

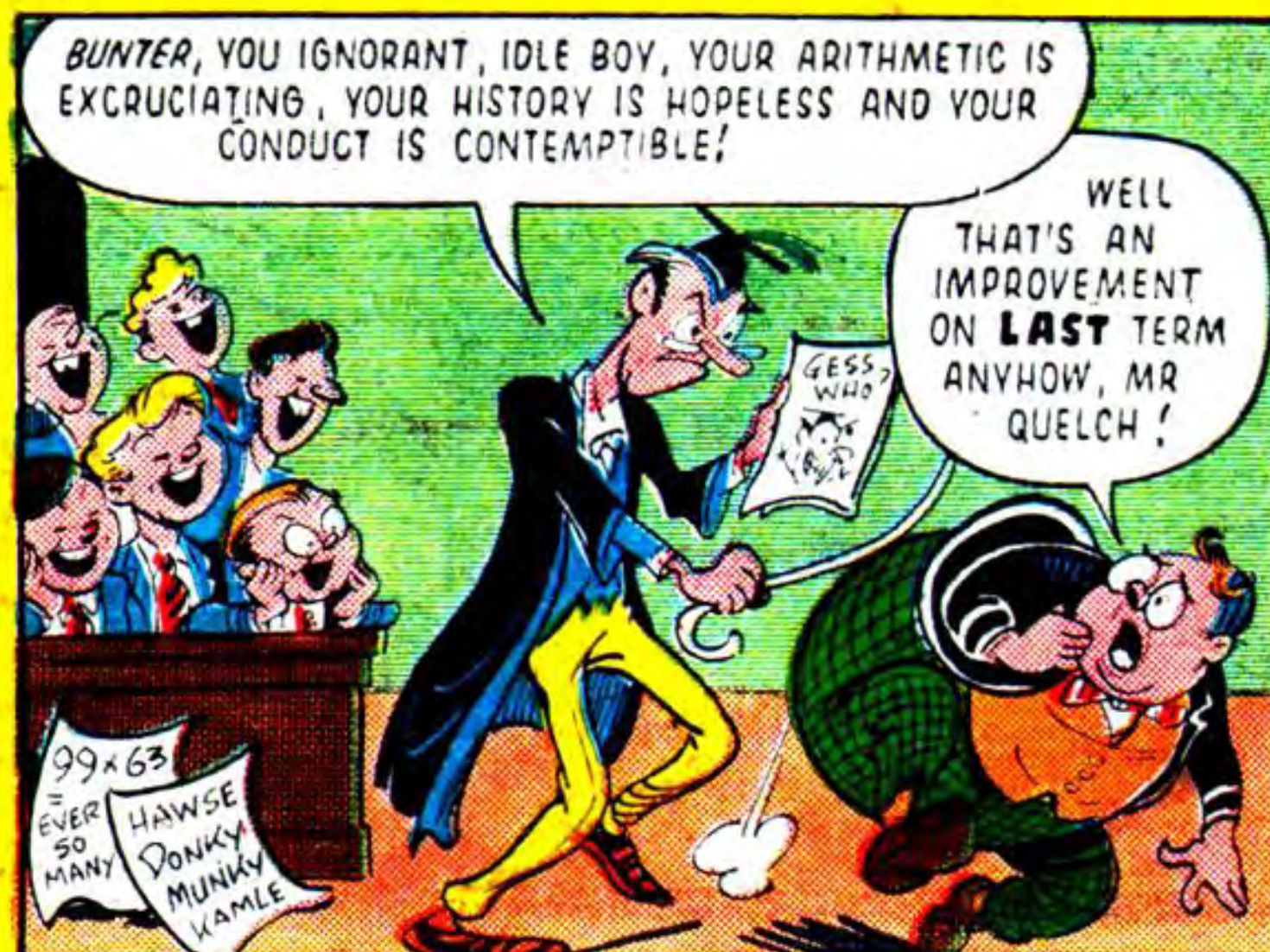


Billy Bunter's 4½^{d.} KNOCKOUT

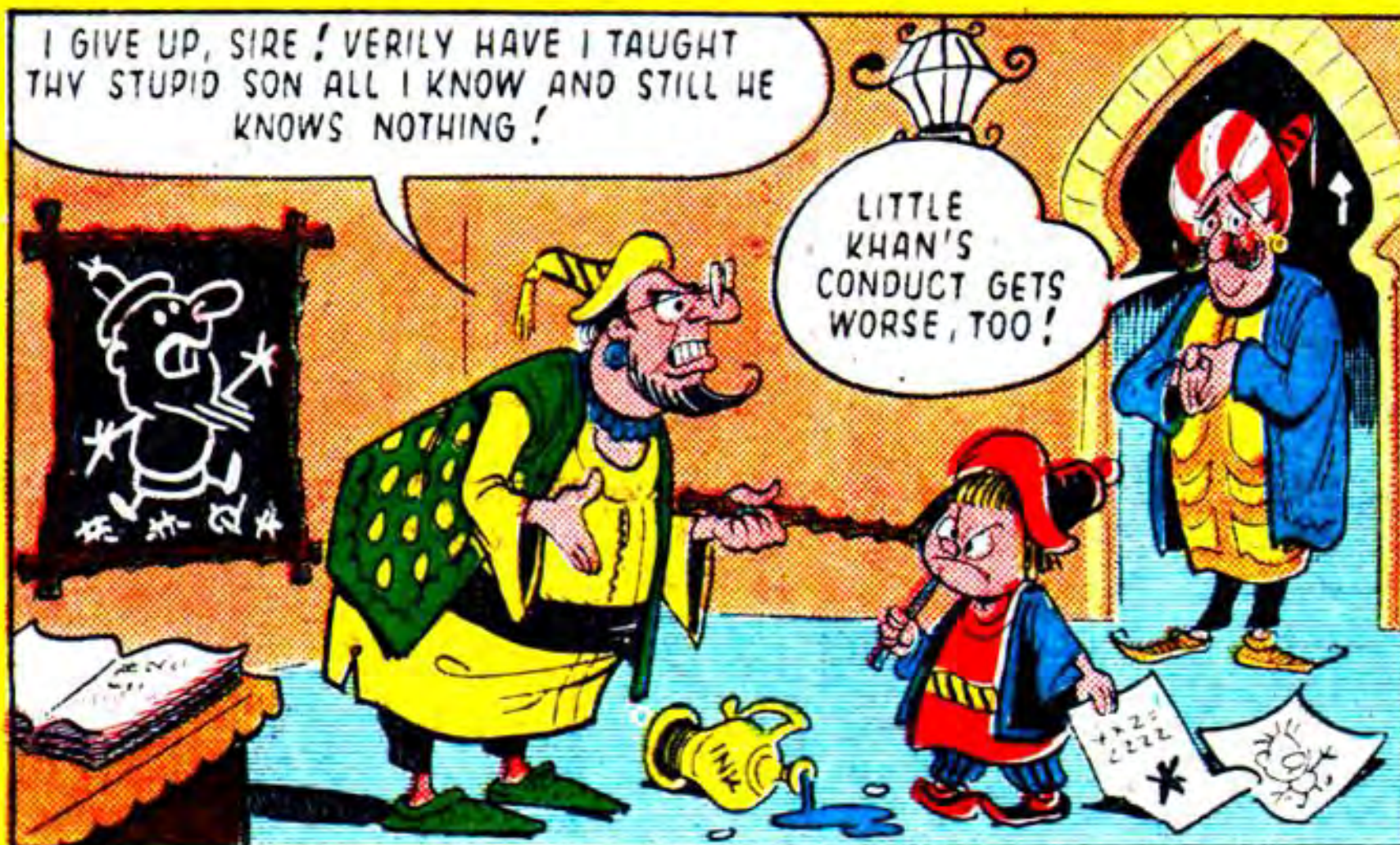
30th SEPTEMBER, 1961

EVERY WEDNESDAY

BILLY BUNTER and The Hooded Avenger!



BUT MR. QUELCH WAS WRONG! IN FAR-OFF KOKOKOLA, LITTLE NOA-KHAN-DOO, THE SON OF A RICH PERSIAN PRINCE WAS DRIVING POOR HONKI-HOOTA, HIS TUTOR, RIGHT UP THE WALL, TOO!

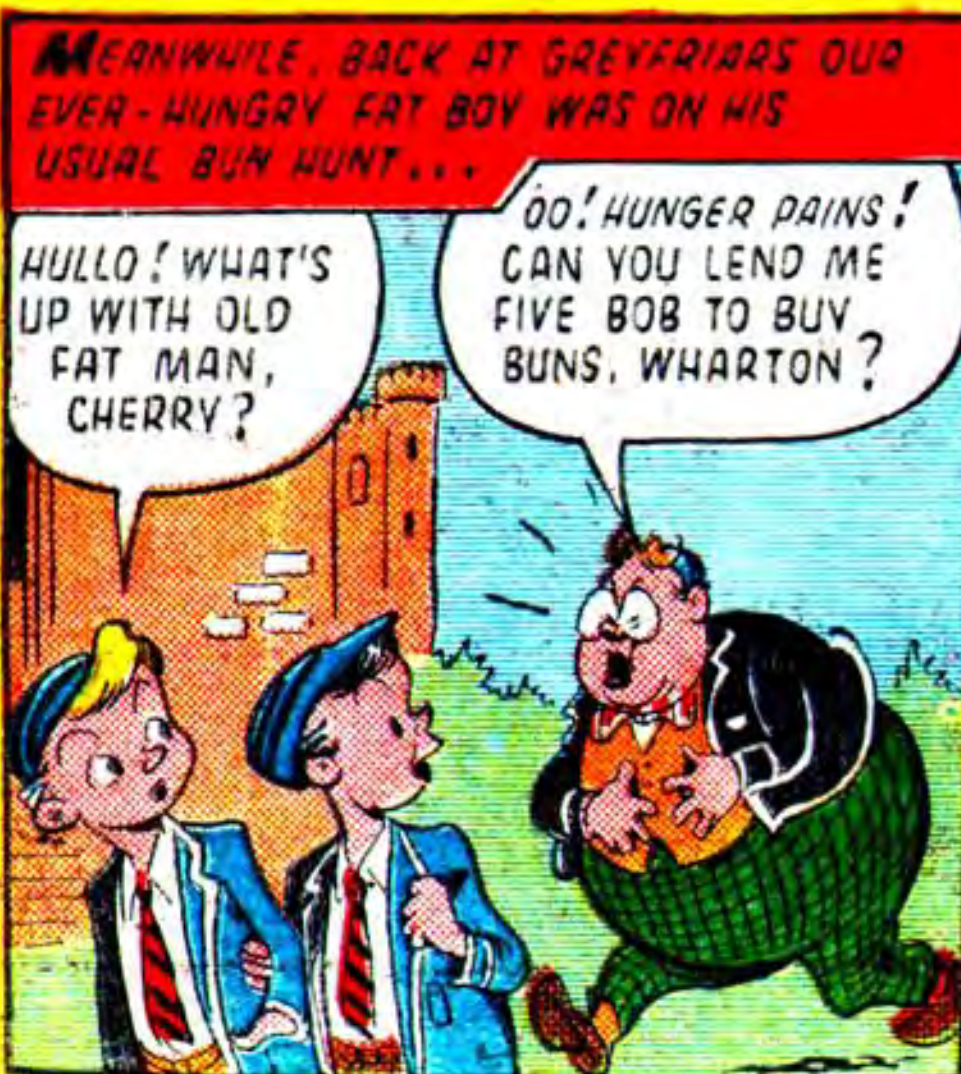


I GIVE UP, SIRE! VERILY HAVE I TAUGHT THY STUPID SON ALL I KNOW AND STILL HE KNOWS NOTHING!

LITTLE KHAN'S CONDUCT GETS WORSE, TOO!



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT NOA-KHAN-DOO'S DAD SENT HIM TO ENGLAND TO BE EDUCATED - IF POSSIBLE...



MEANWHILE, BACK AT GREYFRIARS OUR EVER-HUNGRY FAT BOY WAS ON HIS USUAL BUN HUNT...

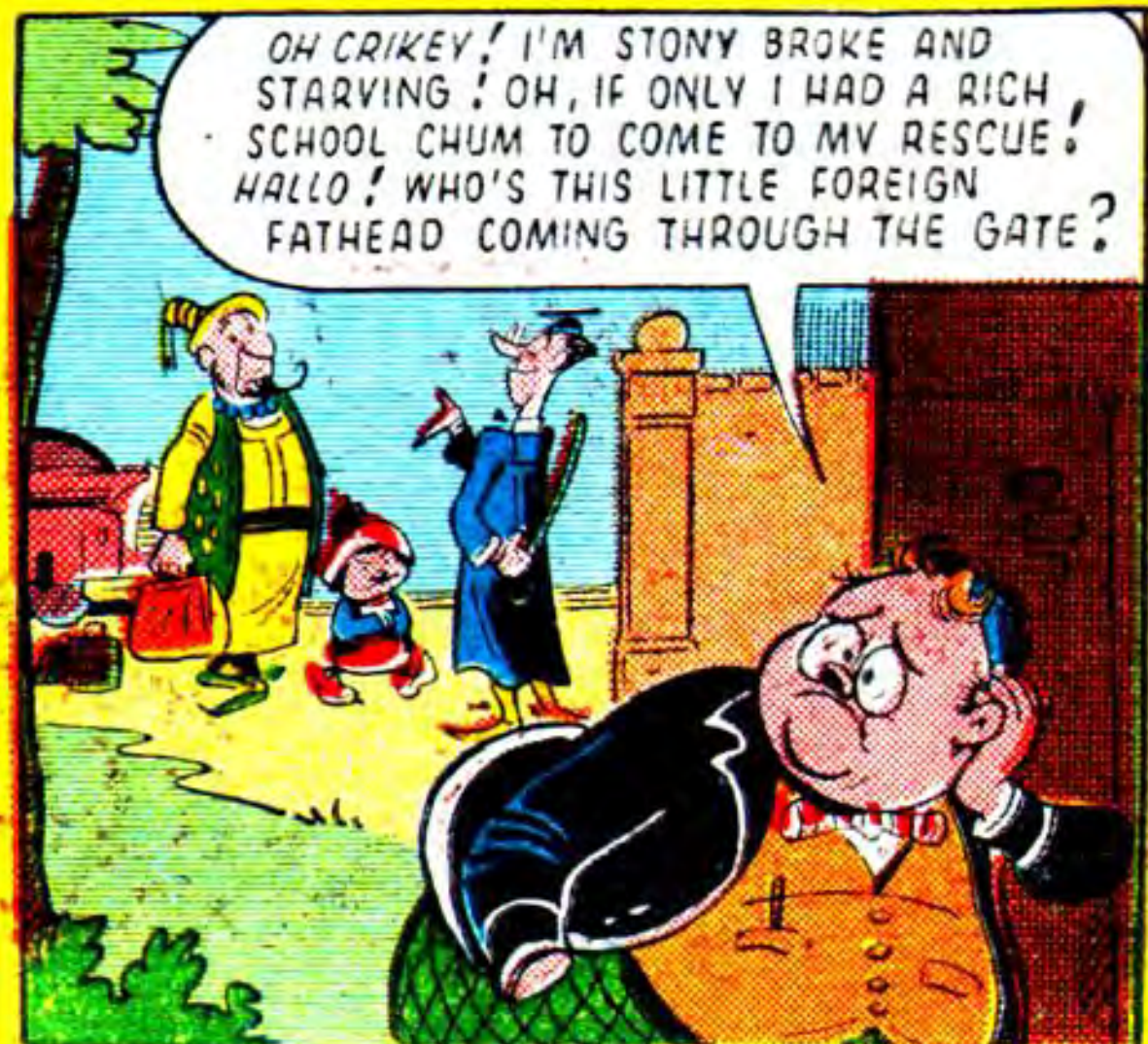
HULLO! WHAT'S UP WITH OLD FAT MAN, CHERRY?

OO! HUNGER PAINS! CAN YOU LEND ME FIVE BOB TO BUY BUNS, WHARTON?



GET LOST, YOU BUN-BASHING BARREL! YOU DIDN'T PAY BACK THE FIVE BOB YOU BORROWED LAST WEEK!

BESIDES WE'RE ALL BROKE!

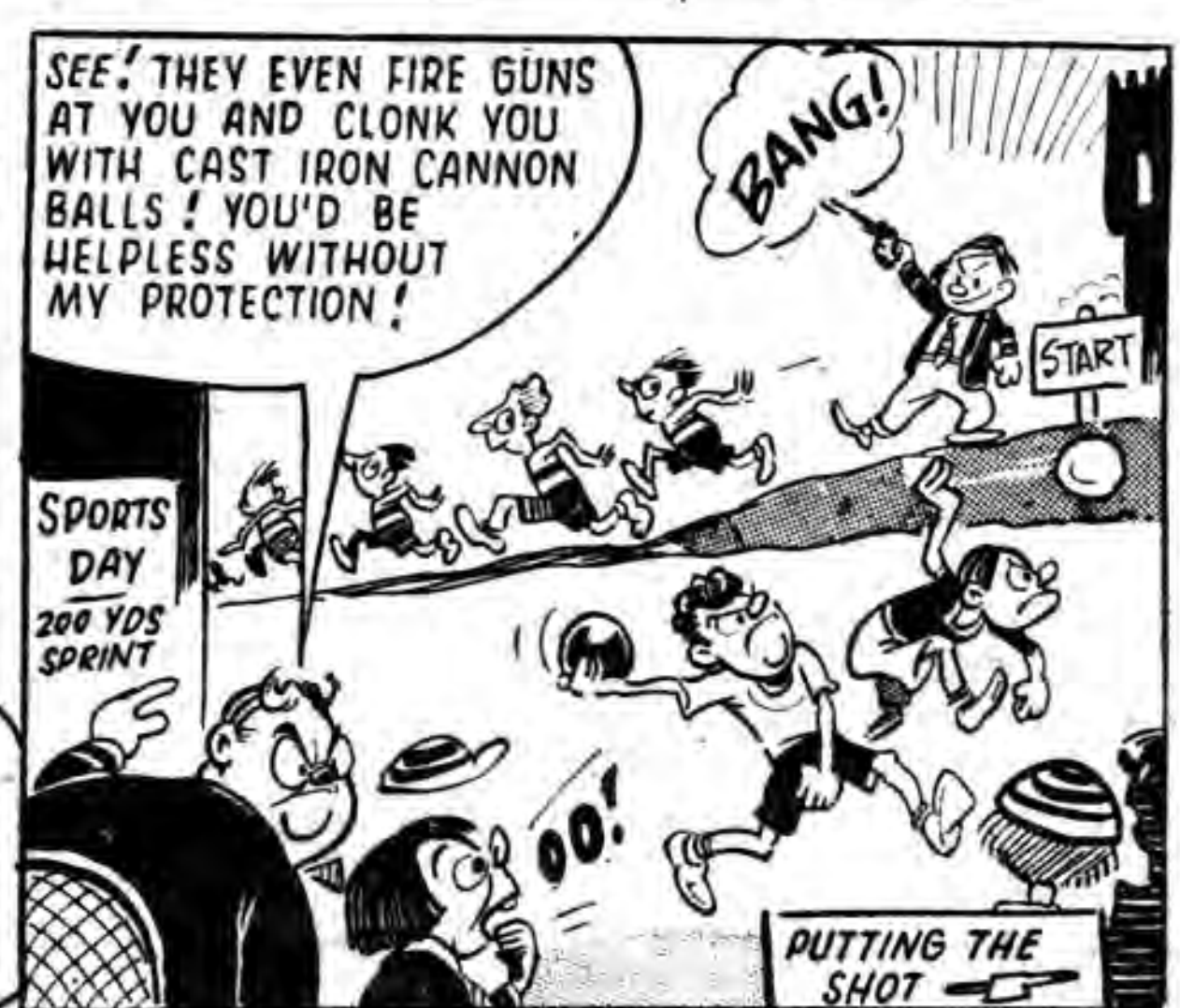


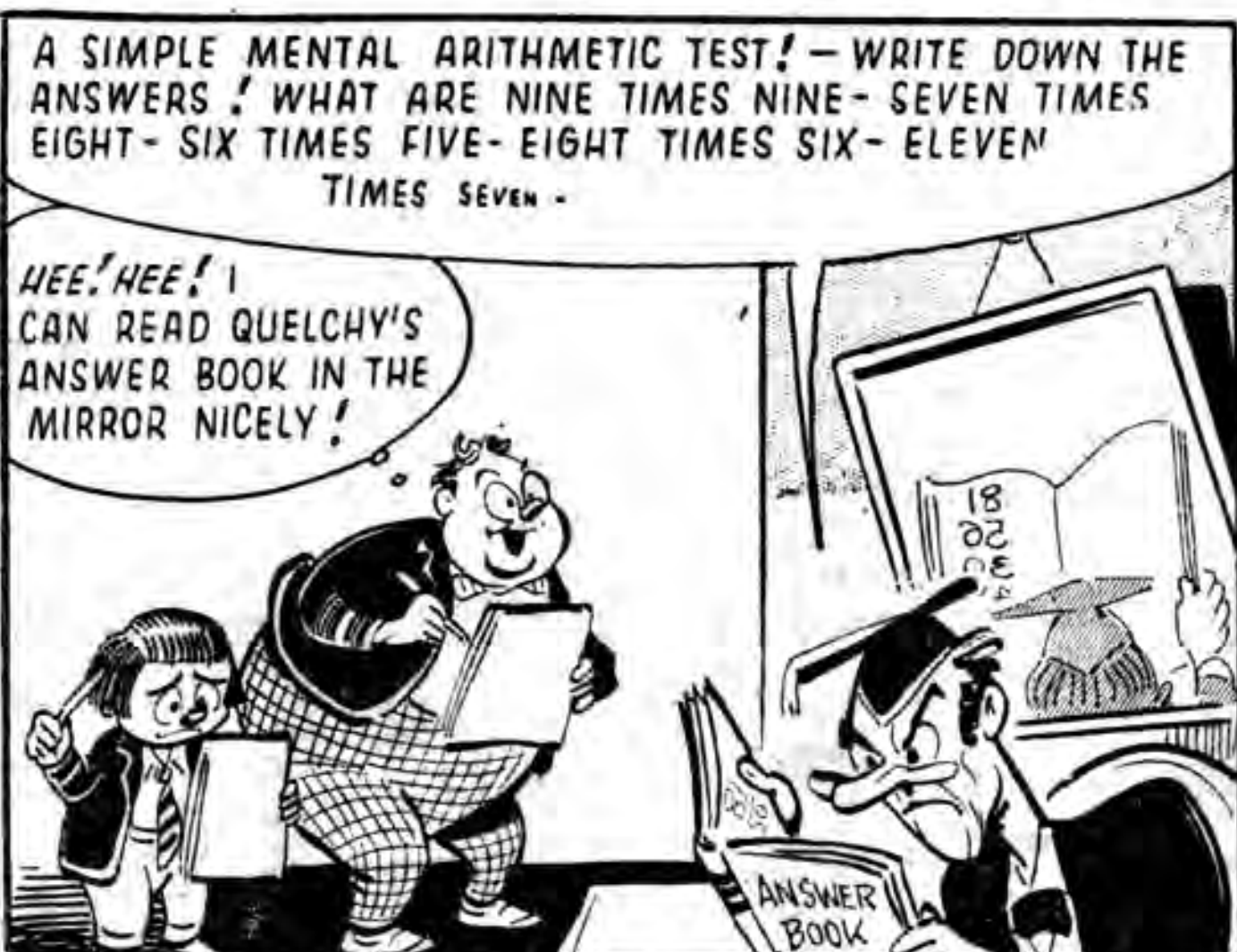
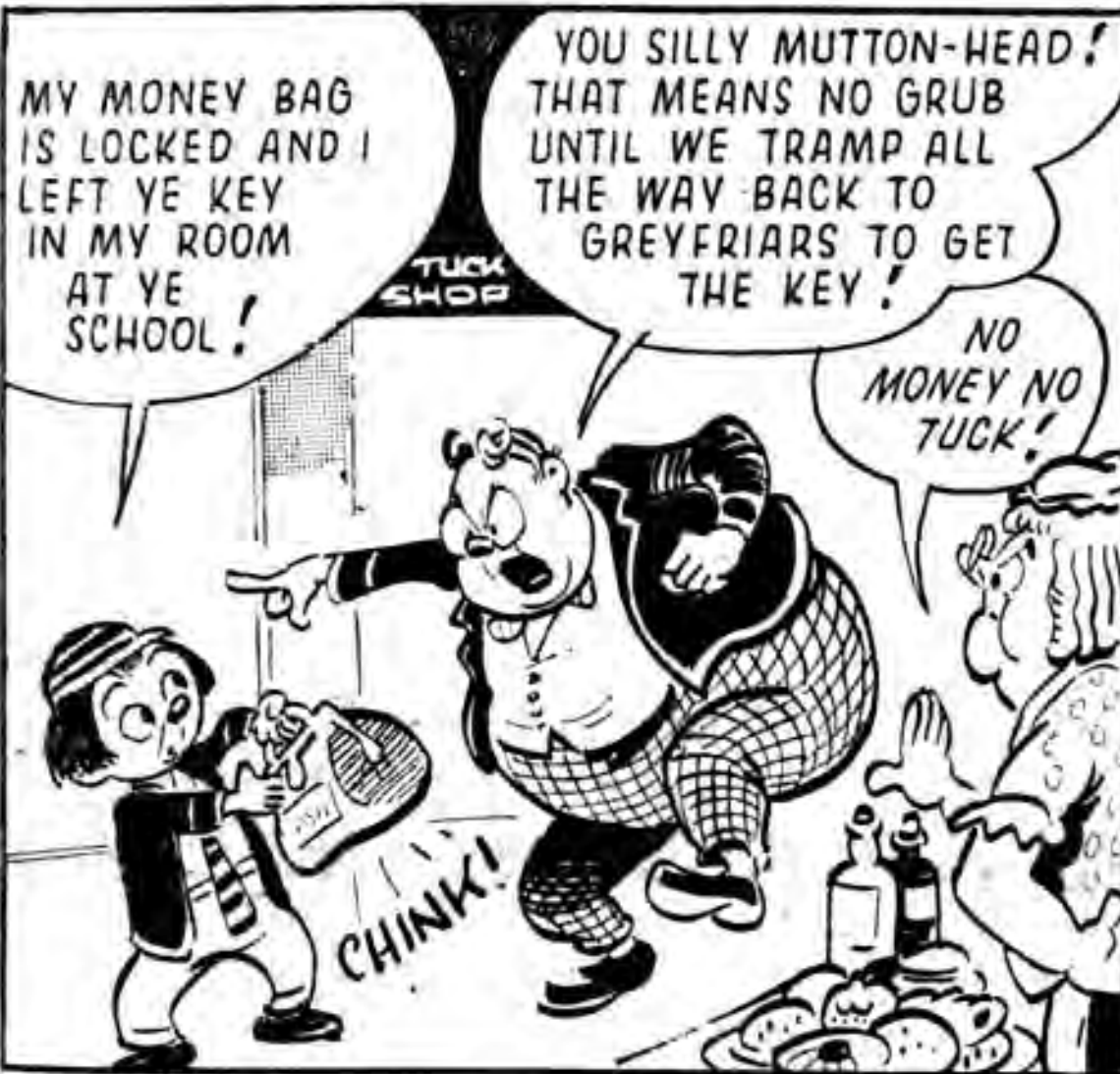
OH CRIKEY! I'M STONY BROKE AND STARVING! OH, IF ONLY I HAD A RICH SCHOOL CHUM TO COME TO MY RESCUE! HALLO! WHO'S THIS LITTLE FOREIGN FATHEAD COMING THROUGH THE GATE?

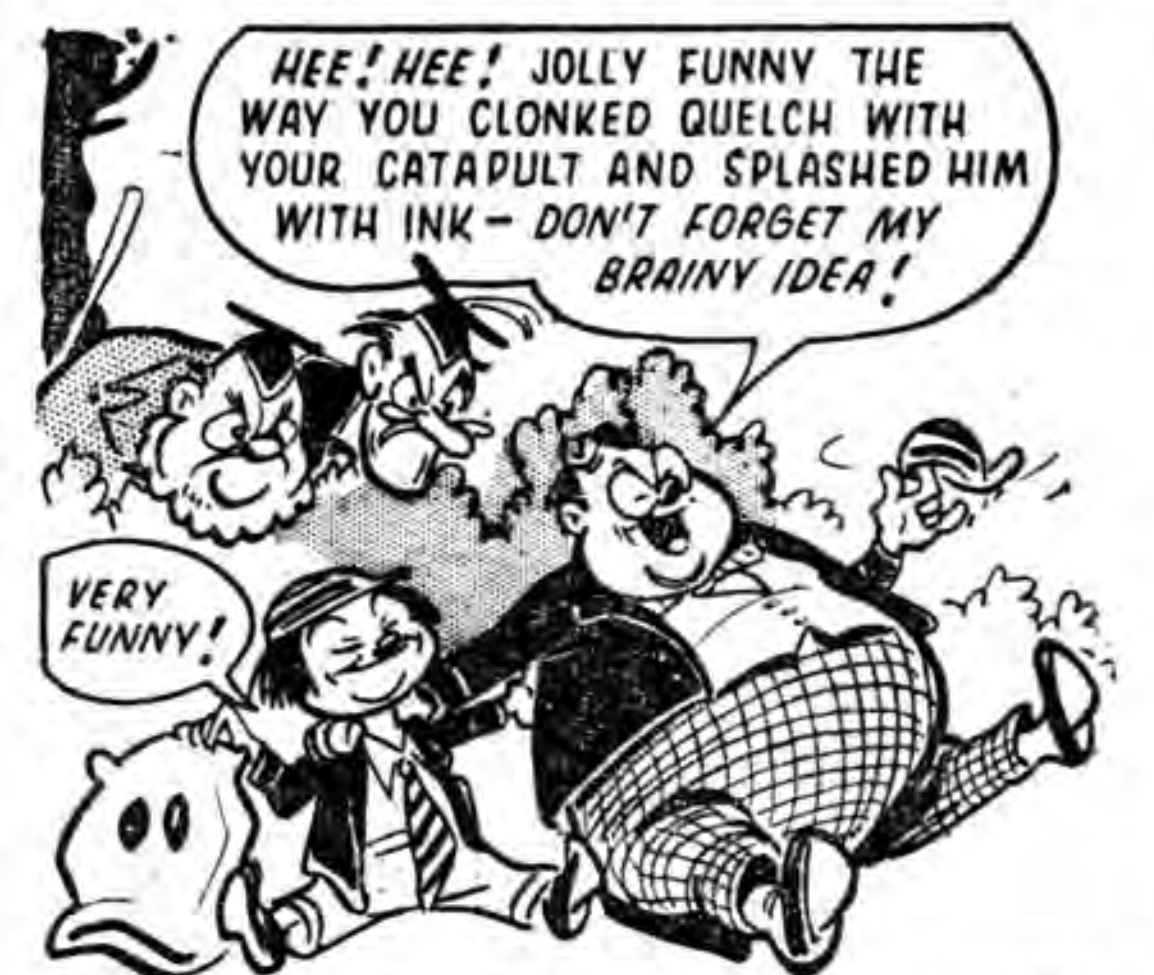
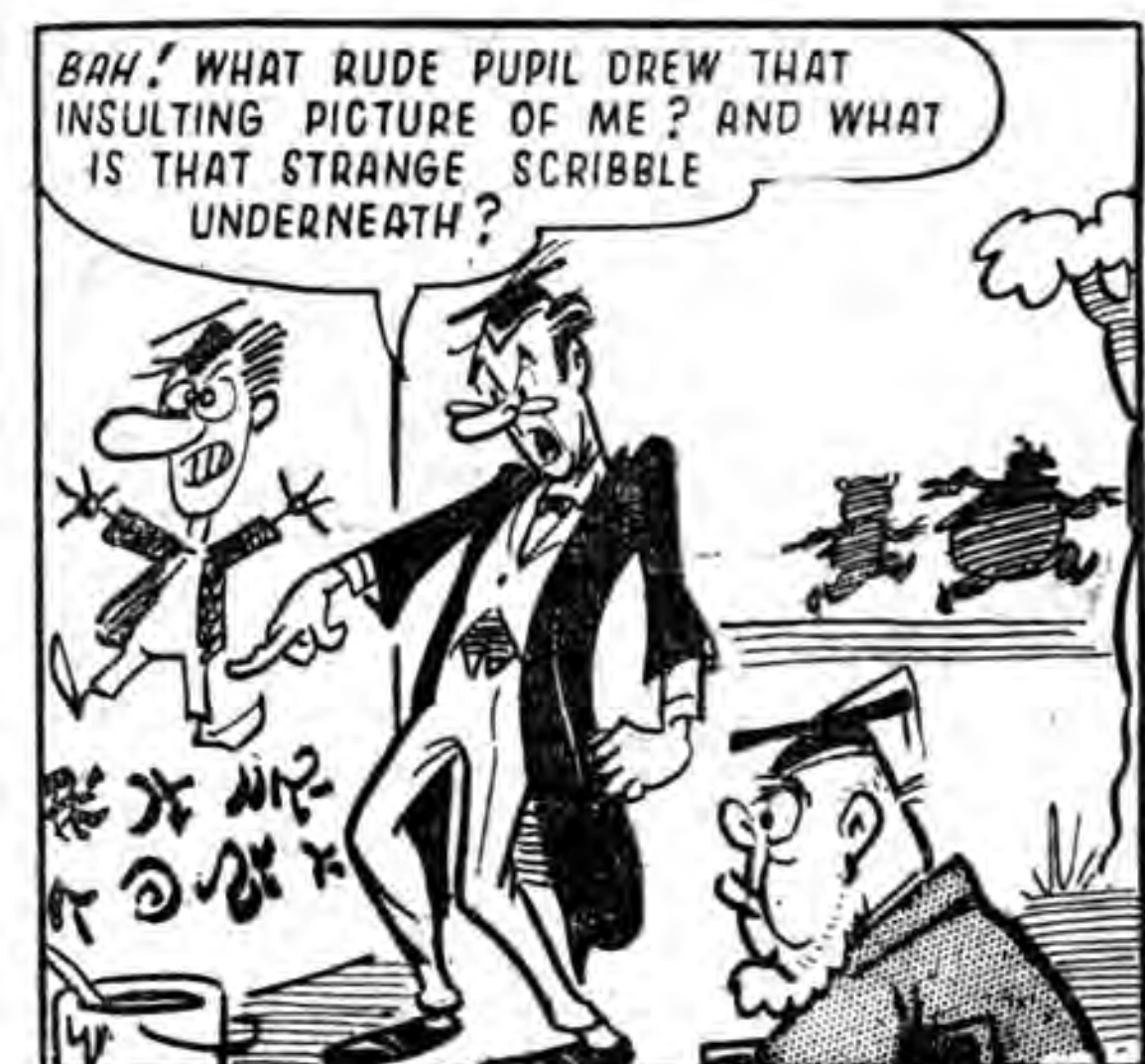
EVERYONE WAS SCARED WHEN BILLY DECIDED TO DO A SPOT OF PROTECTING!

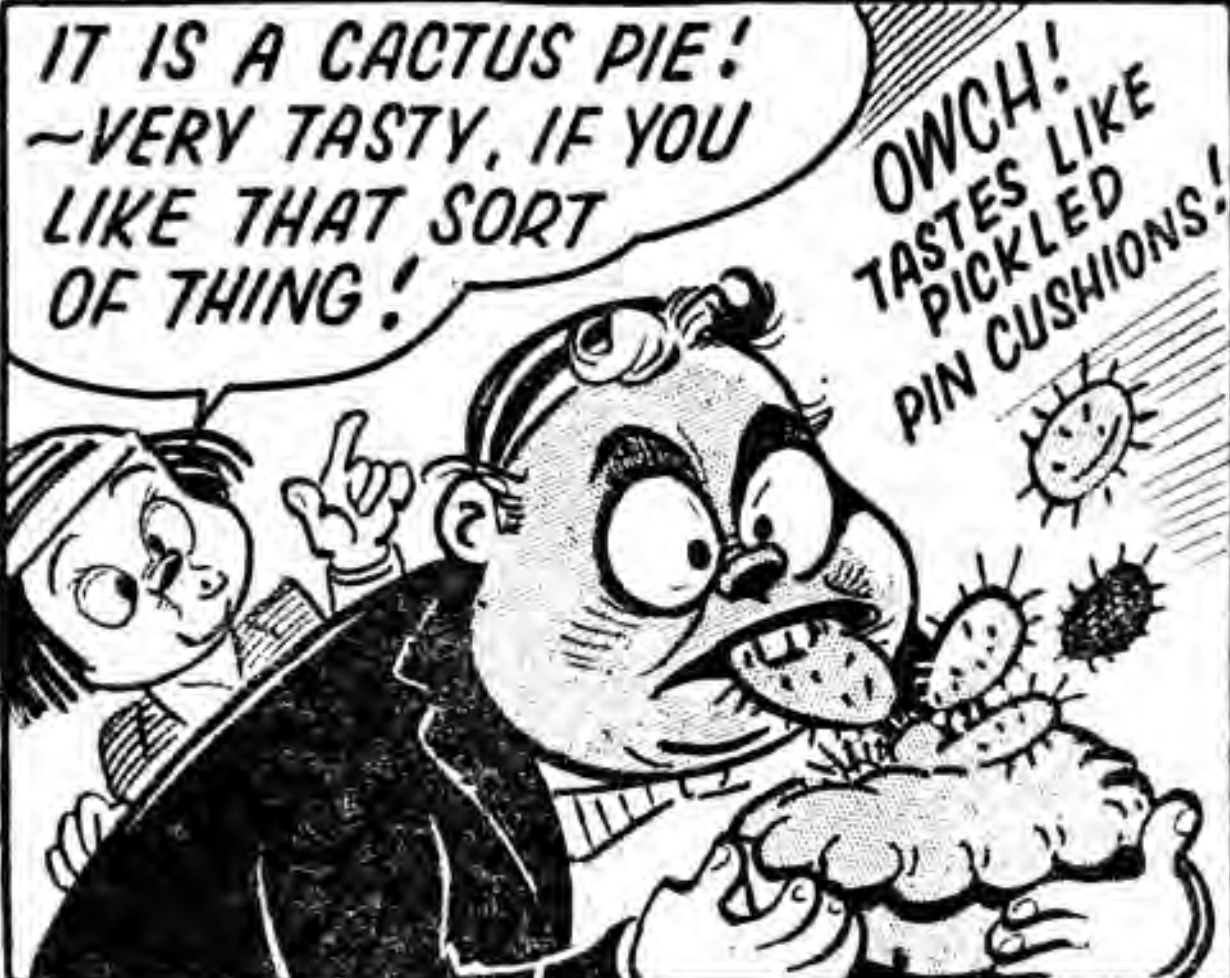


LITTLE NDA-KHAN-DOO KNEW NOTHING ABOUT ENGLISH SPORT, WHICH SUITED OUR ARTFUL FAT BOY FINE!









Billy Bunter invites you to join him in another merry romp in next week's **KNOCKOUT**!

BILLY BUNTER'S FEAST OF FUN

The two top jokes win £1. Others earn a delicious Billy Bunter Tuck-Box packed with FRY'S Chocolate Creams, Crunchie, Punch and Turkish Delight. Send your jokes on a postcard NOW, along with the names of your two favourite features in **KNOCKOUT**, to:

"Billy Bunter's Feast of Fun,"

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BILLY BUNTER'S FEAST OF FUN

IMPORTANT! The above coupon must be attached to your postcard.



Congratulations to all winners.

MYSTERY ISLAND



While searching for the missing link between man and monkey Larry Callaway and Horatio Harrington Zombi were separated from the rest of their party. On an island they met Lucana, an educated native girl, who decided to help them reach a neighbouring island which they believed to be the one Dr. Dan Callaway, Larry's uncle and leader of the expedition, was looking for. However, Kaska, the witch-doctor, tried to prevent them leaving, and Horatio had to deal with him and his men before they set off. (Now read on.)

THE GIANT RAY!

FOR the past hour Horatio Harrington Zombi had been watching Lucana as she paddled the big canoe. It looked so easy. Horatio wanted more than anything to try his skill.

As a matter of fact, the huge darkie had never handled any sort of canoe in his life, but that didn't prevent him from thinking that he was an expert with a paddle.

Horatio argued that if a mere slip of a girl could send that sleek canoe skimming along at a fair speed, then he ought to be able to make it absolutely streak over the water.

"Mistress Lucana, ma'am," he said at last, "it affords me much discomfort to observe that you fatigue yourself unnecessarily. Allow me to do the paddling. I am expert."

Larry Callaway, seated in the stern of the canoe, had a very shrewd suspicion that Horatio had never used a paddle before. But he said nothing. He sat back and grinned to himself. He knew that handling one of these canoes was a tricky business, so he expected some fun.

"All right," smiled Lucana, with a wink at Larry. "Take one of the other paddles and keep time with me."

Horatio seized a paddle and got his great body into what he thought was the right position.

As Lucana dipped the left blade deftly and lightly into the sea, Horatio dug in his blade and heaved with all his weight. Next moment there came a sharp crack as the blade snapped off. The canoe swayed and shivered as Horatio went over backwards, his feet in the air.

Larry lay back and hooted with laughter. He laughed and laughed until his sides ached. It was the funniest sight he had seen for years.

Lucana, with a few swift strokes, turned the canoe in the right direction again. Horatio's heave had almost swung the bow completely round.

Horatio picked himself up and carefully straightened out the crushed crown of his ancient bowler hat. Then he glanced up and saw Larry doubled up with mirth.

"Master Larry, sah," he said with great dignity, "such unseemly merriment ill becomes you. When I was at Oxford—"

"No, no, Horatio, don't!" pleaded Larry. "I can't stand it. Don't make me laugh any more. Take the other paddle and have another go. But don't try to dig up the sea bed this time."

"It is very light—the action. Like this, see," said Lucana.

"Mistress Lucana, ma'am," he said. "I do see. Like this, eh?"

In a matter of five minutes the big darkie had got the idea, and presently Lucana put down her paddle and came and sat beside Larry.

Suddenly Horatio gave a bellow of surprise. For a moment he sat staring to the left. Then he stretched out his arm and pointed.

"If my eyes did not deceive me," he said, "I saw a fish of considerable size over there."

Both Larry and Lucana stared in the direction of his pointing finger. Then Lucana gave a gasp of surprise and fear.

"Paddle, quickly, please!" she urged. "It's a giant ray! It may attack us!"

Larry suddenly saw an incredibly large creature, which looked like a nightmare flat fish, rise off the surface, curve up, straighten out like a powerful spring and come gliding towards them as if floating through the air.

Behind it was a long tail armed with vicious-looking spikes.

Larry and Lucana threw themselves flat in the bottom of the canoe.

But Horatio Harrington Zombi sat still, paddling furiously, keeping his gaze on the flying terror which swooped down upon them.

He judged it to a split second. As the monster was only about ten feet above them, he swung the canoe at right angles and paddled with all his strength.

The monster ray overshot and hit the surface within a foot or two of the canoe.

Lashing out with its barbed tail, the giant fish just missed the side of the canoe.

Horatio dropped the paddle, seized one of the keen-bladed axes, and as the tail lashed again he whirled down the axe. It struck



the ray's tail about two-thirds of the way along its length.

Then Horatio picked up the paddle again, swung the canoe near enough to reach the wounded fish, and again snatched up the axe.

This time he dealt a mighty blow on the creature's spine, and next instant he took up the paddle once more and fled as fast as he could.

The ray, mortally wounded, could not rise again. For a long while they saw it swirling the surface water, but at last it sank.

Larry breathed a sigh of relief, and Lucana smiled gratefully at Horatio.

Towards noon they stopped paddling and had a meal of fruit, native bread and goat's milk.

All afternoon Horatio kept up a steady pace, and towards evening they were within a mile of the island.

But whereas Lucana's island was bright and sparkling with its lovely white and pink coral reefs and wonderful flowering shrubs and vines inland, this island had a grim and forbidding air about it.

There were no signs of white coral or golden sands. The island rose sheer from the sea. The high cliffs looked as if they were made of smooth and polished black marble, without even a handhold anywhere.

Lucana shivered a little as she stared towards it.

"I don't like the look of it," she whispered.

Horatio ceased paddling and stared inshore.

"It has all the appearance of a bare and inhospitable land," he declared. "Maybe it would be advisable to coast around it."

An hour later, just when it was growing

close to sundown, they saw what looked like the entrance to a river mouth, with cliffs less sheer.

Horatio turned in towards it.

As they came closer inshore they could see the water swirling over the black rocks and lapping against the cliff base. Rising straight up from high-water mark was a zig-zag path which would have made a mountain goat feel giddy.

They were about fifty yards off when they struck the jagged teeth of a submerged rock. The impact nearly turned the canoe over. Only Horatio's prompt action in throwing his weight on the other side saved them.

Water poured through the ragged hole in the bottom. Horatio paddled furiously, but they still had some yards to go when the canoe filled and started sinking fast.

Larry and Lucana stood up, ready to dive, but Horatio leaped out and found that his feet touched bottom. With a great heave he lifted the water-logged canoe and more than half-carried it ashore.

Larry and Lucana stepped out upon the bare, black rocks. The canoe was a wreck. Even if they could repair it without suitable tools, it would take a long time.

Larry looked up at the massive cliff towering above him. He had a horrible feeling that whether he liked it or not, he was a prisoner upon this island.

Horatio eyed the battered canoe and shrugged his mighty shoulders.

"In my opinion, Mistress Lucana, ma'am, and Master Larry, sah, we may regard this craft as a total wreck," he announced. "However, let us salvage our possessions."

He gathered up the three axes, passed one each to Lucana and Larry, and tucked the third into the tail pocket of his ancient frock coat. Lucana picked up the bow and quiver of arrows.

Horatio next took all of the food and the jar of goat's milk, wrapped them in a piece of coconut-matting from the bottom of the canoe and slung the bundle over his shoulder.

He glanced up at the cliff and at the crazy path.

"The longer we look at it the less we shall like it, as my old professor used to say of an examination paper when I was at Oxford. So, young mistress and master, with your permission I will lead the way."

He set his bare feet on the precipitous path and began to climb. Despite the burden of the makeshift sack over his shoulder he made good progress.

Lucana went second and Larry brought up the rear.

The sun was setting rapidly and the brilliant red orb was reflected in the rippling water below them. Their path was less than a foot wide, and one slip would send them hurtling to their doom on the rocks, where the water splashed and thundered in a menacing green and white foam. Larry and the girl forced themselves not to look down as they groped their way along.

By the time they reached the top Larry was sweating from the tremendous exertion and the nervous strain of that dizzy climb.

They found themselves on a level plateau covered with a small plant, something like ordinary sea-pinks, which formed a soft carpet to the feet. Away before them was a dense forest, dark and sinister.

Even as they stood there, staring at it, the last of the daylight died out with the swiftness of a candle being extinguished.

From somewhere in the gloomy depths of the forest they heard a cry, a strange, half human cry of terror.

"What—what was that?" gasped Lucana, stepping close to Larry.

A moment later came a noise like an elephant crashing its way through tangled undergrowth.

The cry of fear came again, nearer this

WHAT STRANGE CREATURE LURKED IN THE HIDDEN DEPTHS OF THE DARK FOREST?

time, as if the creature, whatever it was, was approaching rapidly.

As silence once again fell on the dark night, the three visitors to Mystery Island stood rooted to the spot, not knowing what to expect.

Larry strained his eyes to penetrate the darkness. But next moment he was standing rigid, his knuckles bulging white as his fingers clamped hard over the handle of the axe.

From the forest came a roar which struck upon his ears like a high-explosive. It was charged with such ferocious fury that it made him shiver.

He scarcely felt Lucana's fingers bite into the muscles of his arm or heard Horatio's gasp of astonishment as he silently wondered—

What frightful monster could have uttered such a terrifying roar and was, even now, lurking in that sinister forest?

FEAR IN THE FOREST!

ONCE again the silence of the late evening was shattered by another frightful roar. From somewhere in the depths of the forest they could hear sounds as if some gigantic creature

soft patter of running feet coming swiftly over the carpet of sea-pinks and making straight towards them.

Larry and Lucana heard it together. Lucana drew in her breath with a little gasp. She felt an icy ripple run down her spine as she stood there waiting for the running feet to materialise into something which she hoped she could recognise. What could it be?

The panting breath of the creature was almost upon them when . . . something streaked by in the semi-darkness.

Larry had a vague impression of a small human being, bent low and using the knuckles of his hands as well as his feet to propel himself along at a considerable speed.

They could hear his sobbing gasps as he shot by, as if he was pretty well at the end of his tether, or was blind with terror. Maybe it was some of both.

Horatio made a grab, but he was seconds too late. Whatever it was, was gone before the big darkie's fingers got within two yards of it.

Horatio said nothing. He straightened up and, slowly swinging the keen-bladed axe

that I must contradict a lady, ma'am. It was a monkey. It used its hands in the process of locomotion."

"Prince Horatio," smiled Lucana, "all monkeys which I have seen wore fur coats. This creature had no fur. I saw its skin. He had, too, a mop of long black hair."

"Yes, Horatio," said Larry, "I saw his back. He looked to me like a small man. By golly!" he added excitedly. "It must have been 'the Missing Link,' the creature Uncle Dan came out to the South Seas to find!"

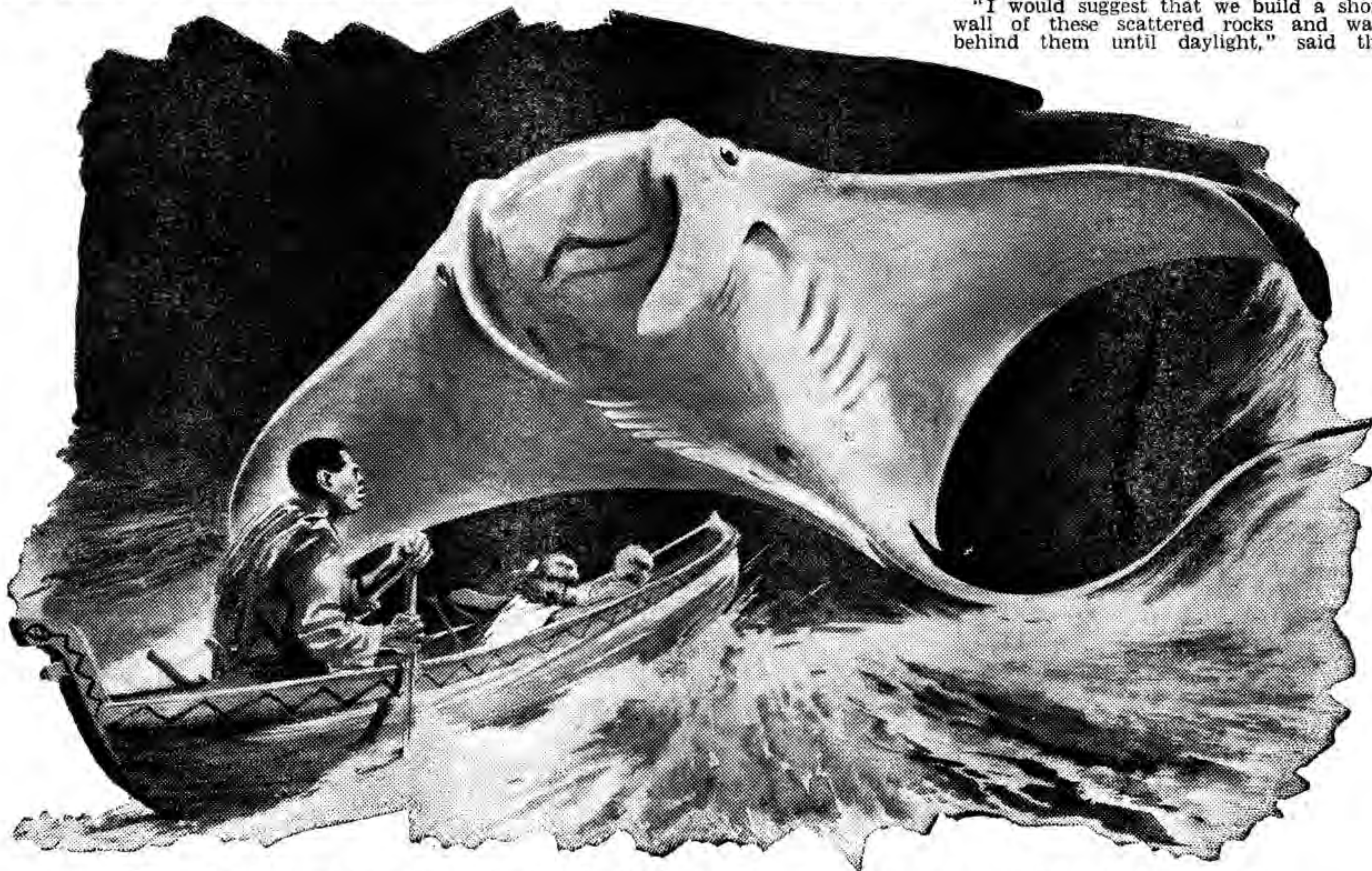
"Master Larry, sah," said Horatio, raising his battered old bowler hat in a courtly gesture, "I bow to your greater insight into the probable truth. I think, on mature consideration, that you are right."

"You bet I am," grinned Larry. "Gee, what luck!"

"That, sah, is a matter on which I reserve judgment," said Horatio. "May I remind you that whatever the creature in the wood down there may be, it is obviously a very large, very savage, and a very unpleasant type. Only a very big animal could have made those roaring sounds."

"Yes, that's true," replied Larry thoughtfully. "So what next, Horatio?"

"I would suggest that we build a short wall of these scattered rocks and wait behind them until daylight," said the



The giant ray loomed up in front of the canoe—and doom seemed seconds away!

was tearing its way through tangled undergrowth and breaking branches from the trees.

"What—what can it be?" whispered Lucana, still clutching Larry's arm.

"I don't know," replied Larry in a hushed voice. "I've never heard any sound like it before."

Larry looked at Horatio Harrington Zombi. He could just make out the great bulk of the giant darkie as he stood there staring into the darkness, the axe gripped in his hand.

"Can you see anything, Horatio?" he called softly.

Horatio turned round at the sound of Larry's voice. He took a step towards them.

"Master Larry, sah," he said. "I don't like this at all. Whatever that creature may be, something tells me very forcibly that it's a mighty unpleasant type."

Suddenly Horatio stiffened. He held up his hand in warning. His abnormally acute hearing had detected another sound, the

in his hand, he turned to face the forest again.

It was obvious to him that the creature had been fleeing in absolute terror from something now concealed amidst the trees.

If that "something" was coming after it, Horatio wanted to get in the first blow.

Larry and Lucana stood close together, waiting. The minutes dragged on and nothing more happened. Presently Horatio relaxed, and turned to them again. His black face was split in an enormous ear-to-ear grin. He wanted to reassure his young companions.

"I incline to the opinion, Mistress Lucana, ma'am, and Master Larry, sah, that the object of the monkey's terror is not following. For that, if I may say so, I am profoundly thankful."

"It wasn't a monkey," declared Lucana. "It was a man."

"Mistress Lucana, ma'am," replied Horatio with great dignity, "it grieves me

darkie. "As my old professor used to say at Oxford, with the dawn comes welcome relief."

"Your old professor talked too much," grinned Larry. "But the wall is an idea. Come on, let's get cracking and build our defences."

In half an hour they had erected quite a stout barricade of the rocks.

Lucana and Larry lay on the soft bed of sea-pinks, and very quickly went fast asleep.

But Horatio Harrington Zombi remained awake all night and very much on the alert. He knew quite well that the creature which they had heard roaring in the forest was no ordinary animal. Horatio had heard those big branches being snapped off as if they were matchwood.

Something possessed of giant strength lurked within the forest!

(Be sure to read the thrilling continuation of this startling story in next week's **KNOCKOUT**.)

OLIVER BOLD

Oliver Bold and his buccan-
eers, disguised as Spaniards,
had captured a Spanish ship
carrying a cargo of gold
which was destined to help
furnish a Spanish Armada to
attack England. But as they
set sail from the harbour, a
mighty array of ships appeared
on the horizon—it was the
Spanish fleet!

ON BOARD THE LEADING GALLEON, CAPTAIN JUAREZ,
SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE SPANISH FLEET,
FROWNED IN AMAZE-
MENT.

BY THE SEVEN
SAINTS, THAT'S
CAPTAIN ALVAREZ'
FRIGATE AND SHE'S
BEING FIRED ON BY
OUR OWN
MEN!



ON BOARD THE CAPTURED FRIGATE, OLIVER'S VOICE
SENT HIS MEN SCURRYING INTO ACTION.

OPEN GUN PORTS!
HOLD FIRE UNTIL
I GIVE THE WORD!



AS THE LITTLE CRAFT EMERGED FROM
THE HARBOUR, THE SPANISH FLEET
SWEEPED DOWN LIKE A PACK OF VULTURES
AND CAPTAIN JUAREZ SHOUTED A
STERN COMMAND...

HEAVE TO—
I'M COMING
ABOARD!



THERE WAS NO REPLY FROM THE
FRIGATE. THE LITTLE SHIP CAME
STEADILY ON AND THE SUDDEN
THUNDERBOLT ROAR OF A BROADSIDE
WHISTLED FROM THE NEAREST SPANISH
GALLEON.



A TANGLED MASS OF SPARS AND SAIL HURTLED DOWN FROM THE RIGGING
AND OLIVER GAVE THE ORDER HIS MEN HAD BEEN EAGERLY AWAITING...

I THOUGHT WE COULD HAVE
BLUFFED OUR WAY THROUGH,
BUT NOW WE'LL HAVE TO
FIGHT! OPEN FIRE,
BIG LUKE!

AYE, AYE,
CAP'N!



FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES, THE FRIGATE SHUDDERED AND
LURCHED AS BROADSIDE AFTER BROADSIDE CRASHED FROM HER
GUNS. THE MEN TOILED LIKE DEMONS, DRIVEN ON BY BIG LUKE.

FASTER, YOU
LOAFING SWABS!
KEEP THE GUNS
FLAMING!



BUT, SLOWLY AND REMORSELESSLY,
SUCCESSIVE SPANISH BROADSIDES
POUNDED THE LITTLE VESSEL INTO
A LISTING WRECK.

WE'RE HOLED BELOW
THE WATER LINE,
CAPTAIN!



WITH A HEAVY HEART, OLIVER
GAVE A RELUCTANT ORDER.

PREPARE TO
ABANDON SHIP!

AYE, AYE, SIR.
OVER THE SIDE,
MEN!



OLIVER WAS THE LAST TO LEAVE THE SHIP AND, AS HE STRUCK AWAY, THE FRIGATE LURCHED AND THEN WENT QUICKLY DOWN BY THE STERN.

IT'S A PITY TO SEE A GOOD SHIP GO BUT, AT LEAST, KING PHILIP'S GOLD HAS SUNK WITH HER AND ENGLAND IS SAVED FROM THE THREAT OF ANOTHER ARMADA!

QUICKLY, THE GALLEONS CLOSED ROUND THE BUCCANEERS AND THE PURSUING LONGBOATS PICKED UP THE SURVIVORS.

CAPTURE ALL THE ENGLISH DOGS ALIVE! THEIR BODIES SHALL DECK THE GALLOWES BEFORE NIGHTFALL!

OLIVER AND HIS MEN WERE TAKEN ASHORE AND, AS THEY REACHED THE QUAY, ANOTHER FIGURE ADVANCED ON THEM.

BY THUNDER! ADMIRAL MARTINEZ! THE SPANIARDS MUST HAVE OVERCOME THE LADS WE LEFT ON THE "SANTA BARBARA" AND RELEASED HIM!

HIS FACE PURPLE WITH FURY, ADMIRAL MARTINEZ STRODE FORWARD AND ONE HAM-LIKE FIST SLAMMED AGAINST OLIVER'S JAW.

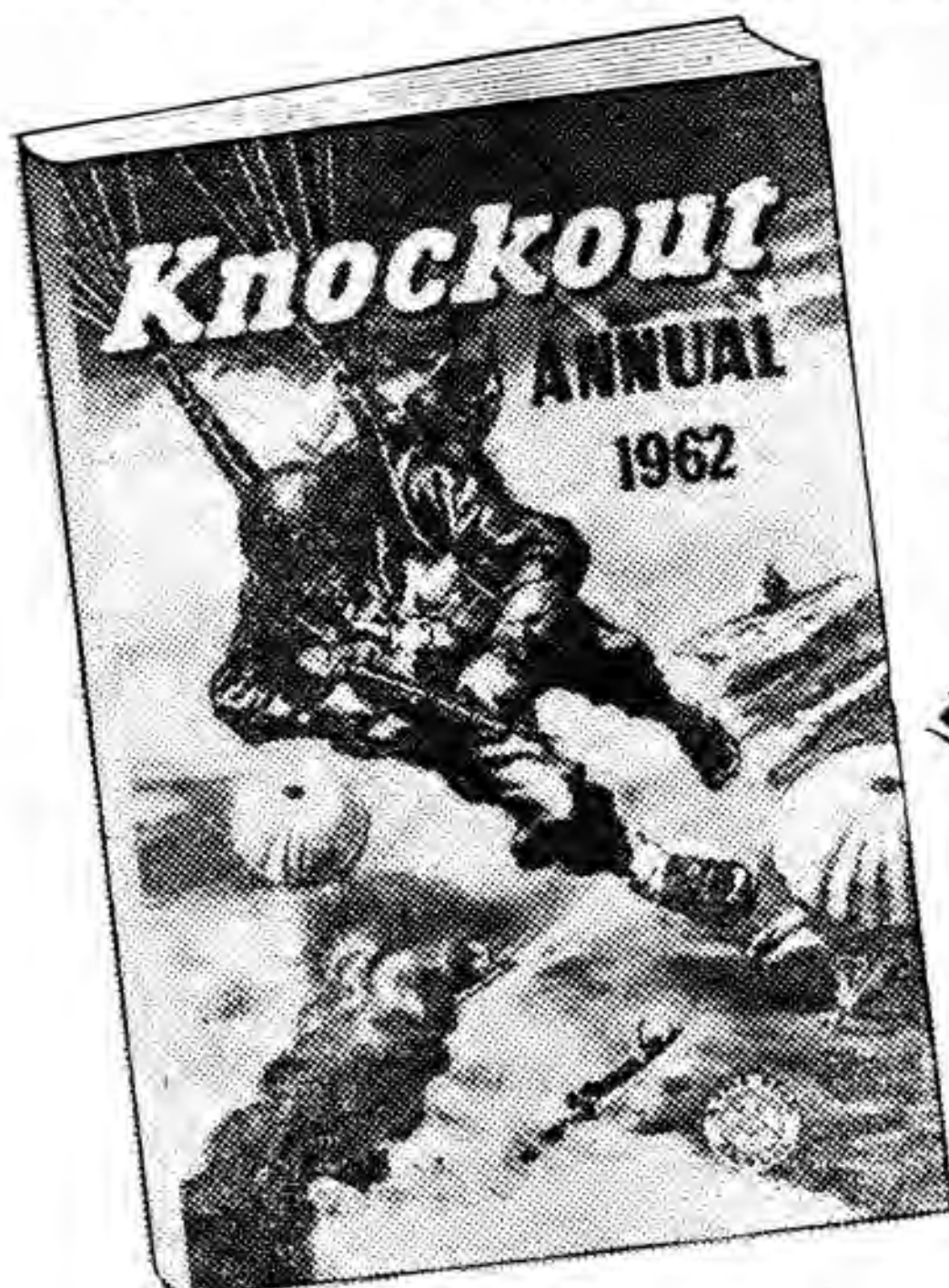
ENGLISH SCUM! I REMEMBER ALL THE INSULTS YOU HAVE HEAPED ON ME -- AND YOU SHALL PAY WITH GROANS OF PAIN FOR EVERY ONE!

GOVERNOR, HEAR ME! I CLAIM THESE VERMIN AS MY PERSONAL PRISONERS. THEY HAVE BURNED DOWN HALF CADIZ AND, FOR THAT OUTRAGE, THEY SHALL ROT ON THE HIGHEST GALLOWES IN CADIZ!

LATER THAT DAY, OLIVER AND HIS MEN WERE LADEN WITH CHAINS AND THRUST INTO THE HOLD OF THE "SANTA BARBARA", ADMIRAL MARTINEZ' FLAGSHIP.

DOWN IN THE RAT-RIDDEN HOLD WHERE YOU BELONG! TOMORROW WE SET SAIL FOR CADIZ AND -- DEATH!

Can Oliver Bold and his men escape? There's action galore in next week's great episode!



YAROO, CHAPS!
THEY'VE PUT ME IN AN ANNUAL!

Me! Bunter! In a bumper story book! Old Quelchy would have a fit. Anyway it will keep you in fits! It's the latest **KNOCKOUT ANNUAL**. Look out for me and my Greyfriars chums in smashing new adventures. And meet more of my pals from **KNOCKOUT Weekly**—Battler Britton, Professor Knockout and Sporty, as well as many exciting new characters like Buffalo Bill and Dick Turpin. It's a feast of fun, chaps—get it now.

OUT NOW

KNOCKOUT ANNUAL—8'6

PRICE APPLIES TO U.K. ONLY.

BATTLER BRITTON

FIGHTING ACE



BREATHING A GREAT SIGH OF RELIEF THE CHIEF TEST PILOT FROM RECHLIN EXPERIMENTAL AIRFIELD WATCHED THE BIG UNORTHODOX FIGHTER TOUCH DOWN ON THE RUNWAY BELOW...

THANK GOODNESS THE CHASE IS OVER AND THE ENGLANDER HAS GIVEN IN! MY DAYS WOULD BE NUMBERED IF HE'D GOT AWAY!



ON THE CONTRARY, IT WAS PART OF HIS DARING PLAN TO RID HIMSELF OF THE FIGHTERS THAT BARRED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM...

NOW TO GET AFTER THEM! ALL I HOPE IS THAT THE GUNS ARE LOADED!



AND TO THE SURPRISE OF THE GERMANS WHO WERE HURRYING TO ARREST HIM...

HIMMEL!
HE IS TAKING OFF!



BUT BATTLER HAD NOT LANDED THE 'PFIEL' TO GIVE HIMSELF UP...

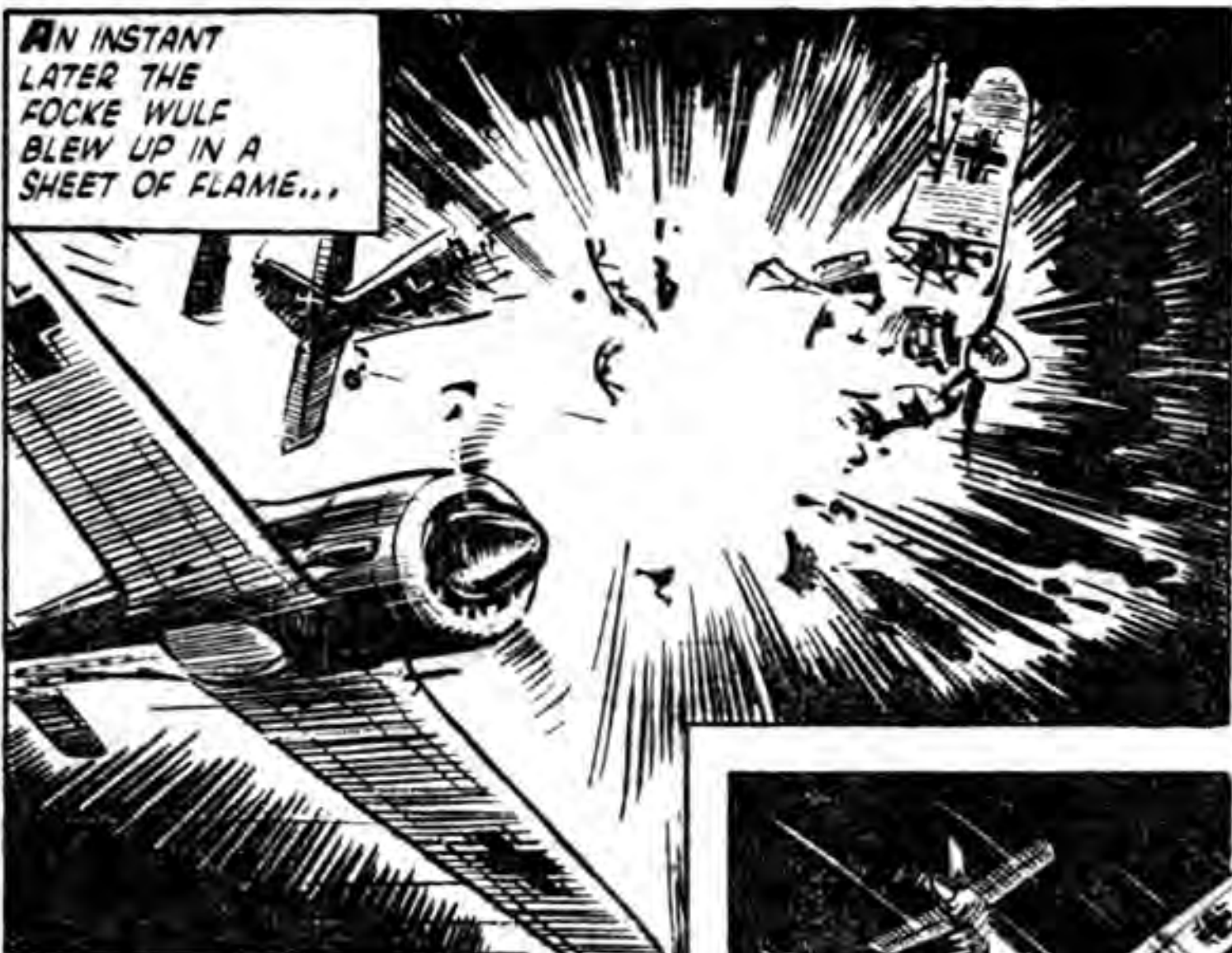


GOOD!
THEY'VE FALLEN FOR IT! THERE THEY GO, A PAIR OF SITTING DUCKS!

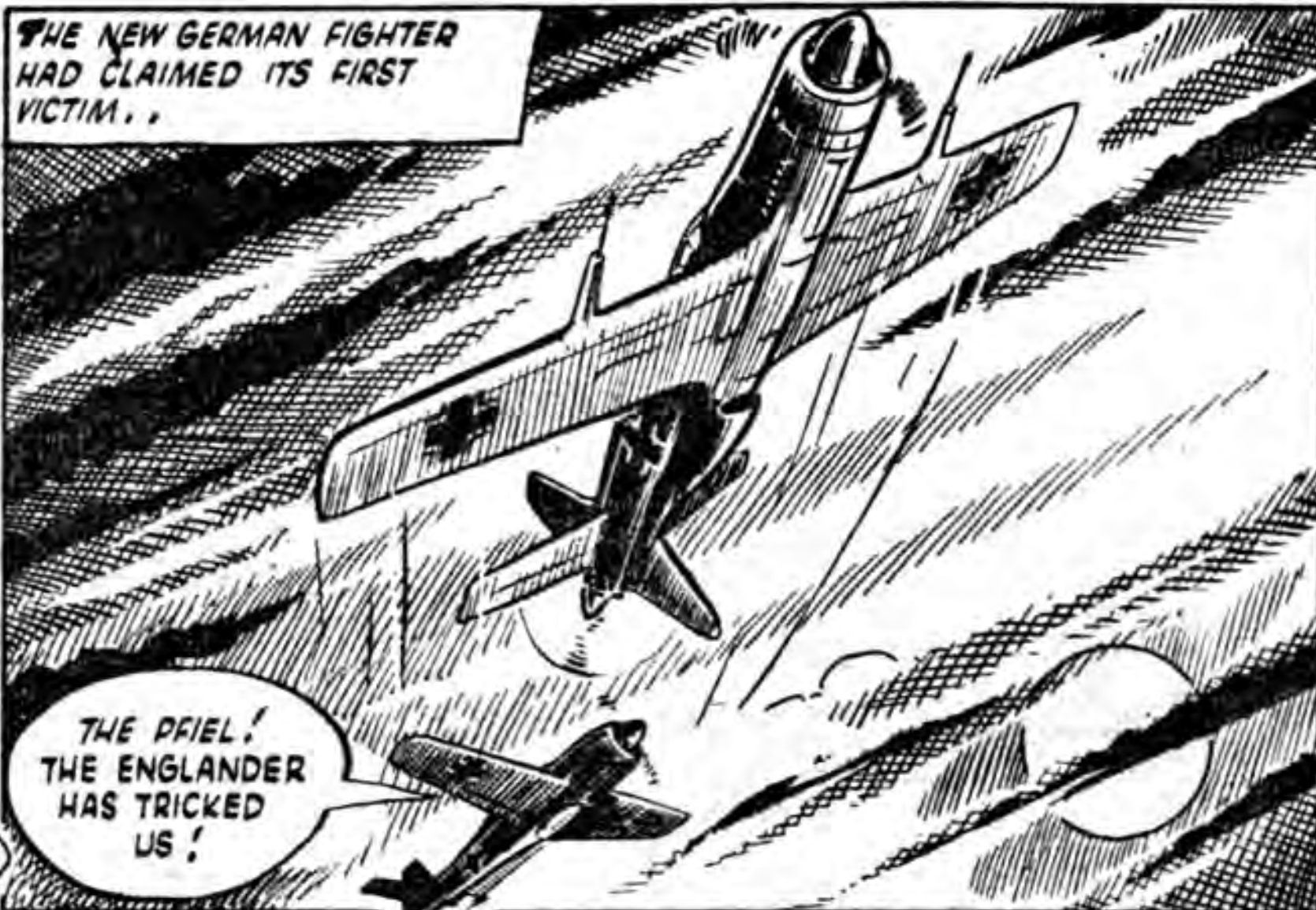
CLIMBING UP FAST, BATTLER SQUEEZED THE FIRING BUTTON AND FELT A SLIGHT SHUDDER... SO DID THE PILOT OF THE NEAREST FIGHTER AS A BURST OF CANNON SHELLS TORE INTO HIS MACHINE JUST UNDER THE WING...



AN INSTANT LATER THE FOCKE WULF BLEW UP IN A SHEET OF FLAME...



THE NEW GERMAN FIGHTER HAD CLAIMED ITS FIRST VICTIM...



THE PFIEL! THE ENGLANDER HAS TRICKED US!

FOR A MOMENT THE TEST PILOT WONDERED WHY HE HAD NOT SHARED THE SAME FATE, AND THEN, LOOKING AT THE PFIEL, HE SAW WHY...



STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, BATTLER STRUGGLED TO REGAIN CONTROL...

AND TO ADD TO BATTLER'S TROUBLES, THE CHIEF TEST PILOT BEGAN HIS ATTACK...

THIS TIME I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH YOU, ENGLANDER!



HE IS OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN! WHEN HE FIRED THE CANNON IT MUST HAVE UPSET THE STABILITY OF THE AIRCRAFT!

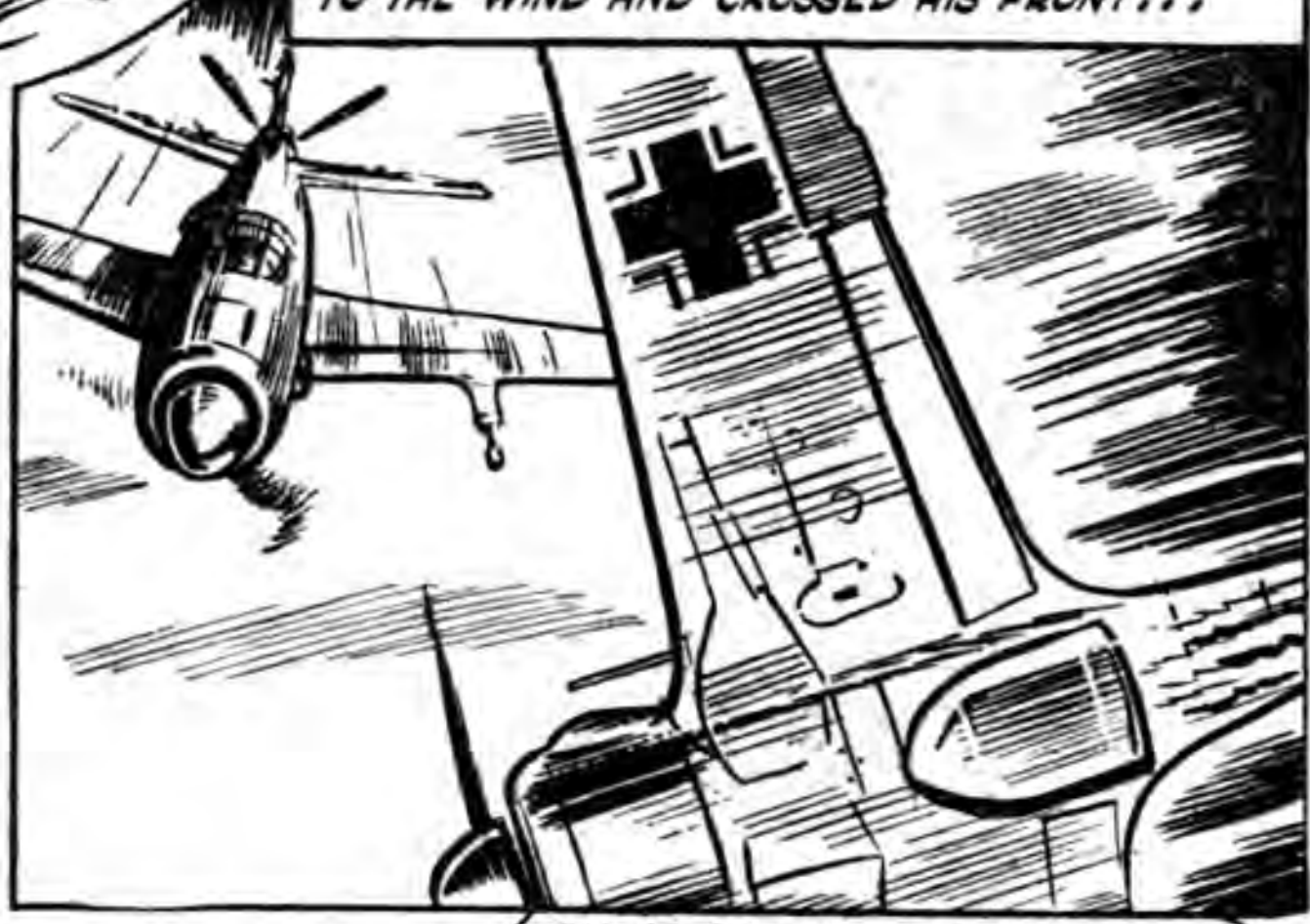
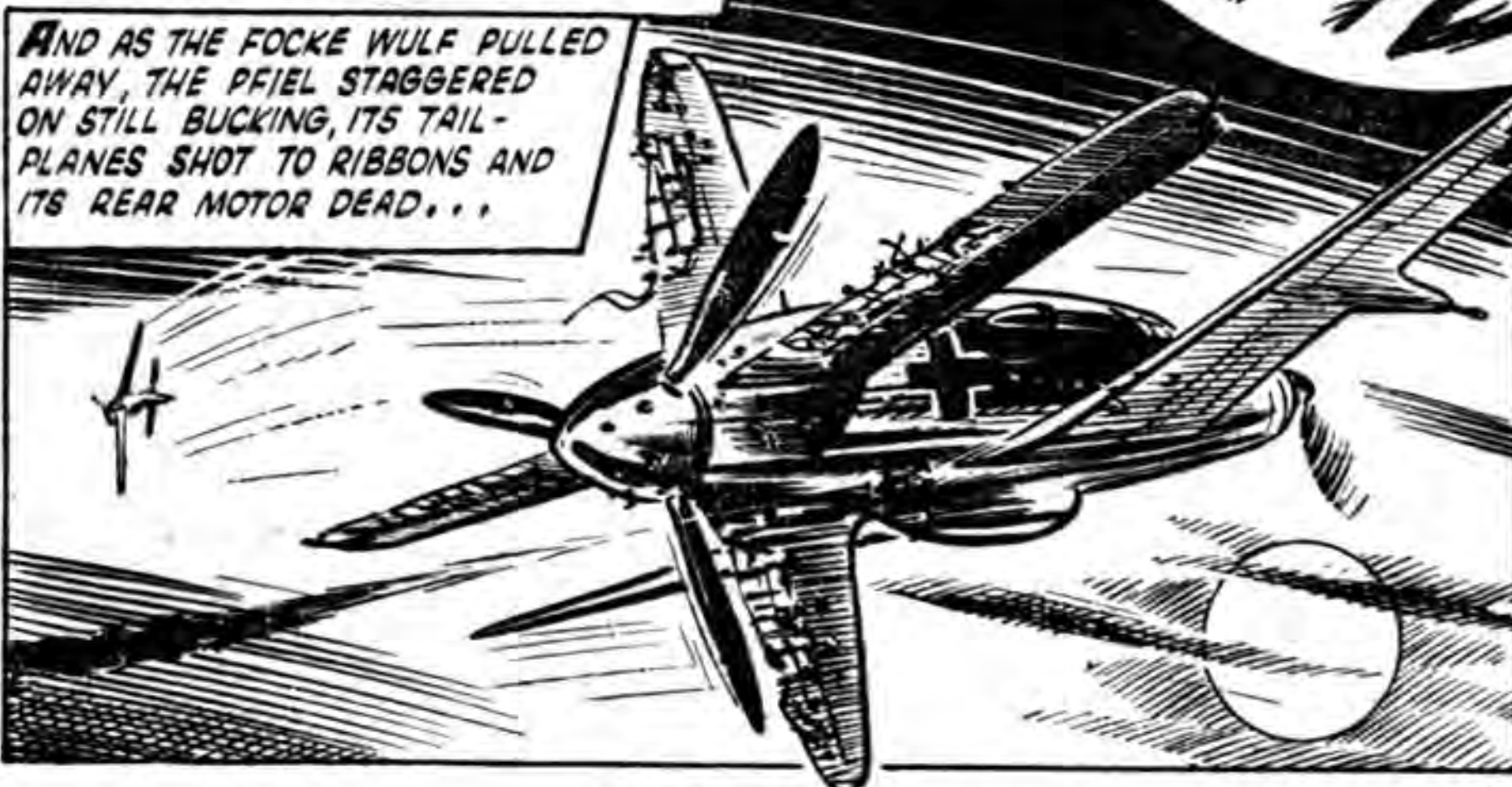


NOW I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO RIDE A BUCKING BRONCO!



BELIEVING BATTLER TO BE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE HIM, THE GERMAN THREW CAUTION TO THE WIND AND CROSSED HIS FRONT...

AND AS THE FOCKE WULF PULLED AWAY, THE PFIEL STAGGERED ON STILL BUCKING, ITS TAIL-PLANES SHOT TO RIBBONS AND ITS REAR MOTOR DEAD...



IN A FLASH, BATTLER'S THUMB WAS PRESSING THE FIRING BUTTON...



...AND THE GERMAN PAID DEARLY FOR HIS SPLIT-SECOND FOLLY...



THAT'S GOT RID OF THEM, BUT IF I CAN'T CONTROL THIS CRATE I CAN SEE MYSELF JOINING THEM PRETTY SOON!



AFTER A TREMENDOUS STRUGGLE, BATTLER MANAGED TO REGAIN PART CONTROL OF THE DAMAGED AIRCRAFT, AND SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER HE WAS STAGGERING OVER THE RUHR VALLEY...



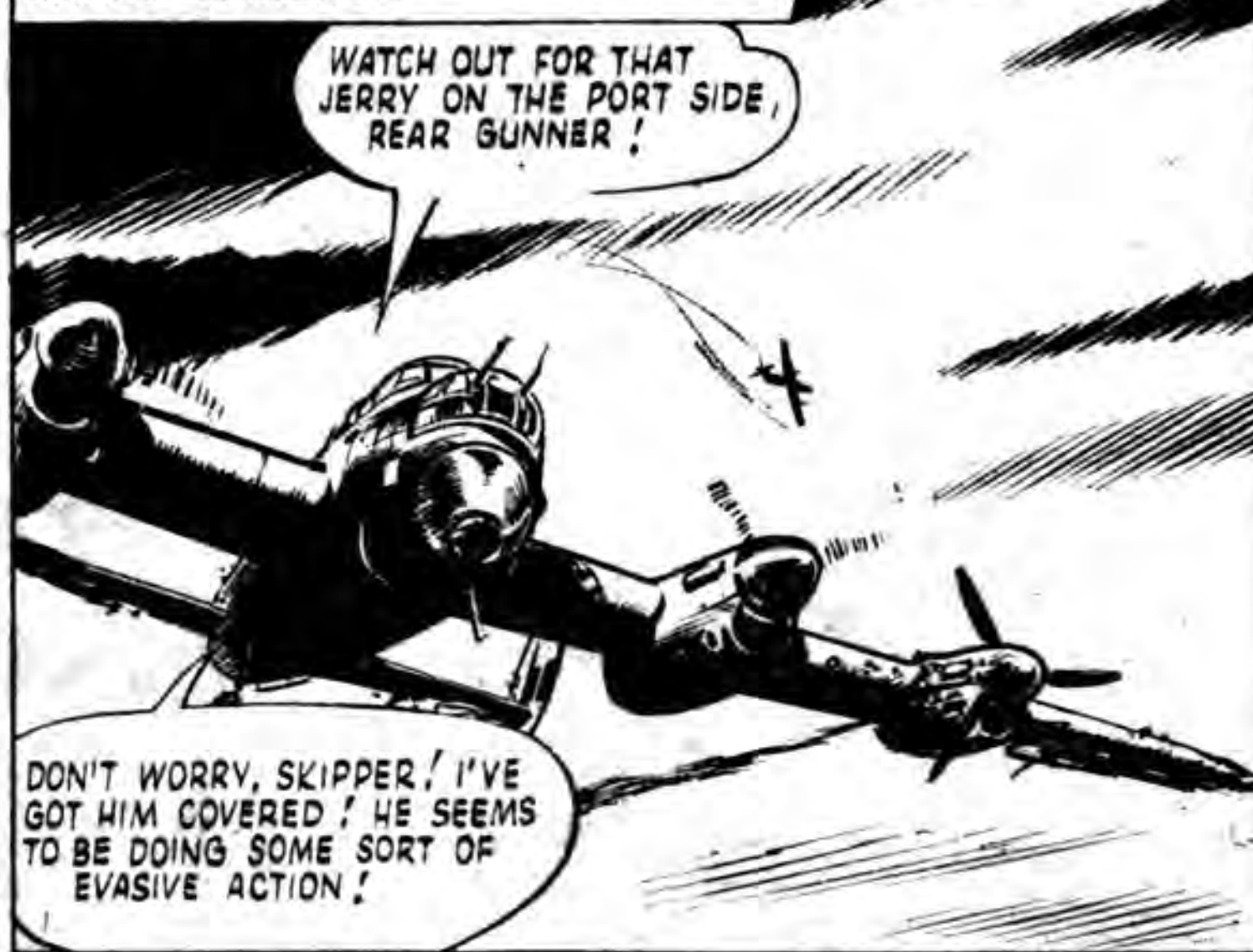
BATTLER'S LUCK WAS IN. BELOW HIM HE SAW A FAMILIAR FRIENDLY SHAPE...



AS HE APPROACHED, THE GUNFIRE CEASED. THE GLOW OF MANY FIRES WERE VISIBLE ON THE GROUND...



UNABLE TO IDENTIFY HIMSELF, BATTLER WISELY KEPT JUST OUT OF RANGE OF THE LIMPING BOMBER...



THE ALERT WENT OUT, AND FROM AIRFIELDS ALL OVER FRANCE FIGHTERS TOOK OFF TO HUNT DOWN THE NAZI EXPERIMENTAL FIGHTER...



AND SO THE TWO PLANES STAGGERED ON ACROSS GERMAN-HELD EUROPE...



BATTLER BOY, KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED! I THINK WE'LL MAKE IT YET!



AND AS THE TWO CRIPPLED AIRCRAFT DRAGGED THEMSELVES OVER THE FRENCH COAST...



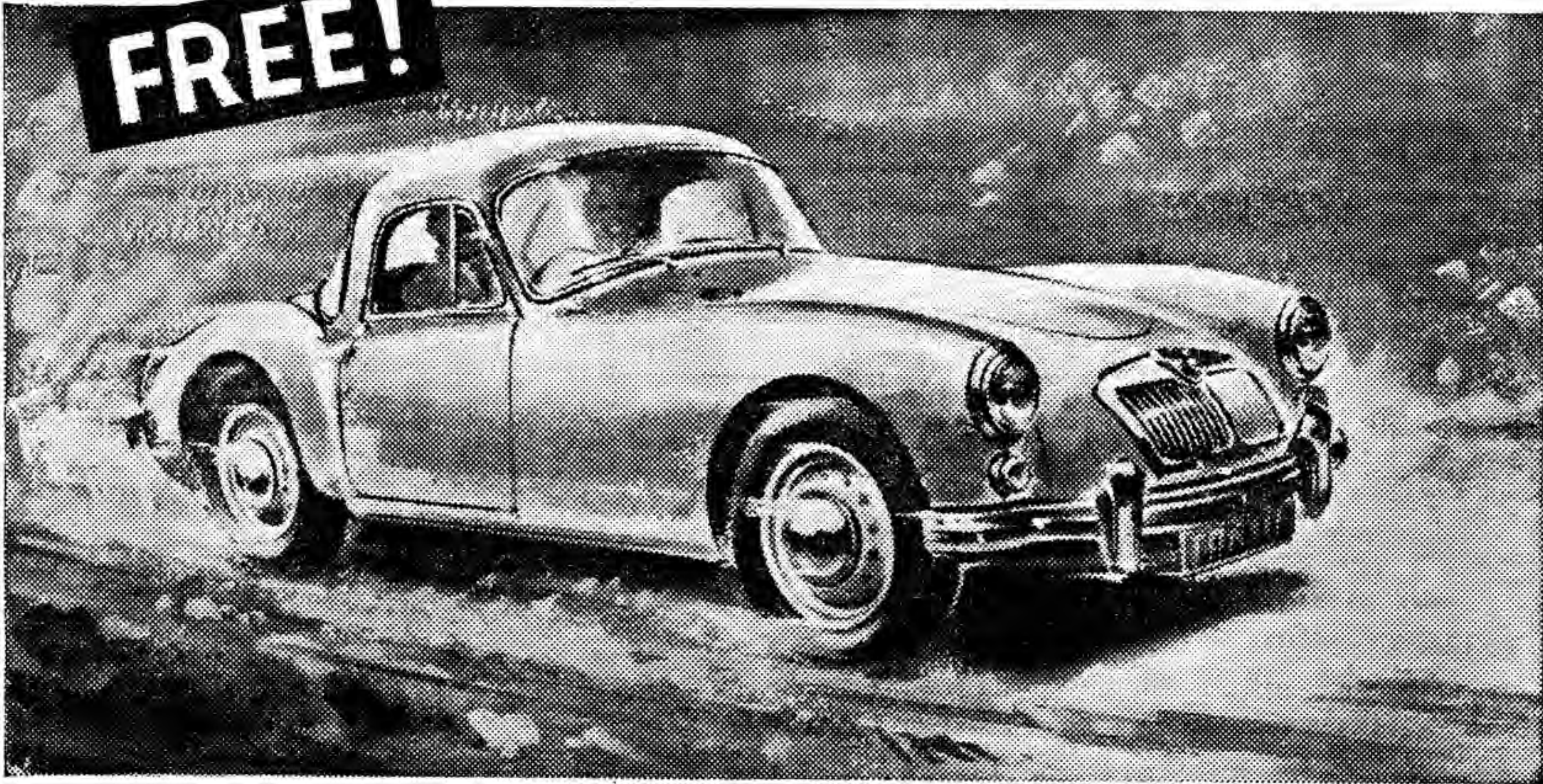
BUT BACK AT THE AIRFIELD WHERE HE DUPED THE GERMANS, THE CHIEF TEST PILOT REGAINED HIS SENSES...



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14 THE TIN BOX CRASHED TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUD AND, AS THE CONTENTS FELL OUT, SIMON MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

THE FIGHTING FOUR

By Owen Conquest

Life at Rookwood School had certainly been anything but dull since the arrival of a new junior called Simon Simple. Innocently he explained to all who would listen that he was usually known as "Simple Simon."

However, Simon proved to be anything but simple.

In fact, he caused quite a stir at Rookwood by getting the better of the Fourth Form gamblers and also putting the bullying Higgs in his place.

After that Jimmy Silver and the rest of the Fighting Four had a sneaking admiration for Simon.

Even they, however, thought he had gone too far when he tricked Carthew, the Sixth Form prefect, and made him look a fool in front of the Head.

To punish him Carthew made Simon fag on a school holiday. But instead of preparing the prefect's tea the new junior began to wreck his study! (Now read on.)

A LUCKY FIND!

SIMON SIMPLE grinned as he continued his labours.

He jerked out the table-drawer, which was full of books, papers, and other articles. He emptied it by the simple process of letting it fall on the floor with a crash.

There was a flat tin box among the articles, locked, but it burst open as it crashed on the floor.

"Oh, gosh!" murmured Simple.

He had not meant to go to the length of breaking a lock, but the damage was done now, and could not be helped.

He glanced casually at a folded newspaper that had fallen from the burst tin box, and then he gave a jump of surprise.

The title printed on the paper was "Racing Tips."

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Simple.

He fairly blinked at the racing paper. He had heard hints and whispers about Carthew, but this was a clincher. He understood now why the tin box had been locked.

The discovery of such a paper in a prefect's study at Rookwood meant a very painful interview with the headmaster, probably to be followed by immediate departure from Rookwood.

"Simple Simon" grinned as he picked up the paper, and examined it.

There were scribbled words on the margin of the paper, next to a list of horses—notes made by the amateur punter regarding the form of the horses, obviously for guidance in laying bets.

There were plenty of papers about Carthew's study with his writing on them, and at a glance Simple saw that the marginal notes on "Racing Tips" were without doubt in the prefect's hand. Naturally Carthew had never expected a paper in a locked box to come to light.

Slowly—ever so slowly—a broad grin overspread the cherubic features of "Simple Simon."

He held in his hand evidence enough to get the bully of the Sixth expelled from Rookwood—or, at least, enough to get him severely reprimanded and punished, and degraded from the rank of prefect.

Simon Simple did not intend to make that evidence known. Carthew certainly deserved to be exposed; but the junior had

no intention of betraying him. Whatever Carthew deserved it was not his business to sneak on him.

But—Simon had other plans!

"Something tells me I shan't get that licking after all!" he murmured, looking at his watch. "Half-past three! I've got lots of time yet."

He thrust the folded paper into an inside pocket, and sauntered out of the study, shutting the door after him.

Tubby Muffin met him with a scared face



As Carthew carefully plotted the new junior's punishment, he little realised that Simon held it in his power to bring about the prefect's own downfall!

as he went up to his own study in the Fourth Form passage.

"Finished?" gasped the fat boy.

"Oh, yes!"

"Carthew'll boil you in oil!" gasped Tubby.

"My dear old porpoise, Carthew won't touch me," smiled Simple. "If he comes down inquiring after me, tell him I've gone to Coombe, and shan't be back till call-over."

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Tubby.

Simon Simple went into his study and came out within a few minutes, smiling cheerily. The racing paper was in a safe place now.

As he left the study he saw Mornington and Erroll coming along the passage dressed in football gear. They had been taking advantage of the half-day to get in some much-needed practice at the game.

"Hello, Simple!" said Mornington as they passed. "The last we heard about you Carthew had claimed your services for the day. Didn't expect to see much of you before lights out!"

"Did Carthew let you off lightly then?" asked Kit Erroll.

"Lightly, be blowed!" replied the new junior. "If he'd had his way I'd have been in his study till the cows came home."

"You don't mean that you left without his permission?" gasped Kit Erroll, with an expression of amazement.

"Oh, should I have had his permission then?" asked Simon Simple, simply. "I didn't know that. But, anyway, Carthew wasn't there to ask."

"You're in for trouble when he catches up with you, then," said Mornington with a grim look.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Simon. "In fact, I think Carthew had better watch his own step in future."

With that he turned and left the startled Fourth Formers.

The new junior walked contentedly out of the School House and away towards the gates. Suddenly there was the sound of running feet from the direction of Mr. Mander's House.

Simon Simple looked round quickly. Carthew of the Sixth was speeding after him with a red and angry face. He had spotted the junior from Knowles' study window.

"Stop!" shouted Carthew.

"Another time, dear boy!" called back Simple.

"I—I—I'll—"

"Go and get lost!" retorted the amazing new junior.

Simple dashed out of the gates at top speed, while Carthew rushed across the quad. The junior was well down the lane when Carthew glared out of the gates.

"Come back!" roared the Sixth Former furiously.

Simon Simple paused for a moment to kiss his hand at the infuriated prefect, and then sped on.

Carthew made a stride out of the gates, but he stopped and turned back. It was not much use to think of pursuing the elusive junior up and down the country lanes.

His wrath had to be bottled up till a more favourable opportunity. Simon Simple would have to return by locking-up time, and then he could be dealt with. And Carthew's plans for that event are best left to the imagination!

Carthew returned to Mr. Mander's House; and at four o'clock he took his friends to his study in the School House, without much expectation that Simple had left tea ready for him. It was only too plain that the fag had mutinied.

Carthew did not quite expect to see a spread; but he was very far indeed from expecting to see the sight which met his startled eyes when he opened his study door.

Knowles and Frampton looked in and whistled.

"What the thunder—" said Knowles.

Carthew stuttered.

"I—I—I told him to tidy up the study!" he gasped. "I—I told him not to leave a speck of dust—"

"By gad! He's left a good many!" grinned Knowles. "You don't seem to keep your fags in good order this side of Rookwood, Carthew!"

"He—he's wrecked the study!" gasped Carthew dazedly. "Look at the mantelpiece—and the fender—and the carpet—and

CHEERFULLY SIMON RETURNED TO SCHOOL—TO FACE THE WRATH OF CARTHEW!

my books and papers! By gad! I—I—I'll skin him—"

"I shouldn't lick him," said Knowles. "I'd take him to the Head and get him a flogging. That's better."

"I—I—I will. I'll have him flogged! I'll have him expelled from Rookwood if I can!" shouted Carthew, white with rage. "Treating a prefect's study like this—a prefect's, you know! He must be mad! I'll make him clean up this mess on his bended knees. I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Carthew's voice failed him.

"You'd better come to tea with me, after all," remarked Knowles, repressing a grin. "This study really doesn't look inviting."

Carthew nodded speechlessly.

He went back to Mr. Mander's House with his friends in a state of mind that beggared description. His only consolation was the thought of what was going to happen to Simple of the Fourth when he came in.

But "Simple Simon" had his own ideas about that!

THE WINNING TRICK!

JIMMY SILVER and Co. came back to Rookwood in the falling dusk, with Simon Simple of the Fourth. The new junior had joined them on the Heath, and had enjoyed a ramble among the old

"Wait and see," said "Simple Simon" with a grin.

Raby and Newcome exchanged a baffled glance. It seemed to them that the new junior was so dim that he did not fully comprehend the horrible predicament he had landed himself in.

Ever since Simon Simple had arrived at Rookwood on the back of an elephant he had almost made a career out of getting himself out of extremely tight corners with the greatest of ease.

But this time it was different. To duck out of fagging for a Sixth Form prefect was, in itself, inexcusable. Yet Simon had gone even further and, according to the tale he had related to the Fighting Four, he had almost wrecked the prefect's study.

Even allowing for a fair amount of exaggeration on the part of the new junior, the Fourth Formers felt convinced he was in for a punishment such as had been seldom seen at Rookwood before.

Yet, as they neared the big doorway of the school, the cause of all the trouble seemed quite unconcerned. Simon's usual cheerful and slightly impertinent grin never left his face for a moment.

Simon Simple appeared to be quite prepared to meet the stormy situation which

"Thank you so much."

Carthew trembled with rage.

"I'm going to take you to the Head," he went on, almost choking. "You're going to get a flogging! Come with me."

"I'll come with you with pleasure, Carthew," said Simple meekly, as the bully of the Sixth grasped him savagely by the shoulder. "I want to see the Head! I want to ask him what I had better do with a copy of 'Racing Tips' I found in a prefect's study—"

"What!"

Carthew's grip suddenly relaxed. He stared blankly at Simon Simple, who returned his look with a sweet smile.

"Of course, I'm rather a simple sort of chap," said the junior. "I'm called 'Simple Simon,' you know. But I can't help thinking that it's against the rules for a Sixth Form prefect to have racing papers in his study—"

"You—you—I—I—I—"

"Especially marked in his own handwriting," pursued Simple gently. "Do you think it is against the rules, Carthew? As a prefect you ought to know."

Carthew gave him one look and rushed away to his study. There was a buzz among the juniors who had heard Simple's startling words.

Jimmy Silver caught him by the arm.

"Is that true?" he asked breathlessly.

Simon Simple smiled.

"True enough, I'd say," grinned Mornington. "I fancy Carthew's rushed off to see whether his fancy racin' paper's missin'. What a lark! Simple, you funny idiot. You take the cake, and no mistake!"

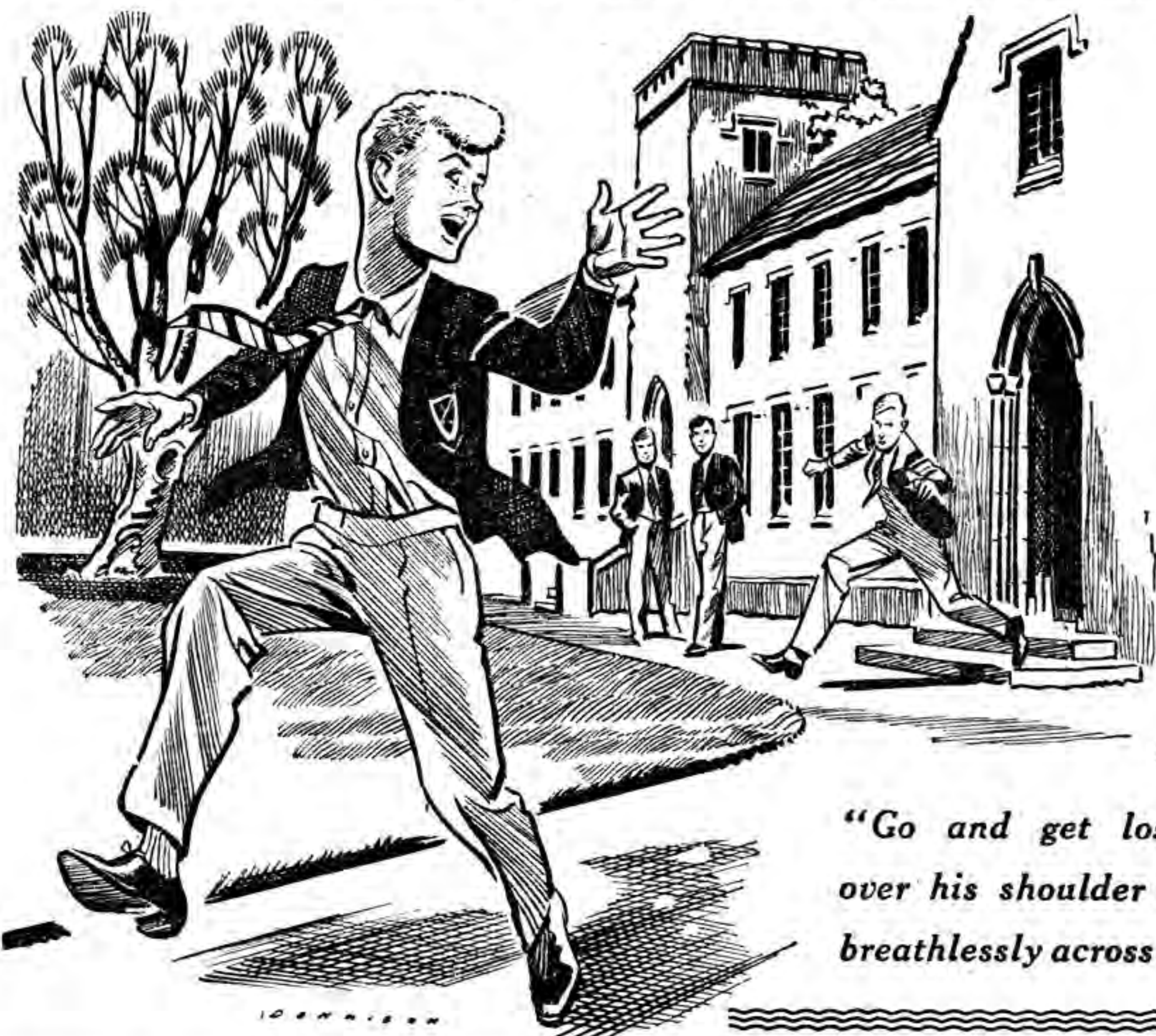
There was a shower of questions, but Simple did not answer them. He did not intend to give Carthew away more than he could help, for the purpose of saving his own valuable skin.

Carthew had not reappeared when the juniors went in for call-over. Jimmy Silver chuckled at the thought that the Sixth Form bully was searching frantically among the debris in his study for the racing paper that was not there.

After call-over, Simple of the Fourth sauntered along to Carthew's study. The Sixth Form bully turned a crimson and furious face on him, his hands twitching with desire to seize the cool, smiling junior and pulverise him.

Simon Simple stepped coolly into the study and laid three pennies on the table. Carthew watched him with glittering eyes.

"I'm sure you don't mind selling me that paper at cost price, Carthew," said Simple gently.



"Go and get lost!" retorted Simon Simple over his shoulder as the angry prefect dashed breathlessly across the quadrangle in hot pursuit.

quarries. The juniors came home together in a cheery mood; but Simple was the cheeriest of all.

Jimmy Silver was looking rather grave.

Simple had told him of the way he had "fagged" for Carthew, and Jimmy was thinking of the consequences.

"You don't seem to understand that it's serious, Simple," he said, as they came up to the gates of Rookwood. "Carthew will be absolutely tearing his hair!"

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Simple. "I'm rather a hopeful chap, as a rule, but I never expected that Carthew would be pleased."

"He'll skin you!" said Lovell.

"I hope not!"

"I'm afraid he'll take you to the Head," said Jimmy Silver. "And I reckon it'll mean a flogging."

Simple shook his head.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," he said.

"Well, what do you think Carthew will do then, you piecan?" exclaimed Raby.

"I don't think he'll do anything!"

"Oh, you're absolutely bats!"

lay ahead of him, in the best of spirits.

He walked in cheerily with Jimmy Silver and Co.

A good many juniors were waiting about the doorway, and they looked at Simon Simple with expressions of mingled sympathy and awe. Tubby Muffin had spread the news of the wrecking of Carthew's study.

"Carthew's waiting for you, Simple," said Tubby.

"How very kind of him."

"Here he comes!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Carthew of the Sixth was not far away. He came down to the crowd of juniors near the big doorway as he saw Simple. The prefect's brows were knitted, his face pale with suppressed fury.

"So you came back, Simple!" he said between his teeth.

"Yes, thank you, Carthew!"

"I suppose you know what you're booked for!"

"Am I booked for anything, please, Carthew?"

"I'm not going to lick you myself—"

Carthew panted.

"Have you—have you got it on you?" he asked huskily.

"Should I be idiot enough to come in here if I had?" smiled the junior.

"Where have you hidden it?" hissed Carthew.

"In a safe place!"

Simple strolled to the door, Carthew watching him a good deal like a tiger. The junior glanced back in the doorway.

"That paper won't come to light, so long as you behave yourself, old boy," he said sweetly. "But don't be a bully any more, Carthew. I shall be angry if you do, besides, it's bad form."

And Simple of the Fourth sauntered away, whistling.

Carthew did not follow him. Not for a king's ransom would he have dared to lay hands just then, on the humorist of Rookwood.

"Simple Simon" had proved himself quite an exceptional student—of human nature!

(Enjoy another rollicking Rookwood adventure with Jimmy Silver and his pals in next week's super KNOCKOUT.)

AT SUICIDE SPEED THE VILLAINOUS DRIVER PUT STONE'S PLAN INTO OPERATION!

PETE MADDEN AND THE THUNDERFLASH

When John Best took his racing car, the Thunderflash, to Italy to race in the Dolomite 500 he was unaware that Marvin Stone—aided by a treacherous mechanic named Lucas—had hidden the plans of an atomic gun in the car. Meanwhile, Pete Madden, who was Best's relief driver, waited anxiously in the pits with his assistant, Steve. At the same time, Stone and Lucas were plotting to use another car in the race, which was driven by one of Stone's men, to get the precious plans...

WHEN MARVIN STONE RECOGNISED THE APPROACHING RACER, HE SIGNALLLED THE DRIVER TO STOP.

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, BOSS?

IT'S PAUL, IN THE TOLEDO. HE'LL FORCE THE THUNDERFLASH INTO OUR HANDS!

PAUL, KEEP CLOSE TO THE THUNDERFLASH WHEN YOU REACH SUICIDE CORNER—FORCE IT OFF THE ROAD THEN WE'LL DO THE REST.

O-K, BOSS. BUT WHAT ABOUT PETE MADDEN?

LEAVE PETE MADDEN TO US! THE FILM OF THOSE PLANS IS WORTH HALF A MILLION, AND I'LL SEE MADDEN DOESN'T STOP US GETTING IT!

AT THE END OF AN HOUR'S DARING DRIVING, JOHN BEST HALTED THE THUNDERFLASH AT THE PITS, AND PETE MADDEN WAS ALL READY TO TAKE OVER AS RELIEF DRIVER.

YOUR TURN, PETE! I'VE MANAGED TO KEEP THE LEAD SO FAR.

HOPE I DO AS WELL, JOHN!

WHILE THE PETROL TANK WAS BEING REPLENISHED, AND PETE MADDEN SETTLED DOWN BEHIND THE WHEEL, PAUL, IN THE TOLEDO, SCREAMED BY...

BANG GOES OUR LEAD, PETE! THAT TOLEDO'S REAL FAST!

I'LL CATCH HIM, JOHN!

BUT STEVE, THE 'TEC'S YOUNG ASSISTANT, WAS ANXIOUS, AND HE CONFIDED IN MOLLY BEST.

I'M GOING OUT IN THE CAR TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE GUVNOR ROUND THE CIRCUIT.

WISH I COULD COME WITH YOU, STEVE, BUT I HAVE TO HELP MY FATHER HERE!

THE THUNDERFLASH WAS ALL JOHN BEST CLAIMED IT TO BE—A REAL WONDER CAR! CATCHING THE TOLEDO ON A STRAIGHT STRETCH, PETE MADDEN STORMED PAST!

THAT TOLEDO'S FAST! BUT THE THUNDERFLASH CAN LOSE IT ON STRAIGHTS. IT'S THE CORNERING THAT'S GOING TO COUNT!

IT WAS ON SUICIDE CORNER THAT PAUL, IN THE TOLEDO, SEIZED HIS CHANCE. SWERVING TO THE INSIDE, HE ACCELERATED FIERCELY...

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHIPS, MADDEN!

THE "DOLOMITE 500" WAS A RACE WHICH TESTED CARS AND DRIVERS TO BREAKING POINT. MANY HAD ALREADY CRACKED UP, BUT STILL THE THUNDERFLASH AND TOLEDO DUELLED FOR THE LEAD.

AS HE TRIED TO CONTROL THE THUNDERFLASH, PETE WAS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!

AS PETE MADDEN HURTTLED ROUND THE SHARP BEND HE WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE THE RIVAL RACER STORM PAST-- AND HE WAS COMPELLED TO SWING OUT WIDE!

THE CRAZY FOOL!
HE'LL HAVE ME OFF
THE ROAD!

HE DID THAT
DELIBERATELY!
HE MUST BE
IN WITH THAT
GANG OF
CROOKS!

WHILE THE DETECTIVE STRUGGLED TO CONTROL THE THUNDERFLASH, MARVIN STONE AND HIS TWO CONFEDERATES WATCHED FROM A HIGH OUTCROP OF ROCK.

LET IT GO--NOW! WHEN THAT
TARPAULIN LANDS OVER HIM,
HE'LL BE FORCED TO
STOP!

THE TARPAULIN-- WEIGHTED AT ITS CORNERS WITH ROCKS--
SWIFTLY PARACHUTED DOWN, LANDING OVER THE
THUNDERFLASH LIKE A GIANT CLOAK!

WHAT ON
EARTH...

HE PULLED UP IN THE NICK OF TIME, BUT AS HE
FLUNG OFF THE TARPAULIN-- THE CROOKS'
GUNS ROARED!

UNABLE TO SEE, PETE MADDEN HEADED STRAIGHT FOR A HUGE ROCK!

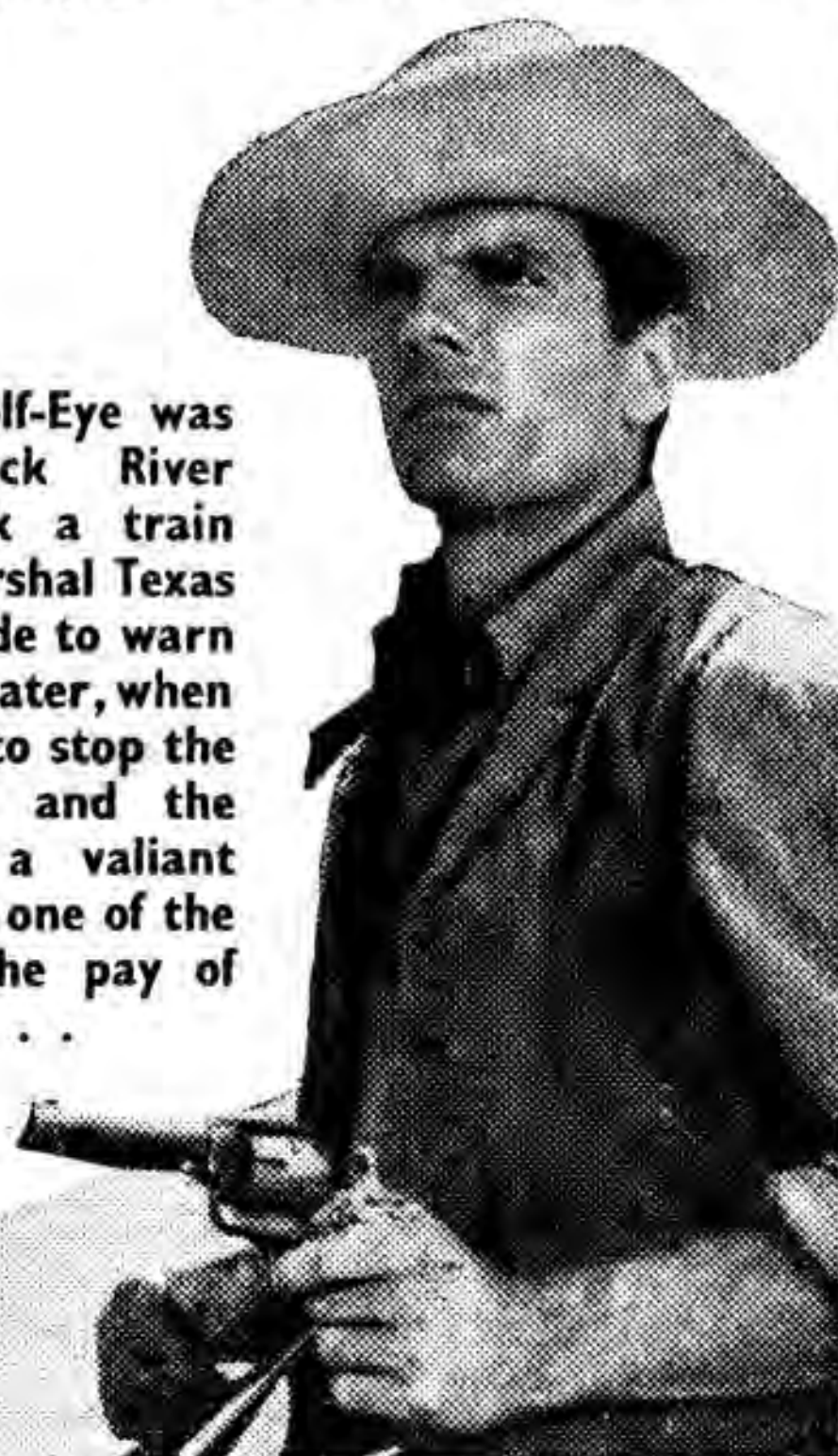
SO IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO
GET THE THUNDERFLASH!
AND THEY DON'T MEAN
TO TAKE ME ALIVE!

Will Marvin Stone succeed in getting the plans? Follow the thrills with Pete Madden next week!

TEXAS JOHN'S GUNS ROARED AT THE INDIANS... BUT TREACHERY LURKED BEHIND HIM!

WOLF-EYE'S VENGEANCE

Learning that Wolf-Eye was leading the Black River Indians to attack a train carrying gold, Marshal Texas John Slaughter rode to warn the train guards. Later, when the Indians tried to stop the train Texas John and the guards put up a valiant fight. But Sayers, one of the guards, was in the pay of Wolf-Eye...



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KNOWING THAT NONE OF THEM WOULD STAND A CHANCE IF THE INDIANS GOT ON THE FOOTPLATE. TEXAS JOHN HURRIEDLY LEFT THE BOX-CAR AND HEADED TOWARDS THE ENGINE.



AS SOON AS TEXAS JOHN HAD GONE, SAYERS TURNED SAVAGELY ON THE OTHER GUARDS, AND HIS GUNS ROARED TWICE.



THE NOISE OF THE BATTLE DROWNED SAYERS' TREACHERY, AND TEXAS JOHN ARRIVED NEAR THE ENGINE JUST IN TIME TO BEAT OFF A DETERMINED ATTEMPT TO BOARD IT...



TEXAS JOHN CLAMBERED OVER THE TENDER AND DROPPED DOWN BEHIND THE TERRIFIED FIREMAN AND DRIVER.



IN THE MINUTES THAT FOLLOWED TEXAS JOHN FOUGHT DESPERATELY TO KEEP THE INDIANS OFF THE FOOT-PLATE.



TIME AND TIME AGAIN THE FIGHTING MARSHAL'S GUNS SPURTED FLAME AND LEAD.



TEXAS JOHN KNEW THAT ONCE THE TRAIN REACHED THE BRIDGE THAT SPANNED DEVIL'S CANYON THEY WOULD BE SAFE. NOW THAT HE HAD BEATEN OFF THE ATTACK ON THE ENGINE HE DECIDED TO RETURN TO HELP THE GUARDS IN THE BULLION CARS — BUT AS THE FIGHTING MARSHAL ENTERED SAYERS SPRANG FORWARD...



THE UPRaised GUN BUTT SLAMMED DOWN, AND TEXAS JOHN SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR. SAYERS STOOD OVER HIM, GLOATING, AND HE HOLSTERED HIS GUNS.



MEANWHILE, WOLF-EYE HAD RIDDEN AHEAD TO BLOW UP THE BRIDGE, FOR HE KNEW HE COULD NOT STOP THE TRAIN ONCE IT HAD CROSSED DEVIL'S CANYON.

WHEN THE BRIDGE IS DESTROYED THE WHITE DOGS WILL BE FORCED TO STOP.

YOU LEARNED MANY WONDERFUL THINGS WHEN YOU WERE WITH THE WHITE MEN, O WISE ONE.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRAIN APPROACHED THE BRIDGE, THE KEEN-EYED DRIVER SAW THE Gaping HOLE AND SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES. THE TRAIN CAME TO A GRINDING HALT, AND WITHIN MOMENTS THE BATTLE WAS OVER.

THE GOLD'S IN THAT CAR, WOLF-EYE. YOU'D BETTER HURRY IN CASE WE RUN INTO MORE TROUBLE. I'VE ALREADY DEALT WITH THE MARSHAL.

SO THE DOG TRIED TO STOP US AFTER ALL! YOU HAVE DONE WELL, SAYERS!

WITH FIENDISH GLEE, WOLF-EYE PRESSED DOWN THE PLUNGER, AND THE BRIDGE ERUPTED IN A BLINDING SHEET OF FLAME.

THE BULLION WAS UNLOADED FROM THE TRAIN AND WOLF-EYE ORDERED THE PASSENGERS BACK INTO THE COACHES. TWO BRAVES THEN MOUNTED THE FOOTPLATE AND STARTED THE TRAIN MOVING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE.

WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?

THE RED FIENDS ARE SENDING US TO OUR DOOM!

FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS. A PLEASANT JOURNEY TO YOUR ANCESTORS!

AS THE TRAIN GATHERED SPEED AND HURTLIED TOWARDS THE BROKEN BRIDGE THE TWO INDIANS JUMPED FROM THE FOOTPLATE.

AS THE TRAIN RUSHED FORWARD, TEXAS JOHN RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS AND SAT UP WITH A GROAN. STAGGERING ACROSS TO THE WINDOW HE LOOKED OUT AND GASPED WITH HORROR WHEN HE SAW THE BROKEN BRIDGE AHEAD. HEARING THE CRIES OF THE PANIC-STRIKEN PASSENGERS FROM THE REAR, HE IMMEDIATELY GUESSED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

IT TOOK THE FIGHTING MARSHAL ONLY SECONDS TO REACH THE COUPLINGS BETWEEN THE BULLION CARS AND THE PASSENGER COACHES.

IF I CAN GET THIS UNCOUPLED THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO SAVE THE PASSENGERS!

AS THE TRAIN LURCHED AND SWAYED TOWARDS THE BRIDGE, TEXAS JOHN'S POWERFUL HANDS HEAVED ON THE GREAT COUPLINGS UNTIL BEADS OF SWEAT FORMED ON HIS FOREHEAD. THEN, WITH A METALLIC CLATTER, THEY CAME FREE.

THE PASSENGER COACHES IMMEDIATELY STARTED TO SLOW TO A HALT — BUT THE BULLION CARS, WITH TEXAS JOHN STILL ABOARD, THUNDERED ON TO THE WRECKED BRIDGE...

Only seconds separate Texas John from disaster! Don't miss next week's action-packed episode!

SPORTY

by Reg Wootton

