

(New Series)
May 27th, 1950
No. 97

EVERY
THURSDAY

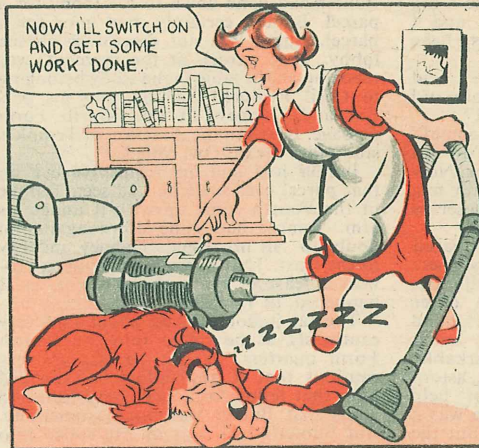
COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2^d



SCAMP.

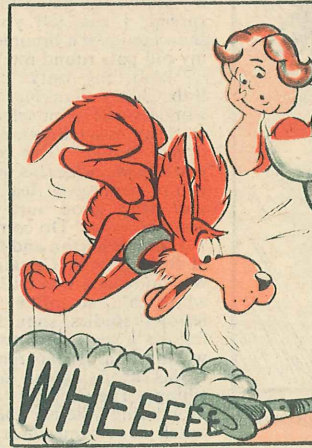
When Scamp the dog is having fun,
It's hard to get the housework done.



NOW I'LL SWITCH ON
AND GET SOME
WORK DONE.

ZZZZZZ

So when the pup dropped off to sleep,
Mum commenced to clean and sweep.



WHEEEEE

But sudden noise that "vacuums" make,
Brought Scamp most rudely wide awake!



GRRR!
ROWOWR!
RRR!

That whining, twisty suction hose,
Became the latest of Scamp's foes.



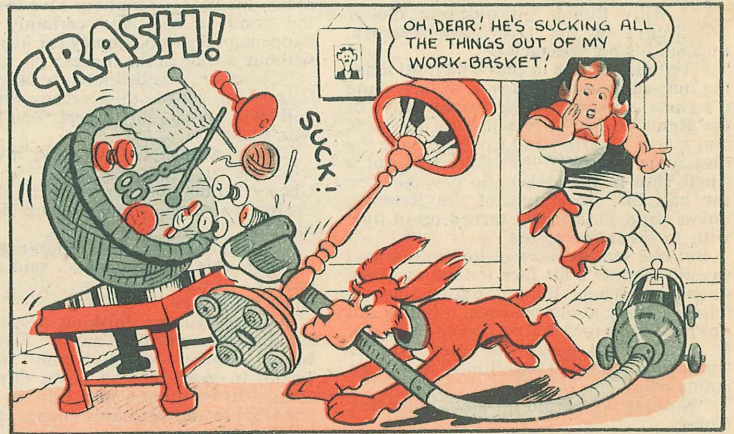
SCAMP! SCAMP!
LET GO,
YOU SILLY!
IT'S ONLY THE
VACUUM!

And in our hero's doggy sight,
That hose was asking for a fight!



DROP IT SCAMP!
DROP IT AT ONCE!

With many a growl and grunt and gasp,
He tore the thing from Mother's grasp!



CRASH!

SUCK!

OH, DEAR! HE'S SUCKING ALL
THE THINGS OUT OF MY
WORK-BASKET!

Right through the house our puppy shot,
Thinking the creature's neck he'd got.

Poor Mother was in quite a state,
To see her tidy housework's fate.



LET GO, SCAMP!
YOU BAD DOG!

At last she caught him in a room—
But see, her knitting-basket's doom!



I'LL HAVE TO SWITCH IT IN REVERSE
TO BLOW EVERYTHING OUT,
AGAIN!

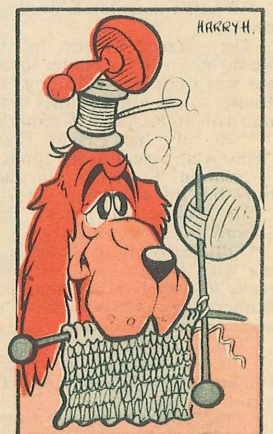
SNIFF!
SNIFF!

All sorts of things were up the spout,
So Mother planned to blow them out.



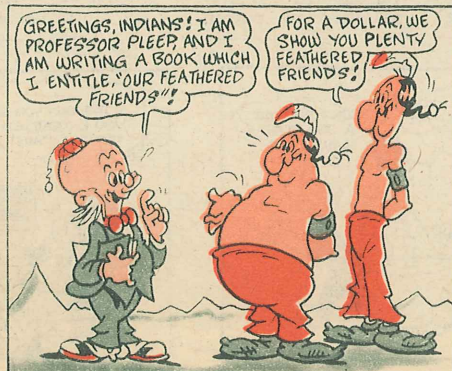
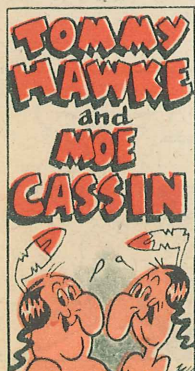
HA! HA! DEAR ME! I DIDN'T
MEAN TO DO THAT!

And when the vacuum cleaner blew,
All sorts of stuff at Scampy flew!



HARRY H.

So Scamp got decked out, as you see,
Just like a doggy Christmas tree!



GREETINGS, INDIANS! I AM
PROFESSOR PLEEP AND I
AM WRITING A BOOK WHICH
I ENTITLE, "OUR FEATHERED
FRIENDS!"

FOR A DOLLAR, WE
SHOW YOU PLENTY
FEATHERED
FRIENDS!



FEATHERED FRIENDS
LIVE IN FOREST
YONDER!

AH YES!
I CAN
HEAR THEM
TWEETING!

THAT NOT
OUR FEATHERED
FRIENDS'
TWEETING!



HERE COME OUR
FEATHERED FRIENDS'
NOW!

SCRAM, PROF—
NOT FRIENDS'
ANY MORE—THEY
ON WARPATH!

WAA!
WALLA!
WHOO!



Billy Bunter shot along the Remove passage to study No. 7

KIND INVITATION

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter blinked into No. 1 Study, in the Greyfriars Remove, through his big spectacles.

Five fellows were in that study; all looking unusually serious. It was, in fact, quite a serious moment for the Famous Five of the Remove. For it was just on tea-time, and Harry Wharton and Co. had made the dismaying discovery that there was not a single shot in the locker. So it was tea in the hall for the chums of the Remove, unless some kind friend turned up in time with an invitation to tea.

But five serious faces melted into a grin as Billy Bunter's fat face looked in at the doorway. When Bunter butted into a fellow's study about tea-time, a fellow did not need to be told that he had come to tea. It was easy to guess that one! And if Bunter had come to tea, Bunter had to go empty away.

"Nothing doing, old fat man," said Bob Cherry.

"Unless you've come to ask us to tea!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Eh? That's just it!" said Bunter.

"What!" ejaculated five fellows all at once.

They stared at the fat Owl of the Remove. For Billy Bunter to ask himself to tea was quite a usual thing. But for Billy Bunter to ask other fellows to tea was quite unusual. In fact, it was remarkable.

"Oh, my hat!" said Frank Nugent.

"Has your postal order come, Bunter?"

"Nunno! I'm expecting one, old chap, but—but it hasn't come yet—"

"Is Toddy in funds, then?" asked Johnny Bull, sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Bull! Toddy's gone out to tea with Dutton, and we shall have the study to ourselves. I'm standing tea!" said Bunter. "You fellows have stood me a spread once or twice—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"So I'm asking you back," explained Bunter. "I've got lots! And lots! To tell you the truth—"

"Oh, don't!" gasped Cherry. "This is too sudden!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! To tell the truth, I've had a whacking parcel from home. I'm just going down to the—the lobby, to

BILLY BUNTER'S TEA PARTY

A Smashing New Story of the chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

fetch it up. I say, you fellows, I really want you to come to tea in my study. It's going to be a big spread, I can tell you, and I shan't enjoy it a bit unless I have my old pals round me."

"Well, my only hat!" said Bob Cherry blankly. "Jolly old wonders will never cease!"

"I say, you fellows, do come!" urged Bunter. "I've tea'd with you fellows twice this week. Now you're coming to tea with me, see? One good turn deserves another, what? Do come!"

Harry Wharton and Co. gazed at Billy Bunter. Certainly, there was no reason why Bunter, who tea'd so often in other fellows' studies, shouldn't stand fellows a tea in his own. But it was unusual. It was remarkable. It was surprising—in fact, astonishing. They could not help wondering whether there was a catch in it somewhere. But the fat junior was evidently in earnest. Apparently there really was to be a spread in No. 7 Study; and the fat Owl really did want the Famous Five to share in the good things. And certainly it had happened very opportunely for five fellows without a shot in the locker!

"Come on," said Bunter briskly. "You fellows can get the things ready while I go and fetch up my—my parcel. You'll come, won't you?"

"Many thanks for the kind invitation, which is gratefully accepted," said Bob Cherry. "But look here, I'll cut down to the lobby if you like and fetch up the parcel for you."

"Eh? Oh! No! I—I wouldn't give you that trouble, old chap," said Bunter hastily. "You fellows get along to my study while I go."

Which gave the finishing touch to the astonishment of the Famous Five. Billy Bunter loathed stairs—having so much weight to carry up and down them. This seemed to be quite a new Bunter; quite a remarkable and agreeable change from the old Bunter!

"You might bring a few plates and a chair or two," added the fat Owl. "I don't often have five fellows to tea at once, you know!"

They did! Bunter certainly did not "often" have five fellows to tea at once; in fact, this was the first time ever!

"So the crocks mayn't go round," said Bunter. "Lots of tuck, at any rate—lots! And that's the chief thing, ain't it?"

"It is—it are!" agreed Bob Cherry.

"I won't be long," said Bunter, and he revolved on his axis and rolled down the Remove passage towards the landing.

"This is corn in Egypt, and no mistake," remarked Bob Cherry. "Come on, you men—let's get Bunter's study ready for the first Bunter spread that ever was in the history of Greyfriars. Get a move on!"

And the chums of the Remove got a move on; still in a state of surprise, but quite prepared to do justice to the spread in No. 7 Study, when Billy Bunter arrived with the provender. And it was just as well, perhaps, that being busy in Bunter's study, they did not observe the further proceedings of the fat Owl of the Remove.

BILLY BUNTER rolled across the study landing. But he did not head for the

stairs. Harry Wharton and Co., in the innocence of their hearts, supposed that Bunter had gone down to the lobby for a parcel. Bunter, certainly, had gone for a parcel. But it was not downstairs in the lobby. That parcel, at the moment, was reposing on the table in the study belonging to Cecil Reginald Temple, and his pals Fry and Dabney, in the Fourth Form passage. It was in the direction of Temple's study that the fat Owl rolled.

Bunter had had an acquisitive eye on that parcel ever since he had seen Temple of the Fourth come up with it under his arm. Temple had gone down again, no doubt to call his friends Dabney and Fry to the feast. That parcel was going to provide a feast of the gods—but not, as it happened, in Temple's study!

The fat junior blinked about him very cautiously as he rolled into the Fourth Form quarters. In fact he was so very cautious that if any fellow had noticed him, that fellow could not have failed to guess that Bunter was up to something. But Bunter's luck was in. He rolled into Temple's study—and there was the parcel—quite a bulky one. Cecil Reginald Temple had had one of his generous remittances that day and he had expended it nobly on a study spread.

Bunter grabbed the parcel. He could scarcely resist the temptation to insert his fat paw and help himself to a tart or a meringue to go on with. But he realised that he had no time to waste. Once that parcel was in No. 7 Study in the Remove, it was safe; as Bunter had taken the precaution to ask five sturdy fellows, every one of whom packed a hefty punch, to tea. But until then it was far from safe—and Bunter, resisting temptation manfully, packed it under a fat arm and rolled out of the study with it.

He was only just in time. As he emerged on the landing again he heard footsteps and voices on the stairs. Temple, Dabney and Fry were coming up. The fat junior accelerated; and as the Fourth Formers reached the landing, all they saw of him was a fat figure disappearing into the Remove passage with a bulky parcel under a fat arm, which, at the moment, they did not heed.

Billy Bunter shot along the Remove passage to No. 7. He had an uneasy feeling that when Temple and Co. missed that parcel they might guess where to look for it. It was frightfully unjust, in Bunter's opinion, but it was a fact that when tuck was missing in junior studies, fellows somehow always seemed to think of Bunter at once. Bunter did not often put on speed, but on this occasion he did the Remove passage like the cinder-path and arrived in No. 7 Study spluttering for breath.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" "You haven't been long, old fat man."

"You've done the stairs in record time, old porpoise."

"By gum! That looks a jolly parcel!"

Five cheery faces greeted Billy Bunter as he rolled in, breathless, and landed the bulky parcel on the study table. He closed the door hurriedly.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I had to run for it," gasped Bunter. "Those Fourth Form ticks—ooooogh!" He spluttered.

"I—I say, I—I believe they're coming after me—ooooogh! I say, you stand by a chap if Temple's gang come after my parcel,

w-w-won't you?" Harry Wharton laughed. "Only larking, I expect," he said. "Temple wouldn't raid a Remove man's tuck, Fatty." "Let him try it on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry with a warlike look. "We'll mop up the passage with him, and then some." "I'd like to see Fourth Form smudges try to raid a Remove study!" said Johnny Bull. "They won't know one another's faces afterwards, if they do." "Let 'em put their noses in here, that's all!" said Frank Nugent.

Rows and rags between the Remove and the Fourth were not at all uncommon. But the bare idea of a Fourth Form gang raiding a Remove study was enough to make the Famous Five see red. If Temple and Co. butted in after Bunter and his parcel, they were booked for an extremely warm reception at the hands of Harry Wharton and Co.

"Of course, I'm not afraid of them," said Bunter. "But I couldn't handle the three of them—"

"Not really?" asked Bob, while his comrades chuckled.

"No! I couldn't handle more than two of them at once," said Bunter.

"Perhaps not even more than one!" grinned Nugent.

"Or even half a one!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"That's all right, old porpoise," said Bob Cherry, "leave it to us if they butt in. Anybody ready for tea?"

Everybody was ready for tea. Bunter unwrapped the parcel. Harry Wharton and Co. did not delight in tuck like Billy Bunter; to them foodstuffs were not the beginning and end of all things, as they were to the fat Owl of the Remove. But they had healthy, youthful appetites, and it was tea-time. Undoubtedly they looked very cheerful as the contents of that whopping parcel were turned out. There was a big cake—quite a whacking cake. There were paper bags of jam tarts, eclairs and meringues. There were egg sandwiches and ham sandwiches. There were cheese-cakes and a box of chocolates. There were other good things. It was, as Bob had said, like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years.

Seldom, or never, had the table in No. 7 Study been so handsomely spread. Five cheerful faces and one that beamed like the full moon gathered round the festive board.

"Tuck in, old chaps," said Bunter. His voice came muffled through a meringue. "Lots and lots! Go it!"

Five hungry schoolboys did not need asking twice! They tucked in; the five combined making almost as much speed as Bunter on his own, in travelling through those enticing foodstuffs.

But the feast had not been proceeding many minutes, when there were sounds of alarm in the passage outside. Footsteps and excited voices approached the door of No. 7 Study.

"Come on, Fry! Come on, Dab! I tell you it was under his arm—he's got it in his study—we'll jolly soon see—"

Billy Bunter jumped, and a cheese-cake went down the wrong way.

"Urrrrgh! I say, you fellows—groogh! I say—wurrgh! I say—wooooooh!"

"By gum!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. He jumped to his feet. "If those Fourth Form ticks have really got the nerve to come here after Bunter's parcel—"

"We'll put paid to them fast enough," said Nugent.

"What-ho!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here they are!" exclaimed Bob. "Look out!"

The door of No. 7 Study was hurled open with a crash. Three excited juniors appeared in the doorway—Temple, Dabney and Fry, of the Fourth. They stared, or rather glared, into the study and then rushed in.

"What did I tell you?" roared Temple.

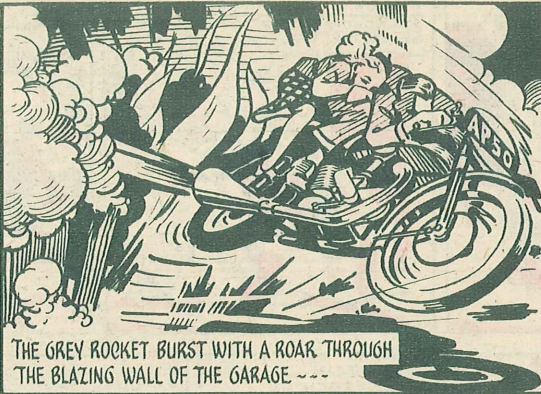
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CHUCKLE CORNER

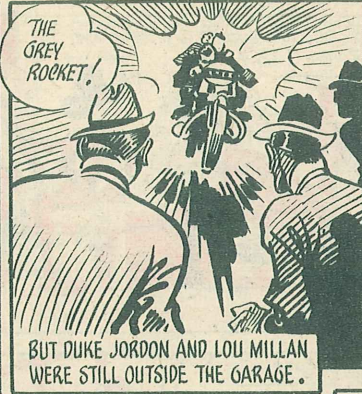


SPLASH PAGE AND THE GREY ROCKET.

Tony Marsh, owner of the Grey Rocket motor-bike, is in hospital so Splash Page, ace reporter and his assistant, Jill Brent, decide to ride the machine in the Isle-of-Man T.T. race for him. But Tony's enemies fire, his garage while Splash and Jill are inside and they start up the bike to ride through the flames.



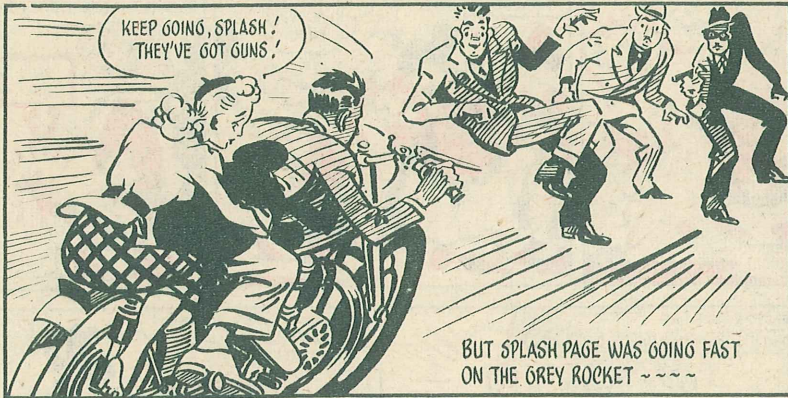
THE GREY ROCKET BURST WITH A ROAR THROUGH THE BLAZING WALL OF THE GARAGE ---



BUT DUKE JORDON AND LOU MILLAN WERE STILL OUTSIDE THE GARAGE.

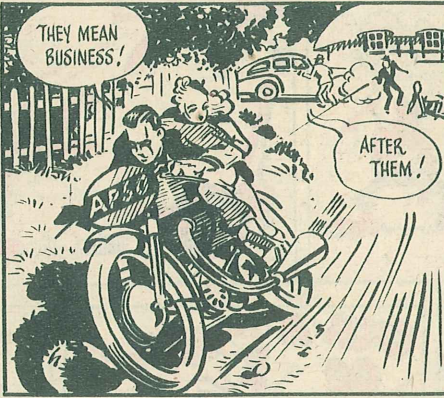


SHOOT! THEY MUSTN'T GET AWAY!



KEEP GOING, SPLASH! THEY'VE GOT GUNS!

BUT SPLASH PAGE WAS GOING FAST ON THE GREY ROCKET ---



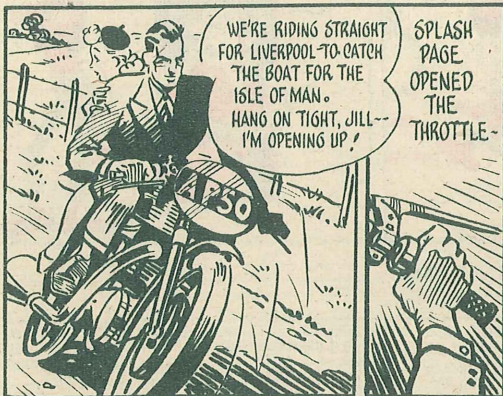
THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

AFTER THEM!



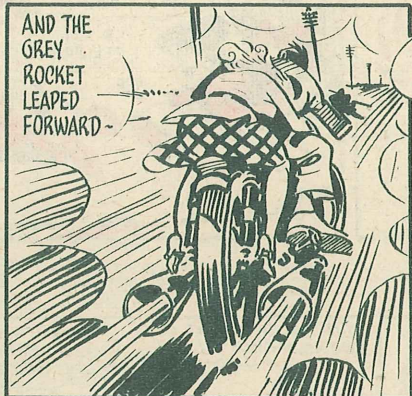
WE DAREN'T LEAVE THE GREY ROCKET NOW, JILL! THOSE THUGS ARE DETERMINED TO STOP IT!

SPLASH PAGE SWERVED THE GREY ROCKET AT SPEED OUT OF THE TRACK AND ON TO THE MAIN ROAD --

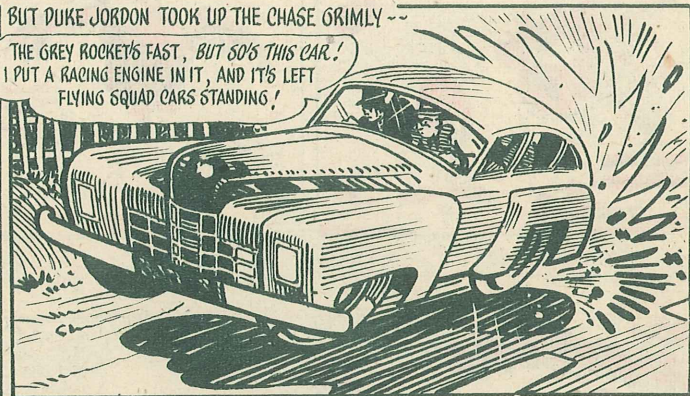


WE'RE RIDING STRAIGHT FOR LIVERPOOL TO CATCH THE BOAT FOR THE ISLE OF MAN. HANG ON TIGHT, JILL -- I'M OPENING UP!

SPLASH PAGE OPENED THE THROTTLE --



AND THE GREY ROCKET LEAPED FORWARD --



BUT DUKE JORDON TOOK UP THE CHASE GRIMLY --

THE GREY ROCKET'S FAST, BUT SO'S THIS CAR! I PUT A RACING ENGINE IN IT, AND IT'S LEFT FLYING SQUAD CARS STANDING!



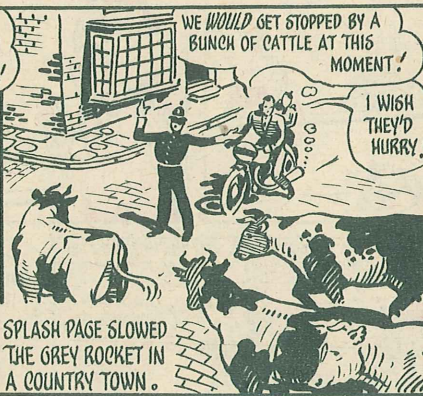
LOU MILLAN, WHO HAD HIRED DUKE JORDON TO KNOCK OUT TONY MARSH AND DESTROY THE GREY ROCKET, WAS WORRIED.

I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT GUY IS, BUT HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED, DUKE! WHERE'S HE HEADING FOR?

MY BET IS -- LIVERPOOL!



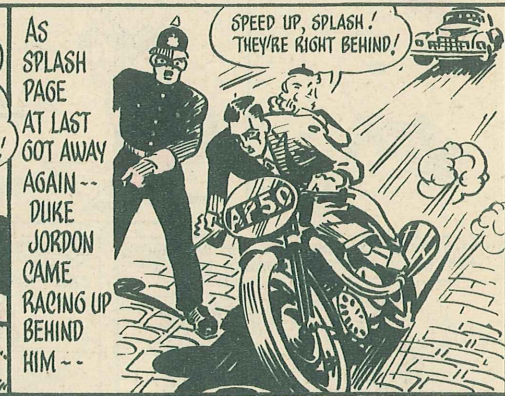
IF WE DON'T STOP HIM, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF PALS ON THE ROAD WHO WILL!



WE WOULD GET STOPPED BY A BUNCH OF CATTLE AT THIS MOMENT!

I WISH THEY'D HURRY!

SPLASH PAGE SLOWED THE GREY ROCKET IN A COUNTRY TOWN.



AS SPLASH PAGE AT LAST GOT AWAY AGAIN -- DUKE JORDON CAME RACING UP BEHIND HIM --

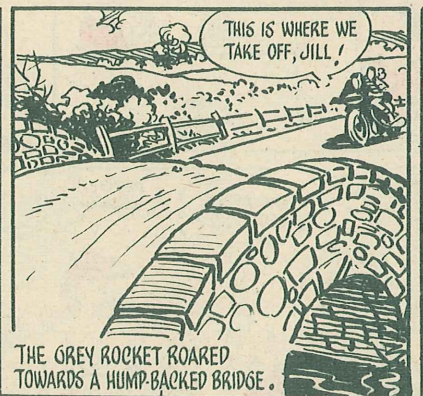
SPEED UP, SPLASH! THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND!



IT'LL TAKE SOME HOLDING AT SPEED ON THIS BUMPY ROAD!



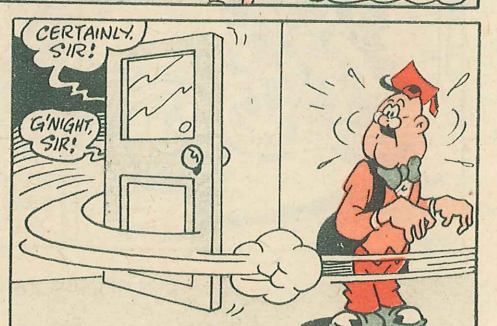
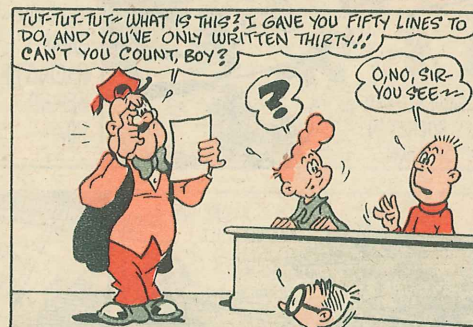
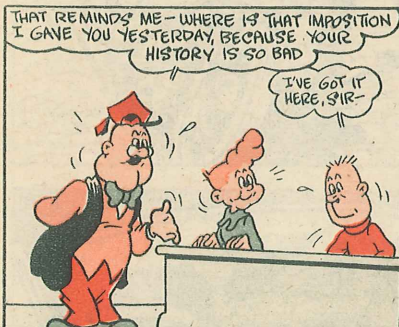
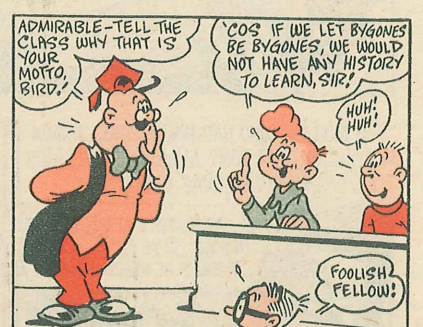
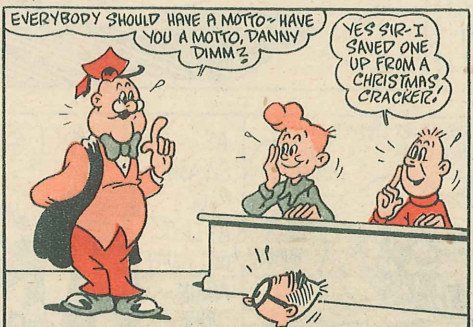
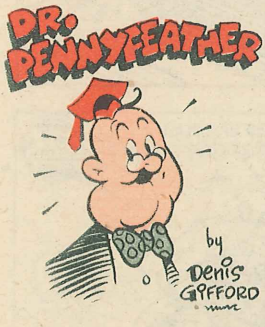
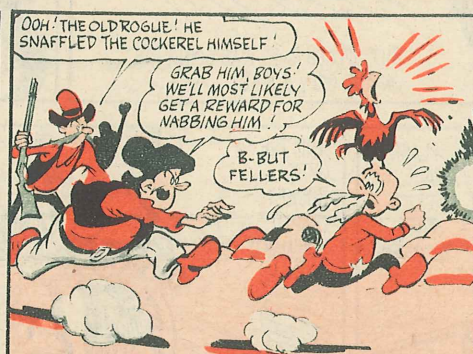
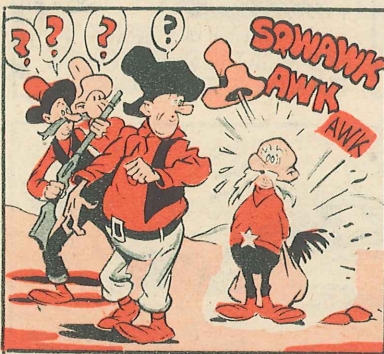
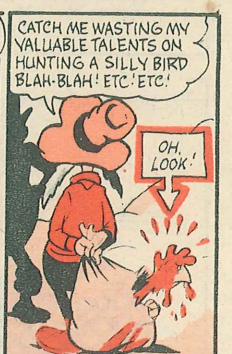
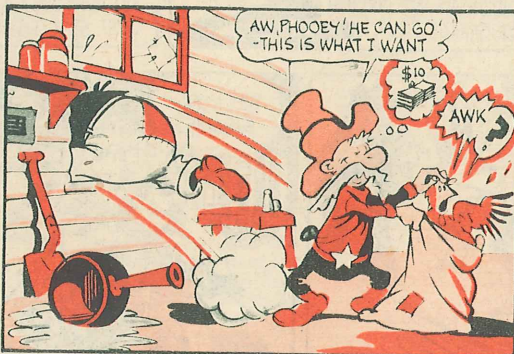
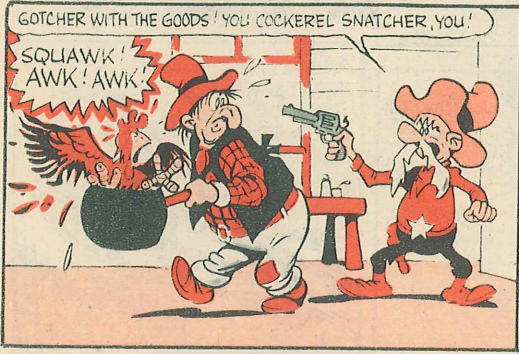
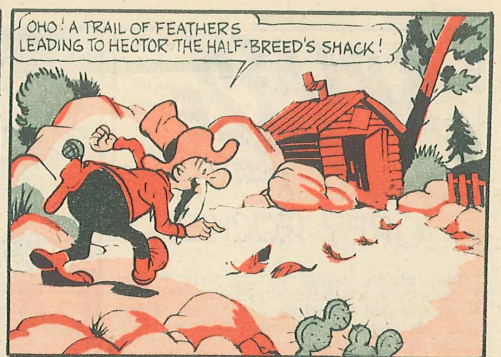
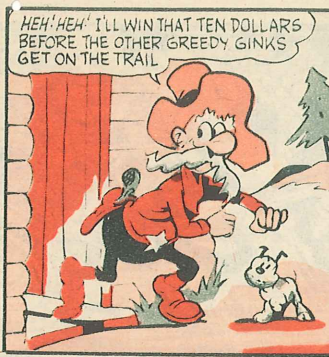
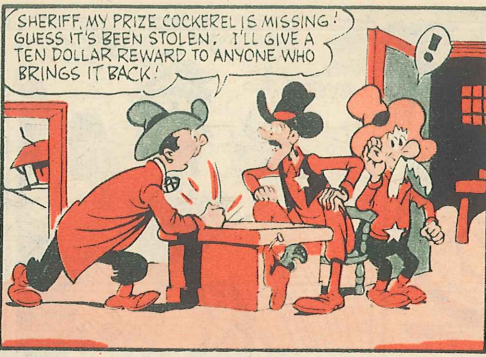
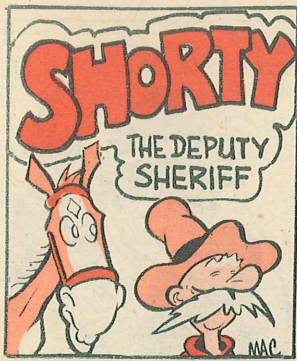
IF THEY GET MUCH CLOSER THEY'LL START SHOOTING AGAIN!



THE GREY ROCKET ROARED TOWARDS A HUMP-BACKED BRIDGE.



THIS IS WHERE WE GET HIM! HE'LL HAVE TO GO SLOW FOR THAT BRIDGE -- OR WRECK HIMSELF!



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 TRIES TO REACH THEM BY CLIMBING THE CLIFF BUT IS SURPRISED BY THE BANDITS.....



DOWN HIM, BOYS. PEG-LEG COULD DO WITH ANOTHER SLAVE!



YOU AIN'T GOT ME YET, YOU RATS!

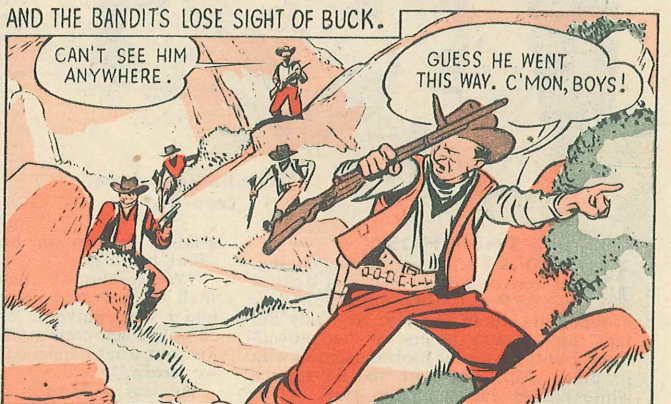


BACK, YOU NO-GOOD PALOOKAS, BEFORE I DRILL THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU!



THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM, BOYS!

GOTTA SHAKE 'EM OFF, SOMEHOW, OR I'LL NEVER GET DOWN TO THE VALLEY!



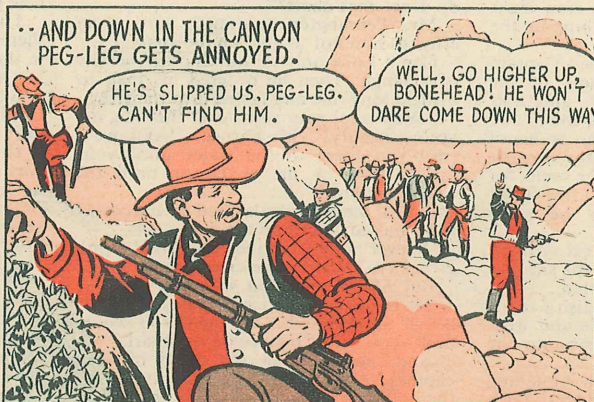
AND THE BANDITS LOSE SIGHT OF BUCK.

CAN'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE.

GUESS HE WENT THIS WAY. C'MON, BOYS!



BUT BUCK WAS HIDING UNDER A ROCK ..



..AND DOWN IN THE CANYON PEG-LEG GETS ANNOYED.

HE'S SLIPPED US, PEG-LEG. CAN'T FIND HIM.

WELL, GO HIGHER UP, BONEHEAD! HE WON'T DARE COME DOWN THIS WAY!



BUT PEG-LEG IS WRONG!

GOT TO GET DOWN SOMEHOW! AND GOT TO GET PEG-LEG TOO!



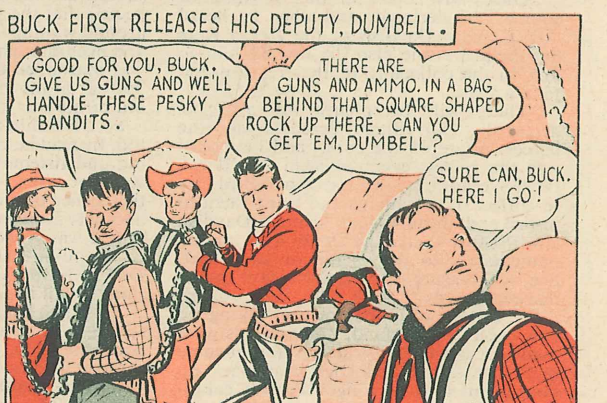
GO UP HIGHER! YOU'VE GOTTA FIND THAT MEDDLING SHERIFF!



YOU'VE FOUND ME, PEG-LEG! I'M RIGHT HERE!



AH! KEYS! JUST WHAT I WANT!



BUCK FIRST RELEASES HIS DEPUTY, DUMBELL.

GOOD FOR YOU, BUCK. GIVE US GUNS AND WE'LL HANDLE THESE PESKY BANDITS.

THERE ARE GUNS AND AMMO IN A BAG BEHIND THAT SQUARE SHAPED ROCK UP THERE. CAN YOU GET 'EM, DUMBELL?

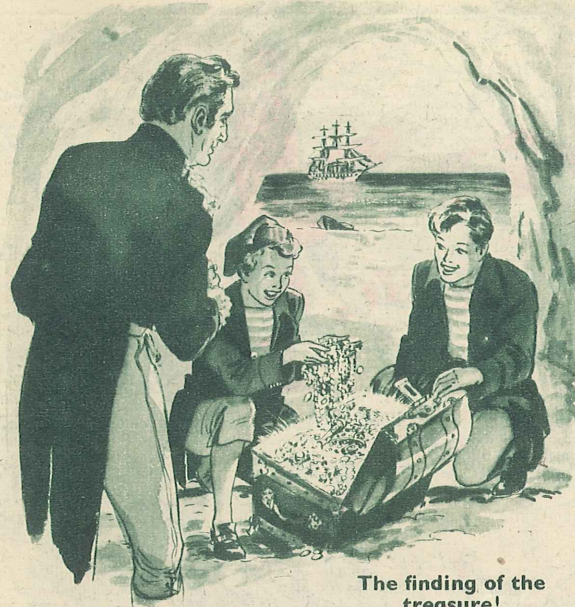
SURE CAN, BUCK. HERE I GO!



HECK, HE'S FOOLED US! HE'S SETTING THE SLAVES FREE! C'MON!



ONLY TWO GUNS BETWEEN THE LOT OF US! BACK TO THAT SHACK, BOYS! HURRY! GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF TILL DUMBELL GETS THEM GATS FOR US!



The finding of the treasure!

THE GHOST!

BOTH Dick Burton and Anne Pennington were excited at their first sight of Port o' Prince when the *Devon Rose* dropped anchor in the bay. Not only did they think it was the end of their adventures, but the harbour looked exciting with its many ships, and with the flat-topped white houses and the palm trees in the background.

For Anne, however, the arrival was even more exciting, for in a very short time she was in the arms of her father, who was waiting on the dock.

In a breathless rush she told him how she had set out to bring him the original chart that held the secret of Black Jeremy's treasure, and how Cap'n Luke and Stump, two members of the dreaded Brethren of the Coast had stuck at nothing to get it from her. But, thanks to Dick Burton, who had run away from his apprenticeship to go to sea, she had got on board the *Devon Rose* with him, both dressed as cabin boys, only to be followed by Cap'n Luke and Stump.

"But we beat them, Father," she cried. "Dick tricked them with a false chart, which showed Black Jeremy's treasure as being on Bird Cay, and we marooned them there. See, here is the real chart!"

Mr. Pennington was overjoyed. "Dick must share in the treasure, of course," he declared and when he heard how Captain Dawlish of the *Devon Rose* had helped Anne also, he invited him to join in the collecting of the treasure and take a share.

"There will be plenty for all," he declared, "for Black Jeremy was the fiercest pirate on the coast, and his hoard was the richest ever collected. We'll ask the Governor to send a warship to Bird Cay to collect those ruffians and bring them to justice and, meanwhile, if Captain Dawlish is willing we'll take the *Devon Rose* and go immediately to this island on the chart. See, the treasure is hidden in a cave that is marked plainly."

So, instead of unloading and taking on new cargo for England, preparations were made for the *Devon Rose* to sail that same night, and Anne and Dick went back on board. But they no longer went as cabin-boys. They were partners in the great adventure of collecting Black Jeremy's treasure, and Mr. Pennington saw to it that Anne was dressed as a girl. And very pretty she looked, Dick decided, finding it quite hard to recognise in this fine young lady his staunch pal of the perilous voyage from England.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she cried as they stood together on the poop and looked at the bright lights of Port o' Prince in the distance. "We've won, Dick—we've won!"

But she spoke too soon. Footsteps sounded on the deck and Captain Dawlish appeared, his face black with anger and worry.

"Sink me if we're not scuppered at the start," he growled. "I let the men have short shore-leave, for they had a hard voyage, particularly when so few of us had to sail the *Devon Rose* from Bird Cay, but I told them we were sailing with tonight's tide, and that there would be rich rewards for all. They promised to be back in time, and they are faithful lads, as they proved during the mutiny, but not a man of them has shown up. I don't like it. There's something wrong. I'm going ashore now

BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE

A ROUSING STORY OF THE SPANISH MAIN

By REX HARDINGE

after them." Dick, Anne and Mr. Pennington insisted on going with the captain, but although they went through the town, searching every tavern, not a man of the original *Devon Rose* crew could they find, and even the new hands that had been signed on to take the place of the mutineers seemed to have vanished completely.

"It looks as though we shall have to postpone sailing," grunted the captain, but Mr. Pennington shook his head.

"We cannot do that," he insisted. "I shall not feel safe until we have the treasure under your hatches. We must take on a complete new crew at once, that's all. We'll find out what happened to the others when we return."

He was so determined that in a very short time he had found a tavern keeper who promised he could find a crew right away, and who kept his word, shipping the men out within the hour.

"I don't like it," still grumbled Captain Dawlish. "These men are some of the toughest riff-raff of the docks, and that tavern-keeper was altogether too quick and glib with his arrangements when he heard we wanted a crew. I'm keeping my weather eye lifted and you must all do the same, for if word got around that we're after Black Jeremy's treasure, there may be more trouble."

"Don't worry—Dick will deal with it, whatever it is!" insisted Anne, for she was determined not to be downhearted.

So, in spite of Captain Dawlish's fears, the *Devon Rose* caught the tide and went skimming through the blue seas into the night.

But, although he smiled with Anne and pretended to be just as confident, Dick shared the captain's worries. He also suspected that the tavern-keeper was hanging around waiting for a chance to offer a crew, and even though he knew that Cap'n Luke was marooned on Bird Cay, he could not put out of his mind the fear that the fierce old pirate was not beaten yet.

So Dick didn't go to bed when the others did. Instead he crept about the ship, watching and listening. He soon found that he was not alone, for when he crept round the corner of a dark alley he bumped into another prowler, grabbed it, and found that it was Anne, in boy's clothes again.

"I couldn't sleep," she admitted. "Oh, Dick, I have a dreadful feeling that something awful is going to happen!"

This time she was right, for even as she spoke there was a sudden rush of feet all over the ship, and she went pale and gasped Dick's sleeve when they heard a vast voice shouting. They ran together up on deck. There was no mistaking that gale of a voice, and when they looked out, there was no mistaking the figure that now stood on the poop.

They stared in horror at 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, the scoundrel they thought they had safely marooned on Bird Cay!

And beside him, at the helm, was a little shrivelled man with a wrinkled, monkey face and a shock of red hair, and with a stump of wood where his left leg should have been—Stump, the pirate's inseparable companion!

Captain Dawlish was also on the poop, but two members of the crew were holding him.

"This is mutiny, you dogs!" he roared. "Aye, call it mutiny if you will," belated Cap'n Luke, waving his cutlass. "Although these lusty lads never were yours. They're mine. They were put aboard by my orders to take the place of your weak-kneed lubbers who we rounded up and put where they won't wake up for many hours. You thought you had defeated

me, didn't you?—thought to maroon Cap'n Luke on that Cay?—but you can't do the likes of that to the likes of me, you're not sharp enough. If you were, you'd have seen that another ship was at the Cay, putting in for water, and these lads of mine were with it and they are mine to the death now, for I've promised them a share of Black Jeremy's treasure!"

"You will never get the treasure!" cried Mr. Pennington, struggling into sight and dragging with him the wild-looking men who held him.

"Ho!" jeered Cap'n Luke. "Won't I? You watch!"

He bellowed an order: "Bring the girl here!"

"Quick!" cried Dick to Anne, and taking her arm, turned to run. But they were too late. They were seen, and men closed in on them from all sides. Like wild cats, they both fought, but as Dick went down under the weight of several men he saw Anne powerless in the grasp of others.

He was hauled to his feet and dragged after her to the poop.

"So-ho, my young fighting cocks, we meet again!" roared Cap'n Luke. "I'll say you're game, but you'll never beat me. Cap'n Luke always wins in the end. Now, do I get that chart?"

Mr. Pennington hesitated, but Anne cried to him not to give up the chart.

Cap'n Luke only let out another bellow of a laugh. Then he ordered his men to bring a long line and fasten it to the girl.

"We'll cool your spirit over the side, my young beauty!" he warned. "And we'll trail you there in the water until your father gives us the chart—or until the sharks get you!"

One of the pirates snatched up the coil of rope and advanced on the girl.

"Never mind what they do to me! Don't give way, Father!" she cried bravely.

But Mr. Pennington shrugged sadly.

"It is too big a price to pay, Anne, my dear," he declared. "All right, you scoundrel—you win! I'll give you the chart."

And, powerless in the grasp of their captors, Anne and Dick had to see all their efforts brought to nothing as Mr. Pennington brought Black Jeremy's chart from its hiding place and Cap'n Luke snatched it from him with a wild whoop of joy.

"So!" he roared, after examining the previous parchment. "That's where Black Jeremy hid his pile. Only a few hours away, too—Lads, we'll be rich men by dawn!"

He paused for a moment, scowling at the prisoners.

"What are you going to do with us?" demanded Captain Dawlish. "You've got what you want."

"Ay, and I don't want you," retorted the pirate, an ugly smile on his scarred face. "But it won't take long to dispose of you. You tried to maroon me, so I'll give you some of your own medicine. Put a boat over the side, lads, and see that it is empty. No water, no food, and no sail or oars. We'll turn this lot adrift and be rid of them."

"No, you can't do that!"

It was Dick who shouted, and Anne was surprised at the panic in his voice. He seemed to be beside himself with terror as he broke from the men holding him. For a few moments he was free, running like a wild thing round the decks, and then, with a sudden, wild shriek, he sprang overboard.

"Let him go," snapped Cap'n Luke. "He can't do anything. Come on, you lubbers, get these prisoners into the boat."

Anne was so numbed with horror at the thought of Dick jumping to his death like that that she offered no resistance as she was forced over the side and pushed down a rope ladder into the boat that had been launched. Her father and Captain Dawlish followed, although they tried to fight, and then the rope was cut.

"The murderers!" gasped Captain Dawlish, searching the boat and finding that there was indeed no sail and no oars—no means of doing anything but drifting on that empty sea until they died. He shook his fist at the great shadowy mass of his ship, where the pirates were rapidly trimming

the sails and preparing to sail away and abandon the prisoners to their fate.

Anne scarcely heard him. She was peering wildly into the darkness. She was sure she had heard a faint splashing noise, and suddenly she whispered excitedly: "Father!—Captain Dawlish!—Quick, help me!"

They scrambled to her and found that she was holding Dick's hand. He had been swimming ever since he went overboard, and he was almost completely exhausted, but he had managed to reach the boat.

"Steady, I've got to bring this with me," he panted, and as they pulled him into the boat they found that he was trailing with him the long rope that the pirates had planned to tie round Anne.

"I took it with me when I went over the side. That's why I jumped," he explained, crouching in the boat now and hauling in the slack. "Cap'n Luke thinks we're powerless—that our boat can't move—watch!"

Even as he spoke the *Devon Rose* got under way and went sliding through the water until it disappeared completely in the darkness. And then, a few moments later, there was a tug at the bow of the boat and it also began to move, following the ship.

"I fastened the other end of the line to the stern under water," explained Dick. "They won't be able to see us in the darkness, and will think we are marooned, but where they go we go!"

HIS daring ruse worked. As the *Devon Rose* scudded on her way to the hiding-place of Black Jeremy's treasure, she took the little boat with her, and when she hove-to just before dawn, Dick and his companions knew that they were off the treasure island.

"Pull on the line," cried Dick. "We've got to get back on board."

And he was grinning as he outlined a new plan.

The man at the helm was the first to see them. He saw Dick, glistening with water in the light from a lamp, and he screamed.

"A ghost! A ghost!"

Before he could get over the shock, Captain Dawlish hit him a perfect knock-out.

Dick didn't wait to see that, however. He was rushing for the captain's cabin. Even as he hoped, Cap'n Luke, Stump, and other leaders among the men were there, studying the chart before going ashore after the treasure. With a slam Dick closed the door on them and bolted it.

When he returned to the deck he found all quiet there.

"Only a few of the crew were up here," Anne told him excitedly. "Daddy and Captain Dawlish soon settled them, for they thought we were ghosts. They couldn't think how else we could have travelled all these miles and come back on the ship. The others are locked down in the fo'c's'le. What next, Dick?"

"You, I and your father will go ashore for the treasure," he said quickly. "Captain Dawlish, will you stand guard with a pistol? If the pirates do break down the doors they'll only be able to come out one at a time, and you can threaten to shoot the first one. I'm sure they are cowards and that you'll be able to hold them."

"Trust me," said the captain grimly.

So Dick and Anne and Mr. Pennington landed at last on Black Jeremy's island, and there in a cave they found a number of old sea-chests, and when they opened them they stared at gold and jewels such as they had never seen before.

And when they returned to the *Devon Rose*, Captain Dawlish met them with a wide smile on his weather-beaten face.

"I've been parleying with the crew in the fo'c's'le," he explained. "We've come to terms. They say they were led into this by Cap'n Luke and Stump, and if we'll forgive them and let them have a small share of the treasure they'll work the ship back to Port o' Prince. What do you say?"

"Agreed!" declared Mr. Pennington.

So the *Devon Rose* sailed back to Port o' Prince with the richest treasure ever brought from the Spanish Main, and with Cap'n Luke and Stump prisoners in the cabin, where they remained until they were taken ashore to pay the penalty for their many crimes.

"All thanks to you, Dick," exclaimed Anne, as she gazed wide-eyed at the glittering gems in an open sea-chest. "What will you do with your share?"

"Buy a ship," he said at once.

Anne smiled.

"Will you be wanting a cabin-boy?" she asked.

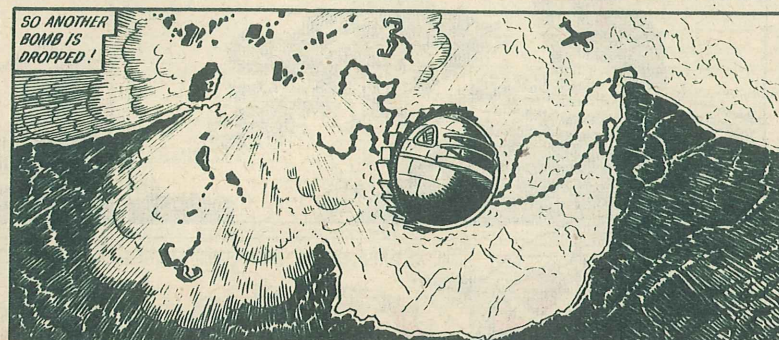
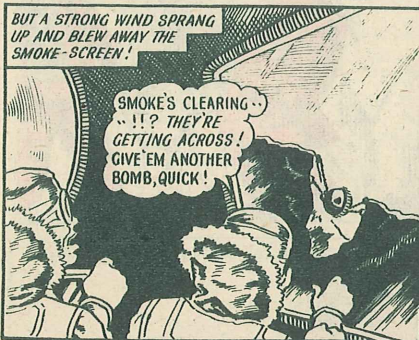
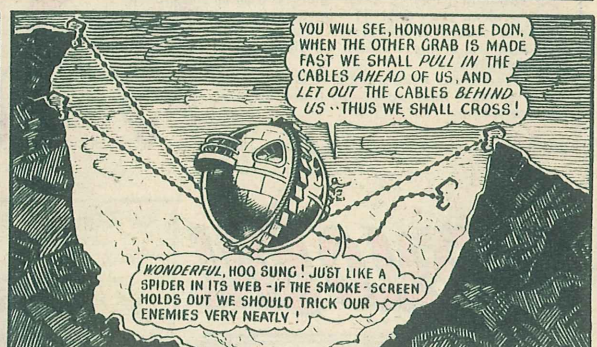
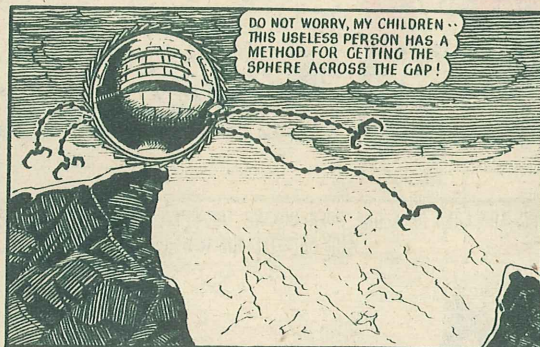
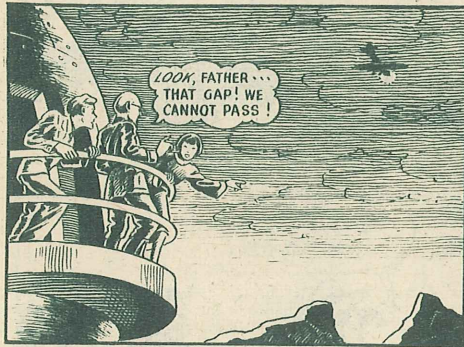
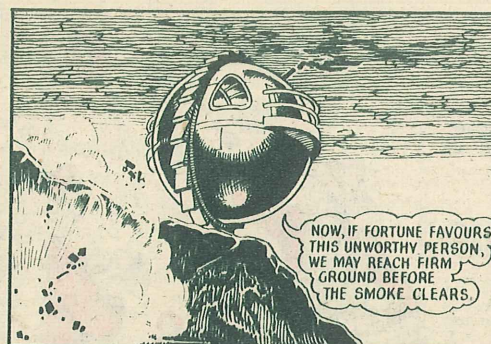
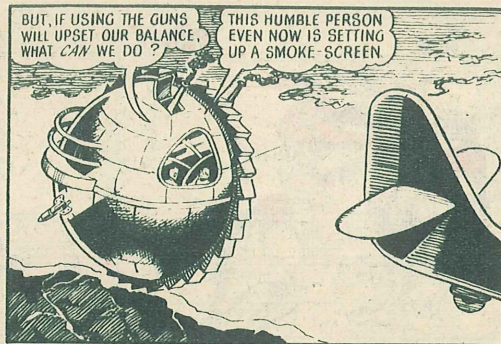
"You bet!" he promised.

THE END

You must not miss "THE ADVENTURES OF GALLANT BESS," the story of the British-Pathé film—told in pictures—starting in next week's COMET

Don Deeds

Don Deeds and his friends are journeying to Kwung Chu with the great State diamond. They are attacked by their enemies when the rolling sphere is crossing a gorge along a narrow rocky ridge.



THIS MEANS MORE TROUBLE FOR DON AND HIS FRIENDS! MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK

BILLY BUNTER'S TEA PARTY

(Continued from page 2)

"Here it is! Collar him—scrag him—collar the stuff—"

"Oooh! I say, you fellows, you back a fellow up!" yelled Bunter. "I say—"

But Bunter did not need to call on his guests to back him up. They were more than ready. The whole tea-party were on their feet, and as Temple and Co. rushed in, the Famous Five went into action. Had Billy Bunter been enjoying that spread in solitude, certainly he would have had the time of his life, and the Fourth Formers would have marched off triumphantly with the foodstuffs. But the astute grub-raid of Greyfriars had laid his plans well.

Harry Wharton and Co. fairly hurled themselves at the invaders and smote them hip and thigh.

What happened next was rather like an earthquake to Temple, Dabney and Fry. They were grabbed, grasped, punched, thumped, bumped and rolled over, and

finally hurled through the doorway, one after another, to land yelling in the Remove passage. The Famous Five followed them out.

"Dribble them home!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it!"

Three breathless, spluttering, dishevelled Fourth Formers picked themselves up and ran for their lives. Temple and Co. had, apparently, had enough, and did not want to be dribbled home!

"Come back when you want some more, you Fourth Form ticks!" roared Bob Cherry. "Lots more if you want it!"

But the hapless Fourth Formers evidently did not want it. They vanished across the study landing, and Harry Wharton and Co., a little breathless but triumphant, went back into No. 7 Study to finish the interrupted feast.

IT was a gorgeous spread—one of the best ever stood in the Remove; even in Lord Mauleverer's study it could hardly have been excelled. But, like all good things, it came to an end at last. The time came when even Billy Bunter had had enough, and the fat Owl, sticky and shiny,

merely toyed with a final meringue. The Famous Five, the feast being over, prepared to depart. But they lingered to say some nice things to Bunter, who surely deserved the same, having been for the first time the founder of a feast, instead of the chief performer at somebody else's.

"Jolly good, old chap," said Bob Cherry. "Many thanks, old man," said Harry Wharton.

"I—I—I say, you fellows." During the feast Billy Bunter's fat face had been beaming, his fat thoughts wholly concentrated thereon. But now that it was over, something seemed to be worrying Bunter. He blinked at his guests in a rather stealthy way through his big spectacles.

"I—I say—you—you'll stand by a chap if—if those Fourth Form cads cut up rusty, won't you?"

"They've had all they want, old fat man," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Oh! Yes! But—but—"

"But what?"

"You know how suspicious fellows are," said Bunter. "I mean to say, when a chap misses tuck he might make out that it was me—fellows do, you know. I—I say, you fellows, if—if Temple makes out that that was his parcel—"

"Temple's parcel!" said Harry Wharton, almost dazedly.

The awful truth dawned on Harry Wharton and Co. They gazed at Bunter as it dawned on them. The expression on their faces was growing so alarming that Billy Bunter edged downward.

"I—I say, you fellows, it was my parcel, of—of course. It might have looked like Temple's! He—he might think it was his, as—as his was gone! I—I don't know where his parcel went—if he had one! But—I—I say, I—I've stood you a splendid spread, you know. I didn't ask you here just because I thought Temple might come after his parcel—I mean, my parcel. Never thought of such a thing. I—I asked you because we're such old pals! I—I say, you'll stand by me, like pals, after that spread, won't you, if—if Temple makes a fuss—"

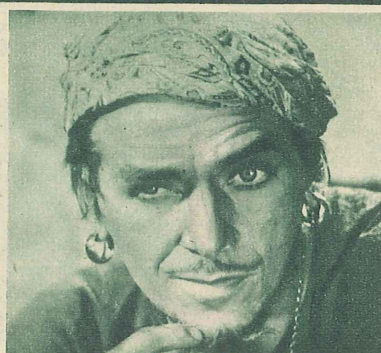
Billy Bunter got no further. Five fellows, as if moved by the same spring, made a jump at him. But Bunter jumped first. He jumped into the passage.

An arrow in its flight had nothing on Billy Bunter as he flew down the Remove passage. But Billy Bunter has not escaped punishment yet! Don't miss the fun at Greyfriars in next week's COMET.

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



67. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO (Universal)



68. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (R.K.O. Radio)



69. VALERIE HOBSON (Columbia)

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Be sure to order next week's "COMET" now or you may miss some of these stirring picture-stamps.



BUFFALO BILL

LED BY THEIR CHIEF, BLACK BISON, THE REDSKINS ARE ON THE WARPATH! AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, BUFFALO BILL REACHES THE WRIGLEY SETTLEMENT IN TIME TO WARN THE PEOPLE THERE TO MAN THE STOCKADE!

AND THEN, BLACK BISON APPEARED ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE SETTLEMENT AND SHOUTED HIS WAR-CRY.



INSIDE THE STOCKADE.

THEY'RE GOING TO CHARGE! HERE THEY COME!



THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED AT A POINT IN CHARGE OF YOUNG BERT SMOLLETT.



LET THEM HAVE IT, BOYS! AND DON'T WASTE YOUR SHOTS!



THE REDSKINS HURLED THEMSELVES AT THE STOCKADE, BUT THE DEADLY FIRE OF THE WHITES SCATTERED THEM.

THE BATTLE WENT ON UNTIL ---

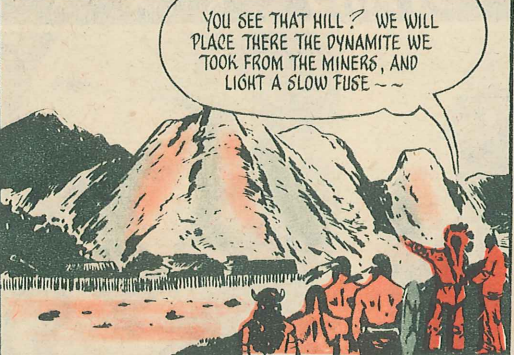


BLACK BISON GREW ANXIOUS.

CALL OFF THE BRAVES! WE SHALL NEVER BEAT THEM THIS WAY!



YOU SEE THAT HILL? WE WILL PLACE THERE THE DYNAMITE WE TOOK FROM THE MINERS, AND LIGHT A SLOW FUSE ---



WHEN THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES, GREAT ROCKS WILL FALL AND CRUSH THE HUTS AND THE STOCKADE ---



THEN WE WILL RUSH ON THE WHITE MEN AND WIPE THEM OUT!



CAN BUFFALO BILL FOIL BLACK BISON'S CUNNING PLAN? DON'T MISS THE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"