

No. 98 (New Series) June 3, 1950

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2^d

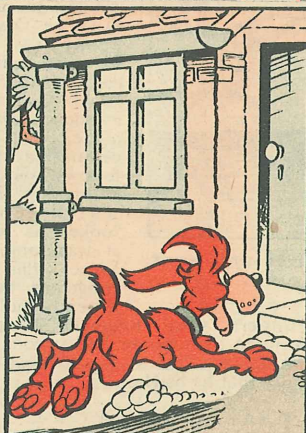
EVERY THURSDAY



Now Scamp the Pup is slightly dizzy— Especially when he gets busy!



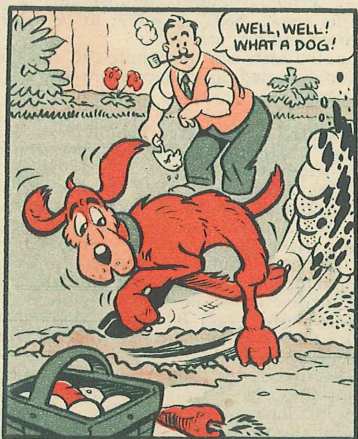
He saw Dad planting bulbs in rows, And thought, "I'll plant a few of those!"



So then he ran full-speed indoors— But quite forgot to wipe his paws!



Then out again the dog did trot— And take a look at what he'd got!



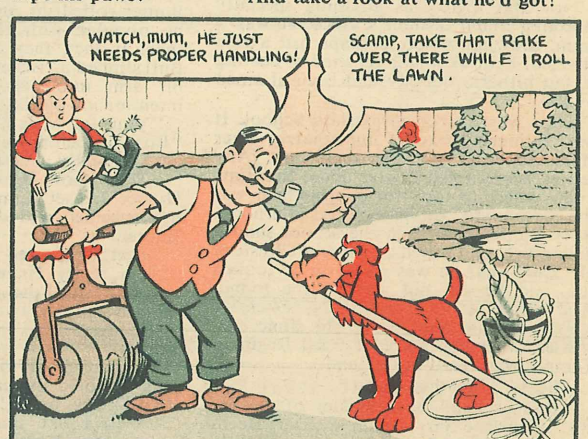
Next, when a softish spot he found, He started digging up the ground.



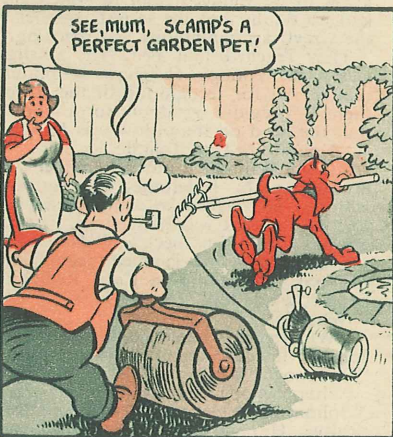
Soon "Veg-es" were stuck neatly in— But Mother couldn't cook the din!



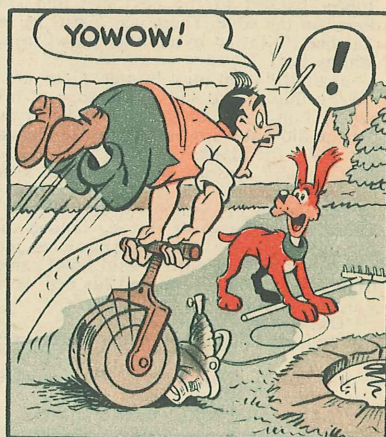
While Mum got busy, his next trick, Was giving her a loving lick.



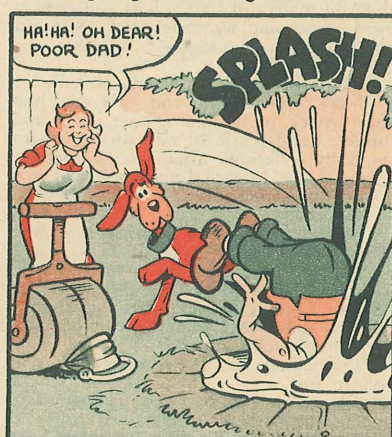
But Dad told Mother not to fret, And ordered Scamp the rake to get.



Off proudly trotted our young pup— But garden line got tangled up.



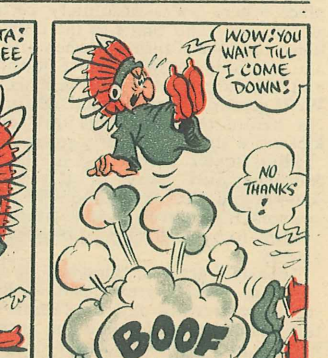
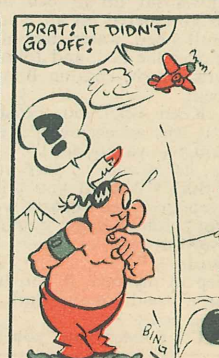
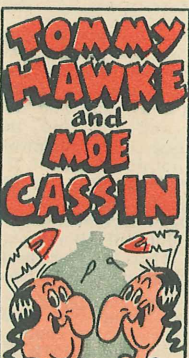
Dad didn't spot that bucket there, Until he hit it, fair and square.



Pa went face first into the pond— A trick of which he isn't fond!



Pa's face caused Scampy to decide, The time had come to go and hide!





The danger over, Billy Bunter rolled over and went to sleep.

FOURTH FORM VENGEANCE!

"Oh, lor!" gasped Billy Bunter. The fat Owl of the Remove blinked round him wildly, like a fat rabbit seeking an avenue of escape.

It was the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth Form, that alarmed him.

Not that there was anything specially alarming about Temple's voice. It was a calm, drawing voice, perhaps just a trifle affected. Fellows might get tired of hearing it, but hitherto nobody had been alarmed by it.

Class was over at Greyfriars School. It was Bunter's custom, immediately after class, to head for the tuck-shop. Any fellow who wanted Bunter about that time knew where to look for him. Which was the reason why, on his especial afternoon, Billy Bunter had given the school shop a wide berth, and rolled off into the Cloisters. He knew that he was going to be looked for, and he did not want to be found. And there he was, resting his extensive weight against one of the old stone buttresses, when the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple was heard in the land.

"Beast!" breathed Bunter. Close at hand were masses of ancient ivy. It was the only available cover. Heedless of dust and lurking insects, Billy Bunter rapidly squeezed himself in between the old wall and the ivy. He was out of sight as Temple came along with Dabney and Fry of his form.

"Not here," said Fry. "Well, dash it all, I'm certain I saw the fat barrel rollin' this way, you know," said Temple. "I'm gettin' tired of huntin' that fat freak. But we're jolly well goin' to make him squirm for lifting our tuck from our study yesterday."

"Oh, rather," said Dabney. "The biggest spread we've had this term—and that fat villain lifted the lot, lock, stock, an' barrel," said Temple. "Whacked it out in his study with a Remove gang, by jove! We'll boot him all round Greyfriars."

"And then back again," said Fry. "He's been dodgin' us all day," went on Temple. "He's got it comin' when we find him! But where is he?"

"Puzzle—find Bunter," remarked Fry. "Well, he's not here," said Temple, much to the hidden Owl's relief. "We've got to get down to the nets, and we shall have to give him a miss. But I'll tell you men what! We can't go on wastin' our time huntin' Bunter for ever. There's one place where we're absolutely certain of gettin' him—and that's in the dorm, after lights out! We'll turn out when all's quiet, and hike along to the Remove dormitory—and take a cricket stump with us, what? We'll give him a jolly good whaling, and cut before the other fags turn out and kick up a shindy. Bunter's got it comin'."

Billy Bunter peered out of the ivy as footsteps died away in the Cloisters. Temple and Co. were gone. The fat Owl emerged from cover, dusty, with a spider clinging to his collar, his fat face registering dismay.

"Beasts!" groaned Bunter. It had been a great feast in Bunter's study the previous day, on Temple's tuck. But after the feast came the reckoning. All day long Bunter had been dodging the reckoning, and so far successfully. But

Cloisters. Cecil Reginald Temple had declared that Bunter had it coming—and the hapless Owl of the Remove realised sadly that he had!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Scat!" hooted five voices in unison. Harry Wharton and Co. were in flannels, coming away from the nets, when Billy Bunter rolled up. Bunter did not seem to be popular with the Famous Five just then. In fact, they glared at him. Johnny Bull slipped a cricket bat down from under his arm into his hand as if with the intention of putting it to use on the spot.

"You fat villain!" said Bob Cherry. "Buzz off before we boot you."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The boot is well deserved," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "Turn round, my esteemed and disgusting grub-raiding Bunter."

"Scat!" repeated Frank Nugent. "Oh, really, Nugent—"

Johnny Bull did not speak. He made a motion with the bat. Bunter jumped back.

"I say, Harry, old chap—" squeaked Bunter.

"If you 'Harry-old-chap' me, I'll boot you," hooted the captain of the Remove. "Roll away, barrel!"

"Well I like that!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "After the splerdid spread I stood you in my study yesterday—"

"Temple's tuck, you bloated brigand, and you made out that it was your parcel from home, and we chucked Temple out when he came after it—"

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, boot him," said Frank Nugent. "I say, you fellows, you jolly well had your whack in it, and chance it," said Bunter, "and it's jolly well up to you to stand by a fellow, after such a topping spread. I say, I heard Temple say that he's coming after me with a cricket stump—"

"Good egg," said Harry Wharton. "More power to his elbow," said Bob Cherry.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter. "I—I—I mean, look here, dear old chap! Mean to say you ain't going to do anything when I tell you that beast Temple's coming after me with a cricket stump—"

"I'm going to do something," said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, good! You're a good chap, Bull—one of the best! I always liked you, old fellow. When I said that a Yorkshire tyke like you ought to be kept on a chain, it was only a joke. Besides, I never said it at all. I say, what are you going to do, old chap?"

"I'm coming after you with a cricket bat."

"What?" yelled Bunter. "Like that!"

"Yarooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Co. Billy Bunter caught one lick from Johnny Bull's cricket bat. Then he flew.

Harry Wharton and Co. went on their way laughing. Bunter, from a distance, glared after them with a glare that might have cracked his spectacles. Evidently there was no help for the fat Owl in that quarter.

Neither did there seem any prospect of help in any other quarter. Billy Bunter's grub-raiding was not popular in his form. Nobody in the Remove was likely to care two hoots, or even one, if Cecil Reginald Temple got after Bunter with a cricket

STUMPED!

Another Grand New Story of Billy Bunter

By FRANK RICHARDS

what he had overheard behind the ivy warned him that it had to come. In the dormitory they could not fail to catch the elusive Owl, and Bunter was booked for a stumping—unless the other fellows stood by him. And, in the circumstances of the case, it was sadly certain that the other fellows wouldn't.

But his fat face, which generally looked as broad as it was long, looked longer than it was broad as he rolled dismally out of the

stump. Billy Bunter had asked for it; and it looked as if Billy Bunter was destined to receive that for which he had asked.

WINGATE of the Sixth saw lights out for the Remove. Generally, Billy Bunter rather welcomed bedtime. Eating came first, but sleeping was a good second in his list of the joys of life. He was accustomed to glide into happy slumber a minute after his fat head touched the pillow, and to rouse the echoes of the dormitory with a deep snore that went on till the rising-bell clanged in the dewy morn. But on that particular night, when Wingate turned out the lights and went he left a sleepless Owl behind him. Other fellows nodded off; but Billy Bunter neither slept nor snored. A fellow could hardly go to sleep knowing that when all was quiet Temple and Co. were coming along to call on him, bringing a cricket stump with them.

Ten minutes after Wingate had gone there was a sound of a bed creaking, as it was relieved of an uncommon weight. Bunter rolled out in the dark. Then there was a sound of fumbling with a jug that stood on the washstand beside the bed. That sound was followed by a growl from the next bed, which was tenanted by Johnny Bull.

"What's that row? You up, Bunter, you fat ass?"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"What are you up to, fathead?"

"Find out!" retorted Bunter.

Johnny Bull grunted and settled down again. Billy Bunter carefully lifted the jug of water from the washstand. It was a large jug, full of water, and rather heavy for Bunter. He had to take both fat hands to it.

That was Bunter's bright idea. Temple and Co. were coming in the dark. They knew which was Bunter's bed, and would head for it at once. Had Bunter not overheard Temple in the Cloisters, he would have been taken quite by surprise. But forewarned was forearmed. Bunter had thought it out. He was going to sit on the edge of the next bed and wait for Temple—with the jug of water ready! A couple of gallons of cold water, suddenly hurled at them, would greet Temple and Co. and put "paid" to their nocturnal designs.

With the jug of water in his fat hands, Bunter backed to the next bed and sat down on the edge. There was a stirring in that bed, followed by another growl from Johnny Bull.

"Is that that fat idiot Bunter? Gerrout!" Why Bunter had sat on the edge of his bed, Johnny did not know. But he knew that he did not want him there. He kicked out under the blankets.

"Oooogh!" gasped Bunter, as the kick landed.

He jumped up, stumbled, and slipped! There was a bump as the jug landed on Johnny Bull's bed—and a splash as the contents streamed out. A wild howl came from Johnny Bull as he and his bed were suddenly drenched in cold water.

"Oh, crickey!" gasped Bunter.

"You fat lunatic! Mopping water over a fellow in bed! Why, I—I—I'll—"

Words failed Johnny Bull. He bounded out of bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up?"

"What the dickens—"

"What's that row?"

Five or six fellows woke up. Vernon-Smith scratched a match and lighted a candle-end. Fellows sat up in bed and stared. The light glimmered on an empty jug on Johnny Bull's bed, water streaming and dripping all over the bed, and Johnny Bull, crimson with wrath, chasing Bunter round his own bed.

"Ow! wow! Keep off, you beast!" yelled Bunter. "It was an accident! I tell you I never meant to—yaroooogh!"

"Oh! It was an accident, was it?" snorted Johnny Bull. "Well, if you think I'm going to sleep in a bed soaked with water, you've got another guess coming. I'm going to have your bed."

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You can sleep in my bed, if you like 'em damp! I don't," said Johnny Bull.

"Look here, you beast—"

"Shut up, or I'll bolster you, you fat chump!"

"Think I can sleep in a bed soaked with water?" howled Bunter.

"I know I can't," answered Johnny. And with that, Johnny Bull plunged into Bunter's bed, and that was that! The fat Owl gave him an infuriated blink. Bunter, certainly, had not intended to spill the jug of water over Johnny's bed: he had intended it for Temple and Co. But he had done it; and really Johnny could hardly be expected to stick to that bed after it had been flooded. Bunter had to make the best of it.

But suddenly Bunter's expression changed. The other fellows, staring at him, were surprised to see his fat face expand into a wide grin.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Like the idea of a damp bed?" asked Bob Cherry.

"He, he, he! I don't mind," grinned Bunter. "If Bull wants my bed, he can have it. Only fair, ain't it? I say, Bull, you can have my bed! I ain't going to turn you out of it."

"I'd like to see you try!" grunted Johnny.

"Beast!"

"Now shut up and let's go to sleep, or I'll get out again and bolster you."

"Yah!" retorted Bunter.

Johnny Bull's deserted bed did not look inviting. It was fairly streaming with water. Nevertheless, Bunter—in the circumstances of the case—was glad to change beds with Johnny Bull—in view of Temple and Co's impending visit! He sorted out the dry portion of the bedclothes, borrowed a blanket from Lord Mauleverer, rolled himself up and stretched his fat person on the edge of Johnny's bed, avoiding the pool in the middle. It was not comfortable in that bed—but it was certainly more comfortable than Bunter's own bed was going to be when Temple and Co. arrived!

Smithy blew out the candle-end and the Remove settled down once more to balmy slumber.

"QUIET!" whispered Temple. "All serene! They're fast asleep!"

whispered Fry. "Oh, rather," murmured Dabney.

Three dim figures in pyjamas peered into the Remove dormitory. One of them had a cricket stump under his arm.

"Not a sound!" whispered Cecil Reginald. "We've got to get through, and cut before the whole mob turn out. Not a sound till we get Bunter! It won't take more than a minute to give him six with the stump. Quiet!"

On tiptoe, the three Fourth Formers crept into the dormitory. There was no sign of alarm. One pair of fat ears had heard the whispering voices; but Billy Bunter made no sound. Temple, Dabney and Fry tiptoed towards the bed they knew to be Bunter's, and in which they had no doubt that the fattest member of the Greyfriars community was reposing.

They reached that bed. The starlight was clear enough to show it plainly, though not for recognition of the sleeper therein. They did not doubt for a moment that the head on the pillow was Bunter's.

"Now!" breathed Temple.

Johnny Bull came out of slumber with a bound, as his bedclothes were suddenly whipped off. Before he could even begin to wonder what was happening, Fry had grasped him by the neck, and Dabney by the feet, and he was jammed face down in the bed. The stump in Cecil Reginald's hand rose and fell.

Whop!

"Wurrrrrrgh!" came a wild gurgle from Johnny, his face crammed in his pillow.

"Oooooogh! Whurrrrr!"

Whop! whop! whop! whop!

Johnny Bull kicked and struggled frantically. He gurgled and gasped and howled.

"Oh! ah! ow! Wow! Leggo! Who's that? What—ooogh! Yaroooh! Wow!" howled Johnny Bull.

WHOP!

Cecil Reginald landed the last whop! Six whops from the stump had been well and truly laid! Three Fourth Form men, chuckling, shot away to the door, just as Smithy switched on the light. The door closed on Temple and Co. and they scuttled back to their own dormitory, still chuckling, and nothing doubting that the fat grub-raider of the Remove had suffered the penalty of his sins.

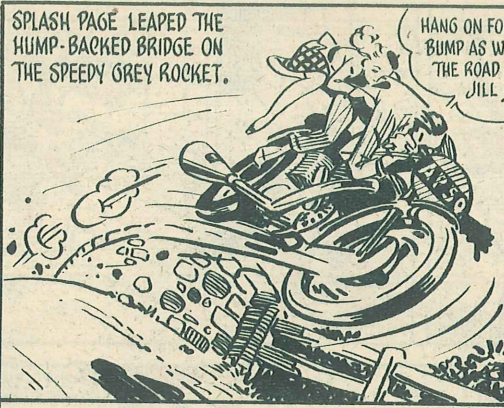
It was quite a spot of excitement in the Remove dormitory. But Billy Bunter was no longer interested. It was time for Bunter to go to sleep now—and he went to sleep and snored.

But this is not the end, even if Billy Bunter thinks it is! More fun with the chums of Greyfriars in next week's "COMET!"

SPLASH PAGE

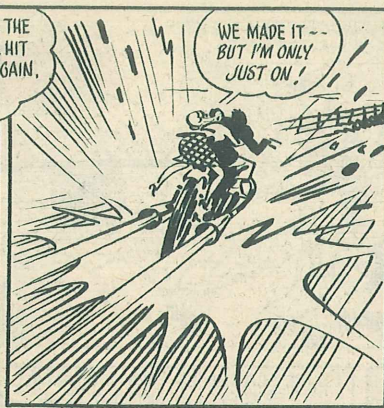
AND REPORTER
THE GREY ROCKET

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 for him in the Isle of Man T.T. But Lou Millan wants to stop them getting there, and gives chase in a high-powered car!

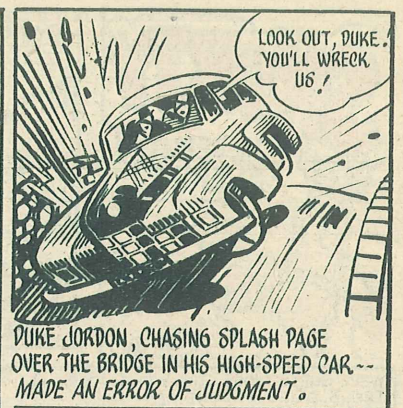


SPLASH PAGE LEAPED THE HUMP-BACKED BRIDGE ON THE SPEEDY GREY ROCKET.

HANG ON FOR THE BUMP AS WE HIT THE ROAD AGAIN, JILL!

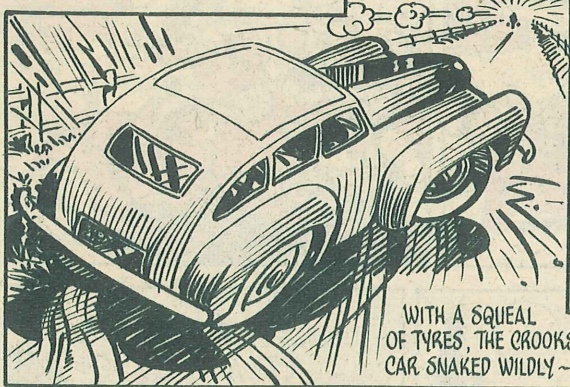


WE MADE IT -- BUT I'M ONLY JUST ON!

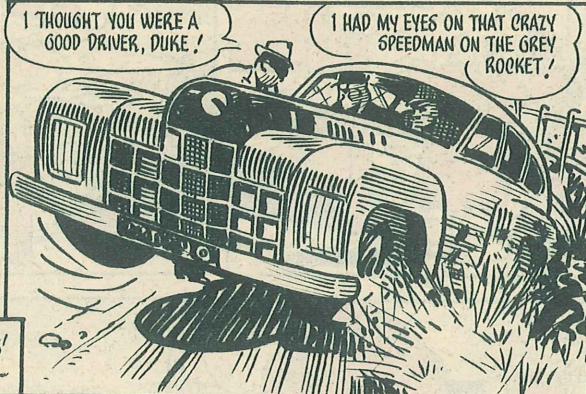


LOOK OUT, DUKE. YOU'LL WRECK US!

DUKE JORDON, CHASING SPLASH PAGE OVER THE BRIDGE IN HIS HIGH-SPEED CAR -- MADE AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.



WITH A SQUEAL OF TYRES, THE CROOKS' CAR SNAKED WILDLY --



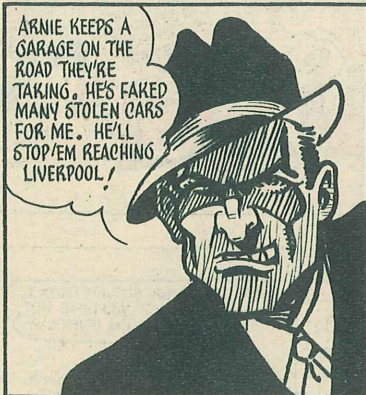
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GOOD DRIVER, DUKE!

I HAD MY EYES ON THAT CRAZY SPEEDMAN ON THE GREY ROCKET!

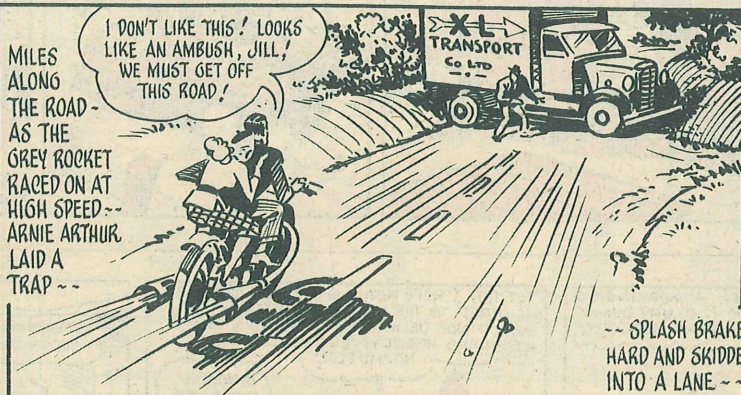


WE'VE LOST HIM NOW. AT THAT SPEED WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!

WE'LL STOP HIM! AS SOON AS WE GET THE CAR ON THE ROAD I'LL RING ARNIE ARTHUR!



ARNIE KEEPS A GARAGE ON THE ROAD THEY'RE TAKING. HE'S FAKED MANY STOLEN CARS FOR ME. HE'LL STOP 'EM REACHING LIVERPOOL!



MILES ALONG THE ROAD -- AS THE GREY ROCKET RACED ON AT HIGH SPEED -- ARNIE ARTHUR LAID A TRAP --

I DON'T LIKE THIS! LOOKS LIKE AN AMBUSH, JILL! WE MUST GET OFF THIS ROAD!



YOU'RE RIGHT, SPLASH! HE'S FIRING!

-- SPLASH BRAKED HARD AND SKIDDED INTO A LANE --



SPLASH RACED DOWN THE NARROW LANE -- SKIDDING ON THE MUD.

WE'LL GET TO LIVERPOOL IF WE HAVE TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY ALL THE WAY!



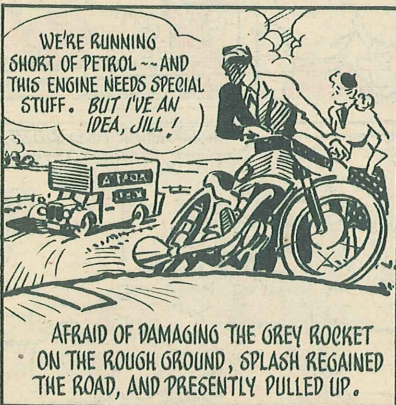
MIND MY STOCKINGS, SPLASH!



WHEN DUKE JORDON ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF THE AMBUSH

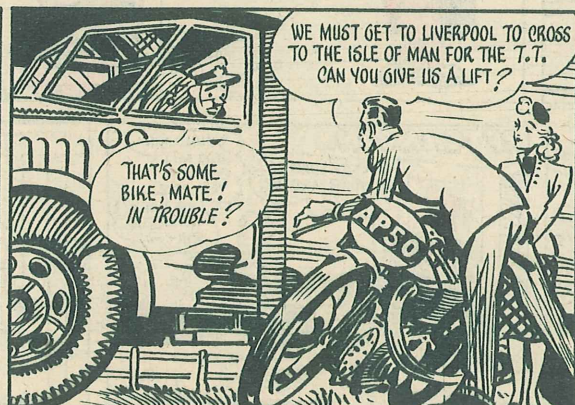
HE WAS TOO QUICK FOR ME, DUKE. HE'S BOUND TO GET BACK ON THE ROAD. HURRY, AND YOU'LL CATCH HIM!

SO YOU LET 'EM DODGE YOU ACROSS COUNTRY, EH?



WE'RE RUNNING SHORT OF PETROL -- AND THIS ENGINE NEEDS SPECIAL STUFF. BUT I'VE AN IDEA, JILL!

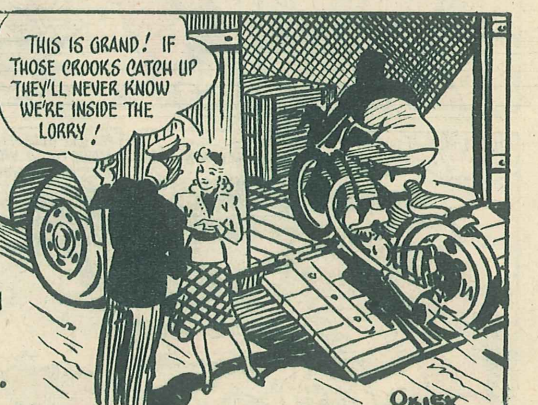
AFRAID OF DAMAGING THE GREY ROCKET ON THE ROUGH GROUND, SPLASH REGAINED THE ROAD, AND PRESENTLY PULLED UP.



THAT'S SOME BIKE, MATE! IN TROUBLE?

WE MUST GET TO LIVERPOOL TO CROSS TO THE ISLE OF MAN FOR THE T.T. CAN YOU GIVE US A LIFT?

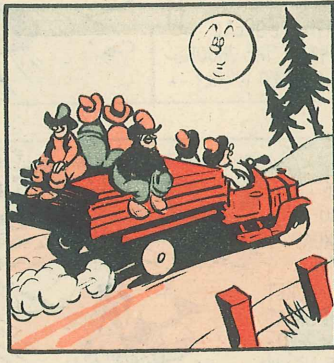
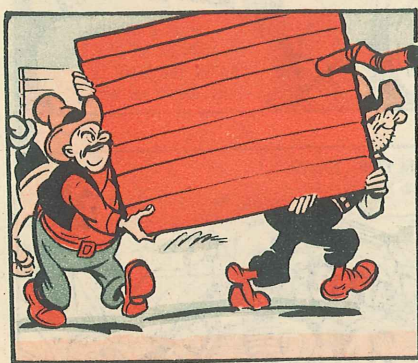
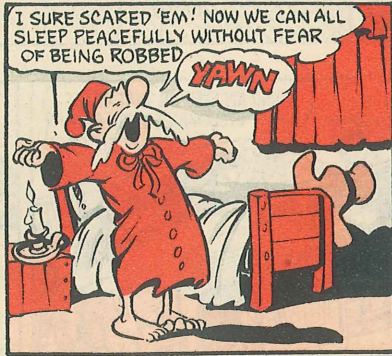
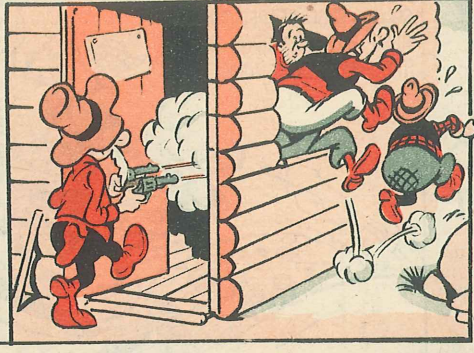
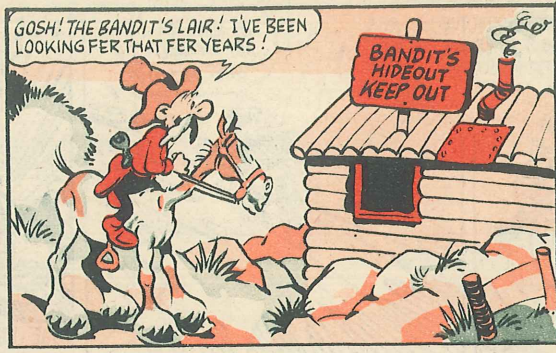
THE LORRY DRIVER WAS A MOTOR-CYCLING ENTHUSIAST, AND HIS LORRY WAS HALF EMPTY. HE AGREED TO HELP WHEN SPLASH TOLD HIM PART OF THEIR STORY.



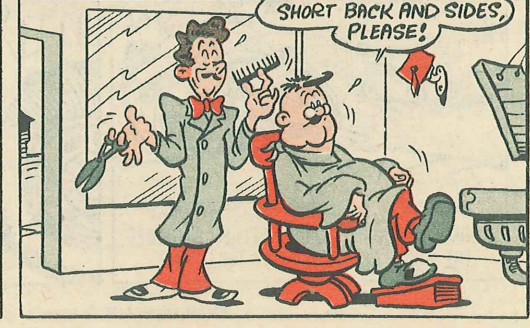
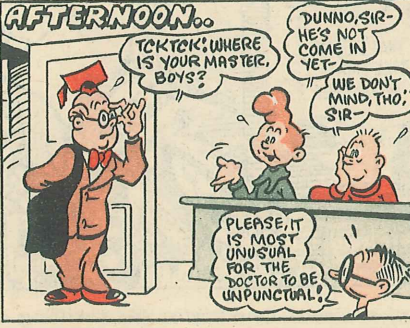
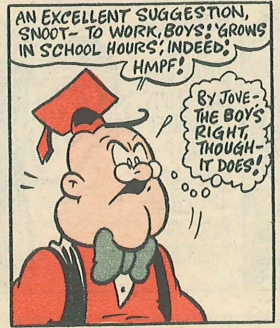
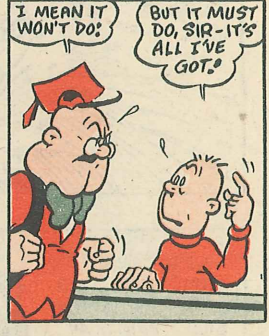
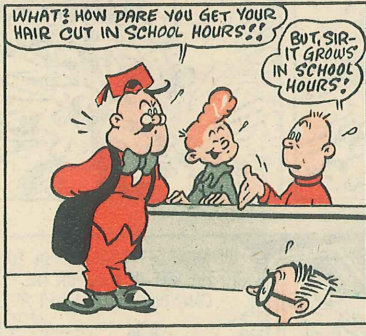
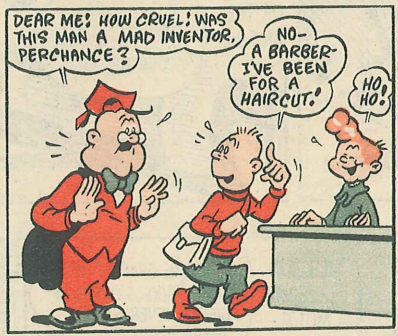
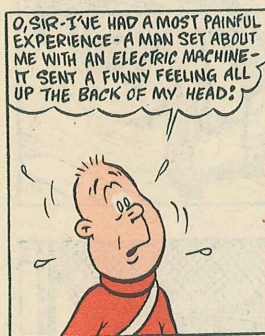
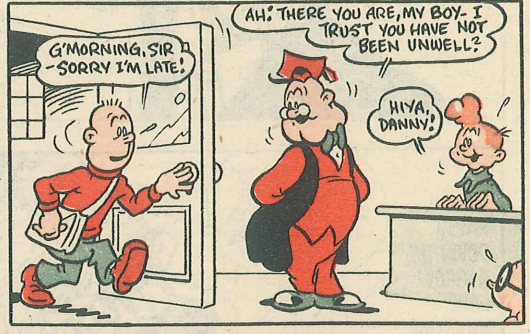
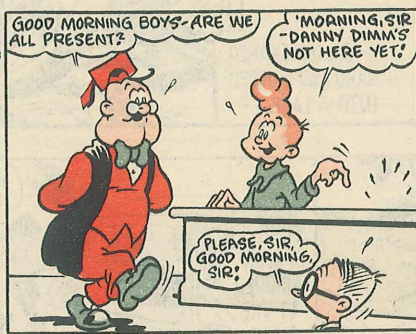
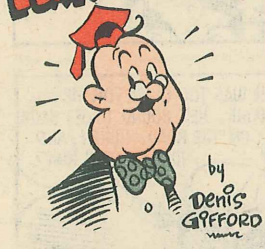
THIS IS GRAND! IF THOSE CROOKS CATCH UP THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WE'RE INSIDE THE LORRY!

SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF



DR. PENNYFEATHER



Buck JONES

In the SECRET of RED CANYON

PEG-LEG AND HIS BANDIT GANG, HAVE KIDNAPPED THE MEN OF ALKALI CITY TO WORK AS SLAVES IN RED CANYON. BUCK JONES ENTERS THE CANYON AND RELEASES THEM FROM THEIR CHAINS. THEY TAKE REFUGE IN A SHACK AND DEFY THE BANDITS, WITH ONLY BUCK'S TWO GUNS BETWEEN THEM.



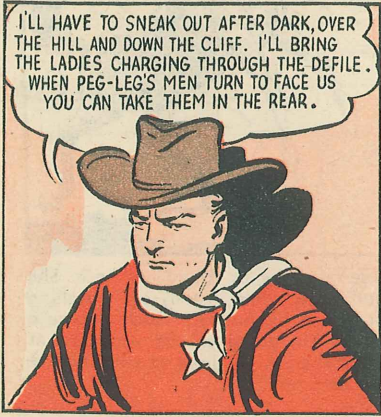
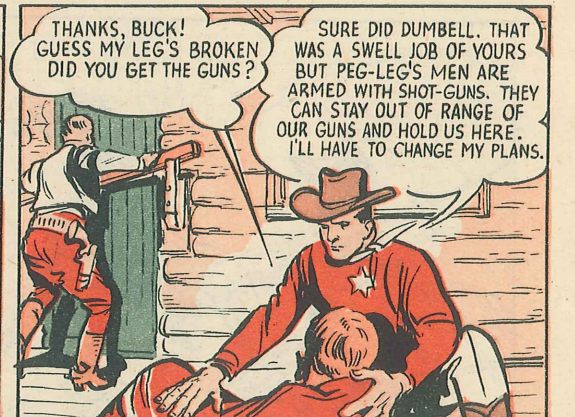
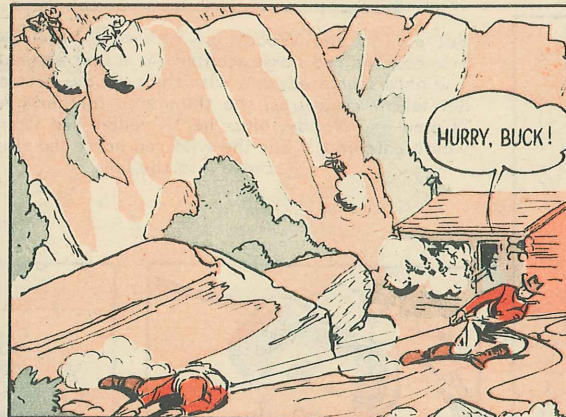
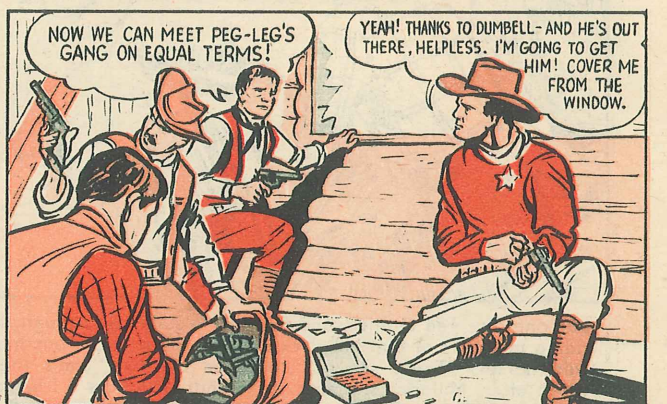
UP ON THE HILLSIDE, DUMBELL FINDS THE HIDDEN GUNS UNDER THE SQUARE ROCK.



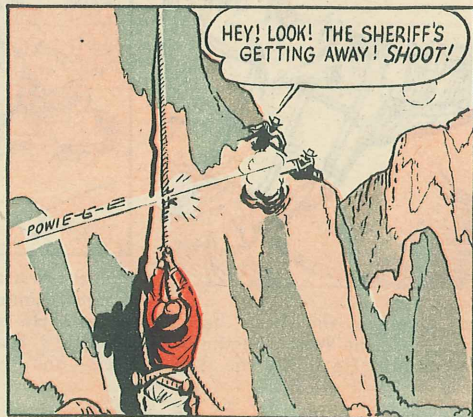
SO THE BELEAGUERED SLAVES GET THE GUNS.



DUMBELL FALLS DOWN THE CLIFF.



AFTER NIGHTFALL BUCK CREEPS AWAY OVER THE HILL AND DESCENDS THE CLIFF BY MEANS OF HIS ROPE. BUT THE BANDITS SPOT HIM

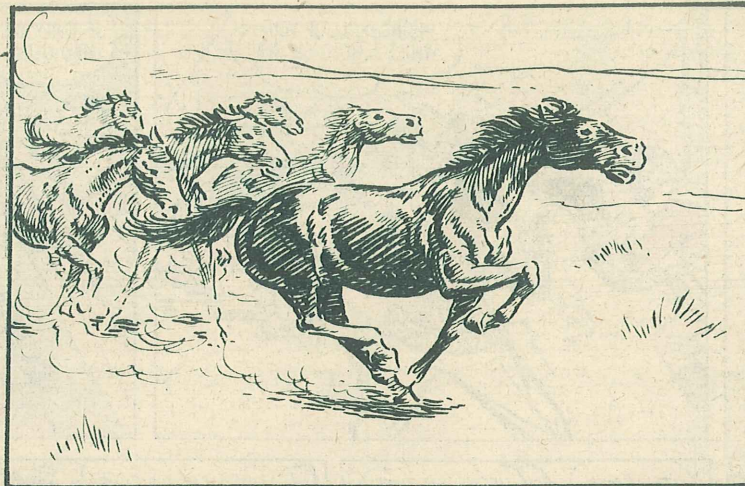
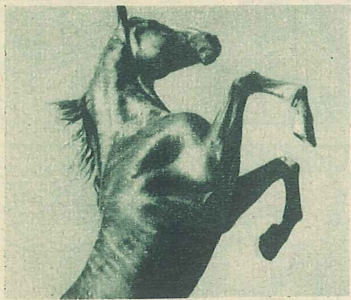


BUT THE ALL-WOMEN RESCUE PARTY FROM ALKALI CITY HAVE ALSO SEEN BUCK'S DESPERATE PLIGHT.

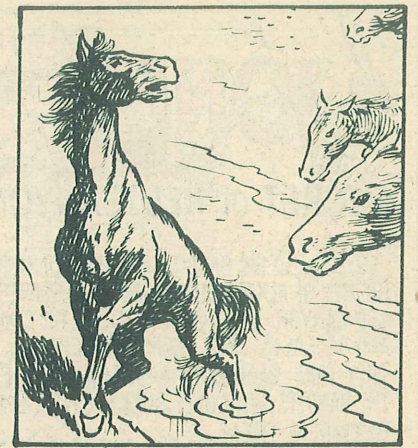


THE ADVENTURES OF GALLANT BESS THE WONDER HORSE

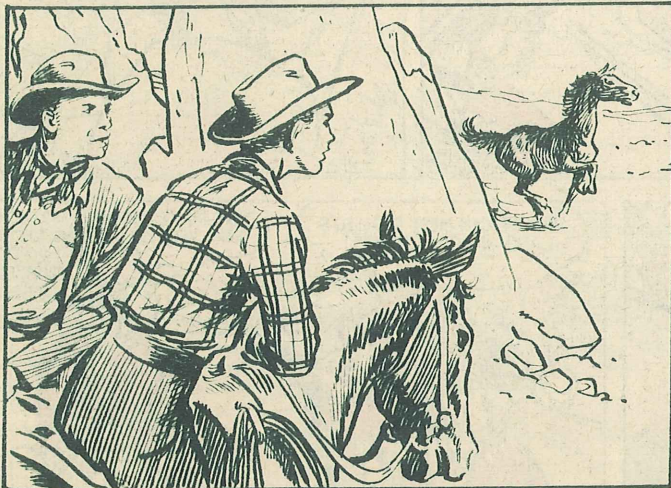
Based on the Eagle Lion Hollywood production,
distributed by Associated British Pathé, Ltd.



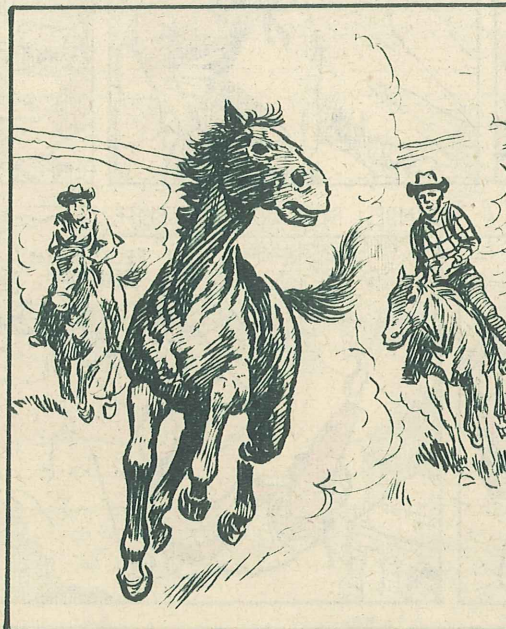
In the lonely foothills on the fringe of the ranchlands of the West, wild horses roamed in herds, untamed, as free as the wind. Full of spirit and magnificent to see in their thundering gallops, they feared nothing—except Man. Queen of the wild horse herds was a beautiful, mettlesome red horse. She had more courage and dash than the rest. Many men had tried to trap her, and failed.



Glorying in her speed and fitness, the red horse was always in the lead as the wild herds ran where they willed—through canyons, in the shadows of towering mesas and across sparkling rivers. She had evaded the cowboys who often came in bands, lariats swinging, guns banging, to the wild lands, seeking new horses to break—horses to ride, horses to sell to the ranches, the wild horses who became the mounts they rode as they herded cattle on the vast ranges.



But one day Ted Daniels and his pal, Woody, two tough, hard-riding members of Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show, were out hunting wild horses. "There she is," said Ted quietly. "She's the one we're after. Millerick's offered two hundred dollars if I bring her in. Come on, Woody—let's ride!"



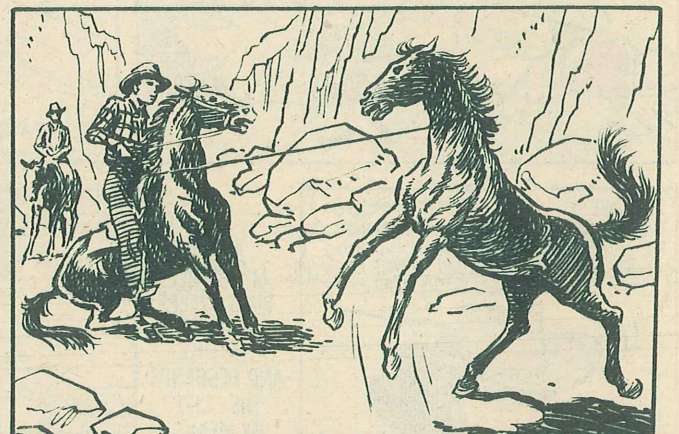
But there was no escape. Swinging his lariat, Ted Daniels galloped towards her. The gallant red horse had been cornered by Man at last. Her days of freedom were ended.

But as Ted and Woody gave chase on their well-trained broncos, the red horse scented them and fled like the wind. The herd scattered, and with the cowboys between her and her fellow creatures, she thundered further into the hills. "Come on, Woody, after her!" yelled Ted Daniels. "She's worth catching!" But the wild red horse led them a pretty chase into the hills.

The wild horse twisted and turned, trying to escape in the rough country, but always the two cowboys kept close behind her. At last she saw a way of escape as a narrow canyon entrance loomed before her. But the canyon was narrow, with steep walls, and the red horse had galloped into a trap. She galloped straight towards a fall of rock which baulked her. Snorting, she ran up and down, trying to find a way of escape.



Ted Daniels, the best horse wrangler in the West, rode in for the capture. He pitied the wild horse in her fear, but he knew that he must capture her. At the right moment, he hurled his lariat—and he never missed!

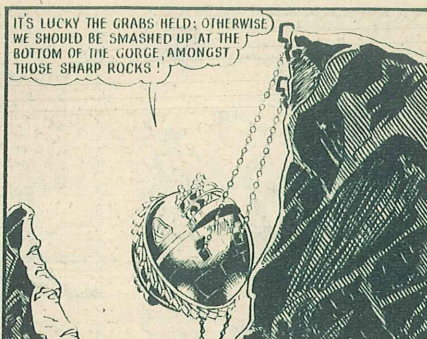


For the first time the wild horse felt a lariat round her neck. She fought, whinnying with fear and rage, while Woody sat watching quietly. He knew she was best left to his buddy. "Gosh, you're a beauty!" Ted exclaimed. "I guess I'm going to call you Gallant Bess—and I'm not aiming to let Millerick get hold of you! You're going to be mine!"

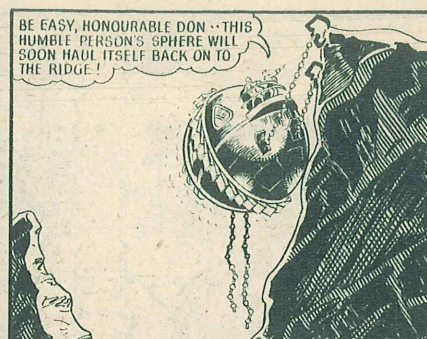
But that's going to land Ted in heaps of trouble. Don't miss his stirring adventure in next week's "COMET".

Don Deeds

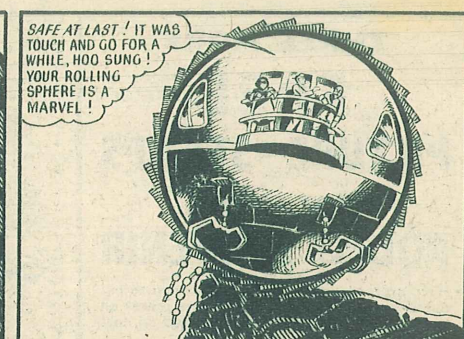
Don Deeds, Hoo Sung and Mai-Mai are on their way to Kwung Chu in the Rolling Sphere. When crossing a gorge by means of a rocky ridge, they are bombed by their enemies.



IT'S LUCKY THE GRABS HELD; OTHERWISE WE SHOULD BE SMASHED UP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE, AMONGST THOSE SHARP ROCKS!



BE EASY, HONOURABLE DON -- THIS HUMBLE PERSON'S SPHERE WILL SOON HAUL ITSELF BACK ON TO THE RIDGE!

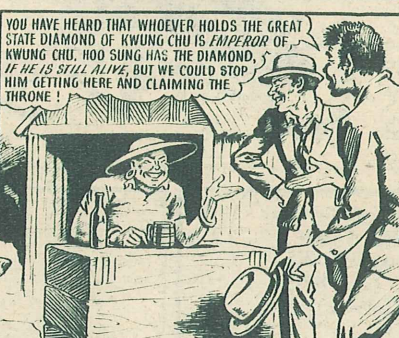


SAFE AT LAST! IT WAS TOUCH AND GO FOR A WHILE, HOO SUNG! YOUR ROLLING SPHERE IS A MARVEL!

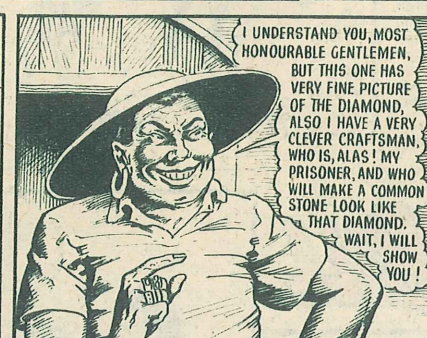


OUR ENEMIES THINK WE ARE STILL IN THE GORGE, BUT WE HAVE OUTWITTED THEM COMPLETELY!

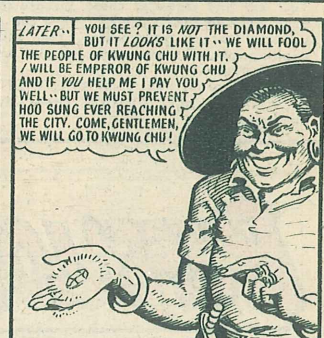
BUT THE CROOKS HAD OTHER IDEAS, AND VISITED AH LEE, THE BANDIT, AT HIS HEADQUARTERS IN THE LONELY DEPTHS OF THE MOUNTAINS...



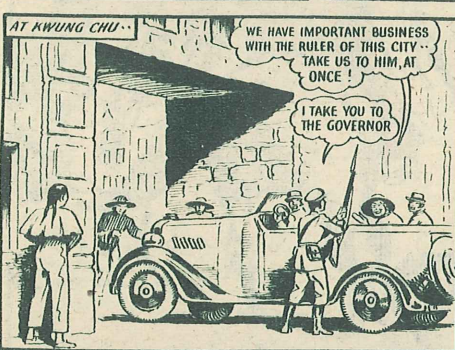
YOU HAVE HEARD THAT WHOEVER HOLDS THE GREAT STATE DIAMOND OF KWUNG CHU IS EMPEROR OF KWUNG CHU. HOO SUNG HAS THE DIAMOND, IF HE IS STILL ALIVE, BUT WE COULD STOP HIM GETTING HERE AND CLAIMING THE THRONE!



I UNDERSTAND YOU, MOST HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN, BUT THIS ONE HAS VERY FINE PICTURE OF THE DIAMOND, ALSO I HAVE A VERY CLEVER CRAFTSMAN, WHO IS, ALAS! MY PRISONER, AND WHO WILL MAKE A COMMON STONE LOOK LIKE THAT DIAMOND. WAIT, I WILL SHOW YOU!



LATER... YOU SEE? IT IS NOT THE DIAMOND, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT -- WE WILL FOOL THE PEOPLE OF KWUNG CHU WITH IT. IF YOU HELP ME I PAY YOU WELL -- BUT WE MUST PREVENT HOO SUNG EVER REACHING THE CITY. COME, GENTLEMEN, WE WILL GO TO KWUNG CHU!



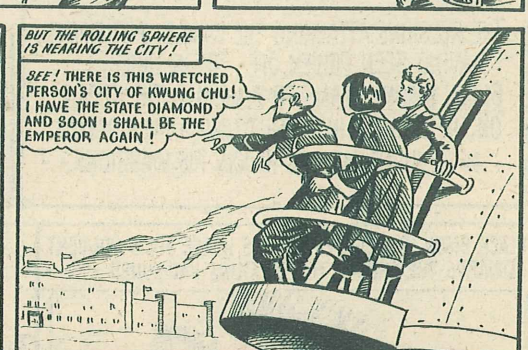
AT KWUNG CHU --

WE HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS WITH THE RULER OF THIS CITY -- TAKE US TO HIM, AT ONCE!

I TAKE YOU TO THE GOVERNOR



IT IS TRUE: THIS IS INDEED THE GREAT STATE DIAMOND OF KWUNG CHU, AND SO AH LEE MUST BE THE EMPEROR -- OUR EMPEROR!



BUT THE ROLLING SPHERE IS NEARING THE CITY!

SEE! THERE IS THIS WRETCHED PERSON'S CITY OF KWUNG CHU! I HAVE THE STATE DIAMOND AND SOON I SHALL BE THE EMPEROR AGAIN!

WILL THE CROOKS STOP HOO SUNG ENTERING KWUNG CHU? DON'T MISS THIS EXCITING ADVENTURE IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET".

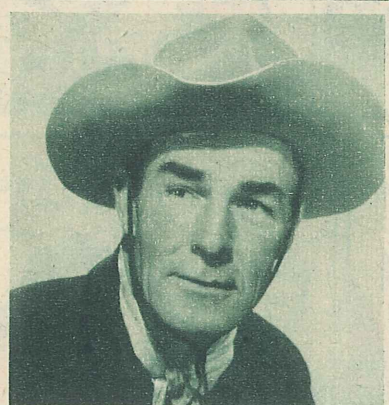
★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



70. DENNIS MORGAN (Warner's)



71. VIRGINIA MAYO (R.K.O. Radio)



72. RANDOLPH SCOTT (Columbia)



73. JUNE ALLYSON (M.G.M.)

SAMMY SHUTEYE AND THE BEST SLICE



GET THAT LORRY LOADED. I'M OFF FOR A SNACK.

THESE BAGS ARE SOFT. I'LL HAVE A NAP.

TO GOLF COURSE



EVERY TIME I HIT THE BALL, I SLICE IT!

SLICE! GIVE ME A SLICE OF MARS! I'D PICK UP PYTHON'S FOR A MARS.



ONE SACK A SECOND! HOW'S THAT FOR SPEED?

NIFTY WORK, MY LAD. HERE'S AN EXTRA TEN BOB.



ALL THE BEST GOLFERS SLICE A MARS.

CAKCLING CADDIES! AREN'T MARS MARVELLOUS!

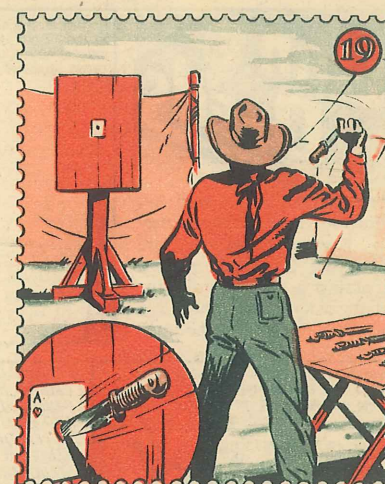
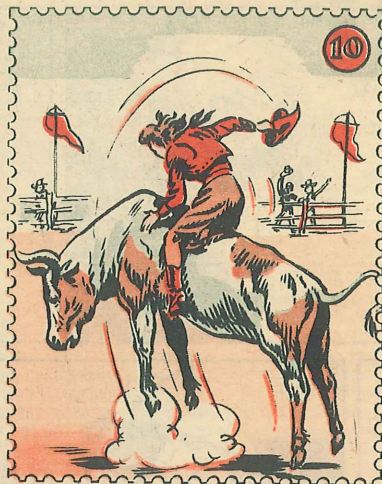


MARS ARE MARVELLOUS -- AND BIG!

Mars are such big bars • Mars have such a marvellous taste • Mars are such fine value -- get yours today!

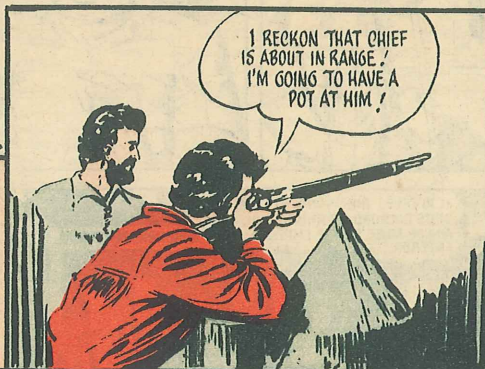
**THREE MORE
FREE
PICTURE - STAMPS
for your
RODEO SOUVENIR**

Here are three picture-stamps for you to cut out and paste neatly in their right spaces on the **RODEO SOUVENIR**, presented in last week's "COMET."
You will find three of these picture-stamps each week in the "COMET" until the grand pictorial record is complete. You will find explanations of these scenes on the back of your Souvenir.
Be sure to order next week's "COMET" now or you may miss some of these stirring picture-stamps.



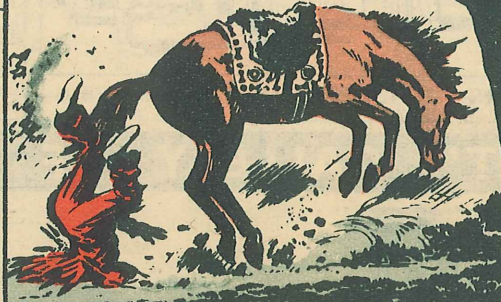
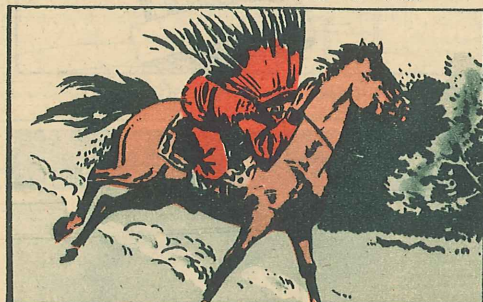
BUFFALO BILL

THE REDSKINS ATTACKING THE WRIGLEY SETTLEMENT HAVING BEEN DRIVEN OFF, THEIR CHIEF, BLACK BISON, PLANS TO DYNAMITE THE ROCKS ON THE HILL-SIDE IN ORDER TO CRUSH THE BLOCKADE. AS HE RIDES BACK TO REJOIN HIS WARRIORS ~ ~



BLACK BISON IS WOUNDED AND HIS HORSE BOLTS STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE GROUND THE REDSKINS HAD MINED ~ ~ ~

WHERE THE WOUNDED CHIEF FALLS FROM THE SADDLE.

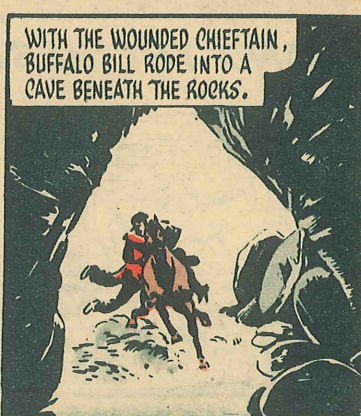
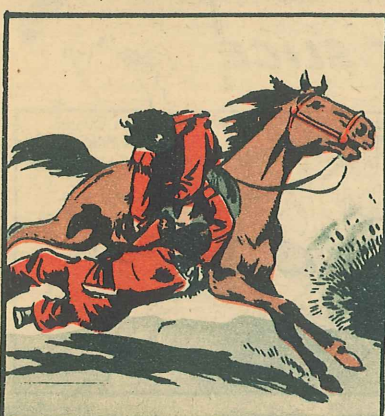


THE REDSKINS DARED NOT GO TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR CHIEF FOR FEAR OF THEIR LIVES.

BLACK BISON, FULLY AWARE OF HIS PLIGHT, STARED IN HORROR AT THE ROCKS WHICH WOULD SOON FALL AND CRUSH HIM!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, BUFFALO BILL RODE FULL SPEED FROM THE STOCKADE.



WITH THE WOUNDED CHIEFTAIN, BUFFALO BILL RODE INTO A CAVE BENEATH THE ROCKS.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLODED WITH A ROARING CRASH, AND ROCKS CASCADED DOWN THE SIDE OF THE HILL.

THE INDIANS FELT SUPP THAT THEIR CHIEF HAD BEEN KILLED.

BLACK BISON IS DEAD! NOW I -- GREY SNAKE -- AM THE CHIEF OF THE PIUTES!

MORE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"! DON'T FORGET THAT THE "COMET" NOW APPEARS WEEKLY!