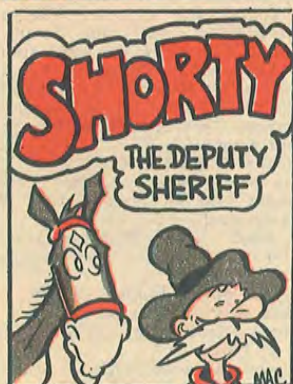
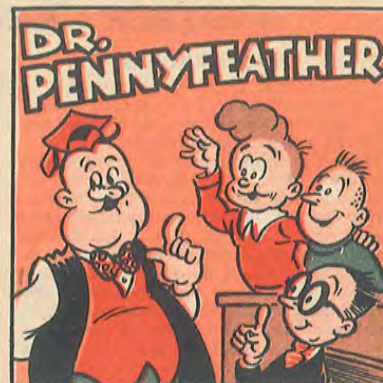


COMET

2nd

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC

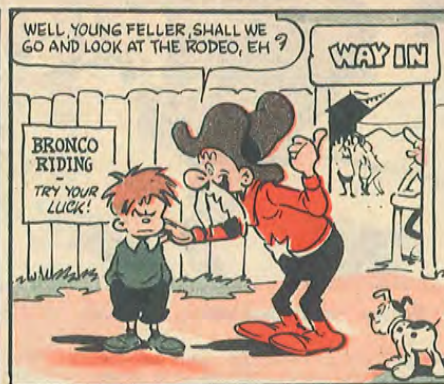
EVERY OTHER MONDAY



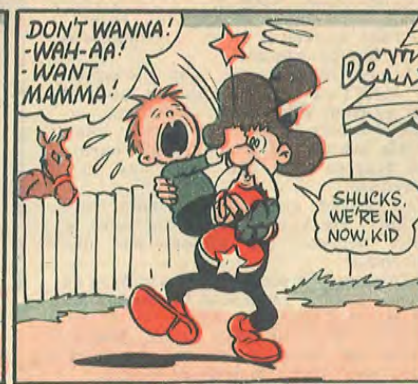
Old Shorty's nature's very kind,
That's why he got the kid to mind.



But this was quite a special child,
Well known for paddy, shrill and wild!



About this, Shorty didn't know,
And said "Come to the Rodeo!"



This notion just did not appeal,
And Elmer started in to squeal!



With fists and feet all lashing out,
He landed Shorty such a clout!



A kick or two went quite astray,
And copped a chap who passed that way.



This chappy who had had the kick,
Blamed Shorty for it—with a brick!



Next Shorty sought the nurser-ee,
And what a boob that proved to be!



A bronc there was, all fierce and wild,
Mixed in with rocking-horses mild!



And Shorty chose this very horse—
Quite accidentally, of course!



Buck-jumping off went that bad moke,
While Shorty nearly had a stroke!



But, strange to say, the little boy
Was not afraid—but filled with joy!



Just then young Elmer's doting Mum,
Came looking for our Shorty-Chum!



And she saw bronco—going mad—
Still carrying her little lad!



At sight of this upsetting scene
She bonked poor Shorty on the bean!



But she asked Shorty home to tea,
When Elmer's prize she chanced to see!



TWO PARCELS

P.C. TOZER marched up the drive of Greyfriars School with stately strides, and all the fellows who saw him regarded him with keen interest.

Tozer was an old enemy of the Greyfriars schoolboys. He never missed an opportunity to come down hard on any unfortunate lad, as he believed that all boys were cheeky young imps who needed more discipline. Because of this attitude Mr. Tozer received a lot of cheek from the juniors. Between the schoolboys and the village constable there was open war!

A few remarks were made to the policeman as he marched towards the school buildings, but although he grew redder in the face, he ignored them, and marched on to the Head's study.

"Ah, what can I do for you, Tozer?" asked Dr. Locke, as the fat constable was shown into his presence.

"I have been treated with disrespect, sir," said Tozer, with an injured look. "I've 'ad clods slung at me in the lane, sir. Also, I've been cheeked, at the very gates of this school—of which, sir, Wharton and Nugent was the worst—as they always are!"

Dr. Locke repressed a smile with difficulty. He knew exactly the state of affairs between the juniors and the policeman.

"This must be seen into," he said, as he touched a bell. "I will send for the juniors and see what they have to say."

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent entered the study a few minutes later. Tozer gave them a triumphant look.

"Wharton! Nugent! I hear you've been impertinent to Mr. Tozer," said the Head. "You will both apologise. Mr. Tozer may sometimes displease you in the execution of his duty, but you must remember that none of our lives, and none of our property, would be safe if it weren't for the police force."

The juniors looked at each other. To have to apologise to Tozer would be a come-down indeed! The policeman looked at them smugly—he had scored, and he knew it!

"I am waiting," said the Head. "You will apologise—or I shall be forced to apply the cane."

"I—I apologise," said Wharton and Nugent together, with very red faces.

"Very well," smirked Tozer. "Then I overlook it this time. But don't let it occur again."

Harry and Frank, both furious, quitted the study. "We'll make Tozer sit up for that," muttered Nugent.

A few minutes later Tozer left the Head's study and began to walk quietly down the passage. Suddenly he pricked up his ears as he heard a voice say:

"Get them at Tucker's, and bring them to my study, Skinner."

"All right, Loder," came the reply. "Trust me."

Mr. Tozer trod on softly and swiftly, and he left the school in a very satisfied mood. Tucker's was the tobacconist's in Friardale, and it was out of bounds to the schoolboys. P.C. Tozer grinned to himself. If one of the cheeky young imps was going into Tucker's for some cigarettes, then, he, Tozer, would be waiting for him as he came out, to catch him red-handed. The village constable hurried on towards Friardale.

SKINNER came down the passage a few minutes after Tozer had gone. Loder, the prefect, had given him the money for the cigarettes, but Skinner did not intend to go for them himself. There was too much risk attached to it for Skinner's liking. He hadn't refused to get them, for there was generally quite a good tip from Loder for doing an errand like this. Skinner was just wondering who would go for him, when his eye lighted on Billy Bunter.

BILLY BUNTER LIMITED



Billy Bunter went pelting up the street. "Come back!" roared P.C. Tozer

Skinner was passing the door of the common room. Inside, seated at a table was the fattest junior at Greyfriars, busily engaged with pencil and paper.

Skinner tapped him on the shoulder. "Don't bother me," snapped Bunter, without looking up. "I'm busy with company business."

Skinner grinned. Bunter's latest wheeze was to form a company. Bunter had proposed that if all the fellows contributed a small sum of money, they would be able to buy all sorts of eatables from the wholesalers, instead of getting it from the tuckshop. The stuff would be a lot cheaper from a wholesaler, who dealt only in large orders, and Bunter had guaranteed that everyone would get a lot more grub for their money.

As the fellow who had thought up the idea, Bunter was to be the managing director—and it was perhaps this fact that had put the rest of the fellows off. As yet, no one had bought a share in Bunter's company.

Skinner suddenly saw how he could turn this to his own advantage.

"How much are the shares in this company of yours, Billy?" he asked casually.

Billy Bunter looked up quickly, and his eyes gleamed. "A shilling each," he said eagerly.

"Why, do you want one?"

"One?" echoed Skinner. "Oh, no. This is a good idea you've got, Billy—I think I'll have twenty."

Bunter could hardly believe his ears. Twenty shares!

"Th—that'll b-be a pound," he stammered.

"That's right," replied Skinner. "You can have the money at bedtime. By the way," he added in an off-hand manner, "you might do me a favour, Bunter, and run down to the village for me."

Bunter pulled a face. He hated anything that required exertion, but at the same time, he couldn't refuse a chap like Skinner, who had just bought twenty shares!

"It's only to Tucker's to get a packet for Loder," explained Skinner. "You're such a clever chap that you would handle it better than I would. Loder will hand out a tip for getting them, and I'll let you have half."

"Oh, all right," replied Bunter. "Halves

—mind!"

"But definitely," Skinner reassured him. "You shall have as much as I get."

Bunter took the money from Skinner and rolled off. It was a long walk, but twenty shares were twenty shares, and the thought of the pound note that Skinner was going to hand over at bedtime made Billy beam as he hiked along the country road to Friardale.

BUNTER stood outside Tucker's and gave a quick look up and down the street. It wouldn't do to let a master or a prefect see him enter the shop. Satisfied that he was unobserved, he pushed the tobacconist's door open and walked in.

P.C. Tozer, who had concealed himself in a doorway a few yards past Tucker's, grinned with satisfaction, and walked along the pavement towards the tobacconist's, ready to catch the junior as he came out.

Mr. Tucker came from the back of his shop as his bell jangled, and Billy Bunter laid Loder's money on the counter.

"The packet for Mr. Loder, please," said Billy.

That was the usual way to ask, as Bunter well knew. Loder was very particular about the cigarettes he smoked, and Mr. Tucker kept a special brand for him.

Mr. Tucker looked up as a shadow fell in the shop doorway, then grinned to himself. That shadow could only belong to the helmeted head of P.C. Tozer—there was no mistaking it.

Now Mr. Tucker did quite a bit of business with Loder of the Sixth Form, and he did not mean to let Tozer stop it for him.

He wrapped up a little packet and handed it to Bunter.

"There it is," he exclaimed. "Please mention to Mr. Loder that it is not the same sort as before, as I thought it would not be possible to send him the other kind."

"All right," said Bunter. And he left the shop.

He had only walked a couple of paces when a large hand descended on his shoulder, scaring the daylight out of him.

It was the hand of P.C. Tozer!

"Produce them cigarettes," he said in a stern voice, and Bunter nearly collapsed.

"W—what d-do you m-mean?" he

stammered.

"Now come along, Skinner," said the constable. "I know you've just bought some cigarettes."

"Oh, no! You've got the wrong chap, Mr. Tozer. My name's Bunter, not Skinner—but don't bother to apologise!" And Billy Bunter tried to walk away.

Unfortunately for him, the grip on his shoulder remained as strong as ever, and Billy found he couldn't take even half a step.

"Bunter or Skinner—makes no difference," said the constable. "I've caught you red-handed. Now hand them smokes over."

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" came the sudden shout, and both Bunter and Tozer looked up to see the chums of the Remove come walking round the corner. Wharton, Nugent and Cherry had come down to the village to call in on the local sports outfitter. The sight of Bunter in the grip of their old enemy interested them greatly.

"What's Bunter been up to?" inquired Frank Nugent. "Robbed a bank has he—I shouldn't wonder!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"If you must know," smirked Tozer, "I've caught him in the act. He's got cigarettes on him!"

"Have you?" asked Wharton grimly. He had no time for chaps who smuggled smokes into school.

"Certainly not!" bluffed Bunter. "I can't think why this person has such a preposterous idea!" He sniffed in the direction of Tozer.

"Well, you can soon settle it, Bunty," said Nugent cheerfully. "Just turn your pockets out for the kind constable."

"Ha, now we'll see!" exclaimed Tozer, and he relaxed his grip on Bunter's shoulder.

That was enough for Billy. He squirmed clear, dodged round Harry Wharton, and went pelting up the street.

P.C. Tozer gave a snort of wrath. "Come back!" he roared. And he thundered on after Bunter.

Billy ran as fast as his fat little legs would carry him, but that was not very fast. Before he had gone a dozen steps the grasp of the policeman was on his shoulder again.

"Gotcher!" roared Tozer. "Now—I'm going to search you. What's this in your inside pocket?"

He drew out the packet.

"Thought so!" exclaimed P.C. Tozer triumphantly, and he unfasted the string round the small packet.

Bunter stood in dismay.

The village constable took the wrapping paper from the package, and a small cardboard box was exposed.

Mr. Tozer lifted the lid.

"I say, really—it wasn't—" Bunter broke off as he saw the look on Tozer's fat face.

Short-sighted as he was, even Bunter could not help observing the sudden dismay and disappointment that dawned upon the policeman's face as he saw the contents of the box.

The cardboard box was full of chocolate creams!

Bunter blinked at the box as dumb-founded as the constable. He had fully expected cigarettes to be revealed.

From the chums of the Remove burst a roar of delighted laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sweets!" Tozer exclaimed in disgust. "That's not what you got at the tobacconist's!"

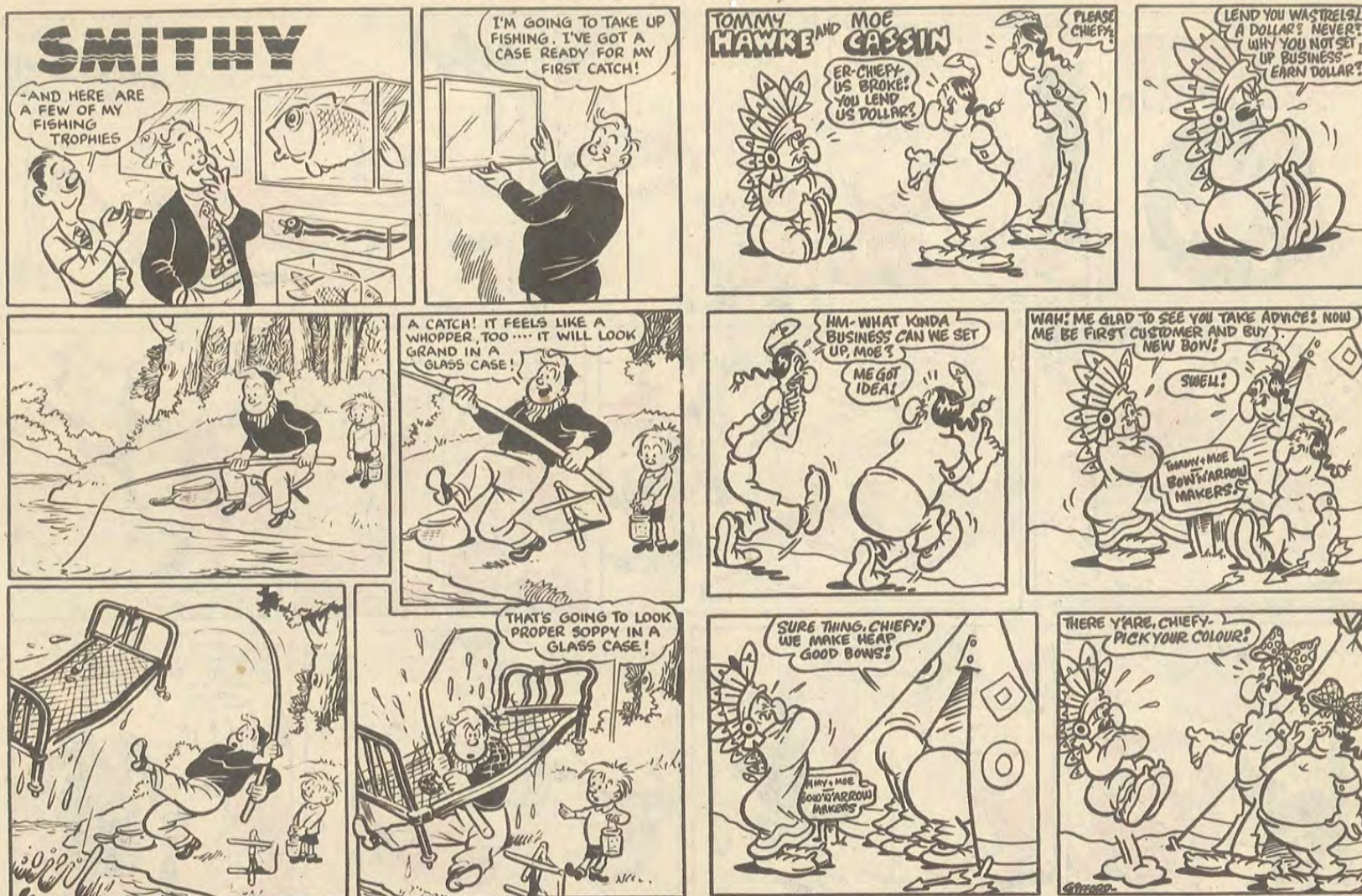
"Mr. Tucker also sells sweets," said Bunter, now fully recovered. "I informed you that you'd made a very big mistake, my man!"

The juniors roared, and Tozer's ruddy face went even ruddier. The constable felt very uncomfortable indeed. Bunter, quite self-confident now, blinked at the officer

(Continued on opposite page)

CHUCKLE CORNER





BILLY BUNTER LIMITED

(Continued from previous page)

through his big spectacles in a superior and patronising manner.

"Well, are you satisfied that you've made a mistake?" he demanded.

Mr. Tozer breathed hard.

"I'll catch you young imps yet," he growled.

"Come on, Tozer," said Harry Wharton, hardly able to speak for laughing. "You owe Bunter an apology!"

But P.C. Tozer did not apologise. He stamped away with his face a purplish colour. He was very embarrassed indeed.

HARRY WHARTON and Co. walked back to Greyfriars in a very satisfied frame of mind. The discomfiture of Tozer was a fitting repayment for the scene in the Head's study.

Bunter walked with them, still acting the injured innocent.

As soon as he got back to Greyfriars he sought out Skinner.

"Here you are," said Billy Bunter, as he rolled into Skinner's study, and he pushed the packet across. Bunter had been careful to wrap the packet up again.

"Right-ho!" said Skinner. "I'll pop them into Loder."

"Don't forget that Loder was going to give you something for going, and that we're going halves with it," Bunter reminded him. "By the way, you'd better explain that—"

"Oh, don't cackle!" snapped Skinner. "You stay here while I go and collect."

Billy Bunter blinked after him.

Skinner took the packet to Loder's study, and the prefect looked angrily at him as he came in.

"You've been a long time!" he snapped irritably.

Loder cut the string and unwrapped the paper.

He let out a yell as he opened the box.

"Chocolates!" he roared. "So this is one of your little jokes, is it?"

The prefect made a rush for Skinner.

Skinner made a rush for the door, but

the Sixth Former was quicker, and his grasp descended upon Skinner's collar before the Removite could escape from the study.

"I'll teach you to play jokes of that sort," Loder said, his face red with rage.

"Look here," began Skinner. "I didn't—ow!"

Loder had grabbed a cane, and was now applying it.

BILLY BUNTER had settled himself in Skinner's armchair, waiting for the promised tip. There was also the matter of the twenty shares that Skinner had said he wanted in the firm of "Bunter, Limited."

The door opened and Bunter blinked at Skinner.

"Did you give the packet to Loder?" he asked.

"Yes," said Skinner grimly. He was taking a walking stick from the corner of the study.

Billy Bunter sensed that something was wrong.

"What did you get from Loder?" he asked anxiously.

"A licking! And you're going to get halves all right!"

He made a grab at Bunter, and the walking stick rose in the air.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"Yow! Help! Leggo!" roared Bunter.

Thwack! Thwack! The cane fell on Bunter.

At last Skinner was finished, and a very miserable Bunter rolled into the passage.

"Beast!" he roared.

On the way to his study he met the chums, and he poured out his tale of woe to them.

But they only laughed at him.

Once in his study, however, Bunter forgot his pains a little. On the table stood a parcel that had arrived with the evening post. It was something he had ordered a few days ago.

He unwrapped the package and surveyed the contents with a gleam in his eye.

"Now perhaps these beasts will buy some shares in Bunter, Limited," he murmured. "If this doesn't convince 'em—nothing will."

What does Billy's parcel contain? Don't miss the fun in the next "Comet."

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



55. JEANETTE MACDONALD
(M.G.M.)



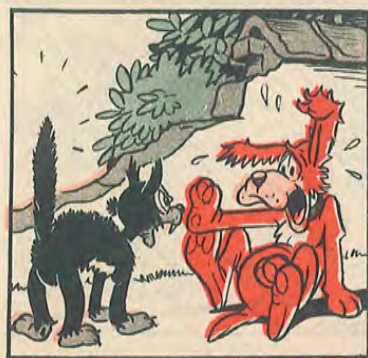
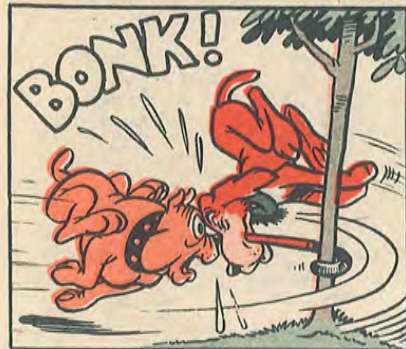
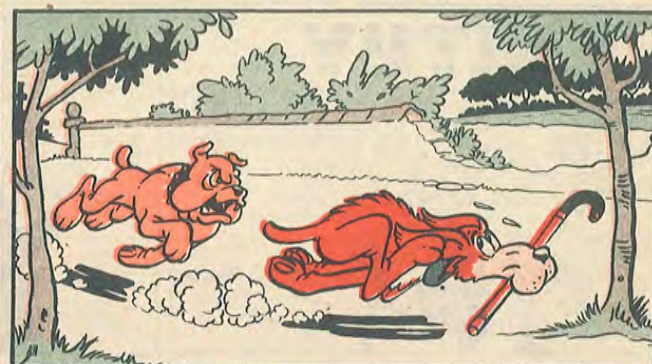
56. SABU
(London Films)



57. RICHARD WIDMARK
(20th Century-Fox)



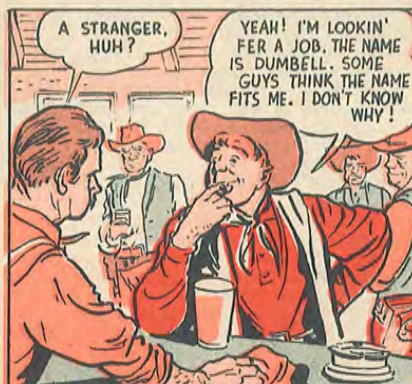
58. LINDA DARNELL
(20th Century-Fox)



Buck Jones

IN THE
SECRET of RED CANYON

THERE IS GOLD IN RED CANYON! PEG-LEG, THE OUTLAW, AND HIS GANG PLAN TO KIDNAP MEN FROM ALKALI CITY TO WORK THERE AS SLAVES. THEY TRY, FIRST, TO CAPTURE BUCK JONES BUT HE FALLS INTO A RIVER AND THEY ARE SURE HE HAS DROWNED. MEANWHILE, IN ALKALI CITY.....



AND AFTER HOURS OF HARD RIDING THEY SAW AN AMAZING SIGHT ...



BUCK AND DUMBELL HAVE HIT THE SLAVE TRAIL - BUT WHO ARE THE WATCHERS?

BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE

A Thrilling Yarn of the Spanish Main

By REX HARDINGE



Dick and Anne crept close up to the bales and heard Cap'n Luke and Stump talking to the crew!

CAPTAIN LUKE'S THREAT

THE good ship *Devon Rose* left Plymouth on the morning tide. She sailed close-hauled to a stiff breeze, and Captain Dawlish was well pleased as he paced the poop, his keen eye on the towering spread of canvas. He had every reason to be happy, for not only was the weather at its best for the start of the voyage, but he liked comfort aboard, did Captain Dawlish, so he always took particular care in choosing his cabin boy. And this voyage he had signed on two bright-looking lads for the price of one. The brothers, Dick and Dan Burton, had agreed to sail that way because they did not want to be parted.

Strangely enough, the two youngsters were even happier than the captain as they sat together in a quiet corner.

"Well, the trick worked," chuckled Dick Burton. "This ship will get you to Port o' Prince just as quickly as the *Seaspray*, Anne."

"Careful, Dick," warned Anne Pennington quickly. "You must remember to call me Dan. They mustn't dream for a moment that I'm not a boy like you."

Dick nodded soberly. He must indeed be careful. Anne looked a bright, sturdy boy in his spare clothes, and there had been no trouble about signing on. Captain Dawlish had jumped at the chance of getting two cabin boys cheaply. But Dick knew that Anne's enemies were desperate, and he could not rid himself of the fear that they would not let her leave England so easily with the chart that held the secret of Black Jeremy's treasure.

He looked out across the vast emptiness of the sea and marvelled to think that it was only yesterday that he had run away from his job as apprentice to Mr. Copping, the grocer. The call of adventure had been too strong for him, but he had not dared hope to plunge into a rush of thrills so quickly. Just because he had gone to sleep in a clump of trees on the Plymouth road, and had wakened to hear the pirates, Cap'n Luke and Stump, plotting to stop the post-car and capture Anne Pennington, who was taking Black Jeremy's chart to her father in Port o' Prince, he had been able to save Anne.

And now, with the precious chart hidden in Anne's clothes, the two of them were at

sea, heading for Port o' Prince, the Spanish Main and Black Jeremy's treasure, and Cap'n Luke and Stump were still watching in Plymouth for the girl Anne to attempt to board the *Seaspray*.

A LOUD hail from Captain Dawlish made both Dick and Anne spring up and scramble to the poop. But the old man was not calling them. He was roaring at the mate.

"Hey, mister—didn't I order all hands on deck to shorten sail?" he demanded. "Well, I don't see 'em all. Where are those two lubbers we signed on at the last moment? Fetch 'em out, mister! I'll have no skulkers on my ship."

The mate, a giant with fists like legs of mutton, sprang forward to the fo'c's'le, his voice drowning even the rattle of the rigging and the thud of the waves against the hull.

Then, from the depths of the fo'c's'le another voice joined in—a gale of a voice that even out-roared the mate's.

"By the horned toad of Tampico, stow your gab, lubber, or I'll tear you apart and scatter you to the fishes!"

Both voices ended in a sound like cargo being dropped from a height into the hold and rolled across the ship, and then out on the deck bounced two enormous shapes, grappled together, fighting like wild bears.

One was Mr. Blewett, the mate, but the other was even bigger than him, and Anne reached out and clutched at Dick's arm, her face going white.

There was no mistaking the huge round face, blackened by tropical suns and streaked with a livid scar from eye to chin. Dick also recognised the gold-braided hat and blue coat, and the gold earrings glittering in the sun. And if final proof was needed, he saw it next. Where one eye should have been there was nothing but a bunched-up scar.

"Cap'n Luke!" he gasped, recognising the pirate who was after Anne's chart.

And, to complete the picture, out from the fo'c's'le also came a forbidding scowling, sinister man, with a stump of wood where his left leg should have been.

"Stump!" muttered Dick. "They're both here!"

He could do nothing. He dared not say anything to Anne even, as the bos'un and

Captain Dawlish himself snatched belaying-pins and leapt to the mate's aid.

With a few well-aimed blows they tamed Cap'n Luke, and he finally went quite quietly to work as an ordinary seaman.

"That's the way to treat 'em," boasted Captain Dawlish, stalking back to the poop. "On my ship I can tame anything on two legs. Understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" chorused Cap'n Luke and Stump together, but Dick knew that they were not really tamed. He had overheard enough that time among the trees to know that both these men were members of the dreaded Brethren of the Coast, the most deadly confederation of pirates on the Main, and he guessed that they were only pretending to buckle under so easily.

He found the chance to whisper as much to Anne, with the result that the two of them set to work to watch Cap'n Luke and Stump, to find out what mischief they were plotting.

They soon discovered that there was plenty.

THE following night all was quiet. The *Devon Rose* rolled steadily through a slight swell, with all drawing aloft and aloft, the darkness lit only by a wonderful show of stars. Dick and Anne were both feeling their way back to the galley along the sloping deck with the dirty dishes from the captain's dinner, when suddenly they stopped. Muffled voices came from behind a load of cargo stowed on the deck.

Dick touched Anne, and together they crept close, worming their way round the bales. They were not surprised to hear Cap'n Luke's muffled fohorn of a voice doing almost all the talking.

"I'm telling you there's gold—pieces of eight—and jewels—all for the taking," he growled. "Scupper me and sink me, are you men or are you worms? I've never been on such an easy tack as this. All we have to do is seize the ship. Then turn her about and lie in wait for the *Seaspray*. She's a smaller craft and undermanned, and with a few stout lads to back me she'll be mine with scarce a blow struck. She'll be a rich prize, as will the *Devon Rose*, for they're both loaded down with merchandise, but that 'ull only be the start, for aboard the *Seaspray* is Mistress Anne Pennington, with Black Jeremy's chart, and she won't outlast me this time."

"So, my lads," went on Cap'n Luke in a wheedling voice, "who's with me? A swift blow tonight and two good, laden ships are ours, and then, ho for the richest treasure on the Main—Black Jeremy's hoard! All yours to share and share alike, for that's the way of the Brethren of the Coast, if you've the courage to follow me."

There was a confused murmur of gruff voices, and Dick and Anne realised that a large number of the crew were with the pirate.

"Then here's my plan, shipmates," growled Cap'n Luke. "Stump and I are old hands at this business of mutiny. We'll work our way aft when the Cap'n goes below, and we'll fasten him up in his cabin. The mate 'ull be on the poop. I'll deal with him next. He's my meat. When you hear him hit the deck—don't worry, you'll hear the thud, for I've a score to settle there—come aft all of you, and we'll take the ship."

Dick and Anne turned and crept away, for they were afraid of being found when the mutineers dispersed. They had heard enough.

"Dick, what can we do?" asked Anne anxiously. "We've got to save not only this ship but the *Seaspray*. We can't let them both fall into the hands of this pirate."

"Don't worry," said Dick, his eyes glittering. "I have a plan. Listen!"

When he had finished explaining, Anne's eyes shone just as brightly.

They did not go to the galley, but instead worked their way silently aft to where Captain Dawlish's tall figure could be seen

pacing the poop. But they did not go up to him and warn him of the threatened mutiny. The reason for this was that Dick had discovered that the tough old sailor had a temper like gunpowder. If he believed for a moment that mutiny was being plotted on his ship, he would have no time for guile. He would simply snatch up the nearest heavy object and sail into the crew to knock sense and discipline into them. And Dick had reason to fear that such methods would not work.

He stayed watching the captain while Anne slipped away down to the old man's cabin. When she returned she was carrying what looked like a bundle of clothes.

Dick looked about him anxiously. He knew that somewhere in the darkness the keen eyes of Cap'n Luke and Stump would be watching the slowly pacing figure of the skipper, waiting for him to hand over the watch to the mate and go below. The moment he did that, the mutiny would start.

Dick touched Anne, feeling her trembling with excitement. The mate had appeared on the poop, and he and Captain Dawlish were talking together. Then the old man turned and strode below, leaving the mate in charge.

Now for it. Dick had everything worked out to the last detail. Anne had not only collected clothes when she went below. She had opened the door of a long locker at the bottom of the ladder that led to the captain's cabin.

Just as Captain Dawlish was passing the locker, the boy sprang. He caught the old man off-balance, so that he staggered forward. His legs caught against the edge of the locker and he fell into it. Anne was ready to shut the door noiselessly and ram home the heavy wooden bolt.

And yet, a moment later, as Cap'n Luke and Stump crept towards the door of the captain's cabin, they saw the tall figure striding along.

The two pirates braced themselves as the cabin door was opened; then they leapt forward. But surprise made them miss their target.

They uttered cries of superstitious horror as the tall figure suddenly divided into two!

Cap'n Luke had aimed a vicious blow with a marine-spike at the head. But the head part wasn't there any more! The top half of Captain Dawlish had slid to the deck and was moving on its own alongside the equally agile bottom half!

Before the pirates recovered from the shock these two halves had tripped them as they sprang forward and sent them tumbling into the captain's cabin. Then the door was slammed on them, and the bolts rammed home.

"Captured both of them!" gasped Anne, looking very strange in Captain Dawlish's spare hat and long coat, which she had worn to sit on Dick's shoulders and give the impression of a tall figure.

Dick didn't answer. He was too busy dashing to free the infuriated Captain Dawlish from the locker. The old man came out like a tornado, but he soon calmed down when he heard the story of the planned mutiny, and in a matter of moments he had all the disgruntled, scared crew lined up, and then opened the cabin door and had their leaders dragged out and put in irons.

"No irons can hold me!" roared Cap'n Luke before he was dragged away to be shut in the ship's lazarette. "I'm warning you, I'll be free long before you drop anchor in Port o' Prince, and then—by the pronged fork of Neptune—I'll tear those two young pups to pieces and feed 'em to the fishes! I'll show 'em they can't treat Cap'n Luke like this! You wait!"

Anne shuddered, and Dick also looked grim, for he realised that for the rest of the voyage danger would be always threatening them.

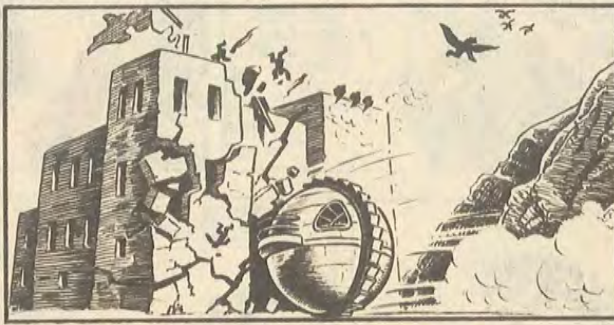
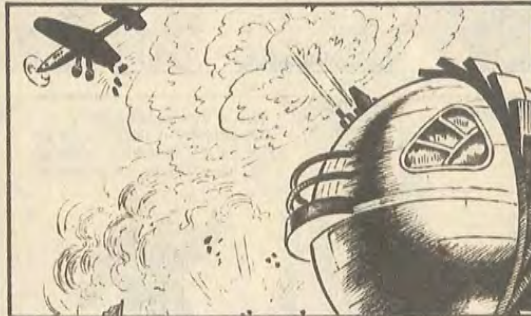
What will Dick and Anne do next? Will the pirates escape? Don't miss the thrills in the next "Comet".

SILLY BILLY



Don Deeds

On the way to Kwung Chu, the Rolling Sphere is disabled and Hoo Sung and Mai-Mai captured by Chinese soldiers and taken to a fort. But Don Deeds repairs the Rolling Sphere and sets out to the rescue.



WILL DON FIND HOO SUNG AND MAI-MAI? DO NOT MISS HIS ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT "COMET"

SCOOP—THE "COMET" REPORTER



How to do The bottomless sweet-tin trick

It's simple! When your sweet supply is low and Mum is not too busy show her this page. With a tin of Cadburys Bournville Cocoa and this recipe she can conjure up the most wonderful-tasting off-ration CHOCOLATE MACAROONS - and your tin need never be empty!



Mother knows that delicious Cadburys Bournville Cocoa is full of good things that will do wonders for you. Remind her to use it whenever possible in drinks, sweets, cakes and, of course, in 'afters.'



YOU SAVE ON 1 LB. TIN AT 1/3 1/2

CADBURYS BOURNVILLE COCOA

GROWING FAMILIES HAVE THE COCOA HABIT



THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

BASED ON A POWELL-PRESSBURGER PRODUCTION FOR LONDON FILMS, FROM A BOOK BY BARONNESS ORSKY.

CHAUVELIN, AGENT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, CAME TO MONT ST MICHEL A FORTIFIED ABBEY ON AN ISLAND OFF THE FRENCH COAST, TO TRAP THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, WHO WAS THERE TO RESCUE REFUGEES FROM THE TERROR OF THE REVOLUTION. CHAUVELIN CAPTURED SIR ANDREW FFOULKES, A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE OF THE PIMPERNEL --

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL SURPRISED CHAUVELIN AT A MEAL IN THE THREE COCKLE SHELLS INN.



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL!

SORRY -- MUST HAVE STARTLED YOU!

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL STROLLED CALMLY TOWARDS HIS ARCH ENEMY.



I CAN'T LEAVE MONT ST MICHEL WITHOUT SIR ANDREW FFOULKES -- ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS!

SMILING, CHAUVELIN ROSE AND STAMPED HIS FOOT ON A TRAPDOOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR.



HE IS MY PRISONER DOWN HERE -- SIR ANDREW FFOULKES!

SIR ANDREW'S VOICE ANSWERED FAINTLY FROM BELOW.



HALLO, ANDREW! PERDY UP HERE! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A MINUTE!

YOU'LL BE WITH HIM SOON ENOUGH! I HAVE A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS ON THE WAY -- ONE OF OUR BEST REGIMENTS! NOBODY CAN HELP YOU -- NOT EVEN YOUR GOVERNMENT!



BUT UNSEEN BY CHAUVELIN, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAD BEEN BUSY EMPTYING THE PEPPER-POT INTO HIS SNUFF-BOX --



AND AS CHAUVELIN THREATENED HIM.

CALM YOURSELF, CHAUVELIN. PERMIT ME TO OFFER YOU A PINCH OF SNUFF!



AMAZED AND PUZZLED BY SIR PERCY'S COOLNESS, CHAUVELIN TOOK A BIG PINCH FROM THE SNUFF-BOX --

NEXT MOMENT --



AS CHAUVELIN STAGGERED ABOUT THE ROOM IN A SEVERE BOUT OF SNEEZING --



ANY MOMENT NOW, ANDREW!

UP YOU COME, ANDREW. CHAUVELIN GOT YOU INTO A PRETTY PICKLE DOWN THERE!



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL SOON FREED HIS FRIEND -- AND AS CHAUVELIN RECOVERED FROM HIS SNEEZING --

YOUR PARDON, CHAUVELIN, FOR STEALING YOUR DISGUISE. DOWN WITH HIM, ANDREW!



SWIFTLY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL AND SIR ANDREW PASSED THROUGH THE OUTER ROOM OF THE INN.



YOU ARE STILL MY PRISONER, BUT IF YOU LEAD ME TO THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL -- AS YOU PROMISE -- YOU SHALL GO FREE!

YES, MONSIEUR CHAUVELIN!

WHEN THE SERGEANT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD REALISED A TRICK HAD BEEN PLAYED ON THEM, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL AND SIR ANDREW HAD DISAPPEARED AMONG MONT ST MICHEL'S MAZE OF ALLEYS --



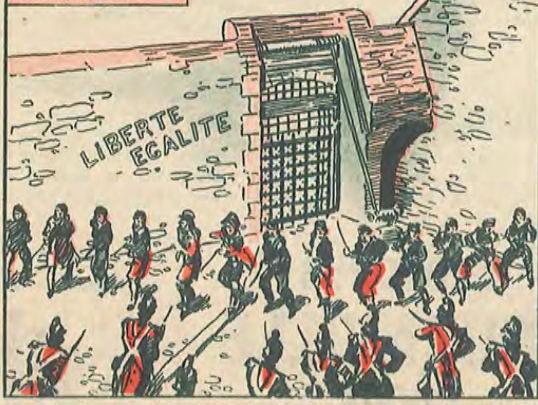
THEY HAVE ESCAPED! TO THE TOWN GATE -- QUICKLY! NOBODY MUST LEAVE MONT ST MICHEL!

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ALSO GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS LEAGUE, WHO WERE IN FULL FORCE ON MONT ST MICHEL.



EVERY MAN TO THE TOWN GATE. CLOSE THE GATE AND KEEP IT CLOSED. NOBODY MUST ENTER THE MOUNT FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR!

AT THE TOWN GATE --



A FIERCE FIGHT RAGED AS THE PIMPERNEL'S LEAGUE DEFENDED THE GATE --



WHILE OUT ON THE CAUSEWAY FROM THE MAINLAND, A BODY OF TROOPS APPROACHED IN THE EVENING LIGHT --



CHAUVELIN'S REINFORCEMENTS WERE NEARING MONT ST MICHEL --

WILL THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL BE CAPTURED? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"