

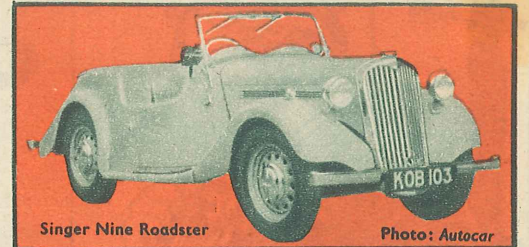
# COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

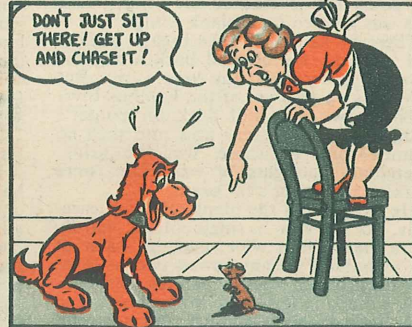
## A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2<sup>nd</sup>

No. 111  
(New Series)  
Sept. 2, 1950

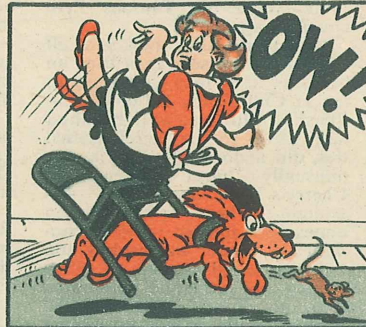
OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Scamp has no fear at all of mice—  
In fact, he thinks they're rather nice!



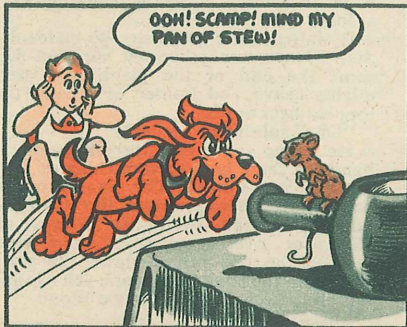
But if there's one thing in a house  
That Mum detests—then it's a mouse.



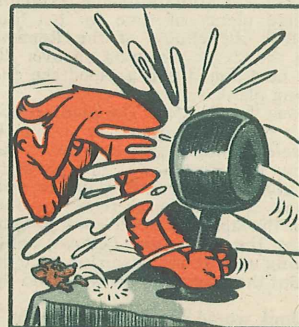
She stood up on a chair and cried  
For Scamp to chase the brute outside.



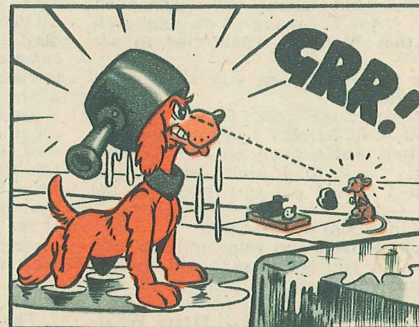
Scamp chased the mouse, upset the chair,  
And then got flattened, fair and square!



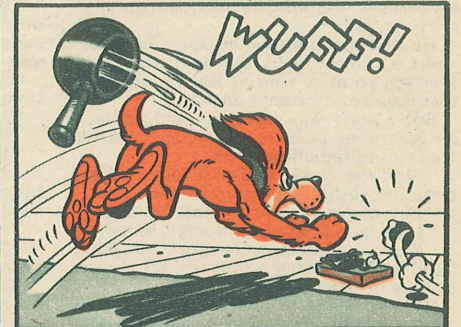
And though Scamp is a cheery pup,  
By now he had his dander up!



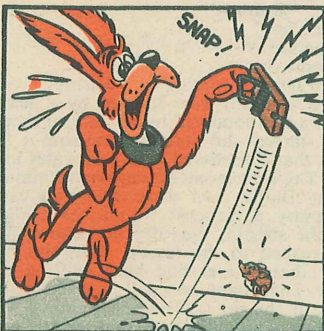
When next the mouse came into view,  
Scamp rushed it—and got in a stew!



Wearing the saucepan like a cap,  
Scamp saw the mouse quite near a trap.



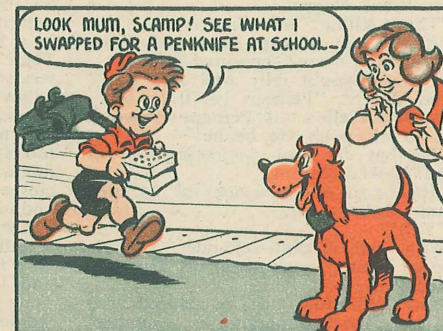
Scamp sprang again—to do or die,  
And made that saucy mouskin fly!



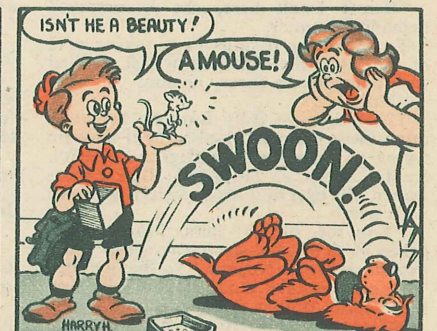
Then came a sudden snipsome snap—  
Scamp's paw was caught fast in the trap!



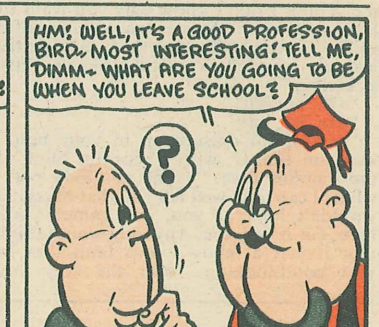
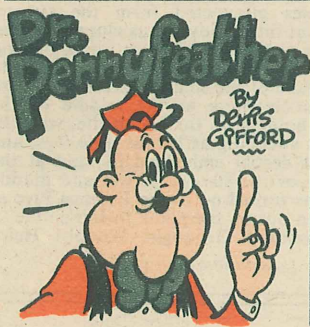
Mum came and freed the pup's poor paw,  
Which felt, of course, most very sore!



But Scampy soon forgot his woe,  
For Sonny had a swap to show.



He had a mouse—to be his pet!  
Poor Scamp has not recovered yet!





# HOW BUNTER CAUGHT A COLD!

A Smashing Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

## Tables Turned!

"Am I coming?" Billy Bunter snapped that question at five fellows in the Greyfriars quadrangle. He frowned as he snapped. There was a gleam of wrath in his little round eyes behind his big round spectacles. Bunter looked shirty. His looks indicated his feelings. He was, in fact, shirty; very shirty indeed.

He shot that question at Harry Wharton and Co. almost like a bullet. It was, from Bunter's point of view at least, a question that required a prompt answer.

Bob Cherry was speaking; and he went on regardless of Bunter, just as if no fat Owl was in the offing at all.

"Marjorie said half-past four. We'd better be pushing along pretty soon."

"Lots of time," said Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows—" hooted Bunter.

"Well, it won't do to be late," said Bob, "and it's jolly nearly a mile to Cliff House, by way of Friardale Wood."

"I'm speaking to you fellows!" howled Bunter. "Will you answer a chap?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that Bunter, or a fat bluebottle buzzing about?" asked Bob, glancing round.

"Beast! Look here, am I coming?" demanded Bunter.

To which the famous Five, taking note of the fat Owl's existence at last, replied with one voice in cheery unison:

"No!"

The frown on Billy Bunter's fat brow intensified. He really looked as if he were trying to reproduce the frightful, fearful, frantic frown of the Lord High Executioner. His eyes and his spectacles gleamed with wrath.

"You see, old fat man, Marjorie has asked us to tea, but she hasn't asked you," explained Frank Nugent. "So that's that!"

"You can take a pal if you jolly well like," said Bunter. "They stand a jolly good tea at Cliff House. Not that I'm thinking about that—I'm not always thinking about food, like some fellows I could name. And you jolly well know that Marjorie and Clara would be glad to see me. Think I don't know why you want to leave me out?" Bunter gave a scornful sniff. "I can tell you that this paltry jealousy of a fellow's good looks is pretty sickening."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're all dressed up in your best," went on Bunter, with a scornful blink at the Famous Five. "Think you look posh, what? I can jolly well tell you that Marjorie wouldn't look at you, if I came! Look here, cut it out, see. Anybody would think that it was a fellow's own fault that he was good-looking, from the way you

fellows carry on!" added Bunter indignantly.

At which the Famous Five chuckled again.

It was true that they were all very nicely dressed, as befitted an occasion when they were going to tea at Cliff House School. Well-brushed clothes, well-brushed hair, clean collars, carefully-tied ties, did undoubtedly look rather unusually "posh". Even Bob Cherry's tie, for once, was straight. Their spick-and-span appearance formed rather a contrast to Bunter's. Bunter was grubby and a little sticky, as usual. Smears of toffee on his fat face had not quite obliterated traces left by his dinner. A disinterested observer would hardly have guessed that those five spotless and speckless youths were jealous of Billy Bunter's good looks!

But Bunter knew!

"Well, what about it?" demanded Bunter. "Am I coming? You jolly well know that Marjorie would like to see me—"

"She couldn't, unless you wash," said Johnny Bull.

"Am I coming?" yelled Bunter.

"Roll away, barrel," said Johnny Bull.

"Rotten jealousy all round," sneered Bunter. "Well, if I ain't coming, just because I should put you fellows in the shade—"

"No 'if' about it," said Bob.

"Well, perhaps you won't look so jolly posh when you get there," said Bunter.

"Perhaps you won't get there at all! He, he, he!"

"Eh? How's that?" asked Harry Wharton, staring at the fat Owl. "We're starting in a few minutes, fathead."

"Why shouldn't we get there, ass?" asked Frank Nugent.

"That's telling!" said Bunter.

"If that fat chump means anything, what does he mean?" enquired Bob.

"Perhaps you'll jolly well find out!" jeered Bunter. "Perhaps you'll be sorry for leaving a fellow out! Perhaps you won't look so jolly posh. He, he, he!"

"Is that fat owl wandering in his mind?" asked Nugent.

"Has he got one to wander in?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Yah!"

With that elegant rejoinder, William George Bunter revolved on his axis, and rolled away.

Harry Wharton and Co. glanced after him as he went, wondering for a moment or two what the fat Owl might possibly have meant, if he had meant anything. But only for a moment or two! Billy Bunter, and what he might mean, or mightn't mean, did not interest them very much. After a moment or two they forgot his fat existence, and when, a little later, they started to walk to Cliff House School, they had still quite forgotten Bunter.

But they were to be reminded of him on the way, quite unexpectedly.

"BEASTS!" murmured Bunter.

Billy Bunter was rolling down Friardale Lane at an unusual rate. He reached the stile, clambered over it and rolled along the footpath in Friardale Wood, still in haste. For some reason best known to himself, Bunter was in a

hurry to get ahead of the Cliff House guests on their way to Cliff House. He did not pause till he reached the little stream that was crossed by a plank bridge.

There he paused to take breath, puffing and blowing. He blinked back along the footpath under the shady trees warily. But there was no sign yet of the Famous Five.

The frown was still dark on Bunter's podgy brow. But every now and then he grinned—one of those sardonic grins! Deep dark thoughts, it was plain, were working in Bunter's fat brain.

He trod across the plank. He trod carefully, for it was a single plank, hardly more than a foot wide, and the water of the woodland stream flowed two or three feet deep under it. Billy Bunter was planning a ducking for five fellows who fancied they looked "posh"; but he did not want a ducking himself.

On the further side of the stream he paused again and cast another wary blink back. There was nobody on the footpath. Bunter had plenty of time for his foul deed before the chums of the Remove came on the scene. Grinning all over his fat face, he stooped and grasped the end of the long plank.

That was the big idea! The plank rested on stones on either side of the stream. It was as safe as houses, so long as it was left alone. But Bunter was not going to leave it alone. Bunter was going to shift that plank so that the extreme tip only rested on the stone. It would look just the same from the other side. Fellows would walk along it without suspicion or misgiving. But their weight on it would do the trick.

The plank would slip. Every fellow on it would naturally slip off and splash into the water. After which, it was absolutely certain that they wouldn't look so "posh" on their arrival at Cliff House School, even if they went on to Cliff House at all in a wet, muddy, bedraggled condition. That, in Billy Bunter's opinion would serve them jolly well right for leaving a fellow out of a tea-party for no better reason than jealousy of his good looks!

Bunter was angry. But he was amused, too. It was going to be very funny to see fellows who had carefully brushed their clothes spick and span in clean collars and neat ties sprawling in water and mud.

There was no danger, of course. The woodland stream was not deep. There was in fact more mud than water—lots and lots of mud! That from Bunter's point of view was all to the good. They would be simply smothered with mud—caked in it. The fat Owl chuckled as he pictured it.

Having prepared that little trap for the Cliff House guests Bunter was going to park himself behind a tree—at a safe distance—and watch! He was going to enjoy the view immensely.

All that Bunter had to do was to get that plank into the required position before Harry Wharton and Co. came in sight. Three or four minutes he had calculated, would be ample.

But as his fat hands clutched at the plank, Billy Bunter made the discovery that it was not the simple task it had seemed. It looked easy enough—just shifting a plank! But it turned out to be far from easy.

That plank was long, and it was heavy.

It was hardly more than a foot wide, but it was three or four inches thick. And innumerable feet had trodden it well down into its place. It had settled there almost immovably. Bunter clutched, dragged, tugged, panted and perspired. But that obstinate plank hardly moved.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter, pausing to get his breath and wiping away a stream of perspiration from a fat forehead. "Oh, crumbs! Blow the beastly thing! Ooooh!"

Minutes were passing. Bunter had ample time so long as he did not waste any. But it could not be very long before a party of cheery juniors came walking along that footpath. If they came in sight of Bunter, his game was up. The fat Owl did not want to be caught in the act. The consequences might be quite painful if the Famous Five caught him at it! Anyhow, the ducking would be off. Delays were dangerous. Gasping for breath, the fat Owl resumed his task, lugging and tugging at the obstinate plank.

"Oh, blow! Ooooooh!" gurgled the fat Owl breathlessly.

He paused again, panting. Once more he blinked along the footpath. Far away, under the leafy trees, he had a distant glimpse of Greyfriars caps. They were coming! As yet they were distant—but they were coming! It was now or never—neck or nothing!

Bunter made a last determined effort. Kneeling on the edge of the steep bank, he grasped the plank with both fat hands and heaved with all his might. All his beef was put into that mighty heave. And under that heroic effort the plank did shift at last.

It shifted quite suddenly—so suddenly, that Bunter was taken by surprise. Up came the end of the plank with that mighty heave, and Bunter, as it came up, toppled backwards.

"Oh!" spluttered Bunter.

He let go the plank, throwing out fat hands to catch hold of something or anything to save himself. The plank dropped back into place with a thud. But there was nothing at hand for Bunter to catch at. He went over—backwards! The next moment he was rolling down the steep bank into the stream, a frantic yell rising out all the echoes of Friardale Wood.

Splash!

"Urrrrrghh!"

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Bunter!"

"He's in!"

"The fat ass—"

"Come on!"

Five fellows coming at a leisurely pace up the footpath were startled by a heavy splash and a loud yell in advance of them. They started and stared, glimpsing a fat figure that floundered wildly in water and mud. The next moment they were running.

Why Bunter was there, and how even so clumsy a fat Owl would have fallen into the stream, they did not know. But they rushed to the rescue. They did not know that Bunter had been shifting the plank. That plank was still in place. Close beside it the fat Owl of the Remove was plunging, floundering, spluttering and thrashing like a whale, sending up almost a waterspout.

The Famous Five reached the plank with a breathless rush. A pair of muddy spectacles glistened from the stream. A pair of fat muddy hands clutched at the plank and held on. Bunter was right end uppermost. He had floundered out into the middle of the shallow stream and now he was clutching at the middle of the plank, holding on for his fat life, with the current sweeping at his fat little legs, and his feet deeply embedded in mud at the bottom of the stream. A wet and muddy face was turned up to the Famous Five as they ran out on the plank in Indian file.

"Ooooooh! Grooooh! Wooh! Help!"

(continued on page 7)

## CHUCKLE CORNER



# SPLASH PAGE

- AND -

## THE MISSING PRINCE



The Boy Prince Stefan, of Hentzia, has been kidnapped by crooks who demand the crown jewels as ransom. Splash Page and Jill Brent track them to Kiltie Castle in Scotland, but as their plane cannot land, they parachute down and are seen by the crooks.

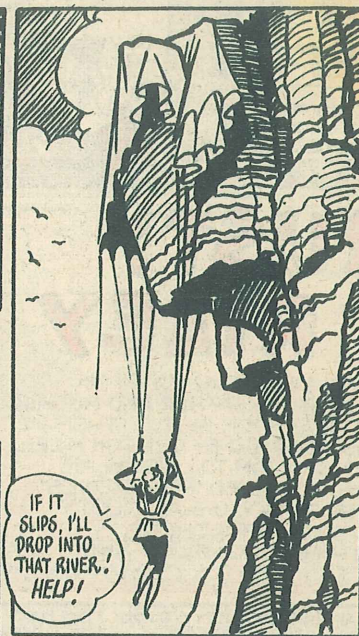


GET RID OF THIS PARACHUTE, THEN I CAN LOOK FOR JILL. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER JUMP!



WONDER WHERE SHE LANDED?

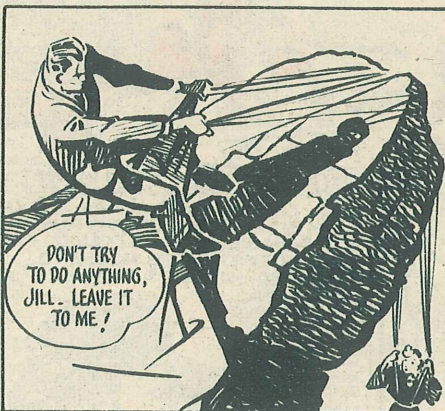
THEN SPLASH HEARD JILL'S VOICE CALLING FRANTICALLY.



IF IT SLIPS, I'LL DROP INTO THAT RIVER! HELP!



KEEP STILL, JILL! I'M COMING!



DON'T TRY TO DO ANYTHING, JILL. LEAVE IT TO ME!



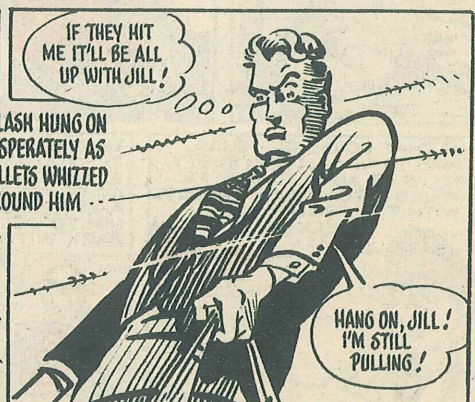
INTENT ON RESCUING JILL, SPLASH PAGE DID NOT SEE TWO OF THE KIDNAPPERS RUNNING TO THE OPPOSITE BRINK OF THE RIVER GORGE.



THEY HAVE NOT SEEN US, JOHANN. NOW IS OUR CHANCE! SHOOT-- AIM AT SPLASH PAGE!



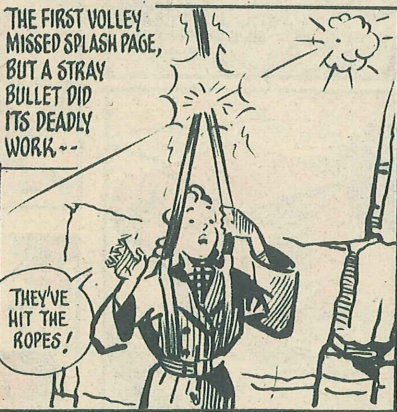
TWO GUNS SPOKE--



IF THEY HIT ME IT'LL BE ALL UP WITH JILL!

SPLASH HUNG ON DESPERATELY AS BULLETS WHIZZED AROUND HIM--

HANG ON, JILL! I'M STILL PULLING!



THE FIRST VOLLEY MISSED SPLASH PAGE, BUT A STRAY BULLET DID ITS DEADLY WORK--

THEY'VE HIT THE ROPES!



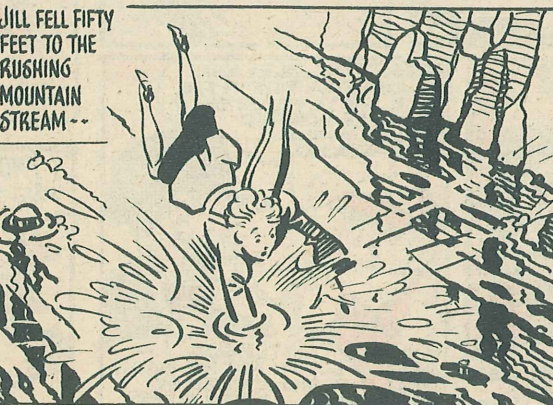
OOOO! SPLASH!



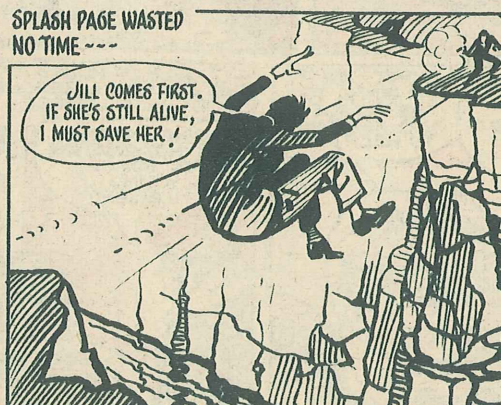
SPLASH PAGE FELL SPRAWLING AS JILL'S WEIGHT WAS TAKEN OFF THE PARACHUTE--



THE RATS! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!

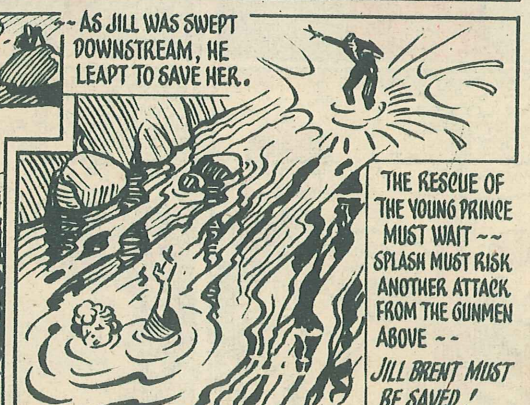


JILL FELL FIFTY FEET TO THE RUSHING MOUNTAIN STREAM--



SPLASH PAGE WASTED NO TIME--

JILL COMES FIRST. IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE, I MUST SAVE HER!



AS JILL WAS SWEEPED DOWNSTREAM, HE LEAPED TO SAVE HER.

THE RESCUE OF THE YOUNG PRINCE MUST WAIT-- SPLASH MUST RISK ANOTHER ATTACK FROM THE GUNMEN ABOVE-- JILL BRENT MUST BE SAVED!

**TITTLE-TATTLE**

I CAN'T FIND WORDS BAD ENOUGH TO DESCRIBE YOU!



THEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY THIS DICTIONARY?



I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU LIVED IN A BUNGALOW?



WELL, IT WAS A BUNGLE AND I STILL OWE FOR IT!



WHEN THE BABY HAS EMPTIED THE BOTTLE IT MUST BE RINSED IN BOILING WATER!

**SHOW**  
DEPUTY

GOSH! I'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF TOWN - AND FAST!



IF IT AIN'T ME OLD PA - WHAT'S THE HURRY!



TWO YEARS AGO I ARR RED NOSE RONNIE A HE'S COME OUT OF JAIL AN' HE'S LOOKIN' FER



WELL - HE'S GOT A BIG RE AN' A SILLY LITTLE HAT HE HAS A BIG ROUND PATCH ON HIS TROUSE



LIKE T



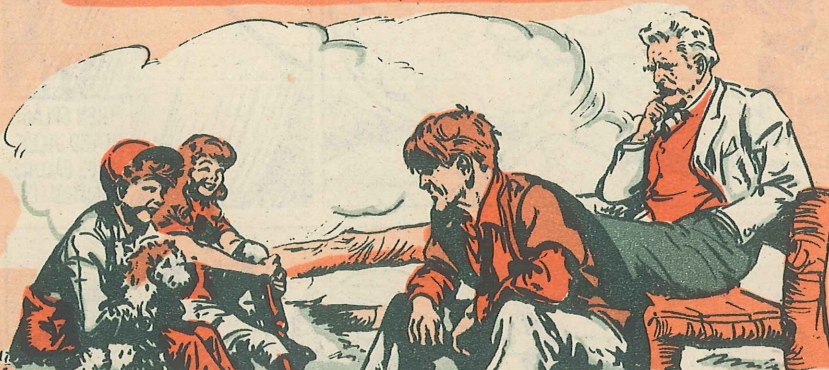
WOW! RED NOSE RONNIE HISSEL



I THOUGHT HIS FAC WELL - AT LEAST I CAN

# RUSTY RILEY

RUSTY RILEY IS AN ORPHAN. HE LOST HIS FATHER AND MOTHER IN THE LONDON BLITZ. THEN HE WAS ADOPTED BY QUENTIN MILES, WHO TOOK HIM TO LIVE ON HIS RANCH, CALLED 'MILESTONES' IN KENTUCKY, U.S.A. RUSTY IS VERY HAPPY THERE WITH HIS DOG, FLIP, AND PATTY MILES FOR PLAYMATES...

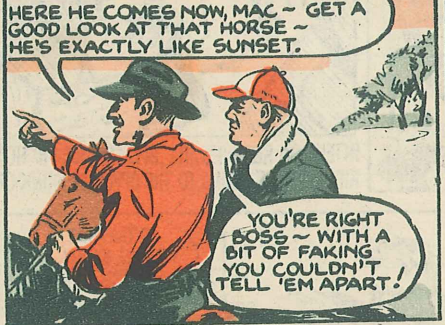


...AND WITH SUCH GOOD FRIENDS AS OLD TEX PURDY, AND HIS FOSTER FATHER. HE HAS A HORSE OF HIS VERY OWN, TOO - CALLED 'HILLBILLY'. RUSTY LOVES HORSES AND THEY LOVE HIM. THERE ARE FINE HORSES ALL AROUND HIM, FOR QUENTIN MILES IS FAMOUS FOR THE HORSES HE BREEDS AT MILESTONES.

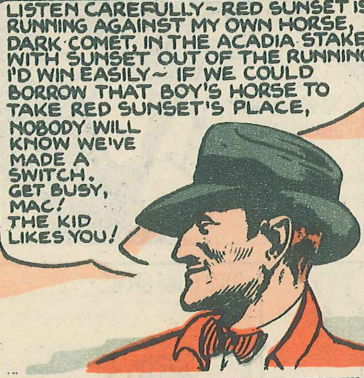
ONE AFTERNOON RUSTY IS TAKING HILLBILLY FOR A GALLOP



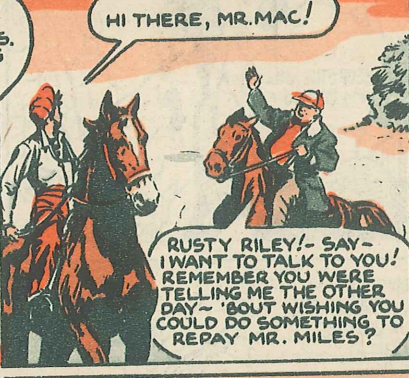
THE NEXT RANCH TO MILESTONES BELONGS TO JASPER CRANDALL - HE BREEDS HORSES TOO.



HERE HE COMES NOW, MAC - GET A GOOD LOOK AT THAT HORSE - HE'S EXACTLY LIKE SUNSET.



LISTEN CAREFULLY - RED SUNSET IS RUNNING AGAINST MY OWN HORSE, DARK COMET IN THE ACADIA STAKES. WITH SUNSET OUT OF THE RUNNING I'D WIN EASILY - IF WE COULD BORROW THAT BOY'S HORSE TO TAKE RED SUNSET'S PLACE, NOBODY WILL KNOW WE'VE MADE A SWITCH. GET BUSY, MAC! THE KID LIKES YOU!



HI THERE, MR. MAC!

RUSTY RILEY! - SAY - I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! REMEMBER YOU WERE TELLING ME THE OTHER DAY - 'BOUT WISHING YOU COULD DO SOMETHING TO REPAY MR. MILES?



IF THAT HORSE OF YOURS WAS TO WIN A RACE, RUSTY, YOU'D BE ABLE TO BUY MR. MILES A REAL NICE PRESENT WITH THE PRIZE MONEY, I RECKON!



THAT'S WHERE I COME IN - YOU HAVE HILLBILLY AT WILLOW CORNER AT SEVEN TONIGHT, AND WE'LL TAKE HIM TO DELTA PARK WITH US.



WAAL?

WORKED LIKE A CHARM, BOSS. THE LITTLE CHUMP FELL FOR IT!



THAT NIGHT - AT WILLOW CORNER. TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, MR. MAC.

SURE RUSTY - SURE YOU JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!



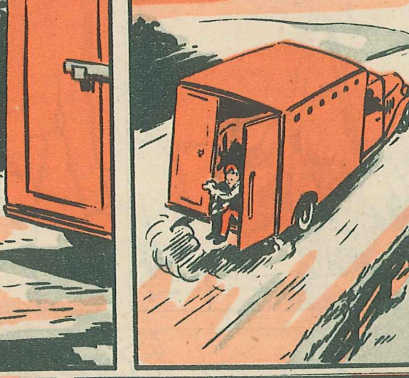
NOW YOU JUST QUIT WORRYING. TOMORROW, HILLBILLY WILL BE A FAMOUS RACE - HORSE.



GOOD! THE BIG RACE IS AS GOOD AS WON - BY DARK COMET - NOW WE'VE GOT THAT HUNK OF CROWBAIT TO TAKE RED SUNSET'S PLACE.



GEE, FLIP - I CAN'T LET HILLBILLY GO ALL THAT LONG WAY ALONE!



LATER THAT EVENING - I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, DADDY - RUSTY'S JUST VANISHED!



OLD JOB MILLS SAW HIM DOWN BY WILLOW CORNER WITH HILLBILLY AND FLIP - BUT AFTER THAT THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF HIM.



I DON'T LIKE IT, I'M GOING TO THE POLICE AND ASK THEM TO HELP!



A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER THIS CRANDALL REACHES DELTA PARK COURSE. JUMPING CATFISH! WHAT IN TARNATION ARE YOU DOING HERE, YOUNG RILEY?

BOSS! THAT RILEY KID! HE JUMPED A RIDE IN THE BACK. WE'LL NEVER SWAP HIS HORSE FOR RED SUNSET WHILE HE'S AROUND.

I SORT OF FIGURED YOU'D NEED SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF HILLBILLY SO I JUST TAGGED ALONG.

LITTLE FOOL! - BUT I'M NOT HAVING MY PLANS SPOILED BY HIM. I KNOW A WAY TO GET RID OF HIM!

WHAT WILL RUSTY DO WHEN HE LEARNS THE TRUTH? BE SURE NOT TO MISS HIS ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK!

**MORE TITTLE-TATTLE**

WANT YOUR BEARD TRIMMED, GRANFER?  
NO, I WANT SOME HAIR RESTORER! - IT'S NOT AS LONG AS IT WAS!

WHY IS TWELVE MIDNIGHT LIKE THE ROOF OF A HOUSE?  
S'LATE!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BOTTLE OF MEDICINE AND A HEARTH-RUG?  
ONE IS SHAKEN UP AND TAKEN - THE OTHER IS TAKEN UP AND SHAKEN!

**BUCK JONES** and **THE KID FROM DALLAS**

WHEN THE KID FROM DALLAS CAME TO ALKALI, HE BROUGHT A BAG WITH HIM. A BAG FULL OF WORTHLESS JUNK! BUT DESPERATE MEN WITH FLAMING GUNS WANTED THAT BAG! WHY? SHERIFF BUCK JONES, DETERMINED TO FIND OUT, HE TANGLED WITH A RUTHLESS GUNMAN, AND WAS SHOT DOWN. BUT THE LAWMAN OF THE RANGES WASN'T FINISHED. HE RETURNED DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN BRAVE, TO FIND - JUDGE BAILEY WITH THE BAG . . . . .

HOW DID THE JUDGE GET HOLD OF MY BAG, BUCK?  
THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT, KID. WE CAN'T GET IN HERE, SO LET'S HOP ROUND TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING.

THE JUDGE'S OFFICE IS AT THE TOP. GUESS I CAN'T MAKE THE CLIMB WITH THIS BULLET WOUND O' MINE.  
I'LL GET UP THERE OKAY, SHERIFF. MAYBE I'LL LEARN SOMETHING!

SHORTY! Y, PARD?



WHEN THE KID REACHED THE FLAT ROOF HE FOUND - A SKYLIGHT. IT WAS OPEN, AND AS THE KID CREEPT TOWARDS IT HE HEARD VOICES . . .

WELL, HERE'S THE BAG, SLADE -- BUT THE MAP ISN'T IN IT!  
IT MUST BE, BAILEY! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I HAVEN'T LOOKED!

THERE IN THE ROOM BELOW HE SAW JUDGE BAILEY, AND A STRANGER WHOSE NAME SEEMED FAMILIAR . . .

WELL LOOK FOR YOURSELF. AN OLD MUG -- A KNIFE -- WORN OUT BOOTS -- NOTHING BUT JUNK!  
DAN GARRETT LEFT A MAP SOMEWHERE - A MAP TO A FORTUNE. IT'S JUST GOT TO BE HERE!

GO ON! WHAT'S HE LIKE?

SLADE WAS THE NAME OF THE LAWYER WHO LOOKED AFTER THINGS WHEN DAD GOT SHOT. IF I CAN ONLY SEE HIS FACE PROPERLY -- I'LL KNOW FOR SURE.

BUT THE SKYLIGHT IS NOT AS SOLID AS IT LOOKS, AND THE NEXT MOMENT...  
WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON?  
H-E-E-L-P!

WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON THE ROOF, INJUN?  
INJUN, NUTHIN'! THIS IS DAN GARRETT'S KID -- HE'S BEEN LISTENING!  
I HEARD THINGS ALL RIGHT -- YOU CROOKS!

MEANWHILE BUCK JONES, HEARING THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS GUESSES WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND ZIPS INTO ACTION.

OH? AN' RS

WHAT D'YE THINK YE'RE DOING?  
BUMP

THAT WAS OLD GROUCHER GARRETT - THE KID'S UNCLE - BUT I CAN'T STOP NOW!  
CRASH

THE IMPACT JARS BUCK, AND SENDS A SEARING PAIN THROUGH HIS WOUNDED ARM... GRITTING HIS TEETH HE POUNDS UP THE STAIRS...  
WHAT GOES ON HERE? LET THAT KID GO!  
BUCK! I KNEW YOU'D GET ME OUT OF THIS!  
THE SHERIFF! THEN YOU'RE NOT DEAD?

.. THE KID TELLS BUCK WHAT HE HAS OVERHEARD.  
SLADE IS THE LAWYER FROM DALLAS - HE SAYS THERE'S SOME SORT OF MAP IN MY BAG BUT I KNOW THERE ISN'T!  
SO THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED THE BAG!

WHAT?

WELL, WE'LL SOON KNOW FOR SURE - BUT IT WON'T DO THESE GUYS ANY GOOD - THERE'S A WHOLE STRING O' CHARGES AGAINST 'EM. I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T ON THE LEVEL, JUDGE BAILEY.

MEANWHILE, GROUCHER GARRETT IS CLIMBING THE OFFICE STAIRS. HE'S GOT A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE 'INDIAN'  
DADBUST IT! NO INJUN CAN PUSH ME OVER AND GET AWAY WITH IT -- NO SIR!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR YOU AND YOUR PAL, BAILEY!  
HECK! THE INJUN'S GONNA SHOOT THE JUDGE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING, FRONTO!



HE WAS FAMILIAR! GO HOME NOW

## THE WHITE BEAR!

THE great Flemish castle stood on a hill overlooking the surrounding forests of pine and birch. It was protected from sudden attack by a strong wooden palisade. But the wide gate stood open, evidence that the knights within were not afraid that the wild Picts would venture so close to their stronghold.

A Flemish castle looked oddly out of place amid the hills and heather of bonny Scotland. It bore silent tribute to those fearless Flemings and Danes who had rowed their long warships up the coast of Britain, settling here and there and establishing their estates and farmsteads.

Hereward sat his horse at the foot of the path leading up to the castle.

"Yonder is our next resting place, Martin," he said, pointing. "Perhaps there we shall get food and rushes for our bed in return for our good swords against the castle's enemies."

Martin Lightfoot, standing beside Hereward's horse, nodded. He did not question his young master's decision. Where Hereward went, Martin would follow.

"Whose castle is it, my Lord Hereward?" was all that he asked.

"I am no lord and well you know it," rebuked Hereward sharply. "I will not have you call me by that title until I have earned my right to reclaim it."

Martin bowed his head in silent apology. What Hereward had said was only too true. He had been outlawed by King Edward of England at the request of his own father, Leofric, Earl of Mercia. And he had been driven from his father's castle at Bourne, in Lincolnshire.

Since then, Hereward had pointed his horse's head ever northward and Martin had trotted always behind. Here and there they had fallen in with bands of Danes and Norsemen and had helped them in their wars against the wild Celts of Cumberland and Durham and the savage Picts and Scots.

In more than one skirmish, Hereward had won fame and honour. For it seemed that no man could withstand the fury of his onslaught and the strength of his sword-arm, though he was not yet fully grown into a man himself.

But Hereward had never stayed long with any of the noblemen he had encountered. For though his doughty deeds had earned him the friendship of the man he served and the admiration of his ladies, they had made enemies for him also. The other young knights had been envious of his prowess and jealous of the favours it won him.

Hereward knew that they would not hesitate to kill him, an outlaw as he was, with every man's hand against him, if they could once catch him unawares. So they had journeyed onward, ever onward, until at last they arrived on the road which led to the castle on the hill.

"It is Gilbert of Ghent's castle," Hereward answered Martin. "He was a friend of my father and should welcome us for his sake."

And he urged his horse forward and Martin followed.

Gilbert of Ghent was only too pleased to welcome Hereward. The youth's fame had already gone before him, and a man in Gilbert's position could never have too many brave warriors about him.

And so Hereward stayed with Gilbert for several months, hunting and tilting and aiding Gilbert in his frequent skirmishes with the wild and warlike Picts of that neighbourhood.

Then something happened which was to drive Hereward and his faithful servant and companion once more on their travels and adventures.

Gilbert kept a number of savage, wild animals in cages in the courtyard of his castle. At Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, these animals were brought forth so that the young men of the household could fight them and prove their mettle. In this way, every year, several young candidates won their spurs and were adjudged true and valiant knights.

There was one huge white bear, the biggest and fiercest of all Gilbert's animals. Time and again Hereward pleaded to be allowed to fight this beast and prove his courage. But Gilbert decided that Hereward was too young to attempt such an encounter, and refused.

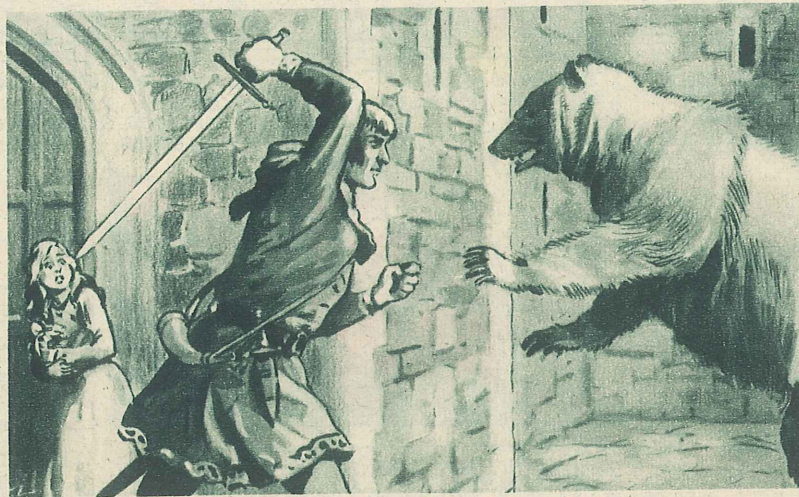
At last, his opportunity came unexpectedly.

He was riding back from the hunt, his hawk perched on his wrist. Martin trotted behind with crane, heron, duck and hare, the day's bag, slung over his shoulder.

As they approached the gate leading into the courtyard, such a commotion reached their ears that Hereward's horse

# THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF HERWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the Famous Book by Charles Kingsley)



Hereward swung his sword at the bear's head

shied and would go no farther.

And no wonder, for looking through the gateway, Hereward could see that the white bear was wandering loose, having broken out of its cage. Already it had broken the back of a horse with one blow of its mighty paw, and several dogs lay dead close by.

The knights had taken refuge in the ladies' bower. The shrieks of the women-folk, the cries of the other animals and the roars of the white bear itself were deafening.

Then Hereward spotted something which made him leap from his horse and draw his sword.

Hammering at the door to the bower, where the others were hidden, was a little girl, her face white with terror. It was Gilbert's own ward, Alfruda, a girl only ten years old. The others were too frightened to open the door and let her in, for fear that the bear, which was advancing towards her, would get through also.

With a cry and waving his sword above his head, Hereward sprang forward. The great white bear heard him, turned and hesitated, roaring and beating the ground with its mighty paw.

At last it seemed to decide to try the larger morsel first. Rearing on its hind legs, it lumbered slowly towards Hereward. There it stood, head and shoulders above him, paws raised to strike.

Hereward knew that its one vulnerable spot was its head. Swinging his sword, he aimed at the creature's muzzle.

He closed his eyes and waited.

At any moment he expected to feel the weight of those huge paws and feel the tearing of those needle-sharp talons. He feared that the blade of his sword would be knocked contemptuously aside, or turn to water in his hand.

Suddenly the sword was snatched from his grasp. Hereward opened his eyes. The great white beast lay dead at his feet, the sword firmly embedded in its skull.

Hereward could hardly believe the fortune of that one mighty blow. At last he became conscious of little Alfruda tugging at his arm, trying to thank him tearfully for saving her life. He picked her up and kissed her.

Martin Lightfoot stood beside him, looking at his master with a new respect. "I did it, Martin," said Hereward. "I did it."

"You did indeed, master. I saw it all." "Give me a hand to carry the carcass yonder. I'll show these chicken-hearted knights what they durst not do with all their boasting."

Martin helped Hereward to heave the great weight on to his shoulders. He carried it to the door of the ladies' bower and knocked. Presently it was opened, and one of the knights peered cautiously forth.

Immediately Hereward was surrounded by all the ladies of the household, wishing to congratulate him on his prowess and courage. The knights stood aside, muttering and more than a little ashamed of themselves.

"We must needs knock some of the conceit out of this young cockerel if we are ever to hold up our heads again," murmured one of them.

The others nodded their agreement and looked at each other significantly.

The fame of Hereward spread throughout the land for the deed he performed that day. The minstrels made up songs about it and his praises were sung in the halls of all the great noblemen.

But one day Martin came to his young master to warn him.

"I should wear your coat of mail when you go out hunting tomorrow," he said.

"Why do you say that?" asked Hereward.

"The arrow that can find its way between the ribs of the antelope can as surely pierce the tough hide of a man's jerkin," muttered Martin darkly.

"But who should want to harm me?"

"Those same you saved from the white bear, who had not the courage to save themselves."

Hereward laughed, but he took Martin's advice. The next morning as he rode out to the hunt, with Martin trotting behind, he wore a shirt of fine chain mail beneath his jerkin. With him went two or three of Gilbert's knights. But they separated as soon as they reached the forest, for it is better to hunt alone.

After some hours, Hereward and Martin came to a deep gully in the heart of the forest, roofed in with tall fir trees. The rocks rose on either side to a height of twenty feet. The path which led into this gully was deeply cut into the soft earth, like the bed of a dried-up watercourse. It was no more than two feet wide and about three feet deep. Once well along this path, Hereward realised that it would be impossible for him to turn his horse.

"This is a fine place for an ambush, if there is really any danger of such," Hereward remarked, turning to Martin.

But he found that his companion was no longer behind him. He felt the blow of a soft pebble, and looking up, he saw the figure of Martin fitting through the trees alongside, but high above him. Evidently Martin, too, had seen that the gully was a grand place for an ambush, and was taking no chances.

Presently Hereward heard the pounding of horses' hooves behind him. Turning in the saddle, he beheld one of the knights galloping along the path towards him. He had his bow drawn to full stretch, and there was no doubt of his intentions.

Hereward glanced around him. There was no chance of being able to get into a favourable position for the encounter on this path. The only thing for it was to try to get out of the gully, where there was more room for him to turn and face his enemy.

For the first and last time Hereward ran away.

As he put spurs to his horse, his pursuer let fly with an arrow. It pierced Hereward's jerkin in the middle of his back, but his chain mail was proof against the point.

But Hereward was not safe yet. As he approached the entrance to the gully, two other horsemen crashed out of the neighbouring coverts on either side of the path. They held their lances couched to bar his way.

He was trapped! But Hereward did not check the speed

of his mount. Dropping the reins, he galloped straight towards his new adversaries. With his left hand he pushed aside the point of the lance held by the horseman on the left. With his right hand he flung his own lance with all his force at his other enemy.

The point of his lance struck the knight squarely on his helm. The man was stunned and knocked backwards off his horse, while the point of his own lance fell harmlessly away.

Hereward had dealt with two of his adversaries. But there was still the knight behind to be reckoned with. He reached the mouth of the gully and reined in his horse.

As he did so, he heard a crash behind him. Turning in the greater width of the gully, he saw a riderless horse and Martin, sprawled across the prostrate knight, his knife raised to strike.

He had evidently concealed himself on the overhanging branch of one of the trees as soon as it had become apparent that they were indeed ambushed. As the knight passed him he had flung himself down and knocked him off his horse.

"Don't strike," cried Hereward. "Let us see who the traitor is."

Martin held his hand and Hereward rode up to him.

"So this is how you would treat me for saving your life," quoth Hereward, recognising the fallen knight as one of Gilbert's household.

The man said nothing. He looked fearfully up at Hereward's fierce countenance, fully expecting to meet the same fate that he had intended for Hereward that morning.

"Have no fear. You are safe from me," cried Hereward contemptuously. "But it seems you will have to walk home. You'll never ride that horse again and your brave friends have deserted you."

It was quite true. The force of Martin's fall on the horse's back had broken his foreleg and they had to kill it out of pity. And the other two conspirators, thinking that Hereward would take his revenge on their companion, had galloped away rather than share his fate.

The knights were fearful, even when they reached the castle, for there was no knowing what Hereward would do. They kept close watch as Hereward returned, seeking for a chance of shooting him with their bows when his back was turned, or even lying in wait for him in some dim passage in order to attack him with daggers.

But it wasn't at all easy, for Hereward well knew what to expect. And if he walked into danger, missing the knights who lay in ambush, Martin Lightfoot was there to protect him.

Martin walked always a little way behind Hereward. He knew that Hereward could always be relied upon to deal with attacks he could see. It was Martin's task to deal with the traitor's blow that came from behind—and right well he did it, too.

In this way, the attempts of the knights to finish Hereward all came to nothing.

Even as Hereward walked towards the audience chamber, he heard a warning hiss from Martin. The next instant a hand, grasping a dagger, shot from the curtains that screened a dark corner.

Hereward stepped back, seized the striker's wrist and hauled him out. One shrewd blow stretched the knight senseless on the stone flags and Hereward calmly continued on his way.

So that was how Hereward came to earn the title of the Wake—the Watchful, whom no man could take unawares.

In those far-off days a quarrel and fight between high-spirited knights aroused little comment. Gilbert of Ghent and his people accepted Hereward's account of the affair and nothing more was said.

But the next morning Hereward presented himself before the lady of the house, dressed for a journey.

"Surely you will not leave us so soon," she said, for she had grown fond of the stalwart lad, notwithstanding that he was an outlaw and denied the rights of his noble birth.

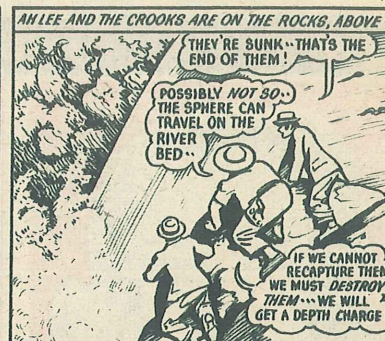
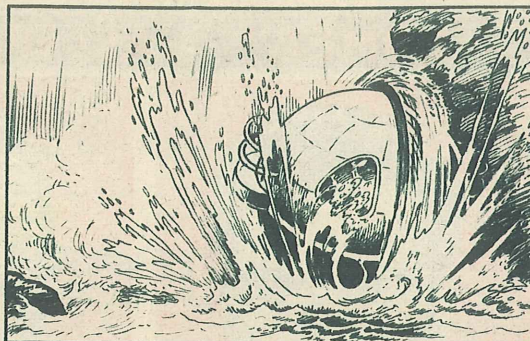
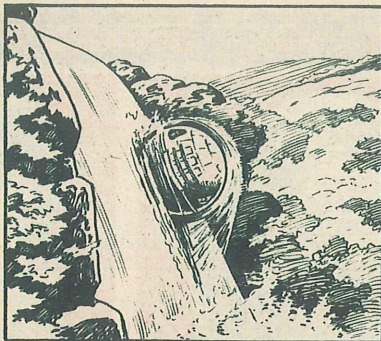
"I am afraid I must," said Hereward. "I have made enemies here, however little I have deserved them. And I have no wish to kill any of the knights of your household, as I might be forced to do if they anger me any further."

And so Hereward took his leave of Gilbert of Ghent and little Alfruda, who cried a little to see him go. With the faithful Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, he turned his horse's head back towards the south, to green England and further brave adventures.

Read next week how Hereward wins his huge sword, "Brainbiter"!

# Don Deeds

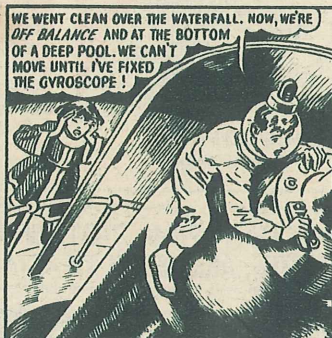
Don Deeds rescues Mai-Mai from Ah Lee, the bandit, and escapes down the river in the recaptured Rolling Sphere, only to go hurtling over a cataract.



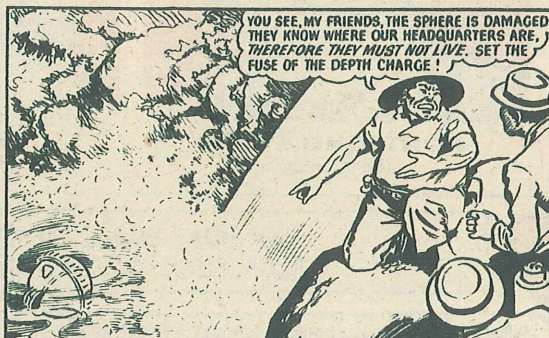
AN LEE AND THE CROOKS ARE ON THE ROCKS, ABOVE...  
THEY'RE SUNK—THAT'S THE END OF THEM!  
POSSIBLY NOT SO... THE SPHERE CAN TRAVEL ON THE RIVER BED...  
IF WE CANNOT RECAPTURE THEM WE MUST DESTROY THEM... WE WILL GET A DEPTH CHARGE!



INSIDE THE ROLLING SPHERE...  
MAI-MAI! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?  
YES—I AM ALL RIGHT, DON... BUT WHAT HAPPENED?



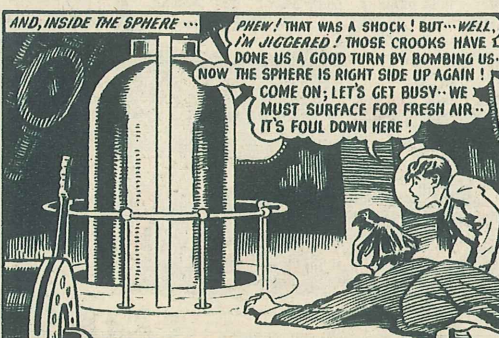
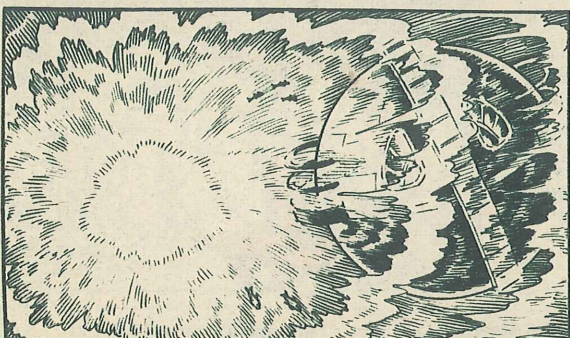
WE WENT CLEAN OVER THE WATERFALL. NOW, WE'RE OFF BALANCE AND AT THE BOTTOM OF A DEEP POOL. WE CAN'T MOVE UNTIL I'VE FIXED THE GYROSCOPE!



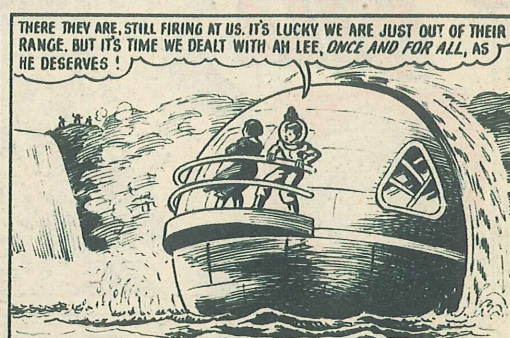
YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, THE SPHERE IS DAMAGED. THEY KNOW WHERE OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE, THEREFORE THEY MUST NOT LIVE. SET THE FUSE OF THE DEPTH CHARGE!



THAT OUGHT TO FINISH THEM!



AND, INSIDE THE SPHERE...  
PHEW! THAT WAS A SHOCK! BUT... WELL, I'M JIGGERED! THOSE CROOKS HAVE DONE US A GOOD TURN BY BOMBING US—NOW THE SPHERE IS RIGHT SIDE UP AGAIN!  
COME ON; LET'S GET BUSY—WE MUST SURFACE FOR FRESH AIR—IT'S FOUL DOWN HERE!



THERE THEY ARE, STILL FIRING AT US. IT'S LUCKY WE ARE JUST OUT OF THEIR RANGE, BUT IT'S TIME WE DEALT WITH AH LEE, ONCE AND FOR ALL, AS HE DESERVES!

DON'T MISS DON DEED'S ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK, WHEN HE ENDS THE CAREER OF AH LEE!

## HOW BUNTER CAUGHT A COLD!

(continued from page 2)

I say, you fellows—yow-ow-ow! Ooogh!" spluttered Bunter. "Oh, crikey! Oooogh! I'm all wet—oogh! I'm all muddy! Groogh! I'm jolly nearly drowned! Groogh! Ooooch! Help! Wow! Help! Ooogh!"

The juniors looked down at him. Bunter had stirred up unlimited mud. He was clothed in mud as in a garment. He was of the mud, muddy! Mud caked him, what was to be seen of him. He was not nice to touch—especially by fellows who had carefully made themselves "posh" for tea at a girls' school! They looked at him very doubtfully.

"Groogh! I say, you fellows—ooogh!" Bunter made a frantic effort to clamber on the plank. But his feet were deep in sticky mud, and he could not drag them out. He wriggled, splashed, twisted and squirmed in vain.

"I say, you fellows, help a chap!" he yelled. "I kik-kik-kik-can't get out! I'm stuck in the mud! Oh, crikey! I say, do help a chap! I wasn't going to move the plank—I—I wasn't going to give you a ducking—"

"What?" yelled five fellows. "I—I—I wasn't, really," gasped Bunter. "Never thought of such a thing! I—I wouldn't, you know—do help a chap—"

"You fat villain!" "Ow! Wow! Help!" "So that was what he meant!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He was going to shift that plank and give us a ducking—"

"Ow! No! Nothing of the kind! Besides, I couldn't shift it—it was too heavy for me! Not that I was trying, you know! I—I never thought of anything of the kind! I—I just slipped in when it moved—I—I mean, when it didn't move—I say, you fellows, help a fellow out—"

"Serve him jolly well right to leave him there!" growled Johnny Bull. "Beast! I—I mean, dear old chap—"

us all muddy," said Bob. "We'll lug you out on our way back—"

"Beast! Ow! Help! Will you help a chap out?" yelled Bunter. "I tell you my moots are stuck in the bud—I mean my boots are stuck in the mud—will you lend a fellow a hand, blow you?"

"You scheming old bloater," said Bob Cherry. "You jolly well deserve to be left there, stuck in the mud! But here goes!" Bob bent and grasped the fat junior. Bob was stout and strong, but he had to exert all his strength to hook the fat Owl out of the mud.

"Ooogh! Oooogh! Ooogh! Wooogh!" "Better cut back to the school, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You'll catch cold if you lose time."

"Groogh! Ooogh! Woogh! Atch-oooh! Atishoo! Ooogh!" It sounded as if the fat Owl was catching a cold already. Five fellows, laughing, continued on their way to Cliff House—as "posh" as ever, in spite of Billy Bunter's deep scheming.

FIVE fellows came cheerily in at the gates of Greyfriars as the bell was ringing for roll. They joined the crowd heading for hall; but in that crowd they did not see a familiar fat figure or the glimmer of spectacles. Billy Bunter seemed to be cutting call-over. Bob Cherry tapped Vernon-Smith on the shoulder.

"Bunter's got in, I suppose?" he said. "Seen Bunter, Smithy?" Smithy grinned. "Yes, I've seen him—a sight for gods and men and little fishes! Looked as if he'd fallen into something when he came in."

"He had!" chuckled Bob. "Where is he now?" "He was sneezing his head off, and Quelch sent him to the sanatorium. He's got a daisy of a cold in the head!" "Oh, my hat! Poor old Bunter!"

Billy Bunter did not answer "present" to his name at roll that day. Neither did he the next day. The fat Owl was in "sanny", with streaming nose, sneezing his head off—a quite unexpected outcome of Billy Bunter's little scheme!

But that is not the end of the affair by any means. Don't miss the fun with Billy Bunter in next week's COMET!

## 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 appear in the list below, together with their ages and interests. 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!

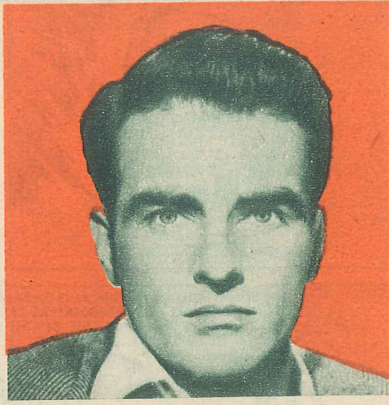
- KEITH BAWDEN, 3 Hewitt Cres., Parkhurst, Newport, I.O.W. Aged ten. Stamp collecting and nature.
- SANDRA McMILLAN, Banks Lodge, Drumstinchall, Dalbeattie, Scotland, Aged thirteen. Sport and dancing.
- DONALD WELLS, 9 Wulfstan St., Shepherds Bush, London, W.12. Aged ten. Football, cricket and cycling. Also loves animals.
- SHEILA COOPER, 127 Chester Rd., Shire Oak, Brownshill, Staffs. Aged fourteen. Reading, cycling and films.
- PAUL SMITH, 13 Radnor Park Rd., Folkestone, Kent. Aged eleven. Animals and science.
- CAROLE BAGG, 99 New St., Stema, Malta. Aged ten. Swimming, cycling and reading. Likes writing stories.
- JUDITH LIMBERT, 194 Kingsway North, Burton Stone Lane, York. Aged twelve. Swimming, cycling, reading.
- PATRICIA GATELEY, 20 Gillbrook Sq., Birkenhead, Cheshire. Aged fourteen. Swimming, tennis, cycling, art, reading.
- ROSEMARY SMITH, Green Looms, Hargrave, Nr. Chester. Aged eleven. Cycling, tennis, reading.
- JANICE FRADSHAW, 29 Shorridge Lane, Enderby, Nr. Leicester. Aged eleven. Reading, films.
- DONALD MUIR, 15 Main St., Ochiltree, Ayrshire, Scotland. Aged thirteen. Autographs, stamps, cricket.
- ALICE MCKANE, 78 Henningthorpe Valley Rd., Rotherham, Yorks. Aged fourteen. Reading, swimming.
- KENNETH O'GRADY, Thornhill Cottage, Towngate, Hipperholme, Yorks. Aged twelve. Speedway, cricket, football.
- BETTY GARNHAM, 28 Hendon St., Sunderland, Co. Durham. Aged fourteen. Dress designing.
- KENNETH COOKE, 18 Brian Rd., Armthorpe, Doncaster, Yorks. Aged ten. Nature study, coin collecting.

- PAULINE THRALL, 171 St. Ann's Rd., Rotherham, Yorks. Aged fifteen. Films, cycling, modern music.
- ROBIN SHINKFIELD, 31 The Pound, Syresham, Brackley, Northants. Aged thirteen. Football, stamp collecting, badminton, radio.
- DOREEN LANDBOROUGH, 173 Beaufort Rd., Birkenhead, Cheshire, Aged thirteen. Reading, sewing, acting.
- JOHN IRONS, 4 Byfield Rd., St. James, Northampton. Aged ten. Reading, films.
- VALERIE YOUNG, 187 Billet Rd., Walthamstow, E.17. Aged fourteen. Films, animals, reading, tap-dancing.
- EILEEN BOURNER, 1 Clare St., Ivybridge, S. Devon. Aged fourteen. Reading, nature study, drawing.
- GORDON CARTER, 154 Nottingham Rd., Derby. Aged ten. Football, reading, films.
- SARA HOWELLS, 6 Heol-y-Felyn, Caerphilly, Glam., Wales. Aged eleven. Horse riding, reading.
- DAVID HENDERSON, 7 Hut, 9 Site, Traloy Camp, Newquay, Cornwall. Aged thirteen. Stamp collecting, football.
- IRIS CROUCH, 16 Lushington Rd., Bellingham, S.E.6. Aged fifteen. Films, cycling, sewing.
- RICHARD FISHER, 44 Prescott St., Wigan, Lancs. Aged eleven. Keen on reading.
- MARY DEFTY, 135 Bethune Ave., Deneside, Seaham, Co. Durham. Aged sixteen. Tennis, cycling, films, dancing.
- PATRICIA WINKETT, 1 Cherry Orchard Estate, Pershore, Worcs. Aged fourteen. Horse riding, bird studying, rabbit keeping.
- JOYCE HAGGERSTONE, 17 Sawmills Lane, Meadowfield, Co. Durham. Aged fifteen. Needlework, cooking, films, reading.
- ANDREW GERRARD, 6 Barochan Cres., Paisley. Aged twelve. Football, collecting stamps, cigarette cards and coins.

**PEN PALS COUPON**  
"Comet" September 2nd, 1950



DIANA LYNN  
(R.K.O.)



MONTGOMERY CLIFT  
(Paramount)



GLYNIS JOHNS  
(Rank Organisation)



JOSEPH COTTEN  
(R.K.O.)

# BUFFALO BILL

GREY SNAKE WARNS THE BANDIT CHIEF, PUMA, THAT BUFFALO BILL AND BLACK BISON, AIDED BY THE PIUTES, ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK HIM ~ ~ ~



WHEN THEY ATTACK, MAKE SURE OF THE WHITE MEN -- I WILL DEAL WITH THE OTHERS.

YOU'RE A DOUBLE-CROSSER, GREY SNAKE, BUT THANKS, ALL THE SAME!

GREY SNAKE TOOK HIS LEAVE, FULL OF HOPE. IF BUFFALO BILL AND BLACK BISON WERE KILLED HE WOULD BECOME CHIEF OF THE PIUTES. -- BUT THE PUMA WAS ALSO MAKING HIS PLANS!



THIS IS OUR CHANCE. WE CAN SNEAK AWAY AND LEAVE OUR MEN TO BE WIPED OUT BY THE PIUTES, THEN WE SHAN'T HAVE TO SHARE THE GOLD WITH THEM.

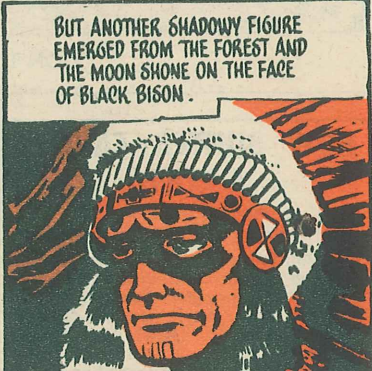
WON'T YOU WARN THEM?



THAT WOULD SPOIL OUR CHANCES! LET'S GO, WHILE WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE!



THE TWO BANDITS SLUNK AWAY AMONGST THE TREES.



BUT ANOTHER SHADY FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE FOREST AND THE MOON SHONE ON THE FACE OF BLACK BISON.



BLACK BISON TOLD BUFFALO BILL ALL HE HAD HEARD OF GREY SNAKE'S TREACHERY

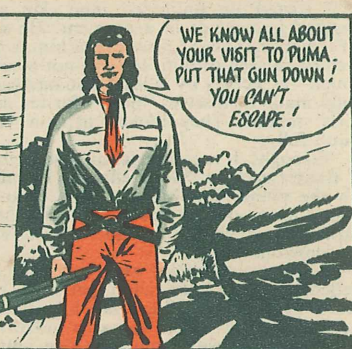


WE MUST DISARM GREY SNAKE AND DEAL WITH HIM AT ONCE!

LEAVE HIM TO US!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME, PALEFACE?



WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR VISIT TO PUMA. PUT THAT GUN DOWN! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!



DO NOT COME A STEP NEARER, WHITE MAN. MY GUN NEVER MISSES.



BUT JIM LEAPT ON GREY SNAKE FROM BEHIND.

NICE WORK, JIM! WE'VE GOT HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HIM, NOW!



I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF HIM! I KNOW SOME KNOTS NOBODY CAN UNTIE!



THAT'S FINE, BEAR'S CLAW. TIE HIM UP! BUT WE'LL HAVE TWO GUARDS OVER HIM, AS WELL. I'M RUNNING NO RISKS WITH GREY SNAKE!

NOW BUFFALO BILL MUST CATCH PUMA. DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S THRILLS!