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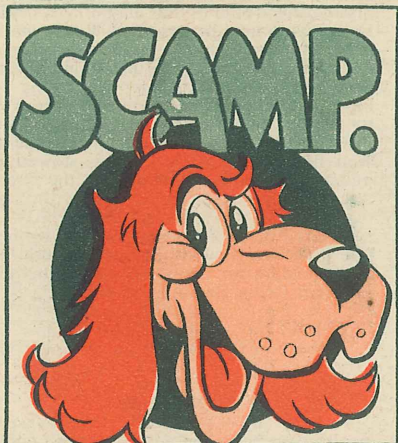


No. 102
(New Series)
July 1st, 1950

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2¢

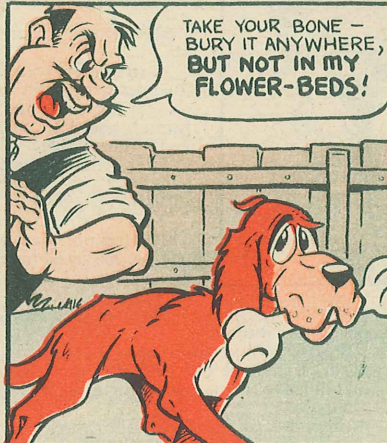
EVERY THURSDAY



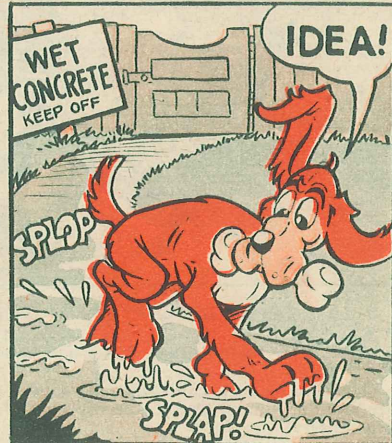
Whenever Scamp has got a bone,
He likes to bury it—alone!



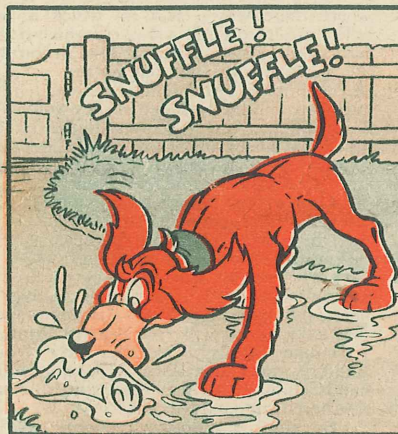
And so he went to have a scratch,
Right in the prize petunia patch!



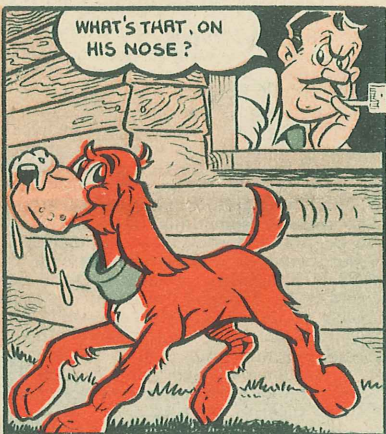
But suddenly there came a shout,
And Father came to turf him out.



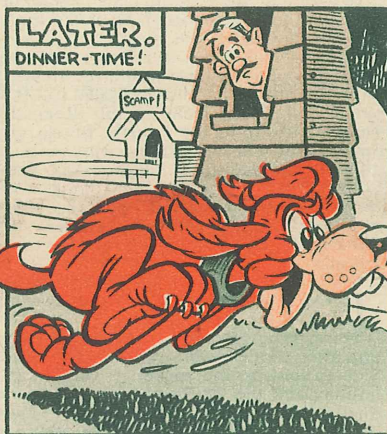
As on his weary way he went,
Scamp happened on some wet cement.



He dug into the wetness there,
And buried his pet bone with care.



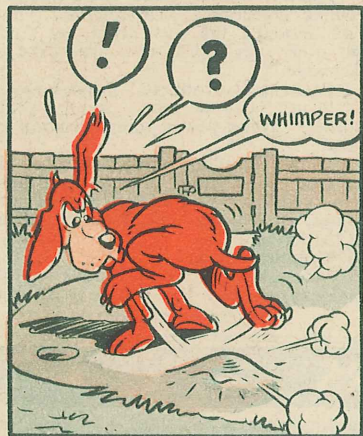
But though Pa spotted his wet snout,
'Twas something he could not think out.



Then Scamp got hungry for his dinner,
And shot past like a Derby winner.



His bone was what the puppy sought—
His mouth was watering at the thought!



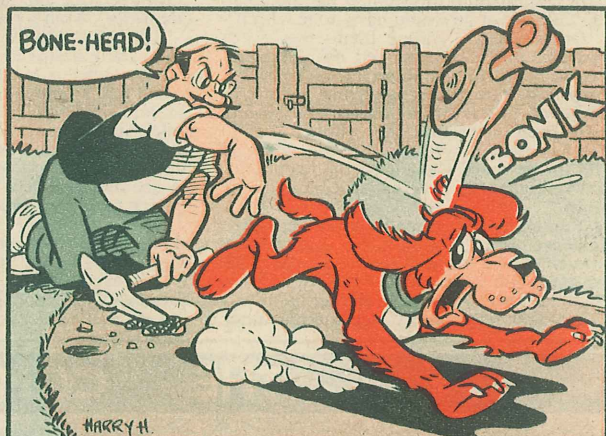
Then Scampy got a shocking shock—
Cement had set as hard as rock!



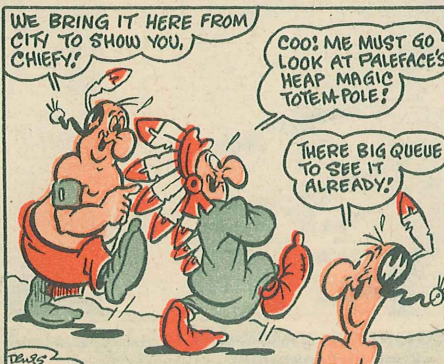
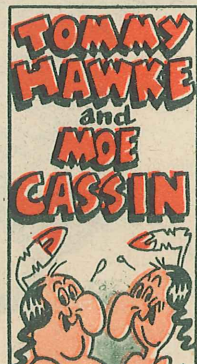
His howls of woe brought Father out,
To see what wailing was about.



Though Pa had laid that path most flat—
Scamp's diggery had changed all that!



So poor old Scamp is out of favour,
And bone has a ce-ment-y flavour!





BILLY BUNTER TAKES THE CAKE!

Grand Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

felt that it wasn't fair. "This afternoon? Precisely! Thank you."

Mr. Quelch rang off. Apparently he touched a bell, for a minute or two later Bunter heard a tap, and the voice of Trotter, the House page.

"You rang, sir?" "Yes, Trotter! This afternoon a cake will be delivered here for me from Chunkley's Stores—"

"A—a—a cake, sir?" Trotter seemed as surprised as Bunter.

"Precisely! You will bring it to this study, Trotter. I shall be out this afternoon, and you will leave the parcel on my table."

"Yessir." Bunter heard the study door close. He heard Quelch at his writing-table, with a rustle of papers. But he was no longer heeding Quelch. He was thinking of a large cake with marzipan on top which would be reposing that afternoon on Quelch's study table while Quelch was out!

Had that cake been in a Remove study, Bunter would not have hesitated. Indeed, quite recently he had not hesitated to lift a parcel of tuck from Cecil Reginald Temple's study in the Fourth. But a raid on a form master's study was quite a different proposition. Large cakes with marzipan on top were practically irresistible: but even Bunter hesitated to lay plans to annex that particular cake. He was still thinking it out when the bell rang for third school.

"I SAY, you fellows! I want you to advise me."

Harry Wharton and Co., when they came out after dinner, were heading for Little Side to look at the wicket. It was a half-holiday and the Remove were playing the Shell that afternoon. However, they stopped as the fat Owl of the Remove rolled up with an anxious furrowed brow.

"Go it," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Good advice on tap, in large or small quantities. What's the jolly old trouble?"

"It's about Quelch," said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five like a very worried owl through his big spectacles. "Think he would lick a fellow after what a fellow did for him yesterday? You know what happened in Friardale Wood—a footpad got hold of Quelch and I shouted out and made him think a lot of fellows were coming and he scooted and left Quelch alone. Think Quelch would whop a fellow after that?"

"Why should he?" asked Harry Wharton blankly. "Beaks don't whop fellows for doing them a good turn."

"I mean, if there was a spot of bother about a cake," explained Bunter. "Suppose Quelch had a cake in his study—say, a big

cake with marzipan on top, and—suppose something happened to it while he was out this afternoon—"

"Wha-a-at?" "Well, Quelch might think it was me," said Bunter. "You know how people always think of me if anything happens to their tuck. Tain't fair, but you know they always do. You fellows do—you needn't deny it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Well, Quelch might, if—if anything happened to that cake," said Bunter.

"Mind, I don't mean that I'm thinking of snooping that cake! Not the sort of thing I would do. But suppose it happened to be gone—"

"You howling ass," said Johnny Bull. "You'd better not raid a beak's study!"

"Well, it's safe enough as far as that goes," said Bunter. "Quelch will be out, and I jolly well shouldn't let anybody see me going to the study. Not that I'm thinking of snooping the cake. I—I wouldn't, of course. But if anything did happen to it, Quelch might think of me. Look how Temple of the Fourth thought it was me at once, when he missed his parcel the other day."

"It was you, you fat villain," said Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Well, if you want advice," said Harry Wharton. "I advise you not to be a pilfering little fat pig, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Keep your absurd paws from picking and stealing, my esteemed fat Bunter," advised Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "I wish you fellows would keep to the point," said Bunter peevishly. "The point is, suppose something happened to that cake, and suppose Quelch thought it was me, would he whop a chap after that chap saved him, only yesterday, from being robbed by a rough? I mean to say, there's such a thing as gratitude, isn't there? Think Quelch's gratitude would stop him whopping me if he thought I'd had the cake?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five. Billy Bunter's peculiar problem seemed to strike them as amusing.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! What do you fellows think?" asked Bunter anxiously.

"I think we'd better boot you, as a tip to leave other people's tuck alone," said Bob Cherry. "All together, you fellows—stand steady, Bunter."

"Beast!" Billy Bunter backed away promptly. Harry Wharton and Co., laughing, went on to the cricket ground, leaving the fat Owl with his problem still unsolved.

BILLY BUNTER hardly breathed as he tiptoed along Masters' passage. The coast was clear. Quelch had gone out, everybody seemed to be out that fine afternoon. Not a "beak" was in sight. If any were in their studies the doors were shut. But the fat Owl could not breathe freely until he was safely inside Quelch's

study with the door closed.

Bunter had made up his fat mind. Quelch's gratitude might or might not stop a whopping if he found that cake missing and guessed—as was only too probable—that the fattest member of his form had been there. But whopping or no whopping, that cake was irresistible. Besides, Quelch couldn't know—he could only guess, and there would be no evidence. All the evidence would be safely inside Bunter before Quelch came in.

The parcel was on the table. Billy Bunter's little round eyes fairly shone at it through his big round spectacles. Even through the wrappings, he could sniff the fascinating aroma of that magnificent cake. For one moment he hesitated. But it was a brief moment. Quelch couldn't know—and if he guessed, gratitude might intervene—and anyhow, Bunter was going to have that cake! He was going to convey it to a quiet spot in the old Cloisters, and there devour it at his leisure, and chance it. And he picked up the parcel, stowed it under a fat arm, and re-opened the door. A cautious blink into the passage showed that the coast was still clear. Bunter lost no time. A minute more and he was rolling out of the House with the parcel under his arm, heading for the old Cloisters, his fat face registering gleeful anticipation.

"THAT fat smudge!" said Temple of the Fourth. "What's he got under his arm?"

"Tuck, I expect," said Fry.

"Oh, rather," said Dabney. Temple and Co. of the Fourth were strolling in the shady old cloisters when Bunter happened. The fat Owl's spectacles did not turn in their direction. He was rolling in haste towards a quiet shady spot, where there was a seat on which a fat fellow could rest and a wall on which a fat back could lean, while a fat Owl devoured a large cake with marzipan on top.

The Fourth Form fellows watched him curiously and they grinned as they watched. They watched him sit down with the parcel on his fat knees and watched him unwrap it and reveal a luscious cake. And then Cecil Reginald Temple remarked:

"I fancy this is where we come in!"

"What-ho!" grinned Fry.

"Oh, rather," chuckled Dabney. And they bore down on Bunter.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, blinking up at them startled. "I—I say, you fellows—here—let that cake alone—Beast! Let that cake alone, will you?" yelled Bunter.

Temple calmly lifted the cake from Bunter's fat knees. Two fat and grubby hands clutched at it in vain. Billy Bunter spluttered indignant wrath.

"By gum, that looks a decent cake!" remarked Fry.

"Fine!" said Dabney. "Thanks, Bunter," said Cecil Reginald Temple gracefully. "Tit for tat, what? You snooped the tuck from my study the other day—we'll take this cake in exchange."

"Exchange no robbery," grinned Fry. "Beast! Gimme my cake!" yelled Bunter. "Think you're going to snoop my cake?"

"Didn't you snoop ours?" asked Temple. "One good turn deserves another," remarked Fry. "You snaffled a lot of other things, as well as a cake. You get the best of the bargain."

"Gimme my cake!" "Our cake," corrected Temple. "Much obliged, dear boy. By jove, we'll ask some

(Continued on page 7)



THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



86. CLARK GABLE
(M.G.M.)



87. GORDON JACKSON
(Rank Organisation)



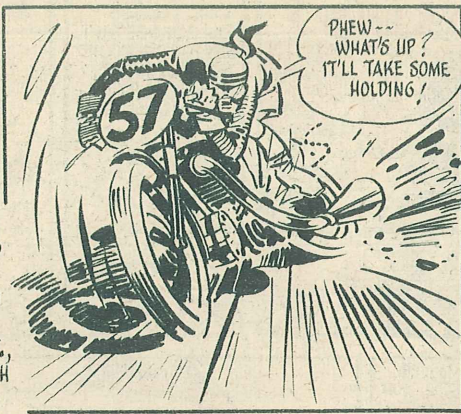
88. PAUL DUPUIS
(Rank Organisation)



89. JOAN BENNETT
(Universal International)

SPLASH PAGE AND THE GREY ROCKET.

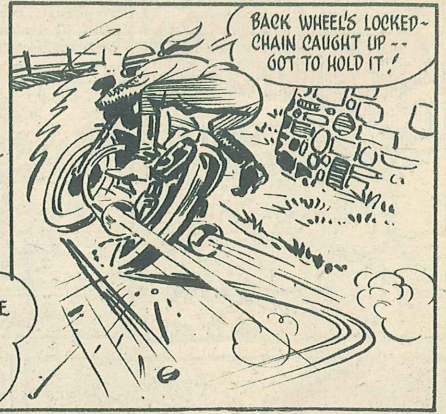
SPLASH PAGE, ACE REPORTER OF THE 'DAILY WORLD', WAS DOING A PRACTICE LAP OVER THE T.T. COURSE IN THE ISLE OF MAN ON THE GREY ROCKET. LOU MILLAN AND DUKE JORDON, TWO CROOKS TRYING TO STOP THE GREY ROCKET WINNING THE T.T., TAMPERED WITH THE DRIVING CHAIN, WHICH PARTED AS SPLASH WAS RIDING FAST --



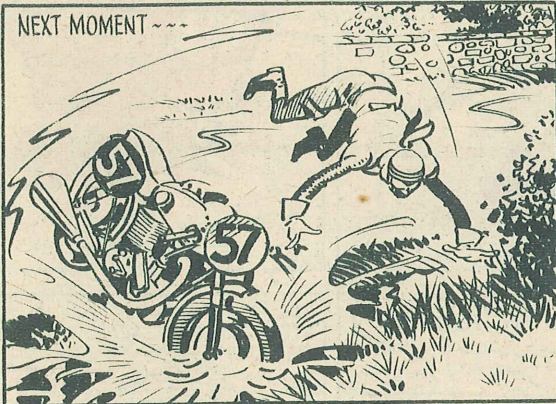
PHEW -- WHAT'S UP? IT'LL TAKE SOME HOLDING!



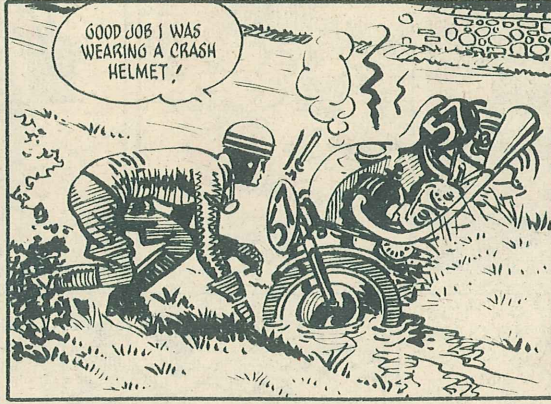
GOSH, THE CHAIN'S GONE. THAT'S WHAT THOSE CROOKS WERE UP TO!



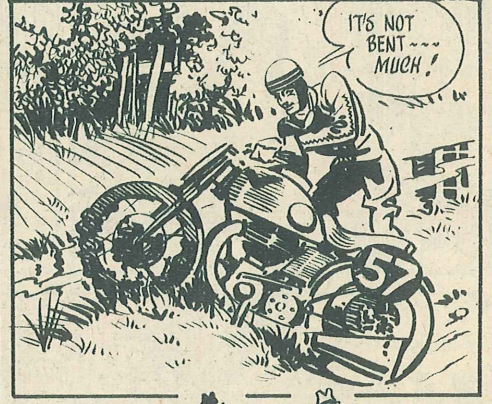
BACK WHEEL'S LOCKED -- CHAIN CAUGHT UP -- GOT TO HOLD IT!



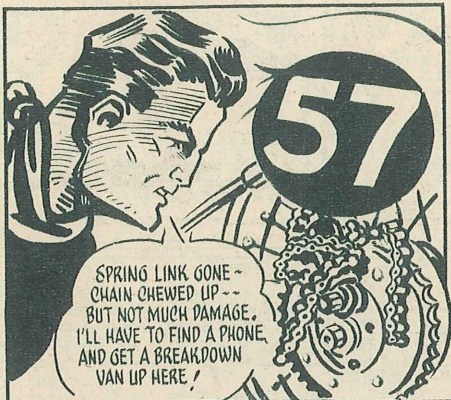
NEXT MOMENT --



GOOD JOB I WAS WEARING A CRASH HELMET!



IT'S NOT BENT -- MUCH!

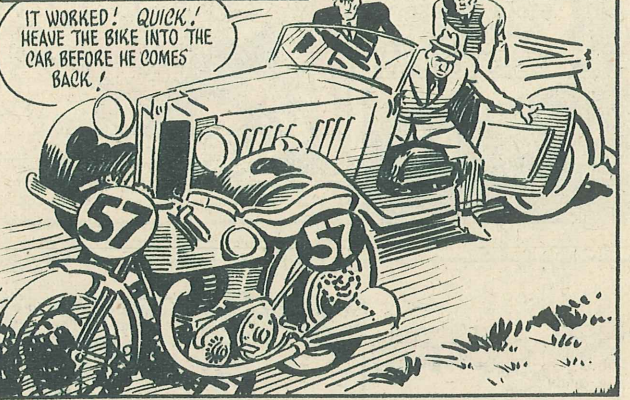


SPRING LINK GONE -- CHAIN CHEWED UP -- BUT NOT MUCH DAMAGE. I'LL HAVE TO FIND A PHONE, AND GET A BREAKDOWN VAN UP HERE!

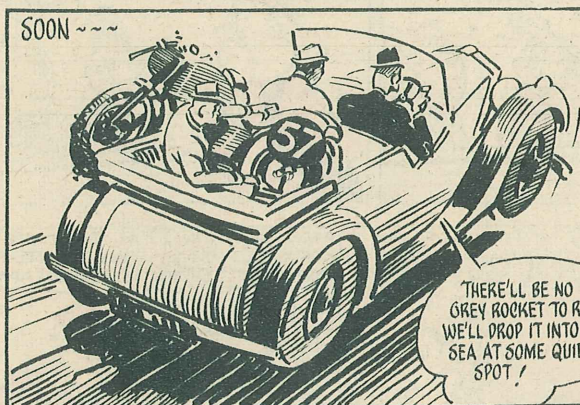


THAT'S THE END OF PRACTICE -- BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THE GREY ROCKET FIXED UP FOR THE RACE TO-MORROW!

BUT SOME TIME AFTER SPLASH HAD LEFT, DUKE JORDON AND LOU MILLAN FOUND THE GREY ROCKET

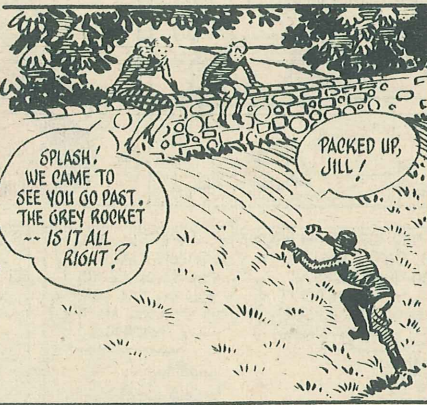


IT WORKED! QUICK! HEAVE THE BIKE INTO THE CAR BEFORE HE COMES BACK!



THERE'LL BE NO GREY ROCKET TO RACE. WE'LL DROP IT INTO THE SEA AT SOME QUIET SPOT!

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD -- SPLASH MET JILL BRENT, HIS ASSISTANT, AND BILLY DREW, SON OF THEIR HOST.

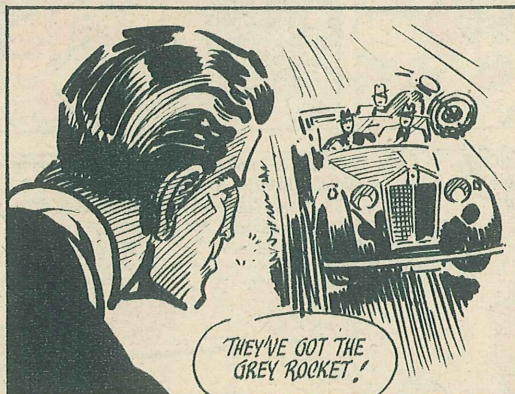


SPLASH! WE CAME TO SEE YOU GO PAST. THE GREY ROCKET -- IS IT ALL RIGHT?

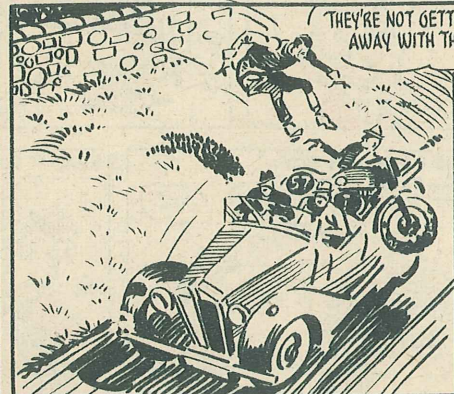
PACKED UP, JILL!



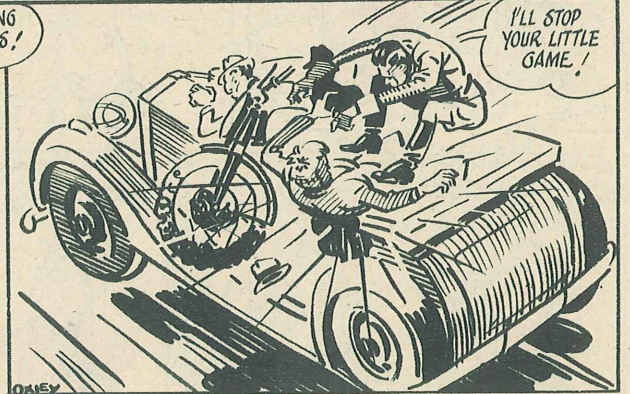
GET DOWN! HIDE! IT'S THOSE CROOKS, JILL!



THEY'VE GOT THE GREY ROCKET!

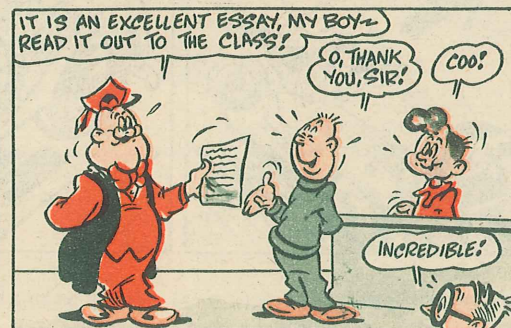
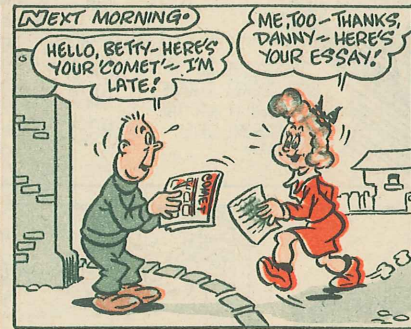
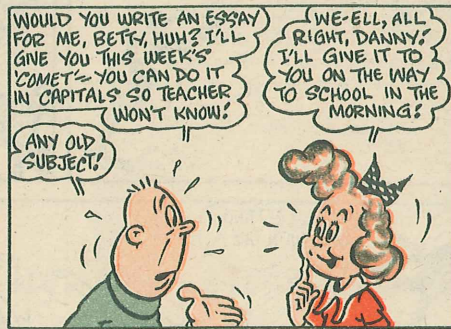
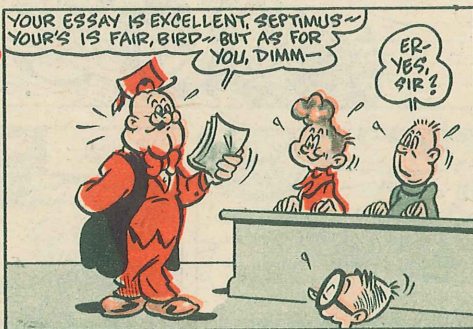
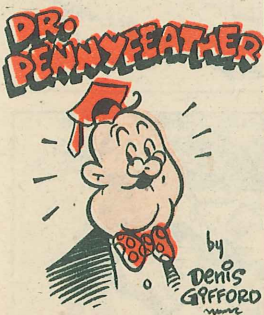
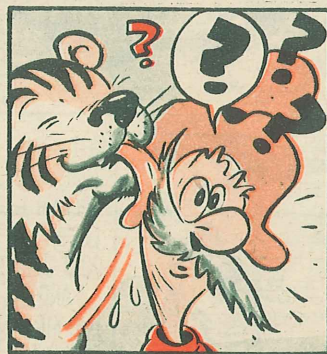
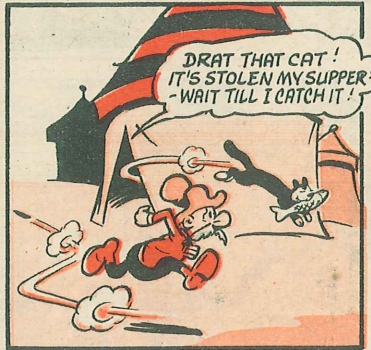
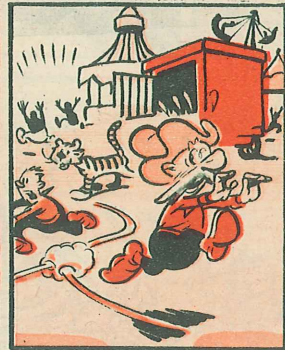
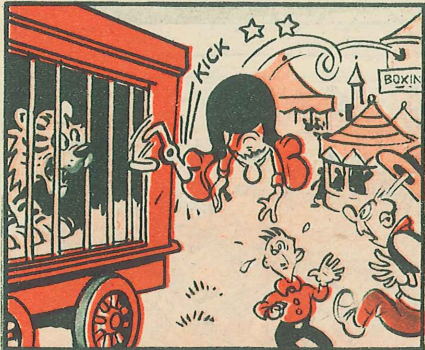
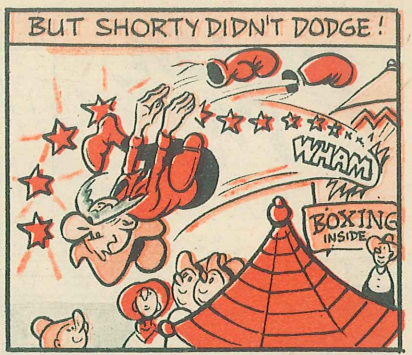
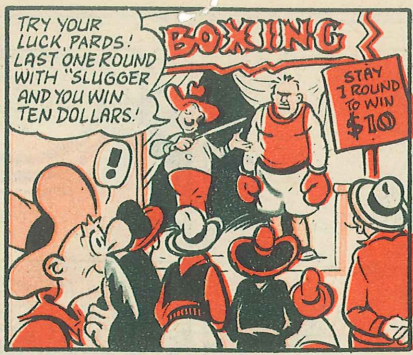
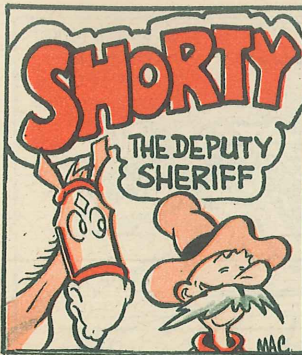


THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!



I'LL STOP YOUR LITTLE GAME!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? MORE SPEED THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"



BUCK JONES

in the **WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS**

HETTY YOUNG, THE OUTLAW, KNOWS ENOUGH TO SEND JAKE BROWN AND HIS PALS, TO JAIL FOR LIFE, SO THEY SET OUT TO SILENCE HER.

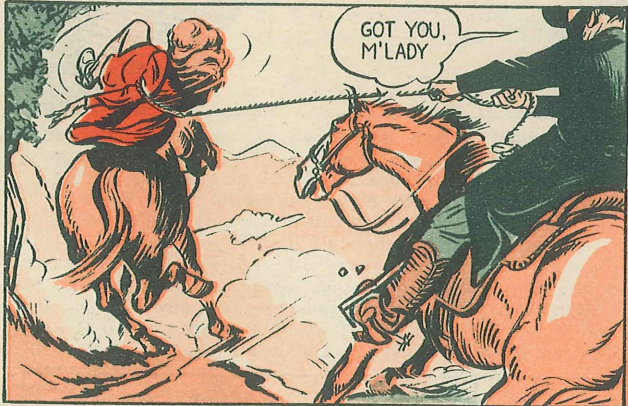
IT MUST HAVE BEEN HETTY WHO TIPPED OFF BUCK JONES ABOUT US RAIDING JOE'S SHACK FOR HIS GOLD. BUT HOW DO WE FIND HER?

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SEPARATE. WHOEVER CATCHES HER MUST TAKE HER TO OUR HIDEOUT.

AT DAWN, ONE MAN SIGHTS HETTY AND GIVES CHASE.

HECK! THERE SHE IS!

GUESS I CAN'T SHOOT. MIGHT ATTRACT OTHER PEOPLE.



GOT YOU, M'LADY



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY, NOW!



HETTY DRAGS OFF THE MAN'S MASK.

LET GO, YOU BRUTE! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME, YET!



MISTER DAKERS OF THE O-BAR-O!

SO WHAT? YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY!



I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE OTHERS, AND WE'LL FIX YOU SO'S NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

BUCK JONES HAPPENS TO BE RIDING RANGE THAT MORNING.



I'VE SURE GOT TO FIND WHO WROTE THIS NOTE. WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THAT IT LOOKS LIKE A GIRLS WRITING.



HECK! IT'S HETTY! SO SHE DIDN'T DROWN, AFTER ALL. GUESS I'VE GOT TO BUST UP THAT PARTY DOWN THERE!

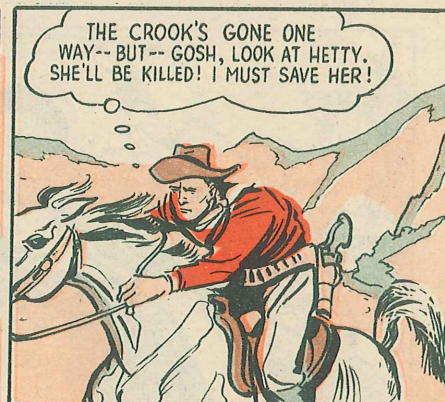
A LITTLE LATER.



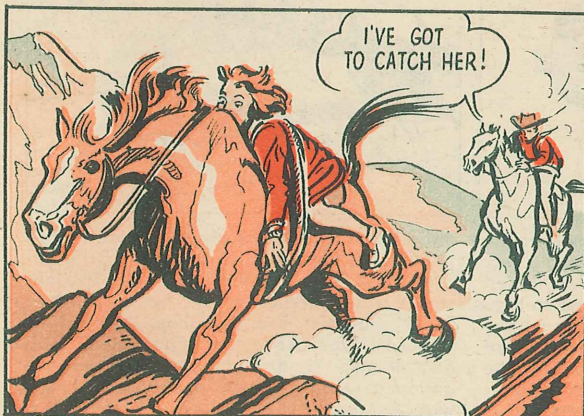
HECK! BUCK JONES!



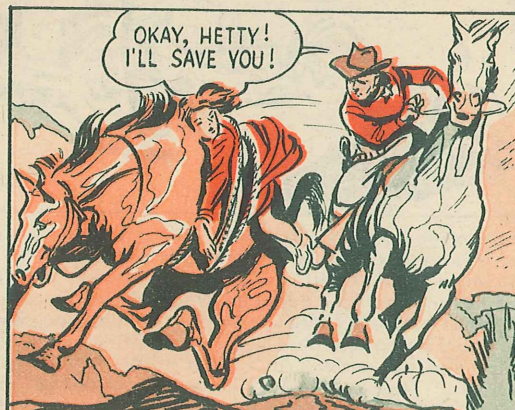
HETTY'S HORSE BOLTS WITH FRIGHT.



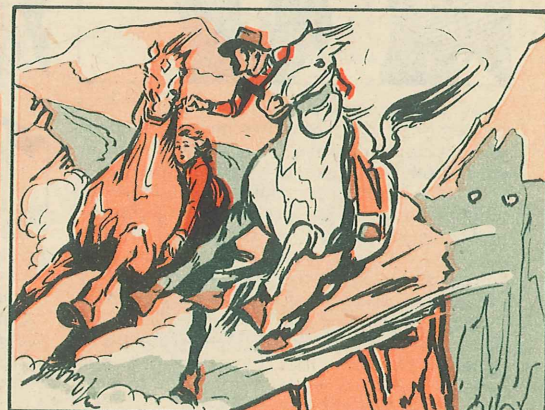
THE CROOK'S GONE ONE WAY-- BUT-- GOSH, LOOK AT HETTY. SHE'LL BE KILLED! I MUST SAVE HER!



I'VE GOT TO CATCH HER!



OKAY, HETTY! I'LL SAVE YOU!

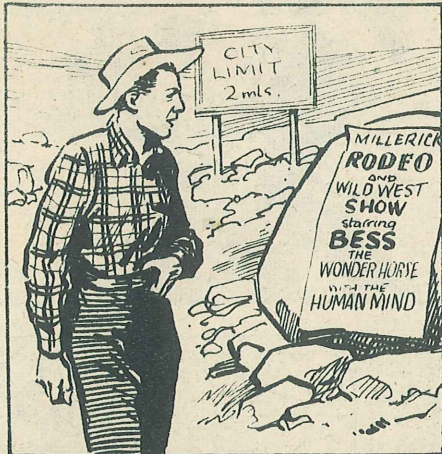


THE ADVENTURES OF GALLANT BESS

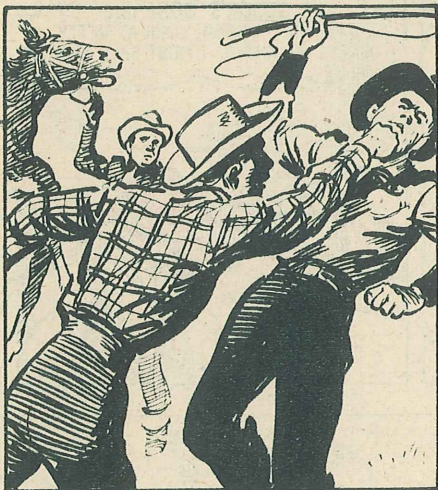
THE WONDER HORSE

Based on the Eagle Lion Production, Distributed by
Associated British Pathé, Ltd.

Gallant Bess, auctioned by the sheriff of Star City to pay for damage she caused when looking for her master, Ted Daniels, was bought by Blake, foreman of Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show. Ted was lying helpless with a fractured leg in the house of Dr. Edward Gray and his daughter, Penny. Bess was taken far away as the Rodeo moved on. Ted had no idea where Bess had gone!

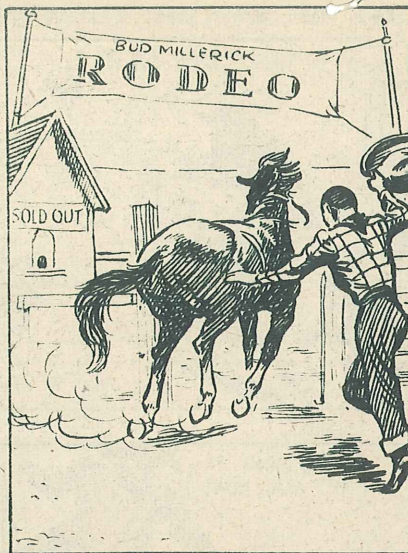


But while Gallant Bess suffered under Bud Millerick's cruel treatment, Ted Daniels was looking for her. It was over a month since his accident at the Rodeo, and his leg mended rapidly under Penny's care. He and Penny had fallen in love. But she knew Ted could not stay in one place for long—and, besides, there was Gallant Bess. Penny laughed shakily when Ted told her he was leaving. "I've got a funny kind of rival," she said, "but maybe I'll like her." Sadly she watched Ted leave Star City, wondering whether she would ever see him again. Ted travelled for days, looking for Bud Millerick's Rodeo.

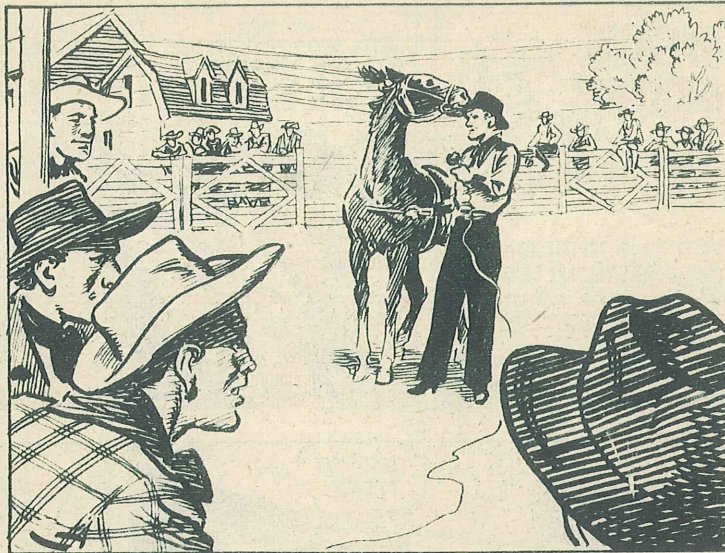


"You swindled me out of that horse," Ted replied hotly, "and you owe me two hundred and fifty dollars prize money that I won at your show. To make it fair and square, I'll take Bess and forget that." Bud Millerick laughed harshly. "She's the star of my show—and she's not going!" He struck at Ted, who returned his punch, and in a moment they were fighting furiously. Millerick crashed to the ground, but he was big and tough and he picked himself up and went for Ted. "I'll finish you once and for all!" he ground out. Punching at each other, they rolled over and over in the dust, while Woody ran to hold Gallant Bess's bridle.

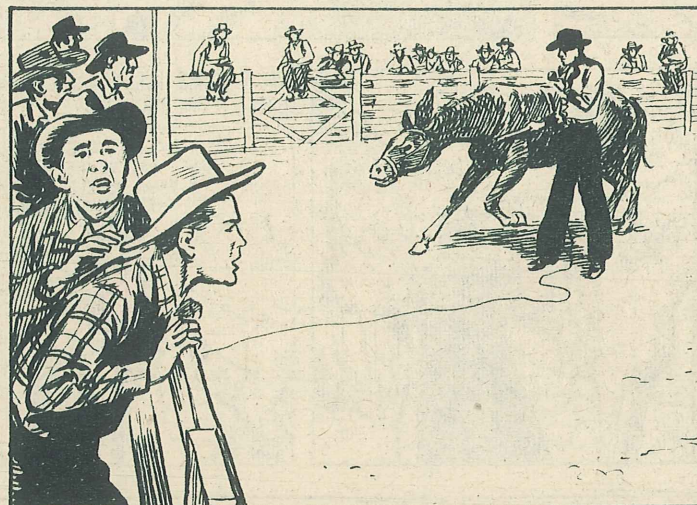
WILL GALLANT BESS AND TED GET TOGETHER AGAIN? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"!



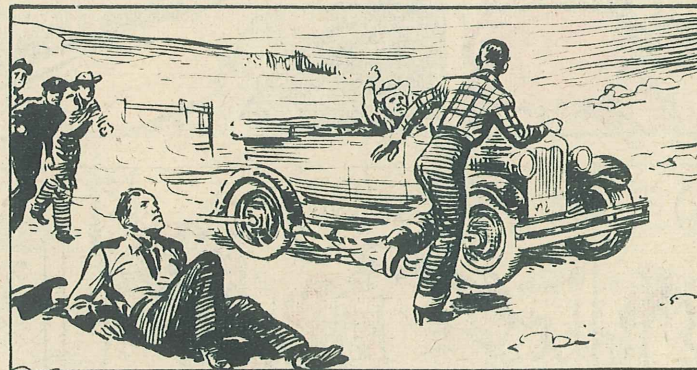
As the weeks passed, Gallant Bess became used to the rough-and-ready, confined life of the Rodeo. The wild horse which Ted Daniels had caught, tamed, and taught to do many clever tricks became the star attraction of Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show. Her fame spread far and wide. Crowds packed the Rodeo arena wherever the show stopped. Bud Millerick was delighted with the success of his plan. He took good care that Gallant Bess should not escape.



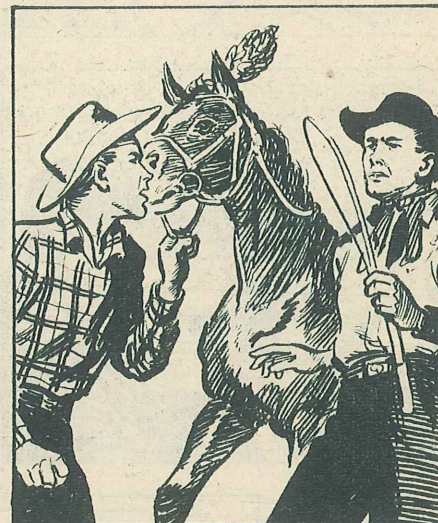
Millerick himself handled Gallant Bess when she appeared before the applauding crowds. He was the only person who could do so—and for a good reason. A touch of his riding crop, and she did all he told her. "All right, Bess," he ordered, "take my hat off." And as she did so: "Now, don't get it dirty!" he remarked genially. She dropped it in the dust, and he added in mock anger: "I told you not to get that hat dirty. Now, pick it up!" This also Gallant Bess did carefully, and many other tricks besides. Many of those applauding in the packed grandstands wondered how Bud Millerick had trained Gallant Bess to understand and obey his spoken commands. None knew that she had been trained by her absent master, Ted Daniels—and only the hidden spikes in Millerick's riding crop made her obey him.



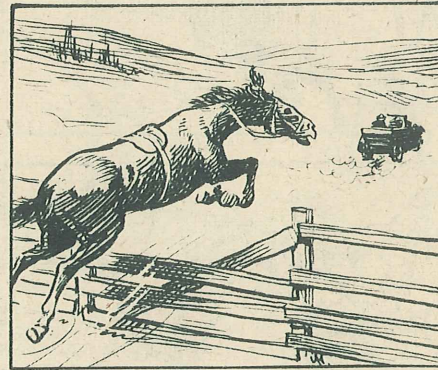
At last Ted had found the Rodeo Show—and Gallant Bess. But the young roughrider did not like what he saw. He hardly heard his friend Woody's joyous greeting. His face darkened as he saw Bess being put through her tricks by his former boss. "All right, Bess, bow for the ladies and gentlemen," Millerick was saying. "Let's see you imitate a camel." Ted Daniels saw Bess doing one of the tricks he had taught her, and he saw something which the spectators missed. He saw the spiked riding crop. "Woody," he said grimly, "why didn't you tell me about this?" Woody shuffled uneasily. "It wouldn't have helped you, Ted." Ted's eyes glinted angrily. "It might have helped her, Woody! I came for Gallant Bess, and I'm taking her away from Bud Millerick!"



Scenting further trouble for Ted as he saw people hurrying towards the fighters, Woody released Gallant Bess and ran to start up his old car. Ted quietened Millerick with a final smashing punch, and picked himself up, gasping for breath and dazed, as Woody drove the car close to him. "Quick, Ted!" Woody called as he saw a policeman running to the scene. "You'd better get outa here!" Forgetting everything else, Ted scrambled into the ancient car, and it rattled away fast out of the Rodeo arena. "Thanks, Woody!" he gasped. "I reckon you're about right! We'd better get away!"



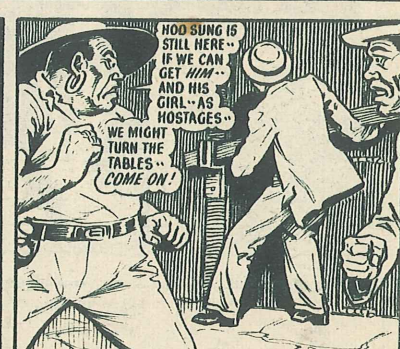
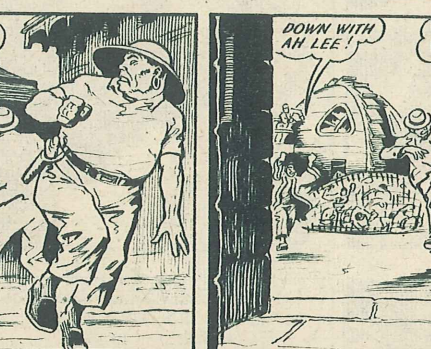
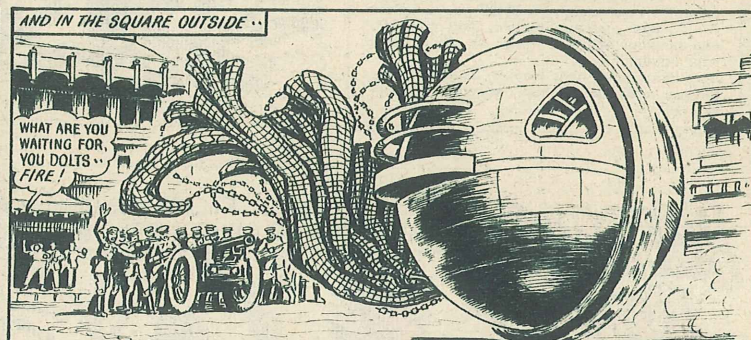
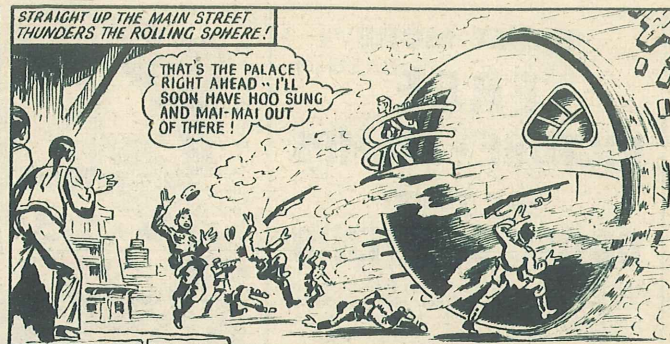
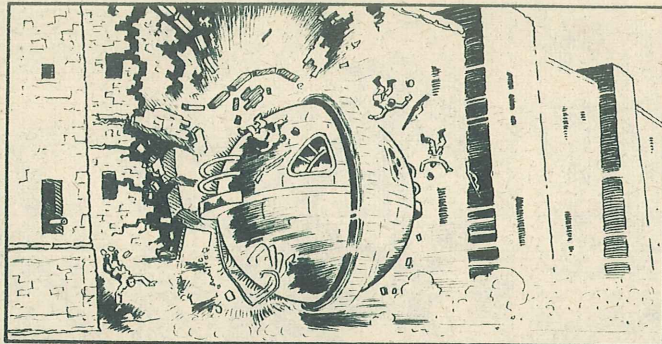
As Bud Millerick led Gallant Bess out of the arena, Ted seized her bridle. "What d'you think you're doin'?" shouted Millerick. Ted stared at him angrily. "I came for my horse. She's my horse, and you know it. Sure, you've made some money out of her, and you've beaten the spirit out of her—but that's over!" Millerick blustered. He had a paper giving a complete record of her sale to him at the auction.



Millerick staggered dizzily as he was helped to his feet. He felt his bruised jaw. "I'll get that guy!" he groaned. Then a thought struck him. "Where's the horse—where's Bess?" But Bess, too, had gone. Nobody had noticed in the excitement that Gallant Bess had leaped a broken corral fence and galloped away into the open country. She was following the master she had lost.

Don Deeds

Feeling sure that Hoo Sung and Mai-Mai have been captured by Ah Lee, Don Deeds, in the Rolling Sphere, crashes into Kwung Chu City to the rescue!



This means more danger for Hoo Sung. Don't miss the thrills in Next Week's "Comet"

BILLY BUNTER TAKES THE CAKE!

(continued from page 2)

fellows to the study to whack it out, you men, it's a whopping cake! Thanks no end, Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Temple and Co. seemed quite merry and bright about it. They were quite glad that they had been strolling in the cloisters that afternoon. This was a windfall.

But Billy Bunter was not looking merry or bright. His spectacles might almost have cracked under the devastating glare he gave the three merry Fourth Formers.

"Will you gimme my cake?" he bawled.

"Not so's you'd notice it," answered Temple with a shake of his head.

"It's my cake—!" shrieked Bunter, rather forgetful for the moment of Mr. Quelch's proprietorship.

"Not at all—ours," said Temple. "Good-bye, Bunter, and thanks again."

Temple replaced the wrappings round

the cake and put it under his arm. Billy Bunter jumped up. Bunter was not a fighting man. But a lioness deprived of her cubs had nothing on Bunter deprived of a cake! The fat Owl rushed at Cecil Reginald Temple with fat fists brandished.

But Fry and Dabney grasped the fat junior together and sat him down on the old stone flags. They sat him down hard, and Bunter bumped and gasped and spluttered.

"Ooooooogh!"

"Have another?" asked Fry genially.

"Woooooogh!" gurgled Bunter.

"Come on, you men," drawled Cecil Reginald, and the Fourth Formers walked out of the Cloisters, grinning.

"Ooooh!" gasped Bunter. "Oh! Oh, crikey!"

There was quite a happy party in Temple's study that afternoon. That magnificent cake was generously whacked out among six or seven of the Fourth, and they all pronounced it top hole.

"BUNTER!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. He spun round at the sound of Mr.

Quelch's voice.

"I—I—I say, it—it wasn't me, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"What?"

"I—I mean, I—I didn't—that is, I—I wasn't—I mean I never—" stuttered Bunter.

"M-m-mum-mum-may I go now, sir?"

"One moment, Bunter. Yesterday," said Mr. Quelch, "you did me a considerable service, Bunter. By shouting from the wood you frightened off the footpad who might otherwise have robbed me."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" mumbled Bunter.

"I desire," continued Mr. Quelch, in his most gracious tone, "to make some slight acknowledgment of this service rendered by you, Bunter!"

"Oh! D-d-d-do you, sir?"

"Quite so!" said Mr. Quelch, "and I have decided, therefore, to present you with a cake, Bunter—a large cake—as a reward for the service you rendered me. This morning, Bunter, I telephoned to Messrs. Chunkley's, in Courtfield, to ask them to send me a cake—a large cake—"

Bunter jumped!

"The cake," resumed Mr. Quelch, "was

to be delivered this afternoon, and I have no doubt has been delivered. I gave Trotter instructions to place the parcel on my study table. You will find it there, Bunter."

Bunter could not speak. He could only gaze at Mr. Quelch. That gentleman gave him a very genial smile.

"You may go to my study, Bunter, and take it! It is yours, my boy. And I trust," added Mr. Quelch graciously, "that you will find it entirely to your satisfaction."

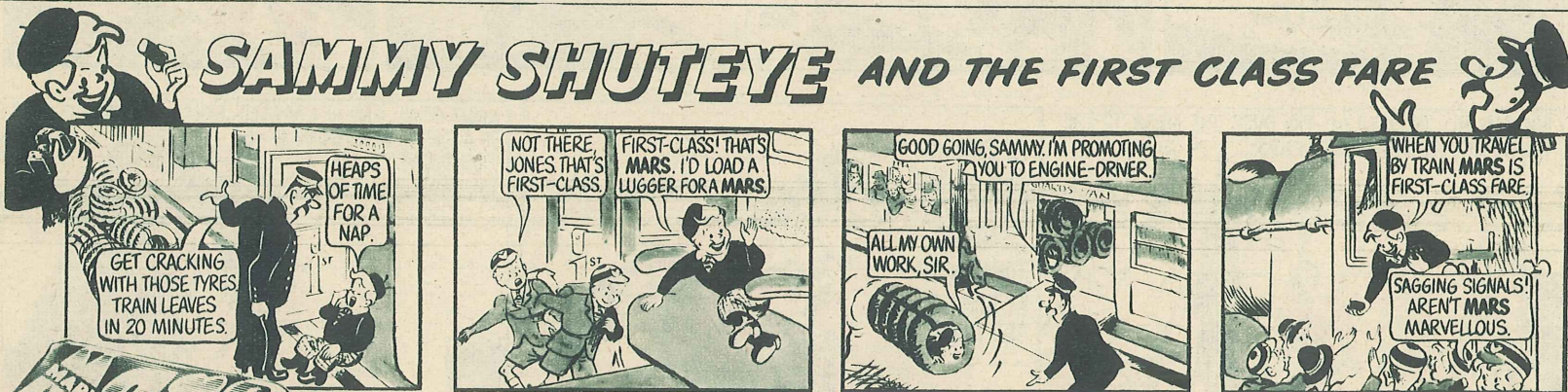
Mr. Quelch walked away to the Common Room. Bunter, no doubt, ought to have expressed thanks. But he couldn't. Speech failed him.

That cake—that luscious cake—that scrumptious cake—had been his! If only he hadn't snooped that cake—!

But he had!

Bunter stood speechless. But speech would not really have been of any use to him, for he could not have expressed his feelings in any known language.

Poor old Billy! Maybe he has learned his lesson, but he'll be up to his tricks again next week, in another smashing Greyfriars' story. Don't miss it!

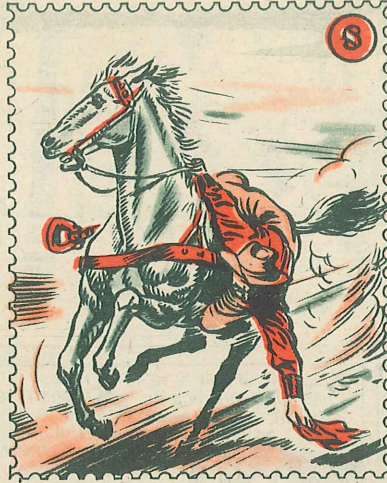


MARS ARE MARVELLOUS — AND BIG!

Mars are such big bars • Mars have such a marvellous taste • Mars are such fine value — get yours today!

**THREE MORE
FREE
PICTURE - STAMPS
for your
RODEO SOUVENIR**

Here are three picture-stamps for you to cut out and paste neatly in their right spaces on the **RODEO SOUVENIR**, presented in the "COMET" dated May 20. There will be two more of these picture-stamps in next week's "COMET" to complete your grand pictorial record. You will find explanations of these scenes on the back of your Souvenir. Be sure to order next week's "COMET" now or you may miss these stirring picture-stamps.



**BUFFALO
BILL.**

BUFFALO BILL AND HIS FRIENDS ARE LOOKING AFTER BLACK BISON, THE WOUNDED CHIEF. BUT GREY SNAKE WANTS BLACK BISON TO DIE SO THAT HE CAN BE CHIEF, AND HE STIRS UP THE WARRIORS AGAINST THE WHITE MEN.



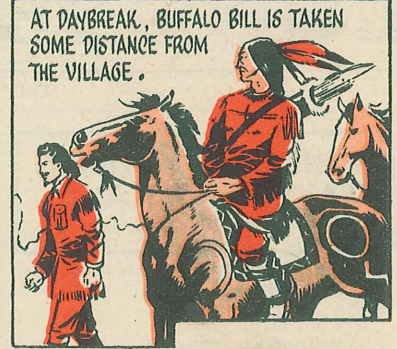
DEATH TO THE WHITE MEN!



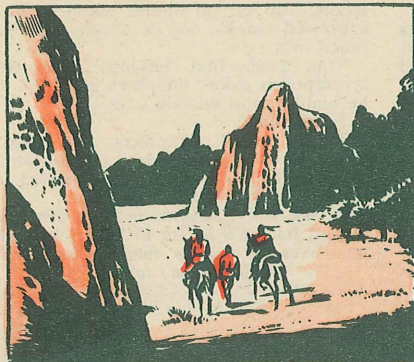
BUFFALO BILL'S FRIENDS ARE TIED TO STAKES - BUT A DIFFERENT FATE IS IN STORE FOR HIM.



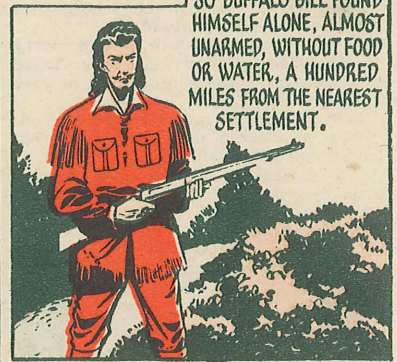
YOU WILL BE TAKEN OUT AND ABANDONED ON THE MESA WITH ONLY A GUN AND THREE CARTRIDGES -- WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!



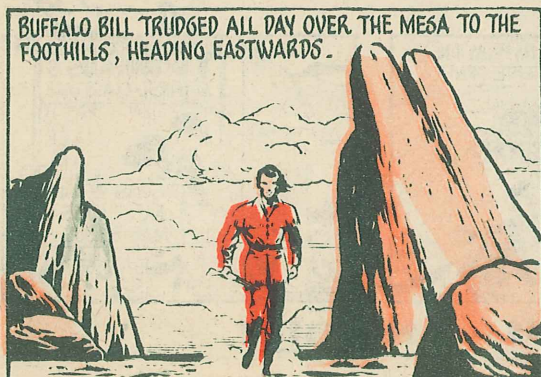
AT DAYBREAK, BUFFALO BILL IS TAKEN SOME DISTANCE FROM THE VILLAGE.



HERE IS YOUR GUN, WHITE MAN, AND THREE CARTRIDGES!



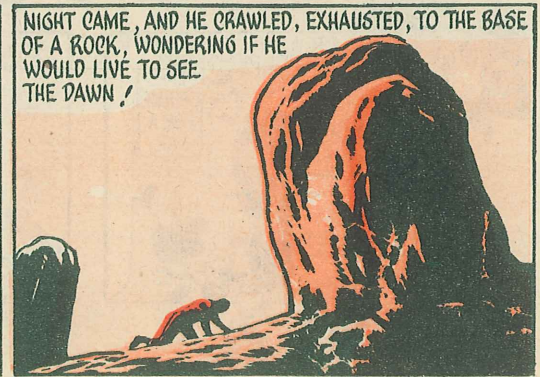
SO BUFFALO BILL FOUND HIMSELF ALONE, ALMOST UNARMED, WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, A HUNDRED MILES FROM THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT.



BUFFALO BILL TRUDGED ALL DAY OVER THE MESA TO THE FOOTHILLS, HEADING EASTWARDS.



AS EVENING CAME, HE WAS WORN OUT -- WEARY -- TORMENTED BY HUNGER AND THIRST



NIGHT CAME, AND HE CRAWLED, EXHAUSTED, TO THE BASE OF A ROCK, WONDERING IF HE WOULD LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN!

Buffalo Bill is up against things! See, next week, how he makes out in his war with the desert!