

COMET

No. 113
(New Series)
Sept. 16, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2P

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Standard Vanguard

Photo: Autocar



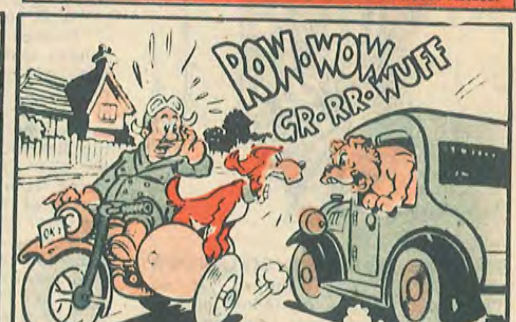
One thing that Scamp always likes,
Is rides on people's motor-bikes.



So when Dad went out for a ride,
Our pup was quickly at his side.



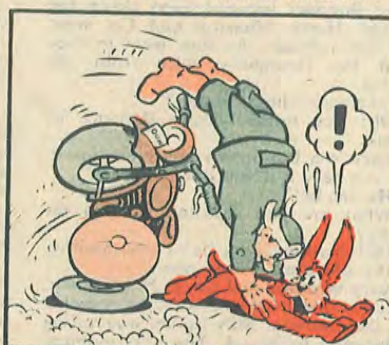
Along they bowled, mile after mile,
In most serene and speedy style.



But peace and quiet took quite a jog,
When Scamp saw another dog.



He tried to leave his side-car place,
And bound away in joyful chase.



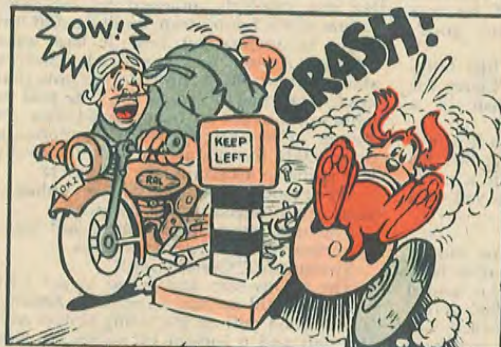
Pa tried to grab him, as you see,
And landed upsy-daisy-lee!



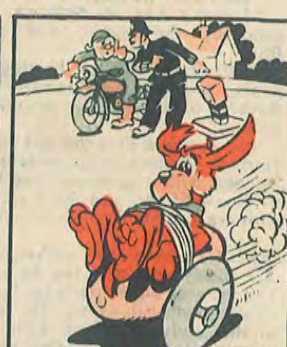
Determined Scamp should stray no more,
He lashed him firmly on the 'fore.



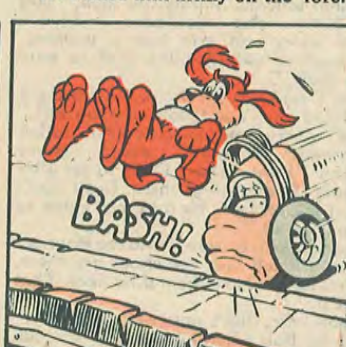
At last, when sure no knot could slip,
Our Dad resumed their little trip.



Then came the parting of the ways,
Which left them both in quite a daze.



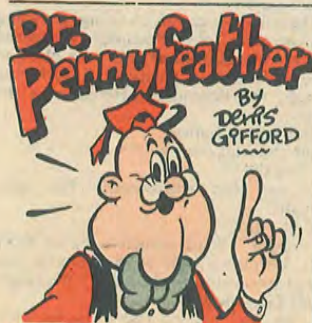
And while Dad argued with the law,
Scamp sped on, swifter than before!



So on sped side-car—Scamp and all—
Until at last it hit a wall.



And this "tail" ended in a pain,
As our pup Scamp flew home again!



BY
DENIS GIFFORD



MY WORD, DIMM—YOU HAVE A BIG VOLUME THERE!
I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE TAKING UP SERIOUS
READING AFTER LAST WEEK'S NONSENSE!

O, YES
SIR!

PUBLIC
LIBRARY



I WANTED "GASLIGHT" BY
TIERNEY TUPP, BUT IT'S
GONE OUT.



TELL ME, HAVE YOU READ
HANS ANDERSEN?

NO, MY HANDS AREN'T
RED, AND MY NAME
ISN'T ANDERSEN!



HANS ANDERSEN
WROTE FAIRY
STORIES, LAD!

POO! I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
FAIRIES, SIR—



I LIKE A BOOK
WITH REAL
PEOPLE IN IT!

AH, BUT STORIES ARE
IMAGINARY, AND SO
ARE THE
PEOPLE
IN THEM!



NOT IN THIS BOOK, SIR—THE
PEOPLE IN IT ARE ALL REAL!

REAL PEOPLE?
MAY I LOOK
AT IT?

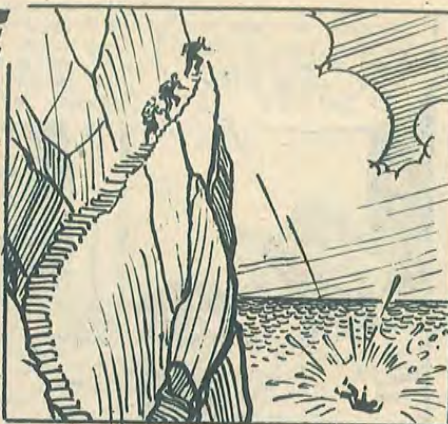


TELEPHONE
DIRECTORY
A-Z

SPLASH PAGE — AND — THE MISSING PRINCE.



Splash Page and Jill Brent found that the kidnapped boy Prince Stefan of Hentzia was imprisoned in a castle on the Scottish coast. Climbing steps cut in the cliffside leading from a cove to the castle, they were suddenly confronted by two armed kidnapers. Splash Page attacked one and sent him hurtling into the cove.



BUT THE OTHER CROOK WAS THERE — WITH GUN LEVELLED!



NOW — YOU SHALL PAY!

SWIFTLY JILL BENT TO PICK UP ONE OF THE ROCKS THAT LITTERED THE CRUMBLING STEPS —



HE'LL SHOOT SPLASH — THEN ME — IF I DON'T MOVE FAST!



NICE WORK, JILL! I WAS SILLY TO TAKE MY EYES OFF HIM!



THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE HIT ANYTHING I AIMED AT!

TOPPLE HIM INTO THE SEA, JILL. A WETTING WON'T HARM HIM. WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOY!

THEY FINISHED THEIR EXHAUSTING AND NERVE-RACKING CLIMB UP THE CRAZY STAIRCASE.



KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED, JILL. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE OF THESE FELLOWS ARE IN THE CASTLE!

SPLASH AND JILL WENT CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE DESERTED, RUINED COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE —



SPLASH — I'VE A NASTY FEELING SOMEBODY'S WATCHING US!

A HELICOPTER! SO THAT'S HOW THEY GOT HERE SO QUICKLY!

THE REMAINING HENTZIAN WAS STILL WITH THE BOY PRINCE IN A TOWER, OVERLOOKING THE COURTYARD.



SO THEY THINK TO RESCUE YOU. THEY'LL NOT LEAVE THE CASTLE ALIVE!



THAT TOWER LOOKS THE ONLY PLACE THEY MUST HAVE THE BOY THERE. BUT HOW MANY OF THEM?

I'VE STILL GOT THAT FEELING!

AND THEN —



DOWN, JILL! YOU WERE RIGHT!

SPLASH PULLED JILL TO COVER BEHIND A LUMP OF MASONRY —



SOUNDS LIKE ONLY ONE GUN! BUT HE'S GOT US PINNED DOWN. WE CAN'T MOVE!

NOT WITHOUT GETTING SHOT!

BUT IN HIS ANGER THE KIDNAPPER HAD OVERLOOKED ONE PERSON. PRINCE STEFAN WAS EXCITED AT THE THOUGHT THAT RESCUE WAS SO NEAR. HE WANTED TO HELP.



HE'S FORGOTTEN ME! HE DOESN'T THINK I'LL DO ANYTHING. OH, IF ONLY I COULD HELP!

STEALTHILY THE YOUNG PRINCE MOVED TO THE STOVE AND PICKED UP A BILLET OF WOOD —



I MUST BE CAREFUL! HE MUST NOT GUESS!

SILENTLY PRINCE STEFAN — HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, ADVANCED ON HIS KIDNAPPER.



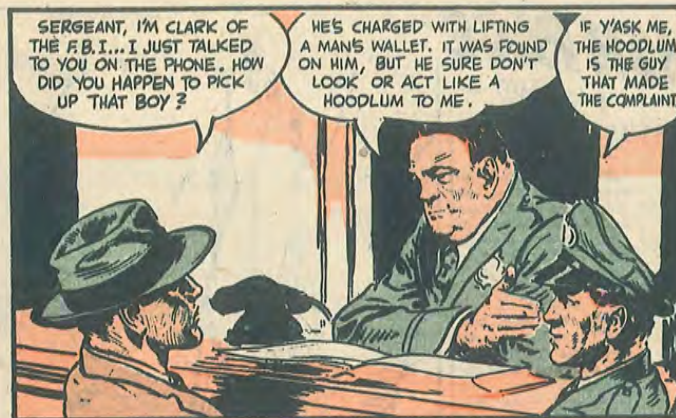
YOU MUST NOT MISS THE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT OF THIS SMASHING PICTURE-STORY!

RUSTY RILEY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on a ranch in America, owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. He has a dog—Flip—and his horse, Hillbilly. He chums up with Patty Miles and Tex Purdy, who works on the ranch. Two crooks take Hillbilly to a racecourse, saying it will win money for Rusty, but they plan to change it for another horse. Rusty, however, gets to the racecourse and the crooks make out he has stolen a wallet and so get him arrested. But the police guess who he is.



HELLO, F.B.I.? THIS IS THE DESK SERGEANT AT HEADQUARTERS. I THINK WE HAVE THAT LAD FROM KENTUCKY HERE... YES... WITH A DOG... THAT'S RIGHT... RILEY... RUSTY RILEY.



SERGEANT, I'M CLARK OF THE F.B.I... I JUST TALKED TO YOU ON THE PHONE. HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO PICK UP THAT BOY?

HE'S CHARGED WITH LIFTING A MAN'S WALLET. IT WAS FOUND ON HIM, BUT HE SURE DON'T LOOK OR ACT LIKE A HOODLUM TO ME.

IF Y'ASK ME, THE HOODLUM IS THE GUY THAT MADE THE COMPLAINT.

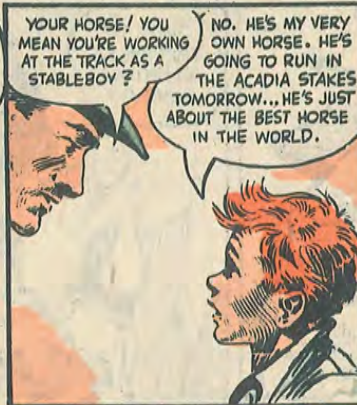


I THINK THERE'S MORE IN THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE. LET ME SEE HIM IN THE DETENTION ROOM.



DON'T BE AFRAID, RUSTY... I WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND. NOW, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE ON THE TRACK AT NIGHT?

I WAS TAKIN' CARE OF MY HORSE, HILLBILLY. MR. MAC SAID I WAS WANTED AT THE STEWARDS' OFFICE.



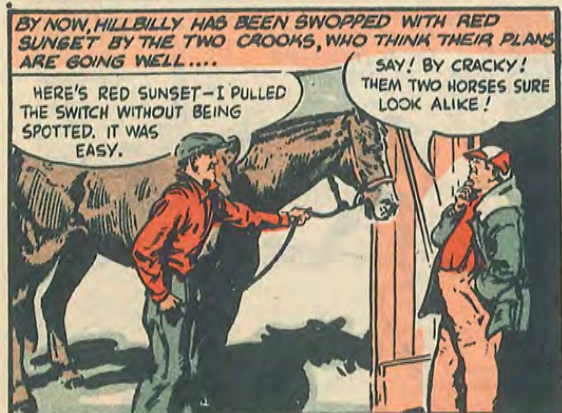
YOUR HORSE? YOU MEAN YOU'RE WORKING AT THE TRACK AS A STABLEBOY?

NO. HE'S MY VERY OWN HORSE. HE'S GOING TO RUN IN THE ACADIA STAKES TOMORROW... HE'S JUST ABOUT THE BEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.



AND WHO IS THE "MR. MAC" YOU SPOKE OF?

HE LIVES AT THE FARM NEXT TO OURS... HE WAS GOING TO ENTER HILLBILLY FOR A RACE, BUT I HID IN THE HORSE VAN.



BY NOW, HILLBILLY HAS BEEN SWOPPED WITH RED SUNSET BY THE TWO CROOKS, WHO THINK THEIR PLANS ARE GOING WELL....

HERE'S RED SUNSET—I PULLED THE SWITCH WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED. IT WAS EASY.

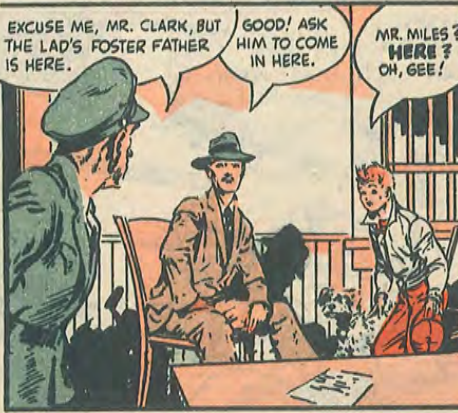
SAY! BY CRACKY! THEM TWO HORSES SURE LOOK ALIKE!



MEANWHILE...

I'M QUENTIN MILES OF LEXINGTON. I BELIEVE YOU'RE HOLDING MY WARD, RUSTY RILEY.

THE LAD'S HERE, MR. MILES. HE'S SAFE... RIGHT NOW, MR. CLARK OF THE F.B.I. IS TALKING TO HIM... I'LL SEND WORD THAT YOU'RE HERE, SIR.



EXCUSE ME, MR. CLARK, BUT THE LAD'S FOSTER FATHER IS HERE.

GOOD! ASK HIM TO COME IN HERE.

MR. MILES? HERE? OH, GEE!



GOLLY! HOW DID MR. MILES GET WAY DOWN HERE? HE'LL TELL YOU I WOULDN'T STEAL ANYBODY'S POCKETBOOK.



HULLO, THERE, YOU LITTLE SCALWAG!

GEE WHILLIKINS! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! THEY'RE GOING TO PUT ME IN PRISON!



NO—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PRISON, RUSTY... RIGHT NOW, SKIP OUT TO THE OTHER ROOM—SOME FOLKS OUT THERE WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT, MY BOY—I WANT TO TALK TO MR. MILES.

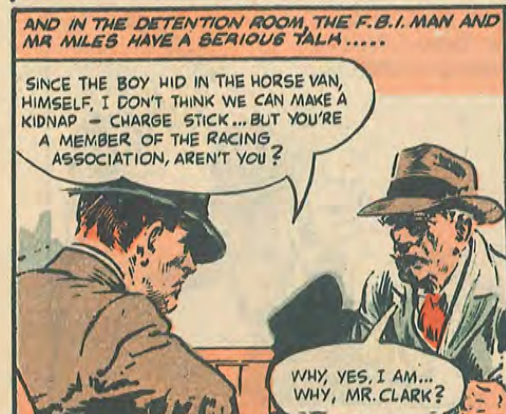
FOLKS?



PATTY! AND TEX!

OH, RUSTY! WE WERE SO WORRIED!

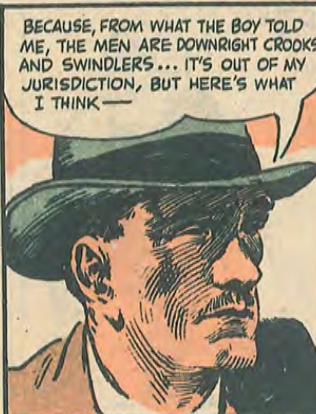
SO RUSTY TELLS HIS ADVENTURES AND LEARNS FROM PATTY HOW THEY FLEW UP FROM KENTUCKY TO FIND HIM.



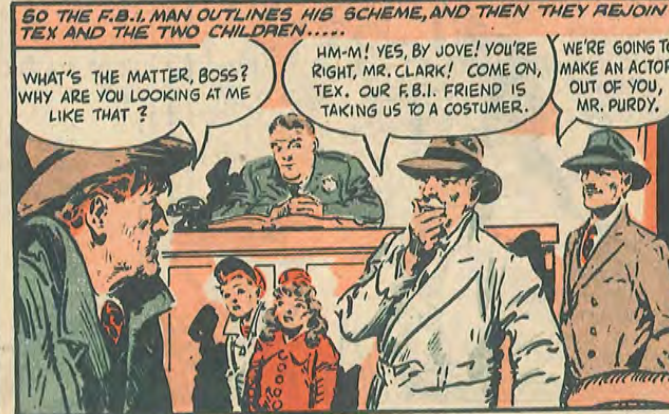
AND IN THE DETENTION ROOM, THE F.B.I. MAN AND MR. MILES HAVE A SERIOUS TALK....

SINCE THE BOY HID IN THE HORSE VAN, HIMSELF, I DON'T THINK WE CAN MAKE A KIDNAP—CHARGE STICK... BUT YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE RACING ASSOCIATION, AREN'T YOU?

WHY, YES, I AM... WHY, MR. CLARK?



BECAUSE, FROM WHAT THE BOY TOLD ME, THE MEN ARE DOWNRIGHT CROOKS AND SWINDLERS... IT'S OUT OF MY JURISDICTION, BUT HERE'S WHAT I THINK—



SO THE F.B.I. MAN OUTLINES HIS SCHEME, AND THEN THEY REJOIN TEX AND THE TWO CHILDREN....

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

HM-M! YES, BY JOVE! YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. CLARK! COME ON, TEX. OUR F.B.I. FRIEND IS TAKING US TO A COSTUMER.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE AN ACTOR OUT OF YOU, MR. PURDY.

WHAT IS MR. MILES GOING TO DO? DON'T MISS RUSTY'S ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK!

PORTY

ITY SHERIFF



REMEMBER THAT DODGE!
WHAT YOU CAN LEARN



THE KICKER! AN' HE'S
S IS WHERE I DISAPPEAR
YLE!



JUST IN TIME!
ANOTHER MINUTE
AN' HE'D HAVE
SEEN ME!



PORTY HIMSELF! HEH' HEH!
BETTER! HE CAN'T
SEE ME! WHAT
A JOKE!



ODY OUGHT TO TELL HIM
CHES



Kit Carson

KIT CARSON, WORLD-FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT, WAS RIDING THROUGH ARIZONA ACCOMPANIED BY HIS YOUNG FRIEND, JOHNNY SCOTT. THEY WERE BLAZING A TRAIL FOR THE WAGON-TRAINS THAT WOULD FOLLOW AFTER THEM. FOR TWO DAYS THEY RODE THROUGH THE ROCKY BARREN COUNTRY WITHOUT SIGHTING WATER.



GEE, KIT, I SURE AM THIRSTY.
AND MY WATER-FLASK
IS EMPTY!

THE TWO SCOUTS
RODE FOR SEVERAL
MILES UNDER THE
BURNING SUN. THEY
REALISED THAT SOON
THEIR FLIGHT WOULD
BECOME DESPERATE
FOR THERE WAS NO
TURNING BACK.
SUDDENLY KIT CARSON
HAULED HIS HORSE
TO A STANDSTILL.



THERE'S A BIT OF LUCK, JOHNNY. CLIMB THAT
TREE AND SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANY WATER-HOLES
HEREABOUTS.

RIGHT,
KIT!



YIPPEE! I CAN SEE THE SUN
REFLECTED IN A WATER-HOLE.
MUST BE ABOUT
A MILE AWAY.

KIT CARSON AND
JOHNNY SCOTT URGED
THEIR HORSES TOWARDS
THE WATER-HOLE. THANKFULLY THEY
DISMOUNTED AND
DRANK THEIR FILL. SUDDENLY
KIT SPOTTED TWO
PEOPLE COMING
SLOWLY TOWARDS
THEM

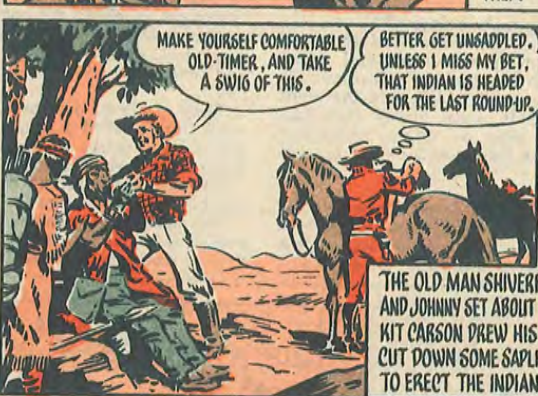


HEY, LOOK, JOHNNY! GREAT GUNS.
WHAT ARE THOSE TWO DOING WAY
OUT IN THIS SUN-BAKED TERRITORY?



MY GRANDFATHER IS VERY ILL.
WILL YOU HELP US?

SURE WE WILL.
HE LOOKS IN A
BAD WAY!



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.
OLD-TIMER, AND TAKE
A SWIG OF THIS.

BETTER GET UNSADDLED.
UNLESS I MISS MY BET,
THAT INDIAN IS HEADED
FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP.



THERE, WARM YOURSELF BY THAT.
NOW, IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE YOUR
PACK, I'LL UNROLL YOUR WIGWAM.



THERE YOU ARE.
WE'D BETTER GET
YOUR GRANDPA
INSIDE, MISS.

I, WHITE DOVE, WILL
NEVER FORGET YOUR KINDNESS.
PERHAPS SOME DAY I WILL
BE ABLE TO REPAY
YOU!

BETWEEN THEM, KIT CARSON
AND JOHNNY SOON HAD THE
WIGWAM ERECTED.



BUT THE OLD INDIAN CHIEF WAS
SINKING FAST. HE CALLED
KIT AND JOHNNY TO HIS SIDE --

WE'RE LISTENING
CHIEF!

PALEFACE SCOUTS KIND TO GREY MOOSE.
I TRUST YOU--LISTEN CLOSELY, BECAUSE
SOON I GO TO THE HAPPY HUNTING
GROUNDS!



I AM THE LAST WARRIOR
OF MY TRIBE. FAR--FAR AWAY--
THE TREASURE OF MY PEOPLE LIES
BURIED IN A SECRET HIDING PLACE.
TAKE THIS--GOLDEN ARROW--
IT IS THE KEY--



THE OLD INDIAN'S
VOICE DIED AWAY
AND KIT CARSON
SAW THAT HE
WAS DEAD. WHITE DOVE,
THE INDIAN GIRL,
FELL INTO A
TORRENT OF
TEARS --

COME AWAY, WHITE DOVE.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE
WE CAN DO FOR YOUR
GRANDFATHER.



KIT CARSON
LOOKED CLOSELY
AT THE ARROW HEAD

THERE ARE SOME STRANGE
DESIGNS CARVED ON THE HEAD.
I WONDER WHAT THEY MEAN?

I CAN TELL YOU --
GIVE IT TO ME --



IT READS --
FROM THE
MOUNTAINS
OF FIRE --



AS WHITE DOVE
COMMENCED TO READ THE
STRANGE SYMBOLS, A
MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CREEPT
TOWARDS THE FRIENDS.



AND A HAND SUDDENLY
SNATCHED THE ARROW OUT
OF WHITE DOVE'S GRASP.

WHO IS THE UNKNOWN INTRUDER?
WILL KIT CARSON BE ABLE TO
GET BACK THE GOLDEN ARROW?
WATCH OUT FOR MORE OF THIS
GRAND ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK.

DO YOU LIKE THIS NEW ADVENTURE, CHUMS? (KIT CARSON ALSO APPEARS IN "COWBOY COMICS")



HOW MUCH GRASS SEED
DO I NEED
FOR A LAWN?

FOUR POUNDS
FOR THE
LAWN AND
TWO FOR
THE BIRDS!



THE ROOF LEAKS WHEN IT RAINS
SO I'VE MADE THIS THE
BATHROOM!



NASTY BUMP ON THAT
ANIMAL'S
BACK!

THE RESCUE

HEREWARD strode into the great hall of Ranald, King of Waterford in Ireland, with Martin Lightfoot, his good friend and servant. A fire of pine logs blazed in the centre of the room, the smoke wreathing up to a hole in the ceiling. Through the blue haze Hereward could see the king, sitting on his high-backed chair, surrounded by his household.

But it was not the king he sought. He carried a message and a token ring from the beautiful princess, daughter of Alef, kinglet of Cornwall, to Sigtryg, Ranald's son. The princess was secretly betrothed to Sigtryg, but her father was against the match. Already Hereward had rescued her from Ironhook, the Pictish giant, and with her help, barely escaped with his life.

The princess had sent him to plead with Sigtryg to equip a ship and carry her away from Cornwall before her father found another husband for her.

Hereward spotted Sigtryg beside the king. With him, much to his surprise, were two of Hereward's own relatives, Siward the White and Siward the Red.

On Hereward's side of the fire were the king's Marshal and his men-at-arms, and the meaner members of the household. Hereward came forward and sat with them on the lowest seat, while Martin stood behind.

Presently one of the ladies noticed him. "Who is he who sits at the back there?" she asked. "From his appearance he should be the son of an earl, and yet he has taken the meanest seat."

"Come and sit by me, young sir," called Ranald. "I would know who you are and whence you came."

Hereward went and sat by the king. "I am Hereward, whom men call the Wake," he said. "I am the son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia. But I am an outlaw and a rover, seeking honour and glory on the field of battle and the right to win back my lost fortunes."

"Outlaw or no, you are doubly welcome," said the king. "For I have heard of your fighting qualities and your courage. And I knew your father. Give Hereward to drink from the horn."

Sigtryg, who had been watching Hereward curiously, jumped up with the drinking horn and offered it to Hereward.

THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF HERWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the Famous Book by Charles Kingsley)



Hereward and Martin hid themselves in a tree overlooking the path

As he did so their hands touched and Hereward pressed the princess's ring into the young man's hand. Their eyes met and a look of understanding passed between them.

The conversation which Hereward's arrival had interrupted, continued. All the young men vied with each other in telling stories of their gallant deeds, and Hereward was asked what he had done to deserve a seat with the rest.

And Hereward told how he had slain the White Bear and fought the jealous knights and won for himself the title of the Wake—the Watchful, whom no man took unawares. Then they all proclaimed him a true and valiant knight, in spite of being an outlaw.

Then it grew late and the king departed

for his bed of rushes and the company broke up. Hereward lingered until he was left alone with Martin, Sigtryg and the two Siwards, his kinsmen. Sigtryg came to him eagerly.

"You are from the princess?" "I am," and Hereward told them all that befell him in Cornwall, and urged the young man to take ship and rescue his princess without delay. Far into the night they discussed it, until finally they had decided on a plan of action, appointed Hereward their leader and parted for the time being.

LESS than a week elapsed before three fast ships set sail from Waterford. They arrived at Mount's Bay, near Marazion, some distance from Alef's

territory, for this was part of the plan. Hereward had decided that Sigtryg would wait there with two of the ships, while he went ahead with Martin and the Siwards to reconnoitre the land.

"We shall take forty men with us," explained Hereward, "and land near the mouth of the Helford river, which leads up to Alef's village of Gweek. When we are ready, we will send word to you, Sigtryg, to attack from the sea. We shall then be prepared to cut off escape inland. Is that understood?"

The others nodded and the next morning early, one of the ships set off alone. They arrived at the mouth of the Helford river and Hereward went ashore with Martin and the Siwards.

Hereward had decided that there would be less chance of discovery if only the four of them landed to begin with. They could spy out the land and find the best positions for their forty men to prevent Alef from carrying his daughter inland and obtaining help from his neighbours, when Sigtryg attacked from the river.

But it was this part of the plan which nearly caused the disaster of the whole undertaking. Hereward and his companions had hardly reached the top of the cliffs lining the shore, when Alef's two pirate vessels shot out of the mouth of the river.

In a trice they had manoeuvred on to either side of the Danish ship. Hereward watched from the shore, helpless to do anything, while his gallant Danes battled against heavy odds. There could only be one outcome to such a fight. The Danes were defeated and their ship taken in tow back up the river to Gweek.

"We must go on nevertheless," said Hereward, quelling his comrades' despair with a fierce, determined look. "We will go on to Gweek and see what can be done and send word to Sigtryg to come to our aid."

They pressed on through the forest until they arrived a short distance from the village, where a shallow stream ran into the main river. Hereward called a halt.

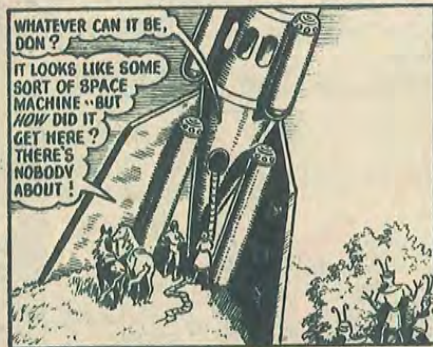
"Martin and I are known to them. We must disguise ourselves."

He stooped down by the stream and collected a handful of wet, red clay. With

(continued on opposite page)



When out hunting, Don Deeds and Mai-Mai come upon a queer sort of rocket-machine and decide to take a closer look. They think nobody is around, but they are wrong.



DON'T MISS THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DON AND MAI-MAI ON MARS—NEXT WEEK!

THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(continued from opposite page)

this he dyed his hair and smeared his face and hands. The others made themselves as shabby as they could by smearing their fine clothes with mud. Thus they approached the village and boldly entered Alef's house.

No one barred their way. There was a feast in progress and everyone was too busy enjoying himself to take much notice of four dirty, untidy strangers, who took their seats at the foot of the great table.

From his nearest neighbour, Hereward enquired what was toward.

"Why, you must have come a distance, if you don't know," said the dark-bearded Celt, surprised. "It is the wedding feast of Alef's daughter."

"Which is the bridegroom?" asked Hereward.

"Yonder great, fat Welshman, Hannibal, son of Gryll, King of Marazion."

"It seems we are only just in time, friends," Hereward whispered to his companions.

Presently the princess stood up with a cup of wine in her hand. According to the custom on such occasions, she came round to each guest and offered him the cup to drink her health. At last she came to Hereward and his friends.

"You are a stranger here, sir," she said. "But you are none the less welcome. Drink to my health, for I need it this day more than you think."

As Hereward took the cup from her hands, he noticed the look of despair in her eyes. As he handed the cup back, he slipped her own ring, the one he had carried to Sigtryg, back on her finger.

She looked startled and then, recovering her composure, went quietly back to her seat by Hannibal.

"Ah, the fair princess," cried Hannibal, mockingly. "I have a whim to grant you a boon before we are married. What does your heart desire?"

There was a moment's silence. All eyes were on the princess.

"I ask the release of the forty good Danes from Waterford, who were captured with their ship this morning," she cried at last.

An angry murmur arose on all sides. But Hannibal waved aside the protests.

"Your wish is granted," he said. "What care I for a handful of churls from Ireland. They shall be released."

But, as he said this, Hereward noticed a gleam of evil in his eye. He decided that Hannibal, son of Gryll, was not a man of his word.

THE drinking and feasting at an end, the bridal procession formed outside the village. The wedding was to take place at Marazion and they had to get there

before darkness made their progress dangerous.

Hereward waited long enough to see the forty prisoners formed up at the end of the procession under a strong guard of men-at-arms. He heard Hannibal telling the princess that the prisoners would be taken to Marazion and there put aboard ship for Ireland. Then he slipped away from the crowd with his three companions and set off into the forest ahead of the bridal party.

Hereward guessed which way the procession would take. He dared not use the beaten track, but had to cut his way through the dense undergrowth and the lower branches of the trees.

At last they came to a river and waded across. Hereward called a halt and they hid themselves in a spot overlooking the path. Presently the bridal procession came into view across the river.

The minstrels plunged into the water first. Then came Hannibal on horseback, with the princess riding pillion behind. Behind them came the servants with mules, carrying the bride's dower, and a troop of men-at-arms escorting the Danish prisoners, who shambled through the water, sullen and suspicious.

When they were all across, Hannibal gave a signal to his men. The prisoners were seized and their hands tied behind their backs.

"What are you doing?" asked the princess in alarm.

"Setting your friends free," laughed Hannibal. "But first I shall put out the eyes of each of them, so that they will have something to take back to Ireland for their impudence."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Hereward's javelin sang through the air, knocking him off his horse. Martin and the Siwards fell on the nearest Cornishmen, while Hereward released the first Dane.

"Catch up a weapon and fight for your life," cried Hereward.

The Dane needed no second bidding. In a second another Dane was released, and another.

The Cornishmen were taken completely by surprise. One by one they were overpowered by increasing numbers, as Hereward and his friends fought to release the prisoners.

No man could withstand the fury of Hereward's onslaught. His great sword, Brainbiter, sang through the air, wielded by a mighty arm. Those who escaped its sharp edge fled into the forest.

"The Wake! The Wake!" cried the princess. "How well you have earned that name. But where is Sigtryg? Did he not come with you?"

"He is over in Mount's Bay, with the ships that will carry you to Waterford," answered Hereward.

And he told her all their plans and adventures since they had embarked on the rescue.

Then followed a nightmare ride through

the forest. Hereward had been forced to take action sooner than he had intended and they were still many miles from Mount's Bay. He knew that the men who had escaped would carry the news of their defeat to their friends. There was no time to be lost before the whole countryside would rise like hornets about their ears.

He set the princess on Hannibal's horse and rode behind her. Those who could rode on the mules and the remainder travelled by foot. They met several search parties on the way, but beat them off with no loss to themselves.

But it was by a roundabout route that they arrived at last on the shore of Mount's Bay. They were taken aboard Sigtryg's ship and lost no time in setting sail for Ireland.

Great was the welcome they received at the hands of the good King Ranald. And once again Hereward attended the wedding feast of the Princess of Cornwall. But this time he sat by the princess's right hand, clothed in fine raiment and with the red clay washed from his hair and face.

And when the revels reached their height, Sigtryg rose in his place and commanded silence from the guests.

"My Lord Hereward," he cried, "for such I will call you, outlaw or no. I wish to show my gratitude for your part in this adventure, by offering you anything it is within my power to give, even to the value of all my lands and fortune."

And when Hereward spoke, he looked not at Sigtryg or his bride, but out over the blue sea to the distant horizon.

"I would like you to equip me a ship, that I may sail hence and win more honour and glory in foreign lands."

The ship was built and equipped and launched. And Hereward asked who would sail with him across the wide sea. The forty men he had rescued from Hannibal pressed forward and many more beside, for who would not sail with such a captain?

Hereward made his choice carefully and he named his ship the *Otter*. A great white bear was painted on the sail to signify that this was the ship of Hereward the Wake, the slayer of man and beast.

And one morning they took their leave of old King Ranald and Sigtryg and his princess. With Martin by his side and forty good Vikings at the oars, Hereward sailed out of the harbour, his eyes fixed steadfastly ahead towards his next adventure.

Next week Hereward is shipwrecked. Don't miss the thrills!

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE

Here's an idea, chums! Many COMET readers are cutting out the Photos of Cars, on page 1, and carefully pasting them on thin cardboard, the same size as the photos (a piece of postcard will do), thus making a grand collection of picture cards to show to their friends.

Why don't you do the same? When the "Car" series ends it will be followed by another dealing with some other subject so that, in course of time, you'll have sets of picture cards that will be the envy of all your chums!

DO YOU WANT A PENPAL?

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

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

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

JOHN BURNETT, 460 College Road, Erdington, Birmingham, 23. Fifteen. Photography, swimming, cycling, cricket.

JUNE McKIMMINGS, 29 Leatham Street, Carlisle, Cumberland. Fifteen. Films, reading.

EDWARD SMYTH, 4 Candahar Street, Osmeau Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Eleven. Football, cricket, stamp collecting.

KAY ROBINSON, 80 Avondale Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15. Fourteen. Music, sewing, cycling, reading.

ALAN MALLEN, 38 Saxby Road, Liverpool, 14. Thirteen. All sports.

JANET WRIGHT, 80 Brunswick Street, Leicester. Thirteen. Swimming, stamp collecting, films.

KEITH APLIN, 38 Hill Street, Reading, Berks. Twelve. Reading.

HEATHER BISHOP, Seaton House, Steeds Lane, Kingsnorth, Ashford, Kent. Thirteen. Horses, horse riding.

KENNETH BEALE, 6 Fowler Street, Nachells, Birmingham, 7. Ten. Cricket, reading.

DIANE SOUTHWELL, 76 Lodge Road, Redditch, Worcs. Fifteen. Hiking, films, reading.

ERNEST HANKINS, 199 North Boulevard, Anlaby Road, Hull, Yorks. Thirteen. Gardening, cricket, football.

MARY SMITH, 19 Millfield Way, Caddington, Luton, Beds. Eleven. Sewing, knitting, reading.

PAT SALTmarsh, The Lodge, Baddow Park, Gt. Baddow, Chelmsford, Essex. Fifteen. Swimming, popular songs.

MARGARET LIMB, "Oakfield," Lincoln Road, Dunholme, Lincoln. Fourteen. Music, stamp collecting. Wants a pen pal in Norwich.

ALAN GROVES, 318 Long Lane, East Finchley, London, N.2. Fifteen. Films, swimming.

ANNIE CLARKE, 42 Croft Street, Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Table tennis, cycling, films, badminton.

CHARLES HOPSON, 96 Wood Road, Lower Gannal, nr. Dudley, Staffs. Fourteen. Cricket, football.

ROSE LYNCH, Children's Home, Horncastle, Lincs. Fourteen. Collecting stamps, film star photographs.

ROLAND DAVIES, 45 Heol Llechau, Wattstown, Rhondda, S. Wales. Thirteen. Stamp collecting, swimming, cycling.

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" September 16, 1950

COLOUR THIS PICTURE AND WIN ROBIN HOOD'S BOW!

Robin's bow and many other real mementoes from the thrilling new film "Rogues of Sherwood Forest" can be won.

1st PRIZE FOR BOY READERS—

THE ACTUAL BOW USED BY JOHN DEREK, WHO PLAYS ROBIN IN THE FILM.

1st PRIZE FOR GIRL READERS—

LADY MARIAN'S SCARF WORN BY DIANA LYNN, WHO PLAYS MARIAN IN THE FILM.

TWO 2nd PRIZES FOR BOY READERS—

ALAN-A-DALE'S BOW AND LITTLE JOHN'S BOW—ALSO USED IN THE FILM.

TWO 2nd PRIZES FOR GIRL READERS—

TWO BEAUTIFUL SCARVES ESPECIALLY PRESENTED BY THE LOVELY FILM STAR DIANA LYNN.

And 2,050 Consolation Prizes consisting of: 50 Junior Robin Hood Archery Sets, each comprising target, bow and arrow. 2,000 magnificent glossy photographs of Robin and Marian defying the wicked King John.

What you have to do.—Colour this picture in paint or crayon, using your own ideas of colouring. Cut out the picture and coupon and paste it on a card or similar backing. Be sure to let it dry thoroughly before you start colouring! When you have finished, fill in the coupon with name, age and address in BLOCK CAPITALS, have it signed, and send it to COMET, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4, (Comp.), to reach us not later than September 26, 1950. The competition is open to all readers aged 15 and under. Prizes will be awarded for the best coloured entries according to age. The Editor's decision is final.

N.B.—This competition is also open to readers of the SUN Comic—in which you will find another copy of the picture to colour if you would like to send a second attempt. You can then send them in together.



This colouring is all my own work

Age

Name

Address

Signature of parent



JOHN DEREK
as Robin Hood



DIANA LYNN
as Maid Marian



GEORGE MACREADY
as King John



ALAN HALE
as Little John

The Stars of the Columbia film, "Rogues of Sherwood Forest." Are you entering our Grand Competition? See page 7.

BUFFALO BILL

HAVING LEFT HIS BANDITS TO BE CAPTURED BY THE PIUTES AND SHOT DOWN HIS LIEUTENANT, PUMA HEADS FOR THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

BUT BUFFALO BILL BARS THE WAY!



HANDS UP, PUMA!
THE GAME'S UP!



YOU HAVEN'T GOT
ME -- YET!

PUMA RODE
FAST
TOWARDS
A NARROW
GORGE,
BUT
BIG JIM
WAS THERE,
READY FOR
HIM.



PUMA TURNED HIS HORSE TOWARDS A THIRD GORGE



BEAR CLAW WAS POSTED THERE, HOWEVER!



HOLD IT, PUMA! WE'VE
GOT YOU, THIS TIME!

BUT THERE WAS A FOURTH GORGE. PUMA SAW IT AND RODE IN
MADLY, BLINDLY.



THE NEXT MOMENT, A FRANTIC CRY FOR HELP ECHOED ALONG THE
GORGE. BUFFALO BILL AND HIS PALS RUSHED FORWARD.



THUS THEY CAME TO THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE!



IN HIS FRANTIC ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE, PUMA HAD GONE
OVER THE CLIFF.



WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO
BLACK BISON AND THE PIUTES.
THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US!

GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT! IT'S THE
END OF PUMA,
ANYWAY!

BUFFALO BILL AND HIS PALS RETURNED TO THE PIUTES CAMP AND FOUND
BLACK BISON THERE, WITH THE REST OF THE BANDITS HELD AS PRISONER.



THE PRISONERS WERE WONDERING WHAT THEIR FATE WOULD BE
BUFFALO BILL THOUGHT THE ADVENTURE WAS OVER -- BUT
THERE WAS BAD
NEWS FOR HIM!



WHAT IS BUFFALO BILL UP AGAINST NOW? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S ADVENTURES!