

COMET

No. 116
(New Series)
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EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2^D

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE

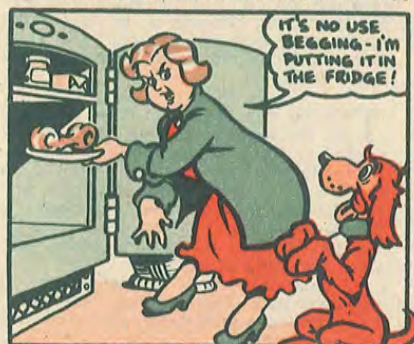


Mother came back from her shopping,
And out the gate our Scamp came hopping.

In her basket was a bone,
Which Scampy wanted for his own.

With eyes ashine, mouth open wide,
Our eager Scampy leaped inside.

For this, the puppy got a clout,
Mother was cross, without a doubt.

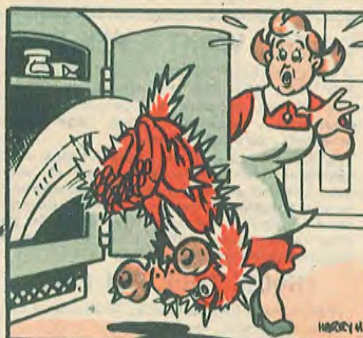


So, teaching him to be polite,
Mum put his bone right out of sight.

But Scampy, crouching near the floor,
Slid nose nose beneath the door!

The 'fridge door soon was open wide,
And crafty Scamp stepped right inside!

And then, as Mother might have known,
He got his teeth into that bone.



But Mother didn't see the pup,
And that's how Scampy got "Shut up"!

He stayed inside for quite a while,
Till Mother came back with a smile.

And when she opened wide the door,
Poor frozen Scamp fell on the floor!

It took hot soup, and mustard bath,
To put Scamp on the warmward path!





WHO LAUGHED LAST?

GOSLING!" "Sir!" "Please go to Dr. Locke's study at once."

"Oh! Yessir!" Gosling, the ancient porter of Greyfriars School, stared at the open doorway of his lodge. Mr. Quelch's sharp voice floated in clearly to his ancient ears. But the Remove master did not look in, as Gosling would naturally have expected him to do when he spoke. He did not appear in sight at all.

However, the voice of Quelch was a voice to be obeyed and Gosling heaved his ancient limbs out of his armchair and shuffled to the door.

Just inside his open doorway lay a large corded cardboard box. It was addressed to Harold Skinner and had been dropped there by the carrier from Courtfield. Gosling was in no hurry to carry that parcel to the House.

He stared round him as he emerged from his lodge. Quelch, apparently, had called in at the door without stopping, but Gosling expected to see him when he came out. Gosling's movements were slow, but Quelch's must have been very rapid, for he was not in sight.

Nobody was in sight except a fat junior who blinked at Gosling through his big spectacles. Gosling, apparently not cheered by the sight of Billy Bunter's fat countenance, grunted again and shuffled off. If Gosling had ever heard that Billy Bunter was a ventriloquist with a remarkable and uncanny gift of imitating voices, he did not recall it at that moment.

Billy Bunter grinned at Gosling's departing back and chuckled a fat chuckle. "He, he, he!"

As Gosling disappeared Billy Bunter sidled into the open doorway. Gosling was off the scene for a good ten minutes. It would take him at least that long to learn that the Head didn't want him and that his ancient leg had been pulled. Bunter dismissed Gosling from mind. He was not interested in Gosling—he was interested in the parcel for Skinner.

A parcel arriving for a Greyfriars fellow was very likely to contain foodstuffs. Had it been destined for Harry Wharton, or Bob Cherry, or any such open-handed fellow, Bunter would have been content to wedge in when it was opened by the owner. But he did not look for hospitality from Skinner. If Bunter was going to sample the contents of that parcel he had to open it before Skinner did.

So, having cleared Gosling off the scene with that little spot of ventriloquism, Bunter lost no time. He grabbed the cord and dragged it aside and crumpled open a corner of the cardboard box and blinked into it through his big spectacles.

"Oh, crikey!" ejaculated Bunter as he blinked.

He was startled. That cardboard box did not contain tuck or anything like it. In amazement the fat Owl of the Remove found himself blinking at a stuffed dog. He blinked at it quite blankly.

Once upon a time that stuffed figure had been a fierce little terrier. It still looked fierce, with teeth showing under a snarling lip and greenish glass eyes that glistened and gleamed. It looked remarkably life-like; indeed, had Billy Bunter come upon it

FEARLESS BILLY BUNTER!

A Smashing Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

have taken to his heels without stopping for a second blink. But even Billy Bunter was not scared by a stuffed dog in a cardboard box, he was only astonished.

He remembered, as he blinked at it, that he had seen it before in Mr. Lazarus's shop window in Courtfield High Street. It was priced at three guineas, so Skinner could hardly have bought it. He must have hired it, no doubt for the purpose of one of his many practical jokes on other fellows.

Bunter gave an angry snort.

It was very irritating to the fat Owl. He had wasted his time and his ventriloquism to be rewarded with nothing but a glimpse of a stuffed dog! He jammed the corner of the cardboard box shut again and rolled out of Gosling's lodge, his interest in Skinner's parcel completely evaporating.

"I SAY, you fellows."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What's the joke?" demanded Bunter. "Is there a joke?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.

"Is the absurd joke terrific?" inquired Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Billy Bunter blinked at the crowd of juniors in the Rag through his big spectacles, with a disgruntled and suspicious blink.

Something was "on," Bunter could see that.

When he rolled into the Rag after class he found a crowd of Remove fellows there and they were all laughing. But whatever it was they were discussing, Bunter had no hint of it, for they ceased discussing it at once as the fat Owl rolled in. Bunter had a strong suspicion that there was a jest on in the Remove and that he was the object of it.

"I say, you fellows, what's the game?"

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!

REGINALD BAINBRIDGE, 70 Portland St., Workop, Notts. Ten. Reading.

LILIAN PROSSER, 11 Barry Rd., Pwllgwaun, Pontypridd, Glam. Fourteen. Films, knitting, needlework.

NEVILLE BOURSTOW, 11 Croft St., Audenshaw, Manchester. Ten. Engine spotting, football, cricket.

JUNE BELL, 58 Knightside Gdns., Dunston-on-Tyne. Seventeen. Light opera, hiking, history.

NORMAN BAXTER, 82 Coleshill Rd., Atherstone, Warwickshire. Nine. Car spotting, films.

SHIRLEY WHARAM, 25 Hotham St., Hedon Rd., Hull, Yorks. Fifteen. Skating, dancing, swimming, cycling.

TREVOR SHARMAN, 203 Odessa Rd., Forest Gate, London, E.7. Eleven. Swimming and all games.

MAUREEN BARBOUR, 10 Church Place, Ardrossan, Ayrshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Highland dancing, running, swimming.

BRIAN CRATCHLEY, Stanfields, Rotherham, N. Stroud, Glos. Eleven. Garden- ing, football, cricket.

JUNE WHITEHOUSE, 6 Overend St., West Bromwich, Staffs. Seventeen. Skating, dancing, cycling, reading.

STEPHEN INGLE, 63 Cambridge Rd., Gorton, Cambridge. Ten. Nature, football.

MARGARET MARSHALL, 8 The Avenue, Carr, Maltby, Rotherham. Eleven. Drawing, painting, dancing.

MARION COSTER, 155 Sixth Avenue, Manor Park, London, E.12. Thirteen. Stamp collecting, needlework.

DAVID SQUIRES, Kirk Lane Bridge, Sykehouse, N. Goole, Yorks. Fifteen. Shooting, cycling.

ZEITA LEE, 19 Surtees St., Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Athletics, films, needlework.

IAN MACDONALD, Children's Ward B, Raigmore Hospital, Inverness. Eleven. Reading.

asked Bunter.

"Game?" repeated Bob Cherry vaguely.

"What are you all cackling at?" hooted Bunter. "Can't you tell a chap what the joke is? Is there anything funny here?"

"Yes," said Skinner.

"What is it?"

"It's just come in."

"Eh! What!" Billy Bunter blinked round him to see what had just come in. Then it dawned on his fat mind that he had just come in himself! "You cheeky beast, Skinner—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" snorted Bunter. "I say, Toddy, I've been looking for you. Ain't you coming up to the study to tea?"

"Not yet awhile," answered Peter shaking his head.

"Well, I'm ready for tea if you're not," yapped Bunter.

"You go and get tea ready, Bunter," suggested Todd. And for some reason unknown to Bunter that simple remark caused a yell of laughter.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," yapped Bunter irritably and he rolled out of the Rag. A chorus of chuckles followed him.

Quite puzzled, but thinking chiefly of tea, Billy Bunter heaved his weight up the staircase and rolled into the Remove passage. Getting tea was the only kind of work for which Billy Bunter was a willing recruit. The labour was cheered by a series of "snacks." If Toddy and Dutton left it too late they were not likely to find much on the tea table in No. 7 Study.

The fat junior threw open the door of that study and rolled in.

The next moment he uttered a startled yelp and bounded backwards into the passage, his eyes almost popping through

his spectacles. Facing him there was fierce-looking terrier with gleaming, glinting eyes and snarling mouth and teeth, apparently in the very act of springing.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter.

For a moment he was startled out of his fat wits. In another moment he would have been whizzing away down the passage at a speed that no terrier could have equalled. But he remembered in time!

He had seen that terrier before, packed in a cardboard box in Gosling's lodge. Lifelike as it looked, savage and vicious as it looked, lively as it looked, it was past doing any damage with its gleaming teeth.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Beast!"

He understood now. This was the joke that all the fellows were laughing over in the Rag. Skinner had done this to scare him. Skinner had rather a "down" on Billy Bunter of late and this was Skinner's latest. And certainly, had not Bunter discovered the contents of the cardboard box in Gosling's lodge, Skinner's joke would have been a complete success. Bunter would certainly have taken that stuffed terrier for a real, live, savage brute about to fly at him and would have fled for his fat life, yelling for help. He would never have dared go near his study again so long as it was there. But, as it happened, Bunter knew!

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

All the fellows knew the joke, even Toddy and Dutton. They were all prepared to yell with merriment at Bunter's frantic flight from a stuffed dog. Luckily for Bunter he knew that the dog was stuffed! And as he stood there blinking at the immovable terrier, a fat grin slowly spread over Billy Bunter's fat countenance. Bunter's brain was working!

THERE was a sound of many footsteps on the Remove landing. Billy Bunter winked at the stuffed terrier, as he heard it. All the fellows were coming up—not to tea in the studies, but to enjoy the joke, prepared to see a fat Owl bolting down the passage, howling with terror. That entertaining sight, in the circumstances, they were not going to see!

"I say, you fellows!" shouted Bunter. "I say, come here! There's a dog in my study! I say, he looks jolly dangerous! Growling like anything!"

"What?" yelled Skinner. He had expected Billy Bunter to be frightened out of his fat wits by a savage-looking dog at close quarters. But really he had not expected him to imagine that a stuffed dog was growling.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you hear him growl, Bunter?"

"Tackle him, old fat man!"

"Grab him, Bunter."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's that? That jolly well sounds like a dog, and a jolly fierce one!"

Growl! There was no mistaking that sound. It was a low, fierce, savage growl from No. 7 Study.

Skinner fairly jumped. All the fellows stared. Skinner, with his own hands, had planted that stuffed dog in Bunter's study. Yet that savage growl certainly could not have come from a stuffed dog.

Growl! The juniors came crowding up the passage. Billy Bunter, outside the open doorway of No. 7, was betraying no sign of alarm. Neither was he betraying any sign that a fat ventriloquist was at work. Bunter could do these things!

Growl!

"Oh, my hat!" "Keep clear, you fellows! Look at his teeth!" exclaimed Bunter. "If he gets one of you—"

Growl!

The juniors stared into the study in a startled crowd. From the snarling mouth of the black terrier came, or at least seemed to come, that savage, vicious growl. Some of the fellows backed away. That dog did indeed look dangerous—and it undoubtedly sounded dangerous. Nobody wanted to feel a set of sharp teeth sinking into his leg.

"But—but—but it can't be—!" gasped Skinner. "I-I can't make it out, but—"

Growl!

"I say, Toddy, go in and turn that dog out, will you? I want my tea."

"Um!" said Peter Todd. Skinner had told him of the stuffed dog. But stuffed dogs did not growl! Toddy did not want to sample those teeth.

"I say, Skinner, turn that dog out, will you?"

Growl!

Skinner stared at that growling terrier—from a safe distance—with bulging eyes.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued on page 7)

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SPLASH PAGE

ACE REPORTER OF THE 'DAILY WORLD'
AND HIS ASSISTANT—JILL BRENT



THIS WEEK:—THE CASE OF THE BEXTON PANTHERS

KIDNAPPED

THE old gentleman hurried up to the taxi-cab waiting outside the *Daily World* building.

"Taxi! Taxi!" he gasped.

"Sorry, sir," said the driver. "I'm already hired."

Muttering angrily the old gentleman hurried away to find another cab. A red-headed, stocky boy who was standing near the cab sidled up to the driver.

"Thanks," he hissed. "I thought it was all up with our plan then!"

"I might get into trouble, refusing a fare!" the driver grumbled.

Then the boy, looking over his shoulder, said urgently:

"Quiet! Here's Splash Page now."

Splash Page, the *Daily World's* famous reporter, hurried through the swing doors. With him was Jill Brent, his assistant, her camera slung over her shoulder.

"Taxi, sir!" called the driver as the boy nudged him.

"Yes—yes, I think so—eh, Jill?" said Splash Page cheerfully. "This is an urgent assignment."

The cab driver was already holding the door open.

Splash Page followed Jill into the cab.

"Drive to Trafalgar Square," he said.

"I've got to interview Nelson."

Jill Brent chuckled as the startled driver climbed back into his seat and swung the cab into the traffic.

The taxi swerved down a side street. Splash frowned.

"Funny way to get to Trafalgar Square."

"It's the 'road-up' season," said Jill calmly.

"As long as he's not one of these clever boys who take you all round the back turnings and take twice as long," muttered Splash dully.

"He couldn't do that to Splash Page," said Jill sweetly. "Relax!"

Splash fished out a notebook and was busy for some minutes. When he looked up again he started. The street scene was familiar—but wrong.

"Hey, this is the Bank!" he exclaimed.

"We're not going West—we're going East!"

"So we are," said Jill, and began to feel uneasy.

Splash rapped on the glass panel behind the driver. The driver took no notice. The cab accelerated, still going eastwards. Splash's hand shot to the door handle.

"I'll soon show this chap—" he began,

then his eyes widened. "The door's locked!"

"I thought he was being over-polite, holding it open for us," said Jill shakily. Suddenly she gave a queer little laugh. "It looks to me as if we're being kidnapped!"

"Keep calm, Jill," said Splash tensely. He took off his hat, wrapped it round his fist and prepared to punch at the glass panel. "I feel like having an argument with this driver."

Jill seized his arm. "Wait, Splash! We might as well see where we're being taken! Think of the story: 'Attempted Kidnapping of Ace Reporter!'"

The taxi was still going fast. It was now bowling down Commercial Road. Next moment it turned off, down a narrow street lined with warehouses.

"Going towards the docks," said Splash Page grimly. "Maybe you're right—but we'll have some scrap on our hands if he lands us into the arms of a bunch of gunmen. Remember the threats we've received, Jill!"

Jill remembered. But her fear was overlaid with excitement. She looked out. They were now in waste land, with here and there tall walls over which showed the masts and funnels of ships.

The taxi hummed past a long, high wooden hoarding, then swung suddenly with squealing tyres through a narrow gateway—and stopped. The taxi driver switched off, climbed out, and to Splash's surprise, unlocked the door.

Splash went out like a thunderbolt—straight for the driver. He grabbed the man's shoulder and held a useful-looking fist bunched under his nose.

"Now, you—" he roared. "You're going to do some explaining!"

"Lemme go, guv! I can explain—" Fuming, Splash turned, his fist poised, as he heard the squeal of hurriedly braked rubber tyres and a boy's voice shouting:

"Don't hit Uncle Harry, Mr. Page! He didn't mean any harm."

Trundling his push-bike, the red-headed boy rushed up to Splash Page.

"Oh, so he's your Uncle Harry, is he?" growled Splash. "And what's your name?"

"Scorcher Smith, sir," the boy gasped. "I'll tell you all about it. You see, we wanted to get you down here, and when we got no reply to the letter we sent you a week ago—"

"Letter? What letter? I've had no letters from Scorcher Smith—or Uncle Harry!"

Scorcher Smith scowled. "I'll punch Squiffy's head for this! He told me—honour bright—he'd posted that letter. He'll forget his blooming breakfast next!"

"I'm still waiting," said Splash Page grimly.

"Well, we thought we'd kidnap you," said Scorcher calmly, adding hastily as he saw the light in Splash's eyes: "Just for a joke, of course. We heard you were a sport, Mr. Page, and we were sure you'd agree to open our new track for us."

"Track?" barked Splash Page.

He heard Jill Brent laughing, and turned. He saw an oval cinder track, running round a piece of waste land whose rough grass had been neatly trimmed. On banking all round it stood hundreds of boys and girls and grown-ups, all watching him. In the centre of the wasteland was a rickety wooden tower with a tin roof. A fat, red-faced man was perched on it alertly with a megaphone in his hand.

"Yes, the Bexton Panthers' new track," said Scorcher eagerly. "I'm captain. Cycle speedway, Mr. Page!"

"That's right," said the taxi driver, Uncle Harry. "The kids are all mad on it round here."

"And we thought," added Scorcher, his blue eyes gazing excitedly up at Splash, "that if you wrote a piece in your paper about us we might be able to raise the rent that old skintint Silas Simms is wanting us to pay for the ground." His fists bunched angrily. "We spent weeks cleaning up this ground, cutting the grass, laying the track with cinders the chaps at the power station gave us—and then old Simms, who owns a lot of grocery shops round here, comes down like a ton of bricks and says we've got to pay rent or he'll shut the speedway!"

"Oh, will he?" said Splash Page grimly. Then he chuckled. "Well, perhaps I am a sport, Scorcher. I'll open your track for you—and I expect I'll write about it, too."

"You will? Gosh, that's wizard!" Scorcher waved excitedly to the fat man on the tower.

The fat man lifted his megaphone and began booming through it.

"And now I have the honour to announce that Mr. Splash Page, the famous reporter, will declare this track well and truly open!" A burst of cheering. "And having done so, he will perform the opening ride!"

Splash Page started. "What's that he said?"

"This is going to be good!" said Jill Brent.

A bunch of boys wearing crash helmets, bright yellow jerseys and speedway racing boots pedalled swiftly from the direction of a tumbledown shed. They were riding bicycles—but not the sort of bicycle that Splash Page knew.

One leaped off and handed his machine to Scorcher, who wheeled it swiftly to Splash Page. Splash Page stared at it. It had no mudguards or brakes. The saddle was very low down and the frame sloped up towards the handlebars. The handlebars were enormous, spreading high and wide like a bull's horns.

"Cycle speedway bike," said Scorcher. "It's a smasher. Real fast, Mr. Page. You'll burn up the cinders on this!"

"You want me to ride this—this contraption?" groaned Splash.

"Go on, Splash," said Jill sweetly. "Never let it be said that Splash Page backed down on a story."

Splash looked down at his new flannel trousers. He looked at the bike's well-greased chain and at the dark and dirty cinders. Then he swung a leg over the saddle.

"Maybe the expense account will stand a new pair of trousers," he muttered. "O.K., Scorcher—let's go!"

The boys leaped on to their bikes and dashed on to the cinders. But as Splash followed, more slowly, he put down a foot and stopped as a man came hurrying to Scorcher.

He was dressed in a black suit and a bowler hat and his face was long and miserable. He was also angry.

"Stop this!" snapped the man. "I told you you couldn't have this ground without paying my rent."

Splash glanced at Scorcher as the boy's face showed his dismay.

"But, Mr. Simms, listen—" began Scorcher pleadingly.

"I'm not listening!" stormed Mr. Simms.

A hand clasped Mr. Simms' arm and led him politely but firmly a few feet away.

"A word in your ear, Mr. Simms," said Splash Page. "My name is Page—Splash Page. I work for the *Daily World*. I'm here to open this cycle speedway track and write a story about it."

"What's that go to do with me?" snarled Mr. Simms.

"This," said Splash Page, keeping his voice low. "Imagine what a pitiful story it would be, Mr. Simms, if I had to write that the track these youngsters have worked so hard on will have to close down on its first day—all because a certain local grocer couldn't be a sport. Think what my readers would say about this man! You can almost feel your ears burning."

Mr. Simms' eyes flickered. He could well imagine the awful consequences.

"Well, I—I—" "Don't you think it would be much better, Mr. Simms," went on Splash Page swiftly, "if I could write a nice little piece about a kind-hearted and benevolent local grocer who had presented his piece of land to the Bexton youngsters for their enjoyment? Think of the extra business, Mr. Simms!"

"Put like that, Mr. Page," Simms said softly, "things look very different. I'm almost inclined—"

Splash Page slapped him on the back. "Good! I knew you'd agree, Mr. Simms!"

So Silas Simms found to his surprise that he had presented the piece of land to the Bexton Panthers. He was even more surprised to find himself riding a cycle round the track in company with Splash Page, to perform the opening ride. He couldn't quite decide whether the loud cheers were for himself or for Splash Page.

Splash was beginning to enjoy himself. He found at first that the tyres, swishing through the cinders, seemed none too safe.

But soon he found quite a thrill in keeping the speedway bike upright on the cinders.

"Come on, Mr. Simms!" he shouted. "I'll give you a race! We'll show these boys something!"

He spurred away, pedalling fast, sending a shower of cinders from his back wheel.

"Absurd!" panted Mr. Simms. "Ridiculous!"

But he automatically put on a spurt to catch Splash Page and drew a definite cheer from the spectators. And it was then that Jill Brent, kneeling on the grass, got a fine action photo of Splash Page as he raced past her with Mr. Simms in hot pursuit.

After the opening ceremony there were several exciting races. But Mr. Simms went soft-footed away. He was still not quite sure that he had done right.

"It's wizard!" said Scorcher Smith enthusiastically. "I don't know how you did it, Mr. Page!"

"Just call it—the power of the Press," said Splash Page.

Next morning Mr. Simms sat in his office reading the *Daily World*. The story of the Bexton Panthers was there all right. And it was illustrated with a first-class action photo of himself chasing Splash Page down the straight.

"Pah!" he said disgustedly, throwing the paper on the floor. Then he smiled grimly. "Still, it satisfied Splash Page. I don't want him prying around here too much!"

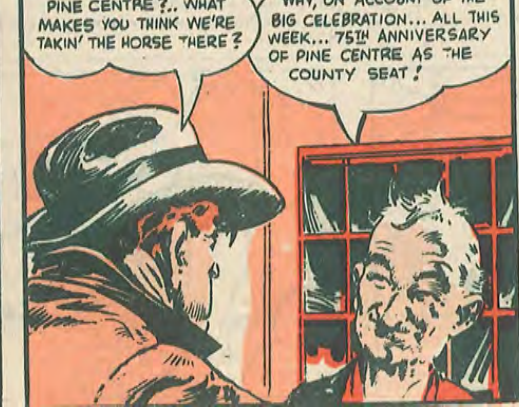
There'll be another grand complete story of Splash Page in next week's COMET. Don't miss it!

CHUCKLE CORNER



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 trainer. They foil the crooks by a clever trick and determine to make them pay for all the trouble they have caused.



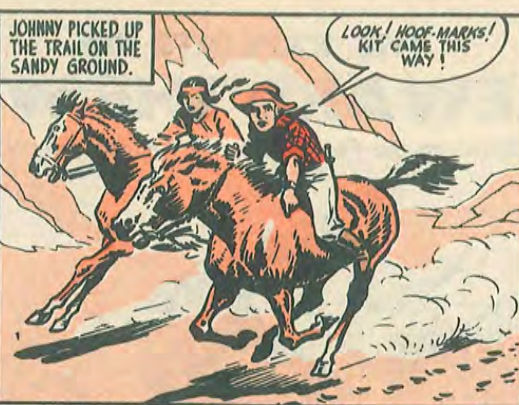
RTY Y SHERIFF

BIG GUYS MAKE FUN
THOUGH IT'S MY
RTY! THEY DON'T
HURT MY FEELINGS



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 the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Indians, led by Hawkeye. When White Dove's horse falls Kit Carson rides on, leading the Indians away. Having obtained another horse, White Dove and Johnny follow the trail and ride on to find Kit again.



HOW CAN WHITE DOVE SAVE KIT? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK!



MARE SWALLOW

HEREWARD had feasted royally at Bruges, after his return from the wars with the Hollanders. Since his father, the Earl of Mercia, in England, had outlived him because of his wild ways, he had roamed far and wide and met with many adventures. At last he had taken service with the Marquis of Flanders and fought like a true Viking on his behalf.

His fame had travelled through the length and breadth of the land. There were many who spoke of the magic armour, given to him by the beautiful enchantress, Torfrida, and the magic sword he had taken from the giant, Ironhook. It was said that, armed with these, he was unbeatable.

But Hereward was an Anglo-Dane and therefore a foreigner in Flanders. The Flemish knights were jealous of his success and the esteem he had won in the heart of the Great Marquis. They lost no opportunity to make a joke at the expense of his rough English manners.

As he sat with these Flemings at the marquis's table, Hereward noticed a group of them with their heads together, whispering. Presently one of them looked up and addressed him directly.

"Since you have been on the islands of the Scheldt, my lord Hereward, I should have thought you would have brought the Mare Swallow back with you."

The others laughed at that. Mare Swallow was renowned throughout the land. Though one of the ugliest, she was reputed to be the swiftest horse in the world. But she was jealously guarded by her owner, Dirk Hammerhand, the richest and strongest ruler in those parts.

"I could have brought back Mare Swallow or aught else I desired, if I wanted to," quoth Hereward, annoyed by the knight's bantering tone.

"But you would not be able to deal with Dirk Hammerhand, for he pays his dues regularly to the marquis," said the Fleming.

"And they say he challenges every man he meets to give and receive a blow of the fist," said another. "And no man has ever needed to be struck twice."

"I am not afraid of your Dirk Hammerhand or any man living," boasted Hereward, getting very angry.

"Well, if you go, you will need your magic armour."

The knights laughed again.

"I will go in my shirt and yet bring back the Mare Swallow," cried Hereward. "And I will go alone, with none but my servant, Martin Lightfoot."

This Martin Lightfoot had been his mother's messenger, but had chosen to accompany him when he had been driven from home. Since then he had served Hereward faithfully through all their many adventures.

Hereward knew how dangerous it was to venture into the wild fens of Scaldmariland, with only Martin to aid him against the warlike people. And if it was ever discovered that he was back in the country he had overcome and without his magic armour, his life would not be worth a groat.

But Hereward felt that his honour was at stake. He must go and bring back the Mare Swallow to prove that a Viking was a man of his word.

They continued to taunt him with offers to send out search parties after he had been gone some time, and the like. But Hereward kept silent now. He had made his vow and he would stick to it.

At last the marquis called from the head of the table to know what all the wrangling was about.

"It is only the English champion offering to do all manner of things to prove that there is a man and a knight behind that homely exterior."

"If any man quarrels with my Hereward, he quarrels with me," cried the marquis, and there the matter ended.

But the next day Hereward was up early and riding out of Bruges, with Martin trotting at his stirrup.

It was a long and arduous journey to the islands of Scheldt, but they arrived there without mishap. They found lodgings in a cottage not far from Dirk Hammerhand's house, and there they laid their plans.

Hereward bought a pair of sorry-looking nags and an old rusty sword. He disguised himself in poor clothes, a broad felt hat and long boots. With a haversack behind his saddle, he would look every inch the horse dealer he wished Dirk Hammerhand to think him.

Martin was dressed in nothing but the skin of a horse and, with his long, thin legs and loose joints, he looked not unlike a

THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the famous book by Charles Kingsley)



Hereward felled Dirk Hammerhand with one mighty blow

human version of that animal.

They crept quietly up within a few yards of Dirk's house and concealed themselves in a dry ditch. From within the house they could hear the chatter of the slave women as they ground the corn. Outside were geese and fowl without number, and out on the fen grazed a herd of horses. Outside his door stood Dirk Hammerhand.

Hereward remained in hiding and sent Martin forward into the midst of the horses. The lanky youth began to run around on all fours, neighing and whinnying like a horse and pausing now and then as if to crop the grass.

Presently Dirk noticed this strange creature amongst his animals and came forward to investigate. As he saw that Martin was not really a horse, but a human being, he raised his staff to strike him.

But Martin sprang upright, ran off to a distance and began his neighing and whinnying and cropping all over again. Dirk's curiosity got the better of him and he called after Martin.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"I am looking for my sister," answered Martin. "Can it be that I shall find her here, after ten thousand miles and seven years of lonely wandering?"

"Sister? I have no man's sister here."

"I speak not of a sister in woman's shape. Mine eats the coarse grass somewhere, as ugly as she was once beautiful, but swifter than the swallow on the wing."

Dirk glanced nervously at Mare Swallow, grazing nearby.

"I have no such animal here."

"Alas, have you not? I was told that I should find her here."

And Martin wept bitterly and stooped to eat some more grass. Hereward, watching from the ditch, rocked with silent laughter.

"Leave off making a beast of yourself and tell me who you are," Dirk demanded of Martin.

"I make no beast of myself. I was made a beast of by an enchanter. I was a prince of Alboronia, which lies between Cathay and the Mountains of the Moon. And by the enchantments of a wicked magician I was changed into the likeness of a horse and my sister into a mare."

"You don't look like a horse to me," said Dirk.

"My sister was sold to a merchant," explained Martin. "I escaped and washed myself in a magic fountain and regained my old shape. But an elf rose out of the fountain and asked me my story."

"When I told her, she called me a wretch and a coward for deserting my sister in her hour of need. And she condemned me to wander the world, eating grass and wearing the horse skin, which had just fallen from my body, until I found my sister and brought her to bathe in the magic fountain, too."

"Then you are really a prince?" gasped Dirk, already more than half convinced by this strange tale.

"Most certainly," quoth Martin. And then he leapt towards Mare Swallow with a cry of joy. "There is my sister. I could not mistake that patient expression in her eyes."

And to Dirk's amazement and Hereward's immense enjoyment, Martin began

to stroke the mare's neck and weep afresh.

"Are you not afraid to have an enchanted princess in your stables?" cried Martin, suddenly, turning on Dirk again. "Are you not afraid that the enchanter will come one day himself and wring your neck or cast a spell on you? Do you not fear that he will fire your barns, lame your geese, give your fowls the pip, your horses the glanders, your cattle the murrain, your children St. Vitus' Dance, your wife the creeping palsy and yourself the chalk-stones in all your fingers?"

"All the saints have mercy on me!" cried Dirk, now thoroughly frightened. "But what am I to do?"

"Sell her," answered Martin. "Sell her, if you value your life."

And with that he rose on his long legs again, galloping off and was out of sight in a moment.

Hereward paused long enough to see how his plan was working. He watched Dirk walking back to his house with the dragging footsteps of a very worried man. Then he followed Martin.

He found him by the side of the road leading across the fens, rolling about and holding his sides while the tears streamed down his face. Hereward laughed too and it was many minutes before they could find the strength to walk back to their cottage.

The next morning Hereward rode openly up to Dirk's house on one of his horses, leading the other by the bridle.

"Who are you and whence came you?" asked Dirk after he had given Hereward a drink of warm cow's milk. "We do not like strangers hereabouts since the Flemings began to harry our borders. If you are a spy it will be the worse for you."

"I am no spy," answered Hereward.

"I am the servant of the Lord Bishop of Utrecht, buying a horse or two for his lordship's priests. Do you know any man who has horses to sell hereabouts?"

"There are horses out on the fen yonder."

"Aye, I saw them as I rode past. But they looked too good for my master. He likes a quiet nag."

"There is a very quiet mare amongst them," suggested Dirk.

"Humph! My master is not over fond of mares," said Hereward, doubtfully.

Hereward realised that the less anxious he seemed to buy the more anxious was Dirk to sell.

"Well, thank you for the drink," he said. "I must be on my way."

Dirk shouted after him.

"Perhaps you would like to look the mare over on your way out?"

"There can be no harm in that," and Hereward went with him to have a look at Mare Swallow.

At first glance, the mare was a slow-looking, heavy, ugly beast. But, as Hereward looked closer, he saw the great length of her quarters, the extraordinary girth through her saddle, the flat knees and large, well-set hoofs and all the other points which showed her strength and speed and justified her fame.

"She's a very mean-looking beast," he said carelessly. "I should be afraid, if I rode her, that all the street boys would call after me and throw stones."

"Don't judge by appearances," said Dirk. "Look, I will show you her paces. Lend me your saddle."

Dirk saddled the mare and mounted. As he rode round Hereward in circles, the speed and stamina of the beast became at once apparent.

"She seems well enough," said Hereward when Dirk had ridden back to him and dismounted. "How much will you take for her?"

Dirk named a price. "You mean half that," said Hereward. And the usual haggle began.

At last a gleam of cunning appeared in Dirk's eyes which Hereward, for all his vacant looks, did not fail to notice.

"I have it," said Dirk. "I will let you have her for half my price and a buffet on the ear."

"You are a strange fellow," quoth Hereward. "But be it so."

He began to count the money into Dirk's outstretched hand, and Martin appeared and mounted the mare.

"There is your coin," Hereward said. "And there—there is your buffet."

And he felled Dirk to the ground with one mighty blow.

"But-b-but," groaned Dirk recovering his senses, "I meant that I should give you the blow."

"Surely it is for the buyer to give and the seller to receive," replied Hereward.

"Villain!" cried Dirk, realising that he had been outwitted.

But before he could rise or call for help Hereward had mounted the mare behind Martin.

"Aha, Dirk Hammerhand," he cried. "Did you think to catch the Wake unawares? I will give your love to the enchanted prince, my faithful servant, Martin Lightfoot."

And he set spurs to the Mare Swallow and was off like the wind.

Martin and Hereward had many adventures and encounters with the wild Hollanders before they got safely back to Bruges. But even with both of them on her back the Mare Swallow outdistanced all her rivals and they always escaped easily.

One day Hereward rode back into Bruges, as he had left, without his armour and with Martin trotting at the stirrup. But this time he rode the famous Mare Swallow and the people, recognising the beast, gave him a cheer.

The Fleming knights, who had dared him to the feat, dared not themselves enter the great dining hall, where a feast was laid to welcome his return. And after that no man scoffed at Hereward, but held him in something like awe.

But there was that waiting for him at Bruges which was to make an end of all his wanderings. A messenger awaited him from his mother, the Lady Godiva, telling of his father's death and begging him to return to defend their home and lands against the threat of Norman invasion.

"You will go, master?" asked Martin.

"I must, Martin," answered Hereward. "Though I am an outlaw, I still owe a duty to the land of my birth in her hour of need."

"Then I will go with you," said Martin.

And those two put their heads together and began to make plans to return to England.

Next week Hereward comes into his own again! Be sure not to miss his thrilling adventures.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL

(Continued from page 2)

JANET HOLLAND, 64 Theodore Rd., Scunthorpe, Lincs. Eleven. Reading.

JOHN O'REILY, "Adara", Western Rd., Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, Eire. Twelve. Photography, reading.

LILY CHESSBROUGH, 56 Linnaeus St., Anlaby Rd., Hull. Thirteen. Tennis, netball, hockey.

JEAN HAYCOCK, 91 Selwyn St., Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Eleven. Reading.

JEAN ROBERTS, Park View, Emley Moor, Huddersfield, Ten. Football, cricket.

HILARY BURDEN, 15 Broomhill Avenue, Womersley Road, Knottingley, Yorks. Eleven. Reading, sewing.

DOREEN WAKEFIELD, 14 Mount Pleasant, Whitecote Hill, Bramley, Leeds. Fourteen. Reading.

BETTY STANLEY, 28 Victoria Street, Heckmondwike, Yorks. Eleven. Swimming.

ANNETTE LAWRENCE, Old Post Office House, Efail Isaf, Pontypridd, Glam. Twelve. Reading, writing, sewing.

VALERIE PRICE, 15 Wenlock Road, Priors Park, Tewkesbury, Gloucester. Fifteen. Horses, reading.

BERYL JONES, 632 Tyburn Road, Erdington, Birmingham 24. Eleven. Cycling.

MARIE TOMLINSON, 38 Westway Avenue, Greenwood Avenue, Hull. Eleven. Sport.

SYLVIA EDEN, 6 Mill Crescent, Kington, Warwick. Thirteen. Film stars.

THE NEXT DAWNS

by
DENIS GIFFORD

BERT
&
HONEY

O, DEAR—JUST LOOK
AT ALL THOSE CRACKS
IN THE CEILING!

I'LL PHONE
FOR THE
BUILDER
TOMORROW,
DEAR!

PHONE THE BUILDER? NOT
WHILST THERE'S A MAN
IN THE HOUSE!

WHERE? O—I
SEE WHAT YOU
MEAN, DEAR! YOU
ARE GOING TO
TRY—

WHADDAYA MEAN—TRY?
I CAN PLASTER A
CEILING AS GOOD
AS THE NEXT
MAN!

PERHAPS, DEAR—BUT
NOT IF THE NEXT MAN
HAPPENS TO BE A
PLASTERER.

THERE, NOW—
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?

WHY, BERTIE—
THAT'S VERY
GOOD! I'M
MARRIED TO
A GENIUS!

I
QUITE
AGREE!

ALL FINISHED—
I'LL POP UPSTAIRS
AND HAVE A
WASH, HONEY!

O, MY—NOW WHO
COULD THAT BE?

WHO IS IT,
HONEY?

IT'S MR. MOUNTJOY, BERTIE

OOPS—
THE
BOSS!

I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, MR. MOUNTJOY—
—OOP!

BOOMP! SLITHER

MY HUSBAND IS
UPSTAIRS—HE'S JUST
PLASTERED THIS
CEILING!

HAS A HANDYMAN
EH? SPLENDID!
I CALLED TO TELL
HIM I INTEND
GIVING HIM A
RAISE!

MRS. MOUNTJOY
HAS NEWS FOR
YOU, DEAR—

YES—SPLUT!
—YOU'RE FIRED!

FEARLESS BILLY BUNTER!

(Continued from page 2)

He knew that he had planted a stuffed dog there. This dog looked exactly the same. But it could hardly be the same, as it was growling! Somehow, Skinner could not begin to guess how, a real terrier must have got into that study—and it was growling savagely ready to fly at the first person who entered. Skinner was not in the least disposed to enter.

Gurrrrrrrgh! A hideous, ferocious growl came from No. 7 Study, almost blood-curdling in its ferocity. The juniors backed across the passage. All except Bunter! Bunter, whom every fellow had expected to flee for his life at the sight of the stuffed dog, stood his ground, right at the doorway, fearless! Those fierce and menacing growls did not make Bunter turn a hair! Amazing as it was, Billy Bunter was displaying a cool and reckless disregard of danger, unequalled by any other fellow there! He gave the startled crowd a scornful blink.

"I say, you fellows, are you afraid of a dog?" asked Bunter derisively. "Will you tackle him, Bob Cherry?"

"Well, I'd rather give him a miss," confessed Bob.

"What about you, Wharton?"

"I'd rather get hold of a cricket bat first," said Harry.

"What about you, Snoop?"

"I'll watch it," said Snoop.

"I-I-I can't make it out," stuttered Skinner. "It's exactly like—but—but it's alive—!"

Growl!

"I say, you fellows, who's going to drive that dog out of my study?" demanded Bunter. "I want my tea, you know."

"Better drive it out yourself, old fat man!" suggested Vernon Smith.

"I can see him doing it!" said Bolsover major.

Snort from Bunter!

"Think I'm afraid of a dog?" he demanded. "I'll jolly well show you! Wait till I get hold of a cricket bat and I'll jolly soon show you."

Peter Todd's bat stood in a corner of the study. To the utter wonder of the crowd of Removees, Billy Bunter rolled into the

study into which no other fellow cared to venture, and grasped the cricket bat by the cane handle with both fat hands.

Bunter evidently meant business! There was a sly glimmer in the little round eyes behind the big round spectacles. Skinner had hired that stuffed dog from Mr. Lazarus for the purpose of his jape on Bunter, doubtless for half a crown or so. But if it was not returned intact Skinner would have to pay the price—three guineas. And it was not likely to be very intact after Bunter got going with the cricket bat! The result of that jape might, perhaps, make Skinner tired of getting on Bunter's track! The fat Owl fancied so!

"Look out, Bunter—"

"Mind his teeth—"

"He's going to spring—"

"Think I'm afraid?" jeered Bunter.

"You watch me."

With the cricket bat grasped in both fat hands, Billy Bunter charged at the terrier and smote! Crash!

Fragments of a stuffed terrier scattered all over the study under that mighty smite. From wherever the growl had come, it was evident that that terrier was, after all, a stuffed specimen. But it was never likely to figure in Mr. Lazarus's shop window. All the king's horses and all the king's men could never have put that stuffed terrier together again!

"Oh, crumbs!"

"It's stuffed after all!"

"But it was growling—"

"That fat villain's ventriloquism!"

yelled Bob Cherry as it suddenly dawned on him. "Bunter all the time!"

"Oh!" gasped Skinner. "Oh, crumbs!"

He—he—he's smashed it—smashed it up!

Smashed it to pieces! Lazarus will want paying for it—three guineas—!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He jolly well knew!" shrieked Skinner.

"He—he—he— He knew all the

time—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner's jape had worked—the wrong way round! The way it had worked seemed funnier than ever to most of the Remove fellows, and they roared with laughter. Only Skinner—with a bill of three guineas to pay for a stuffed dog that lay in fragments about the floor of No. 7 Study—was not amused.

That's one to Billy Bunter! More fun next week with the chums of Greyfriars.

How to do The bottomless sweet-tin trick

It's simple! When your sweet supply is low and Mum is not too busy show her this page. With a tin of Cadburys Bournville Cocoa and this recipe she can conjure up the most wonderful-tasting off-ration CHOCOLATE MACAROONS—and your tin need never be empty!



WIZARDRY

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS
(Cadburys own recipe)

2 rounded tablesp. sugar
1 tablesp. Bournville Cocoa
1 flat tablesp. margarine
4 tablesp. rolled oats
1 tablesp. milk • vanilla essence

Melt sugar, milk and margarine in a pan, then stir in cocoa, vanilla essence and rolled oats. Mix well, place on greaseproof paper overnight until set.

Mother knows that delicious Cadburys Bournville Cocoa is full of good things that will do wonders for you. Remind her to use it whenever possible in drinks, sweets, cakes and, of course, in 'afters.



**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

**GROWING FAMILIES
HAVE
THE
COCOA
HABIT**



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



GREER GARSON
(M.G.M.)



JOE E. BROWN
(R.K.O.)



LAUREN BACALL
(Warner Bros.)



WILLIAM BENDIX
(Paramount)

DON DEEDS

Don Deeds and Mai-Mai have been captured by Martians and taken to Mars. Alphar, the Emperor, is attacked by a rebel, but Don saves his life. Zorn, the rebel leader, knows that Don suspects him and plans to get rid of the two Earthlings.



IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE FOR DON DEEDS AND MAI-MAI! DON'T MISS THEIR FURTHER ADVENTURES IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"!