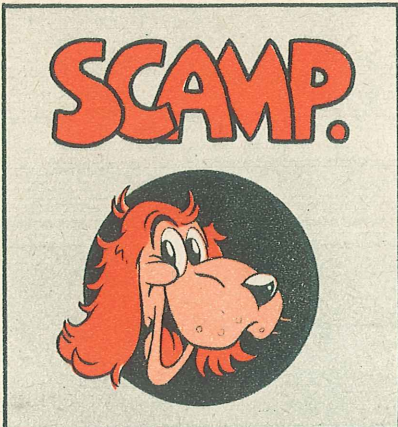


No. 96
(New Series)
May 20, 1950

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2¢

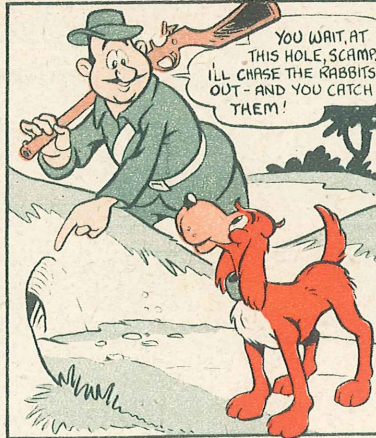
EVERY THURSDAY



Old Scamp thinks that it's lots of fun, When Dad goes hunting with his gun.



So out they set, in hopes they'd spot, A tasty target for the pot.



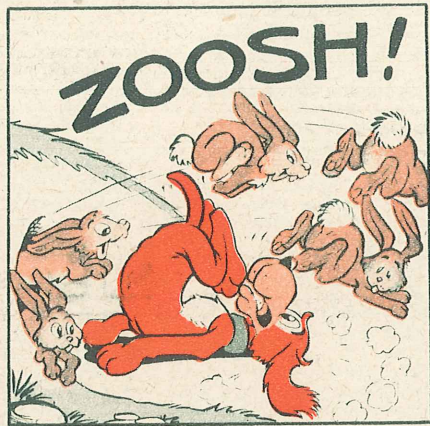
They found a bunny's small back door By following their tracks, or spoor.



So Scamp was set to block the way, While father "ferreted" their prey!



From down the burrow came a sound, While Scamp, a-quiver, stood his ground.



Out shot the rabbits, in top gear, While Scamp rolled over on his ear!



When Pa arrived to join the sport, Old Scamp had got the ferret caught!



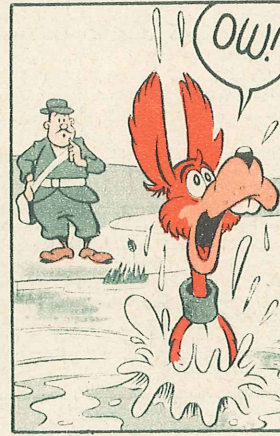
Being right out of bunny-luck, They started stalking after duck!



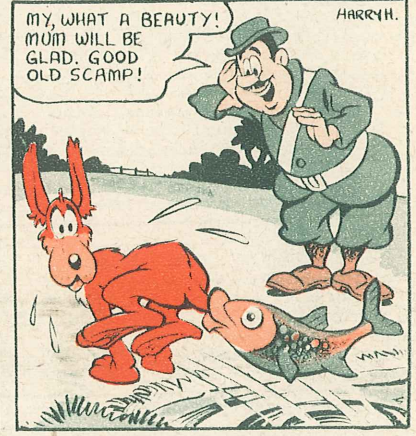
Before you could say "Bobbanob", Old Scamp had plunged into the job!



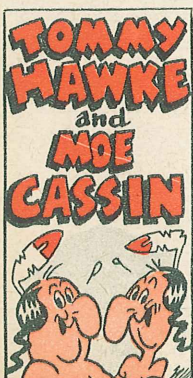
The ducks decided not to wait - They didn't wish to grace a plate!



Then suddenly Scamp gave a wail As something nibbled at his tail!



So Scamp had been caught by a fish - As nice a dish as you could wish!





Billy Bunter crawled out of the ditch!

THE SHARE-OUT!

“NOW what are we going to do?” asked Billy Bunter as he surveyed a large money-box that stood on the floor of Study No. 1.

“Let’s all try jumping on it,” suggested Frank Nugent.

“Right-ho,” replied Harry Wharton cheerfully. “You try first, Bunter. If your weight doesn’t do it, then nothing will!”

“Oh really, Wharton. Anyone would think I was fat!”

One after the other the three juniors jumped and stamped on the money-box, but they made no impression on it at all.

“Bah!” snapped Bunter. “We wouldn’t have had this trouble if you chaps had trusted me. What will the rest of the shareholders say when I tell ’em I can’t get their money out?”

The shareholders that Billy Bunter referred to were the rest of the chaps who had put money into Bunter’s latest scheme.

The fat junior had hit on the wheeze of forming a company to buy tuck wholesale, and thus get it cheaper. Bunter had promised that for one shilling the juniors would get as much grub as they normally would for two. The juniors had been reluctant to put their money into the scheme at first—they knew Bunter where money was concerned. They had only been persuaded to part with their shillings when Bunter had produced the unopenable money-box. They had decided that their money would be safe in that, and they had certainly been right, for now the money-box would definitely not open!

“There’s only one thing for it,” said Wharton. “Let’s try the axe down in the woodshed.”

So the three juniors proceeded across the Close in the direction of the woodshed. On the way they were joined by several more Removites.

Nugent stryck a match as they entered the shed, and lit a candle. Wharton dropped the box on the floor and found the large axe.

“Now stand clear!” he exclaimed, and he brought the axe crashing down on to the money-box. The box split in two halves, and the shillings rolled out in a stream.

Bunter pounced upon the stream of silver, but Ogilvy, the Scottish schoolboy, dragged him back.

“No you don’t, Bunter,” he said coolly. “Wharton can gather up the cash.”

Harry Wharton did so.

“Seventy,” he said, after counting them.

“There should be seventy-one,” said Ogilvy. “Where’s your contribution Bunter?”

A Grand Story of the Chums of Greyfriars
BILLY BUNTER Ltd.

By FRANK RICHARDS

“Oh, really! I suppose I’m entitled to my share of the grub for nothing—considering the brainwork I’ve put in for you fellows in managing the company,” replied Billy haughtily. “Anyway,” he continued, turning to Harry Wharton, “hand over the tin, and I’ll go to Mr. Quelch at once and ask him to write us out a cheque in exchange for the boblets.”

“And we’ll all come with you,” Ogilvy put in.

“Look here, Ogilvy, I can manage it better alone,” replied Bunter quickly.

“You could manage to spend it in the tuckshop better alone,” agreed Ogilvy. “No, Billy, we’ll all come with you.”

And in spite of Bunter’s protests, the crowd of juniors accompanied him to the door of Mr. Quelch’s study, and they stayed there until Billy Bunter came out again with the cheque in his hand.

BILLY BUNTER carefully shut Mr. Quelch’s door, and all the juniors gathered round him to have a look at the cheque. The Owl of the Remove held it out for them to see.

“Well, that’s all right,” said Wharton, as he saw it was made out to Mr. Spratt-Bunter—Billy’s uncle in the wholesale business.

“Well, let’s get it off right away,” said Ogilvy. “We can all go to the common-room and watch Bunter write the letter, then we’ll all go with him to post it.”

Bunter grunted, but he was walked off to the common-room by the juniors and they stood around while he wrote the letter to his uncle. Then the shareholders accompanied him to the letter-box, and the envelope containing the cheque was slipped in.

“Safe enough now,” remarked Nugent.

Bunter only snorted.

The letter was duly collected and went on its way. The Removites began to wait eagerly for the tuck to arrive. The more suspicious members of the company, however, were still worried about their managing director.

“Bunter will manage to dish us yet,” remarked Bob Cherry. “I don’t know how he’ll do it, but I know darn well that he’ll get the biggest share of the tuck, whatever happens!”

And there were others who thought the same way.

The next morning was Saturday—a half-day at Greyfriars. Bunter was in an obvious state of eagerness. He was expecting to hear from his uncle, Mr. Spratt-Bunter, by telegram, but he did not let the other juniors know this.

Bunter was in the Remove classroom with the rest of the juniors when the telegram was brought in by Trotter, the page-boy. Mr. Quelch looked round sharply.

“Telegram for Master Bunter, sir,” said Trotter.

“Oh, you may give it to him.”

Bunter opened the telegram.

“No answer, thank you,” he said.

Bunter sat down. The juniors leaned eagerly towards him.

“What is it, Bunter?”

“Is it about the grub?”

Mr. Quelch gave the class a stern look. “Stop this talking!” he rapped sharply, and the juniors became as quiet as mice.

Bunter looked at the clock, and saw that it was ten minutes before the class was due to dismiss. He put up his hand.

“What is it, Bunter?” demanded Mr. Quelch.

“Please, sir, may I go a few minutes early? That telegram I had, sir, was—er—important.”

“Very well, Bunter—you may go,” replied Quelch.

Bunter left the classroom in a hurry.

“My only hat,” murmured Bob Cherry.

“I bet he’s after the grub.”

Ogilvy looked excited.

“Please, sir, may I go early?” he asked Mr. Quelch.

“Certainly not,” snapped the form master. “Kindly sit down!”

Ogilvy sat down, looking very red.

The class was dismissed at last. The juniors swarmed out into the passage. Then, with one voice, they shouted for Bunter.

But the managing director did not answer to his name.

BUNTER! Bunter! Where are you, Bunter?”

High and low the angry juniors hunted for their managing director. But he was nowhere to be found.

“I think that Bunter will be found at Friardale railway station,” said Bob Cherry, with a laugh.

“The railway station?” exclaimed half a dozen voices.

“Of course! That telegram this morning probably told him at what time the grub was due to arrive—Hey, where are you going?”

The question was hardly needed. The excited shareholders were streaming down to the gates on their way to the station.

“Ha, ha, ha!” roared Bob Cherry. “I don’t think they’ll find much grub by this time!”

They went down the dusty lane at a run. Straight for the railway station they went, and most of them reached it in a body, dusty, warm, and perspiring.

Ogilvy seized the porter by the sleeve of his coat.

“Has Bunter been here?” he asked.

“Ah,” said the porter slowly. “A Master Bunter has been here. He collected a box that was addressed to him.”

“The grub!” moaned Ogilvy. “Do you know where he went with it?”

“Don’t know where he went,” replied the porter, “but wherever it were, he took the cab to get there.”

The juniors streamed out of the station. The cab was not in its usual parking place in the station approach, and there was no telling which way it had gone. The unhappy Removites slowly walked back to Greyfriars.

As they entered the gates they were greeted by Harry Wharton & Co.

“Found Bunter?” asked Harry with a grin. “And if you have I’ll be very surprised!”

“We’ll wait for him,” said Ogilvy grimly, and the shareholders took up their positions at the gate.

It was a long wait, but at last the taxi rolled into sight. As it came to a stop outside the school gates, several juniors yanked the door open, and Bunter stepped out.

The fat junior was looking fatter than

ever, and his face had that peculiarly shiny appearance which follows a tremendous feed. Bunter had evidently done himself well on that rambling ride back to the school.

There was some nervousness in his manner, and a smear of jam on his face, and several spots of grease on his waistcoat.

“I say, you fellows,” he exclaimed, “I’ve brought the grub!”

Several juniors seized the box that was inside the cab, and dragged it into the roadway.

“I say, Wharton—pay the driver,” said Billy Bunter grandly. “I’ll pay you back out of a postal order I’m expecting.”

Wharton gazed at him silently for a moment, but then he paid the driver, who touched his hat and drove away.

Meanwhile, the Removites were growing more and more excited around the box.

“So that’s three pounds ten worth of tuck, is it?” roared Ogilvy. “You’ve scoffed at least half of it!”

“Oh really, Ogilvy,” said Bunter indignantly. “True, I did have a small snack on the way back from the station—but surely you don’t begrudge your managing director that?”

“A snack?” yelled Micky Desmond. “Faith, and that’s all you’ve left for us! Hand our money back!”

“The fat bouncer!” exclaimed Ogilvy. “Collar him!”

Bunter tried to dodge into the school, but the juniors were all round him, and he could not escape. Hands grasped him on all sides.

“Ow!” roared Bunter. “Leggo!—Help!—Rescue—”

“Duck him!” exclaimed Bulstrode.

“Hear! hear!”

The juniors were merciless. The box, which should have been brimming with tuck, was nearly empty. It seemed impossible that even Bunter was able to eat so much at one sitting. The fat junior was dragged, struggling, towards the ditch.

“Oh!” he roared. “Leggo, and I’ll tell you where the rest of the grub is!”

“WHAT?” yelled a dozen voices.

“I—I’ve left a bit of it in the hollow tree up the lane,” groaned Bunter. “I—I meant to stand you chaps a feed with it, you know—I—YOW!”

The juniors did not show Bunter the mercy he imagined his confession entitled him to. With a mighty heave they sent him flying into the ditch.

Bunter disappeared. He reappeared in a moment or two covered with mud, which ran in thick streams down his hair.

A roar of laughter greeted him.

“So much for Bunter,” grinned Bulstrode. “Let’s go and see if there is anything in the hollow tree.”

It did not take the schoolboys long to recover the portion of tuck that Bunter had hidden in the tree.

Bunter crawled out of the ditch and crawled into the school. For the next hour he was in the bathroom, trying to get clean, and to get rid of the smell of the ditch. When he finally came down, the Removite were feasting in the woodshed. The fat junior appeared in the doorway and was greeted by a yell.

“Outside!” roared the Remove.

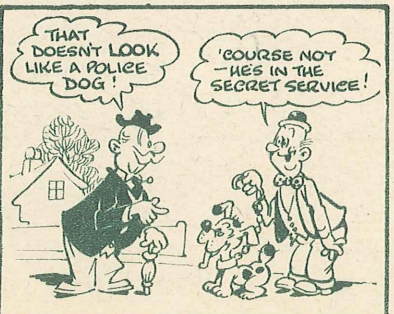
A shower of bread crusts, fragments of pie, ginger-beer corks, and various other missiles drove Bunter from the doorway.

Sorrowfully, he sat on a bench outside, and listened to the merry sounds of feasting going on within. He had plenty of time to reflect on the saying: “Honesty is the best policy.”

Whether Billy Bunter became convinced that this was so, is very unlikely, but his ponderings must have had some result, for after that day Greyfriars never heard another word about “Bunter, Limited.”

A smashing new Billy Bunter story, specially written for the COMET by Frank Richards starts next week, entitled “Billy Bunter’s Tea-party.”

CHUCKLE CORNER



SPLASH PAGE, REPORTER, AND THE GREY ROCKET

JUST TO REMIND YOU!
 Splash Page, ace reporter of the *Daily World*, went with his assistant, Jill Brent, to see his friend, Tony Marsh, doing a speed test on his new motorcycle, the Grey Rocket. Tony hoped to win the famous T.T. races in the Isle of Man.

But Lou Millan, a big-scale motor-cycle manufacturer set one of his men, Jordan, to shoot at Tony's front tyre during the next speed test. Tony finished up in hospital. But Splash Page said: "Don't worry, Tony. I'll ride the Grey Rocket in the T.T. for you!"

SPLASH PAGE AND HIS ASSISTANT, JILL BRENT, ARRIVED AT TONY'S LONELY GARAGE IN SUFFOLK TO COLLECT THE GREY ROCKET.

THERE'S TONY'S COTTAGE. I HOPE THE GREY ROCKET'S SAFE!

WE'LL RIDE THE GREY ROCKET AWAY, JILL. BUT WE MAY BE SHOT AT -- AS TONY SUSPECTED HE WAS.

YOU THINK SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO STOP THE GREY ROCKET WINNING?

YES! AND THEY'LL TRY AGAIN!

THERE IT IS -- THE GREY ROCKET! IF I WIN THE T.T., THE WHOLE WORLD'LL KNOW ABOUT IT AND TONY'S FORTUNE WILL BE MADE!

IF TONY MARSH IS NOT DEAD -- HE'S MIGHTY NEAR IT, MILLAN!

LOU MILLAN HAD HIRED DUKE JORDON BECAUSE HIS OWN MOTOR CYCLE SALES WERE THREATENED BY THE GREY ROCKET.

FINE, DUKE! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO SMASH THE GREY ROCKET ITSELF BEFORE I'LL BE SATISFIED!

BUT AS SPLASH CHECKED OVER THE GREY ROCKET, A BIG CAR TURNED OFF THE MAIN ROAD AND CAME DOWN THE TRACK TOWARDS THE COTTAGE. IT WAS DRIVEN BY DUKE JORDON, THE LONDON CROOK WHO HAD ENGINEERED TONY'S CRASH.

LOOK! DO YOU THINK SOMEBODY'S BEATEN US TO IT!

MARSH PROBABLY FORGOT TO LOCK IT. WE'LL HAVE A LOOK, ANYWAY!

AS SPLASH PAGE PREPARED TO WHEEL THE GREY ROCKET OUT OF THE GARAGE.

THERE'S SOMEBODY OUT THERE -- I THOUGHT I HEARD A CAR!

QUICK, LET'S HIDE! WE MAY LEARN SOMETHING!

O.K., BOSS. NOBODY HERE! NOTHING EXCEPT THE GREY ROCKET!

NEXT MOMENT, THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT.

NOW WHAT! THESE WALLS ARE SOUNDPROOFED, SO THEY WON'T HEAR US!

OUTSIDE -- NOW TO THROW A MATCH ON THIS LOT. THIS OLD WOOD'LL BURN LIKE TINDER!

~ AND THE GREY ROCKET'LL END UP AS A HEAP OF TWISTED METAL!

LOOK, SPLASH! THEY'RE BURNING THE GARAGE!

EVEN IF WE COULD ESCAPE, SPLASH --- WHAT ABOUT THE GREY ROCKET?

WE'RE TRAPPED! THAT WINDOW'S NO GOOD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JILL. THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE -- IF WE CAN GET THE GREY ROCKET STARTED!

AS THE FLAMES SPREAD TO THE WALL -- SPLASH STARTED THE ENGINE OF THE GREY ROCKET.

THE ENGINE FIRED FIRST KICK -- HOP ON THE PILLION SEAT, JILL!

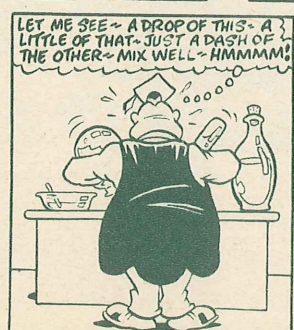
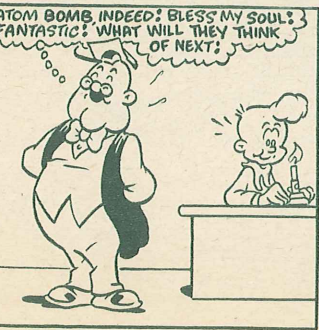
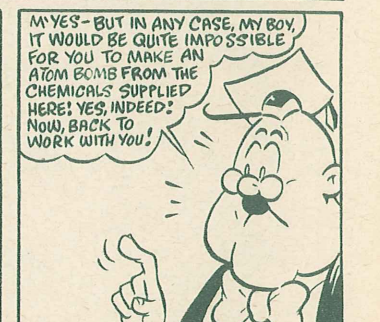
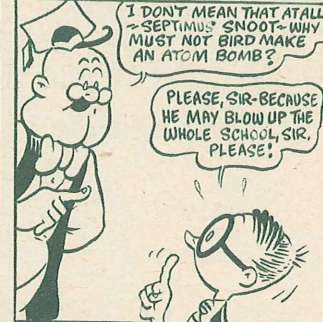
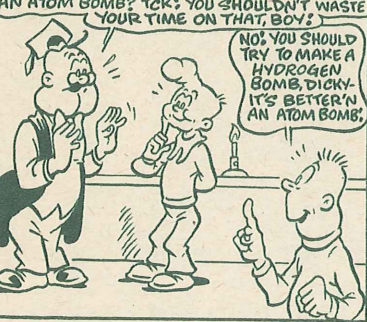
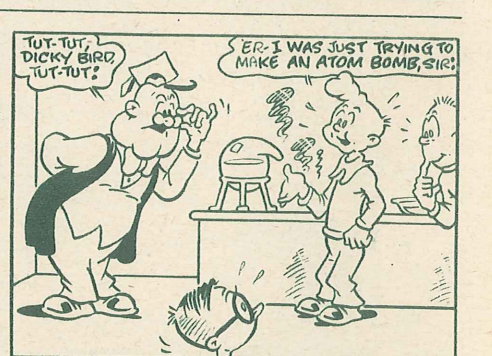
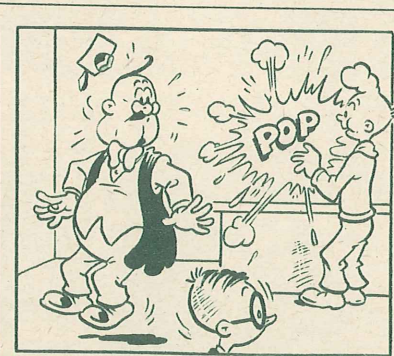
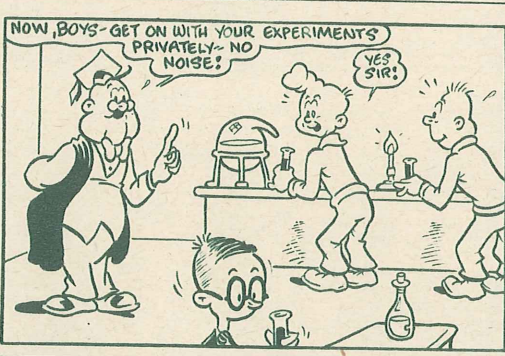
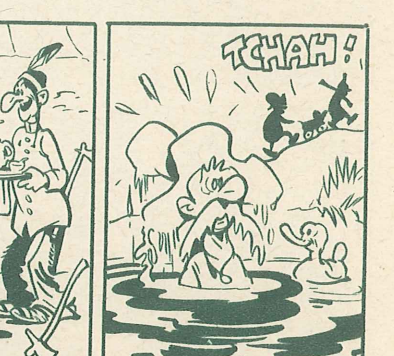
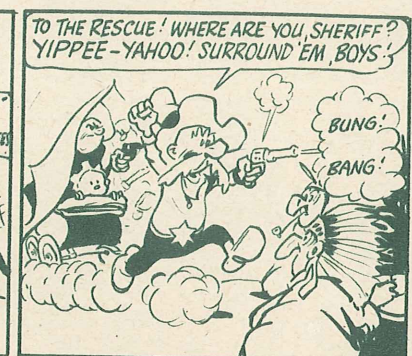
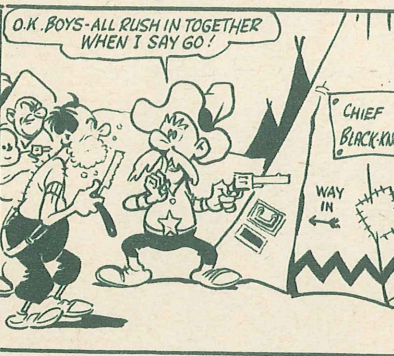
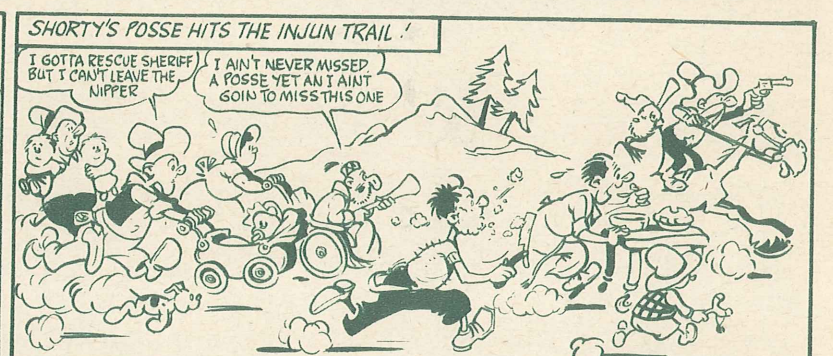
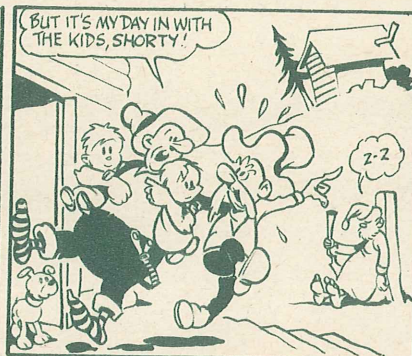
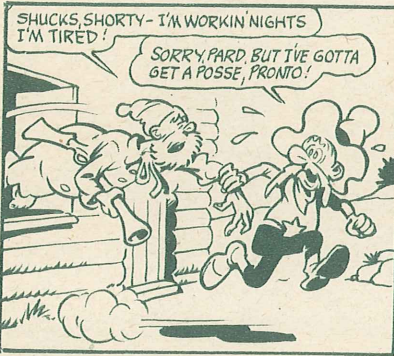
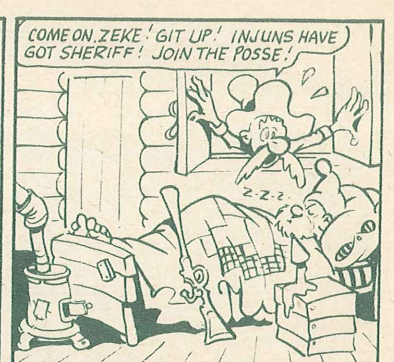
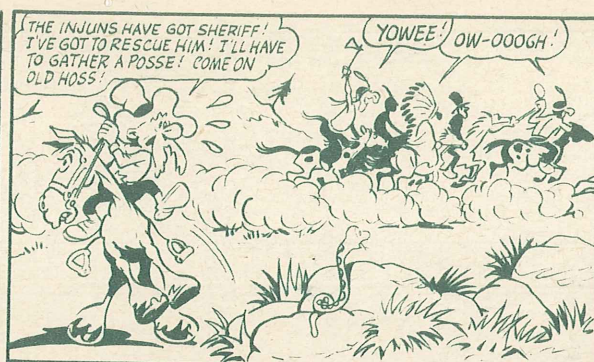
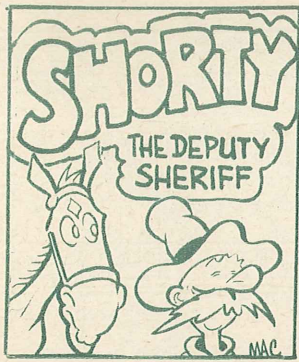
THE GREY ROCKET'S ENGINE ROARED AS SPLASH OPENED THE THROTTLE.

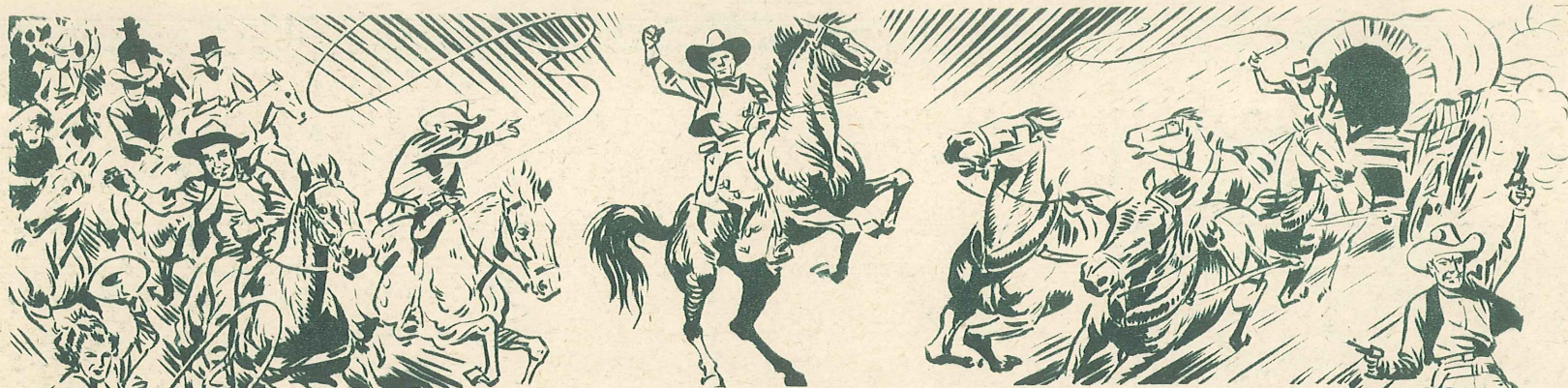
SHUT YOUR EYES, JILL! WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE FLAMES!

CAN SPLASH PAGE MAKE IT? MORE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

Everybody who enjoys thrilling adventure stories, told in exciting pictures ought to see "COWBOY COMICS". There are two issues each month--on the first Thursday. "COWBOY COMICS" are designed to bring to life the rip-roaring drama of the old West, especially for you!

"COWBOY COMICS"
 — Two a month —
 64 pages in each issue for 7d.





WILD WEST RODEO

The Story of a Cowboy Carnival Told in Picture Stamps

AS you all know, from this week, onward, the COMET will appear every WEEK, and to celebrate this very special occasion, your Editor has planned these very special pages for you.

Here is the exciting story of a Wild West Rodeo—*Cowboy Carnival!*

ONCE a year, in the ranch lands of the West, the cowboys gather together to take part in contests of skill in all the branches of their craft—in riding, shooting, roping, buck-jumping, steer-throwing, and even cooking! There are championships, trophies and money prizes to be won, and those taking part need high courage, tough muscles, and almost uncanny skill to get among the winners.

THE rodeo arena is like an enormous fair ground. All around, there are booths where the womenfolk can purchase all those pretty things that delight their hearts. There are many varied and amusing sideshows to excite wonder and admiration or set the pleasure-seeking throngs laughing merrily. There are exhibitions of saddles and harness, waggons and buckboards. There are prizes for fine cattle, sleek horses and fat hogs. But the centre of it all is the RODEO ARENA, and it is there that the thickest crowd gathers.

THE showmen, with lungs of brass, roar their challenges and the eager cowboys are only too willing to go right in and do their stuff. Some are anxious to win the admiration of their friends. Some have an eye on the money prizes. Some love to collect the silver cups and trophies. But, for most of them, it is just pride in their own skill, or the prowess of their lithe ponies, that spurs them on to show the world what they can do. The great majority of the cowboys are experts. After all, the things they do in a rodeo are really exhibitions of the jobs they have to do on the ranch lands throughout the year. And if they were not skilled they might suffer broken limbs—or worse. So a man, or a horse, has to be good to excel in such company.

THE cowboys vie with one another in throwing the toughest steers or riding the bucking broncos, or coralling the wildest of untamed horses. They even ride bareback on the snorting, wild cattle. There are races, too, for buck-board riders and for teams of horses harnessed to the chuck-waggons. There are pony races, and competitions in trick riding. Lots of bruises and a few broken bones are the reward of the unlucky ones, but

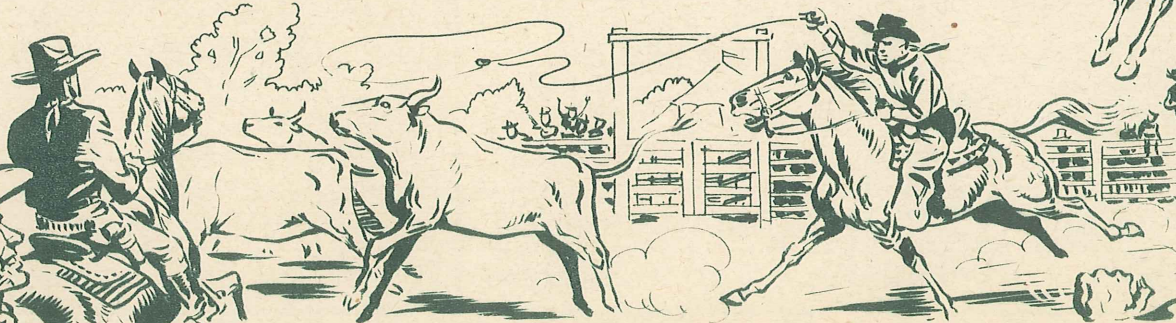
fine prizes await the successful. And, as a rule, at the end of the rodeo, there is a Champion Cowboy who has collected more points in a series of contests than anybody else.

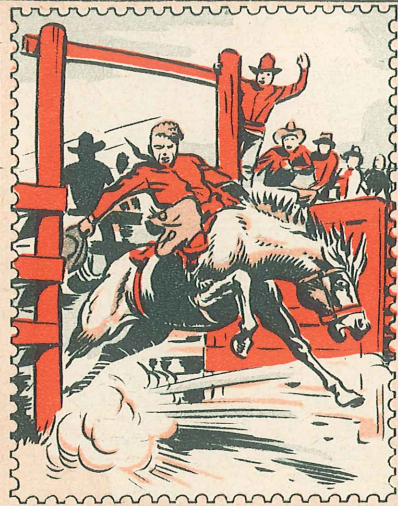
IN the shooting contests, amazing feats are performed. It is on record that one cowpuncher fired at dimes, thrown into the air, and scored a hit nine times out of ten, with snap shots! In the roping contests, one of the most exciting events is roping a horse out of a herd, throwing it and shoeing it—the man to do the job in the shortest time being the winner. Even the ranch cook takes part in the rodeo and tries to win prizes with his best cookies and flap-jacks. And all this goes on in the spirit of revelry and carnival, with everyone enjoying a riot of fun.

WELL, Buck Jones, our famous cowboy, thought you would like a picture story of a Wild West Rodeo, and here it is! You can frame this—or treat it as a book. Look after it, carefully. By the time the magnificent pictorial record is completed you will be proud to show it to all your friends. Picture stamps, to complete your rodeo will be given away every week in the COMET. Be sure not to miss any. In the centre of this splendid picture supplement, you will see a general view of the rodeo arena, while the four pictures in the corners illustrate one of the most popular events. First, you see the wild horse, with one of the contestants on its back, being released from a corral. Then, as in the next corner picture, the horse tries every trick it knows to throw its daring rider. Of course, the horse sometimes wins, as is seen in the picture in the lower left-hand corner. On the other hand, a skilful rider will manage to stay on for the full time demanded of him and so wins the advertised prize.

NOW, you will see blank squares all round our big centre picture, and in the forthcoming issues of the COMET you will find picture-stamps illustrating the various interesting and exciting events at our rodeo. These stamps will be all numbered, and you have to cut them out and paste them in their places. When, after some weeks, this is completed, you will have a unique pictorial record of a Wild West Rodeo. You will find descriptions of these numbered stamps on the back page of the Picture Supplement.

Don't forget, you will find the first three Picture Stamps in next week's COMET. Make sure of your copy by placing a regular order for the COMET with your newsagent.





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Commencing **NEXT WEEK**
we shall present 3 grand pic-
ture stamps with each issue
of **Comet**, until all these
spaces are filled.

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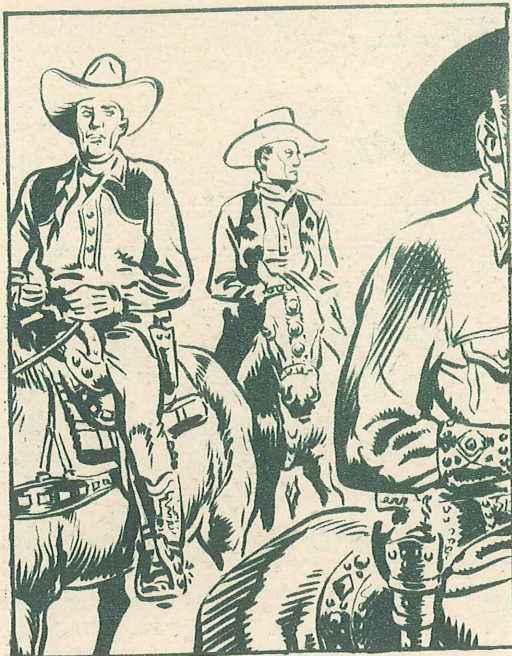
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THE WILD WEST RODEO

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURE STAMPS FIRST THREE STAMPS GIVEN NEXT WEEK



1. Shooting at Speed

In the early days of the Wild West, when a ranch was liable to be attacked by Indians, the ability to shoot accurately while galloping—and, at the same time, presenting a small target to the enemy—often saved the life of a hard-pressed cowboy.

2. Felling the Steer (1)

To catch a steer and force it to lie down for branding is a familiar enough job to any cowboy, but to do it faster than anybody else takes courage, strength and skill. Having got alongside the steer, the cowboy drops from the saddle, grasping the horns of the steer.

3. Felling the Steer (2)

The dragging weight of the cowboy eventually brings the steer to a standstill. The cowboy then forces the steer's head round by heaving on its horns, until it has to lie down on its side ready for branding. The job calls for iron nerves and muscles of steel.

4. Wizards of the Rope

The lariat, or lasso, is part of the equipment of every cowboy—and every girl on the ranch, too! The more dexterous they become in its use, the easier is their job and much time is saved. And many, by constant practice, are able to perform wonders with the rope.

5. Cutting Out a Wanted Steer (1)

It often happens, on the ranch, that one particular steer, running with the herd, is wanted by the rancher. The cowboy has to pick out the wanted beast, rope it, and hold it for inspection. Speed and dexterity with the lariat are essential for this job.

6. Cutting Out a Wanted Steer (2)

But in roping a steer the cowboy hasn't all the skill. Quite a lot of his success is due to the intelligence and skill of his pony. The moment the lariat drops over the horns of the steer, the pony pulls up and goes back on its haunches to take the strain, otherwise the cowboy might be yanked to the ground.

7. Snap-shooting

'Quick on the trigger' often meant the difference between life and death on the ranges in the old

ability to whisk the hardware from the holsters and score direct hits, nine times out of ten.

8. Trick-riding (1)

Cowboys spend far more time in the saddle than on the ground. In fact, no true cowboy likes walking any distance. It is therefore only natural that there should be complete understanding between a cowboy and his pony which encourages trick riding such as this.

9. Trick-riding (2)

But apart from picking up things from the ground, at speed, many cowboys love to try out more elaborate tricks to show how much at home they are on a pony's back. But the exhibition often shows the good training of the pony as much as the skill and daring of the rider.

10. Riding the Steer

Many ranch-hands declare they can ride anything on four legs, which may, or may not, be true. But they do get a chance, at a Rodeo, to try their luck on the back of a steer. The bucking of a steer is quite different from that of a bronco, and the horns of the beast are an added danger.

11. Pony Racing

When many people who love horses are gathered together in one place it is the most natural thing in the world for them to start pitting their horses against each other in a race, and the corral rails form all the obstacles they need to add to the excitement.

12. The Camp Cooking Contest

Maybe there is no danger in this, but there is excitement, skill and laughter. The cooks all start at a given signal to prepare and light a fire, fill the pots, knead the dough—and generally cook a meal, whatever it may be. In the haste, there are often many comical accidents.

13. Branding a Steer

It sounds simple enough, once the steer is roped and felled, to brand it with a hot iron, but, in actual fact, there are right and wrong ways of doing it, and some can do it better and faster than others, for the iron must be not too hot, nor too cold, and the branding, while burning the hair, should not hurt the steer.

14. Breaking In a Wild Horse

This is a real he-man's job and therefore makes a really exciting contest. A wild horse can be a killer and a man needs not only courage and strength, but considerable agility to dodge the flying hooves and fierce rushes. A guy just has to be fit for this.

15. Herding Cattle

To get a bunch of cattle into a corral through a narrow gateway isn't as easy as it looks, for there is always one steer that insists on being awkward. The essence of the competition is skill and speed, and the pony is as important as the

16. Waggon Race

In the early days of the Covered Waggon there were often races over the mesa because the settlers naturally wanted to peg out the best claims. So the waggon race came to be featured at the Rodeo, with all its thundering excitements and tremendous risks.

17. The Cowboy's Best

The typical dress of a cowboy is really for use on the ranch. Every item is practical—the wristlets to protect and support the wrists—the neckerchief to protect the neck from the sun or the mouth and nose from dust—the tapering heels to enable the cowboy to get a good grip on the ground when leaping from his pony. Everything is designed for the job the cowboy has to do. But, of course, he has one posh rig-out, abundantly decorated with gleaming buttons or brass studs, which only appears at Rodeo time.

18. The Fire Jumping

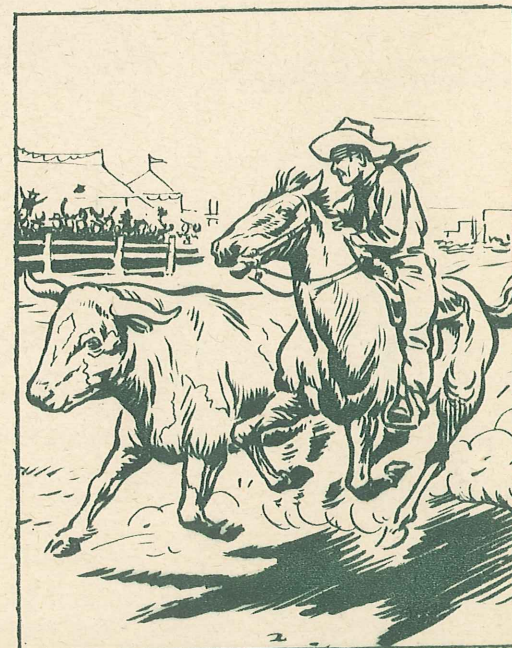
A cowboy's pony must be well trained to face almost any obstacle or difficulty. It has been said that there are only two things in the world that will scare a ranch pony—snakes and fire! It is this that makes the fire-jump contest an exhibition of the mastery a cowboy has over his pony—yet the pony still has to be blindfolded.

19. Knife-throwing

Throwing the knife is one of the oldest feats of mankind, perhaps. It is not part and parcel of ranch life although it sometimes comes in handy when dealing with rattlers. Many cowboys pride themselves on their skill with the knife and it makes a first-rate competition.

20. Wild Cow Milking

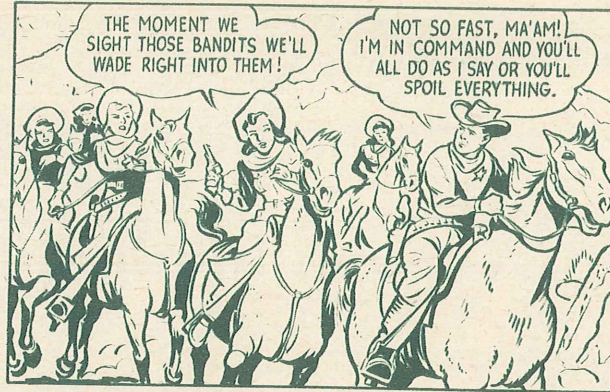
The girls from the ranch revel in this contest—and it isn't easy, either. Pluck and dexterity, and no little agility is called for, and the winner is the one to return with the most milk in the shortest time. Maybe the wild cows take a dim view of the proceedings but the contest is a favourite one at all Rodeos.



Buck Jones

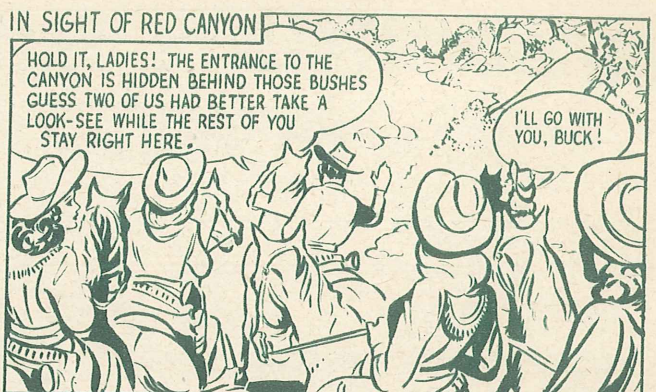
in the SECRET of RED CANYON

PEG-LEG AND HIS BANDIT GANG HAVE KIDNAPPED ALL THE MEN OF ALKALI CITY TO WORK AS SLAVES IN RED CANYON. BUCK JONES GATHERS THE WOMEN TOGETHER AND RIDES TO THE RESCUE.



THE MOMENT WE SIGHT THOSE BANDITS WE'LL WADE RIGHT INTO THEM!

NOT SO FAST, MA'AM! I'M IN COMMAND AND YOU'LL ALL DO AS I SAY OR YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING.



IN SIGHT OF RED CANYON
HOLD IT, LADIES! THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON IS HIDDEN BEHIND THOSE BUSHES. GUESS TWO OF US HAD BETTER TAKE A LOOK-SEE WHILE THE REST OF YOU STAY RIGHT HERE.

I'LL GO WITH YOU, BUCK!



IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH GETTING IN THERE, BUCK!

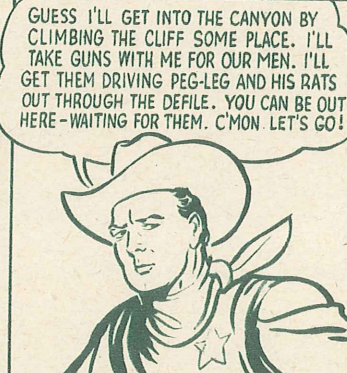
SURE IS! GUESS WE'D BETTER GO BACK AND TALK IT OVER.



COUNCIL OF WAR

WE'D NEVER GET THROUGH THAT DEFILE. THEY COULD SHOOT US ALL DOWN AND WE'D DO NO GOOD. I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE WITH GUNS FOR OUR MEN FOLK AND SET THEM FREE.

HOW DO WE DO THAT, BUCK?

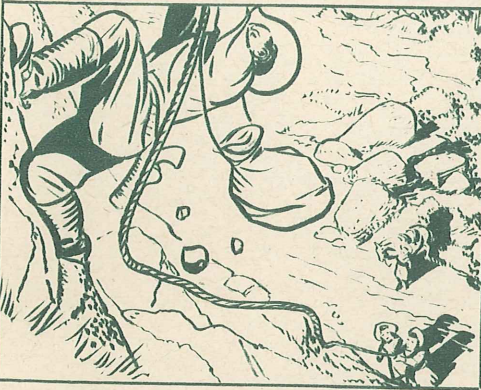


GUESS I'LL GET INTO THE CANYON BY CLIMBING THE CLIFF SOME PLACE. I'LL TAKE GUNS WITH ME FOR OUR MEN. I'LL GET THEM DRIVING PEG-LEG AND HIS RATS OUT THROUGH THE DEFILE. YOU CAN BE OUT HERE - WAITING FOR THEM. C'MON. LET'S GO!



AT THE CLIFF FACE.

DONE IT! NOW, I'LL DO THE CLIMBING. REMEMBER TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT TILL WE DRIVE THOSE RATS OUT TO YOU!



SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN INTO THE CANYON.

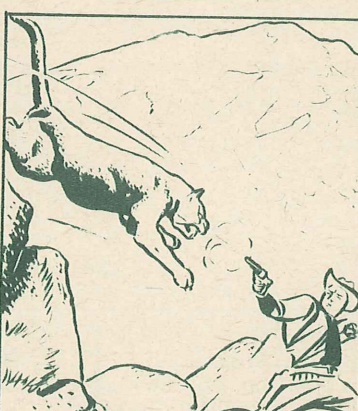


HALF-AN-HOUR LATER.

HECK! IT WON'T BE EASY, GETTING DOWN THERE, UNSEEN!



IT WAS BAD LUCK THAT BROUGHT THE COUGAR THAT WAY, JUST THEN!



AND DOWN IN THE VALLEY . . .

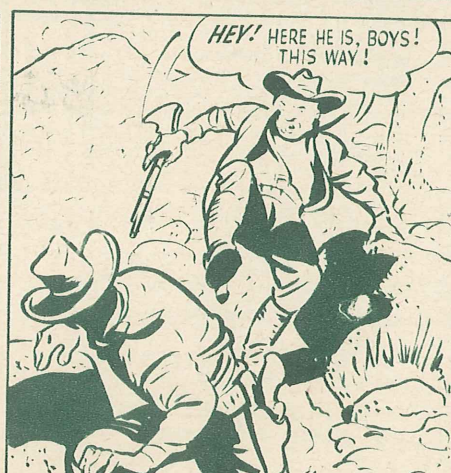
DID YOU HEAR THAT SHOT? IT WAS UP ON THAT HILL BUT NOBODY COULD GET UP THERE---

SOMEBODY IS UP THERE. A DOZEN OF YOU -- GO AND FIND HIM. WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES.



BUCK REALIZES HIS DANGER.

CAN'T DODGE ALL THAT LOT. THEY MIGHT GET ME, BUT THEY MUSTN'T GET THE GUNS!



HEY! HERE HE IS, BOYS! THIS WAY!



HECK! IT'S THE SHERIFF. PEG-LEG WILL BE TICKLED TO DEATH OVER THIS!

BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE

A Thrilling Yarn of the Spanish Main

By REX HARDINGE



As Dick bolted towards the hatch Spider grabbed hold of him!

THE CHART!

ANNE PENNINGTON was worried. She lay in the darkness of the cabin-boys' quarters on the good ship *Devon Rose*, and she had plenty to worry about. Ever since setting out from England to take to her father at Port o' Prince the chart that held the secret of Black Jeremy's treasure, she had been in danger, for Cap'n Luke and Stump, two members of the dreaded pirate Brethren of the Coast, were after the chart.

Thanks to Dick Burton, a runaway apprentice, she had beaten her enemies so far, for Dick had given her some of his clothes, and the two of them had signed on the *Devon Rose* as cabin boys, but Cap'n Luke and Stump had turned up on board, and it was only owing to Dick's quickness that they had been prevented from starting a mutiny and seizing the ship.

Now the two pirates were in irons, but Anne had a nasty feeling that a member of the crew called Spider had overheard her and Dick talking together, and so knew that she was really a girl, and that she carried the chart that showed where Black Jeremy's treasure was hidden.

It wasn't only that that worried her, however. She was puzzled by Dick's strange behaviour. He had gone to bed when she did in their cramped quarters, but in the night she had awakened and found that he was no longer there.

Then, suddenly, she realised that something else was missing. She felt under the shirt she was wearing—the chart had gone!

Anne went cold with dismay. Who could have taken it? Somebody must have crept in while she was asleep, while Dick was away—but who?

She thought in horror of Cap'n Luke and Stump, and of the furtive figure glimpsed when she and Dick were talking. It seemed that the only explanation must be that the man who overheard was filled with greed at the mention of Black Jeremy's treasure, and so had sneaked in and taken the chart.

She ran up to the deck, hunting for Dick. Everything seemed ordinary there. A huge tropical moon was making the night almost as light as day, and the gallant ship was scudding rapidly towards Port o' Prince under full sail. The only men visible were the helmsman and the mate on the poop, and this puzzled Anne, for she had been at sea long enough now to know that some of the watch would usually be around, if only sitting yarning.

But she couldn't bother with that problem. Before anything else she must find Dick.

She went below again, and once more was struck immediately by a sense of strangeness. For a moment she couldn't think what it was. Then she had that cold feeling of coming danger again, for she realised that what was missing was the vast voice of Cap'n Luke as she drew near to his prison. He had never seemed to sleep from the moment he was put in irons. Throughout the day and night he had roared out bloodcurdling threats of what he would do when he got loose. But now he was silent.

very like panic now, she ran through the ship. And everywhere she went was strangely silent and deserted. Even when she reached the crew's quarters there was nobody there. The watch below had also mysteriously vanished.

But she stopped short in the fo'c's'le for a moment, staring in sheer horror, for on the deck lay a gold-braided hat, and she recognised it instantly. It was Cap'n Luke's hat!

She turned and ran again. This time she went to Captain Dawlish's cabin. She knew he would be furious at being awakened, but she felt she must tell her fears to somebody. As she went it seemed to her that people were moving furtively all around her in the dark shadows of the ship, and she seemed to hear whisperings.

"I believe Cap'n Luke is free, and he has stirred the crew to mutiny with promises of shares in Black Jeremy's treasure," she gasped. "And they are creeping about, getting ready to seize the ship!"

She reached the alley leading to Captain Dawlish's cabin, but she never reached the door.

Just as she was drawing near to it the ship suddenly lurched, swinging round into the wind in a way that sent all loose objects flying. Anne was thrown off her feet, and before she could scramble up again the cabin door opened and Captain Dawlish came dashing out.

With him was Dick, pushing something into his shirt as he ran.

"Dick!" cried Anne.

"What happened?" he asked, running to her.

"I don't know. The ship suddenly lurched," she replied.

"That fool at the helm—he must've let go," snapped Captain Dawlish, sprinting for the ladder leading to the deck. After him went Dick and Anne. But when they reached the deck they came to a sudden halt, staring blankly.

Strange figures were on the poop. The man at the helm was small, shrivelled and monkey-faced, with a shock of red hair, and with a stump of wood where his left leg should have been.

"Stump!" gasped Dick.

But Anne was staring in horror at the other figure on the poop. There was no mistaking the hideously scarred face, the gold-braided blue coat, and above all, the bunched-up scar where one eye should have been—Cap'n Luke!

"Ho, you pirate rat! what are you doing there?" called Captain Dawlish bravely, beginning to move forward again. But he

stopped, for out of the shadows on all sides of him, into the moonlight, stepped the members of the crew, and all of them armed—cutlasses and pistols glittering.

"What is this—mutiny, you dogs?" cried the staunch old captain.

"Aye, mutiny—the ship is mine!" bellowed Cap'n Luke. "These brave lads are all with me, for they are going to have their share of Black Jeremy's treasure!"

Captain Dawlish faced the crew boldly. "Get for'ard, you misguided fools!" he ordered. "It's no treasure you'll get, but a rope to hang you by, for I'll have no mutiny on my ship."

"Seize him!" roared Cap'n Luke. But the brave old man snatched up a belaying-pin and began to fight.

He was not alone. A few members of the crew evidently changed their minds about joining the mutiny, for they rallied round the captain. But the battle was a short one, for they were hopelessly outnumbered.

To Anne's amazement it was Dick who brought it to an end. He suddenly sprang on to the bulwarks and grasping the rigging, shouted:

"Give in, Captain Dawlish! It is useless to fight. There are too many of the enemy. Give in before good men are killed!"

"No!" cried Anne. "No—we can't give in! Dick, how could you be such a coward?"

But to her dismay, Captain Dawlish stopped fighting.

"The lad is right," he said bitterly. "We are outnumbered and it would be throwing brave lives away. Give in, men. These rascals win for the moment."

CAP'N LUKE'S great gust of triumphant laughter rang through the ship. Anne watched in horror as he came striding down from the poop, his earrings glittering, his scarred face twisted evilly.

"Oh-ho, so there's no fight left in you, eh?" he jeered. "Thought you could put one over on Cap'n Luke, did you? Thought you could keep one of the Brethren of the Coast from Black Jeremy's hoard?—but I win! Cap'n Luke never loses!"

He stalked straight up to Anne and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So our bright young cabin boy is no boy at all, but Mistress Anne Pennington," he snarled. "Smart of you, but not smart enough, for now I've got you where I want you, and your father will never get the chart he's waiting for. Come on, girl—hand over the chart."

Anne struggled wildly, the cruel fingers biting in.

"I haven't got it!" she cried at last. "Go on—search me—I tell you I haven't got it."

Cap'n Luke's sun-blackeden face twisted into an even fiercer grimace.

"Then you've hidden it," he rasped, "and by the fury o' the seven seas, you'll show me where it's hidden."

"No!" said Anne bravely. But all the time, out of the corner of her eyes, she was watching Dick. It was his behaviour that frightened her more than anything that Cap'n Luke could do. Where was the brave lad who had saved her so many times from her enemies? He seemed to have vanished, and in his place was a new Dick Burton, a cringing, frightened figure that skulked against the bulwarks. She cried out to him in scorn, but he only turned away, shuddering.

Then, suddenly, he bolted, heading like a frightened rat for the nearest hatch.

"That young shaver's up to something—sink me if he ain't!" roared Cap'n Luke.

"After him, you lubbers—seize him!" Dick gave a frightened scream and tried to dive down the hatch, but the tall, thin figure of Spider leapt at him and grabbed him. Even then, to Anne's scorn, he didn't fight, but wilted in the sailor's grasp and allowed himself to be dragged before Cap'n Luke.

"Well, brat—where were you heading for?" demanded the pirate. Then suddenly snatched out, for Dick's shirt was torn

and plainly visible now was a roll of parchment.

Anne knew blank despair when she saw it, and again her scorn of Dick made her cry out. So it was he who had taken the chart from her while she slept, only to weakly let it fall into the hands of the pirates!

She sprang forward as Cap'n Luke spread open the parchment with a bellow of triumph, but strong hands seized her and dragged her back.

"No, Anne—we can't do anything," cried Dick. "We're beaten. We've got to think now of saving our lives."

But the girl was still fighting like a wild-cat when another bellow from Cap'n Luke made even her pause and stare at him. He was wild with excitement.

"Black Jeremy's treasure is buried on Bird Cay," he yelled. "And Bird Cay is only a few miles to windward o' us at this moment. Avast there, my hearties, take the prisoners below and stand by to sail to Bird Cay. We'll have the treasure by dawn."

It seemed that he must be right, that the pirates were going to triumph, for shortly after the grey light of day began to spread over the sea Anne saw from where she had been roped and flung down on the deck, land away on the horizon.

Impotently she watched it grow into a small island, and at last the *Devon Rose* hove to off-shore. There was immediately a great commotion as a boat was swung out, and she realised that the men were quarrelling among themselves, not trusting one another to go ashore and fetch the treasure.

"Well, you trustless, yapping dogs," roared Cap'n Luke impatiently, "lower another boat. We'll all go. The ship can take care of herself while we get the treasure."

Excited shouts echoed his words and in a very short time no less than three boats were pulling hard for the tiny island. Anne stared at them through the gun-port beside her. Then, suddenly something stirred against her.

She looked round and found that it was Dick, also bound hand and foot.

"What do you want?" she said scornfully, for there had been silence between them as they lay there, for she wouldn't talk to him and he seemed too ashamed of his cowardice to say anything. But now, to her bewilderment, he was grinning.

"Quick, Anne," he ordered calmly, "get your teeth into the cords around my wrists. We've got to hurry while they are away."

"I won't have anything more to do with you, Dick Burton—" she began angrily, but he cut her short.

"Because you think I've a coward?" he asked coolly. "You think I got Captain Dawlish to give in too easily? Of course I did, for we didn't want anybody to be killed."

"But the chart to Black Jeremy's treasure!" she protested. "You let Cap'n Luke have it!"

"Don't you believe it, Anne," was the astonishing reply, and he was actually laughing. "If you free me I'll give you the chart, and then we'll free the captain and the others, and there'll be enough of us to sail the ship on to Port o' Prince, where you can give the real chart to your father."

Anne gasped.

"But Cap'n Luke has the chart!" she cried.

"Not the real one," retorted Dick. "What he has is the copy I sat up faking in Captain Dawlish's cabin half the night! It's just like Black Jeremy's chart, except that the treasure is showed as buried on Bird Cay—"

"And it's not on Bird Cay?"

"Of course not! But Cap'n Luke and the mutineers are," chuckled Dick. "And they'll stay there marooned until we send a warship from Port o' Prince to collect them! And meanwhile we and your father will go to the real island to collect the treasure!"

"Now," he demanded, "will you pull at these knots with your teeth?"

And Anne did, with the result that in a very short time she had his hands free, so that he could release Captain Dawlish and the faithful members of the crew, and in a very short time the *Devon Rose* set sail again.

"We win—thanks to you, Dick!" cried Anne.

But she was wrong, for what she could not see was another ship on the far side of Bird Cay, flying the skull-and-crossbones of the Brethren of the Coast!

Will the chums lose, after all? You must not miss their thrilling adventures in next week's "COMET."

REMEMBER, CHUMS

THE FIRST THREE RODEO STAMPS
FREE IN NEXT WEEK'S 'COMET'

and more will be given in forthcoming 'Comets'

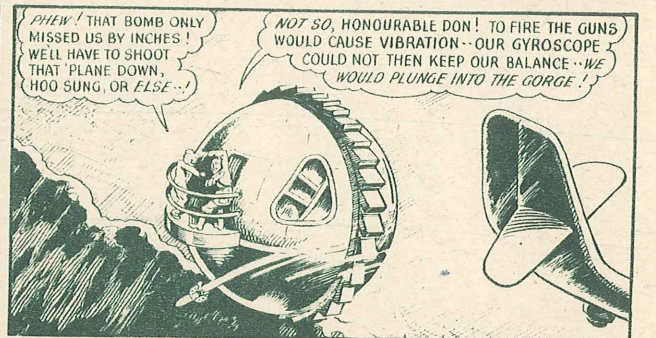
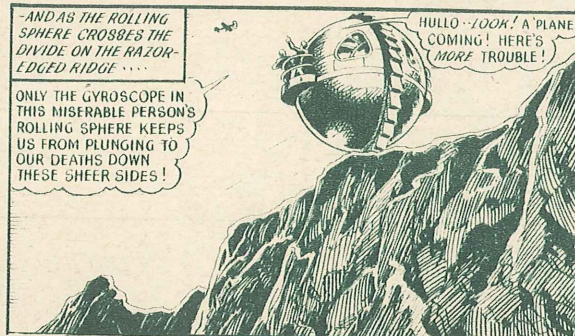
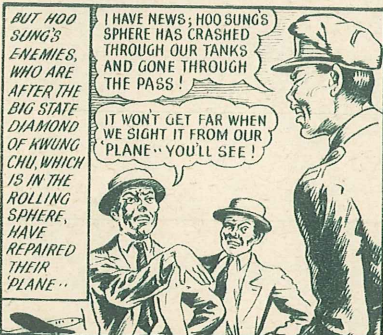
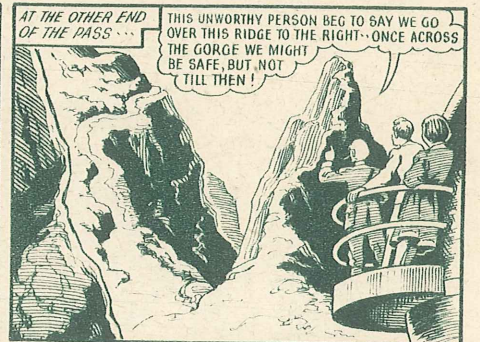
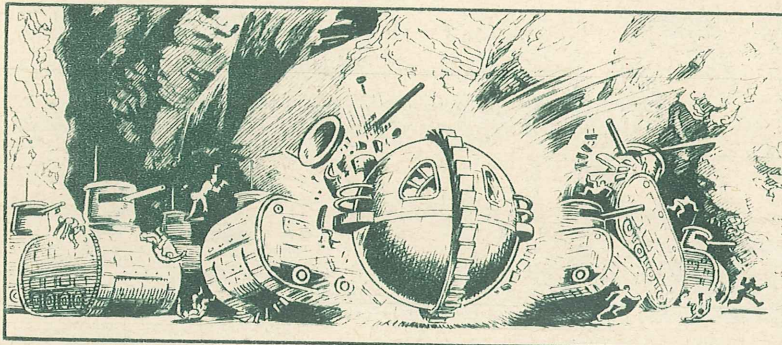
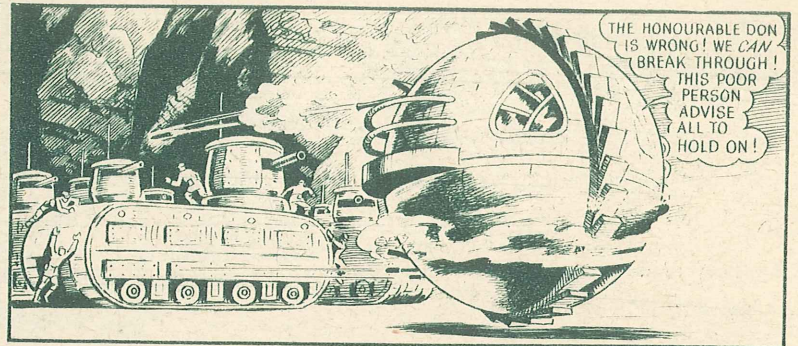
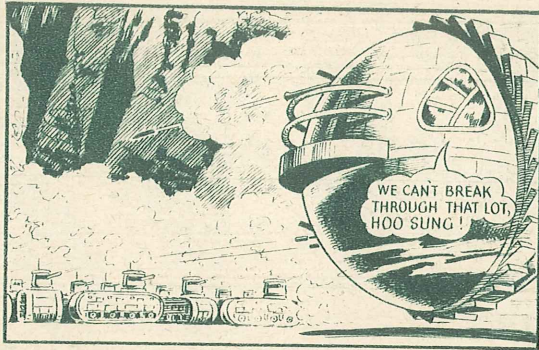
DON'T FORGET . . . that commencing with this issue
THE COMET APPEARS EVERY WEEK

Make sure of your copy by placing a regular order with
your Newsagent.

You will find

Don Deeds

In their flight from the Chinese Army, Don Deeds and his friends, in the Rolling Sphere, find their one escape route through a narrow pass blocked by tanks.



WHAT CAN HOO SUNG DO NOW? DON'T MISS HIS DARING EXPLOITS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



63. RAY MILLAND
(Paramount)



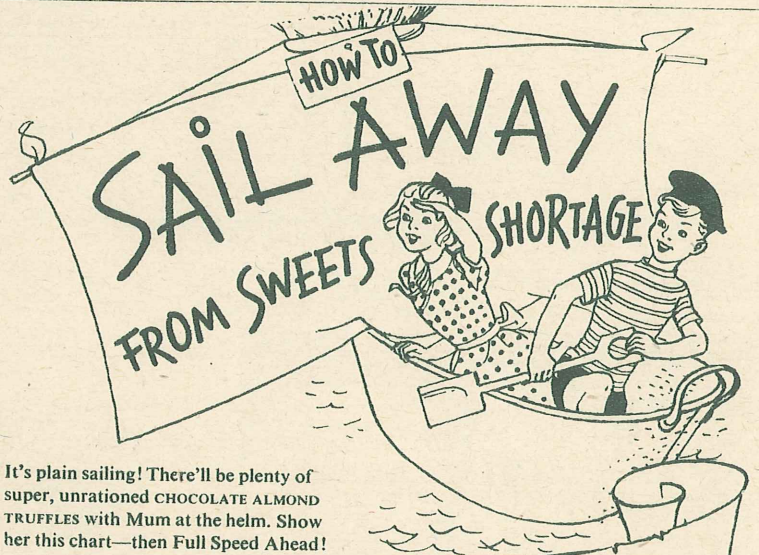
64. GINGER ROGERS
(M.G.M.)



65. CLAUDETTE COLBERT
(Universal)



66. GLENN FORD
(Columbia)



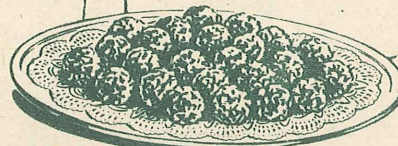
It's plain sailing! There'll be plenty of super, unrationed CHOCOLATE ALMOND TRUFFLES with Mum at the helm. Show her this chart—then Full Speed Ahead!

CHOCOLATE ALMOND TRUFFLES

Cadbury's own recipe

- 2 oz. icing sugar
- 1 oz. cooking fat or margarine
- 1 oz. Bournville Cocoa (tablesp.)
- ½ dessertsp. golden syrup
- ¼ 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 cargo of good things in Bournville Cocoa will help to keep you ship-shape. Ask her to use it often in cakes, sweets and drinks.



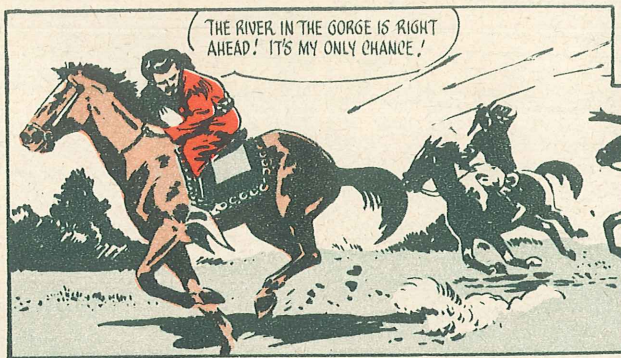
GROWING FAMILIES
HAVE THE
COCOA HABIT

CADBURYS

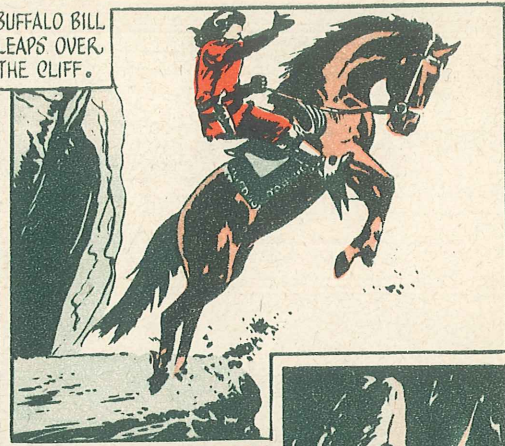
BOURNVILLE COCOA

BUFFALO BILL

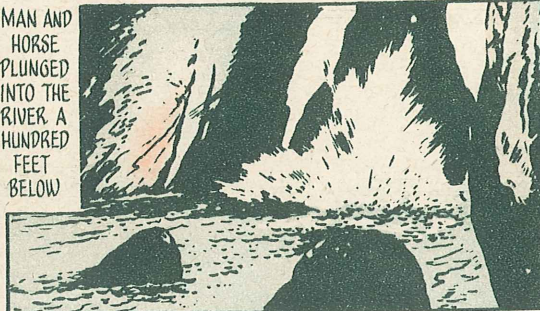
IT WAS ONLY BY SHEER CHANCE THAT BUFFALO BILL, THE SCOUT, DISCOVERED THAT THE REDSKINS WERE ON THE WAR-PATH -- AND HE HAD TO FLY FOR HIS LIFE!



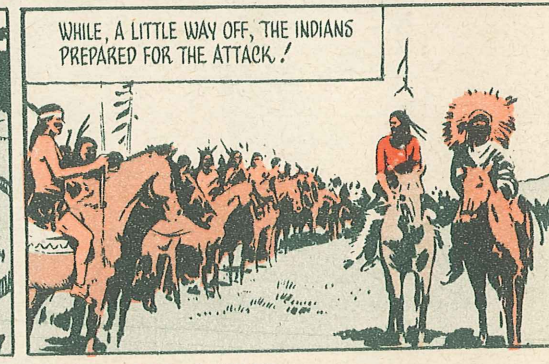
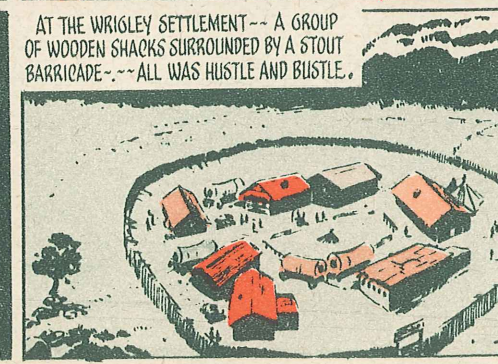
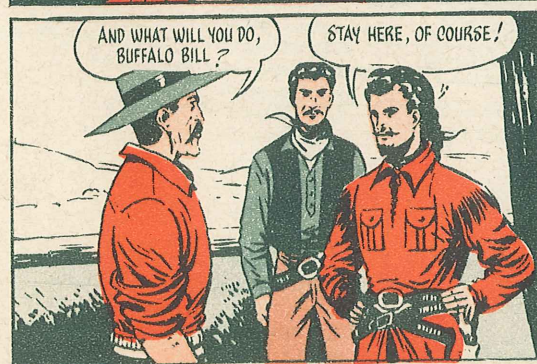
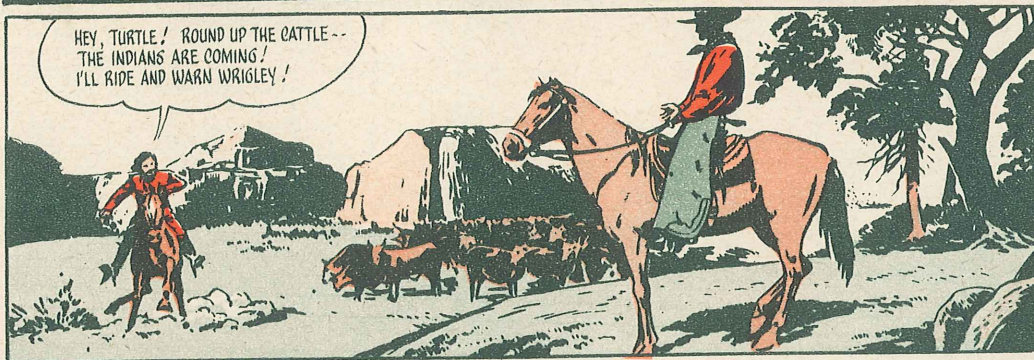
BUFFALO BILL LEAPS OVER THE CLIFF.



MAN AND HORSE PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER A HUNDRED FEET BELOW



REACHING THE OPPOSITE BANK SAFELY, BUFFALO BILL GALLOPED AWAY TO WARN THE PEOPLE AT WRIGLEY'S SETTLEMENT.



MAKE SURE OF NEXT WEEK'S "COMET" AND SEE HOW BUFFALO BILL FOILS THE REDSKINS!