

MANY FREE GIFTS OFFERED WITHIN

COMET

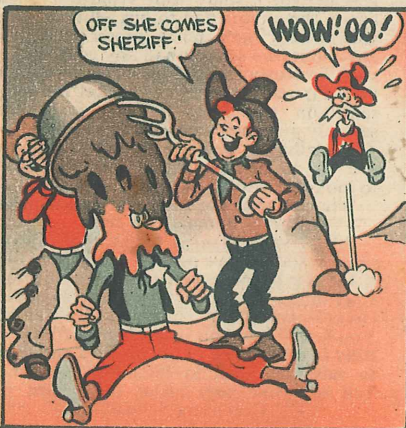
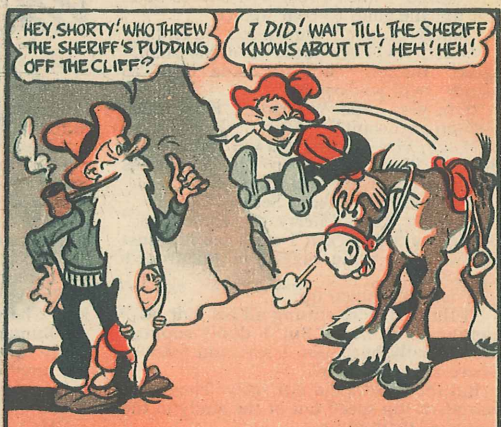
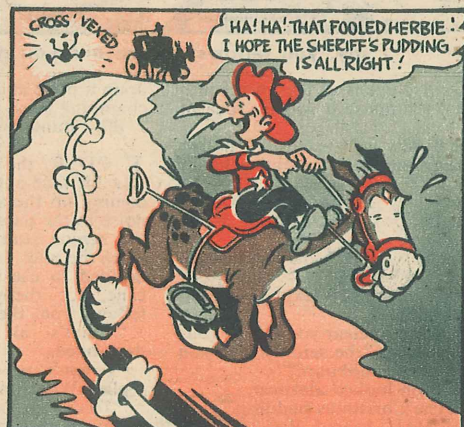
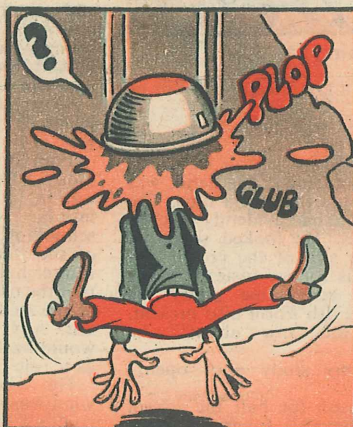
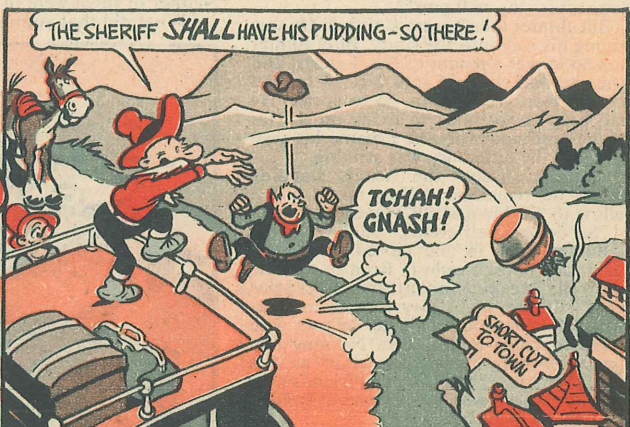
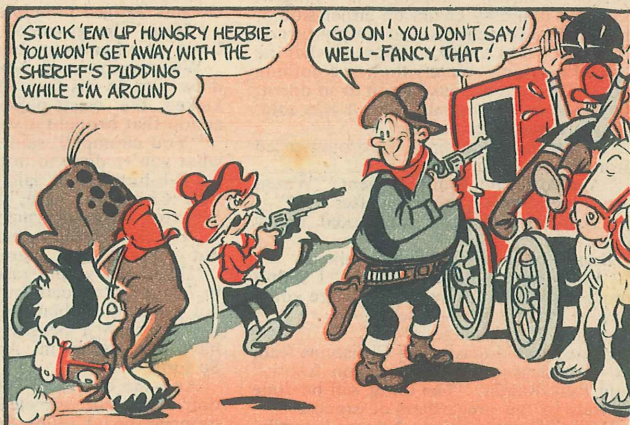
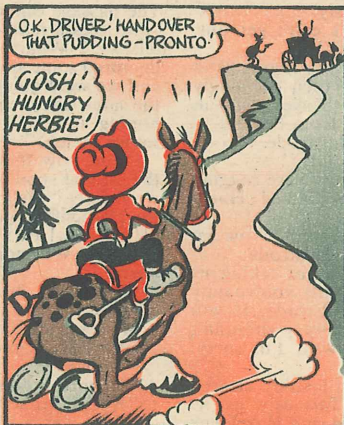
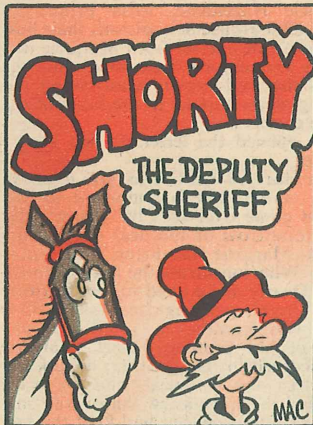
COMET

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EVERY OTHER MONDAY

No. 85
(New Series)
Dec. 17th, 1949

THE ALL-STAR COMIC



BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP

BILLY'S BRAINWAVE!

CHRISTMAS is coming," said Billy Bunter. He was standing in the doorway of No. 1 study and blinking in through his big spectacles. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent occupied two easy chairs on either side of the hearth. The chums had simply turned their heads and looked at Bunter when he opened the door—merely that, and nothing more! They did not ask him in to sit down; they did not even remark that it was cold. They just stared at him.

"Christmas is coming—" recommenced Bunter.

"Agreed," said Frank Nugent. "Would you mind shutting the door after you?"

"There's a draught," remarked Harry Wharton.

Bunter blinked wrathfully at them. "Look here," he exclaimed. "I didn't come here to be funny, and if we're going to give that Christmas feed—"

"What Christmas feed?"

"I was thinking of a big Christmas feed, to—celebrate Christmas, you know," said Billy Bunter. "The thing will be done entirely by me—regardless of expense."

"Good," said Frank Nugent heartily. "Go and arrange it Bunter—and shut the door after you, will you?"

But Bunter didn't seem satisfied. He was edging his way into the study. Billy Bunter was no longer a tenant of No. 1 study, and since he had changed into No. 14 he had felt the lean years set in, so to speak. He had been accustomed to living on the fat of the land and when he became his own provider the difference was striking.

"I can't discuss the details standing here," he remarked. "You might ask a fellow to sit down at all events."

"Sit down at all events," said Wharton. Bunter came in and closed the door. He placed himself right in front of the fire.

"Well, speaking about this Christmas feed," Bunter said. "My idea is to issue cards of invitation to all the fellows who ought to come to the feed. Nothing like doing the thing in style, especially as it is possible that some of my titled friends may look in. Now, I want you fellows to come."

"Thanks awfully."

"Not at all. I used to be in this study, and though I wasn't very well treated here, I'm not the chap to bear malice."

"Noble Bunter," murmured Nugent.

"Well, yes, I am rather a noble chap," agreed Bunter. "But to come back to bizney—will you come?"

"Oh, yes," said Wharton. "How much cash do you want?"

"I say, you fellows, draw it mild," said Bunter. "I'm getting up this Christmas feed entirely at my own expense."

"Well, my only Aunt Selina!"

"I want Bob Cherry to come too," Bunter went on. "But I can't see him just now as he's being ragged in Bulstrode's study."

Wharton jumped up.

"I think they're cutting all his hair off," continued Bunter. "But I don't suppose they'll really hurt him. I say, you fellows, where are you going?"

But the fellows did not reply. They were tearing at top speed out of the study to the rescue of their chum.

Billy Bunter blinked after them with a grin on his face. He crossed quickly to the door and locked it, and then turned to the cupboard.

WITH excited faces the Greyfriars' chums dashed towards Bulstrode's study. They threw open the door and rushed in.

So quick and fierce was the rush that they dashed themselves against the study table before they could stop themselves.

Bulstrode was seated at the table, writing. His study mate, Hazeldene, was handing him some blotting paper. There was no sign of Bob Cherry.

The collision with the table sent it reeling.

The two chums clutched at it to save themselves and threw their weight upon it; the table shot along the floor, crashing into Bulstrode and Hazeldene and hurling them into the fender. Then the table reeled over towards them, shooting down upon them

books and papers and pens and ink.

"You mad idiots!" roared Bulstrode.

"W-w-what are you up to?"

Wharton let go the table and stood up gasping. Nugent had stumbled upon the waste-paper basket and had sat down in it. He was wedged in helplessly.

"Help," he groaned. "I can't get out. Lend me a hand somebody."

Wharton grasped Nugent's hands and drew him to his feet. He then obligingly kicked the waste-paper basket off—an action that brought a yell from Nugent.

"You chumps!" said Bulstrode. "Look what you've done to my study."

"B-b-but Bunter said you were ragging Bob Cherry in here," exclaimed Harry Wharton in bewilderment.

"He hasn't been in here, idiot! Now get out of my study!" roared Bulstrode.

"Then the young rascal was taking us in," said Harry ruefully. "Still, you've only got yourself to blame, Bulstrode. If you weren't such a beastly bully I shouldn't have been taken in. Anyway, I'm sorry. So long."

And the chums of No. 1 study cleared out. Bulstrode growled furiously as he mopped the ink off his face, and Hazeldene scowled as he picked up the fallen books. Neither of them were in a sweet temper.

"What did that young villain tell us that



"I say, you fellows, where are you going?"

yarn for?" said Nugent as they went into the passage. "I suppose it was his idea of humour."

"Then we'll jolly well teach him not to tell lies for fun," said Harry. "Hallo, here's Bob Cherry."

Bob Cherry was just coming down the passage and he looked in surprise at his ruffled pals.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed. "What's the row?"

Harry Wharton quickly explained, and Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Bunter wanted to clear you out of your study for something," he said. "Have you got anything in the cupboard?"

Harry Wharton looked alarmed.

"My hat! The Christmas pudding."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared Bob. "That's what Bunter's after."

"But—but he mustn't eat it; it'll make him ill," gasped Wharton. "It's a doctored pudding—for a joke, you know. If he eats it—my hat!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" yelled Bob again. "He's bound to eat it."

Wharton hastily turned the handle of his study door and tried to open it. It was locked on the inside.

He knocked at the upper panels.

"Bunter! Bunter! Billy Bunter!"

There was no reply from within, but the juniors listening outside the door could hear the click of a fork on a plate.

"He's gorging already!" said Nugent.

"It must be the pudding," said Harry Wharton. "It was sent in by Mrs. Mimble who boiled it for us a quarter of an hour ago. Bunter must have seen it come in and—"

"—decided to scoff it," roared Bob Cherry, nearly collapsing with laughter. "What's in the pudding?"

"Liquorice powder," said Harry Wharton. "We mixed it in and put in lots of spices and things to disguise the flavour. If Bunter bolts a lot of that pudding he'll have some first-class pains under his waistcoat."

"He'll bolt the lot," roared Bob Cherry. "He won't leave a morsel of it. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Harry Wharton looked alarmed. He kicked the door, but there was no reply from within the study.

The noise in the corridor drew many juniors out of their studies and there were many loud inquiries as to what was on.

In between fits of uncontrollable laughter Bob Cherry told them the facts. The passage echoed with laughter.

"It was a joke on the Highcliffe School fellows," Wharton said ruefully. "They doctored some stuff up for us the other day and we were going to pay them back with the same treatment. Remember, they did it hoping it would help them to win the footer match?"

"And now that young villain's scoffing the lot and spoiling the joke," said Nugent wrathfully. "He'll eat six times as much as the Highcliffe fellows would."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Harry Wharton knocked at the door again.

"Bunter!" he shouted through the keyhole.

A voice, muffled as if it came from a mouth full of pudding, replied:

"Go away."

"Open the door," yelled Wharton.

"Rats!" replied Bunter. "I'm busy."

There was a roar of laughter from the juniors. Harry Wharton kicked at the door again. There was no sound from within the study save the click of a fork

Remove, as the Lower Fourth Form was generally called, awaited it. Bunter was a deadly raider whenever he got scent of anything really tasty in another fellow's study and it was only fair that a reckoning should catch up with him sometimes.

Harry Wharton and Co. went downstairs. Wogg, the local postman, was crossing the Close, wrapped in so many coats that he resembled an Eskimo, or a Polar bear.

"Letter for Master Wharton," he puffed. He handed over the letter, then steamed on.

Frank Nugent glanced at his friend inquiringly.

"From Marjorie," said Wharton briefly.

Marjorie Hazeldene, Miss Primrose's pupil, at Cliff House School, was their best chum. As a rule a letter from Marjorie was an event and eagerly welcomed. But the letter in the well-known handwriting did not bring pleased looks to the faces of the Remove chums now.

Harry opened the letter. It was a very brief one.

"Dear Harry, I want to see you to speak about a matter that is important to me. Will you come over to Cliff House after lessons tomorrow or the next day? Yours sincerely, Marjorie Hazeldene."

Harry Wharton thrust the letter into his pocket. Dearly as he liked to see Marjorie he had been avoiding her lately. One subject was certain to come up—the subject of her brother, Hazel. Marjorie was concerned for her brother; none knew better than she his weak and wayward nature and Wharton knew that it was only his sister's influence that had kept the boy from going to utter ruin long ago.

"You'll go?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes," replied Harry, and there the subject dropped.

Harry had no idea what he would say to Marjorie. Her brother had become so dominated by one or two bad lads in the school that it was becoming impossible for the chums of Greyfriars to remain on any terms with him. But Marjorie was loyal to her brother, and if the chums lost her friendship it would be a blow to them all.

How could Harry tell her that her brother was too low to speak to? It was no wonder that a deep wrinkle appeared on Harry Wharton's brow as he thought it over.

THE chums of the Remove did not return to their study until it was time to do their preparation, and by that time they had almost forgotten Billy Bunter and the Christmas pudding. When they reached the study it was clear that Bunter had been gone a long time. The room was in darkness and the fire was nearly out.

They dismissed Bunter from their minds and sat down to their preparation. They finished it, then went down to the common-room for a chat before going to bed. They looked round for Bunter but he was nowhere to be seen.

"My hat! I hope he isn't really ill," Harry Wharton exclaimed. "We'd better look in his study."

Four or five of them all told went to look for Bunter. It was not likely that Billy was in his study. When he was first put into No. 14 study, Wun Lung, the Chinese schoolboy, and Alonzo Todd, the duffer of the Remove, had shared it with him. Bunter had made himself so objectionable that the other two fellows had changed out of the study and Bunter had it all to himself. Any of the fellows in the Remove would have liked a study all "on his own" as a rule; but it was no benefit to Bunter.

He was always without money and what was the use of having a study if you couldn't have tea in it? And he had been accustomed to very cosy and comfortable teas in No. 1 study with Wharton. Then again, the juniors had to buy all their own coal at Greyfriars and as Bunter never had any money he seldom had any coal, and a study in November or December without a fire in it was no great catch; and Bunter's raids on the other fellow's coal were severely punished when he was caught.

That Bunter was in his study without a fire was unlikely, but the juniors decided to look there first.

Wharton tried the door but it was locked. "You there, Bunter?" he cried.

Billy's voice floated back: "Go away, you beasts! You've poisoned me! You did it for the purpose to stop me getting my Christmas bust-up. But you shan't—Oo-er!—you shan't stop me! I'll get it! You'll see—and you shan't have a crumb!"

Billy is determined to get his feed and tries to raise the cash in the next "Comet." Tell all your pals about the return of Greyfriars School!

Loder's frowning face melted into a grin. "Serve him right."

"But—"

"That's enough, Wharton. If Bunter chooses to scoff a pudding and make himself ill, that's his own lookout. Not another sound in this passage, mind, or I'll give you a hundred lines each all round."

And with that threat Loder departed chuckling.

"Well, he won't open the door," said Bob Cherry. "And I'm not inclined to get a hundred lines trying to make him."

The juniors dispersed. The reckoning was coming for Billy Bunter, and the

loder, the prefect, with a frown on his face and a cane in his hand, was coming up the stairs three at a time. The noise in the passage had evidently reached the senior studies. He looked surprised when he saw the size of the crowd and decided to use his tongue instead of the cane, for there were some pretty big fellows from the Fifth Form also present.

"What's all this row about?" he demanded.

"I can't get my study door open," replied Wharton.

"That's no reason for half the school being in this passage," snapped Loder. "Who is in your study?"

There was no withholding the name from the prefect.

"Well, lick him when he does open the door," said Loder.

"But he's eating a doctored pudding," replied Harry Wharton. "He'll make himself ill."

Loder's frowning face melted into a grin. "Serve him right."

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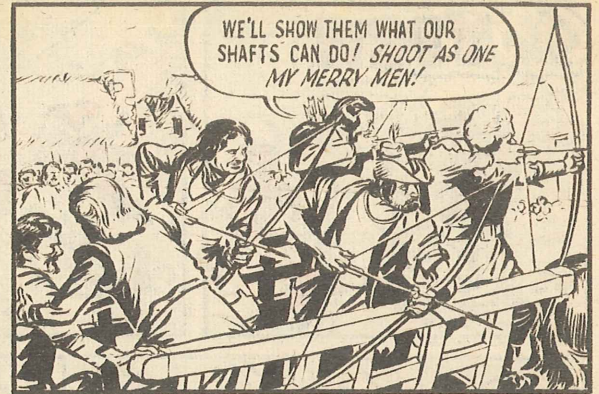
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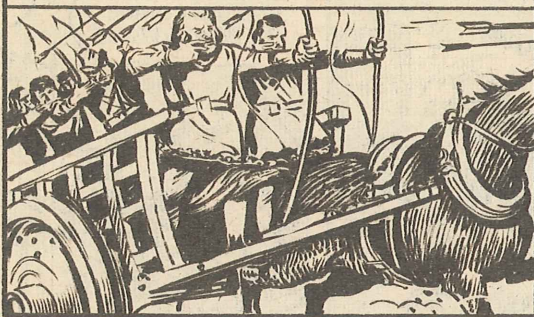
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The Adventures of ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood and his merry men have entered Nottingham and rescued Hal Greensleeves from the Normans. But now they are surrounded!



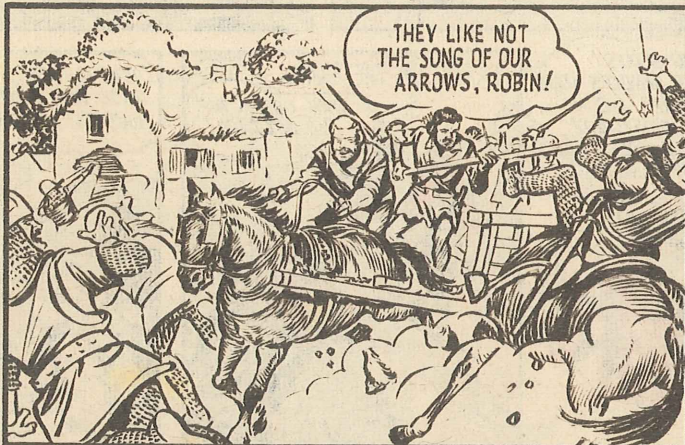
MANY TIMES THE DREADED ARROWS HAVE SAVED ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN, AND NOW--



AS THE MEN-AT-ARMS CHARGE --



ROBIN DECIDES TO DARE ALL --

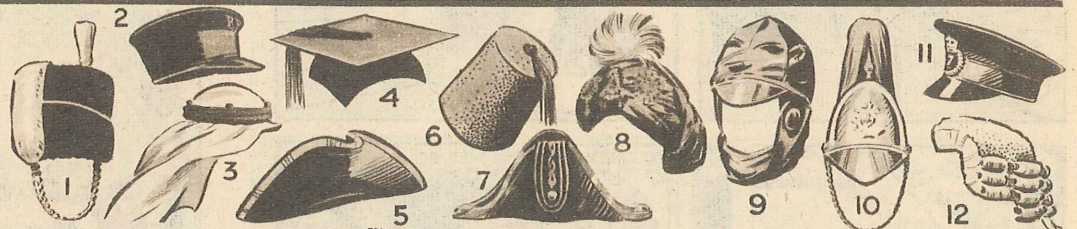


A GRAND NEW PICTURE-STORY, "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" STARTS IN THE NEXT COMET!

Whose Hats are These?

5 SUPER BIKES FREE
AND 100 OTHER GRAND PRIZES
in this Quick-and-Easy Contest

MECCANO SETS,
FOOTBALLS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
etc., etc.



LOOK! THINK! Five glistening New Bicycles—complete with 3-speed Gear and All Accessories—one of them may be yours in exchange for a little thought and a postage stamp! There is no entrance fee in this grand easy competition. Your free Entry Coupon is right here! Even if you miss a bicycle, you can still be among the hundred other readers who will get either Meccano Sets, Footballs, Table-tennis Sets, Telescopes, or other fine prizes. **SO HAVE A GO!** All You Have to Do is to solve the Puzzle of the Hats. Simply say which of the people pictured here wears which of the hats, helmets, etc., shown above. You give your answers by writing the key letters only in the numbered spaces on the coupon. Thus, if you think that Hat 1 belongs to the soldier A, you write A under 1—and so on. Then add name, age and full address. Remember to write or print neatly, as that may also count in the judging!

NOTE: You can send this coupon by itself—but remember that the competition is also appearing in the current issue (dated December 10th) of our companion comic the SUN, so if you take that paper, or get a copy now, you can have a second try for a free bicycle on the SUN'S coupon and send them in together!



"Whose Hats?" Competition—COMET Free Coupon

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Your Name

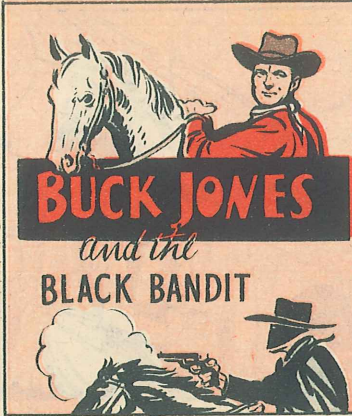
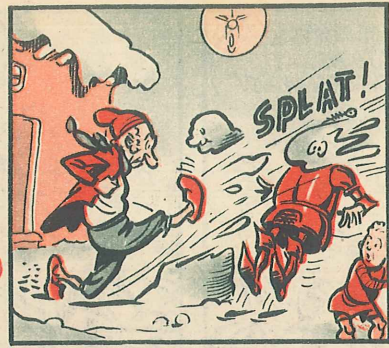
Age

Your Address

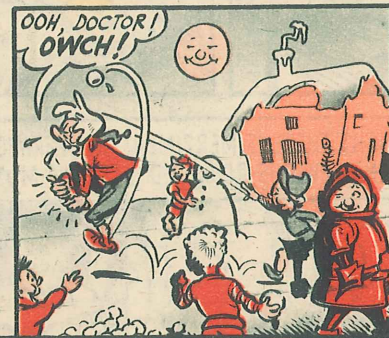
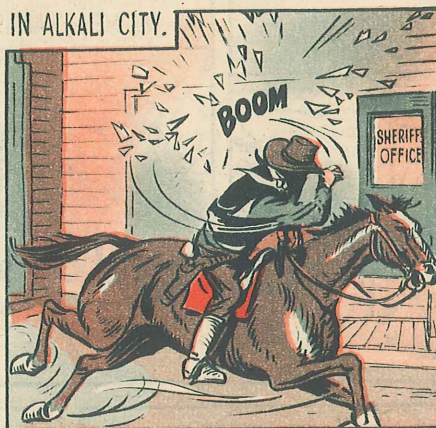
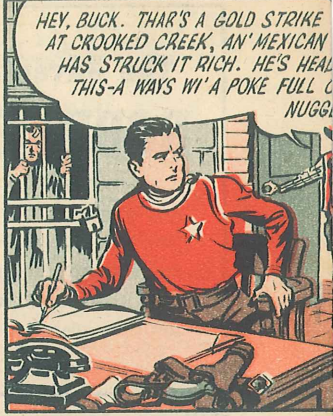
N.B.—Entries must be posted addressed to:
Hats, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),
to arrive by TUESDAY, December 20, the Closing Date.

Rules: Every entry will be examined, and the Five Prize Bicycles awarded for the attempts which are correct, handwriting (or printing) and neatness according to age also being taken into account to decide ties. The other prizes will go to the hundred attempts next in order of merit.

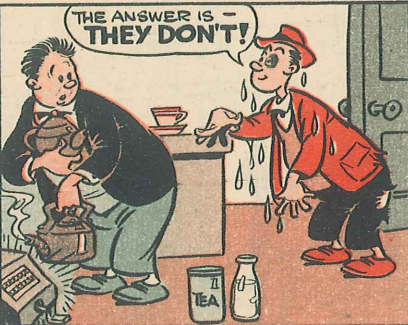
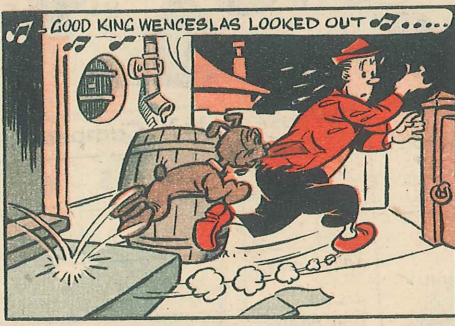
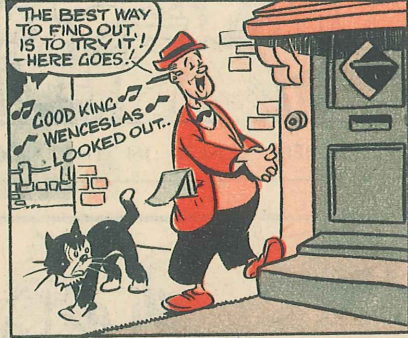
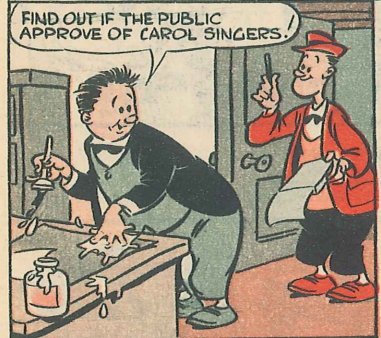
Every entry must be on a separate coupon cut from SUN or COMET. No one connected with these comics may enter, and the Competition Editor's decision will be final and binding.



THE BLACK BANDIT WAS SAFELY BEHIND BARS WHEN STARTLING NEWS CAME TO ALKALI CITY.



SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER



THEY'LL BE NEEDIN' A SHERIFF AT CROOKED CREEK, TO KEEP LAW AND ORDER. YUH'RE DEPUTY, TOM, SO STAY AN' GUARD THE PRISONER.

PETE 'IN' 'ETS!

SURE WILL BUCK!

BUT BUCK WAS BEING WATCHED!

WONDER WHAR HE'S GOIN'?

WHAT'S IT MATTER? HE'S OUTTA TOWN, AN' IT'S OUR CHANCE TO GIT THE BOSS OUTTA JAIL. C'MON!

HECK! BUCK'LL SURE BE BURNED UP OVER THIS! BEST GIT WORD TO HIM, PRONTO!

AT CROOKED CREEK

ZE NEAREST BANK IS AT ALKALI, SENOR SO I GO ZERE!

LUCKY FER YUH, PETE, THAT THE BLACK BANDIT IS IN JAIL!

YUH'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE BUCK!

OKAY! YAH THEY COME!

HOWDY, BANDIT! I WAS SURE HOPIN' I'D MEET YUH! THAT'S WHY THAR'S DYNAMITE IN THE POKE!

BOOM

BUCK JONES!

PHEE-EEP!

HE'LL GO IN THE RIVER. GUESS I'LL HEV TO GO IN AFTER HIM!

AA-AH!

BETTER GIVE IN --

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE.

SHUCKS! WHAR AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

YUH'RE A PAL, SILVER. YUH SAVED MY LIFE! THE BANDIT'S GOT AWAY, BUT HE DIDN'T GIT THE GOLD - AN' WE'LL GIT HIM BEFORE SO LONG!

SMITHY

I'LL RACE YOU LADS ON YOUR DIRT-TRACK!

THIS IS WHERE I PUT A SPURT ON!

YOW!

OW!

OWCH!

SIMON - THE SIMPLE SLEUTH

I'M, HE LOOKS A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER, I'LL FOLLOW HIM. SO THAT HE WON'T NOTICE ME I'LL WEAR MY DISGUISES. HEH'HEH!

SWAG

DISGUISES

THE SLEUTH - YOUR DISGUISES ARE NO GOOD! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BETTER ONE!

THERE! EVEN YOUR MOTHER WON'T KNOW YOU NOW!



THE CORAL ISLAND

Based on R. M. Ballantyne's world-famous story

PART FIVE WAR!

AFTER the discovery of the Diamond Cave under Spouting Cliff—as the three castaways called this new wonder of Coral Island—Jack Martin worked hard for several days on the construction of a boat.

Since their ship, *Arrow*, had been wrecked in a storm, Ralph, Jack and Peterkin had found plenty of food. There was no danger of starving.

No ships had come near Coral Island since they had been there, but Jack's idea of building a boat gave them some hope that they might be able to get away eventually.

Slowly the boat took shape, until they were ready to fix the planks for the hull. Having no nails to rivet them with, the boat-builders used a new method of their own.

They placed the planks edge to edge and sewed them together with the tough cordage. They placed between the edges of the planks layers of coconut fibre, which—as it swelled when wet—would make the little vessel watertight.

To complete the waterproofing, they

collected a large quantity of pitch from the bread-fruit trees, boiled it in the old iron pot, and completely painted the inside of the boat. While it was hot they stuck large pieces of coconut cloth all over it and then gave this another coating of the pitch.

Jack was now satisfied that the boat would be waterproof.

"Well, lads," said Jack, "the boat's finished at last. We've nothing to do now but shape two pairs of oars and then we can put to sea as soon as we like."

"I expected it to take two or three more weeks yet!" exclaimed Peterkin. "What about a sail tomorrow, Jack?"

"We can't have a sail, but I hope we shall have a row. I'm going to work at the oars this afternoon."

"Good," said Peterkin, tossing a lump of pork to the cat, which had become his special pet. "I'll help you if I can."

"Later," Jack continued, "we'll make a sail out of the coconut cloth and rig up a mast and then we'll be able to sail to some of the other islands and visit our old friends the penguins."

It was a bright, clear, beautiful morning when they first launched the little boat and rowed out on the placid water of the lagoon.

At first they were so pleased at having the boat that they just rowed about aimlessly, staring down through the crystal water at the brilliant coral and seaweed.

Then Peterkin exclaimed: "I vote that we row to the reef!" "And I vote that we visit the islands in the lagoon," said Ralph. "And I vote we do both," Jack chuckled. "So pull away, boys!"

Although they had made four oars, the boat was so small that only two were necessary. While two of the boys rowed the other steered with a spare oar and acted as relief oarsman now and again.

After looking over an island on which grew a few coconut trees, from which they took their breakfast, they pulled straight out to sea and landed on the coral reef.

It was a novel experience to gaze once again on the breakers of the open sea after being confined to the lagoon. They forgot the woods and the calm water that rimmed their beach and remembered again the storms and calms, the fresh breezes and surging waves of the ocean.

For some time the three castaways stayed among the spray, watching breaker after breaker come rolling in to pound on the reef. Then, satisfied with their first day's boating, they rowed back slowly to their hut and to supper.

Jack noticed as they pulled the boat up the beach that the wooden keel was being badly scraped. Next day, while Ralph and Peterkin collected enough coconut cloth to sew together to make a sail, he found a piece of tough wood which, pinned to the real keel, made a false keel about five inches deep.

This would not only protect the original keel but also make the boat safer if they had to beat against the wind—as they might very likely need to do in a sea where the trade winds blew so long and so steadily in one direction.

With the boat now fully equipped they were able to spend many days sailing about

in the lagoon. They fished and saw sharks, porpoises and swordfish at close quarters. Once they even saw a whale spouting near the reef with a loud blowing sound, and heard the flukes of its giant tail strike the water with a sound like gunfire as it plunged out of sight again like a foundering ship.

In this way, as the days became weeks and the weeks passed into months, Ralph, Jack and Peterkin lived a happy life on Coral Island. Sometimes they went hunting in the woods or climbed to the mountain tops for a change. There was always a chance that one day a ship might sail close to the island.

The climate was like perpetual summer, and as many of the fruit trees bore fruit and blossom all the year round they were never short of food. The wild pigs, too, seemed to increase rather than diminish in numbers, although Peterkin was always busy among them with his spear.

If at any time the hunters failed to find a drove of the hogs they had only to pay a visit to a certain wild plum tree to find large numbers of them grunting and snoring in heavy sleep after gorging themselves on fallen fruit.

Peterkin—whose experiments, especially in cooking, were not usually successful—even succeeded in making some excellent shoes out of the hide of a particularly tough old pig.

Jack and Ralph also spent much time diving and swimming in the Water Garden.

"You're beginning to look more like a shark every day," Peterkin grumbled to Jack.

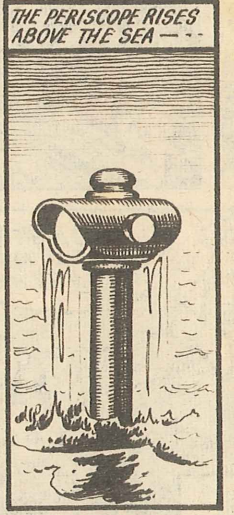
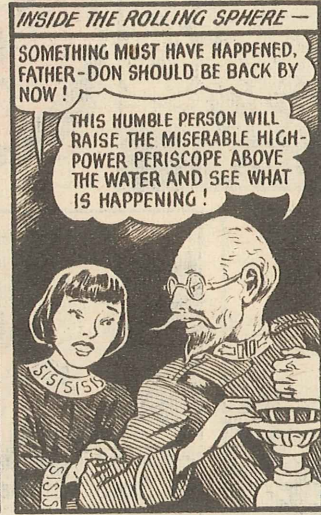
He was becoming more expert at swimming with constant practice, but still lacked confidence under water.

One day Ralph and Jack were sitting on the rocks at Spouting Cliff, while Peterkin was busy wringing water from his clothes after having fallen into the sea—a thing he was constantly doing—when they were

(Continued on next page)

ADVENTURES OF Don Deeds

Don Deeds makes a gallant but vain attempt to get the lost half of the treasure chart from the crooks' seaplane, but they return too soon and capture him!



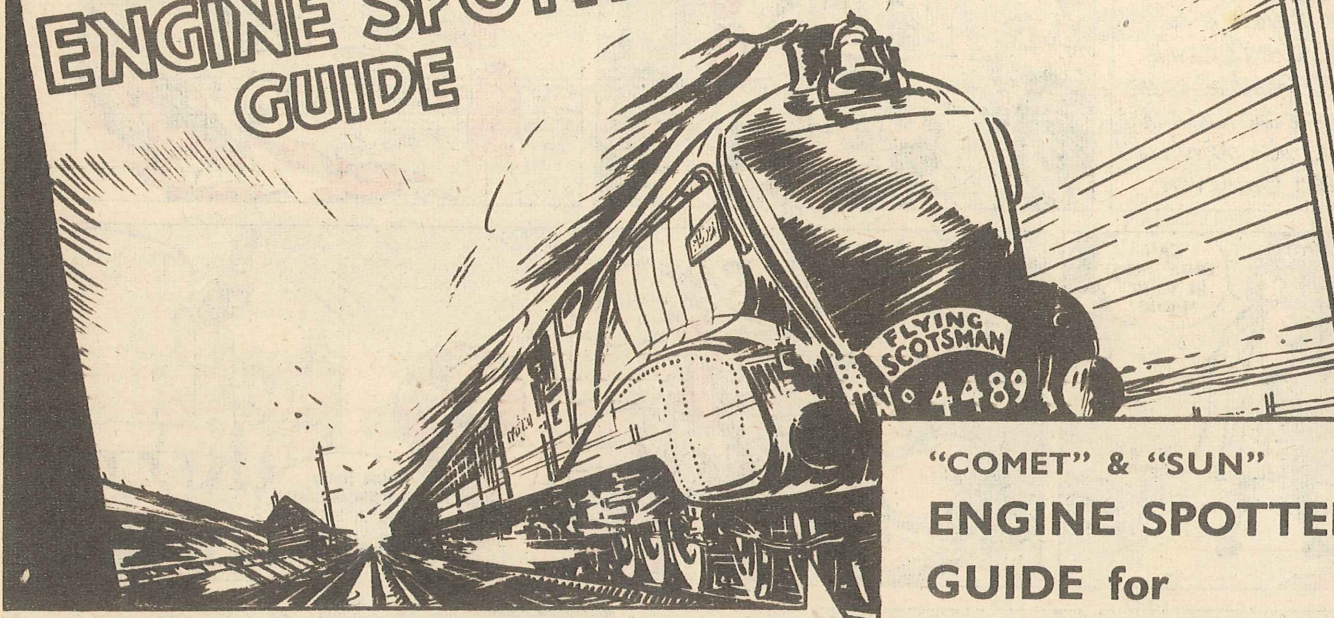
IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOO SUNG NOW! DON'T MISS THE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"

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THE CORAL ISLAND

(Continued from previous page)
suddenly attracted by two dark objects which appeared on the horizon miles away beyond the reef.
“What are they, d’you think?” Ralph asked Jack.
“I can’t imagine,” said Jack, staring out to sea. “I’ve noticed them for some time and thought they were black seagulls, but the more I look at them the more sure I am that they’re not seagulls.”
“They seem to be coming towards us, anyway,” said Ralph.
Peterkin came up to them at that moment and saw their intent gaze.
“Hallo! What’s wrong?”
“Look there,” said Jack, pointing.
“Whales!” cried Peterkin, shading his eyes with one hand. “No—no they’re not! Can they be boats, Jack?”
Their hearts beat more quickly with excitement at the thought of seeing other

faces once more. Who could they be?
“I think you’re about right, Peterkin,” said Jack in such a low tone that he seemed to be talking to himself. “But they seem to move strangely for boats.”
Watching Jack closely Ralph saw a shade of anxiety cross his face as he stared long and intently at the two strange objects which were now nearing them fast. Suddenly the elder boy sprang to his feet.
“They’re canoes! War canoes, maybe! The natives of these islands are cannibals and they haven’t much respect for strangers. We’d better hide if they land here—but I hope they don’t!”
Ralph and Peterkin felt sudden alarm at the gravity of Jack’s tone. They hurried across the top of the cliffs after him and were glad to reach the shelter of some bushes.
“That’s bad,” panted Ralph as he crouched down. “We’ve forgotten our weapons.”
“No matter,” said Jack. “There are

plenty of clubs here, they’ll serve our need.”
His hand rested on a bundle of stout poles of various sizes which Peterkin, for something to do, had made during his visits to the Spouting Cliff.
Each selected a club according to his taste. They lay silently watching the two canoes enter the gap in the reef and race one behind the other across the lagoon.
It was now certain that one canoe was chasing the other. The first one carried women and children besides men—about forty people altogether. The second was loaded with men only, and judging by the number of weapons they carried, this must be a war party.
Both crews were paddling with all their might, the foremost heading for the beach close beneath the rocks behind which the three boys were hidden. Their short paddles flashed in the sunshine and sent up a constant shower of spray.
Ralph and his friends could see their eyes gleaming in their black faces as they

strained every muscle to force their racing canoes through the calm water.
The first canoe struck the beach with a violent shock. With a defiant shout at their pursuers, the whole party sprang, as if by magic, from the canoe to the shore.
Three women, two of them carrying babies in their arms, rushed up the beach to the shelter of the woods.
The men crowded to the water’s edge, some with big stones in their hands, some with spears levelled, others brandishing clubs, as they prepared to resist the landing of their enemies.
The other canoe struck the beach. The warriors sprang ashore. The next instant a battle was raging on the beach.
“This is terrible!” exclaimed Ralph.
“And we can do nothing!”
“No, we can’t do anything!” replied Jack. “Except hope they don’t find us!”
Will the natives find the chums? More thrills for you in the next “Comet.”

SAMMY SHUTEYE AND THE CHRISTMAS CHEER



MARS HAS EVERYTHING!

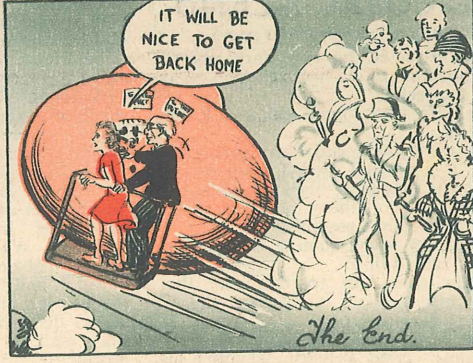
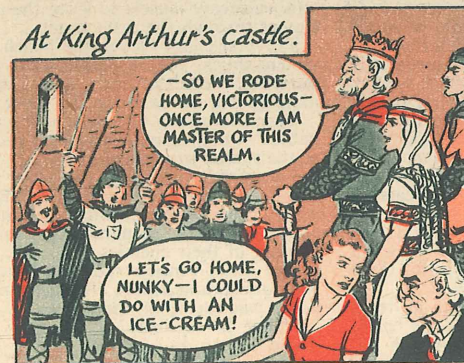
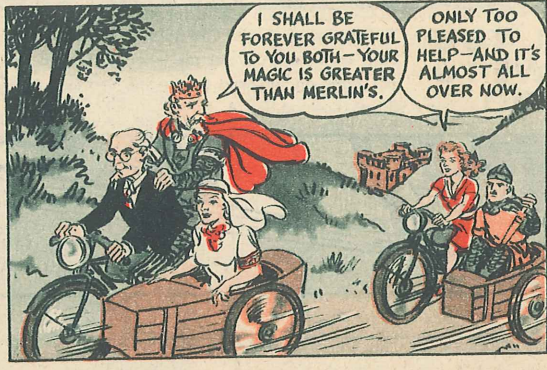
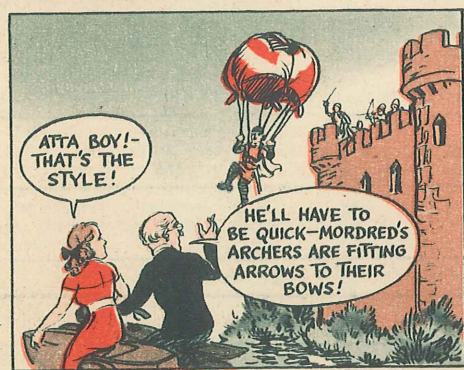
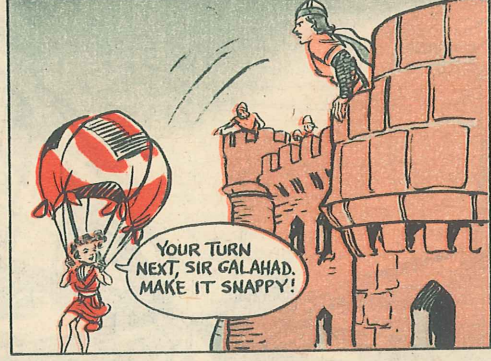
- Thick coating of milky chocolate
- Layer of buttery flavoured caramel
- Delicious chocolate-whip centre



JUNE By PETT.



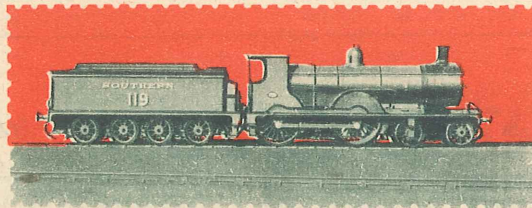
June stands at bay in Mordred's castle, with Sir Galahad, while her uncle and King Arthur escape with the rescued Queen Guinevere.



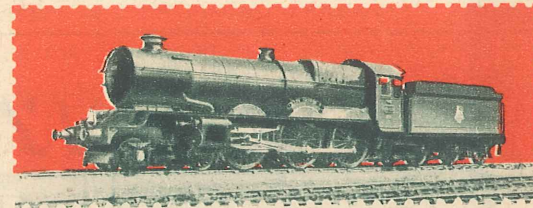
HERE IS YOUR FIRST SET OF SIX STAMPS TO PASTE IN THE GUIDE OFFERED ON PAGE 7



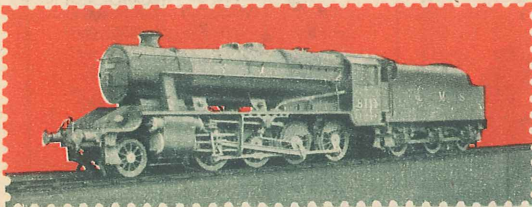
(No. 11) 4-4-0 Southern Region "L1" Class



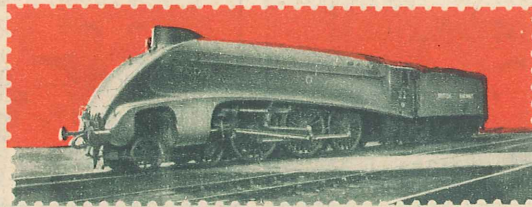
(No. 14) 4-4-0 Southern Region "T9" Class



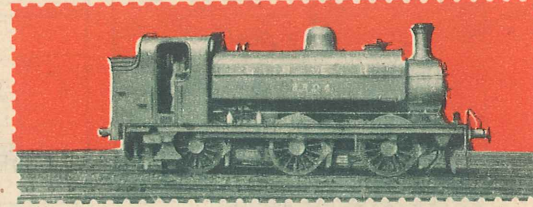
(No. 25) 4-6-0 Western Region King Class



(No. 56) 2-8-0 London, Midland Region "8F" Class



(No. 73) 4-6-2 North-Eastern Region "A4 Pacific"



(No. 87) 0-6-0 Tank, North-Eastern Region "J53" Class

SIX MORE STAMPS, ALSO THE FIRST SET, WILL BE IN NEXT WEEK'S "SUN"