

KNOCK-OUT FUN BOOK 1945



HALLO! HALLO! HALLO!

Dear Chums,—Here is a better-than-ever Knock-Out Fun Book for 1945. I know you will enjoy the adventures of all the jolly folk you meet each week in the Knock-Out Comic, and also some new characters you will meet for the first time in this Annual. This year, I thought you would like to have a shot at colouring a page yourselves—so here it is! I expect you will recognise all the famous folk coming out of the book. Perhaps some of your friends have been unable to get a Knock-Out Fun Book, so share your good luck with them. Cheerio. Your pal, the EDITOR.



Use your own paints, chalks or crayons, and see how bright you can make this picture!

PRICE
7/6
NET

GREMLINS HOLIDAY EXPRESS



RED GIBSON

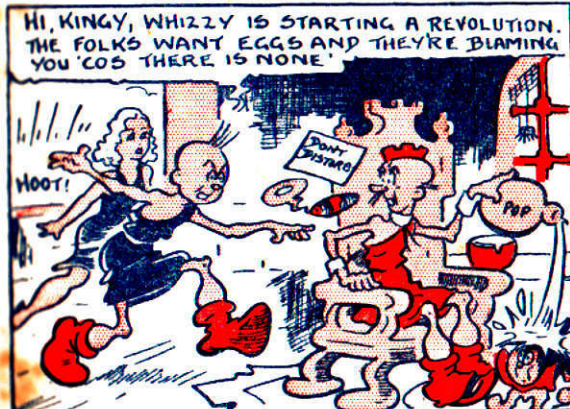
STONEHENGE KIT, THE ANCIENT



1. The Ancient Brits had been going without their egg ration and they felt that something ought to be done about it. Even those with priority ration books hadn't seen a negg for weeks.



2. As might be eggspected, wicked Whizzy and his beefy Brit-bashers led the protest. Whizzy made a speech, saying that with him as King there'd be plenty of eggs.



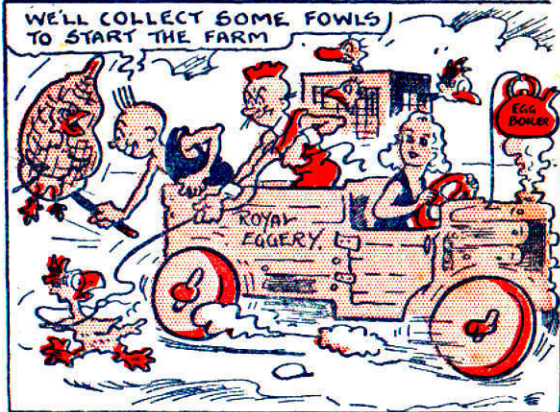
3. Our pals, Kit and Glam, heard Whizzy's wily warbling, and they hurried off to warn Kingy. Kingy was jerked out of his Royal case and told to do something about it.



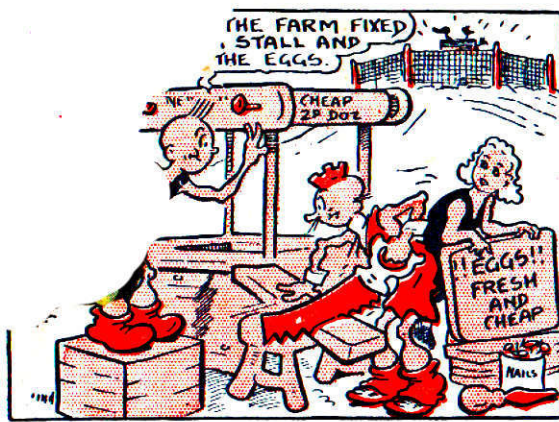
4. He went out on to the Royal balcony and sta. his subjects that he'd give them all the eggs they plus shells. He was shelled with rocks in answer.



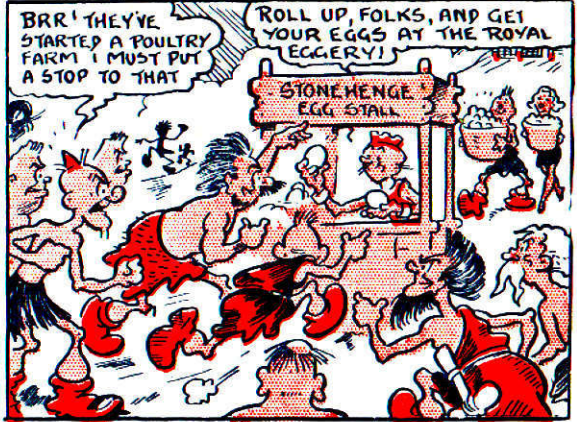
5. Kingy retreated from the balcony. He was eggstremely worried. "Don't worry," said Kit, "we will start a poultry farm." And they set off to pilfer some poultry.



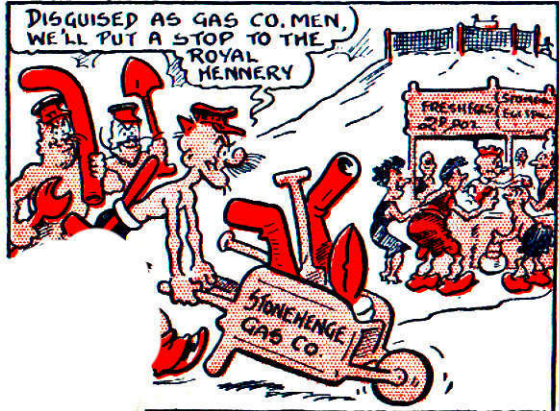
6. In the Royal Eggery Wagon our pals charged around, capturing fowls by fair means or foul. They netted a nice load and went off to collect wood for the Royal Egg Stall.



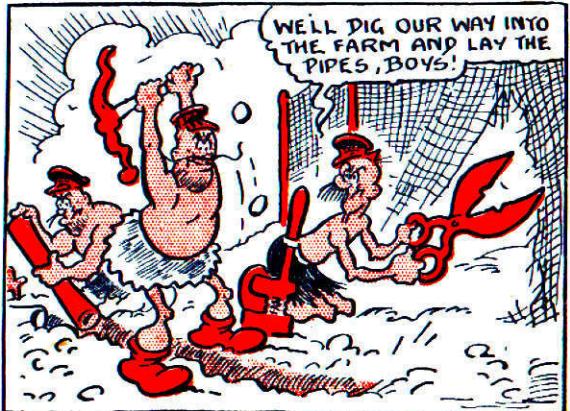
7. Kit got busy with hammer and nails, while Kingy produced the Royal saw. He sawed some planks and they soon saw a fine stall soaring up. Glam painted a lovely notice and in next to no time, or even less than that, everything was ready.



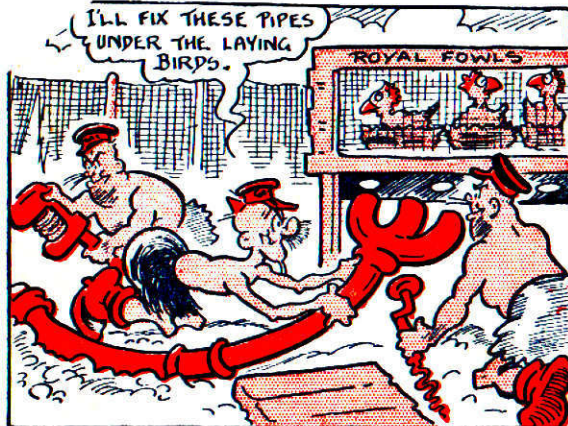
8. All that was needed, now, were the eggs. But they soon had the hens working overtime. They laid eggs by the dozen, egged on by our pals. Very soon Kingy was doing a roaring trade with the Royal Eggery. He was popular once again.



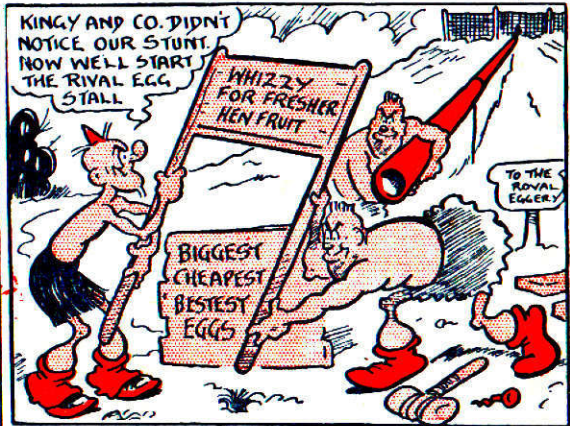
9. That his wicked plot to make himself King of the farm was not going eggactly according to plan. He was angry! But Whizzy had hatched another plot. And his Brit-bashers had a pile of best lead piping.



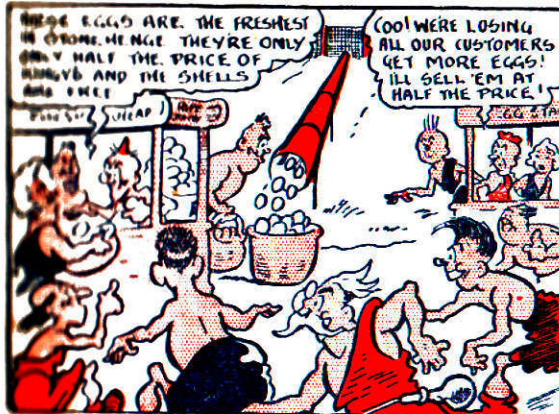
10. Chuckling with evil glee and disguised as men from the Gas Co., Whizzy and Co. prepared to attack our pals from the rear. They fixed up a back door to the Royal Hen-run and ran a length of piping through it. What was Whizzy up to?



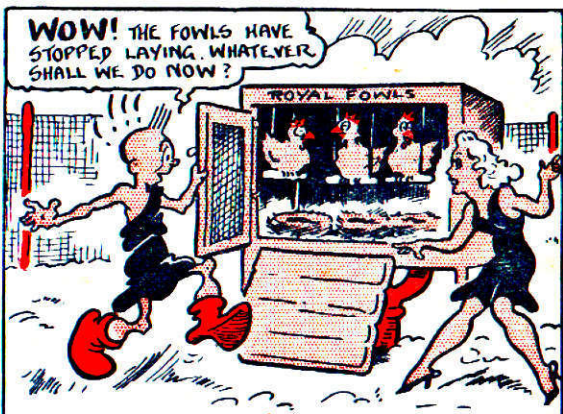
11. Creeping up to the hens as they took their ease, Whizzy laid the pipes right under the laying fowls. 'Twas a foul and dirty trick. Every egg the hens laid would slide down the pipe, and Whizzy could sit at the other end and collect them.



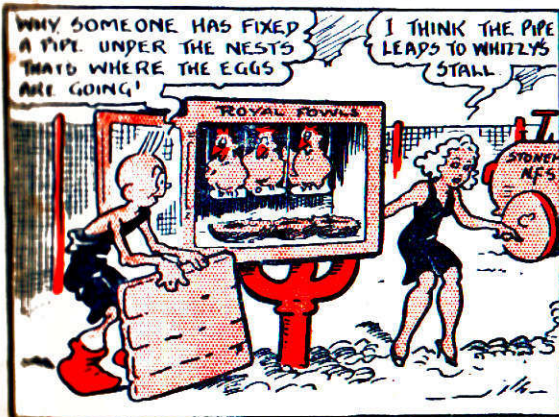
12. The Brit-bashers were soon busy erecting a stall to sell the eggs at cut prices. Whizzy would be King of Stonehenge now, or so he thought, and his whiskers quivered with excitement.



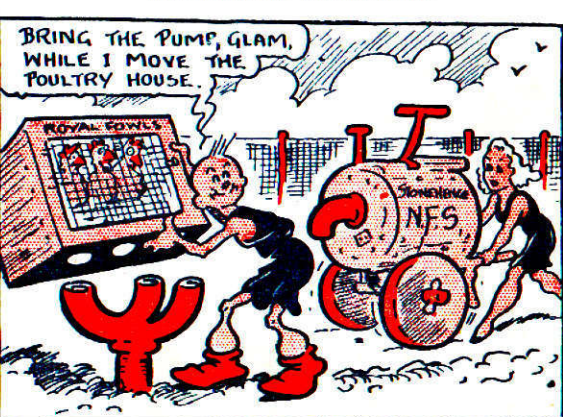
13. The Ancient Brits weren't going to buy Kingy's eggs when they could get them at Whizzy's stall at half the price. Our pair began to lose all their customers. "Get some more eggs," cried Kingy to Kit, "I'll give 'em away if necessary!"



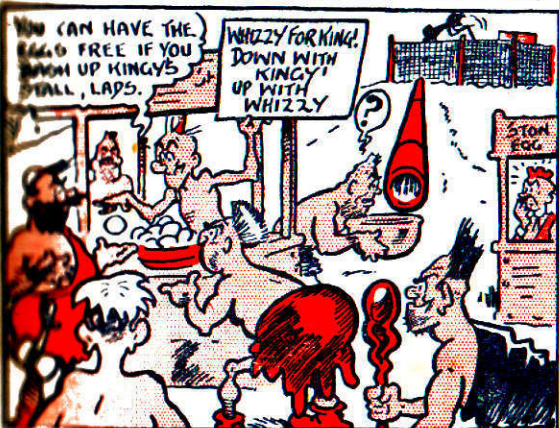
14. Arriving at the Royal Eggerly, Kit and Glam found, to their dismay, that the cupboard was bare. It looked as if the hens had gone on strike. Kit threatened them and pleaded with them, but without result.



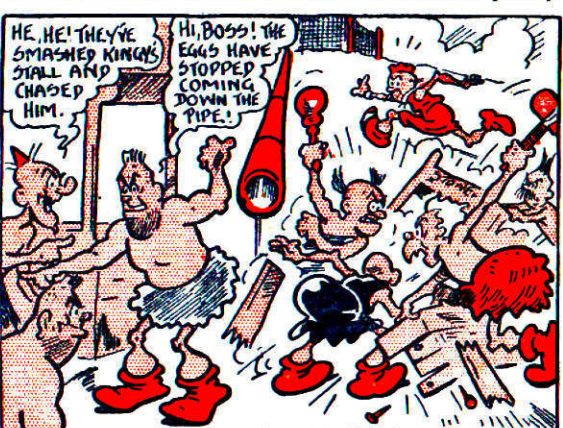
15. This was unexpected and Kit was puzzled by the lack of eggs. Suspecting some of Whizzy's dirty work, Kit investigated the matter. And he soon found out what was the matter. He found the pipe fitted to the Royal Fowelry.



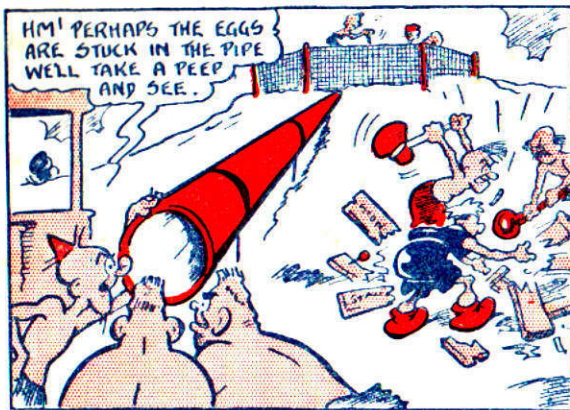
16. "I eggspect the pipe leads to Whizzy's stall," said Glam. Then Kit had an idea. Being Chief Fire-watcher in the Stonehenge N.F.S., he had to clean the pump every week. He sent Glam off to fetch it while he removed the poultry.



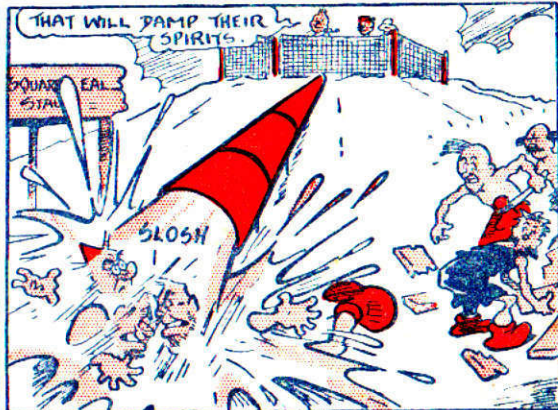
17. Meanwhile, Whizzy was giving away eggs to any volunteers for a Royal Eggerly smashing-up party. Eggs had been scarce in Stonehenge for such a long time that the Ancient Brits were ready to do anything for a pound of hen-fruit.



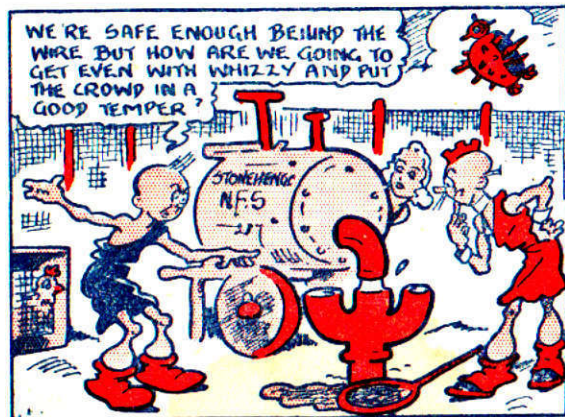
18. The smashing-uppers came up with their best Sunday clubs and started to have a smashing time! Kingy legged it for the wide open spaces. Whizzy roared with laughter. But Brit-basher No. 1 told him there were no more eggs.



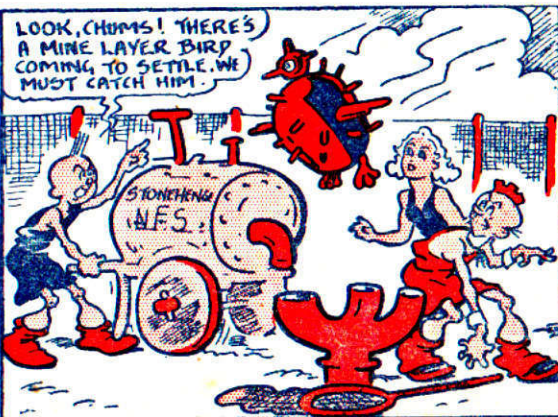
19. The supply of eggs down the pipe had given out, and the smashing-up party would be coming back for their wages soon. Whizzy & Co. looked anxiously along the pipe and made noises like hens in the hope of attracting a few eggs.



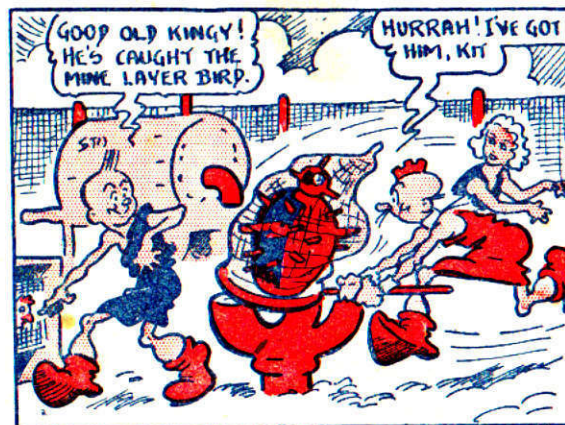
20. The next minute Whizzy and the Brit-bashers got a shower bath for nothing. But did they appreciate it? No, sir, their spirits were properly dampened. They hadn't looked so clean for months. Kit & Co. looked on.



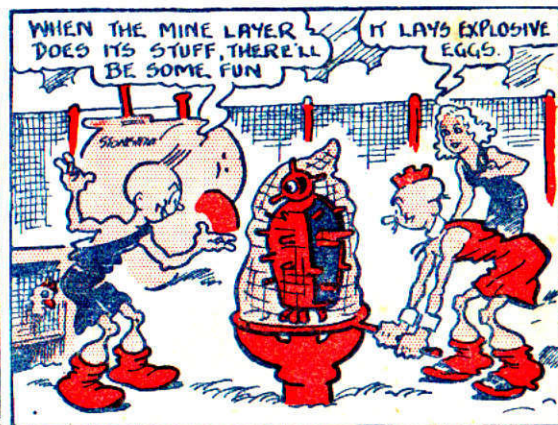
21. As you will have guessed by this time, chums, Kit had been the cause of their trouble. He had pumped the water down the pipe with the Stonehenge pump. But what is that queer-looking bird in the top right-hand corner?



22. It was a Stonehenge Minelayer bird, and it gave Kit another idea. "Quick, catch it!" he yelled to Kingy. In two shakes of a hen's tail, Kingy had seized a butterfly net and netted the minelayer bird right over Whizzy's pipe.



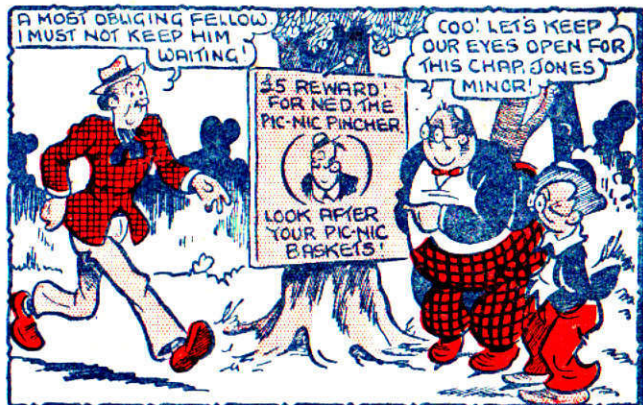
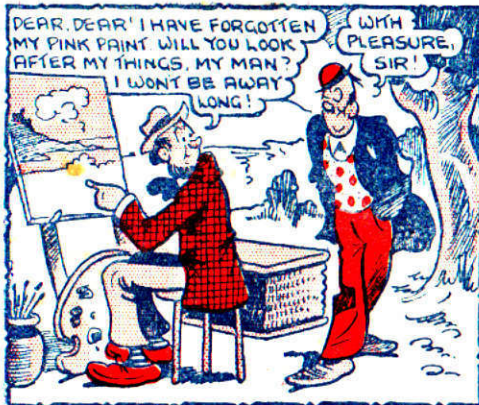
23. The minelayer bird got the shock of its life. Kingy fastened the net down over the pipes and the bird was neatly netted. The minelayer bird is a very strange creature. It lays eggplosive eggs!



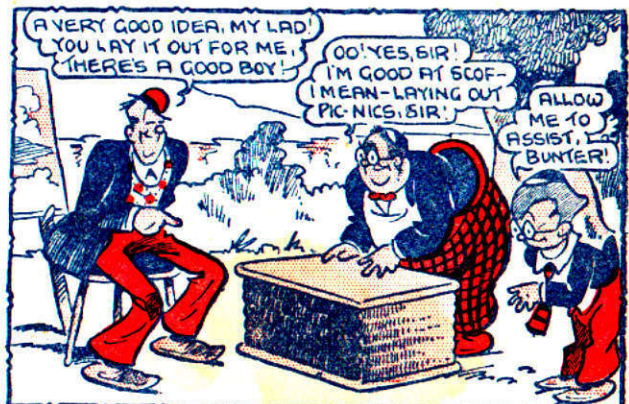
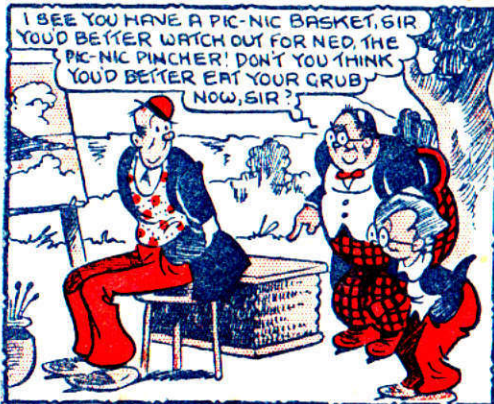
24. Our pals chuckled as they thought what would happen to wicked Whizzy when the minelayer bird started to lay. The eggs would slide down the pipe, and soon put a stop to the wily wizard's nasty tricks. (Now turn to page 101.)

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY
ON EARTH



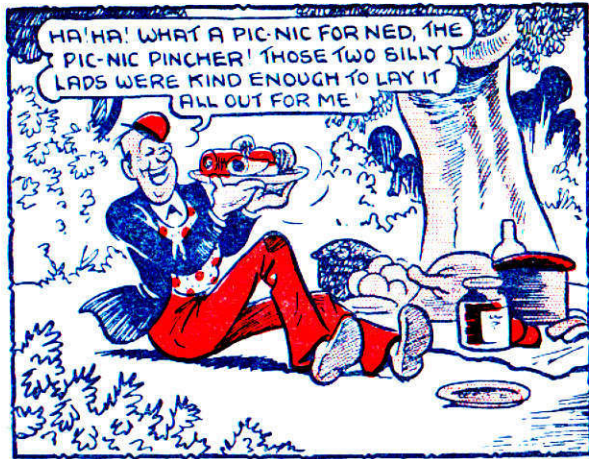
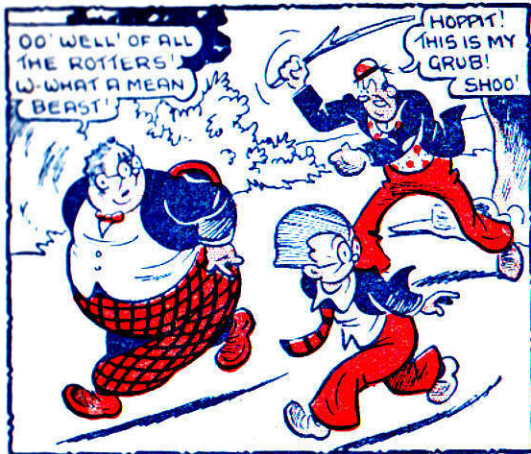
1. Mr. Hugh Tinter, the paint walloper, sat on the common, painting it. At least, he painted it on a canvas. But just when he wanted to put in a pink-billed worm-snaffler sitting on a tree, he found he'd left his pink paint at home on the grand piano. Just then, up strolled a chappy with a homely face, so Hugh asked him to mind the doings while he fetched the paint.



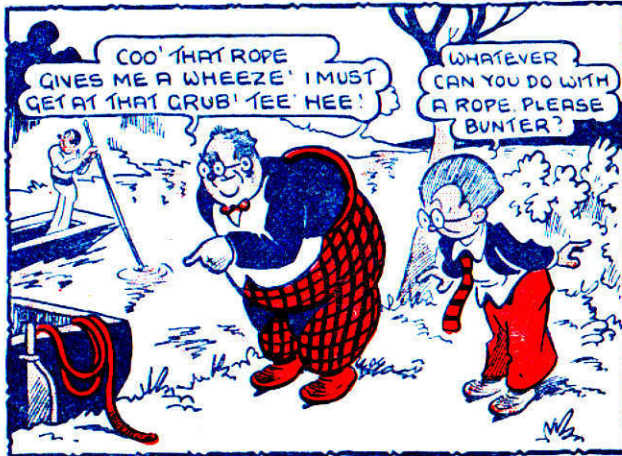
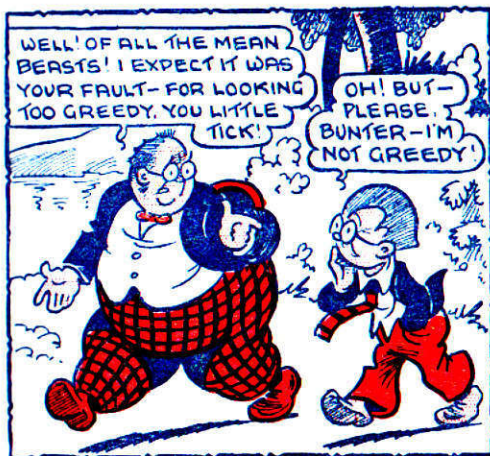
2. And round about that time, and close by, William George Bunter was taking the air, in company with Jones Minor. They were helping themselves to a free eyeful of a poster, offering a reward for Ned, the Pic-nic Pincher. They took no notice of Hughie Tinter as he ambled past, because our fat lad had spotted a hamper. Now, hampers mean grub to William George!



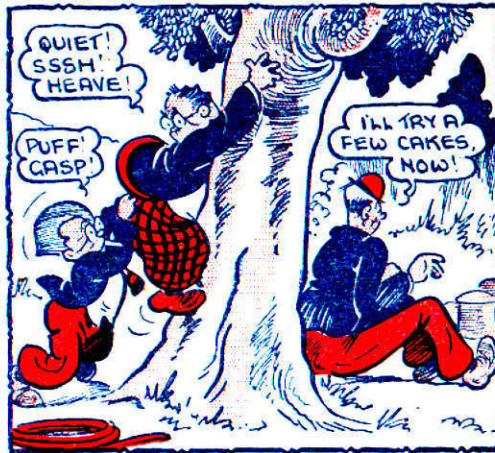
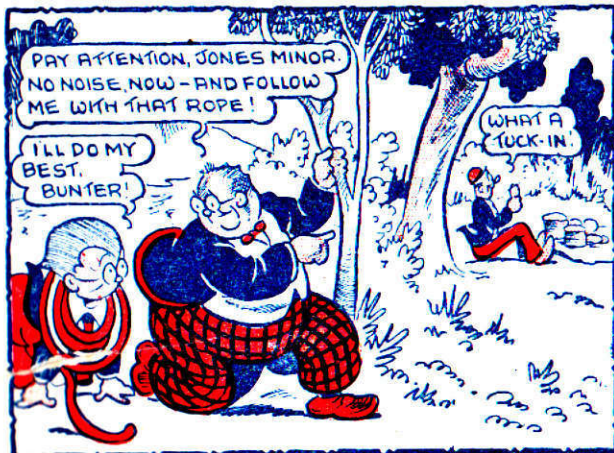
3. So he sort of happened along that way, and seeing the chappy with the homely face, he offered—quite freely and kindly—to open the hamper for him. Now, wasn't that big of Billy? The homely-faced guy was quite willing. He even asked Billy to lay out the grub for him. But when our Billy had worked like a horse and was waiting to eat, he got the bird!



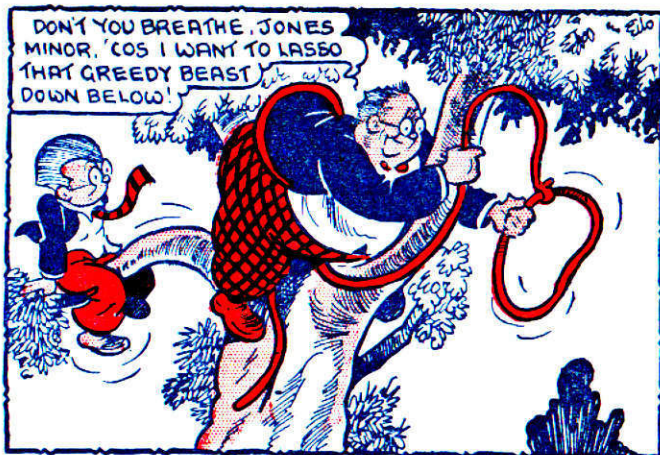
4. 'Sfact, churns! The chappy's face wasn't homely any more. It twisted into a nasty, hop-it-or-else sort of look. Snatching up a stick he chased Billy and Jones Minor off the scenery, then sat down to gobble all the goodies.



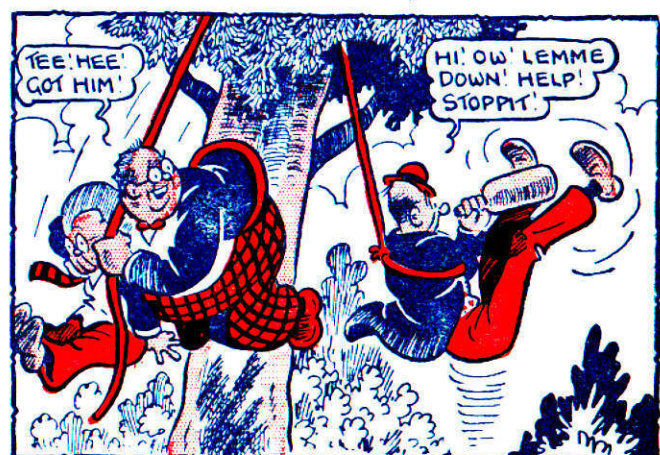
5. Billy was properly peeved about it, and blamed Jones Minor. But as they roamed by the river, the Bunter eyes spotted a rope on a boat, and the busy Bunter brain clicked into top gear, thinking up a perfectly nifty notion.



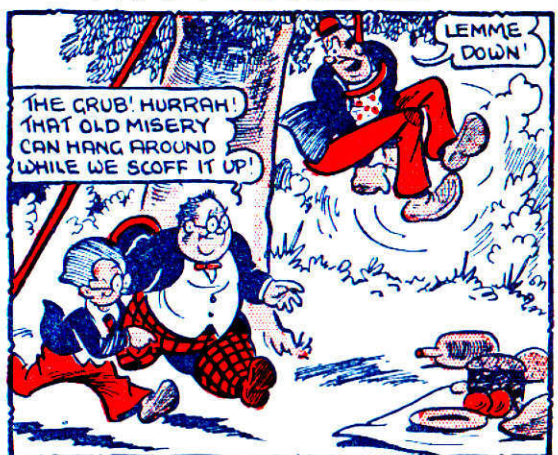
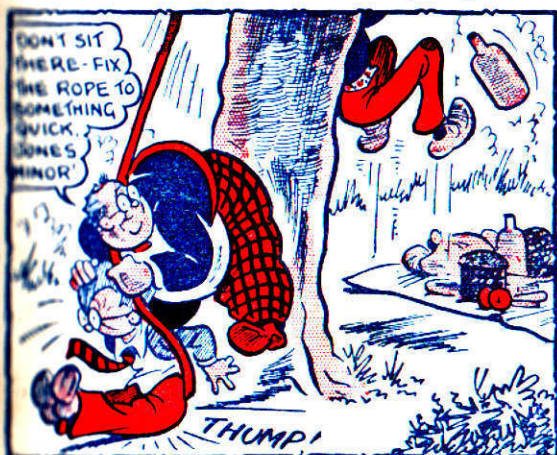
6. Borrowing the rope, and draping it on Jones Minor, our fat lad thudded back on tiptoe to where the grub-gobbler was doing his s.u.f.f, with his back against a tree. Billy climbed the tree, aided and shoved by Jones Minor.



7. After which, Jones Minor climbed the tree, aided and pulled by Billy, who had a firm grip on his left ear. Of course, Jones Minor took the rope with him because it was round his neck. Billy made a noose in it, and chuckled.



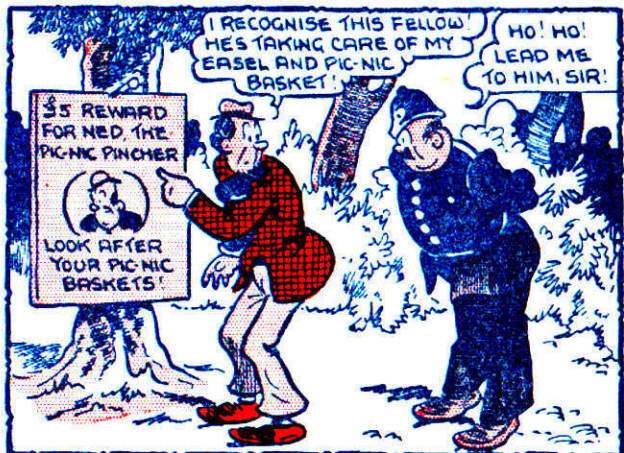
8. "Now, watch closely!" he said, and dropped the noose neatly over the goodie-gobbler's napper. And then Billy and Jones Minor leapt from the tree. Billy's weight did the rest. The pop-garler just rose up in the world!



9. Jones Minor found the world a bit hard, but Billy didn't let a little thing like that bother him. "Make the rope fast to something!" he ordered. Jones Minor tied the rope to a tree-root, and there was the food-hog, dangling.



10. It was a grand chance! "This is where we get a bit of our own back," chortled Billy. But when Jones Minor had a stab at getting a bit for himself, there was a free fight. Billy handed him a clip on the ear and the knife flew.

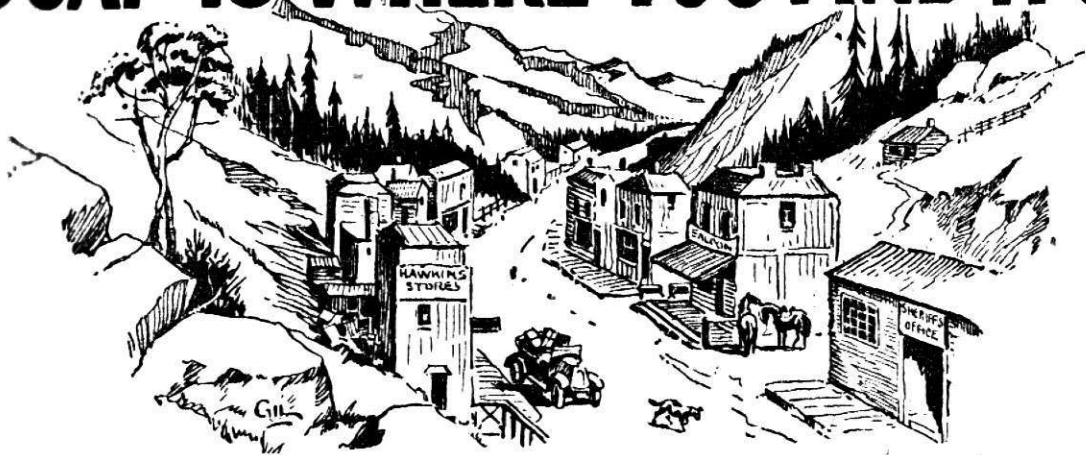


11. Yes, chums! It flew through the air and the rope. The rope was cut, and down came the grub-gobbler, right on Billy's back brace-button. Jones Minor suddenly remembered he had a date, far, far away, and fled. Billy was too winded to move.



12. Meanwhile, Hughie Tinter had spotted the poster, recognised the face, and fetched a copper. Just when Ned, the Picnic Pincher, started to knock Billy around, he got pinched. So Billy found himself sitting pretty after all. Nice work!

SOAP IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!



Buzzards Roost was a tough town filled with tough guys, so no wonder they laughed when Algernon Vernon Greene came along

Unwanted Visitor

BUZZARDS ROOST lay baking in the mid-day sun. It was a small American township miles from anywhere. It had one dusty, straggling main street. The stores and houses were just wooden shacks and shanties.

There was no one about. It was much too hot for that. One or two stray dogs were lying lazily scratching themselves and biting at flies on the wooden sidewalks.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a rattling and a clattering. The noise grew rapidly in volume. Then in a swirling cloud of dust a rickety, old-fashioned motor-car clattered along the main street, and pulled up outside the general store.

From the old bone-shaker of a car descended a most nattily dressed young gentleman. He had on a nice, soft, grey hat, a most elegant grey suit, and bright yellow shoes. His striped tie was a real dazzler, and he had a flower in his button-hole. He carried a pair of neatly folded kid gloves. Altogether, that young gent looked a proper tailor's dummy.

Dusting himself down with a gaily

coloured silk handkerchief, he returned the handkerchief carefully to his breast-pocket. Then, adjusting his tie, he tripped into the general store.

Old Jem Hawkins, the owner of the store, was standing behind his counter. He peered in astonishment through his spectacles, as the young gent approached the counter. Such a nattily dressed visitor as this had never before been seen in Buzzards Roost.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried the young gent cheerily. "How's tricks, what? Beastly warm, what? My name's Vernon Greene—Algernon Vernon Greene."

Old Jem Hawkins said nothing. He was too flabbergasted. In all his born days—as he himself said later—he'd never seen such a fancy, dolled-up dude as this.

"I'm travelling in soap—scented soap and hair-oil," went on young Mr. Algernon Vernon Greene briskly. "You'll be wanting some scented soap and hair-oil, what? I bet you get through tons and tons of scented soap and hair-oil in this awfully jolly little town of yours!"

He whipped out an order-book and a pencil.

"Now, how much can I book you for?" he inquired, his pencil poised invitingly.

"Yuh cain't book me fer none," said old Jem, beginning to recover from his first astonishment.

"What?" ejaculated his visitor, scandalized. "No soap?"

"No soap!" repeated Jem firmly.

"But don't the—ah—chappies around here wash?" demanded young Mr. Greene incredulously.

"Naw, they don't," said Jem. "If yuh showed the guys around this hyar township a bar of soap, I reck'n they'd figger it was sumthin' to eat or sumthin'."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" gasped his visitor, gaping at him as though he couldn't believe his ears. "And don't they—don't they use hair-oil, either?"

"Naw, 'course they don't," retorted Jem, plainly pitying the young man's ignorance. "If you was to give 'em a bottle of hair-oil they *might* use it to oil their guns with, if there didn't happen to be any proper gun oil around. But to use it on their hair—nossir, I reck'n they're too mighty tough for that sorta thing!"

"Well, really?" gasped the young man. "You—you astound me. You do, indeed!"

Jem placed his hands on the counter and leaned across it.

"Yuh're a Britisher, ain't yuh?" he inquired.

"Yes, that's right," agreed the other.

"And how long have yuh bin in this hyar travellin' bis'ness?" demanded Jem.

"Oh—ah—not very long," replied Mr. Greene. "Just about a week."

"Yeah, I reckoned it must be sumthin' like that," nodded Jem. "Waal, mister, jest lemme tell yuh sumthin'. Of all the one-horse, low-down, ornery townships in the whole of America to try to sell scented soap and hair-oil in, this hyar Buzzards Roost's the dad-blamedest worst. Say, d'yuh know what this burg is?"

"No, what?" asked Mr. Greene.

"It's a sorta hide-out for all the toughest gunmen and outlaws and bad men in the

whole of the West," explained Jem. "There ain't a tougher spot in the whole of America than this hyar township of Buzzards Roost. There ain't no sheriff here. We've had a few. Oh, yeah, we've had a few. But they allus got bumped off and now there's no guy what'll take on the job. Say, d'yuh know what?"

"No, what?" gasped the natty Mr. Greene, staring at him open-mouthed.

"There's hombres in Buzzards Roost right now what's wanted for shootin's and kidnappin's and bank-robberies and hold-ups all over the country," said old Jem. "But there ain't a sheriff dare come in and get 'em. And for why?"

"Well, why?" gulped Mr. Greene.

"'Cos they'd fill him so full of lead he'd weigh about a ton," said Jem. "Yes, sirree, them hombres in this hyar township ain't skeered of twenty sheriffs. They're so tough that it would take a whole blamed army to round 'em up. They're the sorta guys what shoot first and talk after!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Greene.

"So if yuh'll take my advice," went on Jem, "yuh'll jest hop into that there automobile of yours and hit the trail outer this hyar township jest as fast as ever yuh can. Yuh don't want to git into no trouble!"

"No—nunno—I don't want to get into any trouble," agreed his visitor hastily.

"Then git goin'!" advised Jem. "And git goin' right now!"

Algy and the Tough Guys

IN spite of this excellent advice, however, Mr. Algernon Vernon Greene continued to linger by the counter.

"The trouble is," he said uneasily, "I'm most frightfully peckish."

"Peckish?" repeated Jem, staring, for this was a new word to him. "What d'yuh mean by peckish?"

"Hungry," explained Algy, as he was called by his pals. "I've had nothing to eat since breakfast. The old system is fairly clamouring for a spot of food."

"Aw, is thasso?" drawled Jem. "Waal,

why not buy a tin of beans and a packet of biscuits and eat 'em sumwheres along the trail?"

Algy shuddered at the very thought of cold beans and biscuits.

"I couldn't—I really couldn't!" he exclaimed. "Cold beans and biscuits would make me positively ill. You've no idea what a delicate stomach I've got. I have to be most frightfully careful what I eat. Now if I could get a poached egg on toast anywhere?"

He looked inquiringly at old Jem, who answered gruffly:

"Yuh kin git a poached egg at Murphy's Eating Rooms across th' street there, but I'm advising yuh to git out of here afore them tough guys start anything. I tell yuh, strangers ain't welcome in Buzzards Roost."

"But surely they won't interfere with me, if I don't interfere with them?" cried Algy. "I'm one of the most harmless chappies in the world. I like to be friends with everybody. I'm *sure* they won't get tough with me!"

"Waal, have it yore own way," growled Jem. "But don't say I didn't warn yuh. If yuh'd got half the sense of a crazy jack-rabbit, yuh'd git right into that there buzz-wagon of yore's and burn the wind out of here, thassall!"

"Yes, but I must eat, don't you know," protested Algy. "Murphy's Eating Rooms, did you say? Righto, I'll toddle across there. And thanks awfully for the tip about the roughish johnnies around here. I'll keep a peeper open for them, what? Bye-bye!"

With that, he strolled elegantly from the store. Out on the side-walk, however, he halted. For a dozen or more men were gathered round his rickety old motor car, and a tougher, dirtier-looking bunch it would be hard to imagine.

Most of them had long, unkempt hair and beards and were wearing dirty shirts and trousers. But what drew Algy's stare were the guns which all of them were carrying on belts around their waists.

Some of the men had one gun and some had two. One particularly fierce-looking

gentleman carried three. Others had knives stuck in their belts as well as guns.

At sight of Algy, the whole bunch of them stared as though they couldn't believe their eyes. They stared at his nice grey hat, at his dazzling tie, at his natty grey suit and his bright yellow shoes. Then they broke into such roars of laughter that they thoroughly scared the sleeping dogs on the side-walks.

"It—it cain't be real?" gasped one.

"It—it is!" gasped another, wiping tears of mirth from his eyes with the cuff of his dirty shirt. "It's a real, high-toned dude straight out of a picter paper—Jumpin' jiminy! kin yuh beat it?"

"Pinch it and see if it squeaks!" guffawed another.

"Naw, let's see if it kin dance!" roared another, yanking his gun from his belt.

Next instant a stream of bullets ripped and tore into the wooden side-walk beside where Algy was standing.

"I say—I say—don't do that!" cried Algy in alarm, bounding wildly about to escape being hit by the bullets.

His affected voice and his frantic caperings sent the bunch of toughs into fresh spasms of mirth and delight.

"I say—I say—don't do that!" they bawled, dancing joyously about and trying to imitate Algy's voice. "Aw, you naughty, naughty, bad men, how dare yuh shoot at my nice yaller shoes? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

They tired of this at length, however, and turned their attention to Algy again.

"Wh'ar yuh from, dude?" demanded the fierce-looking gent with the three guns.

"Well, I come from England, don't you know," said Algy.

"Aw, so yuh comes from England, huh?" sneered the other. "And what brings yuh around these hyar parts?"

"I'm selling scented soap and hair-oil," explained Algy.

This information sent his hearers off into further spasms of mirth. They roared with laughter, some of them holding

their sides while others leaned weakly against each other, wiping tears of mirth from their eyes.

"Aw, the nice little dude is sellin' scented soap!" they gasped.

"Au' nice smellin' hair-oil!"

"Aw, ain't he jest the cutest thing?"

"Mind he don't git cross with you, now. He might give yuh a severe slap any minit!"

"Aw, I'm skeered—where's me muvver?"

Well, that's the way they went on while Algy stood blinking at them from the side-walk. More men had joined them by now, and Algy was the butt of a score or more of the toughest citizens in Buzzards Roost.

"Was yuh aimin' to—to sell this hyar scented soap and hair-oil in Buzzards Roost?" gasped the three-gun gent at length, weak with mirth.

"Well, yes, I was—some of it," confessed Algy. "But the gentleman in the store here says there is no sale for—ah—scented soap and hair-oil in this delightful little town. So I was going to have some—ah—lunch and then continue my journey."

The three-gun gent turned and winked joyously at his pals. Then he turned to Algy again.

"Sure thing, kiddo," he said, grinning all over his dirty, whiskered face. "You go and have yore dinner and me and my pards'll look after this hyar load of soap and hair-oil what yuh've got in yore automobile. It'll be quite safe with us!"

"Will it, really?" inquired Algy anxiously.

"Sure, it will!" cried the other, whose name was Three-Gun Alf. "We'll look after it for yuh till yuh gits back from yore dinner. Won't we, Red?"

"You betcha!" leered a foxy-faced guy named Red Mullins.

"Then if you're quite sure, I'll just pop across the road and have a nice poached egg," cried Algy. "I'll be back as quickly as I can. Thank you so much!"

"Aw, it's a pleasure!" grinned Three-Gun Alf, doffing his battered old hat and

bowing low with a most exaggerated flourish. "Go git yore dinner, Yore Royal Highness!"

Shaking with laughter, the bunch of toughs watched Algy trip gaily across the dusty street and vanish into Murphy's Eating Rooms.

"And now what?" leered Red Mullins, turning to Three-Gun Alf. "What's the big idea, Alf?"

"I'm gonna tell yuh!" guffawed Three-Gun. "Gather round, youse guys. Now, lissen. Some of us ain't had a wash for weeks. Some of us ain't had a wash for months. I ain't blamin' none of us. I don't hold wi' washing, meself. But I reck'n it's about time that us did doll ourselves up all fine and dandy, if it's jest to make a sucker out of that there high-hat sap of an English dude. Us've got a car load of scented soap and hair-oil. So what I ses is, let's use it and have some fun by washing ourselves and combing our hair and whiskers and oiling 'em jest like as if us was going to some high-falutin' ball or something. It'll make us laff ourselves sick and it'd be a blamed shame to waste that car-load of soap and hair-oil. What say?"

"Sure thing, Alf!" yelled his delighted hearers, tickled to death at the idea of washing and scenting themselves. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"It's our solemn dooty to use that there soap now the dude has brought it!"

"He'll be that pleased to see us using his soap and his hair-oil that he won't know where to put his little self!"

"He won't know where to put the dough, 'cos he ain't goin' to git none!" guffawed Three-Gun Alf. "C'mon, then, hombres, let's git busy!"

Algy Wins

It was an extraordinary sight which greeted Algy when, about half an hour later, he came tripping out of Murphy's Eating Rooms.

The case of soap and the case of hair-oil which he had had in the back of his car had been wrenched open, and all the tough guys in Buzzards Roost were busily washing themselves and oiling their hair at

the two horse troughs which stood outside the saloon.

The washing and oiling was being carried out amid riotous mirth, and great was the splashing, the fun and the horse-play.

"I say—I say, you chappies—you can't do this, you know!" cried Algy indignantly, hurrying to the scene. "Play the game, hang it. That's not your soap, you know, what?"

"It's ours now, sap!" leered Three-Gun Alf, pouring a bottle of hair-oil over his hair and whiskers and rubbing it well in. "So's this hyar hair-oil. Ha! Ha! Ha! Gee whiz! but I rek'n I smell like a bunch of flowers!"

"Which is better'n smellin' like a skunk, which is what yuh gen'rally smell like," laughed Red Mullins, combing his oily red whiskers. "Ha! Ha! Ha! I feel like as if I was goin' to a meetin' of school-marms or somthin'!"

"Yes, but look here, you've no right to use that soap and hair-oil!" cried Algy severely. "It's not yours, it's mine!"

"Aw, dear, he's ever so cross with us!" bawled Three-Gun Alf. "C'mon, yuh guys!"

With that, the toughs joined hands and started to dance round and round Algy, singing at the very top of their voices:

"Aw, dear, he's ever so cross;
Ever so cross, ever so cross!
Aw, dear, he's ever so cross;
Aw, please, don't let him hit us!"

They were so pleased with this effort that they nearly laughed themselves sick. So great was their mirth that some of them bumped weakly into each other while others collapsed to the side-walk and lay there helpless with laughter.

"All right, you can laugh," said Algy severely, "but you'll be laughing on the other side of your ugly faces soon!"

"Aw, is thasso?" sneered Three-Gun Alf. "And what might you be goin' to do about it, Mister High-Hat Dude?"

"It's not what I'm going to do about it," retorted Algy. "It's what you've



All the tough guys in Buzzards Roost were busily washing themselves and oiling their hair at the two horse troughs.

done to yourselves. Haven't you noticed anything?"

"What d'yuh mean, noticed anything?" snarled Three-Gun.

"Just look at him—and him—and him!" said Algy, pointing first at one tough and then at another.

Three-Gun stared at the men indicated. As he did so, his jaw dropped and his eyes bulged. For the face of each of them was a bright yellow and their hair and whiskers had turned a vivid green.

"What the—how the—what's happened to 'em?" gasped Three-Gun Alf.

"The same as is happening to the whole lot of you!" cried Algy. "You had no right to touch that soap and hair-oil. It wasn't yours and it wasn't for sale. It was a special consignment of soap and hair-oil for the Skewball Indians. The soap dyes their faces yellow and the hair-oil turns their hair green!"

"What?" screamed Three-Gun Alf.

"You heard!" retorted Algy. "All your faces are turning a bright yellow and all your hair and whiskers are turning green. It's your own fault, and I hope this will be a lesson to you!"

The toughs glowered at each other in rage and dismay. It was quite true what the dude had just said. Their faces were rapidly becoming bright yellow in colour and their hair and whiskers had already become a bright green.

"But yuh comed here to sell this soap, yuh double-crossing four-flusher!" screamed Three-Gun Alf, fairly dancing with fury.

"No, I didn't!" cried Algy. "I came here to take orders for soap—but not for the sort of soap I had in the car. The soap and hair-oil in the car were for the Skewball Indians——"

"I ain't never heered of no Skewball Injuns!" roared Three-Gun Alf, his bright yellow face, with its green whiskers, fairly twisted with rage. "I don't believe there's any such blamed tribe as the Skewball Injuns——"

"Oh, isn't there?" cut in Algy. "That's all you know. The Skewball Indians are famous for their yellow faces and green hair. They dye their faces and hair once

every seven years. It takes that long for the dye to wear off."

"What?" screamed Three-Gun Alf. "D'yuh mean to say our faces'll stay yaller and our hair and whiskers'll stay green for seven yeers?"

"I'm afraid so," said Algy. "There's a very powerful dye in the soap, and a very powerful dye in the hair-oil as well!"

A roar of rage and despair from the whole bunch of toughs greeted Algy's words.

"It's all yore fault!" snarled Red Mullins, wheeling on Three-Gun. "It was you what suggested us should use the soap and the hair-oil, yuh crazy coyote!"

"Yes, it was!" bawled the rest of the gang. "If it hadn't bin for Three-Gun us would never ha' thinked of usin' silly soap and hair-oil!"

"Is thasso?" snarled Three-Gun Alf, yanking out two of his guns and ready for any trouble that might start popping. "Waal, if yuh wanna know who's to blame, it ain't me—it's him!"

He pointed at Algy and went on furiously:

"Yeah, it's him what's to blame for bringin' his nasty soap and stuff into Buzzards Roost, and I votes we totes him along and beats him up as an example to any other dolled-up smarties what might happen along here!"

This masterly handling of the question as to who was to blame for their yellow faces and green hair and whiskers met with the immediate and excited approval of the toughs.

They meant to be avenged on someone, and, after all, it was the dude of a Britisher who had brought the soap and hair-oil to Buzzards Roost.

"Yeah, c'mon, let's get going!" they yelled, making a rush at Algy.

"Here, I say—hang it all—stoppit—let me go this instant!" cried Algy, as he was seized by dozens of rough hands and propelled roughly along the dusty main street. "Bai jove! but you'll get into the most frightful trouble for this, I'm telling you. Let me go, d'you hear, you cads?"

But the cads didn't let him go. Jeering and laughing, they bore him along until they came to a tree just outside the township.

"This'll larn yuh to go around making folkses' faces yaller and their whiskers green," snarled Three-Gun Alf, binding Algy to the tree. "Yuh've come to the wrong burg to try them sorta tricks, cuss yuh!"

"I didn't try any tricks," began Algy.

"Yep, yuh did, so shet yore trap!" roared Three-Gun Alf, tightly binding Algy's legs together. "Now, youse guys. I'm gonna say one—two—three. And when I ses *three*, give the skunk the goods. Are yuh ready?"

"Yeah!" cried his pals, seizing the end of the rope which trailed down from over the bough.

"Okay, then!" said Three-Gun. "*One—Two—*"

"One moment!" cut in Algy sharply. "I've something to say to you!"

"Us don't want to lissen!" snarled Three-Gun Alf.

"*You* mightn't, but your friends might!" snapped Algy. "If they want to go around for seven whole years with bright yellow faces and green hair and whiskers and have everybody laughing at them, that's their look-out. But I know how they can get rid of that dye quickly—within a few minutes, if they want to!"

"Sure, we want to!" howled the rest of the gang. "How can us do it, hey? How can us git rid of the dye and be our proper colour ag'in?"

"By using some of my firm's special dye-remover," replied Algy. "I've got some stored in a secret shack. I had to store it in a secret shack in case someone found it and stole it. If you'll let me go, I'll take you to it!"

"Sure thing, yuh'll take us to it!" roared the gang. "Yuh'll take us to it, right now!"

"Ah, but then you'll beat me up again when I've given you the dye-remover," protested Algy. "I know you!"

"We won't!" promised Red Mullins,

with a wink at his pals. "Honest Injun, we won't. You give us that blamed dye-remover and us'll let yuh go free. That's a bargain, ain't it, pards?"

"Sure, it is!" chorused his pals.

"Well, but I must insist that you leave your guns behind, as well," said Algy, as Red Mullins unbound him. "One of you chappies might forget himself and shoot me after I've given you the dye-remover!"

This started a terrific argument. But Algy was insistent. He refused to budge unless they left their guns at Buzzards Roost.

"I know what quick-tempered chappies you are," he said, "and I'm not going to risk one of you taking a shot at me. I'm not so daft. Leave your guns and we'll be going!"

Red Mullins drew the fuming Three-Gun Alf aside.

"Let's leave our guns to please the sap," he whispered. "Us kin easy handle him once us've got the dye-remover. Us don't really need our guns!"

"Okay, then, let's git goin'!" agreed Three-Gun.

Leaving their guns behind, the gang mounted their horses while Algy climbed into his bone-shaker car.

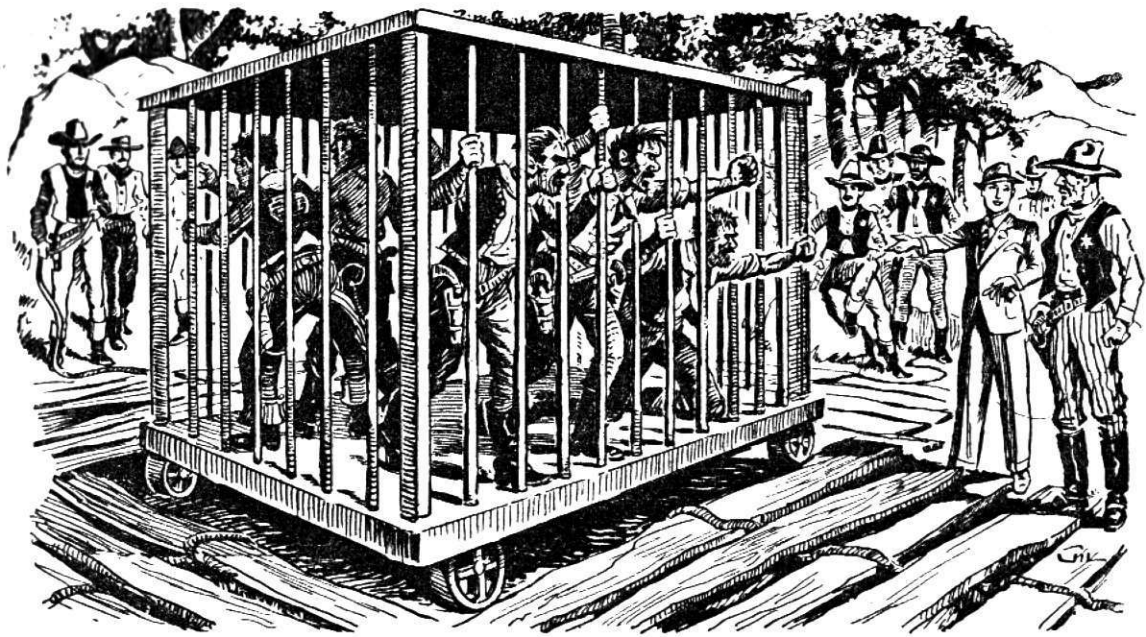
"Is this hyar shack of yours far?" demanded Three-Gun Alf, as the whole bunch of them galloped along beside Algy in his bumping, swaying, clattering car.

"No, not far," cried Algy. "It's about ten miles from here, hidden in some timber!"

It was exactly as he had said. They found the shack standing in a thick belt of trees about ten miles from Buzzards Roost. It wasn't a very big shack and it looked rather rickety from the outside.

"This way!" cried Algy, leading the way inside through a door at one end. "Look, you'll find the dye-remover in that packing-case there!"

He pointed to a large packing-case standing in the middle of the floor. The eager toughs fell on it like a pack of ravenous wolves. As they did so, Algy



The bad men of Buzzards Roost found themselves caged like wild beasts in a menagerie.

slipped swiftly out through a door at the other end of the shack. He pulled the door shut behind him and it closed with a click.

A few moments later the toughs got the shock of their lives. For, without warning, the sides and ends of the shack fell away, thudding flat to the ground and leaving the dumbfounded gang imprisoned in what was nothing more nor less than a big, iron-barred cage.

The bars of the cage had been hidden from the outside by the wooden walls of the shack. And they had been hidden on the inside by a covering of brown paper, stained and painted to look like wood.

A strong pull on ropes which had been swiftly fastened to the front, back and ends of the shack had pulled the four walls flat, leaving only the cage.

The men who had fixed the ropes and pulled on them had been hiding among the trees. They were now standing with Algy, staring at the frantic prisoners in the cage.

Three-Gun Alf glared at them with blazing eyes. He quickly recognised

them as sheriffs from all over the territory.

"What'n hokey's the idea?" he screamed, nearly mad with rage and fear. "Let us outa hyar this minit, yuh skunks!"

"Not a chance; not now that we've caught you," replied one of the sheriffs, whom Three-Gun and his pards recognised as Hiram Cowper of Arrow Head. "Every one of you in that cage is wanted for either kidnapping or robbery. You might not have noticed it, but the cage is on wheels. A tractor is waiting, and it will tow the whole bunch of you as far as the County lock-up at Indianville. The whole idea—the whole trap, I might say—was planned and carried out by our young friend here, Mr. Vernon Greene, my English nephew who is staying with me on holiday. He had that soap and hair-oil specially made in New York. He figgered you'd try to take the rise out of him by using it—and the rest was easy. What did you say?"

But what Three-Gun Alf and his pards were saying was not fit for anyone's ears!

THE END



Upon his bed young Ernie lay,
Dreaming of Santa and Christmas Day,
And lots of fun and luvly food—
(Ee, by gum! That dream were good!)



And as he dreamed with smile on face,
Santa came through lad's fire-place;
He stood beside young Ernie's bed,
"I've a job for you, lad!" Santa said.



With that he yanked lad from his bed,
And up the chimney with him fled,
To place where, just behind roof's edge,
Stood Santa's famous reindeer sledge.



Cried Santa: "How d'you like it, lad?"
And Ernie agreed he were very glad.
"I think it's super, Santa!" he cried.
"Where are we going for our ride?"



"Ah, that's a secret," cried Santa, winking.
"But you'll enjoy it, you will, I'm thinking,
'Cos d'you know what it's going to be?
Eating Christmas grub, lad—see?"

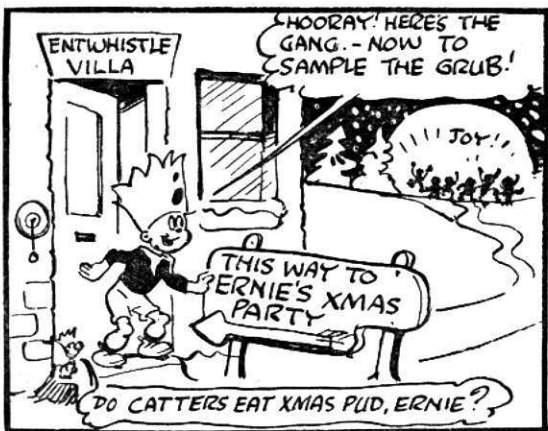
And so it were—like Santa said,
And young lad's eyes naur popped from head,
As he saw piles and piles of eats—
Mince-pies, jellies, choes and sweets!



"Go on!" said Santa. "Try 'em out! Just so there won't be any doubt that all the kiddies down Wigan way Get grub they like on Christmas Day!"



Then suddenly Ernie shouted: "Grubs! I'd like to share this with my chums. Is that O.K.? D'you agree?" Said Santa: "It's all the same to me!"



So sailing through the Christmas night, Young Ernie set off to invite His pal Sammy, and sister Sue, Tommy and John, and Freda, too.



But in the rush to get best seats, Poor lad were squashed 'neath trampling feet, Till with ribs bent, and face pushed flat, He looked like ancient front door mat.



And when he came to ask for tea, His ma said: "There's nowt left for thee; There's not a sos, lad—not a smell. Half table-cloth has gone as well!"



But Santa knew how it would be, And so he brought a special tea For lad, ma, pa, and sis as well. Ee, chums, I tell you it were swell!



MICKEY'S PAL, THE WIZARD

Mean old Uncle Silas gets changed into an Indian Idol, and it serves him right!

Silas and the Indian Idol

MICKEY ROYSTON came softly into the shop of his uncle, Silas Marley, and tried to steal unseen into the kitchen behind. But Uncle Silas saw him and stopped him.

"Did you deliver the vase to Mrs. Wain herself, same as I told you?" he growled.

"Yes, Uncle Silas," replied Mickey. "And she was very pleased to get it so soon."

"That's the way to do business—please the customer," purred Silas. "And how much did she give you?"

"Sixpence," said Mickey reluctantly.

"Hand it over!" snapped Silas, grabbing Mickey. "I've got to keep you, so everything you earn is mine! Take that," he added, "for not handing it over before," and he gave Mickey a stinging smack on the ear that sent the boy reeling through the kitchen door.

"Now I know why people call you the

meanest miser in the country!" shouted Mickey, and slamming the door behind him, he turned to his sister Betty with a one-sided grin. "The old meany didn't get all that the lady gave me. Look here!"

And he held up a very strange-looking brass image of a figure with an elephant's head and two pairs of arms.

"My!" exclaimed Betty. "Is it meant to be a part of an octopussy?"

"It's name is Ganesh, and it's an Indian idol, that's supposed to take care of travellers. The lady gave it to me for luck. Oh!" he cried, as the door had opened silently. With a sudden snatch, Silas Marley had grabbed the idol.

"Of course it's lucky! I know where I can get half-a-crown for it right away!" he chuckled.

"But it's not yours. She gave it to me!" cried Mickey, making a dash at him. But he was too late! Silas was already running out of the shop.

The front door slammed and the key turned. Silas hurried up the street.

"It's a wicked shame! He never lets us have anything of our own," cried Mickey furiously. "Oh, how I wish that I could pay him out!"

A cloud of green smoke gushed forth from the fireplace. As it touched the floor it turned into the tall figure of a man dressed in green Eastern robes. It was Akbar El Bagrag, an old wizard, whom Mickey had let out of a brass bottle, in which he had been imprisoned for thousands of years. Since then he had granted anything that Mickey wished, to show his gratitude. He halted in front of Mickey and bowed.

"What is thy desire, O Light of Mine Eyes?" he boomed. "Who dost thou wish to pay out, and what is the sum? Is it, perchance, that miserable uncle of thine whom thou dost desire to enrich?"

"I want to pay him for sneaking my little Ganesh," said Mickey. "Have you ever seen one of those idols with elephant heads?"

"Behold, I have seen one by the roadside, and very foolish they look!" chuckled Bagrag. "Lo! It would be a most worthy and fitting punishment to make thy foolish uncle look like one. Rahat! Luk-houm!" And as he muttered these magic words, the wizard vanished.

Silas Marley sold the little image to a man, who collected Indian curios, for seven shillings.

"This is my lucky day!" he said to himself. "I guess I'll call on Jorkins and see if I can collect that ten shillings he owes me. There's just a chance I may get something out of him.

Jorkins was an animal dealer who some weeks before had bought a secondhand teapot from Silas, who had guaranteed it to be in good, sound condition. It wasn't—for the very first day Jorkins made tea with it, it opened out like a water-lily, and spilled the tea all over the table—so, very rightly, he refused to pay.

"Well, are you going to settle up, or have I got to set the law on you?" asked Silas, poking his long, thin nose in the doorway.

"You be careful, or I'll set the law on you for trying to get money by false pretences, you ugly old catawampus!" replied Jorkins. "Corks! What's happened to you?" he gasped, for at that very moment Bagrag had uttered the magic words, and a very strange thing had happened.

Silas Marley's long nose had suddenly grown larger and very much longer, his ears were as big as tea trays, while his coat suddenly split round the shoulders and out popped a second pair of arms! He caught sight of himself in a looking-glass at the back of the shop and screamed in horror.

"Golly! I've turned into a nelefunt!" he cried.

"I don't know what's happened to you, but you deserve it!" said Jorkins unfeelingly. "And I've got an idea. Here, in you go!"

Silas felt himself being hoisted off his feet, and next minute he was dumped into a cage on wheels that had once held an orang-outang. The door clanged shut, and fastened with a spring lock.

"Hey, lemme out!" squealed Silas through his trunk. "What do you mean by it?"

"This here is Victory Week, but I haven't heard you're going to do anything, so you're going to begin now!" said Jorkins. "I'm going to take you, and show you at a penny a look. That'll be your contribution."

"I'll tell the police!" snapped Silas. "You'll be jailed."

"No, you won't," said Jorkins, putting a little cage on top of the large one. "Those are white rats! If you start to talk like a human, I'll put them in beside you. They'll run up your trunk and tickle you under all your arms."

"No, no! I'll be quiet!" cried Silas. "I can't a-bear rats. Anyhow, no one will know me."

Then, as Jorkins turned around just for a moment, Silas shot out his trunk and grabbed an old tyre lever from a shelf.

"I shan't stay here long if I get a chance to break out!" he thought.

Jorkins hung a curtain over a cage,

and wrote a placard saying: "See the Elephant-Headed Man, with four arms and a trunk. No deception. One penny a look. Long look, twopence. Help the war effort."

Blowing an old coach horn, he wheeled the cage along to the market-place and drew up beside the platform from which the Mayor had just made a speech.

"Hullo, Jorkins, what have you got there?" asked the Mayor. "I'll start you off with sixpennyworth. Is the creature quite safe?"

"Mebbe you'd better not go too close, Mr. Mayor, he's a bit cross-like," replied Jorkins, and lifted a corner of the curtain.

"Dear me, what a hideous monster!" exclaimed the Mayor, leaning closer, for he was rather short-sighted. "And yet you know, Jorkins, he's oddly like that old rascal, Silas Marley. He's got the same fishy eyes and horrid mouth, and—OW!"

Mr. Mayor had a fine large nose. All of a sudden Silas shot out his elephant's trunk and, clutching the Mayor by the neck, drew him close to the bars of the cage! One hand gripped the big nose and pulled it, while two other hands pulled his ears, and a fourth hand punched him in the waistcoat.

"Grrrr," rumbled Silas through his trunk. "I'll teach you to call me a monster! Take that!"

"And you take this!" roared Jorkins, as he picked up a bucket and flung the water it held over him and the Mayor!

Mr. Mayor kicked furiously, and managed to break away from Silas, and the cage was upset. The curtain fell all over it, hiding Silas.

Getting back on the platform the Mayor started another speech.

Meanwhile, Silas had escaped by breaking through the wooden roof of the cage. He scuttled into one of the empty market stalls and hid behind a pile of sacks. He would have liked to revenge himself on Jorkins and the Mayor, but that would have to wait.

"I expect this is the work of Mickey's pal, Bagrag," he muttered angrily. "I'd like to get even with him, too—and I'll

spank Mickey until he can't sit down—if only I can get home."

And then he crouched lower, for two men had halted beside the stall and began to talk in low tones, as though they were afraid they might be overheard!

"Yes, all they instruments are in the bandstand now," said one of them. "The bandsmen have all gone off to have some grub, and won't be back for a good hour-and-a-half, at least. We'll pop round and I'll slip inside; I've got a key that'll fit. You fetch the van round and back it up against the door, and I'll shove the instruments in under the back curtain. You stay on the box ready to drive off the minute I come to you!"

"But are you sure no one will twig what we're after?" asked the other.

"Of course not, no one ever goes there at dinner-time. Half-a-mo', an' I'll fetch the van!"

Half a minute later there came the grinding of wheels, and a big covered van, drawn by a strong horse, halted beside the stall. Silas ventured to peep out. The second man was climbing on to the front seat, and even as the van began to move, Silas was slithering over the back-board. For, odd though it may seem, Silas was very fond of band music. Now, these villains were going to steal the precious instruments. But not if Silas Marley could prevent it!

Gripping the tyre lever, with which he had broken out of the cage, Silas waited. If he was discovered he would trust to his four strong arms to pull him through.

The van stopped, turned, backed. Silas pulled a sack close around him, and drew into a corner. The canvas which covered the back was lifted—and in rolled a big drum! A kettle drum followed this, then half a dozen brass instruments, a pair of cymbals, and a saxophone. Then the second man dropped in beside the driver, and the van drove off towards the town of Croxford.

Silas snuggled down comfortably. He thought he knew what was happening. The thieves would try to sell the stolen instruments. Then he, Silas, would have them arrested, and drive home in triumph

to claim the reward. The van went on for five miles. Then it slowed.

"There they are, over on the other side of the common. Everything's all right," said one man. "We'll stow the instruments in the living wagon, then I'll take the van back to Croxford and join you at the crossroads. Nobody will trail us."

Silas cut a little hole in the canvas side of the van, and peeped out. He saw two gipsy caravans half a mile away across the common. Several men stood by them. They were waving to the men in the van.

"Crumbs!" muttered Silas. "I'll be copped, and I won't be able to save the instruments and get a reward for them. I've got to do something about it quick."

The curtain that closed the front of the van was only fastened by a bit of string. Silas cut the string, then, just as the van was turning off the road into the common, he peeped out. The man who was driving happened to turn his head to speak to his companion at that moment. His eyes goggled as he saw the weird-looking elephant head.

"What's that?" he stammered. "Where did it come from?"

He got no further, for with a wild screech, Silas slapped him across the face with his trunk, punched him hard with two fists, grabbed the reins with the third, gripped the back of the driving seat with the fourth, and kicked the driver with both feet.

The man couldn't stand such a complicated sort of attack; he toppled head foremost to the ground!

"Hubaboo!" yelled Silas, and turned only just in time to take the other fellow's fist on his nose. Only it was an elephant's nose! It was as hard as a motor tyre, and it could hit back, which was a very great advantage.

Wham! went the trunk, and the second man went overboard.

"Hood-doodle-ray!" yelled Silas, and at that the patient horse looked round, saw the thing that held the other end of the reins, and bolted!

Silas couldn't stop him, but he managed to steer him back to the road, over which

he went at full gallop. As they left the common, Silas glanced back. He saw the two men running towards the caravan. On galloped the horse. Once it slowed down, took another look at Silas, and then went on faster than ever! It was plain that it would run until it dropped from sheer exhaustion.

And then Silas saw a traction engine towing a reaper, which blocked the whole road. He tugged hard at the reins—they broke, the horse leapt sideways, throwing the van into the ditch and breaking the traces. Silas was jerked into the overhanging branches of a tree, the horse got one more eyeful of him as he hung there, and galloped off at forty miles an hour.

Up came the traction engine. The driver reached out to stop the machine, and caught sight of Silas hanging from a bough by one pair of arms, while he waved the others and his trunk as a signal to stop. He let out a loud yell, slung a lump of coal at Silas, and fled as fast as steam would carry him!

Silas peered through the leaves and saw that he was overlooking a wide stretch of lawn running up to the front of a large house. A lot of people were gathered around a platform, upon which a girl was singing. Tables set with cups and plates were on the other side.

"It's the Barchester War Workers' 'Beano'," said Silas to himself. "They're going to have tea presently. Golly, I could do with a bite!"

With these words he let himself down the park wall, and keeping under cover of the shrubbery, he worked his way around to a little tent where he guessed the provisions might be found, and peered through a gap in the flaps.

Yes, there were hampers and baskets full of buns, scones and sandwiches. No one was on guard. Silas slipped in, wolfed half a dozen buns, and was in the act of pocketing half a dozen more when, without warning, a pair of strong hands gripped his trunk and spun him round. The biggest man Silas had ever seen looked down upon him.

"I suppose you're real—but you're the

queerest freak I've ever laid eyes on," said he. "Now—am I to hand you over to the caterer who will jug you, or will you work for me? I suppose you came to give a show here?"

"Yes, that's it," said Silas. "I've got a lot of instruments in a van outside, I'll go and get them now. I can play three or four at once."

"We will go together and I'll hold your trunk in case you should be tempted to do a bunk! Come along!"

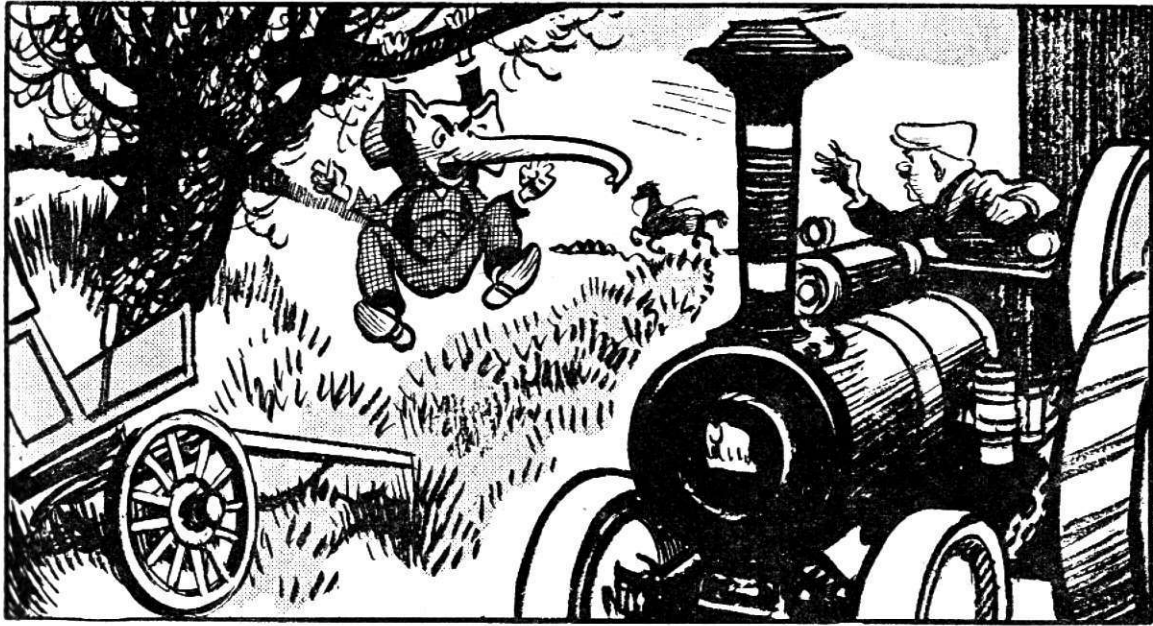
There was no chance of escape at the moment, so Silas led the way back to the

play the drums, the saxophone and the cymbal—all at once!" he went on.

"My name's Zipper," said the big man, as he scribbled the contract. I run the 'Zip Orchestra' which plays here this afternoon. 'Marley' did you say? Right! Sign here!"

Silas signed with his old right hand, and then began his band practice. The result was a terrible row.

"You'll never pass as a musician, Silas, not even in your native jungle," Zipper said. "But I guess that you'll make folks laugh!"



The driver reached out to stop the machine, and caught sight of Uncle Silas hanging from a bough by one pair of arms.

van, his captor keeping firm hold of his trunk all the time.

"Hm! You've got a nice lot here," said the big man. "Later on you'll tell me all about how you stole them, but just now you're going to sign a contract to work with me, by giving at least three stage shows a day. If you don't, I'll take you to the police at once!"

"What will you pay me?" asked Silas.

"Ten pounds a week and all expenses."

"Then let go my nose, and get out the contract," rumbled Silas. "I reckon I can

"But I don't want to make them laugh!" squeaked Silas.

"Don't worry! You'll do that all right. Come along. I'll carry the drums."

Silas would have purred with pleasure if his trunk had permitted him. At last he was going to make good. He was going to perform in public, and be paid for it. The antique shop could look after itself for a week or two, while he made some real money. Already he fancied he saw the posters advertising the only Four-Armed Elephant Man Musician in the

World. Why, some day he might perform at the Albert Hall.

"Mr. Bagrag forgot to get back your little elephant man," said Betty, a minute after the magician had disappeared. "I think you might have remembered to ask him. And you might have asked him to send us somewhere to enjoy ourselves for the day."

"All right," agreed Mickey, and repeated her wishes, adding: "And we'd like a good show, and something nice for tea."

There was a slight swirl of green smoke in the corner of the room, and a low rumbling whisper saying: "To hear is to obey!" For a minute there was silence. Then the shop bell rang.

"It's Mrs. Wain, who gave me the little brass image," said Mickey. He went into the shop just as the lady set down upon the counter a brass Ganesh, bigger than the first.

"Oh, Mickey, I brought you this," she said. "Now I'm just going to the War Workers' Outing at Kilkee House. There's quite a good concert, and tea as well. If you and Betty would like to come with me I'm sure you'd enjoy yourselves."

"We'd love to come. Thank you ever so much," cried Mickey, and away they went. But as the car went across the market-place the Mayor came out and stopped it.

"We're in bad trouble," he said. "Some villains have stolen most of the town band's instruments, so they won't be able to play at the Town Hall to-night. I know

you hired a band to play at Kilkee House this afternoon. Can you run me out there, and I'll try to engage them to play for us to-night?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Wain. "Jump in!"

Mr. Zipper was engaged behind the platform when the party arrived, but he came forward a few moments later.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I am now going to present to you the most wonderful freak in Nature, an elephant-headed man who, with his four hands and trunk will play one of his native melodies on four instruments."

Boom-rattle-clang! Making a frightful din, Silas came to the front—and even as he gurgled with pleasure he caught sight of Mr. Mayor and the two children. "The town band's drums," shouted Mr. Mayor. "Oh, you villain!" He leapt on to the stage, Silas flung the saxophone, drums and cymbals at him and fled.

"Oh, please, Mr. Bagrag, don't let him be hurt, don't let our day be spoilt. Make these people forget all about him," said Mickey softly, and heard the Wizard whisper, "All is well."

The next morning Silas saw the following item in the local paper: "The ball at the Town Hall was a complete success, despite a curious rumour, happily proved false, that the band instruments were stolen."

"Now that's odd!" he said to himself. "I seem to remember something about that—but I must have dreamt it!"

THE END

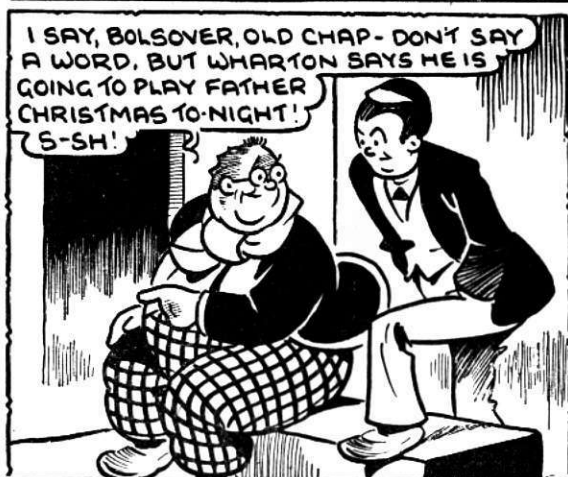
GOGGLES

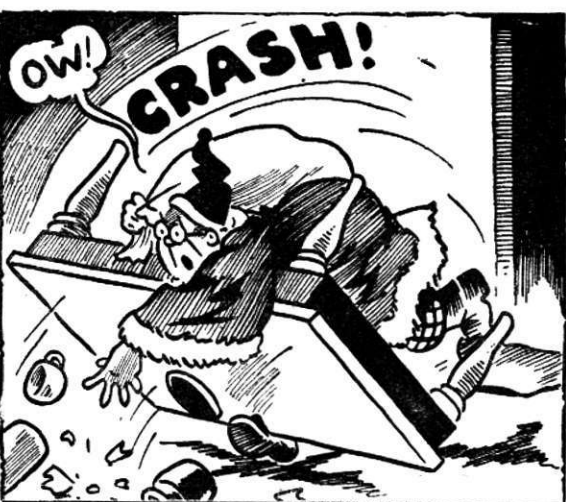
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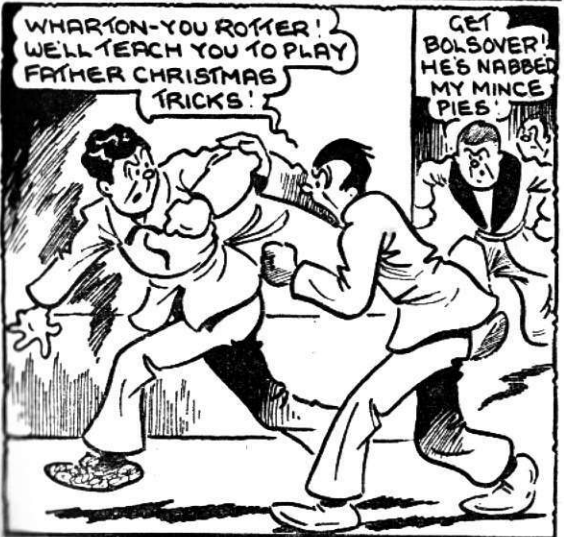


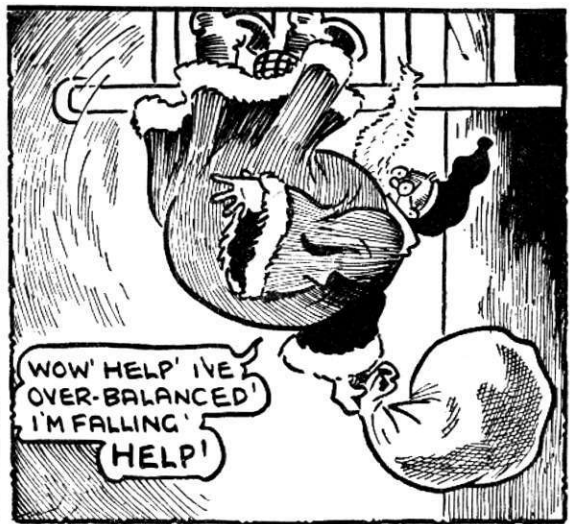
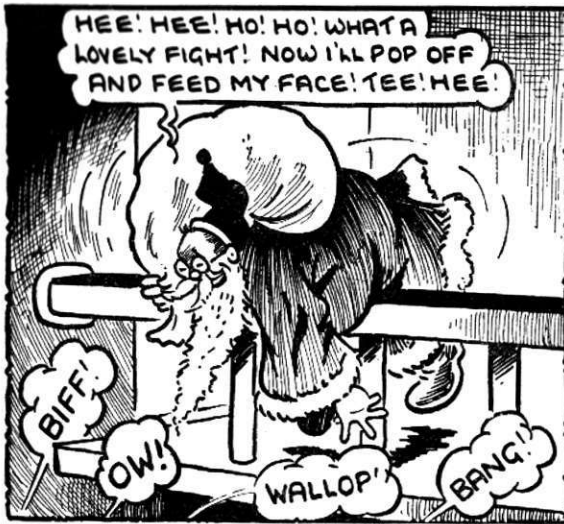
BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH











Galloping down the deserted street came the Phantom Knight.

THE PHANTOM KNIGHT

An Exciting Adventure of Will o' the Woods

The Phantom Knight

THE young Earl of Longwood, known as Will o' the Woods, sat on his throne and yawned. He gazed around his great audience chamber in Longwood Castle, and yawned again.

Beside him, on the dais, sat his friend, Rose Smithers. Mat the Mason, the strongest man in all the country, stood behind the throne, leaning on his huge staff. He yawned, too!

Sam, the one-legged man-at-arms, stood at the foot of the steps leading up to the throne. He leaned on his big sword and tried hard to keep very stiff and erect.

Before the throne stood the bailiff who collected the rents and paid the money into Will's treasury. He was reciting all the names of the tenants and the rents they had paid.

"Jasper Jenks, two crowns," he said, very pompously. "Simon Dankers, a goat. Widow Willis, three shillings and

ten pennies. Francis Morrison, one crown and two shillings."

Will yawned again. Rose yawned. Sam coughed and struggled with himself, because the captain of the men-at-arms was supposed to be very soldierly and dignified. But it was no use. He politely raised one hand to his mouth and yawned: "Ooh—ar—rr!"

He shot an apologetic glance at Will. "My lord," he said, "I crave your pardon. The audience chamber is hot, and——"

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Will. "The chamber is not hot. But this dull list of rents paid doth weary me."

"'Tis necessary, my lord," said Rose. "After all, you must think of your people's welfare."

"Nay, sweet Rose," smiled Will. "If my people are able to pay their rents, then they are prosperous and there is nothing to worry about. Is that not so, good bailiff?"

The bailiff smiled and bowed. He was

a good man and very fair and honest in all his dealings, otherwise Will would not have employed him in his service.

"My lord," he said, "your tenants are prosperous and pay their rents and dues at the proper times. They are happy and content."

"Then, by the rood, why should we be bored with the whole list?" cried Will. "Tell me if there be any who by reason of misfortune cannot pay."

"There is none, my lord," replied the bailiff. "But I have not given thee the full account."

Will waved his hand as he rose from his throne. "I trust thee, good bailiff. Pay the money into my treasury and burden me no more. When there is trouble or poverty, then let me know and I will see to it. I am wearied of this money and lists of money."

Sam, the captain of the men-at-arms, nodded his old head.

"'Twas not so dull when we fought together in the woods, my lord," he said.

There had been a time when Will had been an outlaw and Sam was his only friend. Since then, fortune had smiled upon them. Will was an Earl in his own right and peace had come to Longwood.

"War is an evil thing, Sam," said Will. "Yet I crave action. I will walk in the woods, methinks."

"Ho, guard!" bawled Sam. "Turn out the guard—"

"Nay. I walk alone," said Will. "On second thoughts, I will ride. So get my horse saddled."

"There may be robbers in the wood, my lord," declared Mat the Mason.

"I ride alone," said Will firmly, "for that is my mood."

Mat shrugged his broad shoulders. Maybe there would be no trouble, for there had been nothing but peace in Longwood for many a long day.

So Will sat his good horse, Hopeful, and rode from the Castle, over the drawbridge and down the hill to the woods where once he had been an outlaw.

It was a glorious day, and the leafy glades were cool. Yet Will felt restless

and uneasy. Then a thought occurred to him.

"I'll ride to the town," he said, "and have idle chatter with the townsfolk. Maybe I stay too much behind my castle walls."

The sun was going down by that time, but an hour or more would pass before sundown. There was plenty of time.

Leaving the wood behind, he took to the road that ran over the meadows and round by the coppice to the town of Longwood. He saw the house-tops gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. It was a lovely, peaceful sight.

But as he drew near, Will frowned. "'Tis strange!" he murmured. "Not a soul in the streets!"

He gazed about him curiously as he entered the town. The shops were shut. The houses were silent, the windows barred and shuttered.

Will dismounted and knocked on several doors, but got no answer. He came to the Market Square and all was silent. There was not a living soul in all the town of Longwood. Yet the bailiff had said everybody was happy and prosperous.

He strode over to the Mayor's house—the biggest in Longwood. Like all the others, it was locked and empty. But on the big doorstep was writing, as if done with a paint brush.

"Ye Phantom Knight rides again tonight," it ran. "Tell not the Earl. Tell it to no one or thou art doomed!"

Will gaped at the strange message.

"Zounds! What is this?" he cried. "I suppose the good people of the town have taken to the fields until morning light."

The sun was sinking fast now, but Will had forgotten his weariness. He found himself face to face with a strange mystery and he was eager to solve it.

And as he stood there he heard, from far off, the faint clop-clop-clop of a horse's hoofs.

"The Phantom Knight would surely ride faster than that!" he muttered, very puzzled.

Then the sound ceased and silence fell on the deserted town. Will wondered what

to do. He stood there, listening intently. Now he could hear stealthy footsteps. He drew back down the alley that ran beside the Mayor's house, drawing his horse after him. He stood there in the shadows, one hand over his horse's muzzle to prevent Hopeful whinnying.

Cautiously he peeped round the corner of the building. A man came hurrying along the street. He was cloaked up to the eyebrows and a floppy hat was pulled down over his eyes. Not a bit of his face could be seen, but he seemed bowed and sinister.

He paused by the steps before the Mayor's house. He took a brush from under his cloak and added more words to the strange message there.

"So!" muttered Will, "If I catch this knave and make him speak——"

He checked in his thoughts, for now he heard the pounding of a horse's hoofs. It was coming nearer and nearer, as if someone rode in a terrific haste.

"The Phantom Knight!" gasped Will. "By the rood, I must leave the lesser knave and catch the big rogue!"

He drew back farther into the shadows. The cloaked man had gone off up the street—running. What became of him Will did not trouble to find out. He was gaping at an amazing sight.

Galloping down the deserted street of the town in the dim, uncertain light of fast gathering dusk came the Phantom Knight.

He was in full armour and the visor of his helmet was closed. And what armour it was, too! Every inch of it shone and glowed with a terrifying, silvery light. The plume that streamed from his helmet seemed to shine with the light of the moon, silver white.

His horse was white, too. From forelock to fetlock, it was glistening white, shining like a ghostly horse. The knight's spear was like a great silver rod and the pennant below the steel tip stood out, shining boldly with a spectral gleam. The shield was a white glow, too, with no coat-of-arms or any sign upon it.

A more terrifying sight it was hard to imagine. Will stood watching as the

knight sped past him. He quite thought he was seeing a visitor from another world. No wonder the townsfolk had fled to the fields.

But Will shook himself.

"Zounds!" he cried. "The knight may be a ghost, but the man with the paint brush wasn't!"

He ran out to the steps in front of the Mayor's house to read what had been added to the message. His eyes fairly blazed when he saw the newly painted words.

"Leave five hundred crowns by the Market Cross at Sunset to-morrow, or you are doomed!"

"By my troth!" exclaimed Will. "What can a ghost do with five hundred crowns!"

He whistled and his horse trotted to his side. In a flash, Will was in the saddle and riding out of Longwood. Ahead of him sped the Phantom Knight. He could see him, half a mile in front, galloping between the hedgerows.

"I'll catch him if I chase him to London Town and back!" Will gritted between his teeth.

He coaxed more speed from Hopeful. There was not another horse in all the kingdom like Hopeful. Mile after mile sped away beneath his hoofs, and Will was drawing nearer and nearer to the Phantom Knight.

Once, he saw the gleaming figure turn his head to glance over his shoulder. Will chuckled. "'Tis no ghost!" he told himself. "That much is certain. And before long he will talk with me!"

Then he frowned, for he realised that he was without armour. He wore just a plain doublet and hose, with a dagger at his belt. There was nothing to show that he was the Earl of Longwood, and precious little with which he could fight a man in armour.

"But I must go on!" he told himself grimly. "I must find out who this varlet knight is!"

Bit by bit, Hopeful gained on the gleaming rider ahead. But the road wound round a copse. For a few moments, the Phantom Knight was lost to sight.

Will urged Hopeful onward, round the bend by the copse. And then he drew rein, staring in bewilderment. Before him, by the light of the moon that was now rising in the East, stretched the long ribbon of the road. But the Phantom Knight had vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Will was dumbfounded for a moment. Then he grinned to himself as he saw a group of farm buildings clustered under a group of beech trees. By the gate stood a farm labourer, sucking a straw.

Will dismounted and approached him. "Tell me, fellow," he said. "Hast seen a Silver Knight ride this way?"

He expected "No" for an answer. But to his amazement the farm-hand stared at him a moment, then said: "Ay, good sir! That I have!"

Will studied the fellow. He was clad in grimy rags and his face was blank, half-witted. He looked too simple to be treacherous.

"Where did he go?" asked Will, sharply. "Quickly, fellow!"

"There be no hurry, master!" retorted the farm hand. "I'll show 'ee. This way, master!"

He opened the gate, motioning Will to follow. They went across the yard, untidy and littered with rubbish. In the centre was a well. The farm-hand leaned over the brick wall, pointing downward.

"There 'e be, master!" he said, grinning doltishly. "'E do be there almost every night when the moon do shine!"

Will craned over to look. It was an instinctive action. He knew the man must be half crazy. He saw what he expected to see—the reflection of the moon in the water. He laughed, shortly.

"I don't mean that sort of silver knight," he said. "I mean——"

He broke off, half turning. But he wasn't quick enough. The farm-hand was not nearly so simple as he seemed. He grasped a cudgel and aimed a blow at Will's head. Will tried to dodge the blow, but failed. The cudgel crashed on his skull, and with senses reeling he toppled over the low brick wall, down into the depths of the well.

Far above him, he heard the man laughing harshly—heard his voice, saying: "That for thee, Master Spy!"

Then Will's head banged against the side of the well and he knew no more!

Hoof Marks

WILL never knew how long he remained senseless. When he did come round he couldn't make out for some time where he was. He seemed to be neither on earth nor in the sky, but midway between the two.

It was a strange sensation. His head was hanging down, and before him he heard the faint splash of a frog plopping in water. Everything was dark. His feet were not on solid earth, but hung downwards, like his head. His waist seemed above him and his doublet was pressing rightly around his throat.

He remained very still for a while, to let his memory come back. His brain was dizzy and his thoughts blurred, but gradually he remembered the deserted town, the Phantom Knight, the wild ride, the simple farm-hand who had turned out to be so treacherous.

And he remembered the well with the reflection of the moon in the water far below! That was the important thing!

But the moon was no longer there. All was dark. And he was in a queer, strained position. He felt his body with his hands and discovered that his stout doublet had caught on a large nail in the wall of the well, and he was hanging there, ten yards above the water.

If he had fallen into the water, senseless as he was, he must surely have drowned. That nail had saved his life, although it was likely he would perish there if he could not escape out of the well. He twisted his body and managed to stare upwards. He could see nothing. Maybe the moon had travelled down the sky, so that it no longer shone down the well. Maybe the cover had been put on.

He was in a desperate plight. He wondered if he should tear himself free from the nail and drop into the water, then try to climb up from there. Then he had a better idea.

Feeling in the pocket of his doublet he found his tinder box. Hanging almost upside down it wasn't easy to open it. He had to hold the flint between his teeth, but after a while he saw the spark fall on the tinder, and a tiny flame lit up the dank walls of the well.

And he could see that the nail on which he hung was really an iron staple. He saw others at regular intervals all the way up the wall. They formed a sort of ladder, or series of steps. No doubt they were for the use of men who came down to clean the well. And if they could use them, so could he.

One staple was below him, within reach

him down the well was quite sure he had been killed or drowned, and was not bothering with him any further.

It was just what Will wanted. The farm-hand—if he were a farm-hand—must have been in league with the Phantom Knight, and he was due for a shock before very long.

So Will reached the top of the well. He had to plant his shoulders firmly against the well-cover to lift it off, tilting it upwards and sliding it over the brick wall. It dropped with a crash.

Will remained where he was, just peering stealthily over the wall that surrounded the well. But there was no sign of life



The cudgel crashed on his skull, and Will toppled over into the depths of the well.

of his hands. He grasped it firmly, then tore his doublet free. He dropped and hung for a moment by his hands. His tinder box fell down to the water but that didn't matter. He could save himself now.

He began to climb up the wall, using the staples like steps of a ladder. But he did not seem to come any nearer the fresh air. And he soon found out why. The cover was on the well.

At first, he thought this meant he was in greater danger, then he understood what it really meant. The man who had knocked

in the farmyard. The moon was low down in the sky, but it gave enough light to satisfy him that there was no one about.

So he clambered over the wall and out of the well, as dry as if he had never fallen down. Crouching in the shadows he took good stock of the farm. He could see now that the place was derelict. The barns had great holes in their roofs, and the doors hung askew, with broken hinges. Grass and weeds grew everywhere. No one farmed this place. That much was certain.

Will eyed the biggest barn of all. The moon shone brightly, but in less than an

hour its light would be dimmed. He made full use of it. He walked warily across the yard towards the gate, studying the ground. And he found what he sought—hoof marks leading from the gate to the door of the big barn.

So the Phantom Knight had come into the yard!

Will took some time examining the hoof marks. One set led from the barn to the gate. Another set led from the gate to the barn. There was no third set.

"'Tis good!" muttered Will. "He rode out from here and he came back. He has not gone out again, so he must still be here." Then he frowned at the barn. "But if he is still here, then am I in grievous danger, for he must have men to aid him."

His first impulse was to get away while he had the chance and fetch help from the castle. But he thought better of it. He just had to make sure first that this really was the headquarters of the Phantom Knight.

He tip-toed to the broken door of the big barn. By the great doorpost he paused, listening intently. He heard nothing at all save the hooting of a distant owl.

Greatly daring, he peeped round the door post into the barn. The low-hung moon shone directly into the barn. He could see to the far end of the dusty interior.

It was absolutely empty. Nothing but dust and cobwebs! A rat scuttled across the floor and dived down its hole.

Will was puzzled. He gazed at the dusty floor. Hoof marks showed dimly, stretching away to the wall at the far end of the barn. And then Will grinned.

He took off his shoes so that he could walk quietly. He entered the barn and paced out the length of it from the door to the end wall. He counted twenty paces.

Then he went outside and paced down the full length of the outside wall. He counted twenty-six paces.

He chuckled softly to himself as he donned his shoes again. He knew, now, where the Phantom Knight was hiding. There was a false wall inside that barn, and between it and the real end wall

was a secret chamber, large enough to take several men and several horses.

At the end of the barn he spied a crevice in the stonework and applied his ear to it. He heard the heavy breathing of men, as if they were sleeping, and the champing of horses.

It was enough. He crept away and went out of the yard to the road. No one was in sight. Maybe his horse had been captured by that traitorous farm-hand. But Will rather doubted it, for Hopeful had been well trained and was not likely to let the hands of a stranger rest upon his bridle if he could help it. And if Hopeful was still free he would not be far away.

Will uttered a soft, low whistle. He heard a whinny from a thicket near by, and Hopeful came trotting out on the road. Will was in the saddle in an instant, but he did not gallop away, for he did not want to alarm the rogues hiding in the old barn.

For a mile or more he walked Hopeful on the grassy verge beside the road, then he took to the woods and galloped for a long time, pausing at last by a big dead oak tree. There he dismounted and, taking paper from his saddle bag, scribbled a note.

"Dear Sam," he wrote. "Come to me to-morrow evening with six stout fellows, well-armed, to the dead oak. I promise you a goodly fight."

He tied the letter to his saddle bow, then slapped Hopeful on the flanks. "Home, boy!" he said. "Home!"

Hopeful whinnied, hesitated a moment, then turned his head toward Longwood Castle and cantered off.

Will walked away through the wood until he came to a big oak. But this one was alive, with tremendous boughs. And high in the tree-top was a wooden house. Will had built it there in the days when he was an outlaw.

He climbed up to it, entered and slept there soundly. He didn't want to be seen at the castle until the Phantom Knight had been lain by the heels. He could not be sure whether that farm-hand—who was not so simple as he seemed—had

recognised him or not. If he had, then word might, perhaps, reach his ears that the young Earl of Longwood had returned to the castle after all. The Phantom Knight was bound to have spies in the town of Longwood. And Will wanted to be considered dead—for a little while longer.

The sun was well up when he awoke next morning. There was food in the tree-top house. Rose kept it there, for they often visited the place and had picnics in the woods. So Will did not go hungry.

At noon he descended and walked away through the woods. His clothes were torn and bedraggled by reason of his adventures down the well, but that didn't matter. In fact it helped him, for no one he met took the slightest notice of him.

He entered the town and lounged around the Market Square. The people looked frightened and gathered in groups, talking in whispers.

Will walked idly around the square, then suddenly darted down the alley beside the Mayor's house. He entered by the back door. The servants glowered at him. "How now, varlet!" cried the cook. "Begone before I dash thy brains out!" She brandished a wooden spoon at him.

But he laughed and walked past her, dodging the blow she aimed at his head. He sped along the passage and into the Mayor's parlour. He had been there before and knew the way.

"Zounds!" cried the Mayor, starting up from his chair. "By what right—" He broke off, gaping.

Will chuckled. "Dost know me, Master Mayor?" he asked. "Belike my clothes are tattered, yet surely my face is the same?"

"My lord!" gasped the Mayor. "What doth it mean?"

"It means," said Will, "that this night we shall put the Phantom Knight where he belongs—in the dungeons of my castle."

"Thou knowest, then?" cried the Mayor.

"Thou wert wrong to hide it from me,

Master Mayor," said Will. "I discovered it all by chance." And he told of his adventures the previous evening.

"I should have told thee of it before," the Mayor admitted. "But we did surely think that 'twas some creature from another world. We were afraid."

"Hobgoblins and ghosts have no use for money, Master Mayor," said Will. "But tonight thou shalt place a money bag on the steps of the Market Cross. Fill it with flat pebbles and leave the rest to me. The Phantom Knight will come and take the bag. He will ride away with it, but he will not spend the pebbles. And I promise thee he will not bother thee again. But have two men on sturdy nags and let them pursue him, but not so fast as to catch him. Just keep him galloping hard all the time. And at a certain place I wot of I will be waiting for him. You understand?"

The Mayor was beaming delightedly. "It shall be done, my lord—just as you say!"

The Ghost Stops Galloping!

SAM, the one-legged captain of the men-at-arms, rode up to the dead oak in the woods. He had six sturdy men with him, well armed. He led Hopeful, too, and on Hopeful's back was Will's armour. Sam carried Will's lance.

"By the rood, my lord!" he cried. "What's in the wind now?"

"A ghost, Sam," said Will. "He rides a shining white horse. He wears white armour that shines with a ghostly light. And he rides every night through Longwood, frightening the townfolk out of their lives."

Sam's jaw dropped and his eyes rolled. "Zounds!" he gasped. "Can I fight fiends from another world?"

"Wait a bit, Sam," said Will. "This hobgoblin of a knight desires five hundred crowns from the townfolk—tonight."

Sam thought that over for a moment, then grinned.

"Now, by my troth!" he said. "A ghost that needs money is human enough for me to tackle."

"Softly," retorted Will. "I will tackle

him. Thou shalt tackle his helpers in the barn."

He explained just how matters stood, and Sam drank in every word. "'Tis well," he said. "After such a long time at peace I am itching for a fight. Lead on, my lord."

Will donned his armour, took his shield, emblazoned with the three crosses of Longwood, and they set out towards the deserted farm.

Just before they reached it they heard the thudding of a horse's hoofs that died away in the distance in the direction of Longwood. Then, as they breasted a hill they caught a glimpse of a ghostly figure riding hard towards the town.

"There he goes!" cried Sam. "And we must wait till he comes back."

"We must take up our positions," said Will. "Not a sound, now! His men are at the farm."

They dismounted, leading their horses until they came within a hundred yards of the farm. There they turned aside off the road and waited in a coppice.

It seemed a long wait. Will had a man up a tree, watching the road. The moon climbed the sky, higher and higher, casting a cold, silvery light over the scene.

Then the watcher came slithering down the poplar tree.

"He comes, my lord!" he cried. "And 'tis a ghostly sight!"

"To horse!" ordered Will, quietly. "Remember! I advance and challenge the knight, alone. He will call for his men to come to his aid. Then thou wilt know what to do!"

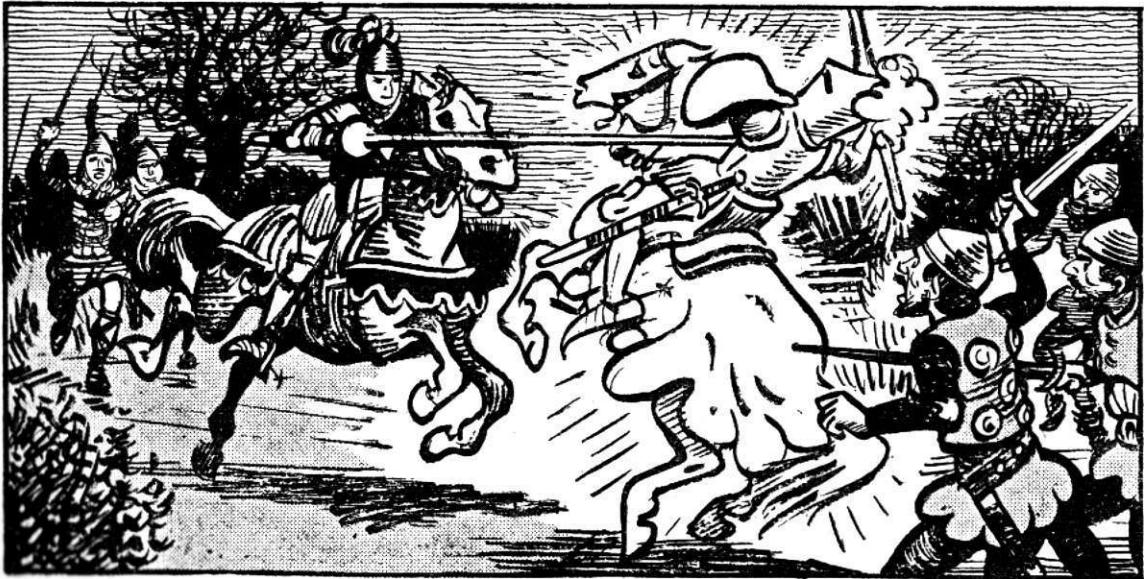
"Ay! We know!" said Sam, with a grin.

Will sat astride Hopeful, clad in full armour, his lance at his stirrup. He kept well in the shadows of overhanging trees. He could hear the steady beat of horses' hoofs. The men from the town were pursuing the Phantom Knight, who was riding hard in order to keep well ahead of them. He expected to dart into the deserted farm and vanish, mysteriously, just as he had done when Will chased him from Longwood.

But, this time, Will was waiting. He saw the gleaming, ghostly figure come round the bend by the coppice, riding hard. Will spurred his horse forward and his shield came up, his lance down.

"Hold, Sir Ghost!" he roared. "Thou shalt not pass!"

The Phantom Knight cried out in sur-



Will's lance-head got the Phantom on the shoulder, and toppled him out of the saddle.

prise. "Art mad?" he yelled. "Canst fight a spirit? Out of my way!"

But Will urged Hopeful to a gallop. He bore down on the Phantom, his lance at the charge. The Phantom knew he could not help himself. He had to fight.

Down came his lance. Will swayed in the saddle and the Phantom's lance passed over his shoulder. Will's spear clanged on the Phantom's shield and rocked him badly.

The next moment they had passed, but Will was turning his horse. The Phantom was shouting, hoarsely: "Help! To me! Now, aid me, thou dolts! Quickly!"

Men came running from the farmyard. The farm-hand was there, his smock cast aside now. He wore the breastplate of a man-at-arms, and he led ten men, all well armed.

That much Will saw, then charged at the Phantom Knight, who was riding at him. They met with a clash of armour. Will caught the Phantom's lance on his shield, and the weapon splintered into three pieces. But his own lance-head got the Phantom on the shoulder and toppled him out of the saddle.

Will leapt from Hopeful's saddle, discarding his lance and drawing his sword. The Phantom was up on his feet, a heavy mace in his mailed hand. He hurled it at Will, but missed. The next moment, Will leapt in and struck him a shrewd blow on the helmet with his great sword. The Phantom went down and lay still, stunned.

Behind Will, farther up the road, came ringing cheers. 'Twas just as well, for the Phantom's men were running to attack Will. Now they turned in alarm as Sam led his men-at-arms down the road.

Will leant on his sword and watched. There was no more he need bother about. Sam waded into the fight, eagerly, laughingly. He had six men with him. That made seven, and they had to fight ten. It was the sort of odds he liked.

'Twas a hot fight while it lasted, but it didn't last long. Soon the Phantom's men were prisoners.

Will knelt beside the Phantom and raised the visor of his helmet. He saw a dark-browed face. He gasped. "The Duke of Darkdale!" he cried. "Zounds, but I thought he was safely in the Tower of London."

The Duke had once been Will's most bitter enemy and a traitor to King Richard. It was Will who had defeated the Duke's vile plots, finally capturing him and handing him over to the King. The Duke must have escaped and was trying to wreak vengeance by making trouble in those parts. But the game was up! Will saw now that the duke's armour was covered with luminous paint.

And as Will knelt there, an outcry arose in the yard of the farm and Sam came through the gate dragging yet another man after him—the man who had wielded a paint brush in Longwood town.

"See, my lord!" he cried. "Another rat we have met before!"

It was Ephraim Pinchbeck, the rascally bailiff whom Will had dismissed from his service for robbery, and who had long been in league with the Duke of Darkdale.

"'Tis well," said Will. "The rats will go to the dungeons until I get word to the King. Then will they return to the Tower. Methinks there will be no more ghosts in Longwood." And he was right

THE END



THE ADVENTURES OF RED SWORD



1. A lorry was drawn up under the thickly clustering trees. Inside the lorry was a powerful radio transmitter, and a man was broadcasting forbidden information to the people of Germany. Lurking behind the trees were other men, armed with revolvers, standing on guard. They were the enemies of the Nazis who held Germany in thrall. They hoped, one day, to spur the people of Germany on to revolt against the Nazis and their reign of terror.



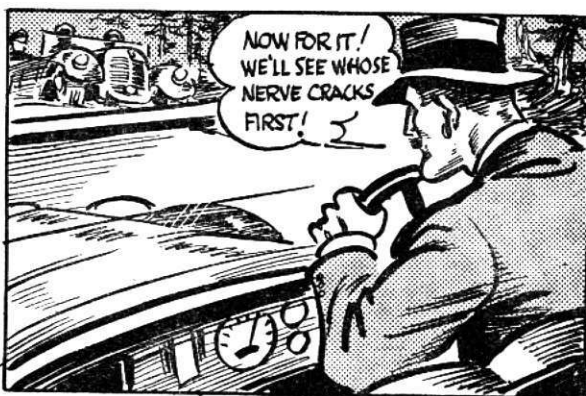
2. The Gestapo were anxious to catch the daring broadcasters. At any moment, the Storm Troopers might turn up. The man at the mike was telling his listeners that the reckless, mysterious British spy, known as Red Sword, was said to be inside Germany again. Even as he was speaking, a car came speeding along the road. The watchers gave the warning, and seeing only one man in the car, stood ready to shoot it out if he tried to interfere.



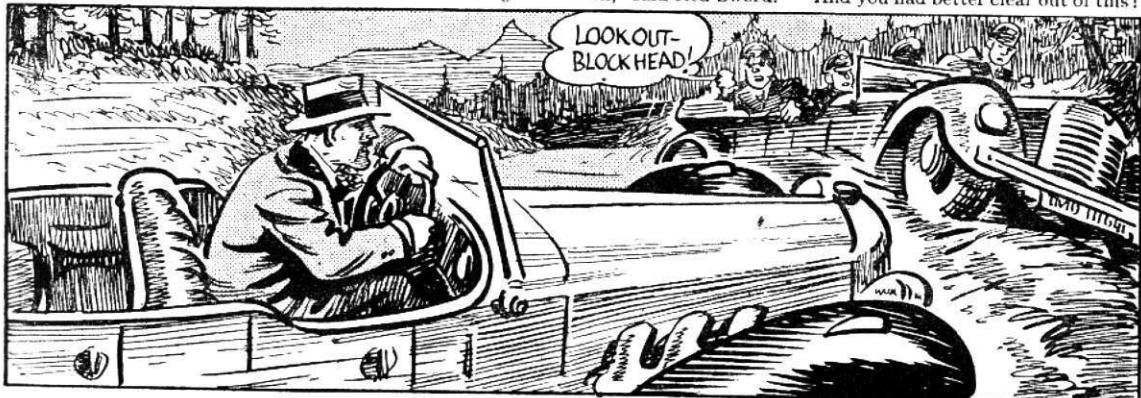
SO THE SECRET BROADCASTING STATION DECAMPS WHILE RED SWORD RETHINS HIS FLEXIBLE SWORD TO THE HIDDEN SCABBARD AROUND HIS WAIST.



3. The car came to a sudden halt. It looked like trouble. But as the stranger alighted something that flashed back the rays of the sun flew from his hand and stuck quivering in a tree trunk. It was the blade of a sword stick! And the broadcasters knew that Red Sword was inside Germany. He was standing right before them! There was hardly a man in Germany who had not heard of the daring British spy, Red Sword. His reckless coups were famous.



4. He had been called Red Sword because his hair—when it was not disguised—was red; and he carried a thin, flexible sword blade in a flexible sheath around his waist. Many a Gestapo man had been scared stiff by that flashing blade. And there it was, still quivering in the tree. "I had to throw it," said Red Sword. "so that you would know I am Red Sword, and not shoot." Then he asked them if they knew the whereabouts of a man named Karl Friedrich, who knew all about the new Junkers plane that was being built. The secret broadcasters told him that Karl had been caught by the Nazis and held prisoner in the Black Castle, at Flettin. "Then I must go to Flettin," said Red Sword. "And you had better clear out of this!"



5. He told them that the Gestapo were, at that moment, hot on their trail. So the secret broadcasting station was hastily packed up and driven away, while Red Sword re-entered his car and drove back the way he had come. It wasn't long before he saw the Storm Troopers in a big car speeding towards him. It was plain that they would soon catch up with the radio lorry if he could not stop them. Driving like a reckless idiot, Red Sword swung his car right across the road. As they swerved to avoid him the Gestapo car was run up the bank and overturned. Red Sword made no attempt to escape. His hair was not red, having been dyed a dark brown. He was dressed as an ordinary German business man. The danger didn't bother him a bit.



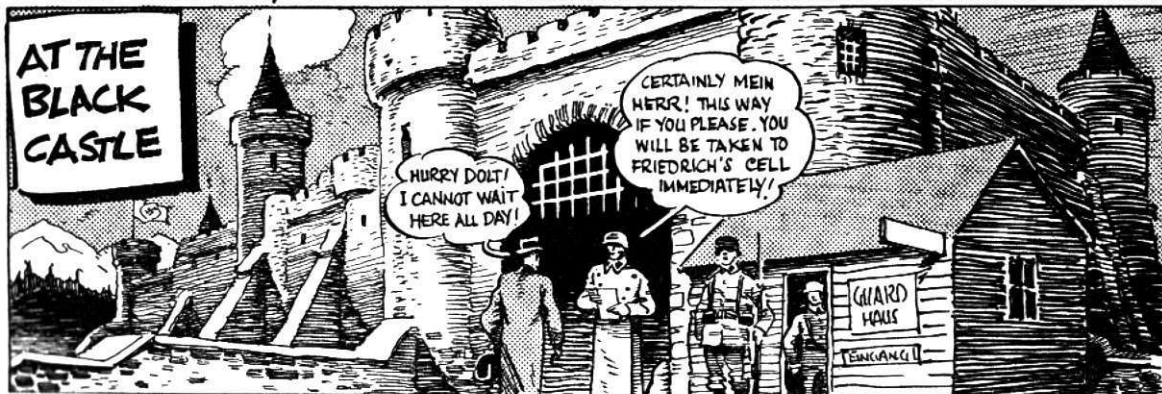
6. He had come to Germany by means best known to himself, in order to find out the secrets of the new Junkers plane from Karl Friedrich, its inventor. Since Karl was a prisoner in the Black Castle it was doubtful if he could reach him. And then a daring plan flashed into Red Sword's quick brain. He brought his car to a standstill and calmly alighted. The officer in charge of the Storm Troopers scrambled from his overturned car and faced Red Sword angrily. "You've ruined our chances of running that secret broadcasting station to earth!" he raved. He was in a furious temper and arrested Red Sword on the spot. The British spy seemed taken aback, but, actually, he wanted to be arrested by the Gestapo.



7. The Storm Troopers piled into his car and he had to drive them to Flettin—the very place to which he wanted to go. But there he was taken before the Commandant of the Gestapo. Captain Francke, the man who had arrested Red Sword, explained how he had been balked of the chance of capturing the secret broadcasting station. The Commandant glowered at Red Sword. The Free German radio had been broadcasting for a long time, and he had been threatened with dismissal if he did not put a stop to it. For a long time he had been hunting for that transmitter, and just when he thought he had it within his grasp, this stranger had to get in the way and allow it to escape! "He's one of them!" he snarled. "It was a put-up job."



8. He whipped his revolver from its holster and started to his feet. He meant to terrify his prisoner and make him talk. No one knew better than he how to force a prisoner to reveal secrets, and he was ready to start on this prisoner. But Red Sword calmly sat down and snapped, "Put that gun away, you fool—unless you want more trouble with Baron von Stuck!" The Commandant gaped. The Baron von Stuck was the chief of the German Secret Service—a cruel, ruthless man of whom even the Gestapo who worked for him were afraid. Red Sword said his name was Braun, and that he worked for Von Stuck. His job, he said, was to find Red Sword—which was much more important than dealing with a paltry secret radio transmitter in the woods.



9. "Karl Friedrich," he explained, "knew Red Sword. I will visit him in the Black Castle and make him talk, but I shall need a pass." The Commandant was only too willing to give him what he wanted if only to escape the wrath of the Baron von Stuck. Red Sword had explained that he couldn't tell Captain Francke who he was in case the other Storm Troopers overheard and betrayed his secret. The Commandant believed every word he said, and even had his car refueled for the journey. Captain Francke was so pleased that he was not to get into a row after all that he actually carried Red Sword's bag to the car for him. So Red Sword drove from the town across the river to the Black Castle where Karl Friedrich was imprisoned.



ACHTUNG FRIEDRICH! HERR DOCTOR BRAUN IS HERE TO TALK TO YOU! HE WILL MAKE YOU TALK TOO!



GOOD DAY HERR FRIEDRICH! BARON VON STUCK SENT ME TO SEE IF YOU ARE IN GOOD HEALTH

I WILL NOT TALK! YOU HEAR ME!

10. His pass obtained admittance easily enough, and a soldier conducted him up the winding stone stairs to the cell in which Karl Friedrich languished. To stop any of the gaolers talking, Red Sword made out that he was a doctor sent to see if the prisoner was in good health. The gaoler believed it and told Karl so. But Karl didn't believe it so easily. "I will not talk!" he cried. He had already endured much at the hands of the Nazis, and had long since given up all hope of regaining his freedom. The Nazis badly wanted to know many of his secrets, but he would die rather than betray them. He felt quite sure that this new visitor had come to force him in some way to tell what he knew. Then the cell door shut!



WELL KARL! DON'T YOU KNOW ME AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

HIMMEL! RED SWORD! ARE YOU MAD COMING HERE?



I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE NEW JUNKERS PLANE KARL! MAYBE YOU KNOW WHERE THE PLANS ARE?

IT IS LITTLE I KNOW MEIN HERR! ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE PLANE MAKES A TRIAL FLIGHT FROM THE AERODROME HERE, AT DAWN TOMORROW!

11. The gaoler had gone. Karl Friedrich and his visitor faced one another. "Well, Karl," said Red Sword, "don't you know me, after all this time?" The prisoner gasped. The voice of his visitor had changed. Peering into his face, Karl Friedrich saw through the clever disguise—but only because Red Sword wanted him to do so. "You are mad coming here!" gasped Karl. But Red Sword was famous for doing crazy things. In his bag were not doctor's instruments, but files and hack saws. So they talked together in whispers by the window, while Red Sword worked on the window-bars. Red Sword wanted to know all about the new Junkers plane, but Karl couldn't help him to get hold of the plans. But what he had to tell was valuable.



THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP MEIN HERR!

OH! YES THERE IS! WE NEED YOU IN ENGLAND IN AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY. I WILL RETURN FOR YOU AFTER DARK. MAYBE WE WILL LEAVE GERMANY IN THE JUNKERS 301 . . . BE READY AT THE WINDOW WHEN I CALL!



ALL RIGHT! IF MERCIFUL METHODS WON'T DO, TOMORROW SOMETHING MORE PAINFUL WILL OPEN YOUR MOUTH. WE WILL CATCH THIS RED SWORD SOMEHOW!

12. The new plane was to make a test flight from the Flettin aerodrome at dawn the next day. Red Sword realised that if he could not get the plans of the new plane, the next best thing was to get hold of the plane itself. And if he could get the aerodrome to Britain, as well, it would be of immense value. So he told Karl to be ready at the window when he returned to the prison. By the time the talk had ended, Red Sword had finished with the window-bars. They looked quite solid, but in actual fact each one was held in place by only a mere splinter of iron, and could be snapped off with ease. Red Sword took his leave of Karl Friedrich, snarling at him just as a true Nazi would. And it deceived the grinning gaoler.



RED SWORD WALKED BACK INTO THE TOWN ACROSS THE RIVER . . .



AH! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. BUT FIRST I MUST DISAPPEAR!



THIS WILL DO TO HIDE TILL NIGHTFALL!

13. Leaving the Black Castle, with no one at all suspicious of him, Red Sword walked back to the town of Flettin. His way took him over the bridge that spanned the river. By that time it was growing dusk, and he was busily trying to think out a clever scheme to rescue Karl Friedrich. For a time he saw no way at all. But as he walked he found himself outside the fire station, and there, over the wide entrance, he saw the air-raid siren. In a flash the idea he needed came to him. But first Herr Doktor Braun—as he had made himself out to be—had to disappear. He dived into a maze of side streets until he came to an empty house. He picked the lock and let himself in. "This will do hide till nightfall," he thought. It would soon be dark, but, before he could do anything to rescue Karl Friedrich, he must assume another disguise, to make sure that no one recognised him as the Herr Doktor Braun, who had visited the castle earlier that day. The empty house might provide him with a new disguise.



BUT JUST BEFORE DUSK AN ELECTRICIAN CALLED

LUCKY FOR ME! AN ELECTRICIAN'S DISGUISE WILL SUIT ME FINE!

IF THE NEW TENANT WAS NOT A STORMTROOPER I WOULD NOT WORK AS LATE AS THIS!



SORRY OLD MAN . . . BUT I NEED YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR TOOLS I CAN'T GET INTO THE FIRE STATION WITHOUT THEM!

14. His next move was, in some way, to get a change of clothes, but there were none in the house. While he was wondering how he could get other clothes, he heard a sound at the door, and quickly hid up the stairs. A man came in with a bag of tools. He was an electrician come to connect the electric light meter. The house had been taken by a Storm Trooper who would, naturally, want the electric light to be working. Red Sword took a good look at the man and saw his chance. Leaping from the stairs he laid the man out with one swift blow. He didn't like taking an unfair advantage of any man, but his position called for quick and ruthless action. Dressed as an electrician, he would be able to enter the fire station and carry out the first part of his plan to rescue Friedrich, without anyone suspecting him. Besides, the real electrician would soon recover, though not before Red Sword had completed his plan. Red Sword flung off his outer garments and seized the electrician's jacket, trousers and cap.



15. It wasn't long before he was wearing the electrician's clothes and carrying his bag of tools. He went along to the fire station and boldly walked in. No one took the slightest notice of him, taking it for granted that something had gone wrong and he had been sent for to put it right. Red Sword walked into the control room. A man was on duty there, but he hardly saw the newcomer before Red Sword's fist had put him down for the count. Then Red Sword threw over the lever that set the air-raid sirens blaring. In an instant the whole town was in an uproar. Firemen came rushing to their posts towards the engine. But Red Sword had got there first! Although in deadly danger himself, he smiled as he saw the panic, which seized the townspeople, at the first sound of the siren. The R.A.F. had struck fear into the hearts of the German people.



16. He was at the wheel of the big fire-engine which was fitted with a telescopic escape ladder. He drove the great vehicle out into the street, where people were running madly to the air-raid shelters. Red Sword chuckled to himself. Goebbels had given orders that whenever the sirens sounded everybody, except those on duty, had to go to the shelters. It was the finest thing out for Red Sword. It cleared the streets of people, and it kept the police and Storm Troopers busy seeing that people obeyed the order. No one shot a second glance at the fire-engine, and the man at the wheel. The way to the Black Castle was clear. "And now to rescue Karl!" muttered Red Sword. If a rescue was to be effected, it must be done at all possible speed, before the Nazi Storm Troopers realised that the "air raid" was a fake. Red Sword pressed his foot hard down on the accelerator.

(Continued on page 129)

BOSS OF ST. CUTHBERT'S

You will laugh at the adventures of Fatty Foozle when the 'Head' left him in charge of the school



"I shall take a very poor view of you if you forget the cream," said Fatty.

Fatty's Left in Charge

"I SAY, Hayward!"

"Buzz off!" snapped Snubby Hayward.

"Oh, but I say," protested Fatty Foozle, the fat boy of St. Cuthbert's School, "I only wanted to ask you for the loan of thruppence—"

"Well, you're not going to get it," cut in Snubby. "So scat!"

"Beast!" snorted Fatty, and rolled indignantly away.

Things were jolly serious with Fatty. He hadn't had anything to eat since dinner, an hour ago, and he was beginning to feel pretty peckish.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and Fatty's notion of the best way of spending a half-holiday was to sit in the tuck shop guzzling jam tarts and cream buns.

But it was no blessed use his going to the tuck shop. For one thing, he hadn't a bean in his pockets. For another, old Mrs. Tubbs, who ran the tuck shop, wouldn't allow him any more on tick.

As he rolled dismally across the quad, Fatty's eye fell on young Puling, an infant in the Lower First.

"Hey, you!" called Fatty.

"Yes, Foozle?" cried young Puling, running up.

"Have you got any money?" demanded Fatty.

"I've got a ha'penny, Foozle," stammered the kid.

"A ha'penny!" snorted Fatty scornfully. "What the thump d'you mean by just having a ha'penny? Don't your people ever send you any pocket money?"

"Yes, Foozle, but I've spent it," faltered young Puling.

"Spent it?" echoed Fatty wrathfully. "You've no right to have spent it. You ought to practise thrift and—and saving, like me. What d'you think you'll grow up into, blueing your pocket money like that? What did you spend it on, anyway—grub?"

"No, please, Foozle, I—I bought a cricket ball with it," he stammered.

"A cricket ball?" echoed Fatty, aghast. "What the thump d'you want to buy a cricket ball for when there's heaps and heaps of lovely grub you could buy? You'd better go and see the matron. You can't be right in the head!"

With that he stuck his hands in his pockets and stuck his fat little snub nose in the air and rolled on across the quad.

As he reached the end of it he was nearly knocked down by a man, who came rushing round a corner of the school buildings. He was Mr. Haddock, Fatty's Housemaster, and he was being hotly pursued by his butler.

"Oh, it's you, Foozle!" panted Mr. Haddock. "I'm off to open a bazaar in Market Dumpling—I'd forgotten all about it—'pon my soul, I had, and I'm frightfully late. You'd better take charge till I get back——"

"Excuse me, sir," panted the butler, galloping up. "You'd forgotten your gloves and your handkerchief, sir!"

"Oh, crumbs! So I had!" cried Mr. Haddock, snatching them from the butler. "Thank you, Binns—thank you. I must run—I really must—look after everything until I get back, Foozle. I won't be long!"

He sped away, his long, lean legs carrying him along at a terrific lick.

"Well, you heard what he said!" announced Fatty, turning triumphantly to the butler. "I'm in charge till he gets back."

"He didn't mean it," growled the butler. "He was in such a blinkin' hurry that he hardly knew what he was a-saying of."

"Oh, didn't he?" cried Fatty indignantly. "I like that, I must say. He left me in charge because he knows jolly well that I'm a reliable sort of chap. He wouldn't have left any of the other rotters in charge, I bet. Did you hear him say that I was in charge?"

"Well, yes, I did," began the butler reluctantly, "but——"

"There're no bally butts about it!" cut in Fatty sharply. "And I don't want any cheek from you, Binns. I'm jolly well in charge and you'll do as I tell you, or I'll report you to Mr. Haddock when he gets back."

Binns breathed hard. He looked as though he would willingly have given a five-pound note to have been able to clout the fatuous Fatty's head—and to clout it good and hard. But he knew that to do so would just about cost him his job. So he controlled himself.

"I'll just trot along to Haddock's study," went on Fatty loftily. "You might bring me a snack in there on a tray, Binns. Nothing elaborate. A nice piece of cold pie and some cold chicken and a plate of ham and some buttered toast and jam and some cakes'll do. Oh, yes, and a nice pot of tea with sugar and cream. Don't forget the cream, Binns. I shall take a jolly poor view of you if you forget the cream. Go on, make it snappy!"

He rolled away, leaving Binns glaring after him. The unfortunate butler's waistcoat was rising and falling with emotion and his hands were clenching and unclenching.

Reaching Mr. Haddock's study, Fatty took a good stare all round him. Almost the first things he saw were Mr. Haddock's gown and mortar board lying on a chair where the Housemaster had hastily thrown them.

"Good egg!" grinned Fatty.

He tried on the mortar board and the gown and stood fancying himself in the mirror for a few moments.

"They don't half suit me," he smirked. "And I jolly well *am* Housemaster until old Haddock gets back. He left me in charge, didn't he? Well, how the thump can I be in charge unless I sort of take his place and act as the blinking Housemaster? I've got to do the job properly. He! He! He!"

Cocking the mortar board at a jaunty angle on his fat head, he turned away from the mirror and rolled across the room to the Housemaster's desk.

Mr. Haddock's daily diary was lying open on the desk.

"Hullo, what's this?" exclaimed Fatty, reading the diary. "Two p.m., cane Jobling minor for banging his desk lid in class. He! He! He! I'll do that and save old Haddock the trouble!"

He rang the bell. In response the simmering Binns appeared.

"What d'you want now?" demanded the butler sourly. "You won't half catch it, too, wearing them there togs——"

"You shut up!" snapped Fatty. "How's that snack of mine getting on? Is it ready yet?"

"I was getting it ready when you rang," growled Binns.

"Well, buck up about it!" ordered Fatty. "And, in the meantime, you can send Jobling minor here. I want to see him!"

The butler withdrew. Left to himself, Fatty selected a nice, whippy cane from Mr. Haddock's cupboard. He was running it through his fat fingers when there came a timid knock at the door and Jobling minor appeared.

"Come in and close the door, you little beast," ordered Fatty.

"What for?" demanded young Jobling. "Where's Mr. Haddock?"

"He's been called away on business and he's left me in charge," replied Fatty.

"I'm acting for him and I'm to give you a thumping good caning at two o'clock. So come in, hang you, and shut that door!"

"Shan't!" retorted Jobling, and put his tongue out.

"D'you mean to say you're defying me?" roared Fatty. "Come here at once, you cheeky little beast!"

"No, I won't!" retorted Jobling. "I don't jolly well believe that Mr. Haddock's left you in charge, you big, fat spoofer!"

With a snort of rage, Fatty rushed at him. But young Jobling had already gone, fleeing along the corridor as fast as ever he could shift.

"Come back!" roared Fatty, charging furiously after him and brandishing the cane. "Come back, you beastly little twerp. My hat, I won't half give you a lamming when I do catch you—*Ooo-er!*"

Rushing round a sharp turn in the corridor he had crashed full into a stout, expensively-dressed lady who had been

leading a small, nervous-looking child by the hand.

The result of the collision was that the stout lady staggered wildly back, and went down with a thump, with Fatty sprawling on top of her.

"Why the dickens can't you look where you're going?" gasped Fatty, getting to his feet. "Anyway, you've gone and done it now. That beastly little rotter's escaped. Never mind, I'll make him jolly well smart when I do catch him!"

"Do you—do you mind helping me up?" panted the stout lady, struggling to rise.

"Oh, all right," grunted Fatty ungraciously.

He helped the lady to her feet, whilst the small boy whom she had been leading by the hand stood looking on with eyes like saucers and an expression of the utmost terror on his face. Then suddenly the kid burst into tears.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!" he bawled. "I don't want to come to this nasty school—I don't—I *don't*—I DON'T!"

To add weight to his words, he stamped his feet in fright and temper.

"There—there—Gussy, darling!" cried the stout lady, putting her arms round him. "There—there, now. There's nothing to be frightened of!"

"Yes, there is!" howled Gussy. "Boo-hoo-hoo-oo! That nasty fat man was chasing that little boy with a stick. He was going to h-h-hit him!"

"No, I wasn't!" hooted Fatty. "I was just going to give the horrid little beast a slight caning!"

"Are you Mr. Haddock?" enquired the stout lady icily.

"No, I'm not!" snapped Fatty. "Old Haddock's gone to open a bazaar and he's left me in charge. Did you want to see him?"

"I did!" said the other. "I wished to see him with a view to my son, Gussy, entering his House next term as a boarder. But after what I have just seen I will not trouble Mr. Haddock any further. I refuse to send Gussy to a school where the junior masters appear to behave more like the inmates of a lunatic asylum than anything else. I am the Countess of Clevedale.

You may tell Mr. Haddock that I called. I will, however, write to him expressing my disgust at the way in which small boys are hounded along corridors by brutes of masters such as yourself. *Good* afternoon. Come, Gussy ! ”

She swept away, leading the still snivelling Gussy by the hand.

“ Oh, crumbs ! That’s torn it ! ” gasped Fatty in dismay. “ How the thump was I to know she’s a blinking countess. Old Haddock’ll go clean crackers when he hears of this. Oh, dear ! ”

He returned dismally to the Housemaster’s study. But he brightened up a lot when he found that Binns was waiting there with a laden tray.

“ Oh, goody ! ” cried Fatty, his eyes gleaming. “ What grand looking grub ! ”

“ There’s a man who wants to see you, ” said Binns coldly.

“ What sort of a man ? ” demanded Fatty, throwing down the cane and grabbing a big chunk of veal and ham pie.

“ A man with a barrow, ” said Binns. “ He says he’s come for some books which Mr. Haddock was going to sell him. ”

“ Oh, all right, show the rotter in ! ” ordered Fatty, munching away at the pie.

Binns withdrew to reappear a few moments later followed by a seedy-looking individual clutching a battered bowler hat.

“ This is him ! ” announced Binns.

“ Okay, you needn’t wait, ” said Fatty, his mouth full of pie. “ I’ll attend to him. ”

Giving Fatty a furious glare, the butler withdrew

“ You’ve come for some books, I believe ? ” said Fatty, finishing off the pie and cramming a round of buttered toast into his mouth.

“ Um-m—this toast isn’t half scrumptious—have you paid for the books ? ”

“ No, sir, not yet, ” said the man.

“ Who the thump are you, anyway ? ” demanded Fatty.

“ My name’s Higgins, sir, ” replied the visitor. “ Joe Higgins of Market Dumpling. I’ve got a second-hand shop there, and Mr Haddock said he had some books he could sell me—some books wot ’e wanted to get rid of, ’e said ! ”

“ How much were you going to give him for them ? ” demanded Fatty.

“ Five shillings, sir, ” said Mr. Higgins.

“ Five shillings ? ” hooted Fatty wrathfully. “ What on earth d’you mean—five shillings ? ”

“ Second-hand books don’t fetch much, sir, ” whined Mr. Higgins. “ Honest, they don’t ! ”

“ They fetch a jolly sight more than five shillings, ” snorted Fatty. “ You might kid poor, doddering, old Haddock, but you can’t jolly well kid me. D’you mean to stand there and have the cheek to tell me that all those books are only worth five shillings ? ”

He waved a podgy hand towards Mr. Haddock’s well-filled bookshelves which ran round three sides of the room and reached from floor to ceiling.

“ Ah, but I didn’t know that Mister ’Addock was meaning to sell me the lot, ” gasped the visitor.

“ I don’t suppose he was, ” returned Fatty loftily. “ He’ll have to keep one or two to read. How much have you got on you ? ”

“ Three quid, gov’nor, ” replied Mr. Higgins eagerly.

“ Okay, select three quid’s worth then, and hand over the dough ! ” ordered Fatty, holding out a podgy paw.

“ Can I take just wot I like ? ” enquired Mr. Higgins in trembling tones.

“ Yes, up to three quid, ” said Fatty. “ Come on, let’s have the cash ! ”

With eager fingers, the second-hand dealer produced three greasy pound notes and handed them to Fatty. Then he commenced to rummage among the bookshelves, selecting a number of old, but very valuable volumes.

“ He ! He ! He ! ” tittered Fatty to himself. “ Old Haddock’ll never miss a few mouldy old books. He’s got heaps and heaps of them and it’s doing him a kindness to clear them out. But I’ll be honest about it. I’m not going to diddle him. I’ll give him his five shillings and keep the other two pounds fifteen shillings for my trouble. After all, he owes me a bit. He can’t expect me to act as Housemaster for nothing ! ”

Half an hour later, his barrow piled with books, Mr. Higgins was trundling it gleefully down the school drive.



"I do NOT see!" bellowed Mr. Haddock. "I do not see at all!"

"Wot a bargain!" he chuckled. "Wot a blinkin' bargain. These 'ere books is worth twenty quid, if they're worth a ha'penny. I must say that fat cove's treated me real handsome!"

Meanwhile the fat youth—Fatty Fozzle—had scuttled off to the tuck-shop.

"Lawks-a-mussy-me, Master Fozzle!" ejaculated old Mrs. Tubbs in amazement, as Fatty hoisted himself on to a high-legged stool at the counter. "Wherever did you get that there mortar board and gown from?"

"They're Mr. Haddock's," explained Fatty. "He's gone to open a bazaar and he's left me in charge of the House. That shows you what he thinks of me. He! He! He! I'm not half enjoying it too. Have you got any meringues?"

"Yes, I have, Master Fozzle," said Mrs. Tubbs cautiously. "Have you got any money?"

"Of course I've got some money!" hooted Fatty, shoving a ten-shilling note on to the counter. "What d'you think I am—a pauper, or what? Gimme a dozen meringues and take 'em out of that. Come on. I've got to get back to the House to look after things. Old Haddock's absolutely relying on me——"

"Indeed, sir?" thundered a voice behind him. "Indeed?"

Fatty got such a fright that he nearly fell off the stool. Twisting round on it, he found himself face to face with Mr. Haddock himself. Nor was that irate gentleman alone. He was accompanied by Mr. Joe Higgins, the second-hand dealer.

"How dare you masquerade in my cap and gown, you wretched boy?" thundered Mr. Haddock. "And how dare you sell my volumes for a paltry three pounds?"

"I—I—well, you see——" stammered Fatty.

"I do NOT see!" bellowed Mr. Haddock. "I do not see at all. Fortunately I met Higgins pushing his barrow along the road. I recognised my books the instant I saw them. He has returned the books to me and you will return him his three pounds. Hand it over, boy, at once!"

The trembling Fatty did so.

"Now go to my study!" thundered Mr. Haddock. "Go and await me there. By George! but I'll make you suffer for this!"

He did. He gave Fatty such a caning that that fat youth never again wanted to act as Housemaster.

THE END



THE KING'S CHUM—GIPSY JOE

A Cheery Tale of the Days When a Boy Ruled England

All in the Swim

"**C**OME, me merry cock-spadder!" boomed Sergeant Rugg, the biggest soldier in the king's army. "Now we shall see if, in truth, you can swim like a duck, or only wallow about like a pig!"

Little Gypsy Joe, drummer boy to King Richard the Second, the boy king, whooped with joy. He wore only a pair of trunks, and Sergeant Rugg was dressed in the same way for a bathe in Low Lake.

The young king was staying at Hogleigh Castle, and his army was encamped nearby.

The rebels, under Wat Tyler, were encamped many miles away.

All was quiet at present. The king's horses were grazing in the meadow near the castle. The bowmen and pikemen were filling in their spare time by doing various tasks, or amusing themselves in the lake. Everyone was making the most of a holiday in the sunshine on this bright summer day.

Little Gypsy Joe and the huge sergeant dived in from the bank of the lake, which was quite deep on this side.

"Ay, you swim and dive right well, me

spadger," admitted Rugg, climbing out ; "but I will wager a farthing of my pay that you cannot dive into the lake blindfolded and backwards."

"'Twould be easy, Master Rugg," laughed Gypsy Joe, "and I should be a whole farthing piece the richer."

The sergeant borrowed a scarf from one of the soldiers near by, and tied it round the boy's face so that he could not see.

"Here, my gypsy," he said, "let me lead you down to where there is a better take off for your dive."

He led little Gypsy Joe farther down the bank, and turned him round three or four times till the boy was rather dizzy.

"Now, me duckling," he said, "dive back into the lake."

Not to be found wanting in courage, Little Gypsy Joe promptly did as he was bidden. And—squelch!—he landed full on his back in a large patch of pigs' mash in a hollow just below the lake bank.

Spluttering and gasping, he pulled the scarf from his face, and saw how he had been tricked, because the sergeant had made him so dizzy he hadn't known where he was diving.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" guffawed Sergeant Rugg. "'Twas a dainty dive you made, and I keep me good farthing, 'cause you dived the wrong way and not into the lake, me pippin!"

Scraping the pigs' mash off himself, little Gypsy Joe mounted to the bank of the lake. He tried to put a smiling face on things, but inwardly felt much annoyed at the big sergeant's joke on him. For young Richard the Second was approaching with a broad grin on his boyish face, and followed by one of the castle attendants named Thomas, also smiling in high amusement.

"Into the lake again, my Gypsy Joe!" cried the King. "I, too, will join in the merry sport."

To the surprise of all, he opened his royal robes, and revealed that he wore only a small pair of red trunks. Then he took off his robe and golden crown.

"Take care of these, Thomas, my faithful manservant," he said. "This

swimming is a sport I would have all my men learn."

"I, too, can swim, sire," said Thomas. "Indeed, the lake is most inviting."

"Get you ready, then, good Thomas," laughed the boy king; and dived into the water.

Meantime, little Gypsy Joe went back into the lake to rinse himself. Swimming round on his back, he saw the manservant Thomas lay aside the king's robe and crown, and strip off his garments to his trunks. Then he, too, came into the water and began to swim.

The grim war was forgotten. All amused themselves in the little lake, splashing and laughing. But suddenly young King Richard looked round in dismay.

"Where be good Thomas?" he panted. "Has anyone seen him?"

The laughter died out. Where was Thomas the manservant? They could see nothing of him in the lake, and he was not on the bank or the meadow near by.

"Methinks," boomed Sergeant Rugg, "the poor fellow must have been doubled up with the cramps and sunk like a stone to the bottom."

Little Gypsy Joe groped down at the bottom of the lake. The King and the others followed suit. No one had seen Thomas disappear, but with growing anxiety concluded that the sergeant was right in his statement. Time and again they dived in search of the missing man, until they gave up hope and went away.

It would have been a shock to them could they have seen Thomas, the manservant, crouching among the reeds at the far end of the lake and peering at them. He had dived under the water, swum below the surface, and come up among the reeds.

Not until all had gone back to the castle and dusk had fallen did he creep out of his cold, wet hiding place. Then he dragged on two rough garments and a pair of shoes that he had hidden among the bushes, and crept away in the darkness.

A long march brought him to the rebels' camp, where he was taken before Wat Tyler, seated in a tent with Seth Murdock and other captains.

"Ho!" exclaimed Wat Tyler. "Who is this fellow?"

"An honest rebel," answered Thomas. "and right loyal to you. Bid them clip off my beard."

This was done in a short time, and Wat Tyler gave an explanation of surprise as he looked at the newcomer by the light of a lantern.

"Smite me! 'Tis Tom!" he exclaimed. "Where have ye been these past weeks, my nephew?"

"In close attendance on his Majesty, good uncle," Tom Tyler answered. "I've been at Hogleigh castle as young King Dick's own servant, finding out the strength of his army."

He told of his escape, boasting that none would ever know of his coming to the rebel camp, and gave the exact figures of the king's forces.

"I didn't know that there were so few at Hogleigh Castle!" exclaimed Wat Tyler. "I will send out to the north, south, and east, and gather round me all good rebels from their various positions. At dawn, on the day after to-morrow, we will attack in force!"

Gipsy Joe the Scout!

"COME, my spadger," said Sergeant Rugg, "we will take a look at the tents of Wat Tyler—a plague be on the knave!"

Glad of the chance of adventure, little Gipsy Joe saddled up Chestnut, his horse. A quarter of an hour later he and Rugg were riding away from Hogleigh Castle, the Sergeant astride a big drayhorse which he had found well able to bear his weight.

For a time they rode through the valley, then slowly climbed a hill to High Lake which was set on the plateau above.

"Methinks, Master Rugg," remarked Gipsy Joe, "that part of the bank of this lake looks mighty thin."

The pair rode on for a mile or two—little Gipsy Joe riding ahead and Giant Sergeant Rugg following closely. They entered a wood on the hillside, followed a bridle path cautiously, and paused at the far edge. There they dismounted, tethered their horses and crept forward.

They stopped short, and peered between the tree trunks. An astonishing sight met their eyes. Spread out ahead was Wat Tyler's camp, and approaching it, from three directions were columns of rebels.

"Odds bods!" Rugg mumbled. "What is the meaning of this, I wonder? The rebels are here in force, my spadger, and hundreds more of the knaves are joining up wi' the others!"

"Stay here, Master Rugg," breathed Gipsy Joe, "and guard this little drum of mine. I will creep forward unseen, and try to learn the meaning of this."

"Have a care o' yourself, lad," grunted Rugg. "The rebels will be keeping a sharp look-out."

Leaving the sergeant among the trees, Gipsy Joe slithered forward among the long grass and took to the shelter of some bushes. His heart beat fast with excitement. The movements of rebel troops towards the camp suggested that Wat Tyler was assembling a large force to make another strong attack. Was this the case? And when would the advance on Hogleigh Castle begin?

It seemed that Wat Tyler was addressing each new band of armed men on their arrival.

"I wish I could hear what he is saying!" breathed Gipsy Joe.

The wind was in his direction, but he was still too far off to catch what was spoken. He looked intently round and saw that a small stream wound its way down to the camp.

So Gipsy Joe made up his mind to take the further risk and squirmed his way through long grass to the stream. Wading in the water, and stooping low under the bank, he drew near to the enemy's tents.

Again he paused to listen. A confused rumble of voices and clattering of arms were borne to his ears on the wind. But presently a further band of rebels arrived, the noise ceased, and the tones of Wat Tyler rose clearly.

"Welcome, good men and true! Victory is at hand! At dawn to-morrow we will attack Hogleigh Castle, and by your gallant aid, sweep young Richard from England's throne!"

Gruff cheers arose from the newcomers, and Wat Tyler turned to a man by the side of him.

"Your work shall not go unrewarded, Tom Tyler, my faithful nephew," he said. "Twill be a bad surprise for King Dick when he sees his faithful servant return from the depths of Low Lake."

Raising himself, Gypsy Joe peered across the rebel camp at the man standing by the side of the rebel leaders. At first he did not recognise him, owing to his clipped beard, but then he realised the truth. It was Thomas, the attendant from the castle whom everyone had believed drowned. He was a spy and a traitor, and the whole plot against the young king became startlingly clear.

Ducking down again, the young drummer boy made his way back up the stream and through the woods and the bushes to Sergeant Rugg, who was anxiously awaiting him.

In excited tones, he told what he had learnt, and the two rode back hastily to Hogleigh Castle.

At the Crack o' Dawn

NIGHT had fallen. The boy king held council in the castle hall with its great walls decorated with the hanging banners of barons and knights. At the oaken table with him were the Duke of Wessex, Captain Oakes, and many other courtiers and captains.

Standing facing the boy king were little Gypsy Joe and Giant Sergeant Rugg, who had reported the rebels plans.

"A plague on this rascally Thomas!" exclaimed the king. "'Twas a traitor's trick he played on me, and now that his uncle, Wat Tyler, knows the strength and positions of my soldiers, he will stake all in a last great battle. We are ill-prepared to meet so strong a rebel force. Yet I am unwilling to leave such a fine castle."

All the time during the council, little Gypsy Joe had been thinking hard.

"Hear my words, sire," he begged. "Methinks the rebels have too good a chance to triumph, if we face them here, when they come through the valley. 'Twould be better to waylay them on the

road here, and throw them into confusion."

"Words are easy to speak, boy," snapped the Duke of Wessex, "but such deeds are difficult to do!"

Little Gypsy Joe, begged that all would hear his plan, and when he had spoken again, the boy king thumped the oak table with his sceptre.

"One day," he chuckled, "my drummer boy will rise to our horsemen! This is a plan well worth trying!"

A large number of horsemen were assembled under Sergeant Rugg, and spades and forks handed round to them. Little Gypsy Joe, mounted on Chestnut, went as their guide and rode forth into the darkness across the pasture land and up the side of the hill towards High Lake.

They rode quietly through the darkness over the soft turf, taking good care that the arms and tools they carried did not rattle.

"The spot is along here, good soldiers," said Joe. "Dig for all you are worth."

Sergeant Rugg took a large three-pronged fork and set the example by turning up the soft turf. Gypsy Joe and the others also set to with a will, digging away under the weakened part of the lake bank.

"I fear me, Master Rugg," gasped Gypsy Joe, after some hours had passed, "that the plan will fail. We'll not finish in time!"

"Ay, but we will, me little cockspadger!" grunted the sergeant. "See, the wall is breaking already!"

Trickles of water began to break through from the lake. Still the workers toiled on, in spite of the increasing danger that the walls of High Lake would break too soon.

The first grey streaks of daylight came into the eastern sky. Then, at the very crack of dawn, the breach in the lake bank widened, and the water began to pour through.

"To the horses!" cried little Gypsy Joe. "Haste, good soldiers, for your lives!"

All threw down their tools and dashed for the horses. Mounting them, they rode away only just in time as the bank on

High Lake burst asunder and a mighty torrent poured down the hillside.

Riding to the westward, Gypsy Joe, Sergeant Rugg, and the soldiers gained a fair distance, then crossed the valley and rode after a large body of the King's Horsemen led by young King Richard and Captain Oakes.

They found them beyond the crest of the hill, riding away from the castle in the direction of the rebels' camp. A mile further on a scout who had crept to the top of the hill, signalled that the rebels were in sight, and all the king's horsemen rode for the crest and down the far side.

A huge force under Wat Tyler was coming into the valley. But as they did so, the first company of horsemen paused in the growing daylight. Now they could see the mighty torrent pouring from High Lake and flooding the valley below. A great stretch of water lay between them and Hogleigh Castle—water that was seeping swiftly over the grassy land till it reached their horses.

"A murrain on it!" roared Wat Tyler. "The lake has burst its banks! There is no passage this way, my men!"

The rebel horsemen turned and the others behind fell in confusion in the hurried attempt to retreat. Nor were matters improved for them when the king's horsemen charged down the slope.

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat! Little Gypsy Joe's drum urged on the king's horsemen to the charge.

The battle was short and sharp. Instead of the king's soldiers being put to rout, according to Wat Tyler's plan, the rebels themselves were soon throwing down their arms and dashing madly away. Wat Tyler and Seth Murdock, and many more escaped, but Tom Tyler, alias Thomas, the traitor, was captured and sent prisoner to the Tower of London.

A fortnight of peace and fair weather followed the rebel defeat. Little Gypsy

Joe and Sergeant Rugg stayed at Hogleigh Castle with the grateful young monarch, and early each morning enjoyed a merry swim in the castle moat.

"Do you remember, my cock-spadder," chuckled Rugg on many an occasion, "how well and truly you made that backward dive into the pig's mash? I laugh every time I think of it!"

"Yes, good Master Rugg," Gypsy Joe would answer. "Well I remember that."

On a bright early morning Joe rose early as usual, and went to a balcony in the battlements of the castle. Then he saw the young king in his robes and crown coming along, followed by Sergeant Rugg, ready for a swim.

"Good morrow, sire!" piped Gypsy Joe. "The day dawns fine." Then, addressing the beefy sergeant, he called: "Ho, ho, Master Rugg, I will bet you a farthing you will not take a running dive over the balcony straightaway into the waters of the moat!"

Sergeant Rugg rushed forward. "The farthing piece is mine," he boomed.

With a mighty rush he hurled himself into the castle moat—splash!

But it wasn't only water into which Sergeant Rugg went head first. It was soft, black mud which was covered by a few inches of water.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gypsy Joe. "This is where I keep my farthing piece, Master Rugg, for you have not dived into the water, but into the mud!"

The big simpleton came up, spluttering.

Playing jokes on Gypsy Joe was a dangerous game. The moat had been drained off during the night owing to the water gates having been opened, and he clambered up the outer rugged wall, black as a negro, to the merry laughter of the young King and the drummer boy on the balcony.

THE END

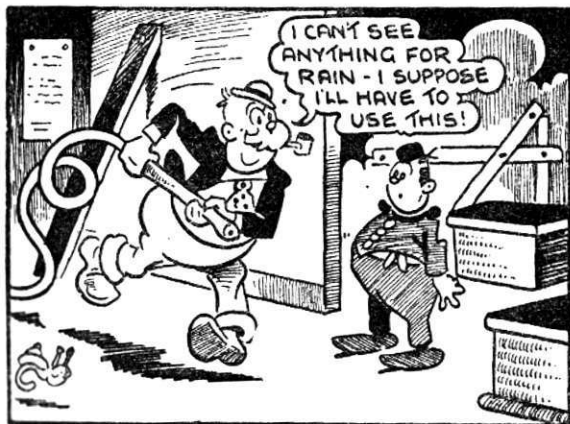
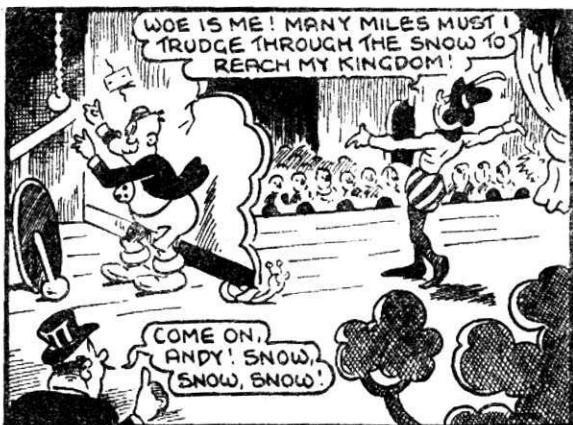
WE WONDER IF YOU KNOW—

Riddles

1. When is an original idea like a clock?
2. What most resembles half a cheese?

Answers

- When it strikes one.
The other half.



Questions.

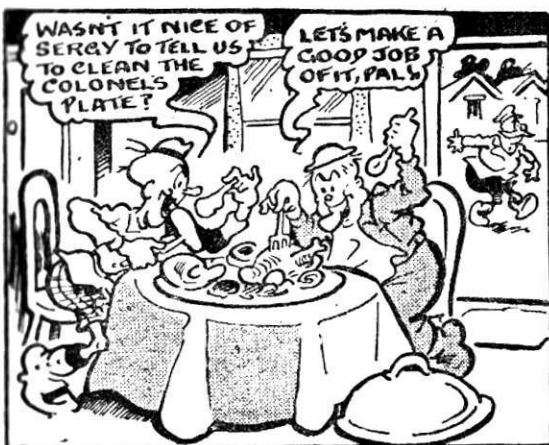
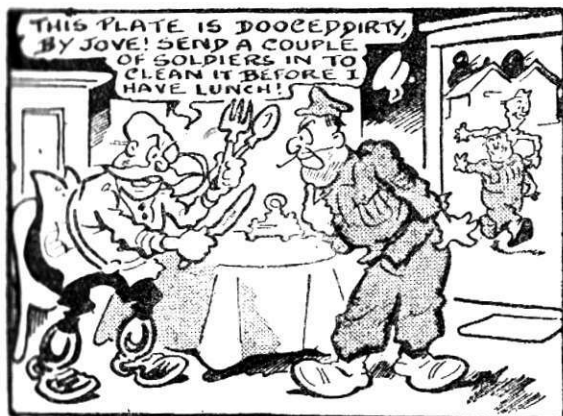
1. Why is the letter "A" like a flower?
2. Why is grass like a pocket-knife?
3. Why is an egg like a wild horse?

Answers.

Because a bee ("B") comes after it.
 Because the "spring" brings out the blades.
 Because it is no use until it is broken in.

SANDY AND MUDDY

MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP!



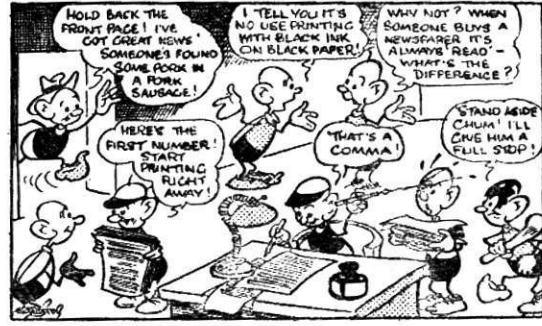
Questions.

1. If a man splits his sides with laughter, what should he do?
2. What kind of table do we eat and cook?
3. What has only one foot?

Answers.

- Run until he gets a stitch in them.
Vegetable.
A stocking.

IT'S THE GREMLINS!



1. It started with Eric Popeyes and his pal reading a newspaper. Some of our Gremlins happened to be snooping around that day, and, of course, they had to get into the news and see what was going on! In fact, they were so thrilled that Kute and Smarty reckoned they could make a fortune if they brought out a Gremlin Daily Newspaper! So then and there, work started.



2. What a to-do there was! Oscar Stooze had the worst job, turning the handle of the home-made printing-machine. It was really the R.A.F. laundry machine! But nobody cared! Bawler was warned about the news van, but he didn't show any fear—not even when they picked him up. The newspaper came out like hot cakes. More Gremlin antics on page 165.

YOU CAN'T GET A DICGER DOWN



An Exciting Story of the Australian Backwoods

The Fate of Twin Forks

A MAN and a boy stood on the platform of the little railway station of Woolmaloo, Queensland. The man was Honest Tom Russell, owner of Twin Forks Farm and its once fine herd of horses. The boy was Billy Russell, his fourteen-year-old son. They were waiting for the train that was to carry Honest Tom to the State capital on the most important journey of the horse rancher's life.

Things hadn't been going too well lately at Twin Forks Farm. The drying up of the water wells, sickness among the horses and other troubles had all combined to make things very difficult for Tom Russell. In fact, things were at the stage that, if he didn't find some money soon, Billy's dad would have to sell up and get out. Honest Tom had received a tempting offer from the Eldorado Land Syndicate, but he was clinging to his last chance—Ujumpa.

Ujumpa was a horse, but not like the usual sleek animals that Tom Russell raised. Ujumpa seemed to be a mixture of all the things that a horse shouldn't be—he had a big hammer head, legs that were too long for his shortish body, with knobbly bits at his shoulders and haunches. But there was one thing that nobody could deny—Ujumpa could run and he could

jump. That's why he was regarded as the forlorn hope to save Twin Forks Farm. Tom Russell was now going off to enter Ujumpa for the Melbourne Steeplechase and the prize was one thousand Australian pounds—enough to get Billy's dad out of his troubles and give him a fresh start.

The train came puffing into the station and pulled up with a terrific groaning of brakes. No passengers came off and Tom Russell was the only one to climb aboard. He shut the door and stuck his head and huge shoulders through the small window.

"Well, Billy boy, here we go. All I have to do when I get there is to pay the entrance fee and sign on the dotted line. The rest is up to Ujumpa and Moola. Keep an eye on them until I come back."

"Don't you worry, dad," replied Billy cheerfully. "I'll look after them all right. The train's going now. Cheerio—and enjoy yourself in Melbourne!"

Billy watched the train as it moved slowly from the little station and disappeared round a bend in the track. But in spite of cheeriness, Billy was a bit worried himself because he knew just how much the result of the Melbourne Steeplechase meant to his dad.

He strolled out of the station and unhitched his pony from the rail.

"It's no good getting down in the dumps," Billy said to himself. "Keep smiling and everything will be O.K.!"

Billy swung himself into the saddle and headed Dusty, his pony, towards Twin Forks Farm. Reaching the grassy slopes on the boundary line, he let Dusty have his head, and after a brisk ten-minute gallop the boy had regained his usual good spirits.

"That's enough, Dusty!" laughed Billy, as he slowed his pony down to a walk. "Now let's calculate. Dad's train was due at eight o'clock and it was three hours late. That means that the time is now about eleven. Just in time to meet Moola and Ujumpa coming in from the morning exercise. Let's go and meet them. They should be at Wallaby Crossing by now."

Billy swung his pony westward. Moola was a little Australian blackfellow. He was almost as much of an oddity as Ujumpa and maybe that was why they got on so well together. Ever since Ujumpa had been born, the blackfellow had taken a fancy to the freakish colt and had reared him himself. The feeling was mutual, and though Ujumpa just tolerated Billy and his dad, he would follow Moola round like a dog. They were certainly a queer pair.

Billy was just thinking this as he rode Dusty over the grassy plains. He knew the direction that Moola would take to get back to the stables at Twin Forks Farm and he should be just in time to cross his trail.

CRACK!

Billy's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sharp report of a rifle. Just in time, he saved himself from being thrown to the ground as Dusty reared right into the air. Following the shot, came the shrill whinny of a horse and the thunder of galloping hoofs.

"Ujumpa!"

Billy cried the word aloud as he set Dusty forward into a gallop. As he rode, a cold fear clutched the boy's heart. Something had happened to Ujumpa and his little black rider. Billy was sure of it. His uneasy hunch had been right after all.

Dusty raced over the grassy ridges. Up one slope, down the next, up again—and

Billy suddenly saw something that made his heart leap to his throat. At the foot of the next slope was a black figure spread-eagled on the grass. An ominous red stain was spreading over the grass.

Dusty had stopped of his own accord. The pony was trembling at the sight of that still figure and Billy knew that he wouldn't get him to go any nearer. Swinging down from his saddle, the boy tethered the pony to a bush and raced down the slope on foot.

"Moola! Moola!" cried Billy, dropping down on his knees beside the still figure. "What has happened?"

There was no answer. Billy hadn't really expected one, but the sound of his own voice seemed to give him strength. Turning the black boy over, Billy saw that the red stain was coming from a bullet wound high on the right shoulder. Moola was wounded, how badly the boy couldn't guess, but, thank goodness, he was still alive.

Billy knew every inch of the country. Springing to his feet, he raced off to the left. There was a little stream there, and the boy was soon back with his hat full of water. Whipping off his neckerchief, Billy dipped it into the water and bathed Moola's face. Then he set to work to tear the blackfellow's shirt away from the wound, but before he managed this Moola groaned and opened his eyes.

"Ujumpa! Ujumpa! Where . . ."

A recollection came flooding back, the blackfellow tried to force himself into a sitting position. Billy gently pushed him back.

"Take it easy, Moola!" he said. "Somebody's shot you and made off with Ujumpa. Seems to me it's only a flesh wound, so sit tight until I get it bandaged and then we'll worry about Ujumpa."

Billy had been born and brought up on Twin Forks Farm. It wasn't the first time that he'd seen a bullet wound, and he knew how to deal with them. First of all, he thoroughly washed the wound, then bandaged it with strips of Moola's shirt. That done, he fetched Dusty, and helping Moola into the saddle, Billy led the pony towards the ranch house, where

Aunt Martha, the housekeeper, bandaged the wound properly and put Moola to bed.

Two hours later, Moola opened his eyes again. He seemed much refreshed by his sleep and sat straight up in his bunk. Billy was there waiting and so was Digger Dawson, the ranch foreman, and one of the few who had stood by Honest Tom Russell during his bad spell. Digger reached for a glass of water and passed it to Moola, and when the blackfellow had drunk, the foreman began his questioning. But there was nothing that Moola could tell except:

"Me gallop Ujumpa as usual. Reach Wallaby Crossing and slow down as boss tell me. Ujumpa still want to gallop, but boss say no and I pull up. . . . Then gun goes bang—and me remember nuttin' more."

"So that's that!" said Digger Dawson, rising to his feet. "All right, Moola, you're not to blame, so don't worry. Get some sleep and Billy and I will see about getting Ujumpa back for you. No, you can't come with us yet. Get some rest. You'll need your strength later."

Leaving the faithful blackfellow, Billy and Digger Dawson made their way to the

stables. Quickly they saddled their ponies and rode away from the house.

"Wallaby Crossing, Billy," said Digger. "Maybe we can pick up the trail from there. It's our only chance, because I haven't the faintest idea who could want to pinch Ujumpa. Certainly nobody would take him on his looks alone. Of course, he has been entered for the race for a few weeks now, so that's no secret. Looks to me as though somebody has been snoopin' around here and watching his form, and that form's been too good for Ujumpa to be left in the race. It seems to me that somebody is mighty keen on Ujumpa not running that race. Now who could it be?"

Billy didn't answer. He hadn't the foggiest idea himself.

The Tell-Tale Mark

Lost something, Billy?" Billy Russell looked up at the sound of that lazy voice. He was down on his knees and had been examining the grass for signs of hoofprints, and had been so engrossed with his task that he hadn't heard anybody approach.



Van Buren leaped forward and threw the cloth over Billy's head.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Van Buren, I didn't hear you," said Billy, turning over and squatting on the grass. He looked up at the tall figure, immaculately dressed in a big white hat, white jacket, white whipcord breeches and shining brown leather riding boots. "Yes, siree! I have lost something—Ujumpa!"

"Ujumpa! Oh, don't make me laugh," replied Van Buren with a chuckle. "Why, nobody would take him as a gift, unless for a travelling hatstand. Oh, I know your Dad had him entered for the Melbourne Steeplechase, but he didn't stand an earthly. At least, not enough for anybody to kidnap him."

Billy nearly blurted out the truth about Ujumpa. He didn't like people to laugh at the horse and wanted to defend him, but he managed to check his words in time. Not that it mattered very much about Van Buren. He was a city man who had come out into the open spaces for health reasons. He was also a bit of an amateur artist and had turned the old prospector's cabin at Red Bluffs into a sort of a studio. He seemed quite happy daubing away at his canvases, but as for horses—Billy smiled. Honestly, he didn't believe that old Van Buren knew the difference between a fetlock and a bridle.

"I don't want to make you laugh," Billy contented himself with saying. "In fact, it's no laughing matter. Dad had high hopes of Ujumpa, and if we don't find the horse before the race a week on Wednesday, then I'm afraid it's the finish of Twin Forks Farm."

Van Buren had stopped smiling. He stood there stroking his dark moustache.

"Haven't you any idea where he's gone, or who has taken him, Billy?"

The boy shook his head.

"No, Mr. Van Buren," he replied. "All we know is that Moola was shot when riding Ujumpa past Wallaby Creek. Digger Dawson and myself have followed the tracks from there, but they disappear among the rocky ground around the old mine workings at Red Bluffs."

"That's over my way," said Van Buren. "Being a city gent, I don't know anything about tracking, but I know enough to

guess that it would be hopeless to find tracks on such rocky ground. There isn't a piece of soft earth anywhere."

"You're right there, Mr. Van Buren," Billy agreed. "A steam-roller wouldn't leave a trail on that lot. All we can do is to scout around, and see if we can pick the trail up at some other place. But in this dry weather I'm afraid that it will be pretty hopeless. Poor old Dad! This will break him. By gosh, the crook who kidnapped Ujumpa knew his stuff, to take him on to that rocky ground."

"Maybe you think that he is in my studio, eh?" laughed Van Buren. "You can search it if you like. Anything to oblige, Billy."

In spite of himself Billy had to smile. Van Buren's "studio" consisted of two small rooms and an outhouse that served as a kitchen. No horse, not even a rocking horse, could be hidden in there.

"No, Mr. Van Buren, I'm afraid I won't bother to search your place," replied Billy. "But if you don't mind, I'll come along and have something to eat. I've been out here all day and I'm mighty hungry. I told Digger to pick me up there when the light failed, and it's getting a bit too dark now to look for more signs."

"Come along by all means, Billy," said Van Buren. "I don't know what I can give you, because Jenkins, my servant, has gone into town for supplies. But if you care to take pot luck, then you are more than welcome."

"Thanks, sir," said Billy, rising from the grass and swinging into Dusty's saddle. Van Buren, even though he wore posh riding breeches, never rode. "Why don't you buy yourself a horse?"

"Me!" laughed Van Buren. "I'm dead scared I would fall off. Give me a car every time."

Billy offered to help Van Buren to get the supper ready when they arrived at the cabin of Red Bluffs. But the rich city man wouldn't have it and he made Billy sit down in an armchair that he had brought out to the wilds for his own comfort. Billy, to tell the truth, was glad of the rest, because for the past two days he had had hardly any sleep. He sat there trying to

figure out the disappearance of Ujumpa, but it all came to a dead end. Billy's eyes were wandering idly over the far wall of the cabin which was actually built against the sheer cliff of Red Bluffs. He was smiling at Van Buren's remark about hiding the horse in the cabin, when he saw something that made him leap to his feet.

"Gosh, what's this?"

Down the wall was a semi-circular mark. It was as if something—some rough metal object—had gouged into the wood. It had been painted over, but Billy could see that the mark had been made very recently, and he had seen these marks before.

"Gosh, it's been done by a——"

Billy's words died in his throat. Van Buren had come in from the kitchen with a table cloth to lay the table. Seeing Billy there, examining the mark, his dark eyes hardened. Even as Billy spoke, Van Buren leaped forward and threw the cloth over his head.

Billy struggled for all he was worth. He was a tough youngster, but to his surprise Van Buren had plenty of strength for an invalid. In a few moments he had Billy overpowered and firmly bound and gagged.

"Thank goodness, I spotted you in time, you interfering little cub," said Van Buren, whipping the cloth away. "Yes, take a good look at me—it's me all right. I'm the one who has Ujumpa, but you'll never find where he is—and they won't find you, either."

Billy stared at Van Buren. He couldn't speak because of the gag. This certainly was Van Buren—but what a difference! Gone were his slow ways, his drawling voice. Standing there, glaring at the boy, he looked sinister. Billy couldn't help a shiver. There seemed no doubt that Van Buren was a crook. This invalid artist appearance was nothing but a disguise to hide his real character. There seemed no hope for either Ujumpa or himself.

"Ah, I know what you're thinking," snarled Van Buren. "You're thinking that that clod-hopping foreman of yours will be here to rescue you, aren't you? Well, forget it. You are going where he won't find you. Come on."

Van Buren lifted the boy easily and

stepped on to a chair, and from there on to the table. Raising Billy in his arms, he pushed the boy through a square hole in the ceiling where a trapdoor had once been. Clambering up, Van Buren tied Billy's legs to one of the rafters, which were sticking up through the floor of the loft.

"That settles you, my lad," grinned the crook. "That will keep you from kicking on the floor to attract attention. Van Buren isn't as dumb as all that!"

With that, Van Buren dropped to the table and on to the floor again. Billy twisted and turned, but could not even slacken the cords that bound his wrists. At last, exhausted by his efforts, he lay still and looked around him.

There was nothing in the attic that held out any hopes of escape. The place was stacked with canvases, some used, some not used, and other materials that helped Van Buren in his pretence of being an artist. Not far from where Billy lay, was a box of water-colour paints. The box was upset, and the tubes lay scattered about.

"Just as I thought," said Billy to himself. "Nothing here to help a chap. Hello, who's this? Digger, I suppose?"

Billy heard a horse approaching the cabin. It stopped, and then came the sound of Digger Dawson's voice hailing the house. It was answered by Van Buren, the lazy, drawling Van Buren that Billy had known. He invited the foreman into the cabin.

"Just in time for supper, Digger." Billy marvelled at the cordial tone the crook got into his voice. "Billy with you?"

"No, Van Buren," replied Digger. "I thought he was here, seeing Dusty was outside. It's seldom those two are separated."

"Well, I brought Dusty here," said Van Buren easily. "I was out walking just on the edge of the grass and found him there. I shouted for Billy, but had no answer. I thought he might have been thrown, but after searching around, I couldn't find him. I was coming over to the ranch to tell you. But have some supper first, I dare say the boy will be all right."

Digger had been standing by the doorway. Now he stepped into the room as Van Buren whipped the cloth hastily on to the table. "Are you sure Billy hasn't been here—what's this?"

The foreman bent down and picked something from the floor.

"That's Billy's clasp knife," he said sternly. "I know it. What's the game, Van Buren—ah, that's it, is it." He'd whipped the cloth from the table. "Footprints newly made. Billy's in the loft maybe."

"He is, but you'll go down below ground if you don't watch your step, Dawson," snarled Van Buren, snatching a gun from the table drawer. "I work for the Eldorado Land Syndicate, and was ordered to get Twin Forks Farm at any cost. My plans worked out, and everything would have gone off perfectly if it hadn't been for that interfering little brat. Now you come along and make matters worse. Come on, stick 'em up!"

Billy could get only a glimpse of what was going on below. He was too far from the edge of the trapdoor to look over, but there was a crack in the floor of the loft through which he could see. At least, he had a sight of Van Buren's sleek black hair, and Digger Dawson's hat. A metallic gleam showed that Van Buren had a gun in his hand.

Billy looked away from the crack, and gazed around the loft. What could he do to help? All he needed was something to attract Van Buren's attention for a second and Digger would do the rest. But how could he do it? He was bound hand and foot. There wasn't the slightest chance.

Suddenly Billy spotted something which gave him hope. Just within reach of his hands was a big fat tube of scarlet lake paint. The crack was too small to get the tube through to drop it, but Billy had another idea.

By strenuous twisting and groping, the boy managed to get the tube of paint in his fingers. More manœuvring, and he raised the tube to his mouth and took the metal cap off with his teeth. That done, Billy dropped the tube to the floor again, then worked it until he had the tube fixed in the crack, nozzle downwards.

Billy waited. Through the narrow end of the crack he could see Van Buren's head. It was almost directly below. The head moved forward and Billy heaved his whole weight on to the tube. Swoossh!

Billy acted at the right moment. Van Buren had shifted position and his finger had tightened on the trigger. He meant to shoot Digger Dawson there in cold blood, but just as the pressure of his trigger finger increased, a blob of something cold and clammy landed on his head.

"What the——!"

Van Buren had plenty of nerve, and was prepared for anything. But this stream of cold clamminess, that dropped so silently from above, was too much for him. It sank into his hair and trickled down his face. In spite of himself, the crook stumbled back.

And in that same split second Digger Dawson went into action. Both hands flashed down, caught the edge of the table and slammed it against Van Buren. Crash! The gun exploded, but the bullet sped harmlessly into the floor. Next second Digger and Buren were locked in a desperate struggle.

Up in the loft above, Billy Russell wriggled with excitement. He could only catch glimpses of the fight below, but he could hear plenty of grunts and the wallop of punches. Suddenly there came one extra big wallop and the thud of a falling body. Billy peered through the crack but couldn't see either Digger or Van Buren. Who had won?

The next few minutes seemed like years to Billy. At last there came the sound of somebody putting the table back on its legs. Then came the sound of boots scraping wood and a head came over the edge of the trapdoor. What a relief! It was Digger Dawson!

It didn't take long for Billy to be freed after that. His arms and legs ached as the blood swept back into them, but Billy didn't mind. By that time, the boy was able to drop back to the cabin below, and Digger had found some rope, and securely trussed up Van Buren.

"That's that, Billy," said Digger

(Continued on page 162)

4 PAGES OF

BRAIN-TICKLERS!

NOW, YOUNG FELLOW-ME-LAD (OR —LADY)—if you've ever heard of a fellow-me-lady, that is I—let us here introduce Our Learned and Distinguished Friend

Professor Fitzquiz, P.S., X.Y.Z., I.O.U., & and Bar

who is going to see just how smart you are.

And mind this, because we've given the answers to his puzzles on Page 168 that doesn't mean that you look at 'em yet. In fact, NO peeping round the corner, please, until you get to the end of each page. Then check up on yourself!

And having made that clear, here is the Professor's first poser:

Brothers and sisters have I none,
But this man's father is my father's son.

He is pointing at a photograph. Whose photo is it? (1)

HIS NEXT is a riddle of another sort. "When," he asks, "is a pea like a soldier?" (2)

HE ASKS YOU, too, the weight of that chap he has with him. It is, he says, 8 stone and half his weight. Which makes the other fellow a tidy . . . ? (3)

THEN about a gardener who dug a hole in the ground a yard wide, a yard long and a yard deep. How much earth was there in the hole? (4)

L & S BY THE WAY, the Professor lives in a big town somewhere in England. Can you tell where from this? (5)

LITTLE Fitzquiz, Junior, has bought some marbles. Half of them are red, and half the remainder blue; of the rest, a third are white, a fifth green, and the rest yellow. If young Fitzquiz has 15 green marbles in his collection, just how many has he altogether? (6)

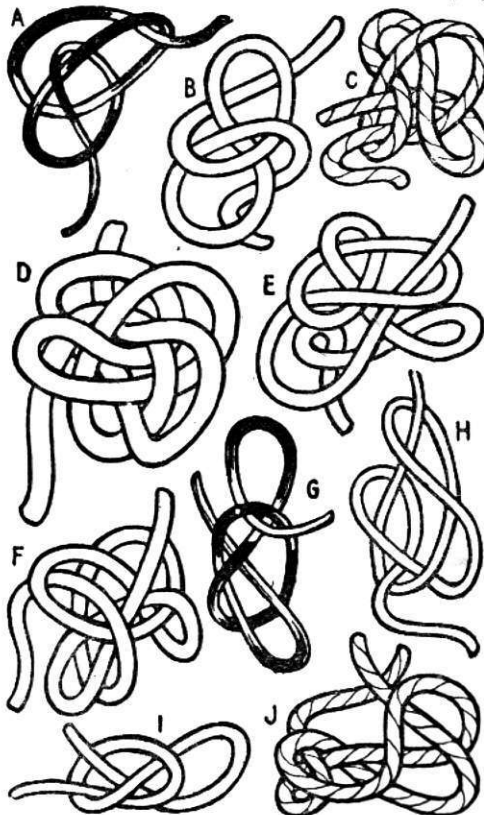
QUICKLY — when to-morrow is yesterday, "to-day" will be Monday. What is to-day? (7)

OLD FITZQUIZ has his playful moments, and looking through this K.O. FUN BOOK, he copied a piece from another page and put it in like this. Can you find the page he got it from? (8)



SOMEBODY'S telephone number has four figures in it. The second figure is one more than the first, the third is one more than the second, the fourth is three more than the first. All four figures added together total twenty-two. "Number, please!" (9)

(K)Not So! A knotty point altogether, in fact . . . because can YOU tell which of these knots are really not knots at all; that is, if you pulled both ends of the string they would just come undone? (10)



BILL and Bob were travelling by train, and before long it entered a tunnel. "I say," said Bill, "how far into this tunnel does this train go?" Bob scratched his head—and he was still scratching it when the train was long past the tunnel. Could you have told him? (11)

SOME people's signatures are a bit difficult, but this one—

Mussolini

—seems a "corker." Who signed it? (12)

LITTLE TOMMY was being taken round the Zoo for the first time. Of course, he was delighted with a ride on the x x x P H x x x; next they went to see the x x x O x x, and after that the x x x x x Y x. And on the way to the x x A R x, his excitement was great when a big x x M x x went by, and soon after that a x L A x x. Oh, and we nearly forgot that he also had a peep at the x x x N O x x x x. What animals did he see really? (13)

AND talking of little Tommy, his name is Tommy Smith. Now, the Smith family consists of his mum and dad, his six sisters, and each of the sisters has one brother. A big family, eh! Well, how many Smiths are there in all in that family? (14)

AN UNTIDY TOWN—though it's only its name as you see it here. Really we quite like the place ourselves, when we can get there. And "there" is—where? Sort out the letters and say! (15)

C^L O a K_p l o b

H'INTELLIGENCE! If Nelson defeated the Spanish Armada, write down "No," or if Russia is the capital of Moscow, or nine nines are not ninety-nine; and "Yes" as well, if old man Mussolini is up a gum tree, or Sir Francis Drake did not discover America. (16)

LITTLE TOMMY AGAIN! He said the egg he found was a peacock's. His elder brother, Timothy, called him a fathead and said he was wrong. Who was right? (17)

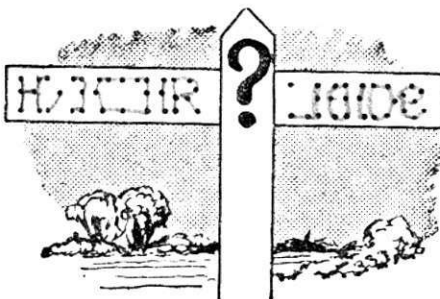
Second Spasm! Stick It . . . You're Not Doing So Badly

HAVING given old Fitzquiz time to get his breath, here's Round Two. (Of course, between ourselves, we really hate the sight of the old whiskers, because he's tripped us up many a time, just as he is doing to you—but old Phitts . . . old Flitz . . . old Nitwitzqu . . . well anyway, whatever he calls himself, he seems to know his stuff, so shall we let him go on and earn his ninepence?)

YOU may like to know, for instance, that the Professor has just told us his secretary has a sister who works in a big office—yet the girl in this office has no sister. How can that be? Think it out, Smith, Psmith, Perkins, Twirpins . . . and you, gig-lamps in the back row, there! (18)

THIS is a fourpenny one chaps! Arthur, Bob, Clem, Dick, Eddy and Frank live in a row of six houses, but not all in that order. Thus, Eddy lives next to Dick, but Arthur doesn't live next to Bob. Arthur's house is the fourth house from Clem's, which is next door but one from Dick's. Three houses divide Bob from Eddy, Frank and Eddy are not neighbours, Bob lives at the end of the row. In what order do they live? (19)

This'll Amaze You! A school party was taken to London for a day's tour round the great places. They started off at the Houses of Parliament and wanted to see all the other "sights" on this map-maze, but there was only time to visit four of them. And they finished up back at the H. of P. to get on the charabanc again. Trace the way round the maze and tell which places they did visit. (25)



FROM THERE TO WHERE? The wag who put up the sign above evidently thought a bit of free amusement on the road was the stuff to give 'em—though we foresee a few traffic jams while travellers puzzle out which turning's which. You see, he has just dotted out the two signs . . . can you join up the dots to find the names? (20)

SHOOTING, fly-squashing and tiddley-winks were the hobbies of Colonels Blunderbuss, Pinkeye and Poonah—but not in that order. Now, if Pinkeye didn't shoot, what is the hobby of each? (21)

UP in proverbs? You know, those sayings people trot out when they want to "improve" you and make you better than you want to be yourself—like "It's never too late to mend," and so on.

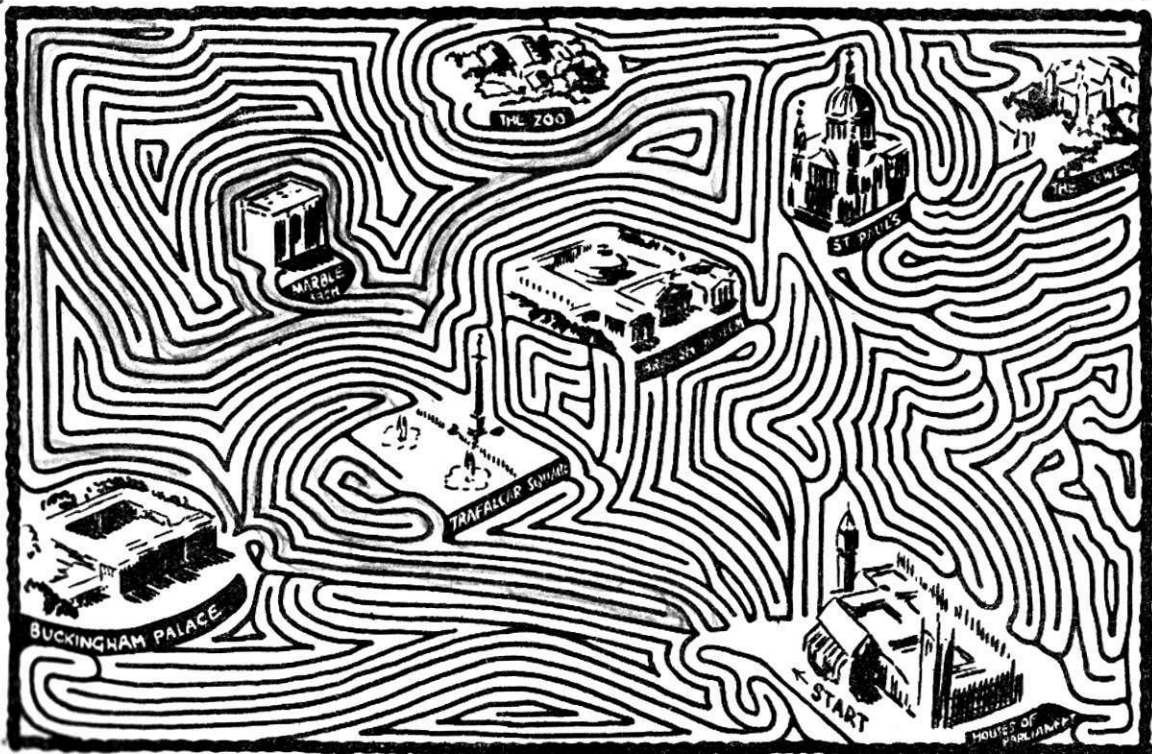
Well, here are two which have been rolled into one long string of letters—

ATROOOLMLAINNY
GCSOTOOKNSESGP
AOTIHLETRHSENB
ORMOOTSHS

Sayings, please! (22)

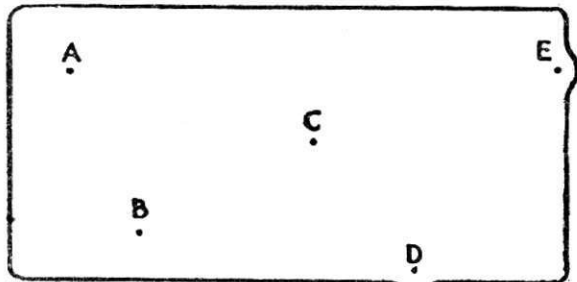
A HUNTER shooting only birds and rabbits had in his bag 36 heads and 100 feet by the end of the day. How many of each had he shot? (Yes you can use algebra, geometry, trigonometry, astronomy . . . even five fingers for it, if you like!) (23)

IN his study Fitzquiz has a 2-volume collection of puzzles. And one time a hungry insect ate its way right through from Page 1 of Volume 1 to the last page of Volume 2—all that, just as the books stood on the shelf! Now, if each book is 2 inches thick, including the covers, which are each a 1/4-inch thick, how far did that little insect go in *his* thirst for knowledge? (24)

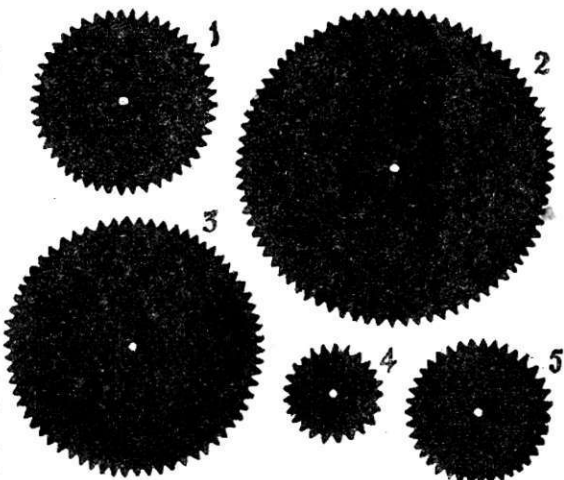


Solution given

Oh, Boy, Here's the Works . . . and Then Some!



Please Help . . . little Henry, who has pulled his toy which wheel goes back where. Could you show him? He remembers that no wheel overlaps another (although some extend over the edge of the frame), and no wheel engages with more than two others, but as to which bearings they fit on . . . well, he's just stumped! Perhaps you can see? (26)



BY THE WAY . . . if two men saw a bean through in half an hour, how long will it take three men? (27)

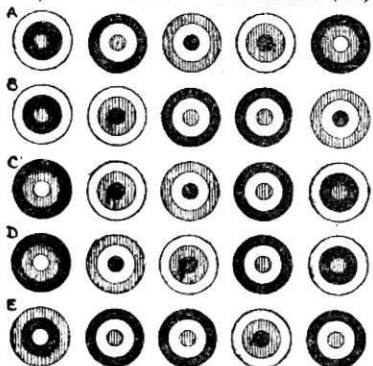
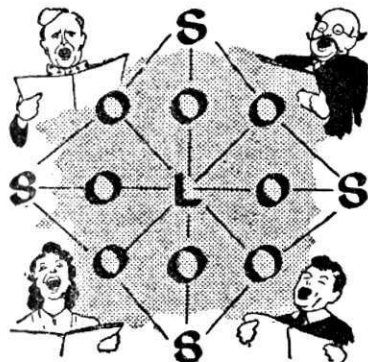
HERE'S another you can hand around among your pals—after you've tumbled to it yourself, that is! What starts with a foot, ends with a foot, and has a foot in the middle? (30)

PERHAPS you've got hopes about Christmas gifts! Well, we don't blame you, as we like them ourselves, and *we're* hoping, too. So in the meantime, while we go on hoping and watching for Father Christmas (he's Old Fitzquizz's third cousin, by proxy, you know), the Professor has made this word-sum up. Each letter of "Xmas Gifts" stands for a figure, and you see the results when they are added and when subtracted. Work out which figure each letter stands for! (There are two ways of getting at it, so you've no excuse for giving this one best!) (28)

| | |
|-------|-------|
| GIFTS | GIFTS |
| XMAS | XMAS |
| 53444 | 37820 |

(28)

SOLOS FOR ALL . . . including you! But your solo is to say how many times the word "Solos" can be spelt on this frame—using any letter once only in each count, and spelling in any direction, but only along the connecting lines. (This'll keep you quiet for quite a while; try it on the family, too!) (29)



EYE SEE! This is to tell whether you have your eyes as well as your wits about you. Study the five rows of aeroplane markings above and try to answer the following questions about them: (31)

- Are any two rows exactly alike?
- Are any two rows alike but in reverse order?
- Has any row a sign which is not in any other row?
- In which row or rows are the signs all different?
- Which row contains the most of any one sign?

READ through these silly sentences and find the English river hidden in each. Yes, we know you can see the first easily, but what about the rest? (32)

- The men of Thame stood their ground.
- Ours is a nice house, ours is.
- There was a slight rent in it.
- The committee still argued.
- "You're the biggest ass ever, Nobby!"

BILL SYKES, who carries on a good business in the burglary way, was a little

uneasy and sent a message to his partner as follows:

A shell haze so mind I tide-our fur thy tile bring is tie polite arc catching we. Till yon harry in wits thy plank be mate—wont fry so let unto couch wish be.

Actually, he had only altered a letter in each word, so it's easy to see what he really meant. Or *isn't it?* (33)

THE YOUNGER Fitzquizzes were playing with "bricks" on the nursery floor. They had a whole heap of them—all 1-inch cubes and 343 of 'em altogether. At last, after a lot of trouble (not to mention a fight in which Theophilus Fitzquizz pulled out two handfuls of baby Laburnum's hair) they managed to build them all into one big cube. What must the measurement of that cube be? (34)

ONE FOR POP! Percy Perkins may be the "works" at school, but he's not so "pop"ular at home now, since he showed this mess of "that's" and "is's" to his dad and asked him how it should be punctuated to make it sense. Pop was quite "thatty" about it, in fact. But there's no catch in it; the sentence just needs a few commas and other doings to put it right. Where should they go?

THAT THAT IS IS THAT
THAT IS NOT IS NOT
BUT THAT THAT IS NOT
IS NOT THAT THAT IS
NOR IS THAT THAT IS
THAT THAT IS NOT
IS NOT THAT SO

(35)



FIGURE FRIGHTENERS!

NOW old Fitz-something-or-other is going to put you through his own special Arithmetic Test. You can take pencil and paper, and as far as we can see you'll need it!

FIRST he asks you: What is double the addition of 5 and 10 multiplied by itself? (36)

THEN you are to split 96 into four parts so that if the first part is divided by 3, 3 is added to the second part, 3 taken away from the third part, and the remaining part multiplied by 3, the result is always the same? (37)

THIS one's easy! Fit the spare numbers into the empty spaces in the frame here, so that every row, every column and each of the two diagonals, totals 65. (38)

13 15 17 19 12
14 16 18 20

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|
| | 1 | 24 | 7 | |
| 5 | 23 | 6 | | |
| 22 | 10 | | | 4 |
| 9 | | | 3 | 21 |
| 11 | | 2 | 25 | 8 |

YOU'LL like this one about the R.A.F. and their motto, and not forgetting the Anti-Aircraft and Searchlight people, too. Really it is just a division sum, but with the letters standing for figures. Work it out and get the sum back into its ordinary figure form!

AD) ASTRA (RAF
ASD
AR
AD
HA
SL
AA

(39)

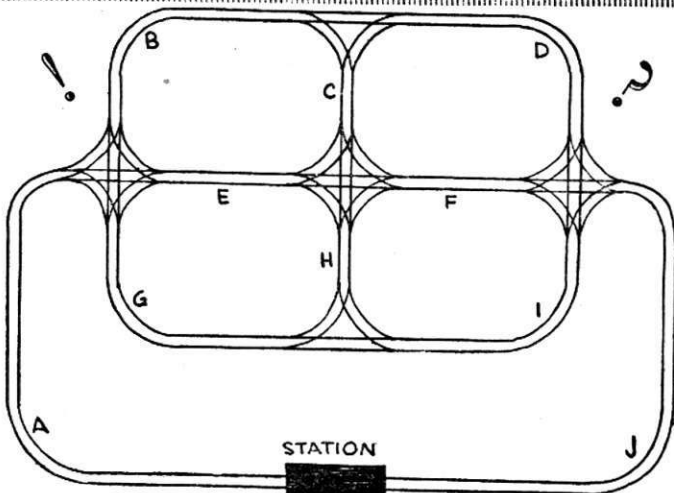
WHAT is the difference between two and twenty, and twice twenty-two? (40)



Reg's Ration!

(41)

THERE ONCE WAS A PACK MULE NAMED REG, WHO WAS TETHERED TWELVE FEET FROM A HEDGE, IF THE ROPE HOLDING HIM MEASURED TWELVE-PLUS-ONE FEET, HOW MUCH OF THE HEDGE COULD REG EAT?



"It's Quicker by Rail": . . . but is it easier in this case? *Supposing you have a model railway like this, with switches by which to control all parts—how many different runs can be made from the station and back to it without running over the same piece of line twice in any one journey? (Not counting reverse trips, of course.)* (42)

Matchic!

Borrow a box of matches and work these out—then keep 'em to try on others.



MAKE up this six-square figure with 17 matches, then think how to take away six matches so that

only two squares are left. (43)

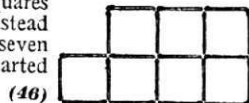
SET out five matches like this and somehow turn them into a hundred by adding only four more. Quickly, now . . . why, it's staring at you!

(44)



THIS time make 3 matches into 9; then by changing the position of 1 only make them into 11. (Neat, isn't it?) (45)

WE hope you've 20 matches in the box, as you'll need them to make this figure. Next, move round 3 of them so that the figure has five equal squares only instead of the seven you started with.



PERHAPS you've seen how, by inserting plus and minus signs, the figures 1 to 9 can be made to equal 100—like this:

$$123 - 45 - 67 + 89 = 100$$

But it can be done backwards, too, with the figures 9 to 1, that is. How? (47)

THIS is (or was) an ordinary multiplication sum, but some figures have been smudged. What was the full sum? (48)



IF—

$$A + B = 13 \quad B + C = 15 \\ C + D = 9$$

—what are A + D worth? (49)

AND THIS really is the last of your troubles. Old Fitzquizz has gone (we dropped him down our lift-shaft when we found he didn't even know some of the answers himself!), and we've thought this last puzzle out ourselves: just arrange these six figures—

1 2 3 4 5 6

—so that when two of them are multiplied by a third, the remaining three figures are the answer. Got it? Right, now turn over and check yourself on— (50)

THE QUEER ADVENTURES OF
PATSY and TIM-
 THEIR UNCLE INVENTED THE DWINDLING PILLS WHICH MAKE THEM TINIER AND TINIER AND TINIER!

TINY PATSY & TIM, IN WOODLAND, HELP THE SQUIRRELS OUT OF A HOLE.



1. Patsy and Tim were the tiniest children in the world, because they had swallowed some of their Uncle's wonderful Dwindling Pills. One day they were out with their dog, Scrubby, when they saw the Squirrel family hard at work. Something important was going on. At the foot of a tree, Patsy and Tim saw an axe, a saw and some rope, which woodcutters must have left there.

2. The Squirrels were carrying nuts from one tree to another. Leaving Scrubby, Patsy and Tim had a chat with Sammy Squirrel, foreman on the job. He told them that some men were coming to cut down the tree in which the squirrels had stored their winter nuts.

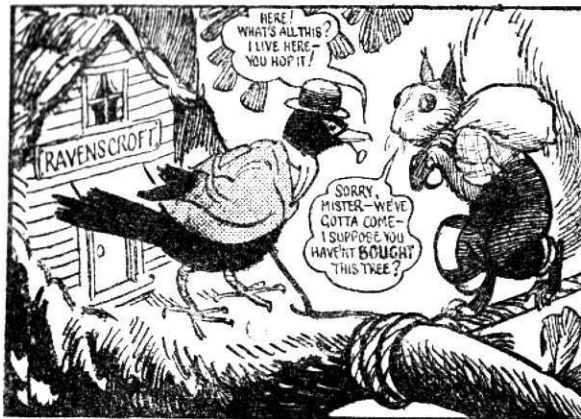


3. Tim suddenly chuckled. He had a grand idea to help the squirrels with that rope, before the woodcutters came. If the rope were stretched from one tree to another, it would save the squirrels a lot of trouble.

4. Instead of climbing down one tree and up the other, they could walk straight across the rope. Sammy Squirrel thought it a grand idea, and gave Tim a hand tying the rope. In this way, the squirrels would be able to shift their nuts in less than half the time. Sammy called the rest of the squirrels together.



5. He told them about Tim's idea. They were all jolly pleased about it, for it did save such a lot of work. In follow-my-leader fashion, the squirrels trooped across the rope with the bags of nuts over their shoulders. Patsy and Tim watched happily. But though Tim's wheeze was a winner, there was unexpected trouble ahead. The tree that the squirrels had picked for their new home was already occupied by Mr. Raven. Now there was plenty of room for everybody in that huge tree, but Raven was an old rascal. He wanted the squirrels to go back.



6. He soon told them so, too! Sammy Squirrel knew Mr. Raven all right, and he told Patsy and Tim that there would be trouble with him. Sammy was right. Freddy Fuzzy-tail was first across the rope, and what a nasty reception he got from Mr. Raven! The old rascal fluttered his wings furiously and told Freddy and the rest of the squirrels to go back.



7. Poor Freddy was frightened, but one of the older squirrels spoke up. He told Raven that there was tons of room for everybody. This made Raven more furious than ever. He watched the first load of nuts coming across. His mind was made up that there wouldn't be another, and, when the second gang of squirrels began to cross, the old rascal hopped on to the rope.



8. Patsy and Tim knew his idea before even Raven could boast about it. He meant to dance on the rope and shake the Squirrels off. Patsy and Tim looked at each other in dismay. How could they stop him? It was a proper puzzler! Already Raven was dancing about on the rope, and it shook so much that the Squirrels were hard put to it to keep their balance.



9. Some of them lost their foothold. Those who did manage to keep upright were forced to drop their bags of nuts. But Raven didn't notice that the Squirrels had found two grand friends in Patsy and Tim. Tim went first, and behind him came one of the Squirrels.



10. Next came Patsy with another Squirrel behind her, and then the rest of the Squirrels joined in the procession. They all held hands, and in that way were able to cross the rope in spite of Raven's shakings. Tim urged the Squirrels to hurry. The woodcutters had come back to finish their job.



11. Not a moment was to be lost now, and Tim led the Squirrels safely into the branches of the new tree. By this time the woodcutters were pulling on the rope to bring the old tree down. A loop of the rope had caught round the branch where Raven's house stood, and it came tumbling down, and it served him right, too!



SEXTON BLAKE AND TINKER in the Mystery of the Torn Chart.



SEXTON BLAKE, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, AND HIS ASSISTANT, TINKER --- ARE RESTING AT HOME, AT BAKER STREET, WHEN MRS. BARDELL, THEIR HOUSEKEEPER, BRINGS IN A LETTER THAT HAS JUST BEEN DELIVERED



1. Mrs. Bardell was very much annoyed at having to climb the stairs to take the letter to Sexton Blake. To make matters worse, it bore no stamp and the postman had demanded double payment on it. Sexton Blake had just finished an important case and was resting. Tinker was over by the open window, glad to know that they had no work to do that day, and hoping his guv'nor would suggest going to a show or a trip into the country. But even if he was not on a job, Tinker was still alert. Sexton Blake had trained him to be quick and observant. That was how he saw what happened.



2. It was a hand grenade that suddenly came hurtling through the open window into the room. Tinker cried out in alarm, and with Mrs. Bardell and his guv'nor, ran from the room. They were only just in time. With an ear-shattering roar, the bomb exploded, wrecking the study. Mrs. Bardell was in a furious temper, for she had dusted that room, properly, that day. But Sexton Blake eyed the letter he still held in his hand. "I wonder if the bomb has anything to do with this?" he mused. Tinker told him that a dark-looking man had thrown the bomb from a car, as it drove past the house.



3. Sexton Blake acted quickly. "Get your motor-bike," he said. "Trail that car." Tinker needed no further bidding. His chance of a holiday had gone, but he didn't stop to think about that. The dark man in the car had made an attempt on his gov'nor's life and something had to be done about it. He was off in a flash. Sexton Blake went out into the street as Tinker drove off on his high-powered bike. A policeman who had heard the explosion came running up to see what had happened. Sexton Blake told him no one was hurt and asked him to keep guard there while he went along to Scotland Yard. In the office of Superintendent Coutts, the famous detective sprang a surprise.



4. He wanted to know if a black man had got into trouble in London lately. Coutts looked at Sexton Blake as if he had gone crazy. "What the dickens has a black man to do with the bomb thrown through your window?" he asked. Sexton Blake showed him what had been in the envelope which Mrs. Bardell had brought to him. It was a torn chart. There wasn't enough of it to show what country it was, but a place-name had been torn in half, showing only the latter half—the letters, OWAH. Sexton Blake thought it might be Massowah, a town in East Africa. And scrawled across the torn chart was a message, which ran: "Keep this safe till I come." It was signed, Anharic.



5. "Anharic can only be an Abyssinian name," said Sexton Blake, "therefore a coloured man must be mixed up in this." It was a clever piece of detective work, and Coutts said so. He phoned for information and soon found out that a black man, named Anharic, had been knocked down by a car in a dockland street and had been taken to hospital. "That's what I wanted to find out," said Sexton Blake. "I'll go there now." It didn't take him long to reach the Dockland Hospital, and there he found a coloured man—one of the patients in a long ward. The nurse on duty wasn't sure that Anharic was well enough to talk, but Sexton Blake persuaded her to let him speak to Anharic.



6. Sexton Blake soon made himself known. Anharic was amazed that Sexton Blake had found him so quickly. He explained that he was chief of the Desuriya—a wealthy tribe in Abyssinia. At least, it had been wealthy until the Italians had invaded the country. Two Italian officers, Major Rinaldi and Captain Lurano, had stolen all Anharic's gold and jewels. Anharic had been taken to a prison camp near Massowah. He was there for a time, but the British came and drove the Italians out, and in the confusion Anharic escaped and found his way to the headquarters of Major Rinaldi. As he told the story, Anharic became wildly excited. Sexton Blake calmed him.



I WAS TAKEN TO A PRISON CAMP NEAR MASSOWAH, BUT THE BRITISH DROVE THE ITALIANS AWAY — IN THE CONFUSION, I ESCAPED AND GOT TO RINALDI'S HEADQUARTERS!

TAKE IT EASY, ANHARIC — WHAT HAPPENED?



7. "Take it easy," he said. "Just tell me what happened." So Anharic told how he had found Rinaldi and Lurano there, studying a chart. He listened to their talk and soon realized that they had buried his gold and jewels instead of sending it to Italy, to swell the coffers of Mussolini. They meant to enrich themselves. But the British were so close they were afraid they hadn't time to dig up their ill-gotten loot. And hearing the traitor talk thus, Anharic threw caution to the winds. Impulsively, he burst in on them, dagger in hand. He snatched at the chart and got a hold on it, but it tore in half. He had one half. Rinaldi had the other half.



"I BURST IN ON THEM, SNATCHING AT THE CHART — IT TORE IN HALF —"

YOU THIEVES — I HAVE CAUGHT YOU AT LAST!



8. There might very well have been a fight to the death in that bungalow, but at that moment a British shell hit the building. It burst, wrecking the place, and hurling the three men yards away. Everything went black for Anharic. The bungalow collapsed on top of him, and the crazy materials of which it was made burst into flame. What became of Rinaldi and Lurano he didn't know. Nor could he do anything about it, for his senses left him. He must have lain there, unconscious, with his half of the torn chart still clutched in his hand. Luckily, the blast of the bursting shell had blown him clear of the burning bungalow. Only that, saved his life.

"WHEN I CAME ROUND I WAS IN BRITISH HANDS - I HAD HALF THE CHART, BUT RINALDI AND LURANO HAD GOT AWAY -"

SORRY, OLD MAN - WE SAW NOTHING OF THE TWO ITALIAN OFFICERS



BY THAT TIME - ALL ITALIANS WERE OUT OF EAST AFRICA - I SAILED AS A SEAMAN ABOARD A BRITISH SHIP - I VISITED EVERY PRISON CAMP I COULD UNTIL I REACHED LONDON - LAST NIGHT -

AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN!



9. How long he lay there he never knew. When he came round he was in British hands and being well looked after. Naturally, he asked if anything was known of Rinaldi and Lurano, but apparently nobody had seen them. Either they had been killed or they had escaped. But even if they had perished, their bodies would have been found. Anharic had escaped death and he had been as close to the bursting shell as they had been. Maybe Rinaldi and Lurano had been taken prisoner and had given other names. It was possible. So Anharic shipped aboard a steamer as a deck-hand. He was penniless now, and could not go back to his tribe without his jewels and gold.

"THEY MUST HAVE HEARD OF MY COMING, FOR, AS I LEFT THE DOCKS -"



"I FLED - I KNEW THEY WERE AFTER ME - I SCRIBBLED THE NOTE ON THE CHART AND ADDRESSED THE ENVELOPE TO YOU BECAUSE I HAD HEARD OF YOU -"



10. From port to port he went—from country to country—visiting every prison camp he came across. But there was never any trace of Rinaldi and Lurano. Anharic still kept his half of the torn chart, and he was ready to stick at nothing to find the other half. And so, at long last, he came to London. He made up his mind to visit every prison camp in the United Kingdom. But he didn't have to go far, for as he left the docks a car sped past, a hand suddenly came from the window, grasping a gun, and a bullet whisked the cap from his head. Somehow, his enemies had learnt of his arrival in this country and were trying to get his half of the torn chart. Wildly, he fled.

"WHAT I FEARED, HAPPENED - AS I RAN, THE CAR GOT ME - I REMEMBER SHOUTING -"

I HAVE BEATEN YOU - SEXTON BLAKE HAS IT!



YOU SEE SIR, I AM PRINCE ANHARIC, BUT I CANNOT RETURN TO MY PEOPLE - PENNILESS!

DON'T WORRY - MY ASSISTANT IS ALREADY ON THE TRAIL - I WILL DO MY BEST TO GET THE OTHER HALF OF THE CHART!



11. Round the corner he saw a post-box and it gave him an idea. His half of the torn chart he kept in an envelope. He scribbled a message on it, stuck down the envelope and addressed it to Sexton Blake at Baker Street. He had often heard about the famous detective during his travels. Not bothering about a postage stamp, he thrust the envelope into the postal box, then turned to run again. The car was on his trail again and coming after him. As he ran, the car zoomed up behind him, mounted the pavement and struck him down. Quite thinking his last hour had come, Anharic shouted what he thought was his last taunt. "I have beaten you! Sexton Blake has it!"



MEANWHILE TINKER HAS TRACKED THE CAR TO A SUBURBAN HOUSE !



12. Then his senses left him and he finally awoke to find himself in hospital. Sexton Blake smiled grimly. He knew now why that bomb had been thrown. Rinaldi and Lurano had known that the chart had been sent to Baker Street. No doubt, they had seen the postman deliver it. The thing to do, now, was to find Rinaldi and Lurano and get hold of the other half of the chart, and so help Anharic regain his gold and jewels. He told Anharic not to worry and made his way back to Baker Street. There he found Mrs. Bardell at the phone, very perturbed. She told Sexton Blake that Tinker was at the other end of the wire and wanted to speak to him urgently.



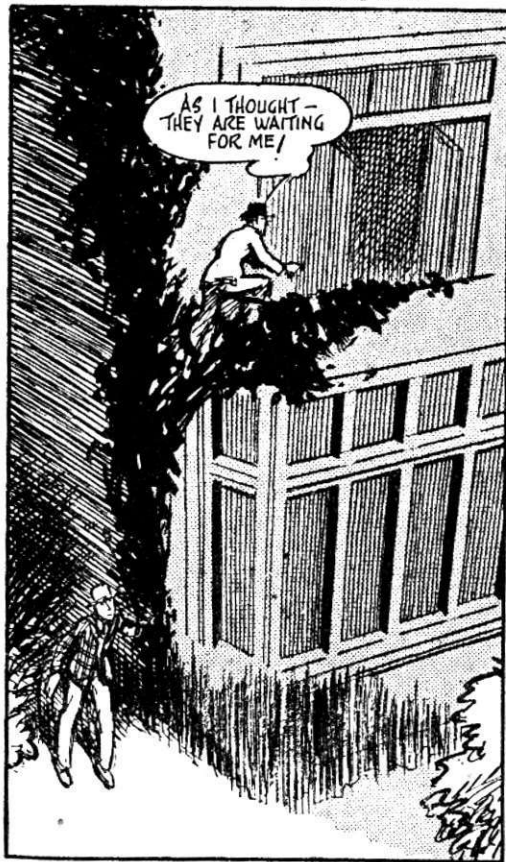
13. Tinker had trailed the car in which Rinaldi and Lurano travelled. It had taken him all the way to a southern suburb of London, called Parley Wood. He had seen it turn down the drive of a large, old-fashioned house, standing in its own grounds. Leaving his bike well hidden beside the road, Tinker crept in to take a closer look at the house. It was dusk by that time, and he saw the two men in a lighted room. One of them came to the window to draw the curtains. Tinker saw that both the men were dark and swarthy and reckoned they were Wops—that is, Italians. He decided to phone the guv'nor without any more delay, and turning, ran off down the drive to find a phone-box.



14. But he thought there were only two men in that house—the two he had trailed in the car. He was wrong. There was a third, and Tinker had not seen him at all. But he had seen Tinker. He had come round the corner of the house in time to see Tinker running down the drive. It was a case of the hunter being hunted. Tinker had no knowledge of his danger when he entered the telephone box. He got through to Baker Street and was soon talking to Sexton Blake. "Is that you, guv'nor? The house is 4, Oak Avenue, Parley Wood, and—!" Then something crashed down on his head and he knew no more. But his cry of pain was heard by Sexton Blake, who guessed what had happened.

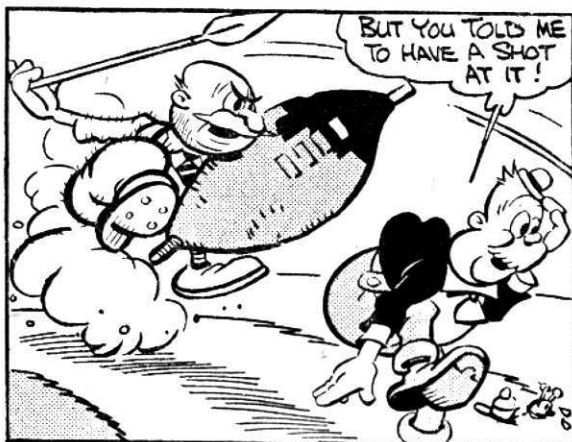
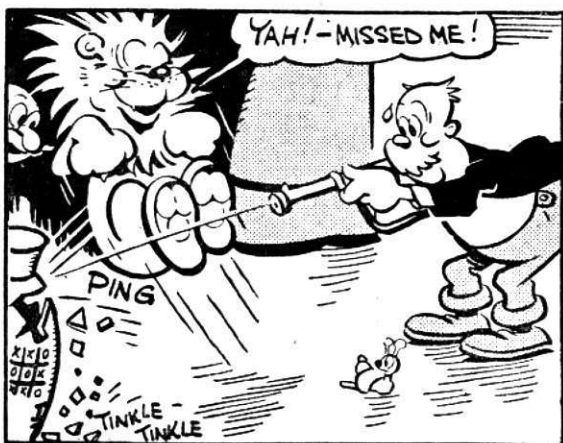


15. He rushed out to his car and was soon driving fast to Parley Wood. He drove direct to Oak Avenue. Seeing Tinker's bike beside the road—he was keeping a good look-out for it as he drove—he pulled up and drew the car on to the grass verge. He saw the house and approached it cautiously. One of the upstairs windows was open. "That might have been left open specially for me," he told himself. He guessed that the crooks, having captured Tinker, would expect a visit from him and would be prepared for it. But that didn't deter him at all. He went boldly up to the ivy-clad wall and climbed up to the window. His keen eyes missed nothing at all.



16. He didn't miss the furtive figure of a man in the garden below. He knew he had been seen—knew that the window had been left open to tempt him in that way. But he went on, gained the window-sill and climbed into the room. There were curtains drawn over the window, and beyond them the room was brightly lit. Sexton Blake smiled to himself as he thrust the curtains aside and stepped forward. A harsh voice halted him. "Hands up, Sexton Blake," snarled Rinaldi. "We guessed you would come. Now we have caught you." It certainly did look as if Sexton Blake was trapped, but he knew just what to do.

(Continued on page 113.)



Riddles

1. Why is a fishmonger greedy?
2. What is most like a horse's shoe?
3. What is it that a blind man cannot feel but can see?

Answers

Because his business makes him sell-fish.
His other shoes.
A good joke.

OUR ERNIE

MRS. ENTWHISTLE'S LITTLE LAD



Eee, chums, maybe it do sound funny,
But lad had lots of spending munny,
And in the shop of Uncle Mose,
He spotted suit of cowboy clothes.

Now suit was old and full of moffs,
But lad wouldn't swap it for a toff's.
He grabbed the clothes, and paid in cash.
"By gum!" he cried. "I'll cut a dash!"



"I'm Dead-Eye Ernie!" he gaily cried.
"I'll ride that cow." But what he spied
Weren't no cow, but angry bull.
Lad didn't know—the little fool.

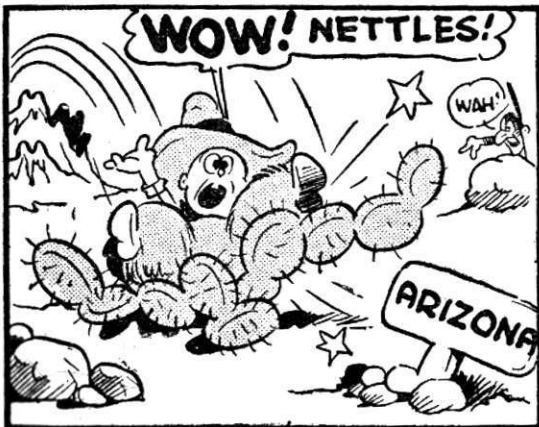


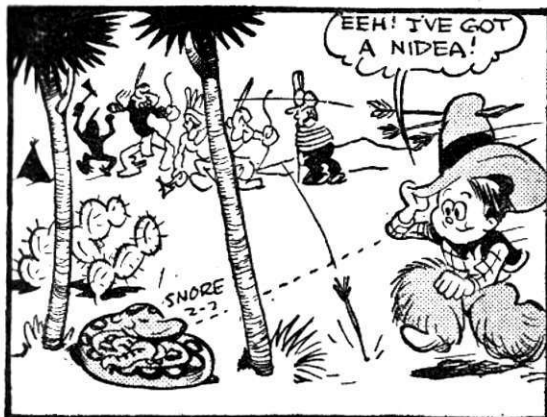
On bull's broad back our lad did climb,
But only stayed a little time.
The bull tossed up and Ernie lost,
Like air-mail he At-lan-tic crossed!

Lad shot away like airy-plane,
But when he came to earth again
He landed with his cowboy pants
In one of them there cactus plants.



'Twas Ari-zona he'd landed in,
And to his ears came orful din
Of Redskins shouting loud with glee,
'Cos they'd tied sheriff to a tree.





"Eeh!" cried lad. "It's up to me!
I'll have to set the sheriff free!"
He chortled as he spotted snake:
"I'll have him free in half a shake!"



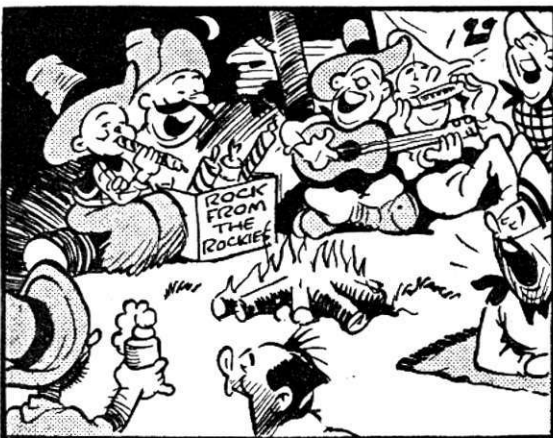
He tied the snake between two trees,
Now you can see Our Ernie's wheeze.
It made you snake feel summat sick
To feel stretched out like el-as-tick.



With snake for catty-pult, young Ern
Shot cactus at each Redskin's stern!
It made Chief Pic-Face leap and shudder
To feel a cactus in his rudder!



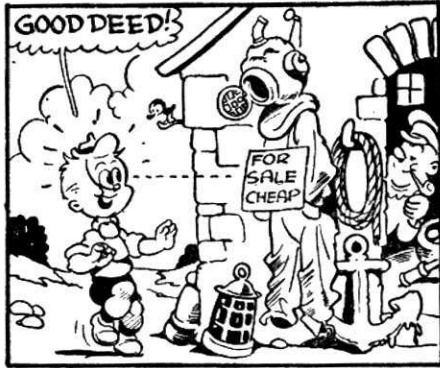
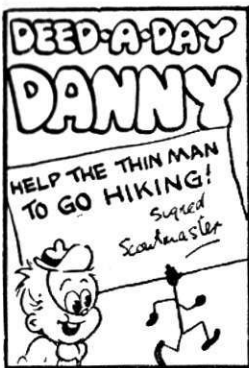
"By gum!" cried Ernie. "I'll show them that
They can't shoot arrows through my hat!"
But Redskins didn't wait to see,
So Ernie cut sheriff free from tree!



The sheriff, of course, was mighty glad,
He didn't half make fuss of lad.
And gave him stick of rock—a big 'un,
Real rock from Rockies—not from Wigan.



But at that moment Ernie woke,
And found himself back with his folk—
The bull had tossed lad into tree,
But they got him down in time for tea.



BOOKWORM BASIL

HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE





"When I give the word, we will all swallow our medicine at once!"

CRAZY FARM

Some Merry Moments With Mr. Bodger's Boys

Doctor Dozey Has a Caller

"OH dear, who can that be?" cried Doctor Dozey, as there came a ring at his door-bell. "I expect I'll have to answer it myself. That house-keeper of mine is so deaf she won't have heard it."

He was a little old man with spectacles and untidy white hair. His clothes were also untidy, for he loved nothing better than to potter about in his laboratory where he did all sorts of queer experiments.

Folks in the village where Doctor Dozey lived said he was the most absent-minded old man in the world. They said he was so absent-minded that he even forgot his own name at times.

"Oh, bother it, there goes that bell again!" he cried crossly. "I do wish people would leave me alone and let me get on with my experiments. Oh, well, I suppose I'd better see who it is."

He put down the test-tube in which he had been boiling a greenish liquid, and shuffled towards the door of his laboratory. But before he got to the door he had forgotten all about the ring at the front-door bell.

"Now, what was I going to do?" he murmured, standing scratching his head in puzzlement. "I know I was going to do something—I must have been going to do something or I wouldn't be leaving the laboratory—but I'm bothered if I can remember what it was."

Then he gave a start as there came a third ring at the door-bell—a long, insistent ring this time, as though the caller were determined to make himself heard.

"Oh, yes, that's it!" Doctor Dozey told himself. "I was going to answer the door-bell. Tut, tut, fancy me forgetting like that!"

He pattered to the front door and

opened it. Standing on the step was a big, red-faced, hearty-looking man. Behind the man was a horse and gig.

"Good-morning, doctor!" boomed the visitor. "You know me, of course?"

"Well, yes, I—I think I do," said the little old doctor, scratching his head again, and peering at the caller through his spectacles. "I've seen you somewhere, I know."

"Of course you have!" cried the other heartily. "I'm Farmer Whipstraw from Meadowsweet Farm. Remember now, eh?"

"Oh, yes, quite—quite!" replied the doctor. "I recollect you perfectly, Farmer Barndoor—"

"Whipstraw!" corrected the farmer with a jovial laugh. "Whipstraw, doctor. Now, what I want you to do is to get a big bottle of medicine and to come along with me."

"Eh, but what for?" cried the doctor. "I'm awfully busy—terribly busy this morning. Is there someone ill or something?"

"Yes, there is!" cried Farmer Whipstraw. "I've got thirty schoolboys and their headmaster spending the holidays on my farm. They're helping with the farm work, see, but this morning the whole lot of 'em have got the most awful pains in their tummies. The headmaster—a Mr. Bodger—says it's some kippers or something which they ate for breakfast. They eat at their own camp, you see—not at the farmhouse. Anyway, I said I would drive into the village for you and bring you out to the farm to give 'em a dose of medicine."

"Oh, very well," grumbled little Doctor Dozey. "But I think it very careless of these boys and their master to eat something which has given them pains in their stomachs—very careless indeed. If people weren't so careless we doctors wouldn't have to be bothered like this. However, I'll go and get ready, Farmer Haystack—"

"Whipstraw!" corrected the other with his jolly laugh. "And if you don't mind, doctor, I'll come in with you and see that you do get ready. If I don't, you might forget all about me waiting here and

about the medicine and your visit to the farm."

"Nonsense!" snapped the doctor. "I never forget anything, Farmer Barnyard. However, you can come in and wait for me, if you like. I won't be long."

He wasn't; but it was only because he had Farmer Whipstraw with him to see that he got ready and didn't forget the medicine.

"Dear me, dear me! Where did I put that medicine?" muttered the doctor, groping about in a big cupboard full of bottles and jars and pills and ointments. "Ah, here it is! I knew I put it somewhere. Well, now, Farmer Rickstraw, I'm ready."

A few minutes later the pair of them were bowling merrily along in the gig on their way to Meadowsweet Farm, nor did Farmer Whipstraw pull up until they had reached the boys' tents which were pitched just beside the farmhouse.

"Oh, so here you are!" snapped a big, stout, pompous-looking man as the farmer and the doctor got down from the gig. "I thought you were never coming!"

"We got here as quick as we could," said the farmer good-naturedly. "How are you and the rest of the invalids feeling now, Mr. Bodger?"

"We still have the most acute pains in our—ah!—stomachs," announced Mr. Bodger. Then he clutched at his tummy and pulled an awful sort of face as a spasm of pain shot through him. "Is—is this the doctor?" he gasped.

"Yes, this is Doctor Dozey," replied the farmer heartily. "He's brought something which will fix you and the lads. Doctor, this is Mr. Bodger, the lads' headmaster."

"How d'you do!" said Mr. Bodger curtly, then he went on: "In order that every boy shall have a dose of medicine, and that none of them shall—ah—get out of taking it, I shall draw them up in two lines. Each boy will have his drinking-mug with him. You, doctor, will pour the necessary dose into each mug, including mine. When I give the word, we will all swallow our medicine at once. By that means I shall detect any boy who fails to

drink it or who tries to throw it away. Do you—ah—follow me?"

"Eh—what?" mumbled Doctor Dozey who had been gazing aimlessly about him.

"Do you follow me?" thundered Mr. Bodger in a voice which quite made the little doctor jump.

"Follow me?" bleated Doctor Dozey. "Oh, yes, quite—I'll follow you. Where d'you want me to follow you?"

Mr. Bodger, who was a very bad-tempered man at the best of times, glared at the doddering little doctor as though he could have eaten him. But another violent spasm of pain made him clutch at his tummy and screw up his face. When the spasm had passed he turned towards the tents and bellowed:

"All out on parade. Come on—all out!"

Within a few minutes the thirty boys had been lined up in two ranks. Each of them had his mug with him, and into each mug Doctor Dozey poured a dose from the big bottle of medicine.

"There, that's grand!" cried good-hearted Farmer Whipstraw. "You'll all feel better in no time when you've drunk that, lads!"

"Kindly keep quiet!" snapped Mr. Bodger, receiving the last dose in the bottle from Doctor Dozey. "Now, boys," he went on, turning to the two ranks, "I will say 'One—two—three—*drink!*' and when I say '*drink!*' I will expect to see every boy swallow his medicine at one gulp. Any boy who tries to evade swallowing his medicine will be severely flogged. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled some of the boys, whilst others just nodded.

"Then, one—two—three," cried Mr. Bodger, "*drink!*"

With one accord he and the thirty boys swallowed their doses of medicine at one gulp. But, as they did so, a most amazing—a most astounding thing happened.

For, in a flash, the whole bunch of them vanished completely and, in their place, stood two rows of animals of all sorts and sizes from rabbits, pigs and donkeys to lions and tigers and bears.

Where Mr. Bodger had been standing

there now stood a particularly savage-looking polar bear. It was standing upright on its hind legs and was glaring at the two rows of animals as though it simply couldn't believe its eyes.

"Goodness, gracious me, whatever's happened?" gasped Farmer Whipstraw, backing fearfully away.

"Oh dear—oh dear—I know what's happened!" cried little Doctor Dozey, wringing his hands in despair and looking, for once, really frightened. "I—I must have got the bottles of medicine mixed up. I've invented a liquid for changing people into animals and—and I must have given these boys and their master a dose of it instead of the proper medicine. I—I must have got the bottles mixed up in the medicine-cupboard, you see."

"D'you mean—d'you mean that that polar bear there is really Mr. Bodger?" gasped Farmer Whipstraw.

"Yes, that's him," quavered the doctor. "The liquid changes people into the animals they most resemble in human life. If anyone, for instance, is like a big, bad-tempered bear in human life, then the liquid will change him into a bear. And if a boy is fat and greedy like a pig, the liquid will change him into a pig. If a boy is stupid, he'll be changed into a donkey. If he's sly and cunning he'll be changed into a fox, and so on. Oh dear—oh dear," he went on, wringing his hands again, "this is awful——"

"You're telling me it's awful!" roared Mr. Bodger, for although the liquid changed people into animals, they still talked with their human voices. "It's more than awful, you blithering little imbecile. By Jove, but I'll make you pay for this, confound you!"

With the words, Mr. Bodger dropped on all fours and made a furious rush at Doctor Dozey. With a howl of terror the little doctor turned and fled madly for the farmhouse.

"Stop—come back, you wicked little monster!" roared the polar bear, bounding after him. "Just wait till I catch you—I'll make you sorry for this!"

By this time all the other animals—or, rather the boys—had joined in the chase

of the terrified doctor. Shouting and yelling, the whole bunch of them pelted madly after him; and a stranger sight you never saw than that swarm of lions, tigers, kangaroos, pigs, donkeys, foxes, goats, giraffes, hares, and all sorts of animals, rushing after the terrified doctor yelling:

"Stop, you rotter!"

"Turn us into boys again, you beast!"

"Just wait till my father hears of this, you cad!"

"Don't let him get away—make him turn us back into boys again!"

Running as he had never run in his life before, Doctor Dozey reached the farmhouse a couple of jumps ahead of the raging polar bear. Rushing into the house, he slammed the door behind him and fled into the kitchen.

But the closed door didn't stop Mr. Bodger. It would have taken more than a wooden door to stop him, when he was in such a state. He charged madly at the door and sent it crashing inwards.

"Where are you, you wicked little wretch!" he roared, bounding along the passage-way which led to the kitchen. "Where are you, you villain!"

Doctor Dozey by this time was out through the back-door and fleeing madly across-country. The polar bear saw him through the kitchen window. With a roar of triumph, he bounded in pursuit, charging madly out through the back-door.

After him tore the rest of the animals, having swept through the farm house like a tornado. But the poor little doctor was just about at his last gasp. His faltering legs would carry him no farther.

In terror and despair he turned to face the savage-looking polar bear which was rushing at him so fiercely.

"Stop!" he cried shrilly. "Stop—if you—if you gobble me up or do anything like that, you'll remain a polar bear for the rest of your life. There's nobody but—but I who can change you back to your proper self again!"

These words stopped Mr. Bodger as a shot from a gun would have done. He stopped dead in his tracks and stood glaring and growling and snarling at the

quaking doctor in the most terrifying manner.

"Can you change me back?" he snarled.

"Yes—yes," panted Doctor Dozey. "I've got a bottle of antidote—a bottle of liquid that will change you and the boys back to your proper selves again. If—if you will let me go home I'll try to find it."

"What d'you mean—you'll try to find it?" roared Mr. Bodger. "Don't you know where it is, for certain?"

"Well, it's—it's somewhere in my house," faltered the absent-minded little doctor. "I—I know I put it somewhere. Yes, I must have put it somewhere, of course. Do let me go home and I'll search for it right away."

Mr. Bodger glared at him in baffled fury.

"If you weren't the only person who can change us back to our proper selves again, I'd make you sorry for this," he choked. "As it is, you'll get your nasty, miserable, wretched self off home now to find that antidote—and I'm coming with you!"

"Nunno—there's no need for that!" cried the little doctor hastily.

"Yes, there is!" roared the polar bear in a perfectly awful voice. "I'm not letting you out of my sight until you've found that bottle of antidote, you stupid, half-witted little worm. So don't stand there. Get moving!"

"Oh, sir, can we come with you?" cried the rest of the animals. "Oh, sir, we don't want to stay like this. Oh, sir, do let us come with you!"

"I will do nothing of the sort!" thundered the polar bear. "You will remain here on the farm until I return with the bottle of liquid which will make you your proper selves again. If we were all to go along to the village together, people would think we were a confounded menagerie or something. The thing's ridiculous!"

The Polar Bear Drives

HE turned to Farmer Whipstraw who had arrived on the scene with about a dozen, gaping and frightened-looking farm-hands, all armed with pitchforks and scythes.

"Whipstraw," he said haughtily, "we will return to the village in your gig."

"Well, you can try it, if you like," said the farmer slowly, "but I reckon the old horse'll be a bit too frightened to carry you."

"What d'you mean—frightened of me?" snapped Mr. Bodger.

"Well, you being a polar bear like," explained Farmer Whipstraw. "A horse is a queer sort o' critter and what it'll think when it sees a polar bear climbing up into the gig, I dunno. Howsumever, you can try it if you want to!"

figure than he cut, lying there, with his four legs waving in the air, would be hard to imagine. Anyway, it brought a scream of laughter from one of the other animals.

"Who laughed?" thundered Mr. Bodger, rolling over and bounding savagely to his feet. "What boy had the confounded impertinence to laugh like that?"

"P-p-please, sir, it was me," quavered a boy named Harold Hake, who had been turned into a laughing hyena. "P-please, sir, I couldn't help it!"

"Couldn't help it!" roared Mr. Bodger, cuffing him savagely round the head with



In a flash the boys vanished completely, and in their place stood a crowd of animals of all sorts.

With a sniff, Mr. Bodger turned to Doctor Dozey.

"You come with me!" he ordered.

Turning on his heel, he waddled away on his hind legs towards where the gig was still standing by the tents. But it was as Farmer Whipstraw had said. The horse turned its head, took one look at the big polar bear climbing into the gig, then bolted madly away, with a shrill neigh of sheer terror.

The result was that Mr. Bodger fell with a thud on his back. A more ridiculous

one of his paws. "I'll teach you not to laugh at me, even if you have been changed into a beastly laughing hyena. There, let that be a lesson to you!"

Having dealt the unfortunate Hake a final cuff, he turned to Doctor Dozey.

"As the horse has bolted I have no other choice than to walk to the village with you," he snorted. "Come, we will go at once!"

"But—but look here," faltered the little doctor. "I—I don't fancy walking along with you. I mean to say, what

will people think? Me walking along with a polar bear. It's—it's silly."

"And what d'you think it's like for me *being* a polar bear?" roared Mr. Bodger, fairly dancing with rage. "Any more arguing from you, you horrid little worm, and I'll thundering well *chase* you to the village. Now, come on!"

Seeing there was nothing else for it, the doctor gave in and set off for the village with Mr. Bodger waddling along on his hind legs beside him.

They hadn't got very far along the road when they met a small gipsy boy playing in the hedgerow.

"Coo, it's a bear!" gasped the lad, staring open-eyed and open-mouthed and shrinking farther back into the hedge. "A real, live bear. Is he safe, mister?"

"Oh, yes," said Doctor Dozey.

"Is he a trained bear, please, mister?" cried the lad, getting over his first fright. "Can he dance and beg for buns, and do things like that?"

"If you don't shut your beastly little mouth I'll do things to you that you'll not forget in a hurry," snarled Mr. Bodger.

At the sound of the polar bear speaking in a human voice, the boy got such a fright that he nearly fainted on the spot. By the time he'd recovered, the doctor and his strange companion had passed on along the road.

"Corks!" gasped the lad. "A talkin' bear. I've never heard of one of them before. And, coo, it didn't half look savage! I'm going to follow it and its keeper."

He set off in the wake of Mr. Bodger and the doctor, but took jolly good care to keep at a safe distance behind them.

A sudden turn in the road brought Mr. Bodger and the doctor face to face with a stout, motherly-looking woman named Mrs. Miggs. She kept chickens and was carrying a basket full of eggs.

At sight of the polar bear she got such a fright that she let the basket fall with a crash, the eggs spilling and breaking all over the road.

"Lawks-a-mussy-me!" she gasped, staggering back to trip and sit down with a thump on the road.

"Keep him off, doctor—keep him off!" she cried in terror. "Don't let him touch me!"

"He's perfectly harmless, Mrs. Miggs, perfectly harmless, I assure you," said the doctor.

"But he don't look harmless," wailed Mrs. Miggs, still sitting on the road. "He looks that fierce and savage. Oh, doctor, what ever are you doing walking about with a great, nasty, awful, savage bear?"

"It's not a bear!" roared Mr. Bodger who could stand no more of this. "I'm a human, you stupid woman—a human named Benjamin Bodger, and I've been turned into a bear by this blithering fool here!"

But poor Mrs. Miggs didn't hear these latter words. For at the sound of the bear's voice she had fainted flat out.

"There, see what you've done," said Doctor Dozey crossly. "I do wish you'd keep quiet and not talk. It frightens people. Now I shall have to bring her round, poor thing."

He bent over Mrs. Miggs and started to bring her round. Mr. Bodger stood looking on in sulky silence. Suddenly he heard a motor-car coming along the road. It was making towards the village. Mr. Bodger brightened up. If he and the doctor could get a lift into the village it would be heaps better than walking. So Mr. Bodger waddled into the middle of the road and stood there on his hind legs and with one fore-paw raised.

Next instant the motor car—an old-fashioned, rickety, open car—came rattling round the bend in the road. It was driven by a long-nosed, pale young man. At sight of a polar bear standing there in the middle of the road with its fore-paw raised, the young man got the fright of his life.

With a cry of alarm he slammed on his brakes and skidded towards the side of the road where the car came to a stop.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Bodger, waddling towards the car with what he thought was a pleasant smile, but which really showed his great gleaming yellow fangs in what the terrified young man took to be a menacing and hungry snarl. "Do

not be alarmed. We merely want a lift into the village——”

That was as far as he got. For with a yell of sheer terror the young man had leapt clean out of the car on the other side. With another yell he cleared the hedge at one bound and set off across-country as fast as ever his long legs could carry him.

“Stupid idiot!” snarled Mr. Bodger, glaring after the swiftly dwindling figure. “Never mind, he’s left us his car. That’s something, and he can always collect it later from the village.”

He turned to the doctor who was assisting the still frightened Mrs. Miggs to her feet.

“Now don’t start talking again,” begged the little doctor. “It frightens Mrs. Miggs.”

He turned to her and went on:

“There’s nothing to be frightened of. Everything will be explained later. Now you go along and don’t tell anyone about this bear which you’ve seen. It won’t hurt you, I assure you.”

“But it—it spoke!” gasped Mrs. Miggs, looking fearfully at the glowering but silent Mr. Bodger.

“I know it did,” said the little doctor, racking his woolly brains for the best thing to say. Then suddenly he had a brain wave: “Look now,” he went on, lowering his voice, “this is just a little experiment of mine—making animals talk. I’ve succeeded with this bear, but I don’t want anyone to know yet. Will you promise to keep it a secret?”

“Y-yes!” gasped Mrs. Miggs. “I don’t want to talk about it, I’m sure. It gave me such a turn.”

“Well, but you’re better now,” said the doctor, patting her plump arm. “Now you run along and don’t say anything to anybody.”

“Yes, but what about my broken eggs?” said Mrs. Miggs, taking the basket which the doctor had picked up for her. “I was going to sell them.”

“I must pay for them, I suppose,” sighed the doctor, putting his hand in his pocket. “Tut, tut, would you believe it? I’ve come out without any money. Never mind, call round at my house some time and I’ll pay you for the eggs.”

“Well, thank you very kindly, doctor,” said Mrs. Miggs. “But if I may say so as shouldn’t, I don’t think you ought to do any ex-experiments or whatever you call them with a great, nasty, savage polar bear. It might turn on you and eat you up.”

Doctor Dozey shuddered at the very thought. But he bravely assured Mrs. Miggs that the bear was quite tame and docile and wouldn’t eat him up.

“Thank goodness she’s gone!” snarled Mr. Bodger, when Mrs. Miggs had taken her departure. “I thought she was going to stand talking there all day, the silly old fool. Can you drive a car?”

“No, I’m afraid I can’t,” admitted the doctor.

“Well, I can, and I expect I’ll be able to manage even if I have been changed into a beastly bear by your confounded mixture,” snarled Mr. Bodger. “Get in!”

“But it’s not our car,” quavered the doctor.

“I don’t care a hoot whose car it is!” roared Mr. Bodger. “I’m going to the village in it and so are you. *Get in!*”

A few minutes later there was the big, white polar bear driving along in a rickety motor car, with poor little Doctor Dozey sitting beside him.

By sitting on the floor of the car instead of on the seat, Mr. Bodger could reach the clutch and the other gadgets quite easily with his feet, whilst his long body made it quite easy for him to hold the steering wheel with his fore-paws.

The few people whom they passed on the road rubbed their eyes and gaped in blank astonishment. Never in all their lives had they seen such an extraordinary sight.

“Whereabouts d’you live?” demanded Mr. Bodger of the doctor, as the car reached the village.

“Just along the street there,” said the doctor, pointing. “Four doors past the fishmonger’s. At least, I think it’s four doors. I rather forget. However, I do know that it’s just a little way past the fishmonger’s——”

“Does he keep nice fish?” put in Mr. Bodger, licking his great chops. “Nice, big, fat, juicy, plump fish?”

"Why, yes, I believe he does keep nice fish," quavered the doctor. "Why?"

"Because I want some," growled Mr. Bodger. "I'm so hungry I feel I could eat a whole barrel of fish—raw fish."

Doctor Dozey wasn't surprised. He knew that folks who were turned into animals by his wonderful liquid had the same sort of appetites as animals, and ate the very same sort of food. So, as polar bears simply love raw fish, it was quite natural that Mr. Bodger should want some, also.

"Here we are!" growled Mr. Bodger, pulling up outside the fishmonger's and staring hungrily at the array of fish laid out on the marble slab. "Hop out and get some!"

"But can't you wait till we get home?" faltered the little doctor. "My house-keeper will open a tin of salmon for you—I'm sure she must have a tin of salmon somewhere——"

"What the dickens d'you think I want with a tin of salmon, you blithering idiot?" roared Mr. Bodger, losing his temper completely. "I could eat a hundred tins of salmon—a thousand tins of salmon. I want every bit of fish on that slab—every bit of fish in the whole shop, d'you hear?"

The poor little doctor couldn't help but hear. Neither could the people in the street. They gathered in an excited and frightened group at a safe distance from the car and stood staring in pop-eyed astonishment.

"Look here, if you won't go and get that fish I'll get it myself," bellowed Mr. Bodger, his great jaws fairly watering at the sight of the nice, plump fish. "But you'll pay for it, mind. I have no money, now that I've lost my confounded clothes, so you'll have to pay!"

"Oh dear!" groaned the poor doctor. "Why ever did I invent that dreadful liquid?"

Mr. Bodger could withstand the sight of the fish no longer. With a snort of rage at Doctor Dozey, he sprang right out of the car. Another bound took him to the fishmonger's slab where he reared up on his hind legs.

"Umm-mm — scrumptious — delicious!" he mumbled, grabbing fish after fish from the slab and cramming them greedily into his great mouth.

Peering across the slab into the shop he saw the terrified fishmonger crouching in a corner watching him, his face as white as a sheet.

"It's all right, I'm not going to hurt you," Mr. Bodger informed him, guzzling greedily away at the fish. "And you needn't worry about not being paid. Dozey or Dopey, or whatever they call the fathead, will pay you. Well, that's the lot on the slab. Have you any fish left in the refrigerator or anywhere?"

"Y-y-yes," gulped the terrified fishmonger.

"Well, come on, hand them over!" ordered Mr. Bodger, waddling into the shop on his hind legs. "I feel as though I've just had a snack so far."

The trembling fishmonger gave him every bit of fish in the shop. He wouldn't have dreamt of refusing. But he kept pinching himself to make certain that all this wasn't some awful dream.

"I—I didn't know bears could talk," he gulped.

"Neither they can!" snarled Mr. Bodger, finishing the last of the fish. "I'm not a bear—I'm a man. I've been changed into a bear by that nasty, stupid Doctor Dopey or Dozey of yours. Never mind, I'll make him pay. I'll have damages out of him. By George! I will. And mind you send him a bill for the fish I've had, the doddering old ass that he is!"

He turned to leave the shop. As he did so, he let out a roar of rage. For a great crowd, including the village copper, had collected and was staring fearfully into the shop as though they expected to see the fishmonger being gobbled up.

"What the dickens are you all looking at?" roared Mr. Bodger furiously. "Get away from there. I'll not be stared at as though I was some bally freak or something. By jove! But I'll shift you!"

With the words, he dropped on all fours and came out of the shop with a furious rush. Yelling and screaming in terror, the

crowd rushed frantically away, some going in one direction and some in another.

The village copper—a fat man—had been in the front of the crowd. He was, therefore, now at the rear of it. He couldn't run very fast, either. So, nearly fainting with fright, he started to shin madly up a lamp post.

"Come down off that, you silly fool!" snarled Mr. Bodger, rearing up on his hind legs and giving the copper a blow with his paw.

"Help—murder—call-'im-off—HELP!" howled the terrified bluebottle, lashing madly out with a heavily-booted foot.

His number nine took Mr. Bodger fairly and squarely on the snout. With a terrific roar of rage, that gentleman grabbed the copper round the waist with his fore-paws, tore him from the lamp post, and waddled with him to the nearby horse trough.

"I'll teach you not to kick me on the nose!" he snarled. "Stop bellowing like that you great lout. There, in you go!"

With that he dropped the bawling and desperately struggling policeman into the horse trough with a terrific splash.

"Oh, do, p-p-please, come away," quavered the voice of little Doctor Dozey behind him. "Oh, do come!"

"I'm coming," replied Mr. Bodger. "If your house is near enough perhaps we can walk."

"Oh, yes, it's quite—quite near," gulped the little doctor. "There it is—there."

With a trembling finger he pointed to his front door.

"Very well," said Mr. Bodger grimly, "let's go in. And for your own sake you'd better find that antidote and find it precious quick!"

A Fright for the Poacher

MEANWHILE, back at the farm the rest of the boys were holding an indignation meeting—and a very excited and agitated meeting it was.

"What I want to know is, what's going to happen if that silly old josser can't find the liquid to change us back to our proper

selves again?" cried a boy named Algy Peeke, who had been turned into a monkey. "We can't stay like this all our lives."

"I'm afraid we'll have to, if he can't find the stuff," said a boy named Peter Raynor, who had been turned into a lion.

"Unless, of course, he remembers how to make the stuff," suggested his friend, Dick Trevor, who had been changed into a tiger. "If he remembers how to make it, he can always make some more."

"I bet he won't remember," cried a boy who had been changed into a goat. "Farmer Whipstraw says he's the most absent-minded old duffer in the world. He even forgets where he lives sometimes."

"But it's going to be awful if we've got to go back to school like this when the holidays are over," almost wept a boy who had been changed into a donkey. "Where'll we *sleep*—how'll we do our lessons?"

"That's about the only decent thing about it," put in the fat boy of the camp, Tubby Tweeks, who had been changed into a great, fat pig. "We won't be supposed to do any lessons. We'll be able to just stroll about and eat and sleep. They can't possibly expect us to do lessons like this."

"I'll tell you what," said a boy who had been changed into a sleek-looking fox, "we won't half be able to make some money by starting a circus of ourselves. Why, it'll be the only collection of talking animals in the world. People will simply flock to see us. We'll absolutely coin money—just rake it in."

"Yes, but what'll we do with it when we get it?" demanded a boy who had been changed into a rabbit. "Money won't be much good to us like this."

"Oh, I don't know," said Peter Raynor, the lion. "We'll be able to give lots of it to our people, and we'll be able to have the best of grub and everything like that for ourselves."

"But I don't *want* to stay like this," cried Cuthbert Coot, the donkey. "We won't be able to ride on buses or trams or go to the pictures or have any fun. That beastly old Dozey ought to jolly well be scragged."

"He will be—by old Bodger—if he

doesn't find the antidote," said Dick Trevor, the tiger.

Tubby Tweeks, the fat pig, moved away. He was beginning to get fed-up with the discussion. It always ended with the same question—would or would not Doctor Dozey find the antidote which would change them back to their proper selves again?

What was more, Tubby was beginning to feel hungry. When he had been a boy he had never lost a chance of stuffing himself. But, now that he was a pig, he felt that he could eat pails and pails full of delightful pig-swill.

He knew where the pig sties were, so he strolled away in that direction. Suddenly his little eyes gleamed with joy. Joe, the pig-man, was carrying two big pails of swill towards the sty.

Waiting until Joe had poured the swill into the trough and gone back into the house, Tubby trotted briskly along to the sty. Heaving himself up on his hind legs he placed his front trotters on the top of the sty and looked in.

Three big, fat pigs were feeding greedily from the trough. Being a pig himself now the very smell of the swill made Tubby's mouth fairly water.

"I say, leave some for me, you greedy rotters!" he cried indignantly.

The three pigs took not the slightest notice of him. For a moment Tubby wished he could talk pig talk—that is, if there was such a thing as pig talk—but he couldn't. He could only speak in a human voice.

"I say, don't wolf the whole blessed lot, you beasts!" he hooted wrathfully. "Leave some for me, hang you!"

The pigs, with their backs to him, kept their snouts busily engaged in the trough. Tubby was so mad, he didn't know what to do. For he could see quite easily that the trough would be empty in a very few moments.

He glared about him. Then his eye fell on the latch of the gate. It didn't take him a minute to lift the latch with one of his trotters. Then, dropping on all fours, he pulled the gate open with a trotter and ran into the sty.

"Out of the way, you great greedy hog!"

he snapped, pushing the nearest pig roughly aside with his great fat body, and burying his snout greedily in the trough.

The pig he had pushed squealed with rage. It and its two companions had lived in that sty since they were quite tiny. It was their sty and woe betide any other pig that came nosing into it—particularly a pig which started to knock them about and guzzle their dinner like Tubby was doing.

So, stepping back, the pig which Tubby had pushed, lowered its head and charged madly at him. He took Tubby right in the middle, sending that youth fairly staggering. Before Tubby could recover, the other two pigs were on him, fighting mad and simply squealing with rage.

"Stoppit—geroff—lemme up!" howled Tubby, struggling madly to regain his feet.

Somehow he did get to his feet. But how he managed it he couldn't have told you. Next instant he was charging desperately from out of the sty with the three raging pigs thundering in pursuit.

"Help!" howled Tubby, racing madly for the tents and the groups of animals who were his school mates. "Help—keep 'em off!"

"Here comes Tubby," exclaimed Peter Raynor, the lion. "I bet you what you like he's been trying to prig those pigs' grub!"

"Serve him right if they catch him," said Dick Trevor, the tiger. "But I suppose we'd better help the poor mutt!"

"Yes, come on!" said Peter.

Together they loped towards the fleeing Tubby, leaving Horace Hake, the laughing hyena, fairly hooting with mirth.

Now the three pigs chasing Tubby had never seen either a lion or a tiger in their lives before. But sheer instinct told them that lions and tigers were very dangerous animals—the sort of animals who would gobble them up.

So, when they saw the lion and tiger coming loping towards them, they did a swift semi-circle at racing speed and headed back towards their sty, squealing with rage and fright.

"Oh, thank goodness they've gone!"

(Continued on page 105.)

LISTEN, YOU MUTTS! THE RAJAH OF AVANUVVER IS COMING TO INSPECT THE TROOPS AND YOU ARE TO BE GUARD OF HONOUR! WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER YOU BLAZE AWAY A FEW ROUNDS, SEE!



WE'D BETTER HURRY UP WITH OUR TEA BEFORE THIS OLD RAJAH TODDLES ALONG, MUDDY.

COO, YES! WE MUSTN'T MEET HIM WITH OUR MOUTHS FULL



GUARD OF HONOUR, FIRE!

COO! SARGEY IS SHOUTING THAT THERES A FIRE! I WONDER WHATS BURNING?



YOU CHUMPS! HERES THE RAJAH! FIRE!

DON'T WORRY, SARGEY, WE'LL FIX IT WHEN WE GET THE HOSE GOIN C!

TO FIRE - PUTTER OUTERS DEPOT



IF THE RAJAH IS ON FIRE WE'LL SOON PUT HIM OUT!

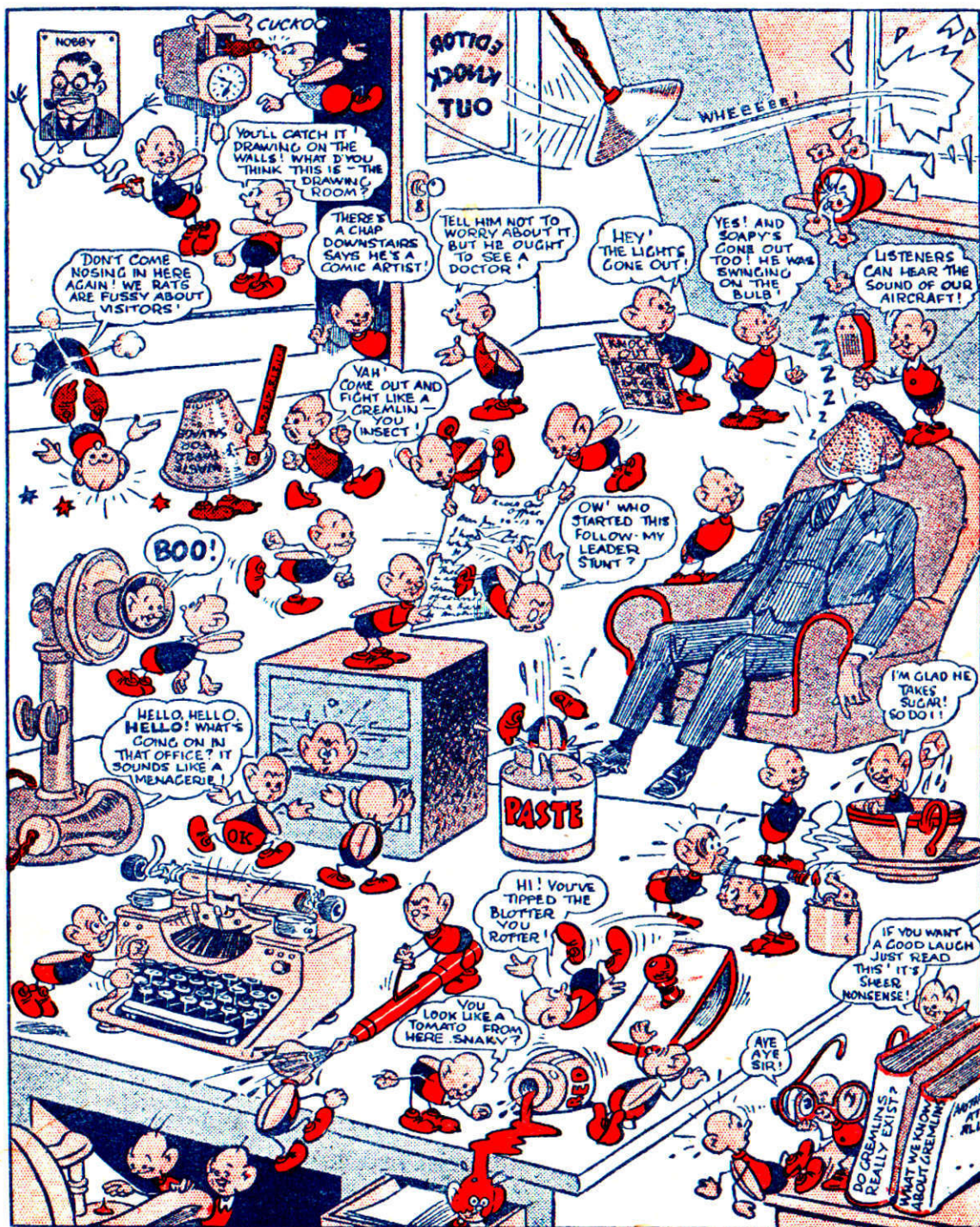
SWISH!



YOU WASHED THE MAKE UP OFF THE 'RAJAH' LADS, AND EXPOSED HANS N. KNEES THE SPY! ACCEPT THESE TICKETS FOR THE MUSEUM AND HAVE A GOOD TIME AMONG THE FOSSILS!

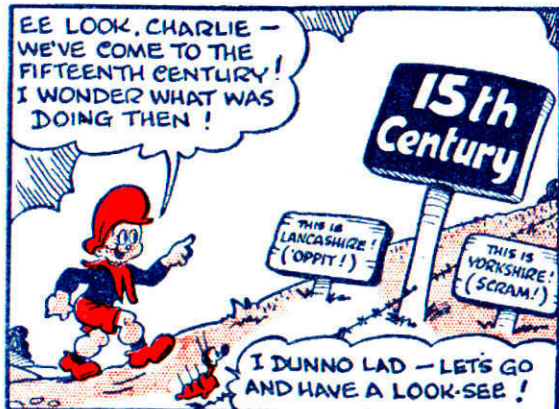


THE GREMLINS CALL ON THE EDITOR



OUR ERNIE

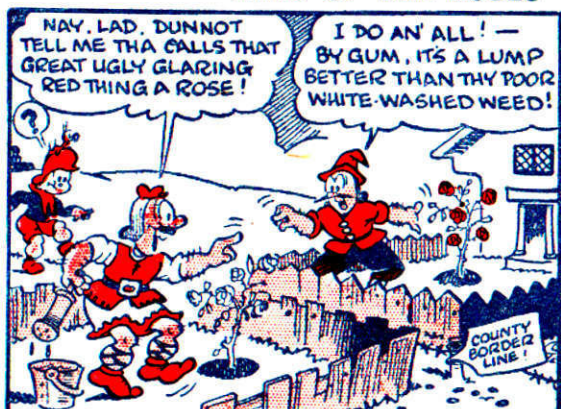
GETS MIXED UP IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES



EE LOOK, CHARLIE - WE'VE COME TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY! I WONDER WHAT WAS DOING THEN!

I DUNNO LAD - LET'S GO AND HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

Way back in fifteenth century, When folk were tough as tough could be, North country rose-growers started fight About which were best 'uns—red or white!



NAY, LAD, DUNNOT TELL ME THA CALLS THAT GREAT UGLY GLARING RED THING A ROSE!

I DO AN' ALL! - BY GUM, IT'S A LUMP BETTER THAN THY POOR WHITE-WASHED WEED!

Folk who lived in Yorkshire thought White roses were the bestest sort, But Lancashire folk said they were queer, 'Cos red 'uns grew best in Lancashire.

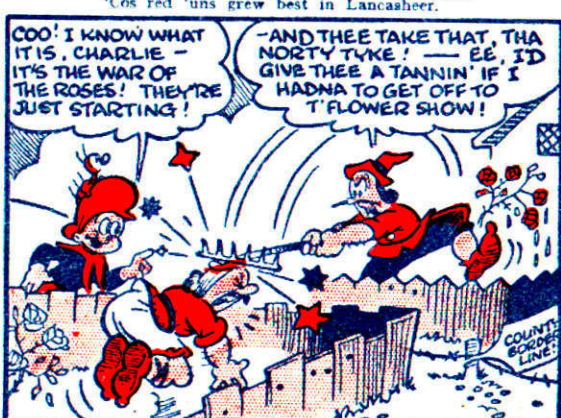


THEE AND THY RED ROSES! TAKE THAT, THA BIG LANCASHIRE GORM!

EE, I'LL GIVE THEE SUMMAT FOR THAT!

THEY'RE GETTING PROPER VEILED, ERNIE!

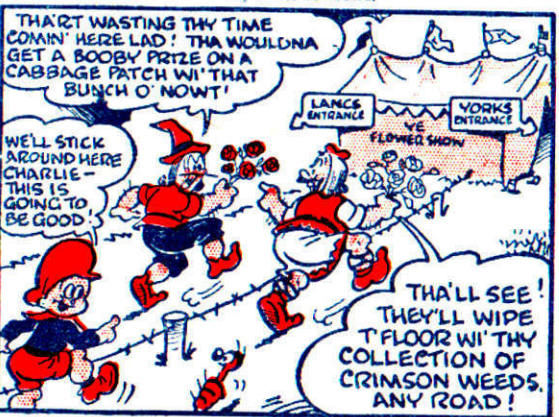
There were one place on county line Where both lots of roses were doing fine, But one chap threw mud at neighbour's rose And in no time they came to blows.



COO! I KNOW WHAT IT IS, CHARLIE - IT'S THE WAR OF THE ROSES! THEY'RE JUST STARTING!

-AND THEE TAKE THAT, THA NORTY TYKE! - EE, I'D GIVE THEE A TANNIN' IF I HADNA TO GET OFF TO T FLOWER SHOW!

And blows soon got to be a fight, And words were said which weren't polite, And Ernie, watching what were doing, Knew it were Wars of Roses brewing.



THA'RT WASTING THY TIME COMIN' HERE LAD! THA WOULDNA GET A BOOBY PRIZE ON A CABBAGE PATCH WI' THAT BUNCH O' NOWT!

WE'LL STICK AROUND HERE CHARLIE - THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD!

THA'LL SEE! THEY'LL WIPE T FLOOR WI' THY COLLECTION OF CRIMSON WEEDS, ANY ROAD!

So when these two set off to go And enter roses in local show, Lad followed them to see fair play, And listen to what next they'd say.

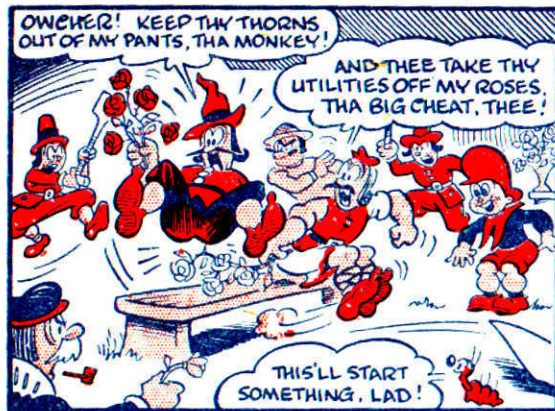


NAY, THA NEVER HAS T CHEEK TO ENTER THAT BUNCH OF HALF-DEAD DICKEY DAISIES!

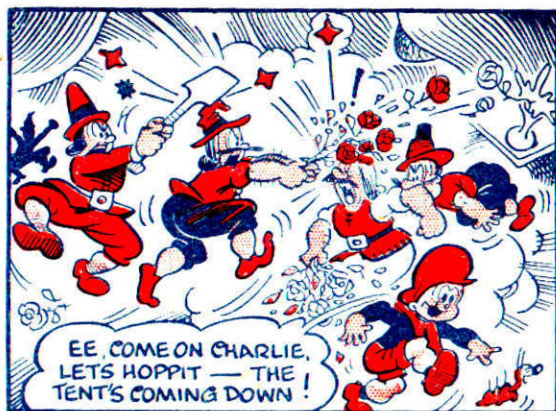
EE, I'VE CHUCKED BETTER 'UNS NOR THINE IN T DUST BIN! I HAVE AN' ALL!

WAIT FOR IT CHARLIE!

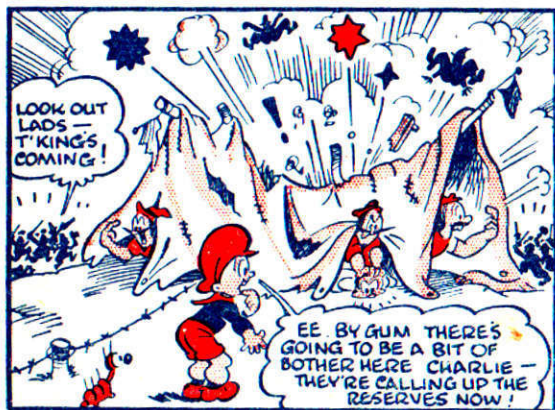
Cried Lancashire feller with a sneer, "By gum, lad, what's the big idea Entering such rubbish for the show? It's roses they want, lad. Didn't tha know?"



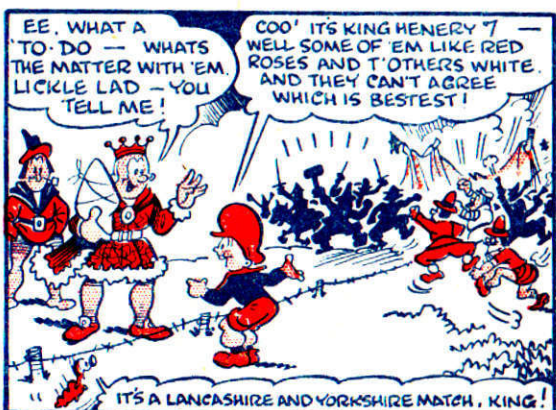
Yelled Yorkshire chap, "I'll tell thee what, If bunch o' weeds like that I'd got, I'd bung 'em in muck heap, I would, Why, dandelions look just as good!"



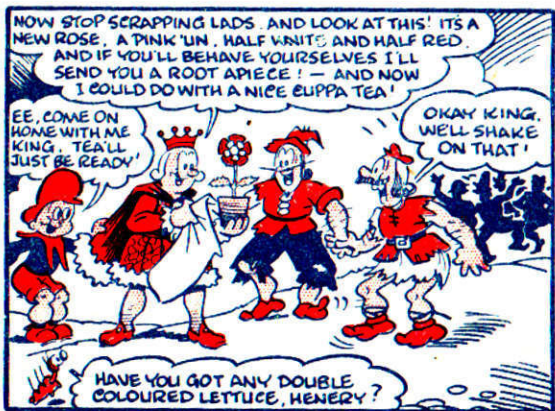
Well, other chaps heard what were said, And some were for white roses, some for red, And no-one cared who were right or wrong So long as fight were going strong.



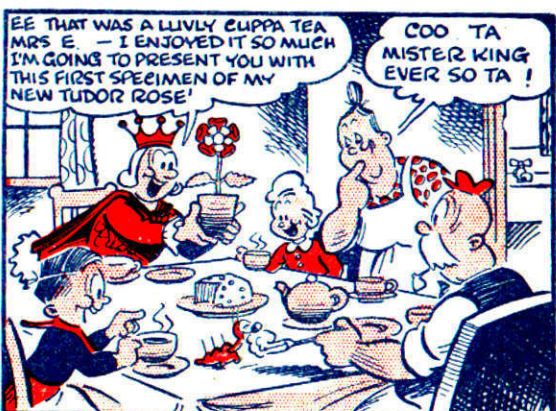
The tent came down, but from within Still came a tearful row and din, As more folk joined in War o' Roses, Swapping black eyes and swollen noses.



The King turned up and cried, "Hi, lad! If you can tell me, I'll be glad To know what's going on round here, And why these chaps is acting queer!"

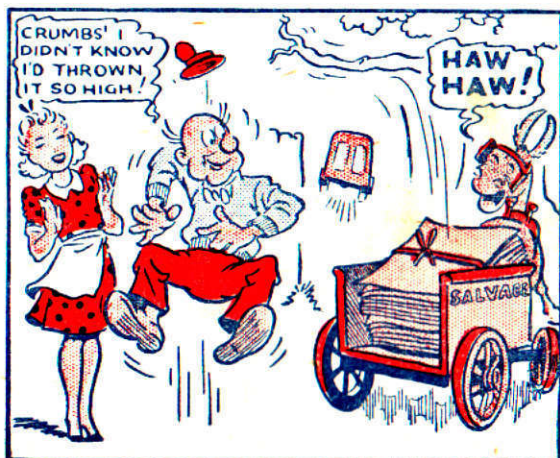
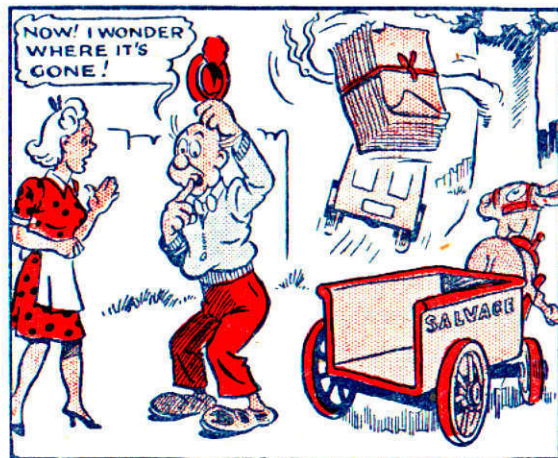
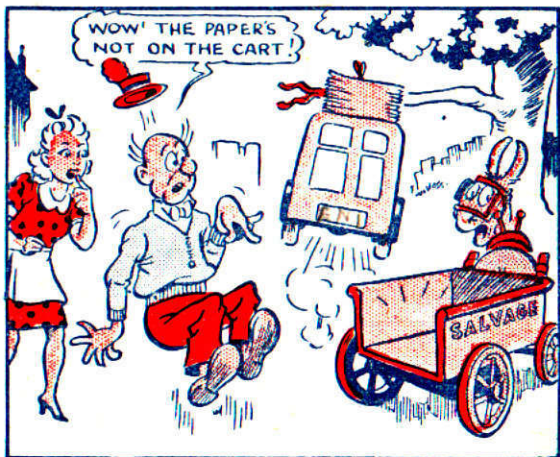
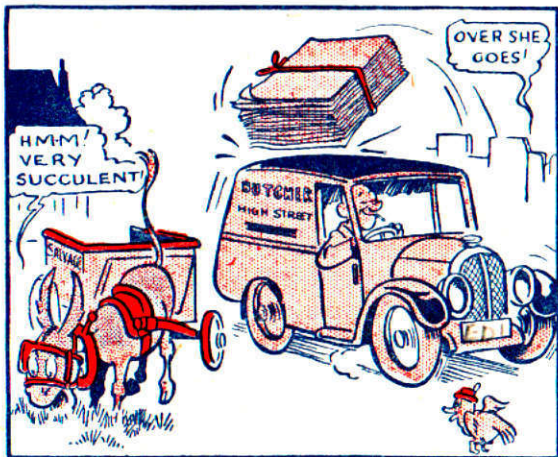
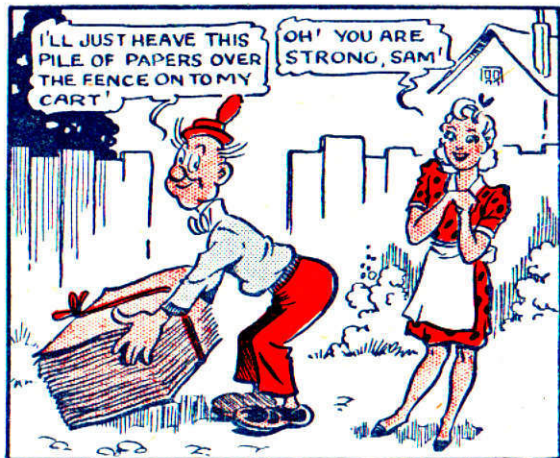


When lad explained the king cried, "Ee, Well, I've got summat they'd like to see, Look, lads—pink rose—half red, half white! If you grow these you needn't fight!"



So that were fixed. Then Henery, Said he'd be glad to have his tea, So Ernie took him home, where he Presented pink rose to Mrs. E.

SALVAGE SAM





SO YOU'VE SWALLOWED A BOX OF PENCILS - INCREDIBLE!

NO, DOC! INDELIBLE!

HOW CAN ANY FELLER PASS EXAMS WHEN THEY ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT THINGS THAT HAPPENED BEFORE HE WAS BORN?!

I WAS JUST POPPING OUT TO POST A LETTER!

BUT I COULDN'T GET ANY SHORTER RHUBARB, SIR!

CALL YOURSELF A LION TAMER, WHAT'S WORRYING YOU?

JUST A LION, BOSS, JUST A LION!!!

SCRAPLE BOOKLY

The doings of Pop Cornish

IF YOUR PAL'S GOT A JOB WITH HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE UNDER HIM WHAT'S HIS JOB? A DIRECTOR?

NO, HE CUTS THE GRASS IN THE CEMETERY!

DID YOU SAY YOU'D HAD A BIT OF BIRTH PUT IN FREE?

SURE I'VE JUST STEPPED ON A BULLDOG'S TAIL!

THAT SNOW LOOKS PRETTY DEEP!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! I'M SITTING ON TOP OF AN OPEN DECK TRAIN!

YES, SONNY, IT'S MY JOB TO KEEP THE PEACE!

OKAY! THEN KEEP THIS PIECE OF SICK JAW, TILL I COME OUT OF THE FLICKS!

BEEN FIGHTING?

NO, CHUM! THE OTHER BLOKE WAS DOING THE FIGHTING - I WAS JUST LEARNING!

OHAY! THEN LET GO OF MY WRIST WATCH!

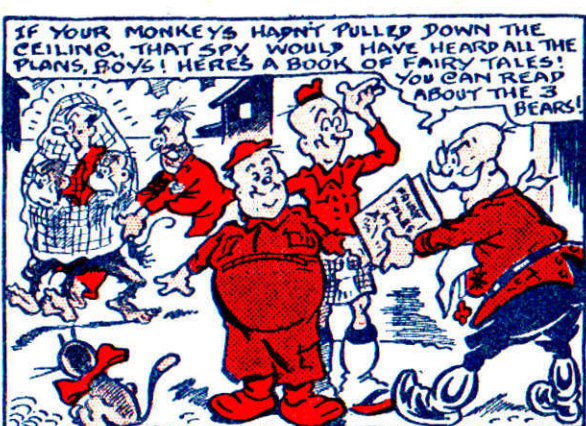
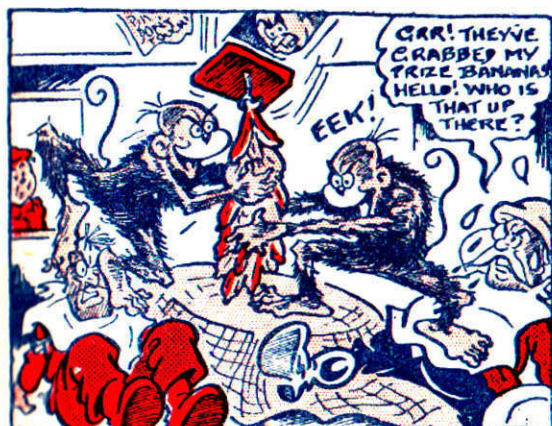
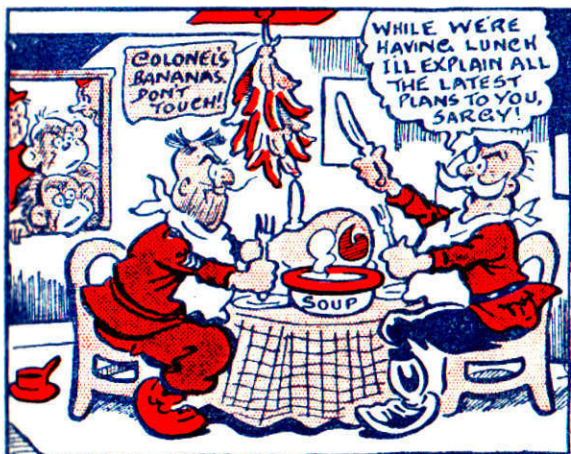
TOO LATE NOW, MISTER! HE'LL HAVE TO GO AS A CATERPILLAR!

MY SON'S EEKED IN THE PARADE AS A BUTTERFLY AND HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS WINGS!

FANCY DRESS MAKE THREE

DID YOU SAY PHEASANTS? I THOUGHT YOU SAID PEASANTS!

POOR OLD JOE'S GOT HICCUPS THIS MORNING!



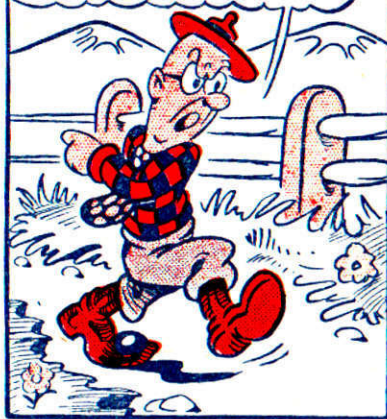
DAFFY THE COWBOY 'TEC



GOSH! A SECRET WEAPON THAT
MAKES NO NOISE AN' USES NO
BULLETS! I MUST LOOK INTO THIS!



I CAN'T HAVE THIS SORT OF THING GOIN'
ON-IT'S VERY DANGEROUS! I'LL SOON
FIND OUT WOT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



SAY! ARE YOU PROFESSOR
BARMYNOB, THE INVENTOR
OF THE NEW
SECRET
WEAPON?



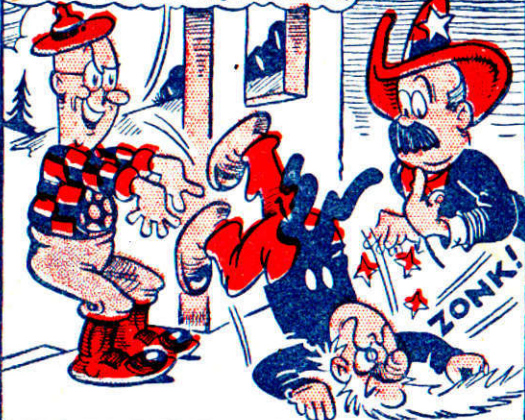
'S'RIGHT, BUDDY!
I'VE GOT IT IN
MY POCKET!



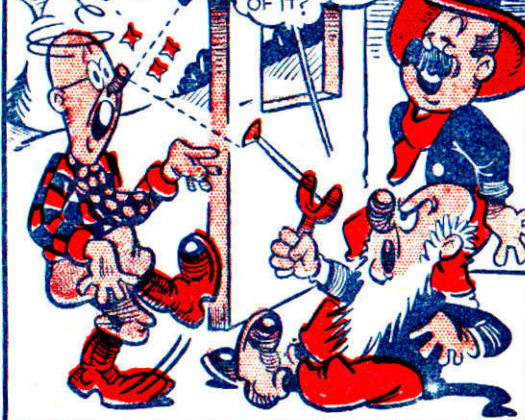
O.K. PROF! WELL, YOU'RE COMING
ALONGER ME!



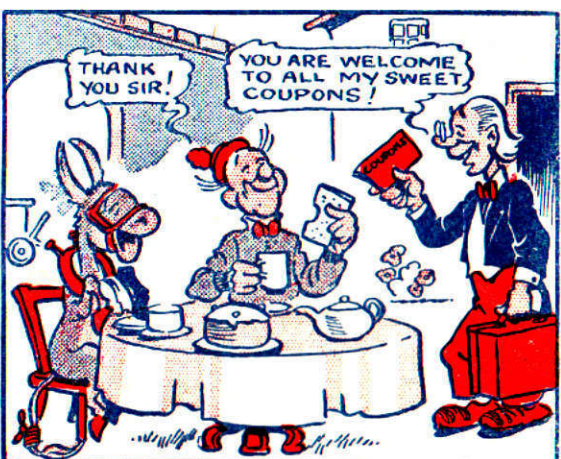
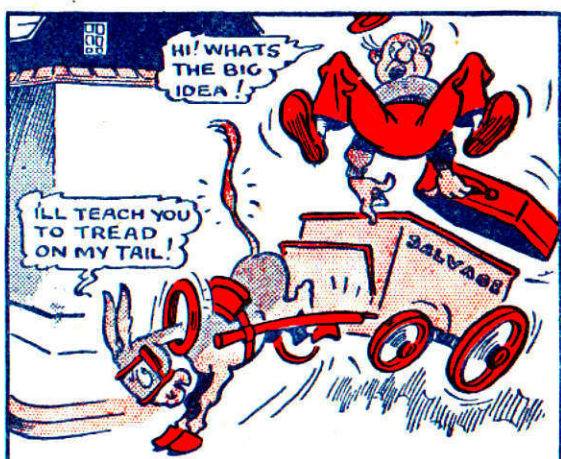
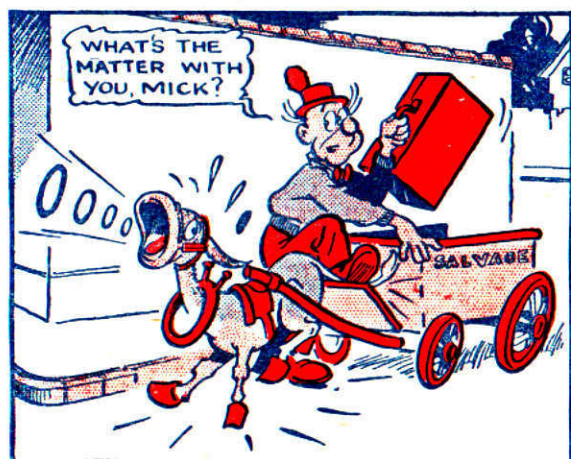
HYAR Y'ARE, SHERIFF! THIS GUY HAS INVENTED A VERY
DANGEROUS SECRET WEAPON! I'VE ARRESTED HIM SOWE
CAN FIND OUT WOT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



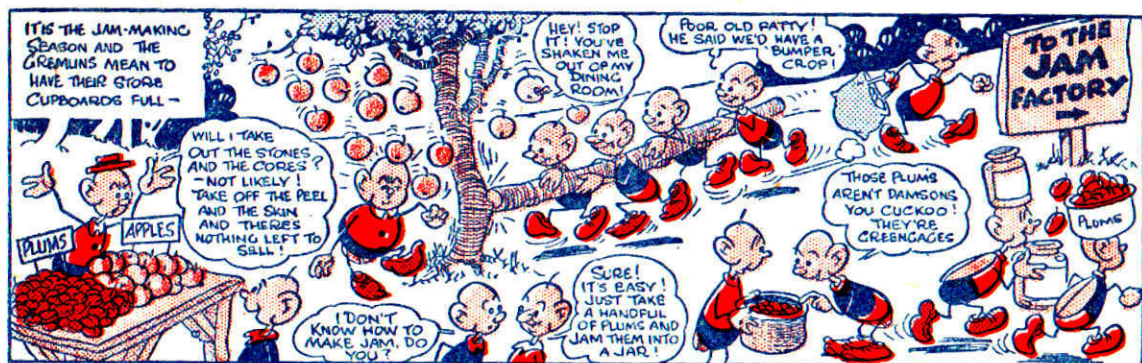
(WELL, HERE IT IS, CHUM!
NO BULLETS-NO NOISE!
WOTCHER THINK
OF IT?)



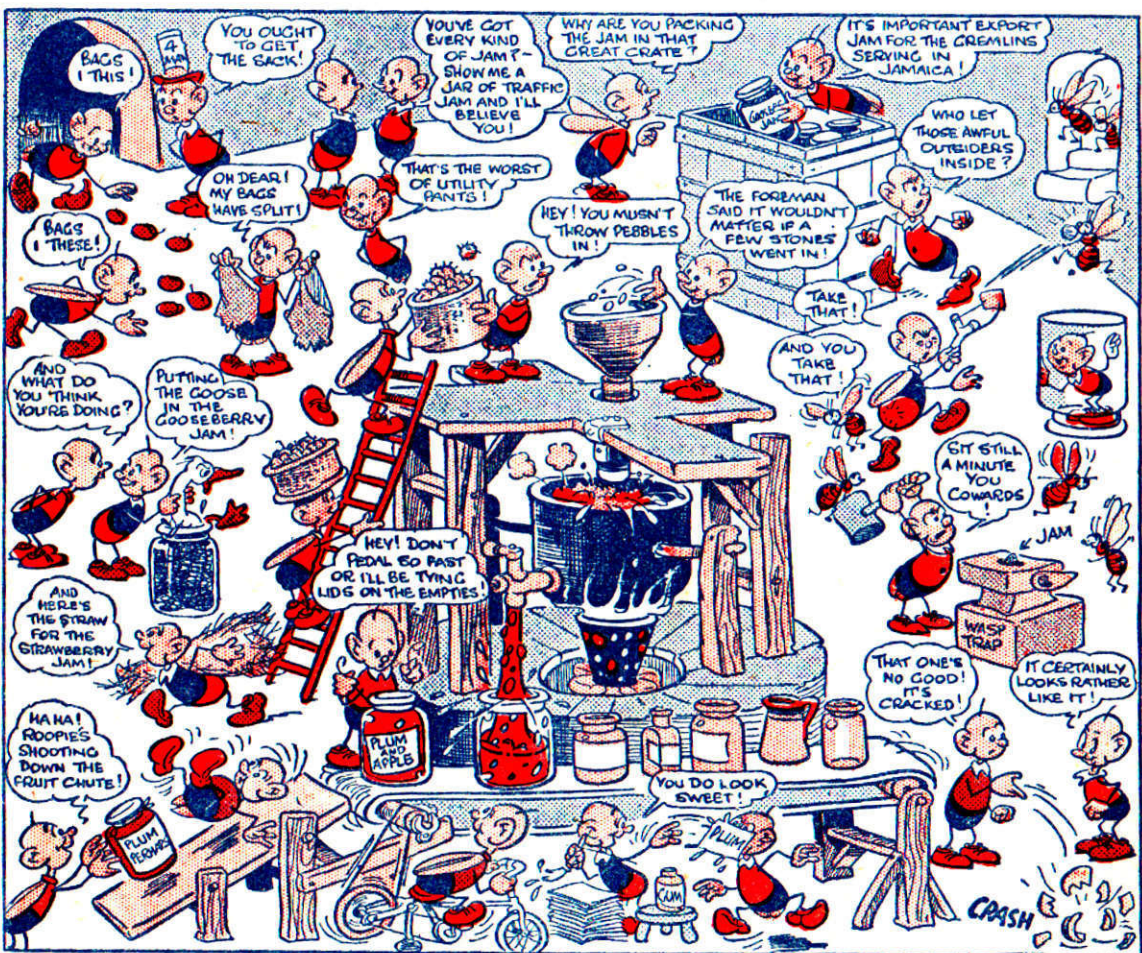
SALVAGE SAM



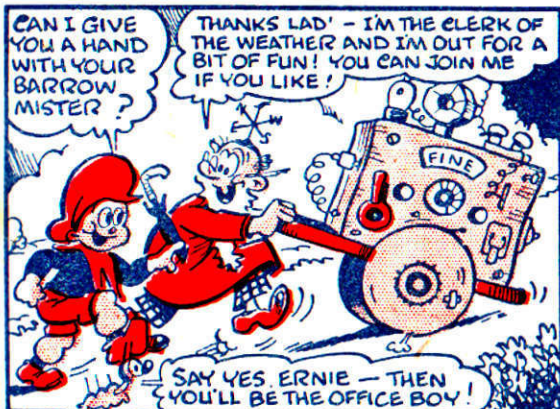
IT'S THE GREMLINS!



1. The Gremlins were in a jam! They hadn't any jam, and the bees had gone on strike. So they decided to raid Farmer Snatchit's orchard. Bunny and Co. were using a battering-ram to get down the apples. They got Fatty down, anyway. What with jam and rams they'll be in a fine pickle.



2. But the jam was soon under way—practically every jam—plum, strawgog and goosegog. But Snaky caught them out when he asked for traffic jam! Reginald did look sweet, especially when he was labelled, by the bill-sticker-onger. Gosh, they do have some fun.



Ernie were wearing out good shoe leather, When he came across the Clerk of the Weather, Who were pushing a barrow with radio set With which he switches on fine or wet.



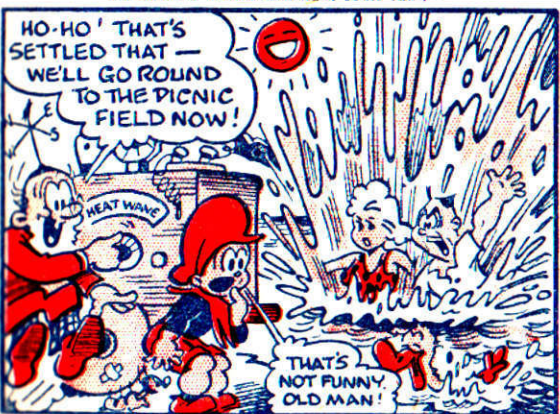
Now Clerk of Weather has own idea Of what's good fun—that's very clear, 'Cos he thinks nothing is better joke Than switching weather to upset folk.



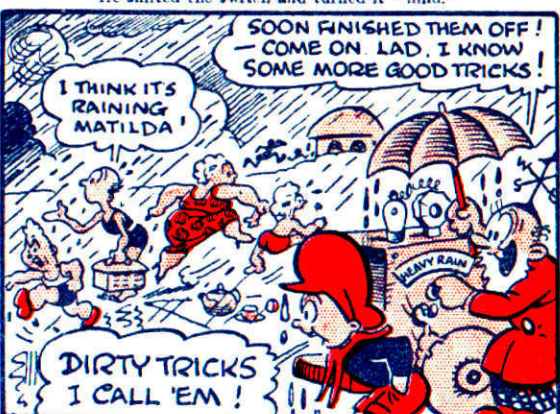
So pushing his barrow into a park, He cried, "Hallo! Why, here's a lark! You see all these folk enjoying the sun? I'll turn on freezer and have some fun!"



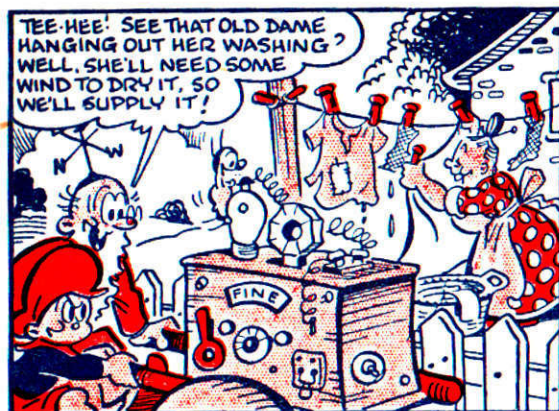
but Sydney and his girl friend Kate Didn't complain, but started to skate, And this made Clerk of the Weather so wild He shifted the switch and turned it "mild."



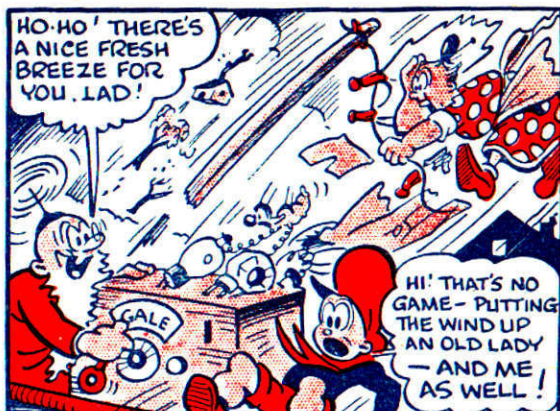
Then switched on heat wave, yes, he did, And into the lake went Kate and Sid, And the old man chortled "Ha! Ha! He! He! That's kind of joke that appeals to me!



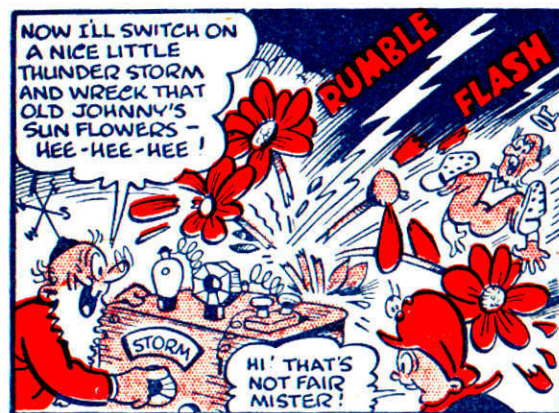
Come on, lad. He, here's another lark— Here's a party picnicking in the park! I'll switch on heavy rain, I will! That'll make 'em scuttle and catch a chill!



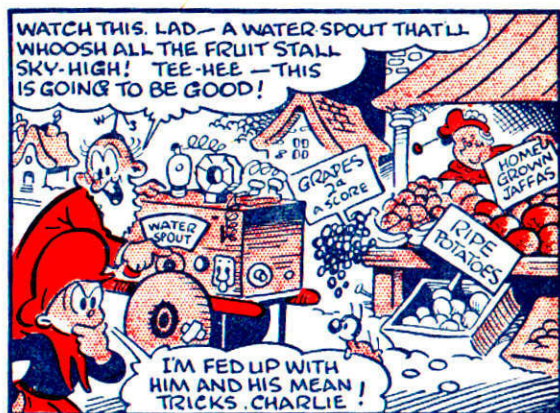
And here's an old dear with washing out;
She thinks it's going to be fine, no doubt!
You'd better hold on your cap, y'know,
'Cos I'm switching on for a first-class blow!



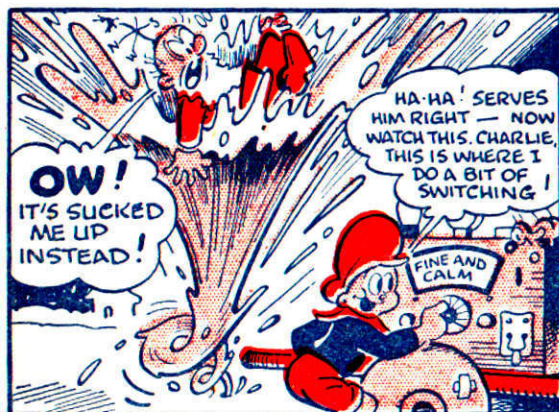
Tee! Hee! The old dame's gone sky-high,
And washing's gone with her. Oh me, Oh my!
That'll cost her a good few coupons, lad;
I'll bet that's made her proper mad!



And here's an old boy grown some flowers—
I'll bet it's taken him hours and hours;
Well, watch me finish 'em. Ee, it's fun!
Just switch on 'storm' and job is done!



Why, here's old duck with ripe fruit stall,
Oranges, spuds, and grapes and all;
I'll just switch on my water spout!
Ha! Ha! Hee! Hee! I'll drown her out!"



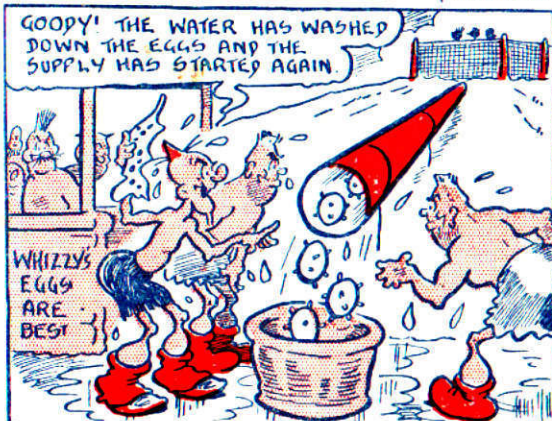
But water spout he made too strong,
With mighty swish it came along,
And old duck's fruit it passed clean by,
But whisked the Weather Clerk into sky.



Cried lad, "Ee, I'll teach mean old bloke
How his jokes feel to o'her folk."
So he turned the switch. Then came a bump,
And old-bump landed with fearful thump.

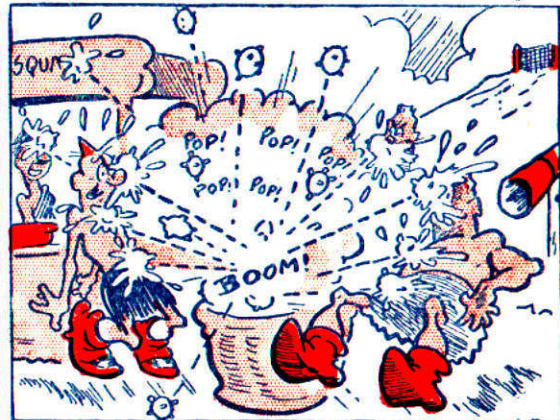
STONEHENGE KIT, THE ANCIENT BRIT

(Continued from page 4)



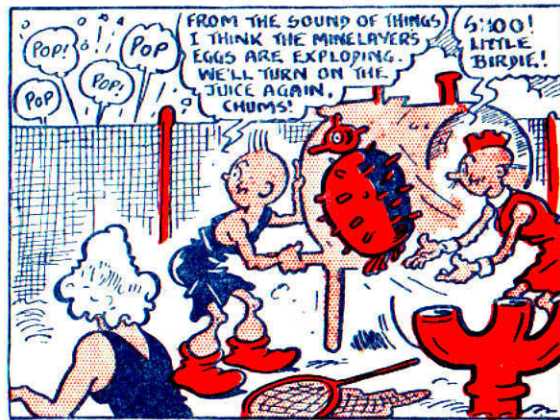
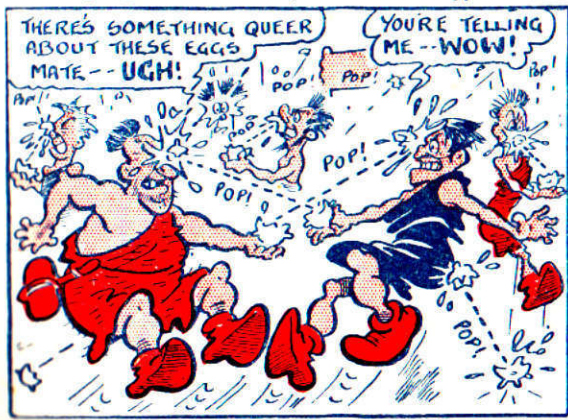
1. The minelayer bird was not long in getting to work. Whizzy, waiting at the other end of the pipe, thought the water had washed down a fresh supply of hen fruit.

2. Whizzy's stall started to do good business again. Whizzy chuckled with triumph. He would have a nice nest-egg to start his Royal Treasury with when he was King of Stonehenge.



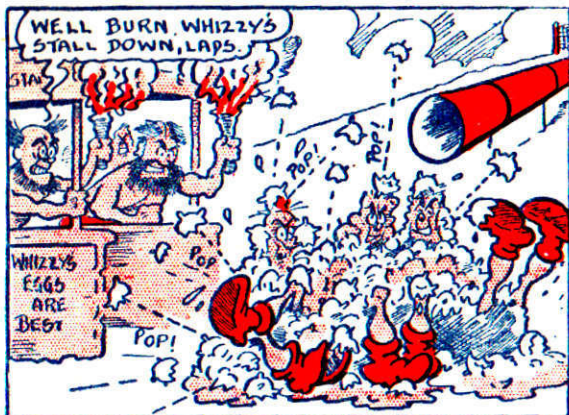
3. He rubbed his hands and called for more eggs. A nice big basketful was waiting for him. Things certainly seemed to be going well with Whizzy—and then it happened!

4. One of the mine-layer's eggs must have been addled. It eggploded with a loud pop and that set the rest of the basketful off. Whizzy got the surprise of his life.

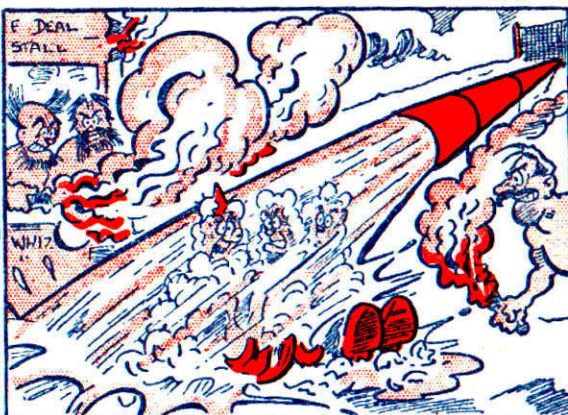


5. A nexplusive egg caught Whizzy neatly on the nose. The yoke was on him! All the customers were getting their share of eggs, but not in the way they wanted 'em!

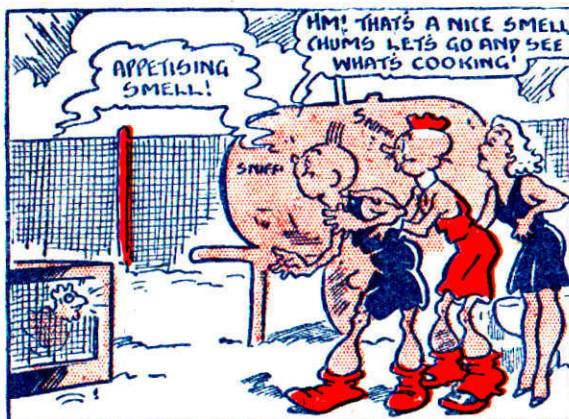
6. Kingy & Co., behind the netting, heard what was going on. "The crowd seem to be getting heated," said Kit, and he turned the water on again to cool them off.



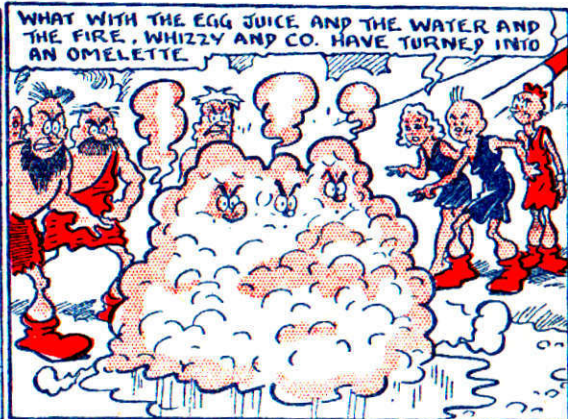
7. Whizzy & Co. were sitting at the end of the pipe in a sea of egg. The crowd seemed to be annoyed about what they thought was one of Whizzy's practical jokes. They decided to set Whizzy's stall on fire, just to show him.



8. Suddenly a jet of water poured down on top of Whizzy and the Brit-bashers. Kit had just pumped some more water down the pipe with the Stonehenge pump, and the wicked wizard and his pals collected the lot.



9. Our pals, the cause of the wizard's trouble, were chucking amongst themselves, when over the afternoon air came a neggy niff. It smelt 'sif the Ancient Brits were all having eggs for tea. Kingy, Kit and Glam followed the smell to its source.



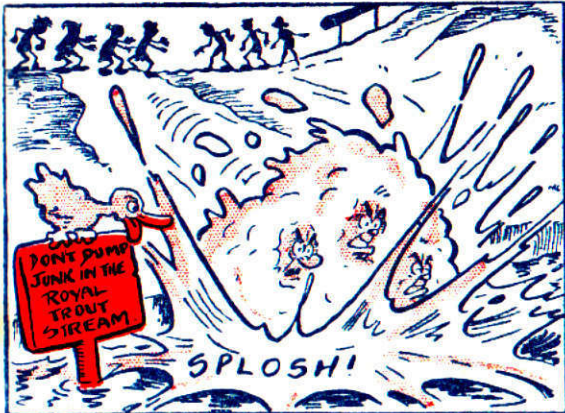
10. They soon found the cause of that appetising smell. Whizzy & Co., sitting in a pool of egg and water, had been nicely cooked by the heat of the burning stall. They had been made into an omelette.



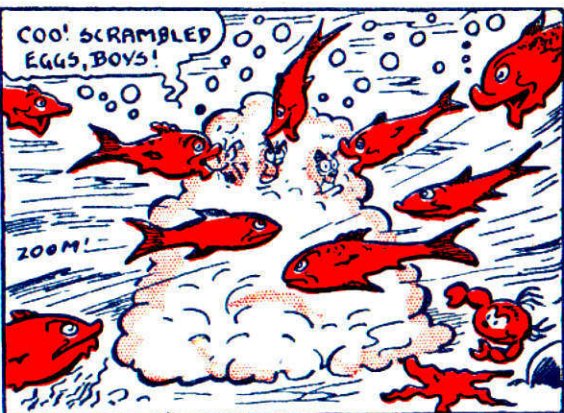
11. Whizzy & Co. had made themselves very unpopular with their egg-plosive eggs, so three brawny Brits started to move the offensive omelette off Kingy's highway. The omelette had been well cooked, so it rolled easily away!



12. Gathering speed as the Brits gave it a final shove, the omelette sped downhill. Whizzy had one of the most uncomfortable rides he had ever taken. You can imagine how he felt.



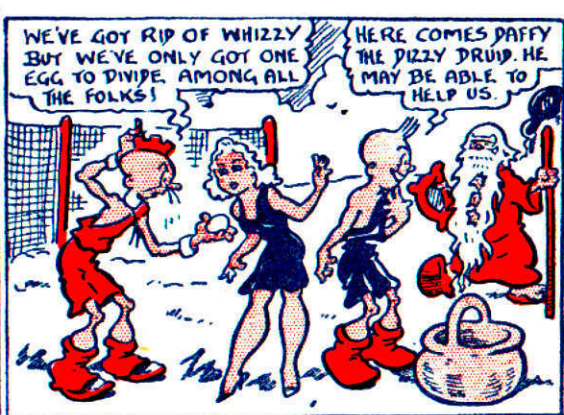
13. At full speed the omelette, carrying wicked Whizzy and the Brit-bashers, tore down the hill and landed with a terrific 'splosh' in the Royal trout stream. Whizzy & Co. took no notice of the notice forbidding the dumping of junk.



14. Now 'tis a fact that is not commonly known, but trout simply love scrambled egg, and when a load of it was dropped at their front door, they thought it was their Christmas treat. They attacked the egg with a will.



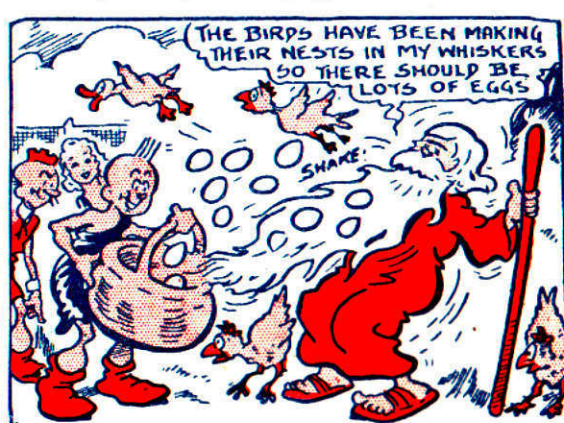
15. Whizzy came to the surface looking like a fish out of water. They were seized by P.C. 2, the Stonehenge copper, and carted off to clink for wasting eggs and using them as bait to pinch the Royal trout. All the egg money was lost in the stream.



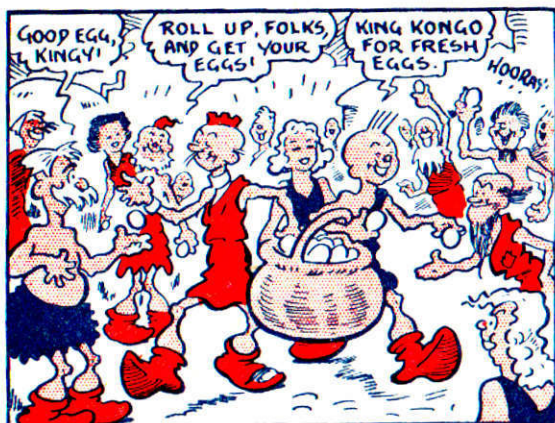
16. Whizzy couldn't pay the fine, so he had to stay in a cell until his postal order came. What a sell for him! Meanwhile our pals still had worries of their own. They had got rid of Whizzy, but they hadn't any eggs for the Ancient Brits.



17. But who should come along just then but Daffy the Dizzy Druid, tripping over his face fungus as he walked. "Where can we get some eggs," said Kit politely. So Daffy shook his beard over Kit's basket.



18. Into the basket fell eggs by the dozen. Big eggs, little eggs, white eggs, brown eggs, good eggs, bad eggs all tumbled into the waiting basket. Daffy had had a weight on his mind, but now everybody would be happy.



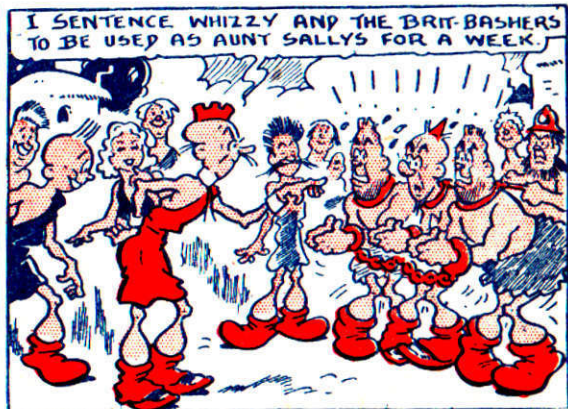
19. Kingy and his pals paraded the streets of Stonehenge selling their wares, and were they busy? The eggs sold like hot cakes and they did a roaring trade, while the crowd roared for still more eggs.



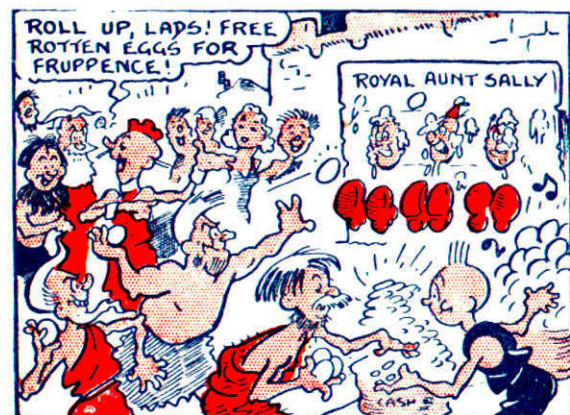
20. With shouts of "Good egg for Kingy!" the Stonehengers lifted him on their shoulders and carried him around the streets. Kit was made keeper of the Royal Eggerly at a wage of fruppence a week.



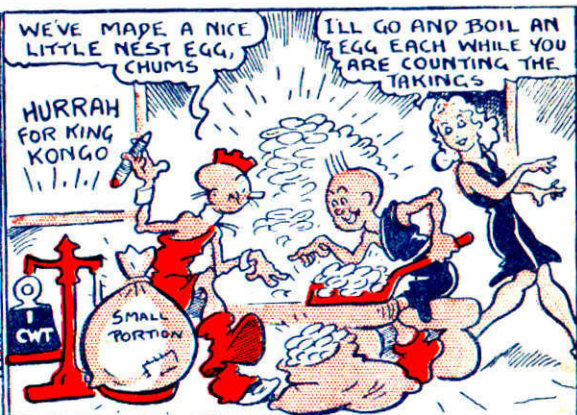
21. Amid the cheers and applause of the crowd, and the black looks of Whizzy & Co., Kingy made a speech, promising the Ancient Brits a supply of fresh hen-fruit for ever and ever and longer than that.



22. Whizzy and the Brit-bashers were brought before Kingy. They quivered and quaked and pleaded for mercy. King Kongo looked at them sternly. "You have been very naughty," he said. "I sentence you to seven days as Aunt Sallys."



23. Kit collected all the rotten eggs he could find and sold them at three for threepence. The Stonehengers shelled the wicked Whizzy with eggs until he vanished from sight behind a pile of yellow yolk.



24. Now look at this picture, chums! Our pals were feeling on top of the world. The wicked plots of Whizzy had been foiled, the Royal Treasury was full to overflowing and Kingy was elected to the throne for the next ninety-nine years.

panted Tubby, sinking breathlessly to the ground as Peter and Dick reached him. "They weren't half after me, the rotters!"

"Yes, but what for?" demanded Peter.

"Just because I had a mouthful of their grub," snorted Tubby indignantly. "Just one teeny, weeny little mouthful. The way they went on you'd think I'd swigged the whole blessed lot."

"It wouldn't be your fault if you didn't," said Dick Trevor unkindly. "I bet you had a jolly good try!"

"Oh, really, Trevor, I like that!" sniffed Tubby. "Just because I was feeling slightly peckish, there's no need to accuse me of being a pig."

"Well, you are a pig, aren't you?" pointed out Dick.

"No, I'm not!" hooted Tubby. "Not a real pig, I mean—not the sort of pig you mean, I mean—I mean I'm not a real pig, although I might look like one at the moment. What I mean is——"

"Oh, dry up before you get us as crackers as yourself," cut in Dick. "If you want some grub, why don't you go

and ask Mrs. Whipstraw for some? I bet she has some nice potato peelings or cabbage stalks, or whatever it is that pigs eat."

"Oh, yes, so she might," agreed Tubby, brightening up no end. "I'll go and ask her."

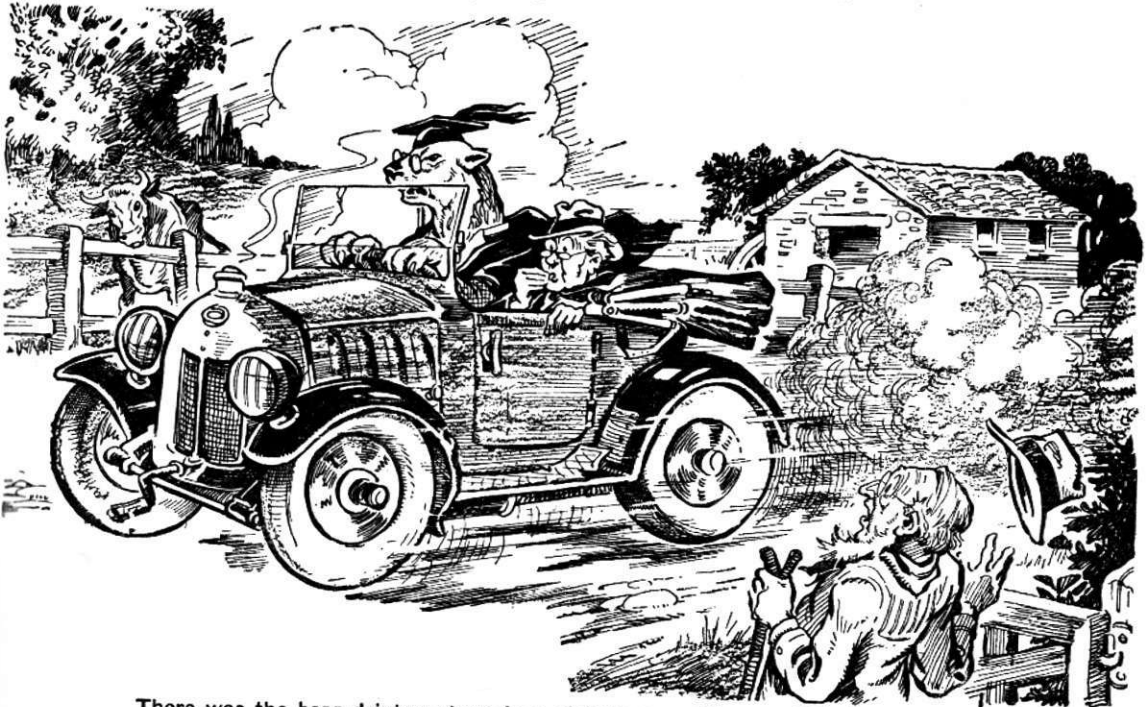
Getting to his feet, he trotted eagerly away in the direction of the farmhouse kitchen, where he knew he would find Mrs. Whipstraw.

"Well, what about a stroll?" suggested Peter, when Tubby had gone. "We can't do much farm work while like this, unless we start pulling carts or something, and Farmer Whipstraw says he doesn't want us to do that. So there's precious little we can do until Bodger gets back."

"Yes, come on, let's take a walk," agreed Dick.

The lion and the tiger moved away towards the woods. They had no particular reason for going there. It was the instinct of the jungle animal—which they now were—which led them towards the woods.

"I wonder if old Bodger really will have the antidote with him when he comes back?" said Dick.



There was the bear driving along in a rickety car with poor little Doctor Dozey.

"If he hasn't, he'll probably have old Doctor Dozey inside him," said Peter with a grim laugh. "He's such a bad-tempered beast that there's no knowing what he'll do."

"It's going to be rather comic if he has to go back to school next term as a polar bear," chuckled Dick. "I'd love to see him in a mortar-board and gown!"

"Well, there's one thing," said Peter. "You and I have been rather lucky. I mean, we have been changed into something decent. I bet a lion and a tiger will command a jolly sight more respect than a pig or a donkey or a monkey or anything like that——"

Abruptly he broke off and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Look!" he whispered.

They had entered the woods by now. Their padded feet had made not the slightest sound, and directly ahead of them, a roughly-dressed man with a swarthy and unshaven face was bending over a rabbit snare in which a newly-caught rabbit was kicking and struggling.

"It's Jaspas Moat, the poacher," whispered Peter. "Farmer Whipstraw pointed him out to me in the village the other day. He said he would willingly give ten pounds to be able to catch him, but Moat's been far too clever for him up till now."

"Well, let's see what we can do," chuckled Dick. "He's got a gun under his arm, but I reckon we can fix that. Come on!"

Crouched almost to their bellies, the lion and the tiger crept forward towards the unsuspecting poacher, who was busy taking the kicking, struggling rabbit from the snare.

Then, with a sudden roar, the lion and the tiger sprang towards the poacher. Jaspas Moat whirled round. As he did so he gave a cry of stark terror and dropped both the rabbit and his gun.

Next instant he had taken to his heels and was flying madly through the wood, howling with fright.

"All right, I'll head him off!" chuckled Peter, bounding along behind the fleeing poacher. "We've got to chase him towards the farmhouse."

Bounding past the terrified man, he turned and snarled at him, crouching as though to spring. Sobbing with fright, the poacher shot off at another angle. Had he but known it, he was now heading through the woods towards the farmhouse. But he was far too frightened to know anything except that he was being chased by a savage-looking lion and tiger.

In any case, he wouldn't have cared where he was heading. All he wanted was to escape from those two savage beasts which were roaming at large through a quiet English wood.

Where had they come from? he wondered frantically, running as he had never run in his life before. Must have escaped from a circus or something. The circus owner ought to be bloomin' well shot for allowing such a thing.

The wretched poacher risked a quick glance back over his shoulder. The lion and the tiger were still bounding along behind him. They could have caught him easily enough by this time, he reckoned. Perhaps they weren't hungry—perhaps they were just having a game with him like two well-fed cats with a mouse.

When they got tired of the game they would close in on him, drag him down, and devour him at their leisure.

The very thought brought a groan of terror from Jaspas Moat's lips. There was only one thing he could do. And that was to keep on running. There was no use him trying to climb a tree. The two savage beasts were too close behind him for that. They'd be on him before he could get a quarter of the way up a tree.

He broke from the woods. The farmhouse was just ahead of him. He spurted madly and reached it. Dashing into the house at the rear, he slammed the back door and sank sobbingly but thankfully into a chair in the kitchen.

There was no one in the kitchen at the moment except a monkey. The monkey, who was really Algy Peeke, was sitting on the table cracking nuts. It looked at the panting, gasping poacher, then said:

"You seem to have been in a hurry!"

At the sound of that voice, Jaspas Moat

got such a fright that he nearly jumped right out of his chair.

"Who—who spoke?" he gasped, staring wildly round the kitchen.

"I did," said the monkey calmly. "Have a nut."

Jaspar Moat didn't have a nut. He didn't want a nut. He was frantically wondering if he was going clean out of his own nut.

"I—I didn't know monkeys could talk," he gasped.

"Oh, I expect there's quite a lot of things you don't know," said the monkey airily. "But what have you been running so hard for? You don't belong to the farm, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Jaspar Moat, staring at the monkey as though he were hypnotized. "I—I've been chased by a great savage lion and tiger. They chased me in 'ere!"

"Oh, did they?" said the monkey thoughtfully.

"Chased you in here, eh? Where are they now?"

Jaspar Moat shuddered.

"Prowling about outside, I reckon," he said. "That is," he added hopefully, "unless they've caught somebody else. Old Whipstraw or somebody. Would you mind having a look?"

"Not at all," said the monkey obligingly. "In fact, I was just going to do so. You stay here."

"You bet I'm going to stay here!" burst out the poacher violently. "What d'you think I am—daft, or summat?"

"I wouldn't know, of course," said the monkey pleasantly, leaping up and swinging itself nimbly through the window which was open from the top.

Springing to the ground, he ran round to the back door where he saw Peter, the lion.

"Hallo, Peter," he chuckled. "Who's that fellow you've chased into the kitchen?"

"A poacher whom Farmer Whipstraw has been after for a long time," said Peter, in a low voice. "Dick's gone off to get the farmer. The rotter will be caught red-handed because his pockets are fairly

bulging with snares and things and his gun is lying where he dropped it beside a snare in the woods."

"I see," chuckled Algy Peeke, the monkey. "Okay, you can leave it to me to see that he doesn't try to escape from the house."

Darting back to the window, he scrambled up and swung himself through into the kitchen where Jaspar Moat was still anxiously waiting.

"Well?" demanded the poacher eagerly. "'Ave them nasty, savage animals gorn?"

"No, they haven't," said Algy Peeke. "I believe they mean to get you. One of them's snuffling at the back door and the other one's at the front. I must say, they've got some sense."

"Circus trained!" snarled the poacher. "That's wot they'll be—circus trained. The man wot trained them great nasty, savage beasts oughter be shot!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," returned the monkey. "I know some very nice circus-trained lions and tigers. Of course," he went on, "once they start chasing a man they rarely pack it in until they've gobbled him up. I'm quite certain those two out there mean to gobble you up."

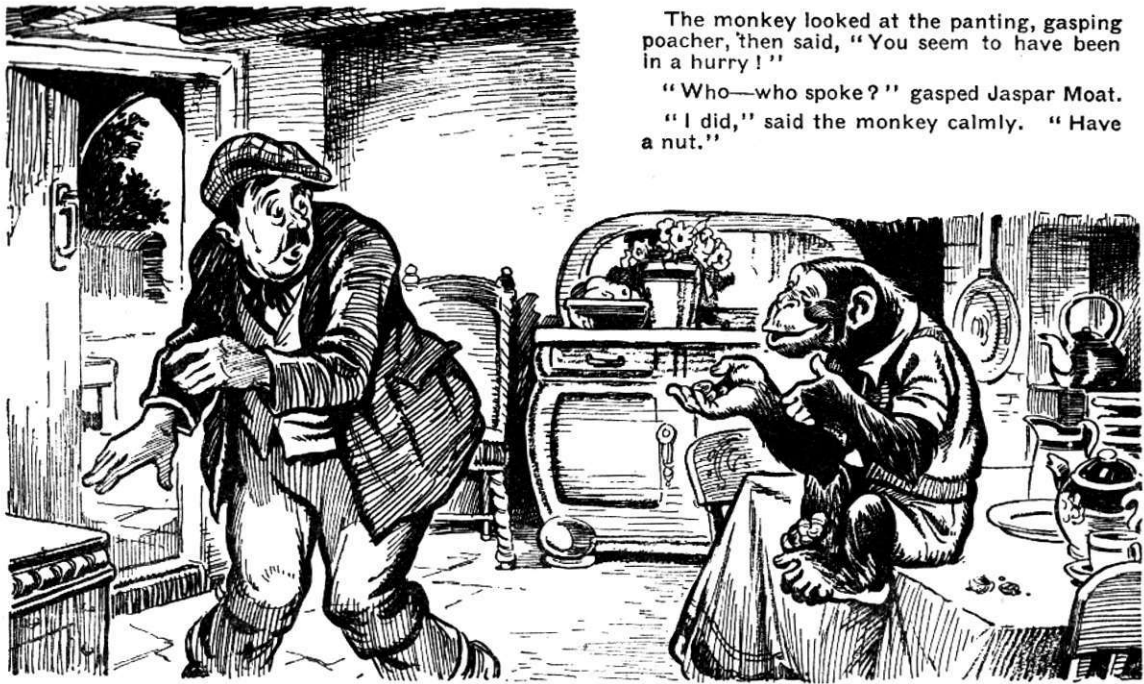
"Well, we've got to do summat!" cried the poacher desperately. "Look, I'll tell you wot. You nip off and get some of them there great, lazy farm hands and tell 'em to bring their guns and shoot the critters. But don't tell that nasty old—I mean that nice old Mister Whipstraw. For one thing, him and me ain't exactly on speaking terms, and I wouldn't like 'im to catch me in his kitchen, see?"

"Yes, I see," nodded the monkey, glancing out of the window. "But I think you're too late. Here's Farmer Whipstraw coming now and he's got three of his men with him."

"Strewth, that's torn it!" groaned the poacher. Then he added eagerly: "But mebber that nasty lion and tiger'll eat him up."

"No, I don't think they will," chuckled the monkey. "Circus-trained lions and tigers never eat farmers. They only go for poachers!"

Jaspar Moat gave a violent start.



The monkey looked at the panting, gasping poacher, then said, "You seem to have been in a hurry!"

"Who—who spoke?" gasped Jaspar Moat.

"I did," said the monkey calmly. "Have a nut."

"Wot d'you mean by that?" he shouted. "I'm not a poacher——"

"Oh, yes, you are, you rascal!" cried Farmer Whipstraw, striding into the kitchen. "And this time it looks as though I've caught you red-handed. Turn out his pockets, lads!"

In spite of his struggles, the three strong young farm hands soon emptied the pockets of Jaspar Moat's poacher's jacket. And a fine collection of snares they found, together with a hare which the poacher had been too terrified to remember to throw away.

"Well, that's all the evidence I want," said the farmer. "You can go now, Jaspar Moat, but you'll get a summons for this. I'll see to that!"

"But what about that there lion and tiger out there?" quavered the poacher, his face twisted with rage and fright.

"They've gone," said Farmer Whipstraw. "But if you're still frightened, a couple of my men'll see you as far as the road. Take him along, Charlie, and you, Jim!"

Escorted by Jim and Charlie, the trembling poacher left the farm. They saw no sign of the lion and tiger, but when

Jaspar Moat reached the road he started to run—and he never stopped running until he reached the village.

Meanwhile Mr. Bodger, the polar bear, was sitting in little Doctor Dozey's sitting-room. He was fairly gnashing his long, yellow fangs with rage and impatience. For, so far, the absent-minded little doctor had completely failed to find the bottle of liquid which would change Mr. Bodger and the boys back to their proper selves again.

"Stupid, blundering little ass!" snarled Mr. Bodger to himself, as he sat sprawled in one of Doctor Dozey's armchairs. "Goodness alone knows what we'll do if he doesn't find the stuff!"

He broke off as the door opened and Doctor Dozey poked his head nervously into the room.

"Well, have you got it?" snarled Mr. Bodger, jumping up on to his hind legs.

"N-no, I'm very sorry to say I haven't," stammered the doctor, blinking through his spectacles at his furious visitor. "I've looked everywhere, but I—I can't find it anywhere. It's very strange where it can have got to."

"What d'you mean, strange?" roared

Mr. Bodger, trembling with rage. "It's not strange at all, you doddering little ass. You're so absent-minded you'd lose your stupid head if it were loose. By George! I only wish I had you in my class for a week. I'd teach you not to forget things. I'd cure you of this beastly absent-mindedness of yours——"

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," put in Doctor Dozey, his voice trembling with fright, for the polar bear was looking more fierce and more savage than ever.

"So you should be sorry!" roared Mr. Bodger in a most terrible voice. "How would you like to be a beastly polar bear for the rest of your life? But I won't remain a polar bear," he bellowed in a voice which made the room shake. "That liquid for changing us back to our proper selves again must be somewhere. We'll have another look for it and this time I'll help you to look, you horrid, little, wretched nitwit, you!"

"But I tell you I've looked everywhere," faltered little Doctor Dozey.

"Shut up!" roared the polar bear. "I don't care if you have looked everywhere. You're going to look again—and so am I!"

"Very well," stammered the doctor, afraid to argue any further.

You never saw such a search as that which was then carried out by Mr. Bodger. He hunted through every room in the house, including the doctor's laboratory, and by the time he had finished you would have thought that a tornado had hit the house.

He hurled the contents out of cupboards, he upset all the beds, heaving them upside down in case the absent-minded little doctor had left the bottle under one of them, and he flung clothes and things out of wardrobes and out of drawers.

He swept all the papers, pens and ink off the doctor's desk, he hurled the books from their bookcases, strewing them all over the floor; he searched the larder and the kitchen dresser, but nowhere could he find the missing bottle of liquid.

"Beastly, stupid, little idiot!" he snarled, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor and glaring wildly about

him. "Where on earth can the fatheaded fool have put the stuff?"

He broke off as there came a clatter of bottles from outside and a cheery voice cried:

"Milk-o!"

Next moment the kitchen door opened and in walked the milkman carrying a big bottle of milk in each hand. At sight of the great, fierce-looking polar bear standing on its hind legs in the middle of the kitchen, the milkman got the fright of his life.

His mouth opened, his eyes nearly stuck out of his head, and the bottles fell with a crash to the floor where they broke, the milk flowing all over the floor.

"Clumsy idiot!" snarled Mr. Bodger, who was in a furious temper. "Anyway, what are you staring at me like that for?"

Hearing human speech issue from the mouth of the polar bear, the milkman let out a howl of sheer terror. Spinning round, he shot out through the kitchen door and rushed down the back garden path faster than he had ever shifted in his life before.

As he rushed out through the gate, he bumped so violently into a plump little gentleman, who happened to be passing, that the pair of them fell to the ground and rolled over and over.

The plump little gentleman was Colonel Chutney, who lived in a big house at the other end of the village. He had a red face, a white moustache and a very quick temper.

His temper was up now, all right, because he didn't like being knocked down and rolled over and over on the road.

"What the dickens d'you think you're doing?" he roared, scrambling to his feet and letting out at the milkman with his walking stick. "How dare you knock me down like that, you clumsy ass?"

"Ow-ww—stoppit—ow-ww—I couldn't help it!" howled the milkman, leaping frantically about to avoid the irate Colonel's walking stick.

"What d'you mean you couldn't help it?" shouted the Colonel, purple in the face with rage. "What d'you mean by rushing about like a bally madman——"

"I was running away from a polar bear!" cried the milkman. "A talking polar bear. It's standing in Doctor Dozey's kitchen and it spoke to me in a human voice!"

"Nonsense!" roared Colonel Chutney. "You've gone clean off your nut, that's what you've done. You've gone stark, staring mad. There're no such things as talking polar bears!"

"Yes, there are!" screamed the milkman. "I tell you there's one in Doctor Dozey's kitchen. It called me a clumsy idiot and asked me what I was staring at it for. If you don't believe me, you can go and see for yourself. I *dare* you to go and see for yourself!"

"Dare me, do you—dare me?" shouted the Colonel, dancing with rage. "How dare you dare me, you impertinent fellow? However, I *will* go—just to prove that you've gone clean off your nut and that you're stark, staring mad!"

With that he turned, thrust open the back garden gate, and scuttled up the path to the door of Doctor Dozey's kitchen. The door was still standing wide open, as the milkman had left it, so Colonel Chutney barged straight in.

"There, I knew there was no polar bear!" he cried, standing staring triumphantly about him.

Next instant he got the shock of his life. For a voice from under the big kitchen table roared:

"Who's that kicking up a row now?"

Then, from under the table, rushed Mr. Bodger, who had been rooting about there in search of the bottle of liquid.

Colonel Chutney, stared at the polar bear as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears.

"Who the thump are you, sir?" roared Mr. Bodger, rearing up on his hind legs.

"Do you live here?"

"No—nunno!" gasped the Colonel, backing fearfully away.

"Then get out!" roared Mr. Bodger. "I'm sick and tired of people coming poking their noses into this beastly kitchen. Anyone would think it was an hotel, the way people come walking in and out, as though they owned the beastly place. Get out, d'you hear?"

With the words, he dropped on all fours again and made a savage rush at Colonel Chutney, his fangs all bared. The Colonel let out a howl of terror, and, spinning round, shot out through the door and down the garden path like a streak of lightning.

"Well, did you see it?" cried the milkman, who was lurking by the gate.

But Colonel Chutney was running so fast that he never heard him. Or, if he did, he didn't bother to stop and answer. Instead, he shot away along the road as fast as ever his fat little legs could carry him, and he never stopped running until he reached home.

Meanwhile the raging Mr. Bodger had resumed his search. But nowhere could he find the missing bottle.

"I've looked in every possible place except up the chimneys!" he snarled to himself. "I wonder if the absent-minded old ass can have put it up one of them? I'll have a look, anyway!"

He started to look up every chimney in the house. But he didn't find the missing bottle. What he did do, however, was to get his nice white fur all covered with soot, so that he looked as much like a black bear as a polar bear.

"I'll have to give it up!" he snarled, at length. "But goodness only knows what's going to happen to us all. I'd better get myself cleaned up, I suppose!"

He went bounding upstairs to the bathroom and turned on the cold-water tap with his forepaw. Now there's nothing a polar bear likes better than diving into cold water and splashing about in it.

So Mr. Bodger had a high old time in the bath, diving into it with terrific splashes until the bathroom was absolutely flooded. But some of the soot still clung to his fur, so he reckoned he would have to use the soap.

As he picked the soap up in his forepaw, however, it slipped, fell to the wet floor, and slid under the bath. With an angry exclamation, Mr. Bodger climbed out of the bath. Lying down on his tummy, he peered under the bath in search of the soap. As he did so he saw a bottle standing on the floor behind the bath.

With one sweep of his paw, he dragged the bottle to him. Next instant his eyes gleamed and he fairly trembled with excitement. For on the label of the bottle was written :

**LIQUID FOR CHANGING PEOPLE
BACK FROM ANIMALS TO THEIR
PROPER SELVES**

Getting up on his hind legs, Mr. Bodger yanked the cork out of the bottle with his teeth and swallowed a dose of the



liquid. As he did so he was turned, in a flash, back into his old self. And there he was, standing in the bathroom with the bottle of liquid in his hand.


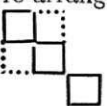
Shouting with joy, he rushed out of the bathroom, seized the startled Doctor Dozey, and set gleefully off to the farm with him. It wasn't long after that, that all the boys were their proper selves again. Now that their strange experience was over, they began to vote the whole thing as jolly good fun. Particularly Peter, Dick, and Algy, the monkey.


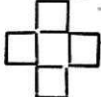
THE END

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT ?

Here Are a Few Puzzles and Tricks to Try on Your Friends

1. Arrange 10 matches in the shape of a house, like this :—  and change its position by re-arranging 2 of the matches. This is how it is done :— 

2. Make 4 squares with 12 matches like this :  and re-arrange 4 matches to make only 3 squares of the same size. This is how it is done :— 

3. Take 16 matches and make 4 squares like this :— . Re-arrange them to make 5 squares of the same size. This is how it is done :— 

4. Here are a few proverbs. But most of the letters are missing. The missing letters are shown by the letter 'X.' Can you discover what they are? :—

- (a) xoxe hxxte xxss xpcxx.
- (b) Mxxx xands mxxe lxxxt xxxk.
- (c) Txx xxnx xoxks xxoxl xxe bxxxxh.

Here are the answers :

- (a) More haste less speed.
- (b) Many hands make light work.
- (c) Too many cooks spoil the broth.

THIS LETTER PUZZLED BILL—CAN YOU READ IT?

The correct solution is on page 168.



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(On page 178 you will find Bill's reply to his pal Dick.)

Cheerio, chum,



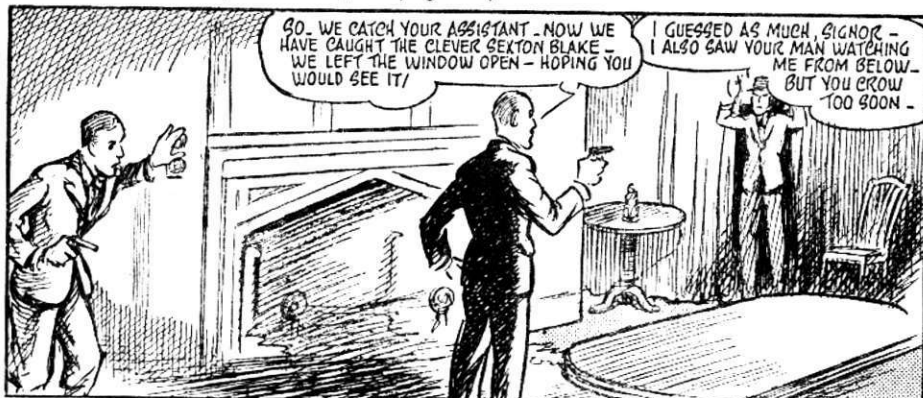


SEXTON BLAKE AND TINKER in the Mystery of the Torn Chart.



(Continued from page 74.)

SEXTON BLAKE HAS HALF THE CHART THAT SHOWS THE HIDING PLACE OF PRINCE ANHARIC'S TREASURE — THE OTHER HALF IS IN THE HOUSE AT PARLEY WOOD, BUT THE THIEVES ARE THERE WAITING FOR SEXTON BLAKE



GO. WE CATCH YOUR ASSISTANT — NOW WE HAVE CAUGHT THE CLEVER SEXTON BLAKE — WE LEFT THE WINDOW OPEN — HOPING YOU WOULD SEE IT!

I GUESSED AS MUCH, SIGNOR — I ALSO SAW YOUR MAN WATCHING ME FROM BELOW — BUT YOU CROW TOO SOON —

1. The thieves were Major Rinaldi and Captain Lurano, late of the Italian army. They had looted the treasure from Prince Anharic in Abyssinia, and had buried it, making a chart of the spot. Anharic had escaped from a prison camp and caught up with the two rogues. He was fighting them for the chart when a British shell blew up the bungalow. Rinaldi and Lurano had escaped. Anharic found himself in British hands, but with only half the chart, which he had snatched from the two Italians. He had set out to find Rinaldi and Lurano in order to get the other half of the chart.



LOOK OUT, RINALDI!

I AM AFRAID HE CAN'T SEE — SIGNOR!



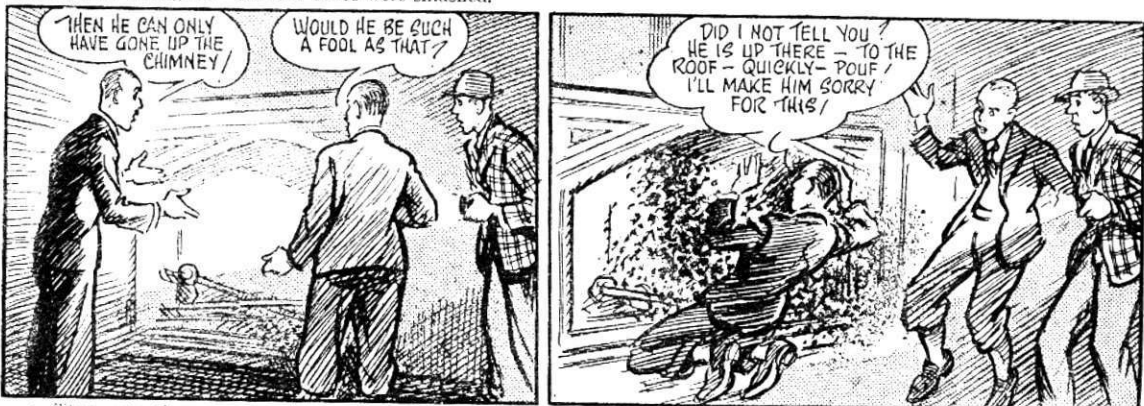
ONE STEP MORE, AND I FIRE!

YOU ARE ALREADY TOO LATE, MY FRIEND!

2. He found them in London. How they got there was a mystery. They tried to kill Anharic, but he narrowly escaped death. He had sent his half of the chart to Sexton Blake, and the two Italians had thrown a bomb into Sexton Blake's room at Baker Street to prevent him taking on the case. Their wicked plot failed. Tinker had trailed their car to this house, at Parley Wood, but they had captured him. But Sexton Blake was on the trail, too, and had boldly entered the house where they were expecting him. It seemed as if the famous detective was trapped, too. But Sexton Blake knew what to do!



3. He stood there at the window, his hands in the air, smiling blandly. Then, suddenly, while he talked, he took a firm hold of the curtains. Suddenly, he lunged forward. Tearing the heavy curtains from their hooks he flung them over Rinaldi's head. Lurano could not shoot because his companion was in the way. When Rinaldi fell to the floor, Sexton Blake snatched up a chair and hurled it—not at Lurano, but at the electric chandelier that hung from the ceiling. The lights went out as the bulbs smashed. The room was plunged into intense darkness. Rinaldi clawed the curtain from his head and shouted to Lurano to switch on the lights. But the bulbs were smashed.



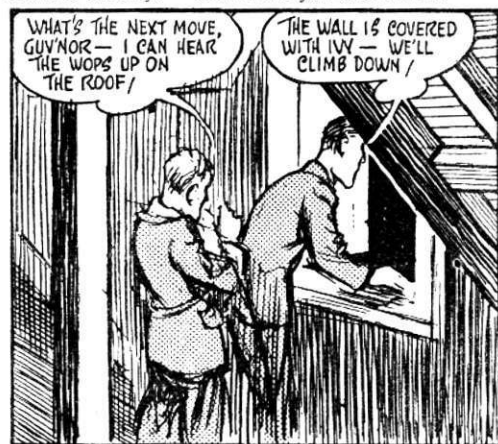
4. Then, into the room ran their servant, Pablo, who had come to London with them. He carried an electric torch, and by its light they saw that Sexton Blake was no longer in the room. "He did not pass through the door," declared Lurano. He knew that for he had been standing by the door. And Pablo was ready to swear that Sexton Blake had not escaped through the open window. Rinaldi gaped around. There was only one way in which Sexton Blake could have left the room—by the chimney. He went over to the wide, old-fashioned fireplace. The others didn't think for a moment that Sexton Blake would dare such a thing as to climb the chimney. They were wrong.



5. Rinaldi knelt in the grate and peered up the chimney. As he did so a shower of soot came tumbling down, smothering him. Sexton Blake was up the chimney. "Up to the roof!" spluttered Rinaldi angrily. "I'll make him sorry for this!" Meanwhile, Sexton Blake was climbing up the chimney as fast as he could go, and he wasn't feeling too comfortable. If Rinaldi stopped to fire his revolver up the chimney, then the bullet couldn't very well miss him. But apparently Rinaldi didn't think of such a simple thing as that, or else he thought the chimney curved, thus making a straight aim impossible. In any case, Sexton Blake reached the top and clambered on to the roof.



6. He had escaped from the house, but he had no intention of leaving it. He knew that Tinker was there somewhere—also the other half of the torn chart. He wasn't leaving there until he had rescued Tinker and recovered the other half of the chart! So he crawled along the roof to a skylight. "I'll surprise those Italians by going back," he said. He peered down through the skylight, and there, in the attic below, he saw Tinker, securely tied to a bed. Sexton Blake did not hesitate. Smashing the skylight, he leapt down into the attic. The first half of his task was within sight of being accomplished. "Chin up, Tinker," he cried cheerily. "Soon have you out of this!"



7. And Tinker was soon free from his bonds, and rubbing his numbed limbs. There was another window in that attic. Sexton Blake flung it open. Outside, the wall of the house was covered with ivy. "The Wops are up on the roof, guv'nor," said Tinker. "I can hear them." Sexton Blake had heard them, too, and smiled grimly. "We climb down the wall," he said. Tinker didn't like the idea of leaving the house that way. He wanted to get that other half of the chart back, and he badly wanted to get even with the man who had floored him in the telephone box. But Sexton Blake knew what he was doing and had prepared for everything in a way which Tinker knew nothing about.



LISTEN, TINKER - YOU GO RIGHT DOWN - RUN TO THE CORNER - I SENT FOR THE MILITARY. THEY OUGHT TO BE THERE BY NOW - BRING THEM BACK WITH YOU!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, GUV'NOR CAN THEY HELP TO GET THE CHART FOR YOU?



THEY MUST COME - QUICKLY - TINKER - I DROPPED MY HALF OF THE CHART ON THE ROOF - FOR THE PURPOSE!

CRUMBS - I DON'T UNDERSTAND, GUV'NOR - BUT I'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY!

8. Down the ivy-clad wall they climbed until they came to the open window through which Sexton Blake had made his first entry into the house. There, Sexton Blake paused. He told Tinker to go right down to the ground and to run down the road where he would meet some soldiers. Sexton Blake had sent for them and was expecting them along, pretty soon. Tinker couldn't understand what his guv'nor had in mind. "Can they help to get the other half of the chart?" he asked. Actually, they would have to help to get all the chart, for Sexton Blake had purposely dropped his half of the chart on the roof. That puzzled Tinker more than ever, but he obeyed his guv'nor's orders.



ON THE ROOF!

LOOK, SIGNOR! HE WENT DOWN THERE. HE HAS GOT AWAY WITH HIS ASSISTANT!

LET THE FOOL GO - WHAT DOES IT MATTER? SEE, HE DROPPED THE OTHER HALF OF THE CHART!

WHAT LUCK! LET US GET OUR HALF, THEN GET OUT OF THIS BEFORE HE BRINGS THE POLICE HERE!



YOU ARE SURE IT IS THE OTHER HALF, SIGNOR?

IT MIGHT BE A TRAP!

WE SHALL SOON FIND OUT IF IT FITS OUR HALF OF THE TORN CHART!

9. And, as Sexton Blake intended, Rinaldi, Lurano, and their servant, Pablo, found the half of the torn chart lying on the roof. They grabbed it eagerly. Pablo had seen the smashed skylight and looking down saw that Tinker had got away. He gave the alarm, but Rinaldi and Lurano weren't bothering about Tinker. They had got the other half of the torn chart. Now, they had only to go downstairs for their half, and then get well away before Sexton Blake could fetch the police. Excitedly, they left the roof and raced back down the stairs. Pablo wanted to be sure that the scrap of paper was the other half of the chart. Rinaldi said he'd soon make sure about that.



10. They raced into the big room where Sexton Blake had first seen them. They quite thought that Sexton Blake was running away to fetch the police. They had only to work fast and escape with all the chart before he could get back. Naturally, they imagined that Sexton Blake had dropped the chart by mistake. Actually, Sexton Blake had wanted them to find it, for he knew that when they realised what they had found they would immediately go to the hiding place of the other half of the chart. And that is just what they did. Rinaldi went to the wall and shifted a huge picture that hung there. Lurano was all nerves and kept urging Rinaldi to hurry.



11. Behind the picture was a wall safe. Rinaldi opened it and took from it their half of the torn chart. Eagerly they went to the table and fitted the two halves together. It fitted! At last, they had the whole chart in their hands. They were so excited they did not notice Sexton Blake, who was hiding behind the curtains, reach out for a china ornament that stood on a near-by table. Cautiously, he got hold of it. Tinker had not yet got there with the military, but he felt sure he would not be long now. All the same, he could not let these crooks get away. They were already planning their hurried escape. Somehow, Sexton Blake had to delay them until Tinker returned!



12. While Rinaldi, Lurano and Pablo were bent over the table, examining the chart with eager, greedy eyes, Sexton Blake hurled the china ornament across the room. It crashed against the door on the far side of the room, and smashed to little pieces. The crash startled the three crooks. In a sudden panic, they spun round—facing the door. "Sapristi, what was that?" cried the nervous Lurano. Rinaldi made a wild guess. "They have come!" he said curtly. He quite thought that the police were pounding on the door. He pulled out his gun. Lurano had his gun ready. They were determined to shoot their way out of the house, if it were really necessary.



13. They went over to the door, creeping cautiously. They could hear nothing. Then Rinaldi noticed the smashed china on the floor. He knew he had been tricked, but it was too late. They had left the table with the chart lying upon it, and Sexton Blake had seen his chance. With a bound he sprang from his hiding place to the table. He swooped on the chart, gathered it up and stuffed it into his pocket, even as the three crooks spun round to face him. "Ah, thank you, gentlemen," laughed Sexton Blake. "Just what I was looking for!" Rinaldi was livid with rage. "You meddling rat! You shall die!" His gun was ready to shoot the daring detective down.



14. But Sexton Blake had handled armed crooks many times during his adventurous career, and he knew what to do. He sprang at them. He was in the midst of them before they knew what was happening. His fist came up and cracked home on Rinaldi's jaw, sending him reeling backwards, senseless. Another hefty blow caught Lurano on the ear and put him down on the floor, dazed and helpless. But Pablo was there. Sexton Blake was just in time to swing round and grab his gun hand, forcing the revolver he grasped up towards the ceiling. They were grappling together, knee to knee, when Tinker burst in with the soldiers hot on his heels. The game was up. Pablo stopped struggling.



15. Rinaldi, Lurano and Pablo were put under arrest as enemy aliens. Sexton Blake knew all about them, and said so. When the British had arrived at Massowah, the three Italians had somehow escaped. They had trekked across Africa and had sailed in a ship for South America. Then, with forged passports, they had come to England to look for Anharic and the other half of the torn chart. Throwing the bomb at Sexton Blake had been a big mistake, for it had put the cleverest detective in the world on their trail. And later, Sexton Blake handed the whole chart back to Anharic so that he could recover his fortune and return to his own people. And you can guess how grateful Anharic was!



With a tremendous leap, Big Bess sailed right over the heads of the audience.

KOKO COPS THE ROBBERS

The Adventures of a Baby Chimpanzee in the Wild West

Koko Smashes a Window

As Dickey Bird and his sister, Betty, walked along the dusty Main Street of the western township of Eastville, Dickey gave a sharp cry.

For Koko, their pet baby chimpanzee, took a flying leap off Dickey's shoulder and landed on a near-by window-sill.

"Come back! Come here, Koko!" cried Dickey.

Koko took no notice. He'd been given to the little evacuees by Tom Everett, a new hand at the Bar U Ranch, which belonged to their uncle, Rancher Bird.

Chattering excitedly, Koko was peering through the window-pane into the room beyond with longing little eyes.

"Koko, come here!" cried Dickey, trying to grab his pet.

Koko chattered. He sprang nimbly aside. He landed on the dusty side-walk.

One paw grabbed a big stone. The next moment Koko flung the stone straight at the window.

"Crash!"

That stone smashed a hole in the pane. The two other stones which whizzed after it, smashed what remained of the cracked glass to smithereens.

"Oh, goodness!" gasped Betty, in alarm. "Oh, Koko—Koko—you bad chimp—just look what you've done! Oh, dear, Dickey, if old Barton catches us—catches Koko—he'll—he'll——"

"Quick, run for it, Betty!" Dickey interrupted.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dickey had spotted Bad Hat Barton, the worst man in Eastville, stride out of the near-by saloon.

"Go on, Betty, run!" Dickey repeated. "I'll grab Koko!"

Dickey jumped to get hold of Koko. He missed. Koko took a flying leap through the window. The next moment, Bad Hat Barton's huge, red hands grabbed both the children.

"Huh, throw stones through my office window, would yuh?" snarled Bad Hat, shaking both Dickey and Betty.

His black eyes blazed with fury.

"Say, boss, it wasn't them kids," chimed in Cross-Eyed Crabtree, one of Bad Hat's gang who had followed him out of the saloon. Cross-Eyed seemed to be looking up the street, which meant he was really peering into the room where Koko was.

"Say, who was it, then?" scowled Bad Hat.

"It sure was that thar monkey, boss," replied Cross-Eyed. "Say, boss, that thar monk's sure making short work of them bananas!"

"What?" roared Bad Hat, in a terrible voice. "Stealin' my bananas!" He let go of Dickey and Betty and strode angrily towards the open window. "Why, why, I'll sure fill th' lil' varmint with lead. He'll sure look like chicken-wire!"

"Bananas?" cried Dickey. "No wonder Koko got excited, Betty! He just loves bananas!"

By then Bad Hat had reached the window. The sight which met his eyes inside made Bad Hat see red. His guns flashed out.

"Steal my bananas, would yuh!" Bad Hat roared. "I'll show yuh, you durned thievin' coyote!"

"Oh, goodness, Dickey, he'll kill poor Koko!" cried Betty, in alarm. "Oh, Dickey, do something!"

It was too late.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Bad Hat was sure quick on the draw; but Koko was also mighty fast on the withdraw. Even as Bad Hat's guns flashed out from their holsters, Koko grabbed a second banana off the shelf. He flung it at Bad Hat with all his strength.

"Wham!"

That banana hit Bad Hat bang on his ugly nose. His hands jerked as both guns

blazed. Both bullets missed Koko. They blew a couple of bananas to bits. Two more bullets whizzed straight through the ceiling.

In the room above, Peppermint Pete, another of Bad Hat's cronies, was lying on the bed asleep. His head was lolling over the side and he was snoring loudly.

One bullet grazed Peppermint Pete's upper lip. It shaved his bushy moustache right off. Pete woke with a yell. He saw himself in the mirror opposite, minus his much-prized whiskers. That was more than enough to make Peppermint Pete piping mad.

Pete grabbed his rifle and leapt to the window. When durned coyotes started shooting up Peppermint Pete when he was taking a nap, and shaving off his moustache into the bargain, they were sure heading for trouble.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Pete started blazing away with his rifle at anything and anyone in sight. One bullet hummed straight through Bad Hat's sombrero.

Bad Hat, who didn't know it was Pete upstairs, rolled behind some near-by crates for cover and started shooting back. Cross-Eyed Crabtree and Killer-Diller Dixie, another of Bad Hat's gang of desperadoes, followed suit.

Bullets whizzed and whined and kicked up the dust as Dickey grabbed Betty's hand and dragged her over the sill into the room where Koko was still scoffing bananas as fast as he could go.

"Keep down, Betty!" gulped Dickey.

"Oh, goodness, if Mr. Barton finds us here he'll—he'll be ever so angry!" cried Betty, who was much more frightened of Bad Hat than any bullet.

"It was the only cover we could get to, Betty," said Dickey, as they lay flat on the floor.

At that moment Sheriff Sampson, the Deputy-Sheriff, Sourface Silas, and the rest of his posse, poured out of the Eastville Saloon, just as a bullet from Cross-Eyed's gun, aimed for Pete, zipped past the Sheriff's ear.

"So it's Bad Hat agin' startin' somethin'," shouted Sheriff Sampson angrily.

"Come on, men, we'll have those durned coyotes in th' hoosecow before you kin say Dead Man's Gulch!"

Guns blazing, Sheriff Sampson and his posse pelted down the street.

Killer-Diller Dixie grabbed Bad Hat's arm.

"Say, boss, shouldn't we beat it?" he rasped. "Sheriff's comin!"

Bad Hat lowered his guns. He knew Sheriff Sampson didn't like gunplay mid-day. It gave the Sheriff a pain under his pinny, and when Sheriff Sampson got a pain under his pinny it made him very bad-tempered. And when Sheriff Sampson got bad-tempered anything was likely to happen.

"Yeah, beat it, boys!" hissed Bad Hat, leaping towards his horse, tethered to a near-by rail. "Meet at thar hide-out!"

The next moment the three desperadoes had leapt into the saddle and were away like the wind.

As for Peppermint Pete, who'd also spotted the Sheriff, he leapt out of the window. Pete dropped clean as a whistle on to his own horse tethered below and was away like lightning.

"Git after 'em, men!" roared the Sheriff.

He and his posse thundered past the window, below which Dickey and Betty were crouching. They disappeared down the trail in a cloud of dust.

"Come on, Betty!" cried Dickey. "Let us get out of here! Come on, Koko!"

But Koko wasn't in any hurry. That little chimp was busily polishing off the rest of those bananas.

"Oh, you bad boy, Koko!" cried Dickey. "Haven't you caused enough trouble already? Don't you know it's wrong to steal other people's bananas?"

Koko just chattered, grinned and went on munching. His mum and dad, Mimbo and Jimbo, the big, performing chimpanzees, who toured the Wild West with Big Bill Windbag's Mammoth Circus, were always pinching things. They had never told Koko it was wrong to steal. And what was good enough for them, for Mimbo and

Jimbo were always stealing anything they could lay hands on, was good enough for him.

"Come on, Koko!" cried Dickey, making a rush for his pet.

Dickey's outstretched hands missed Koko by inches. Nimbly, Koko had dodged. He sprang on to the big square table which stood in the centre of the room. On it were what looked like a lot of lumpy objects. But they were covered by a big white cloth.

Dickey swung round. "Grab him, Betty!" he cried. "We must get away. We can't leave Koko here!"

As Betty obeyed, Koko slid down the side of the table. He clung hold of the cloth to break this fall. But Koko's weight pulled it right off the table.

Dickey gave a gasp.

"Look, Betty, what's this?" he cried.

Dickey and Betty peered at the big tray which covered almost the whole of the table-top.

"Goodness, why it's a model of Moonlight Canyon," cried Dickey, after a moment. "There's the railway line and the Bar U halt and the trail running through and everything!"

"Yes, and look at the little train," chimed in Betty, wide-eyed. "Who does it belong to, Dickey?"

"Bad Hat Barton, I suppose," replied Dickey, puzzled. "But what's he doing with a model of Moonlight Canyon?"

Neither Dickey nor Betty could understand it. They had heard from Uncle Bill that Bad Hat was a pretty strange customer and that the Sheriff would give his ears to catch Bad Hat red-handed when he was up to no good. So far the Sheriff hadn't succeeded, although he suspected Bad Hat of being behind several bank robberies and rustling of cattle. But to date Bad Hat had planned them so cleverly that the Sheriff hadn't been able to scratch up any evidence to prove it.

At that moment a scuffling sound made Dickey and Betty look down.

"Oh, goodness, look, Dickey!" laughed Betty. "Look what's happened to Koko!"

The cloth had fallen right on top of Koko, covering him completely. Fierce

chattering sounds came from beneath the cloth as Koko struggled to get free. The more Koko struggled the more he got tied up.

Suddenly, the sound of approaching horses' hoofs reached Dickey's ears.

"Quick, Betty!" he cried. "Maybe it's some more of Bad Hat's pals. Let's get out of here!"

Dickey and Betty both bent down. They tried to get Koko out of that cloth. It was easier said than done.

The next moment Sheriff Sampson and his men, with Bad Hat and his three henchmen in tow, stopped outside.

"O.K.!" Dickey and Betty heard the Sheriff growl. "Guess 'ah'll take youse hombres' word for it that them kids an' their monk got you coyotes started on that shootin'. Three of yuh git goin'. But ah guess it won't do yuh no harm, Bad Hat, to cool youse heels behind bars for a night!"

Shouting angrily, Bad Hat was led away. Peppermint Pete, Cross-Eyed Crabtree and Killer-Diller Dixie were left standing sheepishly on the side-walk scowling after the Sheriff.

"Come on, quick, let's go!" gasped Dickey, as they set Koko free at last.

Even as Koko vanished over the window-sill, Betty and Dickey realised it was too late.

The three bad men swung round grimly and marched towards the door of the room where they were hiding.

It looked as if Betty and Dickey were trapped.

The Bad Men Get Dicky and Betty

EVEN as Killer-Diller Dixie rattled the door-handle, Dickey grabbed Betty's arm.

"Quick—hide!" he whispered. "Under the table!"

"No good!" Dickey and Betty heard Killer-Diller growl, as the door refused to open: "It's locked. Guess Bad Hat's got thar key!"

"Waal, we kin git through th' window," grunted Cross-eyed Crabtree. "Come on!"

Even as Cross-Eyed Crabtree flung a leg

over the sill, Betty and Dickey crouched quivering beneath the big table.

"Huh, what's been going on hyar?" growled Killer-Diller. "What's that thar cloth doin' on th' floor?"

"Aw, it's that thar durned monk up to his tricks," scowled Cross-Eyed, stooping to pick it up.

Even as Cross-Eyed's optics were about to come level with the crouching children, Peppermint Pete grunted: "Aw, leave it! Thar's no durned time to waste! We gotta decide what's to be done about th' boss!"

"That durned monk sure has upset things," scowled Killer-Diller, as Crabtree straightened his back, and Dickey and Betty heaved sighs of relief.

"How kin we hold up th' bullion train and grab that gold ter-night with Bad Hat in jail?"

Cross-Eyed rubbed his stubbly chin and winked.

"We'll sure think of some way ter git th' boss out," he drawled. "Don't fergit it's to-day Big Bill Windbag's circus comes to Eastville. Everyone'll be at th' first show ter-night. That's why Bad Hat reckoned it'd be easy money ter-night of all nights to stick up th' Limited and grab that gold. Even Sheriff Sampson, Deputy-Sheriff Sourface an' the rest of his posse'll be safely round th' ring, you kin bet!"

"Gosh," whispered Dickey to Betty. "Do you hear what they're saying?"

Both strained their ears and listened with bated breath as Killer-Diller chimed in: "What we're sure gotta do is to go over this hyar plan, an' make sure we got everythin' clear so as we kinda put Mike Mulligan wise, when he gits hyar!"

Cross-Eyed laughed throatily. "Nice of 'em to let Mike out of th' County Jail jest in time for ter-night's stick-up!" he chuckled. "He's ridin' straight over. Ought ter be hyar any time now!"

The three bad men lowered their voices and bent over the model of Moonlight Canyon, which Bad Hat had made so that he could show his fellow outlaws exactly how he'd planned to steal the bullion.

"That's whar th' Limited slows,"

growled Killer-Diller, stubbing a grimy finger into the sand beside the model railroad. "It's a mighty good pull up thar for several miles, an we kin get aboard, O.K.!"

"Yeah!" agreed Cross-Eyed. "An' that's whar Bad Hat's fixed it for us to vamoose!" He pointed to a spot where a dry water-course wound away out of Moonlight Canyon and through the hills. "Reckon," Cross-Eyed went on. "we kin beat it into California, be over thar border line before Sheriff Sampson an' his posse even git goin'!"

"O.K.!" chimed in Peppermint Pete, cheerfully chewing gum. "We'll git Bad Hat outa jail as soon as it's dark, youse hombres. Then we'll beat it to thar railroad an' carry on—according t' plan. See you hombres later! I'll stay hyar in case Mike shows up!"

As Cross-Eyed Crabtree and Killer-Diller Dixie climbed over the sill back into the dusty street, Peppermint Pete settled himself comfortably in the armchair by the window, shot out his legs, folded his big hands across his large tummy and soon started to snore.

"Oh, goodness, Dickey, did you understand what they were talking about?" said Betty.

"You bet I did!" whispered Dickey, grimly. "They're going to hold up the Limited and steal a lot of gold bullion unless we can get to the Sheriff and tell him their plans. Now we know what that model was for, Betty. Gosh, we've got to stop Bad Hat and his gang stealing that gold!"

"But how?" cried Betty anxiously.

"Ssssssssh!" hissed Dickey. "First, we've got to get out of here. Then we'll go straight to Sheriff Sampson an' tell him what we know!"

"But—but suppose we can't get out without waking up Peppermint Pete?" gulped Betty.

"We've got to get out without waking him!" whispered Dickey. "If he wakes up and catches us, he'll probably guess we've overheard all the plans, and we'll never get a chance to tell the Sheriff anything! Come on, Betty! Quietly, now!"

Scarcely daring to breathe, Dickey and Betty crawled across the floor.

"Oh, goodness, Dickey," whispered Betty, suddenly, in dismay. "I'm—I'm afraid I'm going to sneeze! Oh!—ah—ah—ah—"

"Quick! Put a finger under your nose!" hissed Dickey in alarm, as Peppermint Pete stirred and crossed one big boot over the other.

Betty obeyed. The finger stopped the sneeze just in the nick of time.

"Come on! Careful now!" whispered Dickey, as they crawled closer and closer to the window.

The next moment Betty gave Dickey a nudge.

"Oh, gosh!" gulped Dickey.

Even as they reached the window-sill, Koko reappeared. His bright little eyes had fastened upon the big, gold watch-chain which was laced across Peppermint Pete's heaving waistcoat.

"Go away, Koko!" hissed Dickey.

Koko took no notice. He edged closer. The next instant he shot out a paw and grabbed the chain. He gave a big tug.

"W-what the—w-where t'——" bellowed Peppermint Pete, leaping up. "Hey—you kids—what are you doin'—hey?"

"Beat it, Betty!" cried Dickey.

Peppermint Pete made a grab at them. He missed.

Way down the street there wafted the sound of a brass band, the rumble of wheels, the cloppitty-clop of horses' hoofs, and the tramp of feet. But Betty and Dickey didn't notice them at first.

"Quick!" hissed Dickey. "Run, Betty. Come on! Peppermint Pete musn't catch us!"

Dickey and Betty pelted for dear life, with Koko chattering excitedly at their side.

"Hey—hey—come back!" they heard Peppermint Pete bellow behind them.

By then the sound of music had grown louder and louder. Suddenly, into Main Street pranced two milk-white horses, Big Bess and Big Bertie. On their satin-smooth backs sat two men in red coats. They wore white buckskin trousers and

shiny black toppers. They had big, black waxed moustaches. Each carried a long, curling whip.

Behind them marched a fine brass band. The players were all in red and blue uniforms, with green facings to their tunics. They had gold-peaked caps on their heads. At their head rode Big Bill Windbag, the owner of the circus, on a shiny black horse.

Farther back still, stretching as far as Dickey and Betty could see, was a procession of cages, caravans, and horsemen. "Gosh!" cried Dickey. "It's the circus, Betty!"

The sound of the brass band had brought everyone in Eastville pouring into the street. As Peppermint Pete rushed after Dickey and Betty, a mob of cowboys burst out of the saloon, yippee-ing and firing their guns into the air in their excitement.

They crashed into Peppermint Pete fair and squarely.

"Wham!"

Peppermint Pete sprawled flat on the sidewalk with a dismal howl.

"Yooooow! Groogh! Yaroooh!"

Weird and wonderful sounds came from that struggling heap of bodies, but they were drowned by the blaring of the band.

"Oh, Dickey, look at the lions!" cried Betty, clapping her hands. "And look—there are the clowns! Oh, aren't they funny!"

For a moment Betty forgot all about Peppermint Pete and Bad Hat's plans to pinch that gold bullion. But Dickey didn't. Although Dickey would have loved to stay and watch the rest of the procession, he knew they must find the Sheriff right away.

"Come on, Betty!" he cried. "Come on!"

"Dickey!" cried Betty suddenly, as she turned to follow him. "Where's Koko?"

Dickey stopped and looked over his shoulder. He was just in time to see Koko darting towards a big cart on which stood a large cage. In the cage were two big black chimpanzees.

"Koko!" Dickey yelled. "Koko! Come here!"

Koko couldn't hear Dickey in that din.

Even if Koko had heard he wouldn't have heeded. At that moment Koko had no eyes nor ears for anything but those two chimps.

Koko scrambled up the side of the cart. The next instant he had squeezed through the iron bars of the cage.

Koko was so excited at seeing his Mum and Dad that it was some time before Dicky could persuade him to come back.

"Don't be angry with Koko," Betty said, "He was talking to his mummy and daddy!"

"I'm not angry, Betty," replied Dickey. "Only we must find Sheriff Sampson right away!"

As Koko bounded up, Dickey and Betty wriggled their way through the crowd towards the Sheriff's office.

By then the procession had passed, and that part of the street was deserted, except for a tough-looking customer, who was leaning against a near-by post.

Dickey rattled the door of the Sheriff's office. It was locked. Betty stretched up on tip-toe and looked through the window. There was no one inside.

"Oh, gosh, I wonder where the Sheriff's got to?" muttered Dickey, in dismay.

"Say, what do youse kids want with th' Sheriff?" asked the tough-looking cowboy, with the scar across his face, who was leaning against the post.

"Oh dear, we must find the Sheriff quickly," said Betty. "We've got to warn him about the train robbery!"

"What train robbery?" drawled the stranger.

Dickey hastily explained.

"Say, you sure oughter git to th' Sheriff right away," agreed the tall tough-looking guy. "An' I know he's just ridden off t' Antelope Creek to look into some rustlin', an' won't be back before sunrise. An' the Deputy's gone, too!"

"Oh, dear," cried Betty, "whatever can we do?"

"See hyar, kids," drawled the stranger. "I've gotta ride that way pronto, an' I'll give youse kids a lift, if you like?"

Dickey's downcast face brightened.

"Gosh, thanks!" he cried eagerly.

Ten seconds later, with Dickey, Betty

and Koko clinging on for dear life, the stranger's big black horse, galloped down Main Street and out across the prairie.

After a breathless ride the stranger heaved the horse to a standstill outside a lonely shack.

"Hyar'e, kids!" grunted the stranger. "You'll find thar Sheriff inside that thar shack, I reckon!"

Dickey, Betty and Koko followed the tall man. He pushed open the door and beckoned them inside.

As the door banged shut behind them, Dickey and Betty gave a gasp of surprise. For the first of three men playing cards around a small deal table in the middle of the living-room, who turned his head, was the last galoot Dickey had expected to see—Cross-Eyed Crabtree.

"W-What—the—?" gulped Dickey, as he recognised Killer-Diller Dixie as well. "Where's Sheriff Sampson!"

A harsh laugh came from the stranger, who had brought them as he strode forward.

"Say, what's the big idea?" snarled Cross-Eyed Crabtree, springing to his feet. "What's the idea—bringing these hyar kids hyar, Mike?"

"These hyar kids were looking for th' Sheriff to spill the beans about the whole of ter-night's set-up," drawled Mike Mulligan, the tall stranger, who, Dickey now realised, was a member of Bad Hat's gang and had led them into a trap.

"What?" shouted Killer-Diller, springing up as well.

At that moment the door crashed open and Peppermint Pete strode into the shack. He stared in surprise at Dickey and Betty, but when Mike Mulligan explained their presence, his face grew black with rage.

"Jest as well youse was standing outside the Sheriff's office, figuring how to get Bad Hat out," he snarled. "Guess these kids'll have to stay hyar until we've done the job!"

"You can't keep us here!" cried Dickey. "You'd better let us go or our Uncle Bill'll skin the hides off you!"

"Shut your mouth, yuh!" snarled Cross-Eyed Crabtree.



A jam jar hit Cross-Eyed fair and square. He staggered back with a howl.

The back of his hand caught Dickey a clout around the ear which sent him staggering.

Chattering with rage, Koko sprang forwards like lightning. His teeth fastened into Cross-Eyed's thumb. He bit hard.

"Ow! Yow! Yaroooh!" howled Cross-Eyed. "Why—you—you durned little coyote. I'll—I'll——"

His undamaged hand flew to his holster. His gun flashed out.

"Oh, Dickey, they'll kill poor Koko!" gulped Betty, in alarm. "Do something! Oh, if only Uncle Bill was here!"

But by then Koko, still chattering angrily, had bounded up on to a shelf on which were jars of jam, treacle, bags of

flour, pepper, bottles of fruit and various groceries.

The next moment Koko grabbed anything he could lay hands on and started pelting the bad men for all he was worth.

Wham! Crash! Bang! Wallop!

A jam jar hit Cross-Eyed fair and square. He staggered back with a howl. The gun thudded to the floor. The jar broke. Thick, sticky jam smothered his ugly mug. It poured into his eyes, nose, ears, mouth and down his neck.

"Groogh! Glug-glug!"

A second jar hit Killer-Diller as his gun flashed out.

"Bang! Bang!"

The two shots went wide. One hit a tin of treacle and knocked it for six. It dropped slap on Peppermint Pete's bald head. Peppermint Pete's face vanished under its treacle bath.

"Groogh! Glug-glug-glug!"

Two bags of flour and pepper followed as Koko really got going. The air was thick with flour and pepper in choking clouds. Doubled up, the bad men couldn't do a thing for coughing and sneezing as Dickey and Betty made a dash for the door.

But just as Dickey and Betty got outside, Bad Hat, who had broken jail and just ridden up, slid off his horse.

"Quick! Run, Betty, run!" gasped Dickey.

It was too late. Bad Hat's hands grabbed them.

"What are youse kids doin' hyar? How did yuh find this hyar hide-out?" he bellowed.

Bad Hat dragged them, struggling vainly, back to the shack. Crashing open the door with the toe of his boot, Bad Hat stared in astonishment at the sight which met his eyes.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he roared.

Killer-Diller wiped jam and flour off his face.

"Gee, boss, how did yuh get hyar?" he gasped.

"Broke jail, of course!" snarled Bad Hat. "Whadya think? It takes more than an Eastville jail ter keep me behind

bars, my son! Now, what's goin' on, huh?"

Cross-Eyed Crabtree, wiping his face, explained. As Bad Hat listened, his face grew more and more angry.

"Waal, you kids, try and git away agin an' see what youse git!" he roared, thrusting them into a small room next to the main one. "Shut an' bar the window from th' outside, Killer!" shouted Bad Hat. "Cross-Eyed, light the lamp, so as them kids kin see to wash dishes!" Bad Hat pointed to the pile of dirty dishes in a corner. "You kids get on with them, an' no more tricks, if you know what's good fer yuh!"

Bad Hat lumbered out, slamming and locking the door behind him. Alone, Dickey and Betty looked at each other miserably.

"Where's Koko?" gulped Betty.

In the excitement, no one had noticed Koko hop out of the window, scuttle across the trail and vanish.

"Guess, Koko's around somewhere!" said Dickey hopefully. "Guess perhaps he'll rescue us. If Koko can open that window——"

"But if those bad men see him they'll shoot him!" whispered Betty in alarm.

Whichever way you looked at it, thought Dickey and Betty, it wasn't a very pleasant prospect. Only two or three hours were left before Bad Hat and his gang would hold up the Limited and grab all that gold. And it looked as though Dickey and Betty were powerless to prevent it.

Koko to the Rescue

DOWN at the first performance of Big Bill Windbag's circus, Sheriff Sampson and his men were enjoying themselves, with one exception.

It was a grand show, but old Silas Sourface, the Deputy-Sheriff, didn't seem to be getting much enjoyment.

"I oughter stayed an' seen Bad Hat didn't try an' make a break!" he moaned to Sheriff Sampson.

"Aw, fergit it," chuckled the Sheriff. "What if Bad Hat does make a getaway? He's only coolin' his heels, anyway!"

"It ain't right ter leave Bad Hat unguarded?" argued the Deputy.

"Say, Silas, if youse wanter know, I left th' key in the jailhouse lock—just by mistake, mind!" winked the Sheriff. "I thought—mebbe—Bad Hat'd like t'see th' circus, too!"

Just then Mimbo and Jimbo, Koko's mum and dad, were careering round the ring on that lovely, milk-white horse, Big Bess. They were very clever chimps. And they were performing all sorts of funny antics on Big Bess' smooth back. They were standing on their heads and performing somersaults. The whole audience, except Silas Sourface, was simply screaming with laughter.

Suddenly, as Big Bill Windbag, who was the ringmaster, seized a big paper hoop for the next trick, a small black figure scuttled into the ring.

The audience thought the newcomer all part of the show. Big Bill Windbag knew better.

"Great Christopher Ann," he gasped under his breath. "It's Koko!"

The next instant Koko had leapt on to the horse's back and was chattering furiously to Mimbo and Jimbo in monkey language.

"Git off! Git off!" blared Big Bill Windbag furiously, cracking his long whip. "Git off, Koko!"

Koko took no notice.

He was chattering away to his parents, and the older chimps seemed mighty interested in what he had to tell them. They seemed to have forgotten that they were supposed to be giving a performance!

Suddenly Jimbo leant over and grabbed Big Bess' reins.

Swinging round, Big Bess made a dash for the ring exit. Spotting half a dozen elephants barring the path as they waited to appear in the next turn, Big Bess swerved and sprang into the air.

With one tremendous leap, she sailed right over the heads of the audience and crashed through a small public exit by the ring-side.

"Stop! Stop!" roared Big Bill Windbag, waving his whip wildly. "Stop!"

By then the audience was on its feet, as Bill Bird, Dickey and Betty's uncle, came shoving through the crowd towards the Sheriff.

Rancher Bird had only just reached home. To his surprise, he had found his small nephew and niece from England missing. Riding into Eastville, he had found everyone at the Circus. He wanted to find out if the Sheriff knew where the children were.

"By golly," Sheriff Sampson shouted, "that thar hoss has run amuck. Come on, boys, we'll git after her. To your hosses, pronto!"

They started shoving their way through the crowd, before Rancher Bird could reach them; but he was hard on their heels as, leaping on their horses, Sheriff Sampson and his posse were away like the wind.

By then Big Bess, with Mimbo, Jimbo and Koko clinging on for dear life, was thundering across the rolling prairie towards Bad Hat's hide-out in the hills.

None of them knew just how they were going to rescue Dickey and Betty from those outlaws; but they were going to do their best.

Even as Big Bess slid to a standstill outside the shack, Koko, Mimbo and Jimbo dropped to the ground.

Koko scuttled across to the shack, leapt through the window, while Mimbo and Jimbo dashed for the door.

Koko looked round the room, and seemed surprised that it was empty.

Suddenly a loud hammering on the door behind the chimps sent them spinning round.

"Help! Help!" they heard Dickey cry.

Even as Mimbo and Jimbo pulled the bar down and opened the door, Dickey and Betty almost fell out. They had only just time to stammer their thanks when they all heard the thunder of approaching horses' hoofs.

"Gosh! Bad Hat and his gang rode off to Moonlight Canyon ten minutes ago," cried Dickey in alarm. "But maybe they have forgotten something and they're coming back. Quick! We've got to escape

before they catch us again. Even now there may be time to tell the Sheriff—”

“Tell the Sheriff what, son?” came Sheriff Sampson’s booming voice, as he strode into the shack, followed by Silas and his posse.

Breathlessly, Dickey told Sheriff Sampson all he knew about Bad Hat Barton’s plan to hold up the Limited and grab that gold bullion, just as Rancher Bird, who had followed the Sheriff as fast as his horse could carry him, appeared.

“Are you youngsters all right?” he asked, anxiously.

“We’re fine, Uncle!” cried Dickey.

“Come on, men!” shouted the Sheriff. “We’ve got to git after them galoots, and we ain’t got much time to do it in. I’ll see you kids later. Come on, men! Ride!”

As Sheriff Sampson and his men thundered off towards Moonlight Canyon, Rancher Bird smiled proudly.

“Gee!” he exclaimed. “You kids sure gave me a scare when I found you weren’t anywhere around Bar U. But you sure have done a fine job. By the time the Sheriff gets through with Bad Hat and his gang they’ll look like mincemeat!”

“Oh, Uncle, can’t we go along and see them captured?” pleaded Dickey.

“Guess not, kids!” Uncle Bill said kindly, putting his arms around their shoulders. “You’ve had quite enough excitement for one day. And besides, it’s long past your bed-time.”

But as Dickey and Betty rode back to

Bar U on their uncle’s horse, Rancher Bird said:

“You’ll get a big reward for what you’ve done to-day!”

“What—enough to buy Mimbo and Jimbo, so that we can all be together at Bar U all the time!” cried Dickey eagerly.

Behind them on Big Bess, who was on a leading rope, Mimbo, Jimbo and Koko pricked up their ears.

“I guess so,” said Rancher Bird, with a smile. “If you want them at Bar U!”

“Rather!” said Dickey happily. “That is, Uncle, if you don’t mind having Mimbo and Jimbo on the ranch?”

Uncle Bill grinned.

“I’ll fix it up with Bill Windbag tomorrow,” he promised.

“Oh, won’t that be lovely, Dickey?” cried Betty happily. “Oh, Koko, aren’t you happy, too?”

Koko must have known what they were talking about, for he chattered, grinned and nodded his little black head. As for Mimbo and Jimbo, they were so bucked they started turning double somersaults on Big Bess’ back, just as a slow-moving procession came winding out of a near-by defile.

“Look, it’s Sheriff Sampson,” cried Dickey. “And look, he’s got Bad Hat and Cross-Eyed and Killer-Diller, Mike Mulligan—all of them! Guess they won’t worry anyone for a long while to come!”

“Nope, I guess they won’t,” agreed their uncle, “thanks to you!”

THE END

GOGGLES

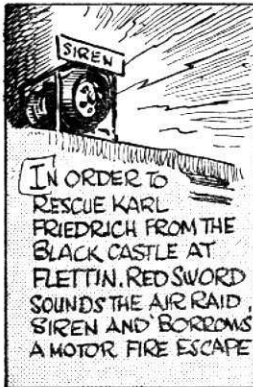
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THE GOOFY GUY!





THE ADVENTURES OF RED SWORD

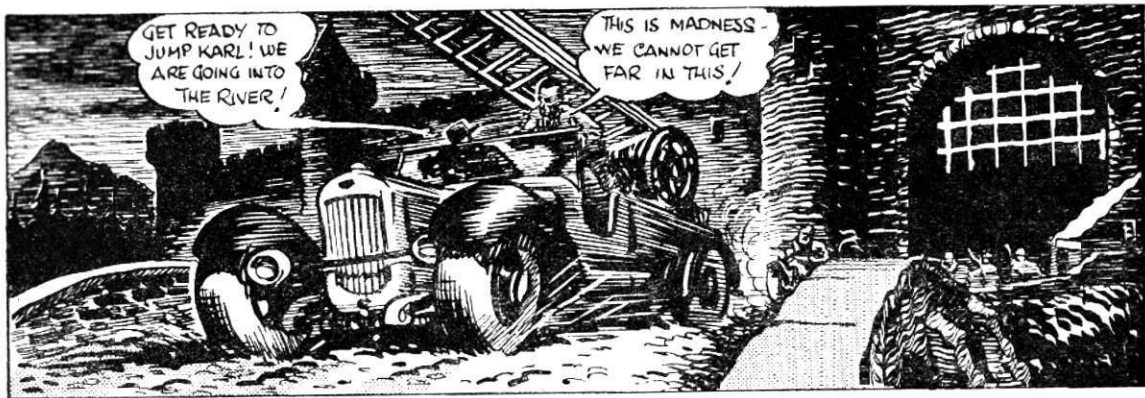


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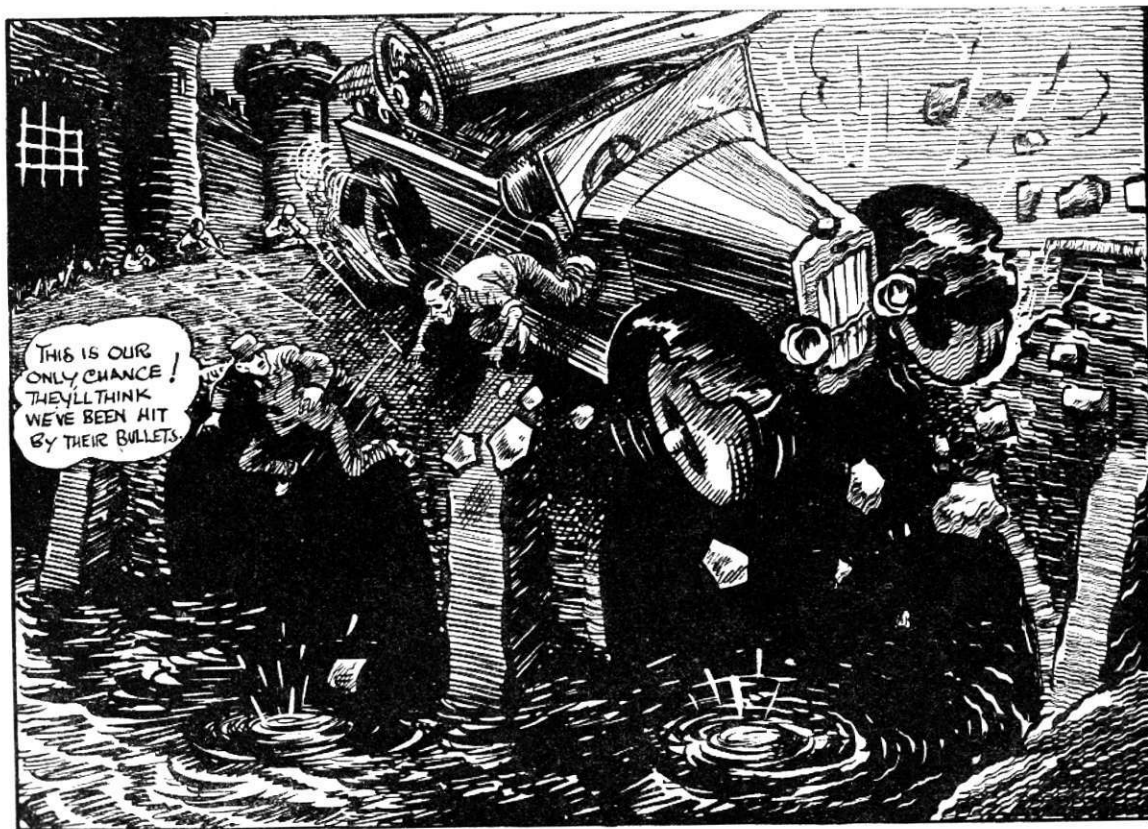
1. The daring British spy, known as Red Sword, because of his red hair and the flexible sword he carried in a flexible sheath around his waist, was in the heart of Germany. Of course, his hair had been dyed a dark brown, and he was disguised as an electrician. He was there to capture the new Junkers plane the Nazis had built, and also to rescue Karl Friedrich, the inventor of the plane, from the Black Castle, at Flettin.



2. And, to do it, he had sounded the air-raid sirens, sending the people of Flettin scurrying to the air-raid shelters. Then, leaping aboard a fire-engine, which was fitted with a telescopic escape ladder, he had driven it at a reckless pace over the river-bridge to the Black Castle. It was touch-and-go all the time, but he made it without any danger, although he knew there would be bound to be plenty of danger later on. Karl knew he was coming and was waiting for him at his cell window.



3. Red Sword backed the fire-engine against the Castle wall, and the ladder went shooting up to the cell window. Karl easily snapped the iron bars at the window, for Red Sword had filed them off when he had visited the prison disguised as a doctor. Karl didn't need to be told what to do. He clambered through the window on to the escape ladder. And then it was that a sentry came round the corner and gave the alarm. "Hold on, Karl!" roared Red Sword, as he drove the fire-engine out of the Castle yard. Karl hung on grimly as the vehicle thundered on its way. Then he climbed down the ladder and so reached Red Sword. By that time the pursuit had started.



4. Nazis on motor-bikes and in high-powered cars were streaming from the Castle. Powerful though the fire-engine was, it was plain that the cars and motor-bikes could travel faster. "We cannot get far in this!" cried Karl. Red Sword had been well aware of that from the first, and he had his plan ready. "Get ready to jump!" he yelled, above the roar of the engine. "We're going into the river!" It was a crazy thing to do, but its very craziness fooled the Nazis. Crashing through the parapet of the river bridge went the fire-engine, toppling over and down into the water. Red Sword and Karl Friedrich leapt clear, diving into the river and swimming away for their lives.



STICK IT KARL!
THERE ARE STREETS
OF EMPTY HOUSES
OVER THIS SIDE!
IF WE CAN REACH ONE
WE'LL HIDE FOR
A BIT!

5. For a time they swam under water, but, of course, they could not remain under for very long. But they got well away from the bridge where the Nazis were gathered, flashing their torches on the dark flood of the river. Red Sword hoped they would think he had gone over the bridge by accident and had been drowned. He made for the farther bank, and Karl, although weakened by his long imprisonment, managed to keep up with him. It was a desperate adventure, but Red Sword was always fooling the Nazis by doing things which they thought were utterly impossible. They reached the bank while the Nazis were still watching the river for their reappearance. So far, so good. They were safe for the time being, at all events.



WE'VE DONE IT, NOW
TO FIND THAT EMPTY
HOUSE TO PLAN TO
STEAL THE JUNKERS!

I DON'T THINK
IT POSSIBLE,
MY FRIEND!



OUR LUCKS IN
KARL! HERE
COME THE TWO
UNIFORMS WE
NEED - JUMP
'EM KARL!



SOMETHING FUNNY
IS ON ' THE AIR
RAID ALARM MUST
HAVE BEEN
A MISTAKE!

AND LISTEN
THERE GOES THE
ALARM BELL
AT THE CASTLE!

6. And on that side of the river were streets of empty houses, the people having been evacuated because of Allied air-raids. "We shall be able to hide in an empty house until dawn," explained Red Sword. Then suddenly he drew Karl back into the shadows. "Here come the two uniforms we need!" he said grimly. And round the corner came two Storm Troopers, talking about the queer air-raid Alert. They felt sure there was something funny about it, because no raid had taken place. And then the alarm-bell at the Castle jangled. And something else happened, too! Red Sword and Karl Friedrich jumped out on them. It was a priceless piece of luck for them that those two Storm Troopers happened to pass that way just at that time.



NOW KARL!
HIT HIM HARD!

IT'S A
PLEASURE
MY FRIEND!



NOW WE BORROW THESE UNIFORMS.
TIE THESE RATS UP AND THEN OFF
TO THE AERODROME. SOMEHOW WE
MUST STEAL THAT JUNKERS 301!

7. It was all over in a few seconds, for Red Sword and his companion dared not make any mistake over it. The two Storm Troopers were put to sleep in double-quick time. They were dragged into a dark doorway, and they lost the uniforms they prized so much. And they were uniforms which would not be questioned anywhere inside Germany. But they still needed an empty house in which to hide the unconscious Storm Troopers. For if they left the men lying in the street someone might find them and then the Gestapo would be looking for two men wearing stolen uniforms. So Red Sword and Karl Friedrich dragged the senseless men to an empty house and left them there, trussed up and gagged, so that they could not give the alarm too soon.



8. When dawn came, the Flettin aerodrome was a busy place. The new Junkers plane was there, and a board of officials and high-ranking officers stood around it. There were Storm Troopers, wearing their arm-bands, in great force. And amongst the Storm Troopers were Red Sword and Karl Friedrich. And then, lolling back in his official car, came Baron von Stuck himself—the chief of the German Secret Service. “I expect he is looking for us!” whispered Red Sword to Karl. And they were quite close when the Commandant of the Gestapo told Von Stuck that Red Sword had been in Flettin and had rescued Karl Friedrich, had fallen into the river but may have escaped drowning. The Nazis knew Red Sword too well to think he had actually drowned.



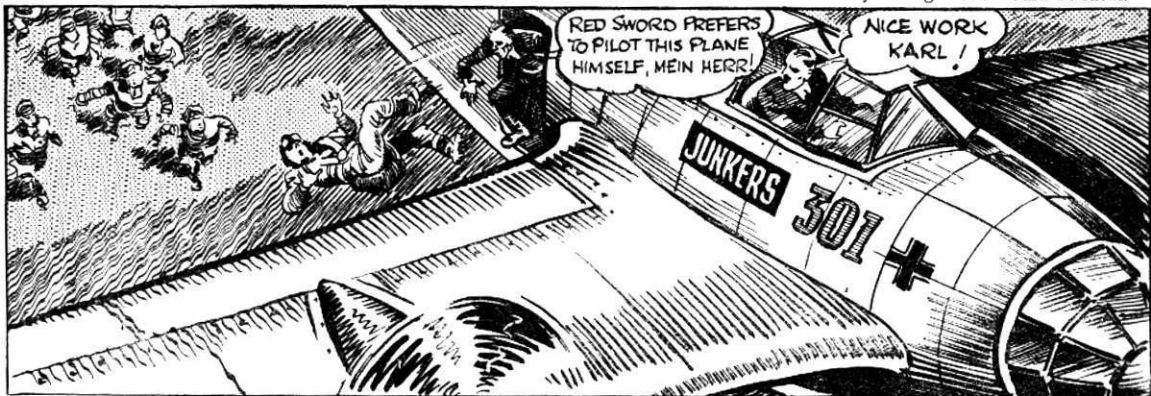
9. And they guessed, easily enough, that if Red Sword had escaped from the river he would not leave Flettin while the new Junkers plane was there. Then Baron von Stuck had a brain-wave. There were no civilians on the aerodrome, so if Red Sword did try to get on to the aerodrome he would probably disguise himself as a Storm Trooper. “So tell your men to put their arm-bands on their right arms,” ordered the Baron. It was a cunning idea. For Red Sword could not, he thought, guess that such an order had been given. He would turn up with his armband on his left arm, as it is usually worn—and that would betray him to the watchful eyes of the Gestapo. But, unluckily for Von Stuck, Red Sword was almost beside him just then.



10. Red Sword heard the cunning order, and promptly changed his armband on to his right arm. So did Karl. Even so, Karl saw no chance at all of stealing the new Junkers plane with so many Storm Troopers around. But Red Sword never despaired. The more difficult a job seemed to be, the more he enjoyed pulling it off. And as the Storm Troopers were swarming there, all looking for Red Sword, he decided to throw them all into confusion. Stepping noiselessly up behind a Storm Trooper, he deftly took the armband from the man's right arm and fastened it round his left arm. He did it so neatly that the man never knew it had happened. Trouble was coming.



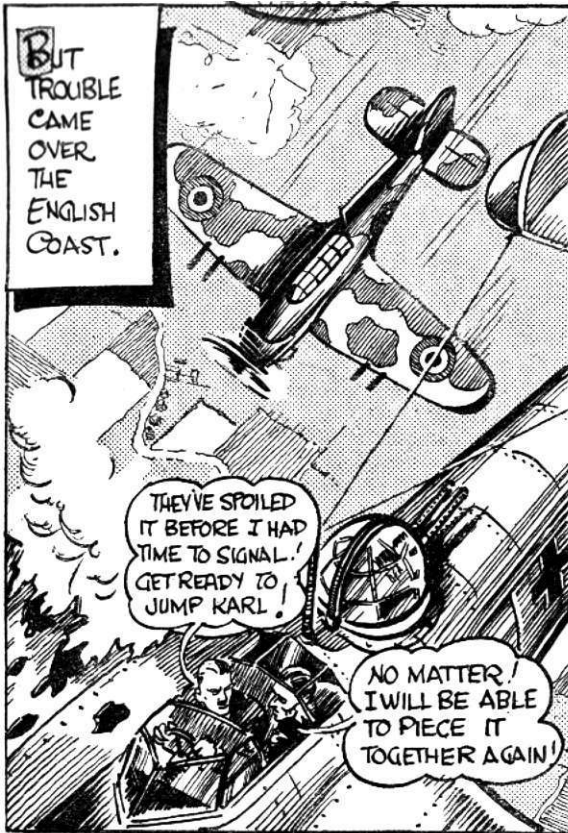
11. Red Sword and Karl moved away. Then Red Sword spun round, pointed at his victim and shouted—"There is Red Sword!" In a flash, every Storm Trooper saw a man in uniform, with his armband on his left arm. Everyone was eager to be the man to arrest the famous Red Sword. They all made a dive for the astonished trooper. Everything was in confusion then, and Red Sword and Karl made a quick dash for the Junkers plane. It was neatly done. Only one man saw them, and he was too far away to interfere. There was one mechanic inside the plane, and the prop was already moving, and the motors ticking over. It was now or never, as Red Sword said. There was not a moment to be lost and any wrong move would be fatal.



12. Red Sword took his seat at the controls. The mechanic was too surprised by their arrival to do much, and before he could recover, Karl had thrust him out of the plane. "Red Sword prefers to pilot the plane himself, mein herr," he said. By that time the Junkers was taxiing forward across the aerodrome. Down below, Baron von Stuck and his Storm Troopers had discovered how they had been tricked. They were running onward in a vain attempt to stop the audacious theft. Messengers were driving from the 'drome on fast motor-bikes. The radio was hurling frantic messages for help. But Red Sword had got the Junkers into the air. It was speeding onward and upward, the motors humming merrily.



13. They had escaped from Flettlin aerodrome but they had not escaped from Germany. And very soon they knew it, for German fighter planes zoomed up from below to bar their way. Karl Friedrich manned the gun, and good work he did, keeping those fighters at bay. More than one enemy machine went hurtling downwards to ruin. And the new Junkers showed just what a grand machine it was, for it outdistanced every plane that challenged it. It sped high over Germany and crossed to Holland, heading for the North Sea and Britain. After a time, all the enemy planes were left far behind. It seemed as if everything was over, and safety lay right ahead. Karl thought so, but he was wrong. As for Red Sword, he just hoped for the best.



14. And trouble came—over England. Out of the blue came British planes, swooping on them with guns blazing. That Junker was a Nazi and bore the Nazi markings. How were the British pilots to know there were friends aboard her? Red Sword never had time to signal to them before they were on him, and the Junker was crippled. He gave the order to jump for it. So, hastily donning their parachutes they leapt from the stricken machine. As they floated to earth, Red Sword told Karl to stay by the fallen machine while he went to make things okay for him. Karl never suspected anything. He trusted Red Sword to the limit, and he couldn't be blamed for that, after all, Red Sword had done. And he never saw Red Sword again.



15. At least, he thought he hadn't. Red Sword knew where he was when he landed close to a British aerodrome. How he got to the 'drome building without being challenged was a secret he explained to no one. He took off his disguise and his hair became red again. And he next faced Karl Friedrich when he was brought in a prisoner. And Karl thought he was facing Squadron-Leader Daunton. And so he was. For Squadron-Leader Daunton was Red Sword, but it was safer that no one should ever know. As Daunton, Red Sword made things all right for Karl, who was soon working for the Allies. And Karl is still wondering where Red Sword got to, and what happened to him. But Red Sword's secret was safe, and that was all that mattered.



Ned whispered a few words in the mare's ear, and she leapt over the bridge.

STAND AND DELIVER!

A Thrilling Adventure of the Days of Dick Turpin, Highwayman

Ned Runs Away

"HEY, you lazy rascal, where are you?"

Young Ned Travers looked up from the harness he was polishing. It was his guardian's voice.

"Yes, sir," he called out wearily, and dropping the harness on to a heap of straw, opened the stable door. Squire Rankin was standing in the stable-yard, a heavy riding whip bent between his strong hands.

"Oho, so that's where you're idling your time now, is it?" he barked. "I thought I told you to clean the harness."

Ned stared sturdily back at him.

"But that's what I've been——" he started to explain, but before he could say more, his guardian strode forward and caught him roughly by the shoulder.

"Don't argue with me," hissed the

Squire in a sudden rage. "What d'ye think I keep you for, hey? Much more o' this and out ye go—neck and crop. In the meantime, perhaps this'll teach you a lesson."

Raising his whip, he brought it down across Ned's shoulders and the boy had to bite his lips to keep back any outcry.

"There!" snarled Squire Rankin, thrusting the whip into the top of his riding boot and hurling Ned into a corner of the yard. "Now saddle my horse at once. The Bow Street Runners will be here at any moment."

Rubbing his shoulders, Ned picked himself up. He longed to throw himself at his guardian, but he knew he would be helpless against the Squire's giant strength.

He led Cavalier, the Squire's horse, out of the stable and threw a saddle across the

satiny back. As he tightened the cinches, he heard the thud of galloping hooves.

Glancing over his shoulder, Ned saw a body of horsemen sweep through the stable entrance and rear to a sudden halt. They were all wearing blue coats and scarlet waistcoats and Ned recognised them as Bow Street Runners, the mounted police of those times.

"Ho there, Rankin, are ye ready?" bellowed their leader.

The Squire nodded, and flung himself across his horse's back.

"Here, you," he scowled at Ned. "I'm expecting Mr. Penn, the family lawyer, this evening. If I'm not back, tell him I'm riding with the Runners on the trail of Dick Turpin." He turned to the Runners. "I've heard Turpin is at the 'Stag and Hounds' Tavern over in Long Stanton. He's a slippery eel, so let's away."

Ramming his spurs viciously into his horse's flanks, Squire Rankin led the Runners at a gallop out of the stable yard. Ned watched them vanish in a cloud of dust round a bend in the highway.

"And you're after a better man than any of you," he cried out.

Ned's father, the owner of Stanton Manor and the surrounding estates, had died when Ned was little more than a baby. In his will, he had stated that a distant relation, Jasper Rankin, was to be his son's guardian and take charge of the Manor and estates.

But Squire Rankin had always ill-treated Ned and the boy was now nothing more than a stable-boy in the house that was rightfully his.

Ned walked determinedly back to the stables. His shoulders still ached from the beating he had received.

"I've had enough," he muttered. "I'm going to run away. Who knows—I might meet Dick Turpin. I'd rather be a highwayman than put up with any more of this!"

He climbed the rickety ladder leading to the loft over the stables which had served him as a bedroom for many years. Gathering one or two of his belongings together, he wrapped them in a large handkerchief and tucked the bundle under his arm.

Warily, he descended to the stable and peered out into the yard. He didn't wish to be spotted by any of the Squire's grooms. That would mean the end of his adventure.

There was no one in sight, so ramming his three cornered hat well on to his head, Ned ran swiftly across the yard and out into the highway.

Rounding the bend in the road, Ned knew he was safe. Free at last! He heaved a thankful sigh and then frowned. Here he was, running away, without even saying good bye to his one and only friend.

Ned and Jill, the daughter of Sam Brent, the squire's gamekeeper, had always been the best of friends. Now and then Ned had been allowed to take an afternoon off, and he and Jill had had some grand times together exploring the woods nearby.

Ned had just left the highway to set off across the fields to the gamekeeper's cottage when he heard the tativity of a coach guard's post-horn.

A sudden thought crossed his mind, and he grinned.

"By Jingo!" he chuckled. "I'd forgotten! The Squire told me to look out for Mr. Penn. I bet he's on that coach!"

Turning, Ned watched the mail-coach top a rise in the road. Suddenly he heard hoarse cries, and saw the driver standing up, dragging the horses to a standstill. And then, above the trampling and neighing of the startled horses, there came a steady, clear voice:

"Stand! Stand and deliver!"

"A highwayman!" exclaimed Dick. "Dick Turpin for a wager!"

Screened by the hedge, he made his way cautiously back towards the highway.

A pistol cracked and the coach-guard's blunderbuss was whipped out of his fists as though by an invisible hand.

The highwayman thrust his still smoking pistol back into his saddle-holster.

"I merely shot that blunderbuss out o' your hands to show you what I can do with a barker, my friend," he said dryly. "Don't try any more tricks like that if you value your life!"

The highwayman was a fine figure of a man. Dressed in a scarlet coat, three-cornered hat and thigh-boots, he bestrode

a coal-black mare. Ned realised, as he watched, that for the first time he was seeing the finest horse in the country—Bonny Black Bess—and astride her was Dick Turpin, known as the King of the Road.

“Out in the road, all of you,” ordered Turpin, thrusting his head in at the coach window.

Three men trooped out of the coach.

“You—you rascal! How dare you hold this coach up? D’ye know who I am?” demanded one of them.

The masked face grinned down at him.

“Of a surety. D’ye think I’d stop this coach if I didn’t think there were rich pickings?” asked Turpin. “Ye’re Alderman Bumble—and I’ll thank ye to hand over all those taxes ye’ve wrenched from poor people!”

Alderman Bumble turned a deep shade of purple.

“I’ll have you know——” he started. Turpin interrupted him.

“And I’ll have *you* know,” he said, tapping his long horse-pistol, “that I have a very itchy trigger finger. Come now—the guineas! You take ’em away from the poor—Richard Turpin gives ’em back. A very fair exchange, don’t you agree?”

Fuming with rage, the alderman dug down into both pockets and brought out two heavy, clinking bags. Reaching down, Turpin transferred the bags to his own pockets.

“Tchah!” rasped the fat alderman, and waddled back into the coach.

“And now you, sirrah!” smiled Turpin pleasantly, levelling his pistol at a wizened, shabbily-dressed old man.

“Oh, sir!” whined the old man. “I’m only a poor old shop-keeper. You wouldn’t want to rob the poor, would you, good Master Turpin?”

The highwayman shook his head.

“Nay—you’re right there. I wouldn’t rob the poor. But all the same I’m going to filch your purse, bad Master Scrivvins!” he mimicked. “I know you, miser and crook. Ye’re no better than yonder fat alderman. Quick—your money or your life!”

Whimpering to himself, the miser extracted a large purse and flung it at Turpin.

“Take it,” he snarled. “But I’ll live to see the day when you’re captured and safe behind the walls of Newgate Prison, you villain!”

The highwayman laughed gaily and patted Black Bess’s neck.

“As long as I have Bess,” he replied, “there’s not a Runner alive who’ll see her heels for dust.”

He turned to the third traveller.

“And now you, sir,” said he. “I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but you nurse a nice fat travelling-case.”

Ned glanced at the man through the hedge.

“By jiminy! Mr. Penn!” he murmured, recognising the lawyer’s jovial features. Mr. Penn handled all the family affairs of Stanton Manor and on his rare visits had always treated Ned with kindness.

Mr. Penn shook his head in determined fashion.

“Not so fast, Turpin!” he replied. “I have no money here—only some papers——”

The highwayman shrugged his shoulders.

“I’ve heard those tales oft-times,” he grinned. “Hand me that case or——” and again he raised his wicked-looking pistol.

Shaking his head, Mr. Penn passed the travelling-case up to the horseman.

Turpin thrust the small case into his belt, doffed his jaunty hat and bowed from the saddle. Laughing gaily, he urged Black Bess sideways.

With only a run of two or three yards, the horse soared over the hedge and Ned ducked his head. Bess sailed right over him, landed safely and was off like the wind.

Ned watched the highwayman disappear over another hedge and then turning back to the coach, saw that the passengers were again all aboard and the driver was gathering up the reins.

“An’ wot I sez is this ’ere,” he grinned over his shoulder to the guard. “That ain’t the fust time I’ve bin ’eld up by Turpin an’ like as not it ain’t the last. Giddap!”

He cracked his long whip and the coach lumbered away up the road.

"Phew!" chuckled Ned, almost turning a cartwheel in his excitement. "So that's how Dick Turpin works," and throwing his bundle over his shoulder, set off anew towards Sam Brent's cottage. He was anxious to unfold his tale to Jill.

A Ride on Black Bess!

Jill's father, old Sam, was out for the night, scouring the woods for poachers, and it was fast growing dark as Ned recounted his adventure to his friend. They were standing in the doorway of the little cottage.

But Jill was more interested in learning why Ned was abroad at this late hour. Ned's face clouded. In his excitement he had almost forgotten he had run away from Stanton Manor and Jasper Rankin.

Briefly, he told Jill what had happened that afternoon.

"And so you see, Jill," he ended. "I've come to say good-bye."

"Oh, Ned," she returned. "Are you sure you'll be safe? Don't you think you'd better wait until morning?"

She looked round at the darkening countryside and shivered. Neither of them seemed to notice the drumming of hooves in the distance.

"Only highwaymen and footpads are out o' nights," said Jill.

"Well," answered Ned. "If there are none worse than Dick Turpin, I've nothing to be afraid of. And now, Jill, I must be off. Good-bye—we'll meet again some day, and—"

Ned whirled as there came the sudden thunder of horses' hooves accompanied by wild yells and hallos.

Hastily, Ned pushed Jill back into the cottage as a lone horse and rider came dashing towards them. The horseman was almost level when Ned heard a single shot and the *powie!* of a bullet.

Without uttering a sound, the rider toppled from his saddle and rolled over and over into a ditch on the other side of the road. His horse scrambled to a standstill.

Ned raced across the road and stared down into the ditch.

"By jiminy! Dick Turpin himself!" he exclaimed. Even in the gathering darkness, Ned recognised the stalwart form of the highwayman. Unconscious, Turpin breathed heavily. Ned could hear the yells of the highwayman's pursuers growing ever nearer. Above them all, Ned thought he detected the Squire's brazen bellow.

Ned's eyes flashed towards Black Bess, peacefully nibbling the grass nearby. Without further thought, he vaulted into the saddle.

Jill looked anxiously up at him from the doorway of the cottage. Ned nodded in the direction from whence came the sounds of pursuit.

"Runners, Jill," he told her briefly. "Let 'em get well past the cottage and then tend that man in the ditch. He's wounded. I'll be back," and with the words, he clapped his heels into Black Bess's sides and set off up the road at breakneck speed.

He was just in time. Glancing over his shoulder, he could see a yelling body of horsemen fly past the gamekeeper's cottage.

"There he is! Turpin! Turpin!" roared a voice. Ned grinned.

"It's the Squire all right," he chuckled. "And he thinks Dick Turpin is still riding Black Bess. Now to give him and his Runner pals the ride of their lives."

Bess was answering to every touch of Ned's knees. He urged her off the highway to the grassy track at the side. It was easier going for the gallant mare.

It was Ned's thrill of a lifetime. Here he was astride the fastest horse of the century, riding a life or death race.

His heart pounded with excitement as Bess headed into the night. This was something he'd always wanted to do.

Ahead, a turning led off the highway. A slight tug on the near-side rein and Black Bess rounded the corner without slackening speed. On, on, on, they sped with the yells and hallos of the Runners ringing in Ned's ears.

Straining his eyes to pierce the darkness, Ned gulped as he saw that the country lane ended in a five barred gate. As he drew rapidly nearer, the moon suddenly



Black Bess soared over the hedge, and was off like the wind.

broke through the heavy clouds and Ned made out a row of evil-looking spikes buried in the top bar of the gate. It was a six foot clearance.

But there was no turning back, and surrender was out of the question. No, there was nothing else for it—Bess had to take that gate. He patted the glossy neck.

"It's up to you, Bess," he cried. "Neck or nothing."

The gate loomed up in front of them—a slight pressure of the knees and Black Bess rose like a bird.

Up—and over! Bess's hooves just cleared the spikes and then, leaning well back in the saddle, Ned braced himself for the shock as the mare landed and, with hardly a pause took up the wild gallop.

Jasper Rankin and the Runners, however, were not going to risk their necks. Jerking frantically at their reins, they reined their mounts to a stand-still.

"A plague on that rascal Turpin," raved the Squire, and dismounted. Taking a pistol from his saddle holster, he aimed at the heavy padlock that held the gate fast. There was a loud crack and the Squire tore at the ruins of the padlock. Throwing the gate back, he leaped into the saddle.

"After him," he rasped. "We'll have him yet."

As Ned breasted the grassy slope of the meadow beyond, he turned in his saddle and saw Squire Rankin leading the Runners through the gate.

There came the brisk crackle of pistol-fire and a bullet whined past Ned's ear. But Black Bess was fast drawing out of range.

And so the desperate chase went on. Streaking along a meadow path, Ned saw the moonlight glinting on the waters of a rapidly-flowing river in the distance.

The meadow path ran down towards a narrow bridge spanning the river and it wasn't until Bess's hooves were drumming on the wooden planks that Ned saw that there was a twenty-foot gap in the bridge.

The bridge had fallen into decay and it was obvious that recent floods had washed away a large part of the structure.

Black Bess stopped almost in her own length, her forelegs pawing the air. Ned clung to his saddle grimly as the horse stood trembling on the brink of the broken bridge.

Here was Ned's chance to lose his pursuers. With fresh horses, the Runners would be unlikely to jump the gap—with blown and winded horses they would never attempt it.

Ned turned Black Bess back a few yards and then turned again to face the gap. A few words in the mare's twitching ear and she leapt over the bridge.

For a second Ned gazed down into the swirling waters beneath—and Bess had cleared the gap.

With a laughing "View halloo!" Ned headed towards the highway winding its way over a hill half a mile away.

On the other side of the river Jasper Rankin and the Runners were shaking their fists in fury. And then wearily turning their tired horses, they rode off, angry at their failure.

Dick Turpin Repays a Debt!

NED dismounted outside Sam Brent's cottage and leaving Black Bess to graze at the side of the road, pushed open the door and went in.

There was an exclamation, and Dick Turpin, a heavy horse-pistol in each hand, stood facing him. A bandage was tied round his head.

"Oho, a youngster," cried the highwayman, thrusting his pistols back into his belt.

Jill poked her head out behind him and breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's Ned," she said.

Turpin looked steadily at Ned.

"So you're the boy who stole my horse, eh?" he queried harshly. But there was a merry twinkle in his eyes. Ned nodded.

"Well, lad, out with it. What's happened?"

Ned recounted all that had happened, since Turpin had fallen into the ditch.

The highwayman fingered his chin as Ned finished.

"So, but for your leading the Runners astray, they'd have had me," he said

slowly. "But tell me, how did you know who I am?"

Ned grinned.

"I watched you hold up the mail-coach to-day," he replied. Turpin's eyes opened wide.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"Behind the hedge," returned Ned. The highwayman threw back his head and laughed.

"That bullet grazed me," he told Ned. "Another inch and——" He shrugged his shoulders and, turning to Jill, smiled.

"Thanks to you, lass, I'll be my old self in no time. But I mustn't endanger you both by remaining here any longer—I must away."

He took up his rakish three-cornered hat and looked down at Ned and Jill.

"I owe you a debt I may never be able to repay," he said. "Is there anything I can do to help you? Money?" and he held out a fistful of golden guineas to the girl. Jill shook her head.

"No, sir," she replied. "I do not need paying for kindness."

Turpin looked thoughtfully at her.

"And very little kindness Dick Turpin ever receives," he told her. "And what about you, lad?"

Ned thought for a moment.

"There's only one thing," he answered.

"You took some papers from Mr. Penn, the family lawyer, to-day. Can I have them back so that I can give them back to him? You see, he's always been very kind to me."

"Why, surely," said Turpin, and took out Mr. Penn's leather case. Placing a hand on the boy's shoulder, he smiled down at him.

"Jill here has told me all about you," he went on. "That guardian of yours doesn't seem to be a very agreeable person, does he?"

Ned shook his head.

"So Mr. Penn is the family lawyer, eh?" continued the highwayman, thoughtfully. "I wonder what these papers are all about. Let's see," and before Ned could stop him, Turpin opened the case and took out some folded papers.

"D'ye know anyone named Sir Richard

Travers?" he asked as he commenced reading.

"Why, yes," replied Ned excitedly. "That was my father's name. He died when I was a baby."

"So ho!" exclaimed Turpin. "This paper happens to be his will. Listen to what it says. 'And Jasper Rankin shall be the guardian of my son and take charge of Stanton Manor and estates until such time as Mr. Penn, my lawyer, considers my son responsible enough to take charge himself.' What think you of that, Ned?"

Ned could only gulp.

"D'ye think you could look after the Manor and estates, lad?" asked Turpin.

"Of course I couldn't," returned Ned. "But what——"

"And Mr. Penn is paying Jasper Rankin a visit this evening. Right?" said the highwayman. "Well, this is where I repay that debt I owe you, Ned. Come on, my fine fellow, we're going to persuade your Mr. Penn that you are now the new Squire."

"But what can *you* do?" queried Ned.

Turpin placed a finger alongside his nose.

"Come and see," he chuckled.

"Oh, Ned," broke in Jill who had remained silent all this time. "Isn't that wonderful? You'll be the Squire at last, and as for that nasty Jasper Rankin—well, I hope you run him off your land as soon as you can."

Ned shook his head doubtfully.

"I'm not Squire yet," he said.

Turpin clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"No, but you're going to be before the night's out," he laughed. "Now you can show me the way to Stanton Manor."

"Can I come, too?" asked Jill.

The highwayman shook his head.

"This is going to be man's work, little lady," he responded. "You stay here—and to-morrow you can dress yourself up in your Sunday best and pay a visit to your friend, the Squire of Stanton Manor. Come, Ned."

Ned followed the highwayman out of the cottage. Placing two fingers to his mouth, Turpin whistled and in reply, Black Bess came trotting up. Mounting, the highwayman hauled Ned up behind him.

"Good-bye, Jill," called out Ned, as they sped into the night.

It seemed no time at all before Turpin drew rein outside Stanton Manor.

"Are the gates locked?" he asked as he lifted Ned down.

"No," replied Ned, and the highwayman grinned.

"Well, let this teach you a lesson," said he. "Always lock them in future."

Quietly, Ned led the way up the short drive leading to the front of the house. A light shone through a window on the ground floor.

"Squire Rankin's study," whispered Ned in Turpin's ear.

Together they crept over to the window and peered in. One of the little panes had been thrust open to let air into the room and they could hear everything that was being said in the room.

Jasper Rankin was facing Mr. Penn across his desk.

"So," he was saying evilly. "Ye think that that brat of a boy is now old enough to be Squire, eh?"

"I do," returned Mr. Penn stoutly. "You've done nothing else but ill-treat the lad ever since you came here, Rankin. Well—you've shot your bolt. I'd advise you to start packing."

"And I, Mr. Penn, would advise you to say your prayers," answered Jasper Rankin and, taking out a pistol levelled it at Mr. Penn. "Not a word," he rasped as Mr. Penn opened his mouth. "You tell me that Dick Turpin robbed you of the will to-day. Well, that's out of the way. There's only one other person apart from me who knows the contents of the will—and that's you. With you out of the way, I shall remain Squire."

Hearing the words, Dick Turpin acted like lightning. The highwayman hurled himself through the window.

There came the crash of splintering glass and before Jasper Rankin could fire his pistol, Turpin's sword had whipped it out of his hand.

With a roar of rage, Jasper drew his own sword.

"Who are ye? What d'ye want here?" he raved.

"I'm Dick Turpin, and I want you," replied the highwayman quietly. Jasper's eyes glinted.

"Dick Turpin, eh? And without his mask! Well, my fine friend, you escaped us earlier this evening, but you'll not escape this time." And with the words he lunged forward.

Turpin thrust his sword aside.

"So it was you who raised that hue and cry after me, was it?" he murmured. "Faugh! I can't waste time on you."

Their swords engaged, a quick turn of Turpin's wrist and Jasper's sword sailed through the air.

Thrusting his sword back into the scabbard, Turpin leaped forward and, throwing his arm round Jasper's middle, lifted him from the ground.

"Is there a horse-trough near, Ned?" panted the highwayman.

Ned, who had entered the room through the broken window, nodded.

"Just outside."

"Let me down, you knave!" roared Jasper, twisting and trying to break the steel-like grip.

"All in good time," grinned Turpin, and stepped through the broken window.

Glancing round, Turpin spotted a large horse-trough and, despite all Jasper's struggles, strode towards it and with a single movement dumped the raging Jasper into the cold water.

"Perhaps that'll cool ye off a bit!" laughed the highwayman. "And now if it's any news to you, here's the will that makes young Ned here Squire of the Manor, and Mr. Penn, who I see is quite unhurt, will see that the job's done properly."

Ned and Mr. Penn had followed Turpin out of the house to see the fun.

"One o' these days, Turpin, the boot will be on the other foot," screamed Jasper, as he floundered about in the water. The highwayman laughed.

"Come on out o' there!" he ordered, and dragged the gasping Jasper out of the trough by the scruff of his neck. Hauling him willy-nilly down to the Manor gates, Turpin kicked him out into the highway.

"Vanish, you rogue," said he, "and



The highwayman hurled himself through the window.

if ever I hear of you within a hundred miles of this place again I'll chase you into the sea."

Shaking his fist in fury Jasper Rankin slunk, wet and bedraggled, up the road.

Turpin turned to Ned and Mr. Penn.

"He won't bother you again," he chuckled. "And now I'm sorry, but it's boot and saddle for me. I meet Tom King at Hampstead to-morrow."

Ned caught hold of his arm.

"Take me with you, Master Turpin," he begged. "I've always wanted to be a highwayman and—"

"Nay, Ned lad," replied the highwayman kindly. "There's no need for you to take to the road. You're Squire Travers now, and remember this: mine is a hard life and only need has forced me to it. Every man's hand is against me. I'm hunted from one end of the country to the other for the rascal that I am, if I be a tender-hearted one. And one of these days I'm going to ride my Bonny Black Bess to death if I'm not careful. I was forced to the road,"

Turpin went on. "And now there's no way back." He turned to Mr. Penn.

"Look after him, sir," he said. "He's a brave lad."

He whistled, and with a whinny of pleasure Bess trotted up to her master.

His spurs clinking, Turpin sprang to the saddle.

"Farewell," he smiled down at them. "Think kindly of Dick Turpin sometimes," and he was off down the highway.

Mr. Penn and Ned stared down the road after him.

"He may be a highwayman, but he's all a man," said Mr. Penn.

Ned could only nod. Then as they turned to go back to the house, they heard the lilt of a song.

*"The swiftest of coursers, the truest, the best,
The horse of the highwayman—Bonny Black Bess!"*

Dick Turpin was riding the moonlit highways again.

THE END

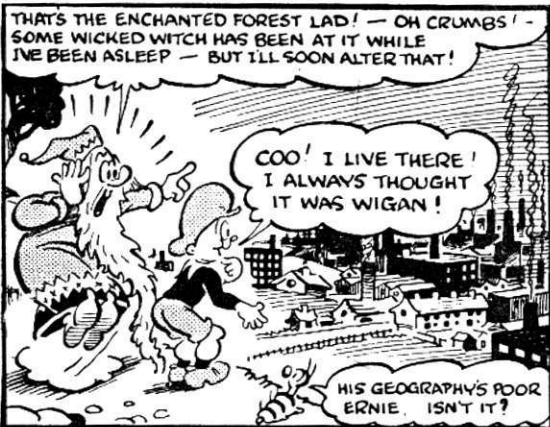


As Ernie wandered through the trees, Seeking for snow-drops and Heart's-Ease, What do you think he found instead? Why, queer old man tucked up in bed.

Our Ernie gave old man a shake And said 'twere time he were awake. Cried owd lad: "Thanks for waking me. I've slept for five hundred years, y'see."



"How what's my name? He, let me think! By gum! I know - It's Rip Van Wink. O me, O my, lad, I feel good! Let's go and see enchanted wood."



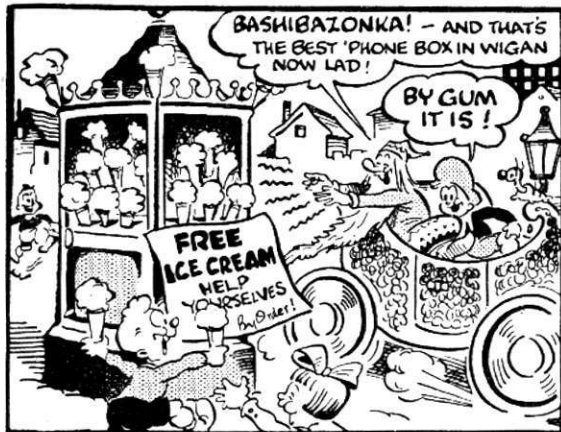
That's it," cried owd chap, pointing down At roofs and stacks of Wigan town. "But witch has messed it up, I see!" Cried Ernie - "Ee! You're telling me!"

Said Rip Van Wink: "Come on, my boy, My special magic I'll employ To put it right: let's make a start On this old Milko Dairy cart!"

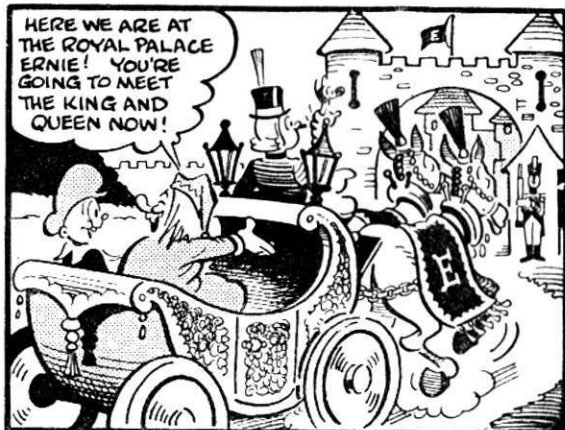


He cried: "Bashibazooka!" and right there, Cart changed to magic cart and pair. "Get in," said Rip. "We'll take a run, And on the way we'll have some fun!"





Well, first they changed old P.C. Bean From Bobby into Fairy Queen, Then phone-box into Ice-Cream Store, With "Free Ice" notice on the door!



Then off to Wigan Palace, where They were to meet the Royal Pair— The King of Wigan and his missus, And little Princes and Princesses.



Well, big surprise young Ernie had, 'Cos Royalty were his mum and dad, Both were wearing royal Sunday clothes, And Royal Powder on Ma's nose.



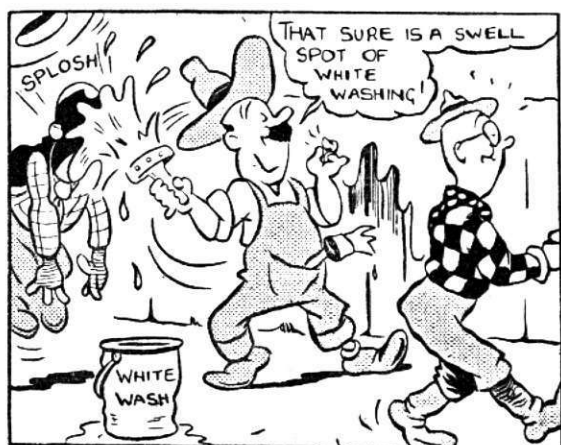
Press man came dashing up to say He'd take Royal portrait right away. But Ma said: "Nay, you'll not, by gosh! Not till we've made young Ernie posh!"



Well, Rip Van Wink just waved his hand, Which gave young Ernie royal robes, And A little crown instead of cap, So photo man got luvly snap.



The King Ent. said: "It seems to me We'd best go in and all have tea." And Rip Van Winkle being sport Drank toast to all the folk at court.



Questions.

1. Why is the letter "G" like the sun?
2. When does a caterpillar grow good?
3. When is a rock not a rock?

Answers.

- Because it is the centre of light.
When it turns over a new leaf.
When it is shamrock.

IT CAME OUT OF HUMBLEDON HILL



Out of a shower of earth—came a long, black cigar-shaped monster.

Strange Sight in the Moonlight

DID you enjoy the pictures, Molly?" asked Peter Hayward, as he and his little sister came out of the cinema.

"Oh, yes, Peter, they were lovely!" cried Molly. "I could have sat and watched them all through again. Couldn't you?"

"Well, yes, I could," said Peter with a laugh. "But we have to get home. Come on, we get our bus in the market place."

Molly and Peter lived with their uncle, who was a gamekeeper. The cottage was a lonely one. When they left the bus they would have a two-mile walk across the fields. But they didn't mind that. They were used to it and there was a big, yellow moon on this particular night.

The bus was fairly crowded. As it moved off, Peter heard a man sitting in front of him say to another man:

"Did you hear the six o'clock news tonight?"

"No, was there anything special?" said the other man.

"I should think there was," replied the first man. "Those bank bandits have been at it again. The rascals broke into the steel vaults of the Midchester Bank last night and stole over one hundred thousand pounds!"

"You don't say?" ejaculated the

other. "Are the police certain it was the same gang that's been carrying out robberies all over the country?"

"Yes, they're absolutely certain," replied the first man. "There was a great jagged hole in the floor of the vault, the same as has been found in every bank vault they've robbed. They get in through that hole, of course, but it's an absolute mystery how they make the hole and where they come from."

"Peter, what are they talking about?" whispered Molly, noticing how intently Peter was listening to the two men talking.

"They're talking about the bank robbers," replied Peter. "There's a mysterious gang of thieves who have been robbing banks all over the country. But nobody has the slightest idea how they do it."

"Why haven't they?" asked Molly.

"Well, it's like this," explained Peter. "All banks have vaults where all the money and important papers are kept. These vaults are made of solid steel and special concrete. Even the floors are made of steel. Yet these robbers make a hole in the floor just as though it was paper or something. They get into the vault through this hole, fill the vault with poison gas so that no one can get at them, and then rob it."

"But doesn't the poison gas hurt *them*?" demanded Molly.

"No, because it's thought that they wear special gas masks and clothing," replied Peter.

"And when they've come in through the hole, do they go out through the hole after they've robbed the vault?" asked Molly.

"Yes," nodded Peter.

"Then it should be easy to catch them," cried Molly triumphantly. "Why don't the silly old policemen follow them down the hole and see where it leads to?"

"Because it doesn't lead anywhere," said Peter, shaking his head. "That's just another part of the mystery. After about twenty or thirty feet down the hole is always found to be so filled in that it's impossible to find out where it leads to. It's thought that the thieves blow it up behind them, bringing downfalls of rock and earth, like you sometimes hear about in a pit accident."

"I see," said Molly after a pause. "They must be very clever men, Peter."

"And very wicked ones, Molly," said her brother. "But here's our stop. Come on!"

The bus conductor knew them and he had already rung the bell for them. As they got off the bus he bade them a cheery good-night. Then the bus rumbled on along the quiet, moonlit road, and Molly and Peter were alone.

"I never mind the walk on a fine night," said Molly, clambering over a stile into a field. "It's the dark, wet nights I don't like."

"Well, we don't go out much then, do we?" said Peter with a laugh. "But I love these moonlight nights. Isn't everything so quiet and peaceful?"

It was, indeed. Nothing broke the stillness and the hush of the woods and fields which lay bathed in the light of the moon.

"What time do you think it is, Peter?" asked Molly, as they walked along hand in hand.

"About eight o'clock, I should think," said Peter. "Yes, there it's striking now."

Across the sleeping woods and fields there came stealing the distant chime of a church clock. It struck eight times.

Molly satisfied herself about that, because she counted the strokes.

"When we get in it'll be supper and bed," she said, as she and Peter walked on. "I'll think about that lovely picture we saw. I do think it's kind of uncle to let us go to the pictures——"

Abruptly she broke off and stopped in her tracks.

"Peter, what's that?" she asked.

"What's what?" exclaimed Peter in surprise.

"Can't you feel the ground trembling?" cried Molly. "I can. It's ever so slight, but I can still feel it. Can't you?"

"Yes, I can," said Peter, for the ground certainly seemed to be trembling beneath his feet. "I can hear something as well, Molly, like a droning noise."

"It's getting louder, Peter!" cried Molly, catching him by the arm. "Oh, whatever can it be?"

"Nothing very much, I should think," said Peter. "Perhaps it's a train in the distance."

"It's not a noise like a train," argued Molly. "Besides, a train wouldn't make the ground tremble at this distance. 'Least, I've never known it do so before."

"No, nor I," agreed Peter timidly.

"Do you think it can be the beginning of an earthquake or something like that?" cried Molly in alarm.

"I certainly hope not," replied Peter uneasily. "I don't know what to make of it. Let's stay here a minute. It's getting worse!"

The ground was trembling harder than ever beneath their feet, and the droning noise was getting louder and louder.

Holding Molly's hand tightly in his, Peter stared about him. He and Molly were standing beside a bush. Fifty paces or so in front of them the ground sloped steeply up to the top of Humbledon Hill. It was along the foot of this hill that Peter and Molly would wend their way home.

There was nothing at all that Peter could see anywhere to account for the droning noise and the trembling of the ground, which was getting worse and worse.

Then suddenly an amazing thing happened.

"Look!" cried Peter, clutching tightly at Molly's hand.

Molly was looking. And the sight she saw filled her with terror. For a hail of earth and clods had suddenly flown from the foot of Humbledon Hill, almost exactly opposite the spot where she and Peter were standing. And out of the shower of earth and clods—out of the very hillside itself—came a long, black, cigar-shaped monster which seemed to be made of gleaming black steel.

Molly and Peter could see it quite plainly in the moonlight. It had a sharp, pointed nose fitted with blades rather like a circular saw. It was by means of these whirling blades that the monster had bored its way out of the hillside.

"Oh, Peter, what is it?" gasped Molly.

"I don't know!" ejaculated Peter.

Molly tugged at his hand.

"Come on, let's run!" she begged.

"Come on—come on!"

Peter certainly felt like running away. But to run away before he had found the mysterious monster to be really dangerous would be cowardly, he told himself. Besides, it was quite plain to be seen that the monster was a mechanical one and not some mysterious beast which had come up out of the depths of the earth.

"Molly, let's wait!" he urged. "Come on, let's hide behind this bush and see what happens!"

"But, Peter, I'm frightened!" quavered Molly, staring at the monster which had come to rest at the foot of the hill.

"There's nothing to be frightened of—not yet, anyway!" said Peter. "Come on, let's hide. We simply must see what happens."

In spite of her fears, Molly crouched down out of sight behind the bush with Peter. Peeping round the bush, Peter saw a curious thing happen. For a steel door in the black, curved hull of the monster slid smoothly back and two men stepped out.

At least, Peter fancied they were men. But they were very strangely dressed. They were wearing tight-fitting black helmets and tight-fitting black suits which seemed to be all in one piece.

Were they really human beings, thought

Peter fearfully, or were they some weird creatures who lived somewhere far down below the surface of the earth? Then suddenly he gave a sigh of relief. For, after staring about them for a few moments, the two figures had lighted cigarettes.

That settled it, so far as Peter was concerned. They were men all right. Creatures from out of the depths of the earth wouldn't smoke cigarettes. At least, Peter couldn't imagine they would.

"They're men all right," he whispered to Molly. "There's nothing to be frightened of."

"Oh, but they're coming this way!" quavered Molly, pressing herself close to Peter.

"Keep down and don't move," whispered Peter. "We can't run away now or they'll see us."

Crouched still and motionless behind the bush, the two children listened with straining ears and wildly thumping hearts.

What would happen to them if the two men found them? Who were the two men, anyway, and what was that mechanical monster they had?

On the still night air the men's voices came plainly to the children's ears as they strolled slowly towards the bush.

"Well, it's nice to get a breath of fresh air and to be able to stretch one's legs after being cooped up in the Mole," said one of the men with a low laugh.

"Yes, but I don't like it," said the other man uneasily. "You don't know who might be around here."

"My dear Karl, there will be no one around here at this time of night, I can assure you," returned the first man with another laugh. "This is one of the quietest spots in the whole countryside. And we have to have some fresh air some time."

"Yes, I know, but I'm getting sick of it," said the man Karl sullenly. "Think of the risk we run every time we carry out a robbery. I tell you, Vorz, I can't stand much more of it. My nerve's going. I find myself thinking what would happen if ever the Mole stuck with us down there in the depths of the earth. We'd just die down there—that's what would happen!"

"I know, but the Mole isn't going to stick," replied the man Vorz easily. "She's never stuck yet, has she?"

"No, but one day she might!" broke in the other violently. "I tell you, I'm not going on much longer. We've already stolen more than a million pounds. Are you never going to be satisfied?"

"Yes, when we've robbed the Bank of England," replied Vorz. "When we've done that, I promise you we'll quit. In the meantime, this job that we're going to do to-night ought to bring us in another hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It's easy money, Karl."

Again he laughed and flicked away his cigarette end. It dropped by the bush behind which Molly and Peter were crouched.

The voices of the men were receding now. White of face, Peter peeped round the bush. The two men were strolling idly back towards the black steel monster.

Peter turned to Molly. His eyes were like saucers in his white face.

"Molly, do you know who they are?" he said in a trembling whisper. "They're the bank thieves for whom the whole country is looking."

"Oh, Peter, let's run!" gasped Molly. "They'll kill us if they find us here!"

Ride with the Bank Robbers!

"MOLLY, we can't run—not yet," whispered Peter. "If we do they'll see us. We've got to wait until they get back into their machine."

"Then we'll run and tell uncle and he'll tell the policemen," said Molly.

"Yes, but that won't catch the thieves," said Peter. "When they get into their machine they'll go back into the ground and nobody will ever see them again. If only we knew what bank they are going to rob to-night."

"Are they going to rob another one to-night?" quavered Molly.

"Of course they are," said Peter. "Didn't you hear that one called Vorz say that the job they're going to do to-night ought to bring them in another hundred and fifty thousand pounds? If we knew which bank it was, uncle could warn the police, but we don't know."

He peeped round the bush again. The two men had passed the iron monster and were strolling slowly along on the other side of it, their backs to Peter and Molly.

As the one named Vorz had said, they were stretching their legs and getting a breath of fresh air.

Peter thought swiftly. Something had to be done and done quickly. At any moment now the two men might get back into the Mole and vanish away into the depths of the earth.

Suddenly he started. An idea had flashed into his mind. But it was an idea the very thought of which made him tremble with excitement and fear.

His mouth went dry and his heart thumped harder than ever. But he would do it. Yes, he jolly well would do it. It was the only way.

"Listen, Molly," he whispered. "I'm going to try to hide aboard that machine somewhere and see where these villains go to——"

"No, no, Peter!" cut in Molly fearfully. "You can't—you mustn't——"

"Yes, I am!" said Peter determinedly. "It's about the only chance of ever catching them—to find out where they live. If I can manage to hide aboard the machine, you wait till we've gone and then run and tell uncle all that's happened."

"I'm not leaving you!" whispered Molly, hugging his arm tightly. "If you're going into that machine, then I—I am as well!"

"But, Molly——"

"I'm not going to leave you!" persisted Molly, holding him tighter than ever.

Peter peeped round the bush. The two men were still strolling away with their backs to him. The monster lay between him and them.

"Come on, then, let's chance it!" breathed Peter. "Run!"

Next moment the pair of them were simply flying towards the mechanical monster. It took them only a few seconds to reach it. But they were seconds full of peril, for the two men might have turned back towards the machine at any moment. And if that had happened they were bound to have seen the two children.

But they didn't, and Peter and Molly reached the monster without being seen. The sliding door in the hull was still open. With their hearts in their mouths, they stepped inside.

Now that they had really started on the adventure, they didn't feel quite so frightened. They were in for it now, and there could be no going back.

There was a dim electric bulb burning inside the steel hull of the Mole. The atmosphere was warm and smelt of hot oil. By the dim light of the bulb the two children could see a gleaming and bewildering array of pipes, gauges, pumps, batteries and electrical equipment.

The Mole was tapered at both ends and had revolving blades at both ends. This meant that she could be driven in either direction and didn't have to be put into reverse.

There was a sort of driver's seat at each end inside the hull. In front of each seat was an instrument board on which was a gleaming array of gauges and dials.

"Oh, Molly, isn't it a wonderful machine!" exclaimed Peter.

"Yes, but where can we hide?" cried

Molly urgently. "Those men might come back at any moment!"

Along each side of the curved hull, about a foot above the floor, ran thick iron pipes. It was dark and shadowy down there, and Peter reckoned that he and Molly might hide under the pipes with a good chance of not being seen.

"Come on, we'll get under those pipes!" he whispered, gripping her by the arm and hurrying her to them.

A few moments later the two children had wriggled in underneath the pipes. Nor were they any too soon. For as they lay there they heard the voices of Vorz and Karl approaching the machine.

The two men stood talking for a little while longer outside the sliding door in the hull. Then Peter and Molly heard Vorz say:

"Well, come on, we may as well get going!"

Lying as quiet as mice beneath the pipes, the children heard Vorz and Karl climb into the machine. Karl pressed a switch, flooding the Mole with brilliant light. Peeping out from beneath the pipes, Peter saw Vorz press a switch. In response, the steel door in the hull slid smoothly shut.



With their hearts in their mouths, they stepped inside.

Seating himself in the driver's seat, Vorz sat a moment studying the instruments on the dashboard in front of him.

"O.K.?" he asked over his shoulder of Karl.

"Yes," grunted the man.

Vorz pressed a switch and the mechanical monster was filled with the droning hum of powerful electric motors. The blades on the tapering end began to revolve, and, within a few moments, the Mole was boring its way back into the utter darkness of Humbledon Hill.

Vorz pulled a lever and the floor tilted as the mechanical monster bored down and down into the depths of the earth. The powerful whirling blades cut through chalk and rock and clay as though they were butter, for they were made of stahlite, the hardest metal known to man.

"What's our depth?" asked Karl once, for the two men spoke but little.

"We're fifteen hundred feet down," answered Vorz.

Peter could scarcely believe his ears. They were fifteen hundred feet below the surface of the earth. Suddenly the Mole rocked violently and the hull was filled with a deafening roar which quickly passed.

"What was that?" asked Karl hoarsely when all was quiet again except for the hum of the powerful motors.

"An underground river," answered Vorz calmly. "We went through it and it roared right over us. I expect it empties itself into some vast underground lake somewhere."

The time passed and then he spoke again.

"I am going up to two hundred feet," he said. "We will then be almost directly below the vault of the Oldhampton Bank. Get the gas cylinders ready and the explosive to blow open the door of the strong room."

Peter quivered with excitement. So the two villains were going to rob the bank at Oldhampton. They were nearly there.

"Are you ready?" demanded Vorz suddenly.

"Yes," growled Karl.

Vorz pulled a lever. The floor of the Mole tilted steeply and the hum of the

motors rose to a shrill, high-pitched whine as the great steel monster drove swiftly upwards towards the floor of the vault.

Suddenly there came a jar. The whirling nose had touched the underneath part of the steel flooring of the vault. Next instant there came the scream of riven steel and the powerful mechanical monster burst up through the floor of the vault and heaved itself up to lie not far from the heavy steel door of the strong room.

"Quick!" rapped Vorz, switching off the motors and leaping from his seat. "Every alarm bell in the place will be ringing!"

He whipped on a gas mask. Karl, who was already wearing his, turned the tap of a gas cylinder. The nozzle of the cylinder had been inserted through a specially drilled hole in the side of the Mole. As the gas hissed out, the vault started to fill with a deadly, yellow fog.

"Bring the explosive!" cried Vorz, pressing the switch which controlled the steel door in the side of the hull.

As the door slid silently open, the two men leapt out into the gas-filled vault. Dashing to the door of the strong room, they placed the high explosive against it. Then, as Vorz fired the fuse, both men flung themselves flat on their faces on the floor.

A moment later there came a deafening roar and the heavy steel door swung open, its locks completely shattered.

Meanwhile, as Vorz had said, the alarm bells were ringing furiously throughout the bank. For they were mechanical contrivances so set that they rang whenever anybody entered the vault.

One night watchman was already telephoning madly for the police. The other had rushed to the vault, only to recoil choking and gasping from the deadly gas.

Staggering under the weight of heavy boxes of gold and bullion, Vorz and Karl came out of the strong room and made a lurching run towards the Mole.

But when they reached it they got the shock of their lives. For the sliding steel door in the hull was firmly closed.

"What's happened?" screamed Vorz, dropping his bullion boxes with a crash and beating madly on the door with his gloved fists. "Who's shut this door?"



"You'll get the reward all right," said the inspector.

Had he but known it, it was Peter who had shut the door. For Peter had seen just where the switch was when Vorz had pressed it.

Peter had had two very strong reasons for closing the door. The first was that neither he nor Molly had gas masks and the deadly yellow fog had been drifting into the inside of the Mole. The second reason was quite a simple one. He had shut the door in order to keep Vorz and Karl out.

"We're trapped!" screamed Vorz, banging madly on the door with his fists. "If we don't get it open we're done for!"

Next instant he wheeled with a snarl of rage. For coming at him through the deadly yellow fog were uniformed figures wearing gas masks and with revolvers in their hands.

From pockets in their tight-fitting black suits both Vorz and Karl whipped out guns. The yellow fog was split by stabs of lurid flame and the vault echoed to the roar of guns.

Suddenly Karl spun round and went down with a bullet through his shoulder. His face contorted with rage and hate behind his gas mask, Vorz backed away. He had fired his last cartridge. Then, with a rush, the policemen were on him.

Vorz fought desperately, but he had no chance. His hands were jerked together and handcuffs clicked shut on his wrists.

The bank robbers had been captured at long last!

But it was not until the yellow fog had been pumped from the vault that Peter and Molly could leave the Mole or even open the sliding door. When they did come out you can imagine what a welcome the policemen gave them and how eagerly they listened to their strange story.

"Well, it's really you who caught those two rascals by shutting the door, so that they couldn't get back into the machine," said a grizzle-haired police inspector. "So you'll get the reward all right."

THE END



THE GIANTS OF JUPITER

A Tale of Adventures in the Land of King Kog

The King Cries!

THE planet of Jupiter is millions of miles away from the Earth. Yet although it is such a long way away, three people from the Earth managed to reach Jupiter.

The three daring travellers were Peter Hayward, his cousin Molly, and their uncle, Professor Pooter. They reached Jupiter aboard the professor's wonderful rocket ship, and a very queer planet they found it.

For one thing, a race of giants lived on Jupiter. For another the animals flew and the birds walked, and very peculiar animals and birds they were.

The giant King of Jupiter, King Kog, was very kind to Peter, Molly, and the

professor. The three of them lived at the royal palace in a giant dolls' house which had been specially made for them by the king's carpenter.

This dolls' house stood on a table in the window of the king's parlour, where it could get the sun all day.

One day Peter and Molly were playing on the table. A heap of sand had been placed on the table, and Peter and Molly had made a fine sand castle. Suddenly the king came into the parlour. For once the king's jolly face was looking very sad and unhappy.

Picking up Peter, who was still carrying his spade and bucket, the king said with a groan :

"Oh, little Peterkin, how unhappy I am!"

"Why, what's the matter, your Majesty?" cried Peter in dismay.

"I must give up my throne to Prince Poddlepot," groaned the king.

Prince Poddlepot was the king's stepbrother. He was a tall, thin giant, with a long nose and a nasty, spiteful face. Also, he was the most cunning man on Jupiter.

His dearest wish in life was to steal the king's crown and make himself King of Jupiter.

In this wicked plan, Prince Poddlepot was helped by Duke Boris, Duke Snorter, and fat Duke Bulbus. These three dukes were the king's three chief ministers. But instead of being loyal and true to the king, they were always plotting behind his back to make Prince Poddlepot the king.

"Yes," groaned the king, gazing sadly at Peter, who was standing on the palm of his giant hand, "there is no help for it this time, little Peterkin. I must give up my throne to Prince Poddlepot!"

"But why, your Majesty?" cried Peter, in astonishment.

"Because Wodo the Wise says so," said the king sadly.

"Oh, does he?" said Peter, who had never heard of Wodo the Wise. "And who might he be when he's at home?"

"He's a very wise man who lives all alone in the mountains," said the king. "He's the wisest giant in the whole of Jupiter."

"But what the thump does he mean by saying you've got to give up your throne to Prince Poddlepot?" cried Peter, in astonishment.

"I cannot tell you," said the king, shaking his head. "All I know is that he's left his cave and is going about the country telling everybody that unless I give up my throne to Prince Poddlepot a terrible disaster will happen to Jupiter!"

"And do the giants believe him?" cried Peter.

"Yes, they do," said the king sadly.

"But you don't believe him, do you?" cried Peter.

"Yes, little Peterkin, I do," groaned the king. "I must. Wodo the Wise can see

into the future. He is so clever that everything he says comes true. I am certain that if I don't give up my throne to Prince Poddlepot a terrible disaster will happen to Jupiter."

"Oh, rot!" cried Peter. "I bet you what you like Prince Poddlepot is behind this somehow. I bet it's just another of his wicked, cunning schemes to steal the throne from you!"

The king shook his great head.

"That is impossible, little Peterkin," he said. "Wodo the Wise is such a good giant that he would never help Prince Poddlepot in any wicked plot. No, Prince Poddlepot has nothing to do with this at all."

Peter was silent for a few moments. Then he said:

"Where is Prince Poddlepot, anyway? I haven't seen him around here lately?"

"He's away hunting," said the king.

"Oh, is he?" said Peter. "I wonder? In spite of what you say, your Majesty, I can't help thinking that somehow or other he's at the bottom of all this."

The king shook his head, and at the moment there came angry cries from outside. Carrying Peter and Molly, who were still holding their sand buckets, the king strode over to the balcony outside the window, and placing them on the parapet, the king peered over.

A groan escaped his lips as he saw long processions of giants marching past carrying banners which read: "Down with King Kog," and "King Kog must go!"

The tears fell so fast from the king's cheeks that Peter and Molly caught bucketfuls in their sand buckets and poured the tears over the edge of the parapet.

At last the king wiped his eyes and glanced tearfully down at Peter.

"But you will see Wodo the Wise for yourself," he said. "He's on his way here now. He comes to tell me with his own lips that unless I give up my throne to Prince Poddlepot, a dire disaster will happen to Jupiter. He will be here tomorrow."

"Good!" said Peter. "I'd like to have a dekkko at him!"

Song and Dance by Duke Bulbus!

AFTER talking to Peter and Molly a little longer, the king set them down once more outside their little house on the table and went out of the parlour. Scarcely had he gone than a huge fat face rose into view above the window-sill outside.

"Oh, look, Peter!" cried Molly. "There's Duke Bulbus!"

"Yes, it's me!" grinned the fat duke. "He, he, he!"

"You've been hiding out there listening to the king talking to me, I suppose?" cried Peter.

"Yes, that's right," leered the fat duke. "I heard every word he said. He, he, he! Isn't he in a state about having to give up his throne to Prince Poddlepot?"

"I'm jolly sorry for him, and besides, there's something fishy about all this," cried Peter. "There must be, or you wouldn't laugh like that!"

"I'm laughing because I'm so delighted Prince Poddlepot's going to be king," giggled the fat duke. "He, he he! I'm so pleased about it I could dance with joy!"

He started to do so, capering clumsily about outside the window, snapping his giant fingers above his great head and singing in his wheezy voice:

*"Poddlepot's king; Poddlepot's king!
Lift up your voices and all of you sing;
'Poddlepot's king, Poddlepot's king!
Shout it aloud till the rafters ring!*

Strike up the band.

Don't he look grand,

There on the throne,

Sitting alone?

The crown on his head,

His robes gold and red,

The courtiers all bowing,

And humbly kow-towing;

Oh, what a fine thing,

That Poddlepot's king!"

By the time he'd got that far, the fat duke was exhausted with his dancing and singing that he had to stop for breath.

"Whoosh!" he gasped. "Oh, dear—I'm quite puffed—I am, indeed——"

He puffed and blew until he'd recovered his breath. Then he looked in through the window again at Peter.

"Yes, it'll soon be all up with you, my little manikin," he leered. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Prince Poddlepot'll soon have you yelling for mercy, you nasty, interfering insect!"

"Sez you!" snapped Peter. "Anyway, d'you mind taking your great ugly dial away from that window? Apart from blocking the light, it reminds me of a big underdone suet dumpling that's gone mouldy!"

"Oh, my, just you wait!" roared Duke Bulbus, shaking his huge fist and fairly gnashing his teeth with rage. "Just you wait, you horrid little Earth creature! I'll make you pay for your cheek when Prince Poddlepot's king!"

"Yes—when he's king!" jeered Peter. "But he's not king yet and never will be, if I've got anything to do with it!"

"You can't do nothing!" roared Duke Bulbus, forgetting his grammar, so great was his rage. "What Wodo the Wise says, goes. The crown's as good as on Prince Poddlepot's royal nut already, so you'd better get ready to meet your doom! But I'm not going to waste any more breath on you. You're not worth it. Yah!"

With that, Duke Bulbus rolled furiously away, telling himself all the awful things he'd do to Peter when Prince Poddlepot became king.

Wodo the Wise

THE king and his courtiers were early astir the next morning in readiness for the arrival of Wodo the Wise at the royal palace.

They were all looking very sad. For everybody loved the king and hated Prince Poddlepot. Everybody except the three dukes, of course.

As befitted a poor hermit, Wodo the Wise was making his way to the palace on foot. A look-out was kept for him, and at length he was seen coming striding across the great plain towards the palace.

Peter was one of the first to see him coming. Peter was up on the battlements, perched on the shoulder of Kaper, the king's jester.

Wodo the Wise was a very tall and very thin giant. His feet and his lean, brown legs were bare, and he was clad only in an old animal skin.

He had a long, grey beard, and his long, grey hair, all dirty and tangled, hung right down to his skinny shoulders.

In one hand he carried a long wooden staff, and that seemed to be about his only possession.

"What a wild-looking giant," said Peter to Kaper.

"Yes," said the jester; "but he is a very wise one, Peterkin." Then he added, with a sigh: "Alas, to think that he is coming here to tell the king to give up his throne to Prince Poddlepot!"

By the time Wodo the Wise reached the palace, Kaper had taken Peter down to the courtyard to see the hermit arrive. As the hermit strode across the courtyard, all the giants bowed to him respectfully.

But Peter didn't bow. He was staring hard at the hermit. Then suddenly he said:

"Lift me up to your ear, Kaper. I want to whisper something!"

Kaper did so. But as he listened to what Peter was whispering, his face took on a look first of amazement, then of horror.

"No, little Peterkin, no!" he said quickly. "I couldn't possibly do it!"

"But you must, Kaper!" insisted Peter. "It's only a trial, of course, but just think, if it's successful it might save the king's throne for him."

"Oh, very well, then," said the jester very reluctantly. "But I warn you, little Peterkin, Wodo will be very angry indeed!"

"Never mind, we'll chance that," said Peter. "He's going to address the king in the main hall, isn't he? Come on, then, we've no time to lose!"

Much against his will, the frightened Kaper carried Peter swiftly into the hall.

"He'll speak to the king from about here," cried Peter.

A few minutes later the main hall started to fill with all the royal courtiers. Then in came the king, looking very sad, and seated himself on his throne.

Next moment all the courtiers started bowing very low as Wodo the Wise strode in. Kaper was standing near by with Peter hidden in his hand.

"Allow me to have the honour to touch your garment, O Wodo the Wise," said Kaper very respectfully.

He put up his hand. It took him just one split second to thrust Peter on to the hermit's shoulder beneath that wise old giant's long, straggly hair.

Wodo the Wise turned and faced the king and courtiers.

"Hark to me, O King of Jupiter, and all the royal courtiers!" he cried in a voice like thunder, raising his brown hands in front of him. "I, Wodo the Wise, who can see into the future from whom naught is hidden, do hereby warn the king that unless he gives up the throne to his step-brother, Prince Poddlepot, a terrible disaster will befall Jupiter and all the giants on it!"

The king rose.

"Wodo," he said quietly, "to save Jupiter and my giant people I will give up the throne!"

"Thou hast spoken like a great and a brave giant, O king," said Wodo the Wise, stepping forward.

But as he moved an amazing thing happened. His mass of long, tangled grey hair was jerked backwards, right off his head, leaving smooth and glossy black hair below.

"He's an impostor!" roared the courtiers angrily. "He's been wearing a wig!"

"It's Prince Poddlepot himself!" thundered the king. "I know his hair!"

He rushed at the make-believe hermit and seized him by the beard. As he tore at it, the beard came away in his hand, leaving exposed the crafty features of Prince Poddlepot.

"You villain!" roared the king. "How dare you come here disguised as Wodo the Wise! Where is Wodo the Wise! What have you done with him, you scoundrel?"

Poddlepot saw that the game was up.

"I kidnapped him from his cave," he snarled, his nasty, crafty face twisted with fury. "He's a prisoner in one of my castles. But what I want to know," he roared, "is how did my wig come off like that?"

"It was little Peterkin who did it!" cried Kaper, the jester, with a great shout of laughter. "Before you came in here we tied a piece of string to one of the pillars at the back of the hall. Peter had hold of the other end of the string. I popped him on to your shoulder as you passed me. While you were talking to the king and his courtiers, Peter tied the end of the string to your long hair. The moment you stepped forward, your wig was jerked off by the string. Ho, ho, ho! Diddled again, prince!"

The courtiers were roaring and bellowing with laughter. As for Prince Poddlepot and the three dukes, they were absolutely mad with rage because Peter had spoiled their plot.

"But how did he know I wasn't Wodo the Wise?" screamed Prince Poddlepot.

"He didn't know!" cried Kaper. "He just thought you mightn't be, see? Ho, ho, ho!"

"And you'll release Wodo the Wise at once!" thundered the king. "Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear!" snarled Prince Poddlepot, and strode furiously from the hall, followed by the three raging dukes.

He had to release the hermit. The king saw to that.

The King goes on Tour

ONE afternoon when Peter and Molly were playing on the table, the king came into the parlour.

"Well, little Peterkin, I leave to-night to make my yearly tour of my kingdom and visit my people," said the king. "I only wish I could take you and Molly and your uncle with me."

"We'd like to come, your Majesty," said Peter. "But uncle's in bed with a very bad cold, as you know, and Molly and I don't like leaving him."

"I know, little Peterkin," sighed the king. "But neither Prince Poddlepot nor his three duke friends are coming with me, and I fear that something might happen to you while I am away!"

"Nothing's going to happen to me, your Majesty!" cried Peter. "In a way, I'm rather glad I'm not going with you on your royal tour. I want to be here to keep an eye on things in your absence. Nobody knows what that rotter Poddlepot might get up to when you're not here. I mean, about stealing your crown and making himself king!"

The king smiled.

"He cannot steal my crown, little Peterkin," he said, "for I am taking the crown with me. And he cannot make himself king unless he has the crown to place on his head. That is the law of Jupiter. Only he who is crowned with the king's crown can be king. And, as I am taking the crown with me, there is nothing at all that Prince Poddlepot can do!"

"That's all right, then, your Majesty!" cried Peter. "Still, I'll be here if he and the three dukes do get up to any of their dirty tricks!"

Peter and the king talked about the tour for a while, then the king bade him and Molly farewell.

Peter got one of the giant guards in the parlour to put him and Molly on the window-sill in order to watch the king and his giant courtiers ride away from the royal palace.

The king turned more than once to wave to Peter and Molly, whom he could just see standing on the window-sill. Peter and Molly were waving their handkerchiefs when suddenly a wheezy sort of voice beside them said, with a sneer:

"That's right, wave to old kingy, you horrid little insect! You won't be here to wave to him when he gets back!"

Peter and Molly turned. Standing beside them, outside the window, was fat Duke Bulbus.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Peter. "I didn't hear you come along!"

"No, I can walk very softly when I like," leered Duke Bulbus.

"You're telling me!" said Peter. And

he started to sing a jingle which had been made up by Kaper, the king's jester :

*"Snooping and prying,
Sneaking and spying;
Who'd you think does it best?
At once, right away,
'It's Bulbus!' you say;
Oh, yes, the right answer you've
guessed!"*

"I suppose you think that's very clever!" snorted Duke Bulbus, with a frightful scowl. "Never mind, you nasty, cheeky little manikin! You'll be laughing the other side of your silly little face before very long!"

"What d'you mean by that?" demanded Peter.

"I mean what I say," leered Duke Bulbus. "You think you've been jolly clever, the way you've interfered with the plans of Prince Poddlepot and me and Duke Boris and Snorter. Well, you'll not interfere with them much longer, you horrid little insect! He, he, he! We've got something up our sleeves which would make you as mad as anything if you knew what it is. But you're not going to know what it is, see? He, he, he!"

And with that, fat Duke Bulbus turned and waddled away, shaking with laughter.

The King's Crown is Stolen!

PETER turned to the giant guards in the parlour.

"Put me down on the ground outside!" he cried. "Quick, put me down outside!"

"Oh, Peter, where're you going?" cried Molly in alarm.

"I'm going to follow that fat rotter!" cried Peter. "There's something in the wind, and I'm jolly well going to find out what it is!"

The guards had to obey Peter's orders, of course, because the king had told them they must. So one of them picked him up very carefully, and, leaning out of the window, set Peter down on the ground outside.

Next instant Peter was running as swiftly as he could after fat Duke Bulbus. If Duke Bulbus hadn't been such a fat

giant, Peter might never have caught him up. But Duke Bulbus was just waddling slowly along, enjoying the air of the royal gardens.

Round a bend in the path, Peter saw Prince Poddlepot, Duke Boris, and Duke Snorter sitting on a seat. It was quite plain that Duke Bulbus was going to join them. A huge bed of flowers was close to them, so Peter climbed up the stem of the highest flower and hid himself behind the flower's large petals.

"Well, the king's gone!" wheezed Duke Bulbus. "He, he he! He's just ridden out, taking his crown with him. I saw the box it was in myself. He, he, he!"

He and Prince Poddlepot and the other two dukes laughed so heartily at this that Peter was very puzzled indeed.

"Yes, he's got the crown in his royal hat-box," giggled Duke Bulbus. "Oh my, isn't he going to get a shock when he opens the hat-box. What was it you put in the hat-box, your Highness?"

"A—a suet dumpling," spluttered Prince Poddlepot.

At these words he and his three pals roared harder than ever with laughter. But as for Peter, he caught his breath and his heart missed a beat.

"It was the easiest thing in the world," went on Prince Poddlepot, when he had recovered sufficiently from his mirth. "I had a royal hat-box secretly made exactly the same as the king's. I put the dumpling inside, and, when the king was having his lunch to-day, I slipped into his royal apartments and swapped the two hat-boxes. It didn't take a minute!"

"And now you've got the crown of Jupiter, your Highness!" cried Duke Bulbus, shaking like a monster jelly with mirth. "He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you fool!" hissed Prince Poddlepot. "Don't talk so loud. Some of the royal gardeners might hear us. You haven't breathed a word about this to that nasty, interfering little manikin from the Earth, have you?"

"No, of course I haven't!" said Duke Bulbus indignantly. "But, tell me, when are you going to have yourself crowned King of Jupiter?"

"To-morrow morning," said Prince Poddlepot. "The king should be well away on his tour by then. I'll sit on the royal throne and I'll have the king's crown placed on my royal head and I'll proclaim myself the one and only lawful King of Jupiter!"

"And the king won't be able to do a thing about it afterwards," put in Duke Boris triumphantly. "The law says that if anyone of royal blood—and that's you, your Highness—sits on the throne and has the king's crown placed on his head, then he's the one and only lawful King of Jupiter. Ha, ha, ha! You're going to be king this time, your Highness, and no mistake about it."

"I hope you've got the crown safe, your Highness?" said Duke Snorter anxiously.

"Oh, yes, it's safe enough!" laughed Prince Poddlepot. "I've got it locked away in my wardrobe. And there it'll remain until it's put on my royal head in the morning!"

He gritted his teeth, and went on savagely:

"And the first thing I'll do when I am king will be to get hold of that nasty little Peterkin and give him something he'll not forget in a hurry. I'll make the beastly little insect absolutely howl for mercy!"

"Sez you!" muttered Peter, crouched farther down into the flower.

"Well, your Highness, what about having tea?" said Duke Bulbus. "I don't know about you, but I'm getting frightfully peckish. Hé, he, he! We'll have a sort of celebration tea to-day, what?"

"Yes, come on!" said Prince Poddlepot, rising.

He and the three dukes strolled away. Waiting until they were out of sight, Peter climbed down the flower-stem and scuttled back to the window of the parlour as fast as ever he could run.

Molly was watching for him from the window-sill, and very glad indeed she was to see him. She called to one of the guards to pick Peter up, and, a few moments later, Peter was safely on the table again.

"Where've you been, Peter?" cried Molly. "Did you discover anything?"

"You bet I did!" cried Peter. "Come on indoors. We've got to see uncle!"

He ran into the giant dolls' house. Followed by Molly, he ran quickly upstairs to the room where Professor Pooter was in bed with a bad cold.

The next morning, the courtiers and soldiers who hadn't gone with the king were very much surprised to receive an order from Prince Poddlepot, telling them to report at the throne-room.

Peter, Molly, and the professor went as well. They were seated on the shoulders of their giant guards.

Prince Poddlepot and the three dukes were standing beside the throne when the courtiers and soldiers filed into the room. When everybody had arrived, Duke Boris stepped forward and cried:

"This morning we are going to crown Prince Poddlepot the one and only lawful King of Jupiter. We have here the royal crown to place on his head. If anybody thinks it isn't the king's royal crown they can come and have a look at it and see for themselves that it is."

At these words a dreadful groan broke from the courtiers and the soldiers. None of them liked cunning Prince Poddlepot, and the thought that he was to be king filled them with dismay.

How he had done it they didn't know, but it was very plain that he and three wicked dukes had diddled the poor king somehow.

Grinning with evil triumph, Prince Poddlepot seated himself on the throne. As he did so, however, he let out a terrific yell and bounded high up into the air.

"Oww, I'm stung—I'm burned!" he roared, his nasty, spiteful face twisted with rage and pain. "Oww-ww!"

"Why, your Highness, what on Jupiter's the matter?" cried Duke Boris, in fear and astonishment.

"There's something the matter with the throne!" roared Prince Poddlepot. "It's either red-hot or else there's twenty thousand bees in it!"

"But—but it looks all right," stammered Duke Boris.

"Let me try it," wheezed Duke Bulbus importantly. "I'll soon find out if anything's wrong with it!"



Peter climbed up the stem of the highest flower and hid himself behind its largest petals.

He seated himself on the throne. But as he did so he let out a screech like the Flying Scotsman.

"Eeee-ee!" he howled, leaping high into the air. "Oww-ww! I'm stung——"

He went bounding about, yelling like mad.

"The throne's bewitched!" roared Prince Poddlepot, dancing with pain and rage. "I can't sit on it—nobody can sit on it!"

"Then if you can't sit on it, you can't be crowned king!" cried Peter. "You've got to sit on the throne to be crowned king. Everybody knows that!"

"Yes, we all know that!" roared the courtiers.

Prince Poddlepot glared at them, his spiteful face twisted with baffled fury.

"Somebody's been messing about with the throne!" he roared. "Who is it?"

"Never mind, you scoundrel!" thundered a voice, and the king himself came

bursting into the throne-room. "Thanks to little Peterkin, I have learned of your wicked plot and have returned. A messenger summoned me back here. So you thought you could sit on my throne, did you? Ha, ha, ha! You didn't reckon with Peterkin and his clever uncle, you villain!"

"What d'you mean?" screamed Prince Poddlepot.

"I mean that during the night Professor Pooter had the throne all electrified," cried the king. "That is an Earth word, but it means that anybody sitting on the throne would get a terrific electric shock. Oh, yes, you got a shock, you rascal! Diddled again, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

Prince Poddlepot glared at Peter and the professor.

Then he slunk from the throne-room, followed by the three dukes, who looked as though somebody had biffed them good and hard behind the ear with a sandbag.

THE END



Digger Dawson caught the edge of the table and slammed it against Van Buren.

YOU CAN'T GET A DIGGER DOWN

(Continued from page 62)

Dawson, as the boy joined him. "We have the crook, and now we have to find Ujumpa. Maybe we'll get this rat to confess when we get back to the ranch."

"No need for that, Digger," replied Billy. "I know where he is. Look at this."

As he spoke, Billy crossed to the far wall of the cabin, and showed Digger the mark he had seen on the wall.

"Seen anything like that before?" he asked.

"Sure, plenty of 'em," replied the foreman. "On a stable door. That was made by a horse's hoof—but Ujumpa can't be in here."

"Not exactly," replied Billy. "But I don't think he is so far away."

The boy was pressing against a wooden bar that ran across the wall of the shack. Suddenly, there was a click and the whole of the wall swung inwards, and there, in what used to be the old mine tunnel, was Ujumpa!

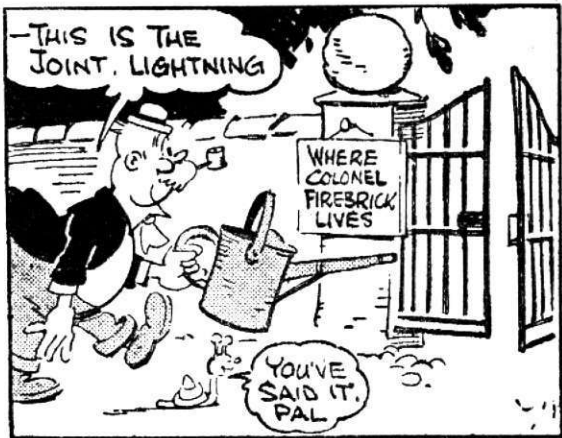
Honest Tom Russell arrived back from Melbourne the next day. He was anxious at first, but when he saw that life at Twin Forks Farm was going on as usual, he was very much relieved. It wasn't until after Ujumpa had won the Melbourne Steeplechase that he knew of the exciting happenings that had taken place during his absence.

Billy, Digger and Moola had made that their secret, and as Digger said: "It sure saved the boss a lot of headaches."

But now that Twin Forks has been rebuilt and is prospering, you can see Honest Tom Russell stop in the middle of something, scratch his head and say: "What a foreman, what a blackfellow—what a SON! You can't keep a real 'digger' down!"

No wonder. The gold in these parts was not in the mine working, but actually on Twin Forks Farm—and the Eldorado Land Syndicate had known it all the time!

THE END



Questions.

1. Why is a king like a book?
2. What is as clever as a horse that can count?
3. What goes from London to Brighton without moving?

Answers.

- Because he has pages.
A spelling bee.
The railway line.



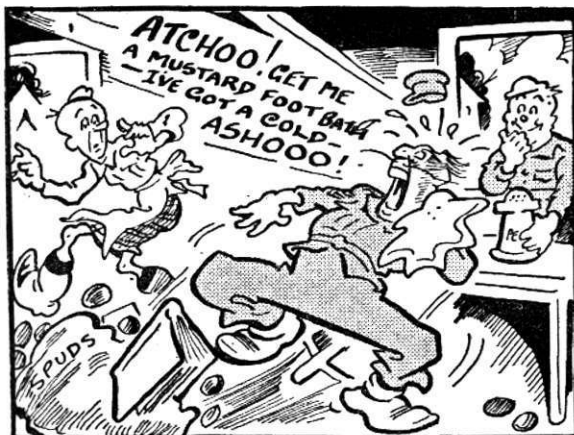
BOOKWORM BASIL

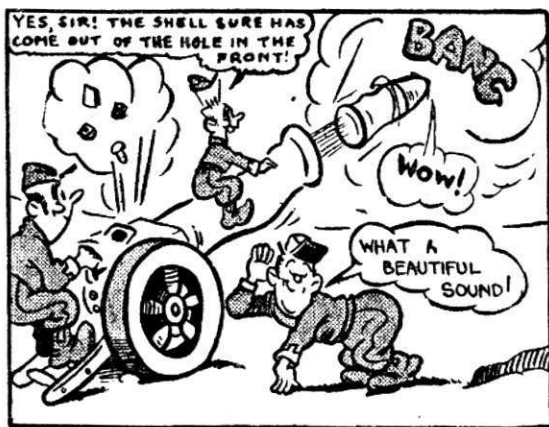
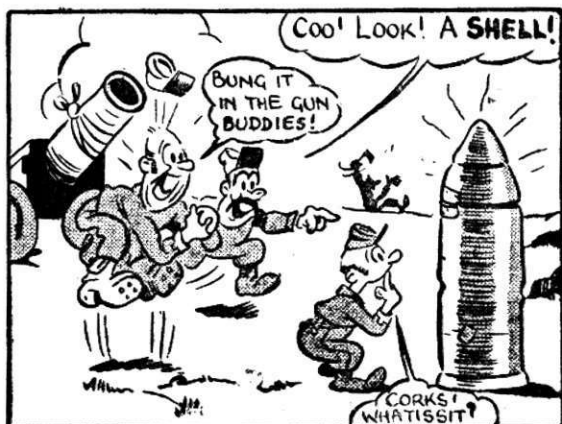
HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE



SANDY AND MUDDY

- - - TWO UP ON SERGY!





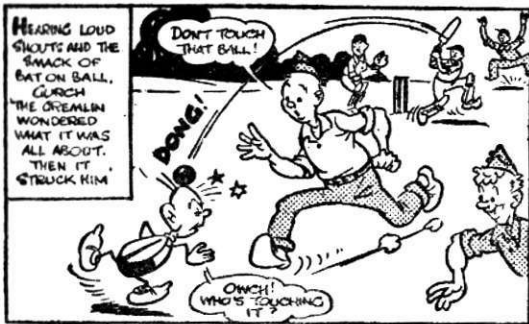
Riddles.

1. Why is it impossible for a butcher to be honest?
2. On which side of the jug is the handle?
3. Why has a horse six legs?

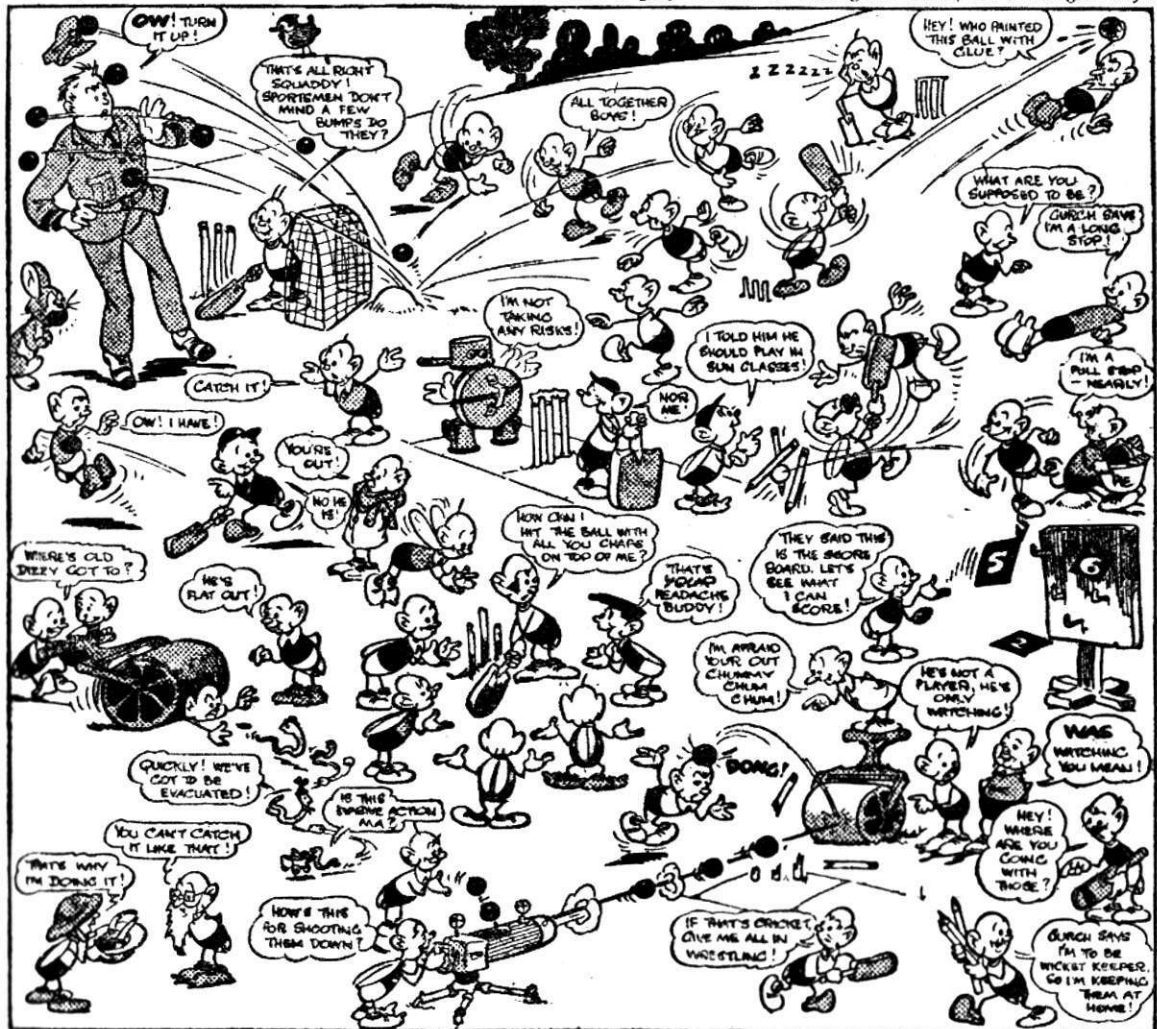
Answers.

- Because he steals all the knives he uses.
- On the outside.
- Because it has fore legs in front and two behind.

IT'S THE GREMLINS!



1. Gurch, the Gremlin, was out for a stroll the other day, chums. He went to see what the lads of the aerodrome were up to, when suddenly something hard and knobby donged him on the dome! 'Twas a cricket ball, and Gurch was annoyed when Squaddy laughed at his bump, and told him to teach the Gremlins to play cricket. It was a good notion, and Gurch got busy!



2. Timid Ted made up a nifty suit of armour. Dizzy went flat out beneath the roller and old Hookem put up a big score—but Rookie stuck to a speeding ball and hasn't come back yet! Not that anybody bothered. They were too busy laughing at Squaddy, who walked into a barrage of cricket balls. See more of the Gremlins on page 56.

BRAIN-TICKLERS TICKED! Solutions to the Puzzles on Pages 63 to 66—How Right Were You?

Page 63 Answers

- The Professor had his son's photograph.
- When it is shelled.
- 16 stone.
- None—it was just a hole!
- Sunderland (S under L and).
- 300 marbles.
- Saturday.
- Page 146.
- 4567.
- B, C, D, G and I—only A, E, F, H and J really are knots.
- Halfway only—after that it begins to go out, doesn't it!
- "Wm. Williams." The signature was just printed in reverse as though it had been written backwards; hold it up to the mirror and see for yourself!
- Elephant, lions, monkeys, bears, camel, llama, rhinoceros.
- Nine—all the sisters had the same brother, Tommy himself!
- Blackpool.
- No; yes. Of course we know Nelson didn't do in the Armada, and that Russia isn't the capital of Moscow; but nine nines are not ninety-nine, so the first answer is still "no." Likewise, with the other part; Drake did not find America, so

the answer is still "yes," wherever Musso may be.

- Timothy, anyway—who ever heard of a peacock's egg; if in that family at all, it would be a peahen's.

Page 64

- The secretary is her brother!
- In this order—Arthur, Eddy, Dick, Frank, Clem, Bob!
- Exeter and Leeds.
- Blunderbuss—fly-squashing, Pinkeye—tidley-winks, Poonah—shooting.
- A rolling stone gathers no moss, and Too many cooks spoil the broth. Read alternate letters for each proverb!
- 22 birds and 14 rabbits.
- Ha! an inch—as they stood on the shelf with Volumes 1 and 2 numbered to the right, Page 1 would be next to the front cover of volume 1, which would itself be next to the back cover of volume 2.
- Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, The Zoo and The Tower, in that order—they missed the Marble Arch, St. Paul's Cathedral and the British Museum.

Page 65

- A4, B3, C5, D1 and E2.
- The same time—same saw!

- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
A S T G I F X M
—it was to be solved either by trial or error, or simply by adding half the subtraction difference to half the addition total to find the larger number, and taking away the other half of the difference from half the total for the other number!
- 124 "solos."
- A yard.
- (a) No; (b) Yes, a and c; (c) Yes, the first sign in row e; (d) Rows a, c and d; (e) row e.
- (a) Thames; (b) Ouse; (c) Trent; (d) Tees; (e) Severn.
- "I shall have to find a hide-out for the time being, as the police are watching me. Will you carry on with the plans we made—don't try to get in touch with me."

- 7 inches square.
- That that is, is; that that is not, is not; but that that is not, is not that that is; nor is that that is, that that is not—is not that so?

Page 66

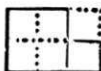
- 450—not 900, as some people tried to tell us!
- 54, 15, 21 and 6.
- Reading across: 18, 1, 24, 7, 15—5, 23, 6, 14, 17—22, 10, 13, 16, 4—9, 12, 20, 3, 21—11, 19,

2, 25, 8. The "key" to this one was to complete the bottom line first.

- At first sight this looked a real baffler, but you saw (or we hope you did) from the second line of division, that A must be 1, and with a little thought the whole answer becomes clear as a 13,601 divided by 15 = 912, with a remainder of 11.

- 20, if you read it aright!
- 10 feet.
- 35 ways.

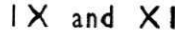
43-



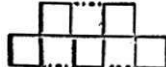
44-



45-



46-



- $98 - 76 + 54 + 3 + 21 = 100$.

48. $74 \times 982 = 727,662$. (Clue: the difference between the second and third rows of figures was half of 1,482, or 741, which was evidently the multiplicand!)

49. 7—this was really "cushy"; A, B, C, D equalled 22, which less B C gave you your answer straight away.

- $54 \times 3 = 162$.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Allow yourself 1 mark for each correct answer, except in Nos. 10, 13, 25, 29, 31, 32, 35 and 42, where you can award yourself 3 marks for all-correct in each case, 2 for nearly right, or 1 for only part right. And we trust you to mark yourself fairly. Possible total, 66 marks. If you got over 55 we invest you with the title of Senior Brain-box; with over 45 you're quite good. Under 35? . . .

Now Check Up on the "Fun Book" Puzzle-Letters!

Solution to Puzzle Letter on Page 112.

Solution to Puzzle Letter on Page 178.

Dear Bill,

You know I've got a job at Covent Garden. That's the big fruit market in London. Well, do you know what my firm is selling this week? They've got a load of cherimoyas over from Peru. I'll bet you don't know what they are, so I'll tell you. They are a new fruit that tastes like custard flavoured with peach, pineapple and vanilla. The Indians named it, and the name means cold, round fruit. I'll bet you think I'm pulling your leg but I'm not. Look it up if you don't believe what I say.

Cheerio, chum,
Dick.

Dear Dick,

You and your cherimoyas! You won't catch me that way! Listen, I've got a job in the fish-market, and my boss is selling a new kind of fish. It looks like a herring, but tastes like a whale flavoured with cod's roe, chipped potatoes, vinegar, and ice-cream. They sell it in bottles and if you add water, it swims about and looks lovely on the dining-room mantelpiece. So now go and chase yourself round the gasworks.

Yours till the cows come home.

Bill.

CURLY AND THE TAILWAGGERS

Curly's dog Bingo takes him on an exciting adventure to the Kingdom of the Rats



Curly's Strange Ride

CURLY CHUCKLES lay on his back in bed staring up at the ceiling. He'd had a mixed sort of day. He had caught twenty-five tiddlers down in the stream which ran at the bottom of Big Meadow. He had lain in the bushes near Old Falcon Wood and watched a couple of grey squirrels having a grand game of "he" high among the tree-tops. With his net, Curly had caught a lovely Royal Admiral to add to his butterfly collection.

Curly frowned. Against these good things, Curly had mislaid his mouth-organ. His dad, Farmer Chuckles, had given the mouth-organ to him for his birthday, and Curly felt very badly about the loss. He had left it on a ledge at the back of the farmhouse when his mother had called him in to his tea. When Curly had returned, it had disappeared.

"Surely that wretched old King Rat hasn't taken it?" Curly thought.

That was Curly's nickname for the huge brown rat which he'd spotted more than

once running across the yard. King Rat was the biggest and fiercest-looking rat Curly had ever seen!

"But what would a rat want with a mouth-organ?" Curly mused. "A piece of cheese or a bit of corn—yes. But a mouth-organ—no!"

As Curly lay half-dreaming of King Rat and all the other rats who, so his dad said, were doing an awful lot of damage to the crops, he suddenly lowered his eyes and saw Bingo staring at him from the foot of the bed.

Bingo was a black and white terrier and Curly's very own pet. At that moment Bingo's front paws were planted firmly on the coverlet, and his brown eyes were troubled.

"Hallo, Bingo boy!" cried Curly. "What's the matter?"

To Curly's utter amazement, Bingo replied in a human voice: "Matter? I'll show you what's the matter! Come on! Come and see for yourself!"

"Why, Bingo, I—I didn't know—you

could talk?" gasped Curly excitedly.

"Of course I can talk as good English as you can—when I like!" snapped Bingo. "But never mind that now! Come along! There's no time to waste!"

"Come where?" cried Curly, still bewildered.

"I'll show you!" replied Bingo eagerly, darting round to Curly's side. "I'll lead you! Come on!"

"But where to?" Curly repeated.

"You'll see!" answered Bingo. Just climb on to my back!"

"But I'm too heavy!" Curly cried. "You can't carry me!"

"Frizzle my forepaws, can't I?" barked Bingo, who, Curly realised, seemed to have grown bigger while he, Curly, appeared to have shrunk—a bit. "Come on!" cried Bingo. "Get astride! And hang on!"

Still puzzled, Curly obeyed. It was just as well that Curly got a good grip on Bingo's collar, for the terrier shot across the room with the speed of an express train.

With one leap, Bingo was through and out of the window. Bingo tore across the lawn. He cleared the white fence with another grand jump. Through the apple orchard he sped, and out on to the winding road which led to Twining village.

"Ooooooh! Look out!" gulped Curly. "Mind that car, Bingo! You're on the wrong side of the road!"

"Honk-honk-honk!" blared the car's hooter.

It seemed that Curly and Bingo must be run over, but Bingo skidded and swerved. The car missed them by inches.

"Road hog!" snorted Bingo, as he raced on.

Suddenly Bingo applied all his brakes and half-slid to a standstill in a cloud of dust outside Mrs. Wiggins' little white cottage.

"What are we stopping here for?" asked Curly.

"You'll see!" said Bingo. "Hang on!"

He turned and raced up Mrs. Wiggins' garden path. Suddenly Bingo stopped dead in his tracks, his ears pricked.

"Quick, hide!" he snapped.

The next moment Bingo had darted behind a near-by tree-trunk, and lay doggo, with Curly half-sprawled on top of him.

Meanwhile, the front door of Mrs. Wiggins' cottage had opened. Out came P.-C. Porker, the village policeman, leading a small Scotty on a piece of string. Mrs. Wiggins followed him. She was an old lady with white hair. At that moment, her eyes were red-rimmed. She was wringing her hands.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried poor Mrs. Wiggins. "Whatever shall I do without my little dog Chips? Oh, please, constable, let me keep him! Don't take him away!"

"Sorry, Mrs. Wiggins!" answered P.-C. Porker. "You can't keep a dawg without a dawg licence. It's agin' the law!"

"But—I—I can't afford seven-and-sixpence to pay for a new licence for him!" wailed Mrs. Wiggins, who was very poor. "Sorry, Mrs. Wiggins," said P.-C. Porker, not unkindly. "But I've got my duty to do!"

Poor Chips was led away down the road towards the dog pound, which was a sort of poor-house for pets, down in the village.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bingo, "we mustn't let Chips go to the pound. Once he's in there, anything might happen. He might be sold to someone, and his mistress wouldn't see him again."

Before Curly could say anything, Bingo rushed down the path. Curly hurried after him.

"What are you going to do?" Curly cried.

"You'll see!" snapped Bingo, over his shoulder.

By then, P.-C. Porker had mounted his bicycle and was pedalling slowly up the hill with poor old Chips still in helpless tow.

Suddenly Bingo scampered alongside, barking furiously.

"Get away! Get away!" shouted P.-C. Porker, aiming a kick at Bingo.

Quick as lightning, as the policeman's leg left the pedal, Bingo dodged, and then leapt up. His teeth got a grip on the man's trouser leg. Bingo swung dizzily in mid-air, clinging on for dear life. P.-C. Porker

let out a yell of alarm as the bicycle wobbled all over the road.

"Stoppit! Ow! Leggo, you—you! he roared angrily.

The next moment—*crash!*—the bicycle and bobby landed in a tangled heap in the middle of the dusty road.

"Ow! Yow! Yaroop!" yelled P.-C. Porker.

In falling, the copper had lost hold of Chips. As Bingo swivelled out of harm's way, he shouted to Chips:

"Quick! Bunk for it! Here, Curly! Jump on my back!"

Curly clung on for dear life, as Bingo flashed across the road and cleared the ditch with one big leap. Through the hedge—where there was a hole—he went like a flash. Bingo raced across the field beyond, with Chips struggling after.

Behind them, P.-C. Porker had struggled to his feet.

"Come back! Come back!" he bellowed, shaking his fist, and starting to follow them.

"Hurry up, Chips!" shouted Bingo. "You don't want to get caught, do you?"

Chips did his best, but his little legs were short and weak. He just couldn't stay the pace.

"Keep it up," gasped Bingo, "P.-C. Porker'll catch him at this rate. We'll have to hide!"

"Over there!" cried Curly. "Over to that barn! It's full of sacks and straw. P.-C. Porker won't find us there!"

Before you could say Jack Robinson, Curly, Bingo and Chips were inside. They scrambled under some piles of straw behind a heap of big sacks, as P.-C. Porker, puffing and blowing, ran straight past.

"That fooled him!" laughed Bingo. "Still, just to be on the safe side, I'll take a look around to make sure the coast is clear!" You two stay here and keep quiet!"

As Bingo vanished, Chips gave a whimper.

"What's the matter?" whispered Curly.

"Look! Look! Over there!" Chips whispered back.

"Gosh!" gulped Curly.

Only a few feet away was a big hole in the wall. Out of the hole had come two of the biggest rats Curly had ever seen.

"Gosh!" he gasped again, recognising the rodents. "It's King Rat! And that must be Queen Rat with him. Why, they're even bigger than I thought!"

To Curly's amazement King Rat suddenly started to talk, in a high-pitched, squeaky voice.

"Shall I give you a tune, my dear?" squeaked King Rat.

From behind his back, King Rat produced something long and thin and silvery looking.

"My word!" gasped Curly. "King Rat's got my mouth-organ, the old meanie! So it was he who pinched it!"

"Ssssssssh!" hissed Chips, who was a bit nervous of rats and didn't want to attract their attention.

"I've been practising for hours!" King Rat went on. "I'm getting on splendidly. What shall I play?"

Queen Rat turned her head as if to make sure no one was about. But Curly and Chips were too well concealed.

"Play the signature tune of Ratdom!" she squeaked, fondling her husband's long whiskers.

"Sure, my dear! Sure, I will!" replied King Rat. Then he looked nervously over his shoulder. "That is, I'll play it, if you think it's quite safe!"

"Safe! Safe! Of course it's safe!" snapped Queen Rat. "We're quite alone!"

King Rat still looked doubtful. "Don't forget what happens when that signature tune is played!" he reminded her.

"I know! I know!" replied the Queen impatiently. "No rat who hears that tune can stay away. He or she has to come out of his or her hole to listen!"

"If ever our enemies got to know that tune it might be awkward!" muttered King Rat.

"Oh, you old jitterbug!" cried the Queen, who was anxious to hear her favourite bit of music. "Don't be so nervous. I told you there's no one about. No one will hear. Come on, now! Play! Play!"

The next moment King Rat lifted Curly's mouth-organ to his mouth and started.

"Diddle - lum - dum - dee - dee - dum - dee-dum," played King Rat. "Diddle-diddle - diddle - diddle - dee - dum!"

"Goody! Goody!" cried Queen Rat.

"Goodness, just look!" gasped Curly.

There was such a rustling and a scampering as, from all directions, rats appeared, attracted by that queer little tune the King was playing.

"Diddle - lee - der - tee - der - lee - lee - lee,

Diddle - lee - dee - dee - dee - diddle - lee!"

"Encore! Encore!" cried Queen Rat.

All the other rats started to applaud just as a voice behind Curly hissed: "Oy!"

Curly turned his head. Through a hole in the wall behind him, Curly spotted Bingo.

"Come on! Hurry up!" Bingo hissed "Coast's clear!"

With Chips at his heels, Curly crawled into the open air. The next moment, Curly found himself astride Bingo's back again. They were off like the wind.

Chips is Rescued

"WHERE to now?" cried Curly, hanging on grimly, as Bingo sprinted along a narrow, winding lane.

"You'll see! You'll see!" barked Bingo. "Come on, Chips! We mustn't be late for the meeting!"

"What meeting?" cried Curly.

"The meeting of the Ancient Order of Tail-waggers, of course," snapped Bingo, swerving and making tracks for a ramshackle hut which stood in the middle of some near-by allotments.

The door was shut. But that didn't worry Bingo. With one leap Bingo sailed through the window, Chips following as best he could.

Curly blinked in amazement, as he climbed breathlessly off Bingo's back. For the shack was full of dogs of all sorts, shapes and sizes. In one corner was what looked to Curly like some kind of band. But it was the queerest-looking band Curly had ever seen. Most of the band's instruments seemed to be home-made out of old bones, tin-cans, dustbin lids and jam jars half-full of water. There was a very



"Stop it! Ow! Leggo, you brute, you!" roared P.-C. Porker angrily.

old big drum which looked as though it had been found on a rubbish heap.

A long, lanky dog was standing on his hind legs, waving a home-made flute, constructed out of old bones stuck end to end. Curly guessed he was the conductor.

"Who are they?" Curly whispered to

Bingo.

"Sssssh! That's Al Satian and His Hot Dogs!" Bingo said.

Curly had no idea what Al Satian and His Hot Dogs were supposed to be playing. It was an awful row; but everyone was so busy talking, that they either didn't mind, or just didn't notice.

Then there was a sudden hush. The band stopped in relays all on the wrong notes. Everyone stopped talking. For the first time Curly noticed Worshipful Brother Bulldog, who sat hunched on top of a barrel at the far end of the hut. He was wearing the queerest chain of office Curly had ever seen. It was made of a lot of old bones. At the bottom hung a dog's round tin dinner-plate.

"Members of the Ancient Order of Tail-waggers," boomed Worshipful Brother Bulldog. "You all know why this extraordinary meeting was called. We have got to save our poor friend—Chips—from the pound!"

All the other dogs turned sympathically, and stared at Chips, who shuffled his small paws and looked very sorry for himself.

"Now, members," went on Worshipful Brother Bulldog. "Has anyone any bright ideas?"

"What about us all going out and collecting old bones, slippers, tin kettles, bits of iron and anything else we can find, and getting Curly here to sell them for seven-and-sixpence to Mr. Diddlem, the rag-and-bone man?" cried Bingo eagerly.

"Ha, so you want this young man to act as salesman?" barked Worshipful Brother Bulldog. "So that's why you brought him along, Bingo?"

"Yes," agreed Bingo eagerly.

"Come over here!" exclaimed Worshipful Brother Bulldog.

"Go on, Curly!" whispered Bingo. "He's not as fierce as he looks. He won't hurt you!"

Curly stepped forward.

"D'you think you could sell the stuff if we got it?" asked Worshipful Brother Bulldog.

"Well, I don't know," replied Curly. "You see, Mr. Diddlem's an old meany. He won't pay a penny in cash if he can help it. He mostly gives flower-pots in exchange and things like that!"

"Well," muttered Worshipful Brother Bulldog, "d'you think you could swap a flower-pot with a nice plant in it for a new dog licence at the post office?"

Curly thought of sour-faced old Susie Snapdragon, the village post-mistress, and thought not.

He said so.

"Well, well, have you a better idea?" enquired Worshipful Brother Bulldog.

Before Curly could answer there was a sudden commotion behind him. A small dachshund, named Billy, who had been keeping a look-out outside the hut, wriggled into sight.

"Bunk for it!" he gasped. "Here comes P.-C. Porker!"

The warning came too late. The door crashed open. There on the threshold stood the constable.

"Quick! Out of the window, Chips!" hissed Bingo. "Grab my collar, and jump on my back, Curly! This is where we beat it!"

Up, up, up sailed Bingo in one splendid spring, with Curly clinging on grimly, as P.-C. Porker, spotting Chips, roared: "Ah! There you are, you little varmint! I thought I spotted you sneaking across the allotment!" Before Chips could do a bolt, the constable dived forward. "Gotcher!" he cried, grabbing Chips by the scruff of his neck, as the meeting broke up in disorder.

Scarcely had P.-C. Porker marched Chips off to the near-by dog pound than Bingo turned around and sailed back into the hut, where the members of the Ancient Order of Tail-waggers were hastily reassembling.

Once again on top of the barrel, Worshipful Brother Bulldog looked down.

"Something's got to be done and done at once," he growled. "Any suggestions for getting that seven-and-sixpence quickly?"

Al Satian sprang forward.

"Why can't I take the band down to the village, and play in the square? The boy could take a collection. We'd soon raise the cash!"

"What d'you think?" Worshipful Brother Bulldog asked Curly.

Curly didn't think. He knew. He wanted to be polite. But he was certain Al Satian and His Hot Dogs' kind of music wouldn't suit the villagers. Curly was afraid they would throw everything but pennies.

Before Curly could answer, Jimmy, a terrier, suddenly sprang towards a dark corner, yelping madly.

"What's the matter?" cried Curly, startled.

"It's a rat! A rat!" shouted Bingo, excitedly. "After him, boys!"

"Stop! Stop! Order! Order!" bel-lowed Worshipful Brother Bulldog. "Come back here! We can't waste time rat-hunting. We've more important things to think about. We've got to get poor Chips out of that pound before——"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Curly, as something inside his head seemed suddenly to click. "And I know the way to do it!"

"You do?" cried Worshipful Brother Bulldog. "How?"

"How?" repeated Curly. "By clearing all the rats off my father's farm!"

"But—but there are thousands of 'em!" gasped Bingo. "It'd take us days and days! And every second counts now!"

"It won't take more than an hour, if you do as I tell you!" cried Curly. "Come along!"

As Curly scrambled on to Bingo's back again, he shouted to Al Satian: "Bring along your instruments. We'll need those!"

Once Curly and Bingo had reached Big Meadow, Curly got all the dogs to gather round, so that he could explain his plan to catch the rats and drive them off Farmer Chuckle's land.

As Curly finished telling them his plan, Worshipful Brother Bulldog growled: "You're sure it'll work?"

"I'm sure of it!" said Curly. "Now, get going. And, don't forget, not a move-

ment or a murmur until I tell you to charge!"

As all the dogs, except Al Satian and his boys, stole away to surround the meadow on three sides, Curly turned to the band.

"This is what I want you to play," Curly said. "Listen!"

Curly started to hum.
*Diddle-lum-dum-dee-dum-dee-dum,
Diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dum!
Diddle-lee-der-lee-der-lee-lee-lee,
Diddle-lee-dee-dee-dee-diddle-lum."*

"Come on, boys!" cried Al, raising his baton.

As the baton fell Al Satian and His Hot Dogs started making an awful noise; like a couple of bad-tempered steam-rollers having an argument.

"Stop! Stop!" shouted Curly. "That's terrible! Listen again!"

Once more Curly hummed the catchy little tune. Again Al Satian and His Hot Dogs did their stuff. This time the row was even worse.

Curly stuck both fingers in his ears to shut it out.

"Oh, that's awful!" he moaned. "Gosh! If only I had my mouth-organ I'd play the thing myself!"

"A mouth-organ?" barked Al. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"Why?" cried Curly. "Have you got one?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Al Satian, licking his chops. "I got it from a musical clown when the circus came here the other week!" Al Satian winked. "He didn't know, of course! We've all tried to play it, but we can't!"

Curly was just about to ask why when Al dived a paw behind the big drum and produced the mouth-organ. And then Curly realised why. For it was the biggest mouth-organ he had ever seen. It was almost as long as his arm.

"Gosh!" cried Curly. "I don't know if I'll be able to play it either. But I'll have a go!"

Grasping the enormous mouth-organ in both hands, Curly drew a big breath, swelled out both his cheeks and started to play.

Down in their holes, honeycombing



The rats scampered up to the surface from all directions, led by Their Majesties.

the ground underneath Big Meadow, King and Queen Rat and all their Court pricked up their ears.

Then by the thousand the rats scampered up to the surface from all directions, led by Their Majesties.

"Look!" gasped Worshipful Brother Bulldog. "Curly was right! The rats can't resist their signature tune. See how they come!"

"Let's up and at 'em!" hissed Billy.

"No!" said Worshipful Brother Bulldog sternly. "Wait for the signal!"

A few moments later Curly shouted at the top of his voice, "Charge!"

Even as the word left his lips and the Ancient Order of Tail-waggers closed with the enemy, the scene faded and his mother was bending over him, saying: "Time to get up, Curly!"

"But, mummy, poor Chips!" cried Curly, sitting upright. "We haven't had time to buy him his new licence yet?"

"Good gracious!" cried his mother, puzzled. "Have you been dreaming?"

"No! No! It wasn't a dream!" cried Curly, as his father came in.

"Hallo, Curly!" smiled daddy. Then

he turned to Mrs. Chuckles and exclaimed: "D'you know, there doesn't appear to be a single rat left on my land!"

"I know!" cried Curly.

"You know?" said his father. "What do you mean, Curly?"

Breathlessly, Curly told them.

"So, you see," he concluded excitedly, "if Chips isn't got out of the dog pound right away it may be too late!"

"Don't you worry about that, old chap!" said Farmer Chuckles. "If all you say is true, we'll soon have him out and back with Mrs. Wiggins!"

Of course, Curly's parents thought it was all a dream. But when Farmer Chuckles found Chips was in the pound, he changed his opinion.

Curly and Farmer Chuckles took Chips and the new licence to the grateful Mrs. Wiggins.

"Isn't it grand, Bingo!" Curly cried.

"Woof-woof!" barked Bingo, and closed one eye as if to say: "We'll have a good chow-wow when we're alone!"

But much to Curly's disappointment, Bingo never did!

THE END

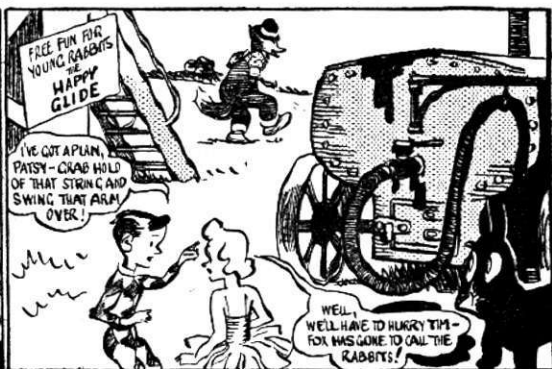
THE QUEER ADVENTURES OF
PATSY and TIM-
 THEIR UNCLE INVENTED THE DWINDLING PILLS WHICH MAKE THEM TINIER AND TINIER AND TINIER!

TINY PATSY & TIM ARE IN WOODLAND. THIS WEEK THEY TEACH OLD FOX A LESSON!



1. Patsy and Tim had swallowed some of the wonderful Dwindling Pills which their Uncle had invented. Very tiny people can have adventures which bigger boys and girls would miss. For instance, Patsy and Tim were able to wander in Woodland, where all the animals talked and dressed just like real people. One day they saw Fox very busy over something.

2. Fox cared for nobody but himself, so our little chums were surprised to find him building a Glide, with a notice on it saying that little rabbits could use it free of charge. "I believe it's a trap," said Tim. They went to see what he was up to.



3. At the foot of the Glide, Fox dug a hole, and covered it with grass. Patsy and Tim were sure that was a trap. The little rabbits would think that the grass was there to make a soft landing. But they'd go right into the hole! What could Patsy and Tim do to save the little rabbits from the trap?

4. "Fox will catch them when they fall into that hole," said Patsy. "We must stop him, Tim." Just then, Fox went off to call the little rabbits. Tim spotted a tar boiler close by. "I've got a plan," he said. "Grab that string and swing that can over here."

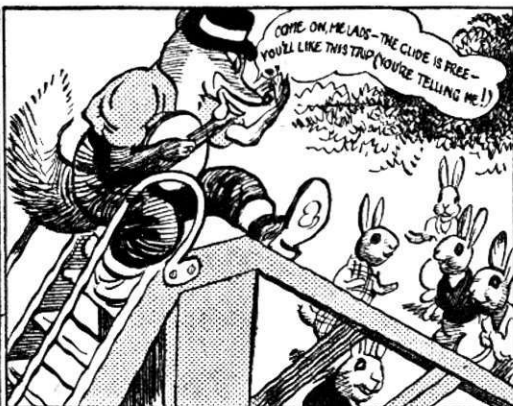


5. Patsy couldn't understand when Tim moved some of the grass and filled the hole beneath with tar. "Why," she cried, "this will make it worse for the little rabbits, Tim." But Tim laughed. "Worse for Fox, you mean," he replied. Then he covered the hole again with grass.

6. He was only just in time. They heard music, and presently they saw Fox coming along, playing his banjo. Behind him came lots of little rabbits. They loved music, and just couldn't help dancing along after Fox. The artificial old thing led them straight up to the steps of his Happy Glide.



7. They were all eager to have a go, and came crowding up, all wanting to be first. "Oh, thank you, Fox," they cried. "This is grand!" Patsy and Tim were watching from behind some bushes. "The rabbits don't seem to have any sense at all," said Patsy.



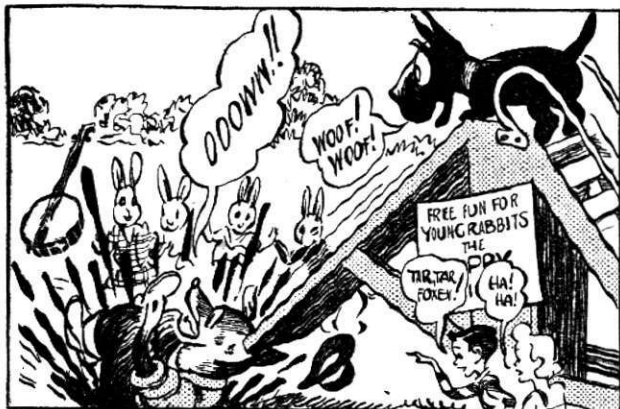
8. But when old Fox climbed to the top of the Glide, Tim chuckled to himself. It was just what he wanted! Fox sat there, and sang to the rabbits again, telling them that the Glide was free. Tim called softly: "Scrubby, where are you?"



9. He came the moment Tim called him. And Tim pointed to old Fox up there on top of the Happy Glide. Fox was telling the little rabbits all about his kindness. Then Tim told Scrubby what to do. "Go on, Scrubby!" he urged. "After him, boy!" Scrubby didn't need telling twice. He didn't like old Fox a little bit.



10. They had met before, and Fox didn't like Scrubby, either. "Woof, woof!" barked Scrubby, as if to say: "Wait till I get hold of you!" And away he went after Fox, so fast that you could hardly see his legs move. Up the steps went Scrubby.




11. Fox turned and saw him coming. That did it! "Omygosh!" he cried. "It's that dog again!" Almost before he could move, Scrubby was on top of him. Fox tried to run, but, in any case, there was only one way he could go—down the slippery side of the Glide. He had to sit down, and shoot down, just as he had wanted the little rabbits to do.

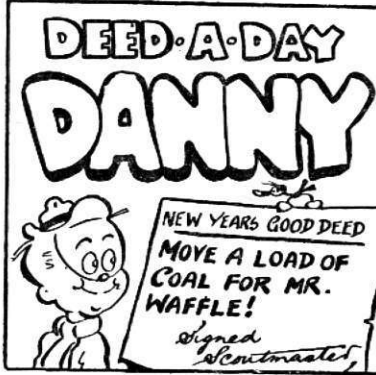


12. Splish! Fox landed on the soft grass—and into the hole he went. But it was full of tar! How Patsy and Tim laughed as he crawled out, black from head to foot. "Have another glide, Foxy," laughed Tim. "It's grand fun!" All the little rabbits laughed heartily with Patsy and Tim!

THIS IS WHAT BILL WROTE TO HIS PAL DICK

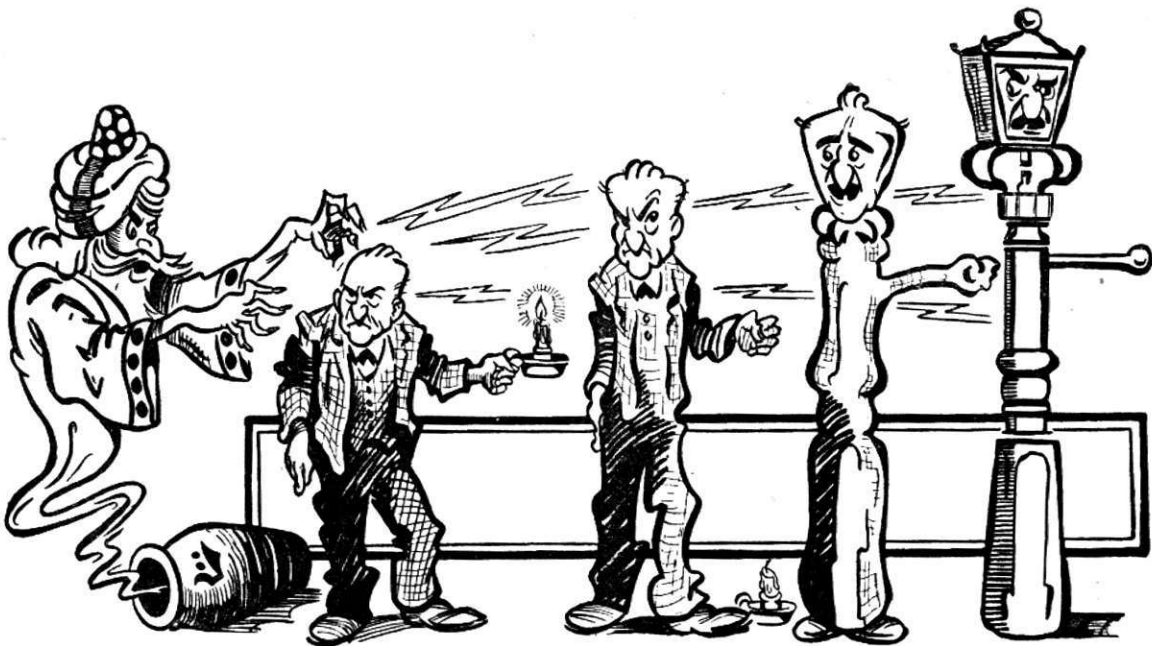
Can you read it? Correct solution on page 168.

^PD  ^PD ,
 U ^H your  moyas! U
 W ¹^E^T CH me ^T^H way!  en,  VE
 got A JOB  the  -market, ^A^N^D
 m  ^S^S is ^S ING a new ^D of ^F^H^L It 
 like a ^C, ^H^B TASTE ^N^K a ^W^H FLA
 COD'S ^R, ^E^N^P^P^ED pot 8 0 0, ^E gar,
^T^D ^K^N ^S^C ^T^H SELL ^I^T 
^P D if U $2 + 2$  ^R, it ^S^W^M^S
^A^B  and ^H L ¹^V LY ^S E the
^T^D ing - ^B M ^L L piece.  ^E^K ^N
^B^G ^D ^S^E ^Y⁴^S  ^R^L the
^B^G works.
^F^Y⁴⁴ ^B^T  the  ^N^B^W  ^E
 On page 112 you will find
 Dick's letter to Bill. ^M^B 



BOOKWORM BASIL - - - HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE





HOW UNCLE SILAS BECAME A LAMP-POST

More Fun with Mickey's Pal the Wizard

Silas Gets a Knock

RUN, Mickey!" cried Betty Royston. But her brother stopped where he was and watched the ball he had just hit whizzing through the air—and heading straight for the bedroom window of his uncle, old Silas Marley.

"Oh, corks!" yelled Mickey. "Now for it!" He had hardly finished speaking when—*crash!* Silas's window disappeared in a shower of broken glass.

It was a lovely summer evening and Mickey and Betty Royston had managed to get permission from their miserly uncle to stay out until eight o'clock. Little Sammy Smy who lived down the road had just had a cricket bat given him for a birthday present. Willie Harris, whose dad was the fishmonger, had a ball and so Mickey, Betty, Sammy and Willie had decided to play cricket for the evening.

Unfortunately, they had no stumps, so they were using the village lamp-post for a wicket. The little village of Barchester only boasted one lamp-post and that stood right opposite Silas Marley's old second-hand shop. In fact, one reason why mean old Silas had opened his shop there was so that he could get free light for his window.

They had all been having a grand time, and it was now nearly eight o'clock. Mickey, who was batting, wanted just one more good slosh at the ball before he and Betty went in.

Mickey had a good slosh all right—and broke Silas's window in the bargain.

The ball went straight through the window, and there came a roar of rage from inside. A few moments later Silas Marley stuck his ugly face through what was left of his window. He was rubbing his head furiously.

"Ow, ow, ow!" he yelled. "You young ruffians, I'll— Oho, so it's you, you brat, is it?" He had just spotted Mickey standing with the bat still in his hand. "You cummere at once—and bring *her* with you." "Her" was Betty.

"Oh dear," muttered Mickey. "More trouble. Come on, Betty. I suppose we'd better go in."

He handed the bat to Sammy Smy and, taking Betty's hand, made for the back door of the shop.

"What do you think he'll do to us, Mickey?" asked Betty.

"Send us to bed without any supper," replied Mickey. He knew his uncle of old. "Still, I'll offer to pay for the window. I'll give him that half-a-crown that Farmer Giles gave me for cleaning out his stables yesterday."

"H'm," said Betty. "I don't suppose that will make him any better tempered." She chuckled. "I bet he got a nasty crack when that ball hit him. Perhaps he won't be so handy at hitting me in future, now he knows how much it hurts."

Betty was right. When Mickey offered the half-a-crown, Silas's face twisted with rage.

"So, you brat," he hissed. "Holding out on me, eh? Haven't I told you before that you're to bring all the money you earn home to me?"

"Yes, but——" began Mickey.

"Don't answer me back," roared Silas. He grabbed the half-a-crown and catching hold of Mickey's shoulders, shook him to and fro until Mickey began to feel quite dizzy.

"Get to bed, both of you," yelled Silas. "Go on, off with you—and if you ask me for any supper, I'll give you one."

Silas didn't mean he'd give the orphans any supper if they asked for it. "Give you one" meant a hefty clip round the ear.

So Mickey and Betty climbed unhappily up the stairs to bed.

Mickey looked so miserable that Betty followed him into his little bedroom.

"Never mind, Mickey," she said. "Perhaps Farmer Giles will let you clean his stables out again next week."

Mickey shrugged his shoulders and throwing his window wide open, leaned

out. It was still quite light and Mickey gazed wistfully at the white chalk wicket on the lamp-post opposite. His eyes rested on the little broken glass windows of the lamp-post.

"I wonder when the lamp-post was last alight, Betty," he said. Betty looked out over his shoulder.

"I don't know, Mickey," she answered. "I've never seen it alight. I suppose there was a lamp-lighter in Barchester once."

Mickey grinned.

"He couldn't have had much to do with only one lamp-post to light," he said.

There was a stealthy footfall behind him and, turning quickly, Mickey was just in time to dodge his uncle as Silas aimed a vicious blow at him.

"Didn't I tell you two to go to bed," roared Silas. "Fancy standing here yapping about lamp-posts and lamp-lighters. There never was a lamp-lighter, so it's no good filling your head with daft ideas like that, and if you aren't in bed in two minutes, I'll give you something really to think about," and so saying he stamped out of the room.

Mickey's lips tightened.

"My word, what a fuss to make over his silly old window getting busted and him getting a little wallop from a cricket ball! Now, if he were that old lamp-post we use for a wicket, he might have something to complain about. That's taken some wallops this evening, hasn't it, Betty?"

Betty nodded.

"And I bet there *was* a lamp-lighter, anyway," she said. "I've never met a lamp-lighter. I wish I could."

As she spoke, a cloud of green smoke suddenly whirled down from the ceiling, and gazing down at them, the orphans saw a bearded man with a hooked nose, dressed in a turban and eastern garments.

"I heard my name and I am here to aid thee, O Youth who Delightest My Eyes," he boomed.

It was Mickey's Pal the Wizard. Mickey had one day accidentally released him from an old brass bottle, in which, because of an evil spell, he had been imprisoned for a thousand years. Now he was Mickey's devoted slave and servant.

"What is thy wish, O Youth of Infinite Kindness?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Bagrag," replied Mickey, who by now wasn't at all surprised to see the Wizard. "I was just saying that if Uncle Silas was that old lamp-post over there and got used as a wicket for a game of cricket, he might have something to complain about!"

"And I'd like to meet the man who used to light the village lamp-post," perked up Betty.

"Enough!" rumbled the Wizard, holding up his hand. "I know what this evil Marley hath done to thee, O children who delight mine eyes. Thy wishes are granted. It is done!"

"Eh?" cried Mickey. "What's done?"

"What thou hast wished," answered Akbar el Bagrag. "The evil Marley is now an old lamp-post."

"Oh, corks," grinned Mickey. "You're certainly quick off the mark this time, Mr. Bagrag."

The Wizard spread his hands.

"Is there aught else, O Master?"

Mickey's eyes twinkled. "Can we see him?" he asked. Akbar nodded.

"Verily," he boomed. "Ask the lamp-lighter where he is." And before Mickey and Betty could say anything, they suddenly found themselves outside a strange little house.

"Ooooh, look, Mickey!" broke in Betty excitedly and she pointed to a notice nailed up outside the house. It read: "*Lamp-lighter Lollie. Lamps lighted once a night. Please knock!*"

"Jings!" chuckled Mickey. "This must be the home of the lamp-lighter. Mr. Bagrag told us to ask him where Uncle Silas is."

"Well, it says 'Please knock!'" replied Betty. "Let's knock."

Mickey raised the heavy knocker on the door and let it fall.

Silas, the Lamp-post

BANG! Crash! CLANG! echoed the knocker.

The door swung open on creaking hinges and a queer-looking old man peered drowsily out at them. He rubbed his eyes, yawned loudly and scratched his hair.

"Well," he mumbled. "What do you want?"

"Pup-please, sir," gulped Mickey, "we're looking for our uncle, Silas Marley. He's been changed into a lamp-post."

"Oh!" said the old man, not at all surprised. "Is that all? I thought it must be something important—waking me up like that. Come in, come in!"

Mickey and Betty followed him into the house.

"I suppose you're the lamp-lighter?" asked Mickey. The old man grinned and nodded his head.

"Yes," he answered. "I'm Lamp-lighter Lollie. And who are you?"

"I'm Mickey Royston and this is my sister, Betty," replied Mickey. "Mr. Bagrag sent us."

"Oh, yes," said Lamp-lighter Lollie. "I haven't seen old Akbar for a long time. How is he?"

"Very well," chimed in Betty. "But tell me, Mr. Lollie, why don't you ever light our lamp-post in Barchester?"

The lamp-lighter looked startled.

"Eh?" said he. "Barchester? Now let me see. I seem to remember that place. Just a moment while I get my book out."

He went over to a big bookcase and took down a large volume. Flipping over a few pages he began muttering to himself.

"Banfield, Bambury." He turned over another page. "Bonstead, Bunton." He looked up.

"I don't seem to see Barchester," he told the orphans.

"Can I have a look, Mr. Lollie?" asked Mickey.

"Certainly," answered the lamp-lighter, and handed the big book to Mickey.

Mickey looked at the pages carefully, and then suddenly grinned.

"Look, Mr. Lollie," he chirped. "There are two pages stuck together."

"Dearie me," said Lollie. "So there are. I wonder how that happened."

He carefully separated the pages.

"Tut, tut," he muttered. "Chewing-gum. I must have stuck some chewing gum in the book some time or another. Er—Barchester, wasn't it? Yes, that's right. Here we are. Why, goodness me,

it's years since I last lit your lamp-post. Well, I'll light it to-night for you," he ended, smiling. He closed the book and put it back in the bookcase.

"Now let me see," he said, turning back towards Mickey and Betty. "You said you were looking for your uncle, didn't you?"

Mickey nodded.

"Yes, please," he replied. "Mr. Bagrag has changed him into a lamp-post."

"Well, come along," grinned the Lamp-lighter. "Let's see what has happened to him."

Grabbing an old twisted stick, the Lamp-lighter led Mickey and Betty out of his little house and down the path.

Mickey ran forward and opened the gate, and as they walked through—lo and behold! there they all were in Barchester High Street, just outside Silas Marley's second-hand shop.

Opposite, Sammy Smy and Willie Harris were still playing cricket. Willie was batting just in front of the old lamp-post.

Mickey gazed at the lamp-post for a few moments and then clutched Betty's arm excitedly.

"Gosh, Betty!" he cried. "Look at the old lamp-post! D'you notice anything?"

Betty stared across the road.

"Why," she exclaimed. "It—it's *Uncle Silas*."

Betty was right. The broken glass windows of the lamp-post had disappeared and in their place was an ugly face—the face of the miser, Silas Marley.

Sammy Smy took a sudden run and flung the ball straight towards Willie Harris—and Silas. Willie swung his bat backwards and caught the lamp-post a terrific swipe. Mickey could hear the lamp-post roar from the other side of the road.

"Ow-ow-ow! Oooch!" it yelped. "Oy, just you stoppit!"

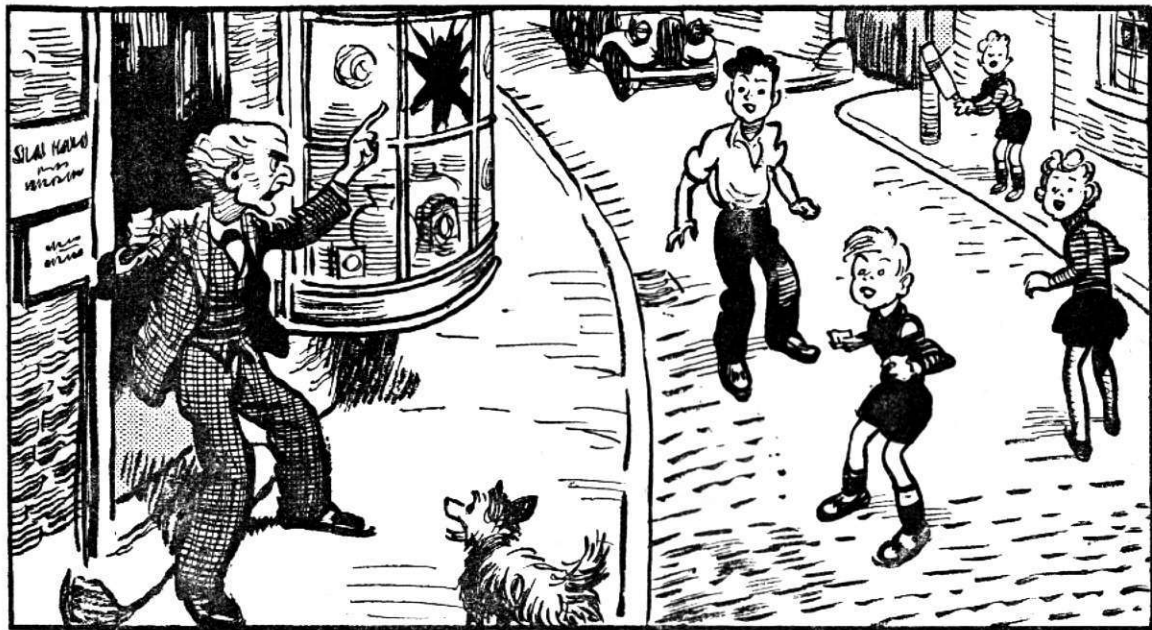
But Sammy and Willie didn't seem to notice the cries, or that there was anything wrong with the lamp-post. It was probably all part of the spell laid upon Silas by Akbar el Bagrag.

Sammy was preparing to bowl again.

"Try to stop this one, Willie!" he yelled, and slung the ball as hard as he could.

Willie tried, but didn't stop the ball. There was a loud thud as the ball hit Silas amidships. The lamp-post actually bent forward with the shock.

"Urrrrrgh! Aw dear! Aw dear! Why



Silas had just spotted Mickey with the bat in his hand.

doesn't somebody stoppim?" Silas wanted to know.

"You're out!" cried Sammy.

Just then something happened that put a stop to the cricket. A big tank rumbled round the corner of the street at break-neck speed. A soldier was standing up in the turret waving his arms frantically.

"I can't stop it!" he was yelling.

The tank surged towards the lamp-post and it looked as though Silas was not going to make a very good job of trying to stop the tank.

"Mickey!" Betty almost screamed. "It's heading straight for Uncle Silas! Help!" roared Silas. "Help!"

Mickey swung round, only to discover that Lollie had vanished.

"Mr. Bagrag's the only one who can help us, Betty!" he cried.

He had no sooner spoken, than there was a sudden swirl of green smoke, and Akbar el Bagrag was standing in front of them.

"Thank goodness you're here!" said Mickey. "Quick, Mr. Bagrag, that tank is running away and it'll squash Uncle Silas. Quick—save him, please!"

"Thou actually wishest this?" boomed the Wizard in amazement.

"Please save him!" implored Betty.

"It shall be as thou asketh," the Wizard boomed.

The Wizard waved his hands. Mickey and Betty were gathered up in a sudden whirlwind and opening their eyes, found themselves back in Mickey's little bedroom.

As they looked round, they heard stumbling footsteps running up the stairs.

"Ow, ow, ow!" they heard their uncle yell. "Aw dear! Stoppit! Help!"

"He's safe, Betty!" Mickey chuckled. "And doesn't know it yet!"

But Silas soon did realise he was safe, and when he did, he just leaped into bed and pulled the clothes over his head.

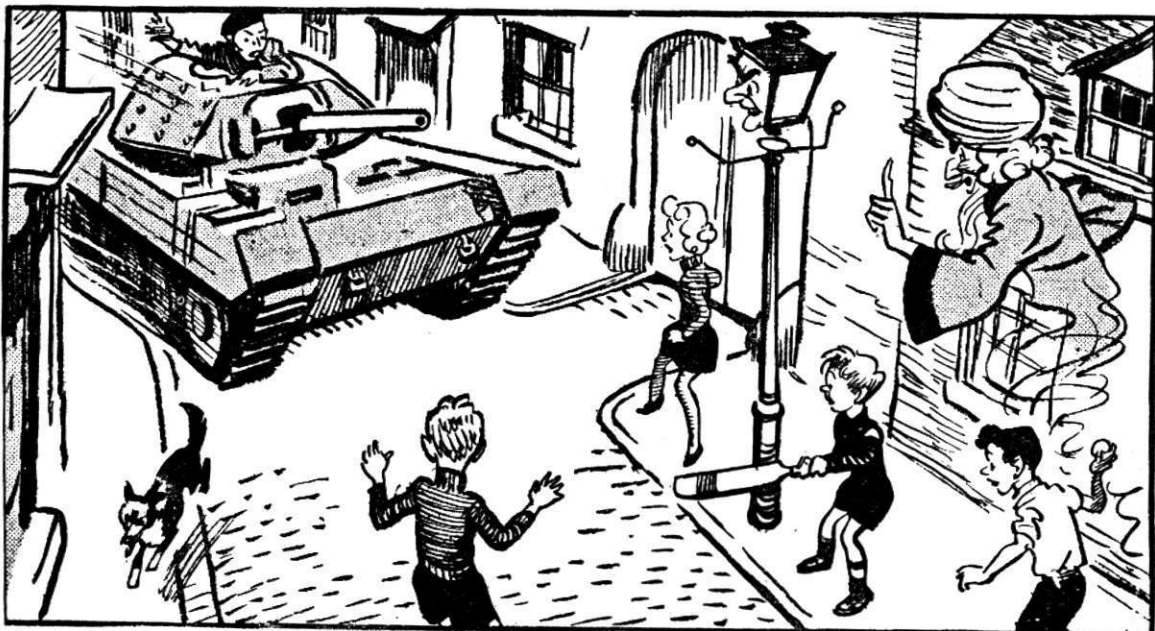
Mickey and Betty looked out of the window and saw the old lamp-post across the street twinkling dimly in the gathering gloom.

"Look, Mickey!" said Betty. "Lamp-lighter Lollie's lit the lamp."

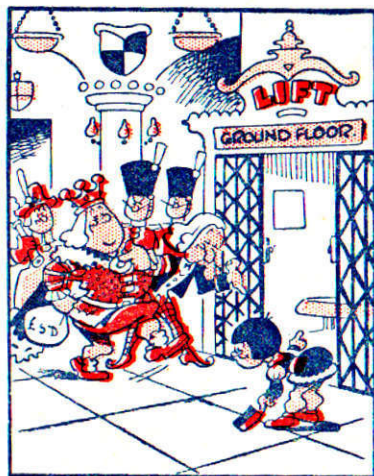
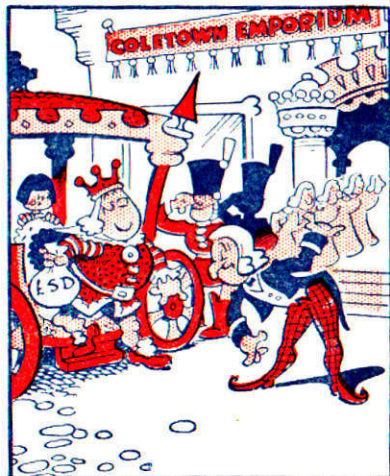
Mickey nodded.

"And now let's go to bed. I've had enough for one night," he grinned.

THE END

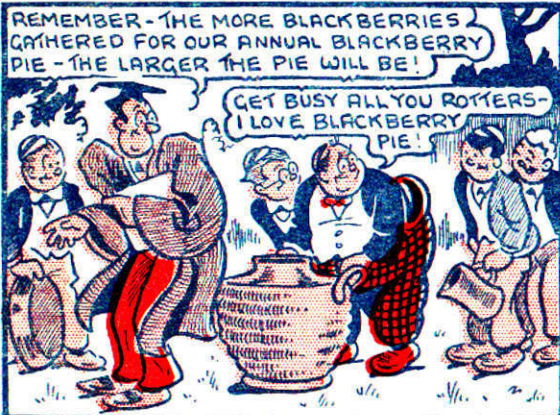


The tank surged towards Uncle Silas, who was now the lamp-post, and it looked as though Silas was not going to make a very good job of trying to stop it.





BILLY BUNTER - THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH



1. 'Twas late in the year, but early in the day, when Quelchy took the Greyfriars' lads into the woods to pick blackberries. And William George Bunter went, too!



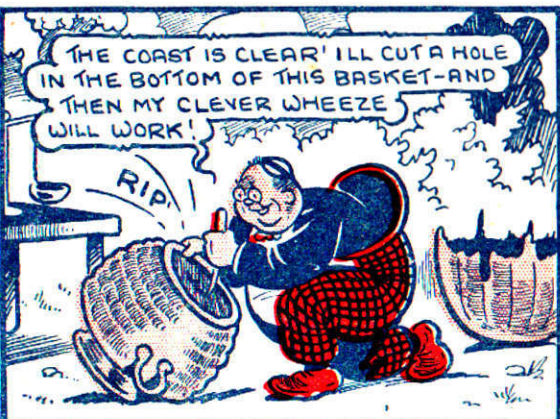
2. Billy loved blackberry pie, and he wanted it to be a big one, so that his double share would be five times larger than anybody else's. But he hated the picking!



3. Yes, chums. Quelchy was quite nasty about the handful Billy gathered. "Two ounces! Pah!" he snorted. Billy was annoyed. Food was to eat, not to work for!



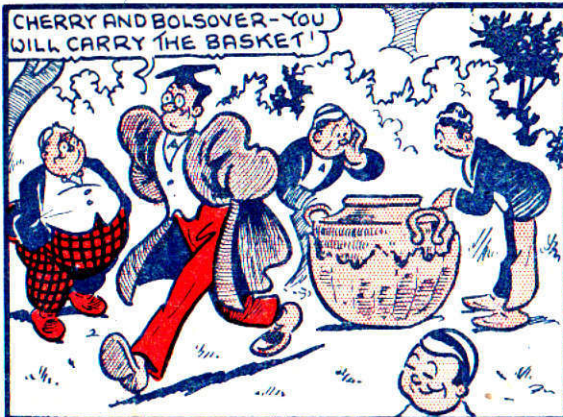
4. But the bottom end of a bashed-about old basket set the mighty Bunter brainbox buzzing! Our fat lad had a notion that would get all the blackberries for himself.



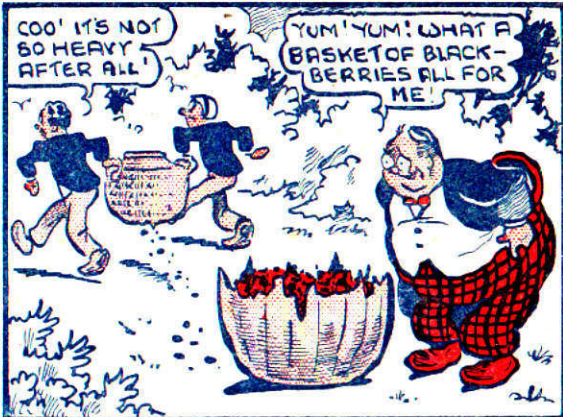
5. So, setting to work, he cut the bottom from Quelchy's basket, and fitted his old job-lot remnant over it. No one would notice what had happened! Oh, very crafty!



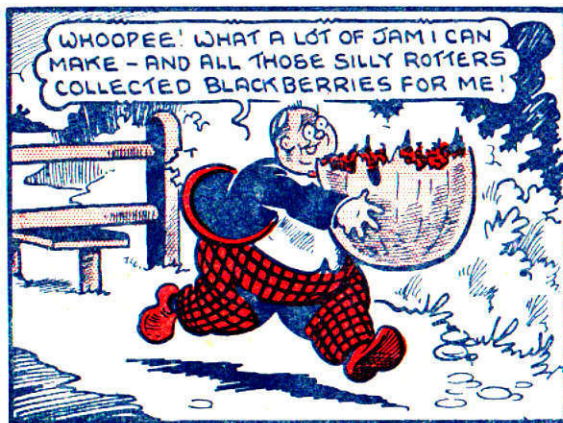
6. The lads were picking away like one o'clock, bringing in bushels of berries, all black and juicy. They poured them into the basket while Billy turned aside to smile.



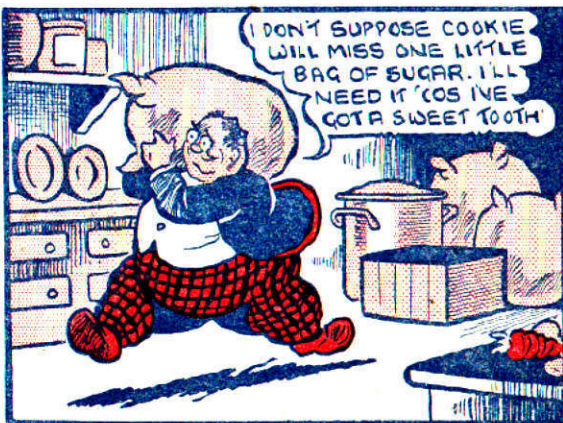
7. When the out-sized basket was full, Quelchy tucked his paddy behind him and stepped out for home, telling Cherry and Bolsover to carry the doings between them. And the basket was simply packed tight with the pickings!



8. How they groaned! Those berries were going to weigh a few stones! At least, that's what they thought. But when they lifted it up they left the bottom behind, just as Billy reckoned they would. And, of course, the berries got left, too!



9. The moment they were out of sight, Billy grabbed his juicy loot and legged it the other way. He'd got the lot for himself, and he wasn't going to bother about a rotten pie! No, sir! It was jam for him—the stickier the better.



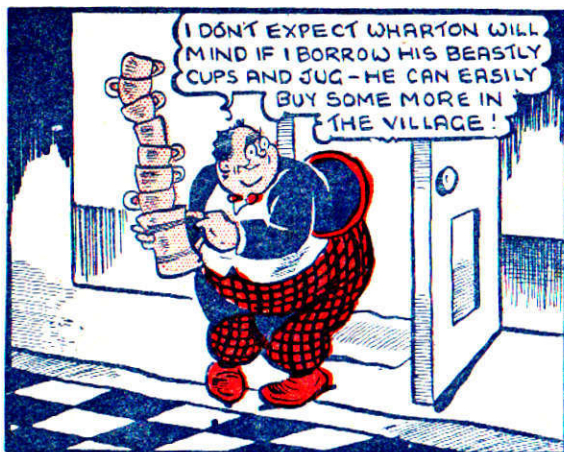
10. He arrived back at school and dumped the berries in his study. Then he toddled down to the kitchen and borrowed a little bag of sugar, as big as he could carry. He meant to put it back—when he'd finished with the bag—not the sugar!



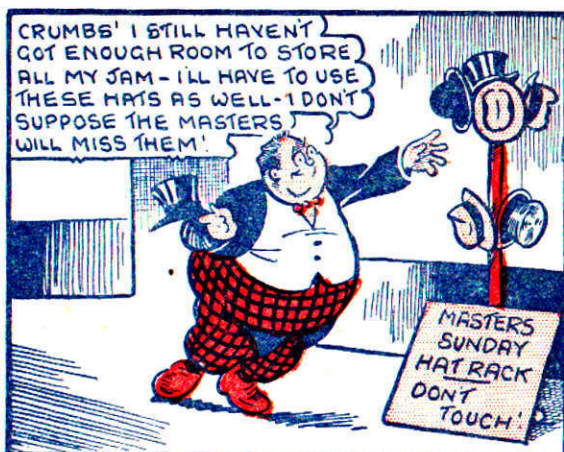
11. Likewise, he borrowed a tin bath, and setting the lot over a Bunsen burner, he started jamming. Adding a drop of water, he brought the mixture to the boil and the top of the bath. Then he stirred and stirred—and stirred!



12. You never saw such jam, chums! It was the blackest juiciest, sweetest, stickiest mass of mess that ever was made. But there was so much of it that it would take a few thousand jars for storage. Something had to be done about it.



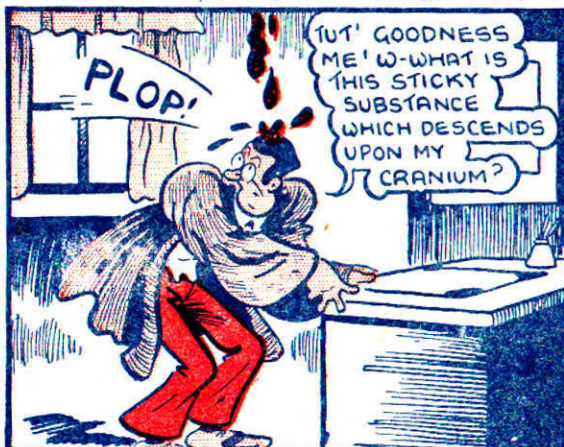
13. So our Billy went around, from study to study, from room to room, and all round the "johnny corners," collecting anything that would hold anything at all.



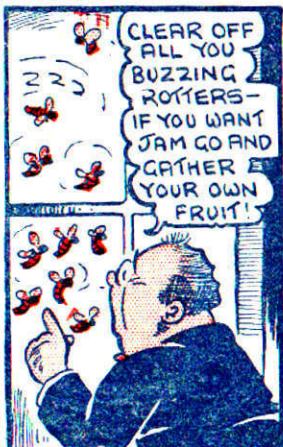
14. Cups and jugs and basins—with and without handles. He helped himself to the masters' Sunday-best hats. After all, he had to put the jam in something or other.



15. And how he put it! He used the jugs and the cups. He packed the toppers tight with the stuff. And what didn't go in the dings sploshed out on the floor.



16. In fact, so much sploshed out on the floor that it soaked clean through the carpet and oozed through the floorboards and drained through the ceiling below.



17. And glancing up to see what was dripping, Quelchy got an eyeful of blackberry jam. And he couldn't see that that was right! Meanwhile, upstairs, Billy groaned.



18. There was trouble coming, chuns. The jammy smell had brought along every wasp in the west country, to say nothing of north, south and east! Quelchy came too!



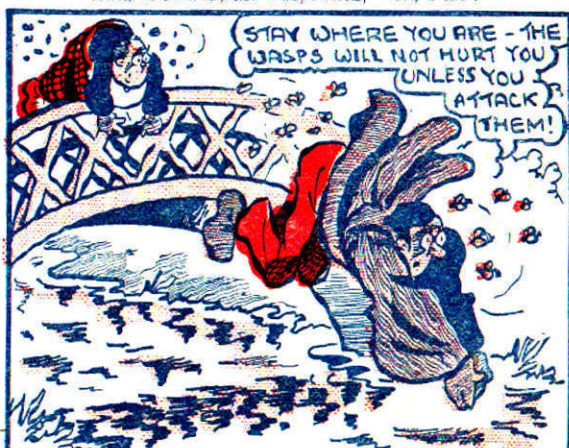
19. Yes, chums! He knew Billy's study was overheard, so he guessed the jam was there. He proved it to be so, by sliding up on half a pound of the best and purest!



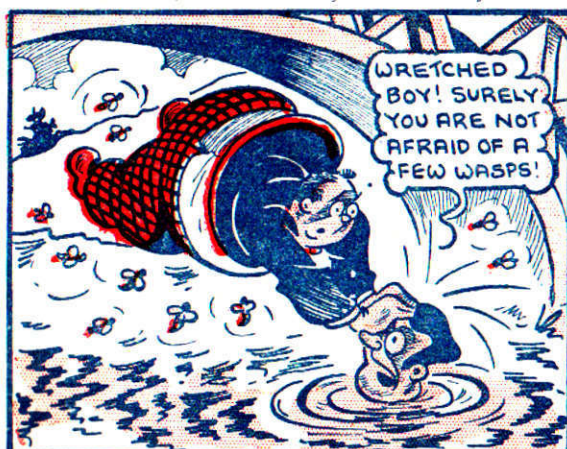
20. Whoops! Mind your back! Down dopped Quelchy, and one boot, flying off his foot, went clean through the window. And, of course, the wasps said, "Ta, a lot!"



21. They were looking for a good opening, and there it was! They swarmed in to the attack, and Billy and Quelchy swarmed out, smothered with jam—and more jam!



22. Quelchy headed for the river, and William George was a close second. The wasps followed and sometimes caught up. When they did, they made their presence felt!



23. Sting! Sting! Yow! Yelp! Quelchy felt sore in many places at once. Reaching the river, he dived in. Billy dived, too, and Quelchy was struck by his skill.



24. Even so, the wasps still had a go at what was left poking out above the water. Quelchy yelped and vowed he'd teach Billy a lesson about jam and wasps—with a cane!



In London Town, in days of old
Lived lots of tough boys, bad and bold,
And Ernie knew, as like as not,
He'd meet with some of this bad lot.



So when he heard "Stand and Deliver!"
He didn't quake, or shake, or quiver;
Nor had he need, 'cos back of gun
Bad man were only having fun.



So that's how lad met Claude Duval,
Who cried, "Eet ees Ernie. Welcome, pal!
No doubt you know me—you've been told
I am ze French Highwayman bold?"



So come wit' me! I giev you treat!
My naughty freens—zem you shall meet!
I tell zem you are our new chum—
Bat look out, lad! Ze bobly come!



I use this butt to hide-out in;
Take covair, lad, in you dust-bin;
Zat Bow Street Walker's after me
He weesh me under lock and key.



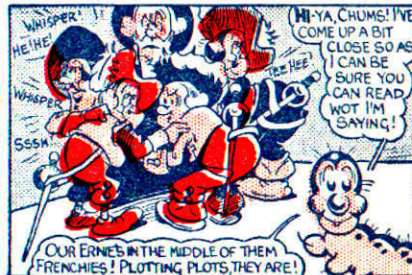
Ha! Ha! He go! Ze way ees clear.
So come out, lad. Do you not fear!
Ze Cow Heel Inn is not ver' far;
We go in zero—Oui! Oui! La! La!



You sink zis place ees full of tight?
Oui! Oui! Some more! Yes, you are right!
Sometimes we fight like best of freens;
Sometimes we sing—eet all depen's!



Well, lad had just squeezed clear of crush,
When door burst open, and with rush
In came a Frenchman bold to say
Bobby were coming back their way.



Now law said fighting were a crime,
Unless at proper place and time,
So Frenchies quickly cleared the floor
And thought up trick to beat the law.



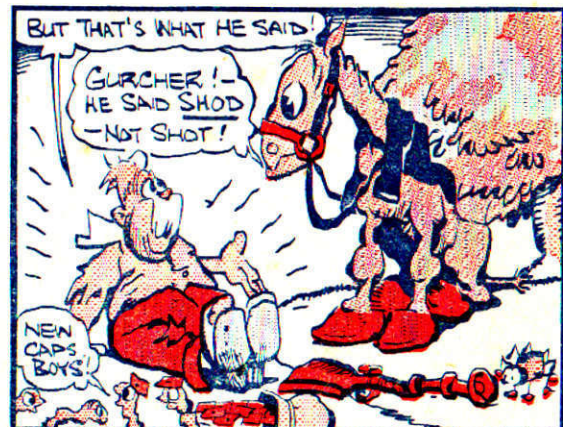
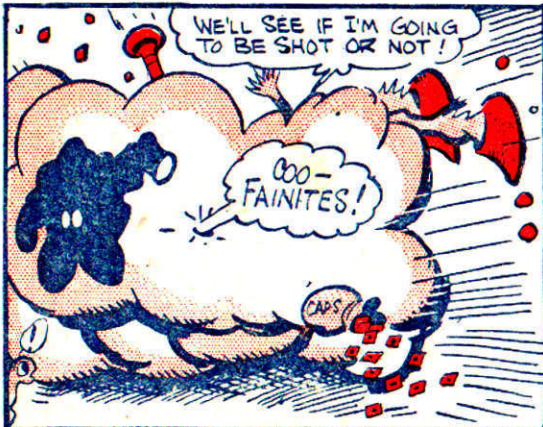
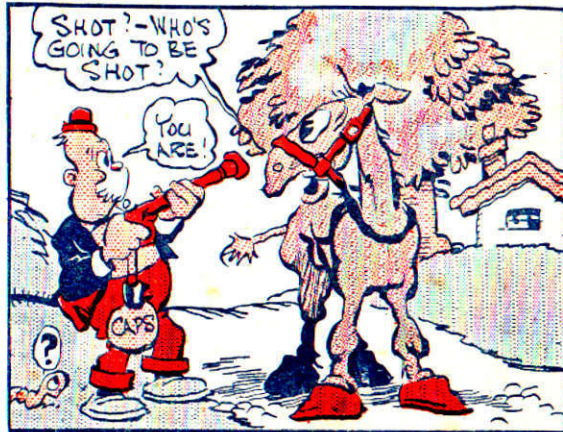
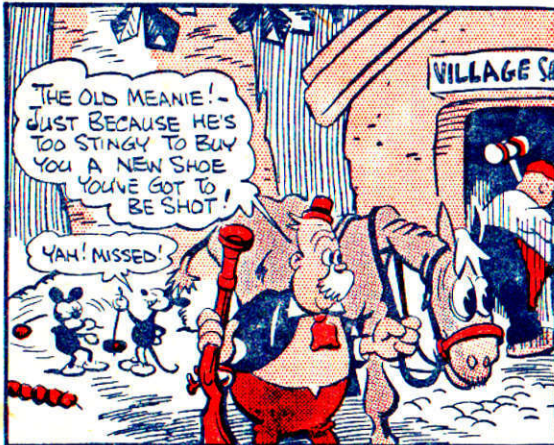
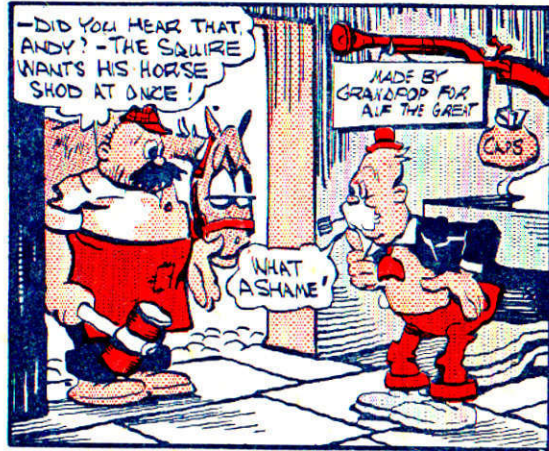
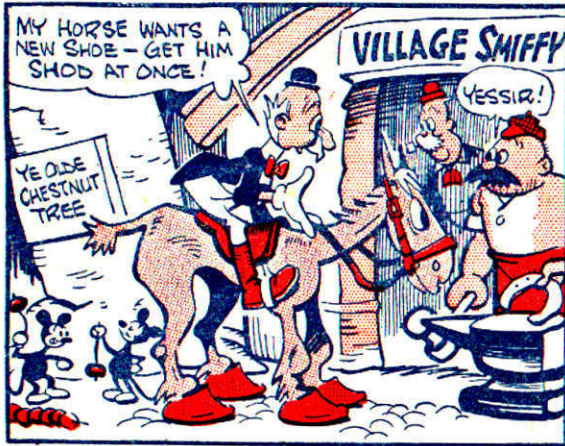
So when the bobby gave a shout,
And cried, "What's all this here about?"
He found a party had begun—
All kinds of games, and lots of fun.

No clash of steel on steel were heard—
No sound of blows; no naughty word,
So bobby sighed and went his way,
Hoping for better luck next day.



Then Ernie said to Claude du V:
'Ee, how'd you like to come to tea?
We'll hold up ma and pa and make
'Em 'stand and deliver' slice of cake!'

HANDY ANDY





Where's my **BOURNVILLE** **COCOA ?**

He looks forward to his Bournville Cocoa with its rich chocolate flavour — though he may not be much concerned about these 5 reasons why it does him good: (1) *Extra* nourishment, (2) an aid to digestion, (3) contains iron, the blood enricher, (4) *and* phosphat for healthy growth, (5) *and* the Sunshine Vitamin D.