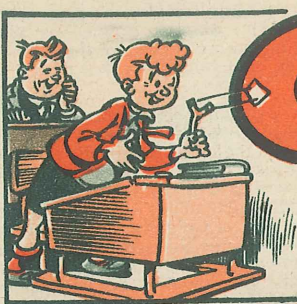


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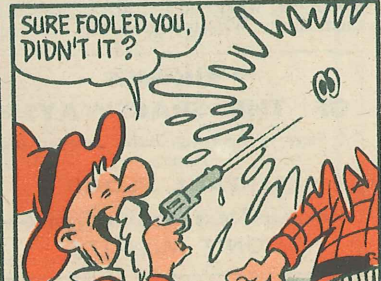
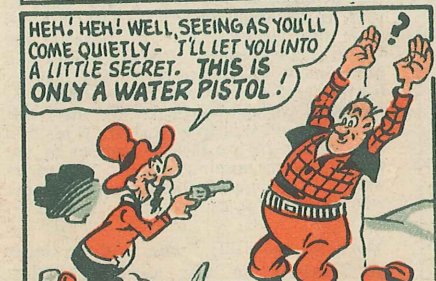
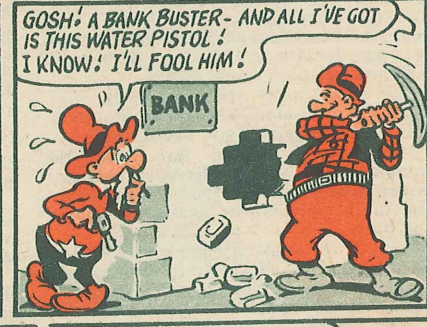
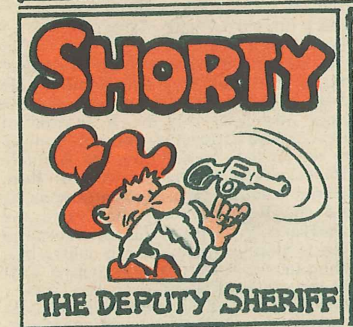
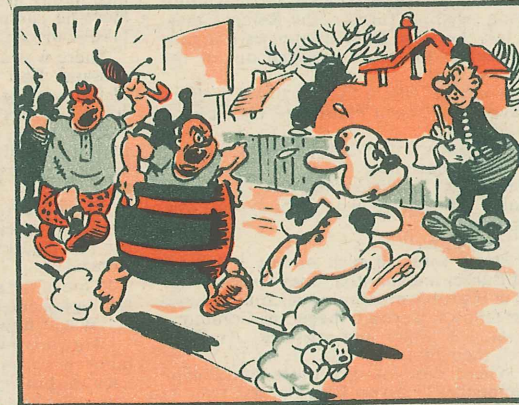
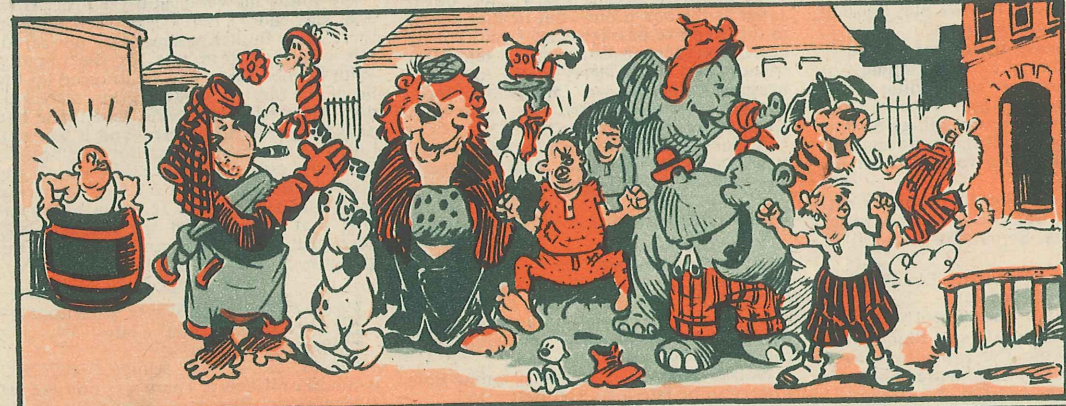
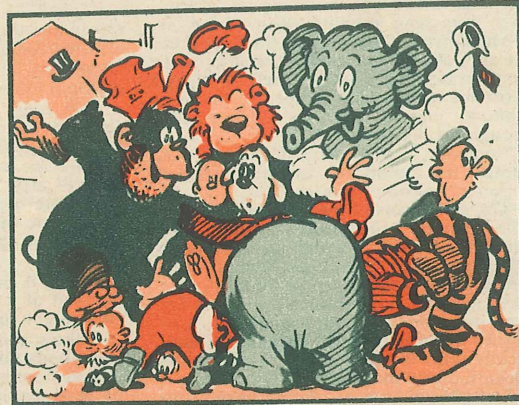
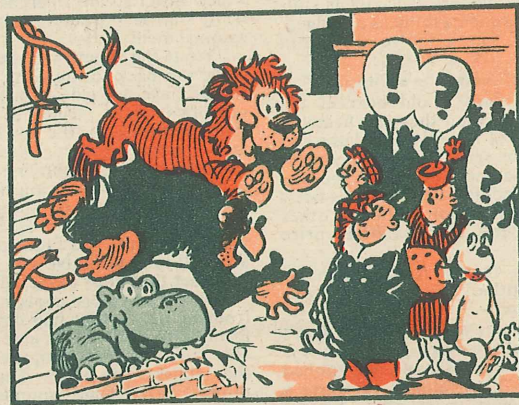
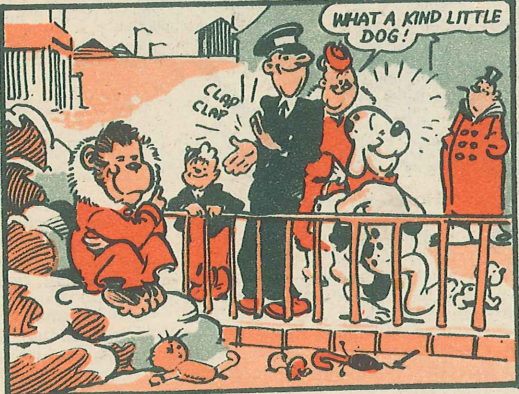
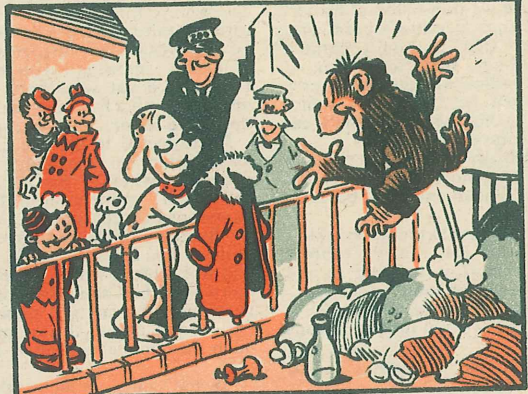
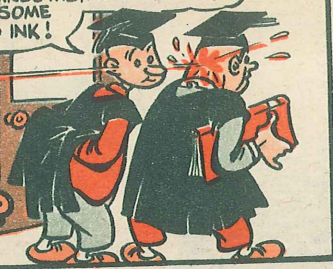


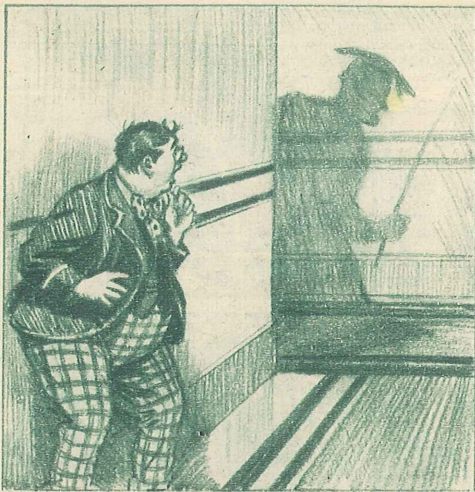
# COMET

No. 131  
(New Series)  
Jan. 20, 1951

COMIC 2<sup>nd</sup>  
EVERY THURSDAY

THAT REMINDS ME, HEADMASTER, -  
WE NEED SOME  
MORE RED INK!





**Skinner's Scheme!**

**B**UNTER! Have you been in Common-Room today, Bunter?"

"Oh! No, sir."

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, gave the fattest member of his form a long keen, penetrating look.

There were six juniors in the Rag when Mr. Quelch stepped in. Harry Wharton and Co. were discussing a soccer match, due that afternoon. Billy Bunter was reclining, not to say sprawling in an armchair munching biscuits, with which he helped himself from a well-filled pocket. But as Quelch came in Billy Bunter suddenly ceased to munch, drew a sleeve across his mouth, and jumped to his feet, blinking uneasily at his form-master through his big spectacles.

"Someone," said Mr. Quelch, "has emptied the biscuit box on the sideboard in Common-Room, Bunter."

"Oh, sir! It wasn't me!" gasped Bunter.

The Famous Five looked round, forgetting the Highcliffe match for a moment. Bob Cherry winked at his friends who grinned. As Bunter had a pocketful of biscuits, which he had been munching for some time, the Co. could guess who had emptied the biscuit box in Common-Room. Luckily for Bunter, Mr. Quelch was unaware of the munching.

Quelch's gimlet-eyes almost bored into Bunter for a moment or two. Then, without saying anything further, the Remove master left the Rag. Billy Bunter gave a gasp of relief as his gown whisked out of the doorway.

"You fat villain," said Johnny Bull, "have you been scoffing the beaks' bickers?"

"Of course I haven't," hooted Bunter, "I haven't been near Common-Room; and Quelch can't put it on me, either, because I jolly well know that nobody saw me come out—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pretty thick to pick on me I think," said Bunter indignantly, "they always think of me if grub's missing! Quelch didn't ask you fellows if you'd been in Common-Room. He comes and asks me! As if I'd touch their bickers!"

"Where did you get those bickers in your pocket?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Eh! Oh! They—they came in a parcel from Bunter Court, old chap! Why, I never even knew there were any biscuits in that box in Common-Room—I wasn't looking in at the window when Trotter filled it today. I never went in and filled my pockets, and I never put the rest in a bag, and I haven't hidden it in the top attic—"

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

"You can cackle," said Bunter, "but I call it jolly thick—picking on a fellow like that! That's the sort of justice we get here!"

And the indignant fat Owl sat down in his armchair again, groped in his pocket, and comforted himself with biscuits.

"**T**OO thick!" said Stott.

"Too risky!" said Snoop.

"No risk—and as easy as falling off a form," Skinner said; "all you fellows have got to do is to play up when that fathead Cherry comes along."

The three slackers of the Remove were leaning in a lazy row on the balustrade of the Remove landing. Bob Cherry had passed them there, going up the passage to his study.

"That dunderhead is playing footer this afternoon—or he thinks he is," went on Skinner, "and he looks at a fellow who doesn't like slogging after a muddy ball as if a fellow might be something that the cat had brought in. And he banged my head

# BUNTER TAKES THE BISCUIT!

*A Rollicking Story of the Chums of Greyfriars*

BY FRANK RICHARDS

on my study door this morning."

"Well, you were kicking Bunter—!" said Stott.

"No business of his, if I was." Skinner rubbed his head, "He turns up his silly nose at us because we don't slog at footer, and bangs a fellow's head, and fancies that nothing's coming back for it. Well, something is! What will a fathead like Cherry do when he hears that somebody's shut Mrs. Kebble's cat up in one of the attics?"

"Bolt up to the attic to let it out," said Stott, "and punch the fellow's head into the bargain."

Has somebody?"

"Somebody has!" said Skinner, "couldn't say who, of course! But the old tabby's there all right! I left it mewling in the cupboard—I mean, somebody did! Well, that fathead bolts up to the attic to let it out. Somebody follows him up and fastens the door on him—"

"No keys in those old attics," said Snoop.

"The door of the top attic opens outwards, and there's such a thing as a wedge," drawled Skinner, "in fact, I've got one in my pocket."

"He'll jolly well yell if he's shut in—"

"Let him! Nobody could hear at the distance, any more than they can hear the cat howling. One of us will go up later and find him there—by sheer chance, of course! Not till after the football match, though. The blustering blockhead can kick his heels in the attic this afternoon while the other fellows are playing soccer. What price that?"

"There'll be a fearful row, if a man's kept out of a football match!" said Stott. "If you got spotted—"

"Who's going to spot me? There won't be anybody about the attics—there never is Safe as houses," said Skinner. He rubbed his head again, "That fathead can have a nice happy afternoon in the attic—Shush! Here he comes—you fellows play up and take your cue from me."

There was a heavy tread in the Remove passage. Bob Cherry came tramping out of the passage, to cross the landing to the stairs. It was getting near time for the soccer match, and Bob was going down to join his friends in the changing-room. But he paused as Skinner's voice fell on his ears.

"Sounded to me like old Kebble's cat. I heard it when I went up to the box-room for my cigarettes. Somebody's shut it in somewhere."

"One of the attics, perhaps!" said Snoop, taking his cue from Skinner.

"Was it howling?" asked Stott.

"Howling like billy-o!" said Skinner, "I fancy it came from the top attic. Dirty trick to shut it in an attic!" added Skinner, with a shake of the head.

Bob Cherry swung round.

"And a dirty trick to leave it there, if you heard it," he exclaimed, "why couldn't you cut up to the attic and let it out, Skinner?"

Skinner glanced round at him.

"Eh? Too many stairs up to the top attic," he answered. "Nobody's stopping you from going up, if you like stairs."

"Br-r-r-r!" grunted Bob. And he tramped back into the Remove passage, evidently on his way to the box-room stair and the attics. Skinner winked at Snoop and Stott.

"Fallen for it like a gudgeon for bait!" he whispered, "I sort of fancy the Remove centre-half will be missing in the Highcliffe game this afternoon. What?"

And Skinner strolled into the passage after Bob Cherry.

**B**OB CHERRY went up the box-room stair, at the end of the Remove passage, two at a time. From the landing outside the box-room, a narrower stair ran up to the old attics. It was an old and disused part of the ancient building of Greyfriars. The attics were empty, and seldom or never visited by anyone. If any animal was shut in the top attic Bob was not the fellow to leave it there: and he was glad that he had chanced to hear Skinner and Co.—it

did not occur to his unsuspecting mind for a moment that he had been intended to hear.

He tramped up the upper staircase, dusky and winding, and reached a little dark landing on which the attics opened. There were three of them: one up a short further staircase. Up went Bob: and as he neared the door of the top attic, a sound of mournful mewling greeted his ears. Evidently a cat was there, in a state of distress. With a frowning brow, Bob pulled open the door, and tramped in.

He expected to see the cat. But no cat was visible, in the light from a little cobwebby window. He stared round him.

"Miaou!" came mournfully from an old cupboard in a corner.

"By gum!" breathed Bob. His blue eyes glinted. The cat was shut in the cupboard: and Bob Cherry would have given much to know who had shut it there: with a view to bringing his heaviest punch into action. He hurried across the room and dragged open the cupboard door. A tabby cat shot out.

At the same moment, the attic door, which Bob had left open behind him, suddenly shut with a slam. Bob spun round in astonishment.

"What the thump—!" he ejaculated.

He ran back to the door. It opened—or should have opened—outwards. But it did not open, as he pushed at it. It was certainly not locked—the key had been missing for umpteen years. But it was fast: and the most energetic shoving could not stir it. Bob thumped on it angrily.

"Who's there?" he shouted, "are you holding the door, you ass? By gum, will you let me out, you fathead, whoever you are? I'll jolly well give you a thick ear for this! Let that door alone, blow you."

But answer there came none. One kick from Skinner's foot had driven the wedge firmly under the door: and it was immovable: and Skinner was tiptoeing away down the stairs, grinning. Thump! thump! thump! bang! bang! sounded behind him as he went. The sounds followed him down as far as the box-room—but further down, in the Remove passage, they could not be heard. Skinner strolled away to rejoin his friends: and Bob Cherry in the top attic, banging vainly at an immovable door, realised that he was a prisoner—with Mrs. Kebble's cat for company!

A chime came from the old clock-tower. It was a quarter to three. And at three it was kick-off in the Highcliffe match!

"**W**HERE'S Bob?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Goodness knows!" said Johnny Bull. "He went up to his study—"

"Well, he can't be sticking in his study now—he knows we kick off at three. Why the thump isn't he here?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

Nobody knew! It was utterly unlike Bob Cherry to be late for a football match.

"The howling ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, "he can't have forgotten the match—"

"We can't keep the Highcliffe men hanging about," said Harry, "I can't make it out, but if Bob doesn't turn up, we've got to play another man. You'd better get into your things, Linley."

"Ready and willing," said Mark Linley, "I'll stand out if Bob turns up at the last minute."

"Looks as if he's gone to sleep somewhere and forgotten all about soccer," grunted the captain of the Remove. "We can't wait after three."

At three the ball should have been kicked off. But at three, the Remove footballers were still waiting for Bob Cherry, wondering what had become of him. And then Harry Wharton gave the word and

they marched out—to play the game without Bob. And Skinner grinned as they went, feeling quite consoled for the banging of his head on a study door that morning!

**B**ILLY BUNTER breathed hard, but he grinned with happy anticipation as he negotiated the stairs. Bunter did not like stairs. He had too much weight to carry up them with ease or comfort. But he had had to find a safe hideout for the loot from the biscuit box in Common-Room and he had found it in the top attic. No eye was likely to fall on it there, or on Bunter when he devoured his prey. Billy Bunter was not thinking of football that afternoon—he was thinking of biscuits. While the Remove footballers urged the flying ball, Billy Bunter was going to sit in the top attic on the old box in which he had hidden his plunder, and devour several pounds of biscuits, pound after pound. That, in Billy Bunter's opinion, was something like a half-holiday!

He gasped for breath as he reached the door of the top attic. He grabbed the door handle to pull it open. To his surprise and annoyance, it did not open. Then, in astonishment, the fat Owl discovered that the door was fastened by a wedge driven between it and the floor.

"Oh, crickey!" ejaculated Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sudden roar from within the attic, "is that somebody there? Let me out, will you?"

Billy Bunter almost fell down in his amazement. Thump! thump! came on the door from within.

"I—I—I say! Is—that you, Cherry?" stammered Bunter. "Why ain't you playing football? Look here, if you came up here after my biscuits—"

"Get that door open!" shrieked Bob, "it's just three—I'm in time if you get that door open! Quick!"

"If you've had my biscuits—"

"Open that door! Quick," yelled Bob.

Bunter kicked away the wedge. He pulled the door—and a shove from within as it moved banged it on Bunter and he tottered and squeaked.

"Ow! Beast! I say—wow—!"

Bob Cherry shot past him and vanished down the stairs. Mrs. Kebble's cat shot after Bob and vanished in turn. Billy Bunter blinked after both of them, with popping eyes.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bunter, "if he's had my biscuits—!"

He rolled hurriedly into the attic. How and why Bob Cherry had been shut in there, Billy Bunter neither knew nor cared. His whole concern was for the biscuits. With hurried fat hands, he dragged up the lid of the old box in which they were hidden. Then he gasped with relief. The bag of biscuits was still there—and it was still full! For whatever reason Bob had been in the attic, evidently the reason wasn't the biscuits! Billy Bunter's fat face registered relief and satisfaction. It was a happy fat Owl that squatted on the old box and devoured biscuits—far and safe from the gimlet eye of Mr. Quelch!

"**B**OB!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"You ass—you're late—"

"What the dickens—!"

"Hold on a tick while I change!" panted Bob Cherry. There was no time for explanations—Bob had arrived just as the footballers were going into the field.

"Buck up, then," said Harry.

"Won't be a tick!"

Bob was rather more than a "tick" changing: but not very much more. He lined up with the Greyfriars team and the kick-off was late only by a matter of minutes. And a little later, Skinner, coming down to the field to see how the Remove footballers were getting on without Bob, wondered whether he was dreaming as he beheld the Remove centre-half send the ball to Harry Wharton, who ran it on and put it in. Skinner gazed at the centre-half as if he fancied, for a moment or two, that it was the ghost of Bob Cherry!

Several fellows at Greyfriars were in luck that afternoon. Bob Cherry was lucky to play in the Highcliffe match after all and lend his vigorous aid in beating the visiting team. Skinner was lucky in escaping punishment for the trick he had played: for though Bob suspected him he could not feel sure enough to punch Skinner. But luckiest of all was Billy Bunter, at least in the opinion of the fattest member of the Greyfriars community—soccer victories were all very well in their way, but there were biscuits for Bunter.

More fun with Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars in next week's COMET.

**"VIKINGS OF THE SPACEWAYS"**  
A Story of Amazing Thrills amongst the Planets  
By PAUL FLOOD  
Starts in Next Week's Comet—  
**DON'T MISS IT!**

# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER



## The College Cads

It was a nice, fine afternoon and Jimmy Watson, his sister June and Tutty, the cat, were taking a walk along the wooded bank of the river.

"I say, isn't that Ned Bowes, the boat-man, calling to us?" said June suddenly.

"Yes, it is," said Jimmy, looking along the bank towards the boathouse. "We'd better see what he wants."

They quickened their pace and reached the boathouse. Ned Bowes, a kindly, brown-faced man who hired out the boats, said to them: "Would you youngsters like a row on the river?"

"Yes, we would," said June. "Only we have no money to pay for one."

"I don't want you to pay," chuckled Ned. "I want you to take a message to my missis, if you will? You know where we live?"

"Yes, it's that pretty little cottage about half a mile up the river," said June.

"That's right," nodded Ned. "Well, now, I'll let you have a boat and you can row up the river to the cottage and tell my wife that I'll not be in for tea. I've got a man coming to see about buying a boat, so I'll be staying on here until he comes. Will you tell her that?"

"Yes, we will," promised Jimmy. A few minutes later he and June and Tutty were rowing up the river, Jimmy at the oars.

"Gosh, isn't this grand?" he said happily.

"Yes, it's lovely," said June. "Are you enjoying it, Tutty?"

"You bet!" said Tutty. "It's ages since I've been in a boat."

He spoke in a human voice, for he was no ordinary cat. Far from it, in fact, for he was really an Egyptian Prince and he came from a long line of Wizard Princes.

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

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

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

"When we get round that bend just ahead there, Tutty, we'll be able to see the cottage," said June.

Jimmy rowed round the bend and they saw the pretty little cottage standing in a garden on the river bank. But they saw something else, as well, and that was a big rowing-boat full of boys coming down the river towards them.

The boys in the boat were very well-dressed and were skylarking about, their yells and laughter coming plainly to the ears of Jimmy, June and Tutty.

"It's a bunch of the St. Claud's College boys," said Jimmy, looking over his shoulder towards them.

"And what exactly might St. Claud's College be?" asked Tutty.

"It's a big private boarding school just near here," said June. "The boys who go there are very rich. At least, their parents are. Some of the boys are very nice, but some of them are the most terrible snobs they look down on people like Jimmy

and me just because we go to a Council School."

"Do they indeed?" said Tutty, taking a good stare at the approaching boat and its occupants. "I bet you and Jimmy are better than the whole lot of them put together. Do you think this bunch in the boat are some of the nice boys, or some of the snobs?"

"I don't know at all," said June. "Well, if you ask me," said Tutty, "I don't think they are very nice boys, the way they're shouting and yelling and fooling about."

He was perfectly right. For the bunch of St. Claudites in the boat were the worst snobs in the whole school. There were Percy Peke, Cyril Cluff, Algy de Vere, Horace Hake and Bertie Bassington and everyone of them was very rich indeed and thought himself no end of a Big Shot.

They had already espied Jimmy and June; and Percy Peke, a long-nosed, spotty-faced youth, had had a most brilliant idea.

"I say, here come a coupla of town kids!" he giggled. "Let's go bang right into them at full tilt and try to upset the grubby little beasts into the water, shall we?"

"Yes, let's!" tittered Cyril Cluff. "He! He! He! I bet the scruffy little cads can do with a jolly good wash, anyway!"

"I say, what do you think?" squealed Bertie Bassington in great delight. "They've got a cat in the boat with them. We must give him a wash, all right. He! He! He!"

"This is going to be good!" laughed Horace Hake merrily. "Wait until we get

trouble is, I can never do any magic when my whiskers are wet. It's queer, but there it is. Row for the bank, Jimmy, and I'll dry them on the grass, then I'll attend to those beauties!"

One of the oars had gone overboard. Jimmy fished it out of the water and started to row towards the bank to the jeers and yells of the merry St. Claudites.

The upset had happened nearly opposite Mr. and Mrs. Bowes' cottage garden, which came right down to the bank of the river, and as Jimmy rowed towards it, Mrs. Bowes cried:

"You poor things, you might have been drowned. I saw those wicked boys smash into you. I was in the garden and saw the whole thing. They did it on purpose. I'll get my husband to report it to the school. But come and get your things dried. You must be soaked to the skin!"

"Yes, we are," said June. "But we've got a message for you. That's what brought us along here."

As she walked up towards the cottage with Mrs. Bowes, she gave her her husband's message. Jimmy had lingered behind a few moments to moor the boat and Tutty was busily engaged in rubbing his head on the grass to dry his whiskers.

"There, they're dry enough now," he said. "So now I'll fix those rotters!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Jimmy, with interest.

"You'll see!" chuckled Tutty.

He stared fixedly along the river towards the boatload of St. Claudites and made a queer movement with one of his forepaws.



quite close to them, then we'll all pull together and go bang right into them as hard as we can!"

Thus it was arranged and with much laughter and merriment the hilarious St. Claudites got ready to carry out their plan. The gap between the two boats steadily closed, then at a sudden triumphant yell from Percy Peke at the tiller, his pals bent to their oars.

"Look out, Jimmy!" screamed June, as she saw the boat swerve and come tearing towards them.

But the warning, alas! came too late, for the St. Claudites' boat crashed into them with such terrific force that their boat turned half-over, flinging Jimmy, June and Tutty into the water.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared the delighted young gentlemen from St. Claud's, rocking with mirth as they backed water. "Ho! Ho! Ho! You should have brought some soap with you, then you could have had a proper wash. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Luckily both Jimmy and June could swim, for they went once a week with their school class to the town swimming baths.

Treading water, Jimmy grabbed the drenched and spluttering Tutty. Then waiting until June had clambered back into the boat, which had now righted itself, he handed Tutty up to her, then clambered aboard himself.

"Oh, the beasts!" cried June!

"They want a jolly good hiding, that's what they want!" declared Jimmy, angrily.

"Never mind!" said Tutty furiously. "Just wait until I get my whiskers dry and I'll settle that bunch, don't you worry. The

"But you'd better go and get your things dried."

"Yes," said Jimmy.

He ran up to the cottage where June was sitting wrapped in Mrs. Bowes' dressing-gown, her things hanging up to dry in front of a roaring fire.

"So here you are!" cried kindly Mrs. Bowes. "Get your wet things off and they'll dry along with June's. Here's a blanket to wrap yourself in and now I'll get you both a nice hot cup of tea."

She hustled away to make the tea and, as he quickly slipped off his soaking wet clothes, Jimmy told June what Tutty had done to the St. Claudites.

"What a marvellous idea!" she cried, laughing. "I bet they're frightened right out of their stupid lives."

She was perfectly right. For as the rowing-boat swooped and dived above the tree-tops, the sobbing Percy Peke and company were clinging to each other, sick with terror.

"Oh, d-d-dear, this is awful!" they blubbered.

"C-c-can't somebody stop it?"

But nobody could stop it. Nobody, that is, except Tutty and his magic. And Tutty, calmly stroking his whiskers was sitting watching them from Mrs. Bowes' garden.

Leaving the tree-tops, the rowing boat shot away in the direction of St. Claude's College and great was the excitement and amazement of boys and masters on the ground below as the boat circled, dived and swooped above the chimney pots.

Leaving the college, the rowing boat shot away across country and took its terrified, howling crew for a nice cruise round.

At length, however, it turned and headed back towards Mrs. Bowes' cottage. Not far from the cottage was a stretch of oozy, squelchy bog. The boat swooped very low over this bog, stopped dead in mid-air, hung motionless for a few moments, then slowly overturned.

And as it overturned, of course, its howling, terrified occupants fell out. And, oh, what horrid, sickening squelches there were as they plopped heavily down into the black and sticky ooze.

By the time they had managed to crawl out they were covered from head to foot in ooze and mud and horrid green slime.

In order to get to the college they had to pass Mrs. Bowes' cottage. As they approached the cottage, they saw Jimmy and June and Tutty standing at the door watching them. For by that time Jimmy's and June's clothes were completely dry, thanks to a little magic on Tutty's part, and they had put them on.

"Look!" croaked Percy Peke. "There's those beastly kids we put in the river!"

"And our boat took off into the air right away after that," cried Bertie Bassington. "I wonder if, somehow or other, the little cads had something to do with that?"

"I dunno, but they're laughing at us!" cried Horace Hake furiously. "They're laughing fit to split. Let's scrag 'em!"

They broke into a run and, covered with mud and ooze as they were, they looked for all the world like a horrid horde of charging blackamoors.

They meant to grab Jimmy and June and give them a bashing. But as they reached the gate of the cottage they found that another astonishing thing had happened to them. For, try as they would, they could neither turn nor stop running.

It was as though some mysterious power had taken charge of their legs, and, bellowing with rage and fright, they pelted on past the cottage and on and on until they reached the college.

And they didn't even stop running then, for, with the mysterious power still in control of their legs they rushed indoors, pelted up the stairs, burst into their dormitory and leapt into bed, just as they were, covered all over with ooze and mud and horrid green slime.

The headmaster had much to say about that. Their crimes that afternoon were many. At least, the headmaster said so.

The result was that each one of them got the worst caning he had ever had in his life before and the whole bunch found themselves gated for the rest of the term.

And what made them more mad and more puzzled than ever was a mysterious voice which yelled out in their dormitory in the middle of that night:

"AND YOU'LL GET A WORSE PACKET THAN THAT IF YOU UPSET ANY MORE KIDS INTO THE RIVER!"

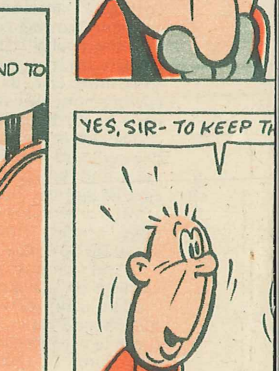
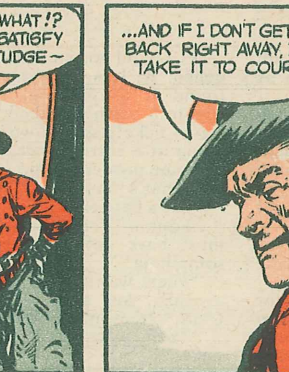
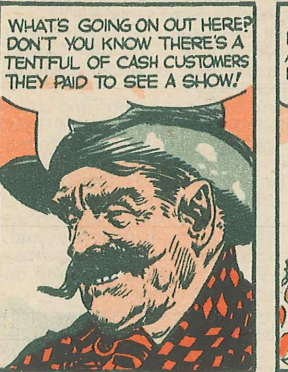
They never dreamt that the voice was Tutty's, for by the time they had got up and put the light on, Tutty had slipped out. More fun and thrills with Jimmy, June and Tutty in next week's "COMET."



# RUSTY RILEY



Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. Rusty chums up with Fatty, the daughter of Quentin Miles. Satan, a bad-tempered horse from a nearby carnival, causes trouble, but pals up with Flip, Rusty's dog. Charley, one of the showmen, has him clipped like a French poodle and dyed black, then works out a new act. Suspicious, Rusty gets a job at the Carnival as a clown. He recognises Flip in the ring and calls to him. This ruins Charley's act and Charley goes after Rusty. But Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles' trainer, bars the way.



# Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW

FROM THE COW  
BIRD?  
ER-COWSKIN,  
SIR?



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Hawkeye, an Indian, but Kit and his friends outwit him and set out once more on the treasure trail. They come to a strange city inhabited by men of a bygone age who hurl them into an arena. Kit overcomes the wild bull sent to attack them, and demands their freedom!

THEY HAVE SAVED THEIR LIVES BY DEFEATING THE BULL, BUT THEY MUST WORK FOR US! DISARM THEM AND PUT THEM WITH THE INDIAN SLAVES!



SURROUNDED BY GUARDS KIT AND JOHNNY LOSE THEIR GUNS AND THE GOLDEN ARROW. THEY ARE SET TO DIGGING UNDER THE BURNING SUN WHILE WHITE DOVE IS TAKEN TO HELP THE INDIAN WOMEN WITH THE COOKING.

WORK, STRANGER, OR YOU WILL FEEL THE LASH! WE HAVE SEVERAL NEW WELLS TO DIG.

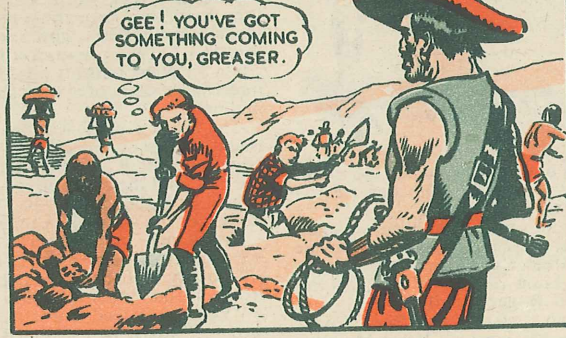
TAKE IT EASY, JOHNNY! OUR TURN WILL COME.



HIDE! HIDE!



SO KIT AND JOHNNY TOIL WITH THE INDIAN SLAVES.



GEE! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING COMING TO YOU, GREASER.

THEN KIT SEES ONE OF THE INDIANS STUMBLE AND FALL.



WHITE DOVE HURRIES TOWARDS THE INDIAN WITH A PANNIKIN OF WATER.



DRINK THIS. YOU WILL SOON FEEL BETTER.

STAND AWAY FROM THAT LAZY INDIAN DOG!

WHATEVER IS THE MATTER, BOYS?



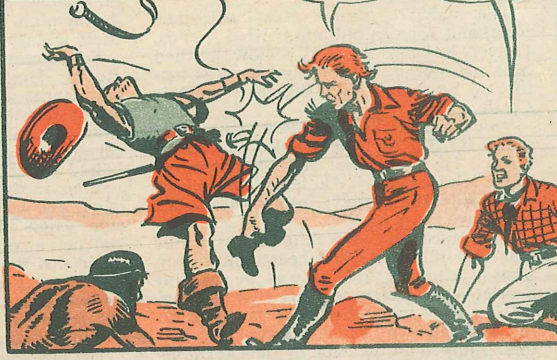
BACK TO WORK - ALL OF YOU!



THE GUARD RAISES HIS WHIP...



BUT KIT CARSON WILL STAND NO MORE.



HOLD THAT, YOU RAT!

NICE WORK, KIT!

AND ME - I SAID SIDES!



BUT MORE GUARDS HURRY TO THE SCENE AND KIT AND HIS CHUMS ARE OVERWHELMED.



THEY ARE MARCHED THROUGH THE CITY.



TO THE DUNGEONS WITH THE DOGS!

KIT IS CALLED ME THE MAIN FOR COWHIDE!



FLING THEM IN, COMRADES!



THEIR WRISTS ARE UNBOUND AND THEY ARE FLUNG INTO THE DUNGEON.



THERE YOU SHALL STAY UNTIL OUR COMMANDER SAYS WHAT YOUR TORTURE SHALL BE.

WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE, JOHNNY! BY MORNING WE MUST BE GONE!



THINGS LOOK BLACK FOR THE CHUMS, BUT KIT IS NOT DISHEARTENED.

WE COW TOGETHER!



Triumph

"COME hither!—Come hither!—come hither!" the hunting-horn seemed to say, as its notes went swirling through the forest. Taking it from his lips young Sir Nigel Wayne waited anxiously for the reply.

He knew that the situation was desperate. The king had gone to Dale Castle, where Sir Roger Moxton, the Black Knight, had set a trap to kill him. Nigel, with his friend Joan, a woodcutter's niece, had been through desperate adventures to try to reach His Majesty in time to warn him, and now it seemed that they were too late.

They looked grimly at one another as they stood in the forest, tired and battered, but still determined.

And then, from the distance came an answering blast on a horn, followed by others. Robin Hood and his Merry Men, who had already helped the daring pair, were proving true to their promise and were gathering at the call of the horn that Robin himself had given to Nigel. Surely, with the help of the bold outlaws of Sherwood, the king might yet be saved!

"They come!" breathed Joan, her eyes shining.

And true enough a rustling began to sound in the trees. The green tops swayed, almost as though a strong wind stirred them. The noise and the stirring grew, and then green-coated men came pouring thick and fast into the clearing where the young knight and the girl waited. Faster and faster they came, an army in Lincoln green, with great long-bows and mighty quarter-staves.

Nigel stared. He had not realized that Robin Hood had so great a following. His hopes began to rise.

And then appeared a small group—a fat friar, who had his cassock tucked up and ran as fleetly as any of them; a great, bearded giant, who towered above all the others; and a gay, flaxen-haired man in brilliant scarlet—and with these lieutenants, Robin Hood himself!

The stalwart outlaw chief welcomed Nigel and Joan as old and trusted friends. Gravely he heard the story of how they had been arrested at Lincoln and used as bait to trap him while the king went to Dale Castle.

"Sir Roger tricks His Majesty with a tale that I lie sick at Dale Castle," explained Nigel. "He knows that my father was one of the King's favourite knights, and so uses me to lure His Majesty into the trap. We must save the King!"

"We must indeed, young knight! But fear not—there are brave hearts and strong arms here for the task!" It was the gay Will Scarlet who interrupted, his eyes flashing. "For the King!" shouted Friar Tuck, so full of excitement that he choked and had to be slapped on the back by the enormous Little John, which left the good priest speechless with fury and gasping like a fish.

Meanwhile, from more than two hundred throats went up the roar—

"For the King! For Richard and England!"

But Robin Hood raised his hand for silence.

"The King will be taking the main road, so that it will take him long to reach Dale Castle," he said. "We who know all the short cuts through the forest have time to get ahead and stop the King's company on the road—"

But Joan interrupted.

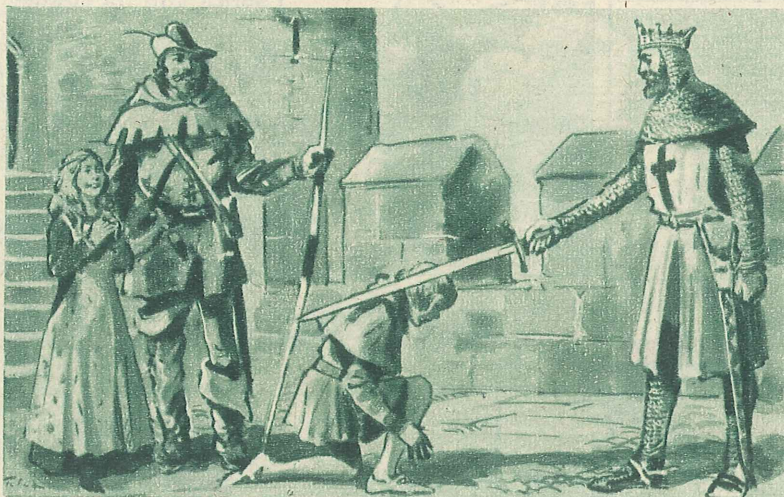
"Please, bold Sir Outlaw," she cried, "I have a plan. With His Majesty will travel men belonging to the Black Knight, and they will fight if anybody tries to stop the King going to Dale. Brave men will be hurt, perhaps killed. Let me, I beg of you, try first to reach the King's ear without any bloodshed."

"That would indeed be best, for I have no wish to lose any of my men," said Robin Hood. "But how think you to reach

# YOUNG SIR NIGEL

A Grand Story of Thrilling Adventures with Robin Hood

BY REX HARDINGE



the King, little maid?"

"With him are many knights," replied the girl, "all of whom are vowed to rescue a damsel in distress. If I could get ahead of the King's party and be found in such a state that I needed rescue, some knights would come to my aid, and I am certain that King Richard would insist that I be taken to him to tell my story. Then can I warn him!"

"Bravely said, and wisely planned!" declared Robin Hood.

But Nigel protested that Joan was taking all the risk. Still he saw the wisdom of her daring plan. It might save many lives. And there was no time to argue, anyway.

So horses were fetched. Joan, Nigel, Robin Hood, and the three faithful lieutenants all mounted and rode fast by secret forest paths, with the result that when the King and his party came to a certain stretch of road, the cavalcade was halted by screams in a girl's voice.

Joan, in the battered remains of her fine silk dress, was bound to a tree by the roadside. High in the upper branches Nigel watched anxiously.

He saw the King's cavalcade approaching, a magnificent array of knights in glittering armour, with their pages and men-at-arms, their gay pennants flying in the wind behind the royal standard.

He saw the King, a magnificent figure, with the red cross of St. George flaring across his surcoat, and alongside His Majesty was a knight in black armour—Sir Roger Moxton!

And Nigel's keen eyes also recognised many men in the cavalcade as belonging to the Black Knight. How right Joan had been! Sir Roger had a strong force with him, and would fight if any attempt were made openly to reach the King! The saving of many brave lives now depended on Joan.

She screamed again.

Nigel heard a shout of command and saw the cavalcade come to a stop. Evidently there was some argument. He saw Sir Roger waving his arm, obviously urging the riders on.

"Again, Joan!" called Nigel down the tree.

Her scream this time even startled him. And then two knights, wearing the King's crest, broke away from the rest and came galloping forward, their swords flashing as they drew them.

They reined up under the tree, and one of them sprang down.

"Why, 'tis but a little maid," he cried. "What ails you, child? Who has treated you in this way?"

Joan burst into tears, and Nigel watched the knight cut away the ropes and raise her gently to her feet. But the boy realised that success still hung in the balance, for he could hear Sir Roger shouting—

"There is no time to waste, Sire. Young Nigel Wayne has need of Your Majesty, and we must hasten if we are to reach him in time. Let these twain deal with this maid."

The King seemed to hesitate, but then Joan screamed again—

"The King!—is that the King! Oh, Your Majesty, save me!"

Right under the tree the King rode and smiled down at Joan.

"'Tis indeed a small damsel in distress," he said gravely.

But, even as she curtsied before him, Joan cried out—"Your Majesty—there is danger at Dale Castle! The Black Knight sets a trap for you. Sir Nigel Wayne lies not there—"

The cry was cut short, for Sir Roger galloped forward.

"'Tis the mad child!" he shouted. "Pay no heed to her, Sire! She goes about the country making trouble with her lies. She should be whipped."

But Nigel knew that his moment had come. He dropped from the tree.

"She does not lie, Sire," he cried. "Nigel Wayne is not ill at Dale, for I am here!—Look, Your Majesty, at my face—they say I am the image of my father!"

The King looked keenly into the boy's face.

"This rascal is the girl's companion—another wandering lunatic—" shouted Sir Roger.

But the words died in his throat, for Nigel raised his hand in a sweeping gesture, and a roar went up from the King's knights, for they knew that sign—the Wayne salute!

"'Tis indeed a Wayne—and I recognise his father in his face," exclaimed the King. "What brings you here like this, young Sir Nigel?"

"To warn you of a plot against your life, Sire," said Nigel breathlessly. "Sir Roger Moxton schemes only to get you to Dale Castle to destroy you. That is why he spreads the lie that I am ill. Ask him to explain how I can be here if I am so ill?—Look at his face, Sire! See the guilt!"

The King swung round on the Black Knight, and then a startled cry went up, for Sir Roger swung his great sword, and the King was at his mercy.

It seemed that nobody could move in time, although Joan and Nigel both sprang together. The glittering blade swung high—

And then there sounded a twang from the trees, and the Black Knight's blade went crashing from his grip, as an arrow sped with unerring aim and found the gap in his armour where the shoulder-piece was fitted.

With a curse he almost fell from his horse, his right arm useless.

Another startled cry sounded from the King's followers, for, out of every tree it seemed, dropped a rough-looking man in Lincoln green. And every man had a bow in his hand, and from every taut bowstring an arrow pointed at the Black Knight and his followers.

"What means this?" demanded the King. "That the young knight, Sir Nigel Wayne, is not alone, Sire," said Robin Hood, striding forward and doffing his hat as he swept a low bow. "He has friends who back every word that he says, for they know the brave effort he has made to reach Your Majesty with a warning about this trap. Let every man sit still in his saddle while Sir Nigel tells his tale. If any dare to interrupt, a score of arrows shall teach him manners!"

The Black Knight was beaten. He realised it. He sat slumped in the saddle, while Nigel told the King all about overhearing the plot, and the adventures he and Joan—helped by Robin Hood—had had in trying to deliver the warning in time.

The King's men gathered round, their eyes filled with admiration as they listened, all looking at the two young people with Robin Hood standing beside them.

"You are indeed a worthy son of your father—" the King exclaimed.

He broke off and swung round, as did the others. But they were too late. The attention of Robin Hood's followers had also become fixed on Nigel for a fatal moment, and Sir Roger snatched his chance.

He lunged out suddenly with a dagger in his left hand, but it was at neither King nor Nigel that he struck. He jabbed the blade at the horse of a nearby rider.

The animal reared up, his flailing hooves spreading confusion among other mounts, which also pranced wildly. And in the confusion Sir Roger sprawled low in the saddle and sent his horse galloping into the shelter of the woods.

After him went the men in green, followed by knights when they managed to control their frightened horses, but the King gave an order to his trumpeter to call them back.

"Let him go for now," he decided. "He will ride to Dale Castle, where the other plotters will be gathered. Who will go with me to destroy this nest of traitorous rats?"

The answer was a mighty roar, and above the loyal cries of the King's men sounded the eager voices of the outlaws of Sherwood. Robin Hood signalled to his lieutenants, and together with him, Little John, Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet stepped forward and went down on one knee before the King.

"Sire, I speak for all my men," said Robin. "We are King's men, even though they call us outlaws. 'Twill take too long to gather a force of your own men to attack Dale. Take us and the castle will be yours before another day dawns!"

The King's eyes shone as he held out his hand.

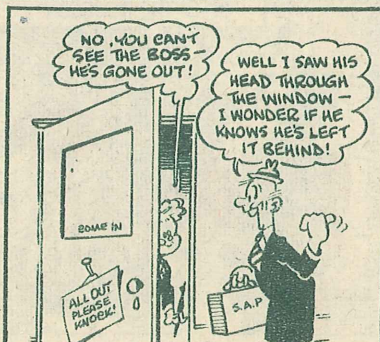
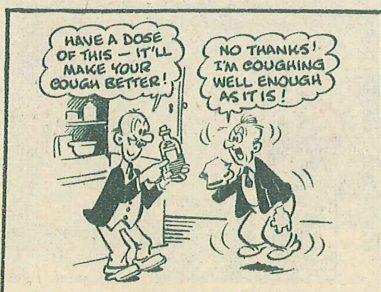
"Mount and ride beside me, Robin of Lincoln, so that we may make council-of-war as we go," he ordered.

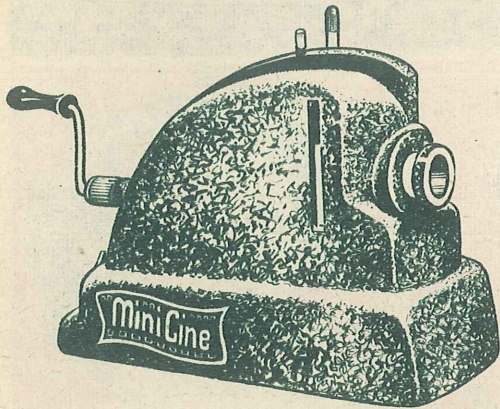
But he paused as he was turning his horse, and looked at Nigel and Joan.

"Victory will be due to you," he declared, seeing the disappointment in their

(Continued on opposite page)

## CHUCKLE CORNER





# WIN A HOME CINEMA!

**5 SUPER MINECINES**  
**25 GRAND PAINT BOXES**  
—just for colouring this picture!

Here's something new in prizes, pals! For each of the five best entries in our great new competition we're offering a complete *MineCine* outfit in a handsome presentation case. These fine new projectors are really something! Fine clear moving pictures, just by turning the handle, and scores of films to choose from! Six complete films go with each prize *MineCine*—extra titles are available, both in black and white and full colour. Sport, science, travel, fairy stories—you can see them all with your own home cinema! What's more, the films themselves are made by a special process, so that they give you a full five minutes film. Even if you have no electric light you can still enjoy your *MineCine*, because it works equally well on batteries. How do you enter for one of these smashing prizes? Simply by colouring the Kit Carson picture here! Just colour the outline as nicely as you can, using either paints or crayons. You'll find you'll do better work if you cut out the picture and coupon in one and stick them on to a postcard or piece of stiff paper, letting it dry before you start work. Fill in the coupon in ink, make sure that you have your effort signed as your own unaided work, then send in to:

Kit Carson Painting,  
The Comet, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.).

to arrive by Tuesday, 30th January, 1951.  
Now get busy right away and see what you can do about winning a *MineCine*! And remember—there are TWENTY-FIVE grand paint boxes for runners-up as well!  
This competition is open to all under 16's living in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and the Channel Isles, and the prizes will be awarded for the best entries according to age. The Editor's decision will be final, of course.



This colouring is entirely my own work.

Name..... Age.....

Address .....

Certified ..... Parent or Guardian

## YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from opposite page)

eyes at the thought of missing the finish, "and it is right that you should witness it. Will you ride at my right hand, Sir Nigel Wayne?"—and take the maid up behind you, for she has well earned her place in our company!

So Nigel and Joan rode beside King Richard as the cavalcade swept on to Dale. And, although he gave orders for them to be guarded and kept from the danger of the battle, there was no holding them back. With one of Joan's hands holding to his belt and the other wielding a stirrup-iron as a weapon, the young knight rode in the forefront of the charge the King's knights made on the great gate of Dale.

Sir Roger had arrived home and arranged the defence, but there was no beating off the attack. No man could man the walls, for from every vantage point Robin Hood's archers poured a deadly stream of arrows that never missed their mark and drove the defenders to take shelter.

And when the charge was made, every knight carried behind his saddle an outlaw in Lincoln green, with others running to each side, holding to the stirrups. And it

was Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, and Little John and Will Scarlet, who flung themselves into the moat and swam across, to scale the walls, overpower the guards, and lower the drawbridge.

The battle ended with the surrender of the plotters, every one of whom was caught and rounded up.

"This is more than a great victory," declared the King, standing on the battlements, with his knights around him, and Robin Hood's men gathered on every wall and bastion. "It means peace to this corner of my kingdom. For—" he laid his sword lightly on Nigel's shoulder—"Sir Nigel Wayne, I make you Lord of Dale!"

He raised his hand to stop the roar of applause.

"You are young, Sir Nigel," he went on, "but I know you will control this corner of England wisely and well, with the aid—"

The King smiled as he laid his other hand on Joan's shoulder and looked across at Robin Hood.

"With the aid of such gallant comrades!" he concluded.

Did you like this story chums! A new thrilling story begins next week—VIKINGS OF THE SPACEWAYS—packed with space adventure! Don't miss it!

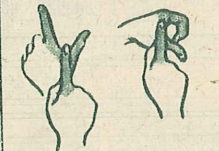
land, Liverpool, 21. Sixteen. Film stars, football. Marion Drury, 18 Milford Junction, South Milford, nr. Leeds. Sixteen. Sport. Peter Burnett, 19 Gravelly Hill, Erdington, Birmingham, 24. Thirteen. Football. Joan Haines, 41 Godric Road, Shiregreen, Sheffield, 5. Ten. Reading, dancing. John Small, 38 Mary Street, Belfast, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Film stars, cycling, swimming. Peter Bowie, 66 Eastbury Grove, Chiswick, London, W.4. Thirteen. Meccano. Norman Cook, 21 Holly Road, Chiswick, London, W.4. Nine. Football. Austin Angus, 531 North Anderson Drive, Aberdeen, Scotland. Fifteen. Hiking. Ann Rowles, 23 Abyssinia Road, Batterssea, S.W.11. Twelve. Swimming, cycling. Derek Towers, 25, Charles Street, North Road, Darlington, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Stamps, reading. Jean Morgan, 1 River View, Whitwood Mere, Castleford, Yorks. Twelve. Arts and crafts. Dorothy Hinchley, 36 Norlocote Road, Hill Top, Nuneaton, Warwickshire. Thirteen. Sport, stories.

"DOPEY SMITH" gives the YR secret sign and gets his GOALIE'S badge



### HOW TO GIVE THE YR SECRET SIGN

To show you are a keen collector of Y.R. Badges, always give the Y.R. Secret Sign



First, the Y Then, the R

When you've got a set of 12 Badges—a complete Eleven, plus a Captain's or Vice-Captain's Badge—send for your Y.R. STAR.

Write on a sheet of paper your name and address and state your favourite team position. Enclose with the 12 badges in a box or stout envelope, stamp with a 3d. stamp, and post to Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Dept. No. 8, Sovereign Street, Leeds.

This offer does not apply to Eire.

## DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

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

### CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

FROM THIS LIST

Joseph McConnel, Wesley Place, Audville, Nenagh, Co. Tipp. Eire. Fifteen. Cycling, football. Marion Mitchell, 35 Providence Street, Batley, Yorks. Thirteen. Swimming. Rita Wilkinson, 14 Ackworth Street, West Bowling, Bradford, Yorks. Thirteen. Art, cycling, piano. Jean Atkinson, "Burnleu," Houghton Road, Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham. Thirteen. Films. Ethel Lee, 112 Conway Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire. Eleven. Painting. Mary Poynter, 20 Fox Grove, Godmanchester, Hunts. Thirteen. Sewing, swimming. Norman Elliot, 4 Ismay Road, Lither-

Are you collecting the Y.R. Footballer's Badges? One is given FREE with every bottle of Y.R. Sauce. For the complete set of 12, we send you the Y.R. Star in shining chromium, plus your favourite team position badge. Keen footballers will wear both. Swop your duplicates only with boys who give the correct Y.R. Secret Sign. Y.R. Sauce makes meals more tasty. Ask mother to buy it always.

YR SAUCE made by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO. LTD., LEEDS



THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



ALAN LADD (Paramount)



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (Paramount)



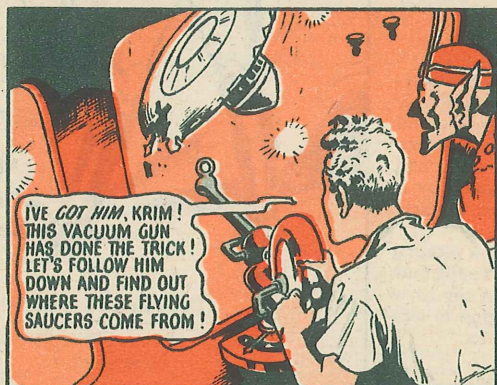
GARY COOPER (Warner Bros.)



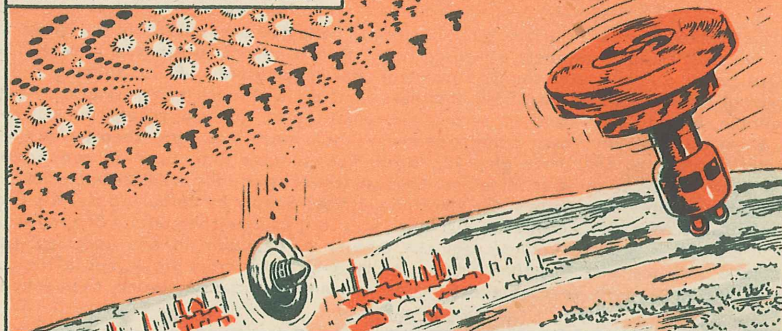
BARBARA HALE (Columbia)

DON DEEDS

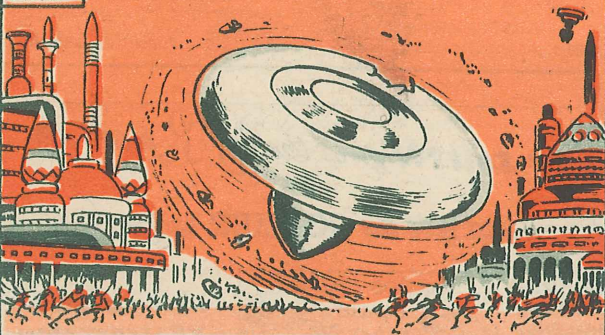
Don Deeds and his Martian friend, Krim, lead the Martian airmen in their battle against the invading flying saucers. Don shoots down the enemy Commander!



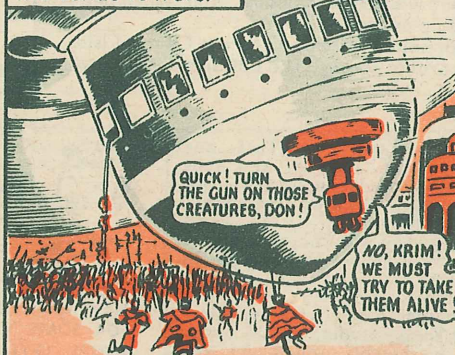
KRIM'S AIR FLEET CHASES THE INVADING AIRCRAFT AWAY WHILE DON'S MACHINE DROPS DOWN AFTER THE DAMAGED SAUCER...



SPINNING FURIOUSLY, THE SAUCER LANDS IN THE GREAT SQUARE OF INNUL...



...AND COMES TO A STOP...



KRIM'S MACHINE LANDS AND DON RACES ROUND TO TAKE THE QUEER CREATURES IN THE REAR...



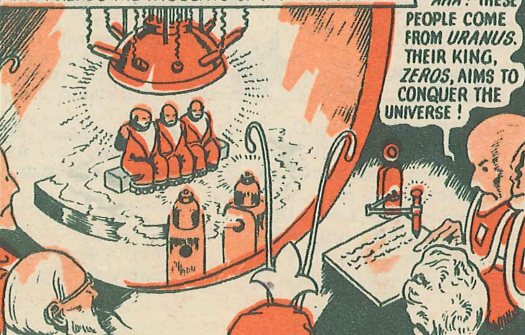
MEANWHILE, KRIM, HIS RAY GUN AT THE READY, ADVANCES FROM THE FRONT...



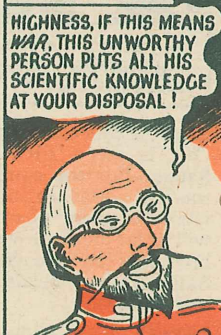
BUT THE MYSTERIOUS INVADERS ARE COWED BY KRIM'S RAY GUN, AND PUT UP NO MORE FIGHT. HOO SUNG AND TWO IRON MEN ARRIVE...



LATER, IN THE GREAT PRISON OF INNUL, THE MARTIAN PROFESSOR KRUM READS THE THOUGHTS OF THE PRISONERS...



HOO SUNG SPEAKS OUT TO EMPEROR ALPHAR...



THEN KRIM SPEAKS UP...



BUT DON HAS A BRAIN-WAVE...



ALPHAR REPLIES...

