

A Very Happy Christmas To All "Comet" Readers



COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2nd

No. 127 (New Series)
Dec. 23, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY



POOCHIE



MERRY CHRISTMAS MISTER FOGGY!

BAH!

NO FIRE, NO TURKEY, NO PUD. NOWT IN MY STOCKING AND NO SNOW! WHAT'S CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SNOW?

IT'S A SHAME

I WOULDN'T MIND THE REST, IF ONLY I COULD SEE SNOWFLAKES



IDEA!



A MERRY XMAS

GOOD! HE'S SNOOZING. HE'LL HAVE A LOVELY SURPRISE WHEN HE WAKES UP



COTTON WOOL

O JOY IT'S SNOWING! - AND WHAT DO I SEE? READY MADE SNOWBALLS! YIPPEE!



TEE HEE STONES WITH COTTON WOOL ROUN'D 'EM

MERRY CHRISMAS CONSTABLE! BOYS WILL BE BOYS, HEH HEH!



NO SNOW? (CHRISTMAS OR NO XMAS - YOU CUMMER, LONGER ME



NO SNOW?

OH TUT! OUR JAIL'S FULL. TELL YOU WHAT - BLING 'EM IN MY ROOM - I'M GOING TO A PARTY. THERE'S SOME GRUB THERE THEY CAN FINISH OFF



A MERRY XMAS

HEH HEH. DON'T MIND IF I DO, POOCHIE! BEST CHRISTMAS I EVER HAD, THIS IS!



TOFFEES

SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF



WELL, FELLERS, THEY'RE READY FOR THE TIN - BUT WHO'S GOIN' TO DO THE JOB?

LET'S ASK SHORTY! HE'S BEEN FATTENING 'EM UP!



SURE I WILL! GOOD JOB YOU GUYS HAVE GOT A TOUGH, HARD HOMBRE LIKE ME AROUND TO DO YORE DIRTY WORK



QUACK! QUACK! CHUCKLE-SQUEAL! GREAT FUN!



GEE, I'M EXHAUSTED! I GOTTA REST AWHILE



WELL, WHADYA KNOW! THEY'VE BROUGHT MY PIPE AND SLIPPERS!



HIYA, SHORTY! CHRISTMAS FEAST READY?

YEAH, AN' I'VE INVITED TWO FRIENDS. - HOPE YOU DON'T MIND



RECKON CORNED BEEF IS AS GOOD AS FORK AN' DUCK ANY DAY!



Billy Hunter seems to be born lucky sometimes. Don't miss the fun in no. 10, the *Graceland* story.



Jaspar Grabb's Visitor

"T'S snowing," said June Watson, looking out of the kitchen window as she washed up the breakfast dishes. "Is it?" said Tutty the cat, looking up from the saucer of milk which he was drinking. "Then I don't think I'll go out this morning. Snow makes my fur and paws wet."

"Yes, you stay in front of the living-room fire and keep nice and warm and comfy," said June's brother, Jimmy. "There's nothing for you to go out for, but June and I have got to go to school."

"Yes, I'll stay indoors," said Tutty. He spoke in a human voice, for he was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for he was really an Egyptian prince and he came from a long line of wizard princes.

But he had been changed into a cat by an old wizard named Ur-huh, who was jealous of him, because Tutty could do quite a lot of magic himself. And a cat poor Tutty was doomed to remain until he could find a certain mummified Egyptian beetle called the Sacred Scarab of Shendi.

This Scarab was the only thing in the world which possessed the magic powers that would change Tutty from a cat back to his proper self again. But it was lost and Tutty had searched everywhere for it. He was still searching and, while doing so, he was staying with Jimmy and June, who had befriended him.

Nor was Tutty his real name. He had a whole string of names, all of them very long and very difficult to pronounce. But one of them was Tut-u-kamen, so he was called Tut-tut for short and Tutty for shortest.

"We'll see you at dinner time, then, Tutty," said Jimmy when he and June had finished washing up the dishes and had put their coats on, ready to go to school.

"That's right," said Tutty, settling himself down on the hearthrug in front of the fire. "Unless the weather improves I won't stir from here all morning."

Jimmy and June went off downstairs. They lived with their Uncle Jaspar Grabb, the bad-tempered ironmonger, and they had to go downstairs and through the shop to get to the street.

Jaspar Grabb, a thin, stoop-shouldered man, was opening up the shop as Jimmy and June went through it. He scowled at them and snapped:

"Mind you come back quick at dinner time in case I've got some errands for you to run. Don't ye dare be late, else I'll take the strap to ye!"

"We'll come straight back, Uncle," promised Jimmy.

Most of the other children stayed at school for their dinners. But not Jimmy and June. Jaspar Grabb always made them come home in case he wanted them for something.

The reason why Jimmy and June lived with him was because their own parents were dead. But he was very unkind to them and he was so mean and greedy that he never gave them so much as even a ha'penny to spend on themselves.

Having opened up his shop, Jaspar Grabb rubbed his bony hands to warm them, for it was a very cold morning.

"Some folks would light an oil stove or summat to warm the place, but not me," he muttered. "It'd mean burning oil an' oil costs money. And a ha'penny saved is a ha'penny earned, says me!"

Meanwhile, Tutty was pleasantly dozing on the hearthrug upstairs. He was dreaming of the time when he would be his proper self again and be a prince. Then suddenly a voice said in cat language: "I say!"

Tutty stirred, stretched himself and looked round. Standing watching him was

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER

a ginger cat which lived a few houses away in the same street.

"Oh, hallo, Ginger!" said Tutty in cat talk. "Shocking morning, isn't it? But how did you get in?"

"I jumped down off the roof and got in through the scullery window," replied Ginger. "I want to see you."

"Well, here I am," said Tutty.

"Listen, there's a strange man in the street," said Ginger seriously. "He's going from door to door asking people if they've seen a black and white cat. Well, you're a black and white cat, so it might be you he's looking for."

"What makes you think that?" asked Tutty.

"Well, it might be," said Ginger. "You haven't lived in this street very long and we other cats don't know an awful lot about you. You might be from anywhere, for all we know, and it might be you that this man is looking for. Anyway, I thought I'd give you the tip."

"And it's very nice of you indeed, Ginger," said Tutty gratefully. "I appreciate it very much. You're a pal. Describe this man to me, will you?"

"Well, he's a very old man," said Ginger. "And he's very badly dressed and he's got a sack on his back. In fact, he's what humans call a tramp. He's got a long, grey beard and nasty, cunning little eyes and a great hooked nose."

"Has he, indeed?" said Tutty thoughtfully. "How big is he?"

"Not very big as humans go," said Ginger. "He's a little old man, nothing

and commenced to go downstairs to the shop. As he did so, however, he suddenly vanished as completely as though he had disappeared into thin air.

For Tutty possessed the magic power of making himself invisible whenever he wished. And the fact that some mysterious old man with a sack and cunning little eyes was searching for a black and white cat made Tutty decide that this was one of the times when it would be very wise of him to make himself invisible.

So, completely invisible, Tutty strolled downstairs and leapt silently up on to a shelf in the shop.

Jaspar Grabb was standing behind his counter. He was serving a small boy with a pound of candles and Tutty noticed that he had his thumb on the scale so as to make the candles seem heavier than they really were and thus cheat the little lad.

"D'you mind wrapping them up, please, mister?" piped the lad when Jaspar Grabb had rattled the money into the till and handed him the candles.

"Do I mind wot?" gasped Jaspar Grabb, as though he had never heard of such a thing. "No, I won't wrap 'em up!" roared he. "Wasting paper wrapping up candles! Wot next, I wonder? Get out o' my shop. G'on, get out afore I kick ye out, ye cheeky little brat!"

He looked so fierce that the little lad scuttled from the shop, clutching his candles and almost bumping into someone who was just coming in. It was the mysterious old man of whom Ginger had warned Tutty!



like so tall as Jaspar Grabb, but fattish."

"And he's going from door to door asking people if they've seen a black and white cat, is he?" said Tutty. "Does he say what he wants the cat for?"

"Yes, he does," replied Ginger. "He says that the cat used to belong to him once and that it's a very dangerous cat and he's going to wring its neck for it when he finds it. That's why I thought I'd better warn you, in case it is you that he's after. Not that I've ever thought you a dangerous cat," went on Ginger hastily. "Quite the opposite, in fact!"

"Thank you," said Tutty.

"And I know what some of these horrid humans are," continued Ginger. "They tell the most awful lies about us and blame us for this and blame us for that. And if this nasty old man really has got it in for you, for some reason or other, he might easily want to wring your neck for you."

"I'll know more about that when I see him," said Tutty. "I might recognise him. But I've never belonged to any nasty old tramp of a man, Ginger, and that's the truth."

"I'm quite sure it is," said Ginger politely.

"And he's coming along the street now, you say?"

"Yes, and if he's going to call on Jaspar Grabb—which I expect he is, seeing he's calling on everybody—then he should be here at any minute," said Ginger.

"Righto, I'll go downstairs and have a look at him," said Tutty. "And thank you again very much for the warning, Ginger. I'll be seeing you!"

With that, Tutty strolled from the room

your wicked temper," he said.

Then, paying no further heed to the frantic ironmonger's screams and yells, he stood looking about him and tugging thoughtfully at his beard.

"No, the one I seek will not be here," the invisible Tutty heard him mutter. "He cannot be. That wicked wretch in the cage up yonder would not give warmth and comfort to a starving sparrow let alone to a cat. No, he cannot be here, the one I seek. I must search elsewhere."

He turned, and still paying no heed to Jaspar Grabb's howls and bellows, he moved from the shop and was gone.

"Lemme out of here!" screamed Jaspar Grabb, going nearly mad in his cage. "I'll have the law on that scoundrel. It was him wot put me up here. I know it was. Lemme out, I say!" roared he.

As he couldn't see the invisible Tutty and had no idea he was there, and as there was no one else in the shop, he might just as well have saved his breath.

Alf Hopper came striding into the shop, rubbing his hands to keep them warm. Seeing no one behind the counter, he looked around the shop and said aloud: "Now where is the old misery, I wonder?"

Next instant he nearly jumped right out of his skin as the bald-headed parrot screamed at him from the cage:

"If it's me you're talking about, Alf Hopper, I'm up here. Lemme out this instant, d'you hear?"

"Cor, stone the crows!" Alf gasped. "I've—I've never heard a parrot talk as clear as that before!"

"I'm not a parrot!" screamed the frantic ironmonger, nearly choking with fury. "I'm Jaspar Grabb. I've been changed into a parrot by a dirty, nasty old tramp what came into the shop. He must be a gipsy or summat and he's put a spell on me. But don't stand gaping there like a silly sheep!" he roared. "Lemme out of here!"

But Alf Hopper didn't let him out. Instead, he stood there until he had got the whole story from the frantic ironmonger.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Har! Har! Har!" he guffawed. "If this don't beat the band. Old Jaspar Grabb changed into a parrot. Har! Har! Har! I came in here to buy a file and I'm glad I did. I wouldn't have missed this for anything. Har! Har! Har! I must let my pals have a look at this!"

With that, he hopped up on to a chair and unhooked the cage. Then, deaf to Jaspar Grabb's howls and bellows and still laughing fit to split, he ran from the shop, taking the caged and raging parrot with him and followed by the invisible Tutty.

"STOP!" howled Jaspar Grabb.

He kicked up such a frightful din with his howls and yells that an excited crowd started to follow him and Alf Hopper. Then suddenly a policeman barred their way.

"What have you got in that cage?" demanded the copper sternly.

"It's a parrot!" guffawed Mr. Hopper. "And it keeps on saying that it's old Jaspar Grabb, the ironmonger."

"So I am Jaspar Grabb!" screamed the parrot, looking on the very verge of a fit. "Oh my, if only I could get out of here!"

No sooner had he said the words than an amazing thing happened. At least, it was amazing to the copper and to the crowd. For the parrot changed in a flash into Jaspar Grabb and with such force did the ironmonger shoot up to his proper size and shape that he burst the wire cage wide open.

"The spell's ended!" he screamed, capering madly about with excitement and joy. "I'm me proper self again!"

The invisible Tutty had taken pity on him and had used his magic to change him back again to his proper self.

But Jaspar Grabb didn't know that. And he had got such a fright that when he got back home he went straight to bed and there he stayed in fear and trembling for the rest of the day.

He kept Jimmy and June from school to look after the shop for him. And Tutty, who had made himself visible, told them all that had happened. When he had finished, June cried:

"But who was that horrid old man who came into the shop, Tutty?"

Tutty looked at her very gravely.

"It was Ur-huh, the wizard who changed me into a cat," he said. "I recognised him at once, in spite of his disguise. He must be afraid, I think, that I will find the Sacred Scarab of Shendi and become a wizard prince again, so he means to kill me before I find it." Then he added with a chuckle: "But there is one thing he has very likely forgotten. A cat has nine lives."

Will Tutty meet Ur-huh again? More fun in next week's "Comet"!



RUSTY RILEY



Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. Rusty chums up with Patty, the daughter of Quentin Miles. Satan, a bad-tempered horse from a nearby carnival, causes trouble, but pals up with Flip, Rusty's dog. Two showmen, Alamo and Charley, offer to buy Flip for a new act, but Rusty refuses. Alamo and Charley quarrel and separate. And later, Charley steals Flip, and has him clipped like a French poodle to disguise him.



HERE, FLIP!
HE-E-E-E-ERE,
FLIP!



HERE, FLIP!
HERE, FLIP!



IT'S NO USE, TEX... HE'S GONE!... I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE WHOLE FARM, CALLING HIM... HE'S GONE!

NOW HOLD ON, LAD... DON'T GIVE UP YET



MEANWHILE, CHARLEY GOES SHOPPING--

DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY TEN BOTTLES OF BLACK HAIR DYE?... THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT, MISTER!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT... YOU SEE, I TRAVEL A LOT AND I CAN'T ALWAYS GET IT



NOW TO READ THE DIRECTIONS AND GET BUSY WITH THIS STUFF



GOOD THING THE LANDLADY HAD THIS OLD TUB... IT TAKES LOTS OF DYE FOR THIS JOB!



A HALF-HOUR LATER--

YOU MIGHT'VE WARNED ME THAT YOU WERE GOING TO SHAKE YOURSELF. NOW, YOU CAN DRY OFF OUT HERE... AND REMEMBER... YOUR NEW NAME IS "INKY!"



TWO DAYS LATER, TEX HAS A VISITOR--

HULLO, ALAMO! I THOUGHT YOU WENT BACK TO TEXAS AFTER YOUR ACT WAS DROPPED FROM THE CARNIVAL!

NOT YET... I'LL BE AROUND FOR A FEW DAYS, GETTIN' RID O' SOME HORSES... BUT I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT RUSTY'S DOG!



YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS? HE'S BEEN MISSING A WEEK NOW!

I AIN'T SURE, TEX, BUT I HEARD THAT CHARLEY IS COMING BACK TO THE CARNIVAL WITH A HORSE AND DOG ACT!



MAYBE YOU REMEMBER THAT CHARLEY WAS CRAZY TO GET THAT DOG AFTER HE TAMED THAT OUTLAW STALLION--IT'S WORTH LOOKIN' INTO, DON'T YOU THINK?



I'LL SAY IT IS! WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

HE WAS STOPPIN' AT MRS SMITH'S LODGING HOUSE OUT ON MAIN ST... SHE'D KNOW WHERE HE WENT, I RECKON!



COME ON, RUSTY! DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP TOO HIGH, BUT I'VE GOT A LEAD ABOUT FLIP!

HONEST? OH, GEE WHIZ! TELL ME ABOUT IT!



MRS. SMITH, DID YOU RENT A ROOM TO A MAN NAMED "CHARLEY" FROM THE CARNIVAL--AND DID HE HAVE A WHITE DOG?

I DID, MISTER... AND HE DID HAVE A DOG, WHICH IS AGAINST MY RULES. I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD IT UNTIL I SAW HIM WHEN HE LEFT!



ONLY...IT WASN'T A WHITE DOG... IN FACT, HE WAS AS BLACK AS A DOG CAN BE!

BLACK? OH, GOLLY... THEN IT ISN'T FLIP

NO, I GUESS NOT. WELL, THANK YOU, MRS. SMITH... SORRY WE TROUBLED YOU!



ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF YOU FIND HIM, I WISH HE'D PAY FOR THE RUG AND WALLPAPER HE RUINED. HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT HE WAS DOING TO GET THOSE STAINS ALL OVER EVERYTHING!



GEE, I THOUGHT, FOR A WHILE, WE'D FOUND HIM!

I'M REAL SORRY, LAD. I THOUGHT SO, TOO!



WAIT!! I THINK I'VE BEEN A DOPE! WE'RE GOING BACK TO MRS. SMITH'S!

Dr. Penny



COO--IT WAS JOLLY OF YOU TO INVITE ME FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER!



I WISH FOR A NEW AIRPLANE, AN' A FILM AN' A FOOTBALL, AN'



WELL, WHAT ELSE IS TO WISH FOR, SIR?



DO YOU KNOW THE TO PUT IN A CHRIS



TEETH! HA-A TILL CAN ACT



I WILL, SIR--PASS OF THAT

Feather

by DENIS GIFFORD



Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW



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 Hawkeye, an Indian, who gains the Golden Arrow from them, by a trick. Kit and his friends follow him and find his camp in the hills. While White Dove seizes the Indians' horses, Kit and Johnny dash into the camp to fight for the Golden Arrow.



JOHNNY JOINS IN THE FIGHT.



WHILE WHITE DOVE CAPTURES THREE OF THE REDSKINS' HORSES.



AFTER THEM! I MUST HAVE THE GOLDEN ARROW!



KIT AND HIS PALS HEAR SHRILL CRIES AS THE REDSKINS MOUNT THEIR PONIES



THEY PLUNGE THROUGH A RIVER INTO WHICH A GREAT WATERFALL THUNDERS.



KIT AND HIS PALS DISMOUNT AND CLIMB THE ROCKS AT THE EDGE OF THE WATERFALL, WITH THE WATER TEARING AT THEM, LETTING THEIR HORSES GALLOP AWAY ACROSS THE SANDY PLAIN.



HIDDEN BY THE TUMBLING WATER, THE FUGITIVES SEE HAWKEYE AND HIS BRAVES REACH THE RIVER BANK.



ON THE FAR BANK.



JUBILANTLY THEY WATCH THE INDIANS RIDE OFF, FOOLED BY KIT'S TRICK.



They've got the Golden Arrow! Can they find the treasure? More thrills next week!

YOUNG SIR NIGEL

BY REX HARDINGE

Out of the Frying Pan
"THEY call me Robin Hood!"
 Young Sir Nigel Wayne stared at the speaker, a scarred-faced man in a shabby suit of Lincoln green, whose followers had captured the young knight and his companions.

He knew that the man was lying. He could not be Robin Hood, for the real Robin was helping Nigel in a desperate attempt to reach King Richard and warn him that Sir Roger Moxton plotted to kill him, and at this very moment was alongside Nigel, also a prisoner. With Joan, the niece of a woodman, they were riding to Lincoln in search of the king, dressed as the children of a country gentleman, with Robin Hood disguised as their servant, when they fell into the hands of this band of scoundrels.

"O-ho, so you are bold Robin of Sherwood?" cried the real Robin, shuddering as though with fright. "I have heard many tales of you in the greenwood, good sir, and in all of them 'tis said that you would not harm the weak and defenceless, especially children."

But the robber leader had a heart of stone.

"This lad and maid are richly dressed and mounted on a fine pony, so their father is no poor man," he rasped. "He will pay ransom for them—Ho, you, varlet, what do they call you?"

"Job," replied Robin Hood.

"Well, Job, tell me where your master lives so that I can send and arrange the ransom."

But Robin only shook his head stubbornly, muttering that his master had enough troubles without this one being added, and refused to give the address. And Nigel and Joan took their cue from him and also refused.

"I would die rather than bring more grief to my father!" said Nigel stoutly.

"Me, too," said Joan.

"Well, we'll see if you are so bold when you have been without food and drink for a time," snarled the scarred man. "Take the three of them, bind them, and throw them in the hut. There they stay without food, drink or any attention, until either they tell me where to deliver my terms to their father, or die!"

And in spite of a gallant struggle they were dragged into the woods, to where a rough log hut had been built among the trees. They were then flung down and bound cruelly, so that they could not move hand or foot, and thrown into the hut, the door being slammed on them.

Nigel fell heavily on the hard earth floor, and for a moment was knocked dizzy. When his head cleared he found he was in almost complete darkness, for there were no windows to the hut and the only light came through the crack under the heavy door. He lay still, thinking what a fix he was in.

"And there is no one to ransom me," he thought bitterly, for his parents were dead, his guardian the black Sir Roger Moxton, whose only interest in him was to use him as bait to lure the king to death—

Nigel's thoughts broke off, for he heard a strange struggling sound near to him in the darkness. It was a panting noise, as though somebody gasped for breath and it suddenly ended with a loud sigh.

A moment later something soft brushed up against Nigel, and then Joan's voice whispered:

"The men were not so cruel as their leader. They tried not to be too rough with me, and so the gag in my mouth was not tight. I have spat it out."

Nigel could only grunt in reply. And from out of the darkness came similar sounds, showing that Robin Hood was listening.

"I cannot free my hands," went on Joan, "but, if I can reach your wrists, Nigel, I



have sharp teeth. Roll over."

He obeyed, and in a very short time the girl's teeth found the cords binding his hands and began to pull and tear at them.

Hours seemed to go by, until Nigel almost despaired. It looked as though, for all her courage, Joan was trying to do the impossible. The cords were hard thongs of leather, tied in tight knots, and they bruised and cut her mouth, but she wouldn't give in. The sharp little white teeth tugged desperately; and then, suddenly, Nigel gave a grunt, for he felt the cords loosen. He tugged—and one hand tore itself free!

"Well done, Joan!" he gasped as he dragged the gag from his mouth. "I'll have you loose in a moment."

She didn't answer, for she had sunk back, panting for breath, but when he had freed his hands and legs and reached for the knots binding her, she whispered: "Free Robin Hood first. I can wait."

So Nigel turned his attention to the outlaw and soon had him free of his bonds. Then, together they released Joan.

Outside they could hear the noise of men's voices and they realised that the enemy were gathered by the door. Robin Hood moved about in the darkness, returning at last to whisper that he had been listening at the walls and it seemed that the men had the hut surrounded. But he laughed softly.

"So yon knave would call himself Robin Hood, would he?" he whispered. "I'll give him Robin Hood! Young sir knight, have you the small hunting horn I gave to you?"

"Of course," said Nigel, taking from his belt the little bugle-horn and giving it to the outlaw, who put it to his lips. And then, shrill and clear, rang out three long, echoing blasts.

"Come hither! Come hither! Come hither!" the horn seemed to Nigel to be crying, and he heard the wild notes echoed outside by shouts of startled men.

"Stand back, brave maid—quick, sir knight, you to one side of the door, I to the other," ordered Robin Hood briskly. "'Tis but a narrow entrance and the only one. When they fling the door open and burst in they must come one at a time, and we shall welcome them—keep them busy until—"

He got no farther, for the door was flung open and light streamed in. Nigel caught a glimpse of men crowding the entrance, but even as Robin had said, only one could squeeze through at a time.

"What was that noise? How—"

A burly man entered the hut.

"Wham!" Robin Hood's great fist was like a block of the hardest wood in his Sherwood Forest, and it landed squarely. "One!" he said to Nigel.

"Two!" replied the young knight, snatching up the cudgel the man had dropped, and bringing it down with all his strength on the head of the next to come through the doorway.

But he was almost too confident. A third man jumped forward through the doorway and made to grab him. But the man tripped and fell, rolling to the ground, with Joan, who had jumped forward like a terrier, clinging to his legs and bringing him down so that Robin could finish him off.

"Three!" she panted, even though most of the breath was knocked out of her.

Neither Nigel nor Robin could do more than cry "well done!" for they were fighting fiercely. Nigel with his cudgel and the outlaw with a sword snatched from a fallen man, they were on each side of the door, striking down the men who tried to force their way into the hut.

Joan rolled out from under her victim and limped across to see what else she could do to help. Then suddenly she paused, listening. From behind the battle in the doorway came what sounded like an echo of Robin Hood's hunting horn. Shrill and sweet in the forest air rang the notes, not of one horn but several!

The bandits heard the horns and hesitated. They seemed filled with terror, and turned to run. But they were not quick enough.

A strange stirring and rustling made itself heard among the trees, the tops of which Joan could see through the doorway were swaying. Then, out of the trees dropped green-coated men. Like magic they came pouring from every thicket, flocking in from all sides—an army in green, carrying great bows and quarter-staves.

And in the forefront Joan recognised Little John, Friar Tuck, and the gay Will Scarlet.

The bandits tried to run, tried to fight, but they had no chance against such fighters as these. Man after man was bowled over like a rabbit until the space outside the hut was filled with Robin Hood's merry men, each sitting comfortably upon a fallen enemy.

"Who are these varlets?" demanded

Will Scarlet, pressing his victim's face deeper into the soft mud under a tree.

"Robin Hood and his merry men," replied Robin, with a brief explanation of what had happened.

"So they are the knaves who have been bringing your name into ill favour in the greenwood by such evil deeds as we would never commit?" growled Little John.

"That is so," said Robin, looking grim. "Little John, you and half the band take these men and tour the countryside far and wide. See that they confess loudly to all that they meet that they have taken the name of Robin Hood in vain. And then deliver them to the sheriff in Nottingham with my compliments, for I heard a short time ago that they robbed a widow and murdered her only son. I leave you to deal with them, John, while I and my young friends proceed on our journey."

So, in a surprisingly short time, Nigel and Joan were back on the palfrey, with Robin Hood riding sedately at their heels, and Nigel found it hard to believe that the latest adventure had really happened. But Joan was so tired, and had so many aches and cuts and bruises that before long she was asleep on the pillion behind him, and he sat very still so that she could use his back for a pillow.

They camped that night deep in the woods and towards evening of the following day came in sight of Lincoln, and Nigel began to thrill to the thought that his mission was nearly over. If the king was indeed at Lincoln—

"Good day to you, good dame," cut Robin Hood's voice across his thoughts, speaking to an old woman gathering wood at the roadside. "Is it true that King Richard is at Lincoln?"

To Nigel's bitter dismay the old woman shook her head. But she added: "He was there, good sir, but a short time back I met travellers on the road who told me His Majesty had ridden into the woods. They did say that he has gone to the hunting lodge over by Greymill Ford, but I do not know why he should go there—and see, the royal standard still flies over Lincoln."

"That doubtless means that the king will return to Lincoln after a day's hunting," said Joan. "Let us go on to the city and wait for him."

But Nigel was impatient.

"Let us find our way to this hunting lodge first," he insisted. "Then if the king is not there, we can go on to the city."

So they turned their ponies' heads and followed the directions the old woman gave them to take them to Greymill Ford. On the way along a rough woodland track they met other people, all of whom declared that they also had heard that morning that the king had gone hunting and was now at the hunting lodge.

Nigel spurred the palfrey on eagerly when the lodge came in sight, for he saw many horses there, and a great bustle of uniformed men-at-arms.

"Ho, there! Who are you? What want you here?" demanded a rough voice, and a mounted knight barred their way.

"I am Sir Nigel Wayne," Nigel declared, straightening himself proudly in the saddle. "I have a message of great importance for His Majesty."

The knight looked at him sharply and asked a few swift questions, which Nigel was able to answer to prove his identity. To his answers he added an explanation of why he must see the king.

"My father, when he died, left me in the care of Sir Roger Moxton of Dale Castle, who, I have discovered, would use me as bait to lure the king to Dale, where he will be set upon and killed," he explained.

"Your words ring true, lad," decided the knight. "Dismount and come with me. You others—wait here!"

(Continued on opposite page)

CHUCKLE CORNER





YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from opposite page)

Nigel felt dreadfully alone when he obeyed, and he looked back and saw Joan, unusually pale as she watched him, with Robin Hood standing, tall and silent beside her.

"This way," said the knight, waving armed men aside as he led the way into the building; and then, suddenly, he laughed. Nigel jumped back, but too late. The door slammed behind him!

And then he heard the strange knight's laugh echoed by another—and there,

standing waiting for him, laughing—was Sir Roger Moxton!

"So, bold Nigel, you thought yourself clever enough to wreck my plan!" jeered the evil knight. "But I am too old a fox to be outwitted by such as you. I reasoned that, if I spread the word that the king was here, you would turn aside and hasten here, and so I've got you at last—and it only remains to silence you!"

He called to a number of men who sprang forward.

"Take the lad down to the cellar—put him to death!" he ordered.

Nigel is in a fix! Will Joan and Robin be able to help? More of this stirring adventure next week!

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.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

FROM THIS LIST

Margaret Nixon, Bramblewood Sanatorium, Holt, Norfolk. Fifteen. Films. Maureen O'Brien, 21 Morcimer Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. Twelve. Sport, stamps, Guy Woates, 4 Pound Cottages, Cookham, Berks. Fourteen. Sport. Alan Darley, Main Street, Llanoall, near Goolle, Yorks. Eleven. Sport, reading. Brian Wood, Rookery Lane, Crosby, Leicester. Twelve. Football. Ann Snow, Esher Place, Esher, Surrey. Fifteen. Swimming, modern music. Mary Armin, 33 Thinford Street, Metal Bridge, Ferryhill, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Netball. Cherry Bacon, Evening Tide, Brockham Camp, Boxhill Road, Tadworth, Surrey. Twelve. Dancing, games, Alan Booth, 95 Ashford Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex. Eleven. Football. John McTighe, 653 Foleshill Road, Coventry. Sixteen. Sport, films. Margaret Voyle, 160 Commercial Street, Aberargoed, Bargoed, Glam. Fourteen. Films. Mavis Keates, 91 Paddock Lane, Walsall, Staffs. Fourteen. Dancing. Maureen Hurdfield, 2 Chapel Street, Winclam, near Norwich, Cheshire. Fourteen. Stamps, cycling. Pamela Clark, 139 Den Walk, Mechil, Fifeshire, Scotland. Sixteen. Cycling, films, modern music, Sylvia Cross, 25 Highgate, near Windley Road, Leicester. Fourteen. Films, swimming. Shirley Thomas, 2 Blandy Terrace, Ogmere Vale, near

Bridgend, Glam., S. Wales. Ten. Painting, drawing, reading. Reginald Barnett, 36 Beulah Hill, Ellery Court, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19. Seventeen. Films. Angela Sheppard, 170 Southdown Road, Bath. Thirteen. Netball, stamps.

Rodney Holmes, 48 Holroyd Hill, Wibsey, Bradford, Yorks. Nine. Reading. Janet Mealand, 25 Lewisham Grove, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset. Eleven. Dogs, gym. Jolanda Cofolla, 174 Ravenhill Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Twenty. Films. Maureen Fellows, 321 Walsall Wood Road, Aldridge, Walsall, Staffs. Twelve. Swimming, reading. John Roberts, 322 Hoole Lane, Chester. Twelve. Football, reading. Sylvia Iff, 12 Valliers Wood Road, Sidcup, Kent. Eleven. Dancing, singing.

Kenneth Woodward, 1 Ringcraft Street, Holloway Road, London, N.7. Twelve. Autographs, football. Philip Thompson, 5 Spencer Avenue, Witley Road, Stanground Peterborough. Ten. Stamps, fishing. Elizabeth Hamilton, 36 Commercial Road, Strathaven, Lanarkshire, Scotland. Twelve. Needlework. Gerald Parker, 39 Scotland Place, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire. Twelve. Reading. Marian Welch, 6 Woodville Place, Caterham, Surrey. Sixteen. Dancing, reading. Doreen Hearts, 1 Brackenbury Place, Preston, Lancs. Fourteen. Swimming, film stars, dancing.

Ronald Platt, 83 Well Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Twelve. Stamps, films, swimming. Barbara Pearson, 56 Sixth Street, Chingola, N. Rhodesia. Thirteen. Film stars, sport, music, songs. Robert Mills, 15 Humphries Terrace, Challa Gardens, Kilkenny P.O., S. Australia. Twelve. Sport, swimming, stamps. Margaret Olden, 18 Brynawel Crescent, Treboeth, Swansea, Glam. Thirteen. Music.



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When you have got the full set—a Complete Soccer Eleven plus a Captain's or Vice-Captain's Badge—send for your Y.R. STAR.



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THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



CECIL PARKER
(Rank Organisation)



RUTH ROMAN
(Warner Bros.)



LIZABETH SCOTT
(Paramount)



JAMES CAGNEY
(Warner Bros.)

DON DEEDS

Don Deeds, Mai-Mai and Krim, their Martian friend, enter the temple by a secret passage to rescue Alphar, the Emperor of Mars. Hoo Sung and his iron men lead the way but they come face-to-face with the high priest's armed guards.

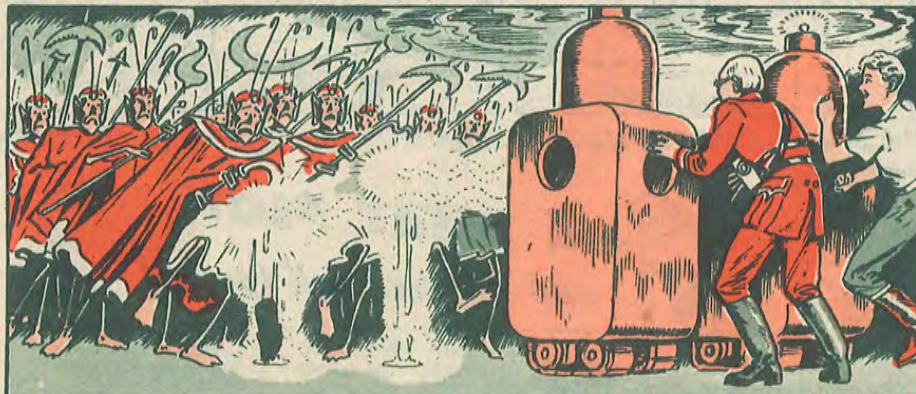


CAN YOUR IRON MEN FIGHT THAT LOT, HOO SUNG?

THIS HUMBLE PERSON SUGGEST THERE WILL BE NO NEED TO FIGHT, HONOURABLE DON...



THIS ONE WILL NOW SWITCH ON HIS OWN SECRET RAY WHICH WILL MELT ALL METALS... WATCH!



THIS DISPLAY OF SCIENCE STRIKES TERROR INTO THE MARTIANS... THEY PANIC AND FLEE IN FEAR!

THIS IS MARVELLOUS! WE HAVE NOTHING LIKE IT ON MARS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HOO SUNG, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE ALPHAR, THE EMPEROR, IS IMPRISONED!

THE HIGH PRIEST TRIES TO STOP THE FLIGHT, BUT WHEN HE SEES THE IRON MEN ADVANCING, HE TURNS TO RUN!

LOOK, HOO SUNG! THE HIGH PRIEST!



STOP! STOP! I SAY! ARE YOU COWARDS?



THIS MISERABLE PERSON'S IRON MAN WILL STOP HIM... WE WILL THEN QUESTION HIM... WATCH!



GOT YOU! NOW, WHERE IS ALPHAR?

AND WHERE IS ZORN, THE TRAITOR WHO SEIZED THE THRONE?



DO NOT HARM ME... I WILL SPEAK! ALPHAR IS IN THE STATE DUNGEONS AT THE END OF THIS PASSAGE. ZORN IS REALLY TO BLAME; HE IS IN THE PALACE!



DON'S PARTY FINDS ALPHAR'S PRISON IN THE DUNGEONS

STAND ASIDE, EXCELLENT KRIM... I WILL NOW MELT THESE BARS!



ENTRY IS MADE INTO ALPHAR'S CELL... KRIM! YOU ARE VERY WELCOME... BUT WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?

EMPEROR, IT IS HOO SUNG FROM EARTH!

Now the emperor has been rescued what will Zorn the rebel do? Don't miss next week's "Comet"