

KNOCKOUT FUN BOOK 1955



MENU

ROAST BEEF
RABBIT PIE
CHICKEN
TURKEY
ICE CREAM
MUSHROOMS
PLUM DUFF
DOUGHNUTS
CORNISH PASTIES
CREAM CAKES
... CONTINUED
ON OTHER SIDE →

I'LL HAVE THE LOT!

BILLY BUNTER'S CONSTANT COMPLAINT IS THAT HE GETS THE BLAME FOR EVERYTHING. BUT ON THIS OCCASION THE FINAL JUDGMENT WAS—

BILLY BUNTER— NOT GUILTY

A Smashing Story of Greyfriars

By **FRANK RICHARDS**

SNOOP scowled. Bunter grinned. The next moment Billy Bunter ceased to grin, as Sidney James Snoop made a rush with the evident intention of delivering a kick.

Billy Bunter, in his fat career, had often been kicked. But he had never grown to like it. So, as Snoop rushed, Bunter revolved rapidly on his axis, and departed from the spot on his highest gear.

He bolted up the Form-room passage. It was just Bunter's ill-luck that as he whizzed past the door of the Remove Form-room, that door opened and Mr. Quelch, master of the Remove, came out.

Snoop, catching a distant glimpse of Quelch, called off the pursuit at once, and vanished into space.

Unfortunately for Bunter, he couldn't vanish. He crashed into his Form-master with a terrific crash.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Oooooogh!" spluttered Bunter.

Quelch staggered against the wall, almost up-ended by the shock. Billy Bunter sat on the floor, and spluttered breathlessly.

The look the Remove master fixed on the junior sitting at his feet was one the fabled Gorgon could hardly have rivalled.

"Bunter! You utterly stupid boy! How dare you race about the corridors in that manner, without looking where you are going?"

"I—I—I—ooogh——"



"Get up at once! You will be given detention for the afternoon. I have a great mind to cane you. Come."

"But I—I—I say——" stuttered Bunter.

"Come!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Follow me at once."

The hapless fat Owl of the Remove tottered to his feet. Dismally he followed his Form-master. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and Billy Bunter could think of many happier ways of passing a half-holiday than sitting in Extra School. But there was no help for it, and with a lugubrious fat face, he followed his Form-master to No. 10 class-room. In that apartment, six or seven fellows were suffering under Monsieur Charpentier, the detention master. Quelch opened the door, and spoke a word to Mossoo. Bunter rolled in, and joined the detention class. Quelch, still frowning and a little breathless, departed to join Mr. Prout for an afternoon's walk, leaving William George Bunter to add to his limited knowledge of French irregular verbs.

"**T**HAT fat smudge Bunter——" said Snoop.

"Oh, leave Bunter alone," said Stott. "It was your own fault. Bunter

snooped a box of chocs from Smithy, and you snooped it from Bunter—Smithy caught you scoffing the chocs and pitched into you. Well, that wasn't Bunter's fault—it was yours."

Snoop scowled. The fact that the terrific licking he had received from Smithy was his own fault did not seem to comfort him. Several days had elapsed since, but he still remembered how hard the Bounder had punched.

"Well, it's that fat frump's turn to get licked, and he's going to get it from Quelch," he snapped. "And I know how. I want a fellow to keep cave while I fix it up for him."

"Rot!" said Stott, and he tramped out of No. 11 study and slammed the door after him.

Snoop scowled at the door, and then looked inquiringly at Skinner. Harold Skinner nodded and grinned. Skinner had his own grudges against the fattest member of the Form, and he was a willing recruit.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"Quelch has gone out," said Snoop. "I watched him go off with Prout. Nobody's in his study, and any fellow who liked could get at his typewriter."

"Um!" said Skinner dubiously. "Better leave that alone! Quelch types that tripe he calls his History of Greyfriars on that machine, and if anything happened to it——"

"Nothing's going to happen to it, fat-head! I'm on Bunter's track, not Quelch's. But suppose a fellow typed a message on a sheet of paper for Quelch, and left it in the machine—something about Quelch being a beast who ought to be sacked, or something like that——"

Skinner jumped. "You ass! Quelch would raise Cain. He will be tapping on that typer when he comes in from his walk, and if he finds a message like that on it, I wouldn't like to be the fellow who left it there——"

"He will think it was Bunter."

"Why on earth should he?"

"Is there any fellow in the Remove who spells like Bunter?" asked Snoop.

"Oh!" Skinner whistled. "My hat! Why, Bunter played a trick like that once, chalking something on the blackboard, and Quelch spotted him from the spelling——"

"That's what put it into my head!" said Snoop coolly. "What's Quelch to think, when he finds it there—in Bunter's spelling?"



Billy Bunter crashed into Mr. Quelch with a terrific crash!

"Same as he did before," said Skinner.

"Well, Quelch is out now," said Snoop. "You keep cave in the passage, while I nip into his study—it won't take a couple of minutes——"

"Where's Bunter?" asked Skinner.

"Loafing about somewhere, I suppose—frowsting over the fire in the Rag most likely, or looking for some fellow to touch for a tanner," sneered Snoop. "I fancy he will get it tougher from Quelch than I did from Smithy if this works—and it can't fail! Come on."

"I'm on," grinned Skinner. "If the coast's clear, O.K."

The two young rascals found the coast clear. Nobody was about Masters' Studies when they arrived there. Skinner posted himself at the passage window to keep "cave," and to whistle a warning if Quelch appeared in the offing. Snoop cut into Quelch's study, and whipped the cover off the typewriter.

Click! click! click! Anyone passing that Cane in hand, with Gorgonic grimness was there occupied with his celebrated History of Greyfriars, as he generally was on a half-holiday. Click! click! click!

Two or three minutes were enough for Snoop to type out the message which was to cause Billy Bunter to receive the licking of his life. Then, leaving the typed sheet on the roller, he replaced the cover, cut back to the door and left the study. He felt a momentary pang of dismay at the sight of Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, coming along the passage from Common-room. But Capper, though he saw him, gave him no heed; there was nothing unusual in a Remove junior coming out of the Remove master's study. Snoop walked away with as careless an air as he could assume, and rejoined Skinner.

They left the House together. In the quad, Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were punting a footer. Bob Cherry was in Extra that afternoon, for the sin of sliding down the banisters, and his friends were punting the ball while they waited for him to come out. That Billy Bunter had been walked into Extra by his incensed

Form-master, nobody knew nor cared—though perhaps Snoop would have cared, had he known!

"UPON my word!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

Quelch had come in from his walk in quite a good temper. He had walked Mr. Prout almost off his plump legs, but Quelch was not in the least fatigued, and now he was in his study, prepared to spend a pleasant hour on that History of Greyfriars which was the companion and solace of his leisure. His face was quite cheery as he lifted the cover from the typewriter. And then his cheery smile was replaced by a thundercloud.

"Upon my word!" he repeated.

On the roller of the machine was a sheet of paper. On that paper a sentence typed in capital letters leaped to Quelch's eye:

QUELCH IS A BEEST AND A BROOT.
HE ORT TO BE SAKKED.

Mr. Quelch gazed at it. His brows contracted: his eyes glinted: his lips set. If Sidney James Snoop could have seen him at that moment, he would not have doubted that the author of that message—or its supposed author—was booked for the time of his life!

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch for the third time. "Bunter! That absurd—that impertinent—that insolent—young rascal, Bunter."

It did not occur to him to doubt.

With the grimmest of faces, Mr. Quelch picked up his cane. Bunter had done this! He remembered that he had sent Bunter into Extra School, before going out with Prout. It was not yet time for Extra to be dismissed. But Monsieur Charpentier must have allowed Bunter out of No. 10 classroom on some excuse, or Bunter could not have done this. Well did Quelch know Bunter's dodges for getting out of a class—his inventions and excuses were inexhaustible. Bunter had got out for a few minutes at least—for here was proof, typed on Quelch's own machine!

Cane in hand, with outraged grimness

in his brow, Mr. Quelch left his study and made his way to No. 10 class-room, there to bestow on William George Bunter, as Snoop anticipated, the licking of his fat life.

“**W**ARE beaks!” murmured Johnny Bull. “Quelch looks shirty.”

Four juniors were in the corridor near the door of No. 10 class-room. Harry Wharton and Co. had come in to meet Bob Cherry in the corridor when Extra School came out. They could not fail to note the grimness of Quelch’s brow as he came along, and they assumed their meekest and mildest manner.

But Quelch hardly noticed them, as he passed and opened the class-room door. He rustled in, interrupting French irregular verbs. Mossoo’s squeaky voice floated out.

“You, Sherry! Zat is all wrong! Ecoutez, doncl Je vous dis——” Mr. Quelch’s sudden entrance cut off the squeak, rather to the relief of Bob Cherry.

Monsieur Charpentier glanced round at the Remove master. All the detention class glanced at him, Billy Bunter blinking at him morosely through his big spectacles. The fat Owl of the Remove was not enjoying irregular verbs, and he certainly did regard his Form-master disrespectfully as both a “broot” and a “beest.” Rather to his surprise, Quelch’s gimlet-eyes fixed on him. He had done nothing, so far as he knew, since crashing into Quelch at the Form-room door, and he was in Extra for that exploit. Yet it seemed that Quelch had come on his account.

“You will excuse this interruption, Monsieur Charpentier,” said Mr. Quelch, “I have to deal with Bunter at once.”

“Mais oui, sair,” said Mossoo, puzzled. “Comme vous voulez, monsieur.”

“Bunter! Stand out before the class!” rumbled Mr. Quelch.

“Oh, crikey!”

“Do you hear me, Bunter?”

“Oh! Nol I mean, yes, sir!” gasped Bunter. “I—I haven’t done anything, sir. If—if it’s about a pie, I—I don’t know anything about it, sir. Besides, that was yesterday, sir, and——”

“I have told you to stand out before the class, Bunter.”

“Oh, lor’l!”

The fat Owl of the Remove almost crawled out of his place. The detention class all watched him as he went; at the doorway Harry Wharton and Co. looked in.

“Bunter! During my absence from my study this afternoon, you visited the study and typed an insolent message on my typewriter!” said Mr. Quelch, in a deep voice. “I shall cane you with the utmost severity, Bunter. You will bend over that desk.”

Billy Bunter almost fell down! He goggled at Quelch through his big spectacles in amazement and terror.

“I—I—I didn’t!” he gasped. “I—I never—I didn’t—I wouldn’t—I—I wasn’t—I never wouldn’t—I—I meant I wasn’t didn’t——”

“That you wrote that insolent message, Bunter, is demonstrated by the spelling, as on a similar recent occasion,” said Mr. Quelch.

“But I never didn’t—I wasn’t wouldn’t—I—I——” stuttered Bunter.

“Bend over that desk!”

“If you please, sir——” Bob Cherry broke in.

“You need not speak, Cherry!”

“But, sir——”

“Silence!”

“I’ve got to speak, sir!” said Bob determinedly. “If anything’s happened in your study this afternoon, sir, it wasn’t Bunter—he’s been here ever since you brought him here, sir.”

“Nonsense.”

“It wasn’t me,” wailed Bunter. “I haven’t been in your study, sir—I—I hope you can take my word, sir——”

“I cannot take the word of the most untruthful boy in my Form, Bunter. I have no doubt that you left this class-room on some invented excuse, to play this trick in my study. Bend over that desk!”

“But Bunter never left the class-room, sir!” exclaimed Bob Cherry. “Monsieur Charpentier will tell you, sir, that he hasn’t been out.”

“Mais si, si, si!” Monsieur Charpentier

chimed in. "C'est vrai—zat is true, sair! Depuis—since zat you bring Bunter to zis class-room, he stay here all ze time—he do not go out for vun moment—all ze time he is here undair mes yeux—undair my own eyes, sair."

"What?"

"Je vous en assure, sair—"

Mr. Quelch paused. He had not had a doubt—not the shadow of a doubt! But he had to doubt now!

"Monsieur Charpentier! Are you certain of this?" he exclaimed. "Are you certain that this boy Bunter has not left your class-room since I brought him here an hour ago?"

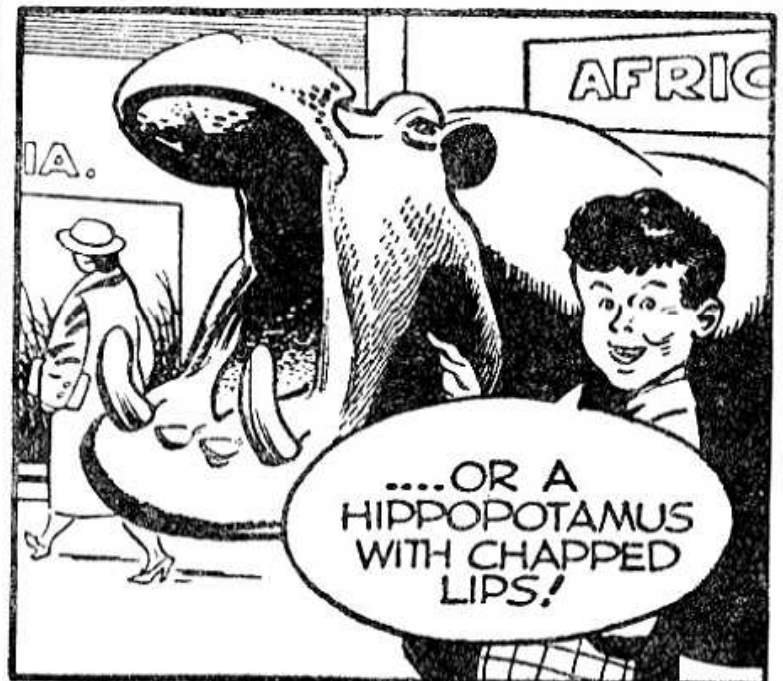
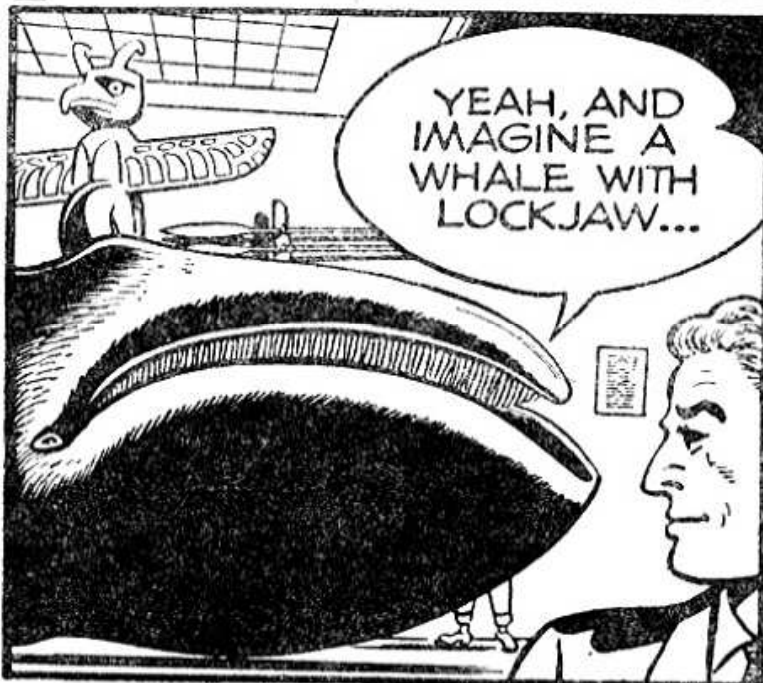
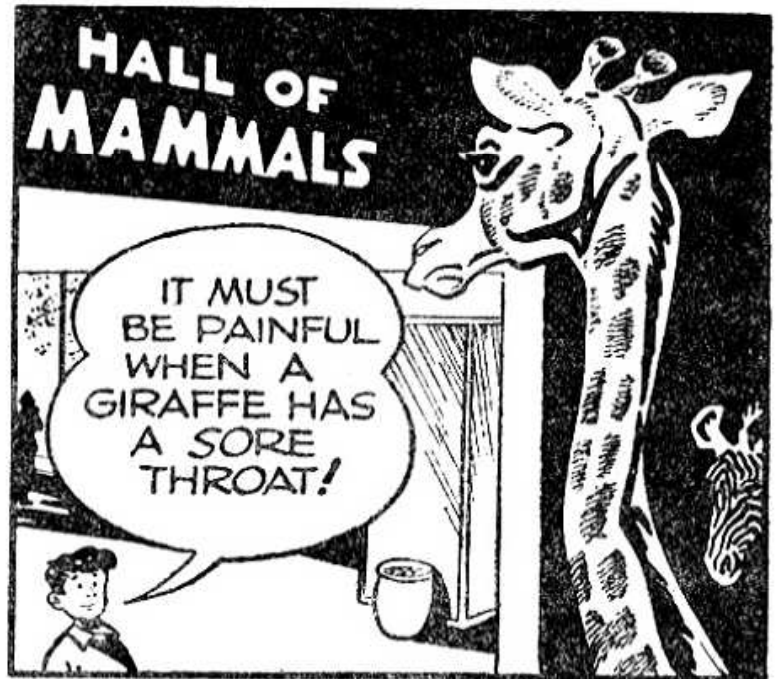
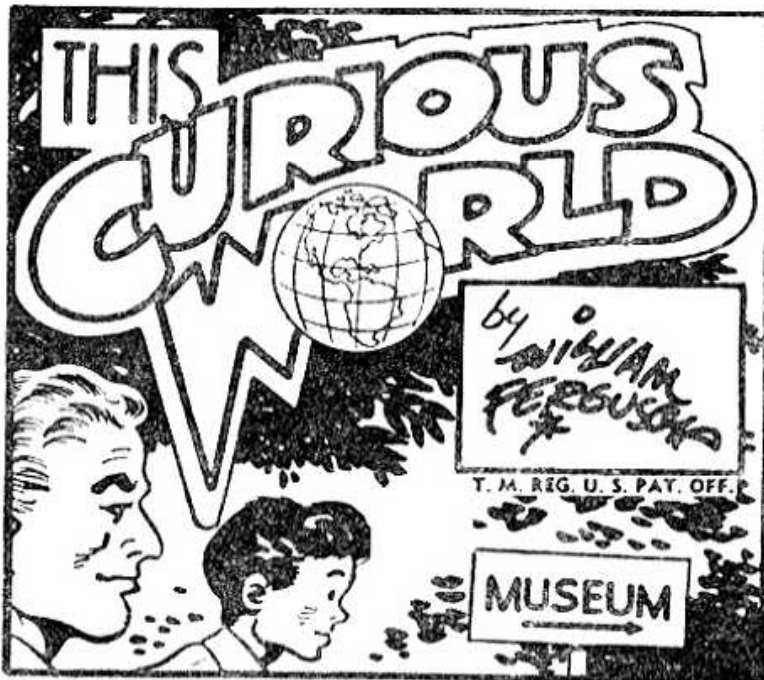
"J'en suis sur—I am sure of zat, sair! All ze time he had been here, making ze mistakes in ze verbs, sair."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch, blankly.

He gazed at Bunter! It had been Bunter's spelling on the typewriter, there was no doubt about that.

"Bless my soul!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Bunter! You may go back to your place, I shall investigate this matter further."

Thankfully Billy Bunter rolled back to his place. Quelch, greatly perplexed, and grimmer than ever, rustled out of No. 10 class-room.



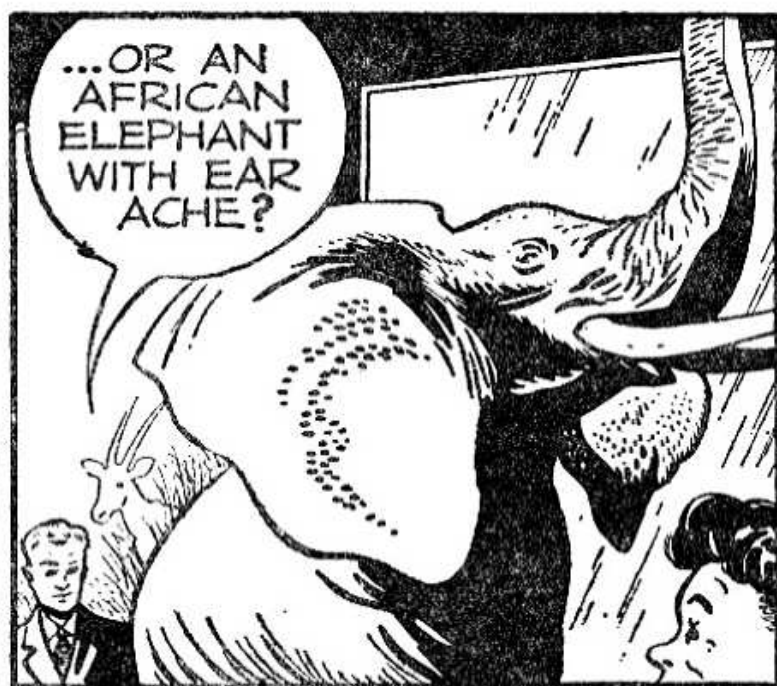
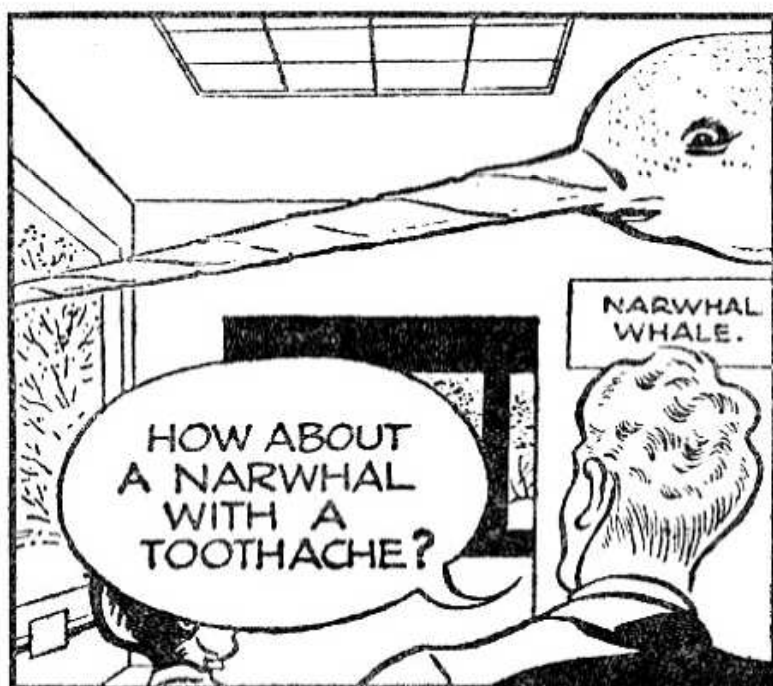
BILLY BUNTER had thought that his luck was sadly out when he was marched into Extra that afternoon. But he realised that his luck was in! For had Billy Bunter been anywhere but under a master's eye, he would indubitably have been found guilty on circumstantial evidence. His luck, undoubtedly, was in—for even French irregular verbs were better than Quelch's cane on his fat trousers.

As it was, Quelch, as he had said, investigated further. That was all that was needed: for inquiry elicited the fact that Mr. Capper had seen Snoop of the Remove leaving his Form-master's study that after-

noon, a circumstance to which Mr. Capper had attached no importance whatever at the time, and would never have dreamed of mentioning, but for Quelch's inquiries, but to which Mr. Quelch attached very much importance indeed when he heard it. And Sidney James Snoop was sent for.

Snoop had anticipated that that message typed on Quelch's machine would be followed by a tremendous licking, and he was right. It all went according to plan, except that it was not Billy Bunter who was the recipient of that tremendous licking, but Sidney James Snoop!

THE END



OUR ERNIE



A curly-headed little boy,
Was Ernie's cousin Faunt-le-roy,
Who couldn't say an "R" or "L,"
And altho lithped a bit ath well.



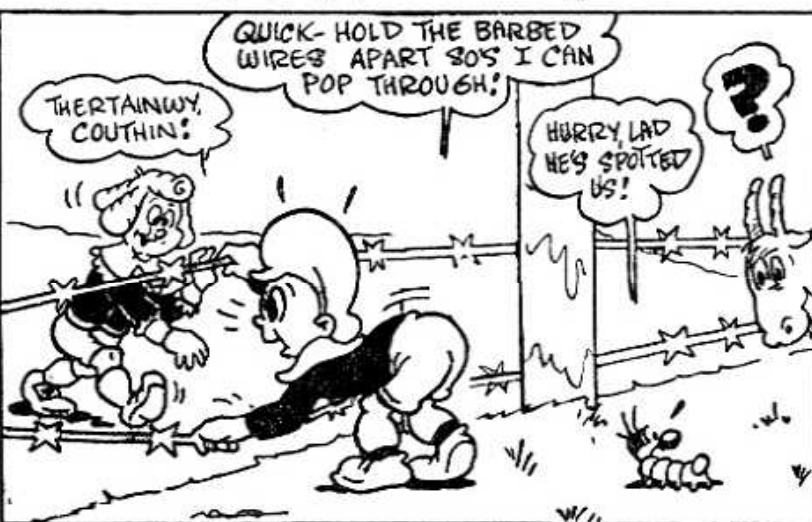
Well, as they trotted down the lane,
Young Faunty asked, and asked again,
If Lad a telly-pole could scale,
And Ernie said he couldn't fail.



But ten feet up, Lad lost his grip,
And to the ground began to slip,
For on the pole the paint was wet,
And proper grip Lad couldn't get.



Then, as he to the ground did slide,
He sqwigged round the other side,
And there, just handy, he did note,
A rather butt-ly sort of goat.



To get back through the sharp barbed wire,
Was now Our Ernie's one desire,
For it was greatly on his mind,
That goat was watching, just behind.



Then goaty charged, and with his knut,
He gave the boy a sharpish butt,
Which got him through the wire, no doubt,
But left him slightly ripped about.



Quite soon they reached a wet wide stream,
Whereat Our Ernie's cousin Dream,
Threw out another sobby dare,
To dodge from which, Lad didn't care.



Lad stepped the stones, as you may bet,
And very soon got very wet.
For stepping stones were slimey topped,
So Ernie skidded, slipped, and slopped!



Still little Fauntleroy Fitz-Toff
Kept Ernie at his showing off,
For which he always takes first prize.
See—now he's walking home—no eyes!



Our Ernie is a simple soul.
Of course, he stepped straight down that hole,
As Fauntleroy, who looks so good,
Had really always meant he should!



Not seeing still his cousin's wiles,
Lad headed home, all full of smiles,
Although he looked quite soiled and worn,
And all his clothes were black and torn.



So Lad paid price for showing off,
But so did Fauntleroy Fitz-Toff.
He ate two teas, with lots of cake,
And got a shocking tummy-ache!

Herne the Hunter-

RIGHTER OF WRONGS



HERNE, KING OF THE ANCIENT BRITISH TRIBE OF THE CABIRI, PREPARES FOR A GRAND HUNTING OF THE STAG IN THE DENSE AND WILD CORNISH FORESTS...

DONAX, THE WISE MAN OF THE COURT, UTTERS A WARNING TO HERNE...

BEWARE, O KING, THAT YOU KILL NOT THE FAIRY STAG OF OBERON, OR SORE TROUBLE WILL FALL ON YOU!



WITH JOYOUS SHOUTS THE HUNT COMMENCES...



AND MANY A STAG IS KILLED THAT DAY...



HERNE SLAYS A GREAT RED STAG--
AND KEEPS ITS HEAD BECAUSE OF THE
FINE ANTLERS...



AT SUNDOWN, HERNE AND HIS TIRED COURTIERS RELAX FOR A MEAL...



AN UNKNOWN MAN, DRESSED IN GREEN, APPROACHES...

GOOD-DAY TO YOU, KING HERNE... WELCOME TO MY DOMAIN... I TRUST YOU HAVE HAD GOOD HUNTING. I SEE A FINE RED STAG HAS FALLEN TO YOUR PROWESS... ITS HEAD IS ON THAT TREE. I AM KING OBERON... SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH ME AS MY GUEST...



...I AM GIVING A FEAST IN HONOUR OF MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING. IT WILL TAKE THREE DAYS OF YOUR TIME, THAT'S ALL!

IT'S A BARGAIN, BROTHER OBERON... I SHALL BE PLEASED TO COME!



TWO DAYS LATER, AFTER MUCH FEASTING AT KING OBERON'S COURT...

GOOD KING OBERON, I THANK YOU... NOW I CRAVE LEAVE TO RETURN TO MY OWN COUNTRY... I HAVE A COUNCIL TO ATTEND ON THE MORROW!

COME, COME, KING HERNE! WE AGREED ON THREE DAYS... 'TIS NOW BUT TWO!



I MUCH REGRET IT, SIR KING, BUT MY COUNCIL MUST NOT WAIT FOR ITS KING... I GO NOW!



VERY WELL, KING HERNE; YOU ARE ANXIOUS TO GO... GO, THEN, AND RIDE FOR EVER, AND WEAR MY DEAD STAG'S HORNS ON YOUR HEAD FOR EVER, TOO... IN MEMORY OF YOUR BROKEN WORD TO ME! THAT SHALL BE YOUR PUNISHMENT!



AS HERNE STANDS IN WONDERMENT, A CHANGE



TAKES PLACE IN HIM... A FEARFUL CHANGE!



PANIC-STRICKEN, HERNE AND HIS COURTIERS RIDE FURIOUSLY OUT INTO THE STORMY NIGHT...



RIDING FAST THROUGH THE WILD NIGHT, AT DAWN HERNE FINDS HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE HIS OWN HOME DISTRICT...



WHERE ARE WE, IVOR... DO YOU KNOW?

ALAS! I FEAR WE ARE LOST, SIRE!

THEY HAIL A PASSING PEASANT...

HO THERE, MAN! WHERE IS MY CASTLE OF MOUNT MORGAN?



MOUNT MORGAN! THAT FELL INTO RUINS WHEN KING HERNE VANISHED INTO THE AIR THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO WHAT DOES THE PEASANT MEAN? THEN SUDDENLY HERNE REALISES THE DREADFUL TRUTH



THREE HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PASSED IN THREE DAYS... WE HAVE BEEN BEWITCHED!

HERNE'S COURTIERS ALIGHT FROM THEIR HORSES...



...AND AT ONCE VANISH IN CLOUDS OF DUST. HERNE IS ALONE!



ONCE MORE HERNE RIDES AWAY IN FURIOUS FEAR...



AT LENGTH HE FINDS A WISE WOMAN IN A CAVE, SEATED BY HER CAULDRON...



MOTHER, I HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER A CURSE -- GIVE ME OF YOUR WISDOM AND ADVICE, I PRAY!

KING HERNE, I CANNOT LIFT YOUR CURSE, BUT I CAN HELP YOU TO CONQUER IT. YOU SHALL HAVE THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF A GIANT, AND HAVE COMMAND OF THE LIGHTNING. GO, AND SEE TO IT THAT YOU DO ONLY GOOD DEEDS. IN TIME YOU WILL EARN THE LIFTING OF THE CURSE...



I VOW I WILL KEEP YOUR COMMANDS!

UNDER THE WEIRD SPELL IMPOSED ON HIM BY OBERON, THE DEMON KING, HERNE RIDES AWAY -- ON HIS FIRST QUEST --

WITH HIS BLACK HOUND, BRAN, HERNE RIDES AWAY INTO THE NIGHT -- AND SO HE STILL RIDES THROUGH THE CENTURIES SEEKING HIS STRANGE DESTINY!



FAREWELL!

IN THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY OF WALES, THREE PEOPLE ARE CAUGHT IN THE STORM WHILE CLIMBING --



ROBERT JETT, THE LEADER, LOSES HIS NERVE AND FEARS THAT HIS COMPANIONS JOHN AND BETTY SMITH, WHO ARE NOT TRAINED IN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING, WILL SLIP AND PULL HIM DOWN WITH THEM...

IF ONE SHOULD SLIP...!
I'LL CUT THE ROPE...
LET THEM FIND
THEIR OWN WAY!



ROBERT TAKES HIS KNIFE...



...AND CUTS THE ROPE!



BUT HERNE IS NEAR AND SEES THEIR PLIGHT



BROTHER AND SISTER FALL INTO THE DEPTHS BELOW...



LIKE THE LIGHTNING OVER WHICH HE HAS COMMAND, HERNE LEAPS ACROSS THE CRAGS--



AND HIS IRON HAND SEIZES THE FLYING ROPE'S END--



THE PANIC-STRICKEN BETTY AND JOHN FEEL THEIR FALL SUDDENLY CHECKED -- ABOVE THEM THEY SEE THE MAJESTIC FIGURE OF HERNE!



HERNE PULLS THEM BACK TO SAFETY



I AM HERNE THE HUNTER, RIGHTER OF WRONGS -- I AM HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU --



WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU, SIR, BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN WRONGED -- OUR ROPE BROKE AND WE FELL, THAT'S ALL!

HERNE LEADS THE WAY TO A NEARBY CAVE

IT IS GOOD YOU SHOULD THINK SO. BUT COME WITH ME -- YOUR CLOTHES MUST BE DRIED.

SEE -- I WILL HEAT THOSE ROCKS FOR YOU -- REMAIN BY THEM AND DRY YOUR CLOTHES. I'LL BE BACK SOON!



HERNE GOES TO FIND ROBERT JETT --



ROBERT, FEELING VERY GUILTY AND VERY MISERABLE, SUDDENLY SEES A FRIGHTENING FIGURE --



MISERABLE COWARD, LEARN NEVER TO SAVE YOURSELF AT THE EXPENSE OF YOUR COMRADES -- I AM HERNE THE HUNTER, RIGHTER OF WRONGS!



PARALYSED WITH FEAR, JETT SLIPS OVER THE EDGE ...



BUT HERNE GUIDES HIS FALL SO THAT HE LANDS SAFELY IN SOME DENSE BUSHES BELOW.



LATER-- HERNE CALLS OUT TO BETTY AND JOHN.

STAY HERE TILL MORNING. THEN YOU WILL EASILY FIND YOUR WAY DOWN. DO NOT ATTEMPT ANY MORE MOUNTAIN CLIMBING UNTIL YOU HAVE HAD MORE PRACTICE -- NOW I GO FAREWELL !



HIS FIRST GOOD DEED DONE - HERNE RIDES ON

HERNE THE HUNTER HIS SECOND QUEST --

YOUNG HARRY BRIGHT GETS INTO CONVERSATION WITH TWO STRANGE MEN IN A LONELY COUNTRY CAFE ONE NIGHT ...



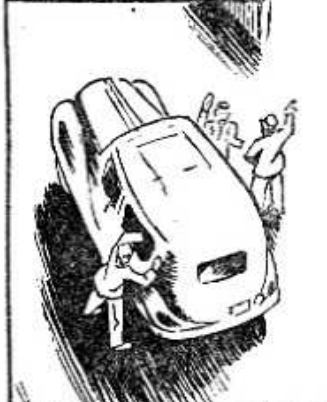
MY UNCLE DIED AND LEFT ME A TIDY SUM OF MONEY I GOT MYSELF A CAR WITH THE REST OF THE MONEY I AM TAKING THE FIRST HOLIDAY FOR MANY YEARS



IF YOU WANT TO REACH HENSTONE TO-NIGHT, YOU SHOULD TAKE THE SHORT CUT OVER QUARRY HILL ..



WHILE ONE MAN TALKS TO HARRY, THE OTHER PUTS HIS HAND THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW AND TAKES AN ATTACHE-CASE CONTAINING HARRY'S HOLIDAY MONEY ...



YOUR WIND-SCREEN IS A BIT DIRTY -- DON'T GET OUT AGAIN -- I'LL JUST GIVE IT A RUB OVER WITH MY HANDKERCHIEF ...



SO-LONG-- GOOD LUCK!



THAT WAS A BIT OF EASY MONEY ! HE WON'T GET FAR-- IT'S GOING TO RAIN -- MY POWDER WILL THEN FOG HIS WIND-SCREEN !



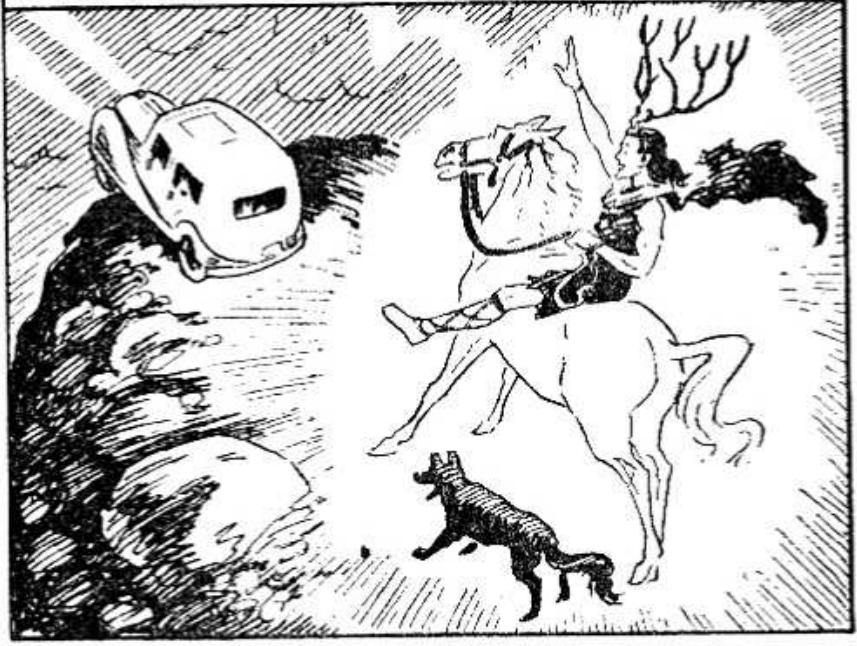
HE'LL BE DRIVING 'BLIND'-- RIGHT OVER INTO THE QUARRY AT THE END OF THE ROAD-- JUST A FATAL ACCIDENT, THAT'S ALL!

A STORM ARISES,
WITH FURIOUS RAIN...

GOSH! WHAT'S WRONG
WITH MY WIND
SCREEN? I CAN'T
SEE A THING!

AT THE END OF THE
BLIND QUARRY ROAD...

AT THAT INSTANT A GIANT SPECTRAL FIGURE APPEARS!



A MASSIVE HAND SEIZES THE BACK OF THE CAR AND STOPS
ITS DIVE TO DESTRUCTION!

HARRY, VERY FRIGHTENED, GETS OUT OF
HIS CAR --



I AM HERNE THE
HUNTER -- YOU HAVE
BEEN VERY FOOLISH
AND HAVE JUST BEEN
SAVED FROM CERTAIN
DEATH -- STAY IN YOUR
CAR A WHILE -- I'LL BE
BACK AGAIN SOON!

HERNE DISAPPEARS IN
A GLOBE OF LIGHT --

MEANWHILE, THE CROOKS ARE
GLOATING OVER THEIR DEEDS

THE CAR AND THAT YOUNG FOOL
WILL BE SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS,
SO THERE WON'T BE ANY COME-
BACK!

GOSH! LOOK AT THAT! A THUNDERBOLT
RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!



BUT THE THUNDERBOLT WAS HERNE !

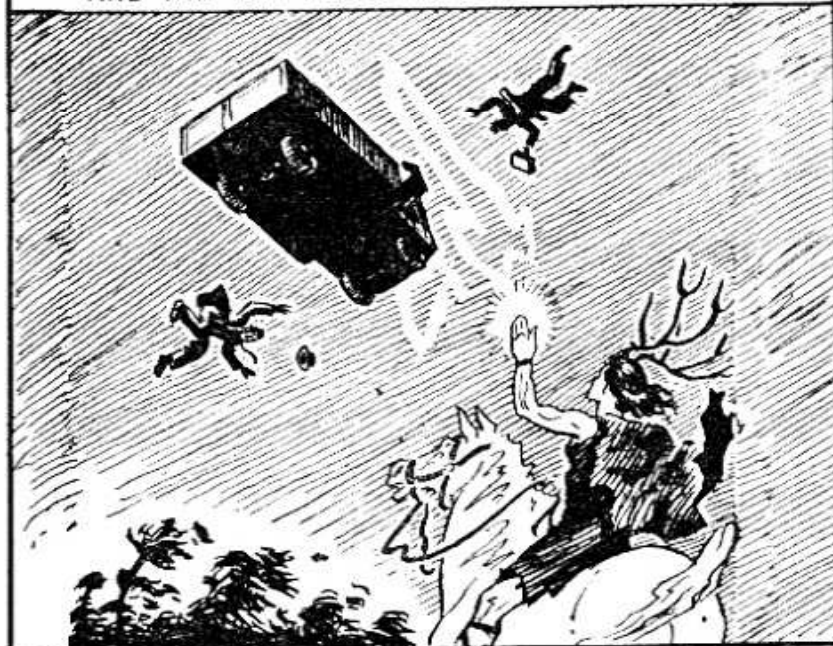
HALT ! I AM HERNE THE HUNTER, RIGHTER OF WRONGS !



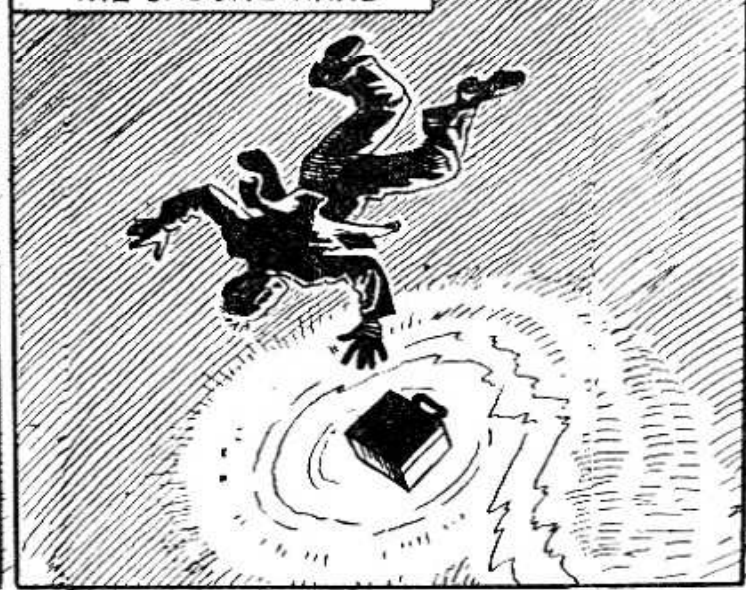
BUT THE CROOKS DRIVE STRAIGHT AT HIM ! A FLASH SUDDENLY ISSUES FROM HERNE'S HAND ..



AND THE VAN FLIES INTO THE AIR ... !



WHILST IN MID-AIR THE ATTACHE CASE IS SWITCHED AWAY FROM THE CROOK'S HAND ..



THE CROOKS AND THEIR VAN PLUNGE INTO A NEARBY LAKE ..



AND, IN A JIFFY, HERNE IS BACK WITH HARRY BRIGHT !

HERE IS YOUR HOLIDAY MONEY .. YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU HAD LOST IT .. IN FUTURE DO NOT TALK ABOUT YOUR AFFAIRS TO STRANGERS YOU MEET ON THE ROAD GO BACK TO THE MAIN ROAD TO RESUME YOUR JOURNEY .. FAREWELL !



HERNE HAS DONE HIS SECOND GOOD DEED.

HERNE THE HUNTER -- HIS THIRD QUEST.



MR HOLMES, A BANK CLERK, IS TAKING SOME GOLD BARS TO LIVERPOOL, THERE TO BE SHIPPED ABROAD. BUT TWO THIEVES KNOW ABOUT IT AND FOLLOW MR HOLMES TO THE RAILWAY STATION. THEY HUSTLE HIM INTO A GOODS TRAIN INSTEAD...



AH... THE TRAIN IS MOVING... NOW YOU MAY TALK... NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU. ALL WE WANT IS YOUR BRIEF-CASE... THANK YOU! KEEP QUIET... WE'LL BE LEAVING THE TRAIN IN A FEW MOMENTS...

BUT MR HOLMES DOES NOT GIVE IN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! LET ME SEE YOUR FACE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!



THAT'S JUST TOO BAD, MISTER HERO... NOW, WE SHALL HAVE TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TALK!



WE SHALL HAVE TO TIE YOU UP IN THIS VAN, AND THEN ARRANGE A LITTLE ACCIDENT...



THE BANK CLERK IS TRUSSED UP AND GAGGED...

WE'LL UNCOUPLE THIS VAN... SOON THE EXPRESS TRAIN WILL BE ALONG...



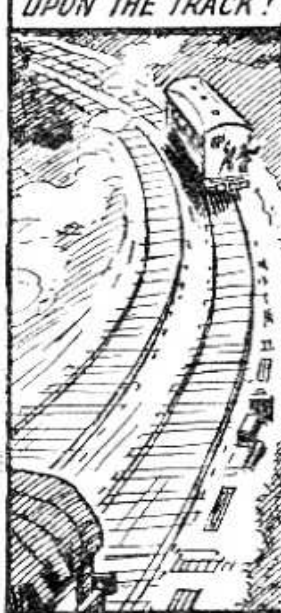
WHEN THE EXPRESS HITS THE VAN THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF YOU TO TELL TALES ABOUT US!



AS THE GOODS TRAIN CHUGS ALONG THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE CROOKS UNCOUPLE THE VAN...



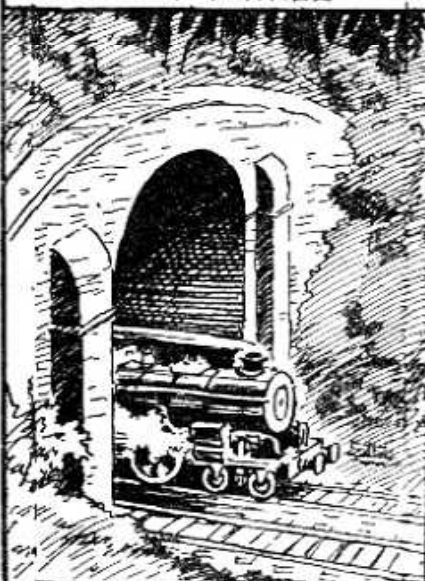
THE VAN IS LEFT BEHIND, ADRIFT UPON THE TRACK!



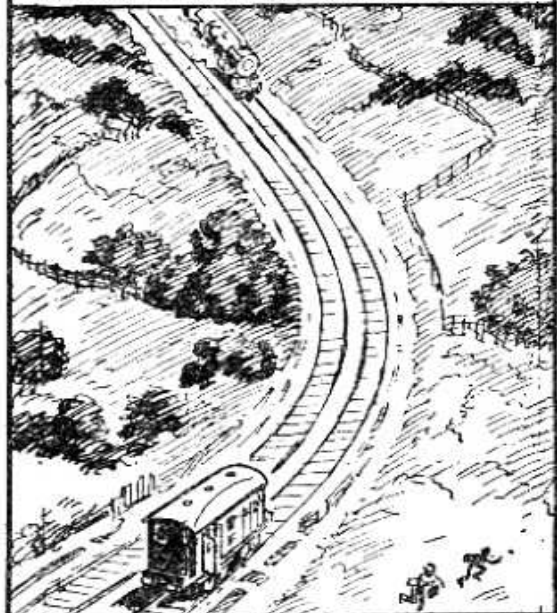
LISTEN, MIKE! THAT'S THE EXPRESS' WHISTLE... IT CAN'T BE FAR AWAY... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!



SURE ENOUGH, THE EXPRESS IS EMERGING FROM THE TUNNEL...



...AND IS RUSHING TOWARDS THE LONELY VAN ON THE SAME TRACK!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, HERNE THE HUNTER, THE PHANTOM HORNED HORSEMAN, APPEARS!



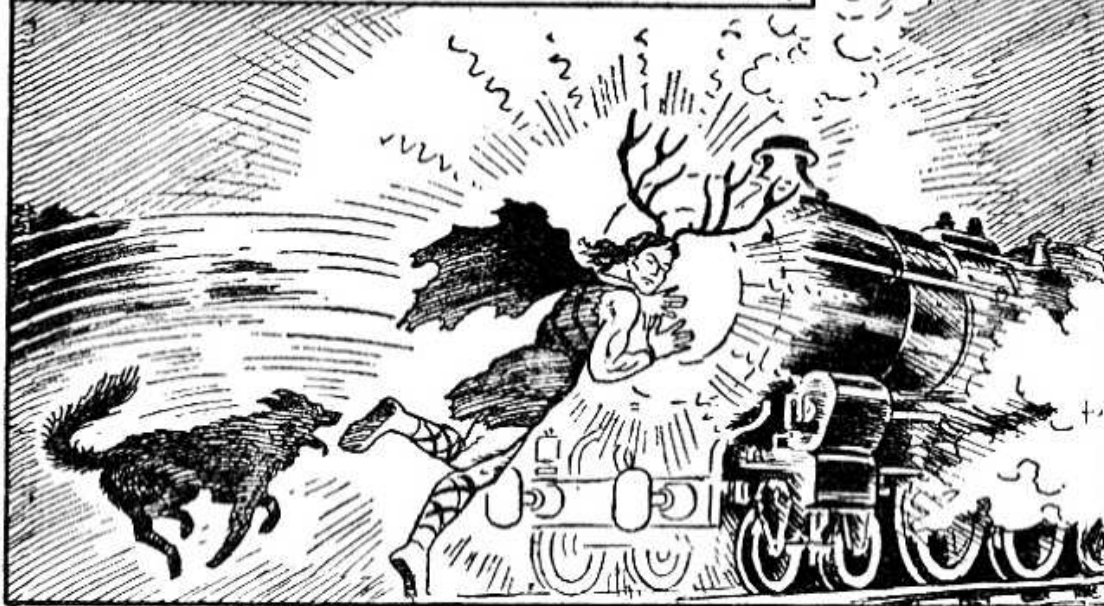
WITH HIS GIANT STRENGTH, HE SENDS THE VAN SPINNING ALONG THE TRACK...



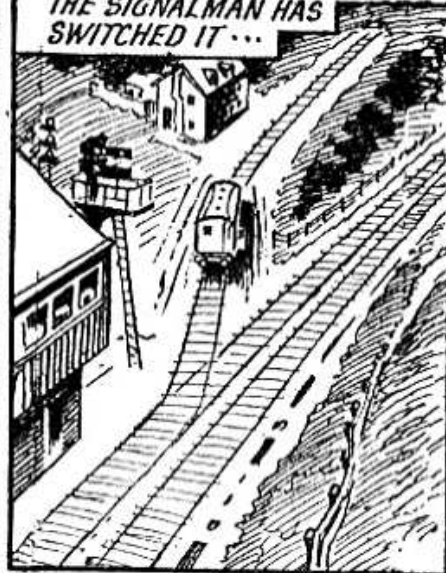
...AND TURNS TO FACE THE ONRUSHING EXPRESS...



THEN HERNE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE ENGINE LIKE A THUNDERBOLT... AT THAT TERRIFIC SHOCK THE EXPRESS STOPS DEAD!



THE VAN, WITH MR HOLMES HELPLESS WITHIN IT, ROLLS SAFELY INTO A SIDING... THE SIGNALMAN HAS SWITCHED IT...



REALISING THE BANK CLERK IS SAFE, HERNE WASTES NO TIME... HE THUNDERS AFTER THE CROOKS...



THE TERRIFIED CROOKS FIND THEMSELVES HUNTED BY A FIERCE, SPECTRAL FIGURE!



AT THE CROSS-ROADS IS A POLICE POSSE: THE CROOKS RUN STRAIGHT INTO THEIR ARMS. HERNE AT ONCE VANISHES IN A BALL OF LIGHT!



HERE! WHAT'S THE HURRY? JUST A MINUTE, YOU TWO MEN!

THERE'S A GHOST CHASING US!

LATER, HERNE WATCHES FROM AFAR AS THE BANK CLERK IS FREED AND THE POLICE RETURN HIS STOLEN BRIEF-CASE



WE ARE HOLDING THE TWO MEN FOR YOU TO CHARGE THEM, SIR!

AFTER HIS THIRD GOOD DEED... HERNE RIDES AWAY... ~ ~

HERNE THE HUNTER -- HIS FOURTH QUEST.



JACK THOMAS IS A YOUNG TRAINEE TEST PILOT ON SECRET EXPERIMENTAL WORK BEING CARRIED OUT IN A LONELY AERODROME IN ENGLAND. HE IS TO MAKE HIS FIRST TEST, FLYING ALONE ...

NOW DON'T FORGET... AT 12,000 FEET, GIVE HER THE MAXIMUM SPEED, THEN LOOSE THE DUMMY PARACHUTE ESCAPE RELEASE. SHUT OFF ENGINE AND DROP. USE THE JETS AT 2000 FEET TO REGAIN BALANCE FOR LANDING.



BUT BILL TONKS, AN OLDER TEST PILOT, IS JEALOUS OF JACK AND HAS TAMPERED WITH HIS MACHINE ...

JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU GET TO 12,000 FEET, YOUNG SHAVER... YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, THEN!

I'LL BE ON MY WAY!



BUT **HERNE THE HUNTER**, THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE, IS ABOUT, AND WATCHES JACK TAKE OFF ...



JACK REACHES HIS 12,000 FEET ...



NOW TO RELEASE THE PARACHUTE... GOSH! I CAN'T MOVE THE LEVER!



HORRIFIED, JACK SEES THAT HIS JETS HAVE GIVEN OUT-- HE TRIES TO RADIO HOME--

RADIO DEAD, TOO! WHAT CAN I DO?



JACK'S PLANE HURTLES FROM THE SKY LIKE A FALLING STONE ...



...AND HE SLUMPS FORWARD IN HIS SEAT, UNCONSCIOUS!



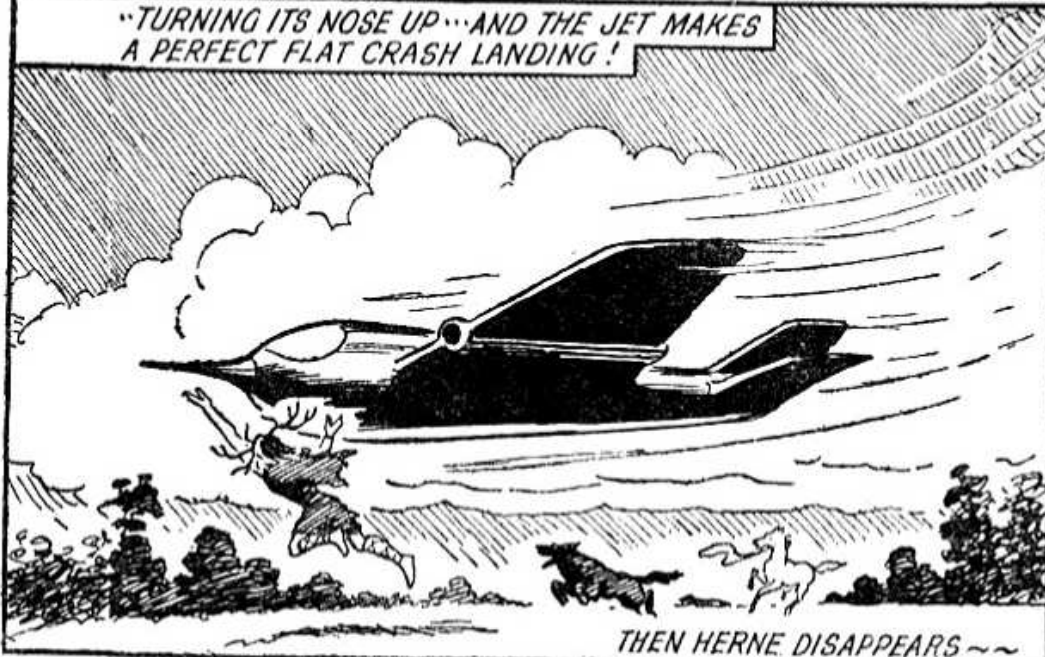
BUT HERNE HAS BEEN WATCHING, AND DIVES FORWARD AT LIGHTNING SPEED!



HERNE OVERTAKES THE DIVING PLANE AND LEAPS AT IT...



"TURNING ITS NOSE UP... AND THE JET MAKES A PERFECT FLAT CRASH LANDING!"



THEN HERNE DISAPPEARS ~ ~

BUT LATER, JACK'S SKIPPER IS FURIOUS WITH HIM...

DON'T GIVE ME YOUR SILLY EXCUSES... YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF QUITE UNABLE TO DO THE JOB. I SHALL SEND TONKS UP TO MAKE THE TEST!



DEJECTEDLY, JACK SEES BILL TONKS TAKE OFF FOR THE TEST

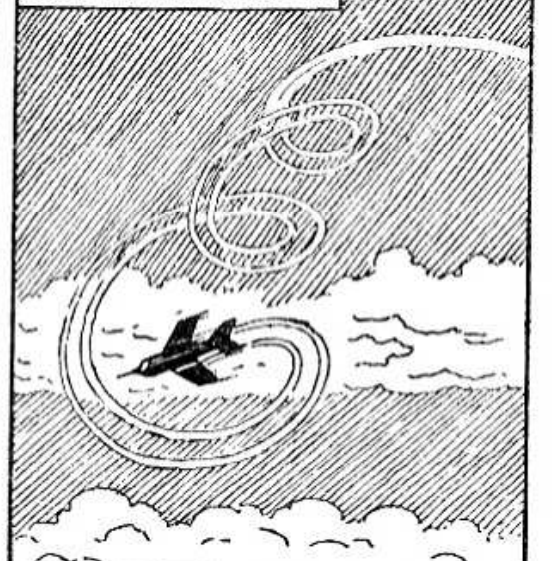


ONCE IN THE AIR, TONKS FEELS THAT HE IS NOT ALONE. HE LOOKS ROUND

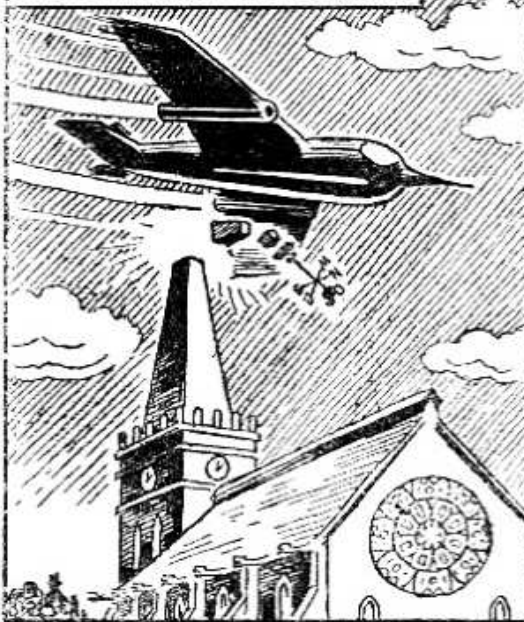


NICE DAY FOR A TEST, TONKS, IS IT NOT? NOW, YOU SHALL DRIVE AND I SHALL CONTROL!

FROM THEN ON THE JET STARTS TO PLAY TRICKS... FIRST IT LOOPS THE LOOP THREE TIMES...



...THEN IT KNOCKS THE TOP OFF THE LOCAL CHURCH STEEPLE ...



AND SCATTERS THE PEOPLE ON THE AERODROME ...



THE SKIPPER IS ANNOYED AGAIN.



TONKS IS NOT ONLY INCOMPETENT, HE'S BARMY!

THEN HERNE EXPLAINS TO THE FRIGHTENED TONKS



WHAT DID YOU DO TO JACK THOMAS? NOW YOU ARE DISGRACED ... I WILL SEE THAT HE IS CLEARED!

HERNE LEAVES THE PLANE AS IT DIVES INTO THE SEA ~



~ AND THEN MEETS THE SKIPPER.



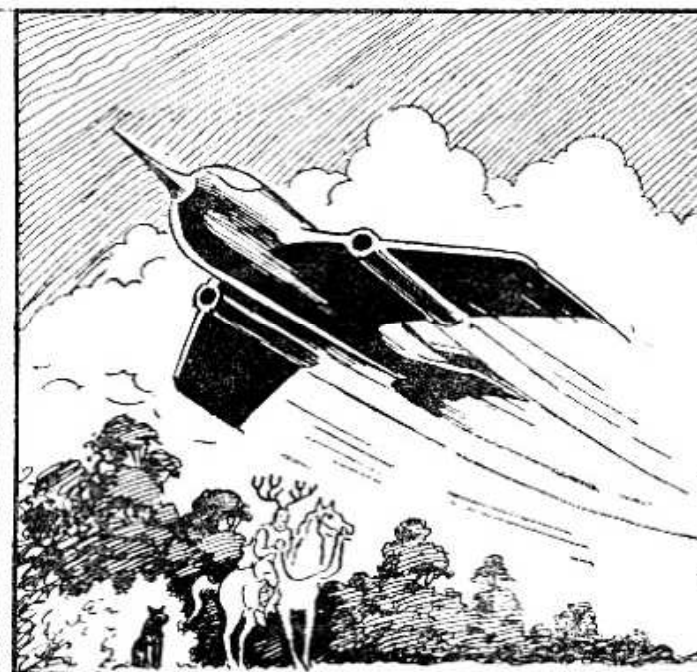
DO NOT FEAR ME, SKIPPER ... I MEAN YOU NO HARM ... I AM HERNE THE HUNTER, RIGHTER OF WRONGS ... JACK THOMAS IS A GOOD TEST PILOT ... HE WAS TRICKED, AND THE TRICKSTER, TONKS, IS IN THE SEA ... GO TO HIS RESCUE QUICKLY IF YOU WOULD SAVE HIM AND YOUR PLANE!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER -



TONKS HAS CONFESSED HIS MEAN TRICK ... I AM HAPPY TO RESTORE YOU AS MY TEST PILOT!



HERNE AGAIN WATCHES JACK TAKE OFF ... THIS TIME TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT ...

HIS FOURTH GOOD DEED ACCOMPLISHED, HERNE RIDES AWAY ...

HERNE THE HUNTER HIS FIFTH QUEST.

MARTIN HAY AND BABS, HIS SISTER, ARE SWIMMING IN THE SEA OFF THE LONELY AND ROCKY COAST OF CORNWALL. NOTICING SOME MEN UNLOADING A BOAT, THEY GO ASHORE TO ASK THEM THE TIME ...



I SAY, YOU CHAPS. CAN YOU TELL US THE TIME? WE'VE BEEN BATHING FOR A LONG TIME AND HAVE LOST COUNT...

THE MEN AT ONCE CLOSE AROUND THEM, AND ONE OF THEM REPLIES...

THIS IS SOMETHING WE DIDN'T COUNT ON, BOYS. THESE TWO HAVE HAVE SEEN MORE THAN IS GOOD FOR THEM... GRAB 'EM!



MARTIN AND BABS MAKE A DASH BACK TO THE SEA...

DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY, BOYS... THEY'LL SPILL THE BEANS AND SPOIL OUR GAME!



THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT... BOTH ARE SEIZED AND THEIR HANDS TIED...



THE MEN ARE SMUGGLERS. THEY FORCE MARTIN AND BABS INTO THEIR BOAT.

...AND ROW THEM OUT TO THEIR SECRET HIDE-OUT ON A ROCKY ISLAND...

BUT MARTIN'S DOG, ROVER, ARRIVES AND SEES WHAT HAPPENS...



THERE IS A CONCEALED CAVE ON THE ROCK,
AND THE PRISONERS ARE FORCED INTO IT

YOU WILL STAY WITH US FOR A COUPLE
OF DAYS UNTIL OUR JOB IS FINISHED.
AFTER THAT WE MUST LEAVE YOU
HERE... YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND YOUR
OWN WAY BACK TO THE MAINLAND!



MEANWHILE, ROVER HAS MET UP WITH A GIANT PHANTOM DOG!



ROVER HAS BARKED HIS TALE TO
BRAN, THE FAITHFUL HOUND OF
HERNE THE HUNTER
RIGHTER OF WRONGS
AND BRAN BARKS IT TO HERNE!



SO THAT'S IT,
IS IT, BRAN!

VERY
WELL,
WE HAVE
WORK
TO DO!

A STORM SPRINGS UP AS HERNE DASHES INTO THE SEA...



LASHED BY A FURIOUS WIND, THE WAVES SPEEDILY
BECOME MOUNTAIN-HIGH...



BUT HERNE REACHES THE
ROCKY ISLAND...

NOW, BRAN! ROVER! OFF
YOU GO... FIND THEM
AND DRIVE THEM OUT!



THE DOGS FIND THE NARROW
CAVE-ENTRANCE...



AND SPRING UPON THE SMUGGLERS,
WHO AT ONCE FALL INTO A STATE OF
PANIC...



THE DOGS CHASE THE MEN
INTO A DEEP ROCKY POOL
ON THE ISLAND...



WELL DONE, BRAN... ROVER!
NOW KEEP THEM THERE
UNTIL I SAY "RELEASE
THEM!"



HERNE FINDS MARTIN AND
BABS...



HALLO,
THERE! LET
ME UNTIE
YOU...YOU'RE
FREE!

FROM THE
TOPMOST
PEAK OF
THE
ISLAND...



HERNE STANDS
AND GLOWS
LIKE A
BEACON...

THE COAST POLICE SEE AND
SET OUT IN A RESCUE BOAT...



AND, AS MARTIN AND BABS WATCH THE
SMUGGLERS BEING MARCHED AWAY...



NO ARGUMENTS...
INTO THE BOAT!

HIS FIFTH
GOOD DEED
ACCOMPLISHED,
HERNE THE
HUNTER CALLS
HIS FAITHFUL
DOG, BRAN,
AND DISAPPEARS
ON ANOTHER
MISSION...

**HERNE THE HUNTER
HIS SIXTH QUEST.**

HERNE HAS BEEN DOOMED TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE AGES, DOING GOOD DEEDS. ONE DAY HE IS RESTING IN THE WOODS. HIS DOG, BRAN, AND HIS WISE OLD OWL ARE ROAMING ABOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE



OUT OF MY WAY, MONGREL!



BRAN MEETS A HIKER, LATE ON HIS JOURNEY...

HALLO, OLD BOY!
WHAT ARE YOU SO EXCITED ABOUT?



ALL RIGHT,
WE'LL SEE
WHAT'S
WORRYING
YOU!



THE HIKER EXPLORES
THE OLD MILL, AND IN
AN UPPER ROOM...

THEY MUST BE
STOLEN GOODS!



WE'LL LOCK THE DOOR
ON THAT SNOOPER!



GOODNESS!
WHO DID THAT?



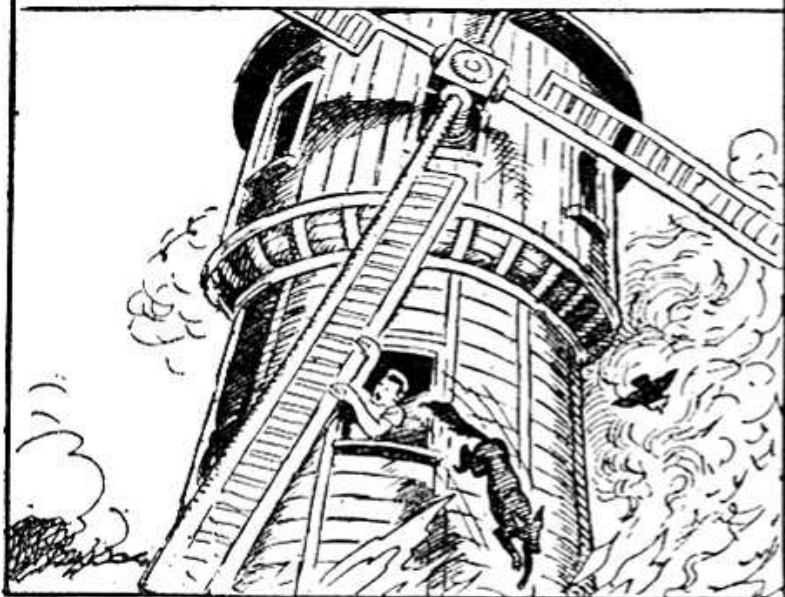
I CAN'T BUDGE IT...
WHAT'S THAT SMOKE?



GOSH! THE MILL'S
ALIGHT!



THEY RUSH TO THE WINDOW
AND BRAN LEAPS FROM IT...



I SMELL TROUBLE!
BRAN IS IN
DANGER!
ACTION, MY
GOOD DOB...!
LET'S GET
TO WORK!



HERNE THUNDERS THROUGH THE WOODS, MEETING HIS
WISE OLD OWL ON THE WAY...



WITHOUT WAITING, HERNE TAKES A FLYING
LEAP...





DO NOT BE AFRAID, YOUNG MAN, I AM HERNE THE HUNTER, RIGHTER OF WRONGS!



MEANWHILE, BRAN IS HOT AFTER THE MEN IN THE VAN ...



AND HERNE FOLLOWS EVEN FASTER!



SUDDENLY, IN THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING VAN, A SPECTRAL FIGURE APPEARS!

HALT! I, HERNE, COMMAND IT!

GOSH, BEN WHO ON EARTH IS THAT? LET'S GET OUT OF IT, QUICK!



NOW, OVER ON YOUR SIDE ... THEN I CAN DEAL BETTER WITH YOU!

I'LL GO AND PHONE THE POLICE!



999? GET ME THE POLICE, MISS, QUICKLY!



NOW, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

HERNE HAS CAUGHT TWO THIEVES ... LOOK, OVER THERE!



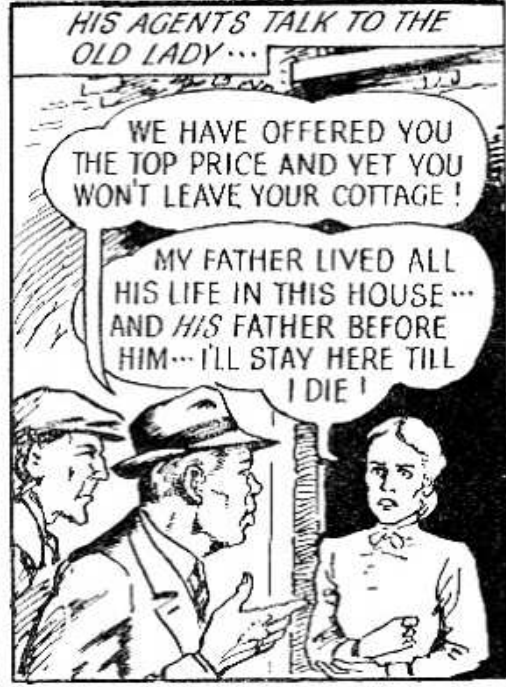
HERNE'S SIXTH GOOD DEED DONE ~ HE VANISHES IN A CLOUD OF MIST ~

HERNE THE HUNTER

HIS SEVENTH - AND FINAL - QUEST.



AN UNSCRUPULOUS LANDOWNER WISHES TO SELL HIS LAND SO THAT A GREAT WATER RESERVOIR MAY BE FORMED. ONLY ONE PERSON STANDS IN HIS WAY - AN OLD LADY - WHO REFUSES TO LEAVE HER OLD HOME IN THE VALLEY



HIS AGENTS TALK TO THE OLD LADY...

WE HAVE OFFERED YOU THE TOP PRICE AND YET YOU WON'T LEAVE YOUR COTTAGE!

MY FATHER LIVED ALL HIS LIFE IN THIS HOUSE... AND HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM... I'LL STAY HERE TILL I DIE!



LATER...

WELL, WE'RE STUCK, BILL - GOT ANY IDEAS?

YES - LISTEN; MRS CRONK GOES TO MARKET TO-DAY... SHE'LL BE OUT OF THE VALLEY...



AND A PLAN IS FORMED...

THAT IS THE ENGINEER OF THE DAM, GOING TO THE POWER-HOUSE... HE HOLDS THE KEYS... NOW FOR IT!



KEEP QUIET, OLD MAN, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT... WE'RE TAKING OVER YOUR JOB... AND YOUR KEYS... FOR AN HOUR OR SO!



THE ENGINEER IS HUSTLED INTO A DESERTED HUT IN A LONELY PART OF THE WOODS...



THIS WEDGE WILL KEEP THE DOOR SHUT... HE CAN YELL HIS HEAD OFF... NOBODY WILL HEAR HIM!



LATER, IN THE POWER-HOUSE...

MRS CRONK WILL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT WHEN SHE GETS BACK HOME!



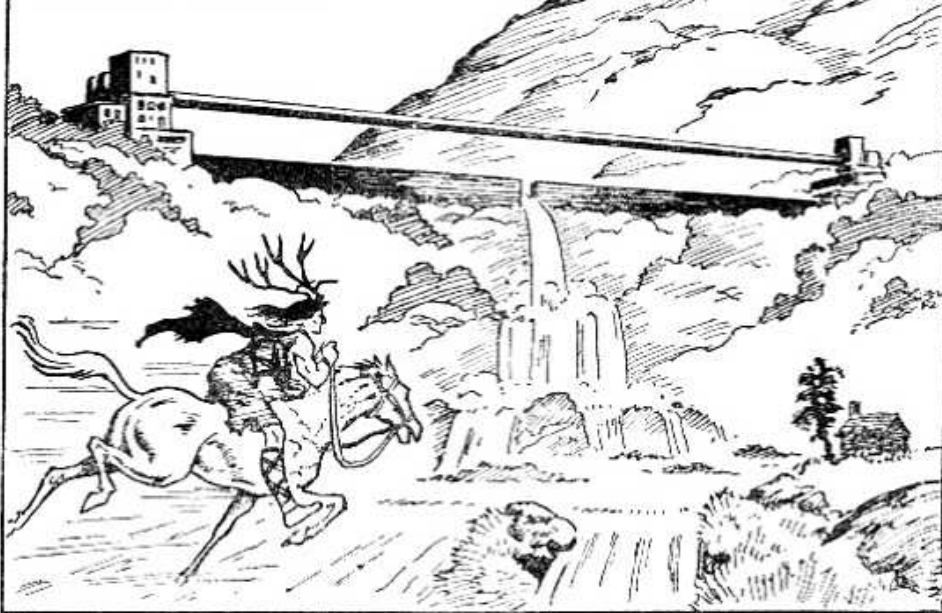
BUT HERNE THE HUNTER IS IN THE VALLEY AS THE FLOOD WATERS RISE

WHAT DOES THIS WATER MEAN, BRAN? THERE SEEMS TO BE WORK FOR US TO DO!



AS HERNE DASHES AWAY, BRAN GOES OFF ON HIS OWN

WHEN HERNE ARRIVES UPON THE SCENE, THE GREAT DAM GATES ARE SLOWLY OPENING...



BUT MRS CRONK HAD NOT GONE TO MARKET, AND IS ALONE IN HER COTTAGE...



GOODNESS!
THE DAM MUST
HAVE BURST...
I SHALL DROWN!

HERNE RIDES STRAIGHT UP THE VIOLENT TORRENT...



...AND GRASPING THE OPENING SLUICES



...BY A TERRIFIC EFFORT...



...PULLS THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, BRAN IS BUSY WITH A PLAN OF HIS OWN...



...AND SOON HAS THE ENGINEER FREE... WHO FOLLOWS BRAN



IN THE POWER-HOUSE CONTROL-ROOM ...

THAT'S THE ENGINEER! QUICK, BILL; LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE RECOGNISED!



A HIGH GANTRY CARRIES A CONDUIT ACROSS THE RESERVOIR ~ THE TERRIFIED MEN TRY TO ESCAPE OVER IT.



HALFWAY OVER TOM LOSES HIS FOOTING AND GRABS AT BILL, HIS CONFEDERATE ...



~AND TOGETHER THEY FALL TO THE WATERS BELOW.



LATER, MRS CRONK HAS A STRANGE VISITOR!

DO NOT BE AFRAID ... THE WATERS WILL RISE NO FURTHER ... YOU ARE SAFE!



CALLING BRAN TO HIM, HERNE TEARS AWAY TO MAKE HIS REPORT TO THE WISE WOMAN IN HER CAVE ...



AT LAST HERNE HEARS WHAT HE HAS WAITED SO LONG TO HEAR

HERNE, YOU ARE NOW FREE ~ BY YOUR GOOD DEEDS YOU HAVE OVERCOME THE "CURSE OF OBERON"!

HENCEFORTH YOU MAY TAKE YOUR WELL-EARNED REST!

AND HERNE, THE HUNTER, HAVING DONE HIS SEVEN GOOD DEEDS ~ THUS FREEING HIMSELF FROM THE CURSE OF OBERON ~ RIDES AWAY INTO HIS BELOVED FOREST.



The End

STEADFAST McSTAUNCH . . .

STEADFAST-I WANT YOU TO GO TO PUZZLE ISLAND AND BRING ME BACK THE TREASURE OF THAT NAUGHTY OLD PIRATE, CAPTAIN KIDDEM!

YOU CAN RELY ON GOOD OLD STEADFAST, KING CLUELESS-A McSTAUNCH IS NEVER AFRAID OF DOING HIS DUTY!

YOU MUST MOVE FAST, MY FRIEND, FOR I HEAR TELL THAT WICKED WITCH HAZEL, WHOM YOU BANISHED FROM MY KINGDOM, IS IN LEAGUE WITH ONE, CAPTAIN BLIGHT, WHO IS ALSO AFTER THE TREASURE!

FEAR NOT, SIRE! I AM ON MY WAY ALREADY!

MY FIRST STOP WILL BE THE LIBRARY TO LOOK UP AN ATLAS AND FIND OUT THE POSITION OF PUZZLE ISLAND!

HAH! "THE GLOBE-TROTTER'S GUIDE" BY WALKER LONGWAY! THIS SHOULD SERVE MY PURPOSE!

HULLO-HULLO-HULLO? WHAT IS THIS THAT HAS FALLEN FROM THE VOLUME? A MAP. I DO DECLARE! GOODNESS ME AND FANCY THAT!

BLESS MY BREECHES! 'TIS THE MAP OF PUZZLE ISLAND AND THE SPOT WHERE CAPTAIN KIDDEM'S TREASURE LIES BURIED! IT'S ME FOR THE SEA-YIPEE!!!

SHOCKED!

QUIET!

GLEE!

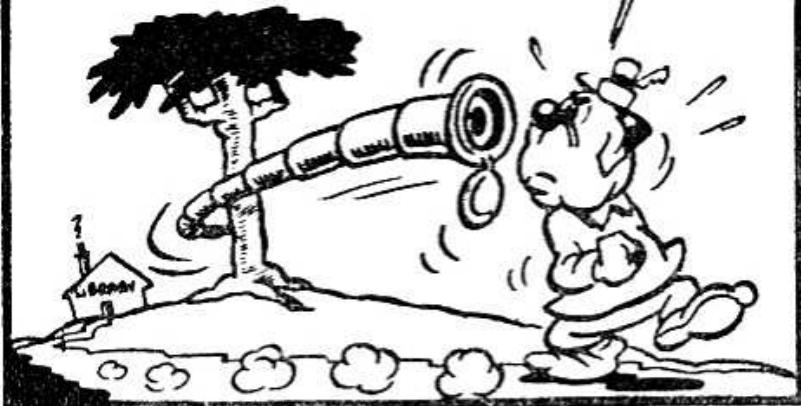
ANGRY BOOK WORM

TCK TCK TCK

SILENCE

MARK IT

HULLO! WHAT'S THIS, THEN? AN AERIAL DRAIN-PIPE?
NEVER MIND— I MUST PRESS ON— NO TIME TO
DILLY-DALLY!



STOW MY SCUPPERS, 'TIS STEADFAST
MCSTAUNCH, THE PUZZLE-SOLVING PERSON—
OR I'M A LOPSIDED LANDLUBBER!



HE MUST'VE FOUND THE MAP OF CAPTAIN
KIDDEM'S LONG-LOST TREASURE. OR MY
NAME AIN'T CAPTAIN BLIGHT, THE TERROR
OF THE SEVEN SEAS! I'LL FOLLOW HIM LIKE A
BLOODHOUND!



HULLO!
WHAT'S THIS?
A PRETTY DICKY
DROPPING A
LETTER? NO DOUBT
THAT'S BECAUSE
AIR-MAIL HASN'T BEEN INVENTED
YET! I WILL READ IT!



D **Q** **S** **TEA** **DF** **FAST**, **Y** **U** **R**
F **C** **A** **T** **A** **I** **N** **K** **I** **D** **D** **E** **M**'**S** **T** **R** **E**
J **U** **S** **T** **U** **W** **A** **I** **T** **U** **G** **E** **T** **2** **P**
4 **U** **T** **H** **E** **R** **E** **!** **Y** **U** **K** **!** **Y** **U** **K** **!** **W**
B **R** **E** **W** **I** **N** **G**

GOO!
WHAT
A
PUZZLING
LETTER
PAL—
CAN
YOU
READ
IT?
IF
NOT
TURN
TO
PAGE
85
TO
FIND
THE
RIGHT
ANSWER
?

KIT CARSON

KING OF THE WEST



MEETS BLACK JAKE IN THE
WILD BUZZARD PEAK PASS

RIDING
TOWARDS
THE WILD
AND
LONELY
BUZZARD
PEAK PASS
KIT
CARSON
RUNS INTO
AN
INDIAN
ATTACK.

I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE WAR PARTIES RAIDING!
BUT THEY MEAN BUSINESS! GUESS I'LL
STOP THEIR LITTLE GAME!



THE DARING ONSLAUGHT OF THE
SCOUT STARTLES THE
ATTACKERS

PALEFACE
BRAVE --
KIT CARSON!



THAT'S SCARED
'EM OFF!

THANKS, MISTER!
WE WERE
RUNNING MIGHTY
SHORT OF
AMMUNITION!



MY NAME'S KIT CARSON
I'M MIGHTY GLAD I ARRIVED!
I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND
ONLY A WOMAN
AND A BOY
FIGHTING
OFF THOSE
VARMINTS.

WE'RE VERY
GRATEFUL,
MR CARSON.
BUT--MY
HUSBAND--

THEY GOT DAD
IN THE FIELD
BEFORE HE
COULD REACH
THE CABIN.
TWO RODE
AWAY WITH
HIM.



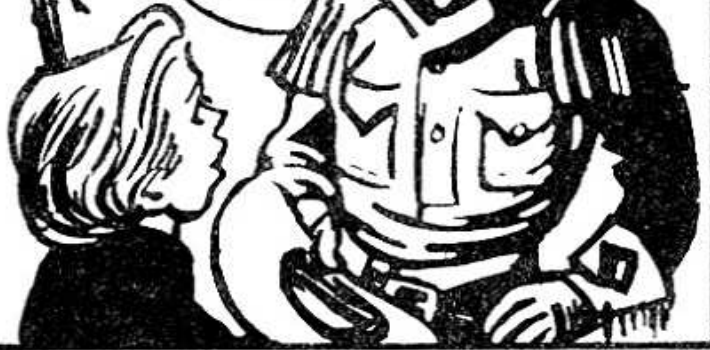
THAT SO, MA'AM? I'LL GET ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE SKUNKS RIGHT AWAY!

WE'VE LOST CATTLE-HAD CROPS RUINED-- BUT THIS IS THE WORST!



I'LL RIDE WITH YOU.

NO, SON.-I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU WITH ME, BUT YOU'D BETTER STAY WITH YOUR MOTHER IN CASE THEY ATTACK AGAIN. I'LL BRING YOUR FATHER BACK SAFE.



RIDING TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SETTLER HAD BEEN SURPRISED KIT PICKS UP THE TRAIL..

YES, TWO REDSKINS ON UNSHOD MUSTANGS TOOK HIM AWAY. GUESS I CAN FOLLOW THAT TRAIL.



THE TRAIL LEADS HIM UP INTO THE WILD BUZZARD PEAK PASS--



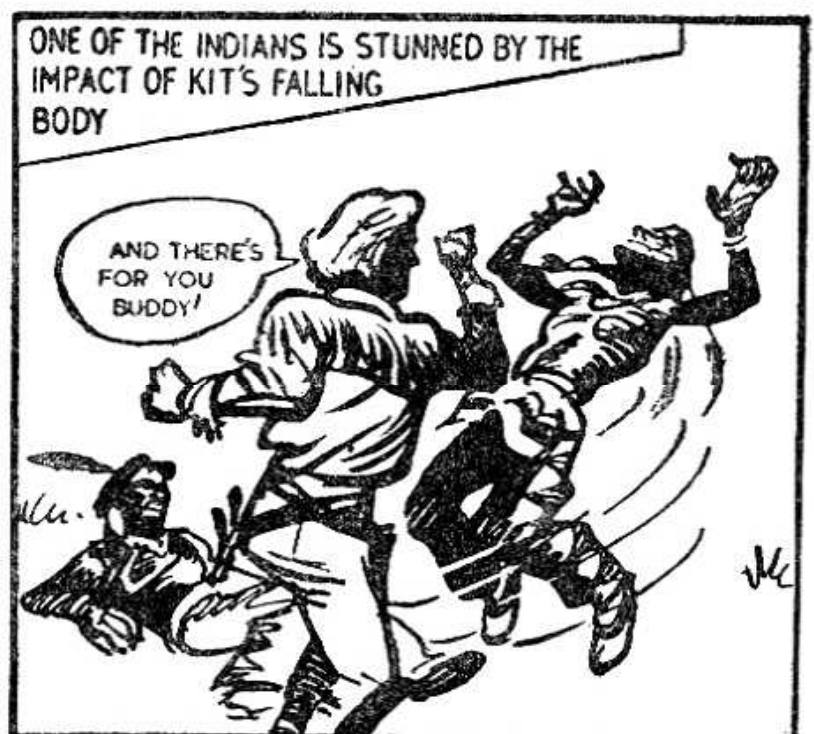
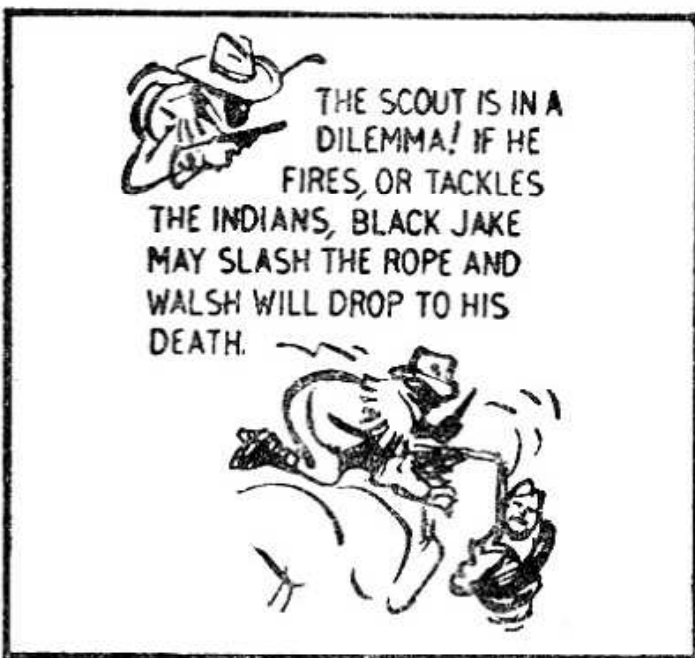
MEANWHILE THE INDIANS HAVE TAKEN THEIR CAPTIVE TO THEIR LEADER BLACK JAKE A NOTORIOUS WHITE RENEGADE.



SO YOU'RE THE MAN BEHIND THOSE ATTACKS ON MY RANCH! WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

YOU'LL FIND OUT WALSH. SIGN OVER YOUR HOLDING TO ME, AND YOU AND YOUR FAMILY GO FREE. OTHERWISE--





BUT THERE IS STILL
BLACK JAKE!



WHO
ARE
YOU?

KIT CARSON!
I WANT YOU
THE GAME'S UP
BLACK JAKE!



DROP THAT KNIFE AND
HAUL OUR FRIEND UP!
AND NO TRICKS!

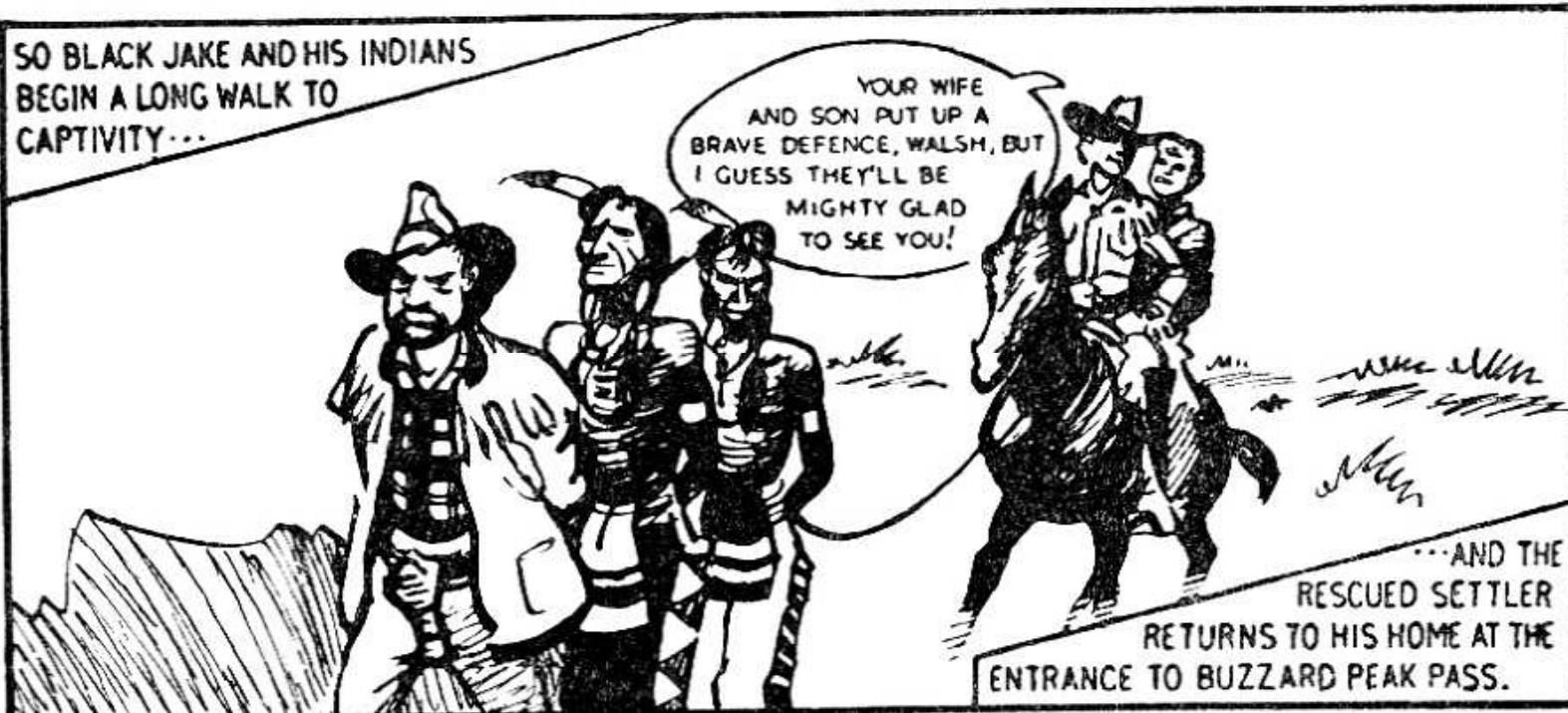


GUESS YOU'VE
GOT TH' DROP
ON ME, CARSON.



THAT'S WHAT
I AIMED FOR
YOU COYOTE!
I COULDN'T CHANCE
THAT KNIFE
SLIPPING.

SO BLACK JAKE AND HIS INDIANS
BEGIN A LONG WALK TO
CAPTIVITY...



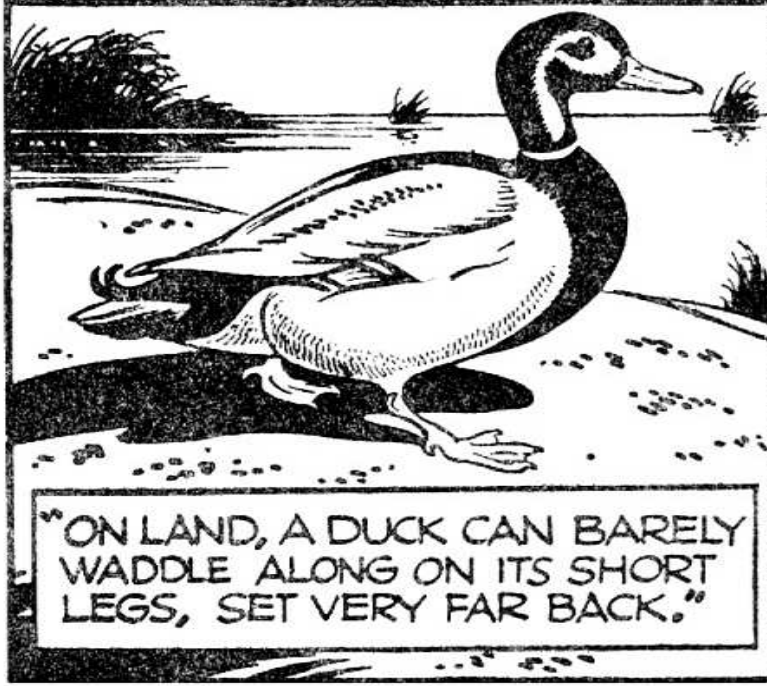
YOUR WIFE
AND SON PUT UP A
BRAVE DEFENCE, WALSH, BUT
I GUESS THEY'LL BE
MIGHTY GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

...AND THE
RESCUED SETTLER
RETURNS TO HIS HOME AT THE
ENTRANCE TO BUZZARD PEAK PASS.

DAD,
WHY CAN'T
I RUN FAST
LIKE A DEER?

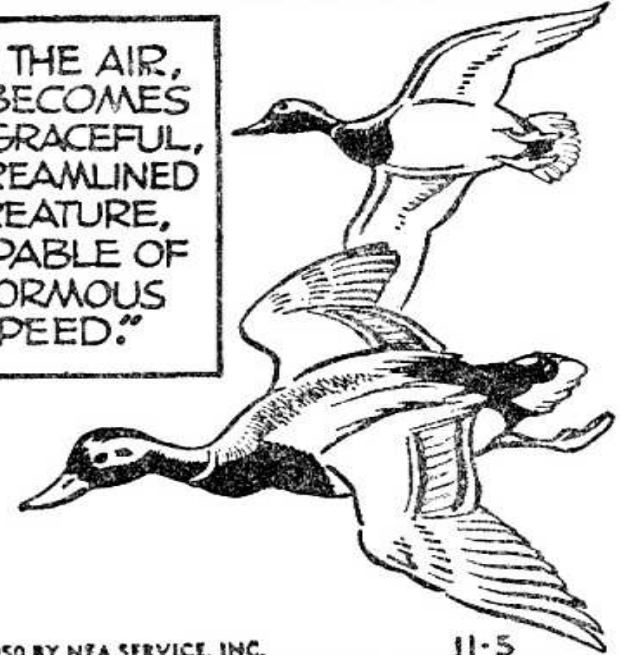
THINGS WELL FOR
WHICH WE ARE FITTED!
YOU JUST AREN'T
BUILT FOR SPEED.

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"ON LAND, A DUCK CAN BARELY
WADDLE ALONG ON ITS SHORT
LEGS, SET VERY FAR BACK."

"IN THE AIR,
IT BECOMES
A GRACEFUL,
STREAMLINED
CREATURE,
CAPABLE OF
ENORMOUS
SPEED."



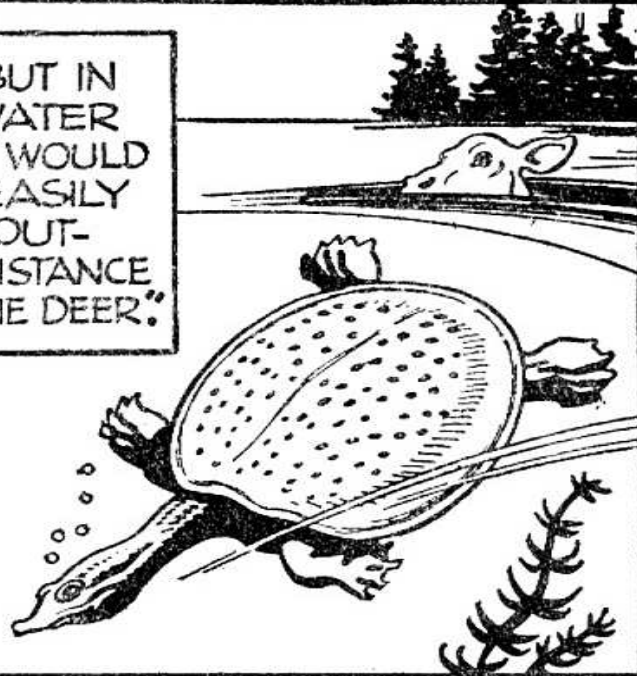
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11-5



"AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH A
TURTLE PRACTISED, IT COULD
NEVER BECOME A TRACK STAR..."

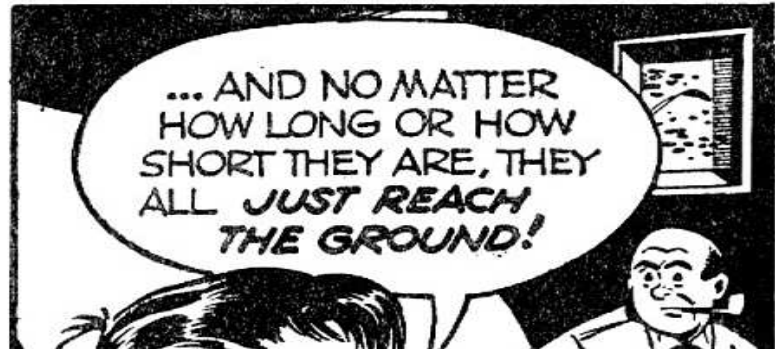
"...BUT IN
WATER
IT WOULD
EASILY
OUT-
DISTANCE
THE DEER."



IT IS INTERESTING
HOW MANY KINDS OF
LEGS THERE ARE AMONG
THE INHABITANTS
OF THE WORLD.

YES

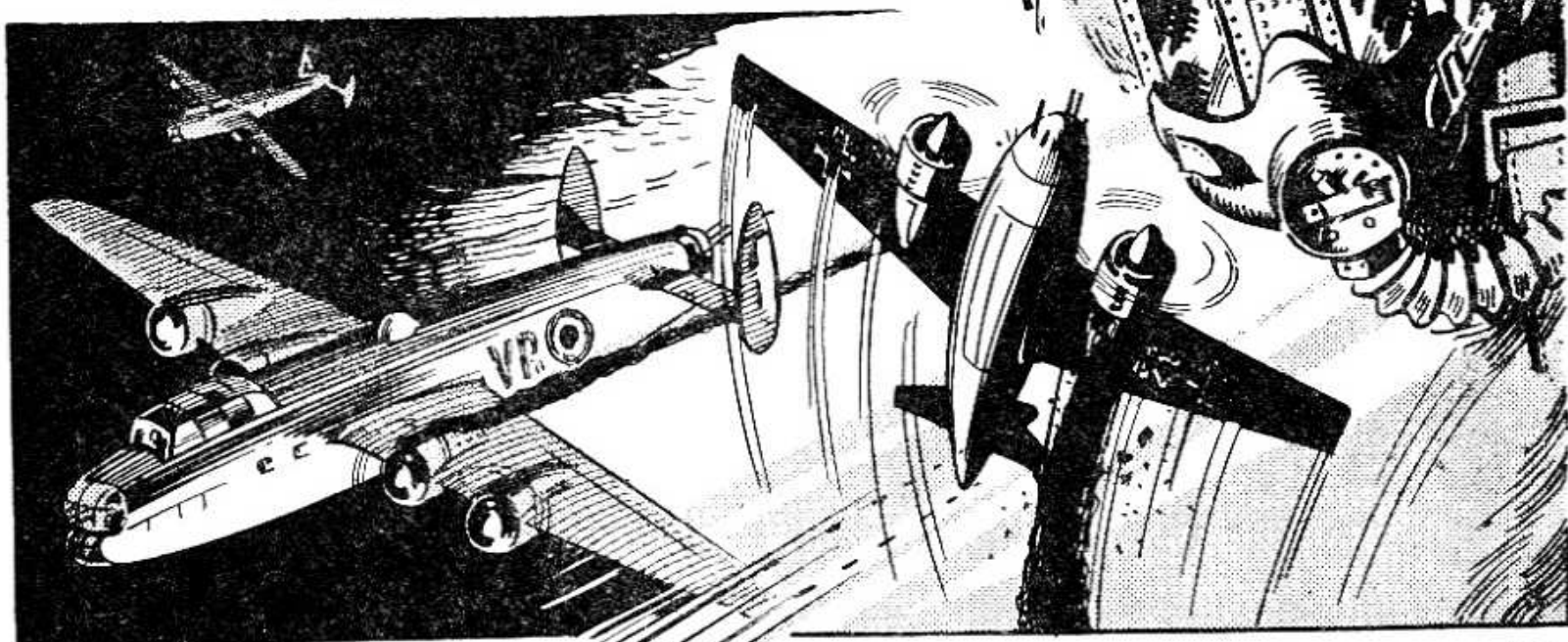
... AND NO MATTER
HOW LONG OR HOW
SHORT THEY ARE, THEY
ALL **JUST REACH
THE GROUND!**



ESCAPE TO DANGER

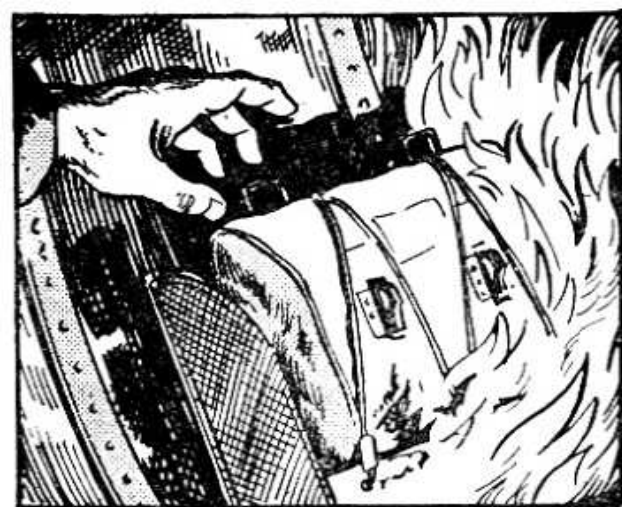
THIS IS A TRUE STORY

It happened to Sergeant Alkemade, the rear-gunner of a Lancaster night bomber, returning from a raid on Berlin in September, 1944. When over the Ruhr on the homeward run, the Lancaster was attacked by an enemy night-fighter. They were 22,000 feet up at the time. The enemy's bullets crashed into the fuselage of the Lancaster with devastating effect. And things began to happen!

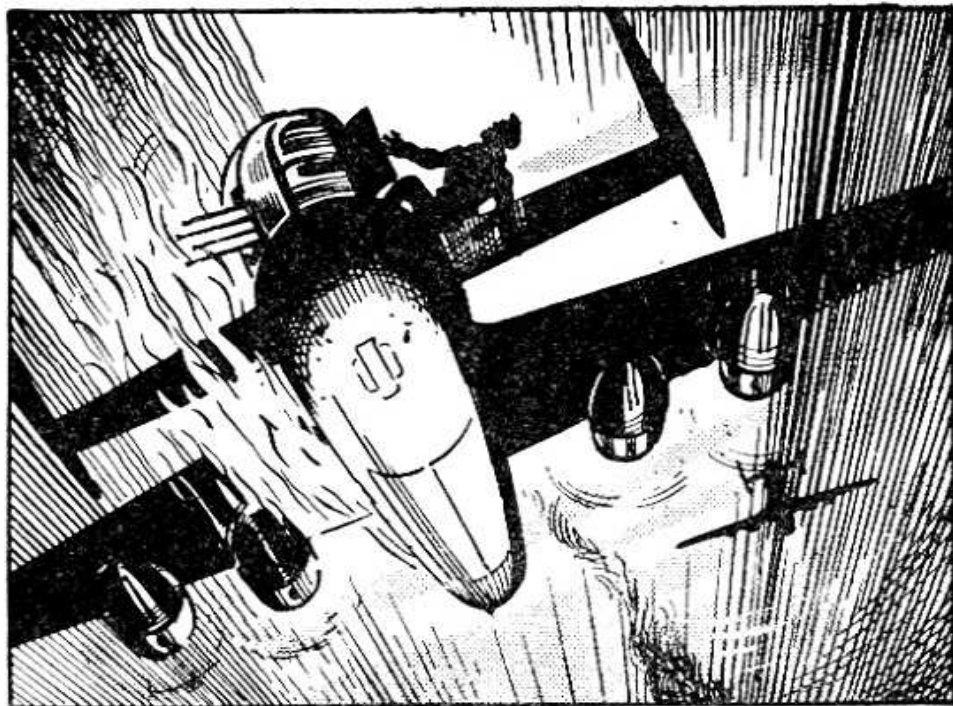


Sergeant Alkemade, in his rear turret, swung his guns and let loose a roaring stream of bullets at the enemy night-fighter. He scored many hits and saw the plane go down in flames. But the Lancaster was doomed, too!

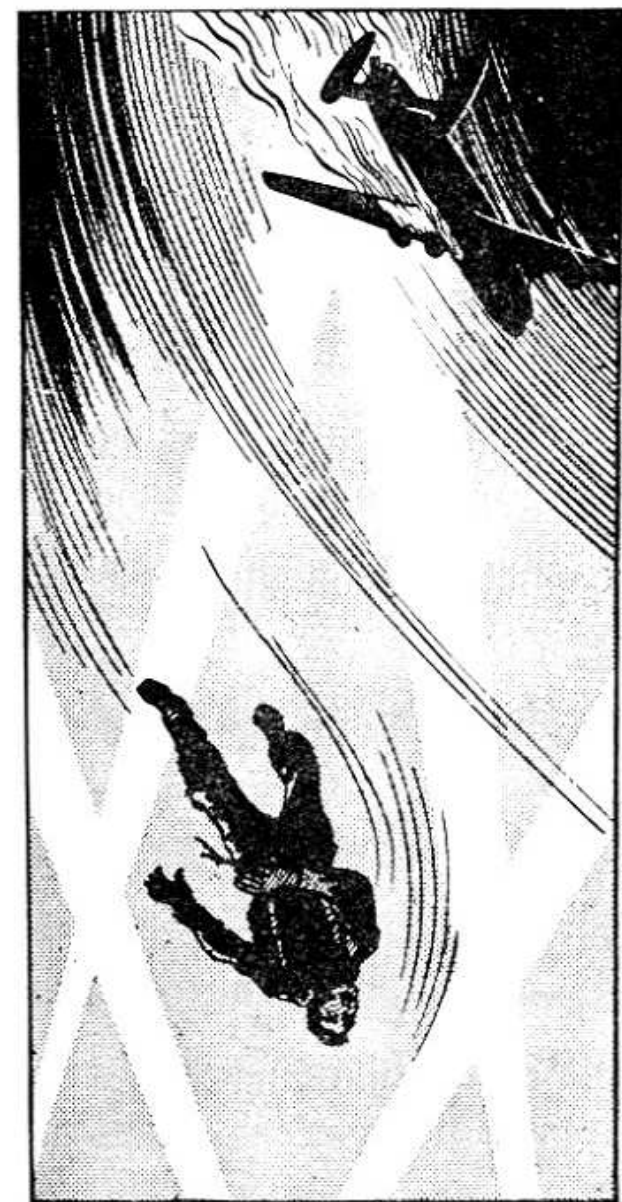
The sergeant suddenly realised that he, too, was surrounded by flames. He spoke to the skipper on the inter-com. "Hello, skip! Kite's on fire, this end!" Back came the terse reply: "Better bale out!" Alkemade opened the turret doors behind him, and reached back for his parachute in the fuselage.



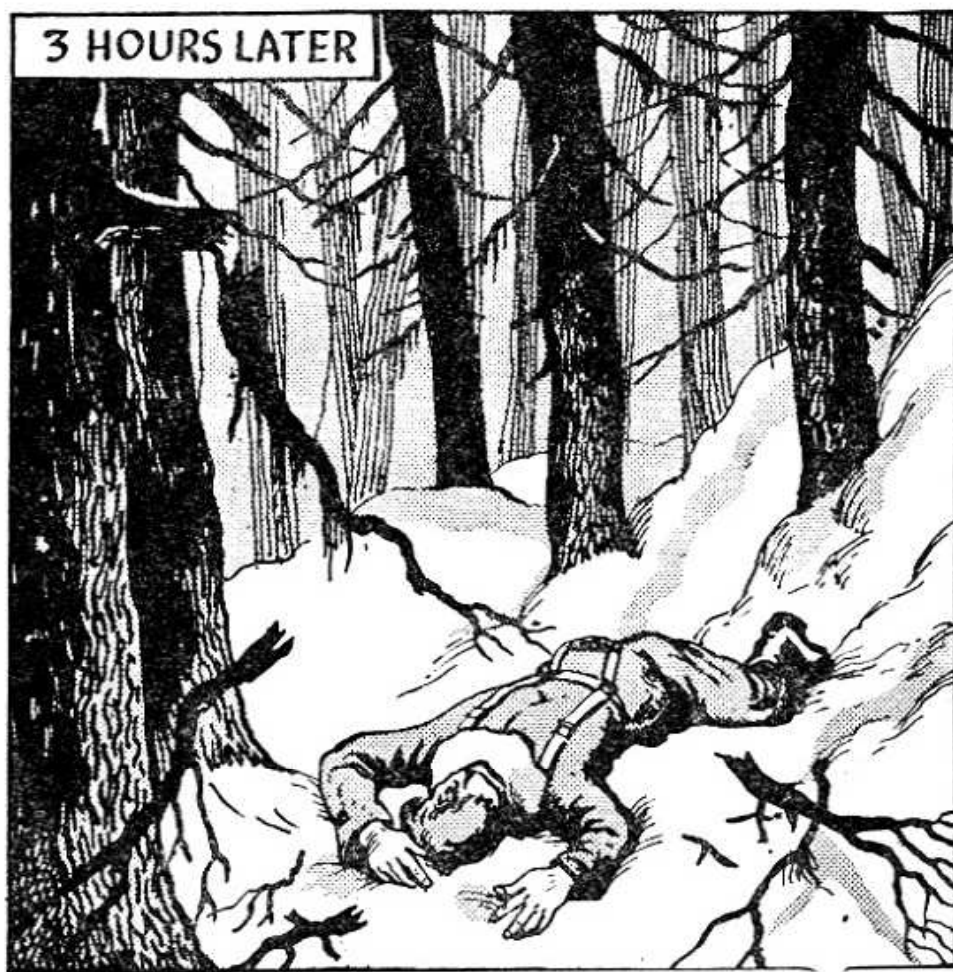
He was too late. That parachute was wreathed with flames. It was being burnt to ashes. It was utterly useless. And he could not go forward from his turret because of the fire!



It certainly looked the finish for Sergeant Alkemade. But he wasted no time debating what he ought to do. If he remained where he was he would burn to death. So he turned his turret to starboard and did a quick back-flip out into space, 18,000 feet above enemy territory.



As he dropped like a stone he had a momentary glimpse of the burning Lancaster sliding away from him, and above him. Then, as his falling speed increased, he lost consciousness.



3 HOURS LATER

The sergeant fell into a pine forest. It was a chance in a million. The yielding pine branches broke his fall without being tough enough to do him any fatal injury. And under the trees was heaped snow, drifted there by the wind. Hours later, he came round to find himself still alive!



He could scarcely believe he was alive. His clothing was badly burnt. He had various cuts, bruises. There was blood on his head and face. But no bones were broken!



It was a miracle. He managed to find a cigarette and matches, and lit up. He carried a whistle and blew it from time to time as he lay there. And eventually, a German search party, that had already found his navigator, came along to his aid. From the first, they regarded him with a deal of suspicion.



Alkamade did his best to tell the German officer that he dropped without a parachute, but he was not believed. The German wanted to know what he had done with it. He kept sticking to his story. "I tell you I came down without it!" And still they wouldn't believe him!



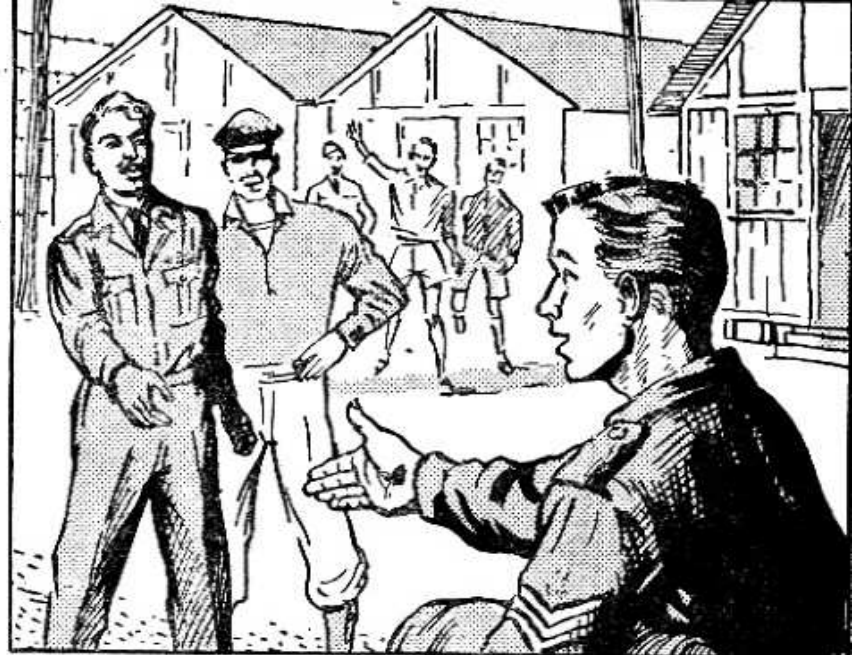
The Germans couldn't be blamed for their suspicions. After all, they had seen the burning Lancaster in the sky and it didn't seem possible for anyone to fall from that height and remain alive. After a while, they put the sergeant on a tarpaulin and dragged him to a village.



At the village he was helped into a car and so taken to the nearest hospital. But all the time he was being asked what he had done with his parachute. And all the time he kept telling them he had dropped without it. They still doubted him!

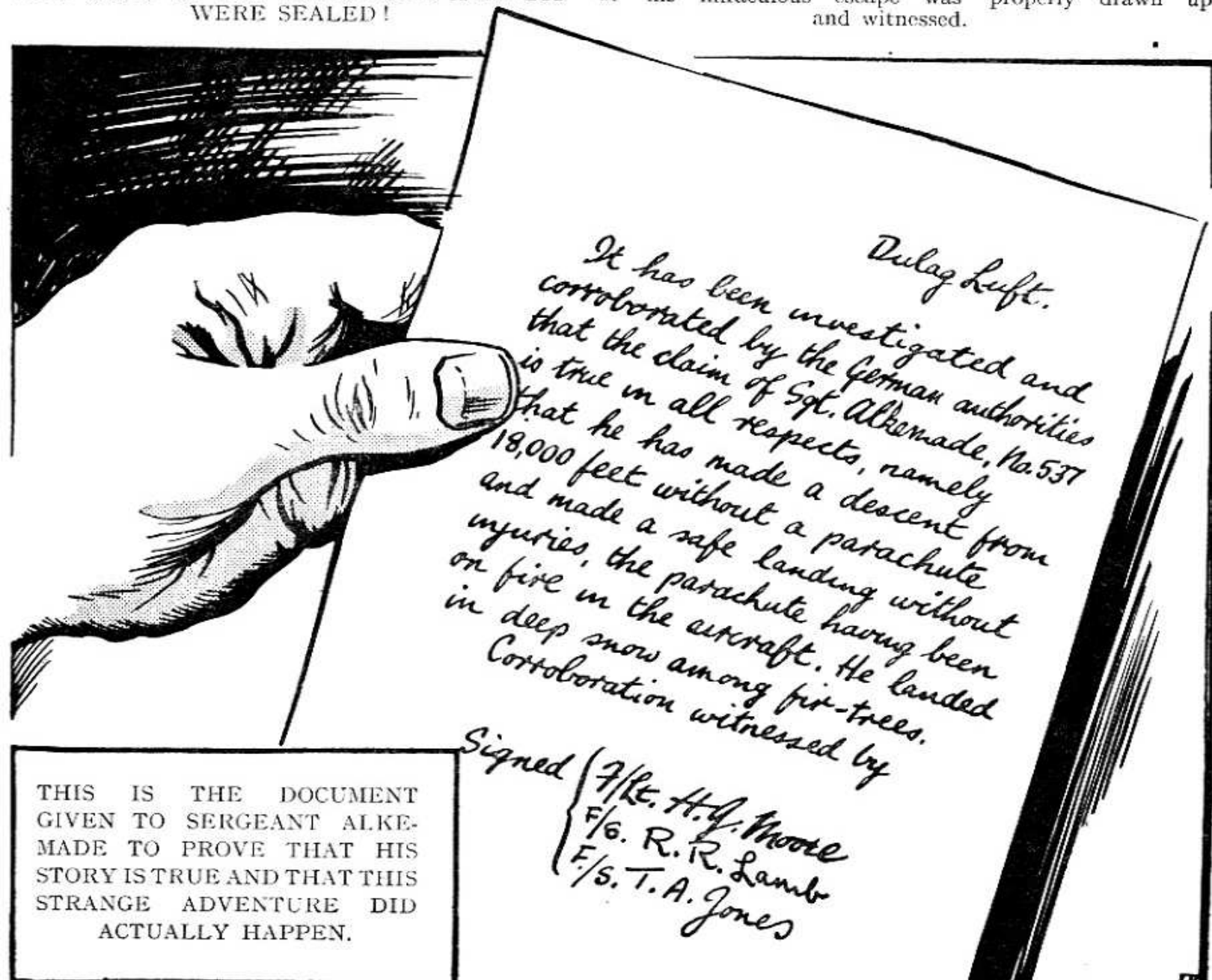


The Germans did all they could for him. In the next bed was the navigator of the Lancaster. The Germans were still intensely interested in Sergeant Alkamade and his amazing story. They gave him time to recover from the shock of his fall, then began the questioning again.



German airmen came to interrogate him—men who knew all there was to know about flying, and the routine drill of airmen. And they realised in the end that Alkemade's story was true! Because **THE CLIPS ON HIS PARACHUTE HARNESS WERE SEALED!**

If Alkemade had put on his parachute those clips would have been broken! Eventually, having recovered from his injuries, the sergeant was sent to a prison-camp, where he met many old friends, and the record of his miraculous escape was properly drawn up and witnessed.

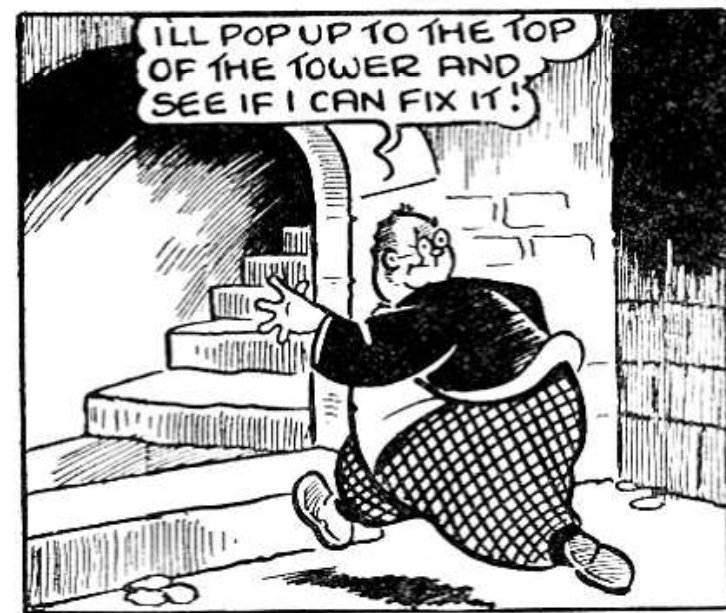


THIS IS THE DOCUMENT GIVEN TO SERGEANT ALKEMADE TO PROVE THAT HIS STORY IS TRUE AND THAT THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE DID ACTUALLY HAPPEN.

Dulag Luft.
It has been investigated and corroborated by the German authorities that the claim of Sgt. Alkemade, No. 537 is true in all respects, namely that he has made a descent from 18,000 feet without a parachute and made a safe landing without injuries, the parachute having been on fire in the aircraft. He landed in deep snow among fir-trees.
Corroboration witnessed by
Signed {
 F/Lt. H. G. Moore
 F/O. R. R. Lamb
 F/S. T. A. Jones

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!





MIKE

THAT MUST BE UNCLE BILL AT THE DOOR, MIKE! GO AND LET HIM IN!



GREETINGS ALL! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND BUT I'VE BROUGHT MY DOG BRUTUS WITH ME!



WOW!!!

HE'S AS GENTLE AS A KITTEN, MIKE! WHY NOT TAKE HIM FOR A STROLL WHILE I TALK TO YOUR FOLKS?



S-SURE!

WHOOOPS! S-SO LONG!

I DO HOPE MIKE WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

WUFF!



DON'T WORRY! BRUTUS WILL GO WHEREVER MIKE TAKES HIM!

HEY, STOP, BRUTUS! YOU MUSTN'T CHASE OLD GROWLER'S CAT!



WE TURN RIGHT HERE, BRUTUS, — ER, O.K. DOG, YOU WIN! LEFT IT IS THEN! (WHEW!)



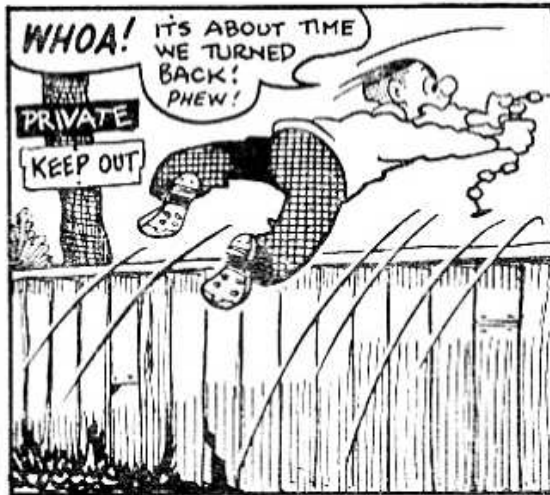
HEY, COME BACK! — CAN'T YOU READ?

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED BY ORDER OF GROWLER



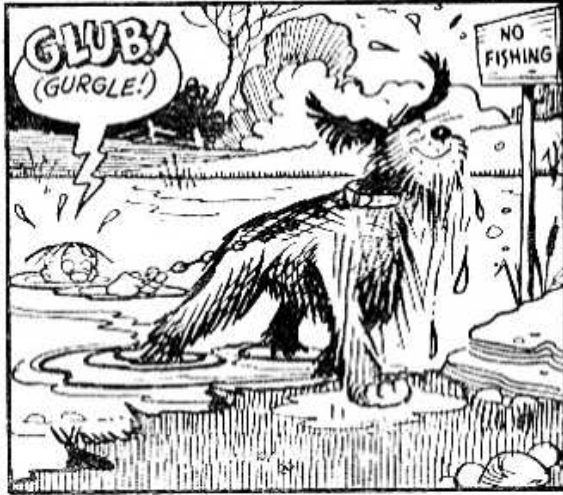
WHOA! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TURNED BACK! PHEW!

PRIVATE KEEP OUT



GLUB! (GURGLE!)

NO FISHING



MIKE'S A LONG TIME! I DO HOPE HE HASN'T LET BRUTUS OFF HIS CHAIN BECAUSE HE'D NEVER FIND HIS WAY BACK TO A STRANGE HOUSE!

HARK! A NOISE OUTSIDE!!!

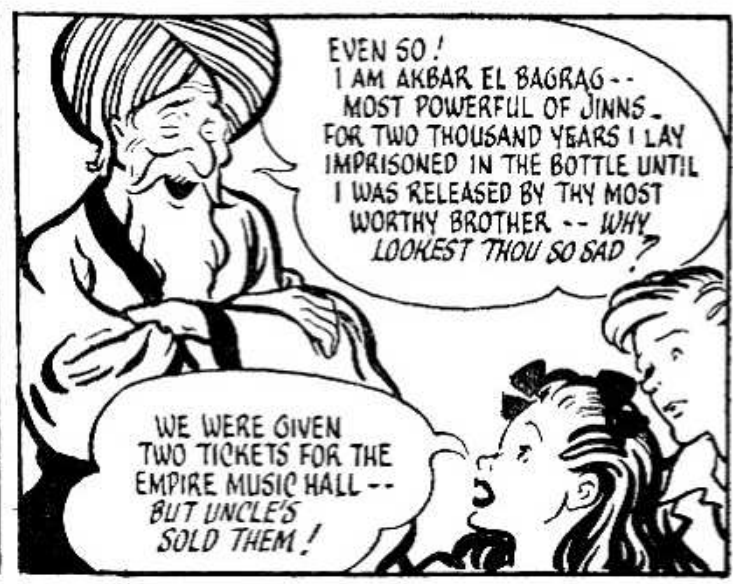
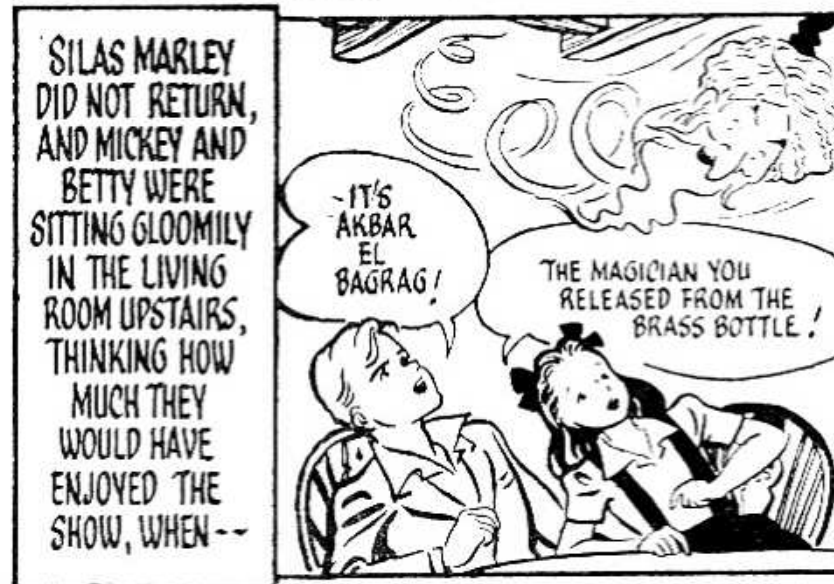


HAW-HAW! WELL, HE HAS THIS TIME, AND IF HE HADN'T POOR OLD MIKE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD ANY TEA!



MICKEY'S PAL THE WIZARD

MICKEY AND BETTY ROYSTON LIVED WITH THEIR MEAN OLD UNCLE, SILAS MARLEY. ONE DAY A FRIEND GAVE THEM TICKETS FOR A MUSIC-HALL SHOW BUT THE MOMENT OLD SILAS SAW THEM HE SNATCHED THEM OUT OF MICKEY'S HAND.



BEFORE THEY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING MICKEY AND BETTY WERE WHIRLED THROUGH SPACE TO FIND THEMSELVES SITTING IN THE MUSIC HALL WITH THE WIZARD



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -- I NOW HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING TO YOU -- **SIGNOR SPAGETTI, THE MARVELLOUS MAGICIAN!**

SIGNOR SPAGETTI -- THE MAGICIAN? I KNOW NOT THE NAME, YET I KNOW ALL THE MAGICIANS!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, -- MY FIRST TRICK TO-NIGHT IS WITH DIS EMPTY HAT!

SHH! HE'S ONLY A CONJURER -- HE DOES TRICKS!

PAH! THOU ART NO MAGICIAN! THE MOST MISERABLE FAKIR SITTING IN THE DUST OF THE BAZAARS COULD PRODUCE BETTER MAGIC!

THE AUDIENCE CHEERED AND THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF THE SHOW WHEN **AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG** RUSHED DOWN THE GANGWAY AND CLIMBED ON TO THE STAGE --

GET OFF ZE STAGE, YOU SILLY OLD BUFFER! YOU ARE SPOILING MY ACT!

AKBAR! COME BACK!

OUT OF THE WAY, TOAD! I, AKBAR EL BAGRAG WILL SHOW THEE WHAT MAGIC IS -- AND WILL PROVE THAT THOU ART A DELIBERATE FRAUD!

THE AUDIENCE GASPED AS THE WIZARD SOON MADE GOOD HIS BOAST --

I DO NOT BELIEVE EET! EET EES IMPOSSIBLE!

OH, MICKEY -- WE MUST STOP HIM! THERE'LL BE AWFUL TROUBLE!

DID I NOT SAY I WOULD SHOW THEE REAL MAGIC?

MAGIC, AND YET MORE MAGIC! WITH A WAVE OF THE HAND I CAN MAKE RICHES GREATER THAN THE CALIPH'S!

THE AUDIENCE DID NOT WAIT TO SEE ANY MORE MAGIC. THERE WAS UPROAR IN THE THEATRE AS THEY SCRAMBLED FOR THE COINS.



OH, SIR!
YOU MUSTN'T
INTERFERE WITH
THE SHOW LIKE THIS -
YOU MUSTN'T, REALLY!
COME AWAY!

NO! NOT UNTIL I, AKBAR EL BAGRAG,
HAVE PROVED THAT THIS FAT
BABOON IS NAUGHT BUT
AN IMPOSTOR.



HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A
BABOON! HOW DARE YOU CALL
ME AN IMPOSTOR! I WEEL HAVE
ZE LAW ON YOU!

UNHAND MY BEARD, THOU DOG!
BY THE ROBES OF KAZAN --
MAY THOU BE SMITTEN INTO
THE LIKENESS OF A
PIEBALD MONKEY!

MICKEY AND BETTY WAITED TENSELY. THEY KNEW
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO SIGNOR SPAGETTI -



SIGNOR
SPAGETTI!

AKBAR'S
TURNED HIM
INTO A MONKEY!
OH! WHAT SHALL
WE DO?



THE POLICE! THE POLICE!

OH, CRUMBS!
THE MANAGER'S
FETCHED THE POLICE!
NOW WE WILL BE PUT
IN PRISON!

WHAT
SAY YOU?
PRISON?

AKBAR EL BAGRAG
HAD SPENT TWO
THOUSAND YEARS
IMPRISONED IN A
BRASS BOTTLE.
HE WANTED NO
MORE OF IT. HE
GRABBED MICKEY
AND BETTY AND
ONCE MORE THEY
FOUND THEMSELVES
WHISKED THROUGH
SPACE ---



I WILL TARRY NO LONGER!
WERE I SEIZED AND CAST INTO
PRISON, MAYHAP EVEN MY MAGIC
MIGHT BE POWERLESS. AS IN THAT
THRICE-ACCURSED BOTTLE IN
WHICH I WAS IMPRISONED FOR
TWO THOUSAND YEARS, I WILL
BID THEE FAREWELL, O MOST
NOBLE OF YOUTHS, BUT I WILL
RETURN AGAIN, FOR I HAVE
YET TO REWARD THEE.



WAIT A MINUTE!
WHAT ABOUT
SIGNOR SPAGETTI?
YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM
LIKE THIS? YOU MUST
TURN HIM BACK INTO
HUMAN FORM, SIR!

BECAUSE THOU PLEADEST FOR HIM --
O YOUTH OF BOUNDLESS KINDNESS --
I WILL GRANT THY REQUEST.
HE WILL BE CHANGED
BACK INTO HUMAN
FORM AGAIN, BUT NOT
UNTIL HALF-AN-HOUR
HAS PASSED!



SOMEONE COMES!
I MUST AWAY!



HALLO! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

IT'S--IT'S A MONKEY, UNCLE SILAS!

A--A FRIEND OF OURS LEFT IT HERE, UNCLE!



NOW SILAS MARLEY WAS A MISER--

OH, HE DID, DID HE? I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. I'M GOING TO SELL THIS NASTY LITTLE VARMINT TO OLD BERT BOWSER, WHO KEEPS THE ANIMAL AND PET SHOP!



WHERE'S A BASKET? FIND A BASKET, OR I'LL GIVE YOU A HIDING!

BUT--UNCLE--!

SILAS MARLEY DID NOT WAIT TO HEAR ANY EXPLANATIONS. HE WENT STRAIGHT ROUND TO KNOCK UP BERT BOWSER, AND SHOWED HIM HIS FIND --



IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH OF A MONKEY TO ME -- IT'S TOO FAT!

AH, THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE BEEN FEEDING IT WELL. IT'S WORTH FIVE POUNDS!



OW! THE NASTY LITTLE BEAST'S BITTEN ME! I'LL GIVE YOU A POUND FOR IT!

YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A GREAT BIG FINGER, POKED IN YOUR RIBS? IT'S A VERY RARE MONKEY -- I'LL TAKE FIVE POUNDS!

AFTER MUCH HAGGLING, MICKEY'S SKINFINT UNCLE AGREED TO TAKE TWO POUNDS TEN FOR THE MONKEY



AND NOW I'LL GET BACK HOME. GOOD-NIGHT!



THE HALF-HOUR DECREED BY AKBAR EL BAGRAG HAD PASSED. THE MONKEY HAD CHANGED SUDDENLY BACK INTO HUMAN FORM.

LET ME GO -- YOU VILLAIN!

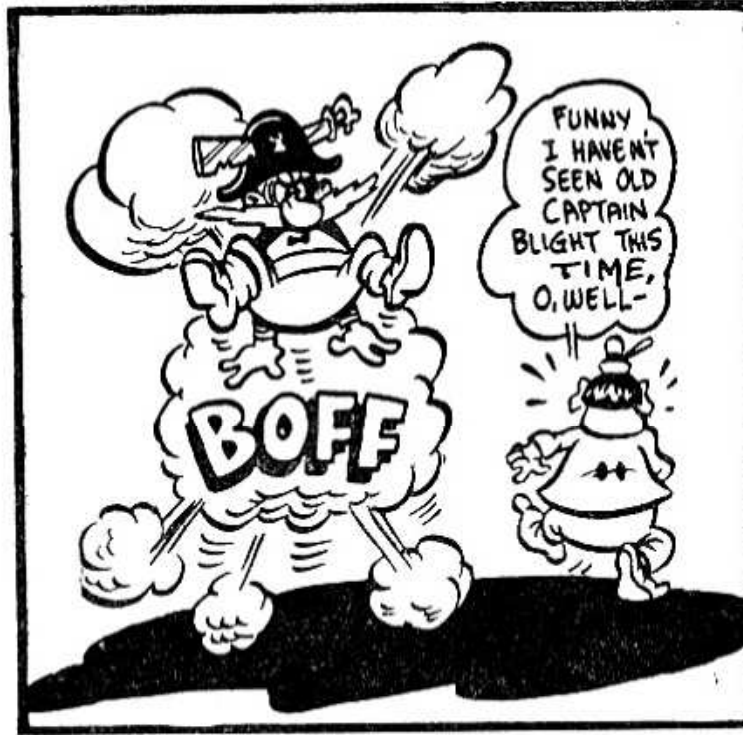


SIGNOR
SPAGETTI
FLED
WHILE
HE
HAD
THE
CHANCE.



AS FOR
SILAS
MARLEY—
HE VOWED
HE'D NEVER
BE UNKIND
TO MICKEY
AND BETTY
AGAIN!





ALONZO TODD COULDN'T DO GYMNASTICS FOR TOFFEE! BUT WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER WAS READY TO DO ANYTHING—FOR TOFFEE!



"Hold me! Set me straight, dear William!" cried Alonzo. But Billy Bunter had the toffee! "I told you," he said, "I'm in a hurry!"

ALONZO'S KNOTTY PROBLEM

Another Rollicking Greyfriars Story

By **FRANK RICHARDS**

"**T**HAT looks easy!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"I think I could do it," said Alonzo Todd.

If it looked easy to Alonzo, it was not what it looked. Alonzo's statement that he thought he could do it elicited a yell of laughter from the Remove fellows in the Rag.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was giving a gymnastic display. Sitting on the table in the Rag, the slim, lithe, supple Indian had tied himself into what looked like a Gordian knot. His slim limbs seemed almost as flexible as elastic, and how he was able to get his toes behind his ears was quite a mystery to the other fellows. Certainly no

fellow there fancied that he could do the same—excepting Alonzo. Alonzo apparently fancied that he could!

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, let Alonzo try! He, he, he!"

"My dear chap, you couldn't begin to do it," said Bob Cherry. "Bet you ten to one in doughnuts."

"I hardly think that my Uncle Benjamin would approve of a betting transaction, even in doughnuts, my dear Robert," answered Alonzo. "But I certainly think I could do it. It looks quite easy to me."

"Go it, then," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Let's see."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, grinning, uncurled himself and slipped from the table.

Alonzo Todd took his place. The Remove fellows gathered round in a laughing crowd. That the bony Alonzo could curl up like the elastic Indian nobody supposed for a moment; and Alonzo, when he came to begin, found that it was not quite so easy as it had looked to him. He succeeded in getting his right foot over his left shoulder, but at that point he lost his balance and went backwards on the table. Crack!

"Yooo-hooooop!" roared Alonzo as the back of his head established contact with hard oak, a crack almost like that of a rille-shot echoing through the Rag.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Ow! Wow! I—I—— Oooooogh!"

Alonzo sat up again, rubbing the back of his head.

"Ow! Wow! I have given my head a very, very painful knock!" he gasped.

"Nothing in it to damage, you know," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Try again!" chuckled Frank Nugent.

"Ow! I shall certainly try again," said Alonzo. "My Uncle Benjamin always says, if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again! Perhaps it needs a little practice to——"

"Perhaps it does!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Now, watch me this time!" said Alonzo.

And he recommenced. But there was no doubt that, as had already dawned on Alonzo, it needed practice. With both legs in the air, Alonzo lost balance again and rolled over. This time he did not crack his head on the table. He rolled over the edge.

"Look out!"

"Catch him!"

Bump! Alonzo Todd landed on the floor of the Rag with a terrific bump. He sprawled there and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.

Kindly hands grasped Alonzo and helped him up. He sagged like a sack, spluttering for breath.

"Ow! Oh! Ow!" spluttered Alonzo.

"I have banged my elbow—wow!—and knocked my knee—ow!—and bruised my shoulder—ooooh! Oh dear! I have accumulated most unpleasant aches and pains in all my bones——"

"Trying again?" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Go it, Alonzo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Alonzo shook his head. He was busy rubbing innumerable spots where he had accumulated those aches and pains.

"I—I think it needs a little practice," he gasped. "I shall certainly put in some practice, and then I have no doubt that I shall be able to equal Hurree Singh's performance, if not, indeed, to excel it. But—but at the present moment I—I think I—I will go and look for some liniment."

And Alonzo Todd tottered out of the Rag in quest of liniment to rub in those aching and painful bones; his own face very serious, indeed, solemn, but leaving all the other Remove fellows laughing.

"O H, crikey!" ejaculated Billy Bunter. He blinked through his big spectacles at a strange figure on the table in the junior lobby. Then he chuckled.

"He, he, he!"

It was Alonzo!

Several days had elapsed since Alonzo Todd's essay to rival Hurree Singh's gymnastic performance in the Rag. During those days Alonzo had not given up the idea. The sage advice of his excellent Uncle Benjamin lingered in Alonzo's mind, and if at first he didn't succeed, he was going to try, try, try again! A crack on the head and a bump on the floor did not discourage him. The other fellows could laugh if they liked; but Alonzo was a sticker—he was going to do it.

He put in practice in secluded spots, and he flattered himself that every day and in every way he was getting better and better! Once he had attained perfection he was going to display his skill in public in the Rag to admiration instead of laughter. But he had not quite attained perfection yet!

Billy Bunter came into the lobby from the quad, and was going on into the House when he sighted Alonzo and stopped to blink at him. Bunter was in a hurry, but he had a moment to spare to chuckle at the weird figure on the table.

Alonzo was, apparently, seeking to tie himself into a knot. His bony arms and legs

were queerly entangled. But one bony leg, having apparently a will of its own, refused to go where Alonzo wanted it to go. With his large hands spread flat on the table to keep his balance, Alonzo strove to push his right leg under his left arm—and it just wouldn't go.

"My dear William——" gasped Alonzo.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

"There is nothing to laugh at, my dear William——"

"Ain't there just?" chuckled Bunter. "He, he, he!"

"Please lend me a hand," gurgled Alonzo. "I cannot quite succeed in inserting the extremity of my foot under my arm, Bunter, but if you will kindly render me a little assistance——"

"I'm in a hurry——"

"My dear William, I shall not delay you a few moments——"

"Squiff's got some baked chestnuts in his study—I've just heard." Bunter rolled on to the door. He had paused a moment to chuckle at Alonzo, but he was not losing a chance of baked chestnuts.

"But, my dear William," gasped Alonzo, "I have very nearly succeeded in my object, and with a momentary assistance from you I——"

"Can't stop!" came over a fat shoulder.

"I have a packet of toffee in my pocket, William."

"Eh?" Bunter found that he could stop. "Did you say toffee?"

"Yes, my dear William, and I will present it to you with pleasure if you will give me a momentary aid."

"Oh, all right! Always ready to lend a pal

a hand," said Bunter, coming back to the table. "Where's the toffee?"

"In my jacket pocket. Perhaps you would not mind taking the trouble to extract it, my dear William."

Dear William did not mind in the least. A fat hand extracted the toffee almost in the twinkling of an eye.

"And now, William, please take my right foot in your hand and push it under my left arm."

"Wait a tick!"

Billy Bunter crammed toffee into a capacious mouth. First things came first with Bunter. Having filled that capacious mouth to capacity, the fat Owl of the Remove put the packet into his pocket and was ready for action.

"Now, if you push my right foot very, very carefully under my left arm, my dear William, I shall—— Wow! Wow! You are pinching my ankle! Ow! You are cracking it! Yow-ow-ow! You are causing me considerable pain, my dear William! Ow! Wow! Oooh! Pray take your time and be more gentle, my dear William."

Alonzo yelped in vain. Billy Bunter was in a hurry, and a fellow in a hurry had no time to waste. He grabbed Alonzo's ankle and shoved it where Alonzo wanted it to go—a quite painful process to the bony leg. However, painful as it was, it was successful. Alonzo's left leg was in the air, and his right was successfully insinuated under his left arm as he sat—and he rocked wildly and gasped for breath.

"Steady me, my dear William," spluttered Alonzo. "It would be extremely painful to

MOKO! . . .



fall off the table. Hold me! Set me straight!"

"There you are!"

The fat Owl set Alonzo straight, and he sat swaying. But his position was precarious, and, having with Bunter's aid succeeded in tying himself into a knot, Alonzo decided that it was time to untie himself again.

"Hold me a minute or two, William."

"Oh, really, Alonzo! I told you I was in a hurry."

"My dear William——"

Billy Bunter made no further reply. He rolled on to the door and rolled out of the lobby into the House. Bunter had done

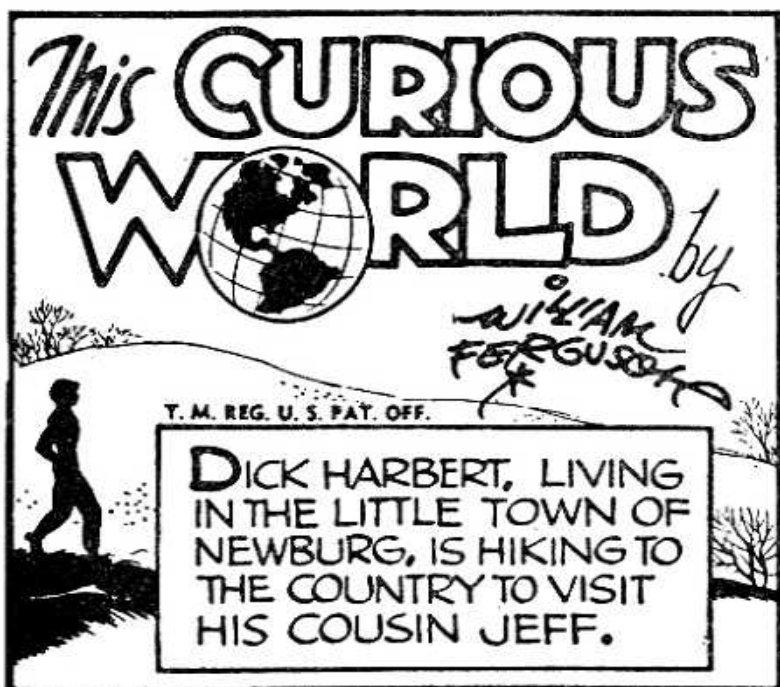
what he had bargained to do, and he was not missing Squill's baked chestnuts if he could help it.

"Oh dear!" gasped Alonzo. "Oh, goodness gracious! I cannot get my foot out. It—it appears to be fixed somehow. Bunter—William—my dear William—pray do not hurry away——"

Slam!

The lobby door closed after Bunter. Deaf to Alonzo's wail, the fat junior rolled away in quest of baked chestnuts before it was too late. Alonzo Todd was left to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

"Oh dear! William—my dear William——"



Bunter—come back!” shrieked Alonzo. “I cannot untie myself—I am a fixture. Do come back, my dear William. I entreat you to return and render me indispensable assistance!”

But answer there came none.

Bunter was gone.

He was just in time in Squiff’s study to come in on the baked chestnuts. And with baked chestnuts going, William George Bunter was not likely to bother his fat head about Alonzo Todd, or to remember his existence. Billy Bunter guzzled baked chestnuts and forgot that there was such a person in the wide world as Alonzo Todd.

“HALLO, hallo, hallo!”

“What the dickens——”

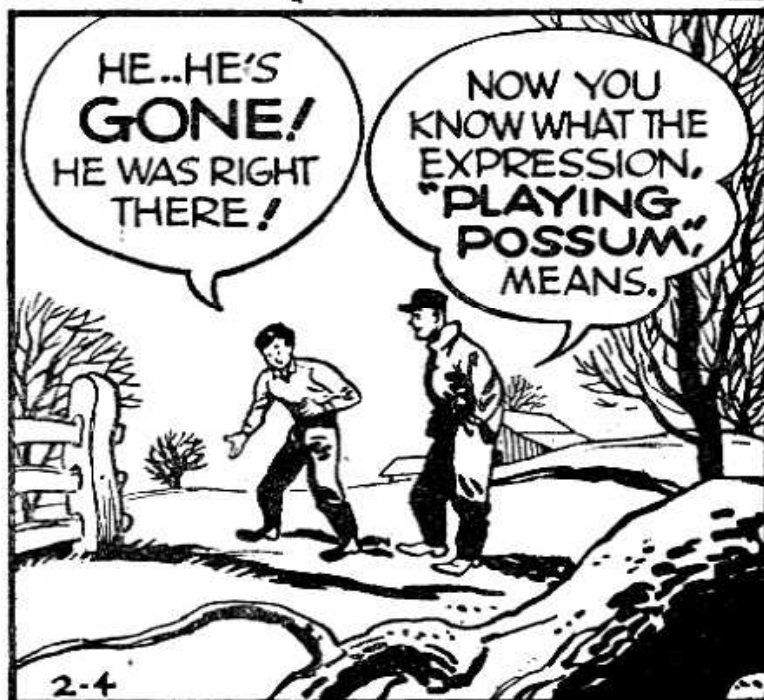
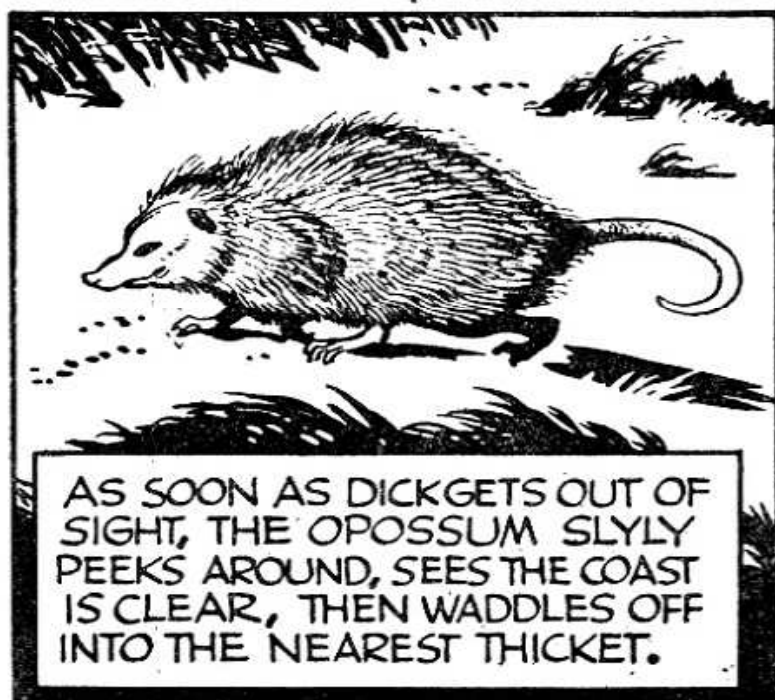
Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were coming down the passage, passing the door of the junior lobby. They came to a simultaneous halt and stared at the door. From the other side of the door strange sounds reached their ears. It was quite startling.

“Ooooooooh! U r r r r r r r g g h !”

“Sounds like somebody in a spot of trouble,” remarked Bob. “What the thump’s happening in the lobby?”

“Oooooogh! Oh, goodness gracious!”

“Hallo, hallo, hallo! That sounds like



Alonzo!" exclaimed Bob. "What the dickens can be the matter with him?"

"Better look in," said Harry.

The two juniors hurried to the lobby door. Alonzo, evidently, was there. What was the matter with him to cause him to emit those strange breathless ejaculations was quite a mystery. But it was clear that something was the matter.

Harry Wharton threw open the door. They stared into the lobby. Their eyes popped at an extraordinary figure tied in an inextricable knot, sitting on the table, and on a woeful face turned towards them in distressful appeal.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "It's Alonzo—at it again! He seems to have done it this time."

"Better not stick like that too long," said Harry. "You'll get cramp or something."

"Snap out of it, Alonzo!" advised Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Ooogh! I—I—I kik-kik-kik-kik-can't!" stuttered Alonzo. "I have been tut-tut-trying for half an hour or more, since Bunter left me like this with what I can only consider an extreme want of feeling! Ow! I—I—I can't untie myself! Ooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear friends, I assure you that it is not a laughing matter," gasped Alonzo. "I—I—I am fixed like this, and—and—Ooogh! I cannot get loose! I—I can't stay like this for ever—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I do assure you that it is not a laughing matter," wailed Alonzo. "I am in a very, very painful and awkward predicament. There is no occasion whatever for merriment."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the two juniors. If Alonzo saw no occasion for merriment, it was clear that Wharton and Bob Cherry did, for they almost doubled up with mirth.

"Oh dear! Oh, goodness gracious! Oh, if my Uncle Benjamin could see me now!" gasped Alonzo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were footsteps in the passage. The yells of laughter from the lobby doorway drew other fellows to the spot in a crowd.

"What's up here?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's old Alonzo! He's tied himself up into a knot and can't untie himself again!"

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. His dusky face looked in at the doorway at the distressful figure rocking on the table. A dozen other faces looked in. There was a roar of laughter.

"He's done it!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Alonzo's a sticker—he's done it! But he can't undo it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear friends," wailed Alonzo, "I do assure you that there is no occasion whatever for this outbreak of merriment—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What is all this noise?" It was Mr. Quelch's sharp voice. The Remove master pushed through the crowd of yelling juniors. "Cease this noise at once! Todd! What are you doing on that table? What do you mean by sitting there in that extraordinary attitude? Have you taken leave of your senses, Todd? Descend from that table immediately."

"I—I—I kik-kik-can't! I—I kik-kik-can't untie myself, sir! Oh, goodness gracious me!" wailed Alonzo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch.

He rustled into the lobby and grasped Alonzo. Really, it was not easy to disentangle him; he had tied himself up not wisely but too well. Yell after yell came from Alonzo as Mr. Quelch, with vigorous hands, disentangled bony limb after bony limb. Outside the lobby the crowd of juniors were yelling with merriment. But Alonzo's yells inside the lobby indicated anything but merriment.

IT was Alonzo Todd's last essay in rivalry of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in the gymnastic line. Everyone but Alonzo thought it funny—but to Alonzo it was quite a painful episode. Alonzo was a sticker, but he had found it too hard to come unstuck, as it were. After that Alonzo sagely decided to stick to botany.

THE END

KIT CARSON

KING OF THE WEST



MEETS TREACHERY IN THUNDERBIRD DIVIDE

KIT CARSON KNOWS THAT FEW PEOPLE TRAVEL TO THE WILD AND IMPASSABLE THUNDERBIRD DIVIDE, SO WHEN, ONE DAY, IN THE FRONTIER TOWN OF PIKE'S POST-

THAT GAL'S LOOO! NAME'S MARY CARTER, SAYS SHE'S LOOKIN' FOR HER DAD, WHO WAS LAST SEEN ON THUNDERBIRD DIVIDE THREE MONTHS AGO!

THUNDERBIRD DIVIDE! SHE'LL NEVER GET THOSE WAGONS UP THAT SLOPE!



PLUMB STUBBORN, THAT GAL! WE ALL WARNED HER. BUT NO-- SHE MUST GO ON! KIT, YOU KNOW THAT COUNTRY. SOMEBODY OUGHT TO LOOK AFTER HER. I DON'T TRUST THAT INJUN GUIDE OF HERS

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, JEFF. I'LL GO AFTER HER AS SOON AS I'VE GOT MY SUPPLIES!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON THE THUNDERBIRD TRAIL.

TROUBLE! JEFF WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT REDSKIN!



THOSE BREEDS NOT HELP GET DOWN! YOU NOT TAKE WAGONS TO THUNDERBIRD VALLEY. BLACK WOLF HAVE WAGONS!



THE THUDDING OF HOOFS DISTURBS BLACK WOLF --

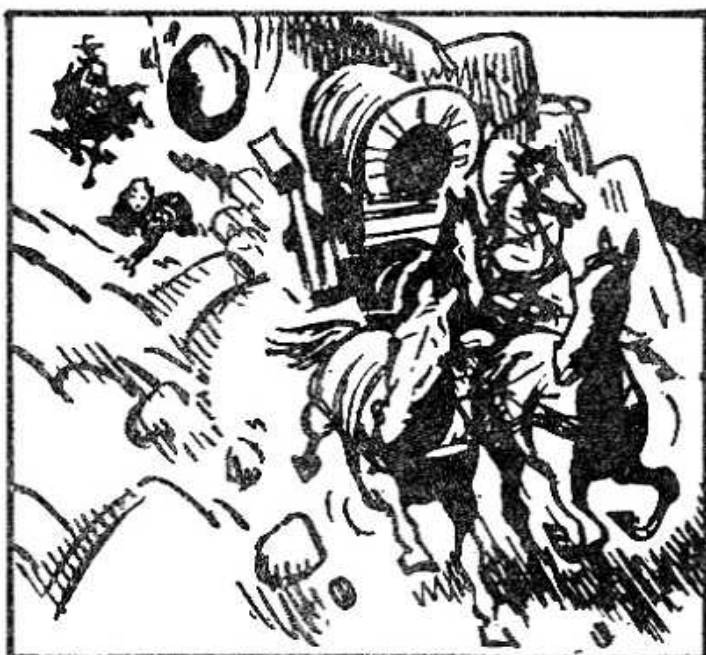
YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, PARDNER!





ALL KIT CARSON'S SKILL IS NEEDED TO GET THE WAGONS ACROSS THE SWIFT FLOWING RIVER. AND MEANWHILE





TWO HOURS
LATER --
AFTER
TOILING
UP THE
DIVIDE,
KIT AND
MARY CARTER
ENTER
THE
REMOTE
THUNDERBIRD
VALLEY.



THE ANCIENT THUNDERBIRD TOTEM STANDS OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY --



IN THE LITE VILLAGE, KIT CARSON IS GREETED BY CHIEF WHITE CLOUD --

GREETINGS, WHITE CLOUD. WE SEEK A PALEFACE WHITE MAN -- FATHER OF THIS GIRL!

WISE MAN HERE -- HE COME TO SEEK THUNDERBIRD TREASURE -- HE GOOD MAN -- MY PEOPLE NOT HARM HIM!



DADDY! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

MY COUSIN BLACK WOLF WANT TO KILL PALEFACE, BUT WHITE CLOUD SAY TREAT HIM WELL AND TAKE TO FRIENDS WHEN TRIBE GO TO TRADING POST!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DANGER THREATENS KIT CARSON --

WAA! PALEFACE BEWARE!

BLACK WOLF AGAIN!



BLACK WOLF BAD INDIAN -- WANT TO KILL WISE MAN AND BE CHIEF SO THAT HE CAN SELL TREASURE AND BE RICH!

WHAT TREASURE IS THIS, WHITE CLOUD?



I READ ABOUT IT IN AN OLD DOCUMENT OF CORTES' DAY. THIS HOARD HAS GREAT HISTORICAL VALUE. BUT WHITE CLOUD TOLD ME IT PLAYS A LARGE PART IN HIS TRIBE'S CEREMONIES AND I AGREED NOT TO TOUCH IT. HE LET ME MAKE DRAWINGS, UNDER AN OATH OF SILENCE!



BLACK WOLF WAS MIXED WITH THE WHITES AND KNOWS ITS MONEY VALUE. YOU'LL RESPECT WHITE CLOUD'S WISH TO KEEP THE CACHE AS A TOTEM. THEY'RE OUR FRIENDS, EVEN IF BLACK WOLF DID HIS BEST TO KILL US!



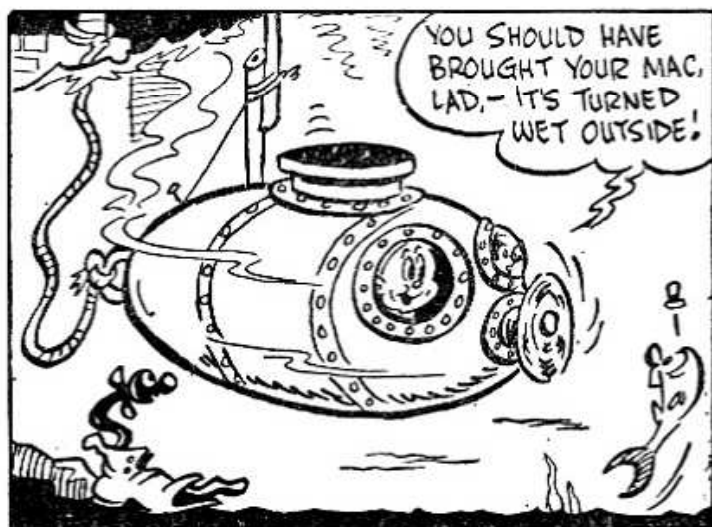
OUR ERNIE



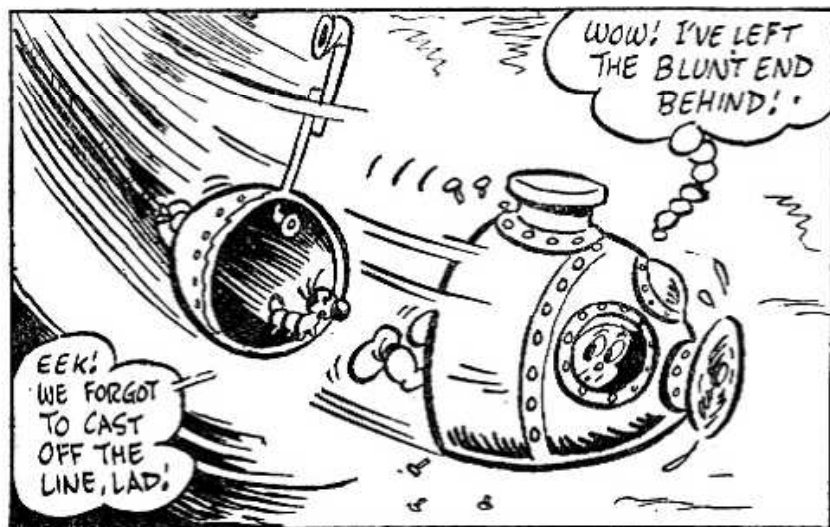
A-sitting sadly, full of glum,
Our Ernie met his ancient chum,
Professor Ploob, who makes such things
As real false teeth for pigs with wings.



Yes, dear old Ploob is such a goose,
The things he makes are all no use,
And now his submarine for two
Was one more proof that this was true.



Well, Ernie and his Charles were there,
And they, of course, are quite a pair,
So, to make sure it wouldn't float,
They took a trip in Ploob's new boat.



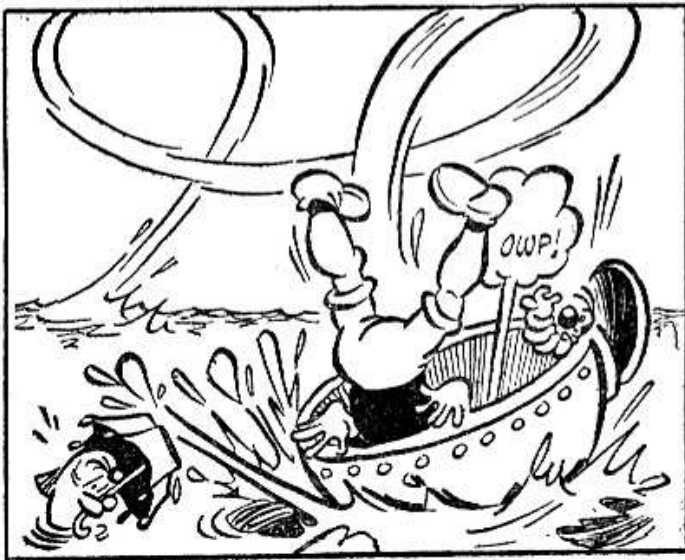
But what Our Ernie quite forgot
Was to untie the mooring knot,
So—when they'd taken up the slack—
Quite suddenly they lost their back!



Without the weight of that back-part,
To speed ahead the rest did start,
With Ernie and his Catty-friend
Still clinging to the forward end.



Soon after that our famous pair
Leaped from the waves, and took the air,
A thing, for submarines, most queer—
It makes them very hard to steer!



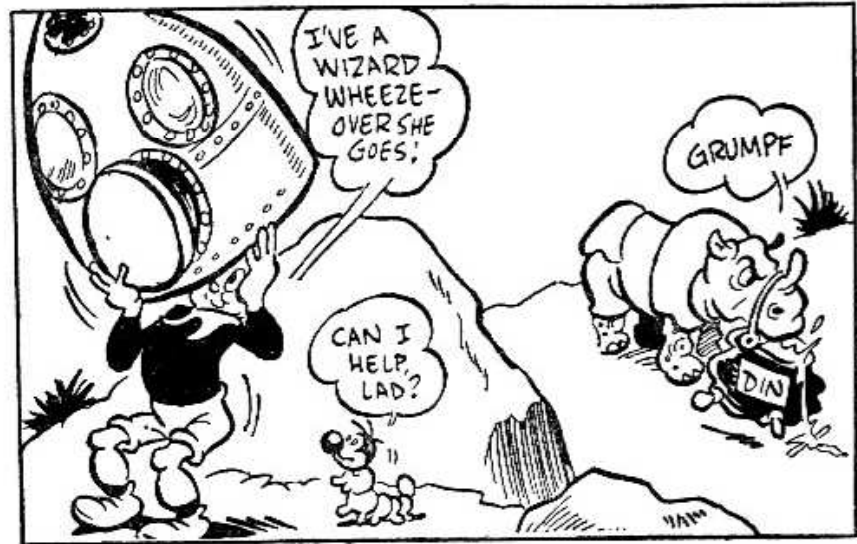
Cried Ernie: "Beee! We're going to crash!"
 And crash they did, with awful splash,
 Which made the lickle fishes wet,
 And Ernie too, as you can bet!



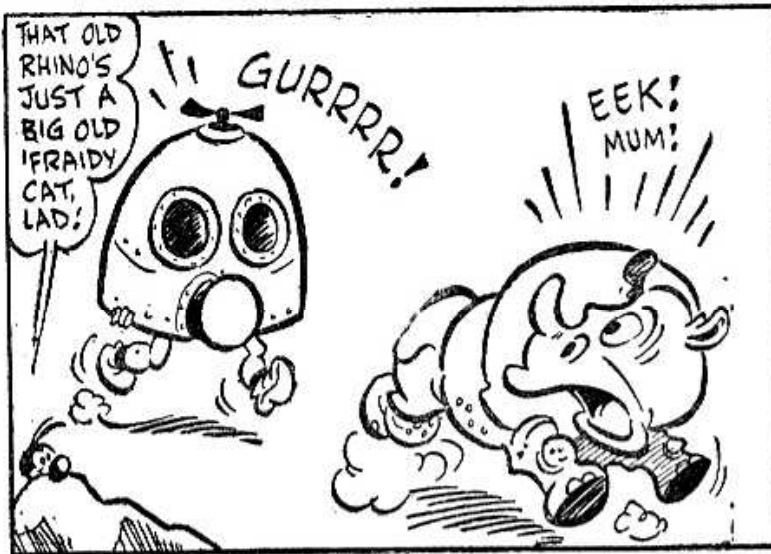
Onward our shipwrecked pair did roam,
 Across the waves, away from home,
 Until a tropic isle they saw,
 With darkie chaps upon the shore.



These darkies were preparing din—
 They had a pot to cook it in—
 When suddenly a rhino large,
 Upset the lot with one swift charge!



That pot got bashed about and torn
 By rhino with his long tough horn,
 So Ernie thought he'd seek protection,
 Inside the submarine's front section.



The rhino quickly turned and ran,
 Thanks to Our Ernie's scarey plan,
 For, with his two-eyed metal shell,
 Just what he was, was hard to tell!



And so our little story ends,
 As Ernie and the nigs made friends,
 And cooked a really super tea,
 In nice new pot—as you can see!



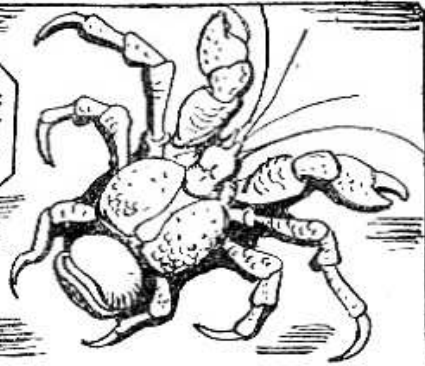
HOW FAR CAN THE JESTER PUSH THE STICK INTO THE PUDDING?



IN MYTHOLOGY, WHAT DOG HAD THREE HEADS?



THE MOA, A GIGANTIC BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND, WAS TWELVE FEET HIGH. IT DIED OUT ABOUT 1800.



THIS CRAB LIVES IN BURROWS IN THE GROUND. IT CLIMBS COCONUT PALMS IN SEARCH OF COCONUTS, OF WHICH IT IS VERY FOND.

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF OF AUSTRALIA IS COMPOSED OF CORAL. IT EXTENDS FOR OVER 1,000 MILES OFF THE NORTH EASTERN COAST.

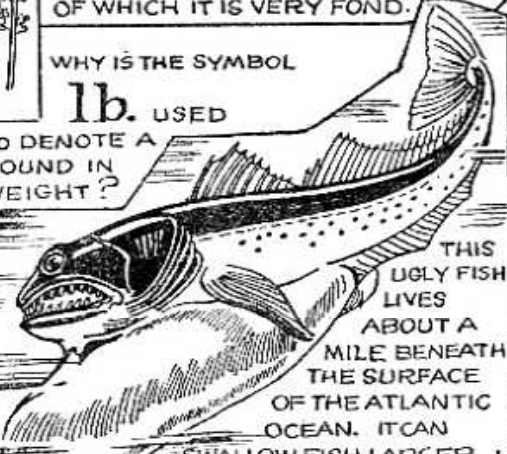


CAN YOU READ THIS? CAPTAIN

BBBBB
TOOK HIS
CCCCC
INTO THE
WEST

WHAT PAGAN GOD CARRIED A TRIDENT?

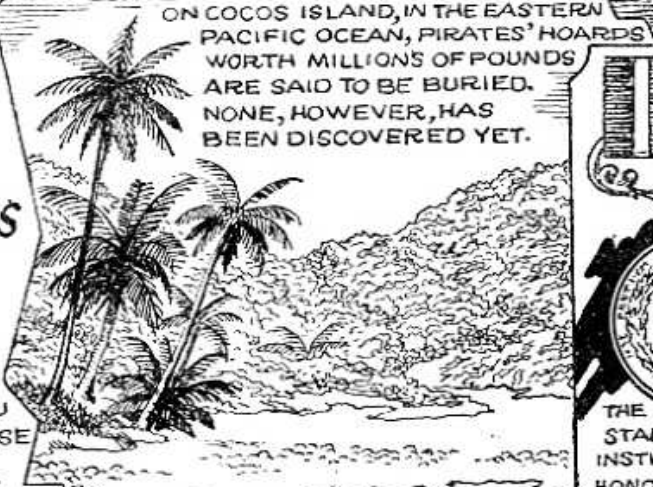
WHY IS THE SYMBOL **lb.** USED TO DENOTE A POUND IN WEIGHT?



THIS UGLY FISH LIVES ABOUT A MILE BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. IT CAN SWALLOW FISH LARGER THAN ITSELF!

"The boy," says the teacher, "is an ass!"

CAN YOU WRITE THESE WORDS IN THE SAME ORDER SO THAT THEY HAVE THE OPPOSITE MEANING?



ON COCOS ISLAND, IN THE EASTERN PACIFIC OCEAN, PIRATES' HOARDS WORTH MILLIONS OF POUNDS ARE SAID TO BE BURIED. NONE, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN DISCOVERED YET.

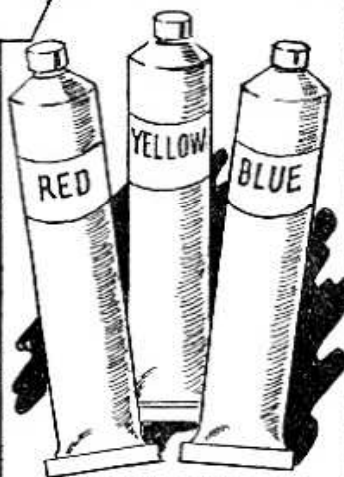


THE STANHOPE MEDAL, INSTITUTED IN HONOUR OF CAPTAIN S.S. STANHOPE R.N. IS GIVEN FOR THE BRAVEST LIFE-SAVING DEED OF THE YEAR.

WHEN THE SPANIARD CORTES INVADDED MEXICO IN THE 16TH CENTURY, GUNPOWDER RAN SHORT. TO OBTAIN SULPHUR TO MAKE MORE, A CAVALIER NAMED FRANCO MONTANO WAS LOWERED A NUMBER OF TIMES, INTO THE VOLCANO POPOCATEPETL TO THE DEPTH OF 400 FEET UNTIL ENOUGH HAD BEEN COLLECTED.

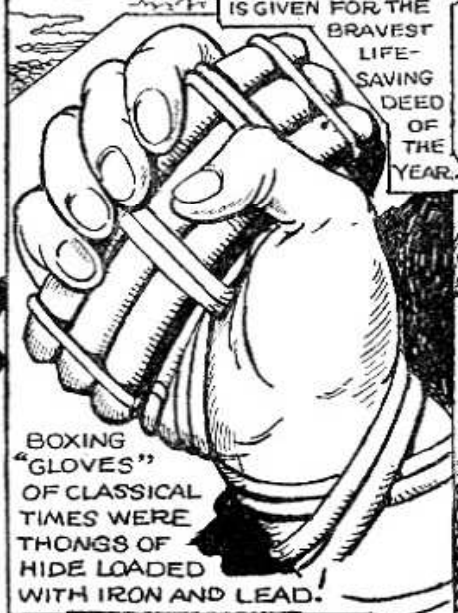


JAMES WATTS INVENTED A STEAM ENGINE FROM WHICH OUR LOCOMOTIVES ORIGINATED.



WHAT COLOURS DO YOU GET BY MIXING—

1. RED AND BLUE?
2. RED AND YELLOW?
3. BLUE AND YELLOW?



BOXING "GLOVES" OF CLASSICAL TIMES WERE THONGS OF HIDE LOADED WITH IRON AND LEAD.

MISTER WONG FROM HONG KONG

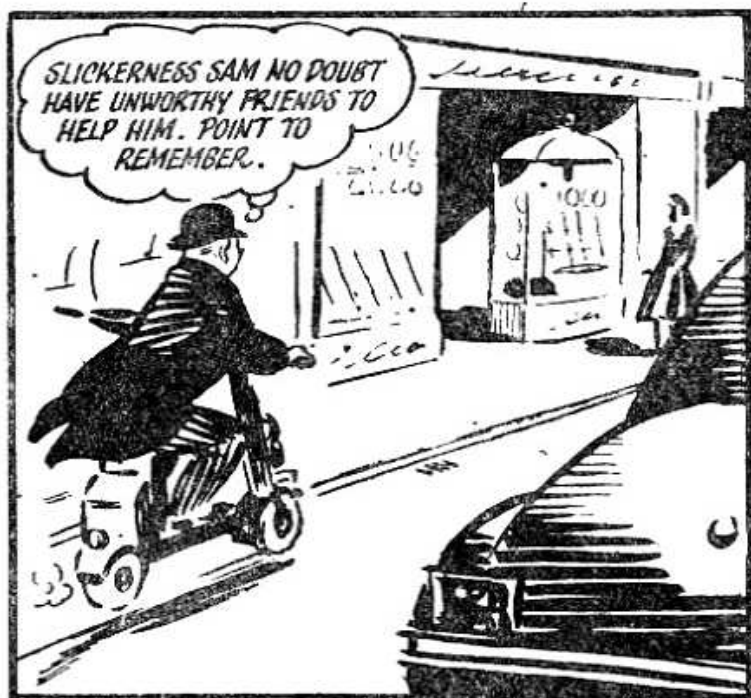
MISTER WONG, THE FAMOUS
DETECTIVE FROM HONG KONG,
IS RIDING THROUGH THE WEST END
OF LONDON ON HIS MOTOR-SCOOTER,
WHEN HE NOTICES MANY
POLICEMEN AROUND --



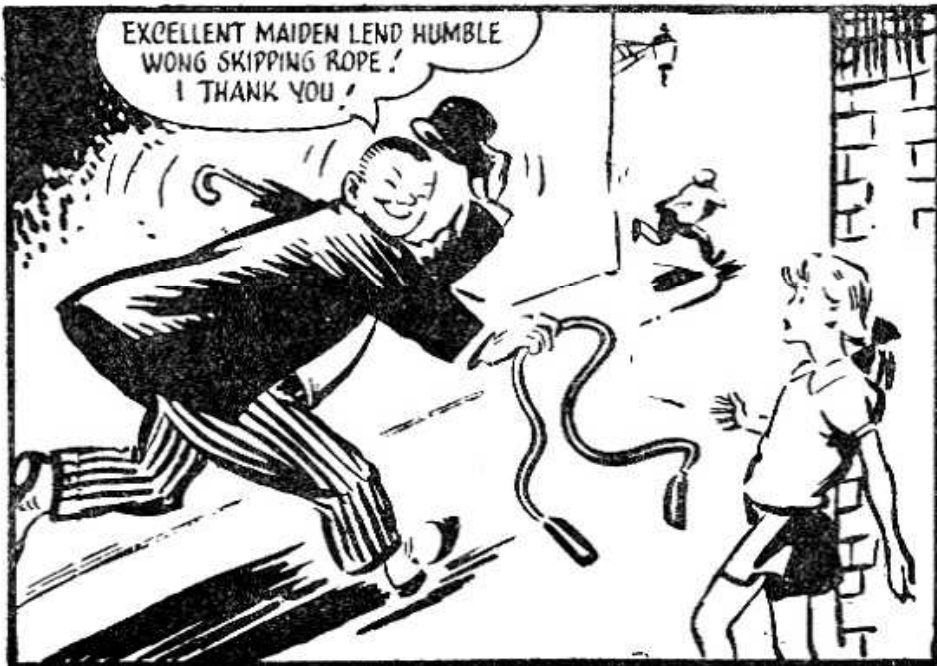
YES, MISTER WONG, SIR. SLICK SAM,
THE SMASH-AND-GRAB EXPERT IS IN TOWN.
HE'S CLEVER AND ALWAYS
GETS AWAY!



SLICKERNESS SAM NO DOUBT
HAVE UNWORTHY FRIENDS TO
HELP HIM. POINT TO
REMEMBER.



STOP, UNWORTHY
CROOK-THIEF!





MIKE

BAH! I CAME TO THE COMMON FOR FORTY WINKS BEFORE I GO ON DUTY AND I CAN'T SNOOZE FOR NOISY KIDS! I'LL TELL THEM TO BUZZ OFF!



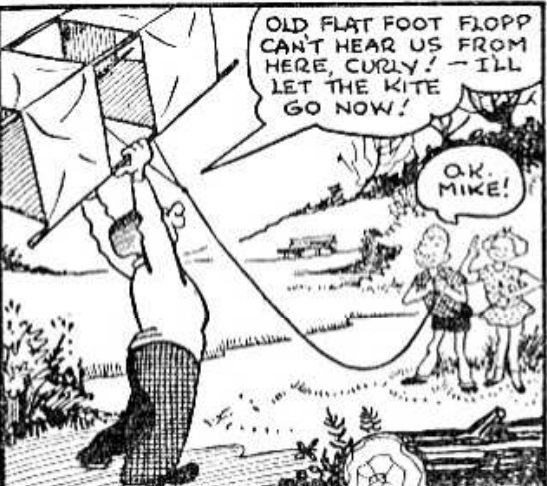
BAH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! MIKE DOBSON, CURLY BROWN AND DIMPS! HULLO, SERGEANT FLOPP! WE'RE FLYING CURLY'S KITE!



THEN RUN OFF TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COMMON AND FLY IT! I WANT TO HAVE A NAP!

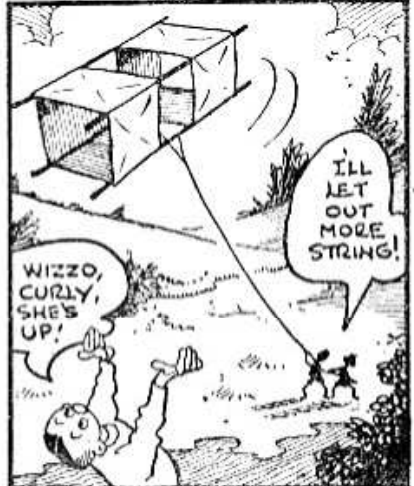


YES, SERGEANT FLOPP!



OLD FLAT FOOT FLOPP CAN'T HEAR US FROM HERE, CURLY! - I'LL LET THE KITE GO NOW!

OK, MIKE!



I'LL LET OUT MORE STRING!

WIZZO, CURLY, SHE'S UP!

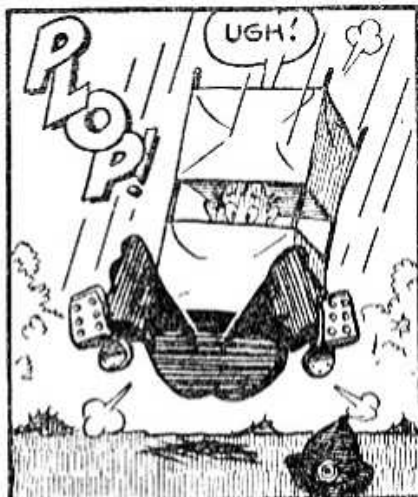


OOPS! IT'S DIVING, MIKE!

YOU MUST HAVE LET OUT TOO MUCH STRING, CURLY!

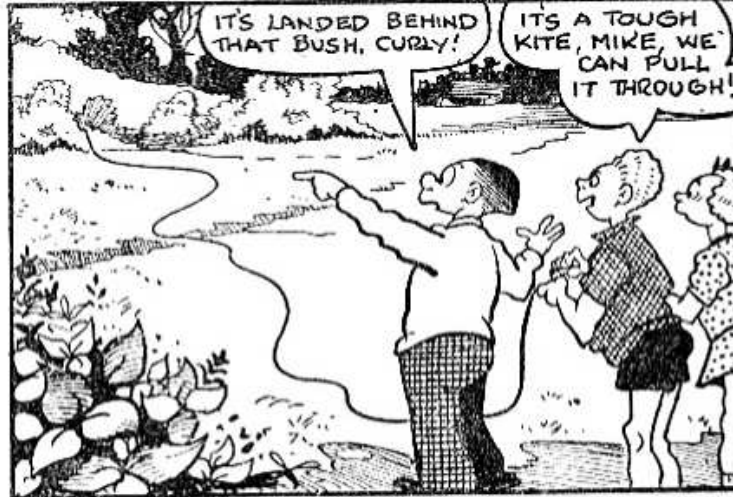


PEACE AT LAST! NOW FOR MY NAP! (YAWN !!!)



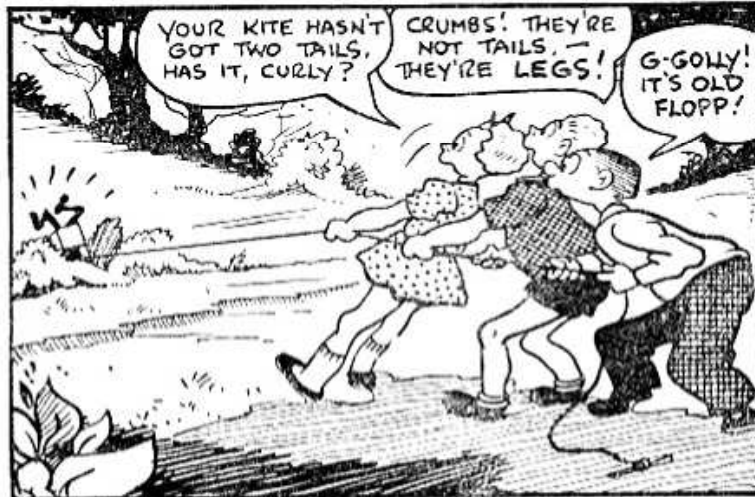
POP!

UGH!



IT'S LANDED BEHIND THAT BUSH, CURLY!

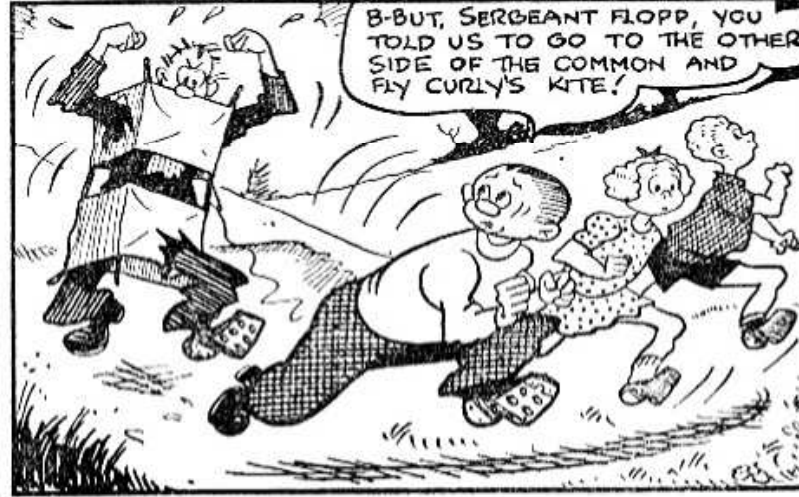
IT'S A TOUGH KITE, MIKE, WE CAN PULL IT THROUGH!



YOUR KITE HASN'T GOT TWO TAILS, HAS IT, CURLY?

CRUMBS! THEY'RE NOT TAILS. - THEY'RE LEGS!

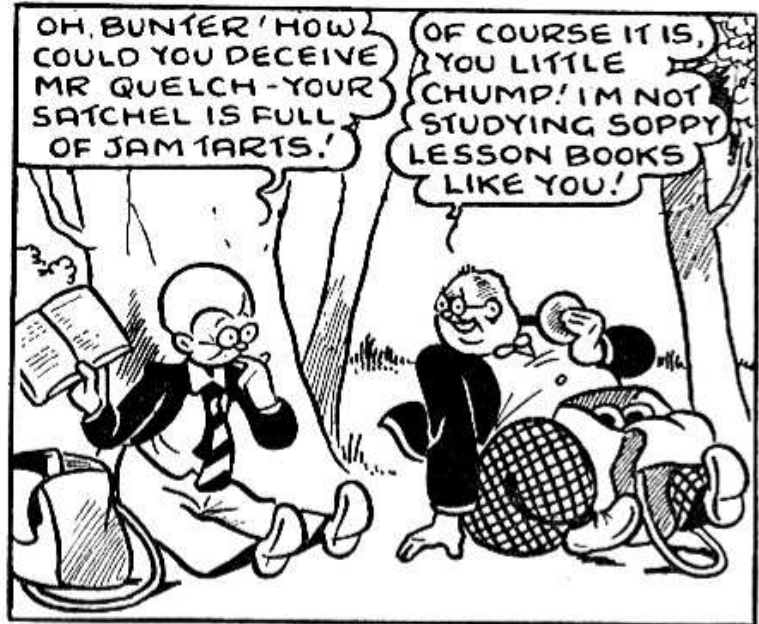
G-GOLLY! IT'S OLD FLOPP!



B-BUT, SERGEANT FLOPP, YOU TOLD US TO GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COMMON AND FLY CURLY'S KITE!

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!

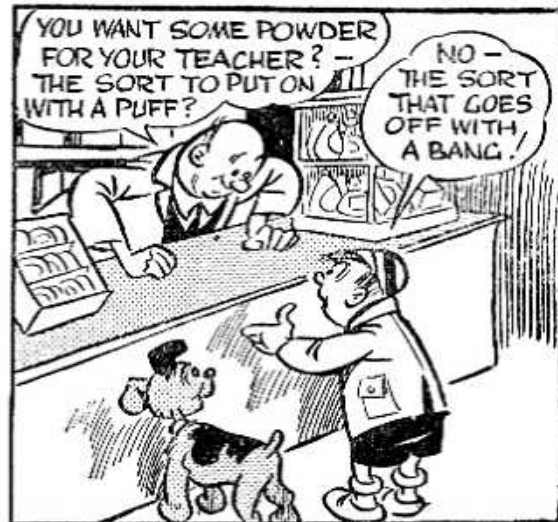






HALF-A-DOZEN SMILES

FROM OUR ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK



IT'S AMAZING! BY A.O. PULFORD

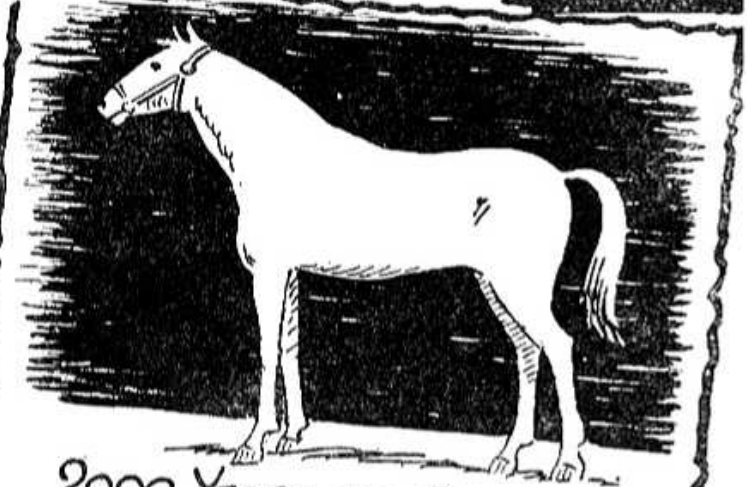


DIED OF OLD AGE - AT 17

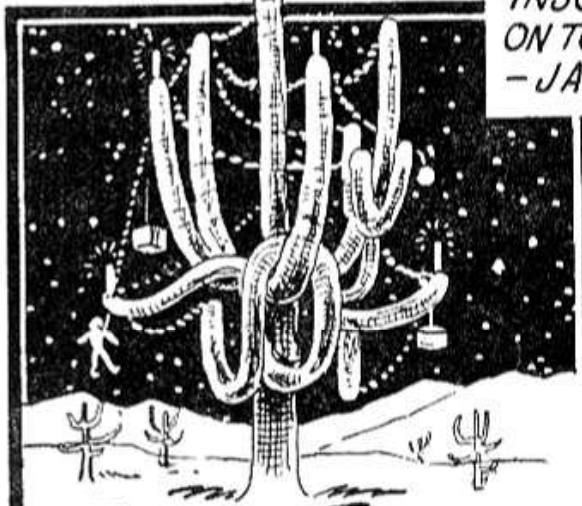
ON MARCH 19, 1751, A WELSHMAN, HOPKINS HOPKINS, AGED 17 YEARS 2 MONTHS, DIED OF OLD AGE. HE NEVER WEIGHED MORE THAN 17 LBS. AND FOR THE LAST 3 YEARS NOT OVER 12. FOUR OF HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS WERE NORMAL BUT ANOTHER SISTER AT 12 WEIGHED ONLY 18 LBS, AT WHICH AGE SHE BORE ALL THE MARKS OF OLD AGE.

Here lieth the Body of Lewis Galdy Esq. who died on the 22nd September 1737. aged 80. In the great earthquake, 1672 he was swallowed up and by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea and thus miraculously preserved.

INSCRIPTION ON TOMBSTONE, - JAMAICA



2000 YEARS OLD PEDIGREE. THE ARABIAN KOCHLANI HORSES, HIGHLY ESTEEMED FOR RIDING, ARE SAID TO DERIVE THEIR ORIGIN FROM KING SOLOMON'S STEDS. A WRITTEN GENEALOGY HAS BEEN KEPT FOR 2000 YEARS



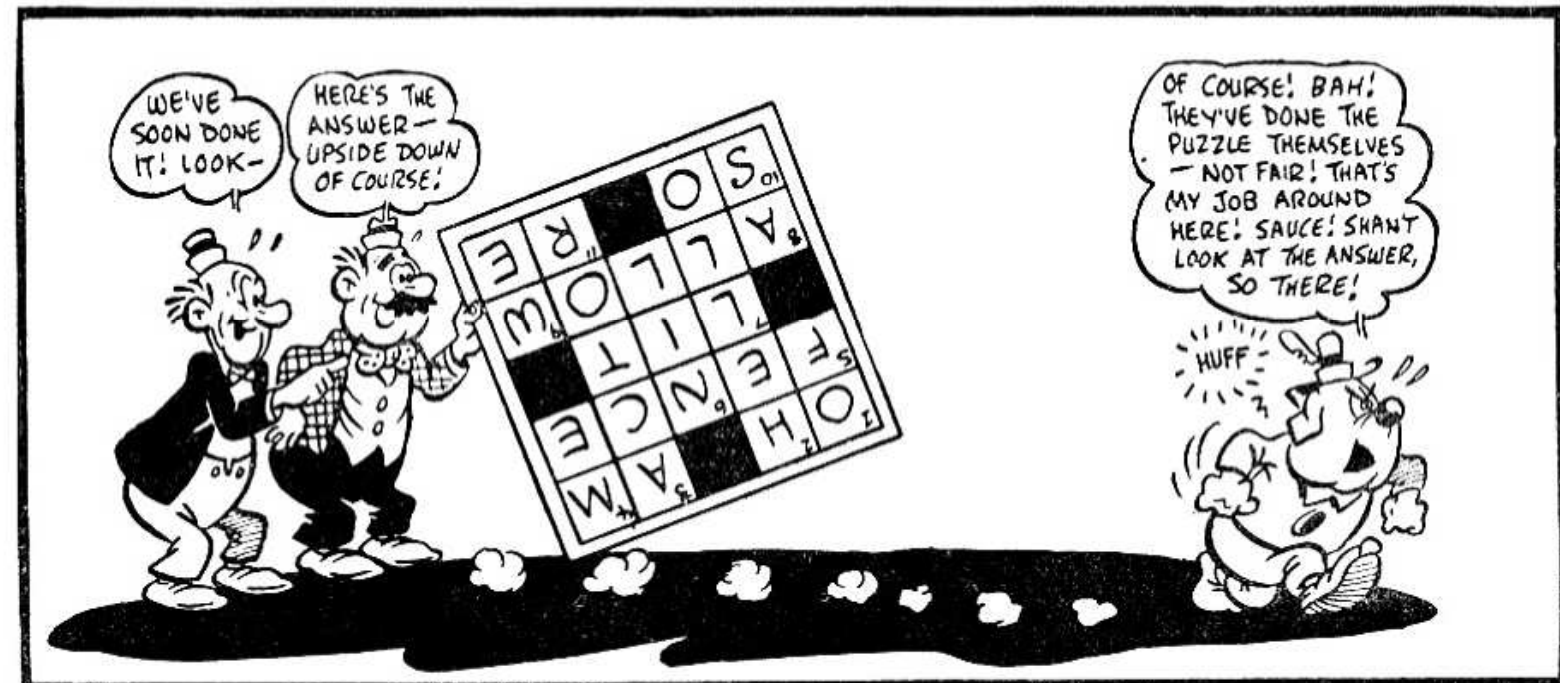
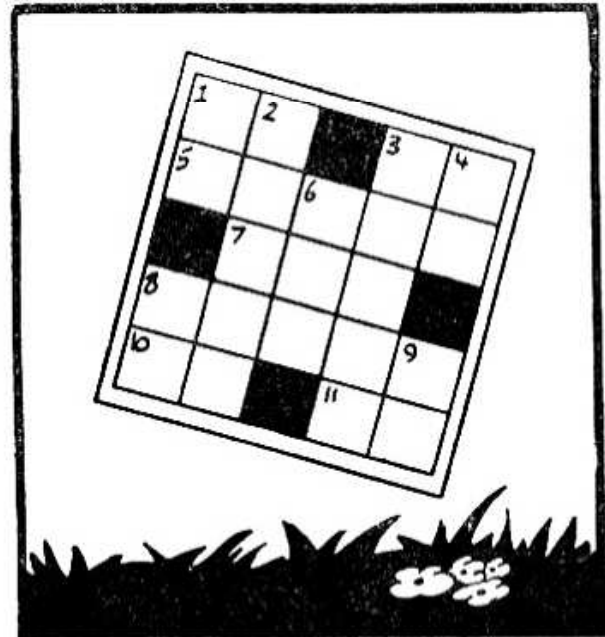
CACTUS TREES

OF THE DESERT OF ARIZONA U.S.A. ARE OFTEN DECORATED AS CHRISTMAS TREES.

THE ESKIMO'S IGLOO

IS NATURALLY INSULATED AGAINST COLD, ICE HAVING A LOW HEAT TRANSMISSION. ALTHOUGH BUILT OF HARD SNOW BLOCKS THE HOUSES ARE WARM INSIDE.





DON QUICKSHOT . . .

Always Tries to Help!





SHUSH! SSH!
HERE HE
COMES!



GOT HIM!



NOW, TO TELL THE
QUEEN - I'LL PROBABLY
GET A REWARD.



I'VE CAUGHT SOME ROGUES PLOTTING
TO KIDNAP YOUR MAJESTY - COME,
I'LL SHOW YOU!



REVENGE WILL TASTE
MOST SWEET, MAJESTY!

IT WILL INDEED
WHACKO!

MY HUSBAND!
WHACKO! AND
MY SON - THE
BLACK PRINCE

EEK!
MONSTER!



CHECK!

THAT, MY MEDDLING FRIEND
IS THE BLACK KNIGHT
OF WHICH I SPOKE. NOW
TO FINISH THE GAME
OFF IN PEACE.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD! BUT BOB CHERRY
DIDN'T BELIEVE IT AT FIRST!

CHERRY'S LUCK

The Chums of Greyfriars in
Another Merry Story

BY FRANK RICHARDS

"QUELCH is in a temper!" murmured
Bob Cherry.

"Quiet, you ass!" breathed
Harry Wharton.

But it was too late!

Bob certainly had not intended that
whisper to reach Mr. Quelch's ears. But
Quelch's ears seemed sometimes as keen
as his gimlet eyes. He turned his head,
and those gimlet eyes fixed on Bob Cherry
with a dismaying stare.

It was after class at Greyfriars. Mr.
Quelch was walking in the quad, heed-
less of the sharp winter wind. Something
had happened to stir Quelch's deepest ire.
Some of the juniors knew, or guessed, or
surmised what it was. Quelch had been
with the Head, and there was a rumour that
there had been "words."

Anyhow Quelch was, as Bob so un-
fortunately whispered, in a temper. There
was no doubt on that point. The frown
already dark on his brow intensified as he
fixed his eyes on Bob.

"What did you say, Cherry?" he rumbled.

"Oh! Nothing, sir," stammered Bob.
"I—I mean——"

"Did you make a disrespectful remark
referring to your Form-master, Cherry?"

"I—I—I——"

"Take a hundred lines, Cherry!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch stalked away towards the
House. The Famous Five watched him as
he went, rather glad to see his back.



"Lucky Quelch hadn't his cane with
him," murmured Frank Nugent, when the
Remove master was safe out of hearing.
"Might have been a six, if he had."

"The luck was terrific," agreed Hurree
Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, he's in a rage," remarked Johnny
Bull. "Bunter says he heard him rowing
with the Head——"

"Rot!" said Harry Wharton. "As if
they'd row! But Quelch has his back up,
no mistake about that."

"Right up, and then some!" said Bob
Cherry ruefully. "We shall have to be
jolly wary with Quelch, and—— Oh,
crumbs!" Bob broke off suddenly, as the
winter wind snatched the cap from his head,
and blew it away, tossing it high into the
air. Bob rushed off in pursuit of his cap,
leaving his chums discussing the new and

rather alarming state of their Form-master, Henry Samuel Quelch.

SLAM! It was quite unlike Mr. Quelch to slam a door. But on this occasion, as he went into his study, he did slam the door: with a slam that echoed along the passage.

With a grim brow Quelch sat at his table, and drew paper and pen towards him. He had made up his mind! He had been thinking it over, walking in the windy quad, and now it was settled. He was going to resign!

It was all about nothing, really, or next to nothing: little more than a storm in a teacup. Bunter, of the Remove, had played a trick, idiotic as most of Bunter's tricks. Mr. Prout, master of the Fifth, taking the matter with what Quelch considered undue seriousness, had complained to the headmaster. Dr. Locke had requested Mr. Quelch's presence in his study, and had spoken about the matter. Quelch had felt like a schoolboy called up before a "beak." Certainly he had little to say for the fattest and most troublesome member of his Form. But Bunter had been caned, and that, in Quelch's opinion, should have been the end of the affair. Instead of which, he was practically called over the coals!

And the more he thought about it, the more he resented it, and the more his indignation grew. A friendly word from his respected old Chief would have washed it all out. But the Head had left the matter where it was: and in his deep vexation and resentment, the bitter thought came into Quelch's mind that he was no longer valued as a member of the Staff: that perhaps the Chief thought it time for him to go. And if that was the idea——

With set lips, Quelch wrote:

"Dear Headmaster,—In view of the fact that we no longer see eye to eye, and in view also of my fixed resolution to tolerate no intervention in the management of my Form, even from a headmaster, I feel that no useful purpose can be served by my remaining longer in this school. I beg,

therefore, to place my resignation in your hands, to take effect immediately.

"H. S. QUELCH."

Mr. Quelch read that note over after he had written it. His grim brow did not relax. He knew that he was burning his boats behind him. But his determination was fixed. He sealed the note in an envelope addressed to the Head. All that remained was to dispatch it to Dr. Locke—and abide by the result!

"**C**HERRY!"

"Oh!" gasped Bob in dismay.

In chase of his elusive cap, the sport of the winter wind, Bob was red and a little breathless. The wind had whirled it hither and thither and finally landed it on the window-sill of Mr. Quelch's study. Bob made a plunge at it there to capture it: and just as he plunged, the sash shot up, and Mr. Quelch looked out.

Bob, dismayed, missed the cap which sailed away on another gust. But he did not heed it for the moment. He blinked at his Form-master at the open window. He did not see that he was to blame for charging up to a master's window in chase of his cap. But in Quelch's present mood, he wished that he hadn't.

"I—I—sorry, sir," stammered Bob. "My cap blew on the window-sill, sir, and—and—and I—I was after it—I—I——"

"Take this note, Cherry."

"Oh!" gasped Bob again.

He realised that Quelch was not wrathful with him. Quelch had merely called to him because he was there, having need of a messenger.

Considerably relieved in his mind, Bob held up his hand for the note. Mr. Quelch passed it out to him.

"Take that note to Dr. Locke, in his study, Cherry!" said Mr. Quelch. "If the Head is not there, leave it on his study table."

"Certainly, sir."

"That is all, Cherry! There will be no reply."

"Very well, sir."

Slam! The sash shut down! Bob Cherry was left with the sealed envelope in his hand. He had to go round to the door of the House, and go in to the headmaster's study. But first, naturally, he made a rush after his cap, which had fallen about a dozen yards away. He did not want to leave it blowing about in the wind, and a minute or two could not matter.

But that cap was rather elusive in a strong wind from the sea. Just as Bob reached it, a sharp gust lifted it and blew it on across the quad. After it went Bob, in breathless chase. Twice he almost had it, and twice it whirled away from his finger-tips, and then a gust stranded it on

into the august hands of the headmaster of Greyfriars School—soaked with water, the writing wet and blotched.

"Oh, gosh!" murmured Bob. That was all he could say. He stood staring at the note glimmering under the water, with feelings too deep for words.

THE telephone bell rang in Mr. Quelch's study, and he knitted his brows as he took up the receiver. He was in no mood for telephone calls. He was, in fact, in a very troubled mood.

His anger had culminated in the despatch of that note to his Chief, tendering



the granite rim of the fountain in the middle of the quad.

Bob made a desperate bound to save it going into the water. He clutched at it just in time as it was on the move, rather unfortunately forgetting for the instant Mr. Quelch's note in his hand. That note slipped from his fingers as he clutched the cap.

"Oh, scissors!" howled Bob, in dismay.

He captured the cap! But the note went into the water! He made a wild grab at it as it sank. But it sank before he could grab it. He jammed the cap on his head, and stood staring in utter dismay at the note glimmering under the water at the bottom of the granite basin.

That water was not very deep. That note could be recovered. But when recovered it would be in an awful state for delivery

his resignation in terms which were quite final. There was no going back now: the deed was done. But, during the half-hour that had elapsed since the despatch of the note, Mr. Quelch had been thinking—and the more he thought about it, the more he wondered whether he had acted hastily. He did not want to leave Greyfriars—his life was bound up in the school. He would miss the Head, he would miss the other masters in Common-room: he would miss his Form: indeed he would miss even Billy Bunter! And yet, if the Head meant him to take it as he had taken it—

"Well?" rapped Quelch into the mouth-piece.

"My dear Quelch—"

"Oh! Is—is—is that the Head?" Quelch fairly stuttered. It was Dr. Locke, speaking from his study! That was really the last

voice Quelch would have expected to hear—if the Head wished him to go—

“Yes! I am afraid, my dear Quelch, that you had some impression that I was finding fault, in our discussion a short while ago—”

“I—I—I—”

“But even so, my dear Quelch, we are surely too old friends for a slight difference of opinion on a matter of Form discipline to matter in the least.”

“Oh! I—I—”

“Come, come! If you had such an impression, Quelch, pray dismiss it at once. I should be deeply pained to think that I had inadvertently given the slightest cause of offence to so valued a member of my Staff.”

“Dr. Locke!” gasped Mr. Quelch.

“You are aware, my dear Quelch, that I am somewhat perplexed over a passage in Sophocles, which puzzles me as it has puzzled many commentators. Can you spare ten minutes to discuss it with me?”

Quelch gazed at the telephone. The kind voice of his kind old Chief went direct to his heart. His doubts and suspicions had been entirely unfounded. So far from wanting him to go, the Head was only anxious that there should be no rift in the lute!

“Oh, sir!” gasped Quelch. “I—I—”

“Come to my study, Quelch! I shall expect you.”

The Head rang off with that. Mr. Quelch stood, overwhelmed. How gladly he would have accepted this olive branch—how happily he would have hurried to the Head's study, to join in exploring that obscure passage in Sophocles—but for that fatal note! But that note of resignation stood like a lion in the path. Long ago it must have reached the headmaster's study. Obviously Dr. Locke had not read it yet—it would have offended him deeply, and he had been kindness itself on the telephone. But it must be there, on his table—doubtless he had been absent from the study, and Cherry had left it on the table as instructed. He had not opened it yet—but he would open it—he might be opening it, reading it this very moment.

The unhappy Remove master could have groaned!

If only he had kept his temper—had been more patient—if only he had never written that fatal note! But—he had! He paced his study with a cloudy brow and heavy heart, till a tap at the door interrupted his gloomy meditations. He spun round—dreading to see the Head with a letter in his hand and wrath in his brow. But it was not the Head who entered.

“HERE it is!” said Harry Wharton.

Five fellows had gathered round the fountain, fishing for the letter that lay under the water. Billy Bunter watched them through his big spectacles, grinning. But Harry Wharton and Co. were not feeling like grinning. It was going to be a serious matter for Bob Cherry.

It was not easy to recapture that note. But Harry Wharton fished it out at last. And the Famous Five gazed at it—in horror. It was soaked and drenched and dripping. The envelope had come unstuck. The note within was visible—but not legible. Quelch's hard clear writing was always plain to read—but the ink had run and smudged, and that note was simply a mass of smudgy blotches. No doubt it could have been deciphered. But it would not have been an easy task.

“Oh, my hat!” said Johnny Bull. “You can't take that to the Head, Bob.”

“He couldn't read it, if you did,” said Nugent.

“Oh, suffering cats and crocodiles!” groaned Bob Cherry. “I—I can't take it back to Quelch—you know the temper he's in—he will think I was careless with it—”

“Well, so you were, old chap,” said Johnny Bull, doubtless by way of comfort.

“Ass!” said Bob. “Fathead!”

“You couldn't hand that to Dr. Locke, Bob,” said Harry Wharton decidedly. “He would have to ask Quelch about it, so it would come to the same thing. Take it back to Quelch!”

“It means six of the best!” groaned Bob.

Obviously, the best thing to be done was to take that note back to Quelch, and

explain. Quelch would have to re-write it—no doubt after giving poor Bob “six of the best” for his carelessness. It could not be helped, and Bob made up his mind to it—but his footsteps were very slow as he went to the House, and slower still as he approached Mr. Quelch’s study.

He reached it at last, and tapped at the door, and opened it.

MR. QUELCH stared—first at the red, confused, contrite face of the junior, then at the dripping wreck of a note in his hand, and then at Bob’s crimson face again.

“Cherry—what——”

“I—I—I’m sorry, sir,” stammered Bob. “Your note, sir——”

“My note?”

“The note you gave me to take to the Head, sir! The—the—the wind—I—I mean—I—I—it fell into the fountain, sir, and—and—and I—I thought I—I’d better not take it to the Head like this, sir—so—so——”

Bob broke off, in sheer astonishment at the expression on Mr. Quelch’s face. He had expected a thunderstorm. He was ready to bend over and take six. To his utter amazement, Quelch’s face brightened up suddenly, like the sun coming out from behind a cloud.

“Cherry!” Quelch seemed to gasp. “Cherry! That—that is my note—you did not take it to the Head’s study——”

“No, sir! You see, in the state it’s in, I—I thought——”

“Dr. Locke has not seen it?”

“No, sir, not yet. You see——”

“You have not been to his study?”

“No, sir! I——”

“Give it to me.” Mr. Quelch took the wet, blotched letter, glanced at it and drew a deep, deep, breath. That note had not, after all, gone to the Head and he was saved!

“Cherry! I gave you a hundred lines an hour ago. You need not do them,” said Mr. Quelch.

“Oh! Thank you, sir!” stuttered Bob.

Quelch waved him away, and he left the study like a fellow in a dream. His friends gazed at him inquiringly as he rejoined them in the quad.

“Had it bad?” asked Harry.

“Can you fellows guess this one?” said Bob, almost dazedly. “Quelch never licked me—never jawed me—and he’s let me off my lines! Can anybody guess that one?”

Nobody could! It was just a mystery to the chums of the Remove. Almost anything might have happened to Bob after what he had done: and all that had happened was that he was let off his lines! Nobody could possibly “guess that one.” And the next time they saw Mr. Quelch—coming away from the Head’s study after a happy hour spent in probing the mysterious obscurities of that great Greek, Sophocles—he looked in the best temper ever, and gave Bob Cherry a pleasant nod and a smile!

So they just gave it up!

THE END

HENRY
the
HUNTER



MICKEY'S PAL THE WIZARD

MICKEY AND BETTY RANSTON WERE ORDERED BY THEIR UNCLE, SILAS MARLEY, TO CLEAN OUT HIS SECOND-HAND SHOP. WHILE DOING SO, THEY KEPT FINDING INTERESTING THINGS--



LOOK AT THIS OLD LONG-BOW! IT'S SO OLD IT MIGHT EVEN HAVE BELONGED TO ROBIN HOOD.



THAT WAS THE LIFE! WISH I'D BEEN ONE OF ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN!

I'D LOVE TO HAVE MET MAID MARIAN. SHE WAS SO PRETTY AND BRAVE!

JUST THEN, SILAS MARLEY RETURNED SUDDENLY--



WASTING TIME AGAIN. HEH? GET ON WITH YOUR WORK!

BUT WE WERE ONLY LOOKING AT IT!



I DON'T WANT ANY SAUCE FROM YOU, EITHER!

THEN A STRANGE SPIRAL OF GREEN SMOKE, SPINNING DOWN FROM THE CEILING, FORMED INTO THE SHAPE OF AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG, THE MAGICIAN, WHO HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY RELEASED BY MICKEY FROM A BRASS BOTTLE IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN IMPRISONED FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS.



MISERABLE SKINFINT! AGAIN I FIND THEE CHASTISING MY WELL-BELOVED FRIEND AND HIS CHARMING SISTER. BY ALL THE JINNS, I SHALL PUNISH THEE PAINFULLY!

NO-- NO-- MERCY!



WE WERE ONLY TALKING ABOUT ROBIN HOOD AND HOW MUCH WE'D LIKE TO MEET HIM, MR. BAGRAG!

AND SO THOU SHALT, MICKEY, WHILE I DEVISE A PUNISHMENT FOR THY WICKED GUARDIAN.

THE WIZARD WAVED HIS FINGERS, AND MICKEY AND BETTY FOUND THEMSELVES WHIRLED THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.



GOSH! THIS MUST BE SHERWOOD FOREST!

OH, MICKEY--I'M FRIGHTENED!

NEXT MOMENT --



SUDDENLY --



BUT WHILE MICKEY AND BETTY FEASTED WITH ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN, A WATCHER FOUND A STRANGER WANDERING IN THE FOREST.



HOW NOW! A SPY, BY YOUR FURTIVE AIR! I'LL TAKE YOU TO ROBIN HOOD!



GOSH IT'S SILAS MARLEY!

TAKE THIS DRATTED LOAD OF WOOD FROM ME. I CAN'T GET RID OF IT! IT'S THAT WIZARD FRIEND OF YOURS, WHO'S DONE THIS TO ME!



YOU HAVE AN EVIL EYE, OLDSTER! YOU MIGHT WELL BE A SPY FOR THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM!

I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YE!



YOU LET ME GO BACK TO MY SHOP--OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!

HE TALKS OF A SHOP, YET HE IS DRESSED AS A PEASANT. INDEED HE MUST BE A SPY -- TIE HIM TO A TREE!



OW, LEMME GO: IT'S ALL A MISTAKE THAT WIZARD FELLOW IS THE MAN YOU WANT.

HOLD YOUR TONGUE LITTLE MAN!

BUT AS ROBIN HOOD'S MEN GATHERED ROUND SILAS MARLEY, A CAVALCADE, LED BY THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, NEARED THE SECRET GLADE.



HIST! GO QUIETLY AND WE'LL HAVE THEM. FOR ONCE WE'LL SURPRISE ROBIN HOOD.



DOWN WITH THE ROGUES!



THIS IS WORSE AND WORSE! I'LL BE KILLED!



-- A STRANGE SPIRAL OF GREEN SMOKE WHIRLED DOWN, AND AKBAR-EL-BAGRAG APPEARED.



FIGHT TO THE DEATH, LADS!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'LL NEVER ILL-TREAT MICKEY AND BETTY AGAIN!

WE HAVE HIM! YIELD, VARLET, THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!

NEXT MOMENT --

WHY-FACED INFIDEL! I AM NO SLAVE, BUT THE GREATEST OF ALL THE JINNS OF ARABIA! BEGONE -- IN THY TRUE FORM!

WHO IS THIS DARA-FACED-WHISKERED ROGUE -- A SLAVE FROM THE CRUSADES?

'TIS WITCHCRAFT! THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN HAVE TURNED INTO SPOTTED RATS!

INDEED, MICKEY AND BETTY, I THINK THOU HAST SEEN THY FILL OF SHERWOOD FOREST!

I HAVE SEEN WONDERS THIS DAY --- MAYHAP I'LL WAKE AND FIND IT ALL A DREAM!

WITH A CHEERY FAREWELL, MICKEY AND BETTY LEFT ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN, AND FOUND THEMSELVES WHIRLED BACK TO THE SECOND-HAND SHOP.

BED! ALL I WANT IS MY BED! MY BACK ACHES TERRIBLY, AND I NEVER WANT TO SEE AN ARROW AGAIN!

I THINK OLD MARLEY'S HAD ENOUGH FOR TO-DAY, BETTY! COME ON, WE'LL HAVE A REALLY GOOD SUPPER!

BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH!

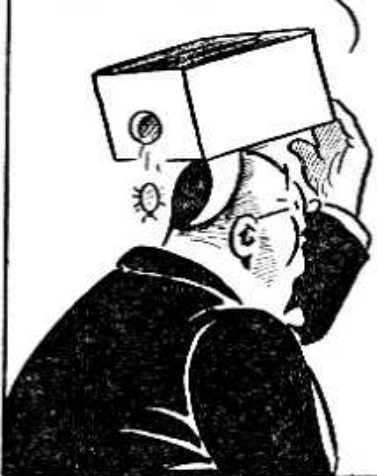


AND TAKE CARE MY PRECIOUS BEETLE DOES NOT ESCAPE THROUGH THAT AIR HOLE!



ER-A-B BEETLE?

FANCY DISTURBING ME TO CARRY A BEASTLY CRAWLING BEETLE!



YOW!
YAROOH!



I CAN ONLY THINK OF BUNTER FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT - AND HE'S NO FIGHTING SPIRIT, SIR!



H'M!
NO!



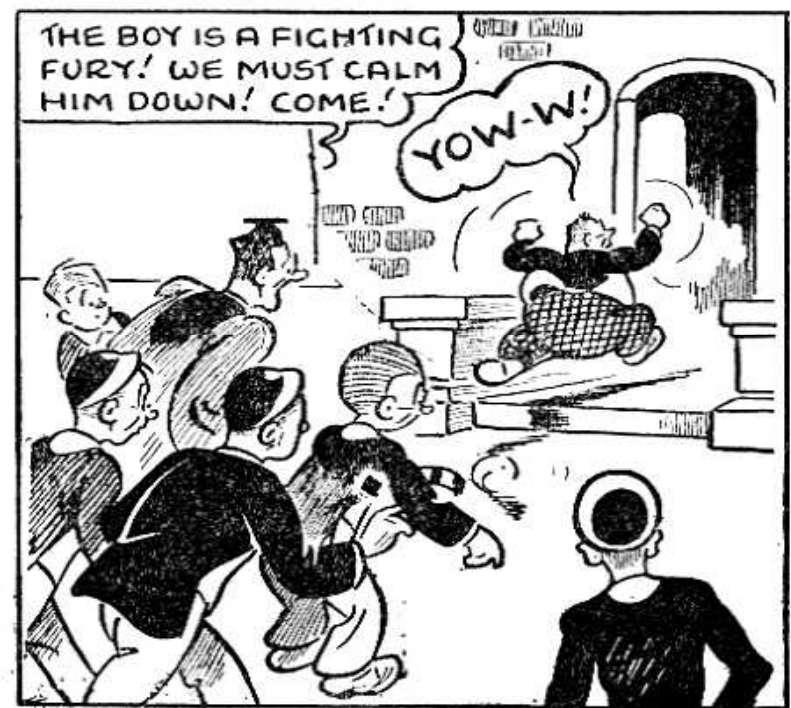
YEE-OW!
OOOW!

IS BUNTER M-MAD?



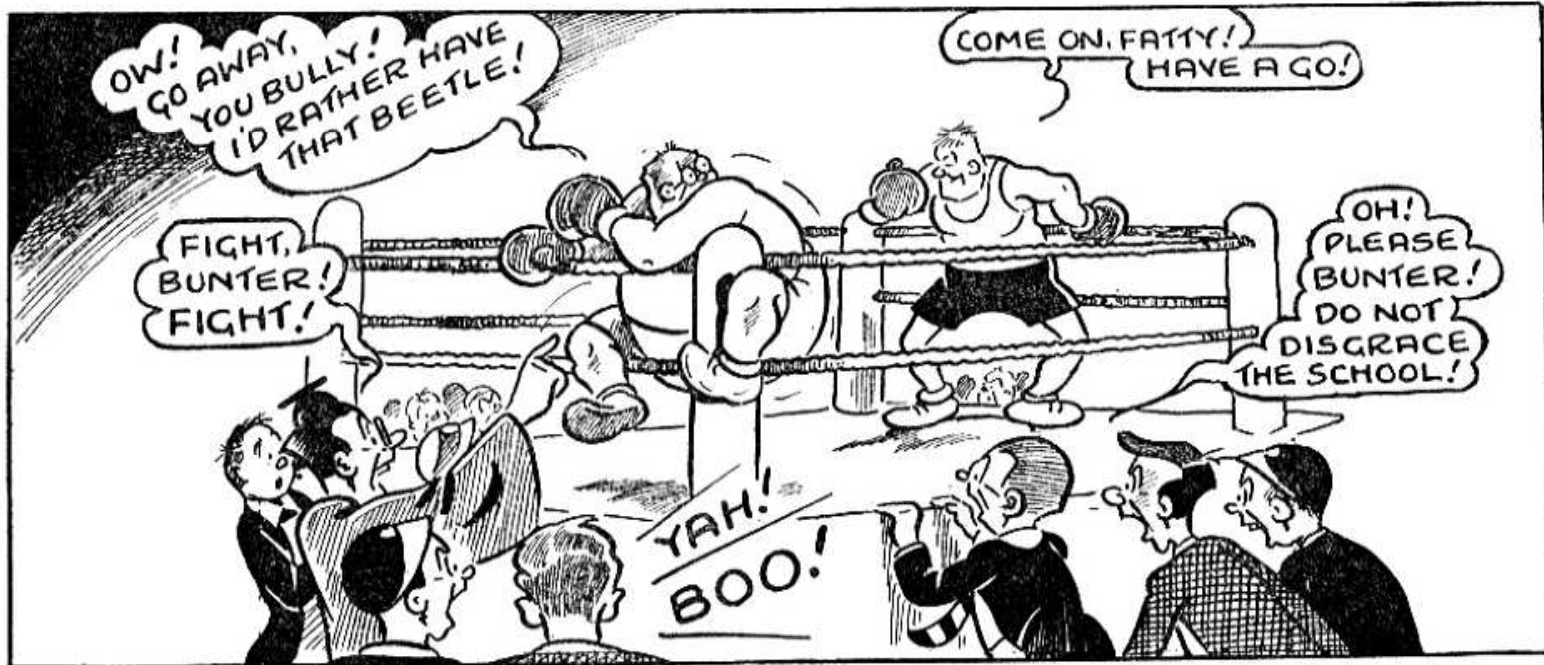
YOW! IT'S BITING!
OUT OF MY WAY -
GROO!

BASH!



THE BOY IS A FIGHTING FURY! WE MUST CALM HIM DOWN! COME!

YOW-W!



SMILES—FROM OUR ARTIST'S SCRAPBOOK

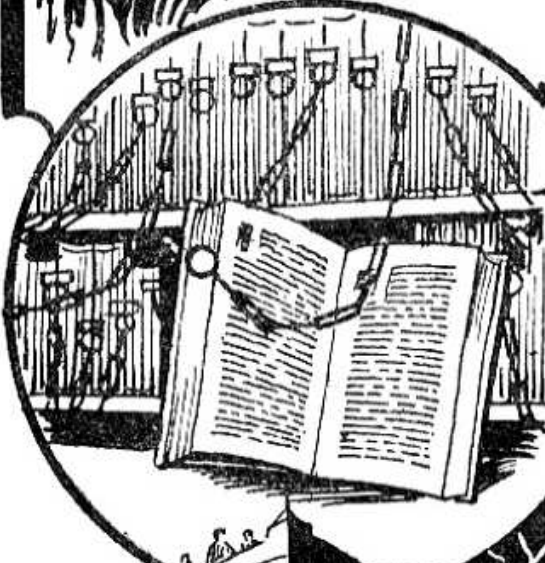


IT'S AMAZING! ^{By} A.O. PULFORD.



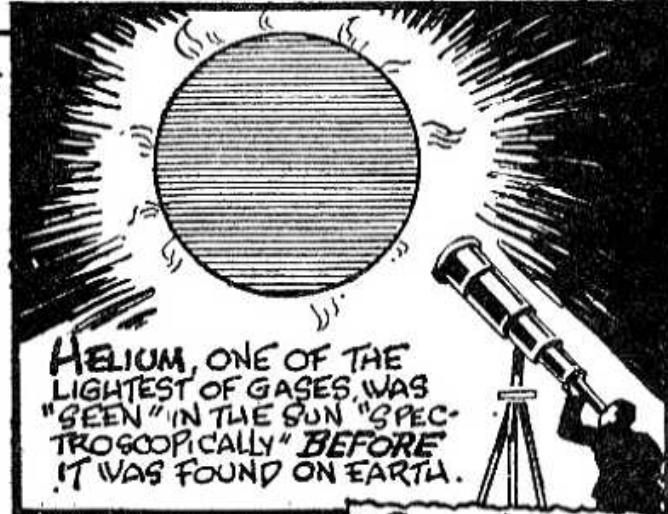
THE ELEPHANTS' DANCE HALL

ELEPHANTS HAVE RECOGNISED MEETING PLACES IN THE JUNGLE WHERE THEY INDULGE IN DANCE SESSIONS AT PERIODIC INTERVALS, THE OCCASION BEING USED FOR THE SELECTION OF LIFE-PARTNERS. THE HUGE BEASTS SOLEMNLY STAMP ROUND AND ROUND FLATTENING THE UNDERGROWTH UNDERFOOT.



NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

BIBLES IN OLDEN TIMES BEING RARE AND COSTLY WERE CHAINED TO THE SHELVES IN CHURCHES TO PREVENT THEFT. THE PICTURE IS OF PART OF THE OLD LIBRARY IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.



HELIUM, ONE OF THE LIGHTEST OF GASES, WAS "SEEN" IN THE SUN "SPECTROSCOPICALLY" BEFORE IT WAS FOUND ON EARTH.



LAUNCHED ON BANANAS
DURING A GLUT OF BANANAS IN THE U.S.A. SHIPBUILDERS "GREASED" THE LAUNCHING SLIPS WITH MASHED BANANAS



THE AUSTRALIAN BRUSH TURKEY

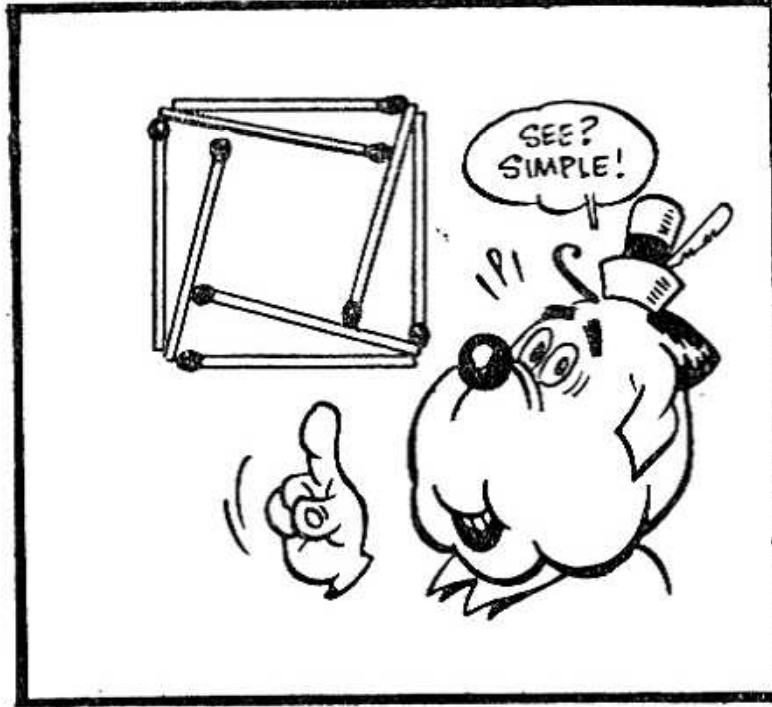
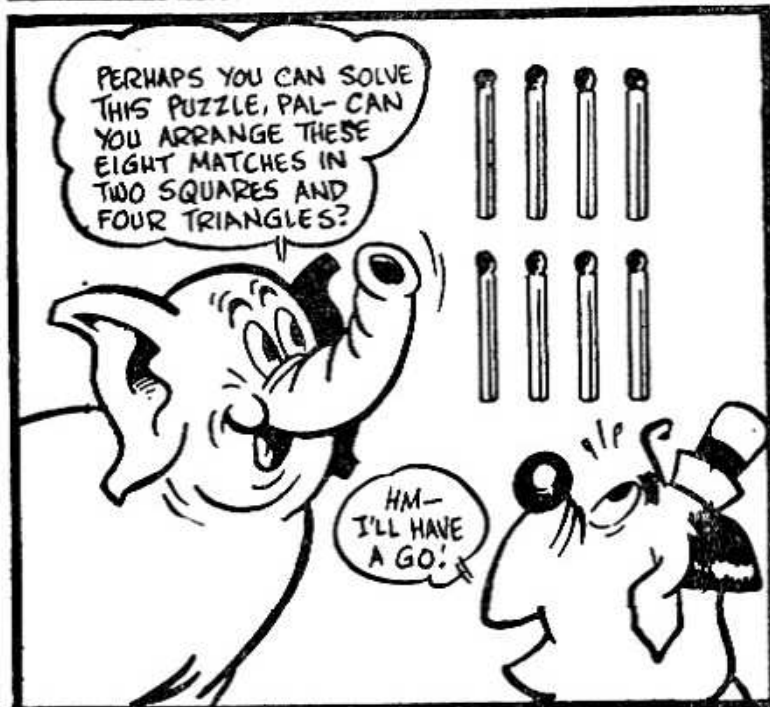
-BUILDS A 10FT.-HIGH NEST, WEIGHING 5 TONS, OF RUBBISH, AND DIGS HOLES IN IT, IN EACH OF WHICH IT LAYS ONE EGG. THE CHICKS ARE HATCHED OUT BY THE WARMTH OF THE DECAYING VEGETABLE MATTER COMPLETE WITH FEATHERS, PUSH THEIR WAY OUT AND ARE ABLE TO FLY IMMEDIATELY.

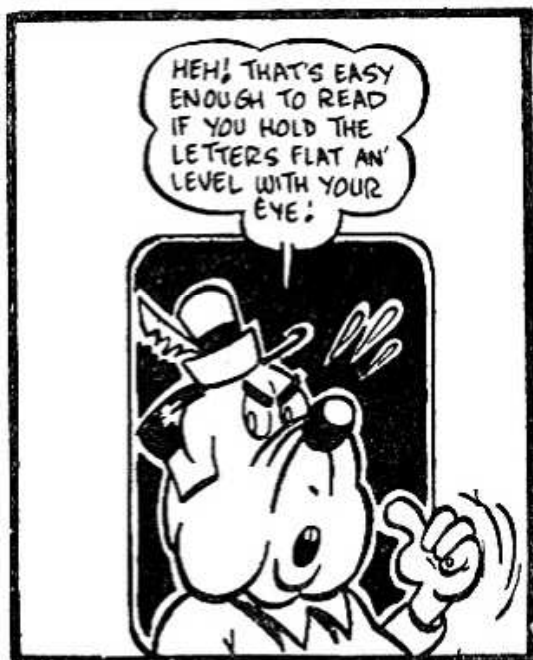
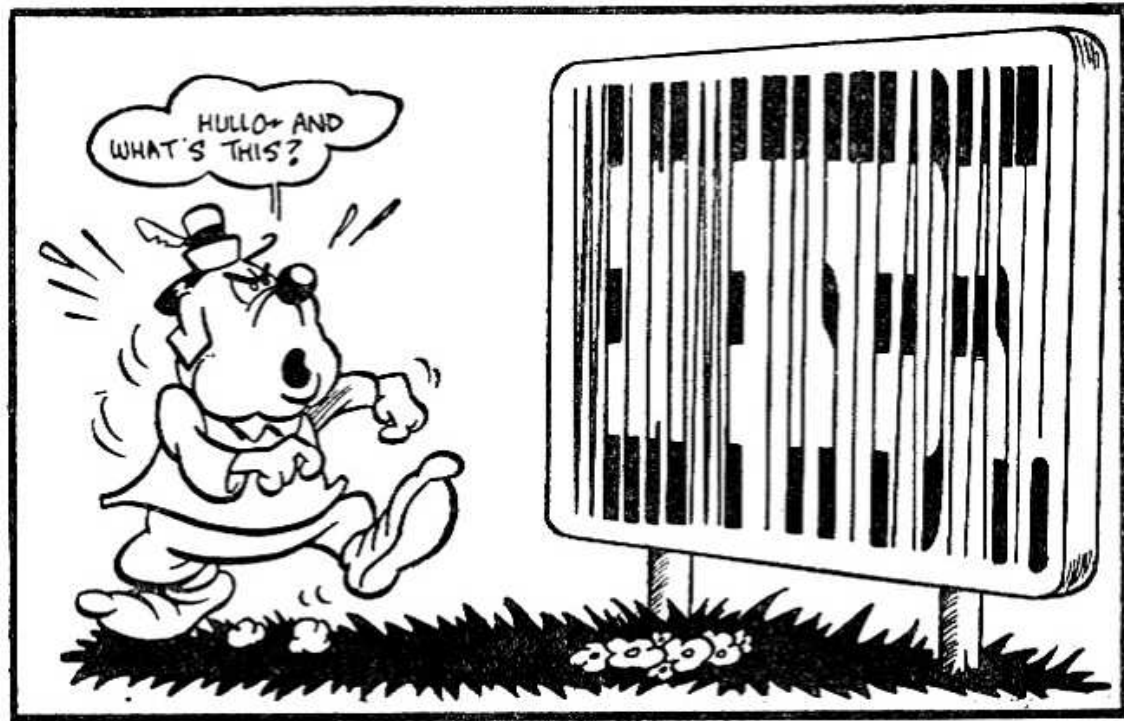
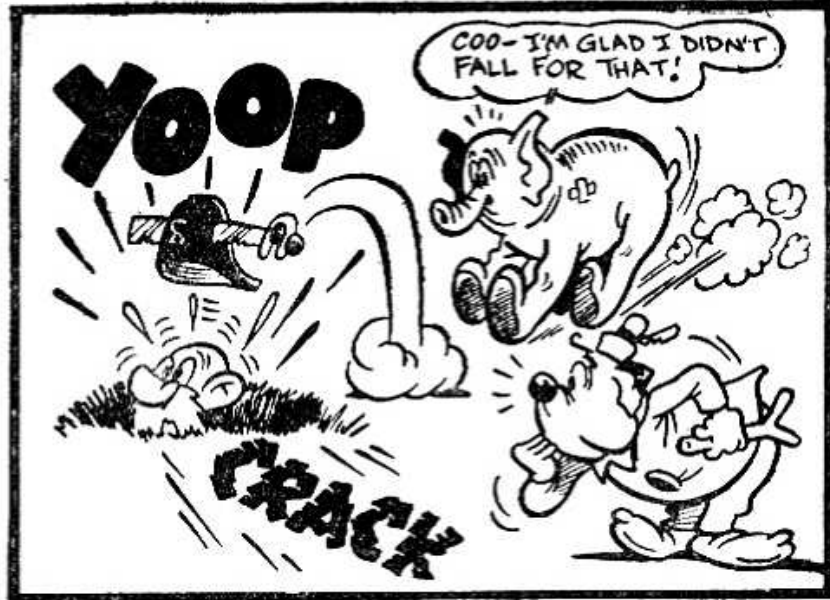
SOME QUEER AMERICAN COUNTY NAMES

- MURDERVILLE
- TOMBSTONE
- ROARING FOX
- THIEFS END
- STARVATION
- HIDE-AND-SEEK
- BUGVILLE

ALSO

- JACKPOT
- SKELETONVILLE
- FIGHTING COCKS
- STICK-UP CANYON
- BLUDGEONVILLE
- LAUGHTER'S LOSS





TURN TO
PAGE 191
FOR SOMETHING
EXTRA SPECIAL-
A RACE TO FIND
THE HIDDEN
TREASURE
IN WHICH YOU
CAN ALL JOIN!!

The DASHING O'DARE.

IN 1808, NAPOLEON'S ARMIES Poured INTO SPAIN TO FURTHER HIS AMBITION TO MASTER ALL EUROPE. HE PLACED HIS OWN BROTHER, JOSEPH BONAPARTE, ON THE THRONE, BUT THE SPANISH PEOPLE, RISING AGAINST THE INVADERS, FOUND A NEW CHAMPION -- WELLINGTON, THE IRON DUKE, -- WHO LANDED WITH A STRONG BRITISH FORCE -- AMONG THEM MICHAEL O'DARE, CAPTAIN IN THE ROYAL DRAGOONS ---

CAPTAIN O'DARE LED HIS TROOP AGAINST THE DREADED FRENCH ARTILLERY



THE BRITISH DRAGOONS ARE THE BOYS TO BEAT OLD BONEY!



I'LL STAND NO MORE OF O'DARE'S RECKLESSNESS! IF HE LIVES, BRING HIM BEFORE ME. I'LL CASHIER HIM -- DRUM HIM OUT OF THE REGIMENT!



O'DARE AND HIS DRAGOONS SURGED ROUND THE GUNS.

A GRAND CHARGE! THE COLONEL WILL BE MIGHTILY PLEASED!



BREAK AWAY, MEN!
WE'VE FINISHED
THE GUNS!

THE
FRENCH
COUNTER-
ATTACKED
STRONGLY
~~~~



AND  
O'DARE  
WAS THE  
TARGET  
FOR  
MANY  
BULLETS -

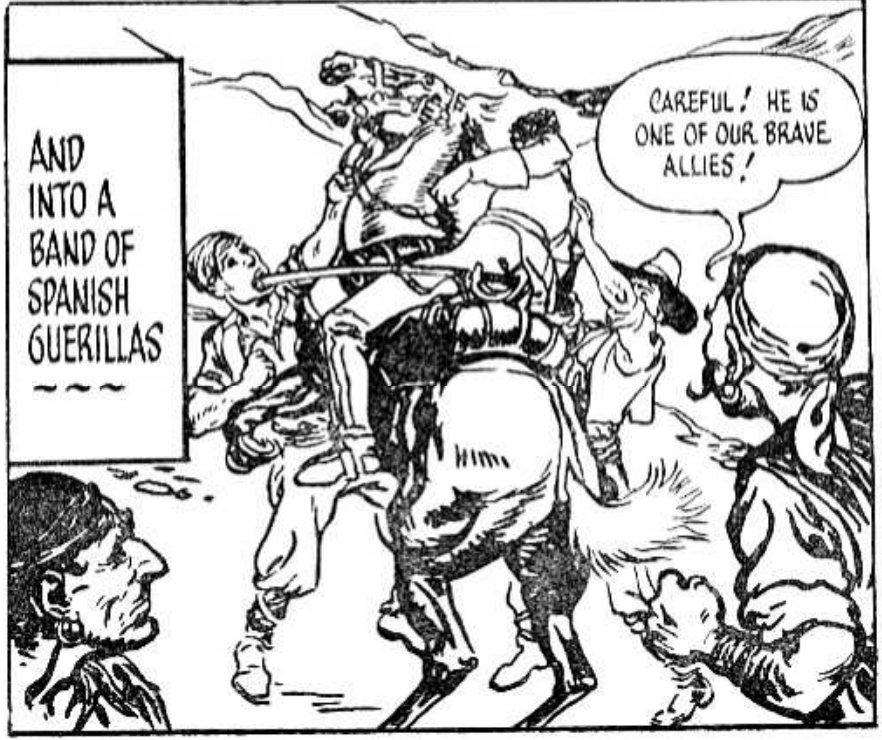


AND  
AS HE  
REELED -  
UNCONSCIOUS  
~~~~



SOUND THE RETREAT! WE'VE LOST GOOD
MEN. WE'RE NOT A STRONG ENOUGH FORCE
TO HOLD THAT ADVANCE. BY THUNDER --
IF I CATCH O'DARE ~~~

AS
THE
FRENCH
SURGED
FORWARD,
O'DARE'S
HORSE
RACED
INTO
BROKEN
COUNTRY
~~~~



AND  
INTO A  
BAND OF  
SPANISH  
GUERRILLAS  
~~~~

CAREFUL! HE IS
ONE OF OUR BRAVE
ALLIES!



I AM RAMON -- LEADER OF A SPANISH GUERRILLA BAND.
YOU ARE WOUNDED, SEÑOR, BUT YOU ARE AMONG FRIENDS.

IT'S NOTHING -- A GRAZE.
GET MY HORSE -- I MUST GO
BACK TO MY REGIMENT!

GO BACK? YOU CANNOT, SEÑOR! THE FRENCH HAVE ADVANCED! YOU ARE NOW BEHIND THE FRENCH LINES!



BEHIND THE FRENCH LINES, AM I? WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO BACK THROUGH THEM, RAMON!



IF NECESSARY I'LL FIGHT MY WAY BACK TO MY REGIMENT!



SEÑOR, YOU ARE BOLD! YOU'RE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART! WE'LL HELP YOU TO STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST NAPOLEON'S INVADERS!



BUT IN THE CAMP OF THE ROYAL DRAGOONS IN THE BRITISH LINES, O'DARE'S COMMANDING OFFICER WAS LESS PLEASED WITH HIS DASHING CAPTAIN.

UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, SIR, I SEARCHED THE BATTLEFIELD TO IDENTIFY OUR FALLEN. THERE WAS NO TRACE OF CAPTAIN O'DARE -- NEITHER DO THE FRENCH REPORT HIM PRISONER!

AS I THOUGHT, MAJOR MUNRO! O'DARE FEARED THE RESULT OF HIS HARE-BRAINED CHARGE AGAINST THE FRENCH GUNS!



HE ESCAPED FROM THE BATTLEFIELD -- THINKING HE'D BE COUNTED DEAD. HAVE HIM POSTED AS A DESERTER, IMMEDIATELY!



O'DARE RODE WITH RAMON AND SIX OF HIS BRIGANDS THROUGH RUGGED HILLS, BENT ON RETURNING TO HIS REGIMENT.

WE RIDE TOWARDS THE RIVER TAGUS, CAPTAIN. THE FRENCH ARE ON ITS BANKS!





O'DARE REINED-IN ON A HEIGHT OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.

WE'LL HAVE TO CROSS BY THAT BRIDGE!



BUT A FRENCH OUTPOST GUARDED THE BRIDGE.



RAMON, THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF CROSSING A RIVER. BESIDES BY A BRIDGE. RIDE TO THE BANK UNDER COVER!



BEHIND ROCKS ON THE BANK OF THE TAGUS

MY HORSE AND I SHALL SWIM THE RIVER. THEY'LL SEE MY UNIFORM AND ALL EYES WILL BE ON ME. SEIZE YOUR CHANCE AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!



FURTHER UP-RIVER, O'DARE TOOK TO THE WATER.

EASY--EASY! I'M DEPENDING ON YOU, LIGHTNING!



YOU'RE DOING WELL, LIGHTNING! THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US YET!

BUT THE STRONG CURRENT GRIPPED MAN AND HORSE AND SWEEPED THEM DOWN TOWARDS THE BRIDGE

TO ARMS! AN ENGLISH SOLDIER IS SWIMMING THE RIVER!



AND AS O'DARE AND HIS CHARGER STRUGGLED TO REACH THE BANK

BY THUNDER! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE CARRIED WITHIN RANGE OF THE FRENCH MUSKETS!



NOW WE ARE IN A FINE MESS, LIGHTNING!



DON'T FIRE, MARCEL -- WE'LL TAKE THE ENGLISHMAN ALIVE!

BUT RAMON AND HIS BRIGANDS WERE RACING TO O'DARE'S RESCUE --



AS THE
CURRENT
SWEEP
O'DARE
SUDDENLY
AWAY.
FROM
THE
BANK. ~
~



HE'S BEING CARRIED OUT OF
OUR REACH -- SHOOT!

BUT JUST AS
THE FRENCHMAN
WAS ABOUT TO
SHOOT, RAMON
RUSHED AT
HIM ~ ~ ~



SO!
YOU WOULD
SHOOT OUR
GALLANT
ALLY!



DEATH TO THE
INVADERS OF
SPAIN!



O'DARE SCRAMBLED OUT
OF THE RIVER. ~ ~

JUST IN TIME TO
GIVE THE FRENCHIES
A BLOW FOR
ENGLAND!



- BUT THE FIGHT
WENT ON!



TAKE THAT --
FRENCHY!



THEN --

NOW -- WE WILL
FINISH THEM
OFF!

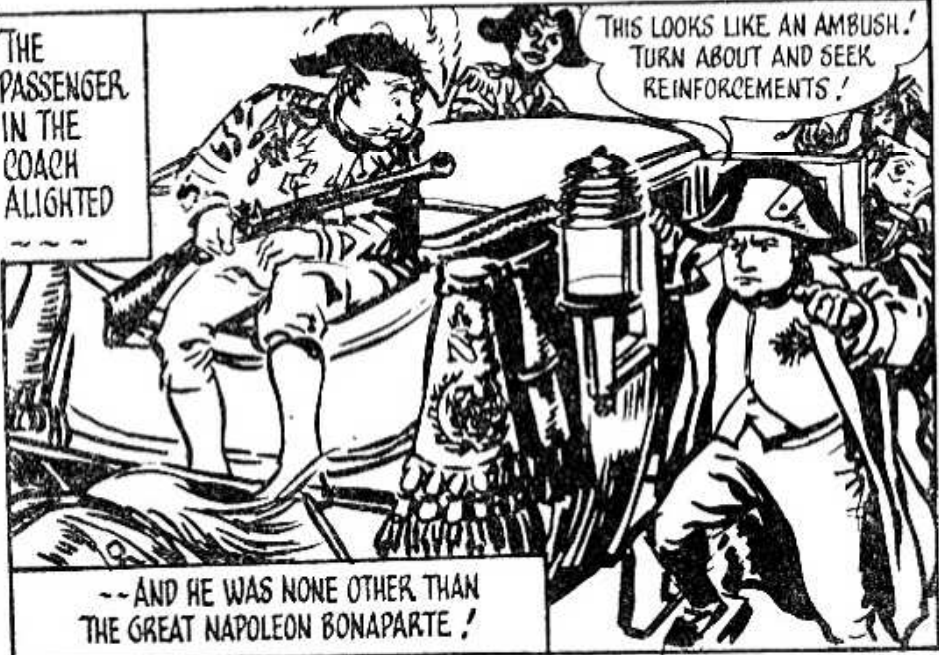
NOT WHILE I'M HERE,
RAMON. WE'LL TREAT
THEM HONOURABLY --
AS PRISONERS OF WAR!

WHILE THEY ARGUED - A COACH APPROACHED THE BRIDGE.



HALT! HERE IS DANGER!
I SEE A BRITISH REDCOAT AT THE BRIDGE!

THE PASSENGER IN THE COACH ALIGHTED



THIS LOOKS LIKE AN AMBUSH!
TURN ABOUT AND SEEK REINFORCEMENTS!

-- AND HE WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE GREAT NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!



LOOK--
RAMON!



HURRY, LIEUTENANT!
THE ENGLISHMAN AND THOSE SPANISH BRIGANDS ARE COMING!



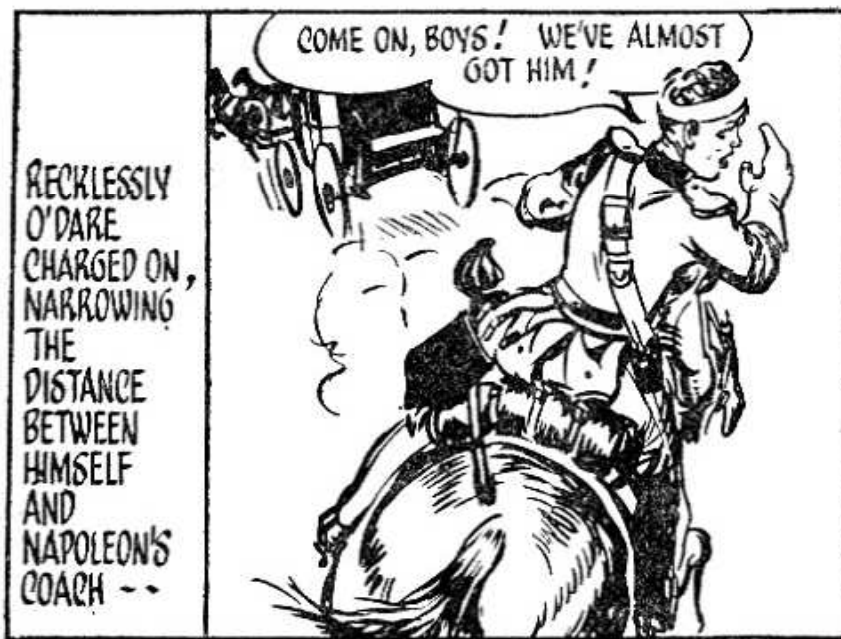
IT'S OLD BONEY HIMSELF!
AFTER HIM!
TWO WILL BE
ENOUGH TO
GUARD THOSE
FRENCHIES!



THE DOGS!
IF ONLY WE HAD
A FEW MORE
SOLDIERS!



BY THUNDER!
CATCH BONEY AND WE'LL
END THE WAR!



COME ON, BOYS! WE'VE ALMOST
GOT HIM!

RECKLESSLY
O'DARE
CHARGED ON,
NARROWING
THE
DISTANCE
BETWEEN
HIMSELF
AND
NAPOLEON'S
COACH --



A BOLD FELLOW--THAT ENGLISHMAN!
I COULD USE A MAN LIKE THAT
ON MY STAFF!



YOU DEAL WITH THE
ESCORT. I'LL LOOK
AFTER NAPOLEON!





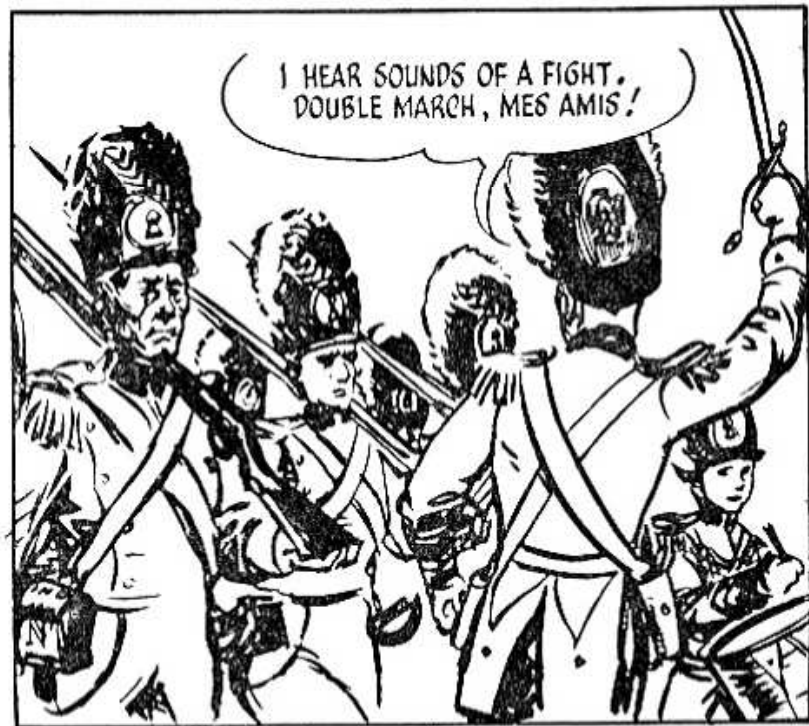
YOU ARE TOO IMPETUOUS,
MY YOUNG FRIEND!
WHAT NOW?



CHECKMATE, BONAPARTE! YOU HAVE ONLY ONE
SHOT! YOU CAN SHOOT ME, BUT YOU WILL THEN
BE OVERCOME BY THESE
SPANIARDS-- WHO DON'T
LIKE YOU AT ALL!

I'VE RISKED WHOLE ARMIES,
RED-COAT! I'VE A MIND TO
FINISH YOU AND TAKE MY CHANCE!

BUT
A
PARTY
OF
FRENCH
INFANTRY
COMES
OVER
THE
HILL
◦



I HEAR SOUNDS OF A FIGHT,
DOUBLE MARCH, MES AMIS!



AND THE
NEXT
MOMENT
◦ ◦ ◦

SEE! SPANISH BRIGANDS THREATEN
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!
CHARGE!



A PISTOL
EXPLODING
NEAR THEM
STARTLES
THE COACH
HORSES--





WHOA!
WHOA!



O'DARE
WAS
STILL
COVERED
BY
NAPOLEON'S
PISTOL

THOSE HORSES ONLY SEEM TO
UNDERSTAND FRENCH!



YOU'LL HAVE TO RISK
LETTING ME OUT
OF YOUR SIGHT,
NAPOLEON!



IF WE DON'T
STOP /M. WE'LL
GO OVER THE EDGE
TOGETHER!

I AGREE, MY FRIEND --
THEY MUST BE STOPPED.
BUT REMEMBER --
I HAVE MY
PISTOL!



I CAN'T REACH
THE RIBBONS!



LUCKY FOR OLD BONEY HE'S GOT
A CAVALRYMAN WITH HIM!



THAT'S STOPPED YOU,
MY BEAUTIES!

SOON



YOU PLACE ME IN AN AWKWARD POSITION,
MY FRIEND -- YOU HAVE SAVED
MY LIFE!



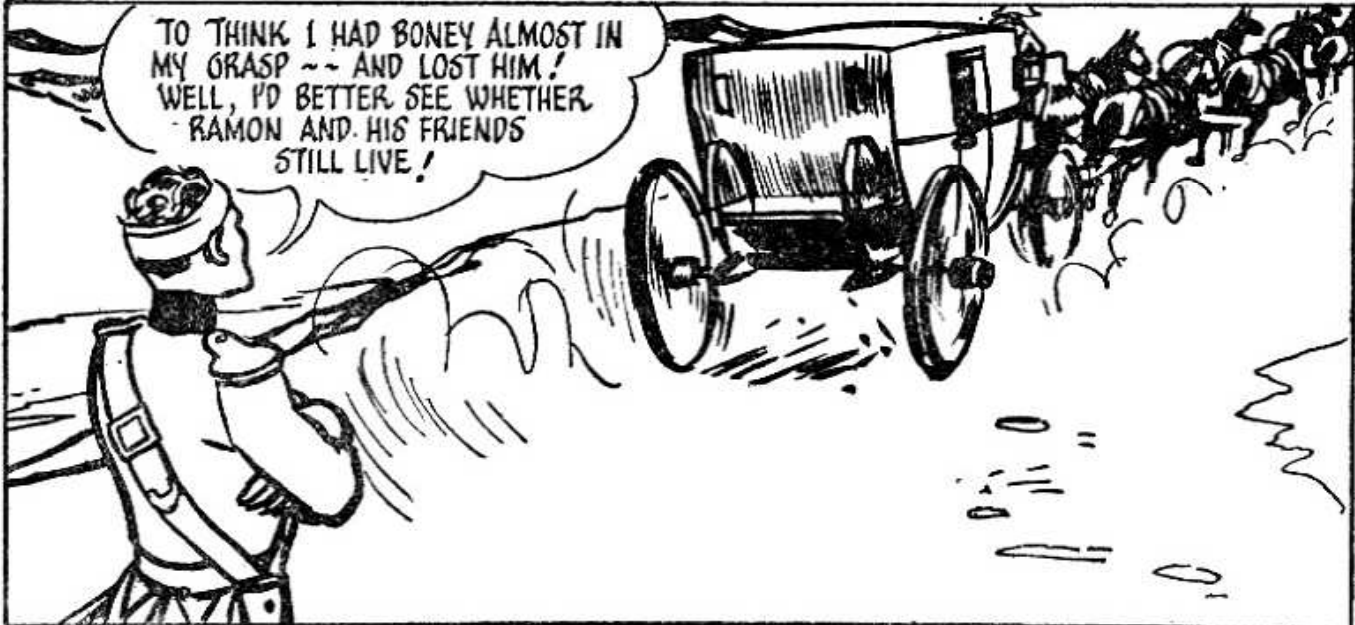
'T'WOULD BE DISHONOURABLE TO SHOOT YOU NOW!

IF I CAN ADVISE YOU -- DONT! I'M RATHER FOND OF LIVING!



WE MUST PART NOW, CAPTAIN -- BUT IF YOU EVER FEEL LIKE LEAVING WELLINGTON I CAN OFFER YOU PLENTY OF FIGHTING AND GLORY!

NEXT TIME, I'LL CAPTURE YOU, BONEY!



TO THINK I HAD BONEY ALMOST IN MY GRASP -- AND LOST HIM! WELL, I'D BETTER SEE WHETHER RAMON AND HIS FRIENDS STILL LIVE!

AND AFTER SOME TIME O'DARE DOES JOIN UP AGAIN WITH RAMON AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



SEE -- THE FRENCHIES ARE STILL LOOKING FOR US, RAMON!



THOSE CAMP FIRES MARK THE BRITISH LINES -- WE'LL MAKE FOR THEM AT DUSK!

WE ARE WITH YOU, SENOR!

LED BY RAMON ALONG SECRET TRACKS, O'DARE PASSED THROUGH THE FRENCH OUTPOSTS— AND AT DUSK ~ ~ ~



I'LL SHOW MYSELF AND TRUST I WON'T GET SHOT! STAY HIDDEN UNTIL I INTRODUCE YOU. RAMON!

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?



FRIEND! CAPTAIN O'DARE OF THE DRAGOONS!

MR. O'DARE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE. YOU'VE BEEN POSTED AS A DESERTER!



WHY, IT'S MY OLD FRIEND, TROOPER JORKINS!

A DESERTER? WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE, JORKINS?



YOU KNOW WE ALL LIKE YOU, CAPTAIN, BUT THE COLONEL'S RAGING MAD OVER YOU. BEST KEEP OUT OF SIGHT -- YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!



BUT THE COLONEL WAS MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE SENTRIES

MUST MAKE SURE THESE FELLOWS ARE ALERT -- WITH THE FRENCH JUST DOWN IN THE VALLEY!



IT'S THAT RASCAL, O'DARE -- ARREST HIM, SENTRY!

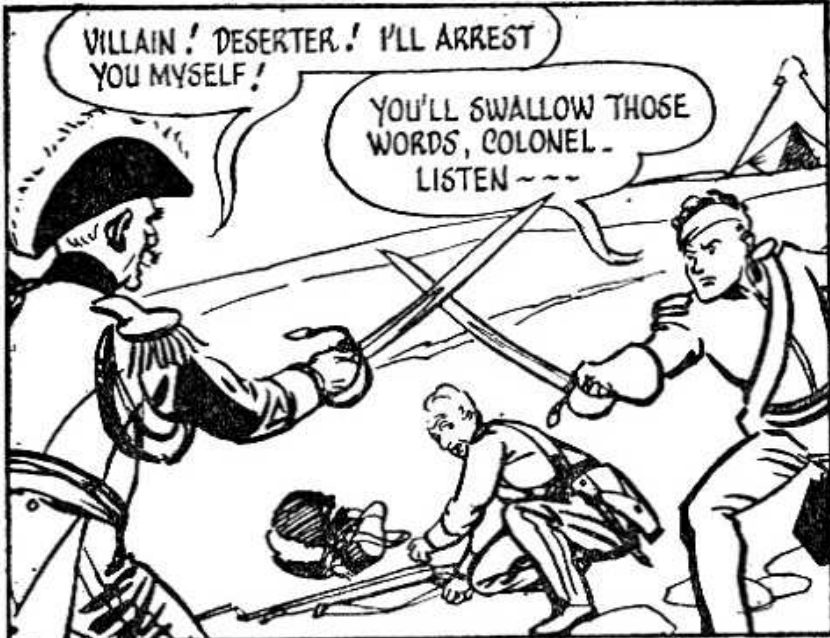
AND THEN THE COLONEL CAME FACE TO FACE WITH CAPTAIN O'DARE



O'DARE THOUGHT FAST --



I'M DOING THIS TO SAVE YOU FROM TROUBLE FOR HELPING ME -- FALL AND LIE STILL!



RAMON AND HIS MEN WATCHED IN ASTONISHMENT







AND
NEXT
MORNING

A FRENCH COURIER!
HE MAY HAVE AN
IMPORTANT DESPATCH --
WE'LL CUT HIM OFF!



AND
IN A
FEW
MOMENTS,
O'DARE'S
CHARGER
OUT-PACED
HIS
FRIENDS'
HORSES

YOU'VE WASTED
YOUR BULLET,
FRENCHY!



LET'S TRY FISTS
NOW!



I SHOOT HEEM! HE EES ONLY A
DOG OF A FRENCHMAN!

WE DON'T SHOOT
PRISONERS, RAMON!
HE'S STUNNED, ANYWAY.
GET HIS DESPATCH
CASE!



AND
A
FEW
MOMENTS
LATER.

NAPOLEON IS MEETING HIS MARSHALS
-- MASSENA, SOULT AND NEY -- FOR A
SECRET CONFERENCE AT THE CASTILLO MONTE!
WHAT GLORY IF WE COULD CATCH THE LOT!

HOLD THE FRENCHMAN FOR TWO DAYS -- THEN RELEASE HIM. THAT WILL BE TIME ENOUGH FOR RAMON AND ME TO DISCOVER WHAT WE CAN AT CASTILLO MONTE!



O'DARE AND RAMON RODE THROUGH THE HILLS TOWARDS THE CASTILLO MONTE, WHERE HE HOPES TO MAKE CONTACT WITH NAPOLEON AGAIN.

THEES CASTILLO -- EET EES NOT EASY TO REACH, CAPITAN. YOU WILL SEE!



AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

YOU SEE, SENOR? ZERE IS NOTHING TO HIDE BEHIND AS ONE GOES TO THE CASTILLO!



WE'VE GOT TO GET IN, SOMEHOW, IF NAPOLEON'S THERE, RAMON!

AS HE PUZZLED OVER HIS PROBLEM, O'DARE HEARD THE CRUNCHING OF WHEELS ON THE ROAD BEHIND HIM. HE SWUNG ROUND--



HE MUST BE GOING TO THE CASTLE.

CAREFUL, SENOR -- HE MAY BE A TRAITOR.

HOLD, AMIGO! WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU.

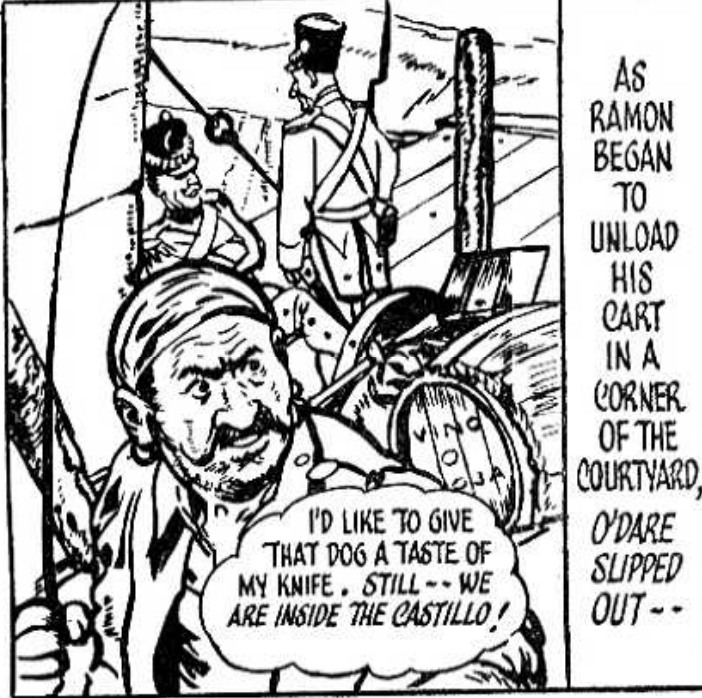
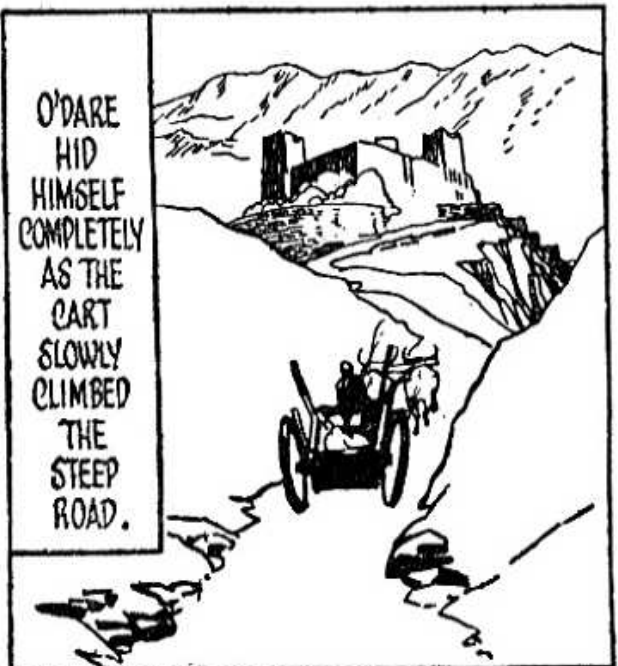
A SPANIARD AND AN ENGLISHMAN! YOU SHOULD BE MY FRIENDS!



THEY SOON DISCOVERED THAT THE PEASANT WAS LOYAL TO HIS COUNTRY AND FRIENDLY TO THEM

I TAKE FOOD AND WINE TO CASTILLO MONTE AS A GIFT FROM MY VILLAGE TO NAPOLEON. PAH! I GRUDGE IT, SENORS. I HOPE IT CHOKES THE INVADING DOGS!







IN THE HALL OF THE CASTLE, NAPOLEON CONFERRED WITH HIS MARSHALS



GENTLEMEN -- THIS IS MY PLAN WHICH WILL TAKE WELLINGTON BY SURPRISE AND DRIVE THE BRITISH FROM SPAIN!



I MUST GO NOW, OR MY ABSENCE WILL BE NOTICED!

OLD BONEY IS TALKING TO HIS MARSHALS -- SOULT, NEY AND MASSENA! WHAT LUCK! MANY THANKS, SEÑORITA!



AS THE GIRL SLIPPED AWAY SILENTLY -- O'DARE HEARD ALL THAT NAPOLEON WAS SAYING!

YOU SHALL MASS ALL YOUR ARMIES TOGETHER, AND WE SHALL ATTACK THROUGH THE GORGE OF THE SANGRO. THE BRITISH ARE SCATTERED. AND WE SHALL STRIKE A DEADLY BLOW!



GLORY! WHAT NEWS FOR WELLINGTON! I MUST GET IT TO HIM -- SWIFTLY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT

A SPY! I THOUGHT THAT SPANISH WENCH WAS UP TO NO GOOD! HOLD HIM!



IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THREE FRENCHIES TO HOLD ME!



O'DARE LEAPS FROM THE BALCONY.



THAT ENGLISHMAN AGAIN! I MET HIM ONCE IN A COACH!



O'DARE DASHED FOR A NEARBY DOOR, AND LOCKED IT BEHIND HIM.



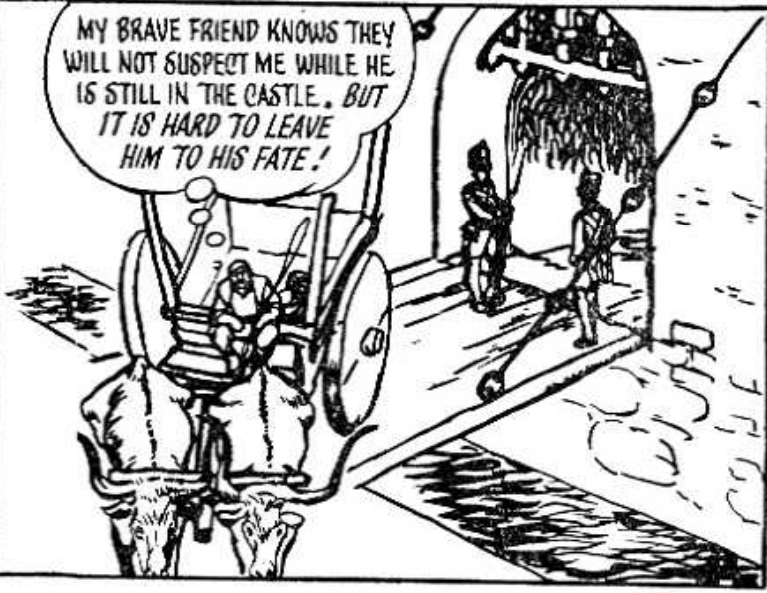
SEÑOR-- I MUST ESCAPE WITH YOU! I CANNOT STAY HERE NOW!

LEAD ME TO THE COURTYARD DOOR-- QUICKLY! A FRIEND IS WAITING FOR ME!



RAMON-- HIDE THIS GIRL IN YOUR CART. GO TO WELLINGTON AND TELL HIM NAPOLEON IS GOING TO ATTACK ALONG THE SANGRO GORGE! QUICKLY! GET AWAY!

AS RAMON DROVE UNSUSPECTED FROM CASTILLO MONTE-- WITH HIS ALL-IMPORTANT NEWS



MY BRAVE FRIEND KNOWS THEY WILL NOT SUSPECT ME WHILE HE IS STILL IN THE CASTLE. BUT IT IS HARD TO LEAVE HIM TO HIS FATE!

MEANWHILE, AT BAY IN THE CASTLE ~ ~ ~



I MUST GIVE RAMON A CHANCE TO GET WELL AWAY!



COME ON, YOU FRENCHIES! LET'S MAKE A FIGHT OF IT!



BUT MORE FRENCH SOLDIERS ARRIVED

AREN'T THERE ENOUGH OF YOU? CALL UP MORE TROOPS!

THE ODDS WERE TOO GREAT. SOON



IF ONLY MY SABRE HAD NOT BROKEN --



A SHARP VOICE BROKE IN -- IT WAS NAPOLEON HIMSELF

SO--CAPTAIN-- WE MEET AGAIN! YOU ARE A GREAT NUISANCE TO ME!

REMEMBER? WE ONCE HAD AN EXCITING RIDE TOGETHER, IN A COACH!



NAPOLEON WAS JOINED BY HIS FAMOUS MARSHALS

I REMEMBER, ENGLISHMAN! YOU SAVED MY LIFE THAT DAY, AND I OFFERED YOU SERVICE WITH ME. I DO NOT FORGET BRAVE MEN!



THEN-- TO O'DARE'S AMAZEMENT--

RELEASE THE ENGLISHMAN

BUT, SIR, HE IS A SPY -- AND SHOULD BE SHOT AS A SPY!



HE IS IN UNIFORM, AND CANNOT BE TREATED AS A SPY. HE IS A PRISONER OF WAR AND I AM RELEASING HIM BECAUSE I OWE HIM A DEBT -- MY LIFE! YOUR EMPEROR'S LIFE, GENTLEMEN!



I GIVE YOU A SPORTING CHANCE, ENGLISHMAN! YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL BELOW THE CASTLE, THEN MY SOLDIERS WILL START HUNTING YOU!

THANKS FOR THE CHANCE, SIR!

SO-
O'DARE
LEFT
THE
CASTLE
WITH
A
SLENDER
CHANCE



I'LL HAVE TO
RUN LIKE A HARE
TO ESCAPE THIS
TIME!

BUT AT THE
BOTTOM OF
THE HILL
TWO PEOPLE
AWAITED HIM.
THE PEASANT
WHO HAD LENT
HIS CART TO
O'DARE AND
RAMON--
AND THE
SERVANT GIRL
WHO HAD
HELPED
HIM.



YOUR HORSE, SEÑOR! WE
WAITED IN CASE YOU MIGHT
ESCAPE!

YOUR FRIEND
HAS GONE TO THE BRITISH
HEAD-QUARTERS --

MANY THANKS, MY BRAVE
FRIENDS! HIDE
YOURSELVES, QUICKLY!
THE FRENCH ARE CHASING
ME!



MEANWHILE,
AFTER A
HARD RIDE
ACROSS
TRACKLESS
HILLS--
RAMON HAD
REACHED THE
DUKE OF
WELLINGTON'S
HEAD-QUARTERS

THAT IS NAPOLEON'S
PLAN, MY LORD, AS
HEARD BY THE BRAVE
CAPITAN O'DARE!

THIS IS
TREMENDOUS
NEWS!



BUT WHAT OF
CAPTAIN O'DARE?
CAN HE ESCAPE?



CARAMBA!
HE HAS
ESCAPED!

CAPTAIN O'DARE --
REPORTING FOR DUTY,
SIR!

MY FRIEND!
MY BRAVE CAPTAN!
I AM FULL OF JOY!



IT WAS NOT UNTIL
THE BRITISH HAD WON
THE BATTLE AGAINST
NAPOLEON THAT
WELLINGTON SENT
FOR CAPTAIN
O'DARE --
THEN --

THROUGH YOU WE HAVE WON A GREAT VICTORY!
YOU ARE PROMOTED TO COLONEL, O'DARE, AND WILL
JOIN MY STAFF. AND I MYSELF WILL WRITE TO
YOUR COLONEL POINTING OUT
HIS GRIEVOUS MISTAKE.



AND SO
MICHAEL
O'DARE
WON GLORY IN
THE FIGHT
AGAINST
NAPOLEON
AND WIPED OUT
THE DISHONOUR
THAT HAD BEEN
WRITTEN
AGAINST
HIS NAME.

The End

DON QUICKSHOT . . .

Always Tries to Help!

WHOA! SNOWDROP! METHINKS I HEAR THE PLAINTIVE WAIL OF A DISTRESSED DAMSEL!



AH YES - INDEED! WE MUST DASH TO SEE WHAT ASSISTANCE WE MAY AFFORD HER.



GOOD DAY, FAIR MA'AM - MY NAME IS DON QUICKSHOT AND I WOULD HELP THEE - SHOULD YOU SO DESIRE.

AND I GOOD SIR, AM LADY MATILDA AND AM IN SORE TROUBLE



SO GALLANT DON QUICKSHOT GALLOPED UP THE PATH TO THE CASTLE WALLS

I AM KNITTING A WIRE-VEST TO GO UNDER MY HUSBAND'S SUIT OF ARMOUR - AND ALAS, I HAVE NO MORE WIRE. MY POOR HUSBAND WAITS FOR THIS TO BE FINISHED BEFORE HE CAN GO TO BATTLE.



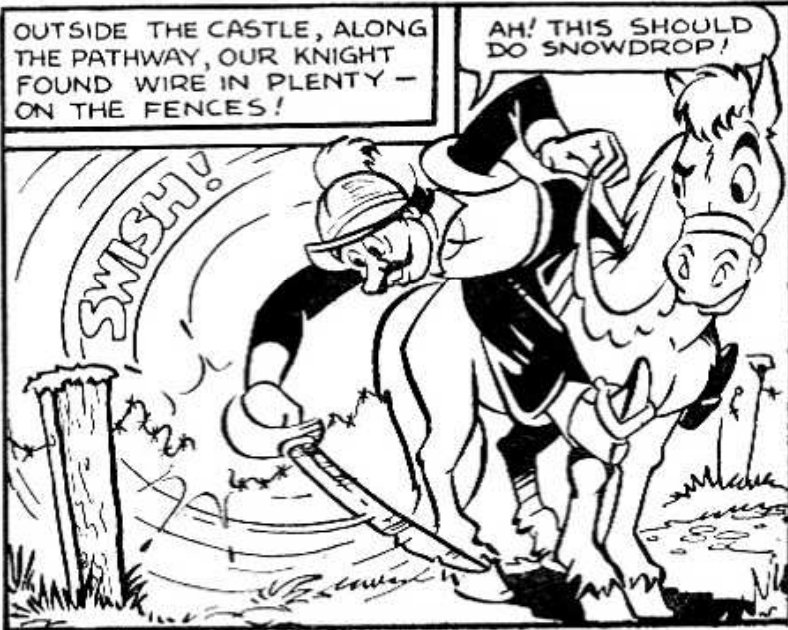
FEAR NOT! FAIR LADY, I, DON QUICKSHOT WILL FINISH IT FOR YOU.

- SO HURRY KIND SIR, FOR MY HUSBAND'S TEMPER IS SWIFT.



OUTSIDE THE CASTLE, ALONG THE PATHWAY, OUR KNIGHT FOUND WIRE IN PLENTY - ON THE FENCES!

AH! THIS SHOULD DO SNOWDROP!





THANKEE SNOWDROP, THOU ART A MOST HELPFUL ANIMAL. THIS WIRE IS SOMEWHAT PRICKLY, BUT IT WILL NO DOUBT BECOME SOFTER AFTER HAVING BEEN LAUNDERED.

KNIT ONE, PURL ONE!



HAVING FINISHED THE VEST THE DON HURRIED TO THE CASTLE, AND WAS ADMITTED TO THE LADY'S PRESENCE.

OO! HOW LOVELY, AND HOW SWIFTLY YOU HAVE FINISHED IT. BUT, HARK! MY HUSBAND CALLS.

BANG!
KNOCK!



DEAR HUSBAND, THIS GENEROUS KNIGHT AIDED ME BY FINDING NEW WIRE AND FINISHING YOUR VEST.

O GOODY, GOODY! I CAN NOW GET DRESSED - AND GO TO BATTLE.

OH TUSH! T'WAS NAUGHT!



STRANGE - THIS WIRE VEST SCRATCHETH SOMEWHAT!

OUCH!

OOF!



YOW!

ODDS BODKINS! YE WIRE QUICKSHOT USED WAS BARBED!

T'IS TIME TO TAKE MY LEAVE!



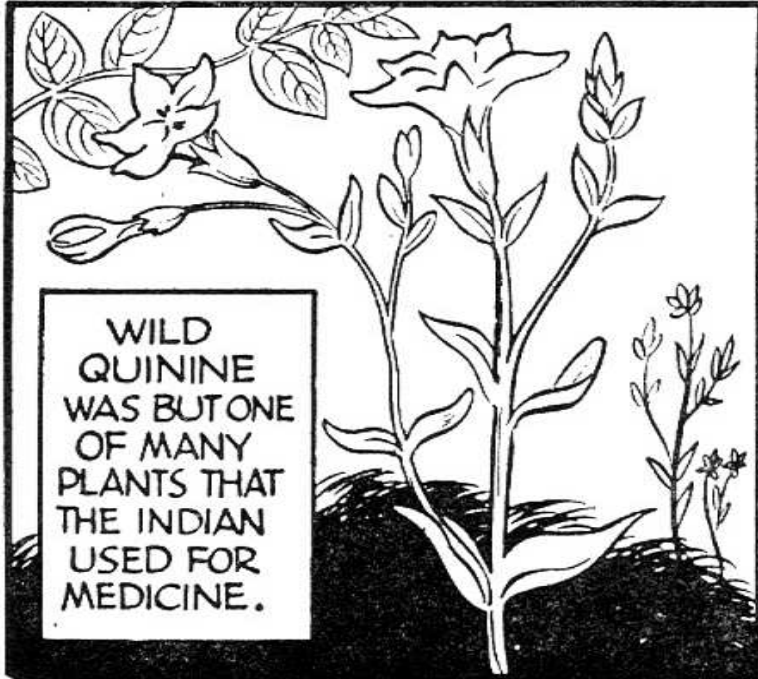
HO THERE VARLET! HALT!

HURRY SNOWDROP! M'LADY WAS RIGHT. - M'LORD WAS ONLY AWAITING HIS VEST TO GO TO BATTLE!



THE AMERICAN INDIAN
KNEW HOW TO LIVE OFF
THE COUNTRY ABOUT
HIM! BUT HE WAS
NEVER EXTRAVAGANT
IN HIS NEEDS.

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



WILD
QUININE
WAS BUT ONE
OF MANY
PLANTS THAT
THE INDIAN
USED FOR
MEDICINE.

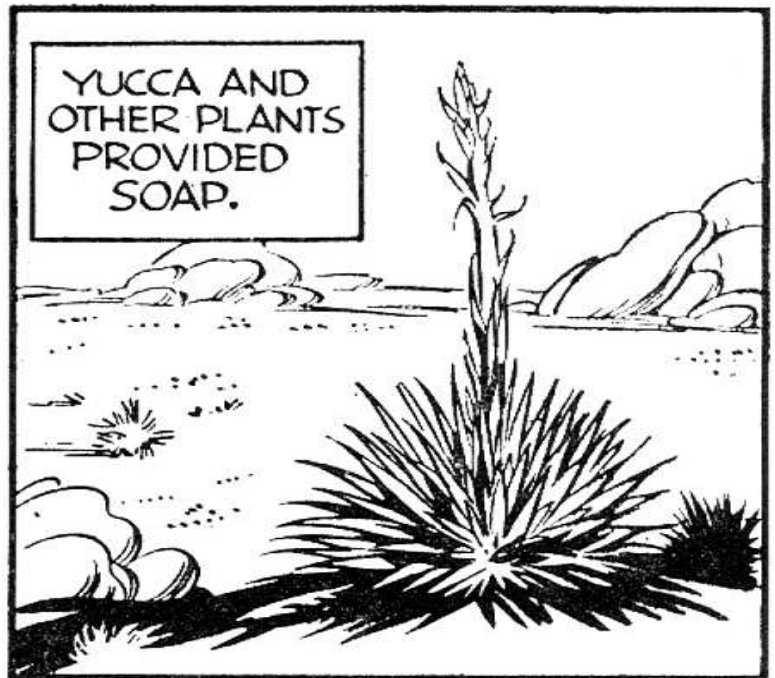


KENTUCKY
COFFEE TREES
GAVE HIM
BEANS FOR
COFFEE
MAKING...

...AND
SASSAFRAS
LEAVES
GAVE HIM
TEA!



...WHILE NATIVE PLANTS SERVED
HIM IN MANY WAYS, THERE WERE
EDIBLE FRUITS, NUTS, ROOTS, LEAVES
AND SHOOTS, FOR FOOD.



YUCCA AND
OTHER PLANTS
PROVIDED
SOAP.



FOR FLAVORING
THERE WAS
PEPPERMINT,
WILD MINT,
SWEET BAY,
GINGER, AND
EVEN GARLIC!



AND INDIAN
CHILDREN CHOMPED

IT'S AMAZING! By A.O. PULFORD.

"GOLDI-LOCKS"

THE ROMAN EMPEROR, GALLIENUS, (A.D. 260-268), A GREAT FOP, HAD HIS HAIR POWDERED DAILY WITH GOLD DUST. EACH POWDERING WOULD COST ABOUT £5 IN MODERN MONEY.



THE OIL BIRD
OF SOUTH AMERICA, CONTAINS SO MUCH OIL IN ITS BODY THAT THE NATIVE INDIANS USE THE DEAD BIRD AS A TORCH.

ARRANGING THE ALPHABET.
10 SELECTED LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET CAN BE PLACED IN ORDER IN 3,628,800 WAYS AND ALL THE 26 IN 403,291,461,126,605,635,584,000,000 WAYS.



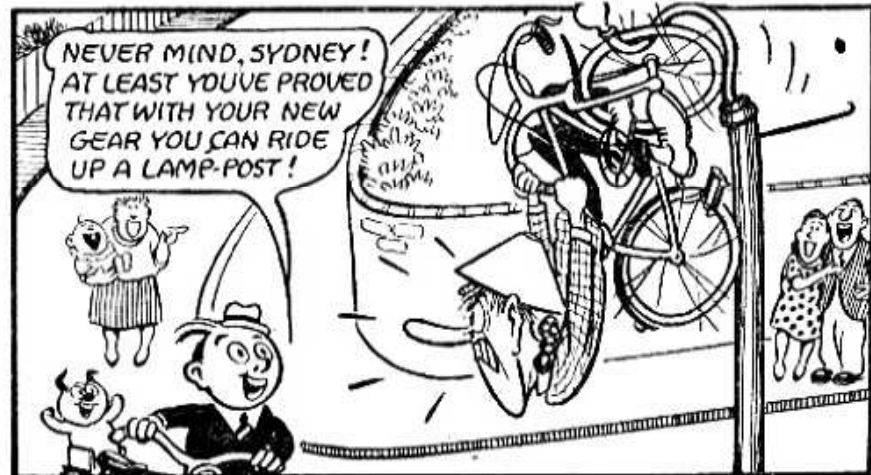
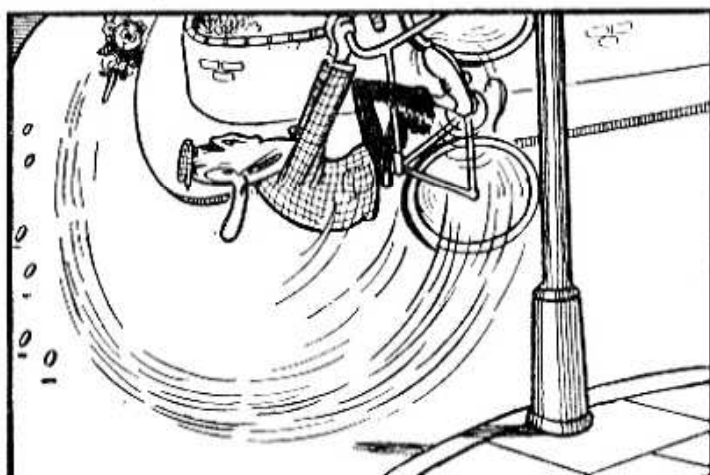
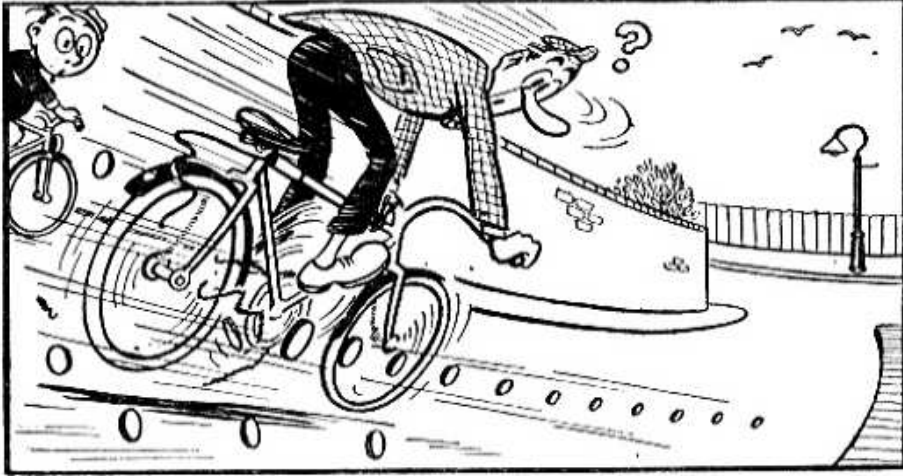
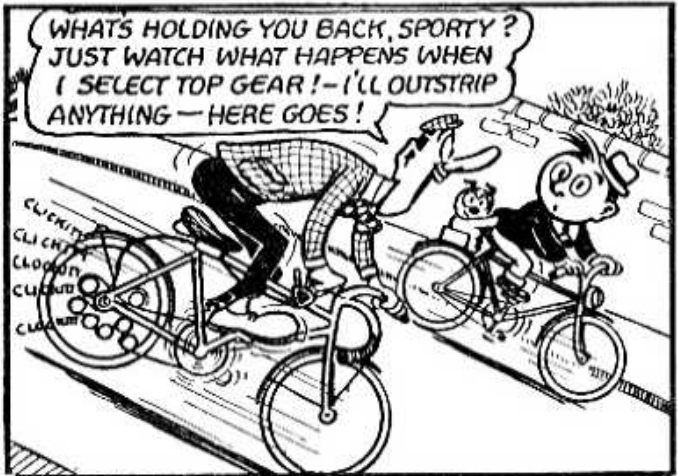
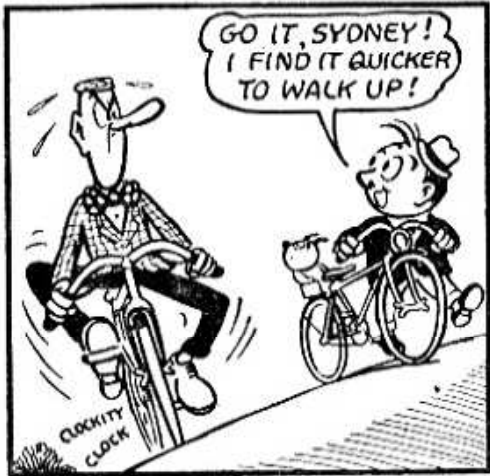
THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS
HAS BEEN ESTIMATED TO WEIGH 6,848,000 TONS - AN AVERAGE LIFT OF 68 TONS FOR EACH OF THE 100,000 MEN EMPLOYED IN ITS CONSTRUCTION. THE HARD STONES USED WERE CUT TO SHAPE BY BRONZE SAWS SET WITH DIAMOND TEETH. THE ACCURACY OF THIS IMMENSE WORK IS SUCH THAT THE FOUR SIDES OF THE BASE HAVE A MEAN ERROR OF ONLY SIX-TENTHS OF AN INCH IN A LENGTH OF 756 FEET.



ROXBURGH'S FIG TREE,
OF INDIA, PRODUCES AN ABUNDANCE OF FRUIT NOT ONLY ON ITS LOWER BRANCHES AND TRUNK BUT EVEN ON THE EXPOSED PARTS OF ITS ROOTS.

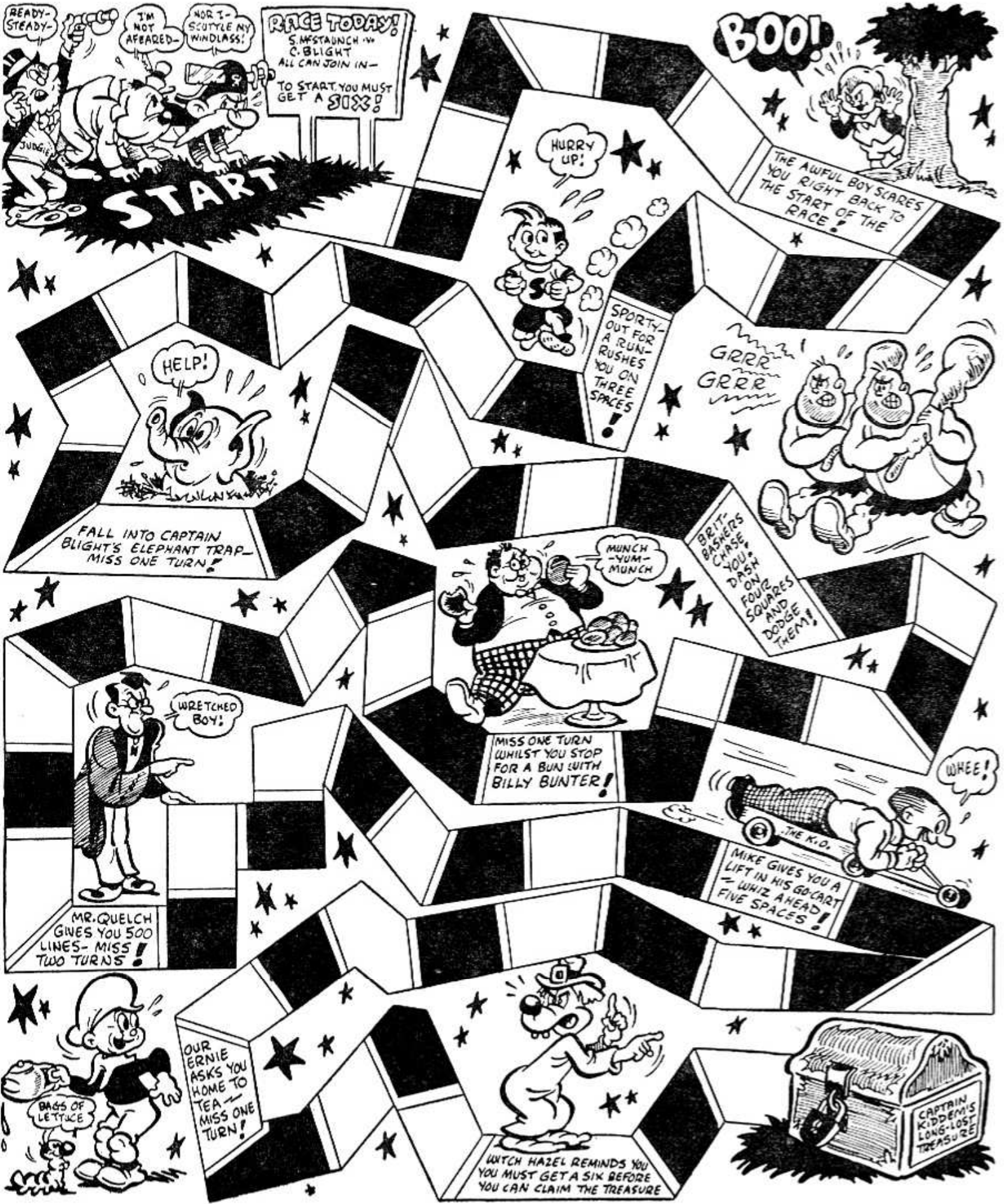
SPORTY WINS!

CLANK
CLONK



TREASURE RACE:—A Game for Two or More Players

All you need are small buttons or studs—anything to be used as the racers—a dice and a cup for throwing the dice. Each player must throw six before he, or she, can start. Each player throws the dice in turn, and moves his "man" forward along the squares according to the number uppermost on the dice. But if you alight on a square where there is writing you must do what it says. That's all! GOOD LUCK!



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

e Jester.

He can push his stick into the middle. Beyond that it is going out.

e Three-Headed Dog.

CEFRBERUS, guardian of HADES.

e Trident.

Neptune, god of the sea, also called Poseidon.

ptain B B B B.

Captain Forbes (four B's) took his forces (four C's) into the West lies (west in D's).

e Pound.

lb. is short for *libra*, Latin for a *pound*.

e Boy and the Teacher.

The boy says the teacher is an ass.
ours.

. Purple. 2. Orange. 3. Green.



CADBURYS PUZZLE PICTURE

Here is a picture of Cadburys wonderful Factory in a Garden at Bournville. Six different things are hidden in it. Turn the picture all ways and see if you can spot them. Here are the things you have to find:—

- 1 The little African boy who lives on the Gold Coast where Cadburys cocoa beans grow.
- 2 The ship that brings the cocoa beans to Britain.

- 3 A cow that gives the milk for Cadburys delicious Milk Chocolate.
- 4 A cup of chocolatey Bournville cocoa.
- 5 A block of Cadburys Dairy Milk Chocolate.
- 6 The train that starts Cadburys Chocolate and Bournville Cocoa on their journey all over the world.

I want Cadburys!