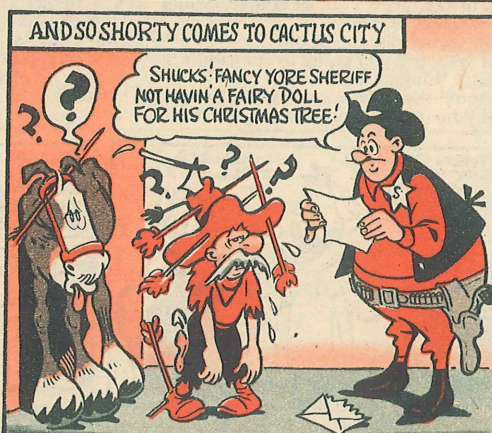
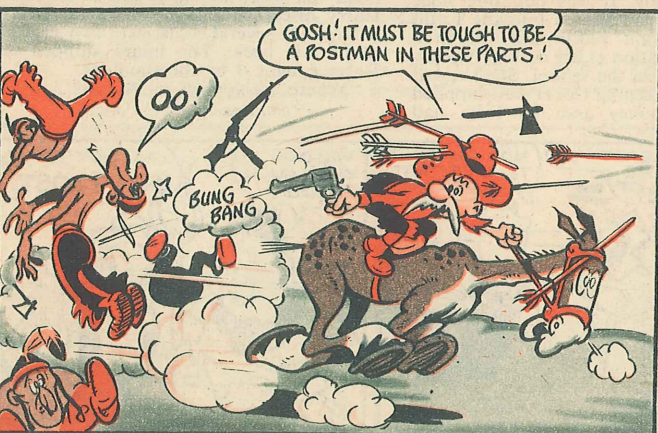
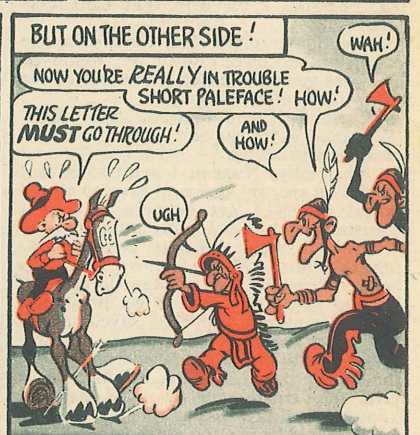
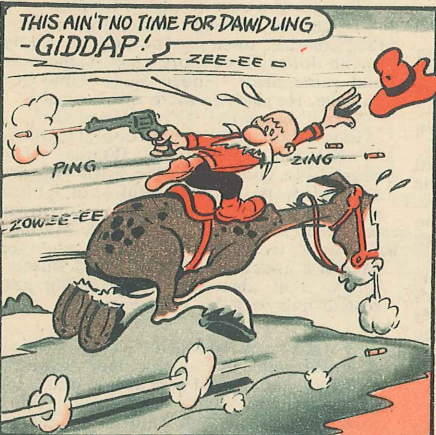
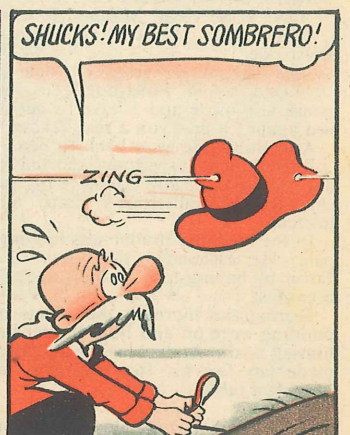
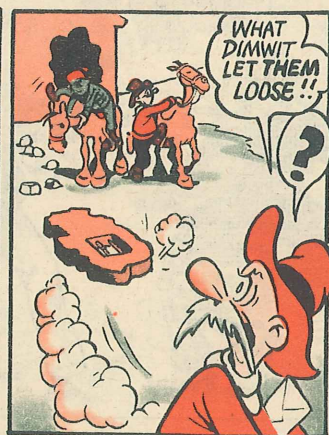
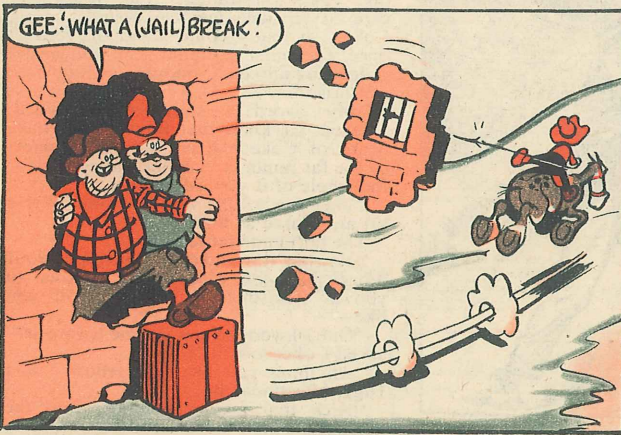
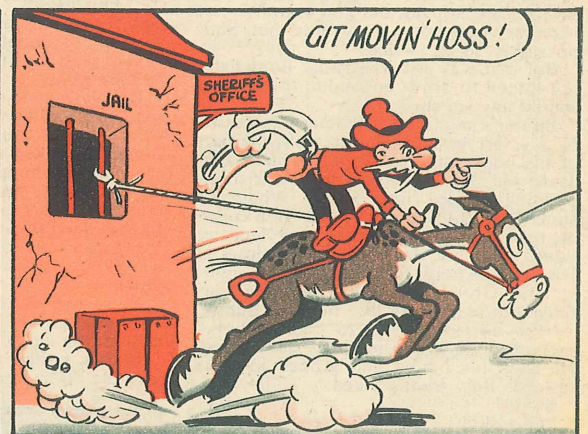
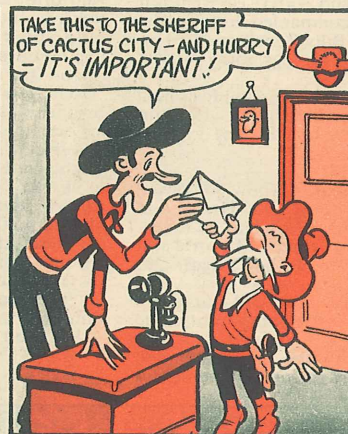
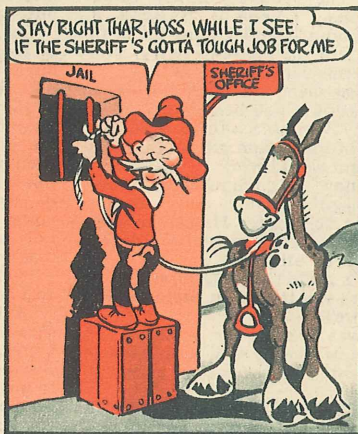
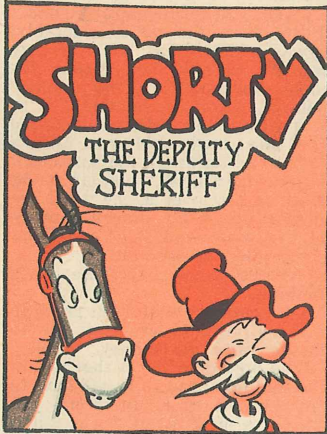


COMET

No. 86
(New Series)
Dec. 31st, 1949

THE ALL STAR COMIC


2^d EVERY OTHER MONDAY



BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP

BY FRANK RICHARDS

KICKS ALL ROUND!

OW! Groo! O-o-o-o-oo!" "My only hat!" said Bob Cherry, sitting up in bed. "I'm getting fed-up with this. Bunter, will you stop that row?"

"Bunter, you fat freak, draw it mild!" said Harry Wharton impatiently. "I dare say you are in pain, but you know it's not necessary to keep up a row like that. Shut up and let us go to sleep."

But that was just what Billy Bunter did not intend to do. If he couldn't sleep why should anyone else?

Bunter's anguished moaning was caused by a severe pain that came from the part of his body usually covered by his waist-coat. He had seen a large Christmas pudding carried into Harry Wharton's study and had scoffed the lot—not knowing that it had been doctored with liquorice powder for the benefit of the fellows at Highcliffe School. He knew now all right!

"Ow! Groo! Groan! I'm suffering fearfully. I'm really very ill," moaned Bunter. "I'll do something to relieve him," exclaimed Bulstrode jumping out of bed. He took his braces and groped his way towards Billy Bunter's bed.

Swish! "O-o-owch!" roared Bunter. Swish! Swish! Swish! "Ow! Yow! Help! Murder! Fire!" "Does that relieve you?" demanded Bulstrode.

"Ow—no, er yes, yes, very much so." "Good," said Bulstrode. "If you do groan any more and I have to get out of bed again I'll give you a real licking."

And Bulstrode went back to bed. Billy Bunter gasped and snorted but he did not groan any more. The juniors chuckled over Bulstrode's "cure," and got to sleep.

In the morning Bunter was looking very pale. He astounded the Lower Fourth Form by having only a slight appetite for breakfast.

During the morning the effects of the pudding wore off and Billy Bunter became himself again. At dinner time he more than made up for his loss of form at the breakfast table.

"I SUPPOSE you fellows are going to help me a bit with that Christmas feed?"

Billy Bunter made that remark as the chums of the Lower Fourth, or "Remove" as it was generally called, came out of the Form-room after lessons.

"Certainly," said Nugent, "we'll help. We'll promise to eat our full share—if the feed's to our liking."

"Oh, really, Nugent. I want some real help. You see, my idea is to save up all the postal orders I get between now and Christmas and have a really stunning feed."

"Only a slight difficulty arises," continued Bunter. "You see, we break up before Christmas and we want to give the bust-up some time before we break up. So if the money won't be saved up till Christmas and the feed is given, say, this coming Saturday, the money won't be on the spot to pay for it. Mrs. Mimble won't give me credit—that woman has no knowledge of business at all."

"Perhaps she has too much to trust you, Bunt!"

"Oh, really, Wharton. Look here, you see that I'm in a bit of a difficulty about it, don't you? I was thinking that you fellows might care to advance me the money and have it back out of the heap of postal orders I'm going to save up."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bunter. "If you fellows care to contribute a pound each I'll let you have back twenty-five shillings for each pound in Christmas week. What do you say?"

"Rats!" said the chums. "Oh, I say you fellows—" "I must be off," said Harry. He went out and the chums accompanied him to the gates of the school. Billy Bunter toddled on behind with his little fat legs going rapidly to keep pace.

Harry began to stride down the Friardale road and Bunter was rolling out after him when Nugent caught him by one fat ear. Bunter squeaked shrilly.

"You're coming in!" "Oh, really, Nugent! I know jolly well that Wharton's going to Cliff House and I know the girls would like me to go to tea. You know how disappointed Marjorie and Clara are whenever I don't go—Oh, yow!"

Bob Cherry's heavy boot sent Bunter in. As the fat junior staggered, the boot came behind him again.

Bunter bolted into the house and fled into the Sixth Form passage where he hid

behind him. Billy staggered along the passage and Wingate slammed the door after him.

Bunter brought up against a wall and snorted.

"Ow! Beast!" He rolled away in a very dissatisfied frame of mind.

"HARRY! I'm so glad you've come." Marjorie Hazeldene met Wharton in the lane outside the gates of Cliff House. Her face was pink with the wind from the sea, and her eyes were bright.

"I'm jolly glad to see you, Marjorie," said Wharton.

"But you might have seen me before, and you haven't," said Marjorie. "You have been avoiding me."

Harry Wharton coloured. "It was because of my brother," said Marjorie as they walked slowly down towards the sea. "I know it, Harry. I—I must speak about it and I must go in five minutes, so I shall have to hurry. You are on bad terms with Hazel now?"

Wharton was silent. Hazel, as Marjorie's brother was known, had been mixed up in an attempt by Vernon Smith to make the Greyfriars' football team ill so that the Highcliffe team would win.

"I don't know the circumstances," continued the girl. "Only—only there's always this to be said for Hazel—he does not mean any harm and he is always being led into things by others."

"Yes, that's quite true, Marjorie." "Then don't you think you could forgive him once more?"

Wharton was at a loss for words. "I don't know what to say," he exclaimed at last. "I wish you had never heard of



Bob dragged at the scarf and Bunter whirled round

not expect to be pursued. Junior rows in the sacred precincts of the Sixth Form quarters were strictly tabooed. The fat junior stopped, gasping, outside Wingate's study.

Wingate's door was open and Bunter, as he leaned panting against the wall, saw the school captain open a letter and take a postal order from the envelope. Wingate had evidently received a remittance.

Bunter rolled to the doorway and tapped. Wingate looked up and grinned at the sight of Bunter.

"Excuse me, Wingate. I—I want to speak to you on an important matter. I'm thinking of standing a big feed, regardless of expense. My idea is to invite all the prefects and the school captain, of course, and the object of the celebration is to show the juniors' respect and affection for the seniors. Would you care to contribute to the idea? You, of course, would be the guest of honour."

"You young rascal, get out!" "But what are you going to contribute?" "This," Wingate said.

He took the fat junior by the collar, twisted him round and planted his boot

the matter, Marjorie; but I suppose you had to."

"But you will do as I wish?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I can and I will!" Wharton burst out.

"You will be doing right, Harry," said Marjorie, with a relieved smile. "It's the kindest thing you could have said to me. You don't know how troubled I've been about Hazel getting mixed up with Vernon Smith and his rotten crowd."

"It is time for me to get in" added the girl and they walked back to the gates of Miss Primrose's school. "You will do your best to patch things up with Hazel before he's led into trouble?"

"Yes, Marjorie," replied Wharton. "Thank you so much!"

COKER of the Fifth Form was sitting in his study. It was not long since Horace Coker had passed into the Fifth, and Coker's Aunt Judith was still in a state of great elation at her darling nephew getting his step in the school. She showed her delight by keeping Coker well supplied with pocket money and the Fifth had

received him with open arms—banknotes and all!

Hence the present comfortable attitude of Horace Coker. Blundell had given up to him the easy chair, when he came into the study. Bland had placed the other chair for his feet. Higgs had put the cushion behind his head.

There was a knock at the door. It was Billy Bunter of the Remove and the Fifth-formers stared at him as he came in.

"A blessed fag," said Blundell. "What is it, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter squirmed closer to the fire and warmed his fat hands at it. Bunter was very fond of making himself comfortable.

"I—I say, Coker," he remarked. "I say, you fellows. I've got a good idea. You see, at Christmas-time we ought to have lots of peace and goodwill and so on. I've got the idea of standing a big feed—a regular bust-up. I want you Fifth chaps to come."

The Fifth chaps thawed considerably. If there was a Christmas feed on they might contrive to sink their dignity for once and condescend to visit the juniors.

"My object," went on Bunter, "is to establish more friendly relations between the juniors and the Fifth Form. There's been a lot of bad feeling in the past and I think that now Christmas is coming round it's time we turned over a new leaf. I'm going to save up all my money between now and Christmas and stand a regular bust-up, regardless of expense."

"Good wheeze!" said Coker. "But it will cost something."

"I think I mentioned that I was going to save up all my postal orders from now to Christmas to raise the money," replied Bunter. "The only difficulty is that I want to give the feed now, and so I shall have to obtain an advance of ready money. Of course, that is a mere detail. I was thinking," went on Bunter, "that you might care to advance me five pounds or so, Coker, so that I could stand the feed at once. Of course I should send you postal orders for an equal amount, without fail, at Christmas."

"My word!" murmured Blundell, amazed. He knew that Bunter must have heard of Coker's fiver, but the coolness of the fat junior in coming and asking for the whole of it was astounding.

Coker was a little surprised himself. He sat and stared at Bunter.

The fat junior rattled on. "You see, it would only be investing your money in a safe place to be returned to you at Christmas, with interest if you like—"

"One of you fellows do me a favour?" asked Coker looking round.

"Anything you like, old fellow," said Higgs affectionately.

"Kick that fat bounder out into the passage."

There was a rush to oblige Coker.

Three feet crashed upon Billy Bunter's fat person at once and he hopped wildly to the door. Three more kicks, same time and same place, landed Bunter into the passage. He alighted there with a crash.

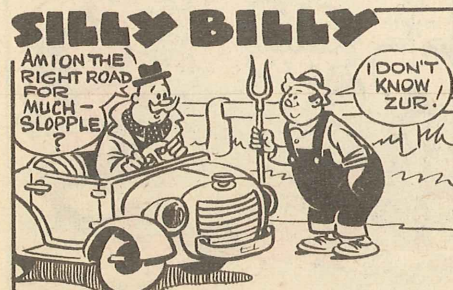
"Ow!" he roared. "Yow! Help! Ow!"

Bland slammed the study door, laughing. "The rotters!" howled Bunter. "The beasts! No good trying the Fifth—they're as caddish as the Sixth. But—but I must raise the money. A thing like a Christmas feed can't be put off indefinitely. My hat! I'll walk over to Cliff House and see Marjorie and Co. about it." And Bunter, full of that idea, left off groaning and rushed away for his coat and cap.

HARRY WHARTON came striding through the dusky lane towards Greyfriars; and he almost strode into a fat and unwieldy figure that was rolling towards him. It was rather difficult to make out what the figure was at first, but Harry discerned that it was a fat youth wrapped in several coats, with two scarves round his neck. The figure stopped as Harry caught it by the shoulder.

"Where are you off to, Bunter?"

(Continued on next page)



For YOU

**COMET - SUN
ENGINE SPOTTERS'
GUIDE**

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Here's some wonderful news! You can have a splendid 36-page book all about railway engines—FREE! It is a specially printed book in which you can keep the grand photo-stamps appearing in the *Comet* and the *Comet's* companion paper, the *Sun*.

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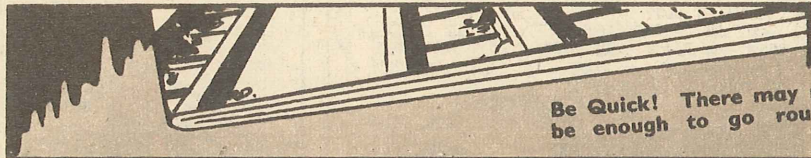


**"COMET" & "SUN"
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Be Quick! There may not be enough to go round!

BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP (Continued from previous page)

"I don't see that it concerns you, Wharton," said Billy Bunter loftily. "Still, I may as well tell you that I have found a way of raising the funds for the bust-up, without asking you. I should scorn to take anything from you now."

"And where were you going to raise the funds?" Harry asked.

"Perhaps I've got friends," said Bunter. "Perhaps there are girls who will be glad to see me. It's not your business."

"That's just where you make your mistake! You're not going any further!"

Bunter had no choice about that. Harry Wharton's knuckles were digging into his neck.

"My hat! What's the row now?" exclaimed Frank Nugent as he and Bob Cherry came through the school gates.

"Bunter's got a new dodge," said Harry. "He's going to Cliff House to cadge off the girls there."

"The rotten worm!" said Nugent. "He ought to be—my hat! What are you doing in my overcoat, you young sweep?"

"And my scarf!" shouted Bob Cherry. Nugent and Bob Cherry seized the fat junior. Bob dragged at the scarf and

Bunter whirled round and round as it unwound. He gasped and panted and a gathering crowd roared with laughter as he spun.

Bunter ceased to rotate at last, and came to a halt, very giddy and gasping. Then there was a shout from Ogilvy as he recognised another scarf on Bunter's neck.

"My scarf!" shouted the Scottish junior. Ogilvy seized the end of the scarf and Bunter rotated again.

The scarf came off and Billy Bunter spun away to the wall, which he clutched and clung to, gasping.

The crowd of juniors roared with laughter.

"Ow! Owch! Oh!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Beast! Bounders! You're all determined to stop me throwing this Christmas spread! I'm disgusted with you! In future I'll trouble you not to speak to me! I'm not finished yet," he roared on. "Once we Bunters decide on a thing—we—er—we see it through! I've got other schemes to raise the ready cash—just you wait and see!"

What is in Billy Bunter's brain now? Don't miss the fun in the next "Comet."

WISHING YOU ALL

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

MY DEAR READERS,

I want to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and all those good things you wish for yourselves. I hope you have a jolly good time over the holidays, at parties, pantomimes and all the fun of the season.

And now, here's another invitation for you—but not to a party, this time. I invite you to write to me, whenever you get the time, to tell me what you like best in the *COMET*.

I want to know your views because it helps me to give you just what you want. I am doing all I can to get the very best of everything for you. On the back page of this issue you will find the thrilling start of the amazing adventures of that famous character, *THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL*. Soon, you will be able to follow the story on the screen at your local cinema.

In the next *COMET*, Buck Jones will start on another grand adventure, "The Mystery of Biddy Logan," in which he comes to grips with a notorious Mexican bandit.

If you have not yet obtained your Engine Spotters' guide you had better fill in the coupon above, right away. There is still time—but not much! So hustle!

Billy Bunter and the chums of Greyfriars will be with you again in the next *COMET*, together with our famous fun team on the centre pages, and not forgetting the pals on Coral Island.

Now, don't forget! Write and let me know what you like best. I will answer all letters, personally. That's a promise!

Cheerio!

The Editor

"THE COMET", THE FLEETWAY HOUSE
FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

★ **'COMET' GALLERY OF STARS** ★



24. ESTHER WILLIAMS
(M.G.M.)



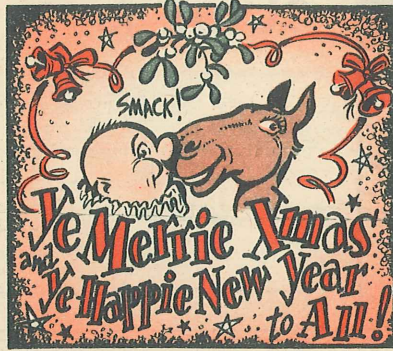
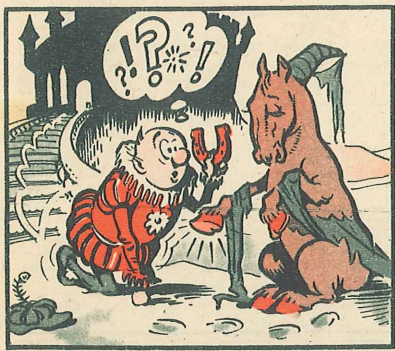
25. JUDY GARLAND
(M.G.M.)



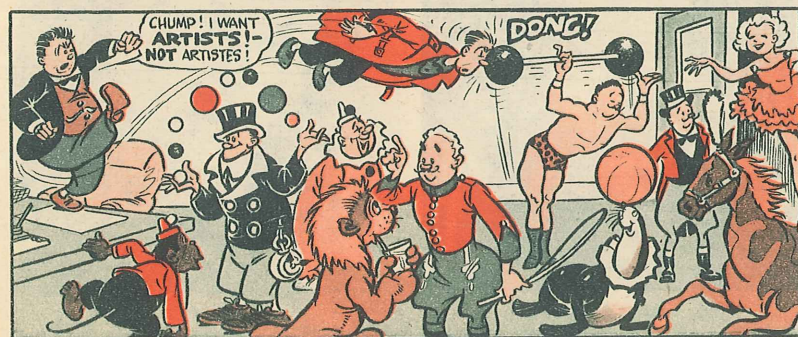
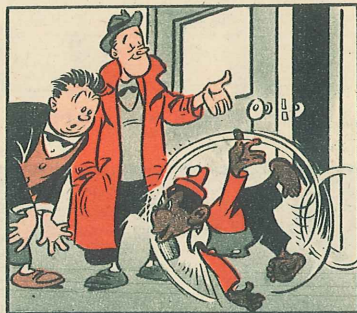
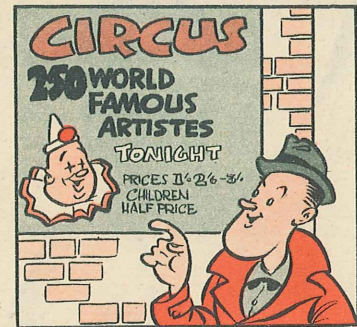
26. LARRY PARKS
(Columbia)



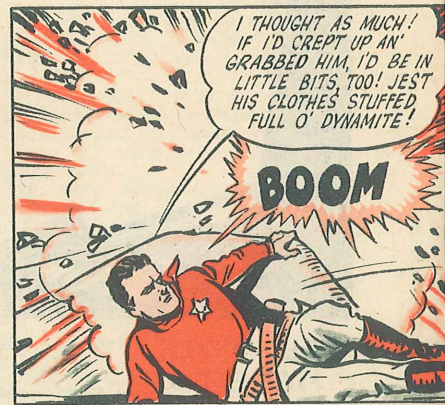
27. JEANNE CRAIN
(20th Century-Fox)



SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER



IT WAS ONLY BY SHEER CHANCE THAT THE BLACK BANDIT GOT CLEAN AWAY, BUT BUCK JONES IS HOT ON HIS HEELS.





SHUCKS! THAR HE IS -- BUT WHY IS THE GALOOT HANGING AROUND?



THAT'S TWO BULLETS GONE INTO THE CRITTER'S HEAD AND HE AIN'T BUDGED!



THE GALOOT'S GAINED ON US, SILVER, BUT WE'LL CATCH UP -- HECK! WHAT'S THET RIDERLESS HOSS DOIN' DOWN THAR?



IT'S THE BANDIT'S HOSS ALL RIGHT! KNOW IT ANYWHAR. IT'S GONE LAME.

HEY! STRANGER! HELP!



IN PECOS CITY

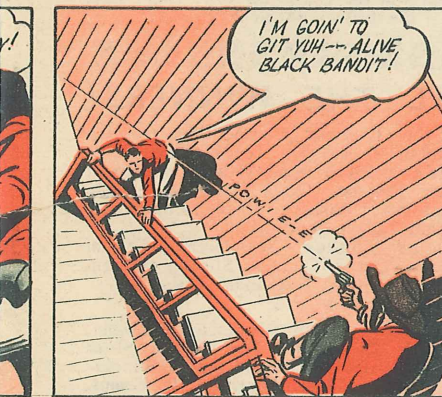
THAT'S THE STOLEN BRONC ALL RIGHT THET BANDIT MUST BE INSIDE. MEBBE HE'S GOT PALS, HYAH. BETTER JUMP HIM, PRONTO!



HAVING SEEN THE BLACK BANDIT WITHOUT HIS MASK, SEVERAL TIMES, BUCK RECOGNISES HIM EASILY ENOUGH.

HEY, BANDIT -- I'VE COME FOR, YUH!

HOLD HIM, OFF BOYS, WHILE I SCRAM --



I'M GOIN' TO GIT YUH -- ALIVE BLACK BANDIT!



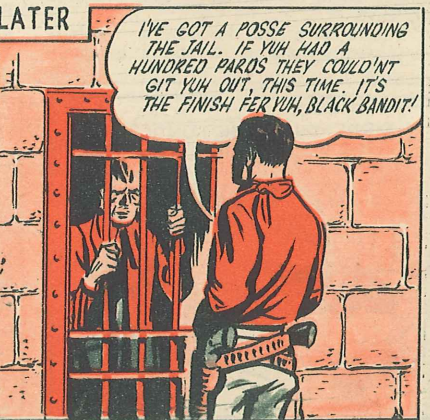
HYAH I COME, YUH RAT!

THE BANDIT DIVES INTO A ROOM BUT BUCK CHARGES THE DOOR.

CR-RUMP



HIYA, BOYS! THET'S THE BLACK BANDIT -- IN THE TROUGH! HE'S GOT NO FIGHT LEFT IN HIM, I GUESS!

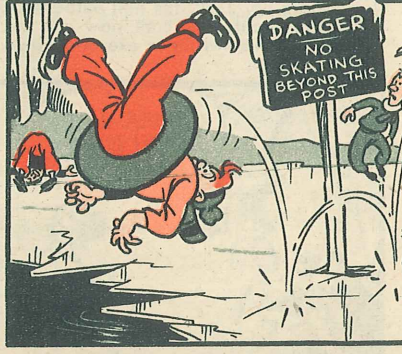


LATER

I'VE GOT A POSSE SURROUNDING THE JAIL. IF YUH HAD A HUNDRED PAROS THEY COULDN'T GIT YUH OUT, THIS TIME. IT'S THE FINISH FER YUH, BLACK BANDIT!



Smithy



ANGER NO SKATING BEYOND THIS POST



ANGER NO SKATING BEYOND THIS POST

SIMON - THE SIMPLE SLEUTH



MERRY XMAS, SIMON! WOULD YOU DELIVER THIS TO A PAL IN JAIL?

A NOBLE THOUGHT JEMMY JIMMY! OF COURSE I WILL



FOR LARRY THE LAG, INSPECTOR

RIGHTO SIMON - USUAL CELL

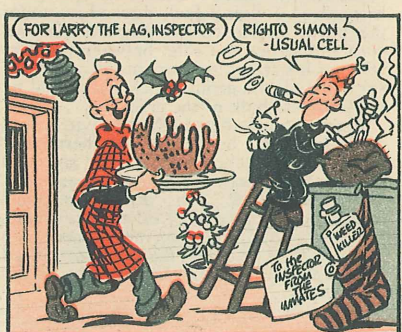


MERRY CHRISTMAS! UNCLE SIMON



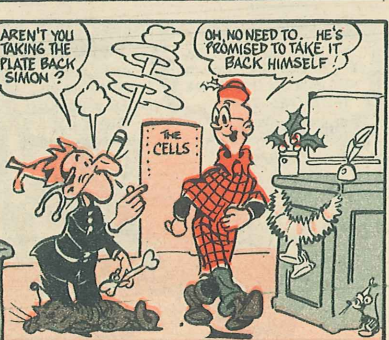
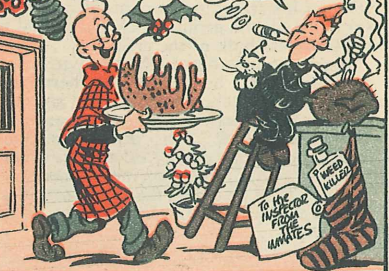
FROM JEMMY JIMMY!

O HOW NICE! I MUST THANK HIM PERSONALLY



FOR LARRY THE LAG, INSPECTOR

RIGHTO SIMON - USUAL CELL



AREN'T YOU TAKING THE PLATE BACK SIMON?

OH, NO NEED TO. HE'S PROMISED TO TAKE IT BACK HIMSELF



FROM JEMMY JIMMY!

O HOW NICE! I MUST THANK HIM PERSONALLY



WELL, LARRY, BUCK'S GONE. HE'LL BE LONG! MEN! MEN!

THE CORAL ISLAND

BASED ON R. M. BALLANTYNE'S FAMOUS STORY

PART SIX

MORE VISITORS!

THE three castaways of Coral Island watched in fascination from their hiding place as the second canoe ran on to the beach below them.

With terrifying yells the occupants leaped out and rushed up the beach towards the first party, who shouted just as loudly as they braced themselves to take the shock.

Ralph Rover, Jack Martin and Peterkin Gay had spent many peaceful months on the island since their ship, the *Arrow*, had been wrecked in a storm. Now their first human visitors were engaged in a fearful battle.

Most of the savages wielded enormous clubs which landed with sickening force. The fighters were almost naked and they looked to the boys more like demons than human beings as they bounded, twisted and lunged in their terrible hand-to-hand encounter.

Ralph felt like turning his eyes away from this bloodthirsty battle but he was so fascinated that he had to watch and he felt Peterkin, who was the youngest, trembling beside him.

The attacking party was led by a huge man who seemed to be a chief. His surprisingly light yellow hair was frizzed out all round his head. He was tattooed from head to foot and his black skin was smeared with red and white paint. He was in the forefront of the fight and the boys saw four victims fall groaning before his fearful club.

Suddenly a man nearly as large and as strong as himself attacked this leader. For a few seconds they circled round each other warily. Then their clubs met with a thud. The yellow-haired giant tripped and his enemy sprang forward, his ponderous club raised for the death blow.

But before it could fall, this man himself was felled to the ground by a stone flung by one of the yellow-haired chief's men.

This seemed to be a turning point in the battle. The defenders turned and fled towards the trees. With fierce cries their enemies hurled themselves after them and in a few moments all were struck down.

Ralph saw uneasily that the victors seemed anxious to take some of the victims alive. Fifteen who had escaped death were bound hand and foot and carried up into the woods to be laid down among the bushes.

Only twenty-eight of the forty attackers were left alive and two of these disappeared into the woods to hunt for the three women and two children who had gone into hiding.

Ralph, Jack and Peterkin looked at one another anxiously.

"They'll find us if they come up here to look for fresh water," Peterkin whispered.

"They'll certainly spot us if we move," Jack muttered. "We'd better stay hidden and see what happens next. Look there!"

The savages were building a huge fire, which was soon burning.

"They're cannibals, aren't they?" Ralph whispered in horror. "Does that mean—?"

Already the victors were dragging some of their prisoners down towards the fire. But at that moment a cry rose from the woods. The three women were dragged from cover and hurried down the beach towards the fire. One was much younger than her companions and seemed to be of a different race, for her skin was much lighter in colour than the others.

The chief addressed the young girl but she did not answer. It was plain from the way in which he gestured towards the fire that he was threatening her life.

"Peterkin," said Jack in a hoarse, strained whisper, "have you got your knife?"

Peterkin nodded, his face pale.

"Good! Ralph, you and Peterkin work round through the trees and cut those prisoners loose. Quick, before it's too late!"

The chief had raised his club to strike the girl down.

"Let her alone, you brute!" cried Jack, as he leaped fearlessly down the drop of fifteen feet to the beach.

Ralph and Peterkin dashed through the bushes towards the prisoners even as Jack, swinging his club, lunged at one of the savages who was about to club the young girl. Knocked unconscious by Jack's mighty blow, the man dropped without a sound.

Before the others could recover from their surprise Jack sprang at the yellow-haired chief and swung the club at his head.

The giant dodged nimbly, while his own club swung up. Jack, his first outburst of blind fury spent, was cool now and his lighter club was swifter in execution than



the ponderous weapon wielded by the chief.

But the savage was so swift and strong that Jack could not land a really heavy blow. Luckily the other savages did not interfere since they seemed certain their mighty chief would win this deadly combat.

The chief's movements became slower, his breath hissed through his clenched teeth and Jack noticed his friends drawing nearer to help him.

Down the chief's club swished again. Instead of dodging Jack ducked in under the blow, shortened his grip on his own club and struck the chief between the eyes with all his strength. Next moment he was sprawled on the ground, nearly crushed by the senseless bulk of the chief.

A dozen clubs flew high, ready to smash down on Jack's head as he lay there helplessly—but a chorus of yells sounded behind the chief's men and seven went down before the clubs of the prisoners released by Ralph and Peterkin. The chief's men had been so intent on the fight between Jack and their chief that they had not noticed their enemies rushing soundlessly across the beach.

Jack levered himself from under the

unconscious chief and joined in the short, sharp battle. Ralph and Peterkin also joined in and inside a few minutes all the chief's men were stunned and bound hand and foot.

The battle over, the natives crowded round the three boys and poured out a flood of unintelligible speech. Jack shook the hand of the chief who had been knocked out with the stone and soon all were shaking hands to express friendliness.

"Ralph—Peterkin—" said Jack, "make the women and these fellows follow me to the hut. We'll entertain them as best we can."

In a few minutes the savages were seated on the ground in front of the hut, eating cold roast pig, several ducks, a variety of cold fish and an unlimited supply of coconuts, bread-fruit, yams and plums. Exhausted by their day's work, the three boys took a good drink of coconut juice and were soon fast asleep. In half an hour the whole camp slumbered.

At breakfast next morning, Ralph and the others tried to speak with their guests by means of signs, but without much effect. At last Jack hit upon a plan for discovering their names. Pointing to himself he said "Jack" very distinctly, and did the same for Ralph and Peterkin. Then he laid a finger on the chief's chest and looked inquiringly at him.

"Tararo," said the chief.

Jack next pointed to the young girl. "Avatea," said the chief, and pointing to the sun, raised his finger slowly to the zenith and kept it there steadily for a moment or two.

"What can that mean, I wonder?" Jack muttered.

farewell. Conforming to custom, they rubbed noses heartily with the whole native party. Avatea was the last to say good-bye, and the boys were really sorry to see her go. With a modest air and gentle manners, she was the only one of the natives who showed real regret at leaving.

As for the rest, Ralph, Jack and Peterkin were not sorry to see them go.

The peaceful island would never seem quite the same now. Their beach had been stained with blood. The human beings who had made such a violent landing lay buried beneath the sand.

Even Peterkin was less cheerful than usual during the weeks that followed the departure of Tararo, Avatea and the others. But as their memories of the battle faded the boys sank back into their happy, peaceful routine.

One day, however, when Ralph and Jack were creeping about among the underwater coral of the Water Garden, Ralph happened to look up. He could see Peterkin, who had been sunning himself on the rocks, making the most extraordinary and excited gestures.

Ralph and Jack shot to the surface immediately.

"A sail! A sail!" cried Peterkin as they scrambled up the rocks. "Look, away on the horizon past the lagoon entrance!"

"So it is!" Jack exclaimed. "And a schooner, too!"

They were thrown into a flurry of excitement by this discovery. If the ship should call at the island they had no doubt that the captain would give them a passage for home.

The thought of home made them forget their fondness for Coral Island.

Afraid the ship would pass without spotting them, they hurried to the highest point of rock near their beach dwelling and saw that the schooner was sailing before a steady breeze straight for the island.

In less than an hour she was close to the reef, heaving to and reefing her topsails.

"They might not see us!" Jack exclaimed. "Wave, lads!"

Jumping up and down in their excitement, they all waved pieces of coconut cloth. They saw a bustle on the decks and a boat being lowered.

Suddenly a flag was run up to the peak. A cloud of white smoke rose from the schooner's side and a cannon-shot came whining and crashing through the bushes and sending several coconut trees toppling.

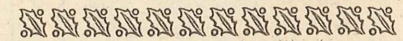
It smashed into the cliff only a few yards below the spot where the three castaways stood.

Aghast at this hostile act and too surprised to move, Ralph, Jack and Peterkin stared towards the schooner.

The flag opened out in the breeze and they saw now that it was black, with a white skull-and-crossbones emblem in its centre.

"Pirates!" exclaimed the three boys simultaneously.

What will the chums do now? Don't miss the thrills in the next "Comet."



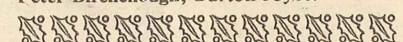
ALL THE WINNERS!

In the Football Competition (*Comet*, October 8) the five Ten Shilling Notes were awarded to: Agnes Wilson, Johnstone; Peter Dawson, Goole; Michael Heath, Stockport; Barbara Dean, Edmonton; Gerald Tanner, Stafford.

Solution: Bolton Wanderers, Crystal Palace, Derby County, Stirling Albion, Swansea Town, Tottenham Hotspur.

* * *

In our Indian Painting Competition (*Comet*, October 22) the five Ten Shilling Notes were awarded to: Donald Smith, Sunderland; Frances Rea, Aberdeen; D. Gaunt, St. Leonards-on-Sea; I. Puttock, Clanfield; Peter Birchenough, Burton Joyce.



CHUCKLE CORNER



Don Deeds

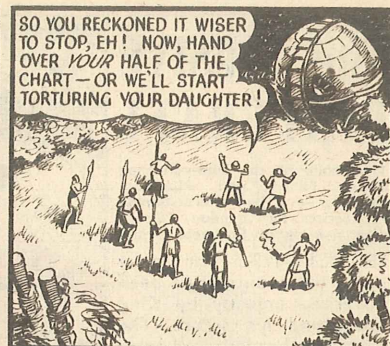
Having captured Don Deeds and Mai-Mai, the crooks feel sure that Hoo Sung will hand over his half of the treasure chart.



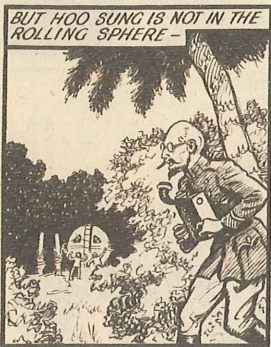
LOOK OUT! HERE COMES OLD HOO SUNG IN HIS BIG TIN CAN!



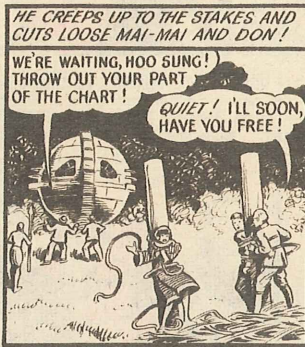
IF YOU BRING THAT SPHERE ANY NEARER OUR PRISONERS DIE—DO YOU HEAR?



SO YOU RECKONED IT WISER TO STOP, EH! NOW, HAND OVER YOUR HALF OF THE CHART—OR WE'LL START TORTURING YOUR DAUGHTER!



BUT HOO SUNG IS NOT IN THE ROLLING SPHERE—



HE CREEPS UP TO THE STAKES AND CUTS LOOSE MAI-MAI AND DON!

WE'RE WAITING, HOO SUNG! THROW OUT YOUR PART OF THE CHART!

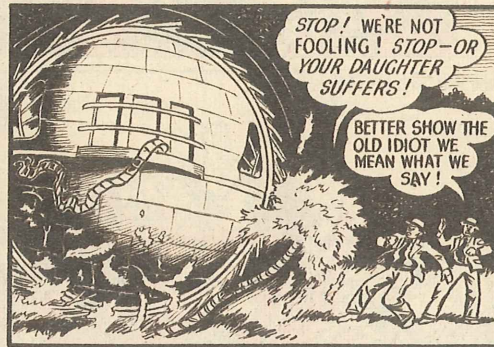
QUIET! I'LL SOON HAVE YOU FREE!



NOW, HURRY, BOTH OF YOU!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN THE SPHERE, HOO SUNG!

THIS WRETCHED PERSON HAS REMOTE CONTROL OF IT. NOW, I MAKE THE SPHERE ADVANCE!



STOP! WE'RE NOT FOOLING! STOP—OR YOUR DAUGHTER SUFFERS!

BETTER SHOW THE OLD IDIOT WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY!



HECK! THEY'VE GONE!



GOSH! RUN FOR IT! WE'LL BE CRUSHED!



HURRY, DON—THE SPHERE IS MOVING FAST!

WE GO OVER THE HILL!



THEY'VE BEATEN US—THEY'LL GET CLEAR AWAY OVER THE HILL!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE TRAP WE SET UP THERE TO STOP THEM ATTACKING US THAT WAY?



WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE GROUND'S GIVING WAY—WE'RE FALLING!



FATHER! WHAT CAN WE DO NOW? WE'RE IN A TRAP!

YOU WILL SEE—THIS MISERABLE PERSON WILL TRY TO FIND A WAY!

MORE THRILLS WITH DON DEEDS IN THE NEXT "COMET"

HANDY ANDY

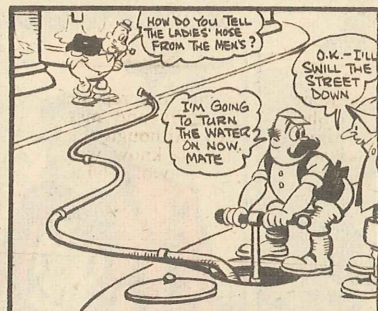


I WANT A PAIR OF SILK SOCKINGS FOR MY WIFE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT



IS THIS THE LADIES' HOSE COUNTER?

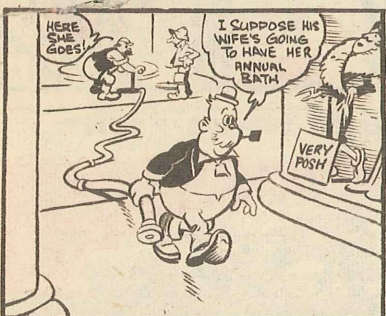
YES SIR. ANDY—GET THE LADIES' HOSE



HOW DO YOU TELL THE LADIES' HOSE FROM THE MEN'S?

I'M GOING TO TURN THE WATER ON NOW, MATE

O.K.—I'LL SWILL THE STREET DOWN



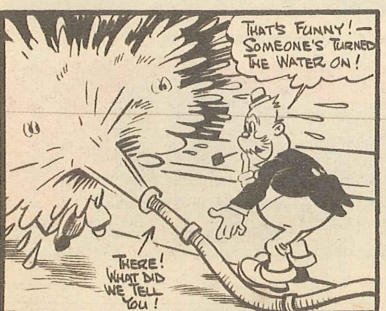
HERE SHE GOES!

I SUPPOSE HIS WIFE'S GOING TO HAVE HER ANNUAL BATH



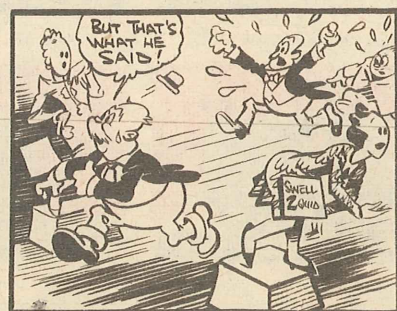
HERE YOU ARE, MISTER—THIS IS THE ONLY HOSE I COULD FIND!

OH! LOOK OUT!



THAT'S FUNNY!—SOMEONE'S TURNED THE WATER ON!

THERE! WHAT DID WE TELL YOU!



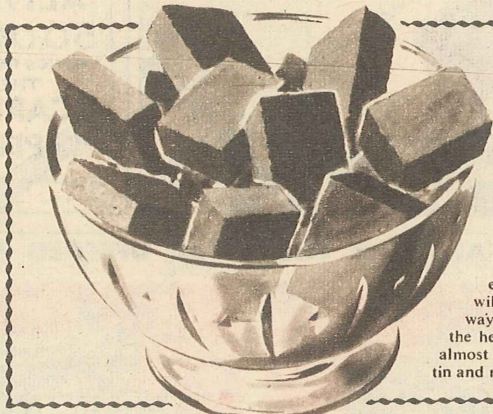
BUT THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

SHELL ZOUNDS!

Ask Mother to make these off-ration sweets!



She can make you some really delicious chocolatey fudge from Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa—lovely melt-in-the-mouth sweets to add to your ordinary ration. Show her this recipe and ask her for some to-day.



CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Cadbury's Own Recipe)
3 tablesp. sweetened condensed or evaporated milk · 1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa · 4 tablesp. water
½ oz. margarine · 3 oz. sugar
1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all the ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 minutes. Stir the fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in the same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat and well beat the fudge until it is almost setting. Pour it quickly into a greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.

DO YOU KNOW that every 1lb. of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa contains 2 oz. of valuable cocoa butter?



Mother knows that Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is full of the things that are good for you—and she knows that it tastes marvellous too. Ask her for it often—in drinks... in sweets... in cakes... in 'afters'.

GROWING CHILDREN HAVE THE COCOA HABIT

CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA



The ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

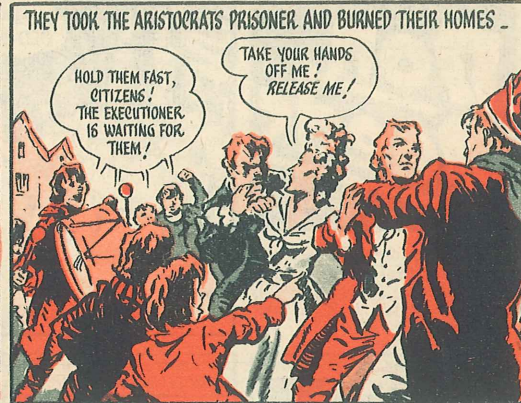
The story of the film—starring David Niven and Margaret Leighton—a Powell-Pressburger Production for London Films—from a book by Baroness Orczy.

FRANCE—1792! For many years the country had been governed unjustly by King Louis and his nobles. The rebellion that followed came to be known as the French Revolution.

MOBS ROARED THROUGH THE STREETS...



THEY TOOK THE ARISTOCRATS PRISONER AND BURNED THEIR HOMES...



AND INNOCENT AND GUILTY ALIKE WERE SENT TO EXECUTION...



THE TUMBRILS ROLLED THROUGH THE FRENCH STREETS AND ALL THE WORLD STOOD AGHAST. THE SINS OF THE FEW WERE BEING VISITED ON THE HEADS OF THE MANY. ONE MAN DECIDED HE WOULD DO ALL HE COULD TO RESCUE THOSE NOBLES WHO WERE INNOCENT OF ANY CRIME. HE WAS AN ENGLISH BARONET AND HIS NAME WAS SIR PERCY BLAKENEY...

OUTWARDLY HE SEEMED A FEATHER-BRAINED DANDY...



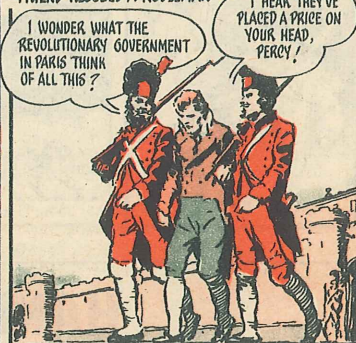
BUT BEHIND HIS FOPPISHNESS, HE WAS A MAN OF LIGHTNING ACTION AND GAY RECKLESSNESS. AROUND HIM HE GATHERED A BAND OF YOUNG DARE-DEVILS—AND TOOK THEM TO FRANCE...



TO HIDE HIS TRUE IDENTITY HE CALLED HIMSELF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. (THE PIMPERNEL IS A SMALL WAYSIDE FLOWER.) HE SET TO WORK TO RESCUE THE ARISTOCRATS AND TO THIS TASK HE APPLIED HIS ACTIVE CLEVER BRAIN WITH MUCH SUCCESS— HE HELPED THEM ESCAPE FROM PRISON...



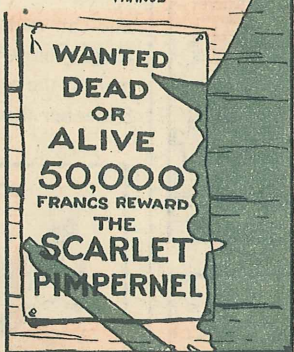
ONCE, DISGUISED AS FRENCH SOLDIERS, HE AND A FRIEND RESCUED A NOBLEMAN—



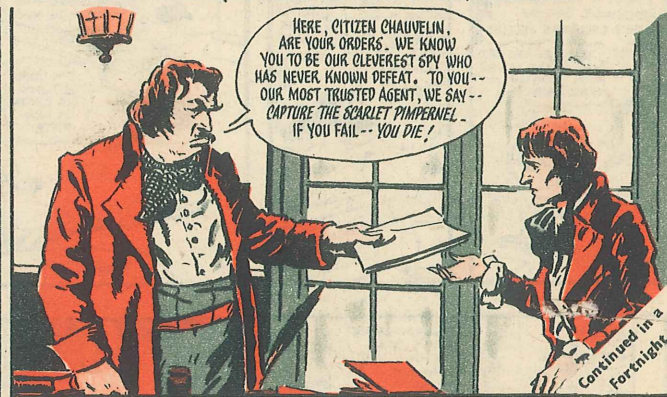
HIS DISGUISES WERE INNUMERABLE. ONE DAY HE DROVE A WHOLE TUMBRIL-LOAD OF PRISONERS TO SAFETY



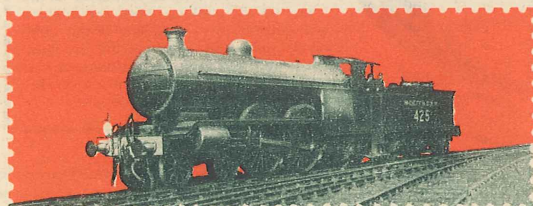
AND SO THE SHADOW OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL FELL ACROSS FRANCE...



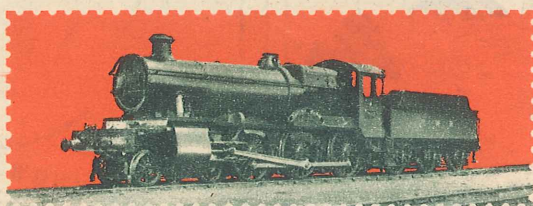
...AND IN PARIS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT...



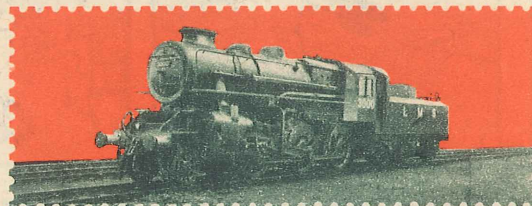
PASTE THESE STAMPS IN THE GUIDE OFFERED ON PAGE 3. SIX MORE IN NEXT WEEK'S "SUN"



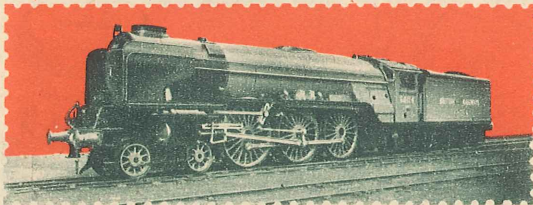
(No. 8). 4-4-2 Southern Region "Atlantic" Type



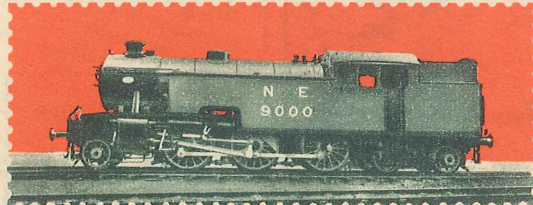
(No. 30). 4-6-0 Western Region "Manor" Class



(No. 55). 2-6-0 London, Midland Region "4.F" Class



(No. 75). 4-6-2 North-Eastern Region "A.1 Pacific"



(No. 86). 2-6-4 Tank North-Eastern Region "L.1" Class



(No. 94). London Transport Executive—Electric Locomotive