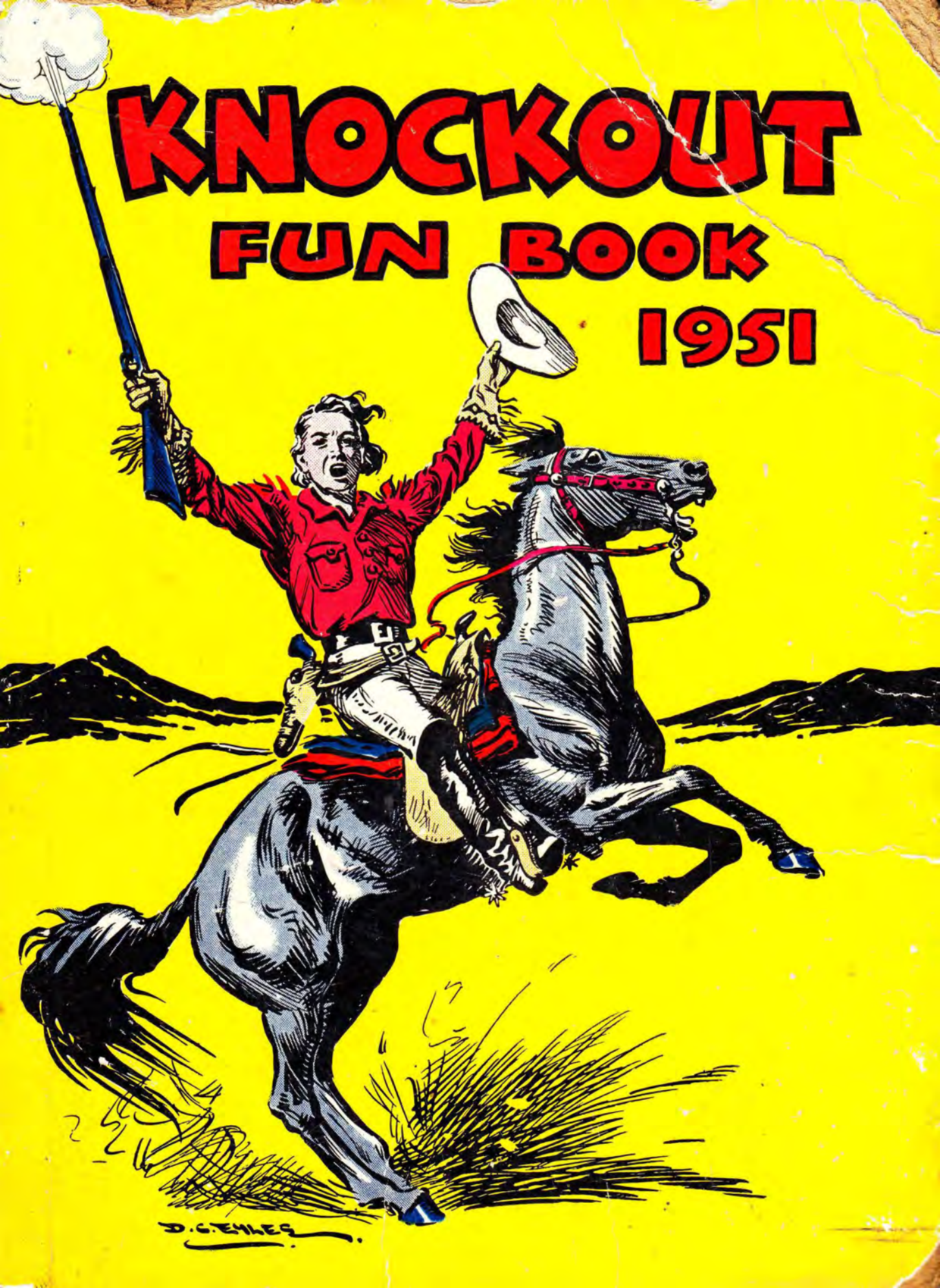
KNOCKOUT FUN BOOK 1951



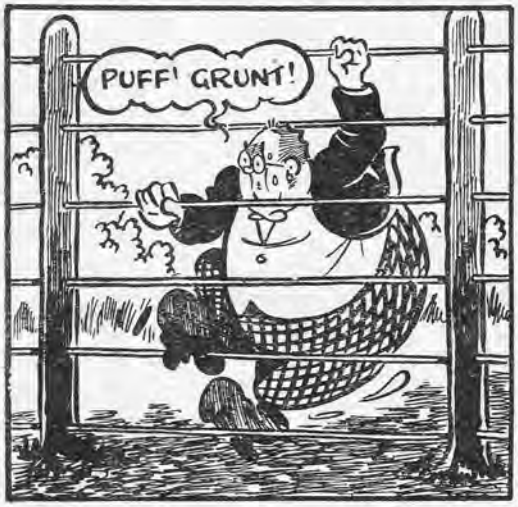
BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!

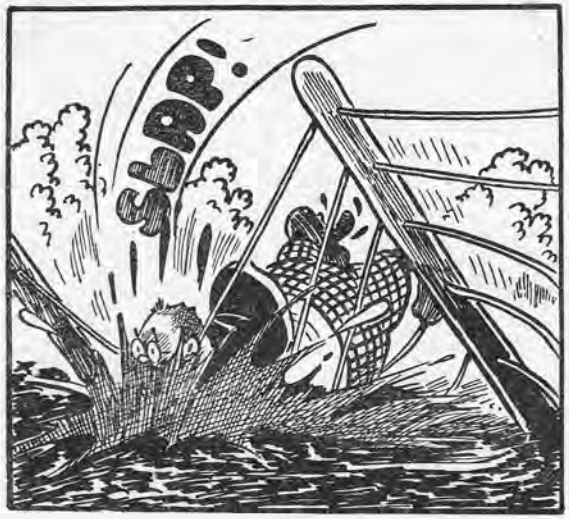
PUFF! O CRUMBS! WHICH WAY DID HE GO? THE SKINNY LITTLE ROTTER COULD SQUEEZE IN ANY PLACE TO HIDE!
I'LL BET HE'S GONE TO THE TUCK SHOP TO EAT ALL MY DOUGHNUTS! HE'LL MAKE HIMSELF ILL! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM - FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
OH DEAR! BUNTER IS ON MY TRAIL - BUT IT SHOULD BE EASY FOR ONE OF MY INTELLIGENCE TO OUTWIT HIM!
I AM LEAVING A TRAIL SO CLEAR THAT EVEN BUNTER CAN FOLLOW IT! I WILL NOW PUT MY SIMPLE STRATEGY INTO OPERATION!
OW! WHAT A MEAN LITTLE BEAST! HE'S TAKEN A SHORT CUT ACROSS THIS SWAMPY GROUND - POOH! A LITTLE MUD DOESN'T PUT ME OFF HELPING A PAL!
I'LL CATCH JONES MINOR UP - THEN THE GREEDY KID CAN LOOK FOR TROUBLE! I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO BE SELFISH!
CHUCKLE!

BRAIN TRIUMPHS OVER BRAWN! NOW I CAN STROLL INTO COURTFIELD WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE FROM WILLIAM BUNTER!
TO COURTFIELD
1 MILE

MEANWHILE BUNTER PLODS ON
PUFF! O LOR! WHY DID THE SILLY LITTLE CHUMP GO THIS WAY?


PUFF! GRUNT!

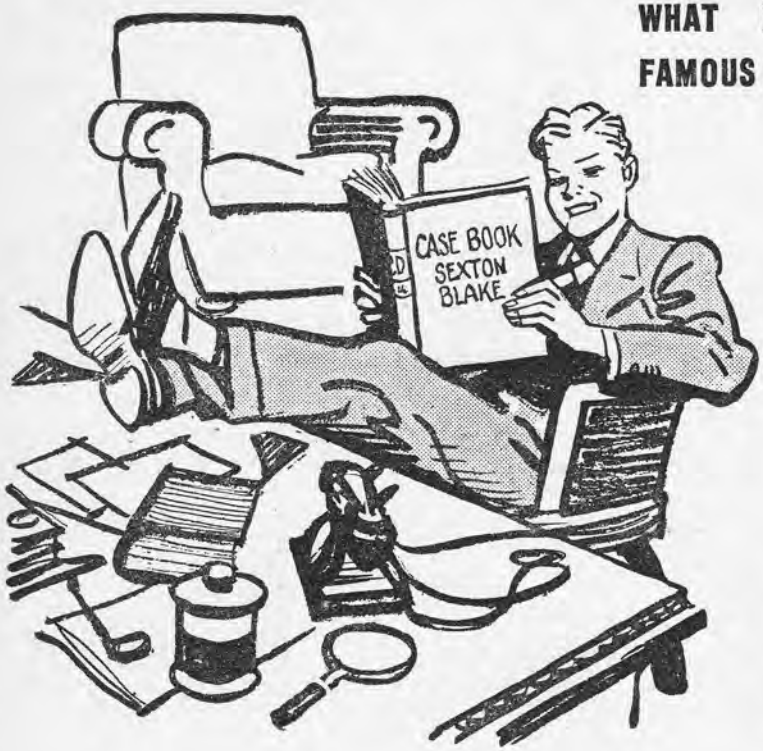
HELP! WHO'S PUSHING THE FENCE DOWN?


SLAP!

SMASH MY FENCE, EH? TRESPASS ON MY GROUND, WOULD YE? NOW BACK YE GO THE SAME WAY AS YE CAME, BOY!
EH? ER-O LOR!

HOW DID THAT ROTTER, JONES MINOR, GET BY? I'LL BET HE'S NOW SCOFFING ALL MY DOUGHNUTS - GUR!
WHY - CRUMBS! THERE'S JONES MINOR! LOOKING AS CLEAN AND COOL AS EVER! AND - HE'S GOT A LOAD OF DOUGHNUTS!
AH! GOT YOU - AND JUST IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM GREEDINESS! HAND OVER, JONES MINOR!
SEE - CHEATS NEVER PROSPER - AND YOU WON'T EVEN GET A SMELL OF THESE - AND JOLLY WELL SERVE YOU RIGHT!
BUNTER - PLEASE -
TEE! HEE! GREEDY ROTTERS WHO WON'T SHARE, DON'T DESERVE A SHARE! HEE! HEE! I'LL HAVE MY SHARE NOW!
UGH!
NOT UGH - JUST A BAG OF WORM BAIT, WHICH I HAVE PURCHASED FOR MR. QUELCH! PRAY PUT THEM BACK - SO THAT OUR MASTER MAY HAVE THE FULL AMOUNT!

SEXTON BLAKE'S HOLIDAY



WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE WAS OUT OF TOWN, IS TOLD HERE BY HIS EQUALLY FAMOUS ASSISTANT—

TINKER

The Dog Show

IT was back in the merry month of May when this particular spot of trouble occurred. The guv'nor—otherwise Mr. Sexton Blake, the famous private detective—had nipped over to France to see his old pal Alphonse Devereux of the Surete, and I had been left in complete charge of affairs at home.

When the guv'nor had announced that he was off to France for a short stay I was secretly pleased. Not that I wanted to see him go or anything like that, because Sexton Blake is the finest boss that anyone could have. No, I was pleased because I had visions of making a big name for myself as a detective. I hoped that some big case would present itself so that I could show Mr. Blake that he wasn't the only detective in Baker Street. I had visions of the newspaper headlines proclaiming: "TINKER CAPTURES ENEMY No. 1," or "TINKER DOES IT SINGLE-HANDED!"

So after bidding the guv'nor good-bye on the Monday morning I settled myself by the phone and waited for the call that would send me off on the trail of the arch-criminal, or criminals, as the case may be.

But nothing happened! And after seven days and seven nights, and still no telephone call, I was very dispirited.

Exactly one week from the time of his departure, Sexton Blake opened the door of the flat, dropped his case, and crossed the room to sink wearily into his armchair.

"Hallo, Tinker," he greeted me. "Been busy in my absence?"

"Busy?" I snorted. "I think you must have taken every crook in this country on holiday with you!"

Blake smiled and lay back in the armchair.

"It's good to relax," he said. "I'm absolutely fed-up with travelling."

Quickly I made a pot of tea, and as we drank I asked the guv'nor if he had had a successful trip.

"Very successful," he replied, and smiled as though some secret joke had suddenly occurred to him. I didn't pursue the point.

knowing that the guv'nor would only tell me anything when he was ready to.

I suddenly remembered that Lady Agatha Mindy had phoned asking the guv'nor to act as judge at a dog show, and I told him about it.

"It's on this afternoon," I concluded. "Shall I ring her up and express your regrets?"

Blake's weariness suddenly left him.

"No, Tinker," he replied. "Lady Agatha Mindy is a noted dog-lover and, incidentally, heiress of the Mindy Millions. I think it would be advisable for me to go along. It doesn't do to fall out with such people."

I looked at the guv'nor in surprise, but refrained from saying anything. It certainly wasn't like Sexton Blake to pander to the whims of wealthy old ladies. Still, I supposed he had a very good reason for going.

Accordingly I phoned his acceptance to the delighted Lady Agatha, and a few hours later I brought the Grey Panther to a standstill outside Mindy House.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Blake," gushed Lady Agatha as she rushed forward to meet him. "How *oo* good of you to come!"

Blake bowed low over her outstretched hand with all the charm and grace of an old world courtier.

"I'm deeply honoured, milady," he replied, smilingly. "Always at your service."

At this Lady Agatha gurgled more delightedly than ever, and bore Blake off to meet the rest of her guests.

As no one seemed particularly bothered about me, I decided to take a walk round the grounds and have a look at the prize poodles that were on show. A very quick look round the kennels was enough, however. The place was full of Pekingese! Not a decent sized hound in the place!

I suppose I was looking around the grounds for about half an hour before I decided to see how the guv'nor was getting on back at the house. I strolled back via a paved terrace that ran along one side of the building. There was a window looking on to the terrace, and as I came up to it I had a view of the room inside.

It was obviously the library. There was shelf upon shelf of books, and one or two oil paintings adorning the oak panelling.

My attention, however, was completely taken by the actions of the person in the room. A section of the bookcase had been swung open to reveal a small wall-safe, and rapidly transferring the contents of the safe to his pocket was the guv'nor—Sexton Blake!

He was so engrossed with his task that he failed to see me pass the window, and as I

A section of the book-case had been swung open to reveal a small wall-safe, and handling the contents—was Sexton Blake!

continued walking to the front of the house I wondered what the guv'nor was after.

"Must be collecting some evidence against Lady Agatha," I thought. "She seems a harmless old dear, but she must have been up to some shady work for the guv'nor to be on her trail."

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. Sexton Blake helped to judge the Pekes, followed by tea and a small talk on the lawn, then back to Baker Street in the Grey Panther.

Once there I thought the guv'nor would break down and let me in on the real reason for the visit to Mindy House, but all he said was:

"We'll be out again to-morrow, Tinker, to Aveley-Clarke's place. It's down by Reading, and we'll leave as soon as we've had breakfast."

I remembered seeing Aveley-Clarke at the dog show—a rather lean man with the reputation of having more money than sense—and I now presumed that he was mixed up with Blake's investigation of Lady Agatha.

The Knock-out!

I WAS up bright and early the next morning and, following my usual custom, collected the mail and the newspapers from downstairs.

"The "Daily Clarion" was the first paper I glanced at, and the headline jolted me severely. "£30,000 ROBBERY AT MINDY House" it shrieked. "Then underneath in smaller type: "Thief busy while dog show in progress."

I quickly read the account of the theft, which mentioned that Sexton Blake had been amongst the guests. In fact, the reporter had been inspired by the fact that such a large sum of money had been stolen from right under the famous criminologist's nose.

I laid the paper down and proceeded to do some heavy thinking. What was the guv'nor's idea? What was he trying to start.

"Anything of interest in the paper to-day?" the guv'nor asked as he came into the room.

I showed him the news and watched his face as he read it, but it was impossible to gather anything from his expression. He laid the paper down and seemed to dismiss the whole affair from his mind.

"Get the Panther ready as soon as possible, Tinker," he said. "I want to get to Aveley-Clarke's early."

It was getting on towards lunch-time before we reached our destination—a fine, modern house, standing in its own grounds.

Aveley-Clarke gave us an effusive welcome. He was the type of man that can only be described as "gushing," and he spoke with a very affected "Society drawl." Although to the best of my knowledge I had never met him before he somehow seemed vaguely familiar, and I had that feeling that sometime, somewhere, I had run up against him.

"My deah fellahs," he exclaimed. "Do come in and give the place the once-over. I'm positively thrilled to have you here!"

Lunch was a boring affair—for me at any rate, and by the time we had got to the coffee I had had enough of the latest Society gossip. At the first opportunity I excused myself on the grounds that the Panther needed some slight adjustment, and slipped out to the garage. As I approached the closed doors of the detached building that now housed the Panther, I was sure that I heard a hurried scuffling inside. In a couple of ticks I had the door open, fully expecting to see someone there, but to my surprise, the place was empty.

"Must be getting jumpy in my old age," I told myself, and passed round to the front of the car. I had just lifted the engine cover, when a small red light set in the wall at the lower end of the garage began to blink furiously.

"What on earth——" I started to ask myself, when suddenly the full meaning of those flashes dawned upon me.

Very rapidly the light was blinking out the Morse Code. Over and over again the letters S O S were being repeated!

In a second I was running for the house. That was the only place where the trouble—whatever it was—could be. I ran through the open front door and down the corridor

towards the library, where I guessed the guv'nor and Aveley-Clarke would be. There was a deep-pile carpet on the floor and my approach was very silent. I burst into the room—then stopped short in complete amazement!

Behind the large desk in the room sat Aveley-Clarke, bound securely to a heavy oak chair and with a strip of adhesive tape across his mouth. The drawers of the desk were open, and rapidly going through the contents was Sexton Blake!

He straightened as I burst in, and his right hand flew to his left armpit. I've seen that action too many times when gunmen have been going for their shoulder holsters, and instinctively I flung myself at the guv'nor!

We crashed to the floor together, and the gun went flying across the room. Sexton Blake was on his feet first, and there was a look of tigerish ferocity on his face that I had never seen before.

I scrambled to my feet, just in time to meet the guv'nor's furious attack! It crossed my mind then that the guv'nor was having a brainstorm, and that the best thing I could do was to put him out as quickly as I knew how. Accordingly I aimed a straight left at his solar plexus. Blake dropped both hands to ward off that punch. Although I say it myself, my right swing to his ear was a pip! It jolted him, and I got in a wallop to the jaw! It landed flush on the target, and the guv'nor just dropped—out to the wide!

Before I could make up my mind to do anything a voice spoke from behind me. A voice that knocked me absolutely rigid—as if I hadn't been astonished enough by the events of the past few minutes!

"Well done, old son!" the voice said. "A very pretty 'One—two—three' indeed!"

The blow landed flush on the target and Sexton Blake dropped—out to the wide.

I spun round and saw that Aveley-Clarke had freed himself and was now massaging his chafed wrists. Only it was Aveley-Clarke with a difference. His features had undergone a vast change, and it was Sexton Blake who was standing before me!

I looked from him to the man on the floor, and gave it up. Two Blakes! I waited dumbly for enlightenment.

"I'm sorry I had to keep you so much in the dark, Tinker," Aveley-Clarke, alias the REAL Sexton Blake said, "but I decided that it would be better that way. You see,

I was being impersonated by this gentleman on the floor, so I staged my little trip abroad to see if it would lure him into the open. Having had some measure of success in impersonating me, he decided to go the whole way by turning up at the Baker Street flat, and carrying out a series of audacious robberies while posing as me.

"After the theft at Lady Mindy's yesterday—at which I was present, by the way, in the guise of a waiter—and hearing that Aveley-Clarke was the next victim on the list, I decided to do a bit of impersonating myself. Aveley-Clarke, of course, was in the know. In preparation for our friend's visit I rigged up the red light in the garage, operated by putting one's foot on a push-button under the desk. I had an arrangement with Superintendent Coutts, of Scotland Yard, that he was to wait in the garage until my impersonator began to rob the place, then I would give the signal and Coutts would gallop in and catch the criminal in the act. I was indeed surprised when you answered the summons instead of the sooper. Have you any idea where he is?"

"Well, I thought I heard someone in the garage just now," I replied. "But there was no one there when I opened the door."

"I think we had better investigate," said Blake, and after assuring himself that the crook on the floor would be unconscious for some time to come, he led the way to the garage.

Sure enough it was still empty, but the guv'nor gave a shout that went echoing round the brick walls.

"Coutts!" he shouted. "Where are you?"

A muffled knocking came in response, and a faint voice said:

"I'b here. I'b here in the lubbage goot!"

A broad grin broke over Blake's face and he strode towards the rear of the Grey Panther. In a moment he had lifted the self-locking luggage boot of the car, to reveal the exceedingly hot and rumpled figure of Superintendent Coutts!

I won't repeat here what the sooper said, but the main idea was that he had heard me coming and, not wishing to be seen by anyone, he had jumped into the nearest hiding place. Once in the luggage boot, the flap had locked itself, and the sooper had been unable to move!

Anyway, all's well that ends well, and the superintendent was exceedingly pleased with the capture of Sexton Blake's double.

The full story did appear in all the newspapers (the sooper seeing that the luggage-boot incident was NOT included!) and not only did I get a headline, but I had my photograph reproduced right on the front page of several dailies. There was also the latest photograph of the guv'nor's impersonator, and it was while I was studying this and once again marvelling at the likeness, that the guv'nor remarked.

"You know, Tinker, we'll have to watch this chap when he comes out of prison in a few years' time, otherwise he'll be doing his impersonation act again."

I looked up from the picture and began to chuckle.

"He'll never be your double again, guv'nor," I laughed. "Take a look at this photo of him."

Sexton Blake did so, and a broad grin came to his face also.

You see, that straight left of mine had given the double the most beautiful cauliflower ear you've ever seen!

Later on the guv'nor went to the prison where the crook was awaiting trial and made quite sure about that disfigurement. When he returned he was well satisfied.

"Yes, Tinker," he said, "you've certainly marked him for life, so there's nothing more to be feared from him as my double."

Naturally, I felt proud of myself and was eager to have another go at covering myself with glory.

"What's the next case on the list, guv'nor?" I asked.

Sexton Blake smiled.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you need a holiday after all the excitement of the past few days."

"It suits me, thanks very much!" I said.

"Right! Off you go!" returned the guv'nor. "And I hope nobody like you turns up while you're away."

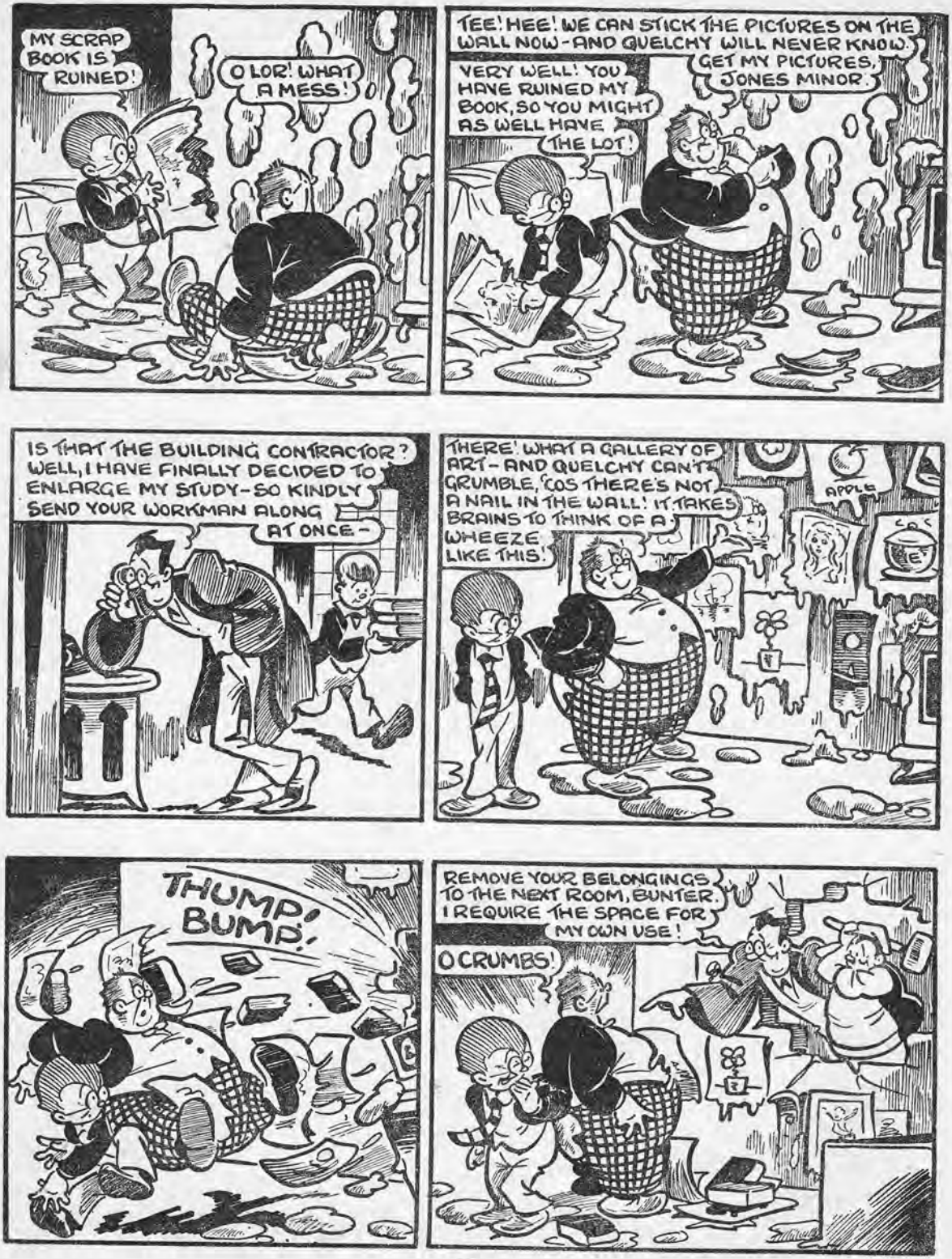
THE END

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!

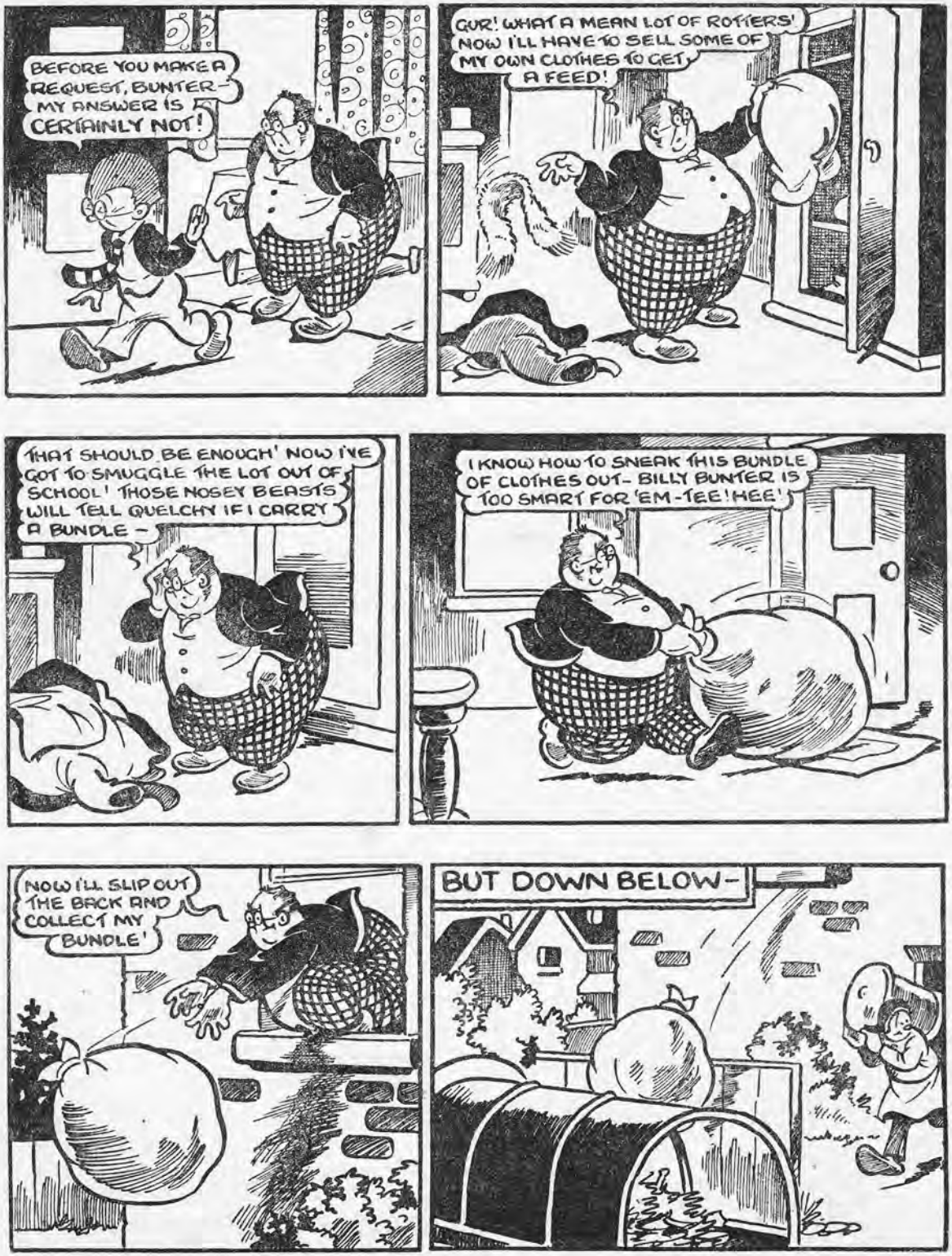
NOW I CAN'T HANG MY PICTURES ON THE BEASTLY WALL - JUST 'COS YOU'RE TOO WEAK AND SKINNY TO HOLD ME UP!
PLEASE BUNTER - WOULD YOU CARE TO PASTE YOUR PICTURES IN MY SCRAP BOOK? I CAN ALLOW YOU A FEW PAGES, IF YOU WISH!
EH? A SCRAP BOOK?
MY SCRAP BOOK
LET'S HAVE A LOOK. I'LL SEE IF THE BOOK IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY PICTURES! HM! NOT BAD!
I'M GOING TO PUT MY POSH PRINTINGS IN YOUR BOOK - AND YOU OUGHT TO THINK YOURSELF JOLLY LUCKY! GET THE PASTE - AND PLENTY OF IT - QUICKLY!
COO! MY FAVOURITE FILM STAR! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT!
PLEASE, BUNTER, HERE IS A GOOD SUPPLY OF STRONG PASTE. SHALL WE COMMENCE?
SOME JOLLY NICE PICTURES HERE!
MY SCRAP BOOK

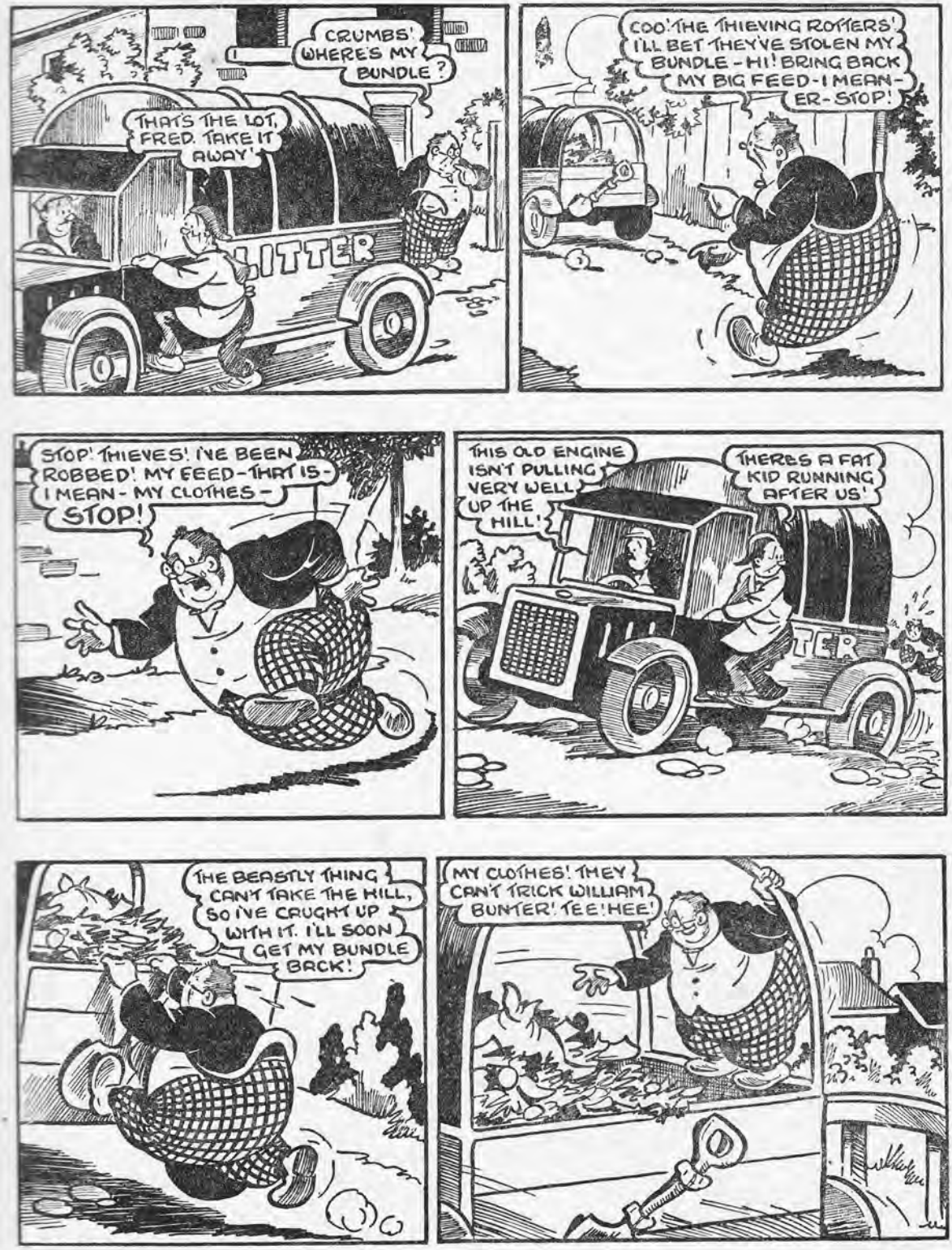
I'M GOING TO PUT SOME OF YOUR PICTURES ON MY WALL, TOO! I LIKE 'EM!
I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO TAMPER WITH MY SCRAP BOOK, BUNTER!
MY SCRAP BOOK
GREEDY LITTLE ROTTER! YOU OUGHT TO BE PROUD TO HAVE YOUR PICTURES ON MY WALL! LEGGO!
YOU DARE TEAR MY SCRAP BOOK! GIVE IT TO ME, BUNTER - BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!
MY SCRAP
GET OUT OF MY WAY! I'LL TAKE WHAT I WANT, AND YOU OUGHT TO LET ME - IF YOU'RE MY PAL!
I'LL HAVE THIS ONE, FOR A START'
NOW I HAVE LOST MY TEMPER! PREPARE TO DEFEND YOURSELF, BUNTER!
UNHAND MY PROPERTY, BUNTER - BEFORE I DO YOU A HURT!
LEGGO! D'YOU WANT TO TEAR IT, YOU SILLY LITTLE CHUMP!
OW! OUCH!
CRACK!

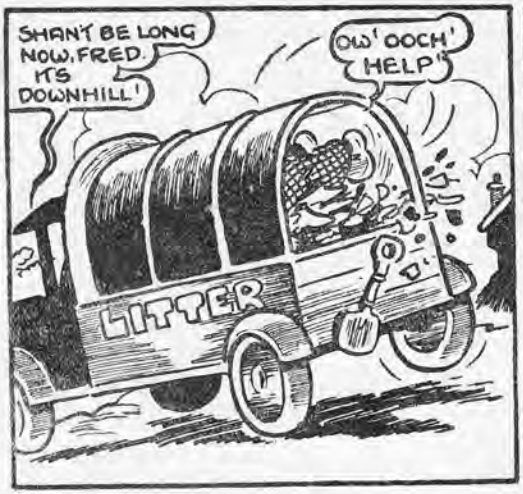

MY SCRAP BOOK IS RUINED!
O LOR! WHAT A MESS!
TEE! HEE! WE CAN STICK THE PICTURES ON THE WALL NOW - AND QUELCHY WILL NEVER KNOW.
VERY WELL! YOU HAVE RUINED MY BOOK, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE LOT!
GET MY PICTURES, JONES MINOR.
IS THAT THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR? WELL, I HAVE FINALLY DECIDED TO ENLARGE MY STUDY - SO KINDLY SEND YOUR WORKMAN ALONG AT ONCE -
THERE! WHAT A GALLERY OF ART - AND QUELCHY CAN'T GRUMBLE, 'COS THERE'S NOT A NAIL IN THE WALL! IT TAKES BRAINS TO THINK OF A WHEEZE LIKE THIS!
APPLE
THUMP! BUMP!
REMOVE YOUR BELONGINGS TO THE NEXT ROOM, BUNTER. I REQUIRE THE SPACE FOR MY OWN USE!
O CRUMBS!

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!


BEFORE YOU MAKE A REQUEST, BUNTER— MY ANSWER IS CERTAINLY NOT!
GUR! WHAT A MEAN LOT OF ROTTERS! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SELL SOME OF MY OWN CLOTHES TO GET A FEED!
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH! NOW I'VE GOT TO SMUGGLE THE LOT OUT OF SCHOOL! THOSE NOSEY BEASTS WILL TELL QUELCHY IF I CARRY A BUNDLE—
I KNOW HOW TO SNEAK THIS BUNDLE OF CLOTHES OUT— BILLY BUNTER IS TOO SMART FOR 'EM—TEE! HEE!
NOW I'LL SLIP OUT THE BACK AND COLLECT MY BUNDLE!
BUT DOWN BELOW—


CRUMBS! WHERE'S MY BUNDLE?
THAT'S THE LOT, FRED. TAKE IT AWAY!
LITTER
COO! THE THIEVING ROTTERS! I'LL BET THEY'VE STOLEN MY BUNDLE - HI! BRING BACK MY BIG FEED - I MEAN - ER - STOP!
STOP! THIEVES! I'VE BEEN ROBBED! MY FEED - THAT IS - I MEAN - MY CLOTHES - STOP!
THIS OLD ENGINE ISN'T PULLING VERY WELL UP THE HILL!
THERE'S A FAT KID RUNNING AFTER US!
THE BEASTLY THING CAN'T TAKE THE HILL, SO I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH IT. I'LL SOON GET MY BUNDLE BACK!
MY CLOTHES! THEY CAN'T TRICK WILLIAM BUNTER! TEE! HEE!


SHAN'T BE LONG NOW, FRED. IT'S DOWNHILL'
OW' OOCH' HELP'
LITTER

YOU TRICKY ROTTERS! STEALING MY CLOTHES'
DON'T YOU CALL US NAMES, FATTY GET OFF OUR LORRY BEFORE WE FETCH A COPPER'

I DONT CARE FOR THEM I'VE GOT MY CLOTHES - NOW I'LL SELL THEM AND BUY A FEED'

O LOR' NOW I'VE GOT TO GO BACK - AND TRY AGAIN TOMORROW'
EARLY CLOSING DAY

LOOK WHAT'S JUST CRAWLED OUT OF THE PIG BIN' HA' HA'
OW' HAS QUELCHY SPOTTED ME?

- AND FURTHERMORE, YOU SHALL NOT HAVE A BITE TO EAT UNTIL EVERYTHING IS SPOTLESS'
O CORKS'

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!

PERHAPS BUNTER HAS FOUND A LITTLE ENTHUSIASM FOR SPORT AND EXERCISE! IF SO, I MUST ENCOURAGE THE BOY. NOW, LET ME THINK—
OH-BUNTER! MR. QUELCH HAS ADDED YOUR NAME TO THE CRICKET LIST— HE HAS REALLY!
EH? WHAT? AH! I KNEW HE COULDN'T DO WITHOUT ME!
YOUR KEENESS FOR SPORT DELIGHTS ME, BUNTER-SO I HAVE DECIDED TO INCLUDE YOU—
COO! I'LL MAKE A JOLLY GOOD CAPTAIN, SIR!
ER-H'M! NOT EXACTLY! I HAVE INCLUDED YOU AS RESERVE-AND HANDYMAN! JUST TO CARRY THE CRICKET GEAR, YOU KNOW!
WHAT? I MEAN-O LOR!
PILE IT IN-BUNTER IS TO CARRY THE LOT FOR US!
JOLLY GOOD IDEA, TOO!
LET US AWAY TO THE CRICKET FIELD. WE CAN LEAVE THE EQUIPMENT FOR BUNTER TO CONVEY TO THE CRICKET FIELD!

Printed in England and Published by The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, England. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. This book may only be exported to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa by the appointed Sole Agent.

OW' I'M HAVING A NIGHTMARE' WHOS P-PUSHING?
GET UP AT ONCE, LAZY YOUTH!
OO' HELP' I'M MURT'
THEN BUNTER SHALL FIELD IN YOUR PLACE IT IS ALL HIS FAULT'
MY POOR LEG- I FEAR I SHALL BE UNABLE TO PLAY, SIR'
SO BILLY PLAYED AFTER ALL!
HOLD IT, BUTTERFINGERS'
FASTER, FATTY'
O LOR' PUFF' I'M FED UP CHASING THIS BEASTLY BALL' I DIDN'T -PUFF- WANT TO PLAY IN THE ROTTEN GAME'
BOO' SEND HIM HOME'
CATCH IT, YOU LAZY FAT CHUMP'
THE BOY HAS MISSED A SIMPLE CATCH'
YAH! HE'S MISSED ANOTHER CATCH!
HE'S A WASH-OUT!
BOO! BOO!
-AND WE LOST BECAUSE OF YOU' JUST WAIT, BUNTER'
O LOR' I DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY-