

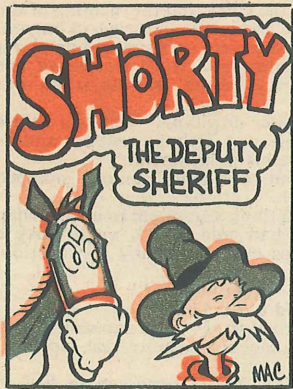
COMET

THE ALL STAR COMIC

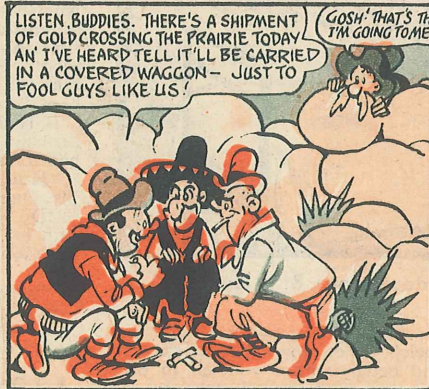


2ND EVERY OTHER MONDAY

No. 91
(New Series)
March 11th, 1950



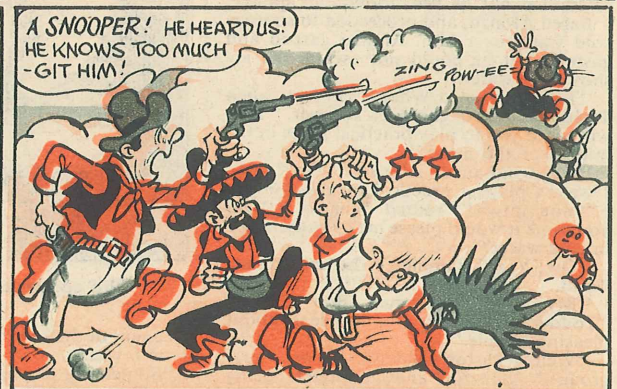
Now Shorty is a Sheriff's mate—
The lawman of a Wild West state.



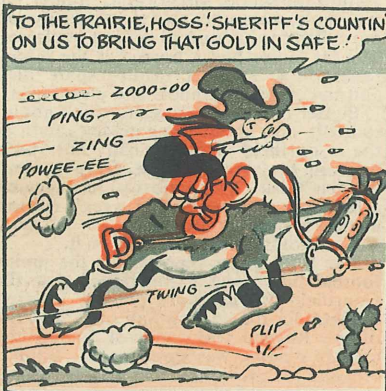
One day he was right on the spot,
To hear the hatching of a plot.



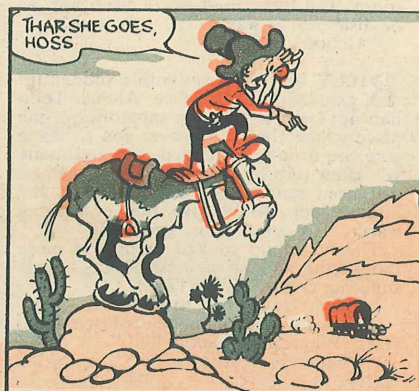
They knew of gold—he heard them tell,
And soon they knew of him as well!



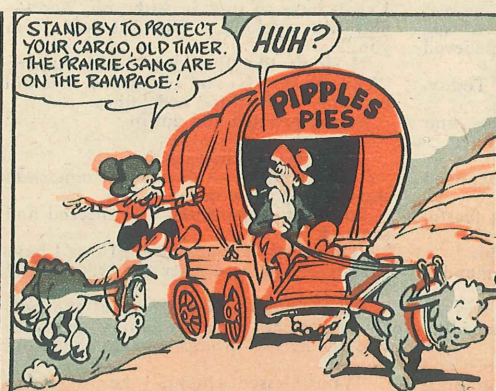
So swiftly Shorty had to scoot,
Pursued by showers of pistol-fruit!



But Shorty had been strictly told,
To keep his eye on that there gold.



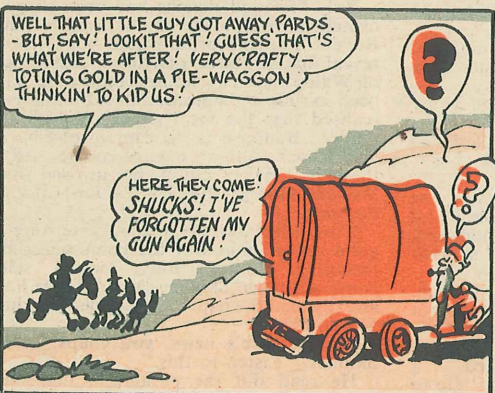
So when a waggon came in view,
Old Shorty cried: "I'll die or do!"



He sprang aboard the waggon which
Was pulled by one large cow called Tich.



Then Shorty said his presence spelled,
"Safe trip" for what the waggon held.



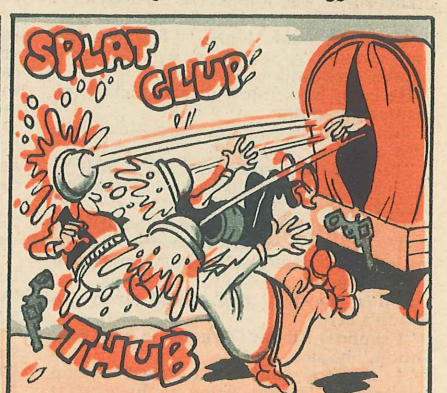
Up came the bandits at the trot,
Dead keen to grab what could be got!



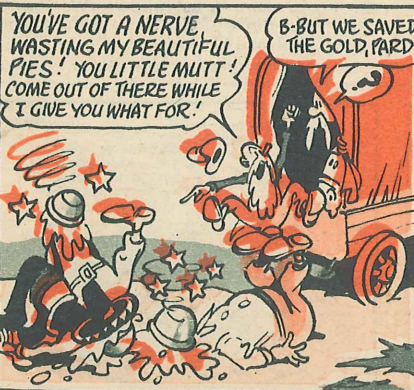
So saucily they cried: "Come come!
We want what's in the waggon, chum!"



Inside the waggon, Shorty made
His plans to fire a fusillade!



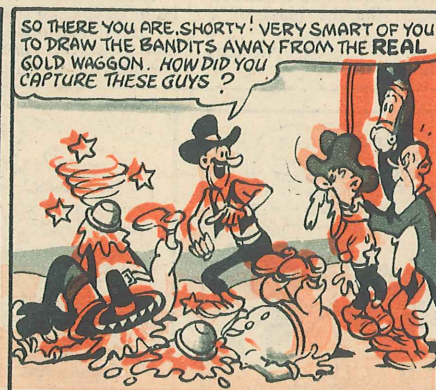
Out came the pie-ses, one, two, three—
And all were bulls-eyes, as you see!



But Waggoncer got very wild,
And said things that were far from mild.



He started acting rough and mean,
When Sheriff came upon the scene.



Though gold was safe, it didn't cheer
That irate pie-man-waggoner!



But as you see, there is no doubt,
All's swell that ends in a blow-out!



McNeil

TIT FOR TAT!

HARRY WHARTON started out of slumber with a wild yell. A shower of ice water had descended on him, and the shock woke him instantly.

He yelled and gasped and choked and sat up in bed, hitting out blindly.

"Ow!" gasped Alonzo Todd. Wharton's fist caught him on the chest and he staggered back and flopped on Nugent's bed. Their heads crashed together.

"Oh!" shrieked Nugent. "Ah!" gasped Alonzo.

"Todd!" roared Wharton. "Did you throw this water over me?"

"Yes, I squeezed the sponge over you," replied the Duffer.

Wharton did not say any more. He scrambled out of bed, found the sponge, collared Alonzo, and proceeded to squeeze cold water over him. Alonzo gasped and gasped, but he could not escape the icy shower of water.

"There!" gasped Wharton at last, when Todd was thoroughly wet all over. "That will teach you to play practical jokes in the middle of the night."

"Oh!" groaned Alonzo. "Ow, ooh! I wasn't playing practical jokes—Ow!"

"You nitwit!" roared Wharton. "Did you think it would please me to be drenched in cold water?"

"Ow! Yes!" stammered the unfortunate Todd.

"My Hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Todd has awfully funny ideas about pleasing people."

"Well, Wharton wanted to be woke up," groaned Alonzo, "and he prefers being awakened in that manner. I thought it very odd, and I told Bunter so, but it's Wharton's own business, I suppose, if he prefers it."

"You unspeakable chump," gasped Harry Wharton. "Do you mean to say that Bunter told you that and you believed it?"

"My dear Wharton—" began Toddy, but Harry was no longer listening.

Wharton had seized a water-jug and was now striding towards Bunter's bed.

Splash!
The contents of the water-jug swooped down upon Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove gave a fearful yell.

"Oh! Ow! Whatisit?" he gurgled. "How do you like it yourself?" demanded Wharton.

Bunter could only gasp in reply, and the rest of the Remove, all fully awakened by the rumpus, roared with laughter.

Wharton went back to his own bed and towelled his head and face. Bunter grabbed a towel and did the same. But Bunter was the wetter of the two and his bed was drenched. It was impossible to sleep in it again that night.

"Oh dear," said Alonzo. "I feel very wet. I'm afraid I'm catching a cold, too. Ah-Ah-Atchoo!"

He crept back into bed and tucked the clothes round him.

Bunter felt his bed, but it was swimming with water.

"Look here, you chaps," he wailed. "I can't sleep in that. I'll catch my death of cold!"

"You should have thought of that before, Bunt," Harry Wharton laughed as he settled back comfortably in his own bed once again.

Bunter snorted, and rolled away to Snoop's bed.

"I suppose I'll have to come in with you, Snoop," he said.

"I suppose you won't," said Snoop promptly. "I'm not going to have a fat porpoise in my bed if I know it."

"But I must sleep somewhere," moaned Billy.

"Why?" asked Snoop. "Go for a nice long walk instead." And he promptly turned over and prepared to sleep.

"I say, Skinner," Billy said to the

BILLY BUNTER

THE FOOTBALL STAR



The contents of the water-jug swooped down upon Billy Bunter

occupant of the next bed. "I think I'll come in with you."

"Something wrong with your thinker, then," remarked Skinner cheerfully. "Good night, Bunter!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter. "I suppose I shall have to turn in with you, Todd—and risk catching a frightful cold from you."

"I don't like the idea," said Alonzo. "You are very fat and very selfish and will probably take all the bedclothes—"

Bunter grunted and got in.

ATCHOO! Choo-oo!"
That was Alonzo's first remark in the morning as he sat up in bed.

Todd sat and sneezed and sneezed and sneezed.

"Oh dear!" he exclaimed. "I fear I have caught a bad cold after the wetting last night."

Billy Bunter squirmed out of the bed. Bunter was not generally among the first to rise but he was prompt enough to get out now.

"You blessed chump," he roared to Todd. "You'll be giving me that cold. Keep away from me. Keep your cold to yourself!"

Todd stepped slowly out of bed. There was no doubt that he had a cold in his head, and the other juniors, not wanting to catch it, gave him a wide berth. Todd sneezed and grunted all the time he was dressing.

The whole Form dressed and went downstairs. Todd found himself isolated and he breakfasted with empty chairs on each side of him. No one wanted that cold.

When the time came for the juniors to take their place in the classroom, Alonzo was still sneezing his head off.

As Mr. Quelch entered the room Alonzo had the desire to give an outside sneeze, but he fought against it in a very heroic style.

He sat there with the desire growing stronger, and he had to hold himself in hard. It was impossible to speak or even move. To give way meant confessing the fact that he had a cold and that meant confinement to the school sanatorium.

In the end the sneeze won and it echoed round the classroom like the blast of a trumpet.

"Atchoo-o-oo-ooo!" roared Alonzo. "Choo-choo! Atchoo!"

"Dear me, you have a cold, Todd," said Mr. Quelch. "You don't look at all well. You had better confine yourself to bed. Take this note to the housekeeper and she will give you something for your cold."

Todd took the note and left the classroom. The last sound heard from him as he disappeared was:

"Atchoo! Atchoo!"

BILLY BUNTER sat with a thoughtful expression on his face. Alonzo Todd had not been sent to the sanatorium—the place where they stood over you to make sure you drunk horrid medicine, and made you chew pills by the boxful. No, he had just been sent to bed and doubtless the housekeeper would give him something warm. Hot soup, most probably.

The fat junior looked more and more thoughtful and an expression of intense suffering crept over his face.

Nugent was the first to notice it. "Bunter's at it again," he whispered to Harry Wharton. "Look at him."

"What's his little game?" chuckled Harry.

But someone else noticed Bunter's expression at that moment.

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch rapped out.

"Atchoo—atchoo!" replied Billy. "I think I've caught Todd's cold, sir."

"When did you first feel it coming on, Bunter?" asked the Remove master in a quiet and patient tone.

"Just now, sir—I-I mean, this morning at breakfast, sir."

"Are you sure that it wasn't while I was telling Todd that he could leave the class?" asked Mr. Quelch.

The Remove grinned. They could see Bunter's dodge with perfect clearness and it was evident that Mr. Quelch could, too.

"Oh, no, sir, no, sir! Atchoo!" snorted Bunter.

"Very well, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "If you have a cold you certainly cannot remain here for lessons this morning."

Billy Bunter beamed.

"Shall I go at once, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the Form master. "Go to the housekeeper and tell her you are to be kept in the sanatorium."

Bunter stood rooted to the floor. He hadn't expected that.

"If—if you please, sir, I don't think my cold is severe enough for that," he said nervously. "I'd rather go back to bed, sir,

like Todd."
"Probably you would, Bunter," Mr. Quelch smiled grimly. "But you will not be allowed to have it as you wish. Kindly tell the housekeeper what I have told you—and add that as your cold is doubtless due to a weak state of health through over-feeding you are to be kept on a very low diet."

"Oh!" Billy ejaculated. "You will also be given some healthy physical exercises."

"If—if you please, sir, I-I feel much better now," ventured Bunter. "I-I don't wish to be a slacker, sir, I'd rather stick to work."

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Bunter the worker!"

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Ah! You feel better, Bunter? It is wonderful the effect that the mention of the sanatorium and a low diet has had on you. I'm afraid you were only pretending about a cold, Bunter—and you have played this kind of trick before. Kindly stand out here."

Billy Bunter unwillingly went out before the class. He was fairly bowled out and he had to face his punishment.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Do you think you ought to cane a chap with a—a bad cold, sir? It might have a very serious effect upon my constitution, sir."

"Bunter—I am waiting!"
Billy held out his hand.

He returned to his place squirming, and he did not sneeze any more that morning.

ALONZO TODD remained in bed in the dormitory for one day only. His cold was bad, however, that he had to go into the school sanatorium. Bunter, on the whole, was rather glad that Quelch had not fallen for his ruse to get out of classes. The fat junior had a horror of the school sanatorium, with its regular spare diet, and the enforced tidiness and cleanliness.

Bunter had other things to think about, too. His yarn about being made captain of the Courtfield Rovers had not been believed by anyone in the Form—except Alonzo Todd. The juniors were staggered a few days later when that week's edition of the local paper arrived.

It was Skinner who first hit on it.

The local paper reported all the junior football news and it mentioned that the Courtfield Rovers were playing Lindrop Athletic on the coming Saturday. The list of the Rovers' team and, of course, the captain's name was given as W. Bunter. No one was to know that it was Walter Bunter, one of the village lads with no connection at all with Billy Bunter, who was really the captain.

Billy had said that he had been elected captain as soon as he had approached the Rovers. Bunter's pride would not let him reveal that he had actually been chased out of Walter Bunter's house because he had been so rude and objectionable. Bunter had realised that the local paper would state that W. Bunter was the captain of Courtfield Rovers, and no one, of course, had a thought that it could be anyone but William George Bunter—the Owl of the Remove.

Now, when Skinner spoke, there were a good many juniors in the commonroom, including Bunter. Billy looked self-conscious when Skinner sang out—he had already read the paper and he guessed what was coming.

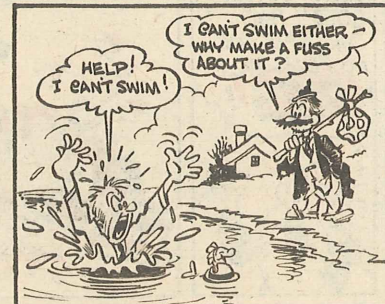
"I say, here's news, you chaps," said Skinner. "Listen to this."

He read out the paragraph that had caught his attention:

"On Saturday afternoon the Courtfield Rovers play Lindrop Athletic. The list of the home team is as follows: W. Bunter (captain), Porter, Graham, Spicer—and so on," finished Skinner.

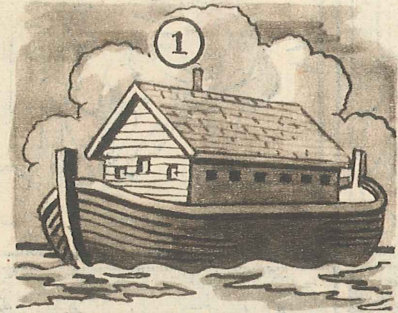
(Continued on next page)

CHUCKLES CORNER



THE 'COMET' PICTURE QUIZ

(Answers at foot of next column)



1

NAME THE SONS OF NOAH.



2

WHAT DOES A HALF PENNY MEASURE ACROSS?



3

WHY IS RIO DE JANEIRO SO NAMED?



4

WHAT DOES "PANSY" MEAN?



5

WHO WROTE THE "CANTERBURY TALES"?

BILLY BUNTER THE FOOTBALL STAR

(Continued from previous page)

The Removites stared blankly. "What! Bunter?" they echoed in amazement.

"Impossible!" "I say, really, you fellows," Bunter exclaimed indignantly.

"What does it mean, Bunter?" asked half a dozen juniors at once.

"It means just what it says," replied Bunter. "I did tell you, you know. Of course, if your natures are so low that you disbelieve everything you are told, well, this should teach you not to do it in future."

"Courtfield Rovers must be quite a good team, too," remarked Bob Cherry thoughtfully, "otherwise they wouldn't be playing Lindrop Athletic—who are pretty red-hot."

"Personally," remarked Bulstrode, "I don't believe what the paper has printed." "Well, you'll see the report of the match in next week's paper," Bunter said coolly. "I suppose you'll believe it then—and anyway, I'm not very bothered what anyone here thinks—so there!"

And Bunter walked away.

SEEING is believing, as a rule, but though the fellows of Greyfriars saw in plain print that W. Bunter was captain of the Courtfield Rovers they did not believe it. But Bunter's yarns were well known, and the fat junior being a football captain was soon known all over the school as "Bunter's latest."

And yet there was no getting away from the paragraph in the local paper. The true explanation, that a fellow of the same name was really the captain, did not occur to them.

All the juniors were looking forward to Saturday afternoon to see if Bunter really went.

Billy Bunter, of course, involved in a maze of falsehoods, had to live up to them. He had to go over to Courtfield that afternoon or own up that he had been romancing.

Therefore, after school on Saturday Bunter prepared to go to Courtfield. He could not hope to get a bicycle again, so he set about borrowing the train fare. The first person he approached was Harry Wharton.

"Wharton, old chap," he said hopefully, "I suppose you couldn't lend me a couple of bob to get to Courtfield? I don't want to disappoint the Rovers."

"So you're still keeping that up," laughed Harry. "Very well, Bunty, I'll lend you two shillings."

"Good!" said Bunter. "Hand it over." "Oh, no!" chuckled Wharton. "I'm not giving you two bob to blue in the tuck-shop. I'll walk to the village with you after dinner and buy your ticket for you."

Billy Bunter's jaw dropped and Wharton looked at him with a grin. Bunter recovered himself quickly.

"Oh, very well!" he said, with all the dignity he could muster. "If you can't take my word, Wharton." And he stamped off.

After dinner, Wharton having mentioned the matter, a good many juniors decided to walk down to the station at Friardale to see Billy Bunter off. They helped him pack his football kit, and as Billy rolled to the station he was accompanied by seven or eight members of the Remove.

They arrived at the station and Harry Wharton bought Billy's ticket. The train came in and Bunter took his seat in the carriage with all the dignity he could muster.

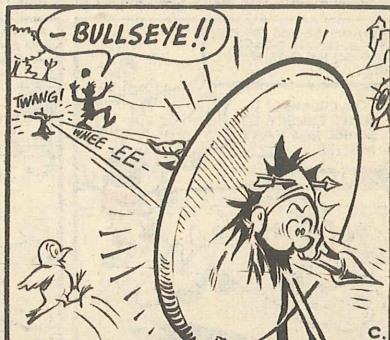
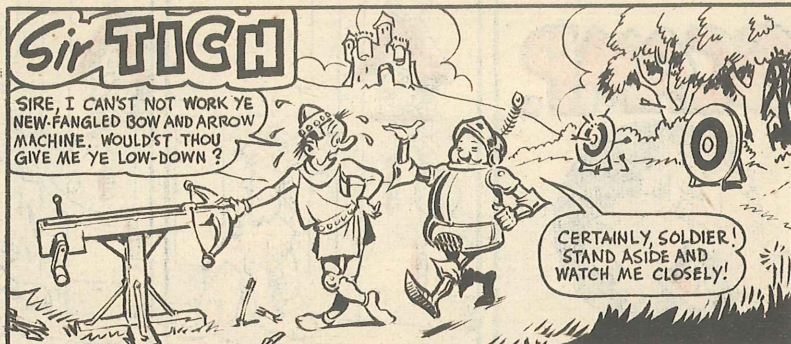
"Stand back there!" came the shout, and the train started.

"Good-bye!" roared Bob Cherry. "Mind you let the other chaps have a kick at the ball!"

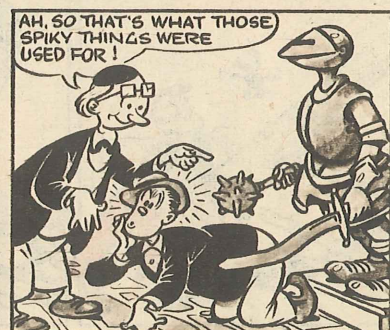
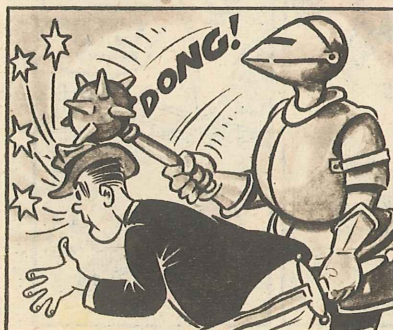
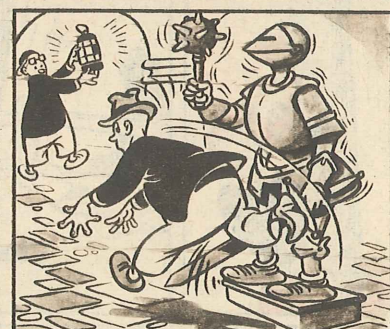
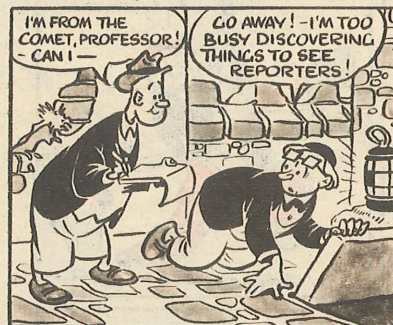
The train steamed out of the station. Billy Bunter was off to Courtfield, and the Greyfriars juniors, in a puzzled frame of mind, returned to the school. Billy Bunter has landed himself into an awkward spot. Don't miss the fun in the next issue of the "Comet."

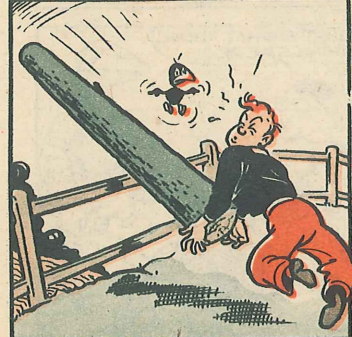
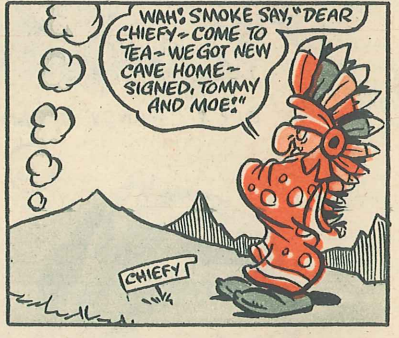
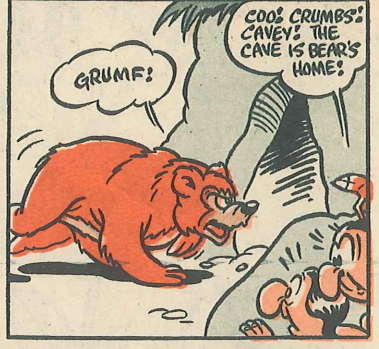
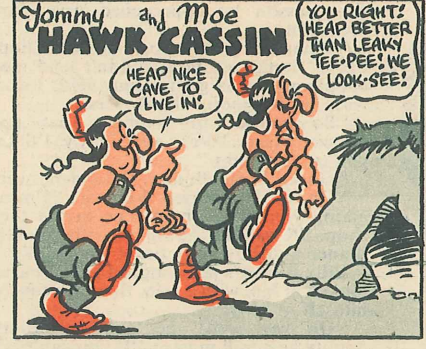
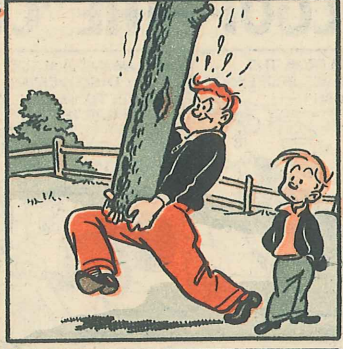
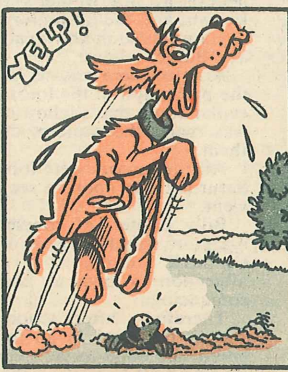
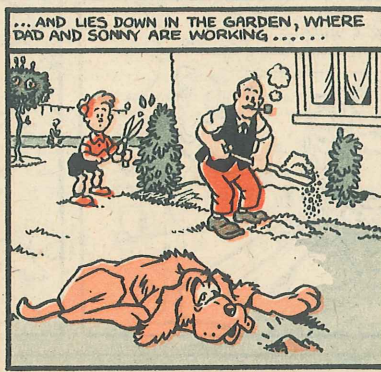
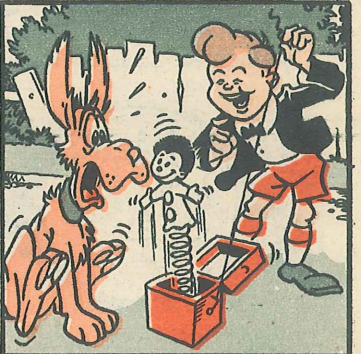
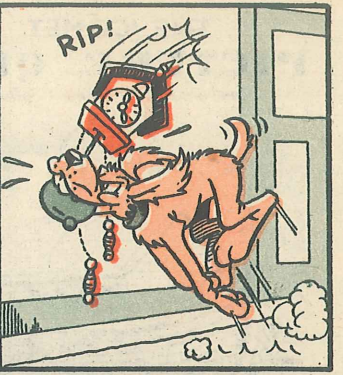
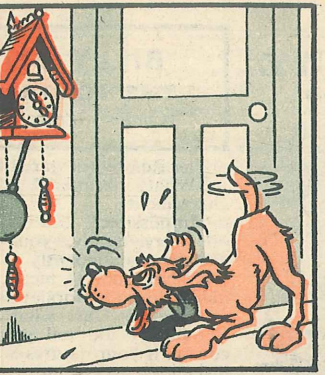
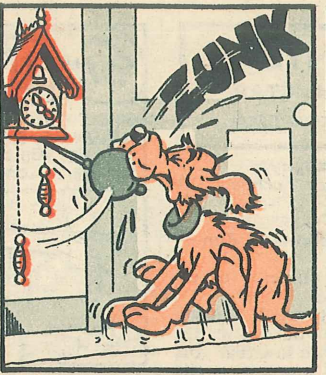
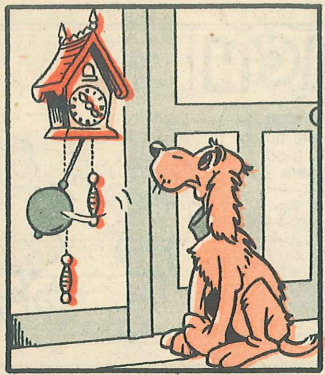
ANSWERS TO PICTURE QUIZ

1. Shem, Ham and Japhet.
2. One inch.
3. Because it was discovered by Vespucci on January 1st, 1502. The name means "River of January."
4. The name "Pansy" is derived from the French word, "Pensee," and means "thought."
5. Geoffrey Chaucer.



SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER







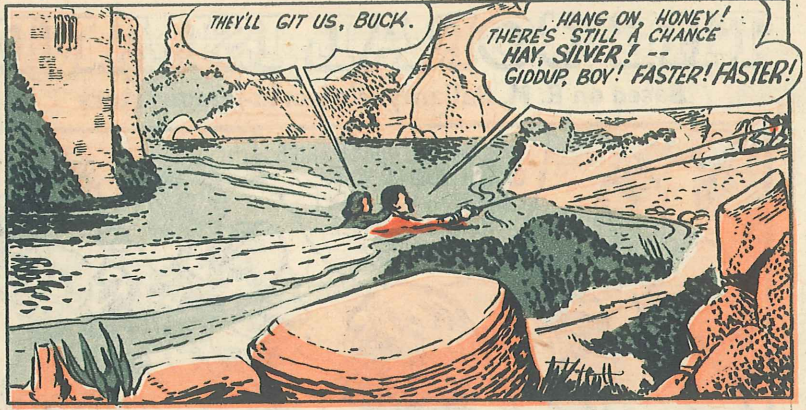
BUCK JONES

THE MYSTERY OF BIDDY LOGAN

BUCK JONES MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO RESCUE BIDDY FROM THE STRONGHOLD OF JOSE GONZALEZ, THE MEXICAN BANDIT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE FAILURE WHEN THEY BOTH FALL INTO THE MOAT.....



NO SHOOTING! YOU MIGHT HIT ZE GIRL. I WANT HER ALIVE! GET TO YOUR BRONCS! CATCH ZEM--PRONTO!



THEY'LL GIT US, BUCK.

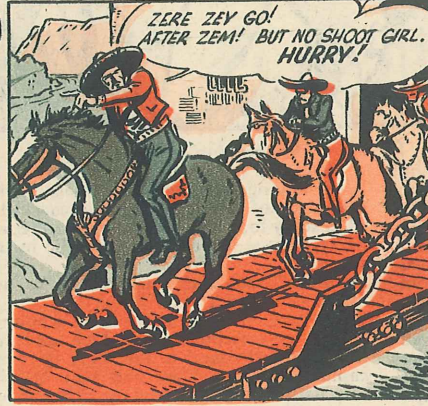
HANG ON, HONEY! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE HAY, SILVER! -- GIDDUP, BOY! FASTER! FASTER!



HANG ON, BIDDY! IT'LL BE ROUGH GOIN' BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY. EF WE GIT UP HERE WE'LL BE SHOT!



QUICK, BIDDY! UP YUH COME! WE GOTTA RIDE FER OUR LIVES!



ZERE ZEY GO! AFTER ZEM! BUT NO SHOOT GIRL. HURRY!



THINK WE'LL MAKE IT, BUCK?



WE GOT TO HONEY! C'MON SILVER--GIVE! AH!

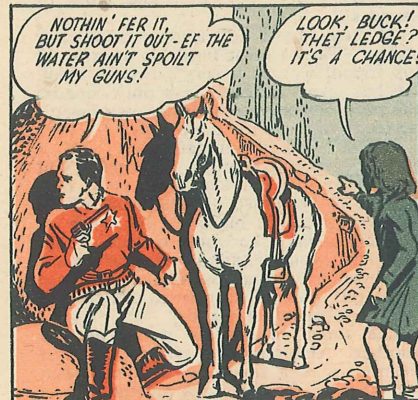


NOW--WATCH FOR ZE GRINGO! MY AMIGO, JOSE GONZALEZ, SIGNAL ZEY HAVE ESCAPE!

BUT A PATROL OF THE CIVIL GUARD--BUCK'S OLD ENEMIES--ENTERED THE GORGE AT THE OTHER END.



HECK! WE'RE TRAPPED! GONZALEZ BEHIND US AND THE CIVIL GUARD AHEAD!

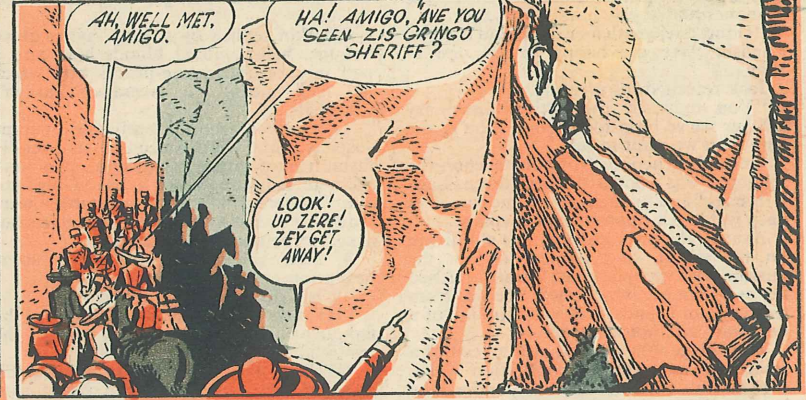


NOTHIN' FER IT, BUT SHOOT IT OUT--EF THE WATER AIN'T SPOILT MY GUNS!

LOOK, BUCK! THE LEDGE? IT'S A CHANCE!



YEAH, IT'S A CHANCE ALL RIGHT--EF THEM GREASERS DON'T SPOT US! BUT I GUESS THEY WILL!



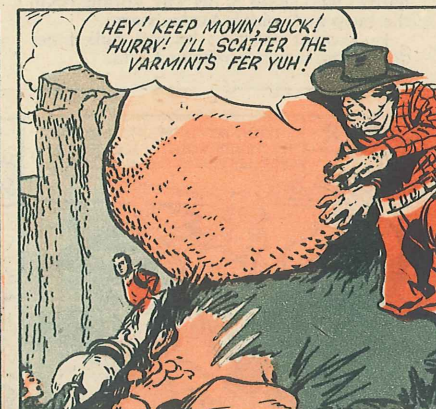
AH, WELL MET, AMIGO.

HA! AMIGO, AVE YOU SEEN ZIS GRINGO SHERIFF?

LOOK! UP ZERE! ZEY GET AWAY!



HECK! I FEEL LIKE A FLY ON A WALL! THEY'LL GIT US EF SOMETHIN' DOESN'T HAPPEN ALONG SOON!



HEY! KEEP MOVIN', BUCK! HURRY! I'LL SCATTER THE VARMINTS FER YUH!

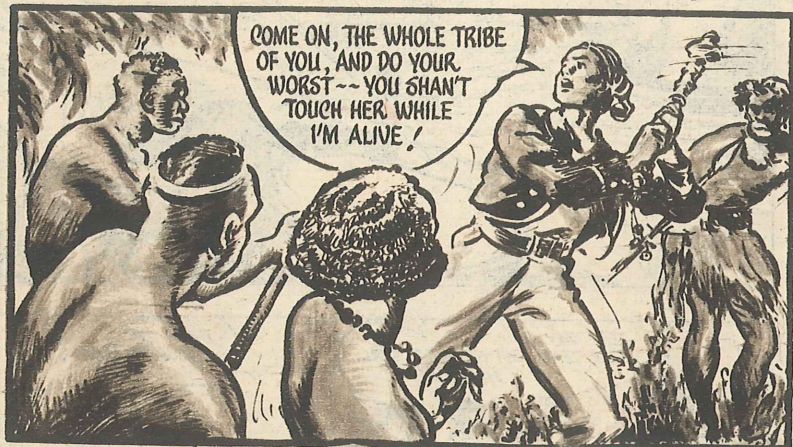


WAAL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! I DON'T KNOW WHO THE GUY IS, UP TOP, THAR, BUT HE'S JEST THE LUCKY BREAK WE NEEDED!

WHO IS THE STRANGER? DON'T MISS THE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"

THE CORAL ISLAND

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



THE ONLY CHANCE!

MANNED by Jack Martin, Ralph Rover and Peterkin Gay, the schooner beat round to the south shore of the island of Mango.

The three apprentices had left Coral Island for good. They were determined now to rescue Avatea, a native girl, from Tararo, the savage chief who ruled over the northern part of Mango. Avatea had once landed on Coral Island. She had arrived with a party of natives led by Tararo who were being pursued by a cannibal war party which had been defeated by Jack and his friends.

The three English boys had taken a great liking to the girl and had only recently learned that she had been captured some time previously during a raid on an island further to the west across the Pacific. Tararo wanted her to marry a chief friendly to him, but she herself was betrothed to a young man living on an island some fifty miles away.

During his travels on the pirate schooner before its skipper and crew had been killed in a fight with natives, Ralph had learned that the south side of Mango was inhabited by a tribe of natives who had been converted to Christianity and had given up all savage practices such as cannibalism.

A native missionary teacher lived with them, and Jack and his two comrades had decided to ask for his help.

As the schooner hove-to just off the coral reef, the three boys saw a canoe putting off from the lagoon shore.

Soon a native aged about forty, dressed in European clothes, climbed aboard the schooner and shook hands with Jack.

"Good day, gentlemen!" he said in good English. "We are happy to see you at Mango."

Jack returned his greeting. "You must be the native missionary teacher we've been told about. You're the very man we want to see."

Under instructions from the teacher, the schooner was piloted through the passage in the reef and brought to an anchorage in deep water just opposite a neat village.

Avatea, the boys learned, was still living on the island. She wanted to join the missionary's people, but Tararo refused her and kept her imprisoned. She was from the Samoan Islands, and was thinking of a desperate attempt at escape.

The village was situated at the head of a small bay, amongst rich vegetation which rose to the summit of a hilly ridge, the boundary between the tribe and their savage neighbours.

The apprentices were welcomed at a great feast, during which the kindly teacher gave them much more information

about the situation on the island.

"You don't know the danger you run in going among those ferocious men on the other side of the ridge," he said earnestly. "I'm sorry for poor Avatea, but you're not likely to save her and you may die in the attempt."

"Well," said Jack quietly, "we're not afraid to die in a good cause."

The teacher came aboard the schooner to act as interpreter and Jack and his friends sailed round to the shore near the cannibal village. They had manned the ship with natives and now the cliffs echoed and re-echoed to the crash of the brass gun, which they fired by way of salute, while the British ensign was run up to the peak.

The crew of the schooner saw a commotion among the natives ashore, and presently a canoe put off from the shore and crept cautiously towards them.

"We are friends," the teacher said to its wary crew. "Tell your chief we wish to palaver with him."

The answer was long in coming. It was that Tararo was engaged with a friendly chief who would soon be leaving. He invited the native teacher and his friends to come ashore and visit him.

"Tell them we'll go," said Jack quietly. "We'll have to trust Tararo." As they were stepping down into the ship's boat, he added: "I'm not going to take any weapons with me and I recommend that you don't take any, either. The most we could do if we were attacked by those savages would be to kill a few before we were overpowered."

"That's true enough," agreed Ralph Rover.

Peterkin replied by silently laying down a huge, bell-mouthed blunderbuss and a pair of enormous horse-pistols with which he had meant to overawe Tararo's cannibals.

They rowed ashore silently and in some suspense, but were welcomed in friendly fashion by a group of savages, who took them to a house where a baked pig and many different kinds of vegetables were ready for them. After the meal, the teacher asked to be taken to the chief.

A man stepped forward after some hesitation and spoke to him.

"What does he say?" asked Jack. "He says Tararo is just going to the temple of his god and can't see us yet," the missionary explained.

"Well, if he won't come to see me, I'll go to see him," Jack exclaimed, rising from the mat on which he had been sitting. "Besides, I'd like to see what goes on at this temple. Will you come?"

"I cannot. I must not go to the savage temples and see their inhuman rites."

"Very good. I'll go alone."

But Ralph and Peterkin were determined to go with their bigger comrade. They followed him through the banana groves to rising ground above the village on which stood the temple, in the dark shade of a group of ironwood trees.

As they turned into a broad path leading towards the hill, they heard the shouts of a crowd behind them and drew quickly into the bushes.

It was a procession of natives, many dancing and gesticulating frantically. Their faces and bodies were hideous with daubs of black, red and yellow paint.

Unseen, the three apprentices stared at a body of men walking in the midst of this noisy throng. They were carrying the bodies of a dozen dead men, evidently enemies of Tararo's tribe who had been killed in some bloodthirsty battle.

Jack signed to the other two apprentices, and they crept after the howling mob of cannibals. The temple was a tall, circular building, open at one side, and the ground around it was strewn with heaps of bones and skulls.

Inside at a table sat an old man with a long grey beard. He was seated on a stool and before him lay several knives made of wood, bone and splinters of bamboo. Nearby burned a large fire in which stones were being heated red hot to make ovens.

"Come," said Jack hoarsely, "we've seen enough—more than enough. Let's go."

Ralph and Peterkin followed him down the hill, away from the scene of the gruesome rite. They knew now what to expect if their attempt to rescue Avatea failed.

Silently they hurried to the beach and told their missionary friend what they had seen. He was greatly distressed, but they had not been talking for long when Tararo himself arrived, with bearers bringing baskets of fruit and vegetables.

Through the interpreter he told the three boys how pleased he was to see them again.

"And what is it my friends wish to say to me?" he asked.

"Tell him that we come to ask for Avatea's release," said Jack. "Tell him also that I think we've some right to ask this, having saved not only her life but the lives of his own people as well when they came to our island."

Tararo frowned and spoke angrily. "He will not listen to the idea," the teacher said presently. "He says he's pledged his word to his friend that the girl shall be sent to him."

"Tell Tararo that if he doesn't agree it will be the worse for him," snapped Jack angrily. "There's a gun aboard our schooner that will blow his village into the sea if he doesn't give up Avatea!"

"No, my friend," said the missionary quietly, "I will not tell him that. We cannot use that way."

"What does my friend say!" asked the chief, who seemed nettled by Jack's defiant look.

"He is displeased," said the teacher mildly.

Smiling contemptuously, Tararo turned away and signed to the bearers, who had now emptied their baskets in one huge pile on the beach. A couple of men appeared, leading a young girl between them, and made her stand on top of the heap of fruit and vegetables. It was the young Samoan girl, Avatea.

The teacher seized Jack's arm while Ralph and Peterkin stood rooted to the earth in surprise.

"They're going to make a sacrifice of her—now!"

"Oh, are they!" cried Jack. Dashing forward, he hurled aside two natives who stood in his way, sprang upon the heap and seized Avatea's arm.

In another moment he had pulled her down and swung her behind him.

Wrenching a war-club from the hand of a savage who seemed petrified with surprise, he whirled it round his head threateningly.

"Come on, the whole tribe of you, and do your worst!" he yelled, his face blazing with fury. "You shan't touch her while I'm alive!"

Before Ralph and Peterkin could move to help him, every savage on the beach seemed to be rushing at Jack with club and spear. It seemed he would die there and then under a rain of blows.

But the teacher rushed in front of the savages and shouted:

"Stay your hands, warriors! It is for Tararo, the chief, to say whether or not the young man shall live or die!"

The savages paused, scowling ferociously at Jack as he stood there defiantly with his club ready, and Avatea crouching with fear in her eyes behind him.

Ralph wondered whether it was some lingering feeling of gratitude for their help on Coral Island that influenced Tararo—but the chief stepped forward and signed to his people to leave Jack alone.

He spoke rapidly to the apprentice while the teacher translated.

"You have forfeited your life and liberty to me. Give in, because we are more numerous than the grains of sand on the shore. You are only one. Why should you die?"

"I may die," exclaimed Jack, "but not alone! I won't submit until you promise this girl shan't be hurt."

"You are very bold," said Tararo haughtily, "but very foolish. Yet I will say that Avatea shall not be sent away—at least, for three days."

"You'd better accept these terms," the teacher whispered to Jack. "Otherwise you'll be killed and Avatea will be lost. Three days are worth having."

Jack hesitated a moment then lowered his club and folded his arms and stared moodily at the sand, while Tararo said he had not forgotten their former services and would let them go free, although the schooner would be held until he had considered further.

Ralph and Peterkin, standing together almost unnoticed, saw the missionary whisper a few words to Avatea, who replied only with a single swift glance of her dark eyes. Then she turned away to stare again at the sand.

Tararo took her hand and led her away unresistingly, while the three apprentices and the missionary teacher returned to the schooner in a gloomy mood. The missionary tried to bring Jack out of his dejection as he sat slumped on a couch.

"We have three days, and we must use them to free this poor girl," he said calmly. "We must not sit in idle disappointment. We must act—"

"Act!" exclaimed Jack. "How can we act? We can't fight a whole tribe of savages!"

"Listen, I have a plan," said the teacher softly. "Tararo must fulfil his promise to his friend, who is a very powerful chief. He has given us three days only because the party which is to take her away won't be ready to leave for three days."

"Well?" said Jack impatiently.

"My plan is dangerous, but I think you three have the courage to carry it out. Avatea is betrothed to the chief of an island about fifty miles to the south of this. Once there she would be safe. I suggest that you abandon your schooner, which will be watched during the next three days, put Avatea in a small canoe and paddle to this other island."

The three apprentices stared at one another. Abandon the schooner! Trust themselves to a small canoe in the open sea, with the possibility of pursuit by one of the great war canoes!

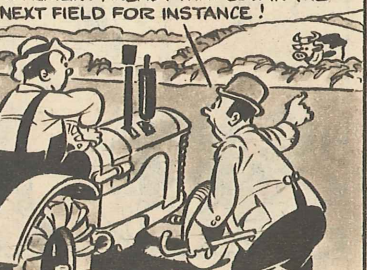
Could they take this risk for Avatea?

Can the chums rescue Avatea? More thrills in the next "Comet."

SILLY BILLY



FIX YOUR EYE ON SOMETHING STRAIGHT AHEAD! THAT COW IN THE NEXT FIELD FOR INSTANCE!



LATER

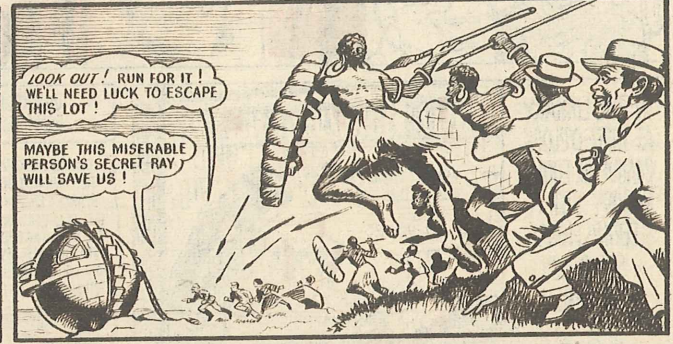
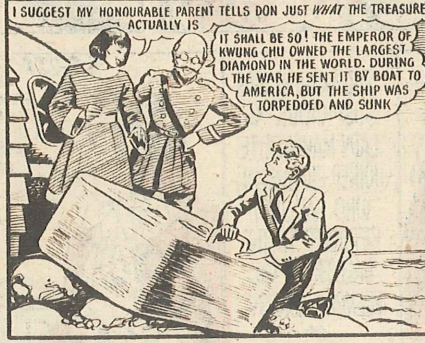
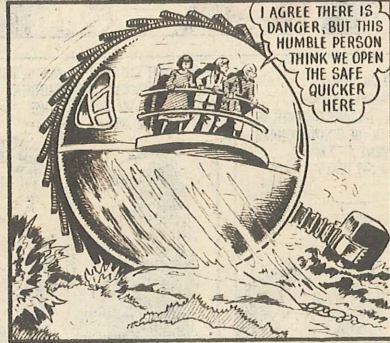
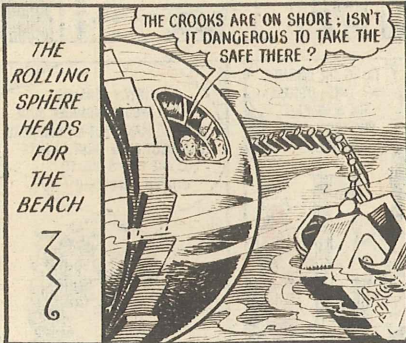
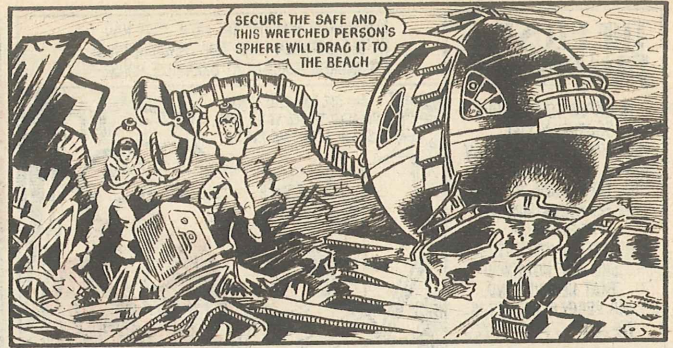
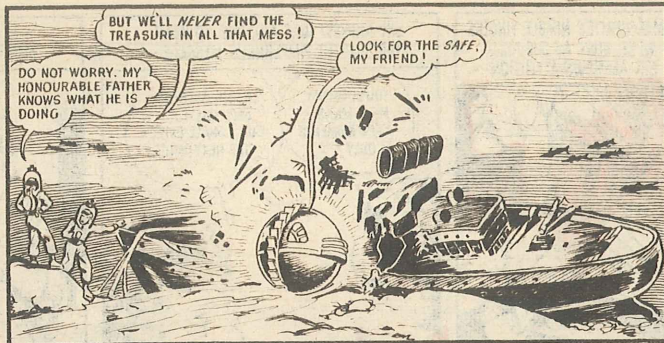


I DID! - BUT IT WOULDN'T STAND STILL!



Don Deeds

Much to Don Deeds' astonishment, Hoo Sung, in the Rolling Sphere, deliberately smashes up the wrecked treasure-ship.



HOW CAN DON DEEDS AND HIS FRIENDS ESCAPE? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"

★ FOUR MORE FILM FAVOURITES IN THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★



44. JEAN KENT
(Rank Organisation)



45. JOHN WAYNE
(R.K.O. Radio)



46. DENNIS PRICE
(Rank Organisation)



47. JOHNNY MACK BROWN
(Monogram-International)

SAMMY SHUTEYE FINDS SPRING IN THE AIR

UNIVERSAL BANK
CLOSED FOR BANK HOLIDAY

SPRING IS IN THE AIR. I THINK I'LL HAVE A NAP

I KNEW THERE'D BE SOMETHING GOOD INSIDE

SOMETHING GOOD INSIDE? THAT'S MARS! I'D HANDCUFF A HIGHWAYMAN FOR A MARS.

I WAS RIGHT—SPRING IS IN THE AIR TODAY

JUMPING JEMMIES! WE'VE COPPED IT.

FINE WORK, SAMMY. THERE'S A £10 REWARD FOR YOU

NOW I CAN PUT MYSELF BEHIND BARS—MARS BARS, OF COURSE!

MARS IS BIGGER SIZE NOW!

● Get your Bigger Size Mars today ● Get most for your 2 points ● Marvellous as ever—5d.

THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

IN ORDER TO SAVE HER BROTHER'S LIFE, LADY MARGUERITE BLAKENEY AGREES TO HELP CHAUVELIN, THE FRENCH SPY, TO CATCH THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE ENEMY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. SHE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HER HUSBAND, SIR PERCY BLAKENEY IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

BASED ON A POWELL-PRESSBURGER PRODUCTION FOR LONDON FILMS -- FROM A BOOK BY BARBARA ORCZY

MARGUERITE WANTED THE NOTE THAT HAD PASSED BETWEEN LORD TONY DENHURST AND SIR ANDREW FOULKES AT GRENVILLE HOUSE--

AH, SIR ANDREW, I AM PLEASED TO SEE YOU! I'M BORED WITH THIS PARTY.

MARGUERITE'S NIMBLE FINGERS WERE BUSY AS SHE HELD SIR ANDREW'S ATTENTION--

SIR ANDREW WAS ANXIOUS TO READ THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL'S MESSAGE--

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--MAM-- A FEW MOMENTS ONLY!

LA, SIR ANDREW! SUCH HASTE! BUT I SHALL EXPECT THE NEXT DANCE!

-- AS SIR ANDREW HURRIED AWAY-- MARGUERITE SWIFTLY READ THE NOTE--

I SHALL BE IN THE LIBRARY AT 3 A.M. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL-- HERE, THIS NEWS SHOULD PERSUADE CHAUVELIN TO SPARE MY BROTHER!

BUT SIR ANDREW HAD MISSED THE NOTE.

YOU DROPPED THIS AS YOU LEFT ME, SIR ANDREW? FIE, SIR, YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WITH YOUR LOVE LETTERS!

THANK YOU, LADY MARGUERITE-- MOST CARELESS OF ME!

SIR ANDREW WAS SUSPICIOUS AS LADY MARGUERITE JOINED CHAUVELIN, WHO HAD JUST RETURNED TO THE BALL FROM THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

DID SHE READ IT? SHE IS A FRENCHWOMAN, AFTER ALL, AND HER BROTHER IS A DEPUTY IN THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT! I MUST WARN SIR PERCY!

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW-- I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DENOUNCE YOUR BROTHER, ARMAND-- YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE HIM!

GO TO THE LIBRARY AT THREE O'CLOCK-- THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL WILL BE THERE!

I AM DEEPLY ASHAMED THAT I SHOULD ENDANGER SUCH A BRAVE MAN-- BUT MY BROTHER'S LIFE MUST COME FIRST-- I HOPE YOU ARE NOW SATISFIED, CITIZEN CHAUVELIN!

IN THE LIBRARY AT THREE O'CLOCK, CHAUVELIN FOUND NOBODY BUT A SLEEPING FIGURE-- SIR PERCY BLAKENEY.

PAH! IT CANNOT BE THIS USELESS FOP? AND YET-- I WONDER--

CHAUVELIN BENT CLOSER AND EXAMINED SIR PERCY'S SHOES.

RED INK ON HIS SHOES! THIS MAY NOT BE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL-- BUT IT IS CERTAINLY THE MAN WHO BROKE INTO THE EMBASSY AND TRIED TO STEAL ARMAND ST. JUST'S LETTER!

CHAUVELIN SETTLED IN A CHAIR TO WAIT-- BUT HE WAS TIRED, AND SOON HE SLEPT-- WHILE SIR PERCY BLAKENEY ROSE QUIETLY.

SLEEP WELL, CITIZEN CHAUVELIN! THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS WORK TO DO-- IN FRANCE!

AT DAWN, SIR PERCY BLAKENEY FOUND THE PRINCE OF WALES, STILL PLAYING CARDS.

YOU CHALLENGED ME TO A COACH RACE TO BRIGHTON, YOUR HIGHNESS! NOW IS THE TIME!

WAKE UP GENTLEMEN! WE BREAKFAST IN BRIGHTON-- AND I'LL BE THERE TO GREET YOU IF I CAN BEAT SIR PERCY ON THE ROAD!

WHILE CHAUVELIN SLEPT, THE RACE STARTED FROM OUTSIDE GRENVILLE HOUSE, WITH THE PRINCE IN FIRST PLACE--

YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE FAST TO CATCH ME THIS TIME, BLAKENEY!

SIR PERCY BLAKENEY HAD DRAWN THIRD PLACE, WITH SIR JOHN COKE AHEAD OF HIM--

THE PRINCE HAS A GOOD START, SIR PERCY!

DESPITE THAT, TRUBSHAW, WE GOT TO LEAVE THEM ALL BEHIND BEFORE WE BRANCH OFF FOR THE DOVER ROAD!

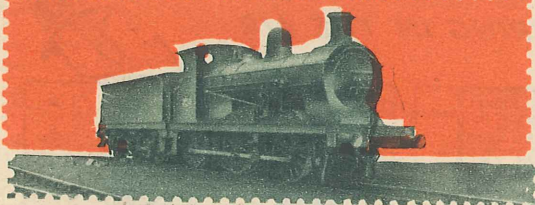
SOON SIR PERCY BLAKENEY PASSED SIR JOHN COKE.

WE'LL BEAT THE PRINCE TO BRIGHTON AT THIS RATE, SIR PERCY!

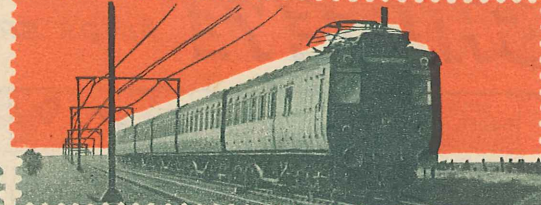
BUT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL WAS NOT BOUND FOR BRIGHTON-- THERE WAS A LIFE TO BE SAVED IN FRANCE-- AND DOVER WAS HIS FIRST STOP.

CAN THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL GET TO FRANCE IN TIME? SEE THE NEXT "COMET"

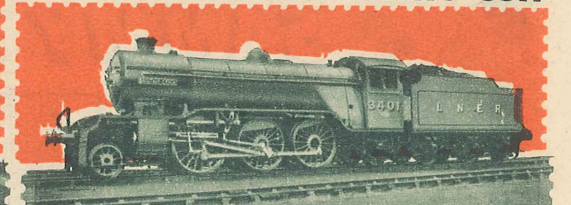
HERE ARE SIX MORE STAMPS FOR YOUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS' GUIDE. SIX MORE WILL BE IN NEXT WEEK'S "SUN"



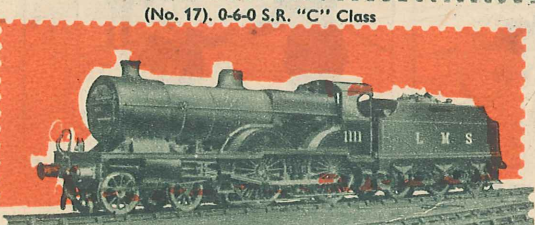
(No. 17). 0-6-0 S.R. "C" Class



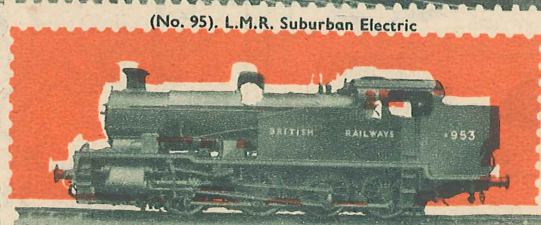
(No. 95). L.M.R. Suburban Electric



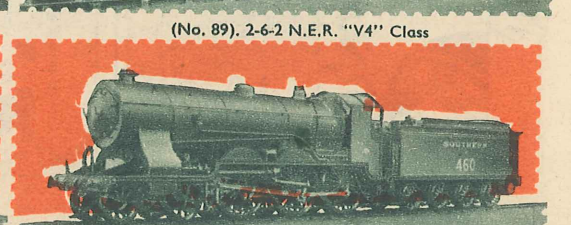
(No. 89). 2-6-2 N.E.R. "V4" Class



(No. 61). 4-4-0 L.M.R. Compound



(No. 13). 0-8-0 Tank, S.R. "Z" Class



(No. 9). 4-6-0 S.R. "T14" Class