



IT'S NOT JUST A KNOCKOUT-IT'S

# BILLY BUNTER'S



I'LL SEE YOU INSIDE...

# KNOCKOUT

24th JUNE, 1961

EVERY WEDNESDAY

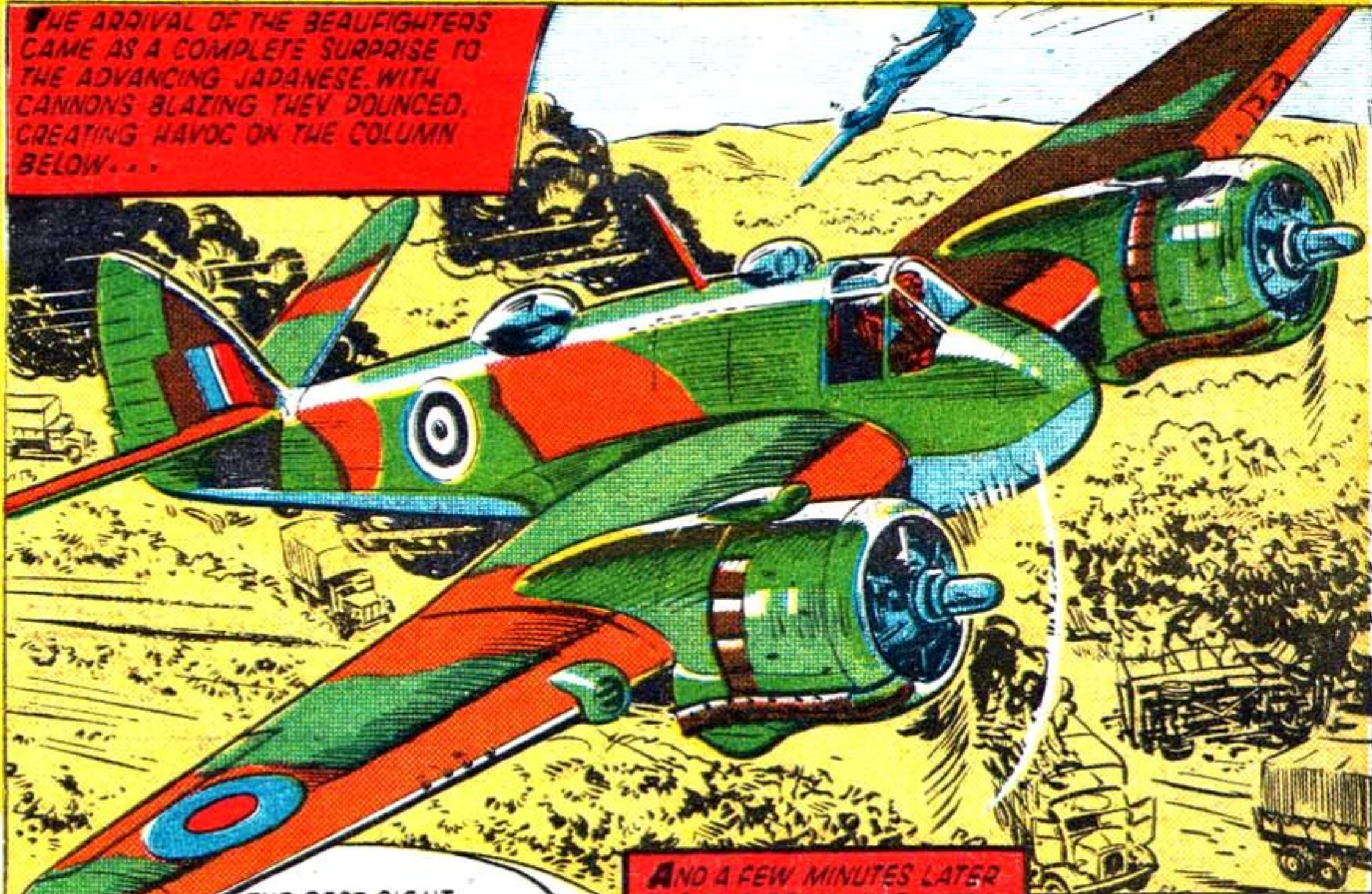
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## Battler Britton

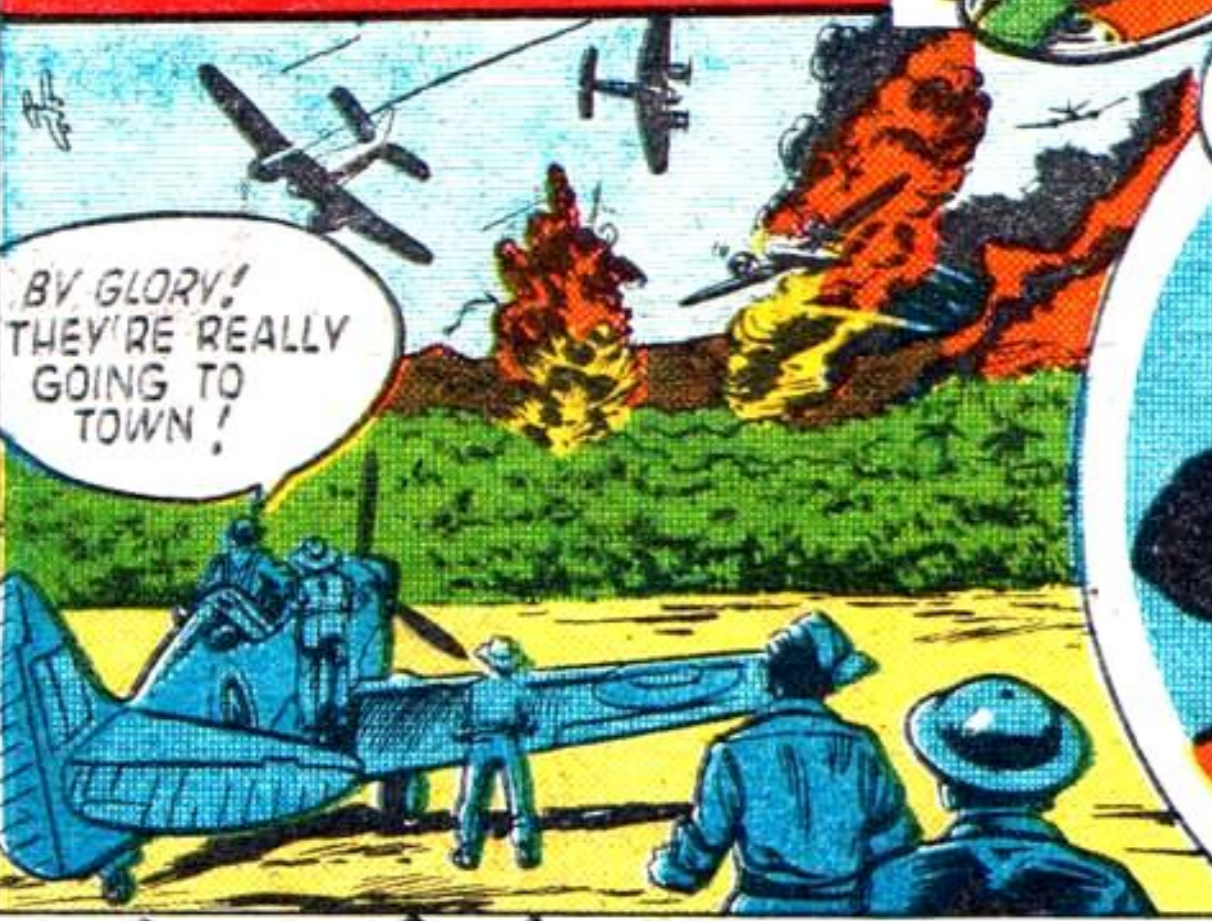
### FIGHTING ACE

Battler Britton was escorting an American, Colonel Coney, round the British airfields in Burma when he was forced to take command of 454 Squadron. They succeeded in winning back their old base at Tok-Tok from the Japanese but, as Battler was coming in to land after fighting off a Jap counter-attack, he spotted a Jap army convoy heading for Tok-Tok. Then, as they made plans to meet the enemy, Battler heard more planes overhead...

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BEAUFIGHTERS CAME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO THE ADVANCING JAPANESE. WITH CANNONS BLAZING THEY POUNCED, CREATING HAVOC ON THE COLUMN BELOW...



BATTLER AND HIS MEN, ON THE BOMB-TORN AIRFIELD, WERE SURPRISED TO SEE THEM, TOO...



THE BEST SIGHT I'VE SEEN FOR AGES, SIR! IT MAKES A CHANGE JUST TO SIT BACK AND WATCH!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE TWO REMAINING KITTY-HAWKS OF 454 SQUADRON WERE AIRBORNE...



REMEMBER TO GIVE YOU A LESSON IN AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION WHEN WE GET DOWN, SANDERS!



BY HIS SKILFUL MANOEUVRING, BATTLER MANAGED TO BRING HIS GUNS TO BEAR ON THE LEADING ZERO AS IT DIVED ON THE BEAUFIGHTERS BELOW. AT THE SAME TIME FLYING OFFICER SANDERS, AS IF TAKING A LEAD FROM THE ACE, OPENED FIRE ON THE SECOND JAP...

BOTH JAPS MET THEIR DOOM AND IT WAS A SURPRISED BEAUFIGHTER PILOT WHO SAW ONE OF THEM CRASH BELOW...

A JAP! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

GLANCING UPWARDS HE WAS JUST IN TIME TO SEE SANDERS DISPATCH HIS SECOND VICTIM...

BY GLORY! THOSE BOYS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT!

MEANWHILE, ON THE GROUND, LIEUTENANT "NUTTY" BARR, NOT TO BE LEFT OUT OF IT, LED HIS MEN TO HARASS THE JAPS EVEN MORE...

LET 'EM HAVE IT, LADS! FROM HERE ON WE'RE OFFENSIVE, AND NOT DEFENSIVE!

BY THE TIME BATTLER AND SANDERS RETURNED FROM BEATING OFF THE ZEROS, THE BATTLE FOR TOK-TOK WAS PRACTICALLY OVER...

BATTLER TO BOY ONE! IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S ALL OVER BAR THE SHOUTING!

AND WHEN BATTLER SAW THE BEAUFIGHTERS ON THE AIRFIELD, HE KNEW HIS JAUNT WITH 454 SQUADRON WAS NEARLY OVER, TOO...

IT APPEARS THAT THE BEAUFIGHTERS ARE TAKING OVER AND 454 SQUADRON ARE TO BE PULLED OUT! THE LADS WON'T BE SORRY.

AND SO IT WAS...

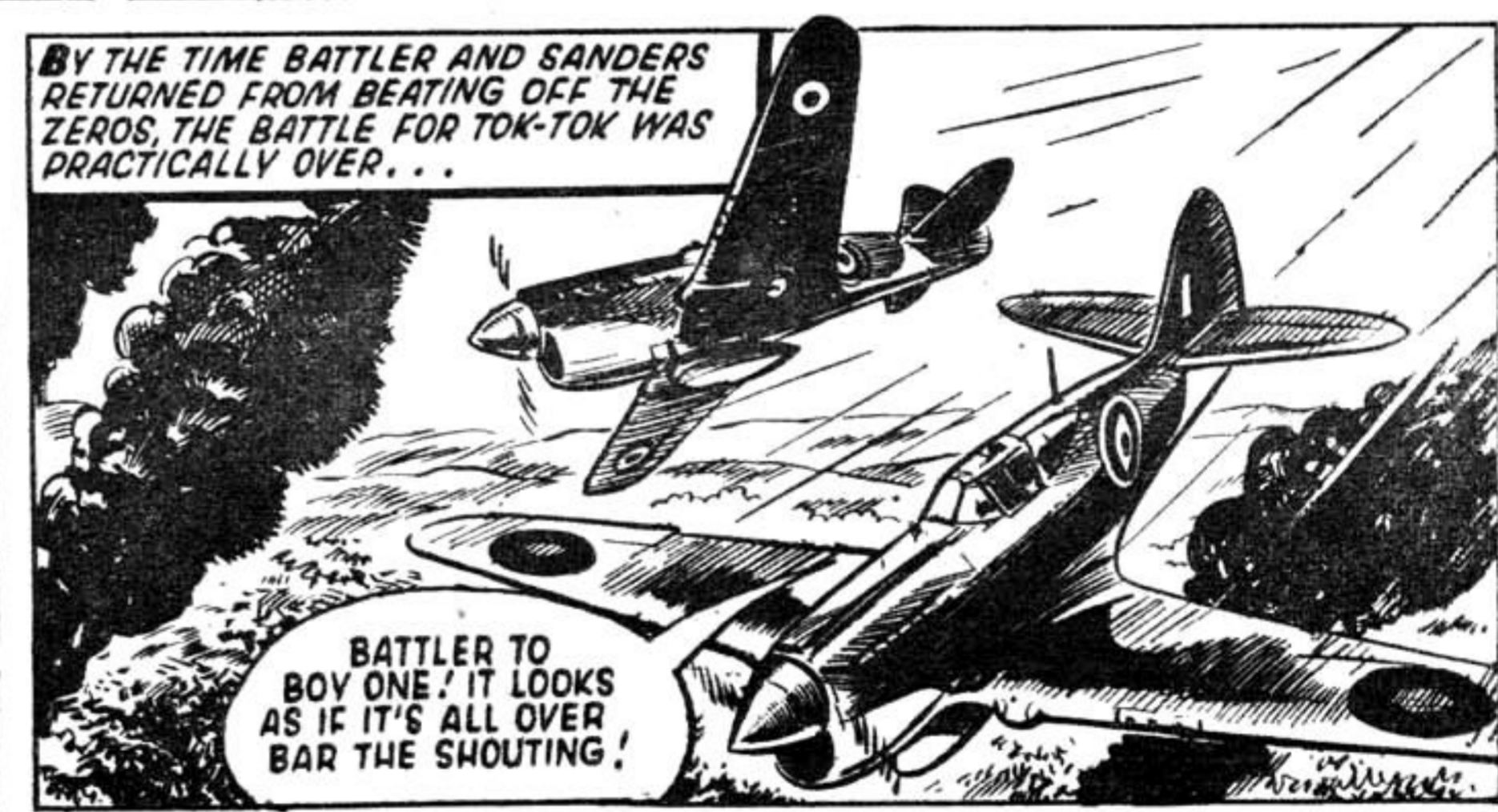
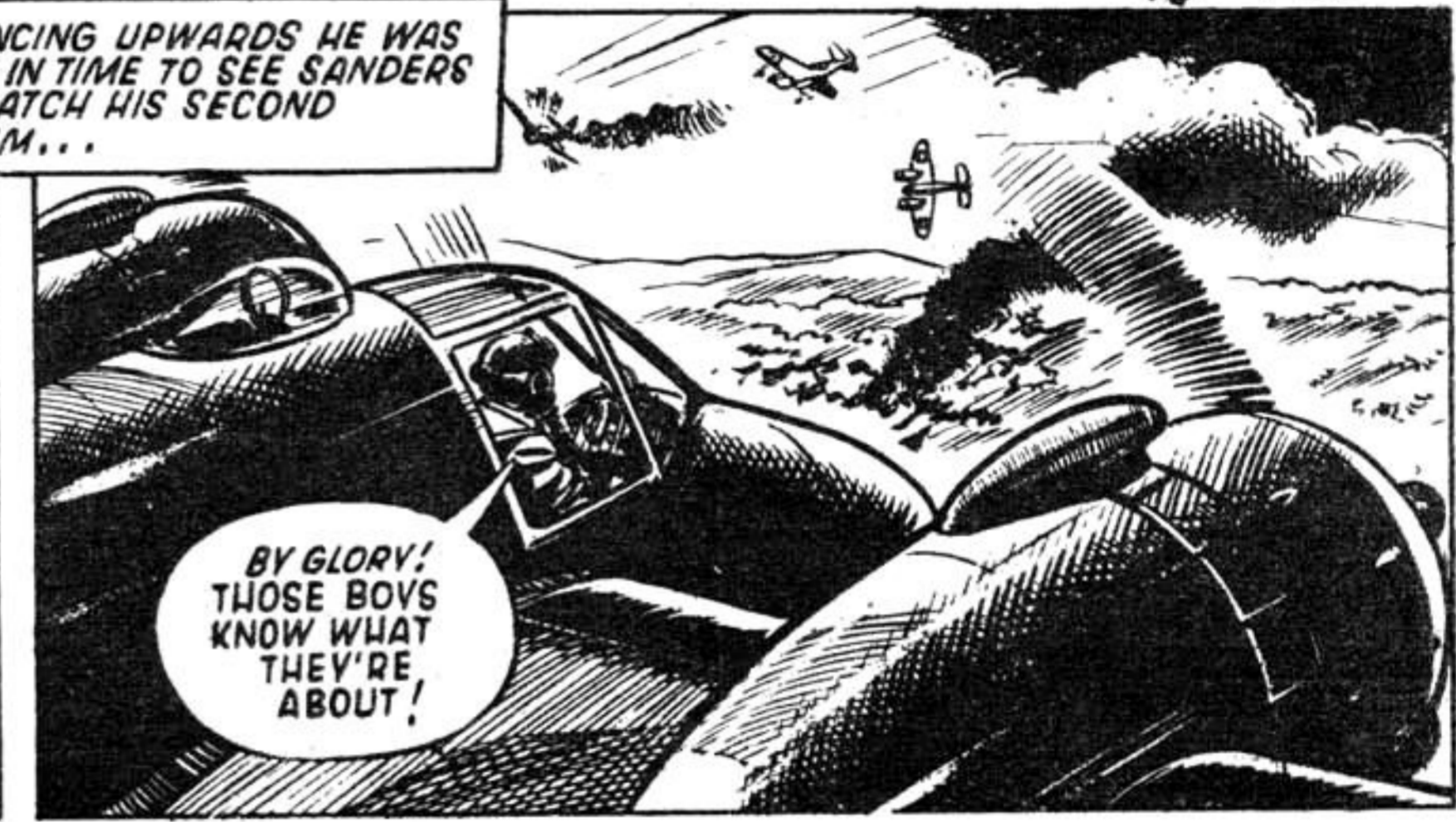
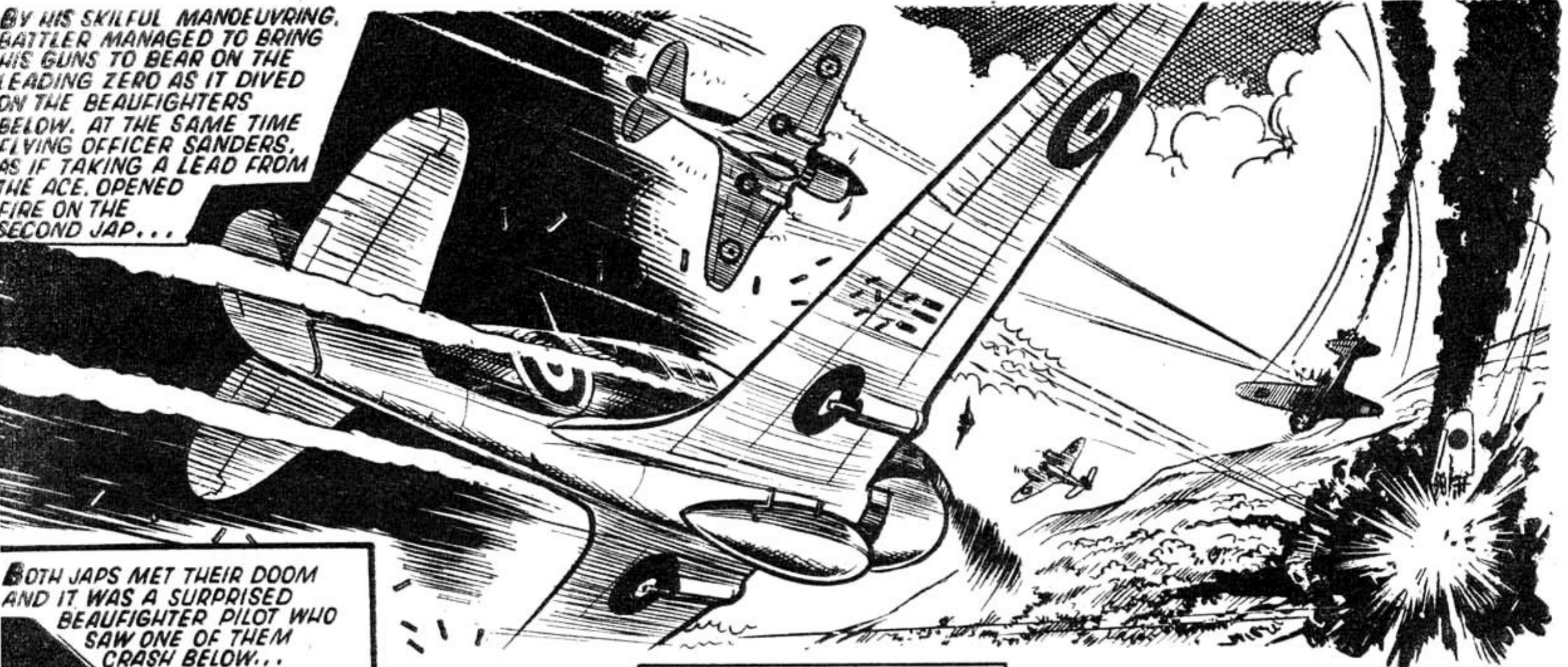
GRIMBLE OF 849 SQUADRON, WING COMMANDER! ARE YOU RUNNING 454?

UNOFFICIALLY, I SUPPOSE, I AM! BRITTON'S THE NAME!

BATTLER BRITTON?

YES! BUT I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T SPREAD IT AROUND! SANDERS, HERE, IS THE C.O. OF THE OUTFIT! I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! OFFICIALLY I'M ON FOURTEEN DAYS LEAVE IN INDIA!

THEN HOW DID YOU GET OUT HERE, SIR?





COLONEL CONEY OF THE U.S. ARMY, GRIMBLE!

THE FOOL PILOT THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO FLY ME ON A MORALE-BOOSTING TOUR GOT KNOCKED DOWN IN DELHI, AND BATTLER VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE OVER!



FOR ALL THE MORALE-BOOSTING I DID, I MIGHT HAVE GOT KNOCKED DOWN, TOO! I'LL SWEAR HE ONLY TOOK ON THE JOB TO GET HERE! WE'VE HARDLY GOT RID OF ANY OF THE RECORDS I BROUGHT!



WHO CARES, COLONEL! YOUR RECORDS HELPED US GET RID OF THE JAPS!

LIEUTENANT 'NUTTY' BARR! A CHARACTER I MET IN THE JUNGLE! MAD AS A HATTER! BUT AS BRAVE AS THEY COME!



THE JAPS OVERHEARD ONE OF YOUR RECORDS, AND THOUGHT THE YANKS HAD COME! THAT'S WHY THEY WERE COMING HERE TO BLAST US OFF THE MAP! THEY HAD TO BRING TROOPS FROM MINDOK AND BY DOING SO WEAKENED THE STRANGLEHOLD THEY HAD ON OUR BOYS THERE!

YOU'RE KIDDING!



BUT THE LIEUTENANT SPOKE THE TRUTH. COLONEL CONEY'S RECORDS HAD NOT ONLY BOOSTED MORALE BUT TURNED THE TIDE OF WAR AWAY FROM THE TOWN, AS WAS OBVIOUS WHEN THEY ARRIVED THERE THE FOLLOWING DAY...

LOOK, LADS! THE KITTYHAWK BOYS! GIVE 'EM A CHEER!



AND A FEW DAYS LATER BATTLER WAS BACK AT AIR HEADQUARTERS, DELHI...

NOW FOR 'DADDY' DONELL!



GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING FIT AND WELL, BATTLER! ENJOY YOUR LEAVE?

YES, SIR!



I NEARLY HAD TO RECALL YOU! THERE WAS A SPOT OF BOTHER AROUND MINDOK! 454 SQUADRON TOOK QUITE A BIT OF PUNISHMENT! I WAS GOING TO SEND YOU DOWN THERE TO HELP THEM OUT IF THINGS HAD GOT ANY WORSE!

PHEW! LUCKY THEY DIDN'T!



BEFORE YOU AND I RETURN TO ENGLAND, I'VE GOT TO DECORATE ONE OR TWO PILOTS! FANCY COMING ALONG TO THE CEREMONY?

YES, SIR! GLADLY!



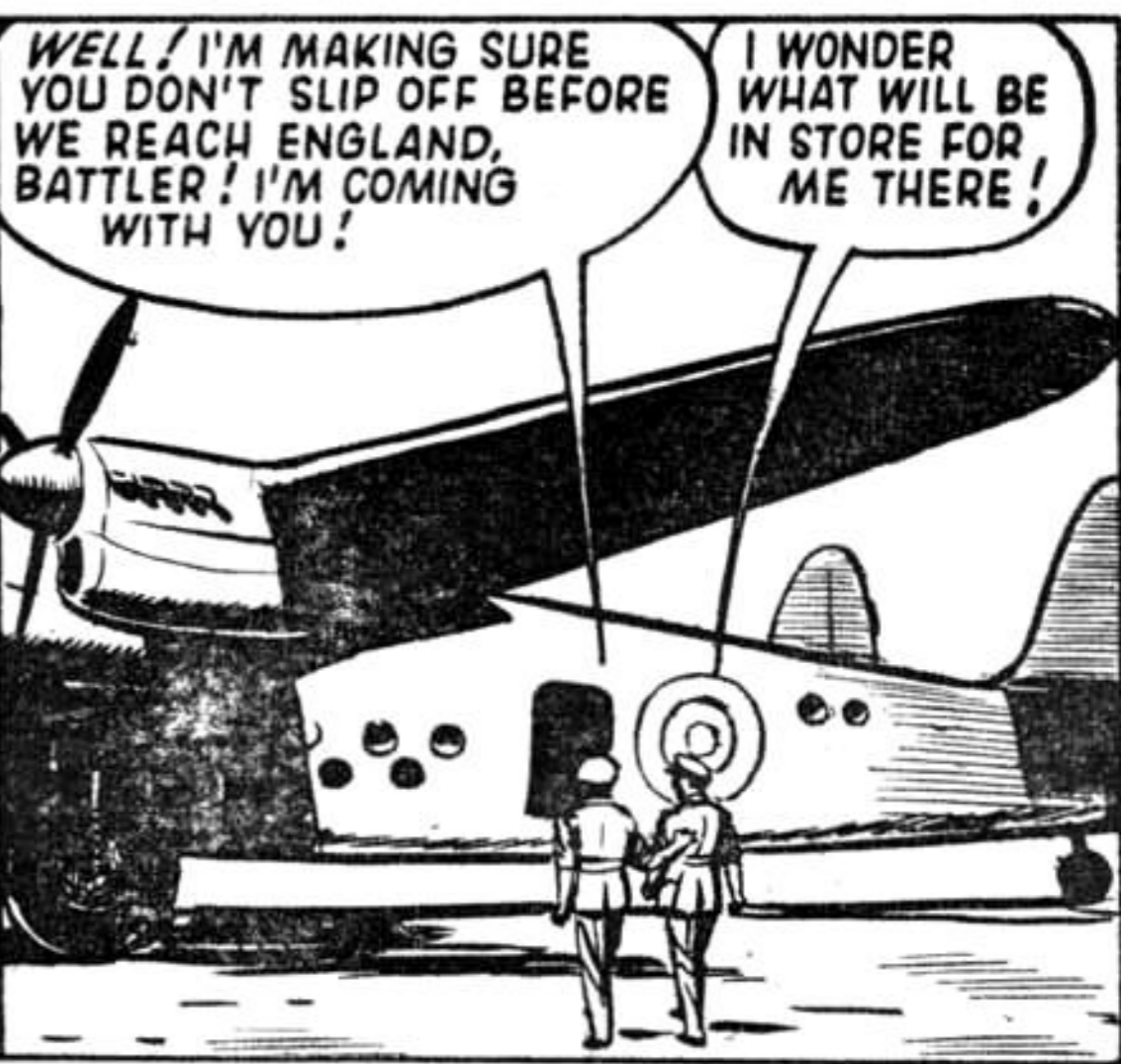
AND A SHORT WHILE LATER ON THE AIR-FIELD OUTSIDE DELHI... THEY DESERVE EVERY MEDAL THEY GET, AND MORE!



AND AFTER THE PARADE AND A SHORT RE-UNION...

TELL ME, BATTLER, WHERE DID YOU SPEND YOUR LEAVE? WAS IT A PLACE CALLED TOK-TOK?

GOOD LUCK, SIR!



WELL! I'M MAKING SURE YOU DON'T SLIP OFF BEFORE WE REACH ENGLAND, BATTLER! I'M COMING WITH YOU!

I WONDER WHAT WILL BE IN STORE FOR ME THERE!

What great new adventure awaits Battler in England? Don't miss next week's action-packed **KNOCKOUT!**

# WRECKERS' ROOST



The same sort of superstitious fancy, perhaps, as old Jose's weird story of a ghostly horseman on a white horse that tore at a mad gallop through the darkness and then plunged headlong over the cliff.

Jack's heart jumped and, just for an instant, stopped beating. From somewhere, out at sea he had seen a light flash—once, twice, three times like a signal. He stood stiff as a statue, watching for it to come again. But it did not. Queer, he thought. It was not like the light of a passing ship. The flashes had been too regular—too deliberate. It was more like a signal flashed to some watcher ashore from somebody in a small boat a short way out.

Thoughtfully Jack walked on round the next bend, then he stopped to pat the faithful dog at his heels. Suddenly, as he straightened, he heard the low, muffled sound of galloping hoofs, and he stood as if he were transfixed. Jack was not easily frightened. Now his face blanched, and just for an instant as he stared through the darkness his eyes grew bright with fear.

"It's there!" he whispered hoarsely. "The White Rider!"

This was no fancy—no Cornish superstition. Even in the darkness he could see it clearly, a white horse racing at a mad gallop along the edge of the cliff. Jack could see the white, flowing mane of it, with its ghostly rider bent low in the saddle, urging the horse on insanely—or so it seemed—and bent on his own destruction.

Jack caught his breath and crouched down in the shelter of a bush. It seemed at first as if the horse was coming straight at him. Then, almost as if it sensed his presence, it appeared to veer away.

Jack crouched there, watching, holding his breath, and he heard a whimper of fear come from the dog beside him. The next instant horse and horseman had gone. It was as if, with one mad, flying leap, they had gone hurtling together over the edge of the cliff.

A full minute passed before Jack found the strength to stand up. When he did, there was a cold sweat on his forehead and his legs felt weak. At last he moved forward, but the dog hung back as if scared to follow him.

"All right, old boy," he muttered. "Maybe you're right. We've had enough for one night!"

He returned to the house swiftly and quietly, leaving the dog in the stable where he belonged. All was silent and peaceful

could hear nothing of the poor, half-starved dog which he had found shut up there the previous day. The stable, with its vague smell of damp straw and tobacco, was silent as a vault. Then a shadow moved in the darkness, and Jack's heart warmed as a dog's cold nose nuzzled against his hand.

"Hello, Karl!" he whispered delightedly. "You're still here, then. Here, have some supper. Then we'll take a look round together. You can do with some fresh air, can't you?"

He took a parcel of food from his pocket, spared from his own ample dinner and tea, and the dog devoured it hungrily.

"You've got to keep quiet, Karl!" he whispered sternly. "If you don't we'll be in trouble, old chap, both of us! Come on!"

The Alsatian reacted to kindness as, it seemed, he had refused to react to cruelty. As Jack led the way out Karl, who was still not much more than a pup, kept close to his heels, following him closely like his own shadow.

They were in the yard now at the rear of the big house, and a low moon was sinking behind the trees.

Jack took the path to the cliff to which his uncle had taken him the previous day. Suddenly, the path emerged from the trees, and Jack stopped with a grunt.

"Careful, Karl," he whispered; but the dog was already motionless, sensing the danger before Jack did. They had come to a sharp bend in the track where a portion of the jagged cliff face dropped sheer to the rocks a hundred feet below. An icy chill ran up and down Jack's spine as he peered down into the treacherous abyss. One step farther and he might have gone headlong to his death.

Jack stood there staring out across the bay, which showed up a dull, leaden grey in the faint moonlight. The gale of the night before had blown itself out and the sea had become smooth again.

On his left was the narrow inlet which was the Gilvennys own private harbour—the place they called Pol Creek.

It was a scene so lonely and deserted that Jack began to wonder if all his fears of the last few hours were just flights of fancy.

Jack Tredegar arrived at Porth Hall for his school holidays to find his mother very frightened and his stepfather, Sir Hugh Gilvenny, only too anxious to get rid of him.

Sir Hugh planned to send his wife and stepson away, but when Jack heard of the plan he faked an accident by falling from a tree. Dr. Squibb, a friend of Sir Hugh's, put a splint on his leg.

However, Jack had been taught a trick of boneless surgery at school, and at night he was able to cure his injury and go exploring in a secret staircase he had found behind the cupboard in his room.

## THE WHITE RIDER!

**T**HE bed in which Jack Tredegar had lain all day like a cripple was empty, and upon it were the clumsy splints with which Dr. Squibb had encased his leg.

The bedroom, too, was deserted. But behind the curtain of the old cupboard in the corner Jack stood concealed, his heart thumping.

Jack cautiously slid back the secret panel at the back of the cupboard.

He then closed the panel behind him and paused on the narrow landing beyond. It was dark and, because he had traversed this exciting route only once before, he needed to be careful. Slowly and noiselessly he groped his way down the steep staircase in the wall, which was one of the secrets of this queer old mansion that overlooked the wild Cornish coast.

He came at last to the narrow passage below and moved cautiously along it towards the outlet into the stable. He wanted to explore and solve the mystery of this place which was now his mother's home, and in which, for some reason, she was so desperately unhappy. But he dared not be gone too long, in case his mother came to his room to see how he was sleeping.

He reached the door of the stable and drew the heavy, well-greased bolt, opening the door and passing through. He

when he slipped back into bed, though not to sleep for a long time.

The next day passed uneventfully. His mother brought up his meals as she had done before.

That night, to his secret chagrin, Jack kept to his room. He had developed signs of a chill, and his mother's concern for him was such that he dared not leave his room in case she might come during the night to see how he was.

## SHADOWS ON THE SHORE!

THREE days passed before he deemed it safe to resume his exploring. Then, once again, and with a knee grown stiff, he found himself stealing off again along the narrow track, with Karl close at his heels, breathing in the fresh night air.

Beyond a thick clump of gorse Jack paused in the shadows. It was at this point that the White Rider had gone over.

Jack nerved himself to lie on his face, peering down at the strip of beach below, straining his eyes to penetrate the shadow. Plain sense told him that the dead bodies of a horse and its rider would be lying there at the cliff-foot, but he saw nothing. Then, as he looked closer, he saw what looked like a patch of darker shadow, rimmed with white, and his heart began to pound again excitedly. He edged forward perilously, head and shoulders over the abyss, straining his eyes.

He saw then that the patch of shadow was a boat and the white rim the surf that swirled about it. Suddenly, the shadow seemed to break up, separating, moving quite distinctly, and Jack lay watching, stiff as a log.

It was the figure of a man that had moved—followed immediately by that of a second man. He could see a third shadow linking them together as their feet grated on the shingle.

They were carrying something away from the boat—something that sagged limply as they moved. It looked like a body.

Jack Tredegar lay flat on his face, peering down over the dizzy brink of the cliff. The small boat which had come in so mysteriously from the bay lay like a dark smudge on the shingle, and the dim figures of the couple who had landed grew dimmer still as they trudged up the beach.

Jack watched, fascinated, as they disappeared with their limp burden into the shadows. They might be smugglers, he thought, and this was a bale of silk. Yet if it was a bale, surely, it would not have sagged. It looked more like the body of a man—or because of its size, a BOY!

A cold trickle ran down Jack's spine, though only for an instant. Then he was on his feet, his eyes bright with the resolve to find out who these men were, where they had come from, what they were carrying. He peered down at the dog at his feet. "Come on, Karl!" he whispered. "We're going down!"

That was easier said than done. On each side, at every place they searched, the cliff-face dropped sheer like the wall of an abyss. They groped on rapidly, down a dip into a sort of green gully, beyond the dense gorse thicket near which he had seen the spectral horseman people called "The White Rider," racing to his doom. Beyond the gully the cliff shelved a little, and Jack stopped with a grunt.

The narrow path they were on seemed to plunge over the cliff just ahead of them and go tumbling down like a cataract to the beach. And at the brink a warning had been chalked upon the smooth face of an overhanging rock.

"NO PATH," Jack read. "DANGEROUS!" The effect of the notice on him was to set his jaw firmly. This might be just a "scare notice" to keep curious people off the beach. "Come on, Karl," he muttered.

He led the way down with the dog slithering behind him. It was a hazardous descent, and fifteen feet from the foreshore the path finished abruptly.

Jack crouched there, gripping the dog. To go back, to try to scale that murderous path again, would be suicide.

"We're trapped!" he muttered, and then, heaped upon the pebbles below, Jack saw a heap of seaweed piled there by some freak of the recent storm. A great pile of weed that was soft and slimy. He turned excitedly

"It's all right, Karl! We're going to jump!" he gasped.

He leapt with the dog in his arms, and they landed together in a heap, rolling unhurt down the slimy, reeking mound of seaweed. Jack picked himself up exultantly and moved back along the beach.

He moved on cautiously, straining his eyes to peer about him. He could see nobody now; the men from the boat had vanished as mysteriously as they had come. But the boat was there still, and the tide was running in under the keel. Jack saw it rise and settle as the waves came and went.

There was more light beyond the great bulwark of shadow that was the cliff-face, and Jack crouched almost double as he darted forward into the cover of the boat.

Jack raised his head cautiously and peered into the boat. It looked like a ship's-boat, and in the stern he made out dimly 'Don Carlos,' and that was a Spanish name. But what was a Spanish boat doing in the dead of night along the Cornish coast?

A low, warning growl came from the dog. Jack could hear heavy boots crunching on the shingle and a sound of approaching voices.

"Quiet, Karl!" he whispered. "Make for that rock!"

It was a rock a few yards away, and they reached the shelter of it just in time. One



M. Reynolds, of Dudley, is the winner of a Tuck-Box for this joke.

of the men had moved round to the side of the boat at the very spot where they had been crouching. Jack saw the men hauling on the boat in an effort to refloat it.

In a few moments the boat rode free of the shingle, and the second man, smaller and wirier than the first, sprang into it and seized the oars. He waited for his companion to follow.

"There's a fortune yonder if we play our cards right, Jan," Jack heard him say distinctly. "Best part of a thousand guineas. Enough to buy you a wharf in Rotterdam, meinheer, and a share in a ship of your own. Does that please you?"

"Ja!" grunted the heavy man gruffly. "Dot's very good, my friend. But it von't be so good if der boss suspect vot game ve play. Der 'Domino,' if he find out, vill cut our throats from ear to ear!"

"Don't worry, Dutchy. The Domino won't know," the other man assured him. "And we can come back here and pick up the spoils when it suits us!"

The Dutchman grunted and took his seat in the stern. Jack watched the small boat fade into the darkness, heading out across the bay.

The spoils, Jack told himself, must have been this burden the men carried up the beach. Something, so the smaller man said, that was worth a thousand guineas. What was it and where had they hidden it?

"Come on, Karl!" he muttered. "This is where we start exploring!"

Jack strained his eyes to penetrate the darkness, without much success at first, then more hopefully as a stray shaft of moonlight revealed footprints on a stretch of the sand. It was the trail they had been

seeking, and Jack followed it eagerly to a low arch in the cliff-face.

He grunted as he saw that the aperture was a foot high at the most, and hardly big enough for a dog.

"This is a blind, Karl," he muttered. "They couldn't have gone in here. We've got to look farther on."

But the dog would not leave. He sniffed and pawed at the base of the rock until Jack dropped on one knee and looked again. He saw then what he had missed before—a newly piled heap of sand and shingle thrown up deliberately, as if to fill the breach in the cliff-face.

Jack scraped it away eagerly and with growing excitement, for a few minutes of excavation had revealed a bigger arch altogether, and, beyond, a dark tunnel in the rock. Moreover, upon a ledge just inside the arch Jack saw a seaman's tinder-box and the stump of a flare of rope and tar. His heart began to pound excitedly.

"It's a clue, Karl!" he gasped. "It's the place we're looking for!"

He crawled under the arch and as he waited for the dog to follow he scooped back a shielding ridge of shingle. Then with the tinder-box, he lit the flare and by the light of its smoky blaze picked his way forward along the narrow tunnel.

"A thousand guineas, Karl," he chuckled. "I wonder where they stowed it?"

By the light of the flare Jack could see that the roof of the cave was sloping gently down towards the floor. A few yards farther on he found he had to duck, and then to his intense disappointment, the cave ended against a solid wall of rock. There was no sign of any "spoils."

Great shadows flickered all around him from the burning flare, and the only noise he could hear in the cold, damp cave was the heavy breathing of the Alsatian.

"Looks as though I was wrong, after all, Karl," muttered Jack grimly. "They couldn't have brought anything here!"

He broke off suddenly, for the dog had vanished.

"But I'm sure he didn't get behind me," gasped Jack. "There must be another way out!"

He called Karl softly, and he heard a rustle to his left. The Alsatian emerged from a large hole in the rock he had not seen. It was about two feet high and there was plenty of room for him to squeeze through. He made his way through the arch and found that the hole opened out considerably on the other side.

He ducked under still another arch, and stopped with a gasp. They had come to a cave which was like a huge vault.

"This will be the place, Karl, for a certainty. But I can't see the thing they were carrying. Maybe they scooped a hole in the floor and—and—what's the matter?"

The dog had darted quickly across the cavern, and Jack saw him snuffing strangely and looking back.

Jack Tredegar strode forward, and the next moment gasped aloud.

The burden, which the two men from the boat had borne there, lay on the sand with the dancing light of the flare full upon it. But it was not a sea-chest nor a canvas hammock, lashed with a line. It was a girl who lay there.

She lay there on her side, her slim wrists and ankles tied with a rope, and a handkerchief had been bound in a loose gag, about her mouth. She lay so still that a sudden dread turned Jack ice-cold with dismay. Then he warmed again in relief. She was breathing. He could detect the slight movement of her chest and nostrils. And there was a hint of colour on the points of her cheeks. Could she be asleep?

Jack dropped to his knees beside her, shaking her slim shoulders. His voice was husky with excitement.

"Lady!" he called eagerly. "Wake up. You are safe now. Wake up!"

But she did not answer.

"Who is she, Karl? Where has she come from? Why have those men bound her and brought her here?"

Many strange things were destined to happen before Jack Tredegar received an answer to that question.

(Who is this mysterious girl, and why is she a prisoner? For more thrill-packed adventure don't miss the next action-filled instalment in **KNOCKOUT!**)

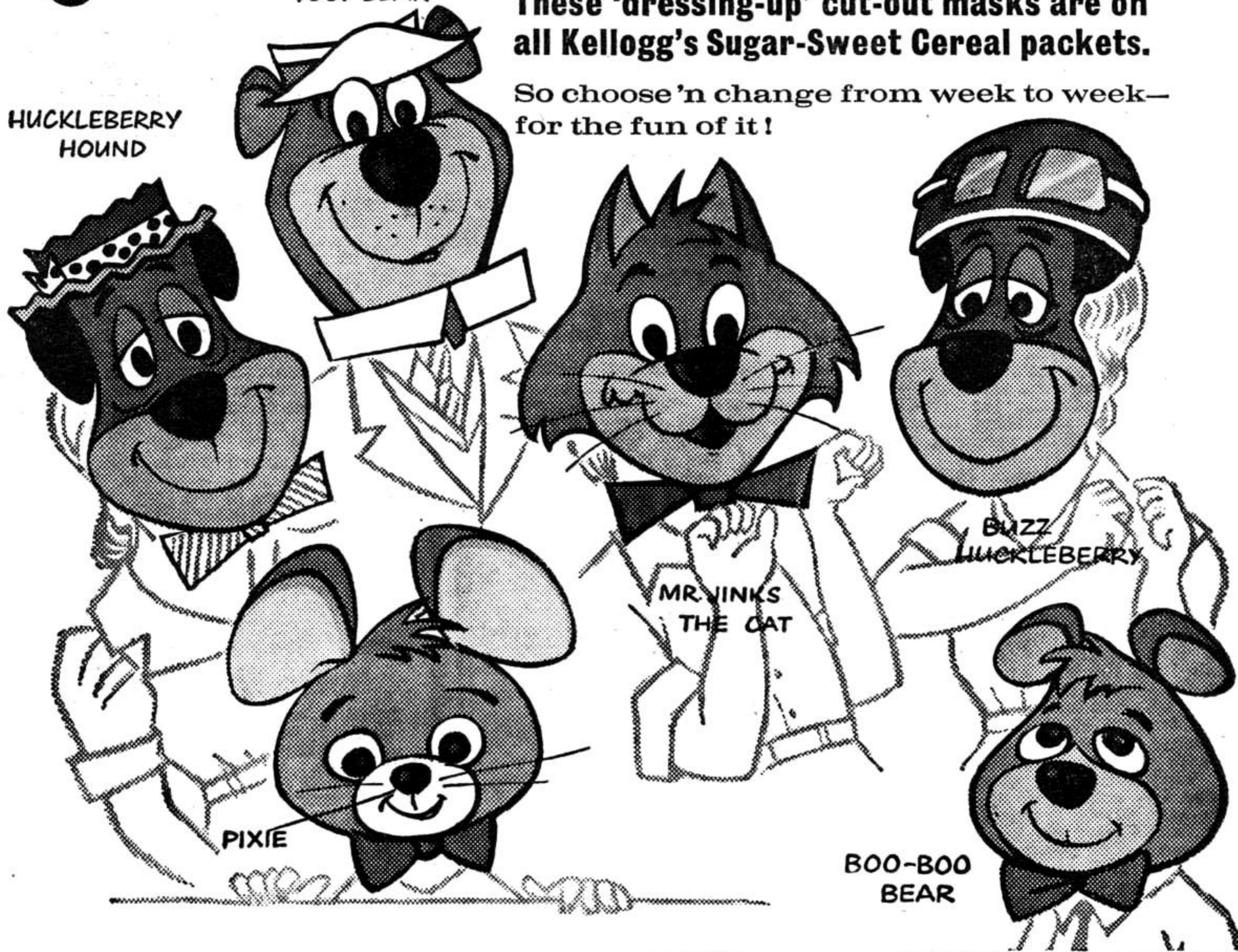
# Collect these fun-masks!

YOGI BEAR

These 'dressing-up' cut-out masks are on all Kellogg's Sugar-Sweet Cereal packets.

So choose 'n change from week to week—for the fun of it!

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND



BUZZ HUCKLEBERRY

MR. NINKS THE CAT

PIXIE

BOO-BOO BEAR



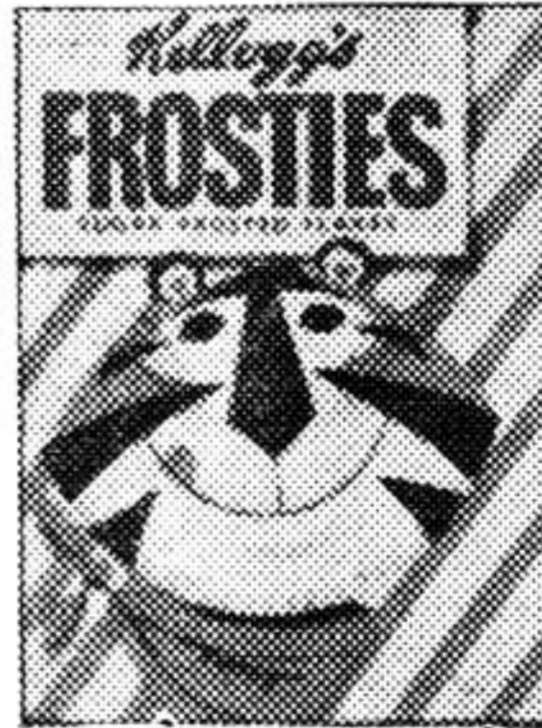
**SUGAR SMACKS**  
sugar-toasted puffed wheat with a smack of golden honey



**ALL STARS**  
sparkling oat stars with a hole in the middle and sugar on top



**COCO POPS**  
the chocolate-flavoured "anytime" cereal



**FROSTIES**  
crisp, sugar-toasted flakes



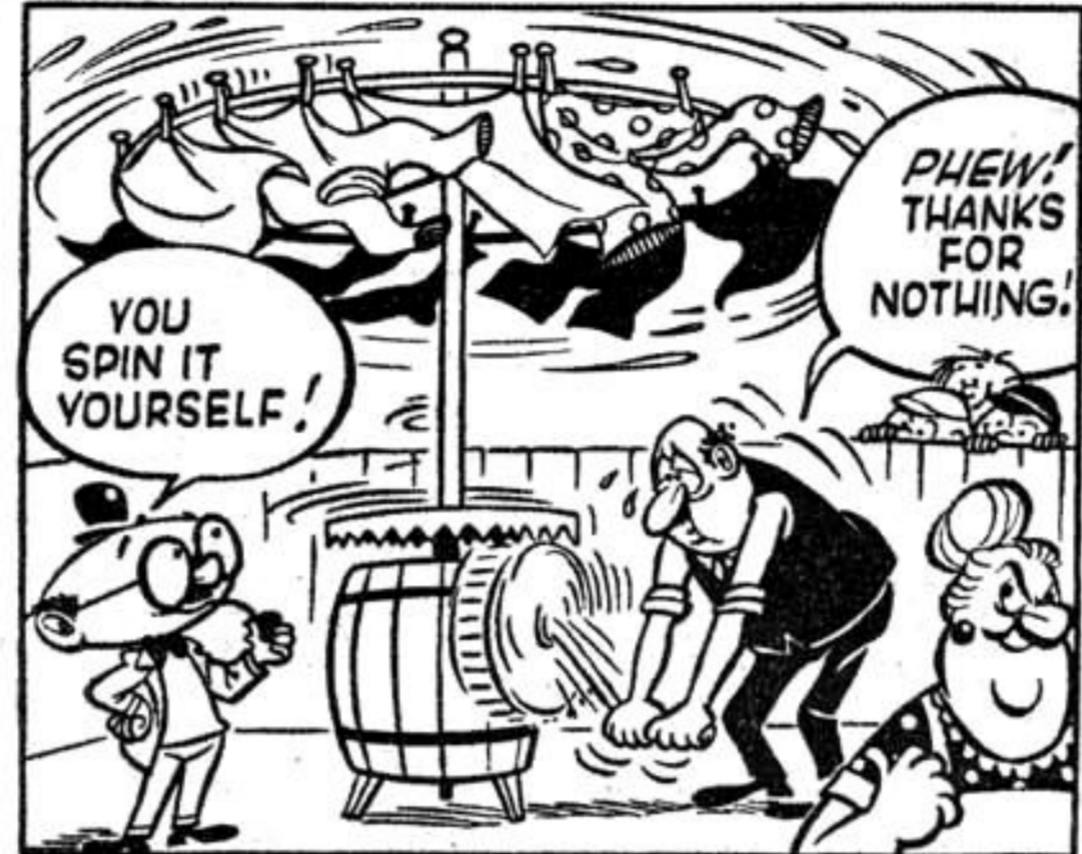
**SUGAR RICICLES**  
tumble-toasted sugar-coated rice

Ask Mother to buy these Sugar-Sweet Cereals today!

# IT'S Kellogg's SWEET-EATIN' CARNIVAL TIME!

**PROFESSOR**

**KNOCKOUT**



**BILLY BUNTER'S**

**FEAST OF FUN**

I'M FROM SCOTLAND YARD!



TERESA ROLLAND, JERSEY.

DON'T JUST SIT THERE - PADDLE!



P. KIDD, NESTON.

If your joke is printed here with your name and address you win 15/- Jokes published elsewhere in KNOCKOUT win for their senders a Billy Bunter Tuck-Box packed with delicious FRY's Chocolate Creams, Crunchie, Punch and Turkish Delight.

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Write your joke on a postcard, with your full name and address, add the names of your two favourite features in KNOCKOUT and attach the coupon on the right.

**BILLY BUNTER'S FEAST OF FUN**

# OLIVER BOLD

## THE BOY BUCCANEER

Oliver Bold, captain of the English privateer the "White Bear," landed on Cayman Island, stronghold of the pirate Blackbeard, to rescue the Duke De Las Palmas who was held prisoner by Blackbeard. As Oliver and Big Luke, the master gunner, stealthily approached the rear of the pirate's castle, Blackbeard was punishing one of his men by making him walk the plank...



PUSH HIM OUT~~ MAKE THE OLD FOOL WALK!

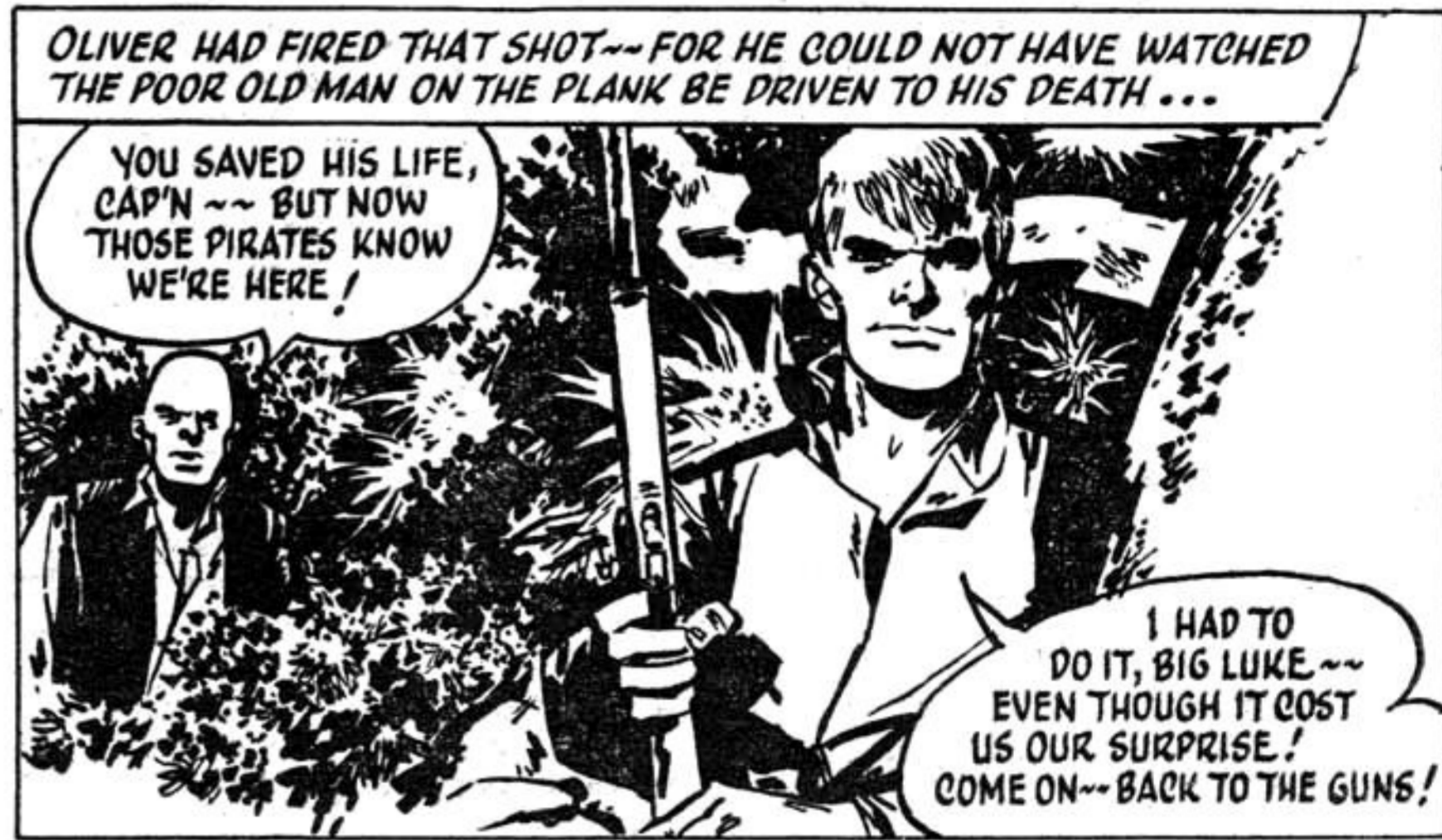
THE OLD PRISONER, WHO HAD ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED WINE OVER BLACKBEARD, WAS FORCED OUT ALONG THE PLANK BY A MUSKET BUTT.



THEN, JUST AS THE PIRATE BEHIND HIM SWUNG THE MUSKET FOR THE LAST PUSH, A SHOT RANG OUT...

AAAGH!

THAT CAME FROM THE JUNGLE! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED! SOUND THE ALARM!



OLIVER HAD FIRED THAT SHOT~~ FOR HE COULD NOT HAVE WATCHED THE POOR OLD MAN ON THE PLANK BE DRIVEN TO HIS DEATH...

YOU SAVED HIS LIFE, CAP'N~~ BUT NOW THOSE PIRATES KNOW WE'RE HERE!

I HAD TO DO IT, BIG LUKE~~ EVEN THOUGH IT COST US OUR SURPRISE! COME ON~~ BACK TO THE GUNS!



WITH MUSKET BALLS WHISTLING ALL AROUND THEM THEY RAN FOR THE SHELTER OF THE JUNGLE...

BY THUNDER, I RECOGNISE THAT BIG FELLOW~~ HE'S THE MASTER GUNNER OF THE "WHITE BEAR"!



THEY RACED TO WHERE THEY HAD LEFT THE REST OF THE SHORE PARTY~~ AND BEGAN TO DRAG THE GUNS UP...

HURRY, LADS~~ WE'VE GOT TO BREACH THE WALL BEFORE THEY GET THEIR BIG GUNS ON US!

JUST GIVE ME TWO MINUTES, CAP'N, AND WE'LL BLOW THAT WALL TO RUBBLE!



AS THE PIRATES' MUSKETS OPENED UP FROM THE CASTLE WALL, OLIVER LIFTED HIS HAND TO BIG LUKE...

ARE YOU READY, MASTER GUNNER?

NUMBER ONE BROADSIDE READY AND WAITING, SIR!



OLIVER BOLD'S HAND FLASHED DOWN~~ AND, WITH A SKY-SPLITTING ROAR, THE GUNS OF THE "WHITE BEAR" THUNDERED AS ONE.

~~ AND A GREAT HOLE WAS TORN IN THE WALL!





BLACKBEARD'S FACE WAS TWISTED WITH RAGE AS HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE WRECKED WALL--AND HE SCREAMED AN ORDER TO HIS DAZED PIRATES...

MAN THE BREACH, YOU COWARDLY SWABS--OR THEY'LL BE BOARDING US SOON...



AS THE PIRATES RUSHED TO THE DEFENCE OF THE WALLS, OLIVER SPOKE SWIFTLY TO THE PRINCESS DOLORES, DAUGHTER OF THE CAPTIVE DUKE...

WISH US LUCK, PRINCESS-- IF ALL GOES WELL, YOUR FATHER WILL BE FREE WITHIN THE HOUR!  
GOOD FORTUNE GO WITH YOU-- AND MAY YOUR COURAGE BRING YOU VICTORY!



RAPIER IN HAND, OLIVER LED HIS MEN IN A STIRRING CHARGE...

COME ON, LADS! DOWN WITH BLACKBEARD-- THE "WHITE BEAR" FOR EVER!

WE'RE WITH YOU, CAP'N-- EVERY INCH OF THE WAY!



WHEN THEY WERE WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE WALL, OLIVER HALTED HIS MEN AND ADDRESSED BLACKBEARD.

HO, THERE, BLACKBEARD! SURRENDER YOUR PRISONER THE DUKE-- OR WE'LL TEAR THIS CASTLE DOWN AROUND YOUR WOLF'S EARS!

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE! SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE COME FOR, EH? WELL, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET THE LONG-NOSED SPANISHER, SEE!



BLACKBEARD TURNED AND HANDED A PISTOL TO ONE OF HIS MEN...

YOU-- GO AND FINISH OFF THAT SCURVY DUKE WITH THIS!



AS THE PIRATE DASHED TO OBEY HIS MASTER'S COLD-BLOODED ORDER, BLACKBEARD LEAPT DOWN ACROSS THE TUMBLED MASONRY...

BY MY BEARD, NONE OF YOU SEA SHARKS WILL EVER SET FOOT IN MY CASTLE! INTO'EM, MEN! CUT'EM DOWN!

COME ON THEN, YOU ROGUE-- WE'RE READY FOR YOU!

Can the Boy Buccaneer save the doomed duke? Don't miss the thrills in next week's exciting episode!

# FOUR MORE BIG BATTLE STORIES FROM THE SECOND WORLD WAR

No. 13 BATTLE ORDER  
When the "Tigers" roar even courage isn't enough

No. 14 THE QUICK--AND THE DEAD  
They gave him a gun and made him a killer

No. 15 STAND UP AND FIGHT  
They reached breaking point on the blood-soaked road to Mandalay

No. 16 L.C.I. 159  
The empty landing craft drifted out of the dawn, a dead German at the helm

## BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY

Great ACTION novel stories--told in vivid ACTION pictures. Get your copies NOW--one shilling each.



# BILLY BUNTER

## THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHUMP OF GREYFRIARS

HEY! EVERY TIME YOU BRING THAT FAT BOY IN HERE, OUR ELEPHANT PANICS!



**NATURE STUDY**  
TIGERS  
MONKEYS  
ELEPHANTS

**BUNTER!** YOU SEEM TO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT WILD ANIMALS AND WHAT THEY EAT! I SHALL TAKE YOU ALONG TO THE ZOO TO IMPROVE YOUR KNOWLEDGE!

THE ZEBRA LIVES ON HARD BOILED EGGS  
THE GIRAFFE LIVES ON PICKLED UNIONS  
THE TIGER EATS FISH AND CHIPS

**SCHOOL KITCHEN**

COOK HAS KINDLY PACKED US A VARIETY OF YESTERDAY'S LEFT-OVERS TO TAKE WITH US TO THE ZOO!

YUM! YUM! THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT OVER WHEN I GET AT IT!

**ZOO**

GREEDY BOY! THAT FOOD IS TO GIVE TO THE ANIMALS SO THEN YOU MAY LEARN SOMETHING OF THEIR EATING HABITS, BUNTER!

YOU MAY HAVE ANY OF THE FOOD THE ANIMALS WILL NOT EAT, BUNTER!

OH, CRIKEY! THERE WILL BE A FAT LOT LEFT OVER FOR ME AFTER WE'VE FED THESE STARVING MONSTERS!

RHINOCEROS HIPPO

**TIGER**

INSIDE THE CASE YOU WILL FIND SOME SUITABLE TITBITS TO PUT IN THE TIGER'S CAGE! UNDO THE CATCH AND OPEN IT!



OW! I MEANT OPEN THE CASE ~ NOT THE CAGE, STUPID BOY!

OH REALLY, SIR?

**TIGER**

WELL! WELL! THAT SILLY TIGER DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE THESE JAM TARTS, SO I'D BETTER EAT 'EM!

HELP!

JAM TARTS

YOU CAN COME DOWN OFF YOUR PERCH NOW, SIR! PEOPLE MIGHT MISTAKE YOU FOR A PELICAN! HEE! HEE!

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY! BACK INTO YOUR CAGE!

CAMELS BIRD HOUSE

BAH! PERHAPS YOU ARE BRAINY ENOUGH TO PICK OUT A SUITABLE MORSEL FOR THIS ANIMAL!

FOOLISH, IDIOTIC BOY! GIRAFFES DO NOT EAT SAUSAGE-ROLLS! ~ THEY ARE VEGETARIANS!

SAUSAGE ROLLS

IN THAT CASE, I'D BETTER SCOFF 'EM BEFORE THEY GO STALE, SIR!

UGH!

SEA LIONS

FUNNY! THESE SOPPY SEA-LIONS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE BANANAS, SO I'LL POLISH THOSE OFF, TOO!

THEY ONLY EAT FISH, FATHEAD!

ARTFUL, GREEDY GLUTTON! I DO BELIEVE YOU ARE OFFERING THE ANIMALS THE WRONG KINDS OF FOOD ON PURPOSE! I WILL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS CASE!

DON'T YOU TRUST ME, SIR?

OBSERVE, BUNTER! I AM GIVING THE BEARS A TIN OF THEIR FAVOURITE FOOD! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?

IT'S A WASTE OF GOOD GRUB! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

BEARS

IGNORANT BOY! IT IS HONEY! ALL BEARS ARE FOND OF HONEY!

I'M SWEET ON HONEY, TOO! HEE! HEE! I'M GOING AFTER THAT!

HEE! HEE! I'M NOT AFRAID OF THESE SILLY LITTLE BEARS! THEY CAN'T HURT ME!

HONEY

OH, CRIKEY! I DIDN'T KNOW DADDY BEAR WAS DOWN HERE, TOO! YAROO!

GR-R!

GROWL!

WHERE IS THAT RIDICULOUS BOY?

SNAP!

OO! SAVE ME, SIR! I CAN'T BEAR BEARS!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR PANIC, BUNTER! THE BIG GRIZZLY BEAR CANNOT POSSIBLY ESCAPE FROM THE BEAR-PIT!

SNIFF!

D-DON'T PANIC, SIR! KEEP HIM BUSY WHILE I RESCUE THE GRUB!

GROWL!

WELL, BUNTER! HAVE YOU LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT WILD ANIMALS?

NOT A THING, CHERRY, OLD CHAP! BUT QUELCHY HAS!

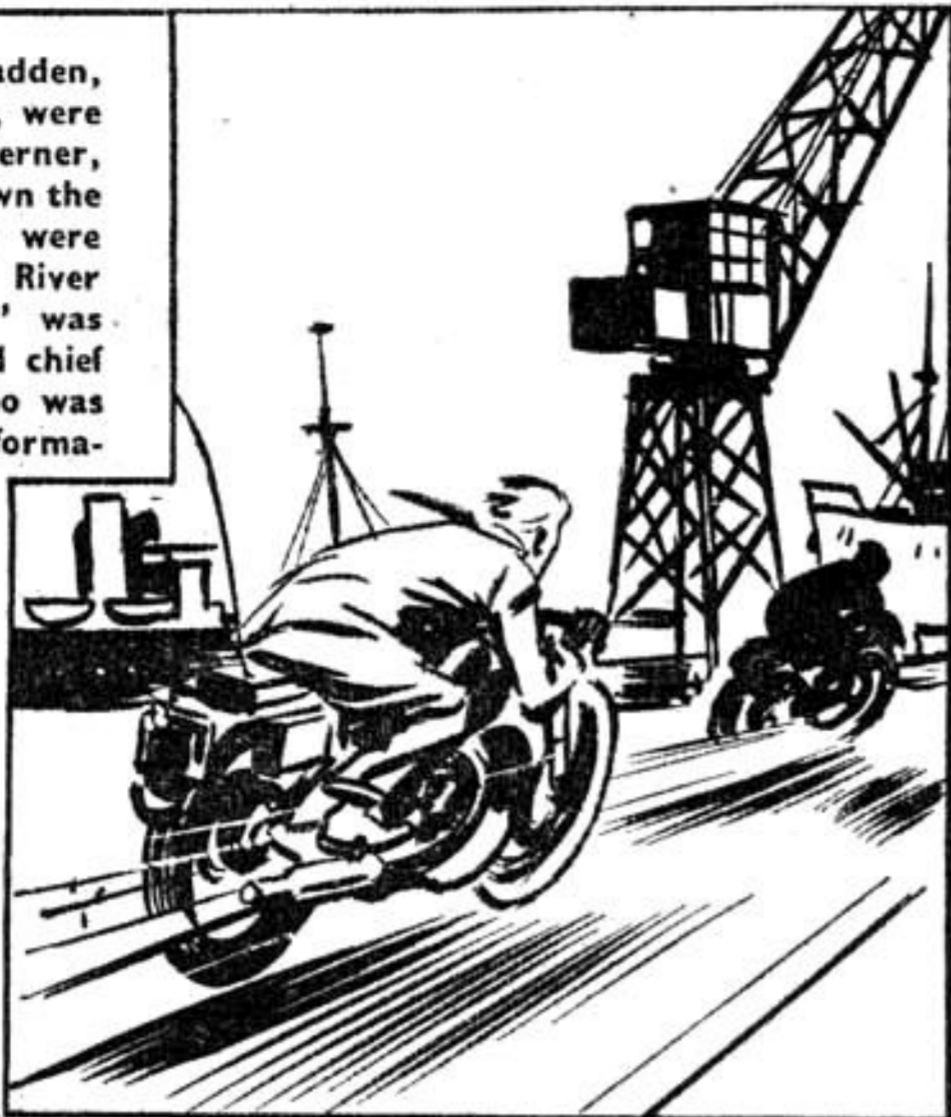
MOUNTAIN GOATS

BABOONS

Have a plateful of fun with the world's hungriest boy in next week's KNOCKOUT!

# RIVER RAIDERS

Ace detective Pete Madden, and his assistant, Steve, were employed by Sir James Verner, a shipowner, to hunt down the "Otter," whose gang were raiding ships on the River Thames. The "Otter" was really Sir James' trusted chief clerk, Simon Wade, who was using his job to gain information about shipping movements and rich cargoes. Knowing Pete Madden's plans, the "Otter" sent frogmen to blow up a ship being used as a decoy. One of the frogmen escaped from captivity on a police motor-cycle—but Steve was soon after him . . .

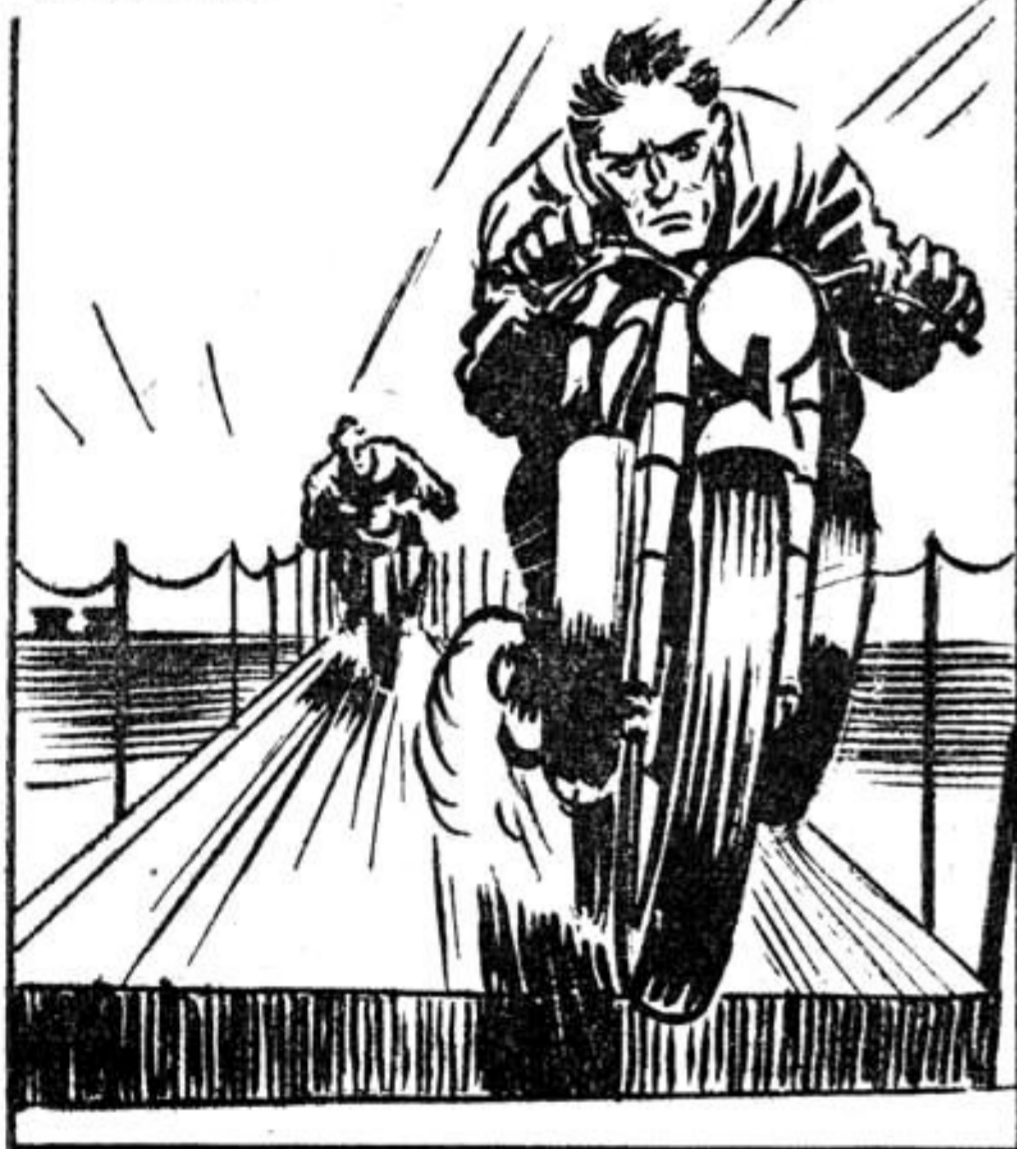


BUT SUDDENLY THE FROGMAN SWERVED ON TO A SWING-BRIDGE WHICH WAS BEING OPENED TO ALLOW AN INCOMING STEAMER TO ENTER THE DOCKS

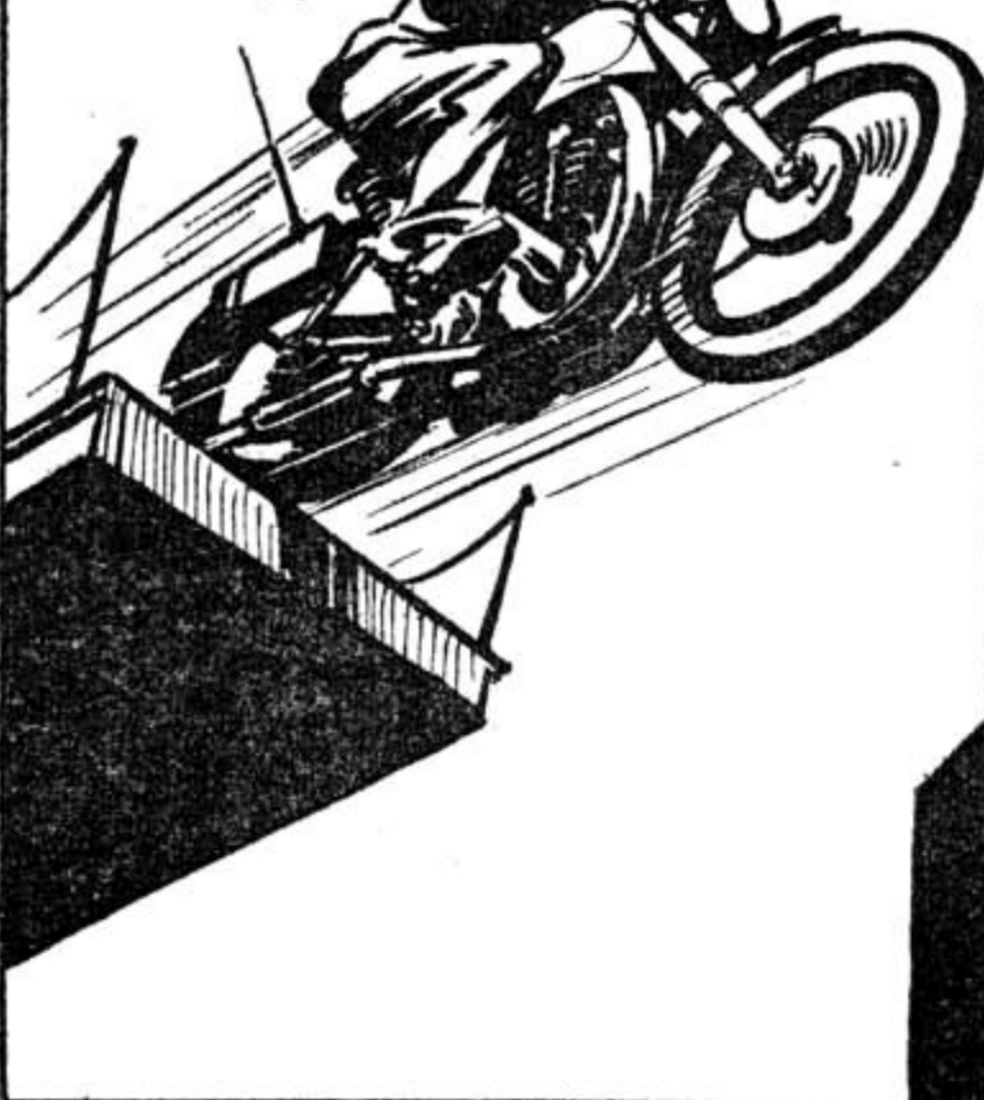


HEY, LOOK OUT! I'M OPENING THAT BRIDGE!

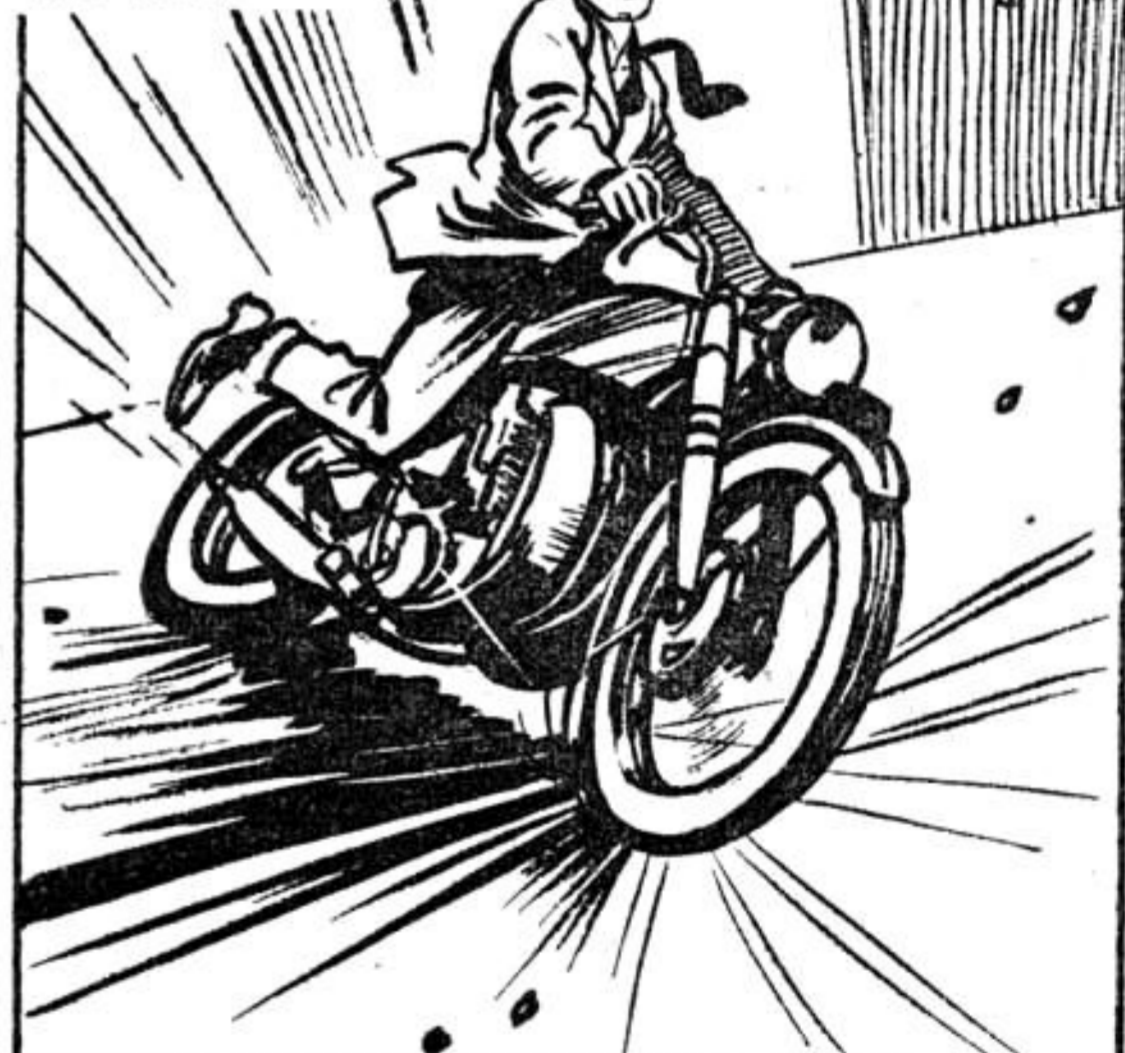
WITH A SQUEAL OF TYRES, THE FROGMAN RACED ON TO THE BRIDGE AND SHOT OFF AT THE FAR END



STEVE FOLLOWED, HIS ENGINE ROARING — BUT THE BRIDGE WAS ALREADY OPENING..



AFTER HIS AMAZING LEAP, STEVE LANDED SAFELY ON THE FAR QUAY, HIS MOTOR-CYCLE JOLTING AND JARRING WITH THE IMPACT



STEVE KEPT UP THE PURSUIT FOR SEVERAL MILES OF DOCK-SIDE STREETS. THEN, SUDDENLY, HE SLOWED UP—



THAT'S FUNNY! THAT ROAD HE TURNED DOWN MUST HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE RIVER. WE'RE ALMOST ON TOP OF IT NOW!

—AND TURNED INTO THE STREET HIS QUARRY HAD TAKEN



WELL, I'M JIGGERED! A BLIND STREET — AND NOT A SIGN OF THE FROGMAN! WHERE'S HE GONE TO?

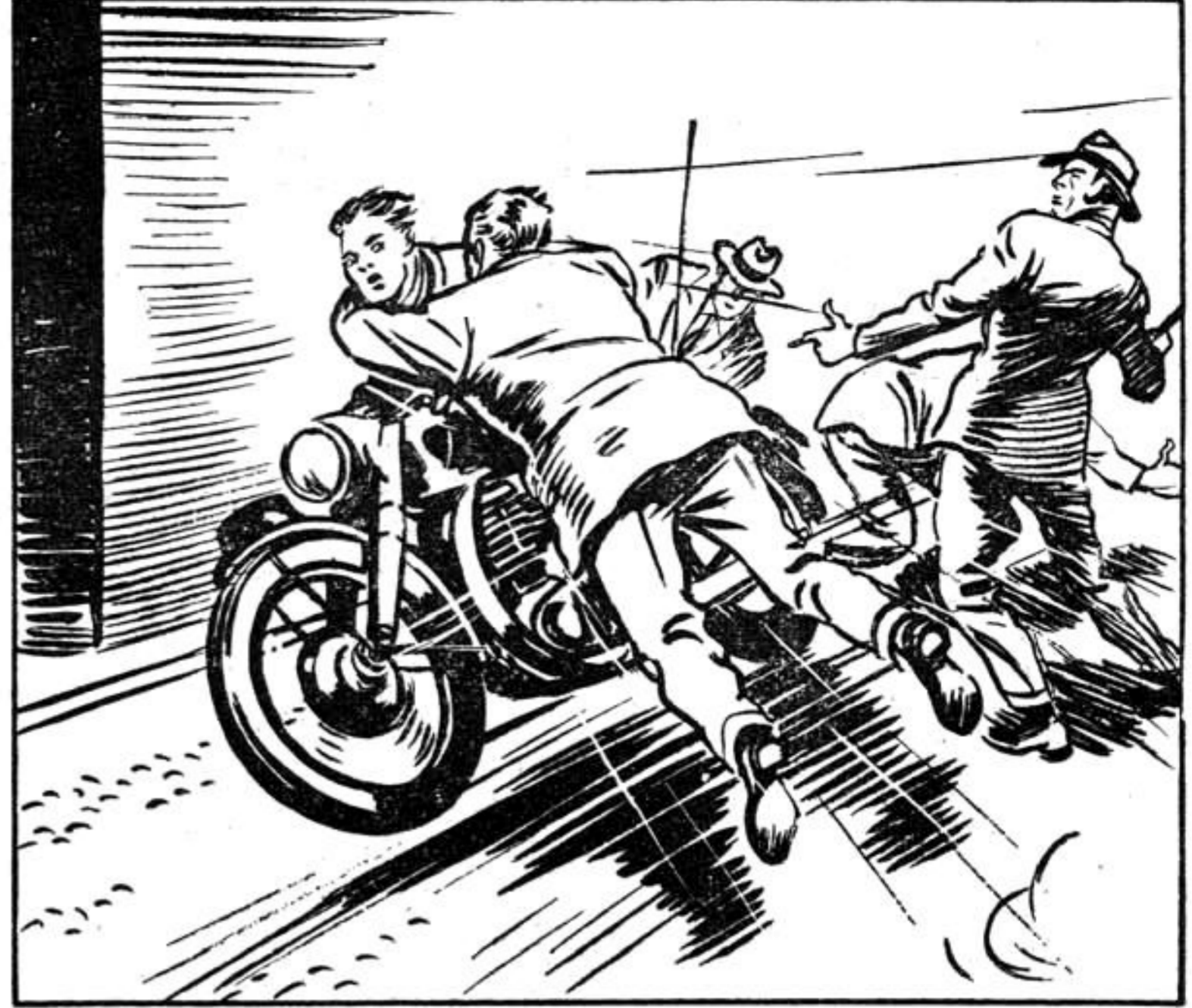
FOR A MOMENT STEVE THOUGHT HE MUST HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING, AND HE SWUNG HIS MOTOR-BIKE ROUND. BUT AS HE DID SO—



BETTER GIVE IN! YOU'RE CORNERED!

GOSH!

**BUT STEVE'S ANSWER WAS TO OPEN THE THROTTLE. THE BIKE LEAPT FORWARD —**



**STEVE WAS KNOCKED SENSELESS AS HE HURTTLED OFF THE BIKE. WHEN HE RECOVERED —**



**STEVE WAS MARCHED DOWN THE STREET AND THROUGH THE DOOR OF A WAREHOUSE —**



**WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THEY MARCHED DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR, UNTIL —**



**THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND STEVE WAS THRUST INTO A LARGE ROOM —**



**MEANWHILE, PETE MADDEN WAS WORRIED ABOUT STEVE —**



**What will happen to Steve? Don't miss the next gripping episode in *KNOCKOUT*!**

# DESPITE HIS DESPAIR OVER HIS MISSING CHUMS, JIMMY SILVER WAS FORCED TO OBEY THE WHIM OF THE SCHOOL BULLY!

## THE FIGHTING FOUR

Jimmy Silver and Arthur Newcome were desperately worried about the strange disappearance of George Raby and Arthur Lovell—the other members of the Fighting Four of Rookwood School.

The two juniors had both vanished separately, but the feeling around Rookwood was that they had decided to go away and had planned their escapade together.

Silver and Newcome did not believe this theory and Jimmy clung to the idea that there had been foul play, even though the motive left him bewildered.

Meanwhile, a detective called Mr. Brown, from Scotland Yard, was snooping around the school looking for a counterfeiter named Baumann, who had once attended the school. He had been the study-mate of Captain Basil Lagden, another Old Boy, who was now the sports master.

The captain, a war veteran who had lost his right arm and received facial wounds in the war, was helping Jimmy Silver and Newcome to find their missing pals. He had even agreed to help them search his own rooms—because it was possibly in them that the two had vanished! (Now read on.)

### THE MYSTERY DEEPENS!

**F**AG!" Carthew of the Sixth was calling in a very unpleasant tone of voice.

Jimmy Silver and Arthur Newcome were about to turn into the corridor leading to the Oak Room when the prefect spotted them.

"Buck up!" whispered Jimmy. The Fourth-formers had no desire to fag for the bully of the Sixth, just then.

But Carthew had seen them, and he called to Jimmy to stop.

"Silver! Stop at once! You heard me call!"

Carthew was striding after them, and the two juniors stopped.

"Look here, Carthew, we can't fag now!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver irritably. "You can find somebody else!"

Carthew gave him a scowl.

"I've found you!" he answered. "Somebody has been playing tricks in my study."

"I've not been there!" growled Jimmy. "I've got something else to think of!"

"Well, my armchair's full of gum, and it's got to be cleaned!" said

### By Owen Conquest

Carthew. "Go along to my study, Silver!"

"Look here . . ."

"Are you going?" inquired Carthew unpleasantly, as he clenched his fist.

Jimmy set his lips.

It was impossible to refuse to obey the prefect, especially when the prefect was within reach, and Jimmy made up his mind to the inevitable.

"Tell the captain I'm kept away," he said to Newcome. "I'll come and join you as soon as I can."

"Right-ho!"

"What are you whispering about?" demanded Carthew, in his most bullying tone. "If you don't get a move on, Jimmy Silver, I'll help you along!"

"I'm coming!" growled Jimmy.

"You'd better!"

Jimmy Silver accompanied Carthew to his study, leaving Newcome to make his way along to the Oak Room.

Carthew grinned as he showed in the reluctant junior, and turned on the light.

"Now wire in!" he said. "If you haven't got it done in a quarter of an hour, look out!"

"Br-r-r-r!" was Jimmy's reply, not very intelligible, but expressive of the state of his feelings.

He set to work on the gummy armchair, a piece of handiwork that was due to the misplaced humour of Flynn of the Fourth.

Carthew sat on the corner of the table, watching him.

But Jimmy worked hard. He was anxious to get it finished, and to join Newcome and the captain in the Oak Room.

The armchair was cleaned at last, and Jimmy Silver was warm, and a little breathless, and considerably gummy himself.

"That's better!" said Carthew approvingly. "You'll think twice before you gum my armchair again! You can get out!"

Jimmy Silver got out gladly without even bothering to protest his innocence.

He hurried down the passage to the staircase, to go upstairs and join his chum, but he paused as he saw Captain Lagden standing in the lower hall in conversation with Mr. Bootles.

Evidently the captain was not in his room.

Basil Lagden glanced up the staircase and gave the junior a pleasant nod.

"You did not come to my quarters," he said.

"I was wanted by a prefect, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Newcome came, though."

"Did he?" exclaimed the captain. "By gad, then he must be waiting for me there! Too bad!"

He made a slight movement, but Mr. Bootles had not finished his little chat, yet.

Mr. Bootles went on regardless, so to speak, and the captain had to hear him out.

Jimmy Silver, after waiting a moment or two, went up the stairs, and hurried to the Oak Room to find Newcome.

To his surprise the room was in darkness when he opened the door.

"You here, Newcome?" he called out. There was no reply from the shadowed room.

It was unlikely that Newcome could be there in the dark, and Jimmy Silver turned away, supposing that his chum had got tired of waiting for the captain to come up. He hurried to the end study, expecting to find Newcome there.

The end study was dark and empty, however, and Jimmy Silver went down to the Common-room.

He glanced over the crowd of fellows there, but Arthur Newcome was not among them.

"Any of you fellows seen Newcome?" he called out.

"He was with us in your study twenty minutes ago," said Mornington. "Haven't seen him since."

There was a squeak from Tubby Muffin. "Newcome! I say, Silver, has Newcome bolted, too?"

Jimmy Silver gave a violent start.

The blood rushed to his heart, and his face became so white that two or three fellows stepped towards him in alarm.

For the first time it came into Jimmy Silver's mind that something had happened to Newcome.

The bare thought that his chum had gone the mysterious way of the others—that some unknown and unseen hand had clutched him from all who knew him—struck Jimmy like a blow.

Erroll caught his arm.

"Jimmy! Are you ill?" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

Jimmy panted.

"Newcome! I—I left him when Carthew called me! I—I haven't seen him since! Where is he? Where's Newcome?"

"Good heavens!" muttered Mornington. "You don't mean to say—"

"He must be somewhere about!" exclaimed Oswald. "Let's look for the chap! Buck up, Jimmy, old man!"

There was a rush of the juniors from the Common-room.

The Fourth Form studies were visited at once, and then the other junior studies.

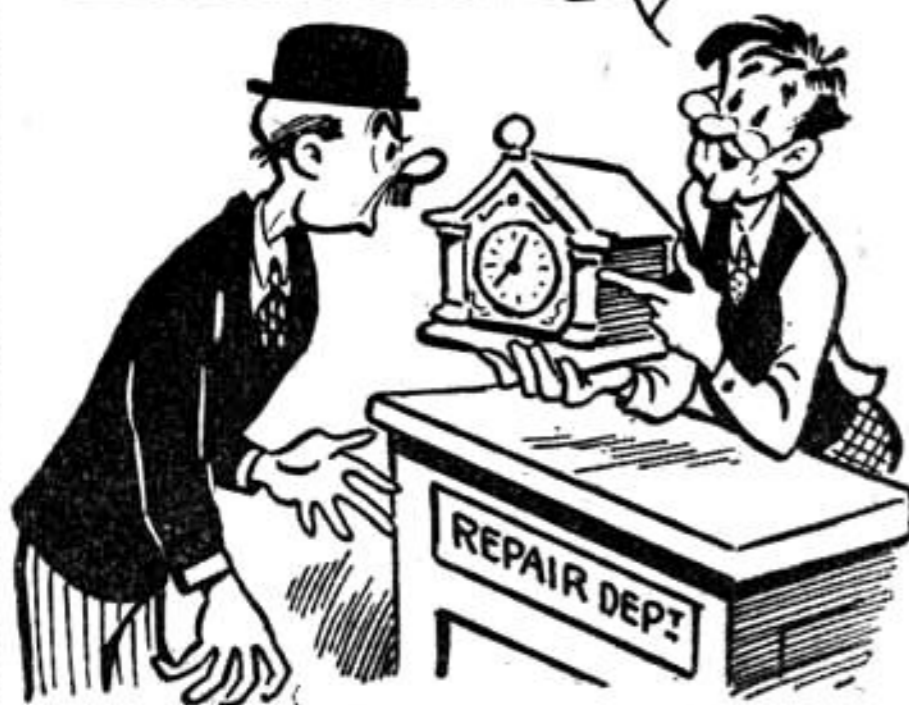
Other rooms, passages, every recess and cranny, was searched for Arthur Newcome, but searched in vain.

Two or three of the fellows cut over to Mr. Mander's house, and came back to report that Newcome had not been seen on the Modern side that evening.

He was not there; he was not in the School House; he was not in the quad. Where was he?

Jimmy Silver pressed his hands to his

I'VE REPAIRED YOUR CLOCK, SIR, BUT WHEN THE HANDS SAY THREE AND IT STRIKES NINE, THE RIGHT TIME WILL BE TEN PAST SIX!



This Tuck-Box winning joke comes from Roy Jones, of Clifton.

WHY AM I SO BIG AND STRONG AND YOU SO WEAK AND SMALL?



This joke wins a Tuck-Box for A. D. Garner, of Castletown.

throbbing temples and groaned aloud. Where was Newcome? Where were his other chums? What horrible thing had happened to them?

A hand fell on his shoulder. "Silver!"

It was Mr. Bootles.

Jimmy looked up with a haggard face, from which every vestige of colour had fled.

"Silver! What has happened? What is all this noise and excitement?"

"Newcome!" groaned Jimmy Silver. "He's gone—gone like the others! Newcome's disappeared, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" said the astounded Mr. Bootles. "Is—is it possible? You—you have looked for him?"

"We've searched everywhere, sir!" said Conroy.

Jimmy Silver choked back a sob.

"Come with me to the Head, Silver," said Mr. Bootles. "This is a matter for the police, I think!"

Jimmy Silver followed him, dumb with misery.

The juniors were left in a buzz of amazement and alarm, some of the fellows still

For days now they had been missing, and no tidings had come of them.

Jimmy Silver was thinking of the strange problem. He seldom thought of anything else now.

He was striving to solve the mystery of the juniors' disappearance, but he knew that he could not solve it.

It puzzled him, as it puzzled all others.

He heard without heeding the buzz in the passage outside. He was in no mood for a rag.

But the voice of Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth caught his ear suddenly, and he stopped his pacing.

"I tell you I know where they are, you fellows!"

"Rats!" came the reply in many voices.

"You can cackle," went on Tubby Muffin, "but I can tell you I know all about it!"

"First there was Lovell," pursued Tubby. "You know he went down from the dormitory one night to play a trick on Captain Lagden in his quarters. He never came back."

"Go on!"

"Just vanished!" said Tubby. "Then there was Raby. Just after speaking to Captain Lagden at the door of his room—the Oak Room—Raby disappeared."

"Well, what are you drivin' at?" demanded Mornington. "We all know that!"

"Then there was Newcome," continued Tubby, unheeding. "It appears that Newcome had arranged with Jimmy Silver to call on the captain in his room one evening, and Jimmy Silver was called to fag for Carthew. Newcome seems to have gone to the captain's quarters, and disappeared on the way."

The thought that Newcome might have vanished as well caused panic in the Common-room, and the juniors rushed out to search for the missing pupil!



"Well, ass," said Oswald politely, "is that all you've got to say?"

"Not by long chalks!" said Tubby emphatically. "That's how the facts stand. Now—what does it look like?"

"Sure, it looks as if the captain is a cannibal, and has eaten them up!" remarked Flynn. "Is that what you mean?"

"You silly ass! It's as plain as anything to me!" said Tubby witheringly. "The three of them had it all planned. They've gone off together!"

"Rot!" said Mornington.

"It's as clear as anything, I tell you! They haven't vanished into thin air!" exclaimed Tubby.

"They wouldn't be such asses!" said Kit Erroll. "And, if they were, they wouldn't have bunked without letting Jimmy Silver know what they were up to."

"That's what I'm coming to!" said Tubby Muffin triumphantly. "Exactly what I'm coming to, if you'll give a chap a chance to speak! These four fellows were always together, and they hadn't any secrets from one another. Now, my belief is that Jimmy Silver will be the next one to disappear!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

Tubby Muffin had succeeded in making an impression at last.

Jimmy Silver, from the doorway of the end study, stared blankly at the fat Classical.

But Muffin had his back to Jimmy, and did not see him.

He went on triumphantly:

"That's it! My belief is that the four of them fixed it up together, and they slipped away from Rookwood one at a time so as to get off more easily! Jimmy Silver must have been in the secret, and he'll be the next to go! Lovell, Raby and Newcome are lying low somewhere, waiting for Jimmy to join them."

"I heard Captain Lagden discussing it with Mr. Bootles this afternoon, and that's his opinion, too. Now, having settled exactly how the matter stands," continued Tubby, "I think we ought to keep an eye on Jimmy Silver, and not let him bolt. In fact, I'm going to dig in the end study with him, after this, till Lovell and the others come back. I'm not going to let him make an ass of himself. He's a good chap, though he hasn't much sense—"

"You cheeky ass!" roared Jimmy Silver, in great wrath.

Tubby Muffin jumped, and nearly fell off the chair.

"Oh! I—I say! I didn't see you, Jimmy!" he stammered.

A good many curious looks were turned upon the captain of the Fourth as he came, frowning, along the passage.

(Will Jimmy Silver be able to convince the juniors that Tubby Muffin's theory is not true? Don't miss next week's exciting episode in **KNOCKOUT!**)

keeping up the search for the missing junior.

But the search was in vain. As Lovell had vanished, as Raby had vanished, so Arthur Newcome had vanished from the eyes of those who knew him.

By whose hand had this triple mystery been brought about?

**TUBBY SEES IT ALL!**

THERE was a buzz of voices, mingled with laughter, in the Fourth Form passage.

In the end study Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, was pacing to and fro with a moody brow.

It was past the hour for prep, but Jimmy Silver had not even thought of prep.

His usually sunny face was gloomy and preoccupied, and he moved restlessly to and fro in the study as if unable to keep still.

He was alone. His chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome were—where?

Jimmy Silver did not know. No one knew.

The disappearance of the three juniors had caused a sensation at Rookwood School, and many were the surmises on the subject.

Captain Lagden thinks the same. I heard him say so to Bootles."

Jimmy Silver stepped to the study door and opened it.

The mention of Captain Lagden's name interested him.

Basil Lagden, the new sports master at Rookwood, had offered Jimmy his help in seeking his missing chums, and, though it had led to no result, Jimmy was grateful, and he had a good deal of faith in the captain.

Jimmy looked out into the passage.

A short distance from the end study a crowd of the Fourth were gathered round Tubby Muffin, whose round figure was conspicuous, mounted upon a chair.

Tubby was evidently addressing a meeting, and it was evident that the meeting was not taking him very seriously.

"Now, you fellows, listen to me!" said Tubby. "This is important, you know. You all know what has happened—"

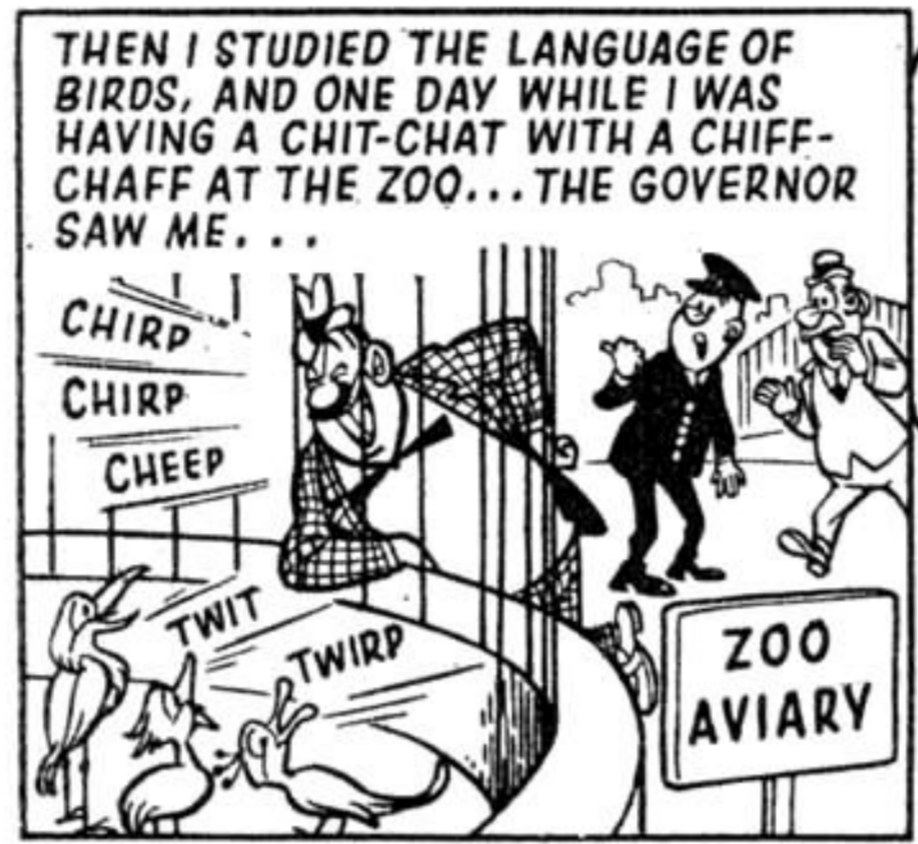
"No need for you to tell us, then!" remarked Mornington.

# BLARNEY BLUFFER

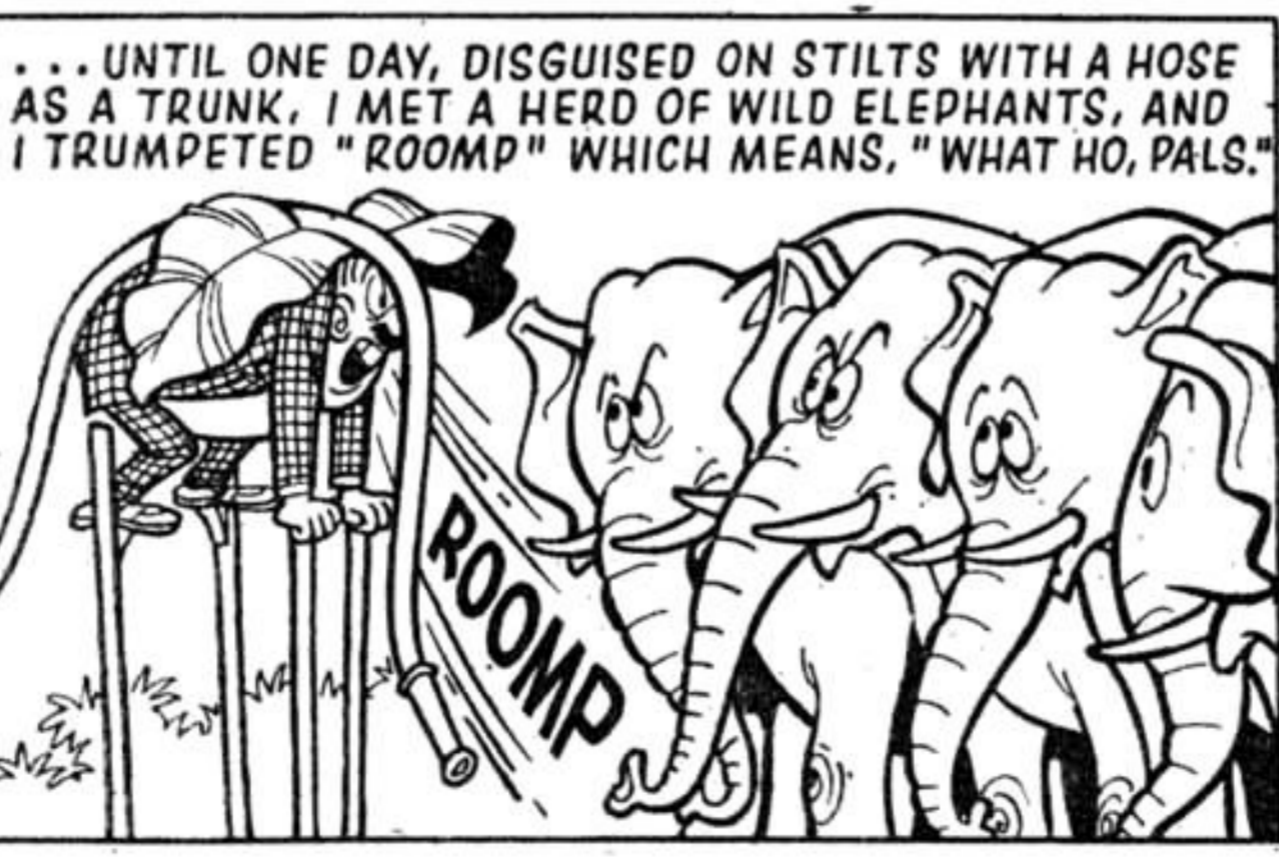
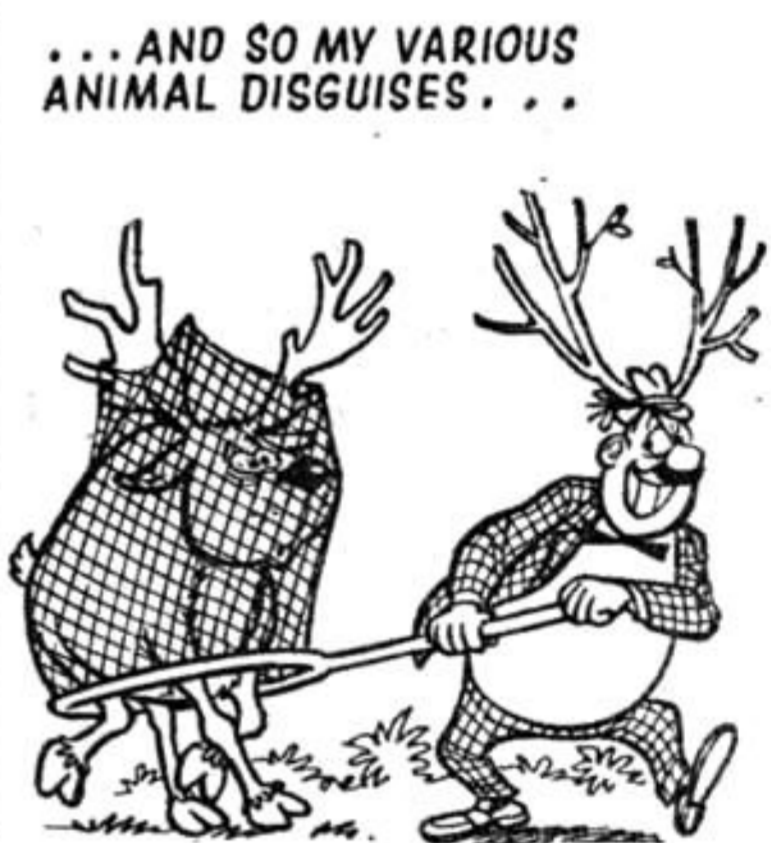
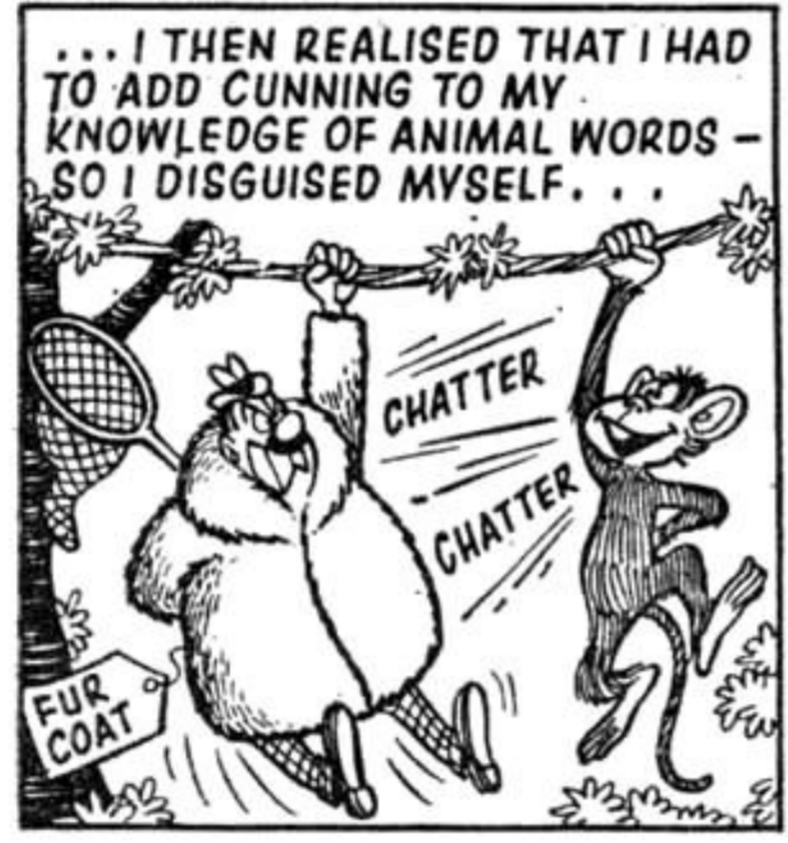
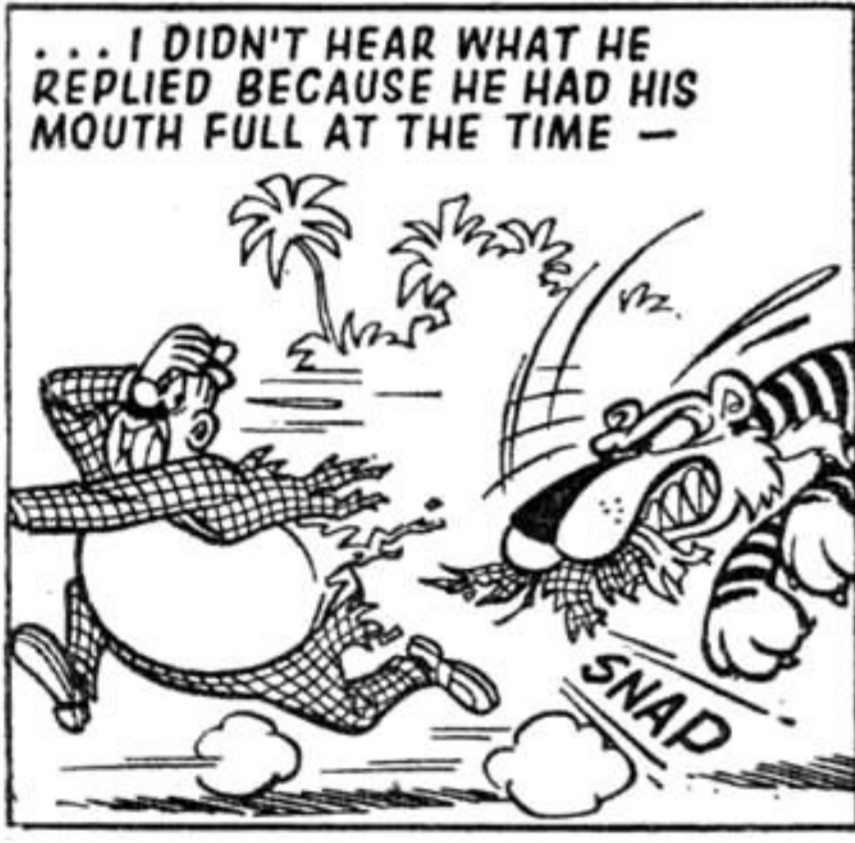
HE'S BRITAIN'S  
BIGGEST BRAGGER!  
He's full of monkey  
tricks, this week!



...I WONDERED WHAT THEY WERE SAYING — SO I STARTED TO TAKE NOTES, AND AFTER MONTHS OF CAREFUL STUDY, I LEARNT THEIR LANGUAGE...



WITH YOUR ABILITY TO SPEAK TO ANIMALS, YOU COULD TALK TO WILD ONES AND, WHEN THEY WERE UNSUSPECTING, YOU COULD CATCH THEM FOR OUR ZOO!



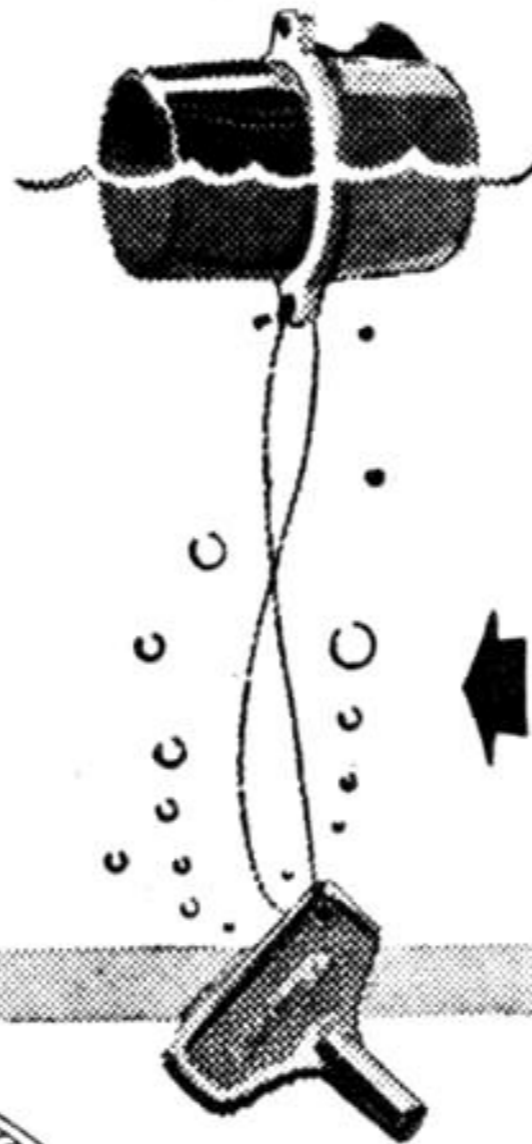
Blarney's a laugh in any language! Meet him again in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

# HORNBY SPEEDBOATS

The boats  
with the longest  
run



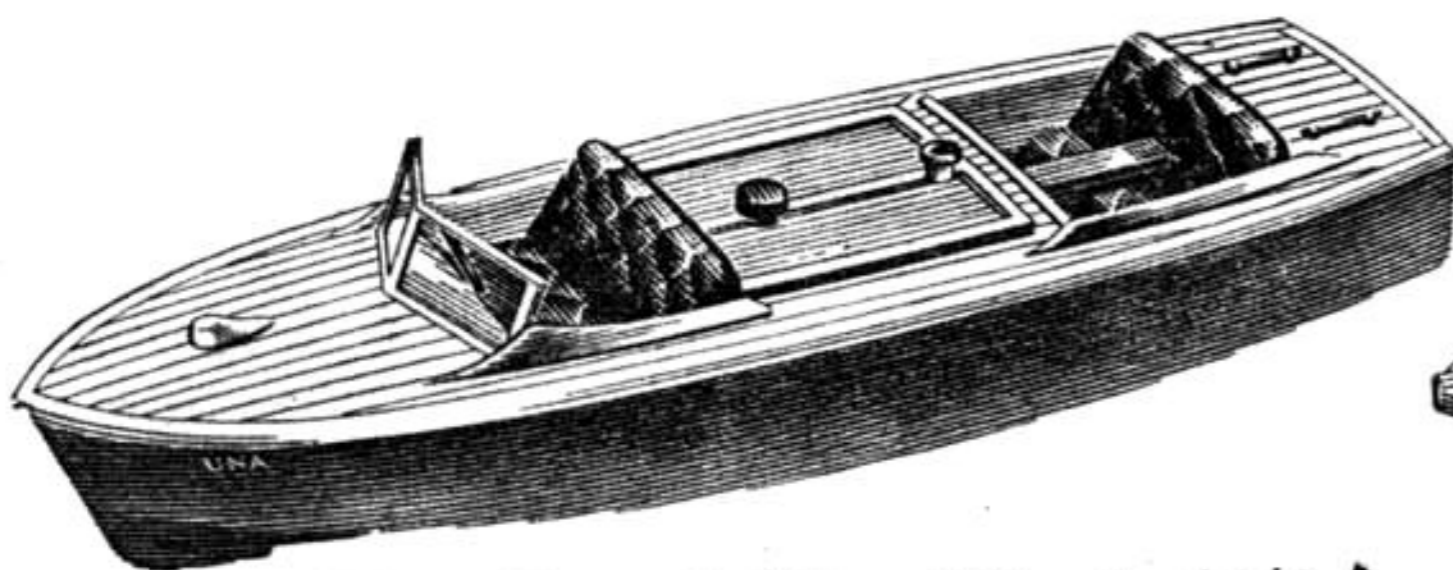
Fast... tough... realistic! Hornby Speedboats beat all other clockwork speedboats in this class; can travel **over 120 feet on one winding!** At the seaside, on the boating-pool, lake or pond, these are the smartest craft by far. There are three magnificent speedboats to choose from: the R.A.F. Launch, the River Launch and the Fast Patrol Launch. All are made of strong plastic with rustproofed clockwork motors and rudders, and are finished with characteristic Hornby accuracy of detail.



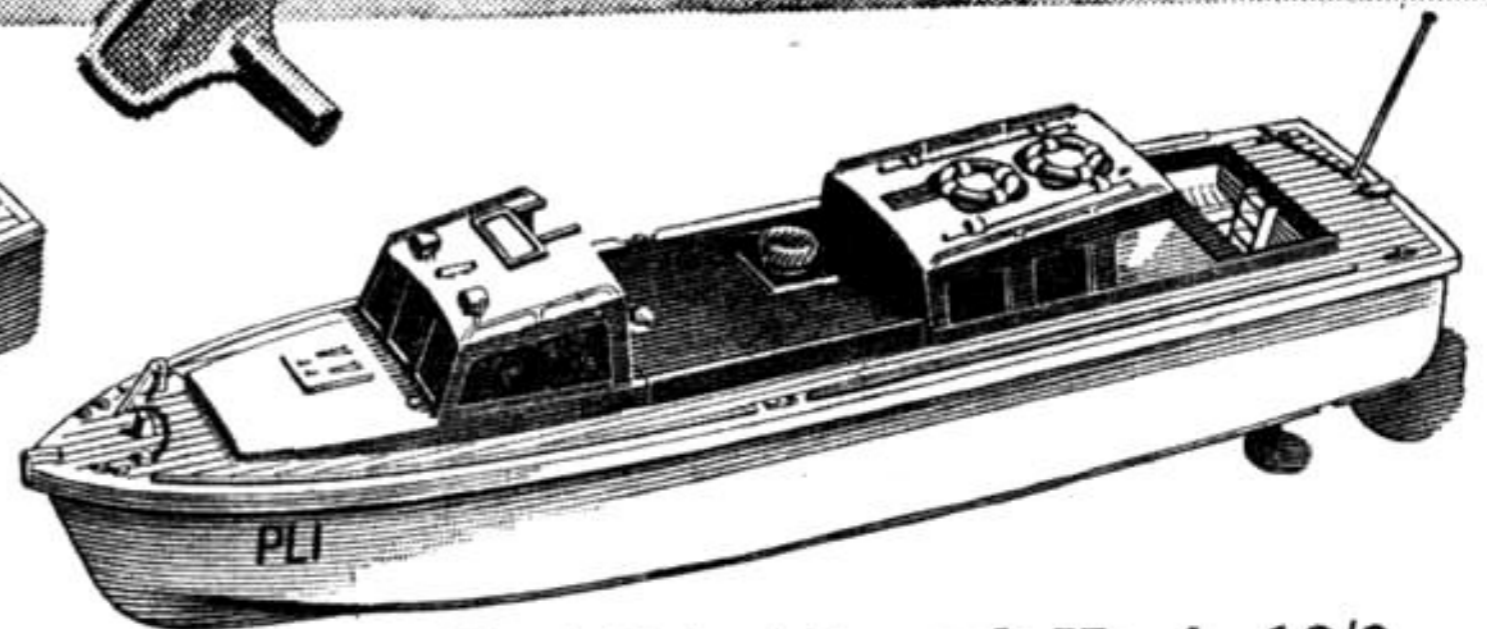
**R.A.F. Range Safety Launch No. 5—19/9.** Stray ships could menace an R.A.F. range practice. This fast launch patrols the firing area warning vessels to keep away from danger. The model has a smart black hull, light brown deck and white trim. This speedboat and the Fast Patrol Launch have fittings such as handrails, lifebelts and ladders that you can clip into place yourself.

**EXTRA** Here's a bright idea to keep your key safe! It's attached to this bright red-and-yellow marker buoy and will float within reach under your eyes.

Spare Winding Key and Key Buoy — Price 1/-



River Launch "Una," No. 3—18/6



Fast Patrol Launch No. 4—19/9

Precision-made by **MECCANO LIMITED**



# TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER in THE SECRET OF SILVER CITY



© Walt Disney Productions, Ltd., 1961.

When Drag Kramer's gang held up the bank in Tonto Wells, they were captured by Texas John Slaughter after a bitter gunfight in the nearby ghost town of Silver City... But not before Kramer had hidden the loot there. After eight years in jail Kramer became due for release... not realising that Silver City had boomed and Texas John was now its marshal!

MOST OF THE LOCAL SETTLERS HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE KRAMER HOLD-UP... BUT NOT TEXAS JOHN AND ONE OTHER MAN...



CLAY WILSON, THE BANK OWNER, WHO PAID BACK EVERY CENT THAT WAS STOLEN... AND BROKE HIMSELF DOING IT!

SILAS CAWNE, WHO HAD BEEN KRAMER'S SECRET SPY FOR THE BANK RAID, HAD NEVER BEEN FOUND OUT... AND HAD USED HIS SHARE OF THE LOOT TO OPEN A STORE WHICH THRIVED UNDER HIS SHARP BUSINESS METHODS. HE HAD BECOME WEALTHY... AND WAS EVEN ELECTED MAYOR...

... AND SO, MY GOOD FRIENDS, KNOWING YOU WOULD LIKE TO HONOUR ME, I AM GIVING THE TOWN A FREE STATUE OF MYSELF TO BE ERRECTED IN THE MAIN STREET TOMORROW, AND ON THAT DAY ALL GOODS IN MY STORE WILL BE FREE AS WELL!

FREE GOODS IN THIS STORE FOR ONE DAY ONLY, MAY 11TH.

SOCIAL & DANCE AT MISSION HALL MAY 11TH TO CELEBRATE THE PUBLIC UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF SILAS CAWNE MAYOR OF SILVER CITY.



DOGGONE IT... IF THE FOOD'S FREE I SUPPOSE WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE STATUE!

THE CROWD DRIFTED AWAY TO WHERE THE VEILED STATUE SQUATTED IN THE MAIN STREET... AND TEXAS JOHN GRINNED AS HE HEARD THE TOWNSMEN'S COMMENTS...

I HEARD IT'S CAWNE SITTING ON A HORSE... BUT, MAN, I RECKON HE'S NEVER SAT A SADDLE IN HIS LIFE!

MAYBE YOU GOT IT WRONG... MAYBE THE HORSE IS RIDING CAWNE!

HOW CAN A GUY LIKE CAWNE BE SO SWOLLEN HEADED?



THE NEXT DAY, THE TOWN WAS THROGGED WITH PEOPLE WHO HAD COME IN FROM MILES AROUND FOR THE UNVEILING... AND THE FREE FOOD!



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I UNVEIL THIS SPLENDID STATUE, AND WITH IT THIS THOUGHT, "A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

THEN THE FULL GLORY OF THE STATUE WAS REVEALED..



JUMPIN' JACKRABBITS, IT'S A WONDER HE HASN'T GOT "BUY AT CAWNE'S" PRINTED ON THE SIDE!

MAYBE IT'LL SCARE OFF ANY SCALP-HUNTING INJUNS!

MEANWHILE, IN A CABIN NOT FAR FROM TOWN, BUTCH HENDERSON, KRAMER'S OLD LIEUTENANT, WAS PLOTTING WITH HIS GANG...

WE'D BETTER LEAVE NOW! SILAS CAWNE HAS GOT IT ALL FIXED TO STOP TEXAS JOHN FROM RIDING OUT TO MEET KRAMER AS HE LEAVES JAIL. WHILE SLAUGHTER'S DELAYED, WE'LL MEET DRAG OURSELVES!



I SURE HOPE CAWNE DOESN'T BUNGLE IT! YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME TAKE CARE OF SLAUGHTER... HE WOULDN'T BOTHER US NOW... OR EVER!

AS SOON AS THE UNVEILING WAS OVER, TEXAS JOHN MOUNTED HIS HORSE TO RIDE OVER TO THE COUNTY JAIL.



I RECKON I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE IT IN TIME! ONCE I GET ON TO KRAMER I'M NOT LOSING HIM UNTIL HE LEADS ME TO THAT HIDDEN MONEY!

THEN SUDDENLY A HIGH-PITCHED SHOUT CAME FROM THE END OF MAIN STREET...



FIRE! FIRE... THE MISSION HALL'S BLAZING!

**RACING THE LENGTH OF TOWN, TEXAS JOHN FOUND THE MISSION HALL WREATHED IN FLAMES.**

YOU CAN'T SAVE IT, MEN... IT'S TOO FAR GONE! BUT YOU CAN KEEP THE FLAMES FROM SPREADING!

**NEARBY STOOD SALLY WILSON AND HER FATHER, CLAY, THE EX-BANKER WHO HAD BEEN CARETAKER OF THE HALL.**

**FOR HALF AN HOUR THE FIRE RAGED... AND THEN, WITH THE BUILDING A COMPLETE WRECK, THE BLAZE DIED AWAY...**

PERHAPS SOMEONE DROPPED A CIGARETTE... BUT IT SURE GOT OUT OF CONTROL FAST...

**SUDDENLY TEXAS JOHN STIFFENED AS HIS KEEN EYES SAW SOMETHING. HE STOOPED DOWN...**

**TEXAS JOHN RUBBED HIS CHIN THOUGHTFULLY... FOR HE RECOGNISED THE PIPE AS BELONGING TO SILAS CAWNE!**

NOW WHAT WAS CAWNE DOING HERE JUST BEFORE THE FIRE STARTED, WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SMUGLY PARADING AROUND HIS STATUE?

**TUCKING THE PIPE INTO HIS POCKET, TEXAS JOHN STRODE OUTSIDE AND REMOUNTED HIS HORSE.**

WE'VE BEEN DELAYED LONG ENOUGH, OLD FELLER... BUT WE JUST MIGHT DO IT IN TIME STILL!

**MEANWHILE, A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE GATE OF THE COUNTY PRISON AT RED RIM...**

HI, DRAG! REMEMBER YOUR OLD PARTNER BUTCH HENDERSON? ME AND THE BOYS RODE OVER TO WELCOME YOU OUT!

**SURE IS NICE TO SEE YOU AND YOUR GANG, BUTCH! YOU GOT ANYTHING LINED UP?**

YEAH... A NICE LITTLE HIDEOUT UP ON THE RATTLE-SNAKE RIVER—WHERE I CAN TELL YOU HOW WE STOPPED TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER BEING HERE AS YOU CAME OUT!

**WHEN THEY REACHED THE LOG CABIN SOON AFTERWARDS, DRAG KRAMER GRINNED WITH SATISFACTION WHEN HE HEARD OF SILAS CAWNE'S FIRE DELAY SCHEME...**

... SO YOU'VE GOT NO WORRIES COMING FROM THAT TEXAS JOHN COYTE!

THANKS, BUTCH... RECKON YOU'VE EARNED YOUR SHARE OF THE LOOT I HID! I'LL DRAW YOU A MAP SO YOU CAN GET IT WHILE I LIE LOW HERE!

**DRAG KRAMER HAD LOST SOME OF HIS FOXINESS IN THOSE PRISON YEARS... FOR HE NEVER DOUBTED BUTCH HENDERSON'S LOYALTY...**

THERE YOU ARE, BUTCH... THAT CROSS IN THE MIDDLE OF MAIN STREET IS THE SPOT! I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU...

THEN YOU'LL HAVE A LONG WAIT, DRAG... WE'RE NOT COMING BACK!

**FROM BEHIND, PETE DINGO BROUGHT HIS RIFLE BUTT CRASHING DOWN...**

GET RID OF HIM, FELLERS... INTO THE RIVER!

**NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, TEXAS JOHN WAS RIDING ALONG THE BANK OF THE RATTLESNAKE RIVER TOWARDS RED RIM...**

CAWNE IS THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WITH A MEERSCHAUM PIPE LIKE THIS ONE I FOUND... I GUESS I'D BETTER START CHECKING ON HIM WHEN I GET BACK TO SILVER CITY!

RED RIM PASS 2 MILES

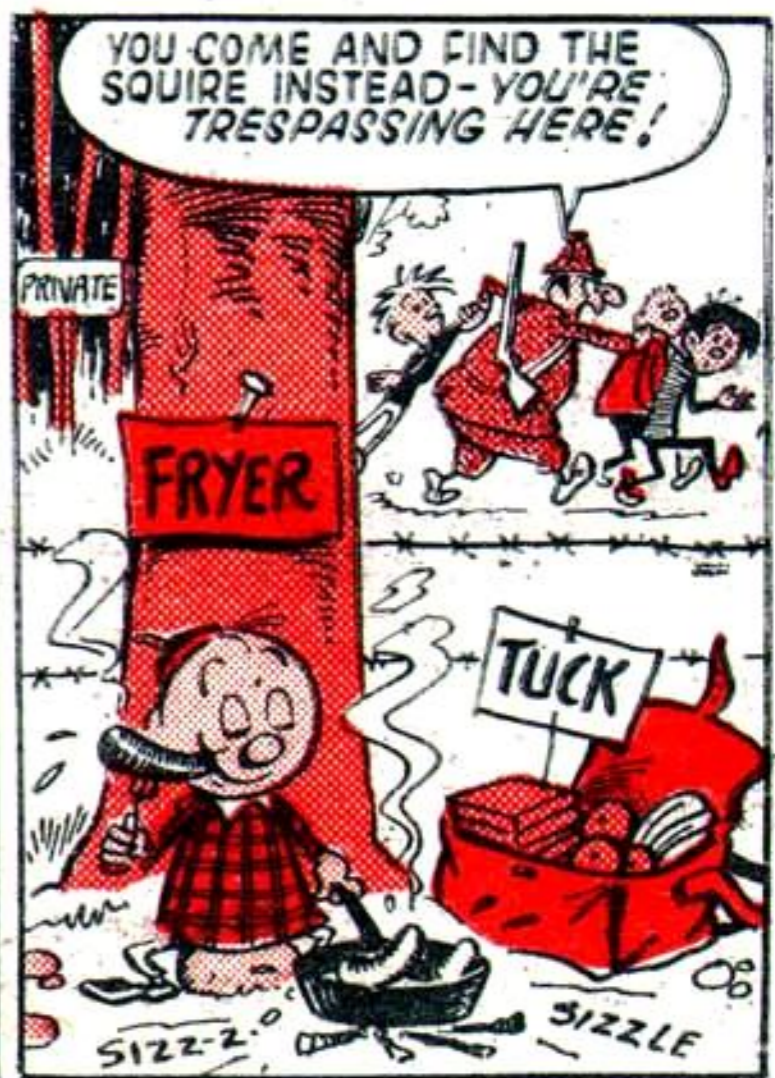
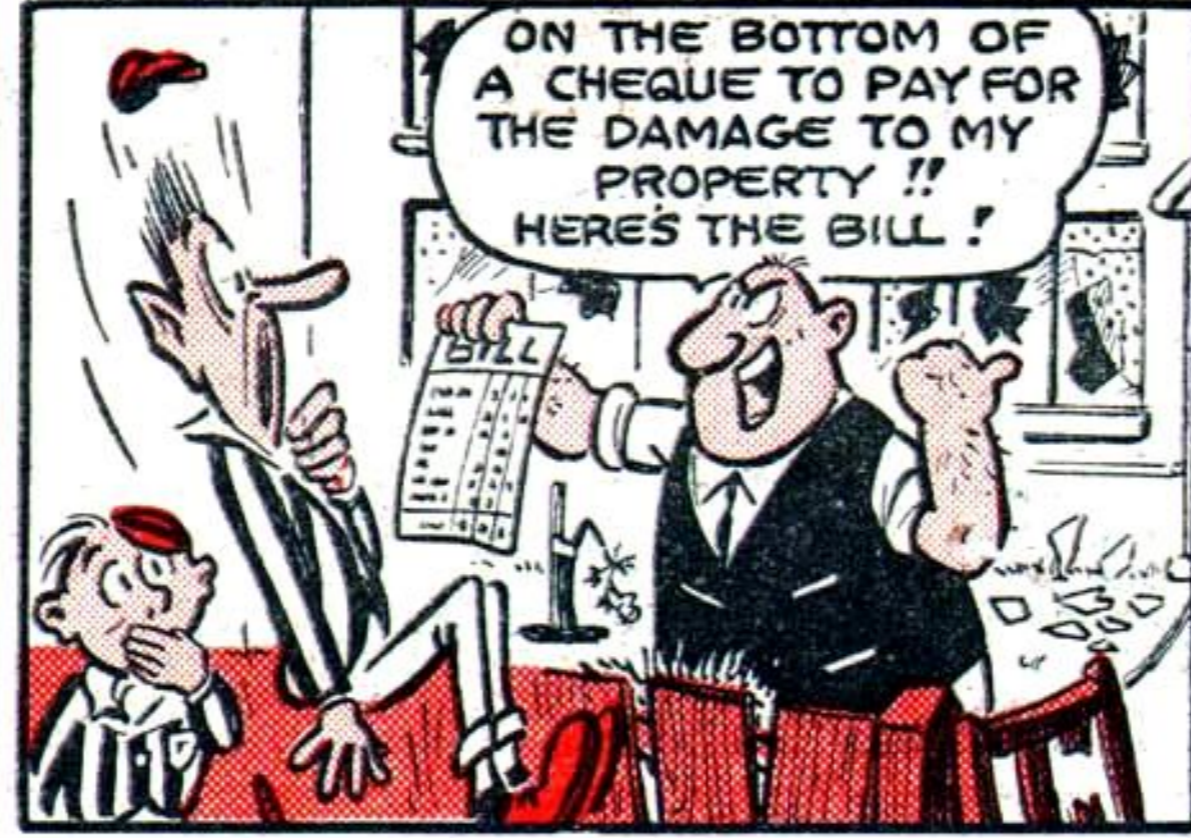
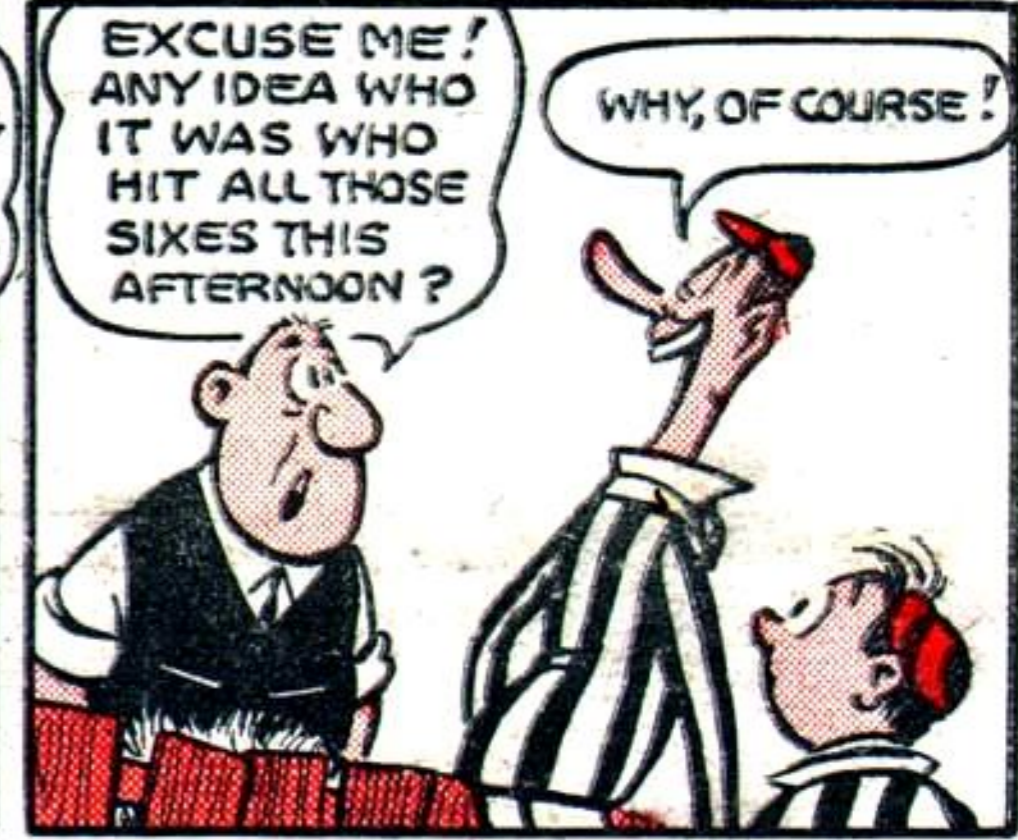
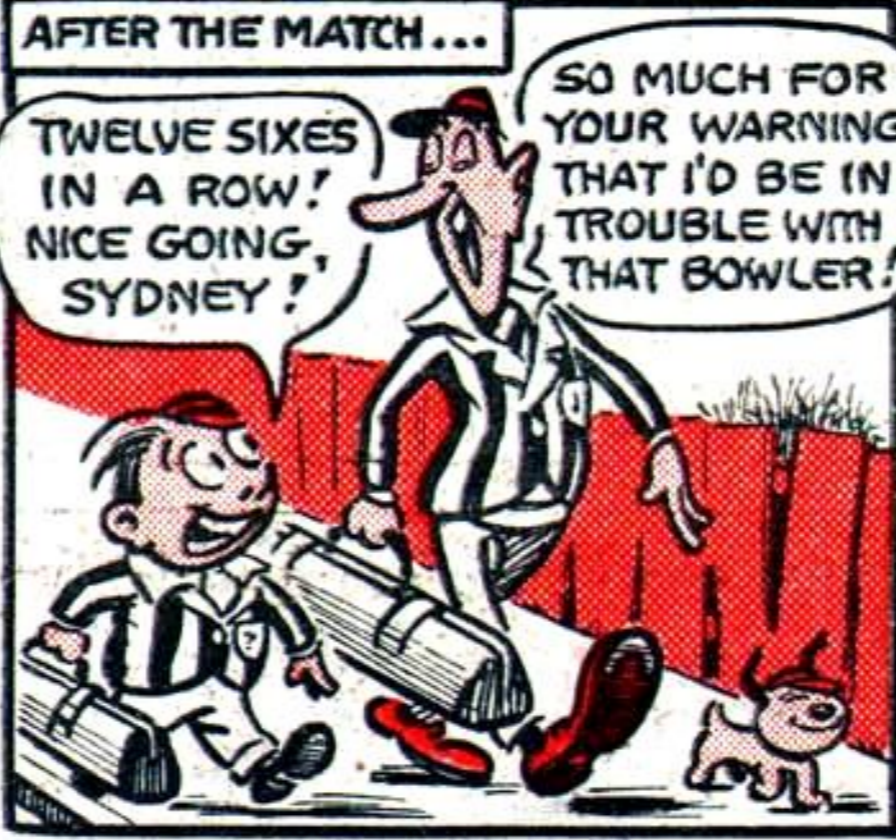
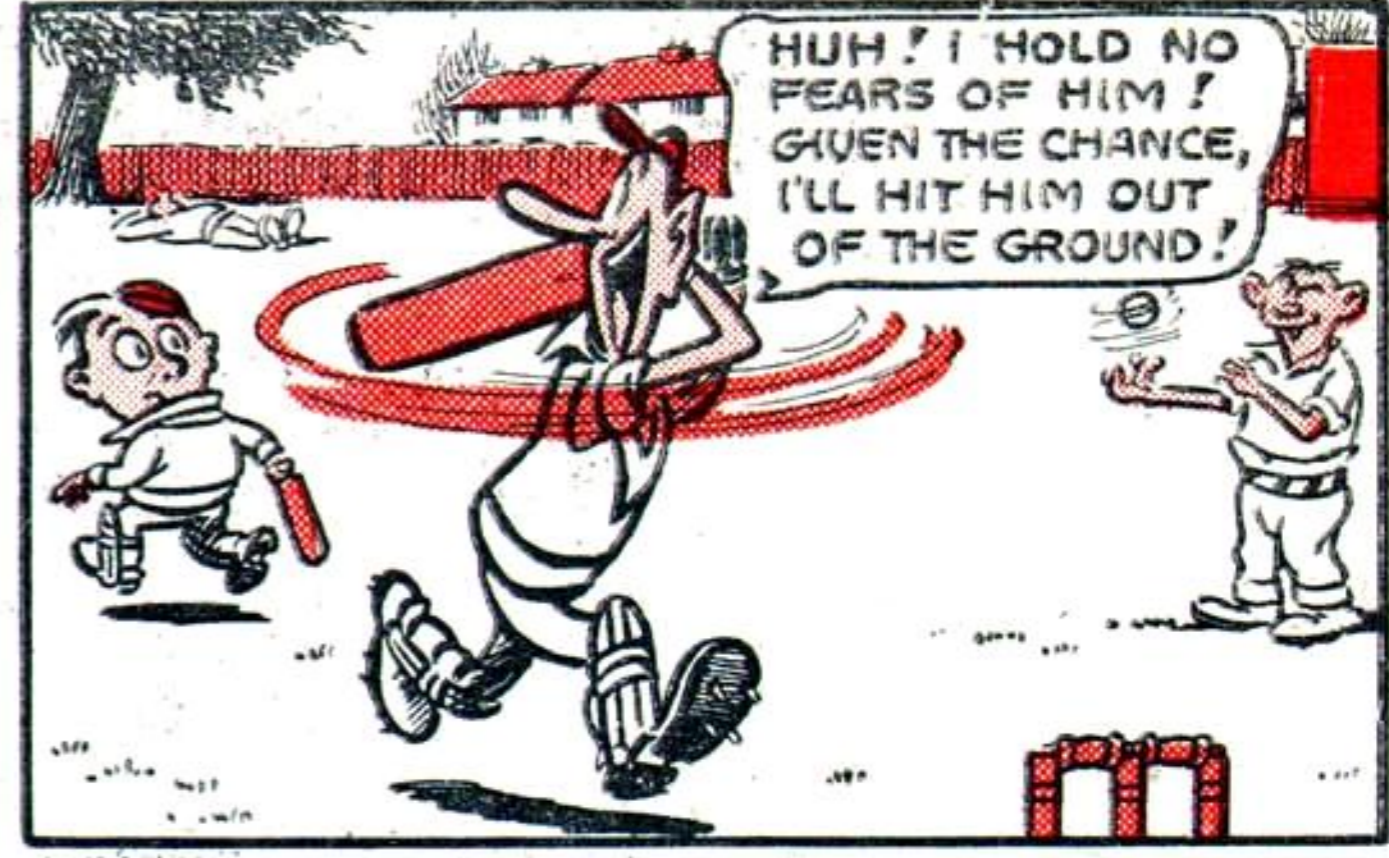
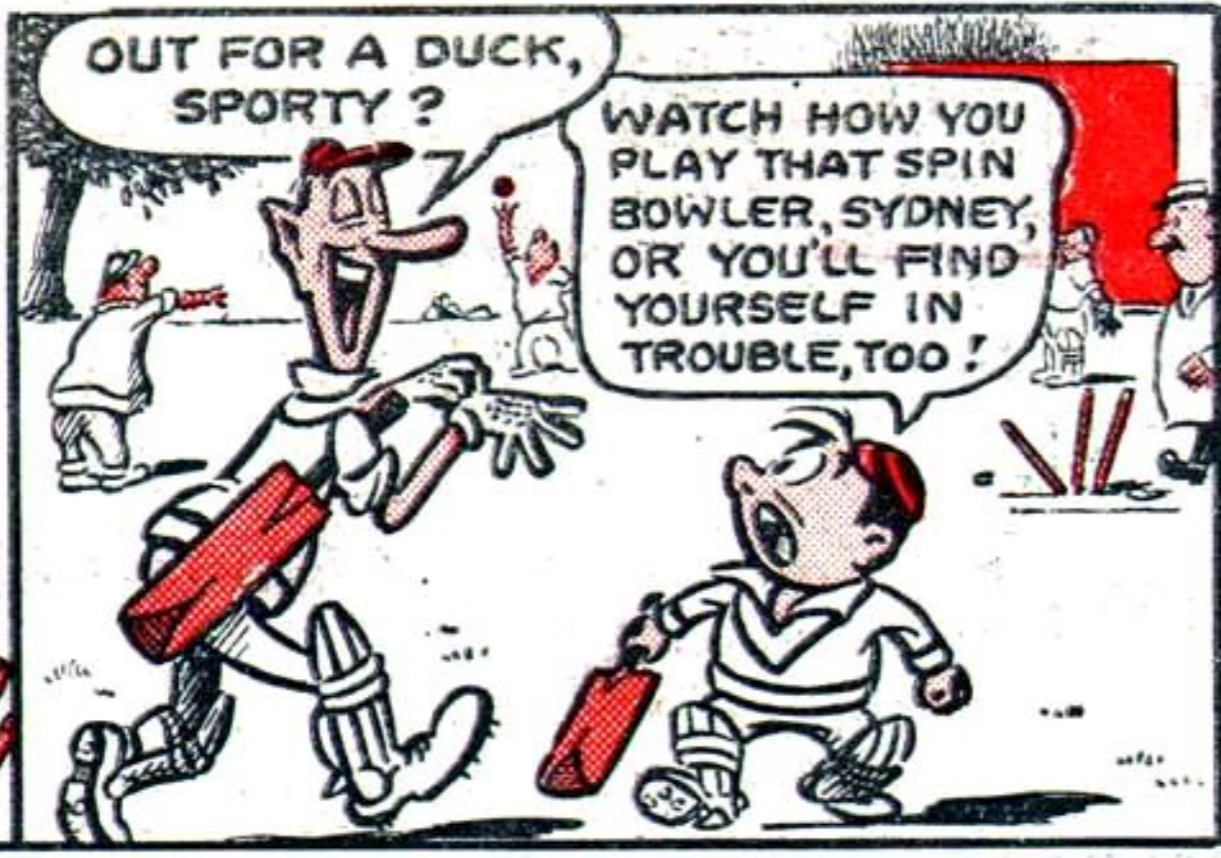
**TURNING ACROSS THE BRIDGE TEXAS JOHN SUDDENLY REINED IN.**

**BY THUNDER... THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE RIVER... AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S IN BAD TROUBLE!**

**Is it Drag Kramer? Will Texas John rescue him? Don't miss next week's big thrills!**

# SPORTY

by Reg Wootton



**TICH!**

**TICH!**

**TICH!**

**TICH!**