

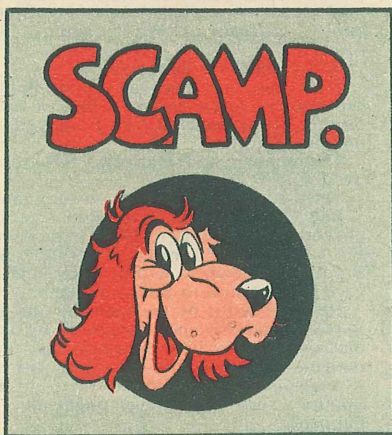


No. 99
(New Series)
June 10th, 1950

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2¢

EVERY THURSDAY

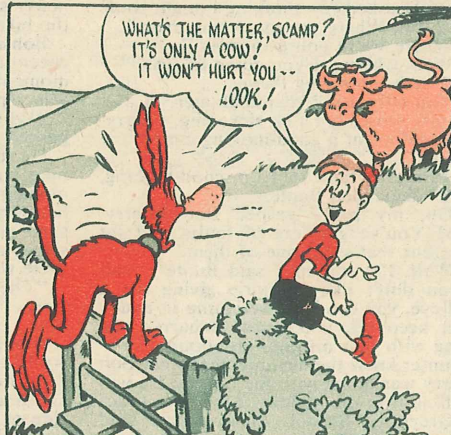


Scamp and his master's sunny son,
Are quite a pair for having fun.



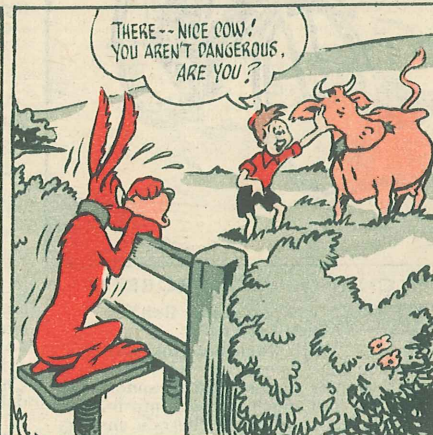
IT'S NICE GOING FOR A STROLL IN THE COUNTRY, ISN'T IT, SCAMP?

One day young Willy took our Scamp,
Out in the country for a tramp.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SCAMP? IT'S ONLY A COW! IT WON'T HURT YOU -- LOOK!

But in a field they saw a cow,
And Scamp let out a startled "WOW!"



THERE -- NICE COW! YOU AREN'T DANGEROUS, ARE YOU?

Now cows are gentle creatures, and
Young Willy stroked it with his hand.



COME ON, SCAMP -- OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR TEA!

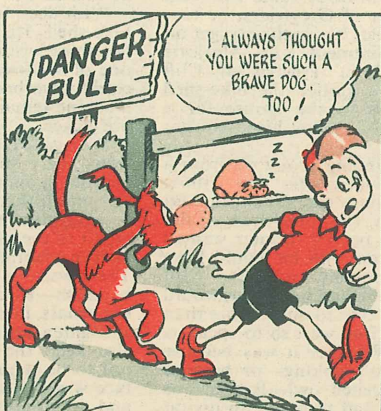
The horns our Scamp didn't like --
They looked like handlebars of bike!



I'M ASHAMED OF YOU SCAMP! FANCY A BIG DOG LIKE YOU BEING FRIGHTENED OF A HARMLESS COW!

HURT PRIDE

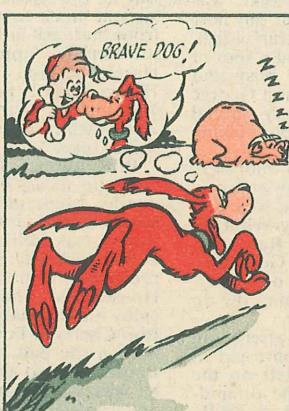
Then Willy told the pup that he
Ashamed of being scared should be!



DANGER BULL

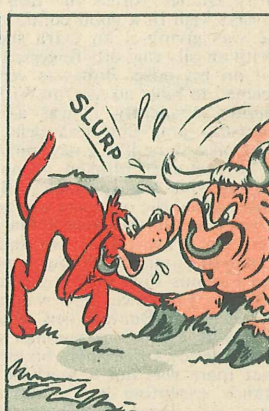
I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH A BRAVE DOG, TOO!

Now this to Scamp the notion gave
Of showing Willy he was brave.

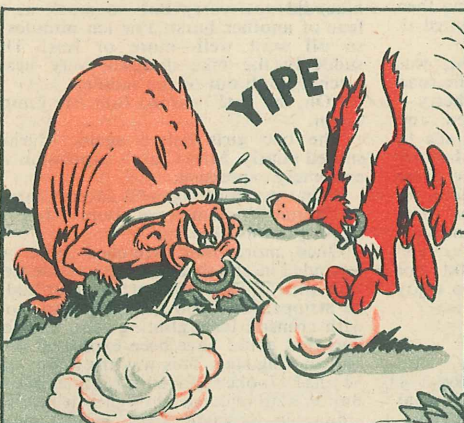


BRAVE DOG!

He gave another cow a wash --
But this "cow" was a bull, by gosh!

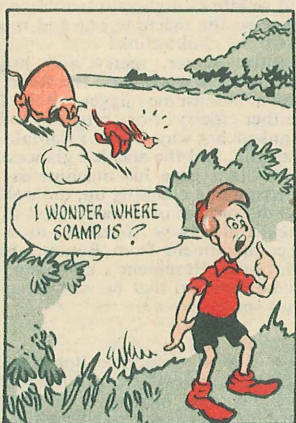


SLURP



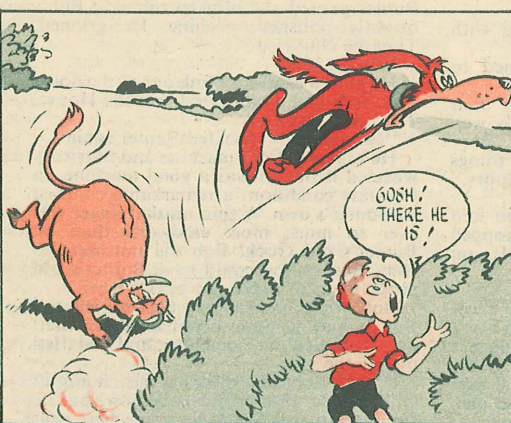
YIPE

A sudden savage, startling snort
Quite soon the pup his error taught!



I WONDER WHERE SCAMP IS?

Meanwhile young Willy scanned around,
For Scamp was nowhere to be found!



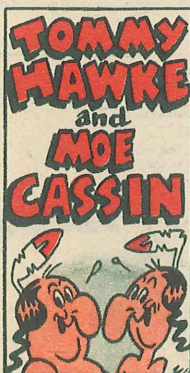
GOSH! THERE HE IS!

Then Scamp got butted, fair and square,
And shot up swiftly through the air!



OH, DEAR! I'M SORRY, SCAMP! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT ALTHOUGH COWS ARE HARMLESS -- BULLS ARE VERY DANGEROUS!

So Scamp knows the diff'rence now,
'Twixt Mister Bull and Mistress Cow!



WHAT THIS TRIBE NEEDS IS NEW WARCRIES-ONE TO STRIKE TERROR IN HEARTS OF PALEFACES!

WARCRIES SCARE NOBODY NOW, NOT EVEN US!

WARCRIES OLD-FASHIONED, CHIEFY!



WOW! HARK! WHAT A BLOOD-CURDLING NOISE! ME SCARED-SCRAM QUICK!

ME TOO!



PALEFACE KIDS!

WAH! ME BIG CHIEF CHOPPERBLOCK!

DEAN GAYFORD



BUNTER BORROWS A BIKE!

A Smashing New Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY!

WHEN are you going, Bob?"

"When I start."

"Well, when are you starting?"

"When I go."

Billy Bunter gave a snort of annoyance. There was not much definite information to be derived from Bob Cherry's answers to his queries.

They were in the Greyfriars bike-shed. Bob was attending to his "jigger," when Billy Bunter rolled in. Bob's bike was always kept in a good condition; but now he was giving it an extra special polish. With an oily rag, oily fingers, and a spot of oil on his nose, Bob was very busy and seemed to have no use for William George Bunter. Evidently, it was a very special occasion, and Bob was bent on making that bike shine like a new pin.

Billy Bunter blinked at him morosely through his big spectacles. Bunter knew how special the occasion was and why Bob Cherry had let his chums, Harry Wharton and Co., ride off to see the Ramblers' match at Lantham without him. Generally, the Famous Five were together on a half-holiday. For once, Bob was going off on his own, and Bunter knew why.

It was a glorious summer's afternoon. Other fellows had their bikes out, and in fact there was not a machine left on the stands, excepting Bob's, and the dilapidated old jigger that belonged to Billy Bunter.

"I say, Bob, old chap—"

"Don't bother," said Bob over his shoulder.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm coming with you, old chap."

"Are you?" said Bob. He seemed to doubt it.

"Yes, old fellow! I've mended that puncture in my bike specially. I jolly well know where you're going, see?"

"I suppose you'll always know things so long as they make keyholes to doors," remarked Bob.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said to Wharton in the study, when I stopped to tie my shoelace in the passage. If you think I'd listen—"

"Oh, scat!"

"I just happened to hear you by sheer chance, when I was picking up a pin—"

"As well as tying up your shoelace?" snorted Bob.

"I mean tying up my shoelace. I just happened to stop outside the study to pick up a shoelace—I mean to tie up a pin—I mean—"

"Never mind what you mean! Roll away and don't bother."

"So I jolly well know that you're going for a spin with Marjorie and Clara from

Cliff House," went on Bunter. "They'd like me to come, you know that. I expect they only asked you thinking I might come along too. Where are you seeing them?"

"Where we're going to meet."

"Well, where are you going to meet?"

"Where I'm seeing them."

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "Can't you talk sense? It's a bit sickening, Cherry, to be jealous of a good-looking chap."

"Eh?"

"Tain't my fault that I'm good-looking, is it?" demanded Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"No! You've got lots of faults, old fat man, but that's not one of them."

"Well, I'm coming," said Bunter, "and if you don't like Marjorie giving me a glad eye, you can jolly well lump it, and—here, keep off, you beast! Wharrer you doing with that oil-rag—groooooogh!"

Bunter knew the next moment what Bob Cherry was doing with the oil-rag. He was dabbing it in the middle of the fattest face at Greyfriars School. There was a wild splutter from Bunter as he backed out of the bike-shed.

Bob Cherry resumed polishing his bike. But as the chimes of three came from the ancient clock tower of Greyfriars, he rose from that task at last. It was time to get off to keep his appointment with Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn of Cliff House School. Bob quitted the bike-shed and hurried across to the House for a wash—which he needed after his attentions to the bike.

Billy Bunter—rubbing grimy oil from a fat little nose—blinked after him with a wrathful blink as he went. Then the fat junior rolled into the bike-shed again. Bunter was feeling peeved. Bunter wanted a spin that afternoon and he would have preferred it in company with the Cliff House girls—who, he had no doubt, would enjoy his company ever so much more than Bob Cherry's. But Bob was, so to speak, a lion in the path. Whether it was because Bunter was so good-looking—or because he was a fat, conceited owl—Bunter was not wanted. So he had to make up his fat mind to take a spin on his own.

But just as he was about to lift his dilapidated old jigger from its stand, Bunter paused and blinked round at Bob's brightly polished machine. He grinned. Then he chuckled.

"He, he, he!"

He gave a cautious blink out of the doorway. Bob had disappeared into the House. The coast was clear.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter again.

He grasped Bob's machine and hurriedly wheeled it out. It was a good machine, in first-rate condition: a remarkable contrast to Bunter's own. A spin on that jigger was ever so much more enjoyable than on Bunter's old crock. Bob did not seem to want Bunter—he could have Bunter's old crock instead. Serve the beast right!

Bob's machine was very high for Bunter. But he had no time to bother about that; he scrambled on somehow, and pedalled out at the gate.

Where Bob was meeting the chums of Cliff House, Bunter did not know, but he supposed that it would be somewhere near Cliff House School. So he sagely set off in a quite different direction, heading for Redclyffe. He did not want to risk falling in with Bob—while he was riding Bob's bike! With a cheery grin on his fat face,

Billy Bunter pedalled away, and he had disappeared into space before Bob Cherry, newly swept and garnished, came back to the bike-shed for his machine.

Bob's ruddy face was very bright and cheery as he went in for his bike. The next moment that bright and cheery expression was wiped away as if by a duster.

"Why—what—who—how—!" gasped Bob.

He stared blankly at the stand where his bike had been. It was gone! For a long moment he stared, then as he realised what had happened he bounded out of the bike-shed and rushed down to the gate. He stared along the road—up and down. But there was no sign of Bunter.

"The—the—the fat villain!" gasped Bob. "I—I—I—I'll—" Words failed him.

Bunter was gone! The bike was gone! And Bob had ten minutes left in which to keep his appointment with Marjorie and Clara at the stile in Friardale Lane, for a ride to Redclyffe and tea at the Pagoda there. Had Bunter been in sight Bob might have run him down. But Bunter was out of sight and there was no clue to the direction he had taken.

With deep feelings, Bob returned to the bike-shed. He had spent a laborious hour polishing up his jigger—for Bunter! Had one of his friends' bikes been available he could have borrowed it. But only a single machine remained—and that was Bunter's old jigger.

Bob gazed at it. It was woefully neglected, very dilapidated, and could not stir without a more or less musical clinking. A spin on that old crock was not likely to be enjoyable. Neither, on its looks, was it a credit to the rider. But it was a case of any port in a storm—Bunter's bike or nothing! There was not even time to give it a spot of a polish—to clean off the mud caked in the pedals, to put a bent mudguard straight, to tighten up nuts; Bob had to get off or else keep the ladies waiting, which was not to be thought of. Bob Cherry's ruddy face was almost invariably good-tempered and good-natured—but it had an expression like that of the fabled basilisk as he took a clinking old crock down from the stand. He paused only to put up the shabby old saddle as high as it would go and then wheeled the machine out and mounted it.

Clink! clink! clink!

Billy Bunter, merry and bright, was sailing merrily away on the Redclyffe road on a handsome jigger. Bob Cherry—neither merry nor bright—clinked and clanked his way down Friardale Lane to the stile, and the startled glances Marjorie and Clara gave his machine as he came clinking and clanking up, did not diminish his discomfort in the very least. And when they rode away together, to a musical accompaniment from Bunter's bike, even Marjorie Hazeldene's company did not make Bob feel that he was going to enjoy that spin!

POP!

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

It was the rear tyre of Bunter's bike.

Bunter had mended a puncture in that tyre: perhaps not very efficiently. Anyhow, it had gone again.

Bob slowed down as the bike dragged on a flat tyre. Marjorie Hazeldene, with sympathetic concern, stopped. Miss Clara dashed on, but came circling back, with a

slightly sarcastic and derisive expression on her face.

They had ridden by leafy lanes and short cuts, across to the Redclyffe road, and turned into the highroad, when that sudden "pop" happened. Bob, breathing hard, got off Bunter's bike. Clanking and clanking had not been exactly grateful or comforting, but at least he had been able to push along so far. Now, he could push along no further till he had mended a puncture. He drew the bike to the roadside, and Marjorie and Clara dismounted.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry," stammered Bob. "It's too rotten! I'm spoiling the spin for you."

"Not a bit of it," said Marjorie cheerily. "Fine view from here," said Miss Clara, faintly sarcastic. "We'll admire the scenery."

Bob's face was like a beetroot. "You—you see, that fat villain Bunter snooped my jigger and I—I had to come on this," he stammered. "I—I say, you cut on and I'll follow—"

"Nonsense," said Marjorie. "Of course we'll wait, Bob."

"Pleased," said Miss Clara with a yawn. Bob Cherry would have given a term's pocket-money at that moment to have had Billy Bunter within reach of his foot. But Bunter was nowhere within reach, and he gave his attention to Bunter's bike.

He up-ended it by the roadside and got to work. Marjorie and Clara stood by their machines and waited: Marjorie kind and patient, her more volatile friend with an expression which indicated that, in her opinion, such happenings ought not to happen!

Bob Cherry was a very handy man with a bike. He could mend a puncture in record time. But that well-worn tyre on Bunter's bike would have defied the handiest of handymen. It had been punctured and patched so often that it had rather an aspect of patchwork. It was not merely a puncture, but a bad split that Bob had to repair, and by the time he had done it another old puncture burst, and he had his work to do over again.

It was twenty minutes before Bob, crimson, with spots of perspiration on his brow, turned that bike into a going concern again. As he heaved it out into the road, Miss Clara glanced at her wrist watch rather pointedly.

"All right now, Bob?" asked Marjorie.

"I—I think so," said poor Bob, "but it's such a dashed old crock—I—I hope it's going all right now." He did not feel very sure of it.

"Come on then," said Marjorie. "Lots of time to get to the Pagoda—we're not in a hurry for tea."

"Not at all," said Miss Clara with another yawn.

They remounted and rode on. Clink! clink! clink! The musical effects of Bunter's bike did not worry Bob so much as the fear of another burst. For ten minutes or so all went well—more or less! Then suddenly the bike dragged, very nearly pitching Bob out of the saddle.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. He jumped down.

The two girls halted again. Marjorie smiled faintly, Miss Clara's expression was extremely expressive.

"That puncture again?" asked Clara.

"Nunno!" stammered Bob. "It's the front tyre this time!"

Once more that wretched bike was up-ended in the shade of the wayside trees. This time it was the front tyre that had to be stripped off. Bob Cherry set to work, with crimson face, glinting eyes, and feelings that could have been expressed in no known language. This was the happy spin he had looked forward to—doctoring Bunter's dilapidated old jigger at intervals along the Redclyffe road, with a cheery prospect of more and more doctorings to come!

"I—I say, you'd better push on," said Bob. "I daresay I'll catch you up before

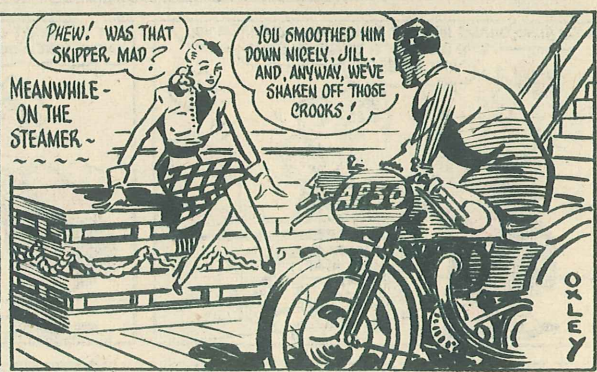
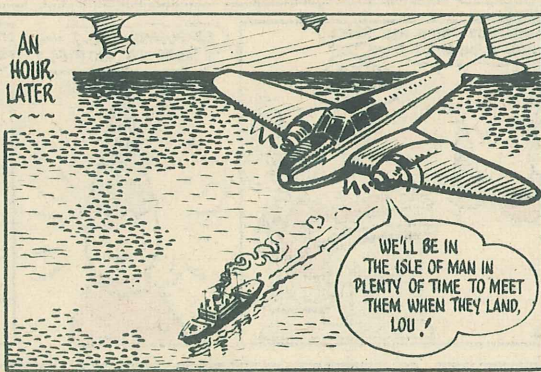
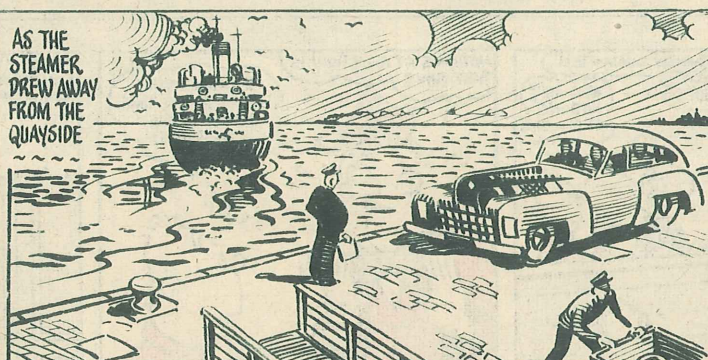
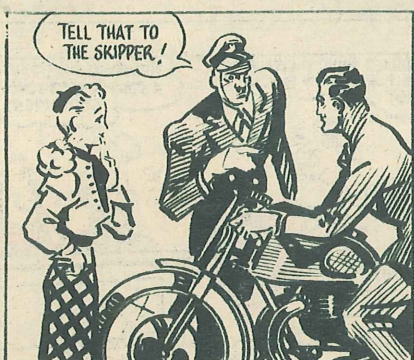
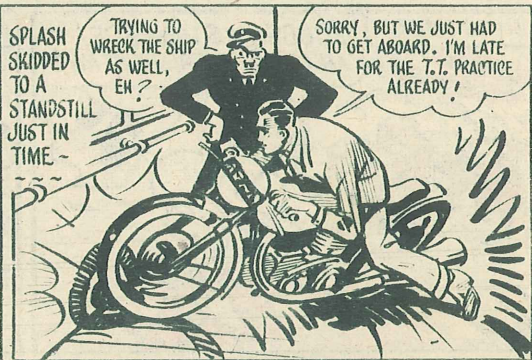
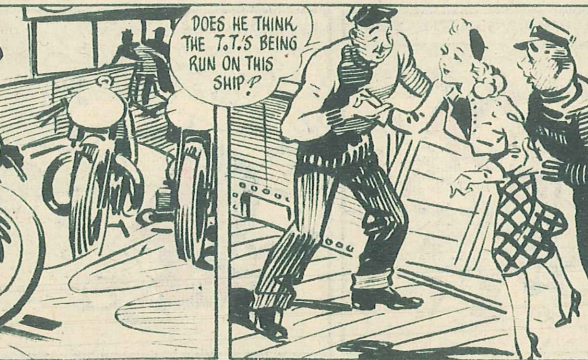
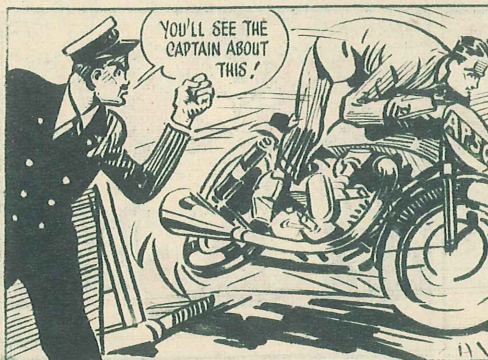
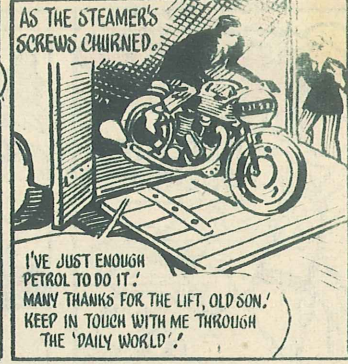
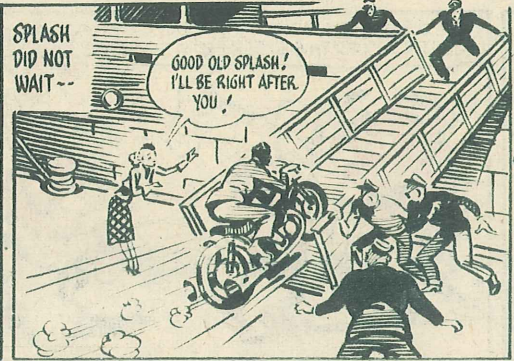
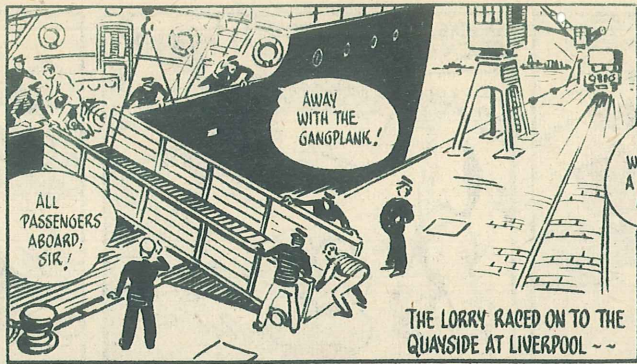
(Continued on page 7)

CHUCKLE CORNER



SPLASH PAGE AND THE GREY ROCKET REPORTER

Tony Marsh, owner-rider of the Grey Rocket motor-bike, is in hospital because Lou Millan wants to stop him riding in the T.T. race. Splash Page takes his place and, with his assistant, Jill Brent, puts the bike in a lorry and heads for Liverpool with the crooks in hot pursuit.

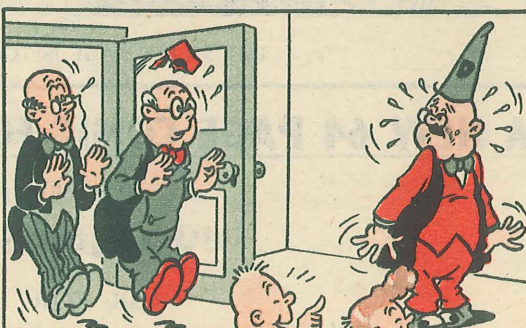
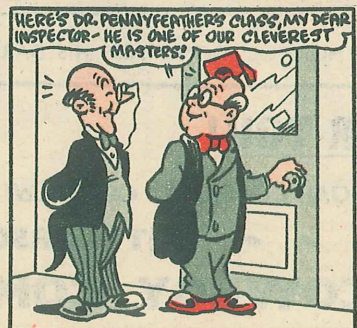
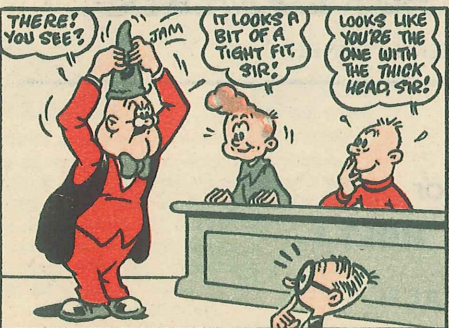
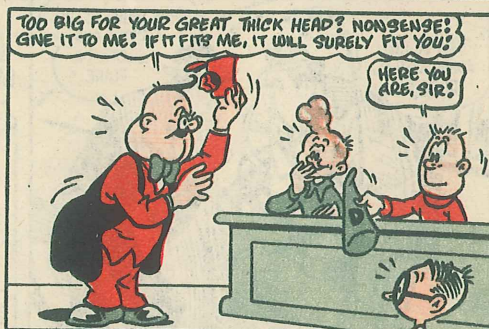
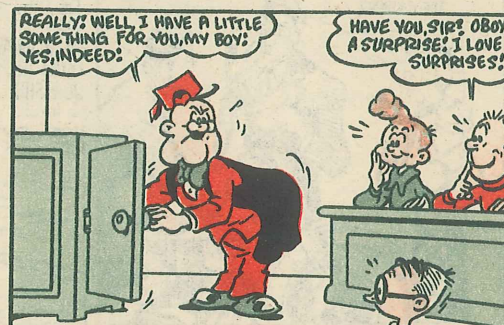
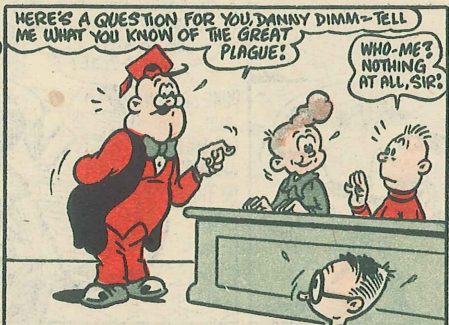
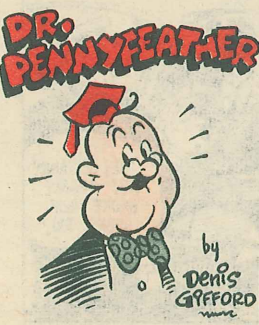
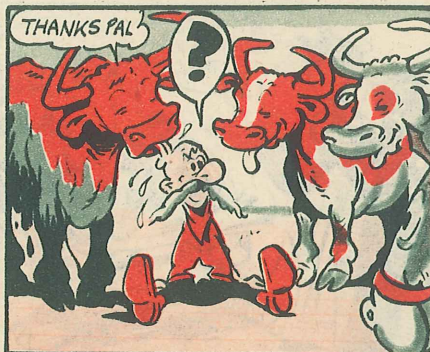
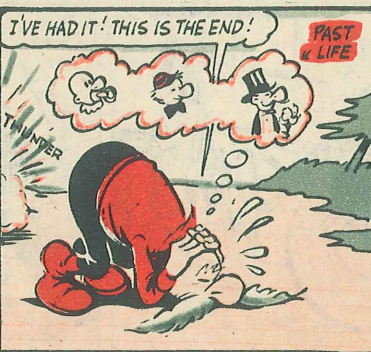
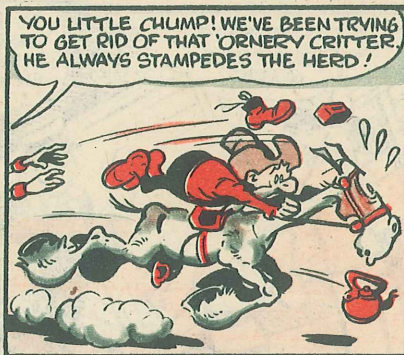
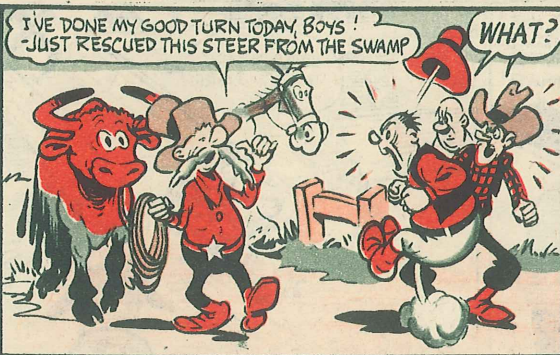
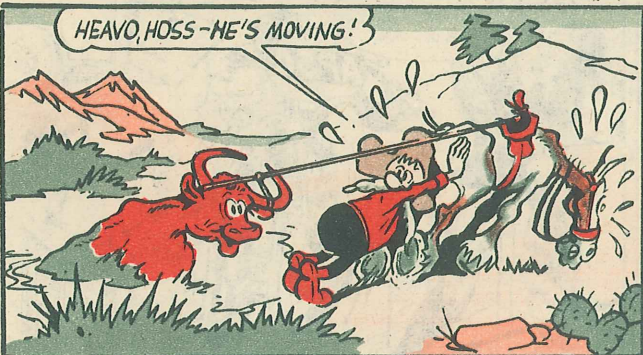
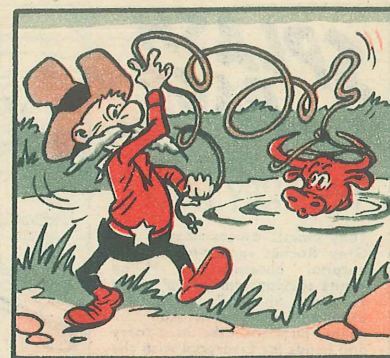
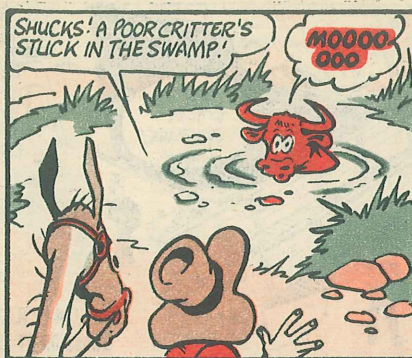
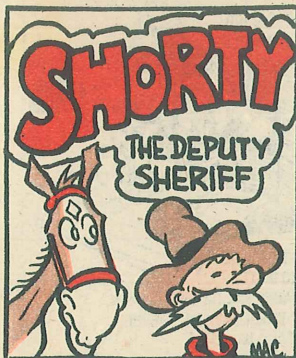


BUT SPLASH PAGE IS TOO HOPEFUL! DON'T MISS HIS DARING EXPLOITS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

A NEW 64 PAGE COMIC FOR YOU!

PACKED FROM COVER TO COVER WITH PICTURE STORIES OF
BUCK JONES — **KIT CARSON** — **TIM HOLT!**

ASK FOR **COWBOY COMICS** PRICE 7d. EACH



BUCK JONES

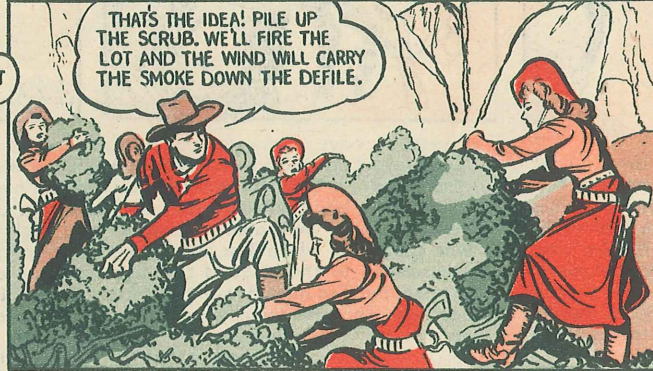
in the
SECRET OF RED CANYON

HAVING TAKEN ARMS TO THE MEN OF ALKALI CITY KIDNAPPED BY THE BANDITS IN RED CANYON, BUCK JONES CLIMBS OVER THE HILL AND DOWN THE CLIFF TO FETCH HIS POSSE OF WOMEN TO HELP IN THEIR RESCUE. BUT A BANDIT'S BULLET SEVERS HIS ROPE.

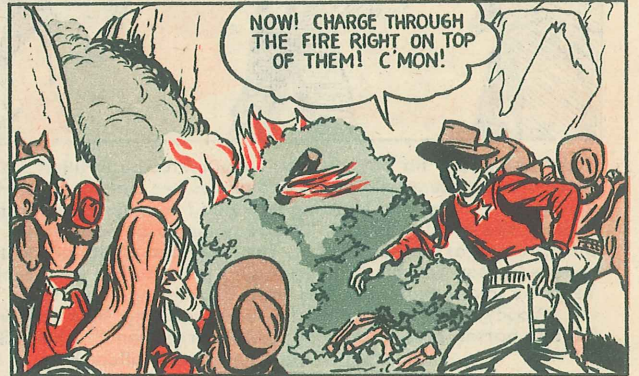


BUCK FINDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON WELL GUARDED

HECK! THEY'VE TUMBLED TO US ALL RIGHT. BUT MEBBE WE'LL FOOL THEM.



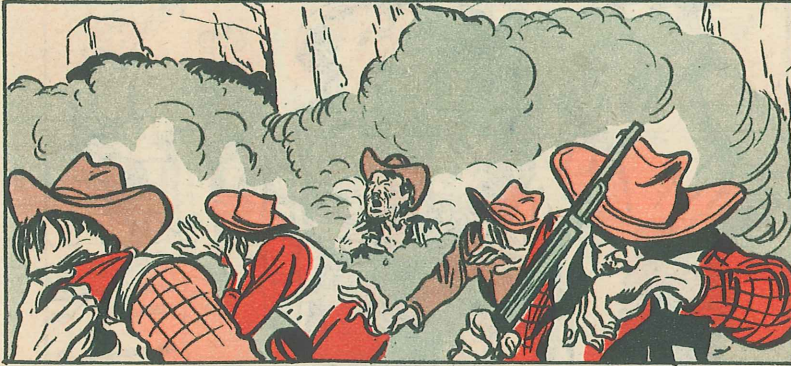
THAT'S THE IDEA! PILE UP THE SCRUB. WE'LL FIRE THE LOT AND THE WIND WILL CARRY THE SMOKE DOWN THE DEFILE.



NOW! CHARGE THROUGH THE FIRE RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM! C'MON!

THE BANDITS WERE SMOKED OUT OF THE DEFILE. . .

AND BUCK CAME CHARGING THROUGH THE FIRE WITH HIS POSSE.



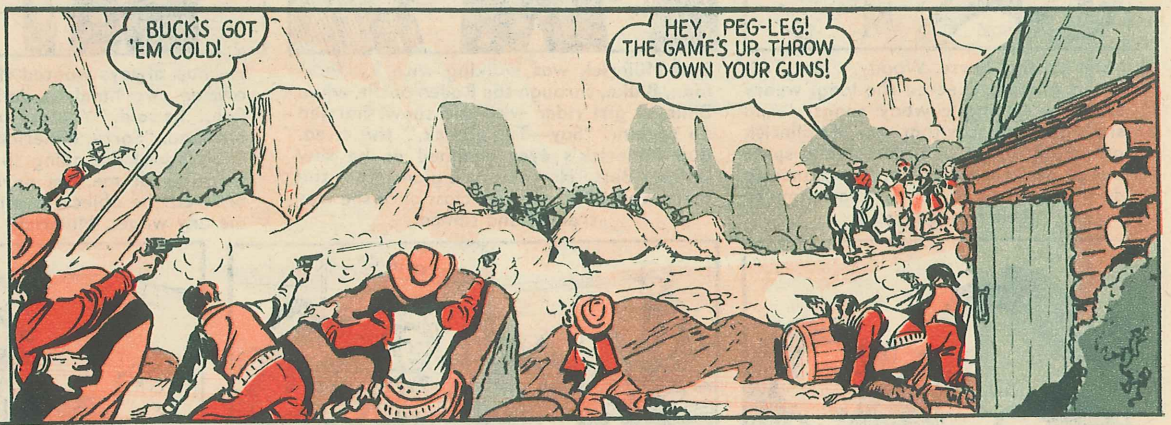
YIPPEE! WE'RE THROUGH!

MEANWHILE THE ALKALI MEN BESIEGED IN THE SHACK REALISE THINGS ARE HAPPENING. . .



PEG-LEG'S CROWD HAVE STOPPED SHOOTIN' AND WHAT'S THAT SHOUTING?

GEE! IT'S BUCK! WITH A POSSE! OUTSIDE, BOYS, AND GET THOSE PESKY BANDITS!



BUCK'S GOT 'EM COLD!

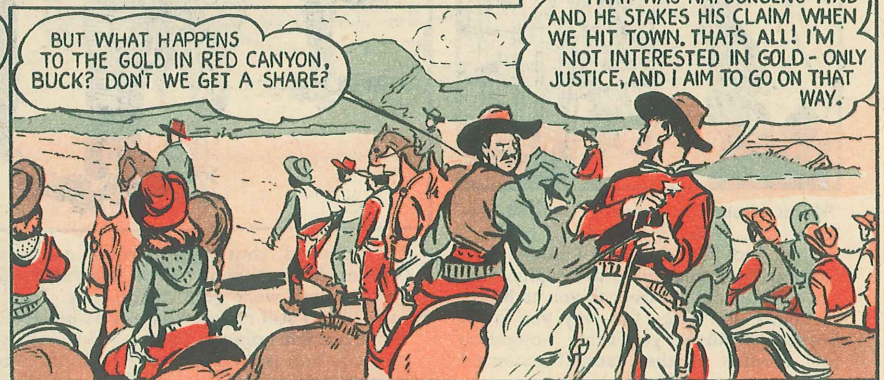
HEY, PEG-LEG! THE GAME'S UP. THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS!

THE SURRENDER.



YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST GUY TO GET THE SLAVE-DRIVING NOTION, PEG-LEG, BUT IT NEVER DID PAY, IN THE LONG RUN. YOU'RE FINISHED!

AND SO THE MEN OF ALKALI CITY RETURN HOME.



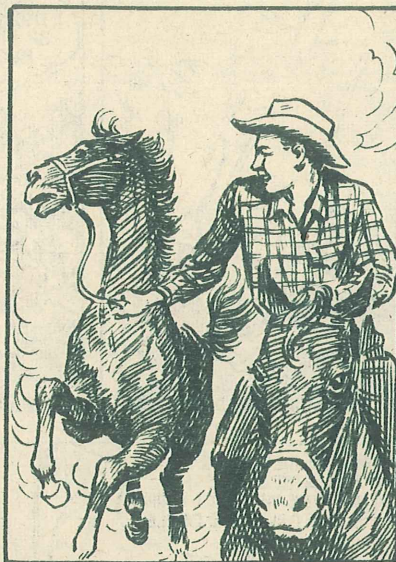
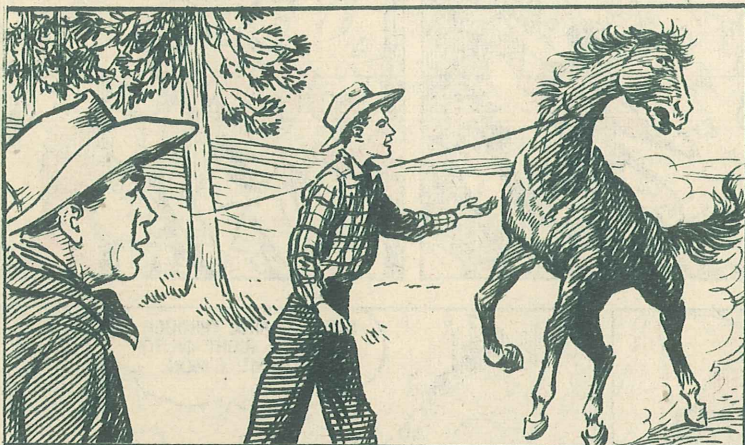
BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GOLD IN RED CANYON, BUCK? DON'T WE GET A SHARE?

THAT WAS NAT JORGEN'S FIND AND HE STAKES HIS CLAIM, WHEN WE HIT TOWN, THAT'S ALL! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN GOLD - ONLY JUSTICE, AND I AIM TO GO ON THAT WAY.

The Adventures of
GALLANT BESS

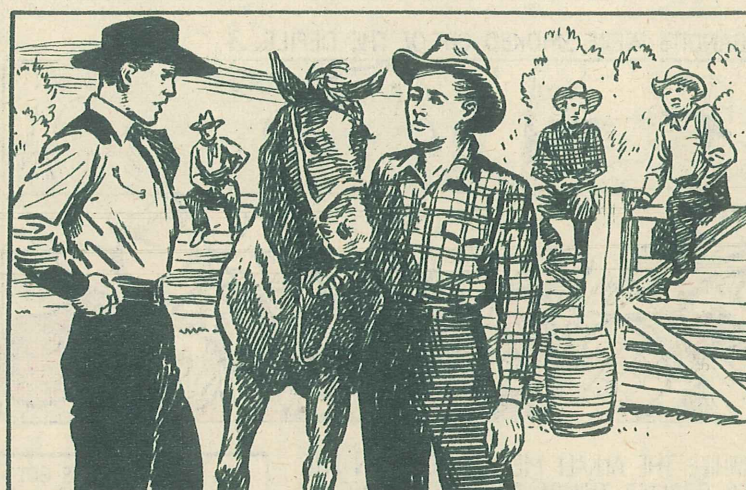
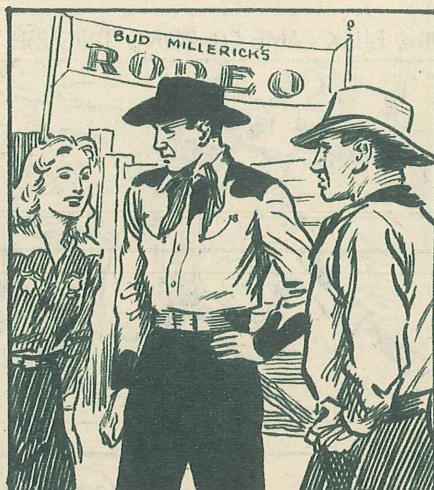
THE WONDER HORSE

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



Ted Daniels and his pal, Woody, members of Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show, catch a magnificent wild mare. Ted names her Gallant Bess. He takes a real fancy to the mare, and knowing how Bud Millerick treats his horses, decides to keep this one for himself. "We're going to be pals, Bess," he said softly. But it wasn't as easy as all that. The mare had plenty of spirit. All the time, Woody foresaw trouble. "Millerick ain't going to like you keeping that mare, Ted," he said thoughtfully. Ted wasn't bothering about that. "Leave that to me, Woody," he said. "Millerick isn't handling Bess the way he usually handles horses. Bess is too good for that treatment." And Ted started there and then to tame and train Gallant Bess.

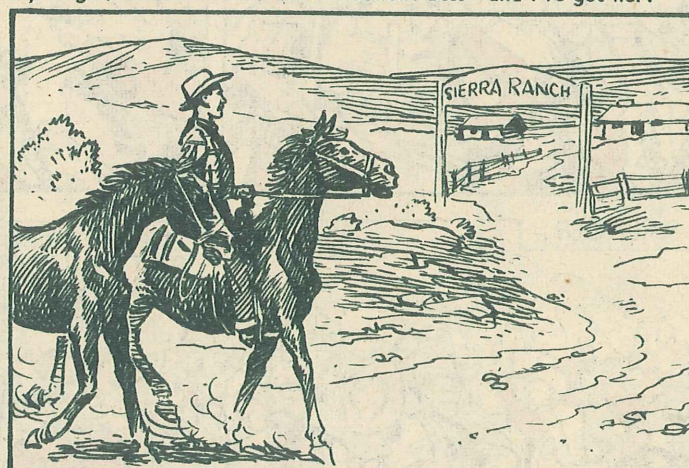
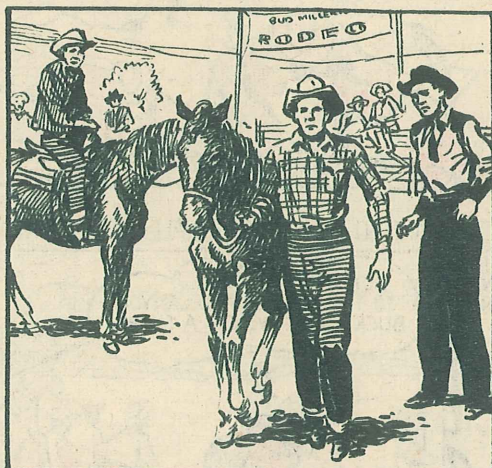
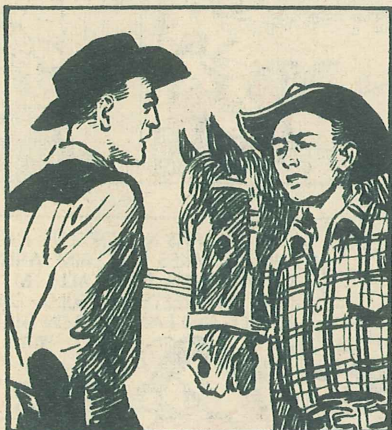
"Guess I'll have to tire you out a bit, Bess, before I get too close," Ted chuckled. Next day he had a bride on Gallant Bess and rode her bare-backed. She tried every trick she knew to throw him off, but Ted, the best rider in the Rodeo Show, clung to her like a leech. After several days' training, Gallant Bess became more used to Ted. Soon they were able to take the trail back to the ranchlands, away from the wild country in which Bess had roamed, free and untamed. Eventually, Bess became accustomed to the ways of the man who had captured her. She was still high-spirited, but Ted liked her all the better for that. He certainly won her affection and devotion. They got to know and respect each other. In fact, they became the best of pals by the time they actually set out for the Rodeo outfit. And Ted was still determined that Millerick should not have her.



"She's a fine horse, Woody," said Ted, as his partner cheered the long, weary trail by singing cowboy songs. "And she's going to stay that way. If Millerick gets hold of her he'll thrash the spirit out of her. He won't get the chance to do it. I'll see to that!" So they came to their headquarters.

Bud Millerick was walking with his foreman, Blake, through the Rodeo outfit, when Billie, a girl rider with the show, hurried up to him. "Say—Ted's back," she cried. Bud Millerick's eyes gleamed as he saw Gallant Bess. He knew at a glance that the mare would become real class once she was trained and tamed.

He had always wanted the mare in his show—so much so, that he had offered two hundred dollars reward for her capture. "She sure looks fine," he said. "You can start breakin' her in, this afternoon." Ted shook his head. "Sorry, Millerick," he said. "She isn't going to be in your show. She's mine! I'm going to keep her!" "You caught her while you were working for me. I'm paying your wages, aren't I?" Bud snapped. Ted brushed the objection aside. "Forget it," he retorted. "You don't owe me any wages, Millerick. All I want is Gallant Bess—and I've got her!"



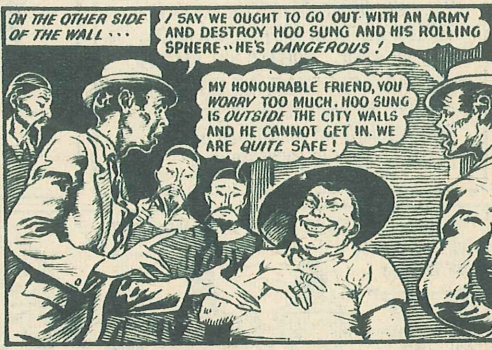
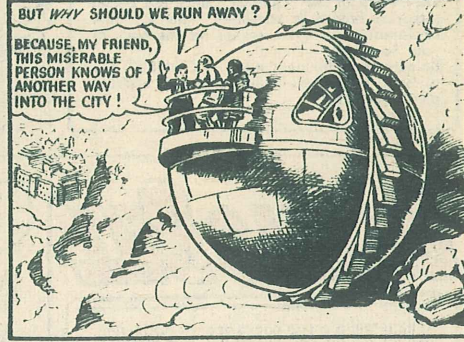
"What about the reward?" said Millerick curtly. "I don't want that, either," replied Ted. "For five days I fought with Gallant Bess, and now I'm keeping her. I'm not turning her over to you to break or sell. I don't like the way you treat horses." "Maybe you think I ought to put carpets in their stalls!" snarled Millerick.

Ted ignored that and turned away with Gallant Bess. Woody shook his head sadly. "I knew you were goin' to do that, Ted," he said, "but I still reckon there'll be big trouble. What are you going to do now? The mare's got to eat—and so have you!" "Don't worry, Woody," said Ted. "I'll figure something out."

Regretting nothing, Ted took the trail across the ranchlands with Gallant Bess. He tried to get himself a job, but all in vain. One day, he came to yet another ranch. "We'll try our luck here, Bess," he said. He was at last beginning to wonder if Bud Millerick had something to do with his bad luck. But he couldn't be sure about it. Don't miss the adventures of Gallant Bess in next week's "Comet."

Don Deeds

Hoo Sung, Mai-Mai and Don Deeds arrive at Kwung Chu in the Rolling Sphere, with the big State Diamond, to claim the throne. But the crooks have got there before them, with a fake diamond, and Ah Lee, the bandit, has been proclaimed Emperor!



AH LEE LITTLE GUESSES HOW NEAR HOO SUNG IS TO HIM! MORE THRILLS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

BUNTER BORROWS A BIKE!

(Continued from page 2)

Redclyffe—anyhow, I'll join you at the Pagoda." Perhaps Bob was getting tired of mending punctures under Miss Clara's sarcastic eye. But Marjorie shook her head and the two girls waited.

"OH! Look!" ejaculated Miss Clara. "Oh!" exclaimed Marjorie. Bob Cherry did not look round. He was deep in repair work. But the two Cliff House girls, standing with their bikes under the shady trees, stared along the sunny road at an object that had come into sight and which seemed to interest them very much.

That object was a very fat junior, whose fat face was adorned by a pair of big spectacles that flashed back the rays of the sun, mounted upon a bike a good deal too high for him.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Miss Clara. At that name Bob Cherry jumped and

looked round.

"What—?" he began. "It's Bunter!" exclaimed Marjorie. "Oh, my hat!"

Bob Cherry left his repair work and joined the two girls staring blankly at the fat object coming up the road.

"Bunter!" he ejaculated. It was Billy Bunter on the borrowed bike. Bunter evidently was heading for Redclyffe too! He had started first but he was a long way behind. That was accounted for by the fact that Bunter had gone by the road, while Bob and his companions had cut across by woodland paths to the Redclyffe road, thus getting a good deal ahead of the fat owl. But for the punctures they would have ridden on to Redclyffe without knowing that Bunter was behind them. But now—!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. If Bob had been perilously near losing his temper that afternoon, he had quite recovered it now.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob. "This is a spot of luck! I say, keep back in the trees—if that fat villain spots us he will turn round and bolt. Cover!"

The three, laughing, backed into the

trees, watching Bunter. Slowly but surely, the fat Owl of the Remove came plugging on, little dreaming of what awaited him.

As he came level Bunter gave a blink at the old bike up-ended by the roadside. Perhaps something in its dilapidated aspect struck him as familiar! But he was not thinking of stopping. He stopped without thinking of it, as Bob Cherry bounded out from the wayside trees like a lion from its lair, and grabbed him.

"Oooooogh!" gasped Bunter. "Glad to see you, old fat man," said Bob Cherry affably. "Mind if I take my bike? You can have yours—there it is!"

"Oh, crikey! I—I say—I—I—leggo! I—I say, I—I'll get down if you'll leggo!" gasped Bunter. "Just leggo for a minute—I—I won't cut off—"

"You won't!" agreed Bob, and he heaved the fat junior off the bike, and Bunter, with a roar, sat down in the Redclyffe road.

He sat and spluttered for breath, blinking at the laughing faces of Marjorie and Clara. The Cliff House girls seemed much more amused than Bunter was!

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I—I never knew you were going to Redclyffe,

you beast, or I wouldn't have come this way! I—I—I mean, I—I came along specially to—join up, old fellow. Wait a minute while I get on my bike."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I—I say, it's punctured!" exclaimed Bunter as he blinked at the up-ended bike. "I say, Bob, old chap, you're going to mend that puncture, ain't you?"

"Not so's you'd notice it, old fat man." "Look here, I've got to get that bike back to Greyfriars," howled Bunter. "I can't ride a punctured bike."

"Better walk it, then," suggested Bob. He put a long leg over his machine.

"Come on," he said cheerily. Marjorie and Clara remounted and the three rode on together for Redclyffe and tea at the Pagoda and a long and cheery spin to end up at Cliff House School. Billy Bunter stood and blinked after them, his very spectacles gleaming with wrath.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. And, not for the first time, it was borne in on Billy Bunter's fat mind that the way of the transgressor was hard!

But that old bike is going to land Billy into more trouble. Don't miss the fun in the next "Comet."

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



74. DEREK BOND (Rank Organisation)



75. MICHAEL DENISON (Rank Organisation)



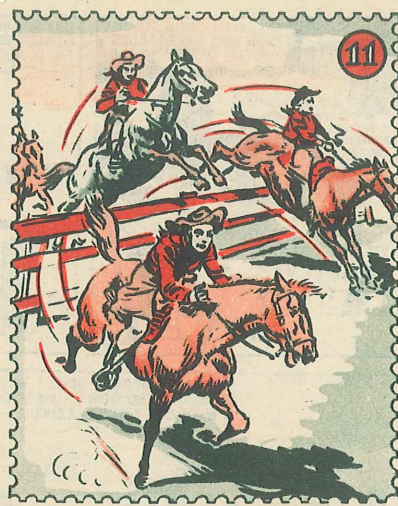
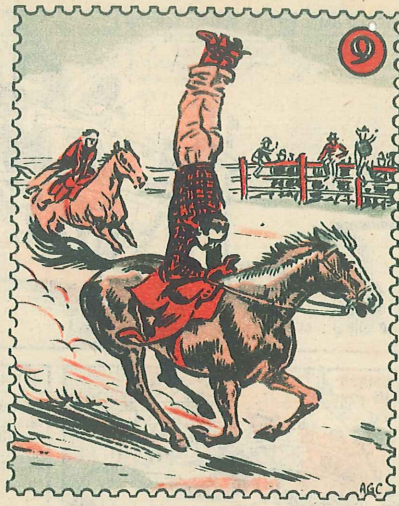
76. WILLIAM GRAHAM (United Artists)



77. ROBERT MITCHUM (R.K.O. Radio)

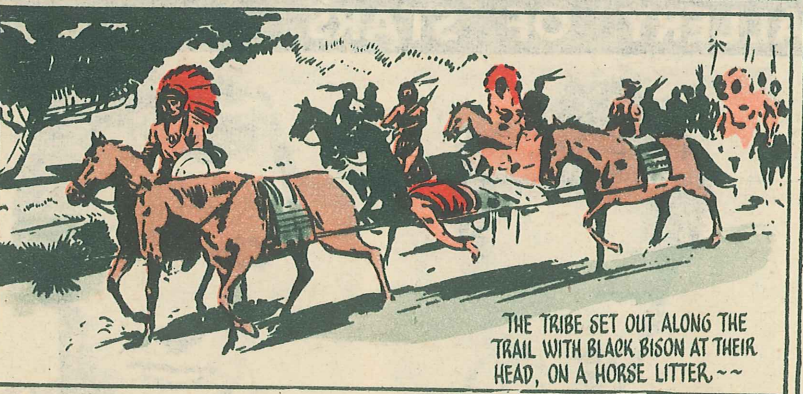
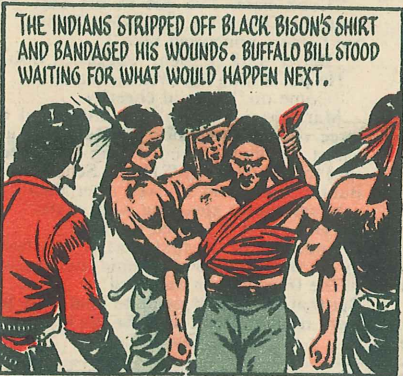
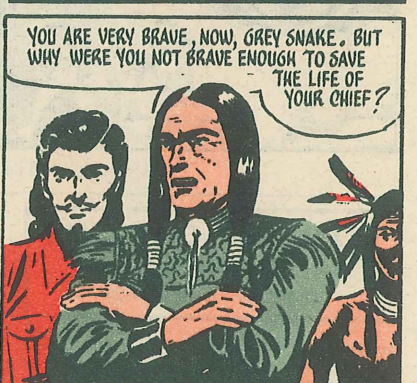
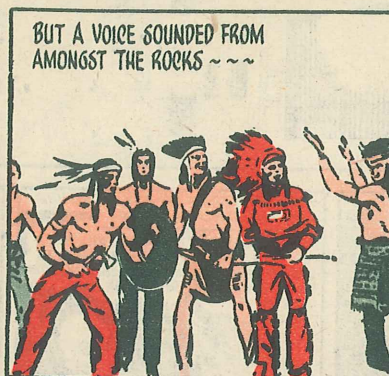
**THREE MORE
FREE
PICTURE - STAMPS
for your
RODEO SOUVENIR**

Here are three picture-stamps for you to cut out and paste neatly in their right spaces on the **RODEO SOUVENIR**, presented in the issue of the "COMET," dated May 20th. 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

WHEN THE INDIANS PREPARED TO DYNAMITE THE STOCKADE AT THE WRIGLEY SETTLEMENT, THEIR CHIEF, BLACK BISON, WAS WOUNDED. BUFFALO BILL RESCUED HIM, A MOMENT BEFORE THE EXPLOSION, BUT THE INDIANS FELT SURE HE HAD PERISHED AND THE AMBITIOUS GREY SNAKE SEIZED HIS OPPORTUNITY.



BUFFALO BILL DOES NOT REALISE HIS DANGER! SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"