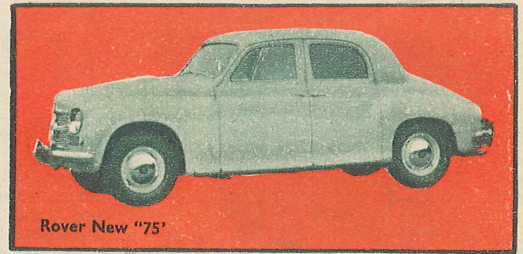


DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL? . . . See Page 7

COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Rover New '75'

No. 106
(New Series)
July 29th, 1950

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 28



Scamp knows a clever trick or two. Which he is pleased and proud to do.



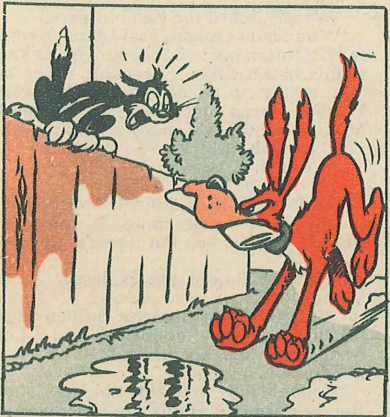
And one most crafty little caper Is going out to fetch a paper.



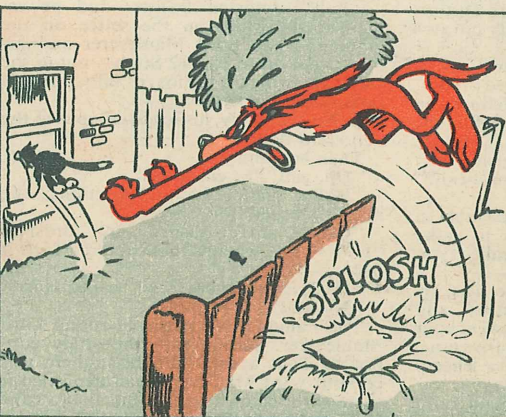
Dad sent him, just the other day, To get the score at close of play.



Scamp got it, just as he was told, And trotted back as good as gold.



But on the way he saw a cat, And that, undoubtedly, was that!



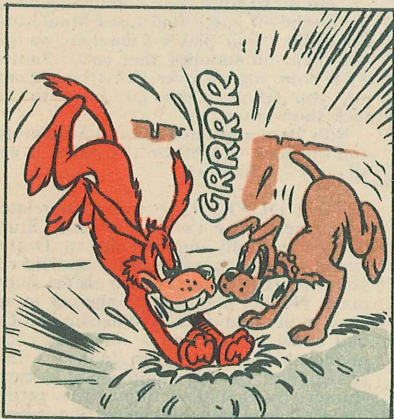
Over the fence at speed went Scamp, While father's paper got most damp!



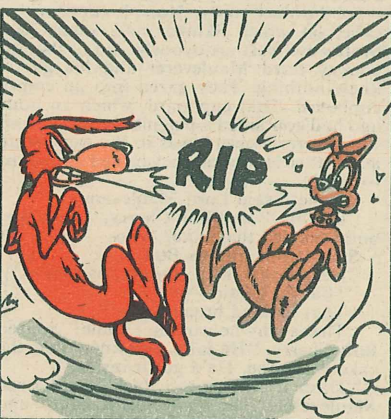
But when Puss to her master flew, Scamp thought what he'd been sent to do.



To find his paper went out pup, And saw another pick it up!



Scamp knew it was his own, by right, And valiantly leapt in to fight.



I hardly need to say to you That that paper soon got ripped in two!



With tail between his legs went Scamp, Clutching that paper, torn and damp!



And Dad was waiting at the door! But all was well! He'd got the score!

TOMMY HAWKE and MOE CASSIN





AT IT AGAIN!

HAROLD SKINNER grinned. Skinner of the Remove was amused.

He was coming down the stair from the Remove box-room when he sighted Billy Bunter in the passage below.

He paused on the stair and watched Bunter, with a grin on his face. Bunter, at the moment, was worth watching.

The fattest junior at Greyfriars School was coming up the Remove passage from the landing, blinking to and fro through his big spectacles, like a very watchful and wary owl.

Nobody was about. After class, on a sunny summer's afternoon, everyone was out of the House, or nearly everyone. Skinner would have been out had it not happened that he had been smoking secretly in the box-room. But Billy Bunter's wary blinks showed that he was very anxious to make very sure that the coast was clear. Bunter evidently was "up" to something!

Skinner, interested and amused, backed behind the angle of the box-room stair, and watched him. Unaware of Skinner, Billy Bunter rolled on up the passage and stopped outside No. 12 Study.

There he paused for a moment, with a final wary blink to and fro. Then he went into the study.

Skinner chuckled. No. 12 Study belonged to Lord Mauleverer; and Bunter certainly had no business there in his lordship's absence. Skinner fancied that he could guess why the Owl of the Remove was paying that secret visit to No. 12. He waited and watched.

A minute elapsed. Then a fat head and a large pair of spectacles emerged from the study doorway; and once more Billy Bunter cast wary blinks round him. Then the rest of Bunter emerged with a large bundle under a fat arm. He rolled away down the passage to his own study, No. 7, and disappeared therein.

Skinner chuckled again. He had no doubt that when Lord Mauleverer came in to tea he would miss something of an edible nature from his study cupboard—something of considerable size! Probably it was one of the magnificent cakes that arrived occasionally for his lordship from Mauleverer Towers. From the size of the bundle it was clear that even Billy Bunter could not dispose of it at a single sitting. Skinner waited.

Five minutes later Billy Bunter came out of No. 7. There was a happy grin on his fat face, a shiny look, and a quantity of cake crumbs. He rolled away to the landing and disappeared.

Then Harold Skinner got a move on. He descended the box-room stair, cut down the passage to No. 7 Study, and entered in his turn. He looked into the study cupboard, and once more he chuckled. The bundle was there—open! There was the larger half of a huge cake. It was a tremendous cake—so tremendous that even Billy Bunter had not been able to deal with quite half of it at one go! The rest remained till Bunter was hungry again—which was not likely to be long!

Most Remove fellows, having seen the grub-raider of Greyfriars at work on another fellow's tuck, would have taken a hand in the proceedings. Skinner was going to take a hand—but not quite like any other fellow. Mauly, no doubt, intended to ask his friends to help him dispose of that cake—but Skinner was not one of his friends. Skinner had his own

WAS IT BUNTER?

Another Rollicking Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

designs on that cake. Certainly he would not have raided a fellow's study as Bunter had done. Skinner had a conscience—of sorts. But the cake having been already raided, he saw no reason for leaving the plunder to the raider; and still less for restoring it to Mauly, a fellow who turned up his nose at him! And it was a most attractive cake.

Skinner proceeded to rewrap it. Then he put it under his arm, and walked out of No. 7 Study with it. A minute later, it was safely bestowed in Skinner's own study, No. 11, and Harold Skinner went downstairs with a cheery grin on his face, to carry the happy news to his study mates, Snoop and Stott, that there was cake for tea in No. 11.

LORD MAULEVERER glanced round in the sunny quad. It was nearly tea-time, and Mauly was thinking of a little tea-party in his study. He was going to ask Harry Wharton and Co. But at the moment his lazy lordship was leaning on one of the old stone buttresses, with his hands in his pockets, disinclined to move: so he waited for the Famous Five to appear in sight. They did not appear, but Tom Dutton of the Remove came along and Mauly called to him, forgetting for the moment that Dutton was deaf. Talking to Tom Dutton was rather an exertion and Mauly did not like exertion.

"Seen Wharton about, Dutton?"

Tom Dutton stopped and looked at him. Dutton was a good-tempered fellow: he was good-tempered even with Billy Bunter, whose study-mate he was in No. 7. But he gave Lord Mauleverer quite a grim look.

"You cheeky ass, what do you mean?" he demanded. "Who's a lout?"

"Oh, gad!" Mauleverer remembered that Dutton was deaf and liable to make these little mistakes, "I never called you anything, old fellow."

Disinclined for exertion as he was, he detached himself from the buttress and strolled away. Tom Dutton frowned after him, and went into the House, frowning.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a cheery roar.

"Oh! Here you fellows are!" said Lord Mauleverer. He came on Harry Wharton and Co. coming away from the nets in a cheery crowd. "Hold on I say, I had a parcel from home today—"

"Lucky bargee," said Bob Cherry.

"It's a cake," explained Lord Mauleverer. "No end of a cake! You fellows like cake?"

"Do we?" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Sort of!" said Johnny Bull.

"Well, look here, will you come to tea in my study?"

"Pleased," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Come on, then," said Lord Mauleverer, "might ask Bunter, too. It's a whopping cake—enough to go round, even with Bunter. I believe he likes cake."

"I believe he does," chuckled Bob Cherry. "No need to ask him, if he's heard of the cake. He'll ask you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A cheery crowd marched into the House and up to the Remove passage. They found Billy Bunter on the landing, his fat limbs sprawling on the settee by the old oaken balustrade. He blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles as they came along with Lord Mauleverer. But he did not rise from the settee. For once, Billy

Bunter did not seem to have any desire to join fellows who were going in to tea.

"Oh, here's Bunter," said Lord Mauleverer, pausing, "tea in my study, Bunter, and a jolly old cake. Come on, old fat man."

"Eh?" ejaculated Bunter. "Oh! Ah! Thanks, Mauly, old chap, but—but I won't come! Thanks all the same."

Lord Mauleverer gazed at Bunter. Harry Wharton and Co. stared at him. For Billy Bunter to refuse an invitation to tea, especially in a study that was like unto a land flowing with milk and honey, was quite surprising. Indeed, it was astonishing. It was amazing. Six fellows doubted whether they had heard aright!

"Had your tea?" asked Mauly, puzzled. "Oh! Yes! No! Yes! The fact is, I don't care much for cake," said Bunter.

"Oh, gad!"

"Ye gods!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Do I sleep, do I dream, do I wonder and doubt? Are things what they seem, or is visions about?" quoted Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really you fellows! I'm not always thinking of grub, like you chaps," said Bunter. "It's not much I eat, as you fellows know—"

"Help!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter: and he remained sprawling on the settee on the landing, while Lord Mauleverer and his flock went on to No. 12 Study—not in the least sorrowing for the loss of Billy Bunter's fascinating society.

In No. 12 Study, his lordship opened the cupboard door.

Then he jumped.

"Oh, gad!" he ejaculated.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Anything the matter?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Great pip!" gasped his lordship.

"I—I—I say, where's that cake? I—I left it here—"

"Well, isn't it there now?" asked Harry.

"Nunno!"

The Famous Five gathered round Lord Mauleverer, staring into the study cupboard. That a cake had been there was certain; Lord Mauleverer had deposited it there with his own hands. But that a cake was no longer there was equally certain. There was not a sign of a cake. There was not the ghost of a cake! There was not a plum or a crumb of a cake.

In the next study, No. 11, there was a cake, on which Skinner and Snoop and Stott were feasting joyously. But of that, of course, Lord Mauleverer and his guests knew nothing. They gazed into an empty cupboard. That cupboard, which an hour ago had contained a magnificent cake from Mauleverer Towers, was in the same state as Mother Hubbard's celebrated cupboard—bare!

"Gone!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"By gum!" said Bob Cherry, "has somebody snaffled that cake? Who—?"

Snort from Johnny Bull.

"Needn't ask who! Bunter, of course."

"That fat villain—"

"That bloated brigand—"

"That's why he wouldn't come!" roared Bob Cherry. "He jolly well knew that the cake was gone. He'd got it inside."

"Dash it all, it's too thick," said Lord Mauleverer. "The whole dashed cake—and it was seven or eight pounds. Sorry, you chaps—"

"We'll make Bunter sorrier," roared Bob. "Come on, you men—we'll up-end

him and shake it out of him!" Six fellows rushed out of No. 12 Study.

BILLY BUNTER sat up on the settee and blinked uneasily through his big spectacles at half a dozen juniors coming out of the Remove passage with wrathful faces. Even Lord Mauleverer's usually placid countenance was wrathful. Vengeance impended over the fat grub raider of the Remove unless he could put up a very good alibi.

"I—I say, you fellows, is—is anything the matter?" bleated the fat Owl.

"You fat villain!"

"You podgy pirate!"

"You bloated bandit!"

"You terrific toad!"

"Where's that cake?"

"Eh! What cake?" asked Bunter in mild surprise.

"Mauly's cake," hooted Bob Cherry. "It's gone from his study. Have you wolfed it, you fat cormorant?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Look here, Bunter, it's too thick," said Lord Mauleverer. "I've asked these chaps to whack out that cake, and it's gone. If you had it—"

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Bump him!" snorted Johnny Bull.

"Boot him!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

Five fellows encircled Bunter. But Lord Mauleverer interposed.

"Hold on! If Bunter had it we'll scalp him. But—"

"No 'if' about it," growled Johnny Bull.

"Of course he had it."

"Well, I like that!" said Bunter indignantly. "I think it's pretty thick the way fellows think of me at once if they miss any tuck. As if I'd snoop a fellow's cake! You fellows might—"

"What?" yelled the Famous Five.

"You fellows might," said Bunter scornfully. "Not in my line, I hope. I never knew Mauly had a cake—I certainly never saw him taking it to his study after class. I haven't been anywhere near his study. Making out that I'd snoop a fellow's cake! I call it insulting!"

"Scrag him!"

"Burst him!"

"Hold on," said Lord Mauleverer again.

"Must do the fair thing. It looks like Bunter, of course, but there's no evidence—"

"He's swallowed the evidence! It was Bunter—"

"Yes! But even Bunter's entitled to the benefit of the doubt!" said Lord Mauleverer, shaking his head. "Can't scrag a fellow on suspicion."

"I should jolly well think not," exclaimed Bunter warmly. "Mauly can take my word, can't you, Mauly?"

"No fear!"

"Why, you beast—"

"But we've got to give him the benefit of the doubt—if any," said Lord Mauleverer decidedly. "Fair play's a jewel. If we find out that you snoop that cake, Bunter, we'll boot you all over Greyfriars. Come on, you fellows—let's go down to the tuck shop to tea."

Billy Bunter grinned as Lord Mauleverer and his flock went down the stairs. It was all clear for Bunter!

TOM DUTTON, about an hour later, glanced up as the door of No. 7 Study opened and Billy Bunter rolled in. Dutton was at work at the study table, and did not seem specially pleased to see his fat study-mate. Neither was Bunter pleased to see Tom in the study. Harry Wharton and Co. had come in after tea at the tuck shop, giving the fat Owl grim looks as they passed him on the landing. Little cared Bunter. By that time Bunter was getting hungry again and thinking of the cake in his study cupboard—little dreaming that Skinner and his friends had already disposed of it to the last crumb and the last plum. He rolled into his study for pro- vender and blinked rather irritably at the deaf junior at the table. He did not want a witness to his feast.

"I say, Dutton, ain't you going down?" he squeaked.

"Brown? Haven't seen him," answered Dutton.

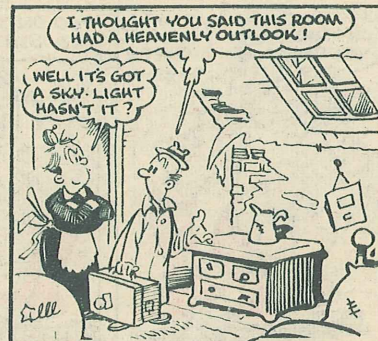
Billy Bunter snorted and turned to the study cupboard. The next moment he had a startling shock, like that experienced by Lord Mauleverer an hour before. He gazed into the cupboard, hardly able to believe his eyes or his spectacles. There was no cake there—not the ghost of a cake!

A roar of wrath woke the echoes of No. 7 Study.

"Where's my cake?" The fat junior spun round and glared at Tom Dutton, his very

(Continued on page 7)

CHUCKLE CORNER

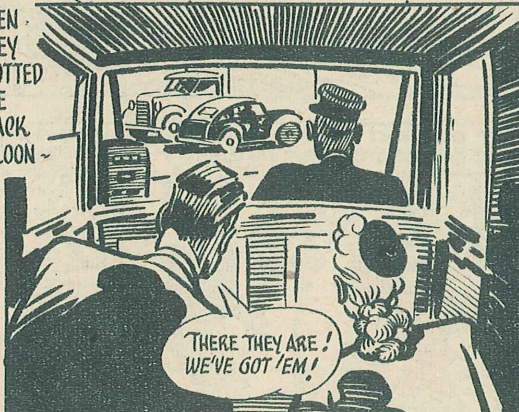
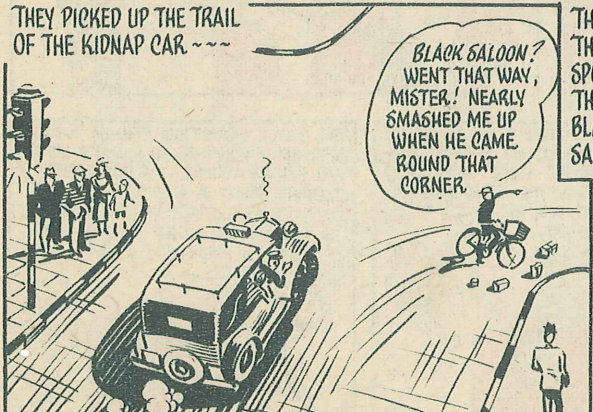
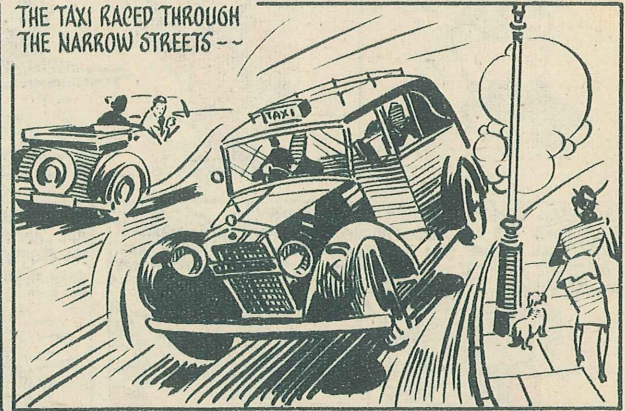
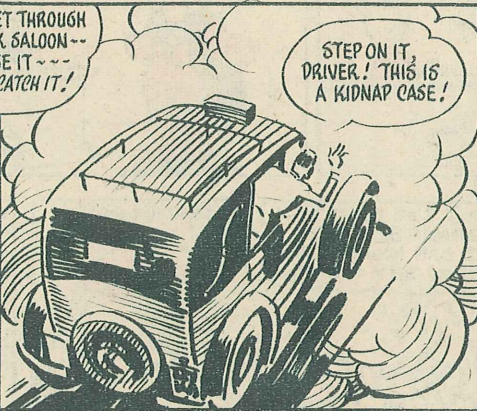
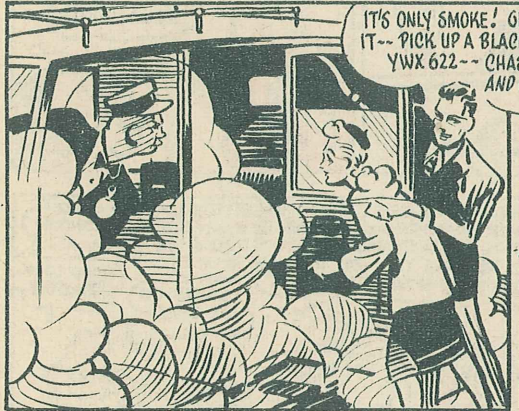
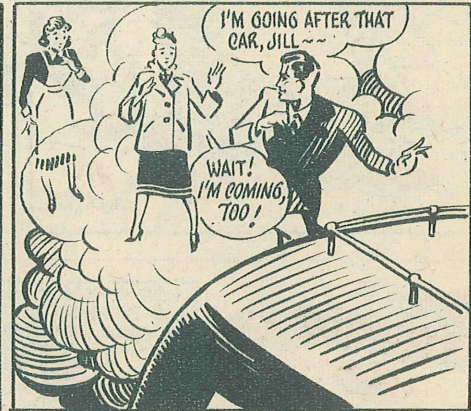
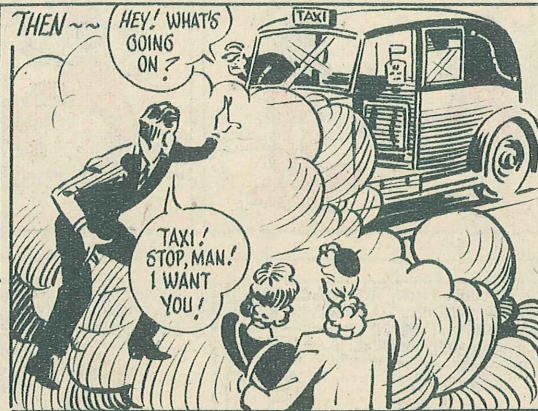
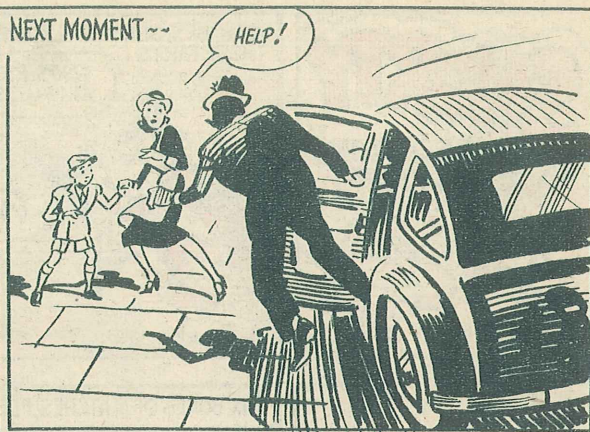
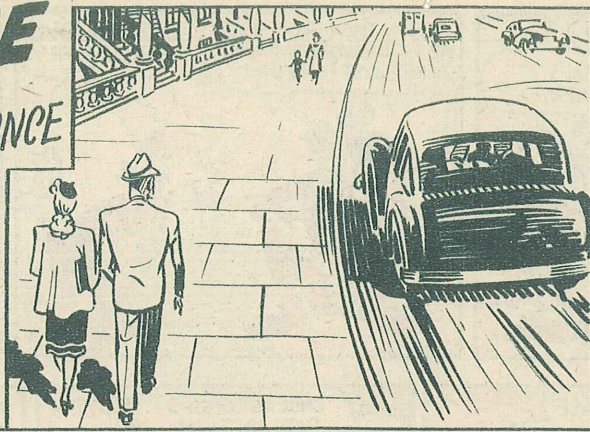


SPLASH PAGE

— AND —
THE MISSING PRINCE



Splash Page, reporter, and Jill Brent, his assistant, were looking for a new story for the "Daily World." In a quiet London street they found it—



SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

GOSH! HE'S BEEN AT IT ROUND THESE PARTS!

WHO'S BEEN AT WHAT, SHERIFF?

FERDY THE FIRE-RAISER!! HE SETS HOUSES AND BUSHES ON FIRE JUST FOR FUN!

GEE! WHAT'S HE LIKE, SHERIFF?

SEZ HERE HE'S GOT BIG FEET AND A CURLY MOUSTACHE

OK! I'LL KEEP A LOOKOUT FER HIM!

CURLY FEET AND A BIG MOUSTACHE - CAN'T MISS HIM!

SIX BOXES OF MATCHES, PLEASE

GOSH! THAT COULD BE THE FIRE-RAISER

SHUCKS! GUESS THAT AIN'T HIM

OHO!

NO! THAT'S NOT FERDY

GOT A MATCH, BUD?

CURLY FEET, BIG MOUSTACHE, THIS CAN'T BE FERDY, EITHER

THANKS, PARD

I TOLD YOU! CURLY MOUSTACHE AND BIG FEET - YOU DUMB-BELL!

HEH! HEH!

DR. PENNYFEATHER

by Denis Gifford

I HAVE HERE, BOYS, AN INVITATION FROM THE B.B.C. FOR THE CLEVEREST BOY IN THE SCHOOL, TO PARTICIPATE IN A QUIZ PROGRAMME, WITH A PRIZE OF A HUNDRED POUNDS!

COO!

WELL, IT WON'T BE ME!

I DO NOT THINK ANYONE WILL OBJECT TO MY SELECTION OF SEPTIMUS SNOOT TO REPRESENT THE SCHOOL?

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

I S'POSE NOT!

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, SEPTIMUS?

I AGREE WHOLE-HEARTEDLY WITH YOUR CHOICE, SIR - A MOST ADMIRABLE SELECTION!

YOU CAN SPEND THE REST OF TODAY STUDYING THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, SEPTIMUS - THAT WILL PRIME YOU FOR TOMORROW'S CONTEST!

DELIGHTFUL! THANK YOU, SIR!

PHEW, SIR - I'VE READ THEM ALL, AND MEMORISED THEM, TO BOOT! I CAN NOW ANSWER ANY QUESTION THEY ASK ME!

SPLENDID! GOOD BOY!

GOODNIGHT, SEPTIMUS - SLEEP WELL - AND GOOD LUCK TOMORROW! REMEMBER, MY BOY, THE HONOUR OF THE OLD SCHOOL IS AT STAKES! WE SHALL ALL BE REWING ON YOU TO GO IN THERE AND WIN! NOW, FAREWELL!

DEPEND ON ME, SIR!

GOOD LUCK, SNOOTY!

NEXT DAY...

I'VE BROUGHT MY PORTABLE RADIO, SIR - SO WE CAN HEAR OLD SNOOTY DEFENDING OUR HONOUR!

EXCELLENT!

CAN WE LISTEN TO 'MRS. DALES' DIARY' AFTER?

HERE'S OUR NEXT SCHOOLBOY CONTESTANT, FOLKS! NOW, SON, TELL OUR LISTENING MILLIONS YOUR NAME!

CONTROL ROOM

S-S-SNOOT, SIR! I MEAN SOUP! ER, SNIPE - NO! SLOOP - SLIP - THAT IS, SNIP! SNOOT! UM - ER - WAIT A MINUTE - SNOOD! YES, NO, ER. YES...

HM, WELL, MASTER SNOOP, I AM AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO AWARD YOU THE BOOBY PRIZE - A MEMORY COURSE, AND A BIG SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS! O, DEAR! MASTER SOAP HAS FAINTED!

BUCK JONES and the WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS

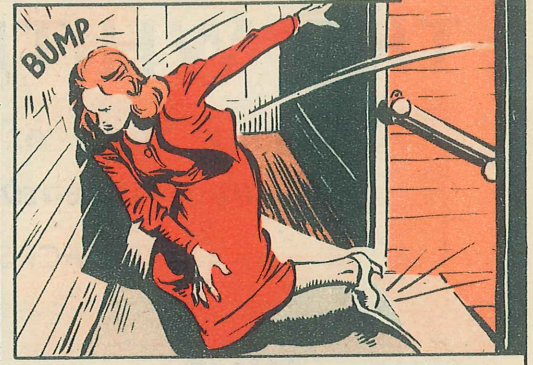
HETTY, THE WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS, IS CAUGHT BY DAKERS THE CROOK RANCHER IN HIS RANCH-HOUSE. SHE BOLTS UPSTAIRS AND THE CROOK'S SNAP-SHOT SHATTERS THE LAMP AND SETS FIRE TO THE HOUSE.



THE FOOL GIRL'S RUN UPSTAIRS. WITH THE PLACE AFIRE SHE'LL BE TOASTED.- LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.

SHE MUSTN'T GET AWAY. SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT US!

BUT IN HER FLIGHT, HETTY TRIPS OVER A RUG AND IS STUNNED.....

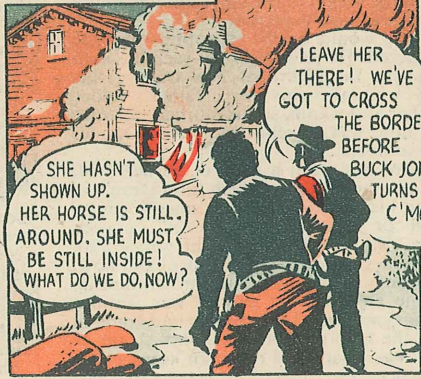


BUMP



SHE MIGHT JUMP FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW. BETTER GET OUTSIDE AND CATCH HER BEFORE SHE CAN MAKE A GETAWAY.

TEN MINUTES LATER



SHE HASN'T SHOWN UP. HER HORSE IS STILL AROUND. SHE MUST BE STILL INSIDE! WHAT DO WE DO, NOW?

LEAVE HER THERE! WE'VE GOT TO CROSS THE BORDER BEFORE BUCK JONES TURNS UP. C' MON



WE'LL GO TO OUR HIDEOUT IN THE HILLS AND PICK UP THE LOOT WE'VE GOT CACHED THERE -- AND THEN -- OVER THE BORDER!

MEANWHILE, BUCK JONES HAS TAKEN HIS PRISONER-CAPTURED DURING HIS LAST BRUSH WITH THE DAKERS GANG-- TO JAIL AT ALKALI CITY.



SO BRAWN FRAMED HETTY OVER THAT ROBBERY. THANKS FOR THE INFO. I'LL GO GET DAKERS AND BRAWN-- AND I'LL START AT DAKERS' RANCH!

LATER.



WE DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, BUCK. I SAW DAKERS AND ANOTHER BIMBO RIDING AWAY - AND THAT'S ALL WE KNOW.

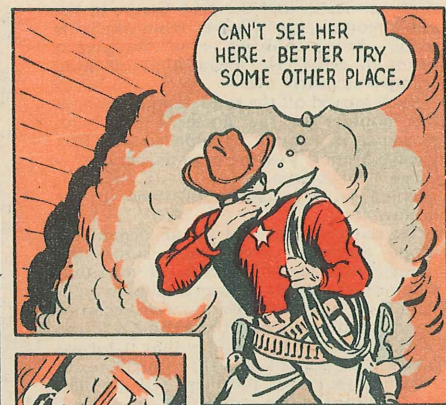
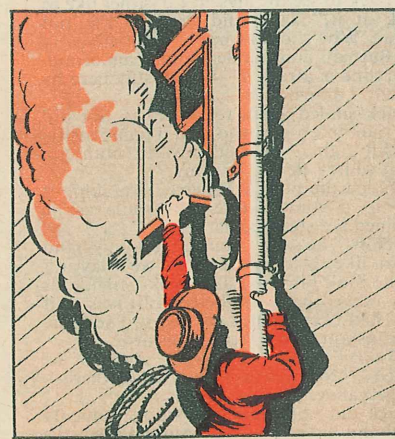
I DON'T GET IT! THAT'S HETTY YOUNG'S HORSE OVER THERE!



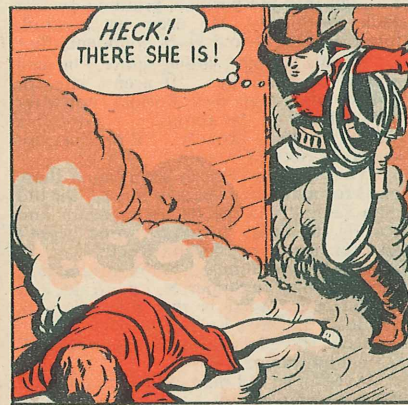
HETTY'S BEEN HERE. IF SHE'D GOT AWAY HER HORSE WOULDN'T STILL BE HERE. IT'S MY GUESS, SHE'S INSIDE THAT BLAZING HOUSE! I'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT!



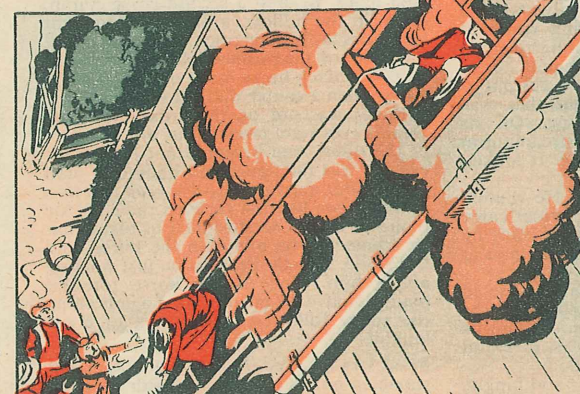
COME BACK, BUCK! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



CAN'T SEE HER HERE. BETTER TRY SOME OTHER PLACE.



HECK! THERE SHE IS!



HECK! WE WERE ONLY JUST IN TIME, HETTY.

BUCK! YOU'VE GOT ME AFTER ALL! BUT I WON'T GO TO JAIL - I WON'T!



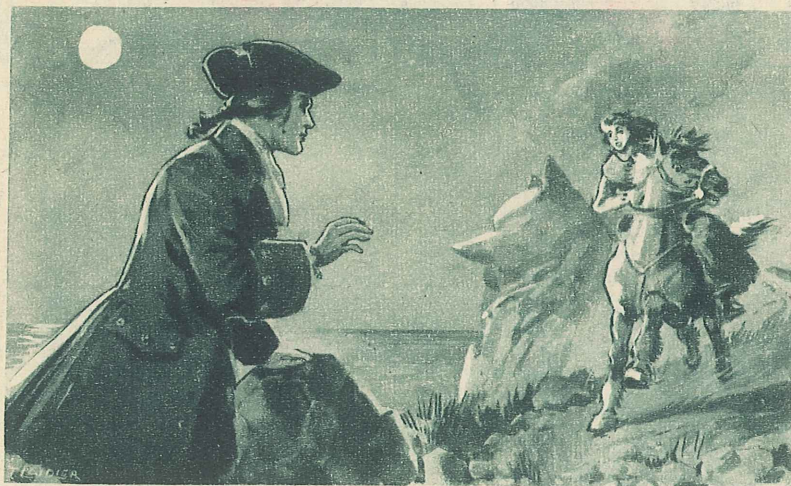
TAKE IT EASY, HETTY! YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO JAIL. I KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT. BUT I NEED YOUR HELP IF I'M TO CORRAL DAKERS AND BRAWN. WILL YOU HELP ME, HETTY?

HOW CAN HETTY HELP BUCK JONES? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET." (BUCK JONES ALSO APPEARS IN "COWBOY COMICS")

THE WHITE FOX

A Stirring Story of Mystery and Adventure

by LEWIS JACKSON



A pony came charging down the road, a girl on its back—her hair streaming in the wind!

THE HAUNT OF "THE FOX"

"THAT'S better. A lot better!"

With a sigh of content Jack Dean pushed away the wooden platter and sat back in his seat, draining his mug and gazing around the old inn parlour. Through the bay lattice window he could see the broad expanse of the Bristol Channel stretching away towards the Welsh coast thirty-odd miles away and contrasting bleakly with the cheerful glow of the logs that blazed upon the hearth.

And there was something of the same cheerful glow on the face of the inn-keeper's wife who came in from the kitchen beyond.

"Did 'ee enjoy that, young master?" she asked with a smile.

"It was the best meal I've had for weeks," Jack said.

Jack counted out some money from his meagre store and the woman gathered it up with the platter, lingering for a few moments and eyeing her young customer with a vague misgiving. He was slim and tall but with a man's breadth of shoulders and the sort of boy she would like to have had for a son, herself, if she had been blessed with children.

"I wouldn't venture farther today if I were you, young master," she advised him earnestly. "Why not bide here and go on tomorrow?"

"But I'll still have the rest of the journey to face if I leave it till the morning," Jack said with a grin. "Why not today?"

"Because it'll be nightfall afore you get over the top," she said. "The country beyond Porlock mayn't be so main bad in daylight but after dark it aren't fit for man nor beast, and if 'ee doubt what I be telling 'ee you—"

She stopped short, glancing over her shoulder as the sound of heavy feet came from the stone floor of the kitchen beyond.

"There's my man," she said abruptly.

She went out quickly to the where the inn-keeper stood kicking the mud from his boots on to the flags. He was a lean, surly man with a gun under his arm which he set down in a corner, throwing a hare and some rabbits down on the table. His wife closed the door behind her.

"Who's the stranger?" he growled, jerking his thumb.

"A young gentleman that's walked over from Dunster," she said.

"He don't look much like a gentleman to me," Ben Greer grunted. "Looks more like a tramp whose floundered into a bog."

"He've been in worse than a bog," Mrs. Greer said, picking up the hare and hanging it from a hook in the beam. "He were on a ship bound for Cardiff, he tells me, that went ashore off the Hartland Race; and him and one or two more got picked

up by the Bideford lifeboat. Later on, a coaster brought 'un up Channel to Bristol."

"Then what's he doing in these parts?" "He be on his way to the manor, over to Fox Cleave. He says Squire Dean be his uncle, Ben."

"Squire Dean?" The inn-keeper turned and stared. "Squire aren't got no nephew as I ever heard tell of."

"Us don't know all Squire's business, Ben," his wife said mildly. "There may be relations he don't tell about."

In the brick-floored, sanded bar of the inn, beyond the room where Jack had enjoyed his meal and chatted to the landlady, an old man sat, one lean hand cupped to his ear as he listened to the conversation. Now he rose and hobbled through into the parlour, grinning over at Jack toothlessly. He drew up a stool, lowering his cracked voice confidentially.

"Missus be right, young squire," he said almost in a whisper. "It aren't safe for nobody to go up over Porlock not after dark. 'The Fox' be about."

Jack smiled broadly. "But I'm not scared of foxes, Grandfer."

"This fox aren't been seen round these parts for a hundred years or more," the old man said. "Now he be about again and scaring the lights out o' everyone. Aren't 'ee ever heard of the Fox Rock?"

Jack looked amused. "I'm afraid not. I'm a stranger in Somerset, I'm afraid, and Devon, too. What is this Fox you talk about. What does he do?"

"Robs travellers on the Taunton Road." "A highwayman, eh?"

"Aye!" The old man eyed Jack intently.

"But not no ornery highwayman, young master. Not a crittur o' flesh and blood, as 'ee might say, but such as no man ever see'd avore or wants to see again by the tellin' of it. On a horse he be, right enough, like a gentleman of the road should be, but different. Zummat with the head of a fox that do laugh and howl like a maniac, aye, and that can also talk like a man if 'er be in the moind to. That's the sort o' thing he be, young master, as Squire hisself would tell he, were the old man in a mood to talk, which I doubt. A lone man, Squire Dean be, young master—lone and embittered."

"But why embittered?" Jack asked.

The old man shrugged his bent shoulders. Years ago, he explained, the squire had a son whom he had pinned all his hopes on, but the boy had turned out such a scamp that the old man had thrown him out and dared him ever to darken his doors again. "But that be forgotten history," the old man muttered. "You listen to what I do say and bide here till morning. It'll be safer for 'ee."

Jack laughed and picked up his tattered

bundle, all he had left from the wreck. "A highwayman that is also a ghost, eh, Grandfer?" he said. "I don't believe in ghosts or old wives' tales, either. How far is it to Fox Cleave?"

"Best part o' twelve moile." "Good," said Jack cheerfully. "Then I'll be there for supper."

He swung out of the door with the old man staring after him.

The Frightened Girl

JACK swung on along the lonely road, a solitary figure in the darkness. It had been a stiff climb up the great hill that rose from Porlock village to the moor and the broken surface had become little more than a track. Now, for two hours or more, he had trudged on with a sou'-west wind in his face, his eyes searching the road ahead for a sight of the old, rambling house which was his destination.

What would be his reception there he wondered. He had never yet seen the man who was the squire of Fox Cleave, this man who was his own father's older brother and whom, so his mother had once told him, was descended from the Doones of Exmoor.

There had been a quarrel, so she said, and a bitter one, after which John Dean had found his way to Cardigan, since when no word or message had passed between them. That was twenty-odd years ago, four years before Jack was born, and now, because a strange fate had thrown him up on the Devon coast and he was without friends or money, this resolve had come to seek the help of this uncle who, so far as Jack was aware, did not even know of his existence.

He strode on down a dip and up the rise beyond. On his right, towering cliffs fell ruggedly into the grey waters of the Channel. On his left, an even bleaker expanse of moor and boulder fell away into a valley, where, on a distant ridge, a line of rocks that looked like the creatures of a nightmare were thrown into black shadow by the rising moon.

At the top of the rise Jack paused and his heart quickened. Half a mile ahead a huge rock overhung the cliff, an enormous boulder that stood out from its fellows because it showed white in the moon and because, from where he stood, it looked exactly like a fox—some fox of monstrous size that had been turned to stone as it crouched on the cliff-top.

He stood there surveying it, remembering the whispered words of the scared old man at the inn. "Aren't 'ee ever heard o' the Fox Rock?" Jack smiled, hitching his bundle over his shoulder. This must be the rock he meant, and the deep fissure in the cliff beyond it, the "Cleave" from which his uncle's house took its name. He gave a grunt of relief. He meant that his long tramp was nearly over.

Jack moved off the road, leaping on to a flat boulder in the gorse. From here, perhaps, he would be able to see Fox Cleave Manor. Yes, there it was, perhaps—those tall chimneys away to the left, peeping from a clump of trees in the hollow and . . .

He swung about and for an instant his blood ran cold. From away across the moor a strange cry had come, a howl that was almost a shriek, like an animal in pain. And then, almost before the weird echo of the cry had died away, there came a sound of such wild, mad laughter that it turned his skin to goose-flesh. He thought again of what that old, toothless villager had told him at the inn.

Something else happened then and Jack Dean held his breath. A clatter of flying hoofs had come, thudding heavily upon the road. And this was something real and tangible. He could see it coming towards him out of the darkness, a small horse, charging blindly down the steep descent of the road as an animal might that was terror-stricken and stampeding. On its back a figure crouched, hair streaming in the wind, clinging for dear life. It looked like a girl!

Jack went into action then. He vaulted for the road, and as horse and rider came at him he leapt for the bridle, clinging desperately until he brought the animal to a standstill.

It was a smallish horse, luckily—a tamed pony, like those that ran wild upon the moor. But it foamed at the mouth and its eyes were wild with panic as it stood trembling all over its shaggy body.

"Steady, boy!" he said soothingly, patting its heavy mane.

The pony seemed too exhausted to bolt

again and Jack moved round, putting up his hand to help its rider to the ground. The girl whose hand he held was about his own age, slender and pretty, with eyes as dark and vivid as her hair. Her face was white with fear.

"It was 'The Fox'!" she whispered. Jack forced a smile. He, too, was shaken but he managed not to show it. She was frightened enough already.

"The Fox?" he said calmly. "Where?" "Back there," she gasped, pointing. "It was there, just off the road, where the path runs down into the hollow. No—no!" she cried in panic as Jack turned. "Don't go! Please."

Jack looked back up the long ascent, his eyes upon a patch of gorse which threw it into deep shadow. He turned with a grin. "Are you sure it wasn't a sheep? I saw some a short way back."

"No. It was 'The Fox.' Tony saw it, too." She turned to stroke the pony, her hand trembling. "Poor Tony! Animals know better even than we do. That was why he bolted," she added unsteadily.

Jack stared back up the road but he could see nothing.

"I've heard of this thing you call 'The Fox,'" he said. "An old man warned me against it back in Porlock. What is it?"

"I wish I knew," she said, huskily. "Sometimes I think it isn't human, and then . . ."

She broke off, shrugging her shoulders. Jack eyed her curiously. He felt she could have said more if she'd wanted. She was casting nervous glances this way and that. "Maybe, you suspect somebody," he said, suddenly.

She started violently, but the next moment her surprise had gone. She was trying hard to conceal her true thoughts.

"Well—we all do!" she said. "Then, again, we think the Fox isn't human. We don't know what to think, really. And the Squire . . ."

Once again her voice tailed away to silence as if she realised she was saying too much to a stranger.

"What has the Squire to do with it?" asked Jack.

She drew away from him. "Who are you?" she asked, thickly.

"The Squire's nephew," said Jack. "I'm on my way to him, now—although he doesn't know it."

"Maybe the Squire knows nothing about the Fox," she said. "It's only what people say. Nobody really knows."

"Does the Fox come from the Squire's house?"

"I—I don't know. Nobody knows. It's—where are you going?"

"Back to see for myself. I'd rather like to look at it," Jack said firmly. "I'm not afraid. Why should I be?"

"But you don't understand. I am afraid. Everyone is afraid. I—I can't stay here by myself. I dare not."

Jack smiled again reassuringly. She did not look like a girl who would panic easily. "All right," he said. "We'll both go. Wait while I tie up the pony."

He led the pony off the road, making it fast to a stunted tree. His smile as he rejoined her steadied her a lot.

"Now," he said, "you can hold my hand if you like. If there's a ghost, we'll lay it."

She took his hand and held it tightly as they moved back up the road. It was as if they had been friends for years. Then, the next instant, she jerked on his arm.

"Look!" she whispered, and as he stared—"No, not that way. Down there—in the valley."

Jack did not speak. He stood suddenly rigid and his grip almost crushed the girl's cold hand. Beyond a second gorse clump, down in the hollow, a path of moonlight lay across the broken track. And now, out of the cover of the bushes, full into the light, he saw a black horse move quickly, first at a trot, then a canter that became a gallop.

But it was not on the horse that Jack Dean's eyes were riveted, but on the figure of the rider. And he could not believe his eyes. It was the figure and body of a man he saw, but a man with—the head of a fox. A white fox, like the rock on the cliff; the figure of a man so shrouded in black that he seemed to be one with the horse, and the white, ghostly head to be just floating above him. And as the horse tore on madly, that wild howl echoed again along the valley followed by a shriek of crazy laughter.

What strange mystery is this that Jack has stumbled on? Is it connected with his uncle at Fox Cleave? Who is the girl? Don't miss this gripping story in next week's COMET!

Don Deeds

After struggling through the swamps, wearing Hoo Sung's patent diving gear, Don Deeds locates the island camp of Ah Lee, the bandit, where Mai-Mai is held prisoner.



MY PLANS WERE WELL LAID -- THE BOAT WHICH BROUGHT US HERE WAS HIDDEN IN THE SWAMP!

I CAN'T JUST TACKLE THEM WHERE THEY ARE -- THEY MAY HAVE OTHER MEN WITHIN CALL!

I'LL GET ROUND BEHIND THEM AND SEE HOW THE LAND LIES...

I COULD SET HER FREE, WITH LUCK, BUT HOW COULD I GET HER OFF THE ISLAND?

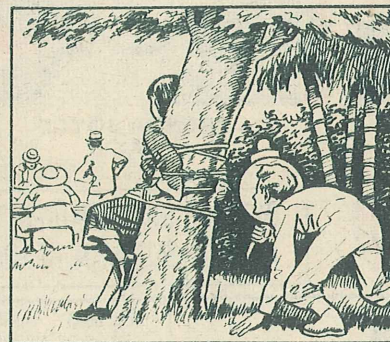


ONE OF THE BANDITS MUST HAVE LEFT THIS -- GOSH! IT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HAVING FASTENED THE ROPE TO THE TOP, DON PULLS A BAMBOO DOWN TO FORM A SORT OF CATAPULT.



...IT WAS AS MUCH AS I COULD DO TO BEND IT...ANYWAY, SO FAR, SO GOOD...I ONLY HOPE THE IDEA WORKS. NOW TO GET TO MAI-MAI!

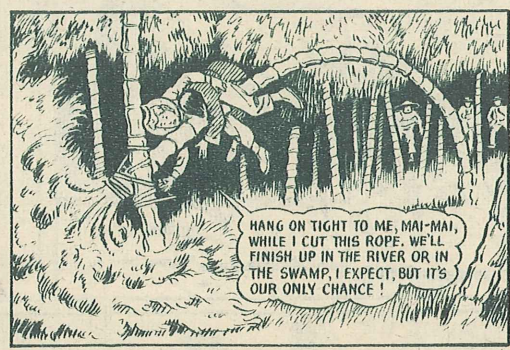


QUICK, MAI-MAI -- RUN FOR IT... THIS WAY!



BUT ONE OF THE CROOKS CHANCES TO SEE THEM AND GIVES THE ALARM...

BY THE GREAT BLUE DRAGON! SHE ESCAPE! AFTER HER!



HANG ON TIGHT TO ME, MAI-MAI, WHILE I CUT THIS ROPE. WE'LL FINISH UP IN THE RIVER OR IN THE SWAMP, I EXPECT, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



DON AND MAI-MAI ARE TAKING A TERRIBLE RISK! DON'T MISS THEIR EXPLOITS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

WAS IT BUNTER?

(Continued from page 2)

spectacles gleaming with wrath. "Dutton! Look here, Dutton, where's my cake?" Bunter was a great raider of tuck. But to be raided himself was quite intolerable. It roused his deepest indignation. "Look here, Dutton," hooted Bunter, "what have you done with my cake? You've been in the study—nobody else has. Where's my cake?" Dutton looked up again. "Eh? What?" "Where's my cake?" Bunter fairly roared. "Cake, you ass! I left half a cake in the cupboard here an hour ago, and it's gone. Have you had it? My cake!" Tom Dutton heard this time! So, rather unfortunately for Bunter, did five or six fellows in the Remove passage! The door of No. 7 Study was hurled open from outside.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. He realised, rather too late, that talking to Tom Dutton was talking to everybody within twenty yards! "I—I say, you fellows—oh, crickey!" "Bag him!" roared Bob Cherry. "So you left half a cake in your cupboard an hour ago, did you, you fat villain?" "By gad! It was Bunter after all! Bag him!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer. "Collar him!" "Boot him!" "I—I say, you fellows, I—I never—I wasn't—I hadn't—I didn't—I say—yaroooh—oh, crickey—help—yoo-hooooooop!" Billy Bunter never knew what had become of the missing cake. But he knew what happened to him for the raiding thereof. Only too well Bunter knew that. Having himself answered the question, "Was it Bunter?" there was no more doubt and no more benefit for the grub raider of the Remove. It was a dismal, doleful and dilapidated Bunter that was left spluttering on the study carpet.

More laughs with Bunter next week! Don't miss them!

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

- PAULINE RATHBONE, 32 Drubbery Lane, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent. Pauline is fourteen years old. She is keen on film stars, painting and girls' clubs.
- RAY BYFORD, "Snowdons," Mill Road, Fordham, nr. Colchester, Essex. Ray is twelve years old and would like a pen pal overseas. He is fond of reading.
- ANN SMITH, 7/9 Sheepcote Lane, Ladywood, Birmingham, 1. Ann would like a pen pal in America. She is thirteen years of age and is interested in swimming, ice-skating, reading and dancing.
- BRIAN WOODWARD, 15 St. Vincent Street, Barrow-in-Furness. Brian is seventeen years of age and is a keen football fan. He would like a pen pal in Blackpool.

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

PEN PALS COUPON
"Comet" July 29th, 1950



SAMMY SHUTEYE

AND EVERYBODY'S FANCY



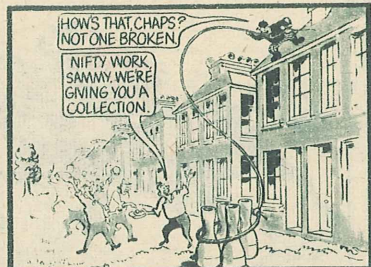
START MOVING THOSE CHIMNEY POTS, ME LAD.

WACKS OF TIME, I'M SLEEPY.



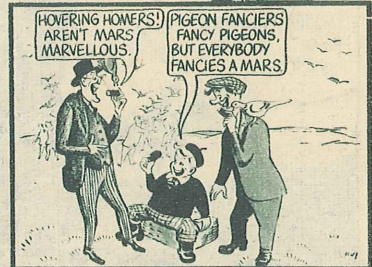
PIGEONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MY FANCY.

ANY FANCY? THAT'S A MARS. I'D HAUL UP HIPPOS FOR A MARS.



HOW'S THAT CHAPS? NOT ONE BROKEN.

NIFTY WORK, SAMMY, WERE GIVING YOU A COLLECTION.



HOVERING HOMERS! AREN'T MARS MARVELLOUS.

PIGEON FANCIERS FANCY PIGEONS, BUT EVERYBODY FANCIES A MARS.

MARS ARE MARVELLOUS — AND BIG!

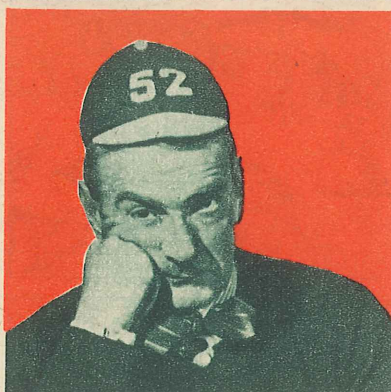
Mars are such big bars • Mars have such a marvellous taste • Mars are such fine value — get yours today!



GEORGE RAFT
(R.K.O.)



BRENDA JOYCE
(R.K.O.)



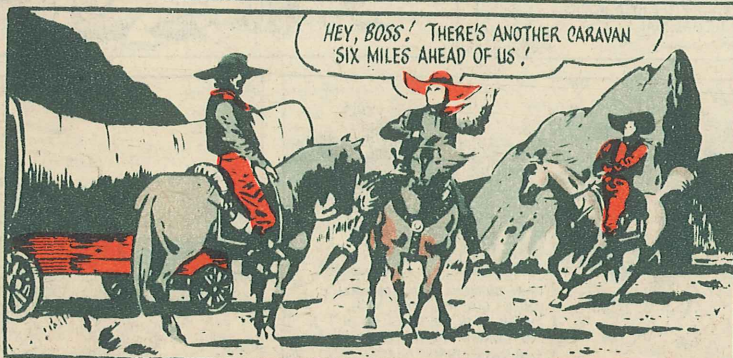
CLIFTON WEBB
(20th Century)



ROSALIND RUSSELL
(R.K.O.)

BUFFALO BILL

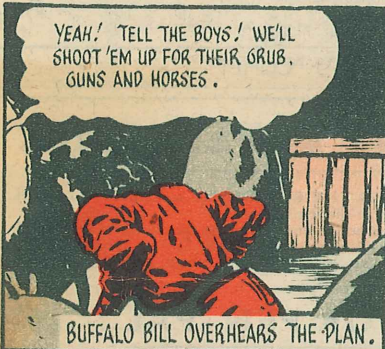
BUFFALO BILL REFUSES TO HELP PUMA, THE BANDIT, AND IS KEPT UNDER GUARD IN A WAGGON AS THE CARAVAN HEADS WESTWARD. ONE MORNING, AN OUTRIDER COMES IN WITH NEWS ~ ~ ~



HEY, BOSS! THERE'S ANOTHER CARAVAN SIX MILES AHEAD OF US!



DO WE ATTACK, BOSS?



YEAH! TELL THE BOYS! WE'LL SHOOT 'EM UP FOR THEIR GRUB, GUNS AND HORSES.

BUFFALO BILL OVERHEARS THE PLAN.



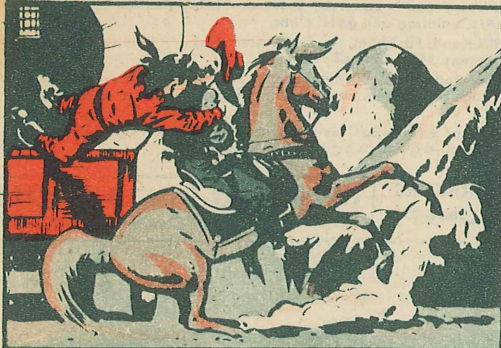
THE PUMA AND HIS BANDITS RIDE AWAY TO ATTACK THE CARAVAN.



THEY'VE GONE -- BUT THEY'VE LEFT A MAN TO GUARD ME!



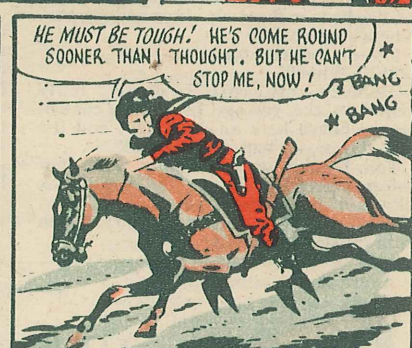
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY, SOMEHOW! IT'S A CHANCE!



THIS IS WHERE YOU GO TO SLEEP, MY FRIEND! HOLD --- THAT!



I MUST HAVE HIS GUNS AND HIS HORSE BEFORE HE COMES ROUND!



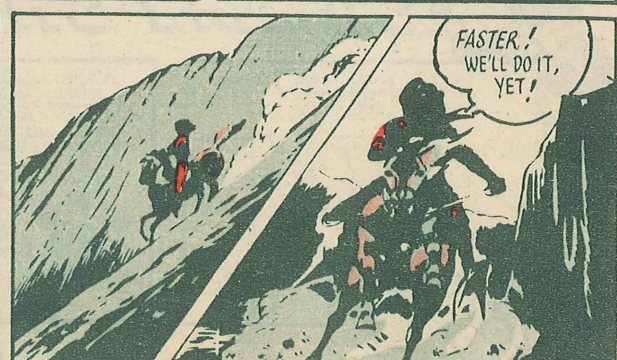
HE MUST BE TOUGH! HE'S COME ROUND SOONER THAN I THOUGHT. BUT HE CAN'T STOP ME, NOW!

* BANG

* BANG



IF I CAN ONLY CONTACT THAT OTHER CARAVAN SOON ENOUGH I'LL BAULK THE PUMA! THERE'S A SHORT CUT ---



FASTER! WE'LL DO IT, YET!

WILL BUFFALO BILL REACH THE CARAVAN? MORE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET" (BUFFALO BILL FEATURES ALSO IN THE "KNOCKOUT COMIC")