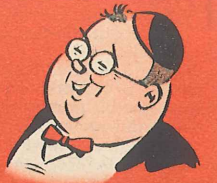


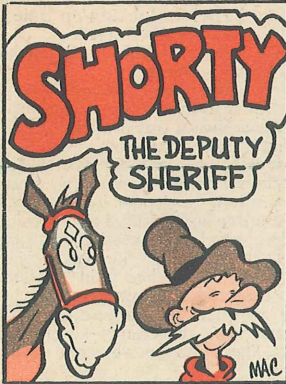
# COMET

## THE ALL STAR COMIC



2<sup>p</sup> EVERY OTHER MONDAY

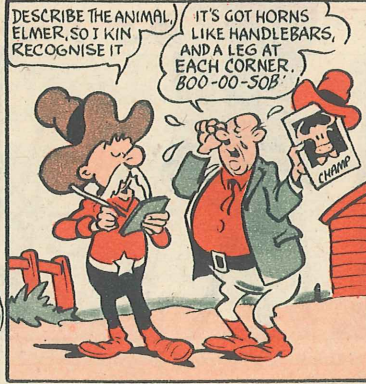
No. 90  
(New Series)  
Feb. 25th, 1950



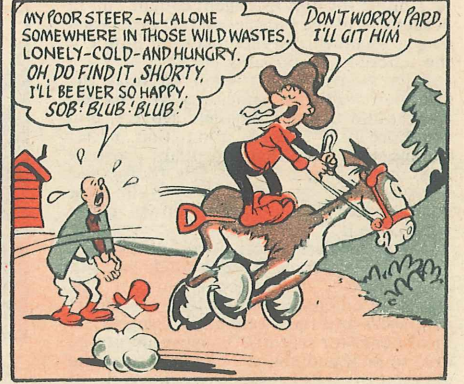
It was on Shorty's holiday, And Elmer's steer had gone astray.



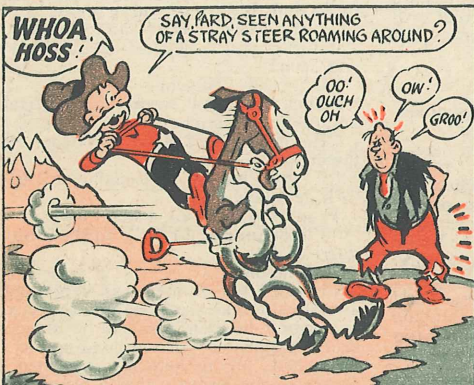
The Sheriff said: "Get on the track— We've gotta get the crittur back!"



So Shorty got up with a frown, And started taking notes down.



Then off he galloped on the trail. Determined that he would not fail.



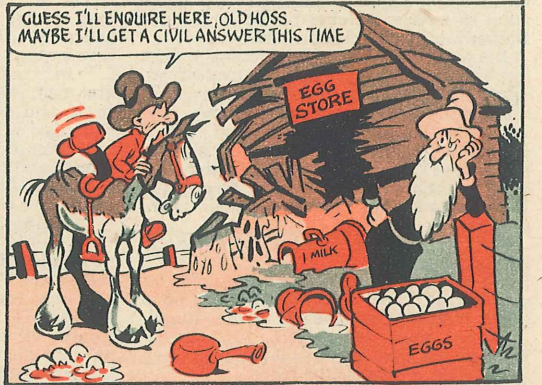
He met a chap, all torn and queer, And asked him if he'd seen the steer.



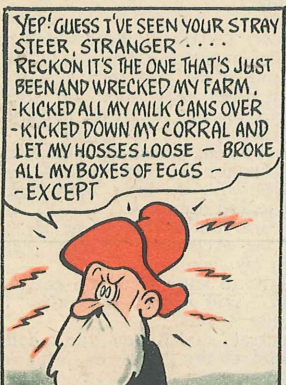
What chap did next was a disgrace— He tugged hat down o'er Shorty's face!



What made this chappy oh, so mad, Was time with steer that he'd just had!



Next place along old Shorty's track, Was a dee-lappy-dated shack.



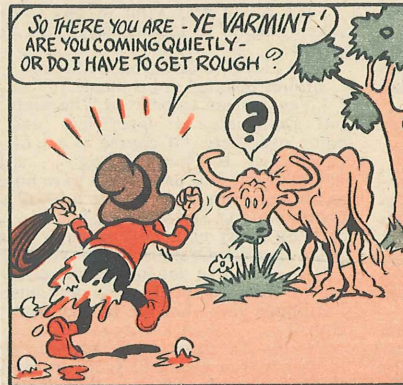
This shack had been a dairy store, But everything was on the floor.



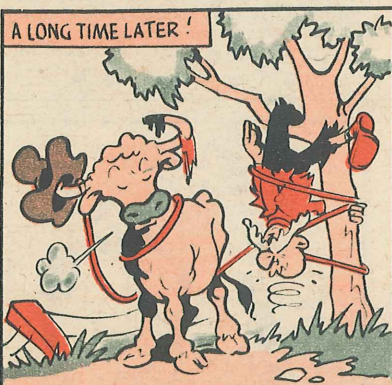
The old boy here got very tough, And really treated Shorty rough.



'Twas clear that Elmer's missing cow, Was at the back of all this row.



When Shorty tracked the crittur down, He got tossed topside upside down!



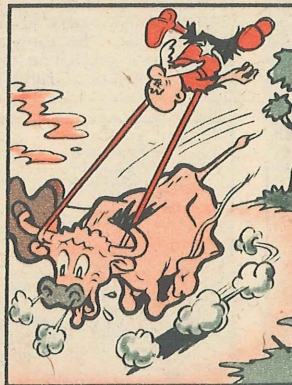
That cow then played a playful game— And Shorty had to do the same!



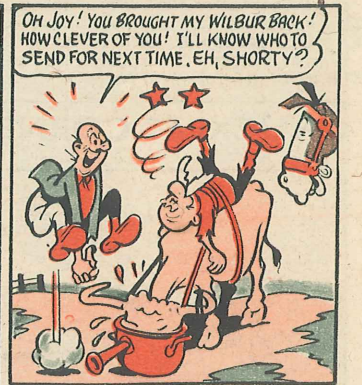
Then Elmer set out with some foood, Which to the steer smelled very goood!



Off went the steer, in high delight, With Shorty trailing like a kite!



So Shorty had his quarry found— Or was it t'other way around?





Revenge!

**B**ILLY BUNTER pedalled on towards Courtfield, leaving Alonzo Todd to fight out his desperate struggle with the bicycle.

Bunter and Todd had decided to join the Courtfield Rovers' football team, and Bunter had "borrowed" two bicycles—without the owners' permission, of course!

Alonzo Todd, however, had never ridden a bicycle before, and after a mighty struggle, had succeeded in wrecking Harry Wharton's brand new machine. Harry was not pleased! And when Frank Nugent had heard that Bunter had borrowed his bike, and was now riding into Courtfield on it, the look that came to his face boded ill for Bunter.

Bunter was well aware that there would be trouble for him if Nugent caught him in possession of the bicycle, and he proceeded to put as much distance between him and the school as he possibly could.

Billy Bunter didn't want to miss the interview with his namesake, W. Bunter, the captain of the Courtfield Rovers, and the more Billy thought about that matter the more he saw what a brilliant prospect was opening before him. His footer had been scorned at Greyfriars. Well, they should see that other fellows could appreciate it.

At Greyfriars there was never any difficulty in picking a football eleven; but at Courtfield, in the local team, it was evidently different. The Rovers were short of players and they were advertising in the local paper for recruits. They would not be able to pick and choose, like Wharton, the captain of the Lower Fourth. And, of course, they would be very glad to have a fellow like Bunter in their team. After all, it would be a great honour for the local team to have a member of the important Bunter family playing for them!

Bunter was already swelling with importance. He was preparing to descend upon the Courtfield fellows like a great noble visiting his servants. Of course, they would be glad to have him in their team! Probably the other Bunter would resign in his favour and make him captain. He would then challenge the Greyfriars Remove and lick them on their own ground!

At that dazzling prospect Bunter grunted with satisfaction.

He reached Courtfield and inquired his way to Oak Lane, which he found to be a quiet street on the outskirts of the village.

Bunter soon found No. 10 and he wheeled the bicycle into the front garden and leaned it against the fence.

He walked up the gravel path to the house and gave a knock and a ring that echoed through the building. That was Bunter's way of announcing that a very important person had arrived.

The door was opened very quickly by a lad of about Bunter's age. He was much better built than Bunter, however, and had a frank and cheerful face.

"Master Bunter live here?" inquired Billy in a grand voice.

"Yes, I'm Walter Bunter."

"Good! My name's Bunter, too—William George Bunter. I'm from Greyfriars School and I've called about your advertisement in the Courtfield paper."

"Oh, I see. Will you come in, please?" replied Walter Bunter.

"Certainly," replied Billy, and entered in his lordly way.

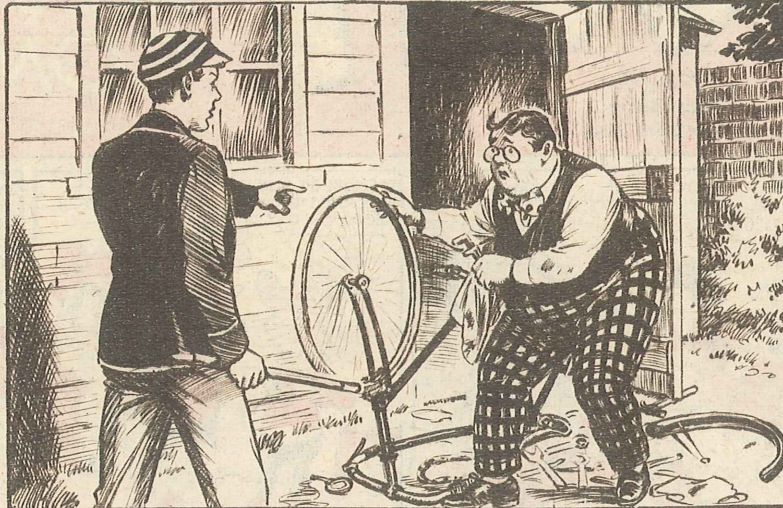
The lad showed him into the front room. There were two other young lads in there, and their round, red faces were in healthy contrast to the fat, overfed visage of Billy Bunter.

They looked at Bunter as he came in, and the fat junior blinked back through his big spectacles.

"This is Bunter, of Greyfriars," said Walter Bunter. "He's come about our notice in the Courtfield News."

# BILLY BUNTER

## THE FOOTBALL STAR



"I'm thinking of playing for your team," said Bunter.

The Courtfield boys took a harder look at him.

The fat, unwieldy body, the short, thick legs, the big spectacles, the overfed aspect, generally did not impress them very favourably.

"Oh!" said Walter. "Well, these chaps are members of the team—Porter, half-back, and Graham, our secretary. If you can play we shall be glad to have you; but excuse me, are you playing for Greyfriars?"

Bunter shook his head.

"Not at present."

"I suppose you are a footballer?"

"I should say so!" replied Billy Bunter.

"I've played for—oh, years! I belong to the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars but I'm kept out of the Form team through jealousy. I have played for the Upper Fourth as well," continued Bunter in an offhand manner, "but I didn't quite like the team, so I thought I'd play for Courtfield. You fellows would naturally be glad to have a gentleman in your club."

The fellows exchanged glances.

"It's really very kind of our friend to take notice of us in this way," said Porter at last.

"So kind," murmured Graham.

Bunter beamed upon them.

"Yes, I mean to be kind," he said. "I'm not appreciated at Greyfriars and I've come over here. Of course, it's bit of a come-down for me—playing a local village team. But us Bunters have no pride at all, even though there are a lot of titled people among my relatives!"

"You must be a very popular chap at your school," Graham remarked quietly.

"Oh, yes; I've got lots of influence, you know. But about this footer business. I suppose you want me to sign into your club?"

"I hardly think so," replied Walter Bunter with a gleam of scorn in his voice that was entirely lost upon Billy. "You see, I'm not sure whether it would be right for you to have such a come-down as playing for the village team!"

"Oh, don't worry about that," replied Bunter airily. "So long as you recognised that I am a gentleman and treat me with respect, it will be all right. Of course, I shall

allow no familiarity!"

"I'm sorry, but you can't join the team!"

Walter Bunter said quietly.

"What?" exploded Billy. "You're not going to let a chance like this pass by, are you? Just think of the honour that will come to the team if you let it be known that I'm playing for you!"

"Get out!" snapped Graham.

Bunter blinked at him.

"You won't sign me on?" he exclaimed.

Walter threw the door open.

"That's the way out," he said.

"Why, you village bounders," roared Billy Bunter. "Of all the infernal cheek—"

Porter made a rush at the fat junior and Billy hopped out of the room with wonderful quickness. He scooted out of the house and slammed the front door behind him.

With the belief that Porter was pursuing him, Billy Bunter raced down the path and grabbed the bicycle. Dragging it into the road, he mounted and pedalled off at top speed. He was half-way to Greyfriars before he dared to slacken.

"THERE'S Bunter!"

"But where's the bike?" said Nugent.

"The young boulder's on foot."

"We'll soon make him tell!"

The chums of the Remove had finished work on Wharton's machine and had succeeded in restoring it to something like its old self. They were just going into the School House to get cleaned up when they caught sight of Bunter.

The fat junior was rolling up the drive to the school, but he was on foot and there was no sign of Nugent's bicycle.

The juniors ran towards him.

At the sight of them Bunter halted, with a sickly smile upon his fat face.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed Wharton. "You told Todd he could have my bike and he's smashed it up!"

"And you've had my bike when you knew I wanted to go out on it!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Well, I had to go over to Courtfield—most important—Ow! Leggo! D-d-don't shake me like that, Nugent!"

"You—you boulder—"

"I don't think you ought to call me names, Nugent, just because I'm going to play footer for an outside club," said Bunter, in an injured tone. "After all, I did

offer my services to the Form first!" "I'm—going—to bump—you—for taking—my—bike!" Nugent said very deliberately.

"Hold on!" gasped Bunter. "I'm sorry your bike's lost, but—"

"My bike's lost?" roared Nugent.

"Well, not exactly lost," replied Bunter. "I've left it outside."

"Outside? Where?"

"In the fields," remarked Bunter. "And as I'm the only one who knows where it is, you won't get it back unless—"

"Unless what?" demanded Nugent.

"Unless you forget the whole incident," returned Billy Bunter calmly.

Frank Nugent was speechless!

Harry Wharton could not help laughing. "It's no good, Frank," he exclaimed.

"We shall have to let him off if we want to get the bike in before locking-up time."

Frank Nugent breathed hard. "I'll—I'll let you off this time," he said.

"Go and get the bike in!"

Bunter scuttled away towards the gate and the chums followed him. They looked after him as he went out into the road.

"My hat!" said Wharton.

The bicycle was leaning in the hedge opposite the school gates, perfectly plain to anyone who had gone near it. The trouble was that Bunter had skidded and gone into the ditch and the mudguards were crumpled. In fact, the bike was in a disgraceful state altogether and needed a thorough cleaning and overhaul.

Bunter wheeled the bicycle in with a pleased grin, and the chums watched him in silence. Their feelings were too deep for words.

"Here you are," said Bunter happily. "You can put it away now, Nugent."

"Oh, no!" said Nugent. "You're going to do that, Billy, and you're going to clean off every speck of dust—and I'm going to stand over you with a cricket stump while you do it!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Buck up!" said Frank curtly. "Harry, go and fetch a cricket stump, please."

"Right-ho!" said Harry and departed on the errand.

"I say, really—" exclaimed Bunter. "I'll definitely not—"

Frank Nugent took a step forward. "I'll definitely do it!" finished Bunter hurriedly.

And he did.

For an hour Bunter was kept fagging away by the bike shed cleaning the bicycle, and when he had finished he staggered away exhausted—or pretending to be exhausted. He pathetically informed the chums of the Remove that a bit of a feed at the school tuck-shop would revive him—a suggestion that was greeted with heartless laughter.

**A**LONZO TODD had been waiting for Bunter to come in, but due to Billy's hour of toil in the bike shed he did not meet him until they went up to the dormitory. In the Remove dormitory, Alonzo tapped the fat junior on the shoulder. Alonzo generally attracted a fellow's attention by tapping him—sometimes hard—with his long, bony fingers. Bunter jerked round.

"What are you jabbing at me for, you chump?" he exclaimed. "You've nearly punctured my shoulder!"

"I wanted to know how you got on at Courtfield," said Alonzo patiently. "Did you join the Rovers?"

"Of course!" said Bunter with a defiant blink round at the Removites, who were listening with great interest.

"Do you mean to say they've let you into the team?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

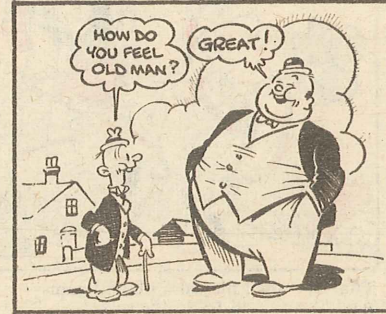
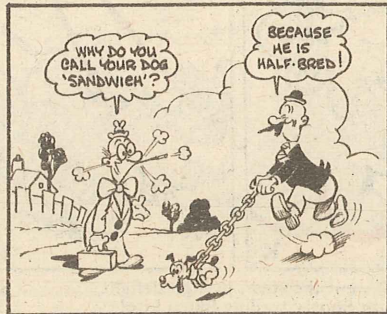
"As a matter of fact," said Bunter loftily, "I've been offered the captaincy."

There was a roar of laughter.

Billy Bunter grunted and kicked off his

(Continued on page 7)

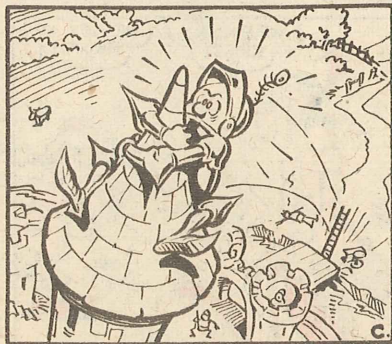
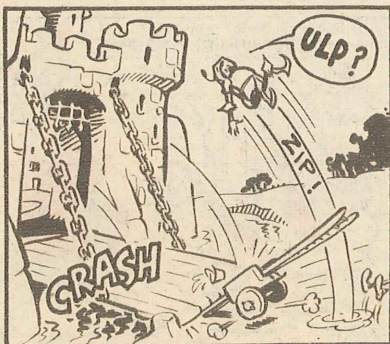
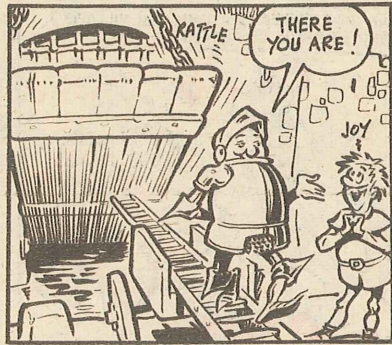
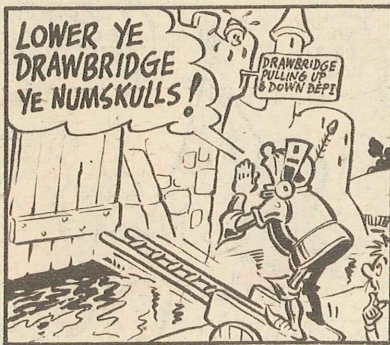
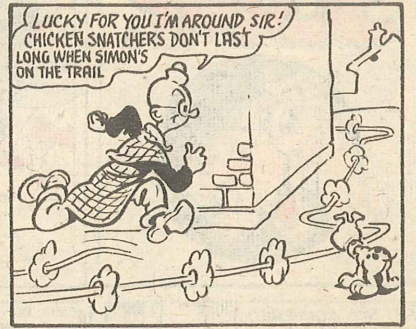
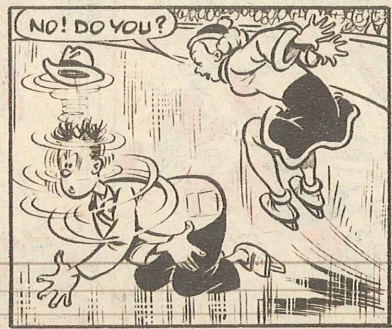
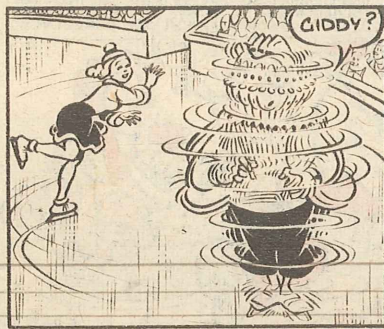
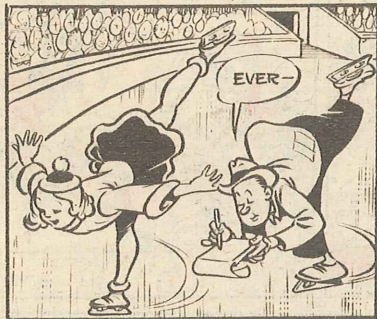
### CHUCKLES CORNER





# SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER

# SIMON — THE SIMPLE SLEUTH



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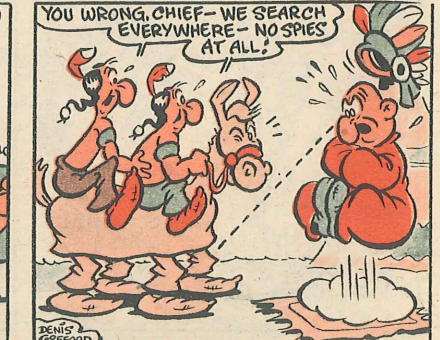
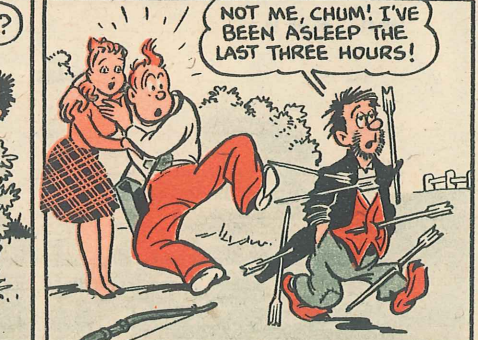
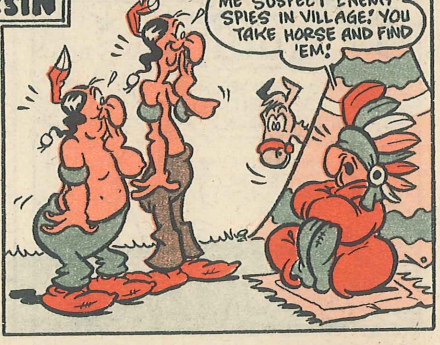
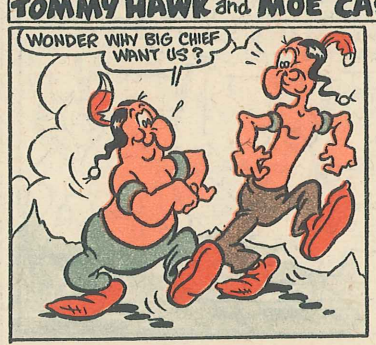
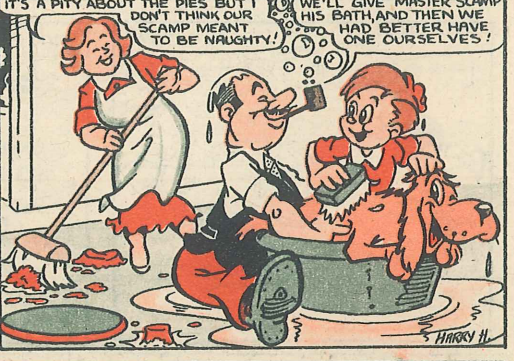
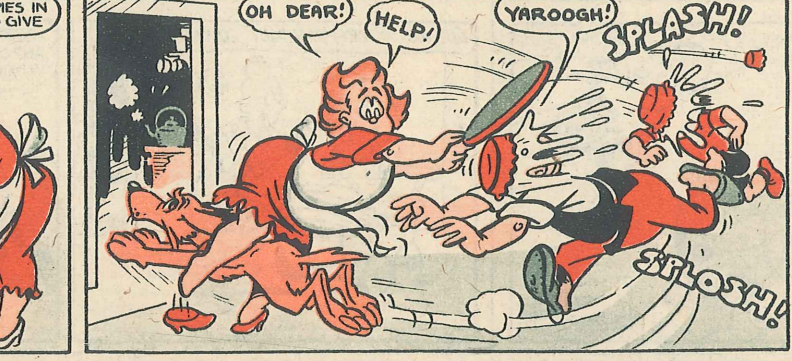
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# BUCK JONES

## THE MYSTERY OF BIDDY LOGAN

JOSE GONZALEZ, THE MEXICAN BANDIT, HAS KIDNAPPED YOUNG BIDDY LOGAN AND TAKEN HER TO HIS STRONGHOLD. BUCK JONES LOSES HIS GUNS IN FIGHTING HIS WAY TO HER SIDE. FINDING GONZALEZ ABOUT TO USE HIS WHIP ON BIDDY, BUCK GOES INTO ACTION.....



HECK! THERE ARE MORE OF EM THAN I THOUGHT!

LOOK OUT, BUCK!



GET HEEM ALIVE! I MAKE-A ZE GRINGO SORREE HE COME!

BUT IN THE FREE-FOR-ALL BUCK MANAGES TO GRAB A GUN.



HA! HERE'S A GUN! JEST WHAT I'M NEEDIN'



AFTER HEEM MEN DO NOT LET HEEM GO!

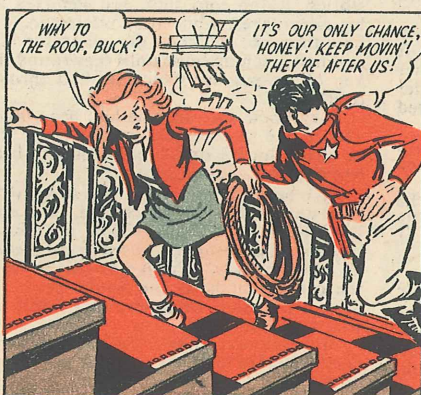
QUICK, BIDDY! OVER HYAH- PRONTO!



OKAY, BIDDY! OUTSIDE AND SLAM THE DOOR AFTER US!



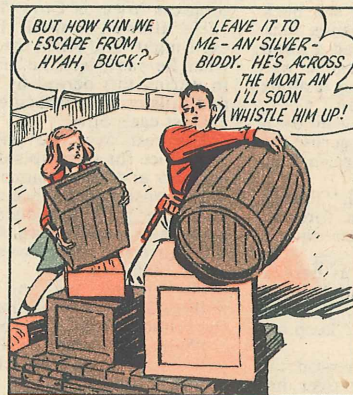
FINE! THEY'LL HOLD 'EM AWHILE. NOW YOU GRAB THE ROPE BIDDY AND AWAY TO THE ROOF. I GOTTA PLAN!



WHY TO THE ROOF, BUCK?

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, HONEY! KEEP MOVIN'! THEY'RE AFTER US!

WITH THE BANDITS CLOSE ON THEIR HEELS, BUCK AND BIDDY REACH THE ROOF AND BARRICADE THE TRAP-DOOR.



BUT HOW KIN WE ESCAPE FROM HYAH, BUCK?

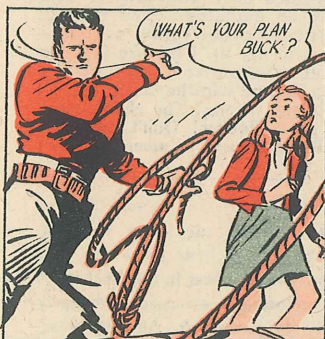
LEAVE IT TO ME - AN' SILVER-BIDDY. HE'S ACROSS THE MOAT AN' I'LL SOON WHISTLE HIM UP!



BUCK WHISTLES FOR SILVER, HIS HORSE...

WHEE-EEE-EEEE! LOOK! THAR HE IS, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOAT!

BUCK MAKES A FAST LOOP ON THE END OF THE ROPE



WHAT'S YOUR PLAN BUCK?



SILVER WILL KEEP THE ROPE TAUT 'COS I'LL TELL HIM TO PULL. AN' I'M CLIMBIN' DOWN WITH YUH, HONEY. C'MON! THEM GREASERS WILL BE CUT HYAH IN A MOMENT!

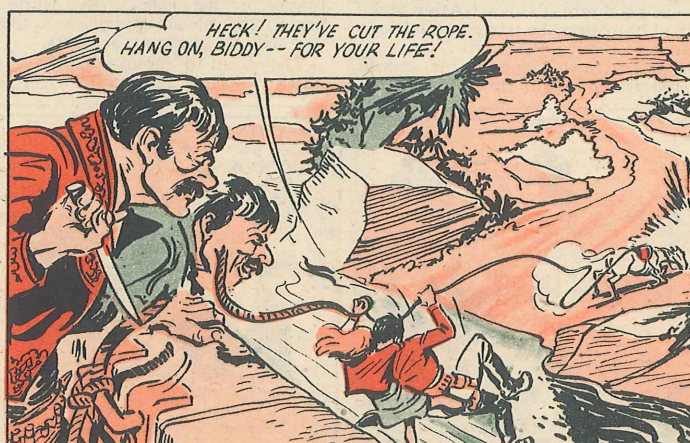


PULL, SILVER! PULL!

BUT GONZALEZ AND HIS BANDITS BREAK OUT ON TO THE ROOF IN SEARCH OF BUCK.



STOP HEEM! SHOOT! CUT THE ROPE!



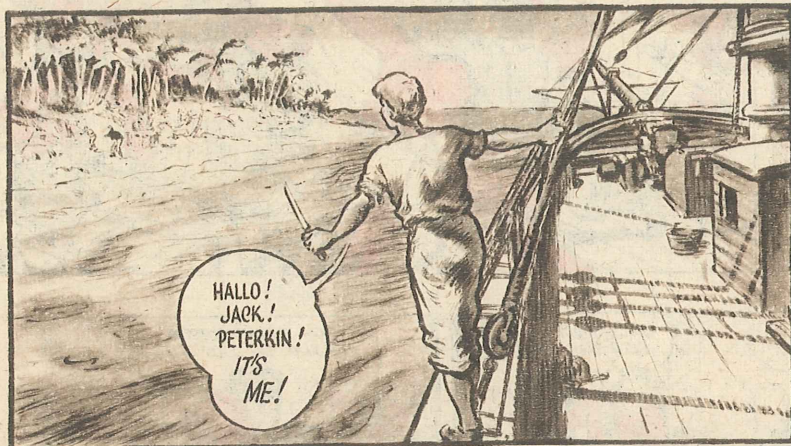
HECK! THEY'VE CUT THE ROPE. HANG ON, BIDDY-- FOR YOUR LIFE!





# THE CORAL ISLAND

Based on R. M. Ballantyne's world-famous story



## Reunion

THE breeze had dropped and the schooner lay motionless on a glassy sea.

Ralph Rover stood at the tiller, waiting for a wind to swell the sails again. Nearby, Bill, the only member of the crew who had been able to escape with him from the island of Emo, lay resting against the cabin skylight.

He was in great pain from the bullet wound he had received from the pistol of the ferocious skipper who had met his death at the hands of Romata and his cannibal tribe.

Ralph's one wish now was to sail back to Coral Island to rejoin his friends Jack Martin and Peterkin Gay. He had a good ship, but since Bill was helpless he was faced with the prospect of sailing it alone across hundreds of miles of ocean.

A groan from Bill was followed by a weird moan that came sweeping across the sullen sea as if the elements were in tune with the stricken sailor.

"Look out, Ralph!" hissed Bill. "There's a squall coming! Clew up the foresail! Drop the mainsail-peak! Them squalls come quick sometimes!"

Ralph rushed to shorten sail as best as he could and then returned to the helm to await the onslaught of the squall.

"Now, boy," said Bill faintly, "keep her close to the wind."

The squall struck the schooner on the port bow, dashing spray right over her deck. The little ship sprang forward against the rising sea like a warhorse. The sky darkened with heavy racing clouds and the brassy sea lifted into huge billows.

Clinging to the tiller and trying to keep his feet, Ralph saw Bill's grip loosen on the belaying pin with which he was trying to steady himself. The wounded seaman slid down the wet deck and struck the skylight with stunning violence.

Ralph saw him lying unconscious at his feet, but he dared not leave the tiller. For over an hour the howling wind drove the schooner along, her sharp bow racing through the water under the press of her overloaded canvas, spray dashing high over the forecabin and streaming back to swirl around Ralph's legs.

He was exhausted when the squall died down as suddenly as it had come, and the schooner was left rocking on the turbulent sea.

Now he could leave the helm for a few moments and attend to Bill. He fetched brandy and tried to pour a little down the throat of the unconscious man. For some time he rubbed Bill's face and hands. His efforts were useless. Bill, the pirate, was dead.

For some time Ralph sat quietly on the

edge of the skylight, staring down at the seaman's rigid face. Then he stirred himself and went about his duties.

Bill was buried in the Pacific deep, with a cannon-ball tied to his feet. Ralph missed him badly. He had not been guiltless of crimes, but he was the only one out of all that rascally crew who had shown any sign of decency at all.

Now Ralph set himself to the task of navigating a sailing ship needing at least eight men as her proper crew.

Luckily he was helped for fully a week by a steady breeze that blew from the east. Since his course lay west he made rapid progress towards Coral Island.

He allowed himself three hours' sleep each night, and since the wind might shift when he was asleep, he heaved the schooner to during this period by fixing the rudder and sails in such a position that they acted against each other.

His rest over, he had only to make allowance for the ship's drifting on the sea currents and then resume his course.

By constant vigilance and resolution he kept the little schooner sailing steadily across the lonely ocean. On the evening of the fourteenth day he was awakened out of a nap by a loud cry.

He started up and stared around. A large albatross soared majestically above the schooner's bulging sails.

"Why, this might be the albatross I saw with Jack and Peterkin at Penguin Island!" he cried aloud.

Considerably cheered by this thought, he found the albatross accompanying him all through the next day and it only left him at nightfall.

Next morning, as he stood motionless and heavy-eyed at the helm, he thought he saw something like a black cloud against the dark sky to the west. On the alert for squalls, he ran forward. Now he thought he heard the murmur of the coming gale.

Frantically he began to work with might and main at his cumbersome tackle for reducing sail. An hour and a half later he had everything ready. While the light strengthened over the sea he looked anxiously forward.

The roar of the waves became louder and more distinct. A single ray from the rising sun gleamed over the ocean and sparkled on a tumult of white water.

The sound he had heard was no oncoming squall. It was the ceaseless roar of the mighty breakers that broke endlessly against the reef of Coral Island!

He rushed below for his telescope. Yes, there was no doubt about it! After many perils and hardships, he had come back to the beloved island!

Even under his shortened sail he should reach the island within two hours. The

anchor was ready to drop. Searching among the flags he found the dread black one that had so alarmed them when the schooner first arrived off Coral Island. He ran it up to the peak and then dashed to the powder magazine for a blank cartridge which he loaded into the big brass gun. Before leaving the fore part of the ship he thrust a poker into the galley fire to heat.

A steady five-knot breeze took him towards the entrance to the reef. The schooner glided quickly through, spattered by spray from the huge breakers which dashed against the coral reef. Opposite the well-remembered Water Garden, he put the helm hard down. The schooner swung round gracefully and lost way just opposite the hut in which he was certain Jack and Peterkin must be sleeping.

Running forward he snatched up the red-hot poker and applied it to the touch-hole of the gun. A great bang half-deafened him and sent echoes rolling among the mountains.

Gazing eagerly shorewards, Ralph saw Peterkin bound out of the hut, his eyes staring with surprise and terror. He gave one look at the schooner and fled into the bushes like a wild-cat. Next moment Jack followed his example.

"Aho, there!" shouted Ralph, almost mad with joy. "Hallo! Jack! Peterkin! It's me!"

They came running from the shelter of the woods. Ralph threw off his jacket and jumped overboard at the same instant that Jack bounded joyfully into the sea. They met in deep water, clasped each other round the neck and sank to the bottom.

Half-choked, they shot to the surface to find Peterkin splashing about like a wounded duck, laughing, crying, and nearly choking himself with salt water.

The first joyful reunion over, they sprawled on the beach and compared stories. Ralph told Jack and Peterkin all his adventures, while they related to him how they had searched the island for him and had given up hope until they found the keg of gunpowder which he had thrown overboard.

They knew then that he had been taken aboard the pirate schooner and must still be alive. But life on Coral Island had been less cheerful without him.

"We began to long for a ship to heave in sight and take us off," Jack said, "but now that you're back again, Ralph, it looks as bright and cheerful as it used to do. Still," he added briskly, "I'd like to visit some of the other islands of the South Seas. We have a first-rate schooner, so I don't see why we shouldn't."

"Just the very thing I was going to say!" cried Peterkin Gay. "I vote for starting at once."

"Well, then," said Jack, "why not sail for the island on which Avatea lives and try to persuade Tararo to let her marry the chap she's engaged to, instead of making a 'long pig' of her?"

Having made up his mind to rescue the girl whom Ralph described as being in such peril, Jack could not rest.

"But it may be dangerous," he said after a long discussion. "Will you lads go with me, in spite of this?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Can you doubt it?" cried Peterkin in amazement.

They lost no time in preparing to leave Coral Island. The ship was well stocked with provisions, but they added an abundant supply of coconuts, breadfruits, taro, yams, plums and sweet potatoes—partly with the idea of reminding themselves of the island on which they had spent so many happy months.

They paid farewell visits to the many familiar spots. They climbed the mountain and gazed for the last time at the rich green foliage in the valleys, the white sandy beach, the placid lagoon and the coral reef with its gleaming breakers.

They went to Spouting Cliff and looked down through the clear water to the

entrance to the Diamond Cavern, in which they had hidden from the pirates. From this they hurried to the Water Garden, with its beautiful formations of coral, and took a last dive into its clear waters.

Last of all they returned to the hut and collected the few articles which had served them so well as castaways—the axe, the pencil-case, the broken telescope, the penknife, the hook made from the brass ring, and the sail needle—besides the long sea-boots and the pistol and several curious articles of clothing which they had made from palm-leaf cloth.

As a memento of their stay they carved their names on a piece of ironwood and hung it up in the bower.

Then they went aboard the schooner and hauled the anchor up with much difficulty. A steady breeze was blowing offshore as they set sail a little before sunset.

Swiftly it swept them out through the reef and out to sea. The shore grew rapidly more indistinct as darkness came. Slowly the mountain top sank on the horizon until it was a mere dark speck, and in a few moments more the sun and Coral Island sank together into the broad Pacific.

With its crew of three the schooner sailed on to new adventures.

This was a much pleasanter voyage for Ralph Rover.

Now he was not alone, but in the company of his two friends. They had no difficulty now in managing the sails, for Jack was heavily built and powerful, while Peterkin was as nimble as a monkey.

For three weeks they sailed steadily before a fair wind and at last arrived off an island which Ralph recognised from the description given to him by Bill. It was called Mango, and lay about sixty miles from the island of Emo, where the savage Romata ruled and where the crew of the schooner had been killed.

On Mango lived Tararo, whom once they had saved from a war party on Coral Island, and who kept captive the girl Avatea whom they had come to save.

As soon as they sighted Mango, the three boys hove-to the schooner and held a council of war.

"You say, Ralph," said Jack quietly, "that this island is inhabited by out-and-out cannibals, whose principal law is: 'Might is right, and the weakest goes to the wall'?"

"So Bill told me," said Ralph. "But on the southern side missionaries have been working among the natives. Tararo, however, persecutes the Christian natives—and hates all white men who bring the new faith."

"It's a pity the Christian tribe is so small," said Jack thoughtfully. "If Tararo takes it into his head to capture this ship, or kill us, we shan't get much help. Still, run round to the southern side of the island, cast anchor there and have a chat with him. We might run the risk of being captured, or—"

"Being roasted alive and eaten!" said Peterkin, as he hesitated. "The fact is, Jack, I don't believe that Tararo will be so ungrateful as to eat us. I'm sure he'll be glad to grant us whatever we ask. So the sooner we go in and win the better!"

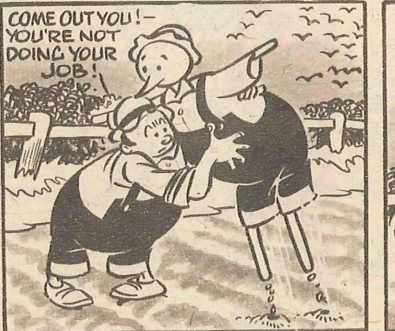
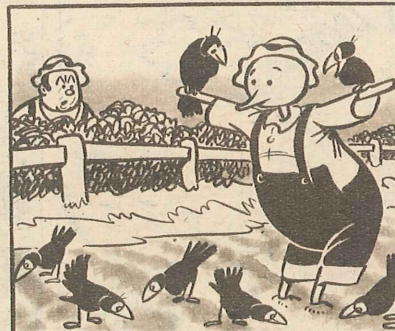
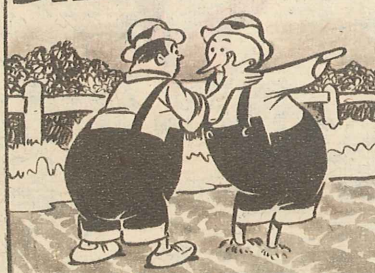
But Peterkin was wrong! The chums were going into great danger! Don't miss the thrills in the next "Comet."

## DEAR READERS,

Why not write to me when you get time? I would like to hear from you and to know what you like best in the COMET. All letters enclosing a stamped addressed envelope will be answered. Address your letters to THE EDITOR, COMET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Editor

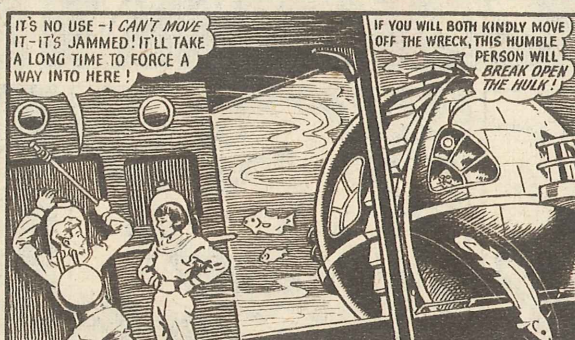
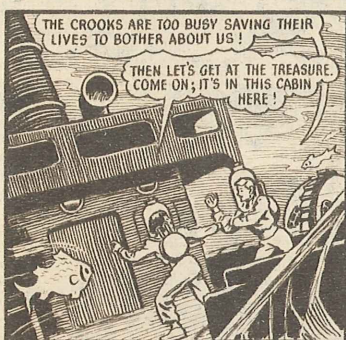
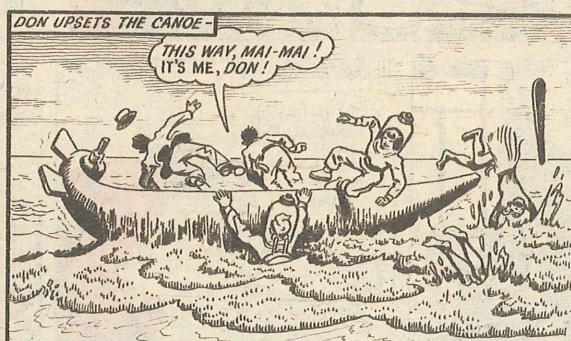
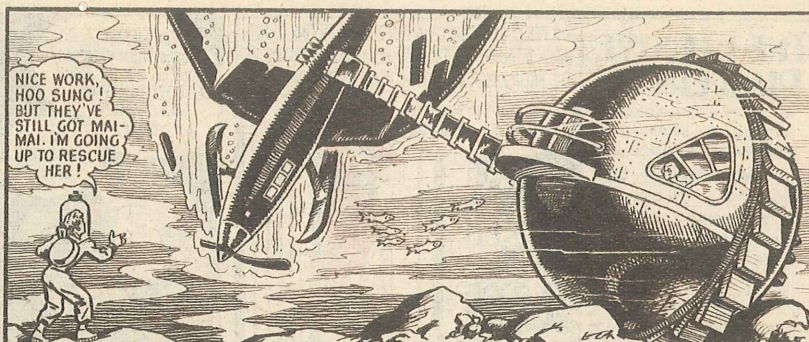
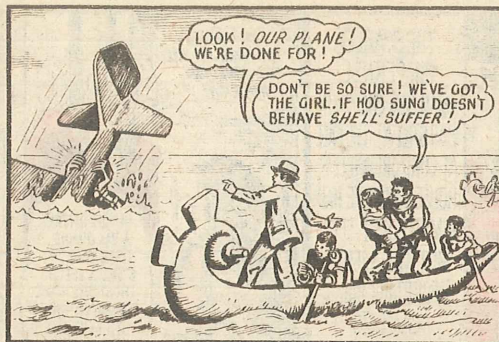
## SILLY BILLY





# Don Deeds

Mai-Mai, the daughter of Hoo Sung, is captured by the crooks on the sea-bed, while wearing her father's patent diving gear. But Hoo Sung, in the Rolling Sphere, wrecks their seaplane.



How can Hoo Sung's plan succeed? More thrills in the next "Comet"

## BILLY BUNTER THE FOOTBALL STAR

(Continued from page 2)

boots. Not a fellow in the dormitory, with the possible exception of Alonzo Todd, believed his statement. Bunter's yarns were too well known.

But a peculiar idea was already in Bunter's mind. The name of the Rovers' captain was the same as his and it had occurred to the fat junior that he could put that fact to some use. Bunter was not clever, but he was cunning.

"You can cackle if you like," snorted Bunter. "But there will be reports of the matches we play in the local paper. You will be able to read them—and seeing is believing, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear me!" said Todd. "Will you put me in the team, Bunter?"

Bunter's little eyes gleamed. A scheme to get his own back on the chums of the Remove had been forming in his mind, and now he saw a way to do it.

He lowered his voice as he replied to Alonzo.

"Perhaps if you'll do me a little favour I might consider giving you a place in the team."

Alonzo's eyes sparkled.

"Anything you say, dear boy," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Well, it's like this," said Bunter. "Wharton has asked me to call him at five in the morning—he wants to go for an early morning bathe. He's asked me to call him, but I don't fancy waking up at five o'clock. Now, if you'd do that for me I might place you in the team."

"By all means," Alonzo exclaimed. "I'll most certainly do a little thing like that for you!"

"One other thing," Bunter continued, "Wharton is very particular about the way he is woken up. He insists on having a wet sponge squeezed over his face. He says

it's bracing—or something. So remember that, will you?"

Alonzo made a careful note of the fact and to his innocent mind the request sounded perfectly normal.

Soon after Wingate, the school captain, had put out the lights in the dormitory, the juniors settled down for a night's sleep.

Not Alonzo, however.

He was determined to get a place in the Courtfield Rovers, and if calling Wharton at five o'clock was the way to do it—then do it he would, and he'd take no chances of being asleep when five o'clock came.

Alonzo found the task of keeping awake difficult, and once or twice he dozed off—always to awake with a start. At last the hands of his wrist-watch crawled slowly round to five o'clock and he slipped out of bed.

The night was chilly and Alonzo felt exceedingly cold.

He stepped quietly over to a washbasin and found a sponge. He shivered as he let the icy water run on to it, and try as he might, he could not stop a sneeze.

The sponge was absolutely soaked and Alonzo stepped towards Wharton's bed. He could just make out Wharton's face on the pillow.

Anybody else would have realised that nobody would ever insist on having a cold, wet sponge squeezed over their face while asleep. But Alonzo Todd was one of the very simple, trusting sort.

Not for one moment did he stop to wonder whether Wharton would really relish such a rude awakening. Billy Bunter had asked him to do a favour and he had agreed.

The duffer of the Remove meant to keep his promise. He badly wanted to play in Bunter's footer team and if this was the way to get what he wanted, then he was ready and willing to oblige.

He lifted the full sponge directly over the sleeping face and squeezed it with both hands!

This is Bunter's revenge, but what will Wharton do about it? More fun in the next "Comet"! Don't miss it.

## ★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



40. BETTY GRABLE  
(20th Century-Fox)



41. ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
(M.G.M.)



42. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH  
(Rank Organisation)



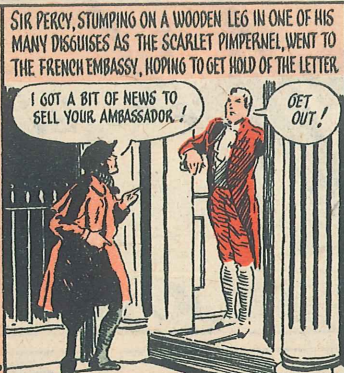
43. HAZEL COURT  
(Rank Organisation)



# THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

BASED ON A POWELL-PRESSBURGER PRODUCTION FOR LONDON FILMS -- FROM A BOOK BY BARONNESS ORZY.

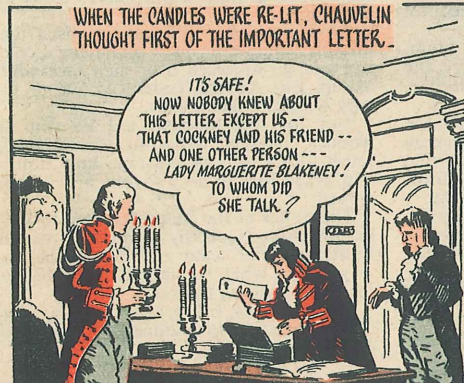
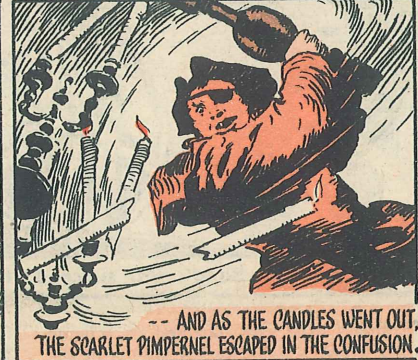
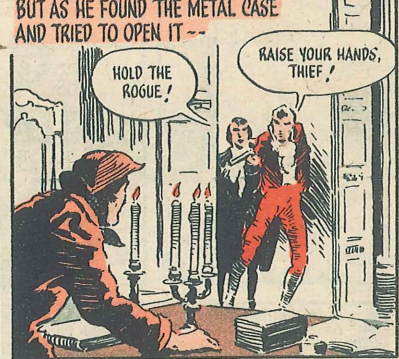
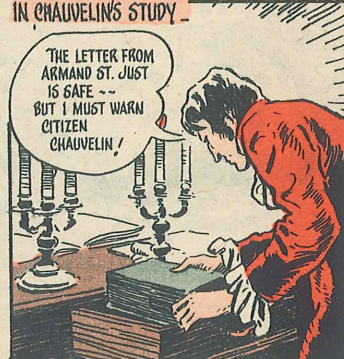
THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, WHO SAVES PEOPLE FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARIES, IS REALLY SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, AN ENGLISHMAN. LADY BLAKENEY, HIS WIFE, DOES NOT KNOW THIS. SHE ASKS SIR PERCY'S HELP TO GET FROM CHAUVELIN, THE SPY, A LETTER WHICH ENDANGERS THE LIFE OF HER BROTHER, ARMAND, IN PARIS.



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL KNEW THAT CHAUVELIN WAS STILL AT THE BALL AT LORD GRENVILLE'S HOUSE WHICH HE HAD HIMSELF JUST LEFT. BUT THE AGENT'S SECRETARY, BARON, CAME TO THE DOOR.



BUT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL STAYED TO WATCH A LIGHT MOVING ALONG THE FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR OF THE EMBASSY --

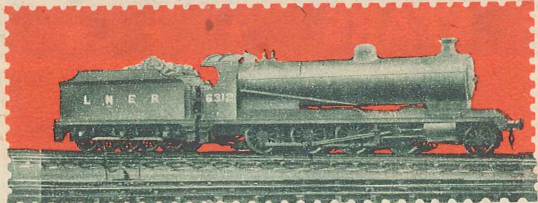


MEANWHILE, AT GRENVILLE HOUSE, LADY MARGUERITE WAS WATCHING TWO OF THE PIMPERNEL'S BAND -- SIR ANDREW FFOLKES AND LORD TONY DEWHURST.

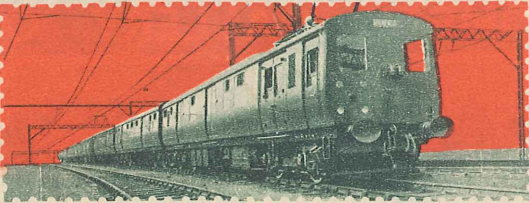


What will Lady Marguerite do? Don't miss this grand story in the next "Comet"

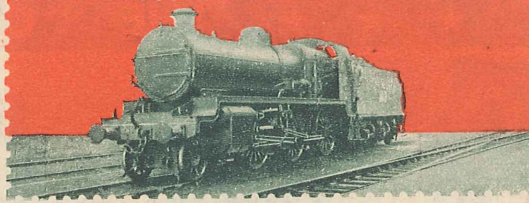
PASTE THESE STAMPS IN YOUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS' GUIDE. SIX MORE IN NEXT WEEK'S "SUN"



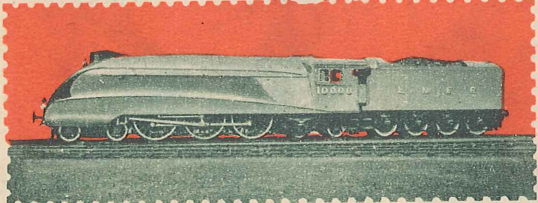
(No. 85). 2-8-0 N.E.R. "O.4" Class



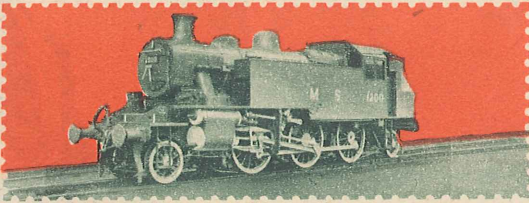
(No. 96). Eastern Region Suburban Electric



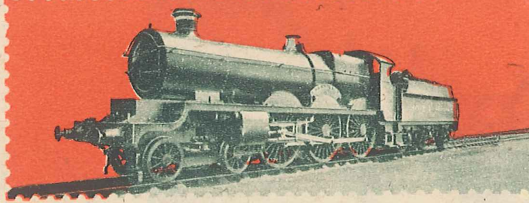
(No. 10). 2-6-0 S.R. N Class



(No. 74). 4-6-4 N.E.R. W.1 Class



(No. 63). 2-6-2 Tank, L.M.R. 2P Class



(No. 28) 4-6-0 W.R. Star Class