

# COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE

No. 110  
(New Series)  
Aug. 26, 1950

## A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2<sup>nd</sup>



2-3 Litre Armstrong Siddeley

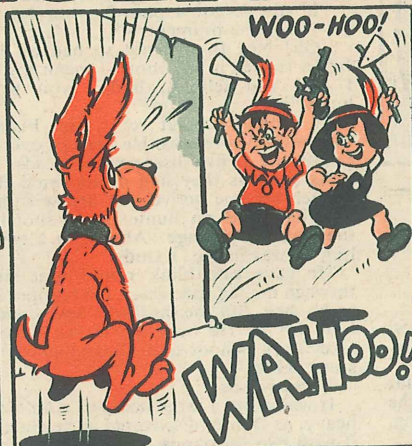
Photo—Autocar



Scamp's always ready for a game, As you'd expect, just from his name.



But, being only doggy-wise, Sometimes he's taken by surprise.



He got real scared the other day, By two mock Indians at play.



Not wanting then to meet his fate, Our pup decided not to wait!



So with the twins both in full chase, Scamp bee-lined for the safest place!



Sonny soon told him what was what As twins went scooting from the spot.



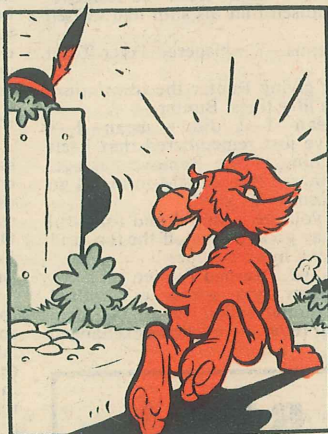
Knowing that it was all in fun, Old Scamp was keen to make them run!



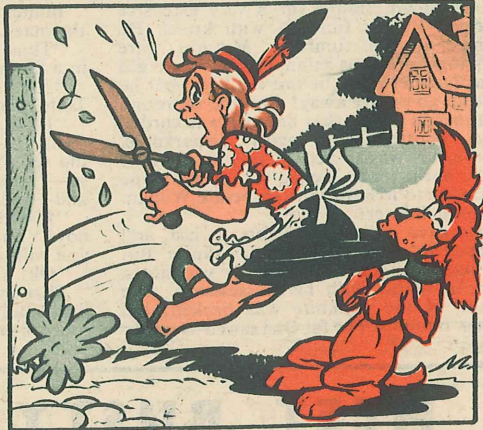
Twins did a crafty double-back, So Scamp and Sonny lost their track!



Each set off in his own direction, To do a spot of twin detection!



A feather stood up in the air— Scamp thought he'd found the wanted pair.



Scamp took a snap—and got the skirt, Of Sonny's fav'rite aunty, Gert!



She chased him with a brow like thunder, But soon forgave the pup his blunder!

### TOMMY HAWKE and MOE CASSIN

LET'S TRY AGAIN TO MAKE FRIENDS, BOYS—GO FETCH PIPE OF PEACE AND WE SMOKE IT!



### KARACK

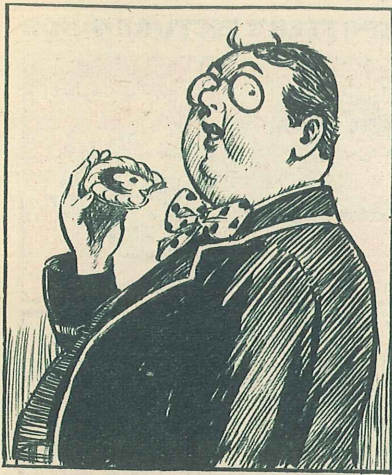


ER—WE CAN'T SMOKE PIPE OF PEACE, CHIEFY—



—MAYBE WE CAN SMOKE PIECE OF PIPE?





### SECRET INFORMATION!

**N**OT a word to Bunter!"  
 "No fear!"  
 "That fat villain would raid a fellow's hamper, as soon as look at it."  
 "Don't we know him!"  
 Billy Bunter grinned.

Every word uttered in No. 1 study, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars School, came quite clearly to his fat ears.

The study door was half-open. The fat Owl of the Remove was just outside the door. So he couldn't have helped hearing, even if he had not wanted to.

But he did want to! He was there specially to hear! That was one of Billy Bunter's little ways, which had earned him more kickings than he could have counted.

It was morning break at Greyfriars. Harry Wharton and Co. had gone up to the study when Mr. Quelch dismissed his form after second school. That was unusual. And Bunter's fat ears had caught the word "hamper" as they went. That was more than enough for Bunter. If any member of the Famous Five was the happy recipient of a hamper, Bunter wanted to know all about it. Bunter was deeply and earnestly interested in hampers.

When Billy Bunter wanted to know, he had his own methods of acquiring information. So there was Bunter, listening-in while the chums of the Remove talked in the study.

Evidently, there was a hamper! And they weren't going to let Bunter hear a word about it! No wonder the fat Owl grinned as he listened.

"Only yesterday," went on Harry Wharton's voice, "that fat brigand bagged a cake from this study—"

"And the day before, a bag of bullseyes from my study," growled Johnny Bull.

"And I can guess who had the toffee I couldn't find in my study this morning," remarked Bob Cherry.

"If he gets wind of this hamper—" said Frank Nugent.

"So not a word to Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got to leave it here when we go in to third school, and if he knew—"

"Safe enough here, as Bunter doesn't know," said Bob. "Might as well shove it under the table, though, in case he noses in. You know him."

"Good egg!"

Billy Bunter suppressed a fat chuckle, as he heard the sounds of a hamper being pushed under the study table.

He backed away from the study door. He had heard enough. All he had to do now was to wait till the Famous Five went down. "Break" was brief: it lasted only fifteen minutes, of which six or seven had already elapsed. But if Billy Bunter had a chance at that hamper, a few minutes would suffice. Bunter was a quick worker.

The fat junior was sprawling, more or less elegantly, on the settee on the Remove landing when Harry Wharton and Co. came out of the study and came down the passage. They glanced at him in passing, and Bob Cherry called out:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Frowning as usual, old fat man!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Come and have a trot round the quad. before the bell goes," suggested Bob. "Or are you waiting for somebody?"

"Oh! Yes! No! I—I'm not waiting for anything! I—I mean I'm waiting for old Mauly—"

"Mauly's in the quad."

"Oh! Is he? I—I mean, I'm waiting for Smithy—"

"Smithy's in the quad, too."

"Oh! I mean I—I've got a pain in my leg, and I'm just resting it. I say you fellows, the bell will be going soon—you

# WHAT BUNTER HEARD!

A Rollicking Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

haven't much time left, if you're going out. You'd better hurry," said Bunter anxiously. "If you've got a pain in your leg, I'll get you some liniment—"

"Oh! No! It—it's not so bad as that! Just a twinge in my foot—I mean my leg. I say, you fellows, hadn't you better hurry?"

To Bunter's great relief, the Famous Five went downstairs. He blinked over the balustrade at five disappearing heads.

As soon as they had disappeared Billy Bunter became active. An arrow from a bow had little on Bunter as he shot into the Remove passage. Almost in a twinkling he was in No. 1 study.

He gave one blink round that study through his big spectacles. No hamper was to be seen. But the fat Owl knew where to look for it. He bent the fattest head at Greyfriars School and blinked under the study table.

There it was!

It was quite a large hamper. And it was heavy, as Bunter discovered as he clutched it with two fat hands, to drag it out from under the table.

"Oh, crikey!" breathed Bunter.

The heavier the hamper, the more ample the contents. Bunter's little round eyes danced behind his big round spectacles. In his mind's eye, he saw the contents of that hamper—cakes, buns, tarts, very likely a cold chicken—perhaps a couple of them—apples and oranges, very likely—all sorts of good things, and all of them now at Bunter's mercy. The fact that it was somebody else's hamper from which he was not entitled to extract so much as a single, solitary bun, was a trifle light as air to Billy Bunter. Bunter was going to extract from that hamper exactly as much of its contents as he could pack into his extensive inside before the bell rang for third school.

But there was a snag. To his surprise he found that the hamper had not been opened. It was corded up with great, indeed, excessive care, and fairly bristled with knots, at which the fat Owl blinked in dismay.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter.

No doubt the chums of the Remove were keeping that hamper for a spread in the study later. Judging by the weight, it contained enough for a very extensive spread. Bunter fumbled with knots. He fumed as he fumbled. Minutes were passing—precious minutes. Unless he got that hamper open before the bell went he had to go empty away! And the thorough manner in which that hamper was corded and knotted was really remarkable. Perhaps it was to keep it safe on the railway; but it really looked as if it was done specially to irritate and exasperate William George Bunter!

He gave up untying knots, at last, and groped in a pocket for his penknife. But he had no better luck. Bunter was not a careful fellow with his possessions. One blade of the penknife was broken; the other blunt. The fat Owl sawed savagely

at the cords with the blunt blade.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

"Beasts!" hissed Bunter.

It was bell for third school. The hamper was not open yet—it was nowhere near open! Bunter gazed at it! He was tempted to carry on, regardless of form and form-master. But Mr. Quelch was not a master to be lightly disregarded. With deep feelings Billy Bunter gave it up—for the present! The wrath of Achilles, to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered, was a mere passing breeze compared with the wrath of William George Bunter, as he was compelled to turn his fat back on that attractive hamper! But there was no help for it: and a hungry fat Owl rolled empty out of No. 1 study, leaving an unopened hamper behind him.

"YOU will go on, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch.

Bunter felt that it was the last straw. They were doing the Aeneid in the Remove form room, and never had Bunter's interest in the deathless verse of Virgil been at a lower ebb. Bunter was not thinking of Latin verse. He was thinking of a hamper in a Remove study, and debating in his fat mind how he could get out of the form room somehow, before the form was dismissed. After third school, as likely as not, Harry Wharton and Co. might open that hamper, and call their friends to the feast. If Bunter was going to make sure of that hamper, he had to make sure of it while its proprietors were still in class. With that problem on his fat mind, Billy Bunter was not likely to be giving much attention to Virgil; and he could almost have hurled the book at his form master's head, when Mr. Quelch told him to go on.

He blinked at his book. 'Sic Venus' no doubt meant something, if Bunter had only known. He might have if he had done his prep the previous evening. But he hadn't! However, he had to make a shot at it. In his worried frame of mind, it was one of the worst shots that even Bunter had ever made.

"Venus was sick—" Bunter began to translate. He was interrupted.

"WHAT!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the Remove. Bunter realised that his shot had missed the mark.

"Thus Venus—" whispered Peter Todd in a fat ear.

"Are you giving Bunter the translation, Todd? Take fifty lines. Bunter—"

"I—I mean—I—I didn't mean—I—I mean, I—I've just remembered that I left the tap running in the Remove passage, sir—" stammered Bunter. "M-m-may I go and—and turn it off, sir?"

"Bunter, you are a stupid and forgetful boy! You may go and turn off the tap, and you will take a hundred lines."

"Oh! Yes, sir," gasped Bunter.

That hamper was worth a hundred lines! Billy Bunter rolled out of the form room in great relief. Five fellows exchanged

glances as the door closed on him. Bob Cherry winked at his friends, and Wharton, Nugent, Johnny Bull grinned. Apparently they were amused.

Quite unaware that Harry Wharton and Co. found something entertaining in his proceedings, Billy Bunter rolled away from the form room; and, like Iser in the poem, he rolled rapidly. He rolled breathlessly into No. 1 Study.

He dared not linger there. If he was absent more than a few minutes, Quelch had to be reckoned with. There was no time to deal with those obstinate knots and cords. Bunter was not thinking of that. He had a few minutes—and in those few minutes he was going to transfer that hamper bodily to a safer spot—a secluded spot where he could deal with it after class at his leisure. He grasped the hamper with both hands and heaved it up.

It was heavy! It was very heavy! That, from one point of view, was all to the good. From another, it was not—for the fat Owl panted and perspired under the weight, and almost tottered under it. Only the prospect of a gorgeous feast after third school could have induced Bunter to exert himself to such an extent. But he braced himself to the task and staggered out of No. 1 Study with that heavy hamper on his fat shoulders.

The coast was clear; nobody was about during form. Not an eye fell on Billy Bunter as he staggered, panted and gasped his way up the Remove passage, under the crushing weight of that heavy hamper. How he got it to the end of the passage he hardly knew. But he did. Then, step by step, he heaved it up the box-room stair. Every step required a new herculean effort. Perspiration ran in streams down a fat face, red as a beetroot. Seldom, or never, had Billy Bunter known such exertion. But the hamper was worth it.

It was a breathless, perspiring, panting fat Owl that heaved the hamper on the landing at last. There he sat on it for a minute to rest and recover his wind. But he dared not delay. Once more he grasped and heaved, shoved, and rolled the hamper into the box-room.

With a last effort he rolled it into a corner and dragged several empty boxes round it, and placed another on top of it to conceal it from sight. That hamper was safe enough! When Harry Wharton and Co. missed it from the study they could search for it—they were not likely to find it!

"Oh, crikey!" gasped the breathless Owl.

He would have been glad of a rest. But there was no time for a rest. Mopping perspiration from his face, he rolled out of the box-room and departed. He was still puffing and blowing when he arrived at the Remove form room.

Mr. Quelch gave him a sharp glance as he rolled in. Bunter had been rapid; but he had been absent longer than was required merely to turn off a tap! However, his breathless state indicated hurry, and the Remove master allowed him to go to his place without remark.

THIRD school seemed, to Billy Bunter, simply endless that morning. The hands of the form room clock seemed to crawl. Never had minutes ticked by so slowly. Never had Latin seemed so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Never had Quelch bored that bright member of his Form so inexpressibly. It really seemed to Bunter that third school never would end.

But it did end at last. Everything comes to an end; even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea! Bunter, at long last, was free to think of more important things—such as the contents of a hamper in a box-room! Other fellows, when released from class, often went off with a rush—Bunter generally went to slow motion. But on this occasion Bunter was first down the corridor; and five fellows grinned at one another as he flew.

They grinned again as, from the foot of the staircase, they glimpsed a fat figure vanishing above. When they came up to the Remove passage they had another glimpse of it disappearing up the box-room stairs at the other end. Grinning, they strolled into No. 1 Study. Bob Cherry bent and looked under the table.

"Gone!" he chuckled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a roar of merriment in No. 1 Study, which would have astonished Billy Bunter had he been there to hear it. Whatever he expected the Famous Five to do when they missed the hamper he certainly never would have expected them to roar with laughter.

But Bunter did not hear that merry roar. Bunter was already in the boxroom  
*(continued on page 7)*

## MEET RUSTY RILEY

He's an English orphan boy who goes to live on a ranch in America, with his dog, FLIP.

Their wonderful adventures, told in pictures

START IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

They'll thrill you and set you chuckling too!

Don't forget to chum up next week with

RUSTY RILEY

# SPLASH PAGE

- AND -

## THE MISSING PRINCE



The Boy Prince, Stefan, of Hentzia, has been kidnapped by crooks who demand the crown jewels as ransom. They report to their chief, the Hentzian ambassador, that they have him safely in a castle in Scotland. But Splash Page and Jill Brent are hot on their trail!

WE HAVE REACHED KILTIE CASTLE SAFELY WITH THE BOY, EXCELLENCY. WE HAVE SHAKEN OFF ALL PURSUIT AND NOBODY KNOWS WE ARE HERE!



HE SPOKE IN HENTZIAN, SO THAT ANY CHANCE LISTENERS ON THE SHORT WAVE BAND WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIM. THE HENTZIAN AMBASSADOR REPLIED FROM LONDON --

GOOD! BUT THERE IS ONE DANGER. I SENT LEO TO SILENCE AN INTERFERING NEWSPAPER REPORTER, SPLASH PAGE, WHO FOLLOWED YOU IN LONDON.



LEO HAS NOT RETURNED -- SPLASH PAGE MAY HAVE FORCED INFORMATION FROM HIM. BEWARE OF SPLASH PAGE!

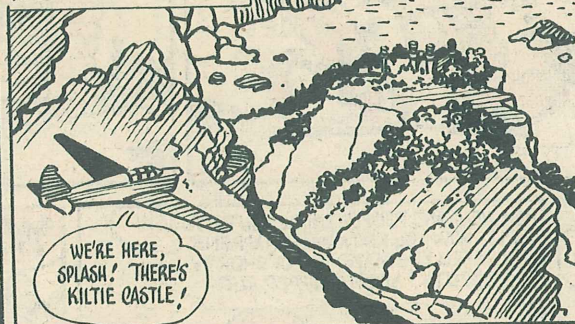
THE KIDNAPPER SWITCHED OFF HIS RADIO ANGRILY --



THE MAN WHO PURSUED US IN LONDON IS STILL ON OUR TRAIL!

DON'T WORRY! HE'LL NOT KNOW WE'RE HERE -- OR FIND US!

BUT THE PLANE CARRYING SPLASH PAGE AND JILL BRENT WAS NEAR KILTIE CASTLE.



WE'RE HERE, SPLASH! THERE'S KILTIE CASTLE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG, SPLASH. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO LAND THE PLANE ANYWHERE NEAR IT!

GOSH! I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR THAT!



THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! YOU'VE GOT PARACHUTES ABOARD, ARCHIE -- I'LL JUMP!

ME, TOO!



NO, JILL -- STAY IN THE PLANE!

IF YOU'RE PARACHUTING -- SO AM I!

I THINK YOU'RE BOTH MAD!



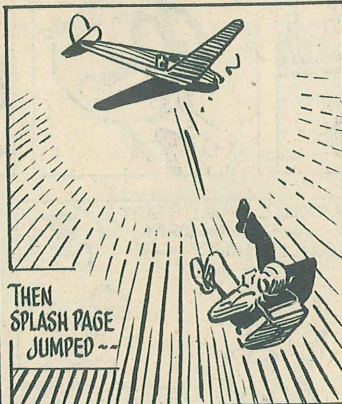
SPLASH HAD TO AGREE TO JILL PARACHUTING WITH HIM --

DON'T PULL THE RELEASE RING UNTIL YOU'RE WELL AWAY FROM THE PLANE, JILL -- AND GOOD LUCK!

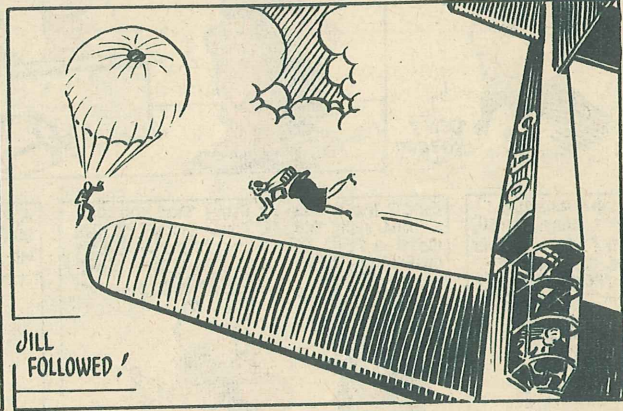
A FEW MOMENTS LATER --



WHEN WE'VE JUMPED, MAKE FOR THE NEAREST LANDING GROUND, ARCHIE, AND FETCH HELP!

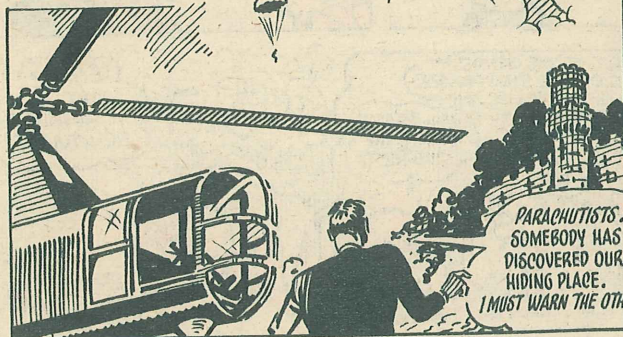


THEN SPLASH PAGE JUMPED --



JILL FOLLOWED!

THEY WERE SEEN BY THE PILOT OF THE HELICOPTER, WHICH HAD BROUGHT THE KIDNAPPERS TO KILTIE CASTLE --



PARACHUTISTS! SOMEBODY HAS DISCOVERED OUR HIDING PLACE. I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!

THE PILOT RUSHED TO THE TOWER ROOM WITH HIS STARTLING NEWS, AND --

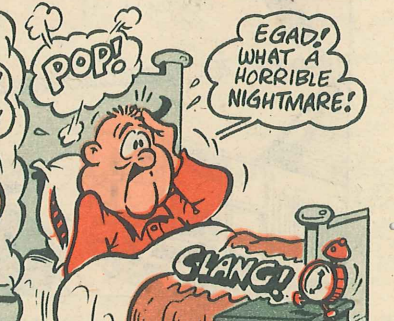
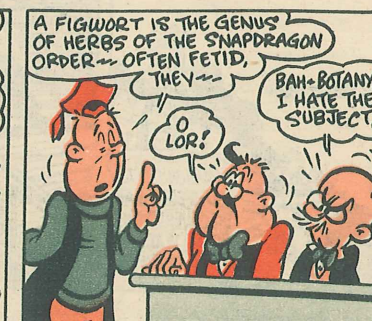
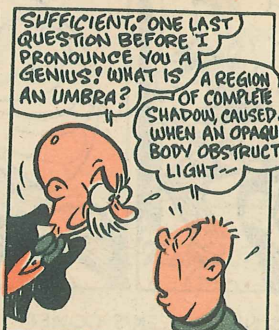
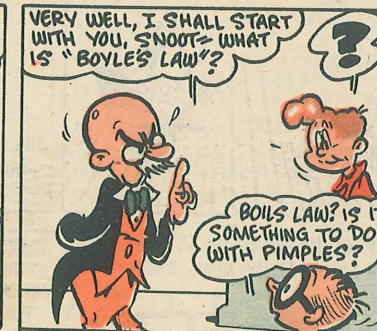
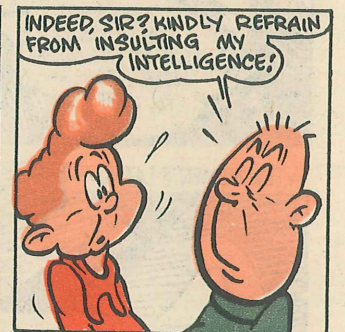
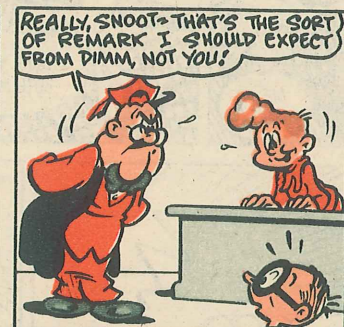
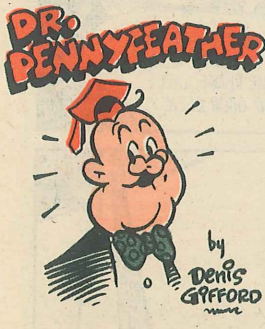
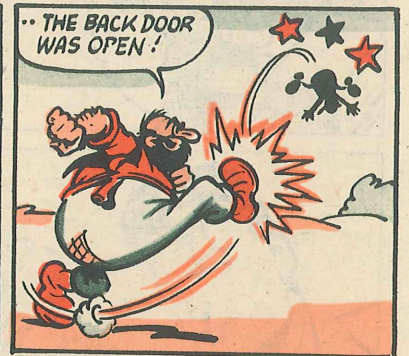
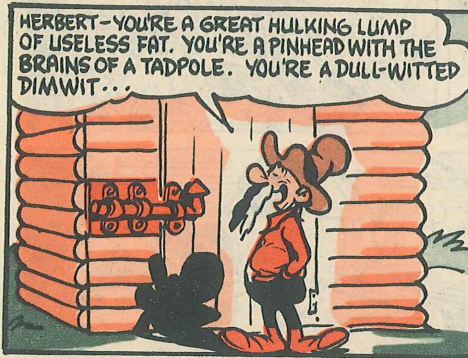
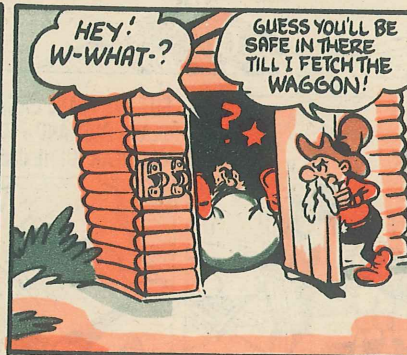
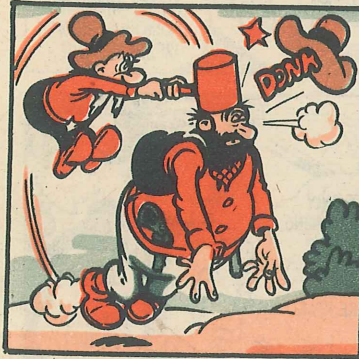
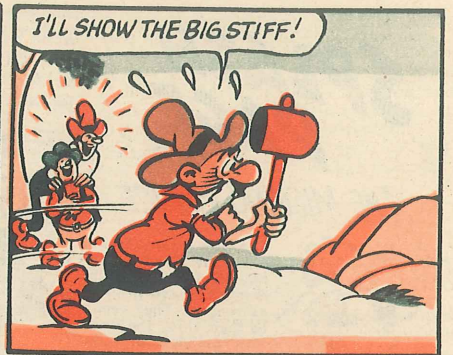
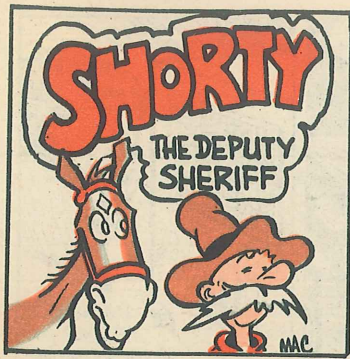


GUARD THE BOY! WE'LL GET THESE PARACHUTISTS! ONE OF THEM MUST BE THIS SPLASH PAGE!

MEANWHILE, SPLASH TOOK THE SHOCK OF LANDING ON HARD GROUND --

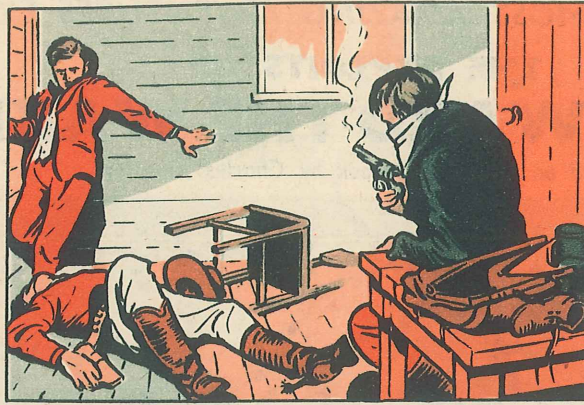


GOSH! THIS GROUND'S HARD! I HOPE JILL MAKES A SAFE LANDING AND DOESN'T CRACK HERSELF UP!



**BUCK JONES**  
*and the*  
**KID FROM DALLAS**

WHAT IS THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE KID FROM DALLAS? WHY WAS HIS FATHER SHOT, AND HIS UNCLE BEATEN UP? WHAT IS IN THE KID'S BAG THAT MEN ARE READY TO TRADE HOT LEAD FOR? BUCK JONES IS DETERMINED TO FIND OUT-- THEN HE TOO IS STRUCK DOWN BY A GUNMAN'S BULLET!



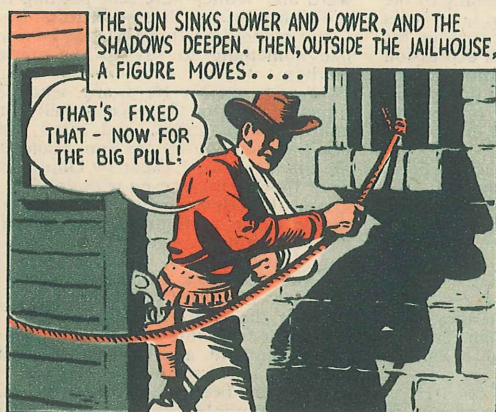
ALONG THE CANYON ECHOES THE SOUND OF A GALLOPING HORSE.



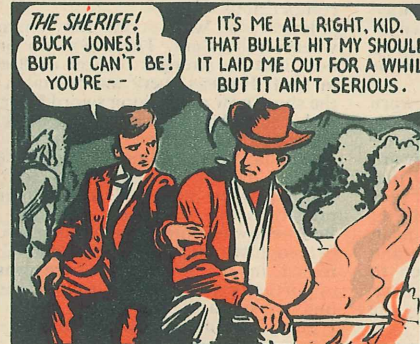
MEANWHILE OLD GROUCHER IS RIDING ALONG THE CANYON.



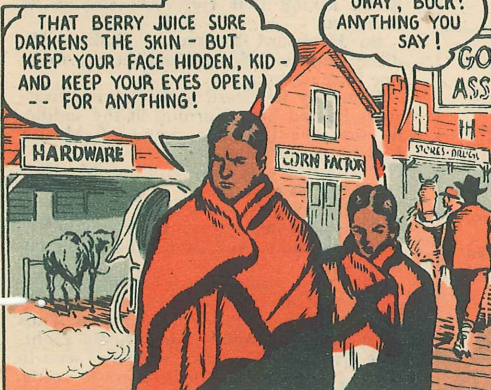
BUT GROUCHER WILL NOT LISTEN AND AN HOUR LATER THE KID FROM DALLAS FINDS HIMSELF IN ALKALI JAIL



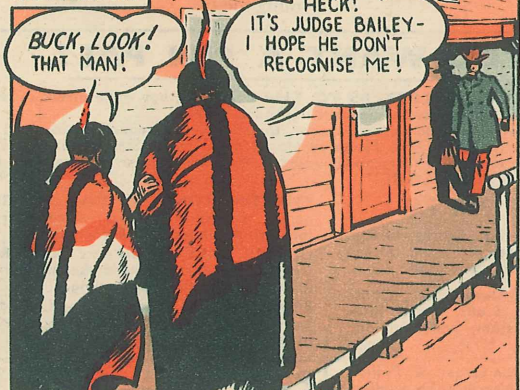
BUT THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT SWALLOW UP THE KID AND HIS RESCUER. AN HOUR LATER--



THE NEXT DAY...



SUDDENLY...



# START NOW! THE MOST AMAZING ADVENTURES EVER RECORDED!

## OUTLAWED!

**H**EREWARD and his friend Winter crept silently under the archway and into the vast kitchen of the Abbey at Peterborough. Their bare feet made no sound on the cold, stone floor. But Hereward was taking no chances. He knew that if they were caught there it would mean a flogging, worse if it were Herluin, the bullying steward, who caught them.

It was Hereward's mother who had decided that her son should become a monk. Hereward himself had other ideas. He meant to live the life of a true earl's son, winning his knightly spurs and his right to his inheritance on the field of battle.

But the Lady Godiva had been firm. She had sent Hereward to the Abbey at Peterborough, where his Uncle Brand was a member of the Brotherhood and would be able to keep an eye on the unruly boy. Hereward's only consolation was that his good friend Winter had been sent along with him.

From the first they had hated it. But most of all they had grown to hate Herluin. He made them work hard and kept them short of food and punished them severely for the slightest offence. He seemed determined to break Hereward's proud spirit.

Not that Hereward was afraid of work. He was a strong lad for his age and very willing to prove it. But scrubbing floors and weeding gardens and digging peat was not man's work. And by what right did a low-born, monkish clerk give orders to Hereward, son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia and ruler of one quarter of Saxon England?

And so Hereward had planned this raid on the kitchen, partly because they were always very hungry, but more particularly to pay out Herluin for his harshness. It would be Herluin who would have to account for the missing food.

Nevertheless, Hereward advanced warily, for he had a deep respect for Herluin's strong right arm. They had just reached the alcove in the corner where the food was stored on shelves, when the voice they most dreaded to hear at that moment rang in their ears.

"Ah, ha! Caught you, ye young varlets!" It was Herluin. Even as they swung round, he sprang forward and aimed a blow with his quarter-staff at Hereward.

Hereward leapt out of range. Seizing a kitchen spit, a long heavy iron bar, he dashed out of the kitchen followed by Winter. Just behind them they could hear the pounding feet and heavy breathing of Herluin in hot pursuit.

Outside the kitchen stood a troop of the Abbey's men-at-arms, or housecarles, as they were called.

"Stop them!" Herluin shouted to the housecarles.

Two of the men jumped in front of the boys. But Hereward waved his iron spit wildly and his fierce expression belied his youth and size. The two men ducked away from the wide swing of the bar, and Hereward and Winter were past them.

"This way," yelled Hereward breathlessly, heading towards the Bolldyke-gate leading out of the Abbey grounds.

Behind them, the heavy breathing of Herluin and the shouts of the men lent wings to their feet.

But there was still another obstacle ahead of them. The great iron gate was fast locked and the porter leaned idly against it, gazing in the direction of the disturbance. They heard Herluin's frantic shout.

"Porter! Quick! Stop them!" The porter spread his large, powerful arms and waited. Hereward slowed his pace. With the porter ahead of them and the steward and his men behind, they were trapped.

Beside the gate there was a great pile of dried peat waiting to be used on the Abbey fires. From the top of the stack a pair of determined boys could defy an army.

"Up yonder, quickly," shouted Hereward.

Winter needed no second bidding. In a twinkling he was scrambling up the soft, black pile. Hereward paused for a moment at the bottom. He swung his long spit at the foremost of his pursuers. Herluin stopped just in time to avoid the blow. Then Hereward turned and followed Winter up the peat like a monkey.

At the top he turned and regarded the group below him. His swift manoeuvre seemed to have them dumbfounded for

# THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the famous book by Charles Kingsley)



Herluin shouted up to them.

"Come down at once, or it will be the worse for you."

"The son of the Lord of Bourne and Earl of Mercia never takes orders from a fat black-hooded crow. Back to your book and candle, monk."

Though still shrill and youthful Hereward's voice already had something of the strength and defiance which in later years was to strike fear into the hearts of his country's enemies. Already his expression bore the marks of determination, which many a foe was to see beside the banner of the Wake Knot on land, or beneath the great White Bear painted on the sail of his ship at sea.

The housecarles stepped back a pace, murmuring their admiration of the youngster's spirit. But Hereward noticed a sly expression cross Herluin's features as he turned to whisper an order to one of the men.

"What's the fat rogue planning now?" he asked Winter.

Winter shook his head. But they were not left long in doubt. The man returned within a few minutes carrying a flaming torch.

"So that's his game, is it?" cried Hereward gritting his teeth. "He means to smoke us out."

It certainly looked like it. Herluin stood at the foot of the stack of dry, inflammable peat the torch in his hand.

"This is your last chance" he shouted up to them. "Either you come down of your own accord and take a flogging, or I'll burn you out and you'll get your flogging just the same."

"Do your worst, priest. But let me warn you. Hereward will not forget this day's work in a hurry. You'll yet live to rue it."

They were brave words, but Hereward was not a little frightened. He knew that if Herluin set light to the peat stack they would be hard put to get down without being choked by the smoke and the heat.

Winter was all for giving up there and then and taking their flogging. Even to Hereward there seemed no alternative. Herluin was already stooping to apply the flame to the peat.

And then help came from an unexpected quarter. A tall, spare figure with shaven crown and monkish habit strode round the corner.

"Uncle Brand!" cried Hereward.

Hereward's uncle took in the situation at a glance. He reached forward to stay the steward's hand just in time. With a cry of triumph, not unmixed with relief, Hereward scrambled down the stack, with Winter hard on his heels.

Then followed a long argument. Hereward and Winter were sent packing from the Abbey, with orders never to return.

But before he left the Abbey, Hereward had something to say to the steward, Herluin.

"Watch out for Hereward, who never forgets friend or foe. Keep well within your cloisters, monk, and mind that I don't smoke you out as you would have me this day. For I swear by Odin and by Thor that I will get even with you."

And then Hereward rode joyfully home to the castle at Bourne, where he lived with his mother. Lady Godiva gave up any ideas she had to make a priest of her son and went back to her prayers and her charities. Hereward's father was far too busy at the court of King Edward the Confessor to bother with him. So he was left to run wild, and he made the best of his new-found freedom.

Hereward became the leader of a band of wild youngsters like himself, recruited from the castles and farmsteads of his native Lincolnshire. They rode through the fens and forests, visiting the local fairs and entering for the running and wrestling competitions.

Hereward was soon the champion wherever he went. There was no one to beat him by strength of arm or fleetness of foot. He was every man's match with the short bow or the long sword he carried by his side. And he could hit his mark with a lance at thirty paces.

One day he was riding with his lieutenant Winter by his side and his followers behind, when he spied a fat figure in priestly habit, riding on the road from Bourne towards him. Hereward immediately recognised Herluin. He called a halt and reined in his horse, for here was his opportunity to have his revenge on the bullying steward.

Herluin did not appear to recognise Hereward at once. He rode towards them, apparently trusting to his peaceful garb to protect him from the band of wild-looking young men.

## 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 appears in the list below.

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

### CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

**MARGARET PRICE**, 13a Castle Green, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire. Aged fifteen. Interested in animals, radio and films.

**IAN McDAWSON**, 17 New Street, Chase Terrace, nr. Walsall, Staffs. Aged nine. Interested in reading, stamp collecting and billiards.

**FARIDA SMART**, 55 Avon Street, St. Philips, Bristol 2. Aged eleven. Interested in reading, needlework and films.

**CHRISTINE LONG**, 189 New Line, Greengates, Bradford, Yorks. Aged thirteen. Interested in needlework and reading.

**DENNIS HOLT**, 17 Bartlett Road, Raben Cross, Sheffield 5. Aged fourteen. Interested in stamp collecting and cycling.

**BRIAN GILL**, 83 Plaintrees Road, Bradford, Yorks. Aged fourteen. Interested in cycling, model aeroplanes, and table tennis.

## PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" August 26, 1950

As he came abreast, Hereward shouted an order to his men. Before the monk was properly aware what was happening, he had been rolled off his horse.

"So the tables are turned at last. Remember the peat stack by the Bolldyke-gate on Lammass' night?"

Herluin looked into Hereward's eyes and a look of fear spread over his fat features.

"We'll see what a bit of flame and smoke can do to make your black heart blacker. Into the covert with him, men."

The monk was dragged to his feet and carried off into the wood by the side of the road. Hereward led the way into a clearing, where he and Winter collected a pile of dry brushwood. Striking flint on tinder, they soon had a fine blaze.

"Release him, men, and stand round to make sure the coward cannot escape," ordered Hereward.

The monk was pushed into the centre of a circle. His eyes never left Hereward's brown, laughing face and glittering eyes.

"Do they teach you to dance a jig in the cloisters, monk?" asked Hereward. "If not, now's the time to learn. Up with your skirts and let's see your fat legs twinkle."

Saying this, Hereward seized a burning ember from the fire and held it close to the hem of Herluin's cassock. The monk leapt out of the way, with surprising agility in one so bulky. Hereward followed him remorselessly round the circle, the flaming end of the faggot never very far from his skirts.

"Dance, catiff, dance," he cried.

And the monk had to dance, although they were not really hurting him.

Hereward's men laughed until their sides ached. This was the sort of lark they loved. And all the old animosity faded from Hereward's breast as he saw the ridiculous figure cut by the learned cleric. He laughed, too, and when the fat priest sank to the grass exhausted, he allowed none of his men to molest him.

"Leave him alone," he said. "He's had a fright he'll not forget in a hurry. But we'll take his horse. The walk will do his figure good."

And still laughing, they rode away, leaving Herluin to travel as best he could on foot.

Hereward was quite well aware that he could not, with impunity, treat a steward of the Abbey of St. Peter as he had done that day. As he rode homeward across the fens he fell to wondering what form his punishment would take.

Herluin reached the castle of Bourne ahead of him, for he had lingered on the way. As Hereward entered his mother's chamber he found the steward already beside her.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" Lady Godiva asked.

She looked sterner than even Hereward had seen her before. He knew that Herluin would have told a highly exaggerated story. But he knew also that his mother would take the word of a priest before the word of her own son, whose reputation was not of the best. He said nothing.

"Who can take a letter to the Earl Leofric at Westminster?" his mother asked the assembled company.

"Then you will tell my father?"

"What else can I do? Only he can deal with a matter so serious. Who is my best messenger?" she repeated.

"Martin Lightfoot is the swiftest and surest," answered a serving man.

So a runner was despatched to the Earl Leofric at the court of Edward the Confessor telling all the misdemeanours of his son. Martin returned on the fourth day with the news that the Earl, ever strict, had placed the matter before the King, asking that Hereward should be outlawed.

So Hereward became an outlaw. He disbanded his followers and set out alone one May morning.

Suddenly he heard soft, running footsteps behind him. Turning in the saddle, he saw the tall lean figure of Martin Lightfoot, the runner.

"What do you want with me, Martin?"

"To go with you."

"What! Would you join an outlaw?"

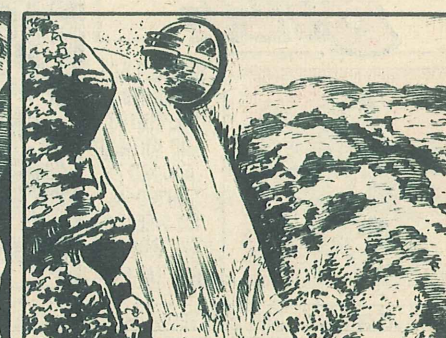
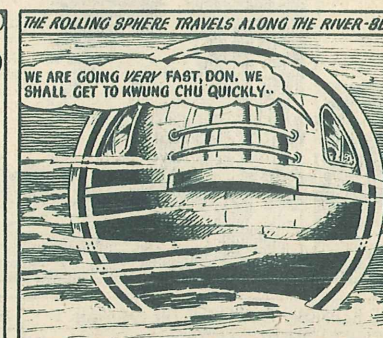
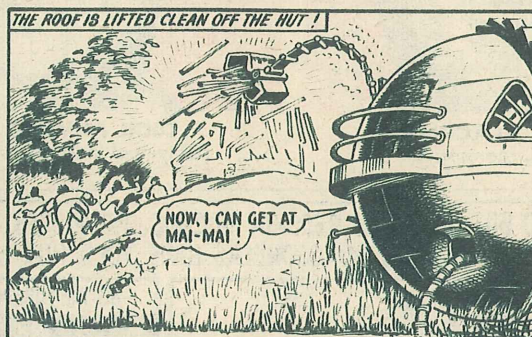
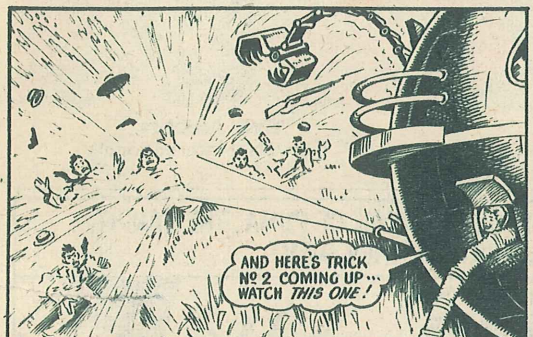
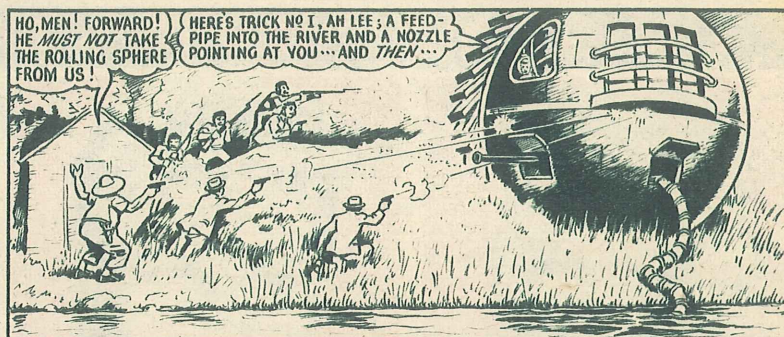
"I ask for nothing but to serve you."

"Well, and so you shall. And here's my hand on it."

The two young men shook hands. Hereward urged his horse forward again. Martin fell back and trotted behind. Thus Hereward, the outlaw, and Martin Lightfoot travelled north and were not seen in those parts for many long years to come. Another grand complete adventure with

# Don Deeds

When Ah Lee, the bandit, takes the captured Rolling Sphere to his island stronghold he does not know that Don Deeds is on the top of it! Don slides down to the outer gallery!



WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO DON DEEDS, MAI-MAI AND THE ROLLING SPHERE, NOW? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK.

## WHAT BUNTER HEARD!

(Continued from page 2)

with the door shut and bolted. Bunter was not wasting any thought on Harry Wharton and Co. Their hamper was enough to occupy his mind.

He dragged aside the empty boxes that hid it. There it was—safe and sound. Billy Bunter's eyes and spectacles gloated over it.

But he wasted no time. Bunter was hungry—his perpetual state. He was eager to begin. Once more he opened his blunt penknife and sawed at cords.

"Wow!" yelled Bunter. In his eagerness he jabbed a fat finger. He sucked that fat finger and yelped.

"Ow! Wow! Ooooh." But even a jabbed finger did not delay him long. He sawed and sawed at the cords again and they gave way at last.

Almost trembling with eagerness the fat junior grasped the lid of the hamper and lifted it. Straw packing met his view. The

hamper was full to the very brim. Bunter grinned with happy anticipation. He grabbed the straw and dragged it out in bunches. A cardboard box was revealed. Bunter grabbed it and heaved it out. It was heavy—too heavy he thought, to contain pastry. Probably a couple of cold chickens—or a pie—or a pudding—or the lot of them! Eager fat hands dragged the box open.

Then Bunter jumped. "Oh!" he gasped. He gazed almost unbelievably into that cardboard box. He could hardly believe either his eyes or his spectacles. It did not contain cold fowls or pies or puddings. Its contents were of quite a different nature. There was a collection of cinders, coal knobs, firewood and half-bricks in that box! Billy Bunter gazed at them with his eyes almost bulging through his spectacles.

Bunter could eat almost anything. But even Bunter could not eat the contents of that box! He goggled at it in bewilderment.

Then he groped in the hamper again in the loose straw. His fat hand met a solid

object, and he jerked it out. It was a whole brick!

"Oh!" gasped Bunter again. He grasped the hamper and up-ended it, shooting out the remainder of the contents on the box-room floor. He blinked with bulging eyes at the result. The contents were varied; but half-bricks predominated. Not a single article of an edible nature came to light. Whoever had packed that hamper must have taken a lot of trouble to collect half-bricks and other debris from odd corners. It was no wonder that it had been heavy—no wonder that the fat Owl had perspired and panted under its weight!

"Beasts!" yelled Bunter. It dawned on him now! It was not by chance that he had overheard that enticing word "hamper". And they had jolly well known that he was listening outside the study in break! Bunter saw it all—now! They had been pulling his fat leg as a playful punishment for grub-raiding in the Remove studies. It was for this—this!—that he had earned a hundred lines to get out of form: for this

that he had laboured and perspired and panted to get that heavy hamper up to the box-room! All through third school he had been eagerly anticipating getting into that hamper, and now he had delved into it—for this! With inexpressible feelings he gazed at that collection of bricks and half-bricks.

FIVE fellows with grinning faces were in the Remove passage when a dismal fat Owl came rolling down the box-room stair.

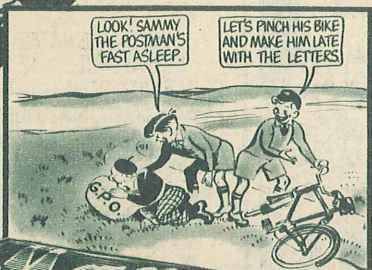
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter." "Seen anything of a hamper, Bunter?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Beasts!" roared Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Pulling a fellow's leg—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Billy Bunter gave the hilarious five a glare that might have cracked his spectacles. Then he rolled on; a dismal, dolorous and still empty Bunter, leaving the Famous Five yelling with merriment.

More fun with Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars in next week's COMET! Don't miss it!

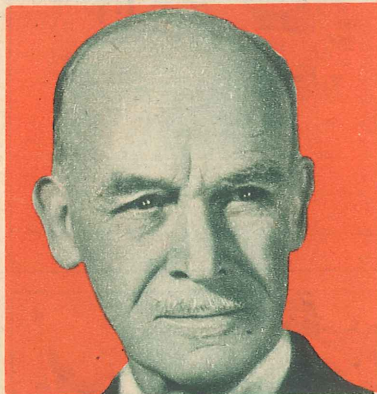


# SAMMY SHUTEYE AND THE BAR WITH THE TREBLE DELIGHT



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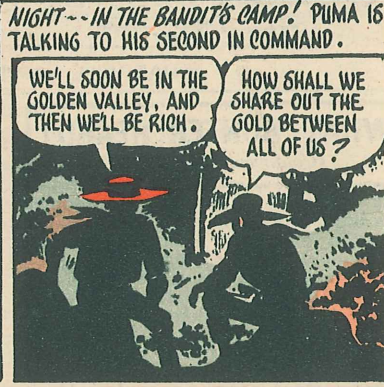
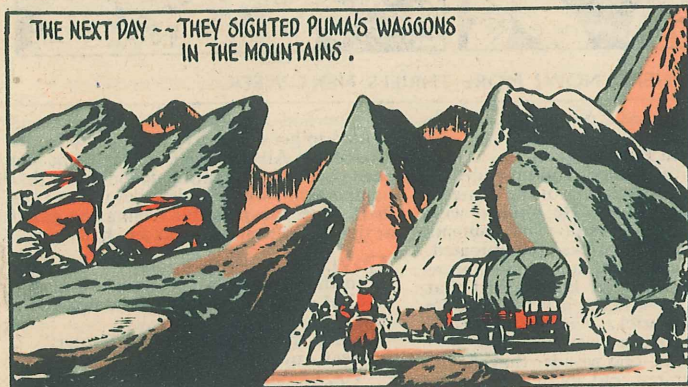
**EVE ARDEN**  
(Universal International)

# BUFFALO BILL

BUFFALO BILL, WITH HIS REDSKIN FRIENDS, THE PIUTES, IS ON THE TRAIL OF PUMA, THE BANDIT. A PARTY OF WAGGONEERS HAVE TOLD HIM WHICH WAY THEY WENT.



BUFFALO BILL RETURNED TO THE PIUTES AND, WITHOUT A WORD -- POINTED IN THE DIRECTION THE BANDITS HAD TAKEN.



GREY SNAKE HATES BUFFALO BILL. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE FAMOUS SCOUT, BLACK BISON WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD AND GREY SNAKE WOULD HAVE BEEN CHIEF. AND THIS IS GREY SNAKE'S REVENGE. WARNING THE BANDITS OF THEIR DANGER.