

COMET

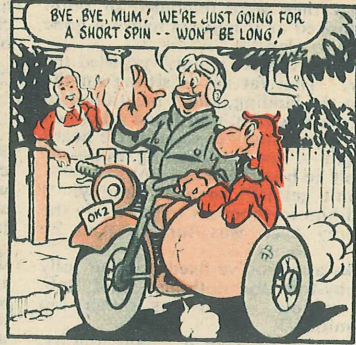
No. 113
(New Series)
Sept. 16, 1950

EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2[¢]

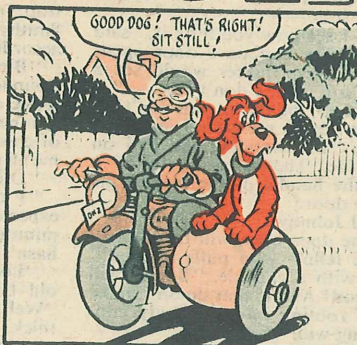
OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



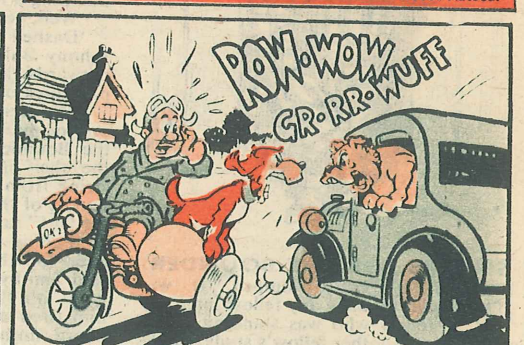
One thing that Scamp always likes, is rides on people's motor-bikes.



So when Dad went out for a ride, Our pup was quickly at his side.



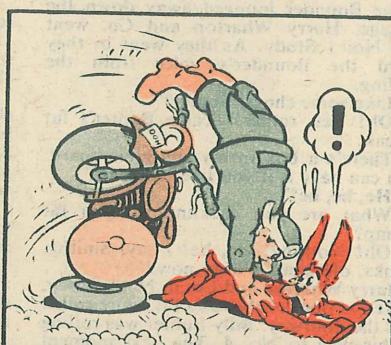
Along they bowled, mile after mile, In most serene and speedy style.



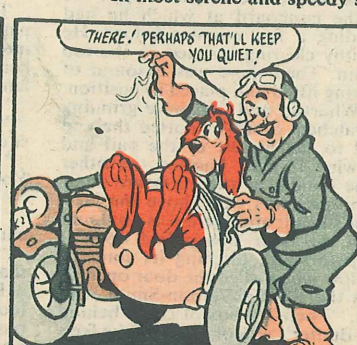
But peace and quiet took quite a jog, When Scamp saw another dog.



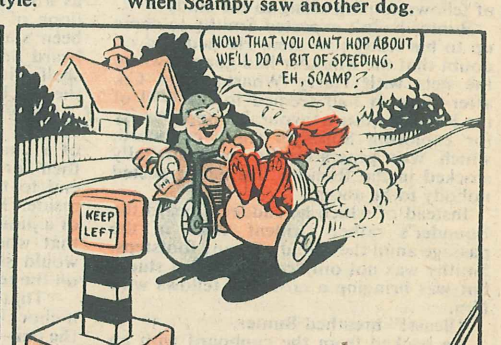
He tried to leave his side-car place, And bound away in joyful chase.



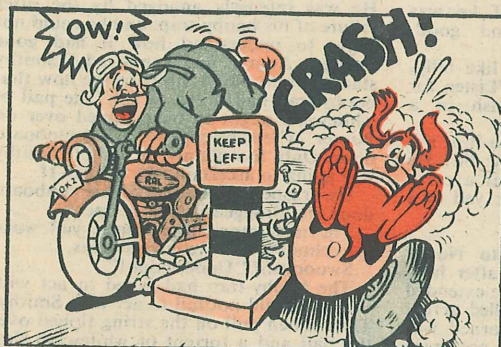
Pa tried to grab him, as you see, And landed ropy-daisy-lee!



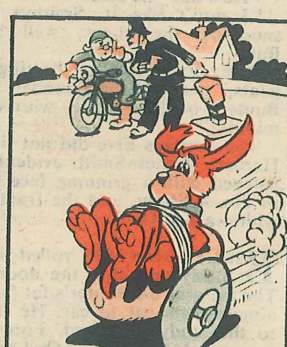
Determined Scamp should stray no more, He lashed him firmly on the 'fore.



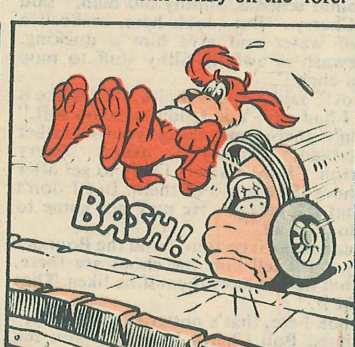
At last, when sure no knot could slip, Our Dad resumed their little trip.



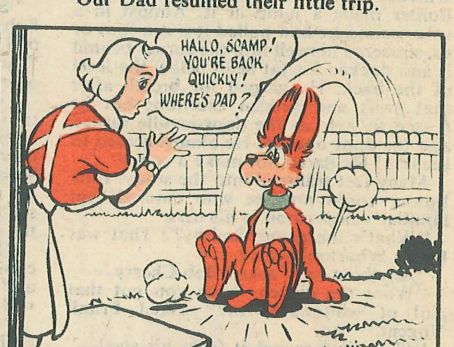
Then came the parting of the ways, Which left them both in quite a daze.



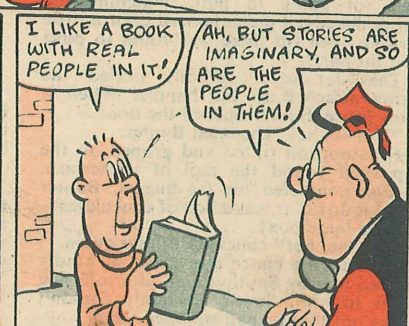
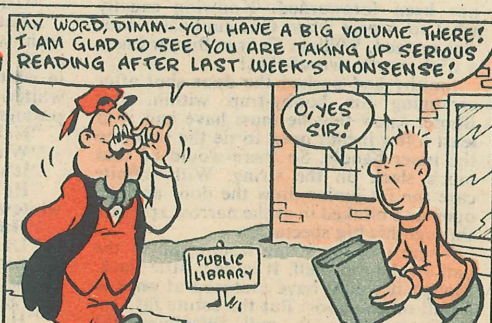
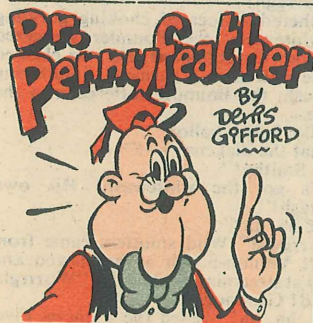
And while Dad argued with the law, Scamp sped on, swifter than before!



So on sped side-car—Scamp and all— Until at last it hit a wall.



And this "tail" ended in a pain, As our pup Scamp flew home again!





CHOCs FOR BUNTER!

A Rollicking Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

SHOCKS FOR THE BOUNDER

BILLY BUNTER jumped. It was enough to make any fellow jump.

A fellow who was standing at the cupboard in another fellow's study, blinking into it through a pair of big spectacles, was liable to jump at the sound of a crowd of fellows coming along to the study.

Bunter hadn't expected Smithy to come up to his study just then. He had had no doubt that the Bouncer had gone down to the nets with Harry Wharton and Co. after class. It had seemed to the Owl of the Remove quite a favourable opportunity for exploring Smithy's study cupboard, which was generally the most liberally stocked in the Remove. He had expected nobody to be about.

Instead of which he suddenly heard the Bouncer's rather strident voice in the passage amid the sound of many footsteps. Smithy was not only coming to his study, but was bringing a crowd of fellows with him.

"Beast!" breathed Bunter.

He backed from the cupboard with an alarmed blink at the door. For once, Billy Bunter was quick on the uptake. Smithy's armchair stood in a corner of the study. Bunter made a jump at it. Almost in a split second he had pulled it out a foot or so, squeezed himself into the corner behind it and ducked his fat head below the level of the back. He gasped for breath after that swift and sudden exertion; but he ceased to gasp as the door-handle rattled and the door opened. He almost ceased to breathe! He dared not make a sound.

Many feet tramped into the study. Billy Bunter could not see who entered, but familiar voices came to his ears.

"What's the game, Smithy?" That was Harry Wharton's voice.

"Anything on?" asked Bob Cherry.

"What the dickens have you got that pail of whitewash for?" asked Frank Nugent.

"If Gosling misses it from his shed—" said Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed Gosling will be infuriated," remarked Hurrree Jamset Ram Singh.

There was a laugh from the Bouncer.

"That's all right! I've tipped Gosling! It's my whitewash now—"

"But what's it for?"

"Bunter!"

"Bunter?" repeated the Famous Five of the Remove.

"It's a booby trap!" explained Smithy. "Bunter's going to get this pail of whitewash—right on the napper."

Behind the armchair in the corner a fat Owl grinned. Billy Bunter was rather glad now that he was on the spot. He was quite interested in Smithy's plans for using that pail of whitewash.

"Blessed if I catch on," said Bob Cherry. "What's the good of fixing up a booby-trap for Bunter in this study?"

"Lots! I'm going to fix it up in the cupboard! Then I'm going to let Bunter know that there's a box of chocolates there and that I'm going out. What will Bunter do when he knows that there's chocolates in a fellow's cupboard and the fellow's going out?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I missed doughnuts yesterday, and a cake the day before," said Smithy. "No fellow's tuck is safe from Bunter. It's time he had a lesson about snooping from the studies. You fellows pulled his leg with a hamper the other day. But you're too jolly meek and mild. What he wants is something strong—and he's going to get it!"

A pail of whitewash un-ended on his out—

"I say, that's rather thick, Smithy," said Harry Wharton.

The Bouncer laughed scoffingly.

"You fellows pull your punches," he said. "I'm going to give him what he's asked for. Doesn't he deserve it for snooping a fellow's tuck?"

"Well, yes—but—"

"Dashed if I see how you'll fix it," said Johnny Bull. "The cupboard door opens outwards, and even Bunter would see a pail stuck on top of it. I don't see—"

"My dear chap, the things you don't see are too numerous to mention," answered the Bouncer. "I'm standing the pail on the shelf inside. There's going to be a string from the handle of the pail to the handle of the door."

"Oh!" said Johnny.

"Pulling the door open will tip the pail over—the fellow who pulls it open!" said Smithy with a chuckle. "Bunter will get it in a flood! And if that doesn't make him tired of rooting into my study cupboard, nothing will."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter, behind the armchair, still as a mouse, heard the Bouncer open the door of the cupboard at which he had been standing a few minutes before. He heard Smithy clearing a space on the top shelf within. Then there was a sound of the pail being lifted and placed in position.

Harry Wharton and Co. were grinning as they watched. Smithy knotted the end of a cord to the handle of the pail and then, drawing it taut, knotted the other end to the handle of the cupboard door inside. The pail was well above the level of a junior's head; and there was no doubt that when the door was pulled open it would slip forward, pitching its contents on the fellow who pulled the door open.

"That's that!" said Vernon-Smith with a chuckle. "There's a box of chocs behind the pail—Bunter's welcome to it, if he feels like chocs after getting the whitewash. But I fancy even Bunter won't be thinking of eating—for once."

"Sound scheme, Smithy old man," said Bob Cherry. "But—look here, make it a pail of water and give him a ducking. Whitewash is awfully filthy stuff to mop over a chap."

"Rot!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'd make it tar if I had any. You fellows are too soft."

"Isn't there one thing you've rather overlooked, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton. "Bunter's very likely to get after the chocs if he hears of them. But I don't see that it's certain. He may not come to the study at all."

"I can make it certain," said the Bouncer coolly. "I'll tell him the chocs are there, and that he can have them if he likes. That will fix it."

"Look here, that's not cricket, Smithy," exclaimed Bob Cherry hotly. "If you tell Bunter he can have the chocs, he's a right to come here and get them, and you've no right to catch him in a booby-trap—especially such a filthy one."

"Think so?" jeered the Bouncer.

"Yes, I jolly well do."

"Well, think what you like," said Vernon-Smith. "No objection to your thinking that, or any other rot. If Bunter doesn't deserve it today, he deserved it yesterday, and the day before, and every other day in the term. That's good enough for me."

There was a tramp of feet again as the juniors left the study; Harry Wharton and Co., far from satisfied with the Bouncer's rather unscrupulous methods; and Smithy completely indifferent to their opinion on the subject. The door closed on them and there was silence once more in the Remove passage.

Then a fat grinning face looked over the back of the armchair in the corner and Billy Bunter emerged from cover and, after a cautious blink into the passage, from the study. The fat Owl rolled away grinning. Smithy had laid his plans astutely, and had not Bunter listened-in behind the armchair there was no doubt that he would have been caught in the booby-trap and suffered severely for his sins. But as the matter stood, William George Bunter was about the last fellow at Greyfriars who was likely to be caught in the Bouncer's booby-trap.

"THE fat ass!" muttered Vernon-Smith. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the trouble?" asked Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton and Co., coming up to tea, found Herbert Vernon-Smith loafing in the Remove passage with an extremely irritated expression on his face. The Bouncer evidently was annoyed. During an hour at the nets the Famous Five had rather forgotten Smithy and his booby-trap; now they were reminded of both. Smithy looked as if matters had not gone according to plan.

"Blessed if I make it out," growled the Bouncer. "That fat ass is sitting on the settee on the landing, and I mentioned to Skinner, passing him, that I had a big box of chocs in my study cupboard. He heard me all right—I saw him grinning. But—"

"Didn't he bite?" grinned Bob.

"I don't get it!" snapped Smithy. "I expected him to shoot off to my study the minute my back was turned. And he hasn't!"

"Looks as if you've fixed up your jolly old booby-trap for nothing," said Bob. "Well, we told you it was rather too thick, Smithy."

"He's going to have it," said Smithy. "He'll go fast enough when I tell him he can have the chocs."

The Bouncer lounged away down the passage. Harry Wharton and Co. went into No. 1 Study. As they went in they heard the Bouncer's voice from the landing.

"Like some chocs, Bunter?"

"Oh! Yes, rather!" came Bunter's fat squeak.

"There's a box in my study cupboard. You can have it if you like to get it."

"He, he, he!"

"What are you cackling at, you fat chump?"

"Oh! Nothing! He, he! I say, Smithy, thanks, old chap. I'll go now."

Harry Wharton and Co. in No. 1 Study, looked at one another as a fat figure rolled past the doorway. Billy Bunter was rolling on his way to No. 4. The next moment Herbert Vernon-Smith looked in, grinning at the Famous Five.

"He's on!" he said.

"I don't like it, Smithy! If he was snooping the chocs, well and good. But—"

"Oh, don't keep on butting like billy-goats," snapped the Bouncer. "Listen for Bunter—he'll get the whitewash in a minute!"

The Famous Five did not like it at all. Herbert Vernon-Smith evidently did! He listened with a grinning face for a crash in No. 4 Study, and the frantic yell of a whitewashed Owl.

BILLY BUNTER rolled into No. 4 Study and shut the door after him. The fat grin on Bunter's fat face extended almost from ear to ear. He rolled across to the study cupboard. Forewarned was forearmed; and the fat Owl did not grasp the door-handle and pull the door open as Smithy naturally expected him to do, and as he certainly would have done had he not been forewarned. Knowing exactly what to expect when that cupboard door was opened, William George Bunter knew a trick worth two of that!

Smithy had pushed the door shut after arranging his booby-trap within. But Bunter knew that he must have had it at least a few inches open to tie the string to the inner handle. So there would be that much slack on the string. With infinite care the fat junior drew the door an inch open and blinked in at the narrow aperture through his big spectacles.

There was the string leading up to the pail on the top shelf. It hung a little slack, though it would have tautened at once at a pull on the door. But the astute fat Owl was not going to pull. Watching the string, he edged the cupboard door a little further open till there was room to push in a fat hand.

That fat hand speedily untied the string attached to the handle. When it hung loose, Bunter opened the door.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

He stood on tiptoe and groped on the top shelf round the pail of whitewash. A box contacted his fat fingers. Bunter lifted it down. It was a box of chocolates—quite a large box!

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter again.

He had the chocolates now, so kindly offered him by Smithy; and, after offering them to him, Smithy certainly couldn't make out that he had snooped them!

But the fat Owl was not finished yet. Billy Bunter had been doing some thinking since he had listened-in behind the armchair!

He laid the box of chocolates on the study table and rolled back to the cupboard. He closed the door within a few inches, as Smithy had done an hour ago, and re-tied the end of the string to the handle. Then he shut the cupboard door.

"He, he, he!"

The booby-trap in Smithy's cupboard was once more a going concern! Bunter hadn't had the whitewash; but the next fellow who opened that cupboard door would inevitably get it! Grinning all over his fat face, Billy Bunter put the box of chocolates under a fat arm and rolled out of No. 4 Study.

"WHAT the thump!" ejaculated the Bouncer.

He stared blankly.

A fat figure came rolling down the Remove passage. A large mouth was crammed with chocolates, and a fat hand was groping in the box for a further supply. The Bouncer could hardly believe his eyes.

Bunter had the chocs! There was no doubt about that! He was already devouring them! But there was no sign of whitewash about him. Not a spot! Somehow, in some way utterly mysterious and inexplicable to Smithy, he had escaped the booby-trap. Something had gone wrong with the works, evidently.

The fat Owl grinned at Smithy as he rolled past.

"Thanks, old chap!" he squeaked, his squeak coming a little muffled through chocolate.

And Bunter rolled on, still munching chocolates, the Bouncer staring after him blankly. There was a chuckle from No. 1 Study. The Bouncer's face was as angry as it was astonished, but the Famous Five seemed to be amused.

"Score for Bunter," chuckled Bob Cherry. "He's got the chocs! He doesn't seem to have got the whitewash, Smithy."

"I can't make it out! I—I suppose the string must have come loose, or something! I thought I tied it all right! I'm sure I did! But—"

"Well, it was rather too thick, old scout—"

The Bouncer stamped away up the passage, leaving the Famous Five grinning. He was intensely annoyed by the utter failure of his booby-trap, and he could not begin to understand how it had gone wrong. Angry and annoyed, Smithy stamped into No. 4 Study to see how that booby-trap had failed to act. The pail of whitewash ought to have tipped over on Bunter when he opened the cupboard door. Only too plainly, it hadn't! Smithy was going to ascertain why it hadn't!

He grasped the handle of the cupboard door and dragged it angrily open.

The next moment a frantic yell woke the echoes of the Remove studies.

Swoooooosh! "Oooooooohh!"

The booby-trap had failed to act with Bunter. It did not fail to act with Smithy. The sudden pull on the string tipped over the pail and a torrent of whitewash descended in a flood on the Bouncer, followed by the pail, which slammed on his head and then clanged on the floor.

"Urrrrrrghh!"

Smothered, suffocated, choking, gurgling with whitewash, the Bouncer staggered away from the cupboard. He was clothed in whitewash as in a garment. Spluttering whitewash, the Bouncer tottered into the passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What the dickens—!?"

"It's Smithy!"

"He's got the whitewash! His own whitewash!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrrrrrghh!" Wild splutters came from Herbert Vernon-Smith as he clawed and dabbed at streaming whitewash. "Wurrh! Oh, gad! Grooooooh."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five.

"Gurrrrrrrrrghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wurrrrrrrrrrrghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A smothered, dripping, half-suffocated Bouncer rushed away, heading for the nearest bathroom. How and why he had been caught in his own booby-trap Smithy did not know, but he was not thinking about that at the moment—he was only thinking of getting a wash! He rushed spluttering away, leaving a trail of whitewash behind him, a fat junior munching chocolates and grinning, and Harry Wharton and Co. yelling with laughter.

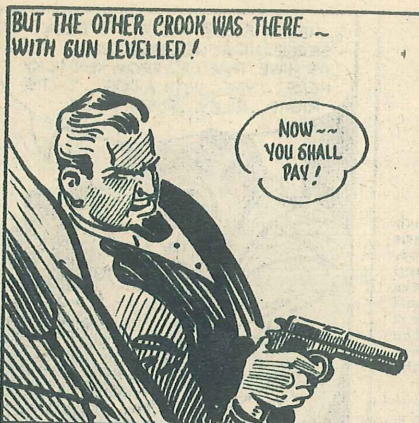
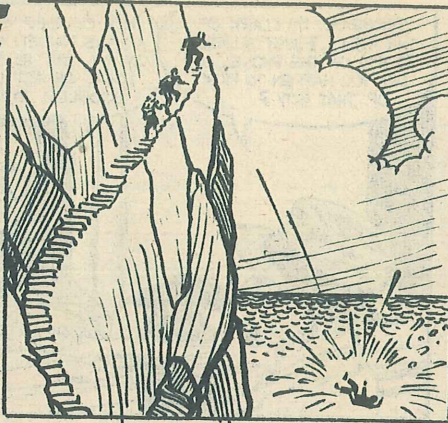
More laughs in next week's COMET with Billy Bunter!

SPLASH PAGE

— AND —

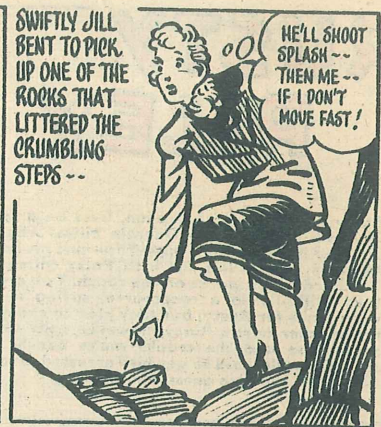
THE MISSING PRINCE

Splash Page and Jill Brent found that the kidnapped boy Prince Stefan of Henczia was imprisoned in a castle on the Scottish coast. Climbing steps cut in the cliffside leading from a cove to the castle, they were suddenly confronted by two armed kidnapers. Splash Page attacked one and sent him hurtling into the cove.



BUT THE OTHER CROOK WAS THERE -- WITH GUN LEVELLED!

NOW -- YOU SHALL PAY!



SWIFTLY JILL BENT TO PICK UP ONE OF THE ROCKS THAT LITTERED THE CRUMBLING STEPS --

HE'LL SHOOT SPLASH -- THEN ME -- IF I DON'T MOVE FAST!

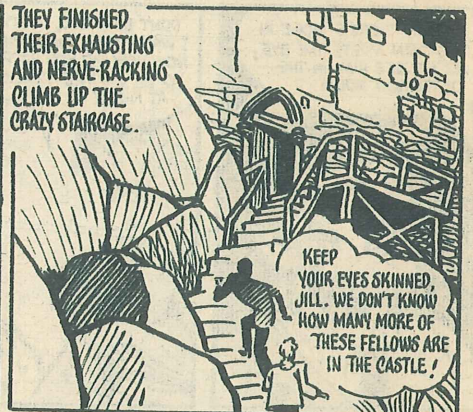


NICE WORK, JILL! I WAS SILLY TO TAKE MY EYES OFF HIM!



THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE HIT ANYTHING I AIMED AT!

TOPPLE HIM INTO THE SEA, JILL. A WETTING WON'T HARM HIM. WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOY!



THEY FINISHED THEIR EXHAUSTING AND NERVE-RACKING CLIMB UP THE CRAZY STAIRCASE.

KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED, JILL. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE OF THESE FELLOWS ARE IN THE CASTLE!



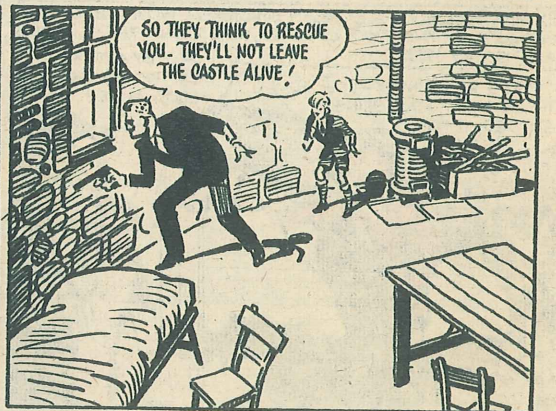
SPLASH AND JILL WENT CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE DESERTED, RUINED COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE --

SPLASH -- I'VE A NASTY FEELING SOMEBODY'S WATCHING US

A HELICOPTER! SO THAT'S HOW THEY GOT HERE SO QUICKLY!



THE REMAINING HENTZIAN WAS STILL WITH THE BOY PRINCE IN A TOWER, OVERLOOKING THE COURTYARD.



SO THEY THINK TO RESCUE YOU. THEY'LL NOT LEAVE THE CASTLE ALIVE!



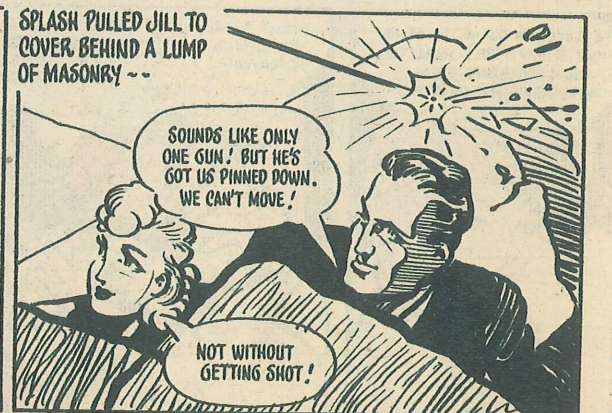
THAT TOWER LOOKS THE ONLY PLACE THEY MUST HAVE THE BOY THERE. BUT HOW MANY OF THEM?

I'VE STILL GOT THAT FEELING!



AND THEN --

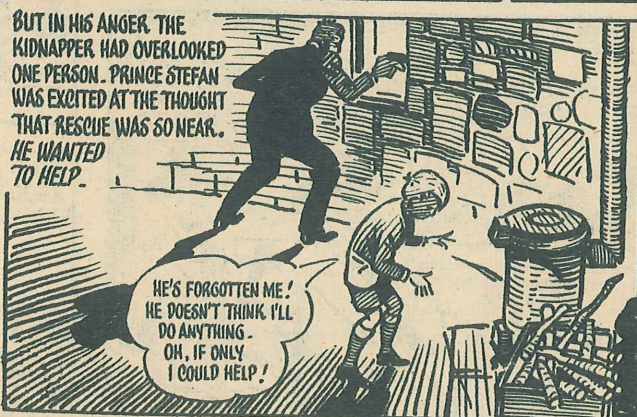
DOWN, JILL! YOU WERE RIGHT!



SPLASH PULLED JILL TO COVER BEHIND A LUMP OF MASONRY --

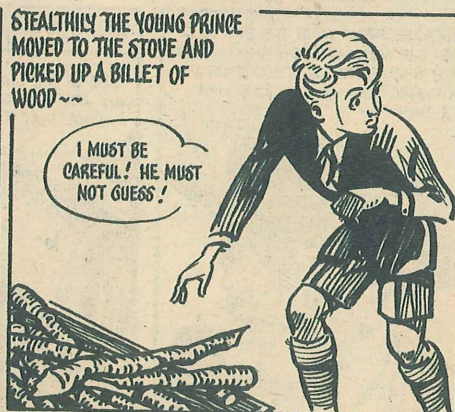
SOUNDS LIKE ONLY ONE GUN! BUT HE'S GOT US PINNED DOWN. WE CAN'T MOVE!

NOT WITHOUT GETTING SHOT!



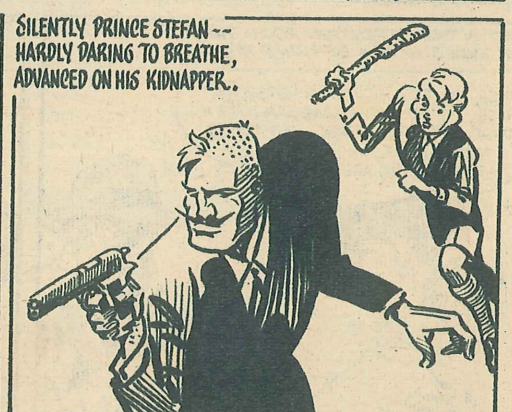
BUT IN HIS ANGER THE KIDNAPPER HAD OVERLOOKED ONE PERSON. PRINCE STEFAN WAS EXCITED AT THE THOUGHT THAT RESCUE WAS SO NEAR. HE WANTED TO HELP.

HE'S FORGOTTEN ME! HE DOESN'T THINK I'LL DO ANYTHING. OH, IF ONLY I COULD HELP!



STEALTHILY THE YOUNG PRINCE MOVED TO THE STOVE AND PICKED UP A BILLET OF WOOD --

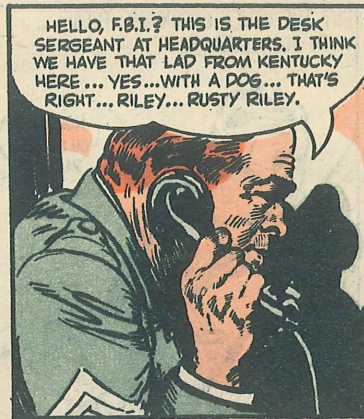
I MUST BE CAREFUL! HE MUST NOT GUESS!



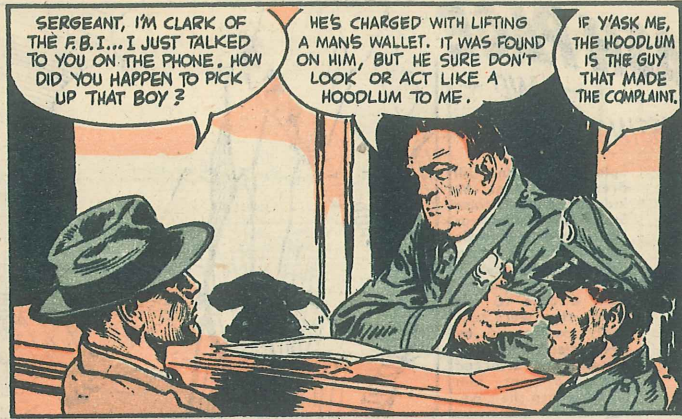
SILENTLY PRINCE STEFAN -- HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, ADVANCED ON HIS KIDNAPPER.

RUSTY RILEY

Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on a ranch in America, owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. He has a dog—Flip—and his horse, Hillbilly. He chums up with Patty Miles and Tex Purdy, who works on the ranch. Two crooks take Hillbilly to a racecourse, saying it will win money for Rusty, but they plan to change it for another horse. Rusty, however, gets to the racecourse and the crooks make out he has stolen a wallet and so get him arrested. But the police guess who he is.



HELLO, F.B.I.? THIS IS THE DESK SERGEANT AT HEADQUARTERS. I THINK WE HAVE THAT LAD FROM KENTUCKY HERE... YES... WITH A DOG... THAT'S RIGHT... RILEY... RUSTY RILEY.



SERGEANT, I'M CLARK OF THE F.B.I... I JUST TALKED TO YOU ON THE PHONE. HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO PICK UP THAT BOY?

HE'S CHARGED WITH LIFTING A MAN'S WALLET. IT WAS FOUND ON HIM, BUT HE SURE DON'T LOOK OR ACT LIKE A HOODLUM TO ME.

IF Y'ASK ME, THE HOODLUM IS THE GUY THAT MADE THE COMPLAINT.

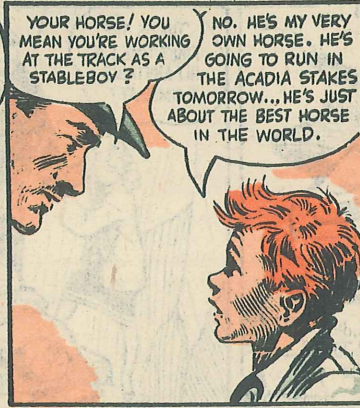


I THINK THERE'S MORE IN THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE. LET ME SEE HIM IN THE DETENTION ROOM.



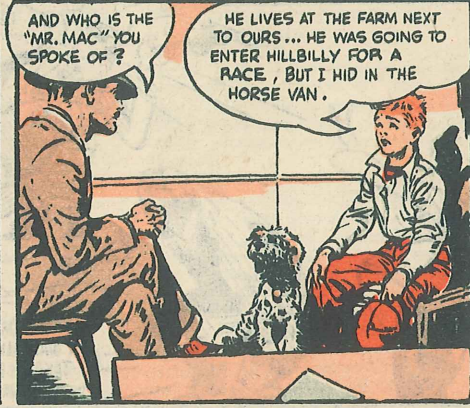
DON'T BE AFRAID, RUSTY... I WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND. NOW, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE ON THE TRACK AT NIGHT?

I WAS TAKIN' CARE OF MY HORSE, HILLBILLY, MR. MAC SAID I WAS WANTED AT THE STEWARDS' OFFICE.



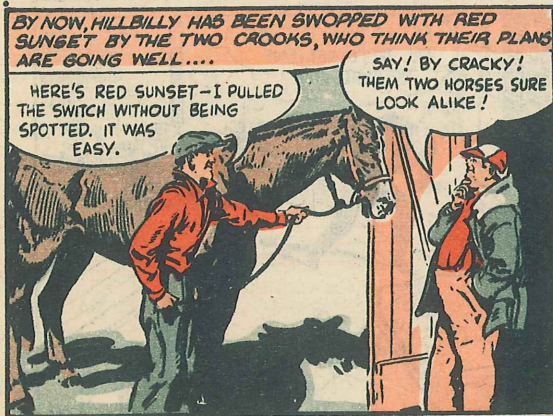
YOUR HORSE! YOU MEAN YOU'RE WORKING AT THE TRACK AS A STABLEBOY?

NO. HE'S MY VERY OWN HORSE. HE'S GOING TO RUN IN THE ACADIA STAKES TOMORROW... HE'S JUST ABOUT THE BEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.



AND WHO IS THE "MR. MAC" YOU SPOKE OF?

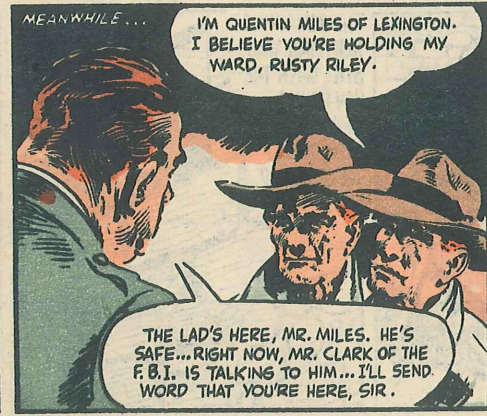
HE LIVES AT THE FARM NEXT TO OURS... HE WAS GOING TO ENTER HILLBILLY FOR A RACE, BUT I HID IN THE HORSE VAN.



BY NOW, HILLBILLY HAS BEEN SWOPPED WITH RED SUNSET BY THE TWO CROOKS, WHO THINK THEIR PLANS ARE GOING WELL....

HERE'S RED SUNSET—I PULLED THE SWITCH WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED. IT WAS EASY.

SAY! BY CRACKY! THEM TWO HORSES SURE LOOK ALIKE!



MEANWHILE... I'M QUENTIN MILES OF LEXINGTON. I BELIEVE YOU'RE HOLDING MY WARD, RUSTY RILEY.

THE LAD'S HERE, MR. MILES. HE'S SAFE... RIGHT NOW, MR. CLARK OF THE F.B.I. IS TALKING TO HIM... I'LL SEND WORD THAT YOU'RE HERE, SIR.



EXCUSE ME, MR. CLARK, BUT THE LAD'S FOSTER FATHER IS HERE.

GOOD! ASK HIM TO COME IN HERE.

MR. MILES? HERE? OH, GEE!



GOLLY! HOW DID MR. MILES GET WAY DOWN HERE? HE'LL TELL YOU I WOULDN'T STEAL ANYBODY'S POCKETBOOK.



HULLO, THERE, YOU LITTLE SCALAWAG!

GEE WHILLIKINS! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! THEY'RE GOING TO PUT ME IN PRISON!



NO—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PRISON, RUSTY... RIGHT NOW, SKIP OUT TO THE OTHER ROOM—SOME FOLKS OUT THERE WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT, MY BOY—I WANT TO TALK TO MR. MILES.

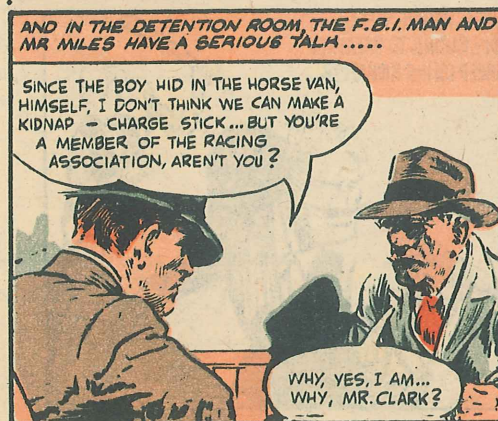
FOLKS?



PATTY! AND TEX!

OH, RUSTY! WE WERE SO WORRIED!

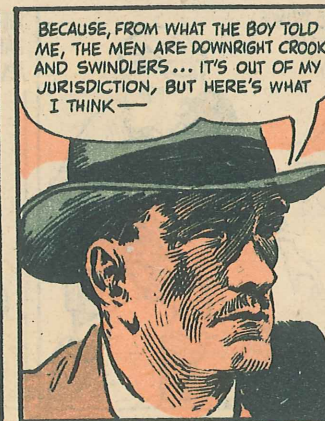
SO RUSTY TELLS HIS ADVENTURES AND LEARNS FROM PATTY HOW THEY FLEW UP FROM KENTUCKY TO FIND HIM.



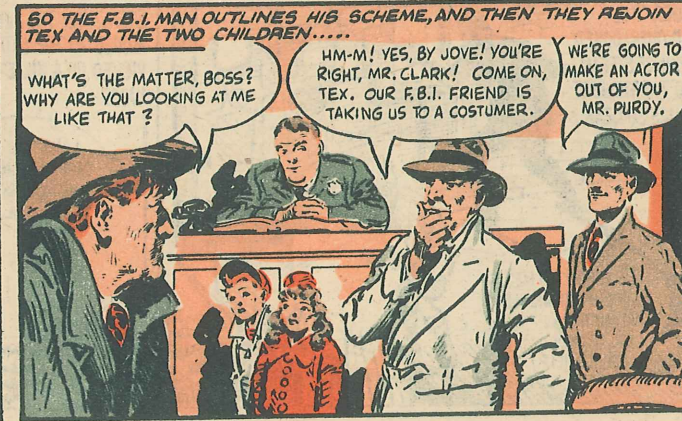
AND IN THE DETENTION ROOM, THE F.B.I. MAN AND MR. MILES HAVE A SERIOUS TALK....

SINCE THE BOY HID IN THE HORSE VAN, HIMSELF, I DON'T THINK WE CAN MAKE A KIDNAP—CHARGE STICK... BUT YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE RACING ASSOCIATION, AREN'T YOU?

WHY, YES, I AM... WHY, MR. CLARK?



BECAUSE, FROM WHAT THE BOY TOLD ME, THE MEN ARE DOWNRIGHT CROOKS AND SWINDLERS... IT'S OUT OF MY JURISDICTION, BUT HERE'S WHAT I THINK—



SO THE F.B.I. MAN OUTLINES HIS SCHEME, AND THEN THEY REJOIN TEX AND THE TWO CHILDREN....

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

HM-M! YES, BY JOVE! YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. CLARK! COME ON, TEX. OUR F.B.I. FRIEND IS TAKING US TO A COSTUMER.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE AN ACTOR OUT OF YOU, MR. PURDY.



PORTY

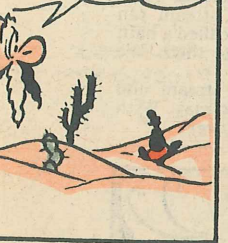
QUALITY SHERIFF



REMEMBER THAT DODGE! THAT YOU CAN LEARN



BE THE KICKER! AN' HE'S SURE IS WHERE I DISAPPEAR BYE!



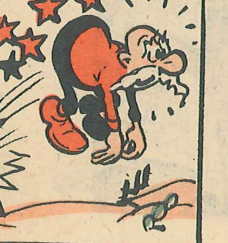
JUST IN TIME! ANOTHER MINUTE AN' HE'D HAVE SEEN ME!



PORTY HIMSELF! HEH! HEH! BETTER! HE CAN'T SEE ME! WHAT A JOKE!

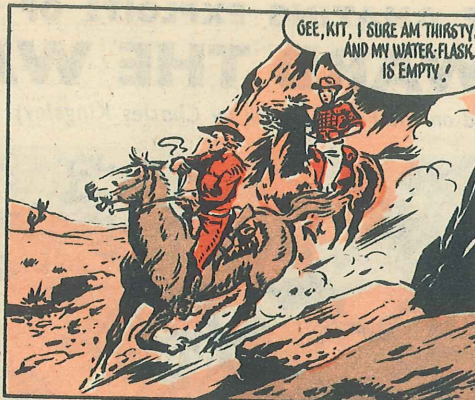


NOBODY OUGHT TO TELL HIM THESE THINGS



Kit Carson

KIT CARSON, WORLD-FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT, WAS RIDING THROUGH ARIZONA ACCOMPANIED BY HIS YOUNG FRIEND, JOHNNY SCOTT. THEY WERE BLAZING A TRAIL FOR THE WAGON-TRAINS THAT WOULD FOLLOW AFTER THEM. FOR TWO DAYS THEY RODE THROUGH THE ROCKY BARREN COUNTRY WITHOUT SIGHTING WATER.



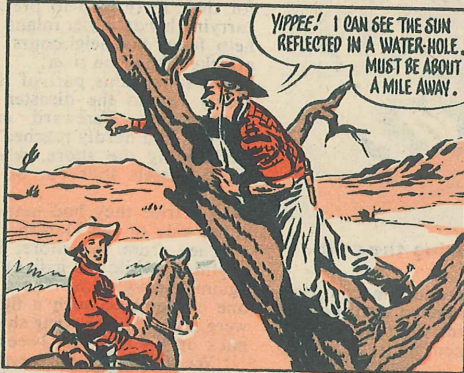
GEE, KIT, I SURE AM THIRSTY. AND MY WATER-FLASK IS EMPTY!

THE TWO SCOUTS RODE FOR SEVERAL MILES UNDER THE BURNING SUN. THEY REALIZED THAT SOON THEIR FLIGHT WOULD BECOME DESPERATE FOR THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK. SUDDENLY KIT CARSON HAULED HIS HORSE TO A STANDSTILL.



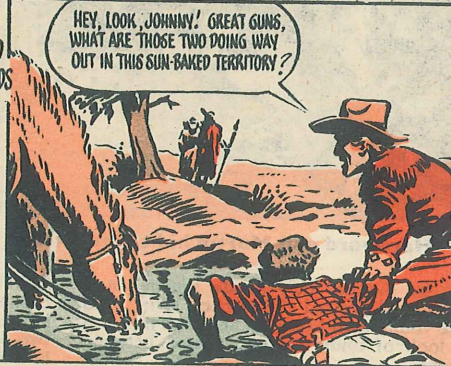
THERE'S A BIT OF LUCK JOHNNY. CLIMB THAT TREE AND SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT ANY WATER-HOLES HEREABOUTS.

RIGHT, KIT!



YIPPEE! I CAN SEE THE SUN REFLECTED IN A WATER-HOLE. MUST BE ABOUT A MILE AWAY.

KIT CARSON AND JOHNNY SCOTT URGED THEIR HORSES TOWARDS THE WATER-HOLE. THANKFULLY THEY DISMOUNTED AND DRANK THEIR FILL. SUDDENLY KIT SPOTTED TWO PEOPLE COMING SLOWLY TOWARDS THEM

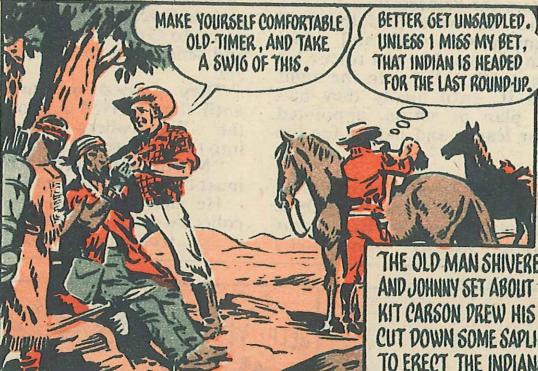


HEY, LOOK, JOHNNY! GREAT GUNS. WHAT ARE THOSE TWO DOING WAY OUT IN THIS SUN-BAKED TERRITORY?



MY GRANDFATHER IS VERY ILL. WILL YOU HELP US?

SURE WE WILL. HE LOOKS IN A BAD WAY!



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. OLD-TIMER. AND TAKE A SWIG OF THIS.

BETTER. GET UNGADDLED. UNLESS I MISS MY BET, THAT INDIAN IS HEADED FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP.



THERE, WARM YOURSELF BY THAT. NOW, IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE YOUR PACK, I'LL UNROLL YOUR WIGWAM.

THE OLD MAN SHIVERED BENEATH HIS BUFFALO ROBE AND JOHNNY SET ABOUT MAKING A FIRE. MEANWHILE KIT CARSON DREW HIS LONG KNIFE AND SET OUT TO CUT DOWN SOME SAPLINGS. THEY WOULD BE NEEDED TO ERECT THE INDIANS' WIGWAM.



THERE YOU ARE. WE'D BETTER GET YOUR GRANDPA INSIDE, MISS.

I, WHITE DOVE, WILL NEVER FORGET YOUR KINDNESS. PERHAPS SOME DAY I WILL BE ABLE TO REPAY YOU!

BETWEEN THEM, KIT CARSON AND JOHNNY SOON HAD THE WIGWAM ERECTED.



BUT THE OLD INDIAN CHIEF WAS SINKING FAST. HE CALLED KIT AND JOHNNY TO HIS SIDE --

WE'RE LISTENING CHIEF!

PALEFACE SCOUTS KIND TO GREY MOOSE. I TRUST YOU--LISTEN CLOSELY, BECAUSE SOON I GO TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!



I AM THE LAST WARRIOR OF MY TRIBE. FAR--FAR AWAY-- THE TREASURE OF MY PEOPLE LIES BURIED IN A SECRET HIDING PLACE. TAKE THIS -- GOLDEN ARROW. IT IS THE KEY --

THE OLD INDIAN'S VOICE DIED AWAY AND KIT CARSON SAW THAT HE WAS DEAD. WHITE DOVE, THE INDIAN GIRL, FELL INTO A TORRENT OF TEARS --



COME AWAY, WHITE DOVE. THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO FOR YOUR GRANDFATHER.



KIT CARSON LOOKED CLOSELY AT THE ARROW HEAD

THERE ARE SOME STRANGE DESIGNS CARVED ON THE HEAD. I WONDER WHAT THEY MEAN?

I CAN TELL YOU -- GIVE IT TO ME --



IT READS -- FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF FIRE --



AS WHITE DOVE COMMENCED TO READ THE STRANGE SYMBOLS, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE CREEPT TOWARDS THE FRIENDS.



AND A HAND SUDDENLY SNATCHED THE ARROW OUT OF WHITE DOVE'S GRASP.

HEY -- WHAT THE --

WHO IS THE UNKNOWN INTRUDER? WILL KIT CARSON BE ABLE TO GET BACK THE GOLDEN ARROW? WATCH OUT FOR MORE OF THIS GRAND ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK.

DO YOU LIKE THIS NEW ADVENTURE, CHUMS? (KIT CARSON ALSO APPEARS IN "COWBOY COMICS")



HOW MUCH GRASS SEED DO I NEED FOR A LAWN?

FOUR POUNDS FOR THE LAWN AND TWO FOR THE BIRDS!



THE ROOF LEAKS WHEN IT RAINS SO I'VE MADE THIS THE BATHROOM!



NASTY BUMP ON THAT ANIMAL'S BACK!

THE RESCUE

HEREWARD strode into the great hall of Ranald, King of Waterford in Ireland, with Martin Lightfoot, his good friend and servant. A fire of pine logs blazed in the centre of the room, the smoke wreathing up to a hole in the ceiling. Through the blue haze Hereward could see the king, sitting on his high-backed chair, surrounded by his household.

But it was not the king he sought. He carried a message and a token ring from the beautiful princess, daughter of Alef, kinglet of Cornwall, to Sigtryg, Ranald's son. The princess was secretly betrothed to Sigtryg, but her father was against the match. Already Hereward had rescued her from Ironhook, the Pictish giant, and with her help, barely escaped with his life.

The princess had sent him to plead with Sigtryg to equip a ship and carry her away from Cornwall before her father found another husband for her.

Hereward spotted Sigtryg beside the king. With him, much to his surprise, were two of Hereward's own relatives, Siward the White and Siward the Red.

On Hereward's side of the fire were the king's Marshal and his men-at-arms, and the meaner members of the household. Hereward came forward and sat with them on the lowest seat, while Martin stood behind.

Presently one of the ladies noticed him. "Who is he who sits at the back there?" she asked. "From his appearance he should be the son of an earl, and yet he has taken the meanest seat."

"Come and sit by me, young sir," called Ranald. "I would know who you are and whence you came."

Hereward went and sat by the king. "I am Hereward, whom men call the Wake," he said. "I am the son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia. But I am an outlaw and a rover, seeking honour and glory on the field of battle and the right to win back my lost fortunes."

"Outlaw or no, you are doubly welcome," said the king. "For I have heard of your fighting qualities and your courage. And I knew your father. Give Hereward to drink from the horn."

Sigtryg, who had been watching Hereward curiously, jumped up with the drinking horn and offered it to Hereward.

THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF HERWARD THE WAKE

(Based on the Famous Book by Charles Kingsley)



Hereward and Martin hid themselves in a tree overlooking the path

As he did so their hands touched and Hereward pressed the princess's ring into the young man's hand. Their eyes met and a look of understanding passed between them.

The conversation which Hereward's arrival had interrupted, continued. All the young men vied with each other in telling stories of their gallant deeds, and Hereward was asked what he had done to deserve a seat with the rest.

And Hereward told how he had slain the White Bear and fought the jealous knights and won for himself the title of the Wake—the Watchful, whom no man took unawares. Then they all proclaimed him a true and valiant knight, in spite of being an outlaw.

Then it grew late and the king departed

for his bed of rushes and the company broke up. Hereward lingered until he was left alone with Martin, Sigtryg and the two Siwards, his kinsmen. Sigtryg came to him eagerly.

"You are from the princess?" "I am," and Hereward told them all that befell him in Cornwall, and urged the young man to take ship and rescue his princess without delay. Far into the night they discussed it, until finally they had decided on a plan of action, appointed Hereward their leader and parted for the time being.

LESS than a week elapsed before three fast ships set sail from Waterford. They arrived at Mount's Bay, near Marazion, some distance from Alef's

territory, for this was part of the plan. Hereward had decided that Sigtryg would wait there with two of the ships, while he went ahead with Martin and the Siwards to reconnoitre the land.

"We shall take forty men with us," explained Hereward, "and land near the mouth of the Helford river, which leads up to Alef's village of Gweek. When we are ready, we will send word to you, Sigtryg, to attack from the sea. We shall then be prepared to cut off escape inland. Is that understood?"

The others nodded and the next morning early, one of the ships set off alone. They arrived at the mouth of the Helford river and Hereward went ashore with Martin and the Siwards.

Hereward had decided that there would be less chance of discovery if only the four of them landed to begin with. They could spy out the land and find the best positions for their forty men to prevent Alef from carrying his daughter inland and obtaining help from his neighbours, when Sigtryg attacked from the river.

But it was this part of the plan which nearly caused the disaster of the whole undertaking. Hereward and his companions had hardly reached the top of the cliffs lining the shore, when Alef's two pirate vessels shot out of the mouth of the river.

In a trice they had manoeuvred on to either side of the Danish ship. Hereward watched from the shore, helpless to do anything, while his gallant Danes battled against heavy odds. There could only be one outcome to such a fight. The Danes were defeated and their ship taken in tow back up the river to Gweek.

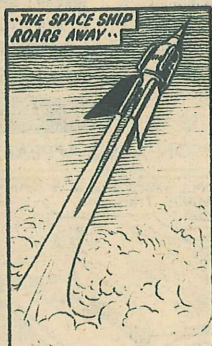
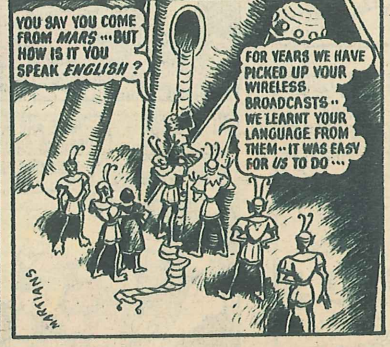
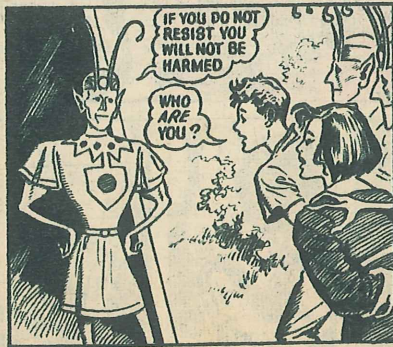
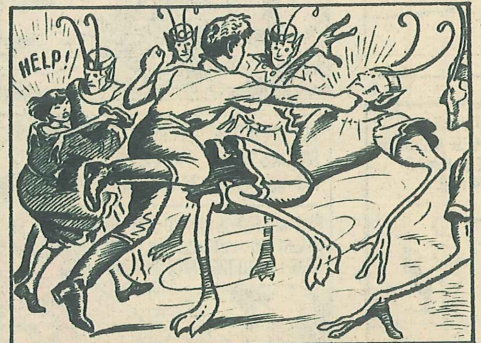
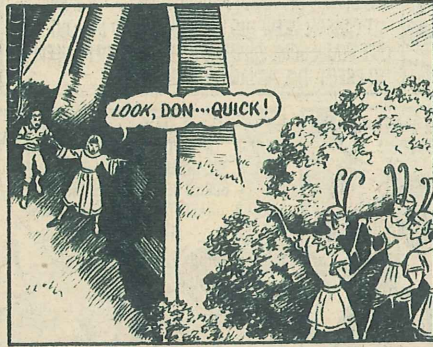
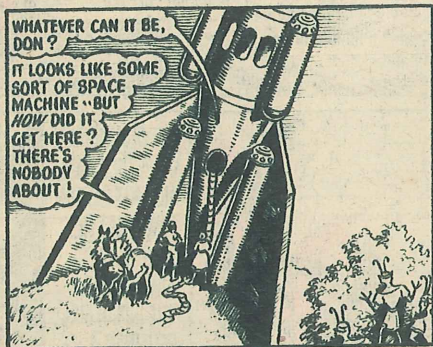
"We must go on nevertheless," said Hereward, quelling his comrades' despair with a fierce, determined look. "We will go on to Gweek and see what can be done and send word to Sigtryg to come to our aid."

They pressed on through the forest until they arrived a short distance from the village, where a shallow stream ran into the main river. Hereward called a halt. "Martin and I are known to them. We must disguise ourselves."

He stooped down by the stream and collected a handful of wet, red clay. With (continued on opposite page)

Don Deeds

When out hunting, Don Deeds and Mai-Mai come upon a queer sort of rocket-machine and decide to take a closer look. They think nobody is around, but they are wrong.



DON'T MISS THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DON AND MAI-MAI ON MARS—NEXT WEEK!

THE EXPLOITS OF HEREWARD THE WAKE

(continued from opposite page)

this he dyed his hair and smeared his face and hands. The others made themselves as shabby as they could by smearing their fine clothes with mud. Thus they approached the village and boldly entered Alef's house.

No one barred their way. There was a feast in progress and everyone was too busy enjoying himself to take much notice of four dirty, untidy strangers, who took their seats at the foot of the great table.

From his nearest neighbour, Hereward enquired what was toward.

"Why, you must have come a distance, if you don't know," said the dark-bearded Celt, surprised. "It is the wedding feast of Alef's daughter."

"Which is the bridegroom?" asked Hereward.

"Yonder great, fat Welshman, Hannibal, son of Gryll, King of Marazion."

"It seems we are only just in time, friends," Hereward whispered to his companions.

Presently the princess stood up with a cup of wine in her hand. According to the custom on such occasions, she came round to each guest and offered him the cup to drink her health. At last she came to Hereward and his friends.

"You are a stranger here, sir," she said. "But you are none the less welcome. Drink to my health, for I need it this day more than you think."

As Hereward took the cup from her hands, he noticed the look of despair in her eyes. As he handed the cup back, he slipped her own ring, the one he had carried to Sigtryg, back on her finger.

She looked startled and then, recovering her composure, went quietly back to her seat by Hannibal.

"Ah, the fair princess," cried Hannibal, mockingly. "I have a whim to grant you a boon before we are married. What does your heart desire?"

There was a moment's silence. All eyes were on the princess.

"I ask the release of the forty good Danes from Waterford, who were captured with their ship this morning," she cried at last.

An angry murmur arose on all sides. But Hannibal waved aside the protests.

"Your wish is granted," he said. "What care I for a handful of churls from Ireland. They shall be released."

But, as he said this, Hereward noticed a gleam of evil in his eye. He decided that Hannibal, son of Gryll, was not a man of his word.

THE drinking and feasting at an end, the bridal procession formed outside the village. The wedding was to take place at Marazion and they had to get there

before darkness made their progress dangerous.

Hereward waited long enough to see the forty prisoners formed up at the end of the procession under a strong guard of men-at-arms. He heard Hannibal telling the princess that the prisoners would be taken to Marazion and there put aboard ship for Ireland. Then he slipped away from the crowd with his three companions and set off into the forest ahead of the bridal party.

Hereward guessed which way the procession would take. He dared not use the beaten track, but had to cut his way through the dense undergrowth and the lower branches of the trees.

At last they came to a river and waded across. Hereward called a halt and they hid themselves in a spot overlooking the path. Presently the bridal procession came into view across the river.

The minstrels plunged into the water first. Then came Hannibal on horseback, with the princess riding pillion behind. Behind them came the servants with mules, carrying the bride's dower, and a troop of men-at-arms escorting the Danish prisoners, who shambled through the water, sullen and suspicious.

When they were all across, Hannibal gave a signal to his men. The prisoners were seized and their hands tied behind their backs.

"What are you doing?" asked the princess in alarm.

"Setting your friends free," laughed Hannibal. "But first I shall put out the eyes of each of them, so that they will have something to take back to Ireland for their impudence."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Hereward's javelin sang through the air, knocking him off his horse. Martin and the Siwards fell on the nearest Cornishmen, while Hereward released the first Dane.

"Catch up a weapon and fight for your life," cried Hereward.

The Dane needed no second bidding. In a second another Dane was released, and another.

The Cornishmen were taken completely by surprise. One by one they were overpowered by increasing numbers, as Hereward and his friends fought to release the prisoners.

No man could withstand the fury of Hereward's onslaught. His great sword, Brainbiter, sang through the air, wielded by a mighty arm. Those who escaped its sharp edge fled into the forest.

"The Wake! The Wake!" cried the princess. "How well you have earned that name. But where is Sigtryg? Did he not come with you?"

"He is over in Mount's Bay, with the ships that will carry you to Waterford," answered Hereward.

And he told her all their plans and adventures since they had embarked on the rescue.

Then followed a nightmare ride through

the forest. Hereward had been forced to take action sooner than he had intended and they were still many miles from Mount's Bay. He knew that the men who had escaped would carry the news of their defeat to their friends. There was no time to be lost before the whole countryside would rise like hornets about their ears.

He set the princess on Hannibal's horse and rode behind her. Those who could rode on the mules and the remainder travelled by foot. They met several search parties on the way, but beat them off with no loss to themselves.

But it was by a roundabout route that they arrived at last on the shore of Mount's Bay. They were taken aboard Sigtryg's ship and lost no time in setting sail for Ireland.

Great was the welcome they received at the hands of the good King Ranald. And once again Hereward attended the wedding feast of the Princess of Cornwall. But this time he sat by the princess's right hand, clothed in fine raiment and with the red clay washed from his hair and face.

And when the revels reached their height, Sigtryg rose in his place and commanded silence from the guests.

"My Lord Hereward," he cried, "for such I will call you, outlaw or no. I wish to show my gratitude for your part in this adventure, by offering you anything it is within my power to give, even to the value of all my lands and fortune."

And when Hereward spoke, he looked not at Sigtryg or his bride, but out over the blue sea to the distant horizon.

"I would like you to equip me a ship, that I may sail hence and win more honour and glory in foreign lands."

The ship was built and equipped and launched. And Hereward asked who would sail with him across the wide sea. The forty men he had rescued from Hannibal pressed forward and many more beside, for who would not sail with such a captain?

Hereward made his choice carefully and he named his ship the *Otter*. A great white bear was painted on the sail to signify that this was the ship of Hereward the Wake, the slayer of man and beast.

And one morning they took their leave of old King Ranald and Sigtryg and his princess. With Martin by his side and forty good Vikings at the oars, Hereward sailed out of the harbour, his eyes fixed steadfastly ahead towards his next adventure.

Next week Hereward is shipwrecked. Don't miss the thrills!

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE

Here's an idea, chums! Many COMET readers are cutting out the Photos of Cars, on page 1, and carefully pasting them on thin cardboard, the same size as the photos (a piece of postcard will do), thus making a grand collection of picture cards to show to their friends.

Why don't you do the same? When the "Car" series ends it will be followed by another dealing with some other subject so that, in course of time, you'll have sets of picture cards that will be the envy of all your chums!

DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, but write direct to one of the readers whose names and addresses, together with age and interests, appear below.

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. At the same time, don't forget to say what you like best in the "COMET."

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

JOHN BURNETT, 460 College Road, Erdington, Birmingham, 23. Fifteen. Photography, swimming, cycling, cricket.

JUNE MCKIMMINGS, 29 Leatham Street, Carlisle, Cumberland. Fifteen. Films, reading.

EDWARD SMYTH, 4 Candahar Street, Osmeau Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Eleven. Football, cricket, stamp collecting.

KAY ROBINSON, 80 Avondale Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15. Fourteen. Music, sewing, cycling, reading.

ALAN MALLEN, 38 Saxby Road, Liverpool, 14. Thirteen. All sports.

JANET WRIGHT, 80 Brunswick Street, Leicester. Thirteen. Swimming, stamp collecting, films.

KEITH APLIN, 38 Hill Street, Reading, Berks. Twelve. Reading.

HEATHER BISHOP, Seaton House, Steeds Lane, Kingsnorth, Ashford, Kent. Thirteen. Horses, horse riding.

KENNETH BEALE, 6 Fowler Street, Nachells, Birmingham, 7. Ten. Cricket, reading.

DIANE SOUTHWELL, 76 Lodge Road, Redditch, Worcs. Fifteen. Hiking, films, reading.

ERNEST HANKINS, 199 North Boulevard, Anlaby Road, Hull, Yorks. Thirteen. Gardening, cricket, football.

MARY SMITH, 19 Millfield Way, Caddington, Luton, Beds. Eleven. Sewing, knitting, reading.

PAT SALTmarsh, The Lodge, Baddow Park, Gt. Baddow, Chelmsford, Essex. Fifteen. Swimming, popular songs.

MARGARET LIMB, "Oakfield," Lincoln Road, Dunholme, Lincoln. Fourteen. Music, stamp collecting. Wants a pen pal in Norwich.

ALAN GROVES, 318 Long Lane, East Finchley, London, N.2. Fifteen. Films, swimming.

ANNIE CLARKE, 42 Croft Street, Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. Fifteen. Table tennis, cycling, films, badminton.

CHARLES HOPSON, 96 Wood Road, Lower Gannal, nr. Dudley, Staffs. Fourteen. Cricket, football.

ROSE LYNCH, Children's Home, Horncastle, Lincs. Fourteen. Collecting stamps, film star photographs.

ROLAND DAVIES, 45 Heol Llechau, Wattstown, Rhondda, S. Wales. Thirteen. Stamp collecting, swimming, cycling.

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" September 16, 1950

COLOUR THIS PICTURE AND WIN ROBIN HOOD'S BOW!

Robin's bow and many other real mementoes from the thrilling new film "Rogues of Sherwood Forest" can be won.

1st PRIZE FOR BOY READERS—

THE ACTUAL BOW USED BY JOHN DEREK, WHO PLAYS ROBIN IN THE FILM.

1st PRIZE FOR GIRL READERS—

LADY MARIAN'S SCARF WORN BY DIANA LYNN, WHO PLAYS MARIAN IN THE FILM.

TWO 2nd PRIZES FOR BOY READERS—

ALAN-A-DALE'S BOW AND LITTLE JOHN'S BOW—ALSO USED IN THE FILM.

TWO 2nd PRIZES FOR GIRL READERS—

TWO BEAUTIFUL SCARVES ESPECIALLY PRESENTED BY THE LOVELY FILM STAR DIANA LYNN.

And 2,050 Consolation Prizes consisting of: 50 Junior Robin Hood Archery Sets, each comprising target, bow and arrow, 2,000 magnificent glossy photographs of Robin and Marian defying the wicked King John.

What you have to do.—Colour this picture in paint or crayon, using your own ideas of colouring. Cut out the picture and coupon and paste it on a card or similar backing. Be sure to let it dry thoroughly before you start colouring! When you have finished, fill in the coupon with name, age and address in BLOCK CAPITALS, have it signed, and send it to COMET, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4, (Comp.), to reach us not later than September 26, 1950. The competition is open to all readers aged 15 and under. Prizes will be awarded for the best coloured entries according to age. The Editor's decision is final.

N.B.—This competition is also open to readers of the SUN Comic—in which you will find another copy of the picture to colour if you would like to send a second attempt. You can then send them in together.



This colouring is all my own work

Age

Name

Address

Signature of parent



JOHN DEREK
as Robin Hood



DIANA LYNN
as Maid Marian



GEORGE MACREADY
as King John



ALAN HALE
as Little John

The Stars of the Columbia film, "Rogues of Sherwood Forest." Are you entering our Grand Competition? See page 7.

BUFFALO BILL

HAVING LEFT HIS BANDITS TO BE CAPTURED BY THE PIUTES AND SHOT DOWN HIS LIEUTENANT, PUMA HEADS FOR THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

BUT BUFFALO BILL BARS THE WAY!

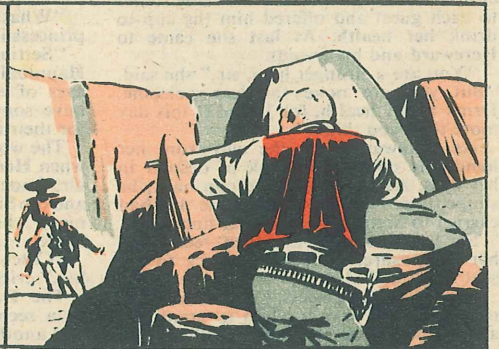


HANDS UP, PUMA!
THE GAME'S UP!

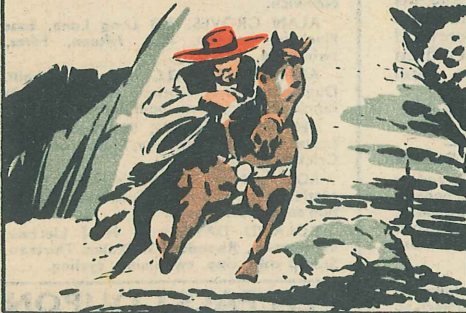


YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME -- YET!

PUMA RODE FAST TOWARDS A NARROW GORGE, BUT BIG JIM WAS THERE, READY FOR HIM.



PUMA TURNED HIS HORSE TOWARDS A THIRD GORGE



BEAR CLAW WAS POSTED THERE, HOWEVER!



HOLD IT, PUMA! WE'VE GOT YOU, THIS TIME!

BUT THERE WAS A FOURTH GORGE. PUMA SAW IT AND RODE IN MADLY, BLINDLY.



THE NEXT MOMENT, A FRANTIC CRY FOR HELP ECHOED ALONG THE GORGE. BUFFALO BILL AND HIS PALS RUSHED FORWARD.



THUS THEY CAME TO THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE!



IN HIS FRANTIC ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE, PUMA HAD GONE OVER THE CLIFF.



WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO BLACK BISON AND THE PIUTES. THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S THE END OF PUMA, ANYWAY!

BUFFALO BILL AND HIS PALS RETURNED TO THE PIUTES CAMP AND FOUND BLACK BISON THERE, WITH THE REST OF THE BANDITS HELD AS PRISONER.



THE PRISONERS WERE WONDERING WHAT THEIR FATE WOULD BE. BUFFALO BILL THOUGHT THE ADVENTURE WAS OVER -- BUT THERE WAS BAD NEWS FOR HIM!



WHAT IS BUFFALO BILL UP AGAINST NOW? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S ADVENTURES!