

KNOCKOUT FUN BOOK

1956



Gaffney

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST



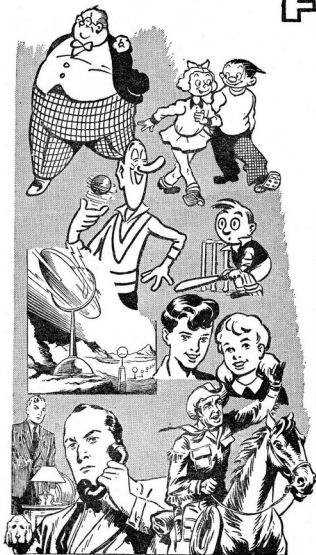
J.C. HALL

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BILLY BUNTER BARGES IN

He's the Fattest Schoolboy on Earth!

IT WAS THE DAY OF THE JUNIOR SPORTS TROPHY RACE AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL, AND A LARGE CROWD WAS GATHERED IN THE QUAD TO WATCH THE WHOLE OF THE REMOVE FORM GET OUT ON THEIR CROSS-COUNTRY RACE. WINGATE, THE HEAD PREFECT, FIRED THE STARTING-PISTOL-- AND THE RUNNERS STREAMED OUT OF GATES AMID LOUD CHEERS!



GO IT, THE REMOVE!

KEEP IT UP, BUNTER! ONLY FIVE MORE MILES TO GO! HA, HA, HA!

HARRY WHARTON AND INKY SOON TOOK THE LEAD.

THE ESTEEMED QUELON HAS GRANTED THE REMOVE LATE PASSES FOR TO-NIGHT, OLD CHUM! THE BINGEFULNESS WILL BE TERRIFIC!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU ASS!



MEANWHILE, BILLY BUNTER GASPED ALONG IN THE REAR. --

OOF-- THE BEASTS-- I'D JOLLYWELL RUN RINGS ROUND THEM IF I WASN'T FEELING A BIT OFF-COLOUR--



BILLY BUNTER PUFFED AND GROANED AS HE STAGGERED ALONG AT A SNAIL'S PACE.

THEN HIS LITTLE EYES GLEAMED AS HE DREW NEAR TO THE GATEWAY OF THE OLD DERELICT FRIARDALE GRANGE.



I'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD GRANGE. THAT SHOULD BRING ME OUT ON THE ROAD AHEAD OF THE OTHER BEASTS! HE, HE! I'LL SHOW THEM!



BUT AS BUNTER PASSED THE OLD RUINED HOUSE, HE SNIFFED CURIOUSLY --

SNIFF-- THAT'S JOLLY STRANGE! SNIFF SNIFF-- SMELLS LIKE GRUB! BUT THE OLD HOUSE HAS BEEN EMPTY FOR YEARS --



PERHAPS SOME PICKNICKERS -- I WONDER IF THEY'D SPARE A CHAP A SPOT OF GRUB -- I'M SIMPLY FAMISHED -- NO HARM IN ASKING --



BUT AS BILLY BUNTER TUCKED IN GREEDILY --

MY HAT, WHAT A FEAST! JUST WHAT I DESERVE AFTER ALL THIS ROTTEN HARD WORK --



THUNDER! WHAT IS THIS! I'LL HAVE THAT FOOL KRALEK FLOGGED FOR THIS --



THEN BUNTER GAVE A WILD YELL AS THE MAN SPRANG.

YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE, FAT FOOL!

YAROOH! HELP!
WHAT IS IT!
LEMMIE OUT OF
HERE!

IN DESPERATION, BUNTER HURLED THE PIE FULL IN THE FOREIGNER'S FACE, AND RAN FOR DEAR LIFE.

OUCH! HELP!
MURDER!

CURSE YOU!

BUNTER STREAKED AWAY ACROSS THE FIELDS, RUNNING AS HE HAD NEVER RUN BEFORE.

HELP! HE'S AFTER ME!
POLICE! FIRE!
MURDER!

LEAPING A STILE, IN FULL FLIGHT, THE TERRIFIED BUNTER SHOT DOWN THE ROAD AHEAD OF THE LEADING REMOVITES --

AM I DREAMING! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, WHARTON?

BUNTER! BUT IT CAN'T BE, SMITHY!

BUNTER TORE IN THROUGH THE GATES OF GREYFRIARS -- AHEAD OF THE FIELD.

MY ONLY SAINTED AUNT!
IT'S BUNTER! BUNTER'S
WON THE JUNIOR
TROPHY!

BLESS MY SOUL!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! THIS IS INDEED A GREAT PLEASURE, MY BOY! HERE IS YOUR WELL-DESERVED TROPHY!

OUCH! I SAY, IS THAT BEAST STILL BEHIND ME?

THE WHOLE GIDDY LOT ARE BEHIND YOU, OLD FAT MAN!
YOU'RE A GIDDY HERO!

THREE CHEERS FOR BUNTER!

BUT LATER, IN THE REMOVE CORRIDOR --

JUST A MINUTE, YOU SWINDLING FAT ROTTER!
WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW YOU WON THAT TROPHY --

YAROOH! HANDS OFF, BULL, YOU BEAST!
YOU CAN HAVE THE ROTTEN TROPHY FOR ALL I CARE --

BUMP THE TRUTH OUT OF THE FAT TOAD!

YAROOH! LET ME GO, YOU ROTTERS!



WITH A SWISH OF HIS GOWN, MR. QUELCH SWEEP AWAY ANGRILY DOWN THE CORRIDOR --



THEN THE BEDTIME BELL RANG, AND THE SURLY REMOVITES MADE THEIR WAY TO THE DORMITORY --



BOB AND HAZELDENE STARTED DOWN THE IVY, AS BUNTER, ROLLED INTO THE DORMITORY --



AS HARRY WHARTON GRABBED AT BUNTER, THE FAT OWL OF THE REMOVE LASHED OUT --

SHAN'T! KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU BEAST! TAKE THAT!

OUGH! OW! MY NOSE!



COME BACK, YOU FAT FROG, AND I'LL BURST YOU!

YAH! GO AND EAT COKE, WHARTON, I'D JOLLYWELL HOP THE FLOOR WITH YOU IF I CAME BACK.



THERE THEY GO, THE BEASTS! WELL, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME OUT OF A FEED -- BETTER NOT LET THE ROTTERS SEE ME --

THEN BOB AND HAZELDENE NEARED THE OLD GATES OF FRIARDALE GRANGE --

LET'S TAKE THE SHORT CUT TO FRIARDALE, IT'LL SAVE US QUITE A WALK --

I -- I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT? LOOKS A BIT SPOOKY IN THE MOONLIGHT --



ROT! THE PLACE IS EMPTY AND THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS --

WAIT! LOOK THERE, BOB! THAT LIGHT, IN THE WINDOW THERE. WHAT -- WHAT IS IT?



MY HAT, YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON HERE! IT'S BEEN EMPTY FOR AGES -- I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK --

I DON'T LIKE IT. LET'S GO, BOB --

MEANWHILE, A FAT FIGURE WAS CREEPING UP THE WEED-COVERED DRIVE BEHIND THEM --

DON'T BE AN ASS! COME ON!

OH CRUMBS, THEY'RE GOING INTO THE OLD GRANGE! THAT FOREIGN ROTTOR MIGHT STILL BE THERE --

THEN BUNTER SNORTED AND HIS LITTLE EYES GLEAMED.

OF COURSE! I GET IT NOW! THAT FOREIGN ROTTOR MUST HAVE BEEN CHERRY OR HAZELDENE IN A DISGUISE. IT WAS JUST A TRICK TO SCARE ME AWAY FROM THEIR MOULDY FEED! THE BEASTS!

MEANWHILE, BOB AND HAZELDENE HAVE REACHED AN OLD GALLERY OVERLOOKING THE OAK-PANELLED STUDY --

MY HAT! LOOK DOWN THERE! SO THAT'S WHAT'S GOING ON!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! QUICK!



AT MID-NIGHT, KRARK WILL BE HERE WITH THE FINAL SECRET DOCUMENTS. THEN WE LEAVE FOR HOME FROM OUR SECRET AIRFIELD. BY TOMORROW, THE LATEST BRITISH ATOM SECRETS WILL BE IN OUR HANDS!

GOSH, THEY'RE ATOM SPIES! THEY'RE STEALING DOCUMENTS FROM THE NEW ATOMIC STATION NEAR COURTFIELD, I'LL BET!

COME ON! THEY'LL MURDER US IF THEY FIND US HERE! WE'VE GOT TO GO---

MEANWHILE, A FAT FIGURE TIP-TOED WARILY INTO THE OLD HOUSE --

THE BEASTS MUST BE IN THERE! THE GREEDY ROTTERS! MEAN BEASTS, TRYING TO KEEP A FELLOW OUT OF A FEED --

THEN A GRIP OF IRON FELL ON BUNTER'S SHOULDER, AND HE WAS PUSHED FORWARD INTO THE ROOM.

I FOUND HIM LISTENING AT THE DOOR, PROFESSOR!

WELL DONE, MARGOVITCH! WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIS KIND! BRING HIM HERE!

BLOWED IF I CAN SEE ANY GRUB. PERHAPS THEY HAVEN'T BROUGHT IT OUT YET. THE BEASTS HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO SCOFF IT ---

THEN BUNTER PULLED FREE, AND LEAPED AT THE PROFESSOR.

I KNOW YOU, HAZELDENE, YOU ROTTER! OFF WITH THAT SILLY BEARD!

AAGH! SEIZE HIM-- YOU FOOLS!

GREAT SCOTT, IT'S BUNTER! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, HAZEL! THE FAT ASS WILL GET MURDERED!

THEN WITH AN OMINOUS CRACKING SOUND,
THE OLD GALLERY TORE LOOSE --



SHE'S GIVING WAY!
JUMP FOR IT,
HAZEL!

TOO LATE -
WE'RE FALLING!



WHOOOPS!

OH, O-O-ORIEKY!
THERE'S CHERRY AND HAZEL.
THESE BEASTS MUST BE
REAL FOREIGNERS.
YAROOH!

BUNTER STREAKED OUT THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, AS HIS CAPTORS WERE SENT SPRAWLING.



YAROOH!
HELP! MURDER!
FIRE! POLICE!
LEMME OUT
OF HERE!

MORE SPIES!
GRAB THEM QUICKLY,
FOOLS!



BIND THEM SECURELY!
THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

IT'S NO GOOD, HAZEL--
THEY'VE GOT US-- I ONLY
HOPE THAT FAT ASS BUNTER GOT
AWAY-- HE MIGHT BRING HELP--

MEANWHILE, BUNTER FLED IN TERROR TOWARDS GREYFRIARS AS FAST AS HIS FAT LITTLE LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM --



HELP!
MYRDER!
YAROOH!



AH, IT'S BUNTER,
OF COURSE! I ALLOWED
YOU A LATE PASS! I TRUST
YOU HAD AN ENJOYABLE
EVENING, MY BOY!



HELP!
THEY'RE AFTER ME!
SPIES!
BEASTS WITH GUNS
AND KNIVES AND
THINGS!
HELP!



IT'S T-T-TRUE, SIR!
HONEST! THEY TRIED
TO K-K-KILL ME!

RUN ALONG TO BED,
YOU FOOLISH BOY!
YOU HAVE FRIGHTENED
YOURSELF WITH SOME
STUPID CINEMA FILM.
AWAY YOU GO!

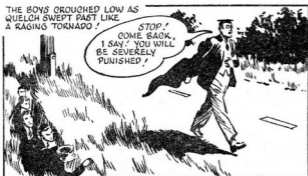
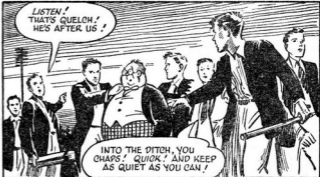


BUNTER WAS DRAGGED DOWN THE STAIRS--
PROTESTING LOUDLY--



THE JUNIORS
SWARMED INTO
THE QUAD--

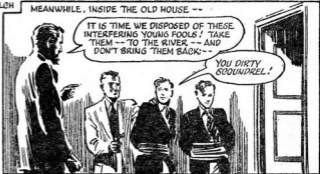




BUT LITTLE DID THE JUNIORS KNOW, THAT MR QUELCH WAS AWARE OF THEIR DESTINATION.



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE --



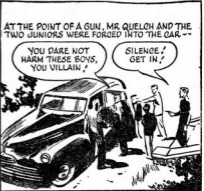
THEN, AS BOB CHERRY AND HAZELDENE WERE DRAGGED THROUGH THE HALLWAY, STRUGGLING FIERCELY --





SO! THAT MAKES THREE FOR THE RIVER! TAKE THEM, KRALEK, AND SEE THEY DO NOT RETURN!

BLESS MY SOUL--HOW DARE YOU, YOU VILE SCOUNDRELS! RELEASE ME, AND THESE BOYS-- AT ONCE!



YOU DARE NOT HARM THESE BOYS, YOU VILLAIN!

SILENCE! GET IN!



THEN THE REMOVITES ARRIVED ON THE SCENE--

MY HAT, THEY'VE GOT QUELCHY, AS WELL AS BOB AND HAZEL! COME ON, YOU CHAPS!

RESCUE, REMOVE!



BACK-- YOU YOUNG FOOLS, OR WE SHOOT TO KILL!

INTO THEM, REMOVE! GIVE 'EM BEANS!



FEDOR! QUICKLY! GET THOSE SECRET DOCUMENTS AWAY!

STOP THAT CAR, YOU CHAPS!



BUT THE REMOVITES WERE SENT SPINNING AS THE POWERFUL CAR LEAPT AWAY.

AFTER IT, THEY'VE GOT QUELCHY AND THE CHAPS! THEY'RE IN GREAT DANGER!

WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW!



SOON YOU WILL BE IN THE RIVER, WITH BULLETS THROUGH YOUR HEADS!

GREAT HEAVENS, YOU SCOUNDREL!

THEN BOB LASHED
OUT WITH A
FOOT ---

QUICK, SIR!
GRAB THAT GUN!



BLESS MY
SOUL!

LOOK OUT!
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING,
YOU FOOL!



WE'RE GOING
TO SMASH---

WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE POWERFUL
CAR SMACKED INTO THE GATEWAY



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,
SIR?

YES, YES! SEE TO CHERRY AND
HAZELDENE, WHARTON! THEY
ARE IN THE BACK --



YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, AND
YOUR COUNTRY'S SECRETS, CHERRY!
I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY BOY! NOW,
LET US TAKE THESE SCOUNDRELS
AWAY!



NEXT MORNING, THE NEWS
OF THE CAPTURE OF THE
ATOM SPIES BY THE
REMONTES SET
GREYFRIARS BUZZING
WITH EXCITEMENT.

ALL THE CREDIT SHOULD GO TO
ME, REALLY, YOU KNOW! IF I HADN'T
TAKEN A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE
GRANGE ESTATE IN THE TROPY
RACE, THESE SPIES WOULD
NEVER HAVE BEEN
CAUGHT --



SO THAT'S HOW YOU WON THE
RACE, YOU FAT SWINDLER!
NOW YOU'RE REALLY FOR IT--

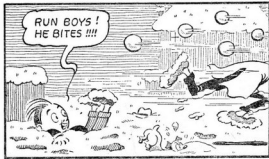
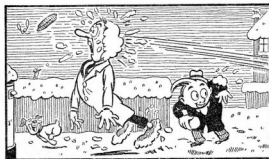
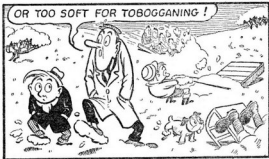


N-NO! I DIDN'T REALLY!
WHAT I MEANT TO SAY WAS,
I DIDN'T TAKE A SHORT CUT--
THAT IS-- KEEP OFF ME, YOU
BEASTS! HELP! YAROOH!

The End.

SPORTY AND SYDNEY

THE KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



MIKE

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE PULLED OLD SERGEANT FLOPP'S LEG AROUND, CURLY BOY!



LISTEN, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! (WHISPER - WHISPER - WHISPER!) SHUSH! - HERE HE COMES... PRETEND WE DON'T SEE HIM!



ER, AS I WAS SAYING, CURLY BOY, FANCY BEING COOPED UP IN A STUFFY OLD SCHOOLROOM ON A LOVELY DAY LIKE THIS! - COME ON, LET'S GO FOR A WALK INSTEAD!



HO, I HEARD WHAT THEY SAID! - GOING TO PLAY TRUANT, EH? - WELL, I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO THAT.....



QUICK, CURLY, COME ON, RUN FOR IT!



HEY, COME BACK, OR ELSE!



HI, S-S-STOP AT ONCE IN THE NAME OF THE (PUFF-PUFF!) LAW!



SLOW DOWN A BIT, CURLY, AND LET OLD FLOP OVERTAKE US!



WHHEW! I'M GAINING ON THEM!



AHA! GOT YOU, MY LADS! NOW JUST YOU COME ALONG WITH ME!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, SERGEANT? - WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!



QUIET!! YOU'LL FIND US OUT!

HUH, NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT YOUR HEADMASTER HAS TO SAY WHEN I TELL HIM YOU WERE GOING FOR A WALK INSTEAD OF COMING TO SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON!



HA-HA-HA!
HO-HO-HO!



HEE-HEE! WE'LL NEVER FIND US UP HERE, CURLY!



Tales of ST. CLEMENT'S

It was quite an ordinary ball—the seam was slightly thicker at one spot than elsewhere; but it seemed that everyone who used it was heading for trouble; and plenty of it!

By MARTIN FRASER



To Frank's amazement the tennis ball bounced up at an odd angle and hit the shop-keeper right on the nose!

When the Clock Struck!

YOUNG FRANK TUFFEN, of the Third, spotted his big brother, Tom, of the Fourth, together with the rest of the Topperites, but he didn't want them to see him.

It was in the High Street, in Brookville, and that was out of bounds for Third kids. Of course, Tom Tuffen and the Topperites would never have sneaked, but they would certainly have clipped his ear and sent him

packing back to school, if they had caught him.

As it was, Frank dodged them neatly, remained well back in a shop doorway until they had gone past on their way to the ice-cream parlour. Then Frank darted out and ran up the street and round the corner to a shop in the Station Road—a sports outfitters.

Frank was in funds, and he badly needed a tennis-ball—and this was the one place in

Brookville that stocked the best tennis-balls.

Frank saw them there, in boxes on the counter. He went over and tried them—one after the other. He bounced them on the floor and watched their reaction with a critical eye.

The shopkeeper leant on the counter and smiled in a superior fashion. He said: "They are all the same, youngster! The best that money can buy. What one can do they can all do!"

But Frank had his own views about that. "There might be a flaw in one of them," he said.

The shopkeeper didn't like that. "Look here, young man," he said. "I sell only the best. Those balls are specially——"

That was as far as he got, for Frank bounced a ball. It shot up straight enough the first time, but the second time it didn't rebound properly. It shot off at a tangent, for no sort of reason at all, and hit the shopkeeper right on the nose.

Frank said: "There you are! See what I mean?"

The ball had dropped from the counter to the floor, and he picked it up, turning it over and over, studying it carefully.

"You young imp!" raged the shopkeeper. "You did that on purpose!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Frank. "I did nothing of the sort. There must be a flaw in it, but I can't see it——"

He bounced the ball again several times, and was able to catch it easily enough, every time.

"It was your carelessness," spluttered the shopkeeper. "Are you going to buy it, or not? I can't waste any more of my time on you——"

He was working himself up into a flap because it was undignified to be hit on the nose with a tennis-ball. Suddenly Frank saw Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, sauntering past the shop! And if he were caught out of bounds he'd be due for a caning, many lines, detention and all sorts of punishments.

"All right," he said hurriedly, "I'll buy it."

He handed over a pound note and stuffed

the ball into his jacket pocket. The bell of the till rang and Frank took his change. He fairly snatched it and fled from the shop. He hared along to the Market Square, keeping a smart look-out for trouble, to where he had parked his bike. Soon he was pedalling away along the road to St. Clement's—his tell-tale school cap was concealed inside his jacket.

He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the school ahead of him.

Having put his bike in the shed, he went off to look for his study-mate, young Freddy Price, brother to Freda Price, of the Fourth, for St. Clement's was a mixed school. As he went across the Quad he bounced his new tennis-ball. It seemed quite all right. He wondered what had made it go shooting off to hit the stuffy old shopkeeper on the nose like that!

He frowned at the ball, and again turned it over and over in his hands. He thought that the seam was slightly thicker at one spot than anywhere else. On the other hand, that might have been his imagination. He decided to ask Freddy what he thought.

Frank went on bouncing it. He was heading for the tuck shop, knowing he'd be bound to find Freddy Price there.

He was by the corner of the school house when it happened. He bounced that new tennis-ball, and for no reason at all it rebounded away from him, shooting off at a tangent, and vanished through an open window.

Young Frank Tuffen gaped at the window and knew it was Chalky White's study. He knew, also, that Chalky White was away in Brookville. Maybe that was lucky—maybe Chalky had come back in his car. Frank didn't know, but he took a chance.

For a moment he listened under the window and heard nothing. He leapt up and hung from the sill by his hands, then slowly pulled himself up until he could peer into the room.

There was nobody in the room. There was nobody around that side of the school house to see what was going on. So, with a slick movement, Frank wriggled over the sill into Chalky White's study.

He looked round for the ball, but he couldn't see it anywhere. He looked behind the desk and under the chairs. But that brand-new tennis-ball seemed to have vanished completely.

Beside the hearth stood a large Oriental vase. The ball was not behind that, nor was it in the grate behind the electric fire.

Then Frank had a fright. The door knob

And Frank stood where he was, behind the door, his eyes bulging. For the boy who had come in had not seen him, but Frank had had a good view in the mirror over the mantelpiece of the boy who had taken the clock.

It had been his own brother—Tom Tuffen!

The tennis-ball was forgotten! His



Frank was surprised when a boy darted into Mr. White's study and snatched up a clock from the desk. It was his own brother Tom!

rattled. Somebody was coming in. There wasn't time to dive for the window. The door was already moving—opening.

Frank dodged behind it as it swung open. A boy darted in. He moved quickly, hurriedly. His hand shot out and snatched a small silver clock off Chalky White's desk. Then he dashed out again and quietly closed the door!

That was significant! He shut the door carefully, which meant that he didn't want anybody to know that he had been there and taken the little clock!

brother—a thief! It certainly looked like that! But why should Tom do such a thing? Maybe he was hard-up for some reason, but Frank would willingly have given him that pound note he had received so unexpectedly on the occasion of his recent birthday. Tom need not have stooped to such a trick.

Frank wondered what he ought to do—then he heard steps in the corridor—heavy footsteps of a master.

Frank dived for the window, wriggled over the sill and dropped to the ground on

the outside and went haring away to the tuck shop, badly worried, but with the tennis-ball abandoned and forgotten.

Freddy Price stared at him when they came face to face. "What's up with you?" he asked. "Got your maths right, or something?"

Frank told all he had seen and all he feared. Freddy listened with face aghast.

"Why should he do such a thing?" he exclaimed.

"How the dickens do I know?" cried Frank. "But it's bound to be missed when Chalky gets back. That's the awful part. And it was my brother! If only I knew what we could do——"

Freddy was looking grimly determined. "That's pretty obvious, isn't it?" he said. "You go and see Tom—put it to him straight—offer to help—only let him know you know——"

Frank nodded. "Okay," he said.

Quickly Frank dashed along the corridors to his brother's study.

He was inside in a flash! And then he came to a dead stop. Of course, he might have guessed. There was nobody at home! The study was empty! It was checkmate.

But the cupboard door was open and just inside he could see the little silver clock! For a second or two he gaped at it—and then a wonderful idea came to him! He would take it while he had the chance and put it back in Chalky White's study. Then nobody would ever find out who was the thief!

No sooner said than done! The silver clock was suddenly in Frank's blazer pocket, and he was out tiptoeing down the corridor to the head of the stairs.

Freddy came out of hiding to join him.

"All right?" he whispered.

Frank told him hurriedly. "Nobody there. But I saw the clock. I've got it! Going to put it back where it belongs——"

Freddy grinned triumphantly. "Say, that's a wizard notion! Let's do it now——"

But the bell went for tea! The Third, as usual, were rushing to the Grub Hall, always eager to miss nothing. Mr. Caney,

the master of the Third, stood in the Little Hall to make sure that the boys and girls were orderly. Frank and Freddy came down the stairs and just had to turn into the Grub Hall. There was nothing else they could do.

They noticed that the Topperites were rather late coming to tea and that Chalky White followed them in. They all looked worried.

And the gossip began to get round, whispered from boy to boy and girl to girl. A clock—Chalky White's little silver clock—gone, missing—from his study!

Chalky's face was like a thunder cloud. Tom Tuffen kept wetting his lips nervously.

Frank and Freddy said nothing—at least, not to anybody else. Frank whispered to Freddy: "The moment I can get out of here I'm going straight to Chalky's study. Got me?"

"All right," replied Freddy. "I'll cover up—get in the way if anybody tries following you."

So tea came to an end. Frank got up to go. He dared not make a dive for the door. He had to act casually, as if he hadn't a care in the world. Once he got outside—out of view of any masters or prefects—then he could run.

But once again the chance was denied him—for the assembly bell jangled through the school.

Boys and girls looked at each other, half-scared. It wasn't the time for assembly or roll-call. This meant something very unusual, and perhaps something alarming. It meant that every boy and girl must go at once to the Big Hall. The masters and the prefects were busy ushering the classes to the Big Hall where the Head—Dr. Pelham, known generally as the Plum—stood on the dais. Beside him stood a lean, birdy-eyed man with a thin red, sore-looking nose.

The Plum was calling for silence. "Mr. Jordan, who owns the sports outfitter's shop in Brookville, wants to pick out one of you," he said. "Please be quiet and stand still. Now, Mr. Jordan—can you see the boy in question?"

Mr. Jordan surveyed the school and

suddenly pointed straight at Frank Tuffen. "Tuffen!" cried the Plum. "Kindly step up here."

Tom Tuffen was frowning suspiciously. The Plum said: "Were you in Brookville this afternoon, Tuffen?"

Frank said: "Yes, sir!" After all, he wasn't given to lying. He was caught, and that was that.

"For a member of the Third that is out of bounds," said the Plum. "Mr. Caney—you will deal with this offence?"

"I will, sir," declared Mr. Caney.

"But the real purpose of Mr. Jordan's visit is to hand you a ten-shilling note. You bought a ball, paid for it with a pound note. By an oversight Mr. Jordan gave you change for a ten-shilling note. You almost ran from the shop. He called you back, but you did not hear. This is your ten-shilling note."

Some of the boys began to snigger—but suddenly things happened. A clock chimed. It struck the hour—the wrong hour. The real time was five o'clock. But this unseen clock struck with a silvery note—"Dong, dong, dong—" eleven times.

There was a sudden silence. Only those silvery, bell-like chimes could be heard—and they came from Frank Tuffen's pocket.

Chalky White advanced to the dais. "What have you in your pocket, Tuffen?" he thundered.

Frank was white to the lips. He took out the small silver clock. Chalky White took it from him. The Plum's face was set and stern.

"What is all this?" he asked sternly.

"It was stolen, before tea, sir—" began Chalky White.

Frank's face was ghastly white. He could

clear himself. He had Freddy Price as a witness. But if he cleared himself he could only prove that his brother Tom was a thief.

The Plum was saying coldly: "Explain yourself, Tuffen—"

Something seemed to snap in Frank's brain. "I can't—I can't—" he cried. And before anybody could grab him he leapt from the dais and dashed out of the hall, sending two prefects reeling back in the doorway in his mad charge for the open air.

"Catch him!" roared the Plum. "Bring him back!"

Dick Loring, one of the Fourth Formers, got him first and held him, in spite of his frantic wriggling, punching and kicking. Then Tom Tuffen arrived and lent a hand. Tom said: "You young idiot! Running away won't make things any better. I know you wouldn't pinch the thing, but—"

Chalky White was there. "Take him to the Head's study," he said.

The prefects took charge, but Tom Tuffen was allowed to go, too. Not only was he Frank's elder brother, he was interested in this silver clock. He stood before the Plum's desk to explain.

"Please, sir," he said, "the clock was stolen from my study!"

Frank gasped as he listened. He had seen Tom take it from Chalky White's study! But he didn't say a word!

Tom was explaining. "Mr. White asked me to take the clock into Brookville to get it repaired, sir. It's striking all wrong. You heard it strike eleven when it said five."

"It certainly did," agreed the Plum.

"But I forgot to take it with me," said Tom. "I know I ought to have owned up to Chalky—I mean, Mr. White, sir—but I



didn't. Instead, when we got back from Brookville I went to Mr. White's study and took the clock to my study, intending to nip into Brookville later on, leave it at the shop and say no more about it. But just before tea it vanished from my study cupboard, sir, so I had to find Mr. White and tell him about it!"

Frank's eyes widened with glad surprise.

"You mean—you didn't steal it, Tom?"

"Wait a moment," said the Plum, eyeing Frank curiously. "What made you think your brother stole the clock?"

Frank had to explain about the ball bounding into Chalky White's study and what he saw there from his post behind the door.

The Plum began to smile. "So you were taking the blame for it all, thinking you were shielding your brother."

"Sir, I like loyalty and pluck," said Chalky White. "I'll forget it ever happened."

"You may all go," said the Plum.

Tom ruffled Frank's hair. "You utter chump," he said, but the gleam in his eyes meant that he was proud of his kid brother, after all. But Mr. Caney was waiting to beckon young Frank into his study.

"For breaking bounds," he said.

When Frank came out he was sore in more ways than one. He went out into the Quad to find Freddy Price. Chalky White leaned out of his window and called: "Tuffen, here's your ball. It had dropped into my big vase by the fireplace."

He threw it and Frank caught it, with a polite, "Thank you, sir." And then Freddy came running up.

He took the ball from Frank's hands and examined it. "Looks a good one," he said, and bounced it.

The ball shot off at a queer angle and vanished in the long grass under a bush. "You clot!" cried Frank, running to find it.

But neither of them could find it, and eventually the bell for Prep went and they had to abandon the search. "Anyway, I'm fed up with the ball," growled Frank.

So there it was left, in the long grass.

Bad Luck, Brenda!

BILL DRAKE, of the Fourth, just laughed and laughed.

"You—on a horse!" he chuckled. "You wouldn't know the tail from the head!"

Brenda, his sister, looked annoyed. "I want to go riding," she said, "and I reckon I'd make a better go of it than you would, anyway! I'm dead keen——"

"I pity the poor horse carrying your weight!" retorted Bill.

"I'm not all that fat," protested Brenda. "And another wise-crack out of you and I'll pin your ears back for you, you hulking land-lubber——"

"Now, now," put in Dick Loring. "That's not very ladylike, you know. If the Battleaxe heard you——"

Brenda wrinkled her nose scornfully. The Battleaxe was the popular name for Miss Lucy Loveday, the girls' mistress, and the Battleaxe did like her girls to be ladylike!

Brenda said: "Anyway, I've written to Dad about it."

Bill shrugged. Their father was a master mariner, captain of a cargo liner. So he wasn't exactly rich!

"Horse-riding is five pounds extra," said Bill. "Dad can't afford to pay out any more, and you ought not to expect it."

But Brenda knew that her father was very fond of her and would give her the moon if he could—and if she wanted it.

She left Grub Hall—it was just after tea—and went across to the table that stood against the panelled wall of the Little Hall.

Incoming mail was left there for the boys and girls to collect.

"There's a letter from him," she cried. "So he must be in port."

Impatiently she tore open the envelope, took out the letter and unfolded it—and glanced at it—and her face went long as she fought back the tears of disappointment.

Bill said: "I told you so!"

"Oh, shut up!" she snapped, in a most unladylike manner.

Bill was repentant at once. "Sorry, old girl. Was he wild?"

Brenda gave him the letter to read.

Captain Drake said: "I just can't afford to spend another five pounds for you to learn horse-riding, much as I would like to give you the pleasure. If you can find the five pounds in some way, legally and honestly, I have no objections to you going horse-riding, but I just can't afford it."

"Me—find five pounds!" exclaimed Brenda. "Might as well expect me to jump over the moon!"

Bill handed the letter back. Brenda felt pretty sore about it and went stalking away, out into the Quad. Brenda's friend, Margery Manners, ran up to her. "Has anything gone wrong, Brenda?" she asked.

"Everything," cried Brenda. "I'm fed up!"

Margery stood watching her stride away towards the shrubberies. Bill drew up beside her and said: "Let her alone, Margery. She'll get over it. She can't have everything she wants."

"Is it the horse-riding?" asked Margery.

Bill nodded. "Dad just can't afford it. I

told her he couldn't, but she would write and ask him. Now she's got her answer!"

And, obviously, Brenda didn't like it. She was in one of her savage moods.

As she strode along she saw a tennis-ball lying in the grass before her. It wasn't very old, but it wasn't absolutely new. What it was doing there she neither knew nor cared. Instinctively, she reckoned it was probably a busted ball, because nobody in their right minds—at least, nobody at St. Clement's—left a perfectly good tennis-ball lying around loose like that.

Brenda didn't know that that tennis-ball was the one young Frank Tuffen had bought—the ball which had misbehaved itself and bouncing in an unexpected direction, landed Frank into a fine old fix. Of course, he had come out of it all right—but Brenda knew nothing about that—didn't know that this was the very same identical tennis-ball.

Brenda was fed-up and she kicked that ball as she came to it—kicked it with all her might—just to give vent to her feelings.



To Brenda's horror she saw Miss Lucy Loveday—known as the Battleaxe—with a muddy patch on her face. She had been hit by the tennis ball!

That ball should have shot away straight before her—but it didn't. Maybe it might have veered a bit to one side or the other, but it didn't do anything like that. It simply shot sideways—at right angles to the course Brenda was taking. It went zipping away through the bushes and across the drive, and—

"OUCH!"

The sudden cry of alarm brought Brenda to a horrified stop. Over the bushes she could see who was on the drive—Miss Lucy Loveday—the Battleaxe, with her hat all lopsided over one ear, and her glasses dangling on the end of their chain, and with a muddy patch on the side of the face where the ball had struck her.

"BRENDA!" she thundered. "Did you do that?"

Brenda drew in her breath sharply. She could not deny it. She said: "I'm very sorry, Miss Loveday. I only kicked the ball. I never thought—"

"You must be made to think," snapped the Battleaxe. "Go to my study and wait there till I come. I have an appointment with the Head."

"Yes, miss," said Brenda meekly.

She turned to go. The Battleaxe called her back. "Your ball, girl! Take it."

Brenda had to pick up the ball and carry it away with her. Of all the rotten luck! No horse-riding—and now—this!

She scowled down at the ball. It looked a perfectly normal ball to her. It wasn't busted. It had no hole in it. Maybe the seam was a trifle thicker than usual at one point, but maybe that was her imagination. But how it had shot off at such an unexpected angle was a mystery.

She went to the Battleaxe's study and waited. She stood still for a time, then wandered round and round the room until she came to some shelves stuffed full of books and periodicals of all sorts and shapes. And the one on top was open. She saw the heavy type announcing "A Grand Embroidery Competition. First Prize Five Pounds!"

She picked it up and read the conditions.

"I'm pretty good with my needle," she told herself. "I've got all the silks and things. Gosh, I'll win that five pounds and go riding!"

The closing date was a fortnight's time. She reckoned she could do it easily.

But the Battleaxe was coming. Her floppy tread in the corridor was coming nearer and nearer. Brenda thrust the periodical out of sight under her gym tunic—and waited.

The Battleaxe entered.

"Brenda," she said. "I am disappointed in you. I have tried my best to make a lady of you—"

And so on—and on and on! Brenda had to stand there while the Battleaxe talked and lectured in her most severe manner.

In the end she broke off and said: "Write a hundred times—I must be more ladylike!"

"Thank you, miss," said Brenda, and went—in a furious temper.

But the temper didn't last long because she had that periodical under her gym tunic and soon she was busy getting on with her embroidery ready for the competition.

She did the lines, of course, but after that she had no time for play, or bun fights or sports or anything, except embroidery.

The Topperites regarded her suspiciously. Freda Price said: "Are you sickening for something, Brenda? You've never been so fond of needlework before."

"I've always been fond of needlework," retorted Brenda.

"Not so fond of it as you are now," put in Grace Fuller.

"Brenda always was good with her needle," said Margery Manners.

"You're the only understanding one here," said Brenda.

"Maybe," agreed Margery, "but I don't understand why you're doing embroidery. Now, if you were mending that triangular tear in your gym tunic, or darning those stockings—"

"Oh, stop chattering—you put me off!" roared Brenda. "Scat! But pass the scissors before you go. Ta!"

They left her, frowning and shaking their heads, to seek out the boys and ask their advice.

Two Bounces!

It didn't do much good. Bill Drake could only tell about Brenda's passion for horse-riding and how their father couldn't afford to pay the extra five pounds. That didn't explain embroidery!

They tried tormenting Brenda, but she only smiled at them in a superior fashion and said: "One day you will understand, my children. You're not old enough at present!"

"Oh, leave her alone!" said Dick Loring. "Let's have a game of rounders. Anybody got a ball?"

Nobody had—only Brenda. "Here," she said, "have mine!"

She threw the ball to Dick and went on with her work again. She was on the seat on the edge of the playing fields. Close by was the pavilion.

It was a fine day and she loved the open air. Besides, the lucky fellows and girls who did take horse-riding would soon be passing on a practice ride. They came across the fields, and Brenda watched them with envy

Once again the ball shot away at a queer angle. This time it hit a passing pony—and a moment later the animal got the bit between its teeth and bolted.

in her heart, and then bent over her embroidery more fiercely than before.

She had about two days to finish. She reckoned she'd make it. She worked harder and harder, plying her needle. The design was taking shape on the white cushion cover. She was so careful to keep it clean.

The others were playing rounders. Tom Tuffen swiped at the ball. Dick Loring was chasing it. The ball dropped ten yards from where Brenda sat. It should have bounced and gone on in the way it was travelling—but it didn't! It suddenly shot off at a tangent and landed slap in Brenda's lap, right on top of her white cushion cover.

And that ball was thick with mud. It had been in the ditch twice!

Brenda was aghast! She started to her feet in a towering rage.

"Why don't you mind what you are do-



ing?" she cried—and flung the ball back at Dick Loring, just as Mary Marshal of the Third, mounted on a skittish pony, came round by the pavilion. Mary was closely followed by Cora Marsh of the Fifth. There were others behind them, but Brenda never saw them.

The ball hit the ground in front of Dick Loring—and bounced off at a queer angle. It shot past the pony's nose, almost scraping the animal's muzzle. The skittish pony reared, swerved—came down with its ears well back, and bolted.

Mary Marshal screamed. The pony swung round in its flight and crashed against Cora's mount. Cora just slid out of the saddle and sprawled in the grass. Her horse took fright and bolted after the pony—and the way took them right past Brenda.

Mary was hanging on to the reins like grim death, but her strength was entirely useless against the pony's fright. She just could not check the animal.

Cora's horse came galloping past. Something snapped in Brenda's brain. She hurled herself forward at the second horse. Bill was yelling: "No—Brenda! You fool! You can't—"

But Brenda got a grip on the horse's mane. She gave a wild leap, and more by luck than judgment landed on the animal's back.

Somehow she got on the saddle, grasped the reins and settled down to chase the runaway. The way she rode was certainly not stylish. Her legs and arms stuck out at all angles. Now and again she threatened to slide clean out of the saddle.

Brenda's one idea was to save Mary, who was losing her grip. She was fainting. Brenda saw how she swayed in the saddle. If she fell, she might get killed.

Brenda drew alongside and got one arm round Mary's waist. "Come on!" she cried. "Let yourself go—"

Mary had fainted! She was a deadweight in Brenda's grasp. Brenda wretched her from the saddle and somehow got her lying in front of her.

Too hastily she jerked her reins. Her horse shied, swerved and hit the hedge.

Brenda and Mary went over the hedge and landed on a half-completed hayrick!

Dick Loring stopped Brenda's horse. Others came from the school to lend a hand with Mary's pony.

Chalky White, the master of the Fourth, arrived on the scene. He got the girls together with orders to take Brenda and Mary to the sanatorium. Brenda declared she wasn't hurt, but Chalky White wasn't running any risks.

"My embroidery!" exclaimed Brenda. "That's the important thing!"

"Don't worry! We'll get it for you," promised Grace Fuller.

And later, in the sanatorium, the embroidery was brought to her, together with the book containing the competition. The Battleaxe turned up smilingly. Mary Marshal was in the next bed, little worse for her adventure.

"It was a brave thing you did, Brenda," said the Battleaxe, "but I understand you threw the ball that frightened Mary's horse."

"I didn't mean it," cried Brenda. "I never expected it to go near the horses—"

She blurted out the whole story—how she wanted to take horse-riding, but her father couldn't afford it—how she had seen the paper with the competition and thought she could win—

The Battleaxe picked up the book. "So that's where it got to," she said. "I'm terribly sorry, Brenda. I've always kept this book because it contains my favourite jumper pattern. But look! It's dated 1954!"

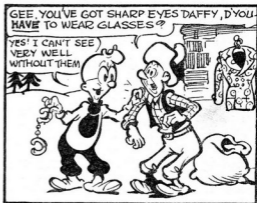
Brenda looked! She had never noticed that before! She had worked—for nothing. She turned her head away. She couldn't say a word. Of all the rotten luck!

But—was it? Two days later she had a letter from Mary Marshal's father. It contained his grateful thanks and five pounds! Brenda whooped with delight. "I've got it, after all! I've got it!"

But the ball—it was forgotten. It had rolled away down a gully near the pavilion, and there it lay—for somebody else to find.

DAFFY THE COWBOY 'TEC

DAFFY ALWAYS TRIES HIS BEST—BUT HIS BEST IDEAS GO WEST!



OUR ERNIE

MRS.
ENTWHISTLE'S
LITTLE
LAD!



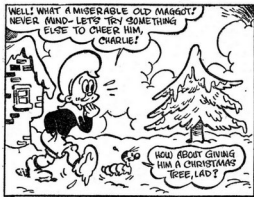
As on his merry way he went,
Lad saw a chappy, old and bent,
Whose looks were very far from gay,
Even though 'twas Xmas day.



Now Ernie is a kind young pup,
And thought that he would glad him up.
He cried, "Now, hark at this gay thing!"
As loudly he commenced to sing.



But song did not bring any joy,
It simply aggled the old boy.
And seizing snow from off the hill,
He flung it in a neat round pill.



When lad recovered from the shock,
And cleared the snow from off his clock,
He still was resolute and keen
To gladden up the glum old bean.



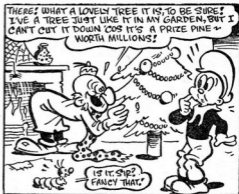
A Xmas tree was growing there,
Waving its top-bit in the air,
So Ernie quickly cut it down
To use as cure for old chap's frown.



He made it gay with things and stuff,
And when he thought 'twas bright enough,
He took it to the old chap's door
To tell him just what it was for.



The old chap looked, and cried, "A tree!
All pretty-fied—and all for me!
You are a kindly lad, by gosh—
Pray enter—my first name is Josh!"



Josh stood the tree beside his fire,
And said, "What more could I desire—
This tree's the twin of one which grows
Out in my garden, 'mid the snows!"



"This tree of mine is of great worth—
It is the rarest tree on earth!"
And then old Josh began to frown
When he saw Lad had cut it down!



His rage was frightful to behold
First-off 'twas hot, and then 'twas cold,
And then it stopped, quite suddenly
And Josh began to beam with glee!



His rage had cured his every pain
And now his glumth was quite in vain,
So brimming o'er with joyful joy,
He slapped the back of our young boy!



Right merrily, and far from bent
Old Josh with our young Ernie went,
And bought a lot of things to eat
To have a tea-time Xmas treat!

TOUGH **HAPPY**
TOD AND ANNIE
THE RUNAWAY ORPHANS



TOD AND ANNIE GRAY HAVE ESCAPED FROM A WRETCHED ORPHANAGE AND ARE RUNNING AWAY FROM SILAS STIGGINS WHO IS NOT FAR BEHIND THEM.



OH, TOD THERE'S STIGGINS' CAR!
 COME ON, ANNIE!
 INTO THIS LANE



HE'S MISSED US! WE'LL GO UP THIS LANE ANNIE. IT'S NOT SAFE TO KEEP TO THE MAIN ROAD



A MILE UP THE LANE
 MY HEEL'S SO SORE, TOD, I CAN'T GO MUCH FURTHER
 WE'LL HAVE A REST AND CHANCE OLD STIGGINS COMING ALONG



WHAT'S UP? CAN I HELP?
 WE'VE COME A LONG WAY AND MY SISTER'S TOO TIRED TO GO ANY FURTHER



PUT HER ON MY BIKE. MY PALS AND I ARE CAMPING JUST UP THE LANE, AND YOU CAN HAVE A REST AND SOME FOOD WITH US



THE CAMPERS MADE TOD AND ANNIE WELCOME AND THEY SOON FORGET ABOUT SILAS STIGGINS
 WE'RE STOPPING HERE FOR THE NIGHT, YOU CAN STAY TOO, IF YOU WANT TO. ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS HELP WITH WOOD CHOPPING AND CLEANING UP CAMP

BUT AT THAT MOMENT....



STIGGINS!



SO TOD AND ANNIE WERE MARCHED AWAY



BUT THE BOYS SLOWED DOWN GRADUALLY AND TOOK NO NOTICE OF STIGGINS

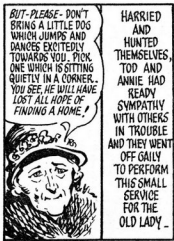


GET OUT OF MY WAY OR GO FASTER, YOU VARMINTS!



KEEP RUNNING, ANNIE, IN CASE HE FINDS OUT WE'VE DROPPED OFF





WHERE CAN YOU BUY A DOG? WELL, THERE'S A PET SHOP IN THE HIGH STREET BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE... TRY THE DOGS' HOME... ALL YOU NEED TO DO, IS TO PAY SOMETHING TOWARDS THE FUNDS OF THE HOME!



WE WANT A LITTLE DOG THAT REALLY LOOKS LOST.

WE'VE HUNDREDS HERE ANSWERING THAT DESCRIPTION! I'LL TAKE YOU ROUND.

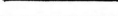
DOGS' HOME



I'D LIKE TO HAVE THEM ALL, TOD-- BUT THEY DON'T LOOK EXACTLY LOST AND HOPELESS, DO THEY?



LOOK! WHAT ABOUT THAT LITTLE FELLOW AT THE BACK? HE DOES LOOK FED UP!



AND AS SOON AS ANNIE SAW THE PUP SHE KNEW IT WAS THE ONE THEY WERE LOOKING FOR--

WHAT A LOVELY LITTLE FELLOW-- BUT SO SAD! HE DOES LOOK AS IF HE'S GIVEN UP ALL HOPE!



WOOF!
WOOF!



YOUR TEN SHILLINGS WILL GO TOWARDS THE FUNDS, YOUNGSTER. I'M SURE YOU'LL LOOK AFTER HIM WELL.

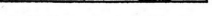
MISS TRELAWNEY WILL LOVE HIM.



HAPPILY TOD AND ANNIE HURRIED THROUGH THE BUSY STREETS, BUT AS THEY DID SO--

MUMMY! THAT BOY AND GIRL HAVE GOT OUR JOEY!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU TWO. WHERE DID YOU FIND MARION'S DOG?



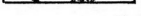
OH, CRUMBS! NOW WHAT CAN WE DO?

ARE YOU SURE IT'S YOUR DOG?



OF COURSE! MARION'S DADDY GAVE HER THAT DOG ONLY A FEW DAYS BEFORE HE DIED-- AND WHEN WE HAD TO LEAVE OUR HOME TEN DAYS AGO-- HE GOT LOST!

BUT MA'AM, WE-WE CAN'T GIVE HIM BACK TO YOU!



YOU SEE, WE BOUGHT THIS DOG FROM THE DOGS' HOME FOR MISS TRELAWNEY, OF 12, RIVERSIDE TERRACE. SHE GAVE US THE MONEY, AND WE JUST CAN'T GO BACK AND TELL HER ---



TOD WAS INTERRUPTED BY ANNIE..

LOOK, TOD! SILAS STIGGINS! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN!



HERE -- YOU'D BETTER TAKE JOEY!

COME ON, ANNIE! HURRY!

TOD AND ANNIE LED SILAS STIGGINS A STERN CHASE THROUGH THE TOWN AND WERE BREATHLESS WHEN AT LAST THEY SHOOK HIM OFF

WE'VE SHAKEN HIM OFF

THANK GOODNESS! BUT WHAT ABOUT MISS TRELAWNEY?



WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO HER AND MAKE A CLEAN BREAST. THAT TEN SHILLINGS WE PAID FOR THE DOG IS GONE -- AND WE CAN ONLY OFFER TO PAY HER BACK SOMEHOW.



WE MUST SEE MISS TRELAWNEY, PLEASE.

COME IN, MY DEARS. MISS TRELAWNEY IS EXPECTING YOU!



IN MISS TRELAWNEY'S DRAWING ROOM --

THEY RAN AWAY SO QUICKLY - BUT I REMEMBERED YOUR ADDRESS AND WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO HAVE JOEY, SINCE YOU CAN GIVE HIM A GOOD HOME. YOU SEE, SINCE WE LOST JOEY, WE HAVE BOUGHT ANOTHER PUPPY!

THAT'S MOST KIND OF YOU AND I MEAN TO REPAY YOU, BUT WHERE --



HERE THEY ARE NOW! COME IN, TOD AND ANNIE! I WANT TO THANK YOU!

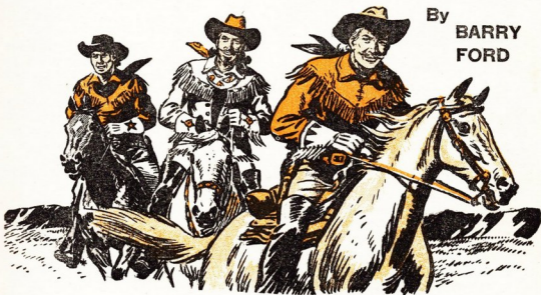


MRS WHITE AND MARION ARE COMING TO LIVE WITH ME TO HELP MATILDA RUN THIS BIG HOUSE. TOD AND ANNIE -- YOU'VE MADE FOUR PEOPLE - AND JOEY - VERY HAPPY TO-DAY. BEFORE YOU GO, WE MUST HAVE A LITTLE PARTY TO CELEBRATE!



WILD BILL HICKOK and the WAGON TRAIN RAIDERS

By
**BARRY
FORD**



Before the rail-roads had been built across the prairies, wagon trains conveyed merchandise from the Eastern cities and ports to the rapidly growing townships and settlements in the west, and protecting those wagon trains from Redskins rode dashing, daring men. Three of the toughest and most famous of these scouts were; Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro . . .

The Raiding Party

WILD BILL HICKOK, the intrepid frontier marshal of the lightning guns, and his two buddies, Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro, were streaking across the prairie hot on the trail of a wagon train.

All wore perfectly fitting suits of fringed buckskin, and glossy thigh-length cavalry boots decorated with shining golden spurs. Wide-brimmed, off-white sombreros rested jauntily on their heads, and long hair flowed gracefully on to their broad shoulders.

Both Hickok and Cody were big men, six

feet in height, but the Texan was several inches taller, a veritable giant of a man with massive shoulders and a huge muscular chest. He was always smiling and full of fun, and preferred using his fists to his guns. But when he ran into real trouble, his guns were as deadly as those of his two companions.

Wide gunbelts encircled their waists, and suspended from each were two greased, cutaway holsters which cradled their twin six-guns. And from each of their saddle-scabbards protruded the butt of a Winchester repeating rifle.



Gunshots cracked in the distance and Wild Bill pointed across the prairie. "Look, boys. Indians are attacking a wagon train!"

The military had asked the marshal and the two scouts to track down a gang of Indian raiders who, for the past several months, had been making a series of attacks on wagon trains. They had visited the chiefs of the various tribes in the territory, but each one had strongly denied having anything to do with the raids. Wild Bill and his companions had no cause for doubting the Indians, and as they were anxious to get to the bottom of the trouble, they decided to pick up the trail of the next wagon train heading West and escort it as far as Fort Bridger.

As their horses pounded up the side of a hillock the peacefulness of the prairie was suddenly broken by the sharp crack of gunshots.

Topping the rise they saw a long, straggling line of covered wagons being attacked by a war-party of painted Redskins.

"This is it, boys," cried Wild Bill. "Let's go!" And whipping their Colts from their holsters, they tore down towards the wagon train.

With guns blazing, they raced to the rescue of the wagoners who were trying to

fight off the attackers. But as they neared the circle of Indians, one of the warriors suddenly pointed to them, and with a yell wheeled round and raced off. The rest of the party immediately followed and streaked off in a cloud of dust.

"Shucks, I thought we were in for a good scrap," said Texas Jack in a disappointed tone, shoving his guns back into his holsters.

"So did I," said Buffalo Bill. "But one of those bucks evidently recognised us and thought better of it. I'd say they were Kiowas, wouldn't you, Bill?"

"I don't know," said Hickok thoughtfully. "They were wearing Kiowa war-paint all right, but I couldn't be sure."

As they reined in their mounts a pleasant-faced man hailed them.

"You sure came along at the right time, fellows. Why, it's Marshal Hickok, isn't it? And Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack. Well, no wonder the Indians vamoosed! You three famous characters are enough to scare anyone when you start springing into action."

"Glad we were able to get here before the raiders did much damage," returned the marshal. "How many casualties have you?"

"Two dead and one wounded, marshal. The red devils got our scout. And the wagoner they killed had a twelve-year-old son. Sure is tough on the kid. I'm Mart Harvey, captain of this outfit."

"Glad to know you, Harvey," said Cody. "I'm sorry about the boy. How badly is the other wagoner hurt?"

"Shoulder wound. Reckon he'll live," replied the wagon-boss.

"Tex, go and have a look at him," suggested Wild Bill. "Maybe you can extract the bullet—you've had more experience at that sort of thing than most of these wagoners."

"Sure, I'll be glad to help." And the burly Texan swung out of his saddle and strode over to the little group of people who had gathered round the wounded man.

"Where are you heading, Harvey?" asked the marshal.

"California. And I'll be mighty glad when we get there. This train is carrying

some pretty valuable cargo—food supplies, cartridges, and even furniture. We've got a contract with a firm in San Francisco to fill as many orders as they care to give us. We've got one or two consignments through this year, but in the last few months we've run into trouble—met up with raiding parties—Indians, of course, and they've stolen the lot."

"Now what would Indians be doing with furniture?" asked the Chief of Scouts.

"Search me, Mr. Cody. Sell it, I reckon, along with all the other stuff."

"Too bad about your scout, Harvey," said Wild Bill. "But we'll be glad to escort you as far as Fort Bridger. You can pick up an experienced guide from there."

"Why—er—thanks, marshal. The folks will be right glad to know you're riding along with us. And now we'd best be getting under way. I'd like to do another five miles before we camp for the night."

As soon as Texas Jack had removed the bullet from the wagoner's shoulder and bandaged him up, the wagons got rolling. As they were leaving, the Texan dropped a bullet into the marshal's hand.

"Take a look at that, Bill. It's the one I removed from the wagoner's shoulder."

"A .38 bullet from a Navy Colt!" ex-

claimed the marshal in surprise as he examined the cartridge. "Now that's a mighty odd weapon for an Indian to be using!"

"Bill, I've been having a look at the tracks made by the war-party," broke in Cody. "They weren't riding Indian ponies, for every one of their mounts was shod!"

"Shod horses and Navy Colts, eh! Well, boys, it's pretty obvious they weren't Indians attacking this wagon train. But we'll let the wagoners go on thinking they were, for the time being, anyway," said the marshal.

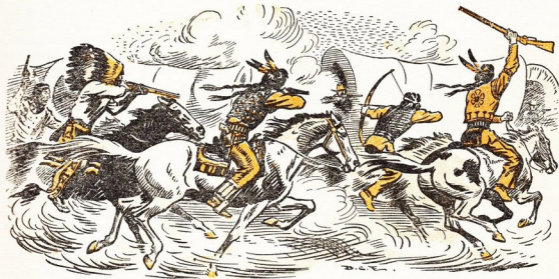
"Looks like we're on to something big," grinned the Texan, who was never happier than when he was in the thick of trouble.

"It sure does, Tex," agreed Buffalo Bill.

The Kidnapping

THE sun was just sinking below the horizon when the wagon train halted for the night. As the lumbering prairie schooners swung into circle formation Wild Bill rode up to Mart Harvey, who was talking to one of the drivers.

"We'll post outguards round the wagons to-night, Harvey. Eight men to each detail—two-hourly watches, starting from seven o'clock. That means all the men will do a spell of guard duty. I'll take over from



Whooping, painted Indians circled the wagon train pouring in a hail of shot and arrows, while the defenders fired back as best they could.

Texas Jack and do the eleven to one o'clock watch. Cody can relieve me."

"That's a wise precaution to take, marshal, with raiding parties in the territory," nodded Harvey. "I'll go and tell the men and detail them off into guards. I'll take the same watch as you. Which one do you want, Lou?" he asked the driver.

"The whole thing seems most unnecessary," snapped the man, glaring at Wild Bill. "Any fool knows Indians don't attack at night. We haven't stood watches before."

"Indians don't as a rule *fight* at night," corrected the marshal quietly. "But they often attack after dark when they want to steal something. And obviously that party this afternoon wanted something. That is why I consider it necessary to keep watch."

"Oh, don't mind Lou," laughed the wagon-master. "He's always got a moan about something."

But Lou Calver only scowled and spat out a stream of tobacco juice to show his contempt for marshals and wagon-masters.

When Wild Bill relieved Texas Jack all was quiet in the camp. Apart from the sentries, everyone was asleep. The marshal



"This bullet is from a .38 Navy Colt," exclaimed Wild Bill Hickok. "That's a mighty odd weapon for an Indian to be carrying!"

settled down against a wagon wheel and lit his pipe. He had ordered the camp fires to be built up to ward off the starving coyotes and to lighten up the camp in case of a night attack. A raiding party could do a lot of damage in the darkness—sentries could be knifed, horses run off or hamstringed, and wagons looted. Hickok was taking no chances.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye he saw someone moving along the ground silently and stealthily on elbows and stomach. Wild Bill's fingers closed round the Winchester lying across his lap as the figure crawled out of the shadows and into the light of the flickering flames.

"Pss, marshal," hissed a boyish voice. "I must speak to you."

And to Hickok's surprise a young boy slithered up alongside him.

"Why, hallo, son. What's wrong?"

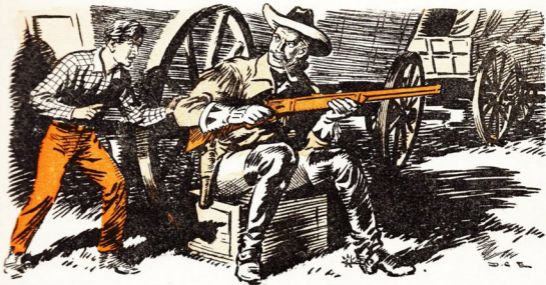
The boy peered nervously about him as though afraid of being overheard, then getting up close to Wild Bill he began to talk in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm Bobby West. My—my Dad was killed to-day in that raid just before you came up. Mr. Hickok, I've got to tell you something important. Those Indians were really white men dressed up. I know, 'cause I got a close look at a couple of them from under the wagon where Dad had told me to hide. I heard one of them shout something in English, too. But I guess nobody else heard it over the noise of the firing—except my Dad, and I reckon he heard it all right."

"I'm very sorry about your father, Bobby," said the marshal gently, laying his arm across the boy's shoulder. "I wish there was something I could do to help you. You're a good and a brave lad to come and tell me about the raiding party, and I'm glad you had sense enough to tell me privately. Actually I knew they weren't Indians, but I want that kept quiet for the time being."

"Mr. Hickok, there *is* something you can do for me. You can get the man who shot my Dad. You see, I know who killed him."

"You do?" said Wild Bill in surprise.



Bobby West made sure no-one could overhear him and then he confided his suspicions to Wild Bill. "Those Indians who attacked us yesterday, Mr. Hickok—they were really white men dressed up!"

But as Bobby leaned forward to whisper in the marshal's ear, a large stone came hurtling out of the darkness and caught him on the side of the head, knocking him senseless.

In an instant the marshal had leapt into the ring of blackness surrounding the camp, but although he peered searchingly into the night, he saw no sign of anyone.

"Who's there?" challenged the gruff voice of Lou Calver as Wild Bill returned to his post.

"Hickok," returned the marshal, and stepped into the circle of light made by the glowing camp fires.

"Anything wrong, marshal?" asked Mart Harvey, leaving his post and hurrying over to Wild Bill.

"Young Bobby West received a blow on the head and was knocked unconscious," replied Hickok, lifting the boy up in his arms. "Where can I take him, Harvey?"

"The poor kid," sympathised the wagon boss. "Take him over to his aunt's wagon. I'll show you where it is. Why would anyone do such a thing? How did it happen? And what was he doing roaming round the camp at this time of night?"

"The lad was upset over his father's

death. I think he wanted to talk to someone about him, sort of unburden himself," replied the marshal.

"It's odd he should talk to you, marshal, a complete stranger. I wish he had come to me. I'm very fond of the boy. But you haven't told me how he got knocked out."

"Someone threw a stone at him. Now will you wake his aunt, Harvey, and explain what's happened," said Hickok as they paused before one of the wagons.

Wild Bill and Mart Harvey left Bobby in the capable hands of his aunt and returned to their guard duty. At the end of his watch the marshal inquired after the boy and his aunt said he was sleeping peacefully. She had bandaged his cut head, and he had gained consciousness a few minutes after the marshal had brought him to the wagon.

As he left the wagon, Wild Bill saw a furtive figure disappear into the shadows, and by the man's outline he could have sworn it was Lou Calver.

Before turning in for a few hours' sleep he told Buffalo Bill about the incident and warned him to keep on the alert.

Cody's watch passed off peacefully enough, but the next morning there was great consternation in the camp. Bobby West had



Wild Bill searched the ring of darkness round the wagon camp for the man who had thrown a stone at Bobby, but he could see and hear nothing.

disappeared. Mart Harvey had gone to inquire about him and had found his aunt bound and gagged in her wagon. By the dull ache in her head she guessed she had been knocked out. The last thing she remembered was looking at her watch at three o'clock in the morning.

Cody gave the marshal a knowing look, and ordered Harvey to assemble the wagoners and have a roll call.

"But, Mr. Cody, surely you don't think one of the wagoners had anything to do with this?" protested the wagon-master. "Why, everyone liked Bobby and his father."

"That may be, but I want a roll call all the same. The sentries saw and heard nothing, so someone in the camp must have taken the boy," returned the scout crisply.

And when the wagoners had assembled and the roll call had been taken it was found that one man was missing. His name was Hank Peters.

"What sort of a man is Peters?" asked the marshal.

"Well, since you've asked, marshal," replied Harvey slowly, "he was sort of a shifty character. Kept to himself a lot.

Offered to join the train as an outrider. He didn't own a wagon. I think the men will tell you he wasn't particularly liked. But I can't understand why he should make off with Bobby. It doesn't make sense."

"Doesn't it, Harvey? I think maybe it does. Well, there's only one thing to do. I'm going after the boy. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack can take you on to Fort Bridger."

As the wagons prepared to move off the marshal had a word with his two pals.

"Bobby was obviously kidnapped because he knows too much," said Wild Bill quietly as he saddled up Gypsy, his sorrel mare. "I have a hunch that by tracking this Hank Peters down I'll find out all we need to know about this gang of wagon raiders."

"Good luck to you, Bill," smiled Cody. "Tex and I will see the train reaches Fort Bridger safely."

"Bill can take the wagons in on his own. Let me come with you, pal," said Texas Jack. "You're sure to run into some trouble, and I'd hate to miss any fights."

"You and your fights," chuckled the lawman. "No, Tex, you stay with Bill. I can do this job better on my own. Tell Bobby's aunt not to worry. Watch out for anything suspicious amongst the men, especially if the raiders strike again. And keep your eye on that driver, Lou Calver. I'll see you at Fort Bridger—if not before. So long, fellows."

The Shack

WILD BILL, who was an expert at tracking, had no trouble in picking up the trail of Hank Peters. For miles he followed his tracks across the prairie to the foothills, and there in a lonely canyon he came upon a little wooden shack.

Leaving Gypsy safely hidden amongst the trees, the marshal crept cautiously up to the cabin. Peering round behind some bushes he was able to look through the dirty, cracked window.

Bobby, with his head bandaged, was sitting on a bunk looking at two men seated at a table. One of them was Hank Peters.

Crouching down, Wild Bill slipped noiselessly over to the window. From his stooped position he was able to hear what Hank was saying.

... and you're to keep the kid here, Gus, until the boss comes for him. See he don't try to run off. I wouldn't put it past him, the little squealer. I'll get on off to the hideout and tell the gang the boss wants them to make another raid on the train to-morrow. And this time they've got to do a good job. Joss must have been screwy to have beaten it jest because those fancy-dressed, long-haired guys happened to ride up at that moment. The gang could have licked them and the wagoners easy. The boss says if they aren't killed in the next raid, then he'll shoot 'em himself. It's jest like Hickok to come buttin' in at the wrong moment. That guy's a menace. Well, I'm on my way, Gus."

"O.K. Hank. Wish the boys luck for me. I'll be seein' you. And don't worry about the kid. He'll be here when the boss turns up."

At that second an icy voice barked out an order.

"Throw up your hands!"

"Mr. Hickok!" cried Bobby, leaping up from the bunk and rushing over to the marshal who stood in the doorway, his silver-and-ivory-butted Colts trained on the two men. "Oh, am I glad you came!"

"Outside, Bobby," ordered Hickok sharply, his eyes never leaving the two men

who had jumped up from their chairs in startled amazement.

Bobby opened his mouth to protest, but thinking better of it, he squeezed past the peace officer and slipped out of the cabin.

"Turn round, you two, and face the wall," snapped Wild Bill. "And keep your hands well up."

"You fool!" muttered Gus, turning towards the wall. "Didn't you cover your tracks? You might have known Hickok would have followed you."

"How was I to know he'd get here so fast?" snarled Hank. And as he turned his hand dropped downward. But even before his gun cleared leather, Hickok's right-hand Colt belched out. And through a haze of blue gunsmoke he saw Hank's knees sag as he sank to the floor.

With an angry oath Gus wheeled round and kicked over the table, drawing his gun as Wild Bill jumped out of the way. But he, too, never had a chance to fire, for the marshal's Colt roared a second time and Gus fell beside his companion.

Wild Bill tossed Hank's and Gus' guns through the window and then called to Bobby.

The boy came rushing into the shack, wide-eyed with excitement.

"I knew you'd get them, marshal, if they



A grim smile wrinkled the tanned face of Wild Bill as he listened outside the shack where Bobby West was held captive. "... It's just like Hickok to come buttin' in at the wrong moment," someone was saying. "That guy's a menace—I shall have to look after him!"

tried any tricks. I was watching from the window. You were great! And thanks for rescuing me."

"O.K., Bobby," smiled the marshal. "Now we've no time to lose, so I want you to help me. Will you run outside and find these men's horses and bring me their lariats?"

"Sure I will, Mr. Hickok." And Bobby dashed outside, only too delighted to help the famous peace officer.

He was back in a couple of minutes with the ropes, and while Wild Bill tied up the wounded, moaning Gus, Bobby told him he had learned where the gang's hideout was.

"In Blue Grass Canyon, eh? Bobby, you're a smart lad, and a great help. That's given me an idea," said Hickok, and going over to the groaning Hank who was clutching his shoulder, Wild Bill pulled him to his feet. "Reckon you're about my height. Take off those boots and jeans," he snapped.



Hickok's eyes never left the two men he was covering with his Colts, but even so one of them was fool enough to go for his gun!

While Hank struggled painfully out of his jeans, moaning all the while about his shoulder, Wild Bill made a hurried search through the shack. He was looking for a shirt, for the one Hank was wearing had a crimson stain on it from his wound and the marshal could not wear that. He eventually found an old faded one on a hook beneath a rain cape.

A few minutes later he had discarded his fringed buckskins and was dressed in Hank's clothes. He slipped on the man's plain leather gunbelt, leaving his own heavily embossed one resting on his suit which he had folded up and laid on the bunk. He shoved his Colts into the holsters, and picking up Hank's battered old hat, rammed it well down on his head.

"You can't leave us here tied up and wounded," protested Hank as Wild Bill deftly bound him up. "We'll die."

"That's what you deserve," retorted Hickok. "But you won't die. A few hours' suffering and inconvenience will do you and your friend here a power of good."

"But what about food?" wailed Gus.

"A few hours without that won't hurt you either," said Wild Bill. "Don't worry, I'll be back to get you. Come on, Bobby, let's leave these two to get on with their punishment."

Bobby climbed aboard Gus' horse and he and the marshal set off down the canyon. Wild Bill had thought of a daring plan. It was a risky one, and he was taking his life in his own hands. But he gave no thought to his own safety. His job was to catch the raiders, and catch them he would, no matter what the risk.

"Bobby, I've got to persuade the gang that I'm one of them," he explained. "I'm pretty sure I can pull it off. Now I want you to help by acting as though you were scared of me. If anyone asks you, I kidnaped you from the train, not Hank. But outside of that you don't know a thing, except that I'm an outlaw and my name is Randy Jones. Can you remember that? Don't be surprised at anything I may say or do. And now we're away from the shack, suppose you tell me who killed your father."

And manfully blinking back the sudden

tears that sprang into his eyes at the mention of his father, Bobby West told the marshal who had killed Mr. West.

The Raiders' Hideout

As Wild Bill and Bobby reached Blue Grass Canyon they were hailed by a gruff voice coming from some boulders thirty feet above them.

"Strangers ain't welcome here. This is private property, so keep movin', mister, while you've got the chance."

The marshal looked up and saw an ugly man with a face like an ape, and a shock of flaming red hair, leering down at him. The man was partly concealed by a large rock on which he rested his carbine.

"I ain't exactly a stranger," called up Hickok in a rough, harsh voice. "The boss sent me. I've gotta see Joss."

"Who's the kid?" asked the man suspiciously.

"If you and the rest of the boys had finished your job properly, and hadn't beaten it like a lot of scared rats, you'd know who this kid is," retorted Wild Bill. "Go tell Joss I'm here. Hank's been hurt, and the boss sent me in his place."

"Ain't never seen you before," hesitated the man.

"If you don't quit arguin', chances are you won't ever be seein' me again," snapped Hickok, slapping his hand down on his holster.

"Hey, cut out them threats," growled the man. "And don't you be forgettin' I've got a rifle up here. O.K., I'll tell Joss you're here." The man turned away from the boulder. "Willie," he yelled. "Come and take over here. There's a guy and a kid below who want to see Joss. Keep 'em covered till I get back."

"O.K., Red." And another unpleasant-looking character thrust his head out.

"Hey, you down there!" he bellowed. "Scram while you've got the chance. Strangers don't never leave Blue Grass Canyon alive."

"Yeah? Well, this one's goin' to," called up Wild Bill. Turning to the boy, he said softly: "Don't worry, Bobby, everything's going to be all right. And remember, I'm Randy, and a bully, and you're scared of me."

"I'll remember—Randy," grinned the boy. "We'll lick this gang all right. You sure are brave, though, to walk into the raiders' hideout on your own. You and my Dad would have got along just fine. He was a brave man, too."



As Hank staggered back, his knees sagging, Gus kicked the table towards Wild Bill and drew his gun. It had barely left the holster before the marshal's Colt spoke a second time . . . !

"I'm sure he was, Bobby, and his son is just like him," returned the marshal in a gentle voice.

"What are you two yappin' about down there?" called down the sentry. "Tryin' to make up yer minds to get movin' before it's too late? Waal, it is too late. Here comes Red back again with an armed escort."

Red, accompanied by two rough-looking individuals, rode down the canyon towards Wild Bill and Bobby. Each man held his rifle at the ready.

"Put yer hands up!" snapped Red. "Joss says to relieve you of them guns of yours jest to make sure you don't try to pull any fast ones."

"Sure, I understand," said the marshal, raising his hands. "But Joss needn't be afraid. If there's any shootin' to be done, I'll save it for the wagon train."

Relieved of his Colts and Winchester, Wild Bill and the boy were led through the canyon. It opened out into a small, sheltered valley surrounded by grim, barren-looking mountains. The raiders' camp had

a permanent air about it for the men had built several fair-sized wooden shacks.

A short, squatty man with a swarthy complexion and greasy black hair came out of one of the shacks just as Hickok was told to dismount.

"Here he is, Joss," announced Red. "And the kid."

Joss stared hard at Hickok, but no sign of recognition shone in his eyes. The marshal breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't know you. Who are you?" the man barked.

"Name's Randy Jones. Hank got hurt—his hoss tripped in a gopher hole and threw him. His leg's broke," explained Wild Bill. "I joined the wagon train as an outrider south of Fort Leavenworth. Was on the run for shootin' a couple of sheriffs. I'd met Hank in St. Louis, and he told me the boss could always use a good man. When Hank broke his leg someone had to kidnap this kid, and deliver a message to you from the boss—so here I am."

"Why the kid?" asked Joss, his eyes narrowed to slits as he continued to stare at Hickok.

The marshal stuck his thumbs in his belt and rocked back on his heels.

"He's Jack West's son, Joss. And he knows too much. The boss couldn't risk him squealin' on us. We caught the little rat jest in time. He was about to tell that durned interferin' Hickok guy who shot his old man. But the boss knocked him out jest in time."

"Sure I'm Bobby West," broke in the boy. "And I'll tell Marshal Hickok everything just the first chance I get. You're all a bunch of murderers."

"Shut up!" roared Wild Bill, jerking up his arm as though to strike Bobby across the face with the back of his hand.

The boy flinched and sprang back as though avoiding the blow. He was playing his part well.

"O.K., Randy, you're one of us," said Joss. "Jest couldn't take any chances or you're bein' a fake, you understand."

"Sure, sure. You did the right thing, Joss. Now here's the boss' plan for the next raid. We're to strike to-morrow



Wild Bill and Bobby rode through the canyon towards the crooks' hideout.

afternoon, and this time he wants the job done properly. He'll handle Hickok and his two pals if we miss 'em. He sure was fumin' to think you turned tail and beat it yesterday. What made you do it?"

"One of the boys spotted Cody, Hickok, and Texas Jack, and knowin' how good they are with their guns, he got panicky and yelled an order to beat it. In the confusion the boys thought I had given the order and first thing I knew they were fleecin' for their lives. So, of course, I had to join 'em."

"And what happened to the guy?"

"I shot him, Randy. Can't have anyone round me who has a yellin' streak."

"You did jest what the boss would have done, Joss. Here's where he wants us to attack." And reaching out his hand, Hickok coolly removed a knife from the sheath hanging from Joss' waist. Ignoring the startled glance the man gave him, he stepped over to the door of the shack and confidently scratched out a rough map. "This is the spot," he said, making an "X" on the door. "O.K.?"

"O.K. But what about the kid?"

"The boss wants to deal with him personally," said Wild Bill. "He wants him to ride down with us, but jest before we attack one of the boys is to keep him here," and the marshal scratched another "X" on the door. "We don't want the kid to be spotted by any of the wagoners, and the boss stressed the point that he wanted him kept alive. Your knife, Joss. Thanks." And Hickok handed back the weapon.

"All right, Randy. Now you go get somethin' to eat. Oh, Red," he yelled. "Give Randy back his guns."

"I still don't trust this guy!" snarled Red, thrusting out his jaw. "There's somethin' about him that don't ring true to me. I think he's a fake."

"Mebbe this'll convince you that I'm not." And the marshal's balled fist suddenly shot out and smashed against the side of Red's jaw. The man staggered backwards under the force of the blow, but Wild Bill was on him in an instant. Gripping him by his shirt front, he drove his fist hard against the side of Red's head, and then jumped nimbly back as Red hit back.



A look-out on the rocky face of the canyon hailed Wild Bill and Bobby. "Strangers ain't welcome," said the man. "Get moving, mister, while you've got the chance!"

Snorting like an enraged bull the burly man lashed out at Hickok and dealt him a staggering blow. The next second they were on the ground, rolling about, giving and taking blows. They were evenly matched for strength and the fight went on steadily for several minutes.

And then Wild Bill rolled on top of Red, cinched his waist tightly with his knees and drove home a terrific pile-driving blow straight to Red's jaw. The man's eyes turned up in a glassy stare and his body went limp.

The marshal got to his feet and, drawing his sleeve across his face, brushed away a trickle of blood from his cut lip. His face was bruised and one eye was discoloured.

Red stirred, and with a groan got up on one elbow. His eye was cut, his nose was bleeding, and his jaw was swelling visibly. There was no doubt in the minds of the raiders as to whom had taken the worst beating.

"I'll take my guns now, Red!" rasped Hickok.

Red raised his battered face. "They're over there on the step. And Randy, you'll do. That long hair of yours fooled me for a minute, but you're the first guy who's ever beaten me."

With a wink at Bobby, who had watched the fight with an anxious, strained face, Wild Bill picked up his Colts and casually dropped them into his holsters.



Bill drew a map on the door with the point of a knife. "Here's where the boss wants us to attack," he said.

The Attack

THE following afternoon Buffalo Bill Cody was riding ahead of the wagon train, scouting the way. The prairie was narrowing down and as he looked over towards the foothills he saw a dust cloud which had not been there a few minutes previously.

A glance through his field glasses showed that the moving dust cloud was a war-party of Indians. In an instant he had wheeled his snow-white mare, Whirlwind, round and was racing back towards the wagons, waving his right arm from side to side as a warning signal.

Texas Jack picked up the signal immediately and shouted orders for the wagons to swing into circle formation.

"Indians—a large party," said Cody, reining in beside the Texan. "But they're too far off to tell whether they're real or fake. But whatever they are, we'll let 'em have it."

"Sure thing, Bill," grinned Texas Jack. "Here comes Harvey. He's looking kind of worried."

"Another Redskin attack, Mr. Cody?" asked the wagon-master, glancing over in the direction of the growing cloud of dust.

"Afraid so, Harvey. But this time we've a chance to be ready for them. See that all the women and children are either lying flat in their wagons, or underneath them. I don't want any of them exposed. Tex, get all the horses in the centre of the circle. I'll place the men in the best positions."

"Sure glad you're with us, Mr. Cody," called Harvey as he hurried off.

Within a few minutes the wagoners were ready and waiting. There was silence round the wide circle, broken only by an occasional nervous snort of a horse who sensed the impending danger.

With rifles cradled against their cheeks, the men—outwardly calm—waited for the hideously painted war-party who were streaking towards them. The cries of the Indians grew louder. They greatly outnumbered the wagoners.

"Hold your fire, men," warned Cody. "When I give the word, make every shot count."

The men tightened their grips on their rifles. Their fingers curled round the triggers. They held their breath as they waited for the scout's order. Everyone seemed glad of Cody's calm presence, except Lou Calver, whose manner was positively hostile towards the scout.

The earth shook with the pounding of hoofs as the Indians came nearer and nearer, their war-paint and rifles gleaming in the afternoon sun.

"Fire!" yelled Buffalo Bill.

And the fight was on. The prairie vibrated with the crack of gunshots as wagoners and Indians alike blazed away, sending volley after volley of withering fire into each other's ranks.

The Indians circled round and round the wagons. One of them dropped over the side of his mount and dropped to the ground near one of the wagon wheels. Rapidly he crawled over to where Texas Jack was firing. The Texan saw him coming and swung his rifle round. But as he fired the Indian rolled quickly out of the way.

"Hey, take it easy, Tex," called a familiar voice. And to the Texan's surprise he found himself looking down into the painted face of Wild Bill Hickok.

"Bill! Good grief! I might have killed you!"

"Keep firing, Tex," urged the marshal, hastily snatching off his headdress. "We're outnumbered by a gang of desperate outlaws, but we simply can't let 'em beat us. Where's Bill?"

But even as he asked the question he saw the scout.

Cody was down on one knee, firing. And behind him, his revolver pointing straight at the back of Buffalo Bill's head, was Mark Harvey, the wagon-master.

Quicker than a flash of summer lightning, Wild Bill's hand dived under his Indian shirt and came up with a blazing Colt. As the powder smoke cleared away he saw Harvey pitch forward, his gun dropping from his grip.

The marshal reached the wagon-master's side just as Cody looked round.

"Bill!" exclaimed the scout. "I didn't think you'd be with this party."

The peace officer reached down, and picking up Harvey's gun handed it to Cody.

"A .38 Navy Colt! So Harvey was in with these raiders."

"More than just in, Bill. He was their leader. He was about to shoot you in the back when I downed him. Well, he's out of the fight now," said Wild Bill, glancing down at the moaning Harvey. "But we're not. I'll explain everything later, Bill. Let's get on with the scrap."

The raiders were determined to make the wagoners give in and a fierce fight ensued. Texas Jack grabbed a couple of men off their horses as they raced by, and knocked them out with his great fists.

Buffalo Bill had some hand-to-hand fights with men who tried to jump him. And all the time the wagoners kept firing.

Wild Bill seemed everywhere at once, encouraging the men, and using both his fists and his guns. He passed the word round about the raiders, and the wagoners fought on even more desperately.

But in spite of their heroic efforts, things began to look bad for the wagoners. Although many of the raiders had been killed, and the wagoners' losses were comparatively slight, the raiders still outnumbered them.

Once or twice the marshal looked across



Red still suspected Bill was a fake. "Maybe this will convince you," snapped the marshal, and gripping him by the shirt-front he drove his fist hard against Red's head.

the prairie, but there was nothing to be seen but the rolling grassland.

Grimly the men held on, firing until their rifles became red hot. Some of the raiders continued to circle and charge, while the rest fired from behind their dead horses.

And then at last over a distant knoll appeared a column of blue-coated cavalry. With guidons flying and bugles blowing, they charged down on the wagons, picking off the men they believed to be Indians.

Within a matter of minutes the fight had ended. Those of the raiders who were still alive threw up their hands in surrender.

The cavalry officer was somewhat startled when a battle-bruised, war-painted marshal and two dishevelled scouts stepped up to him.

"Good heavens! Hickok, Cody and Omohundro!" he exclaimed.

The marshal grinned.

"Sure glad you got here, Mike. I was beginning to think your patrol would never come. Those 'Indians' your men are

rounding up happen to be white men. They're the gang of raiders who have been terrorising the plains and attacking wagon trains."

"Well, I'm blessed! So you three have done it again! I heard you'd been given the job of rounding up the raiders. Congratulations," smiled Captain Michael Forrester.

Yes, the three Cavaliers of the Plains had done it again. But it was little Bobby West who had given the marshal all the information he needed to capture the gang.

Mart Harvey was ruthlessly clever. He gathered together a large gang of men, and then got a job as wagon-master to trains carrying valuable consignments out West. His gang then attacked the trains and stole the goods—which after a time Harvey sold.

He was careful not to have a raid on every trip, but the San Francisco Company who always placed the orders for the goods, grew a little suspicious over so many hold-ups, and hired a detective to investigate.

That detective was Jack West, Bobby's father. He did a couple of trips with Harvey and managed to gather a lot of evidence against him. West was challenging him when Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack arrived on the scene of the raid. But Harvey shot him just as they rode up.

Harvey's gang might still have won if the cavalry had not shown up when they did. But the marshal was taking no chances. He knew a cavalry patrol was due in that vicinity that afternoon, and that was the reason he had chosen that particular spot for the attack.

As Texas Jack went racing across the prairie to get Bobby, Captain Forrester detailed four troopers to ride back and collect Hank and Gus.

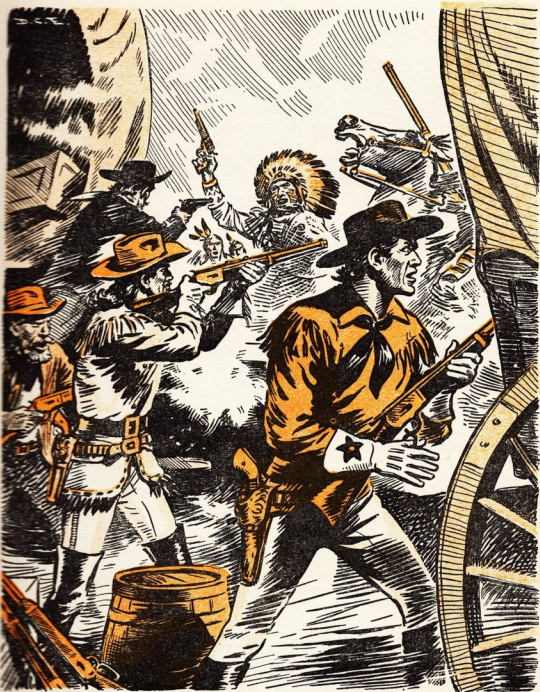
The wagoners stood by cheering wildly as the wounded prisoners were put in wagons, and the rest tied to their horses.

Hickok and Cody were thumped heartily on the back, and were showered with praise and thanks. Even Lou Calver shuffled up and in his terse, rude manner gruffly congratulated them.

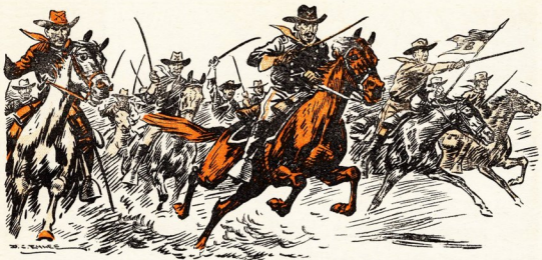
(Continued on page 48.)



Scouting ahead of the wagon train Buffalo Bill noticed a dust cloud among the foothills. A war-party of Indians!



The prairie vibrated with the crack of gunshots as wagoners and Indians blazed at each other. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack made every bullet count, but they were heavily outnumbered.



Captain Forrester and his cavalry rode hard to reach the beleaguered wagoners before the raiders overran the camp.

(Continued from page 46.)

There was more cheering when Tex returned with Bobby. And as his aunt clasped the brave boy in her arms, Captain Forrester gave the order for the wagons to start rolling.

Several hours later the wagon train reached Fort Bridger, and riding proudly at its head, escorted by a cavalry officer and the three dashing heroes of the golden frontier, was Bobby West.

As Captain Forrester pointed out when the three men tried to duck away from the hero-worshipping, cheering settlers, more was at stake than just unmasking a renegade white like Mart Harvey had turned out to be.

By disguising his men as Red Indians, Harvey had been making sure that the blame for his raids on the wagon trains would be fairly and squarely placed on the shoulders of the local Indian tribes.

This had caused the white settlers to form an unjust opinion about the tribes who lived near them. Indeed, some whites had gone so far as to retaliate against the red men whom they believed were the cause of the trouble. Actually the Red Indians in that part of the West were not of a very warlike

nature, and before this series of wagon-train raids had seemed willing to co-operate with the white men, and it was the settlers who had broken off peace negotiations because they had wrongly blamed the red men for Harvey's raids.

A few more months of this and there would have been an all-out war between the tribes and the settlers, and Captain Forrester was of the opinion that that was one of Harvey's objectives.

Under cover of an active war the callous renegade could have extended his activities and made a huge profit by playing off one side against the other.

Yes, it was a war to the death that had been so narrowly averted, and Wild Bill Hickok rode with Captain Forrester on the following day to make a peace-offering to the local chiefs and to explain what had been happening.

And Bobby was happier now and proud of the memory of his brave father who had died doing his duty to preserve peace in the Wild West.

With the help of Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, Bobby had avenged his father's death, and finished the job Jack West had set out to do.

THE END

SAILOR BOY JACK & TOM, HIS CAT.



THE AMAZING STORY OF A SAILOR AND HIS PET CAT WHO SAILED IN THE GOOD SHIP "DAISY MAY." ONE DAY IN A STORM THEY WERE CAUGHT UP IN A GIANT WATERSPOUT AND CARRIED OFF THEIR COURSE...



FI TISH! WE ARE BEING CARRIED AWAY FROM THE STORM CAPTAIN!

JACK AND THE OTHERS WERE LASHED TO THE MAST FOR SAFETY. SUDDENLY JACK SPOTS SOMETHING!



GOSH! LOOK DOWN THERE! IT'S AN ISLAND LADS!

AND JACK WAS RIGHT - THEY WERE HEADING FOR A FANTASTIC TROPICAL ISLAND!



WE'VE LANDED CAPTAIN! WE'RE AGROUND AT LAST!

AND ZITHERS! LOOK WHO'S HERE TO GREET US!



DON'T BE CROSS
O PEOPLE OF
THE PUSSY SHIP.
WE ARE YOUR
FRIENDS AND
WE WELCOME
YOU TO JOIN
OUR FEASTING
AND DANCING!



SEEING THAT THE
NATIVES WERE
FRIENDLY AND
THAT AN EXPLAN-
ATION WOULD BE
MADE IN DUE
COURSE, JACK AND
HIS SHIPMATES
WERE LED TO THE
GREAT PALACE OF
ITCHIECOO!



WELCOME TO MY
HUMBLE HOME, O
GREAT MEN!

THE KING OF WONGA-WONGA,
WHO WAS CALLED ATTABOY, BADE
THEM SIT NEAR HIS THRONE!



-- I HAVE SOMETHING TO
TELL YOU CONCERNING
THE GREAT GOD MOGGIE
THAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT
WITH YOU --

--- FOR HUNDREDS OF
YEARS WE HAVE BEEN OVER-
RUN BY HORDES OF RATS
AND IT IS WRITTEN THAT
ONE DAY A GOD IN THE
SHAPE OF A CAT WILL COME
AND ---



EAT UP EVERY RAT THEN
MY PEOPLE NEED NOT
LIVE IN FEAR OF THE
NIGHTS ANYMORE!



THEN THE KING SAT DOWN
AND THE CAPTAIN SPOKE!

JACK LAD, WHY NOT LET KING
ATTABOY HAVE YOUR CAT ---
JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE, EH?
HE MIGHT MAKE YOU RICH
YKNOW!



YOUR MAJESTY, THE CAT WE
BROUGHT IS BUT A FRIEND,
HE IS NOT THE GREAT GOD
MOGGIE!



-- BUT YOU MAY KEEP HIM HERE
UNTIL HE HAS CLEARED YOUR
HOMES OF RATS AND THEN
HE MUST RETURN WITH US
TO THE SHIP!



OH! GODDY! GODDY! THANKYOU!
WE WILL CELEBRATE WITH A DANCE
AND A HUGE FEAST
ESPECIALLY FOR TOM!



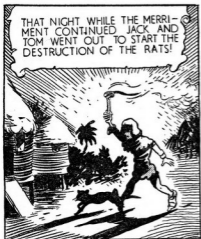
AND SO THE CELEBRATIONS BEGAN!

DOES YOU LIKE
DA GOGGIE BOGGIE
DANCE, CAPTAIN?

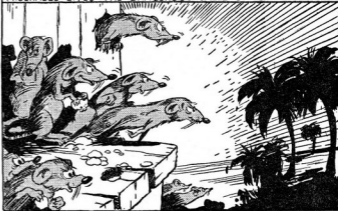
NOW
WE SHALL
ALWAYS BE
TOGETHER
TOM!



THAT NIGHT WHILE THE MERRI-
MENT CONTINUED JACK AND
TOM WENT OUT TO START THE
DESTRUCTION OF THE RATS!



-AND THE RATS SMELT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR
MISERABLE LIVES THE DANGEROUS SMELL OF CAT!



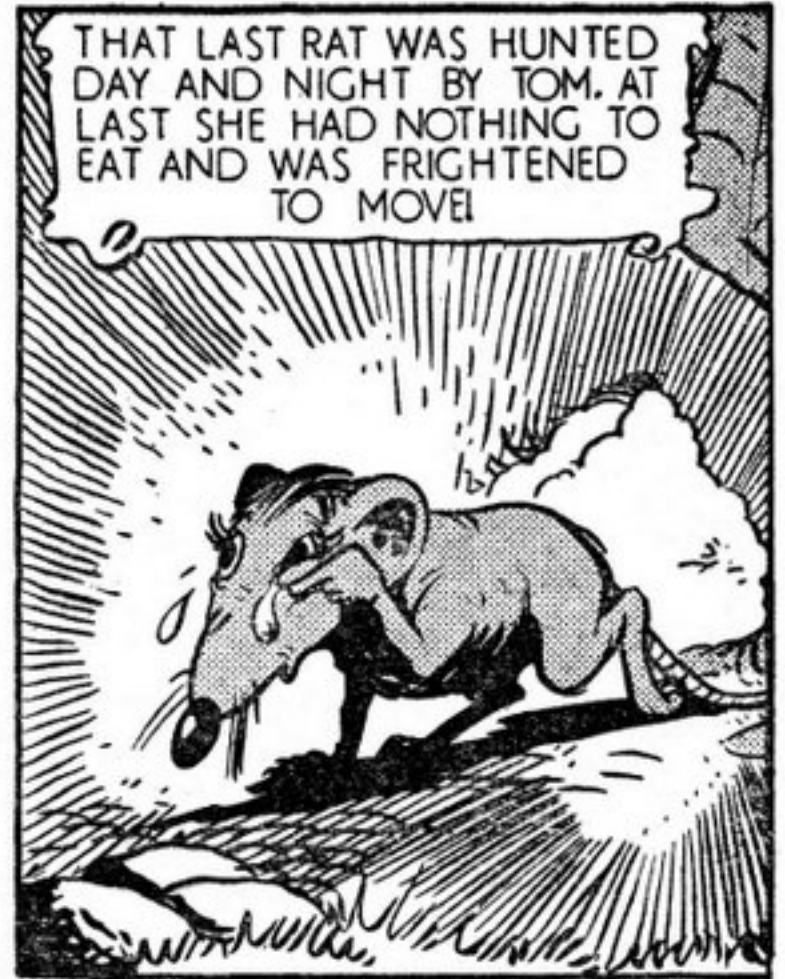
TOM SPAT AND MADE A LOT OF
FUSS - BUT JACK WAS A
LITTLE SCARED



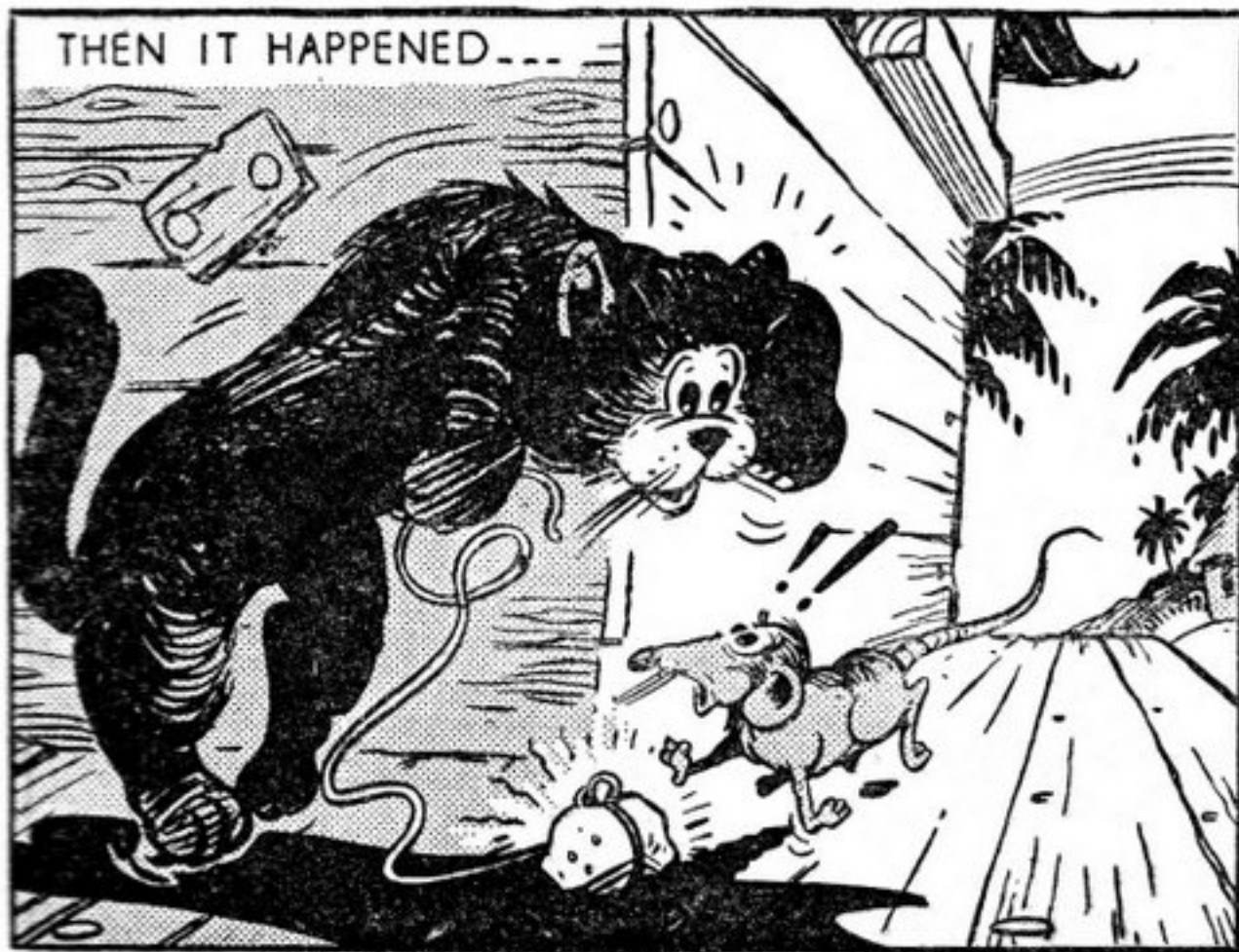
- WITHIN SECONDS TOM WAS ON THE CHASE!
HE SCATTERED THE RATS IN ALL DIRECTIONS!



-AND SO IT WAS THAT EACH NIGHT AS DUSK FELL TOM AND JACK WOULD GO OUT AND CHASE THE RATS
 THIS WENT ON FOR A WHOLE MONTH UNTIL AT LAST THERE WAS ONLY A BABY RAT LEFT.
 TRY AS HE MIGHT TOM COULD NOT CATCH THAT ONE



HOW COULD TOM AND JACK TRAP THAT LAST LONELY RAT? THEY TRIED AND FAILED WITH NEARLY EVERYTHING THEY KNEW AND THEN JACK SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF "CHEESE" WOULD THAT DO THE TRICK?



SO HE CARRIED HER BACK TO JACK!

WELL! WELL! YOU OLD SOFTIE TOM! SO YOU WANT TO LET HER FREE, EH?



JACK AND TOM TOOK THE LITTLE RAT TO THE KING!

PRAY YOUR MAJESTY! WE HAVE CAUGHT THE LAST RAT! BUT SHE IS SO SMALL AND HARMLESS WE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE HER BACK TO ENGLAND WITH US AS OUR PET!



WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN JACK. YOU CAN HAVE HER AS A PRESENT FROM THE PEOPLE OF WONGA WONGA.



-AND FURTHER MORE I SHALL BUY THE CAPTAINS CARGO SO THAT YOU CAN RETURN TO ENGLAND. AND YOU SHALL HAVE SIX HUNDRED BAGS OF GOLD AS A SLIGHT REWARD!

ZITHERS!



OH DEAR! POOR LAD! HE'S FAINTED!



JACK SOON CAME ROUND AND TOLD THE OTHERS OF THEIR GOOD FORTUNE!



LOWER IT CAREFULLY LADS. THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM ABOARD!



-AND SO ON A BRIGHT, SUNNY, MORNING THE "DAISY MAY" SAILED AWAY AND JACK AND TOM WAVED GOOD-BYE TO THE PEOPLE OF WONGA WONGA!



BRAVO, BUNTER!

A MERRY TALE OF THE FAMOUS FAT
SCHOOLBOY OF GREYFRIARS

By FRANK RICHARDS



Bunter's Bright Idea

"YOU'RE the best footballer in the Remove, Wharton," said Billy Bunter.

"Eh?"

"The best kick at goal we've got——"

"What?"

"Mind, I mean it," said Billy Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles, while Harry Wharton stared at him in astonishment. "The other fellows ain't even also rans, compared with you."

"You fat ass!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"What are you buttering me for, you howling duffer?"

"I ain't buttering you, old chap," said Bunter. "Nothing of the kind. I've always admired your football. Smithy thinks a lot of himself, but he ain't in your street. Bob Cherry couldn't kick a goal like you to save his wife—I mean to save his life. When it comes to Soccer, you've always got your shooting boots on. You're the goods, old fellow."

"Is that the lot?"

"I mean it, every word, old chap," asserted Bunter. "I ain't pulling your leg just because I want you to do something for me——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I just couldn't tell you how much I admire your Soccer," said Bunter. "You're the best kick at goal at Greyfriars. You could land a ball anywhere you liked. You could land it on a beak's nut just as easily as in goal——"

"Wha-a-t?"

"That's why I've come to you," explained Billy Bunter. "I haven't asked Smithy, and he didn't say it was too risky. I've come to you because you're the best shot in the Remove. See? Fancy Quelch getting a muddy football right on the boko, what? He, he, he!"

"Oh, my hat! I'd rather fancy it than do it, you fat fathead," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Go to sleep and dream again."

"It's easy—for a splendid shot at goal like you!" urged Bunter. "You being such a first-class shot at goal——"

"Speech taken as read."

"Quelch is in the Head's garden now," went on Bunter. "You know he takes a walk there after class. He'd never see you over the wall. But you can see the top of his head. You kick the ball from the quad——"

"Do I?" grinned the captain of the Remove.

"You do, old fellow! You get Quelch on the crumpet, and bolt! He'll never begin

to know who did it. And when he gets it, perhaps he'll be sorry for making out that I was asleep in class, and giving me a hundred lines," said Bunter, knitting his fat brows. "You can get him on the coker-nut with a Soccer ball——"

"I don't think!"

"I've got the ball ready," urged Bunter. "I've bagged that old footer from Bob's study, and I've put it there ready. It's all muddy from a puddle—just right for Quelch. All you've got to do is land it on his top-knot——"

"Fathead!"

"Just one kick—easy as winking for you, old fellow. 'Tain't much to ask a pal," said Bunter warmly.

"Better cut off and ask a pal, then," suggested Harry Wharton.

"Beast! I—I mean, look here, dear old chap, it's as safe as houses, and I only want you to put in just one kick——"

"You want me to put in one kick?"

"One will do the trick, of course," said Bunter. "That's all I want from you—just one kick——"

"Here goes, then!"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, as the captain of the Remove suddenly grasped him by the collar and spun him round. "Wharrer you up to? Leggo my neck! I say—wow—leggo—yaroooh!"

"Thud!"

"Whooo-hoop!" roared Bunter, as a foot landed on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars. "Wow! Wharrer you kicking me for, you beast?"

"Didn't you ask for it?"

"Wow! Beast!"

"Didn't you say you wanted just one kick from me——"

"Wow!"

"There's another coming——"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter dodged away in haste, without waiting for the other that was coming.

And Harry Wharton, hoping that his reception of Bunter's bright idea had banished that bright idea from the fat Owl's fat and fatuous mind, went on his way, and forgot Bunter's fat existence.

"Beast!" murmured Billy Bunter.

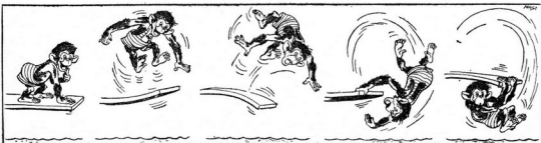
The fat Owl stood in the quad, near the wall of the headmaster's garden, blinking at that wall through his big spectacles, and frowning morosely. At his feet was a rather old and considerably muddy Soccer ball.

On the other side of that wall Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was taking his walk after class, as he often did in the afternoon.

Quelch was long and lean, and Bunter could see the top of his head over the wall. He had quite a good view of a mortar-board, as Quelch paced the garden path. Bunter was short and fat, and invisible from the other side of the wall.

If only Billy Bunter could have shot a goal like Harry Wharton, or Smithy, or Bob Cherry, he could have landed that muddy ball on Quelch's "top-knot," much to the surprise of the Remove master—and bolted for safety before Quelch had a chance of spotting the goal-getter. But Billy Bunter was no goal-getter.

Nevertheless, he was going to try it on, since no help was to be had from better shots. He had asked Smithy, who liked the idea but thought it too risky; he had asked Bob Cherry, who told him not to be an ass, and Peter Todd, who told him not to be an idiot: good advice, but of no use to Bunter.





"I say—wow—yaroooh! Warrer you kicking me for, you beast, Wharton?"

Finally, he had asked Harry Wharton, who had delivered a kick, it was true, but not as desired by the fat Owl. And it was borne in upon Bunter's fat mind that if anybody was going to land that ball on Quelch's napper, it had to be William George Bunter himself. And, satisfied that, whether successful or not, it was as safe as houses, the fat Owl prepared to take his shot over the garden wall.

He placed the ball carefully for the kick. He blinked at the wall and at the mortar-board visible beyond it. He calculated carefully. Then he gave a cautious blink round to ascertain that no one was watching him.

Visibility was not good to Bunter, even with the aid of his big spectacles. The coast was clear, so far as he could see. He did not observe Loder of the Sixth leaning on one of the old elms at a distance. Loder was staring towards him, wondering what the fat junior was up to. Undoubtedly he observed Bunter—but Bunter did not observe him, so he had no doubt that the coast was clear, and that everything was as right as right could be.

Having satisfied himself upon this important point, Bunter proceeded to take the kick. Quelch, on the inner side of the wall, was pacing in a leisurely way, his mortar-board in view all the time: still, it required some care and calculation to hit him.

Bunter calculated with care: and finally, shot out his foot. It was quite a hefty kick, and the ball shot away like a bullet.

Why, instead of shooting over the wall and landing on Quelch's top-knot it shot away at right angles, Bunter did not know. A Soccer ball was liable to act in that odd way when Bunter kicked it.

Certainly, it did not go over the wall. There was no sign or sound from the Remove master pacing in the Head's garden.

"Blow!" hissed Bunter.

For a moment he wondered where the ball had gone. But only for a moment. The next, a frantic yell from a Sixth Form man leaning on a tree at a little distance apprised him that somebody had got it, if not Quelch.

"Ooooooh!" came a spluttering howl from Loder of the Sixth.

Bunter spun round.

His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the sight of a Sixth Form prefect staggering, and clawing at mud on his face.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter.

It was his first intimation that somebody else was on the spot! It was perhaps fortunate for Bunter that he had not "got" Quelch, right under the eyes of a Sixth Form prefect, whose duty it would have been to report him. But it was very unfortunate that he had "got" Loder. Had he aimed at Loder he might possibly have hit Quelch—he had aimed at Quelch, and undoubtedly he had hit Loder! The muddy ball had plumped fairly into the prefect's face—and that face, where it was not black with mud, was red with fury.

"You young rascal!" roared Loder.

He made a rush.

There was no escape for Bunter. He might have escaped after getting Quelch: but he had no chance of escaping after getting Gerald Loder. He squeaked with apprehension as the prefect's grasp closed on him.

"I—I—I say, Loder, I—I didn't—I—I wasn't—wow! Stop smacking my head, will you? Wow! Ooooh! I say, I never meant—wow! I didn't mean—yoo-hooop! Will you stop smacking my head? Oh, crikey! Yaroooop!"

Had Loder had his official ashplant with

him, no doubt he would have given Bunter "six" with the same. But his ashplant was in his study, and he smacked instead. Loder seemed quite excited, which was perhaps not surprising after receiving a muddy football fairly in the middle of his countenance. He smacked and smacked: and Bunter yelled and yelled.

"Ow! Wow! Will you stoppit! I never meant—ow!—wow! I didn't want never—wow! I tell you I—whooo-hoop!

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow! Woooogh!"

"There!" gasped Loder at last, rather breathless from his exertions. "That'll teach you not to buzz a footer at a Sixth Form man, you young rascal."

"Ow! Wow! Wow!"

Loder strode away, heading for the House, for a wash—which he needed. Billy Bunter was left wriggling and yowing and wowing, as he rubbed his fat head. For a good ten minutes he forgot all about Quelch and his bright idea of using his Form-master's napper as a goal.

BILLY BUNTER'S eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. On the other side of the wall a mortar-board had become motionless. Quelch, who had been pacing the garden path, had come to a halt. No doubt he was speaking to someone else in the garden whom Bunter could not see. At all events, he was at a standstill. This was a chance not to be lost. It was, as it were, a shot at a sitting bird. Bunter grabbed the Soccer ball and got on with it.

He had collected a considerable number of aches and pains from Loder's hefty smacks. That made him all the keener to "get" Quelch, if he could! And now that Quelch was standing still, Bunter fancied that he could. And this time he was safe from observation. Loder was gone—no doubt busy with soap and water in the House at that moment. There was no one else at hand. All was clear for the fat avenger.

He placed the ball carefully. He blinked at the mortar-board over the wall. And once more he kicked.

This time he had better luck. The ball

did not shoot off at right angles as before. It rose into the air, and shot over the wall into the Head's garden. Bunter's eyes, and spectacles, followed it as it flew.

Crash!

"Oh!" came a startled ejaculation.

"Goodness gracious—Dr. Locke—my dear sir——!" came another startled voice.

Billy Bunter stood for a moment petrified.

He had landed a goal—another unexpected one. Quelch had been speaking to somebody—that was why he had stopped in his walk. Evidently it was Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars! The whizzing Soccer ball had not landed on Quelch. It had missed Quelch and landed on the Head.

"Oooh!" gasped the terrified Owl.

For one moment he stood petrified and paralysed. Then he flew. By the time Quelch looked over the wall to discover who had landed a Soccer ball on the head-master of Greyfriars School, William George Bunter had vanished into space.

"BUNTER!"

"Yes, sir!" mumbled Bunter.

Why Mr. Quelch had sent for him to his study Bunter did not know. It couldn't be about the incident of the Soccer ball. He was sure of that.

It was an hour since Bunter's exploit. All Greyfriars knew that somebody had "buzzed" a footer at the head of Dr. Locke, and there was tremendous excitement on the subject. That reckless goal-getter was booked for a dire flogging if discovered. But no one knew who it was. Billy Bunter was not likely to say anything on the subject. And if the fellows he had asked to take that pot-shot suspected Bunter, they were not likely to say anything, either. And no one had seen him—that was assured.

So the happy fat Owl was feeling quite safe. He was sorry that he had "got" the Head instead of Quelch. But that, after all, did not matter very much, so long as he was quite, quite safe. So when he was called into his Form-master's study he did not expect to hear about that Soccer ball, but only wondered what was wrong.

"I have sent for you, Bunter——" began Mr. Quelch sternly.



A spluttering howl from Loder of the Sixth told Bunter that he had scored a hit with the muddy football—though not on the target he had been aiming at!

"If—if it's about a pie, sir——"

"A pie!" repeated Mr. Quelch blankly.

"Yes, sir—if it's about a pie, it wasn't me—I haven't been anywhere near Coker's study, sir——"

"It is not about a pie, Bunter."

"Oh! If—if it's the cake, sir, I never had it. I never knew that the matron had a cake in her room at all, and——"

"That will do, Bunter."

"Yes, sir! Mum-mum-may I go now, sir?"

"You may not, Bunter! I have sent for you to question you about kicking a football at the headmaster in his garden," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Dr. Locke was struck by a muddy football, kicked over the wall from the quadrangle."

"Oh, crikey!"

"If it was done by you, Bunter——"

"Oh, no, sir! I—I wasn't there. I—I never——"

"You were seen there, Bunter."

"I—I—I wasn't, sir," gasped Bunter. "I—I looked all round, and there wasn't anybody there, sir! I—I give you my word, sir."

"Bless my soul! Bunter, Loder of the Sixth has reported to me that you were on

that spot with a muddy football about ten minutes before the occurrence——"

"Oh, lor'!"

"That is why I sent for you to question you, Bunter. You have now admitted——"

"I—I haven't, sir!" wailed Bunter. "I wasn't there, sir. I—I was in my study when I was there, sir—I mean, when I wasn't there—— I—I was doing my lines, sir. I was sitting in my study doing my lines when I kicked the ball over the wall, sir—I mean when I didn't kick it——"

"You need say no more, Bunter! You will go to the headmaster's study at five o'clock——"

"Oh, crikey!"

"I shall take you there. You will be flogged——"

"Oh, jiminy!"

"For the present, you may go, Bunter."

"Oh, scissors!"

Billy Bunter tottered from his Form-master's study. He tottered out into the quad. The bright March sunshine did not cheer him. He blinked up at the clock tower. It was half-past four. In half an hour Dr. Locke would be in his study—and Bunter was booked for that study, and a flogging! And the depth of woe in Billy Bunter's fat face at that awful prospect

might have moved the heart of a stone image.

"I say, you fellows!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"Poor old Bunter!"

"I'm up for a flogging——"

"Sorry, old chap!"

"Quelch says he's going to take me to the Head at five and I'm going to be flogged——"

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter."

Harry Wharton and Co. were sympathetic. There was no doubt about that. Billy Bunter was up against it—hard! They were truly sorry for poor old Bunter. But there was nothing they could do except sympathise.

Sympathy, no doubt, was grateful and comforting. But it was no present help in time of need. It did not seem to console the unhappy Owl of the Remove. His fat face was lugubrious. His little round eyes blinked dismally behind his big round spectacles. He was the picture of woe.

"I—I—I can't be flogged, you know," mumbled Bunter. "It hurts."

"It's meant to," remarked Johnny Bull.

"And I never did anything, you know," groaned Bunter, "and what I did was an accident, too."

"You buzzed a footer at the Head's napper," said Bob Cherry. "Can't expect the old bean to take it smiling."

"But I never meant it for the Head!" groaned Bunter. "I kicked it over the wall at Quelch, and it got the Head somehow, instead. Besides, I told Quelch that I never kicked it at all. He didn't believe me!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Quelch all over," said Bunter bitterly. "Doubting a fellow's word, you know. Making a fellow out to be a liar! That's what it comes to."

"Oh, scissiors!"

"But I—I say, I—I just can't be flogged," moaned Bunter. "I say, it's a quarter to five now. What—what's going to be done, you fellows?"

"You've got it coming, old chap," said Frank Nugent. "Can't be helped."

"Brace up and take it," advised Johnny Bull.

"What cannot be cured must go longest to the well, as the English proverb remarks," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, shaking his dusky head.

"I—I say, you fellows, suppose—suppose I told the Head I meant it for Quelch, think he would let me off?" asked Bunter hopefully.

"Not likely," said Harry Wharton. "A beak's nut is a beak's nut, old fat man. Mustn't buzz Soccer balls at a beak's nut."

"Suppose—suppose I told him you were there, Harry, old chap, and I buzzed the ball at you, and it went over the wall by mistake?"

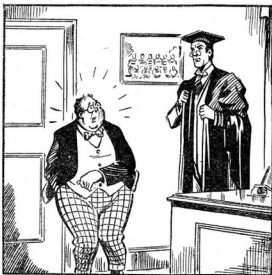
"But I wasn't there, and you didn't."

"Do keep to the point, old chap! It's getting jolly near five. Suppose you come with me to the Head and say you were there, and——"

"But I wasn't!"

"Will you keep to the point?" yelled Bunter. "What's the good of arguing like that when a fellow's up for a flogging? You tell the Head you were there, and saw the whole thing, and——"

"You fat villain!"



"I—I don't know anything about it! I—I wasn't there! N-n-no one could have seen me because there wasn't anybody else there either, sir!"

"Beast!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here comes Wingate!" said Bob Cherry.

Wingate of the Sixth came towards the group of juniors in the quad. He beckoned to Billy Bunter, and called:

"Bunter!"

"Oh, lor'!"

"You're to go to your Form-master's study, Bunter."

"Oh, crikey!"

Wingate walked away, leaving Billy Bunter to go to his Form-master's study, thence to be conducted by Mr. Quelch to his headmaster. But Billy Bunter did not roll off towards the House. His fat legs seemed to refuse to take him in that direction. He blinked dolorously at the Famous Five.

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I ain't going to be flogged—"

"Better cut off," said Bob.

"I tell you I ain't going to be flogged!" wailed Bunter. "I—I—I'd rather run away from school!"

"Fathead!"

"It's just on five, Bunter! Better go in," said Harry.

"I—I can't."

"You must, old chap."

"I—I won't! I—I'm going to cut!"

"Bunter, you ass!" roared Bob Cherry, as the fat junior made a sudden bolt for the open gateway.

"Bunter! Come back, you fathead!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Bunter did not heed. The prospect was too awful. Billy Bunter simply could not face it. He shot out of the gateway and vanished from sight, leaving Harry Wharton and Co. staring.

"WHERE is Bunter?"

Mr. Quelch rapped that question in at the doorway of the Rag, a little later. There was a grim frown on Quelch's brow, and a glint in his eyes, as he scanned a crowd of juniors in search of the fattest member of his Form.

"O where and O where can he be?" murmured Vernon-Smith, not loud enough for his Form-master to hear.

"Bunter is wanted," rapped Mr. Quelch. "He should have come to my study, to be taken to the headmaster, ten minutes ago. Where is he? Do you know, Wharton?"

"I—I think he's out of gates, sir!" stammered Harry Wharton.

"Out of gates!" repeated Mr. Quelch.



"Come back, you fathead!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, but Bunter did not return—he just could not face a flogging.

"I am waiting for him—the headmaster is waiting for him—and you say he is out of gates! Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch, grimmer than ever, turned away. He was waiting—even Dr. Locke, the majestic headmaster himself, was waiting—for a mere Lower School junior! And they had to wait! Billy Bunter, with the sword of Damocles impending over his fat head, had bolted out of gates!

Five minutes later Wingate, Gwynne, Walker and Loder of the Sixth Form issued from the school gates to look for Bunter and bring him in, to take what was coming to him.

"Oh, lor'!" moaned Billy Bunter.

He was a mile from Greyfriars School. His fat little legs had carried him thus far, but no farther. A mile was more than enough for Bunter, even with a Head's flogging behind him. He had sat down to rest on the gate of the level crossing near Friardale. The gate was shut across the road, a train being signalled up the line. That did not interest Billy Bunter: he was not going to cross the line. A mile had tired him out. He did not waste a blink on the puffs of smoke in the distance along the railway track.

Bunter was plunged into the deepest pessimism. By this time, the flogging would have been administered had he remained at the school to take it. He had escaped it, so far. But where he was going on from there, the fat Owl did not know. He couldn't stay out of gates for ever. On the other hand, he couldn't face a flogging. It seemed to be a problem without a solution.

"Oh, crikey!" moaned Bunter.

On the opposite side of the line the little

gate beside the big gate opened and a plump gentleman came through. There was time to cross the line before the train arrived, and the plump gentleman was going to do so. Bunter knew him by sight—it was Mr. Lambe, the vicar of Friardale. He blinked at Mr. Lambe without interest.

"Oh, crumbs! What's a fellow going to do?" moaned Bunter. "Oh, lor'! Oh, crumbs! Oh, dear!"

Mr. Lambe came briskly across the metals. The puffs of smoke were quite near now: the engine was in sight. But there was ample time, if the vicar had kept on. But his foot slipped suddenly as he trod on polished metal, and Bunter gave a jump and a squeak as the plump gentleman toppled over and fell heavily on the track.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

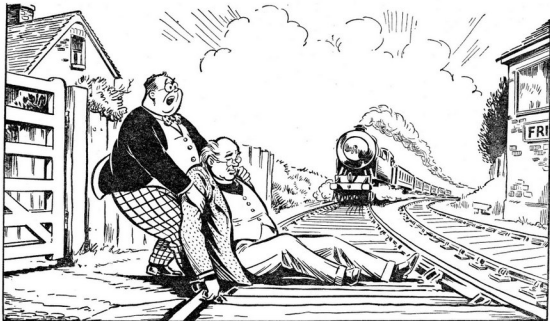
For a moment the fat Owl of the Remove forgot his own troubles, weighty as they were. His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at Mr. Lambe, sprawling on the track in the path of the oncoming train. For Mr. Lambe did not rise. He had knocked his head as he fell, and he lay dazed, helpless for the moment.

"Oh!" repeated Bunter, in a gasping squeak.

There was the shriek of a whistle from the train. Bunter gave it a blink—it came roaring on, and seemed terribly close. And the dazed man on the line was struggling feebly to rise. The tragedy that impended almost stunned Bunter: he could only gaze in horror.

Then suddenly he moved. Somewhere under Billy Bunter's layers of fat there must have been a spot of British pluck. He hardly knew what he was doing, or why he was doing it. But what he did was to jump





Bunter heaved frantically in an effort to drag Mr. Lambe clear of the track. The train was pounding towards them—was there time?

down from the gate and rush across the line, seize Mr. Lambe's plump shoulders with fat hands and drag at him frantically.

He was on the line—the train was coming—was there time? Bunter did not know whether there was time or not. Exerting all the strength and energy in his fat limbs he dragged at Mr. Lambe, and the vicar, at the same moment, made an effort.

They were just clear of the line as the engine roared down—and the engine-driver, with a white face, stared for a second as the train thundered on. Billy Bunter, hardly aware whether he was on his head or his heels, sprawled beside the line, his fat brain swimming. The train clattered by, passengers staring from the windows.

"Brave lad!" The vicar's voice came to Bunter's dizzy ears, and a plump hand helped him, tottering, to his feet. He blinked dazedly at Mr. Lambe, set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked again.

"Ooooooh!" gasped Bunter.

"Are you hurt, my boy?"

"Eh? Oh! Yes! No! I say—oh, crikey!" gurgled Bunter.

"I see that you are a Greyfriars boy. What is your name?"

"Eh? What? Oh! Bunter."

"Bunter? I shall remember that." Mr. Lambe, rubbing a bump on his head with one hand, shook hands with Bunter with the other. "Bunter! You may have saved my life! I think you have! I shall not forget this! Are you all right now, my boy?"

"Oh! Yes!" gasped Bunter.

The good vicar had more to say. Evidently he was grateful. Bunter listened like a fellow in a dream. Finally, Mr. Lambe shook hands with him again and went on his way, leaving the fat Owl blinking.

Billy Bunter sat on the gate again, still gasping for breath. He was, for some minutes, conscious of a glow of satisfaction. Seldom, if ever, had Billy Bunter been called a brave lad before. It was music to his fat ears. But—

But he remembered! He was out of gates, dodging a flogging! He had to go back and take that flogging! And he couldn't, and wouldn't, go back to take that

flogging. Satisfaction departed from his fat visage and he groaned.

"Oh, lor'! Oh, crikey! Oh, dear!"

What was he going to do? The problem was still without a solution, and the hapless fat Owl sat on the gate, the picture of woe. His glum and gloomy meditations were suddenly interrupted.

"Bunter! You young rascal!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

It was Wingate of the Sixth. Bunter gave him a startled blink, slipped down from the gate, and ran. He ran about a yard before the Greyfriars captain's grip closed on a fat shoulder.

"Come along, you young ass!" snapped Wingate.

And the hapless Owl of the Remove, as there was no help for it, came along.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Here he comes!"

"Wingate's got him!"

"Poor old Bunter!"

Quite a crowd of fellows watched as Billy Bunter was marched in, and marched up to the House. Skinner and Snoop were grinning, but most of the fellows looked serious, many sympathetic. The woe in Billy Bunter's speaking countenance might have moved a heart of stone.

He blinked dolorously at the Greyfriars fellows as he rolled in under convoy of Wingate of the Sixth. His brief respite was over. In the doorway of the House stood Mr. Quelch, grim as a Gorgon.

"Here he is, sir," said Wingate.

"Thank you, Wingate! Bunter, come with me."

"Oh, lor'!"

Billy Bunter cast a wild blink round him, as if thinking desperately of dodging again, at the last moment. Mr. Quelch, with knitted brows, grasped a fat shoulder and led, or rather propelled, the Owl of the Remove onward. In grim silence he marched him to the door of the headmaster's study, whereon he tapped with his disengaged hand. And Bunter's fat knees knocked together as he was marched into the Head's study. All was up now.

"Here is Bunter, sir," said Mr. Quelch.

Dr. Locke peered at the fat junior over his glasses.

"Bunter! I have been waiting for you, Bunter. I have been waiting a considerable time. How dare you leave the school when I was waiting for you, Bunter? Upon my word! However, you are here now, and I shall administer——"

"Oh, crikey!"

"What? What did you say, Bunter?" exclaimed Dr. Locke.

"I—I—it wasn't me, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I never kicked that footer over the garden wall, sir. I never got it from Bob Cherry's study. I never knew he had an old footer in his study—and I never kicked it, sir, and I didn't mean it for you, sir, I meant it for somebody else all the time, and I never did it at all sir—I wasn't there—I was somewhere else when I was there, sir, and I never didn't wasn't——"

"Upon my word! Mr. Quelch, will you kindly hand me the birch? Bunter, you will bend over that footstool."

"Oh, lor'!"

"Immediately!" rapped the Head.

Buzzzzzz!

It was the telephone-bell. Dr. Locke laid down the birch and turned to take up the receiver. It was one more respite for Bunter.

"BLESS my soul!" said Dr. Locke faintly.

Mr. Quelch gazed at him. Billy Bunter blinked at him. What was said on the telephone they did not hear, but both could see that it was something that had considerably startled the headmaster.

"You are sure of this, Mr. Lambe?" The Head was speaking. "You are sure it was Bunter? Bless my soul! Thank you, Mr. Lambe! I trust you feel no ill effects. I am glad—deeply glad—that a Greyfriars boy was of such service at such a moment—I am very glad you have reported the incident to me—very. Yes, I shall certainly commend Bunter for his action. Bless my soul! Good-bye, Mr. Lambe."

Dr. Locke put up the receiver. Then he

sat gazing at Bunter. He did not pick up the birch again. Mr. Quelch gave him an inquiring look.

"It was Mr. Lambe speaking," said the Head. "He tells me that about an hour ago, crossing the railway line at the level crossing, he fell—and would have been run over by a train had not a Greyfriars boy very pluckily dashed on the line to his aid."

"Indeed, sir——"

"That boy was Bunter!" said the Head.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Bunter! You did this courageous action during your unauthorised absence. I was about to flog you with the greatest severity——"

"Wow!"

"Now I shall not do so——"

"Eh?"

"Mr. Quelch! In the circumstances, I can scarcely punish this boy in view of his brave action, which Mr. Lambe thinks may have saved his life."

"I agree, sir," said Mr. Quelch.

"Mr. Lambe has asked me to commend you for your action, Bunter. I do so most cordially. I shall pardon you, and you may leave my study."

"Oh, jiminy!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked at the Head. He blinked at Mr. Quelch. For the moment he could not

believe his fat ears. Then he made a jump for the door. The door flew open and Bunter flew down the passage, anxious to get off the spot before the Head could change his mind.

"**B**RAVO, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter blinked and grinned.

They could hardly believe it, in the Remove, when they heard. But it was true, and they had to believe it. And when Billy Bunter rolled into the Rag later he had a quite unaccustomed greeting.

They cheered him in the Rag. The Famous Five led the cheering, and all the Remove joined in. And Billy Bunter grinned a happy wide grin—so wide that it almost looked like meeting round the back of his fat head, as his fat ears tingled joyously to the shout of "Bravo, Bunter!"

And later in the tuckshop chaps were actually buying Bunter cream buns and other scrumptious morsels.

It was like a mad, gay, delirious dream—and like all dreams, it came to an end at last after one of the most remarkable "stuffings" ever known to the Bunter family.

The fat Owl will never forget those glorious moments, that vision of peace and plenty, when the order of the day was: "Another cake?" and "Bravo, Bunter!"

THE END



LUCKY LOGAN in WESTERN GUNSMOKE

THE U.S. ARMY HAD BEEN FIGHTING A LONG HARD WAR AGAINST A MEXICAN REBEL ARMY THAT HAD CROSSED THE BORDER INTO TEXAS. WHEREVER THE FIGHTING WAS THICKEST, THE VOICE OF SERGEANT PADDY O'TOOLE COULD BE HEARD—YELLING ORDERS TO HIS TEAM OF GUNNERS AS THEY LOADED AND FIRED THE GUN THEY CALLED 'OLD BETSY'.

AT LAST THE ARMY CAUGHT THE BANDITS IN A TRAP AND SOON POUNDED THEM INTO SURRENDER—THANKS MAINLY TO MEN LIKE SERGEANT O'TOOLE AND HIS ORACULOUS GUN TEAM—

THESE'S THE CEASE-FIRE SOUNDINGS, SARGE! AND THE MEXICANS ARE FLYING A WHITE FLAG!

WHO CARES ABOUT THAT? QUICK, RELOAD! WE'LL GIVE THESE MEXICANS A COUPLE MORE SHOTS JUST FOR FUN!



LITTLE DID THE SERGEANT REALIZE THAT HIS FOLLY WOULD END HIS DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS A SOLDIER AND THOSE OF HIS MEN ALSO.

YOU HEARD THE ORDER TO CEASE FIRE, O'TOOLE? THAT WAS A DASTARDLY THING TO DO. LOOK AT THE NEEDLESS CASUALTIES YOU AND YOUR FOOL GUNNERS HAVE CAUSED. I'LL SEE YOU'RE DISMISSED THE ARMY FOR THIS!

BUT THEY'RE ONLY GREASERS, SIR!



LATER AT A COURT-MARTIAL THE SERGEANT AND HIS GUNNERS WERE FOUND GUILTY OF THE SERIOUS CHARGE AND DISMISSED THE ARMY, AS THEY SPENT THE LAST NIGHT IN THEIR BLANKS AT FORT EAGLE THEY FELT THEY HAD BEEN UNJUSTLY PUNISHED.

DON'T RECKON WE'VE BEEN TREATED RIGHT, SARGE? DISMISSED FOR SUMPIN' OFF A FEW EXTRA GREASERS?

YEAH! IF I COULD TAKE OLD BETSY WITH ME I'D BLAST EVERY DAMNED MEXICAN OFF THE MAP!

AND SOME OF OUR OWN LOT, TOO! NOBODY'LL GIVE US A JOB WHEN THEY KNOW WE WERE BOOTED OUT OF THE ARMY!



AS HE LAY ON HIS BUNK, LISTENING TO HIS MEN, SERGEANT O'TOOLE THOUGHT OF A SCHEME—

LISTEN, YOU GUNS! I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY OF GETTIN' EVEN AND MAYBE MAKE OURSELVES A PILE OF DUNGEON, TOO! WHEN WE CLEAR OUT TO-MORROW I'LL TAKE OLD BETSY AND A FEW SHELLS WITH US, AND USE THEM TO MAKE A FEW FOLKS PART WITH THEIR CASH!

GO! WE'RE WITH YOU, SARGE!



BEFORE SUN-UP THE FOLLOWING MORNING, EX-SERGEANT O'TOOLE AND HIS EX-SOLDIERS PREPARED TO LEAVE FORT EAGLE—

YOU GUNS GET OLD BETSY LIMBERED UP! I'LL FIX THE GUARDS AND OPEN THE GATES!

O.K. SARGE!



SO WELL DID THE EX-GUINNEY SERGEANT FIX THE GUARDS THAT THEY WERE STILL SENSELESS WHEN THE REBELS SOLDIERS ROVE OUT WITH THEIR OLD GUN.

WIDE WORK, BOYS! KEEP 'EM GOIN'! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE— KAW! KAW!



A FEW DAYS LATER THE EX-SOLDIERS STARTED TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES, TO THE MISFORTUNE OF INNOCENT PEOPLE—

THAT WAS JUST A WARNING SHOT! GET DOWN AND THROW YOUR CASH ON THE GROUND OR WE'LL BLOW YOU TO TIMBUKTOO!



AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF SUCCESSFUL STAGE COACH HOLD-UPS, THE GUNNERS AIMED AT A BIGGER TARGET--THE MAIL TRAIN FROM THE EAST. ON BOARD THE ARMY PAYMASTER WAS TRAVELLING WITH THE PAYROLL FOR FORT EAGLE.



UNDER THE THREAT OF THE GREAT GUN THE PAYMASTER PARTED WITH HIS GOLD.



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS OUTRAGE!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE HAVE, DAPN! HAW! HAW!

WE'VE TAKEN MORE FROM YOU TO DAY THAN WE'D GET IN A HUNDRED YEARS IN THE ARMY!

SOON THE NOTORIOUS DEEDS OF PADDY O'TOOLE AND HIS GUNNERS HIT THE HEADLINES IN ALL THE WESTERN PAPERS--



DIABLOS NEWS
ARMY PAYROLL ROBBED BY EX-GUNNERS!

Comestone Times
OUTLAW ARTILLERYMEN STRIKE AGAIN

GAINSBIGHT JOURNAL
STAGE COACH BLOWN TO PIECES BY GANNON-FIRE!

LITTLE FALLS GAZETTE & THE O'TOOLE GANG STRIKE AT RAILROAD 10 MILES FROM TOWN

ONE MORNING A FEW DAYS LATER, LUCKY LOGAN ROPE INTO LITTLE FALLS TO CALL AT THE BANK.



HOWDY, MISTER. HOPE MY CASH IS GOING TO BE SAFE. THOSE GUNNER BOYS SEEM TO BE HEADED THIS WAY!

THERE AIN'T A GUN IN THE WHOLE OF THE UNITED STATES THAT COULD BLAST OUR STRONG-ROOM OPEN, MISTER!

NO SOONER HAD THE MANAGER SPOKEN THAN THE WHOLE BUILDING SEEMED TO FALL ABOUT LUCKY'S EARS.



WHAT THE-?

AS LUCKY LOGAN PLOKED HIMSELF UP FROM THE RUBBLE, HE SAW A GREAT GAPING HOLE IN THE STRONG-ROOM WALL--



SHUCKS! WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER? I'VE LOST MY SPECS--I CAN'T SEE!

SOMEBODY'S GOT A GUN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLAST YOUR STRONG-ROOM OPEN, MISTER! THE GUNNER BOYS HAVE JUST RAIDED THE BANK!

AS A CROWD GATHERED ROUND THE WRECKED BANK, LUCKY LOGAN SLIPPED QUIETLY AWAY--



SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THOSE GUNNERS! THIS IS A JOB FOR ME, PATCH!

LUCKY WENT ON THE TRAIL OF THE GUNNER BOYS BUT QUICKLY RAN INTO TROUBLE FOR THE GROUND WAS DRY AND EX-SERGEANT O'TOOLE HAD PICKED A ROCKY ESCAPE ROUTE.



SHUCKS! NOT A TRACE OF THEM, PATCH! THERE'S AN ARMY AMMUNITION TRAIN PASSING NEAR HERE SOON. I WONDER IF THEY WOULD DARE TO RAID THAT TO GET MORE AMMO FOR THEIR GUN!

LUCKY'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT! A FEW MILES AWAY THE GANG RUMBLER THEIR GUN BETSY INTO POSITION -- READY TO ATTACK THE AMMUNITION TRAIN.

REMEMBER, LADS! WE'RE VERY SHORT OF SHELLS AND THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING MORE!



DON'T WORRY, SARGE -- WE'LL HIT THE ENGINE FAIR AND SQUAKE AND MAKE SURE WE STOP IT!

AS THE LOCOMOTIVE PULLED UP THE STEEP GRADIENT OF BUFFALO PASS, THE ACCURACY OF THE GUNNERS' LAYING WAS SOON SEEN --

HOWS THAT, SARGE?!



NICE WORK, BOYS! A DIRECT HIT! WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE SHELLS WE NEED!

BUT AS THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY THE GUNNERS SAW THEIR MUCH NEEDED SHELLS ROLLING AWAY OUT OF THEIR GRASP --



THERE GO OUR SHELLS, SARGE!

SHUCKS! THE WAGONS! THEY'RE RUNNING BACK DOWN THE SLOPE!

FROM A RIDGE FURTHER DOWN THE VALLEY, LUCKY LOGAN SAW THE WAGONS AS THEY HURTLER DOWN THE SLOPE. HIS KEEN EYE ALSO PICKED OUT THE SMOKE OF ANOTHER TRAIN AS IT STEAMED INTO BUFFALO PASS.



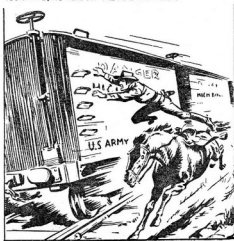
BY HOKEY! THERE'S A PASSENGER TRAIN HEADING'S THIS WAY! QUICK, PATCH! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE WAGONS OR THERE'LL BE A TERRIFIC CRASH!

DOWN THE RUGGED SLOPE ON TO THE TRACK RACED LUCKY LOGAN.



GET GOING, PATCH!

THEN AS PATCH CAUGHT UP WITH THE WAGONS, LUCKY LOGAN TOOK A FLYING LEAP AT THE LEADING TRUCK --



TRYING DESPERATELY TO KEEP HIS BALANCE, LUCKY SWIFTLY WOUND DOWN THE BRAKE --



SHUCKS! THE OTHER TRAIN! I ONLY HOPE THIS BRAKE WORKS FAST!



WITH ONLY A FEW FEET TO SPARE, LUCKY LOGAN MANAGED TO STOP THE RUMBLING WAGONS AND AVERT A TRAGIC DISASTER. --

BY HOKEY! JUST MADE IT!

NO SOONER HAD THE TRUCKS STOPPED THAN LUCKY LEAPED DOWN ON TO HIS HORSE.

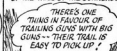


CAN'T STOP TO TALK TO YOU GENTS NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THE GUNS WHO DID THIS!

HEY--WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER?

THAT'S LUCKY LOGAN, JOE!

LUCKY LOGAN SOON PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THE GUNNERS.



THERE'S ONE THING IN FAVOUR OF TRAILING GUNS WITH BIG GUNS--THEIR TRAIL IS EASY TO PICK UP!



THE RENEGADE GUNNERS KNEW THIS, TOO, AND ONE OF THEM ALWAYS KEPT A SHARP LOOK-OUT--

HEY, LOOK, SARGE! AIN'T THAT LUCKY LOGAN ON OUR TRAIL?

IT SURE IS! QUICK, LADS, STAND BY FOR ACTION! IF THAT GUY OATKES UP WITH US WE'RE FINISHED!



I'M AIMIN' BETSY MYSELF THIS TIME, BOYS! IT'S OUR LAST SHELL AND IT'S GOT TO WIPE OUT THAT LOGAN GUY!



AS SOON AS LUCKY RODE INTO RANGE THE GUNNERS FIRED THEIR LAST SHELL.



FROM THEIR POSITION UP ON THE RIDGE THE MEN SAW THE FIGURE OF LUCKY LOGAN LYING STILL IN THE VALLEY BELOW--

NICE SHOOTIN' SARGE! WE GOT HIM!

OUT THE CONGRATULATIONS, YOU GUNS, AND LIMBER UP! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE OUT OF HERE--PRONTO--AND GET MORE SHELLS!

BUT THE SHELL HAD NOT KILLED LUCKY LOGAN. A LARGE ROCK HAD PROTECTED HIM FROM THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLAST AND HE HAD ONLY BEEN STUNNED. SOON HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF FADY O'TOOLE AND HIS MEN --

WHAT IN TARNATION-- HEY, LOOK, SARGE! IT'S LUCKY LOGAN!

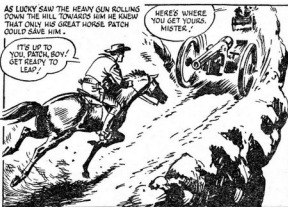
SO OLD BETSY DIDN'T GET HIM AFTER ALL!





LOOK, SARGE -- HE'S GAININ' ON US UP THIS HILL! WHAT'LL WE DO?!

STOP WHININ' AND HELP ME UNHITCH BETSY, MAYBE HE DODGED OUR SHOT BUT HE CAN'T DODGE OLD BETSY HERSELF ON THIS NARROW TRAIL!



AS LUCKY SAW THE HEAVY GUN ROLLING DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS HIM HE KNEW THAT ONLY HIS GREAT HORSE PATCH COULD SAVE HIM.

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, MISTER!

IT'S UP TO YOU, PATCH, BOY! GET READY TO LEAP!



WITH NOT A SPLIT SECOND TO SPARE, GALLANT PATCH LEAPED OVER THE GUN --

NICE WORK, PATCH! YOU MADE IT!



AS LUCKY CAUGHT UP THE OUTLAW SUNKERS, IT WAS HIS TURN TO FIRE HIS GUNS --

MAYBE MY GUNS HAVEN'T GOT THE RANGE OF YOUR OLD CANNON, BOYS -- BUT THEY'RE TWICE AS DEADLY, AS YOU'LL FIND OUT IF YOU DON'T STOP!

STOP THE HORSES, MEN!

OUCH! CUT IT OUT, MISTER! WE GIVE IN!

EVEN WHEN HIS COMPANIONS HAD SURRENDERED, EX-SERGEANT O'TOOLE STILL SHOWED FIGHT -- BUT A SWIFT UPPER-OUT FROM LUCKY SOON QUIETENED HIM.



I HEAR IT WAS FIGHTING AFTER OTHER GUNS HAD FINISHED THAT STARTED YOU ON THE ROAD DOWN! MAYBE THIS'LL STOP YOU BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER!

LATER, LUCKY LOGAN RODE INTO FORT EAGLE WITH HIS PRISONERS --



HOWDY, CAPTAIN! SORRY I DON'T GAVE YOUR GUN, BUT HERE'S YOUR GOLD AND THE GUNS WHO TOOK IT!

THANKS, LUCKY. WE HEARD HOW YOU SAVED THAT RAIL-CRASH, TOO!

HIS JOB COMPLETED, LUCKY LOGAN RODE OFF INTO THE DUSK --



SHUNKS, SIR! IF ONLY WE HAD HIM IN THE ARMY!

HE IS AN ARMY! A ONE MAN ARMY ON HIS OWN!

**A Stirring Story of the Brigand Leader whose ambition was to become the
Master of all the Asiatic Continents**



Tim and Penny

**SECRET
SERVICE
ON THE
FRONTIER**



The Mad Fakir

The Mad Fakir's Plan!

"I wonder what's wrong with them, Penny?"

Tim Martin reined in his pony and pointed along the dusty Afghan road to the entrance of a village in the valley below. His sister also brought her pony to a halt, and looked in surprise at the crowd of people shouting and waving their arms. Some were even climbing on to the flat roofs, and the twins saw the sunlight flash on sword-blades and rifle-barrels.

"Do you think it is a raid by tribesmen?" asked Penny anxiously. This was the North-West Frontier, where some of the toughest fighting-men in the world lived by swooping down like wolves on to defenceless villages.

Both Penny and Tim had lived most of their lives in this hard, wild land with Major Martin, their father, who had the most dangerous job that anyone could wish for. He was a member of the International Secret Service, who sought to preserve law and order anywhere in the world. Major Martin knew everything about the habits and languages of the different tribesmen around the frontier.

Tim didn't answer his sister's question, for he knew that she was already worried

about the disappearance of their father. It wasn't unusual for him to go missing on risky expeditions among the wild tribes. But always before he had kept in touch by sending messages back with the small radio he carried. This time there had been no message!

"Tim—look!" cried Penny, pointing to the village below. "They've caught someone in one of the houses. He's fighting, and I do believe he's going to dodge them and get out of the village!"

Penny was right. The commotion in the village had centred round the figure of a man who had now managed to break loose and was dashing for the gate in the village wall. From the top of the hill overlooking the village, the twins could look down and see everything plainly. They could even see that the fugitive was dressed in tattered yellow rags, which told them that he was a holy man. Penny could see the blood on his head and hands.

"Tim—he's got out of the village and he's coming this way—can't we help him?"

Tim only hesitated for a moment.

"You stay here, Penny," he ordered, and galloped down the valley towards the village. He soon reached the man, and

disobeying his orders, Penny came thundering up behind on her pony.

"Holy man, mount up behind me and we will take you to safety," she cried out excitedly in Pushtu, the native language of the frontier. The man moved with the agility of a monkey and sprang up behind Penny. Quickly they galloped away over the hills. When safe from pursuit, the holy man suddenly took the reins of the pony.

"Follow me, Tim!" he cried out in perfect English.

Both Tim and Penny nearly fell off their horses. There was no mistaking the voice that came from the swollen lips of the holy man. They had found their missing father! Leading the way to some rocky caves, Major Martin dismounted and immediately slumped exhausted to the ground. Penny ran to him in terror.

"I'm all right, Penny," he declared, sitting up with Tim's help. "A short rest and I will be ready for anything. By the way, I am sorry to give you both a shock, but I had to dress up like this to get away alive!"

Major Martin then began to tell the twins all about what had happened to him since they last saw him.

"Listen!" he said urgently. "I've got to talk fast. The reason for all this is that the Mad Fakir is planning a general rising along the frontier. He has managed to get most of the other leaders to join him in a holy war. It's going to be terrible, and the whole of this area will be overrun and destroyed. You see, the Mad Fakir isn't an ordinary man, for he was educated in England and has fought with the British Army. He's not after loot or the fun of fighting—he's after the conquest of the whole Asiatic continent! When I was up in the mountains this evidence fell into my hands!"

As he spoke Major Martin brought out from under his robes a roll of paper such as any wandering priest might carry about with him.

"This," he continued, "is the complete plan for the conquest, with the names of

the leaders in every country and every province. If this can be put in the right hands, the whole plan can be wrecked before bloodshed starts!"

"Who are the ringleaders?" Tim asked eagerly.

"I don't know," replied his father. "The Mad Fakir has written the whole of his plan down in the ancient Vedic script, which only half a dozen people can read. Now this is where you two come in! I want you to take this scroll of paper down to Sir Thomas Luton in Delhi, for he is the only man I know who can translate it. It's going to be a tough job. Keep from the main roads and railways, but I believe if anybody can pull it off, you can! I shall help you as much as possible——"

He was about to say more, but suddenly raised his hand for silence. Somewhere not far away came the sound of baying hounds.

"They've brought up hunting dogs—they know I've got the plan!" Major Martin then thrust the priceless scroll into Tim's hand. "Quick, get moving! Strike south for the railway at Bannu and the best of luck to you both!"

With that, Major Martin disappeared among the rocks towards the baying hounds.

So Tim and Penny Martin set out towards the railway at Bannu. They realised that their father had deliberately gone towards the baying hounds to give them a chance to escape with the important plans of the Mad Fakir's rebellion. Spurring their horses, they galloped over the hills, and by keeping going they reached the outskirts of Bannu in the early morning.

"We daren't go into Bannu as we are! We'll have to change into Indian clothes," whispered Tim to Penny as they lay watching the town spread below them. "Disguised, we might be able to get on to the train without being noticed."

Tim lay quiet for a moment. Penny then touched his arm and pointed down below. "A caravan is resting there," she said eagerly. "And look there are a couple of women washing some clothes in the river."



As the angry Pathans streamed towards them, Penny and Tim swarmed over the wall.

Silently the twins made their way down to the riverside and in a flash Tim snatched up some of the clothes that were drying in the sun. So silently did Tim move that nobody noticed that the clothes had gone until he was a safe distance away. In a clump of bushes Tim and Penny changed into their native disguise and darkened their faces with mud. With their hands hidden in the shapeless folds of cloth, Tim and Penny went on their way into the town of Bannu. Their job was now to get to the railway and out as soon as possible.

Suddenly Tim whispered to Penny:

"We're being followed!"

Discovered

PENNY glanced over her shoulder and saw that her brother was right.

Padding silently at their heels was a giant of a man with his hair so long and tangled that his face was almost invisible.

Penny shuddered. "Let's run!" she whispered urgently.

But at that moment men suddenly appeared out of a building ahead. These men were Pathans, tough, hawk-eyed tribesmen from the frontier regions. Quickly they blocked the path, at the same time giving the usual native greeting.

"May you never be tired!"

"May you never be poor!" replied Tim, clutching the precious scroll under his disguise.

"What brings you here on the road alone?" questioned one of the men.

"We are just travellers to—" began Tim. But at that moment luck turned against the twins. With the Pathans were several enormous dogs, and they were sniffing around. Tim felt something tug at his robe. It was one of the dogs, but he was too late. The dog began to rip the clothing and in a few moments Tim's leg was bare!

He heard a shout from the Pathans: "Look! It is an Ingrezi! White skin!"

The yard they were in was surrounded by walls twelve feet high and the only way out was blocked by the ferocious-looking Pathans.

"Seize them!" went up the cry. "These are the children the Fakir warned us about—their father has given them the scroll to carry! They must not escape!"

Tim looked at Penny. They might fall in the hands of the Mad Fakir, but the scroll must not. He snatched it from under his robe and prepared to throw it over the wall. But he stopped short with his arm

drawn back, staring at the wall as something came slithering over.

"It's a rope!" cried Penny by his side.

Then as the Pathans came streaming towards them, Penny and Tim swarmed over the wall while from below came the sound of firing and shouts of rage. They both fell heavily the other side and were dazed for a moment. The next thing that Tim knew was a cry of fear from Penny. He sprang up and saw an ugly figure bending over her. To his amazement he recognised it for the huge man who had first followed them.

"All right, kids!" came the voice of Major Martin under his disguise, "don't get excited—it's only me. Come on, you've got to get moving before those Pathans get here!"

The twins felt they must be crazy, until they realised that it was really their father in one of his brilliant disguises. He had no time to explain anything, but he told them to go at once to Arjun Dass, the silversmith, in the town, who would help them. The twins said a brief good-bye and hurried off, while their father slipped away into the shadows.

After a few moments' running Tim and Penny arrived at the house of the silversmith. As they entered he was seated on a pile of cushions and had obviously been waiting for them.

"Quick, my children!" he cried. "I have arranged with your father to get you out of Bannu as fast as I can. You are to travel in two baskets containing silver ornaments in a camel caravan that is leaving for Peshwar at dawn. Now you must eat and sleep."

Before dawn the following morning Tim and Penny were awakened by Arjun Dass and taken to the yard where a loaded camel stood with large baskets hanging from its side. On instructions they climbed into the baskets.

"You are to travel this way. It is the Major's command. Remember only you can save Asia from the Mad Fakir! I will send a servant with you—his name is Hydar Ali." And with those words from Arjun

Dass, Tim and Penny started on their uncomfortable journey across the mountains to Peswhar.

The morning march passed without anything happening and the twins made themselves as comfortable as possible inside the swaying baskets. In the heat of the day at twelve o'clock the caravan halted for a breather. Suddenly Tim and Penny heard shots and shouts ringing out all around them. Up went the cry:

"Bandits! We are being attacked!"

Tim shivered as he heard a bullet smack into something soft near him. He wanted to call out to Penny to ask her if she was all right, but he daren't. He only hoped that he and his sister would get through alive and go on and find Sir Thomas Luton with the precious scroll. Then Tim heard a wild gallop of horses' hoofs.

"Surrender, O travellers, and we shall not harm you, or your goods! We are not robbers, we are the men of the Mad Fakir!"

There was a moment's silence. The shooting stopped and Tim and Penny waited anxiously. Then the leader of the caravan answered:

"Come in peace, O brothers, for we also are the Mad Fakir's men!"

Tim and Penny tensed with excitement, for now they knew that they were actually travelling with the enemy. Then the leader of the caravan and the head of the raiders began to shout orders.

"The Mad Fakir, who sees all and knows all, has said that the two white children who threaten his plans are in this caravan! So search every load!"

"But, master," came a plaintive voice, "it will take much time to unpack our loads, and there is danger that our goods will be stolen!"

"It is not necessary to unload," came the reply. "Look, I will show you!"

Through his peephole Tim saw a wild, bearded frontiersman dismount and snatch from his belt a long Afghan knife. Then he sprang at the nearest bale of cloth and plunged his razor-sharp knife deep into every corner. The traders raised howls of protest, but at the words, "The Fakir will

it!" they turned on their own goods and began stabbing at them with fanatical fury.

Tim then saw with alarm that Hydar Ali, the servant of Arjan Dass, was coming towards them with a raised dagger in his hand. Hydar Ali stabbed and the long, wicked knife flashed in the sunlight. As he stabbed, aiming carefully to miss the hidden twins, he spoke rapidly in an undertone.

"Tim—Penny—don't be alarmed. It's me—your father! I'm cutting away the sides of the baskets so that you can push your way out! You're on the edge of a ravine—soon as you're free, rush away and hide!"

Tim pushed out the side of his basket and scrambled free. He reached out a hand and helped Penny out, and together they slithered down into the ravine. In a matter of seconds they reached the shelter of a cave. They were only just in time, for there came the sounds of rifle fire, and bullets began to hum against the rocks outside.

"They've found out we've come this way!" said Tim grimly. "This cave was a stroke of luck!"

But Penny didn't answer!

"What is it?" he asked, peering at her in the dimness of the cave.

"Tim, there's a leopard——" Penny stopped suddenly as a man—the leader of the raiders—came scrambling down the side of the ravine towards the entrance to the cave.

"Quick, Penny! Into the middle of the cave!" whispered Tim urgently.

But Penny didn't move. Instead, she answered: "We can't, Tim—look!"

Tim turned, and as he looked into the depths of the cave he saw two baleful eyes of a leopard shining at him in the darkness.

The leopard prepared to spring, while at the entrance of the cave the frontiersman with a long knife in his hand moved nearer. Suddenly the leopard sprang. Tim and Penny ducked, and the ferocious beast whistled past them in the air and landed fighting mad on the bandit. With a scream of fear both man and beast went hurtling down into the ravine below.

Tim and Penny, still shaking from the shock of such a narrow escape, were wondering what to do next when a happy laugh came from the entrance of the cave.



Somehow the Mad Fakir had learned where Tim and Penny were hiding, so they had to escape quickly.

"Good work, kids! That was a near squeak, but no one will bother us now!" And Major Martin entered, still in his disguise as Hydar Ali.

After a few hours' rest Tim and Penny felt better and able to continue once more their dangerous journey to Peshwar and Sir Thomas Luton.

"Now we must get moving again," said the Major, climbing to his feet. "I've hidden the camel that you came on, so you are all right as far as that is concerned. Now remember, travel straight over the mountains to Peshwar to the house of Rustomji Pestonji. It's behind the temple of Kali, and that's where you'll find Sir Thomas. Off you go—and look after yourself, kids!"

With an anxious look at their father, Tim and Penny climbed up the slope of the ravine. They reached the camel safely and rode away up a narrow path up into the mountains.

At last they came to a large post with a big sign on it. It read: "FRONTIER—HALT!"

"Once across here," whispered Tim, "we're safe!"

With high hearts the twins rode up to the frontier post. Two soldiers stood on guard.

"I'm Tim Martin, the son of Major Martin, the——" said Tim, but he got no further for the two soldiers sprang forward and grasped him, and two more surrounded the camel and captured Penny.

"Let me go! Let me go!" cried out Tim in surprise. "I have a document of great importance!"

"We know," replied one of the soldiers. "That is why we are taking you back to the Mad Fakir. You didn't think we would let you escape so easily, did you?"

It was then that the twins realised that they had fallen into a well-laid trap. The soldiers were only the Mad Fakir's men in disguise.

They were soon bundled into an old car and driven off at a fast speed across the mountains to the lair of the Mad Fakir. The car wound its way into the grim wilderness where no civilised law held sway. At last they came to a small village almost hidden by the mountains and rocks around it. On all sides men and women were busy sorting



With a ferocious snarl the leopard sprang upon the bandit.



With deadly aim Major Martin's first shot punctured the car's tyre.

guns, rifles and other military equipment. The twins realised that this must be the Mad Fakir's headquarters, where the invasion of Asia was being planned.

They soon found that they were right, for they were dragged out from the car and up some steps to the verandah of a house, where a thin, wizened little man sat all alone. The guards held up their hands in salute.

"Great One," said the leader of the guards, "these are the two white children of Major Martin, who stole your writing!"

The shrivelled little man looked at the twins. So this is the great Mad Fakir, thought Tim to himself, and strangely he felt no fear at meeting him at all. There was nothing unusual about the Mad Fakir except his small, beady black eyes that bored into Tim and Penny as they stood there. The Fakir wasted no time. He strode over to the children, holding out his hands like clutching claws.

"The parchment," he said in perfect English. "I want the parchment. I know you have it on you. Give it to me!"

The British boy stood perfectly still, not

even blinking. He knew that he was finished if he showed fear to these wild frontiersmen.

"You are a worthy son of a British Major," said the Mad Fakir coldly. "But I shall kill you if you do not give me my parchment!"

Cruel hands then grasped the twins and they were roughly searched. Penny looked at Tim in alarm, but somehow Tim had managed to hide the precious scroll, and their captors found nothing!

The Mad Fakir stamped and ground his teeth with rage, but no matter where he and his followers looked, they could not find the scroll.

"The scroll must be found!" screamed the Fakir. "Take them away and see whether torture will loosen their tongues!"

Penny turned white and bit her lips. Tim also found it hard to remain calm. The two children were then dragged away by a group of fierce, weird-looking creatures. The tallest cried out with joy and delight, "Come, brothers, we will first hang them over the cliff and let them sway

in the breeze!" and then in a whisper, added, "Don't worry, Tim, I'll get you out of this!"

Tim looked up at the wild frontiersman with surprise. Though he could not see through his father's disguise, there was no mistaking the friendly wink that came from those piercing blue eyes. Dragged and roughly handled, they were thrown into a dark, evil-smelling cave to await their torture. As the rest of the men shuffled away, the tallest remained on guard. When all was quiet he turned around and faced his two children.

"Well, kids, we're in a bit of a mess now, but never say die! By the way, where are the plans?"

Tim smiled. "I hid them in the car that we came in, dad!"

The Major nodded. "Good work, Tim. Now listen—this is how we are going to try to get out. Once we get to the car, jump in and drive it fast to the border. Understand? I'll hide you so that you can escape."

As arranged, the twins hid themselves in the voluminous robes that their father was wearing, and the three of them, with their arms around each other, walked slowly out of the cave into the bright sunlight. They only looked like one person. Slowly they made their way past groups of the Mad Fakir's followers until the car was only a few yards away.

"There's nobody near the car——" began the Major in a whisper to the two figures crouched under his robes.

But his voice trailed off, for he heard the rush of running feet behind him. He turned his head, fearing that his trick had been found out. But the runners were two of the Fakir's men in a hurry, and they rushed past him.

"Out of the way!" they shouted impatiently, and then, jumping into the car, they drove off at speed!

For a moment Major Martin did not know what to do. But there was no time to waste. Waddling over to where a group of men were sitting, he swiftly took one of the rifles that lay on the ground near them.

Whispering again to Tim and Penny, he made his way from the village to the cover of the rocks.

"Okay, kids," he murmured. "You can come out of hiding now!"

The twins moved out from under the voluminous robes and watched breathlessly as their father ran to the edge of the rocks and raised the rifle to his shoulder. Bang! the rifle barked out and echoed around the mountains. It was a well-aimed shot, for down in the valley the car swerved as Major Martin's bullet ripped into one of the rear tyres. The car swerved, nearly overturned, and came to rest by the side of the track.

"Quick! Tim, Penny, go down to the car, get the scroll and make your way over the mountains. Don't worry about me—I'll be all right!"

With that the Major disappeared towards the village, from which there came the sounds of excited shouting and yelling.

The twins scrambled down the mountain to the car. Luckily for them, the driver and the guard had gone back to the village. Tim soon retrieved the scroll from under the back seat where he had put it, and in a few moments they were again off on their long and desperate journey through the mountains in a last courageous attempt to reach Sir Thomas Luton in Peshwar with the Mad Fakir's plan of invasion.

The Escape!

Two days without food and water under the hot Indian sun, Tim and Penny struggled on, their clothes torn, dirty, their legs and arms scratched and bleeding. Penny was near the end of her tether, though, like the brave girl she was, she didn't mention a word. But Tim knew only too well how she was feeling.

"We've got to find food and water," said Tim grimly, looking at Penny, who was limping wearily along, her face white and strained with hunger, thirst and weariness.

Climbing the brow of a mountain, the twins looked down in the valley below. A coil of smoke drifted up from where a caravan lay drawn up in the shade of the mountainside. Leaving Penny behind to

rest, Tim went forward to reconnoitre. When he returned it was with good news.

"It is a caravan, camped for the night," he murmured breathlessly. "We've reached the Northern road, and there's a large encampment by a stream down below. Come and see!"

The twins crept down the mountain, to a point where an old stone watch-tower stood not two hundred yards away from the encamped caravan.

"There's bound to be food there," whispered Penny.

"Yes, I know," replied Tim, "but we can't go out in broad daylight in case it is a caravan belonging to the Mad Fakir."

Making their way into the watch-tower, Tim and Penny hid themselves as comfortably as possible and waited for the night. They meant to have only a short rest, but they were both so worn out that it was late in the night when Penny awoke. She sat up quickly, then she found it hard not to scream, for she was no longer alone!

In the doorway, quietly waiting for them to wake, was a little shrivelled man with staring black eyes. To her horror Penny

recognised that it was the Mad Fakir himself!

"Tim!" she yelled.

But as she turned she saw that her brother was not by her side.

"Your brother is not here," answered the Mad Fakir slowly, "but that does not matter, for I have you as a hostage. If your brother does not return I shall kill you—with torture!"

"No!" whispered Penny. "You daren't—you daren't hurt me!"

Then she screamed as the Mad Fakir leapt at her like a tiger and gripped her arms until they were nearly breaking.

"I shall take you back to my village, English girl. There you will be well taken care of until your brother returns the plans!"

Penny was tied up and bundled into the back of a car.

"Back to my village!" ordered the Mad Fakir. "I shall use the white girl as a hostage!"

Meanwhile, Tim, who had been out trying to get food from the caravan, suddenly saw Penny being dragged out of the old watch-tower by the Mad Fakir and his men. He heard only too well that she was going to be



Tim leapt on to the rear of the car in which his sister was held captive.

used as a hostage. For a moment Tim thought the only thing to do was to give himself up to save Penny, but then he realised that everything would be lost if he did that. So when the car with the Mad Fakir and Penny inside began to move off, Tim ran forward and jumped on to the back.

With the car swaying and skidding around corners, Tim clung desperately on.

After many hours' travel at a breakneck speed the car lurched up the mountain towards the headquarters of the Mad Fakir. Just before the village was reached, Tim jumped off and rolled away into the dust by the road. For a moment he stopped and listened. All was quiet. Then he began to creep towards the back of the village, and as he went he shrilled the piercing call of a wild bird. He had the call perfect, for he and Penny and Major Martin had practised it together. It had always been a secret signal between them.

Suddenly in the dim light of the moon he saw the outline of a man.

"Dad!" he cried. "The Mad Fakir has got Penny and——" His voice broke off and he tried to spring back, but it was too late as the figure before him slumped into a heap at his feet. Tim realised in horror what had happened. His father had heard the signal, but had been caught, then knocked out and propped up as a decoy! And Tim had fallen straight into the trap! In a moment, dim figures surrounded him and long, wicked-looking knives flashed in the moonlight. Soon he was trussed up like a chicken and dragged into the village.

For a second Tim was dazed, then recovering, he looked about him. Next to him his father lay, tied up and groaning.

"So they caught you, too, Tim!" he said.

"Yes, dad! But they've got Penny!"

Tim turned his head and looked about him. He saw that both he and his father were lying in a room in one of the houses in the village. The walls were of thin, sharp flint-stone and the roof was thatched. Wriggling along the floor he managed to get his back to the wall. Then painfully and slowly he began to rub the cords that bound his wrists against the sharp wall. With the blood running freely, he worked desperately

on. Suddenly there was the sound of footsteps along the passage. The door flew open and the Mad Fakir entered with Penny, who was tied up.

"Well, so we have all the Martins now!" said the Mad Fakir, grinning evilly at his prisoners. Then with rage in his face he shouted, "If you don't give me the plans within one hour, I shall take the girl and torture her before your eyes! You all have an hour to think it over!" With that he slammed the door and was gone.

Tim wasted no time in his desperate bid to save his family. It was not long before he had freed himself, then he freed the others. The Major stretched himself and grinned. All the time he had been prisoner he had been thinking of a plan.

"Stand away from the walls, kids," he whispered, taking from his pocket an old box of matches. In a swift movement he had set fire to the thatched roof.

In the choking black smoke the Martins coughed and spluttered. Then the sound of running feet echoed down the corridor and the door was flung open.

At that precise moment Major Martin struck! The wild frontiersmen, blinded by the smoke, hadn't a chance. Down they crashed, and the Major dragged his children through the flames into the fresh air.

By now not only the one house was aflame, but the whole village was catching fire.

With one wild dash the Major got Tim and Penny to the Mad Fakir's car. In the confusion no one noticed him. While Penny and Tim hid in safety under the back seat, Major Martin drove the car full tilt down the street through the bewildered frontiersmen. In spite of shots, flashing knives, and grabbing hands, he steered the car until it was on the open road, then he fainted.

Penny nursed her father while Tim drove at top speed to the border, and across into safety. Major Martin wasn't badly hurt and Tim and Penny recovered quickly from their ordeal. It was a great day for the Martins when they stood side by side in Peshwar to receive their medals for gallantry.

"Well, kids," whispered their father, as the crowds cheered, "we made it!"

THE END

BATTLING SAMSON

King of the Airways!



ANY JOB! ANY TIME! ANY PLACE!

★ That is the motto of ace-pilot Battling Bill Samson, who flies the skies with his young friend Jerry, in search of fame, fortune, and fun. ★

GENERAL CROOKHAM, EH?
VERY GOOD, GENERAL! WE'LL BE
OVER RIGHT AWAY!

ANY MORE
FOR ANYWHERE
ANYTIME AND ANYHOW?



AT GENERAL
CROOKHAM'S
HOUSE.

GEE WHIZ!
WE'LL GO
GENERAL, BUT THAT
WORKS OUT AT FIVE
POUNDS PER CIGAR!
SOME SMOKES!



I'LL PAY YOU FIVE HUNDRED
POUNDS IF YOU'LL GO TO
YASHMAK IN THE NEAR EAST,
AND BRING BACK A BOX OF
A HUNDRED CIGARS FROM
ALI FEZ, THE MERCHANT!

THEY ARE THE FINEST CIGARS IN THE
WORLD, SIR -- AND MONEY IS NO OBJECT
WITH ME! GET THEM BACK HERE WITHIN
A WEEK AND I'LL ADD FIFTY POUNDS
TO THE PRICE!



YOU MUST WANT THOSE CIGARS
PRETTY BADLY, GENERAL. YOU
SURE THERE'S NOTHING FISHY
ABOUT THIS DEAL?

FISHY?
BY GAD, SAMSON, I'M
PAYING YOU TO CARRY OUT
AN ASSIGNMENT ON
MY BEHALF-- NOT TO
ASK FOOL QUESTIONS!
GET GOING!



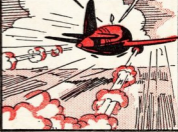
SAY, THAT GUY LOOKS A QUEER BIRD, BOSS.
WONDER WHAT BUSINESS THE GENERAL
COULD HAVE WITH A BOZO LIKE THAT?

IT'S A QUEER SET-UP ALTOGETHER,
JERRY-- BUT COME ON-- WE'VE GOT
WORK TO DO!



WHERE IS YASHMAK
ANYWAY, BOSS?

IT'S A SMALL
STATE NEAR ARMENIA...
WO'N'T TAKE US LONG
IN THE WAG!



YASHMAK!



NOW TO FIND THE BEST
HOTEL IN TOWN, JERRY!

WHO THESE PEOPLE?
LOOK QUEER TO ME.
ME FOLLOW!



THEY NO SEE ME!
ME VERY GOOD
POLICE SPY!



IN THE HOTEL.

YOU JUST CAME TO YASHMAK - YES? NO? SHARE MY TABLE, SIR'S AND GENTS. MAYBE I HELP YOU - YES? NO?

NOT SO MUCH OF THE 'YES' 'NO'. BUDDY - MAKE YOUR MIND UP! AND SAY, CAN YOU TELL US WHERE TO FIND A GUY NAMED ALI FEZ?



OH, YES, SIR'S AND GENTS -- I KNOW WHERE ALI FEZ LIVE -- SIR'S AND GENTS. I AM MARVO THE MAGICIAN. SEE, I SHOW YOU I BREAK THE GLASS!



GULLY, GULLY! WHERE IS THE GLASS? SMASH? YES? NO? HERE IT IS, SIR'S AND GENTS -- COMING OUT OF YOUR EARS -- NOW YOU EAT, THEN I TAKE YOU TO ALI FEZ!



YES! YES! THEY ASK FOR ALI FEZ! YOU SEND POLICE! I WATCH STRANGERS - POLICE COME - I ARREST STRANGERS! YES! YES!

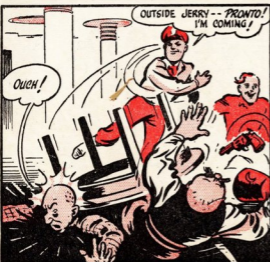


YOU COME SMUGGLE! YOU COME STEAL CIGARS! YOU COME TO PRISON! YES! YES!

BOTH UNDER ARREST.



YOU COME AND TAKE US, OLD BAGGY-PANTS!

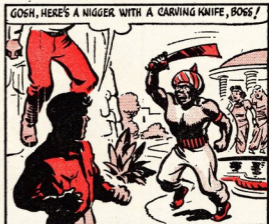


OUTSIDE JERRY -- PRONTO! I'M COMING!



OH, MY GOSH! A WHOLE HANDFUL OF COPS, BOSS! ..

KEEP GOING! I'LL TWIDDLE THEIR WHISKERS, JERRY!







BOSS, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THIS CIGAR BUSINESS!

TOO TRUE, JERRY! BUT RUN — AND WE'LL TALK LATER!



MARVO THE MAGICIAN IS WATCHING ALL THE TIME.

GULLY-GULLY! THESE ARE THE FOREIGN SIRS AND GENTS, YES? NO? THE POLICE THEY MAY TRICK BY DISGUISE, BUT NOT MARVO THE MAGICIAN — NO! YES!



CAMEL EXPRESS FOR THE AIRPORT, JERRY! ALL ABOARD!



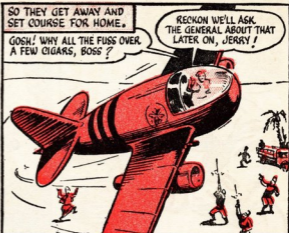
HANG ON, JERRY — WE'LL MAKE THE PLANE IN NO TIME!

THAT'LL BE THE DAY, BOSS!



HOORAY! WE'VE BLOCKED THE GATEWAY WITH THAT OLD CART. GIT ALONG, YOU OLD DESERT DONKEY! AIR-PORT NEXT STOP!

OKAY, BOSS! I'LL BE WITH YOU -- I HOPE!



-- AT GENERAL CROOKHAM'S HOUSE.

I'VE BROUGHT HOME AN EXTRA BOX OF CIGARS, GENERAL. THEY'RE SPECIAL. HAVE ONE?

EXCELLENT, MY DEAR SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL!

AH, THANK YOU! AND I WILL WRITE YOU A CHEQUE. YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!

DON'T YOU BOTHER ABOUT THAT, GENERAL. THE WAY I FIGURE IT YOUR MONEY'S SO DIRTY I'D RATHER NOT FINGER IT!



A TRICK, EH? A CHILDISH TRICK! WELL, YOU'LL NEVER PLAY ANOTHER, YOU BIG APE! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!



YOU ROTTEN GEM-SMUGGLING HOODLUM! YOU TRICKED ME INTO DOING YOUR DIRTY WORK!

SO, YOU KNOW EVERYTHING! WELL - YOU WON'T LIVE TO TALK!



I'VE TALKED ALREADY! THE COPS ARE WAITING FOR YOU - SO LONG, GENERAL! *OUTSIDE!*



YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAN, INSPECTOR, BUT WE LOSE OUR DOUGH!

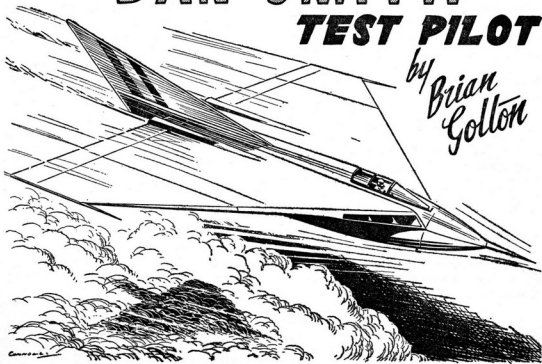
RUBBISH! THERE'S A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD FOR SMASHING THIS GEM-SMUGGLING RACKET FROM YASHMAK - AND YOU'VE WON IT, SAMSON!

BY GUM! A THOUSAND SMACKERS! YIPPEE!!

DAN SMITH

TEST PILOT

by
*Brian
Golton*



A new plane takes to the skies—and enemies watch with jealous eyes, determined to destroy it.

Shadows in the Hangar

WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
Streaking the clear blue sky with its trail of white, the new Davies prototype jet fighter, XR3, screamed overhead at well over 700 m.p.h.

The lean, wiry figure at the controls smiled.

Dan Smith, chief test pilot for the Davies Aircraft Corporation, had every reason to be pleased with himself and life in general.

He lived for his flying, and this new plane he was just bringing in from its preliminary tests was handling like a dream.

In the control tower on the airfield below,

Robert Davies, principal of the Davies Aircraft Corporation, waited impatiently to hear what Dan had to report.

With technicians and designers he had been following the plane's progress on their newly-developed, high-powered television receiver. A small, built-in transmitting camera was fixed in the cockpit of the XR3 at Dan's side and was focused on the instrument panel, sending continuous pictures to the TV set on the ground.

Not only could the readings on the dials be followed all the time the plane was in flight, but at the receiving end a film record was automatically taken for later use. By

checking this data they were able to see a complete record of the plane's performance, fuel consumption and reactions at various stages of the manoeuvres. This type of information could not be obtained on the test bench.

Dan wished the XR₃ safely along the runway in a perfect landing. The moment the plane halted and the engines were switched off he hopped out and into the jeep that had raced up.

"Well, Dan," queried Mr. Davies, greeting him at the tower, "what's the verdict?"

"She's perfect, just perfect," answered Dan with a grin. "The best I've ever flown. If she's like this to-morrow for the official test run, you'll have nothing to worry about."

"I hope you're right," Mr. Davies replied with a worried look on his face.

"Of course I am," said Dan. "Now what about a run-through of that film? There are a couple of points on that re-heat control I want to check on."

The darkness of the hangar that night was broken by a faint gleam of moonlight. It shone through the windows on to the now silent XR₃ where she stood like some motionless, gigantic bird. The sleek silver shape seemed to know that rest was needed before the efforts of the dawn when she would be hurtling through the air on her important major test run.

For this was to be the day that Dan Smith, Mr. Davies and all the other employees of the firm had been striving for in the long preparatory months leading up to it. Important Ministry officials and the Chiefs of Staff of the Army, Navy and Air Force would be there to see the test. On her performance that day would rest the decision whether or not she would be ordered in large numbers to become the latest type of fighter for Britain.

Mr. Davies had sunk all his money in this project, and he knew he was pinning all his future hopes on the XR₃—and Dan Smith. This was the third prototype to be built—the previous two had not been successful.

The stillness of the night was disturbed by the scarcely audible click of a key turning in a lock, and at the corner of the hangar a door slowly opened.

A shadowy figure slipped through and, with a swift glance around, made for his rubber-soled slippers as he crossed the hangar.

It was the work of a few seconds as practised hands opened the cockpit cover and the figure slid inside.

He unwrapped a small parcel he had carefully taken from his pocket, and from another pocket he took a tiny tool-kit of precision instruments. Settling himself on the pilot's seat he propped up a powerful torch to shine on to the instrument panel. Its rays were shielded from the cockpit windows by the large black cloth he draped across them. Deft fingers expertly probed the intricate mechanism before him.

Half an hour later, with everything looking exactly as he had found it, the figure climbed out of the cockpit and closed the cover. Mingling with the shadows of the hangar, he reached the door, and, going



The intruder stole furtively towards the secret jet plane.

quickly through, with the same slight click, he locked it from the outside.

The Tell-Tale Film

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Davies," said Dan cheerily as he strode in to breakfast early next morning.

The chief of the company was already sitting down at the table.

"Why so glum? It looks like a lovely day," continued Dan.

"Oh, good-morning, Dan!" answered Mr. Davies, looking up. "Yes, it seems that conditions are ideal for the test, but I can't help thinking of the possibility of a failure, like the two previous types. A lot depends on to-day, you know."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Davies," said Dan, "and don't worry. Everything is going to be all right."

Mr. Davies smiled ruefully. "Of course, Dan. Anyway, I do know that I couldn't have a better man at the controls."

Dan grinned, and said: "Right, well, now that's settled, where's my bacon and eggs?"

With not the slightest hint of nerves, the young test pilot tucked into his breakfast.

On the flat roof of the control tower the important spectators for this test were taking their position on the seats that had been prepared for them. Their binoculars were focused on the sleek silver plane as she was towed out of the hangar to the runway.

"Looks like a blinking horse-race, skipper," laughed Pete Phillips, Dan's chief mechanic, pointing to the rows of binoculars as Dan prepared to climb into the cockpit.

"Well, there's plenty of horses for them to see in here," smiled Dan, patting one of the engines appreciatively.

Settling down in the cockpit, Dan shouted: "Right-ho, Pete, here we go! Stand clear!"

Pete shouted back: "Good luck, skipper!" and then ran off as Dan pressed the button, firing the two engines into pulsating life.

Taxiing up the runway as the jets warmed up, Dan felt on top of the world.

He might not have felt so cheery, how-

ever, if he could have seen a figure skulking at the rear of some of the hangars, watching the plane with an evil, twisted grin.

As he turned for the take-off, Dan could see all eyes fixed on himself and the plane. Up the runway he flashed, feeling the smooth surge of power from the engines. As he neared the end he eased back the control, up crept the nose, and the plane was airborne.

Climbing swiftly, Dan switched on his radio.

"XR₃ to Control. Are you receiving me?" queried Dan.

"Control to XR₃. Receiving you loud and clear," came back the reassuring voice of Johnny Williams in the radio-room far below. "What's it like up there, Dan?"

"Wonderful," answered Dan. "TV working all right down there?"

"Clear picture here," checked Johnny. "All controls visible."

"Right-ho! Well, cheerio for now. Commencing test manoeuvres," said Dan, and pulling back the control column, he sent the XR₃ zooming upwards in a vertical climb.

Levelling off at 8,000 feet, he whizzed into a swift series of lateral rolls, sharp turns, loops and other acrobatic movements. These clearly indicated Dan's skill as a pilot, but more important, tested the plane's responses to the control and its ability to stand up to the terrific strain on its construction.

Some minutes later, Johnny Williams, checking on his radio and TV equipment before him, noticed that there seemed to be a lot of film already in the reception container of the TV receiver.

"That's queer," he mused. "I remember loading a new film in last night ready for this morning's flight."

The large amount of film could not all have been used by Dan in the short time he had been airborne. So how had it—

Johnny Williams gasped aloud at his thoughts. Someone must have been in the plane between the time he loaded the film last night and the start of Dan's flight that morning. At first he thought of Pete Phillips, the mechanic, but he knew that

Pete, fully aware of the TV apparatus, would not disturb it while doing any other checking.

What would anyone want in the cockpit of XR3 during the night?"

Realising the urgency of the situation, he called to Jack Hall, one of the laboratory technicians.

"Quickly, Jack! Get this piece of film processed. I must see what's on it. It may be a matter of life or death!"

Jack wasted no time asking questions, and taking the film in the special container where Johnny had snipped it off, he rushed to his near-by lab.

"Will Mr. Davies and Pete Phillips come to the radio-room, please? It's very urgent," boomed out the loudspeaker system across the airfield. Johnny Williams, unable to leave his post, was using this method to summon his chief and Dan's mechanic to tell them of his discovery.

"Oh, bother! What can they want?" said Mr. Davies. "I'm very sorry, sir. If you'll excuse me for a moment," he went on to the Air Ministry official seated beside him.

The whole group there had been watching the plane twisting and turning high in the blue above their heads, and so far, Mr.

Davies had been pleased to notice, everyone seemed very impressed.

In another part of the airfield, Pete, who had also been gazing skywards, heard the call and hurried off.

"Sorry, Mr. Davies," he said, as, rushing round the corner of the corridor leading to the radio-room, he cannoned into his chief. "Do you know what's up?"

"No, I don't, Phillips, but I'm hoping there can't be anything wrong, or it will mean the ends of the Company," answered Mr. Davies grimly.

Bursting through the door of the radio-room, their questions were cut short as Johnny swiftly explained what had happened.

"Shall I contact Dan on the radio and tell him what's been found?" queried Johnny.

"We mustn't worry him at this time if it's nothing," answered Mr. Davies. "How long will Hall be with that film?"

"But, sir," broke in Pete, "shouldn't we get on to Dan straight away?"

Stopping any further discussion, Jack Hall rushed into the room with the roll of film and quickly fed it into the projector on its stand. Darkening the room, he set the projector in motion.

At first it seemed blurred, and then came



Unaware that the plane had been tampered with, Dan flashed up the runway and, easing back the control column, zoomed into the sky.

the picture of the instrument panel with a pair of hands screening one of the panel sections.

"Someone's at the instruments!" blurted out Pete.

Just then the picture went blank, and only occasional glimpses of the instruments could be seen.

"His elbows keep moving in front of the camera," said Johnny, "so we can't see what he's up to."

"Well, anyway, whatever he's doing, he's up to no good. We must warn Dan at once!" said Mr. Davies.

"You're dead right, there, chief," said Jack Hall grimly, as the hands appeared on the screen again clearly for a few seconds. "Especially as I know who that man in the cockpit is!"

Two Bangs in the Sky

DAN SMITH frowned and switched on his radio transmitter.

"XR₃ to Control. XR₃ to Control. Are you receiving me? Are you receiving me?"

A few thousand feet above the airfield, Dan had been trying to obtain radio contact with his base for some minutes, but with no result.

Putting the machine on the automatic pilot control to circle in wide sweeps, he quickly tried to trace any apparent fault in the radio gear.

On the ground Johnny Williams was even more desperately checking his apparatus as his efforts on his part to contact Dan with their warning had failed.

"What a time for the radio to break down," fumed Mr. Davies. "Aren't you getting any reply at all, Williams?"

"No, sir, and everything seems to be all right at this end," answered Johnny.

"What part of the panel did he seem to be working on to you, as far as you could tell, Phillips?" queried Mr. Davies, referring to the film they had just seen.

"Well, sir, from what I could make out, he seemed to be connecting something to the air-speed indicator mechanism," answered Pete. "Nothing seems to have happened to the plane yet, though."



The film clearly showed someone tampering with the instrument panel.

Through the window they could see Dan circling above them.

"But then," went on Pete, "perhaps whatever was done will only come into operation when a certain speed is reached at—"

"And Dan is due to go into his power dive any moment now," broke in Mr. Davies, "and there's no way we can let him know the danger he's in!"

The minutes ticked by, and they watched Dan in a horrified silence. He was now climbing upwards to about 40,000 feet to commence his power dive.

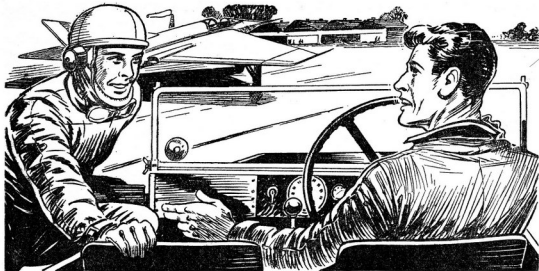
He levelled off and started to flash earthwards. Expecting something to happen at any moment, the four who knew that Dan was in some unknown peril watched as though hypnotised, powerless to prevent disaster if it was coming.

The XR₃ screamed on. The whine of the engine increased in volume every second.

BOOM! BOOM!

Two thunderous explosions rent the air.

Pete looked away, not wanting to see the



"Quick! Hop in, Dan. We've got to get away from here! That plane is liable to blow up any minute!"

plane's pieces falling to earth; not wanting to be convinced by his eyes that the skipper, whom he had really enjoyed working for, had now been murdered by a villainous piece of sabotage.

"Look! Look!" shouted Mr. Davies excitedly, tugging at Pete's arm. "He's all right!"

As these words slowly penetrated Pete's clouded brain, he turned to look.

There was the XR3, all in one piece, pulling out of the dive and circling low to land.

With a whoop of joy Pete raced for the jeep, closely followed by Mr. Davies. Off they roared across the airfield.

Dan came down in a perfect landing, and, switching off, hopped out just as the jeep arrived at the plane.

"Quick, Dan, jump in!" said Pete. "Someone's been tampering with the plane. She might explode any moment!"

"Oh, I suppose you mean this!" said Dan coolly, and from his pocket he drew a tiny alloy phial with two wires running from the end. "I don't think there's any danger now. Still, step on it, I want to get this off my hands!"

As they whirled off, Mr. Davies quickly explained to Dan about the film and how they'd tried to warn him.

Pulling up sharply in front of the radio-room, they all leapt out.

Here Johnny Williams joined Mr. Davies and Pete in a chorus of how—what—and why?

Dan raised his hand with a grin and said: "Whoa, whoa, now let me explain!"

"When I couldn't get Control on the radio I put the plane on automatic pilot and tried to locate the fault. As you know, the radio equipment is next to the air-speed indicator mechanism. I didn't find the radio fault—but I found this!" Taking the tiny phial from his pocket once more, he went on: "It's a powerful explosive charge, which would have gone off when I got into a speed dive! Disconnecting the thing carefully from the mechanism, I carried on with the test. I thought any interruption might lead the Ministry officials to think there was something wrong with the plane."

"So you carried on with that thing in your pocket!" ejaculated Mr. Davies. "You know how grateful I am for you finishing the test, but you should have brought her in. Your life comes before the plane's performance."

"Well, thanks very much, Mr. Davies," grinned Dan, "but it's all over now. Where's Jack Hall? He'd be more

interested in this phial than me. Well, speak of the devil——”

“I hope you mean him and not me,” said Jack, smiling as he indicated a man being brought in behind him. The surly-looking man stood there scowling with two solid security policemen on either side.

“Dr. Rinkel!” gasped Dan in surprise.

“Yes,” said Jack. “I caught him lurking at the back of some hangars. I guessed he’d stay around to see the results of his deadly work, only he didn’t succeed this time. I expect Mr. Davies has told you about the film. When I saw a scar on the left hand of the man at the instruments I remembered straight away where I’d seen it before. Grabbing Dr. Rinkel’s left hand he showed Dan the scar on the back. “I noticed that when he worked here,” ended Jack.

Dr. Rinkel, a once-brilliant designer, had been dismissed for inefficiency about a year previously. Mr. Davies had later found out that he had been passing secret plans of the new Davies planes to a foreign power. The security police had been looking for him all this time, but he had so far eluded capture.

As Rinkel was marched away, Dan handed Jack the phial, and, after a few moments’ expert examination, Jack gave a low whistle and said: “Phew! Dan, this looks like one of the new secret explosives. Rinkel must have got on to it somehow. This tiny amount could have blown you and the XR₃ into a million pieces.”

“Well, I’m still whole,” grinned Dan. “Rinkel must have been responsible for your other two failures, Mr. Davies,” he continued, turning to his chief. “I thought

they looked more like sabotage than technical or design faults.”

Mr. Davies was very grave. “I admire your courage, Dan. After those first two planes had exploded under you and only your automatic ejector seat had saved your life, I wonder you ever flew one of my planes again.”

“Third time unlucky for Rinkel, then,” chipped in Pete, “and, of course, the TV camera was a development brought in after he disappeared, so he didn’t know that as he sat down in the cockpit he was automatically switching it on by the pressure on the seat!

“But, skipper,” he went on, “what about those explosions? You had me properly scared.”

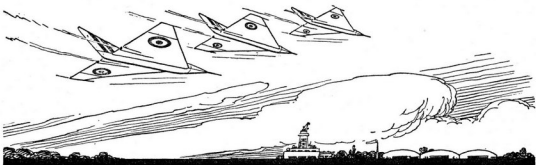
“Can I help it if the plane’s fast enough to pass through the sound barrier?” chuckled Dan.

Laughing, everyone joined in the congratulations as they realised that Dan had caused the double boom they’d heard.

“Ah! There you are,” said the chief Ministry official, entering the room and walking up to Mr. Davies. “I wondered where you’d disappeared to. Well, I’m glad to say we’re more than satisfied with the performance we’ve seen to-day. I can assure you the contract will be drawn up this week for a large number of your wonderful new plane.”

That night, at a small celebration party, Mr. Davies, at the height of the proceedings, proposed a toast. He said simply: “To XR₃—and Dan Smith—test pilot.”

THE END



SEXTON BLAKE AND TINKER AND THE LEAGUE OF CRIME.

MARCH 5TH 1945

THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT OF THE OLD BAILEY, LONDON.

JOHN LEAGUE, THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL, WANTED BY THE POLICE OF EVERY CONTINENT, IS SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT.



Ten years ago, Sexton Blake, the famous Baker Street detective, was responsible for the bringing to justice of the arch-criminal, John League. League got fifteen years' hard labour, and when he heard this sentence the crook burst out in a wild tirade against Blake and finally he swore to have his life when he got out.

BUT AT DARTMOOR JOHN LEAGUE IS WATCHED VERY CAREFULLY

- REALISING THE WISDOM OF PLAYING A WAITING GAME, HE WORKS HARD AND WELL



The court was horrified at League's savage outburst, but it was not an uncommon thing to happen and he would be safe enough in Dartmoor prison. True, they kept an extra close watch on the cunning and ruthless prisoner while he worked with other prisoners in the quarries, but all the time League thought and planned a daring escape.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT YEAR IN, YEAR OUT, LEAGUE'S ONLY THOUGHTS ARE OF ESCAPE AND VENGEANCE

ESCAPE FROM DARTMOOR AND VENGEANCE ON SEXTON BLAKE.



LATE SUMMER 1955

THE DAY FOR WHICH JOHN LEAGUE HAS BEEN WAITING TEN YEARS, A WARDER NEW TO DARTMOOR, UNWITTINGLY TURNS HIS BACK.



To the warders League seemed a model prisoner. He worked well and obeyed his instructions implicitly, never for a moment did they suspect that he was merely waiting his chance and that he was watching their actions more keenly than they were watching his. One afternoon, in a lonely part of the quarry, the warder's attention strayed—

THE ROCK FLIES UNERRINGLY FROM LEAGUE'S HAND AND SENDS THE CARELESS WARDER TO THE GROUND SENSELESS — LEAGUE'S LUCK HOLDS GOOD — HIS VICIOUS ACTION HAS BEEN UNOBSERVED —



THE NEXT DAY, JOHN LEAGUE DESCENDS FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE FIFTY MILES FROM DARTMOOR PRISON.



League felled the warder with a lump of rock and after exchanging clothes, the crook made off into the mists of Dartmoor. Later he entered a train—slowed by the weather conditions. A well-dressed man, obviously out for a shooting holiday, sat alone in a compartment. He was easy meat for League in a dark tunnel.

SOUTHAMPTON—THREE WEEKS LATER. PASSENGERS ARE BOARDING THE QUEEN ELIZABETH, OUTWARD BOUND FOR NEW YORK—AND AMONGST THEM IS JOHN LEAGUE, TRAVELLING UNDER A FORGED PASSPORT.



League emerged at the next station with his travelling companion's clothes and possessions, and from then on the police lost track of him. True there were moments when the master criminal feared recapture, but he took care to cover his tracks and finally left the country with an assumed name and a forged passport.

MANY MONTHS AFTER LEAGUE'S ESCAPE—THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE IS SITTING IN HIS STUDY IN COMPANY WITH TINKER, HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT. SUDDENLY, THERE COMES A SOFT TAP AT THE DOOR—



But he was not running away from Sexton Blake—he really did mean to get his revenge, and some months later he returned to keep his word. One afternoon Tinker answered a knock on the consulting-room door. Standing there, gun in hand, was John League, and in his burning eyes was all the pent-up fury and hatred of an embittered man.



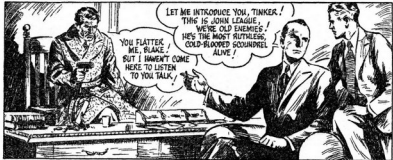
FRONT-DOOR LOCKS STILL HOLD NO PROBLEMS FOR YOU, I SEE, LEAGUE!

CORRECT, BLAKE! I MUST SAY I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL!



I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SORRY IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU BEFORE I ARRIVED -- BECAUSE I WANT TO KILL YOU -- SIT DOWN!

The atmosphere was tense with danger, but not by so much as a flicker of an eyebrow did Blake betray unusual interest in his visitor. In fact, it was League who was unsteady for a moment by his casual reception—but the master crook held the whip hand and coolly announced that he had come for his revenge—that he intended to kill Blake!



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU, TINKER! THIS IS JOHN LEAGUE, WE'RE OLD ENEMIES -- HE'S THE MOST RUTHLESS, COLD-BLOODED SCOUNDREL ALIVE!

YOU FLATTER ME, BLAKE, BUT I HAVEN'T COME HERE TO LISTEN TO YOU TALK.

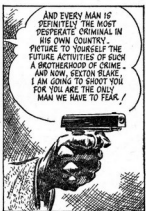


I SEE YOU'VE BEEN TRAVELLING -- THAT OVERCOAT YOU WEAR IS MADE OF MATERIAL MANUFACTURED ONLY IN SOUTH AMERICA!

Unperturbed Blake sardonically introduced Tinker to John League, and his clever deduction about the material of League's overcoat betraying the fact that he had been in South America, clearly began to get the crook rattled. With a snarl of hate League leapt to his feet, his crooked finger hovering on the trigger of his automatic.



STILL THE CLEVER DETECTIVE, EH? YES, I'VE BEEN TRAVELLING AND I'VE RETURNED TO ENGLAND WITH THE MOST DARING GANG I'VE EVER HAD -- I'VE GATHERED ONE MEMBER FROM EVERY COUNTRY I'VE VISITED!



AND EVERY MAN IS DEFINITELY THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMINAL IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. PICTURE TO YOURSELF THE FUTURE ACTIVITIES OF SUCH A BROTHERHOOD OF CRIME -- AND NOW, SEVEN ON BLAKE, I AM GOING TO SHOOT YOU FOR YOU ARE THE ONLY MAN WE HAVE TO FEAR!

"Still the clever detective, eh?" snarled the man, maddened by Blake's outward calm. Maybe he had expected Blake to break down and start whimpering in the face of certain death—any lesser man than the famous detective might well have done so. Even if he was to be deprived of that part of his revenge, League still meant to take Blake's life.

LEAGUE IS JUST ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER -- WHEN THE DOOR BEHIND HIM IS PUSHED OPEN AND A GIRL ENTERS THE ROOM.



Backing towards the door, League raised the revolver. Sexton Blake rose from his chair, and Tinker gasped in horror. League's finger tightened on the trigger and at that moment there was a sudden turn of the handle and the door behind him opened. League shot a glance over his shoulder to see who it was, and instantly Blake's fist shot out!

THE MASTER CRIMINAL STAGGERS BACK THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR AND BEFORE HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF, TOPPLES HEADLONG DOWN THE STAIRS --



The force of the blow sent the notorious criminal reeling clean out of the room and backwards down the stairs. The girl could not have walked in at a better moment—she had saved Sexton's life. The front door had been left open by League and she had walked straight in, for she needed help herself—from the very man who had attacked Blake.



Sexton Blake and Tinker ran after League, but at the top of the stairs they halted. One of League's men had left the car waiting outside and followed the girl into the building—and now he stood at the foot of the stairs with a tommy-gun. League ordered him not to shoot. For some reason the crook did not want the girl harmed.



CAREFUL! MY LEG IS INJURED!

ARE WE GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY, GUV'NOR?



THEY'VE GOT THE DROP ON US, TINKER. IF WE MAKE A MOVE, THIS GIRL MIGHT GET HURT!

AND TO THINK THAT LEAGUE IS WANTED BY EVERY POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD!

League's leg was injured and his men carried him out to the waiting car. The notorious criminal was intent now on getting away before a passer-by chanced to notice what was happening and report to the police. And for his own reasons Blake was willing to let him go, for he feared the girl might be hurt if he tackled League there and then.



HAVE NO FEAR! WE SHALL HEAR FROM JOHN LEAGUE AGAIN!



RING UP SCOTLAND YARD, TINKER. TELL THEM WHAT HAS HAPPENED - AND ASK THEM IF THEY CAN TRACE LEAGUE'S CAR!

RIGHT AWAY, GUV'NOR.



NOW, YOUNG LADY, WHO ARE YOU? I'M JOYCE STANDISH! MY FATHER IS PROFESSOR STANDISH - HE'S VANISHED, MR. BLAKE, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S COME TO HARM!

STANDISH, THE SCIENTIST VANISHED WHEN?

BACK IN BLAKE'S STUDY.

Back in his study Blake set to work to plan the downfall of the crook. First he set Scotland Yard on the trail of the car in which League had escaped—then he heard Joyce Standish's story, and an amazing tale it was.

She had every reason to fear that her father, a scientist, may have come to some harm, for he had vanished.



LAST NIGHT HE HAD A VISITOR - FATHER ASKED ME TO WAIT IN THE LIBRARY - AN HOUR LATER, I WENT TO HIS STUDY - BUT HE HAD DISAPPEARED!



THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS! I WONDER IF LEAGUE IS AT THE BACK OF IT ALL?

YES, MR. BLAKE, LEAGUE WAS THE MAN WHO VISITED MY FATHER LAST NIGHT!

SCOTLAND YARD REPORT NO TRACE OF LEAGUE'S CAR, GUV'NOR. -- HE'S GOT AWAY, SOMEBOW!



WE CAN DO NOTHING HERE IN LONDON -- LET US GO DOWN TO YOUR HOME IN DEVON, JOYCE - MAYBE THERE WE CAN PICK UP SOME CLUES THAT WILL LEAD US TO YOUR FATHER!

According to Joyce the last man who had visited her father on the previous evening was John League, and Blake was sure that in some way the terrible criminal was responsible for the Professor's disappearance! The great detective decided to motor down to Joyce's home in Devon straight away. He hoped to find a clue there.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

SEXTON BLAKE, TINKER, AND JOYCE ARE RACING THROUGH DEVON IN THE 'GREY PANTHER', BLAKE'S HIGH POWERED CAR, ON THEIR WAY TO MORETON MANOR - THE STANDISH HOME.



In a few minutes Tinker had Sexton Blake's special car ready and they were speeding on the way to Devon. They cleared London and many hours afterwards they flashed through the outskirts of Exeter and on into the heart of Devon. Near Morton Manor, Joyce's home, Tinker pointed out an old, ruined priory standing in its own grounds.



A baker's van stood at the gate, and Tinker realised that someone was living there in spite of its ruined appearance. Little did he guess it was John League and his gang who were there, and that at that very moment League was lying in bed, still injured from his fall, planning the next move in the crooked game he was playing.



John League ordered all his gang to his bedside. They were the arch-criminals of a dozen different countries, and not one of them betrayed a glint of compassion when their master told them that Blake was probably on their trail and that he must die within twenty-four hours. They were to draw lots to decide who would do it!



The deed fell to "little" Igor! At that moment the telephone bell rang. It was another of League's men reporting Blake's arrival at Moreton Manor, and with a sardonic smile the master crook told Igor to go ahead. It seems as though Blake has played into League's hands by going down to Devon, for the crook's spies are everywhere.

MEANWHILE -- SEXTON BLAKE, TINKER, AND JOYCE STANDISH ARRIVE AT MORETON MANOR. JOYCE'S FATHER, PROFESSOR STANDISH, HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



But even if Blake had suspected that their arrival at the manor was known to League, he did not let it worry him. So long as a man like League was at large, organising crime, everyone in the country was in danger, and if the master crook really had kidnapped Professor Standish, then some of England's most vital secrets might be forced from him.

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, BLAKE AND TINKER ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR A CLUE TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PROFESSOR STANDISH.



Sexton Blake and Tinker set to work in Professor Standish's study, hoping to find some clue as to why he should have been kidnapped. Joyce helped them, and it was some time before they found anything of interest, and then only Blake realised it might be a clue. The paper he found showed that the professor had bought a mine.



All three turned round at the sound of steps in the passage. Tinker & Joyce gasped in amazement, and "little" Igor lumbered into the room. He was massive! His frame seemed to fill the whole doorway. Then his ape-like hands reached towards Sexton Blake. With a quick turn and a sudden heave, the detective flung a large table in the monster's path!



Igor seemed surprised that anyone should resist him. He looked on people as flies, but the table had knocked him over and he felt annoyed and he threw Sexton Blake viciously aside. Tinker grabbed a brass candle-holder and crashed it down on the giant's head—but it might have been a roll of paper for all the difference it made. Igor grabbed Tinker.



He meant to throw Tinker out of the window because he had dared to strike him. The monster raised Tinker over his head and tensed himself for a great throw, but as he turned to the window he found himself looking into the mouth of an automatic held in Joyce's quivering hands. It was her father's and she had remembered where he kept it.



Igor stood and looked at her, his dull brain trying to cope with this new menace, and then with surprising speed he suddenly flung Tinker clean at Joyce. Luckily, Tinker fell short and the carpet was soft, but it was enough to make Joyce drop her automatic, and then Sexton Blake saw his chance and snatched up the deadly little weapon.



Blake's shot fired at close range was aimed deliberately to wing Igor, although the shock was enough to cause the sullen brute to fall back against the window and crash through it. Even that fall didn't finish Igor, and as he slunk away into the bushes Blake did not fire again—Igor would lead them to League's headquarters.



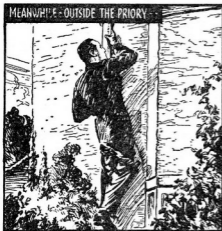
With the instinctive cunning of a trapped animal, Igor shot quick glances over his shoulder as he lumbered through the woodlands, but by expert tracking and exercising every care, Sexton Blake and Tinker were able to follow the monster until he was seen to enter an old ruined priory. Sexton Blake sent Tinker back for the car at once.



Meanwhile inside the priory League's men had been using force to extract information from Professor Standish—at last under extreme pressure, the clever scientist had broken down and revealed the location of the mine he had bought. That was enough for League, for he hoped to get plans of the mine by searching the professor's home, Moreton Manor.



The master criminal smiled grimly at the success of his plans—but then his smile suddenly changed to a look of horror as the injured Igor appeared in his room. He realised that Sexton Blake had got the upper hand, that he was sure to have trailed Igor and might be in the priory at that very moment. Now League was in danger!



Sexton Blake was thinking one move ahead of League all the time now. He knew how League would react to Igor's return—the house and the grounds would be searched, but there was one place where they would not think of looking, and that was OUTSIDE LEAGUE'S BEDROOM WINDOW! He climbed up a drain-pipe and grasped the sill.



Professor Standish was the only one who noticed Sexton Blake at the window. League was too busy directing his men in their search to think of his own bedroom, and when the master criminal went out with the others, leaving one of his men to guard the professor, Blake leaped into the room. A left hook knocked all argument out of the guard.



The man staggered back, crashed through the rotting balustrade and dropped down on to the stairs below. The noise brought League's men tearing to the spot and they were amazed to see Sexton Blake with the professor at the top of the stairs. There was now no way of escape—except the landing window just by their side.



The branch of a tree below the window offered a slim chance, but the professor was just about all in. He had stood too much of League's devilry that day and now the elderly man was on the point of collapse, but Blake persuaded him to make the final effort and together they leapt from the window down on to the branch below.



CONFOUND IT, THERE'S A CAR COMING. I DAREN'T SHOOT, YET!



ONE MORE SPURT, PROFESSOR, AND WE'VE MADE IT!

JUST IN TIME! HERE WE ARE, GUV'NOR!

Even as they swung down from the branch League and his men appeared up at the window with automatics levelled, and at that range they surely could not miss, but the drone of a car engine baulked them in their intentions. To shoot then would have given them away to whoever was passing. Actually it was Tinker with Sexton Blake's car.



IT'S BLAKE'S OWN CAR, AND HE'S GOT AWAY WITH STANDISH!

GET GOING, TINKER! HE WON'T DARE TO SHOOT FOR FEAR OF BEING HEARD IN THE VILLAGE! HEAD FOR THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE!



HE'S TAKING STANDISH TO THE VILLAGE DOCTOR'S - O.K. LET HIM GO! FOUR OF YOU HURRY TO THE MANOR. GET THE GIRL AND SEARCH FOR ANY OF STANDISH'S PRIVATE PAPERS. MEET THE REST OF US AT THE MINE. SEXTON BLAKE HASN'T BEATEN ME YET!

When League saw who it was it was too late to start shooting, but League did not give in. He thought there was still time to get to that mine—to find out whatever secret it might hold, and to get away before Sexton Blake had time to find out what was going on. But first to Moreton Manor for the plans.



AT MORETON MANOR -

SOMEBODY KNOCKING! PERHAPS IT'S MR BLAKE BACK AGAIN!



I'VE GOT HER! SEARCH THE PLACE, QUICKLY-- BEFORE SEXTON BLAKE GETS BACK!

Joyce had stayed at the manor to continue to search for clues when Sexton Blake and Tinker had gone after Igor. Blake has not returned directly to the manor for Standish needed urgent attention by the village doctor, which meant a detour of some miles. This gave League's men time to get to the manor first. They overpowered Joyce.

AT THE DOCTOR'S PROFESSOR STANDISH IS GIVEN TREATMENT FOR SHOCK. AFTER A WHILE HE REVIVES SUFFICIENTLY TO ACCOMPANY SEXTON BLAKE BACK TO MORETON MANOR. AND THERE THEY SEE THE RESULTS OF THE GANGSTERS' VISIT.



When, at last, Sexton Blake and Professor Standish did return with Tinker to the manor, they found no sign of Joyce. League's men had turned the place upside down searching for plans of the mine. It was then that the professor revealed that the mine was being used by him, with the government's approval, for secret atomic experiments.



SO BLAKE TINKER AND THE PROFESSOR SET OUT WITH ALL SPEED FOR THE MINE WHICH IS IN A LONELY PART OF THE COUNTRY. THEY LEAVE THE CAR SOME DISTANCE FROM THE MINE ENTRANCE AND CREEP FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY



Sexton Blake guessed that League would lose no time in getting to the mine, so he phoned the police and then drove there himself. If League obtained the atomic secrets he would be sure to use them in waging the worst wave of crime ever known in history. They parked the car some distance from the mine and crept towards the entrance.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A RUSTLING NOISE IN THE DARKNESS BRINGS THE GUARD WHIPPING ROUND - HIS GUN RAISED. AND IN THE SAME INSTANT BLAKE SPRINGS FORWARD.



There was an armed guard on the opening to the mine shaft, and that meant that League was definitely in the mine. Sexton Blake stole forward as silently as a cat—the guard heard him at the last moment, but as he swung round with his gun Sexton Blake closed in and knocked him to the ground with a smashing straight right to the jaw.



The professor knew a secret entrance into the mine which would take them straight into the laboratory. There the professor's scientists were being threatened by League and his gang. The master crook was menacing them with an automatic and he gave them five minutes to live, unless they handed over all the details of their experiments.



There was a deathly quiet in the laboratory as the minutes ticked by; not one of the scientists made any attempt to do what League had ordered. Sexton Blake, Tinker and the professor watched the scene through the door, and then Blake and Tinker stepped into the laboratory, guns in hand. Instantly League dragged Joyce across in front of him.

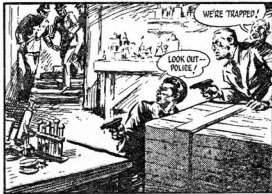
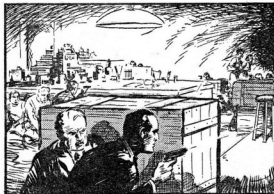


League dared not shoot for fear of his own life, and using Joyce as his shield he had bludgeoned Sexton Blake for a moment, but suddenly all eyes are riveted on Igor. The dull-witted monster had picked up a glass flask and was about to hurl it at Sexton Blake and Tinker—and that flask contained a super-high explosive!

AS IGOR RAISES THE FLASK ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS SPRINGS FORWARD TO GRAB IT~~ BUT TINKER, HAS ALREADY FIRED AND THE BIG CROOK STARTS TO CRUMPLE~~



But already Tinker had pressed the trigger of his automatic and shot Igor in the thigh. With an animal like grunt the giant man slowly crumpled and fell, dropping the deadly flask. Throwing himself forward, Tinker just caught it before it splintered on the ground and blasted them all to destruction.



Now the battle really was on. Ducking down behind the crates and tables in the laboratory, League and his men took cover. Sexton Blake and Tinker did likewise and exchanged shots with the crooks. It would have gone ill with Sexton Blake against such odds had not the police arrived at that moment.



BUT LEAGUE DOES NOT KNOW THAT THE TUNNEL COMES TO A DEAD END AT THE YAWNING OPENING TO A NEW SHAFT WHICH, THOUGH NOT COMPLETED, -- DROPS DEEP DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH. NOW, FINDING HIMSELF TRAPPED - HE TURNS AT BAY --

But League, the master criminal, had not given in. He still had an ace to play, for Joyce was his prisoner, and in the sudden confusion of the arrival of the police, he crept away with her down one of the old mine tunnels.

Sexton Blake leapt across the laboratory and followed them, not daring to shoot for fear of hitting Joyce.



BETTER GIVE IN, LEAGUE!
YOU'RE FINISHED!

I'LL NEVER GIVE IN, BLAKE, CURSE YOU!
PROP YOUR GUN AND GUARANTEE MY
FREEDOM, OR I BURN! I'LL GO DOWN
THE SHAFT -- AND TAKE THE GIRL
WITH ME!

BLAKE KNOWS THE
POSITION IS
DESPERATE... HE
MUST SAVE JOYCE,
BUT HOW TO DO
THAT WHILE LEAGUE
HOLDS HER BEFORE
HIM? HE DARE
NOT SHOOT ---
AND THEN HIS EYES
FLASH TO THE
ROPE THAT HOLDS
THE GREAT IRON
BUCKET ---



John League dragged Joyce along as fast as he could and then suddenly stopped aghast, his heart sinking, for the tunnel ended abruptly at the gaping hole of a new shaft. He was trapped, and he turned like a frightened rat towards Sexton Blake, with the professor's daughter held in front of him. He was still defiant!



AS THE HEAVY BUCKET
SWINGS ACROSS
WITH
GATHERING MOMENTUM,
LEAGUE INSTINCTIVELY
RELEASES THE GIRL --
AND IT IS ON
THIS THAT BLAKE IS
COUNTING -- WITH A
GREAT LEAP HE SPRINGS
FORWARD AND SEIZES
HER JUST AS THE
BUCKET STRIKES --



Breathing hard, League swore he would jump to his death and take Joyce with him unless Blake guaranteed his freedom. Then Sexton Blake noticed the huge iron bucket suspended on a rope, part of the excavating machinery of the mine. The detective aimed carefully and severed the rope. The bucket swung down straight at League.



AND THAT
IS THE END OF
JOHN LEAGUE!



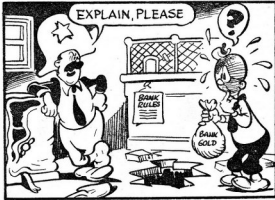
SOON AFTER,
BACK IN
THE CAVE
LABORATORY.

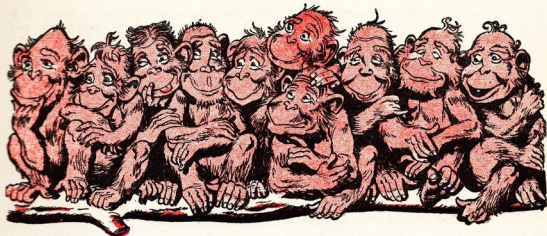
JOHN LEAGUE WILL NOT BOTHER YOU OR THE
WORLD AGAIN, PROFESSOR -- HE IS
DEAD AND YOUR INVENTION IS SAFE --
AS A WEAPON -- WE CAN ONLY HOPE
IT MAY NEVER BE NECESSARY
TO USE IT!

Sexton Blake leapt forward and pulled Joyce to safety when a piercing scream came from League as he was thrown into the gaping shaft hole. The master-criminal had met his end, and Joyce forgot the horror of the last few hours when she was reunited to her father. Sexton Blake had saved the world from the terrible ravages of John League.

DAFFY THE COWBOY 'TEC

DAFFY'S HEART IS VERY BIG—BUT LOOK JUST WHERE HE DOES A DIG!





HAROLD HARE AND THE TEN MONKEYS

A CHUCKLE STORY BY GEO. E. ROCHESTER

Horrid for Harold

IT was a cold, grey morning as Harold Hare came bounding gaily along. He was singing at the very top of his voice:

*I'm always up with the sun;
Merry and bright and gay!
And out I run in search of fun;
It always comes my way!*

Suddenly Harold stopped singing and gave quite a jump as a voice cried crossly:

"There's no sun this morning, you great stupid. And *I* don't see anything to be merry and bright and gay about. It's so cold."

Harold looked about him. He saw Bessie Rabbit standing watching him. With her was her little brother Billy and little Dozey Dormouse.

"Singing like that," went on Bessie severely. "Anyone would think you were pleased it's cold."

"Of course I'm not!" cried Harold. "I don't like the cold any more than you do. But *I* know how to keep warm. Like this. WHOOPEE-EEE!"

With an ear-splitting yell he flung himself over in a whirlwind somersault and landed on his feet again.

"There, that's how to do it!" he cried triumphantly. "You try!"

"No, thank you," said Bessie. "We're not so silly as you, throwing yourself over in circles like that."

"I throw myself over in circles to circulate the blood," cried Harold. "Ho! Ho!



Ho! Har! Har! Har!" guffawed he, laughing like mad at his own joke. "That's comical, isn't it? I throw myself over in circles to circulate——"

"We heard you the first time," snapped Bessie. "There's no need to repeat it." She changed the subject. "I think poor little Dozey here has got influenza," she said.

Harold noticed for the first time that little Dozey Dormouse was looking very cold and shivery and miserable.

"Then what's he doing out here?" he cried. "Why isn't the little fathead tucked safely up in bed?"

"Because I th-th-thought the winter was over," sobbed little Dozey, bursting into tears. "That nice warm day we h-h-had this week made me think that spring had come and I g-g-got up."

"We all thought that spring had come, it was so lovely and warm that day," said Bessie. Then she added with a shiver: "And now it's so cold again."

"Of course it is," cried Harold. "Spring won't be here for another two or three weeks. Any softie knows that. And as for

the weather, what I always say about it is this." He lifted up his voice again and bawled:

*Sunshine, rain and sleet and snow
Jumbled up together!
It makes me laugh like billy-o,
Our funny sort of weather—Ouch!*

That sudden yell of "Ouch!" which Harold gave wasn't part of the song. By no means. Harold gave vent to it because, without the slightest warning, something had struck him hard and painfully on top of the head.

The object which had hit him bounced off his head and fell to the ground in front of him. Harold glared at it, rubbing his noggin with a fore-paw. It was a short but thickish twig of a tree. Harold swung round.

"Who did that?" he bawled.

Next instant he caught his breath, his mouth gaped open and his eyes—bulgy at the best of times—nearly bulged clean out of his head.

For sitting perched in a row on a leafless bough, grinning down at him, were ten of the strangest looking creatures he had ever seen in his life before!

Actually they were monkeys. But Harold didn't know that. He had never even heard of a monkey, let alone seen one. You didn't expect to find monkeys in the English Wild Wood where he and the rest of his friends lived.

So he gaped and gaped and his eyes bulged and bulged. And so great was his astonishment that he took a step backwards, tripped over a tussock of grass behind him and fell flat on his back.

"Great Cornstalks and Cabbages!" he gasped, that being a favourite expression of his when anything surprised him.

Bessie Rabbit had also seen the strange creatures and had got quite as big a shock as had Harold.

"Eecce-eece!" she squealed and, grabbing little Dozey Dormouse and her young brother Billy by the paw, she scuttled away with them to hide beneath a nearby clump of bushes.



Harold sang and danced to keep himself warm.

The monkeys took hardly any notice of her. They were watching Harold and now they were laughing and chattering among themselves. One of them flung another twig at him. The one sitting at the outside end of the row called down to him:

"What's the matter with you, stupid? What are you lying on your back like that for?"

Harold thought the creature's voice had

"Me, oh, I'm Harold Hare!" cried Harold, for all the world as though the monkey should have known who he was. Then, because he was always such a boaster and swankpot, he cried: "I'm the smartest and cleverest chap in the whole blessed Wild Wood. If you don't believe me, you can ask anybody."

"We don't believe you," sneered Massa Monkey. "If you're the cleverest chap in



"This is the way to turn a somersault," said Harold. "Watch me!" And he flung himself head over heels!

a foreign sort of accent. He got to his feet. He was beginning to get a little of his courage back.

"Who the thump are you and where have you come from?" he demanded.

"We're Monkeys," replied the one at the end of the line. "I'm Massa Monkey and this is Mombasa Monkey and this is Molasses Monkey and this is Malacca Monkey . . ."

He went all down the line, rattling off the name of each monkey. And it was a very queer thing, thought Harold, but each Christian name began with an M.

"But where've you come from?" he demanded again when Massa Monkey had finished naming the names.

"Never you mind!" said Massa. "That's our business. Who are you?"

the Wild Wood, then the rest of 'em must be clean nuts."

"Is that so?" bawled Harold, beginning to lose his temper. "All right then, I'll show you. You watch. I bet you couldn't do this!"

Next instant he was flinging himself over and over in three whirlwind somersaults. At the finish of the third one he bounded triumphantly to his feet and yelled:

"There, what d'you think of that?"

"What d'you mean, what do we think of it?" sneered Massa Monkey. "We don't think anything of it at all. Any stiff old jackass could do that."

"All right then, you do it!" roared Harold, fairly dancing with rage. "I bet you what you like you can't."

Massa Monkey laughed. He spoke a



Something struck Harold a sharp rap on the head and stopped him in the middle of a song!

quick word to his pals. Next instant, right there in front of Harold's bulging eyes, the ten of them were turning somersaults on the leafless bough so swiftly and dizzily that the dumbfounded Harold felt quite giddy.

"See?" jeered Massa Monkey.

He spoke another word to his pals. The result was that, in a flash, the ten of them had stopped turning somersaults and had dropped and were hanging from the bough by their tails.

Head-downwards they swung lazily to and fro, laughing down at the pop-eyed Harold as they did so.

"Can you do this, Clever Dick?" jeered Massa Monkey, swinging smoothly by his tail.

If Harold had had any sense he'd have said at once that he couldn't do it. But, as was well known to one and all, he didn't have an awful lot of sense. And he was so mad at seeing the monkeys doing something which he knew jolly well he couldn't do that he bawled:

"Yes, of course I can do it. I can do it as easy as easy!"

"Come on up here then and do it," challenged Massa Monkey.

In a flash Harold saw his chance to back out of his whopping great fib.

"I can't get up there," he cried. "That's one of the very few things I can't do. Climb trees. But if I *could* get up there," bragged he, "I'd jolly quick show you whether I can hang by my tail or not."

"Oh, we'll soon get you up here, if that's all that's worrying you," cried Massa Monkey. "Come on, chaps!"

The whole bunch of them took flying leaps to the ground. They landed nimbly upright. Massa Monkey said to Harold:

"We're going to make a ladder of ourselves, then you can climb up us and reach the bough."

"No, no, don't trouble!" cried Harold hastily. He was beginning to see that he was in quite a fix.

"It's no trouble at all," said Massa, grinning at him in a manner Harold didn't like a bit. "You say you can hang by your tail, so we're going to see you do it."

"Don't you believe I can?" cried Harold with a fine show of bluster.

"No, I don't," replied Massa. "I think you're telling fibs."

Harold was rash enough to take a swipe at him with his paw. Massa laughed and nimbly dodged the blow. Then he jumped in, caught Harold a crack on the jaw and jumped back again.

Fairly dancing with rage, Harold took a simply terrific swipe at the monkey leader, missed and spun right round. Before he could recover, Massa caught him another crack on the jaw which toppled him flat on his back.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a voice. "That's the ticket. Give him another."

Massa Monkey and his pals looked round. Freddy Fox had come strolling along and was watching the scene with interest.

"Hallo, who're you?" demanded Massa.

Freddy introduced himself and asked Massa who he and his pals were. Massa told him, rattling off the names like he had done for Harold.

"Then welcome to the Wild Wood," said Freddy politely. "But where have you come from and what are you hitting daft Harold Hare for?"

"Never your mind where we've come from," retorted Massa. "As for daft Harold Hare, as you call him, I was hitting him because he tried to hit me."

He thereupon told Freddy what Harold had said about being able to hang from the bough by his tail.

"And we're jolly well going to see him do it, or else I'll knock the stuffing clean out of him," he said, giving Harold another very nasty look indeed.

He turned to his pals and gave them an order. In response they very quickly made themselves into a monkey ladder. The way they did it was this.

One monkey stood a little way from the front of the tree. Another scrambled up on to his shoulders and straightened up. Then a third monkey scrambled up on to the second one's shoulders and then a fourth and a fifth, and so on until the nine of them had formed themselves into a sort of high column.

The column then swayed forward towards the tree and the top monkey placed his paws against the trunk. And there they were—a sort of sloping ladder made up of their monkey bodies.

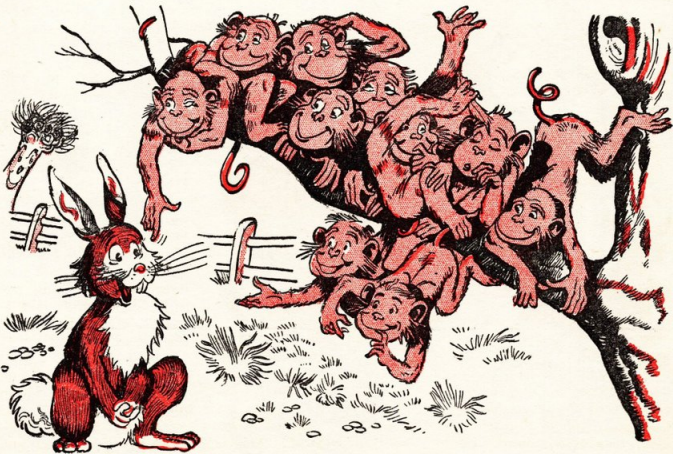
Massa Monkey, who wasn't any part of the ladder, turned to Harold, who had picked himself up.

"Now up you go!" he ordered. "I'll help you."

"So will I," said Freddy Fox, grinning.

Harold gave Freddy what he hoped was a very withering sort of a look.

"You keep out of this, Freddy Fox," he said. "It's none of your business."



"Huh! You're a clever Dick, you are," said Massa Monkey to Harold. "But you can't do this!" And he swung by his tail from the bough.

"Are you going up that tree, or are you going to admit that you're a fibber and can't hang by your tail?" cut in Massa Monkey, clenching his paws like little fists and looking very threatening indeed.

To admit that he was a fibber was the very last thing in the world that Harold wanted to do. It would make him look so silly!

"We're waiting!" said Massa Monkey grimly.

"All right, all right, keep your hair on!" snorted Harold. "I'm going up!"

He started to go very clumsily up the monkey ladder, Massa pushing him from behind and the mirthful Freddy Fox lending a hand as well.

Bessie Rabbit had come out of her hiding-place with little Billy and Dozey Dormouse. The three of them watched in fear and amazement. Bessie had heard everything that had been said. She cried:

"Harold, don't be so silly! You *know* you can't hang by your tail!"

"Yes, I can!" bawled Harold.

He was so daft that he was really beginning to think he might manage it, although all he had was just a stump of a tail. If these silly-looking monkeys could do it, he was telling himself, why couldn't he?

He reached the bough and began to move very, very carefully along it. The monkeys had jumped down from off each other's shoulders and were laughing and chattering and looking up at Harold with gleeful anticipation.

"Go on, hurry up and do it!" Massa ordered him sharply. "What are you waiting for?"

Harold turned his head and gave him a glare. Then, because there was nothing else for it, he sat himself gingerly down on the bough, tried to wrap his stump of a tail round it, then keeled forward face foremost off the bough in order to hang head downwards.

Next instant, of course, he was whizzing head downwards towards the ground. He let out a yell, Bessie Rabbit gave a shriek, the monkeys screamed with laughter, then **BIFF!** Harold's head struck the hard ground.

"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, hee-eee!" screamed the monkeys, fairly splitting their sides with mirth. "Did you ever see anything so comical? He, he! Hee-eee!"

Harold didn't think it comical. Anything but. He had seen about a thousand stars when he had hit the ground and now he was sitting up quite dazed and with a bump on his head about the size of an egg.

"Poor fellow!" spluttered the mirthful Massa Monkey, who had leapt down from the tree. "He's looking quite stunned. We must help

(Continued on Page 120.)



Massa Monkey hit Harold so hard he knocked him off his feet.



The monkeys were determined to make Harold show them how he could hang by his tail—they even made a ladder of themselves so that he could climb the tree.

(Continued from page 118)

to bring him round. Come on, chaps!" Shaking with laughter, he and his pals seized the hapless Harold. There was a small pond quite near. It wasn't frozen over, but its muddy water was ice cold. The monkeys carried Harold to it.

"One!" cried Massa, as they started to swing the still dazed Harold for all the world as though he were a sack of potatoes. "Two! THREE!"

Next instant Harold was sailing out over the pond, into which he fell with a terrific muddy splash. Then, screaming with laughter, the monkeys sprang up the nearest trees and, swinging themselves from bough to bough, vanished away deeper into the Wild Wood.

Leave it to Harold

THE sudden plunge into the icy cold water of the pond had brought Harold's senses back to him quicker than anything else could have done.

Gasping and spluttering and looking a very pitiable object indeed, he scrambled out. Bessie Rabbit was waiting for him on the bank. So were little Billy Rabbit and Dozey Dormouse. Freddy Fox had gone, pelting away after the monkeys.

"Oh, Harold, how dreadful!" cried Bessie. "The wicked things. You must hurry home and get dry before you catch your death of cold."

Dozey Dormouse, who was a very tender-hearted little chap, burst into tears.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo!" he sobbed. "Fur-fur-fancy doing that to poor Harold. Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo!"

"Well, but what did he want to try to hang by his tail for?" squeaked little Billy Rabbit, who had lots of sense for one so young. "Any silly knows he couldn't have done it."

"Yes, I jolly well could have done it!" yelled Harold, and he was so upset and in such a temper that he aimed a cuff at Billy, which Billy managed to dodge. "I just happened to slip, that was all."

"Well, don't let's argue about it now," cried Bessie. "I think you'd better come



With a wild yell Harold whizzed down to the ground.



With a yell of laughter and a one, two, three, the monkeys flung Harold into the duck pond.

home with us, Harold, and get dry. Mummy's got a nice fire going. Come on, let's go before those wicked monkeys come back."

Harold was so cold and wet that he didn't have to be asked twice. But as he hurried along with Bessie, Billy and Dozey, he cried angrily:

"Just you wait until I get hold of those nasty monkeys. Just you wait, that's all. I'll show 'em!"

"Show 'em what, Harold?" asked little Billy.

"Show 'em that they can't monkey about with me!" roared Harold. "I may be daft, but I'm not half as daft as that lot seem to think. I'll spifflicate 'em. I'll make mash out of that Massa Monkey, that's what I'll do!" yelled he.

"Harold, please!" begged Bessie. "Don't upset yourself any worse. The horrid creatures aren't worth bothering about. I wonder where they've come from?"

"Hah, that's the mystery!" cried Harold darkly. "They wouldn't say. They've got something to hide about that. But I'll find out where they've come from, don't you worry!"

He found out sooner than he expected.

For when he was sitting in front of a roaring fire in Mrs. Rabbit's warm and comfortable kitchen, a blanket round him, his feet in a bowl of hot water and mustard and a steaming bowl of gruel on his lap, Sammy Squirrel came running in.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" wailed Sammy in great distress. "What d'you think's happened?"

"Well, what?" demanded Harold, glowering at him.

"Monkeys!" cried Sammy. "Ten of them. They came swinging along through the trees and they found my house, Tree Tops. They all came rushing in. I got such a fright that I nearly fainted."

"All right, get on with it!" snapped Harold, while Mrs. Rabbit and her family listened with bated breath. "What happened then?"

"They said they were hungry and wanted something to eat," cried Sammy. "I didn't have a thing in the house to eat except some nuts I'd got left out of my winter's hoard. They found those and gobbled them up and then they shook me and smacked me because I didn't have any more to give them."

"How terrible!" cried Mrs. Rabbit. Then she said to Bessie and Billy and the



"Poor Harold!" said Bessie Rabbit. "You must hurry home or you'll catch your death of cold!"

"So that's it, is it?" cried Harold. "And are they going to give themselves up?"

"No, they're not," said Sammy. "They've decided against it. They say the warm weather will soon be here and then they'll have a high old time in the Wild Wood."

"Oh, will they?" cried Harold angrily. "Bossing everybody about, I suppose?"

"Yes, that's their idea," said Sammy. "Although they were cold and hungry, they were laughing fit to split about you, Harold. What exactly happened?"

"Never you mind!" snapped Harold. "Where are they now?"

"Sitting around the fire in Tree Tops, I suppose," said Sammy. "That's where I left them. And they're going to stay there, as well. I heard the leader—I think his name's Massa—say that the circus men are sure to be out looking for them with nets and traps and things, so they're going to lie low in my house."

"Oh, are they?" said Harold. "What a pity we can't talk the same silly language that humans do. If we could, I'd jolly quick find the circus men and tell them where their horrible monkeys are hiding. But never mind. I'll think of something."

"Of some way of getting them caught, d'you mean, Harold?" asked Bessie eagerly. "Yes, of course!" snapped Harold. "Now be quiet and let me think!"

He relapsed into deep and profound thought. Mrs. Rabbit went off to see to little Dozey Dormouse, whom she had put to bed because she was certain he was sicken-

rest of her family: "There's not one of you to go out of doors until these wicked monkeys have left the Wild Wood. It's not safe."

Harold Hare interrupted her, saying to Sammy Squirrel:

"What happened after they shook you and smacked you?"

"They piled a lot of wood on the fire because they said they were cold," replied Sammy. "They all sat round it, asking each other where they could get something to eat this weather and one or two of them said it mightn't be a bad idea if they gave themselves up."

"Gave themselves up?" cried Harold excitedly. "Who to?"

"To the circus men, they said," replied Sammy. "That's where they've come from. A circus. I learned that by listening to them talking. The circus was moving during the night and the van the monkeys were in overturned on the icy road. A trapdoor in the roof opened and they escaped."

ing for influenza. Sammy and Bessie and the rest of the Rabbit family stood around hopefully watching Harold.

Suddenly Harold gave a violent start.

"I've got it!" he cried excitedly. "I know what we can do—OWW-WWW!"

With a frenzied howl, he bounded to his feet. For the violent start he had given had upset the bowl of steaming hot gruel on his lap. And the way he bounded off his stool upset the bowl of mustard and water in which he had been soaking his feet.

"OWW-WWW! EEE-EEEE! OWW-WWW!" howled he, leaping madly about and trying to slap the hot gruel from off himself.

The bowl had fallen to the floor and broken, adding to the mess. Mrs. Rabbit came rushing in from the bedroom.

"What's the matter—what's happened?" she cried in the greatest of alarm. "Harold, whatever are you doing?"

"He's spilled the hot gruel over himself and burned himself," explained Bessie.

"Oh dear, poor Harold!" cried Mrs. Rabbit. "I thought for one awful moment that the monkeys must be here."

"So would anybody, the way Harold was bawling," said little Billy.

Clutching his blanket around him, Harold made a swipe at him which the grinning Billy managed to dodge. They got Harold wiped down at last and, while Bessie and Mrs. Rabbit mopped up the mess on the floor, he reseatd himself on his stool in front of the fire.

"You were saying you'd got an idea, Harold?" Sammy Squirrel reminded him. "About the monkeys, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was!" cried Harold, all excited again. "I know what we can do. I know how we can fix that bunch of beasts good and proper. Har! Har! Har!"

In spite of all the upsets he'd been through, he rocked backwards and forwards with mirth.

"Do tell us!" cried Sammy.

"I'm going to!" guffawed Harold. "Har! Har! Har! This is good. This is the smartest wheeze I've ever thought of. Har! Har! Har!"

"Well, stop laughing like that and tell us!" cried Bessie.

Harold did so and so truly astonishing was his plan for getting rid of the monkeys that even Mrs. Rabbit paused in her sweeping up to listen with all her ears.

"But, Harold, it's marvellous!" cried



"What do you think has happened?" wailed Sammy Squirrel in distress. "Monkeys! Ten of them! They have invaded my tree-top house—and they have eaten all my food!"

Bessie when he had finished. "That is, if it works."

"Of course it'll work!" cried Harold. "It can't help but work. It's the brainiest wheeze I've ever thought of. Har! Har! Har! Coo, am I clever!"

He was so pleased with himself and so excited that he lifted up his voice and bawled:

Who's the cleverest chap you'll meet?

Good old Harold Hare!

Who thinks up wheezes smart and neat?

Who but Harold Hare?

"Yes, that's me," he cried. "Now, Sammy, you run off and see the monkeys. You know what to tell them and after a while you come back here and tell us what they're saying about it. Understand?"

"Yes, of course!" cried Sammy.

"And don't tell them you've seen me," Harold yelled after him, as Sammy darted for the door. "Keep my name out of it, or they might get suspicious."

"I know what to say," cried Sammy.

Next moment he was scuttling up the

earthen tunnel which led from the Rabbits' house. Reaching the ground above, he set off lickety-split for Tree Tops, his nice little house which was built in the top branches of a tree.

He was wondering if the monkeys were still there. He discovered they were. For, as he pushed open the door, he saw the ten of them sitting hunched round the fire, trying to keep warm.

"Hallo, you back?" snapped Massa Monkey. "Shut that door, will you? You're letting the cold in!"

Sammy shut the door and moved somewhat timidly towards them.

"Gentlemen!" he began.

"Yes, what is it?" snapped Massa Monkey.

"Are you still hungry?" asked Sammy.

"Are we still hungry?" cried Massa angrily. "Of course we're hungry and we're getting hungrier every minute. Those mouldy little nuts of yours wouldn't feed a mouse. Is there nothing to eat at all in this beastly wood?"

"No, I'm afraid there isn't, not at this time of the year," said Sammy. "But I know where there is something to eat. Heaps and heaps of it. Bananas and nuts and oranges and all that sort of thing—"

"Where?" yelled his hearers in chorus before Sammy could utter another word.

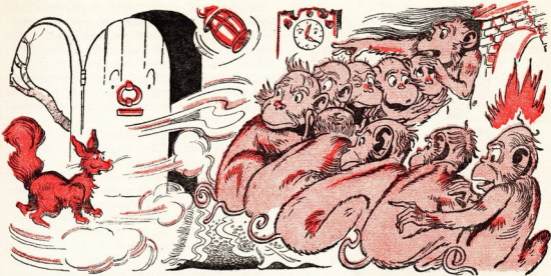
"That's what I've come to tell you," said Sammy. "I've been thinking about it. There's a village near here. You know what a village is? It's a place where humans live. Well, in the village there's a grocer's shop and there's heaps and heaps of bananas and oranges and nuts there."

"Then lead us to it!" yelled Massa Monkey, leaping to his feet and all his pals doing the same.

"Ah, but that's just what I can't do, not yet," said Sammy, remembering just what Harold had told him to say. "I've been told by a friend of mine that the circus men are around looking for you. So if you come out in daylight you're bound to be seen and caught, especially if you go to the village. But if you'll wait until it's dark to-night, I'll take you to the grocer's shop. I know how



"I've got it," cried Harold excitedly. "I know how I can catch the monkeys! Wheeeeee— Yippeeeeee!"



"Shut the door," roared the monkeys when Sammy Squirrel returned to Tree Top house. "You're letting in a cold, cold draught!"

to get in and you'll be able to help yourselves to all you want. You can bring plenty back here with you, as well."

When they heard that, the monkeys started jabbering and chattering away amongst themselves twenty to the dozen.

It was right what Sammy Squirrel said, of course, they told each other. If they ventured out in daylight they were certain to be seen and chased and very likely caught, for the circus men knew all the tricks of catching escaped monkeys.

But the alternative was to wait until darkness before they ate and they were so hungry that they didn't like that idea a bit.

"It's tough luck, but that's what we've got to do," decided Massa, their leader. "We'll get through the day somehow. We'll have to. And then to-night we'll eat. Bananas, oranges and nuts. Yum, yum, yum-mm!"

His little beady eyes gleamed and he smacked his lips and the mouth of every monkey fairly watered at the thought of the lovely feast in store for them. But, struck by a sudden thought, Massa grabbed Sammy by the elbow.

"You're not kidding us, are you?" he demanded fiercely. "You're telling the

truth about this shop where there's bananas and oranges and nuts?"

"Yes, of course I am!" cried Sammy. "I'm going with you to show you the place, aren't I?"

"You most certainly are," said Massa grimly. "We're taking you along with us, don't you worry, and if we find you've been fibbing we'll skin you alive."

"I'm not fibbing," cried Sammy. "There're pineapples and grapes and dates and other fruit there besides oranges and bananas. But leggo my arm, will you? You're hurting me."

"It's nothing to what you'll get if you're not telling the truth," threatened Massa. "Why should you take us to this shop, anyway?"

Sammy was ready for this question and he said:

"Well, you've eaten all my nuts and I've got to go and get some more for myself and bring them back here. And then you'd see them and want to know where I'd got them and I'd have to tell you. So I may as well tell you now, so you can get some for yourselves and not eat mine."

This explanation completely satisfied Massa Monkey and his pals, as well it might.



"Yum, yum-m-m!" said Massa Monkey at the thought of lovely bananas, oranges and nuts!

Massa released his arm and, after the monkeys had piled more wood on the fire, the whole bunch of them gathered round it again and sat talking about the marvellous feed they would have that night.

Sammy slipped away and returned lickety-split to Mrs. Rabbit's house to report to Harold the success of his mission.

"Good!" guffawed Harold in high delight. "We're going to diddle them all right. Har! Har! Har! They'll jolly soon see that I'm not half as daft as I look. Half as daft as they think I am, I mean. Now let's go over the whole scheme very carefully just to make sure."

The hour was late and the night was dark when Sammy Squirrel led the monkeys from the Wild Wood and headed across the fields towards the village.

The hungry monkeys hadn't wanted to wait so long, but Sammy had told them it would be very dangerous indeed to raid the shop before the grocer—whose name was Mr. Stubbs—was tucked up in bed and sound asleep.

So they had waited and there wasn't a light showing anywhere in the sleeping village when the monkeys and Sammy arrived at the rear of the cottage where Mr. Stubbs had his shop. The shop was on the ground floor and Mr. Stubbs' living-room and bedroom were above it.

"How do we get in?" demanded Massa Monkey eagerly.

"Through the skylight in the roof," replied Sammy. "It's the only way. Come on!"

It was an easy matter for him and the monkeys to swarm up a water pipe on to the low, sloping roof. What the monkeys didn't see was Harold Hare and Bessie Rabbit peeping at them round the corner of a shed in the little back garden.

"He! He! He! There they go," sniggered Harold. "It won't be long now."

"Ss-ssh!" breathed Bessie in alarm. "Don't let them hear you!"

The monkeys couldn't hear her because they and Sammy were on the roof by this time. Mr. Stubbs always kept the skylight open a little to let air into the cottage. Tittering and laughing, the monkeys raised the skylight a little further and dropped down into an attic, the door of which was standing ajar.

They could already smell the lovely aroma of fruit from the shop below and they were so hungry that they shot downstairs and into the shop and started gobbling nuts and bananas and oranges as fast as ever they could cram them into their mouths.

In their greed and excitement they hadn't noticed that Sammy was no longer with them. Not that they'd have worried if they had noticed it.

Had they but known it, however, Sammy had found Mr. Stubbs' bedroom and had slipped into it. Mr. Stubbs was lying flat on his back in bed, snoring lustily.

Sammy hopped up on to the bed and started to tweak Mr. Stubbs' nose with his paws. The grocer stirred and muttered, then as Sammy continued to tweak his nose, he snorted and became wide awake in an instant.

He didn't know just what it was that had

wakened him. But, as he lay there, he heard a most extraordinary noise coming from the shop downstairs.

It was the monkeys!

In their greed and excitement they were laughing and jabbering and chattering and throwing banana skins and nut shells and orange peel at each other and having a high old time.

Mr. Stubbs shot out of bed as though propelled by a powerful spring. Without waiting to put on either slippers or a dressing-gown, he rushed from the room and bounded downstairs, his night-shirt flapping about his bony shanks.

He rushed into his shop and switched on the light. As he did so, he halted dead in his tracks, his eyes bulging with rage and amazement.

For his shop seemed to be full of monkeys who, startled by the sudden switching on of the light, were staring at him from his various trays and barrels of nuts and fruit.

With a roar of rage, Mr. Stubbs leapt for the telephone and dialled "Police!" As he did so, a banana skin, hurled by Massa Monkey, struck him across the ear. It was followed by a perfect shower of nut shells, orange peel and more banana skins. But

Mr. Stubbs had got through to the police station. He told the officer on duty who he was and bawled:

"Those monkeys that escaped from the circus. They're here in my shop. The whole lot of 'em, by the look of it!"

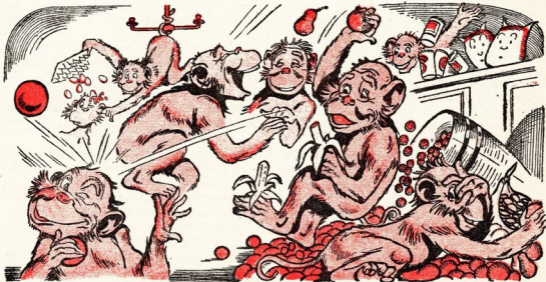
"Right, shut the door and try to keep them there!" cried the policeman. "We'll get in touch with the circus people and we'll be along right away!"

Mr. Stubbs banged down the receiver and turned to shut the inner door of his shop in order to trap the monkeys. But he was too late. The monkeys were wise enough to know that the presence of a human — Mr. Stubbs—spelt danger for them and they were already streaking from the shop and upstairs to the attic and the skylight.

But when they reached the attic they found that the skylight was now shut. What was more, somebody was sitting on it in order to keep it shut.

The somebody was Harold Hare. With him were Bessie Rabbit and Sammy Squirrel. Harold and Bessie had got up on to the roof by jumping up on to the low roof of an outhouse and from there on to the sloping roof of the cottage.

"Har! Har! Har! You're properly



The monkeys were having a high old time of it and making a complete pickle of Mr. Stubbs' green-grocery shop!



"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" yelled Harold Hare as the Monkeys were driven away back to the circus zoo from which they had escaped.

trapped this time," guffawed Harold, peering down through the skylight at the jabbering, raging monkeys in the attic below. "You thought I was daft, did you? Well, I'm not so daft. I planned all this. I know this place, see, because I often slip along for the greens which the grocer throws out. Har! Har! Har!"

He rocked with mirth, which became even greater when two motor-cars with powerful headlights roared up to the cottage. One was a police car and the other carried men from the circus with nets for catching the missing monkeys.

Curiously enough, however, when the men started to come upstairs with the nets, Massa Monkey shouted to his pals:

"All right, chaps, give in. I've been thinking this over and we're far better off with the circus than we would be in that horrid, cold Wild Wood. The circus is our home. We're warm and well fed there and kindly treated. So let's go back. What do you say? Is it the circus zoo for us?"

"Yes, let's go back!" yelled his pals.

"All this has been fun, but let's go back!"

So they gave in meekly and without a struggle, and were carried away in the motor-cars. Harold Hare, Bessie Rabbit and Sammy Squirrel watched them go from the shelter of a hedgerow and Harold bawled triumphantly:

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!"

Massa Monkey heard the yell and said to one of his pals:

"Why, I do believe that's that crazy Harold Hare. What d'you think he's doing along here at this time of night?"

"Listen!" cut in his pal.

As the car sped on into the night, they heard Harold singing faintly but triumphantly in the distance:

Good-bye, good-bye for ever!

You monkeys think you're fly;

But I am twice as clever;

There's none so smart as I!

"It was me who had you caught!" he yelled. "HURRAH! HURRAH FOR HAROLD HARE!"

THE END

MIKE

HEY, MIKE!—
GUESS WHAT...?

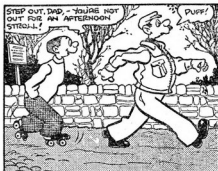
MY BOSS HAS ASKED ME TO PLAY CENTER
FORWARD IN THE FIRM'S FOOTBALL
TEAM!— GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO DO A SPOT OF
TRAINING!

WIZZO, DAD!
I KNOW!— I'LL
BE YOUR TEACHER
AND WE'LL START
RIGHT AWAY!

DEEP KNEEL BENDING
FIRST, DAD!— READY?
CHEST OUT,—
HANDS ON
HIPS,—

DOWN ON THE HEELS,—
AND UP AGAIN!—

DOWN!
UP!
DOWN!
UP!
DOWN!
UP!
DOWN!
UP!
DOWN!
UP!
STAY!
STAY!

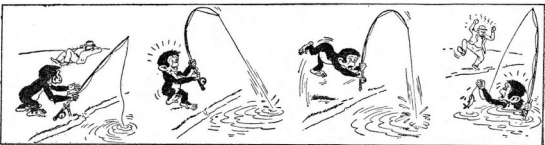




BILLY BUNTER

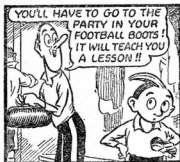
THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH





SPORTY AND SYDNEY

THE KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



The SPACE-FAMILY ROLLINSON

DAD MUM

BETSY JOEY JOY BOB

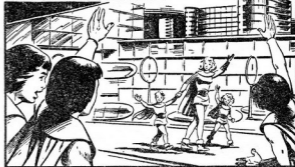
AN AMAZING STORY OF THE FAMILY WHO LEFT THE EARTH AND WENT TO LIVE ON TITAN, AN INHABITED PLANET IN SPACE



STILL CHUCKLING AT JOEY'S TRICK, DAD DROVE OFF TO WORK, WHILE BETSY SET OUT FOR THE SCHOOL. WHERE SHE TAUGHT ENGLISH TO THE TITAN CHILDREN.....

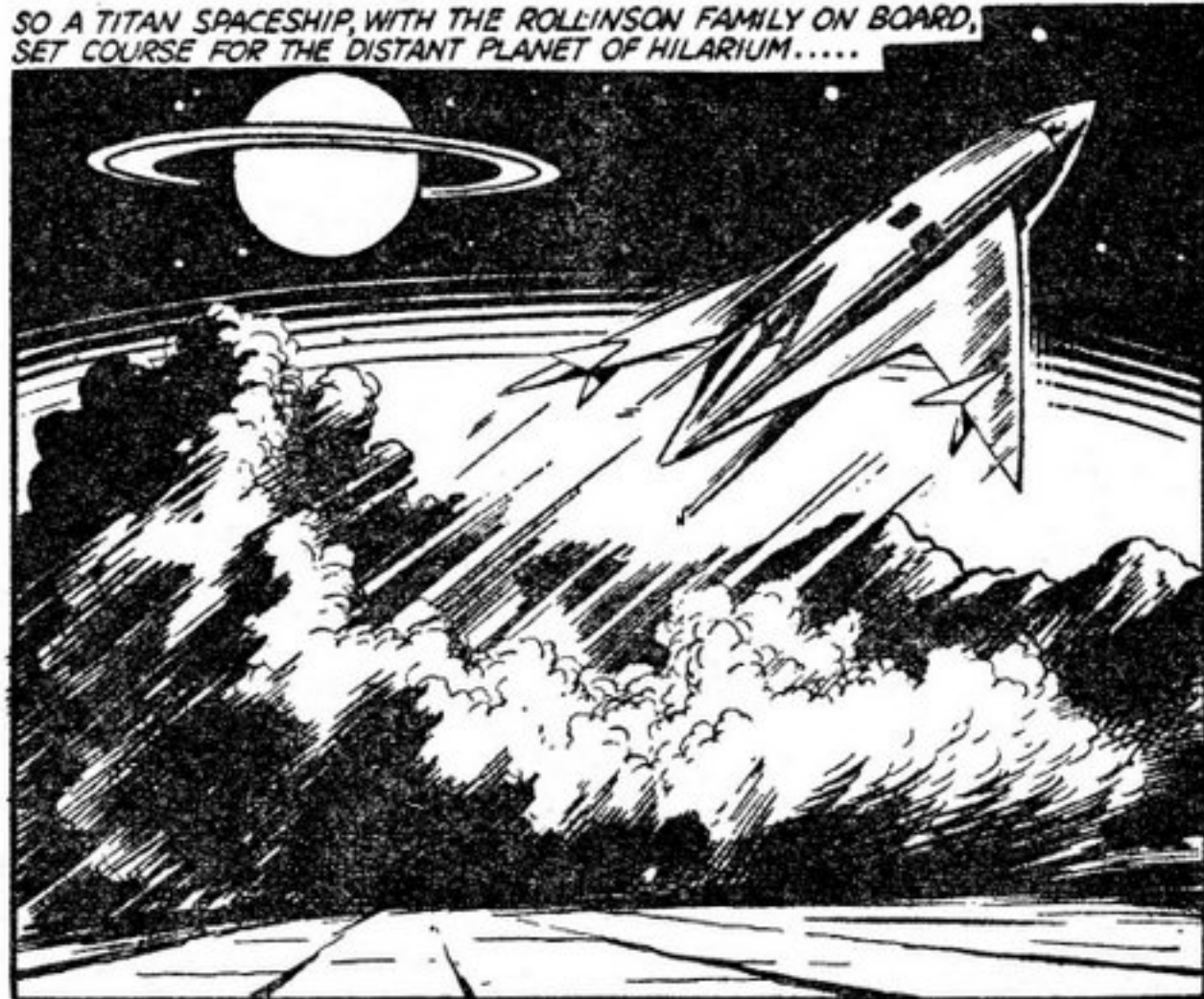


THE PEOPLE ON TITAN WERE VERY FRIENDLY AND THEY WAVED TO BETSY AND THE TWINS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL. STRANGE MAGNETIC COACHES SPED SILENTLY ALONG THE HIGHWAY CARRYING OTHER TITANS TO THEIR WORK.....



BUT IN THE SPACE OBSERVATORY, WHERE MR ROLLINSON HELD A HIGH POST AS TECHNICAL ADVISER, ALL WAS NOT WELL! NOTOC, ONE OF THE LEADING TITANS, WAS AT THE CONTROLS OF A VISION SCREEN AND HE WAS CLEARLY WORRIED, EACH INHABITED PLANET IN SPACE CONTINUOUSLY TRANSMITTED A SIGNAL TO THE OBSERVATORY, AND FOR SOME REASON, NO SIGNAL WAS BEING RECEIVED FROM THE PLANET HILARIUM.....





THE POWERFUL JETS WORKED IN REVERSE AND QUICKLY SLOWED THE SPACE-SHIP SO THAT BOB COULD TAKE HER IN TO A NORMAL TAIL-FIRST LANDING....



LOOK, DAD—THICK SNOW EVERYWHERE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID HILARIUM WAS A WARM PLANET?

I DID! BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE NEUTRON STREAM HAS COMPLETELY BLANKED OFF THE SUN'S HEAT. THE WHOLE PLANET IS SLOWLY FREEZING INTO SOLID ICE!

NOT REALISING THE SERIOUSNESS OF DAD'S WORDS, JOEY AND JOY JUMPED OUT OF THE SPACE-SHIP AND WERE SOON ENJOYING A SNOWBALL FIGHT....



HOORAY!

WHILE THE CHILDREN WERE PLAYING, DAD AND MOTHER GOT SOME WARM CLOTHING FROM A LOCKER IN THE SPACE-SHIP....



COME ON, JOY AND JOEY! IT'S GETTING COLDER EVERY MINUTE. PUT THESE WARM THINGS ON!

SUDDENLY SOMETHING CRASHED INTO THE SIDE OF THE SPACE-SHIP JUST BY DAD'S HEAD. HE THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT IT WAS A SNOWBALL— BUT IT PROVED TO BE A SOLID PIECE OF ROCK!



BY JUPITER! A STONE! WHO THREW THAT?

AND THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY, SEVERAL MEN LEAPT OUT FROM BEHIND ROCKS AND RACED TOWARDS THE ROLLINSONS!



QUICK! CAPTURE THEM ALL!

THE ROLLINSONS WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE. ALTHOUGH BOB AND DAD FIGHTED BACK COURAGEOUSLY, THEY WERE QUICKLY OVERPOWERED.....



THE RUFFIANS TOOK THE ROLLINSONS TO A PRISON-LIKE CELL NEAR THE URANIUM MINES. ALREADY IMPRISONED WERE SOME OTHER HILARIUM PEOPLE...

THIS IS THE PLACE FOR YOU, EARTHPEOPLE AND MEN OF HILARIUM! HERE YOU WILL SOON DIE!



THIS PLANET IS IN A NEUTRON STREAM WHICH HAS CUT OFF THE SUN'S HEAT AND IT WILL GET COLDER ON HILARIUM UNTIL EVERYTHING IS FROZEN — BUT I, MOLOC, AND MY MEN, WILL NOT BE TRAPPED HERE, THANKS TO THE TITAN SPACE-SHIP WHICH YOU CAME IN!



MOLOC THEN LEFT — THE DOOR CLOSED BEHIND HIM, AND THOSE IN THE PRISON HEARD THE SOUND OF THE TITAN SPACE-SHIP TAKING OFF. DAD ROLLINSON SPOKE TO THE HILARIUM MEN.....

WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?

MOLOC HAS ALWAYS BEEN A BAD CHARACTER, BUT WE WERE ABLE TO KEEP HIM UNDER CONTROL WHILE WE HAD RAY-GUNS, PATROL CARS, AND PLANES. BUT, SINCE THIS DISASTER OVERTOOK US, OUR ELECTRONIC APPARATUS HAS BECOME USELESS AND HE HAS GAINED THE UPPER HAND!

THEN WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THIS PLANET BEING DOOMED IS TRUE! IT'S CERTAINLY GETTING COLDER!



THEIR PRISON CELL HAD SHEET METAL WALLS. A SMALL OPENING, HIGH IN THE ROOF, ADMITTED LIGHT AND AIR. IT WAS FAR TOO HIGH TO BE REACHED, AND THERE SEEMED TO BE NO HOPE FOR THE CAPTIVES ON HILARIUM.....





BOB MADE FOUR DISCS FROM THE THICK RUBBER AND CUT A HANDLE ON ONE SIDE AND A HOLLOW ON THE OTHER.....



THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF ALL WAS WHEN BOB HAD TO CROSS THE CEILING. HE HUNG THERE SUSPENDED LIKE A FLY!



AT LAST A GREAT CRACK WENT UP FROM THE PEOPLE WATCHING, AS BOB CLIMBED OUT THROUGH THE OPENING. A FEW MINUTES LATER HE HAD CLIMBED DOWN THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING AND OPENED THE PRISON DOOR.....



BUT ALTHOUGH THEY WERE FREE, THE ROLLINSONS AND THEIR FRIENDS WERE IN GRAVE DANGER.....



THEY MANAGED TO FIND SOME OLD ENGINE-DRIVEN BORING APPARATUS USED IN THE URANIUM MINES AND GET IT WORKING. THEY BEGAN THE LONG PROCESS OF DRILLING INTO THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.....



AT LAST THE TASK WAS COMPLETED. THE ROLLINSONS, WITH THE FRIENDLY HILARIUM PEOPLE, STOOD BACK AND WATCHED THE MOUNTAIN, IF MR ROLLINSON'S CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT, THE MOUNTAIN WOULD START TO GLOW — IF NOT, THE WHOLE VALLEY MIGHT DISAPPEAR IN A MIGHTY ATOMIC EXPLOSION!



FIRST THE SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN MELTED AND THEN THE ROCKY PEAK GLOWED RED LIKE A STEADY FIRE AND THE WATCHERS COULD FEEL ITS WARMTH. SLOWLY THE SCENE WAS TRANSFORMED, AS THOUGH FROM WINTER TO SUMMER....



AS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS TOOK ON A CARPET OF GREEN, THE ATOMIC HEAT BEGAN TO DISPEL THE INVISIBLE NEUTRON PARTICLES, ENABLING MR ROLLINSON TO PREPARE A HILARIUM SPACE-SHIP SO THAT HE COULD FLY HIS FAMILY BACK TO TITAN....

YOUR FATHER HAS SAVED OUR PLANET!
WE NOW HAVE AN ARTIFICIAL SUN WHICH
WILL KEEP US ALIVE!

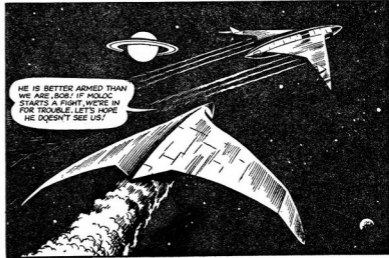


BUT AS THE HILARIUM SPACE-SHIP SPED ON ITS WAY, THE OUTLINE OF ANOTHER PLANE APPEARED ON THE RADAR SCREEN. IT WAS THE TITAN MACHINE IN WHICH MOLOC AND HIS MEN HAD ESCAPED FROM HILARIUM....

IT'S MOLOC, BY JIMINY!



HE IS BETTER ARMED THAN
WE ARE, BOB! IF MOLOC
STARTS A FIGHT, WE'RE IN
FOR TROUBLE. LET'S HOPE
HE DOESN'T SEE US!

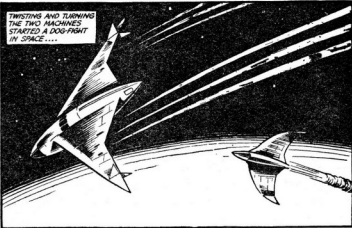


BUT MOLOC HAD ALREADY SEEN THE SPACE-SHIP!

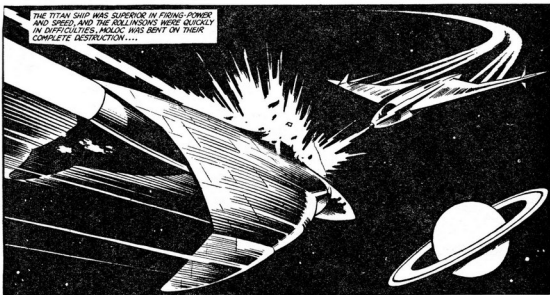
*BY THE RINGS OF SATURN!
SOMEHOW THEY HAVE ESCAPED
FROM HILARIUM! THEY MUST NOT
LIVE TO TELL WHAT THEY KNOW.
SWITCH ON THE RAY-GENERATORS
AND ORDER THE MEN TO
BATTLE-STATIONS!*



*TWISTING AND TURNING
THE TWO MACHINES
STARTED A DOG-FIGHT
IN SPACE....*



*THE TITAN SHIP WAS SUPERIOR IN FIRING-POWER
AND SPEED, AND THE ROLLINSONS WERE QUICKLY
IN DIFFICULTIES. MOLOC WAS BENT ON THEIR
COMPLETE DESTRUCTION....*



*AND THEN, TO MR ROLLINSON'S AMAZEMENT, HE
SAW A SMALL SCOUT-SHIP SHOOT OUT FROM THE
LAUNCHING-BAY OF THE HILARIUM CRAFT AND
HURTLE STRAIGHT TOWARDS MOLOC....*

*IT'S BOB, THE YOUNG FOOL!
HE CAN'T DO ANY GOOD IN
THAT SCOUT-SHIP, IT ISN'T
EVEN ARMED!*



*BUT DAD WAS WRONG, WITH PERFECT
JUDGMENT, BOB RAMMED THE
PIRATE SHIP, FORCING OPEN
THE AIR-LOCK DOOR!*



MAKING HIS WAY OUT OF THE SCOUT-PLANE AND INTO THE TITAN SPACE-SHIP BOB CAME FACE TO FACE WITH MOLOC...

INTERFERING EARTHMAN! THIS TIME I'LL STOP YOU FOR GOOD!

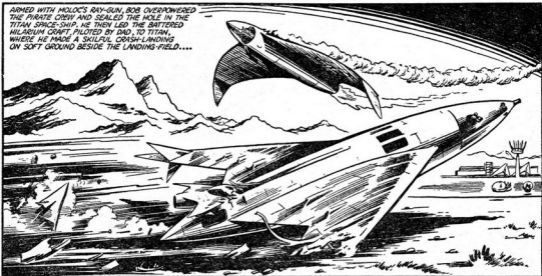


BEING AN EARTHMAN, BOB KNEW HOW TO USE HIS FISTS. HE SHOT OUT A STRAIGHT RIGHT WHICH LIFTED MOLOC CLEAN OFF HIS FEET!

THANKS, MOLOC, I NEED YOUR RAY-GUN TO DEAL WITH THE REST OF YOUR MEN!



ARMED WITH MOLOC'S RAY-GUN, BOB OVERPOWERED THE PRIVATE CREW AND SEALED THE HOLE IN THE TITAN SPACE-SHIP. HE THEN LED THE BATTERED ALIEN CRAFT, PILOTED BY DAD, TO TITAN, WHERE HE MADE A SKILFUL CRASH-LANDING ON SOFT GROUND BESIDE THE LANDING-FIELD....



WHEN THE TITANS HEARD THE ROLLINSONS' AMAZING STORY AND HOW THEY HAD OVER-COME MOLOC, THEY WENT MAD WITH JOY AND THE EARTH FAMILY WERE ESCORTED THROUGH THE STREETS IN A PROCESSION OF HONOUR....



WELL, THAT BIT OF EXCITEMENT IS OVER, AND NOW WHAT WE ALL NEED IS A REAL HOLIDAY!



FUN WITH THE BEAVER PATROL



OUR ERNIE

MRS.
ENTWHISTLE'S
LITTLE
LAD!



Wandering round the other day,
Lad saw a poster of a play,
It was the panto, Cinderella,
And Ernie thought, what could be sweller?



As Ernie neared the show's stage door,
There came a loud and angry roar,
And wondering what 'twas about,
He saw a drop of kicking-out!



Then manager approached the boy
With every sign of anxious joy,
And begged him to accept a job
For which the wage was half a bob!



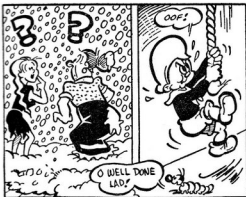
Around the back part of the stage,
Were things for making fake storms rage—
For making snow and making thunder,
Lad didn't see how he could blunder!



So then he left the lad alone,
To do the doings on his own,
And Ernie felt, without a doubt,
He knew just what 'twas all about.



So Ernie listened to the play,
And what the actors had to say,
Determined not to miss his cue,
But do the doings just when due.



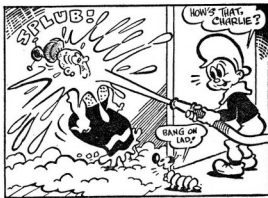
Well, all at once it seemed as though
The ugly sis was saying "snow."
And Ernie, real mad keen to cope,
Gave one large yank upon the rope.



The snow flakes tumbled all around—
They were flaked soap, bought by the pound.
And everybody wondered why,
They all had tumbled from the sky.



Then Ernie heard the one word—" reign "
And looked for "rain"—though quite in vain.
He cried, " By gum—I do suppose
I'd better run and fetch a hose ! "



Lad turned the hose on then, and—SPLOSH !
The ugly sister got a wash.
It really took her by surprise—
She got it right between the eyes !

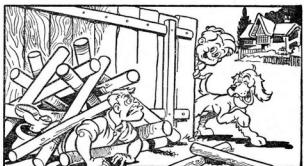


But this was only start of trouble,
For then the soap flakes all did bubble.
And Ernie cried, " Coo—lots of froff !
I think it's time I trotted off ! "



And so Our Ernie left the foam,
And very quickly trotted home.
Though for his tea he had to wait
While mother kept a sudsy date !

AND NOW HERE'S
SCAMP
PETER'S
PERKY
PET



Some thought that Charles Edward Stuart had a just claim to the throne of England, and how near he came to reaching that coveted crown is told in this amazing, but true, story . . .

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE



IT IS JULY 23RD 1745.
A SHIP DROPS ANCHOR OFF THE BEACH
OF ERISKAY IN THE HEBRIDES --
A BOAT IS LOWERED AND SEVEN MEN
ARE LANDED ON THE BLEAK SHORE.

THE SOIL OF SCOTLAND!
I HAVE COME HOME,
TULLIBARDINE!



THEIR LEADER IS CHARLES EDWARD STUART, GRANDSON OF JAMES THE SECOND OF ENGLAND WHO WAS EXILED FOR HIS TYRANNY. NOW BRITAIN IS RULED BY THE HANOVERIAN KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

THE HIGHLANDERS WILL RALLY TO MY CAUSE - SOE WILL MARCH ON ENGLAND AND SEND GEORGE OF HANOVER, PACKING BACK TO GERMANY.



CHARLES EDWARD, SO SOON TO BE KNOWN TO THE HIGHLANDS AS BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, TOPS A SMALL RISE AND COMES UPON AN OLD SHEPHERD.

HALLO THERE - WHO ARE YOU, SIR?



I'M NO 'SIR' - I'M DONALD, THE SHEPHERD.

THE OLD SHEPHERD SEEMS TO BE AN HONEST MAN



I'M HAPPY TO MEET YOU, DONALD. WOULD YOU DO SOMETHING FOR A STRANGER? I WANT A MESSAGE TAKEN AT ONCE TO THE MACDONALD OF KINLOCH MOIDART.



I'LL GO AT ONCE, SIR!

TWO DAYS LATER, OFF THE MAINLAND OF SCOTLAND, SEVERAL OF THE GREAT CLAN-LEADERS VISIT THE PRINCE ON BOARD HIS SHIP. THERE THEY DECLARE THEIR INTENTION TO FIGHT FOR THE STUART CAUSE.

LONG LIVE THE STUARTS!



BUT ONE GREAT HIGHLANDER WITHDRAWS. HE WILL NOT RISK THE LIVES OF HIS, CLASMEN IN THIS HAZARDOUS VENTURE



I AM THE
MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.
YE MAY FAIL.
I HAVE TO THINK
OF MY CLAN.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF
THE MACLEOD MEANS
A HEAVY LOSS TO
PRINCE CHARLIE.
BUT THE ADVENTURE
GOES FORWARD.
-- IN THE
EARLY MORNING
OF AUGUST 19TH
CHARLES' IS
WAITING FOR
THE GATHERING
OF THE CLANS



WILL THE
HIGHLANDERS
KEEP THEIR WORD?
CAMERON OF LOCHIEL,
MACDONALD OF MORAN,
GRANT OF GLENMORISTON
AND THE REST OF THEM?
WHERE ARE THEY?



LIST!
CAN YE NO' HEAR IT?
THE SKIRL O' THE PIPES!
THE HIGHLANDERS
ARE COMING!



FIGHTING MEN OF SCOTLAND!
I GREET YOU!
NOW WE FIGHT FOR
VICTORY OR DEATH!



SEE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,
HERE COMES MY BROTHER,
LORD GEORGE MURRAY!

YES, TULLIBARDINE!
HE'S THE FINEST
SOLDIER IN THE COUNTRY,
HE SHALL BE MY
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF!



MY NAME IS GEORGE MURRAY,
YOUR HIGHNESS. MY SWORD
AND I ARE AT YOUR
SERVICE!

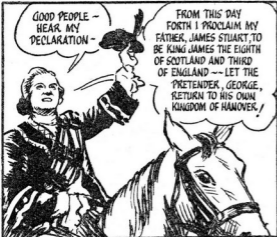
-- AND AT
GLENFINNAN
THE STANDARD
OF THE STUARTS
IS RAISED.



ON SEPTEMBER 4TH BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE AT THE
HEAD OF HIS ARMY OF HIGHLANDERS ENTERS
THE FAIR CITY OF PERTH IN TRIUMPH.



GOOD PEOPLE --
HEAR MY
DECLARATION --



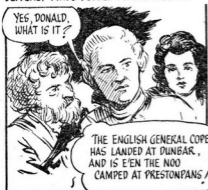
FROM THIS DAY
FORTH I PROCLAIM MY
FATHER, JAMES STUART, TO
BE KING JAMES THE EIGHTH
AND THIRD
OF SCOTLAND AND THIRD
OF ENGLAND -- LET THE
PRETENDER, GEORGE,
RETURN TO HIS OWN
KINGDOM OF HANOVER!

TWELVE
DAYS
LATER,
PRINCE
CHARLIE
ATTENDS
A BALL AT
HOLYROOD
PALACE,
EDINBURGH.



WHILE THE BALL IS IN PROGRESS, THE PRINCE
SUDDENLY FINDS DONALD AT HIS ELBOW.

YES, DONALD,
WHAT IS IT?



THE ENGLISH GENERAL COPE
HAS LANDED AT DUNBAR,
AND IS E'EN THE NOO
CAMPED AT PRESTONPANS!

SADDLE MY HORSE --
WE'LL STRIKE OUR
FIRST BLOW THIS
VERY NIGHT!

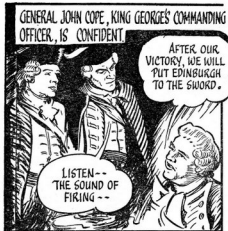


LATER AT PRESTONPANS...



SEE -- THERE LIES
THE ENGLISH ARMY.
THEY DO NOT SUSPECT
OUR PRESENCE.

NOW IS OUR CHANCE --
WE'LL ATTACK AT ONCE!



WITH COPE'S TROOPS IN FULL RETREAT THE ROAD TO ENGLAND IS OPEN AND THE HIGHLANDERS' EXULTANT ADVANCE COMMENCES. THE BORDER IS CROSSED THE TOWN OF CARLISLE FALLS, THROUGH KENDAL LANCASTER, MANCHESTER STREAMS THE SCOTTISH ARMY. AT LAST, DERBY IS REACHED.



I MUST ABIDE
BY YOUR
UNANIMOUS
DECISION,
GENTLEMEN,
WE
WILL
RETREAT!

HEART-BROKEN, CONVINCED THAT HIS CHIEFTAINS ARE WRONG
IN THEIR DECISION, BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE ISSUES ORDERS FOR
THE ARMY TO RETREAT TO SCOTLAND. THROUGH THE BITING DECEMBER
WIND AND SNOW, THE SCOTTISH ARMY COMMENCE THEIR FORLORN MARCH

AND CUMBERLAND
SNEERS -

CAN YOU CREDIT IT?
IN THREE DAYS HE
COULD HAVE TAKEN LONDON -
-- AND HE TURNS TAIL!



AND SO TO
THE EVENING
OF APRIL 15TH.
THE
RELENTLESS
DUKE OF
CUMBERLAND,
STILL HOT
ON THE HEELS
OF THE
DESPERATE
HIGHLANDERS,
MAKES HIS
PLANS.



WE HAD A CLOSE SHAVE AT
FALKIRK, BUT CHARLES STUART
IS ILL SERVED BY HIS
ADVISERS -- THESE REBELS
HAVE ENTERED MY TRAP!

WE WILL FOLLOW HIM,
HARRY HIS REAR-GUARD
AND BRING HIM TO
BATTLE IN OUR
OWN TIME!

ON JANUARY 17TH 1746, BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE AND HIS NINE THOUSAND MEN
TAKE THEIR STAND ON FALKIRK MOOR. AGAINST AN ENGLISH ARMY OF
ELEVEN THOUSAND UNDER GENERAL HAWLEY.

FOR THE LAST
TIME THE SCOTS
ARE VICTORIOUS.
HAWLEY'S
DRAGOONS ARE
NO MATCH FOR
THE TERRIBLE
HIGHLAND
CLAYMORES.
BUT YET AGAIN
THE HIGHLANDERS
RECEIVE THE ORDER
"RETREAT!"



CULLODEN - FOR HOURS ACROSS THE FATEFUL, WIND-SWEPT MOOR - THE BATTLE RAGES - 5,000 WEARY BUT DESPERATE HIGHLANDERS FLINGING THEMSELVES AGAINST DOUBLE THEIR NUMBER OF CUMBERLAND'S MEN - AND IN THE END - DEFEAT - DESPAIR -- THE RUIN OF CHARLES' HOPES ---



IT'S WOMANISH TO BLAME YOURSELF - YOU'RE THE ONE SPARK O' LIBERTY LEFT IN OUR HEARTS - KEEP IT ALIGHT!

THAT - I SWEAR -- I WILL DO!



I BEG OF YOU, SIR, TO LEAVE THE FIELD - YOU MUST NOT BE TAKEN!

AND SO, HIS HOPE AND HIS ARMY SHATTERED, CHARLES BECAME A FLIGHTIVE, DESPERATE, HOUNDED, BUT HIS COURAGE UNDAUNTED. FROM CULLODEN TO THE WESTERN COAST AND, AT LAST, WITH ONLY FAITHFUL DONALD, TO THE LONG ISLAND ---

WHILE THE PRINCE LIES HIDDEN NEARBY, CAPTAIN FERGUSON, R.N. WHO HAS CHARGE OF THE HUNT, IS PUTTING UP A PROCLAMATION.



By the
Lords Justices.
Proclamation.

A reward of
Thirty thousand pounds
for the body of the
pretender

Charles Stuart
dead or alive.



UNDERSTAND - ALL OF YOU - NO ONE MAY LEAVE THE ISLAND WITHOUT A PASS SIGNED BY THE GOVERNOR!

DONALD HAS CORNERED THE ISLAND BOAT'S SKIPPER, LACHLAN.



LACHLAN - YOUR BOAT -- WHEN CAN YE GET ME TO SKYE?

WHEN YON DIRTY RAGGAL, FERGUSON, WILL GIE US THE PASSES!

DONALD SOON
DISCOVERS THAT
HIS ONE HOPE OF
GETTING A PASS
FOR HIMSELF AND
CHARLES IS --
FLORA MACDONALD --
STEP-DAUGHTER OF
THE GOVERNOR --
MACDONALD
OF ARMADALE --
FOR SHE OFTEN
VISITS HER
MOTHER AT SKYE --



DONALD PERSUADES FLORA TO HELP, TO GO
WITH HIM THAT NIGHT TO SEE CHARLES.

IF I GO, THE REDCOATS
MUST NOT SEE ME!



I HAVE A PLAN --
THE REDCOATS HAVE LAID
BEACONS WHICH ARE TO BE
LIGHTED IF THE PRINCE IS
SEEN --

AT THE
APPOINTED
TIME DONALD
AND HIS
FRIEND, DUNCAN,
CROUCH BY A
BEACON, WELL
AWAY FROM THE
HIDING PLACE,
WAITING
THEIR
CHANCE.



NOW --
A QUICK RUSH
FORWARD --
AND SET IT
BLAZING!



GOOD! ALL THE REDCOATS
WILL RUN TO THE SPOT AND
FLORA WILL REACH THE
PRINCE UNNOTICED!

MEANWHILE, COVERED BY THE DECOY BEACON,
FLORA REACHES CHARLES' HIDING PLACE --

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, HELP YOU I WILL
BUT ONLY ON CONDITION YOU DO AS I SAY,
FOR I CANNOT RUIN MY KINGSFOLK!



ANY CONDITION,
DEAR MISS MACDONALD.

SOON AFTER, FLORA AND DONALD
GO BACK THROUGH THE VILLAGE,



HALT --
AND TELL YOUR
BUSINESS!

RUIN,
MISS FLORY --
RUIN!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO
DISOBEY CAPTAIN FERGIUSON'S
ORDERS -- NO ONE IS ALLOWED
OUT AFTER DARK --
TO THE GUARD-ROOM!



NEXT MORNING, IN ARMADALE'S HOUSE, FERGLUSON AND ARMADALE ARE AT BREAKFAST.



WE TOOK THESE PRISONERS LAST NIGHT, SIR.

MY STEP-DAUGHTER, FLORA!

MISS MACDONALD!

AYE - AND I'D BE GLAD OF AN EXPLANATION - I WAS BUT VISITING MY SPINNING WOMAN IN READINESS FOR MY TRIP TO SEE MY MOTHER AT SKYE WHEN THOSE IDIOTS POUNCED ON MY SERVANT AND ME AND HELD US!



AND NOW, PERHAPS I CAN HAVE MY PASSES TO SKYE, FOR I HAVE MUCH TO DO SINCE THESE BLOCKHEADS HAVE DELAYED ME!



AFTER THE DISGRUNTLED SOLDIERS HAVE DEPARTED, ARMADALE PREPARES TO WRITE THE PASSES --

WHICH OF THE SERVANTS ARE YOU TAKING, FLORA?

ONLY DONALD AND THE SPINNING WOMAN - YOU REMEMBER, THE TALL ONE, BETTY?

AND SO THAT NIGHT FLORA, DONALD, AND CHARLES DISGUISED AS THE SPINNING WOMAN REACH THE QUAY SAFELY AND BOARD THE LITTLE BOAT FOR SKYE -

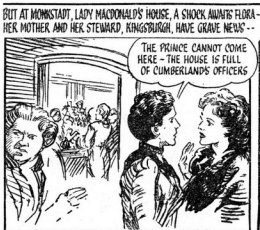


THE CROSSING IS SAFELY MADE AND THE BOAT RUNS ON TO A SHINGLE BEACH IN A LITTLE COVE -





DO YOU WAIT HERE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, WHILE I GO TO MY MOTHER'S HOUSE AND PREPARE THE WAY?



BUT AT MONNSTADT, LADY MACDONALD'S HOUSE, A SHOCK AWAITS FLORA - HER MOTHER AND HER STEWARD, KINGSBURGH, HAVE GRAVE NEWS --

THE PRINCE CANNOT COME HERE - THE HOUSE IS FULL OF CUMBERLAND'S OFFICERS



LEAVE THIS TO ME, MY LADY. I WILL FIND THE PRINCE, HIDE HIM UNTIL DARK AND THEN TAKE HIM TO MY HUMBLE ABODE - DO YOU JOIN US LATER, MISS MACDONALD?

THAT NIGHT, CHARLES DINES AND SLEEPS IN COMFORT FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR MANY A NIGHT - BUT THIS RELIEF IS SHORT LIVED - FOR THE NEXT MORNING

CHARLES AND KINGSBURGH ARE PEERING ANXIOUSLY THROUGH A WINDOW. A BAND OF HORSEMEN, IN THE DISTANCE, ARE RIDING HARD TOWARDS THE HOUSE.



REDCOATS, SIR, YOU MUST GO AT ONCE - IT WILL TAKE THEM BUT TWELVE MINUTES TO CIRCLE THE LOCH!

SO ONCE MORE CHARLES AND FLORA ARE FUGITIVES. LEAVING BY A BACK DOOR THEY SCRAMBLE UP A ROUGH PATH TO THE REFUGE OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE MISTS ---



WITH THE MIST THICKENING ABOUT THEM, CHARLES AND FLORA STRUGGLE ON FOR HOURS, AND AT LAST FIND SHELTER IN A DEEP CAVE -

IF WE COULD BUT GET TO PORTREE DONALD WAITS THERE, AYE, AND PERCHANCE A BOAT TO FRANCE!

IN THIS MIST WE SHOULD BE LOST - AND WITHOUT THE FOG THERE ARE SENTRIES AND BEACONS GUARDING EVERY PATH.

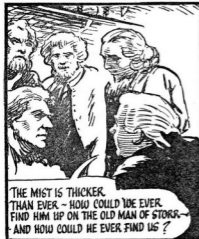


-- MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE MIST COVERED TOWN OF PORTREE, DONALD, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF COLONEL WARREN, IS TALKING ANXIOUSLY TO THE CAPTAIN OF A FRENCH VESSEL LYING OFF-SHORE.

CAPTAIN, IF YOU COULD WAIT BUT ANOTHER 24 HOURS!

I DARE NOT DO IT, SIR. I MUST SAIL AT DAYBREAK!

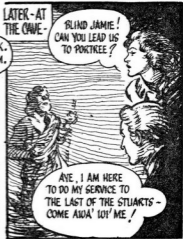
LATER, AT THE INN, WARREN, DONALD, A VILLAGER AND BLIND JAMIE, AN OLD MINSTREL - ARE SEATED BY THE FIRE, STRIVING TO THINK HOW THEY MAY FIND THE PRINCE AND BRING HIM SAFELY TO THE BOAT BEFORE SHE SAILS ---



THE MIST IS THICKER THAN EVER - HOW COULD WE EVER FIND HIM UP ON THE OLD MAN OF STORR - AND HOW COULD HE EVER FIND US ?



BLIND JAMIE MOVES FORWARD --
REST YE HERE NOO! A CAT AND A BLIND MAN SEE FINE IN THE DARK. I WILL FIND THEM.



LATER - AT THE CAVE -

BLIND JAMIE!
CAN YOU LEAD US TO PORTREEE ?

AYE, I AM HERE TO DO MY SERVICE TO THE LAST OF THE STUARTS - COME AWAY' WIT' ME !



MEANWHILE - BACK AT THE INN -

I HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT DONALD OF EKISKAY IS IN PORTREEE - I KNOW NOT WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE . HAS ANYONE SEEN HIM ?

CAPTAIN FERGISSON WITH MACLEOD, THE TRAITOR !



YES, SIR - I HAVE - AND I CAN LEAD YOU TO HIM !

THEN LEAD ON AT ONCE FOR THAT IS WHERE THE PRETENDER WILL MAKE FOR !



AS FERGISSON LEAVES THE INN, A DOOR AT THE REAR OPENS AND FLORA STANDS THERE .



MACLEOD RECOGNISES FLORA - BUT THOUGH HE HAS REFUSED TO JOIN CHARLES IN HIS BID FOR THE THRONE, HE WILL NOT BETRAY THE PRINCE - FERGISSON DOES NOT TURN BACK, AND, WITH MACLEOD, PASSES OUT.

AND SO WITH THE LAST DANGER PAST, THE MOMENT HAS COME FOR CHARLES TO BID FAREWELL - THE MOMENT OF SAD PARTING THAT HAS BOTH FAILURE AND TRIUMPH . THE SHIP FOR FRANCE AWAITS -



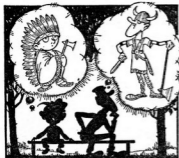
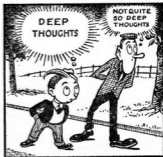
MIKE

LISTEN, DIMPS, I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THE COUNTRY SIDE ROUND HERE! — THERE'S NOWHERE WE CAN GO FOR A CHANGE!



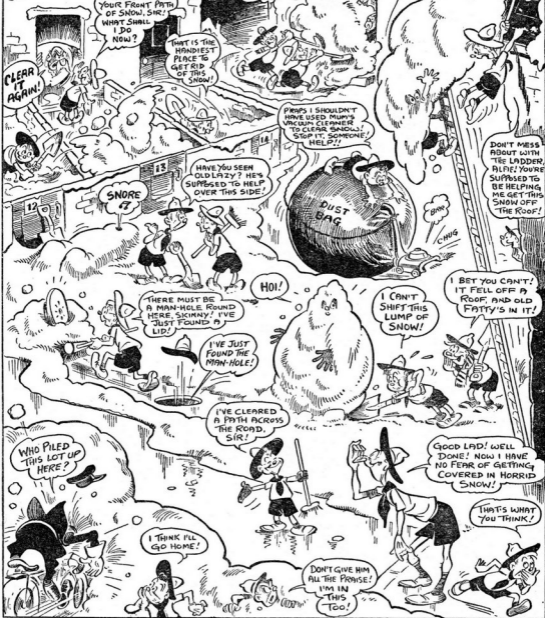
SPORTY AND SYDNEY

THE KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



BOYS OF THE BEAVER PATROL

THEY HELP CLEARING SNOW...



CLEAR IT AGAIN!

I HAVE CLEARED YOUR FRONT PATH OF SNOW, SIR! WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?

THAT IS THE HANDIEST PLACE TO GET RID OF THIS SNOW!

KEEP PUSHING IT ALONG, OSWALD! WE'LL FIND SOME OLD SPORT TO DUMP IT IN SOON!

BANK

PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T HAVE USED MUMMY'S VACUUM CLEANER TO CLEAR SNOW! STOP IT, SOMEONE! HELP!!

HAVE YOU SEEN OLD LAZY? HE'S SUPPOSED TO HELP OVER THIS SIDE!

SNORE

DON'T MESS ABOUT WITH THE LADDER, ALF! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING ME GET THIS SNOW OFF THE ROOF!

DUST BAG

BARK
CHUG

HOI!

THERE MUST BE A MAN-HOLE ROUND HERE, SKINNY! I'VE JUST FOUND A LID!

I'VE JUST FOUND THE MAN-HOLE!

I CAN'T SHIFT THIS LUMP OF SNOW!

I BET YOU CAN'T! IT FELL OFF A ROOF, AND OLD FATTY'S IN IT!

I'VE CLEARED A PATH ACROSS THE ROAD, SIR!

WHO PILED THIS LOT UP HERE?

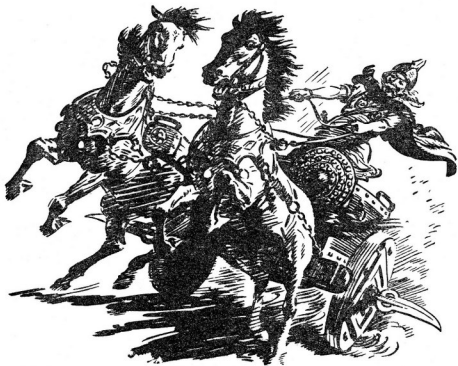
I THINK I'LL GO HOME!

GOOD LAD! WELL DONE! NOW I HAVE NO FEAR OF GETTING COVERED IN HORRID SNOW!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

DON'T GIVE HIM ALL THE PRAISE! I'M IN THIS TOO!

SARGA THE STRONG



The Roman fleet came gliding into view—to invade the ancient shores of Britain. This rousing yarn tells of Sarga, the mighty hunter who battled valiantly against Caesar's well-trained legions of soldiers . . .

The Wolf Hunters

"SARGA! Sarga the Strong—he comes!"

A great shout of welcome arose from the thousand gruff throats of men gathered like an army in a forest clearing below the ancient village of Imric, in southern Britain. All were clutching weapons—a spear, a javelin, a long knife,

or maybe a club cut from the bough of a mighty oak. They were dressed in long mantles, with loose trousers criss-crossed from ankle to knee by leather thongs.

These were the men of Britain nearly two thousand years ago—sturdy warriors and great hunters.

Greatest of them all was Sarga the Strong.

Powerfully built, with shoulder-length fair hair, long moustaches and deep blue eyes, he came striding down the slope to the gathered throng.

Halting on a grassy mound, Sarga surveyed the shouting tribesmen. He was proud to be their leader, for he had called together all the chieftains and fighting-men from miles around. They came from rival tribes, but all their jealousies and feuds were forgotten because Sarga the Strong had summoned them together, to fight enemies which threatened them all.

Wolves! Fierce grey beasts of the forests—they were the enemies that day. The lean and hungry monsters roamed in huge packs, having recently prowled down from the north, driven southwards by a cold, hard winter.

No animal, no human being—indeed, hardly any living thing was safe from attack by the wolf packs. The cruel and cunning creatures could not be caught by ordinary means. If one was killed it seemed that there were a dozen more to take its place. In villages and on farms, it was dangerous to be out after dark.

Sarga the Strong had decided to take action. Every available man was to give up his time in a combined attack upon the wolves.

He spoke to the assembled tribesmen, telling them that their only hope to wipe out the menace was to launch one great all-out offensive on the wolves. He gave his orders like a general going into battle. The men were to move forward into the forests in groups of four, fifty yards apart, driving the wolves before them until the beasts were cornered in a bend of the river.

Sarga explained it all, stressing the point that it would be safer and better to attack that way, rather than to rush in here and there, accounting for a few wolves and allowing the rest to escape.

When he had finished, every tribesman knew the route he had to take and what part he had to play.

There was a shout of eager assent. Sarga gave a sign. A horn sounded—and the wolf-hunt was on!

In an hour a long line of men had spread



MARCUS TULLIO—Roman soldier.

across the forest, marching forward like a human wave. All animals except a few wild boars drew back before it. The boars charged the line of men—and were allowed to break through.

But no wolf showed itself for several hours. The skulking creatures made a steady retreat, keeping out of sight. And as the hunters carried out Sarga's plan, the wolves moved back deeper and deeper into the forest, being relentlessly pushed towards the wide river.

It all happened as Sarga had planned. He was the wisest of all the Britons—and he had planned well.

A whole day passed. The wolves were now being hard-pressed with their backs to the river. Some sought escape by trying to swim the fast-flowing current, but Sarga had even foreseen that. Hunters in coracles were already in position and the reckless wolves which took to the river were swiftly accounted for.

Gradually, the tribesmen worked around in a half-circle to trap the wolves completely. Sarga awaited the right moment before signalling the onslaught to begin—and against such a cleverly-organised attack, the wolves stood little chance. The surrounding cordon of men was now too tight for them to break through.

Only a few of the wolves escaped. In all, more than three thousand were killed and there was great rejoicing among the tribesmen. Now there would be fine furs to be made from the skins—and now their homes and herds of cattle would be safe.

But though Sarga the Strong had planned well and had won his fight with the forest wolves, there was an even greater danger to the Britons that day. Deep in the forests none could see it—but the tips of masts and sails were slowly creeping into view, as a fleet of a dozen Roman ships came gliding up what is now called the English Channel!

A Scouting Party

ELEVEN of the great Roman ships shook down their sails and dropped anchor just out of sight of land. The twelfth stole towards the shore, gliding in under

cover of darkness, and already plans were being made.

On deck, General Balba was addressing three of his bravest soldiers. One was his own nephew, Marcus Tullio, who had already shown himself to be valiant in battle.

"You are to go ashore with your two comrades, Tullio," said the great general. "You will do nothing but seek out what lies beyond those cliffs. It is not for you to fight or do battle. You will bring back news of what kind of men are there and what kind of country this is."

Tullio nodded. He knew the ways of the great Roman invaders—their discipline and their skill. He knew that it was their careful organisation that won them battles and gained them vast territories. They had conquered many lands already—but there was still this strange place where lived the Britons. What sort of race they were or how powerful no one properly knew. In Gaul there had been tales of their bravery and their will to fight off all invaders. Tullio had managed to learn a little of their language—that was one reason why General Balba, his famous uncle, had picked him to lead the scouting party.

The Roman ship came like a gliding ghost into the shallow waters of a bay, and as the keel grated on rasping shingle, Tullio and his two men leapt into the water. With sword and shield held high they waded to the shore. No one challenged their arrival on the beach, and they darted upwards through a cleft in the cliffs with ease.

Marcus Tullio could not have been sent at a more favourable time—for Sarga the Strong was several miles away with his huntsmen in the forest.

The young Roman noted every detail—the slope of the land, the size of the village that lay before him and how the forest actually surrounded several of the larger huts. Although puzzled at the complete lack of life, he whispered to his comrades that they might go nearer and actually peer into the largest of the huts, which stood apart from the others.

He moved forward, crouching down, and then cried: "Hold!" His eyes had



As the Roman ship grounded on the sloping beach, the standard-bearer was the first to jump into the sea, shouting: "Leap out, soldiers, unless you wish to betray the Roman eagle!"

detected movement—the slinking shapes of prowling animals. His nose quivered a little.

Wolves! Tullio frowned. He hated them. They might suddenly attack—at least they would probably set up a howling, which would betray the Romans to the silent village.

While he hesitated, almost on the point of drawing away from the village, a woman's shrill cry came to his ears. It was followed by the wail of a frightened child—and the louder howl of a wolf!

Tullio strained his ears and eyes. He could just make out the crawling shapes of two of the wolves, which had cunningly leapt upon the roughly thatched roof and were scratching holes for themselves to jump through. They were a few which had not been hunted down by Sarza and the tribesmen.

Again the woman's cry of fear. Tullio glanced at the other two Romans.

"There is no man there—only a woman and child!" he said.

"There is seemingly no man in the village at all, Tullio," answered one soldier.

"Then we must make men of ourselves," Tullio declared.

His companions understood. Following him, they crept forward and suddenly broke into a run, yelling at the tops of their voices. The wolves outside the hut scattered in violent haste—those on the roof turned and tumbled to the ground.

Tullio came to a door. His broad shoulder smashed it open and all three of them burst inside. A fire burned within the hut, and in its smoky glare they saw a child crouched in terror on a pile of rushes. Standing over it, with a spear in hand, was a woman. And at her feet lay the body of a dead wolf.

At the sight of the Romans in their glinting armour the woman backed a pace and then thrust out her spear even more viciously. But the next actions of the Romans soon proved that they had come to help. All three sprang to the holes in the roof and Tullio lunged with a sword towards a pair of greenish eyes, glinting in the firelight, which appeared for a moment at the edge.

A fierce howl was heard, followed by the sound of a body rolling down the roof. The woman lowered her spear and sank down in relief on the bed of rushes to comfort the child.

She watched anxiously as the battle

between men and wolves went on. It took time, and keen vigilance was needed, for the wolves soon learned to attack from different points, and there were over a dozen holes in the roof at which they appeared.

Tullio and his comrades were kept busy. One by one the savage grey beasts were accounted for—but it was almost dawn before the last wolf ran yelping into the forest.

At that moment came the sound of a deep-noted horn. The woman sprang to her feet with a joyful exclamation. "My husband—Sarga!"

"Sarga?" queried Tullio.

"Sarga the Strong, my husband," repeated the woman.

The Romans hurried out, and Tullio gave a gasp. A whole horde of Britons were coming through the forest—and in the lead strode a massive figure in chieftain's helmet

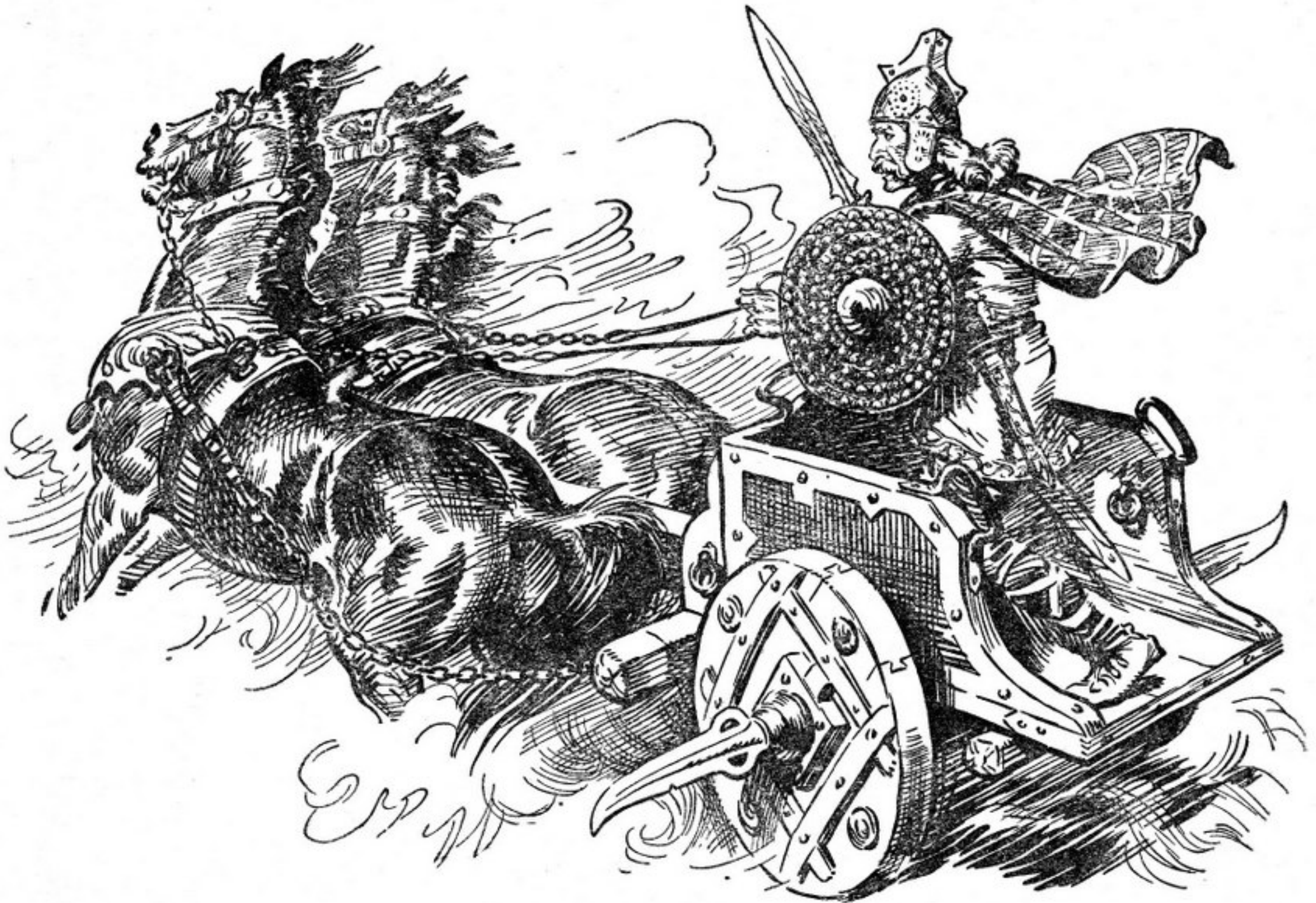
and dress. He came straight for the hut, and there was no doubt that this was Sarga.

Tullio made a sign. He slipped aside with the other two soldiers. He had been bidden by General Balba not to fight—and, in any case, they were hopelessly outnumbered and wearied by their struggle with the wolves.

Running, turning and twisting through the trees, they dodged away. And only the keen eyes of Sarga saw them go. He caught a glimpse of their gleaming armour in the morning sunlight. For a moment he hesitated, then saw the slain wolves around his hut—and hurried within to find his wife and child quite safe.

Against the Invaders

LATE that afternoon, the twelve Roman ships stood in bravely for the shore, and in the leading one, General Balba spoke to his nephew, Marcus Tullio. He was



Down through the cleft in the cliffs raced Sarga the Strong in his chariot. The curved blades on the wheels flashed defiance at the Roman invaders.

pleased with the information that had been brought back to him by the scouting party, and had made his invasion plans accordingly.

"When this battle is over you may ask me one favour, Tullio," he said, then stared towards the shore.

All seemed quiet and peaceful. The bay where they were to ground their ships was empty—the cleft that ran up between the cliffs seemed invitingly simple for a whole army to climb without fatigue.

General Balba, however, was not fooled. Bearing in mind what Tullio had told him of the fair-haired blue-eyed inhabitants of Britain, he expected resistance.

How right he was in his guess!

Just over the cliff, in the hollow that led to Imric, a whole host of fighting Britons had gathered under the leadership of Sarga the Strong. There were chariots with curved blades fixed to their solid wheels—they stood ready with their snorting horses pawing the soft ground—and in the leading one was Sarga himself.

He was waiting—but he was not so sure as he had been when he had led the wolf-hunt. He feared that the fierce tribesmen behind him might attack in frenzy, instead of in the disciplined manner in which they had caught and cornered the wolves by the river.

As Sarga waited, the first of the Roman ships grounded on the sloping beach. Out jumped a man with a leopard-skin over his armour, and carrying a tall emblem with a golden eagle at its peak.

"Leap out, soldiers, unless you wish to betray the Roman eagle!" shouted the standard-bearer.

As though this was the signal for both sides to charge at each other, the battle began! Down through the cleft in the cliffs poured the Britons, led by Sarga in his racing chariot. The curved blades on the wheels flashed defiance at the Roman soldiers struggling to gain a foothold on the slippery sea-bed.

In a few moments a fierce battle raged! Wild-eyed and angry, the Britons hurled themselves into the sea, determined not to let the foot of a Roman invader mark their soil if they could help it.



Tullio looked up at the Briton towering above him, with sword raised to strike. "Sarga! Sarga the Strong!" He could not help the sudden cry leaving his lips.

Equally determined, the Romans advanced in solid lines. There were clashes of sword upon sword, yells and shouts and the shrill neighings of the chariot horses.

Sarga's chariot hit a submerged rock. The solid axle was smashed and the great Briton chief flung away the reins. The horses, startled by the feel of chain-links on their backs, turned and struggled for the beach with the crippled chariot behind them. One wheel came off on the shingle—but by that time Sarga was yards away, piling his weight and strength into the thickest of the fighting.

He fought bravely, though he knew by then that the Romans would win. Sarga's men had done what he feared. They had broken their ranks in their wild determination to beat back the invaders. They were split up badly. Some were being beaten back to the cliffs. Others were struggling against odds under the lee of some of the ships,

trying to wield their weapons with their arms hampered by the sea. On board the ships, on a steady platform and with room to move and dart around, the Romans had the advantage of them.

All at once Sarga and a Roman soldier leapt for the same lump of rock. For a moment they faced each other, and then the Roman slipped!

Tullio gave a groan of despair, for it was he who had tried to gain the rock with Sarga. As he slithered his sword left his grasp, and he was as helpless as a wet fish on the shore.

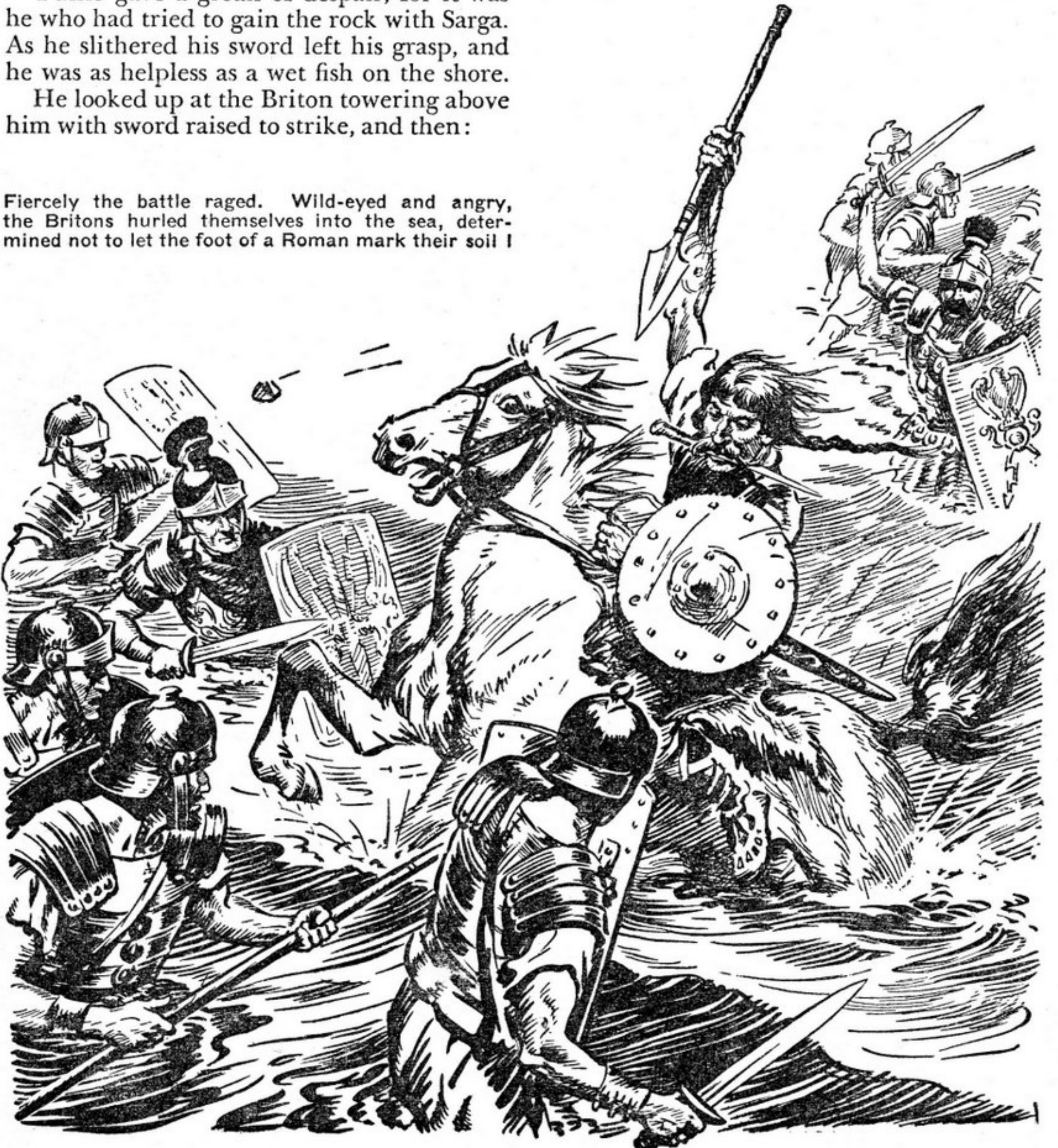
He looked up at the Briton towering above him with sword raised to strike, and then:

Fiercely the battle raged. Wild-eyed and angry, the Britons hurled themselves into the sea, determined not to let the foot of a Roman mark their soil!

"Sarga! Sarga the Strong!" He could not help the sudden cry leaving his lips, for he recognised the great chief.

Sarga stayed his hand. He looked down at his victim, and a gleam came into his blue eyes. He knew that this was the same Roman who had so bravely come to the help of his wife and child.

A nod and a grunt were all the signs that





he gave to show that he had recognised Tullio. Suddenly turning his head, he saw two of his tribesmen battling against half a dozen Romans about fifty yards away—and he sprang to join them!

Tullio uttered a gasp of relief. Sarga the Strong had spared his life.

Picking up his fallen sword, the young Roman soldier leapt from the rock and darted away to join a fight in another direction.

Tullio had much to occupy his mind. He could not look everywhere, but he felt that

the Romans were gradually winning the desperate struggle.

Another hour, the fight was over. The Britons, exhausted in their valiant struggle, had to give in. They withdrew to the cleft in the cliffs and straggled back inland.

The Romans did not follow. They retired to lick their wounds aboard their ships. It seemed that neither side had won decisively.

The beach was left littered with signs of battle. General Balba was particularly interested in the great wheel which had come from Sarga's chariot. He looked down at it and smiled grimly.

"These Britons fight hard," he said. "I must tell Cæsar that they are worthy foes.

And this knifed chariot-wheel I will take back to Rome!"

There were other things to be taken back as spoils of war—including a prisoner who had been finally caught by six Romans using a net made of ropes to overpower him.

It was Sarga the Strong. He was furious at his capture, considering that he had been taken by an unworthy ruse, like a wild animal. Bound hand and foot with strong ropes, he lay on the deck of the Roman ship, now floating on the almost high tide and ready to sail when the flood was full.

General Balba stood on deck. He looked at the powerful Briton and wondered how he would fare as a slave in Rome.

Then Tullio came up from below, having tended his slight wounds and smartened himself like a true soldier.

He, too, looked at the fallen foe.



General Balba smiled grimly at the great wheel which had come from Sarga's chariot. "These Britons fight hard," he said.

And the look he got back from Sarga was one of defiance. There was no fear in the Briton chief's blue eyes. Though he was captured and helpless before the Romans he did not cringe beneath them.

But deep down in his eyes there was an expression of great sadness. Sarga felt his dishonour keenly—to be captured in battle was not to his liking. He was a brave fighter and would rather have perished against odds than be taken captive.

Even while he lay there Sarga did not give up hope completely. He would wait his chance and watch for an opportunity to escape—yes, better to go down fighting against hopeless odds in a forlorn bid to evade captivity, than to stand the disgrace that would surely be his.

These Romans with all their discipline, and skill in the arts of war, were only human beings—one day, one of them would be off his guard, and then—

Thus planned a brave man in the face of hopeless odds, when a lesser man would have given himself up to dejection and self-pity.

Marcus Tullio seemed to read his thoughts, for he shrugged and gave a sigh, turning to his uncle, General Balba.

"And now what, sir?" he asked. "Shall we take this Briton back to Rome?"

"That was my intention," replied the great general.

Tullio frowned.

"It would be a difficult task," he said. "I fear you would have to post a dozen legionnaires to watch him, every hour of every day, for should he escape I for one would not like to face his wrath."

"Never fear—we will deliver our captive safely in Rome if I so wish it," said the general.

Tullio shrugged his shoulders.

"What happens to him then?" he asked. "I know that there would be shouting and excitement in the streets, if such a man were goaded along at the point of a spear to be shown to the people like a wild animal. The citizens of Rome have not yet seen such a thing as a Briton. They would gape and talk about it for a while—but what then?"

"'Tis likely he will end his days in the arena, Tullio," the general remarked. "Me-thinks that he would make a fine gladiator to fight for the sport of the Roman people —"

"A brave man does not deserve such a fate, sir," said Tullio. "To him it would mean dishonour—and he would face death rather than that. You said you would grant me one favour, sir. I do accept the opportunity now. With your permission, sir!"

Tullio took the general's dagger from his belt and moved over to Sarga with the blade in his hand.

Lying on his back, Sarga saw the shining dagger in the Roman's hand. He was certain that Tullio meant to put an end to him—and he did not flinch.

How strange that they should meet thus, three times in such a short while.

First, after the young Roman had saved Sarga's family from the wolves.

Then again when Tullio had been at Sarga's mercy on the rock—when the mighty Briton had withheld the blow that would have ended the young Roman's life.

And now—

Well, the debt that Sarga owed to Tullio had been repaid and Sarga could expect no mercy from this young soldier—and in any case, death was better than captivity.

He spoke in his native tongue, and his deep voice had not a sign of a tremor.

"Strike, Roman," he said. "I myself do not fear you—I only fear for my people of Britain, for I know that you will return to overpower the land."

Tullio did not fully understand what Sarga was saying. He bent nearer to the fair-haired captive, gripping the dagger even more tightly.



Tullio took the general's dagger and slashed the ropes which bound the Briton chief. "Sarga the Strong—go back!" he whispered.

In the shadows, General Balba watched them both. He knew his nephew well—and he guessed what was coming. He half-smiled in agreement with the plan that was in Tullio's mind.

Tullio, the Roman soldier, stared into Sarga's proud eyes.

"Sarga!" he whispered. "Sarga the Strong—go back!"

With that, he slashed the ropes that bound the Briton chief and stood to one side. Sarga rose to his feet, and Tullio pointed towards the dark shore.

For a brief instant their eyes met—then Sarga half-smiled and sprang over the side of the ship into the water. He swam powerfully for the shore to return to his village.

"A brave man of a brave people," said General Balba, receiving back his dagger from Tullio. "It will need Caesar and all his legions to conquer them!"

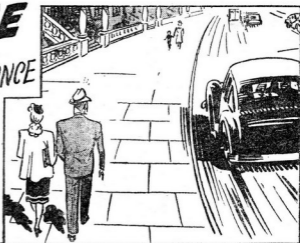
SPLASH PAGE

— AND —
THE MISSING PRINCE

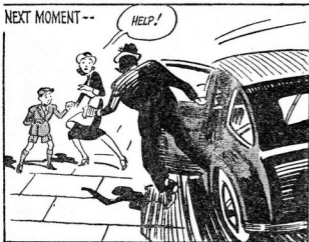


Here's an exciting picture-story about Splash Page, the ace reporter of the Daily World, and his girlfriend Jill.

It all began when Jill and Splash were walking down a London Street. Suddenly a large black car swerved to a halt a few yards in front of them...



NEXT MOMENT --



SPLASH PAGE SPURTED TOWARDS THE SCENE -- THE CAR DOOR SLAMMED AS IT SHOT AWAY --



THE OBJECT WAS ONLY A SMOKE BOMB.

SPLASH PICKED HIMSELF UP.

COUGHING IN THE EVIL-SMELLING SMOKE, HE WENT TO JILL AND THE NURSEMAID -



THEN -- HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

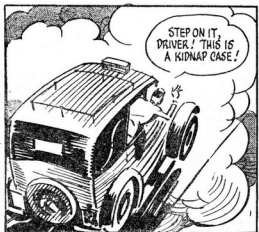
TAXI! STOP, MAN! I WANT YOU!



IT'S ONLY SMOKE! GET THROUGH IT -- PICK UP A BLACK SALOON -- A YWX 622 -- CHASE IT -- AND CATCH IT!

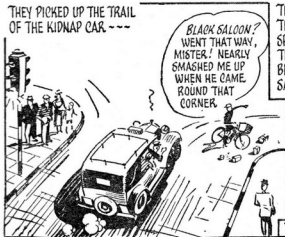


STEP ON IT, DRIVER! THIS IS A KIDNAP CASE!



THEY PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THE KIDNAP CAR ---

BLACK SALOON? WENT THAT WAY, MISTER! NEARLY SMASHED ME UP WHEN HE CAME ROUND THAT CORNER.



THEN THEY SPOTTED THE BLACK SALOON -

THERE THEY ARE! WE'VE GOT 'EM!

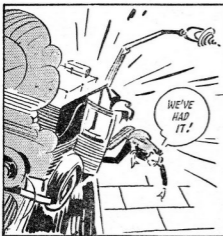


THE KIDNAPPERS REALISED THEY WERE BEING FOLLOWED

THEY'RE GAINING!
WE MUST SHAKE THEM
OFF! GIVE THEM
ANOTHER SURPRISE
PACKET!



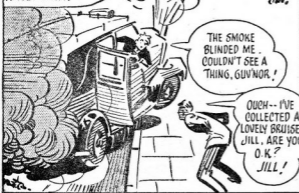
AS THE CAR SWUNG WITH SQUEALING
TYRES ROUND A CORNER. ---

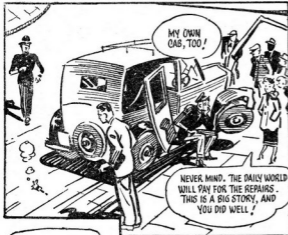


IN THE ESCAPING CAR. --



SPLASH PICKED HIMSELF
UP AS THE KIDNAPPERS
RARED AWAY --









AH! GOT HIM!

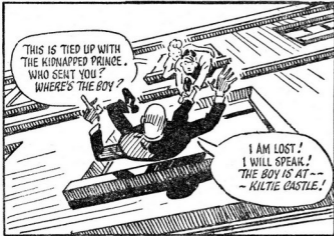
CAN'T LET HIM FALL. MUST SAVE HIM SOMEHOW BESIDES, I MAY LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM!

LEO, THE HENTZIAN SPY, GASPED IN TERROR.



SAVE ME! DON'T LET ME FALL!

YOU TRIED TO SHOOT US BOTH! WHY SHOULD I SAVE YOU?



THIS IS TIED UP WITH THE KIDNAPPED PRINCE. WHO SENT YOU? WHERE'S THE BOY?

I AM LOST! I WILL SPEAK! THE BOY IS AT -- KILTIE CASTLE!

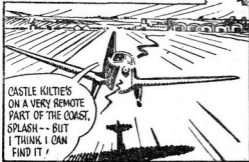


KILTIE CASTLE -- THAT'S IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS!

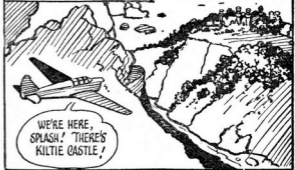
THE BLUFF WORKED -- BUT NOW HE'S FAINTED! GIVE ME A HAND, JILL!

SPLASH PAGE HANDED LEO OVER TO A COMMISSIONAIRE AND THEN ARRANGED FOR HIS PAPER'S AEROPLANE TO BE PREPARED FOR A TRIP TO SCOTLAND. THE PILOT WAS A FRIEND OF PAGE'S.

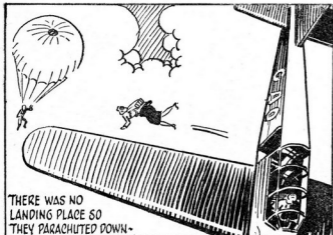
THEY FOUND KILTIE CASTLE -- A LONELY RUIN ON THE WESTERN COAST. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HABITATION.



CASTLE KILTIE'S ON A VERY REMOTE PART OF THE COAST. SPLASH -- BUT I THINK I CAN FIND IT!



WE'RE HERE, SPLASH! THERE'S KILTIE CASTLE!



THERE WAS NO
LANDING PLACE SO
THEY PARACHUTED DOWN-

SPLASH PAGE AND JILL MADE A SAFE
LANDING AND THEN CLIMBED UP A
CRAZY PATH TO THE RUINS--



KEEP
YOUR EYES SKINNED,
JILL. WE DON'T KNOW
HOW MANY MORE OF
THESE FELLOWS ARE
IN THE CASTLE!

SPLASH AND JILL WENT
CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE
DESERTED, RUINED
COURTYARD OF
THE CASTLE -



SPLASH --
I'VE A NASTY
FEELING SOMEBODY'S
WATCHING US

A HELICOPTER!
SO THAT'S HOW
THEY GOT HERE
SO QUICKLY!

JILL WAS RIGHT.
NIKOLAI THE KIDNAPPER
HAD SEEN THEM --



SO THEY THINK TO RESCUE
YOU. THEY'LL NOT LEAVE
THE CASTLE ALIVE!

BUT IN HIS ANGER THE
KIDNAPPER HAD OVERLOOKED
ONE PERSON. PRINCE STEFAN
WAS EXCITED AT THE THOUGHT
THAT RESCUE WAS SO NEAR.

I MUST BE
CAREFUL! HE MUST
NOT GUESS!





TAKEN BY SURPRISE --
NIKOLAI DROPPED HIS GUN AND
STEFAN SNATCHED IT UP.

KEEP STILL --
OR I WILL
SHOOT!



MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE
CASTLE COURTYARD --



HE'S STOPPED
FIRING!
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED,
JILL!



IT IS ALL RIGHT!
I HAVE HIM!

BUT NEXT MOMENT --



LOOK OUT!
HE'S BEHIND
YOU!

SPLASH DID NOT
HESITATE --

THAT'S STOPPED
YOUR LITTLE
GAME!



SPLASH BOUND NIKOLAI SO THAT HE WOULD GIVE THEM NO FURTHER TROUBLE --



SOME HOURS LATER, A LONDON POLICEMAN OUTSIDE THE HENTZIAN EMBASSY SAW A SURPRISING SIGHT --



THE HENTZIAN AMBASSADOR, WORRIED BECAUSE HE HAD RECEIVED NO FURTHER WIRELESS MESSAGES FROM HIS FRIEND AT CASTLE KITTIE, HAD A FURTHER SHOCK --



THE AMBASSADOR'S HAND SHOT TO A DRAWER IN HIS DESK -- BUT SPLASH WAS EVEN QUICKER!



--AFTER PRINCE STEFAN HAD TOLD HIS STORY --



TWO DAYS LATER -- IN SPLASH PAGE'S OFFICE --



MIKE



BOYS OF THE BEAVER PATROL

THE MAYOR
COMES TO SEE THEIR
PANTOMIME . . .

WHAT CHUMP
TURNED THAT
FAN ON?

PREPARATION
STARTS
FOR WINTER
SCENERY

WHAT
ARE YOU
SUPPOSED
TO BE?

THIS IS CINDERELLA
AND HER
CRYSTAL
COACH!

HELP! THE CURTAIN
WANT UP BEFORE
I WAS
READY!

HI! THE FAIRIES
AREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO
ON YET!

I'M NOT A
FAIRY —
THE
HOOK CAUGHT
IN MY
TROUSERS!

FATHEAD!
WE'RE DOING
DICK
WHITTINGTON!

NOBODY'S GOING
TO RUSH ME! I'M
GOING TO FINISH
THIS SCENERY
PROPERLY!

I TOLD YOU
NOT TO LEAN
AGAINST THE
SCENERY,
FATTY!

MUM WANTS
HER CANDLE
BACK — OUR
LIGHTS HAVE
FUSED!

I CAN'T
GET THIS
FIDDLE
UNDER MY
CHIN!

COME OFF,
LAZY! THE
SHOW HAS
STARTED!

SNORE

DO YOU
HEAR
BELLS,
PUSS?

NO! BUT
I CAN SEE
STARS!

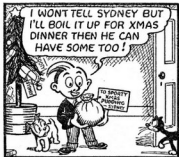
WELL,
I TRIED TO
SAVE
ALFIE
FROM
FALLING!

YOU'RE NOT
PLAYING THE
RIGHT
TUNE!

I KNOW!
I CAN'T
READ MUSIC,
SO I'M PLAYING
A PIECE OF MY
OWN BY EAR!

SPORTY AND SYDNEY

THE KNOCKOUT SPORTSMEN



HOURS OF FUN AND AMUSEMENT WITH

TRICKS, PUZZLES AND GAMES

WHEN YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS, TRY THEM ON YOUR FRIENDS!

MERRY MAGIC-PROBLEMS-TRICKS-
YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN
PUZZLE
FICS!



DOUBLE TROUBLE
HERE ARE TWO PUZZLES IN ONE—FIRST,
FIND THE OPPOSITES TO THESE CLUES...
2-LOSE 2-BEGIN 3-SUBTRACT 4-UNFIT
3-PEACE THEN WRITE THEM DOWNWARD
IN THE SQUARES BELOW IN THE CORRECT
ORDER SO THAT THE MIDDLE LETTERS OF
THE WORDS FORM THE NAME OF AN EASTERN
COUNTRY WHEN READ ACROSS...
P.S. THE OPPOSITES
ARE ALL THREE-
LETTER WORDS!

SOLVE THESE SAYINGS

EACH PICTURE IS A WORD MISSING FROM THESE PHRASES



I PUT A—IN IT,
2 A WILD—CHASE!
3—IN THE—IS
WORTH—IN THE—
4 A—OF—!
5 AS DEAD AS A
6 AS—AS A—!

MERRY MAGIC!

(A) REMOVE BOTTOM
OF MATCHBOX
TRAY



(B) CAREFULLY GLUE BASE BACK
IN THE BOX ABOUT 1/2" FROM TOP
TO MAKE
A FALSE
BASE



(C) GLUE ONE LAYER OF
LIVE MATCHES ON
THIS FALSE BASE

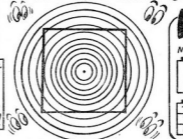


NOW ONE WAY UP THE BOX IS EMPTY,
BUT SECRETLY TURN IT
UPSIDE DOWN, OPEN IT
AND PRESTO! IT'S FULL!
PRACTISE
THE TRICK
AND FOOL
YOUR PALS!



EYES RIGHT?

ARE THE OUTLINES
OF THIS SQUARE
STRAIGHT OR NOT?
TEST WITH A RULER!



ANSWERS.
— UPSIDE DOWN —
NO CHEATING, CHUMS!

6 C B
9 A
10 G
11 K Z J S E D F
12 I

N	D	I	B
I	N	D	A
A	E	F	M

Here is a jolly assortment of brain-teasers and pastimes that will make any party go with a swing. You will find something here for your younger brothers and sisters—and your parents as well.

Who Am I?

This is a game for any number of players. Two players take it in turn to go out of the room together while the others decide on the names of two well-known characters, living or dead, whom the two players are to represent. The characters may be from fact or fiction, sport, films, the stage, etc., etc., but they must be well-known.

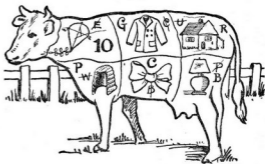
When the two players return they are each handed a piece of paper (which they must not show to each other) bearing the name of the character which the other player represents. The object of the game

is for each player to discover what character he himself is supposed to be, and the players take it in turn to question each other, seeking to find clues to their identity from the other's answers. For example, A (representing Napoleon) may ask B (representing Alice in Wonderland) such questions as: "Do I wear trousers or dresses? Where do I live? Do I play cricket, act in films, etc.?" thus obtaining clues to his sex, nationality, activities and so on. As soon as one player guesses his identity he reveals the character of the other, and two more players continue the game.

This is another good game for one player alone or for a group. On a broad sheet of writing paper make a column at the left as shown, and then, under each letter, give the name of towns, countries, animals, etc., starting with different letters of the alphabet:

	A	B	C
Fruit	Apple	Blackcurrant	Citron
Town	Aylesbury	Brighton	Calcutta
Country	Australia	Belgium	Canada
River	Avon	Brue	Clyde
Animal	Antelope	Bear	Cheetah
Bird	Albatross	Bullfinch	Cuckoo
Tree	Ash	Beech	Chestnut
Flower	Anemone	Begonia	Cowslip

If the game is played in a group, a time-limit may be set and the winner will be the player with the highest score. There are, of course, many other examples of towns, etc., beginning with A, B and C, in addition to those given, and many other things to choose from—e.g. games, clothes, parts of the body, makes of motor-car, film stars, famous sportsmen, etc., etc.



Here is an old friend of the farmyard. On the cow's side you can see six divisions with a little picture in each one.

If you guess what each object is and then add or subtract other letters as shown, you will be able to make the names of six animals.

For example: The first drawing is of a KITE and beside it is the letter E with a line through it. This means you have to cross out the letter E in KITE leaving KIT which together with TEN makes KIT TEN.

Answer: 1, Kitten. 2, Goat. 3, Horse. 4, Pig. 5, Cow. 6, Lamb.

ROLL UP, ROLL UP EVERYONE - TRY THESE
PUZZLEPICS
FOR FUN!



BY CHANGING ONE LETTER AT A TIME, CAN YOU TURN **CAKE** INTO **BUNS** IN SIX MOVES, SO THAT EACH TIME YOU CHANGE A LETTER, YOU MAKE A NEW WORD?

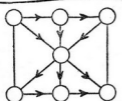
C	A	K	E
B	U	N	S

TUMBLETOY

DRAW HAUGHTY HETTY ABOUT 3" TALL ON A PIECE OF THICK CARD, AND CUT OUT. **M**AKE A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE AND PUSH AN OLD JOYFINGER-NEEDLE THROUGH... **P**UT HETTY BETWEEN SLIGHTLY SLOPING STRIPS OF WOOD, OR BOOKS - GIVE HER A PUSH OFF AND SHE WILL TUMBLE HEAD OVER HEELS DOWN THE SLOPE!



1
2
3
4
5
6
7



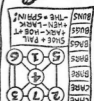
WRITE THE NUMBERS ONE TO SEVEN IN THE CIRCLES SO THE NUMBERS IN EACH ROW OF THREE CIRCLES WILL ADD UP TO TWELVE

SUM COUNTRY

ADD AND SUBTRACT THE LETTERS OF THE NAMES OF THESE OBJECTS AS SHOWN, AND YOU WILL ARRIVE AT THE NAME OF A COUNTRY

SHOES + MUG + HOUSE = ?
SPOON + CHICKEN = ?
SPOON + CHICKEN = ?
SPOON + CHICKEN = ?
SPOON + CHICKEN = ?

THE = ?



ANSWERS

Example :

My first is in PART but not in WHOLE,
My second is in BAT and also in BALL,
My third is in NORTH but not in POLE,
My whole is a pest that men call . . . ?

Answer—RAT.

See the idea? Now try the following:

My first is in LEAN but not in FAT,
My second is in INK but not in PEN,
My third is in TWO but not in THREE,
My fourth is in ONE and also in TEN,
My whole is an animal hunted by men.

Answer—LION.

Hidden Birds



In this puzzle you have to use each of the letters shown only once each and form the names of eight birds all starting with the letter S. To give you a start, one of them is: STONECHAT.

Answer : Stonechat, Seagull, Skylark, Snipe, Sparrow, Starling, Swift, Swallow.



This word square is made up of names of places and things that you will find in an atlas. With the letters of the word FRANCE to help you, draw up a square and write in the initial letters of the other objects that you see here.

These are clues to the words:

1. River in British Columbia.
2. Part of Asia.
3. City of Czechoslovakia.
4. Austrian city.
5. A continent.
6. French seaport.

Answer :

FRASER
ARABIA
PRAGUE
VIENNA
AFRICA
DIEPPE

Card Detection

Offer a pack of cards to your friend and say, "Take any card, put it on top of the pack, now cut the cards." You take back the pack and immediately tell him what the card was.

Secret : Note the card at the bottom of the pack before giving them to your friend. When you take the pack back, run through them, saying, "You will see your card is well mixed in the pack." As you do this you note the card you saw in the first place and his card will be next to it.

PUZZLE FUN AND TRICKS GALORE

Hippopotamus



BY USING OF THE LETTERS IN THE PICTURE,

SPELL EIGHT THREE-LETTER WORDS MEANING—
 1—"DADDY" 2—TO OVERTURN 3—STRIKE LIGHTLY 4—PLANT VESSEL 5—SUMMIT 6 SHANTY 7—LEAP ON ONE LEG 8—CLEANING IMPLEMENT...

HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU MENTALLY MULTIPLY THIS SUM?

$$2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$$

MERRY MAGIC!

SHOW YOUR PAL A SMALL PILL BOX—LIFT THE LID AND HE'LL SEE ONE CORK...
REPLACE THE LID—TAP THE TOP AS YOU SAY THE MAGIC WORDS "SUN FOR FUN"—
 RE-OPEN THE BOX—AND THERE ARE 2 CORKS

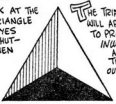
HOW? WELL—STICK THE SECOND CORK LIGHTLY INSIDE THE TOP LID—THE TAP WILL MAKE IT FALL IN TO THE BOX BESIDE THE FIRST CORK!



IN CASE YOU GOT INTO A FUZZLE—HERE'S THE ANSWER TO EACH PUZZLE!

EYES RIGHT?

LOOK AT THE TRIANGLE WITH EYES HALF-SHUT—AND THEN WITH EYES WIDE OPEN



THE TRIANGLE WILL APPEAR TO PROJECT INWARD AND THEN OUTWARD!

an optical illusion

QUIZ?

OUR PANEL'S ALMOST RUN ITS COURSE—NOW, ARE THESE STATEMENTS TRUE OR FALSE?

- 1 A CAVERN IS A HOLE IN YOUR TOOTH
- 2 A MARMOSET IS A SMALL MONKEY
- 3 VANILLA IN ITS NATURAL STATE IS A GREEN BEAN

Answers: 1—False 2—True 3—False

Breaking Your Hearts

Show your audience a pack of cards from which you have taken out all the Hearts. Show the Hearts, arranged in order from the two to the Ace. Lay the pack on a table and place the Hearts all together in the pack, somewhere near the centre. Cut the pack repeatedly (you can also allow members of the audience to cut it) for a couple of minutes. Now turn it over and count the cards out—you will find that all the Hearts, despite numerous cuts at different places in the pack, have magically come together again.

The secret of this trick is to cut the pack an *even* number of times. No matter how often the pack is cut, as long as the number of cuts is *even*, the Hearts will always turn up together. So be careful how you count!

This trick can be varied in a very exciting way by collecting all the Clubs, as well as the Hearts, and putting them in order in the pack, each suit separately from the other. Cut the pack yourself eleven times, counting aloud from one to eleven as you do so (this has nothing to do with the trick but

it heightens the mystery). Now get somebody else to cut the pack, asking him to tell you after every third cut the suit of the bottom card and whether it is higher or lower than the Jack (this again is only mystery for mystery's sake—it is the *suit* that matters). As soon as you hear that the bottom card is a Diamond or Spade you can confidently tell your innocent victim to count out the cards. The Hearts and Clubs will all be found together and in order.

Blindfold Basketball

This is a game for any number of players and all you need is a sizeable basket and a number of balls or other suitable objects (e.g. tightly rolled pieces of paper shaped like a ball). Place the basket about 8—10 feet away from the players and get them to note its position. Each player then takes it in turn to be blindfolded and is given 3 balls which he must try to throw into the basket. Do this three or four times and the winner will be the player with the highest number of "goals."

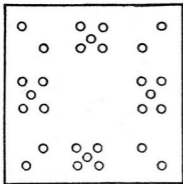
A Race Without Runners

Say to your friend: "Let's have a race by numbers and see who can get to 99 first. You can start at any number below 100 and the only rule is that you mustn't 'run' ahead by more than 9. For instance, if I say 17 to begin with, you can then say any number from 18 to 26 inclusive, but you couldn't say 27 because that is 10 more than 17." Knowing the secret, of course, you win every time. How?

Answer: As far as possible avoid all multiples of 10 (10, 20, 30, 40, 50, etc.), and see that you are the first to say 89. When you say 89, the highest number your opponent can say next is 98 (9 more than 89), and whatever number he says after 89 you are bound to reach 99 first.

Nine in a Row

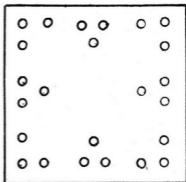
A shopkeeper believed he had a dishonest assistant. To set a trap he arranged 28 bottles in a store-bin, and so that he could tell at once if any were taken he arranged them like this:



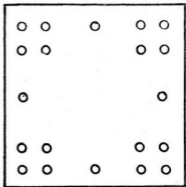
28 bottles.

He laid special stress that there were nine bottles along each side of the bin. The dishonest assistant took four of the bottles and rearranged the remainder so that there were still nine bottles in each row. A week later he took a further four bottles and once again rearranged the remainder to outwit his employer. How did he place the remainder on the two occasions?

Answer:



24 bottles left.



20 bottles left.

A Pound of Kindness

Joan, Jane, and Janet are three sisters. Every Saturday each sister receives two sixpences, a penny and a halfpenny as pocket-money. They each spend one of their sixpences during the week and save the rest. When their mother's birthday comes round they empty their money-boxes, count all the sixpences, pennies and halfpennies, and find that they have exactly £1 between them to spend on their mother's present. In each money-box the number of halfpennies was one more than the number of pennies, and the number of sixpences was one more than the number of halfpennies.

How many sixpences, pennies and halfpennies did each sister have?

Answer: 9 pennies, 10 halfpennies and 11 sixpences.

How to Cut a Bottle in Two

Can you cut a bottle in two? The lower half will make quite a good aquarium for tadpoles and other small pond life and, if attractively coloured, could be used by mother as a small flower vase. The upper half might be used as a funnel. Here's how to do it. Soak a piece of string in paraffin. Tie it tightly round the bottle, where you want it cut, and light the string. After the string has burnt for a few moments, plunge the bottle into cold water. The bottle will break along the line of the string.

You must be very, very careful when you attempt this. It would be best if you asked an older person to do it for you.

Fivers

This is a game for 3—5 players and all you need is a piece of paper for each player marked out in 25 small squares as shown. The game is divided into 5 "rounds," as follows: in the first round each player in turns calls out a vowel, in the order A, E, I, O, U. As each letter is called out, the players (including the one who calls out the letter) place it in any one of their 25 squares.

E	R	A	S	E
T	R	U	T	H
S	H	O	O	T
S	L	I	P	S
B	E	A	S	T

The same procedure is followed in the next 4 rounds, except that each player may then call out any letter he likes, including more vowels if required. The object of the game is to build as many five-letter words as possible, across and down, and the skill lies in deciding quickly where best to place the letters. Difficult letters like Q, X and Z are better avoided, no alterations and no names of people or places are allowed, and not more than 2—3 minutes at most should be given to place the letters. The winner is the player who gets most complete words, and a finished square might look like the one above, giving a score of 6 out of 10.

PUZZLE-PICS ARE HERE AGAIN!

Merry MAGIC

HOW TO WALK THROUGH A POST CARD!
CUT CARD DOWN CENTRE
FOLD OVER ON FIRST CUT, THEN CUT AS SHOWN.

WHEN OPENED OUT, IT FORMS FOR RING LARGE ENOUGH TO STEP THROUGH

SHADE-IN SILHOUETTE

MADE IN ALL SHAPES A B C WESTERN SCENE THEN YOU'LL SEE

BUNGLED BOOKS
—ALL BY CHARLES DICKENS—

1. ARMACHROST
2. PAXICKKPPSPH
3. GACXERPTETOS
4. NLHONNIEACKVL
5. IJDFVPERDAL

WHAT TOWN?

ANY NAME'S EDWARD

BOOKS

1. A CHRISTMAS CAROL
2. THE PICKWICK PAPERS
3. GREAT EXPECTATIONS
4. NICHOLAS AND BYRON
5. EDINBURGH

(ED-IN-BURROUGH) CIPHERED

ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN CHUMS!



The names of fifteen flowers have been mixed to make this puzzle. For instance, you can find the letters LAWREWFOLL in the top right-hand corner of the picture. These letters rearranged make: WALLFLOWER. See if you can work out the others.

Answer: Carnation, Marigold, Larkspur, Scabious, Aster, Stock, Sweet-pea, Pansy, Fuchsia, Anemone, Wallflower, Primrose, Cowslip, Orchid, and Rose.

Thought Reading

There are several variations of this but here is one calculated to mystify all your friends. All you need is an accomplice who stays in the room while you go out. The players who remain behind then decide on the name of any object in the room (e.g. carpet) but the accomplice must make it clear that the choice is theirs—he must not influence them in any way. You are then called back into the room, your accomplice points to a succession of objects, asking: "Is it that?" until finally you pick out the chosen object to the amazement of everyone present.

The secret is to arrange beforehand with your partner that the chosen object shall be the one *coming immediately after* any object your partner indicates which normally has glass or china in it. For example, if your partner said "Is it that?" and pointed to a jug or a watch, you would know that the chosen object was the next one to be pointed out. There are so many common objects containing glass or china in one form or another that the trick is almost impossible to detect. The object chosen need not, of course, be in the room at all, but it will inevitably be tracked down if the proper procedure is followed.

A Word Square



Write down the first letter of the names of the various objects shown in this square and you will find that the letters form words across the square and that the same words are formed reading downwards.

Here are clues to each of the words:

1. Manner.
2. To stay.
3. Crushes with teeth.
4. Beliefs.
5. Girl's name.

Answer:

HABIT
ABIDE
BITES
IDEAS
TESSA

A Cigar Mustle-box

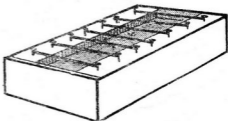
A novel and jolly little musical instrument can be made quite easily from an empty cigar-box and some thin elastic. When complete the instrument looks something like the picture on this page, and this, too, shows how the whole thing is built up.

A cigar-box is obtainable for a few pence from any tobacconist, and thin elastic bands will make suitable "strings."

Take away the lid of the box and clean off the paper with sandpaper. Then get two strips of wood—about half an inch thick and three-quarters of an inch wide—the same length as the inside of the box and nearly like it in colouring if possible.

Nail along the centre of each strip a number of small nails. Drive them in firmly, but leave about half an inch above the wood.

If possible, use panel pins—those thin, long nails with a "blob" at the end instead of a proper head, you know. Put the strips side by side and drive in the nails level with each other and about an inch apart, as shown in the picture.



Now glue these strips tightly close to the sides of the box, the top edge level with the top of the box. Small nails driven through the sides and end of the box into these pieces of wood will help to hold them in place if your glue is not very strong.

Now stretch your elastic bands between opposite nails and twist the elastic at one end to make it fairly taut.

By having each piece of elastic tighter than the last a different note is obtained when you "twang" it as you would a banjo. Regulate this tightness to get a range of notes upon which you can soon learn to pick out a tune.

LOOK! MORE PUZZLE-PICS FOR YOU!

1. **ONION**
NAME THIS VEGETABLE

WHICH IS WORTH MORE—AN OLD FIVE POUND NOTE OR A NEW ONE?

2. **MATCH**

ARRANGE SEVENTEEN DEAD MATCHES LIKE THIS—REMOVE FIVE AND HAVE ONLY THREE SQUARES LEFT

WHICH FIVE MUST YOU REMOVE?

?

PAPER PLAY

A SUPER GLIDER

TAKE A SHEET OF WRITING PAPER AND FOLD LENGTHWAYS

NEXT FOLD TWO CORNERS IN

AND FOLD POINT UNDER

NOW FOLD ALONG CENTRE

CUT WING SHAPES TOGETHER

FOLD WINGS DOWN 2" ABOVE CENTRAL FOLD, FIX NOSE WITH PAPER CLIP AS AN ADJUSTABLE WEIGHT BALANCE.

CLIP

QUICK XWORD

ACROSS

1. REND 5 BELOW
6. CHOPPER (down)

DOWN

2. FIRST FINGER
3. SLICE
4. ENDEAVOUR

WHICH IS THE SHORTEST LINE—A TO B OR B TO C?

A TEST WITH A RULER.

Answers

1. REND 5 BELOW
6. CHOPPER (down)

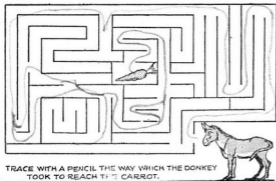
2. FIRST FINGER
3. SLICE
4. ENDEAVOUR

WHICH IS THE SHORTEST LINE—A TO B OR B TO C?

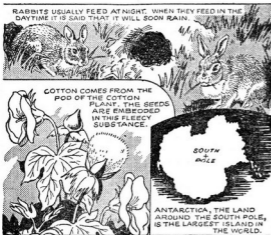
A TEST WITH A RULER.

Answers: 1. REND 5 BELOW, 6. CHOPPER (down), 2. FIRST FINGER, 3. SLICE, 4. ENDEAVOUR

The Donkey Puzzle

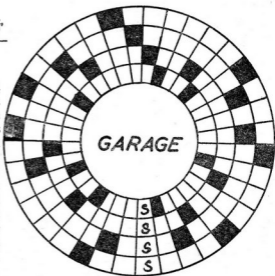


Things Worth Knowing



Bus Drivers

This is a game for 2, 3 or 4 players, but 4 is the best number. Make a board out of a large piece of white cardboard, on which draw 5 circles, one inside the other—it is best to use a compass for this. Now mark out your 4 circular tracks into 36 roughly equal spaces, blacking out 7 spaces on each track as shown in the diagram. Colour each track differently, blue, green, red and yellow (except for the black spaces), print GARAGE in the centre and 4 S's in the spaces indicated. Now all you need is 4 little pieces of wood, coloured blue, green, red and yellow to represent the 4 buses.



Here are the rules of the game:

1. Sit round the board with a pack of cards face downwards near the board and your buses on their starting positions (marked S).
2. The first player turns over the top card and lays it down face upwards. Whatever number is on the card (the ace counts as one) he moves his bus that number of spaces round the track in a clockwise direction. The next player turns over the next card, moves his bus according to the number on the card, and so on.
3. If a move brings a bus into one of the black spaces it must immediately return to the garage (centre). It may only be released from the garage when its owner turns over any royal card (Jack, Queen or King), in which case it goes back to the starting-point.
4. As soon as all the cards have been turned over, they must be reshuffled and again placed face downwards near the board, the player whose turn it is carrying on as before.
5. The winner is the player who first returns to his starting-point—it does not matter if he overshoots the mark!

A Seaside Puzzle.

Answer :



SHANTY
YACHTS
BRIDGE
SHELLS
DUNOON
KIPPER

You have already got the letters of the word SAILOR to help you with this puzzle. To solve the rest of it write down the first letters of each object shown and you will form words.

These clues will help you:

1. A sailor's song.
2. Sailing vessels.
3. Captain's part of ship.
4. Found on the sands.
5. Scottish watering place.
6. A smoked fish!

Proverbial Wisdom

The following statement is a long-winded way of expressing a common proverb. What is the proverb?

In formulating a philosophy of life one should continually bear in mind that probity and integrity are the prerequisites of a self-interested morality.

Answer : *Honesty is the best policy.*

Adding the Signs

Below are the figures 1 to 9 inclusive. Without changing the order of the figures can you put in four signs (such as + and -) which will bring them up to a total of 100?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Answer : $123 + 45 - 67 + 8 - 9 = 100.$

MAZE
START AT THE ENTRANCE AND DRIVE ALONG THE PATH TO THE CENTRE, WHICH YOU MUST ENTER WHERE THE ARROW POINTS IN; THEN STARTING WHERE THE ARROW POINTS OUT DRIVE ALONG UNTIL YOU REACH THE WAY OUT—USE YOUR EYES ONLY, NO TRACING LINES WITH A PENCIL!

WAY IN

WAY OUT

HOW IT'S TIME TO TRY YOUR HAND AT NAMING EACH MAN'S NATIVE LAND!

CODE CORNER
CAN YOU SOLVE THIS CODE FOR SIMON?
CAPTAIN
bbb—
TAKE YOUR
ccc TO
THE
S W E T

HOW MANY SQUARES? HOW MANY TRIANGLES?

ANSWERS

HOW MANY SQUARES? 36
HOW MANY TRIANGLES? 29

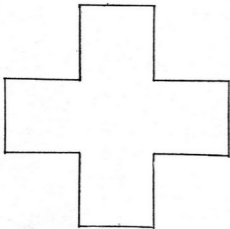
HERE ARE 36 SQUARES AND 29 TRIANGLES TO THE FORCES TAKE YOUR CAPTAIN'S FOREBODEN—
3-CHINA
2-MEXICO
3-EGYPT
3-INDIA
3-INDONESIA

Oddbodies

The players should be seated round a table, each with a sheet of paper folded into three, and a pencil. Each draws the head of a person, animal, fish, bird, etc., on the top third of his paper, carrying the lines of the neck just over the fold. He folds his paper down and passes it to the next player, who continues the lines of the neck and draws the body of a person, animal, fish, etc., according to his fancy. He carries the lines over the next fold and passes the folded paper as before. The final operation is the addition of a pair of legs, after which the papers are passed to a leader who displays them, much to the amusement—and amazement—of the players.

To get the maximum fun from this game no player should unfold the paper passed to him in order to see what his neighbour has drawn.

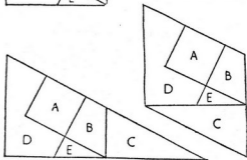
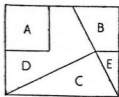
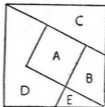
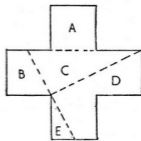
Crossing the Square



This cross is made up of 5 small squares. Could you, by just three straight cuts, divide it so that the resultant pieces can be placed together to form:

- A square
- A diamond
- A triangle
- An oblong

Answer: Cut the cross as shown on the dotted lines in this drawing and then rearrange the pieces as indicated by the letters on them.



So Many to One

Can you write down the figures 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, in such a way that they come to 1. No figures may be omitted or used twice.

Answer:

$$\frac{148}{296} + \frac{35}{70}$$

Since both these fractions stand for $\frac{1}{2}$, together they come to 1.

FAT OR THIN - SHORT OR TALL -
HERE'S LOTS OF PUZZLE FUN FOR ALL!

JOLLY JIGSAW



1 CUT A PICTURE
OUT OF YOUR
FAVOURITE
PAPER



3 WHEN DRY, DRAW PENCIL
SHAPES ON
BACK OF THE
CARD,



2 GLUE IT
ON CARD -
BRUSH IT
ON FROM THE
MIDDLE OUTWARDS
TO SQUEEZE OUT AIR



THEN CUT AROUND
SHAPES WITH SCISSORS
- BE SURE SHAPES
INTERLOCK -
COUNT NUMBER OF
PIECES AND WRITE
THIS ON BOX IN WHICH
YOU CAN KEEP PUZZLE

HOW MANY FACES CAN YOU SEE
ON MY BIRTHDAY CAKE?



1	2	3		4
5				
6			7	
		8		
	9			
10				

WORD

- ACROSS
- COLLISION
 - IN PORRIDGE
 - START OF 'ATTACK'
 - MEDIA PENCIL
 - SAW IT TO A GOOSE
 - TYPE OF TIE
 - SEEN IN ZOOS
- DOWN
- WEAR THIS OVER
 - BACKWARD TIE
 - SINGS AS 6 ACROSS
 - AMERICAN TRAMP
 - WOLVES DO THIS
 - SORT OF SNAKE
 - TO - OR NOT TO -

SOME SUM!

- WRITE IN ALL THE
MISSING PLUS
AND MINUS SIGNS
SO THAT ALL THE ANSWERS ARE CORRECT
- 4 ? 5 ? 3 ? 2 ? 1 = 5
- 6 ? 4 ? 2 ? 1 ? 3 = 6
- 8 ? 2 ? 9 ? 1 ? 2 = 0
- 12 ? 3 ? 2 ? 5 ? 3 = 9

ANSWERS

- TWELVE FACES
ON CAKE AND
CANDLES
- 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 = 12
- | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| H | O | B | O | S |
| S | I | O | I | J |
| A | T | B | O | A |
| K | A | T | B | E |
| U | O | A | T | S |

A Pocket Microscope

YOU can make a pocket microscope in a few minutes and you will be surprised at the results. All that you need is the lid of a tin can, which is very easy to obtain. With a pair of scissors trim the roughened edge, cutting a shape that will conveniently slip into your pocket. Using only the tip of a sharp nail, punch a tiny hole in the centre of the tin. It is now almost ready for use, and all that is needed is a tiny droplet of water placed over the hole.

This will now act as a high-powered magnifying lens. Holding the tin between your eye and the specimen, adjust your focus by moving your hand towards or away from you. It can be carried around with you and only the droplet of water is needed to bring it into use. A new field of discovery will be opened to you.

The drop of water forms a tiny round globe over the pin-point opening in the centre of the tin and acts like a magnifying lens. That is the secret of your pocket microscope and it will baffle anyone who does not know about this.

Twice as Much

A farmer found that he needed a mile of wire fencing to enclose a field of 40 acres. He then posed this question: what size field will be enclosed by 2 miles of wire fencing?

Answer: No! not 80 acres, the correct answer is 160 acres. Draw a plan of the field and you will see that 2 miles of fencing will enclose 4 times as much space as the one mile.

T.H.F.P.

Those initials stand for "The Happy Family Paper," and that is the clue to the word that is represented by these numbers:

- 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
- Each number stands for a letter, and if you take the letters represented by 4, 6, 7, 2, 8, you will make a word meaning: "To say numbers." 4, 3, 6, 2 makes "A negro boy."
- Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 make a word meaning: "To strike against."
- Numbers 6, 7, 8 make a word meaning: "Not in."
- And altogether it is something you will love to read.
- Answer: KNOCKOUT.*

GET YOUR CHUMS TO PUT A NAME IN THE PATH OF FRIENDSHIP

When you have finished reading this Fun Book, you can pass it on for some of your best chums to enjoy—but when you do so, see that they put their names and addresses in the Path of Friendship, so that you will be able to keep a record of those to whom you have lent it.

CADBURY



TO PLAY THIS THRILLING GAME you need a dice, a dice cup (an egg-cup will do) and some coloured counters or bits for aeroplanes (one for each player). Any number of players can take part, and the first to touch down on square 52 is the winner. With your last throw of the dice you must get the exact number to reach 52—if you throw too high a number you must wait another turn. We're sure that you'll enjoy this game as much as you enjoy Cadburys Milk Chocolate.

THROW
A SIX TO
TAKE OFF
HERE.

1

2



4



11

10

9

8



6

5

13

14



16



18

19

20

28



26

25

24

23



21

29

30

31



33

34

35



44

43

42



40

39

38

37



46

47

48



50



I want Cadburys!
CHOCOLATE

