

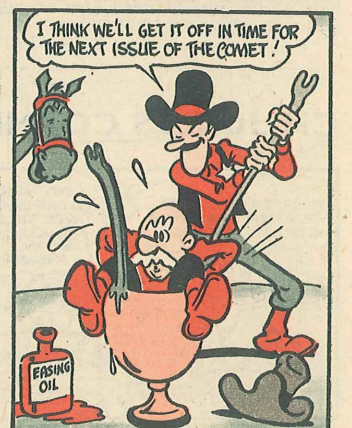
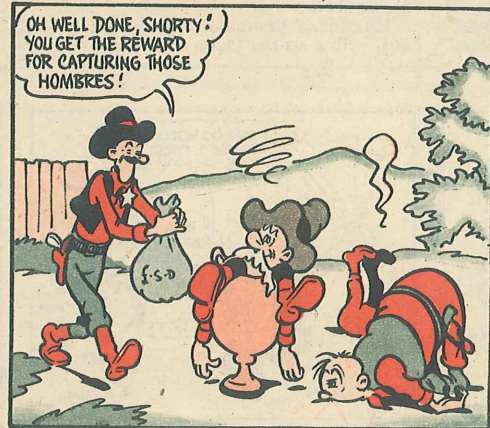
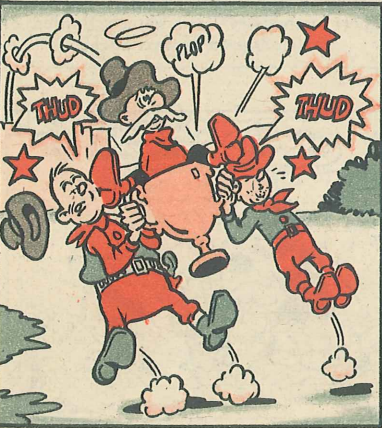
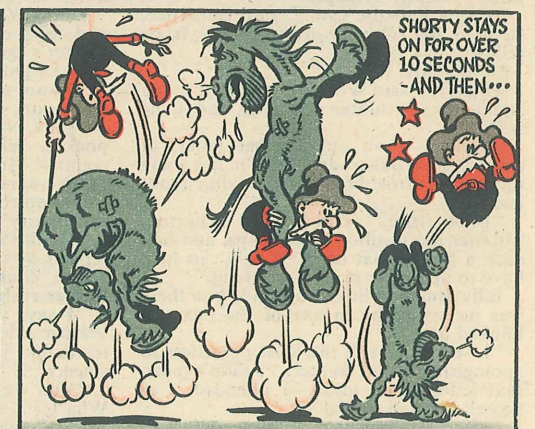
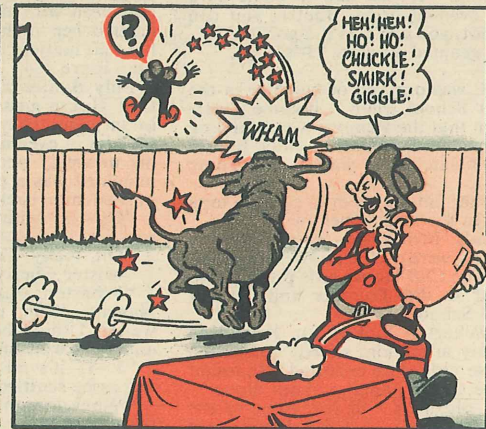
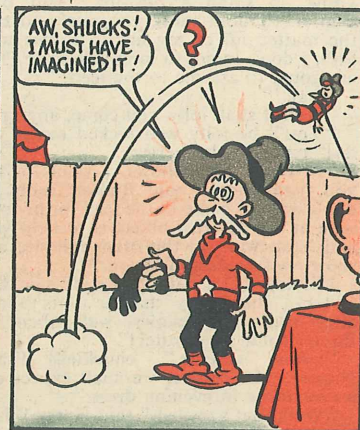
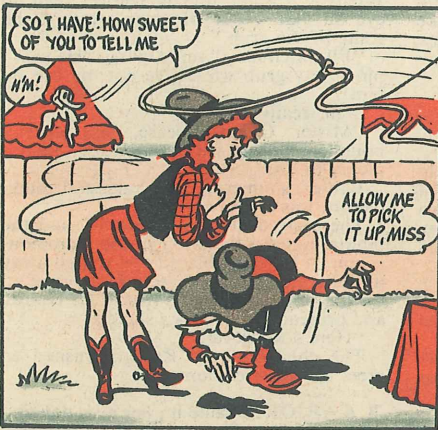
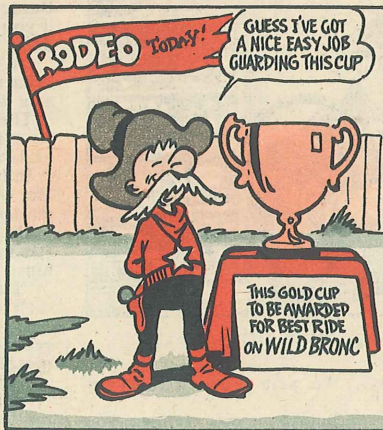
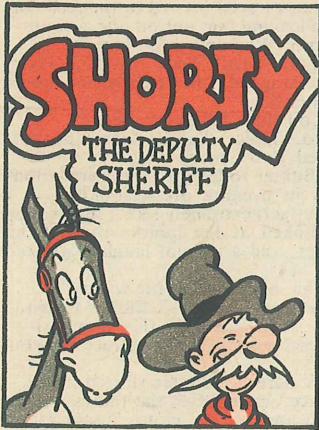
COMET

THE ALL STAR COMIC



2nd EVERY OTHER MONDAY

No. 88
(New Series)
Jan. 28th, 1950



BUNTER FEEDS—AT LAST!

BILLY BUNTER blinked as Trumper and Co. from the Courtfield School, came marching through the gates of Greyfriars and crossed the quadrangle.

Bunter had sent them an invitation to the Christmas bust-up he had been trying to arrange "regardless of expense." Unfortunately, Billy had not yet found anyone who would part with the necessary cash—although he had tried practically everyone in the school, and had even written to the Christmas Dinners Association asking them to send a subscription, as he was giving a Christmas feed "for the poor of Greyfriars." He had told the Head that he had invited the "poor fellows" at Courtfield School, and now it seemed as though those "poor fellows" had brought their answer.

Trumper and Co., from Courtfield, had caught sight of Bunter, and were marching straight towards him. The Greyfriars fellows were gathering around, none too pleased at this invasion by the rival school-boys.

"Bunter," roared Trumper. "You wrote me this letter?"

Trumper held out a letter, scrawled and blotted and smeared in Bunter's well-known style.

"Yes, that looks like my letter, Trumper."

"Look at it," roared Trumper. "Listen while I read it out, and then tell me what you think of it, fellows."

Trumper read out the letter.

"Dear Trumper,—I am standing a Christmas feed, a regular bust-up, regardless of expense, and I want you and your friends to come. Although as a rule you do not mix with fellows of my class, we shall treat you quite well. At Christmas time, I really think that even fellows like you ought to be treated with friendliness, and so I hope you will come. Of course, you will see that your friends wash their hands and put on clean collars, and that sort of thing, so as not to disgrace me. It will be a splendid feed, and as I don't suppose you fellows get any Christmas dinners to speak of, it will be a treat for you.—Yours, WILLIAM G. BUNTER."

The Greyfriars fellows grinned as the letter was read aloud. The Courtfielders were red with wrath.

"Well," roared Trumper.

"I don't see anything wrong with that letter," said Bunter.

He dodged quickly behind Harry Wharton as Trumper made a grab at him.

"I'm going to lick that fat bounder!" said Trumper doggedly.

"Oh, Bunter can't fight," said Harry Wharton. "He can't fight in glasses, and he can't see without them!"

"Well, I'm jolly well going to lick somebody!" roared Trumper.

"Come into the gym.," said Bulstrode, stepping out from the crowd of Greyfriars fellows.

"I'm ready. I—"

"Stop it!" said Wharton. "Anybody who stands up for Bunter now is as bad as he is."

"Well, I don't uphold that letter, of course," said Bulstrode. "But I'm not going to have Courtfield fellows swanking about here."

"Look here," said Harry Wharton. "Bunter has insulted these chaps, and he's such a booby that he can't fight. So he'll have to apologise or take a licking."

Billy Bunter blinked around, but there was no sympathy in any of the faces he blinked at.

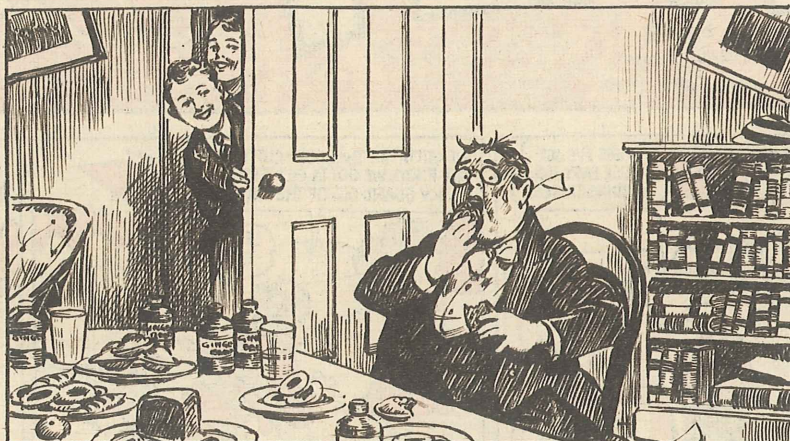
"I—er—I haven't the least objection to apologising," said Bunter. "I didn't mean that letter as an insult—I intended it to be delicate and tactful."

Even the Courtfield fellows could not help grinning at Bunter's idea of delicacy and tact.

"I—I apologise," went on Bunter. "I'm

BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP

By FRANK RICHARDS



Billy Bunter was having his bust-up, after all!

awfully sorry, and I take it all back. Is that all right?"

"Yes," said Trumper with a snort. "That's all right! But look out you Greyfriars bounders; after this, whenever we meet you, there'll be trouble."

Trumper and Co. turned towards the gates. Wharton hurriedly walked after them.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "I'm sorry this has happened. Bunter is a howling ass, and we're all ashamed of him. I should think you chaps could overlook it. How about shaking hands on it?"

The Courtfield fellows could not resist that. Wharton's heartiness was infectious.

"I SAY, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton and Co. were going into the tuckshop after lessons on Friday. They looked at Bunter, then walked into the shop. Billy Bunter followed them at once.

"I say, you fellows—"

No one replied. The chums of the Remove seemed to have made up their minds to ignore Bunter.

Harry Wharton opened his pocket-book, and took out several pound notes. Billy Bunter's eyes almost started from his head at the sight of them.

"I want a really good feed for tomorrow afternoon," Mrs. Mibble."

Frank Nugent produced a list from his pocket. Wharton laid the notes on the counter. Mrs. Mibble looked over the list.

"We want the lot delivered in the Remove Common-room for tea-time tomorrow," said Harry Wharton.

"I quite understand, Master Wharton," replied Mrs. Mibble.

The chums walked out of the shop. Bunter rushed after them excitedly.

"I say, you fellows—" Bunter grasped Wharton desperately by the coat. "I want to thank you fellows—thank you most sincerely!"

"You want to thank us?" echoed Harry Wharton.

"Yes, rather. It's jolly decent of you—ordering those things for my bust-up. Of course, you were ordering them for me?"

"There's a slight mistake somewhere,"

said Harry. "We were ordering them for ourselves."

"I say, you fellows, it was my idea, you know, to stand a bust-up," said Billy Bunter. "I don't think you ought to take the matter out of my hands in this way. Still, I don't mind, so long as I come. You are going to ask me to the feed?"

"Rats!"

"Well, I shall jolly well come, anyway!"

"You'll be jolly well kicked out if you do!" replied Bob Cherry.

"I—I say, you fellows, I want to help you, you know," said Bunter feebly. "I don't want to come to the feed for my own sake at all. My real object is to help you, and—wait on the other fellows, and show my friendship for you."

"By jove! I've got a wheeze!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter says that he wants to look after the other fellows—well, then, let Bunter come as a waiter!"

"Good scheme," chuckled Frank Nugent. "Of course, we shall expect our waiter to be in evening dress."

"Well, that's settled," said Harry Wharton laughing. "If you like to come as a waiter in evening dress, Bunter, you can come. If not, you can't. Is it a go?"

"Yes," grunted Bunter. "It's a go."

THERE was one yell of laughter in the Lower School when it became generally known that the Remove were standing a Christmas feed, and that Billy Bunter was to officiate as a waiter in evening dress.

But Bunter did not seem to care, so long as he got to the feed somehow.

Wharton's invitations were promptly sent out, and were a little more tactful than Bunter's. The Cliff House girls promised to come, and so did Trumper and Co., of Courtfield School.

Harry Wharton looked for Hazeldene on Saturday afternoon, shortly before the Cliff House girls were expected. He found him in the Close, hanging about alone.

"Hazel, old man, will you come to the feed?" Harry asked, plunging directly into his subject.

Hazeldene hesitated. Finally, he broke out, with a scarlet face:

"I'm sorry about the caddish way I've been acting, Wharton. I've been an absolute fool getting mixed up with Vernon-Smith, and playing cards, and— and gambling. I've learnt my lesson, and—and I'm sorry."

Wharton's face lighted up. "It's all right," he said. "I'm jolly glad to hear you say that, Hazel. I knew that Vernon-Smith was egging you on all the time. He was the cause of all the trouble between us. Well, never mind! Neither of us need mention the subject again."

"Thanks!" said Hazeldene. "And I'll be jolly glad to come to the bust-up."

There was a powdery snow falling when the fellows from Courtfield School arrived. They were given a hearty welcome.

"Look here," said Trumper, tapping Wharton on the arm "I've heard that Bunter hasn't been invited to the feed. But if you're leaving him out on our account—don't do it. We don't mind him."

"Well, he hasn't been invited," Harry Wharton laughed. "But he's been engaged as a waiter."

The Courtfield fellows roared.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter rolled into the Form-room. He was in evening dress, looking, as a matter of fact, extremely like a real waiter.

He blinked at the juniors through his spectacles, and a roar of laughter greeted him.

"Ha, ha, ha! Look at the waiter!"

"I say, you fellows—" Bunter began.

"Now then, none of this familiarity," exclaimed Nugent. "Kindly remember your place!"

"Look here—" Bunter started again.

"Silence, waiter! Get the things out for the feed, and lay the cloths," said Harry Wharton. "Some of you fellows keep an eye on that waiter. He may try to pinch some of the grub."

"I'll watch him!" said Ogilvy. "He won't pinch any grub while I've got my eye on him!"

"Oh, really, Ogilvy—"

"Mister Ogilvy, please, you cheeky bounder! Get on with your work—there's plenty to do."

Bunter, simmering with rage and indignation, was set to work.

The early dusk was closing in, and the juniors put the lights on in the Common-room. A huge fire blazed and roared away in the grate. Two or three juniors were on the look-out for the girls from Cliff House, and presently there was a shout:

"Here's Marjorie!"

The chums of the Remove rushed to greet the guest of honour.

MARJORIE came in, her eyes dancing merrily. Her brother, Hazeldene, had been with the chums when they had greeted her at the door, and that showed her that matters were on a friendly footing once more.

Billy Bunter came forward to greet the Cliff House girls and they looked at him in surprise. They had hardly expected to see him in evening clothes. As he wriggled his unwieldy person forward in what he imagined was a graceful way, Bob Cherry pushed him back.

"Get on with your work, waiter," he said.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Mister Cherry, you impudent barrel!"

"Wharton, old chap," said Frank Nugent. "I'm not satisfied with your waiter. I think he'd better be kicked out, and we'll wait on ourselves."

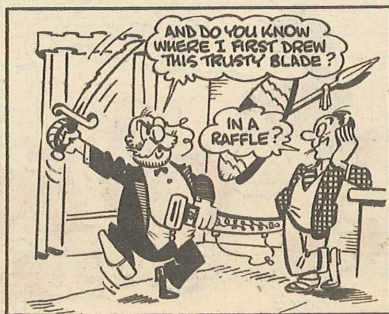
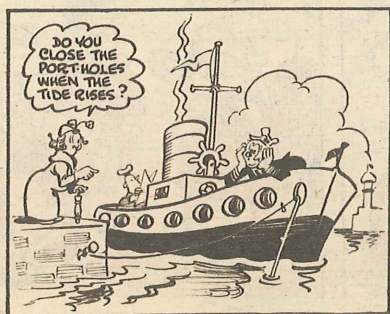
"I—I—it's all right!" stammered Bunter, as he scuttled away.

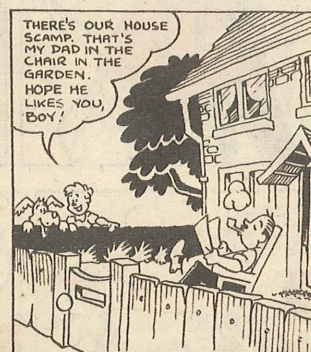
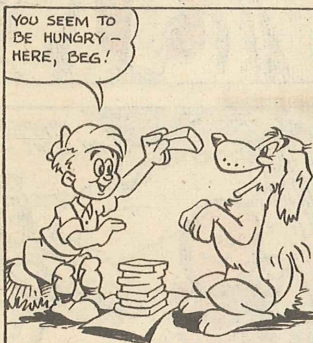
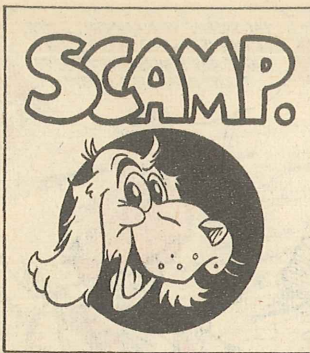
"What does this mean?" asked Marjorie with a smile.

"Oh, only a cheeky waiter," said Bob Cherry carelessly. "His name's Bunter, or

(Continued on next page)

CHUCKLES CORNER





BILLY BUNTER'S BUST-UP

(Continued from previous page)

something, I think. He has to be kept in his place.

The girls laughed. They understood, without being told, that the Owl of the Remove had been offending again, and that this was his punishment.

Marjorie and her friends were given seats by the fire, and soon there was a cheery stream of tea and coffee; corks popped, and ginger beer and lemonade flowed in abundance. The Common-room echoed with cheery voices and merry laughter.

The only person who wasn't happy was William George Bunter. The juniors were keeping him on the run all the time!

Bunter rushed to and fro till his fat face was streaming with perspiration, and his fat legs seemed to bend under him.

It was unfortunate that he was carrying a large pie at that moment.

"Dear nie!" he gasped. "Look out!"

But the warning was too late. The pie crashed down, and the dish broke on the

edge of the table, scattering the streaming contents over Bulstrode.

"Yow!" roared Bulstrode, jumping up. He seized hold of Bunter's collar.

"Order!" roared the juniors.

But Bulstrode was too annoyed to listen. He swept the yelling Bunter to the floor. The fat junior shook the room as he landed, and the infuriated Bulstrode seized a water jug and emptied it over him, then added jam-tarts and fruit pies with a reckless hand. Bunter, and Bunter's evening clothes, were reduced to a shocking state inside a minute.

"There!" panted Bulstrode. "I'll guarantee you won't do it again!"

Bunter was beyond words. He sat on the floor, a gasping and sticky mass, and it was a long time before he moved. By the time he had recovered the feast was over, and there was a general putting on of coats and scarves. Everybody had had plenty to eat, but there was still some grub left over. Harry Wharton and the chums walked home with the girls to Cliff House.

"It's been a really jolly time!" said Marjorie, when they parted at the gate.

"Thank you so much, Harry!"

She was thanking Wharton for more than the entertainment, and he knew it. She

was so glad that her brother and Harry were friends again.

Harry Wharton and Co. looked in at the Remove Common-room when they returned. A light was still burning there, and there was a sound of a knife and fork upon a plate.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "He's still at it!"

"Bunter!" roared Frank Nugent. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked up at them. The fat junior was busy. He had not troubled to change or clean up after his little affair with Bulstrode. With sticky and bedraggled evening clothes, and his face smeared with jam, his hair matted with ginger beer, the fat junior sat at a table, VERY busy. Puddings and pies, eatables of all sorts, were going the same way. Billy Bunter just glanced up at the juniors, and then dropped his eyes upon his plate again. He did not speak. He was too busy for words.

Billy Bunter was having his bust-up after all.

Another rollicking Bunter adventure starts in the next Comet. Don't miss it. And tell all your chums about it.

DEAR READERS,

Why not write to me when you get time? I would like to hear from you and to know what you like best in the COMET. All letters enclosing a stamped addressed envelope will be answered. Address your letters to THE EDITOR, COMET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Editor

IS YOUR NAME HERE ?

PRIZEWINNERS! The Five 10s. notes offered in our "PRINCE" Painting Competition (Comet, Nov. 19, 1949) have been won by John Robertson, Kely; Renate Scarboro, Golders Green; Ranald Macdonald, Aberdeen; Vincent Stott, Atherton; and Anthony Plummer, Brighton.

FOUR MORE FILM FAVOURITES FOR THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



32. SALLY GRAY
(Rank Organisation)



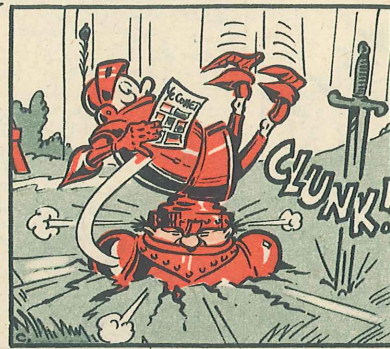
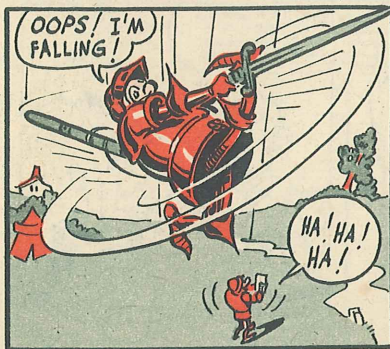
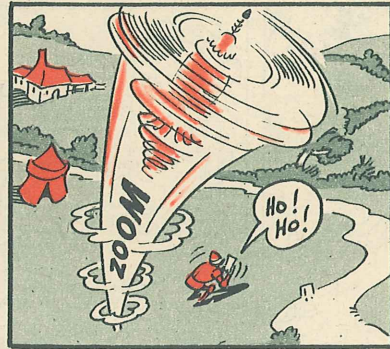
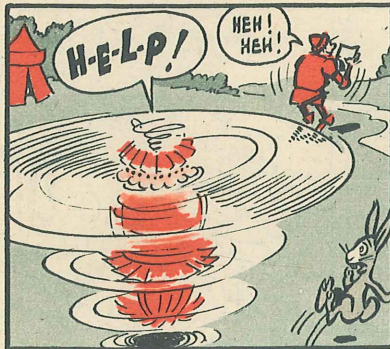
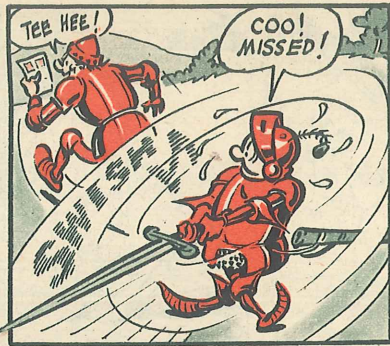
33. JANE WYMAN
(R.K.O. Radio)



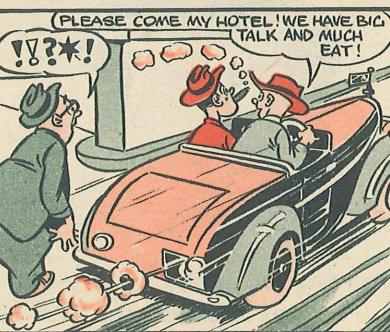
34. PETULA CLARK
(Pinnacle Productions)



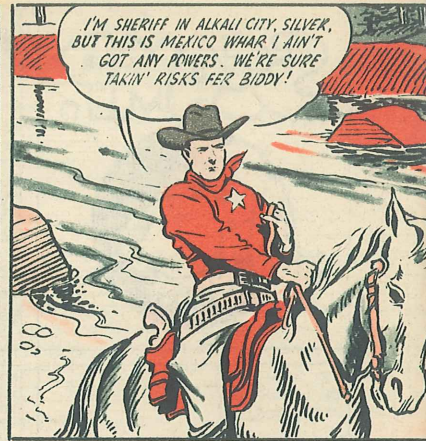
35. GREER GARSON
(M.G.M.)



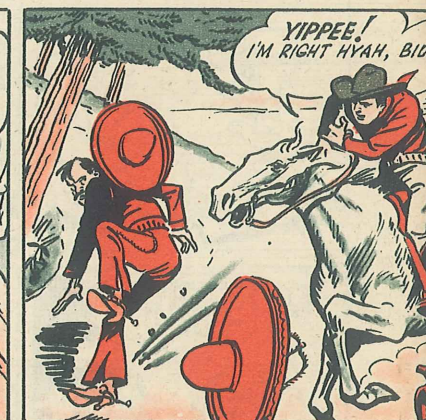
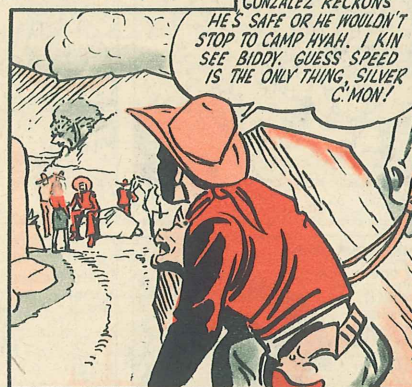
SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER



BUCK JONES ★
IN
THE MYSTERY of BIDDY LOGAN
JOSE GONZALEZ THE MEXICAN BANDIT HAS KIDNAPPED BIDDY, DAUGHTER OF DAN LOGAN, THE DESERT RAT. BUCK CROSSES THE BORDER INTO MEXICO IN HOT PURSUIT.....



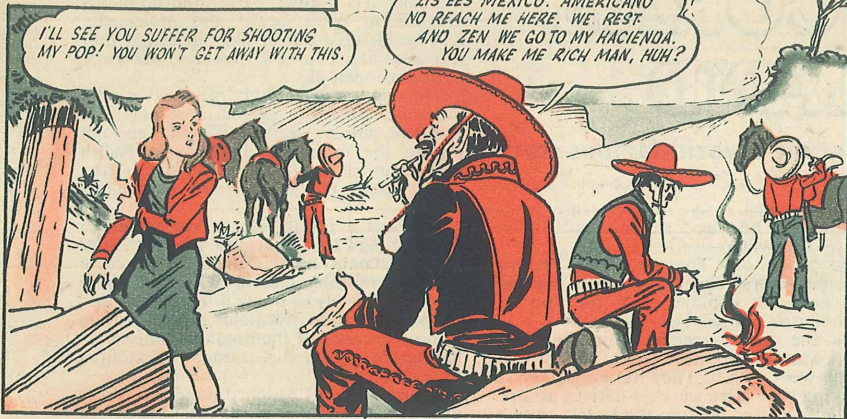
BUT BUCK IS AROUND



THE NEXT MORNING



GONZALEZ THINKS HE IS SAFE...



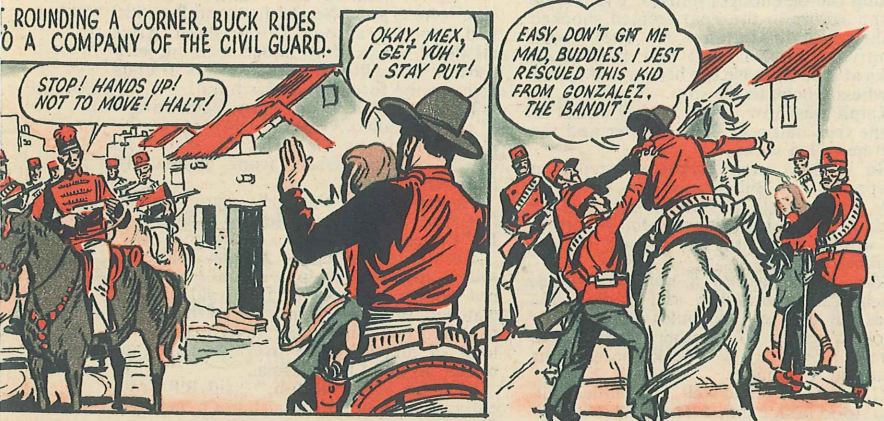
I'LL SEE YOU SUFFER FOR SHOOTING MY POP! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS.

ZIS EES MEXICO. AMERICANO NO REACH ME HERE. WE REST AND ZEN WE GO TO MY HACIENDA. YOU MAKE ME RICH MAN, HUH?



BUCK! I KNEW YUH'D MAKE IT!

UP YUH COME! WE SURE GOTTA RIDE FER IT!



ROUNDING A CORNER, BUCK RIDES TO A COMPANY OF THE CIVIL GUARD.

OKAY, MEX, I GET YUH? I STAY PUT!

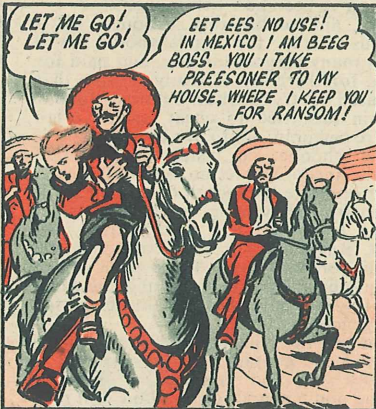
EASY, DON'T GET ME MAD, BUDDIES. I JEST RESCUED THIS KID FROM GONZALEZ, THE BANDIT!

STOP! HANDS UP! NOT TO MOVE! HALT!



THAT WAS WELL DONE, SENOR HERE IS MONEY. KEEP THE SHERIFF SAFE ALL HIS LIFE! I RIDE TO MY HOUSE, THE HACIENDA PUEBLO.

AS LONG AS YOU PAY, JOSE, AMERICANO STAYS IN JAIL SABA?



LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

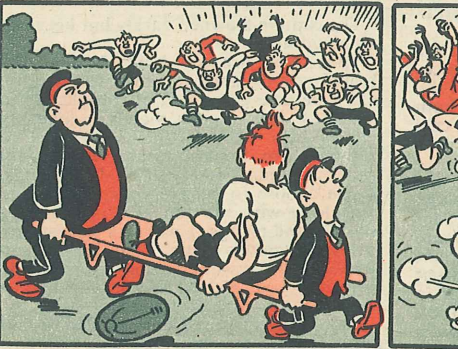
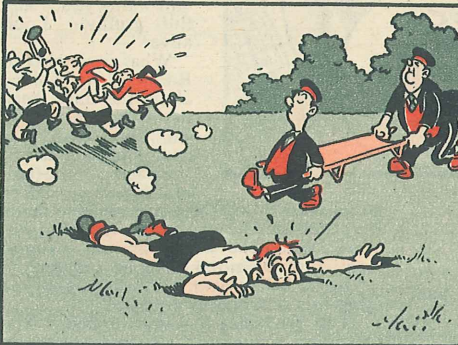
EET EES NO USE! IN MEXICO I AM BEEG BOSS. YOU I TAKE PRISONER TO MY HOUSE, WHERE I KEEP YOU FOR RANSOM!



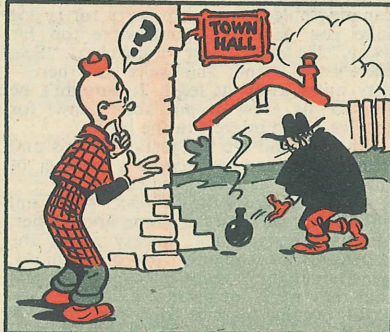
HOLD THAT! HEY SILVER! PHEEE-EEEE!



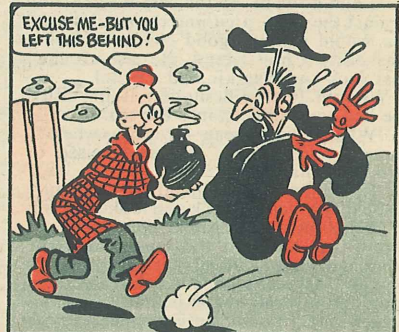
NOW FOR GONZALEZ' PLACE. I'M A COMIN' GONZALEZ! BETTER LOOK OUT!



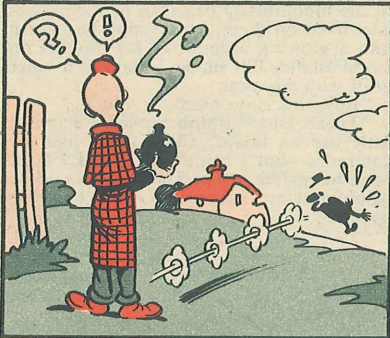
SIMON - THE SIMPLE SLEUTH



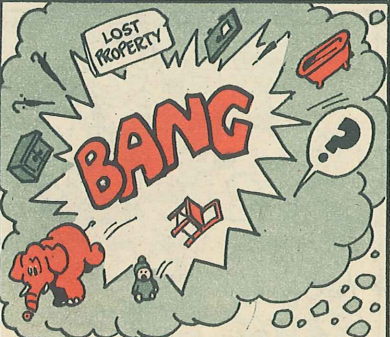
TOWN HALL



EXCUSE ME - BUT YOU LEFT THIS BEHIND!

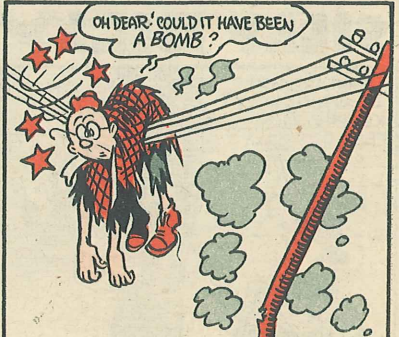


I CAN'T GET RID OF IT! I'D BETTER TAKE IT TO THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE!



LOST PROPERTY

BANG



OH DEAR! COULD IT HAVE BEEN A BOMB?



THE CORAL ISLAND

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

in many folds of a native cloth made from the bark of a mulberry tree, and he had a magnificent black beard and moustache and hair frizzed out to such an extent that it looked like a turban, in which was stuck a long wooden pin.

The captain was highly pleased with his welcome. He had expected more hostility. But the natives seemed friendly enough during the following days, when Ralph accompanied many parties ashore to the place where the sandalwood trees grew thickly.

Bill was a useful friend. He explained many things to Ralph and was with him when Romata invited them to watch a grand swimming match. All the natives were completely at home in the water, and Ralph never tired of watching them rushing in on the crests of the breakers, poised on flat boards. This surf-riding was exciting to watch.

Ralph and Bill watched hundreds of the natives careering towards the beach on their boards, carried along by one mighty breaker. Some slid back into the trough, others slipped from the boards and swam out to repeat the fun, but many of the most reckless came surging in until they were thrown on to the beach in a shower of spray and sand.

One crashed almost at Ralph's feet. He was recognisable by his peculiar headdress as a chief whom the tribe entertained as a guest. The sea-water had washed off nearly all the paint with which his face had been covered, and Ralph saw the features of Tararo, his old friend of Coral Island.

Tararo recognised Ralph at the same moment. He rubbed noses enthusiastically, and then began shaking Ralph's hand violently.

"Hallo, Ralph!" exclaimed Bill. "That chap seems to have taken a fancy to you—or have you met him before?"

"He's an old friend, Bill," replied Ralph, "from our Coral Island!"

Ralph explained that Tararo was the chief whose party he and Jack and Peterkin had helped to save on Coral Island. After all these weeks, this sudden meeting with Tararo brought memories of his friends right to the forefront of his mind.

He asked Bill to get news from Tararo of the girl called Avatea.

"Ask him who she is, for I'm sure she's of a different race from these Fiji Islanders."

At mention of the girl's name, Tararo frowned darkly, and replied angrily to Bill's questions.

For a few minutes Tararo and Bill talked together. Ralph, of course, could not understand a word they said, but he watched Bill's face, and his spirits began to sink. For Bill began to frown and a look of anxiety came over his face that boded no good for Avatea.

"You're right, Ralph," said Bill presently. "She's not a Fiji girl, but a Samoan. She was taken in war and Tararo has treated her as his daughter ever since. Lucky for her—otherwise she'd have been roasted and eaten like the rest."

"But why does he look so angry?" Ralph asked.

"Because the girl's obstinate and won't marry the man he wants her to. She's fond of a young chief whom he hates. Tararo's friend is on a war expedition, and Avatea's got to make up her mind before he returns. She'll either have to go to him as his bride, or as a 'long pig'."

"Long pig? What does he mean by that?" "It means," said Bill gravely, "that she'll be roasted and eaten. When men are roasted, these cannibals call them long pigs."

Ralph was shocked at this new evidence of the ferocity of these people. He and Jack and Peterkin had taken a great liking to Avatea, and he determined that, if he could, he would save her from this fate.

What can Ralph do to help Avatea? Don't miss his thrilling adventures in the next "Comet."

"One o' you tumble out and light the cabin lamp, and send that boy aft to the captain—sharp!"

"D'you hear, youngster? The captain wants you," said Bill gruffly. "Look alive!"

What now? thought Ralph as he walked along the dark deck to the captain's cabin. The big man was examining a chart of the Pacific in the light of a small silver

lamp which hung from a beam. He made Ralph tell him the whole of his recent adventures. When the story was told, without mention of Diamond Cave, he said quietly:

"Boy, I believe you. And what makes you think this schooner is a pirate?"

"The black flag," Ralph replied. "And the brutal treatment I've received at your hands."

The captain frowned darkly but his voice remained quiet.

"Boy, you are too bold. I admit we treated you roughly, but that was because you gave us a great deal of trouble. As to the black flag, that is merely a joke my fellows play upon people sometimes to frighten them. I am no pirate, but a lawful trader in sandalwood with the Fiji Islands. If you choose to behave yourself I'll take you along with me and give you a good share of the profits. I want an honest boy to look after this cabin, keep the log and superintend the work on shore sometimes. What say you, Ralph? Would you like to become a sandalwood trader?"

Ralph was surprised and relieved to find that, after all, the ship was not a pirate.

"Then why did you take me from my island, and why don't you take me back?" he asked boldly.

"I took you off in anger, boy," the captain smiled, "and I'm sorry for it. I'd take you back now, but we're too far away." He laid a finger on the chart. "See, there's the island, and we're now here—fifty miles away at least. It wouldn't be fair to my crew to put about now, for they've all an interest in the trade."

Ralph could see the justice of this and presently agreed to become a member of the crew. He had no other choice.

For three weeks the schooner sailed on, and Ralph was now at home aboard her, although he was still uneasy about the roughness of some of his companions, which made him doubt the captain's claim that they were not pirates.

Bill became his best friend aboard, and told him many stories of the islands and of the bloodthirsty practices of the natives who lived on them. After Ralph had given him a glowing account of his months on Coral Island, Bill suddenly said in a voice gruff with emotion:

"Boy, this is no place for you."

"That's true," Ralph replied. "I am of little use on board, and I don't like my comrades—but I can't help it and I hope soon to be free again. The captain said he would put me ashore after this trip was over."

"This trip! Hark'ee, boy," said Bill, lowering his voice, "what did he tell you the day you came aboard?"

"He said he was a sandalwood trader and no pirate."

Bill frowned. "Ay, he said truth when he told you he was a sandalwood trader, but he lied when—"

He broke off. They had been sailing through several clusters of small islands, and now the captain hove the ship to, close to one of them.

As the island seemed uninhabited, a boat was sent ashore for fresh water. Ralph went with it. They were mistaken in thinking that there were no natives ashore.

The boat was nearing the beach when a band of savages rushed out of the bush and stood there brandishing clubs and spears. Instantly muskets were levelled and a volley was only stopped by a loud hail from the captain.

"Don't fire! Pull off to the point ahead of you!"

Some of the men growled angrily and were all for disobeying this order.

"Don't upset yourselves," the mate smiled bitterly. "If Long Tom doesn't speak presently, I'll throw myself to the sharks."

No sooner had the boat drawn out of the way than a loud roar thundered over the sea. White smoke billowed from the schooner and a shower of grape-shot whined into the midst of the natives.

Long Tom, the big brass gun which was usually hidden under a hatch amidships, had been elevated rapidly on its swivel and had spoken dreadfully.

Ralph was appalled at the carnage among the defenceless natives. Even some of the sailors in the boat seemed shocked at their captain's ruthless act. They rowed silently inshore, landed and filled their casks at a pool above the beach, and rowed wordlessly back to the ship.

Ralph was now in no further doubt as to the true natures of the skipper and the men he sailed with.

He thought many times of trying to escape; but, as Bill pointed out, he might only find himself in worse trouble. If he landed on an island, it was almost certain he would fall into the hands of the cannibal tribes.

Soon after passing a volcanic island, which was in eruption and raining fine ashes on the sea for miles around, the schooner came to another large island formed mainly by two peaks nearly four thousand feet high.

"I know this island well," exclaimed Bill, who stood beside him. "They call it Emo."

"You've been here before then?"

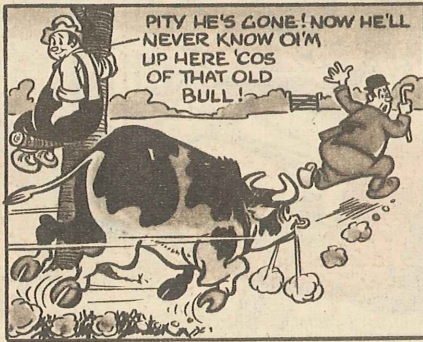
"Ay, and so has this schooner! It's a famous island for sandalwood. We've taken many cargoes already, and paid for them, for there are so many savages that we dared not try to take it by force. But our captain has tried to cheat 'em so often they're beginnin' not to like us much now."

The schooner ran inside the coral reef and the anchor was let go in six fathoms of water opposite the mouth of a small creek thickly fringed by mangroves. The principal village lay about half a mile from this point. Ralph went in the boat which the captain ordered over. There were fifteen well-armed men with them and the mate was told to have Long Tom ready for emergencies.

Romata, the principal chief of the island, received the captain and his party in a friendly way and promised all help in cutting and embarking the wood. Bill told Ralph all the details of the palaver, which took a long time over a feast of baked pigs and various roots.

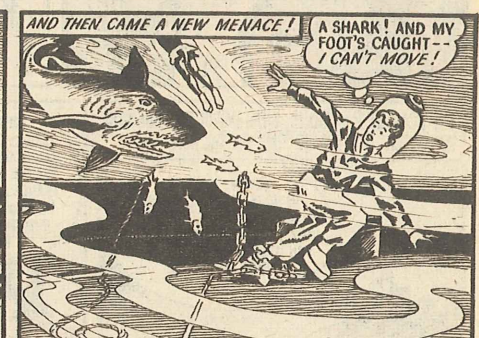
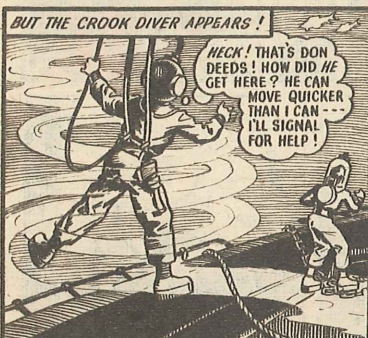
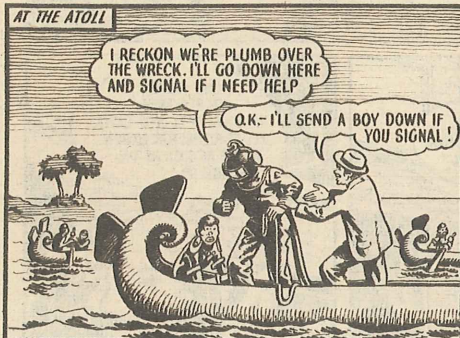
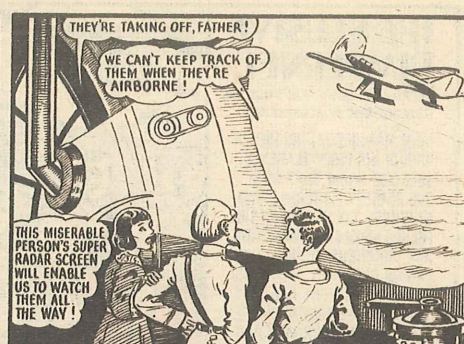
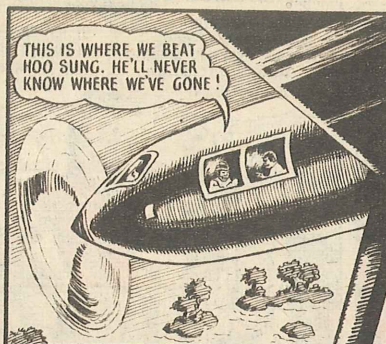
Romata was an immense man, wrapped

SILLY BILLY



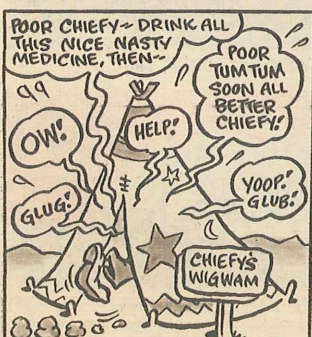
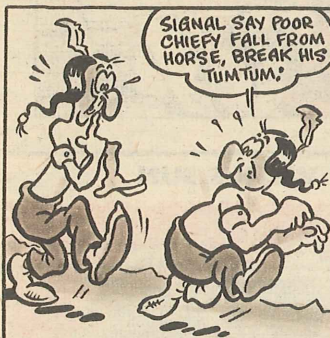
Don Deeds

Hoo Sung has deliberately allowed his enemies to find his half of the treasure-chart so that they will lead him to the treasure.



How can Don escape? Is there help at hand? More thrills in the next "Comet"!

TOMMY HAWK and MOE CASSIN.



HOW TO SOLVE THE NEVER-EMPTY-SWEET-TIN MYSTERY

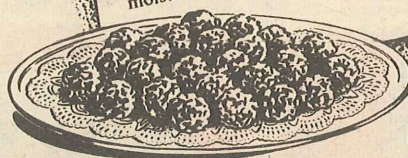
The vital clue is on this page. Give it to your Mum. With this hint and a tin of Cadburys Bournville Cocoa she will quickly detect how to keep your tin filled with smashing, off-ration ALMOND TRUFFLES!

WANTED CHOCOLATE ALMOND TRUFFLES

Cadburys own recipe
 2 oz. icing sugar
 1 oz. cooking fat or margarine
 1 oz. Bournville Cocoa (tablesp.)
 1/2 dessertsp. golden syrup
 1/4 teasp. vanilla essence
 1 oz. chopped blanched almonds

Cream cooking fat and icing sugar in a bowl, add cocoa powder gradually, mixing till a smooth paste is obtained. Lastly mix in golden syrup and vanilla essence. Shape the truffle paste into balls, moisten with a little golden syrup and toss in chopped almonds.

★ Mother knows that the solution to the problem of tastier drinks, sweets, cakes and 'afters' is Cadburys Bournville Cocoa.



CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

BASED ON THE LONDON FILMS' PRODUCTION, FROM THE BOOK BY BARONESS ORCEY.

EVEN MARGUERITE, THE FRENCH WIFE OF SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL WHO SNATCHES THE VICTIMS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION FROM DEATH, AND WHOM CHAUVELIN -- THE FRENCH CHIEF SPY -- HAS SWORN TO CAPTURE. HE HAS JUST PLANNED THE RESCUE OF THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAI, AND ARRIVES AT DOVER TO FIND HER DENOUNCING MARGUERITE, WHOSE BROTHER IS A REVOLUTIONARY --



COME, SUZANNE! COME, PHILIPPE! WE CANNOT STAY IN THE SAME ROOM AS THAT WOMAN!

HOW SHEEPISH YOU ALL LOOK! WHAT'S UP?



MY MOTHER, THE COUNTESS, HAS OFFENDED MADAME, YOUR WIFE, MONSIEUR. I AM READY TO FIGHT YOU IF YOU DESIRE IT!

BY MY TROTH! THE ENGLISH TURKEY AND THE FRENCH BANTAM!

BUT SIR PERCY BLAKENEY HAS TO KEEP PLAYING THE PART OF THE FOP.



DRAW YOUR SWORD, MONSIEUR!

YOU ARE A BLOODTHIRSTY YOUNG MAN! DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A HOLE IN A LAW-ABIDING MAN?



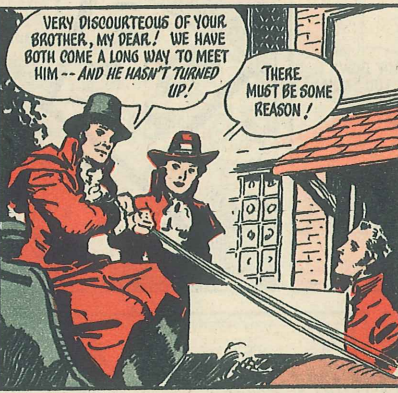
LORD TONY -- TRY TO STOP THEM!

SIR PERCY IS IN THE RIGHT, VISCOUNT -- DUELS ARE FORBIDDEN IN ENGLAND, YOU KNOW!



AH, WELL, IF MONSIEUR IS SATISFIED, THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID!

WITH HONOUR SATISFIED, SIR PERCY BLAKENEY AND HIS WIFE PREPARE TO LEAVE FOR LONDON. MARGUERITE IS DISAPPOINTED THAT HER BROTHER HAS NOT ARRIVED IN DOVER TO VISIT HER.

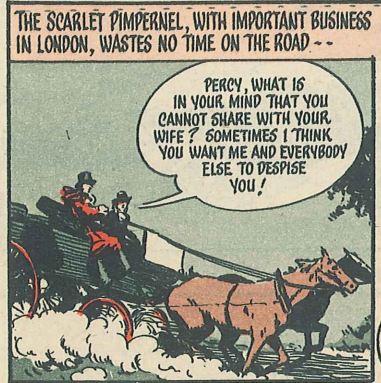


VERY DISCOURTEOUS OF YOUR BROTHER, MY DEAR! WE HAVE BOTH COME A LONG WAY TO MEET HIM -- AND HE HASN'T TURNED UP!

THERE MUST BE SOME REASON!



DON'T WORRY, LADY BLAKENEY! NO DOUBT HE'LL COME LATER. I'LL BE RIDING FOR LONDON MYSELF AS SOON AS THE MOON'S UP!



PERCY, WHAT IS IN YOUR MIND THAT YOU CANNOT SHARE WITH YOUR WIFE? SOMETIMES I THINK YOU WANT ME AND EVERYBODY ELSE TO DESPISE YOU!



YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS ARE HELPING THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL TO SAVE PEOPLE FROM FRANCE -- NOT THAT I APPROVE OF WHAT THEY DO, OR WHY THEY DO IT!

I KNOW YOU DON'T. AFTER ALL, M'DEAR, YOUR BROTHER IS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE!

UNAWARE THAT IT IS BECAUSE HER BROTHER IS A REVOLUTIONARY, THAT HER HUSBAND CANNOT GIVE HER HIS FULL CONFIDENCE, LADY BLAKENEY IS SILENT. MEANWHILE -- LORD TONY DEWHURST LEAVES DOVER ON HORSEBACK --



BUT THERE ARE ROGUES ABROAD --

HERE HE COMES! THAT'S THE ONE THE FRENCHY TOLD US TO HOLD UP!



HELP! HELP!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?



LORD TONY DISMOUNTS AND GOES TO THE STRANGER, BUT SUDDENLY THE MAN COMES TO LIFE --



SWIFTLY THE THIEVES SEARCH THEIR UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM --

NOTHIN' IN 'IS POCKETS -- EXCEPT 'IS MONEY -- AN' I'VE GOT THAT!

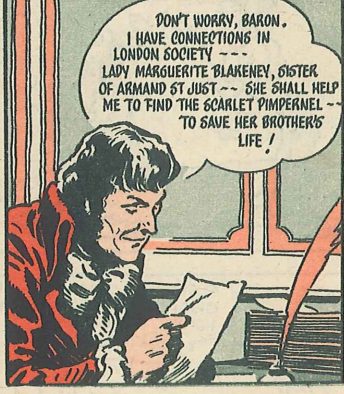
LOOK IN THE LINING OF HIS COAT -- THEN HIS SHOES -- THEN HIS HAT! THE ORDERS ARE TO GET EVERYTHING HE'S GOT!

THE ONLY THING FOUND ON LORD TONY IS A NOTE WHICH IS HURRIED STRAIGHT TO THE FRENCH EMBASSY IN LONDON -- TO -- THE SPY CHAUVELIN, RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM PARIS TO HUNT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



I WAS RIGHT, BARON! LORD TONY DEWHURST IS ONE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL'S MEN. LISTEN "I SHALL BE AT THE GREVILLE BALL TONIGHT" IT IS SIGNED -- "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL!"

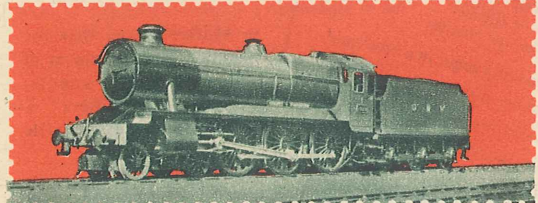
ENTRY TO THE GREVILLE BALL IS BY INVITATION ONLY!



DON'T WORRY, BARON. I HAVE CONNECTIONS IN LONDON SOCIETY -- LADY MARGUERITE BLAKENEY, SISTER OF ARMAND ST JUST -- SHE SHALL HELP ME TO FIND THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL -- TO SAVE HER BROTHER'S LIFE!

Will the Scarlet Pimpernel escape this trap? Don't miss his adventures in the next "Comet."

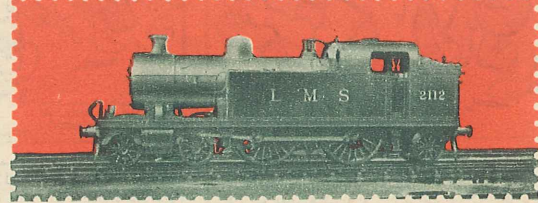
PASTE THESE STAMPS IN YOUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS' GUIDE. SIX MORE IN NEXT WEEK'S SUN



(No. 27). 4-6-0 W.R. County Class



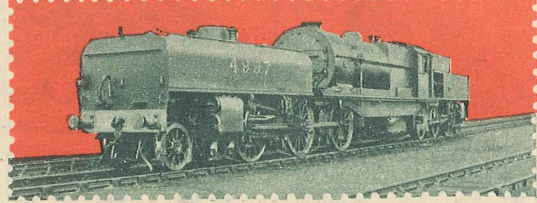
(No. 77). 4-6-2 N.E.R. "A.2" Pacific



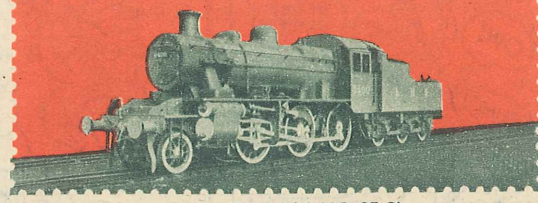
(No. 65). 4-4-2 Tank L.M.R. 3P Class



(No. 92). S.R. Main Line Electric



(No. 62). 2-6-6-2 L.M.R. Beyer-Garratt



(No. 57). 2-6-0 L.M.R. 2F Class