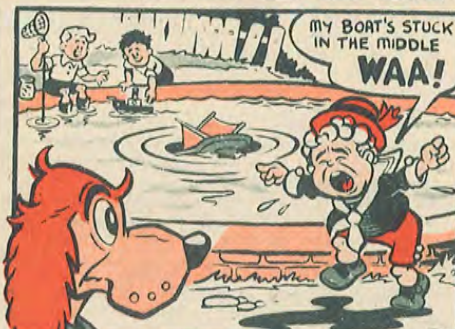
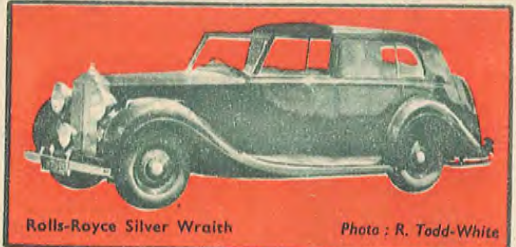


COMET

No. 115
(New Series)
Sept. 30, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Scamp has been trained, you understand,
Always to give a helping hand.

So when he heard young Clarence cry,
To save his boat he thought he'd try.

Into the pond he gaily dashed,
And when he didn't splosh—he splashed!

Then, to the small lad's utter joy,
He carried back the missing toy.



Then off went Scampy, full of pride,
To view the fence's other side.

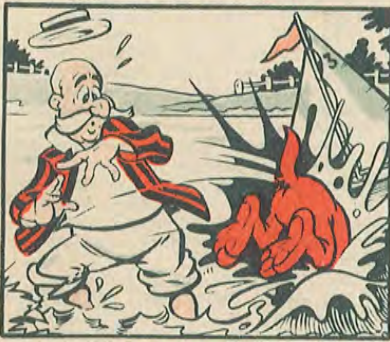


And what should lie there, just beyond,
But a much larger, deeper pond.

And there each man in sight had got,
A very super model yacht.



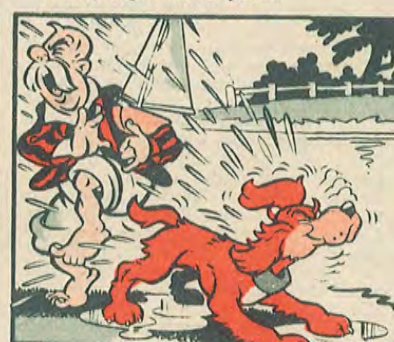
They stood there poised a little space
Then each shot off his yacht to race.



Alas, Scamp did not understand,
That things had *not* got out of hand.



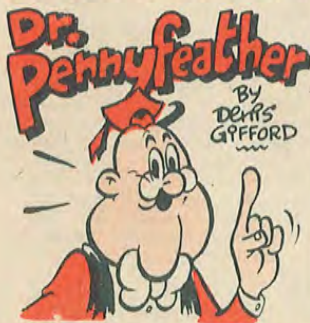
So Scampy dived in off the shore,
To do what he had done before.



The Major's language had much power,
Specially when he got a shower!



Then Scampy trotted out of view,
Well pleased with good deed number two.





THE BAIT!

"NO, you don't!" said Bob Cherry. Billy Bunter, on the Remove landing, was yelling. He had reason to yell, as Skinner of the Remove had him by the back of the collar with one hand and, with the other, was applying a heavy ruler to the tightest trousers at Greyfriars. Skinner had landed one swipe, when Bunter's frantic yell brought Bob on the scene. He looked as if he intended to land a good many more.

But Skinner stopped, after the first swipe, because Bob Cherry grabbed him, in his turn, by the back of the collar: and with one swing of his powerful arm, jerked him away from Bunter, and sent him spinning and tottering across the landing. Bunter, still yelling, dodged behind Bob Cherry's sturdy form.

"I say, old chap, keep him off!" gasped Bunter. "I—I never snooped the smokes from his study, and I—I never meant to let Wingate know that it was Skinner's study I got them from, and it wasn't my fault Skinner got six, and—and—I say, keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

Skinner rallied, clenched his fists, and came forward. His face was almost white with fury.

"Will you stand aside, Cherry?" he snarled. "You know what that fat rotter did—gave it away to a pre. that I had smokes in my study, and I got six—"

"I didn't!" yelled Bunter. "I told Wingate plainly that I never went into your study, so how he guessed it was you I don't know."

"That pilfering porker is always snooping fellows' tuck," said Skinner, "and he snooped my smokes, and gave me away."

"He let it out," agreed Bob, "and you got six, and serve you jolly well right. You are not going to touch Bunter. If you're looking for trouble, old bean, look for a man nearer your weight—me, for instance. Leave Bunter alone."

"I won't!" said Bob. "You lay a finger on Bunter again, and I'll hold you by the back of the neck while he gives you a dozen with your own ruler. Mind, I mean that!"

Bob stepped aside. Billy Bunter eyed Skinner apprehensively through his big spectacles. Skinner, in return, eyed him wolfishly.

Bob Cherry could have handled the weedy slacker of the Remove, as easily as Skinner could handle Bunter. And it was quite clear that he was going to be as good as his word. Harold Skinner, with deep feelings, walked away up the Remove passage.

"Beast!" squeaked Bunter, as he went. "Serve you jolly well right if you got six. Smoky sweep! Yah!"

Skinner did not turn his head. Bunter was safe from the ruler. If the fat Owl was to be punished for having been the cause of Skinner getting "six" from a prefect's ashplant, Skinner had to think of something more subtle.

"AND six jam tarts!" said Skinner.

Snoop and Stott glanced round with interest. Bolsover major sat up and took notice. They were in the school shop; and Skinner was giving orders on quite an unaccustomed scale. Already he had ordered a plum cake and half a dozen doughnuts. Now he was adding six jam tarts. It looked as if there was to be rather a feast in No. 11 Study; and Skinner's friends were naturally interested.

TEMPTING BILLY BUNTER!

A Rollicking Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

"Feed in the study, old chap?" asked Snoop.

"No!" answered Skinner, shortly.

"You're not laying in that cargo to scoff all on your own, I suppose?" asked Stott.

"Find out," said Skinner.

"Well, look here, Skinner," said Bolsover major, "we're your pals, and if you're asking any fellows to that spread, we're the fellows to ask, see?"

"I'm not asking anybody," said Skinner, acidly.

And taking his parcel across the counter from Mrs. Mimble, Skinner walked out of the tuck-shop with it. Snoop and Stott and Bolsover major gave one another expressive looks. Skinner was well known in the Remove to be a little mean—but this, in the opinion of his friends, was not a little—it was a lot!

Heedless of the expressive looks of his disgruntled friends, Harold Skinner went across to the House, and up to the Remove studies.

A fat figure was lolling on the settee in the Remove landing. A fat face and a pair of big spectacles turned on Skinner, as he came up: and Billy Bunter grinned. Only too well Bunter knew how Skinner yearned to boot him, or swipe him, or both, for that unlucky affair of the cigarettes. But he dared not venture to try it on. There was, so to speak, a lion in the path, in the shape of Bob Cherry.

Skinner did not seem to notice him there. But, as he passed the fat junior on the settee, he stumbled and dropped his parcel. The paper wrapping burst open and a cake rolled out, followed by a doughnut. Skinner picked them up and went on up the Remove passage.

"I say, Skinner, old chap!" squeaked Bunter. The sight of tuck in Skinner's parcel made a great difference to the fat Owl's feelings towards him. Bunter would gladly have made friends on the spot.

But Skinner went on his way unheeding. Billy Bunter heaved himself off the settee, and blinked up the passage after Skinner.

He watched that youth go into his study. No. 11 in the Remove, with the parcel of tuck. His large mouth was already watering for that cake. If Skinner left that parcel unguarded in his study. . . . And he did!

He was in the study hardly a minute. He came out again, came down the passage, and passed Bunter, still apparently unconscious of the fat Owl's existence. Bunter, hardly able to believe in his good luck, watched him disappear down the staircase.

"Oh, crumbs!" breathed Bunter.

He rolled up the Remove passage to No. 11. Already in his mind's eye, he saw that cake in his fat hands!

But he was not destined to see it with any other eye! For, as he was about to roll into Skinner's study, a grip was laid on his fat shoulder, and he was spun round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Snooping in Skinner's study again, you fat brigand!"

"Owl! Leggo! Oh! No!" gasped Bunter. "Leggo! I—I'm going in to borrow a book! There ain't a cake or anything—Yarrah! Leave off kicking me, you beast! If you kick me again, I'll jolly well—Whooooop!"

"Now, look here, you fat fraud," said Bob, "it served Skinner jolly well right to get six for his smokes. But tuck's a different matter, see? You lay a fat paw on any tuck in Skinner's study and I'll let him go ahead as much as he likes. And in case you forget Skinner's ruler, I'll let you remember my boot—there!"

"Yarrah!"

Billy Bunter fled for his fat life. Bob Cherry, chuckling, went back to his own study. Skinner's parcel was saved from the fat paws of the fat Owl: but neither Bob nor Billy Bunter guessed from what the fat Owl had been saved.

"GREEDY pig!" said Snoop.

"Mean rotter!" said Stott.

"The jolly old limit!" said Bolsover major.

They were on the stairs. Skinner had passed them, going down, and gone out of the House. They stood on the middle landing, staring after him and then looking at one another. They were disgusted and indignant.

"You chaps are his pals, in his own study," went on Bolsover major, "and I had him to tea in my study yesterday. Now he doesn't ask any of us—with that stack of tuck! Well, what about asking ourselves?"

Snoop and Stott grinned. They rather liked the idea.

"He must have left the parcel in the study," went on Bolsover. "Now he's gone out. He's going to guzzle it all on his own when he comes in! Well, my idea is that he isn't, see? A chap who's so jolly mean wants a lesson. What about hiking that parcel along to my study for tea? He's jolly well asked for it."

"He jolly well has!" said Snoop.

"We'll tell him afterwards, of course, and pay for the stuff," said Bolsover. "We're not grub-raiders like Bunter. But it will be a tip to him not to be so jolly mean. Come on."

They went up the upper stairs. A fat junior passed them on the landing, wriggling as he rolled. Billy Bunter had had to give up his designs on Skinner's parcel of tuck. Bob Cherry's boot was not to be argued with. Now the fat Owl was going down dismally to tea in hall.

Unheeding him, Bolsover and Co. went up the Remove passage to No. 11 Study. There was the parcel, on the table. Bolsover opened it.

A large cake and paper bags of doughnuts and jam tarts were revealed. Bolsover picked up the cake, Snoop the doughnuts and Stott the jam tarts. They walked them away to Bolsover's study, down the passage.

A quarter of an hour later, Skinner looked into his study. He looked at the paper wrapping—empty now—and smiled!

"WHARTON!"

"Hallo, Skinner."

Harry Wharton and Co. were at tea in No. 1 Study. They all glanced round as Skinner looked in at the door.

"I've got to speak to you, as Head Boy of the form," said Skinner. "Something's been pinched from my study. Will you go to Quelch about it, or shall I?"

"What's been pinched, if anything has?" snapped Harry Wharton.

"A parcel of tuck," said Skinner. "I left it on my study table, less than half an hour ago. Its been taken. It cost me seven shillings."

"Oh, my hat!" cried Bob Cherry. "Did that fat chump get after it again, after I booted him?"

"I don't know who's had it, of course," said Skinner, shrugging his shoulders. "I only know that somebody has been pilfering in my study."

"Oh, cut that out, Skinner," said Harry Wharton, sharply. "Did Bunter know you had it?"

"I remember I passed him on the landing with the parcel—"

"He knew all right," said Bob. "I tell you I booted him at the door of Skinner's study, and I thought that was enough for him."

"I'm not saying that Bunter had it," said Skinner, smoothly. "Quelch will have to inquire."

"We can jolly well guess who had it, if it's gone," said Harry Wharton. "Bunter's the only grub-raider in the Remove. If you let him see you taking a parcel of tuck in, you might have guessed he'd be after it. And if you call it pilfering, Skinner, I'll bang your head on that door. We all know Bunter, and that he hasn't sense enough to leave other fellows' tuck alone. He wouldn't touch anything but tuck, as you know as well as we do."

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"You can call it what you like," he retorted. "Are you going to report it to Quelch?"

"No!" snapped Wharton.

"Then I must," said Skinner. "I'm not accusing anybody. Somebody's taken a parcel from my study—that's all I know! It's up to Quelch to find out who it was, and make him pay the damage."

"It must have been Bunter," said Nugent. "You'll get him a whipping from Quelch. It means six, at least."

Skinner smiled.

"That's his look-out, not mine," he said. "I can't afford a loss like that. I'm going to Quelch."

And Skinner went.

MR. QUELCH frowned thunderously. He stood in No. 11 Study in the Remove, looking at the empty wrappings on the table.

Skinner, in the study with him, looked as if butter would not melt in his mouth. A crowd of fellows round the doorway gave him disapproving looks. Still, it was not to be denied that Skinner was within his rights. A fellow who missed property from his study had a right to report his loss to his form-master. And tuck was property, though that fact never seemed to penetrate the fat head of Billy Bunter.

Nobody, of course, doubted that it was Bunter: though nobody guessed that Skinner had deliberately schemed the whole thing. Who else could it have been but Bunter? And Mr. Quelch, who knew something of the peculiar manners and customs of the fattest member of his form, decided to begin his inquiry in that quarter.

"Where is Bunter?" he rapped.

"He was at tea in hall, sir," answered Peter Todd. "I think he's coming up."

Skinner stared. Even Bunter could hardly have wanted tea in hall, after a cake, six doughnuts and six jam tarts.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

"I say, you fellows." It was a fat squeak.

"What's up here?"

"Here is Bunter, sir," said Harry.

"I say, is that Quelch? I say—what—?"

"Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes, sir! It—it wasn't me," gasped Bunter, blinking at his form-master in alarm. He made that denial provisionally, as it were!

"Have you removed cakes from this study, Bunter?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Eh! Oh! No, sir! I never knew Skinner had any tuck there, sir—I never saw him take the parcel in—I certainly didn't see him drop it and the cake fall out! I never went near his study at all, sir. You can ask Bob Cherry, sir—he saw me."

"Did you see Bunter in this study, Cherry?"

"Not in the study, sir! I—I stopped him, and I thought he went down to hall to tea," stammered Bob.

"So I jolly well did!" howled Bunter. "I've had doornests and dishwater in hall—I—I mean, I've tea'd in hall, sir—I—I didn't—I—I never—I—I wasn't—"

"Bunter! Foodstuffs have been taken from this study and Skinner has very rightly reported his loss to me. I shall cane the boy concerned, and his pocket-money will be stopped to pay for the goods pilfered. And—"

"Oh, crumbs!" came a startled exclamation from the passage. Bolsover major and Snoop and Stott had come along to see what the excitement was about. Mr. Quelch's words made them jump.

"Bunter! If it was you who took a parcel from this study—"

Bolsover major pushed forward.

"It wasn't Bunter, sir!" he exclaimed.

"It was us!"

Skinner's eyes almost popped from his face.

"You?" he stuttered. "It—it—it was Bunter!" Skinner had been absolutely sure that it was Bunter and that Bunter was due for six!

"Bolsover! Are you confessing that it was you who pilfered foodstuffs from Skinner?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Bolsover major crimsoned.

"It was Skinner's fault," he exclaimed.

"He had a lot of tuck and never asked a fellow to whack it out, and we thought we'd give him a lesson! We were going to tell him afterwards, and pay for the tuck, too! It was only a lark on Skinner, sir."

"Oh!" gasped Skinner. Not for a moment had he doubted that the fat Owl had fallen into the trap! He almost gibbered at Bolsover.

"A very foolish lark as you call it, Bolsover," said Mr. Quelch, severely. "I believe what you say, and I shall not cane you. You will pay Skinner the value of the foodstuffs and you will take two hundred lines!"

Mr. Quelch rustled away.

"Two hundred lines!" breathed Bolsover major. "Sneaking to a beak—two hundred lines—why, I'll—I'll—I'll—" He rushed into Skinner's study.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Billy Bunter, as he listened at the door.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was an unexpected—and extremely painful—result of Skinner's scheme! Billy Bunter was lucky that time! Don't miss the fun, next week with the chums of Greyfriars.

SPLASH PAGE ~ AND ~ THE MISSING PRINCE.



Splash Page and Jill Brent rescue Prince Stefan of Hentzia from kidnappers who hold him at Kiltie Castle, in Scotland. He tells them the Hentzian Ambassador is also in the plot to hold him for ransom for the Hentzian crown jewels. Splash Page plans to catch the Ambassador—but the leader of the kidnappers recovers—



LOOK! THE CHIEF KIDNAPPER! HE'S AFTER THE HELICOPTER!

WE WANT THAT HELICOPTER TO TAKE US TO LONDON!

~ AS THE HELICOPTER'S ENGINE ROARED, THEY STARTED RUNNING ~

LOOK OUT! HE'S TRYING TO RUN US DOWN!

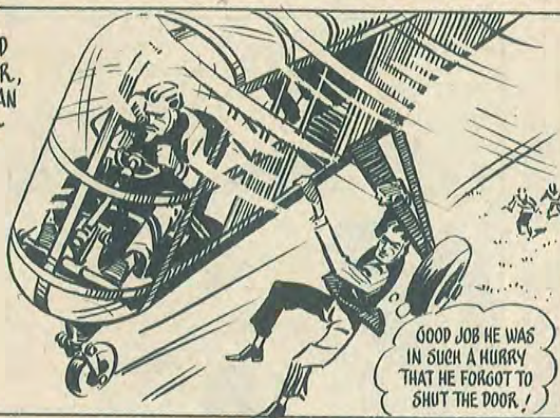


AS JILL AND PRINCE STEFAN DUCKED ~ SPLASH PAGE LEAPED UPWARDS.



I'LL PUT PAID TO HIS LITTLE GAME!

UNWARE THAT HE HAD A PASSENGER, THE HENTZIAN CLIMBED ~



GOOD JOB HE WAS IN SUCH A HURRY THAT HE FORGOT TO SHUT THE DOOR!



I DO NOT SEE SPLASH PAGE DOWN THERE! WHERE HAS HE GOT TO?

NEXT MOMENT HIS QUESTION WAS ANSWERED ~

KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE CONTROLS AND LAND THIS PLANE AT ONCE ~ OR I MIGHT BE FORCED TO BREAK YOUR NECK!

AAAAH! YOU ARE PARALYSING ME!



WITH THE IRON GRIP AT HIS NECK, THE KIDNAPPER HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LAND ~ SPLASH PAGE THEN BOUND HIM HAND AND FOOT.

NOW WE'LL GET THIS FELLOW AND HIS PAL INTO THE PLANE AND FLY TO LONDON TO INTERVIEW THE AMBASSADOR!



SOON THE HELICOPTER SOARED OVER CASTLE KILTIE ~

I AM GLAD TO SEE THE LAST OF MY PRISON!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, PRINCE STEFAN. WE'LL FINISH THIS GANG WHEN WE GET TO LONDON!



SOME HOURS LATER, A LONDON POLICEMAN OUTSIDE THE HENTZIAN EMBASSY SAW A SURPRISING SIGHT ~

WHAT'S HE THINK HE'S DOING?



THE HENTZIAN AMBASSADOR, WORRIED BECAUSE HE HAD RECEIVED NO FURTHER WIRELESS MESSAGES FROM HIS FRIENDS AT CASTLE KILTIE, HAD A FURTHER SHOCK ~

PRINCE STEFAN! SPLASH PAGE!

RIGHT FIRST TIME, YOU CROOK!



THE AMBASSADOR'S HAND SHOT TO A DRAWER IN HIS DESK ~ BUT SPLASH WAS EVEN QUICKER!

THOUGHT YOU'D PULL A GUN, EH?

HI! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



THIS CHAP'S A CROOK, OFFICER! PRINCE STEFAN WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



~ AFTER PRINCE STEFAN HAD TOLD HIS STORY ~

HE CAN'T BE ARRESTED IN THE ORDINARY WAY BECAUSE HE IS AN AMBASSADOR ~ THIS IS A CASE FOR THE SPECIAL BRANCH AT SCOTLAND YARD!



TWO DAYS LATER ~ IN SPLASH PAGE'S OFFICE ~



HE AND HIS PALS ARE GOING BACK TO THEIR OWN COUNTRY FOR TRIAL!

WHAT A PITY! IT MAKES A WONDERFUL STORY ~ BUT THE GOVERNMENT HAS ASKED US NOT TO PUBLISH IT!

DO NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND. I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE COURAGE AND RESOURCE OF BOTH OF YOU ~ NEVER!



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, Hillbilly. Two crooks persuade him to let them take Hillbilly to a race-meeting, promising Rusty a lot of money. Actually, they are working a swindle, changing Hillbilly for another horse. But Mr. Miles turns up with his daughter, Patty, and Tex Purdy, his foreman. To foil the crooks, Tex disguises himself as Mat the Silk, a well-known swindler, and pretends to help them.

VERY GOOD OF YOU TO LET ME IN ON THIS SWINDLE. SIR... I TAKE IT THAT YOU DO NOT EXPECT "RED SUNSET" TO WIN THE ACADIA STAKES.

"RED SUNSET" ISN'T LIKELY TO WIN ANY RACES WHILE HE'S EATING HAY IN MY HORSE VAN!

WE MUST STICK TOGETHER, I'M ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOU MEET A FRIEND OF MINE.

WHY-ER-YES-DELIGHTED!

MEANWHILE, IN THE GRANDSTAND- THAT CAN'T BE HILLBILLY, RUSTY... THERE'S A NUMBER SEVEN ON HIS SADDLE CLOTH, AND THAT'S THE NUMBER OF "RED SUNSET"

I'M SURE IT'S HILLBILLY, PATTY. THEY'VE DYED HIS BLAZE, BUT THAT DOESN'T FOOL ME!

YOU'RE RIGHT, RUSTY... IT IS HILLBILLY... BUT THEY'RE TRYING TO RUN HIM UNDER THE NAME OF "RED SUNSET"... I'M SORRY, BUT THE OFFICIALS WON'T LET HIM START.

YOU MEAN THEY ONLY WANTED HIM FOR A TRICK! GEE WHIZ! THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE GOING TO MAKE HIM FAMOUS!

NOW BACK TO TEX, IMPERSONATING "THE COLONEL."

WHO IS THIS FRIEND YOU WANT ME TO MEET, MAY I ASK, COLONEL?

OH, HE'S A GENTLEMAN OF CONSIDERABLE INFLUENCE... HE'S DECIDEDLY INTERESTED IN YOU.

AH, HERE'S MY FRIEND... MR. CRANDALL, MEET MR. CLARK. MR. CLARK'S ORGANIZATION IS ABOUT THE BEST THERE IS.

DELIGHTED! I'VE BEEN HOPING TO MEET YOU, CRANDALL.

THIS SEEMS TO BE MY LUCKY DAY, MEETING THE COLONEL, AND NOW YOU. MAY I ASK WHAT YOU CALL YOUR ORGANIZATION? I MAY HAVE HEARD OF IT.

YOU MOST LIKELY HAVE, CRANDALL... IT IS KNOWN AS THE F.B.I.

F.B.I.!

YES, CRANDALL. I'M SURPRISED WE HAVEN'T MET BEFORE.

WHAT IS THIS, A GAG? I GUESS THE F.B.I. KNOWS YOU, COL. MATHEWS, BUT HARDLY IN A SOCIAL WAY.

I ASSURE YOU, MR. CRANDALL, THIS IS NO GAG!

WHAT YOU SAY MAY BE TRUE OF THIS COL. MATHEWS... AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU THINK I AM HE?

YOU'D NEVER THINK THAT A MAN WHO WOULD FIX UP A HORSE WITH A LITTLE HAIR DYE AND RUN HIM AS ANOTHER HORSE WOULD BE TAKEN IN BY A WIG, A MOUSTACHE AND A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

GOOD NIGHT! IT'S TEX PURDY!

RIGHT! AND NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE. GET RED SUNSET OUT TO THE BARRIER FOR THIS RACE, PRONTO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER- GOLLY, LOOK! THE JOCKEY WHO WAS ON HILLBILLY IS GETTING OFF!

AND THEY'RE BRINGING ANOTHER HORSE! JEEPERS! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HIM!

GEE WHIZ, MR. MILES! WHY WOULDN'T THEY LET HILLBILLY RUN? HE COULD'VE SURELY WON... I KNOW IT!

IT'S THE RACING RULES, RUSTY... HILLBILLY'S A FINE HORSE, BUT HE WASN'T ENTERED FOR THIS RACE. I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU LATER.

NOW BACK TO TEX

ALL RIGHT, RED SUNSET'S OUT THERE AND THE KID'S NAG IS BACK! NOW WHAT? IS THIS A PINCH? WHERE DOES THE F.B.I. COME IN?

I'M NOT IN THIS OFFICIALLY, SINCE YOU DIDN'T KIDNAP THE BOY... BUT I'M PERSONALLY INTERESTED IN KEEPING YOUR KIND OUT OF A SWELL SPORT!

AND I'M PERSONALLY INTERESTED IN THE MEAN WAY YOU DECEIVED THAT BOY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT RED SUNSET'S OWNER WILL DO, BUT I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU AT LEAST PARTLY SQUARE ACCOUNTS WITH RUSTY! NOW WALK! PRONTO!

OKAY, OKAY... NO NEED TO GET TOUGH!

PORTY SHERIFF

LESSONS ON
HYPNOTISM
BY POST!
WRITE TO
PROFESSOR
MESMO
NOW!
M.D. 1940-1941
P. 10

TRY OUT THE
T LESSON ON THIS
GUY BEFORE I
HE BADMEN!

SSON
Y

Y POWER!
Y-Y-Y-Y-Y



HEH! HEH!



Kit Carson

Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on a Golden Arrow. A strange Indian snatches the Golden Arrow from White Dove and makes off with it. Chased by Kit and Johnny he throws it to another Indian down a gorge. Johnny goes down by means of his lariat to get the Arrow when Hawkeye, chief of a party of bad Indians, tries to cut the rope. Kit Carson sees him and overpowers him.

SWIFTLY CARSON OVERPOWERED AND BOUND HAWKEYE.

THE REDSKINS' PONIES POUNDED NEARER.

QUICKLY! WE MUST ESCAPE!

TOO LATE! BESIDES, I'VE A BETTER PLAN!

THE REDSKINS - SWOOPING DOWN WITH SAVAGE YELLS OF TRIUMPH - REINED IN SUDDENLY AS THE SCOUT RAISED THEIR CHIEF ABOVE HIS HEAD.

BACK! BACK - OR IT WILL MEAN DEATH FOR YOUR CHIEF!

BACK! OR I'LL THROW HIM INTO THE GORGE!

AT KIT'S SHARP COMMAND, THE REDSKINS RETREATED OVER THE RISE. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE HAWKEYE'S LIFE.

MEANWHILE, JOHNNY SCOTT, A FEW FEET BELOW THE BRINK, SILENCED THE BRAVE WITH A FINAL PUNCH.

GUESS THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET, PARDNER!

FINE, JOHNNY! HANG ON - WE'LL SOON PULL YOU AND THAT RED VARMINT UP!

KIT, I'VE GOT IT - I'VE GOT THE GOLDEN ARROW!

SOON JOHNNY AND THE STUNNED REDSKIN WERE PULLED TO THE EDGE OF THE GORGE.

WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE. HAWKEYE'S BUNCH OF BRAVES ARE LIABLE TO COME AT US ANY MOMENT.

LEAVING HAWKEYE SCOWLING FIERCELY BESIDE THE UNCONSCIOUS BRAVE, KIT CARSON AND HIS TWO YOUNG FRIENDS RODE AWAY JUBILANTLY.

WHEN WE GET TO A QUIET SPOT YOU CAN READ SOME MORE OF THE WRITING ON THE ARROWHEAD, WHITE DOVE. THEN WE'LL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE TREASURE

BUT THE REDSKIN BRAVES HAD BEEN WATCHING. AS THEY SAW HAWKEYE NO LONGER IN DANGER, THEY GALLOPED OUT OF COVER, SCREAMING WAR CRIES.

RUN! WE'VE A CHANCE OF SHAKING THEM OFF!

TAKING A DANGEROUS TRAIL INTO THE MOUNTAINS, KIT AND HIS FRIENDS INCREASED THEIR LEAD. BUT AS THEY GALLOPED MADLY ROUND A BEND...

STOP, KIT! WHITE DOVE'S DOWN!

JOHNNY LEAPED FROM HIS HORSE AND HELPED THE DAZED INDIAN GIRL TO HER FEET.

HIDE BEHIND THE ROCKS WITH WHITE DOVE. I'LL RIDE ON AND TRY TO THROW THE REDSKINS OFF OUR TRACK!

SUPPORTING WHITE DOVE, JOHNNY HURRIED THROUGH A CLEFT IN THE ROCKS.

I SURE HATE TO SEE HIM GO ALONE! BUT WHITE DOVE'S TOO DAZED TO RIDE YET, AND SHE AIN'T GOTTA HORSE ANYWAY.

THE REDSKINS THUNDERED BY, HOT ON KIT CARSON'S TRAIL.

WE'VE GOT TO GRAB ANOTHER HORSE FOR YOU, WHITE DOVE. I'LL TAKE A CHANCE

JOHNNY HAD HIS LARIAT READY. AS THE LAST INDIAN RACED LEVEL WITH THEIR HIDING PLACE...

THAT'S ONE OF YOU LESS - BUT IT'S YOUR HORSE I WANT!

SWIFTLY, JOHNNY CAUGHT THE STUNNED REDSKIN'S HORSE AND LEAPED ASTRIDE IT AS WHITE DOVE MOUNTED HIS OWN MUSTANG.

COME ON, WHITE DOVE! LET'S GET ON THE TRAIL! WE MUST FIND KIT CARSON - HE MAY NEED OUR HELP!

TITTLE TATTLE

HOW DO I LOOK?

O.K. COME AND HAVE A LOOK!

FANCY DRESS PARTY? (NO BLACKBERRYING)

HE'S SO FOND OF HORSES HE DREAMS ABOUT THEM!

YOU MEAN HE HAS NIGHTMARES!

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO KIT CARSON? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

THE MAGIC ARMOUR

HEREWARD rode in triumph through the streets of St. Omer. At his stirrup walked his good friend and servant, Martin Lightfoot, who had faithfully followed him through all the strange adventures that had brought him at last to the shores of Flanders. By this side rode the young Arnoul, grandson of the Marquis of Flanders.

Following on behind came the Abbot of St. Bertin with his knights and men-at-arms, and a train of mules, carrying the taxes and gifts of the rebellious Count of Guisnes. The Count had refused to pay his just dues to the Marquis of Flanders and had defied the armed men sent against him. But he had reckoned without Hereward and his Viking followers.

Disdaining the polite and half-hearted efforts of the St. Bertin knights, Hereward had ridden into the press with his battle cry of: "A Wake! A Wake!" smiting the Guisnes knights hip and thigh. The Count had been only too pleased to pay his account and retire with the wounded back into his castle.

Already word of Hereward's prowess in that encounter had reached the people of St. Omer. They filled the streets and crowded the windows along the way, to catch a glimpse of this redoubtable warrior who called himself Harald Nomansson. As Hereward appeared, he was greeted by a cheer which shook the very rafters of St. Omer.

Glancing idly up at one of the windows, Hereward caught sight of a young woman, watching him in silence as he rode by. Something in the dark eyes, as they met his, fascinated Hereward. He turned in his saddle and questioned Arnoul.

"Who is the raven-haired beauty, yonder?"

"That is Torfrida, the niece of the Abbot of St. Omer." Arnoul lowered his voice. "She is said to be a powerful enchantress. Certainly she has the strongest and bravest champion in all Flanders."

"Who is he?" enquired Hereward, mildly.

"Sir Ascelin of St. Valeri," replied the youth. "He has won her favour for many years and no man has lived who tried to take it from him."

Hereward said nothing. But he deter-

THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF

HEREWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the Famous Book by Charles Kingsley)



Hereward charged forward, and his lance unseated Sir Ascelin

mined to make an early opportunity to put Sir Ascelin's mettle to the test.

They rode into the Abbey of St. Omer, where the Marquis himself greeted them. Hereward was taken inside, supplied with fine raiment and bidden to sit at the Marquis' right hand at the feast that was prepared in his honour.

When they had eaten and drunk their fill, the Marquis bent his head and whispered in Hereward's ear.

"I have made enquiries concerning you, Harald Nomansson," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "You would seem to bear a striking resemblance to one Hereward, son of Earl Leofric, ruler of one quarter of England."

Hereward saw that further concealment of his true identity was impossible.

"I am indeed he of whom you speak," he answered. "But I did not wish it to be generally known, for I am no longer my father's son. I am an outlaw and must win back mine honour, before I can hold my head high in the company of honest men."

"The Hereward of whom I have heard can already hold his head high, for he has won the knighthood he refuses many times over."

"I hope I may justify, in your eyes, the reputation I have earned, my lord," quoth Hereward, not without pride, for in those days a brave fighter knew no false modesty.

"I believe you will," replied the benevo-

lent Marquis. "I think you may have heard that the wild Zeelanders of Scaldmariland, the farthest corner of my realm, have for many years been a thorn in my side."

Hereward nodded. He had heard of the people of Scaldmariland, or Holland, as that land is called today. They were a poor people, living in crude huts built on piles driven into the marshes of their land. They wrested a meagre living from these marshes, fighting always against the pitiless sea.

"I am planning a campaign," continued the Marquis, "to force these rebellious subjects of mine to pay their proper dues to my representative, the lady Gertrude. She, poor woman, has long been helpless against them. I want you to lead that campaign for me, Hereward."

"Gladly," replied the younger man. The planning of a campaign against a fearless, warlike race was an adventure after his own heart and the chance he had longed for.

"But I think I shall see you fight before then," said the Marquis. "The tournaments of Poitiers are about to begin and you will not be able to recruit any knights for your campaign until that is over. I hope to see you joust there, yourself."

"As your lordship pleases," said Hereward, bowing his head.

But there was a gleam in his eye. Perhaps this would be the opportunity to fight Sir Ascelin of St. Valeri and win from him the lady Torfrida's favour.

A few days later, Hereward rode out of St. Omer along the road to Poitiers. With him went Martin, as his squire, and the young Arnoul, eager to see his hero fight again. On the way they met many more, like them, bound for the tournament.

The jousting lists at Poitiers were built in a natural hollow in the ground. In the bottom of this hollow was a smooth, flat stretch of ground, about a quarter of a mile long and half as broad, surrounded by a strong palisade. The ground rose on all sides of this palisade, forming a natural amphitheatre for the spectators.

At each end of the lists, there was a wide gateway leading into an enclosed space, where the contending knights pitched their tents. One of these enclosures was reserved for the principal challengers and the other for those knights who wished to accept

(Continued on page 7)



Don Deeds and Mai-Mai have been captured by Martians and taken to Mars. When they land they see a Martian about to shoot at Alpha, the Emperor.



WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO DON DEEDS AND MAI-MAI NOW? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(continued from opposite page)

their challenge.

In the centre of one of the longer sides was a canopied dais, on which sat the Marquis and his courtiers. On either side of this were benches for the yeomen and well-to-do farmers. The peasants and poorer folk sat on the grass, where they could. Some even climbed the neighbouring trees, where they had a grandstand view of the proceedings.

There was a large crowd of gay, laughing people, when Hereward arrived, for the day had been proclaimed a public holiday. Hereward made his way into the enclosure opposite that of the principal challengers, where he was allotted a place to pitch his tent and prepare for the tourney.

"Is Sir Ascelin to joust today?" Hereward asked Arnoul, as casually as he could.

"Oh, yes. He is one of the principal challengers," and Arnoul pointed along the lists to the brightly-coloured tents opposite. "That is his shield, the one bearing the emblem of a lion."

Hereward nodded, well satisfied. He despised this playing at war, but he was determined to show that a Viking could be as noble and courtly in his bearing as any Fleming.

The heralds sounded a flourish and the Grand Master of the tournament rode into the lists to announce the rules of the jousting.

There were five principal challengers. Any knight wishing to tilt against one of them, rode across the lists and touched, with his lance the shield of his chosen adversary, which hung outside his tent.

If he touched the shield with the reverse of his lance, then the fight was to take place with the arms of courtesy. In this case, a flat board was fixed over the point of the lances, so that there was less danger. The fight went to the knight who unseated his opponent.

If the challenger's shield was touched with the point of the lance, then the encounter was said to be "at outrance" which meant that the fight then continued until one knight died or yielded.

The defeated knight in each encounter, forfeited his horse, his armour and his weapons to his conqueror.

The Grand Master completed his announcement with the traditional cry for largesse. Money was thrown into the lists and hastily gathered by the heralds and the other officials, who had helped to organise the tourney.

The Grand Master retired to the side of the lists and the first four knights rode forward towards the principal challengers. Hereward watched, scornfully, while they touched the shields of their selected opponents with the reverse of their lances. He

noticed, too, that they all avoided accepting Sir Ascelin's challenge.

The four men rode back to their own end of the lists and the combatants faced each other. The Marquis nodded to the Grand Master to begin, and the latter dropped his baton. All eight knights spurred their horse and rode towards each other.

As they gathered speed, the thunder of their horses' hoofs and the rattle of their armour was deafening. At last they came together with a crash, which made the ground tremble underfoot and sent the birds screeching from the tree-tops for many miles around.

When the dust settled again, Hereward saw that the principal challengers had achieved an unqualified success. All four of their opponents were lying on the ground beside their shattered lances. One of them had to be dragged from the lists by his squires, but the others managed to struggle to their feet and walk off amid the boos of the populace.

The next encounter produced the same result, though one of the principals had to ride at his man twice before unseating him. But Hereward was more interested this time, because Sir Ascelin's challenge had been accepted and he obtained his first sight of this renowned champion.

The man was enormous, clad from head to foot in black chain mail. Above his tilting helm fluttered the blue ribbon which was the lady Torfrida's favour. The sword at his side was bigger than any ordinary man could have wielded. And he unseated his adversary without apparent effort.

And now it was Hereward's turn. Martin helped him to arm and mount his horse and he rode into the lists towards the challengers. He was alone, for the success of the principals had considerably dampened the enthusiasm of the other knights.

He rode straight up to the tent of Sir Ascelin. A loud "Ooooh!" ran through the crowd, as he touched the shield with the point of his lance. This was to be a fight to the death.

Sir Ascelin came out of his tent and sneered at the small, broad-shouldered figure and youthful appearance of the upstart who dared to challenge him to mortal combat. But Hereward returned his looks coolly and turned his horse back into the lists.

They faced each other at either end of the enclosure. The Grand Master dropped his baton and Hereward spurred his horse towards his rival. As he drew nearer, he saw the mean, black eyes on either side of the nose-piece of Ascelin's tilting helm. Above them fluttered the bit of blue ribbon.

With the first shock, both men splintered their lances, but both miraculously retained their seats in the saddle. They retreated to their own ends of the lists again. Martin handed his master another lance in silence.

Again they rode together. This time, Hereward rose in the stirrups and aimed the point of his lance at the more difficult target of his opponent's helm. He felt the

sharp blow of the other's lance against his shield and the sting in his right arm, as his own lance found its mark. Then he was past.

Before he could turn, he heard a crash behind him. He had unseated Sir Ascelin! The roars of the crowd drummed in his ears. But Hereward was not the man to take advantage of an opponent. He sprang from his own horse and, drawing his good sword, Brainbiter, he waited for Sir Ascelin to pick himself up.

The black knight struggled to his feet and rushed on Hereward in a fury. He had obviously lost his temper and his judgment was affected accordingly. Hereward easily side-stepped his first rush and, choosing the spot with care, smote with all his might.

Once again, Sir Ascelin crashed to the ground. But this time he did not rise. Hereward sprang upon him, unlaced his helm and placed the point of Brainbiter at his throat.

"Yield!" he cried.

But Sir Ascelin did not answer. He was unconscious. Hereward snatched the blue ribbon and allowed his squires to carry him off.

The next day, Martin rode back to St. Omer on a coal-black mare, carrying a full suit of black mail.

Hereward lost no time in calling on the lady Torfrida. She greeted him graciously and asked him to keep the blue ribbon and wear it for her sake.

"And now I must reward you, sir knight," she said.

She led him across the room to a door in the corner, which she unlocked with a silver key. Hereward found himself gazing upon golden cups, bracelets of great price, horns of ivory and silver, bags of coin and, among it all, a mail shirt and helmet which he eyed covetously.

"Yes, that is more in Hereward's line," smiled Torfrida, picking it up for Hereward to examine more closely.

He marvelled at the fineness and delicacy of the mail-rings and the richness of the gold and silver with which hauberk and helm were inlaid.

"It is yours, if you will have it," said Torfrida. "It is magic armour and no man who wears it can come to harm from mortal sword or axe. But there is a dreadful curse on any man who loses this armour in battle. Dare you wear it?"

"What dare I not?" cried Hereward, adding less boastfully, "for your sake."

And so Hereward went into the campaign in Scaldmariland, wearing the magic armour and with Brainbiter at his side. He rode into the very heart of the battle and no man could harm him. And the Zealanders became greatly afraid of him and came and bowed to him.

And he rode back once more into St. Omer in triumph, eager for his next adventure.

Next week, Hereward gains the finest horse in all Europe by a clever trick.

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.

MARJORIE BROOK, 13 Brampton Ave., Thurgate, Rotherham, Yorks. Twelve. Gardening, reading.

RENEE ARMSTRONG, 5 Garden Place, nr. Crumpsall, Manchester 8. Fifteen. Cycling, swimming, reading, films.

NORMA BUCKLEY, 1 Queen St., Chesterfield, Derbyshire. Sixteen. Dancing, sport, reading.

ANNE WHITEHEAD, 99 Raymede Drive, Bestwood Estate, Bulwell, Notts. Fourteen. Autograph hunting, photography, hockey, tennis.

ALLAN SYKES, Lightcliffe Conservative Club, Wakefield Rd., Halifax. Twelve. Speedway, football, cricket.

DOROTHY BLACK, 2 Hapsford Rd., Litherland, Liverpool, 21. Fourteen. Horse riding, collecting film star photographs.

ANDREW KILOK, 82 Balornock Rd., Balornock, Glasgow, N. Thirteen. Camping, speedway, films.

BETTY PAYNE, 1 Crescent Rd., Waltham Cross, Herts. Sixteen. Swimming, reading, film stars.

BRIAN GODSALL, 180 Cherrywood Rd., Bordesby Green, Birmingham, 9. Twelve. Swimming, reading, collecting coins.

WINNIE MOORE, 8 Sherwood St., Belfast, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Painting, ice skating, reading.

SHEILA MINTRUP, 12 Testwood Crescent, Tolton, Southampton, Hants. Fifteen. Films, sports.

IMELDA BRENNAN, 61 Foundry St., Belfast, N. Ireland. Twelve. Dancing, films.

LAWRENCE BYRNE, Orthopaedic Hospital, Castle Ave., Clontarf, Dublin. Fifteen. Sport, reading.

BRENDA PIKE, 24 Westerton Rd., Tingley, nr. Wakefield, Yorks. Thirteen. Stamp collecting, knitting.

MAURICE HOUGHTON, 16 Tewkesbury Close, Paulsgrove, Gosham, Portsmouth, Hants. Thirteen. Football, reading, writing.

PATRICIA JERVIS, 182 Cannock Rd., Chadswood, Cannock, Staffs. Fifteen. Swimming, dancing, cycling, reading.

ERIC BEATSON, 25 Noble St., Hoyland, nr. Barnsley, Yorks. Eleven. Engine spotting, radio.

MARGARET GEDDES, 7 Russel Crescent, Larkwick, Shetland. Twelve. Film stars, reading.

MARGARET ADAMS, 12 Byron Rd., Birdholme, Chesterfield. Fifteen. Stamp collecting, sport, travelling.

JEFFREY POSTIN, 23 Norton Crescent, Old Hill, Staffs. Thirteen. Swimming, football, cycling.

JUNE MEFFEN, "The Hollies" Carrington St., Milford-on-Sea, Hants. Twelve. Cartooning, swimming, films.

DAVID KAY, 22 The Crescent, Helmsley, Yorks. Fourteen. Stamp collecting, swimming, sport.

JESSE ALLEN, 183 Bracken Rd., Shiregreen, Sheffield, 5. Eighteen. Dancing.

MORE GRAND FILM SOUVENIRS TO BE WON! OVER 1,000 PRIZES!

Most of you will have entered for the splendid colouring competition which appeared in the COMET and our companion paper SUN two weeks ago in connection with our fine film story "The Rogues of Sherwood Forest." Souvenirs of the film were offered as prizes, and so interested are the stars of the film, John Derek and Diana Lynn, in our story, that they have sent us several more super souvenirs actually used in the film. So we give you here another colouring competition and a further opportunity to win some unique and really worth while prizes.

1st PRIZE FOR BOY READERS—

The actual belt and pouch worn by John Derek and autographed by him.

1st PRIZE FOR GIRL READERS—

The actual coronet worn by Diana Lynn and autographed by her.

2nd PRIZE FOR BOY READERS—

Two of the actual arrows.

2nd PRIZE FOR GIRL READERS—

The actual brooch worn by Diana Lynn.

3rd PRIZE FOR BOY READERS—

The archer's leather cuff and one arrow used in the film.

3rd PRIZE FOR GIRL READERS—

A scarf specially presented by Diana Lynn.

And as consolation prizes—One Thousand beautiful glossy photos of Robin Hood, Lady Marian and Little John, taken from the film. You must enter this competition!

What you have to do.—Colour this picture in paint or crayon, using your own ideas of colouring. Cut out the picture and coupon together and paste it on a card or similar backing. Be sure to let it dry thoroughly before you start! 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 October 11th, 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



Age.....
Name.....
Address.....
Signature of parent.....

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



DAVID TOMLINSON
(Rank Organisation)



LANA MORRIS
(Rank Organisation)



ALASTAIR SIM
(London Films)



MARGARET RUTHERFORD
(London Films)

BUFFALO BILL.

GREY SNAKE, THE TRAITOR, STANDS AT BAY AMONGST THE ROCKS, BUT BUFFALO BILL'S SNAP SHOT SEVERS HIS BOW-STRING ~ ~ ~



I HAVE DISARMED YOU, GREY SNAKE. I'LL THROW DOWN MY GUNS AND TAKE YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!



THAT IS YOUR MISTAKE, WHITE MAN. I STILL HAVE MY KNIFE!



BUFFALO BILL CALMLY WAITS FOR GREY SNAKE'S ATTACK.

BUFFALO BILL DEFTLY KICKS THE KNIFE FROM GREY SNAKE'S HAND



IT'S A FAIR FIGHT NOW, GREY SNAKE. HOLD-- THAT!



GUIDED BY THE SOUND OF THE SHOT, THE INDIANS COME RUSHING TO THE SCENE.

TIE HIM UP AND TAKE HIM TO BLACK BISON!



SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE PIUTE VILLAGE-- BUFFALO BILL IS MADE A BLOOD BROTHER OF BLACK BISON, THE CHIEF, AND THEY SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE.



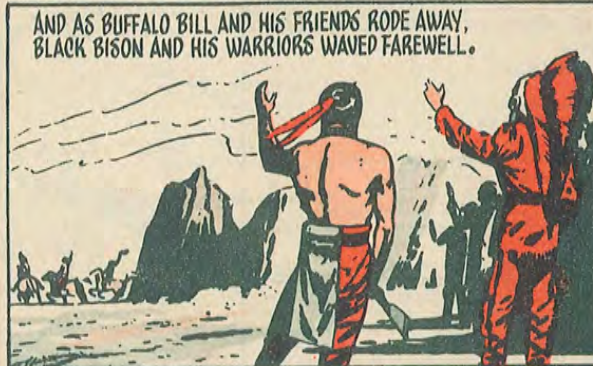
WE ARE NOW BROTHERS. IF EVER YOU ARE IN NEED YOU CAN CALL UPON ME FOR HELP!

WILL YOU GO ON THE WAR-PATH AGAIN-- AFTER I HAVE GONE?



ONLY IN A JUST CAUSE-- OR IN SELF-DEFENCE.

GOOD! I KNOW MY BROTHER WILL KEEP HIS WORD!



AND AS BUFFALO BILL AND HIS FRIENDS RODE AWAY, BLACK BISON AND HIS WARRIORS WAVED FAREWELL.



THE END

SO THAT'S THE END OF A THRILLING STORY. THERE WILL BE MORE GRAND NEW FEATURES IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET", INCLUDING DON DEEDS IN COLOUR