

KNOCKOUT

ANNUAL

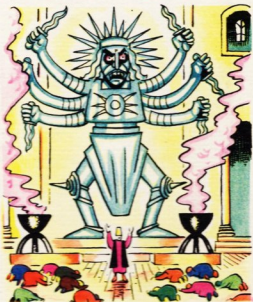
1959



A DITTY BOX? WHAT'S THAT?



DAVY JONES' LOCKER. At least two origins for the name. First from the pirate, *Davy Jones*, who always made his prisoners walk the plank.



And secondly, some say it derives from the name of the Hindu goddess of death, *Durga Lokka*.



NO ROOM TO SWING A CAT. Really meant no room to swing the cat o' nine tails whip, when a man was to be flogged.

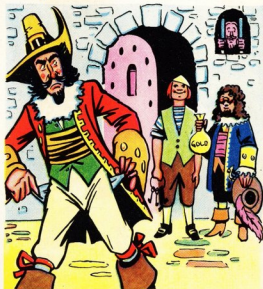


WRECK. From an old English word *WRACK*, or seaweed -- something cast ashore, drifting or driven ashore.

It tells you below...and explains some other naval words in common use...



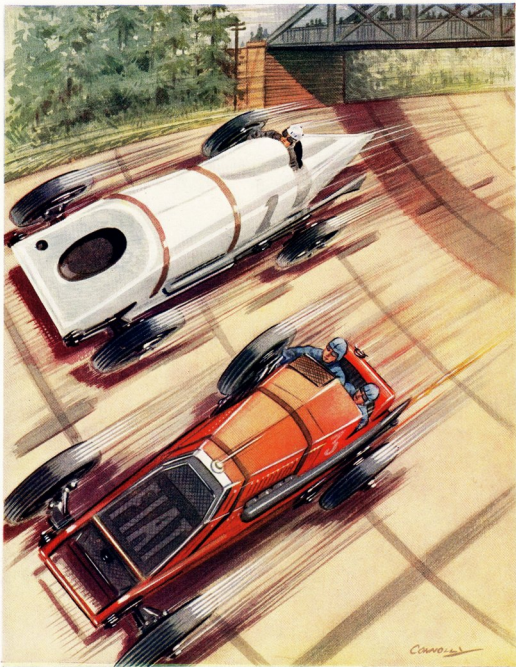
DITTY BOX. Box carried by seamen, containing mending material. Originally made of "dittis", or Manchester cloth.

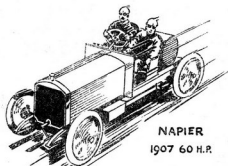


GIVE QUARTER. During the Spanish-Dutch war, officer prisoners could be ransomed for a quarter of their year's pay.

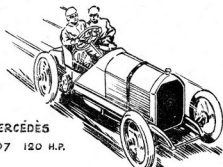


TYPHOON. Comes from the Chinese **TAI-FUN**, meaning a great wind.





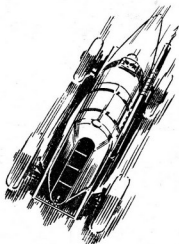
NAPIER
1907 60 H.P.



MERCEDES
1907 120 H.P.

KNOCKOUT ANNUAL

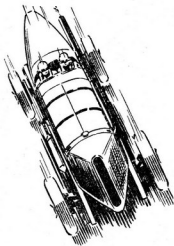
1959



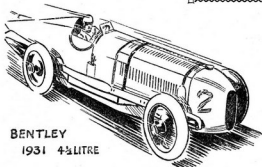
SUNBEAM
1922 250 H.P.

BATTLE OF THE ROARING GIANTS!

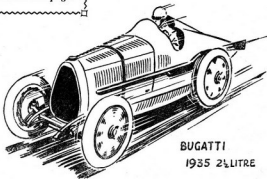
Brooklands race-track was the place for real rip-roaring speed until it was closed in 1939. The fine colour-picture opposite shows two of the battling giants — Parry - Thomas's Leyland overtaking a Fiat on the banking at 125 m.p.h. Eventually the cars became much too fast for the track, and the passing years have produced the smaller racing cars of today—much too fast for the old mighty monsters, some of which you can see on this page.



CHITTY-CHITTY-BANG-BANG.
1923 300 H.P.



BENTLEY
1931 4½ LITRE



BUGATTI
1935 2½ LITRE

SEXTON BLAKE

IN THE
CASE OF "THE RUNAWAY TRAIN!"



Robert Raye, a clever designer, was proud of his efforts to produce a world-beating locomotive, both efficient and cheap to run. He hoped to gain contracts from all over the globe . . . and was thrilled when he saw the powerful monster having a final check-up on the testing bed at his works . . .

ACCORDING TO THE INSTRUMENTS, YOU'VE DESIGNED A LOCO THAT'S A REAL WINNER, SIR!

I HOPE
SO,
BENTLEY!



ALL CAB CONTROLS WORKING PERFECTLY, MR. RAYE, AND THE BRAKING GEAR IS FIRST CLASS!



PLEASED WITH THE TEST-BED RESULTS, AND NOW VERY HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE, RAYE GOES TO HIS OFFICE. AS HE ENTERS, THE PHONE RINGS...



...AND A MUFFLED VOICE SPEAKS...

LISTEN, RAYE - I'M WARNING YOU!
IF YOU TAKE THAT NEW LOCO OUT ON
A TEST RUN, IT'LL BE WRECKED!
THAT'S ALL!



WAS THAT JUST A BAD JOKE, OR
A GENUINE THREAT OF SABOTAGE?
I DAREN'T RUN ANY RISKS!
I MUST HAVE HELP - THE BEST
I CAN GET!



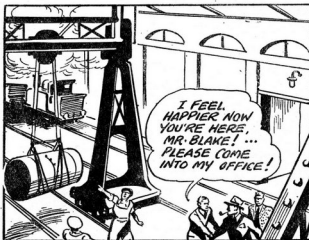
SO HE RINGS SEXTON BLAKE'S FLAT IN LONDON...

CHAP NAMED RAYE, WANTS YOU AT THE
DOMCASTER LOCO YARD AT ONCE, GUV'NOR!
IT SOUNDED URGENT!



FINE,
TINKER!
LET'S
GO!

YOU SAY HE RECEIVED A
THREATENING MESSAGE, EH?
H'M! MIGHT BE A HOAX OF
COURSE... BUT WE'LL
SEE....



I FEEL
HAPPIER NOW
YOU'RE HERE,
MR. BLAKE! ...
PLEASE COME
INTO MY OFFICE!





THE NEW LOCOMOTIVE SNORTS OFF UPON ITS VERY FIRST RUN



CASUALLY, BLAKE PICKS UP THE WASTE CLOTH WHICH GUSTAV HAS THROWN AWAY...

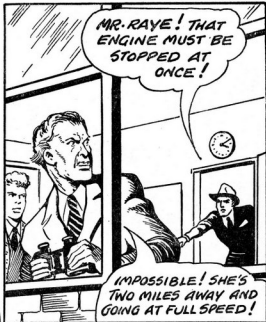


SUDDENLY,
THE
DETECTIVE'S
EYES GLEAM
WITH
EXCITEMENT..

SO THAT
SABOTAGE
THREAT
WASN'T
A HOAX!

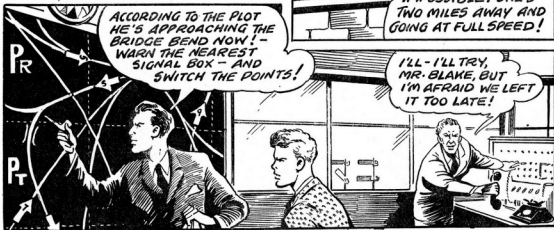


MR. RAYE! THAT
ENGINE MUST BE
STOPPED AT
ONCE!



IMPOSSIBLE! SHE'S
TWO MILES AWAY AND
GOING AT FULL SPEED!

ACCORDING TO THE PLOT
HE'S APPROACHING THE
BRIDGE BEND NOW! -
WARN THE NEAREST
SIGNAL BOX - AND
SWITCH THE POINTS!



I'LL - I'LL TRY,
MR. BLAKE, BUT
I'M AFRAID WE LEFT
IT TOO LATE!

LET'S HOPE YOU
GOT THROUGH
IN TIME!



WE'RE ALMOST
ON THE BEND!
SLOW HER DOWN
FOR PETE'S SAKE!
SHE WON'T TAKE
IT AT HALF
THIS SPEED!



I'VE GIVEN HER THE LOT!
-WHEELS IN REVERSE AND
BRAKE SAND JETS FULL
ON! -BUT SHE WON'T
SLOW DOWN!!



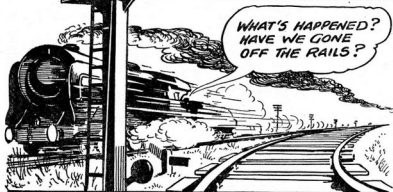
BUT, A
MOMENT
LATER..



SHE'LL NEVER
TAKE THE BEND
AT THIS LICK -
SHE'LL OVERTURN
FOR CERTAIN!
WE'RE GONERS
UNLESS WE
JUMP FOR IT!

AT THIS
SPEED?

WHAT'S HAPPENED?
HAVE WE GONE
OFF THE RAILS?



PHEW! JUST IN TIME! SHE'S SAFE
ON THE OLD DISUSED TRACK!
THE UP-GRADIENT THERE
HAS STOPPED HER!



NOW TO GRAB
THE ROGUE
RESPONSIBLE!
HEY! I WANT YOU!



WE'VE BEEN
SWITCHED ON.
TO THE OLD
SIDING
TRACK!



HE'S RUMBLER
ME, BUT I'M
NOT SUNK YET!



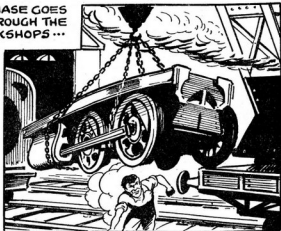
WITH SEXTON BLAKE WELL ON HIS HEELS, THE ENGINEER DASHES THROUGH THE GOODS YARD

A GOODS TRAIN COMES BETWEEN THEM, BUT THE DETECTIVE DOESN'T PAUSE...

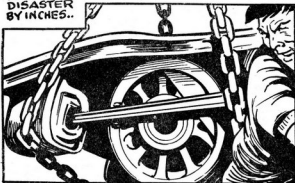


A USEFUL SHORT CUT FOR ME! GUSTAV, MY FRIEND, YOU'RE STILL NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS!

THE CHASE GOES ON THROUGH THE WORKSHOPS ...



GUSTAV AVOIDS DISASTER BY INCHES..



JUST TOO LATE TO SQUEEZE UNDER!



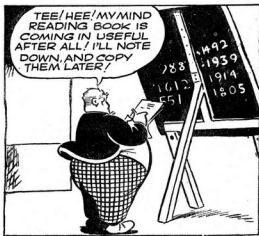
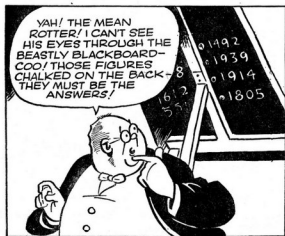
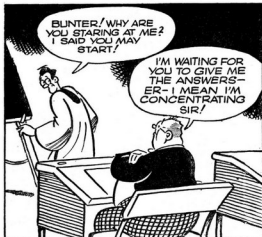
**BIG Laughs In this Comical
Greyfriars School Howler of**



BILLY BUNTER

**The FATTEST and Funniest
Schoolboy in the World!**







I'LL CHUCK
MY HORSE SHOE
IN THE WINDOW, SO
THAT IT RETURNS WITH
THAT PLATE OF
CAKES!



IT'S MY WRETCHED
BROTHER! HE'S
BOOMERANGED
OUR CAKES,
JONES
MINOR!

HEE! HEE!
I'M JOLLY
CLEVER!



CRUMBS!
QUELCHY!
WHERE DID
HE COME
FROM?



BUNTER! ONLY YOU COULD
BE RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCH AN
OUTRAGE! RETURN WITH ME TO
GREYFRIARS AT ONCE!

IT WASN'T
ME WHO
BOOMERANGED
YOU-O-LOR!

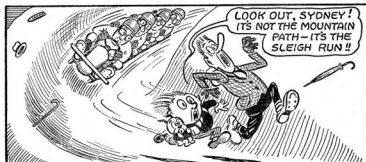


I CAME TO COURTFIELD
TO PURCHASE A NEW
CANE, BUNTER! YOU
SHALL HAVE THE HONOUR
OF BEING THE FIRST
TO FEEL IT!

JUST MY
ROTTEN
LUCK!

HA! HA!
WILLIAMS
LUCK IS
RIGHT OUT!

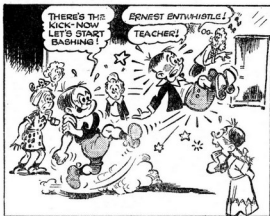
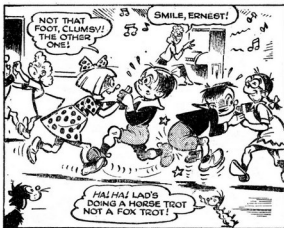
SPORTY and SYDNEY The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN





OUR ERNIE

Mrs Entwistle's Little Lad!



EE! LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND
IN MY POCKET, CHARLIE! A
TIN OF ITCHING POWDER!
NOW WE'LL LIVEN UP THIS
DAFT CLASS!

WE'LL ALL
DANCE TO THE
GRASSHOPPER
MUSIC NOW KIDDIES!

I'M ITCHING
TO SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!



THIS SHOULD
MAKE THEM
HOP!

A BIT MORE
TO THE LEFT,
LAD!

ERNEST ENTWHISTLE!!
YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY!

SCRATCH
SCRATCH

COO!
JITTERBUGS!

GIVE ME THAT HORRID
STUFF AT ONCE!

I'LL JUST SEE
HOW OUR LAD
IS COMING ON!

SWATCH

COO! SHE'S
SPRINKLING
IT ON
HERSELF!

OO! OWCH!
HA! HA! HO! HO!
YUK! YUK! YUK!

EE! WHAT A DAFT LOT!
YOU'LL NEVER LEARN
TO BE A GENT HERE,
LAD; HOME YOU COME!

RIGHTO,
MA!

TEA
TIME!

WHAT'S FOR
TEA, MA?

EE! LOOKS LIKE JUMPING
BEANS AND HOPPING SOSSSES
TO ME, LAD!

I WOULDN'T
MIND A LEAPING
LETTUCE!

DAFT,
I CALL
IT!



LUCKY LOGAN

THE
LAUGHING
COWBOY

WHEN HASHPAN HEARD THAT HIS OLD FRIEND, 'SHAMBLES' WILSON, WAS DIGGING FOR GOLD UP IN THE NEARBY BLUE HILLS, HE DECIDED TO LOOK HIM UP, AND INTRODUCE HIM TO LUCKY.

HASHPAN TOLD LUCKY THAT THE OLD PROSPECTOR WOULD BE PLEASED TO MEET HIM-- BUT LUCKY WASN'T SO SURE WHEN AT LAST THEY CAME UPON THE HARD-BITTEN OLD-TIMER.



HOWDY, SHAMBLES-- IT'S ME--
YOUR OLD PAL, HASHPAN!
AIN'T YOU PLEASED
TO SEE ME?

SURE AM, HASHPAN!
BUT WHO'S THAT
GUN-TOTIN' STRANGER
WITH YUH?

THE OLD MAN EYED LUCKY SUSPICIOUSLY
AS HE AND HASHPAN DISMOUNTED--

THIS IS MY PARD, LUCKY LOGAN,
SHAMBLES. HE'S ONE OF THE
FAIREST, SQUAREST, FAST-SHOOTINGEST
COWPOKES THAT RIDES THE
RANGE TODAY!

SO YOU SAY, HASHPAN!
BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM.
A GUY THAT TOTES TWO
GUNS MEANS TROUBLE.
HE'D PROBABLY TRY AND
STEAL MY GOLD IF
I LET HIM!



LUCKY TRIED VERY HARD TO CONVINCE THE OLD
PROSPECTOR THAT HE'D DO HIM NO HARM, BUT
OLD SHAMBLES STILL REMAINED HOSTILE--

RECKON YOUR
PARD DOESN'T LIKE
ME, AFTER ALL,
HASHPAN!

DON'T WORRY, LUCKY.
THE STUBBORN OLD FOOL
WILL BE FRIENDLY AFTER HE'S
EATEN THE FLAPJACKS
THAT I'VE COOKED!



BUT EVEN HASHPAN'S DELICIOUS
COOKING DID NOT SOFTEN THE
OLD MAN-- AND LATE
THAT NIGHT--

GOOD NIGHT,
OLD-TIMER!
AREN'T YOU
TURNING IN?

NOT WHILE
THERE'S GOLD IN
THIS TENT AND YOU'RE
AROUND, STRANGER,
I AIN'T!



FOR A LONG TIME OLD SHAMBLES SAT IN
FRONT OF HIS TATTERED OLD TENT, GLARING
AT THE SLEEPING FORM OF LUCKY, UNTIL AT
LAST HE ALSO NODDED OFF TO SLEEP--

URRCH--
SNORE--



UNABLE TO SLEEP AMID THE LOUD
SNORES OF HANSHAN AND THE
LOUDER ONES OF OLD SHAMBLES,
LUCKY DECIDED TO MOVE HIS
BEDROLL FARTHER AWAY...



THE FIRST BREEZES OF THE COMING
DAWN BEGAN TO BLOW, AND THE SOUND
OF FLAPPING CANVASES MADE LUCKY
LOOK TOWARDS THE OLD TENT--



LUCKY QUICKLY SCANNED THE HORIZON,
AND SAW A HORSEMAN RIDING FAST
AWAY ACROSS THE PLAIN--



NOT BOTHERING TO WAKE THE OTHERS,
LUCKY SADDLED UP HIS HORSE, PATCH,
AND SET OUT AFTER THE INTRUDER--



BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT..



THE WHANG OF A RIFLE
SOON WOKE HASHPAN --



HEY, SHAMBLES!
WHAT ARE YOU
SHOOTIN' AT?
WHERE'S LUCKY?

RIDIN' OFF WITH
MY GOLD, YOU DOPE!
YOU AND YOUR 'FAIREST
SQUAREST COWPOKE'!



TAKE IT EASY,
SHAMBLES! MY
PARD LUCKY WOULD
NEVER DO A THING
LIKE THAT!

HE WON'T AGAIN, HASHPAN!
YOU'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER
PARDNER -- 'COS LUCKY LOGAN
AIN'T GOIN' TO BE RIDIN' THE
RANGE MUCH LONGER.



MEANWHILE, LUCKY HAD FOLLOWED
HIS MAN TO A SMALL TOWNSHIP
ON THE EDGE OF THE PLAIN --



LUCKY BURST INTO THE EATING
PLACE EXPECTING TO SEE ONLY
ONE MAN BUT --



FOR A MOMENT LUCKY WAS
STUMPED -- AND THEN HE
THOUGHT OF AN IDEA --



AMID THE GUFFAWS OF THE OTHER CUSTOMERS
ONE OF THE MEN DASHED TO THE DOOR --



WHEN THE TOUGH SAW HIS HORSE
STILL TETHERED TO THE RAIL, HE
SWUNG ROUND ON LUCKY WHO
HAD FOLLOWED HIM OUT --

PLAY FUNNY JOKES ON ME AT
THIS TIME OF THE MORNIN', WILL
YUH? I'VE TWO MINDS TO SHOOT
THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE,
MISTER!



LUCKY ALLOWED THE MAN TO
PULL HIS GUN -- AND THEN --



LUCKY WAS ABOUT TO EXTRACT THE GOLD FROM THE CROOK
WHEN OLD SHAMBLES RODE INTO TOWN --



LUCKY HEARD THE RATTLE OF A RIFLE BOLT
BEHIND HIM, AND A BELLOWING VOICE
SHOUTING AT HIM --



LUCKY TURNED, AND HASHPAN APPEARED
ON THE SCENE -- JUST IN TIME --



THE CROOK SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE AND STRUCK OUT AT LUCKY--



NOBODY'S SEARCHING ME, MISTER!

LUCKY WAS ON HIS FEET AT ONCE AND DASHED AFTER THE CROOK WHO HAD VANISHED ROUND A CORNER.-- OLD SHAMBLES, TOO, SCRAMBLED UP--AND PUSHING HASHPAN ASIDE-- JOINED IN THE CHASE.



LOGAN'S GETTIN' AWAY! I'VE GOTTA GET AFTER HIM! I'LL FIX YOU LATER, HASHPAN!

AS HE TURNED THE CORNER SHAMBLES SAW LUCKY FARTHER DOWN THE STREET-- BUT BEFORE HE COULD RAISE HIS RIFLE --



I'LL TAKE YOUR GUN, MISTER! I AIN'T PARTICULAR ABOUT SHOOTIN' GUNS IN THE BACK!

BUT LUCKY HEARD THE SCUFFLE AND FORCED THE CROOK TO DODGE BACK INTO A DOORWAY OF THE GENERAL STORE --



DROP THAT RIFLE-- OR, I'LL DROP YOU, MISTER!

THE CROOK DUCKED DOWN BEHIND SOME HEAVY BARRELS AT THE BACK OF THE STORE AND BEGAN TO FIRE AT THE DOORWAY --



YOU WON'T GET ME NOW, BUD! I'VE GOT PLENTY OF BULLETS LEFT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISTER?



HAW! HAW! FOR A GUNMAN YOU AIN'T SO SMART!

BUT LUCKY'S BULLETS HAD HIT THEIR TARGET-- THE WIRE THAT HELD THE HARDWARE UP!



OO! OW! HELP!

STRUGGLING UP FROM THE HEAP OF HARDWARE, THE CROOK MADE ONE LAST DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM --



BUT LUCKY WAS READY FOR HIM --



WHEN OLD SHAMBLES ENTERED THE STORE, HE FOUND LUCKY GRINNING AT HIM --



WHEN LUCKY STEPPED OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AFTER HANDING OVER THE CROOK, HE FOUND HASHPAN AND THE OLD MAN WAITING FOR HIM --



THE OLD PROSPECTOR, CHUCKLED -- AND OVER LARGE PLATES OF HAM AND EGGS HE BEAMED HAPPILY AT LUCKY --

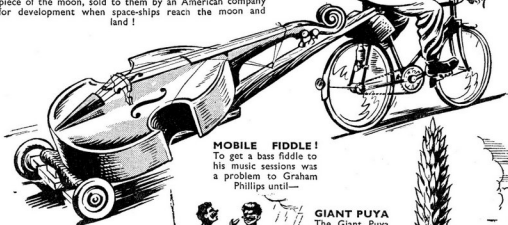


THE END

HERE ARE SOME STRANGE FACTS



A SLICE OF MOON! The town of Torquay owns a piece of the moon, sold to them by an American company for development when space-ships reach the moon and land!



MOBILE FIDDLE!
To get a bass fiddle to his music sessions was a problem to Graham Phillips until—

"MET" EXPERTS. Aborigines in Australia forecast the weather by watching their pet crocodile! The croc prophesied a monsoon well in advance by building a nest and laying eggs!



GIANT PUYA
The Giant Puya plant of Peru, blooms only once in 500 years—
THEN DIES!



FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!

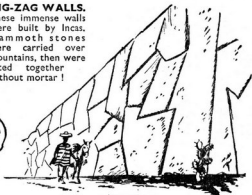
TEST PILOT!

In New York playgrounds, 300-pound gorillas have been used to test new swings. If the swings stand up to that punishment, they are pronounced safe for boys and girls!



ZIG-ZAG WALLS.

These immense walls were built by Incas. Mammoth stones were carried over mountains, then were fitted together without mortar!



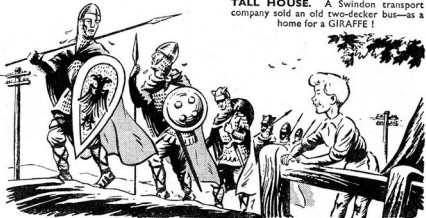
SKULL OF DOOM.

Discovered in a "lost" city of Central America, this sinister crystal skull has proved unlucky to anyone who gazes at it for long!



TALL HOUSE. A Swindon transport company sold an old two-decker bus—as a home for a GIRAFFE!

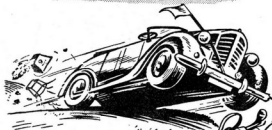
BACK TO 1066. Did King Harold march his men 200 miles in ten days to meet William the Conqueror? Six members of a walking club decided to test the theory—and found that after doing 20 miles in a day, wearing weighty coats of mail, that King Harold must have been too tired to fight!



TAKE THE STAGE, RUSTY! Rusty, a young fox, has been cleverly trained by Canadian, W. C. Rosebud, who found her in Alaska. Rusty has appeared on stage and TV. Pushing a pram is her favourite trick, though she can balance a ball or walk the tightrope!



THAMES 'TEC. If anything valuable is lost in the River Thames, they call in a man with an unusual hobby. In his frogman's suit he is always ready to search in the murky depths for lost valuables!



FORE! Scared golfers just managed to get out of the way of a runaway car on a London golf course. The car careered over mounds and through bunkers, but still kept upright!



A DOC. SHOCKED! A doctor in Bristol called for the next patient—and opened the door to be faced by a fearsome gorilla! Seconds later, he realised it was Alfred, Bristol Museum's stuffed gorilla, missing in a student's rag.



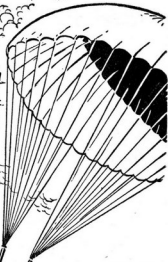
PRICKLY BUILDING. This isn't a strange cactus, but a building! Made of sun-baked mud it is a mosque built by a tribe of natives of French Sudan.



KING FISHERMAN! A yearly ceremony in Bavaria, when dozens of men armed with nets wade into the small stream in the town's centre to catch trout.

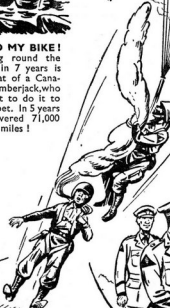
MIND MY BIKE!

Cycling round the world in 7 years is the feat of a Canadian lumberjack, who set out to do it to win a bet. In 5 years he covered 71,000 miles!



WELL CAUGHT, SIR!

As a paratrooper hurtled towards death—his parachute unopen—he was saved by a negro chum, who grabbed the useless 'chute and grimly held on until both of them landed safely!



WHALE AWAY! A film company on location off the coast of Britain lost a large artificial whale—used in the filming of Moby Dick. A signal was sent out by Admiralty that it was a danger to shipping—but the "whale" was never seen again!



HOW TO MAKE A VERY CLEVER SECRET CODE

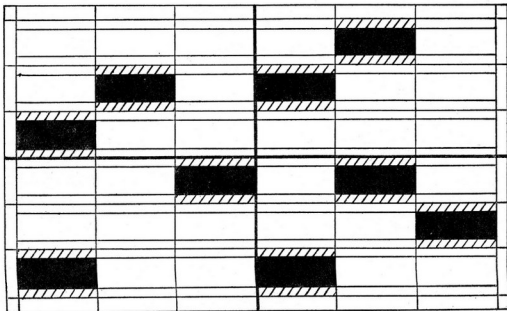
It is very useful sometimes to be able to send a really secret message, and this code will puzzle everyone but you and your chosen friends. This is how you make the key.

Take a plain postcard, a pencil, a ruler, and a sharp penknife. With heavy pencil lines divide the card into four quarters, as shown, and commencing at the centre, mark the vertical line into $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and the horizontal line into $\frac{1}{4}$ inch sections. Then make vertical and horizontal divisions through these marks, so that you have thirty-six equal rectangles and a narrow margin all round the card. Shade one or two spaces in each row, as shown, then rule light pencil lines across your card, $1/10$ inch on either side off each horizontal. Cut out only the central part, $3/10$ inch deep, from each shaded rectangle. THIS IS THE PORTION SHOWN IN BLACK.

This will be your code key. Place it over a blank postcard and write the words of your message in the cut out spaces as they occur. Turn the key card up the other way and you will have a new set of blank "windows." When these have been filled, turn your key over and use the reverse side in the same way. This will give you two more sets of spaces—altogether enough for a message of thirty-six words. (It is best to avoid beginning Dear so and so, signing your name or using words like Happy Christmas, which usually go together, as these may give the game away !)

Number your key card 1, 2, 3 and 4, to show in which order the four positions are to be used.

Perhaps your message is quite short. In this case put a double full stop and fill up the remaining spaces with any words you like. But if you have quite a lot to say, use a larger sheet of paper and put a second batch of thirty-six words immediately below the first. Whichever you do, the result should be a neat but hopelessly jumbled mass of words which will mean nothing to anyone without your key.



WRITE AND LITTLE IN KNOCKOUT CODE

2
READER

HARD

BLOCK

TO

TO

ABOUT

IT

NEVER

TO

THE

KEY

SIMPLE

I

When you put the code key over a plain card, you write through the "windows" in turn, then take it away.

WRITE AND LITTLE IN KNOCKOUT CODE.

IT READERS VERY MAY HARD BLOCK

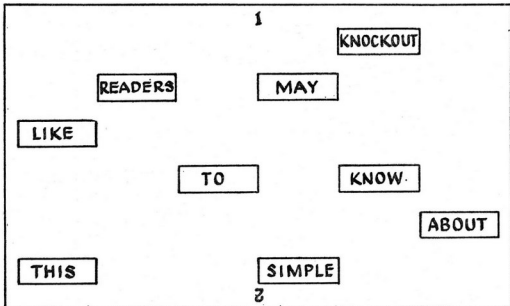
LIKE IS LETTERS EASY AND TO

NEVER READ TO A KNOW TO

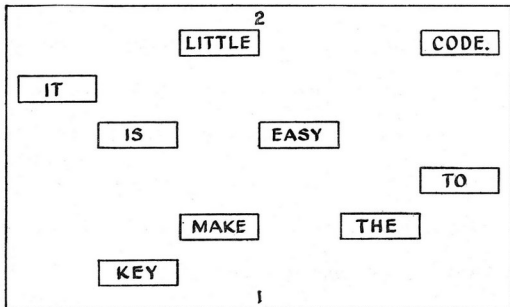
MESSAGE START MAKE WITH THE ABOUT

THIS KEY WITHOUT SIMPLE DEAR IT.

The message you have written will appear all jumbled up like this, but on the next two pages you will see how the code key enables you to read it easily.



With Number 1 set of "windows" in position, the secret message starts to make sense as above.



And with Number 2 "windows" you can now read a good deal more of the message. It's so simple, isn't it?

3

AND

VERY

HARD

TO

READ

A

MESSAGE

WITHOUT

IT.



Now turn the "key" round to the other side marked Number 3 and continue reading—without any trouble at all!

4

WRITE

IN

BLOCK

LETTERS

AND

NEVER

START

WITH

DEAR.



Turn over to the final set of "windows" marked Number 4 and the whole message is now revealed to you. Do try to make it—it's fun!



BEAVER PATROL BOYS



WASHING DAY
AT CAMP....

HA! HA! THERE
GOES YOUR
NIGHT-SHIRT!
SERVES YOU RIGHT
FOR NOT KEEPING
AN EYE ON
YOUR THINGS!

HELP! THE WIND'S BLOWN
ALL MY WASHING AWAY!
I WISH I HADN'T
WASHED EVERYTHING
AT ONCE
NOW!

THIS IS NICE
AND COMFY!
SHOOZE!

WASTE OF TIME
TO UNDRESS!
I CAN DO MYSELF
AT THE SAME TIME
AS MY CLOTHES!

THAT'S
NOT A GHOST - IT'S
ALFIE! HIS
CLOTHES-LINE'S
JUST COLLAPSED!

WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK
THERE MIGHT
BE A NAIL
IN MY
SCRUBBING
BRUSH?

S'FUNNY! MY
SOAP-SUDS
KEEP
DISAPPEARING!

I STARCH MY
THINGS, THEN I
DON'T HAVE TO
HANG THEM ON A LINE.
THEY JUST STAND UP
ON THEIR OWN!

SO HAVE MY
SHORTS!

I'LL GET MY
WASHING
PRESSED
WHEN FATTY
SITS DOWN.

MY TENT SEEMS
TO HAVE SHRUNK
SINCE I
WASHED
IT!

BOOTHER! HE WOULD
LIFT UP HIS
WASHING-LINE
JUST AS I WAS
STEPPING
OVER IT!

I WANT THE
SKIPPER TO
COME AND
LOOK AT MY WASHING!

LATER ON! HE'S
BUSY LOOKING AT
MINE AT THE
MOMENT!

SLIP

SLIP



Johnnie WINGCO

Master Pilot

Johnnie and his chums, Pop and Molly Wilson of Anywhere Airways, take on a job for a film-company. Their instructions are to fly over the jungles of Central Africa to get the best shots possible of the wild animals—and as usual, Johnnie Wingco is out to give good value for money...

HEY, TAKE
IT EASY, MISTER!
WE'LL BE RIDING
ON THOSE GIRAFFES'
NECKS IF YOU GO
ANY LOWER!



JOHNNIE GRINS AT POP'S DAUGHTER MOLLY, WHO AS USUAL, IS THE ACE PILOT'S NAVIGATOR.....

THE CONTRACT SAID WE WERE TO FLY LOW TO GET GOOD PICTURES DIDN'T IT, MOLLY? AND WE ALWAYS TRY TO SATISFY OUR CLIENTS!

JOHNNIE,
— LOOK AT
THAT SMOKE
ON THE
HILL-TOP!

M'M!
LET'S SKIM
OVER FOR A
CLOSER
INSPECTION!

THOSE NATIVES
LOOK AS THOUGH
THEY ARE TRYING
TO ATTRACT OUR
ATTENTION!

I BELIEVE YOU'RE
RIGHT, MOLLY! NIP
BACK AND TELL POP
I'M GOING TO
LAND!

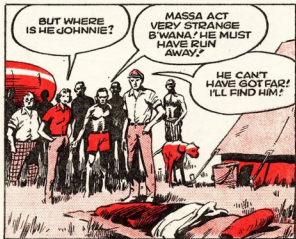
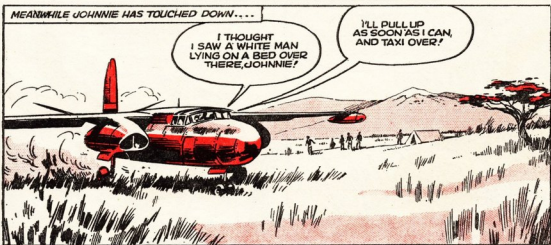
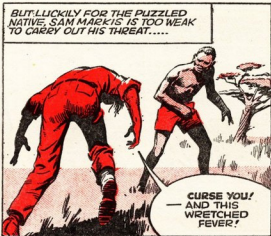
ON THE GROUND
SAM MARKIS
RAISES HIMSELF
FROM HIS SICK BED...

WHAT'S
ALL THE
EXCITEMENT
FOR, M'VUBU?

B'WANA!
PLANE COMING
IN TO LAND!
SOON YOU BE IN
HOSPITAL!
YOU NO DIE
NOW!

IS THIS YOUR
DOING, YOU
BLACK RASCAL?

YES, B'WANA!
ME SEE BIG PLANE,
ME LIGHT FIRE, YOU
SAVE MY LIFE ONE
TIME — NOW ME
SAVE YOURS!



JOHNNIE STRIDES A SHORT WAY INTO THE BUSH AND THEN TO HIS SURPRISE...

JOHNNIE WINGATE-COLE! IT WOULD BE YOU OF ALL MEN TO FIND ME! BUT YOU WON'T TAKE ME BACK!

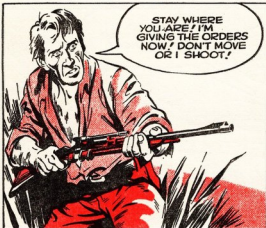
EH? WHO'S THAT?

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE - IT'S SAM MARKIS!

YOU WON'T BE LIVING LONG, COMMANDER! MY RIFLE IS LOADED AND IS AIMED AT YOU!



STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'M GIVING THE ORDERS NOW! DON'T MOVE OR I SHOOT!



TAKE IT EASY MARKIS! YOU'RE NOT SHOOTING ANYBODY!



W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? S-SHOOT ME?

I'M TAKING YOU TO THE HOSPITAL IN NAIROBI, MARKIS, CAN YOU WALK TO THE PLANE?



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...

LET'S GET GOING FOLKS! HE'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE! WE ONLY JUST GOT HERE IN TIME!



AS SOON AS ALL IS READY THE JET LINER
ROARS UP INTO THE CLEAR BLUE AFRICAN SKY...

GIVE ME A
COURSE FOR NAIROBI
AS SOON AS YOU
CAN, MOLLY!

O.K. JOHNNIE!

GOT THE
COURSE, MOLLY?
— GOOD SHOW!
HOW'S THE
PATIENT?

HE'S DELIRIOUS, HE
KEEPS MENTIONING
YOUR NAME AND SOME
PLACE CALLED PUTANG
ISLAND! DO YOU KNOW
HIM?

I KNEW HIM
FOR AWHILE IN
THE WAR, MOLLY!
WE WERE BOTH
ON THE SAME
AIRCRAFT
CARRIER IN
THE PACIFIC!

GOSH!
FANCY MEETING
HIM OUT HERE!
WHAT A SMALL
WORLD THIS IS!
AH, WELL BACK TO
NAVIGATION!

MOLLY IS RIGHT!
IT IS A SMALL WORLD!
LITTLE DID I EVER THINK
I'D MEET MARKIS AGAIN
AFTER THE PUTANG
SHOW! WHEN WAS
IT? 1944 FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO!

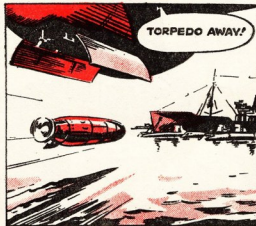
AND AS THE JET LINER
ROARS OVER AFRICA
JOHNNIE'S MIND GOES
BACK THOSE 15 YEARS
TO THE EARLY MORNING
WHEN HE WAS PILOTING
AN "AVENGER" TORPEDO
BOMBER LOW OVER
THE PACIFIC.....

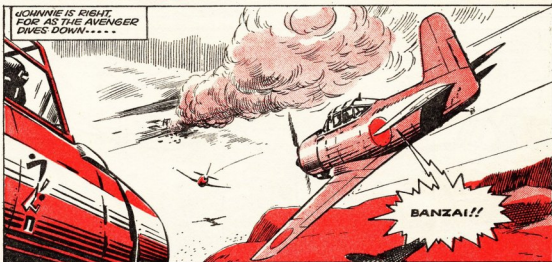
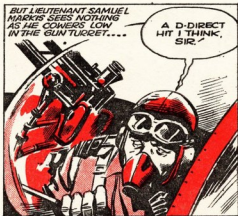
YOUR
FIRST SORTIE,
LIEUTENANT
MARKIS?

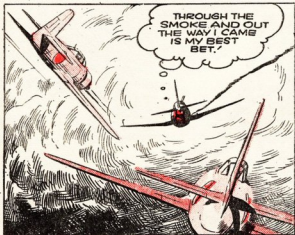
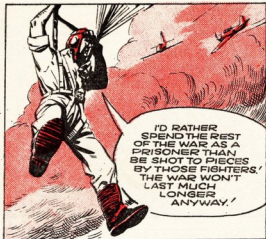
YES, SIR!

TAKE IT EASY
AND RELAX, LIEUTENANT
— WE'LL SOON BE ON
OUR WAY BACK!
THERE'S PUTANG
ISLAND AHEAD!

Y-YES, SIR!
DO YOU THINK THE
NIPS WILL MAKE
IT HOT FOR
US?







SKILFULLY THE MASTER PILOT SLIPS THROUGH THE GAP, BUT THE JAPANESE AIRMEN ARE NOT SO LUCKY.....

THAT'S SHAKEN THEM OFF, NOW BACK TO THE VIPER, I'D BETTER THINK UP SOMETHING TO TELL THE CAPTAIN ABOUT HIS SON'S NON-RETURN.

BUT JOHNNIE HAS OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT BEFORE HE IS FAR OUT FROM PUTANG ISLAND..

THE ENGINE'S HAD IT, MOVE OVER SHARKS, WE'RE COMING IN.

QUICK, JOHNNIE BOY, THINK HARD, YOUR DINGHY DRILL, SHE'S NOT GOING TO FLOAT FOR LONG.

BUT FOR MARKIS THIS MIGHT NOT HAVE HAPPENED. STILL, I'D RATHER BE HERE THAN AMONG THE JAPS!

FOR BEST PART OF THE DAY JOHNNIE DRIFTS IN HIS DINGHY AND THEN.....

A SUB! AND IT'S SEEN ME, IF IT'S ONE OF OURS I'M IN LUCK.

BUT JOHNNIE'S LUCK IS OUT.....

NIPPON NAVY NUMBER ONE, AVIATOR, BRITISH NAVY NUMBER TEN EH? YOU OUR PRISONER!

NIPS! I'VE HAD IT!

IT IS DUSK WHEN THE SUBMARINE REACHES ITS BASE, BUT THE FIRES THAT JOHNNIE STARTED STILL BLAZE TURNING THE NIGHT OVER PUTANG INTO DAY.....

ROYAL NAVY NUMBER ONE, JAPANESE NAVY NUMBER TEN, EH, JAPS?

TAKEN ASHORE JOHNNIE IS HANDED OVER TO THE ARMY FOR QUESTIONING...

COMMANDER WINGATE-COLE, NAME OF CARRIER PLEASE.

MY NUMBER, RANK AND NAME ARE ALL YOU NEED, YOU'VE GOT 'EM.

WE ARE FRIENDS, COMMANDER, THE NAME OF YOUR SHIP AND HER CAPTAIN AND HER POSITION?

YOU TELL ME.

ORRRIGHT, YOU MY FRIEND, I TELL YOU, YOUR SHIP H.M.S. VIPER, FLEET CARRIER, HER COMMANDING OFFICER, CAPTAIN MARKIS, HER POSITION ONE HUNDRED MILES NORTH NORTH EAST OF PUTANG STEAMING SOUTH.

WE SONS OF NIPPON KNOW ALL, TOJO NUMBER ONE, CHURCHILL NUMBER TEN, BUT WHO CARES? WE FRIENDS, COMMANDER, YOU TELL ABOUT NAVY, WE GET ALONG FINE.

GO AND JUMP IN A LAKE.

ORRRIGHT, YOU NOT LIKE ME, I HATE YOU, YOU DIE TOMORROW LIKE ALL ON BOARD VIPER DIE, I GIVE YOU NIGHT TO THINK IT OVER, YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME, I PLAY BALL WITH YOU O.K.?

THAT'S A LAUGH.

AS JOHNNIE IS LED AWAY SOMEBODY CALLS FROM A VERANDAH NEARBY..

MARKIS!

THESE JAPS AREN'T SO BAD IF YOU DO AS THEY SAY, COMMANDER!

SOON AFTER DAWN
JOHNNIE IS ROUSED
BY THE SOUND OF
A VEHICLE DRAWING
UP OUTSIDE HIS CELL
AND A MOMENT
LATER....

ME FORGIVE YOUR
BEHAVIOUR LAST
NIGHT? LOOK! I BRING
YOU BREAKFAST!
NO JAP TRICK,
ME ON LEVEL!



AND HOW DO
I EAT WITH MY HANDS
TIED BEHIND
MY BACK?



UNTIE HIM,
GUARD! HE CAN
DO NO HARM!
HE WARMS TO
JAPANESE
KINDNESS!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



STOP HIM, FOOL!
NO, HELP ME UP!



SO LONG,
YAKAMOTO!

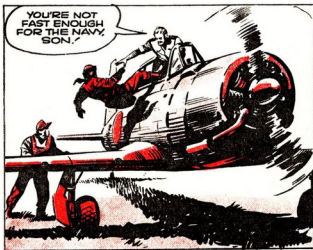
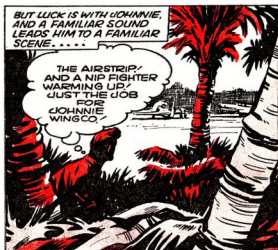
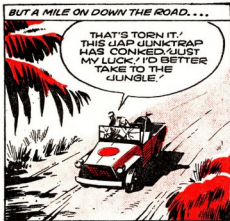
THE GUARDS ON THE GATE
HEAR THE COMMOTION
AND RUSH OUT.....

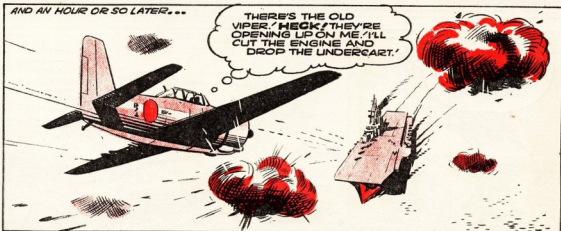
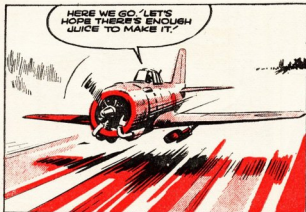
STOP DOG!
OR WE
SHOOT!

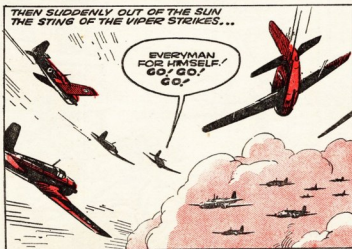
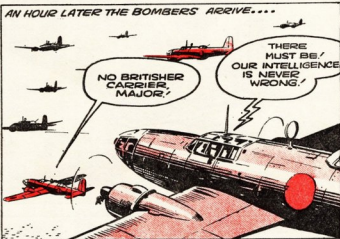
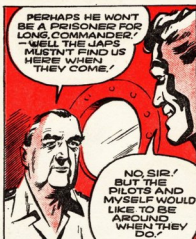
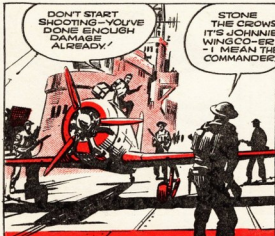


BLAZE AWAY!
I'M COMING
THROUGH!









BUT IT IS A DIFFERENT STORY SAM MARKIS HEARS FROM HIS FACE-SAVING CAPTORS....

YOU MEAN THE VIPER IS SUNK?

THANKS TO YOU LIEUTENANT, YES, LIKE THE CAPTAIN THE REST OF THE CREW GO DOWN WITH HER, NO ONE SURVIVE, WE SONS OF NIPPON WILL REWARD YOU FOR YOUR HELP!

FOR THE BEST OF THE WAR, SAM MARKIS SUFFERS LIKE THE MANY OTHER PRISONERS, PERHAPS EVEN MORE SO...

THEY'RE AT THE SILENT SAILOR AGAIN! THEY'VE REALLY GOT IT IN FOR HIM!

AT LAST THE WAR ENDS AND THE PRISONERS LOOK FORWARD TO RETURNING HOME...

ER-YES!

HOME SOON, EH, SAILOR?

TO WHAT? A COURT-MARTIAL AND IMPRISONMENT? HOW CAN I GO HOME WHEN I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FATHER'S END AND MANY OTHERS?

I WON'T GO HOME, I'LL CHANGE MY IDENTITY, I'LL START A NEW LIFE WHERE NOBODY WILL KNOW ME! THE AFRICAN BUSH, THAT'S WHERE I'LL GO!

AND THERE SAM MARKIS REMAINS UNTIL JOHNNIE COMES IN TO LAND AT NAIROBI....

STAND BY! THIS IS THE AIRCRAFT WITH THE SICK MAN ON BOARD!

SO YOU'RE THE CHAPPIE WHO'S BEEN MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF OUT IN THE BUSH FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS?

I'M GLAD YOU GOT HIM HERE IN TIME, HE'S BEEN DOING CAPITAL WORK OUT THERE AMONG THE SICK NATIVES, HE MUST HAVE SAVED MANY OF THEIR LIVES, I ONLY HOPE WE CAN SAVE HIS, NOW!

THAT GOES FOR US, TOO!

A FEW DAYS LATER SAM MARKIS IS OUT OF DANGER, AND A DOCTOR CALLS INTO HIS ROOM.....

HERE'S SOMEBODY TO SEE YOU, OLD CHAP!



DAD!
I MUST BE
OUT OF MY
MIND!

HALLO, SON,
SO THIS IS
WHERE YOU'VE
BEEN HIDING!



B-BUT
-THE VIPER!
SHE WAS
SUNK WITH
ALL HANDS!
THE JAPS
TOLD ME..

A PACK
OF LIES, SON!
THE VIPER
WAS STILL
SAILING
LONG AFTER
THE WAR!



IT MIGHT HAVE
BEEN A DIFFERENT
STORY THOUGH,
BUT FOR JOHNNIE
WINGCO. HE MANAGED
TO REACH US BEFORE
THE BOMBERS!
IT WAS HE WHO
CABLED ME THAT
YOU WERE
HERE!

THE FOLLOWING
DAY JOHNNIE
HIMSELF CALLS..

I'M SORRY
FOR WHAT I DID,
SIR. I ONLY HOPE
MY FATHER HAS
FORGIVEN
ME!

HE
DOESN'T
HAVE TO
SAM!



YOU
MEAN HE
DOESN'T
KNOW?

NOBODY DOES,
SAM. AND I'VE
FORGOTTEN IT
TOO. YOU'VE PAID
ENOUGH FOR
YOUR MISTAKE!
NOW YOU, TOO
FORGET IT!
I'M OFF IN AN
HOUR, SO, SO-
LONG, AND
GOOD LUCK!



THERE
GOES ONE
OF THE FINEST
MEN I EVER
KNEW, DAD!



AND THE
FINEST PILOT
THE NAVY EVER
HAD. GOOD LUCK,
JOHNNIE
WINGCO.

The End.

SPORTY and SYDNEY

The **KNOCKOUT** SPORTSMEN



MIKE

MOTHER IS STAYING OVERNIGHT WITH AUNTIE, MIKE! - WHAT SHALL WE DO?

I KNOW, DAD! - YOU KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID YOU WOULD TAKE ME CAMPING ONE DAY? - WELL, LET'S CAMP OUT TONIGHT!

JOLLY GOOD IDEA, MIKE.

THE GROUND SHEETS AND THE TENT ARE UP IN THE ATTIC! - I'LL GET THEM WHILE YOU PACK THE HAVESACKS!

COME ON, DAD, LET'S GET CRACKIN' GOSH, THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!

LET'S CAMP MILES AWAY FROM ANYWHERE, MIKE, - SOMEWHERE NICE AND QUIET!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A NIKELY SPOT, MIKE!

I'M LOOKING, DAD!

SEE ANYTHING YET?

NO, DAD, STILL LOOKING!

I'M NOT KEEN ON ANY OF THE SPOTS WE'VE SEEN YET, MIKE!

NOR ME, DAD!

IT WILL BE STARTING TO GET DARK SOON, MIKE!

I KNOW, DAD, I'M GETTING TIRED, TOO!

WHEN! WE SHOULD JUST MAKE THE TOP OF THIS HILL BEFORE IT GETS REALLY BLACK, MIKE!

GASP! IT'S TOO DARK TO GO ANY FURTHER, MIKE! - IT SEEMS FAIRLY FLAT HERE SO LET'S PITCH THE TENT AND GET SOME SLEEP!

WHEN! JUST IN THE DAD! - IT'S PITCH BLACK NOW! (YAWN!) G'NIGHT, DAD, SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

(YAWN!) G'NIGHT, MIKE!

NEXT MORNING.....

WAKY-WAKY, MIKE! I'M JUST GOING TO POP OUTSIDE AND SEE WHERE WE ARE!

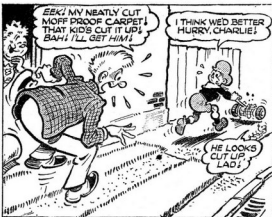
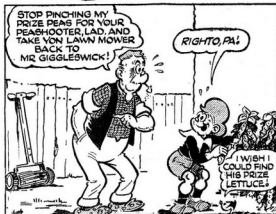
EEEEK!!

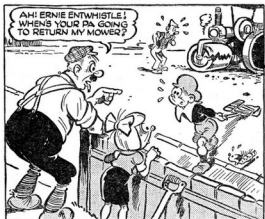
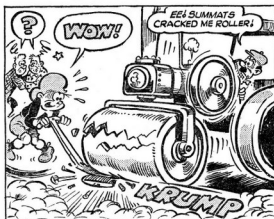
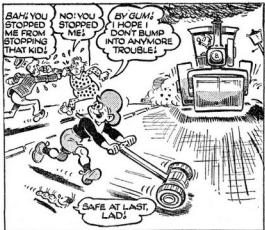
H-HELP! SAVE ME!!



OUR ERNIE

Mr Entwhistle's
Little Lad!





More chuckles with our comical little lad a bit farther on! Yes, Our Ernie still wants to know what's for tea, on page 74!

TOD AND ANNIE'S PUZZLE PLACES



No wonder Silas Stiggins looks fed-up! He has a hard enough time chasing Tod and Annie, the runaway orphans, and now he's got a map with the names of the counties jumbled up. He can't solve it—but can you? (Answers on Page 192.)



NAMING THE NEW WORLD

TRINIDAD

On a voyage of discovery, Christopher Columbus discerned three separate peaks rising from the horizon. Later he found out that they formed one united land. So he called it "Trinidad" -- The Trinity.

MARYLAND

One of the thirteen original states of the U.S.A. Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, gave her name to this colony in 1634.

PENNSYLVANIA

MARYLAND

VIRGINIA

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Phillip II, the Spanish King who married Mary, Queen of England, in 1554 -- and later, in 1588, sent his Armada against Elizabeth, gave his name to these islands in the Pacific.

VENEZUELA

"LITTLE VENICE"

Spanish explorers came across Indian villages built on piles in the South American lakes -- in the Venetian manner.

CAROLINA

was originally named after Charles IX, a 16th century French king. The name fell into disuse but was revived in the time of Charles II of England.

LOUISIANA

Originally a French colony, was named in honour of Louis XIV. Louis XIV, who lived from 1639 until 1715, was King of France for 72 years.

VIRGINIA

CAROLINA

GEORGIA

TEXAS

LOUISIANA

MISSISSIPPI

THUNDERBOLT JAXON AND THE FLYING WRECKERS



THE AIR FORCE WANTED A NEW FIGHTER-PLANE, AND A CONTEST WAS TO BE HELD TO DISCOVER THE BEST POSSIBLE DESIGN -- OLD NAT BERLEIGH STAKED HIS ALL ON BUILDING THE 'BAT', AND IT WAS A WORLD-BEATER. THEN-ON THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE DAY OF THE CONTEST, THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN --- FIRST- NAT'S DAUGHTER AND HIS TEST PILOT PAID HIM A VISIT ---

WELL-- AND WHAT DO YOU TWO WANT?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR BERLEIGH!

WE WANT TO GET MARRIED, DAD!



NOW LOOK HERE-- FIRST AND FOREMOST, DON MARLOWE, YOU'RE MY TEST PILOT! IF THE 'BAT' IS A FAILURE, I SHALL GO BROKE, AND YOU'LL BE OUT OF A JOB. NO JOB--NO WEDDING!-- SO WIN THE FIGHTER COMPETITION TO-MORROW, AND YOU CAN GET MARRIED--WITH MY BLESSINGS!



IT'S A DEAL, SIR! THE 'BAT' IS FIFTY MILES AN HOUR FASTER THAN ITS RIVAL -- OLD SKOUL'S MACHINE. WE'LL WALK AWAY WITH THAT AIR-FORCE CONTRACT.

THANKS--DAD!

RUN ALONG, BOTH OF YOU-- I'M BUSY!

BUT THINGS ARE NOT TO BE AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT --- FOR AS NIGHT FALLS A MYSTERIOUS FIRE BREAKS OUT IN NAT BERLEIGH'S FACTORY ---

JACK JAXON IS AMONG THE YOUNGSTERS WHO RACE AFTER THE SPEEDING FIRE ENGINES!

GOSH! IT MUST BE A MONSTER BLAZE -- THAT'S THE FIFTH FIRE ENGINE -- MAYBE I COULD DO SOMETHING TO HELP!

CLANG CLANG

I'M SORRY, MR. BERLEIGH -- BUT THERE ISN'T A CHANCE OF GETTING YOUR PLANE OUT -- IT'S RINGED WITH FIRE!

THEN I'M RUINED!

I WONDER WHERE DON CAN BE?

THAT MUST BE THE BERLEIGH 'BAT' THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT. THIS IS A JOB FOR THE MAGIC BELT.

IN JACK'S KEEPING IS THE BELT OF THOR, THE THUNDER-GOD, WHICH GIVES TO ITS WEARER ALL THOR'S MIGHT AND MAGIC. IT ONLY TAKES A SECOND FOR JACK TO CLASP IT ABOUT HIS WAIST, AND BECOME THE MIGHTY THUNDERBOLT JAXON!

SWIFT AS AN ARROW -- HE MOUNTS ABOVE THE BURNING FACTORY!

THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE -- THUNDERBOLT TEARS OFF A STRIP OF ROOF!



HE'S HAD AN AWFUL BANG OVER THE HEAD -- BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



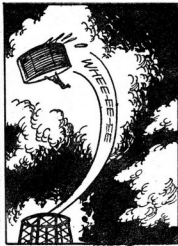
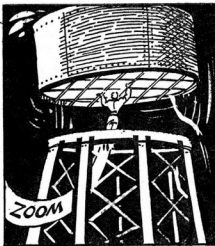
SEIZING THE WONDER-PLANE, THUNDERBOLT WHISKS IT AND THE INJURED MAN OUT OF THE BLAZE.



THIS LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE, MR. BERLEIGH -- THAT MAN WAS HIT OVER THE HEAD -- I'M GOING NOW TO HELP THE FIREMEN!



IT IS CLEAR TO THUNDERBOLT
THAT NO ORDINARY METHODS
WILL PUT OUT THIS FIRE --
-- SO HE MAKES FOR THE
MUNICIPAL WATER TOWER.



A CLOUDBURST!

MORE LIKE
A MIRACLE!

SWOOSH

THE FIRE OUT - THUNDERBOLT RETURNS
TO THE BERLEIGHS TO FIND IF THERE
IS ANYTHING HE CAN DO FOR THE
INJURED DON -- BUT AN AMBULANCE
HAS JUST TAKEN HIM AWAY.

WELL, THE PLANE'S SAFE, AND DON'S SAFE --
THANKS TO THAT ASTOUNDING FELLOW --
-- BUT THIS HAS PUT PAID TO OUR CHANCES
IN THE CONTEST OF
TO-MORROW!

NOT ON YOUR
LIFE, DAD!



I'M GOING TO FLY THE 'BAT' --
YOU KNOW I CAN -- AND IT'S THE
LEAST I CAN DO FOR DON AFTER
WHAT HE'S BEEN THROUGH!



HELLO -- WHAT'S THIS?
ANOTHER AMBULANCE?



WHERE'S THAT FIRST AMBULANCE?
IT WAS STOLEN FROM THE
HOSPITAL YARD!



8-BUT THEY TOOK DON IN THAT OTHER AMBULANCE!

THE CROOKS WHO STARTED THIS FIRE
MUST BE AFRAID OF WHAT DON COULD TELL --
-- BUT DON'T WORRY -- I'LL FIND HIM!



SO THUNDERBOLT ZOOMS UP
INTO THE NIGHT-SKY --
BUT THERE IS NO SIGN OF
THE MISSING AMBULANCE --
-- CLEARLY THE CROOKS
MUST HAVE HUSTLED IT AWAY
UNDER COVER -- SO THE ONLY
THING FOR THUNDERBOLT
TO DO IS TO SEARCH --
AND SEARCH --



WHEN DAWN COMES,
HE IS STILL SEARCHING --



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER -- IN THE OFFICE OF CYRUS SKOUL,
NAT BERLEIGH'S UNSCRUPULOUS RIVAL --

I PAID YOU TO PUT THE 'BAT' OUT OF
ACTION -- AND IT'S STILL FLYING!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE FIXED THE
PILOT, TOO -- BUT NOW THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER.

WE LEFT DON MARLOWE
WHERE NO-ONE'LL FIND HIM --
TILL IT'S TOO LATE --



I'VE GOT NO TIME TO LISTEN TO EXCUSES -- YOU'VE
GOT TILL THIS AFTERNOON TO FIX THE 'BAT' --
A MILLION POUND CONTRACT HANGS ON MY MACHINE
WINNING THE CONTEST THIS AFTERNOON -- AND
I DON'T INTEND
TO LOSE IT!



SO SKOUL'S MEN WAIT IN AN ALLEY AT
THE BACK OF SOME SMALL HOUSES --

HE'LL DO --
HE WORKS AT
THE BERLEIGH
FACTORY!



DRAW HIM TO THE CAR -- YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO A FAST JOB OF DISGUIISING, NOW --
SID!



OKAY -- I'M JOE SMITHER'S NOW!
YOU LUGS CAN LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

ATTABOY, SID!



A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THIS; THUNDERBOLT AT LAST FINDS
THE MISSING AMBULANCE, CAREFULLY HIDDEN IN A WOOD --

THANK GOODNESS!
DON'S STILL ALIVE!

THE 'BAT' -- GOTTA FLY --
GOTTA WIN --

KNOWING THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE -
THUNDERBOLT WHIPS THE AMBULANCE
SWIFTLY ACROSS THE SKY --



--- TO THE HOSPITAL WHENCE IT WAS STOLEN.

HERE'S YOUR STOLEN AMBULANCE -- AND THERE'S
A VERY SICK MAN INSIDE!



WHO STARTED THE FIRE -- DID YOU
SEE WHO ATTACKED YOU?

CY-CYRUS SKOUL --
HE'S -- HE'S BEHIND
THIS!



WE'VE ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO ARREST
CYRUS SKOUL!

HE'LL BE AT THE AIRFIELD
BY NOW. THE COMPETITION
FOR THE BEST FIGHTER WILL
BE JUST STARTING!



JUST AT THAT MOMENT, MR CYRUS SKOUL
IS FEELING VERY PLEASED WITH LIFE --

SO SID GOT AT THE 'BAT' DISGUISED AS
THIS JOE SMITHERS -- HE'S FIXED THINGS
SO THAT THE PLANE WILL BREAK UP
IN THE AIR!

FINE!
FINE!



THE NEXT MACHINE TO TAKE THE AIR WILL
BE THE BERLEIGH 'BAT', PILOTED BY
MISS PAMELA BERLEIGH - THE DESIGNER'S
DAUGHTER!

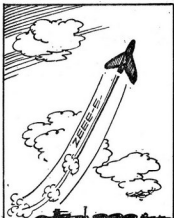
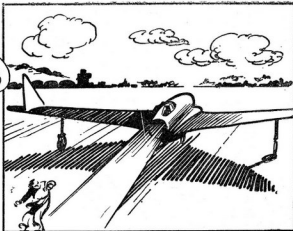
SO THAT'S WHO'S
GOIN' TO GET KILLED
WHEN THE 'BAT' CRASHES!
I COULDN'T CARE LESS!





WISH ME LUCK,
DAD!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES,
PAM--YOU WON'T HAVE TO
GO FLAT OUT TO WIN!



AT THAT MOMENT, THUNDERBOLT JAXON
AND THE POLICE ARRIVE -----

LOOK BOSS--THE COPS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE AFTER US!

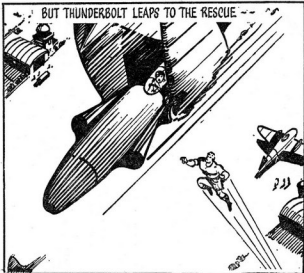


-- ARREST YOU FOR SABOTAGE
AND KIDNAPPING -- ANYTHING
YOU SAY --

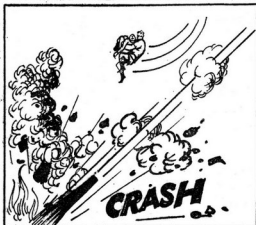
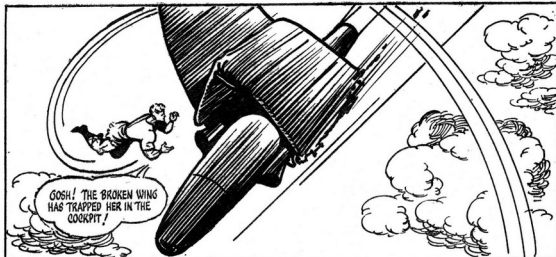
ALL RIGHT -- SO YOU'VE
CAUGHT ME -- BUT THAT
WON'T HELP PAMELA BERLEIGH!
LOOK IN THE SKY!



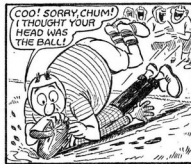
LOOK--AT THE WING!
IT'S BREAKING!



BUT THUNDERBOLT LEAPS TO THE RESCUE --



SPORTY and SYDNEY The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



MIKE

HEY, LISTEN TO THIS, MIKE!

THE EDITOR OF THE LOCAL PAPER OFFERS A PRIZE OF £5 TO THE FIRST READER TO HEAR THE CUCKOO THIS SPRING!

GOLLY, £5!!!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? THEN, DAD? GRAB YOUR HAT AND LET'S GET CRACKING!

I BET WE HEAR THE CUCKOO, DAD! GOSH, FANCY GETTING £5 FOR A NICE QUIET WALK IN THE COUNTRY!

HEAR IT YET, DAD?

NO, NOT YET, MIKE!

OUCH! DEAT THE BARBED WIRE!

COME ON, DAD, - MIND THE LOW BRANCH....

BONK! O!

OH-OH! TOO LATE!

OO-ER! MY HEAD!

SIT DOWN AND REST FOR A MINUTE, DAD!

YEE-OH!

OH DAD, YOU ARE SILLY! FANCY TRYING TO SIT ON A HEDGEHOG?

IT'S NO GOOD, MIKE, CUCKOO'S MUST BE IN SHORT SUPPLY THIS YEAR! OH, NOT YET, DAD LET'S LOOK ROUND A BIT MORE

TELL YOU WHAT, DAD, I'LL EXPLORE THIS SIDE OF THE STREAM AND YOU CROSS OVER AND TRY THE OTHER SIDE!

BAH, I NEVER DID LIKE STEPPING STONES!

STEADY, DAD!

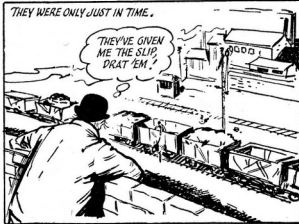
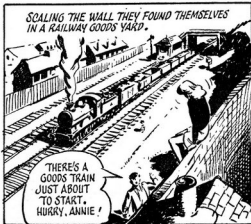
CRASH!

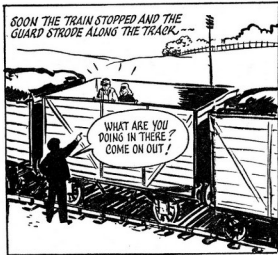
CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

SHUSH! QUIET, DAD! HARK, I BELIEVE I CAN HEAR IT AT LAST!

TOD and ANNIE

Having run away from a miserable orphanage home, Tod and Annie are trying to keep out of the clutches of Silas Stiggins, the owner . . .







DETERMINED TO STOP THE TRAIN, STIGGINS PULLED UP HIS CAR ON AN OPEN LEVEL-CROSSING, RIGHT ACROSS THE TRACK



WHILE THE GUARD DISPOSED OF STIGGINS -- THE DRIVER AND FIREMAN DISPOSED OF THE CAR BY PUSHING IT OFF THE LINE --



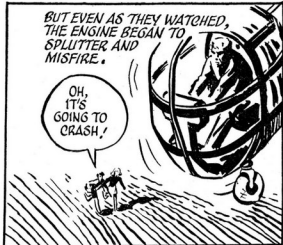
NEXT DAY...



OH, LOOK, ANNIE! IT'S A HELICOPTER SPRAYING THE FIELD WITH SOME CHEMICAL TO KILL THE PESTS IN THE GROUND.

BUT EVEN AS THEY WATCHED, THE ENGINE BEGAN TO SPLUTTER AND MISFIRE.

OH, IT'S GOING TO CRASH!



AND NEXT MOMENT, THE GREAT VANES STILL SPINNING, THE MACHINE STRUCK THE GROUND ~ ~



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?

YES, I'M O.K.! LUCKY FOR ME I WASN'T FLYING HIGHER!



THE MACHINE ITSELF WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY DAMAGED, AND THE YOUNG PILOT EXAMINED THE ENGINE ~ ~



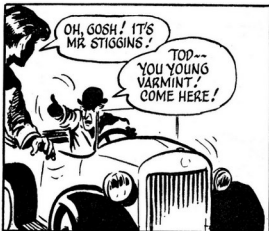
IT'S A BLOCKED PETROL PIPE. IT WOULD HAPPEN THE FIRST TIME MY FATHER'S LET ME DO THIS JOB. HE OWNS THE FARM AND THIS IS HIS HELICOPTER.

THE YOUNG MAN TURNED TO TOD ~ ~

FATHER WILL MOST LIKELY HAVE HEARD THE ENGINE MIS-FIRING AND WILL BE WORRIED. THERE'S A PHONE BOX AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FIELD. WOULD YOU RUN DOWN AND PHONE THE FARMHOUSE TO SAY I'M ALL RIGHT? I'LL SOON HAVE THIS TROUBLE FIXED!



THE YOUNG MAN GAVE TOD THE PHONE NUMBER AND TOLD HIM HIS NAME WAS JOE LAWSON. TOD SOON FOUND THE CALL-BOX AND GAVE HIS MESSAGE.



BUT AS THE CAR SCREECHED TO STOP, TOD RAN ~~~

HI! COME BACK AT ONCE!



TOD DASHED INTO THE FIELD WHERE ANNIE WAITED BY THE HELICOPTER.

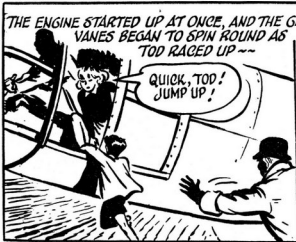
THERE! SHE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

OH, MY GOODNESS! IT'S MR STIGGINS CHASING TOD!

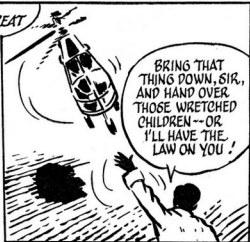


THE ENGINE STARTED UP AT ONCE, AND THE GREAT VANES BEGAN TO SPIN ROUND AS TOD RACED UP ~~~

QUICK, TOD! JUMP UP!



BRING THAT THING DOWN, SIR, AND HAND OVER THOSE WRETCHED CHILDREN--OR I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!



BUT JOE LAWSON ONLY LAUGHED AS HIS MACHINE ROSE SAFELY INTO THE AIR ~

YOU TWO KIDS ARE
SAFE ENOUGH NOW.
HE SEEMS A
MISERABLE
OLD PEST !

AND TALKING
OF PESTS ~
WE'LL SHOW
THE OLD BUFFER.
HOW WE DEAL
WITH THEM,
SHALL WE ?

THE RAGING STIGGINS
SAW THE HELICOPTER
TURN, AND BEGIN
DROPPING TOWARDS
HIM ~

HA ! SO THE
PILOT HAS SOME
SENSE, AFTER ALL !
I'LL SOON HAVE MY
HANDS ON THOSE
TWO YOUNG
RASCALS
NOW !

BUT, NEXT
MOMENT--

GULP

HELP

HELP

AND
GASPING
AND
SPLUTTERING
WITH RAGE,
STIGGINS
TURNED
AND RAN ~

I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE BOTHERING
YOU TWO AGAIN FOR A WHILE. AND NOW
YOU MUST BOTH COME BACK TO THE
FARMHOUSE WITH ME
AND HAVE A SLAP-UP
TEA !

OH, THANKS !
WE'D LOVE
THAT !

BILLY BUNTER'S

KOOKERY KWIZ



Hello, you jolly hungry rotters! If you're always as hungry as I am, you'll think of nothing else but **LOVELY GRUB!** Here are a few tasty snacks I'm very fond of, but I've made them into puzzle-pictures for you to solve. (Hee, hee! They're jolly hard, so I've put the answers on Page 192 for you!)

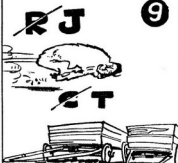
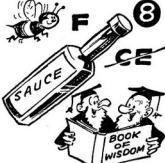
1 ~~AR~~ ~~B~~



2 ~~S~~



4 ~~CT~~



Sporty's

SPORTS QUIZ



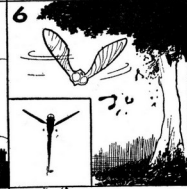
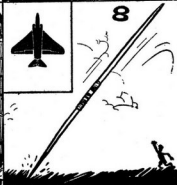
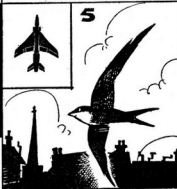
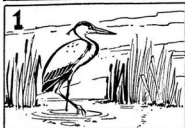
Here's a game for you sporting types. In the shadow-pictures, Sporty and Sydney seem to be playing without a ball. Can you name the right ball for each game? Just in case you're caught out or stumped, turn to Page 192.





JOHNNIE WINGCO'S PUZZLE PLANES

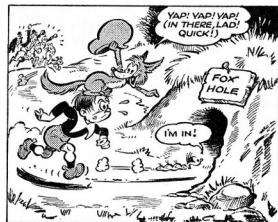
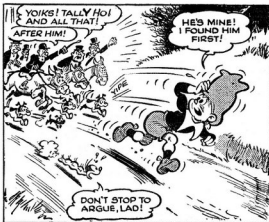
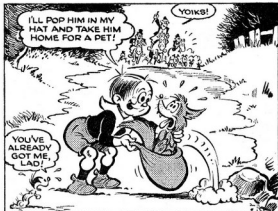
Now a real test for plane-spotters! Identify the planes by their small black silhouettes if you can. This isn't too easy, so there's a clue to each one in the pictures. Take-off right away and try your skill! (The correct answers are on Page 192.)

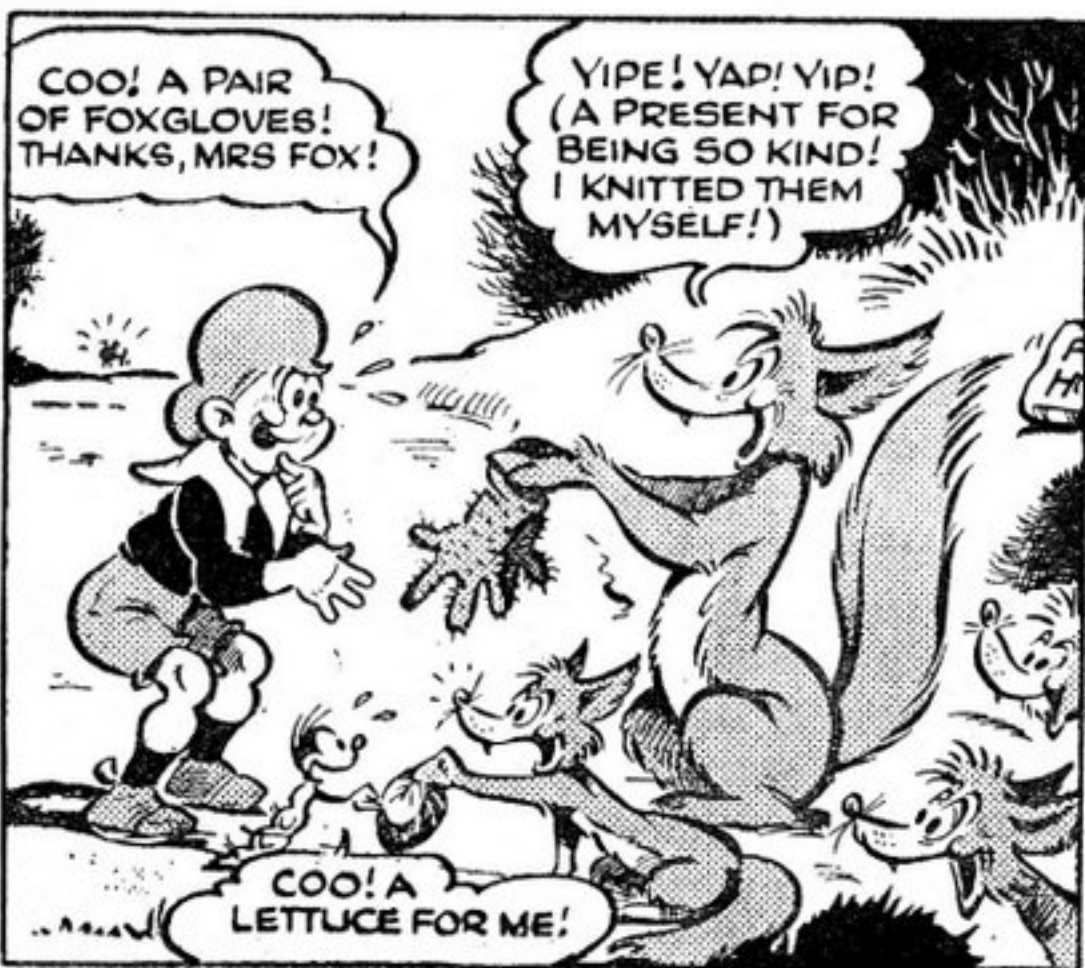




OUR ERNIE

Mr Entwistle's
Little Lad!



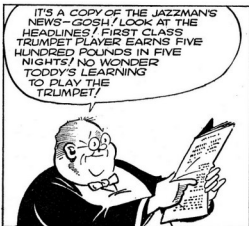
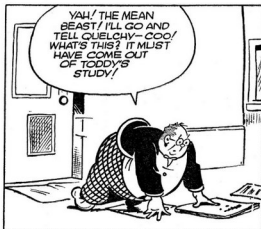


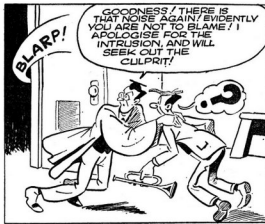
Ha, ha! The Famous Fat Owl
of Greyfriars in Form Again!



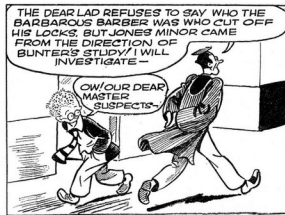
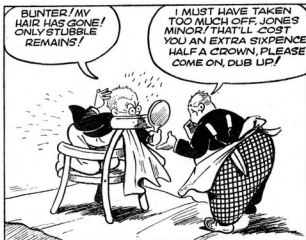
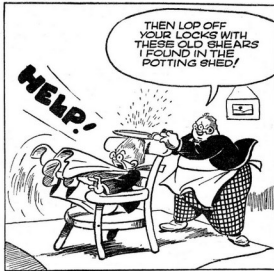
BILLY BUNTER

A Champion Chuckle-Comedy with the
Fattest Schoolboy in the World!











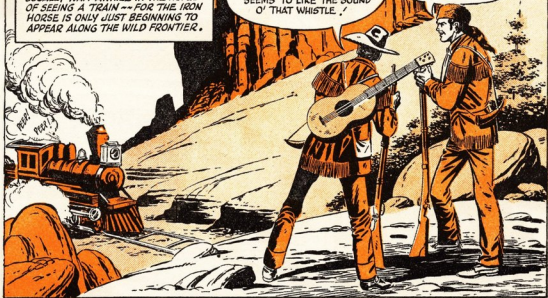
DAVY CROCKETT

FRONTIER SCOUT

WHenever their paths come upon a railroad track, Davy Crockett and his pal, Georgie Russel, usually wait awhile in the hopes of seeing a train -- for the iron horse is only just beginning to appear along the wild frontier.

HERE SHE COMES, DAVY, AND SHE SURE IS KICKIN' UP A FUSS! THE ENGINEER SEEMS TO LIKE THE SOUND O' THAT WHISTLE.!

MEBBE IT'S MUSIC TO HIM, LIKE YOUR GUITAR IS TO YOU, GEORGIE.!



BUT AS THE ENGINE FUSSES BY BELOW...

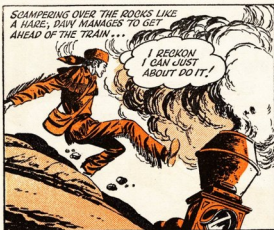
SHUCKS! LOOK DOWN IN THAT CAB, GEORGIE. HE'S BLOWIN' UP QOS! HE'S IN TROUBLE.!

HERE, GRAB 'OLE BETSY, GEORGIE. I'M GOING TO TRY AND GET ABOARD.!



SCAMPERING OVER THE ROCKS LIKE
A HARE, DAVY MANAGES TO GET
AHEAD OF THE TRAIN ...

I RECKON
I CAN JUST
ABOUT DO IT!



HERE GOES!



HOWDY, ENGINEER!
THE NAME'S DAVY CROCKETT.
YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT TO
DO AND I'LL STOP THE
LOCO!



AND BY THE TIME GEORGIE RUSSEL
HAS REACHED THE TRACK ...

WELL! TAN MY HIDE!
DAVY'S STOPPED IT!



WHAT SEEMS TO
BE THE TROUBLE,
DAVY?

INJUNS, GEORGIE!
RUNNING BUCK AND HIS
CHEROKEES, I GUESS!
THE ENGINEER AIN'T HURT TOO
BAD, BUT HIS PARD NEEDS
HELP QUICK!



YEAH! THE VARMINTS
JUMPED US DOWN THE
TRACK! AFTER THE
EXPLOSIVES WE'RE
HAULIN', I GUESS!

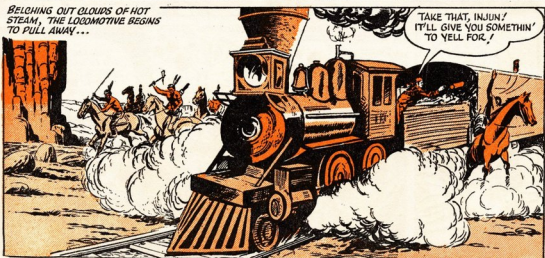
DON'T WORRY, MISTER--
GEORGIE AND ME'LL SEE
YOU AND YOUR PARD AND
YOUR TRAIN REACH THE RAIL-
HEAD IN ONE PIECE OR MY
NAME AIN'T
DAVY CROCKETT
FOR SURE!



HARDLY HAS DAVY
SPOKEN WHEN...



BELCHING OUT CLOUDS OF HOT
STEAM, THE LOCOMOTIVE BEGINS
TO PULL AWAY...



THE FIGHTING FRONTIERSMEN AND THE HOT STEAM PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE CHEROKEES AND THE TRAIN PULLS AWAY...



YEAH! BUT IF RUNNIN' BUCK IS AMONG 'EM, HE WON'T GIVE UP SO EASY!

DAVY IS RIGHT! ALREADY THE WILY OLD CHEROKEE HAS WORKED OUT ANOTHER PLAN OF ATTACK...



THE SPOT WHERE RUNNIN' BUCK INTENDS TO ATTACK THE TRAIN IS A FEW MILES UP THE LINE--WHERE THE RAILROAD RUNS THROUGH A DEEP GORGE. HE AND HIS BRAVES HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO REACH THERE, WHILST THE TRAIN PUFFS AND WHEEZES UP THE STEEP GRADIENT...

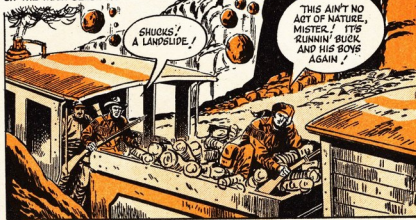


YEAH! KEEP FEEDIN' HER WITH FUEL, FRIEND!

NOW THE GORGE ENGULFS THE TRACK ON BOTH SIDES...

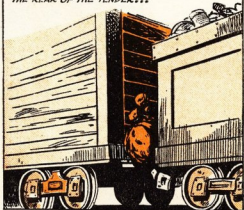


SUDDENLY ROCKS AND BOULDERS RAIN DOWN ON THE TRAIN BELOW...



THIS AIN'T NO ACT OF NATURE, MISTER! IT'S RUNNIN' BUCK AND HIS BOYS AGAIN!

SUDDENLY THERE IS A
STARTLING CRASH FROM
THE REAR OF THE TENDER...



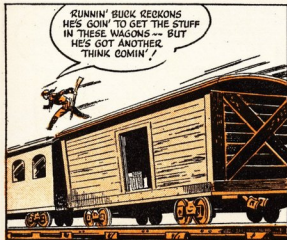
SUFFERIN' SNAKES!
THE COUPLINGS HAVE
BEEN SMASHED! THE
TRUCKS ARE RUNNIN'
BACKWARDS!



KEEP THAT LOGO GOIN'
AND FETCH HELP, GEORGIE!
I MIGHT 'BE NEEDING
SOME' SOON!



RUNNIN' BUCK RECKONS
HE'S GOIN' TO GET THE STUFF
IN THESE WAGONS -- BUT
HE'S GOT ANOTHER
THINK COMIN'!



I AIM TO STOP ANYONE
FROM GETTING THEIR PAWS
ON THE EXPLOSIVES!



WITH A SCREECHING OF LOCKED WHEELS, THE RUNAWAY TRUCKS GRIND TO A STOP... AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, RUNNING BUCK LEADS HIS BRAVES DOWN THE SLOPE, TO THE ATTACK...



SUDDENLY THE INDIAN LEAPS...



THE TWO MEN FIGHT LIKE FURY-- UNTIL...

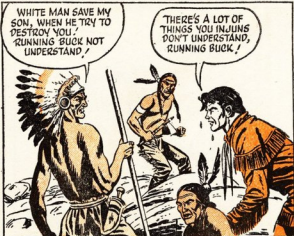


WITH A MIGHTY SPLASH THE COMBATANTS CRASH INTO THE FAST FLOWING WATER BELOW...



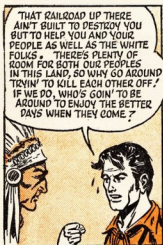


TAN MY HIDE! HERE
COME THE REST OF 'EM!
THIS IS GOIN' TO BE
TOUGH FOR ME!



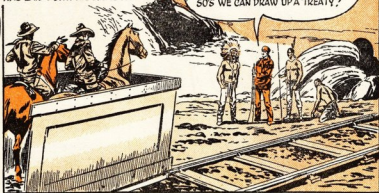
WHITE MAN SAVE MY
SON, WHEN HE TRY TO
DESTROY YOU!
RUNNING BUCK NOT
UNDERSTAND!

THERE'S A LOT OF
THINGS YOU INJUNS
DON'T UNDERSTAND,
RUNNING BUCK!



THAT RAILROAD UP THERE
AIN'T BUILT TO DESTROY YOU
BUT TO HELP YOU AND YOUR
PEOPLE AS WELL AS THE WHITE
FOLKS. THERE'S PLENTY OF
ROOM FOR BOTH OUR PEOPLES
IN THIS LAND, SO WHY GO AROUND
TRYIN' TO KILL EACH OTHER OFF?
IF WE DO, WHO'S GOIN' TO BE
AROUND TO ENJOY THE BETTER
DAYS WHEN THEY COME?

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, GEORGIE AND
THE ARMED RESCUERS ARRIVE --
BUT BY THEN RUNNING BUCK REALISES
THE TRUTH IN DAVY'S WORDS, AND
HAS LAID DOWN HIS ARMS...



YOU CAN PUT YOUR GUNS AWAY,
BOYS! THE FIGHTIN' IN THESE PARTS
IS OVER! JUST HITCH UP THE TRUCKS
AND RUN US UP TO THE RAILHEAD
SO'S WE CAN DRAW UP A TREATY!

AND A FEW WEEKS LATER,
WHEN DAVY AND GEORGIE
PASS THAT WAY AGAIN...



WHAT'S HE BLOWIN'
UP FOR, MISTER!
IS RUNNING BUCK STILL
MAKIN' TROUBLE?



NO, MR CROCKETT! HE'S MAKIN'
PLENTY OF NOISE INSTEAD! THAT'S
HIM IN THE CAB! APART FROM THE
DIN HE'S MAKIN', ALL IS QUIET NOW
IN THESE PARTS -- THANKS TO
YOU AND MR RUSSEL!

MICKEY'S PAL THE WIZARD

SILAS MARLEY, IN A WEAK MOMENT PROMISED MICKEY RYNSTON AND HIS SISTER BETTY THAT HE WOULD TAKE THEM TO THE CIRCUS, BUT FIRST THEY HAD TO CLEAN HIS SECOND-HAND SHOP ---



BUT MICKEY'S PAL THE WIZARD DROPS IN...



AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG HAD
BEEN SHUT UP IN A
BRASS BOTTLE FOR
TWO THOUSAND YEARS
UNTIL ACCIDENTALLY
RELEASED BY MICKEY.
SINCE THEN HE HAD
HELPED MICKEY AND
BETTY MANY TIMES.

eee

HE SAYS
WE CAN'T
GO TO THE
CIRCUS,
MR BAGRAS.

1, AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG,
MIGHTIEST OF ALL WIZARDS,
SAY THOU SHALT VISIT THE
CIRCUS - AND YOUR
SKINFINT GUARDIAN --



NEXT MOMENT, MICKEY
AND BETTY FOUND
THEMSELVES WHIRLED
THROUGH SPACE.



NEXT CAME THE PERFORMING ELEPHANTS ~~~



EVEN AS AKBAR, SPOKE ~~~



AND TO MICKEY'S HORROR, SILAS MARLEY WAS TURNED INTO A BIG RUBBER BALL.

THE AUDIENCE GASPED AS THE BALL HIT THE ELEPHANT --



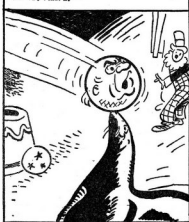
AND BOUNCED AWAY ACROSS THE RING.



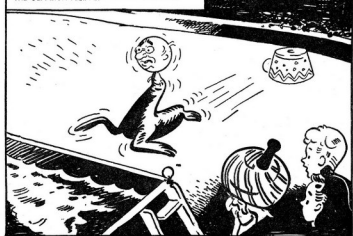
BUT WORSE WAS IN STORE FOR SILAS MARLEY.



MARLEY FLEW THROUGH THE AIR AND WAS NEATLY FIELDED --



THE SEA-LION FLAPPED ACROSS THE RING --



- TO A WATER TANK WHICH WAS READY FOR ITS ACT.



SILAS MARLEY FLOATED NICELY, BUT THE SEA-LION MEANT TO FINISH ITS ACT.



DECIDING THAT SILAS MARLEY HAD BEEN PUNISHED ENOUGH, AKBAR-EL-BAGRAS YIELDED TO MICKEY'S ENTREATIES, AND AS THE RINGMASTER RUSHED TO GET THE BALL OUT..



SILAS MARLEY WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO ESCAPE, BUT HE COULDN'T SHAKE OFF HIS WHITE ELEPHANT.

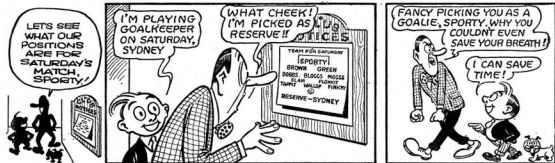


AND WHEN MICKEY AND BETTY ARRIVED HOME.



SPORTY and SYDNEY

The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



MIKE

I'VE GOT A
GRAND IDEA FOR
THIS AFTERNOON,
MIKE!

WE'RE GOING ON A
MOTOR COACH TOUR OF
ALL THE BEAUTY SPOTS,
AND THE CHARABANG
LEAVES THE
COACH-STATION
SHARP AT
TWO O'CLOCK!

WIZZO,
DAD! LET'S
HAVE A
QUICK
LUNCH!

THEY RUN
SEVERAL
COACHES,
MIKE, BUT
IT'S BEST TO
GET THERE
EARLY! —
COME ON,
LET'S GO!

YIPPEE! TALLY HO!
WE'RE OFF!

TOOT-TOOT!

WE'RE NOT TOO EARLY,
DAD — LOOK, SOME
CHARABANGS ARE
STARTING ALREADY!

PST! THERE'S NOBODY IN THAT END ONE YET, MIKE, — LET'S NIP IN
AND GRAB THE FRONT SEAT!

OKAY,
DAD!

BEAUTY
SPOT
TOUR
2 o'clock

HEE-HEE! I
WONDER WHY
NOBODY ELSE
THOUGHT OF THIS!

JOLLY COMFY,
EH, MIKE?
RATHER, DAD!
I JUST CAN'T
WAIT FOR US
TO GET CRACKING!

GOOD BYE-E-E!

RAH-RAH-RAH!
WE'RE ON,
OUR WAY.

WE WON'T BE
LONG NOW, DAD,
THE OTHERS ARE
STARTING.

ANOTHER LOT IS GOING
OFF NOW, DAD!

HOORAY!
WE'RE OFF
TO SEE THE
BEAUTY
SPOTS!

THAT'S FUNNY, DAD! —
NOBODY ELSE HAS COME
INTO THIS COACH, — AND
NOW ALL THE OTHERS
HAVE GONE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT, MIKE! — COME ON,
LET'S GET OUT AND
ASK THAT MAN OVER
THERE

WHEN DOES THIS COACH START?

IT DOESN'T, GUVNOR! —
THAT'S THE ONE
WE BEAN THE BONDS
AGAINST!

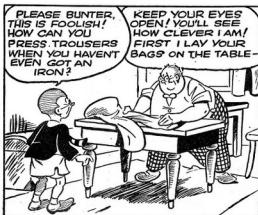
BEAUTY
SPOT
TOUR
2 o'clock

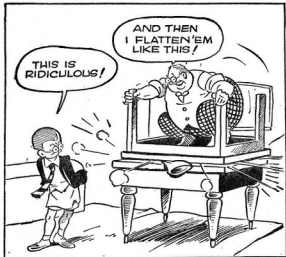
Hee, hee! The Famous Fat Owl
of Greyfriars gets another
Wizard Wheeze!



BILLY BUNTER

The **FATTEST** Schoolboy
in the World!



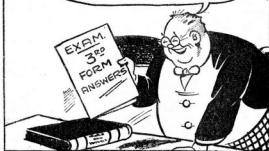




I'VE GOT TO DODGE THIS BEASTLY EXAM SOMEHOW! I'LL TELL QUELCHY I'VE BROKEN MY LEG AND CAN'T WRITE - COO! THE ROTTER ISN'T IN HIS STUDY!



COO! I'M IN LUCK! THERE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE EXAM QUESTIONS! I'LL JUST BORROW THEM FOR A BIT!



LISTEN, YOU BEASTS! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE EXAMS, AND EACH OF YOU GIVE ME SOME GRUB AND NOBODY'S TO ASK WHERE I GOT THEM FROM - SEE?

WE CAN GUESS WHERE YOU GOT THEM FROM, BUT IT'S A DEAL BUNTER!



NO GOOD WILL COME OF THIS - BUT IF THE OTHERS AGREE, SO MUST I!

HERE'S THE GRUB, BUNTER!

GOOD! NOW HERE ARE THE ANSWERS! COPY 'EM DOWN QUICK - COS I DON'T WANT QUELCHY TO CATCH ME!



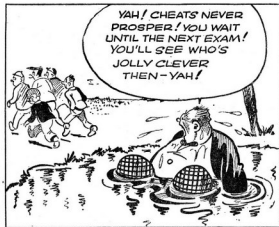
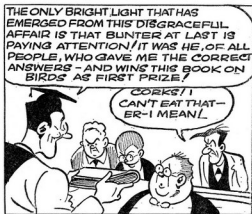
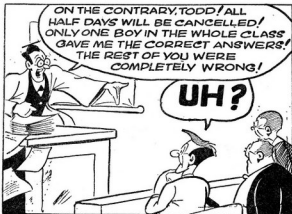
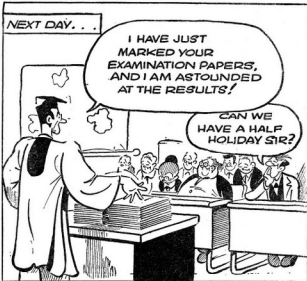
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUT THE ANSWERS BACK AND THEN TUCK INTO A JOLLY BIG FEED!

THANKS FATTY!



O CORKS! I'VE JUST REMEMBERED! I'VE FORGOTTEN TO COPY OUT THE ANSWERS MYSELF! CRUMBS! I'LL HAVE TO BORROW THEM AGAIN!





THUNDERBOLT JAXON

and THE KIDNAPPERS.

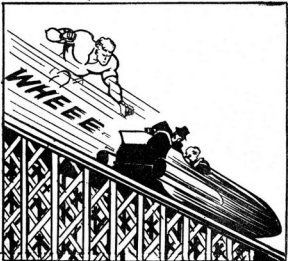
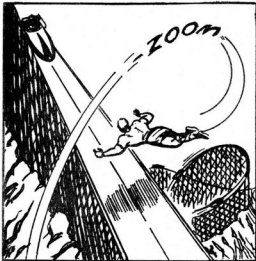


PEOPLE USUALLY GO TO FUN FAIRS FOR THRILLS --
FAT HARRY AND HIS THUGS WENT FOR SOMETHING ELSE --
-- AND GOT MORE THRILLS THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR --
THANKS TO *THUNDERBOLT JAXON* !!

JACK JAXON, A
WANDERING OR-
PHAN, IS WIST-
FULLY WONDER-
ING IF HE CAN
AFFORD TO GO
INTO A FAIR-
GROUND, WHEN
A CAR DRAWS UP
ALONGSIDE HIM.
HE RECOGNISES
THE MEN INSIDE
AS A GANG OF
CROOKS!









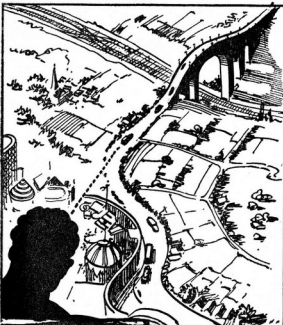
PETE, MEANWHILE, IS ONLY THINKING OF HIS OWN SAFETY.

A MOTOR-BIKE-- THAT'S THE IDEA!
I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THAT
BIG FELLA SOMEHOW!



STAND OUTA MY WAY --
I WANT ONE O' THOSE BIKES!

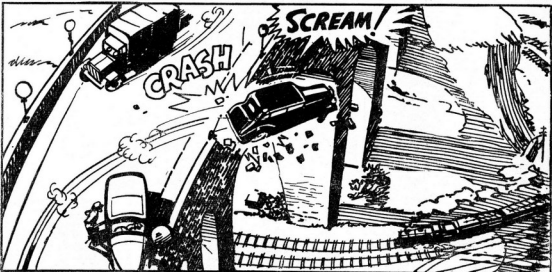




I WON'T SHUT UP, YOU FAT SLUG!
STOP THIS CAR AT ONCE!



WITH HIS HAT JAMMED HARD OVER HIS EYES-- FAT HARRY CANNOT SEE
WHERE HE IS DRIVING ---



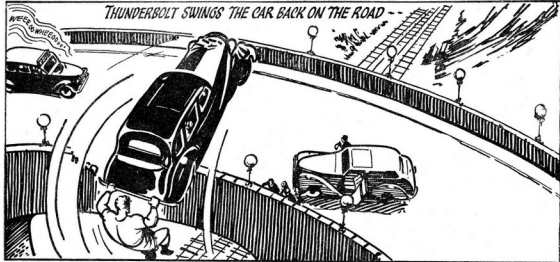
LOOK! IT'LL
CRASH RIGHT ON
TOP OF US!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT ---



THUNDERBOLT SWINGS THE CAR BACK ON THE ROAD --



BUT I SAW IT
COME OFF THE
BRIDGE!

SO DID I!

THEN WHERE
IS IT NOW?

SEARCH
ME!



FAT HARRY AND SLIM SAMUELS!
THAT'S THE REST OF THE SNATCH GANG!

WHERE'S THE BIG FELLOW
WHO CAUGHT 'EM?
HE'LL GET A REWARD
FOR THIS!



BUT THUNDERBOLT HAS ALREADY SLIPPED OFF THE MAGIC BELT--

HEY, SONNY-- DID YOU SEE WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE BIG MAN?

HE JUST
VANISHED,
INSPECTOR!
JUST --
VANISHED!



SO THE POLICE DRIVE AWAY WITH THEIR PRISONERS ---
LUCY TAKES DONALD HOME TO HIS PARENTS ---
AND JACK JAXON GOES HIS WAY - THE MAGIC BELT TUCKED
IN HIS POCKET - READY FOR THE NEXT TIME THERE IS
A WRONG TO BE RIGHTED!



SEXTON BLAKE

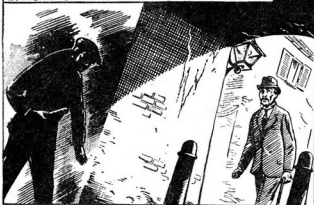


The Case of
"THE VANISHING
THIEF!"

WONG HO, A WEALTHY BURMESE MERCHANT IN LONDON ON A BUSINESS TRIP, HAD ONE LAST IMPORTANT CALL TO MAKE ON AN OLD FRIEND WHO LIVED IN LIMEHOUSE. HE WAS EAGER TO SHOW HIM A COLLECTION OF RUBIES WORTH A FORTUNE. . . .



HAPPILY THE OLD BURMESE GENTLEMAN STROLLED ON, WITH NO THOUGHT OF DANGER IN HIS MIND. . . .



SUDDENLY, BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO REALISE IT, A WAITING FIGURE POUNCED FROM THE SHADOWS OF AN ARCHWAY. . . AND STRUCK HIM DOWN. . .



AS WONG HO FELL UNCONSCIOUS TO THE GROUND, THE ROGUE SWIFTLY UNBUCKLED THE BELT IN WHICH THE RUBIES WERE CARRIED.



THERE WAS NO WITNESS TO THIS CRIME, AND THE THIEF WAS SOON DARTING AWAY INTO THE MAZE OF RIVERSIDE STREETS. . . .



A FEW MINUTES LATER WONG HO WAS DISCOVERED BY A POLICEMAN WHO GAVE THE ALARM.



THIS BROUGHT INSPECTOR COUTTS OF SCOTLAND YARD TO THE SCENE. WITH HIM WERE SEXTON BLAKE AND TINKER. . .

WE'VE GOT THE AREA SURROUNDED. MR BLAKE HE CAN'T GET OUT OF OUR NET!

HE'LL PROBABLY MOVE TOWARDS THE RIVER INSPECTOR!



THE CORDON CLOSED IN TOWARDS A LANDING STAGE BESIDE THE THAMES. . .



NOT A SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE. MR BLAKE HE'S COMPLETELY VANISHED!



TINKER! WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE A PAIR OF CAST-OFF SHOES GUV'NOR!



H'MMM! STILL A BIT OF WEAR IN THESE. I WONDER!



AS THEY TURNED TO LEAVE THE RIVERSIDE THEY SUDDENLY HEARD CRIES OF DISTRESS. . .

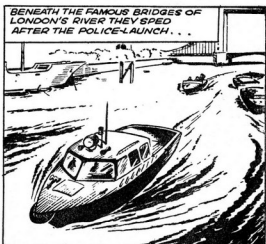
HELP!
HELP!



TINKER SPOTTED A POLICE LAUNCH SWIFTLY MOVING TO THE RESCUE. . .

IT'S ALL RIGHT GUV'NOR! HE'S BEING PICKED UP!





BUT THE BIG LAUNCH REACHED THE RIVER—POLICE STATION FIRST AND CAME ALONGSIDE THE JETTY. . . .



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SEXTON BLAKE WAS LEAPING ASHORE. . . .



AND RUSHING INSIDE. . .

THIS IS THE MAN YOU WANT FOR THE ROBBERY, COURTS! SEARCH HIM!

WITH PLEASURE—IF YOU SAY SO MR. BLAKE!



SEEMS YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. BLAKE! HERE ARE THE RUBIES AND WONG HO'S BELT. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT EITHER, GUVNOR!



IT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH. THE THIEF HAD COMPLETELY VANISHED—AND THE ONLY CLUE WAS A PAIR OF QUITE DECENT SHOES, APPARENTLY THROWN AWAY, THEN WE HAD THE "DROWNING MAN" INCIDENT—A CLEVER AND IMPUDENT METHOD OF ESCAPE FROM OUR DRAGNET!



WHEN I LOOKED THROUGH THE TELESCOPE I SPOTTED THAT THE RESCUED MAN HAD NO SHOES ON! SO IT WAS EVIDENT AT ONCE THAT HE INTENDED JUMPING IN THE RIVER TO BE PICKED UP AND TAKEN AWAY BY THE POLICE LAUNCH, THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE. IF HE HAD KEPT HIS SHOES ON, IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT AND HE MIGHT HAVE GOT AWAY WITH IT!



YOU DON'T MISS MUCH, GUVNOR!

Sinbad Simms

FOR SOME TIME, SINBAD STARES AT THE BOAT, WATCHING FOR A SIGN OF LIFE OR MOVEMENT ON BOARD, BUT HE SEES NONE . . .

*Shark-Boy
of the South Seas!*

THEY CAN'T HAVE COME ASHORE, - THE DINGHY IS STILL OUT THERE!

When Sinbad Simms and his huge shark-pal Jasper arrived the night before at an atoll, not a ship was to be seen. But now, as Sinbad awakes, he sees a fair-sized motor-cruiser anchored not far off the shore . . .

SUDDENLY A DISTURBING THOUGHT COMES INTO HIS MIND ! . . .

SINBAD HURRIES DOWN TO THE ROCKS, AND BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF, AS HE SEES THE LONG, DARK SHAPE OF HIS SHARK-PAL IN THE WATER . . .

G-GOSH! PERHAPS THEY'VE GONE FOR A DIP AND MET, - AND MET JASPER!!

PHEW! JASPER'S STILL ASLEEP! I WON'T DISTURB HIM!

SWIFTLY, SINBAD SWIMS TOWARDS THE CRAFT . . .

PERHAPS THEY'RE STILL ASLEEP, TOO!

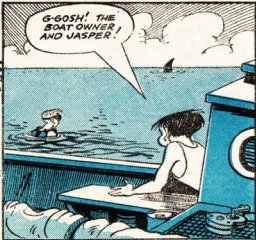
AHOY, THERE! ANYBODY ABOUT? WAKEY-WAKEY!



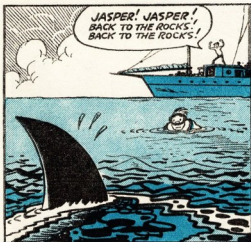
THAT'S ODD! THERE'S COFFEE BOILING ON THE STOVE... BUT THERE'S NOBODY HERE!



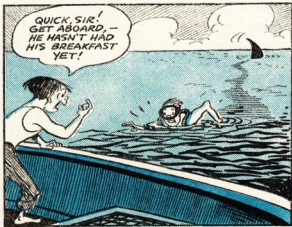
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!



G-GOSH! THE BOAT OWNER AND JASPER!



JASPER! JASPER!
BACK TO THE ROCKS!
BACK TO THE ROCKS!



QUICK, SIR!
GET ABOARD -
HE HASN'T HAD
HIS BREAKFAST
YET!



YOU MEAN TO SAY
THAT MONSTER
OBEYS YOU?
WHO ARE YOU
AND WHAT ARE
YOU DOING ON
MY BOAT?

SINBAD SIMMS
IS MY NAME,
SIR! I CAME
ABOARD TO WARN
YOU ABOUT JASPER,
AND TO SEE IF
YOU'VE A BITE
TO SPARE
FOR ME!



WELL, YOU SAVED MY LIFE,
THE LEAST I CAN DO IS GIVE
YOU SOME BREAKFAST!
I HAVEN'T MUCH TO OFFER!
THINGS HAVEN'T WORKED
OUT TOO WELL
FOR ME!

WHY,
WHAT IS
WRONG,
SIR?

AND OVER THE 'MEAGRE' MEAL, TOM BOWLIN TELLS SINBAD WHY HE HAS COME TO THE ATOLL—AND OF HIS BAD LUCK...

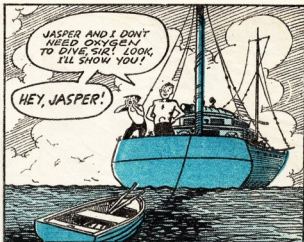


THERE'S THE WRECK OF AN OLD PIRATE SHIP IN THESE WATERS WITH A FORTUNE ABOARD! IF I HADN'T LOST THE OLD CHART AND MY NATIVE BOYS HADN'T DESERTED ME, I'D HAVE FOUND IT FOR SURE! NOW THAT THE FOOD IS FINISHED, I GUESS I'M FINISHED, TOO!

PERHAPS I
CAN HELP
YOU, SIR!



BUT I HAVEN'T MUCH OXYGEN LEFT FOR DIVING!



JASPER AND I DON'T NEED OXYGEN TO DIVE, SIR! LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU!

HEY, JASPER!

SURPRISED, TOM WATCHES THE SINISTER FIN OF JASPER GLIDE TOWARDS SINBAD, AS HE DIVES &

BUT IF HE HAD BEEN ABLE TO SEE BELOW THE SURFACE, TOM MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GREAT DEAL MORE SURPRISED...



BY GEORGE! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



GOOD OLD JASPER! WE'LL BE DOWN ON THE BOTTOM IN NO TIME!

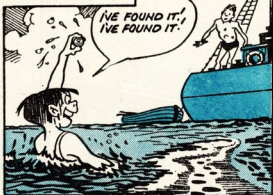
SINBAD'S IDEA IS TO PICK UP SOME SHELLS TO PROVE THAT HE HAS REACHED THE SEA-BED, BUT AS HE SEARCHES ALONG THE BOTTOM FOR A SUITABLE SPECIMEN...



G-GOSH! A WRECK!



EVEN THOUGH HIS LUNGS ARE ACHING, SINBAD MANAGES A SHOUT OF TRIUMPH, WHEN HE BREAKS THE SURFACE...



WOW! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK, SINBAD! DID YOU SEE ANY MORE TREASURE DOWN THERE?

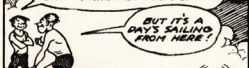
ONE OR TWO CHESTS, SIR! IT MIGHT BE DIFFICULT TO GET THEM OUT THOUGH, - THEY'VE GOT TO BE SHIFTED AND I CAN'T STAY DOWN THAT LONG!



-BUT I CAN WITH OXYGEN, - AND WITH THESE COINS WE CAN BUY PLENTY IN TIMURA! LET'S UP ANCHOR AND GO RIGHT AWAY!



THERE'S NO NEED TO LEAVE HERE, SIR! JASPER AND I CAN BE THERE AND BACK WITHIN AN HOUR OR SO!



BUT IT'S A DAY'S SAILING FROM HERE!

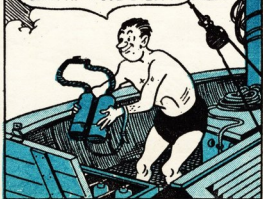


AND FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT MORNING, TOM BOWLIN CAN ONLY STAND AND STARE HARDLY ABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT HE SEES...

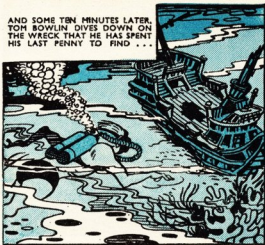
A SHARK TOWING A BOAT! NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



WHILE THAT SHARK IS OUT OF THE WAY I'LL USE THE OXYGEN I HAVE LEFT AND GO DOWN AND LOOK AT THOSE CHESTS!



AND SOME TEN MINUTES LATER, TOM BOWLIN DIVES DOWN ON THE WRECK THAT HE HAS SPENT HIS LAST PENNY TO FIND ...



BUT THERE ARE OTHERS EAGER TO LAY THEIR HANDS ON THE TREASURE, AND AS TOM BOWLIN WORKS UNSUSPECTINGLY BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SEA ...



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, ON THE DECK OF THE SUNKEN PIRATE TREASURE GALLEON ...



AT THAT VERY INSTANT, SINBAD
ROUNDS THE ATOLL AND SIGHTS
THE NEWLY-ARRIVED VESSEL...

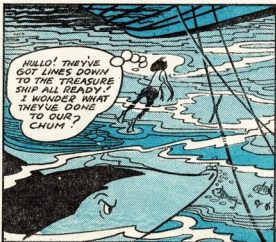
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THAT'S
BLUGGER BENSON'S BOAT, I
AND THAT MEANS TROUBLE!
WE'D BETTER ALTER
COURSE FOR THE
ATOLL, JASPER!



KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT, SINBAD SOON BEACHES THE DINGHY...



NOW LET'S FIND
OUT WHAT BLUGGER
AND HIS BOYS ARE
UP TO!



HULLO! THEY'VE
GOT LINES DOWN
TO THE TREASURE
SHIP ALL READY!
I WONDER WHAT
THEY'VE DONE
TO OUR?
CHUM!



NICE GOIN', BOYS!
WAS HE DOWN
THERE?

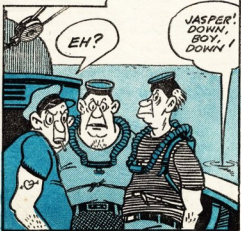
YEAH! AND HE WON'T
BE COMIN' UP AGAIN
UNTIL THAT WRECK
DOES!

WHICH
MEANS NEVER!



G-GOSH!
HE'S DOWN
BELOW!
I'D BETTER
GO DOWN TO
HIM!

A MOMENT LATER...



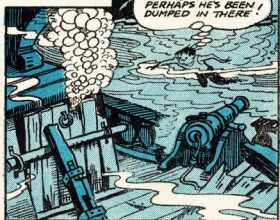
EH?

JASPER!
DOWN,
BOY, I
DOWN

BY THE TIME THE CROOKS LOOK
AROUND, SINBAD IS WELL DOWN
AND OUT OF SIGHT...



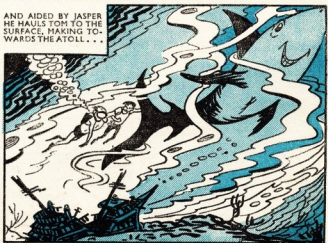
THEN, AS THE LAD IS
ABOUT TO GIVE UP...



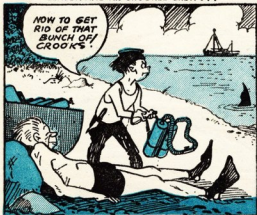
WITH LUNGS BURSTING, SINBAD MANAGES TO
OPEN THE DECK-HOUSE...



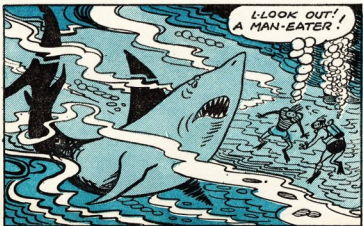
AND AIDED BY JASPER
HE HAULS TOM TO THE
SURFACE, MAKING TO-
WARDS THE ATOLL...



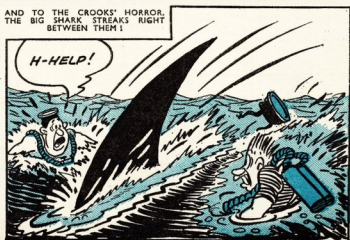
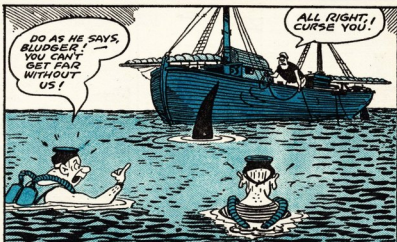
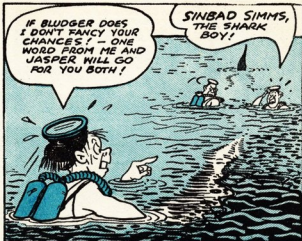
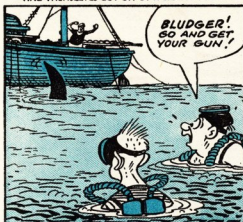
HAVING REACHED THE SHORE AND MADE TOM BOWLIN COMFORTABLE SINBAD TURNS HIS MIND TO BLUDGER, BENSON AND HIS CROOKED CREW . . .

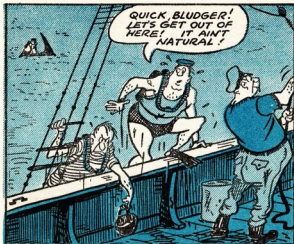


AND AS THE MEN DROP DOWN BELOW THE SURFACE . . .

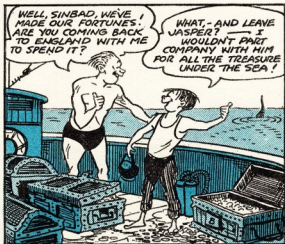
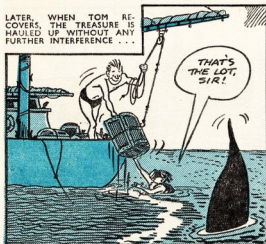


THE TWO FRIGHTENED CROOKS SURFACE—ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES CUT OFF BY A BIG BLACK FIN!

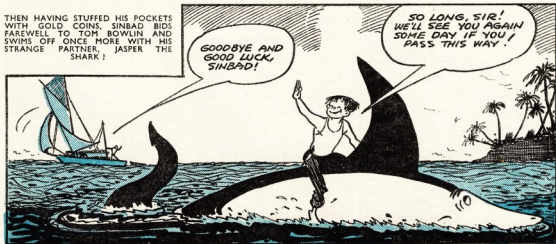




LATER, WHEN TOM RECOVERS, THE TREASURE IS HAULED UP WITHOUT ANY FURTHER INTERFERENCE . . .

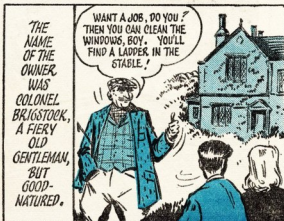


THEN HAVING STUFFED HIS POCKETS WITH GOLD COINS, SINBAD BIDS FAREWELL TO TOM BOWLIN AND SWIMS OFF ONCE MORE WITH HIS STRANGE PARTNER, JASPER THE SHARK!

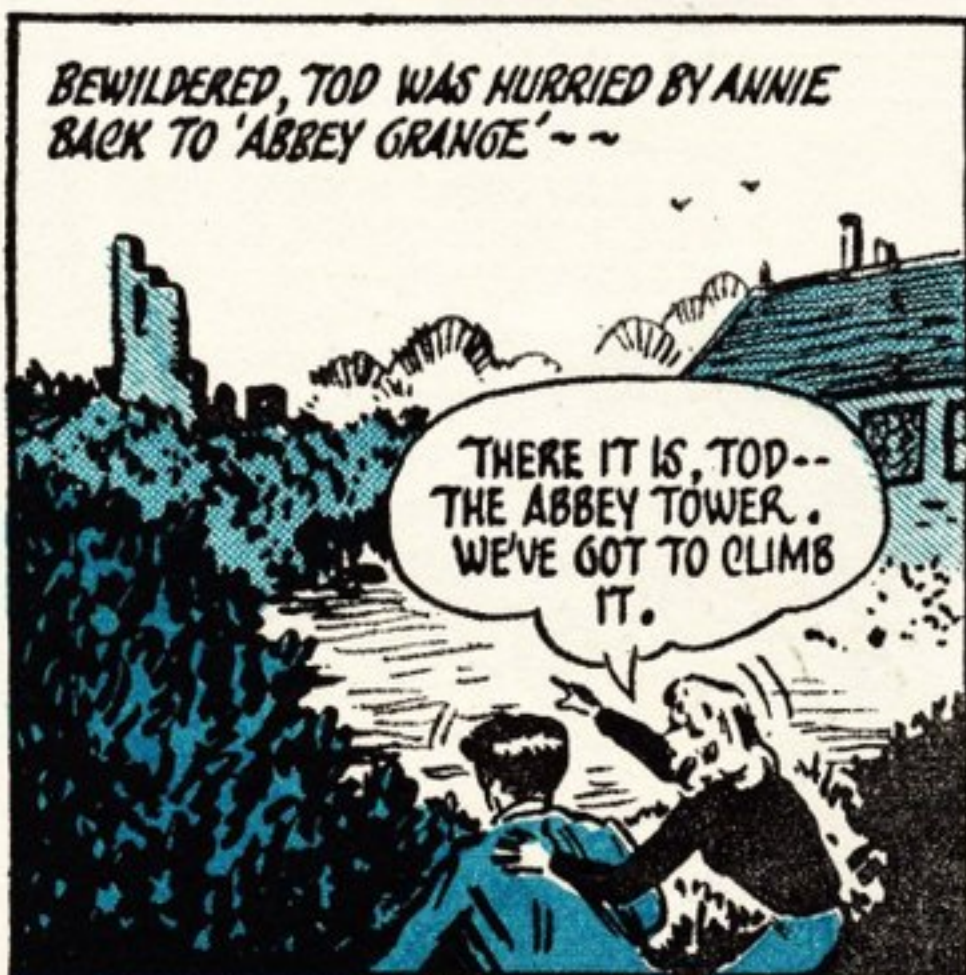


TOD and ANNIE

Two plucky young runaway orphans, chased by mean old Silas Stiggins, find themselves homeless and hungry...



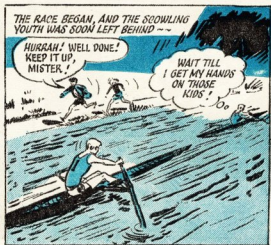


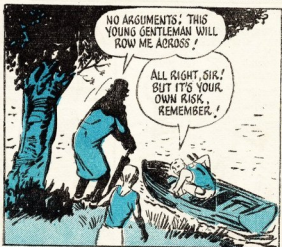


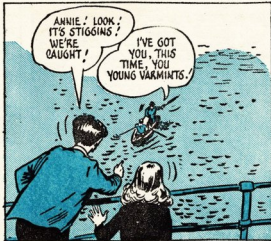
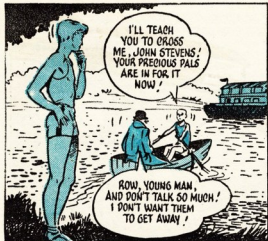
A WHOLE POUND LASTS TOD AND ANNIE FOR QUITE A TIME, AND THEY TRUDGE ON HAPPILY. THEN TO THEIR DELIGHT THEY SEE A RIVER BELOW, WITH SIGNS OF A REGATTA ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. . .



PUZZLED BY THE OARSMAN'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR, TOD AND ANNIE WATCHED HIM RETURN TO THE RIVER-- AND SOON







SPORTY and SYDNEY

The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



JIMMY AND HIS CHUMS OF TOPPER St. Clement's



"Ouch!" gasped Tom, as Chalky's left landed on his nose.

The Short Cut

GUSTY GUSTON was working—which was most unusual! He sat in his study at St. Clement's scribbling away for dear life when Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, walked in.

"Working, Guston?" smiled Chalky. "Are you turning over a new leaf?"

"Yes, sir," said Gusty swallowing hard.

Chalky looked as if he didn't believe it.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said. "It's time you really applied yourself to your studies."

"Yes, sir," said Gusty.

Chalky went. The moment he had gone Gusty grinned, then went on scribbling away as if his life depended upon it.

"He would have to come nosing around when he isn't wanted," Gusty muttered to himself. "Still, he didn't twig anything. And I've simply got to get a new bike somehow."

Meanwhile, Chalky White continued on his rounds. From one study came a bedlam of noise—shouts of encouragement, thumps and bangs.

Chalky frowned and strode to the door, whipping it open—and the bedlam ceased abruptly. Tom Tuffen was there with a pair of boxing-gloves on his hands, facing Dick Loring, who also wore gloves. Around the warriors stood Jimmy Topper, Jack Lee, Paddy O'Toole, and Bill Drake.

"What's all this noise?" demanded Chalky.

"Tuffen was only showing us a new way of blocking an uppercut, sir," said Jimmy, speaking up as captain of the Fourth. "It's part of his training for the boxing competition against the Grammar Grubs—I mean, the Grammarians, sir."

Chalky smiled.

"Let me see it."

Tom grinned.

"Will you put the gloves on, sir?" he suggested.

"That's an idea!" chuckled Chalky.

Dick ripped off his gloves and handed them over. Chalky was already taking off his gown and jacket. He faced Tom with the gloves on.

"I've got to try you with an uppercut, have I?" he said.

They sparred for a bit, then Chalky feinted with his left and brought up his right to Tom's jaw. But as quick as a flash Tom blocked the blow with his left and his right streaked out to Chalky's chin. But it never got there!

Chalky was back on his heels, just out of reach, and the next instant Chalky had swivelled on his feet and brought his left round, a sort of half-arm jab that landed on Tom's nose and brought tears to his eyes.

"Ouch!" gasped Tom. "I wasn't expecting that!"
"No," chuckled Chalky. "Your block for the uppercut was perfectly sound, Tuffen, but you must be quicker to stop the possible counter."

He took off the gloves.

"In any case," he went on, "the study is not the place for this sort of thing, you know. Do your training in the gym. That's all."

He put on his jacket and gown again and went out, closing the door after him.

Jimmy grinned. "He could have gated the lot of us."

"He's a sport!" declared Tom. "But he didn't half wallop my nose!"

Half an hour later the Fourth assembled in the class-room for maths. Chalky was alert and businesslike, as usual. He frowned when some of the girls talked while he was writing on the black-board.

"If there's any more talking," he declared, "I'll hand out punishment."

The Fourth fell quiet as Chalky wrote up another problem on the board.

Then Gusty Guston whispered to Dick Loring: "Are you going to Brookville this afternoon?"

Dick said: "Of course, but not with you!"

Chalky spun round from the board.

"Are you talking, Loring?"

"Yes, sir," gulped Dick.

"Write a hundred times: 'I must not talk in class.' Bring them to me before prep!"

"Yes, sir," replied Dick ruefully, and scowled at Gusty. It was his fault, of course, in a way.

When maths came to an end Chalky faced the class.

"I have an important announcement to make. Foot-and-mouth disease is suspected on Grimmond's Farm. Some of you may want to use the footpath that runs across the farm, but, until further notice, it is out of bounds."

"Anyone crossing the farm might spread the disease to other farms. You understand? The footpath across Grimmond's Farm is out of bounds, and anyone caught using it will be severely dealt with. That is all."

The bell jangled. Lessons were over for the day. The afternoon was a half-holiday.

"But a fat lot of good it'll do me!" grumbled Dick. "I've got to write those lines——"

He broke off as he felt a touch on his arm. Gusty Guston was grinning at him.

"You don't want to worry," chuckled Gusty.

"I've got a hundred 'I must not talk in class' already written out. They're yours for two bob——"

Dick gaped at him. "Is this a racket?"

"I need the money," explained Gusty. "Is it a deal?"

"Show me," suggested Dick.

Gusty produced the lines, written in the usual hasty scribble of impositions. Dick decided that Chalky would accept them without question, and he happened to be in funds.

"All right," he said, and handed over two shillings in exchange for the lines.

Gusty went off, chuckling, saying to himself: "It's easy! Land 'em in trouble and sell 'em the lines! I'll get that bike yet!"

So when the Topperites went to Brookville Dick went with them. Nobody asked any questions.

The first call in Brookville was at the ice-cream parlour, naturally. Then Jimmy said:



"A hundred lines all written out," chuckled Gusty Guston. "They're yours for two bob!"

"I'm off to do some shopping. I vote we all meet later on in the park."

"Good show!" said Tom Tuffen. "Be seeing you!"

The party split up. Grace Fuller went part of the way with Jimmy, then vanished into a draper's shop.

Jimmy saw plenty of Grammarians about, which wasn't unusual. All the Grammar Grubs lived in and around Brookville. It was a day school and there had always been keen rivalry between the two schools.

Jimmy stuffed his purchases in his pockets and set off for the park at the other end of the town. As he crossed a side-street he heard a commotion farther down.

A girl's voice protested: "You beasts! Stop it! If one of our boys was here——"

Jimmy frowned and looked again. He saw Grace Fuller with half a dozen Grammarian boys around her. They were pulling her hair, throwing stones at her feet to make her dance. They jeered and laughed.

Jimmy scowled and broke into a run. The Grammar Grubs didn't see him coming. One big fellow grabbed hold of Grace and kissed her—and that was the last straw.

"You cheeky rotter!"

Jimmy charged the mob, single-handed. His blood was up, and he went for them furiously. The fellow who kissed Grace was grabbed by the shoulder, spun round, and floored with a smack on the mouth that dislodged a tooth. Then the fight was on. Grace ran to the corner, hoping to see the rest of the Topperites and fetch help, but they were already on their way to the park.

Jimmy just went on fighting. He left his mark on most of the fellows, but the odds were against him.

They hit him again and again, and he went down

heavily, his feet knocked under him, and he struck his head against the wall with a force that left him dazed and bewildered.

But not for long. He was soon up again and going for them, but someone hissed: "Look out!" A policeman had appeared on the corner. The Grammar Grubs turned and fled, leaving Jimmy to sort himself out.

Grace came back to him.

"Are you all right, Jimmy?" she asked anxiously. "I couldn't see the others."

Jimmy grinned ruefully.

"Of course I'm all right," he said. "But if I meet that gang again—"

He didn't seem to be badly hurt, and after tidying himself up as best he could he went off to the park with Grace.

"Gosh!" cried Dick Loring when he saw Jimmy. "What have you been up to? Been run over, or something?"

It was Grace who explained, and the St. Clement's boys gritted their teeth. Jimmy said:

"The big fellow—I know him. They called him Davidson."

"That's the chap I'll have to meet in the boxing contest," declared Tom Tuffen. "Gosh! I'll knock the stuffing out of him!"

"If he doesn't wallop your nose first, like Chalky did!" chuckled Dick.

"Chalky was lucky, that's all!" said Tom. "Nobody gets round my guard again like that!"

"I bet I can!" challenged Paddy O'Toole. And that was how the sparring began all over again.

Everybody tried to get a tap on Tom's nose, and he enjoyed himself, for he loved nothing better than this sort of skylarking.

But Jimmy kept out of it, for a time. It wasn't until he was urged that he had a go. In fact, Tom was taking on two at a time, just to test his defence and attack. And an unlucky blow caught Jimmy on the chin and he went down flat on his back at the

foot of a tree. His head was singing. Everything went black for a moment.

Brenda Drake ran to him. "Are you all right, Jimmy?" she asked.

He struggled up, anxious not to make a fuss. "Of course," he said. "A bit tired, perhaps."

But the fun and games came to an end and they trooped off to catch the bus. They had run it fine, too. They had to sprint to the Market Square, and Jimmy wasn't feeling like sprinting. He was left behind. The Topperites piled on the bus as it was moving out—but Jimmy and Tom Tuffen were waved away, the conductor saying:

"Sorry! Full up!"

"It doesn't matter," said Tom. "We can go as far as the Old Mill on the Courtwood bus and walk from there. We'll make it."

There was nothing else they could do. But Jimmy didn't walk very fast from the Old Mill. Tom kept glancing at him curiously. "What's the matter, Jimmy?" he kept asking.

And Jimmy kept answering irritably:

"Nothing! I'm tired—that's all!"

Eventually Tom said: "We could save time and distance across Grimmond's Farm."

"It's out of bounds," said Jimmy.

"Who cares?" retorted Tom. "We've got to hurry. Nobody will see us. And foot-and-mouth is only suspected. Come on!"

"No," said Jimmy. "If you're in a hurry, you go on alone."

"Oh, all right," said Tom. "I've got work to do before prep, and if I'm late—"

He went running off and was soon lost to sight in a nearby copse. He headed straight for Grimmond's Farm. He was careful enough to take off the tell-tale St. Clement's cap and stuff it in his pocket. Keeping well below the hedgerow he ran down the footpath and reached the lane on the other side of the farm.

He cast a quick glance up and down the lane. He



Davidson gave Gusty's arm a twist and drew him into the ice-cream parlour.

saw nobody at all, and with a chuckle of relief walked on to the gates of St. Clement's.

But he wasn't as lucky as he thought. Gusty Guston stepped out from a gateway. Tom had not seen him, but Gusty had seen him.

A bicycle bell jangled. Gusty turned and saw Chalky White coming along. Chalky braked hard and came to a standstill. He said: "Who was that who went along the lane just now, Guston?"

Gusty saw no reason why he shouldn't say.

"Tuffen, sir," he said.

"Thank you," said Chalky, and continued on his way to the big gates of St. Clement's.

Suspicion

JIMMY was late for tea. Chalky White met him in the doorway of the Dining Hall, ready to dish out some sort of punishment. But he took one look and forgot it.

"You're not well, Topper," he said abruptly.

Jimmy swayed a bit. "No, sir," he said. "I—think I am—off colour. Can I be excused going in to tea?"

Chalky took him by the arm and led him away to the matron.

"For one thing," he said, "you've been fighting."

"It was nothing, sir—nothing to make a fuss about. Some Grammar Grubs—and one of our girls. I had to do something—"

"But they've hurt you."

"No, sir," cried Jimmy. "They didn't. At least —" He looked dazed and wearily passed a hand across his forehead. "I can't remember." Then he brightened a bit. "It was an accident, sir. In the park—with the others. Sparring around with Tuffen. I got knocked down. I remember that."

He staggered a bit, and Chalky got a firmer hold of him.

"It's you for bed, my boy," he said.

Jimmy didn't argue. He didn't feel like arguing. In fact, he scarcely knew what was happening until he found himself in bed in the sanatorium, with the matron fussing around.

Dr. Pelham, the Head—known as the Plum—was there with the doctor, hastily summoned. Jimmy was examined thoroughly.

"It's nothing serious. Minor concussion. A blow on the head. See! Here's the bruise on the back of the head."

Jimmy said: "It was an accident, sir. Nothing to make a fuss about. Don't tell Tuffen."

He had completely forgotten the fact that he had smashed his head against the wall during the fight with the Grammar Grubs.

"But why shouldn't Tuffen know?" asked the Plum. "I'm sure he'd be the first to say he was sorry—"

"I know he would, sir. But he's strong—stronger than he realises. If he thought he hurt me like this, just playing around, it might make him scared to do his best in the boxing contest against the Grammar-lans. See what I mean, sir?"

The Plum nodded and patted his shoulder.

"All right, Topper," he said. "It isn't very serious. A good night's rest and you should be quite fit again. And we won't say anything to Tuffen. That's a promise."

"But, one thing," said the doctor. "No more fighting, young man. Not for months. You can't risk it. You understand? Another knock like that and I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"I understand, sir," said Jimmy dreamily.

Naturally, the Topperites wondered where on earth he had got to, and made inquiries. Chalky White brought the news to them.

"Topper is off colour, and we think it better to keep him in the sanatorium for the night. He should be all right in the morning. And, by the way, Tuffen, I want you in my study!"

In the study Chalky closed the door.

"Did I, or did I not, say that the footpath across Grimmond's Farm was out of bounds?"

Tom was aghast, and could think of nothing to say.

"No use denying it," snapped Tom thickly.

Chalky didn't argue. He just picked up his cane. Tom took the thrashing without a whimper, but he was feeling very sore when he returned to his study.

"He was told!" he kept muttering. "Who told him?"

"Bejabbers, man," said Paddy O'Toole. "Ye ran the risk. No use complaining when ye're caught."

"That's not the point!" growled Tom. "I don't mind being whacked when I'm caught. But who told him? Somebody sneaked—and only one fellow knew I went that way!"

"Are you sure about him?" asked Peter.

"Of course I'm sure. There was nobody in the lane. I'm ready to swear to that. Jimmy was the only one who knew!"

"Jimmy wouldn't sneak," declared Peter hotly.

"Then who did?" cried Tom savagely. "Facts don't lie! And when I see Jimmy next he'll have some explaining to do."

But he didn't see Jimmy until the next morning. Jimmy seemed better. The matron judged him to be well enough to return to his work, but not to take any sort of violent exercise until the doctor had seen him again. He looked a trifle pale, perhaps, but otherwise he seemed all right.



The Grammar Grubs were jeering and laughing at Grace, when Jimmy came charging single-handed at the lot of them.

He went to his study with Dick Loring and Jack Lee. Then Tom Tuffen turned up, and Peter Glynn and Paddy were with him. Bill Drake came along in a hurry.

"What's the idea?" asked Jack Lee. "Some sort of deputation?"

"I want to talk to Jimmy," snapped Tom.

Jimmy gazed at him blankly.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"As if you don't know!" sneered Tom. "Somebody told Chalky I cut across Grimmond's Farm last night."

Jimmy stared at him. "It was a risk, you know," he said. "I warned you——"

"Yes, you warned me," echoed Tom scornfully. "And you were the only living person who knew about it!"

Jimmy's face was even whiter as he realised what was meant.

He spoke quietly, almost in a whisper. "I didn't tell Chalky."

"D'you expect me to believe that?"

"Here—that's enough!" broke in Jack Lee. "If Jimmy says he didn't tell Chalky, then he didn't."

"I don't believe him!" snapped Tom.

"Are you calling me a sneak?" asked Jimmy.

Tom thrust his angry face forward. "Yes!"

It was an insult to any boy at St. Clement's to be branded a sneak. And there was only one thing to do—fight it out!

Jimmy, however, just stood there, gazing at Tom, his eyes blazing.

"Well?" cried Tom. "What about it?"

Jimmy's lips were set tight. He suddenly brushed past Tom and strode out of the study, slamming the door behind him.

"He farked it!" exclaimed Dick. "He's a coward! He must have sneaked or he'd fight! What's the matter with him?"

Business Booms!

"I CAN'T believe it!" said Jack Lee. "There's something wrong!"

"You can't go up against the facts," declared Tom Tuffen gruffly. "And, what's more, he looked guilty."

"'Tis no proof," argued Paddy O'Toole. "Ye think nobody else knew, but 'tis yourself as might be mistaken."

"Nobody else knew and nobody else saw me!" growled Tom Tuffen. "D'you think I'd accuse Jimmy if I wasn't sure?"

"You may feel sure, but you might be wrong," said Bill Drake.

Peter Glynn added: "Jimmy said he didn't tell Chalky, and I believe him."

"'Tis meself as'll punch anybody on the nose that says Jimmy Topper would sneak!" cried Paddy defiantly.

"That means me!" hissed Tom, clenching his fists.

"Now, look," broke in Jack Lee. "There's no sense rowing about it. There's something strange about Jimmy. I don't know what it is——"

"Guilty conscience!" snapped Tom Tuffen.

"And I say he isn't guilty!" flashed Paddy O'Toole.

"Why don't ye ask Chalky who told him?"

"He wouldn't tell, and you know it!" retorted Tom.

"And why should I ask him when I know Jimmy sneaked——"

Whack! Paddy's fist caught Tom on the nose, sending him reeling.

"Stop it!" yelled Jack Lee.

But it was useless. Paddy and Tom were the two most impulsive, fiery characters at St. Clement's. Tom just roared defiance and hurled himself at Paddy, and the two swopped blows in the centre of the study, taking no notice of anybody else.

"You idiots!" cried Dick Loring. "Pack it up——"

But they took not a scrap of notice. Dick and Jack Lee, Bill Drake, and Peter Glynn danced



Bats Burton flipped the pellet back, but he was unlucky. "Burton!" thundered the Battleaxe. "Take a hundred lines!"

around, getting out of the way, seeking a way out of separating the two firebrands.

"Pack it!" yelled Jack Lee. "This isn't even your study!"

"Kick 'em out," suggested Dick Loring.

That was easier said than done. Paddy and Tom were going it hammer and tongs. But Peter Glynn opened the door, hoping that Dick could bustle the fighters out.

It wasn't necessary, however, for Tom caught Paddy a wallop on the chest that sent the Irish boy hurtling backwards, through the open doorway into the corridor.

Other boys came from their studies to see the fun, and at the end of the corridor was Gusty Guston. Gusty grinned and passed on. He went downstairs and met Bats Burton of the Fourth. Chalky White was at the foot of the stairs. Gusty saw him, but pretended he hadn't.

He said to Bats, loud enough for Chalky to hear: "You'd better dash upstairs, Bats. There's a glorious scrap going on—"

Bats grinned and went up the stairs, two at a time. Chalky had heard and followed at a more dignified rate.

"Stop!" Chalky's voice broke in on Paddy and Tom, and they stopped, flushed, panting, bruised. "And don't tell me what it's about. I'm not interested. You know fighting is not allowed here. Five hundred lines each: 'I must make less noise in the corridors.'"

Chalky went away. Tom glowered at Paddy. Paddy scowled at Tom. And they went off to their studies to make a start on the lines.

But Gusty Guston tapped on Tom's study door and poked his head in, grinning.

"Get out!" snapped Tom.

"I've got those lines, Tom," said Gusty. "Five hundred at a bob a hundred. I've reduced the price, seeing it's five hundred."

Tom gaped. He knew that Dick Loring had bought lines from Gusty the previous day, but he hadn't thought any more about it. "I must make less noise in the corridors" was one of Chalky's favourite impositions, and Gusty had five hundred of them written out all ready.

Tom looked at them.

"Are you making a business of this?" he asked.

"I'm saving up for a new bike," confessed Gusty. "Five bob the lot!"

"It's a deal," said Tom, and paid up.

Gusty pocketed the money and went across to Paddy's study. He came away from there with another five shillings, and he chuckled with secret satisfaction. His business certainly was booming. Get the boys and the girls into trouble and sell them lines already scribbled. It was a racket, and it worked!

But Gusty seemed to be the only member of the Fourth who was at all happy about things. The Topperites were split. They were arguing hotly as they wandered towards the class-rooms for the English lesson. None of them could understand Jimmy's attitude, but one lot trusted him, and was ready to wait and see what the future held while the others sided with Tom Tuffen.

They were still wrangling as they entered the classroom, but Miss Lucy Loveday, usually known as the Battleaxe, rapped on the desk before her. The talking ceased. In grim silence the Topperites took their places for the English lesson.

They were doing Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar that

term. The Battleaxe got going on Mark Antony's famous speech: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him!"

Gusty Guston whispered to Freda Price:

"I come to curry Cæsar, not to braise him!"

Freda grinned. The Battleaxe fixed her with a stern frown.

"Have I said something funny, Freda?" she asked.

"No, miss," said Freda.

"Pay attention and don't let your thoughts wander!"

On she went again. Gusty Guston had a pellet of half-chewed paper, small and hard. The Battleaxe being short-sighted, had her book up to her face. Gusty flicked the pellet across the class-room with his thumb and forefinger. It hit Bats Burton on the cheek and dropped on the desk before him.

Bats had no idea where it had come from. Gusty was paying great attention to the Battleaxe, his face perfectly bland and innocent. But Bats was frowning. He glanced across the room and thought Dick Loring looked guilty, so he flipped the pellet back.

He was unlucky. The Battleaxe lowered her book at the wrong moment.

"Burton!" she thundered. "Take a hundred lines: 'I must not play in class.' Any more trouble, and I'll report the next one to Dr. Pelham!"

Burton said meekly: "Yes, miss," and the lesson went on.

And during the mid-day break Gusty Guston sold Bats Burton a hundred scribbled lines for two shillings.

But Jimmy wandered away on his own. His head ached. He felt rotten about things generally. But he could do nothing about it. He couldn't fight Tom Tuffen. He had not sneaked. He didn't want Tom to find out why he couldn't fight. So he made himself scarce.

But it was Grace Fuller who tackled him in the Quad.

"Call yourself a pal of Jimmy's and then call him a sneak! You know he wouldn't do such a thing!"

"I happen to know he did!" snapped Tom. "And he wouldn't face me in fair fight. That clinches it, doesn't it?"

"I don't think so," broke in Jack Lee. "Fighting never proved anything except who's the best fighter."

"We don't want any wise remarks from you," said Bill Drake. "I hate to think Jimmy did this—but there are the facts! He finked—"

"Don't you say that about Jimmy!" cried Grace. "After he tackled six Grammarians on his own!"

"Nobody saw that scrap," said Brenda Drake. "And it's nothing to do with it. Somebody told Chalky—"

"Don't go over it again," protested Peter Glynn. "Why not find Jimmy and see what he has to say?"

"All right," growled Tom. "I'm ready to settle it, if he is!"

So they went away to the shrubberies, because it was in that direction they had last seen Jimmy Topper.

Who Told?

THEY found Jimmy sitting on an old log, holding his head in his hands. He raised his head as they approached and watched them with dull, worried-looking eyes.

"Can't you let me alone?" he said.

"Look, Jimmy," said Jack Lee. "You said you didn't sneak and I believe you—"

"I don't!" broke in Tom Tuffen.

"I did not tell Chalky," said Jimmy, with a sigh. "I said that before. I've got nothing else to say."

"And I said I didn't believe you, and I still say it!" declared Tom. "I'll fight you—"

"I will not fight," said Jimmy huskily. "What's the use? Go away and leave me alone."

"But there must be some explanation, Jimmy," pleaded Dick Loring.

"I told you—guilty conscience," muttered Tom. Dick flushed, and it looked as though there'd be another scrap, but Jack seized his arm and dragged him away.

"Let's go down into the village," he suggested. "I've had enough of this arguing!"

Jimmy refused and went back to his study, as the rest of the Topperites split into two parties and wandered away towards Brookville.

Gusty Guston followed, never being very far away. He scented trouble, and trouble was his business that term.

"It's nothing, really. Tom Tuffen thinks Jimmy Topper sneaked on him, so they've had a row and Jimmy won't fight—nobody knows why—and that's all I know. Maybe it's because Tuffen is the best fighter in St. Clement's. He's a hard nut. He's going to be our star turn when our lot tackles your lot in the boxing contest."

The Grammar Grub drew Gusty farther into the ice-cream parlour.

"Is that right?" he asked. "Who does Tuffen fight?"

"A chap called Davidson, so I've heard," said Gusty. "Not that I care—"

"I do," retorted the Grammar Grub. "I'm Davidson!"

Gusty had nothing to say to that. He studied the big Grammar Grub and saw the anxiety in his eyes.

Davidson said: "I know Tuffen. He's good with the gloves!" Then he was fierce. "I've got to beat him! It means a lot to me!"



The door opened and Cecil Browne came in.

"Caught you—I think!" he said grimly.

"It's great!" he chuckled to himself. "Couldn't have happened better for little me. I'll get that new bike sooner than I thought possible."

But as he passed the ice-cream parlour a hand shot out from the doorway, grabbed his arm, and drew him inside.

He was suddenly worried and anxious when he realised that it was a Grammarian, much senior to himself, who held him.

"Let go!" he cried.

"Shut up!" ordered the Grammar Grub. "I only want to talk to you."

"If I'm seen—"

"You won't be seen. There aren't any Clement clods in here. What's happened to the Topper crowd?"

Gusty tried to be loyal. "It's nothing to do with you."

But the big Grammarian gave his arm a twist, and Gusty changed his tune.

Gusty said: "I'm sorry! But—"

"Listen!" broke in Davidson. "My father is keen on boxing. He's promised me ten pounds if I win. He's that keen! I've just got to win!"

"Ye-es," agreed Gusty doubtfully. "I understand. But—"

"And you can help me, perhaps."

"Me? How?" asked Gusty.

"I don't know," declared Davidson. "But if you can upset Tuffen's chances somehow—I don't care how—and if I win—well, would a pound suit you?"

Gusty's greedy eyes glittered. He had set out to get the money for a new bike, somehow, and it seemed that people were simply throwing money his way.

"Well," he said slowly, "I can't quite see how it can be done. I'll have to think it over."

"Land him in trouble. Mess up his training. I don't care how—but spoil his chance and you're on a quid. Is it a deal?"

Gusty grinned and nodded. "O.K.," he said. "I'll see what I can do."

He was thinking about it all the way back to St. Clement's.

What Gusty did not know was that Davidson was worrying about the part he had played in bullying Grace Fuller. He was afraid that Jimmy Topper might have recognised him or heard his name during that bit of trouble. And if Jimmy had told Tom Tuffen, then Tom might go all out during the contest to make him suffer for it!

There was no doubt about it—Davidson had the wind up for more reasons than one.

But Gusty thought only of handling that pound note, and he was so lost in thought as he crossed the Quad that he bumped into Horace Manders of the Fifth. And Manders had to grab Gusty quick to prevent him falling.

"Can't you look where you're going, you Fourth brat?"

Gusty scowled. "For two pins I'd yell for help——"

"The Topper bunch won't bother," grinned Manders.

He was one who welcomed the news of the split in the famous partnership. He had been put in his place several times—and very forcibly—my Jimmy Topper and his pals.

Gusty said: "That pleases you, doesn't it? Well, you're not the only one. They get too big for themselves sometimes."

"For once I agree with a Fourth brat," declared Manders.

"Tuffen is due to be a star turn in the boxing contest with the Grammarians," said Gusty. "If he wins there'll be no holding him. He's cocky enough as it is. But this trouble—well, you never know how it'll affect him."

Manders was suddenly set and serious.

"I hope he gets the whacking of his life!" he said. "So do I," said Gusty. "It would serve him right! If I knew of some way of doing it—landing him in trouble, or something——"

Manders nodded. "I'm with you! I've wanted to get even with those Topperites for a long time. If you think of something, let me know. I'll help!"

"And if you think of something——" said Gusty. Manders winked and grinned.

"Don't worry. I'll let you in on it. I might need help. We'll work it between us."

Other Fifth Formers came into view, so Manders pretended to frown and walked away. It wasn't dignified for a Fifth Former to hobnob with a Fourth brat.

Gusty chuckled at his own cleverness. He had found a helper without having to part up with any of the pound note Davidson had promised him.

But he couldn't think of anything. The next day Chalky White picked the boxing team and, of course, Tom Tuffen was the big noise.

"From now on," said Chalky, "you lads will go into strict training, and if I see any of you hanging around the tuck-shop, look out for squalls."

They all grinned and said: "Yes, sir." But Tom spoke to Bill Drake about it.

"If I've got to cut out doughnuts and ices and things for a time I'll have one good binge before I start."

"That's an idea!" chuckled Bill. "How about a good feed to-night in the box-room after lights out—to wish you luck, and all that?"

"Grand!" said Tom. "But it'll only have to be you and Brenda and Freda. The others won't come in."

"It's a pity," said Bill, then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it can't be helped. I'll fix it."

They were by the cycle-shed at the time, and inside was Gusty Guston. He heard it all and chuckled, and hastened away to seek Manders, to whom he blabbed the news.

"Trouble Number One," grinned Manders. "I'll slip the word to Cecil Browne."

Cecil Browne was the captain of the school and therefore the senior prefect.

And that night, after lights out—it was round midnight—Tom and Bill stole quietly up to the box-room.

But Jimmy's head was still worrying him. He was awake and guessed what was afoot. He, too, stole from his bed out into the corridor. A quiet hiss, and Tom and Bill halted—turned—gaped at him.

"Look, Tom," said Jimmy, "you're in training. You ought not——"

"Go and jump in the lake!" snapped Tom. "Or are you going to sneak again?"

Jimmy shrugged and turned away.

"All right," he said. "I've warned you!" And he went back to his bed.

Bill and Tom went on up to the box-room. Brenda and Freda were already there.

"Now for the last tuck-in," grinned Tom as they set about the grub.

Brenda held up a glass of ginger-beer.

"Here's luck, Tom," she said.

But she never drank. The stairs creaked. The beam from a pocket torch showed under the door. There was no escape.

The door opened and Cecil Browne stood there.

"Caught you—I think," he said grimly.

Tom's face was as black as a thunder-cloud. "Gosh!" he growled. "He's sneaked again!"

Who Sneaked?

TOM TUFFEN could think of only one thing. Someone had known about the binge and had sneaked. And, of course, he reckoned Jimmy Topper had blabbed. After all, it was Jimmy who had seen them leave the dormitory and tried to stop them. What else could Tom think?

"How did you know we were here?" he asked Cecil Browne.

"That's nothing to do with you," retorted Browne.

"Off to your dormitories, all of you. You can collect the eats and drinks to-morrow. Tuffen, and you, Drake—report to me in the morning, in my study. You girls, report to Moira Griffiths. Understand?"

"Yes, Browne!"

They went away meekly.

Tom was in a rage when he returned to the dormitory.

Jimmy was still awake. The pain in his head made it hard for him to get to sleep, but only he knew that. Tom came to a halt at the foot of Jimmy's bed.

"You dirty sneak!" he hissed. "You told Browne about——"

Jimmy sat up sharply.

"You're back sooner than——"

"I said you told Browne, you dirty sneak!" hissed Tom.

The Fourth began to wake up. Jack Lee groaned: "What's the racket? Get into bed, Tom!"

"I won't! I'm going to beat up this sneak!"

Jimmy looked very tense and white.

"I've never sneaked on you, or anybody else," he retorted.

"Nobody else knew I went across Grimmond's Farm. Nobody else knew Bill and I were going to the box-room just now. But you did! And Browne came and caught us—"

"Then ask Browne who told him," broke in Jimmy.

"I warned you not to go, but you took no notice."

"You'll fight me!" challenged Tom angrily.

"I won't," said Jimmy huskily. "Please—go away. My head—it hurts—"

"Your head?" exclaimed Dick Loring. "What's the matter, Jimmy?"

"Oh, nothing!" replied Jimmy, almost in a whisper. "Leave me alone!"

He went flat down again on the pillows and rolled over on his side, one hand to his head.

"He's a coward!" hissed Tom. "He's afraid to fight—"

Then the dormitory door opened and Chalky White appeared.

"I thought I heard voices!" he snapped. "Tuffen—get back to your bed! Five hundred lines—I



"I'll take my punishment from you, Browne," said Tom Tuffen to the captain of the school.

must not create a disturbance after lights out!"

"Yes, sir," said Tom meekly, going to his bed.

Chalky glared round the dormitory and went out again. There was silence for a time. Then Gusty Guston said: "I'll sell you five hundred, Tom—for six bob!"

"All right!" growled Tom.

And no more was said. But the rift between the Topperites had widened.

In the morning Chalky White sent for Jimmy—but he said nothing about the disturbance in the dormitory.

"We ought to get out a footer team, Topper," he said.

Jimmy looked pale and distressed.

"I don't feel up to it, sir," he said. "I'd better resign the captaincy!"

Chalky was worried.

"I was hoping you were getting better," he said. "I'll speak to the Head about it. You must have the doctor examine you again. But—the captaincy—don't resign. I'll get Lee to take over for the time being."

In class that morning Chalky made the announcement:

"For reasons of health, Topper cannot carry on with the captaincy of the Fourth. Will you take over, Lee?"

"Certainly, sir," said Jack.

At midday break he tackled Jimmy.

"Look here! What is the matter, Jimmy?"

"I can't say," replied Jimmy, and there was anxiety in his eyes. "I can't explain—"

And he walked away, leaving Jack utterly mystified.

But Tom Tuffen and Bill Drake were in Browne's study.

"Now, see here, Tuffen," said Browne. "If I were to report you either to Chalky or the Plum you'd be out of the boxing team. You understand that?"

Tom nodded glumly.

"So," went on Browne, "you can take the usual punishment from me or have the matter passed to Chalky."

Tom shrugged. "I can take it from you," he said.

"So can I," agreed Bill.

Browne did not spare them. He wielded his cane with power and skill.

"If I catch you again I'll have to report you!" he said sternly. "But take my advice, Tuffen! You're in strict training from now on! Steer clear of trouble!"

"I will!" growled Tom. "But— Who told you, Browne? Somebody sneaked on us!"

"You mind your own business, young 'un!" retorted Browne.

"It is my business!" declared Tom. "It isn't the first time that sneak has been busy—"

"Better be careful what you're saying!" broke in Browne. "I hate sneaks as much as you do, but I have to investigate rule-breaking when I'm told about it. I can't, and won't, mention names. But I'll tell you this much. It wasn't anybody in the Fourth!"

Tom's jaw sagged. "Nobody in the Fourth?" he echoed blankly.

"That's what I said!" agreed Browne. "Now—cut!"

Bill and Tom made their exits, feeling sore and mystified. If what Browne had said was true, then it let Jimmy Topper out. But who had known about the midnight binge? That was a question they could not answer.

Brenda and Freda were receiving similar treatment from Moira Griffiths. They were not caned, but they were awarded lines—lots of lines—and the outlook was bleak. At the same time it was better than being reported to Miss Lucy Loveday, the girl's mistress, otherwise known as the Battleaxe.

In the quad Gusty Guston met the girls. "If you want any lines," he said, "I'll supply—at a price."

"You can have a shipping order!" said Freda. "Five hundred each. 'I must not leave my dormitory after lights out.' How much?"

"Make it ten bob the lot," said Gusty, "and cheap at the price!"

The girls looked serious.

"It'll knock a hole in our pocket money," said Brenda, "but it's worth it!"

Gusty went off to get the lines done. He was chuckling to himself.

"I'll get the money for that bike in no time—if this goes on!" he told himself.

The Blinding Flash

THAT evening Gusty went to Brookville to meet Davidson, the big Grammarian, whom Tuffen would have to fight in the contest. Davidson's father had promised him ten pounds if he won, but he doubted his ability to beat Tom Tuffen.

"But if Tuffen lands into any more trouble he'll probably be taken out of the team," declared Gusty. "I nearly managed it for you last night."

He told the story of the midnight binge and all that had come of it. He said:

"If Manders had told Chalky White instead of Browne the results would have been worse!"

"Pity he didn't, then," said Davidson. "What are you going to do next?"

"Don't know yet," said Gusty. "Seems to me, if some of you Grammar Grubs got Tuffen mixed up in a brawl here, in Brookville, work it so that he attacks you. See what I mean? The Plum is dead nuts against that sort of thing—"

Davidson grinned. "Fine!" he said. "He comes after us. We have to defend ourselves. The police or the keepers wade in—and there you are!"

They were in the park at the time, down by the river, well hidden in a clump of bushes on the water's edge.

Gusty had been very careful to avoid being seen as he met Davidson. In fact, he was ready to swear nobody had seen him. But he was wrong. He had ducked neatly behind a bush as Grace Fuller walked by. But she had seen him—and seen Davidson, too—and recognised Davidson as the leader of the gang of Grammarians who had mobbed her the time Jimmy had fought them single-handed.

Davidson was saying: "Now, if that hunk, Tom Tuffen, were here—"

"He is," said one of his pals. "Look! Him and Drake. They've got a canoe each!"

Gusty and the Grammarians peered through the bushes. Sure enough, there were Tom and Bill Drake, each in a frail canoe. They were racing in a friendly fashion. They heard Tom shout:

"I'll race you to the bridge and back!"

"O.K.!" yelled Bill.

The next instant they were hard at it, plying their paddles for all they were worth. Bill drew ahead, but not for long. Tom had terrific strength in his arms, and he sent his canoe forging through the water.

Tom drew in closer to the shore to get the advantage of the bend in the river. His course would bring him fairly close to that clump of bushes where Davidson and his cronies lurked.

Gusty grinned and suddenly produced a small mirror. He flashed it this way and that, then held it steady. The sun's rays were reflected in it and directed full on Tom Tuffen's face, dazzling him.

Tom swerved—but the dazzling beam followed him. He came back to his original course, but he was still being dazzled.

Then he understood. Somebody in that clump of bushes was doing it deliberately.

"Pack it up!" he roared. "I can't see—"

But Gusty held that mirror firmly. The bushes hid him. The dazzling beam was directed all the time squarely into Tom Tuffen's eyes.

And Tom, absolutely blinded by the brilliance, drove his canoe the wrong way and hit the low branch of a tree that overhung the water. With a howl, Tom staggered and was hurtled bodily into the water with a terrific splash.

Davidson howled with laughter, and his cronies joined in. Tom was in no danger. The water was quite shallow. But as he stood there, oozing water, he heard that scornful, mocking laughter.

"You wait!" he raved, splashing through the shallows. "Wait till I get my hands on you—"

Davidson chuckled. "This is where we defend ourselves!" he said. "Let him come!"

But Gusty said hurriedly: "I'll keep watch! I'll whistle if a keeper comes along—"

He scuttled away out of sight as Tom came forcing his way through the bushes, seething with anger. He glowered at Davidson and the Grammar Grubs.

"You did that for the purpose!" he snapped.

"Did what?" asked Davidson innocently.

"Shone that glass in my eyes."

"We did nothing of the sort!"

"Don't come that game with me!" roared Tom.

"I'll show you—"

In his impulsive anger he went for Davidson, but the big Grammarian dodged. Tom went after him and caught him a wallop on the side of the head.

"All right!" yelled Davidson. "You started it!"

The next instant Tom was fighting Davidson and three other hefty Grammar Grubs. Bill Drake drove his canoe into the shallows and came out to lend a hand. Davidson hadn't bargained for that. It reduced the odds.

The fierce combat swayed to and fro. They lashed about amongst the bushes, then staggered out into the open. Tom wasn't caring whom he hit so long as he hit somebody. He was in a furious temper.



Gusty and Davidson ducked neatly behind a bush to talk—but not before Grace Fuller had spotted them!

Davidson became anxious. The Grammarians weren't having things all their own way. Gusty had promised to whistle if a keeper showed up, but actually Gusty had gone right out of the park. In any case, Davidson longed for a keeper to arrive and make inquiries. Tom Tuffen had started this scrap, anyway.

But there wasn't a keeper in sight. What did happen was that more Grammarians showed up—and one boy wearing a St. Clement's cap. It was Jimmy Topper!

And Jimmy came running forward, shouting: "Beat it, Tom! Run for it, Bill! More Grubs coming! You can't tackle 'em all!"

"Go jump in the lake!" scowled Tom. "I'll handle this bunch—"

Jimmy was taking a risk, but he was loyal to St. Clement's. He came closer.

"Don't be an idiot, Tom—"

Tom was dodging blows—and handing them out. He pivoted on one foot, neatly avoiding a swinging blow, and cannoned into Jimmy, who went back hard against a tree, and slid to the ground limply.

Nobody seemed to notice. Bill suddenly saw the other Grammarians coming—a dozen of them.

"Jimmy's right!" he yelled. "Come on, Tom!"

Tom took a look, and much against his will knew that the odds were too much even for him! The two of them turned and fled towards the park gates with a bunch of Grammar Grubs in hot pursuit.

Bill said: "Where's Jimmy?"

"Hanged if I know," said Tom.

He looked over his shoulder as he ran, but there wasn't a sight of Jimmy Topper anywhere.

"We ought to go back," said Bill.

"How can we?" Tom only spoke sense. "In any case—funny how he always turns up when we run into trouble."

The Grammarians yelled defiance and were joined by another bunch. Bill and Tom just ran for it and

escaped—only just in time. They darted out into the street, and a policeman sauntering along checked the pursuing Grammarians.

But in the bushes Davidson and his chums stood looking down at the limp form of Jimmy Topper.

"What's up with him?" somebody asked.

"Who hit him?" asked somebody else.

"Nobody," said Davidson. "At least, I don't think so." He looked frightened. "I don't like this," he said hoarsely. "Here—we'd better get away from here."

So they crept away and left Jimmy lying there, very still and white.

Tom Tuffen and Bill Drake met Brenda, Freda, and Margery. The girls had seen what had happened. They had seen Jimmy Topper, too. The boy they had not seen was Gusty Guston!

"It was a put-up job!" growled Tom. "I'd have beaten those Grammar Grubs to a frazzle if Topper hadn't interfered."

"Oh, be fair!" argued Bill. "He only warned us that more were coming."

"What happened to him?" asked Brenda.

"Don't know," said Bill. "Never saw any more of him."

But back at St. Clement's they began to worry. For supper-time came, and Jimmy Topper was missing. Jack Lee was asking about him.

"Anybody seen Topper?" asked Dick Loring.

Nobody had. They looked towards Cecil Browne, who stood by the door, as usual, to keep order.

"Funny!" said Peter Glynn. "Browne must know Jimmy's not here, but he's not bothering."

"Look out! The Plum!" hissed Bill Drake.

The whole school was suddenly silent. Dr. Pelham mounted the dais at the end of the long room, and rapped for attention.

"A strange thing has happened," he said. "Topper, of the Fourth, was found by a keeper in the park at Brookville, lying unconscious close to the river bank.



Dazzled by the beam of light from the mirror held by Gusty, Tom drove his canoe the wrong way and hit a low branch!

"If there is anyone who can throw any light on this occurrence—or give me any particulars concerning Topper's movements this evening—I shall be grateful. I shall be in my study. That is all!"

Tom Tuffen looked at Bill Drake. Tom said: "I'll have to go."

"You can't," said Brenda Drake across the table. "It'll land you in trouble for being in a brawl. You'll be taken out of the boxing contest—"

Tom realised all that. His face was ashen. But, in spite of everything, Jimmy was, or had been, a pal. Jimmy belonged to St. Clement's. It might be serious. If the Plum discovered later that Tom was the last to see Jimmy and had kept silent, the trouble would be worse.

"Can't help it!" he said hoarsely.

"I was there, too!" said Bill Drake. "I'll go with you!"

They rose from the table.

Dick Loring's eyes blazed.

"Those two!" he hissed. "If they knocked Jimmy unconscious—"

"They would never have left him there!" argued Jack Lee. "There's more in this than appears on the surface."

"That's right!" exclaimed Grace Fuller. "I remember now. I saw Davidson and his pals down by the river—and Gusty was with them!"

"Gusty!" The others gaped at her in blank amazement.

Watch Gusty!

TOM TUFFEN strode resolutely on his way to Dr. Pelham's study. He left Bill Drake in the corridor, tapped at the door and went in.

The Plum was seated at his desk looking worried.

"What's the trouble, Tuffen?" he asked.

"Please, sir," said Tom, "it's about Jimmy—I mean, Topper, sir."

The Plum was immediately very interested.

"Oh, yes. Can you help?"

"Well, sir. I saw him knocked down," explained Tom.

The Plum frowned darkly. "Go on," he urged. "You must tell me everything. It's important."

Tom drew a deep breath, then plunged into his story of the canoe race and the fight afterwards.

"They were Grammar Grubs—I mean, Grammarians, sir. So I just waded ashore and pitched into them."

The Head's lips twitched slightly. "I'm not blaming you for that," he said, "but I will not have brawling in Brookville or anywhere else. But—go on."

"And Topper came to warn us more Grubs were coming, sir," said Tom quite frankly. "We all bolted because we didn't want trouble. I know that one of the Grammarians brushed against Topper and knocked him down. I expected he'd pick himself up and follow us; but when we stopped and looked—well, he wasn't with us, sir—and that's all I know."

The Plum was very thoughtful. "You didn't strike Topper?" he asked sharply.

"Me, sir?" Tom was annoyed and puzzled by the question. "Why should I do that?"

"I'm asking you a question!" snapped the Plum. "Did you hit Topper?"

"No, sir. Of course not. I was too busy hitting the Grammar Grubs!"

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive, sir. I did not hit Topper!"

Tom was annoyed and mystified. But the Plum dismissed him.

"Under the circumstances, Tuffen," he said, "I shall not punish you for brawling in the park at Brookville. But see that it doesn't occur again. At the same time, thank you for coming to me so openly and frankly. You may go."

"Thank you, sir. But—is there anything seriously wrong with Jimmy—I mean, Topper, sir?"

"We don't know yet. He is in the sanatorium. The doctor is with him now. That is all. I will let you know how he gets on."

Tom went, frowning thoughtfully. Bill Drake and Brenda met him, and he explained all that had happened.

"But I didn't hit him," he protested. "He was only bowled off his feet. Why should that have hurt him, anyway? What's the matter with Jimmy?"

The news got around. Jack Lee and Dick Loring got hold of Tom and questioned him.

Tom told them all he knew. Dick Loring said:

"If you hurt Jimmy—"

"Gosh!" cried Tom. "That's what the Plum asked! Did I hit him? Well, I didn't! The funk won't fight me anyway. I don't know what's the matter with him and I'm fed-up with him!"

But Jimmy didn't appear at breakfast or in class the next morning. There was gloom hanging over the Fourth, although few could have properly explained it. Chalky White got on with the history lesson, and he, too, seemed curt and irritable.

Gusty whispered to Dick Loring:

"Heard anything of Topper?"

"No," replied Dick. "Have you?"

Chalky spun round from the blackboard.

"You're talking, Loring!" he snapped. "A hundred lines: 'I must not talk in class.' I can't imagine what's come over the Fourth lately! I've never had to hand out so many impositions before. Any more talking in class, from now on, and it will not be lines! I'll make an example of some of you! Now—to work—"

The Fourth were very good after that. Gusty Guston wasn't sure what to make of it, but when the lesson was over he sidled up to Dick Loring and said:

"Half a crown for a hundred lines? What about it?"

"Oh, all right!" replied Dick. "But my pocket money won't stand much more!"

Gusty had the lines all ready scribbled and handed them over in return for half a crown. It was a paying racket. Gusty was anxious to make enough to buy a new bike, and this was his way of getting it—writing lines and selling them to those unfortunate enough to earn Chalky's punishments.

But what the Fourth had not yet realised was that Gusty worked it so that they were caught talking in order that they would need the lines he had for sale. It was cunning and unscrupulous; but it worked. The point was—how long would it work?

In the quad, Tom saw Jack Lee talking to Scruffy, the Head's page-boy, and went over to them—not that he and Jack Lee were so friendly since the disagreement over Jimmy Topper.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Not much," said Jack. "Scruffy only knows that the doctor is looking pretty serious. You're sure you never hit him?"

Tom scowled angrily. "I'll hit the next chap who asks me that!" he growled. "I did not lay a finger on him!"

By that time the others gathered round—Bill

Drake and Brenda, Paddy O'Toole, Freda Price, Grace Fuller and Margery Manners, and Dick Loring. "Nothing but trouble these days," said Margery. "You're telling me!" grumbled Dick. "And the only one to profit by it is Gusty!" Brenda's eyes opened wide. "I was thinking the same thing," she said. The talk fell flat after that. Tom sauntered off with Bill, Brenda, and Freda. The rest kept to themselves, but they weren't at all happy. In any case, they had already determined to watch Gusty, ever since Grace chanced to see him with Davidson, the big Grammarian, down in the park. Now Brenda was saying: "Gusty needs watching, I reckon." She turned and saw Gusty walking across the quad. He sneezed and hastily lugged his handkerchief out of his pocket. Something came out with the handkerchief and smashed on the hard ground. It was a small pocket mirror!

enterprise—and it was Manders who had blabbed to Cecil Browne about Tom's midnight binge in the box-room.

However, it was one thing to decide to watch Gusty and quite another to do it. Gusty was elusive and usually on his own, and the watchers had their own business to see to as well.

And that afternoon, being a half-holiday, Tom was training for the contest. He was told to put in a spot of roadwork, so, clad in singlet and shorts and wearing running shoes, he went trotting away down the drive and out into the lane, with Bill Drake trotting beside him, partly to pace him and partly to keep him company.

That lane twisted and turned in the way lanes have, and their running shoes didn't make much noise and, for the most part, they stuck to the soft, dusty verge of the roadway.

That was why, rounding a sharp bend, they saw



Next instant, as Gusty scurried away, Tom Tuffen found himself fighting Davidson and three other hefty Grammar Grubs!

Tom stared suspiciously. Freda said: "Hallo! I didn't know Gusty carried things like that around. He isn't the sort to bother about his appearance."

"Lots of fellows have pocket mirrors," said Bill carelessly, and the incident was forgotten.

But if Tom's party had been friendly with Jack Lee's party, and had compared notes, that pocket mirror might have meant quite a lot. Because Grace Fuller had seen Gusty with Davidson in the park just before someone reflected the rays of the sun and dazzled Tom in the canoe! However, Tom did not know that, or things might have been different.

Nobody knew of the connection between Gusty and the Grammarians. Nobody knew that Davidson had promised Gusty a pound note if he could think up a way of putting Tom out of the boxing contest. Nobody knew that Gusty had obtained the support of Horace Manders of the Fifth in that traitorous

two boys ahead of them. For an instant they seemed to be in earnest conversation, but in a flash they had parted. The smaller of the two took one look at the runners and dived into the wood that bordered the lane. The bigger boy came walking back as if returning to the school. And the bigger boy was Manders of the Fifth!

"And that looked like Gusty who went into the wood," said Bill.

"Might have been," grunted Tom. "But a Fourth Former—hob-nobbing with a Fifth cad——"

"Might have been mistaken," said Bill. "Maybe they weren't hob-nobbing."

They passed Manders. The Fifth Former only grinned sneeringly at them and said not a word. And the next instant both Bill and Tom forgot the incident—yet it was significant, as they were to find out!

TOM was serious enough in his training. He jogged along the winding lane with Bill at his side, and it said much for his stamina and endurance that he was not the least bit distressed after four miles of it. Bill was pretty tough, too, but he was beginning to think that they ought to turn back, when they heard a dog barking!

They could see the roofs of a cluster of farm buildings ahead of them over the hedgerows. The dog went on barking furiously, but a barking dog in a farmyard isn't all that unusual, so they took no notice of it.

Once again they trotted round a bend in the lane—and there was the gate of the farmyard. They caught a glimpse of several boys running—but it was only a glimpse and lasted for barely a second. The boys vanished behind the farmyard wall.

Bill and Tom were almost up to the gate before they realised that it was open. There was wire netting over the bars, apparently to prevent poultry and dogs wandering out on the road. But with the gate open the wire netting wasn't much use.

The dog was barking and snarling and suddenly came bursting out through the gateway. It looked dangerous. It was a bull-terrier, and when a bull-terrier gets mad there isn't any disguising the fact!

Tom yelled: "Look out!"

The dog seemed to be coming straight at him, its ears flat down on its head, its fangs gleaming.

Tom leapt sideways. One bound, and he was up on the stone wall of the farmyard. Bill darted the other way, but he wasn't quick enough. The angry dog got him in the leg—a nasty nip.

Bill yelped. Tom leapt down from the wall, landing behind the dog and got a grip on the brute's collar—and held him.

Tom had been born and reared on a farm and knew how to tackle any animal. He certainly had that dog mastered, but he had to keep a firm hold and stay well behind it to dodge those snapping jaws. The farmer came running, flushed and angry.

"That'll learn you to worrit my dog!" he cried.

"What d'you mean?" retorted Tom. "The brute just dived out at us as we came by—"

The farmer pulled up, staring.

"Come to think of it," he said, "you ain't the ones! Here—quiet, sir!"

He took the dog and thrust it back into the yard and closed the gate on it. "No," he said, "the boys I saw—I was on top o' my rick there—them boys peltin my dog weren't togged up like you lads. They were in ordinary clothes."

"Did they wear St. Clement's caps?" asked Tom.

"No! Come to think of it— Wait a bit, though. One of 'em did. A smallish chap. The others were from that there school in Brookville."

"Grammar Grubs!" growled Tom. "If I lay my hands on 'em—" Then he remembered. Bill was still hopping about. "But your dog bit my pal! Let's have a look at it, Bill!"

"I'm real sorry about this," said the farmer, "but those young varmint's worried the dog and opened the gate to let him out."

"Got to have that bite seen to," said Tom.

"Come inside," said the farmer. "My missus is good at things like that. I'm real sorry, I am. I'll drive ye back to school in my car!"

Bill's leg looked painful. The farmer's wife dressed it for him as best she could, and the farmer, true to



"Look out!" yelled Tom, as he bounded over the stone wall. But Bill wasn't quick enough to dodge a nip in the leg from the dog.

his word, drove them both back to the school where the matron took charge of Bill and his injury.

But Tom was brooding about it.

"If that dog had bitten me," he told Brenda Drake, "it would have put paid to me being in the boxing contest."

Freda, the quick-witted one, said:

"If anybody wanted you out of the contest it was a sly way of doing it! Only the dog bit the wrong one!"

Tom was very still, thinking hard.

"A pack of Grammar Grubs—and one of our chaps with them. That's what the farmer said!"

"But who could it have been?" asked Brenda.

Tom shrugged. "I'll find out one of these days," he growled. "And when I do he'd better look out! I'm going along to the san. to see how Jimmy is."

But Bats Burton happened to pass. He seemed in a hurry over something. He overheard Tom's last remark and said as he went by:

"No use going to the san., Tom. Jimmy isn't there any more."

Then he was gone! And Tom stood there, frowning darkly.

"Jimmy not in the san—one of our chaps with the Grammar Grubs—and Jimmy came to warn them of the keepers when we were scrapping with them—"

"Go easy!" warned Brenda. "You might have got it all wrong!"

"Jimmy has turned a sneak!" snapped Tom. "I don't know why! He won't fight me—"

"Tuffen!" It was the stern voice of Chalky White that broke in on Tom's musings.

"Yes, sir."

Tom walked across to where Chalky stood by the School House door.

"We're worried about Topper," said Chalky. "You're sure you didn't hit him?"

Tom flushed angrily. "Everybody asks me that!" he blurted out. "I did not hit him. The rotten sneak won't fight me!"

Chalky's eyes flashed angrily. "When was Topper a rotten sneak?" he asked harshly.

Tom forgot the need for caution—forgot, in his temper, that he was talking to a master.

"When I crossed Grimmond's Farm—someone told you and he was the only one who knew about it!"

Chalky's face was set and stern. "You're wrong, Tuffen! I was on my bike in the lane. I saw a boy running down the path after it had been put out of bounds. I met another boy and asked who had passed him and he told me, not knowing why I asked. That's how I found out it was you. But the boy who gave me your name was not Topper!"

The truth was out at last. Tom just stood there, his jaw sagging. All the trouble that had split the Topperites into two camps need never have happened—if he had believed Jimmy in the first place—if he had trusted his pal. Tom's temper had clouded his judgment from the first—and he knew it!

"In any case," Chalky went on, "Topper has been taken to Brookville Hospital. His condition might be serious. That is why we are so anxious to get at the truth!"

Tom was confused, distressed. "I—I'm sorry, sir," he said. "I wouldn't have had this happen to him. I never hit him—honest, sir!" "Very well," said Chalky. "I believe you. But you sadly misjudged Topper. You owe him an apology!"

"Yes, sir." Chalky turned on his heel abruptly and left him to think it over. Tom walked the other way miserably.



Tom was helpless in the grip of the Grammarians, who hustled him to a lonely hut.

But however sharp-tempered Tom was, he also was honest and fair. He saw Jack Lee and the others heading for the shrubberies and went after them.

"Wait a minute," he called. "There's something I want to say."

They turned and waited for him—but they didn't look very friendly.

"Kick me if you want to!" he said miserably. "I've been all wrong—and Jimmy's gone to hospital—and they don't know what's wrong with him——" Jack got hold of his arm. "Take it easy, Tom," he said. "Start at the beginning."

Tom told them just what Chalky had said. "I've been a pig!" he said. "I'm sorry!"

Jack smiled in a friendly fashion. "It cost you something to say that, Tom," he said. "I reckon Jimmy would forgive you like we all do." Then he was serious again. "But there's something funny going on. What's up with Bill?"

Tom told them of his adventure with the dog, and how Bill had been bitten.

Dick Loring sucked in his breath sharply. "A gang of Grammar Grubs and one of our chaps!" he exclaimed. "And we saw Gusty in the woods with Davidson——"

"Davidson!" exclaimed Tom. "He's the chap I'll have to fight at the contest!"

"Gusty has got to talk, the big spalpeen!" cried Paddy O'Toole.

But Tom dismissed that with a gesture. "Gusty is small fry," he declared. "We can tackle him at any time. I'm going after Davidson. He's got to explain about that dog. He tried to land me in trouble down in the park——" He broke off, his eyes wide. "And if Gusty is hob-nobbing with Davidson—and Gusty had a pocket mirror—— Gosh! It looks like they're making a dead set at me!"

That confused statement had to be explained, but that didn't take long. Grace Fuller said:

"Gusty is in this up to his neck. And he's making money out of trouble! It's time we did something about it!"

"O.K.!" growled Tom. "You handle Gusty! Me—I'm going to find Davidson!"

"Now, don't do anything silly!" said Jack Lee.

But Tom wouldn't answer—wouldn't say any more. His jaw was set in a dogged, determined fashion. He had already made up his mind what to do.

And that evening he went out and boarded the bus for Brookville. He reckoned he'd find Davidson, somehow. He headed first towards the Grammar School, hoping to find the big Grammarian up there practising or training, or something of the sort.

But he found him sooner than he thought. In fact, he came face to face with him in a quiet street that led to the Grammar School. The big Grammarian stood stock still waiting for Tom to come up to him.

Tom said: "Hallo! You're just the rotten cad I'm looking for! I'll teach you to set dogs at me! Take your coat off! I'm going to give you the hiding of your life!"

Where's Tuffen?

"What's the matter with you?"

Davidson, the big Grammarian, was scared, and looked it, backing away from Tom.

"As if you didn't know!" snapped Tom. "It was



Tom balanced for a moment on top of the gate, then rolled over and hit the ground with a wallop that shook him.

you who worried the dog at that farm and then opened the gate so that it went for me and Bill Drake. Pity you were seen—and recognised—wasn't it? And now I'm going to give you a good hiding—"

Davidson dared not run or he'd be dubbed a coward. In any case, Tom was going for him. Tom hit him on the nose and it hurt! So Davidson wrenched off his jacket and waded in.

He was a clever boxer—but then so was Tom. They sparred around, then Tom ducked under a swinging blow and drove his fist to the Grammar Grub's body. Davidson went back, gasping, against the fence. He knew he couldn't stand much more of that sort of thing. He gave a shrill whistle.

"That's right! Call up your pals!" said Tom. "But I'll paste you before they come—"

Davidson attacked. Tom had to be pretty wary to parry the Grammar Grub's blows, giving ground a bit till he saw his chance.

Davidson was grinning. For a brief instant Tom wondered why. Then he knew! There was a scuffle of feet behind him and arms were flung round him.

Fiercely he fought, but he couldn't tackle half a dozen, especially when they had his arms pinned.

"Let me go, you cowards!" protested Tom. "I'll fight the lot of you one at a time—only make it fair!"

"This is fair!" chuckled Davidson. "It's a fair treat to get you like this! You'll be late back to St. Clement's to-night! You won't be there for call-over. And you won't find it easy to explain—"

"I'll tell the truth," spluttered Tom.

"We'll deny it!" said Davidson. "We'll all stick together! We'll all swear we were somewhere else—"

"You rotter!" hissed Tom. "Let me go—"

"Not likely!" jeered Davidson. "Take him to old Calloway's field, boys! We'll tie him up and leave

him in the shepherd's hut. He can find his own way out. No, wait a bit. We'll untie him early tomorrow morning. He'll catch it hot when he does get back to St. Clement's!"

Tom wrestled and fought, but he was helpless. They hustled him up the road. They soon came to where the houses ended. Beyond was a large field, and in the centre of it was a hut on wheels, used by a shepherd during the lambing season.

Strong cord was produced. Tom had his hands tied behind his back. His ankles were securely bound. They dumped him on the floor and left him there.

Davidson chuckled and went first. One by one his cronies followed him. The last one turned in the doorway and said:

"I reckon you won't dodge this spot of bother—not like the others!"

"What others?" asked Tom.

"You were dead lucky over that dog biting Drake instead of you. You dodged the keepers in Brookville Park. But, this time, you've walked right into our hands. I never did think Davidson was wise to bribe that sneaky Guston fellow, even if he did have ideas with his pocket mirror!"

The Grammar Grub chuckled and went, closing the door behind him.

Tom lay there in the gloom that was steadily growing darker. For the first time he realised why Davidson had made such a set at him. He didn't fancy meeting the best scrapper at St. Clement's—which was all the more reason why Tom was determined to get out of this fix and disappoint him.

"And when I do get him in the ring," Tom growled to himself, "I shan't pull my punches! I'll knock the stuffing out of the tricky Grammar Grub!"

But it was easier said than done. The Grammar Grubs had made a sound job of tying him up. He

tried all he knew to free his hands but failed. He tried to find something on which he could cut the cords, but there was nothing at all. The hut was entirely empty. There was one little window, but it was well out of reach.

He tried yelling for help, but it was a waste of time and energy. He struggled to his feet and found he could stand, despite the fact that his ankles were bound.

And all the time the minutes were ticking away. He had already missed prep. He would be late for call-over. Yet none of these things mattered much to him at that moment. He was determined to get out somehow.

Meanwhile, back at St. Clement's, Paddy O'Toole and Bill Drake sat in their study busy with their prep. Paddy was saying:

"If that spalpeen Tom doesn't turn up, 'tis ourselves will have to think up something—"

"But we can't help him at call-over!" said Bill uneasily.

"We can answer for him," suggested Paddy. "It might work. But where has he gone?"

The study door opened. Paddy gasped as he rose to his feet. Bill turned, then he, too, slowly rose. For it was the Plum himself who stood there. Chalky White was close behind the Head.

"Where's Tuffen?" asked the Head.

Bill choked before he could answer:

"I—I'm sorry, sir," he said.

"Don't think up excuses for him!" snapped the Plum. "Where is he?"

The Plum exchanged glances with Chalky White and went out. He went round the corner of the corridor to another study and marched in. Jack Lee and Dick Loring rose to their feet wonderingly. The Plum said:

"Don't waste time with evasions. Tuffen is missing. Do you know where he is?"

Jack Lee frowned. "I know he went to Brookville,

sir. That was earlier this evening. He should be back by now."

The Plum eyed them both.

"There's no need to shield him," he said. "Topper is in hospital, you know. Topper wants to see Tuffen. He's worrying about something. We must find Tuffen!"

Dick Loring drew a deep breath.

"If Jimmy wants him—that's different," he said. "Tom said he was going to find Davidson, the Grammarian—"

"Why?" asked the Plum.

"To give him a good hiding, sir!" said Dick grimly. "And I hope he does, too! After the way he set the farmer's dog on Tom—you know, sir—when Drake was bitten—"

"I understand," broke in the Plum. "But he should be back by now. Any idea whereabouts in Brookville he would go?"

Jack Lee said: "I think he'd head for the Grammar School first. If he drew blank, sir, he'd find out where Davidson lives—"

"Get your bikes," said Chalky White. "You go the way you think he would have gone. I'll follow in my car. We've got to find him as soon as possible!"

"That's a good idea," said the Plum. "I'll go by the main road in my car. We ought to find him!"

So it was arranged. Jack and Dick needed no urging, and were soon cycling away towards Brookville by the slightly longer route which would bring them to the Grammar School without touching the centre of the town. They felt sure Tom would take this route both going and coming back.

Justice.

TOM's one idea was to get out of the shepherd's hut. He remembered that the door opened outwards, and being on his feet he hurled himself bodily against it.

But the latch held, and all that happened was



"Hi! Stop—help!" Tom hopped along the road, yelling to his approaching chums.

that he found himself rebounding, losing his balance and crashing to the floor.

That hurt, so he was more careful the next time. He stood up again, as best he could, with his ankles bound, and charged with his shoulder—to no effect.

Then he leant against the doorpost and set his face against the rough wood of the door, gently sliding downwards until his cheek came into contact with the old-fashioned thumb-catch. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

On the inside there was a tongue of metal that lifted the catch out of its socket. He had to grasp it with his teeth and lift it, gently pushing the door with his shoulder.

The way was open to him at last.

He hopped out over the threshold, landed on the grass, lost his balance, and rolled over. But he was out!

He got up on his bound feet again and started hopping, as if he were in a sack race. The moon was coming up. He saw the gate and the road beyond, and that was his objective.

He reached the gate. It was fastened with a chain and padlock, so he had to climb it somehow. He bent over the top bar, then wriggled sideways, bringing his bound feet up as far as he could.

For a moment he was poised on the top bar, then he rolled over and dropped down on the other side with a wallop that shook him. However, no damage was done.

He picked himself up and started off up the road, hopping as fast as he could—not towards Brookville but towards St. Clements.

He had to keep resting. But he was making progress, hopping along the road—until, at last, he yelled:

"Hi! Stop! Help!"

And that's how Jack Lee and Dick Loring found him.

Jack was signalling to the car travelling behind them as they slowed down.

"Of all the luck!" cried Tom when he recognised

them. "Here—cut these cords, quick! I've got to get back for call-ow!"

"Don't worry about that," said Chalky White, coming from his car.

Tom gasped. It was the first time he knew that a master was there.

"Who did this?" asked Chalky. "Was it Davidson?"

"No use keeping things dark, Tom!" said Jack. "It's gone too far!"

"O.K.," said Tom, and explained what had happened. "But, sir, you don't have to bother. Let me get in the ring with him to-morrow night. That's all!"

Chalky smiled wisely. "All right, Tuffen," he said. "For once I agree with you. And I hope you paste him good and proper! But now—hop in my car. Topper wants to see you at the hospital."

"Jimmy!" cried Tom anxiously. "Is he worse?"

"We'll find out," said Chalky. "Frankly, I don't know. Come along. You two get back to the school."

Tom was dazed and bewildered as he sat beside Chalky White and was driven to the hospital.

There in the ward he sat beside Jimmy's bed. Chalky was on the other side, saying nothing.

Jimmy said: "Don't look so bothered, Tom. I'm all right. It's a form of concussion. But I remember now how I got it—fighting Davidson and his gang when they pestered Grace. Nobody else saw it. I bashed my head against a wall."

"What's this got to do with me?" asked Tom.

"Well, I thought I was hurt when we were having that friendly scrap in the park that day. I know you wouldn't deliberately hurt me like that. But you're strong—perhaps stronger than you know. I was afraid, if you thought you'd hurt me, you wouldn't do your best in the contest against Davidson—you know what I mean—you'd lose your confidence, or something."

Tom's eyes glittered brightly.

"When I face Davidson I shan't worry about hurting him," he said. "I owe him plenty."

"And, you see," Jimmy went on, "the doctor said I wasn't to fight. That's why I wouldn't take you on—"

"When I called you a sneak?" broke in Tom thickly. "That was rotten of me, Jimmy. You've got to forgive me for that. Chalky told me it wasn't you who gave me away. I've felt rotten about it—"

Jimmy smiled. "That's all right, Tom. So long as you understand. I feel better now I've got that off my chest."

"And—it's just the same—between us—"

"Of course, Tom. I wish I could be there to-morrow when you paste Davidson."

"Don't worry," growled Tom. "He's got it coming to him!"

"And that's enough for now," said Chalky. "Topper must rest."

They left the ward. The sister on duty had cheering words for them.

"Now we know what the trouble is we'll soon have him up and about again. There's nothing to worry about."

The Plum was in the waiting-room. He was stern until he heard just what had happened to Tom.

"Under the circumstances, Tuffen," he said, "the only punishment I shall hand out to you will be to demand that you win to-morrow evening."

Tom grinned. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I'll go all out!"



Gusty got the whacking he so richly deserved !



Then they seized the snivelling Gusty, carried him to the swimming pool and threw him in. "And ye'll come out cleaner than ye went in!" yelled Paddy.

But the next day there were other things to be seen to. At midday break Dick Loring and Bill Drake appeared, hustling Gusty Guston to a secluded spot near the swimming pool. All the Topperites were there, looking grim.

Gusty shivered in his shoes.

"Look," he protested. "I haven't done anything. I wanted the money—"

"Don't whine," broke in Jack Lee. "We're not bothering with the lines you sold us—even if you did go out of your way to land us in Chalky's bad books. But toadying to a Grammar Grub—that's different."

"D'you want to fight it out?" growled Dick Loring.

But Gusty wasn't a fighter. "You know you could whack me!" he wailed. "It isn't fair—"

"Then you'll take a hiding," said Jack Lee. "You're the chief sufferer, Tom. Lay it on!"

Gusty tried to bolt, but Bill Drake grabbed hold of him. He had to bend over and take a whacking. Tom didn't spare him, either, although he didn't overdo it. After all, Gusty deserved all he got.

And when Tom had finished, Paddy O'Toole and Dick Loring seized the snivelling Gusty, bore him to the swimming pool, swung him once, twice, thrice—and in he went with a terrific splash.

"And ye'll come out cleaner than ye went in, ye spalpeen!" cried Paddy, as the Topperites walked away feeling that justice had been done.

They didn't see Chalky White appear as Gusty was crawling out of the pool. He said:

"Five hundred lines, Guston. 'I must not swim with my clothes on.'"

"But—sir—" spluttered Gusty.

"And I suggest you sell the lines to yourself," chuckled Chalky as he walked away.

And Gusty stood there, dripping water, gazing after Chalky, wondering how he knew about that racket. But masters have a knack of knowing what is going on.

And that evening more justice was done. There was much fine boxing, and not all the St. Clement's team won their bouts. But the star event came on—Tom Tuffen versus Davidson.

It was a scrap long remembered. Tom Tuffen waded into his opponent from the very start. He took punishment as if it didn't matter, and what he did to Davidson mattered very much indeed. If there was any doubt as to who was the better fighter it was dispelled that night.

Despite the fact that they fought with sparring gloves, Tom left his mark on Davidson, and in the third round laid him out cold with the finest straight left ever seen.

And Tom was happy. Even the Grammarians were cheering him. For most of them were good sports, anyway, and disliked Davidson. There was only one fly in the ointment—Jimmy Topper wasn't there to see it.

But the Topperites were pals again!

And that's all that seemed to matter. When Jimmy Topper came out of hospital two days later, he was quite fit again and got a greeting from Tom and the others that was almost worth while all the worry and trouble he had been through.

Even Cecil Browne, the school captain, turned a blind eye when they carried him shoulder-high through the corridors, laughing and shouting fit to bring the roof of the stately school down.

It was, in fact, a suggestion from Browne that rounded off the day perfectly.

"H'm! You kids have got something to celebrate now," he chuckled in his dry way. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if there wasn't a good old party after lights out. And I might tell you this, I'm a pretty heavy sleeper these days and I probably shouldn't hear a thing!"

And they took him at his word. What a feed!

THE END.



BEAVER PATROL BOYS



THEY VISIT
THE
ZOO

IT'S NOUSE! I'VE JACKED
JUMBO UP AS FAR AS
HELL GO
— THAT FAT BOY WILL
HAVE TO GET
OFF!

Hi! Go away!
They only like
FISH!

LONG-NOSED
MONKEY.
(BONO-COLOSSUS)

ELPHANT
RIDES

IS THAT
A
BLOATER?

AQUARIUM.

NO! IT'S JUST
SILLY KIPPER
CUTBERT! HIS MUM
TOLD HIM HE'D GOT
TO HAVE A
BATH TO-DAY!

I'VE COME THIS
WAY! IT'S
SAFER TO CROSS
ON ONE OF
THESE!

I'M HELPING THE
KEEPER FEED THE
HIPPOS!

YOU WOULDN'T
KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE
WITH THE
HOT ON!

COME ON!
HERE'S THE
ICE CREAM
STALL!

SO THAT'S
WHERE
LAZY'S
GOT TO

ZEBRA

HIPPOS
CART

IT'S MY MUM'S
RUG, IF YOU
MUST KNOW!
JUST IN
CASE THE
GRASS IS
DAMP TO
SIT ON!

JUST DOING MY
GOOD DEED! HE
LOOKED SO WHIPPY
IN HIS CAGE — SO
I'VE BROUGHT HIM
OUT FOR A WALK!

LOOK! ALFIE'S
BOOTS AGAIN!

GOOD JOB
HIPPOS ARE
VEGETARIANS!

OKAY!
YOU JUST HAD
ME WORRIED
FOR A
MINUTE!

KANGAROO

HI! LOOK!
THESE ARE
BEAVERS!

SO THAT'S
WHAT THEY
LOOK LIKE!!
RIGHT! I'M
RESIGNING!

BEAVERS

SEXTON BLAKE

in the Case of
"THE DIAMOND
SMUGGLERS!"

Returning from a trip to Paris, where they have been assisting the French police, Sexton Blake and his assistant, Tinker, are on the cross-Channel steamer . . .



BUT EVEN SEXTON BLAKE CAN BE DISTRACTED SOMETIMES!



BLAKE HAS HIS OWN REASONS FOR NOT MOVING YET!



WITH A ROLL OF THE SHIP, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS!.....

MAN OVERBOARD!



THE SHOUTING ON DECK BRINGS TINKER FROM THE DINING SALOON AS....

AS THE FIGURE IN THE WATER RECEDES ASTERN, A LIFEBELT IS THROWN...

GRAB THIS!



A MOTOR CRUISER SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE.....

HOLD THAT MAN, TINKER! - I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



WHAT IS ALL THIS? A SWIMMING GALA OR A REGATTA?



WHY DON'T YOU SWIM BACK TO THE SHIP, HERO? I'VE RESCUED THIS MAN!

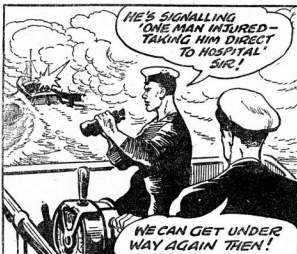
YOU'VE RESCUED A MAN AND A BUOY!

JUST WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?



YOU GUESS!

THE MOTOR CRUISER DISAPPEARS INTO THE MIST FLASHING A SIGNAL BY ALDIS LAMP



AS THE MIST ENVELOPES THEM, THE ATTITUDE OF BLAKE'S COMPANIONS BECOMES OPENLY THREATENING



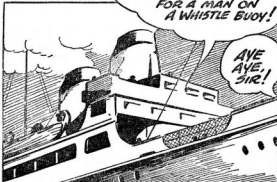
BUT THE SEA IS NOT ENTIRELY DESERTED AS THROUGH THE MIST...



THE MESSAGE IS HEARD ABOARD THE STEAMER...

HARD A-PORT! — SLOW BOTH ENGINES! KEEP A SMART LOOKOUT FORWARD FOR A MAN ON A WHISTLE BUOY!

Aye Aye, Sir!



BLAKE KNOWS THAT THE WHISTLE IS OPERATED BY THE ROLLING OF THE BUOY. THIS VARIES THE WATER LEVEL IN A CENTRAL CYLINDER, THEREBY COMPRESSING THE AIR ABOVE IT WHICH IS FORCED OUT THROUGH THE WHISTLE. HE USES HIS KNOWLEDGE TO SEND A PIERCING SIGNAL IN MORSE CODE...



JUST MAKE THAT END FAST AND I'LL BE WITH YOU!

BLAKE'S RESCUE IS SWIFTLY EFFECTED.



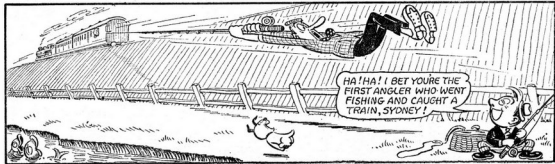
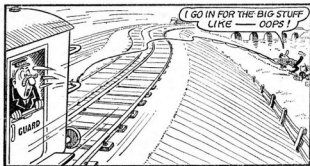
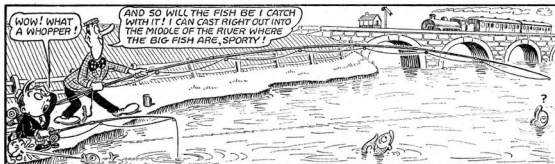
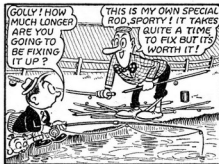
IN THE CUSTOMS' SHED AT THE ENGLISH PORT AN HOUR LATER...

H-M CUSTOMS
ETRANGERS
→

THE SMUGGLERS KNEW WE WERE WAITING FOR THEM, SO THEY USED THIS RUSE TO GET THEIR CONTRABAND DIAMONDS TRANSHIPPED TO THE MOTOR CRUISER! THEY KNEW SHE WASN'T LIABLE TO BE SEARCHED AS SHE HADN'T BEEN ABROAD! THANKS TO YOU WE INTERCEPTED THEM!



SPORTY and SYDNEY The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN





MICKEY'S PAL THE WIZARD



AS MICKEY AND BETTY SAT SADLY IN THE LOCKED ROOM . . .



STRANGE GREEN SMOKE SPIRALLED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE AND AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG STOOD BEFORE THEM.



MICKEY'S EXPLANATION AROUSED AKBAR'S WRATH.



SO MICKEY AND BETTY FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE CINEMA -- RIGHT BEHIND SILAS MARLEY

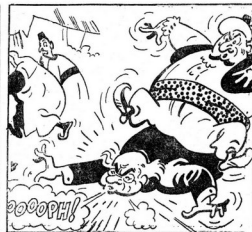


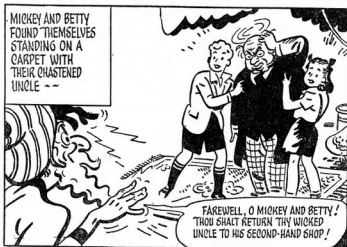






SO WHEN MICKEY AND BETTY ROSTON ARRIVED WITH THEIR FRIEND AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG TO SEE THE WONDERS OF ARABIA --







LUCKY LOGAN

THE
LAUGHING
COWBOY



IN THE CENTRE OF THE DESERT COUNTRY, MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN, LUCKY LOGAN AND HIS FAT PILL HUSBAND RESTED IN THE SHADE OF A ROCK.

ALL WAS PEACEFUL AND CALM WHEN SUDDENLY THE LOUD RASPY VOICE OF A MAN SINGING OF KEY SHATTERED THE SILENCE, AND ALONG CAME HOT-HEAD PETE, ONE OF THE MOST FIERY TEMPERED GUNMEN OF THE WEST -----

THE NEARER THE MAN CAME, THE WORSE HIS SINGING SOUNDED -----



I WONDER WHO OWNS THAT CORN-CRAKE VOICE, HUSBAND?

I DUNNO, LUCKY! BUT I WISH HE'D SHUT UP ~ HE'S MAKIN' HOPELESS RESTLESS!

A
OOO-OOO!
I'M A
RAMBLER ~
I'M A
GAMBLER!

HOPELESS BECAME REALLY RESTLESS BY THE TIME THE SONGSTER CAME UP TO THE CHIMES -----



HEY! QUIT THAT SQUAWKIN', FELLER!

CO-OO-OOO!
I'M MILES FROM MY ~- UH?

THE STRANGER REINED IN HIS HORSE AND STOPPED SINGING. A SNARL APPEARED ON HIS FACE AND A GUN IN HIS HAND -----



DON'T LIKE MY SINGIN', EH? NOBODY TELLS ME TO SHUT UP WITHOUT FINDING HIMSELF IN TROUBLE!

EASY, FELLER ~ MY PARD WAREN'T TRYING TO BE SMART! YOUR SINGING MADE HIS MULE RESTLESS AND HE WAS TRYING TO CALM IT DOWN!



INSTEAD OF SOOTHING HOT-HEAD PETE, LUCKY'S EXPLANATION MADE HIM MORE ANGRY -----

TWO INSULTIN' VARNANTS, EH? I'M GON' TO SHOOT THE DAWGLIGHTS OUT OF THE PAIR OF YOU!!



LEAPING FORWARD, LUCKY GRABBED
AT THE GUNMAN'S ARM ----

O.K.,
HOTHEAD!
YOU ASKED
FOR IT!

GLOWERING WITH RAGE,
HOT-HEAD PETE DRAGGED
HIMSELF UP FROM THE DUST ----

I'M
GOIN' TO TEAR
YOU APART
FOR THAT,
MISTER!

AS THE MAN DASHED AT HIM,
LUCKY LET FLY WITH HIS
FISTS ----

TAKE
IT EASY,
FELLER!

ONCE AGAIN HOT-HEAD PETE STAGGERED TO
HIS FEET, BUT HE WAS FAR TOO SHAKEN TO
START ANY MORE TROUBLE ----

HERE'S YOUR GUN,
FELLER! NOW HIT THE
TRAIL, BEFORE I LOSE
MY TEMPER!

MUTTERING CURSES, HOT-HEAD
PETE RODE OFF ----

YOU
SURE SETTLED
HIS HASH,
LUCKY!
WATCH HIM
GO!

TIME WE
WERE GOING, TOO,
HASHPAN! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND SOME
WORK IF WE'RE
GOING TO EAT
AGAIN!

A FEW HOURS' RIDE BROUGHT THE TWO WANDERERS TO THE
LITTLE TOWN OF RATTLER'S RIDGE, WHERE THEY HOPED TO
FIND WORK ----

YOU TRY IN TOWN,
HASHPAN, WHILE I SEE
IF THAT RANCH OVER
THERE NEEDS ANY
HANDS!

O.K.,
LUCKY!

OUTSIDE THE GENERAL STORE
HASHPAN SAW A GROUP OF MEN
AND RODE OVER TO THEM ----



HASHPAN FOUND HIMSELF HUSTLED
INTO AN OFFICE ACROSS THE
STREET ----



A MOMENT LATER HASHPAN FELT A
HEAVY BADGE BEING PINNED TO HIS
WAISTCOAT ----



BEFORE HASHPAN COULD PROTEST ANY FURTHER
THE CITIZENS PUSHED HIM OUT INTO THE STREET
AND POINTED TO A SALOON ACROSS THE WAY ----



URGED ON BY THE CITIZENS HASHPAN GINGERLY
PEELED INTO THE SALOON, EMPTY BUT FOR ONE
MAN AND THE BAR TENDER ----



WHEN HASHPAN SAW WHO THE TROUBLE-MAKER
WAS HE WISHED HE COULD DISAPPEAR
BETWEEN THE FLOOR BOARDS ----





THE CARDS SHUFFLED, HASHPAN WAS HANDED BACK THE PACK--



SUDDENLY HASHPAN THOUGHT OF A TRICK SOME JOKER HAD PLAYED ON HIM ONCE. A TRICK THAT MIGHT GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE -----

H-HOLD YOUR FIRE, FELLER! I DON'T KNOW ANY CARD GAMES, BUT I KNOW A GOOD TRICK! I'LL JUST REMOVE THE FOUR ACES FROM THE PACK! YOU'LL LIKE THIS TRICK, I HOPE !!



HANDING THE ACES TO THE GUNMAN HASHPAN TOLD HIM TO INSERT THEM ANYWHERE IN THE PACK HE LIKED -----



HOT-HEAD PETE THOUGHT HE'D ONLY GET THE FOUR ACES, BUT INSTEAD HE GOT THE WHOLE PACK FULL IN HIS FACE -----



OUT OF THE SALOON RACED HASHPAN AS FAST AS HIS FAT LEGS WOULD GARRY HIM. STRAIGHT PAST HIS PAL LUCKY...



THEN HOT-HEAD PETE ROARED
OUT OF THE SALOON -----

OUTTA MY
WAY, COWBOY!
WHICH WAY DID
THAT SHERIFF
GO?



BUT LUCKY DID NOT MOVE AND THE
GUNMAN SUDDENLY RECOGNISED
HIM -----

WHY - YOU'RE
THAT FAT
COYOTE'S
PARD!



HIS GUN ALREADY IN HIS HAND
HOT-HEAD PETE POINTED IT
STRAIGHT AT LUCKY -----

I'M GOIN'
TO WIPE YOU OUT,
AND THEN I'LL
SEND THAT FAT GUY
TO JOIN YOU
LATER!



IN THE TIME IT TOOK THE GUNMAN TO LEVEL HIS GUN,
LUCKY'S HANDS SNAKED TO HIS OWN, AND FLASHING
THEM OUT, FIRED A HAIL OF LEAD STRAIGHT AT HOT-HEAD'S
WEAPONS -----

YOUR TEMPER'S
GOING TO GET THE BETTER
OF YOU ONE DAY,
FELLER!



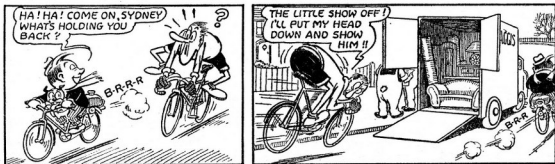
SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS THE BAD TEMPERED GUNMAN DASHED
ROUND THE CORNER ONLY TO SEE MORE TROUBLE
AHEAD -----

IT'S
THAT HOT-HEADED
GUNNIE, AND HE
AIN'T ARMED NOW!
AFTER HIM,
BOYS!





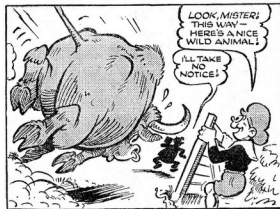
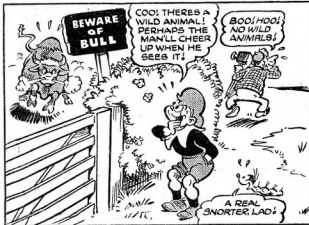
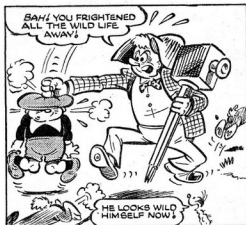
SPORTY and SYDNEY The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN

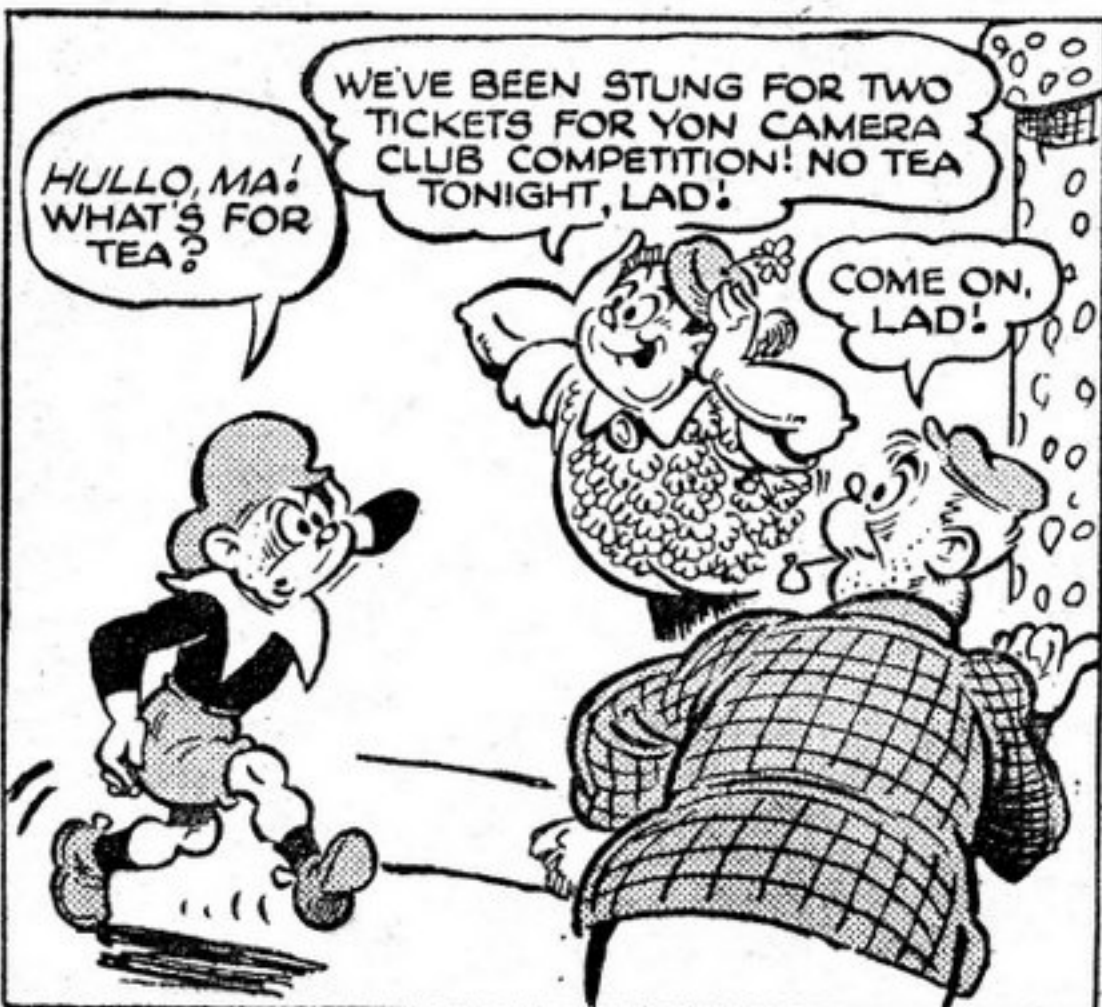




OUR ERNIE

Mr Entwistle's Little Lad!





MIKE

MY, MY, YOU AND CURLY LOOK FED UP, MIKE!



WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO, DAD!



WHY, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DO! NEVER A DULL MOMENT! — ER, WHY DON'T YOU GO FISHING, EH?



HAVEN'T GOT A FISHING ROD, DAD!

BAH, YOU DON'T NEED A PROPER ONE! — ALL YOU WANT IS A THIN BRANCH, SOME STRING AND A BENT PIN!



I KNOW, I'LL COME WITH YOU AND SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!



HEIGH HO, HEIGH HO, A-FISHING HE WILL GO! TRA-LA-LA!



COME ON, THERE'S A QUASHING LITTLE STREAM IN THESE WOODS!



QUIET, BOYS, I THINK I FELT A NIBBLE!



HOORAY!



QUIET! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU! NOT ONLY ARE YOU BREAKING THE LAW YOURSELF BUT YOU'RE LEADING THESE TWO INNOCENT LADS ASTRAY!



WE MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW UP AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS, CURRY, AFTER ALL... WE'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO!



WHEN THE WESTERN WORLD WAS YOUNG

PATAGONIA

Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, entered the Spanish service and sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Pacific in 1520. On the way he met some natives in South America who had big feet, so he called their land PATAGONIA -- (-Patagon--a large, clumsy foot)

The AMAZON

was so called because the Spaniards, in 1541, thought they saw women warriors, who were known as Amazons, on its banks.

GALAPAGOS, in the Pacific, means the "Islands of land turtles".



JAMAICA

From the Indian "Xalmaca"--
"A country abounding in springs"

YUCATAN

(Central America)

When the Spaniards landed on a Central American beach they enquired of the inhabitants the name of their tree-covered country. The natives, not understanding, answered, "JUCA TAN?"-- (What do you say?)



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MANHATTAN

In the early days the
Indians referred to it
as 'MUNNOH-ATAN' ~

"A Town on an Island" ~
AND THAT TOWN IS NOW ...

THE CITY OF NEW YORK!



LOS ANGELES

Centuries ago
the Spaniards came
across a cluster of
dwellings in most
beautiful surroundings
and they immediately
christened it

"Pueblo de los Angeles" ~
(The town of the Angels)

NIAGARA

In the Indian
language means
"thunder of
water"



CANADA

The
Indian word
means a collection
of huts or a village.

Perhaps it
was once ~
but now ...



CHICAGO

A French name
derived from
the Indian --
meaning a
skunk or a
wild onion ...

Until 1830
Chicago was
merely a village ~
BUT NOW ~

IT IS A GREAT MEAT-PACKING AND GRAIN CITY ~
WITH A POPULATION OF UPWARDS OF 3½ MILLION





BEAVER PATROL BOYS



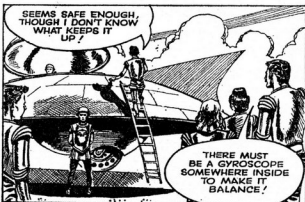
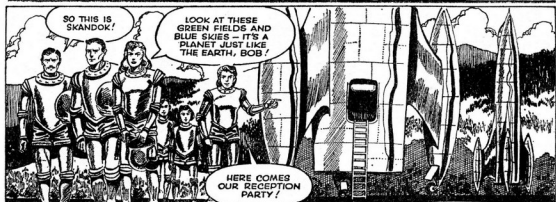
GENERAL INSPECTION...





The SPACE-FAMILY ROLLINSON

DAD MUM
BETSY JOLY JOY BOB





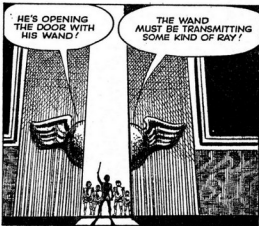
BEHOLD...
OUR CITY!

WHERE
IS THE
PALACE?

THIS IS THE
PRIVATE MONO-RAIL
OF OUR MASTER, AND RUNS
STRAIGHT TO THE PALACE...
IN A FEW MOMENTS...

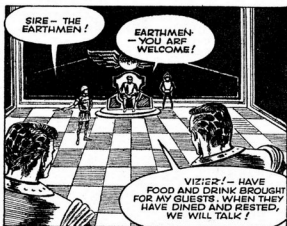


WELL,
HERE WE ARE,
FOLKS!



HE'S OPENING
THE DOOR WITH
HIS WAND!

THE WAND
MUST BE TRANSMITTING
SOME KIND OF RAY!



SIRE - THE
EARTHMEN!

EARTHMEN -
YOU ARE
WELCOME!

VIZIER! - HAVE
FOOD AND DRINK BROUGHT
FOR MY GUESTS. WHEN THEY
HAVE DINED AND RESTED,
WE WILL TALK!



LATER...

GOLLY - I'VE
EATEN SO MUCH
FRUIT I CAN'T
MOVE!

I'LL NEVER
LOOK ANOTHER
BANANA IN THE
FACE...

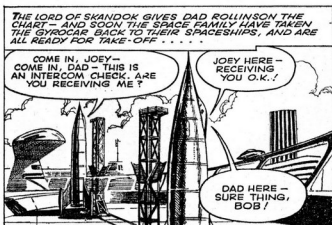
A
WONDERFUL
MEAL, SIRE!

NOW THAT
YOU HAVE DINED,
THERE IS MUCH TO
SAY. I HAVE A FAVOUR
TO ASK YOU!

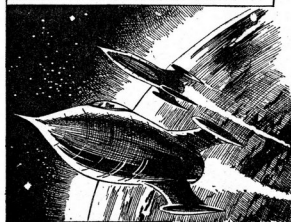
VIZIER -
BRING ME
THE SPACE
CHART!

SOME TIME AGO MY
YOUNGEST SON, THE PRINCE
OF SKANDOK, LEFT THE PLANET
ON A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION.
HE TOOK OUR ONLY LONG-RANGE
SPACESHIP. UNTIL A FEW DAYS
AGO, HE KEPT IN TOUCH WITH
US BY RADIO SIGNALS. AND
THEN, SUDDENLY -





THE TWO SHIPS BLAST OFF— AND THE PLANET SKANDOK FALLS RAPIDLY AWAY BENEATH



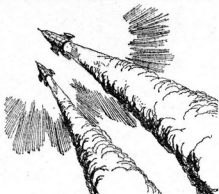


READY FOR
SUPER-DRIVE,
BOB?

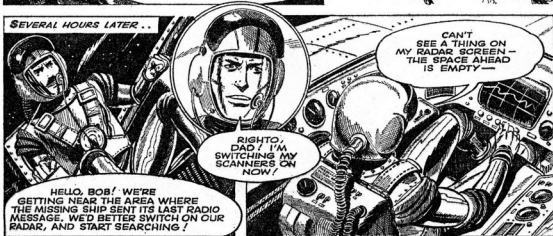
WHENEVER
YOU ARE,
DAD!

RIGHTO!
EVERYBODY HOLD TIGHT
FOR THE ACCELERATION— BOB
AND I ARE OPENING OUR SUPER-
DRIVE THROTTLES... THREE..
TWO... ONE... NOW!

WITH SUPER-DRIVE THROTTLES
RAMMED WIDE OPEN, THE TWO
SHIPS LEAP FORWARD WITH
TREMENDOUS ACCELERATION—



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



CAN'T
SEE A THING ON
MY RADAR SCREEN—
THE SPACE AHEAD
IS EMPTY—

RIGHTO,
DAD! I'M
SWITCHING MY
SCANNERS ON
NOW!

HELLO, BOB! WE'RE
GETTING NEAR THE AREA WHERE
THE MISSING SHIP SENT ITS LAST RADIO
MESSAGE. WE'D BETTER SWITCH ON OUR
RADAR, AND START SEARCHING!

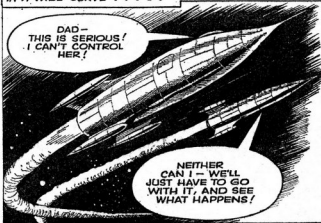
AND THEN SUDDENLY—



DAD— LOOK AT
THE INSTRUMENTS—
WE'RE BEING
PULLED OFF
COURSE!

IT'S LIKE A
STRONG GRAVITATIONAL
FIELD AS IF THERE
WERE A LARGE
PLANET SOMEWHERE
AROUND!

THE SHIPS ARE PULLED VIOLENTLY OFF THEIR COURSE
IN A WIDE CURVE



DAD—
THIS IS SERIOUS!
I CAN'T CONTROL
HER!

NEITHER
CAN I— WE'LL
JUST HAVE TO GO
WITH IT, AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS!

NOTICE ANYTHING
ELSE ON THE INSTRUMENT
PANEL, DAD?

YES! —
WE'RE SLOWING
DOWN — SOMETHING
SEEMS TO BE
DRAGGING THE
SHIPS BACK!

AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT —

WE'VE
STOPPED
MOVING!

EVERYBODY
STAY PUT — I'M
GETTING OUT TO
INVESTIGATE!

JINGO —
IT'S AS IF THERE
WAS A WEIGHT
PRESSING ON THE
CANOPY!

DAD — THERE'S
SOMETHING SURROUNDING
THE SHIP. I CAN'T SEE WHAT IT
IS — BUT WHEN I TRY TO MOVE
THROUGH IT, IT'S LIKE
SWIMMING IN DEEP WATER.
IT SEEMS TO BE SOME
KIND OF JELLY!

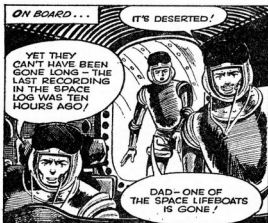
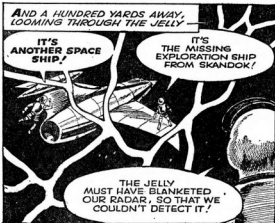
DAD INVESTIGATES . .

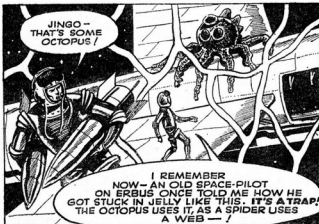
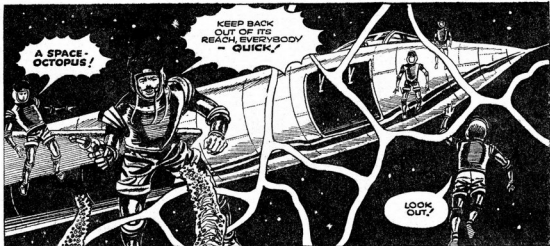
IT'S A JELLY, ALL RIGHT!
AND IT SEEMS TO HAVE PILED
UP SOLID IN FRONT OF THE NOSE
OF THE SHIP. THAT'S WHY THE
SHIP WON'T MOVE!

PERSAPS
OUR NOSE
PROJECTILES
WILL SHIFT THE
STUFF!

BOB PUSHES THE FIRING TOGGLE — AND THE NOSE PROJECTILES STREAK AWAY —

— ONLY TO PASS THROUGH THE PILED UP JELLY HARMLESSLY —





AS THE SLOW-WITTED MONSTER
REACHES OUT, BLOWING A
CLOUD OF SPRAY-

IT'S MELTING
THE JELLY AROUND
US - I'LL DRAW ITS
ATTENTION, WHILE
YOU GET TO YOUR
SHIP WITH THE NOSE
PROJECTILES!

AND AS
SOON AS MY SHIP
IS FREE, I'LL DIVE
TO THE
ATTACK!

HERE I COME -
PROJECTILES
AWAY!

DIRECT
HIT!

AND
NONE TOO
SOON!

WITH THE SPACE MONSTER
DESTROYED, THE JELLY "TRAP"
SLOWLY MELTS AWAY - AND
ON HIS RADAR SCREEN BOB
LOCATES A TINY SPECK DEAD
AHEAD, WHICH TURNS OUT
TO BE . . .

IT'S THE
LIFEBOAT FROM THE
SKANDOKIAN SHIP!

AND A LITTLE LATER . .

I, PRINCE OF SKANDOK,
THANK YOU - YOU HAVE
SAVED OUR LIVES..

IT WAS THE
NOSE PROJECTILES
FROM YOUR SHIP
THAT SAVED OURS!

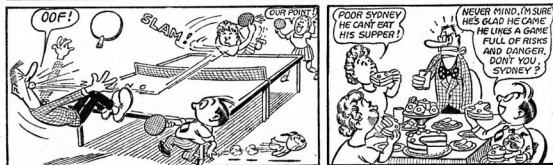
WE KNEW
ABOUT THIS MONSTER
- THAT WAS WHY WE
TRIED TO ESCAPE!

WELL - THAT'S THAT! -
AND NOW - BACK
TO SKANDOK!

THE
END

SPORTY and SYDNEY

The KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN

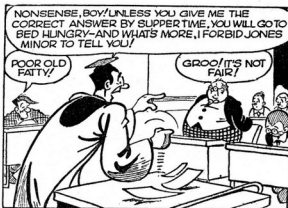


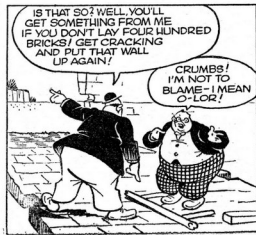
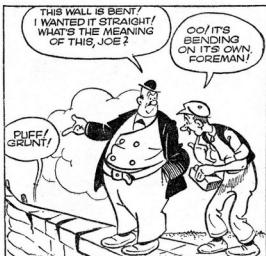
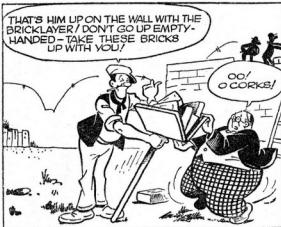
Make Way for More BIG
Laughs, Chums! Here's

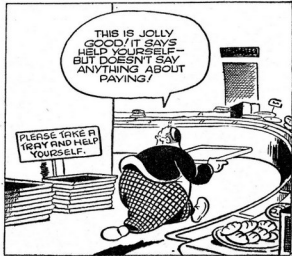


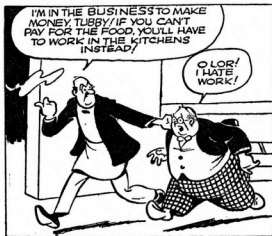
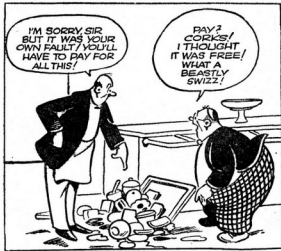
BILLY BUNTER

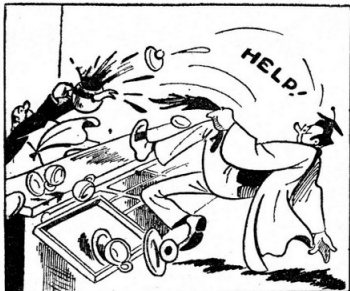
The Famous Fat Owl of Greyfriars
in Another of His Ever-Hungry
Antics!











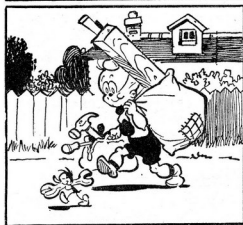
Deed-a-Day DANNY

He tries to do good deeds,
but—oh, dear!

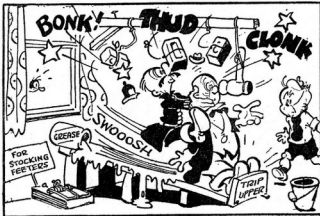
TCIAH! MY HOUSE HAS BEEN BROKEN INTO AGAIN! THAT'S THE FIFTEENTH TIME IN TWO DAYS. I'D BETTER FETCH A POLICEMAN

GOOD DEED!

I'LL FIX UP A BURGLAR TRAP WHILE HE'S OUT



HERE WE ARE CONSTABLE. SHUSH!—I HEAR NOISES, THEY MUST BE IN AGAIN! LET'S NIP IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND NAB THEM

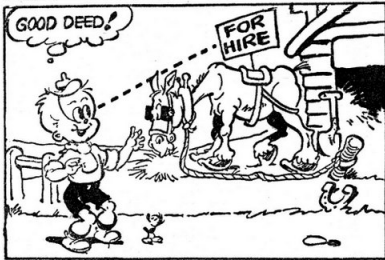
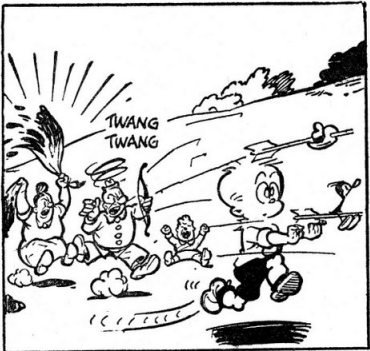


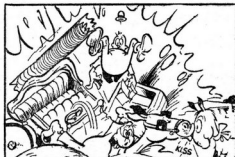
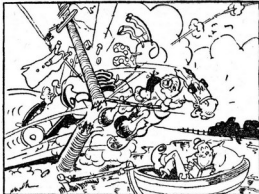




HARD LUCK, DANNY BOY! BUT HE'S A REAL TRY-HARD TYPE, AND LATER ON HE SEES HIS THIRD CHANCE OF DOING HIS DAY'S GOOD DEED!.....







THE EDITOR HAS THE LAST WORD—

Dear Readers,—It's been a great thrill for me to collect all the items that have gone into making this book, and I shall be very happy to know that you have enjoyed it. Now here are the answers to the brain-teasers:—

Tod and Annie's Puzzle Places :

Leicestershire, Cornwall, Hertfordshire, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Berkshire, Kent, Sussex, Northumberland, Middlesex, Lancashire, Rutlandshire.

Sporty's Sports Quiz :

1. Cricket Ball.
2. Tennis Ball.
3. Soccer Ball.
4. Rugger Ball.
5. Beach Ball.
6. Golf Ball.

Billy Bunter's Kookery Kwiz :

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Fried eggs. | 2. Roll and Butter. |
| 3. Corn Flakes. | 4. Dripping Toast. |
| 5. Kippers. | 6. Rock Cakes. |
| 7. Apple Pies. | 8. Beef Sausages. |
| 9. Jam Tarts. | |

Johnnie Wingco's Puzzle Planes :

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. Heron. | 2. Britannia. |
| 3. Viking. | 4. Comet. |
| 5. Swift. | 6. Sycamore. |
| 7. Hunter. | 8. Javelin. |
| 9. Herald. | |



ADMIRAL. The Romans termed their naval commanders "*Sarracenorum Admiral*". But it's shortened nowadays to just the plain "*Admiral*".



AHOY! A nautical expression derived from the dreaded war-cry of the Vikings as they sprang ashore from their long-boats.



AVAST! This comes from the Italian word "*basta*", meaning "*enough*". A naval word which means "*stop*".



BALE. An old English country name for a bucket. Hence baling came to mean using a bucket.



ANCHOR. A term derived from Greece. Greek sailors used baskets of stones or sacks of sand as anchors.



BLUE-JACKET. The name given to lower-deck ratings when the first official uniform was introduced into the navy.



BOWLINE. A special knot used by archers to fasten the string to the bow. Today a knot used by mariners.



England expects...
Nelson's famous flag-signal.

