

THREE MORE RODEO STAMPS FOR YOU — FREE WITHIN



(New Series)
June 17, 1950
No. 100

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2¢

EVERY THURSDAY



Our puppy Scamp would have it known,
That home belongs to him alone!



So he was far from pleased to see
A kitten in the famil-ee.



Scamp gave the puss a wicked scowl,
And tried to scare it with a growl.



But puss was far too young to see,
How very frightened she should be!



Then Scamp donked pussy on the head
And made her drink a bath instead!



This was a very heartless stroke,
But Scamp just thought it was a joke!



However, Kitty tried again,
To make her friendliness quite plain.



Then Scamp gave Kittykins a kick—
But got caught out in this mean trick.



So Scamp was sent out in disgrace
And puss would be fed in his place.



By this time silly Scamp had seen,
That he had been real bad, and mean.



Then Pussy did a real good deed,
And came round dragging Scamp's feed.



So Scamp decided in the end,
He'd rather Kitty was his friend!





Billy Bunter—in the money at last!

THE KIND OFFER!

BILLY BUNTER gasped for breath. The summer afternoon was hot. The sun blazed down on a dusty road. Bunter was wheeling a punctured bike. Beads of perspiration trickled down a fat, crimson face.

Bunter was always a little short of wind. Now he was puffed. He gasped for breath as he progressed at the pace of a very old and very tired snail.

"Beast!" mumbled Bunter, between gasps.

He was thinking of Bob Cherry. It had seemed quite a bright idea to Bunter to bag Bob Cherry's bike that afternoon, leaving his own crocked old jigger for Bob. Bunter couldn't foresee that they would meet on the road, when he would have to exchange bikes! But it had happened; so here was Bunter, plodding his homeward way like the weary ploughman in the poem, a flat tyre dragging in the dust, and unmusical clinks and clanks proceeding from nearly every section of that old dilapidated jigger.

Billy Bunter had tried his hand on the puncture. But the Owl of the Remove was not a handy man with a bike. Having, by his efforts, turned a bad puncture into a yawning gap, Bunter had given it up and settled down to wheeling. But it was weary work. Almost was Bunter tempted to abandon that dismal old jigger by the roadside and get back to Greyfriars by motor-bus.

He stopped at last, where a clump of trees cast the shade of thick foliage over a roadside gate. Bunter had wheeled that bike half a mile; which was four furlongs too much for him. He wanted a rest. He wanted shade from the blazing sun. He pushed the clinking bike under the shady trees and leaned his fat back on the gate with a gasp of relief.

"HOT, sir?"

Billy Bunter gave quite a jump. In the sudden change from brilliant sunshine to dusky shade he had not noticed that there was a young man leaning on the other end of the gate. He blinked round at him through his big spectacles as the young man remarked that it was hot.

The young man nodded to him affably. "Quite warm, ain't it, sir?" he remarked. "Oh! Yes!" gasped Bunter. "Beastly hot."

The young man was quite well-dressed in a rather flashy sort of way. He was smoking a cigarette, and half a dozen stumps lay in the grass round him. His face was cheerful and affable, though there was a hard look in his eyes, which were a little shifty and very sharp.

"Puncture, sir?" he asked sympathetically. "'Ard luck! Waitin' 'ere for the motor-bus to Courtfield. They don't run too often, it seems. I'm going to Courtfield to look for a second-hand bike for my young brother. P'raps you know a good place, sir?"

Bunter shook his head. He was not in the least interested in the young man or his young brother, or his quest of a second-hand bike. He was only interested in getting his second wind.

"Name of Hawkins, sir," went on the young man, with friendly confidence. "Honest Hawkins they call me, in my line of business." He detached himself from

bike, which the fat junior had leaned against a tree. He seemed interested in it. "That's been a good bike, sir."

Bunter nodded, still too short of breath for conversation.

"Jest about soot young 'Erbert, that jigger would," said Mr. Hawkins. "I'd soon polish it up a bit. You wouldn't be selling that bike, sir?"

Billy Bunter blinked at him. It was true that his machine had been a good bike once upon a time. But it had had plenty of wear and tear and unlimited neglect. It looked, and was, a crock. It had cost four pounds second-hand long ago. Half that sum would have over-valued it now. The last thing Billy Bunter would have expected to hear about that bike was an offer to buy it.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I might."

Bunter would almost have given that bike away to get out of wheeling it back to Greyfriars. He was interested at last.

"Course, I couldn't go to a high price, me looking for a second-hand jigger for young 'Erbert," said Mr. Hawkins apologetically. "Five pounds is my limit."

Billy Bunter jumped. "Fif-fif-five pounds!" he ejaculated. "D-d-did you say five pounds?"

"Yes, sir, that's as far as I could go," said Honest Hawkins. "My limit's a five pound note, sir. Couldn't even make it guineas."

Bunter gazed at him. He could scarcely believe his fat ears.

"I—I say, I—I think I might sell that

bike," gasped Bunter. "Mind, it's a jolly good machine. I—I'm not anxious to part with it. But—but if you'd really like to buy it—"

"I'd like it all right, sir," said Mr. Hawkins. "But jest as I said, I couldn't go further than five pounds. If that's any good to you, sir—"

"Done!" said Bunter.

The fat junior could scarcely believe in his good luck. To get out of wheeling that old crock back to Greyfriars under a blazing sun; to roll home on the motor-bus with five pounds in his pocket—it was quite dazzling. Billy Bunter's little round eyes, and almost his big round spectacles, gleamed with greedy anticipation. He held out a fat hand.

"Well, sir, I'll say that's good of you," said Mr. Hawkins. "You're letting me have that bike at a bargain. If you really mean it, sir—"

"Oh! Yes! Rather!" gasped Bunter. "Then here you are, sir."

Mr. Hawkins took a wallet from his pocket and flipped therefrom a five pound note. The sight of it fairly dazzled Bunter. He clutched it with fat fingers. No longer did Billy Bunter regret the mishaps of that afternoon. It had turned out to be his lucky day.

Mr. Hawkins gave him a cheery nod and wheeled the bike away. Its clinking died away down the road. Billy Bunter was left gazing at the five pound note and wondering whether he was dreaming this amazing good fortune.

Bunter was not aware that Mr. Hawkins, having made a few hasty repairs to the bike at a quiet spot, mounted it and pedalled it away to Lantham, where he disposed of it for the moderate sum of twenty-five shillings. Had he been aware of that, no doubt Bunter would have wondered why Mr. Hawkins had exchanged

a five pound note for a quarter of its face value. But Bunter remained happily unaware of Mr. Hawkins's curious proceedings, and he continued to gaze in ecstasy at the five-pound note till the motor-bus came along. Billy Bunter rolled home to Greyfriars with a beaming smile on his fat face, a five pound note in his pocket, and a dazzling prospect before him of unlimited tuck.

"I SAY, you fellows."

Harry Wharton and Co. in the quad, glanced round at Billy Bunter. They grinned as they glanced. Bob Cherry had come in and he had related to his friends how the fat Owl had had to hand over the borrowed bike and had been left with his own old crock three or four miles from the school on the Redclyffe road. Which seemed rather amusing to the Famous Five. But if they expected William George Bunter to look weary and worn, sorrowful and sad, they had a surprise. William George was looking merry and bright. The happy grin on his fat face seemed almost to extend from one fat ear to the other.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Been enjoying life, old fat man?" chuckled Bob. "Did you get that jolly old jigger home?"

"Oh, I never bothered about it," answered Bunter carelessly.

"Oh, my hat! You never left it on the road?" exclaimed Bob.

"Why not?" drawled Bunter.

"Well, it was an old crock," remarked Frank Nugent, "but a bike's a bike!"

"Nothing to me," said Bunter airily. "I can afford a new bike if I like, I suppose."

"Lucky man!" said Johnny Bull sarcastically. "If you can afford a new bike, you can afford to square the half-crown you touched me for last week."

Billy Bunter gave him a disdainful blink.

"Do I owe you half a crown?" he asked. "You can hardly expect a fellow to remember such trifles, Bull. I'll settle now if you can give me change."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "has your absurd and ridiculous postal order come at last?"

"Not exactly," said Billy Bunter. "I think I told you fellows that I was expecting a postal order—"

"You did!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "Terms ago!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at," snapped Bunter. "As it happens, the pater's sent me a five pound note instead of a postal order."

"Wha-a-t?"

"And if you can change it for me, Bull, you can have that trifle you lent me last week!" added Bunter scornfully.

Billy Bunter had attention now! There were lucky fellows in the Remove, like Vernon-Smith and Lord Mauleverer, who sometimes had fivers. But such things were very rare in a junior form—rarest of all with William George Bunter.

The fat Owl grinned. He had no intention of revealing the source of that sudden wealth. Swank was dear to Bunter's fat heart. Nobody, certainly, was likely to guess that he had been able to sell his dismal old jigger for such a sum. Bunter really could hardly believe it himself! The fat Owl was not going to mention his transaction with Mr. Hawkins. That fiver was a tip from a wealthy home—proof positive that, as Bunter had often stated, they rolled in money at Bunter Court! Nobody had believed a word of it so far. But seeing was believing—they would have to believe it when they saw Bunter's fiver!

"I say, you fellows, can some of you change it for me?" asked Bunter, feeling in his pocket for his tattered wallet.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Any man here got change for a fiver?" he asked.

Grunt from Johnny Bull.

"About as much as Bunter's got the fiver!" he said. Apparently Johnny did not believe in that fiver!

"Oh, really, Bull!" exclaimed Billy Bunter indignantly. "If you don't believe that my uncle's tipped me a fiver—"

"Your uncle—as well as your pater?" asked Johnny sarcastically.

"I—I mean my pater! When I say my uncle, I mean my pater—"

"And when you say your pater, do you mean your aunt?" asked Johnny, still sarcastic.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, here it is."

And Billy Bunter, opening the tattered wallet, whisked out a banknote with a

THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



78. JOAN FONTAINE
(Universal International)



79. DULCIE GRAY
(A.B.C.)



80. JOAN GREENWOOD
(Rank Organisation)



81. FARLEY GRANGER
(R.K.O.)

SPLASH PAGE AND THE GREY ROCKET

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, takes the boat to the Isle of Man. The crooks fly across in a chartered plane.

WE MUST WRECK THE GREY ROCKET THIS TIME, DUKE!

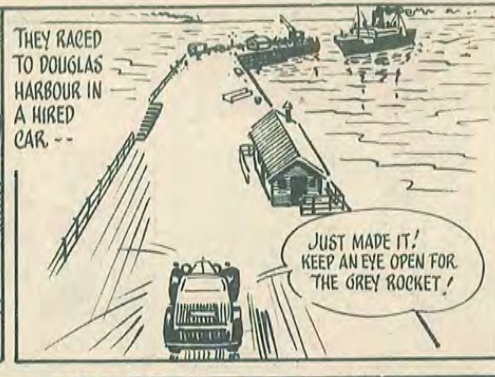


THE CROOKS' PLANE LANDED AT A MANX AIRPORT

WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE HARBOUR BEFORE THE SHIP DOCKS, LOU!

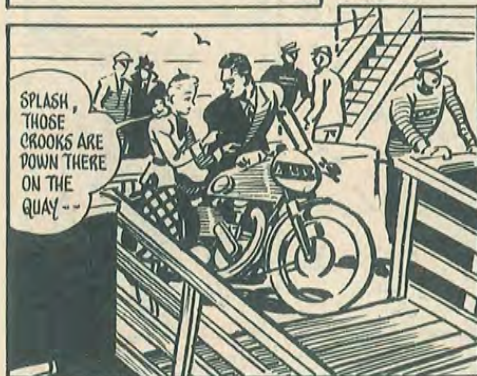


THEY RACED TO DOUGLAS HARBOUR IN A HIRED CAR.



JUST MADE IT! KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR THE GREY ROCKET!

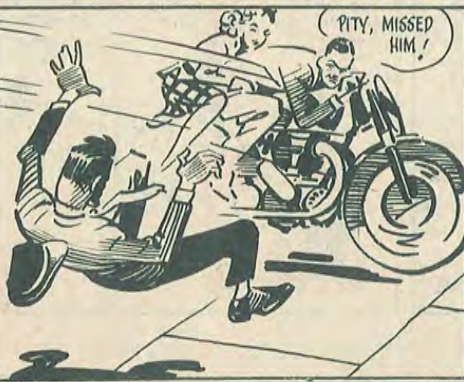
SPLASH, THOSE CROOKS ARE DOWN THERE ON THE QUAY--



THEY MUST HAVE FLOWN HERE! HOP ON THE PILLION, JILL!



WE'VE ONLY A CUPFUL OF PETROL LEFT, BUT IT'S WORTH USING IT TO DODGE THEM!



PITY, MISSED HIM!



TRAIL THEM!

SPLASH PAGE KNEW HE MUST SET UP A RACING HEADQUARTERS, AND--



TOM DREW, OUR OWN NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT HERE, IS THE CHAP TO HELP US, JILL. I KNOW HIS ADDRESS!

SOON, AT TOM DREW'S HOUSE--



GLAD TO HELP, SPLASH. USE MY GARAGE. MY SON, BILLY, HERE, CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE T.T. ARRANGEMENTS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO DO YOUR PRACTICE LAPS, MR. PAGE.



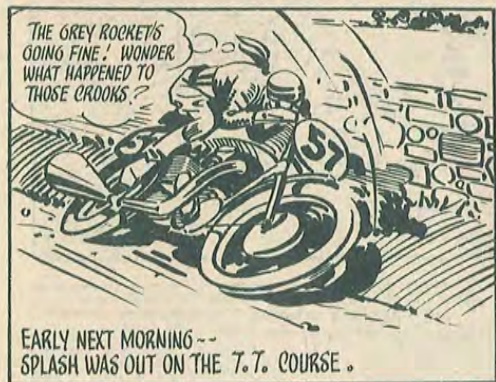
I'LL CHECK-IN WITH THE OFFICIALS RIGHT AWAY, BILLY!

DUKE JORDON AND LOU MILLAN HAD PICKED UP THE TRAIL--

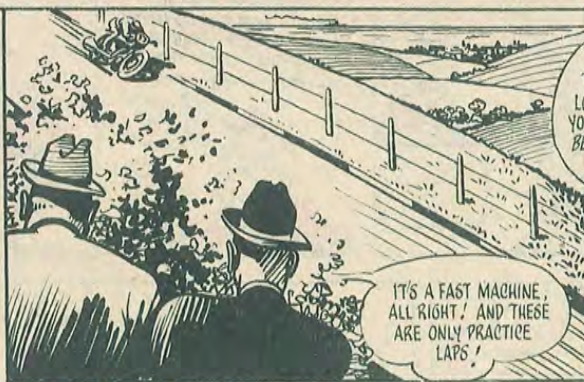


NOW WE KNOW WHERE TO FIND 'EM, BUT I GUESS HE'LL BE OUT ON THE COURSE SOON. THAT'S WHERE WE'LL WRECK THE GREY ROCKET!

THE GREY ROCKET'S GOING FINE! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE CROOKS?



EARLY NEXT MORNING-- SPLASH WAS OUT ON THE T.T. COURSE.



IT'S A FAST MACHINE, ALL RIGHT! AND THESE ARE ONLY PRACTICE LAPS!



IF IT WINS THE T.T., I'LL LOSE A FORTUNE. YOU MUST WRECK IT-- BEFORE OR DURING THE RACE!

CAN SPLASH PAGE OUTWIT LOU MILLAN? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK



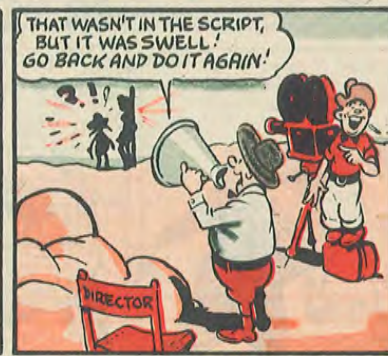
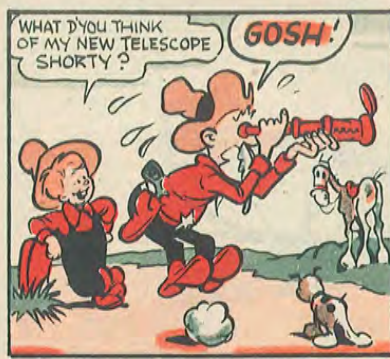
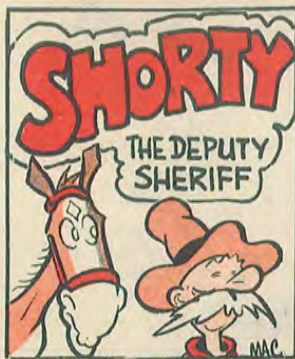
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"COWBOY COMICS" are just what you have been looking for--64 pages packed with thrilling Wild West adventure pictures!

There are two issues every month, price sevenpence each.

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Buck JONES and the WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS

HETTY YOUNG LIVED WITH HER STEP-FATHER, JAKE BROWN, WHO TREATED HER AS A DRUDGE. NOBODY KNEW HOW JAKE MADE A LIVING BUT HETTY WAS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT

HEY! HOW DID THIS GET IN HERE? LOOKS LIKE LEATHER FROM A WALLET!

IT ISN'T FROM A WALLET, AND IF YOU SAY IT IS I'LL THRASH YOU. I BURNT ONE O' MY OLD BELTS, LAST NIGHT.

I NEVER SAW A BELT MADE WITH THAT SORT OF LEATHER. YOU WERE OUT LATE, LAST NIGHT, WEREN'T YOU?

YOU'RE TOO FREE WITH YOUR LIP! I'LL TEACH YOU TO MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS!

LET ME GO, YOU BRUTE!

YOU CAN'T BEAT ME ANY MORE! I'M NOT A KID ANY LONGER. YOU DARE TRY AND I'LL BEND THIS POKER ON YOUR HEAD!

I'M THROUGH! I'LL GET MYSELF A JOB AND QUIT THIS PLACE, FOR GOOD!

SHE'S GETTING WISE TO US, LEW. WE GOT TO SHUT HER TRAP FOR HER, SOMEHOW!

FRAME HER, JAKE! JAIL IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE FOR PEOPLE WHO KNOW TOO MUCH! AND IF SHE GETS IN WRONG WITH THE LAW NOBODY WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING SHE SAYS!

THE NEXT MORNING, JAKE HAS A VISITOR

HIYA, ELI! YOU SURE LOOK PEEVED. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

I WAS ROBBED, LAST NIGHT. MONEY TAKEN FROM MY LIVING ROOM. AND THIS BIT O' CLOTH WAS FOUND ON THE VERANDAH RAIL. GUESS I KNOW WHO WEARS A FROCK MADE OF THIS STUFF!

MY FROCK! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I SWEAR I DIDN'T--

GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT!

WE'LL PROVE IT RIGHT NOW. WE'LL SEARCH HER ROOM!

IN HETTY'S ROOM.

I'VE GOT IT! GUESS THIS PROVES IT OKAY!

I DIDN'T DO IT! IT'S A FRAME-UP.

OH, NO, YOU DON'T. YOU AIN'T DODGING THIS, MY LADY!

DON'T YOU BE TOO SURE! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

I'VE BEEN FRAMED-- BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT! BUT YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME TO JAIL. NOBODY SHALL! I'M LOCKING YOU IN AND IF YOU DARE TO COME AFTER ME YOU'LL GET YOURS!

THE WILD CAT! I'LL STOP HER!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SKIP IT, JAKE!

SHE ROBBED ELI LAST NIGHT, BUCK. WE GOT THE PROOF-- A BIT OF HER FROCK LEFT ON THE VERANDAH. WE FOUND THE MONEY IN HER ROOM--

WAAL, YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS. THIS IS MY JOB AND I'LL SEE TO IT! S'LONG!

AFTER A LONG, STERN CHASE--

I'LL GET HER PRETTY SOON. SHE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE GORGE AND THERE'S NO WAY ACROSS!

HETTY REALISES HER MISTAKE BUT REFUSES TO OWN DEFEAT.

BETTER CALL IT A DAY, HETTY. YOU'VE GOT TO FACE THE MUSIC, I GUESS!

NO! I WON'T! YOU SHAN'T TAKE ME TO JAIL! YOU NEVER WILL! NOBODY SHALL!

HETTY! DON'T DO IT! HECK! NOW, WHAT?

THE ADVENTURES OF GALLANT BESS THE WONDER HORSE

Ted Daniels, bronco-buster with Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show, captured a wild horse and named her Gallant Bess. Leaving the rodeo with Bess because he didn't like Millerick's way with horses, he found it hard to get a job until he came to the Sierra Ranch after days on the trail.

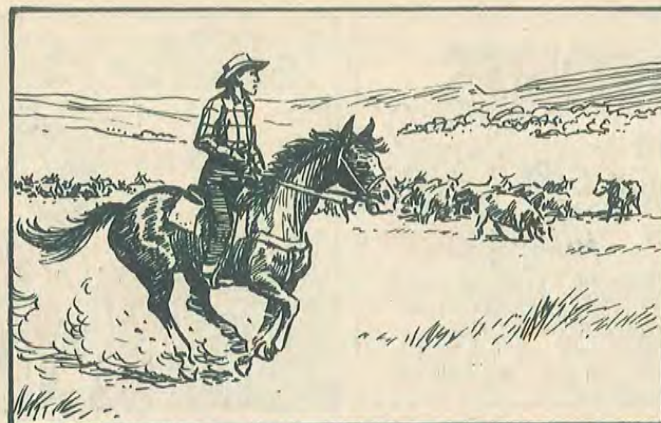
Based on the Eagle Lion Production, Distributed by Associated British Pathé, Ltd.



With Gallant Bess trotting behind him on a lead-rope, Ted Daniels rode up to the ranch-house and found the foreman outside the cowboys' bunk-house. His name was Jim Martin. "Anything I can do for you?" he asked Ted. "Thought you might need an extra hand," drawled Ted. "So you want a job, huh?" said Jim Martin. "Wal, I could use an extra hand." He nodded to Bess, tossing her head nearby. "That your mare? Is she broken in yet?" Ted chuckled. "No, not yet—but she's beginning to get friendly." The foreman laughed. "Wal, I guess there's always room for one more."



For some weeks Ted and Gallant Bess were on the payroll of the Sierra Ranch. Ted was a good ranch-hand, but he spent a lot of time training Gallant Bess and teaching her tricks. "Training horses has always come easy to me, and I've been around 'em since I was a kid," he told her, "but I've never had a hoss like you."



Ted taught Gallant Bess simple tricks, like shaking her head to say "Yes", coming to him when he whistled, and dancing in rumba time. The other cowhands laughed, but admired Ted's way with horses. Formerly the wildest horse on the range, she now followed him wherever he went. She became accustomed to the saddle, and Ted rode her regularly. Together they rode the range, herding the numberless cattle, checking fences, covering many miles each day and becoming firm friends. But one day Jim Martin said to him grimly: "Daniels, I'm afraid you'll have to go. The horse takes up too much of your time."



"Well, Bess," said Ted ruefully. "Looks like we're out of a job again. I can see you're gonna be a lot of help to me." Once more he and Gallant Bess took the trail. They slept out under the stars, and Ted's money soon ran out again. One day they rode into Star City, a big cattle centre. The place was buzzing with excitement.



He was tying Bess to the hitching rail outside the Old Hitching Post Saloon when he saw a poster. He whistled as he read it. "Saturday! 250 Dollars Grand Prize! Bud Millerick's Rodeo. Bronco-busting, bulldogging, calf roping!" Smiling, Ted patted Gallant Bess's glossy shoulder. "Don't reckon Millerick will be glad to see me," he chuckled. "But he can't stop me entering for the rodeo!"



Ted mounted Gallant Bess and rode straight to the rodeo ground. He was greeted warmly by Billie, the rodeo show girl. "Why, surely that isn't the wild horse!" she exclaimed. "Bess, I want you to meet Billie," said Ted grandly. Bess went down on her forelegs in a graceful curtsy. "Now, Bess, let's show Billie what you can really do, huh?" He placed a barrel with a plank across it like a see-saw, and Bess walked daintily from one end of the plank to the other. "Why, she's real clever!" Billie exclaimed. They were unaware that Bud Millerick was watching, calculating how valuable Gallant Bess would be in his show. As he heard Billie accepting Ted's entry for the rodeo, a plan formed in his mind.



Ted sent the crowd wild with his daredevil riding when the rodeo opened. He collected maximum points although Millerick saw to it that he was given the most evil-tempered bronco in his remuda. Bud Millerick scowled, but was content to wait. He was sure Ted Daniels would not win the Grand Prize.



Ted was leading easily on points when he came to the final event—the bulldogging. But as he thrilled the crowds with a daring leap from his saddle to seize the horns of the wild steer, his hands slipped. Millerick's foreman, Blake, had smeared oil on the horns.



Ted brought his steer down and won the Grand Prize. But as he did so he fell and rolled over and over. The maddened beast scrambled up and nearly trampled him. The crowd gasped as the judge and the bullhazer dashed to Ted's aid, driving the steer away across the arena. Ted lay there unconscious. As cowboys ran to pick him up, Bud Millerick smiled at his rascally foreman. "Good work, Blake," he rasped. "We'll be away from here before he gets the chance to collect the prize. Quick! We'll go and grab his horse. She's worth thousands of dollars to us!"

WHAT CAN TED DO NOW? DON'T MISS HIS STIRRING ADVENTURES IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

Don Deeds

Ah Lee, the bandit, has been proclaimed Emperor of Kwung Chu. But Hoo Sung, the rightful Emperor, with his daughter, Mai-Mai, and Don Deeds, enter the palace by a secret passage.



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF HOO SUNG'S HOPES. BUT DON DEEDS IS THERE! DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"

BILLY BUNTER'S FIVER!

(continued from page 2)

flourish. The Co. stared at it. They seldom had fivers, but they knew one when they saw one!

"Well, wonders will never cease!" said Bob Cherry.

Another grunt from Johnny Bull.

"Whose is it?" he asked.

Billy Bunter gave him a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

"Why, you beast! Think I pinched it?" he hooted. "It's a tip from my Uncle George—I mean my Uncle Pater—I mean my pater uncle—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle," snorted Bunter. "You fellows don't have fivers for tips! I jolly well do! You're too hard up to change it for me! Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled on.

His destination with that fiver was the school shop. There was going to be a feast of the gods on that fiver. But for once, Billy Bunter was not in such a hurry as usual to get to the foodstuffs. He wanted fellows to see that fiver.

"I say, Smitty," Herbert Vernon-Smith looked round. "I say, change a fiver for me, old chap?"

"Did you make it yourself?"

"Oh, really, Smitty! Look here!" Once more the fat Owl flourished the fiver, and Vernon-Smith stared at it and whistled.

"Well, I couldn't change it," he said, "and I don't think I would if I could. You fat ass, findings aren't keepings."

"Think I found it?" howled Bunter.

"Didn't you?"

"It's a tip from my pater George—I mean my uncle father—I mean it's a tip from home, you beast. Think you're the only man in the Remove that gets fivers? Yah!"

Bunter rolled on again. Ogilvy and Russell, Squiff and Tom Brown were chatting in a group.

"I say, you fellows, got change for a fiver?" he squeaked.

"Puzzle—the fiver!" remarked

"Look here!" Bunter held it up. "It came from Bunter Court today, you know—"

"Did it?" said Ogilvy. "Then what the thump did you mean by trying to borrow a bob from me after dinner?"

"Oh!" Bunter had forgotten that trifling circumstance. "It—it hadn't come then, you know—"

"Hadn't it? Have they put on a special afternoon post for you?"

"Oh! I—I—I mean—" stammered Bunter, "I—I mean, I—I met my Uncle George in Courtfield, and he—he tipped me this fiver, see?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"A fiver's nothing to my uncle," said Bunter loftily. "Why, he had a dozen in his notecase. I can tell you, my Uncle Herbert's rolling in it."

"Your Uncle Herbert?"

"Yes—no! I—I mean George! He said, 'Here's a fiver for you, Billy,' when I met him at Redclyffe. Just like that!"

"You blithering, burling bandersnatch," said Squiff. "If you've picked up that fiver somewhere—"

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter dodged into the tuck-shop. Swank having been satisfied, the fat Owl was ready for the foodstuffs.

"I want a few things," he said. "Change that for me, please."

"Certainly, Master Bunter," said Mrs. Mimble, with quite a change in her manner. She picked up the banknote.

She looked at it. Then she looked at it again. Then she looked at it a third time.

"You'd better take that to the police station, Master Bunter," she said.

"Eh! Why?" stammered Bunter.

"Because it's a bad one."

"Wha-a-at? A bib-bob-bub-bad one?"

"Yes."

"Oh, crikey!"

And it dawned on Billy Bunter's fat brain at long last why that friendly young gentleman, Honest Hawkins, had given him a fiver for his old jigger! Honest Hawkins was twenty-five shillings to the good on the transaction, Bunter was one jigger to the bad! It was a sad and deflated Owl that rolled out of the tuck-shop. He still had a fiver in his pocket—but anybody who liked was welcome to Bunter's Fiver. There'll be another smashing story of Billy Bunter in next week's "COMET".

HOW TO RUSTLE UP MORE SWEETS

'S'easy, Pardner! Jest show 'em this page down at the cook-house. You won't need to work up no appetite for the delicious CHOCOLATE FUDGE that's coming your way.'

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Cadbury's Own Recipe
3 tablesp. sweetened condensed milk—or evaporated
4 tablesp. water • 3 oz. sugar
1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa
½ oz. margarine
1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all the ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 minutes. Stir the fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in the same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat and well beat the fudge until it is almost setting. Pour it quickly into a greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE AGORA HABIT

★ Mother knows that the surest way to round up wayward appetites is with cakes, sweets and drinks made with wonderful Bournville Cocoa. Ask her for it often.

**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 "COMET" dated May 20. 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 PIUTES ATTACKED THE WRIGLEY SETTLEMENT, BLACK BISON, THEIR CHIEF WAS BADLY WOUNDED. BUFFALO BILL SAVED HIS LIFE AND THE ATTACK WAS CALLED OFF. THE FAMOUS SCOUT WENT TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE TO HELP BLACK BISON.

BUFFALO BILL SET ABOUT EXTRACTING THE BULLET AND DRESSING BLACK BISON'S WOUND.



GREY SNAKE, BLACK BISON'S RIVAL, AND THE MEDICINE MAN WATCHED SUSPICIOUSLY.



IS THE WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE MORE POWERFUL THAN MINE?

IF BLACK BISON RECOVERS HE WILL BE GRATEFUL TO THE WHITE MAN. IF BLACK BISON DIES -- THE WHITE MAN MUST ANSWER FOR IT!



GREY SNAKE AND THE MEDICINE MAN THINK I DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE -- BUT I DO! AND I HEARD WHAT THEY SAID!



IF BLACK BISON DIES -- WE DIE TOO!



YOU MEAN, THEY'LL BLAME US? HECK, LET'S GET OUT WHILE WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE!



GREY SNAKE WOULDN'T LET US GET FAR. WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT BLACK BISON DOES RECOVER.



MEANWHILE, GREY SNAKE AND THE MEDICINE MAN MAKE THEIR PLANS. AND WHEN THE BRAVES ARE GATHERED ROUND THE CAMP FIRE ~~~~



-- GREY SNAKE TELLS THEM THAT BLACK BISON IS DYING BECAUSE THE PALEFACES HAVE FAILED TO CURE HIM, AND THE GREAT SPIRIT IS ANGRY AT THE PRESENCE OF WHITE MEN IN THEIR VILLAGE!



WE MUST OBEY THE GREAT SPIRIT! SEIZE THE PALEFACES!



LUCKILY, BUFFALO BILL IS AWARE OF HIS DANGER! DON'T MISS HIS THRILLING EXPLOITS IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET"