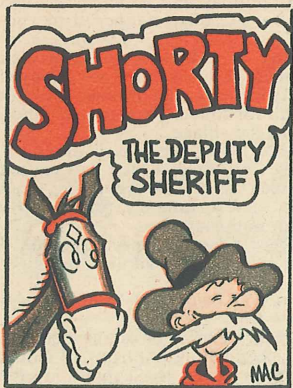
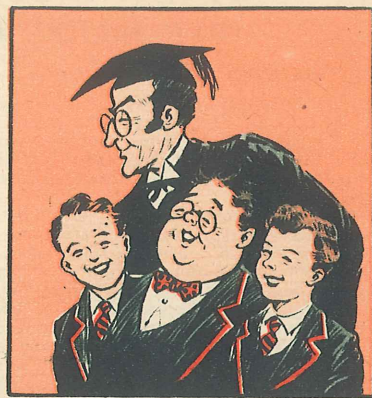
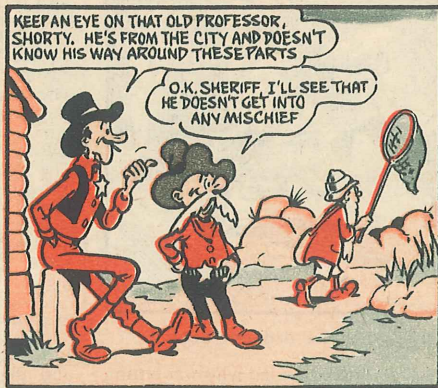


# COMET 2<sup>nd</sup>

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC EVERY OTHER MONDAY



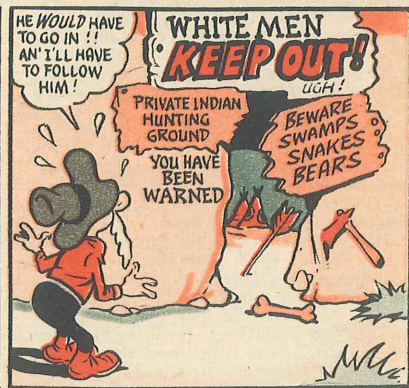
Now Shorty was told off to see,  
That old chap's day stayed trouble-free.



So Shorty said he didn't mind,  
And gently strolled along behind.



But soon he was a trifle shaken,  
To see the path his charge had taken.



While chasing butterflies around,  
He'd gone in Redskin hunting-ground!



Old Shorty gasped, and muttered "Help!  
I do declare they'll hev his skelp!"



But Prof. "collected" tomahawk,  
And simply went on with his walk!



So Shorty after him did follow  
Although he had his fear to swallow.



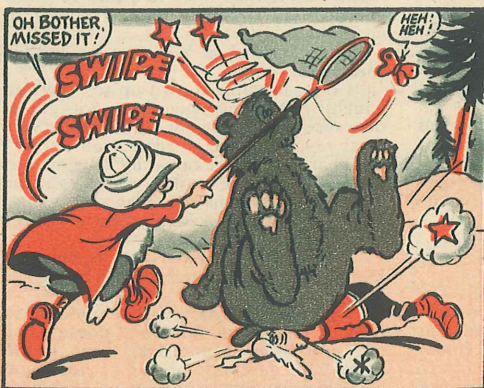
But peacefulness just didn't last,  
And arrows soon flew thick and fast!



Then, having narrowly escaped  
Our Shorty stood, and gasped and gaped!



The Prof. was on the bill-of-fare,  
Of one large, hungry grizzly bear!



But net hit bear as it swished round,  
And bear squashed Shorty on the ground!



The bear buzzed off—he'd had enough—  
But Shorty was a lot more tough!



The Prof. was risking danger dire  
By nipping nimbly o'er the mire!



Then, having no "Beginner's luck"  
Our Shorty in the mud got stuck!



As he crawled out—was his face red!  
He got a bonk upon the head!



And Sheriff Dan is laughing yet,  
At sight of Shorty in that net!



THE END OF THE GAME!

HARRY WHARTON and Co. walked back to Greyfriars in a puzzled state of mind. They had just seen Billy Bunter off at Friardale Station, on his way to play football for the Courtfield Rovers.

Bunter had spread the yarn that he had been elected captain of the Courtfield football team, but of course, no one had believed him for a moment. Even when the juniors had seen in the local paper "W. Bunter—captain" they had refused to believe their eyes. Now however, having seen Billy Bunter actually get on the train to Courtfield, they were wondering if Billy was indeed playing for the Rovers on that Saturday afternoon.

Bunter had, of course, been quite indignant when the fellows had laughed at the idea of him being a football captain.

"You'll see the report in the local paper," he had said loftily. "Then perhaps you'll believe I'm a first-class player."

For Bunter knew something that the other fellows didn't. The captain of the Courtfield Rovers WAS named W. Bunter. But the "W" stood for Walter, and he had no connection at all with William George Bunter of Greyfriars School!

Harry Wharton and his chums forgot all about Bunter when they got back to the school, for they were playing footer themselves that afternoon. It wasn't until the match was over that they remembered.

They were half-way through their tea when Billy Bunter rolled into their study. He looked extremely tired, and threw himself into an armchair like a sack of potatoes. He blinked at the juniors and gasped for breath.

"I say, you fellows, give me something to eat, I'm whacked out."

"Did you beat Lindrop Athletic?" Bob Cherry asked with a grin.

"Beat them hollow," replied Bunter. "Three goals to one."

"And I suppose you kicked all the goals?" remarked Nugent.

"Two of them," replied Billy calmly. "I say, pass the cake."

Frank Nugent was so dumbfounded that he passed the cake!

"You scored two goals against Lindrop Athletic?" said Harry Wharton, unable to believe his own ears.

"Oh, you can doubt my word if you like," Bunter replied scornfully. "You'll see it all in the local paper on Monday!"

And Billy, having finished the cake rolled out of the study.

When it became known that Bunter had returned, a group of juniors gathered in his study to hear the tale. Bunter related the details of the game over and over again, his own exploits growing larger every time he told the yarn.

"Blessed if I can make it out," remarked Hazeldene. "Bunter knows we'll look in the Courtfield paper on Monday and see that he's been fibbing."

And look the juniors did. Skinner had a regular order for the paper, and when it was delivered to him there was a general rush to look at it. Skinner turned to the football news, and read it, with a dozen fellows reading over his shoulders.

COURTFIELD ROVERS v. LINDROP ATHLETIC.

"Played on the Courtfield ground. The Rovers won a stubbornly contested match. W. Porter scored first for Courtfield, but two minutes afterwards N. Morris equalised for the visitors. Half-time 1-1.

"In the second half the score remained equal until five minutes from the final whistle when W. Bunter scored a wonder goal for the home side, and almost immediately followed it up with another. The Rovers are to be congratulated upon the splendid play of their captain."

The Greyfriars fellows stared at one another.

# BILLY BUNTER

## THE FOOTBALL STAR



The fat junior reached the end of the line—but he did not stop!

"My only hat!" said Skinner.

BULSTRODE looked into Study No. 1 the next day after school. Skinner and Hazeldene were with him. Harry Wharton looked up from his work.

"Coming to Courtfield?" asked Bulstrode.

Billy Bunter, sitting before the fire in the chums' study—Bunter never having any coal to light his own with—sat bolt upright. Bulstrode grinned at him.

"We're going to look up some of the Courtfield Rover chaps, and get the facts."

"The—facts?" stammered Bunter.

"Yes," replied Hazeldene. "We think you've worked the thing somehow with the Courtfield newspaper, and we're going to get the truth. Are you coming, Wharton?"

"No thanks," said Harry. "We'll believe your report. As a matter of fact I don't think Bunter's worth the trouble of a walk over to Courtfield."

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Bunter. "I shouldn't go over there if I were you. The Rovers might not like it."

"You mean you wouldn't like it," replied Bulstrode. "We're going to show you up Bunty—unless you like to own up now."

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"I have nothing to own up to," he said haughtily. "I only suggested not going, because they—they might rag you. I'm a very great favourite at Courtfield, you know!"

"That's what we're going to find out about," Bulstrode smiled grimly, and he and his companions strode away.

Billy Bunter blinked uneasily at Harry Wharton.

"You might just as well own up, Bunter," Harry Wharton laughed. "They'll be bound to find out the truth, you know."

"Oh, really, Wharton. I've nothing to hide. It's just that Bulstrode doesn't like me, and Skinner and Hazeldene would agree with anything he said. I hope you won't believe them if they come back with a pack of lies about me."

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study looking very uneasy.

Meanwhile Bulstrode and Co. were on the way to Courtfield. When they reached the village, the shouts from the green told them that some footballers were at practice there.

Bulstrode spoke to a lad who was sitting on the railings watching the players. It happened to be Porter, one of the Rovers, who was not playing. He turned round, and looked none too pleased as he saw three lads wearing Greyfriars School caps.

"Are those chaps the Rovers?" Bulstrode asked.

"They are," Porter said shortly.

"What's the name of their skipper?"

"Bunter."

The Greyfriars fellows stared at each other.

"Did he play for them last Saturday?" asked Skinner.

"Yes," replied Porter. "And he played darned well too."

"It's all rot!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "Bunter can't play for toffee!"

"You'd better not say that here," said Porter, naturally thinking Bulstrode was referring to his pal Walter Bunter. "You'll get a thick ear if you do!"

Bulstrode's eyes sparkled. He was a well-built lad, and although he was a bit of a bully at Greyfriars he was not lacking in courage. He waited till Porter was facing him then said deliberately:

"Bunter hasn't got the first idea about football!"

That was enough for Porter. He rushed at Bulstrode, hitting out. Bulstrode stopped Porter's knuckles on his nose, and countered with his right, sending the Courtfield footballer sprawling in the grass. There was a shout from the rest of the crowd gathered around the village green, and Hazeldene and Skinner looked distinctly uneasy.

"What's the row here?" demanded Graham, another member of the Rovers.

"He says that Bunter can't play footer," said Porter, scrambling up. "He's from Greyfriars, like the fellow who came over the other day. Kick him out!"

"We'd better clear," muttered Skinner, as the crowd gathered round them. Everyone was obviously annoyed at having their peaceful gathering broken up by the Greyfriars schoolboys.

But before Bulstrode and Co. could walk away as they intended, they were pushed and shoved, and pulled and hustled, by a dozen pair of hands, and they were forced to take to their heels.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as three dishevelled

figures came through the school gates. Looks like Bulstrode and Co. have had some trouble."

"Great Scott!" said Harry Wharton. "What on earth have you chaps been doing?"

"We got into a row at Courtfield," said Hazeldene.

"It was Bunter's fault, of course!" Bulstrode added grimly.

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—" Billy Bunter exclaimed.

"You warned them we were coming, I suppose, and they were waiting for us!" said Bulstrode savagely.

"Easy on, Bulstrode!" snapped Wharton as he stepped in front of Bunter. "You're on the wrong track there. Bunter's been with us all the time, and he hasn't spoken to anyone but us. What happened to you, anyway?"

"We spoke to a Rovers player named Porter," said Hazeldene. "He got annoyed when Bulstrode said that Bunter couldn't play football for toffee. Then a whole mob ran us out of the village."

Billy Bunter's fat face was triumphant. The visit to Courtfield, which had caused him so much fear and trembling, had turned out very fortunately for him. He swelled with importance.

"I said they'd be annoyed, Bulstrode. I know how much they admire me over there!"

"They must all be potty!" Frank Nugent exclaimed.

"Anyway, it seems to be established that Bunter has been telling the truth all along, and that he is really the captain of the Rovers," said Ogilvy.

"It's certainly amazing to find that Bunter has been telling the truth," remarked Tom Brown, the New Zealander. "You'll have to try it again, Bunter—it will come easier the second time!"

The crowd of juniors roared with laughter, but Bunter snorted and stalked away.

The fellows broke up into groups, and there was but one topic of conversation that evening—Bunter, the football star. There seemed to be no further doubt about it. And Bunter had said that he hadn't really done his best at Greyfriars, owing to the way he had been discouraged by the other fellows' jealousy.

It even got to the state where some of the juniors were demanding that Wharton should put Bunter in the Lower Fourth team, but Harry was firm on that point.

"I want to see Bunter play first," Harry said. "Then if he's good enough—which I still doubt—I'll put him in the team."

When this was reported to Bunter, out in the Close, he adopted an extremely hurt expression.

"You see what I mean?" he complained to the group of juniors standing around him. "It's Wharton's jealousy that keeps me out of the Form team!"

A sudden poke in the ribs made Bunter gasp. The poke was delivered by Alonzo Todd—just out of the sanatorium. Bunter's fame was a surprise to Alonzo, and he didn't quite understand it.

"I hear you are the captain of Courtfield Rovers," said Alonzo. "I suppose it was through your relation that you got into the team—the chap with the same name as yourself?"

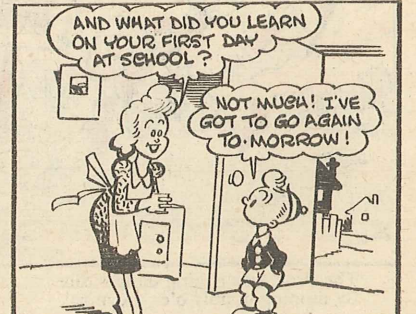
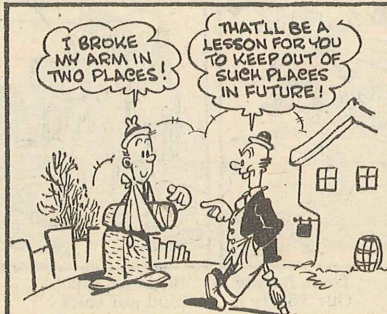
Bunter gasped. He had completely forgotten that Alonzo knew about W. Bunter of the Courtfield Rovers. It had, in fact, been Alonzo who had first brought the newspaper advertisement to Bunter.

"SSH!" Bunter snapped out, looking over his shoulder to make sure that no one could possibly hear the conversation. "Shut up about that chap who has the same name as I have!"

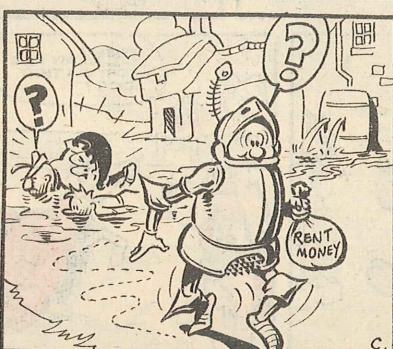
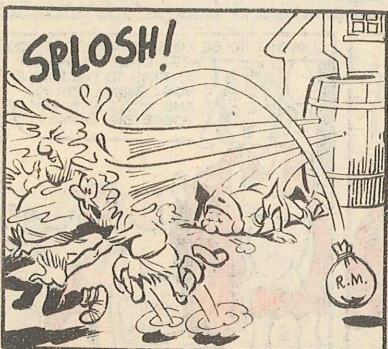
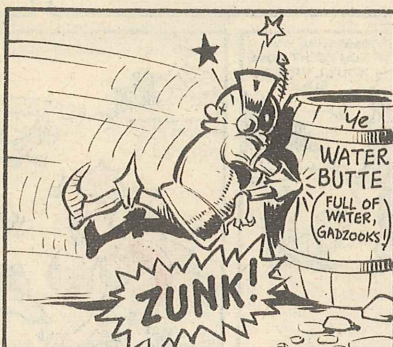
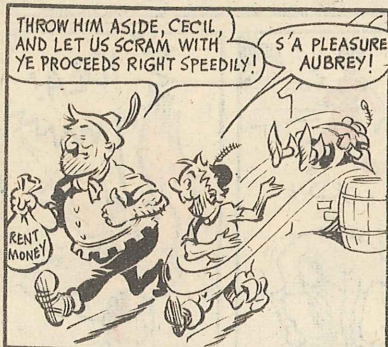
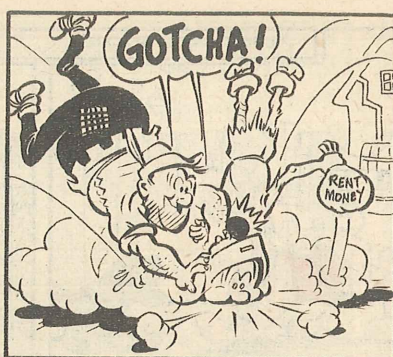
"But why?" asked Alonzo. "Surely it is no secret—"

"Yes," said the fat boy. "It's a deadly secret. You see he happens to be a relation (Continued on next page)

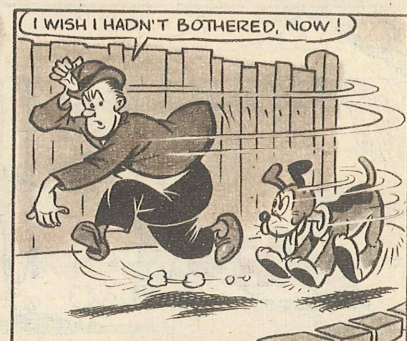
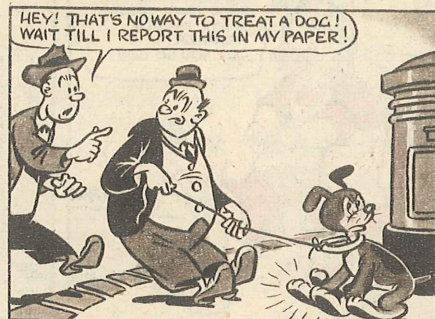
### CHUCKLE CORNER







# SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER



## BILLY BUNTER THE FOOTBALL STAR

(Continued from previous page)

of mine, and—and he's robbed his employer of a hundred pounds, and cleared out of the district!"

"My word!" exclaimed the simple Alonzo.

"It's an awful disgrace to the family, and I'm trying to keep it dark. The Rovers asked me to be their captain in his place. Now, don't breathe another word about this, will you? In fact, I'd be awfully obliged if you never mentioned his name again!"

**BILLY BUNTER** had never been a modest chap, but now that the school had the impression that he was a star footballer he swanked so much that he was lucky on several occasions not to get a thick ear.

On the Saturday morning Harry Wharton and the other members of the

Lower Fourth were standing outside the School House, and Bunter was making some rude remarks about the low standard of their football. Bunter was just informing them that they weren't in his class, when a lad entered the gateway and walked up towards the house.

It was Walter Bunter, the captain of the Courtfield Rovers!

Bunter's jaw dropped. What on earth did the village lad want at Greyfriars?

"I've come over to patch up matters," Walter Bunter said to the group of juniors. "Some of you chaps were hustled out of Courtfield the other day, and I'm here to say sorry—although you really did deserve it, running a chap down behind his back."

"Nobody ran anybody down," Bulstrode exclaimed. "I only mentioned Bunter—"

"I say, you chaps," bleated Billy Bunter hurriedly. "Better kick this chap out. He—"

"Oh, there he is!" said the captain of the Rovers. "There's the specimen who offered to honour our team by joining us, and who got the order of the boot!"

At this point Alonzo Todd thought it was about time he spoke.

"You must not rely on the statements of this person," he said with a flip of his hand towards Walter. "I must speak out now, Bunter, for your sake. This youth has robbed his employer of a hundred pounds and is a disgrace to the Bunter family!"

Walter Bunter goggled.

"Is your name Bunter?" Harry Wharton asked excitedly.

"It certainly is."

"And are you the captain of the Courtfield Rovers?"

"I am!"

"My hat!" shouted Bob Cherry. "We've got the truth at last! This chap is the W. Bunter who was in the paper. Billy knew it, and—spoofed us all!"

"I—I say," stammered Alonzo. "Isn't he really Bunter's cousin?"

"Of course I'm not," snapped Walter. "Do you think I could be related to that miserable object. And he told you I'd stolen a hundred pounds, eh?"

"I—I—I was only j—joking!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Joke!" Harry Wharton said sternly. "It was a pack of lies from beginning to end."

He turned to Walter Bunter.

"Look here," he said. "We're awfully sorry about this. How about the Rovers coming up here and getting together with us on the football pitch?"

"Fine," replied Walter. "There's nothing we'd like better."

Billy had already fled into the school but the Removites caught him up.

"Now then, Bunter," said Harry, "you've made one or two remarks lately about the way the football team can kick—now you're going to see just how well they can do it. Form up in two rows, you fellows—and Bunter can run the gauntlet."

There was a roar of approval.

"I, I say, you fellows—"

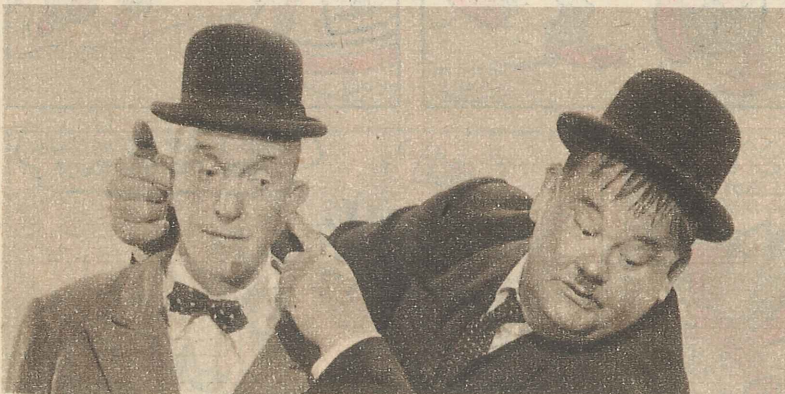
But no one listened.

Gasping and grunting, the fat junior reached the end of the line, but he did not stop. He ran on at top speed and disappeared round a corner of the corridor. A roar of laughter followed him.

After that, Billy Bunter was never heard to make a remark about the power of the Lower Fourth football team!

Be sure not to miss the start of another smashing Greyfriars story—Billy Bunter, the Big Business Man—in the next COMET.

## ★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



48. LAUREL and HARDY



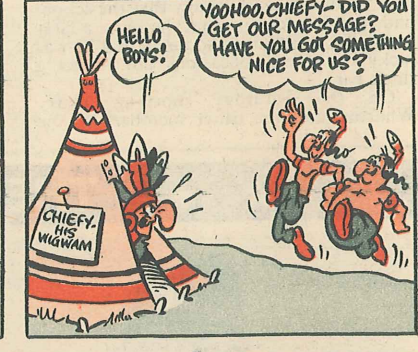
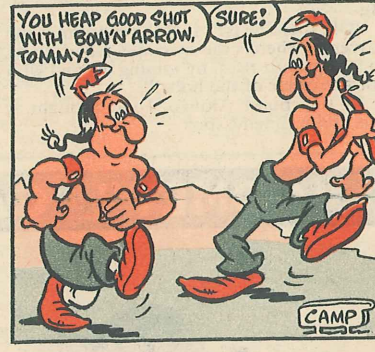
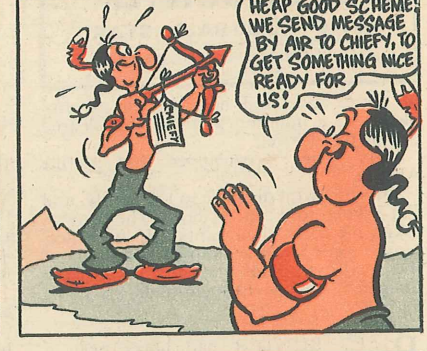
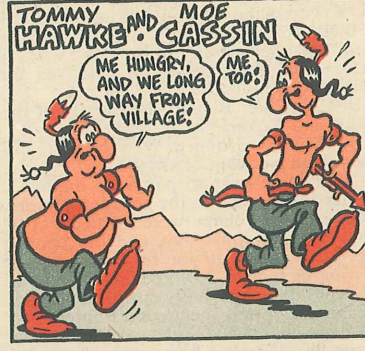
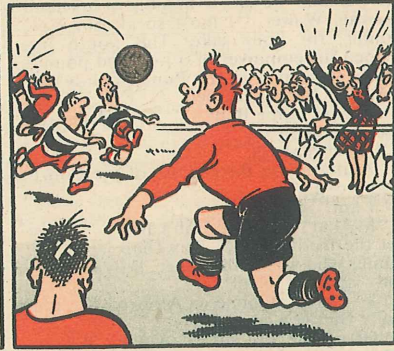
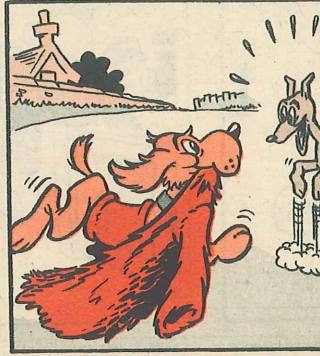
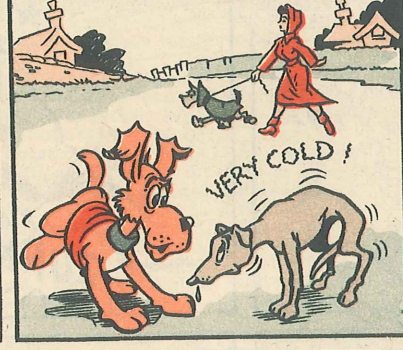
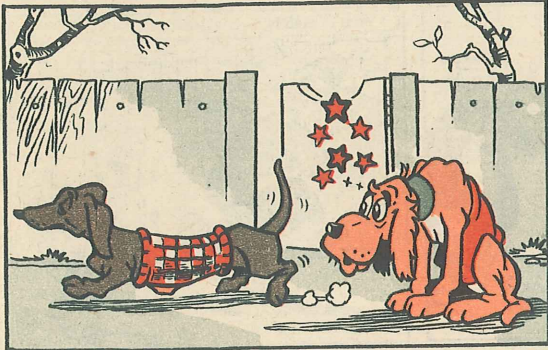
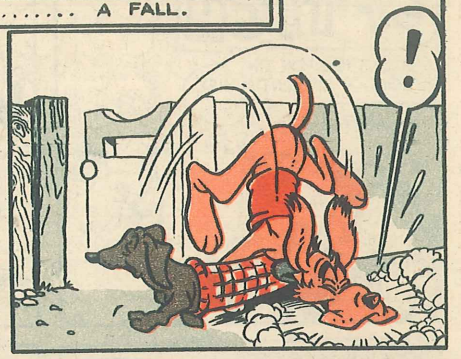
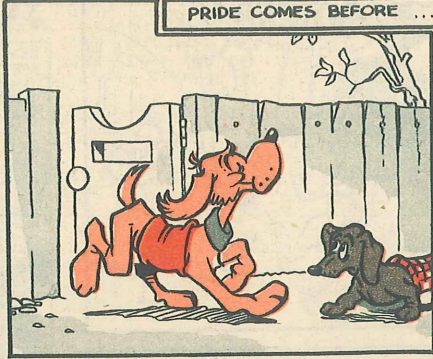
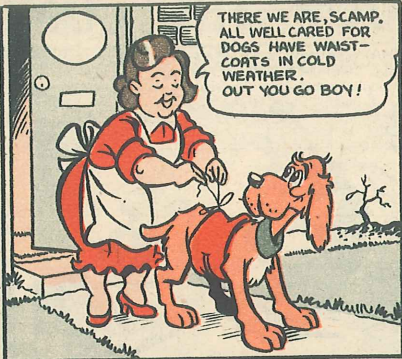
49. JANE POWELL (M.G.M.)




50. GLYNIS JOHNS (London Films)



# SCAMP.

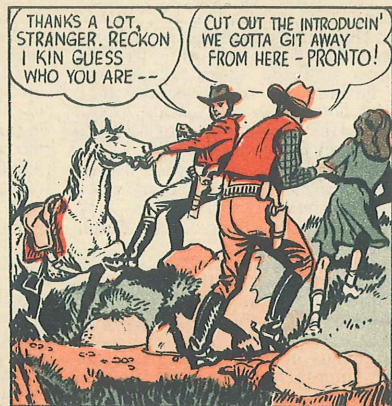






**BUCK JONES** ★  
IN THE  
**MYSTERY of BIDDY LOGAN**

BUCK JONES RESCUES BIDDY LOGAN FROM THE STRONGHOLD OF GONZALEZ, THE MEXICAN BANDIT, BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN RECAPTURED HAD NOT A STRANGER UNEXPECTEDLY COME TO BUCK'S HELP.



THANKS A LOT, STRANGER. RECKON I KIN GUESS WHO YOU ARE --

CUT OUT THE INTRODUCIN' WE GOTTA GIT AWAY FROM HERE -- PRONTO!



AFTER A LONG RIDE.


D'YOU THINK IT'LL BE SAFE TO GIVE THE HORSES A BREATHER?

RECKON WE'LL HAYE TO! IT'S STILL A LONG WAY TO THE BORDER.



WE'VE GOTTA FOOL GONZALEZ. I'LL LEAD HIM AWAY TO THE WEST WHILE YOU RIDES EAST. BIDDY, WITH YOUR FATHER!

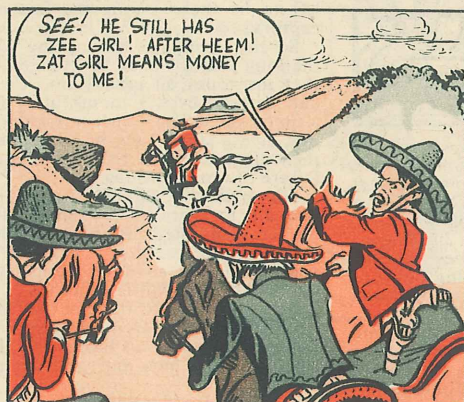
MY FATHER? BUT I'VE GOT A FATHER -- DAN LOGAN!



DAN'S YOUR GRANDFATHER HONEY! I'M YOUR FATHER. I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, WHEN WE'RE SAFE IN ALKALI CITY.

MEANWHILE IF I CAN LURE GONZALEZ ON TO AMERICAN SOIL, GUESS I CAN DEAL WITH HIM PROPERLY!

BUCK ALWAYS'S CARRIED AN EMPTY SACK IN HIS SADDLE-BAG AND HE STUFFED IT WITH GRASS. WHEN GONZALEZ NEXT SIGHTED HIM HE WAS COMPLETELY FOOLED.



SEE! HE STILL HAS ZEE GIRL! AFTER HEEM! ZAT GIRL MEANS MONEY TO ME!



BUCK REACHES THE BORDER...

GIT GOIN', SILVER. THEY'RE COMIN' UP FAST!



TWO OF YOU COME WIZ ME. I FOLLOW HEEM TO AMERICA, BUT I GET ZAT GIRL BACK! YOU WILL SEE!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER GONZALEZ WAS IN AMERICA AND BUCK HAD HIM WHERE HE WANTED HIM!



HI-YA, GONZALEZ! D'YOU WANT THE GIRL?



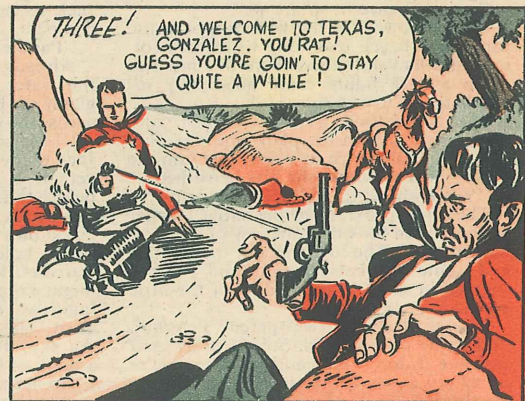
HERE SHE IS!



THAT'S ONE OF YOU!



THAT'S TWO!



THREE! AND WELCOME TO TEXAS, GONZALEZ. YOU RAT! GUESS YOU'RE GOIN' TO STAY QUITE A WHILE!



LATER IN ALKALI CITY

HULLO, BIDDY! SO YOU MADE IT?

SURE, BUCK. AND SO HAVE YOU! AND FATHER'S TOLD ME EVERYTHING!



YEAH, I TOLD HER HOW I WAS ONCE A CROOK, GOT CAUGHT AND WENT TO JAIL. I'D HIDDEN THE STUFF I STOLE. GONZALEZ RECKONED IF HE HAD BIDDY, WHEN I CAME OUT OF JAIL, I'D GIVE THE STUFF TO HIM. BUT I'M GOING STRAIGHT, AND I'D TOLD THE ATTORNEY WHERE THE STUFF WAS.

AND OLD DAN LOGAN IS BIDDY'S GRAND-FATHER NOT HER FATHER, AND WOULDN'T TELL HER THAT HER DAD WAS IN JAIL!

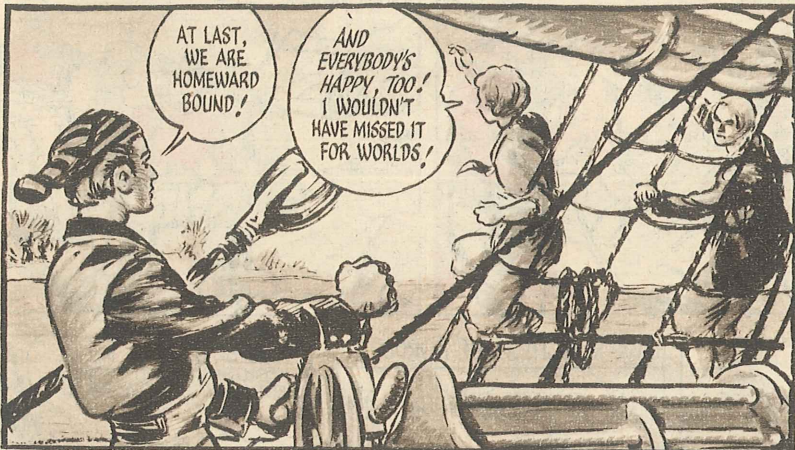


I KNOW ALL THE STORY, NOW, BUCK, AND THINGS ARE GOING TO BE FINE AND DANDY FROM NOW ON. AND, OH BUCK, YOU'VE BEEN SWELL! YOU'VE GIVEN ME BACK MY DADDY AND I'VE JUST GOTTA HUG YOU!



# THE CORAL ISLAND

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



## HOMeward BOUND

**S**TEALTHILY the three apprentices rowed the ship's boat away from the schooner and across the dark lagoon near Tararo's village on the island of Mango.

The native missionary sat in the stern-sheets. Jack Martin and his two friends, Peterkin Gay and Ralph Rover, had fallen in with the dusky teacher's plan to rescue Avatea, the native girl, by slipping her away in a small canoe and paddling fifty miles across the Pacific to an island where she would be among friends.

Leaving the schooner was a great wrench, but Jack and the other boys had left Coral Island, on which they had been cast away months previously, and had come to Mango to rescue Avatea, who was a Samoan girl and held prisoner by Tararo. Although they were to all intents prisoners on the schooner, they had been given three days' grace by Tararo while he decided what he would do with them.

Their friend the native teacher, who had come from the south side of Mango to help them, had arranged with Avatea to meet them at a lonely spot on the beach.

"But think carefully, my friends," he said earnestly, as they pulled the boat, which was loaded with provisions for their journey, up on to the beach. "If you miss the island, there isn't another for a hundred miles or more. If you fall among cannibals, you know the law of the Fiji Islands—a castaway who gains the shore is doomed to die."

"We'll risk that," said Jack. "If Avatea's willing to chance it, so are we."

They followed the native to a spot at the top of the beach overhung with thick foliage and had not stood there five minutes when a dark figure came noiselessly towards them. It was Avatea.

She understood a little English, and readily fell in with the plan. She was only too glad of a chance to escape and join the young chief to whom she was betrothed.

"Yes, I willing to go," she said simply. The canoe provided by the native teacher lay nearby in the black shadow of an overhanging cliff. The fugitives put their stores and some blankets aboard and Avatea stepped in to sit in the middle of the little craft.

"Here, Ralph," whispered Peterkin, "take this pair of oars. Stow 'em away if you like. I don't like paddles. When we're safely out at sea I'll try to rig up rowlocks for them."

"Right! Now then, in with you, and our friend'll give us a push off."

Each shook hands in turn with the kindly missionary teacher, who would stay aboard the schooner and risk Tararo's wrath.

The canoe shot like an arrow from the shore, sped over the still lagoon and was paddled swiftly by strong arms out over the long swell of the open sea.

Steadily through the rest of the night, and the next day, Jack and his friends paddled away from Mango. They travelled in almost total silence, stopping only for brief periods to eat mouthfuls of food and take sips of water.

Jack had taken the bearing of the island before starting, and with a small pocket compass in front of him sat in the stern of the canoe, keeping it headed due south.

At sunset Jack put down his paddle and called a halt.

"We've put plenty of water between ourselves and those rascals," he said. "Now we'll have supper and sleep."

"Hear, hear!" Peterkin groaned, flexing his aching muscles. "Why, Avatea, what's wrong with you? You look like an owl blinking in the sunshine!"

"I sleepy," smiled Avatea. She laid her head on the edge of the canoe and fell fast asleep.

"That's pretty quick!" gasped Peterkin. Soon he was yawning himself, however. Presently they were all sleeping fitfully while the canoe floated throughout the night on the still water. Dawn was sending grey light across the sea when Peterkin startled the others awake with a cry of alarm.

"What's wrong?" snapped Jack Martin. Peterkin pointed to the horizon. A huge war canoe was approaching them fast! With a groan of mingled despair and anger Jack seized his paddle and glanced at the compass.

"Paddle fast!" he shouted. Already the paddles were plunging into the water. The canoe bounded over the glassy sea like a dolphin as a shout sounded across the water from their savage pursuers.

"I see something like land ahead!" said Jack excitedly. "Surely it can't be the island yet? If it is, though, we might reach it before those fellows catch us."

Nobody replied. They felt that in a long chase they had little chance against a war canoe holding nearly a hundred brawny warriors. But even as hope rose that they might keep ahead for an hour or two, the fugitives experienced bitter disappointment. The supposed land rose slowly into the sky! It was nothing more solid than a bank of sea mist.

Hope changed to despair that gave them new strength. For two hours more they drove the little canoe onwards, but they were tiring fast. Always the war canoe drew closer, and at last by common consent Jack and his friends turned the side of their canoe towards the oncoming craft and laid down their paddles.

They had been defeated by sheer exhaustion.

On came the large canoe like a war-horse of the deep, with the foam curling from its sharp prow and the spearheads of the savages flashing in the sunshine. The apprentices could hear the hissing of the water and see the scowling faces of Tararo's warriors as they came rushing on.

When about twenty yards away, five or six of the savages rose and, laying aside their paddles, took up their spears. Jack and Peterkin raised their oars. Ralph swung his paddle.

But before any of them could strike a blow the sharp prow of the war canoe crashed into the side of their little craft. Next moment they were all struggling in the sea.

Strong hands hauled them from the water and flung them to the bottom of the big canoe. It was useless to struggle. The three boys were bound hand and foot and left to lie there among the feet of their captors.

So they remained during the whole of the long journey back to Mango—tied so that the ropes bit cruelly into their flesh and without even a mouthful of food or a sip of water. The air became suffocatingly hot, as if a storm were brewing, adding to their discomfort and the bitterness of their failure to rescue Avatea.

On arrival at Mango, they were led straight to Tararo, the chief, who sat glowering at them as they were brought staggering before him, with the native teacher standing anxiously beside him.

"My debt to you is cancelled!" he said angrily, referring to the fact that they had once rescued him from enemies who had pursued him to Coral Island. He glared at Jack Martin. "You and your companions shall die."

Jack's angry and defiant answer had no effect. He and Peterkin and Ralph were seized roughly and hurried through the trees to the outskirts of the village. Here they were flung into a cave in the cliff and the entrance was barricaded, leaving them in total darkness.

Avatea had been taken away by the women of the tribe.

Fortunately for the three apprentices their legs were now unshackled, although their wrists were still tightly bound. They sat down in the darkness, and spoke little. They were doomed to die. Jack blamed himself for being so hot-tempered and having got them into this fix.

The noise of the barricade being pulled down eventually interrupted their low-voiced discussion of their chances. They nerved themselves as savages swarmed into the cave and marched them away through the trees. They heard distant shouting and the beating of drums. As the noise increased they found themselves at the head of a chanting procession bound for the temple where human victims were sacrificed.

"They're going to kill us!" Ralph exclaimed in horror.

They all remembered the scenes they had witnessed at the temple a few days previously. A growl of thunder rolled from the dark sky above and heavy raindrops splashed them as they approached the grim place. They had still not reached the temple when the storm that had been threatening for some time burst upon them with a terrifying roar.

The natives, yelling in alarm, scattered to seek shelter. The prisoners were forgotten. They stood there in the howling wind with rain swishing down on them. The three boys staggered and gasped for breath as they tried to keep their feet in the path of the hurricane. All around them trees swayed and tossed and bent like grass before the mighty wind.

Then they saw their friend the native teacher splashing towards them with a knife in his hand.

"I'm in time!" he gasped thankfully, swiftly cutting the thongs that bound them.

"Quick, shelter behind the nearest rock, or you'll never live through this storm!"

Without hesitation the boys dived for shelter, crouching close together as the wind shrieked among the trees, tearing some up by the roots and hurling them violently to the ground. Rain swept across the scene in curtains of water, and lightning played dazlingly like forked serpents in the air, while high above the roar of the wind and rain the thunder crashed and rolled.

In the village the scene was even more appalling. Roofs were blown completely off the houses. Many houses themselves were carried away entire, turning over and over before they collapsed in heaps of wreckage.

But terrific though the storm was on land, it was even more awful out at sea. Great waves crashed on the beach, and were swept higher and higher by the raging wind, until in a sheet of white, curdled foam they swirled right into the village, completing the destruction that the wind had begun.

During that night and all next day Jack, Peterkin and Ralph sheltered with the teacher in a cave while the hurricane raged.

When at last the wind died down and they ventured into the wreckage of the village, they found the natives wailing and trying to salvage what was left of their belongings. Jack and his friends were forgotten in the catastrophe.

Even Tararo was a chastened and frightened man. First of the buildings to collapse had been the temple of ghastly rites. It was wrecked, scattered, leaving only a few stumps of wood among the tumbled heaps of bones, relics of former sacrifices.

Tararo came close to the native teacher, almost cringing, and spoke long and earnestly. Presently their good friend turned to Jack and his wondering comrades.

"You are free!" he cried joyfully. "Avatea, too! She can go!"

Tararo, he explained, had had a change of heart. The wrecking of the temple by the hurricane which had sprung up just as the white boys were to be sacrificed was looked upon as a warning by Tararo and his savage people.

"They're burning all their wooden idols!" cried the native missionary. "They've decided to join me and my people in the new faith!"

While the false gods of Mango were reduced to ashes, Jack turned to Peterkin and Ralph, who were sitting slumped on the ground in relief after the strain they had endured.

"Well, lads," he laughed, "it seems that what we came here to do has been carried out satisfactorily. We've nothing more to do but get ready for sea as fast as we can and sail for dear old England!"

Several days later, on a bright, clear morning, they hoisted the snow-white sails of the former pirate schooner and left the shores of Mango. Among the natives cheering farewell were Avatea and her husband, for the young chief had been called from his island to be married by the missionary.

With a loud cheer rolling across the water towards it, the schooner heeled before a light, fair wind and glided quickly across the lagoon under its cloud of canvas.

"At last, we are homeward bound!" said Jack.

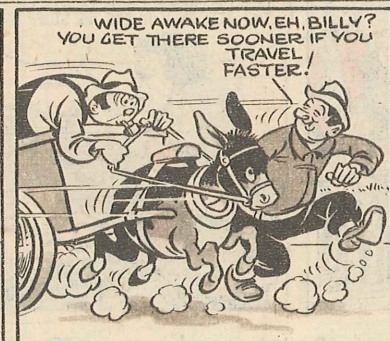
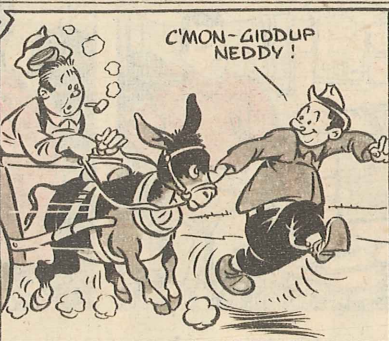
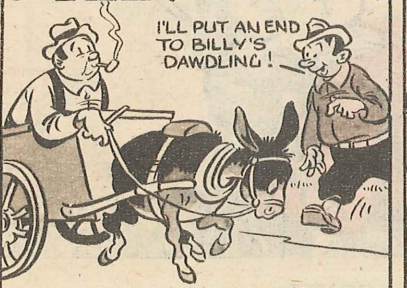
"And everybody's happy, too," added Peterkin. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!"

Tahiti was the first port of call—and then it would be "Homeward bound for Britain!"

But all their lives they would carry with them memories of the beautiful bright green coral islands of the Pacific Ocean, among which they had spent so many exciting months.

And that's the end of a grand story. Don't miss the start of a thrilling pirate yarn—"BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE"—in the next COMET.

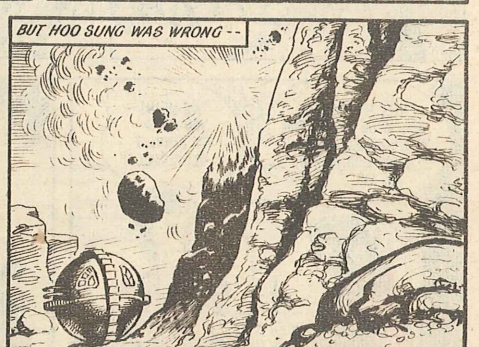
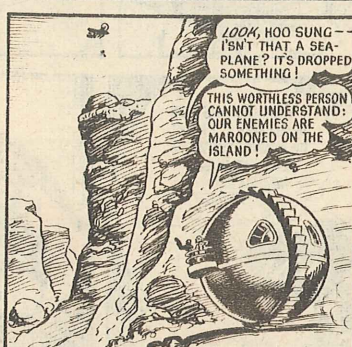
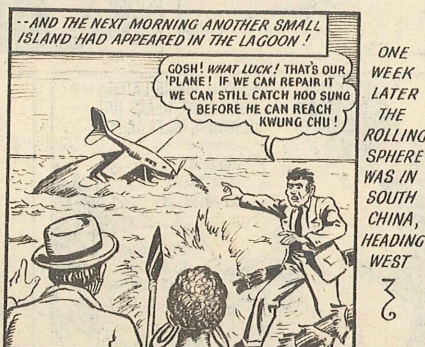
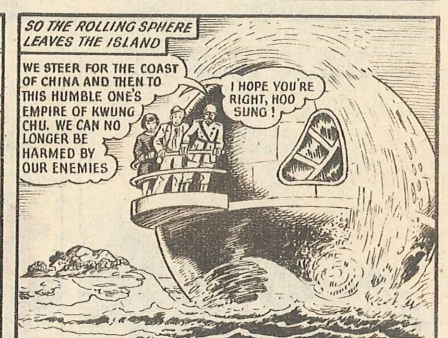
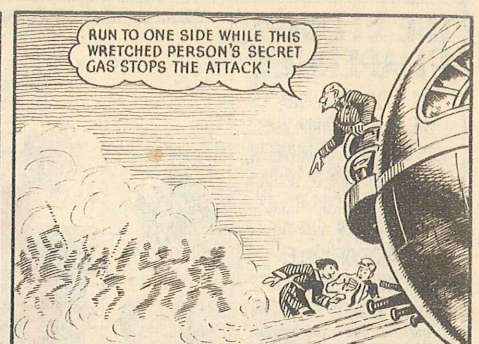
## SILLY BILLY





# Don Deeds

Hoo Sung, aided by Don Deeds and Mai-Mai, has at last recovered the Kwung Chu diamond from the wrecked treasure-ship, but his enemies bribe the natives to attack him.



Will the Rolling Sphere be wrecked? More thrills in the next COMET

## IS YOUR NAME HERE?

### PRIZEWINNERS IN OUR GREAT "Whose Hats?" Competition

YOUR Editor has great pleasure in announcing the result and prizewinners' names in this splendid picture-puzzle.

The competition proved immensely popular and many boys and girls were clever enough to solve all the puzzles correctly. In accordance with the rules, therefore, age, handwriting and neatness were also taken into account in deciding the winners, whose names are as printed here.

#### THE BICYCLE WINNERS

Ian Beardsley, 29 Alderbank, Wardle, Rochdale, Lancs.; Miss Betty Head, 6 St. Michael's Terrace, Stoke, Plymouth; Brian Kinsey, 15 Brookland Road, Weston-s-Mare, Somerset; Miss Morag M. Mutch, 26 Kenmure Avenue, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow; Barry Plume, 5 Whitby Street, Wisbech, Cambs.

#### 100 MORE WINNERS

All the following boys and girls receive prizes consisting of Meccano Sets, Footballs, Table-tennis Sets, Telescopes, and other fine awards, all of which have already been sent off: Edwin Andrews, Strathmiglo; Michael Ball, Cowley; David B. Bancroft, Macclesfield; Barrie Barlow, Stockport; Geoffrey Beasley, St. Helens; Miss Mavis Bettridge, Smethwick; Ronald Bowen, Bloxwich; P. Campbell, Hastings; Miss Rosaleen Chappell, Scunthorpe; Maurice Bramham, Normanton; Thomas I. Brown, Aberdare; Peter Burnett, Brighouse; Kenneth Butler, London, S.E.6; Malcolm Chapple, Bristol, 5; Maurice Clements, Braunton; David Coates, Gorleston; Trevor Coe, Northampton; Bernard Cole, London, S.E.17; Cyril Corrigan, Prestwick; William Counsell, Blackburn; Brian Crawley, London, S.E.2; Anthony Daniel, Tadcaster; Brian Davies, Rhyl; Miss June Davison, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 5; Francis Devine, Leigh; Miss Avril Duffy, Southampton; Miss Violet Dunn, Walsall; Raymond Ford, Portsmouth; Herbert Garrison, Conisboro; Miss Carole Gollop, Tiverton; Miss Isabell Gray, Belfast; Leslie Groves, Totland Bay; Keith Halford, Cleckheaton; Michael Halfpenny, Stoke-on-Trent; Ronald Harding, Doncaster; Miss Margaret Heard, Ashington; Harry Henderson, Kirkcaldy; David Hills, Hitchin; Kenneth Hoyle, Brighouse; C. J. Hugill, Newbarn; Miss Gillian M. Hulme, York; George Irvine, Greenock; Barry Jefferson, Gipsyville; Brian Jenkinson, Chesterfield; Kenneth L. Jones, Blaenau Festiniog; George M. Kelvey, Belfast; Ian H. Lane, Plymouth; James A. Lawrence, Woodford Bridge; Eric Lowe, Sheffield, 2; Miss Doreen Lucas, Sherwood; George Marchant, London, S.W.11; James McDonough, Manchester, 9; Hubert McMullen, Hull; Allen McPherson, Doncaster; Owen Meehan, Glasgow; Brian R. Metcalfe, Huddersfield; H. Mitchell, St. Austell; Thomas Mitchell, Salford, 3; Terence Moore, Barnsley; Miss Audrey Morgan, Hull; Barrie Mortimer, West Worthing; Brian Mortimer, Holtby; Duncan Murdoch, Preston; Patrick O'Brien, Bristol; Ian Oliver, Stevenage; Gordon Parker, Liverpool, 4; Alan Pearson, Birmingham, 28; Raymond Penney, London, S.W.6; Bernard Prince, Leeds, 9; Michael Roberts, Liverpool, 11; Roy Roberts, Liverpool, 14; Stanley R. Roper, Bakewell; Miss Rhoda Ross, Edinburgh, 8; Eric B. Salisbury, London, N.15; Miss Rosemary J. Shennan, Inverness; Antony P. Shepherd, Rochdale; Miss Audrey Smith, Preston; Miss Louise Stevens, Birmingham; Robin Stevens, Exeter; Roland Stevenson, Cleadon; Campbell Stewart, Glasgow, N.; William Sturrock, Glasgow, E.1; Martin Teed, B. Salterton; Ernest Thompson, Doncaster; Michael Thompson, Hull; Robert R. Torode, Vale, C.1.; Miss Jean Underwood, Bromley; Terence J. Venables, Aldershot; Fred Walker, Bradford; Miss Joy Wall, Stourbridge; David Ward, London, E.15; Miss Jeanette Warrington, Wolverhampton; Peter Watson, Crook; Trevor Wharmby, Mastin Moor; James Whitehead, Bristol; D. Whitehorn, Ruislip Manor; A. K. Whitter, Shanklin; Pat Wilkes, Stourbridge; Brian Woods, Wirral; Peter Wynn, Blackburn.

CORRECT SOLUTION: 1-H; 2-E; 3-M; 4-G; 5-L; 6-D; 7-C; 8-K; 9-F; 10-A; 11-B; 12-J.

## How to find THE NEVER ENDING SWEET SUPPLY

The only chart you need is on this page. Show it to your Mum to-day. With a tin of Cadburys Bournville Cocoa and these directions she will quickly discover the way to a secret supply of super off-ration CHOCOLATE FUDGE.



### CHOCOLATE FUDGE

(Cadburys own recipe)  
3 tablesp. sweetened condensed milk—or evaporated · 4 tablesp. water · 3 oz. sugar  
1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa  
½ oz. margarine  
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.

Mother knows that there are plenty of good things in Cadburys Bournville Cocoa—the making of extra-tasty drinks, sweets, cakes and 'afters.'

CADBURYS  
BOURNVILLE  
COCOA



YOU SAVE ON  
½ LB. TIN AT  
1/3 1/2  
LB. NET

## 'BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE'

A GRAND NEW GRIPPING PIRATE YARN STARTS IN THE NEXT COMET

Make sure of your copy



# THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

SIR PERCY BLAKENEY -- THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL -- HAS OUTWITTED CHAUVÉLIN, THE FRENCH SPY, IN LONDON AND IS ANXIOUS TO GET TO FRANCE, BUT THE PRINCE OF WALES CHALLENGES HIM TO A COACH RACE TO BRIGHTON.

BASED ON A POWELL-PRESSBURGER PRODUCTION FOR LONDON FILMS -- FROM A BOOK BY BARONESS ORZY.

AT DAWN ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS, NEAR BRIGHTON.



FASTER, LEECH! SIR PERCY'S OVERTAKING!

YES, YOUR HIGHNESS!



CAREFUL, BLAKENEY, YOU'LL UPSET US BOTH!

THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ME TO PASS, YOUR HIGHNESS.



YOU CAN'T OVERTAKE HERE -- GIVE WAY -- BLAKENEY!

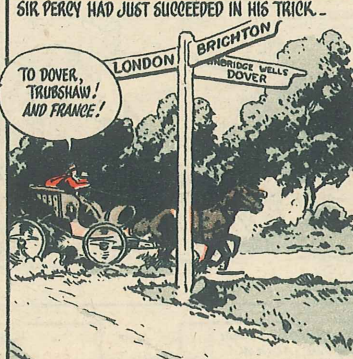
BUT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL REACHES THE NARROW BRIDGE FIRST, WITH INCHES TO SPARE.



WE DID IT, TRUBSHAW! NOW TO GET WELL AHEAD!



BLAKENEY MUST BE MAD! BUT WE'LL BEAT HIM YET!



SIR PERCY HAD JUST SUCCEEDED IN HIS TRICK --

TO DOVER, TRUBSHAW! AND FRANCE!



-- AT DOVER!

BACK TO BLAKENEY HOUSE, TRUBSHAW -- AND REMEMBER -- IF ANYBODY ASKS -- I'VE GONE HUNTING!

MEANWHILE, AT BLAKENEY HOUSE, LADY MARGUERITE BLAKENEY, WHO DID NOT KNOW HER HUSBAND WAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, RECEIVED A VISITOR -- CHAUVÉLIN.

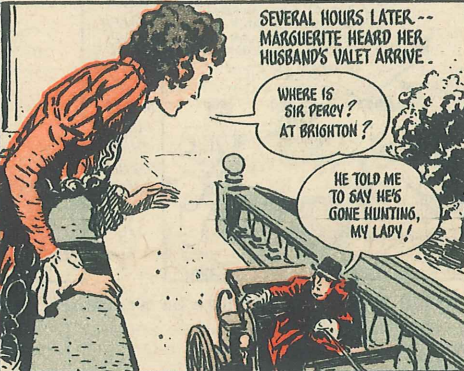


I KEEP MY PROMISES. HERE IS THE LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER ARMAND WHICH ENDANGERED HIS LIFE!

THIS MEANS -- YOU KNOW THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?



YOUR HELP HAS BEEN INVALUABLE! I KNOW THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! I LEAVE FOR FRANCE IMMEDIATELY -- TO DESTROY HIM!



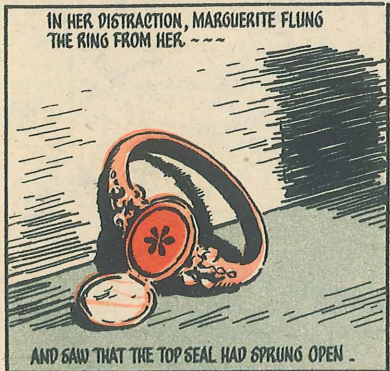
SEVERAL HOURS LATER -- MARGUERITE HEARD HER HUSBAND'S VALET ARRIVE.

WHERE IS SIR PERCY? AT BRIGHTON?

HE TOLD ME TO SAY HE'S GONE HUNTING, MY LADY!



HUNTING! PLEASURE! JUST WHEN I NEED HIS HELP TO OUTWIT CHAUVÉLIN! OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?

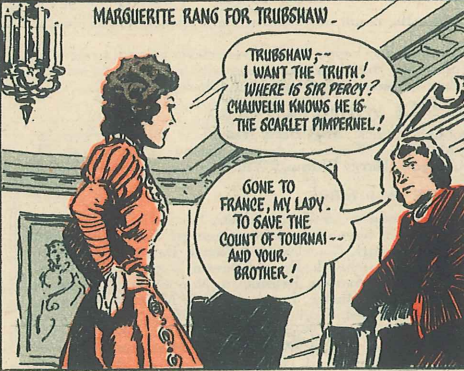


IN HER DISTRACTION, MARGUERITE FLUNG THE RING FROM HER. ---

AND SAW THAT THE TOP SEAL HAD SPRUNG OPEN.



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! THIS IS NOT MY RING -- IT IS PERCY'S! I HAVE BETRAYED MY OWN HUSBAND!



MARGUERITE RANG FOR TRUBSHAW.

TRUBSHAW -- I WANT THE TRUTH! WHERE IS SIR PERCY? CHAUVÉLIN KNOWS HE IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL!

GONE TO FRANCE, MY LADY. TO SAVE THE COUNT OF TOURNAI -- AND YOUR BROTHER!



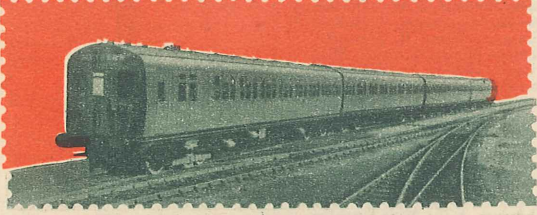
SIR ANDREW FROULKES AND THE OTHER GENTLEMEN OF THE LEAGUE SAIL TONIGHT TO MEET HIM AT THE RENDEZVOUS MONT ST. MICHEL, OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY!

What can Lady Marguerite do? Be sure not to miss the thrills in the next COMET

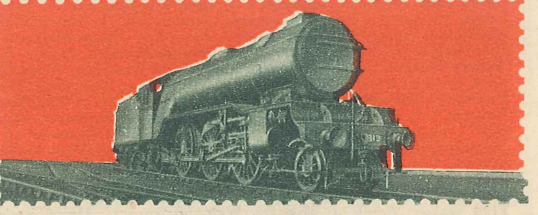
## HERE ARE THE LAST SIX STAMPS TO COMPLETE YOUR ENGINE-SPOTTERS' GUIDE



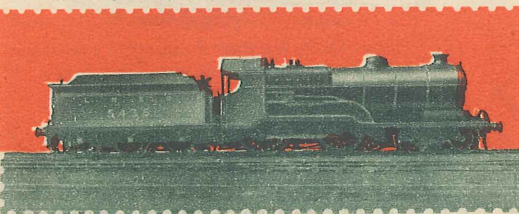
(No. 16). 4-6-0 Southern Region S15 Class



(No. 91). Southern Region Suburban Electric



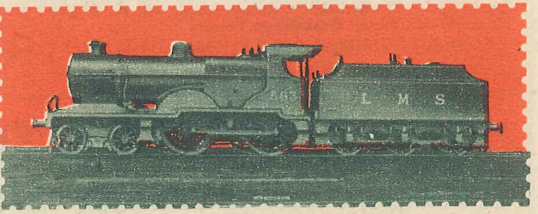
(No. 76). 2-6-2 North Eastern Region Green Arrow Class



(No. 88). 4-4-0 North Eastern Region Director Class



(No. 66). 0-6-0 London Midland Region Diesel



(No. 58). 4-4-0 London Midland Region 4P Class