

COMET

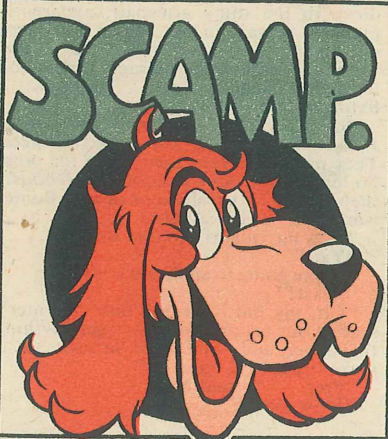
EVERY THURSDAY

No. 104
(New Series)
July 15, 1950

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE

Sunbeam Talbot
Photo: Rootes Group



When it is hot, the thing to do is to go boating—in canoe.



But Scamp was loth to board it, for, He felt much safer on the shore!



Scamp very clearly meant to stay, So Sonny simply rowed away.



And so it seemed he'd lost his chum— At which our Scamp felt very glum.



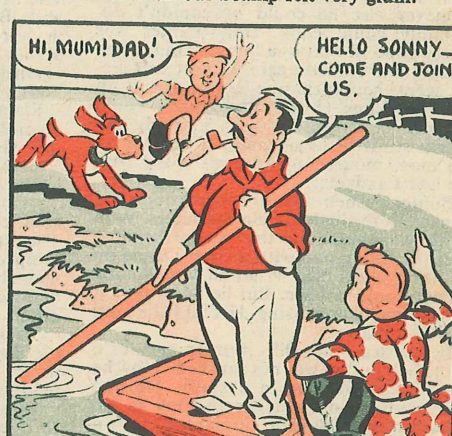
So he just made one leaping dash, And landed with a mighty splash!



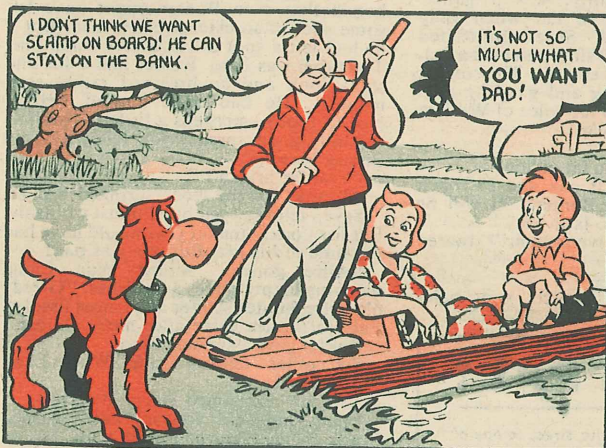
And as Scamp from the water poked, He saw that Sammy was quite soaked!



But summer sun was shining bright, So soon they both would dry all right.

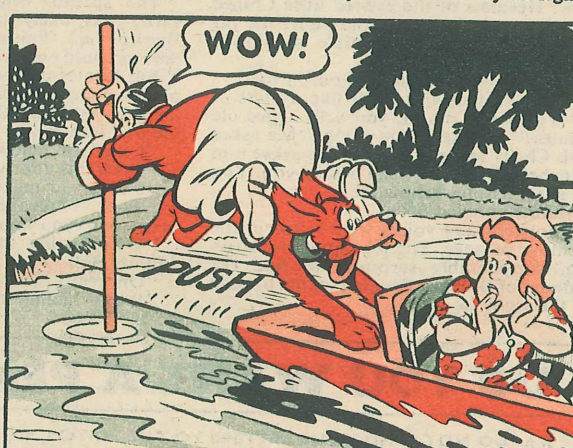


But still young Sonny felt that he Much safer on the bank would be.

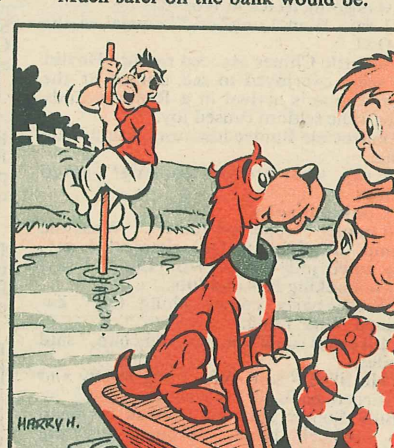


So up the river they went hunting, To where their mum and dad were punting.

But now Scamp had made up his mind, That he would *not* be left behind!



He jumped aboard, with vim and vigour, And Pa cut such a comic figure!



Scamp was upset at what he'd done, When all that he had meant was fun!

TOMMY HAWKE and MOE CASSIN



THIS GOOD IDEA— WE BUILD TRAP! CATCH WILD ANIMAL FOR CHIEF'S DIN-DIN!

TRAP NEARLY FINISHED— WE GO HIDE UNTIL WILD ANIMAL FALL IN IT!



WAH! OUR TRAP CATCH WILD ANIMAL ALREADY!

SOUND VERY WILD ANIMAL! WE GET IN CHIEF'S GOOD BOOKS FOR THIS!



WOOP! IT CHIEFY!

UG!

ME WILD ALL RIGHT, YOU CRAZY INJUNS!



BUNTER NO LIKEE!

A Smashing Story of Billy Bunter, Wun Lung, and the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

THE SNAFFLED SPREAD!

BILLY BUNTER sniffed—an appreciative sniff.

The scent that came from No. 13 Study in the Remove was positively delicious, especially to a hungry fat Owl.

A smell of cooking, at any time, was likely to draw Billy Bunter like a magnet. But it was not merely a smell of cooking from No. 13. It was a delicious aroma. That little heathen Chinese, Wun Lung, whatever else he could or couldn't do, certainly could cook. Billy Bunter was pretty good in that line himself; but, as he sniffed, and sniffed again, at that entrancing scent, he felt that he had to pass it up to Wun Lung. Little Wun really could produce better results with a frying-pan over a study fire than many a cook with the most modern of kitchens fitted with the latest gadgets.

Bunter pushed open the study door and blinked in through his big spectacles. Wun Lung was alone in the study, bending over his frying-pan with a cheery smile on his little yellow face. What he was cooking Bunter could not see. But he knew that it was distinctly appetising. His fat little nose told him that.

It was tea-time. Billy Bunter had tea'd in the hall but he was not satisfied. Now he was looking for tea in a study. He had been considering whether to look in on Wharton and Nugent, in No. 1, or on Lord Mauleverer, in No. 12, when that delightful and irresistible scent drew him to No. 13. That scent settled the matter. He was going to tea in No. 13!

"I say, Wun Lung—!" squeaked the fat Owl.

The little Chinese glanced round. He did not seem overjoyed to see Bunter at the door. Bunter's arrival in a Remove study at tea-time seldom caused joy.

"Fattee ole Bunttee lun away," said Wun Lung.

"I say, what are you cooking?" asked Bunter.

"Cookee lissoles."

"Lissoles!" repeated Bunter. "What the thump are lissoles? Oh, rissoles! I say, they smell jolly good, Wun Lung. I say, you're cooking lots and lots."

"Nicee party comey along tea," explained Wun Lung.

"I'll come too if you like, old chap," said Bunter.

"No likee!" said Wun Lung briefly and he turned back to his rissoles.

Billy Bunter gave the back of his head an inimical blink, through his big spectacles. This, in Bunter's opinion, was sheer cheek on the part of a heathen Chinese. It ought to have been a pleasure to Wun Lung as well as an honour and distinction, to include William George Bunter in the tea-party.

"Look here, you cheeky little heathen!" said Bunter warmly. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your head."

"You punchee head belong me, me askee ole Bob punchee head belong you," retorted Wun Lung. "You takee 'way ugly ole facee."

Billy Bunter breathed hard and deep. Bunter did not need an urgent or pressing invitation to a meal. All he really wanted was the lion's share thereof. But there was no welcome at all for him in No. 13 Study. Bunter was not much of a puncher of heads but even Bunter could have punched little Wun Lung's. And he was strongly tempted to roll into the study and do it.

"Shall I help you dish them up, old fellow?" he asked.

"Fat ole Bunttee lun away. No loom for fattee ole Bunttee. No likee fattee ole Bunttee ugly face," said Wun Lung cheerfully. And he proceeded to dish up the rissoles without Bunter's assistance.

Bunter blinked at them. They looked, as they smelt, delicious.

Wun Lung, unheeding, dished up those triumphs of the culinary art. Then he went to the door and looked out into the passage. One of the expected guests was no doubt in sight, for Wun Lung called out:

"All leady, ole Flanky! You tellee othee fellee."

"O.K.," came back the voice of Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles. He was going to join in that enticing spread. The only question was "how." And as Wun Lung looked out into the passage and called, the "how" flashed into Billy Bunter's fat brain.

He charged at the little Chinese in the doorway.

"Oh, clumbs!" gasped Wun Lung as what seemed like a runaway traction engine suddenly bumped into his back. The little Chinese fairly flew. That charge, with Bunter's tremendous weight behind it, hurled him out of the doorway and across the passage. He crumpled up against the opposite wall and slid to the floor yelling.

Slam! Bunter had the door shut in a split second. In another split second he had turned the key in the lock.

"He, he, he!" gasped Bunter breathlessly.

"Oh, clumbs! Oh, clikey!" came a splutter from Wun Lung in the passage. The little Chinese picked himself up and jumped back to the study door. He wrenched at the door handle with one hand and thumped on the panels with the other.

"You open door!" he yelled. "Fattee ole Bunttee, you open door! You lettee me in a study! You no touchee lissoles belong me."

Billy Bunter chuckled. He was not likely to open the door and let Wun Lung into the study! A locked door between him and the tea-party was just what Bunter wanted. That entrancing spread was at his mercy now. Headless of the excited little Chinese banging and rattling at the door, the fat Owl drew a chair to the table, sat down, and started on the rissoles.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Good! Fine!"

They went down almost like oysters.

"You lettee me in, you velly uglee ole Bunttee!" shrieked Wun Lung. "Me askee Bob Chelly moppee you up. Me askee him punchee silly ole fat head belong you. You no eatee lissoles belong me."

Bunter gobbled on.

Footsteps and voices were heard in the Remove passage. The tea-party was arriving, considerably surprised to find the founder of the feast banging on the outside of the study door.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came Bob Cherry's roar. "What's up, Wun?"

"What the dickens—?" asked Harry Wharton.

"What the thump—?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Door jammed?" asked Mark Linley.

"Bunttee lockee door!" shrieked Wun Lung. "Fattee ole uglee Bunttee in study, scoffee spread, lockee door."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The fat villain!"

"Bunter! Are you in there, Bunter?"

"Open this door, you fat brigand."

"By gum, I'll burst him all over the study!" roared Bob Cherry. "Bunter, you bloated bluebottle, open this door."

But answer there came none, unless a sound of happy munching and grunting was to be taken as an answer. Billy Bunter was too busy for speech. A spread intended for seven fellows was on the study table before him. There was enough, even for Bunter. And those rissoles were as delicious to taste as they were to smell or look at. Billy Bunter was having the time of his life.

HARRY WHARTON AND CO. in the passage, breathed wrath. Thumping on the door, kicking at the lower panels, hooting through the keyhole, produced no effect. They had no chance of forcing open that door. Greyfriars had been built in the days when builders were builders, and doors were doors. Solid oak defied the heftiest shove from the stoutest shoulders. They were shut out of No. 13, while within the incessant sound of munching told that the spread was on the downward path.

"We—we—we'll burst him!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The fat villain!"

"The bloated bandit!"

"Oh, clumbs!" wailed Wun Lung. "Nicee ole lissoles all goey down neck belong fattee ole Bunttee. Oh, clikey!"

"By gum, we'll rag him bald-headed!"

"We'll strew him along the passage in small pieces!"

Munch! Munch! Gobble! Gurgle! Munch!

"The—the—the burbling brigand!" gasped Bob. "He will have to come out some time and then—!"

"Then—!" breathed Johnny Bull.

The spread, evidently, was a goner. Little was likely to be left when Billy Bunter had finished. Seven infuriated fellows could only wait till Bunter emerged.

But Bunter did not emerge. The sounds of munching, gobbling and gurgling died away at last. Then the fat voice of William George Bunter was heard.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Open this door you fat villain!"

"I say, you make it pax and I'll open the door," squeaked Bunter. "It will be prep soon, you know. Is it pax?"

"We're going to lynch you!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"We're going to snatch you bald-

headed!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Will you come out, you fat frump, now you've scoffed the spread?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"No, I jolly well won't!" retorted Bunter. "I'll come out if you'll make it pax and I'm jolly well going to stick in here till you do."

"We've got to get into our study for prep, Bunter," exclaimed Mark Linley.

"Yah!"

"Let us in, you fat owl!"

"Will you make it pax?"

"No!" came a roar.

"Then I'm staying here."

There was a creak as Billy Bunter settled down in the study armchair, apparently prepared to wait. In fact, the fat Owl dared not emerge with seven infuriated fellows waiting for him in the passage. Unless and until they made it "pax," Bunter was a fixture in No. 13 Study!

Bob Cherry, Mark Linley and Huree Jamset Ram Singh exchanged glances. They had to get into their study for prep. So long as the door was locked obviously they couldn't! It really looked as if Bunter was master of the situation!

"You fat villain!" roared Bob.

"Yah!"

"We're going to spificate you!"

"Beast!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "Bunter's scoffed our tea and we shan't get anything till supper, and—and—he wants us to make it pax! I'll watch it."

"Prep—!" said Mark.

"Blow prep!"

BUT when the bell rang for prep Bob Cherry had to modify his views. With a form master like Mr. Quelch it was not a practical proposition to "blow" prep. Bob, Mark, Huree Singh and Wun Lung had to get into that study. And Bob at last, with deep feelings, tapped on the locked door.

"Bunter, you octopus—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Pax, you fat scoundrel! Now open the door."

"Oh!" The armchair creaked as Bunter heaved his weight out of it. "I say, you fellows, no larks you know. You're all making it pax?"

"Yes, you fat frump!"

"Yes, you terrific smudge."

"Yes, you fooling freak."

"Oh, all right!" Bunter rolled to the door. "Pax" was sacred: after making it pax not a finger could be lifted. Billy Bunter had scored all along the lines. A Gargantuan spread was parked inside Bunter and seven hungry fellows had to let him walk off scot-free! But there was no help for it. There was a cheery grin on Billy Bunter's fat face as he unlocked the door and Bob Cherry hurled it open.

Seven fellows tramped in. Perhaps they hoped that even Bunter might have left some spot of so extensive a spread. But if he had left a spot it was a very small one. The table was bare. Bunter had a fat and shiny look and he breathed rather stertorously. He had done himself well in No. 13 Study—perhaps a little too well.

"Jolly good spread, you fellows," said Bunter breezily.

"You fat brigand!"

"Thanks for the feed!" grinned Bunter. Seven fellows eyed him almost wolfishly. But for "pax," the fat Owl would have had the time of his life. But pax was pax!

"Allee gonee!" wailed Wun Lung, scanning empty plates and dishes. "Gleedy ole uglee Bunttee scoffee allee nicee lissoles. Fat ole Bunttee eatee allee nicey ole cat."

Bunter gave a sudden jump.

Six other fellows gave Wun Lung startled looks.

"What?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Did—did—did you say cat?" gasped Frank Nugent, turning quite pale.

"Kik-kik-kik-cat!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Nicey ole cat!" wailed Wun Lung. "Along China, eatee plenty cat—velly nicey! Makee velly good lissole! Me solly you no can eatee nicey lissole made along nicey ole cat. Bunttee eatee allee."

"Urrrrrgh!" gurgled Billy Bunter.

He tottered and put a fat hand on the table for support. Up to that moment Billy Bunter had been enjoying life. Now his fat face was like chalk, as he blinked at Wun Lung, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles in horror.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Wun, you horrid little heathen, do you mean—?"

"Kik-kik-kik-cat!" stuttered Johnny Bull. "Oh, my hat! I—I suppose they eat cats in China—groooogh!"

(Continued on page 7)

DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, **DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**, but write direct to one of the readers whose name and address appears in the list below. If you would like your name and address to appear, then cut out the coupon below and send it to The Editor, the "COMET," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, together with your age and a few facts about yourself. And don't forget, at the same time, to say what you like best in the "COMET."

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL

- MARGARET LEY, 122 St. Cuthberts Drive, Felling, Gateshead, 10, Co. Durham. Twelve years of age. Specially wants letters from Canada or America.
- KENNETH MITCHELL, Ward 6, Yardley Green Road Hospital, Small Heath, Birmingham, 9. Kenneth would like a letter from Canada.
- EDITH VAUGHAN, 24 Glastonbury Road, Hall Green Estate, West Bromwich, Staffs. Edith is anxious to have a Pen Pal—a girl for choice.
- DIGBY JOHN BRECKNELL, St. Brelades Hotel, St. Brelades, Jersey, Channel Islands. Thirteen and a half years of age. Keen on Stamp Collecting, Radio, Boxing, Baseball, Cricket, Table Tennis and Lawn Tennis.

MORE NAMES AND ADDRESSES IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

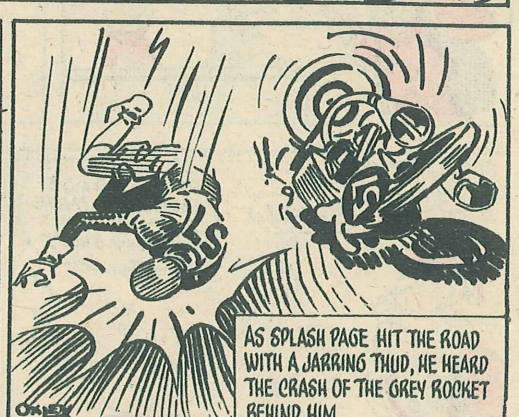
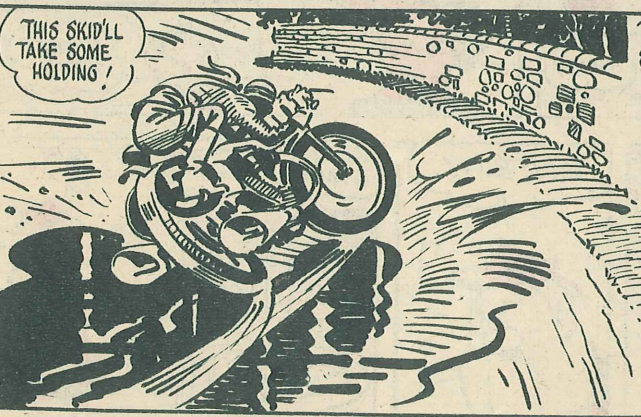
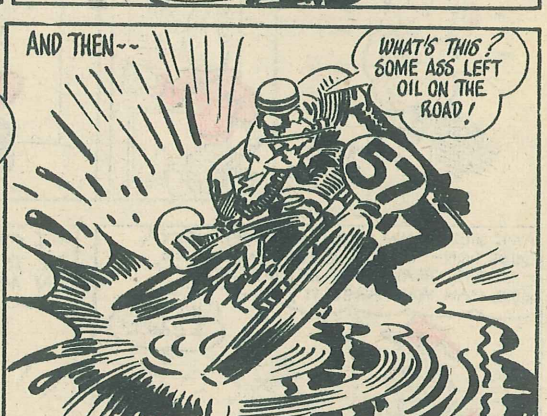
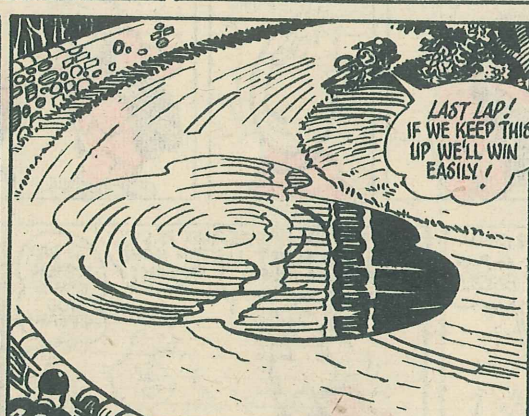
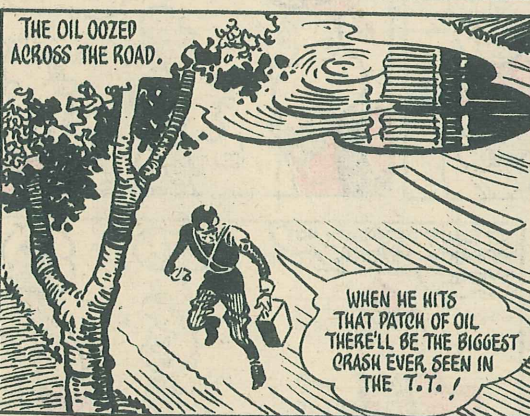
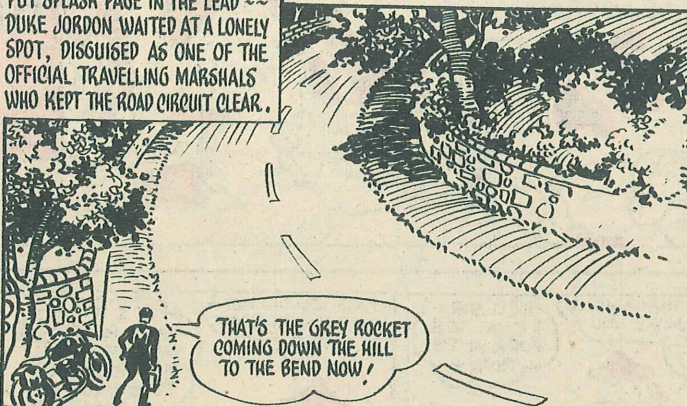
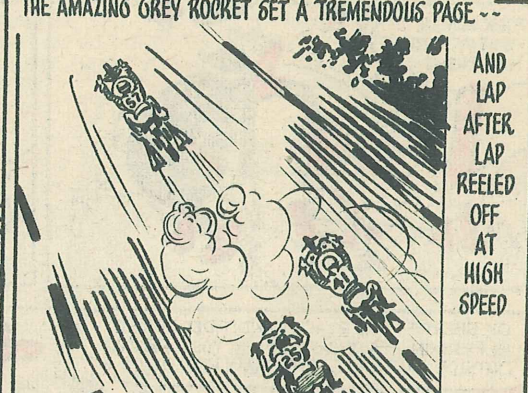
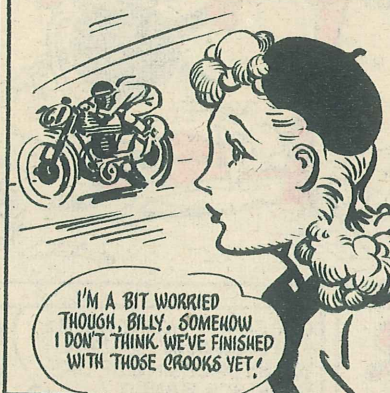
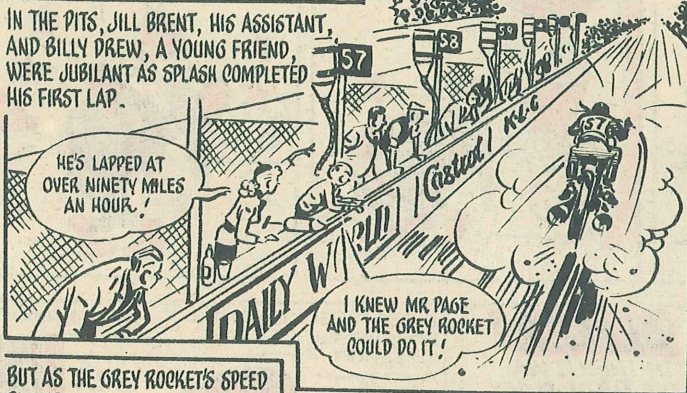
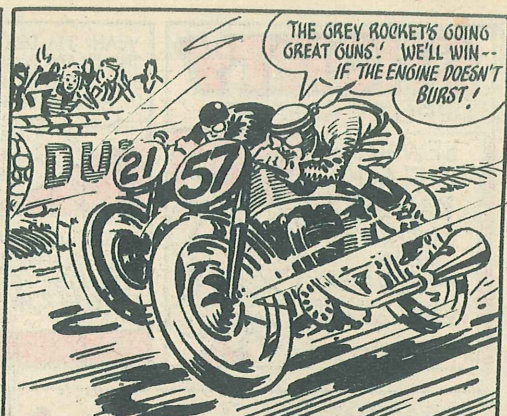
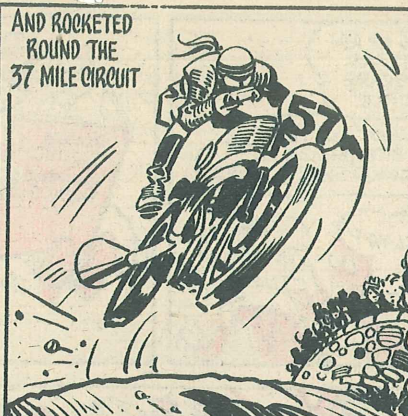
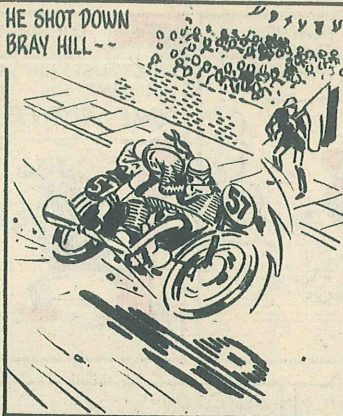
PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" July 15th, 1950

SPLASH PAGE

AND THE GREY ROCKET

Splash Page, ace reporter of the Daily World, foiled Duke Jordan and Lou Millan when they tried to steal the "Grey Rocket," which he was to ride in the Isle of Man T.T. Races. He started off in the race and went flat out to win.



HOW CAN SPLASH PAGE FINISH THE RACE NOW? DON'T MISS THE THRILLS NEXT WEEK

SHORTY

DEPUTY SHERIFF

BEWARE of
The BLACK
BANDIT!
DANGEROUS,
MEAN,
DEAD BAD & NASTY
SHOOTS FIRST AND
ASKS NO QUESTIONS
\$1,000 REWARD

YEAH! I'LL DRESS UP AS
THE BLACK BANDIT AND
GIVE SHORTY THE SCARE
OF HIS LIFE! CHUCKLE!

HEH! HEH! I'LL TELL
THE BOYS, ELMER AN'
WE'LL KID SHORTY AFTER

HO! YA WILL, WILL YA?
WELL I'LL HAVE A
SURPRISE FOR
YOU, ELMER, MY LAD!

HEH! HEH!
I'LL SHAKE
OLD ELMER!

ROUGH FIGHTING
SURPRISE
TACTICS

LATER

O.K. BUD, STICK 'EM UP!
YOU'RE LUCKY-I USUALLY
SHOOT FIRST - BUT I WANTA ASK
YOU SOMETHIN' **GIT ME
SOME GRUB, PRONTO!**

ELMER, YOU
SHALL COP IT
FOR THAT!

LISTEN, EL - ER -
BLACK BANDIT,
YOU DON'T
SCARE ME
NONE, SEE?
SO YA WANT
SOME GRUB,
EH? WELL, HERE
GOES!

THERE'S A CAULIFLOWER
EAR TO BE GOIN' ON WITH!

POOR ELMER
- BUT IT SERVES
HIM RIGHT

AND SO ON

AND SO ON

AND SO ON

OK, SHERIFF! ONE BLACK BANDIT DELIVERED
IN PERSON! TAKE CARE OF HIM 'COS A CROWD
OUTSIDE WANTS TO SCRAG HIM (HEH! HEH!)

WINK

DOOH

GOSH

GEE, SHORTY! YOU'RE A HERO!
- AN I WAS GOIN' TO SCARE
YOU BY DRESSING UP LIKE
THE BLACK BANDIT!
GUESS I'M GLAD I CHANGED
MY MIND - YOU SURE CAN
GET TOUGH!

ELMER!
TH-THEN IT WAS
THE REAL BLACK
BANDIT I PULLED IN!

GUESS THE EXCITEMENT'S
BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM,
EH, SHERIFF?

GUESS SO, ELMER!

SWOON

DR. PENNYFEATHER

by DENIS GAFFORD

SORRY I'M LATE AGAIN,
SIR, BUT I'VE GOT A NEW
BIKE TO COME TO SCHOOL
ON!

BUT THAT SHOULD
HELP YOU TO GET
HERE EARLIER,
DIMM!

YES, SIR - BUT I
CAN'T RIDE IT
YET - I HAD TO
PUSH IT ALL THE
WAY!

BUT THAT SHOULD
NOT MAKE YOU
LATE, BOY!

WELL, SIR -
I CAME TO A
FORK IN THE
ROAD -

- AND YOU DID NOT
KNOW WHICH ROAD
TO TAKE?

O, I KNEW
WHICH ROAD TO
TAKE, SIR - BUT
THE FORK
PUNCTURED
MY TYRES!

HM? WELL, DIMM, YOU CAN DO THE NEXT
QUESTION - TAKE THIS SENTENCE - THE
CAR WAS TRAVELLING AT FIFTY M.P.H.,
NOW, CAN YOU PARSE IT?

NO, SIR -
I CAN'T!

I CAN ONLY
DO TEN M.P.H.
ON MY BIKE!

TUT! I SAID PARSE, NOT PASS,
BOY - YOU MUST LISTEN MORE
CAREFULLY WHEN I SPEAK!

I DID
LISTEN
WHEN
YOU
SPOKE!

SPOKE!

SEPTIMUS IS RIGHT - NOT
SPEAK - SPOKE!

SPOKE!
SPOKE!

SPOKE!
SPOKE!

SPOKE! SPOKE!!
SPOKE!!!

SPOKE!

COO - THAT'S TEN
SPOKES! ALMOST
ENOUGH TO MAKE
A SPARE WHEEL
FOR MY BIKE!

AHEM! - COUGH - COUGH - DEAR
ME, I MUST REMEMBER TO
BUY SOME COUGH TABLETS!

COFF
HEE

PARDON, SIR?
YOU WANT TO
WHAT SOME
COUGH
TABLETS?

BUY! BUY!

BYE-BYE, SIR! TOODLE-OO!

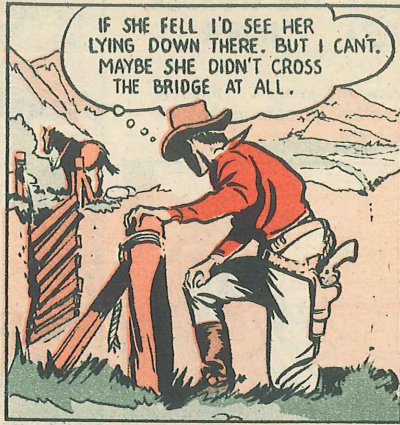
G'NIGHT!

BUCK JONES

THE WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS.



HETTY YOUNG, THE WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS, IS BEING HUNTED BY CROOKS BECAUSE SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM. SHE IS ALSO 'WANTED' BY BUCK JONES, FOR QUESTIONING. BUCK FINDS A ROPE BRIDGE ACROSS A RAVINE BROKEN AND HETTY'S HORSE ON THE FAR SIDE. HAS SHE FALLEN TO HER DEATH IN THE RAVINE?



IF SHE FELL I'D SEE HER LYING DOWN THERE. BUT I CAN'T. MAYBE SHE DIDN'T CROSS THE BRIDGE AT ALL.



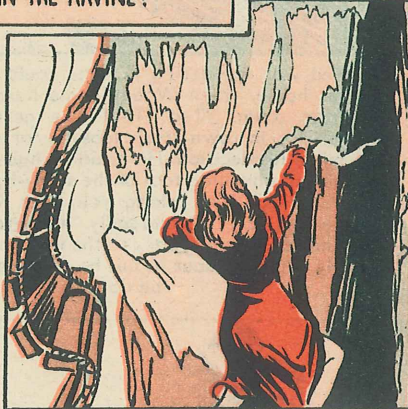
SOMEBODY HAS GONE OFF FROM HERE. GUESS THE BEST THING I CAN DO IS TO STICK TO THEIR TRAIL IF I'M TO FIND HETTY.

WHEN HETTY SWUNG PERILOUSLY FROM THE BROKEN BRIDGE SHE SAW A CLEFT IN THE CLIFF.



I WONDER IF I CAN MAKE IT? RECKON I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

HETTY MADE A DARING, DESPERATE ATTEMPT. SHE GRABBED THE ROCK AND LET GO OF THE BRIDGE ROPES



HERE'S HOPING THIS LEADS SOMEWHERE. IT'LL SURE MAKE THE GUYS WHO ARE AFTER ME WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED.



IT'S TAKING ME THE WAY I WANT TO GO. IT SURE IS MY LUCKY DAY

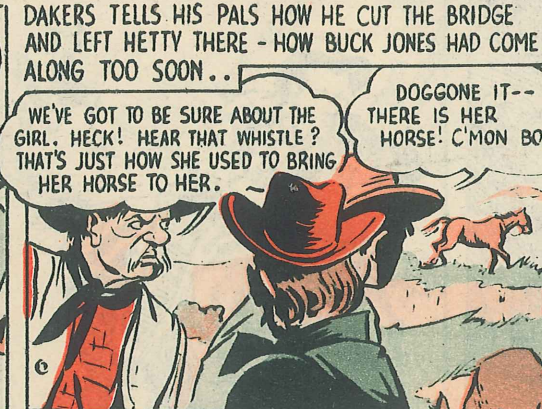


GOSH! I'VE MADE IT! AND THERE'S MY BRONG. I'LL WHISTLE HIM OVER THIS WAY.

BUT DAKERS, THE CROOK RANCHER WHO HAD SENT HETTY TO HER DEATH, MET HIS PALS JAKE BRAWN AND TED HEWER

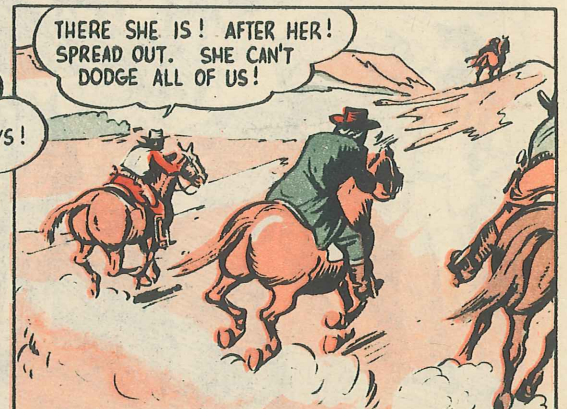


OKAY, BOYS! IT'S ONLY ME! AND HETTY'S LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE. LEASTWAYS, I HOPE SO.



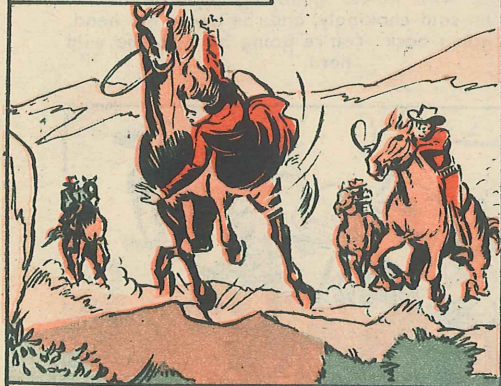
DAKERS TELLS HIS PALS HOW HE CUT THE BRIDGE AND LEFT HETTY THERE - HOW BUCK JONES HAD COME ALONG TOO SOON. WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE ABOUT THE GIRL. HECK! HEAR THAT WHISTLE? THAT'S JUST HOW SHE USED TO BRING HER HORSE TO HER.

DOGGONE IT-- THERE IS HER HORSE! C'MON BOYS!



THERE SHE IS! AFTER HER! SPREAD OUT. SHE CAN'T DODGE ALL OF US!

HETTY'S HORSE TRIPS.



LET ME GO! YOU BRUTE --

GOT YOU -- AT LAST!

BUT BUCK JONES HAS STUCK TO DAKERS' TRAIL AND IT BRINGS HIM ON THE SCENE



THREE TO ONE IT'S GOING TO BE. WHEN I GET DOWN THERE. BUT HERE WE GO!



I CAN'T SHOOT OR I MIGHT HIT HETTY.

HECK! BUCK JONES!



OUT O' THE WAY, DAKERS, AN' I'LL FILL THE MEDDLIN' SHERIFF FULL O' LEAD!



NOW, WHAT DO I DO? IF I SAVE HIM HE'LL ARREST ME. IF I BEAT IT, HE'LL GET KILLED.

HOW WILL HETTY SOLVE HER PROBLEM? DON'T MISS THE EXCITEMENT NEXT WEEK. (BUCK JONES ALSO APPEARS IN "COWBOY COMICS.")

Based on the Eagle Lion production, distributed by Associated British Pathe Ltd.

Gallant Bess escaped from a police deputy who was taking her back to Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show and joined her master, Ted Daniels, and his pal, Woody. They travelled day and night across country until they came to a lonely cabin in the hills near Star City. Ted knew it was owned by the father of Penny, the girl he loved.



"We've put four hundred miles between us and Millerick and the police," Ted chuckled. "We'll stay in this shack." Woody looked at him sharply as they dismounted and went into the dusty, neglected cabin. "Settling down's all right for a normal guy," he said, "but a normal guy isn't hunted by his enemies. He isn't wanted for horse stealing." Ted frowned. "What Millerick has done has been wrong, Woody." Woody shook his head. "It wasn't Millerick who was wrong, Ted. He didn't take that horse from the hills."



Penny hurried to the shack as soon as Woody arrived in Star City with the news that Ted was back. "I was afraid—I just didn't think you were coming back," she said haltingly. "I wonder whether Gallant Bess likes me?" Gallant Bess nodded her head. "She likes you," Ted grinned. He meant to settle down and marry Penny. But Woody was right about Gallant Bess. She belonged to the wilds. It might be better to take her back where she belonged.



Ted was wondering how he could part from his horse, when Woody came hurrying back from town. "Ted! Ted!" he gasped. "Millerick's in town! He's looking for you!" Ted made his decision. His training had only made her an unwilling tool of the stony-hearted Bud Millerick. "I'm taking you back where you belong, Bess," he said sadly. "I'm settling down, and you're going back to the wild horse herd." He felt bad about it, but he reckoned it had to be done.



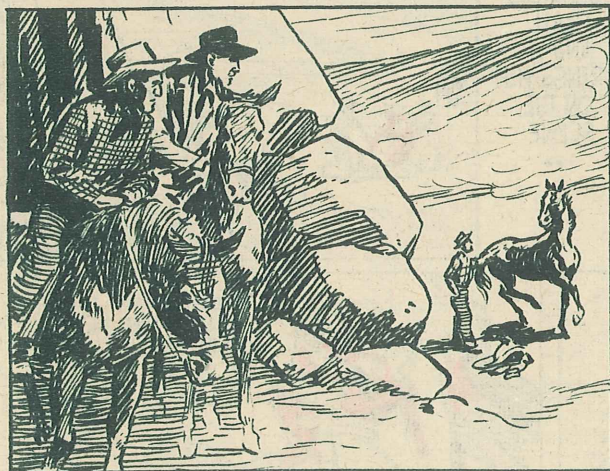
Slowly Ted rode Gallant Bess back to the wild hill country in which he had first set eyes on her. This was their last ride together. Bess did not know what was in Ted's mind, but she sensed his sadness. At dawn they were spotted by Bud Millerick and his rascally foreman, Blake, who had camped for the night while searching for them.



Millerick and his foreman gave chase, trying to catch them as Gallant Bess broke into a gallop. Ted, unaware that they were following him, stared ahead with unseeing eyes, as he felt Bess's muscles rippling under him.



At last Ted came to the broken country where he had ridden in with swinging lariat to capture Gallant Bess—to the maze of canyons in which he had chased the beautiful wild horse to make her his slave. He saw a herd of wild horses galloping joyously below. "Bess," he said chokingly, and she tossed her head, "you're going back. You're going back to the wild herd."



He rode down into the valley and took off Bess's harness. "Go on!" he exclaimed, trying to drive her away. "You're free now. I don't want you!" Gallant Bess only turned her soft muzzle to his face. "Go on, Bess," he choked. "Beat it! Before I change my mind!" Bud Millerick and his foreman watched, smiling grimly. "He's driving her away, Blake," said Millerick. "This is our chance! Never mind Ted Daniels—it's Gallant Bess we want!"



Unwillingly Ted struck Gallant Bess with the reins. At last she realised he was trying to drive her away. Looking back at the master she loved, she trotted away, and Ted turned sadly, carrying his saddle and harness.

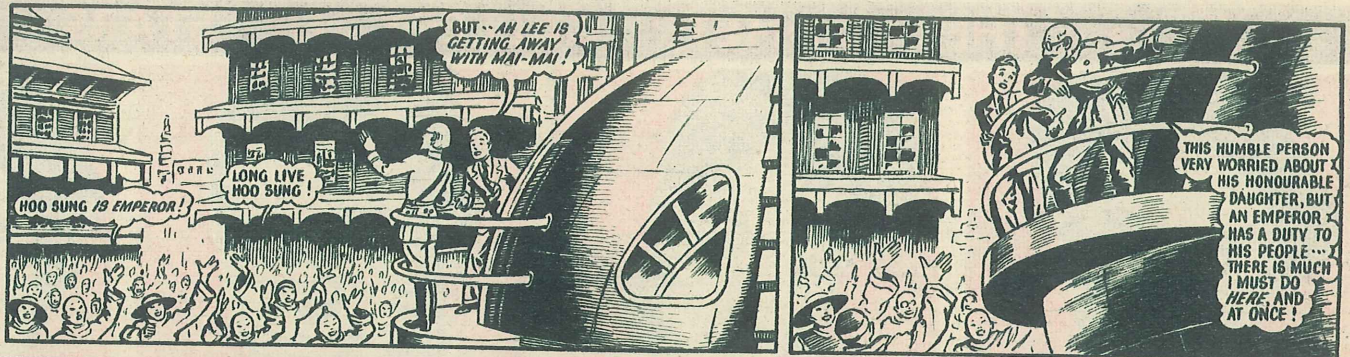


"She's gone," Ted muttered, not looking back any more as he walked slowly up the trail into the hills. "But it's for the best." Then he heard rapid hoofbeats. He looked down and saw Millerick and Blake just parting as they rode off in different directions. "Millerick an' that rat of a foreman!" he gasped. "They're after Gallant Bess! They're trying to cut her off before she reaches the herd!"

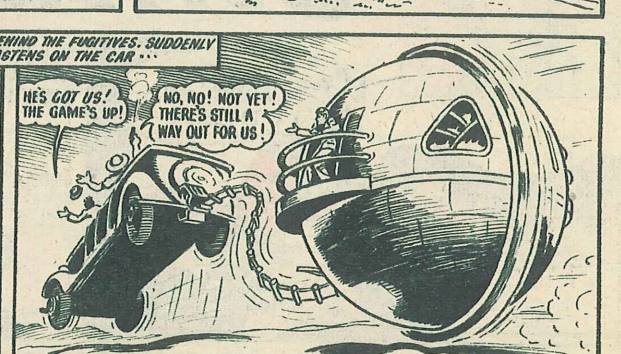
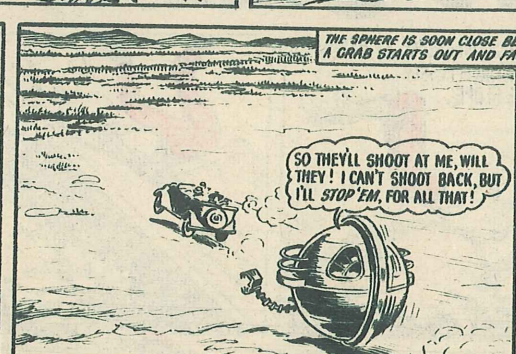
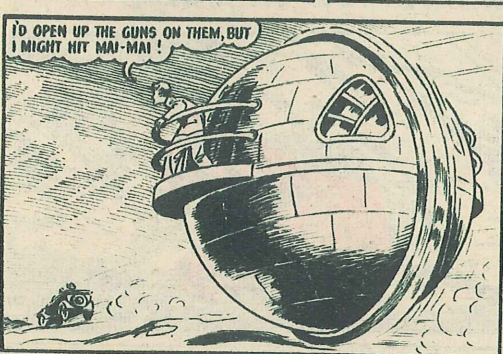
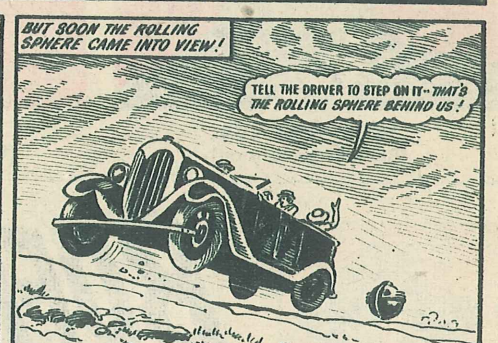
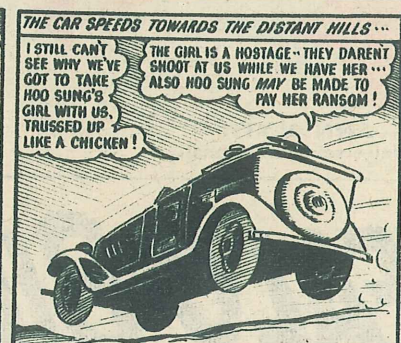
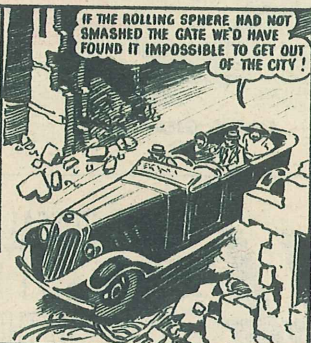
CAN TED SAVE GALLANT BESS? MORE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

Don Deeds

Hoo Sung comes into his own again, but Ah Lee and the crooks have fled from Kwung Chu with his daughter, Mai-Mai.



THIS MISERABLE PERSON VERY GRATEFUL... YES, YOU GO!



AH LEE WILL HAVE TO BE CLEVER TO ESCAPE! MORE NEXT WEEK.

BUNTER NO LIKEE!

(Continued from page 2)

"Velly nicey eatee cattee," said Wun Lung. "You likee plenty too much, eatee nicey ole cattee. Buntee likee eatee nicey ole cattee."

"Urrrrrrgh!" gurgled Bunter. "Oh, crumbs!" said Harry Wharton. "I'm rather glad Bunter scoffed that spread, you fellows!"

"He's more than welcome so far as I'm concerned," said Nugent. "Thank goodness he did!"

"Wurrrrrrrgh!" moaned Bunter. "Gurrrgh! I—I say, you fellows, I—I feel ill! I—I think I'm dud-dud-dying! Fetch a dick-dock-doctor! Groooogh."

"Poor old Bunter!" "Wun, you unspeakable little heathen"— "Whatee mattee?" asked Wun Lung, opening his almond eyes wide. "Along China likee eatee cattee. You no likee?"

Billy Bunter tottered to the door. They had been delicious rissoles, there was no doubt about that. He had not been sure of the ingredients used but they had all been delicious! But now—

"Urrrrgh! Gurrrrrgh! Woooogh! I say you fellows, kick that horrid little heathen beast! I—I'm going to be ill! I—I'm going to be sus-sus-sick! Oooo-er! Wooh! Oh, crickey! Kik-kik-kik-cat! Oooogh!"

Harry Wharton and Co. had been feeling disposed to devastate Bunter. Only "pax"

had restrained them. But now they could not help feeling sorry for the fat Owl. The look on Bunter's fat face as he tottered out of the study might have touched a heart of stone.

Wun Lung chuckled. "Uglee ole Buntee no likee," he remarked.

"Poor old Bunter!" sighed Bob. "He asked for it, and by gum, he got it! Poor old Bunter!"

"Velly funnee ole Buntee," chuckled Wun Lung. "Him tinkee eatee cattee, feelee velly sickee! No cattee, nicey chickee along lissoles! Buntee tinkee cattee! Him plenty solly he scoffee nicey lissoles, along he tinkee cattee."

"Oh!" gasped all the juniors together. It dawned upon them that the cunning little Chinese had been pulling Bunter's fat leg by way of punishment for scoffing the spread.

"No cattee—nicey chickee!" grinned Wun Lung.

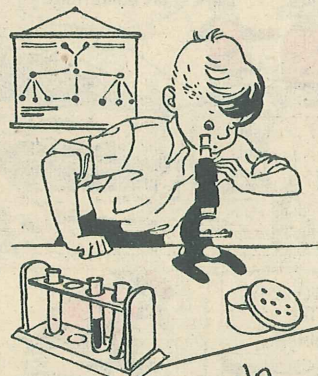
"Ha, ha, ha!" There was a roar of laughter in No. 13 Study. Faintly, from the passage, came back the moan of Billy Bunter.

"Oooo-er!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Oooogh—ooogh—ooo-er!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton and Co. were reassured on the subject. But it was likely to be a long time before Billy Bunter scoffed another spread in Wun Lung's study!

Another rollicking story of Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars in next week's "Comet." Don't miss it!

CHUCKLE CORNER



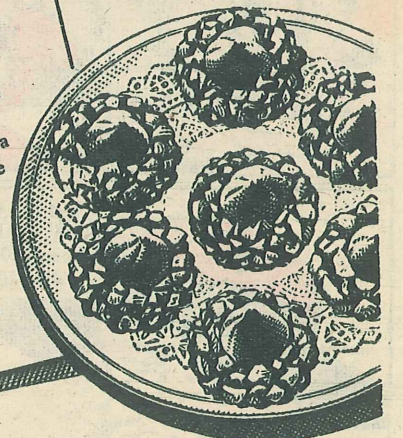
How to ENLARGE your sweet supply

This is Kitchen Science. Give your Mum the formula shown here. You'll be thrilled with the result of the experiment—wizard, off-ration CHOCOLATE NUTTY FRUITS

Formula CHOCOLATE NUTTY FRUITS

Cadbury's own recipe
4 tablesp. hazel nuts or chopped walnuts
1 heaped tablesp. Bournville Cocoa
little orange squash or essence (few drops)
4 tablesp. chopped dates
3 level tablesp. sweet orange or lemon marmalade
½ teasp. golden syrup

Mix dates, golden syrup, Bournville Cocoa and marmalade well together with the orange squash to form a stiff paste. Form into small balls and roll in the chopped nuts. Place on greaseproof paper overnight. In place of marmalade the rind of one small orange, chopped in small pieces, may be substituted and a little more syrup added.

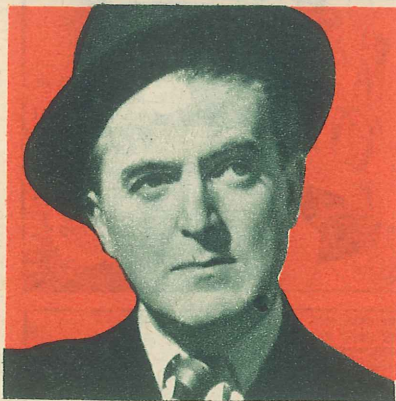


★ Mother knows that Bournville Cocoa has the property of making cakes, sweets and drinks deliciously tasty. Ask her to make you some samples.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE COCOA HABIT





JACK WARNER
(Rank Organisation)



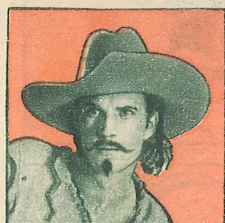
ANN BLYTH
(Universal International)



CARY GRANT
(R.K.O.)



SUSAN HAYWARD
(Universal International)

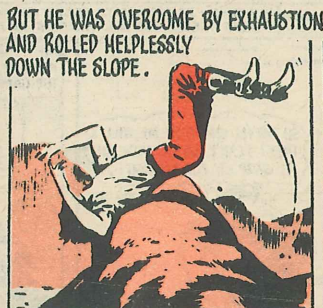


BUFFALO BILL -

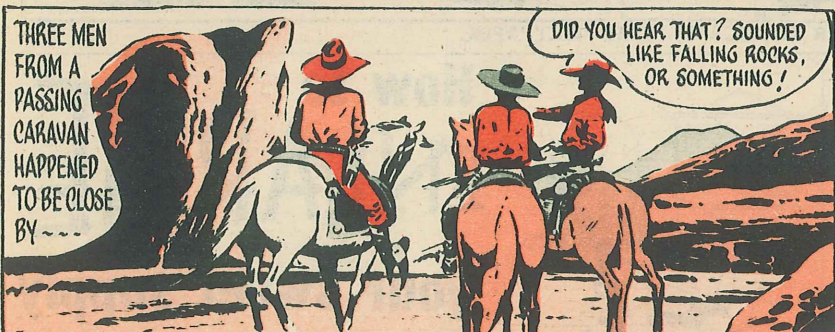
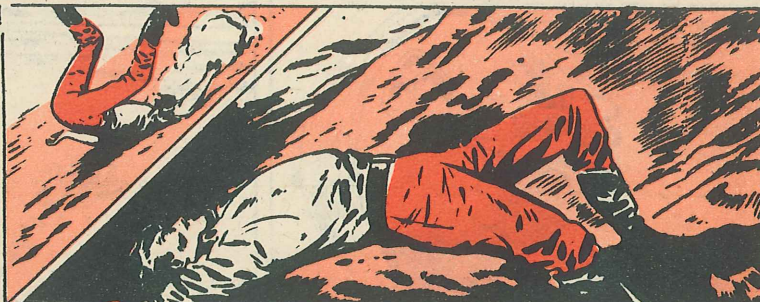
BUFFALO BILL'S ENEMY, GREY SNAKE, LEFT HIM STRANDED IN THE DESERT WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER ~ ~ ~



AT LAST ~ ~ ~
A SHADY SPOT ~ ~ ~
TO REST IN ~ ~ ~

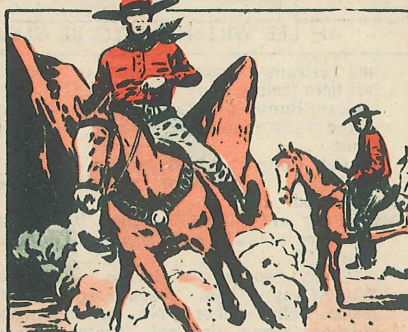


BUT HE WAS OVERCOME BY EXHAUSTION
AND ROLLED HELPLESSLY
DOWN THE SLOPE.



THREE MEN
FROM A
PASSING
CARAVAN
HAPPENED
TO BE CLOSE
BY ~ ~ ~

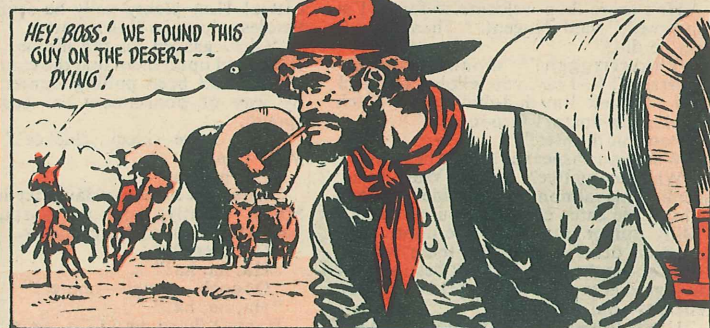
DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOUNDED
LIKE FALLING ROCKS,
OR SOMETHING!



HECK! IT'S A MAN! HE LOOKS
DEAD, TO ME!



HE'S STILL ALIVE ~ ~ BUT ONLY JUST!
I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE
WAGGONS!



HEY, BOSS! WE FOUND THIS
GUY ON THE DESERT ~ ~
DYING!



SO WHAT? WE CAN'T BE
BOtherED WITH SICK GUYS.
BUT SINCE YOU'VE BROUGHT
HIM ALONG ~ ~ ~



PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE WAGGONS.
WE'RE HITTING THE TRAIL,
RIGHT NOW!



AND THE MYSTERIOUS CARAVAN CONTINUED ON ITS SLOW
JOURNEY TO THE WEST!

WHAT WILL THIS MEAN TO BUFFALO BILL? DON'T MISS THIS STIRRING STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET."