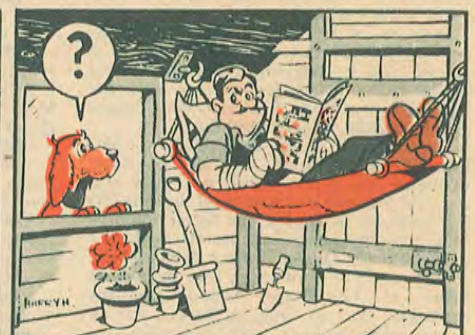
That deck-chair-anchored length of string,
Just un-ker-piffed everything!



By now most thoroughly put out,
Pa darted up with angry shout!



He took a swipe at Scamp's head,
And caught the stingy bee instead.



Scamp was as puzzled as could be,
Why Pa should rest neath lock and key!





A BUMPER BOOK FOR BUNTER!

Another Rollicking Story of Billy Bunter
and the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

BOB CHERRY—SMUGGLER!

"POOR old Bunter!" sighed Bob Cherry.

"Poor old porpoise!" said Frank Nugent.

"It serves him right!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Rough luck, all the same," said Harry Wharton.

"No tarts—no buns—no cake—no bullseyes—no toffee—nothing sticky at all!" said Bob. "Poor old Bunter!"

All the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were sympathetic. It was, indeed, a sad state of affairs.

Billy Bunter was in the school sanatorium. He was under the charge of Miss Prim, the school nurse. He was on a diet. Miss Prim was a good and efficient nurse, if a trifle severe. Bunter, no doubt, had as much to eat as was good for him. But that, as all the Remove knew, was of little use to Billy Bunter. Billy Bunter liked to eat twice as much as was good for him and then the same again and a little over. Especially did he delight in cakes, buns, tarts, bullseyes, toffee, butterscotch, chocolates, and anything else that was sweet and sticky. And all such sticky things were barred to a patient under Miss Prim's care. No doubt it was for Bunter's good. But all the Remove fellows knew what the fat Owl must be feeling like!

Perhaps it served Bunter right, as Johnny Bull remarked. He had caught a fearful cold by bagging a ducking he had planned for other fellows—to wit, the Famous Five. But they had kind hearts and had quite forgiven Bunter.

Bunter had been absent from Mr. Quelch's form-room for several days. Probably the Remove did not miss him terribly. Skinner had remarked that the less a fellow saw of Bunter the better a fellow liked him. Quite possibly his absence was a nerve rest for Quelch, whose difficult task it was to drive knowledge into the fattest head at Greyfriars School. Smithy remarked that so long as Bunter was in sanny, other fellows' tuck was safe in a study cupboard. Bunter, in fact, was undoubtedly a fellow in whose case absence made the heart grow fonder!

Nevertheless, the Famous Five were sympathetic, especially Bob Cherry, whose good nature knew no bounds. And having heard that Bunter was better and was allowed to sit at an open window overlooking the garden, Harry Wharton and Co. kindly walked round in break that morning to give him a wave of the hand and, if possible, a cheery word.

Now they were looking up at him and his looks deepened their sympathy. Billy Bunter sat at the window, with a sorrowful fat face. If ever a fellow looked as if he had collected all the troubles known to mankind in a bunch, Billy Bunter did. There was a wrinkle in his fat brow. His little round eyes had a miserable look behind his big round spectacles.

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bob again.

"Well, he asked for it," said Johnny Bull.

"My dear chap," said Bob, "we don't always want what we ask for. Doesn't jolly old Shakespeare say give every man his deserts and who shall escape whipping? I wonder if Miss Prim would let us take him a bag of tarts!"

"Try it on if you want to be reported to Quelch," said Johnny. "Think jam tarts are good for a sick porpoise?"

"Well, perhaps not! Let's give him a hail, anyhow."

The juniors walked up the garden towards the window. Bunter had not observed them so far. But as they came up he blinked down at them through his big spectacles from the window, which was

ten or twelve feet over their heads. An eager look came over his fat face. He leaned a little from the window, and to the surprise of the juniors below, put a fat finger to his lips in sign of silence. They guessed, however, that Miss Prim was present, though invisible to them, and that Bunter did not want her to be apprised of their arrival. Then they heard his fat voice as he looked back into the room.

"I say, Miss Prim!"

"Yes?" came a slightly acid voice.

"Can you get me a book to read, please?"

"Certainly."

A few moments later Billy Bunter blinked down from the window again with a grin on his fat face. He leaned over the sill and addressed the juniors below in a loud whisper.

"I say, you fellows!"

"How do you feel, old fat man?" asked Bob.

"Rotten!" said Bunter. "Beastly! Famished! I've had practically nothing to eat all the while I've been here. I say, you fellows, I've got rid of that cat—"

"That what?" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"That cat, so that I can speak to you. She's gone for a book, see? She won't be long, blow her. I say, you fellows, have you got any toffee about you?"

Bunter blinked down eagerly.

"I say, it's awful here! It seems like weeks and weeks since I've tasted anything fit to eat! Got any toffee, Wharton?"

"It isn't allowed—"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass," yapped Bunter irritably. "I'm not asking you whether it's allowed but whether you've got any toffee. Have you?"

"Sorry no!"

"Beast! Got any toffee, Inky?"

"I am also sorry—"

"Yah! Got any toffee, Franky?"

"Miss Prim would be waxy—" began Nugent.

"Blow Miss Prim! Got any toffee, Bull?"

If you have, chuck it up and I'll catch it! Quick, before that cat comes back."

"Miss Prim isn't a cat—"

"Beast! Bob, old chap!" Bunter blinked down at Bob Cherry, his last hope. Bob was feeling in a pocket. If that meant toffee it was as good as a new lease of life for Billy Bunter. "I say, old fellow, we've always been pals, haven't we—?"

"News to me," said Bob.

"Beast! I—I mean, dear old chap, if you've got any toffee—"

Bob's hand came out of his pocket. There was a packet in it. It was a packet of toffee. Rules or no rules, for Bunter's good or not for his good, Bob could not resist the eager appeal in the anxious fat face.

"Catch!" he called out.

"Chuck it up!" breathed Bunter with both fat hands ready to catch.

"Look here, Bob, you ass—" began Johnny Bull.

"Oh, rot," said Bob. "Poor old Bunter's going to have a spot of toffee. Here you are, Bunter—catch!"

The toffee whizzed. It sailed up from the garden and in at the window. Bunter made an eager grab at it.

But Billy Bunter was always what the Remove fellows called cack-handed. It was really an easy catch—any fellow but Bunter would have caught that packet. Bunter missed it only by a few inches, which really was pretty good for Bunter!

A miss was as good as a mile! Missing the fat fingers, the packet shot into the room, past Bunter. At the same moment a voice was heard:

"Here is a book, Master Bunter. Here—oh—what—what—something struck me—oh—goodness gracious—ow! Something struck me on the ear—what was it—? Oh! Who—what—?"

That voice reached the juniors in the garden below.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob. "Hook it!"

Five fellows faded out swiftly, so swiftly that by the time Miss Prim's somewhat stern face looked from the window they had vanished. Miss Prim stood staring grimly from the window, with a packet of toffee in one hand, rubbing a reddened ear with the other. The expression on her face was extremely expressive. Luckily the Famous Five had faded out of the picture in time and Miss Prim never knew who had whizzed that packet of toffee in at the window.

But Billy Bunter did not get the toffee!

BOB CHERRY had a thoughtful look in form that afternoon. If Mr. Quelch noted it and supposed that Bob was giving unusual thought to his lessons he was undeceived when Bob, in answer to a geographical question, absently informed him that Lisbon on the Rhine was the capital of Poland. From that answer it was obvious that Bob's thoughts were straying outside the Remove form room and Quelch promptly rewarded him with fifty lines.

After class Bob revealed to his comrades the subject of his cogitations. Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, were ready to go down to the nets, but for once, at least, Bob's thoughts were not on cricket. Bunter and his woes were in Bob's sympathetic mind.

"Look here, you chaps," said Bob, "that fat ass—"

"Oh, blow Bunter," said Johnny Bull.

"What about cricket?"

ROBIN HOOD'S BOW — CAN BE YOURS!

Have a shot at getting it by entering the Grand

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in next week's COMET. We are offering thousands of smashing prizes. Here's the full list!

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DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE! Make sure of your copy of next week's COMET by placing an order with your newsagent.

Here's another piece of good news! A new picture story—
THE STIRRING ADVENTURES OF

KIT CARSON

THE WORLD-FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT
will also appear in NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

"Never mind that now—"

"We do mind, a little," demurred Harry Wharton.

"Never mind the absurd Bunter," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, listen to a chap," said Bob. "It's rough on that fat ass! Just a box of chocs and a few toffees would make him feel that life was worth living again. Prim's a bit strict, you know. Look here, I've asked the matron and she says a chap can visit him now—I'm going at five—"

"You howling ass," said Johnny Bull.

"You can't take him tuck! You'd get into a row—"

"I'll chance that!"

"But you won't be able to give it to him, fathead," exclaimed Nugent. "Miss Prim will be present and—"

"That's what I've been thinking out," explained Bob. "I know it needs a spot of strategy. Bunter asking for that book gave me the idea. Suppose I take him a book—"

"Can even Bunter eat a book?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Fathead! The book's going to be camouflage. There's that book in your study, Wharton—*Good Georgie, and How he Loved his Kind Teachers*, that an aunt or somebody gave you—you don't want it, I suppose?"

"Not at all," answered Harry laughing. "You can take that to Bunter if you like—he won't thank you for it."

"I tell you it's camouflage," hooted Bob.

"I cut the inside out of the book and pack it full of chocs and toffees! See? I hand it to Bunter right under Prim's nose and she won't know a thing. Bunter opens it and finds it full of stickies! How's that, umpire?"

"Oh, my hat!"

Four fellows gazed at Bob Cherry in surprise and admiration. They had never suspected old Bob of being such a wily strategist.

"Safe as houses, what?" said Bob.

"Even Bunter won't know what's in the book till he opens it. Prim won't dream of it. Look here, it's up to us to stand by a fellow down on his luck. If you've got any money let's get the stuff and I'll pack it in the book for Bunter."

Bob evidently had made up his mind. He was going to convey to the fat Owl of the Remove an assortment of the sticky things for which his fat soul yearned. So cricket was postponed till the chums of the Remove had paid a visit to the school shop where contributions from five fellows amply sufficed to lay in the necessary supply of stickies.

Then they adjourned to No. 1 Study in the Remove. Harry Wharton took from the bookshelf a large gilt volume which had reposed there unopened ever since he had received it from a kind relative who had supposed—wrongly—that he would be thrilled by the perusal of *Good Georgie and How he Loved his Kind Teachers*.

He laid that bulky volume on the study table and Bob set to work with his pocket-knife. His chums watched him with grinning faces as he carved. It was a quarto volume about two inches thick. Bob industriously dug out the interior with his pocket-knife, leaving about an inch margin round the pages so that it would present a normal aspect when closed. Quite a large cavity was excavated in the inside of that bulky volume, large enough to contain sufficient sticky things to transport Billy Bunter to the seventh heaven of delight.

It was rather a long task. But Bob pushed on and got through. Then chocolates and toffees were packed into the cavity, as full as it would hold. Bob closed the gilt cover down on them. He held up the book triumphantly.

"What price that?" he demanded.

"Topping," agreed Harry Wharton.

"So long as you don't let it come open—"

"I'll take jolly good care of that!" Bob

put the book under his arm, carefully keeping it tightly closed. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes five!" The chime from the clock tower was heard. "You fellows can get off to the cricket—I'll take this to poor old Bunter."

Five fellows walked out of the house, four of them heading for the nets and one heading for the sanatorium. With that book tightly gripped between his elbow and his ribs, in no danger of coming open and revealing the forbidden contents, the cheery Bob was shown in to see Bunter.

A FRIEND to see you, Master Bunter."

"Oh!"

Billy Bunter, sprawling more or less gracefully in a comfortable armchair, his fat face sad and solemn, his fat thoughts wandering to the tuckshop, blinked round

(Continued on page 7)

SPLASH PAGE

— AND —

THE MISSING PRINCE.



Splash Page and Jill Brent trace the kidnapers of the boy prince Stefan, of Hentzia, to a lonely castle in the Highlands of Scotland. Parachuting from a plane, they are seen by the kidnapers. A stray bullet hits the harness of Jill's parachute as it is caught on a rock overhanging a gorge. She falls into the river below and Splash Page dives after her.



HELP!
I'M GOING UNDER!



TAKE IT EASY, JILL. I'VE GOT YOU!

SPLASH SUPPORTED JILL AS THE RIVER DASHED THEM ONWARDS.

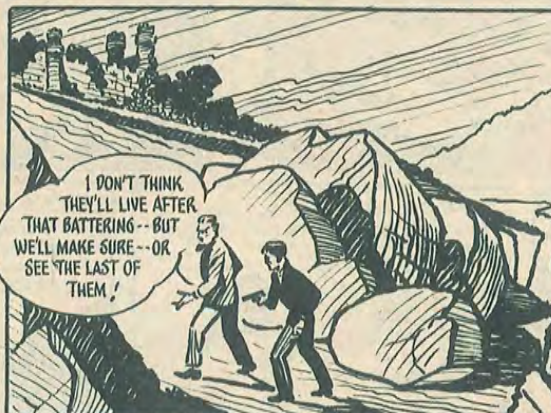


DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS RIVER'S TAKING US— BUT -- SO FAR, SO GOOD!

MEANWHILE, ON THE BRINK OF THE GORGE NEAR CASTLE KILTIE, THE ARMED KIDNAPPERS WATCHED THEIR VICTIMS DISAPPEAR.



THE STREAM POURS INTO THE COVE DOWN BELOW THE CASTLE. COME!



I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LIVE AFTER THAT BATTERING -- BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE -- OR SEE THE LAST OF THEM!

SOON SPLASH AND JILL ENDED THEIR WILD JOURNEY DOWN THE RAGING STREAM.



THEY LANDED IN A POOL BELOW.



WITH A LAST EFFORT, SPLASH DRAGGED JILL FROM THE POOL ON TO SOFT SAND.



LOOKING FOR PRINCE STEFAN IS THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT WE'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME!



I THOUGHT THAT PARACHUTE JUMP WAS BAD -- BUT THAT CRAZY SLIDE DOWN THE WATERFALL WAS WORSE. I'M ONLY JUST ALIVE, SPLASH!

TAKE IT EASY FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THEN WE'LL HAVE TO GET MOVING IN CASE THEY START LOOKING FOR US!

SOON ~~~



LOOK! THE CASTLE!

HELP! THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB THAT CRAZY STAIRWAY!

IT'S SPLASH PAGE! SHOOT!



I FEEL LIKE A FLY ON A WALL -- BUT I'M GOING THROUGH WITH IT!

GOOD GIRL. WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO TAKE THEM IN THE REAR!



WATCH HOW YOU TREAD, JILL! SOME OF THESE STEPS ARE READY TO CRUMBLE AWAY!

I'M GLAD THOSE THUGS AREN'T SHOOTING AT US NOW!

AND THEN, AT A SHARP TURN IN THE ROCK STAIRWAY --



~ BUT AS THE HENTZIAN TENSED TO SHOOT ~~~

YOU THUGS ARE BEGINNING TO UPSET ME!



AAAAAH!

ALL STOOD TRANSFIXED AS SPLASH'S MIGHTY PUNCH FLUNG THE MAN OUT INTO SPACE.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? DON'T MISS SPLASH PAGE'S THRILLING ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK!

Tittle Tattle



RUSTY RILEY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, has been adopted by Quentin Miles and taken to live on his ranch in America. Rusty has two good pals—his dog, Flip, and his horse, Hillbilly. Mr. Mac, a neighbour, saw how good Hillbilly was and said he'd enter him for the Delta Park races so that Rusty would win a big prize. Actually, Mac and his boss, Jasper Grandall, were out to make money for themselves. But Rusty stole a ride on the back of the horse-box and went with them—and that upset the two crooks.



RUSTY RILEY IS IN REAL TROUBLE NOW! DON'T MISS HIS ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK!

SHO
DEPL



RTY

ITY SHERIFF

-YOU'RE JOEY THE ONE GUY YOU AIN'T L OF, SEE?



DEADLY SPIDER
IRE NECK!



PULL MY SHIRT



IST BE IN YORE
EM OFF QUICK!



OF HERE, PRONTO!



HE'D MAKE YOU
UNDERWEAR! HO HO!



MORE TITTLE TATTLE



HAVE YOU A
READY-MADE
SUIT TO
FIT ME?

WELL, I'VE TWO THAT
MIGHT!



(DON'T WORRY MA,
I WON'T CHARGE
YOU FOR CLEANING
THAT ONE!



WHY DID YOU
PUSH HIM IN?

HE'S MY BEST FRIEND AND
I WANT TO RESCUE HIM!



WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE KID'S CARPET BAG? JUDGE BAILEY AND LAWYER SLADE HAVE STOLEN IT AND BUCK JONES AND THE KID, DISGUISED AS INDIANS, CATCH THEM-RED-HANDED! BUT THE KID'S UNCLE, GROUCHER, THINKS BUCK IS A HOLD-UP MAN AND STEALTHILY CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM!



GET MOVIN', YOU TWO!
YOU'RE COMIN'
WITH ME!

BUCK!
LOOK OUT!



WHAT THE
HECK ...?

O-O-OCH!



GROUCHER'S
INTERRUPTION
IS THE CHANCE
THE CROOKS
HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR

YOU HAVEN'T
GOT US YET,
SHERIFF!

GET HIM, SLADE!
I'LL LOOK AFTER
THE BAG!



BAILEY!
COME B-A-A-ACK!

DON'T WORRY, SLADE--
I'LL BRING HIM BACK
OKAY!



LOOK AFTER THINGS
HERE, KID... I'M GONNA
GET BAILEY, AND THE BAG

...
AS BUCK
REACHES THE
TOP OF THE
STAIRS HE SEES
THE CROOKED
JUDGE IN THE
HALL BELOW.
THE SHERIFF
TAKES THE
QUICK WAY
DOWN
...



HERE I COME,
RAT!



A-A-A-AGH!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
TANGLED WITH ME, SHERIFF!
I'LL MAKE SURE OF YOU THIS TIME!



BUCK GRABS THE BAG AND
HURLS IT AT BAILEY...



BANG

YOU GOTTA BE
QUICKER THAN THAT,
BAILEY!



THAT'LL KEEP
YOU QUIET FOR
A WHILE.



HALLO... BAILEY'S
BULLET MUST'VE RIPPED
THE SIDE OF THE BAG...
WONDER WHAT THIS PIECE
OF PAPER IN THE LINING IS?

MEANWHILE... UPSTAIRS...



SO IT'S YOU AGAIN, IS IT?
YOU'RE GOING BACK TO JAIL, PRONTO!
I'VE HAD NOTHING BUT TROUBLE
SINCE YOU ARRIVED! YOU'RE
A THIEF AND A KILLER!

BUT
I'M NOT!



NO, HE'S NOT GROUCHER!
I'VE GOT THE TWO CROOKS
WHO FRAMED THE KID... AND
I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT THE
CROOKS WERE AFTER. TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!



THE MAP OF A NEW GOLD
FIELD THAT THE KID'S FATHER
DISCOVERED. IT WAS IN THE
BAG ALL RIGHT-- BUT
HIDDEN IN THE LINING!



TWO DAYS LATER... THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING SHERIFF.
I'M OFF TO THAT NEW GOLD
FIELD RIGHT NOW--WITH MY
NEW PARTNER--THE KID!

AND A RIGHT
GOOD PARTNER
HE'LL BE, TOO!
ADIOS!

STARTING NEXT WEEK--A GRAND NEW PICTURE-STORY, STARRING KIT CARSON, THE WORLD-FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT

BRAINBITER

HEREWARD stood with his feet apart to steady himself against the roll of the ship and gazed at the long, craggy outline of the Cornish coast. Behind him stood his friend and servant, Martin Lightfoot, who had followed him so faithfully through the many strange adventures that had brought them to these shores.

They were aboard a merchant vessel carrying wine to exchange for tin from the Cornish mines. But Hereward hoped for something more exciting than a little peaceful trading.

Alef, the ruler of this part of Cornwall, though a Celt, was a kinsman of Hereward's. He had heard that Alef made a living in other ways than selling the tin ore and the red cattle of his pastures. For, like many another ruler in those parts, Alef was a pirate. Hereward hoped there would be some employment for his sword against Alef's enemies or on some raiding expedition.

They sailed between two jagged peaks and up the Helford river to the village of Gweek, where Alef lived. Moored there were two other ships with carved prows, one in the shape of an adder and the other in the likeness of a stoat, evidence that their owner was a pirate.

Hereward and Martin went ashore with the merchants, who were already known by the local people and permitted to land unmolested. They walked past a gang of Alef's slaves, washing the tin ore out of the soil by the riverside. They crossed the green pastures, dotted with Alef's red cattle, until they came to a fortification of earthworks and stockades. Within was a little church of stone and a group of granite cabins, thatched with turf, where the slaves lived. And towering above them all was a huge barn where Alef dwelt with his family, his men-at-arms, his horses, cattle and pigs.

They entered this building between the pigsties, walked through the cow-stalls and the stables, until they came to a long oaken table, shrouded in the smoke from the peat fires.

It was dark in here, but Hereward could make out the figures of huge dark Cornishmen seated round the table. As his eyes became accustomed to the dark he picked out Alef himself, seated on a high-backed settle at the head of the table.

He was a jolly giant of a man, eating voraciously and laughing with his men. Beside him sat a lovely, dark-haired girl with bands of gold round her throat and wrists and a Spanish shawl pinned across her breast with a great gold brooch.

Next to the girl sat the largest man Hereward had ever seen. Unlike the others, he had red hair and a great red beard. In place of his left hand was a sharp, shining iron hook. On the table beside him he had placed his massive sword and he passed the baked meats to the girl on the point of an enormous dagger.

HEREWARD and Martin sat with the merchants at the foot of the table. Meat and barley cakes and wine were placed before them. They ate and drank without saying a word, for it was the custom in those times to allow strangers to satisfy their hunger and thirst before questioning their errand.

"You have brought more wine and are seeking tin?" said Alef at last to the chief merchant.

The man nodded.

"And who is this you have brought with you? From his bearing he must surely be the son of an earl."

"I am he men call the Wake," answered Hereward boldly. "Hereward, once the son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and now an outlaw and rover, come to offer you my sword and shield. If you have any enemies, let me fight them for you. If you have none, let me eat and drink and depart in peace, for I must go where there are battles to be won and honour and glory."

"Alef needs no one to fight his battles while he has Ironhook by his side."

It was the red-bearded giant who had spoken. He was evidently Alef's champion and the leader of his men-at-arms, though by his colouring he was no Celt but a Pict from the wild hills of Scotland.

Hereward saw, too, that the giant was ready to pick a quarrel with him. Hereward was always ready for a fight and the other's massive bulk did not deter him. He was about to retort, when his glance fell on the young princess. She shook her head and held her finger to her lips.

"Perhaps you might have some enemies unworthy of Ironhook's mettle," Hereward suggested meekly, addressing Alef.

The men laughed and the awkward moment passed.

THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the famous book by Charles Kingsley)



Hereward ducked beneath Ironhook's blow and lunged with his lance

They ate and drank and laughed and talked until it grew late. Then they all went to bed on the bunks built in tiers against the wall.

The next morning Martin seized an opportunity to speak privately to his young master.

"I've been learning all about Ironhook," he said. "What have you learned, Martin?" queried Hereward.

"He came here in a pirate ship some months ago. Alef is in mortal terror of him. After killing a few of the local rulers, who had raided Alef's cattle and stopped his tin mines, he became the hero of all the men. He's a dangerous man to quarrel with, master."

"That may be. But if the man provokes me I must answer him like a man. Beside, I fancy the dark-eyed princess would not be sorry to see the last of him."

"Aye, I've been hearing about that, too. Her father wants her to marry the brute, but she's secretly betrothed to Sigtryg, son of King Ranald of Waterford."

"All the more reason why I should fight this Ironhook. I know Ranald. He's a good Dane and my father's friend. I must save his son's bride from this barbarian."

Martin pleaded with his master to do nothing rash. But Hereward had come to Cornwall for adventure and he was determined to have it. If his enemy was twice his size and many times stronger, all the more glory if he defeated him.

And his opportunity came soon enough. They had eaten their midday meal and Ironhook was showing off and boasting of his prowess to the men. He challenged any of them to dance, sing, leap or fight in competition with him. But they all contented themselves with listening to his extravagant claims in respectful silence.

At last his glance fell on Hereward.

"Ah, the young game-cock," he sneered. "You were looking for a fight yesterday, but maybe you've grown a weak stomach since then?"

"I don't need words to prove my worth, anyway," scoffed Hereward. "My sword will speak for me."

"Then let it speak now . . . or never speak again," thundered the giant. "Holloa, there! Fetch me my armour and my lance and my good sword, Brainbiter. He and I will show this young cockerel how to fight."

Several men-at-arms dashed off to get Ironhook's armour and weapons. But though they brought his lance and shield, his sword was nowhere to be found. Ironhook cursed, but had to use a smaller weapon belonging to one of the men.

Martin brought Hereward's armour and weapons, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"If you manage to beat this ranting giant, I fear you'll have the men to deal with."

"Let them take their turn," cried Hereward, whose blood was up. "I'll finish this great brute first and then let them all come, singly or together."

Martin shook his head again, but he said nothing. Instead he slid his own razor-sharp fighting axe inside his shirt and followed Hereward to the place of battle.

THE two combatants faced each other. They were matched like David and Goliath. Ironhook towered head and

shoulders above Hereward and his reach even with a shorter sword, was a foot or more longer.

Disdaining to use his lance, Ironhook rushed into the fray, ready to finish Hereward with one mighty blow of his sword. Hereward dashed beneath the first swing and, before the giant could recover, lunged with his lance.

Ironhook was wounded in the thigh. With a roar of rage and pain he swung round, flinging his sword aside and snatching up his lance.

He flung his lance with all his strength at Hereward. Hereward was able to stop the full force of it with his shield, which Martin had handed to him. The point passed several inches through his shield, stopping barely short of his heart.

With a cry of triumph, Ironhook sprang forward for the kill. But he was a fraction too slow. Hereward just had time to recover and leap to one side.

It was the giant's turn to lose his balance. But Hereward was quicker than he had been. Turning swiftly, he ducked below Ironhook's guard and thrust his sword under the giant's corselet. And that ended the fight. Ironhook had lost!

"If I had but my Brainbiter . . ." muttered Ironhook weakly. They were his last words.

But Hereward was not out of danger yet. As Martin had foreseen, the death of their hero incensed Alef's men-at-arms. They closed round the victor and he was hard put to keep them at arm's length with his sword.

Martin leapt out of the covert and stood back to back with his master, brandishing his battle-axe. But he did not look aggressive. Instead he burst out laughing.

"What ails you, Norsemen all?" he laughed. "Would you weep at the death of a barbarian Pict? Why, they are ridiculous creatures. Their feet are so big that they lie on their backs and hold them over their heads to keep off the rain. And when they die in battle they cannot fall down. All my master did was to give the man a little push and knock him off his big feet. What more did you expect, when a true Viking fights an outlandish, red-headed savage?"

This appeal to their pride had a great effect on the men. Hereward seized his opportunity and burst into a wild Viking war chant. Soon the men were joining in and cheering.

"Yet he has killed our champion," said one, less appeased than the others. "We cannot allow strangers to eat our meat and drink our wine and then kill our warriors. It is an insult to our honour."

The others were silent again, murmuring their agreement. But the priest from the little church stepped forward.

"I will take these men to the church and keep them locked in there for the night," he said. "In the morning they can be given a fair trial and we will consider what is to be done with them."

So Hereward and Martin were marched off to the little stone church, where the door was firmly locked behind them. The priest went into his cell and left them alone.

"Here's a fine state of affairs, Martin," said Hereward. "I save them from that bullying tyrant and they turn against me." "Softly, master," said Martin mysteri-

ously. "We have not yet seen the end of this adventure. Go you to sleep, while I keep watch. The morning is a long way off."

Hereward agreed and lay down to sleep below the high altar. Martin lay across the doorway, confident that if he dropped off to sleep no one would then be able to enter without waking him.

The night wore on and then, suddenly, both men were awoken by a slight noise beyond the door. Martin was on his feet in an instant. As the door creaked slowly open he stood behind it.

A dark shadow slid through the opening and paused in the greater darkness beyond. In that second, Martin slipped from behind the door and seized the intruder by the throat.

"Don't harm me. I have come to help you," gasped the newcomer struggling.

It was the princess. Martin released her and Hereward threw aside his drawn sword and came to meet her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "I have come to release you," she said. "But first I want you to promise to do something for me."

"Gladly."

"I want you to take a message to Sigtryg, son of Ranald of Waterford."

"Why not come with us?"

"No. I will stay here and try to hold up pursuit. My father's ships are faster than yours. You would not get far, if they set off after you."

"And how can you stop them from following us?"

"I will think of some plan. But quickly . . . here is the message, and here—here is something else for you."

She stooped under the altar and drew out a sword.

"It is Ironhook's Brainbiter," she whispered. "I stole it from him last night, fearing that you might quarrel with him. It is a magic sword. He who strikes one blow with it need never strike again. Here, take it."

Hereward accepted the magic sword and kissed the princess's hand.

"Now you must take this rope and bind the priest and myself with it. Then get away as fast as you can."

Hereward and Martin quickly and loosely bound the girl and the old man, leaving them lying by the altar steps. They slipped quietly through the door and locked it, leaving the key in the lock, and climbed swiftly over the earthworks.

In a few minutes they had reached their ship, and were heading for the gentler shores of Ireland.

But he little guessed how soon he and Martin would be back again.

Don't miss Hereward's thrilling adventures in Ireland next week. Tell all your chums about these smashing stories.

DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, but write direct to one of the readers whose names and addresses, together with age and interests, appear below.

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

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PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" September 9, 1950

Don Deeds

Having rescued Mai-Mai from Ah Lee, the bandit, and got away in the recaptured Rolling Sphere, Don Deeds determines to finish his enemies, once and for all.



DON AND MAI-MAI HAVE NOT YET SEEN THE STRANGE BEINGS WATCHING THEM! MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

A BUMPER BOOK FOR BUNTER!

(Continued from page 2)

through his big spectacles as Miss Prim spoke. His blink at Bob Cherry was eager. It would not have been easy to smuggle tuck to the plump invalid under Miss Prim's sharp eyes, but Bunter hoped, for the moment, that Bob was trying it on.

"Your friend has brought you a nice book to read," added Miss Prim and she went back to her own chair and resumed her knitting.

Bob came forward. Carefully he removed the book from under his arm and held it carefully in his hand, carefully shut. It required care and Bob was very careful indeed. There was absolutely nothing to indicate that that book was other than what it seemed—so long as it was shut. A joyful surprise awaited Bunter when he opened it!

But as he blinked at that book in Bob's hand the eagerness faded out of Billy Bunter's face. Bunter was no reader. Had he been, it was unlikely that he would have found interest in the adventures of Good Georgie. He blinked at that book with a devastating blink.

Bob, unseen by Miss Prim, winked at him. That wink was meant to indicate that there was more in the gilt volume than met the eye. Bunter, unluckily, was not quick on the uptake. His frowning brow did not relax.

"What's that?" he yapped.

"It's a book," explained Bob. He winked again. "You'll like it, Bunter, old chap—there's something in it you'll really like—"

That was as far as Bob could venture to go in Miss Prim's hearing. That and a succession of winks really ought to have enlightened Bunter. Bob laid the book on his fat knees. Bunter, unenlightened, scowled at it.

"You ass—!" he said witheringly. "Think I want to read that rot?"

"You'll find it jolly interesting if you look in it, old chap," said Bob. "Lots of good things in that book, Bunter."

"Idiot!" Bunter fairly hissed. He had hoped that Bob had smuggled in something, somehow. And all he had produced was a book! Disappointment and fury mingled in Bunter's fat face. His hopes had been raised only to be dashed to the ground. He did not trouble to open the book. He was not in the least interested in that book. He glared at it and glared at Bob Cherry.

"You blithering chump!" he said. "Bringing a fellow a book—and a rotten one like that! You burbling dunderhead! I suppose that's your idea of a joke on a fellow who's laid up with practically nothing to eat! Yah!"

"Look into it—"

"Shan't!"

"Well, I'll clear," said Bob. "I'm sure you'll like what's in that book, Bunter—" Billy hurled it at Bob Cherry's head!

Crash!

"Oh!" roared Bob. He staggered as "Good Georgie" crashed on his head.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter the next moment. The book, as it crashed, flew open. From the interior the contents poured out. Bob Cherry staggered in the midst of a sea of chocolates and toffees.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Prim in her turn.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob, rubbing his head. "You fat ass—"

"Oh, crickey!" gasped Bunter blinking at the sea of chocolates and toffees. He understood at last. There had, undoubtedly, been something in that book that would have interested Billy Bunter. But that knowledge came too late!

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Prim. "Master Cherry, I shall report this to your form master! Go—at once! Upon my word! You have been trying to smuggle unhealthy, eatables to Bunter—upon my word—"

Bob Cherry gave Billy Bunter an expressive look and departed rubbing his head. Bunter did not heed him. His mournful gaze was fixed on the chocolates and toffees which Miss Prim was carefully gathering up, to the last choc and the last toffee.

Billy Bunter had several more days in sanny. They were awful days, without a spot of anything sticky. Not a man in the Remove was thinking of smuggling stickies in to Bunter—least of all Bob Cherry!

More fun with Billy Bunter next week, chums. Don't miss it!

How to find THE NEVER ENDING SWEET SUPPLY

The only chart you need is on this page. Show it to your Mum to-day. With a tin of Cadburys Bournville Cocoa and these directions she will quickly discover the way to a secret supply of super off-ration CHOCOLATE FUDGE.



CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Cadburys' own recipe)
3 tablesp. sweetened condensed milk—or evaporated • 4 tablesp. water • 3 oz. sugar
1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa
½ oz. margarine
1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all the ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 minutes. Stir the fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in the same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat and well beat the fudge until it is almost setting. Pour it quickly into a greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.

Mother knows that there are plenty of good things in Cadburys Bournville Cocoa—the making of extra-tasty drinks, sweets, cakes and 'afters.

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BOURNVILLE
COCOA



GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE COCOA HABIT

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MARTA TOREN
(Universal International)



TIM HOLT
(R.K.O.)



COLEEN GRAY
(United Artists)

BUFFALO BILL

PUMA AND HIS LIEUTENANT DESERTED THEIR MEN AND RODE AWAY TO GET THE TREASURE OF GOLDEN VALLEY FOR THEMSELVES. BUFFALO BILL AND HIS PALS WENT AFTER THEM, LEAVING BLACK BISON AND THE PIUTES TO DEAL WITH THE BANDITS ~ ~ ~



AT DAWN,
THE PIUTES
SURROUNDED
THE VALLEY
WHERE THE
BANDITS WERE
ENCAMPED ~



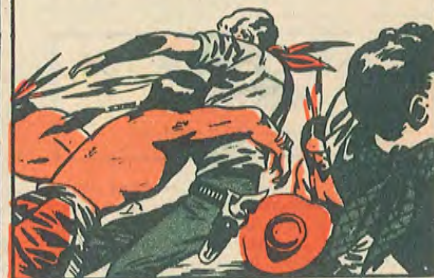
AND WHEN BLACK BISON GAVE THE COYOTE HOWL ~ ~ ~



~ ~ THE WARRIORS CHARGED DOWN ON
THE BANDITS.



TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, PUMA'S MEN
WERE OVERWHELMED.



AFTER A FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT RESISTANCE, THE BANDITS WERE ALL CAPTURED.



TIE THEM UP AND GUARD THEM WELL. WE WILL
AWAIT THE RETURN OF BUFFALO BILL.



MEANWHILE, PUMA AND HIS LIEUTENANT RODE FAST
TOWARDS THE GOLDEN VALLEY.



IT'S NOT FAR, NOW. AND WHEN WE GET THAT TREASURE WE'LL
BE RICH! WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES!



THEN A CRUEL, TREACHEROUS THOUGHT
CAME TO PUMA. WHY SHOULD HE SHARE
THE TREASURE EVEN WITH HIS LIEUTENANT
WHEN HE COULD HAVE IT ALL FOR HIMSELF?



HE DROPPED BEHIND A LITTLE
~ ~ THEN ~ ~ SHOT DOWN HIS
LIEUTENANT AND RODE AWAY.



BUT BUFFALO BILL IS HOT ON PUMA'S TRAIL! DON'T MISS HIS STARTLING ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK