

MONEY TO BE WON IN A FEAST OF FUN!

SEE PAGE 15 INSIDE



Knockout

18th MARCH, 1961

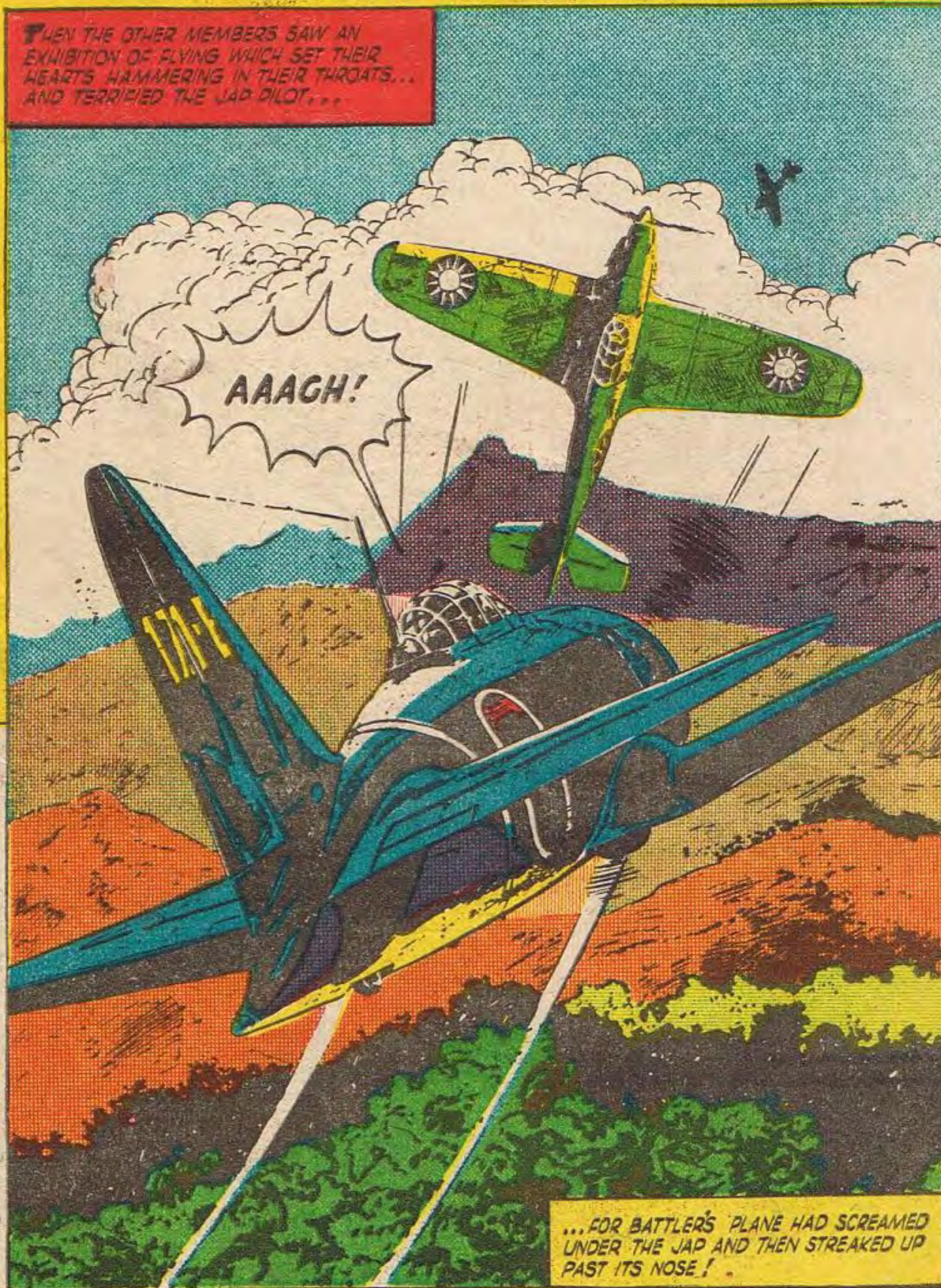
EVERY WEDNESDAY 4½

Battler Britton FIGHTING ACE



Battler was sent to lead a volunteer force to guard the Burma road from Japanese attacks. The force was an undisciplined mob when he arrived, and on their first mission an Australian, Cobber Hart, disobeyed orders and broke formation. After the fight, Hart found himself in deadly peril from a lone Jap fighter. At once Battler dived to the rescue—with no ammunition left in his guns...

THEN THE OTHER MEMBERS SAW AN EXHIBITION OF FLYING WHICH SET THEIR HEARTS HAMMERING IN THEIR THROATS... AND TERRIFIED THE JAP PILOT...



...FOR BATTLER'S PLANE HAD SCREAMED UNDER THE JAP AND THEN STREAKED UP PAST ITS NOSE!

HIS EYES STARTING OUT OF HIS FACE, THE JAP SWUNG HIS PLANE AWAY IN A HOBBLY TURN, BUT BATTLER HAD NOT FINISHED WITH HIM YET, FOR THE HURRICANE LOOPED, AND...



EVER PLAYED PICK-A-BACK BEFORE?

THE JAP PILOT HAD NOT, AND DID NOT WANT TO START LEARNING NOW, BUT EVERY MOVE HE MADE TO DODGE THAT MENACE A FEW FEET ABOVE HIM WAS CHECKED. THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY HE COULD GO... DOWN!



THAT WAS REAL BONZER! BUT I GUESS THAT MANOEUVRE AIN'T TAUGHT IN THE R.A.F.?

NO, AUSSIE...NOT YET! WHY DON'T YOU WRITE TO THEM AND SUGGEST IT?

LATER, AS THE PILOTS GATHERED IN THE REST ROOM, HART MUTTERED HIS THANKS TO BATTLER... BUT HIS EYES STILL HELD A TRACE OF RESENTMENT...

ER-THANKS, WING COMMANDER. FOR TAKING THOSE NIP SHARP-SHOOTERS OFF MY BACK... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU...

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, HART, BREAKING FORMATION BEFORE MY ORDER, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ENDED UP ON THE RECEIVING END LIKE THAT... AND WE WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE JAPS BY SURPRISE!



AGAINST HIS WILL, HART REALISED THAT BATTLER WAS RIGHT... BUT HE WAS NOT GOING TO ADMIT IT... NOT EVEN TO HIMSELF! HE TURNED AWAY ANGRILY...

DARNED POMMIE LOUDMOUTH, COMES HERE WITH HIS FANCY BOOK-LEARNING TACTICS... "MUSTN'T DO THIS, MUSTN'T DO THAT." WHAT DOES HE THINK I'VE BEEN DOING OUT HERE FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS... PLAYING PAT BALL WITH THE JAPS? EVEN IF HE CAN FLY RINGS ROUND A GNAT, HE AIN'T GOIN' TO CHANGE MY STYLE OF FIGHTIN'! AND THAT'S DINKUM!



WITH DAWN THE FOLLOWING DAY CAME THE SUDDEN VIOLENCE OF A TROPICAL STORM. ALL THROUGH THE HEAT-SATURATED NIGHT, HEAVY CLOUDS HAD BEEN PILING UP IN THE SKY... NOW, SPLIT BY JAGGED TONGUES OF FORKED LIGHTNING, THEY SPILLED THE RAIN DOWN IN A DRIVING TORRENT...



VISIBILITY IS JUST ABOUT NIL SO WE'RE GROUNDED. BUT SO ARE THE JAPS! AND IT'S A GOOD CHANCE TO START OUR TRAINING. RIGHT, CHAPS, SCHOOL IS NOW OPEN!

ALL THROUGHOUT THE DAY, WITH THE RAIN DRUMMING DOWN, BATTLER EXPLAINED THE TACTICS HE WANTED USED IN THE FUTURE. DESPITE THEIR RESENTMENT, THE PILOTS REALISED THEY WERE LISTENING TO THE WORDS OF A MASTER FIGHTING ACE.

WE'VE LEARNED THESE LESSONS AGAINST THE JERRIES IN EUROPE. TAKE YOUR ENEMY BY SURPRISE BY GETTING ABOVE HIM AND COMING DOWN OUT OF THE SUN. STRIKE FIRST AND STRIKE HARD! THEN THE BATTLE IS HALF WON BEFORE HE KNOWS IT!



DURING THE NIGHT, THE STORM PETERED OUT AND THE MORNING SUN FLAMED HOT OVER THE STEAMING AIRSTRIP. BATTLER WAS WALKING PAST THE RADIO OFFICE WHEN THE DOOR OPENED...

SIR... MESSAGE FROM H.Q. THE STORM HIT THE ROAD BADLY... THERE'S TEN MILES OF IT WASHED DOWN AT PONGBING. IT'LL BE TWO DAYS BEFORE THEY HAVE IT REPAIRED!



GOOD! THE JAP RECONNAISSANCE PLANES WILL REPORT THE SAME THING. WE CAN GET SOME FLIGHT TRAINING IN FOR THE NEXT PARTY!

AT THAT MOMENT, FROM THE WEST CAME THE SOUND OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES...

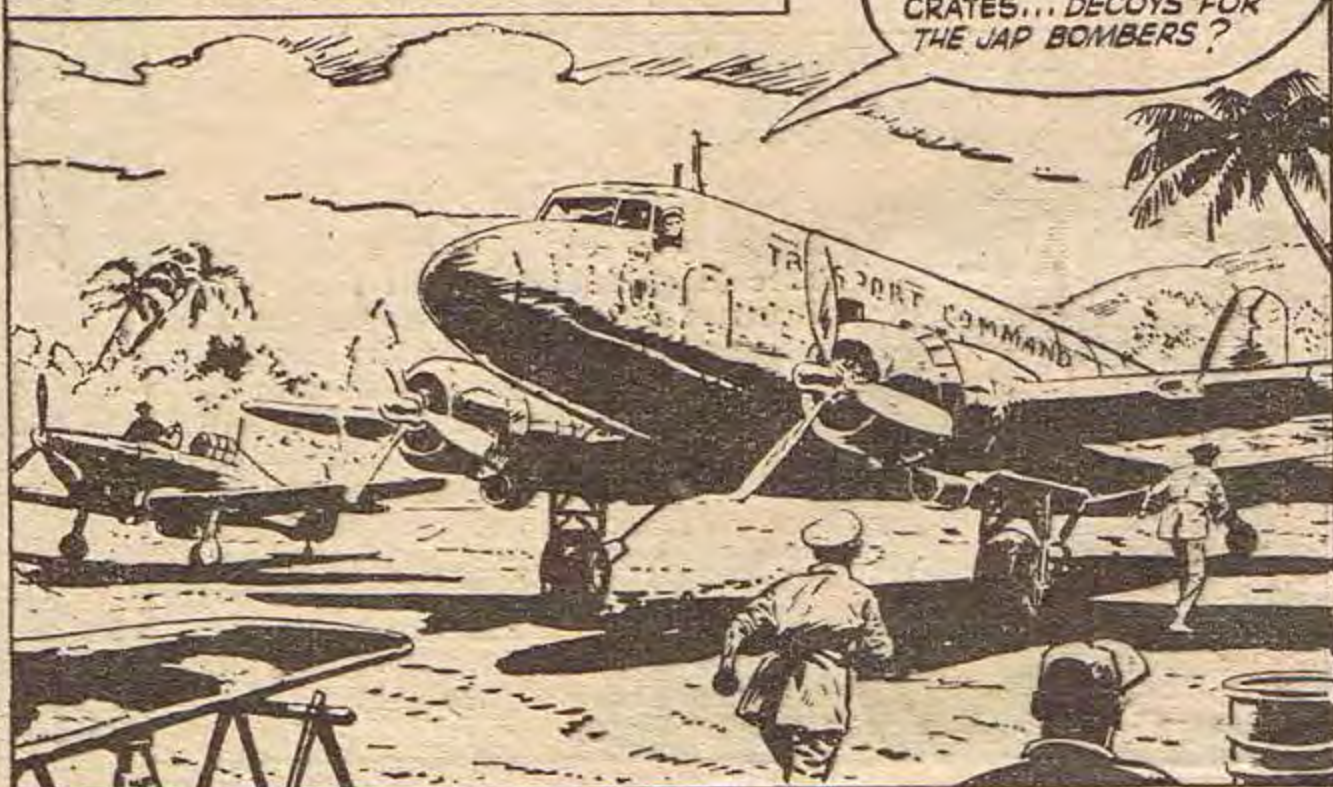
IT'S ALL RIGHT, IT'S ONE OF OURS... A DAKOTA! I SENT A RADIO MESSAGE OFF FOR SOME SPARE PARTS... IT MUST BE THEM!



AW, HECK! ONLY SPARE PARTS? YOU DON'T RECKON THEY'D HAVE SENT ENOUGH TO BUILD ME A NEW PLANE, DO YOU?

THE DAKOTA CAME IN LOW OVER THE RUNWAY, TOUCHED DOWN, SKIDDED ON THE MUDDY SURFACE AND CAME TO A SLITHERING HALT!

QUITE A SKATING RINK YOU'VE GOT THERE! WHAT ARE THOSE OLD CRATES... DECOYS FOR THE JAP BOMBERS?



SECONDS LATER, THE PILOT JUMPED DOWN OUT OF THE CARGO DOOR...

BIT OF A CHANGE FROM DELHI AIRFIELD, SIR... YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE TWELVE BRAND NEW HURRICANES THAT LANDED THERE AS I TOOK OFF!



WELL I'LL BE DARNED... I RADIO FOR NEW PLANES EVERY DAY AND EVERY REPLY COMES BACK SAYING THEY'RE NOT AVAILABLE!

WHILE THE STORES WERE BEING UNLOADED, BATTLER STOOD THOUGHTFULLY, THEN A GLIMMER OF MERRIMENT LIT HIS BLUE EYES AND A GRIN TOUCHED THE CORNERS OF HIS FIRM LIPS...

THE JAPS WON'T BE AFTER THE ROAD UNTIL THE CONVOYS HAVE STARTED GOING THROUGH AGAIN... SO I THINK MY CHAPS WOULD ENJOY A SPOT OF LEAVE IN DELHI... CAN YOU PACK US ALL INTO YOUR DELIVERY VAN?



WHY... YES, OF COURSE, SIR!

DID YOU GET THAT? HE POUNDS TACTICS INTO US ALL DAY YESTERDAY... AND NOW HE SENDS US ON LEAVE! HE MUST BE NUTS!

SIX HOURS LATER, AS THE TWIN ENGINE DAKOTA CIRCLED OVER DELHI AIRPORT, BATTLER GLANCED DOWN FROM ONE OF THE STARBOARD WINDOWS...

STONE THE CROWS! WHAT A LINE OF BEAUTS! AND STRAIGHT FROM AUSSIELAND, TOO... THOSE BLOKES DOWN THERE HAD BETTER KEEP THEIR EYES PEELED, OR I'LL BE TAKING ONE BACK TO LASHIO WITH ME!



AND THAT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME ONE LITTLE BIT!

AFTER THE DAKOTA HAD LANDED, BATTLER INSTRUCTED THE PILOTS THAT THEY WERE TO BE AT THE AIRFIELD FOR THE RETURN TO LASHIO AT 6 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING. COMPLETELY STAGGERED, THEY WATCHED HIM AS HE WALKED AWAY...

COR... CHASE ME UP A GUM TREE! HE'S STARK, RAVING BATTY! A SIX HOUR TRIP HERE FOR ONLY FOURTEEN HOURS LEAVE!

FRIEND, COBBER... IF YOU MEAN THAT THE SAHIB BRITTON IS PERHAPS ONE OF THE MAD ENGLISHMEN, I AGREE... BUT HE IS OUR LEADER AND WE MUST OBEY!





Fly the war-scarred skyways again with Battler Britton in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

THE SPEED KINGS

KNOCKOUT'S CROSSWORD

Clues Across

1. Old English drink.
4. Wither.
6. Eager.
7. Throw.
9. Tavern.
10. Grow old.
11. Base metal.
13. Horizontal.
14. Pale.

15. Want.

Down

2. Arranges.
3. Follow closely.
4. Corpulent.
5. Appoint.
8. Wander.
12. Not night.
13. For steering.

(For solution see page 6.)

and drew out a card which he passed to the sergeant. On it was printed:

"BERNARD K. TUCKER,
Benfield Armaments Corporation,
Detroit, U.S.A."

"I'm looking for Brigadier A'Dare," Mr. Bernard Tucker said. "I've just hiked up from the town. You see, I want to sell the brigadier some field-guns."

The sergeant and the two King brothers looked at him sharply. The one thing that they lacked in their battle against the rebels was artillery. El Cuchillo had three 25-pounders, and about five thousand men. Brigadier A'Dare had a hundred soldiers, a dozen machine-guns—and that was all!

"I've got two batteries of guns," the American went on. "Four guns to each

The sergeant led the way out of the pit, followed by Mr. Tucker and the King brothers. The trench zigzagged all the way back to the huts, emerging to ground level in the shelter of a rampart of sand-bags, near the big hut which formed Brigadier A'Dare's headquarters.

Sergeant Bud Fisher hurried forward to report the presence of the man who had guns for sale. When he reappeared, he beckoned to Mr. Tucker and the boys, who followed the American in.

Brigadier A'Dare stood by a map-strewn table, his clear grey eyes surveying Mr. Tucker as he entered. Against the officer's tunic showed the ribbons of battle honours, and across the back of his left hand he carried a scar from a German bayonet.

American handed him, and his eyes gleamed. He needed guns—needed them badly! Apparently, Mr. Tucker was ready to sell them to anyone with the money to buy them.

"Mr. Tucker," said the brigadier, handing the papers back, "General Cruz has no money, otherwise he would buy your guns for me to use up here. And at the moment, we have no money. But we'll have plenty when we've finished delivering half a million gallons of crude oil to La Blanca—because we're fighting on this plateau and getting up oil at the same time! I'll take your guns, if I can pay you when we've delivered our oil!"

"Sorry, brigadier," said the American, shaking his head. "But this is a business proposition. My instructions are no money—no guns!"

"Then it's lucky for you that your weapons aren't here with you," said the brigadier, "or I'd be inclined to commandeer them and pay you when I'm ready!"

"I'm wise to that," said the American, his tone still quite friendly. "I never



Without another word the King brothers pushed their bikes off, leaping to the saddles as the engines fired, and slammed the throttles wide open!

battery. And I'd like to fit you people out with them!"

A CHANCE FOR EL CUCHILLO!

SERGEANT FISHER regarded the American speechlessly. The man spoke as if he were a salesman who wanted to dispose of vacuum-cleaners or carpet-sweepers!

"They're pretty good guns!" the man went on. "My firm don't make anything that isn't good, sergeant. And there's ten thousand rounds of ammunition to go with them!"

"I've seen General Cruz, the commander of the Zamorran army, but he's out of funds. He told me to find the brigadier, only I guess I missed my way in the dark!"

"You missed your way, all right!" Sergeant Bud replied. "But we'll take you to the brigadier—we'll be relieved any minute now!"

Even as he spoke, voices sounded along the narrow communication trench, and three soldiers came into view. They crowded the gun-pit as they took over, relieving the three who had been on duty all night.

"Keep your heads down. There's a sniper half-left o' that bit of red rock straight ahead," Sergeant Bud told them. "Watch for him, and knock him out if you can."

His hair was tinged with grey, and above his chiselled jaw were lips that could set to a hard, fighting line. He turned to the boys and acknowledged their salute.

"Stand by!" he said. "I'll need you to take a note down to Santa, asking General Cruz for more rations." He smiled for a moment. "If he won't help us fight, at least he feeds us!"

He glanced at the card which Sergeant Bud had given him, then looked questioningly at the American.

"I've got eight field-guns for you—here's the specification!" said Mr. Tucker as he drew from his portfolio a sheaf of tinted papers, scored by diagrams and plans. "I brought them from Detroit, and I reckoned on selling them to one of the two states down here, which I heard were about to start fighting each other. Now it seems they're not going to start a war and neither will buy. General Cruz said you might be able to use them, brigadier—and I'll say he was right!"

As he spoke, a shell soared above the hut and exploded some distance away.

"You need guns to stop that kind of thing," the American added, as falling debris pattered down, "or those guys on the mountain will be throwing you off this plateau!"

The brigadier examined the papers the

deliver my goods until the money's in hand!"

"Then I'm afraid you'll have the guns on your hands for quite a long time!" the brigadier retorted.

"I don't think so," the American replied, and turned to the door. "I won't waste time talking, since you can't buy the weapons, brigadier. But I think I can sell 'em before the day's out!"

He paused on the threshold, and the watching boys saw him glance towards the rebel position, where the enemy earthworks were clearly lit in the warm rays of the rising sun.

"I'll pay a call on El Cuchillo Cordova," Mr. Tucker said. "I guess he'll find some way of raising the money, because it looks to me as though he needs my guns just as badly as you do! Good-day, brigadier!"

Then he stepped out of the hut and strode away.

GERRY HAS AN IDEA

BOB and Gerry King and Sergeant Bud sat at the door of a hut which was protected by a double rampart of sand-bags.

Close at hand leaned two fierce-looking motor-cycles that had been brought out by the boys from England when they had obeyed Baddely Lincoln, their guardian, and come out to South America to learn all about oil-wells instead of taking up motor-bike racing as a career.

The three were drinking from mugs of tea, chasing pieces of bacon around the lids of mess-tins, and nibbling at hunks of bread.

"If that American sells his guns to El Cuchillo, the rebels'll knock us off this plateau in no time!" Sergeant Bud said.

(Continued on next page.)

THE SPEED KINGS

(Continued from previous page.)

"You think he really means to try to sell them to the rebels?" Bob asked.

"Of course he does!" the sergeant replied. "He doesn't care who buys them so long as he gets the money for them. We can't afford to pay for them, so he's going over to the rebels." The sergeant scowled at a steaming fragment of bacon.

"If El Cuchillo hasn't got any money," he added, "he'll jolly well send out about a thousand men on looting raids, and they'll come back with enough to buy the guns twice over!"

He frowned, while the chums drained their mugs.

"Now you'd better get going with the message the brigadier gave you," he ordered.

The two boys rose, tightening their belts and seeing that the revolvers which they carried were secure. Without another word, they pushed their bikes off, leaping to the saddles as the engines fired and slamming throttles wide open.

They streaked away from the huts, storming past the steel structure of the oil-well and plunged on down the track which led to the edge of the plateau. The moment they were out in the open, snipers on the mountain above got busy. Bullets pursued them, and two 25-pounders loosed shells in the wild hope that one might hit the scuttling machines.

But even the best marksman could scarcely hope to stop a couple of motor-cycles hotted-up to touch anything up to a hundred and ten miles an hour. The shells burst a couple of hundred yards short as the machines slashed into dust-skating broadsides, then tilted over the edge of the plateau and dived on to the winding track which led to the plain below.

Here a massive pipe-line ran from the oil-container on the plateau, feeding a row of tankers—huge red and yellow machines which carried oil to far-off La Blanca. The motor-bikes stormed past them, slithering over an ill-defined track which led to fortified Santa Fagasta.

On either side of the broad, sunken

gate which gave entry into the city, the walls bristled with guns and sentries. But not a single man there had the courage to come out and assist the handful of Britishers who were defending the plateau.

These Zamorran soldiers knew that if the oil-field defences fell the rebels would station their guns there and blow the city off the face of the earth. Yet they were too cowardly to lend a hand.

Sentries flung wide the gate, and the two King brothers pelted through, roaring down streets which were lined by the huddled forms of refugees who had come in from the villages around, driven to shelter by fear of El Cuchillo Cordova and his rebels.

In a little while the bikes were sliding

SOLUTION TO KNOCKOUT'S CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Mead. 4. Fade. 6. Agog.
7. Toss. 9. Inn. 10. Age. 11. Lead.
13. Flat. 14. Ashy. 15. Need.

Down: 2. Engineers. 3. Dog. 4. Fat.
5. Designate. 8. Err. 12. Day. 13. Fin.

across the main square, and the chums were entering the white house which General Cruz had made his headquarters.

They delivered their message, then returned to their machines and left the city.

All this time, Gerry had not spoken a word. It was only when they had spurred out of the gate that he suddenly ripped level with Bob, yelling for his brother to stop. The bikes slowed, and both pulled up.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked.

Gerry straightened up in his saddle and gazed across the widespread plain. Beyond a dark-green strip—which was actually jungle, traversed here and there by narrow tracks—showed foothills of the greater heights.

"I've been thinking about the Lost Highway," he said, and glanced at his brother. "Do you remember that there's supposed to be a temple full of treasure at one end of it?"

"We've seen one end of the highway. But we haven't seen the end that runs into the hills here. Suppose we found it, Bob? If we did, and if there is a temple there with treasure in it, we might be able to stop that American selling his guns to El Cuchillo! We might be able to get them for the brigadier!"

"Good for you!" Bob exclaimed. "Come on!"

They went scuttling away from the city, their wheels racing through sunburnt grasses, until they came to a track which the big oil-tankers would presently follow. They hurtled along it at seventy miles an hour, finally flashing in amongst trees and through the gloom.

The Lost Highway twisted over slopes, or cut down short valleys, gradually becoming less and less distinct. It completely disappeared in some places, so that they had difficulty in picking it up again, and at the end of a deep valley the ancient road became all but lost in the muddle of boulders and rocks fallen from the heights above.

"We can't take the bikes any farther," Bob said. "If we're going on, we'll have to do it on foot. And for all we know the road may continue for another hundred miles!"

"And for all we know," Gerry echoed, "it may only go a little way. It's worth finding out, anyhow!"

They hid their machines in the bushes, then scrambled over the stretches of fallen rock, picking out traces of the road where it swung suddenly to the right, round a great, bulging hill. This hill appeared to merge with the mountain on which the rebels were encamped, and the boys found that the road headed straight towards the rebel position!

"Shall we risk going on?" Bob asked his brother.

"Might as well!" Gerry replied. "After we've come so far it would be a pity to give up the search now. Let's go!"

(What will they find at the end of the road? More thrills in store for you in next week's action-packed KNOCKOUT! Don't miss it!)

famous INTERNATIONAL TEAMS 29

TURKEY

COLOURS - WHITE SHIRTS WITH RED STRIPE AND THE CRESCENT AND WHITE STAR.

WHITE SHORTS, BLACK STOCKINGS WITH RED TOPS.

FOOTBALL IS PLAYED IN TURKEY ALMOST THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

famous SOCCER CLUBS 75

WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS

THIS CLUB KNOWN AS "THE WOLVES" ALL OVER THE WORLD WAS FOUNDED IN 1877 BY A GROUP OF MEN FROM ST. LUKE'S CHURCH SCHOOL, BLAKENHALL.

THE CLUB IS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE (1888) AND THE ONLY CLUB TO DATE WHICH HAS WON 3 DIVISIONS OF THE LEAGUE.

COLOURS - SHIRTS, GOLD. SHORTS, BLACK. STOCKINGS, GOLD AND BLACK HOOPS. GROUND - MOULINEUX GR. WOLVERHAMPTON.

famous INT

PARENTS

Anglo-American products have been children's favourites for over thirty years. All Anglo products contain only purest ingredients and are packed in hygienic conditions in our factory.

ANGLO-AMERICAN CHEWING GUM LTD. HALIFAX, ENGLAND

Another terrific football picture series **FREE!** in **BELL BOY** bubble gum!

A smashing British or International soccer picture in every packet! You've enjoyed collecting the first smashing football pictures in Bell-Boy bubble gum... WELL, HERE'S A BRAND NEW SERIES OF BRITISH AND INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL PICTURES FOR YOU TO START COLLECTING. Have your own private picture file on such international star teams as Brazil, Sweden, Hungary, Uruguay, Yugoslavia, and complete the series of leading British clubs you collected in your first album.

Start collecting now and follow your favourite British and International teams on Bell-Boy Football Pictures. When you have collected any 48 pictures send these, with a 3d. stamp, in exchange for a super Bell-Boy British and International Soccer Clubs Album containing the whole 88 pictures in the series specially printed in full colour.



Only 1/2d

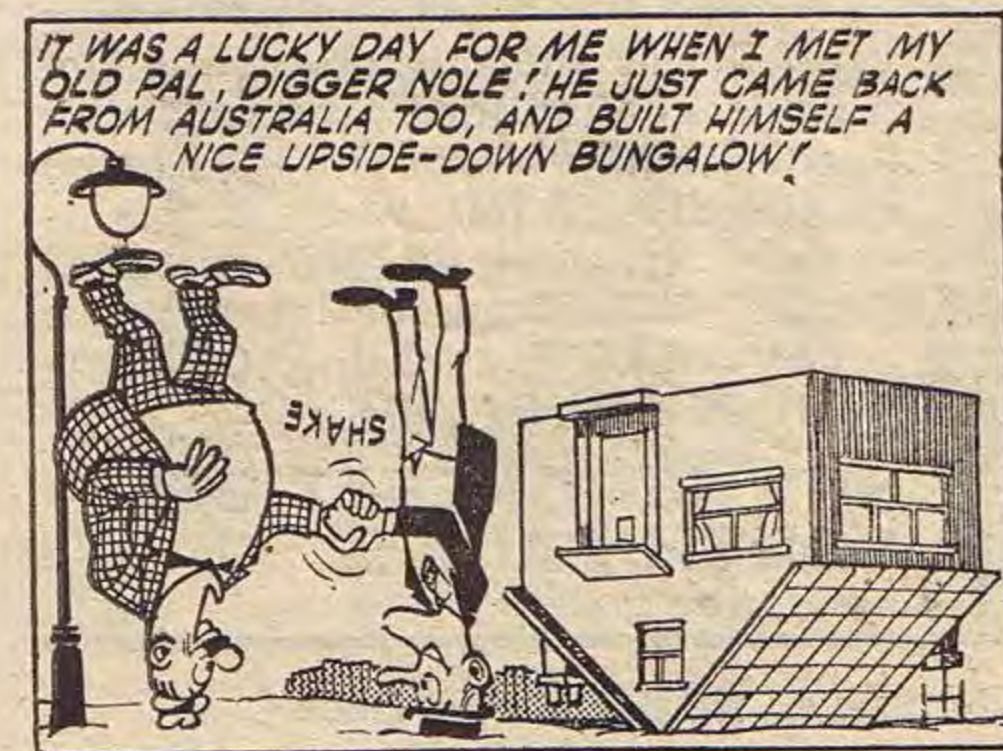
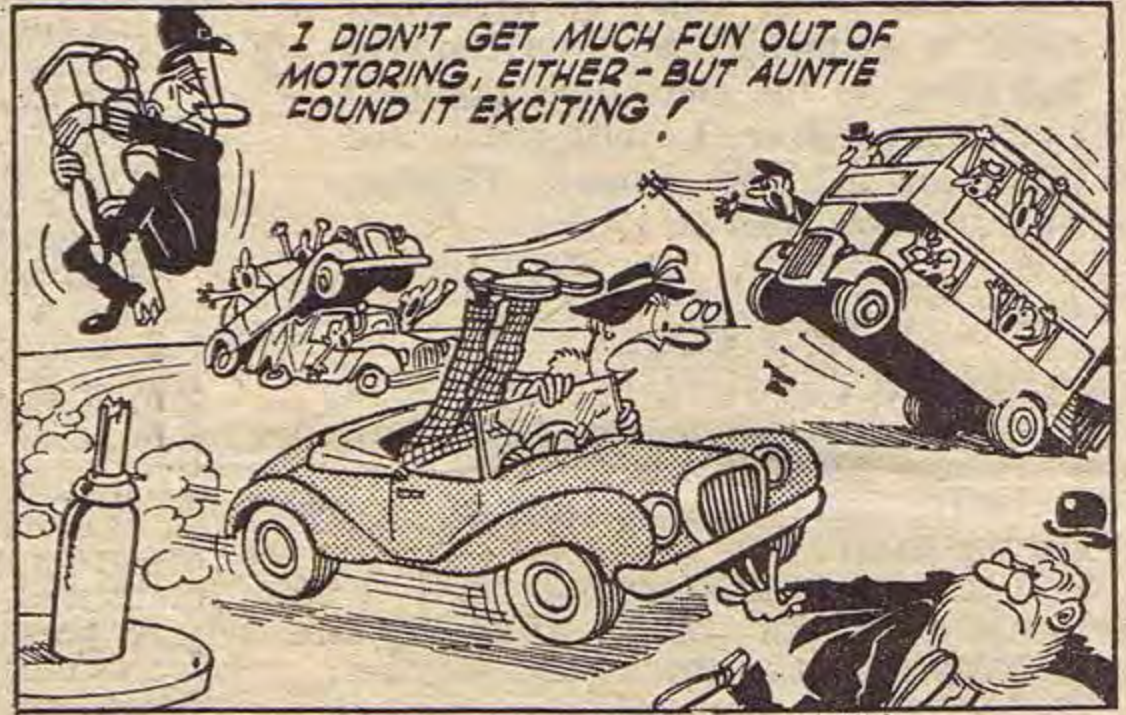
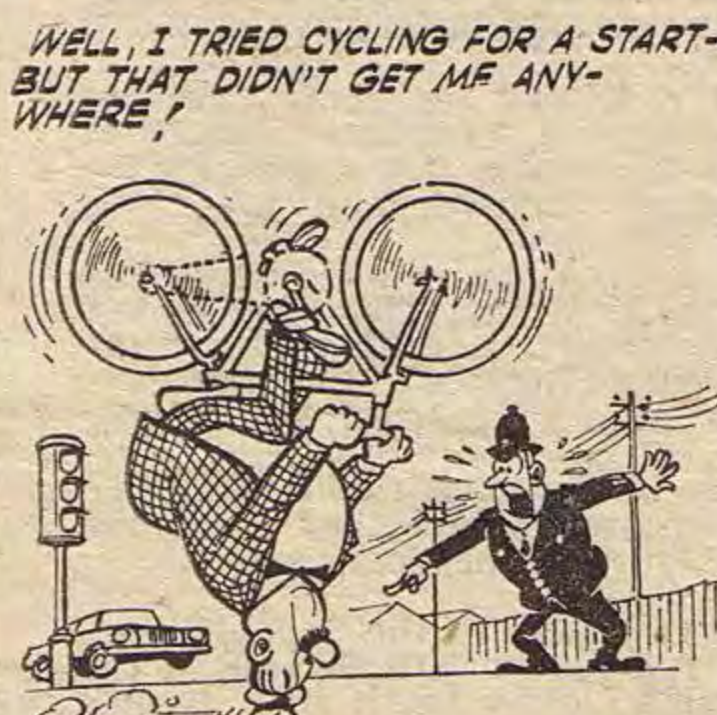
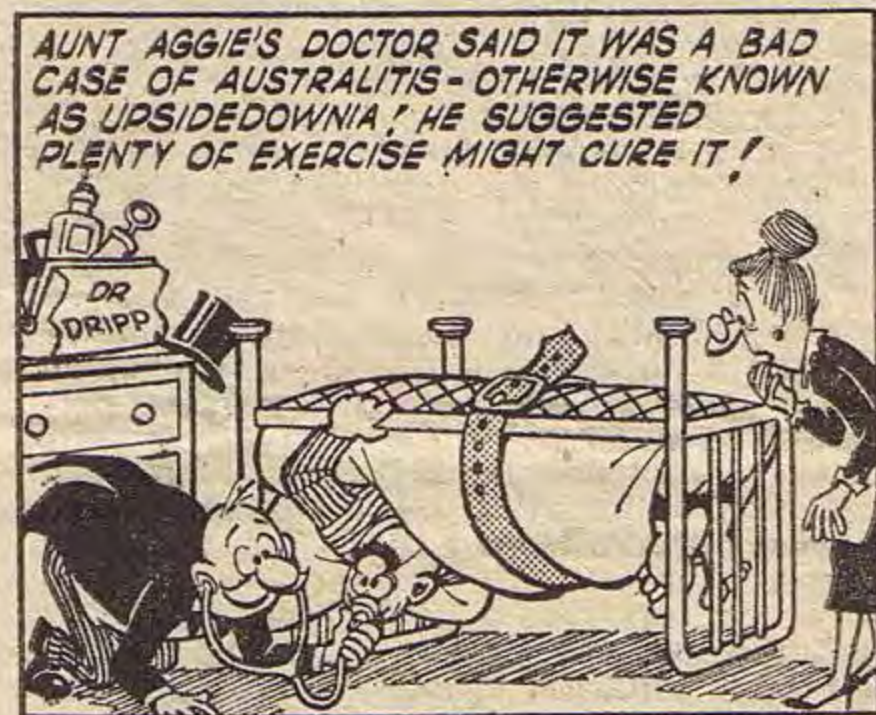
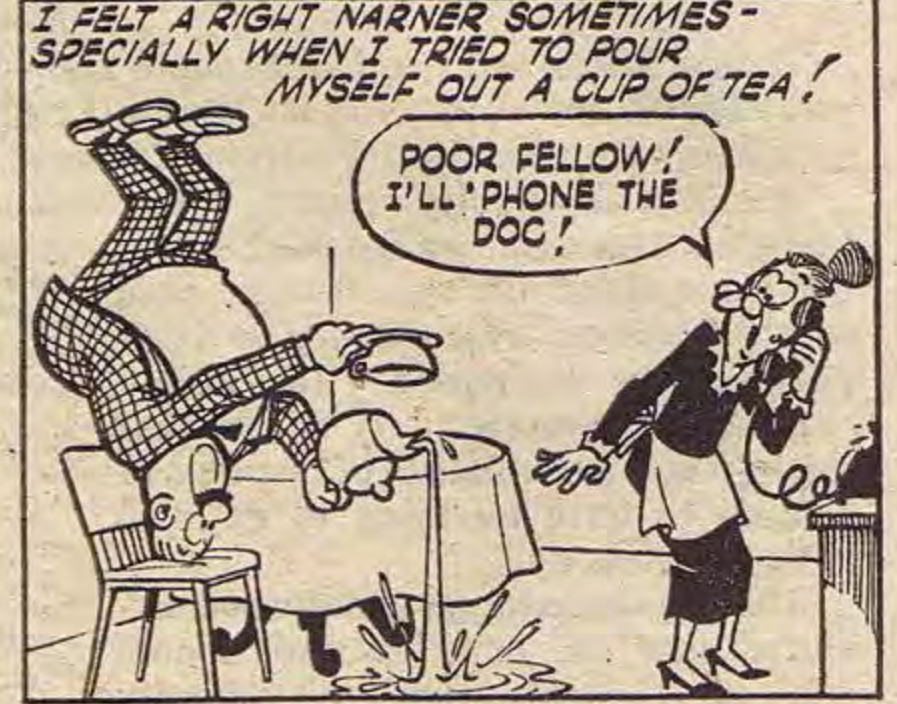
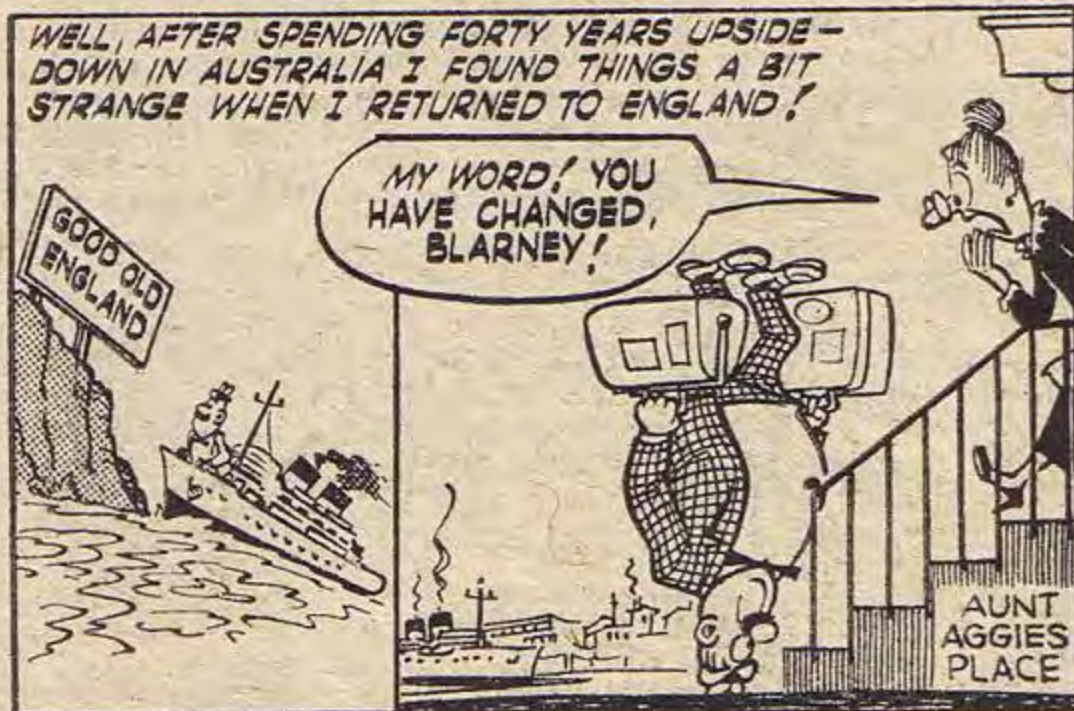
Buy Bell-Boy - it's terrific!

Bubble gum with the juicy fruit flavour

BLARNEY BLUFFER

HE'S BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BRAGGER!

Have you a head for his topsy-turvy tale?



Keep your **KNOCKOUT** the **RIGHT** way up, and you won't be **LEFT** out of the fun!

ADOLPHUS SMYTHE WOULD HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO DEALINGS WHATSOEVER
WITH THE MYSTERIOUS BOY FROM NOWHERE!

THE FIGHTING FOUR

Jimmy Silver and Co. had brought a stranger to Rookwood. They had found him while out on the heath, and had rescued him from the hands of a rough scoundrel with a broken nose who was threatening him with a cudgel.

The boy was poorly dressed, and the Rookwood chums soon discovered he did not know his own name or anything about his past, because he had lost his memory. The odd thing about him was that he bore an extraordinary resemblance to Adolphus Smythe, the dandy of the Shell!

However, Smythe hotly denied that the boy was any relation of his, and he refused to have anything to do with "Young Nobody."

The Headmaster of Rookwood declared that the nameless boy should stay at the school until his identity was discovered, and his relations could be contacted. So the Head sent him along to the end study, occupied by Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome . . . the famous Fighting Four. (Now read on.)

NO CLUE!

THE next day the boy from nowhere took his place in the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

He was the object of much curiosity there.

The strange misfortune that had befallen the new junior touched the imagination of the Rookwood fellows.

To lose one's memory, was, they all agreed, a jolly unpleasant thing.

The new boy bore his misfortune with quiet patience and he fell into the ways of the Fourth at once.

It was clear that even the form work was not new to him. Every item of it, though it came newly to him, awoke some chord of memory and was familiar at once.

That seemed to argue in favour of Lovell's theory that if someone by chance mentioned his name before him, the boy would know it, and regain his lost identity.

By Owen Conquest

Fifty fellows, at least, had asked him whether his name was Smythe, prompted by his resemblance to Smythe of the Shell.

But his name was not Smythe, though he admitted that the name was familiar and he must have heard it before. Somewhere in the hidden past he had known or heard of a Smythe.

And that confirmed the general impression that he must be a relation of Adolphus Smythe—an impression not shared by the lordly Adolphus himself, and which he indignantly repudiated.

What to call the boy with no name was rather a puzzle at first; but the juniors fell into the habit of calling him "The Kid"—excepting Adolphus Smythe, who referred to him with scorn as "Young Nobody."

The chums of the Fourth took him down to the footer-ground, and they made the discovery there that he could play footer quite well.

As they came back to the School House for dinner they fell in with Smythe of the Shell, walking loftily with his friends Howard and Tracey.

Smythe gave the new junior a scornful glance.

The Kid paused and glanced at him rather timidly, and then came up to speak to him.

"Excuse me, Smythe—" he began.

Smythe eyed him haughtily.

"What do you want?" he snapped coldly.

The new junior looked embarrassed.

"I don't mean to give offence," he said quietly. "You must have noticed, Smythe, how alike we are in looks."

"I haven't!"

"The other fellows have then."

"What rot!"

"Don't be a clot, Smythe!" exclaimed Lovell hotly. "You know it's the case! You're as alike as two peas, excepting that the Kid looks a decent chap and you look a brainless snob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Adolphus glared, and came very near to punching Lovell's nose. Fortunately for him, he did not come too near that proceeding. Lovell's nose would not have suffered as much as Smythe's.

"I think we must be related, as we are so alike, Smythe," said the new junior. "You know I have lost my memory. If it is possible that you know something of my people—"

"I don't!"

"But—"

"And don't want to!" added Smythe, with a sneer.

"You must have some relation whose name is different from your own, I suppose?" persisted the Kid.

"Of course I have!"

"I may be one of them!"

"Rot!" snorted the dandy of the Shell.

"Will you tell me the names? Then I might recognise one as my own."

"No, I won't," retorted Smythe, with a scowl. "You're no connection of mine! You're a beastly outsider, and you've shoved yourself in here under false pretences! I don't believe you have lost your memory! I think it's all a lot of baloney, and you're probably here to steal the spoons! That's what I think, you nameless rotter!"

The conversation was not continued, for Jimmy Silver and Co. interrupted it at that point by collaring Adolphus Smythe and rubbing his nose in the quadrangle dust.

Then they went to dinner with the Kid, leaving Adolphus spluttering furiously.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

"ROTTER!" grunted Tubby Muffin.

Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth felt angry and aggrieved.

He was standing before the cupboard door in Smythe's study—and the door was locked.

That afternoon in the school shop, Tubby's greedy eyes had watched Smythe of the Shell as he spent a whole pound note on stock. And all that lovely tuck had been placed in the study cupboard.

Bigger and better thrills with Battler and Spy 13

From Air Ministry—Top Priority: "LOCATE AND DESTROY NAZI BOMB SITES." The orders were written in black and white . . . but only the red-blooded courage of Battler Britton, Britain's Number One Fighting Ace, could carry them out!

BATTLER BRITTON— PATHFINDER

ASK FOR No. 353



WHAT was the mystery of the two travellers bound for a peaceful South Pacific island? WHY was their plane sabotaged? WHO were the kidnappers involved in their so-called rescue bid? Read the latest tough adventure of Spy 13 in "OPERATION SOUTH PACIFIC."

SPY 13—OPERATION SOUTH PACIFIC

ASK FOR No. 352

Thriller Picture Library

ON SALE NOW - 1/- Each

All in vivid picture stories

Apparently Smythe was standing a tea that day on an unusual scale. And to Tubby Muffin's delight, Smythe had come out of his study afterwards and walked down to the gates.

Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth was not likely to lose an opportunity like that!

But he had found the cupboard locked and the key gone!

"The suspicious rotter!" Tubby murmured in unspeakable indignation. "Just as if he suspected that a fellow might be after his grub!"

Tubby regarded the cupboard with greedy eyes. He glanced at the poker. But burglary was rather too risky. Yet to leave the feast there—waiting for Smythe's return—was impossible! Tubby could not drag himself away.

He was still contemplating the locked cupboard when footsteps sounded outside the study door, and he heard a voice say:

"This way!"

It was Smythe's voice!

"Oh, lor'!" gasped Tubby.

After one wild glance round the study, Tubby Muffin's plump form vanished under the table.

That table was covered by a very handsome cloth—everything in Smythe's study was handsome. And the cloth was long enough to hide most of the fat form of Tubby Muffin.

Muffin crouched there, with his knees drawn up to his chin. If Smythe found him—

The door opened.

"I've never seen this chap Clare, but I remember hearing his name mentioned. I thought he was at school somewhere."

"Quite so, he was at Lynthorpe."

"Isn't he there now?"

"No. That is the very peculiar part of the story. I came down specially to see you about the matter, Adolphus, as it appears clear now that your cousin will not be found. Doubtless, he has met with some accident and has died. Of course, I am grieved to think so."

"Oh, of course!"

"As I had never seen the boy, however, I find myself able to think of the misfortune with fortitude."

"H'm!"

"As you know, Adolphus, we have never been on terms of intimacy with the Clares. And when the boy was left an orphan his father's will left him to the care of the Headmaster of Lynthorpe, instead of in my charge. Naturally, I was sorry, as the boy was very ill-provided for. I should, of course, have felt it my duty to take charge of him, as he was your mother's nephew. However, it was not required of me. The Headmaster of Lynthorpe, an old friend of Mr. Clare, accepted the charge cheerfully, and no communication passed between the boy and me."

that the same thought had occurred to Adolphus.

Mr. Smythe went on:

"Your Uncle Richard's will was made years before his death. It provided that his fortune should be equally divided between you and your Cousin Charles, if both were living. Otherwise, the whole sum was to go to the survivor. If your cousin is not found, therefore, you will inherit the ten thousand pounds, Adolphus."

"And he hasn't been found?"

"No. His cap was picked up on the beach at low water, but no other clue was discovered. It is presumed that he was cut off by the tide at the foot of the cliffs and drowned. That is the only possible explanation, in the circumstances, although the Lynthorpe headmaster has not given up hope, and thinks it may be a case of kidnapping. That, of course, is nonsense. No one would be likely to kidnap the boy."

"I—I suppose not."

"Not at all. But the headmaster attaches some importance to the fact that a ruffianly man with a broken nose was seen in the neighbourhood about the same time, and afterwards disappeared. It appears also that a flashily dressed stranger was seen in the village, where he passed a number of counterfeit currency notes. There is not

Tubby Muffin seemed likely to come to grief among the footgear of the Smythes!



"Here you are, father!"

Tubby Muffin groaned inwardly.

He had concluded when Adolphus Smythe started for the gates that the dandy of the Shell was going out. Instead of which it was clear now that Adolphus had only gone to the gates to meet his father, evidently paying him a visit at Rookwood that afternoon.

There was a murmur of voices, but Tubby did not heed the conversation between Adolphus and his father. Generally he was inquisitive, but just now all his thoughts were of himself and his extremely uncomfortable position.

A pair of elegant brown suede shoes were planted close by Tubby as Mr. Smythe sat down. Tubby just dodged them. An equally elegant pair of shiny black shoes were planted on the other side of him, and Tubby just dodged them, too. He seemed likely to come to grief among the footgear of the Smythe family.

The wheezy voice of Smythe senior ran on almost incessantly, and Tubby's attention to the conversation was suddenly roused by an ejaculation from Adolphus:

"Ten thousand pounds?"

"Yes, my boy."

"That's a lot of money, father!"

"It will be yours when you come of age, Adolphus," said Mr. Smythe, "provided that your cousin Charles Clare is not found."

"That's jolly odd, father," said Adolphus.

"I think I remember hearin' somethin' about it, father. Will you have another cup of tea?"

"Thank you! Now, from that time to this, I confess that I have not given Charles Clare a thought," said Mr. Smythe. "His existence was recalled to me when your Uncle Richard, your mother's brother, died in South Africa, and his will was made known. By the terms of his will, his money was to be divided equally between Charles Clare and yourself, Adolphus. He considered that your elder brother was already sufficiently provided for. The sum amounts to ten thousand pounds."

"Ah!"

Tubby Muffin was listening intently now, and he thought he detected a rather curious change in the tone of Adolphus Smythe.

A very odd thought had come into Tubby's mind as he listened, and he divined

the slightest clue to connect either with the missing boy; but the Lynthorpe headmaster appears to have been attached to Clare, and he refuses to give up hope that he may yet be living.

"But—"

"But it will not be difficult to have his death legally presumed," said Mr. Smythe. "And your uncle's fortune will come to you when you are of age, Adolphus."

"Not before, father?"

"Certainly not!"

"I—I suppose I could borrow on it though, if I wanted to?"

"If you attempt to do anything of the kind, Adolphus, I shall request Dr. Chisholm to administer a very severe flogging to you!"

"I—I don't mean that, of course!" Adolphus hastened to say. "I was only thinking—"

"Do not think anything of the kind, then!" said Mr. Smythe severely. "You have an ample allowance, Adolphus—more than sufficient unless you are extravagant."

Smythe of the Shell did not answer that. It was not feasible to explain to his pompous father that he was, as a matter of fact, recklessly extravagant, and that he owed money right and left.

Adolphus was not very bright in some things, but he knew that a fellow who was to receive ten thousand pounds in a few years need not be short of money.

Mr. Smythe rose from the table.

"I came down to acquaint you with your good fortune, Adolphus," he said.

"Thank you, father! I'm jolly glad to hear it, of course! I—I suppose there's no chance of Clare turning up?"

"None at all, in my opinion."

"He might have wandered away, and—suppose he fell in with some—some ruffian, and got a knock on the head, or something—"

"Then he would have been found, Adolphus."

"He might have lost his memory or something like that—"

"What utter nonsense!"

"Of—of course! I was only thinking. But, of course, it's all right!" said Adolphus. "Shall I come to the station with you, father?"

When they were gone, Tubby Muffin rolled out from under the table, his fat face purple with excitement.

"Phew!" murmured Tubby.

And he hurried out of the study like a large human cannonball from a gun!

(What action will Tubby Muffin take now? Don't miss the next instalment of this smashing story—order your KNOCKOUT, and be sure of a copy!)

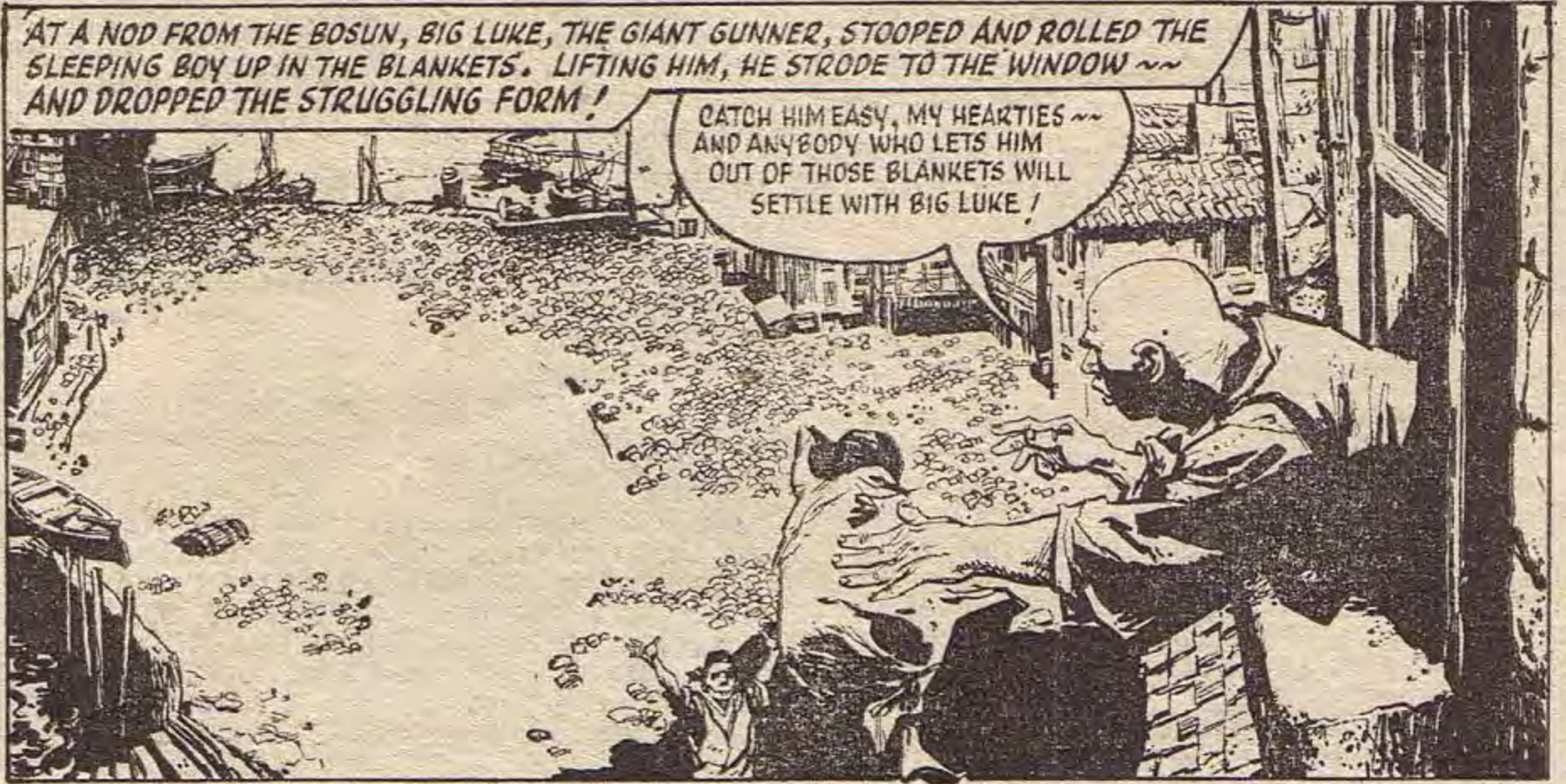
OLIVER BOLD

THE BOY BUCCANEER

Gabriel Standfast, captain of the privateer *The White Bear*, was shot down during a battle against his old enemy, Blackbeard the Pirate. No one realised that the bullet was fired by one of his own men, Solomon Snake! The captain's dying command to his crew was that his grandson, Oliver Bold, should be the new owner of the ship. They found Oliver asleep in his room at school...

AT A NOD FROM THE BOSUN, BIG LUKE, THE GIANT GUNNER, STOOPED AND ROLLED THE SLEEPING BOY UP IN THE BLANKETS. LIFTING HIM, HE STRODE TO THE WINDOW AND DROPPED THE STRUGGLING FORM!

CATCH HIM EASY, MY HEARTIES AND ANYBODY WHO LETS HIM OUT OF THOSE BLANKETS WILL SETTLE WITH BIG LUKE!



SWIFTLY THE SAILORS CARRIED THE FIRMLY WRAPPED FIGURE DOWN TO THEIR WAITING LONGBOAT, FOLLOWED BY THE BOSUN AND BIG LUKE AND...



COME BACK, DO YOU HEAR? I'M THE BOY'S TEACHER—BRING HIM BACK!

WE'RE TAKING THE BOY TO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE ON BOARD HIS OWN SHIP! GOODBYE SCHOOLMASTER!

THE LONGBOAT SLID SMOOTHLY ACROSS THE MOONLIT HARBOUR TO WHERE THE PROUD AND STATELY GALLEON RODE AT ANCHOR WITH HER WHITE SAILS SHIMMERING AND HER LIGHTS SPARKLING...



SOON AFTERWARDS OLIVER BOLD WAS FREED FROM HIS ROLLED BLANKETS AND FOUND HIMSELF IN A GREAT GILDED CABIN...



WHERE AM I? WHO..?

'TIS A LONG STORY, MASTER OLIVER—BUT CUT SHORT, YOUR GRANDFATHER LEFT THIS SHIP "THE WHITE BEAR" TO YOU!

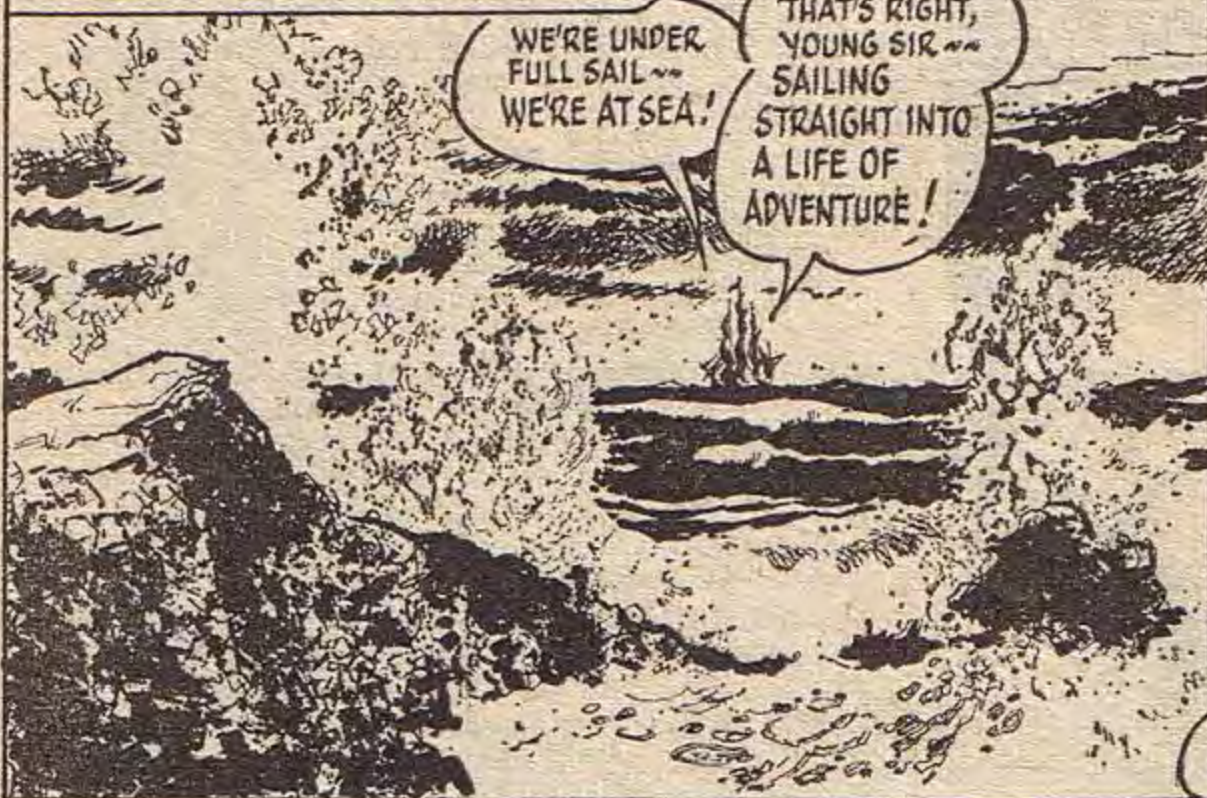
OLIVER LISTENED TO NO MORE—LIGHTNING FAST, HE SPRANG FROM THE BUNK AND RACED FOR THE DOOR...



SO—I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED! BUT NOT FOR LONG...

STOP HIM, LUKE, OR HE'LL BE OVERBOARD—WE CAN'T LOSE HIM NOW!

AS OLIVER BURST OUT ON DECK, HE LEAPED FOR THE SHIP'S SIDE AND GAVE A GASP OF ASTONISHMENT!



WE'RE UNDER FULL SAIL—WE'RE AT SEA!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUNG SIR—SAILING STRAIGHT INTO A LIFE OF ADVENTURE!

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE! THE MAGIC WORDS SENT A THRILL OF FIRE THROUGH OLIVER BOLD'S BLOOD! HE FELT THE SALT SPRAY STING AGAINST HIS CHEEK—AND THE LIGHT OF EXCITEMENT GLEAMED IN HIS BLUE EYES!



AYE—AND YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN OF THE "WHITE BEAR" NOW...

SHE'S MAGNIFICENT—I SAW HER FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW!

—COME BELOW AND WE'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL...

BACK IN THE CABIN ONCE AGAIN, "HEAVEAWAY" JONES, THE BOSUN, TOLD THE STORY OF CAPTAIN STANDFAST'S LAST BATTLE...



HE WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A STRAY BULLET IN A SEA FIGHT AGAINST BLACKBEARD—AND HIS LAST ORDER WAS—GIVE THE "WHITE BEAR" TO OLIVER BOLD!

SUDDENLY OLIVER REALISED THAT THIS WAS THE CHANCE HE HAD ALWAYS DREAMED OF—TO GO TO SEA!



SO GRANDFATHER LEFT THIS SUPERB SHIP—TO ME!

AYE, HE DID, CAPTAIN OLIVER BOLD!

THEN BIG LUKE OPENED A GREAT SEA CHEST—FILLED TIGHT WITH SPLENDID CLOTHES AND GLITTERING WEAPONS.



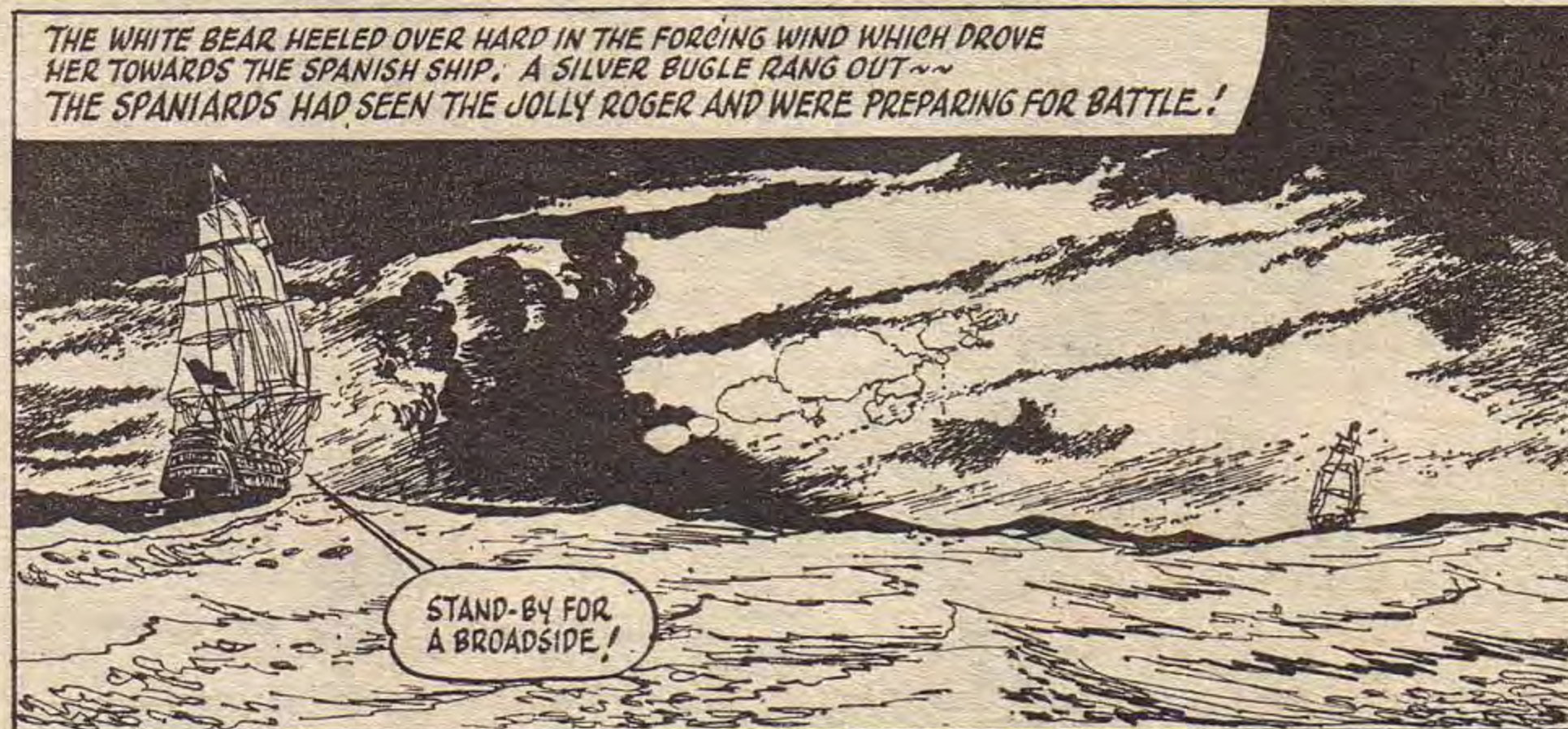
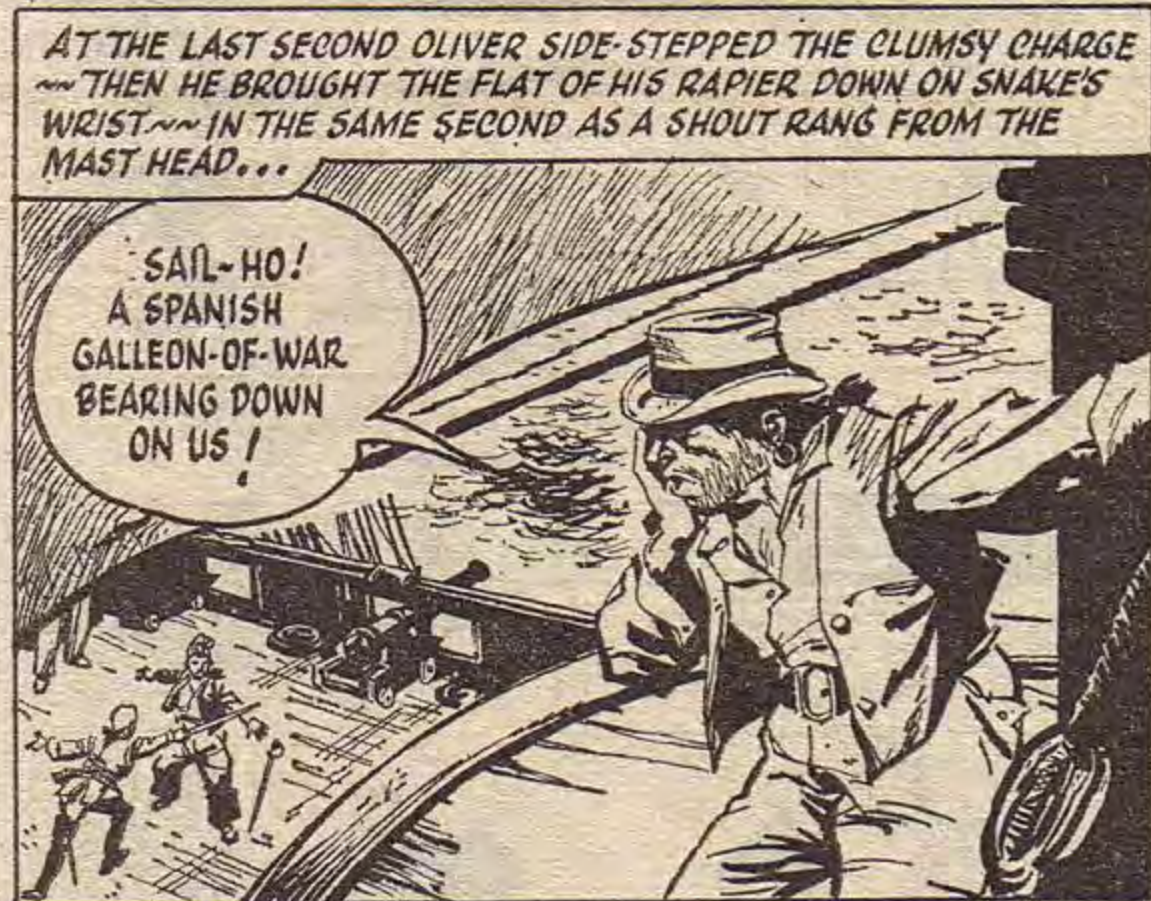
THE FINEST CLOTHES ON THE SPANISH MAIN FOR THE CAP'N OF THE FINEST SHIP!

AYE—AND THE FINEST RAPIER, TOO! YOUR GRANDFATHER TOOK THAT OFF A SPANISH ADMIRAL!

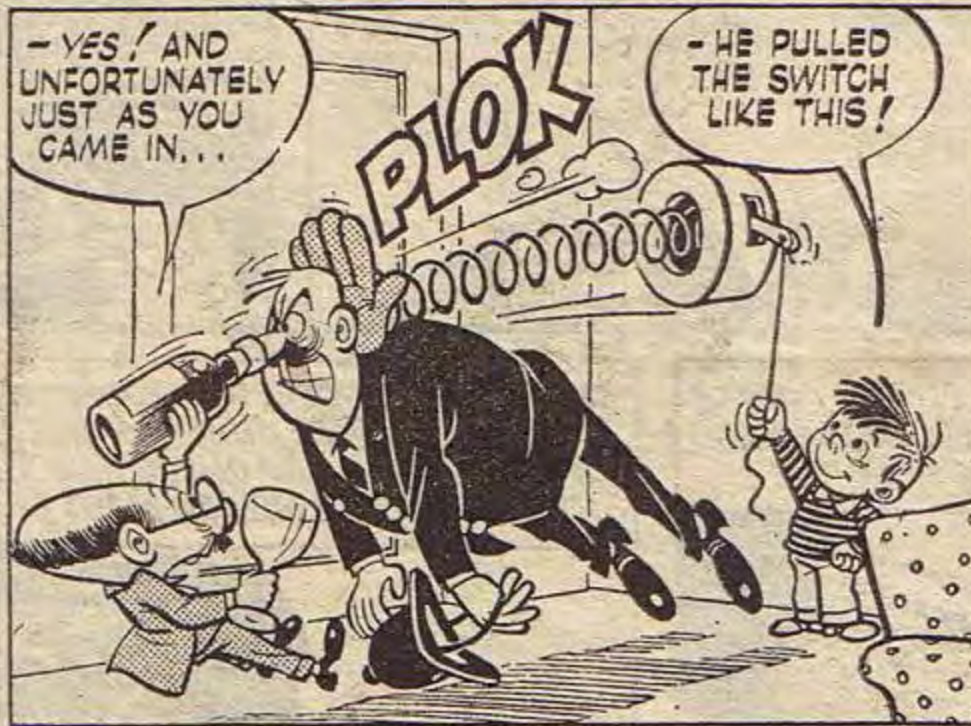
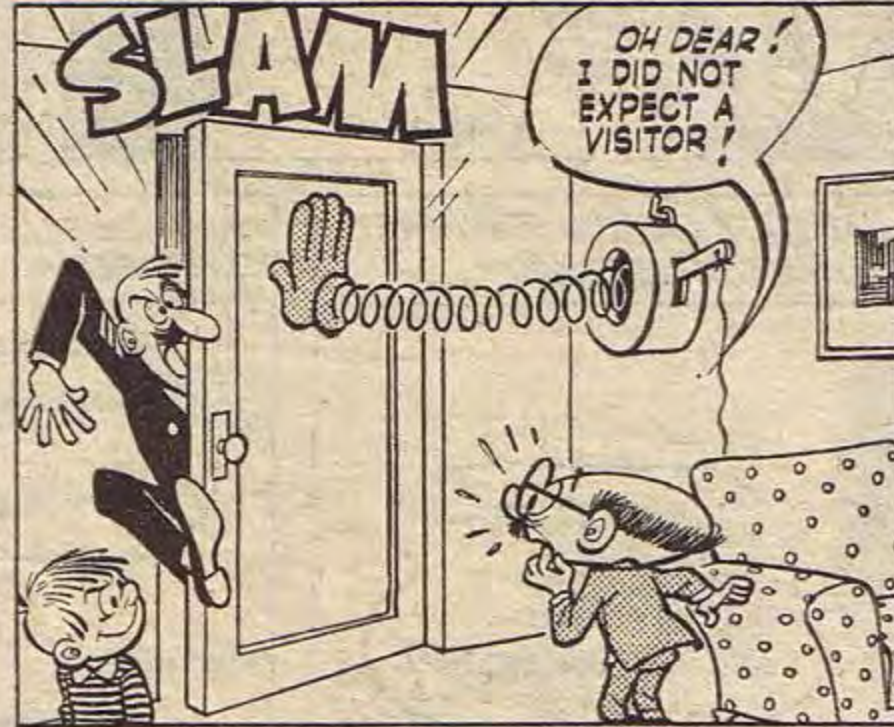
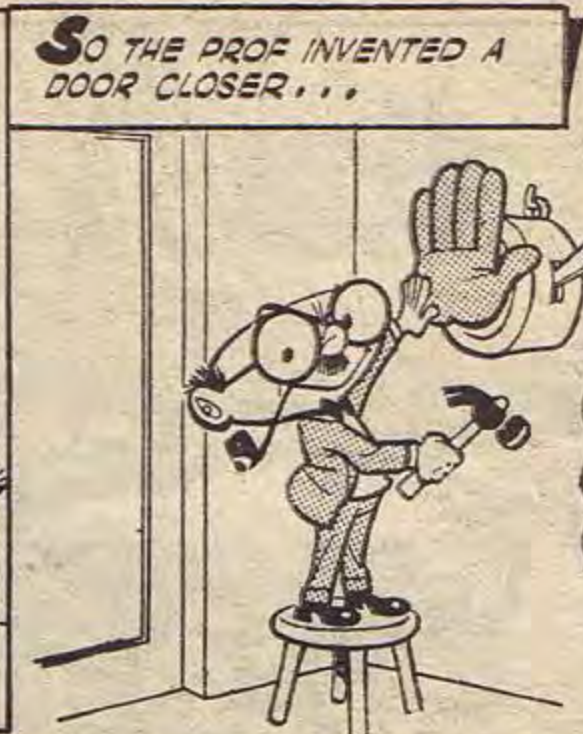
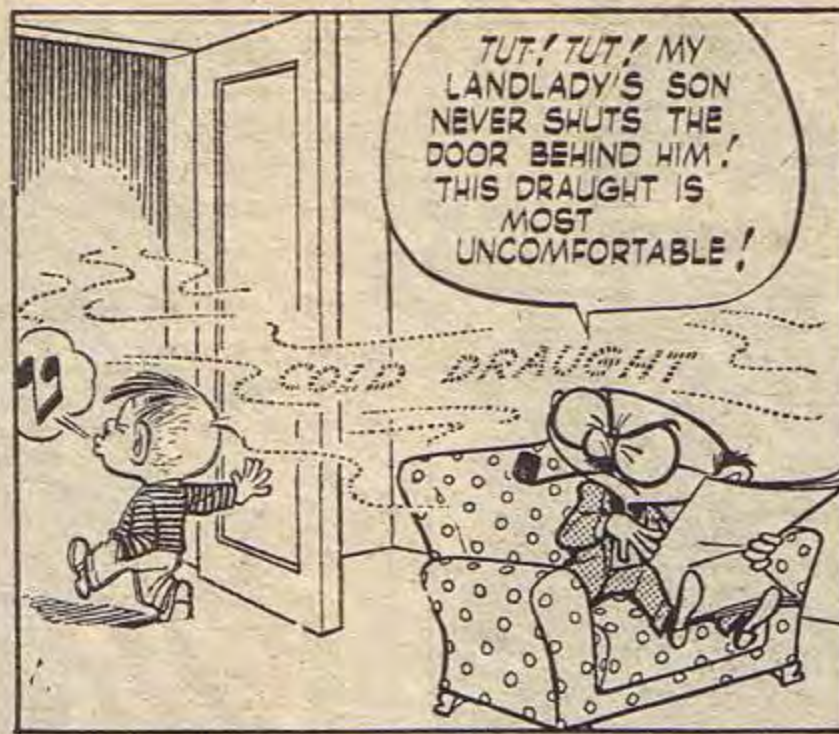
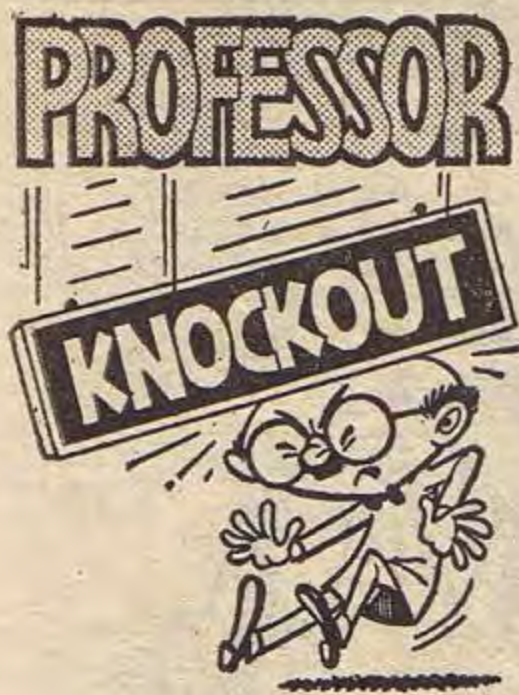
TOLEDO STEEL! IT'S A SUPERB WEAPON!

AFTER TRYING ON MANY OF THE NEW CLOTHES OLIVER CLIMBED INTO THE BIG BUNK IN THE CABIN—AND WAS QUICKLY ASLEEP, HE DID NOT AWAKEN UNTIL THE DAWN LIGHT WAS POURING THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOWS...

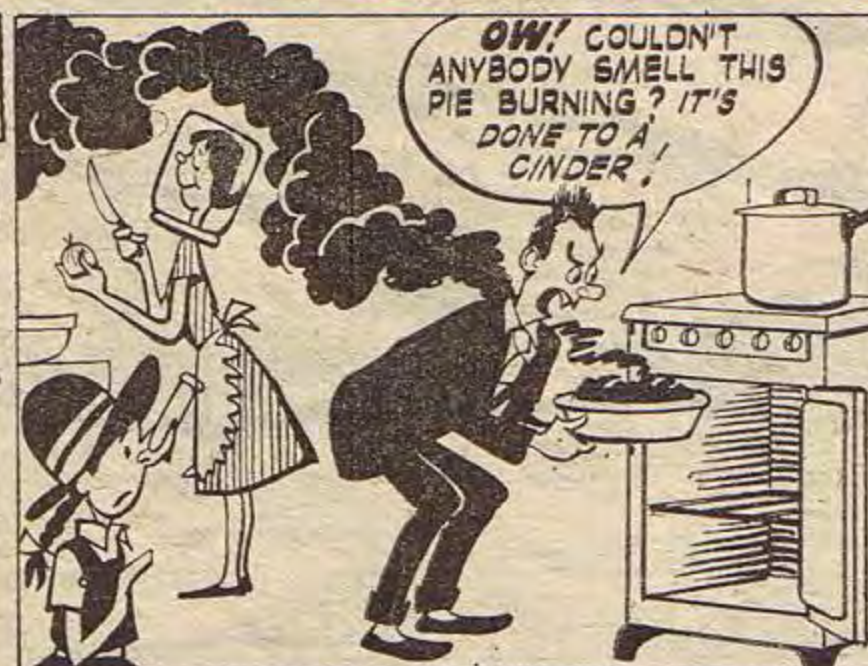




Stand-by as Oliver Bold goes into action for the first time! Don't miss the thrills in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**



OUR VERA THE INTERFERER



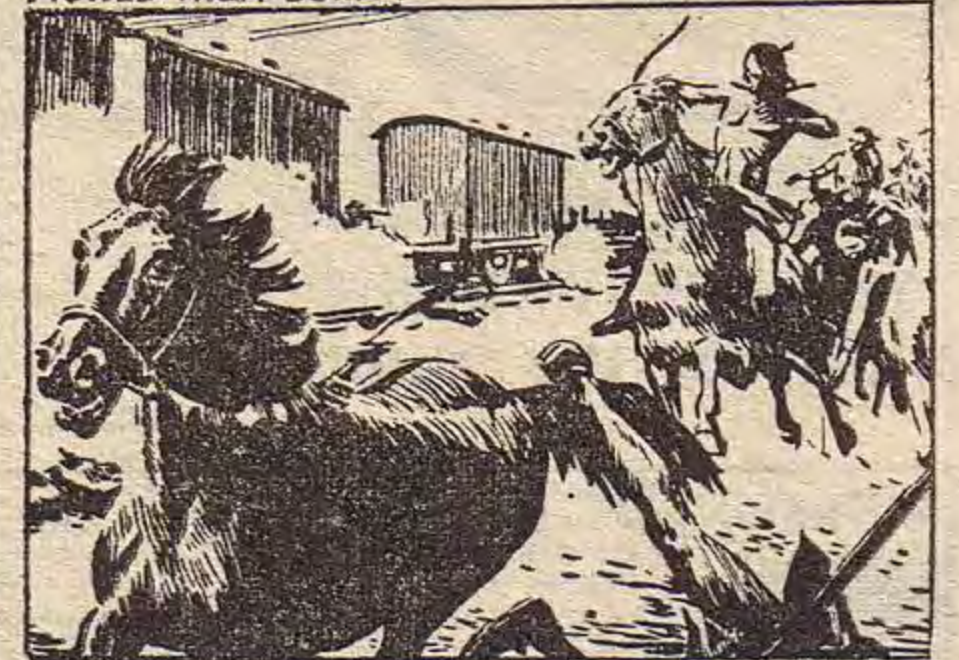
Whenever she pokes her nose in there's sure to be trouble cooking!

THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS

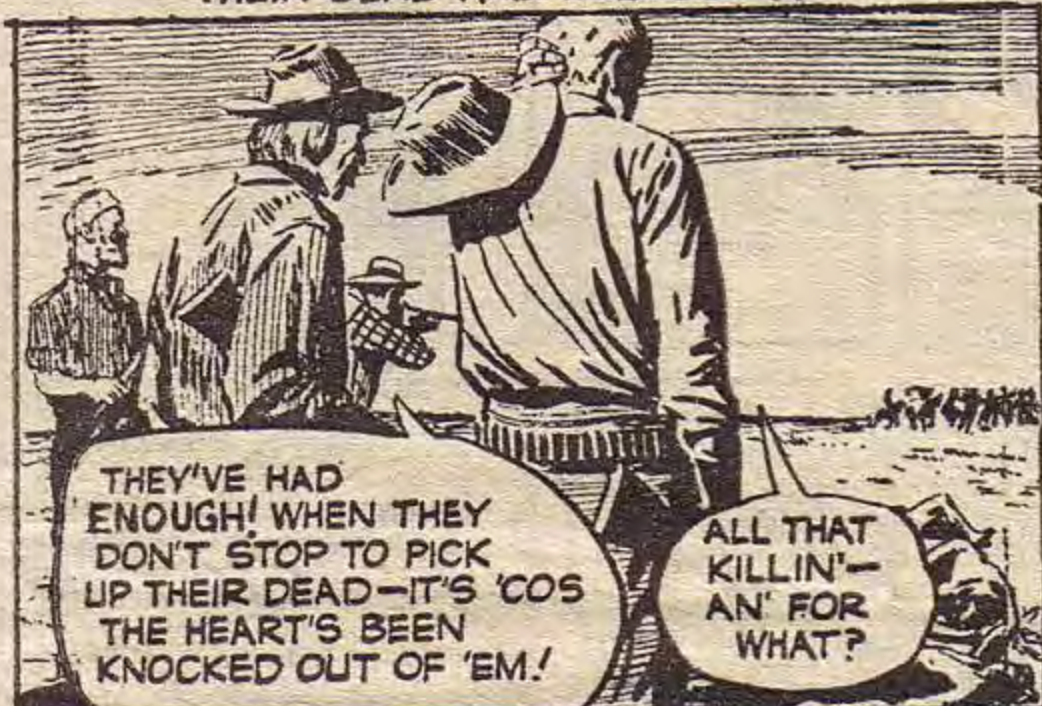
During a fierce row between Matt Marriott, Powder Horn, and Chaik McTigue, the alarm was raised—Indians were attacking the camp, swarming everywhere! Their victory looked certain when they captured the armoury-van, but two people turned the tables! One was Jimmy Brennan, the Irish leader of the railroad gang, the other was Matt Marriott. They entered the vital goods wagon, and . . .



THE TIDE WAS TURNED AGAINST THE CHEYENNES! AS THEY SWEEPED IN FOR A RENEWED ATTACK, A SCYTHING CROSS-FIRE MOWED THEM DOWN!



FLESH AND BLOOD COULD STAND NO MORE. THE CHEYENNES BROKE AND FLED, LEAVING THEIR DEAD AND WOUNDED...



A MOCKING VOICE CUT IN. MCTIGUE WAS THERE!

YOU'RE FORGETTIN' SUMP'N, NIXON! MARRIOTT HERE LOVES INJUNS! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?



SUDDENLY A SHOUT WENT UP FROM THE WATCHING RAILROADERS! MCTIGUE TURNED TO LOOK...



HE CAN'T DO IT! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

DON'T BE A DURNED FOOL, MATT! AN INJUN IS NO MORE USE'N A RATTLESNAKE!



MCTIGUE—DON'T DO IT!

HERE IT COMES, INJUN! YOU'RE TAKING IT THE EASY WAY.



WITH DEVILISH CUNNING, MCTIGUE HELD HIS FIRE TILL MARRIOTT WAS ALMOST AT HIS SIDE! THEN HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...



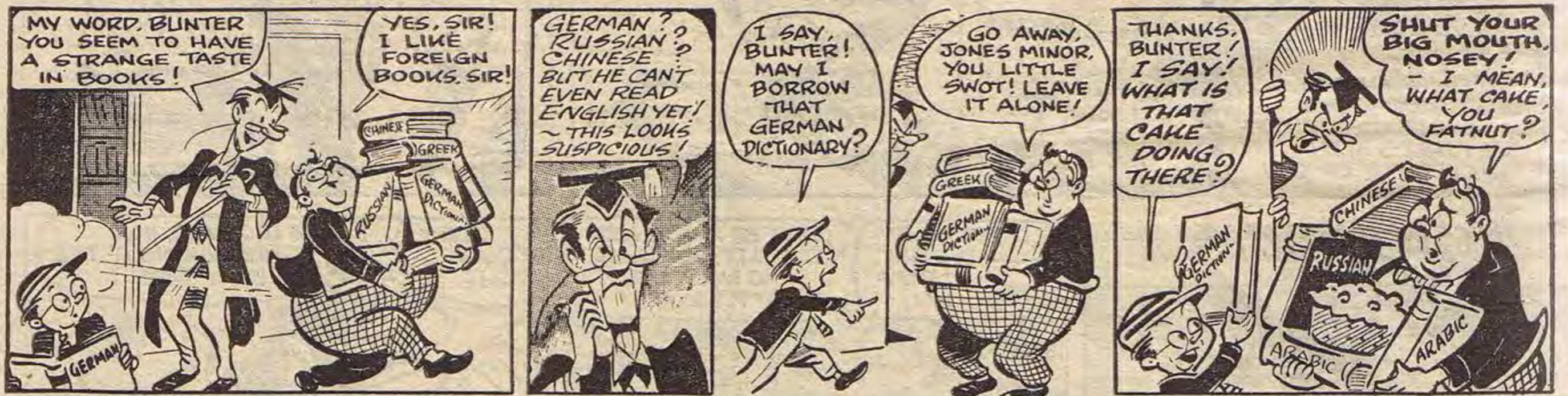
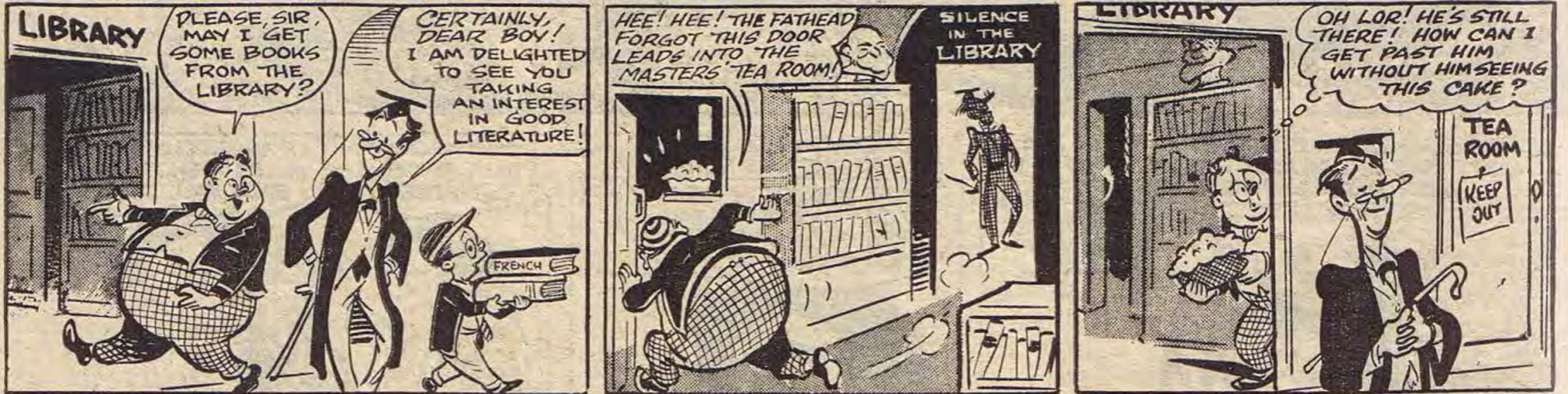
Who will rally to Matt's side now? You'll find out in next week's action-packed **KNOCKOUT**!

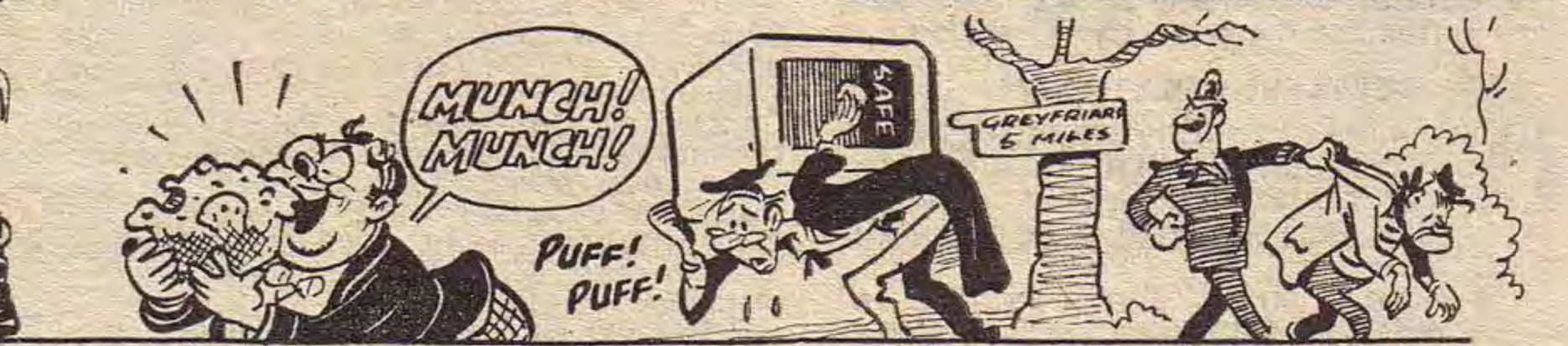
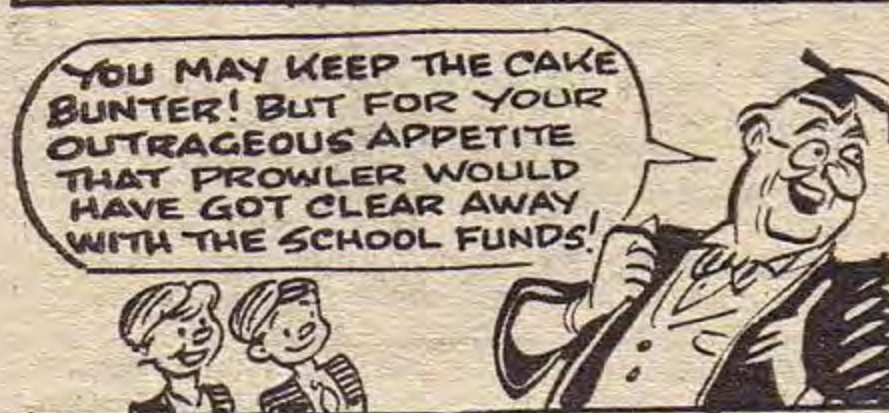
THE DUNCE OF GREYFRIARS IS A MASTER OF MIRTH!

BILLY BUNTER



THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHUMP OF HIS SCHOOL





LOOK! MONEY PRIZES AS WELL AS TASTY TUCK-BOXES TO BE WON!

Billy Bunter's FEAST OF FUN

15/- EACH FOR THE FIRST TWO, AND TASTY TUCK-BOXES FOR THE REST!



A. PAWLETT, MANCHESTER.



R. PATERSON, HELENSBURGH.



L. JONES, CLEETHORPES.



S. PALK, SIDMOUTH.



W. MARTIN, RADFORD.



C. SEWELL, BEDFORD.

All jokes printed with their sender's name win a prize. The First Two win 15/- each, and the other four win a Billy Bunter Tuck-Box packed with FRY'S delicious Chocolate Creams, Crunchie, Punch, and Turkish Delight! Send in your best jokes NOW to: "Billy Bunter's Feast of Fun," KNOCKOUT, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)

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

BILLY BUNTER'S FEAST OF FUN

BETTER JOKES WIN BETTER PRIZES! SEND US YOUR BEST ONES NOW!

PEOPLE WERE STUNNED BY THE SENSATIONAL NEWS AS IT SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGHOUT THE LAND . . . DICK TURPIN HAD BEEN CAPTURED!

They Ride Again

By Colin Brooks

Clarence Revelstoke, the newly appointed Chief of the Bow Street Runners, plotted to kill his twelve-year-old cousin, Rodney, because the boy was heir to his late grandfather's fortune.

Dick Turpin's timely intervention saved young Rodney's life, and at the same time exposed the prince of highwaymen and his band to the merciless vengeance of Revelstoke.

By a clever ruse the nightriders defeated Revelstoke's plan to capture them and the boy. But a grim duel which ensued between Dick and Revelstoke was interrupted by the arrival of more Bow Street Runners, and the band of nightriders were compelled to flee, taking with them young Rodney and faithful old Squire Brown, who had been caring for the boy. (Now read on.)

BEETLES' STRATAGEM

DAWN was breaking when they first drew rein, Dick Turpin summoning them to parley in a lonely dell, well screened from the high road.

"We must part company for a while, lads," he told his friends. "I will take Rodney under my care. You, Tom and Flick, had best ride together. And you three scapegraces may make your own ways to London," he added to Pat O'Flynn, Jem Peters and Beetles. "Rod and the Squire and I will ride due south. You, Tom, take the westward way. And you, Pat, had better take the eastern road. The fork of the ways is but a mile ahead of us. We meet two days hence, or as near as may be, at the Barley Mow on Turnham Green. If aught of ill befall, try to get a message there. And if the Barley Mow be too hot to hold our rendezvous, make for the Spaniards at Hampstead Heath. If that, for any reason, be also ruled out of possibility, make next for the old Red Lion, in Alsatia."

The three inns he named were all familiar to his band. The Barley Mow stood almost opposite the old forge, which was kept by one of their trustiest agents.

At the Spaniards Inn on the Heath at Hampstead they were so welcome that the host had cut into the panelling of his staircase a special hatchway where a mounted man hard pressed might eat and drink without dismounting.

The old Red Lion in Alsatia stood not where it stands now, some yards down Red Lion Court, but fronting the line of Fleet Street within a step or two of Fetter Lane, and hardly more than a catapult-shot from Bow Street itself.

To young Rodney, tired as he was from his long ride through the night, the very names were like magic. He had never seen London, which to him was an almost fabulous city, and his heart leapt at the romantic thought that inns of such history might shortly house him.

The little band took the orders of their leader, and with a quick adieu each detachment rode off, Dick, the Squire and the boy going first, Tom and Flick following, and the three attendants riding last.

"Me not like de, eastward road, Massa Peterers," said Beetles.

"And why not, you himage of Satan?" retorted Jem Peters, his fiery red whiskers bristling.

"Cos dat am where de easter wind do blow, and a frien' o' mine once met a horrible fate through de easter wind."

"Wot 'appened to 'im?"

"Oh, a horrible thing happen to him, Massa Peterers," Beetles declared. "He was riding along de eastward road, singing merrily, jus' as it might ab been Massa Peterers 'imself, when de easter wind sprang up all sudden like dat!"

The big negro smote Jem Peters so heavily on the shoulders to illustrate the force of the squall that he nearly knocked the unsuspecting rider from his horse.

"Don't do it!" growled Peters, recovering his equilibrium with an effort.

"Me only showing you how de easter wind did blow dat horrible night."

"Well, I don't need showing!"

"De easter wind did blow, as I was a-telling you, Massa Peterers, and my poor frien' was not expecting ob it. Oh, dear, oh, dear—" Beetles gave vent to some realistic sobs.

"Bust me!" snorted Jem Peters. "Wot's the matter with you, you noisy blackamo?"

"My poor frien', Massa Peterers, 'im not ready for de easter wind, an' it blew 'im lubly whiskers right down 'im froat and 'e nebber see dem no more!" said Beetles solemnly.

Peters did not deign to comment on this preposterous story save by a grunt of disgust.

The trio had come to the fork of the high road. The way they were to take was but a by-pass, little more than a muddy lane.

"Every highway has a patrol of men out on it now—to block Turpin's way!"

Their horses were tired and they themselves were more than ready for food and sleep.

Dick's motive in splitting the party was to give each a better chance of finding breakfast and a resting-place at some one of the little inns that dotted the road, but Peters thought dolefully that on such a lane inns would be scarce.

He was mistaken, however, for the trio had not ridden far before they came to a substantial tavern.

The sun was now up, and from the kitchen of the inn came an appetising smell of cooking rashers. In the yard two ostlers, busy with old-fashioned birch-brooms, were singing blithely, and a maid, with wooden patters on her feet, was sluicing the stones.

"Dis, Massa Peterers," said Beetles, with infinite satisfaction, "is where we eat an' sleep."

"Then we'll have none of your pranks," said Peters surlily.

They dismounted and gave their horses into the care of the two ostlers.

"Now phwat do we tell these good people?" asked Pat O'Flynn in the doorway.

"They'll not take kindly to men who have ridden all night without good reason."

"Tell them we've been to Scotland on King's business. That'll satisfy them," said Peters.

"Tis too dangerous," murmured the Irishman. "We don't look like messengers that the King would send to Scotland. We've to explain Beetles' black face, remember. 'Tis better to stick to the old story. We'll tell them we've been to York to arrange for a masque that is to be played there, and that we are posting hard back to London with letters from the Lord Mayor."

The buxom landlady accepted their story

without any shadow of doubt, and they were soon sitting down to a hearty meal. This finished, they craved permission to rest for an hour or two, and she showed them to a large, barn-like room with four truckle beds in it.

"I can't give you rooms that I should like to give you for we have a full house, as you'd see by the boots in the corridors," she remarked.

"What's astir, missus?" asked Peters.

"The authorities in London are trying to rid the roads of these pestilent highwaymen, the landlady explained. "There's a party of Bow Street Runners gone north to where they do say Turpin himself is to be caught. These travellers with me are what they call a cordon."

"An' phwat's a cordon when it's at home?" asked Pat O'Flynn, to gain more information.

"Well, you see," said the landlady, "it was feared that this daring rider, Turpin, might escape from the party that has gone to take him, so every highway leading north, south, east and west has a patrol of men out on it to block his way. They kept to the road until after midnight last night, and then their captain said that if the rogue hadn't come then, it must be that he was safe somewhere else. They are to ride north to join the Chief Thief-taker after they have had breakfast, which they have ordered for nine o'clock."

Pat O'Flynn gave a great yawn.

"Then let us hope they are right," he said. "A plague on all highwaymen, sez I. And now for some sleep, for it's tired I am."

The Irishman gently persuaded the good hostess to leave them to their sleep. When she had gone he placed his back to the door, and spoke in a low tone.

"Ye heard that, ye spalpeens? There's danger on every road. And we can do nothing till these fellows have ridden away. When ye can do nothing, the best thing to do is to do nothing. To sleep wid yez, but don't disarm and kape your boots on. We may have to make a flying leap for it if the good lady tells these wandering fellows that three riders have come in. Mayhap she'll say nothing, for she honestly thinks we are mummers from York. Where does that little window lead, Jem?" he added.

Peters cautiously poked his nose through the casement.

"It is an easy leap to a shed top," he reported, "but we are at the wrong side of the stables for our nags."

"Then let's hope we haven't to jump for it. Now where is that gossoon Beetles?"

No sooner had Pat O'Flynn taken his back from the door and crossed to the window to confirm Peters' observation than the negro had slipped out into the corridor. O'Flynn looked anxious, for he mistrusted his black companion's faculty for mischief.

"Well," he said philosophically, "'tis no use following him. I'm for some sleep while chance offers."

Like all men accustomed to a dangerous life, the highwaymen were able to sleep when they wished and to waken at the slightest sound. Both O'Flynn and Peters were soon wrapped in oblivion.

Each opened an eye when some few minutes later Beetles came in again as quietly as he had left them, but neither spoke to him. The negro chuckled softly and, within a few minutes, he was sound asleep.

When they awoke it was high noon. The inn was freed of its other travellers, and beyond a maid busy with her duties they met nobody until they came to the tap-room, where some villagers were quenching their thirsts.

The landlady met them with the news that another meal would be ready for them without delay. Her husband was now present, a fine sturdy man who had once been butler to a neighbouring landowner. He passed the time of day heartily as they settled themselves round a table in an inner room.

"Had a good rest, friends?" he asked.

They assured him that they had slept soundly.

"Well, you look fresh enough," he declared. "Did the red-coats disturb you when they left?"

"Red-coats?"

"Ay! We had a troop of soldiers lying here the night as I thought my good lady

the red-coats out so soon after we arrived? I mistrust that there was mischief in that departure—"

"Dat was me, Massa O'Flynn," cut in Beetles, with a broad grin. "When we were going to our little beds I slipped out and found de captain's room. I went in widout knocking and stood dere in de dark and told 'im a lubly story."

"Phwat do ye mane, you told him a lovely story?"

"Me put on my ventriloquist voice and me say dat de rogue Turpin had gone off on de Carlisle Road, and dat de captain was to tell de captain on de old North Road that all were to gather at Penrith to round up de highwaymen before dey reached Scotland."

"Of all the mad pranks—" began Peters.

"Oh, me took great care. Me told de

lubly captain and de boy were trapped, and dis soldierman rode ober to say dat Turpin and his men were riding to Carlisle, den de capturers would think dat dey 'ad made one big mistake and let de lubly captain go. Dat was really why me disturbed de slumberers ob de sleeping soldier."

"Beetles, you've got more brains under that wool of yours than most people would give you credit for," said O'Flynn.

"Well, I thought of something of the sort myself," said Peters, "but when I saw that Beetles had left the room, I didn't want to confuse his plans. Now, if I'd a been doing the thing, I'd have—"

What the valiant Peters would have done will never be known, for Beetles interrupted his speech by bursting into song through a mouthful of cold beef and pickles.

"Ob all de men who are so smart, Dere's none like Massa Peterers, But he take so long to make a start Dat me thinks 'e 'as cold feeterers."

"Be aisy, now!" remonstrated Pat O'Flynn, stifling a laugh. "If you two start



Rodney watched the desperate one-sided struggle. He saw Dick Turpin wing one Runner with his pistol while he fought off three others with his rapier!

had told you. They went off at ten o'clock as if the devil was after 'em. Strange, it was. They had their breakfast at nine o'clock and set to work grooming their own horses, as soldiers must. But their captain didn't come down, and the sergeant went to rouse him. What think you he found?"

"Dat de captain was fast asleep?" suggested Beetles, rolling his eyes.

"No. That he wasn't there."

"Wasn't there?"

"No, wasn't there. And just as they thought some evil had befallen him, in he came all booted and spurred, having been out since close after dawn. There was an instant to-do, and off they all rode."

"Where to, said you?"

"Northwards. They've gone to catch Dick Turpin, like many better men before 'em. But it's not so easy to catch Turpin, they tell me."

The landlord was interrupted by the appearance of the meal which had been ordered for the three travellers, and after a dutiful inquiry if they lacked anything, he bustled away to his customers in the tap-room.

The serving maid left them, and O'Flynn turned an unusually grave face to his two friends.

"Now phwat would take that captain of

captain dat his men were not to know where dey were going in case de secret leaked out. Me said me came straight from Captain Rebelstoke. Me used de bestest voice me hab."

Peters and O'Flynn were well aware of their companion's powers of mimicry, and that his assumption of the broken English he chose to talk normally was but an affectation, but the risk he had run still angered them.

"And supposing he had seen your black face, you mad idiot!" grumbled Peters.

"Ah, me took care to stand by de dark ob de door," said Beetles. "De captain slept wid his windows curtained and his bed curtained, too. You see, Massa Peterers, if a sleepy man is awakened by a message from somebody 'im knows, 'im doesn't stop to ask for authorities. Before de captain could get out of 'im bed to dress, me had slipped back to my own little bed, where Massa Peterers was snoring, and Massa O'Flynn was snoring, an' all was peace and quiet."

"Faith! It was a risky trick, but it will have drawn off two cordons from the way south," Pat O'Flynn remarked. "Let us hope that your captain took the message to the old road before Turpin and the boy rode into any trap."

"Ah, me thought ob dat, Massa O'Flynn," answered Beetles. "Me thought dat if de

your usual nonsense we'll have the whole house in on us. Peters, put down that beer jug! Beetles, you spalpeen, get on wid your dinner and let's hear no more singin', if you call it singin'!"

Both the combatants gave an uneasy and guilty look towards the door and resumed their eating, but Peters' pride was hurt.

Not a word did he speak to the negro until two days later when, after an uneventful journey, they rode into the shade of Ealing Common and its broad trees. There Jem was drawn from his silence by the sight of a knot of people round a gibbet that had a pronouncement nailed to its main support.

"Some news posted there, I warrant you," Jem remarked. "Let's turn aside and read it."

Beetles laid a restraining hand on the other's rein.

"No, Massa Peterers. We had better keep in the shade of dese lubly chestnut trees. Dose whiskers and my face are too well known to the villages about London for comfort. Let Massa O'Flynn find out what it is. Me thinks it am a reward ob a thousand guineas for your whiskers, dead or alibe!"

O'Flynn walked his horse over to the gibbet, and read the new proclamation over the heads of the standing crowd. In a

(Continued on next page.)

THEY RIDE AGAIN

(Continued from previous page.)

moment he was back with his two friends, his face aflame with excitement.

"Boys, they've got the captain!" he panted hoarsely. "Whereas that notorious highwayman, Richard Turpin, was last night apprehended on the old North Road, a reward is offered for the capture of the boy who rode with him and the old gentleman accompanying them." That's what it says. Your trick did no good after all, Beetles. Come, lads, we must ride now to the Barley Mow—'tis but a mile or two away—and foregather with Tom King and Flick. Heaven grant the boy keeps safe from harm. As for the captain—why, we'll have him out of Newgate, though they load him to the ground with chains and place a guard ten thousand strong about the doors!"

THE CAPTURE!

IN an upper room at the old Barley Mow, hard by Turnham Green, Tom King and Flick talked together in low tones. Before them on the table was a copy of the proclamation which Tom had taken from a post as they had ridden in through the Kensington road.

"But the boy and the old gentleman,

Ludgate. It was so we rescued you, Tom, three years ago."

"I wish the others were here. Even an hour's inactivity irks me with Dick in chains," said Tom impatiently.

"Ay, 'twill be no easy task for him to break jail," nodded Flick. "They'll watch him close, I warrant you. But we've more friends than they imagine, and a bribe of golden guineas will work wonders with turnkeys, and warders! Ah, who's here?"

Flick crossed to the door and opened it. On the threshold stood Peter Weygrad, the landlord of the inn.

"There's one below asking for you, my masters."

"Who is he, Peter? Do you know him?"

"Nay, that do I not. 'Tis a lad."

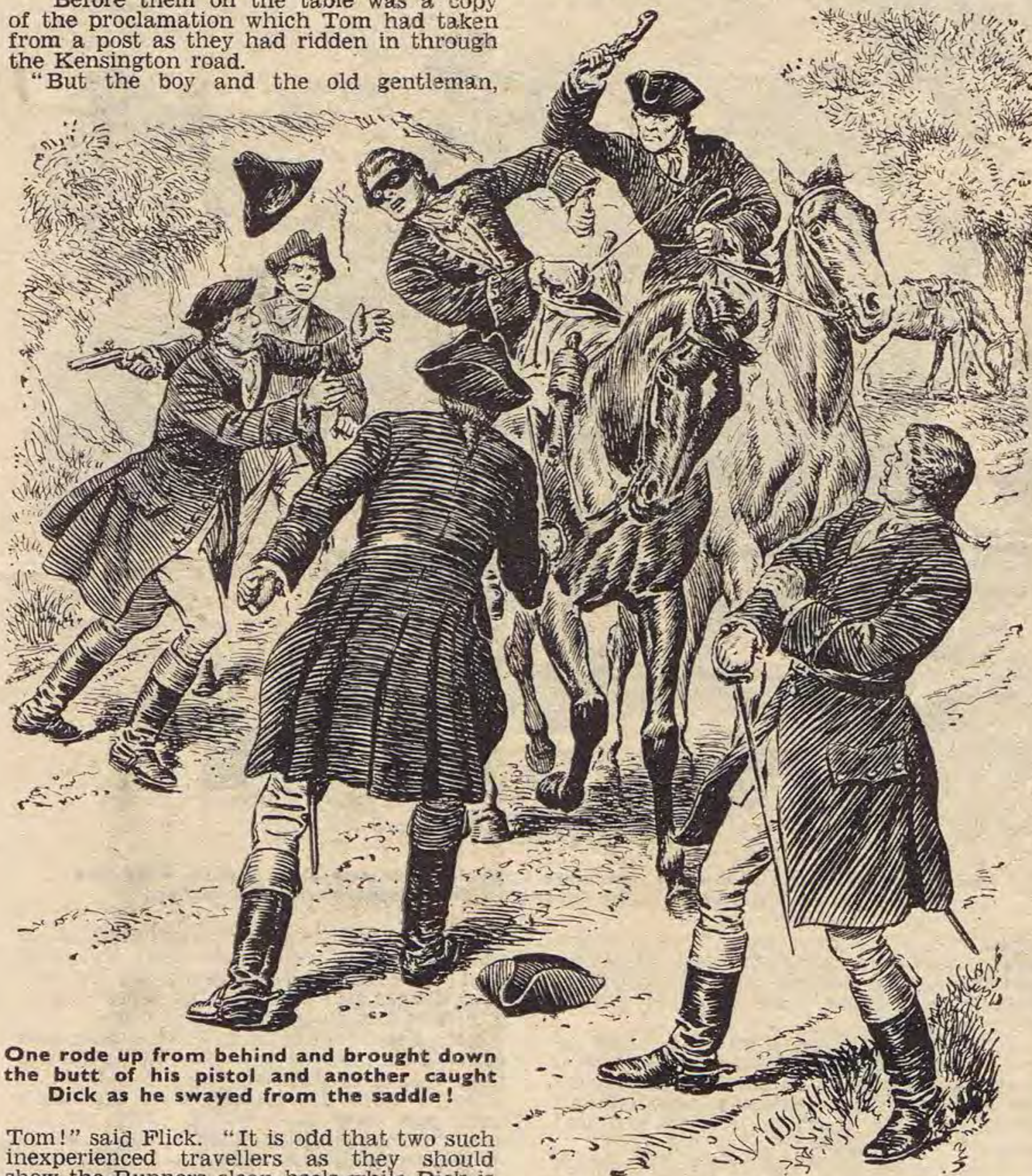
"A lad! Is he alone?"

"Ay, and a fine sight he is, mud-splashed to the eyes."

"For whom did he ask?"

"He gave the word all right. He said he was come to join the blue and red."

"Bring him up, Peter. This is the boy we await."



One rode up from behind and brought down the butt of his pistol and another caught Dick as he swayed from the saddle!

Tom!" said Flick. "It is odd that two such inexperienced travellers as they should show the Runners clean heels while Dick is taken."

"Rest on it, lad, that Dick held the attackers while the boy made good an escape."

"Then surely the boy would ride here, where the rendezvous was appointed. And what's taken our three henchmen?" Flick added.

"They'll be with us anon, never doubt," Tom King assured him. "Beetles and Peters and the worthy Pat would ride more leisurely than we. They will not have heard the sorry tidings as yet. When they come and are rested we'll send them about the town to gather more news. Think you that Dick will be brought to the hold at Newgate?"

"Ay, but not yet awhile, I think. They'll mayhap hold him in Bedford or Buckingham Jail until a proper escort is gathered for him. They'll fear a mob rescue in

Weygrad went down the crazy wooden stairs and returned with young Rodney at his side.

"Come hither, boy," said Tom King. "Art safe?"

Rodney waited, with a caution beyond his years, until the landlord had left them and closed the door.

"I am safe enough, Master King, but very weary. But the captain is taken and the old Squire lies ill forty miles away from London."

The boy's lips quivered, and his eyes filled with tears that he strove hard not to shed.

"Nay, my lad, never weep for danger's sake. Time to break down when we see Dick on Tyburn Tree! Sit you down here. When did you eat last?" said Flick.

"I have forgotten."

"I thought as much. Sit down, lad, and

take a sip of red wine, while I cut you a slice of meat. Tom, break off a crust for the lad. It was ever the way of youth to forget that desperate times need a body well nourished, and that the only moment when haste is dangerous is when haste is needed."

Flick was talking partly to compose the boy, and to prevent his young and overstrained nerves from giving way now that he had reached a haven.

Rodney was more hungry than he had imagined. He fell ravenously upon the bread and meat, and drank the wine gratefully. The two highwaymen watched him with approval.

"Good lad. Now you will feel cooler in your mind, and can tell us what befell you and the captain," said Flick at last, as Rodney pushed away his platter.

"Nay, I fear that much of what happened is as hazy as a dream to me," replied Rodney. "When we parted just before the fork of the roads, we rode serenely on ahead of you, as you remember. The captain was intent upon our finding food and rest after that long night of escape, and we came soon to a tavern where we rested until after high noon. The next day we rode at a good pace to the southward, with no danger save that we twice took to the lanes to avoid parties of red-coats speeding north on some errand."

"But yesterday, within forty miles of London itself, the thing happened. Methinks, Master King, there had been a treachery at an inn where we lay the previous night, and that someone there who knew the captain sold him to the Runners."

"The Runners, or the red-coats?"

"The Runners. We had made a circuit—I do not know the roads as you do—and had come to a village called, I remember, Newport something."

"Newport Pagnell?"

"Ay, that was it," Rodney nodded. "The Squire and I were tired with our long riding, and the captain said that outside the village was a pit of water, fed by a spring where we might refresh ourselves. To that pit we went."

"Just as we were ready to remount and join the captain there came a shouting from the road, and the noise first of shots and then of steel. I bade the Squire stay quiet, and I went round the edge of the mounds about the pit to survey the road. There I saw the gallant captain fighting desperately with six men."

"How went the struggle? I warrant Dick gave a good account of himself."

"That he did, sir! He discharged his pistol and brought one Runner to the ground, winged, as I saw, through the leg. He had drawn his rapier and was fencing with skill from the saddle. But they closed round him, and at length, as three of them engaged the captain's sword, one rode up from behind and brought down the butt of his pistol—"

The boy shuddered at the memory.

"Another caught the captain as he swayed, and in a few moments they rode off, back to the village, with the captain lying stunned across his own saddle-tree. I returned to the Squire and bade him take our horses at a walk towards the nearest clump of trees, where, I thought, he might have shelter. This he did, and I followed on foot to where the Runners had ridden."

"They had taken the captain to the tavern in the village, and had clapped irons on him. I crept up to where they stood, binding the cuts he had given them, and boasting of their exploit. They were to take him to Bedford Jail. When I heard that I ran back to the Squire and talked with him as to what was best to do."

"He said we must ride hither with all speed to bring the evil news, but hardly had we ridden five miles than he began to sway in his saddle. I feared that he might fall to the road, so thinking it best, I drew to another inn and told the good lady there that he was my uncle, taken with a malady while taking me home to my parents in London. It was a good lie, I thought, for it enabled them to call in a leech to him, while I rode on to send, as I told them, a coach or a chaise to carry him to my home. That done, I left him, bedded and well cared for, and I mounted again and made my way here."

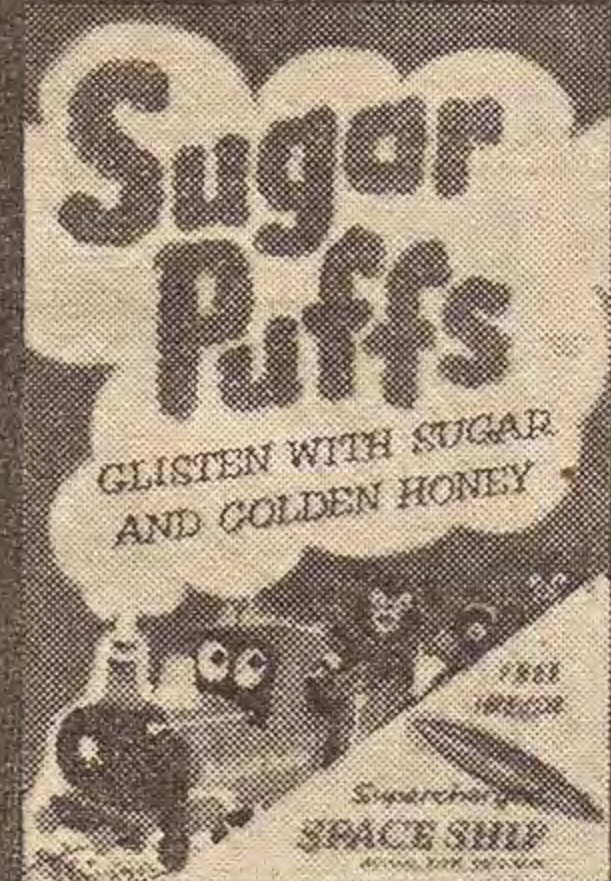
(Be sure to read the continuation of this stirring story in next week's **KNOCKOUT**. It is too good to miss!)



THIS
SUPERSONIC
SPACE SHIP
FREE
IN EVERY
SPECIAL
PACKET OF
SUGAR PUFFS

Four, three, two, one. Zero! Bang. Whoosh . . . A space ship blasts off into orbit. Yes, it's yours. Now *you* play a part in this exciting world of inter-planetary travel (which may soon see the first man reach the moon). Yes, *you* fit the percussion pins. *You* load the

propellent. *You* fire a space ship. Whoosh! Your chums will envy you. Whoosh! This wonderful cap-firing space ship really goes places. Tell Mum this is the space age. And space men gotta have nourishment, gotta have delicious Sugar Puffs. *Today!* Whoosh....



SPORTY

by
Reg Wootton

