

COMET

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EVERY THURSDAY
A HAPPY FAMILY
COMIC 2nd

OUR CAR-SPOTTER'S PICTURE GUIDE



Bentley Mark VI

Photo—Rodney Todd-White



On buses Scamp loves to ride—
On top, that is, but not inside.



So he was pleased when Sonny said
They would not walk, but ride instead.



They leaped aboard, chock full of glee,
Bound for the top, as you can see.



But this, alas, was quite in vain—
Conductor threw Scamp off again!



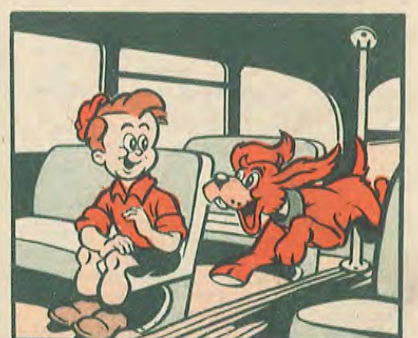
Poor Scamp sat feeling very glum,
When Sonny called to him to come.



Then, as conductor turned his back,
Scamp scampered on the bus's track.



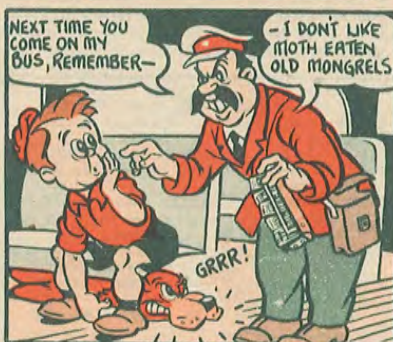
He leaped aboard, and up the stairs,
As the conductor took his fares.



Our Scamp was flowing o'er with joy,
To think he'd rejoined Sonny-boy!



Conductor came, then tout-de-suite,
Scamp had to hide beneath the seat!



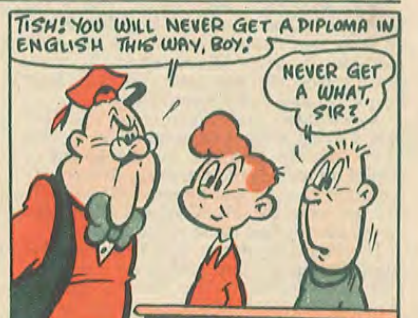
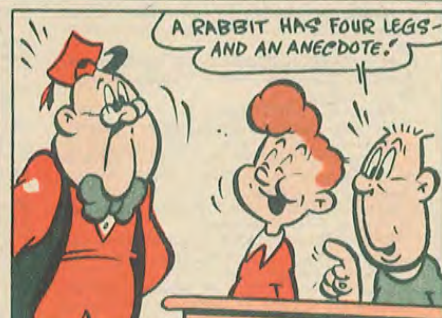
He called our Scamp a mangey tyke,
And other things he didn't like!



And so our Scamp sprang into sight,
And gave conductor such a fright!



So off the bus skipped Scamp and Sonny,
Conductor thought it wasn't funny!





STRANDED

"LIKE me to steer, Smith?" asked Bunter.

"No!" "Well, give a chap a lift in the boat!" "Rats!"

"Beast!" hooted Billy Bunter. At which Herbert Vernon-Smith grinned and Tom Redwing laughed and they pushed off their boat from the school raft.

Billy Bunter stood gazing after them through his big spectacles with a frowning fat brow. Bunter was peeved.

It was a golden October afternoon. There was bright sunshine on the Sark. It was like a summer's day. There was a lunch-basket in Smithy's boat. Obviously there was going to be a picnic and Bunter knew what Smithy's lavish spreads were like. But with a ruthless disregard of Billy Bunter's desire to share in any fellow's spread, Smithy and Redwing pushed off, leaving the fat Owl of the Remove blinking after them in a state of great annoyance.

"I jolly well know where you're going, Smithy!" hooted Bunter. "You're going up to Popper's Island and you jolly well know it's out of bounds. I jolly well hope that a prefect will jolly well drop on you, so yah!"

"Hold on a minute, Reddy," said Vernon-Smith. "Here, Bunter."

"Oh!" Billy Bunter's frown changed at once into a cheery grin. "I'll come with pleasure, old chap!"

Bunter rolled to the edge of the raft. As he arrived there the Bouncer brought down his oar on the water with a mighty smack.

"Yaroooooh!" yelled Bunter as water drenched over him. "Why, you beast—wow! I'm all wet—wow! Yurrooooooh!"

"Hah, ha, ha!"

The Bouncer, laughing, pushed off again. A splashed and damp, fat Owl blinked after him through wet spectacles and shook a fat fist.

"Dash it all, Smithy, that's rather thick," said Redwing. "You've drenched that fat duffer—"

"He shouldn't ask for it," said the Bouncer. "Quelch is in the boat-house and he must have heard him yowling. We can't land on Popper's Island now—it would mean a row with our beak. We shall have to pull on and find somewhere else."

A wrathful and disgruntled fat Owl rolled away, almost tempted to let Quelch know that the Bouncer was going out of school bounds. It did not occur to Bunter's fat brain that he had already done so. He did not even see Mr. Quelch looking out of the boat-house as he rolled away.

The Remove master was frowning. He stood for some time gazing up the river, with that frown on his brow. Then as Wingate of the Sixth came down to the boat-house he called to him.

"Wingate! I have reason to believe that boys of my form are going out of bounds on the island up the river," said Mr. Quelch. "You are aware, Wingate, that Sir Hilton Popper has several times complained to the Head, of Greyfriars' boys landing on his island and that it is strictly out of bounds for that reason. As you are going up the river you might look in at Popper's Island and ascertain whether any Remove boys are there."

"Certainly, sir," answered the prefect.

"Thank you, Wingate."

And Mr. Quelch walked back to the House, satisfied that any trespassers on Sir

BUNTER'S REVENGE!

A Rollicking Story of the Chums of Greyfriars

By FRANK RICHARDS

Hilton Popper's island would be duly reported to him.

BILLY BUNTER loafed on the tow-path with his fat hands in his pockets and a deep frown on his plump brow. It was a half-holiday and a glorious afternoon and most Greyfriars' fellows were enjoying life. But the fat Owl of the Remove looked as if he found life a delusion and a snare.

It was, in fact, rotten all round. Bunter had been disappointed about a postal order—not for the first time. He was in the hapless state known as "stony". In the dismal circumstances, it would have suited the fat Owl admirably to have attached himself to the picnickers. Instead of which, the Bouncer had splashed him from head to foot and left him blinking. Now, while Billy Bunter had not so much as a bulls-eye to give him comfort, those beasts were picnicking and enjoying a lavish spread—merely thinking of which made Bunter's mouth water. Out of bounds, too, on Popper's Island, as Bunter jolly well knew!

He could picture them, under the shade of the big oak in the middle of the island, out of sight from the banks, with that basket open, their boat tied up under the willows. So deeply peeved was Bunter that he even thought of getting a boat out, pulling up to the island, and cutting the painter of Smithy's boat and letting it float away, stranding him there, which, in Bunter's opinion, he richly deserved. But the fat Owl was too lazy even for that!

"Beasts!" said Bunter for the umpteenth time.

"Hi!" That call from behind him made the fat Owl blink round. He jumped out of the way of a barge horse.

The fat junior snorted with annoyance and stood out of the way to let the horse, with a barge boy on its back, pass. He blinked at the big heavy craft as it slowly surged by at the end of the tow-ropes and at the bargee on the deck. A sudden thought flashed into Bunter's fat brain.

"Hi! I say, will you give me a lift?" he squeaked.

The bargee looked round and nodded.

"Joomp on," he answered.

He tooled the barge closer in to the bank and Bunter jumped on. The barge rolled on up the river. Billy Bunter gave the bargee an affable grin. He was feeling quite bucked.

"You see, some friends of mine are on the island farther up," he explained. "I was—was left behind. I want to jump off at the island."

"Roight!" said the bargee.

The barge rolled slowly on. It was slow but sure. Ten minutes later the little wooded island in the river was in sight. Billy Bunter kept his eyes and his spectacles on it. As he drew nearer he could make out a boat tied up at the little landing-place under the willows. He chuckled. They were there, the beasts—picknicking out of sight, and their boat, unwatched and unguarded, was at Bunter's mercy. Smithy was going to be sorry that he had splashed Bunter—when he found himself stranded on Popper's Island!

The barge rolled into the channel between the island and the bank. The good-natured bargee steered it close to the island and it was an easy jump ashore even for Bunter. Onward rolled the barge, disappearing up the river in the direction of Courtfield, leaving Bunter on Popper's Island.

But he did not intend to linger there. A minute later he was in the boat, and the painter, tied to a willow branch, was cast loose. Bunter picked up an oar and pushed off. Bunter could not have pulled a boat up the river to save his fat life, but he could sit in one floating down the current. And he sat in the captured boat and floated away happily.

WINGATE of the Sixth jumped. He could hardly believe his eyes.

The Greyfriars' captain had pulled up to Popper's Island as desired by Mr. Quelch. He had tied up his boat, landed, and penetrated the thick wood that covered the island to ascertain whether trespassers from Greyfriars were there. He was relieved to find none. It took him some little time to make sure but he did make sure, and then he walked back through the

trees and bushes to the landing-place for his boat. The boat was gone!

He was sure that he had tied the painter safely. But the boat was gone, and in rather a worried frame of mind he scanned the river in search of a sign of it. It was no joke to be stranded on Popper's Island, waiting and hoping for a chance passer-by in a boat to take him off. He scanned the sunny surface of the Sark—and it was then that he jumped.

He could scarcely credit his eyes when they fell on a fat figure, already in the distance, floating away in his boat.

"Bunter!" gasped Wingate. "My boat—Bunter! Good gad! Why, the cheeky young villain!"

It was almost incredible! Bunter, a grubby fag in the Remove, had had the nerve to take away his boat, leaving him, Wingate of the Sixth Form, prefect and captain of the school, stranded on the island! There was his boat, already disappearing—there was the fattest figure at Greyfriars School sprawling in it, a big pair of spectacles flashing back the rays of sun! Wingate roared:

"Bunter! You young rascal! Bring back my boat! Do you hear?"

But Billy Bunter was already out of hearing. Billy Bunter floated happily on and the captain of Greyfriars, with feelings too deep for words, watched his boat disappear down the river.

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Seen Smithy?"

"No! He doesn't seem to be in yet."

"He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton and Co. looked at Billy Bunter. Why that answer caused him to explode into chuckles, almost like a Chinese cracker, they did not know.

"What's the jolly old joke?" asked Bob Cherry, mystified. "Smithy will be in in time for calling-over if you want him."

Bunter chuckled again. In fact, he fairly gurgled with mirth. It was quite mystifying.

"He, he, he! I say you fellows, I fancy Smithy will be late! He, he, he! Very late, I fancy! He, he, he!" And Bunter chortled explosively. "I say, I fancy he may not be in for prep—perhaps not for dorm! He, he, he! I say, fancy Smithy coming home with the milk in the morning! He, he, he!"

"I heard that Smithy and Redwing were going up to Popper's Island, before we went out," said Johnny Bull. "They'll be back all right."

"He, he, he!" Bunter almost wept with merriment. "Think so? That's all you know, Bull! He, he, he!"

"Anything likely to keep them out?" asked Harry Wharton.

"That's telling!" gurgled Bunter. "He, he, he! I say, you fellows, how long is it to roll?"

"Ten minutes," answered Bob.

"He, he, he! I fancy Smithy won't be in! I rather think he won't answer to his name when Quelch calls it out! He, he, he! Not that I know anything about it, of course," added Bunter cautiously. "Don't you fellows get telling Smithy I know anything about it! I don't want that bad-tempered beast on my track. If he's lost his boat it wasn't my fault, of course."

"Lost his boat!" exclaimed the Famous Five all together.

They were in the Rag waiting for the bell for calling-over. A good many fellows had not yet come in. On a half-holiday it was not uncommon for fellows to bolt in at the gates at the last minute and cut across to Hall just in time. Smith and Redwing, so far as Harry Wharton and Co. knew, might come in any minute. Bunter, apparently, knew otherwise. If Smithy on Popper's Island, had lost his boat, certainly he was not likely to be back at the school when Quelch called the names in Hall.

"You fat ass," said Bob. "Smithy's not the man to lose his boat! Think he'd tie the painter loose?"

"He, he, he! Might get untied, you know," said Bunter grinning. "If a chap splashes water all over a chap a chap might untie his painter and leave him stranded. Serve him jolly well right, in my opinion."

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Have you stranded the respectable and ridiculous Smithy on Popper's Island?"

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh! No! I don't know anything about it, of course," exclaimed Bunter hastily. "Don't you fellows get putting it into Smithy's head that I did it. I don't want a row with Smithy. Besides, he splashed me all over or I shouldn't have done it! Not that I did it, you know! I haven't been up

(Continued on page 7)

DO YOU WANT A PEN PAL?

If so, DO NOT SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, but write direct to one of the readers whose names and addresses, together with age and interests, appear below.

If you would like your name and address to appear, then cut out the coupon below and send it to the Editor, the "Comet," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, together with your age and a few facts about yourself. At the same time, don't forget to say what you like best in the "COMET."

CHOOSE YOUR PEN PAL!

JOYCE WOMACK, 9 Empringham Street, Edon Road, Hull. Fourteen. Swimming, games.

MARGARET ROBINSON, Chapel Corner, Branton, Doncaster, Yorks. Thirteen. Stamps, films, reading.

PAMELA GARDINER, 36 West Close, Whiteway, Bath, Somerset. Fifteen. Speedway, films.

ELIZABETH REEDS, "Dunromin," Victoria Road, Wilton, nr. Salisbury, Wilts. Fifteen. Dancing, sport, films.

VERA WILLS, 6 Craig Terrace, Denbigh, N. Wales. Twelve. Reading.

KENNETH WILLIAMS, 12 Council Houses, Elmsgrove Road, Hardwick, Glos. Seventeen. Football, reading.

SYLVIA WHITTLE, 40 Holland Street, Holderness Road, Hull. Fourteen. Swimming, sport.

RONALD NICHOLLS, 14 Manor Road, Didcot, Berks. Sixteen. Boxing, films.

MERVYN AUSTIN, 18 Smith Street, Strood, Kent. Twelve. Drama, music.

RUTH KING, 6 Verney Road, Dagenham, Essex. Fourteen. Art, arithmetic, music, sport.

ALAN WISEMAN, 309 Conamore, Grimsby, Lincs. Thirteen. Engine spotting, swimming.

EMILY CLYDESDALE, 8 Henry Street, Edinburgh, 8, Scotland. Fourteen. Ice-skating, swimming.

RITA CHESHIRE, "Half Moon," The Broadway, Bedford. Twelve. Art, needlework.

JIM McCUE, 267 High Street, Glasgow, C.4, Scotland. Thirteen. Wrestling, cycling, swimming.

MARGARET LOYE, Ballymacreadon, Maralin, Co. Down, N. Ireland. Twelve. Reading, knitting, cycling.

DAVID HUBBLE, 91 The Drive, Bexley, Kent. Eleven. Horse riding, swimming.

VIVIANNE WINDFIELD, "Sunny Brae," Tintagel, Cornwall. Fourteen. Swimming.

SYLVIA SHERWIN, 104 Richmond Street, Harshill, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Sixteen. Swimming, tennis, films.

VANESSA FISHER, 29 Windsor Avenue, New Malden, Surrey. Twelve. Horse riding, swimming.

JUNE OWEN, 60 Manchester Road, Tyldesley, Manchester. Fourteen. Drama, films.

JOAN MIDDLETON, 16 Robert Street, Pentre Rhondda, Glam. Fourteen. Reading.

TERRY LAVERY, 12 Millfield Tee, Gateshead, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Thirteen. Scouting, swimming.

MARGARET SOUTHWALL, Gornal Wood, Dudley, Worcs. Fifteen. Music, cycling.

MARY SMITH, 170 Cradley Road, Nether-ton, Dudley, Worcs. Speedway, films.

DOREEN SLATER, 22 Christopher Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool, 4, Lancs. Sixteen. Films, needlework.

BERYL WILLIAMS, 146 Bacchus Road, Winsor Green, Birmingham, 18. Fifteen. Embroidery, sewing.

PATRICK BURNS, 8 Cinnamon Street, Belfast, N. Ireland. Eleven. Reading.

MARY DANK, 17 St. Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington, London, W.14. Thirteen. Dancing, swimming, cycling.

IRENE BAILEY, 92 Ribbles Lane, Preston, Lancs. Eleven. Radio, sport.

ANNE EDWARDS, 34 Ogry Street, Nantymoel, Glam. 5, Wales. Ten. Sport.

JEAN CLARKE, 61 Clarence Road, Hunslet, Leeds, 10. Twelve. Swimming, tennis.

JUNE PALMER, 23 Antrim Road, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. Fourteen. Out-door games.

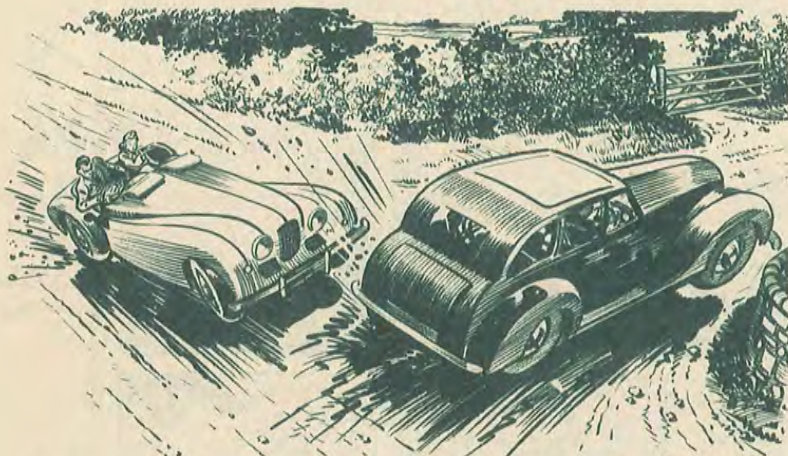
MAUREEN CUNNINGHAM, Ballycraig, Carrmoney, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. Fifteen. Reading.

PEN PALS COUPON

"Comet" October 21, 1950

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SPLASH PAGE

ACE REPORTER OF THE 'DAILY WORLD'
AND HIS ASSISTANT—JILL BRENT



THIS WEEK:—THE CASE OF THE BOY FILM STAR!

SPLASH PAGE was having a heated interview with the news editor of the *Daily World*. The news editor was giving the orders. Splash Page had other ideas.

"You'll go out now and interview Bobby Benbow," snapped the news editor. "Who's he?" asked Splash.

"Bobby Benbow," said the news editor carefully, "is the famous American boy film star. He's just arrived in Britain to make a film. I want a personal story from him."

"But, chief, I've told you," Splash Page protested, "Snatcher Martin's in town. He's come back to London after five years in America. He's one of our most dangerous crooks, and it'll mean trouble for the police. My underworld contact who gave me the news tells me Snatcher's not back in London for nothing."

"Well?" said his chief sourly. "I'm going to trace Snatcher and stick to him—and I'll be first with the story when it breaks!"

"No you won't," said the news editor coldly. "You're going out to the Bunham Film Studios to interview Bobby Benbow!"

"But Snatcher Martin—" "You'll be in more trouble than Snatcher Martin if you don't stop arguing! Interview Bobby Benbow. That's your story, and you'll stick to it!"

"I tell you," grumbled Splash, "you're missing the chance of a scoop."

"We'll know soon enough when anything breaks on Snatcher Martin," snapped his chief. "Get going, or you'll be writing your own story—'Why I Left the *Daily World*, by Splash Page!'"

Splash Page saw it was hopeless. Still fuming he went to find his assistant, Jill Brent, and took her and her camera in his speedy sports car out into the country near London. His destination was the Bunham Film Studios. He was still grumbling as he drove.

"He's nuts!" he said disgustedly. "Yes, yes, of course," said Jill Brent soothingly.

"I ask you," growled Splash, zooming his car along the broad arterial road. "Snatcher Martin—a big crime story likely to break—a scoop for the *Daily World*—and he sends me out to interview just another film star!"

"I don't mind," said Jill Brent calmly. "I'd like to meet young Bobby Benbow. I've enjoyed several of his films."

"Never seen him," snorted Splash.

"And don't want to!"

They were out in the country now. Speeding along a winding road, they caught glimpses now and then of the big white studio buildings among trees on a hill top ahead.

Splash steered the little sports car skilfully round a fast bend. Then suddenly he wrenched the steering wheel round and the car swerved bumping on to the grass verge.

Just in time he had seen a big black saloon car which came racing round the bend towards them on the wrong side of the road, its tyres squealing.

"The ass!" roared Splash Page. He shook a fist angrily as the big black car rushed past, and then exclaimed in surprise: "Gosh!"

He swung the steering wheel again and the sports car skated back on to the road as he braked hard.

"Phew!" said Jill Brent gasping. "That was close!" She shot forward in her seat as Splash suddenly reversed the car rapidly. The engine roared as he sped back the way they had come.

"Now what?" Jill gasped. "What are you going back for?"

"Didn't you see who was driving that car?" Splash snapped. "Snatcher Martin!"

"So what?" exclaimed Jill. "Turn round, Splash. You've got to interview Bobby Benbow!"

"Blow Bobby Benbow! I'm going to see what Snatcher Martin's up to!"

"But, Splash," wailed Jill, "you'll get the sack!"

"It'll be worth it," said Splash.

Jill held on tight as he pressed his foot on the accelerator. The car leaped forward. As Splash went through the gears with racing speed the speedometer needle flicked round to 70—to 80—to 85. Jill could hear nothing but the howl of the wind and the healthy roar of the exhaust.

She glanced at Splash's tense profile and knew that it was useless saying anything more about Bobby Benbow. Splash Page was hot on the trail.

TREES and bushes and hedges blurred past on both sides. The sports car raced round a curve almost on two wheels, held to its course by Splash's skilful driving. "There they are!" exclaimed Splash.

The saloon car was a quarter of a mile away along a long straight stretch of road. Splash's speedometer needle crept round a bit more—to 90 miles an hour. The sports

car overhauled the speeding saloon fast. It raced up close behind. Then Splash and Jill saw a hand and arm appear at one of the rear side windows of the black car and something gleaming blue-black.

They heard the sharp crack of the automatic. A bullet whined past the wind-screen in front of Splash, nicked the side of the car near his elbow and went screaming off into space.

"What did I tell you?" shouted Splash excitedly. "Snatcher Martin's on a job—and it must be an important one or he'd never risk shooting!"

He edged himself from behind the steering wheel and sat sideways, with one leg hooked up on the seat.

"They can't shoot at us and get away with it!" he snapped. "Take the wheel, Jill! And run alongside."

Splash swung over the side of the car and stood on the running-board as Jill wriggled into his seat and plunged her foot on the accelerator. They lost no ground. The sports car shot alongside the saloon. The offside wheels sent dirt and grass flying from the road verge as Splash scrambled across behind Jill, poised for a moment, then leaped.

He landed scrambling on the long bonnet of the saloon car. He nearly slipped off on the far side. His foot skated down the long, curving wing and landed on the running-board as he grabbed at the wind-screen pillar.

A man in a curly-brimmed hat sitting beside Snatcher Martin poked an arm out, and in his hand was a gun. It nearly jabbed into Splash's face. The explosion of the shot deafened him momentarily and the flame singed the hair above his ear.

Then he brought the side of his stiffly-opened hand down in a chopping motion on the gunman's forearm.

The gunman yelped and the gun dropped to the road from his paralysed fingers as his arm cracked down on the lower edge of the window. Splash Page clutched the door handle and jerked the door open. With a louder yell the gunman tumbled out and fell in a heap on the roadway, to roll over and over until he dropped with a splash into a mud-filled ditch in the grass verge.

Splash scrambled inside the car. He saw Snatcher Martin's startled, sallow face turn to him and heard the tyres squeal as the crook braked hard. Kneeling on the seat Splash found himself staring into the back of the car.

A sturdy boy with close-cropped fair hair was struggling in the grip of a hard-faced crook. A second man was just bringing an automatic up to aim at Splash. He could almost see the man's trigger-finger tightening.

Thinking fast, Splash lurched sideways towards Snatcher Martin, grabbed the steering wheel and wrenched it round.

"Up to your old games, eh, Snatcher?" he growled. "Kidnapping!"

Already slowing, the car swerved in a tight half-circle as the steering wheel slid through Snatcher's hands. It bumped over the grass verge, charged the hedge and went crackling and tearing through it to come to a skidding stop in a ploughed field as Snatcher, gasping, jammed his foot on the brake pedal.

The gunman had been thrown to the floor. He sprawled there, yelling, with the boy's feet on the back of his neck. The boy was shouting, too, as he struggled with the other man.

Splash took care of Snatcher with a short-arm punch on the jaw that cracked his head sharply against the window pillar at his side. Fighting mad by now, Splash scrambled out of the driving-seat, opened the rear door and dragged the sprawling gunman out by the shoulders of his well-padded jacket.

Hauling the man to his feet, Splash knocked him out with a lightning uppercut.

"Hey! Help!" yelled the boy. Splash barged in through the open door

of the car just in time to prevent the last of the kidnapers from clubbing the boy on head with his clenched fist. Splash hauled the man out and they rolled struggling on the ground. The boy came tumbling out, too.

Splash and his opponent struggled to their feet, punching at each other.

"Look out," cried the boy in alarm, "the other guy's got a gun!"

SNATCHER MARTIN had come to. Dazedly he lurched out of the car, an automatic in his hand. He was levelling it at Splash's back.

The boy went into action. He charged like a maddened billy-goat. His hard, cropped head butted into Snatcher's stomach and he folded up with a gasp and a grunt and the gun dropped from his hand as he rolled wheezing on the ground.

The boy snatched up the gun and turned in time to see Splash standing, breathing hard, over his battered opponent who lay flat on his back, his arms flung wide, gazing up at the sky.

"What a picture!" said Jill's excited voice. "I got the whole thing!"

She was standing inside the hole in the hedge, just lowering her camera.

"Gee, that was a dandy scrap!" exclaimed the boy. "And thanks for saving me from those hoodlums!"

"It's a pleasure," said Splash, dabbing at a split lip. "It's a good job I worried more about Snatcher Martin than about Bobby Benbow, though!"

Suddenly Jill Brent started laughing. She walked to the boy and put a hand on his shoulder. He was looking startled, his blue eyes wide as he stared at Splash.

"Splash Page," said Jill Brent, "let me introduce Bobby Benbow, the famous boy film star!"

Slowly Splash Page sank down until he was sitting on the muddy ground. He stared at Bobby Benbow all the time, while the boy grinned widely.

"Is that a fact?" said Splash Page weakly. "Well, fancy that!" He glanced at Snatcher Martin, who was groaning and trying to sit up. "No wonder Snatcher Martin kidnapped you. You must be worth a million dollars in ransom!"

"That's just what he said," the boy explained. "He followed me all the way from the States just to kidnap me. The nerve of those guys! We were filming a kidnap scene in which two extras had to grab me in the street and hustle me into a car. Only they weren't real extras—but those two crooks lying there."

He laughed gaily. "I bet old Leo Wurtz, the director, is still wondering what's happened to his star. They drove clean away while the camera was still turning!"

They heard a commotion as a studio truck drew up on the road. A plump, swarthy man jumped off and rushed into the field, followed by several technicians. He was Leo Wurtz, the director. He was overwhelmed with joy. He was profuse in his thanks to Splash Page.

"Thank goodness you saved him, Mr. Page," he cried. "We might have had to scrap a quarter of a million dollars' worth of picture!"

"That's all he thinks about," chuckled Bobby Benbow. "His old picture!"

When Snatcher Martin and his gang had been safely delivered to the police, Splash Page telephoned his news editor.

"Splash Page speaking," he said. "I've got a grand story on Snatcher Martin—"

Sounds of strangled rage came over the wire.

"Snatcher Martin! I told you, Splash Page—"

"—and Bobby Benbow," Splash continued, grinning. "Snatcher Martin came here especially to kidnap him. Do I keep my job?"

The voice on the wire changed magically. "I guess I do," said Splash Page to Jill Brent as he hung up.

Splash Page will have another smashing adventure next week. Be sure not to miss it!

CHUCKLE CORNER





RUSTY RILEY



Rusty Riley, a British orphan, lives on an American ranch owned by Quentin Miles, who has adopted him. He has a dog, Flip, and a horse, Hillbilly. He is journeying home with Tex Purdy, Mr. Miles' trainer, and with Hillbilly in a horse-box. Hearing of a race meeting at Pine Centre they stop to enjoy themselves and so meet Lila Chatfield. If her horse, Starlight, loses and her half-brother's horse, Supersonic, wins she will have to sell her estate. Her jockey, Joe, proves awkward and refuses to ride the way she wants.

MOST FOLKS AROUND HERE KNOW WHAT A RASCAL YOUNG CHATFIELD, LILA'S HALF BROTHER IS, BUT I KNOW THE INSIDE STORY, BECAUSE MY DAD AND OLD RAVINEL CHATFIELD WERE LIFE-LONG FRIENDS.

BUT TELL ME, WHAT'S THIS FAMILY TROUBLE GOT TO DO WITH TOMORROW'S RACE?

OF COURSE! I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF...WELL, EVER SINCE THE KIDS CAME OF AGE, THE HALF BROTHER HAS HAD THE ESTATE IN TROUBLE. LILA BRED SOME FINE HORSES. BUT SHE'S HAD TO SELL ONE AFTER ANOTHER TO PAY OFF THE YOUNG RASCAL'S DEBTS.

NOW HE'S GOT HIMSELF MIXED UP WITH A SLICK BUNCH WHO WANT TO TURN THE ESTATE INTO A ROAD-HOUSE. HE'S KIDDED LILA INTO LETTING THIS RACE DECIDE WHETHER SHE WILL SELL, OR NOT.

SHORTY DEPUTY

THAT STRANGER'S A SHORTY. DON'T LET HIM YORE



AND AS RUSTY SET OUT WITH TEX TO VISIT THE CARNIVAL HE JUST COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT LILA CHATFIELD AND HER TROUBLES. MEANWHILE, LILA HAD RUN INTO MORE BOTHER. THE JOCKEY WHO WAS TO RIDE STARLIGHT FOR HER WAS BEING AWKWARD.



CAN TEX PURDY AND RUSTY HELP LILA? DON'T MISS RUSTY'S ADVENTURES NEXT WEEK.

RTY
SHERIFF

CTING QUEER
T HIM OUT OF
SIGHT



A SHERIFF SAID



E! PORE OLD
RTY. I WONDER
OULD HAVE
ENED TO HIM?

PAPER,
HERIFF!



Kit Carson and the GOLDEN ARROW



Kit Carson and a young friend, Johnny Scott, are helping White Dove, an Indian girl, to find a treasure belonging to her tribe. The secret is in the symbols carved on the head of a Golden Arrow. They are pursued by Indians, led by Hawkeye. Kit Carson is captured but Johnny Scott and White Dove rescue him. They find the Golden Arrow where Kit had hidden it. Later, they join a wagon-train but the Indians overtake them and attack in force.

KIT CARSON TOOK CHARGE OF THE DEFENCE....



A STORM OF SHOTS MET THE CHARGING REDSKINS...



JOHNNY SCOTT WAS FIRING FROM A WAGON TOP.



THEN FLIGHTS OF FLAMING ARROWS FELL AMONGST THE WAGONS.

FIRES SPRANG UP EVERYWHERE.



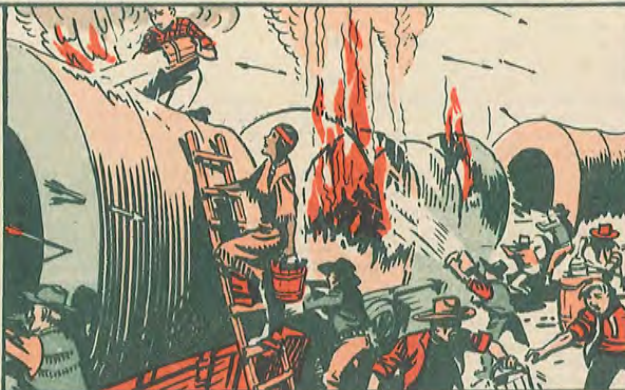
WHITE DOVE RAN TO WARN KIT CARSON...



IGNORING THE ARROWS WHICH STREAKED ROUND HIM, JOHNNY SNATCHED A FLAMING MISSILE FROM THE CANVAS.



ALL WHO COULD BE SPARED FROM THE DEFENCE HELPED TO FORM A CHAIN OF WATER BUCKETS AND FOUGHT TO PUT OUT THE FLAMES.



THE REDSKINS CHARGED AGAIN.



-- BUT WERE DRIVEN BACK AFTER A FIERCE STRUGGLE.



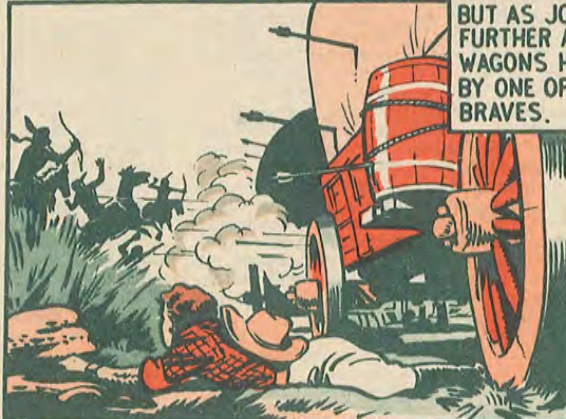
THEY TOOK THEIR TOLL OF THE DEFENDERS....



THEN JOHNNY TOOK KIT ASIDE. HE REMEMBERED THERE WAS AN ARMY FORT A FEW MILES AWAY. HE WOULD TRY TO REACH IT.



AS JOHNNY CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER A WAGON TO START HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY, KIT CARSON ORDERED A VOLLEY OF FIRE TO COVER HIM.



BUT AS JOHNNY CREEPT FURTHER AWAY FROM THE WAGONS HE WAS SPOTTED BY ONE OF THE CIRCLING BRAVES.



THE HOLD UP!

"THERE'S not much to see," said Chick Brown.
"There isn't," agreed his friend Molly Weston.

They were right, for the big Lampson air liner in which they were travelling was far out over the blue waters of the vast Pacific Ocean and all around, as far as the eye could reach, was an unbroken expanse of sea.

Chick, who was at school in England, had boarded the air liner at London Airport. He was flying out to Australia to spend the summer holidays with his father, Group Captain Brown of the Royal Air Force, who was at present attached to the Royal Australian Air Force.

Molly Weston was an American girl. She had joined the air liner at New York and was flying out to Samoa where she would be met by her father, an island trader.

She and Chick were about the same age, and as they were the only two youngsters aboard the aircraft, they had chummed up during the flight and become good friends.

"What time are we due at Samoa?" asked Molly.

"At six o'clock this evening," said Chick. He looked at his wrist watch. "That's another four hours, seeing that it's only two o'clock now."

Molly took her gaze from the sea twenty-five thousand feet below and looked round the big, comfortably furnished saloon. Some of the passengers were reading; two or three were writing letters; and at a table four well-dressed men were sitting playing cards.

"We've got some quite important people aboard," said Molly, turning to Chick. "There's Mr. Silas K. Potter, the American millionaire, and his wife. And there's Miss Gloria Graydon, the film star, and her secretary—"

"And us," put in Chick with a grin. "Don't forget you and me, Molly."

"Yes, but we're not anything like so important as Mr. Potter and Gloria Graydon and lots of others of the passengers," laughed Molly.

"We might be one day," said Chick. "You never know. You might be a famous film star, or something like that, but I know jolly well what I'm going to be."

"What?" asked Molly with interest.

"A pilot in the Royal Air Force," said Chick. "By the time I'm old enough they'll have aircraft driven by atomic energy and perhaps able to reach the moon. And that's what I'm going to be. A pilot on that sort of aircraft—"

Abruptly he broke off, tensing in his seat and staring in wide-eyed amazement at the four men who had been sitting playing cards. For, with one accord, the men had risen swiftly from their chairs, pistols in their hands.

"Hold everything!" cried one of them harshly, a slim, well-dressed, swarthy faced man. "This is a stick-up. We'll shoot the first guy that moves!"

The pistols of the four gunmen were menacing the seated and startled passengers.

"We mean it!" grated the leader, his dark, narrowed eyes watchful and a-glitter. "One move and we'll shoot—and shoot to kill!"

The hold-up could not have been better timed, for the two stewards and the air hostess, which the aircraft carried, were in the saloon preparing the tables for afternoon tea. This meant that there was no one aft in the kitchen quarters except the chef.

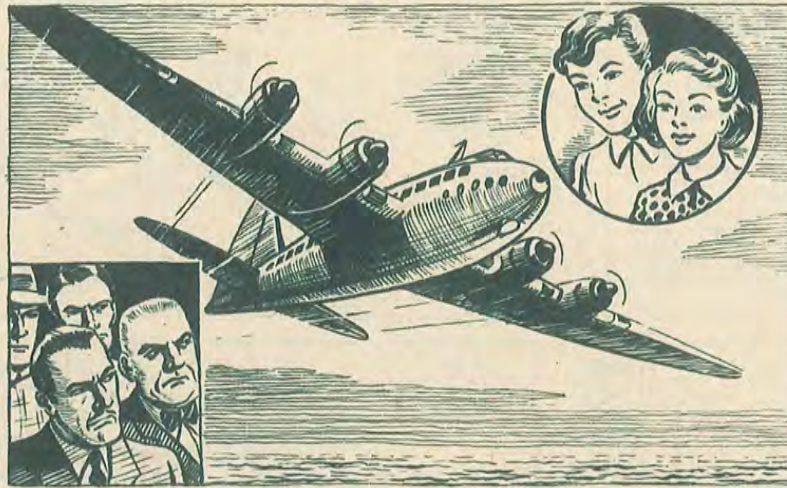
What was more, the engineer and the second pilot were also in the saloon finishing their lunch hour off duty, which meant that there were only three men in the forward control cabin—the senior pilot, the navigator and the radio operator.

Chick, sitting motionless and staring, knew the names of the four gunmen, for he had seen them on the passenger list. The swarthy-faced leader was a man named Stubbs and the names of the other three were Fenton, Cooper and Muller.

That the hold-up had been carefully planned and that each gangster knew exactly what he was to do was very quickly made clear. For the man named Muller stepped swiftly to the open sliding door which connected with the kitchen quarters and slid it shut. Then he turned and stood with his back against it, so that he was facing alone the saloon, his pistol raised.

When Muller had taken up his position, Stubbs, Fenton and Cooper moved swiftly forward along the saloon to the closed sliding door which gave access to the

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THE FLYING GUNMEN

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER

control cabin. Here they turned, so that the passengers and stewards were menaced by three pistols covering them from forward and Muller's pistol covering them from aft.

"Okay, Fenton, hold them!" ordered Stubbs harshly. "Shoot the first man or woman to move!"

"I'll do just that!" promised Fenton grimly.

Stubbs turned on his heel, pulled open the sliding door which connected with the control cabin, and stepped swiftly through it. Cooper, following at his heels, slid the door shut behind them.

In the cabin, Raynor, the senior pilot, was standing gazing out through the forward look-out windows, for the controls were locked. With him was Pembroke, the navigator. Tupworth, the radio operator, was seated at his transmitter and receiver.

All three of them had their backs to the door. Nor did they turn round as they heard the door open and shut, for they thought it was the engineer and second pilot returning from lunch.

"Up with your hands—the three of you!" grated Stubbs.

Raynor and Pembroke spun round. Tupworth swung swiftly round on his chair. All three stared in blank astonishment at the pistols covering them and at the two gunmen. It was Raynor who spoke.

"What's the idea?" he rapped.

"Hoist your hands, that's the idea!" said Stubbs harshly. "This is a stick-up!"

Raynor tensed. Next instant he whipped into lightning-like action, hurling himself forward at Stubbs. But swift though he was, Stubbs was swifter. His pistol cracked viciously and Raynor pitched heavily forward to crash face-foremost to the floor.

"You hound!" choked Pembroke, white to the lips.

"You're next unless you lift your hands!" said Stubbs harshly. "I'll give you just one second!"

Already his finger was tightening on the trigger for a second shot. Slowly Pembroke raised his hands. It would have been madness to have done otherwise.

The other gangster, Cooper, had stepped swiftly to the seated Tupworth.

"Stand up and get away from that radio!" he ordered, his pistol pointing straight at Tupworth's head.

Tupworth did not intend to desert his post. Swinging swiftly round on his chair, he switched on the transmitter. But before he could send out even the first word of a desperate call for help, the barrel of Cooper's pistol struck him savagely across the head, stunning him and knocking him from his chair to the floor.

Next instant, using the butt of his pistol as a hammer, Cooper was smashing the valves of the radio gear and tearing out the leads with his other hand. The wrecking was savage and complete and, when he had finished, Cooper said with grim satisfaction:

"That's fixed it. There won't be no more radio signals go out from this kite!" "Fine!" said Stubbs.

His eyes moved from Pembroke to the huddled forms of Raynor and Tupworth. Then he looked at Pembroke again.

"You'll help carry these two guys out of here into the saloon!" he ordered.

"You'll hang for this!" said Pembroke hoarsely.

"Oh, no!" Stubbs said. "Your pal's not dead, if that's what you're thinking. I didn't shoot to kill him. I'm a crack shot and I got him on the side of the head. The bullet nicked a bit of bone, I guess, and knocked him flat out, that's all!"

Then he went on harshly:

"But don't get any wrong ideas. Next time we will shoot to kill. The shot that dropped the pilot was a warning to the whole bunch of you guys. There's none of you will get a second chance from now on. Now get busy and help carry 'em out!"

Cooper had pocketed his pistol. Between them, he and Pembroke carried first Raynor and then Tupworth into the saloon. Stubbs went with them, his pistol in his hand.

The passengers and stewards, still being guarded by the armed Fenton and Muller, stared in fear at the limp forms of the pilot and operator.

"Any of these guys giving any trouble?" Stubbs asked Fenton.

"None of 'em," said Fenton, grinning. "Muller and me's got 'em all under control."

"Fine!" said Stubbs.

His eyes travelled slowly round the faces of the seated, frightened passengers, and stopped at Chick and Molly.

"Those two kids can get the first-aid chest, wherever it is, and fetch it here and attend to these two guys who've been knocked out," he said to Fenton. "Don't let any of the others move. I'll be back in a minute!"

He went back into the control cabin with Cooper and stood watching as Cooper sat himself down in the pilot's seat.

"Can you manage her?" he asked, as Cooper sat studying the controls and the gleaming array of gauges and dials on the instrument panels in front of him.

"Yes, easy," said Cooper. "They're just the usual sort of controls. There ain't nothing fancy about 'em. I could fly this kite blindfold I reckon."

"Yes you're a real smart pilot, I'll say that," laughed Stubbs. "And you're certain you can take her to Talula?"

"Yeah, sure I can," said Cooper, unlocking the controls. "I'll swing her southwards off course, then I'll lock the controls again and have a look at the chart. It's spread out on the navigator's table there."

His foot moved on the rudder bar and he turned the wheel of the control column with strong and confident hands. As he did so, the great white-hulled air liner swung smoothly southwards off her course.

"Gosh, she takes it like a bird!" he said admiringly, his eyes on the swinging compass needle.

He levelled up, holding the thundering air liner on her new course.

"If you're sure everything's okay I'll get back to the saloon," said Stubbs.

"Sure, it's okay," said Cooper.

Leaving the gunman at the controls, Stubbs returned to the saloon where Chick and Molly were bathing the hurts of Raynor and Tupworth, both of whom had regained consciousness.

Apart from that, the scene in the saloon had not changed.

"Everybody behaving themselves?" asked Stubbs of Fenton.

"Just like sleepin' babes," grinned Fenton.

Stubbs's hard, dark eyes travelled slowly over the motionless and frightened prisoners, all of whom were watching him.

"Well, folks, you didn't expect this," he said, and his voice was almost pleasant. "But so long as you don't start anything you'll come to no harm. At least, no more harm than we can help. And now we're going to search you for weapons. I don't suppose any of you are carrying a gun, but we've got to make sure."

"You'll hang for this outrage, you scoundrel!" cried one of the men passengers furiously, unable to contain himself any longer.

"Shut your trap, or I'll shut it for you!" cut in Stubbs harshly. "One more squawk out of you and it'll be your last!"

He meant it. The man could see that and he became silent. Stubbs turned to Fenton.

"Search 'em for guns!" he ordered. "Muller and me will keep 'em covered!"

Fenton's search of the prisoners was swift but sure. He made the men stand up and ran his hands expertly over them and felt for concealed shoulder-holsters. He also made them open any small travelling cases they had brought into the saloon with them and he rummaged through the contents.

So far as the ladies were concerned, he just made them open their handbags and travelling cases. Then satisfied that no one was carrying a gun, he returned to where Stubbs was standing.

"There ain't none of 'em armed," he reported. "I've searched 'em all except these two kids," he indicated Chick and Molly.

"You kids armed?" demanded Stubbs.

"No, of course we're not," snapped Chick. "What a fat-headed question."

"Don't get fresh," warned Stubbs.

"What's the idea of this hold-up, anyway?" demanded Chick.

"Stick around and you'll see," grinned Stubbs.

"Well, whatever it is, you'll not get away with it," cried Chick.

"Is that so?" sneered Stubbs. "Now ain't that just something to know?"

Turning to the prisoners again, he raised his voice and said:

"As I've told you, ladies and gents, so long as you keep quiet you'll not get hurt. But I'm taking no chances, so I'm going to have the hands of one and all of you tied behind your backs. The first guy to protest will get a bullet through him. Get busy, Fenton!"

Backed by the menacing guns of Stubbs and Muller, Fenton quickly lashed the wrists of the prisoners behind their backs with short lengths of strong adhesive tape which the gangsters had brought with them for this very purpose.

"Okay!" he reported when he had finished. "D'you want the kids tied?"

"No, leave 'em loose," said Stubbs.

"They can be useful to us."

He turned again to the helpless and pinioned prisoners.

"And now, ladies and gents," he announced, "we're going to relieve you of all your cash and valuables. I know that Mrs. Silas K. Potter, wife of old man Potter, the millionaire, has got her jewel case with her and so has Gloria Graydon, the film star. They're carryin' more'n five hundred thousand dollars worth of jewellery between 'em and the rest of you have got rings, bracelets, necklaces and wads of paper money what's all going to tot up to a real handsome pile. I'm mighty sorry to have to do this to you," he went on, grinning furiously, "but you see how it is. Me and my pals have got to live."

"Yes, but you won't live very long," cut in Chick loudly. "Armed piracy—and that's what this is—is a hanging matter!"

Things look pretty hopeless—but Chick and Molly are free! Read, next week, how they plan to foil the gunmen.

THE NEXDAWS

by DENIS GIFFORD

BERT & HONEY



BUNTER'S REVENGE

(Continued from page 2)

the river at all this afternoon and I certainly never got a lift on a barge—

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I never touched Smithy's boat at the island, of course. I didn't bring it down the river and it ain't tied up at the raft now, so far as I know. The fact is, I don't know anything about it at all. But I say—he, he, he!—fancy Smithy sticking on that island—he, he, he!" Bunter gurgled again. "Will he be shirty? Will he be wild? Will he be as mad as a hatter? He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton and Co. gazed at the chuckling fat Owl.

"You utter chump!" said Harry. "If Smithy's stranded on that island he may be in hours late—and it will come out that he was on the island out of bounds and—"

"He, he, he!"

"Think that's funny, you burbling bloater?" exclaimed Bob.

"He, he, he! Yes, rather!" chortled Bunter. "Serve him jolly well right—splashing a chap all over! He, he, he! Perhaps he'll wish I'd come to the picnic after all! He, he, he! But I say, you fellows, don't you get telling Smithy it was me! I don't mind telling you chaps, but if you're going to tell Smithy it wasn't me at all and I don't know a thing about it. I was somewhere else when I was there—I mean, when I wasn't there—What are you staring at, Bob?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Smithy!"

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH strolled into the Rag with Tom Redwing. It was rather startling to Harry Wharton and Co. after what Bunter had told them. But there was the Bounder—evidently not stranded on Popper's Island.

"I say, you fellows—!"

"Here's Smith, you ass!" said Harry Wharton laughing.

"Eh? What?"

Billy Bunter revolved on his axis and stared blankly at the two fellows who had just come in. His eyes almost popped through his spectacles. Right up to that moment Bunter had not dreamed of doubting that Vernon-Smith was stranded on

Popper's Island. He could hardly believe his eyes or his spectacles as he blinked at Smithy.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Hallo, hallo, hallo, Smithy!" roared Bob. "You're in on time. You got off the island all right, then?"

"We haven't been on the island," answered the Bounder. "That fat ass Bunter yowled it out for Quelch to hear, so we gave it a miss. We went farther up." "Lucky we did, too, as Wingate went up to the island this afternoon," said Redwing. "He would have spotted us there and there would have been a row."

"As it was, we spotted him," said Smithy laughing. "Wingate was stranded on the island and he yelled to us as we came by in our boat and we gave him a lift back to Greyfriars."

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter. "Oh, scissors! Oh, lor! Wingate—oh, crumbs."

"I've got a message for you, Bunter," went on Smithy. "You're to go to Wingate's study after roll!"

"Oh, jiminy! What for?" gasped Bunter. "Six, you fathead! He saw you making off with his boat—"

"Oh, lor!"

"Fancy Bunter having the nerve to play a trick like that on the captain of the school!" said Smithy. "It was like him to let Wingate see him getting away with the boat, too! Fancy that fat ass having the cheek to strand Wingate on that island!"

"Oh, crikey! I—I didn't—I—I wouldn't—I—I wasn't—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wingate saw you in the boat, you fathead! You're to go to his study after call-over! Better pack a few exercise books in your bags! Wingate's as mad as a hatter, and it will be swipes! Hallo, there's the bell!"

The bell was ringing for calling-over and the juniors crowded out of the Rag. Billy Bunter's fat face was no longer wreathed in grins. He no longer chuckled. He did not seem to have a chortle left in him. It was a dismal and gloomy Bunter that answered when Quelch called the names in hall, and a still more dismal and gloomy Bunter that slowly and sadly took his way to Wingate's study after calling-over, to take what was coming to him.

Hard luck Billy! There'll be another grand Greyfriars' story in next week's "Comet." Don't miss it.

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DON DEEDS

Don Deeds saves Alphar, the Emperor of Mars, from a rebel leader, Zorn, the rebel leader, poisons the mind of the Martians against Don and Mai-Mai so that they have to flee from the city while the rebels storm the palace. In a wood Don and Mai-Mai see a strange figure emerge from a cavern.

