

COMET

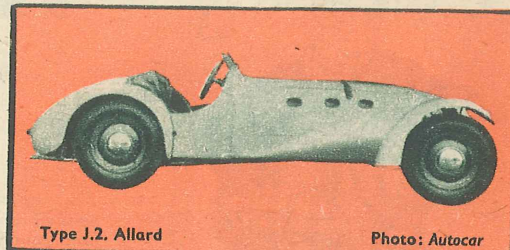
No. 105
(New Series)
July 22, 1950

A HAPPY FAMILY

EVERY THURSDAY

COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Type J.2. Allard

Photo: Autocar



Dad's jumper was a shocking fit,
And he was far from fond of it.



So when the day dawned wet and cold,
All Dad could do was growl and scold.



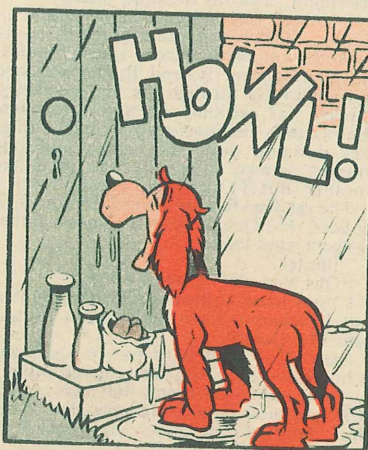
Now Scamp was sat upon the mat—
Until the postman knocked him flat!



Scamp got his teeth into that letter,
To show it that it hadn't better!



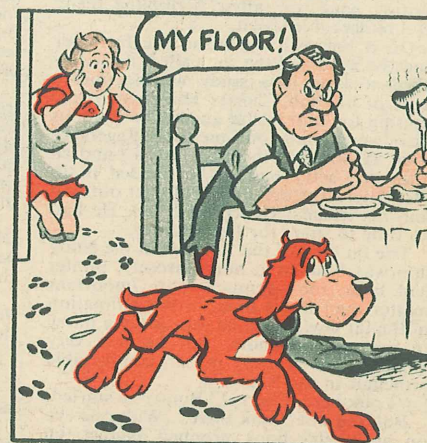
Downstairs came father, at the double,
And poor old Scamp got into trouble!



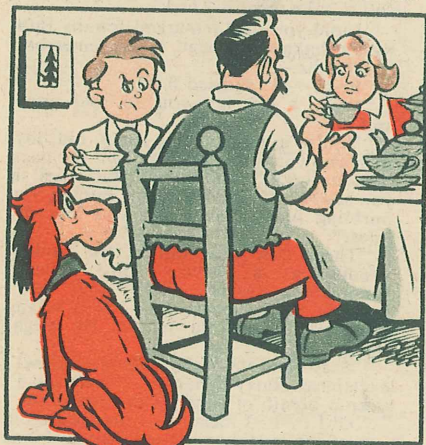
Out in the cold and wetsome rain,
Old Scamp howled, as if in pain!



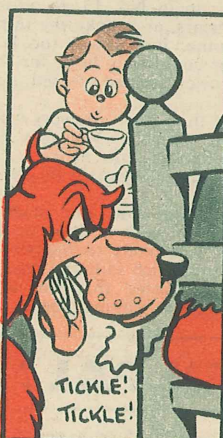
When mother came to end his crying,
He sent the milk and eggses flying!



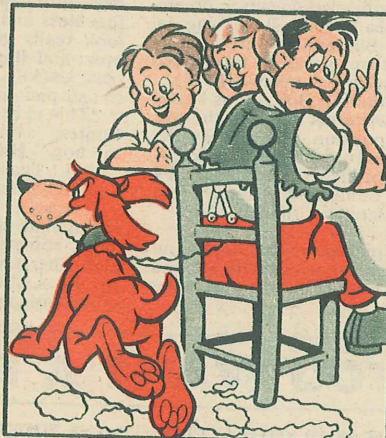
His muddy paws, of which he'd four,
Made such a mess of mother's floor!



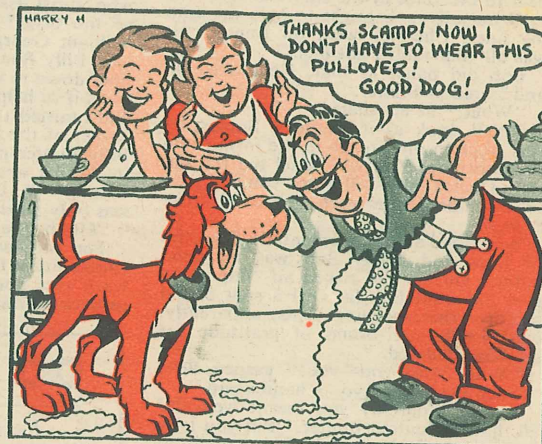
By now Scamp was in deep disgrace,
And scowls were dark on every face.



Scamp felt a tickle—and then—snap!
His jaws closed like a powerful trap!



Scamp took a long and hearty pull,
And off came father's jumper wool!



So Pa had got no wool to wear—
And this, it seemed, was very fair!

TOMMY HAWKE and MOE CASSIN



LET'S CLEAN OUT CHIEFY'S WIGWAM WITH OUR NEW VACUUM CLEANER!

OKAY—YOU PLUG IT IN, MOE!



WE GIVE CHIEFY BIG SURPRISE!

WE CLEAN UP WIGWAM THOROUGHLY! WONDER WHERE CHIEFY IS?



YOU CLEAN UP WIGWAM TOO THOROUGHLY, YOU CRAZY INJUNS! ME CLEAN YOU UP WHEN ME GET OUT OF HERE!



Billy Bunter's Stunt!

"BOB, old chap—"
"Scat!"
"But I say, old fellow—"
"Pack it up!"
"Oh, really, Cherry—"
"Shut UP!" roared Bob Cherry, in quite a ferocious voice. "Do you want me to buzz a book at your fat head?"
"Beast!"

Bob Cherry was in haste! He was seated at the table in No. 13 Study in the Remove writing lines—or rather, scribbling them, at a remarkable speed.

On a half-holiday, when the fresh air and the wind and the sun called, no fellow liked sticking in a study writing lines—least of all Bob Cherry. His chums were waiting for him in the quad. The Famous Five were going out on their jiggers as soon as Bob was through. But a hundred lines of poetry had to be handed in to Mr. Quelch before Bob could get out and join his friends. Hence his haste. He had no time to spare for Billy Bunter.

The fat Owl of the Remove in the study doorway blinked at him morosely. Bunter had lines, too—a much more important matter than Bob's lines, in the estimation of the fat Owl. True, he was not in a hurry to get out of doors. But he was very anxious to frown in a comfortable armchair in the Rag.

"Look here, Cherry!" Bunter re-started. Bob did not "look there". With one eye on his poetry book propped against the inkstand, and the other on his sheet of impot paper, he raced on with his pen, deaf to the voice of the charmer.

"You jolly well ought to help me with my lines, Cherry," went on Bunter. "It was all your fault I got them."

Bob did pause at that. He looked up and stared at Bunter.

"What?" he ejaculated.
"Well, look at it," argued Bunter, "I was stuck in my French in the form room this morning. You whispered the translation. Quelch jolly well heard you and gave us a hundred lines each. It was all your fault."

Bob gazed at him, momentarily forgetful of lines and haste. Bob was all good nature, and he had risked an "impot" to give the stumbling fat Owl a spot of aid in form that morning. This, apparently, was the Bunter brand of gratitude for services rendered.

"Why, you—you—you!" gasped Bob. "Catch me lending you a hand again."

"Well, I daresay you meant well and all that," admitted Bunter. "But you jolly well got me the lines. I think you ought to do half. Quelch wouldn't notice—that's all right! I say, you've nearly finished your own lines. Do half of mine and I'll do the other half! There!"

"Shut up!" hooted Bob, and his pen raced again. "The chaps are waiting for me in the quad—shut up! Another word and I'll buzz this book at your head."

Billy Bunter very nearly ejaculated "Beast!" again. But he stopped in time. He did not want a poetry book "buzzed" at his fat head; and Bob was looking quite excited!

Scratch! scratch! scratch! Bunter morosely watched the racing pen. Bob was finished at last. The hundred lines were done. Bob jumped up from the table with a gasp of relief.

"I say, Bob—"
"You stall there, you fat ass? Hook it."
"Oh, really, Cherry. I think you might

HARD LINES!

Another Grand Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

be civil when a fellow's going to offer to take your lines down to Quelch and save you time when you're in a hurry—"

"Oh! Good old porpoise!" said Bob. "Take them down for me, Bunter—Quelch might keep me jawing, and I'm in a frightful hurry. O.K."

The "O.K." came over Bob's shoulder as he rushed out of the study. He did the Remove passage and the stairs in record time, and joined four fellows who were waiting at the doorway.

"Through?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes, come on."

"Taken your lines to Quelch?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Bunter's taking them for me. Come on."

"Better take them in yourself," advised Johnny. "You see—"

"I don't! Come on!"

Bob started for the bike shed at a run. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him. And that was that!

"HE, he, he!" That fat cackle was audible in No. 13 Study after Bob Cherry's footsteps had died away. Billy Bunter stood blinking at the lines on the table through his big spectacles, and he cackled as he blinked! Bunter, morose a few minutes ago, seemed to have become quite merry and bright.

Bob had written a hundred Latin lines. Bunter had a hundred Latin lines to write. Bunter was not a quick worker like Bob. His lines, if he wrote them, were likely to take up most of his afternoon. But it was not likely that Bunter was going to write them now!

Bunter's fat brain had been working while he watched Bob's pen racing. That was why the fat Owl had offered to take the lines down to Quelch.

Certainly, he was going to take them down to Quelch. But that was not all that he was going to do.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

Bob's hand-writing was rather a scrawl—and the haste with which he had written his lines made it rather scrawlier. His "fst", in fact, might have passed for Bunter's, or anybody else's, who wrote in a sprawling round hand. It was, at all events, near enough for a form master who, most assuredly, would never dream of the bright idea that was working in William George Bunter's powerful intellect. Billy Bunter was going to take those lines down to Quelch—as his own lines!

As if to help him out, Bob, in his haste, had omitted to write his name in the top corner of the imposition, as was the rule. Billy Bunter picked up the pen, dipped it in the ink and rectified that omission by writing "W. G. Bunter" in a scrawl that was only a little scrawlier than Bob's.

"He, he, he!"
The fat Owl picked up the lines and rolled out of the study with them. He had wary eyes open behind his big spectacles as he went down.

"Seen Wharton's gang?" he asked as he passed Skinner on the stairs.

"Gone out on their jiggers," answered Skinner.

"Oh! All right!"

Bunter rolled on, reassured. He tapped at the door of his form master's study.

"Come in!" came Mr. Quelch's deep voice.

Bunter rolled in. Mr. Quelch, at his study table, had a pile of papers before him. He was, in fact, deep in his celebrated "History of Greyfriars", the constant companion of his leisure hours. It was a half-holiday for Quelch as well as for his form! And he did not look especially pleased as Bunter rolled in and interrupted him.

"What is it, Bunter?" Quelch almost barked.

"M-m-my lines, sir!"

"Oh!" Mr. Quelch looked surprised for a moment. Then he looked pleased. When Bunter had lines he generally left them till the latest possible moment—or later! Quelch had expected to have to inquire after those lines: perhaps to double them as the penalty of delay. And here was Bunter, bright and early in the afternoon, with his hundred lines!

It looked like a sign of amendment in Bunter. Quelch was quite gracious as he took the imposition from the fat junior. He glanced over it, and Bunter watched him anxiously through his big spectacles. Quelch was certainly not likely to guess the masterly manoeuvre by which Bunter was dodging doing his lines; and one hurried scrawl, after all, was very like another. But if Quelch did guess—

The fat Owl felt an inward tremor as he noticed that Quelch gave the lines a rather concentrated look.

"Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Your hand-writing is very bad, Bunter, but it seems a little better than usual," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! I—I tried hard to—to to make it bub-bub-better, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"It is not much better, but it is a little better, Bunter. And I am very glad to see that there are no blots and smears as usual," said Mr. Quelch.

Bunter could have kicked himself! He hadn't thought of that! It would have been quite easy, up in No. 13, to add a few blots and smears, and make the thing look really genuine. But it was too late now: and Bunter could only hope for the best. Luckily, Quelch seemed pleased, and not suspicious.

"This is better than usual in every way, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go, my boy." His tone was quite genial.

"Oh! Thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter And he went.

It was a happy fat Owl that slacked about that afternoon with nothing to do. True, something was likely to happen to Bob Cherry when Quelch failed to receive his lines, and discovered that Bob had gone out apparently leaving them un-

written. Billy Bunter would probably have felt sorry for Bob if he had thought about him. As it happened, he didn't!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

He tramped cheerily into No. 13 Study with his four friends. They had come back from a long and vigorous spin in cheery spirits, and more than ready for tea. And tea was ready in No. 13 Study. Mark Linley and little Wun Lung, who shared that study with Bob and Hurree Singh, had it ready when the Famous Five arrived—much to their satisfaction. Bob had had a parcel from Cherry Place that day, and the tea-table looked unusually festive.

"Tea ready, by gum!" said Bob.

"Tinkee ole Bob Chelly likee tea all ready," said little Wun Lung, beaming.

"Only the tea to make," said Mark Linley, "and I've got the kettle on the spirit stove! Squat down, you fellows."

There were seven to tea in No. 13, which was rather a full house in a junior study. But nobody seemed frightfully keen on making it eight when Billy Bunter's fat face looked in at the doorway.

"Oh, my hat," said Bob. "How did Bunter know there was ham and eggs and a cake in this study?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Shut the door after you," said Mark Linley.

"Oh, really, Linley—"

"Mizzle!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You are not necessary here my esteemed fat Bunter," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I say, you fellows, I—I haven't come to tea," said Bunter. "I—I—I think old Quelch is coming up, Cherry."

The seven stared at Bunter. For once—wonderful to relate—Billy Bunter did not seem to be thinking of the foodstuffs. It was not, apparently, his unerring nose for a spread that had drawn him to No. 13 Study. His fat face had a rather worried look, and he blinked at Bob Cherry very uneasily through his big spectacles.

"Quelch coming up?" repeated Bob.

"What for?"

"Well, I—I think so," said Bunter, "and—and I fancy it's about your lines, old chap."

"My lines!" repeated Bob blankly.

"That's all right! You took them down to Quelch, didn't you?"

"I—I—yes—no!" stammered Bunter.

"The—the fact is—"

"You fat ass!" roared Bob. "Did you forget to take them to Quelch, or were you too dashed lazy?"

"Oh! Yes! No! I—I mean, I—I—I lost them," gasped Bunter.

"You lost my lines," howled Bob. "Oh, crumbs! How could you lose them, you benighted burler? I was an ass to trust you to take them to Quelch."

"I told you so!" remarked Johnny Bull, with a shake of the head. "You remember, at the time—"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" snorted Bob.

"Well, I did tell you so, old chap, and—"

"You're a guest in this study, old boy, so I won't jam the pickles down the back of your neck," said Bob. "But I will if you say 'I told you so' again! Bunter, you burbling bloater, how did you lose my lines?"

"They—they blew out of the landing window—as I was going down," stammered Bunter. "I—I say, don't mention to Quelch that I—I was taking him your lines, old fellow. He might think—"

"They blew out of the landing window!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "There hasn't been a breath of wind all the afternoon."

"Oh! I—I—I mean, I—I dropped them out of the landing window when I—I was looking out," amended Bunter.

"And why didn't you go down and pick them up?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Oh! I—I did, but they'd blown away—I—I mean, they—they hadn't blown away, as—as there wasn't any wind, but—but young Tubb of the Third picked them up and cut off with them, and—and—"

"If he did, I'll jolly well get them back from young Tubb," said Bob.

"I—I mean, it was Coker of the Fifth picked them up. You—you can't go and row with a Fifth form man about it, Bob."

"Can't I just, if he's got them?" said Bob Cherry. "I'll go and ask Coker, and take you with me—"

"Oh, crikey! I—I mean, it wasn't Coker," gasped Bunter. "I—I wonder what made me say Coker! I—I mean—"

(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

EDWARD ARNOLD, 479 Barnsley Road, Sheffield 5, Yorks. Edward is fourteen, and would like a letter from America. Keen on swimming, reading and drama.

DOROTHY CARTER, 467 Kingstanding Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham 22. Fourteen years of age, is anxious to have a pen pal in Canada or England. Her hobbies are swimming, reading and film stars.

R. GRUNDY, 2 Mornington Street, Dingle, Liverpool 8, wants a pen pal in Australia—boy or girl. He is fourteen years of age and likes all hobbies and sports.

MARY CUNNINGHAM, 40 Kirk Street, Bootle, Liverpool 20. Mary is fourteen years of age and likes swimming and outdoor games.

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

PEN PALS COUPON
"Comet" July 22nd, 1950

SPLASH PAGE

AND THE GREY ROCKET

REPORTER

Riding the Grey Rocket in the T.T. races, Splash Page, ace reporter of the Daily World, was on his last lap and in the lead when he struck a patch of oil which had been poured on the road by Duke Jordan, a crook out to stop him winning. The Grey Rocket went into a terrific skid and crashed...



DAZEDLY SPLASH PICKED HIMSELF UP --

I'VE GOT TO GO ON! I MUST GET THE GREY ROCKET RUNNING AGAIN!

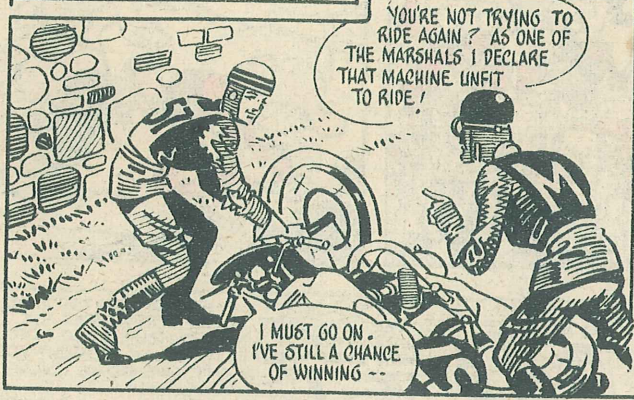


BUT AS HE LIMPED TO THE BATTERED GREY ROCKET, DUKE JORDON WATCHED

THE FOOL! HE STILL THINKS HE'S GOING TO RIDE!



GOSH! THE BIKE'S KNOCKED ABOUT! I WONDER IF IT'S RIDEABLE?



YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO RIDE AGAIN? AS ONE OF THE MARSHALS I DECLARE THAT MACHINE UNFIT TO RIDE!

I MUST GO ON. I'VE STILL A CHANCE OF WINNING --

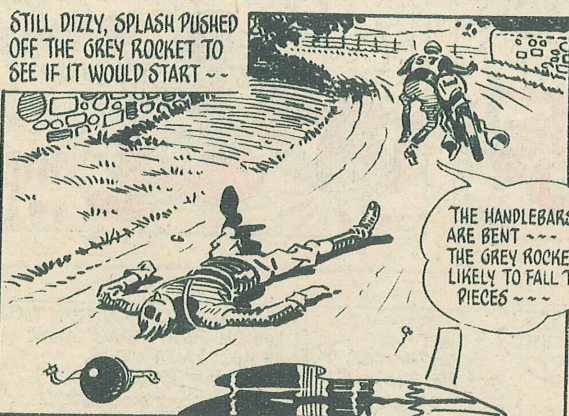


WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT A MARSHAL -- YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE CROOKS WHO'VE BEEN AFTER ME!

AND THEN, AS SPLASH GOT A CLOSER LOOK AT DUKE JORDON --

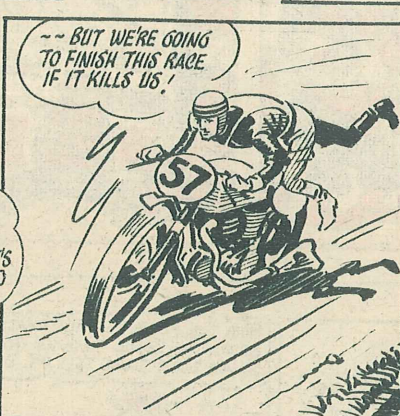


SO IT WAS YOU WHO SLUNG THAT OIL ON THE ROAD -- TAKE THAT!

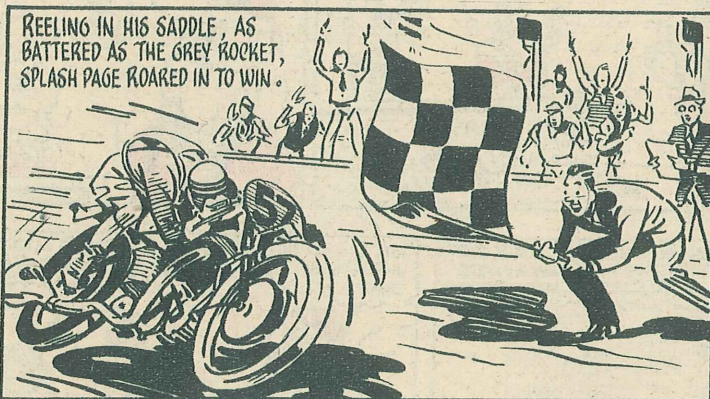
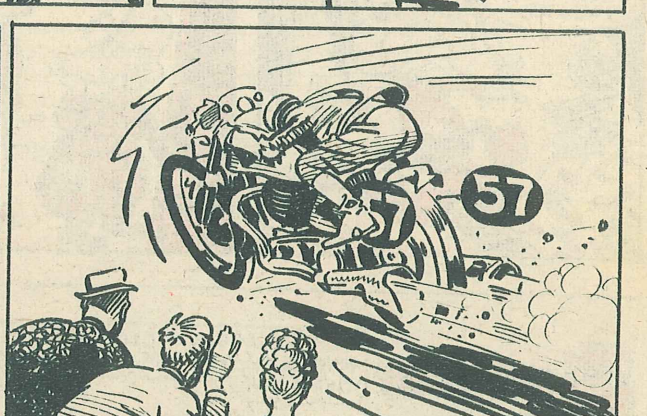


STILL DIZZY, SPLASH PUSHED OFF THE GREY ROCKET TO SEE IF IT WOULD START --

THE HANDLEBARS ARE BENT -- THE GREY ROCKET'S LIKELY TO FALL TO PIECES --



-- BUT WE'RE GOING TO FINISH THIS RACE IF IT KILLS US!

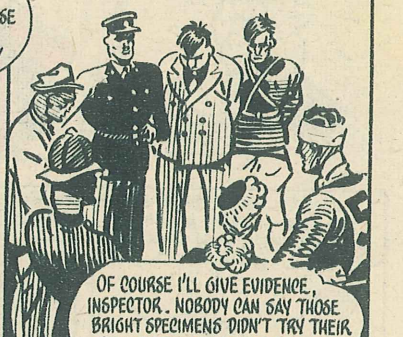


REELING IN HIS SADDLE, AS BATTERED AS THE GREY ROCKET, SPLASH PAGE ROARED IN TO WIN.



AND JILL BRENT, HIS ASSISTANT, GAVE HIM INTERESTING NEWS.

I'VE JUST HEARD FROM THE POLICE, SPLASH. THEY PICKED UP DUKE JORDON ON THE COURSE AND CAUGHT THE OTHER TWO CROOKS SLINKING INTO TOWN!



OF COURSE I'LL GIVE EVIDENCE, INSPECTOR. NOBODY CAN SAY THOSE BRIGHT SPECIMENS DIDN'T TRY THEIR BEST TO STOP THE GREY ROCKET!



THAT NIGHT -- THE PRIZEGIVING AFTER THE RACES.

A MAGNIFICENT EFFORT MR. PAGE!

I WAS ONLY THE JOCKEY. IT WAS THE GREY ROCKET THAT WON!



AND NEXT DAY THE DAILY WORLD SPLASHED THE STORY.

DAILY WORLD
NEW BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE WINS T.T.

REPORTER RIDES GREY ROCKET TO VICTORY



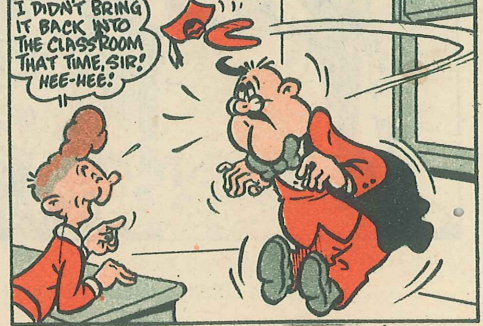
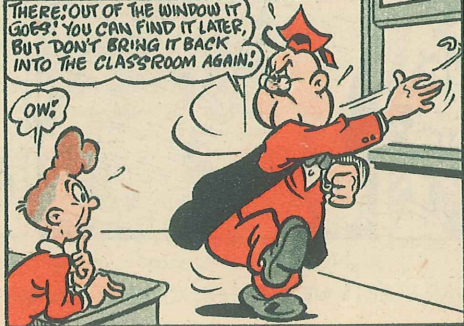
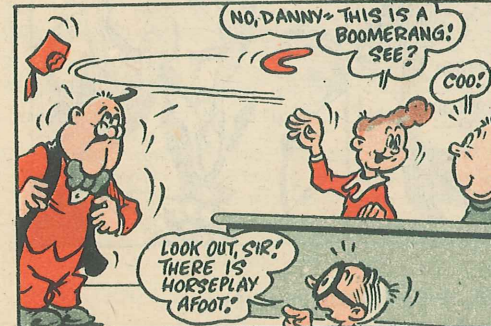
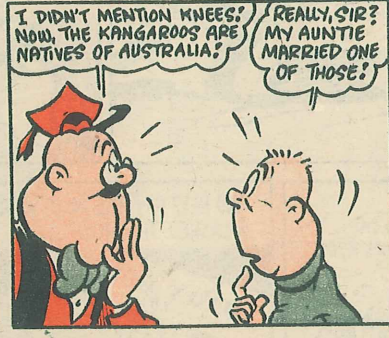
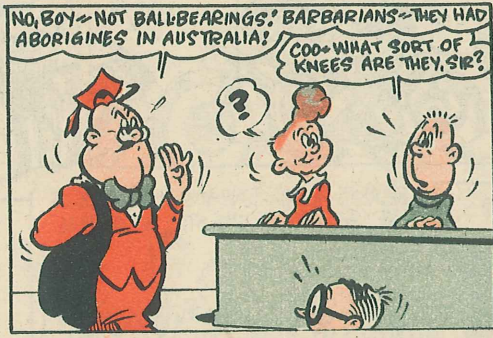
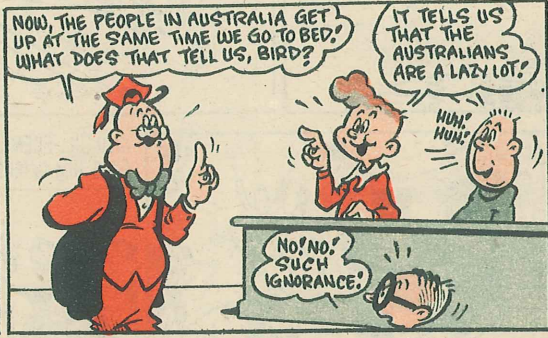
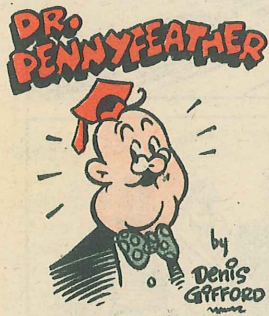
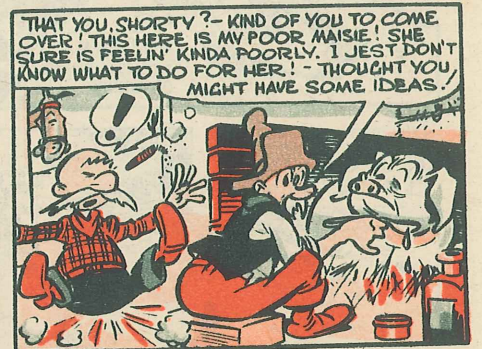
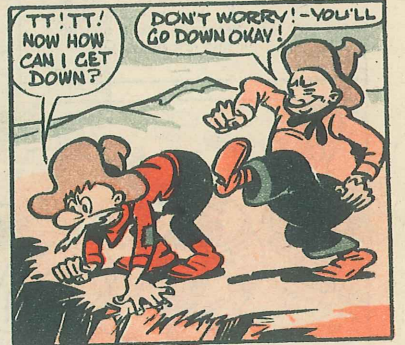
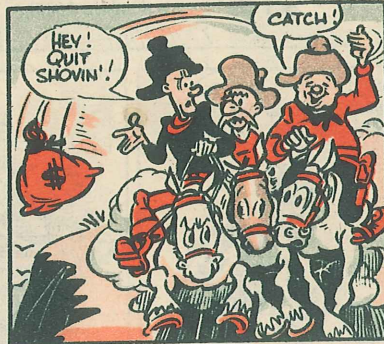
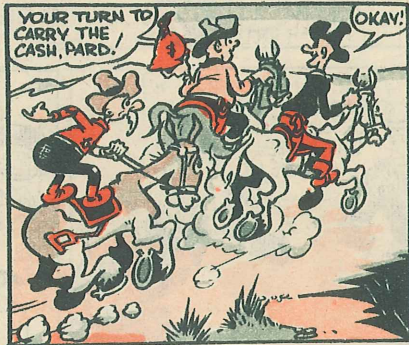
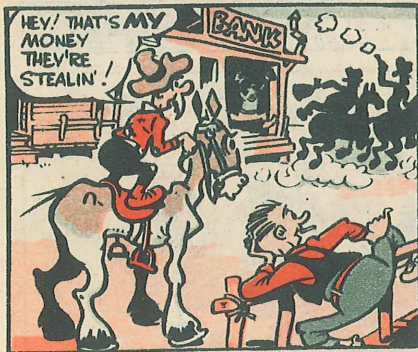
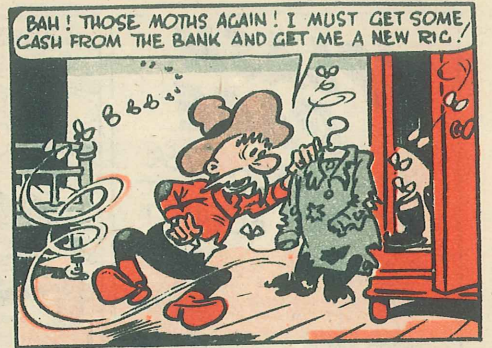
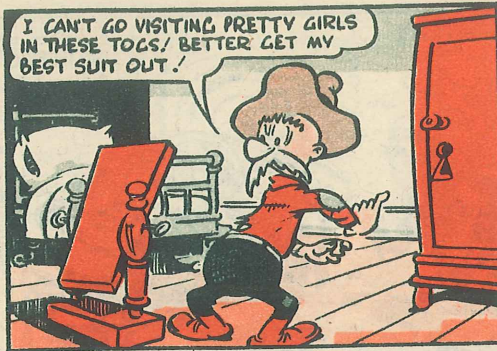
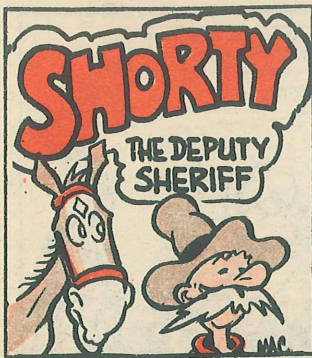
SPLASH'S FRIEND, TONY MARSH, BUILDER OF THE GREY ROCKET, WAS STILL IN HOSPITAL.

YOU DID IT, SPLASH! ORDERS ARE POURING IN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR GREY ROCKETS.

DON'T MENTION IT, TONY. HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU --



THE TROPHY! THE GREY ROCKET WON IT!



Buck Jones and JONES

THE WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS.

HETTY YOUNG, THE WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS IS IN A TOUGH SPOT--CHASED BY CROOKS AND THE LAW AT THE SAME TIME! BUT WHEN BUCK JONES IS BUSY SCRAPPING WITH THE CROOKS IT LOOKS LIKE A LUCKY BREAK FOR HETTY.....



I CAN'T LET HIM BE KILLED-- BUT I WON'T LET HIM ARREST ME... RECKON I KNOW WHAT TO DO!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED-- THANKS!



HOLD IT, GENTS!



NICE WORK, HETTY. COME AND HELP ME ROPE THESE NO-GOOD BIMBOS!



WHAT? AND THEN BE TOTED TO JAIL BY YOU? STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, BUCK. YOU OTHER TWO-- BEAT IT!

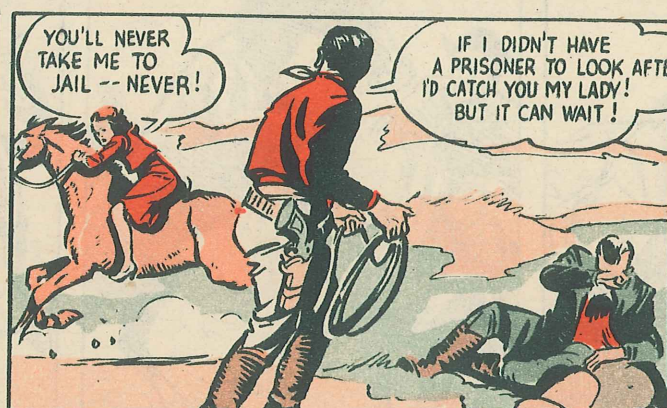


WHAT'S THE GAME, HETTY? ARE YOU CRAZY-- LETTING THEM GET AWAY?

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE. I'M NOT FOOLING! I'LL SHOOT---

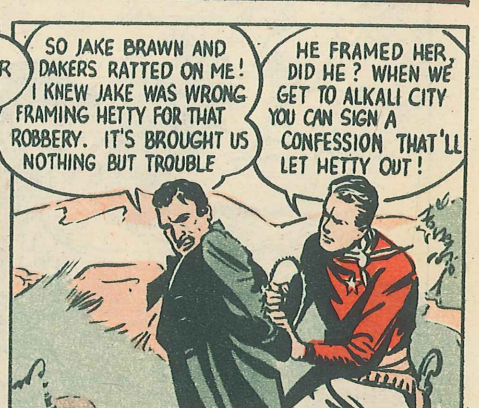


YOU'RE NO KILLER! COME BACK AND WE'LL TALK--



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME TO JAIL-- NEVER!

IF I DIDN'T HAVE A PRISONER TO LOOK AFTER I'D CATCH YOU MY LADY! BUT IT CAN WAIT!



SO JAKE BROWN AND DAKERS RATTED ON ME! I KNEW JAKE WAS WRONG FRAMING HETTY FOR THAT ROBBERY. IT'S BROUGHT US NOTHING BUT TROUBLE

HE FRAMED HER, DID HE? WHEN WE GET TO ALKALI CITY YOU CAN SIGN A CONFESSION THAT'LL LET HETTY OUT!

HETTY IS FREE AGAIN-- BUT SHE NEEDS FOOD.



GUESS I'VE GOT TO GET GRUB. DAKERS WON'T DARE GO HOME SO I'LL CALL AT HIS RANCH-HOUSE AND HELP MYSELF. RECKON HE OWES ME THAT.

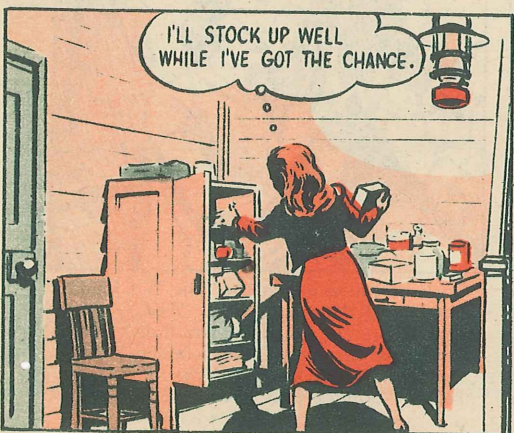
BUT DAKERS HAD GONE HOME AND JAKE BROWN WAS WITH HIM.



BUCK JONES WON'T REST TILL HE CORRALS US. WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR THE BORDER, PRONTO.

YEAH! AND WE CAN BLAME HETTY FOR THIS! IF EVER I SET EYES ON HER AGAIN--

HETTY REACHES THE RANCH-HOUSE.



I'LL STOCK UP WELL WHILE I'VE GOT THE CHANCE.



LISTEN! THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THERE!

WE'D BETTER MAKE SURE--



HECK! YOU'VE BUSTED THE LAMP! WE'LL HAVE THE PLACE ON FIRE!

IT'S HETTY! SHE MUSTN'T ESCAPE US THIS TIME!

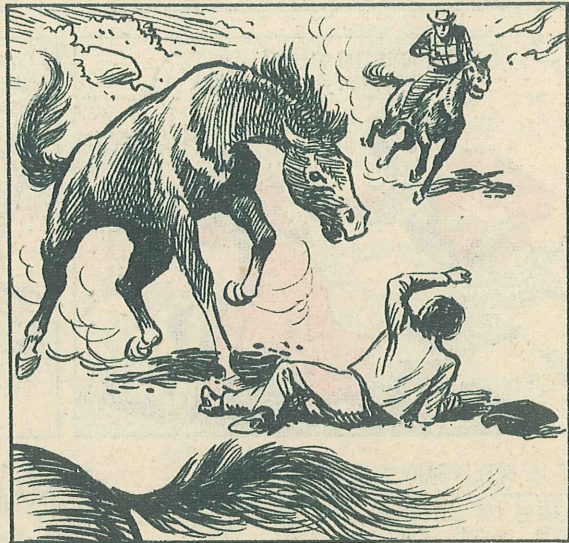
Based on the Eagle Lion production, distributed by Associated British Pathé Ltd.

Ted Daniels decided to take Gallant Bess, the wild horse he had captured and trained, back to the hills where he had found her. He turned her loose to rejoin the wild horse herd, but as he did so he saw Bud Millerick, owner of the Rodeo where he had worked, and Blake, his foreman, chasing her.



Gallant Bess had been cantering slowly down the hillside. She did not understand why her master had turned her loose, and struck her with the bridle—the only time he had shown a shadow of cruelty towards her. Now she scented an enemy, as Bud Millerick, making a detour, broke from cover and galloped towards her. Millerick reckoned there wasn't a horse in the world he couldn't master, but he was wrong.

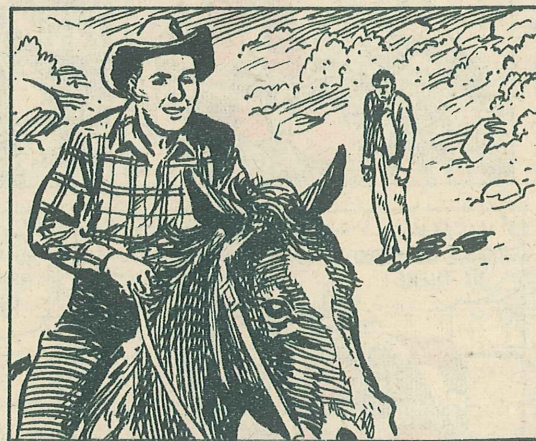
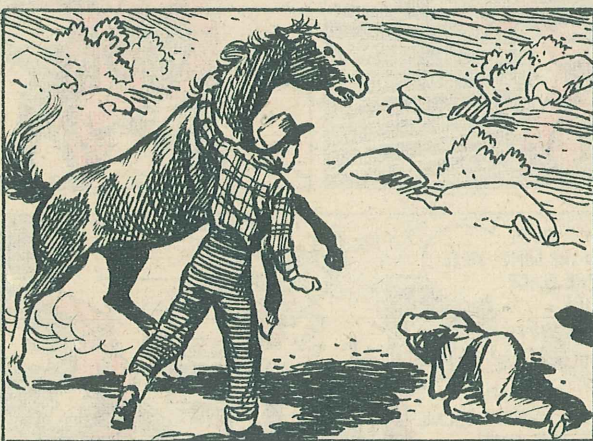
Ted doubted his decision. Gallant Bess was fair game for Millerick and his foreman, as cruel a pair with horses as he had met anywhere in the West. He must save Gallant Bess! As Blake galloped along the trail below him, Ted leaped daringly from a high rock. His hurtling body struck the startled foreman and swept him from his saddle. "I guess I owe you a punch on the nose, anyway!" Ted growled as they crashed to the ground together. He hauled the half-stunned Blake to his feet and gave him a terrific punch on the jaw which sent him to the ground. "Now for that double-crossing boss of yours!" Ted gritted.



Drawing close to Gallant Bess, Bud Millerick lashed at her with his riding crop. She knew and feared that riding crop. It was spiked, and with it he had forced her to do tricks at his rodeo show. She squealed with rage as she felt the sharp pain searing her flank. "So you ran away, huh?" snarled Bud Millerick.

Strange things had happened to Gallant Bess that day. Her master had banished her. Now her enemy had arrived, and once more she felt pain. But this time it did not cow her. She lashed out at her tormentor with her wicked forehoofs.

When Ted Daniels, riding the unconscious foreman's horse, galloped to the scene, he found Bud Millerick grovelling on the ground, yelling for mercy. Gallant Bess was rearing above him, her forehoofs flailing at him, threatening to batter him. In another moment Millerick would have been injured, perhaps killed.



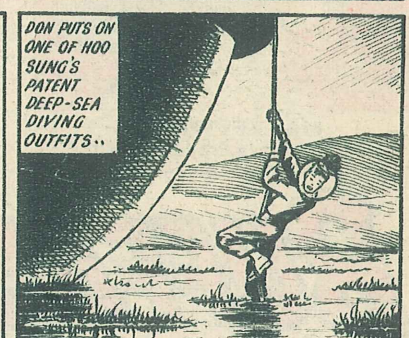
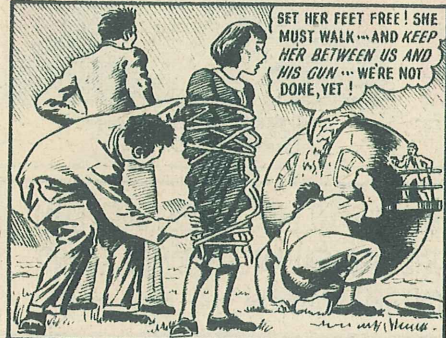
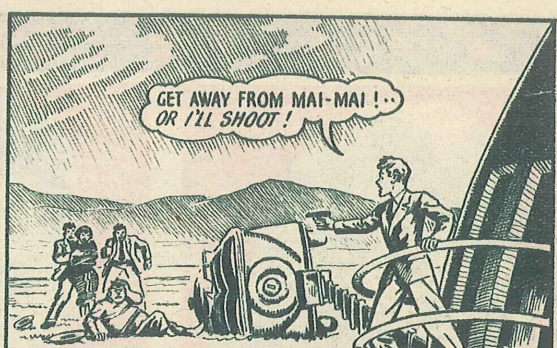
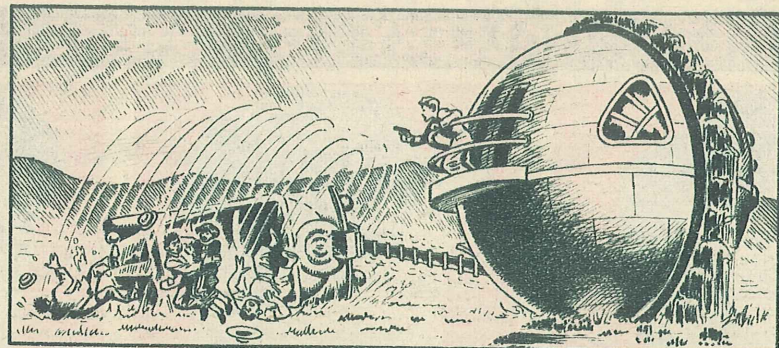
Ted Daniels whistled shrilly. That well-remembered whistle saved the life of Bud Millerick. Gallant Bess heard it, and wheeled around. "Easy, old girl! It's all over now. You're coming back with me." As Bud Millerick, ashen-faced and trembling, rose painfully to his feet, Ted Daniels said to him sternly: "You're a lucky man! I'm takin' the horse, Millerick. But there's somethin' else I want."

Bud Millerick knew what it was that Ted wanted. He drew from his pocket a crumpled paper. It was the bill of sale, showing he had bought Gallant Bess at the sheriff's auction sale in Star City. Ted took it. Millerick still owed him two hundred and fifty dollars that he had won in a rodeo months ago, and he reckoned this was a fair sale. Saddling up Bess, he rode away, leaving a battered man behind him.

Back at the cabin in the hills Ted found Penny and Woody waiting. "Ted," cried Penny, running to him, "you didn't turn her loose after all!" Ted smiled as he took her in his arms. "Well, I did—but Penny—Gallant Bess is back. She's back where she belongs!"

Don Deeds

Ah Lee, the bandit, captures Mai-Mai, the daughter of Hoo Sung, to hold for ransom. Don Deeds thunders to the rescue in the Rolling Sphere and halts the car by means of a patent grab.



WILL DON DEEDS BE ABLE TO SAVE MAI-MAI? DON'T MISS HIS DARING EXPLOITS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

HARD LINES!

(continued from page 2)

"Well, what do you mean?"

"I—I mean, it was Gosling's dog got hold of them and ran off with them," stammered Bunter. "I—I ran after him, but he—he dodged me, and I—I don't know where he dropped the lines. So—so they're lost, old chap!"

All the tea party in No. 13 gazed at William George Bunter. That he was telling "crammers" was clear. But why was not so clear. Bob Cherry rose to his feet, with quite a grim expression on his face.

"I want those lines, Bunter," he said. "If you haven't taken them to Quelch, the sooner I take them the better. Where are they?"

"I—I've told you they're lost, old chap—I—I blew them out of the window—I mean, the wind dropped them out of the window—I—I mean, young Tubb—I mean, Coker of the Fifth—that is, Gosling's dog—ran off with them, and—"

"Where are those lines?" bawled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Cough them up, you fat ass."

"How can I cough them up when Coker of the Fifth ran off with them in his mouth—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, Gosling's dog ran off with them in his mouth. I—I'm awfully sorry they're lost, old chap, but Gosling's Coker—I mean Coker's dog—that is, Gosling's dog, ran off with them, you know, and—and I think he chewed them up. In fact, I saw him chewing them up. He—he chews up everything. But I say, old chap, don't mention to Quelch that—that I was taking them down, will you—he—he mightn't believe that Coker of the Fifth chewed them up—I mean, Gosling's dog chewed them up, and—and he might think—I mean—"

"You fat chump, what have you done with my lines?" roared Bob. "You said you'd take them down to Quelch for me, and it seems that you haven't. If Quelch comes up after them, you'll have to tell him what you've done with them."

"I—I say, old chap, be—be a sport!" gasped Bunter. "If you tell Quelch I—I was taking your lines to him, he—he might think I never wrote them—"

"WHAT!"

"You know what a suspicious beast he is," urged Bunter. "He—he noticed that there weren't any smudges, you know, as it was. If—if he fancies that I—I never wrote the lines I handed in, he would go right off at the deep end! You know him! He—he might make out I'd palmed off another fellow's lines on him!"

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

"You handed in Bob's lines as your own!" yelled Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Why, you—you—you!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"I didn't!" yelled Bunter. "Not the sort of thing I'd do, I hope! Coker's dog—I mean Gosling's Tubb—I mean Gosling's dog, chewed up your lines, and I never took them to Quelch, and never wrote my name on the top either—besides, you jolly well know you ought to have written your name there, and if Quelch comes up, don't you jolly well tell him I touched your lines at all—you know what a beast he is, and he might think—"

"BUNTER!"

It was a deep voice at the open doorway. Bunter had stated that he thought Quelch was coming up. He was right! Quelch had come!

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. He spun round to the door in dismay, and quaked under a gimlet eye.

"Cherry, I came up about your lines. Bunter, I heard you as I came up the passage. You have palmed off another boy's lines as your own!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! No, sir! I—I didn't—I—I never—I—I wasn't! It—it wasn't me, sir! I—I don't think Cherry wrote his lines, sir! I never watched him writing them, and—and I never offered to take them down when he'd finished, sir—I never touched them at all! Besides, I dropped them out of the landing window, and Coker's Gosling—I mean Gosling's Tubb—"

"Follow me to my study, Bunter."

"Oh, lor!"

Mr. Quelch swept away like a thunderstorm. An unhappy fat Owl trailed after him. They did not laugh in No. 13 Study till Quelch was gone. Bunter did not laugh at all. What happened in Quelch's study a few minutes later made Billy Bunter feel like anything but laughing.

Another smashing story of the chums of Greyfriars in next week's "Comet".

STARTING NEXT WEEK!

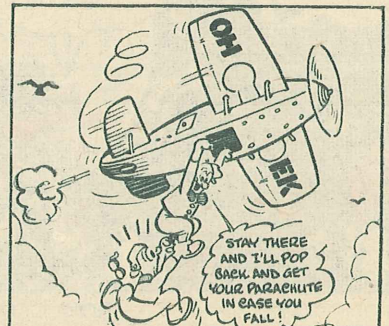
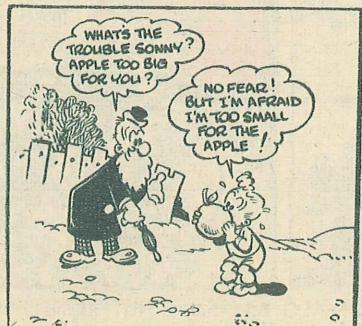
Stirring new story of mystery and wild adventure—of wreckers and smugglers—in bygone days! Don't miss the opening chapters of

THE WHITE FOX

By Lewis Jackson
also
A Thrilling New Adventure
of
SPLASH PAGE
THE MISSING PRINCE

Make Sure of Next Week's "COMET"

CHUCKLE CORNER





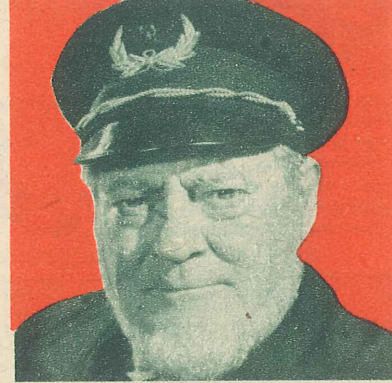
MAI ZETTERLING
(Pinnacle Productions)



DIRK BOGARDE
(Rank Organisation)



JOANNE DRU
(R.K.O.)



LIONEL BARRYMORE
(Twentieth Century)

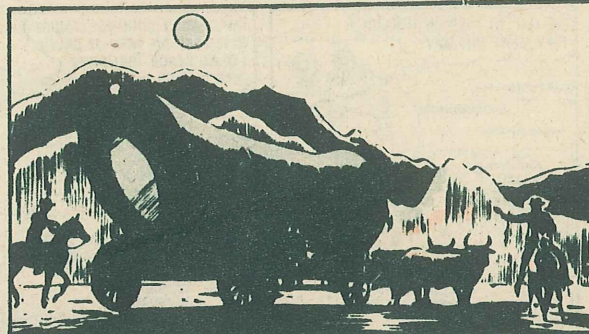
BUFFALO BILL.

OVERCOME BY EXHAUSTION, BUFFALO BILL IS RESCUED FROM THE DESERT BY A MYSTERIOUS CARAVAN. HE COMES ROUND TO FIND HIMSELF IN A COVERED WAGGON ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

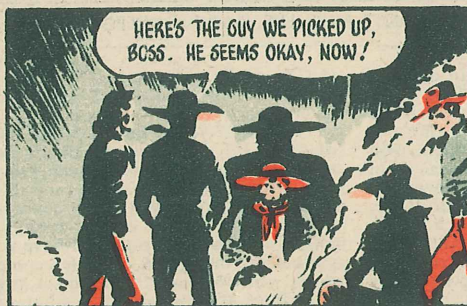


HI! WAKE UP! THE BOSS WILL WANT TO TALK TO YOU WHEN WE PITCH CAMP!

THE CARAVAN HALTS FOR THE NIGHT.



HURRY! THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!



HERE'S THE GUY WE PICKED UP, BOSS. HE SEEMS OKAY, NOW!



GLAD TO HEAR IT! YOUR LONG HAIR SHOWS YOU'RE A SCOUT AND WE NEED SOMEBODY TO GUIDE US TO THE DEAD BISON WATERFALL.



I'M SORRY! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK WHERE I CAME FROM. MY TWO PARDS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS!



YOU'D BETTER THINK AGAIN, STRANGER. I'M KNOWN AS PUMA! WHEN I SAY A GUY'S GOT TO DO SOMETHING-- HE'S SURE GOT TO DO IT!



THEY SAY I'M THE MOST FEARED BANDIT IN THE WEST, AND THEY'RE NOT FAR WRONG!

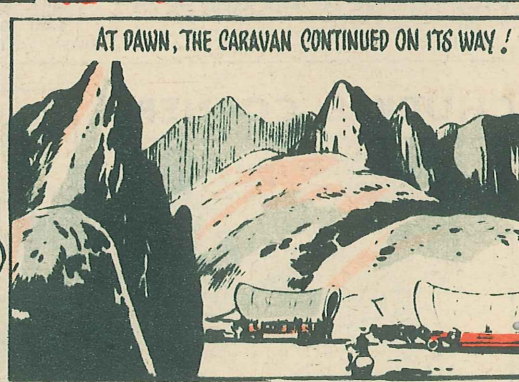


YOU CAN'T SCARE ME-- I REFUSE TO GUIDE YOU!

PUT HIM IN A WAGGON AND KEEP AN EYE ON HIM. HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND BEFORE I'VE FINISHED WITH HIM!



THIS WAY, STRANGER! AND NO MONKEY TRICKS-- OR ELSE--



AT DAWN, THE CARAVAN CONTINUED ON ITS WAY!

HOW CAN BUFFALO BILL SAVE HIS FRIENDS? WILL HE ESCAPE? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"!