

KNOCKOUT

FUN BOOK

1947

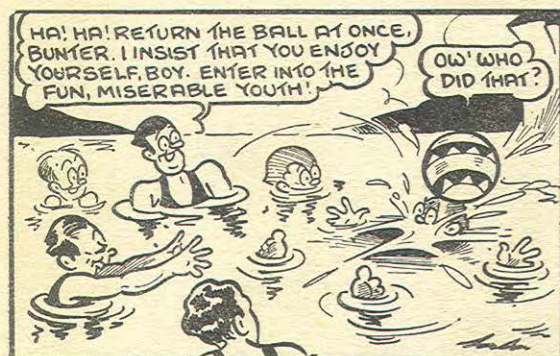


BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH.



1. The Greyfriars lads were down at Roll-on-the-Sea for the day, chums, and Quelchy decided to have a splosh-about in the mighty ocean. Coo, the lads were bucked—all except William George Bunter. He always did shrink from water.



2. But Quelchy grabbed him by the ear and forced him to the foam, hustled him down the beach and shoved him in the sea. And there they played water polo. How Billy hated it—especially when the ball got him on the napper and half-drowned him.



3. Then Quelchy started a race to yonder rock. Billy let 'em race! He'd had enough of slopping about in water. It made him wetter than usual. Meanwhile, Lord Proppahposh waited for the rabble to fade before he started his paddling.



4. He didn't notice our Billy left behind by the rabble and crawling out of the mighty ocean. Of course, when Billy got out of the water the tide went out, so Lord Wotsit had farther to go to reach the sea. Not that Billy cared a hoot. He had wetness all over him, in his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. He was wobbling like a jelly with cold. Likewise he was fed-up.



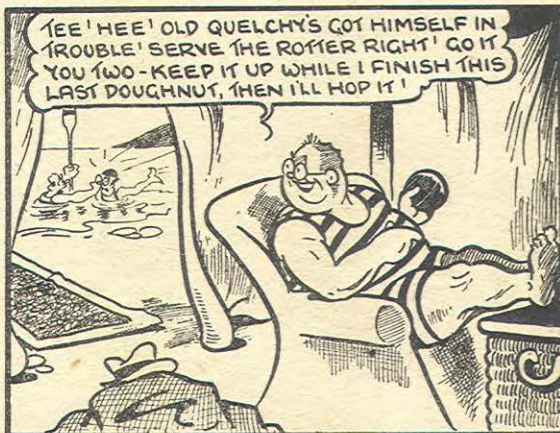
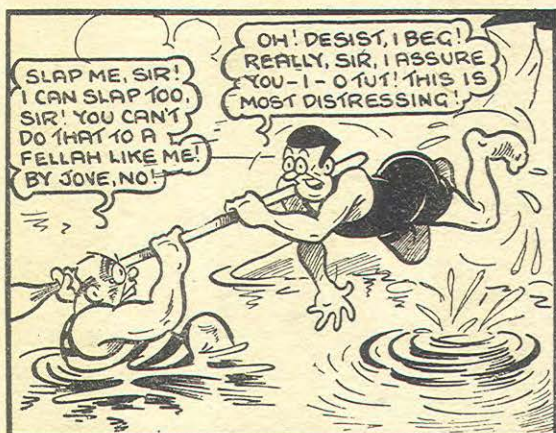
5. And, not looking where he was going because of the briny in his peepers, he stumbled slap into a tent. He thought, at first, it was the Greyfriars' tent, but it wasn't. Still, there was a real posh towel waiting to be wiped on—rather different from Billy's utility rubber. So why not use it? There wasn't much towel for so much boy, but our Billy never was fussy.



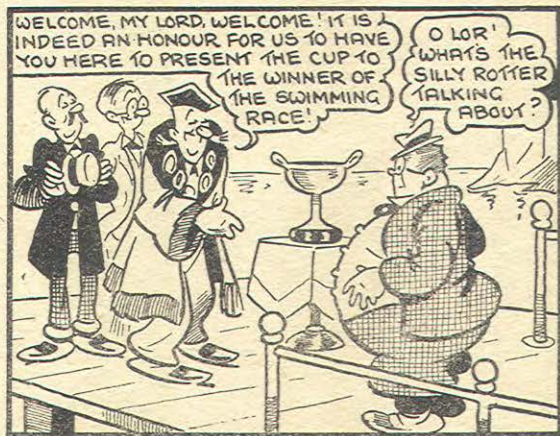
6. But Quelchy had won the race to yonder rock and had brought the lads back again. "Back to our tents, boys," he bumbled. "Do not dally lest you catch a chill." Oh, a very wise old bird was Quelchy. But just in case he'd left a little lad in the mighty ocean, he counted 'em in. And one was missing! But 'twas not a little lad. 'Twas Bunter!



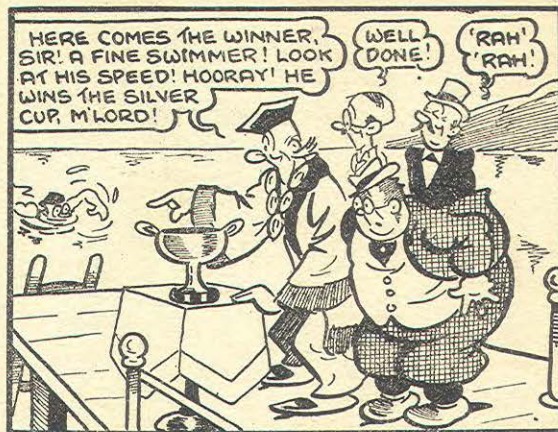
7. Moreover, he was not drowned, for Quelchy could see the rear portion of his striped swim suit bobbing about in the mighty doings. Coo, Quelchy was annoyed! How dare Bunter stay in when he was told to come out! He'd show him! And seizing an oar, Quelchy dashed into the surf, boiling with anger. And he slapped that striped swim suit heartily.



8. Wallop! It was "oarful," chums! There was a howl, and up popped the bather's head. To Quelchy's horror, 'twas not our Billy at all! 'Twas Lord Proppahposh, and he simply hated having his swim suit knocked about like that. He got hold of that oar and pulled Quelchy down. In two ticks there was a naval battle going on. But Billy didn't care!



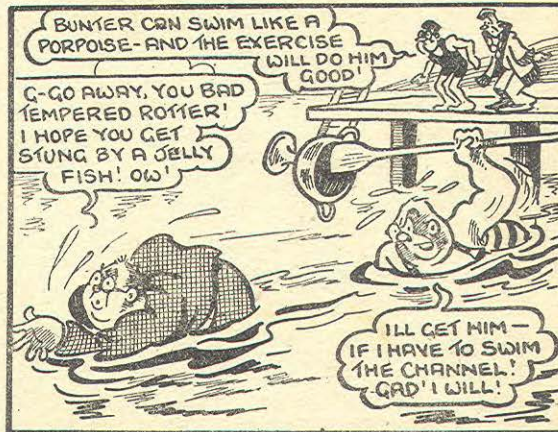
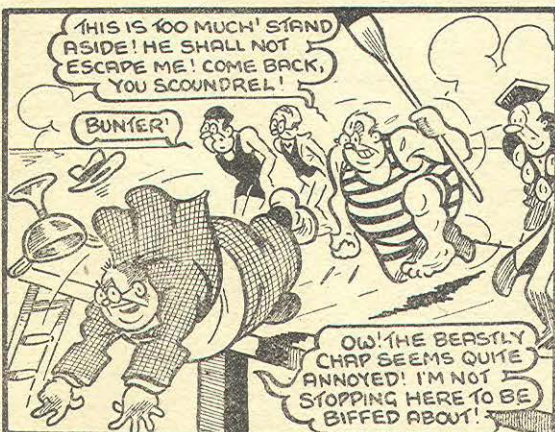
9. He had found some grub in that tent and was intent and in tent putting it where the moths couldn't get at it. He wanted to finish the grub, but before he could hop it, a gentleman's gentleman—his lordship's batman, in fact—said that the Mayor and Corporation were waiting for our Billy. Leastways, they were waiting for somebody!



10. So Billy dressed in the only togs he could find and went off to see the Mayor and the other old fossils. He couldn't do anything else without giving away the fact that he wasn't Lord Proppaphosh. Maybe the gent who came wasn't a servant after all. Maybe he was the Town Clerk. Billy didn't know. Meanwhile, Quelchy was racing away from old Proppaphosh.



11. In fact, he had the breeze up so much that he raced the racers all the way to the pier. And the Mayor said he'd won and would m'Lord hand him the Cup! Billy grinned. He reckoned Quelchy was far too exhausted and out of puff to recognise him. And he was right! But although Lord Proppaphosh didn't recognise our Billy, he did recognise his own utility suit.



12. Crumbs, that did it, chums! Lord Proppaphosh still clutched the oar, and he was real mad. Billy wasn't staying there to be biffed around. He dived into the mighty ocean and Lord Proppaphosh dived too. And what happened after that is nobody's business, chums. Our Billy had a tough time, and now he says you can keep the mighty ocean!

BILLY BUNTER

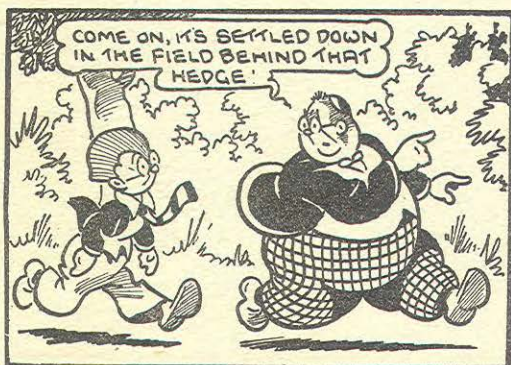
THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH.



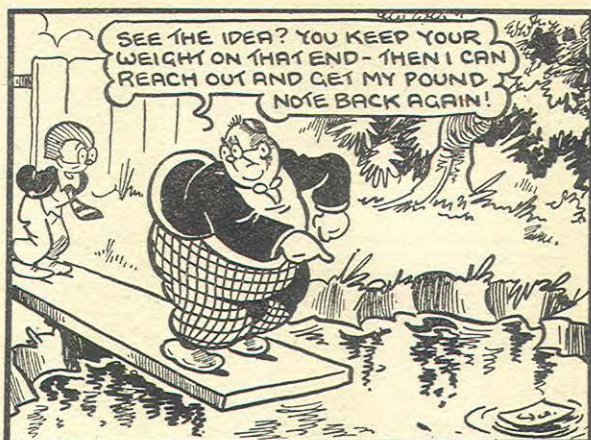
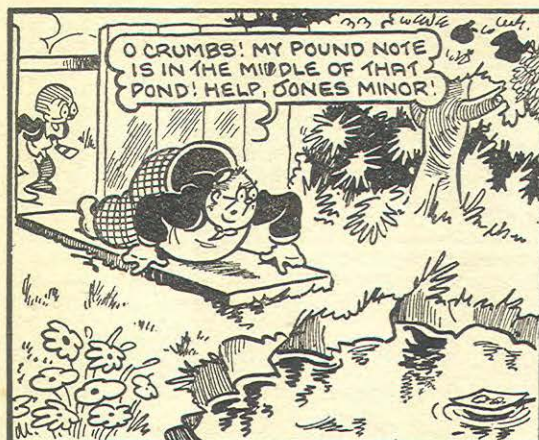
1. Well, would you believe it, chums! William George Bunter is in funds! His dad sent him a postal order for a pound! Think of that—in doughnuts! But every rose has its thorn, chums, and our Billy's joy was suddenly dampened a bit.



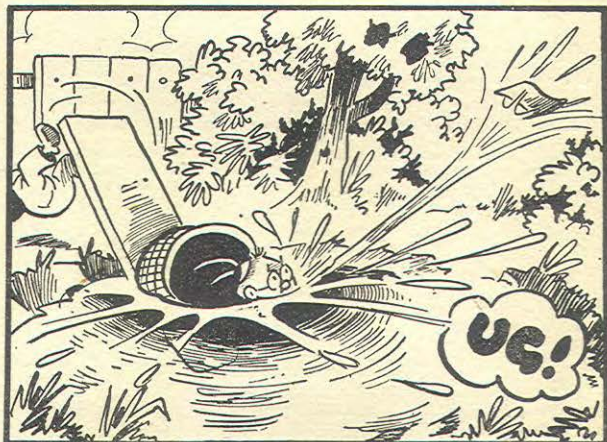
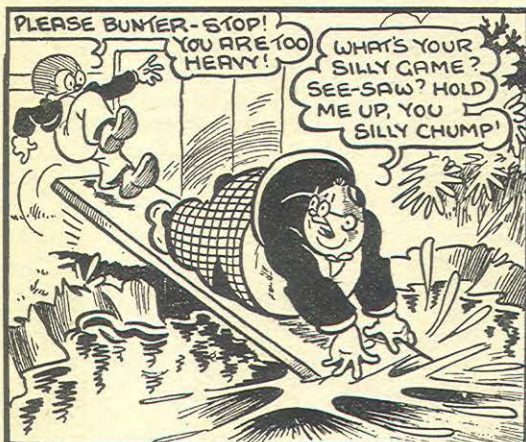
2. 'Cos Jones Minor had to remember the five bob Billy owed him! Fancy thinking of a thing like that when a postal order arrives! But our Billy has a heart of gold, he has! He said Jones Minor could help him spend the pound and maybe get a bun out of it.



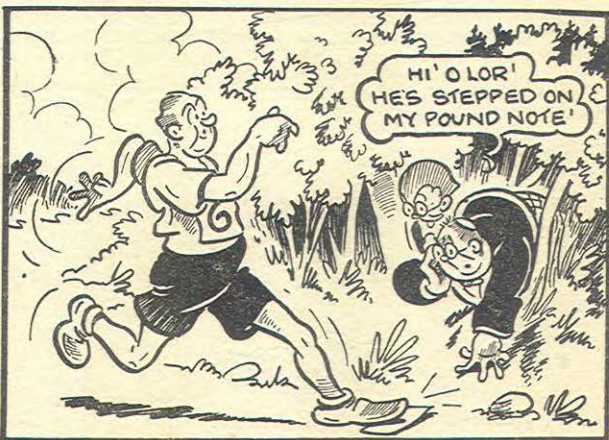
3. But while Billy was holding up the pound note to make sure it was good, a town kid with a catapult scored a bullseye. The note was whisked from Billy's hand over the fence. Coo, Billy was annoyed! He had to have a leg-up to get over the fence.



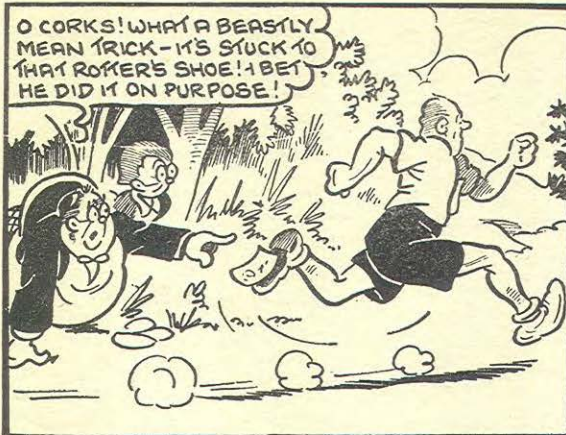
4. But that fence wasn't made to bear the weight of two-ton Billy. The plank planked down with a wallop, and Billy found himself flat on his tummy gazing at the muddy waters of an oozy pond. And in the middle of the oozy pond floated the pound note! But was it lost? Not much! It takes more than a nifty pond to keep our Billy away from a pound's worth of doughnuts.



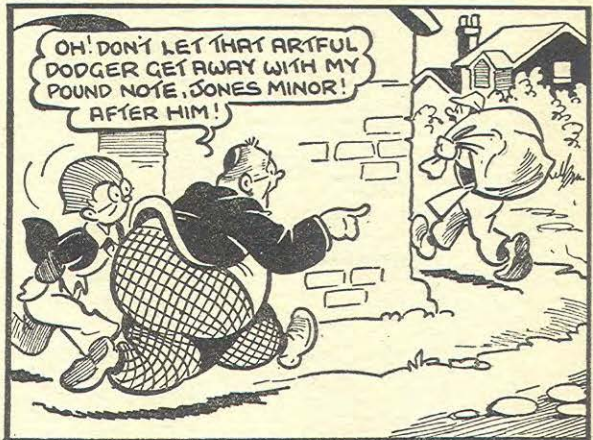
5. He had a Bunter notion. He slid the plank over the oozy water and stretched himself upon it. Jones Minor had to stand on the other end to keep the plank from tilting. But Jones Minor was either not smart enough or not beefy enough to do it. Up tilted the plank and down went our Billy—splosh into the oozy stuff. And what an oozy splash there was that day!



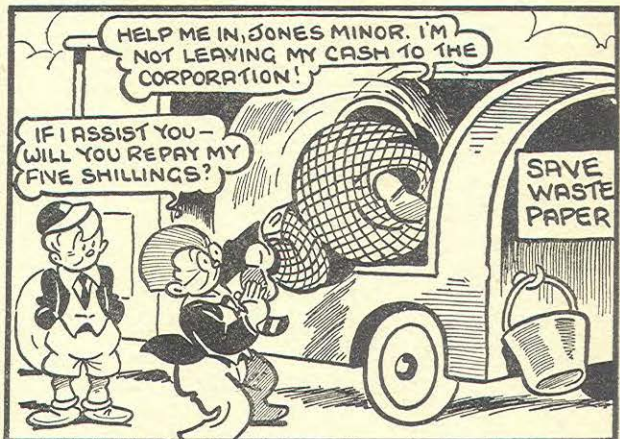
6. Our Billy drank quarts of ooze, pints of tiddlers, and a few tadpoles. But what was worse, one splosh of water lifted the pound note high into the stratosphere and over a hedge. And there was a racing chap running like mad from here to there. And he put his foot down on that pound note. Billy was just in time to see it happen. Coo, what beastly luck!



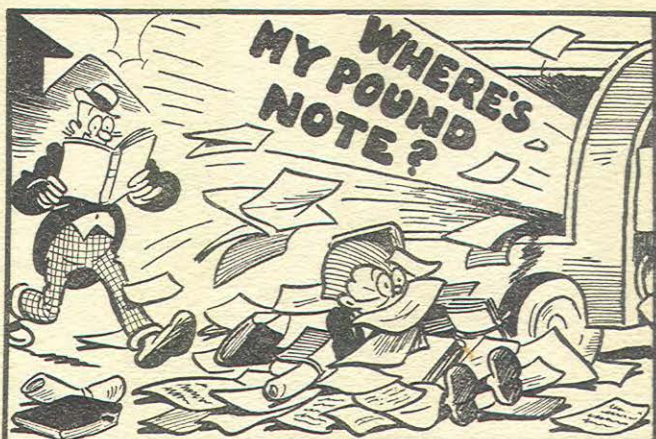
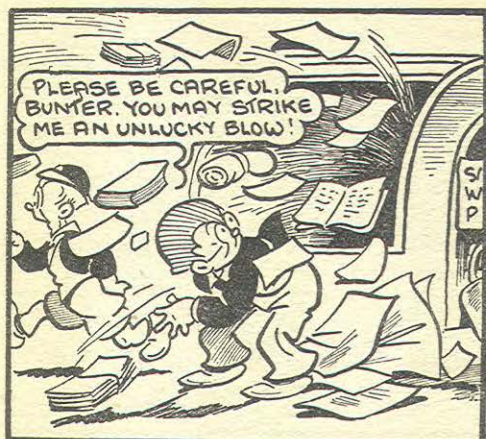
7. And, as you know, chums, racing chaps wear spiked shoes. The result was that the pound note got well and truly spiked, and the runner ran off with the note spiked on his spikes. Billy spiked—er, spoke—to the gent, but he was in too much of a hurry to get there to bother with our Billy. "Stop, thief!" yelled Billy, dashing after the racing chap like a crazy tank.



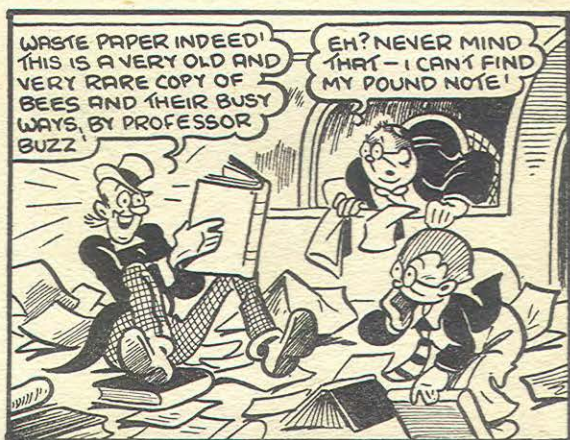
8. On and on, and on again, went the racing runner. And Billy was a good second. But on turning a corner, hard by Pancake Alley, the racing runner flicked his foot. The pound note came unspiked and was neatly tossed into a sack of waste paper waiting to be collected by the salvage man. Billy heaved a sigh of relief. Now he'd get his note back—perhaps. Perhaps not!



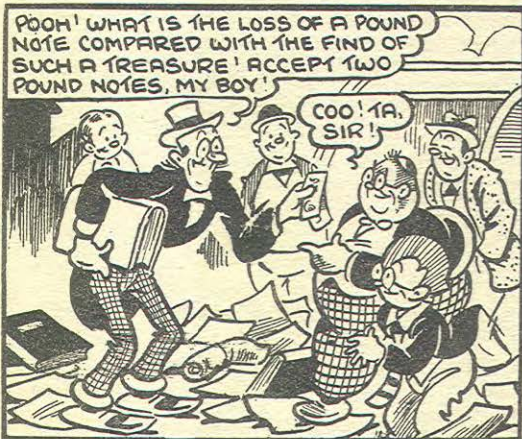
9. There's many a catch in this sort of thing, chaps, as Billy found out. For as he ran up towards that sack of waste paper the salvage man caught it up and toddled away to the salvage van and tipped the lot inside. And then the aforesaid salvage man popped off to munch, leaving our Billy gazing at a big van, inside which was a pound note—which was his and his alone!



10. "I'm going in after it!" he cried, the light of battle in his eyes, and his jaw sticking out with determination like the prow of a rowing boat! And Jones Minor gave him a leg-up. With a heave and a ho in went our Billy. And then the snowstorm began! Rather a hefty snowstorm, too, chums. It snowed old paper for quite a while in bits, pieces, chunks and volumes!



11. And out of the depths of the salvage van came the despairing cry of our Billy: "WHERE'S MY POUND NOTE?" The stuff came out of the van, fast and furiously. And one chucked-away book whizzed out and caught a passer-by a nasty crack in the teeth. "I can't find it!" wailed Billy. But the passer-by grabbed the book that had bit him and chortled!



12. Wonders will never cease, chums. That book was a treasure to that old gent, and he was so pleased at finding it he forgot about his loosened teeth and told Billy to forget the pound note he'd lost, 'cos here were two to take its place! So you just see, chums, how good a thing it is to save paper, 'cos if Billy hadn't bothered about paper flapping around he'd have missed a feed!

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH.



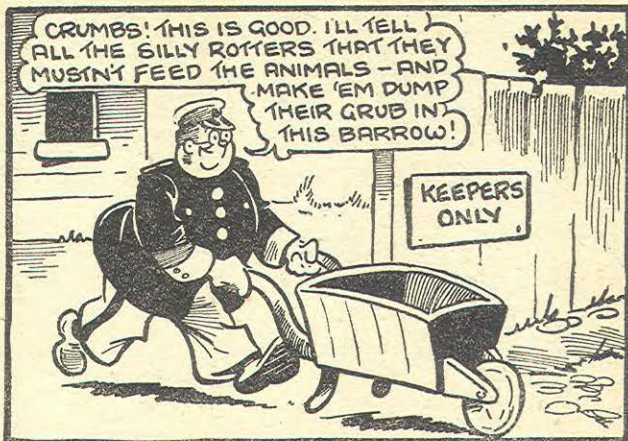
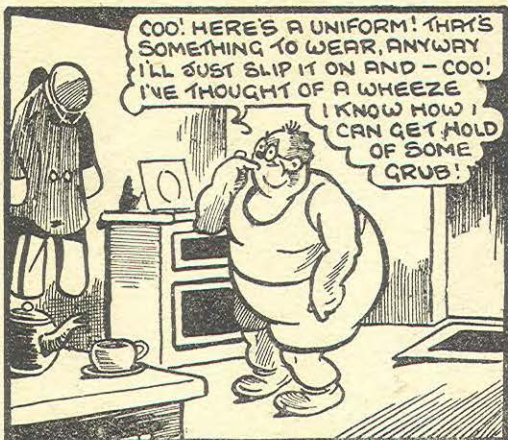
1. Quelch took the Greyfriars' lads to the Zoo the other day—just to see who's who, you know. It was like one lot of monkeys visiting another lot, really. But Quelch was very kind. He dished out buns all round so that they could feed the animals.



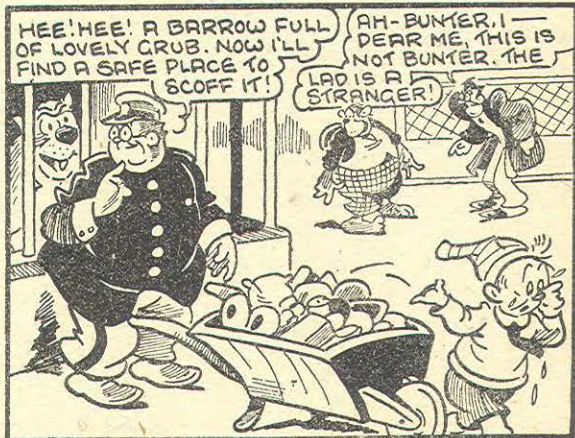
2. But William George Bunter didn't see much fun in feeding a lot of beastly animals while he was starving. He dodged out of sight to feed himself. And he backed against the cage of George the gorilla. And George took a real fancy to him, he did!



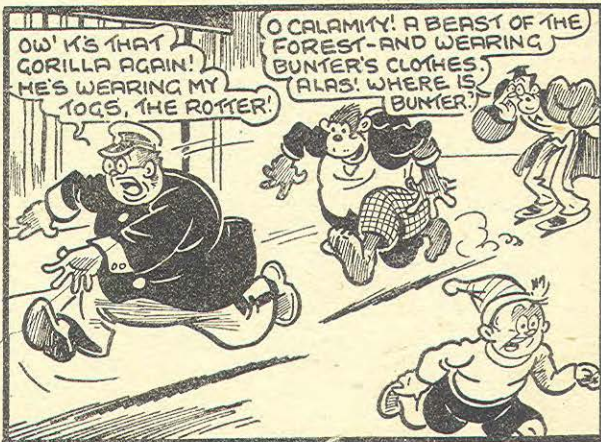
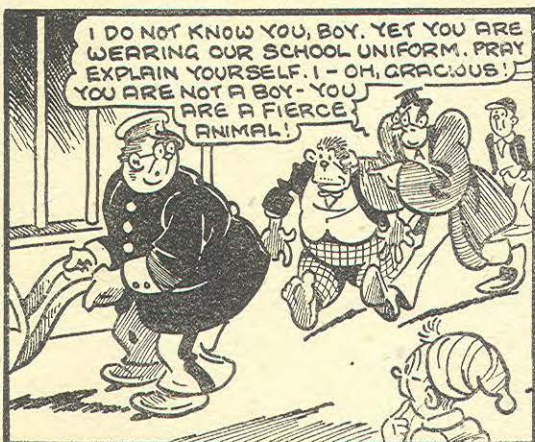
3. Before you could say "Don't, George, don't!" George had done it! He had our Billy inside his cage and robbed him of his utilities in two ticks, and then shoved our Billy outside again, shivering in his undies. Of all the rotten tricks, to be sure!



4. Our Billy dared not go back to demand his togs. He dived into a door marked "Keepers. Private." And inside he found a set of keeper's togs, which he borrowed. Likewise he borrowed a barrow to go with the suit. You see, chums, he thought he'd get folks to dump grub in the barrow for the animals, and he'd be the monkey to eat up the grub. Very Bunterish, wasn't it?



5. And it began to work, too, like a charm. He told the people if they didn't dump the beastly beasts' buns into the borrowed barrow he'd biff 'em. They didn't like it, but they bunged the buns in like anything. Meanwhile Quelchy had missed our Billy and wondered what had happened to him. And he saw a stoutish lad coming along, who looked like our Billy, but wasn't it?



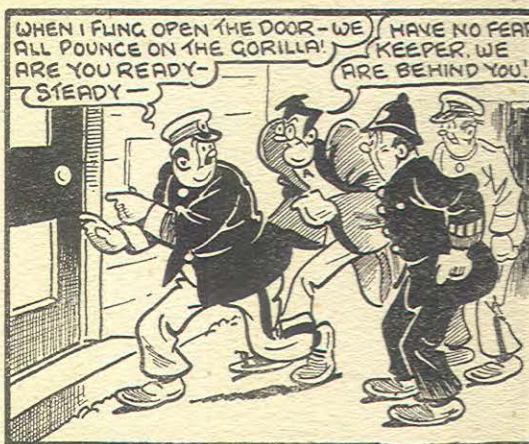
6. Quelchy was annoyed. "How dare you wear our school uniform!" he barked, grabbing the stout lad by the ear. Our Billy heard the rumpus and turned to see what was going on. He saw George. And George saw him! And George wanted another game with our Billy. He started a chase, and then Quelchy realised that George was a gorilla!



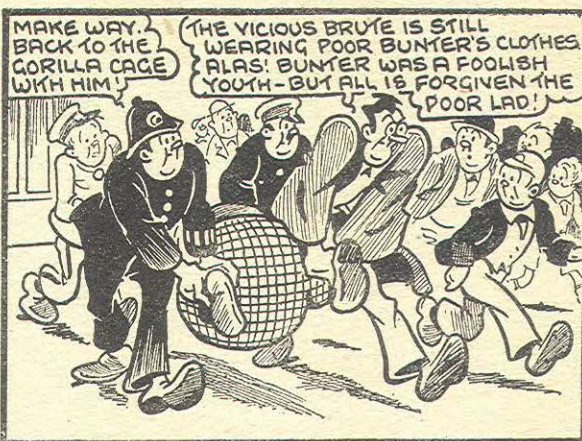
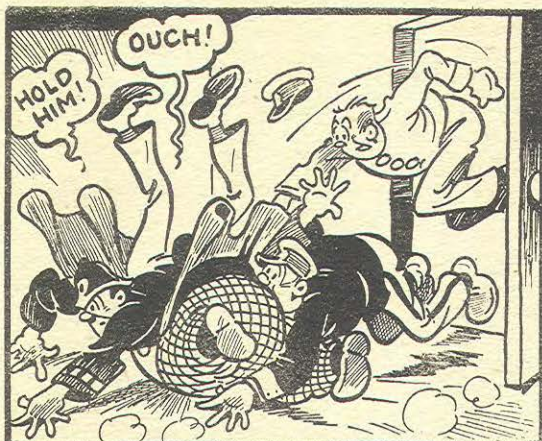
7. But our Billy wasn't stopping to see what Quelchy would do. He dropped his borrowed barrow and made a bee-line for somewhere else. He ran so fast he got there first. George, however, had a nice turn of speed and was hot on his heels. Billy dived into a keeper's room and George dived too. George liked a change of clothes and liked Billy's new togs right away.



8. In less time than it takes to tell, George had the clothes off our Billy's back and on his own. Then he climbed through the window and made off. Meanwhile Quelchy, two keepers and a policeman, were hot on George's tail—if he had one. They knew which way he had gone and kept on that way. Thus they came to the keeper's room. Quelchy felt sorry for Billy!



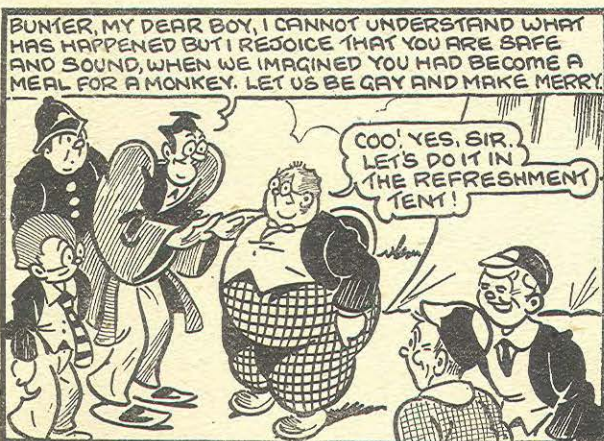
9. He was afraid Billy had been torn limb from limb and eaten off the ration. But something had to be done about it. The chief keeper got ready to open the door. "When I open it, grab him!" he said. Quelchy thought of that gorilla as he had last seen it, clad in check bags and Billy's jacket and cap. The keeper opened the door, and in they all went—whooshter!



10. They all went in together and fell on a portly form, clad in check bags, Billy's jacket and Billy's cap. They fought like the brave guys they were. They grabbed that portly doings! They weren't going to stop to argue with a savage gorilla. Not likely! And they came out carrying the portly form, panting from their exhaustion. The portly form also panted!



11. They carried the portly wotsit to the gorilla's cage and tossed it in. Ah, safe at last! But it wasn't George they'd popped in the cage. 'Twas our Billy. And he sat there and told them just what he thought of them. Coo, he was put out, as well as put in! Quelchy was glad, however, that our Billy was safe and sound, with limbs on, and not chewed up entirely.



12. In fact, Quelchy felt so sorry for the shocks our Billy had had, he toddled him off to forget his sorrows in a slap-up feed. Meanwhile, the keepers found George togged up as a keeper, and arrested him on the spot. But, by that time, Billy had forgiven George. In fact, he even went so far as to toss him a bun. Noble-hearted Billy! Nice work, Billy!