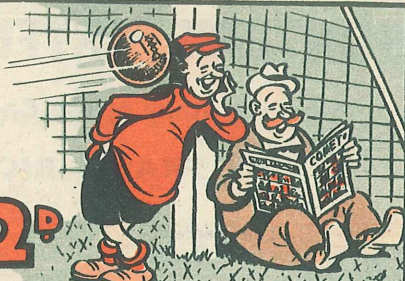
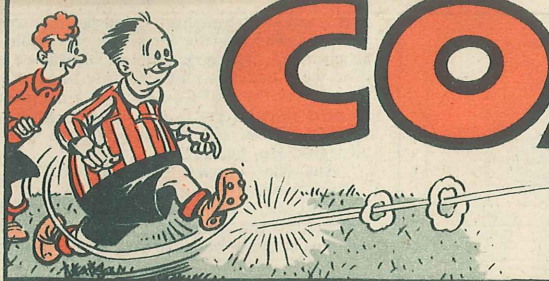


# COMET

## COMIC 2<sup>d</sup>

EVERY THURSDAY

No. 129  
(New Series)  
Jan. 6, 1951



### POOCHIE

I DON'T LIKE GOING DANCING 'COS OF MY BIG NOSE ISN'T IT A SHAME, EH?

IDEA!

**FANCY DRESS BALL**  
TONIGHT!  
MASKS AND FUNNY NOSES MUST BE WORN  
ADMISS 45<sup>d</sup>

YOU'RE GOING TO A DANCE TONIGHT, SIR!

TICKET FOR THE BALL!

OH NO! NO! NO! NO NO NO

IT'S A SPECIAL DANCE, EVERYBODY WEARS A MASK OR FALSE NOSE, SO I'LL PAINT YOURS SO'S THEY'LL THINK IT'S FALSE!

HELLO POOCHIE! I'M HAVING A MARVELLOUS TIME

WILL EVERYONE KINDLY REMOVE THEIR MASKS AND THINGS NOW

WON'T HE REMOVE IT?

AW COME ON! TAKE IT OFF - DO!

BONK

OK, THEN - I'LL PULL IT OFF!

NOW IT'S NOT ONLY BIG - IT'S TENDER!

### SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

GUESS THAT'LL BE SHERIFF TO RELIEVE ME FROM GUARDING THIS GOLD

GOLD

GUARD

KNOCK KNOCK

SPLASH!

TCHAH! THOSE RASCALS WON'T CATCH ME AGAIN!

HEH! HEH! I KNOW THE GOLD'S IN HERE - I'LL TAKE SHORTY BY SURPRISE!

GOSH! SPLASH

GEE, I'VE CAUGHT GUS THE GOLD GRABBER! - THANKS TO THOSE KIDS AND THEIR SNOWBALLS - I MUST REWARD THEM!

HEY! KIDS!



# JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

A Super Story of Fun and Thrills

BY GEORGE E. ROCHESTER



## The Free Pass

JIMMY WATSON and his sister June had washed up the tea things and were putting their coats on.

"Hallo, where are you two off to?" asked Tutty, the cat.

"We're going to the pictures, Tutty," said June. "Old Mrs. Hobbs, the news-agent, gets a free pass for showing the cinema posters in her shop and this week she's given it to Jimmy and me."

"That was nice of her," said Tutty. "I think I'll go with you."

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 powers that would change Tutty from a cat back again to his proper self. 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.

"It's ages since I've been to the pictures," he said. "In fact, I've never been since that beastly old Ur-huh changed me into a cat, and I'd like to see a decent film, if you'll let me come with you."

"Yes, of course we will," cried June. "And, being a Prince and not an ordinary cat, you'll be able to understand the pictures all right."

"Yes, but how are we going to smuggle Tutty in?" asked Jimmy. "If the doorman sees him, I bet he won't let him in."

"He won't see me," said Tutty. "I can make myself invisible, can't I?"

"Oh, yes, of course you can," said Jimmy, for by means of his magic, Tutty often made himself invisible.

"And it's not as though Tutty's taking up a seat," said June. "He can sit on my knee and, if he can't see from there, I'll hold him in my arms."

"Don't you worry about me," said Tutty. "I'll see all right once I get in. Come on!"

They set off for the cinema and they soon reached the brightly-lighted entrance. As they did so, Tutty made himself invisible, but Jimmy and June knew that he was still with them.

"Have you got the pass, Jimmy?" asked June.

"Yes, here it is!" said Jimmy, taking it from his pocket.

Next moment, however, he gave a cry of dismay. For the pass had been snatched from his hand by a big, puddingy-faced boy named Basil Bloggs.

"You don't want this, you little twerp!" guffawed Basil Bloggs, who was one of the worst bullies in the town. "Let's have a look at it. Oh, good! It says 'Admit Two'. That's you and me, Charlie," cried he, turning to his pal, Charlie Clegg, who was as big a bully as himself.

"Give me that pass back, you big sneak!" cried Jimmy hotly, striving in vain to grab back the pass from Basil Bloggs.

"You run away and play!" guffawed Basil Bloggs, giving him a push which sent him staggering. "Charlie and me's

going to use this pass. Come on, Charlie!" Laughing triumphantly, the hilarious pair marched into the cinema and vanished through one of the swing doors.

"Well, of all the cheek!" gasped June in distress. "Fancy them stealing our pass like that. I wonder if Tutty saw them do it? He might have done something—"

"I could have done dozens of things to stop them!" chuckled Tutty, who certainly could by means of his magic. "And I have done something. Just wait a few seconds."

Inside the cinema, Basil Bloggs was handing the pass to one of the usherettes. But the moment the girl took it, it changed in her hand from a small, thin pass to a dead mouse. The girl shone her torch on it, then let out a scream.

"EEE-EEE!" she screamed, dropping the mouse. "EEE-EEE-EEEE!"

A couple of burly commissionaires came rushing to the scene and so did quite a number of gentlemen among the audience. "What is it?" they cried in the greatest of alarm.

The trembling girl told them. "That horrible boy there put a dead mouse in my hand instead of a ticket!" she cried, pointing an accusing finger at Basil Bloggs.

"No, I didn't!" cried the bully. "I gave you a pass to admit two—"

"No, you didn't, it was a mouse!" screamed the girl.

"No, it wasn't!" roared Basil Bloggs.

By this time the whole place was in an uproar and the angry and agitated manager arrived on the scene at a gallop.

"It was a mouse!" bawled one of the

"I could if that big fat man wasn't sitting right in front of me," muttered Tutty. "But I'll soon fix that."

He made a queer movement with one of his paws. As he did so, an astonishing thing happened. At least, it was very astonishing for the fat man, who was sitting right in front of Tutty. For, without the slightest warning, that gentleman suddenly felt himself being whisked from his seat and, before he quite knew what had happened, he had been dumped down in another seat a few rows away.

"B-b-bless my soul, how did that happen?" he gasped.

"Sss-ssh!" said everyone around him, for they wanted to listen to the talkie as well as watch it.

So the fat gentleman shushed and was silent, but to this day he doesn't know how he came to change his seat so swiftly and mysteriously.

"Can you see now, Tutty?" asked June, as Tutty sat up and made himself comfortable in her lap.

"Yes, fine thanks," said Tutty. "But feel in your coat pocket."

"What for?" asked June.

"You'll see," chuckled Tutty.

June put her hand in her pocket and what she found there was a big bag full of lovely sweets.

"Oh, thank you very much indeed, Tutty," she whispered, giving him an affectionate little stroke. "How lovely of you."

"You're welcome," said Tutty. "Now let's enjoy the picture."



commissionaires, who had been shining the beam of his torch about the floor. "Here it is!"

He stooped and picked up the dead mouse and showed it to the manager and to everybody else standing there.

"Beastly little ruffians, playing a trick like that!" cried the manager furiously, glowering at Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg. "This is the last time they'll ever set foot inside this cinema. They'll not be admitted again!" Then he said to the burly commissionaires: "All right, throw them out!"

The two men pounced on Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg and, despite their yells and struggles, the two bullies were propelled roughly from the cinema and flung out into the street.

Jimmy, June and the invisible Tutty, standing in the entrance, saw all this happen, and the mirthful voice of Tutty explained to Jimmy and June about how he had changed the pass into a dead mouse.

"Yes, but we can't get in now," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes, we can," said Tutty. "Feel in your pocket!"

Jimmy did so and, lo and behold, there was another pass in there.

"Oh, thanks awfully, Tutty!" cried June, for she knew that the new pass had been produced by Tutty's magic. "Come on, let's go in!"

Inside the cinema the uproar was subsiding and the audience was settling down again to enjoy the pictures. Jimmy and June got two good seats and June felt the invisible Tutty jump on to her knee.

"Can you see, Tutty?" she whispered.

They reached the dark and narrow lane and had got half-way along it when, with a rush, the two bullies closed on them and grabbed Jimmy by the arms.

"Now, you little beast, you're going to get the bashing of your life and no bloomin' error!" cried Basil Bloggs savagely. "I'll learn you not to play your nasty, sneaky tricks on me!"

Next instant, however, he got the shock of his life. For something which felt like a bony hand grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and yanked him right up into the night. Charlie Clegg had been similarly treated and the two terrified bullies discovered to their horror that the thing which had grabbed them and was holding them suspended high above the ground was a tree.

One of the boughs had bent down just like an arm and the twigs, like bony hands, had seized them.

"Help—mother—let us down—help!" they howled, kicking frantically in mid-air, for like all bullies they were real cowards at heart.

"Perhaps that will teach you not to hit Jimmy!" cried June, peering up at them through the darkness.

"Help—mother—help!" howled the hapless bullies, kicking and struggling more frantically than ever.

Now the tree that had hold of them was a laburnum tree and it stood in the little back garden of the house of Mr. Twist, the pawnbroker. And the one thing which Mr. Twist had a perfect horror of was burglars. In fact, he was so scared of burglars that he had burglar alarms all over the house and, on top of that, he always kept an old-fashioned musket fully loaded.

At the moment he was sitting in his kitchen having his supper, for he lived all by himself, so you can imagine his fright and alarm when from somewhere upstairs there came a sudden terrific crash of breaking glass followed a moment later by another terrific crash of more glass being broken.

"Burglars!" cried Mr. Twist, leaping to his feet and grabbing his old-fashioned musket from the corner in which it stood.

But it wasn't burglars. It was Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg, who had been slung through a couple of upstairs windows by the laburnum tree.

With one great heave of its bough the tree had sent the wretched and terrified Basil Bloggs crashing through the window, then a second heave had sent his pal Charlie Clegg flying after him to crash through another window.

By the time the terrified pair had picked themselves up, Mr. Twist had rushed out of the house at the front and was firing off his musket with a terrible bang and bawling, "Burglars, burglars!" at the very top of his voice.

Added to that, nearly every burglar alarm in the house was ringing frantically and you never heard such a din. So it is small wonder that, within a very few seconds, a couple of police cars came racing up to the house and out jumped quite a swarm of bobbies.

They rushed into the house followed by the alarmed and excited Mr. Twist. Within a very few minutes they reappeared with the sobbing Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg in their grip.

"We're not bur-bur-burglars," blubbered the wretched pair. "The tur-tur-tree chucked us in through the window!"

"That's a likely story, that is!" jeered one of the bobbies. "You'll have to think of a better yarn than that, my lads!"

But the miserable pair couldn't think of a better yarn. When they appeared in court in front of the magistrates the next day they swore desperately that the tree had snatched them up and heaved them through the window.

The magistrates could see that there was something very queer about the affair, because how could Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg have come crashing in through the upstairs windows if they hadn't been thrown through them?

So the magistrates dismissed the case, but they made Basil Bloggs and Charlie Clegg pay for the broken windows, which meant that the luckless pair didn't have any pocket money for quite a few weeks.

But for a long time after that they gave Jimmy a very wide berth in case he played some more of his tricks on them.

"If only they knew it was you, Tutty," chuckled June. "But nobody knows that except us three."

"And nobody is going to know, either," said Tutty.

More fun, next week, with Jimmy, June and Tutty. Make sure of your COMET!



# RUSTY RILEY



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

PATTY, I DON'T CARE WHAT THAT DETECTIVE SAID... I STILL THINK THAT MAN, CHARLEY, AT THE CARNIVAL TOOK FLIP!

JEEPERS! YOU DO? REALLY?

I SURE DO... HE WANTED FLIP AWFUL BAD, BECAUSE HE TAMED THAT WILD STALLION!

I REMEMBER! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE HE STOLE FLIP WHEN YOU WOULDN'T SELL!

THE CARNIVAL HAS NOW MOVED TO A SPOT NEAR THE TROTTING TRACK, I'M GOING DOWN THERE, MYSELF!

OH, BOY! THIS MUST BE THE TENT!

**INKY THE WONDER DOG**

SEE HIM TAME **SATAN THE WILD STALLION**

WHILE, INSIDE THE TENT--

THERE'S THAT PESKY KID, RUSTY! HE MUST STILL BE SUSPICIOUS! I CAN'T LET HIM GET CLOSE TO THAT DOG! HEY, NICKY... COME HERE!

LISTEN, NICKY... THAT KID OUTSIDE... RUN HIM OUT OF HERE... HE'S GOT SOME SCREWY IDEA THIS DOG BELONGS TO HIM... HE MAKES THE DOG AND THE HORSE NERVOUS... CHASE HIM OUT AND KEEP HIM OUT!

LEAVE HIM TO ME, CHARLEY

SCRAM, KID! YOU AIN'T WANTED AROUND THIS TENT, SO BEAT IT! AND STAY AWAY... IF I CATCH YOU NEAR HERE AGAIN, I'LL LOCK YOU UP!

BUT, MISTER, I... ER... I... AW, OKAY. I'LL GO!

I'VE JUST GOTTA FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET NEAR TO THAT DOG, 'CAUSE I FEEL SURE HE'S FLIP!

DRESSING TENT KEEP OUT

HEY, KID! WANT A JOB?... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A CLOWN?

SURE, MISTER, I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE JOB!

FINE!-- I NEED SOMEBODY ABOUT YOUR SIZE TO HELP ME. THERE'S FIVE DOLLARS IN IT-- BE BACK HERE AT ONE O'CLOCK!

GOLLY! IF I TAKE A JOB AS A CLOWN, I CAN GET REAL CLOSE TO THAT DOG AND NOBODY'LL KNOW ME... EXCEPT, IF IT'S FLIP, HE'LL KNOW ME!

I COULDN'T GET NEAR THE DOG BECAUSE A CARNIVAL GUARD CHAGED ME AWAY!... AND JUST THEN THE CHIEF CLOWN CALLED ME INTO HIS TENT AND GAVE ME A JOB... AS A CLOWN!

JEEPERS! A CLOWN?... IN THE SHOW?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, TEX... RUSTY'S GOING TO BE A CLOWN IN THE CARNIVAL! WILL YOU TAKE ME TO SEE HIM?

SURE, PATTY! I WOULDN'T MISS THAT FOR ANYTHING!

OH, I ALMOST FORGOT!... RUSTY'S DOING THIS TO GET CLOSE TO THE DOG HE THINKS IS FLIP, SO HE DOESN'T WANT US TO GIVE HIM AWAY!

WELL, I'LL BE ROPED AND BRANDED! NOW I CALL THAT A RIGHT SMART IDEA!

AT ONE O'CLOCK--

HELLO, LADY... RIGHT ON TIME, AIN'T YOU? PUT THIS SUIT ON AND I'LL HELP YOU MAKE UP YOUR FACE. THEN WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE REHEARSAL!

YES, SIR, I WON'T BE A MINUTE!

AN HOUR LATER--

YOU'RE OKAY... DO JUST LIKE YOU DID AT REHEARSAL! WE FOLLOW RIGHT AFTER THE "WONDER DOG" ACT

YES, SIR.

MEANWHILE--

NOW LOOK! KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR THAT KID WHO WAS HERE EARLIER... DON'T LET HIM GET NEAR "INKY." HE MIGHT RUIN MY ACT!

DON'T WORRY HE WON'T GET IN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE GOING TO TAKE ROE STEV...

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO TAKE HIM TO, SIR?

WE ARE GOING TO DISCUSS HIS BOOK

NOW, IN 'TREASURE IS A MUTINY-- DO YOU KNOW A MUTINY

O YES SIR--

IT'S WH... THEATRE

THAT'S A MATINEE, BO... WAS LED BY LONG J...

AN ACROBAT? WHY DO... WELL, IT SAYS IN THE B... THAT EVERY NIGHT LO... JOHN SAT ON HIS CA...

# Weather

by Denis Gifford



# Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Hawkeye, an Indian, who gains the Golden Arrow from them, by a trick. Kit and his friends succeed in regaining the Golden Arrow. Hawkeye and his Indians pursue them but Kit and his friends outwit their enemies and are free to set out once more on the Treasure Trail.

WE'LL RIDE DOWN INTO THE SHADE OF THAT FOREST. IT'LL BE COOLER THAN THESE HILL TRACKS.



SOON THEY ARE RIDING THROUGH THE FOREST.

IT'S MUCH BETTER THAN RIDING UNDER THAT BAKING SUN.



NOWHERE, BOY!



IN PLACES THEY HAVE TO FORCE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DENSE TREES AND CREEPERS.

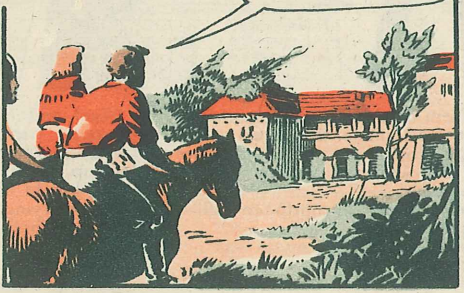
THIS IS HARD WORK!

I COULD DO WITH SOME GRUB. I HOPE WE FIND A CAMPING PLACE SOON.



PRESENTLY THEY COME TO A VAST CLEARING AND SEE A LARGE HOUSE.

WELL, WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THAT! STUCK RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST.



IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S BEEN EMPTY FOR YEARS.

IT'LL DO FOR A NIGHT'S CAMP, ANYWAY.

I AM SO TIRED.



AND THERE IS A WHAT IS, DIMM?



TOWARDS NIGHTFALL...

THIS HOUSE HAS A STRANGE FEELING. IT MAKES ME SHIVER.

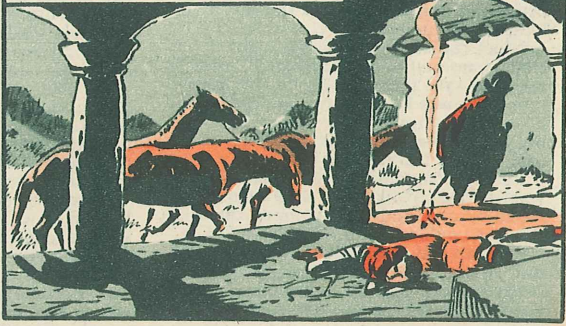
IT'S JUST THE LONELINESS, WHITE DOVE. DON'T WORRY, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY IN THE MORNING.



AS THEY SLEEP WITH NO SOUND BUT THE RUSTLING OF THE NIGHT WIND IN THE TREES, A STRANGE FIGURE CREEPS FROM THE SHADOWS.



SILENTLY THE STRANGER LEADS THEIR HORSES AWAY...



WHEN YOU GO TO THE IN THE AFTERNOON?



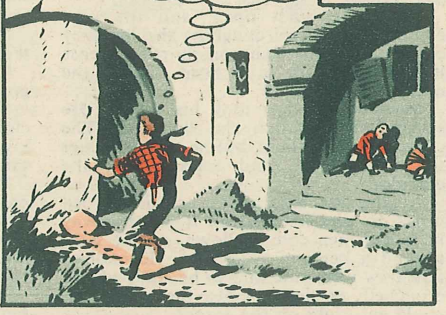
JOHNNY AWAKES SUDDENLY...

HEY, KIT! WHITE DOVE! WAKE UP! SOMEONE'S STEALING OUR HORSES!

JOHNNY DASHES AFTER THE INTRUDER AND COMES UPON A CONCEALED DOORWAY WITH A MASSIVE STONE SLAB RUMBLING BACK INTO PLACE.

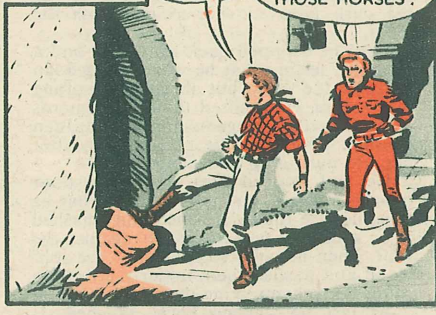


I'VE GOT TO STOP IT SHUTTING SOMEHOW - AND PRONTO!



QUICKLY HE JAMS A BIG ROCK INTO THE RAPIDLY CLOSING GAP.

HE WENT THIS WAY, KIT! WE'LL GET AFTER HIM WE'LL BE LOST WITHOUT THOSE HORSES!



YES! NOW, THE MUTINY JOHN SILVER-

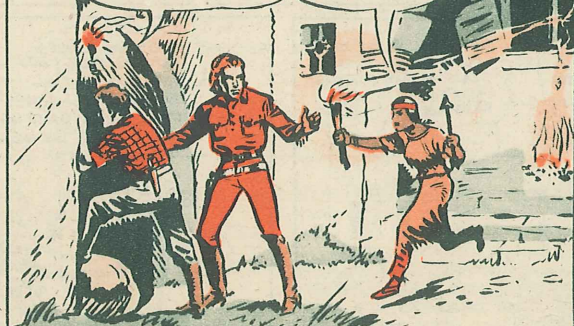
YES - HE WAS AN ACROBAT!



WHITE DOVE HURRIEDLY BRINGS FLAMING BRANDS FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

LOOKS LIKE A TUNNEL! COME ON!

WE SHALL NEED LIGHT.



SOON THEY FIND THEMSELVES GOING DOWN A DAMP AND MUSTY-SMELLING TUNNEL.

I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, WHITE DOVE. KEEP CLOSE TOGETHER.

SURE, WE'LL SOON CATCH THAT HORSE THIEF.



YOU SAY THAT, BOY?



Checkmate!

AS the dungeon slammed, and the heavy bolts rattled home on the outside, young Sir Nigel Wayne looked anxiously about him. He realised that he was in a desperate situation.

He must reach King Richard, to warn him that Sir Roger Moxton, the Black Knight, was plotting to kill him. With the aid of Joan, a wood-cutter's niece, and Robin Hood, the outlaw, Nigel had reached Lincoln in search of His Majesty only to be arrested on the charge of stealing the pony that Joan and he were riding. They were clapped in this dungeon to be used as decoys to capture bold Robin himself.

"Nigel, we must get out of here," Joan declared.

Joan was looking at the little barred window.

"I must be the smallest person they've ever had in their dungeon. It was not built for quite such little people," she declared. "Nigel, I think I could squeeze through those bars. And then I can see to your rescue."

"How?" demanded Nigel.

"Oh, I don't know, but I'll find a way. If all else fails, I'll get out of the city to the woods. Robin Hood said he would follow to Lincoln as soon as he had disposed of the Black Knight's men. I'll take the little hunting-horn and call him with that. Then he will soon find a way to free you. Good Robin never fails."

Nigel hesitated. It would be a terrible risk for Joan to take, all on her own, and he felt that he shouldn't let her do it. But she wouldn't let him stop her. Her next words so startled him that they dried up his arguments.

"I cannot do it in this," she declared, looking down at the long silk frock, of which she was so proud. "I have it—Nigel, we must change clothes!"

"What—?" The young knight jumped as though stung. "Don't be silly!"

"But we must. It's the only way," she insisted. "Remember, it is the life of the king that is at stake."

Nigel realised that she was right. Every chance, no matter how desperate, must be taken to save the king. So in a very short time Joan was looking trim in doublet and hose—even though they were rather too big for her—and he was standing, feeling foolish, in a trailing silk frock.

But he couldn't waste time thinking what he looked like. He gave Joan Robin Hood's horn, and then stooped down so that she could climb on his back.

The gap between the bars was very small, but so was the girl. Determinedly she twisted and wriggled, even though she scraped her skin; and then, suddenly, she panted:

"My head and shoulders are through! Farewell, Nigel—I won't be long!"

And then he heard a light splash as she slid through into the water. He pulled himself up to the window in time to see the dark head moving away across the moat.

Then he dropped back again. He had a wretched feeling that he was leaving Joan to do all the work, but abruptly he sprang into action. He realised that if the guards came into the dungeon and found Joan missing, there would be a hue and cry after her. He must stop that happening.

He had noticed that the heavy door opened inwards, and now he saw what he must do. He took the bench and smashed it to splinters by battering it against the wall. Then he collected pieces of the split wood and pushed them under the bottom of the door, hammering them in as wedges.

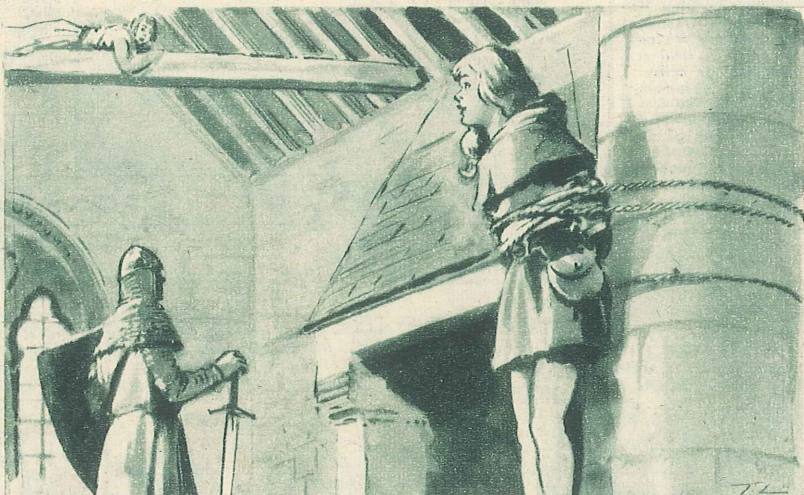
At last he stepped back, satisfied. It would take quite a time for even a number of men to push the door open now.

He had acted only just in time. He heard people moving outside, and the big handle on the door rattled. Then the bolts were dragged back.

# YOUNG SIR NIGEL

A Grand Story of Thrilling Adventures with Robin Hood

BY REX HARDINGE



"Bring them out," said the voice of the officer who had made the arrest. "Put them in the stocks, so that all can see them, and then word will travel swiftly to this outlaw rogue—"

The voice stopped abruptly, to add a moment later:

"What is the matter? Why do you not open the door?"

"I am trying to, but it won't open. It is stuck, methinks!"

The door shook as somebody pushed hard against it.

"Ho there!" called the officer's voice. "If you young rogues are up to tricks, it will be the worse for you."

Nigel made no answer. Tensely he waited, watching the door. If only it would hold long enough for Joan to get clear!

But the officer was shouting orders, telling men to fetch a big log to use as a battering ram to smash the door in. And in a very short time a smashing blow made the tough timbers shiver, while the great iron hinges creaked.

Nigel grabbed up a heavy piece of the broken bench and began to hammer at the wedges under the door.

He heard angry shouts from the other side, and guessed that the men thought he was strengthening his barricade, but he was doing exactly the reverse. He was knocking out the wedges!

He paused, choosing his moment carefully—waiting till he judged the men had drawn back with their battering-ram for a violent charge—then he knocked out the last wedge.

The door burst open, and the men couldn't stop. Still clutching the log they crashed into the dungeon, hurtled across it, and piled up in a heap against the opposite wall.

Meanwhile, Nigel took his chance. He sprang out through the doorway. The officer was still there, but he twisted under the man's arm, and raced along the corridor.

At the far end a stone stairway led upwards, and he sped up it. On the way he heard men coming down, out of sight around a bend in the spiral. He realised that they were running, so he stopped and crouched, as close against the wall as he could get, right on the corner.

As the first man hurried round the bend, Nigel's hand snatched out and grabbed his foot.

The man gave a despairing wail as he tripped. His halberd went clattering down the steps, with its owner after it.

Nigel had no time to draw back, to repeat the trick on the following man, so he stayed where he was, stretched out on the step. Then, as the man appeared, the young knight arched his body.

The hurrying foot stumbled against it—and the second man followed the first, his wail of surprise floating back up the stairway.

But Nigel was away like a streak, dashing up the remaining steps.

At the top was a guard-room, but it was empty, so he ran across it to the far doorway, which he found opened on to the battlements. He was about to risk dashing through and dodging the sentries he could see along the outer wall, but abruptly stopped.

He saw the men turn and look towards a distant archway. A small group of people appeared there, and Nigel saw to his dismay that Joan's brave effort had failed. Two men-at-arms were dragging between them a little figure, with the water dripping from it, and he realised that Joan had been caught before she could get out of the city to Robin Hood.

He dodged back into the guard-room, and looked quickly about him. Then he looked upwards at the great beams that stretched across the room. Like a monkey, in spite of his billowing skirt, he squirmed up and lay along a beam.

He was only just in time, for the two angry men came dashing back up the stairway at almost the same moment as the other two came through the doorway with Joan. And a moment later the officer came pounding up from the dungeon.

"The lad has got away—" he began; then saw Joan.

"So they both tried it, did they?" he growled.

"We caught this one—a maid in boy's clothing—sneaking through the city, soaking wet. She must have swum the moat," said one of the men.

"So?—well, we've got her. Now we've got to get him back," snapped the officer. "Quick—tie her to that pillar, and one of you stay on guard. The rest follow me after the lad. He can't get far, dressed as he is!"

Nigel watched Joan struggle gallantly, but realised that he dared not spring to her aid, or they would both be captured. He must wait—watch for his chance.

He saw the men drag her to one of the upright pillars that supported the ends of the beams, and he feared that they might look up, for he realised that the beam was

not wide enough to hide him completely. He couldn't keep the wide skirt from trailing over the edge.

But Joan unwittingly helped him, for she fought so gallantly that they had to give all their attention to her. In a matter of moments, however, they forced her back against the pillar, pulled her arms round it and bound her hands. Then one dropped to his knees and put a rope round her feet, tying them to the pillar.

The officer was calling outside, so they hurried away, leaving one giant of a man on guard.

Nigel eyed him grimly, realised that he could not possibly tackle this giant on his own. If only Joan could help—go for his legs in her usual terrier fashion, while he dropped on his shoulders! But Joan was powerless.

Nigel's eyes gleamed again as he looked across the guardroom. Piled in a corner were a number of long pikes. The gleaming blades at the top of the long poles gave him an idea.

Carefully, inch by inch, he began to work his way along the beam. His heart was in his mouth, for he realised that the slightest sound would make the man look up.

Abruptly he stopped, freezing flat along the beam. But it was not the guard who looked up—it was Joan, her forest-bred ears picking up a sound that didn't reach the man.

Nigel saw her eyes widen. He signalled to her. Then again he realised what a wonderful comrade this little girl from the woods was. She did exactly the right thing, as usual. She began to weep and wail, twisting in her bonds, making the guard scowl at her, and hiding any noise Nigel might make.

This made it possible for him to risk moving faster. He slithered along the beam like a lizard, and soon he was in the corner above the stack of pikes.

He waited his moment, and then snatched at one. Then he crept along the side beam, squirming until he was immediately above the pillar to which Joan was bound.

She was still crying wildly, but out of the corner of her eyes she risked glances at him, and guessed something of what he was trying to do.

"Nigel!" she suddenly screamed. "Nigel—be careful!"

But she stared beyond the guard towards the doorway, and the man sprang round, and then sprang towards the door.

That was the chance Nigel wanted. He pushed the pike down swiftly and brought the sharp blade up against the rope around Joan's wrists. He knew he must be quick, but at the same time careful. The blade was like a razor. If he misjudged he would cut her arms badly.

But he made no mistake. He sliced through the cords. Then quickly pulled the pike out of sight as the man swung back. Joan stood motionless, though still bound.

"Nigel, run," she screamed. "Go back down the stairway—run!"

This was too much for the guard. He ran to the doorway and looked down the stairs—and the pike blade flashed down and severed the cord holding Joan's legs.

But Nigel was only just in time, for the man came running back and, as he did so, he glimpsed the flash of the blade and looked up.

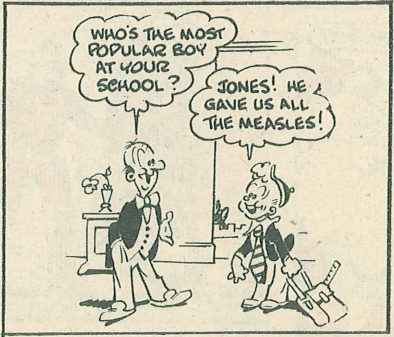
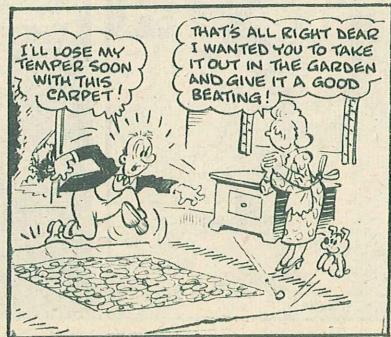
Nigel flung himself from the beam. Squarely he landed on the man's shoulders, and he suddenly discovered that a billowing skirt could have its uses. He dragged the silk over the man's head, muffling his yell and blinding him.

Even as he had hoped Joan played her part. She flung herself at the thick legs, and the man went crashing down, his head striking the stone floor with a thud.

"He is knocked out! What luck—quick!" panted Nigel.

(Continued on opposite page)

## CHUCKLE CORNER



# SCAMP



## YOUNG SIR NIGEL

(Continued from opposite page)

He seized Joan's hand, and they ran from the room.

They found themselves in a passage, but they could hear men running, shouting, so Nigel pulled a tapestry curtain aside.

He was met by a shrill scream, and discovered that they had entered one of the women's apartments. An old woman was standing, staring at them.

Nigel ran to her.

"Fear not, good dame—we shall not harm you," he panted. "His Majesty the King—where is he?"

The woman stared at the two of them—the young knight in bedraggled skirts, the girl in sodden doublet and hose—but something about Nigel's anxious voice made her answer.

"He has gone to Dale Castle with Sir Roger Moxton. It seems that young Sir Nigel Wayne—son of a favourite knight of the king's—lies ill, calling for the king—and His Majesty has gone to Dale. Is Nigel too late to save the King? More of this stirring adventure next week!

## DO YOU WANT A PENPAL?

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

Patricia Jones, 15 Bamforth Street, Hillsbro, Sheffield. 6. Eight. Films, animals. Peter Garland, 38 Buxton Drive, Sidley, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex. Ten. Aeromodels, fishing. Jean Garton, 2 Victoria Road Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, Cheshire. Thirteen. Stamps, swimming. Margaret Irvine, 32 Adelaide Road, Leyton, London, E.10. Thirteen. Skating, cooking, netball. Raymond Wardle, 69 Marshall Wallis road, South Shields, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Film stars.

Irene Proctor, 23 Jalland Street, Holderness Road, Hull, Yorks. Thirteen. Netball, dancing. June O'Brien, 21 Mortimer Street, Dundee, Angus, Scotland. Eleven. Swimming. Anne McLeod, 3 Millburngate, Durham City. Sixteen. Films, music. Ann Way, 14 George Street, Semington Road, Melksham, Wiltshire. Nine. Swimming. Margaret Higgs, 117 Commercial Street, Mt. Gambier, S. Australia.

lia. Twelve. Basketball, stamps, tennis. Jean Grint, "Six Oaks," Breck Farm Lane, Taverham, near Norwich, Norfolk. Twelve. Violin, speedway, dancing.

Shirley Cooper, 76 Naple Drive, Northstead, Scarborough. Sixteen. Writing. Grace Brown, 32 Mosedale Crescent, Ewanrigg, Maryport, Cumberland. Twelve. Films, books. Kevin Cronin, 22 Stow Hill, Treforest, near Pontypridd, S. Wales. Fourteen. Reading. Marjorie Stewart, King's Arms Hotel, Girvan, Ayrshire, Scotland. Nine. Nature study, swimming, riding. Jacqueline Taylor, 22 Noble Street, Leicester. Ten. Films, sport, music. Greta Ellis, 19 Lache Park Avenue, Chester, Cheshire. Ten. Painting, music, riding.

Jean Green, 2 Steadfold Lane, Thurcroft, near Rotherham, Yorks. Thirteen. Dancing, films. Joyce McGee, 48 Victoria Road, South Shields, Co. Durham. Fourteen. Reading, dancing. Norma Field, 3/84, Little King Street, Hockley, Birmingham, 19. Fourteen. Films. William Langley, 2 Grinston Avenue, Welbeck Street, Princes Avenue, Hull, Yorks. Eleven. Football, cycling. Betty Bycroft, 4 Brigg Road, Grasy, near Barnet, Lincs. Sixteen. Films, music, dancing, sport. Mina McConnell, 88 Walton Street, Crumlon Road, Belfast, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Radio, reading.

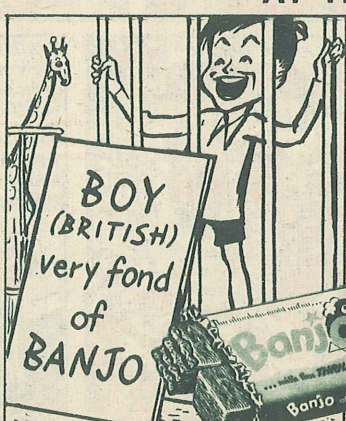
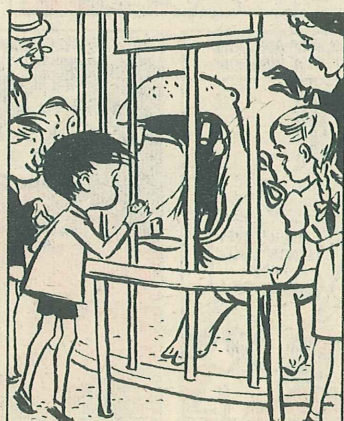
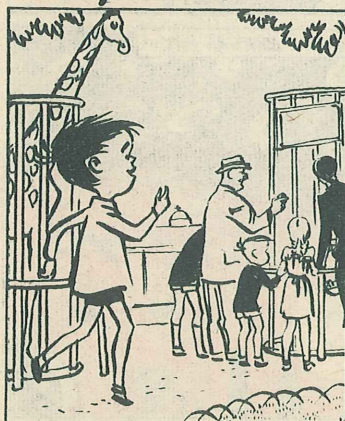
Sheila Hargrave, 3 Spawd Bone Lane,

Knottingley, Yorks. Eleven. Dancing, films, sport. Joy Pettit, Post Office, Sudborough, Kettering, Northants. Ten. Swimming, tennis, dancing, films. Elizabeth Duffin, 10 Council Houses, Bainton, near Driffield, E. Yorks. Thirteen. Reading. Sheila Gospel, Rose Cottage, Everingham, Yorks. Eleven. Films sport. Gillian Breeze, 245 Winchester Avenue, Nunsthorpe, Lincs. Ten. Dancing, stamps. Valerie Davies, 23 Station Road, Tirphill, Newtredegar, Mon., S. Wales. Fifteen. Films, animals.

Jenneta Mitchell, 53 Braemar Avenue, Endike Lane, Hull. Twelve. Stamps. Jane Hamby, Portland House, Whitchurch, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire. Thirteen. Reading, sport. Maria Plaza, 60 Lime Street, Newport, Mon. Twenty-one. Films, music. Roger Gales, La Moye Cottages, Vale, Guernsey, C.I. Ten. Films, swimming. Phillis Driver, 46 Victoria Avenue, Blackley, Manchester, 9. Eleven. Cycling. Dorothy Ord, 160 Split Crow Road, Deckham Estate, Gateshead, Co. Durham. Sixteen. Film stars, dancing.

Joan Harper, 1 Darlington Street, Tyldesley, Manchester. Fourteen. Reading, films. Pauline Longstreth, "Kingston Cottage", Slimbridge, Glos. Twelve. Hockey, netball. Maureen Burke, 19 Barton Lane, Eccles, Manchester, Lancs. Thirteen. Netball, films. Pat Mullen, 173 Shortheath Road, Erdington, Birmingham. Fourteen. Cycling.

## Wily Willie



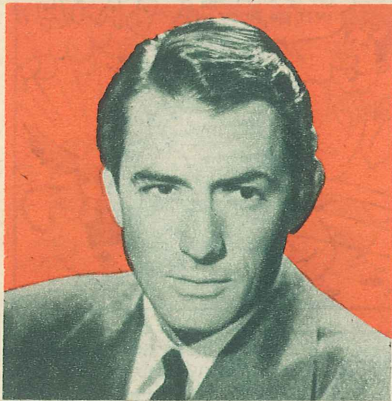
Two double-thick, crispy, nut-flavoured wafer bars covered in luscious, milky chocolate

4<sup>D</sup> and only ONE POINT





THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



**GREGORY PECK**  
(Warner Bros.)



**LUCILLE BARKLEY**  
(Universal-International)



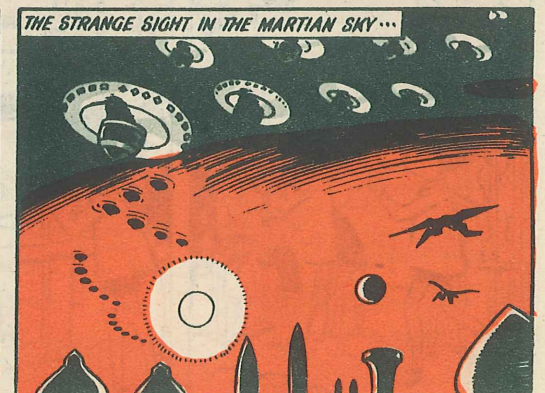
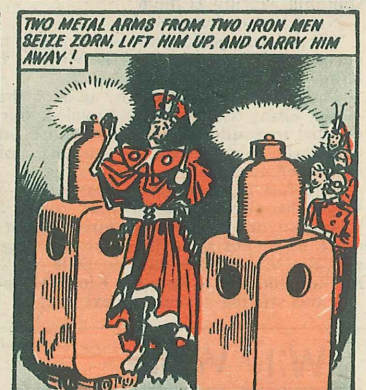
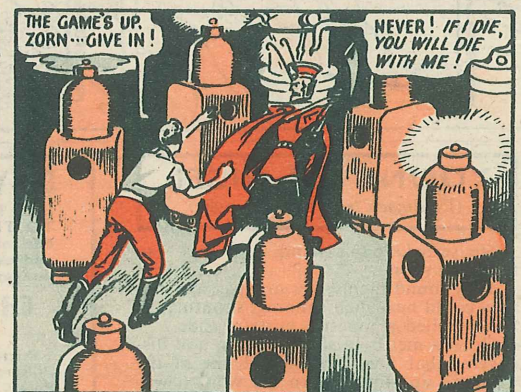
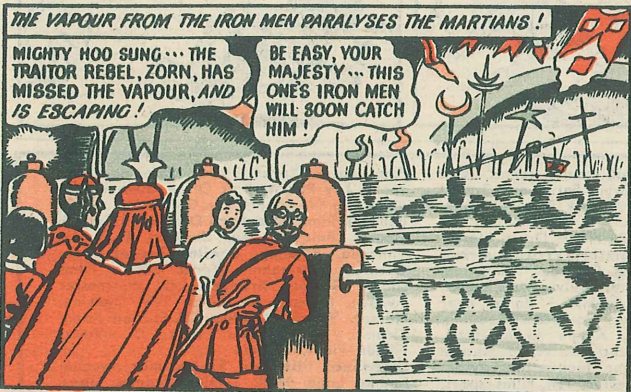
**WAYNE MORRIS**  
(United Artists)



**BARBARA PAYTON**  
(Universal-International)

**DON DEEDS**

Having rescued Alphar, the Emperor of Mars, from his enemies, Don Deeds and his friends attack the palace to capture Zorn, the traitor. Hoo Sung's iron men batter down the massive doors.



What are these strange flying machines? What will happen now? More thrills next week!