

COMET

THE ALL STAR COMIC



2^p EVERY OTHER MONDAY

No. 87
(New Series)
Jan. 14th, 1950

SHORTY
THE DEPUTY SHERIFF
by McNeill

SHORTY! MY DAUGHTER IS COMING IN ON THE STAGE COACH. ISN'T THAT NICE!

WHAT?

THE INJUNS ARE ON THE WARPATH! I GOTTA GO AND BRING THE COACH IN SAFE! GIDDAP, HOSS!

VISION

SHUCKS, I'M TOO LATE! THE REDSKINS HAVE GOT HER!

STAY THAR, HOSS. I'LL TRAIL THE INJUNS AND RESCUE THE MAYOR'S PURTY DAUGHTER

?

SHUCKS! WHAT HIT ME?

SEIZE UM AND BRING UM SCALP! UGH!

GOSH! I CAN'T SEE! WHO PULLED THE BLIND DOWN?

UGH! ME SCALP MIDGET FALEFACE!

WE GETTUM, CHIEF

WHERE IS UM?

GEE! ALL THE INJUNS IN ONE WIGWAM - IDEA!

HOW! WOW! WHY!

HEH HEH THAT'S GOT THEM SEWED UP!

MY HERO!

VISION

NOW TO RESCUE BEAUTY IN DISTRESS!

HELP!

AHA! THAR SHE IS! FEAR NOT, PURTY MAID! ALL'S WELL! SHORTY'S HERE!

RIP

YOU SAVED ME!

VISION

MY HERO! MY HAT!

WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HERE'S BILLY BUNTER AGAIN, IN A SMASHING GREYFRIARS STORY

MR. QUELCH PAYS UP!

LETTER for Bunter!" Billy Bunter was coming downstairs in the morning—last down of the Remove, as usual—when Ogilvy spoke. The fat junior grabbed it eagerly. "I expect it's from Sir William—an old friend of the family," he said indifferently. "He's the head of the Christmas Dinners Association."

Bunter read the letter and snorted. "Oh, it's rotten!" said Bunter in great disgust. "I wrote to this chap and explained my wheeze of standing a big bust-up for the special benefit of fellows who couldn't afford to buy a Christmas dinner. That's my real object, of course, in standing this Christmas feed."

"First I've heard of that," grinned Bob Cherry. "I thought your object was to get a big feed yourself, regardless of expense to the chaps who put up the cash."

"Oh, really, Cherry! Anyway, to get back to the letter—you see, this association looks after poor people at Christmas and provides them with dinners and things. So, of course, when I wrote to the president of it and explained my great idea of feeding the poor at Christmas, I expected he would send a decent contribution."

"My hat! So you've started writing begging letters, have you?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Oh really Nugent! I wish you wouldn't put a bad construction on everything I do," said Bunter peevishly. "It's bad enough Sir William writing me a rotten letter instead of sending me a contribution."

"Let's hear the letter," grinned Ogilvy. Bunter, glowering with indignation, read out the letter.

"Sir,—In reply to your request claiming a contribution from the funds of the society for charitable objects in Friardale, I beg to inform you that our Mr. Sharpe will call upon you on Thursday morning to inquire into the circumstances. If the same be found satisfactory, your request will be placed before the Donations Committee at the next meeting.—Yours faithfully, H. Jones, Secretary.

"I regard this letter as an insult!" said Bunter. "It's jolly near expressing a doubt of my personal honour."

"His personal honour!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Where do you keep it Bunter? You've never let us see anything of it!"

Bunter thrust the letter into his pocket and rolled away. He doubted very much now whether he would succeed in extracting anything from the Christmas Dinners Association. They were not likely to provide a Christmas dinner for him. He would have to look elsewhere for the funds for the great bust-up.

But where? That was a puzzle. Bunter thought it over while he was waiting for breakfast, but as far as he could see, there was no cash on the horizon. He stood in the hall outside the dining room, with his hands in his pockets, and a most thoughtful expression upon his face. Mr. Quelch noticed him when he came by.

"What is the matter Bunter? Have you been over-eating?"

"Oh no, sir! I'm quite well!" said Bunter, with a heavy sigh. "I—I'm thinking of others, sir. That's what it is, sir!"

"Indeed?" "Yes, sir! I—I've made all the arrangements for a regular bust-up, sir, regardless of expense, for the sake of entertaining the fellows, and now at the last moment I've been disappointed about a postal order."

Mr. Quelch looked at him curiously. "Indeed! That is very hard, Bunter."

"It is hard, sir. But—but I had an idea of making up the funds, if possible, by small contributions, so as not to disappoint the fellows, sir," said Billy Bunter eagerly.

BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP

By FRANK RICHARDS



"Kindly hold out your hand!" said the Head

"Perhaps, sir, you would care to make a small contribution?"

Mr. Quelch felt in his waistcoat pocket. Billy Bunter watched him eagerly, his round eyes gleaming through his spectacles. Mr. Quelch extracted a coin.

"There, Bunter," he said, extending his hand, then moved on.

Billy Bunter was still standing there, when the chums of the Remove came crowding in to breakfast. Bunter seemed to be at a loss for words.

"S-s-sixpence!" he stammered at last. "A mouldy sixpence!"

HAZELDENE! Hazeldene paused. He was going down to the gates, and Harry Wharton was coming towards him.

"I want to speak to you," said Harry. "I'll walk with you a little way if you're going out."

"What is it, Wharton? I don't want you to come with me as far as Friardale."

Wharton coloured.

"I don't want to come as far as that, anyway," he said. "I've got footer to attend to this afternoon. You seem to have dropped footer entirely, Hazel."

"I've got other things to fill up my time!" Harry Wharton frowned.

"I suppose that means the rotten games that Vernon-Smith goes in for, and that he's been trying to lead you into for a long time?"

"That's my business!"

"Well, look here, Hazel," said Wharton. "I want to let bygones be bygones, if you are willing."

"I don't care much either way," replied Hazeldene.

Wharton bit his lip. His promise to Marjorie was heavy on his mind; it was not easy to patch it up with Hazeldene.

Suddenly Hazeldene stopped. The two juniors had been walking quickly, and they had reached the cross-roads.

"Don't you think you've come far enough?" Hazeldene suggested.

"Perhaps. Are you meeting someone?"

Wharton broke off as an overcoated form came swinging into sight. It was Vernon-Smith, or the Bounder of Greyfriars as he was usually called.

Wharton turned on his heel and walked back towards Greyfriars.

Hazeldene stared after him.

"Some chaps have a habit of interfering," said Vernon-Smith. "It's just a way they have. Never mind, Hazeldene, I've got an idea for this afternoon. Why shouldn't we call at Cliff House for your sister and Miss Clara?"

"Marjorie wouldn't come," said Hazeldene, shifting uneasily.

"You're her brother," said Vernon-Smith. "She wouldn't refuse if you really asked her seriously."

"I tell you it's no good," said Hazeldene irritably. "Besides, a girl in the party only spoils the fun. I suppose you wouldn't think of playing cards if Marjorie were with us?"

"Of course not, idiot!" growled the Bounder. "Look here, I want to be on friendly terms with your sister. I think you ought to make it easy for me, after the way you've sponged on me."

"And now we're talking plainly," began Hazeldene bitterly. "I may as well tell you that even if Marjorie were willing, I wouldn't let her come out with you! You're not the sort of chap for a girl to talk to or go about with. And that's plain English!"

The Bounder gritted his teeth.

"Then we'll part here," he said savagely. "I don't care!" Hazeldene retorted.

Vernon-Smith strode away towards the village. Hazeldene remained standing alone with a very blank expression on his face. He had repulsed Harry Wharton, and now he had quarrelled with the Bounder. He had said that he did not care; but, as a matter of fact, he did care very much.

TROTTER, the Greyfriars page-boy, put his head into the Remove Form-room the next morning during lessons.

"If you please, sir, Master Bunter's wanted, sir!" he said.

Mr. Quelch looked round.

"Who is it, Trotter?"

"A Mr. Sharpe, sir, and the 'ead sent me for Master Bunter."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter. He had forgotten the promised visit of the representative of the Christmas Dinners Association.

"You may go, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter left the Form-room and followed Trotter down the passage to the

library. As he went in, a tall, thin gentleman rose from a chair.

"Mr. S-S-Sharpe?" asked Bunter. "I'm Bunter."

The stranger adjusted a pair of gold-rimmed glasses upon a prominent thin nose, and looked at Bunter in surprise.

"But you are—in fact, a boy," said Mr. Sharpe.

"Well, I'm a bit older in most things than the other fellows," said Bunter. "I'm rather a clever chap, you know, and very experienced. Besides, I like helping the poor."

"Indeed!"

"Certainly, sir. If this contribution is sent by the Christmas Dinners Association, sir, they can rest assured that it will be well spent—entirely on grub, sir."

"That is certainly a very worthy object," said Mr. Sharpe, scanning the fat junior very closely. "You are, however, very young to be entrusted with the spending of money—I think I should prefer a word or two with your headmaster first."

"I—I hardly think it's necessary, sir," gasped Bunter. "If you hand the money over to me the whole thing will be quite satisfactory."

"I am afraid I could not do so. Perhaps you will wait while I have a few words with your headmaster."

"Please don't trouble, sir," Billy Bunter hastily exclaimed. "Dr. Locke is a very busy man, and—and he gets very bad-tempered when he's interrupted, especially in the mornings. There—there was a chap he nearly brained once for interrupting him in the morning!"

"I think I had better see your headmaster," repeated Mr. Sharpe.

"Quite unnecessary, sir," insisted Bunter.

Mr. Sharpe appeared to have his own ideas about that. He touched the bell, and Trotter appeared, and conducted him to the Head's study, leaving Billy Bunter waiting, in a far from happy frame of mind, in the library.

Trotter came back a few minutes later, and Bunter blinked at him.

"Master Bunter, the 'ead wants you to go to his study."

"Oh! Are you sure?" asked Bunter.

"Yes," grinned Trotter. "He sent me to fetch you."

"I—I suppose I'd better go," murmured Bunter, and he made his way to the Head's study.

His hand trembled as he tapped at the door.

"Come in!" said the deep voice within.

Mr. Sharpe was sitting by the window, the Head at his desk. Dr. Locke turned a severe glance upon the fat "Owl of the Remove," as he came in.

"I hear that you have written to this gentleman for money," said the Head sternly. "Will you kindly explain yourself, Bunter?"

"Ye-e-es, er, sir—er—"

"Well?" snapped the Head. "I am waiting for an explanation. I may mention that unless it is a perfectly satisfactory one I shall cane you severely, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I am waiting, Bunter!"

BILLY BUNTER'S knees knocked together.

"Well, Bunter?" said the Head, in a voice that seemed to the fat junior like the rumble of thunder. "You have written a begging letter."

"Oh no, sir! I—I hope you wouldn't think that I would do anything of that sort, sir! I despise a chap who wants money. You see, sir, the idea really was to stand a Christmas feed to the poor, and I was getting it up regardless of expense."

"The poor of Friardale, perhaps?"

"Yes, exactly, sir," said Bunter. "I—"

(Continued on next page)

CHUCKLE CORNER



"THE COMET" PICTURE QUIZ

Answers at foot of next column



1

WHY DOES A COWBOY WEAR A NECKERCHIEF?

2



(a). IN WHAT BOOK IS BILL SIKES A CHARACTER?
(b). WHO WROTE IT?



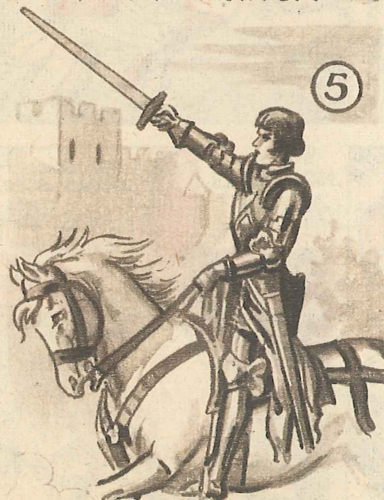
3

WHO, IN MYTHOLOGY FLEW WITH WINGS FIXED TO HIS BODY WITH WAX?



4

(a). WHAT IS THE SKIN BOAT OF THE ESKIMO CALLED?
(b). AND THE SNOW HUT?



5

(a). WHERE WAS JOAN OF ARC BORN?
(b). IN WHAT ENGLISH KING'S REIGN?

BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP

(Continued from previous page)

I've already invited some poor boys, sir—the Courtfield school fellows."
"You told Mr. Sharpe that you are providing most of the funds yourself?"
"Practically the whole, sir," said Bunter, recovering his confidence a little.
"Indeed! You have purchased the provisions?"
"N-n-not yet, sir."
"Then you still have the money in hand?"
"In a way, sir."
"Can you show it to me, Bunter?"
"I—I c-c-can't, sir!" stammered Bunter.
"It hasn't come yet, sir. I'm expecting a large number of postal orders from some rich relations, and from some titled friends of mine, and—"
"Don't talk nonsense, Bunter!" rapped the Head. "You have no money, and your talk of feeding the poor at Christmas is all empty nonsense. I apologise to this gentleman," said the Head, with an inclination towards Mr. Sharpe, "for the trouble he has been put to, and assure him that you will be punished for having given him this unnecessary journey."
"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Sharpe politely. And he took his hat and his leave. Bunter remained all alone with the Head.

"You will kindly hold out your hand," said the Head, rising from his seat. He took up his cane.
Bunter received two swipes on each hand, and they doubled him up like a pocket-knife. The Head eyed him grimly.
"There, Bunter! I think that will perhaps be a lesson to you. You may go."
Bunter tucked his hands under his arms, and rolled along the passage, groaning dismally.

The classes were being dismissed now, and Bunter ran into Temple, Dabney and Co., of the Upper Fourth, as he went out of the School building into the Close.
"Hallo!" said Temple. "Here's Bunter in trouble again! What was it for this time, Bunter?"
"Nothing," groaned Bunter.
"Good old Bunter," chuckled Temple. "Always some spanking whopper, and each one bigger than the last!"
Bunter blinked at them.
"I say, you fellows—I'm standing a big Christmas bust-up. My real object is to promote good feeling between the Upper and the Lower Fourth, and you, of course, will be the guests of honour. Now, if you chaps care to make a contribution—"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"
"Look here—don't walk away while I'm talking to you!" roared Bunter. "I tell you—look here—Beasts!"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" grinned Bob Cherry, as he and the chums of the Lower Fourth came round the corner. "How's the bust-up for the poor coming along, Bunter?"
"I'm expecting a reply from the Courtfield fellows today," Bunter replied haughtily.
"You've invited the Courtfield fellows?" exclaimed Harry Wharton in surprise.
"Of course," replied Billy Bunter.
"You see, my real object is to feed the poor at Christmas, and I don't suppose those Courtfield chaps have any Christmas dinners. I put it very tactfully to them in my letter. I pointed out that as they were probably too poor to have a decent feed at Christmas, this was really a good thing for them."

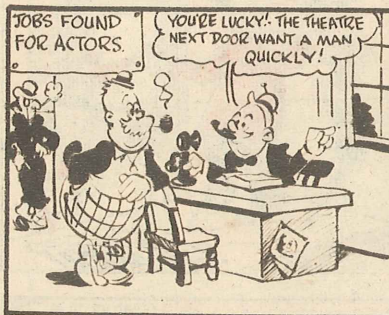
At that moment there was a shout from the direction of the gates.
"Courtfield cads!"
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Here comes Trumper and Co. from Courtfield School, with an answer to your invitation, Bunter!"
Trumper and Co. marched into the Close with grim faces!
(Does this mean more trouble for Billy? Read in the next COMET how he gets his "bust-up" after all, though not as he expects!)

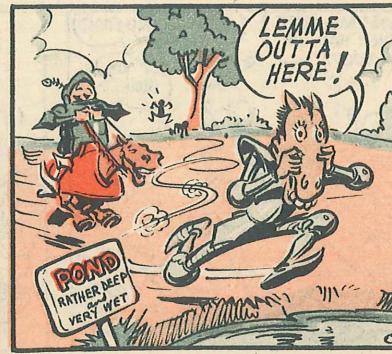
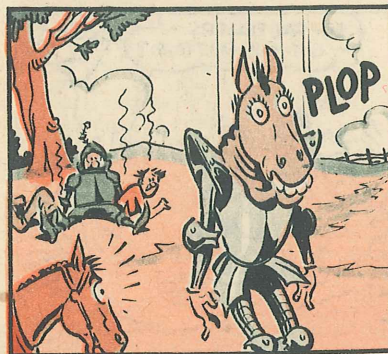
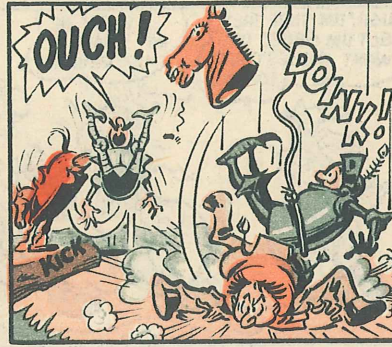
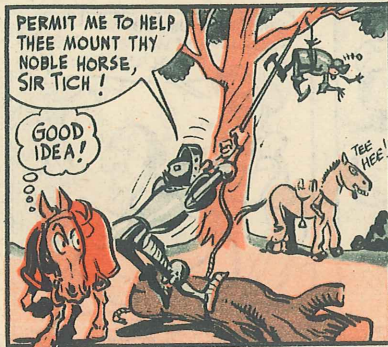
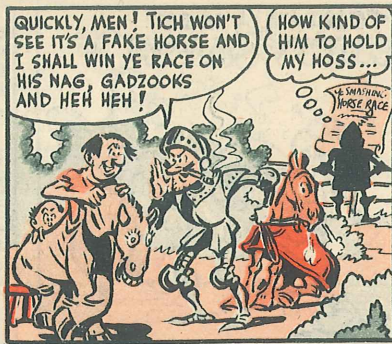
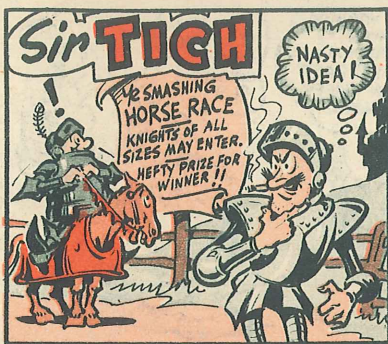
ANSWERS TO PICTURE QUIZ

1. To wipe the perspiration from his face, and to place across his mouth to keep out dust.
2. (a) Oliver Twist; (b) Charles Dickens.
3. Icarus.
4. (a) A Kayak; (b) An igloo.
5. (a) Domremy; (b) Henry IV's.

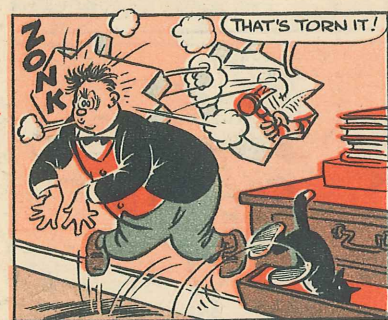


HANDY ANDY





SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER

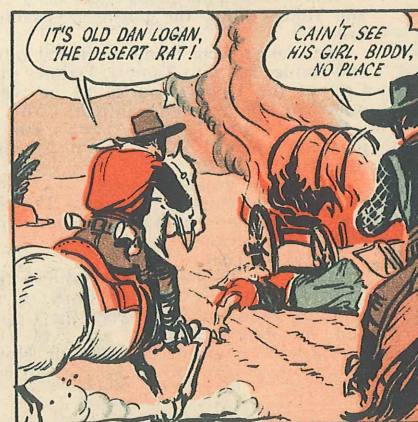
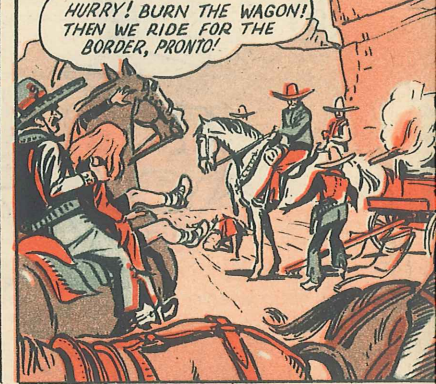
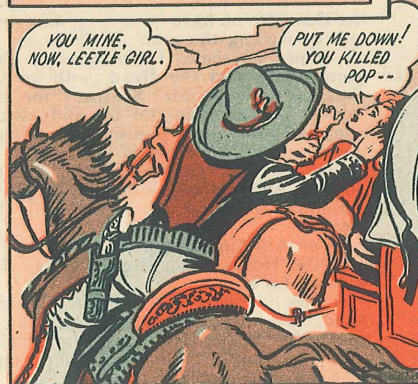
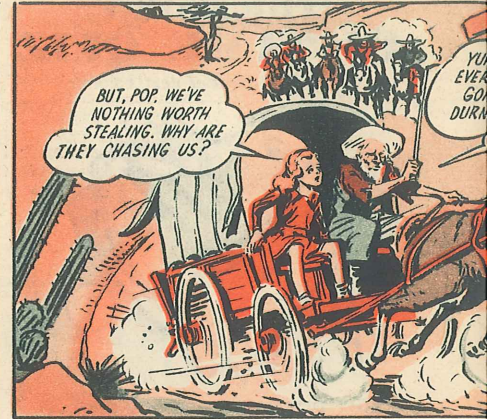


BUCK JONES

IN

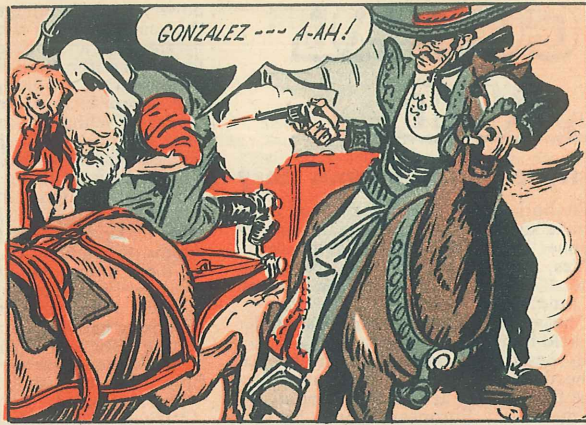
THE MYSTERY of BIDDY LOGAN

OLD DAN LOGAN, THE DESERT RAT, WAS MOVING TO FRESH TERRITORY, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, BIDDY, WHEN A PARTY OF MEXICAN COWBOYS FROM OVER THE BORDER, PURSUED THEM.....





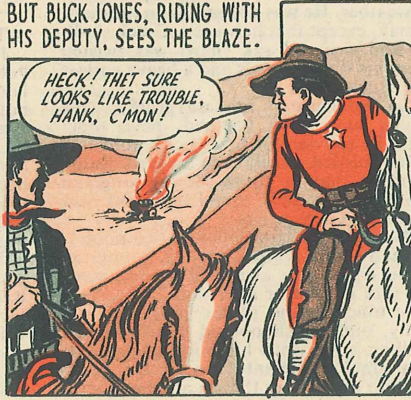
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, HONEY. GONZALEZ KNOWS PLENTY 'BOUT HIS HIDE. HE'LL SURE GIT ME.



GONZALEZ --- A-AH!

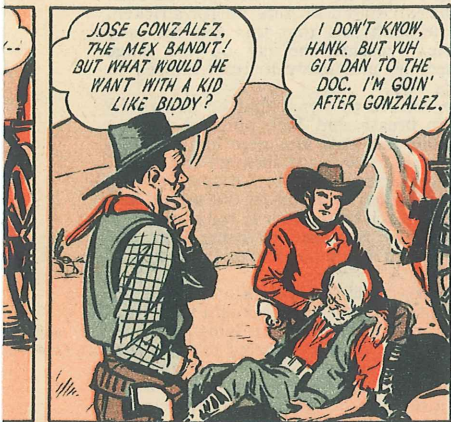


A GOOD DAY'S WORK, IS IT NOT?



BUT BUCK JONES, RIDING WITH HIS DEPUTY, SEES THE BLAZE.

HECK! THAT SURE LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, HANK, C'MON!

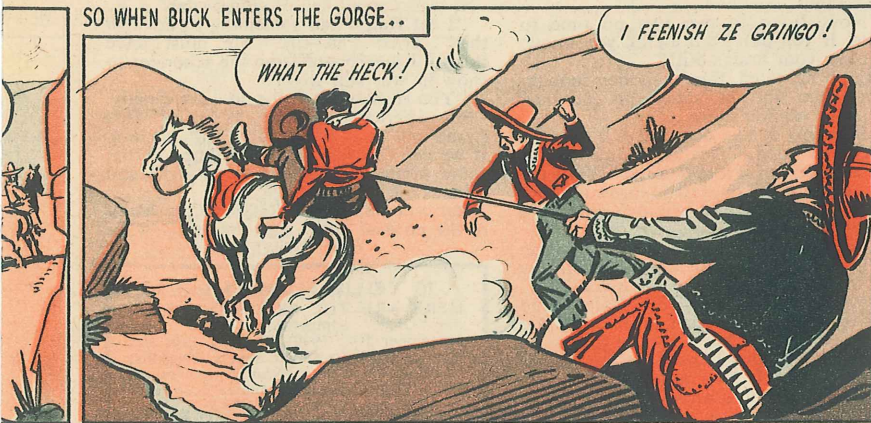


JOSE GONZALEZ, THE MEX BANDIT! BUT WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH A KID LIKE BIDDY?

I DON'T KNOW, HANK. BUT YUH GIT DAN TO THE DOC. I'M GOIN' AFTER GONZALEZ.



IT'S SURE A MYSTERY, HANK, BUT I AIM TO SOLVE IT, EF I HAVE TO CHASE GONZALEZ TO MEXICO CITY. S'LONG!



SO WHEN BUCK ENTERS THE GORGE..

WHAT THE HECK!

I FEENISH ZE GRINGO!



TRYING TO STOP ME, HUH? GUESS GONZALEZ DON'T WANT ME TO CATCH HIM, BUT I'M NOT QUITTIN'.



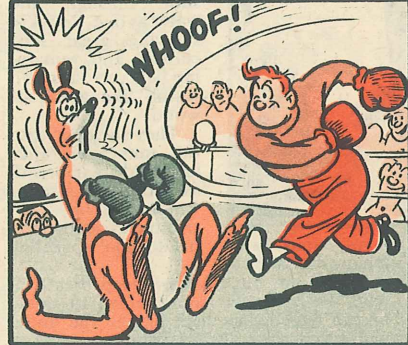
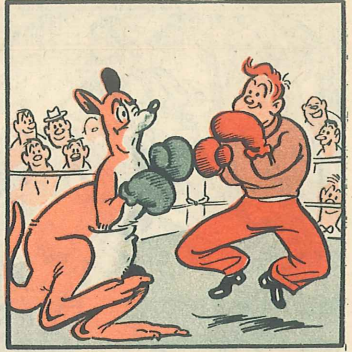
THEY'VE CROSSED THE BORDER. IT'S RISKY FER ME TO GO INTO MEXICO, SILVER, BUT WE'RE GOIN' I'LL GIT YOUNG BIDDY BACK -- OR BUST! LET'S GO!



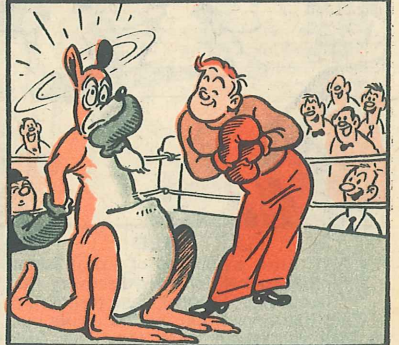
SMITHY

£5 TO ANYONE WHO WILL GO THREE ROUNDS WITH THE BOXING KANGAROO

I'LL TAKE IT ON!



WHOOOF!



SIMON - THE SIMPLE SLEUTH



I SAY 'ER-ARE YOU PEOPLE ROBBING THE BANK?

COUNTY BANK



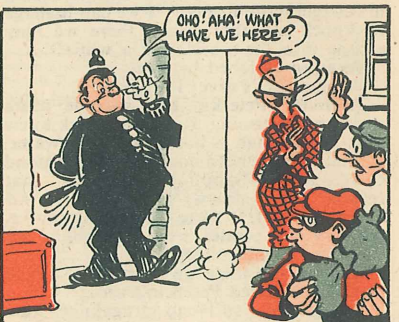
GOOD GRACIOUS NO! WE'RE HOLDING A MASKED NEW YEAR BALL! DO COME AND JOIN US!

I'D LOVE TO



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO PLAY BLIND MAN'S BUFF

COO, WHAT FLIN!



OH! AHA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



HA HA! SOON CAUGHT ONE!

GOOD LAD! HOLD HIM TILL HE GIVES YOU A FORFEIT OR SOMETHING (SNIGGER!)



OH DEAR-WASN'T IT REALLY A PARTY?

NO IT WAS NO PARTY... AND NOW I AM ABOUT TO BREAK ALL MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

HEH HEH!

ME TOO!



CAPTURED!

THE three castaways of Coral Island were shocked by their discovery that the strange schooner was a pirate ship. They had hoped that the first white men to visit the island since they had been thrown ashore on it many months before would bring deliverance.

But the crash of the cannon-ball aimed at them, and sight of the boat-load of men racing towards the beach from the sinister vessel flying the Jolly Roger, showed Ralph, Jack and Peterkin that they could expect no help from pirates!

Ralph and Peterkin turned instinctively to Jack Martin. Since their ship the *Arrow*, had been wrecked in a storm, the younger boys had come to depend on his courage and resource.

"There's only one hope," he said quietly. "If those rascals mean to take us, they'll soon overrun the whole island. Follow me!"

Ralph Rover and Peterkin Gay followed him as he ran into the woods and led them by a roundabout route to Spouting Cliff. Peering cautiously over the edge they saw the heavily-armed crew of the boat leaping to the shore. They rushed up to the hut which had been the boys' home for so many months.

"We've one chance—the Diamond Cave!" said Jack.

"Then I'm done," said Peterkin. "I couldn't dive down there if all the pirates in the Pacific were at my heels."

"We'll take you down, Peterkin," said Ralph urgently, "if you'll only trust us."

Peterkin was pale but determined. "Leave me! They won't think it worth while killing me. You and Ralph dive into the cave."

Ralph saw a band of the pirates break from the cover of the woods, where they had been searching, and race across the beach towards Spouting Cliff. Hoarse shouts showed that they had been seen.

"We stick together," said Jack, clenching his cudgel more firmly. "If we can manage to knock out that bunch there we may escape into the woods for a while!"

Peterkin clutched his arm. "Come! Let's dive! I'll risk it!"

Although Peterkin had become more expert at swimming, Ralph and Jack knew that he still had a horror of deep water. He had not yet been down to the Diamond Cave, under Spouting Cliff, for that reason. They knew how difficult his decision was. But there was no alternative. Already the pirates were scrambling up the rocks towards them.

Standing on the edge of the water, Jack and Ralph seized Peterkin's arms.

"Keep quite still—no struggling!" said Jack.

THE CORAL ISLAND

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

Momentarily hidden from the pirates, who were scrambling among the rocks, the three boys bent forward and plunged head foremost together. Down they shot through the water as one, Peterkin showing great self-control and remaining between Jack and Ralph like a log of wood.

They swooped into the tunnel entrance and held their breath as with a few strokes Ralph and Jack carried their friend along inside the sparkling

it to break water in Diamond Cave.

Pale-faced, but taking a deep breath of relief Peterkin was soon helped to safety on the rock ledge. Jack lighted the tinder and torch they always kept in the cave. Peterkin had his first view of its marvels, but this was no time to sit and stare.

Soon they were all busy wringing their clothes as dry as possible.

"They may take it into their heads to stay on the island," said Peterkin gloomily. "Then we'll be buried alive in this place."

"No fear of that," said Jack. "They never stay long on shore. The sea's their home. They won't stay more than a day or two."

At various times Jack and Ralph had brought coconuts and other fruits, besides rolls of coconut cloth, down into this amazing cavern, in case savages might drive them to shelter there. Now they found the food in good condition and sufficient cloth to make a bed on the damp rock.

They sat eating and talking quietly, with cold walls and black water around them, and hearing at intervals the sullen sound of the drops that fell from the roof of the cavern into the still water. When the faint green light that came through the tunnel opening died away, they put out their torch and lay down to sleep.

Ralph was the first to awake. The faint light showed that it was daylight above once more, but they had no means of telling the time.

"I'll dive out and see how the land lies," said Jack.

"No, Jack," said Ralph firmly. "You rest and take care of Peterkin. I'll go and see what the pirates are up to. I'll be very careful and I'll bring you word in a short time."

"Please yourself. But don't be long," replied Jack.

"They'll be keeping a sharp look-out," said Peterkin. "Be careful, Ralph."

"Don't worry," said Ralph. "Good-bye." Their good-byes were still sounding in his ears as he plunged into the dark water, through the eerie green of the tunnel, and swooped to the surface of the sunlit pool outside.

He rose gently and breathed softly, keeping close in under the cliff. Seeing nobody, he crept from the water and climbed the cliff a step at a time, keeping a look-out all the time.

Soon he was at the cliff-top and able to get a full view of the shore. There was not a pirate to be seen. Even the boat had gone.

He looked out to sea and gave a shout of joy as he saw the pirate schooner sailing away from the island and almost hull down

on the horizon. He stared for a long time, to make sure that it really was the sinister schooner that had struck such fear into them.

"Yes, there she goes!" he exclaimed aloud. "Those villains have been baulked this time!"

A heavy hand clamped on his shoulder and held him as if in a vice.

His heart leapt painfully as he twisted his head round and saw a tall man with a fierce face smiling at him contemptuously. The man was a European, though his face was deeply bronzed by long exposure to the weather. He was dressed as an ordinary seaman, except that he wore a Greek skull-cap and a broad silk shawl was twisted round his waist. Pistols and a heavy cutlass were stuck in his belt.

"So, youngster," he said gruffly, "the villains have been baulked, have they? Don't be too sure of that! Look yonder!"

He whistled shrilly and twisted Ralph round so that he could see the longboat being rowed rapidly round the point near the Water Garden.

"Now go and make a fire on that point!" the man rasped. "And, hark'ee, youngster, if you try to run away I'll send a quick and sure messenger after you."

He touched one of his pistols significantly, and Ralph obeyed him in silence, kindling a fire with his burning-glass. As thick smoke rose into the air the boom of a gun rolled over the sea and he saw the schooner turning and sailing towards the island again. Her departure had been only a ruse. Ralph saw that now, but it was too late for regrets.

He was completely in the power of the pirates and stood helplessly as the crew climbed the rocks, jesting noisily at the success of their scheme. They were a ferocious bunch of men, with shaggy beards and scowling faces and heavily armed with pistols and cutlasses.

There was no friendliness in their expressions, and Ralph felt that his life hung by a hair.

"Where are the other cubs?" growled one of them.

The pirate captain turned on Ralph. "You hear what he says, whelp? Where are the others!"

"If you mean my companions," said Ralph in a low voice, "I won't tell you."

The crew laughed loudly and the captain looked at Ralph in surprise before drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it menacingly.

"Now, listen to me, I've no time to waste. If you don't tell me all you know, I'll blow your brains out!"

Ralph hesitated, then a sudden thought struck him and he shook his clenched fist in the captain's face.

"Blow my brains out, and it'll soon be over!" he cried. "Death by drowning is just as sure, but it'll take longer. Yet I tell you now, even if you were to throw me over that cliff into the sea I wouldn't tell where my friends are!"

The captain's dark face paled with rage. "D'you say so? Here, lads, take him by the legs—and heave him in, quick!"

Several men leaped on Ralph and carried him to the edge of the cliff. He struggled a little, but while he did so he was congratulating himself on the success of his scheme. If they hurled him into the water, he could disappear in its depths and soon rejoin Jack and Peterkin.

But even as the men swung him on the cliff edge, the tall captain dashed his hopes.

"Hold on, lads! Hold on! We'll give him a taste of the thumb-screws before we throw him to the sharks."

Ralph was raised shoulder high, hurried

down the rocks and tossed roughly into the boat. He lay for some time half stunned by the fall, and on recovering his senses found that the boat was already outside the coral reef and alongside the schooner.

A severe kick in the side jolted him to his feet. Feeling sick and dazed, he scrambled up the ship's side. The boat was hoisted on to the deck, and soon he saw Coral Island dropping slowly astern as the schooner beat up against a head sea.

What were Jack and Peterkin doing now, deep under Spouting Cliff in the echoing depths of Diamond Cave? If only he could let them know that he had been spirited away on the pirate ship!

While Ralph thought miserably of the friends he had lost, Jack and Peterkin were getting restless in Diamond Cave.

"He's been gone ages," said Jack at last. "I'm going to dive out and look for him."

Peterkin paled. "If you don't come back I'll be shut up here for life!"

"I won't take any risks," said Jack. "I'll be back, Peterkin."

Jack dived to the surface, leaving Peterkin alone in the shadows of the cave. His shouts brought no response, but it was not until he saw the schooner standing away to northward and watched her until she slowly sank from his sight below the horizon that he realised Ralph might have been captured and carried away.

He wasted no time in dismay, but dived again to tell Peterkin the awful news. It was obvious they could not stay in the cave just worrying. There was the problem of getting Peterkin to the surface without Ralph's help. After rejecting various ideas, Jack found a way.

He went to the surface again and found a long pole and some cordage. With these he returned to the cave and proposed tying Peterkin's hands and feet and lashing him to the pole to keep him straight and stiff.

Peterkin stared at him, horror-stricken. But he soon saw that this was his only chance. Presently he lay on the ledge trussed up, and ready to trust himself to Jack's skill.

He winked to signal that he had taken a deep breath and Jack plunged, pulling the pole and Peterkin after him through the tunnel. They shot through the tunnel like two arrows and broke surface with gasps of relief. Peterkin let out a loud yell of joy as Jack towed him to the shore.

Jack had managed to bring him out safely from Diamond Cave. But what of Ralph?

For days Jack and Peterkin searched the island, fearing that Ralph might have been killed and his body left lying in some lonely spot. Then it occurred to them that he might have been thrown into the sea.

But one day, while they were on the reef and just about to give up hope, Peterkin spotted a dark object among the rocks.

It was a small keg of gunpowder.

"I bet Ralph had something to do with this!" cried Peterkin. "He must have thrown it overboard from the schooner to show he was still alive!"

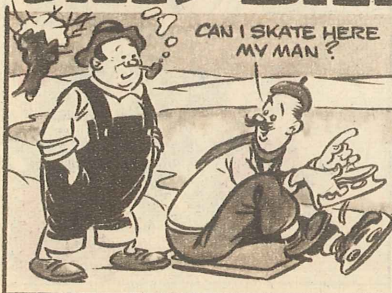
"You may be right," said Jack quietly. "But where is he now, Peterkin? This island will be a dreary place without him. If we can't have Ralph, all I hope is that some other ship will come in sight and take us off."

What will happen to Ralph in the hands of the pirates? Don't miss the thrills in the next COMET.

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

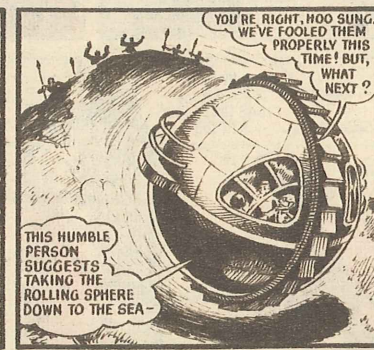
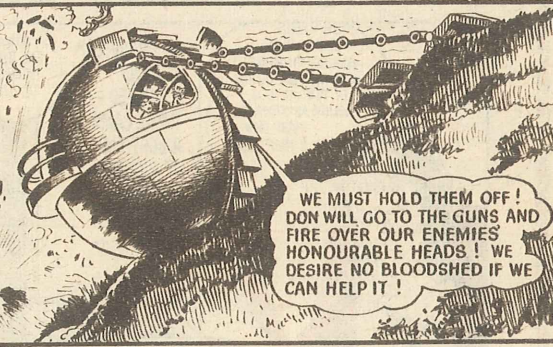
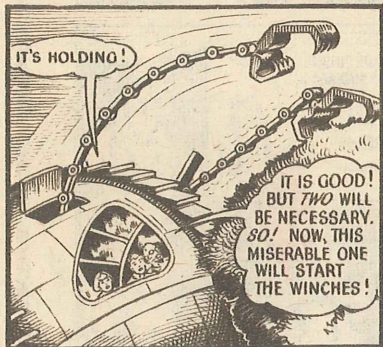
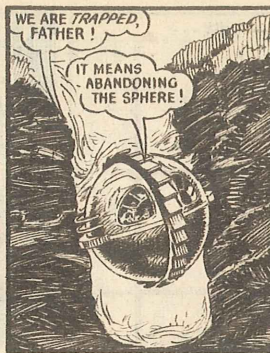
HERE ARE THE PRIZEWINNERS in our "GUY" competition, (Issue dated November 5th., 1949). The 10s. note has been awarded to Arthur Sayers, Nechells; 7s. 6d. to Christopher Ryan Hammersmith; 5s. to Mavis Arundell, London, E.16.; and 2s. 6d. each to Anthony Hughes, Manchester; Alan Girling, Westcliff-on-Sea; G. Pammant, Edmonton; Tony Mason, Snainton; Michael Parr, Stone; B. D. Harris, Birmingham; Jennifer Carter, Worthing; Alan Colvill, Bearsden; Christopher Cox, Folkestone; and Olive Tebb, Rochdale;

SILLY BILLY



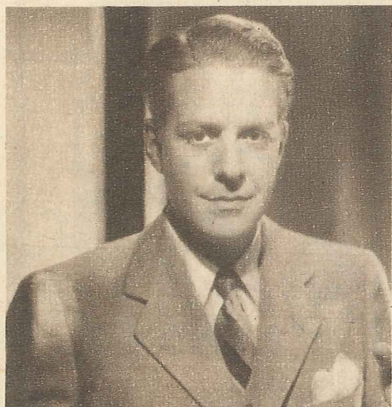
Don Deeds

Hoo Sung rescues Don Deeds and Mai-Mai from the native village, but the rolling sphere falls into a crevasse on the hillside, to the delight of their enemies.



WILL HOO SUNG'S PLAN SUCCEED? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT COMET

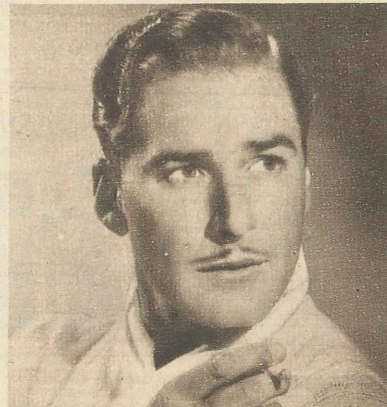
"COMET" GALLERY OF STARS PRESENTS FOUR MORE FILM FAVOURITES



28. NELSON EDDY (M.G.M.)



29. MAUREEN O'HARA (R.K.O. Radio)



30. ERROL FLYNN (Warner Bros.)



31. TYRONE POWER (20th Century-Fox)

SAMMY SHUTEYE AND THE GIFT FOR GUMPTION

GOALIE'S ILL, YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

TWENTY MINUTES TO KICK-OFF TIME. I'LL HAVE A SNOOZE.

A GIFT! GIVE ME A MARS. I'D STOP A STAMPEDE FOR A MARS.

OPEN GOAL! IT'S A GIFT!

HOW'S THAT FOR A SAVE?

TERRIFIC. I'M SIGNING YOU ON SAMMY.

TAKE IT FROM ME. MARS IS THE GIFT THAT GIVES YOU GUMPTION.

FLICKERING FLASHLIGHTS! AREN'T MARS MARVELLOUS

MARS HAS EVERYTHING!

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

THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

BASED ON THE LONDON FILMS' PRODUCTION FROM THE BOOK BY BARONNESS ORCZY.

IN THE YEAR 1792, REVOLUTION RAGED THROUGH FRANCE. INNOCENT PEOPLE WERE DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS TO DEATH -- BUT MANY WERE SAVED BY AN ENGLISH BARONET NAMED SIR PERCY BLAKENEY. TO HIDE HIS IDENTITY HE CALLED HIMSELF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAVE ORDERED CHAUVELIN, THEIR CHIEF SPY, TO CAPTURE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL --

ONE DAY CHAUVELIN WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK WHEN ---



WHAT'S THAT? WHO DARES TO THROW STONES THROUGH MY WINDOW?



HALLO, THERE'S A NOTE TIED ROUND THE STONE!



I have rescued the Countess de Tournai and her son and daughter. The Scarlet Pimpernel.



WHO IS THIS SCARLET PIMPERNEL? I KNOW NOTHING OF HIM EXCEPT THAT HE IS AN ENGLISH ARISTOCRAT. HOW CAN I TRAP HIM?

AS CHAUVELIN SAT AND PONDERED -- THERE CAME A SOFT TAP AT HIS DOOR. AND HIS SECRETARY ENTERED --

ARMAND ST. JUST, MEMBER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PARLIAMENT, WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU, CITIZEN CHAUVELIN!



ST. JUST? ST. JUST? SURELY HIS SISTER IS MARRIED TO SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, THE ENGLISH DANDY! SEND HIM IN AT ONCE!



THE CROWD OUTSIDE IS RUNNING MAD AGAIN, CHAUVELIN. I BELIEVE IN THE REVOLUTION BUT THIS MOB-VIOLENCE IS SENSELESS!



I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, ST. JUST. YOU DO NOT AGREE WITH THE EXECUTION OF ARISTOCRATS. YOU REGARD LOYAL CITIZENS GATHERED TOGETHER IN THE CAUSE OF REVOLUTION AS A PACK OF WOLVES. YOU ARE A DANGEROUS MAN, CITIZEN. WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

I WISH TO VISIT MY SISTER, IN ENGLAND. I WANT A PASSPORT!

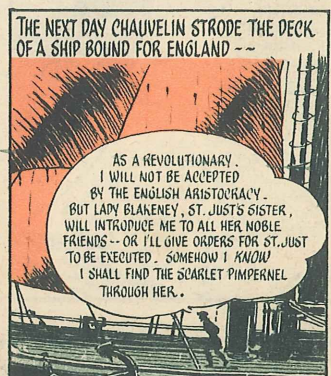


YOUR REQUEST IS REFUSED. YOUR SISTER IS MARRIED TO AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN WHO IS RENOWNED AS A STUPID OAF -- YOU MUST REMAIN IN FRANCE. NOW PLEASE LEAVE ME -- I AM BUSY!



ARMAND ST. JUST DEPARTED ANGRILY AND CHAUVELIN IMMEDIATELY CALLED FOR HIS SECRETARY --

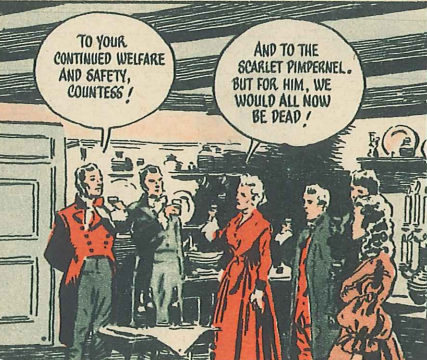
PACK MY TRUNK -- ORDER A COACH -- I LEAVE FOR ENGLAND AT ONCE!



THE NEXT DAY CHAUVELIN STRODE THE DECK OF A SHIP BOUND FOR ENGLAND --

AS A REVOLUTIONARY I WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED BY THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY. BUT LADY BLAKENEY, ST. JUST'S SISTER, WILL INTRODUCE ME TO ALL HER NOBLE FRIENDS -- OR I'LL GIVE ORDERS FOR ST. JUST TO BE EXECUTED. SOMEHOW I KNOW I SHALL FIND THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL THROUGH HER.

THE SAME NIGHT THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAI, WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER, ARRIVED AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST INN AT DOVER. ESCORTED BY SOME OF THE PIMPERNEL'S MEN, THEY WERE SAFE FROM THE TERROR AT LAST --



TO YOUR CONTINUED WELFARE AND SAFETY, COUNTESS!

AND TO THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. BUT FOR HIM, WE WOULD ALL NOW BE DEAD!

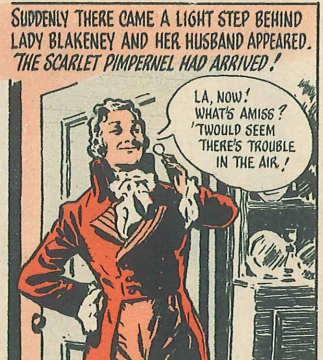


MARGUERITE, LADY BLAKENEY, DID NOT KNOW THAT HER HUSBAND WAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

AH, SIR ANDREW FFOULKES! HAVE YOU SEEN MY HUSBAND? HE TOLD ME HE WAS COMING HERE FROM BRIGHTON!



WHAT IS THIS WOMAN DOING HERE? SHE IS MARGUERITE ST. JUST AND HER BROTHER IS A REVOLUTIONARY! SHE IS A TRAITOR AND A SPY!

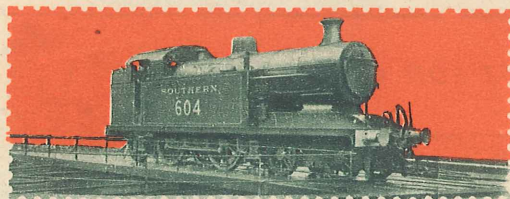


SUDDENLY THERE CAME A LIGHT STEP BEHIND LADY BLAKENEY AND HER HUSBAND APPEARED. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAD ARRIVED!

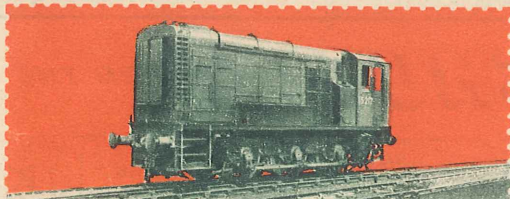
L.A. NOW! WHAT'S AMISS? 'TWOULD SEEM THERE'S TROUBLE IN THE AIR!

WILL THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL BE DISCOVERED? DON'T MISS HIS AMAZING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT COMET

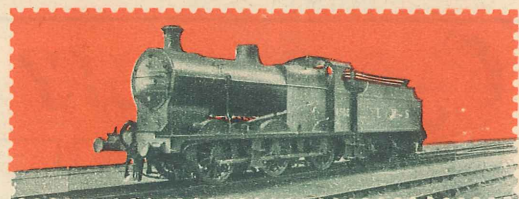
HERE ARE SIX STAMPS FOR YOUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS' GUIDE. SIX MORE WILL BE IN NEXT WEEK'S SUN



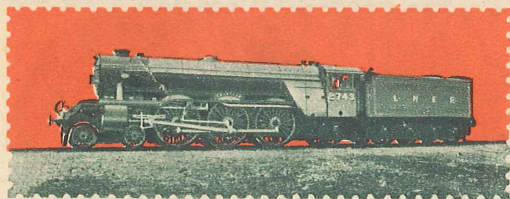
(No. 12). 4-4-2 Tank Southern Region I1x Class



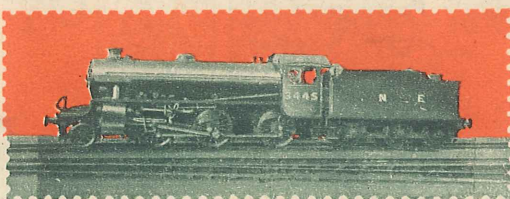
(No. 18). 0-6-0 Diesel Southern Region



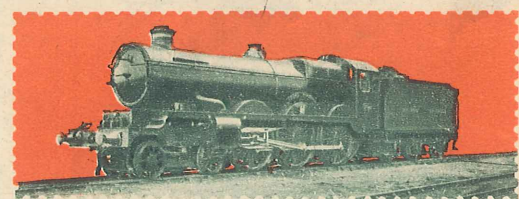
(No. 59). 0-6-0 London Midland Region 4F Class



(No. 78). 4-6-2 North Eastern Region A3 Pacific



(No. 90). 2-6-0 North Eastern Region K1 Class



(No. 26). 4-6-0 Western Region Castle Class