

COMET

COMIC 2^D EVERY THURSDAY

No. 135
(New Series)
Feb. 17, 1951

GUY GALLANT

Don Diego, dreaded buccaneer known as the Grandee, was plundering a rich merchantman when Guy Gallant approached in his ship Sea Witch. Guy boarded the burning vessel, to reappear with a girl in his arms. A rope was flung to him, and he swung back to the Sea Witch.



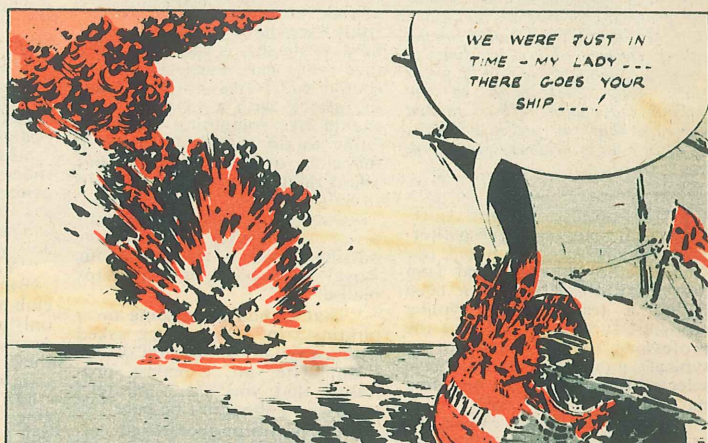
PUSH OFF - AND AWAY - TRELAWNEY!
BEFORE SHE BLOWS UP!! - BRING SOME
WATER FOR THE
LADY, BOY!

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!



WELL DONE -
CAPTAIN GALLANT!

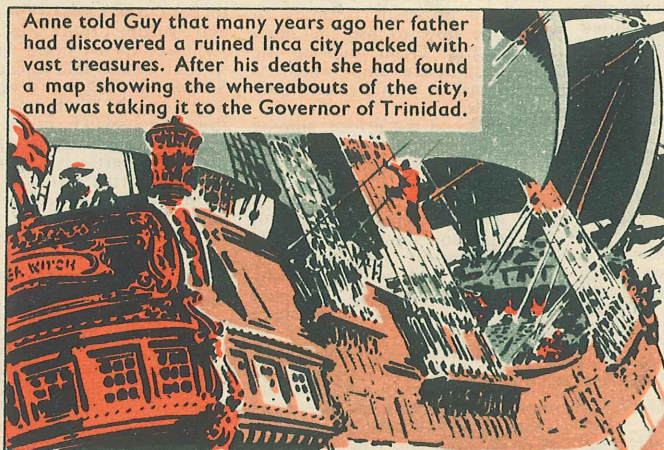
-- I AM
ALL RIGHT
NOW --
SIRS ----



WE WERE JUST IN
TIME - MY LADY ---
THERE GOES YOUR
SHIP ---!



-- MY NAME IS
ANNE DARNLEY -- WE
WERE BOUND FOR
TRINIDAD WHEN THOSE
SCOUNDRELS
FELL UPON US ---



Anne told Guy that many years ago her father
had discovered a ruined Inca city packed with
vast treasures. After his death she had found
a map showing the whereabouts of the city,
and was taking it to the Governor of Trinidad.



NOW THE
GRANDEE
HAS THE
MAP ---

SO - HO!! -- WE'LL
HEAD FOR SPANISH
TOWN - TRELAWNEY!
-- THERE'S A CHANCE
WE WILL FIND
HIM THERE ---

The Sea Witch headed for Spanish Town.



-- WE MUST FIND
YOU SOME
SEAFARING CLOTHES
ANNE - IT MAY
BE SOME DAYS
BEFORE WE
CAN PUT YOU
ASHORE ---

ASHORE...?
I'M NOT GOING
ASHORE!
I'M STAYING
WITH YOU -
CAPTAIN
GALLANT -
UNTIL I GET
MY MAP
BACK!



BY
THUNDER!
SO YOU
SHALL -
YOU'RE A
LASS AFTER
MY OWN
HEART --!

Anne has found new clothes in the bo'sun's lockers.



LOOK AT OUR
PIRATE HUNTER NOW -
TRELAWNEY!

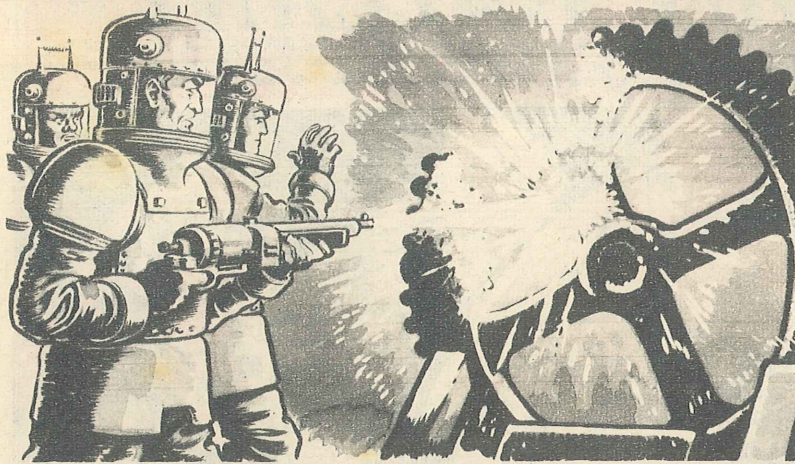
THAT'S A
TRIM RIG
MY LADY!

-- NOW FOR SPANISH TOWN
-- AND THE
GRANDEE!!



VIKINGS OF THE SPACEWAYS

Start reading this thrilling tale of breath-taking adventures in space, by PAUL FLOOD, today!



Just to Remind You

Professor William Temple, a brilliant but unscrupulous scientist who plans to rule the universe, has built many space ships, most of which, however, have vanished on their way to the planets. Most of the professor's crews are made up of ex-convicts, and Tom Pennant, a young reporter, has been commissioned to find out why. In the guise of an ex-convict named Baby-face Johnson, he travels with the professor in one of the space ships to one of the smaller moons called Deimos. Here he finds a great airport enclosed in a great glass dome—and most of the missing space ships. He is startled to learn that the professor plans to attack an American space ship, the "Argo".

THE professor's calm statement had taken Tom literally by surprise, but a few seconds' thought convinced Tom that the professor had not been laying a trap for the young reporter. It was natural that the professor, taking Tom for a typical gunman, should have selected him to lead the boarding party.

At all costs, Tom realised, he must keep up the pretence that he was the tough young criminal that the professor believed him to be.

So Tom summoned up a smile, and managed to look very pleased to hear that the professor had selected his newest recruit for the "honour" of pirating the new American space ship.

Then the professor caught Tom's arm and pointed excitedly at a well set-up young man who was walking across the open space in front of the club.

"By jove! That's the Crown Prince of Transiantia," said the professor. "An adventurous youngster, who happened to be on one of the space ships I captured. I should like to present you, Johnson!"

Tom's heart sank. Last year he had been sent to interview the prince when he had come to London to open the International Agricultural Exhibition, and the prince had turned out to be a very friendly young man, without any false pride in his high rank.

The professor waved to the prince, and when the prince stopped so that he and Tom could walk up, the professor was astonished to see the prince smile in a friendly way at Tom.

"What!" said the professor, amazed. "You know 'Baby-face' Johnson, the famous smash-and-grab bandit!"

But the prince had seen Tom's frantic wink, and he guessed that Tom had good reasons for asking the prince not to recognise him.

"'Baby-face' Johnson?" said the prince thoughtfully. "No, I must have been mistaken!" For—just in time, as it happened—the prince had realised why Tom was winking. What Tom meant to imply by that wink; what Tom

was doing masquerading as a notorious criminal; the prince could not guess. But he did realise that Tom was asking not to be given away. And the prince decided not to give Tom away.

The professor said suspiciously: "I thought for one moment that your Royal Highness believed my friend, Mr. Johnson, was somebody else."

"No. He is very like somebody else," said the prince, giving Tom a wink, unseen by the professor. "But I see that I was wrong. And now, Professor, is there anything that you can suggest that I should do? I must confess," said the prince, with a yawn, "that I should like something more exciting to do than play chess in the club, or even tennis. What about taking me on the next trip to Saturn?"

"Quite impossible!" the professor said huffily. "Quite impossible. You . . . well, your Royal Highness doesn't perhaps realise. . . ."

"That I should be going on a pirating trip?" the prince asked with a gay laugh. "But, of course I do! After all, I realise, professor, that you are a pirate—otherwise I shouldn't be here!"

The professor scratched his chin in deep thought, which gave Tom another opportunity to wink at the prince. Tom wanted to warn the prince to do whatever Tom suggested.

Tom said casually: "I don't see why Prince Rudolph shouldn't come, Professor. . . ."

"I'd certainly like to," said the prince.

"Impossible!" said the professor. "Unthinkable! Out of the question!"

"Because there might be a bit of trouble?" Tom suggested, with the sort of manner that, in his opinion, "Baby-face" Johnson might have been expected to have. "All because of a bit of ray-gunning? Shucks! What's a bit of piracy?"

"You seem to forget, Johnson," said the professor, "that the prince isn't like you! He's not a smash-and-grab man—but the Crown Prince of Transiantia! Isn't that so, Prince?"

"In a way," said Prince Rudolph, watching Tom to see what he should say. "I certainly don't wish to hurt anyone, but all the same, I'd welcome a chance to have a bit of excitement."

"In that case," said the professor, "perhaps you'd arrange it all with my friend, 'Baby-face' Johnson. I see the manager of the cinema over there, who seems to wish to have a word with me. Johnson, I shall expect you after luncheon, for a bit of instruction in using the heat-ray. You'll find me in administration headquarters. Say about half-past two. You might like to have a coffee with the prince in the social club. All people on Deimos are automatically members of the

club. Very well. Goodbye. Prince! Johnson, I'll see you at half-past two!"

As the professor hurried off to speak to the cinema manager, Tom said quickly:

"Just in case we never have another chance to have a word in private, I must tell your Royal Highness. . . ."

"Look, Tom," said the prince, with a smile. "I know what you're going to

say. You're Tom Pennant, isn't that it? Right! I guessed it when you winked at me. I never forget a face. Well, suppose you call me 'Rudolph' and I call you 'Tom'?"

"No, Rudolph—not 'Tom.' That would give the game away. If they discovered that I was a reporter from *The Courier*, they'd . . . well, I don't dare think what would happen. Call me 'Baby-face'!"

The prince laughed. "All right, 'Baby-face'! Let's have a coffee!"

The two young men had by now reached the social club—a fine building, very tastefully furnished. As Tom held the door open for the prince, he said:

"Just in case this is the last time we have a chance to talk privately, will you do whatever I ask, Rudolph?"

The prince held out his hand and gave Tom's a hearty shake. "You can rely on me," he said.

But when they walked into the club they found that there were only a few people in the members' room. A waiter came up and took their orders, and when at last they were alone again, Tom said, "I'm beginning to get an idea. But I do want you, Rudolph, to get on the space ship with me, whatever happens. This afternoon the professor is going to show me how to use the heat-ray, so that I can hold up the American space ship which is due to pass us within a few hours from now."

"But," said the prince, sipping his coffee, "you may have to destroy the space ship!"

Tom laughed. "Not if a certain plan that I have in mind comes off! Look, if the professor shows me how to use the heat-ray, and you are in the space ship with me, why shouldn't we hold up the space ship we're on—and not the space ship we're sent to pirate?"

"Great Scott! You mean—"

"Yes, Rudolph, I do! Let us seize the professor's space ship, make contact with the American space ship, and both get away as fast as we can from Deimos. Once we can tell Earth what's happening the World-government can build a fleet of space ships to blast the professor out of space! After all, Rudolph, the professor's only got away with it so far because no one has escaped to tell the World-government why the space ships haven't returned. Everybody simply thought that the ships had been lost."

The prince said: "Yes, that's what everybody thought. But . . . did you?"

"No," said Tom, and very quickly he told the prince about his suspicions and how he had pretended to be "Baby-face" Johnson so that he could have a chance to prove what he had suspected, namely, that the professor was a crook as well as a great scientist.

"You've proved that, anyway!" said the prince.

"Yes. But I shall have to give the World-government proof as well. That's why, Rudolph, you must somehow get away with me. Can you pilot a space ship?"

The prince laughed. "Didn't the professor tell you that I've been on some non-piratical expeditions already? I pilot my own jet plane on Earth—and I've picked up a thing or two about navigating space ships."

"In any case," said Tom, "we'd only have to make ourselves known to the American space ship's commander, and we can be guided back to Earth!"

The prince had to take luncheon with the Astronomer Royal, and the time was getting on. He rose and put his hand out.

"I must go now, Tom—I mean 'Baby-face'. I'll see you later. In the meanwhile, good hunting!"

Tom had a quick lunch in the dining-room of the club, and just on two-thirty went in search of the professor. A space-port guard told Tom that the professor was in the laboratory, and Tom found him there reading a highly scientific treatise on the theory of rocket flight.

"Ah, Johnson, well on time. I like my assistants to be precise. Well, I suppose you explained to the prince that you couldn't have been the man he took you for? Eh? Good! And now I expect you would like me to show you how to use the Temple atomic heat-ray? Then come, my dear young friend, and let us go to the testing-range! It's not very far from here."

The professor walked out of the laboratory arm-in-arm with Tom. "You'll have a surprise when you see the heat-ray!" said the professor.

THE testing-range was a low building with walls made of solid beryllium-toughened steel, twenty feet thick. Explaining this to Tom, the professor said:

"You'll soon understand why." In cupboards fixed against the walls by the door were asbestos suits with electrically cooled double skins.

"The heat in here is terrific," said the professor, making a sign to Tom to put one of the suits on, and getting into one himself. "These suits are fitted with radio so that we can talk to each other. Screw the helmet down tight, won't you?" Tom did so, and touching a switch, found that the radio enabled him to hear the professor perfectly. "This room is also fitted with a special cooling device, so it won't be too bad."

Tom waited while the professor was handed a heat-ray gun by an assistant, himself dressed in an asbestos suit.

"Now, 'Baby-face', this is a very simple machine to work. You see this switch? Well, this turns on the heat automatically. This switch controls the heat. Look—if I turn it on low, I can just melt butter." The assistant, who had been doing these tests for some years, had a plate of butter ready. The ray just melted the butter.

"Right!" said the professor, waving the man with the butter away, while eight men, straining hard, wheeled up a trolley carrying a huge cog-wheel of steel.

"Now watch!" said the professor, making an adjustment on the heat-ray gun. He pressed the trigger, and to Tom's astonishment, the piece of steel quivered for a moment, smoked, and then melted like butter, flowing down into a hole in the floor. "In fact, if I turned up the pressure a bit more," said the professor, "I could turn the steel instantly into steam."

Tom, who had seen how the professor had worked the controls, did very well himself—first melting some butter, then setting fire to some wood, and then

melting a piece of steel.

The professor, taking off his asbestos suit, patted Tom on the shoulder.

"You'll do very well," he said. "The space ship takes off at five o'clock this afternoon. I want you to be there on time!"

"I will, sir. And, sir . . . may I take Prince Rudolph?"

"Hm! Won't he interfere? No? All right, then, if you'll be responsible for him, you can take him along. Perhaps," the professor laughed, "it'll complete his education to see some tough chap like you, Johnson, in action!"

AND so it was that, at five o'clock that afternoon, the pirated space ship *Coma Berenices*, with a crew of the professor's aboard, waited on the landing ground.

Everyone was aboard but Tom, who was standing on the flap of the ship's air-lock, waving goodbye to the professor. There was a throb running through the huge ship, and the space-port engineers controlling the repulsor-rays—which were used to take the ship out of the glassite dome of Deimos—had already been signalled to be ready.

"Good luck!" the professor shouted, as the first officer, within the ship, shouted "Come along, Johnson!"

Tom was just going to shout goodbye to the professor when a man that Tom had noticed in the crowd moved quickly over to the professor. Tom could see that the professor was startled by something the man had said, and then Tom recognised the man who had spoken to the professor.

Tom acted without hesitation. He shouted to the first officer: "All correct, sir! Close the ship," just as he saw the professor begin to run towards the control room which housed the machines generating the repulsor-ray.

Tom heard the first officer call to the radio operator to tell Control to start the ship through the airport. The door closed, and through the window Tom saw that the professor, now followed by a crowd of people, was nearly at the entrance to the control room. If the professor reached the control room before Control sent the ship off, Tom would never leave Deimos.

But just as the professor neared the door of the control room the electrical impulses from Control took the ship up and through the air-lock, the doors of which automatically opened to let the ship through. Tom heaved a sigh of relief.

They were through. A few seconds more, and the first officer had thrown the switch to direct control. The rockets burst into a thunderous whine, and the ship leapt forward like an arrow from the bow.

Tom heard somebody cough at his shoulder. It was Rudolph.

"Anything wrong, Tom?"

"I'll say there is! The nearest squeak in my life! Just as I was standing in the entrance-port, I was spotted by a man named 'Cat' Skilbeck. He knows me. That's to say, that I'm Tom Pennant. He told the professor. The professor tried to stop us. But he was too late."

"Who is this Skilbeck?"

"A criminal that my evidence convicted. He will never forgive me. I got him fourteen years' penal servitude."

"He didn't serve them, though?"

"No. He was released to come aboard one of the professor's ships."

"I see. But they'll get you when you return to Deimos."

"Yes," said Tom grimly, "they will, Rudolph. Unless . . . we don't come back to Deimos!" Will Tom succeed in his bid for freedom? Don't miss the thrills next week!

BILLY BUNTER

SIDNEY JAMES SNOOP wondered what Billy Bunter was up to.

Bunter's movements were really mysterious.

Snoop was looking down from the window of his study, No. 11 in the Remove. When he spotted Billy Bunter in the quadrangle below he was not particularly interested. But he became interested and quite puzzled as he watched the fat Owl of the Remove.

Bunter was coming towards the old ivied wall below the study windows. He had a large packet wrapped in a newspaper under a fat arm. But as Herbert Vernon-Smith came along chatting with Tom Redwing, Bunter came to a sudden halt, hurriedly slipped the packet from under his arm into a fat hand, and held it behind him—thus concealing it from view till the two juniors had passed.

When Smithy and Redwing were gone the fat Owl rolled on again towards the ivied wall, grinning.

A few moments later, having reached the wall, Billy Bunter pushed the packet in among the thick, clustering old ivy, where it disappeared from sight.

He stepped back and stood blinking at the ivy through his big spectacles to make sure that the packet was safely hidden. Satisfied upon that point, and grinning more widely than ever, the fat Owl revolved upon his axis and rolled away.

Sidney James Snoop chuckled. What it was that he had hidden in the ivy, Snoop did not know. But he could guess that it was something in the nature of tuck. And he could deduce further that it did not belong to Bunter, from the fact that he had hidden it at all.

The fat Owl having disappeared, Snoop descended from his study and strolled out of the House to investigate.

"Oh, scissors!" he ejaculated as, groping in the thick ivy, he brought the hidden packet to light and unrolled the newspaper. An enormous box of chocolates was revealed.

It was decorated in green and gold, and obviously very expensive. Snoop wondered whether it might be the property of some Sixth Form man, or even a "beak". It had not been even opened. Bunter evidently feared that that magnificent box of chocs might be inquired after, and did not want to risk discovery. So he had resisted the temptation to devour his plunder, and hidden it—left to be called for, as it were, when the hue and cry was over.

Snoop re-wrapped the newspaper round the box, put it under his own arm and sauntered away. Those chocs were not Billy Bunter's, and Snoop did not feel disposed to search for the rightful owner. He walked the prize off to his own study in the Remove and sat down there to enjoy a feast.

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Too late!" said Bob Cherry, shaking his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton and Co. had finished tea in No. 1 Study, when Billy Bunter rolled in. Bare plates and empty cups greeted Bunter's eyes and spectacles.

"The too-latefulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Nothing doing," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—" "Try Smithy's study," suggested Frank Nugent. "I hear that Smithy's had a parcel from home."

"And shut the door after you!" said Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter shut the door. But he remained on the inner side of it.

"I say, you fellows—" he repeated.

"My dear old porpoise, there isn't a crumb left in the study," said Harry. "So roll away, like a good barrel."

"I haven't come to tea," hooted Bunter. "I ain't always thinking about grub, like some fellows I could name. I—I just want to stay in the study a bit."

"Why can't you stay in your own?"

"Well, Smithy might look for me there."

"Smithy?" repeated Harry Wharton, staring at the fat Owl. "You pernicious porker, have you been after Smithy's parcel?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "Nothing of the kind. But—but Smithy's in a wax about something, and—and I heard him ask Squiff if he'd seen me. I—I don't want a row with Smithy. If he's missed anything from his study, I don't know anything about it. It's pretty sickening, the way fellows think of me at once if they miss tuck. As if I'd touch his chocs! But you know Smithy—suspicious beast! I—I'd rather not see him just now—Oh, crikey!"

Billy Bunter broke off with a gasp as a loud voice was heard in the Remove passage outside.

"Seen Bunter, Toddy?"

"Too often!" came Peter Todd's reply.

"Know where he is, you silly ass?"

"No, you sillier ass!" "I know he's up in the studies somewhere! By gum, I'll draw the whole passage for him!"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I say, you fellows, d-d-don't you let Smithy know I'm here," breathed Bunter. "I—I never had his chocs—never knew he had any—keep it dark that I'm here, old chaps."

The door handle rattled. Herbert Vernon-Smith, apparently, was going to "draw" the passage for Bunter, beginning at No. 1 Study.

Billy Bunter made a jump to get behind the door so that it would conceal him when it opened. It was his only chance.

He was only in time. As he flattened his fat person against the wall the door flew wide open with a crash and Vernon-Smith appeared in the doorway. He stared, or rather glared, into the study. Luckily for Bunter, it did not occur to him to look round the door!

"Bunter here?" he shouted.

The fat Owl had stated that Smithy was in a "wax". He had rather under-stated the case. Smithy was in a towering rage. His face was red, and his eyes gleamed. And the Famous Five, sitting at the table, looked at him with calm disapproval. Greyfriars men were not supposed to let their tempers rip to this extent; and they had no use for the Bounder's "tantrums".

"Want Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton mildly.

"I'm going to smash him!" roared Smithy. "Somebody's snooped a box of chocs from my study—a big box—"

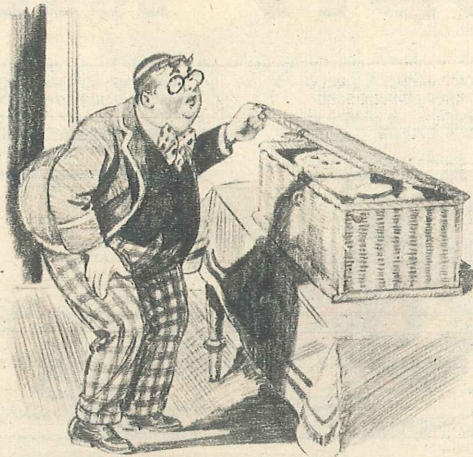
"Hadn't you better make sure of the somebody before you start in on the smashing business?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"It was Bunter! Of course it was Bunter! Isn't that fat snooper always snooping in the studies? I'm going to knock him right and left! I'm going to pulverise him! Know where he is?"

From where they sat the Famous Five could all see Billy Bunter, quivering with apprehension, behind the door. He was giving them imploring blinks through his big spectacles. They did not feel disposed to put Smithy wise. Certainly, if tuck was miss-

Billy Bunter has a run for plundered chocs in this grand school yarn by Frank Richards.

Start reading and chucking now!



ing, suspicion fell naturally upon the fat Owl. Still, suspicion was not proof. "Smashing" Bunter on suspicion seemed to the Famous Five altogether too drastic a measure.

"Smithy." It was Tom Redwing's voice from the passage. "Keep your temper, old chap—you can't be sure it was Bunter."

"Don't be a fool!" snapped the Bounder. "It was Bunter, and I'm going to root him out and smash him."

Slam! The Bounder closed the door of No. 1 Study with unnecessary force, and stamped along to No. 2 on his way to "draw" the passage. The Co. heard his voice shouting into No. 2 "Seen Bunter?" Then his angry, stamping footsteps went on up the passage, to study after study.

"O H, crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter.

The fat Owl stood shaking like a fat jelly. He had had a narrow escape. But the Bounder was gone.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter. "Fancy getting after a fellow like that, you know! I—I—I say, you fellows, I—I'll stay here for a bit. You can go on jawing football. I don't mind."

"Thanks," said Harry Wharton, with gentle sarcasm.

Johnny Bull gave a snort. "Look here, you fat sweep, have you had Smithy's chocs?" he demanded. "I shouldn't wonder if your pockets are crammed with them this very minute."

"Beast! Really, Bull, I tell you I never even knew that he had any chocs—I never saw him opening that parcel or anything! I'll turn out my pockets if you like—and you can look in my study, too! I call it pretty thick to make out that I've snooped Smithy's chocs—as if I would!" "You jolly well would if you could!" grunted Johnny.

"Well, look here, a man's innocent till he's proved guilty," said Bob Cherry. "If Bunter hasn't any chocs about him, or in his study—"

"I jolly well haven't!" asserted Bunter, "and I haven't hidden them anywhere, either—"

"Wha-a-t?" "Nothing of the kind! I never—Oh, crikey! Ain't he in a wax!" gasped Bunter, as the Bounder's voice was heard again up the passage.

"I—I say, suppose he comes back?" said Bunter anxiously. "I say, you fellows, if Smithy comes back, you'll stand by a chap, won't you? You won't let that beast Smithy kick up a shindy in your study, will you, Harry, old chap?"

"Not in your lifetime," assured the captain of the Remove. "If you never had Smithy's chocs, you're all right. If you had—"

"Don't I keep on telling you that I never touched them?" hooted Bunter.

"That sounds as if you did!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Have you parked them somewhere till Smithy's tired of looking for them?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "Is that it?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "Nothing of the kind! Never thought of such a thing. If anybody's been hiding anything in the ivy, it wasn't me."

"Oh, dear!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, listen to him! He's yelling into another study now. He—he's going to all the studies, after me—and—and he will come back here, and—and—look here, you fellows keep him off and I—I'll let you have some of the chocs."

"You fat villain!" roared Harry Wharton. "So you did snoop Smithy's chocs—and you've got them parked somewhere all the time!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Kick him out!"

"I—I say, I—I—I kik-kik-can't go out now—Smithy's in the passage—I say, you fellows—yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as with vigorous assistance from the Famous Five, he rolled through the doorway of No. 1 Study into the Remove passage.

"I say—yow-ow-ow! Oh, crikey!" The door of No. 1 Study slammed. Billy Bunter sat and roared. And his roar was echoed up the passage from No. 11 Study.

"BUNTER here?"

Herbert Vernon-Smith shouted, rather than asked, that question, as he pitched open the door of No. 11 Study. The Bounder had looked into study after study, drawing them blank one after another, and now he had arrived at No. 11. That study belonged to Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, and it was not a likely cover to draw for Bunter, who was on the worst of terms with Skinner and Co. But the exasperated Bounder was not leaving a single study unvisited in his search for the fat Owl, having no idea that he had left him behind in No. 1. Bunter was somewhere, and Smithy was going to find him, and then the "smashing" process was scheduled to begin.

There was only one fellow at the moment in No. 11 Study. It was Sidney James Snoop. The door was hurled open and the angry B o u n d e r shouted in.

"I'm looking for Bunter. He—why—what—great gad!" The B o u n d e r broke off, staring blankly at a huge green-a-n-d-g-o-l-d chocolate box on the table, from which Snoop was helping himself with sticky

fingers. It was the box of chocolates that had disappeared from his study. And here it was—and Snoop was halfway through its contents! Vernon-Smith stared. Then he yelled:

"You!"

"Eh! What—"

"So it wasn't Bunter, after all—it was you, was it?" roared Vernon-Smith. "By gum! You!"

He rushed and collared Snoop, dragged him backwards off his chair and got his head into chancery. "What do you fancy you're up to?"

"Thump! thump! thump!"

"Will you leggo?" shrieked Snoop, struggling frantically.

"Thump! thump! thump!" Snoop struggled and roared. But neither his struggling nor his roaring was any present help in time of need. The Bounder thumped and thumped, and finally pitched Snoop in a gasping heap on the floor. Then he picked up the chocolate box and walked out of the study.

BILLY BUNTER gave the Bounder one terrified blink as he came down the passage, and fled for the stairs. To his surprise and still more to his relief, Smithy did not pursue. He only stared after the fleeing fat Owl, burst into a laugh and called out: "It's all right, you fat ass!"

Billy Bunter stared round, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles in his astonishment. Smithy had been after him like a fierce dog after a fat rabbit. But now, apparently, he was no longer interested in the idea of "smashing" the fat grub-raider. As Bunter blinked at him—ready to dodge—Smithy went into his own study and slammed the door. Evidently it was "all right"—though Billy Bunter couldn't begin to guess how or why.

However, as it was "all right", he sagely considered that it was safe now to disinter the hidden box of chocolates from the hide-out in the ivy, and he rolled out of the House so to do. He groped and groped in the ivy for a good five minutes before it dawned on his fat brain that the box was no longer there! Bunter had "snooped" those chocs from Smithy; somebody else had "snooped" them from Bunter; and later on, when he learned what had happened in No. 11 Study the fat Owl was rather glad of it. Certainly he wouldn't have liked his fat little nose to look so red and raw as that of Snoop the snooper!

Next week: Gene Aubry's own life story! Don't miss the thrilling opening instalment!



TARZAN THE MIGHTY

Dear Readers,

For several months now, many of you have written to me asking for TARZAN OF THE APES. In fact, so many of you wrote that it became quite obvious that Tarzan MUST be featured in the Comet.

I am very happy to tell you all that I have completed arrangements for the REAL story of Tarzan to be published in the Comet. Next week you will be able to read the opening instalment which tells of the thrilling events that led up to Tarzan's birth in the untamed, terrifying African jungle.

Watch out for this truly magnificent story by the creator of Tarzan, Edgar Rice Burroughs.

And here's an extra thrill for you, chums. In the same issue you'll be able to read "THE GENE AUBRY STORY". This is the life-story of your favourite cowboy film star. It is excitingly illustrated.

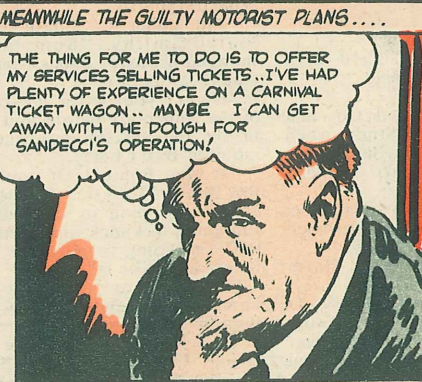
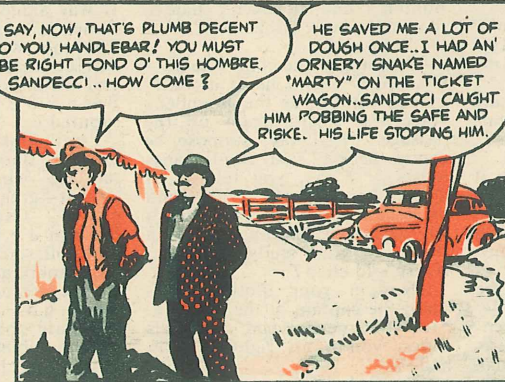
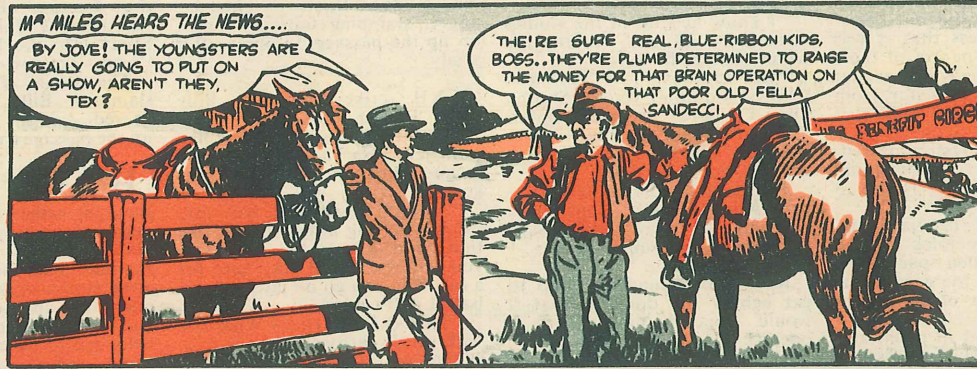
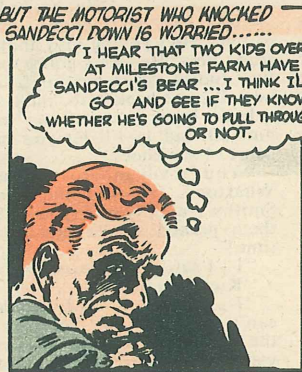
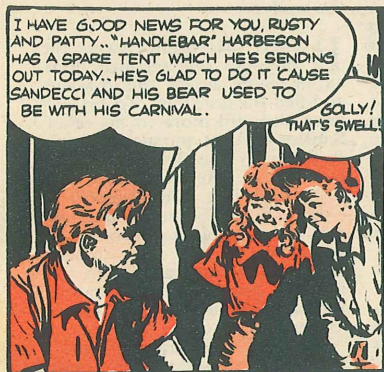
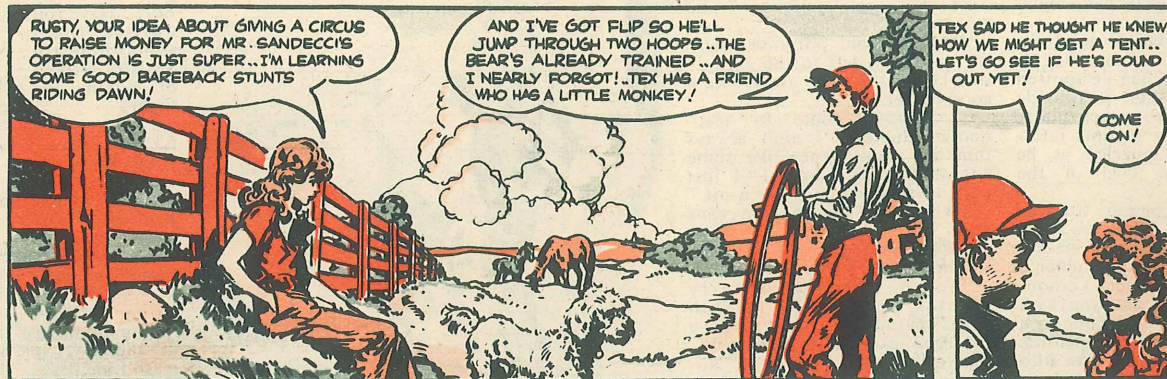
Don't miss these grand treats,
Your old friend,
The Editor.



RUSTY RILEY



One day Rusty Riley, a British orphan who has been adopted by an American rancher, finds a man lying badly injured in the road. There is no sign of the motorist. Later, Rusty and his dog find a performing bear in the woods, and they realise the injured man is Mr. Sandecci, who performs at circuses with the bear. A hospital surgeon tells them he needs a very delicate brain operation costing a lot of money. Rusty and Patty decide to give a show, using the bear to raise funds. Meanwhile the hit-and-run motorist is very worried, as he has read nothing about the accident in the papers.



(Rusty's idea looks like being a great success. But will the crafty motorist be able to put a spoke in the wheels?)

MORE WEST
Cut these out for your "Kit"
Remember there are three



No. 20. George M...



No. 27. Rando...

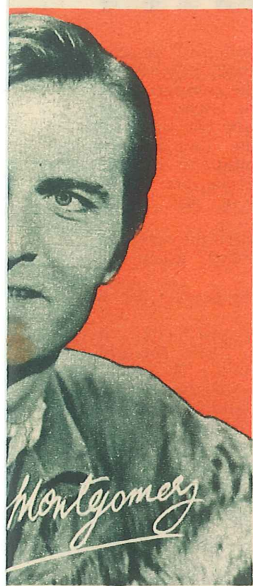


No. 13. Rex A...

PEN - PAL
donald, Ayrshire, Scotlan
Brian Tomlinson, 1
Yorks. Twelve, Stamps, 5f
Margery Hill, 80 M
Hull, Yorks. Thirteen, Cy
46 Tunnard Street, Grit
photographs, Mina Ha
Caithness, Fourteen, Film
 Sylvia Sheard, 185 Ca
Bradford, Yorks. Eleven, S

WESTERN STARS

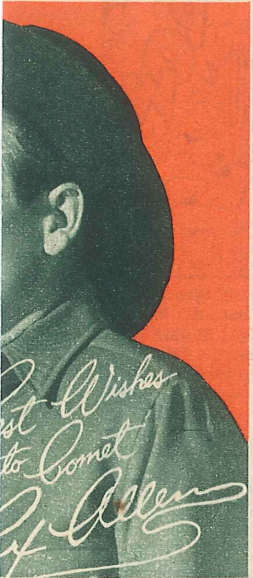
Carson's Autograph Book"
super pictures each week!



Montgomery (United Artists).



Scott (K.K.O. Radio).



Allen (A Republic star).

Anna Barr, 22 Ful-
larton Avenue, Dun-
fourteen. Dancing, cycling.
Bridge Street, Castletford,
rt.
chester Street, Hesse Road,
ing, films. Raymond Wilson,
by, Lincs. Fifteen. Film star
ber, 50 Laurel Bank, Wick,
tars, swimming, cycling.
erbury Avenue, Little Horton,
rimming, skating, stamps.

The Charge of the Buffaloes

Kit Carson
and the **GOLDEN ARROW**

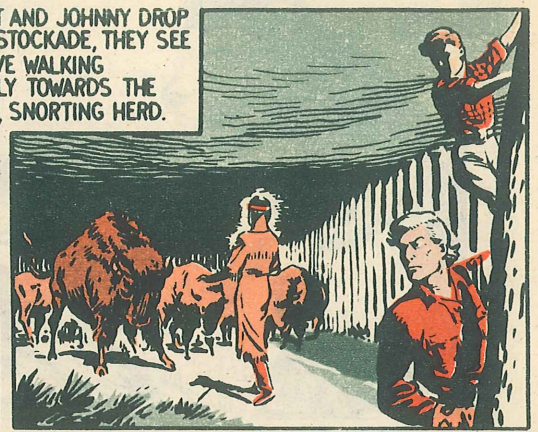


Kit and Johnny and White Dove are pressing on in search of the Mountains of Fire, where a vast treasure is hidden. They are ambushed by Mexican buffalo hunters. Kit and Johnny are captured, but at nightfall, White Dove, who has escaped, rescues them. They are seen by the Mexicans, and have to climb into a buffalo pen.

THERE IS NO NEED TO SHOOT! THE FOOLS! THEY WILL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY THE WILD BUFFALO!



BUT AS KIT AND JOHNNY DROP INTO THE STOCKADE, THEY SEE WHITE DOVE WALKING FEARLESSLY TOWARDS THE RESTLESS, SNORTING HERD.



AS THE LEADER OF THE HERD APPROACHES HER SUSPICIOUSLY, WHITE DOVE SPEAKS SOFTLY ALL THE TIME IN A STRANGE LANGUAGE.



GOSH, SHE'S GOT THAT GREAT BRUTE TAMED!

WE'VE SEEN BEFORE THE STRANGE POWER SHE HAS OVER ALL WILD CREATURES!



KIT AND JOHNNY APPROACH WARILY AS WHITE DOVE STROKES THE SHAGGY HEAD OF THE KING OF THE BUFFALOES...

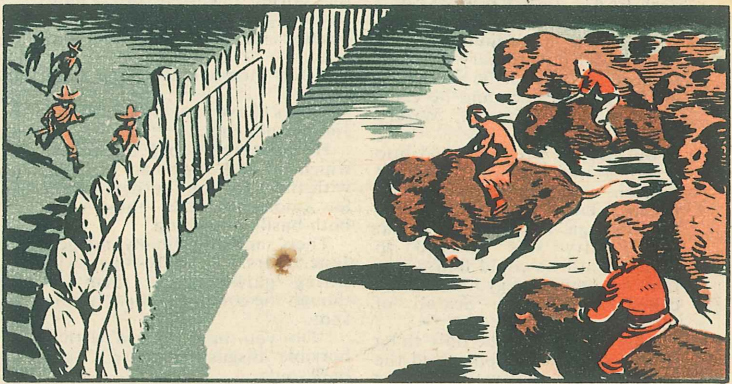
IT IS ALL RIGHT, MY BROTHERS - THE BUFFALOES ARE OUR FRIENDS NOW!



OBEYING THEIR INDIAN COMRADE, KIT AND JOHNNY EACH MOUNT A BUFFALO...



WHITE DOVE GIVES A SHRILL ORDER, AND THE BUFFALO THUNDER TOWARDS THE GATE OF THE STOCKADE AS THE GUARDS RUN TO SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING.



URGED ON BY WHITE DOVE'S COMMANDS, THE BUFFALO SHATTER THE STOCKADE WITH THEIR HUGE BONY HEADS.



FOLLOWED BY THE SHOUTS OF THE BAFFLED MEXICANS, THEY SWEEP ACROSS THE PLAIN.

BY THUNDER, WHITE DOVE, YOU DID A GREAT PIECE OF WORK THERE!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, WHITE DOVE!



ALL NIGHT LONG THE THREE TRAIL PARTNERS AND THEIR STRANGE COMPANIONS TRAVEL ACROSS THE PRAIRIE. BUT AS DAWN BREAKS THEY HEAR GUNFIRE AND WAR-WHOOPS IN A VALLEY BELOW.

A REDSKIN ATTACK! WE'VE GOT TO HELP THOSE FOLK!

NEVER FEAR - WE SHALL SAVE THEM!



AT WHITE DOVE'S ORDER, THE BUFFALO HERD THUNDERS DOWN INTO THE VALLEY LIKE AN AVALANCHE...

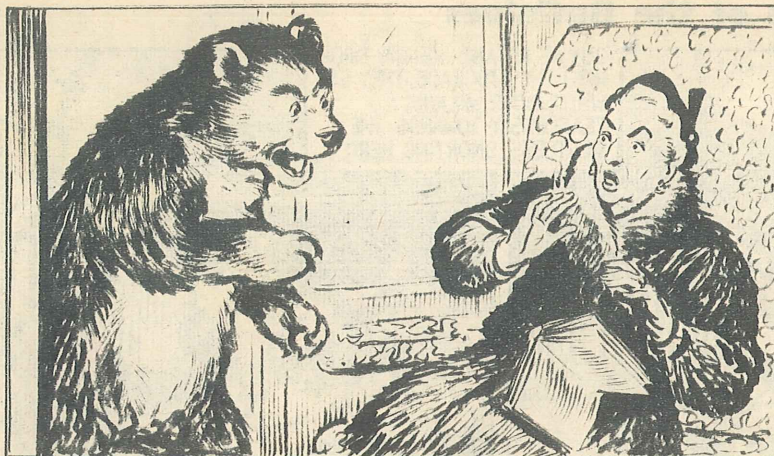


YIPPEE-E-E! THIS IS SOME RIDE!

LOOK! LOOK! THE BUFFALO ARE CHARGING!



Next week—The Indians are routed!



"I want my brother's coat," growled the bear.

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT!

bag of apples on Jimmy's knees.

For there wasn't the slightest doubt that the tiny, angry voices were coming from inside the bag, which was rocking violently about for all the world as though the apples inside it were actually alive and were trying to get out.

Then out they came, flying out, and they all buzzed madly about in front of Jimmy and June, screaming at the tops of their tiny little voices:

"There she is! There's old Granny Grandly-Bigg who doesn't like our smell!"

"What a horrid, ugly, snooty-looking woman!"

"Come on, let's hit her!"

"Yes, bang on her horrid nose, come on!"

Next instant, one after the other, they shot across the compartment and banged violently against the nose of the terrified, screeching Mrs. Grandly-Bigg. And, as they did so, they all of them yelled:

"Old Grandly-Bigg, the stuck-up Prig,

Detests the way we smell;

So now we punch her snooty nose

So hard that it will swell!"

"Help! Stop them! HELP!" screamed Mrs. Grandly-Bigg, her eyes fairly watering with pain as she clutched at her violently bifed nose.

But the apples appeared to have finished with her. For screaming with tiny laughter, they were all tumbling pell-mell back into the bag on Jimmy's knees.

Both Jimmy and June knew, of course, that the invisible Tutty had worked all this by means of his magic. But Mrs. Grandly-Bigg didn't know that and neither did the very startled old gentleman in the corner seat.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped. "Am I—am I dreaming?"

"No, sir," said June. "The apples seemed to come alive. It's queer, isn't it?"

"Very queer!" gasped the old gentleman. "Very, very queer indeed!"

"It's a trick!" shouted Mrs. Grandly-Bigg, trembling with fright and anger and still holding her sorely aching nose. "It's some ridiculous, dangerous trick that these wretched children are playing on me. I refuse to travel any further with them. I am going to pull the communication cord and give them in charge of the guard."

She got to her feet. But before she could seize the communication cord, a deep, angry voice growled from the doorway behind her:

"Just a minute!" Mrs. Grandly-Bigg looked round. It was a corridor train and standing on its hind legs in the open doorway of the corridor glowering at her, was a big brown bear.

Mrs. Grandly-Bigg gave a scream and, so great was her fright, that her knees gave way and she plumped heavily down on the seat from which she had just risen.

"I want my brother's coat," growled the bear, glaring at her. "Your—your brother's coat?" gaped Mrs. Grandly-Bigg, nearly swooning with fright.

"Yes, my brother's coat!" roared the bear. "That coat you're wearing. That's his coat. Or his skin, rather. How would you like to be skinned and then see somebody else going around wearing your skin? What a horrid thought!" he said, looking first at Jimmy and June and then at the old gentleman. "Fancy anybody wearing her skin."

He looked at Mrs. Grandly-Bigg again and advanced towards her on his hind legs.

"Gimme that coat!" he roared.

"Gimme my brother's skin!" Nearly fainting with terror, Mrs. Grandly-Bigg got herself out of the coat and the bear snatched it up in his paws.

"Well, stuff me with treacle!" he exclaimed, as he examined it.

"It's not my brother's skin, after all. It's the skin of my poor old Uncle Hug-a-bug, who died of old age, and it's not worth keeping!"

With that, he flung the coat out through the open window onto the railway lines. Then he turned and shuffled from the compartment. But in the doorway, he looked back over his shoulder at Mrs. Grandly-Bigg and sneered: "Wearing my poor old Uncle Hug-a-bug's skin, indeed. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. But there's one thing. He looked a jolly sight better in it than you did, you fat old scarecrow!"

Next moment he had gone, shuffling away along the corridor. By this time the train was slowing down and running into a station. As it stopped at the platform, Mrs. Grandly-Bigg got very shakily to her feet.

"Will you—will you please assist me to alight?" she said piteously to the elderly gentleman. "I—I must get out of here."

The gentleman helped her down to the platform and set her suitcase down beside her. As it happened, he himself was getting out

at that station. "Not that I want to," he said to Jimmy and June, putting his head back into the compartment. "I would like to travel further with you. You are two very remarkable children. You are not two juvenile conjurers on the stage, by any chance, are you?"

"No, sir, we're not," said Jimmy. "Then can you tell me how you worked those tricks?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, sir," said June. "It's a secret." "I would very much like to know the secret," said the old gentleman wistfully. "I would indeed. But there goes the whistle. Well, good-bye children, and I'll not forget our little meeting in a hurry."

"No, I'll bet he won't, either!" chuckled Jimmy, as the train slid out of the station. "But what a decent old chap. Oh, hallo, Tutty! So you've made yourself visible again, eh?"

"Yes, now that we've got the compartment to ourselves I have," tittered Tutty, who had reappeared and was sitting on the seat stroking his whiskers. "How did you like the way I fixed that snooty old woman?"

"Fine!" said June, laughing. "I only hope it will be a lesson to her not to be so high-and-mighty in future!"

As the train moved on, Jimmy suddenly looked up and saw the small parcel still on the rack.

"Why, Mrs. Grandly-Bigg has left her parcel behind," he said. "I'll get it down."

He stood up on the seat and reached for the parcel. It was only small, about eight inches square, and it was very badly wrapped. In the act of lifting it down, the loose string caught on the supporting arm of the rack and before Jimmy could save it, the parcel burst open and the contents shot out of his hand to fall with a crash on the floor.

It was a cardboard box and as the lid flew off, a curious object rolled out. Tutty let out a cry of

The Corner Seat

"AREN'T we lucky to get a compartment to ourselves?" said June Watson. "We certainly are," agreed her brother Jimmy.

They were on their way from Barminster, where they lived, to stay a few days with their Aunt Sarah, who lived at the little village of Nettlefold, about forty miles away.

They had Tutty, the cat, with them. He wasn't in a basket or anything, but was sitting beside June.

"How are you enjoying the ride, Tutty?" she asked.

"Fine!" he replied. "It seems ages to me since I was last in a train."

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 quite a lot 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 to his proper self again. But it was lost and Tutty had searched everywhere for it. He was still searching and, while he was 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.

"Has this Aunt Sarah of yours, with whom we're going to stay, got a cat?" asked Tutty, as the train sped along.

"Yes, she's got a lovely white cat called Snowy," replied June.

"Good, then he'll be company for me," said Tutty. "That's one thing about being a cat like me," he went on. "I can enjoy the company of cats as well as the company of girls and boys like you and Jimmy. In fact, I find cats very interesting indeed. Hallo, what are we slowing down for? Are we coming to a station?"

"Yes, Bramfield Junction," said Jimmy. "And I bet somebody gets into our compartment."

"Then I'm going to make myself invisible," said Tutty. "If I don't, they'll probably want to know why I'm not travelling in a box or a basket."

Next instant he had vanished from view, a thing which was quite easy for him to do by means of his magic. But although neither Jimmy nor June could see him, June knew that he was still sitting beside her, because she could feel him there with her hand. Jimmy had been right when he

said that somebody would get into the compartment. For when the train stopped, two people got in. One was an elderly gentleman who sat himself down in one of the vacant corner seats.

The other person to get into the compartment was a big stout, expensively-dressed lady wearing a fur coat and carrying a Pekinese dog with a bow of blue ribbon round its neck.

A porter brought in her suitcase, which bore a label with the name Mrs. Grandly-Bigg on it. He put it on the rack for her with a small paper parcel, and all she gave him was a very curt and haughty "Thank you." So the porter departed in a huff, slamming the door behind him because she hadn't given him a tip.

A few moments later the train started.

"Let's have an apple," said Jimmy suddenly.

He produced a bag of apples, which he and June had brought with them for the journey, and a few moments later they were both busily munching.

Then suddenly Jimmy nudged June. Mrs. Grandly-Bigg was sitting glowering at them as though she could slay them on the spot.

"Do you have to make that horrible disgusting noise?" she burst out.

"What horrible disgusting noise?" demanded Jimmy.

"That odious munching, crunching noise," cried Mrs. Grandly-Bigg. "If you cannot eat quietly, then kindly refrain from eating at all."

"For goodness sake, madam, why don't you leave the children alone?" cried the elderly gentleman angrily. "They are sitting there, perfectly well-behaved, enjoying an apple, and why shouldn't they?"

"Because I cannot stand the vulgar crunching noise they are making," cried Mrs. Grandly-Bigg furiously. "Apart from that, I detest the smell of apples. The whole compartment simply reeks of it."

"And I find it a very healthy and refreshing aroma," said the old gentleman.

"And I find it a perfectly abominable one!" shouted Mrs. Grandly-Bigg. "I hate the smell of apples. It turns my stomach."

Next instant she gave quite a jump as a shrill and tiny voice yelled:

"D'you hear that, chaps? Old Grandly-Bigg doesn't like the way we smell. Talk about cheek!"

"We smell a jolly sight nicer than she does, with her nasty cheap scent and powder!" screamed another tiny voice.

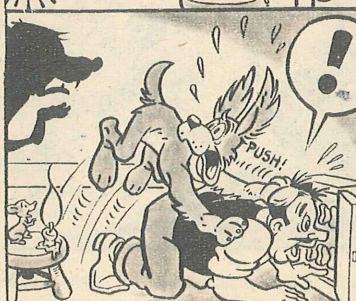
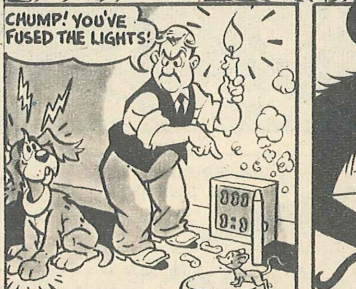
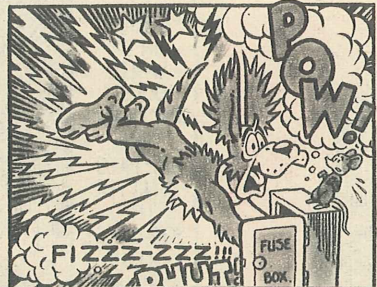
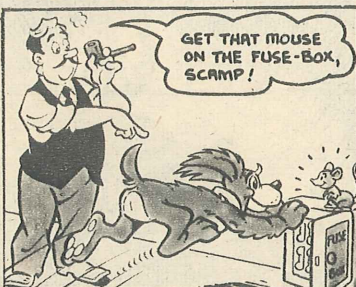
"Let's have a look at the snooty old crow, anyway!" yelled another tiny voice.

"Yes, and let's dot her on her silly sniffer!" screamed another tiny voice.

With her eyes nearly sticking right out of her head, Mrs. Grandly-Bigg was sitting gaping open-mouthed at the paper

SCAMP

... our Happy Hound



The Great Battles of the World—RAMILLIES

HERE'S ANOTHER GRAND BATTLE PICTURE FOR YOUR COLLECTION. WHY NOT CUT THEM OUT AND KEEP THEM ALL!

In the early days of the eighteenth century the throne of Spain fell vacant. Britain quarrelled with France over the choice of a new king. A long and terrible war ensued which has become known as the War of the Spanish Succession. From it Britain emerged a powerful and great nation. Her successes were due mainly to the supreme generalship of the famous Duke of Marlborough.

On the other hand, France was shattered and broken, and but for a brief period under Napoleon Bonaparte, never regained her former greatness. One of the most decisive battles in this costly war was that of Ramillies, when Marlborough was again victorious.

On May 23, 1706, the gallant British army and its allies faced a powerful French force under its commander, Villeroy, hinged on the village of Ramillies.

By one of his strokes of genius, Marlborough tricked the French into thinking he was going to launch the weight of his attack at his left flank, then switched his squadrons and himself led a furious charge at the centre of the line, completely overwhelming it.

(The grand picture is by R. Caton Woodville, and is reproduced by permission of the "Illustrated London News").



"Wheel into line!" The Duke of Marlborough leads Britain's crack cavalry squadrons into action at Ramillies.

JIMMY'S MAGIC CAT

(Continued from page 6)

amazement.

"The Scarab!" he fairly squealed. "It is—it's the sacred Scarab of Shendi—the charm I've been looking for for weeks. Mrs. Grandly-Bigg must have bought it at some antique shop and was taking it home. But she has no right to it. It belongs to the Temple of Shendi and there will I return it, once I have resumed my rightful form."

"And will it really change you back into a prince, Tutty?" gasped June.

"Yes," said Tutty. "All I've got to do is to hold it with my paw and say the magic words. I haven't forgotten them. How could I ever forget them?" he cried. "Well, here goes!"

Watched in breathless excitement by Jimmy and June, Tutty placed his right paw on the Sacred Scarab and muttered some strange and rapid words.

As he did so, an amazing thing hap-

pened. For, in a flash, Tutty was no longer there and, in his place, stood a handsome boy clad in a jewelled turban and in rich, bejewelled robes of the East.

"Gosh!" gasped June, staring as though she could not believe her eyes.

"He's—he's done it!" gasped Jimmy.

"Yes, I've done it," laughed Prince Tut-u-kamen. "At long last I am my proper self again."

He stooped, picked up the Sacred Scarab, and slipped it into a pocket in his robes as he straightened up. Then he looked at Jimmy and June again.

"You will understand what a marvelously happy moment this is for me," he said. "But it is also a sad one, for it means that I must now say good-bye to the two best and dearest friends that ever I have had. You had no idea who I was when you found me friendless and starving. But you looked after me and fed me and gave me a home and love and kindness. That is something I will never forget. From the very bottom of my heart I thank you both and one day I will see you again. I promise you that."

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, June," he said.

"Good-bye, Tutty," she said, and her eyes were aswim with tears. "We're—we're going to miss you an awful lot, Jimmy and I."

"Yes, and I will miss you, too, June, and all the jolly times we've had together," he said. "But perhaps we will have some more one day."

He shook hands with Jimmy.

"Good-bye, Jimmy," he said, "and thank you for everything. And now I am going back to my own people. God bless the two of you!"

Those were the last words that Jimmy and June heard him utter. For he had gone, vanishing in an instant into thin air.

"Oh, Jimmy, we're—we're going to miss him dreadfully!" faltered June.

"I know we are," said Jimmy sadly. "But one day we will see him again. He said we would and I know he will keep his promise."

THE END

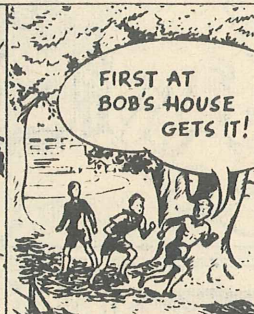
Next week: The mightiest adventurer of all time—

TARZAN OF THE APES

JACK BEATS REG for the



Y.R. Captain's Badge



12 FREE BADGES entitle you to a Y.R. FOOTBALLER'S STAR



When you have got the full set—a complete Soccer 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 position in the team. Enclose it, with the 12 badges, in a box or stout envelope, stamp with a 3d. stamp, and post to Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Dept. 8, Sovereign Street, Leeds.



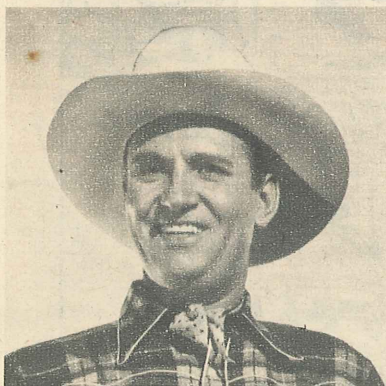
REMEMBER—ALWAYS GIVE THE Y.R. SIGN, it means you're a keen footballer.

Boys everywhere are collecting the Y.R. Footballer's Badges. Are you? 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. This offer does not apply to Eire.

Y.R. SAUCE made by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO. LTD. LEEDS

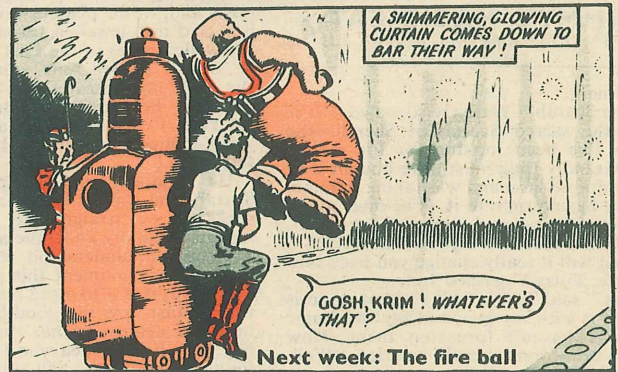
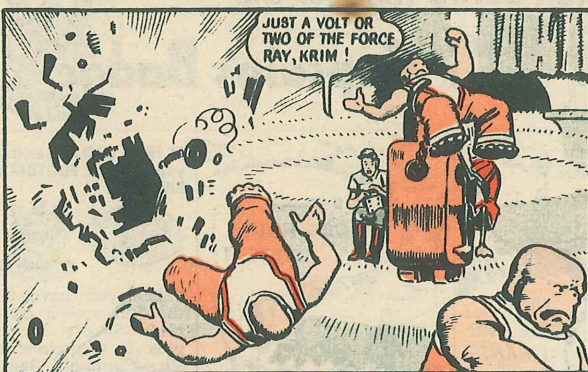
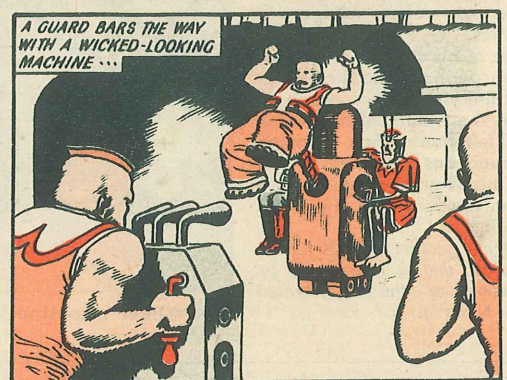
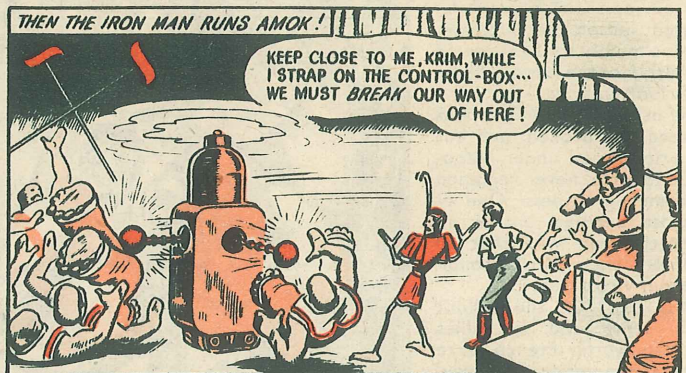
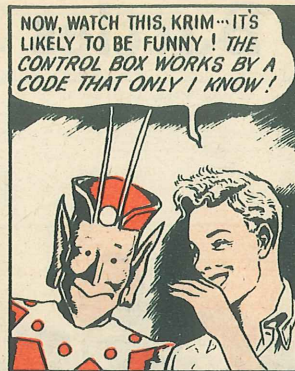
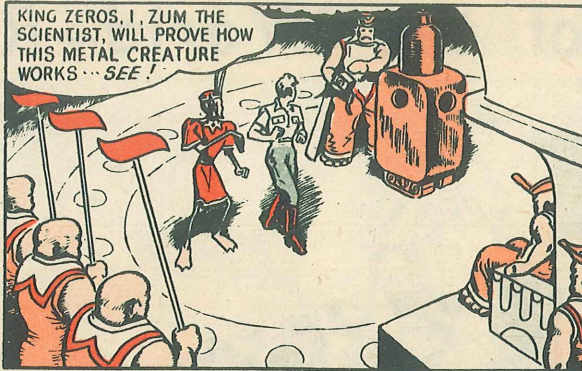
HOWDY, PARDS! I'm
GENE AUTRY.

Meet me next week in COMET!



DON DEEDS

Don Deeds and Krim, his Martian friend, journey to Uranus with one of Hoo Sung's Iron Men to capture Zeros, the mad warlord. They have to make a forced landing and all three are stunned by rays from a flying saucer of the Uranians and captured.



Next week: The fire ball

