

COMET

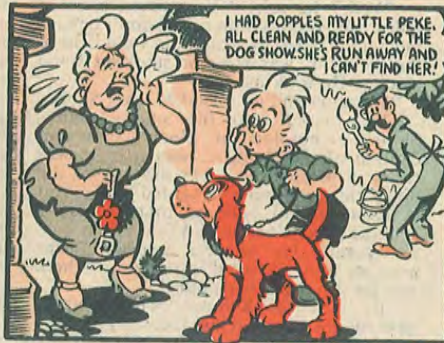
No. 114
(New Series)
Sept. 23, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2^D

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



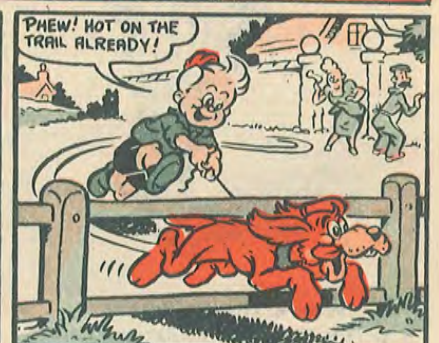
Our Scamp will do a kindly deed,
Whenever there is any need.



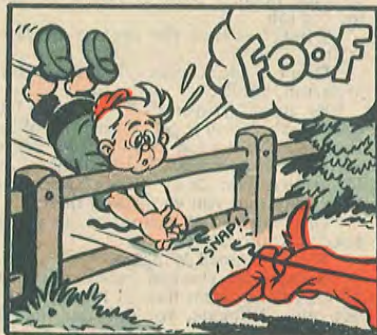
And so, when Popples Peke got lost,
He vowed to find her, at all cost.



He sniffed her collar with great care,
And then he turned, and sniffed the air.



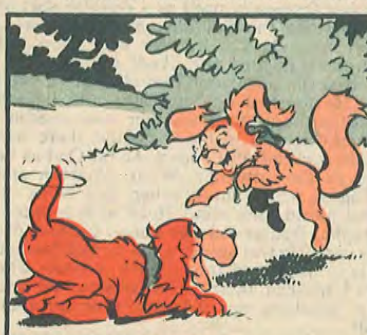
Quite soon he got on Popples' scent,
And down the road he swiftly went.



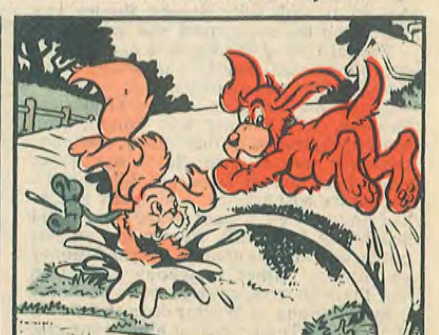
He went through style, just for a start,
And things began to come apart!



So quite alone, he found the stray,
All dolled up with a ribbon gay.



She was all brushed, for she'd to go,
And be shown at a doggie show.



But just the same, she loved a lark,
And so they frolicked in the park!



With Scamp, she had a lovely chase,
Running and jumping every place.



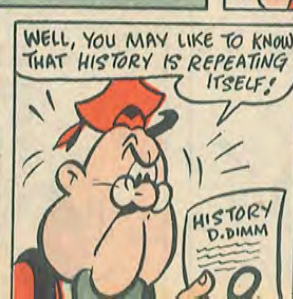
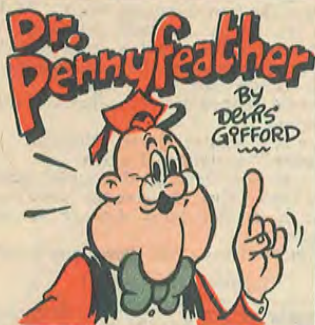
Then feeling she should no more roam,
She started scampering back home.



The wall was being colour-washed,
And with the wash she got all sploshed!



So Scamp returned the missing Peke,
As dragged as a real wet week!





Where There's Smoke

PETER TODD, of the Remove, stared. He stared into his own study, No. 7 in the Remove passage. Toddy had the pleasure—or otherwise—of sharing that study with Billy Bunter. Bunter was there; and his occupation was unusual.

The fat Owl of the Remove had a cigarette in his mouth. Smoke was curling therefrom. Bunter was smoking!

There were fellows in the Greyfriars Remove, like Skinner and Snoop, who smoked cigarettes in their study, and considered it very doggish. But it was rather a new departure on the part of Billy Bunter. Cigarettes cost money; and when Bunter had any money, it went in the more solid delights of foodstuffs. Bunter was an ass; but he was not ass enough to spend money on smokes. Either somebody had given him that cigarette, or else—more probably—he had found it: in some doggish fellow's study. Peter Todd stared at him, in surprise rapidly changing to wrath.

"You fat, frabjous, footling frump!" roared Peter.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, startled.

He jumped, and spun round towards Peter. The next moment a fearful yell woke the echoes of the Remove studies. It was really not wise to jump suddenly, with a cigarette in one's mouth.

It slipped in. The burning end was hot. Billy Bunter seemed to find it very uncomfortably hot.

"Ooogh! Oh! Woogh!" yelled Bunter. "Wow! Oh, crickey!" He ejected that cigarette in hot haste, and rubbed his mouth, glaring at Peter through his big spectacles. "You silly chump. Wharrer you make a fellow jump for? I've burnt my mouth! Woogh!"

"So you've taken to smoking in the study, like Skinner," hooted Peter.

"Mind your own business!" hooted back Bunter. "I suppose a fellow can do as he jolly well likes in his own study."

"You suppose that, do you?" inquired Peter. "Then your supposer wants oiling! You're right off the mark! You fat burbler, if Quelch or a pre. looked in, and found this study reeking with smoke—"

"Who cares for Quelch?" snorted Bunter. "I ain't afraid of beaks, like you are, Toddy! Look here, I've got some more in my pocket. Have one! Put on a smoke, old chap. Be man! Like me, you know."

"A man—like you! Oh, my only hat and umbrella!" gasped Peter. "No, I won't be a man, like you, Bunter! I'll just boot you—like that!"

"Ow! Wow! Beast! Stoppit!"

"And like that—!"

"Whooooop!"

Billy Bunter dodged out of No. 7, appar-

SIX FOR SKINNER!

A Smashing Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

ently giving up the idea that a fellow could do as he jolly well liked in his own study. Peter landed one more, as he fled, and Bunter bolted down the passage like a fat rabbit. Peter opened the window, and waved a newspaper, to clear off the smoke, which certainly would have meant trouble for that study if scented by a master or a prefect.

"Cheeky beast!" gasped Bunter, at the end of the passage.

The door of No. 1 Study stood open. Neither Wharton nor Nugent was in the study, and Billy Bunter rolled into it and shut the door.

Bunter was going to have his smoke! If he couldn't have it in his own study, he was going to have it in somebody else's. There was a strict rule on that subject at Greyfriars School: and discovery meant six of the best. But Billy Bunter was jolly well going to do as he jolly well liked, and that was that.

He sat down in the study armchair, hooked out a handful of cigarettes from his pocket and re-started. The fat Owl rather fancied himself as a doggish sort of fellow like the Bounder. Smithy smoked, and Skinner smoked. So why shouldn't Bunter if he jolly well liked? And he did.

He even persuaded himself that he liked it. He finished one cigarette, and lighted another, and then another and another. Smoke reeked in No. 1 Study; there was quite a cloud of it round the fat Owl as he sat in the armchair. What Wharton and Nugent would think, when they came up and found their study thick with tobacco-smoke, Bunter did not know. Neither did he care. He was going, when he had finished his smokes, and they wouldn't know who had smoked there. And he went on and on, smoking one cigarette after another, till . . .

The last one was in his fat fingers. But he did not light it. He was conscious of a queer feeling that was coming over him. His fat inside was more used to plum cake and doughnuts and toffee than to tobacco.

He sat very still. The last cigarette dropped from his fat fingers. He had a horrid feeling that something like an earthquake was going on under the tightest and best-filled waistcoat at Greyfriars.

"Ooooooogh!" breathed Bunter.

His complexion, generally ruddy, was becoming a queer shade in green. His little round eyes had a lack-lustre look behind his big round spectacles.

He dragged himself to his feet at last. He had an awful feeling that he was going to be ill. He tottered out of No. 1 Study. He did not trouble to shut the door after him. He dragged himself up the passage to No. 7. He rolled into his own study, moaning.

"I—I—I sus-sus-say, Peter!"

"Want some more boot?" inquired Peter Todd.

"Oooooh! I—I—I'm ill! Ooogh! I'm—I'm—dud-dud-dying, I think! I—I—I say, Toddy, help! I—I—I sus-sus-say, I—I—I—grooogh! Oooer! Groogh."

"You frumpious fathead!"

"Urrrrrgh! Help a chap, will you? Ooooo-er!"

Peter guided him to the armchair, and sorted a basin out of the study cupboard.

SKINNER came to a dead stop.

"Fan me!" he ejaculated.

"What—?" began Snoop.

"Lost your nose?" asked Skinner.

"Sniff!"

"By gum!" said Snoop.

They stared in at the open doorway of

No. 1 Study. Nobody was in the room—it was ten minutes since Billy Bunter had departed. He had left traces behind him. The study fairly reeked with smoke.

Skinner whistled.

"Well," he said. "You never know a fellow till you find him out! I don't believe much that I hear as a rule; but I did believe that Wharton was down on smoking in the studies. He took me in."

"Humbbug and no mistake," said Snoop.

They stared into the smoky study. Skinner's opinion of Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, was that he was rather a prig, as he never did any of the dingy things Skinner delighted to do. But at least he had believed that he was a genuine prig! Now he had found him out! A cigarette lay on the carpet. Burnt matches were scattered in the grate. There was hardly room for doubt!

"By gum!" said Skinner, "when Wingate gave me six for smoking, last week, Wharton said it served me jolly well right! I wonder how he would like six for smoking?"

"Dashed hypocrite," said Snoop. "I jolly well wish a pre. would come up and spot this!"

Skinner grinned—a malicious grin.

"Perhaps a pre. will!" he said.

"Draw it mild, old chap," said Snoop. "You can't give a man away to a pre. I'd like to see him take six, but—you can't sneak on a man!"

"Who's thinking of sneaking on a man?" drawled Skinner. "A pre. might happen to hear a fellow make a remark, by sheer accident. Come down."

Skinner and Snoop had come up to the studies, to go to their own study for a smoke! But Skinner was not bothering about that now. He had found Wharton out—at least, he was assured that he had! Skinner was going to show him up!

But he had to be wary. "Sneaking" was very severely barred in the Remove. Any fellow who told on another was likely to find his life scarcely worth living afterwards. But Skinner was cunning. He was not going to "sneak". It was easy enough to drop a word by accident within the hearing of official ears.

It proved, in fact, very easy. Wingate and Gwynne, of the Sixth Form, were standing near the foot of the staircase as Skinner and Snoop came down, in conversation. Skinner did not seem to observe them. He spoke to Snoop, in a low voice—just loud enough to reach the ears of the two prefects.

"Know where Wharton is? We'd better tip him about leaving his study reeking with cigarette smoke. If a pre. happened to go up. . ."

That was all; and it was enough. Skinner and Snoop walked on, leaving the two prefects staring after them. Then Wingate look at Gwynne.

"Did you hear that?" he asked. "I think I'd better look into young Wharton's study before they give him that tip, what?"

Wingate went up the stairs.

"WHARTON! Nugent!"

"Here we are!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were in the quad, when Bolsover major came looking for them. Bolsover was grinning. "Wingate wants you both," he said. "Up in your study."

"Up in our study?" repeated Harry Wharton. "Is Wingate up in our study?"

"He jolly well is, and he wants you two there. You're copped!"

"You must have been batchy to go out

leaving your study thick with baccy smoke, and the door wide open!" said Bolsover. "If you're taking up Smithy's ways, you might have a little sense about it. They never cop Smithy."

"Gone mad?" inquired Wharton, politely. "We haven't been up to the study since class, and certainly nobody's smoked there."

"Better tell Wingate that!" grinned Bolsover. "He's waiting for you—and half the Remove, too."

Considerably puzzled, and far from pleased, the captain of the Remove and his chum cut across to the House, and went up to the Remove passage. A crowd of fellows were gathered outside No. 1 Study: among them Vernon-Smith, with a cynical grin on his face, and Skinner, his narrow eyes glimmering with malicious anticipation. Other fellows looked surprised, and most of them serious. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had amazed looks. They stared into that study, hardly able to believe their eyes—or their noses.

Wingate of the Sixth, in the doorway of the study, had a grim frown on his brow. His official ashpant was under his arm. He slipped it down into his hand as the two new arrivals came on the scene.

"Who's been smoking in this study?" he rapped. "One, or both, of you?"

Harry Wharton gave him a look as grim as his own.

"Neither!" he answered, tartly, "and if you fancy so, Wingate, it's time you chucked being a prefect. You're no good for the job."

"What?" roared the captain of Greyfriars.

"Don't I speak plainly?" asked Harry Wharton, coolly.

"By gum!" Wingate's hand closed hard on the ash. "You'll get six for this, Wharton, and I've a good mind to give you six extra for your cheek! Put your head into this study, you dingy young sweep, and then deny that you've smoked there."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton, as he put his head into the study.

"Well?" rapped Wingate.

"Somebody's smoked there," said Harry. "I haven't! Nugent hasn't! If you want to get busy, Wingate, you'd better find out who has!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured the Bounder, and he winked at Skinner.

"Rather too thin, what?" murmured Skinner.

"Look here, Wingate," exclaimed Bob Cherry, "somebody else must have—"

"You needn't butt in, Cherry!"

"My esteemed Wingate—" began Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"That will do! Now, Wharton—"

Wingate was interrupted.

THE door of No. 7 Study opened. From that study emerged two figures: a short fat one leaning heavily on the arm of a long thin one. A feeble squeak was heard.

"Oh, dear! Oh, crickey! I say, Peter—" "You'll feel better in the open air, you fat frump! Come on! And if I ever catch you smoking again—"

"Ow! I fell ill, Peter! Oooooh! Mum-mum-my inside's all floating about! Woogh!"

"Hallo, what's up?" asked Peter Todd, staring at the crowd outside No. 1. "Make room, you chaps! Bunter's sick, and I'm taking him out for a spot of fresh air. The fat chump has been smoking somewhere—OH! I—I didn't see you, Wingate!"

Wingate stepped out of the doorway into the passage.

"Bunter!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Nugent.

All eyes were fixed on the pallid, sickly face of the fat Owl. He gave the Greyfriars captain a terrified blink through his big spectacles.

"Bunter! Have you been smoking?"

(continued on page 7)

CHUCKLE CORNER



SPLASH PAGE — AND — THE MISSING PRINCE.



Splash Page and Jill Brent fought their way into the ruined castle Kiltie, on the Scottish coast, to rescue the kidnapped boy-prince Stefan, of Hentzia. They were trapped in the courtyard by pistol shots from one of the kidnapers hidden in a tower. Meanwhile, inside the castle, Prince Stefan tried to help...



A SIXTH SENSE WARNED THE KIDNAPPER. HE WHIRLED ROUND.



AN! SO YOU THOUGHT TO TAKE A HAND IN THE GAME!



NO-NO! KEEP BACK!

I WILL PUNISH YOU FOR THAT!

BUT AS THE ENRAGED KIDNAPPER LEAPED AT PRINCE STEFAN —



YOU WILL NOT GET ME NOW!



HE'S DROPPED HIS GUN -- NOW IS MY CHANCE!

NEXT MOMENT --



KEEP STILL -- OR I WILL SHOOT!

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE CASTLE COURTYARD --



HE'S STOPPED FIRING! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, JILL!

PERHAPS HE'S RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION?



I'M CHANCING A DASH, ANYWAY! THAT BOY'S STILL IN THERE!



IT IS ALL RIGHT! I HAVE HIM!

BUT NEXT MOMENT --



LOOK OUT! HE'S BEHIND YOU!

SPLASH DID NOT HESITATE --



THAT'S STOPPED YOUR LITTLE GAME!



SORRY I NEARLY KNOCKED YOU OVER, OLD SON -- BUT IT HAD TO BE. I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE THE GUN!

AS JILL BRENT JOINED THEM --



HE DOESN'T NEED ROCKING TO SLEEP!

NICE PUNCHING, SPLASH!



I AM SO GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP. BUT THERE IS ANOTHER CROOK -- THE HENTZIAN AMBASSADOR. I HEARD THEM SPEAKING ON THE WIRELESS TO HIM!

SO HE'S IN THE PLOT, TOO! WE'LL CHECK UP ON HIM!

BUT AS THEY MADE PLANS TO LEAVE -- THE LEADER OF THE KIDNAPPERS, WHO HAD BEEN KNOCKED OUT BY JILL, HAD RECOVERED AND WAS CLIMBING THE CLIFF STEPS TO THE CASTLE.



THEY HAVE NOT FINISHED WITH ME YET. I MAY YET BE IN TIME!

RUSTY RILEY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. He has a dog—Flip—and a horse, named Hillbilly. Two crooks persuade Rusty to let them take the horse to a racecourse, saying he will make money. Actually, they plan to change the horse for another to enrich themselves. But Rusty goes, too, and is in the way so they get him in wrong with the police. Rusty is recognised, however, and Mr. Miles turns up with his daughter, Patty, and Tex Purdy, his foreman. When Mr. Miles hears the story he has an idea how to foil the crooks.



WE WANT THOSE MEN TO THINK RUSTY IS STILL IN JAIL... SO STAY IN THE ROOM THE SERGEANT WILL TAKE YOU TO... UNDERSTAND?

WE UNDERSTAND, MR. MILES.

DON'T BE LONG, DADDY.



WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GOING TO DO, RUSTY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE MEN WHO BROUGHT HILLBILLY DOWN HERE.



TEX SAYS THERE'S SURELY SOMETHING WRONG AND THAT THEY HAD ME ARRESTED SO I WOULDN'T SEE WHAT THEY DID WITH HILLBILLY.



MR. MILES GOES TO THE OFFICE OF MR. CLARK THE FBI MAN, WHO HAS SOMETHING TO SHOW TO HIM AND TO OLD TEX PURDY.

I WANT TO SHOW YOU A PHOTO I HAVE IN THIS FILE... WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT ALONG - AH! HERE IT IS!



THIS IS MR. "SILKY" PRENTY, ALIAS "COL. MATHEWS" ALIAS "MATT THE SILK". TAKE A GOOD LOOK, MR. PURDY.

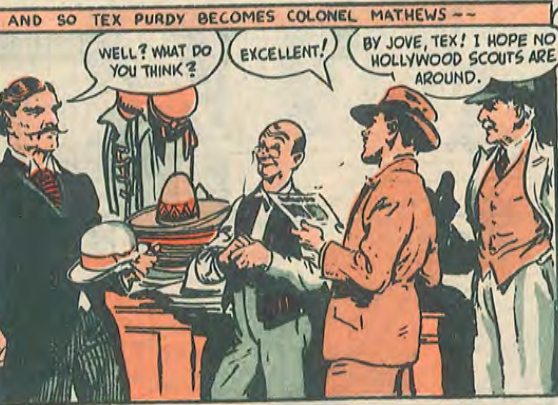


THIS MAN IS PRACTICALLY THE KING OF THE RACE TRACK SWINDLERS... HE HAS BEEN A HEADACHE TO THE TRACK OFFICIALS FOR YEARS... LAST WEEK DETECTIVES ARRESTED HIM VERY QUIETLY ON THE WEST COAST... NONE OF THE CROOKS KNOWS YET...

YOU SEE, TEX, MR. CLARK THINKS THAT IF "COL. MATHEWS" SHOWED UP HERE, HE COULD FIND OUT THINGS AN HONEST MAN COULDN'T.



WELL, I'LL BE A LOP-EARED MULE! I'M BEGINNING TO GET YOUR DRIFT! YOU WANT ME TO BE THIS ORNERY CRITTER! I GUESS I COULD, AT THAT - COME ON!



AND SO TEX PURDY BECOMES COLONEL MATHEWS --

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

EXCELLENT!

BY JOVE, TEX! I HOPE NO HOLLYWOOD SCOUTS ARE AROUND.



WHAT'S NEXT, NOW THAT I LOOK LIKE THAT SLIPPERY HOMRE, "COL. MATHEWS"?

FIRST, LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE ABOUT THE "COLONEL" - ALTHOUGH HE'S BEEN CONNECTED WITH MOST BIG RACE TRACK SWINDLES, TEX, HE NEVER MADE ANY PERSONAL FRIENDS AMONG THE LESSER CROOKS...



...AND, FOR THAT REASON, I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH CHANCE OF ANYBODY SUSPECTING YOUR DISGUISE. NOW HERE'S WHAT I FIGURE THESE CROOKS ARE UP TO... FIRST OF ALL, THEY COULDN'T PUT HILLBILLY IN A RACE, BECAUSE HE ISN'T A REGISTERED THOROUGHBRED... THAT IS, NOT AS HILLBILLY!



I SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT - THEY JUST WANTED HILLBILLY TO RUN AS ANOTHER HORSE!



NOW YOU GET RIGHT OUT TO THE TRACK, TEX, AND DO JUST WHAT I TOLD YOU... MR. MILES AND I WILL PICK UP THE YOUNGSTERS. SEE YOU LATER.

RIGHT, MR. CLARK!



SO RUSTY AND PATTY HAVE GRANDSTAND SEATS...

LOOK, PATTY! THERE'S HILLBILLY! NUMBER EIGHT, BUT THEY'VE DONE SOMETHING TO HIS FACE! HE HAS ONLY A STAR, INSTEAD OF A BLAZE!

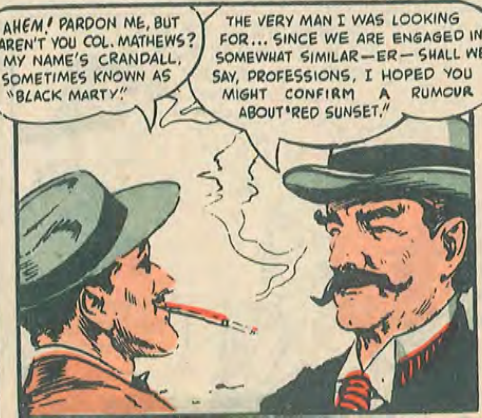
BUT RUSTY... THE PROGRAMME SAYS NUMBER EIGHT IS "RED SUNSET"!



AND... NEAR THE STABLES...

HEY, LOOK, CRANDALL! THERE'S "MATT THE SILK"!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MAC! THEY CALL HIM "THE COLONEL"... HE'S ONE OF THE SLICKEST OPERATORS AROUND! SOMETHING MUST BE COOKING!



AHEM! PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU COL. MATHEWS? MY NAME'S CRANDALL, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "BLACK MARTY".

THE VERY MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR... SINCE WE ARE ENGAGED IN SOMEWHAT SIMILAR - ER - SHALL WE SAY, PROFESSIONS, I HOPED YOU MIGHT CONFIRM A RUMOUR ABOUT "RED SUNSET."



YOU'RE MORE CLEVER EVEN THAN I THOUGHT, COLONEL. IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. EVEN THE JOCKEY DOESN'T KNOW HE'S RIDING A HORSE THAT'S NO GOOD!

E!ACTLY! YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED! AND, NO DOUBT, "RED SUNSET" IS SAFE IN YOUR VAN - RIGHT?



H'M! "BE CONFIDENT BE NERVOUS! STAND FOR NO NONSENSE"

THAT BOOK'S RIGHT! GETS YOU NOWHERE! COCKY CLARENCE I FEEL CONFIDENT!

HEY, YOU - YOU'RE U

JUST BECAUSE YOU TIME I CAME, YOU SCARED DIDN'T YO

C'MON - GIT MOVIN

SOMETIMES I TH TOO MUCH

RTY **SHERIFF**



Kit Carson

Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, while scouting in the wilds, helped a dying Indian Chief, Grey Moose. He gave them the Golden Arrow. It was the key to a treasure belonging to White Dove, an Indian girl, the last of her tribe. White Dove was reading strange symbols carved on the arrow-head when a mysterious Indian crept up and snatched it from her hand.

IT IS HAWKEYE! HE IS AN OUTLAW INDIAN - A BAD MAN, AND HATED MY GRANDFATHER. HE MUST NOT FIND THE TREASURE!

BEFORE KIT CARSON COULD GET TO HIS HORSE, THE AGILE JOHNNY HAD LEAPED ON HIS PONY AND WAS OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE THIEVING HAWKEYE.

I'LL GET THE VARMINT!

HAWKEYE GALLOPED FURIOUSLY UP INTO THE HILLS WITH JOHNNY IN HOT PURSUIT. THE INDIAN SAW THAT THE WHITE BOY WAS CATCHING UP WITH HIM. SUDDENLY, WITH A DEFIANT CRY, HE FLUNG THE GOLDEN ARROW DOWN INTO A ROCKY GORGE.

JOHNNY REINED IN HIS PANTING HORSE

GOSH! HE MUST BE MAD! HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO GET THAT ARROW. WHY HAS HE THROWN IT DOWN THERE?

AS JOHNNY FLUNG HIMSELF FROM HIS PONY AND LOOKED DOWN IN ASTONISHMENT, HE SAW AN INDIAN CREEPING AMONG THE ROCKS BELOW THE BRINK OF THE GORGE.

WAH! THE GOLDEN ARROW! HAWKEYE HAS SUCCEEDED!

I GET THE IDEA! ONE OF HIS PALS WAS WAITING. THERE MUST BE MORE OF THEM AROUND HERE.

AS THE INDIAN WHOOPED IN TRIUMPH, JOHNNY SNATCHED THE STRONG RAWHIDE LARIAT FROM HIS SADDLE HORN, AND HURLED THE LOOP DOWNWARDS...

I'M NOT BEATEN YET! THAT REDSKIN'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THE GOLDEN ARROW!

THE LOOP SETTLED OVER THE INDIAN'S ARMS, PINNING THEM AGAINST HIS BODY AS JOHNNY HEAVED BACK TO TAKE THE STRAIN.

GOT HIM! BUT HE'S TOO HEAVY TO PULL UP! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AFTER HIM!

DEFTLY, JOHNNY SECURED THE END OF THE LARIAT ROUND A SPUR OF ROCK AND SWUNG HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE OF THE GORGE. SWIFTLY HE SLID DOWN THE LARIAT TOWARDS HIS FIERCELY STRUGGLING PRISONER, GOING SO FAST THAT THE LARIAT BURN'T HIS HANDS.

JOHNNY CLOSED WITH THE INDIAN, WHO FOUGHT LIKE A WILD-CAT AS HE TRIED TO LOOSEN THE LOOP ROUND HIS ARMS. BUT HAWKEYE HAD GALLOPED BACK AND HIS TOMAHAWK SWUNG UP AS HE PREPARED TO CUT THE LARIAT...

KIT CARSON AND WHITE DOVE WERE HOT ON JOHNNY'S HEELS...

EVEN AS THE GLOATING INDIAN SWUNG HIS TOMAHAWK DOWN...

GOT YOU - YOU RED VILLAIN!

KIT CARSON AND THE OUTLAW INDIAN STRUGGLED ON THE VERY BRINK OF THE GORGE. THE SCOUT MANAGED TO PIN HAWKEYE DOWN, BUT THEN INDIAN WAR-WHOOPS TOLD THE REDSKIN HELP WAS AT HAND.

BEWARE! HAWKEYE'S BRAVES ARE COMING!

CAN KIT CARSON AND HIS FRIENDS ESCAPE? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILLS

TITTLE TATTLE

LOOK - A ONE-HORSE-POWER CAR!

OUR POLICEMEN ARE WONDERFUL! THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING!

YES BUT I WISH THEY HADN'T GOT MY FINGER-PRINTS!

THERE! - HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

ZONK!



Hereward picked up his unconscious foe and slung him over his shoulder

Shipwrecked

THE OTTER sailed out of Waterford harbour in Ireland and turned her head on a north-easterly course. On the deck above the after cabin, Hereward stood with his faithful lieutenant, Martin Lightfoot. As he watched the snake-like prow rise and fall above the breakers, he felt proud to be the master of such a vessel. And he had good reason to be.

The Otter was built after the fashion of all Viking ships, high in the bows and stern and low and slim in the waist. They had ballasted her with pebbles, stacked beneath the thwarts where they could be easily retrieved and used as ammunition against a boarding party.

Above the ballast, they had loaded the barrels of ale and pork and meal, covered over with tarpaulins. In the two cabins fore and aft were the weapons of the crew—swords, spears, axes, bows, chests of arrow-heads, leather bags of bowstrings, shirts of fine chain mail, helmets—and fine clothes for shore and holiday wear.

Seated at the forty oars were as reckless and daring a crowd of Vikings as any commander of spirit could wish to see. They had hung their shields outboard along the gunnel, and a fine, brave sight they made, shining and twinkling in the sunlight.

Barely a year had passed since Hereward had been outlawed and cast forth from his father's earldom. Already he had won fame and honour, wherever he and Martin had roamed. And now he was the commander of his own ship, like the Viking kings of old, with a body of men ready to lay down their lives for love of him and their own honour and glory.

The ship had been Hereward's reward for rescuing the Princess of Cornwall and delivering her safely to her lover, Sigtryg of Waterford. And there had been no lack of men to follow him wherever he chose to lead them, for his name and fame had won the hearts of all true Vikings.

Hereward had hoped to re-victual his ship at one of the ports of Cumberland, but they were blown so far off their course that they had reached the Hebrides before they could put in to land. Hereward decided to go on to the Orkneys, change course there southward, and sail down the coast of Scotland towards the kinder shores of East Anglia.

As they sailed out of Stronsay Firth on the last lap of their journey, a great whale appeared astern and followed them. It swam so close that the men could feel the spray from the great water-spout on the top of its blunt head.

For days the whale stayed with them. Many of the men said it was a witch whale and boded ill for them all. One swore he

THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the famous book by Charles Kingsley)

riding on its back. Another claimed that its presence meant that there was a doomed man aboard. He was all for casting lots to find which of them it was, and throwing him overboard as a sacrifice to Aegir, the wave-god.

But Hereward would have nothing to do with such superstitious nonsense. He would have run the witch whale down and broken its back, but there was a heavy sea running and such a course would endanger the ship.

They lost the witch whale at last. But not before the great black clouds had come out of the north and with them such a wind as had not been seen in those seas for many years past.

As the storm struck them astern with all its force, the great ship shuddered. But she was built to withstand the heaviest seas. The shields on the lee gunnel sank below the water and then, with a shake, she righted herself and breasted the first breaker.

For several days and nights they ran before the storm. It was impossible to row, so they close-hauled their sail and let the wind drive them where it would.

Then, as suddenly as they had come, the ragged clouds broke up, leaving a clear sky and a heavy swell. Ahead of them, Hereward could see the shingle and sand dune of a strange land.

"Do any of you know what land that is?" he asked, pointing.

"It should be the shore of France or Flanders," said one.

"Well, that is where we land," quoth Hereward. "For we shall never hold off with this current."

He had spoken truly. Row as they could, the current dragged them ever nearer those soft beaches and sandy hillocks. At last Hereward ordered the helmsman to steer straight for the shore and run aground on the beach.

He knew the danger of such a landing. In those days, shipwrecked mariners were the prey of all the fishermen and farmers who inhabited the coastland. They might be killed and robbed, or held to ransom. And who was there to pay ransom for such as they particularly Martin and himself, outlaws and nameless men?

But there was nothing else for it. He ordered the axe-men and bowmen to arm and prepare for a fight. But they were not to fire a shaft until he gave the word.

"For I would land in peace, if we can," he said. "We may persuade the local lord to hire us as mercenaries for our keep and such plunder as we can win for ourselves. But if we are to die on yonder beach, we shall each despatch three or four of the enemy before we fall."

Which brave words the men greeted with a cheer and prepared themselves steadfastly for what was to come.

ON the shore, Hereward could make out the figures of a vast throng of people, who must have spotted them many miles away as they approached on their oblique course. They ran towards the spot where they would run aground, waving their spears and staves excitedly.

With the first wave the Otter's keel ground on the shingle and then she was dragged back into deep water. The second wave produced the same result. But the third was bigger and stronger. It swept them high up on to the sand, where they stuck fast.

The oars snapped like twigs and the men tumbled off the thwarts and lay in heaps. The people on shore rushed screaming towards them, like vultures round a carcase.

But Hereward and his men quickly recovered. They scrambled on to the gunnels, and instead of the half-drowned sailors they expected, the people on shore were met with the fierce, defiant looks of well-armed men. They drew back and fired a few arrows into the ship. But Hereward ordered his men to withhold their fire.

Presently he saw a troop of twenty or more horsemen appear on the ridge of sand above them. They were led by a young boy, riding a white mare, richly furnished. They paused on the breast of the dunes. And then the boy left his companions and cantered down to the Viking ship, waving his lance.

"Yield," he cried. "You are my prisoners."

Hereward smiled. But he admired the

suggestions that they should seize him and ransom his life for theirs.

"We are Vikings and yield to no man," he answered courteously enough. "But tell me who you are and what land this is we are wrecked upon."

"Vikings!" cried the boy, excitedly. "Then you are my friends, for I long to be a Viking myself, like my uncle, Robert le Frison. I am Arnoul, grandson of Baldwin, Marquis of Flanders, and this is my grandfather's territory."

"And a worthy member of that brave and noble line," quoth Hereward, for he had heard of that mighty and benevolent ruler, the descendant of the great Emperor Charlemagne himself.

The boy turned in his saddle and called to another of the horsemen, who rode down and joined him.

"These men are my friends," Arnoul told him. "They are Vikings and this man, their leader, is of noble birth, I warrant, for he speaks as good Flemish as you or I."

"What is your name and from whence came you, good sir?" asked the newcomer.

"I am Harald Nomansson," replied Hereward, for he had no wish to disclose his identity, until he saw which way the wind blew. "We owe allegiance to no man and no country. We are poor wanderers, offering to fight in the service of any nobleman who will reward us according to our merits."

"You see, worthy Abbot," cried Arnoul, eagerly. "My grandfather will welcome such warriors to aid him against the Zealanders and the Frisians. You must take him into your Abbey of St. Bertin, until I can send word to the Marquis."

The older man was more doubtful and cautious, but at last Arnoul prevailed upon him. A horse was procured for Hereward and he rode between the boy and the Abbot, while his men marched behind.

All the way to the Abbey of St. Bertin, Arnoul questioned Hereward concerning his adventures and asked him to teach him to be a Viking also. Hereward told him all that he deemed prudent and promised to take him into battle with him, when the opportunity offered. By the time they reached the Abbey, Hereward and Arnoul were firm friends.

The monks appeared not a little fearful to find forty such fierce-looking warriors admitted to their fortress. But Hereward assured them that no harm would come to them at the hands of his men and that they would pay for their bed and board with honest gold.

So Hereward and his men were given food and bed of rushes for the night. And the next morning Arnoul sent word to his grandfather that he had forty valiant men at St. Bertin, offering to win his good esteem by waging war on his behalf.

Two days later Arnoul received a reply. He brought it to Hereward, greatly excited.

"My grandfather wants us to march on the castle of Guisnes. The Count has failed to deliver his just dues and must be taught better manners."

So the next day a troop of the knights of St. Bertin with their men-at-arms rode out of the fortress at daybreak. And Hereward and his Vikings went with them.

NEXT WEEK'S COMPETITION!

You will all remember the wonderful "Rogues of Sherwood Forest" competition featured in COMET a week ago. John Derek who plays Robin and Diana Lynn who plays Marian in this magnificent film sent several exciting prizes.

Your Editor is happy to tell you that these two famous film stars have sent along more personal souvenirs and it has been decided to hold a second colouring competition next week.

This time the prizes will be:
Robin's leather belt and pouch, specially autographed by John Derek.
Two of Robin's arrows.
Robin's bracing wrist-strap and arrow. (This strap is always used by archers to protect the wrist when shooting.)
Lady Marian's coronet.
Lady Marian's brooch.
A beautiful scarf specially presented by Diana Lynn.
1,000 lovely photographs of Robin, Marian and Little John, suitable for framing.

You can all try to win these thrilling prizes. If you entered for the previous competition there is no reason why you should not enter for this as well. Who knows? You may win TWO prizes.

Make sure of your COMET by ordering

THE castle of Guisnes was large and formidable, but it could be taken, decided Hereward, running a professional eye over the thick walls and battlements.

A herald rode out in front of the attacking force and called upon the Count to pay his taxes or fight. The Count chose the latter course. A body of his knights rode forth and drew up in line to face the knights of St. Bertin.

At a given signal, they rode upon each other and smote wildly with broad sword and battle-axe. But they were all so well protected by their armour, that they did little damage to each other. At last, they tired of this sport and retired to their dinner and to rest until the next day.

Hereward, who had taken no part in this farce, was disgusted with what he saw. He said as much to the Abbot.

"We are men of honour in Flanders," replied that dignitary. "We fight according to the rules of war and etiquette."

"I know all about your rules of tourney," cried Hereward, impatiently. "But I was sent here to collect the taxes and collect them I shall. Our beards will be long before we see the issue of a contest conducted in this manner. Tomorrow I will show you what my Danes can do."

"Let him fight. Let him fight," Arnoul begged, for he longed to see Hereward in action.

The next morning, Hereward issued his orders to his men.

"Keep drawn up to the left here, and when I drive them over to the right, run between them and the castle gate. We'll see what Danish axes can do."

Then Hereward rode into the press, driving all before him, until he spied a knight of St. Bertin on the ground with four mounted Guisnes knights round him, near the castle gate. Thither he rode and drove the enemy off, while he picked up the fallen knight and slung him across his horse.

Hereward's men cut a way through for Hereward and the wounded knight. And many of the foe were taken prisoner, before they could withdraw to the safety of their own castle.

The captives complained that they had not been fairly vanquished by mounted knights according to the custom and rules of war.

"I did not come here to joust," Hereward answered them. "I came to make your master pay, and pay he shall."

But the next day, when this strange battle was re-continued, he picked out the biggest and bravest of his opponents and challenged him to single combat.

They withdrew their horses off to some distance and faced each other. Hereward couched his lance and spurred his horse upon his opponent. After the first shock of the impact, they found themselves sitting on the ground with their horses, all four in a row.

They laughed and, springing to their feet, drew their swords. Then they were at it hammer and tongs and the sparks flew from their armour. At last with one mighty blow, Hereward caught his adversary under the ear and felled him to the ground.

Sheathing his sword, he picked up his unconscious foe as though he had been a child and slung him over his shoulder. His Vikings, watching the battle from the shade of a nearby covert, laughed and applauded their leader.

"The bear and the bullock," they cried, likening Hereward's shambling gait with his burden, to a bear with his prey.

The knight of Guisnes recovered his senses, but his struggles were no avail against the steely arms that clasped him. So Hereward carried him to his camp. He flung him down and demanded his name.

"I am Hoibricht, nephew of the Count of Guisnes," the other answered sullenly, ashamed of the indignity he had suffered.

"Well, you shall be ransomed," quoth Hereward. "Ahoi, Armourer!"

And the luckless Hoibricht was chained and fettered and sent to Hereward's tent in the custody of Martin Lightfoot.

The next day, the Count of Guisnes sent word that he would capitulate in return for his nephew's life and person. He promised to pay his dues and send valuable presents besides.

And the men of St. Bertin proclaimed Harald Nomansson, as he chose to call himself, the hero of the campaign. Arnoul was as proud as though he had performed these feats himself.

They rode triumphantly to St. Omer to receive the Marquis' gratitude and, Hereward hoped, further exciting commissions in his service.

More of Hereward's stirring adventures in next week's COMET. Be sure not to miss

Don Deeds

Don Deeds and Mai-Mai have been captured by Martians and taken off to Mars in a "rocket". Mai-Mai's father, Hoo Sung, goes in search of them and finds the clue she left to guide him.



CAN DON DEEDS SAVE THE EMPEROR'S LIFE? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK

SIX FOR SKINNER!

(Continued from page 2)

rapped Wingate.
"Eh? Oh! No! Never!" gasped Bunter.
"I—I ain't sick—I—I'm all right—I—I never felt better in my life—grooogh!"
"Have you been smoking in Wharton's study?"
"Oh! No!" gasped Bunter. "I ain't sick—and besides, it was jam tarts, not smokes! I never went into Wharton's study, Wingate and besides, I only did because Toddy kicked me. I told him I could jolly well do as I liked in my own study, and he kicked me, and—and—I—I mean, he didn't kick me because I was smoking, did you, Toddy, old chap? 'Tain't smoking in Wharton's study that made me sick, Wingate—it was the toffee—and I ain't sick at all!"
"Sorry, Wharton," said Wingate. "You can see what it looked like! Now, Bunter, you utter young ass, where did you get those cigarettes? Tell me at once."

"I—I—I'd rather not tell you, Wingate," groaned the unhappy fat Owl. "I—I was looking for toffee, when I found the cigarettes—I—I mean, I—I never went into Skinner's study at all."
Skinner jumped almost clear of the floor.
"There's not a word of truth in it, Wingate," said Skinner.
"Oh, really, Skinner! I—I thought you wouldn't mind if I had a few—I didn't take the lot—I left more than half in the packet."
"Skinner! Follow me to your study," rapped Wingate.
Wingate strode into No. 11 Study, and Skinner limped in after him. The crowd in the Remove passage waited for the result. They had not long to wait! In less than a minute, Wingate's voice was heard from Skinner's study.
"You young sweep! Bend over!"
"Whop! whop! whop! whop! whop! whop!"
It was "six" for Skinner!
But Skinner will be eager to get back at Billy Bunter for this! 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.
We have received so many names and addresses for publication that it will take several weeks for them all to appear in our columns. Therefore, please do not send in any more until we are able to deal with them, when you will see a notice asking you to write.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

PETER BRABROOK, 54 George Street, Barry, Glam. Nine. Boxing, swimming, football.
JUNE WHUR, 48 Havelock Street, Hestle Road, Hull, Yorks. Thirteen. Netball, swimming.
LETTY MCGUINNESS, 10 Fintry Rd., Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Thirteen. Embroidery, swimming, writing.
JOAN WHITTAKER, 98 Shire Oak Hill, Brownhill, nr. Walsall, Staffs. Sixteen. Sport, swimming, films.

PAMELA STANSFIELD, 74 Worcester St., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs. Eleven. Sport.
BRENDA LEWIS, 13a Cromwell St., Coventry, Warwickshire. Twelve. Piano, tennis, cycling.
MYRA GLASS, 4 Taylors Row, Coleraine, Co. Londonderry. Fourteen. Reading.
GILLIAN ROBERTS, Wychwood, 6 Hogarth Rd., Hove 3, Sussex. Thirteen. Camping, tennis, swimming.
NANCY HUMBLE, 26 Rosedale Ave., Southcoates Lane, Hull. Fourteen. Cycling, film stars.
MARIE LAWTON, The Hayling, Silverdale, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Eleven. Acting, dancing, horse riding.
ALAN GRIMES, 32 Toft Crescent, Murton Colliery, Co. Durham. Twelve. Stamp collecting, cricket, reading, writing.
ROY HALL, 49 Marlborough Rd., Nuneaton, Warwickshire. Thirteen. Reading, writing.
JOSEPH KENNEDY, 60 Manser Rd., Rainham, Essex. Ten. Reading, camping, football.
VENETIA GOSS, 71 Jefferson Rd., Sheerness, Kent. Twelve. Swimming, reading.
BERWYN JONES, 5 Maryport Rd., Luton, Beds. Eleven. Wild flowers, cricket.



SAMMY SHUTEYE SAVES THE TREAT









MARS ARE MARVELLOUS — AND BIG!

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

★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



ELLEN DREW
(United Artists)



VICTOR MATURE
(20th Century-Fox)



SHELLEY WINTERS
(Universal-International)



ZACHARY SCOTT
(Warner Bros.)

BUFFALO BILL

PUMA, THE BANDIT, PERISHED TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM BUFFALO BILL AND HIS FRIENDS, WHO TAKE THE NEWS TO BLACK BISON --



BUT
BLACK BISON
HAS BAD
NEWS FOR
BUFFALO BILL.



YOU HAVE NOT RETURNED
WITH ANY PRISONERS.

PUMA KILLED HIS LIEUTENANT AND
THEN RODE OVER A PRECIPICE TO
ESCAPE US. HE IS DEAD!



THAT LEAVES ONLY
GREY SNAKE!

THAT IS THE TROUBLE. HE KILLED HIS GUARDS
AND ESCAPED. I HAVE SENT TEN BRAVES TO
BRING HIM BACK -- DEAD OR ALIVE!



I WILL JOIN THEM AND HELP.
THERE WILL BE NO PEACE
UNTIL HE IS CAUGHT!



WE WILL TAKE THE PRISONERS TO THE VILLAGE
AND WAIT THERE
FOR YOU.

AN HOUR
LATER,
BUFFALO BILL
CAUGHT UP
WITH THE
INDIANS
WHO WERE
ON
GREY SNAKE'S
TRAIL.



THE TRAIL HAD BEEN LOST. THE TRAITOR HAD
RIDDEN ALONG THE RIVER -- IN THE WATER --
TO HIDE HIS TRACKS.



WE WILL SPLIT INTO PARTIES AND
SEARCH BOTH BANKS OF THE
RIVER.



BUFFALO BILL SET OUT WITH
AN INDIAN WARRIOR.



-- AND WHERE THE RIVER RAN THROUGH
A GORGE --



GREY SNAKE STOOD ON A RIDGE,
SHOUTING A CHALLENGE!

COME, PALEFACE!
I -- GREY SNAKE
AM READY FOR YOU!



LEAVING HIS HORSE, BUFFALO BILL
CLIMBED THE CLIFF.



I'M COMING, GREY SNAKE!
AND I'LL TAKE YOU --
ALIVE!



SEEING HIS CHANCE --
BUFFALO BILL DODGED BEHIND
A ROCK -- AND FIRED!

DON'T MISS BUFFALO BILL'S ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK. WILL HE CATCH GREY SNAKE?