

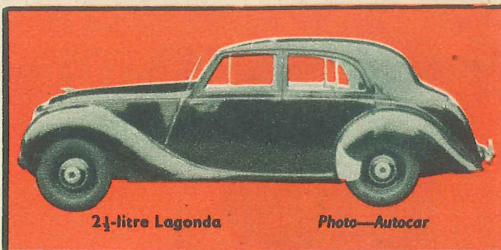
COMET

EVERY THURSDAY

No. 109
(New Series)
Aug. 19, 1950

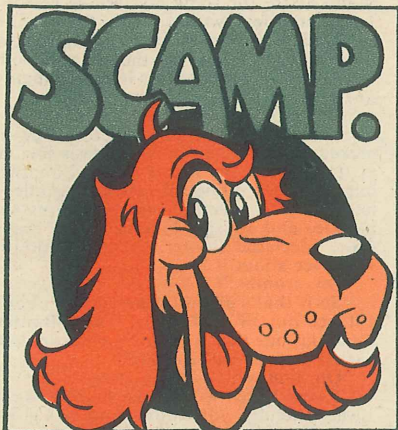
A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2[¢]

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



24-litre Lagonda

Photo—Autocar

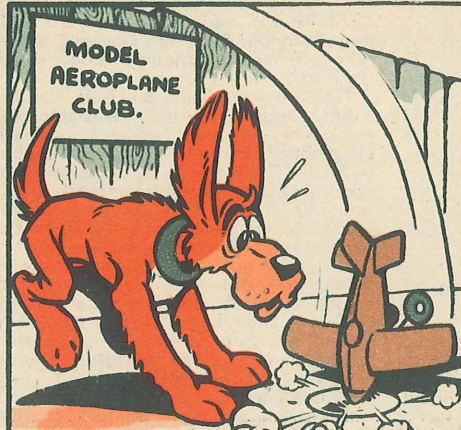


Scamp thinks a walk is lovely fun—
Especially with his master's son!



COME ON SCAMP, WE'LL GO FOR A NICE LONG WALK THIS MORNING!

But often times, as you will find,
A dog, on walks, gets left behind.



MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB.

Alone, Scamp got a sudden scare,
As something swift shot through the air.

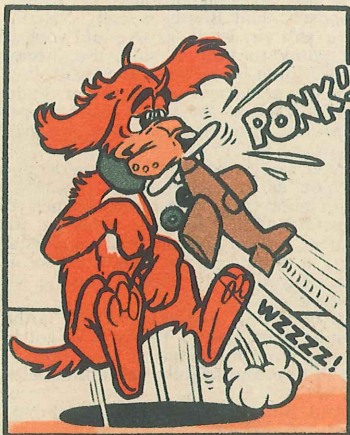


MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB.

SNIFF! SNIFF!

WHIRR-R!

This model 'plane crashed—all skew-whiff
So Scampy took a cautious sniff.



PONK!

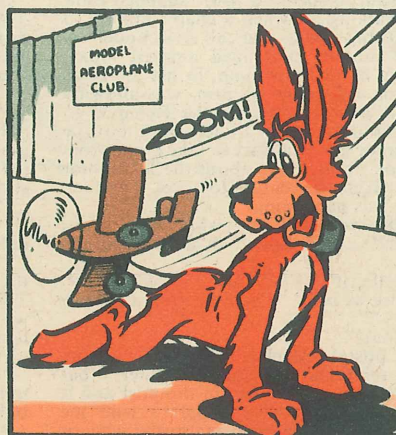
WZZZZ!

Then it dropped back upon its wheels,
And set Scamp back upon his heels.



GRR!

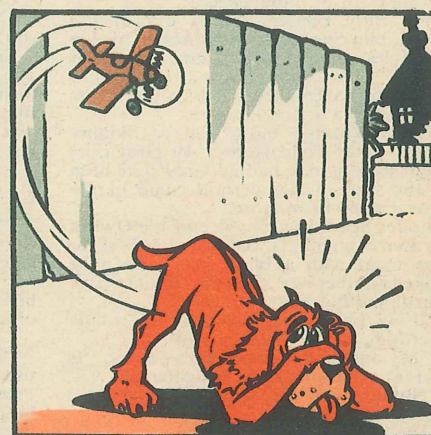
It circled off, then circled back—
Scamp saw that it would soon attack!



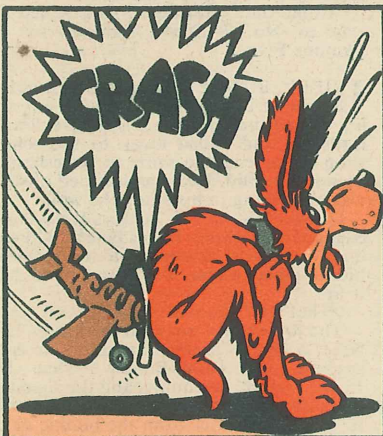
MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB.

ZOOM!

Scamp had to move his rear quite fast,
To let the model 'plane zoom 'past.



By now our pup had had enough—
That model 'plane was much too tough!



CRASH

It zoomed around, then with a clout,
It almost knocked him inside out!



HULLO, PUP! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU RASCAL!

So Scampy thought the time had come,
To run and join his two-legged chum.



COO, SCAMP! LOOK AT ALL THOSE 'PLANES!

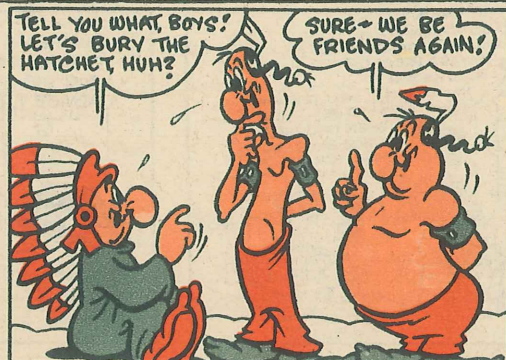
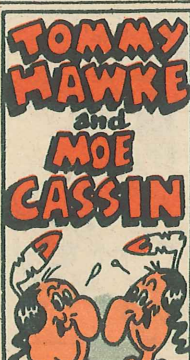
Then came a roar from 'way up high,
As real machines went flying by.



YOWL!

NOW, WHERE IS HE OFF TO?

And still young Sonny doesn't know,
Just what had scared old Scampy so!



TELL YOU WHAT, BOYS? LET'S BURY THE HATCHET, HUH?

SURE—WE BE FRIENDS AGAIN!



HEY, BOYS—YOU CHOP WOOD, AND WE HAVE BIG FEAST!

NO CAN DO!



WHY NOT, YOU CRAZY INJUNS?

WE BURY HATCHET JUST LIKE YOU SAY—

—BUT WE FORGET WHERE WE BURY IT!



THE UPPER HAND?

Another Rollicking Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

THE BITER BIT

HERE, Loder!" Six or seven fellows stared round as Billy Bunter squeaked. They stared blankly.

Loder of the Sixth was walking in the quad, with his official ash under his arm, and a frown on his brow. He did not look good-tempered—certainly not in a mood to be cheeked by a junior. And for a Lower Fourth fellow to call out, "Here, Loder," to a prefect of the Sixth Form, was not merely cheek. It was unexampled and unheard-of impudence.

Yet Billy Bunter, rolling out of the House, blinking round him through his big spectacles, spotted Loder, and called out to him, "Here, Loder," just as Loder himself might have called out to a fag in the Second Form.

Harry Wharton and Co. stared. Skinner stared. Peter Todd stared. All Greyfriars might have stared, had all Greyfriars been on the spot. A thunderbolt could hardly have startled them more.

Loder heard the fat voice of the Owl of the Remove and glanced round at him for a moment with a black brow. Then he looked another way, pretending not to have heard, and quickened his pace.

"I say, Loder!" squeaked Bunter, rolling after him, "I say! I called you!"

"My only hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, "Is that fat ass asking to be slaughtered?"

"Bunter, you ass, shut up!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

The fat Owl blinked at him.

"Eh? I want to speak to Loder," he answered.

"You'll get six for cheeking him you fat ass."

"I'd like to see Loder give me six!" retorted Bunter, derisively. "like his cheek to walk off when I call to him. Here, Loder! Stop!" called out Bunter, putting on steam, "Do you hear? Stop!"

Loder walked on, still affecting not to hear. Why, the juniors could not imagine. Any other prefect at Greyfriars would have told Bunter to "bend over" on the spot, and given him "six" on his tight trousers. Why Loder did not do so, nobody could guess. Generally Loder of the Sixth was only too ready to handle his ash; and Bunter was asking for it. But Loder only walked on, and Bunter, accelerating, rolled on in his track, still squeaking to him to stop.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "that takes the cake!"

"Loder will slay him," said Frank Nugent.

"Asking for it and no mistake," said Johnny Bull.

"Blessed if I make it out," said Peter

Todd, "Bunter went to tea in Loder's study this afternoon. Now he's cheeking him in the quad. What the thump is Loder standing it for?"

"He's got it coming!" said Bob. "Look!" Billy Bunter, his little fat legs going like clockwork, overtook Loder of the Sixth. He grabbed at his sleeve and brought him to a halt. Evidently he was determined to speak to Loder whether Loder liked it or not. The juniors looked on almost breathlessly. Bunter was asking for it, in fact begging for it, and now it was coming!

But it did not come! Loder did not tell Bunter to bend over. He did not even smack his head. He came to a halt. He looked at the fat Owl as if he could have bitten him but he stopped at Bunter's behest, as if he dared not refuse. The fat Owl blinked at him irritably.

"Look here, Loder—," he snapped. "What do you want, Bunter?" breathed Loder. He was only too conscious of staring eyes and listening ears, if Bunter was not.

"I want to speak to you," snapped Bunter, "walking off when a chap's talking to you! If that's what you call civil, Loder—"

The juniors exchanged amazed looks. The big Sixth-Form man, in his tail-coat, with his ash under his arm, was allowing Bunter, a grubby fag in the Remove, to talk to him like this! Loder was about the last senior at Greyfriars to take cheek from a junior. Bunter was about the last junior at Greyfriars to venture to cheek a prefect. Yet it was happening!

"Will you tell me what you want, Bunter?" asked Loder, in a low choking voice.

"Well, it's like this," said Bunter, blinking at him, "I'm expecting a postal-order—"

"What?"

"A postal-order! It's from one of my titled relations," explained Bunter, "but there's been some delay in the post and it hasn't come. I'd like a pal to lend me five bob, and take the postal-order when it comes."

"You young rascal!"

"What?" hooted Bunter.

"I—I—I mean—" Loder seemed to recollect himself, "I—I—I mean—I—I—I—I'll see what I can do, Bunter! Come to my study before prep, and I—I'll see."

"Oh, all right! Only a loan, of course," said Bunter, "my postal-order will be here tomorrow. I've been expecting it for some time. I'll give you a look-in before prep, Loder."

Loder walked away, with burning cheeks. Billy Bunter grinned after him as he went. And six or seven fellows, who had heard and seen, gazed at one another too astonished to speak.

"Is it a spread?" asked Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton and Co. were in No. 1 Study in the Remove. Billy Bunter rolled in, followed by Peter Todd. The Famous Five were all looking serious. Peter was looking serious. Billy Bunter was looking hopeful. But the happy anticipation in his fat face died out, as he blinked round the study through his big spectacles and discerned no signs of a spread.

"No!" said Harry Wharton, "not a spread, Bunter."

"Then what the thump has Toddy walked me up here for?" demanded Bunter, "I've got to see Loder before prep—"

"Never mind that now—"

"Well, I do mind!" yapped Bunter, "lugging a fellow up all those stairs for nothing! What do you want me for, if it ain't a spread?"

"The pleasure of your conversation, old fat man," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Peter Todd, having followed Bunter in, shut the study door and stood with his back to it: a proceeding that made the fat Owl stare. He blinked round him rather apprehensively.

"I say, you fellows, no larks," he squeaked. "If it's a rag—Look here, what have you got me here for?"

"We want to know what's up," said Harry Wharton, quietly, "and we're going to stop you before you land yourself in trouble, you fat chump."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"That's it," said Peter Todd, "you're going to explain this, Bunter, from start to finish. Why is Loder of the Sixth letting you cheek him?"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"You went to tea with him this afternoon," said Peter, "Loder never has a junior to tea, and if he did, you're about the last he'd choose. Why did he let you stick him for a tea in his study?"

"We're rather friends, you know—"

"He let you cheek him in Quad. Why did he?"

"I suppose a fellow can talk to a pal in the Sixth without you butting in, Toddy. Think you can butt into my affairs because we happen to be in the same study?" demanded Bunter warmly. "Mind your own business, see?"

"And that's not all," continued Peter, unheeding, "you're sticking him for five bob, and he's letting you do it. Why?"

"I suppose I can ask a friend to cash a postal-order for me if I like. I'm expecting a postal-order— You jolly well know I am."

"Yes, I know—you've been expecting it ever since I came to Greyfriars," agreed Peter. "Now, look here, Bunter, this won't do, see? You've found out something about Loder, and you're making use of it. A blind bat could see that. Loder's afraid to give you what you've asked for. We all know he's got his little secrets—and he would jolly well be sacked if the Head knew what a good many fellows could tell him. You've got on to something and put the wind up Loder."

"That must be it," said Harry Wharton.

"Couldn't be anything else," said Bob Cherry, "I suppose that fat chump is too utter an idiot to understand what a dashed rascal he is—"

"Oh, really, Cherry! If you had as much brains in your head as I've got in my little finger, you'd be twice as clever as you jolly well ain't!" said Billy Bunter, scornfully, "as for finding anything out about Loder, everybody except the beak knows that he backs horses, and knows Joe Banks the bookie. 'Tain't my fault if he owes a bookie

money, and the man writes to him about it, I suppose. He'd be jolly well bunked if the Head knew, but I ain't going to give him away. Think I'd give a man away?" demanded Bunter, indignantly, "nobody's going to see that letter."

"What letter?"

"Oh! Nothing! I haven't seen any letter," said Bunter hastily, "as for putting my foot on it when the wind blew it out of Loder's hand, I never thought of such a thing. Why should I?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"So far as I know, Loder never had a letter from Joe Banks at all," said Bunter, "and I never picked it up, either."

The juniors gazed at Bunter. That Loder of the Sixth, for some mysterious reason, dared not deal with the fat Owl as he deserved, leaped to the eye. They were now getting a glimpse of how the matter stood.

"So you've got hold of a letter belonging to Loder?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Oh! No! Nothing of the kind! So far as I know, there wasn't any letter. I never picked it up, and I certainly never looked at it—I'm not the fellow to read another fellow's letter, I hope! I never saw Loder's letter, and it wasn't from Joe Banks the bookie, and it isn't hidden in my study now," declared Bunter, "I know nothing whatever about it."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"So if that's all you want to talk about, I'll get out of this study," said Bunter, "making out that a fellow's unscrupulous—that's what you're doing!"

"Oh, jiminy!"

"I went to tea with Loder because we're rather friendly, you know. And he's going to cash my postal-order for me because we're rather pals, see? Why shouldn't he? It's got nothing to do with that letter, and if it had, it's no business of yours, I suppose!" said Bunter warmly. "Besides, there isn't any letter, as I've told you; and I'm going to keep it safe, too, because Loder would be sacked if the Head saw it. Now you get away from that door, Toddy, and let a fellow get out—I want to speak to Mauly, in the Rag, and you're wasting my time."

Peter Todd stepped aside from the door.

"You can cut, Bunter," he said, "we won't bump you, or scrag you, or lynch you, you fat villain: for two reasons: first, because you're too dense to understand what a young rogue you are; second, because you've got enough coming from Loder!"

"He, he, he!" Bunter chuckled, "nothing coming from Loder, Toddy! I've got him feeding from my hand! If I say hop, he's got to hop, and he jolly well knows it! He, he, he!"

And Billy Bunter rolled out of No. 1 Study, chuckling.

"So that's that!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath. "We all knew there was something—but that's the limit."

"Come on!" said Peter. And he led the way to No. 7 Study, followed by the Famous Five.

BILLY BUNTER found Lord Mauleverer in the Rag, succeeded in extracting a half-crown from his long-suffering lordship, and rolled away to the school shop to expend the same in refreshment, liquid and solid. He little dreamed of what was happening in his study the while.

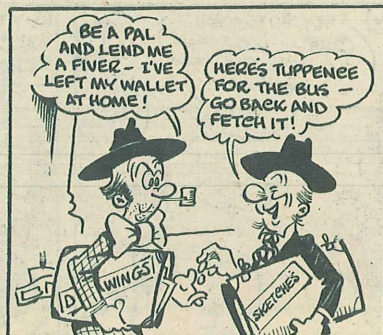
In No. 7 Study, six juniors were busily engaged in a search. It was Peter Todd who finally drew a crumpled letter from its hiding-place under the carpet. He held it up.

"That's it!" he said.

The juniors did not read the letter. They were a little more particular in such matters than Billy Bunter. "Dear Mr. Loder," at the beginning, and the signature "Joe Banks" at the end, sufficed to identify it. It was the letter from the bookie at the Cross Keys: the mere existence of which

(continued on page 7)

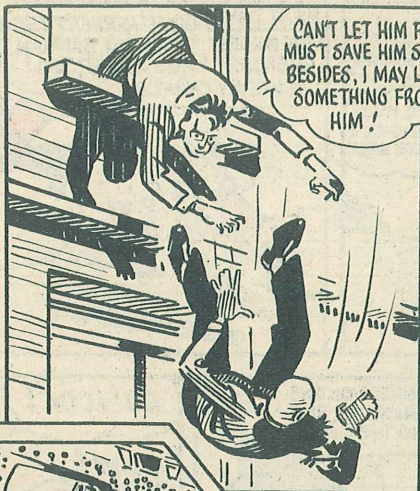
CHUCKLE CORNER



SPLASH PAGE AND THE MISSING PRINCE



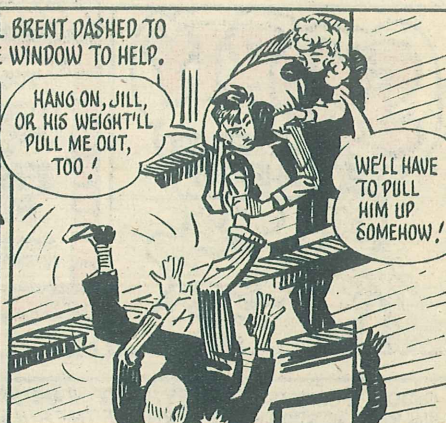
The Boy Prince, Stefan, has been kidnapped and the crooks demand the Hentzian crown jewels as ransom. Splash Page and Jill, working to rescue Stefan, call on the Hentzian ambassador, who is in with the crooks. He sends a man to silence Splash—but Splash knocks the man through the window.



CAN'T LET HIM FALL. MUST SAVE HIM SOMEHOW. BESIDES, I MAY LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM!



AH! GOT HIM!

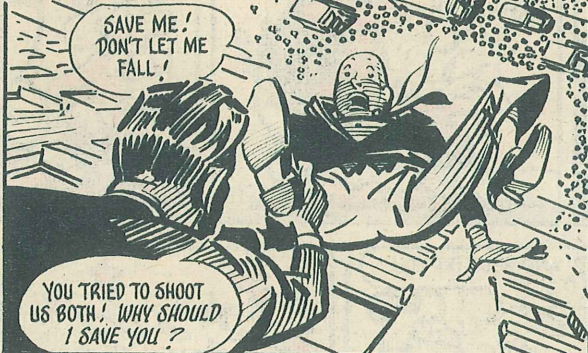


JILL BRENT DASHED TO THE WINDOW TO HELP.

HANG ON, JILL, OR HIS WEIGHT'LL PULL ME OUT, TOO!

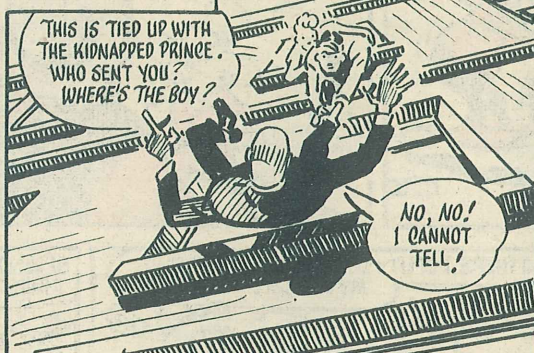
WE'LL HAVE TO PULL HIM UP SOMEHOW!

LEO, THE HENTZIAN SPY, GASPED IN TERROR.



SAVE ME! DON'T LET ME FALL!

YOU TRIED TO SHOOT US BOTH! WHY SHOULD I SAVE YOU?



THIS IS TIED UP WITH THE KIDNAPPED PRINCE. WHO SENT YOU? WHERE'S THE BOY?

NO, NO! I CANNOT TELL!



MY ARM'S TIRING --- MY GRIP'S LOOSENING --- BETTER TALK!

I AM LOST! I WILL SPEAK! THE BOY IS AT --- KILTIE CASTLE!



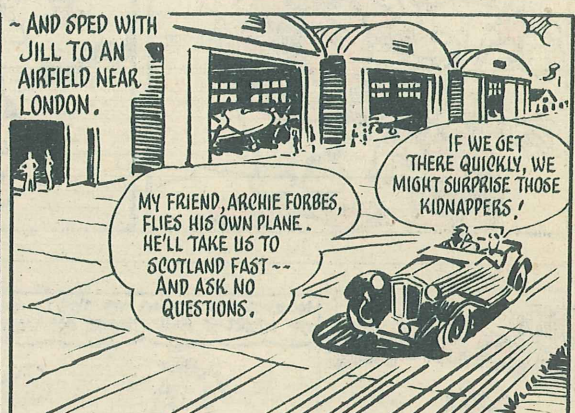
KILTIE CASTLE --- THAT'S IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS!

THE BLUFF WORKED --- BUT NOW HE'S FAINTED! GIVE ME A HAND, JILL!



SPLASH PAGE HANDED LEO OVER TO A COMMISSIONAIRE ---

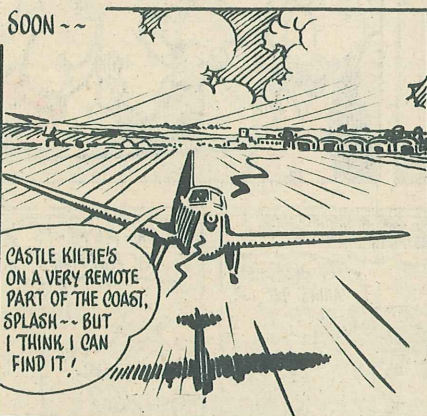
GUARD THIS CHAP. DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! WE'RE OFF TO SCOTLAND!



--- AND SPED WITH JILL TO AN AIRFIELD NEAR LONDON.

IF WE GET THERE QUICKLY, WE MIGHT SURPRISE THOSE KIDNAPPERS!

MY FRIEND, ARCHIE FORBES, FLIES HIS OWN PLANE. HE'LL TAKE US TO SCOTLAND FAST --- AND ASK NO QUESTIONS.

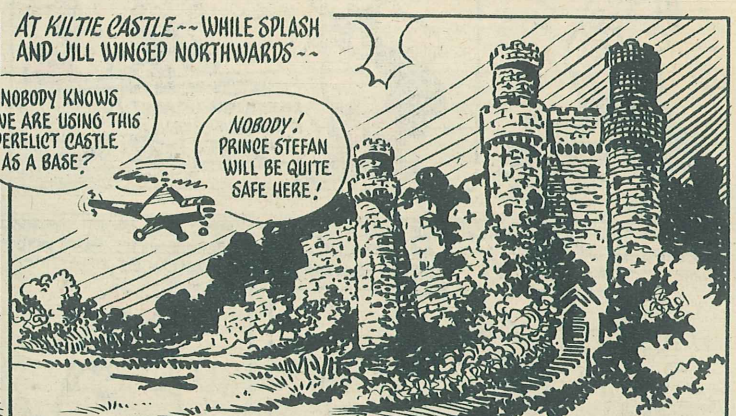


SOON ---

CASTLE KILTIE'S ON A VERY REMOTE PART OF THE COAST, SPLASH --- BUT I THINK I CAN FIND IT!



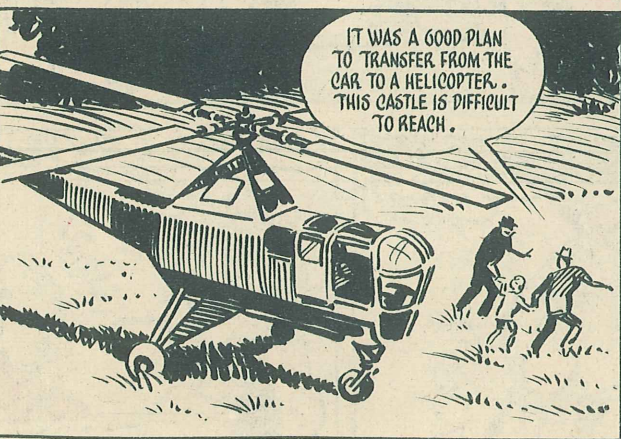
WE'VE GOT TO BE QUICK, ARCHIE. A BOY'S LIFE --- AND A STORY --- DEPEND ON THIS!



AT KILTIE CASTLE --- WHILE SPLASH AND JILL WINGED NORTHWARDS ---

NOBODY KNOWS WE ARE USING THIS DERELICT CASTLE AS A BASE?

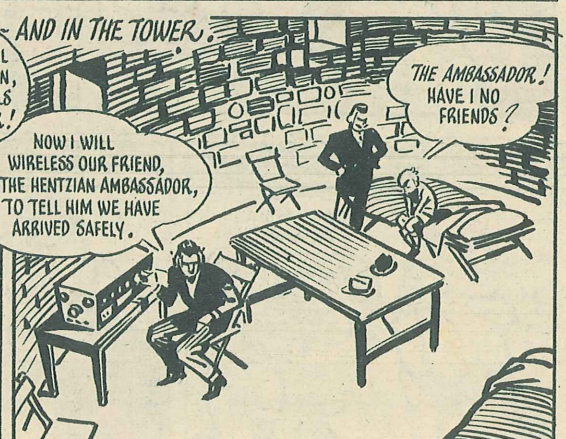
NOBODY! PRINCE STEFAN WILL BE QUITE SAFE HERE!



IT WAS A GOOD PLAN TO TRANSFER FROM THE CAR TO A HELICOPTER. THIS CASTLE IS DIFFICULT TO REACH.



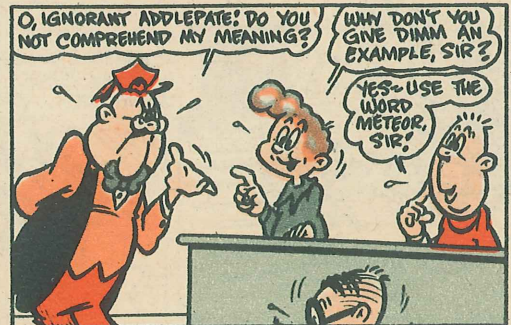
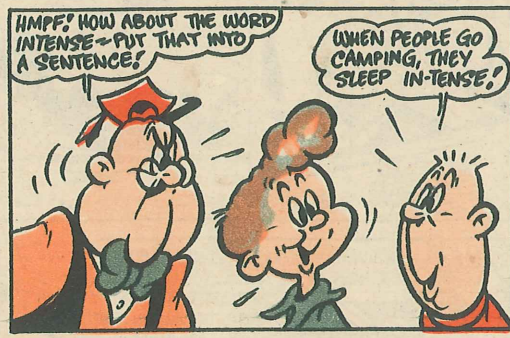
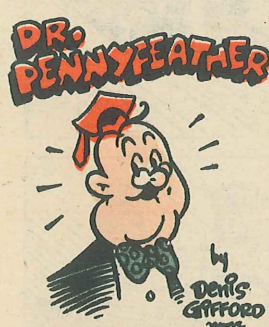
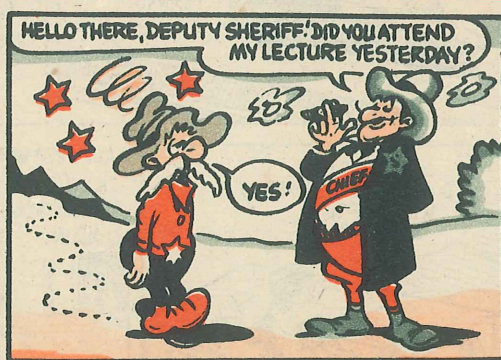
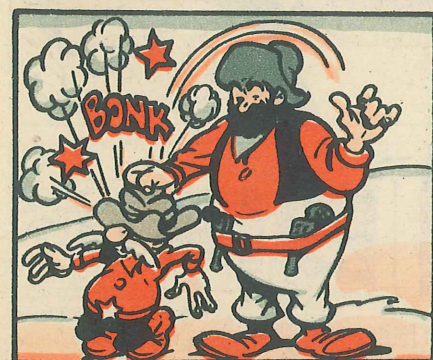
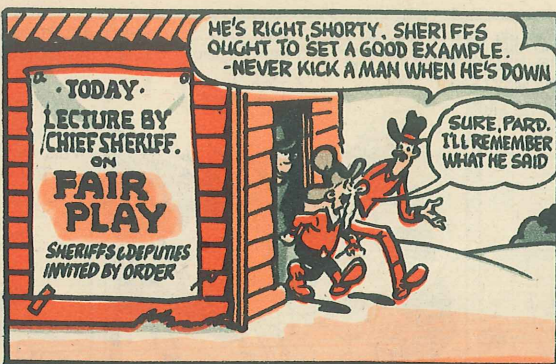
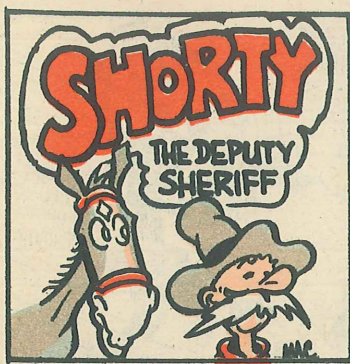
FORTUNATELY WE HAVE A COMFORTABLE APARTMENT IN THE TOWER. YOU WILL BE WELL LOOKED AFTER, PRINCE STEFAN, UNTIL THE CROWN JEWELS ARE HANDED OVER.



--- AND IN THE TOWER.

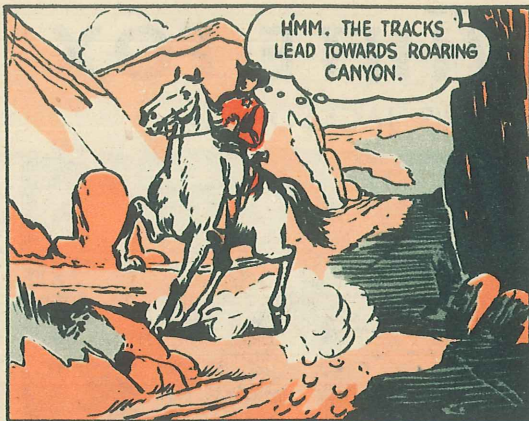
NOW I WILL WIRELESS OUR FRIEND, THE HENTZIAN AMBASSADOR, TO TELL HIM WE HAVE ARRIVED SAFELY.

THE AMBASSADOR! HAVE I NO FRIENDS?

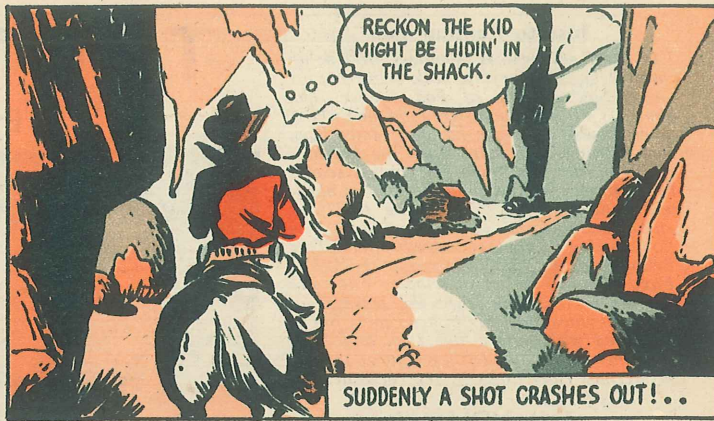


Buck Jones and THE KID FROM DALLAS

WHEN DAN GARRETT WAS SHOT DEAD HE LEFT EVERYTHING TO HIS BROTHER, GROUCHER GARRETT. BUT ALL THAT ARRIVED FOR GROUCHER WAS HIS NEPHEW, CARRYING A BAG OF JUNK. THEN GROUCHER WAS BEATEN UP AND ROBBED, AND THE NEPHEW—KNOWN AS THE KID FROM DALLAS—VANISHED. WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE DEATH OF DAN GARRETT? WHY WAS GROUCHER BEATEN UP? BUCK JONES DETERMINED TO FIND OUT!

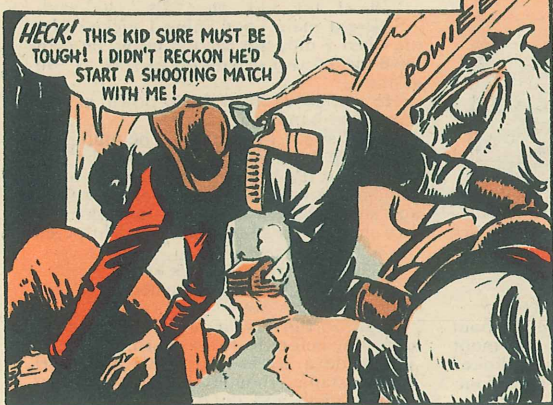


HMM. THE TRACKS LEAD TOWARDS ROARING CANYON.



RECKON THE KID MIGHT BE HIDIN' IN THE SHACK.

SUDDENLY A SHOT CRASHES OUT! . .

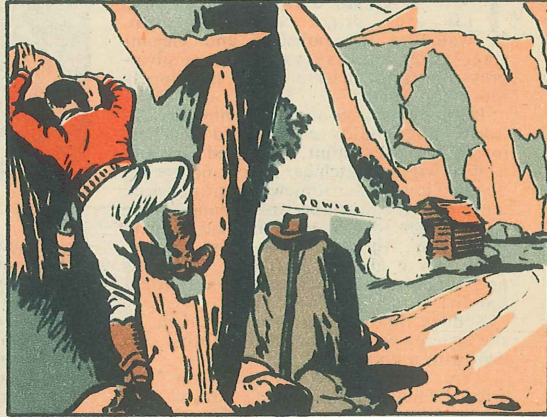


HECK! THIS KID SURE MUST BE TOUGH! I DIDN'T RECKON HE'D START A SHOOTING MATCH WITH ME!

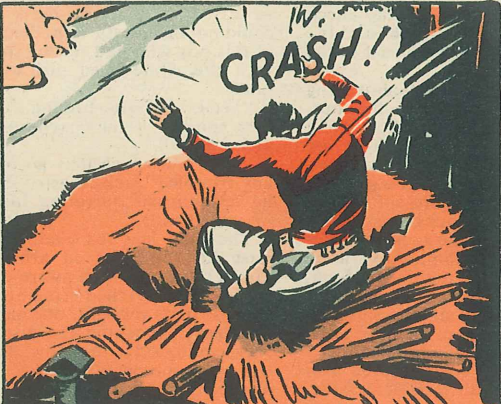


RECKON THIS MIGHT FOOL HIM... WHILE I GO THE LONG WAY ROUND.

THE MARKSMAN BLAZES AT THE HAT - WHILE BUCK UNSEEN, CLIMBS THE CANYON WALL.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY INTO THAT SHACK -- AND HERE I GO!



CRASH!



HECK! IT AIN'T THE KID!



HAVE THIS FIRST--I'LL ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARDS!

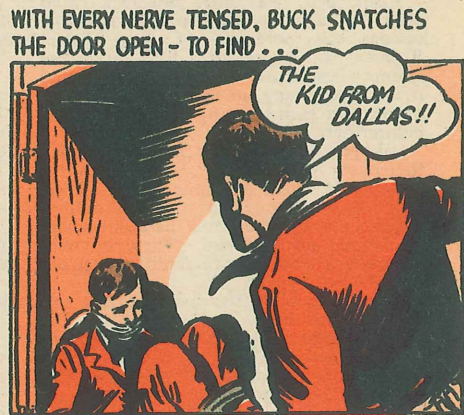


LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE, MISTER



BUT A SLIGHT NOISE MAKES BUCK WHIP AROUND

THERE'S SOMETHING, OR SOMEONE IN THAT CUPBOARD!



WITH EVERY NERVE TENSED, BUCK SNATCHES THE DOOR OPEN - TO FIND . . .

THE KID FROM DALLAS!!



THE KID EXPLAINS AFTER HITTING UNCLE, HE TOOK ME AND MY BAG AWAY WITH HIM--



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME MYSTERY ABOUT THIS HERE BAG, KID. BUT SO FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT IT'S FULL O' JUNK!



SHERIFF! BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!



YOU'VE SHOT HIM! YOU'VE SHOT BUCK JONES!

Just to Remind You

JACK DEAN, who is penniless after being shipwrecked, journeys to seek help from his uncle, Squire Dean of Fox Cleave. The Squire is a lonely, embittered old man whose ne'er-do-well only son has long since been sent packing. Jack helps Ruth, the daughter of the blacksmith, when her pony is scared by a strange highwayman, dressed in black and with the head of a white fox! The villagers think he is super-natural! The Bow Street Runners suspect that Tom Benoke, Ruth's father, is really the White Fox, although he is a cripple. They are waiting to trap him when the Duchess of Bideford rides that way in her coach. She is bedecked with jewels! But Jack and Ruth are there, too, and they know that a mysterious rider lurks by the roadside!

THE HOLD-UP!

JACK DEAN stood with heart pounding, his eyes bright with excitement, watching the polished and elegant stage-coach with its stately team of silver-greys rattling briskly over the lonely moorland road.

Ruth Benoke stood beside him breathlessly. She could see the old Duchess inside, with her gaunt, powdered face and a silver wig, to match her coach and horses. She had craned her somewhat scraggy neck and had put a much be-ringed hand to one ear to listen to something her lady's maid was saying. About her neck, as she did so, Ruth saw a glistening rope of diamonds and sapphires. Here was rich loot for a bandit!

Sudden doubt came over Jack then, as the coach went on. He caught Ruth's slim arm with a quivering hand.

"We should have warned them," he cried. "They are driving into a trap."
"And is 'The Fox' not riding into a trap also," Ruth said, in a voice so steady and resolute that it surprised him. "Is this not just as we had planned, Jack, and better? Come on! We have got to hurry," she urged.

Jack caught her arm and held her back. Another doubt had begun to torture him now, a worse one.

"But, Ruth! We must not, we dare not. If 'The Fox' is really your father—"

"We go just the same. We have sworn to waylay this highwayman, whoever he may be!" She shook her arm free grimly. "It is our duty. Let us go."

Jack glanced towards the solid stone hut in which his uncle and the rest were shut up, like geese in a coop. For a moment the thought had come to release them but he realised that was impossible. It would have taken men with crowbars to break down that massive door; and the wily "Fox" had departed with the key.

"Very well," he said. "Let us go."

Ruth sped away then and Jack raced after her, skirting the coppice where the unconscious sergeant of Bow Street Runners was bound to a tree, on to the stump where Ruth's shaggy pony awaited them. She sprang on to Tony's back and once again Jack leapt up on to the saddle behind her.

"Where do you think he will ambush the coach?" he shouted.

"I don't know. At Stone Cross, like as not," Ruth shouted over her shoulder. "It is a place just beyond the point where we turned off the road. There is cover there where a horseman can hide. Come on, Tony!"

"Shall we catch the coach up do you think?" Jack shouted.

"We ought to, easily. By this path we save nigh on a mile."

Fifteen minutes passed that seemed like an age. Then Ruth reined in the pony, leaping to the ground, drawing him into the shelter of some gorse. A few yards from them the road showed grey in the moonlight and Ruth threw herself flat, pressing one ear to the ground. The next instant she was up again.

"The coach is coming," she gasped. "I can hear it. We've beaten it by five minutes or more."

"Do we wait here?"

"No." She sprang for the saddle again. "On to Stones Cross. It is there that it will happen. I feel it in my bones."

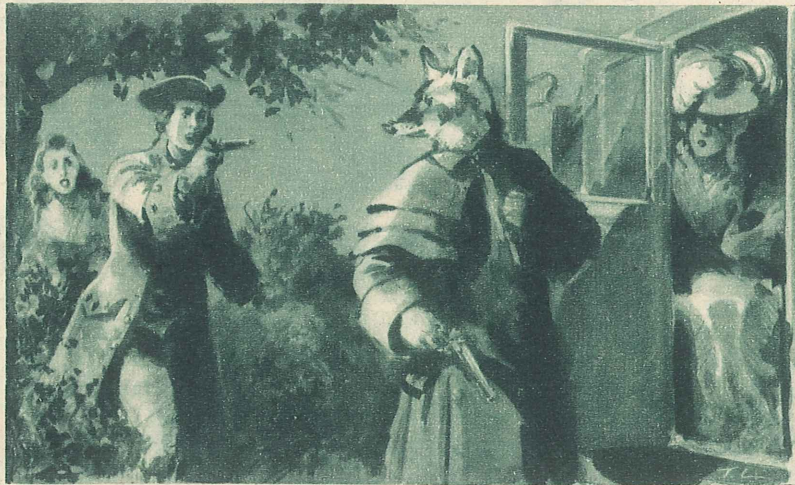
They sped on for a while; then Ruth tugged at the rein. Ahead, on a ridge of the road, a cluster of big boulders showed up like huge, giant figures, black in the moonlight.

"Quiet, Tony . . . Quiet!" Ruth called to him.

The pony stopped obediently and the two riders dismounted. Ruth taking the bridle and putting a warning finger to her lips as she stole noiselessly forward. She had an instinct that "The Fox" was prow-

THE WHITE FOX

By LEWIS JACKSON



"Put up your hands, you ruffian," snapped Jack.

ling somewhere amid that cluster of rocks.

They moved on into the shadow of a boulder, pausing, their eyes on the grey ribbon of road falling from the ridge in a slow descent. Presently, there came a thud of horses' feet again and the creak of wheels, and once again they saw the outrider with the silver coach in his wake.

"It is coming," Ruth whispered.
On the slope the coach slowed to a trot, then to a walk. Jack could hear the four horses panting and saw the outrider check his big grey horse. A few minutes and the lonely cavalcade were nearly abreast of the hilltop.

Then it happened. A pistol-shot rang out over the silent moor and the outrider's grey horse shied and fell, hurling its rider to the ground. Ruth caught her breath as she saw the man roll over and over, his pistol falling from his hand.

In the same instant a figure sprang out from the shelter of the rocks, a spectral, fantastic figure, like the one Jack had seen on that night of his first coming to Cleave Manor. The figure of a man in a long, black cloak, with the white head of a fox. Jack could see the sharp, sinister snout of the thing and its sharp, pricked-up ears. Yet it was an odd sort of fox. For, as it sprang, he saw a black, loose-sleeved arm shoot out to snatch up the outrider's fallen pistol.

The next moment as the pistol-butt came down viciously on the fallen man's head, the Duchess of Bideford's bodyguard sank back with a groan and lay still as a log.

What followed Jack was to remember afterwards, as one recalls a nightmare. A weird howl broke the silence, like the howl of a vixen in a burrow, and then, more eerie still, a shrill cackle of laughter. Then the man with the fox's head strode forward to the coach, the pistol levelled at the terrified footman and driver.

"Get down, you cowardly churls," a man's voice grated menacingly, "and put up your hands."

The men obeyed tremblingly and the strange highwayman thrust his snout in at the coach window.

"My lady of Bideford, I think," he said, with mock courtesy. "Accept the compliments of Mr. Fox of Exmoor. Sorry to bother your ladyship. I have a fancy for your jewels, as a souvenir."

The old lady had more courage than her men. Jack could hear her abusing the man roundly in her shrill, raucous voice, calling him a ruffian and threatening him with the gallows. But the "Fox" was her master then and she knew it, and she removed her jewels and rings and dropped them into the bandit's outstretched hand, while her maid shrank back, terrified, behind her.

"Thank ye, my lady," said the "Fox."
"Now your purse, please. I have a fancy for purses also."

"Aye, and I have a fancy for foxes!" a voice suddenly rapped out behind him, and the man spun round as if he had been stung. He had not bargained for this. A boy stood there, grim and cool, his hand clenched about the butt of a pistol. The muzzle of the pistol was levelled at his heart.

"Aye, rather a fancy for foxes," the boy repeated steadily, "and the like of all such vermin. Put up your hands, you ruffian, before I pull this trigger."

Just behind the boy a girl stood, her face deathly pale. But she, too, was grim and calm.

The End of The Fox

FOR a moment the party stood about the coach was as silent as the moor itself. The Duchess and her maid blinked in amazement; the liveried driver and footman stared with goggling eyes.

They saw that the highwayman, if man he was, start under his mask as if he, too, could not believe the impudence and daring of this boy who had sprung from nowhere, with the white-faced girl who stood by him.

"Well," he said, forcing a laugh. "This be a spirited young coxcomb—and with a pistol an' all."

"And one which may go off if you give any trouble," Jack retorted evenly though he felt himself quivering inwardly. "Put up your hands."

The man laughed again and begun to raise his loose-sleeved arms slowly and obediently, as though aware of the menace of the pistol levelled straight at him. And then, swift as thought, one hand shot from his sleeve, knocking the pistol up before Jack could dodge the blow. And in almost the same moment the man's other burly arm came over and a doubled fist struck Jack with such force, full in the face, that he went down like a ninepin, half stunned by the blow.

The man did not wait to argue; the jewels were safe in his pocket. He turned and ran, whistling a signal as he did so, leaping on to the back of the black horse which had come trotting from the cover of the rocks, swinging the animal about and driving his heels into its flanks.

Jack scrambled to his feet, dizzily, and saw that his chum was running, too, after the fugitive.

"Ruth," he cried. "Wait!"

The pony was still there by the boulder. Ruth threw herself on to his back and, as she urged him on, Jack came racing up, the pistol in his hand again.

"After him!" he cried.

They sped on madly, over the ridge, down the slope the other side, in the wake of the robber. The moon was bright now, and they could see him clearly as he rose in the stirrups and turned his fox's head, peering intently. They saw his arm go up, pistol in hand, taking deliberate aim. Then—crack!—the shot rang out above the thud of hoofs and a bullet whined within an inch of Ruth's bent head.

But Ruth did not rein in the pony. She clapped her heels against his shaggy sides to urge him on still faster and Jack held his breath as he saw the man turn a second time and level the pistol. They were closer to him now, and an easier target.

Crack!
The sharp vicious report of a third shot rang out across the moor, echoing eerily. But it did not come from the pistol of "The Fox." Instead, Ruth saw the man reel in his seat and then pitch sideways into the road while the big, black horse went on at a wild gallop, riderless and in panic.

A gasp broke from Jack. He could hardly believe what he had seen. Ruth, too, was bewildered, reining in the pony. They leapt down and ran to the huddled figure. The loose cloak of the man who

lay there had fallen apart to reveal breeches and gaiters and a plaited leather belt.

The white fox-mask was still on his shoulders. Jack stooped and pulled it off and his heart leapt in relief. The close-cropped head and heavy-jawed brutal face was that of a man he had never seen before.

Jack rose from his knees and looked at Ruth.

"He has been shot," he said grimly. "Where did the shot come from?"

Ruth shook her head. "I don't know. I can't think. It seemed to come from back there, off the road." She turned to point. "It saved my life, Jack. I don't think he would have missed again if—if—oh!"

Ruth gave a gasp and stared. A man had appeared from a hollow by the roadside, a big, burly man with a black beard, leading a black mare.

"Father!" cried Ruth.

Tom Benoke strode up grimly, a gun under his arm.

"In at the kill, eh, kids," he said. "Twere a main good thing I picked him off when I did, the carrion crow, or he'd have picked one of you off as sure as I'm a smith."

He strode over to look down at the unmasked bandit.

"I did swear I'd get him," he muttered, "and I've been on the trail of him for weeks. But it's been no easy task. A more slippery fox I—" Benoke stopped abruptly and stooped over the body. Jack saw his face change. "It's Lorrimer!" he whispered huskily.

"Who is Lorrimer?" Jack asked.

The blacksmith straightened, his face more grim than ever.

Nigh on thirty years ago, Tom Benoke said, long before Ruth was born, the squire had made a secret marriage with a girl in Barnstaple, though she was a girl of humble birth and not the kind he could have brought to Cleave as mistress of the Manor.

But there had been a son of the marriage and this son the squire had secretly educated, bringing him, years later, to Cleave under the name of Jim Lorrimer, whom he called his "foster-son," and named as the heir to his estates.

But young Lorrimer had turned out a scoundrel of the worst kind and after a quarrel with the Squire as a result, had attacked his foster-father with such ferocity that only the timely intervention of Tom Benoke had saved the squire's life.

"I thrashed the hide off him," the smith said grimly, "and after that he took to his heels and 'tis whispered in Barnstaple that he ran away to sea."

"And is all this known to the village people?" Jack asked.

"Known to nobody except Squire and me," said Tom Benoke, with a grim glance at the dead man. "Aye, and never will be known if you youngsters can be trusted to keep an old man's secret."

Jack nodded and Ruth did the same. The secret of Jim Lorrimer and the "Fox" would be safe with them.

"So your crippled leg was just a pretence, eh, Father?" Ruth said presently.

"Looks that way, don't it, my pretty," Tom said with a chuckle. "Twouldn't have done for people to know what I were up to because foxes have sharp ears and noses. But where be Squire and his party, Master John? Pretty fine hunters they be, I'm thinking. Where be 'em got to, Ruthie?"

"I'm afraid they are all cooling their heels in the lock-up where the 'Fox' shut them away, Tom," Jack smiled—and related the story.

The big blacksmith boomed with laughter.

"Ah, well, maybe 'tis just as well," he said. "Now the reward be ours, boy. Five hundred crowns to share between us."

"But the reward belongs to you, Tom," Jack protested, smiling.

"I said 'share between us' and I ought to know," retorted Ruth's father with a broad smile. "Reckon Squire'll be main proud of his new nephew when he knows what's happened. I wouldn't wonder if he didn't want ye to stay on at Cleave for awhile after this. What would ye say if he did, Master John?"

Jack glanced at Ruth who was looking up at him shyly.

"I think I'd say, Thanks very much, Uncle," he said, smiling. "I'd like to."

"Good," said Tom Benoke, laughing again. "Now I reckon we'd better get back to yon coach in case the Duchess be worried about her jewels."

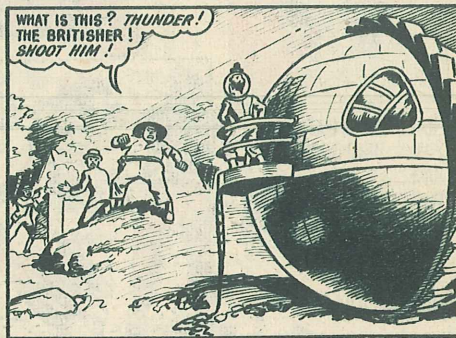
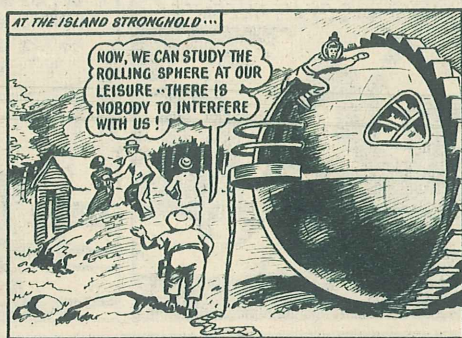
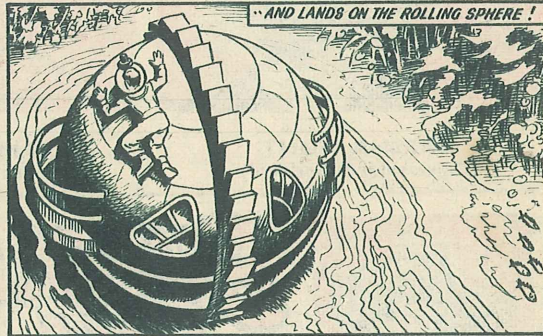
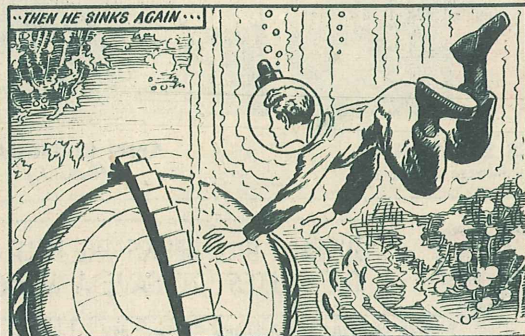
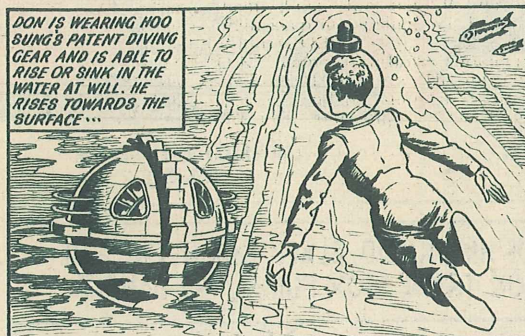
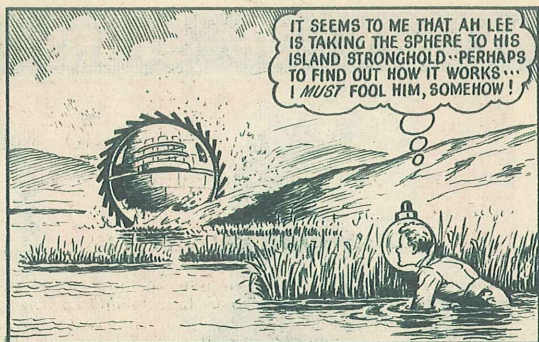
And remounting the horse and pony, they rode back happily, up the hill.

THE END

Don't miss the thrilling adventure of Hereward the Wake, commencing in next week's COMET.

Don Deeds

Don Deeds' first attempt to rescue Mai-Mai from Ah Lee, the bandit, fails. Ah Lee still has the girl and has captured the Rolling Sphere, as well.



CAN DON DEEDS STOP AH LEE DISCOVERING THE SPHERE'S SECRETS? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

THE UPPER HAND?

(continued from page 2)

was enough to get Loder of the Sixth "bunked" from Greyfriars School, if it fell into the hands of Dr. Locke. It had fallen into Billy Bunter's hands: and the juniors could guess what Gerald Loder was feeling like about it.

"The fat villain," said Johnny Bull, "if the Head knew, he would be bunked along with Loder. Look here, we're jolly well going to boot him."

"He will get enough from Loder," said Peter Todd, grimly, "this letter belongs to Loder, and it's going back to him. I'll take it down to him at once. If Bunter goes to his study for that five bob, I fancy he will get a bit of a surprise."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors left No. 7, Peter with the letter in his pocket. He went down at once to Loder's study in the Sixth, and tapped at the door.

Gerald Loder gave him a scowl as he looked in. Loder's feelings, just then, were almost inexpressible. He was at the mercy of a grubby junior; and that junior had not even sense enough to keep the matter quiet; he was practically shouting out to all Greyfriars that he had a hold over Loder. Really it was an unnerving prospect for the sportsman of the Sixth; and it was not surprising that he was in the worst temper ever, and that he gave Peter a black scowl.

"Yours, I think, Loder," said Peter Todd, cheerfully, as he tossed a letter on the study table. With that, he walked out of Loder's study.

Loder jumped. It couldn't be "the" letter; that was too much luck. But it was! He gave it one stare, and clutched it up.

"Oh, gad!" breathed Loder. A weight rolled from his mind, "Oh, gad!" Then, with a smile on his face instead of a scowl—a smile that boded ill for William George Bunter—he placed his ashplant on his table, in readiness for a visit from the Owl of the Remove.

Billy Bunter had told the Famous Five that he would "like to see Loder give him six". It was probable that he was going to see it soon.

BOB CHERRY dropped a hand on a fat shoulder, as Billy Bunter was rolling in the direction of the Sixth-form studies, shortly before prep. The juniors had agreed that the fat Owl deserved all that Loder had no further cause for fear. But Bob was all good-nature, and he had an impulse to save the fat Owl from rushing on his fate.

"Hold on, Bunter," said Bob, "look here, don't go to Loder's study—"

"Oh, really, Cherry!" Bunter jerked his fat shoulder away, and gave Bob a disdainful blink through his spectacles. "You mind your own business, see? Why shouldn't I call on a pal in the Sixth, if I like?"

"Look here, you fat little villain—" "That will do!" said Bunter, "after what you said in the study, Cherry, I'd rather you kept your distance. Making a fellow out to be unscrupulous! One good turn deserves another: that's how I look at it. The fact is, you fellows haven't got high principles, like I have."

"Oh, my hat! Look here, Bunter, I tell you—"

"Mind your own business, will you?" yapped Bunter. And he dodged round Bob Cherry and rolled on. And Bob, requested to mind his own business, did so; and the fat Owl was left to carry on.

Bunter tapped cheerily at Loder's door, and opened it. He rolled into the study, with a cheery grin on his fat face. Loder was not looking good-tempered; but, in the circumstances, Bunter did not expect it. Good-tempered or bad-tempered, he had Loder feeding from his hand. He gave the prefect a patronising nod.

"Here I am, old chap," said Bunter, breezily.

Loder looked at him. "Old chap" from a fag to a Sixth-form prefect was the limit in cheek. Loder would have had to take it, had that dangerous letter been still hidden in No. 7 Study. But now—!

"Did you call me old chap, Bunter?" asked Loder, quite smoothly.

"Eh? Yes, old fellow."

"Then I shall have to give you six, for cheek!" smiled Loder. He rose to his feet, and pointed to a chair with his ash, "Bend over that chair, Bunter."

Bunter did not bend over the chair. He

had had power in his fat hands for only a few hours; but it had got into his fat head! He gave Loder a lofty and contemptuous blink.

"Oh, come off it, Loder," he said, derisively, "catch me bending over! Like me to show that letter about?"

"Oh, speaking of that letter," said Loder, casually, "it's been found, and handed back to me, Bunter."

"Eh?"

"Now bend over that chair!"

"Fuf—fuf—found!" stuttered Bunter, "oh, crikey! I—I—I say, Loder—oh, crumbs—I—I—I say,—oh, scissors!"

"I'm waiting!" said Loder, swishing the ash.

Billy Bunter gave him one blink, and jumped for the door. Loder made a stride forward, and caught a collar in his left hand.

"Bend over that chair, Bunter!"

"Ow! Oh, lor'! I—I—I say, Loder, you—you needn't lend me five bob on my postal-order—I—I won't come to tea tomorrow—I—I—I leggo! I say—yaroooh!"

Bunter found himself bending over the chair. Up went the ash and down it came on tight trousers, with a whack that

echoed beyond the study and down the passage. Louder still came a fearful yell from Billy Bunter. Whack! whack! whack! whack! whack!

"Yow—ow—ow—ow—ow!" yelled Bunter.

A caning usually stopped at six. But Loder did not seem, this time, disposed to stop at six. He was disposed to add a few more, and he did. The ash still rose and fell, while Bunter roared, and yelled, and wriggled, and howled, and spluttered. Whack! whack! whack! whack! whack! whack!

"Yarooop! Wow! Oh, crikey! Yow—ow—ow—ow—wow!"

Whack! Loder added one more, making it a baker's dozen. Then he threw open the study door.

"Cut!" he said, briefly.

Billy Bunter went down the passage, looking as if he were trying to fold himself shut like a pocket-knife. Loder smiled. But Bunter, judging by his expression, was following the example of that ancient king who never smiled again.

There will be another smashing story of the Greyfriars chums in next week's COMET!

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

- MARY CARLOS, 4 Savile Grove, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks. Mary is fourteen years of age and is anxious to hear from a pen pal abroad. She is interested in film stars, art, needlework, cycling, stamp collecting.
- CHARLES COLES, 7 Rudmore Road, Stamshaw, Portsmouth, Hants. Charles is sixteen years of age, wishes to hear from a pen pal from abroad. He is interested in film stars, and almost anything.
- JANET BLACKMORE, 860 Tyburn Road, Erdington, Birmingham 24. Janet is twelve years of age. She is interested in drawing and painting, also collecting film star photographs.
- IVY CLEGG, 4 Fountain Road, Lostock Estate, Stretford, Manchester. Ivy is fifteen years of age, and she is interested in netball, cycling, reading and sewing.

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

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" August 19th, 1950



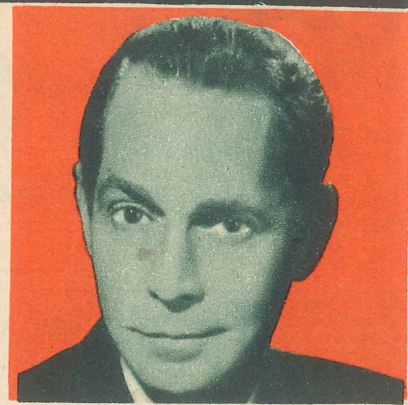
MARSHA HUNT
(Universal-International)



JAMES STEWART
(Universal-International)



ANN SHERIDAN
(R.K.O.)



FRANCHOT TONE
(R.K.O.)



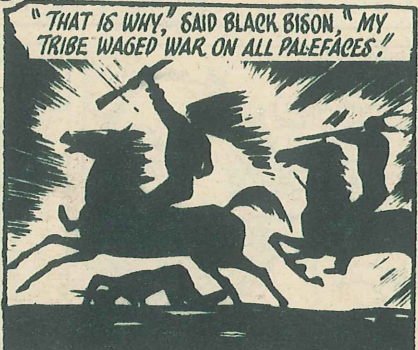
BUFFALO BILL.

BUFFALO BILL SEEKS THE HELP OF HIS FRIEND, BLACK BISON, CHIEF OF THE PIUTES, TO SAVE A WAGGON TRAIN FROM PUMA, THE BANDIT.

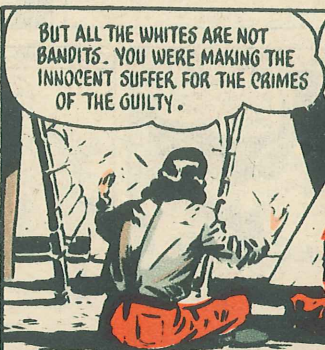
BLACK BISON HATES PUMA, WHO ONCE WRECKED THE PIUTES' VILLAGE. HE EXPLAINS HOW A SURVIVOR HEARD PUMA'S NAME MENTIONED.



WELL, WE'VE GOT ALL THEIR GUNS AND AMMUNITION. PUMA OUGHT TO BE PLEASED!

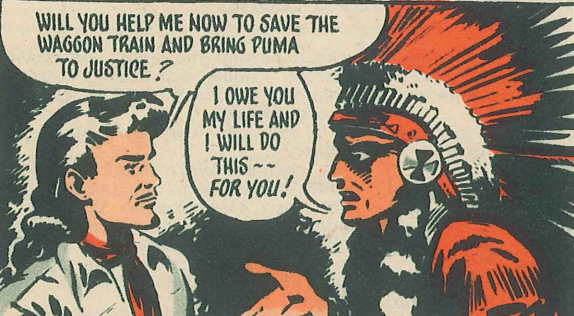


"THAT IS WHY," SAID BLACK BISON, "MY TRIBE WAGED WAR ON ALL PALEFACES!"



BUT ALL THE WHITES ARE NOT BANDITS. YOU WERE MAKING THE INNOCENT SUFFER FOR THE CRIMES OF THE GUILTY.

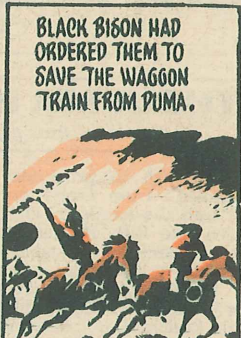
YOU ARE RIGHT, BROTHER. BUT OUR HEARTS WERE TOO FULL OF HATE TO LISTEN TO REASON, THEN.



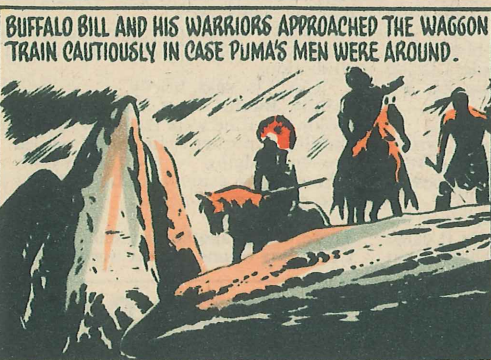
WILL YOU HELP ME NOW TO SAVE THE WAGGON TRAIN AND BRING PUMA TO JUSTICE?

I OWE YOU MY LIFE AND I WILL DO THIS -- FOR YOU!

TWO HOURS LATER, THE PIUTE WARRIORS WERE ON THE WAR-PATH.



BLACK BISON HAD ORDERED THEM TO SAVE THE WAGGON TRAIN FROM PUMA.



BUFFALO BILL AND HIS WARRIORS APPROACHED THE WAGGON TRAIN CAUTIOUSLY IN CASE PUMA'S MEN WERE AROUND.



THE WAGGONEERS SAW THE INDIANS.

THIS LOOKS LIKE MORE TROUBLE, BOYS. REDSKINS! BUT THERE'S A WHITE MAN RIDING THIS WAY!



HULLO, BOYS! REMEMBER ME? HAS PUMA BEEN AROUND?



GLAD TO SEE YOU, STRANGER. YOUR WARNING HELPED US TO BE READY FOR PUMA.



HE CAME -- BUT WE DROVE THEM OFF!

NICE WORK!



WHICH WAY DID THEY GO? WE'LL GO AFTER THEM!

NORTH EAST!

WILL BUFFALO BILL SUCCEED IN CATCHING PUMA? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK. (BUFFALO BILL ALSO APPEARS IN "KNOCKOUT COMICS")