

KNOCKOUT ANNUAL

1957



To
Jim
With Love
Xmas 1956
From Mam & Dad
XXXXXX





PRICE
7/6
NET



Ace-of-the-Skies Johnnie Wingco and his Chums of Anywhere Airways in a High-Speed Story of the Latest Super-Sonic Planes!

JOHNNIE WINGCO



MASTER PILOT

WHEN A SINISTER GANG OF INTERNATIONAL CROOKS KNOWN AS "THE ORGANISATION" SET OUT TO STEAL ONE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST JET FIGHTERS THEY THOUGHT THAT THEIR PLANNING WAS SO THOROUGH THAT NO DETAIL HAD BEEN MISSED. BUT ONE SMALL ITEM WAS OVERLOOKED - AND IT WAS TO CAUSE THEIR DOWNFALL, THANKS TO JOHNNIE WINGCO, MASTER PILOT ---

AT FIRST, BUSTER BURTON THE CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE FAMOUS SKYCRAFT AIRCRAFT COMPANY THOUGHT HE WAS DREAMING AS HE AWOKE FROM A DRUGGED SLEEP TO FIND HIMSELF BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND TOSSEING ABOUT ON THE HIGH SEAS IN A MOTOR LAUNCH ---



HERE! WHERE AM I? WHAT'S GOING ON?

SO YOU'VE COME TO AT LAST HAVE YOU? FOR YOUR INFORMATION CHUM, YOU'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED!



KIDNAPPED? WHATEVER FOR? I'M OF NO VALUE TO ANYBODY!

MAYBE NOT CHUM, BUT THE NEW SUPER-SONIC FIGHTER THAT YOU WERE TO FLY AT THE BARNBOROUGH AIRSHOW TODAY IS! THE ORGANISATION STANDS TO MAKE A PACKET OUT OF IT!



YOU MEAN YOU INTEND TO STEAL THE S5 SUPERDART AND SELL IT TO ANOTHER COUNTRY? WHY, YOU DIRTY TRAITOR FOR TWO PINS I'D-!

YOU'D WHAT CHUM? YOU'RE TIED UP DON'T FORGET, AND THAT'S HOW YOU'RE GOING TO STAY UNTIL YOU'RE FISHED OUT OF THE SEA LATER!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS. THEY'LL SOON SUSPECT SOMETHING WHEN I DON'T SHOW UP AT THE AIRFIELD!

I WOULD'NT BANK ON THAT CHUM! THE ORGANISATION IS VERY THOROUGH AS YOU'LL FIND OUT! HERE WE ARE. THIS IS THE END OF YOUR TRIP!



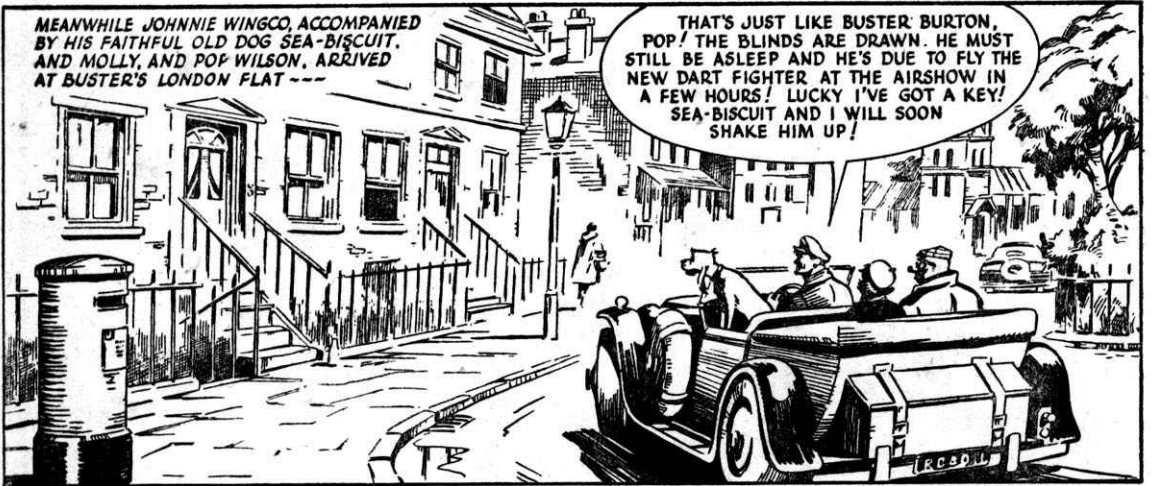
AND WHILST THE KIDNAPPED PILOT WAS ARRIVING AT A DESOLATE ISLAND NORTH OF SCOTLAND, SOMEBODY VERY LIKE BUSTER BURTON WAS ARRIVING AT THE AIRSHOW!

THANKS MR. BURTON! STRAIGHT PAST THE MAIN HANGARS AND TO YOUR LEFT FOR THE PILOT'S TENT, SIR!

BARNBOROUGH AIRSHOW

MEANWHILE JOHNNIE WINGCO, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAITHFUL OLD DOG SEA-BISCUIT, AND MOLLY, AND POP WILSON, ARRIVED AT BUSTER'S LONDON FLAT ---

THAT'S JUST LIKE BUSTER BURTON, POP! THE BLINDS ARE DRAWN. HE MUST STILL BE ASLEEP AND HE'S DUE TO FLY THE NEW DART FIGHTER AT THE AIRSHOW IN A FEW HOURS! LUCKY I'VE GOT A KEY! SEA-BISCUIT AND I WILL SOON SHAKE HIM UP!



BUT WHEN JOHNNIE ENTERED THE BEDROOM ---

AS JOHNNIE SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW FOR THE TICKETS, HE SUDDENLY NOTICED SEA-BISCUIT SNIFFING AT A SMALL FURRY OBJECT ON THE FLOOR ---

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH BUSTER HAS GONE ALREADY SEA-BISCUIT! HIS FLYING KIT ISN'T HERE! I WONDER IF THE CHUMP REMEMBERED TO LEAVE US THE TICKETS FOR THE DISPLAY AS HE PROMISED?

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, BOY?



BY GEORGE! IT'S BUSTER'S LUCKY RABBIT'S FOOT! HE ALWAYS WEARS IT FOR LUCK WHEN HE'S FLYING! HE'S NEVER FLOWN WITHOUT IT ROUND HIS NECK YET! -- WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE BUSTER DIDN'T LEAVE HERE OF HIS OWN ACCORD!



A MOMENT LATER JOHNNIE DASHED OUT TO THE CAR ---

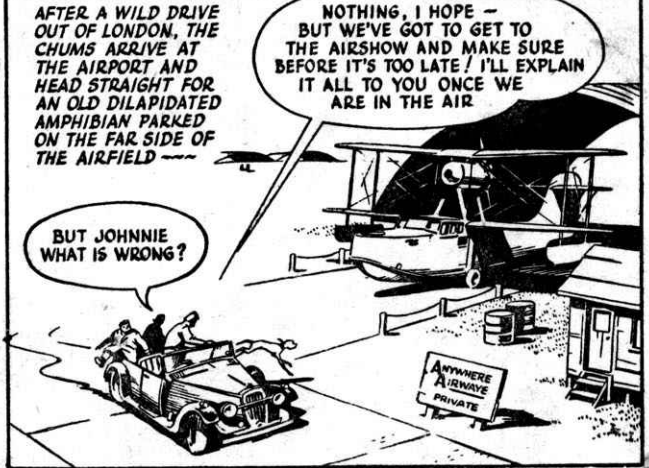
BUSTER BURTON ISN'T THERE, MOLLY! WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT BACK TO THE AIRPORT TO PICK UP THE OLD WALRUS AND GET OVER TO BARNBOROUGH RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER JOHNNIE?

AFTER A WILD DRIVE OUT OF LONDON, THE CHUMS ARRIVE AT THE AIRPORT AND HEAD STRAIGHT FOR AN OLD DILAPIDATED AMPHIBIAN PARKED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE AIRFIELD ---

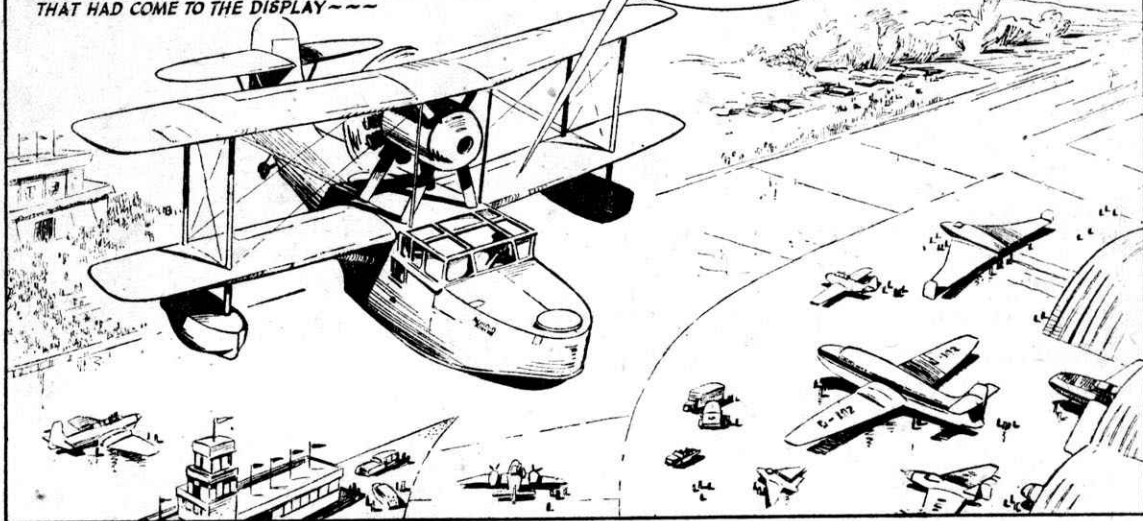
NOTHING, I HOPE -- BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE AIRSHOW AND MAKE SURE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU ONCE WE ARE IN THE AIR

BUT JOHNNIE WHAT IS WRONG?



AS THE OLD WALRUS THUNDERED ACROSS THE SKY JOHNNIE TOLD POP AND MOLLY ABOUT THE LUCKY CHARM HE HAD FOUND IN THE FLAT — AND SOON THEY WERE OVER BARNBOROUGH AIRFIELD LOOKING DOWN ON THE SLEEK SHAPES OF BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRCRAFT WAITING TO SHOW THEIR PACES TO THE VAST CROWDS THAT HAD COME TO THE DISPLAY — — —

I CAN SEE THE NEW DART FIGHTER DOWN THERE! WE'VE MADE IT IN TIME! KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR OTHER AIRCRAFT. I'M GOING IN TO LAND!



BOOM! BOOM! SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE AIRFIELD A FIGHTER BROKE THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER THE CROWDS WAITED FOR IT TO FLASH BY — AND THEN MUCH TO THEIR SURPRISE — — —

HAW! HAW! WHO LET THAT OLD THING IN?



IS THAT THE FIGHTER, DADDY?

WHAT, THAT ANCIENT CRATE? NO SON, THAT'S AN OLD WALRUS!

THE CROWD WAS HIGHLY AMUSED, BUT NOT SO THE OFFICIALS ON DUTY — — —

I'LL SEE THAT THE PILOT OF THAT OLD TUB GETS IN HOT WATER FOR THIS!

IT IS AS BAD AS THE TIME WHEN A NAVY TEST PILOT CHASED AN ADMIRAL ACROSS THE FLIGHT DECK OF A CARRIER IN A HELICOPTER! HIS NAME WAS WINGATE-COLE. JOHNNIE WINGCO WE USED TO CALL HIM — A DASHED CLEVER PILOT, BUT HE COULD RUN WILD AT TIMES!

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE IT'S THE SAME CHAP!

WHAT KIND OF A JOKE IS THIS? DO YOU REALISE THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS CRASH?

IT'S NO JOKE, MISTER! I'VE COME TO WARN YOU THAT I THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE NEW DART FIGHTER!



JOHNNIE TRIED TO CONVINCE THE IRATE OFFICIALS THAT HIS SUSPICIONS WERE WELL-FOUNDED, BUT THEY MERELY LAUGHED AT HIM ---

WHAT NONSENSE!
THERE'S BURTON
BESIDE HIS AIRCRAFT,
GETTING READY TO
DO HIS DISPLAY!

MIND IF
WE GO OVER
TO HIM? -- HEY!
BUSTER!



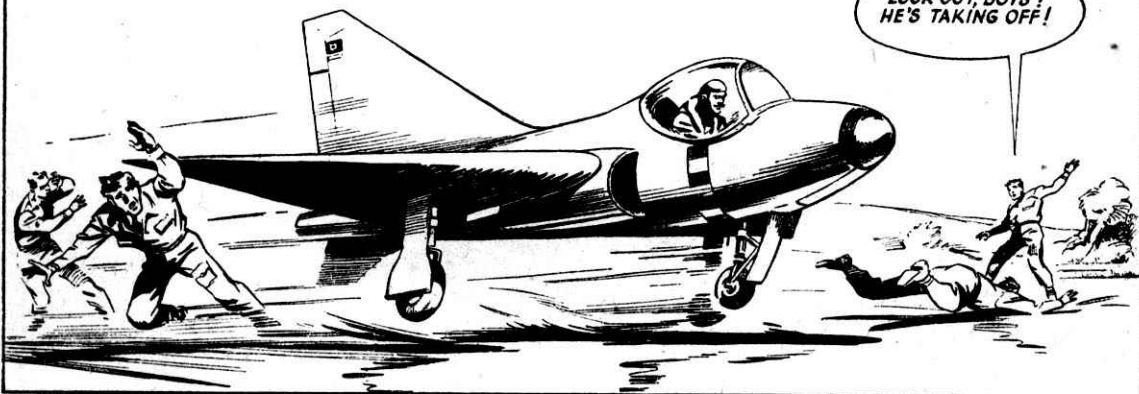
THE PILOT DISTINCTLY HEARD JOHNNIE BUT HURRIEDLY SCRAMBLED INTO THE COCKPIT OF THE JET ---

THAT'S NOT BUSTER, MISTER!
HE'D NEVER MOVE SO FAST!
HEY! YOU MECHANICS,
STOP THAT PILOT!



BUT BEFORE THE MECHANICS COULD MAKE A MOVE ---

LOOK OUT, BOYS!
HE'S TAKING OFF!



THE OFFICIALS PICKED THEMSELVES UP DUMBFOUNDED AS THE SLEEK LITTLE AIRCRAFT STREAKED RAPIDLY UP INTO THE SKY ---

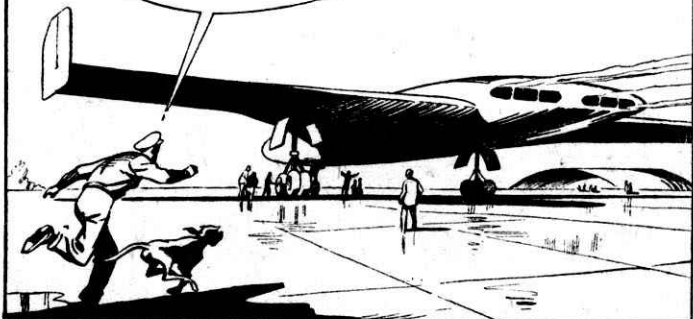
IT LOOKS AS
THOUGH HE WAS
RIGHT, SMITHERS!

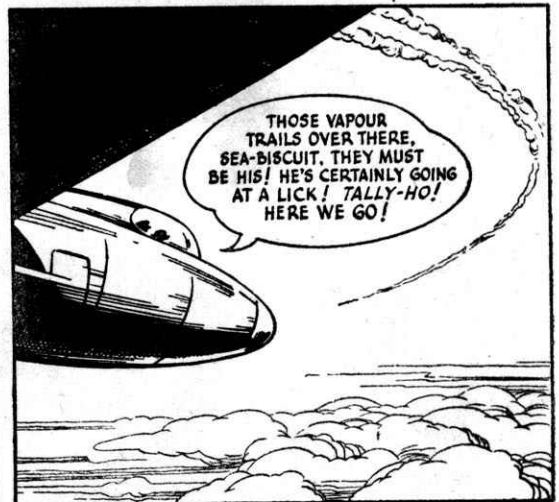
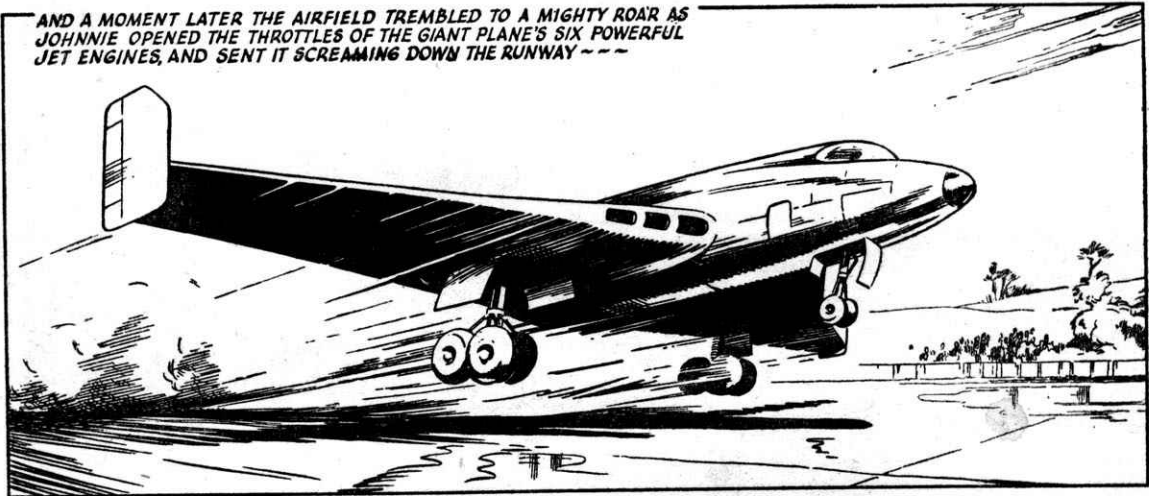
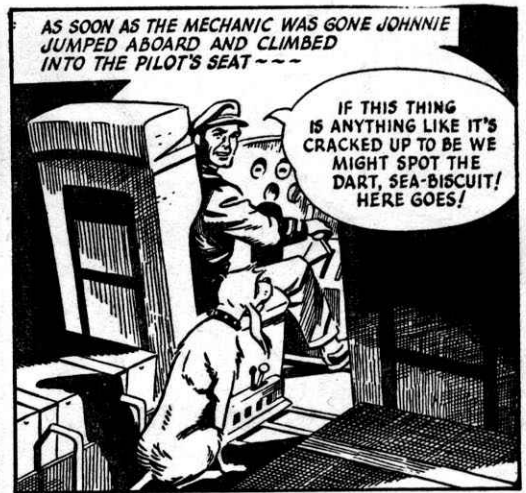
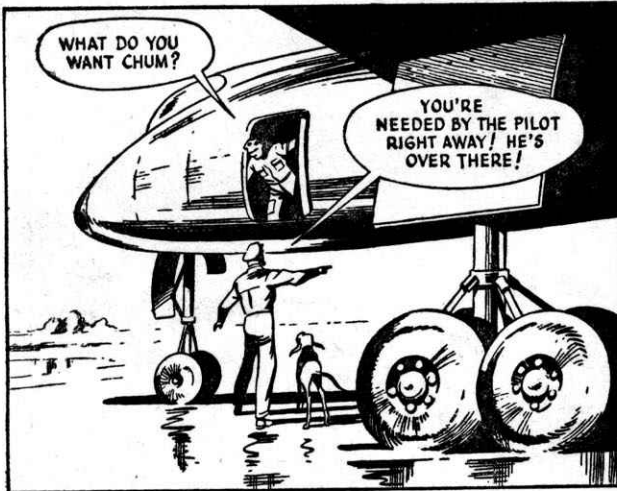
WHAT DO WE
DO NOW?

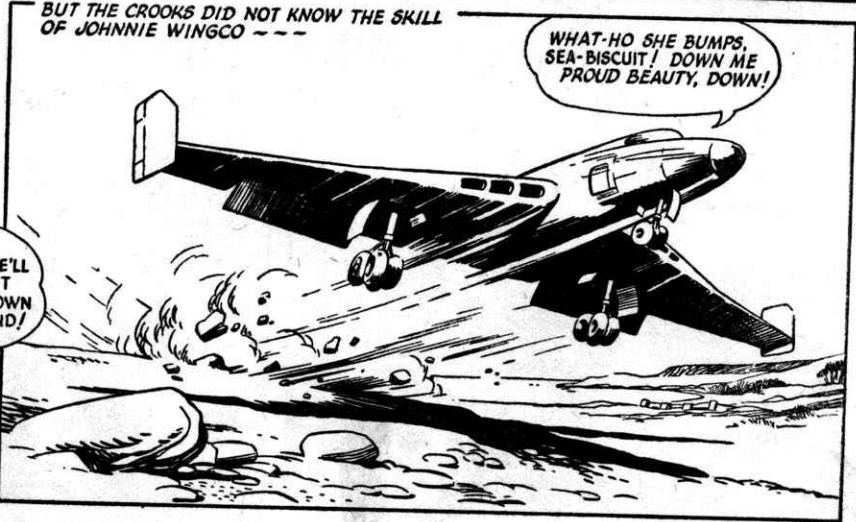
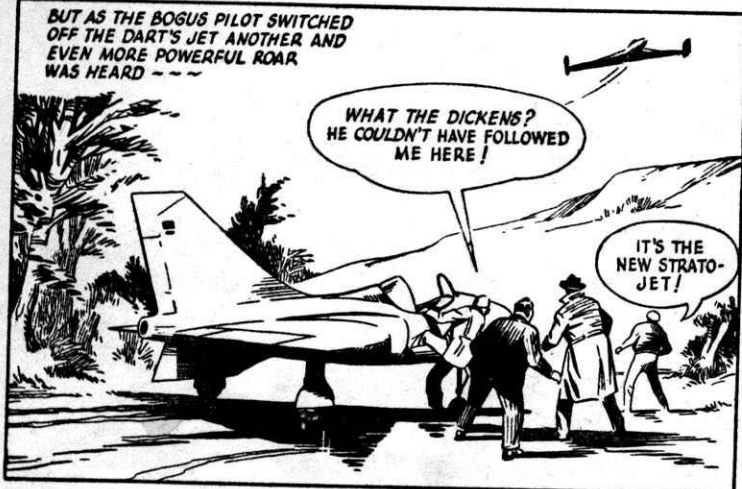


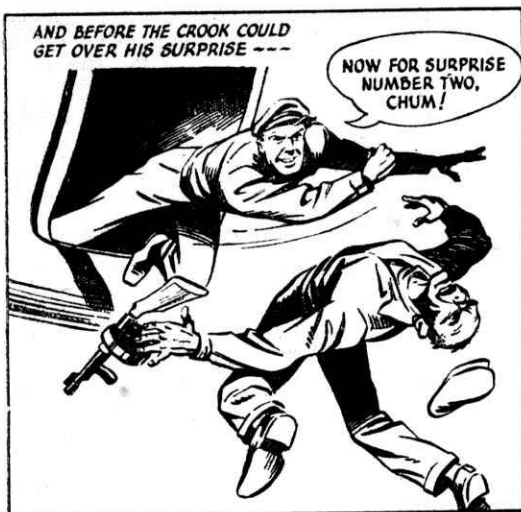
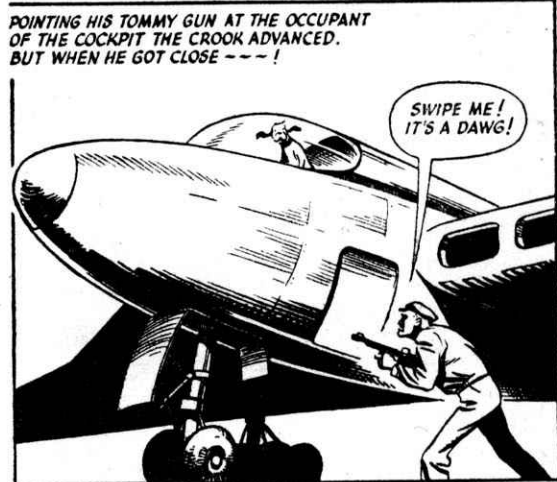
BUT WHILST THE OFFICIALS WERE COLLECTING THEIR WITS, JOHNNIE WINGCO WAS ALREADY SWINGING INTO ACTION ---

COME ON SEA-BISCUIT!
THIS STRATO-BOMBER'S JETS
HAVE JUST BEEN WARMED UP.
WE'LL BORROW IT AND GO
AFTER THE DART!









AS JOHNNIE AND HIS CAPTIVES
CAME TOWARDS THE HUT, THE
CROOK STEPPED OUT ---

O.K. MR. NOSEY PARKER.
UP WITH YOUR HANDS OR
I'LL LET YOUR CHUM HAVE
IT IN THE BACK!



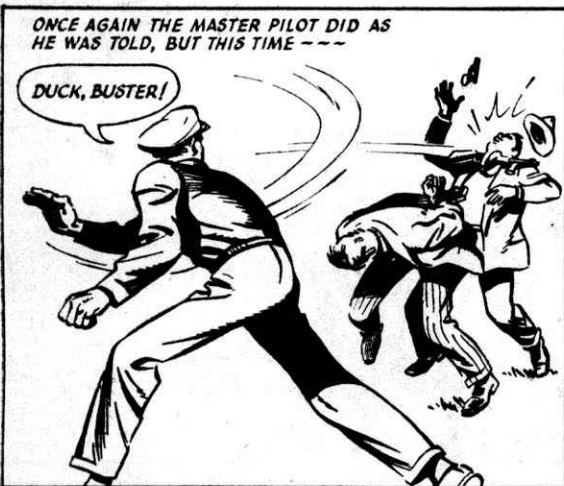
JOHNNIE DID AS HE WAS TOLD ---

NOW TOSSE THAT GUN
IN THIS DIRECTION!



ONCE AGAIN THE MASTER PILOT DID AS
HE WAS TOLD, BUT THIS TIME ---

DUCK, BUSTER!



THE REST OF THE GANG RUSHED
TOWARDS JOHNNIE ---

AT HIM BOYS!
FIX HIM WHILE HE
AIN'T ARMED!

O.K. SEA-BISCUIT!
LET'S GET
CRACKING!



AND A MOMENT LATER THE GANG
FELT THE FULL FIGHTING FURY
OF THE MASTER PILOT AND
HIS FAITHFUL OLD DOG ---

COME ON, YOU RATS!
THE ONLY ARMS I CARRY
HAVE GOT TWO FISTS ON
THE ENDS OF THEM!



THERE! THAT'S THAT!
HOW ARE YOU FEELING,
BUSTER?

FINE, NOW THAT
YOU'VE TURNED
UP, JOHNNIE!



JOHNNIE QUICKLY CUT HIS FRIEND'S BONDS, AND WITH A BROAD GRIN SUGGESTED THEY RETURNED AT ONCE TO BARNBOROUGH ~ ~ ~



BUT JOHNNIE - WHAT ABOUT THESE THUGS?

THEY CAN COME TOO! LEND ME A HAND TO DUMP THEM ABOARD THE BOMBER, BUSTER!

WITH THE CROOKS LOADED ON BOARD AND EVERYTHING READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF, JOHNNIE WINGCO HANDED SOMETHING TO HIS OLD FRIEND ~ ~ ~



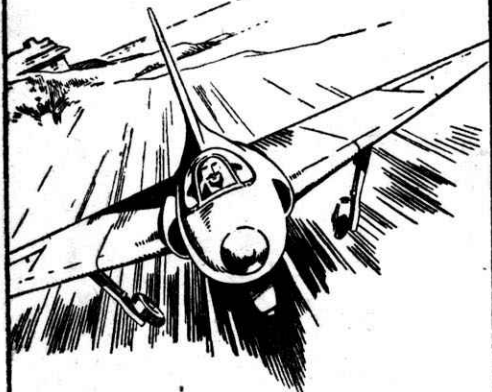
YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR LUCKY CHARM, BUSTER BEFORE WE GO!

MY RABBIT'S FOOT, JOHNNIE! WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?

IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR RABBIT'S FOOT I WOULDN'T BE HERE! OLD SEA-BISCUIT FOUND IT ON THE FLOOR OF YOUR BEDROOM WHEN WE CALLED ON YOU THIS MORNING! KNOWING WHAT A SUPERSTITIOUS JOKER YOU ARE, I KNEW RIGHT AWAY SOMETHING WAS AMISS!



IN A FEW MINUTES THE B.5. SUPER-DART AGAIN TOOK THE AIR WITH ITS RIGHTFUL PILOT AT THE CONTROLS ~ ~ ~



AND THEN THE GIANT BOMBER TOOK OFF FROM THE BEACH ~ ~ ~



HERE WE GO, SEA-BISCUIT!

TOGETHER THE CHUMS HEADED SOUTH ~ ~ ~



HULLO, BUSTER! HULLO, BUSTER! SHALL WE GIVE THE FOLKS AT THE DISPLAY A TREAT?

OKAY, JOHNNIE!

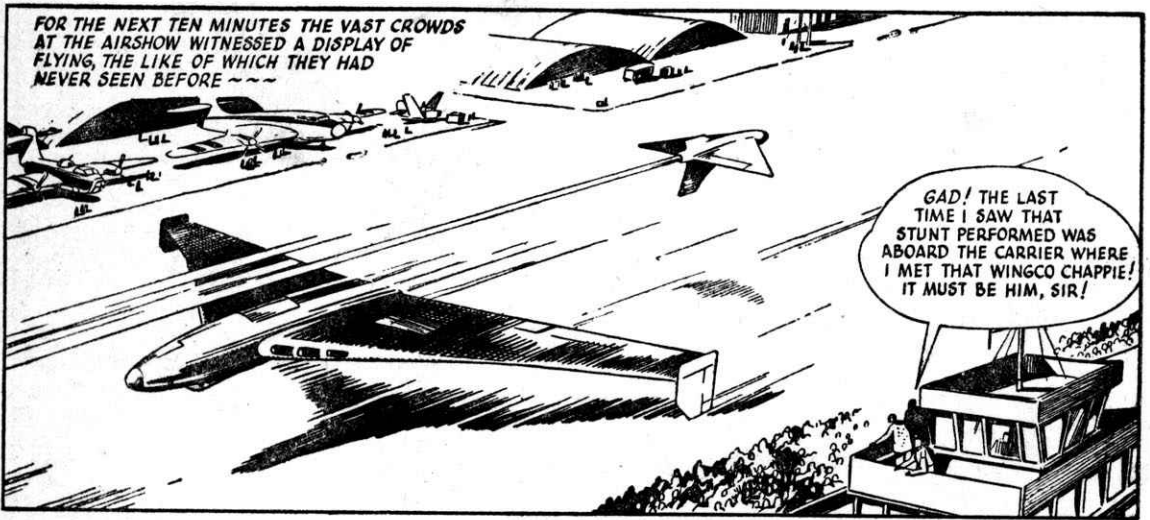
BOOM! BOOM! ONCE AGAIN THE SONIC BANGS ECHOED OVER BARNBOROUGH AIRFIELD, AND THE WHOLE GROUND ROSE UP ON TIPTOE WITH EXCITEMENT AS THE TWO AIRCRAFT FLASHED BY ~ ~ ~



IT'S THE STRATO-BOMBER AND THE DART!

GOSH! LOOK AT THOSE TWO JETS!

FOR THE NEXT TEN MINUTES THE VAST CROWDS AT THE AIRSHOW WITNESSED A DISPLAY OF FLYING, THE LIKE OF WHICH THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE ~ ~ ~



GAD! THE LAST TIME I SAW THAT STUNT PERFORMER WAS ABOARD THE CARRIER WHERE I MET THAT WINGCO CHAPPIE! IT MUST BE HIM, SIR!

AFTER THE BREATH-TAKING DISPLAY THE OFFICIALS OF THE SHOW WERE IN FOR ANOTHER SURPRISE WHEN JOHNNIE LANDED ~ ~ ~



KEEP CLEAR OF THE BOMB DOORS, FOLKS! I'M GOING TO RELEASE A LOAD OF TROUBLE!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE ORGANISATION!

THE ORGANISATION! THE GANG OF INTERNATIONAL CROOKS WE'VE BEEN AFTER FOR MONTHS!



MR. WINGATE-COLE! YOU HAVE DONE A GREAT SERVICE TO YOUR COUNTRY BY SAVING S.S. SUPER DART! NO DOUBT YOU WILL BE REWARDED FOR YOUR GALLANT EFFORT!

THANK YOU, SIR! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I'D LIKE TO JOIN MY FRIENDS!



ALONG WITH POP AND MOLLY, SEA-BISCUIT AND BUSTER BURTON, JOHNNIE WENT OFF TO CELEBRATE ~ ~ ~

HERE'S TO JOHNNIE WINGCO, MASTER PILOT! THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE!

NONSENSE, IT WAS OLD SEA-BISCUIT AND YOUR LUCKY CHARM, BUSTER!



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER THE ANYWHERE AIRWAYS TEAM TOOK THE AIR AGAIN, TO THE CHEERS OF EVERYONE AT THE DISPLAY.

GOOD LUCK, JOHNNIE WINGCO!

SPORTY

OUT FOR A DUCKING!



THE BOYS OF THE BEAVER PATROL



THEY TRY FOR THEIR PHOTOGRAPHER'S BADGES....

IS THIS FAR ENOUGH BACK, MY BOY?

NO, SIR! ONE MORE STEP BACK, PLEASE! I WANT TO BE SURE TO GET ALL OF YOU IN!

I BET THE SKIPPER WILL BE SURPRISED AT THIS PHOTO OF HIS BOYS!

PUT YOUR HEAD THROUGH THAT HOLE, SKINNY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET A PHOTO OF YOU!

I'LL CAMOUFLAGED MYSELF AND TAKE SOME WILD LIFE PHOTOS LIKE THEY DO IN THE JUNGLE!

I'LL SIT HERE UNTIL I SEE SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE A GOOD ACTION PHOTOGRAPH!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!

I THINK I MUST HAVE PUT TOO MUCH GUNPOWDER IN MY FLASH-LIGHT!

I THOUGHT I'D TAKE AN AERIAL PHOTO OF YOU, ALFIE!

I'D PREFER A NICE CLOSE-UP!

FROM THE LOOK OF THAT ROPE, YOU'LL GET ONE!

I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU!

YAWN! STAND ON YOUR HEAD, CHUM! THIS IS A COMFY WAY TO TAKE PORTRAITS!

FOOD STORE

DARK ROOM
KEEP OUT

CORKS! I SHALL USE UP A LOT OF FILMS TRYING TO GET ONE PHOTOGRAPH OF FATTY ON THIS CAMERA!

OKAY, LAZY!

HI! THEY'RE MY FILMS I WAS DEVELOPING - DON'T COOK THEM!

MIKE



ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE FOR US TO PLAY TRUANT FROM SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON, MIKE?

OF COURSE, CURLY BOY! OLD DOC INKPOT IS TAKING ANOTHER CLASS FOR EXAMS AND THE NEW TEACHER WON'T MISS US!

A NICE WALK IN THE PARK WILL DO US A LOT MORE GOOD THAN SITTING IN A STUFFY OLD CLASSROOM. EH, CURLY?

PST! DON'T LOOK NOW, MIKE — BUT HERE COMES THE SCHOOL-BOARD MAN!!



DON'T PANIC, CURLY BOY — JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING AND DON'T YOU SAY A WORD



..... AND WHY AREN'T YOU TWO BOYS AT SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON?



WELL, YOU SEE IT'S LIKE THIS, MISTER — MY MUM THINKS I'VE CAUGHT THE MEASLES OFF CURLY HERE, AND.....



HEE-HEE! I THOUGHT THAT WOULD GET RID OF HIM!



THAT WAS A SMASHING IDEA OF YOURS, MIKE. HO! HO! HO!

YES, WASN'T IT! NOW LET'S FIND A NICE SHADY SPOT AND HAVE A REST



LATER

QUICK! THERE THEY ARE! WE WERE LUCKY TO FIND THEM!



DON'T GIVE THEM ANYTHING TO EAT FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, NURSE, AND I'LL EXAMINE THEM AGAIN TO-MORROW!

WARD 13

FOLLOW THE TRAIL, CLUE BY CLUE, WITH THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE—

SEXTON BLAKE

IN THE "THE KIDNAPPED ATHLETE!" CASE OF

The visitor looked like a frightened scarecrow.
"Mr. Blake, can you help me?" he gasped.



The Long-Distance Runner

AN unexpected visitor at two o'clock in the morning would have been a startling surprise to anyone but Sexton Blake. The famous London detective was used to such things and showed no astonishment, when he admitted to his consulting-rooms a young man who had been hammering on the outside door as though his life depended upon a swift answer.

The unexpected visitor looked like a frightened scarecrow, in a worn-out suit of plain grey flannel two sizes too small for him. Deep hollows of tiredness were sunk beneath

his eyes, and his dishevelled appearance was made worse by a scrubby growth of beard on his chin.

"Mr. Blake, can you help me? I'm in great trouble!" he gasped.

He was cold and shivering. His bedraggled hair and shapeless clothes showed that he had been out in pouring rain.

Before Sexton Blake spoke, the door-handle rattled and the untidy visitor gave a nervous jump, only to gasp in sudden relief as nothing more formidable than the cheery face of Tinker peeped in.

"It's my assistant—you've wakened him,

too," Sexton Blake explained, nodding for Tinker to come into the room. "You're very jumpy!"

"After what I've been through during the past three or four days, I'm ready to be scared by the slightest thing!" murmured the untidy-looking client. "You see, Mr. Blake, I'm wanted by the police!"

Sexton Blake's eyebrows shot up for a brief instant.

"In that case, I am hardly the best person to approach for help," he commented dryly. "However, you must have a good reason for coming here. I'd like to hear it, from the beginning."

The unshaven man nodded.

"I'll tell you everything," he said. "I am a cashier at the Skyslider Aircraft factory. My name is Chris Wainwright—"

"Chris Wainwright!" It was Tinker who interrupted, with admiration in his voice.



"To my amazement, I suddenly noticed another runner about a hundred yards ahead of me!"

"You're the best long-distance runner in the country!"

"Long-distance running is my strong point," admitted Wainwright. "As my story starts with that side of my life, I can proceed without further explanation. Last Thursday afternoon, I was representing the firm's athletic club in an inter-county long-distance race over twenty-five miles. Now, I have my own special way of running in long-distance events. I believe in spurting at the start instead of waiting until nearly the end of the race. It's unusual but has been very successful. Last Thursday, true to my own tactics, I started off at my fastest speed, intent on establishing a long lead and then holding grimly on to it. Do you know the narrow road through Lidstone Gorge?"

Sexton Blake agreed that he did.

"At the gorge, which is about the half-way mark, I was well in front," continued Chris Wainwright. "I estimated that I was a good mile ahead of my nearest rival and I was quite alone. Imagine my profound amazement when I suddenly noticed another runner about a hundred yards ahead of me! I couldn't believe it at first, but he was real enough. I began to wonder if I had made a mistake and been outpaced by a rival competitor at the start. However, I crammed on a bit of extra speed and caught him up.

"It was then that I got the greatest shock I've ever had in my life. *I was looking at someone who in every way was an exact replica of myself!*"

Tinker, following every word with the utmost attention, felt a thrill of excitement run through him.

"It was as if I was staring at a reflection of myself in a giant mirror!" exclaimed Wainwright. "He even had the same number on his running-vest. I called to him but he did not answer. In grim silence he ran on, matching my own movements step by step. It was fantastic, and my attention was so riveted on this amazing twin figure that I failed to realise that it was part of a trap."

"In what way?" asked Sexton Blake.

"As I passed a cave-mouth in the cliff at the side of the road, a long rope came shooting out from within," said Wainwright.

"Its noosed end fell over my head and shoulders, and was instantly pulled taut so that I was jerked off my feet. I shouted for help as I was dragged towards the cave, but the other runner calmly ran on as though nothing had happened!

"Inside the cave I was pounced upon. Before I could resist, a gag was thrust into my mouth and a blindfold put over my eyes. Who my captors were I had no idea. I think there were two of them. Not a word was

hours later, one of them switched on a portable wireless set in the cave, and I heard an announcement in the evening sports commentary. It stated that I, Chris Wainwright, had collapsed from exhaustion after being well in the lead at Lidstone Gorge, and had been taken home by car!"

He ran his hands through his ruffled hair. "I thought it was merely a plot to prevent my winning the race, but could not understand why such a strange impersonation had



"Bound hand and foot, and shivering with cold, I heard the other competitors in the race pass the cave . . . "

said. It was as though the whole thing had been carefully arranged, and their plans went like clockwork. Bound hand and foot, and shivering with cold, I heard the other competitors in the race pass the cave one by one, followed by the official cars. I could see nothing at all, and could not attract help from outside!

"It was a terrible situation to be in," he went on. "While I was still dazed and perplexed, my kidnappers showed me one slight consideration in that they put this old suit on me to cover my thin running-gear."

He fingered the worn-out clothes distastefully.

"I was grateful for it, for it helped to keep me warm," he continued. "About three

been necessary," added Wainwright. "However, I had plenty of time to think it over, for I was kept in the cave for days. Now and again I was fed and given water to drink. I even slept a little."

Wainwright's Escape

"**D**ID you ever speak to your kidnappers?" asked Sexton Blake.

"Yes, many times, but never got an answer," replied Chris Wainwright. "I neither heard their voices nor was given so much as a glimpse of them. After about three whole days of this awful captivity I began to despair of ever being let free. Then, to my relief, my ankles were untied. I was led, still blindfolded, to a car waiting in the road outside. I was driven away,



"The car lurched into a wild skid and hit something solid. There was a jarring bump. The door was wrenched clean off—I remember the sudden rush of wind as the car swerved again and I was flung out!"

sitting in a corner of the rear seat with one of the men beside me. My senses told me it was night-time, and I could hear that it was raining hard. All the time, I was trying to work loose the ropes binding my wrists, and had succeeded in almost freeing them when the car lurched into a wild skid as the driver tried to take a bend too fast. There was a jarring bump as the side nearest to me hit something solid like a brick wall. The door was wrenched clean off—I remember the sudden rush of wind and rain. Then the car swerved again and I was flung out, terrified for a moment at the thought of what was going to happen to me!

"To my relief, I landed in some thick grass and rolled down to the bottom of a slope, where I wriggled my hands free and pulled off the blindfolding rag. An upward glance showed the car balanced on the edge of the road above me, with two shadowy figures clambering out of it. I waited for

no more. I ran my hardest away from them!"

"You had no time to see who the men were?" queried Sexton Blake.

"No, my only desire was to get away from my tormentors as quickly as I could," answered Wainwright. "I ran a good ten or twelve miles, keeping clear of the roads in the hope that I had successfully escaped from them, and about three hours ago I reached my lodgings in Ellerton Street, Hackney. Deciding to run no risk of being recaptured when in sight of comfort and security, I slipped over the wall into the front garden and approached the front door on tiptoe.

"It was lucky for me that I did, for I almost bumped into two men hiding in the shadows of the porch. At first I thought that they were my kidnappers, then realised they were police detectives. One was yawning and grumbling to the other.

"Another night of hanging around,' I heard him complain. 'I wish that fellow Wainwright would make up his mind whether he is coming home or not. As soon as he is arrested, the better I shall like it!'"

"This alarmed me more than ever, Mr. Blake! Thankful for my rubber-soled shoes, I managed to slip away without attracting attention. For the past hour I have been dodging every shadow in the streets, until I was at my wit's end to know what to do next. At least I thought that the law would be on my side—but it seems to be otherwise! Why, Mr. Blake? Why were they going to arrest me? Can you tell me that?"

Sexton Blake did not reply immediately. Moving across the room to a large filing-cabinet, he searched through some recent newspaper cuttings and selected one.

"This is a piece out of Saturday morning's paper," he said. "It's not pleasant reading, but it should answer your question for you!"

Chris Wainwright read the headlines, wide-eyed with horror and dismay.

AIRCRAFT WORKERS' WAGES STOLEN!

Cashier draws £15,000 from Bank
and then Disappears.

Wide Search by Police.

"They mean me!" gasped Wainwright, shocked. "They say I went to the bank on Friday morning, drew the firm's wages-money as usual, and then disappeared with it. But I didn't! I was a prisoner in that cave in Lidstone Gorge!"

"Somebody very like you drew the fifteen thousand pounds," Sexton Blake reminded him.

"The other runner!" Wainwright exclaimed. "That's it! I see now that it was all a plot on the part of some crooks to substitute one of their gang for me. I'll be able to explain——"

He broke off, then buried his face in his hands.

"I'd never be believed!" he whispered brokenly. "I didn't even see the faces of my kidnapers. The one person I saw was my double, and to identify him I could only offer a description of myself! I've nothing to prove my story—except this!"

Taking off the old grey-flannel suit, he stood in the running-shorts and vest he wore underneath.

"Look at it, Mr. Blake!" he cried. "I've already searched the pockets and they're empty. There isn't a maker's name-tab or any kind of mark to identify its previous owner. It's all I have as evidence, and yet it's useless."

"A clue is a clue—and it is never useless!" declared Sexton Blake. "I believe your story, and intend to prove it is true."

He turned to Tinker.

"Take Mr. Wainwright into my room and see him safely tucked in bed," he said. "He needs a good sleep after his experiences. You and I do not, for we have work to do that will probably take us the rest of the night."

"Right, guv'nor!" Tinker relished the idea. "Come on, Mr. Wainwright. It's good-night time for you—chief's orders!"



"Two men—police detectives—were hiding in the shadows of the porch!"



The hours ticked by. Sexton Blake busied himself at the microscope, making certain tests which baffled his young assistant, Tinker.

Step by Step to Mr. X

THE very ordinary suit which Chris Wainwright despised as useless evidence held Sexton Blake's attention for the rest of the night. Methodically, he set about discovering its secrets.

"Let us call the name of the man who wore it Mister X, youngster," he said to Tinker. "I'm sure it can provide us with valuable information. First, we can get the height of the man we are after."

Using a tape-measure, Sexton Blake made careful measurements of the suit. When he had finished he jotted down his conclusions on a note-pad.

Tinker looked over his shoulder and saw: "Mr. X.—Height about five feet four. Stoutish build, with broad chest. Right shoulder slightly lower than left."

"It's a start, gov'nor," he murmured.

"Yes, but only a vague one," answered Sexton Blake. "There are thousands of men answering this brief description. We must narrow it down a good deal more."

The detective continued his task in silence, saying nothing as he probed the secrets of the old worn-out suit. Dust and tiny fragments which he extracted from the pockets and trouser turn-ups were placed on one side and labelled.

The hours ticked by, and Sexton Blake gradually added to his list on the note-pad, busying himself with a microscope and making certain tests which baffled his young assistant.

It was dawn before Sexton Blake pronounced himself satisfied, and studied the long list of facts so carefully collected.

"The man we want is still Mister X, but his name does not matter all that much," he reported to Tinker. "Apart from his height and build, I have tabulated certain other interesting facts. He works at an aircraft factory. He is unmarried. He has a habit of taking snuff and rolling his own cigarettes from dark shag tobacco. Other points are that he uses green ink in his fountain-pen and drinks tea without milk or sugar!"

"All that from one old cast-off suit?" gasped Tinker.

"Yes, it's all there. It merely wanted finding, youngster," nodded Sexton Blake. "See how Mr. Wainwright's getting on, will you?"

Tinker dashed away and returned soon.

"Sleeping like a top," he announced. "He won't waken for hours!"

"Right, we'll leave him where he's safe," said Sexton Blake. "After some breakfast I intend to visit Skyslider Aircraft factory. I'll ring up and ask the manager's permission."

The permission was readily given, and towards ten o'clock Sexton Blake and his youthful assistant arrived at the factory gates.

They were met and escorted in by the manager himself. Once inside he took them on a tour of the various departments as though showing a couple of friends round.

Sexton Blake was particularly interested in a workshop where rough edges of

aluminium were ground down and polished by machinery. The noise was deafening and the air full of shimmering powder.

It was here that he noticed the foreman, a short, thick-set man, pause in his duties to take a pinch of snuff.

"Is snuff-taking a general habit here, Mr. Graydon?" he asked.

"Several employees indulge in it," replied the manager. "You see they are not allowed to smoke, and snuff-taking is supposed to be the next best thing. Ah, there's the break-signal," he added, as a hooter sounded. "Now watch the stampede for the tea-van in the yard outside!"

The workers made a rush for the door, some of them lighting a cigarette as soon as they were outside.

Noticing that the foreman rolled one for himself, Sexton Blake followed him quietly to the tea-van.

The girl in charge had mugs of tea ready and she called to the foreman: "That's



In the noisy workshop, where the air was full of shimmering aluminium powder, Sexton Blake noticed the foreman taking a pinch of snuff.

yours on the end, Mr. Wilkin—the one without the milk or sugar!”

Tinker flashed his chief a significant glance, but Sexton Blake was not yet satisfied.

“Mrs. Wilkin won’t have to worry much about milk or sugar for her husband,” he remarked to Graydon.

The manager smiled.

“Wilkin isn’t married,” he said. “He lives by himself in a bungalow at the far end of Mayfield Lane.”

Without revealing any of the excitement that was building up inside him, Sexton Blake strolled to a notice-board near the door of the workshop. Several notices were pinned to it, and one or two were signed by the name of “R. Wilkin—Foreman.”

“Green ink, guv’nor!” breathed Tinker.

“Yes,” whispered the detective. “I think we’ve found our Mr. X, and that’s all we can do here for the moment.”

Thanking the manager for his kindness and help, Sexton Blake left the aircraft factory and made his way to Mayfield Lane, stopping at the bungalow at the far end.

“Anyone at home?” wondered Tinker.

Sexton Blake’s way of finding out was direct and swift. From a bunch of special keys he found one which opened the front door, and they marched straight inside, crossing the hall to the living-room.

They burst in upon a man seated in front of the fire. He looked dumbfounded at their sudden entry and sprang to his feet.

Tinker blinked at the sight of him.

“Chris Wainwright!” he exclaimed.

“No—his crooked double!” snapped Sexton Blake. “He’s the man who impersonated Wainwright and drew the firm’s money from the bank. And now I think his game is up! He can come out of his hiding and make a confession at the police-station.”

Wainwright’s double, a coward at heart, could not face up to the detective’s accusing gaze. He dropped back against the chair, panic-stricken.

“I didn’t want to get the money, but they made me—Wilkin and Barber!” he stammered. “They met me one day about a fortnight ago and thought I was Chris Wainwright.

They said I was the exact image of him and made me do my part to get him out of the way. It wasn’t my fault, really. I was forced into their rotten scheme—I didn’t want any of the stolen money. Here, look! You can have it all back!”

Frightened, he sprang to a cupboard in the sideboard and wrenched it open to reveal neat bundles of pound and ten-shilling notes! Sexton Blake smiled in triumph as he scooped the money into his own safe pockets.

A quarter of an hour later, actually before the real Chris Wainwright awoke from his much-needed sleep, his crooked double was in a police-cell, to be joined very quickly by Wilkin and his workshop accomplice named Barber.

Wilkin had planned it all, and it was justice that his own suit gave him away.

To the shrewd detective, that ancient suit had revealed many vital clues.

Perhaps the most important was Sexton Blake’s discovery of traces of fine aluminium powder in the turn-ups of the trousers, which suggested that Wilkin worked in the aircraft factory. Tiny indications of snuff and a shred of tobacco in the pockets pointed to two of the foreman’s habits.

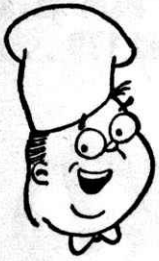
The green ink-stain from a leaking fountain-pen had marked an inside pocket and also told its own tale. These details, together with a stain of plain tea on the front of the jacket, had provided a picture of the wanted man to be built step by step.

There was, however, one thing that which still puzzled Tinker.

“I understand all the rest, guv’nor, but don’t know how you could be sure that Wilkin wasn’t married,” he said, later on that evening.

“That, I admit, was just a good guess,” said Sexton Blake. “It was based on the fact that three of the suit-buttons had been re-sewn on to the cloth. They had been crudely sewn with different kinds of thread. I argued that a wife could never have made such an untidy job, so came to the unavoidable conclusion that Mr. X was a single man who looked after himself!”

THE END.

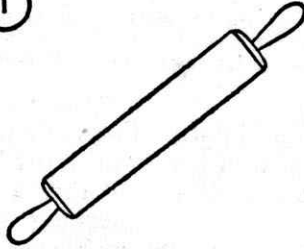


BILLY BUNTER'S

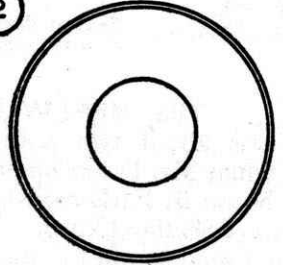
KOOKERY KWIZ

When it comes to the question of what goes into and comes out of a kitchen, Billy Bunter knows all the answers! But can you tell what these objects are? Test your cleverness with the Answers given on page 192.

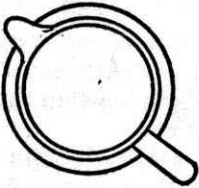
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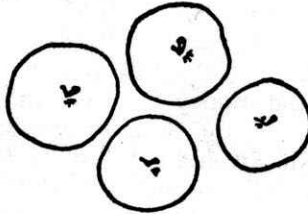
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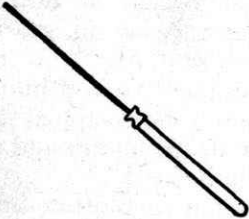
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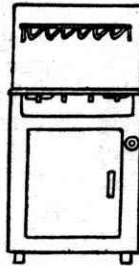
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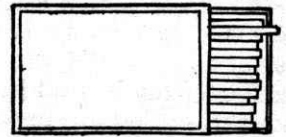
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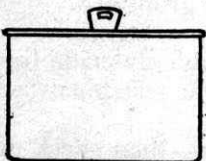
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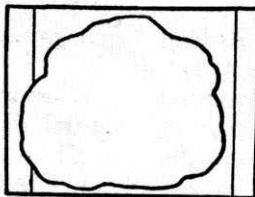
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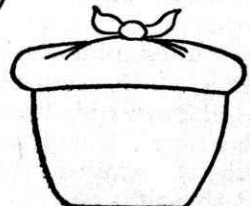
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10



11



Are you a good detective? Are you quick at spotting a clue? Here is a problem to test your skill. You will find others on pages 77, 142, and 179 . . . so BE YOUR OWN DETECTIVE!



TINKER'S 'TEC TEASERS!

Sexton Blake's famous young assistant takes a crime from Inspector Coutts' case-book at Scotland Yard. Try to solve it yourself before looking at the answer on page 192.

The Night-Watchman

IT was about two hours after midnight when Mr. Fraser opened the door of his house in Earlswood to admit Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard.

"It's good of you to come round so quickly in answer to my phone-call, inspector," he said. "As I told you when I rang you up, I was awakened by a slight noise. And I discovered that a burglar had broken in. He ran off, and got away with five pounds in cash and two rings belonging to my wife."

"Where did Mrs. Fraser keep the money and rings?" asked Coutts.

"Downstairs in the living-room, in her writing-desk," replied Mr. Fraser.

Inspector Coutts followed him into a room where a small writing-desk—a rather flimsy piece of furniture—had been broken open.

"Do you think you can catch the burglar, inspector?" Mr. Fraser asked.

"I can't make any promises," was the inspector's reply. "I can't see that he has left a single clue behind him. All the same, I'll start investigations in the hope of picking up valuable information."

Outside the house, new electric-light cables were being laid in the road. When he left Mr. Fraser at the front door, the inspector made straight for a night-watchman's tarpaulin shelter.

As he pulled aside the flap he stepped on something which crunched under his heel. He looked down and saw that he had trodden on a clay pipe. It was smashed to pieces, so he quickly scraped his foot over the smouldering tobacco.

The noise apparently roused the watchman. He was on a box, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"Gave me quite a start, you did, barging in like that, mister!" he growled. "What do you want?"

"I'm a Scotland Yard inspector. I'm checking up on a burglary which has been committed at a house a few yards along the road," Coutts told him. "You're a likely man to have seen any suspicious characters lurking around."

The watchman shook his head.

"Not me—I ain't seen anybody, guv'nor," he said. "I ain't seen anybody because——"

"Go on!" nodded Coutts, when the watchman paused.

"Well, I hope you won't give me away to my bosses, but the truth is I've been asleep on my job!" the watchman added rather guiltily. "I must have dozed right off, round about midnight after I'd done my round of the red lamps. I didn't wake up until you came in and— Here, steady on, guv'nor! What d'you think you're doing?"

Inspector Coutts suddenly seized him.

"I'm arresting you," he snapped back. "What did you do with the money and rings you stole about an hour ago?"

The watchman began to bluster, but he soon gave it up, and with a scowl he produced Mrs. Fraser's money and rings from a tattered coat pocket.

"It's a fair cop, but I'd like to know how I gave myself away," he grumbled.

What was it that suddenly made Inspector Coutts decide that the watchman was the thief?

Try to find the clue—then check up with the answer on page 192, to see if you were right!

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



Tod and Annie have run away from a wretched orphanage home, and are trying to escape from Silas Stiggins, who wants to get them back.



OH, TOD, I'M SO TIRED AND HUNGRY!

KEEP YOUR PECKER UP, ANNIE - WE'RE BOUND TO SEE A FARM OR VILLAGE SOON!



LOOK AT THAT POOR SHEEP!

IT'S IN TROUBLE! NO WONDER IT'S BLEATING SO LOUDLY!



THE SILLY THING MUST HAVE TRIED TO JUMP THE FENCE, COME AND HELP ANNIE!



KEEP STILL, YOU SILLY OLD THING! I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!

IT'LL BREAK ITS LEG IF IT DOESN'T STOP STRUGGLING!



OH DEAR! THAT DOG THINKS WE ARE HARMING THE SHEEP!



TOD! - IT'S SAVAGE! SEND IT AWAY!



GO AWAY, YOU SILLY BRUTE! - WE'RE NOT HURTING YOUR OLD SHEEP!



YOU'D ALMOST THINK HE WANTED TO TELL US SOMETHING!

I DO BELIEVE HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW! - PERHAPS THERE'S ANOTHER SHEEP IN TROUBLE!

TOD AND ANNIE ARE PUZZLED WHEN THE DOG TURNS AWAY QUIETLY BUT COMES BACK AGAIN, BARKING AND NOW WAGGING HIS TAIL ...



IT WANTS TO BE FRIENDS AFTER ALL!

PHEN! THAT'S BETTER- IT'S TOO BIG TO FIGHT!

ALTHOUGH FEELING MORE HUNGRY AND TIRED, TOD AND ANNIE TOIL UP THE HILLSIDE AFTER THE EAGER DOG -- BUT IT IS NOT A SHEEP THAT NEEDS HELP --



WE MUST HELP YOU UP SOMEHOW!

FETCH A ROPE FROM MY COTTAGE, SON - IT'S JUST ROUND THE BROW OF THE HILL!

TOD IS SOON BACK WITH A STRONG ROPE ... LUCKILY THE SHEPHERD IS NOT VERY HEAVY, BUT HE CANNOT HELP THEM MUCH.



KEEP PULLING, YOUNGSTERS. IF - IF ONLY MY ANKLE WASN'T SPRAINED!



GOOD DOG!

EVEN BRUCE IS HELPING, MISTER SHEPHERD!



WITH A FINAL STRONG PULL, THE INJURED SHEPHERD IS BROUGHT TO SAFETY --

THANKS YOUNGSTERS - YOU'VE DONE OLD JOSH A GOOD TURN, WHICH HE WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY!



RECKON I CAN CRAWL TO MY COTTAGE NOW BUT I OUGHT TO HAVE DR. BROWN UP FROM THE VILLAGE!

I'LL GO, JOSH, IF YOU'LL TELL ME THE WAY!

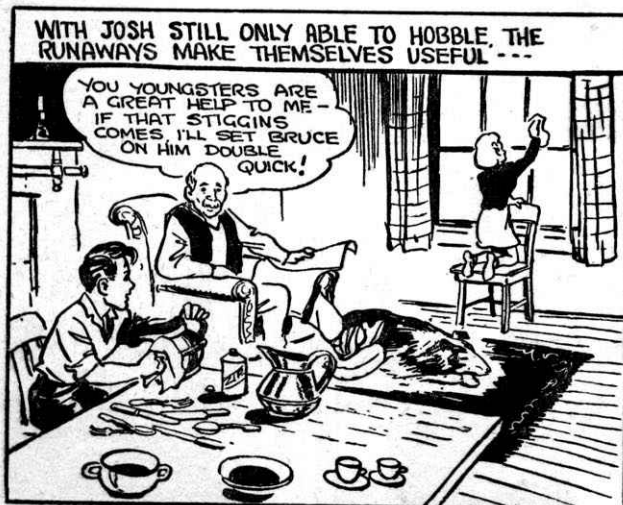


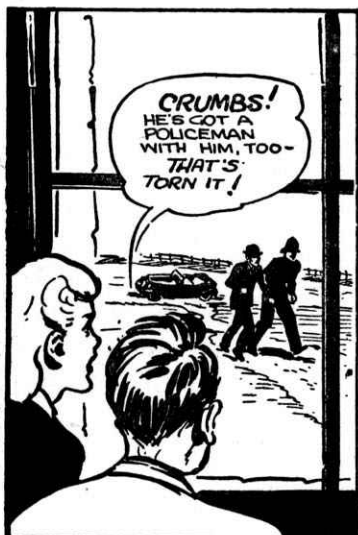
SO TOD, FORGETTING HIS SORE FEET AND HUNGER, HURRIES ACROSS COUNTRY TO THE VILLAGE, WHILE ANNIE STAYS WITH JOSH, BUT --

SO YOU SEE MR JOSH, WE CAME TO THIS LONELY PART TO GET AWAY FROM OLD STIGGINS --



IT'S STIGGINS! -OH, MR JOSH, DON'T LET HIM TAKE ME!





CRUMBS!
HE'S GOT A
POLICEMAN
WITH HIM, TOO-
THAT'S
TORN IT!



A POLICEMAN! -
I'LL HAVE TO HOLD
BRUCE BACK THEN!
HIDE UPSTAIRS,
- QUICK!



HURRY,
ANNIE -
HE'S ALMOST
AT THE DOOR!



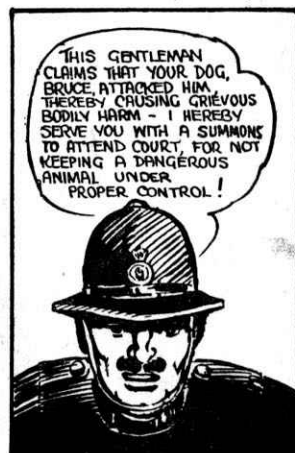
TOD AND ANNIE REACH THEIR
HIDING PLACE JUST IN TIME --

THIS IS
THE MAN,
OFFICER!
- NOW, MY
FRIEND WHERE
ARE THOSE
TWO
VARMINTS?



THEY'VE
GONE
- THAT'S
ALL I'VE
GOT TO
SAY!

NEVER MIND
WE'LL CATCH
THEM!
OFFICER,
NOW TELL
HIM!



THIS GENTLEMAN
CLAIMS THAT YOUR DOG,
BRUCE, ATTACKED HIM,
THEREBY CAUSING GRIEVOUS
BODILY HARM - I HEREBY
SERVE YOU WITH A SUMMONS
TO ATTEND COURT FOR NOT
KEEPING A DANGEROUS
ANIMAL UNDER
PROPER CONTROL!



TOD AND
ANNIE
REALISE
THAT IT
WOULD BE
A TRAGEDY
FOR THE
SHEPHERD
TO LOSE
HIS
FAITHFUL
OLD FRIEND

MEANWHILE
THE
CUNNING
STIGGINS -
.....

YOU SEE, MY FRIEND! -
NOW, IF YOU WERE TO TELL
ME WHERE TOD AND ANNIE
ARE, I MIGHT WITHDRAW MY
CHARGE -

NO! -
NEVER,
YOU OLD
SCOUNDREL!



THE MEAN OLD THING!
HE'S JUST GETTING
HIS OWN BACK
ON JOSH FOR
LOOKING AFTER
US!

WE
MUST DO
SOMETHING -
JOSH MIGHT
LOSE HIS DOG!



TOD AND ANNIE CANNOT
SEE THEIR FRIEND SUFFER --

ALL RIGHT, WE'LL
GIVE OURSELVES
UP!

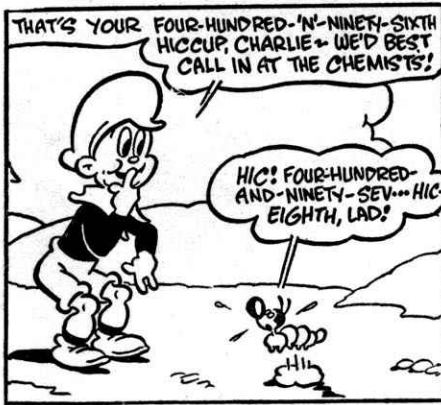
BUT
YOU'LL HAVE
TO LEAVE
JOSH AND
BRUCE ALONE!

STIGGINS CROWS OVER HIS SUCCESS AS TOD AND ANNIE ARE AT LAST IN HIS HANDS--



OUR ERNIE

MRS.
ENTWHISTLE'S
LITTLE
LAD!



Poor Charlie was in such a fix,
For he'd been hicking lots of hics,
And being very small, he found,
That each hic ticked him huff the ground!



Said Ernie, "Eee! We'd better stop
At very next-most chemist's shop,
And see if they have any lotions
For curing you of these hic-splotions!"



The chemist didn't stop to ask,
On whom he should perform his task,
But emptied all his hiccup bottle
Straight down Our Ernie's open throttle!



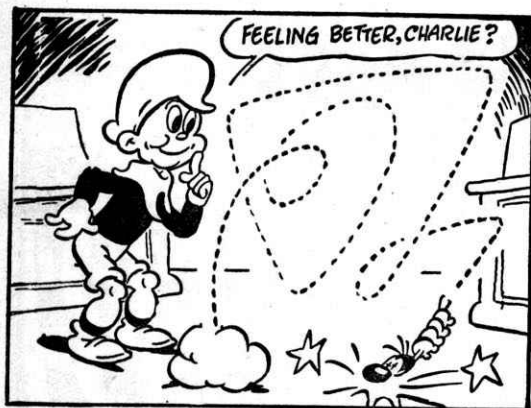
So all the cure had gone to waste
And Charlie hadn't had a taste;
But as chap left, to feed his face,
Our Ernie got the run of place.



So then and there our larky lad,
Went mixing mixtures up like mad,
Until he finally had fixed,
One mixture from all mixes mixed!



This stuff was of a greenish sheen,
And in it bubbles could be seen,
While if you placed your ear quite near,
Most fearsome fizzings you could hear!



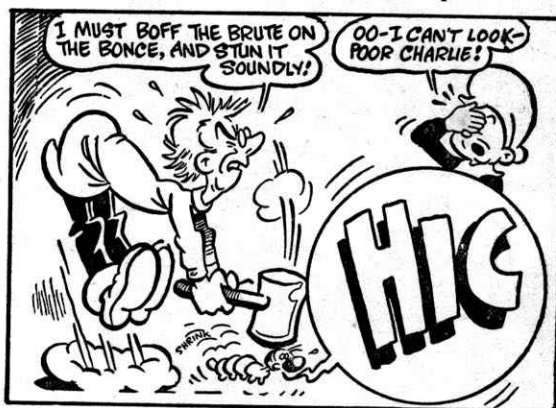
Well, Charlie drank the mixture down,
And then he really went to town.
He felt as though he had screw-matics,
And did the oddest aero-batics!



At last he settled on the ground,
And then he swelled—all large and round,
Just like an over-sized balloon,
And looked as though he'd burst quite soon.



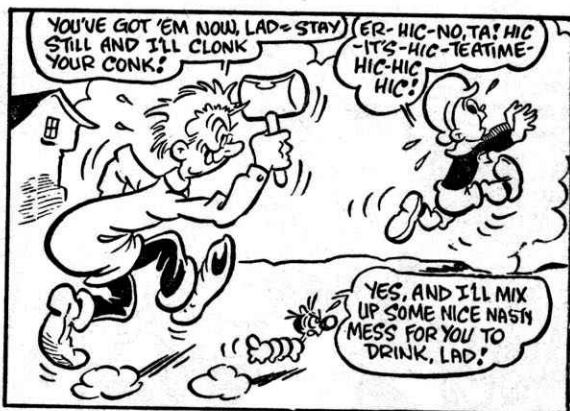
As Ernie wondered what to do,
Once more the chemist came in view,
But seeing this strange swollen shape,
All he could do was gasp and gape!



Quite soon he overcame his fright
At first glimpse of this horrid sight,
And with a hammer made of lead,
He clouted Charlie on the head!



At this the cause of Charlie's trouble,
Which was a one-piece double-bubble,
Popped outside Charlie's small inside,
And left him much de-bigg-y-fied!



And then Our Ernie caught the hics,
But didn't wait for chemist's tricks—
He scooted—for he now could see
That bestest hiccup cure was tea!

MIRTH IN THE MIDDLE AGES



Little Mok was just one of the many Young Monkeys . . . but there was Something Different about him, as this Splendid Nature Tale reveals. Here is a Story You Will Love to Read!



Far and wide in the matted trees and creepers little Mok roamed, proud of his skill to reach the highest branches.

The Little Red Patch

AMONG the monkey tribes that swarm in the forests of the River Amazon the tale is still told of Mok, the mischievous—the tale of Mok and the jaguar, of Man's cunning and the cleverness of the monkey people.

The old men of the tribe chatter and chuckle while they sit in the sun and tell the tale again and again, for does it not prove that the monkeys are wise and skilful?

And mothers tell the story to their young as a warning that they should not be too inquisitive. But they know it will have little effect, for among the monkey people inquisitiveness and mischief are bred in the bone, and when there is play the young soon forget all warnings and dangers.

Mok was a youngster who, with his tiny hands, his bright little brown eyes, brownish fur and long tail, which was as useful to him as another arm, was much like the others.

But Mok was proud of something that made him a little different from the rest. On his shoulder was a patch of bright reddish fur. It was not known among his people how it got there, but it marked Mok out from the other youngsters.

This was sometimes a nuisance, because if a band of children got up to mischief, Mok could always be picked out for a scolding. There came a time, however, when Mok was very glad of his distinctive mark.

Far and wide in the matted trees and creepers Mok roamed, ignoring the chattering and screeching of his worried mother.

He was proud of his growing prowess among the high branches, where he swung and leaped and scrambled and showed off his skill.

He delighted to startle the parakeets and other birds, and nothing pleased him more than to hear them squawking angrily as he swooped past, almost knocking them from their perches.

Then there was always old Krool, the jaguar, to be tormented and driven into baffled fury . . .

Even Mok was a little wary of the spotted tiger of the Amazon jungle, for Krool had become old and long in the tooth. He could not climb as he used to, after his prey. Now he spent much time skulking in the undergrowth, his baleful eyes always watching for easy prey, his tawny, spotted hide almost unseen.

Krool was always hoping that a tasty meal, such as a young monkey like Mok, would fall into his ready jaws one day, and therefore he took a great interest in Mok and his like.

But Mok, from his tree-top eyrie, could usually trail the skulking big cat on his prowling raids. One day he saw Krool creeping through the tangle below him.

Mok screeched insults at his enemy. He felt safe to do so, for he was hanging by his tail from a branch high above the ground, and not even in his youth could Krool have reached that branch.

Swinging to the branch, Mok hopped up and down excitedly, snatching twigs and bits of broken branch and ripe fruits with which he pelted the snarling beast below.

He knew very well that he was enraging the jaguar, and he had been warned not to do so. But he couldn't resist tormenting the animal, and he screeched with delight as a ripe fruit burst on the jaguar's nose and splashed all over his face.

Krool snarled fearfully and glared up at his tormentor. Savagely he hurled himself at the tree trunk, trying to climb, his claws scoring great grooves in the bark. But since age had come upon him he had lost his skill. He fell back, rolling over and growling and snarling, and Mok soared high on a trailing

creeper and leaped to a high branch where he hopped up and down, showing his small white teeth in glee.

He felt something plunk down beside him and a paw gripped him fiercely. It was his mother, chattering and scolding him for being so foolish. What if he had fallen? What chance would he have with his tawny enemy?

Mok retorted saucily and got a box on the ear for his pains, and his mother hustled him before her, away from the danger that lurked snarling below.

With a last baleful glance upwards, as the two small forms swung with wonderful ease through the treetops, Krool slunk away.

He was heading for the settlement of Man on the river bank, for there, by patient watching and waiting, Krool had often found titbits come his way—prey less wary and easier to catch than the monkey trapeze artists above him.

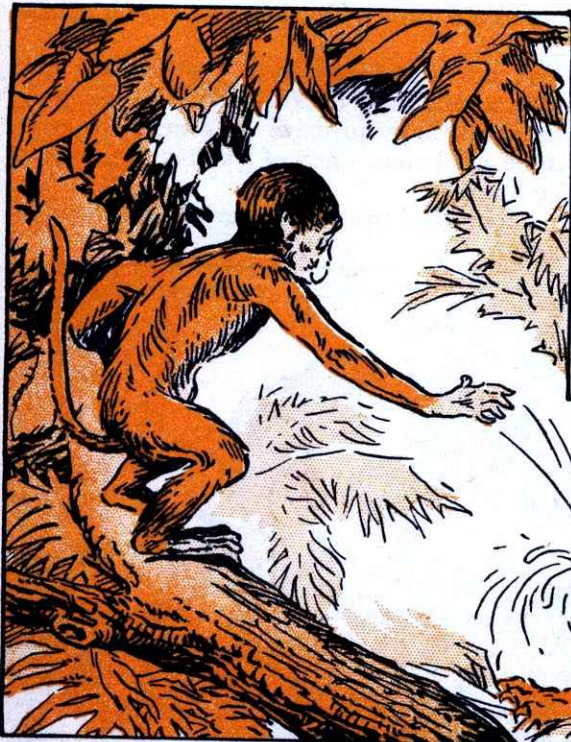


Mok delighted to startle the parakeets, as he swooped past them, almost knocking them off their perches.

The Tempting Banana

AFTER a nap in his home high in the branches of a leafy tree, Mok again dodged his mother and went adventuring among the treetops.

He made this time towards the river, for it was fascinating to swing above the brown water and watch the life that teemed in it. He was thirsty, too, and he knew how to swing by his tail from an overhanging branch and scoop up water, keeping a wary eye open for the prowling alligators that swarmed in the shallows.



Mok screeched with delight, as a ripe fruit burst on Krool's nose and splashed all over the jaguar's face!

For to Mok these were as dangerous as the jaguar, always as ready to clash great jaws on such a tiny morsel as a monkey.

Mok had already drunk when he saw another figure on the river bank a little way along. It was a small Indian boy, and he squatted on his haunches, waiting patiently with a fibre net on the end of a pole to scoop up river fish.

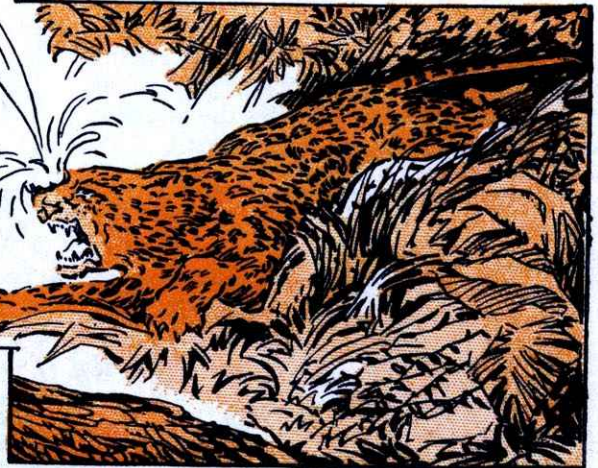
He had not seen Mok, and was deeply intent only on the water before him. Silently the monkey swung nearer until he crouched on a branch near the young human. Like Krool, he was greatly interested in the near-by village and from the treetops he had often watched the strange beings who moved about in it.

Here was one now, at close quarters, and Mok sat still, studying him—the lank black hair, the brown body, the intent pose as he squatted almost like one of Mok's own folk.

The boy was unaware of the bright watching eyes. He did not even see what Mok saw with a paralysing shock of alarm.

Gliding towards the young Indian, its coils partly in the water, was a giant anaconda, its yellow-brown body ready to crush its prey.

Instinctively Mok started to scream and chatter an urgent warning. He hopped up and down, shaking the slender branch on which he sat. The giant snake rippled on, but the native boy glanced up in surprise, and saw the little monkey in a fury of fear and anger, his fur with the red patch seeming to stand on end.



Gibbering in his rage, Mok kept up his shrill warning cry. One look the boy gave at him, then his gaze dropped, and the dark eyes widened in fear as he saw the anaconda.

With a cry, he leaped up and darted away from the water, to disappear into the matted jungle.

Angrily the snake reared up, coil by coil,

balked of its prey and glaring hypnotically at Mok. But the monkey had already swung to a higher branch, and it, too, vanished among the leaves as the boy whose life it had saved fled panting through the undergrowth.

It had been just instinct that caused Mok to make so much noise, for the monkey folk had good reason to fear the giant snakes.

Instantly he forgot the anaconda. Now he leaped and swung through the treetops, heading for the village. From a high branch of a big tree he could look down on the palm-thatched huts huddled near the river bank.

He saw some moving about, these creatures so much like his own people, who moved on two legs. In the sunshine he had often puzzled over their chatter which rose on the hot air and reminded him of the gossip of the monkey colony in which he lived.

Two men stopped below him. One raised something, and Mok vanished, chattering, for the action brought fear to him. He knew many of his people had died because of the thing raised against him, and once something had hummed past him and almost knocked him from his perch.

The elder of the two men below pushed down the bow and the arrow tipped with poison held by the younger.

"Do not frighten him," he said. "We

want him to return, for we, the elders of the tribe, have a plan to catch the jaguar, but first we must catch one of the little people."

That night a council was held in the village, and it was all about Krool the jaguar, who had stolen livestock on his almost nightly raids on the village, and had now done worse in badly injuring a child. The jaguar, vicious and dangerous in his old age, must die for the peace and safety of the village.

Curiosity brought Mok back to his tree by the village again next day. This time he saw something wedged in the crotch of the branch.

It was a narrow-necked earthenware jar. Mok approached it cautiously, sidling along the branch, inquisitive as ever. From it came a delicious smell of ripe banana, a fruit he loved.

Close up, Mok could even see the banana



Mok saw the giant anaconda rippling through the water towards the Indian boy, and he chattered a warning.

resting inside the jar. He reached out a questing paw, slid it inside the neck of the jar and triumphantly clutched the banana.

Then he tried to get his paw out again, and with it the banana. But to his alarm it stuck in the neck of the jar.

Mok had been clever enough to reach in and clutch the fruit, but he never thought now of letting go, so that he could get his hand out again. Chattering to himself in his panic, he pulled and pulled, still clutching the banana.

He only succeeded in dragging the jar with him. He had not noticed the fibre rope tied round the jar, its end dangling out of sight towards the ground below.

Now the rope was jerked. The jar was tugged right off the branch from below, and with it, screeching with fear, went Mok. With his paw still jammed in the jar, he hurtled towards the earth.

The hunters waiting below caught jar and monkey neatly as they fell in a shower of leaves and twigs, and there were grins on the swarthy faces of the Indians.

They had caught a juicy decoy for Krool the jaguar.

A Trap for Krool!

IMPRISONED in a net, Mok sat shivering on the ground outside one of the huts. Some children gathered round, watching his sad eyes and listening to his whimpers, but none of the grown-ups took much notice of him. Monkeys were familiar objects to them.

But on the outskirts of the little crowd, one boy watched, his dark eyes sad, for he had recognised the red patch on the monkey's shoulder. This, he knew, was the little fellow who had saved him from the anaconda. There was nothing he could do, though, for the elders had a plan to catch Krool and this live monkey they had caught was needed in that plan.

Now Mok knew his curiosity and greed had got him into real danger, and he cried for his parents and friends. But there were none to hear or to help.

Before nightfall Mok was taken by a party of hunters to a track on the edge of the jungle. Here the net was taken off him, but he was tied by two ropes so that he could move only a foot or so each way.

He was placed on a mat of branches and big leaves and fronds in the centre of the narrow path through the jungle, and he whimpered in fear for already he could smell the trail of Krool the jaguar. This was the way Krool came when he padded with deadly intent in and around the village, in search of a victim.

The mat on which Mok rested was strong enough to bear a light weight like his, but it would not hold the massive muscular body of a full-grown jaguar. Below it was a deep pit, and this was intended as the trap that would end the life of the raiding jaguar of the jungle.

Mok, alive and unhurt, would be a sure decoy for the hungry old jaguar. Not even the Indians knew how well they were planning, for they did not know that Krool had a special dislike of the little monkey that had tormented him so often.

Frightened and shivering, Mok crouched, whimpering to himself. For a time, after darkness came swiftly, he heard slight sounds in the undergrowth around him and scented Man, for the Indians were taking cover, ready to leap in and dispatch the jaguar when it was trapped.

It was a long time later when Mok suddenly stiffened. His nose twitched and he knew he had caught the scent of the old jaguar. His enemy was approaching, padding through the night. He heard a slight sound. It was the rattle in the throat of the old jaguar as he growled.



From inside the jar came the delicious smell of ripe banana, and Mok slid in his hand to get it.



Tied by two ropes so that he could scarcely move, Mok shivered at the sight of Krool's green eyes glaring from the darkness.

Then Mok saw two green eyes, glaring from the darkness. The jaguar had scented him, and seen him, and now paused, crouching, with its tail lashing slightly.

Mok cowered, then sensed a slight movement in the bushes beside him. He scented Man again, and whimpered. He heard slight breathing, then something flashed and one of the ropes fell away from him.

Again he heard the hiss of the knife, and the second rope fell. He was free! With a wild leap, Mok shot up towards an overhanging branch, chattering and screaming, and the boy who had risked all to cut him free slid back like a snake into the undergrowth. He had repaid his debt.

But at that moment Krool, with a snarling roar, leapt. He landed right on the edge of the pit covering, where Mok had rested a few seconds before, scabbled for a while as he nearly fell, then found himself fighting tooth and claw in the middle of a ring of men who leaped on him with spears and knives.

Fighting for his life, Krool, who had just escaped falling into the trap, threshed and snarled, ripping and biting at his tormentors. He was wounded in many places, and at last he broke free and slunk away.

The Living Rope

MEANWHILE, Mok had swung thankfully high into his own world of treetops and branches driven by fear, escaping from the dangerous ground and the greedy hunters of the night.

But Mok was in a panic. He was lost in the darkness, far from his own folk. Wildly he swung through the trees, until, smelling water, he came out near the river. And there, until dawn, he crouched shivering and whimpering on a slender branch overhanging the water.

The hot sun was warming him when he moved, tempted by the glitter on the water below. He was hungry and thirsty, and before he moved he must drink.

But as he sidled along the branch he heard a snarl of rage, and clung there petrified. Below him on the river bank, tensing his magnificent muscles to leap up and gain his revenge, was Krool the jaguar.

For Krool, too, had made for the water during the night to hide and lick his many wounds. Now, glaring balefully from his yellow eyes at the cause of his troubles, he sprang up, clawing his way up the tree trunk and scrambling on to the branch.

Balancing, he came after Mok, and the little monkey retreated in fear, farther and farther along the branch. He felt it bend beneath Krool's weight—and then, even as Krool lashed out a big paw with claws bared, the branch broke near the trunk.

Mok fell, screaming, towards the water.

Krool, unable to leap back in time, also fell with the broken branch and landed in the river with a great splash. He went under, and rose, threshing and snarling, and then, suddenly, he screamed in fear and pain.

The jaguar had been attacked by a swarm of piranha, the deadly man-eating fish that swarmed in the Amazonian rivers, and had been attracted by the scent of the blood on his wounds. And so Krool the jaguar died swiftly in the brown water, attacked by the voracious fish, because he had tried to wreak vengeance on little Mok.

Mok had fallen farther out over the river and landed with a thump on a narrow sandbank in midstream. He crouched there, unable to escape, for there was no branch near enough for him to leap up.

He looked all round him and saw ripples in the warm brown water of the river. Mok knew just what those moving ripples meant!

And fear brightened his little eyes, for he saw the heads of several alligators, swirling through the water towards him, attracted by the last fall of Krool the jaguar.

Mok screamed for help, for there was no way of getting off the sandbank and evading the teeth of the alligators.

But already the monkey tribe had sped to the spot, attracted by curiosity about the roars and snarls of the dying jaguar.

They massed in the treetops, and swung

The rope of monkeys swung closer, and Mok clutched the outstretched paws when the snapping jaws of the alligator were within inches of him!



out along a branch high above Mok, chattering and pointing and screeching at the alligators.

In their own way, they seemed to realise just what was going on down below. Some of them broke off bits of tree-branch and threw them down, pelting the alligators as best they could.

But this had very little effect. It was like trying to stop a battleship with a pea-shooter.

The twigs and branches bounced harmlessly off the armoured backs of the long-snouted beasts, which continued to glide relentlessly through the water. Nor did they seem to be in a great hurry, for Mok could obviously not escape from the sandbank in the middle of the river.

He was there waiting for them—a tasty tit-bit for any alligator!

Mok gibbered with fright. He looked at the oncoming alligators and then at the tall tree where the monkey tribe were dancing up and down.

He could see his mother, and wished very hard that he had taken notice of her scoldings in the past. How often she had warned him not to stray away from the monkey families!

How often she had told him that he would get himself into trouble with his natural curiosity and mischievousness. But Mok had gone on, never seeing danger—until at last it had caught up with him.

He managed to give a timid little squeak in the hope that something could be done about it. Deep in his heart, he vowed that if he got out of this scrape, he would never get into another one!

A glance at the rippling water showed the alligators cruising nearer and nearer. Mok hopped up and down on one foot, wondering if he might dare to enter the water and try to reach the bank that way.

But he knew that it would be impossible for him to do so. The current ran fairly strongly and the alligators were powerful swimmers. One swish of their mighty tails could send them hurtling through the water like twisting torpedoes . . . and one quick snap of their jaws could put paid to any foolhardy attempt to outpace them!

Mok felt his heart sinking. There was no

hope for him now! But there *was* a means of saving him—a real and clever monkey trick!

It was Mok's father who led the move to rescue him. The old male, greying round his muzzle, swung to the end of the branch he was on, and with shrill cries urged the others to follow him.

He hung down by his tail, and another monkey swung below him. They were joined by others. And so, clinging tail to tail and hand to hand, Mok's father and the other males, watched by the rest of the tribe, rapidly formed a living rope that lengthened with amazing swiftness.

Backwards and forwards the linked line of monkeys swung, the lowest hanging with paws outstretched to Mok, chattering furiously to him while the alligators swirled nearer.

Mok jumped up and down, retreating to the very centre, away from the edge of the sandbank as a long-snouted alligator started to waddle up on to it.

Then the rope of monkeys swung closer to the little fellow. He leaped, screaming, and clutched the outstretched paws even as the cold eyes and snapping jaws of the alligator came within inches of him.

He heard the clash of the great jaws as he swung up. The rope of monkeys swung towards the river bank, and Mok was flung off to go leaping through the air to cling in safety to a high branch.

Chattering and screeching insults at the baffled alligators, Mok's father and the rest leaped one by one to high branches, and soon Mok was safe among his own people and receiving the scolding of his life from his agitated mother.

The Indian hunters who had followed the trail of the wounded jaguar at first light chattered among themselves in amazement as they witnessed the rescue. Krool had gone, and they had no reason to harm the monkeys, and they were loud in their praises of the little people of the trees.

And so the tale of the rescue of Mok became a legend among the monkey tribes because it told of their own cleverness.

THE END.

The SPACE FAMILY ROLLINSON

BUT SPACE-CAPTAIN KRACUN'S LIEUTENANTS WERE PUZZLED BY THE VICEROY'S BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS HIS VISITORS...

THE APPOINTMENT OF VICEROY OF THE LONELY PLANET OF URALUS WAS CONSIDERED MORE OF A PUNISHMENT THAN AN HONOUR. IT WAS A POSITION GENERALLY GIVEN TO TITAN OFFICERS WHO BECAME TROUBLESOME OR WHO MADE FOOLISH BLUNDERS. SPACE CAPTAIN KRACUN WAS ONE OF THE TROUBLESOME TYPES, FOR SINCE BOB ROLLINSON, THE ELDEST SON OF THE FAMOUS FAMILY FROM THE EARTH, HAD BEEN PROMOTED TO SPACE-MARSHAL INSTEAD OF HIMSELF, HIS JEALOUSY HAD GOT THE BETTER OF HIM. FOR MONTHS THE TITAN HAD PLOTTED THE YOUNG EARTHMAN'S DOWNFALL, IN THE HOPE OF PUTTING HIMSELF BACK INTO FAVOUR. AT LAST HIS CHANCE CAME WHEN THE ROLLINSONS ARRIVED WITH BOB ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION...

AFTER THE WAY HE WAS SPOKEN OF THE SPACE-MARSHAL FROM THE EARTH, DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS ODD THAT KRACUN SHOULD GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO BE SO FRIENDLY?

YES, IT DOES. I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



WHEN IT CAME TIME TO DEPART THE CUNNING VICEROY PRESENTED JOEY AND JOY WITH TWO SMALL BIRDS IN CAGES...

HERE IS SOMETHING FOR YOU YOUNG EARTHLINGS! TWO OF THE RAZER BIRDS OF THIS PLANET. YOU WOULD LIKE YOU TO HAVE THEM AS A GIFT.

CAPTAIN KRACUN'S OFFICERS WERE VERY PUZZLED BY HIS GESTURE, BUT AS THE SPACE CRUISER DEPARTED...

EVERYTHING HAS GONE ACCORDING TO PLAN AND THEY DID NOT SUSPECT A THING. SOON I WILL RETURN TO TITAN.



JOEY AND JOY WERE WELL-PLEASED WITH THEIR NEW PETS, AND WERE ENVIED BY THEIR FRIENDS WHEN THEY RETURNED HOME TO TITAN...

ALL WENT WELL FOR A FEW DAYS AND THEN...

WHAT FUNNY BIRDS! WHAT ARE THEY CALLED?

WE CALL THEM RAZERS. THIS ONE IS TINY AND THIS ONE IS TIM.

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW THOSE BIRDS HAVE GROWN, DAD?

YES, MOTHER, THEY WILL HAVE TO BE CAGED, ALREADY THEY'VE RUINED MOST OF THE GARDEN!



THAT EVENING WHEN BETSY AND BOB RETURNED HOME, THEY FOUND THE TWINS GREATLY DISTRESSED . . .



WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOEY?

DAD'S LOCKED UP THE RARIES IN A CAGE. HE SAYS WE MUSTN'T LET THEM OUT TO PLAY.

AND LATER THAT NIGHT . . .



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JOEY?

I'M GOING TO LET TINY AND TIM OUT FOR A RUN WHILE DAD'S ASLEEP!

AND AS THE REST OF THE FAMILY SLEPT . . .



I'LL JUST LET THEM RUN ABOUT FOR A FEW MINUTES!



COME ON TINY AND TIM, OUT YOU COME! DON'T YOU SPOIL DAD'S GARDEN THOUGH!

BUT TO JOEY'S DISMAY THE STRANGE BIRDS STARTED TO GOBBLE EVERY PLANT IN SIGHT . . .



OH GOH! STOP IT, DAD'LL BE ANGRY!



AFTER HAVING EATEN EVERYTHING ON THE ROOF GARDEN, THE RARIES WORDED OFF IN SEARCH OF MORE FOOD . . .

AT FIRST MR. ROLLINSON WAS ANGRY, BUT WHEN HE SAW HOW UPSET JOEY AND BOB WERE HE CALMED DOWN . . .



DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL TURN UP AGAIN. THEY WON'T HAVE GONE FAR!

HEY! COME BACK! TINY, TIM!

WEEKS WENT BY AND THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE RARIES. JOEY AND JOY GAVE UP ANY HOPES OF EVER SEEING THEM AGAIN, BUT EARLY ONE MORNING AS A TITAN PATROLMAN WAS OUT ON A ROUTINE TRIP IN THE FARMING AREA OF THE PLANET...

BY JUPITER, / WHATEVER ARE THOSE GREAT SHAPES OVER THERE?



THE PATROLMAN DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE...

BY THE MOONS OF SATURN, / TWO MONSTROUS BIRDS!



THE GIGANTIC CREATURES WERE TINY AND TIM, AND THEIR KEEN SENSE OF HEARING SOON DETECTED THE PATROLMAN. AS THEY CAME BOUNDING TOWARDS HIM, THE STARTLED TITAN PRESSED THE TRIGGER OF HIS RAY-GUN...

HELP, / THE RAY IS USELESS AGAINST THEM!



ONLY THE SPEED OF THE MACHINE SAVED THE PATROLMAN FROM WHAT HE WAS SURE WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS END...



OF COURSE NOBODY BELIEVED THE LUCKLESS PATROLMAN, BUT A FEW DAYS LATER A DEPUTATION OF FARMERS DEMANDED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE RULERS OF TITAN...

IF THESE BIRDLIKE MONSTERS ARE NOT DESTROYED SOON, SIRS, THERE WILL BE STARVATION AMONGST OUR PEOPLES. THOUSANDS OF TONS OF CROPS ALREADY HAVE EITHER BEEN EATEN OR TRAMPLED DOWN BY THEM. / WE URGE YOU TO ACT AT ONCE, SIRS!



THE RULING SENATORS AT ONCE DESPATCHED A SWIFT MOBILE UNIT OF THEIR ARMY TO THE FARLANDS, WITH ORDERS TO SEEK THE MONSTER BIRDS OUT AND DESTROY THEM...

THERE THEY ARE, WE'LL SOON PUT PAID TO THEM!



BUT THE ARMY SOON REALISED THEY HAD A TUGH JOB ON FOR THE FAST MOVING BIRDS SEEMED TO SENSE THEY WERE IN DANGER AND EVADED THE TITANS AT EVERY TURN...

OVER THE PLAINS AND THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS THE TITANS PURSUED THE KARRIES UNTIL AT LAST THEY CAME TO THE SHORES OF THE GREAT TITAN SWAMP...

THEY'VE COOKED THEIR OWN GOOSE AS EARTHMAN ROLLINSON WOULD SAY, THEY CAN NEVER THRIVE IN THAT GREAT SWAMP!



BUT THE TITAN COMMANDER WAS WRONG, FOR SOME MONTHS LATER NOT ONLY TINY AND TIM EMERGED FROM THE SWAMP, BUT ALSO THEIR ALREADY GIANT-SIZED FAMILY!

ONCE AGAIN TITAN WAS THREATENED WITH DISASTER, AND THIS TIME BOB ROLLINSON WAS CALLED BEFORE THE RULING SENATORS...

IT HAS COME TO OUR EARS THAT YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THE MONSTER BIRDS TO OUR PLANET, EARTHMAN, WE COMMAND YOU TO END ALL THIS TROUBLE AND DESTRUCTION. IF YOU FAIL TO DO SO YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!



I WILL DO WHAT I CAN, SIRE!

SHORTLY AFTER HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE SENATORS, BOB TOOK OFF IN A FAST PURSUIT-BLIP, ARMED WITH AN ATOMIC PROJECTILE . . .

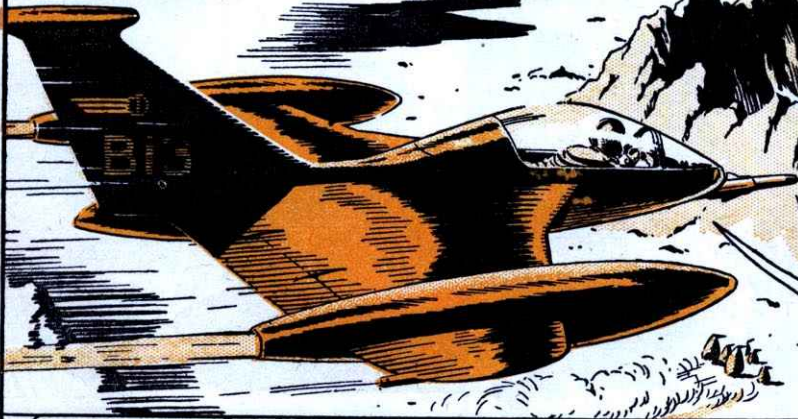


THERE ARE POOR OLD TINY AND TIM AND FAMILY. I HATE TO HAVE TO DO THIS BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS. HERE GOES.

BUT THE WILY BIRDS ONCE AGAIN SENGED DANGER AND BEGAN TO STAMPEDE . . .



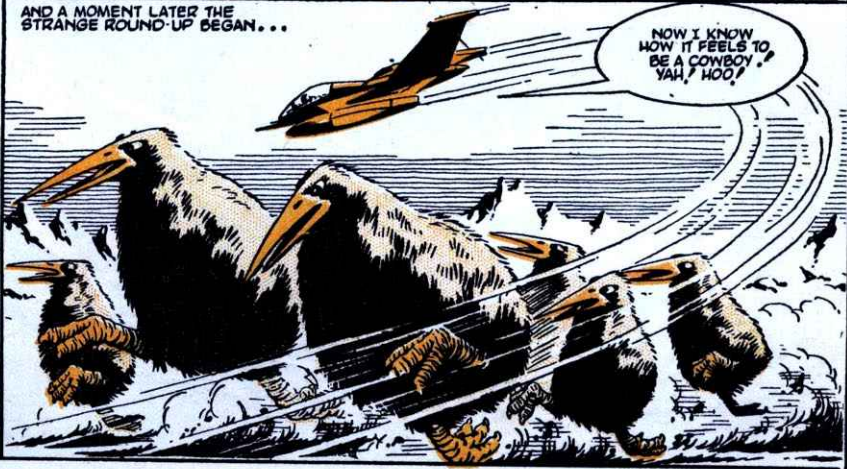
BY RUNNING AWAY THEY SAVED THEMSELVES, FOR AS BOB ROARED AFTER THEM, A SUDDEN PLAN CAME INTO HIS MIND . . .



BY JUPITER, THAT VALLEY OVER THERE GIVES ME AN IDEA. PERHAPS I WON'T HAVE TO DESTROY THEM AFTER ALL.

IF I CAN HERD THEM INTO THE VALLEY AND SEAL THE ENTRANCE THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT, AND THEY CAN LIVE THERE WITHOUT CAUSING ANY TROUBLE TO ANYONE.

AND A MOMENT LATER THE STRANGE ROUND-UP BEGAN . . .



NOW I KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE A COWBOY. YAH, HOO!



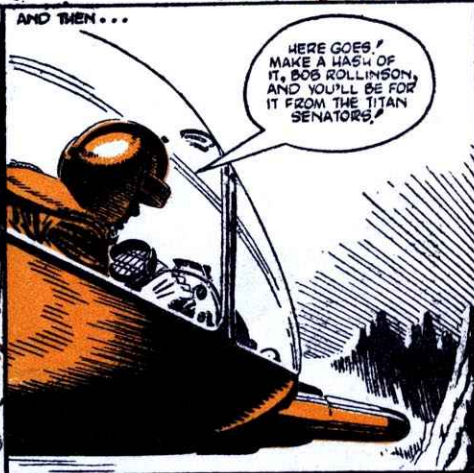
THE GREAT BIRDS DID THEIR BEST TO ESCAPE, BUT WHICHEVER WAY THEY DOGGED, THE SCREAMING AIRCRAFT TURNED THEM BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VALLEY ENTRANCE . . .



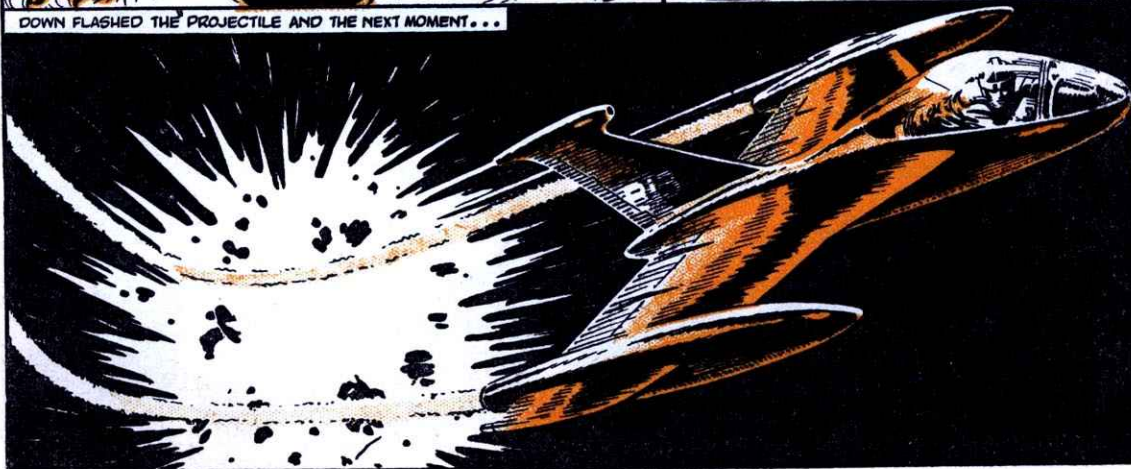
WITH INCHES TO SPARE BOB HURTLERD THROUGH THE GAP BEHIND THE FRIGHTENED FLOCK . . .



AND THEN . . .



DOWN FLASHED THE PROJECTILE AND THE NEXT MOMENT . . .



IT WAS A HAPPY BOB ROLLINSON WHO FLEW BACK TO HIS BASE...



THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THERE, NOW TO APPROACH THE SENATORS WITH MY IDEA TO MAKE THOSE BIRDS PAY FOR THE DAMAGE THEY'VE CAUSED.

IT WAS AT THAT SAME MOMENT THAT THE SUPPLY SHIP WAS ARRIVING ON URALUS AFTER ITS THREE WEEKS TRIP FROM TITAN...

THE SUPPLY SHIP IS LANDING, CAPTAIN KRACUN!

GOOD, SEND THE COMMANDER TO ME AT ONCE!

EAGERLY CAPTAIN KRACUN LISTENED TO THE NEWS FROM TITAN...

WE HEAR THE LAND IS OVERRUN BY STRANGE BIRDS!

THAT IS SO, CAPTAIN, SO FAR EVERYTHING HAS FAILED TO STOP THEM, WHOEVER GETS RID OF THEM WILL MEET WITH GREAT FAVOUR FROM THE SENATORS.

A SLY, TRIUMPHANT SMILE CAME UPON THE VICEROY'S FACE...

AT LAST, NOW IS THE TIME FOR ME TO RETURN TO TITAN, FOR ONLY I KNOW HOW TO DESTROY THOSE CREATURES, SOON I WILL BE IN FAVOUR AND THE EARTHMAN SHALL TAKE MY PLACE HERE ON THIS LONELY PLANET.

SOON AFTER THE SUPPLY SHIP HAD DEPARTED, CAPTAIN KRACUN ALSO LEFT URALUS...

THAT IS THE LAST I WILL SEE OF URALUS!

AS SOON AS HE ARRIVED ON TITAN CAPTAIN KRACUN DEMANDED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE RULING SENATORS...

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE CAPTAIN KRACUN, IS THERE TROUBLE ON URALUS?

NO SIRE, ALL IS WELL UNDER MY COMMAND, I HAVE RETURNED TO RID YOU OF THE MENACE OF THE MONSTER BIRDS.

I HAVE HERE A CERTAIN PLANT THAT WILL DESTROY THEM WHEN THEY EAT IT, SHOW ME WHERE THEY ARE AND I WILL PUT AN END TO YOUR TROUBLES.

THE SENATORS DID MORE THAN DIRECT THE VICEROY OF URALUS, THEY DECIDED TO GO WITH HIM...





CAPTAIN KRACUN WAS TAKEN OUT TO THE VALLEY WHICH BOB ROLLINSON HAD SEALED, AND FROM AN OBSERVATION TOWER WAS SHOWN THE MONSTER BIRDS.

THERE THEY ARE CAPTAIN!

G-GOODNESS! THEY'VE GROWN FAR MORE THAN I REALISED! I DOUBT IF MY PLANT WILL DESTROY THEM.

REALISING WHAT HE HAD JUST UTTERED THE CAPTAIN TRIED TO COVER HIS CONFUSION, BUT THE SENATORS HAD BEEN SUSPICIOUS AND TURNED UPON HIM...

YOU WILL RETURN TO URALUS, CAPTAIN KRACUN, AND YOUR APPOINTMENT AS VICEROY WILL BE EXTENDED FOR ANOTHER TEN YEARS!

T-TEN YEARS!

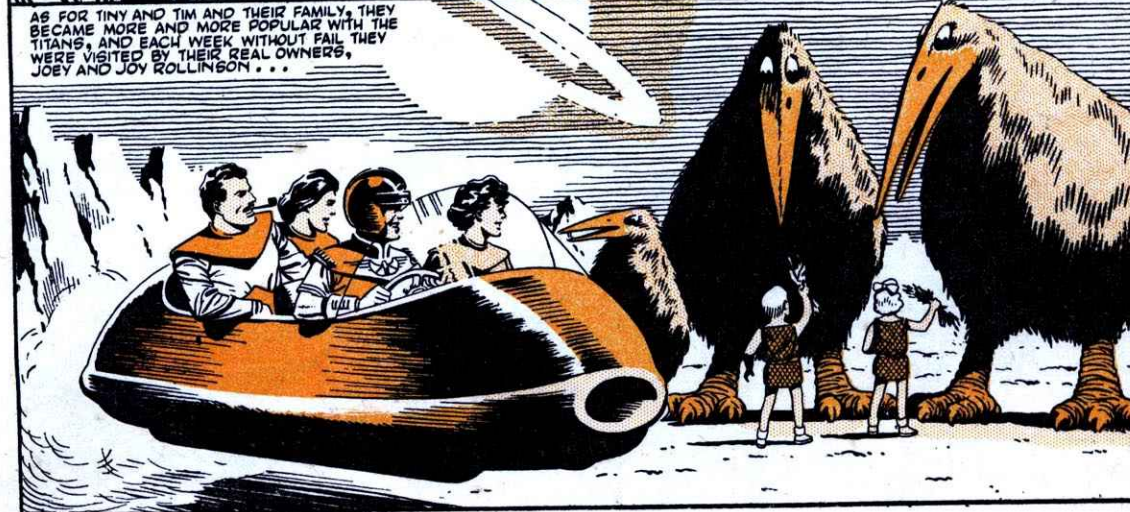
AND A SHORT WHILE LATER CAPTAIN KRACUN RETURNED TO HIS LONELY OUTPOST IN SPACE...

SO IT WAS YOU WHO GAVE THE BIRDS TO THE EARTHMAN? YOU HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR CAPTAIN KRACUN, BUT THANKS TO THE EARTHMAN THE PERIL HAS BEEN TURNED TO PLEASURE FOR HE MADE THIS VALLEY INTO A GAME RESERVE WHERE OUR PEOPLE CAN WATCH THE BIRDS AND OTHER CREATURES AT THEIR LEISURE.

CRUISER FOR URALUS AIRBORNE!

SOONER HIM THAN ME!

AS FOR TINY AND TIM AND THEIR FAMILY, THEY BECAME MORE AND MORE POPULAR WITH THE TITANS, AND EACH WEEK WITHOUT FAIL THEY WERE VISITED BY THEIR REAL OWNERS, JOEY AND JOY ROLLINSON...



BILLY BUNTER

and the BOUNDER



Bunter bent the fattest head at Greyfriars School, and blinked through the keyhole. "Oh, crikey!" he breathed. "What's Smithy up to now?"



Why did Herbert Vernon-Smith alter the time of the clock? That was what Billy Bunter wanted to know, in this amusing story of the Famous Fat Owl and the boys of Greyfriars School!

Smithy Asks For It!

"**H**AS Quelch come in?"

Billy Bunter asked that question, blinking anxiously at Harry Wharton through his big spectacles as he did so. The captain of the Remove was coming from Mr. Quelch's door as the fat Owl rolled up the passage.

"No," answered Harry.

"Oh, good!" said Bunter, relieved; and he rolled on past Wharton to his form-master's door.

Harry Wharton glanced after him in surprise.

"I tell you Quelch isn't in, fathead," he exclaimed. "I've just been to his study to see him about the Form papers, but he isn't there."

"He, he, he! That's all I wanted to know," grinned Bunter, as his fat hand turned the door-handle of the study.

"Hold on, you fat ass! What are you going to do in Quelch's study?"

"Oh! Nothing!"

"If you're going to play some potty trick there——"

"Nothing of the kind! Don't you get saying anything of that sort, or Quelch might hear of it, and think that I did it!" exclaimed Bunter, in alarm.

"He might think you did what?"

"Oh! Nothing! I—I haven't got a bottle of gum in my pocket, and I ain't going to pour it into Quelch's inkpot. Besides, he gave me lines this morning, as you jolly well know. Serve him right."

Harry Wharton made a stride back towards his form-master's door, with hand outstretched to collar Billy Bunter.

But he was not in time. The fat Owl pushed open the door and rolled into the study. Harry Wharton looked in at the doorway.

"Bunter, you ass, come away," he urged. Slam!

The study door closed, slamming almost on Harry Wharton's nose. Billy Bunter, evidently, was not in a mood to listen to reason. Harry Wharton put his hand to the door-handle; but at the same moment another door farther up the passage opened, and the irritable face of Mr. Hacker, the master of the Sixth Form, looked out.

"Wharton!" he snapped.

"Oh! Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by slamming doors in this passage?"

"I—I did not slam the door sir, I—I——"

"What? I heard the door slam! It disturbed me. Go away at once, Wharton, and leave this passage immediately."

"Very well, sir."

Harry Wharton turned away. He could not explain without revealing the fact that the fatuous Owl of the Remove was in his

form-master's study, planning antics with a bottle of gum. Mr. Hacker, with a sniff, drew his head back into his study and closed the door; and Harry Wharton departed—leaving William George Bunter to his own devices.

Left to his own devices, Billy Bunter proceeded to get busy in his form-master's study. First he noticed with satisfaction that the inkpot on Mr. Quelch's inkstand was almost empty and needed filling. Then he extracted the bottle of gum from his pocket and commenced operations on the cork.

It was then that difficulties arose. The cork was well jammed in, and Bunter's fat fingers failed to make any impression on it. No corkscrew was available: Bunter thought of that too late. It was one of Billy Bunter's ways to think too late, on the rare occasions when he thought at all.

"Blow!" breathed Bunter.

He grabbed up Mr. Quelch's pen from the table. He jabbed the nib into the cork, by way of corkscrew. But it was a forlorn hope. The nib snapped off short in a moment.

Bunter was getting desperate. The fat Owl bent down to the fireplace, seized the poker, and banged the neck of the gum-bottle with that implement. Bang!

That did it! Fragments of glass flew in the fender, and a trickle of gum ran over a fat hand.

But he had done it now! Half the gum remained in the bottle, the other half being distributed over the fender and Bunter's fat fingers. But half a bottle of gum was sufficient for Billy Bunter's purpose. He leaned over his form-master's writing-table and carefully poured the gum into the inkpot. The gum filled it almost to the brim.

Bunter grinned.

The next time Quelch dipped his pen into that inkpot he was booked for a happy surprise! Which, of course, would serve him right for giving Bunter lines! It was quite an amusing prospect—to Bunter!

But the next moment he ceased to be amused, at the sound of a footstep outside the study door.



"Bunter, you ass, come away!" urged Harry Wharton. But Bunter meant business with that bottle of gum!

He jumped.

For a second his eyes, and his spectacles, fixed in terror on the door. The next second he had ducked under the table.

It was a large table. There was plenty of cover for Bunter, unless someone stooped and looked under. He could only hope that someone wouldn't!

The door opened. Someone entered.

It was not Quelch. It was a much lighter tread than Quelch's. But it was somebody! Bunter heard the door close, and then footsteps crossed the study to the telephone, which stood on a little table beside the window. A faint sound told him that someone was dialling.

Someone had come in to use Quelch's telephone. Bunter, under the table, had a glimpse of shoes and trouser ends. But it might be a senior man—perhaps a prefect! Bunter remained very still.

Then a voice came.

"Is that you, Joey?"

"Oh!" breathed Bunter.

He knew that rather strident voice: it was that of Herbert Vernon-Smith, of the Remove: the Bounder of Greyfriars. And he knew who "Joey" was—Joe Banks, Smithy's sporting friend at the Cross Keys. Smithy was a fellow of tremendous nerve; but even all Smithy's nerve was needed to phone on his form-master's telephone to a sporting man at Friardale.

"The two-thirty to-morrow—a quid on Sunny Jim!" went on the Bounder's voice.

Billy Bunter grinned again. There was no danger from Smithy—no need to hug cover. And the fat junior was about to emerge from under the table when the study door suddenly opened again, and Mr. Quelch came in. And Billy Bunter did not emerge! He remained where he was, petrified.

Bunter Hears All!

"VERNON-SMITH!"

"Oh!"

Mr. Quelch stared, grimly, at the junior standing at the telephone. Vernon-Smith, the receiver still in his hand, stared back. Smithy had presence of mind, and

heaps of nerve; but for the moment he was dumbfounded. He was fairly caught!

"Well?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! I—I hope you'll excuse me, sir, for using your telephone without leave." The Bounder pulled himself together. "I wanted to ask Snell's about my football boots, sir—they were promised yesterday, but they haven't come, and——"

Mr. Quelch gave him a keen, searching glance. Smithy, certainly, should have asked leave to use the phone; but there was no great harm in ringing up the cobbler at Friardale about football boots.

"Very well, Vernon-Smith," said the Remove master, after a pause. "On another occasion, take care to ask leave before using the telephone."

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"You may go, Vernon-Smith."

"Thank you, sir."

And the Bounder went—and did not grin till he had carefully closed the door after him. Then he did grin, as he strolled away to the Rag with his hands in his pockets to confide to Skinner that he had got by with it, and "fooled old Quelch a treat!"

Billy Bunter could have groaned.

But he did not dare to groan.

Smithy was gone, and Mr. Quelch had sat down in his chair at the table. Evidently he had come to stay.

He did not know that Bunter was there. Carefully the fat Owl avoided contact with the long legs stretched under the table. Quelch, naturally, never thought of stooping his tall head to glance under that table. Bunter was safe—for the moment. But Quelch had sat down to write—and when he discovered that there was gum instead of ink in the inkpot——

Bunter trembled as he heard a sudden sharp exclamation.

"Bless my soul! My pen—the nib has been broken! It certainly was not broken when I left it here! Can that boy Vernon-Smith have done this?"

Mr. Quelch half rose—but he sat down again. There was a suspicion in his mind that he had interrupted Herbert Vernon-



"Vernon-Smith!" Mr. Quelch stared grimly at the Bounder standing at the telephone. Bunter remained where he was—petrified!

Smith in a "rag" in the study; and the broken nib looked like it.

However, he fitted a new nib to the pen and drew a pile of Form papers towards him. Again Billy Bunter almost groaned as he heard the rustle of papers. Quelch was going to use that pen, and the discovery of the gum could not be long delayed now.

Happily unaware of an apprehensive fat Owl huddled under his table, Mr. Quelch dipped his pen into the inkpot.

It came out stickily, with a trickle of gum dripping from it.

Mr. Quelch gazed at that gummy nib.

He did not speak. He gazed, with thunder gathering in his brow. Someone had replaced the ink in that inkpot with gum! The Remove master breathed hard, and he breathed deep.

He rose from the table.

Under it, a fat Owl quaked. But Quelch did not stoop. He crossed over to the telephone.

Vernon-Smith had been in that study. He had done this! That was Mr. Quelch's natural conclusion. He had gummed the inkpot and had been about to play some trick on the telephone, also, when his Form-master's sudden entrance interrupted him! There seemed little doubt of it! But Henry Samuel Quelch was a just man! He was going to make sure. Vernon-Smith had stated that he had rung up Snell, the cobbler, about his football boots. If that statement proved to be true, well and good. If it were false, Quelch knew what to think! And he proceeded to dial Mr. Snell's number at Friardale, to inquire.

"Is that Mr. Snell?"

"Snell speaking."

"This is Mr. Quelch, at Greyfriars. Have you received a call within the last quarter of an hour from a Greyfriars' boy named Vernon-Smith?"

"No, sir."

"You are sure?"

"Quite, sir! No call from the school to-day at all."

"Thank you, Mr. Snell."

Mr. Quelch replaced the receiver, crossed to his table, and picked up a cane. The matter was clear now. Vernon-Smith had given a false explanation of his presence in the study. That settled it for Mr. Quelch. With the cane under his arm, he left the study, and went along to the Rag to look for the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Smithy Gets It!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. were in the Rag. A dozen other fellows were there, among them Vernon-Smith and Skinner, who were grinning over the masterly way in which Smithy had "fooled old Quelch a treat"! But the grins faded from their faces as an angular form and a frowning brow appeared in the doorway.

"Is Vernon-Smith here?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" stammered the Bounder.



Mr. Quelch breathed hard. Someone had filled the ink-pot with gum!

He felt a sinking at the heart. Had he not, after all, "fooled old Quelch a treat"?

"You stated to me, Vernon-Smith, that you had telephoned from my study to Mr. Snell at Friardale."

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"I have inquired of Mr. Snell! You did nothing of the kind, Vernon-Smith. Your statement was untrue," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "You invented this, Vernon-Smith, to account for your presence in my study. Do you deny this?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

All eyes were on the Bounder. He stood silent, biting his lip.

"You were in my study to play disrespectful tricks on your form-master, Vernon-Smith!"

"No, sir! I—I——"

"What? Then why were you there?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

The Bounder was silent again. Certainly he could not explain that he had been in the study to ring up a sporting friend at the Cross Keys! That meant the "sack." Anything was better than that.

Mr. Quelch slipped the cane down into his hand.

"Bend over that chair, Vernon-Smith."

In sullen silence the Bounder bent over the chair. Six times the cane rose and fell; and if there had been any dust on the Bounder's trousers, not a speck of it was left. The juniors looked on in silence. Evidently the Bounder had asked for it—and he was getting it, hard!

"Now write a hundred lines by this evening, and let that be a warning to you, Vernon-Smith!" said Mr. Quelch grimly, and he tucked the cane under his arm again and walked out of the Rag—leaving Herbert Vernon-Smith, with a furious face, wriggling like an eel.

Billy Bunter could hardly believe in his good luck.

Quelch was gone!

Bunter was left alone in the study, and the way of escape was open.

He rolled out from under the table. He blinked out of the doorway. The coast was

clear, no one was in sight. With a gasp of relief, Bunter rolled out of the study and scuttled down the passage.

At the corner he almost rolled into Mr. Quelch, coming back to his study after administering stern justice in the Rag.

"Look where you are going, Bunter!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

To his immense relief, Quelch rustled on, with that! Evidently he had not the faintest idea that Bunter had been in his study, and had just come out of it! Greatly comforted, the fat Owl rolled on to the Rag.

There was a buzz of voices in that apartment. Bunter blinked in at Vernon-Smith, pale and furious, wriggling and twisting. He wondered what had happened.

"I say, you fellows, what's up?" squeaked Bunter.

"Smithy's had six!" answered Bob Cherry. "And got a hundred lines, too!"

"What for?"

"Japing in Quelch's study."

"Oh, crikey!" ejaculated Bunter.

"I tell you I didn't!" howled the Bounder. "I couldn't tell Quelch why I was there—but somebody else must have done something—I wish I knew who it was!—I'd pulverise him——"

"Oh, crikey!" ejaculated Bunter again.

Bunter said no more. Silence was not Billy Bunter's strong point, but even the fat Owl realised, on this occasion, that silence was golden.

What Bunter Saw!

"I SAY, Smithy——"

Herbert Vernon-Smith did not heed the fat squeak from the fat junior loafing in the Remove passage near the door of Study No. 1, later that same day.

He seemed rather in a hurry.

He had come up the stairs two at a time, and crossed the Remove landing swiftly. He seemed a little breathless as he came into the passage.

The fat Owl squeaked again as Smithy passed him.

"Smithy! I say, is Wharton coming up? I'm waiting for him! Beast!" added Bunter, as Vernon-Smith, still unheeding,



Bunter blinked at the Bounder, who had just had six of the best from Quelch!

went into Study No. 1 and shut the door.

The fat Owl of the Remove looked at the door with an angry blink through his big spectacles.

"Shirly beast!" grunted Bunter. "In one of his tantrums, because Quelch whopped him this afternoon. Serve him jolly well right! I wonder what he's gone into Wharton's study for—the fellows ain't there."

Billy Bunter was well aware that Study No. 1 was vacant. He had been waiting for Harry Wharton & Co. to come up to tea in that study, and they had not arrived yet.

Smithy's own study was No. 4, farther up the passage. Bunter wondered why he had gone into No. 1 and shut the door after him. He must have seen at a glance that nobody was there. Yet he had gone in and closed the door, carefully latching it. It looked—to Bunter—as if Smithy was "up" to something in Wharton's study; though what, he could not begin to guess.

But when Billy Bunter was curious he had his own methods of acquiring information. He bent the fattest head at Greyfriars School, and blinked through the keyhole.

"Oh, crikey!" breathed Bunter, in astonishment at what he saw.

Vernon-Smith had crossed the study to the fireplace, and, as Bunter peered through the keyhole, he was taking the clock from the mantelpiece. That clock indicated a quarter past five, as even the Owl of the Remove could see at so short a range.

Smithy opened it at the back, and twisted something inside. The fat Owl's little round eyes grew wider with astonishment behind his big round spectacles. Smithy was altering the time of the clock. For some utterly mysterious reason, he wanted it to indicate some time other than a quarter past five!

"Oh, scissors!" breathed the amazed Owl. "What's the Bounder up to?"

He watched Smithy set the clock on the mantelpiece again. He blinked at it as it stood there. It now indicated five o'clock! Vernon-Smith had put it back a quarter of an hour!

Bunter glimpsed a sour grin on the Bounder's face as he turned away from the mantelpiece. The next moment he came towards the door, and the fat Owl backed hastily away.

He was leaning on the opposite wall, his blinking gaze turned in the direction of the landing, apparently quite uninterested in Study No. 1, when Smithy opened the door of that apartment.

But Smithy did not come out, as Bunter expected. Having set the door open, he went back to the study armchair, and sat down in it—apparently to wait, like Bunter, for Harry Wharton & Co. to come up to tea.

It was quite a puzzle to Bunter why Smithy had played that apparently meaningless trick in Study No. 1. But the fat Owl forgot all about it, as there was a tramp of feet on the stairs, and a cheery crowd of juniors came across the landing into the Remove passage. Harry Wharton & Co. had arrived—hardly a couple of minutes after the Bounder.

The Clock Trick

"I SAY, you fellows!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "How did Bunter know that we had a parcel for tea?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—I was going to say——"

"You needn't," said Frank Nugent, laughing. "We can guess that you've been disappointed about a postal-order, old fat man."

"Speech can be taken as read!" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I—I mean, look here, dear old chaps, my postal-order hasn't come, and if you'd like to ask a fellow to tea, I—I—I'll come——"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We've got lots, for once," he said. "You can roll in if you like, old barrel."

It was not a pressing invitation. But anything short of a boot on his trousers was good enough for William George Bunter. He rolled cheerfully into Study No. 1 after the Famous Five.

Herbert Vernon-Smith rose from the armchair. He gave Harry Wharton and Co. a friendly nod.

"You fellows mind if I scrounge a tea here?" he asked. "Redwing's gone out, and a fellow doesn't want to feed on his lonely own."

The Famous Five, for a moment, glanced at him in surprise. It was quite unlike the arrogant Bounder to ask himself to tea in another fellow's study. A fellow could do so with a pal: but Smithy certainly was not "pally" to that extent with Harry Wharton and Co. But they were friendly and hospitable: and they were glad, too, to see Smithy looking so good-tempered—they had rather expected him to look savage and sullen after his experience with Quelch that afternoon. He received a warm welcome on all sides.

"My dear chap, you're as welcome as the flowers in May," said Harry Wharton.

"We've got a spread," said Frank Nugent. "Glad to see you around, Smithy."

"You seem to have got over that six all right, old chap," said Johnny Bull.



The Famous Five—and Billy Bunter—rolled in, and were surprised to see Vernon-Smith in the armchair.

The Bounder's eyes glinted for a moment. But he nodded and smiled.

"I can take it," he said lightly. "Pretty stiff—six on the bags and a hundred lines as well, to be handed in before prep." He glanced at the clock. "I shall have to get on with those lines after tea. Is that clock right—I don't want to leave it late—"

"Yes, it keeps pretty good time," said Harry. "A few minutes after five now—"

He glanced at the study clock.

"I thought it was later," remarked Nugent.

"Oh, that leaves me lots of time," said Smithy. "No, don't bother about a chair—that box is all right—"

"My dear chap, visitors have the chairs," said Nugent. "Here you are! What are you grinning at, like a Cheshire cat, Bunter?"

"Eh? Oh! Nothing!" said Bunter hastily. Nugent had remarked that he thought it was later: and Billy Bunter knew

that it was later, as he had seen Smithy alter the clock. He grinned all over his fat face.

Smithy had made the Famous Five believe that it was fifteen minutes earlier than it actually was. Why, Bunter could not begin to guess. However, he was not specially interested—his interest was concentrated on the parcel that Nugent had landed on the study table. Two fat hands were already at work unpacking it.

"Oh, crikey! What a topping cake!" gasped Bunter. "And a meat pie— Good! And biscuits—and honey—and— Splendid! I say, you fellows, this is all right!"

Undoubtedly it was all right. Seven fellows were rather a crowd in a junior study, but they found room round the table somehow, and sat down to tea. Billy Bunter concentrated on the foodstuffs, and his fat jaws were too busy for speech; but the other fellows chatted about Soccer and other interesting topics. Vernon-Smith seemed very cheery and affable, apparently having his

best manners on for the occasion; and Harry Wharton & Co., as a matter of fact, were rather glad that he was there. It would have been like Smithy to be thinking of some reckless retaliation on his form-master; and so long as he was in Study No. 1 he was safe out of mischief.

"By gum! That plane looks like falling!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith suddenly. He was staring at the study window.

"What?"

"Something wrong with it—look——" Vernon-Smith jumped to his feet. "If it comes down on the school——"

"Oh, my hat!"

Five fellows jumped up from the table and ran to the window. It was not uncommon for planes from Manston to roar over Greyfriars School, and they were hardly heeded. But the bare idea of an aeroplane in trouble, crashing down on Greyfriars, was startling. Even Billy Bunter forgot meat pie for the

moment and rolled to the window after the Famous Five, with a squeak of alarm.

Vernon-Smith did not follow them.

For the moment six backs were turned to him; and the Bounder whipped the clock off the mantelpiece, inserted his fingers at the back, and gave a twist. He replaced the clock, now advanced fifteen minutes, and indicating the right time.

It was the work of hardly more than a moment, and six backs were still to him as he went towards the window.

"See it?" he asked.

"Blessed if I can see anything," said Bob Cherry.

Johnny Bull gave a grunt.

"Pulling our leg, or what?" he asked.

The juniors turned from the window. It was a false alarm; there was no plane to be seen. They looked rather expressively at Vernon-Smith. The Bounder burst into a laugh.

"O.K.," he said. "I only wanted to make Bunter jump!"

"Beast!" hooted Bunter.

"Is that what you call a joke?" asked Bob, staring at him. "Well, you made us all jump, as well as Bunter. Of all the silly asses——" Bob broke off at that, remembering that Smithy was a guest in the study.

"Sorry," said the Bounder amicably. "Rather a fool joke, come to think of it. Forget it."

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

Relieved of his alarm, the fat Owl returned to the foodstuffs. Harry Wharton & Co. sat down round the table again, politely refraining from telling the Bounder what they thought of him and his jokes. And the incident was forgotten as tea went on.

Mr. Quelch Storms In!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! That sounds like Quelch!"
It did!

Tea was over in Study No. 1, but Billy Bunter was finishing up every vestige of the eatables, when a sharp voice was heard in the passage.

"Ogilvy! Have you seen Vernon-Smith? He is not in his study."

There was a note of deep wrath in Mr.



"I've been here since five, sir, as these other fellows can tell you," said Smithy, pointing to the clock.

Quelch's voice. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged rather startled looks.

"Better tell him I'm here," drawled the Bounder.

Harry Wharton stepped to the door.

"Vernon-Smith's in this study, sir," he called out.

The next moment Mr. Quelch swept in, with billowing gown, rather like a thundercloud. He fixed his eyes on the Bounder.

"Did you want me, sir?" Smithy asked.

left to go to the headmaster's study at about five minutes past. What has happened there happened after that, during my absence. Where were you, Vernon-Smith, from five o'clock till the present moment?"

"In this study, sir," said the Bounder composedly. "I was here before five, waiting for these fellows to come up. Wharton happened to notice the time when he came in, and it was a minute or two after five. I've been here ever since, as these fellows can tell you."



"He, he, he!" Billy Bunter sniggered, and helped himself to the jam-tarts as the Famous Five threw the Bounder out!

"Have you been in my study since class, Vernon-Smith?"

"I, sir? No, sir."

"Someone," said Mr. Quelch, in a deep voice, "has been in my study and upset ink over my papers. A great deal of mischievous damage has been done. Vernon-Smith, I require to know where you were at five o'clock, and where you have been since."

"Five o'clock, sir?" repeated the Bounder.

"I was writing in my study till a few minutes after five," said Mr. Quelch. "I

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Is that correct, Wharton?" he rapped.

"Quite, sir," answered Harry at once. "It was only two or three minutes past five by that clock when we came in, and Vernon-Smith was already here. He stayed to tea, and hasn't been out of the study."

"That is so, sir," said Frank Nugent, and the other members of the Co. nodded assent. Billy Bunter's eyes were bulging. But nobody heeded Bunter.

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips harder.

He looked at his watch, and looked at the clock; it was exactly right. Obviously, if Harry Wharton & Co. were stating the facts, Herbert Vernon-Smith could not be the fellow who had ragged in his Form-master's study—he must have been in Study No. 1 in the Remove at the time! Mr. Quelch drew a deep, deep breath.

Although he was often a stern old tyrant according to the boys of the Remove Form, Mr. Quelch was a stickler for justice and fairness in all things.

"You are the Form-captain, Wharton, and I am happy to accept your word on this matter," he said.

"Thank you, sir," nodded Harry.

Mr. Quelch turned to Vernon-Smith, who was standing there with a bland look of innocence on his face.

"It appears that I was mistaken in my first impressions of what had occurred in my study, Vernon-Smith," he added.

"I am sorry if you have been put to any inconvenience, sir," replied the artful Bounder, still looking bland. "I haven't forgotten the hundred lines I am to do for you, sir. I will go to my study and get on with them straight away."

Mr. Quelch adjusted his glasses and drew another deep breath. He seemed just a little disappointed with himself for not having found the culprit in Smithy.

"Very well!" he said. And with that he left the study and rustled away down the passage—no doubt to seek a clue to the ragger in other directions.

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter exploded into fat laughter.

"I say, you fellows—he, he, he! I say, ain't he deep? He, he, he! I say, fancy pulling old Quelch's leg like that! He, he, he!"

"You fat ass," said Harry Wharton. "Nobody's pulled Quelch's leg. We told him the exact truth."

"He, he, he! The truth! He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter. "Quelch swallowed it all right—he, he, he! He wouldn't have swallowed it if he'd known that Smithy altered the clock and put it back a quarter of an hour before you fellows came up! He, he, he!"

"What?" roared the Famous Five with one voice.

The Bounder started. He gave Bunter an almost deadly look. But the fat Owl was too convulsed with merriment to heed it.

"I jolly well saw him!" chortled Bunter. "I wondered what he did it for—now I jolly well know! He, he, he! It was Smithy ragged in Quelch's study—and he's got you fellows to swear he was here at the time—he, he, he——"

"You fat chump, the clock's exactly right by Quelch's watch," said Harry.

"He, he, he! It wasn't when you fellows came up! Smithy must have put it right while you weren't looking—he, he, he!"

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. "That aeroplane——"

"Smithy, you rotter——"

"Smithy, did you——"

Vernon-Smith made a movement towards the door. Harry Wharton, with a grim face, pushed him back.

"We've got to have this out," he said. "If you've diddled us into telling Quelch a string of lies without knowing it——"

"He, he, he! I saw him through the key-hole—he, he, he——"

"Is that why you spoofed about that plane, Smithy, to get us to turn our backs while you put the clock right?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't know that fat rat was spying on me," he sneered. "Thanks for the tea—I'll be going now. Hands off!" he added in a yell, as five fellows grasped him all at once.

Herbert Vernon-Smith had few, if any, scruples about lying to a "beak." But the Famous Five were a little more particular. And they made it painfully clear to Smithy that lying was not in their line. The Bounder had escaped a licking from Quelch by that astute "alibi," but he almost wished that he hadn't by the time the Famous Five were done with him. It was a bumped, breathless, dishevelled and dilapidated Bounder who was kicked out of Study No. 1, to sprawl, gasping, in the passage.

Really, it was rather more severe than six from Quelch!

THE END.



SEXTON BLAKE

IN THE CASE OF "THE CRACKSMAN'S ALIBI!"

Early one evening, Sexton Blake and Tinker received a call from a very puzzled inspector of police in the East End of London. There had been a safe robbery in the district, and certain details were baffling the police . . .

AS SEXTON BLAKE AND TINKER LEFT THEIR CAR AND CROSSED THE PAVEMENT, THEY WERE BUFFETED BY A STRONG EASTERLY WIND --

HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT, GUV'NOR! IT'S BLOWING HARDER THAN EVER!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TINKER! THERE'S BEEN HALF A GALE OF WIND FROM THE EAST ALL DAY!



AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME THEY FOUND INSPECTOR COUTTS OF SCOTLAND YARD. AT FIRST GLANCE, SEXTON BLAKE THOUGHT HE RECOGNISED THE WORK OF A WELL-KNOWN CRACKSMAN, PETER, THE BLOWER.

THIS IS SOME OF PETER'S WORK, WITHOUT A DOUBT, INSPECTOR!

I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT YOU WOULD SAY, MR BLAKE -- BUT LIKE MYSELF, YOU WOULD BE WRONG!



YOU SEE, MR. BLAKE, THE EXPLOSION WHICH RIPPED OPEN THE SAFE, ALSO BLEW THIS CLOCK OFF THE MANTELPIECE AND SMASHED IT.



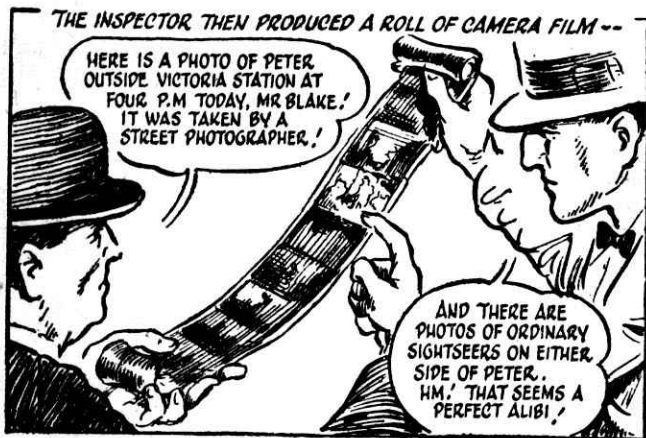
WHICH ESTABLISHES THE EXACT TIME OF THE EXPLOSION -- FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON. HOW DOES THAT AFFECT THE CASE AGAINST PETER THE BLOWER?



WE HAVE PROOF THAT PETER WAS SEVEN MILES AWAY, FEEDING PIGEONS OUTSIDE VICTORIA STATION AT FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON!

THAT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ARE STILL TRACES OF AN ELECTRICALLY FIRED EXPLOSIVE AROUND THE LOCK -- AND IT'S THE HOME-MADE TYPE THAT PETER ALWAYS USES!





THE INSPECTOR THEN PRODUCED A ROLL OF CAMERA FILM --

HERE IS A PHOTO OF PETER OUTSIDE VICTORIA STATION AT FOUR P.M TODAY, MR BLAKE. IT WAS TAKEN BY A STREET PHOTOGRAPHER.

AND THERE ARE PHOTOS OF ORDINARY SIGHTSEERS ON EITHER SIDE OF PETER. HM, THAT SEEMS A PERFECT ALIBI.

NEXT THE INSPECTOR HANDED SEXTON BLAKE A PRINT OF PETER'S PHOTO. THE STATION-CLOCK SHOWED THE TIME AS FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON -- SO HOW COULD THE SAFE-BLWGER HAVE BEEN IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE ?



IN THE FACE OF EVIDENCE LIKE THIS, WE DAREN'T ARREST HIM.

THE EVIDENCE SEEMED TO BE CONCLUSIVE IN PETER'S FAVOUR, YET SEXTON BLAKE WAS STILL NOT SATISFIED AS HE LEFT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY.



IT'S A CAST-IRON ALIBI, GUV'NOR. YOU CAN'T GO AGAINST A PHOTO LIKE THAT.

ALL THE SAME, I THINK WE'LL PAY PETER A VISIT, TINKER. HE LIVES IN AN EAST-END BOARDING-HOUSE!



WHEN THE DETECTIVES ARRIVED AT PETER'S ROOM, THEY FOUND THAT HE HAD A FRIEND WITH HIM.

GLAD TO CATCH YOU AT HOME, PETER.

WHY, IT'S MR SEXTON BLAKE. MEET JIM MASON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER. FATE HAS THROWN US TOGETHER TODAY.





BOTH MEN WERE INSTANTLY SUSPICIOUS OF THEIR VISITORS BUT BEFORE THEY COULD SAY ANYTHING, SEXTON BLAKE SAW A PIGEON LANDING ON A PARAPET OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.



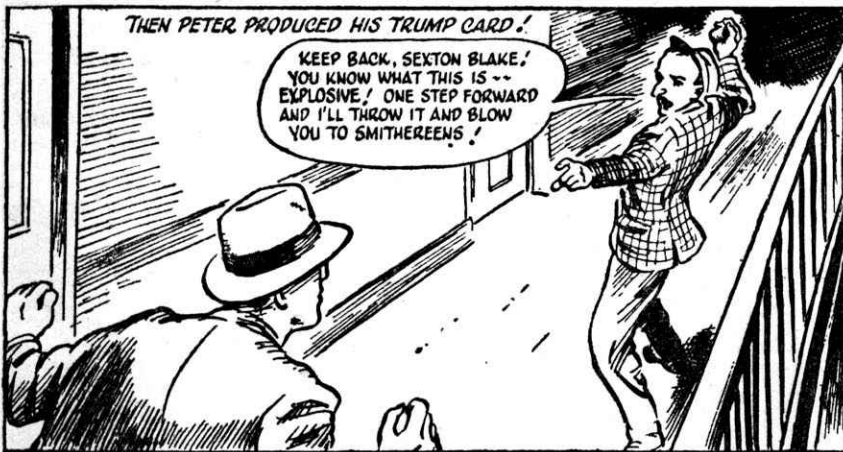
THEN, SUDDENLY, SEXTON BLAKE SAW THROUGH THE FAKE OF THE ALIBI!



TINKER CAUGHT JIM ON THE STAIRS, BUT PETER RAN THE OTHER WAY WITH SEXTON BLAKE CLOSE BEHIND --

By the time Sexton Blake and Tinker were again on their feet, the two crooks were out of the room and hoping to escape. But they were not allowed to get far!



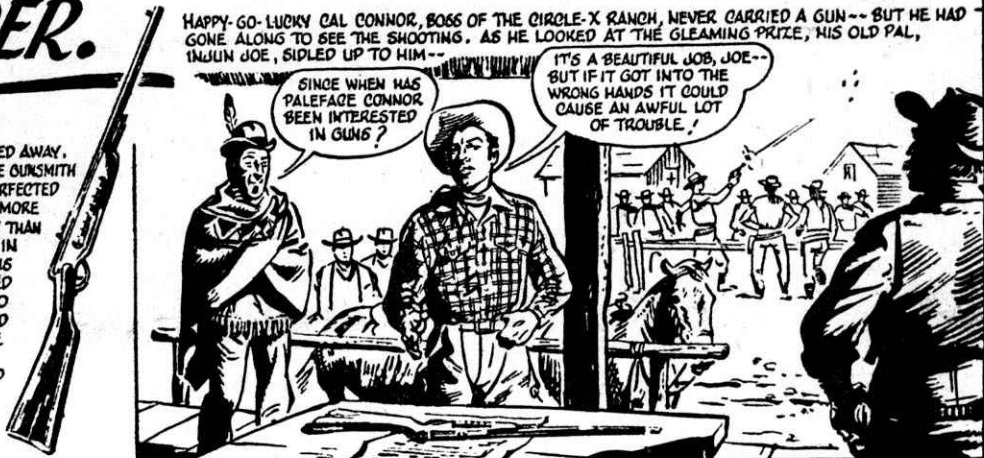


THE RED RIDER.

NO-ONE KNEW WHO HE WAS—THE FIGURE OF DARING AND MYSTERY WHO APPEARED WHEN WRONGS NEEDED RIGHTING!

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY CAL CONNOR, BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-X RANCH, NEVER CARRIED A GUN-- BUT HE HAD GONE ALONG TO SEE THE SHOOTING. AS HE LOOKED AT THE GLEAMING PRIZE, HIS OLD PAL, INJUN JOE, SIDLED UP TO HIM--

BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY, OLD JOSH PARKER, THE GUNSMITH OF EAGLE FALLS, PERFECTED A REPEATING RIFLE, MORE ACCURATE AND DEADLY THAN ANY OTHER WEAPON IN THE WEST. IN HIS WILL HE BEQUEATHED HIS MASTERPIECE TO THE MAN WHO COULD PROVE HIMSELF THE FINEST MARKSMAN IN THE COUNTY, AND SO A SHOOTING MATCH WAS ARRANGED BY THE SHERIFF--



SINCE WHEN HAS PALEFACE CONNOR BEEN INTERESTED IN GUNS?

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL JOB, JOE-- BUT IF IT GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS IT COULD CAUSE AN AWFUL LOT OF TROUBLE!



DO NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND! IT WON'T GET INTO WRONG HANDS. INJUN JOE SEE TO THAT!

ANYONE ELSE WANT TO TRY HIS LUCK?



LEAVING CAL, THE OLD INDIAN SHUFFLED HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TO THE CONTEST.

ME WANT TO TRY, SHERIFF!

SURE, JOE, BUT YOU CAN'T STAND A CHANCE! THIS GENT HERE JUST DRILLED HOLES IN THREE DOLLARS THAT I THREW UP!



ME STILL WANT TO TRY! THROW UP FOUR SILVER DOLLARS SHERIFF!



ON HEARING THE OLD REDSKIN'S REQUEST THE CROWD ROARED WITH LAUGHTER, BUT INJUN JOE JUST DREW AN OLD '45 COLT REVOLVER FROM UNDER HIS BLANKET AND STOOD READY--

O.K.! FOUR DOLLARS JOE, HERE THEY GO!

HO! HO! MIND THAT OLD IRON DON'T BLOW UP, JOE!



AS THE INDIAN FIRED-- THE CROWD GASPED IN AMAZEMENT--

HE'S HIT 'EM ALL!



THERE WERE MORE GASPS WHEN THEY SAW THE COINS--

SHERIFF! HE'S SHOT THE LOT-- CLEAN THROUGH THE MIDDLE!

HARD AS THEY TRIED, NONE OF THE OTHER MARKSMEN COULD BEAT INJUN JOE'S SKILL WITH A GUN, AND THE OLD INDIAN COLLECTED THE PRIZE --

THE GUN'S YOURS, INJUN JOE. THAT WAS A MIGHTY FINE PIECE OF SHOOTIN'!



NICE SHOOTING, JOE!

EVERYBODY WAS PLEASED THAT OLD INJUN JOE HAD WON THE PRIZE -- EXCEPT ONE MAN, 'HOT-SHOT' WILSON, AN OUTLAW WHO WAS UNKNOWN IN THE COUNTY --

I CAME INTO EAGLE FALLS TO GET THAT RIFLE, AND WHEN I LEAVE I'M TAKIN' IT WITH ME!



SPURRING HIS HORSE 'HOT-SHOT' WILSON CHARGED DOWN ON THE LITTLE GROUP OF MEN THAT HAD GATHERED ROUND THE OLD INDIAN --

O.K.! YOU GUNS! YOU'VE ALL SEEN IT! NOW I'M TAKIN' IT!

HEY!



CAL CONNOR, WHO HAD BEEN STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE GROUP, SAW WHAT HAPPENED AND TOOK A FLYING LEAP AT THE FLEEING OUTLAW.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, MISTER!



IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A HICK LIKE YOU TO STOP 'HOT-SHOT' WILSON!

OUCH!



QUICK, MEN! GET TO YOUR HORSES! WE'LL GET AFTER THAT VARMINT!

ME. LOOK AFTER CAL CONNOR.



WHEN CAL CONNOR REGAINED HIS SENSES, THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE HAD LEFT EAGLE FALLS AFTER THE OUTLAW --

DON'T WORRY! SHERIFF GO AFTER HIM! SHERIFF COME BACK WITH THIEF, SOON! YOU GO HOME AND REST!

IF EVER I GET MY HANDS ON THAT GUY!



BUT AS CAL CONNOR PREPARED TO MOUNT HIS HORSE HE KNEW HE WOULD NOT BE RIDING HOME.

SORRY, INJUN JOE! HE GOT AWAY!

SHUCKS! IT'S THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE! AND THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY GOT THE WORST OF THEIR SCRAP WITH 'HOTSHOT' WILSON. THIS IS WHERE THE RED RIDER TAKES OVER!



CAL CONNOR RODE FAST TO THE REMOTE CAVES OF EAGLE PEAK, WHERE A MAGNIFICENT RED CHESTNUT STALLION AWAITED HIM. A RED OUTFIT AND A PAIR OF SIX-GUNS WERE QUICKLY PUT ON -- AND CAL CONNOR BECAME THE RED RIDER -- A FIGURE OF DARING AND MYSTERY WHO SUDDENLY APPEARED ON OCCASIONS WHEN WRONGS NEEDED RIGHTING!

WATCHED BY THE GREAT HORSE, CAL CONNOR QUICKLY DONNED THE CLOTHES AND BUCKLED ON THE SIX-GUNS OF THE RED RIDER!

THIS IS WHERE WE RIDE AGAIN, FLAME!



READY FOR ACTION, THE RED RIDER CAME THUNDERING DOWN FROM THE HIGH PEAKS --

OKAY, FLAME -- LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, 'HOTSHOT' WILSON DECIDED HE WOULD HOLD UP THE EAGLE FALLS STAGE-COACH BEFORE RIDING BACK TO HIS OLD HAUNTS --

HERE COMES A CHANCE TO TRY OUT THE GUN!



STOP -- OR NEXT TIME I'LL AIM LOWER!

SHUCKS! A HOLD-UP! GIT GOIN', HOSSES!



O.K., YOU GUYS! YOU ASKED FOR IT!

HELP, SAM! I'VE BEEN HIT IN THE SHOULDER!

THE DRIVER REALIZED THAT IF HE DROVE ON, THE AMBUSER WOULD PROBABLY KILL BOTH HIM AND HIS WOUNDED GUARD. SO HE FOUGHT DESPERATELY TO STOP THE RACING HORSES -- BUT ANOTHER SHOT MADE HIS EFFORTS IMPOSSIBLE.



SHUCKS! THE REINS ARE SHOT THROUGH! WE CAN'T STOP 'EM!

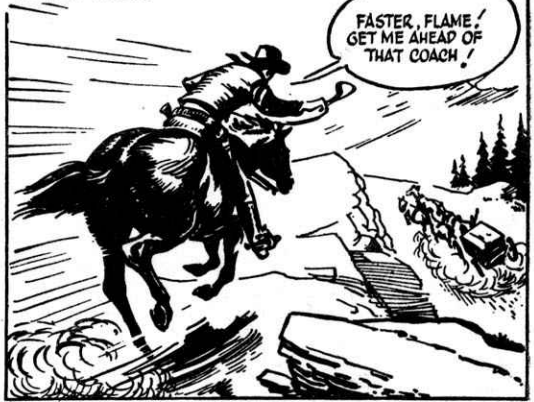
OUT OF CONTROL, THE FRIGHTENED HORSES RACED ON. AHEAD OF THEM LAY "DEADMAN'S CORNER," A SHARP HAIRPIN BEND. ON ONE SIDE WAS A SHEER ROCK WALL AND ON THE OTHER A DROP OF A THOUSAND FEET INTO A RIVER BELOW--



"SUFFERIN' SNAKES! THERE'S DEADMAN'S CORNER AHEAD! WE'RE GOIN' TOO FAST! WE'LL GO OVER!"

"EEK!"

SUDDENLY, HIGH ABOVE THE RUNAWAY COACH, A RIDER IN RED FLASHED INTO VIEW ON A CHESTNUT HORSE THAT SPED LIKE THE WIND ITSELF.



"FASTER, FLAME! GET ME AHEAD OF THAT COACH!"

FLAME RACED ON-- AND THEN HIS MASTER JUMPED FROM THE SADDLE.



"IT'S THE RED RIDER!"

WITH GREAT STRENGTH AND SKILL, THE MASKED RIDER SLOWED DOWN THE CRAZY HORSES AND STEERED THEM ROUND THE BEND--



"WHOA, BOY! EASY THERE! GET OVER, HOGS! GET OVER!"

AS THE RED RIDER BROUGHT THE STAGE-COACH TO A HALT



"WHAT THE?--"

"THANKS FOR BUTTIN' IN AN' SAVIN' THE COACH FOR ME, BUDDY. NOW-- GET OFF THEM HORSES AN' START REAGHIN'!"

BUT THE RED RIDER'S GUNS ANSWERED-- FAST!



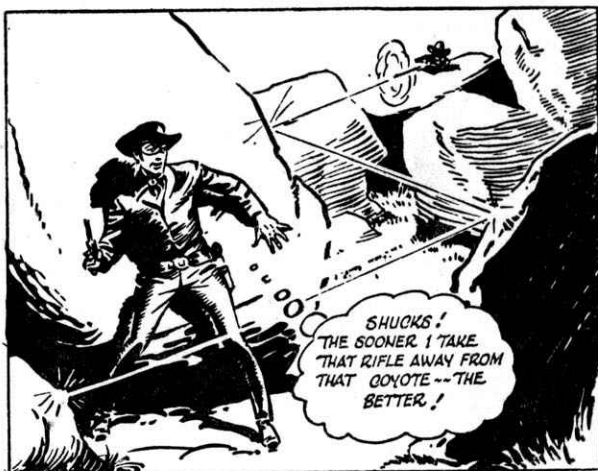
"IF IT'S GUN-PLAY YOU WANT, MISTER-- I'M THE GUY TO JOIN YOU IN A LITTLE GAME. COME ON DOWN-- BEFORE YOU GET HURT!"

"YEAH? COME AND GET ME! YOU DON'T SCARE ME!"



AND 'HOT-SHOT' WILSON SCUTTLED UP INTO THE ROCKS LIKE A RABBIT.

PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK NOW, EH? DON'T WORRY, MISTER, I'LL FIND YOU!



SHUCKS! THE SOONER I TAKE THAT RIFLE AWAY FROM THAT COYOTE -- THE BETTER!

THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED THE ZIP OF THE BULLETS WAS UNEARTHLY -- AND NOT A MOVE DID THE RED RIDER MAKE TO RETURN THE OUTLAW'S FIRE. TEN MINUTES PASSED BY --

I MUST HAVE HIT HIM! HE AIN'T SHOOTIN' BACK! HAW! HAW! WITH THIS REPEATER NO MAN CAN GET ME!



BUT AS 'HOT-SHOT' WILSON STOOD UP --

SHUCKS! HE'S STILL ALIVE!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, MISTER! BUT HERE'S ONE MAN THAT'LL GET YOU -- THE RED RIDER!



THE ACCURACY OF THE RED RIDER'S SHOOTING UNNERVED THE OUTLAW AND HE CRAWLED STEALTHILY HIGHER AMONG THE SILENT ROCKS --

THIS IS A BETTER POSITION -- I CAN SEE EVERY MOVE HE MAKES FROM HERE!



-- BUT AS HE STEPPED BACK FURTHER INTO THE SHADOW OF THE ROCKS, ANOTHER SOUND BROKE THE SILENCE.

GOSH! RATTLES! A WHOLE NEST OF 'EM!



FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS WITS THE OUTLAW FIRED AWAY AT THE REPTILES WITH THE REMAINING SHELLS IN THE RIFLE, AND SOON HAD NO MORE.



YOU VARMINTS WON'T GET ME!



TOO BAD YOU FORGOT THAT EVEN A REPEATING RIFLE WON'T FIRE FOR EVER, MISTER.

NO-- BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY PISTOL!



BUT YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO USE IT, UNLESS YOU WANT TO JOIN YOUR BUDDIES ON THE FLOOR. NOW, GET WALKING DOWN TO THE TRAIL.

DON'T SHOOT ME! DON'T SHOOT ME, MISTER!

AS THE RED RIDER FOLLOWED THE TREMBLING OUTLAW DOWN THE ROCKS TO THE TRAIL BELOW, HE BURST OUT LAUGHING--



WH-WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MISTER?

S' FUNNY, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF RATTLESNAKES HELPING TO CATCH A BROTHER SNAKE BEFORE!

WHEN THE STAGE-COACH ARRIVED IN EAGLE FALLS IT HAD ANOTHER PASSENGER--



FROM WHAT I HEAR THE SHERIFF'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY PLEASED TO MEET YOU! AND, FELLER, WITHOUT YOUR GUNS YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST OF YOUR BREED-- YELLOW TO THE CORE!

SHUCKS! THERE'S THE RED RIDER-- AND, LOOK, THERE'S THAT NO-GOOD WHO STOLE THE GUN AND SHOT UP THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE!

LEAVING THE COACH, THE RED RIDER RODE UP TO A SHACK IN A QUIET BACK VALLEY --



HOWDY, INJUN JOE! I KNEW I'D FIND YOU HERE! HERE'S YOUR RIFLE BACK! MAKE SURE YOU DON'T LOSE IT AGAIN!

ME THANK, RED RIDER! HAVE NO FEAR, IT STAY IN SAFE HANDS FROM NOW ON!

AS THE OLD INDIAN SAT HUGGING THE RIFLE, THE RED RIDER, RODE OFF, HIS JOB COMPLETED--



HIM HEAD GOOD PALEFACE! LIKE FRIEND CAL CONNOR!

SO LONG, INJUN JOE!

AND THE FOLLOWING DAY--WHEN CAL CONNOR RODE INTO TOWN--



HOWDY, INJUN JOE! I SEE YOU GOT YOUR RIFLE BACK!

SURE! AND NOW-- ME GIVE IT TO YOU! ME KNOW IT SAFE IN YOUR KEEPING, BECAUSE YOU NEVER CARRY GUNS!

Trapped in a Foreign Port through no fault of his own, the Fighting Skipper
Sails into Swift Action!

Captain Kayo's TUG O'WAR



Ahead lay the small port of Santa Marco—a welcome sight, which Captain Kayo once thought the Strongbow would never see, with her deck-cargo of railway-engines!

A Blocked Harbour

ON the bridge of the tramp-steamer Strongbow, Captain Kayo put down his binoculars and wiped the stinging salt from his eyes with the back of his hand.

He gave a tired smile of relief. Ahead of him, just looming into view on the horizon, lay the small South American port of Santa Marco. For the first time in four days, the howling wind had stopped and the sea had settled down into a quieter mood.

"We're a couple of days late, but there were moments when I began to think we'd

never make it at all!" said the skipper. "Santa Marco isn't much of a beauty spot at the best of times, but it's a pleasant sight for my eyes at this moment."

His crew echoed his feelings wholeheartedly. It had been a difficult trip from England—a trip dogged by bad luck all the way. The unusual nature of the cargo had not helped at all.

As a ship, the Strongbow was not large. She was as seaworthy as her devoted captain could make her, but was not used to having her main cargo lashed on deck.

She was carrying three British-built railway engines. Stout tank-engines they were, and they were lashed to the deck, one in front of the bridge and two aft. Their gleaming paint sparkled with dried salt. For most of the way across the Atlantic they had been half under water—more like submarines than railway-engines.

Such a deck-cargo made the old Strongbow top-heavy and awkward to handle. Three days out of Liverpool, one of the engines had come adrift from its wire-rope lashings, and was only prevented from diving overboard through the ship's side by the mighty efforts of every man of the crew.

That had been bad enough. Worse was the weather—the most vicious storm Captain Kayo had known in all his thirty years at sea. Top-heavy with the deck-cargo the ship had rolled and kicked, and at times seemed hard put to struggle to an even keel again. An alteration of course had eased things a little, but this had meant loss of time. Two days late, they were reaching their destination—but lucky to get there at all.

The port of Santa Marco came slowly nearer to them, until they could see its narrow entrance between two long stone piers.

“Steer ten degrees to starboard!” Captain Kayo spoke down the voice-pipe to the seaman at the wheel, and immediately the tramp-steamer began to swing on to a new course that would run her into a very welcome harbour.

Already Captain Kayo was thinking ahead, wondering how soon he could land the locomotives at Santa Marco and set sail again.

“To-morrow at about noon is the latest we can leave, if we're to make Buenos Aires on time as arranged,” he said to Rocky Samson, the first mate, who was beside him on the bridge. “I've contracted to pick up a return cargo for Liverpool there. But if I'm too late we'll miss it, and I don't want that to happen. We might be kicking our heels, waiting around for a couple of weeks for another one.”

“With luck we can do it, sir,” answered Rocky Samson. “I reckon these engines

won't take a lot of unloading, and I see there's a powerful big crane already set up at the far end of the harbour.”

Captain Kayo shaded his eyes and nodded. “At least they're ready and waiting for us,” he murmured. “That's the first bit of luck we've had for days.”

As the Strongbow tied up, the skipper's hopes rose even higher. Preparations had been made to take off the locomotives without delay. Railway-lines had been put down on the quayside and the powerful crane was ready for action.

Bolts and shackles were loosened off to free the wire-rope lashings and soon the first of the tank-engines was being lifted from the deck. It swayed a little and just skimmed the bridge, flaking off a patch of new rust from the sea-battered paintwork.

“Easy, there, my hearty!” boomed the skipper, watching anxiously. “That's no bunch of feathers you've got there, and I didn't bring these engines all the way from England to be knocked about!”

The crane-operator knew his job, however, and with great skill he unloaded the locomotives one by one, setting their wheels gently down on the railway-lines.

By then it was about five o'clock in the evening. Cheerful about the way things were going, Captain Kayo stepped ashore.

“Let the crew take it easy, mister mate,” he said to Rocky Samson. “The old ship looks a bit battered and shabby, but we'll put that square later. I'm making a call at the shipping-agent's office to clear my papers and arrange for a quick turn-round to-morrow morning. Nothing can stop us now!”

He hummed a tune to himself as he strode across the quayside. It was about two hours later that the skipper of the Strongbow returned from the agent's office with a jaunty air. Things had gone smoothly enough, and he was satisfied that he could now reach Buenos Aires at the scheduled time on the following day.

But when he arrived back at the quayside, a surprise awaited him. A crowd of people had gathered, and swarmed the harbour as thick as flies around a jam-pot, all staring and pointing in one direction.

"What in the name of eight bells is going on here?" growled the skipper, elbowing his way through the crush to get to his ship.

Rocky Samson greeted him on the quayside, looking glum.

"This is our third bit of bad luck, sir—and the worst of the lot!" he said. "We'll not be leaving here in a hurry, after all. Take a look at that, sir!"

Captain Kayo looked in the direction of his pointing arm and gasped!

A cargo-ship, much about the same size as the Strongbow, had foundered and lay on its side in the harbour, slewed across the narrow entrance and completely blocking it!

"Sink me! How did that happen?"

"There was a collision, sir," answered Rocky Samson. "That old tub was manoeuvring to a berth and went astern without giving enough room to a tug that was steaming out. It was all a hopeless mix-up, and the tug smacked straight into her, making a hole beneath the water-line. The

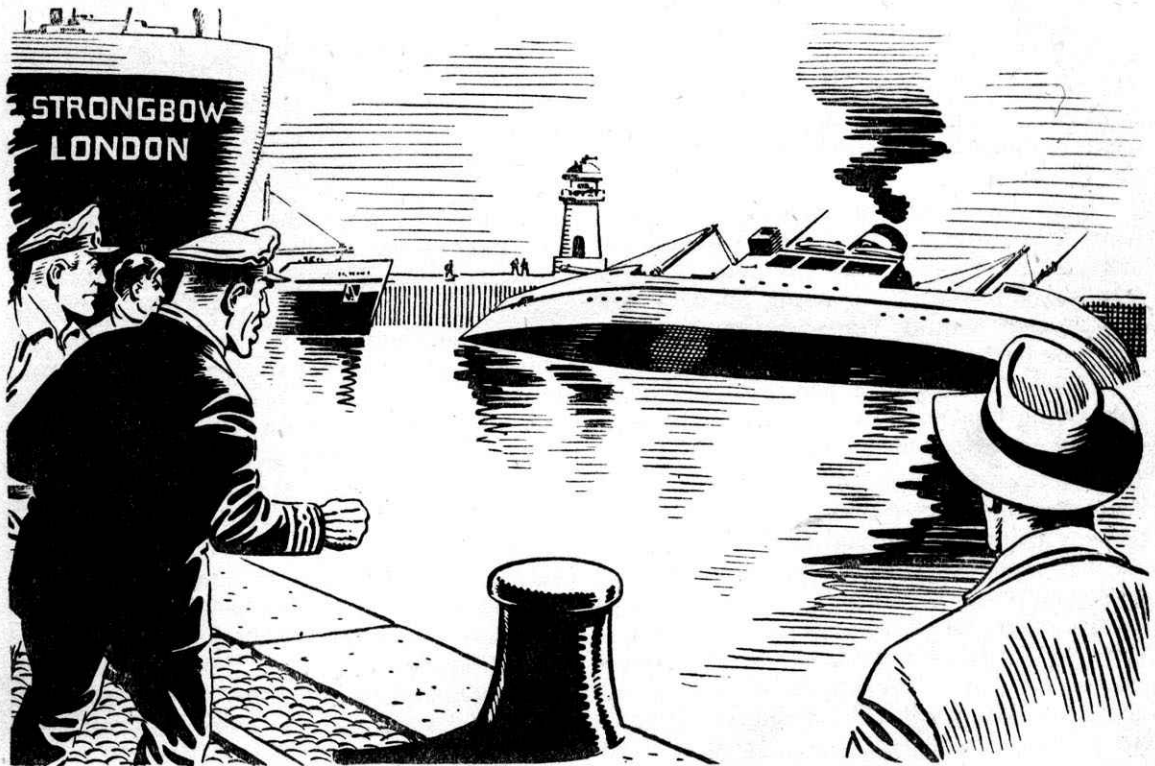
ship filled up and went down like a tin can full of holes. Luckily all her crew got away when she capsized and were hauled out of the water!"

"Were they indeed?" snorted Captain Kayo. "Reckon they deserve more than a wetting for running foul of trouble in a narrow harbour like this. They've done it on me now! There's no chance of getting moved out, until that foundered hulk is shifted from the channel. We're bottled up!"

Not Quick Enough for Kayo!

LATER on that evening, when the crowd of onlookers had moved away, a party of salvage experts arrived to see what could be done about raising the sunken cargo-ship to clear the blocked channel.

From the quayside, Captain Kayo watched their activities, and he was filled with gloomy foreboding as they pulled around the wreck in a small boat.



Captain Kayo gasped. A cargo-ship had foundered and lay on its side, slewed across the narrow harbour-entrance and completely blocking it!

"By heck, I don't fancy they'll do much, by the way they're setting about it," he muttered to himself. "Look at 'em—fussing around like a lot of old hens!"

Being impatient to leave Santa Marco as soon as possible, Captain Kayo had a strong interest in what was going on, so he strolled over to the salvage-men when they rowed back to the quayside steps.

"Hallo, there, my hearties!" he said, breezing up to them. "What's the news? Do you reckon you can clear the channel by to-morrow?"

There were four salvage officials—and they all stared at the skipper as if they thought he had gone mad, or asked for a slice of the moon.

One of them, a fat and pompous-looking fellow, gave a sniff of utter scorn.

"Captain," he snapped, "don't talk like a fool!"

Captain Kayo stopped dead in his tracks, as though someone had hit him right between the eyes.

"It's not fool talk!" he answered. "If you went about the job in the right way, you could shift that capsized hulk in no time. I don't want to butt in on your affairs, but it happens that this blockage of the harbour completely upsets the working of my ship!"

The pompous little man waved him aside with a gesture of sudden annoyance.

"Your ship is not my concern, captain!" he said in icy tones. "I am Luigi Bolgano, head of the marine salvage department—not the official receiver of wrecks!"

It was a studied insult to Captain Kayo and the Strongbow. The skipper's eyes blazed, and he felt a sudden urge inside him to take a crack at Luigi Bolgano's podgy chin.

He managed to swallow down some of his wrath. "Blow me, if I wasn't in such a hurry to clear this one-eyed dump of a seaport, I'd put the salvage department out of action for weeks—every man-jack of you!" he snapped, half-clenching his fists. "When I ask a civil question, I expect a civil answer. Now what do you say? Do you think you can clear the blocked channel by to-morrow, midday or soon after?"

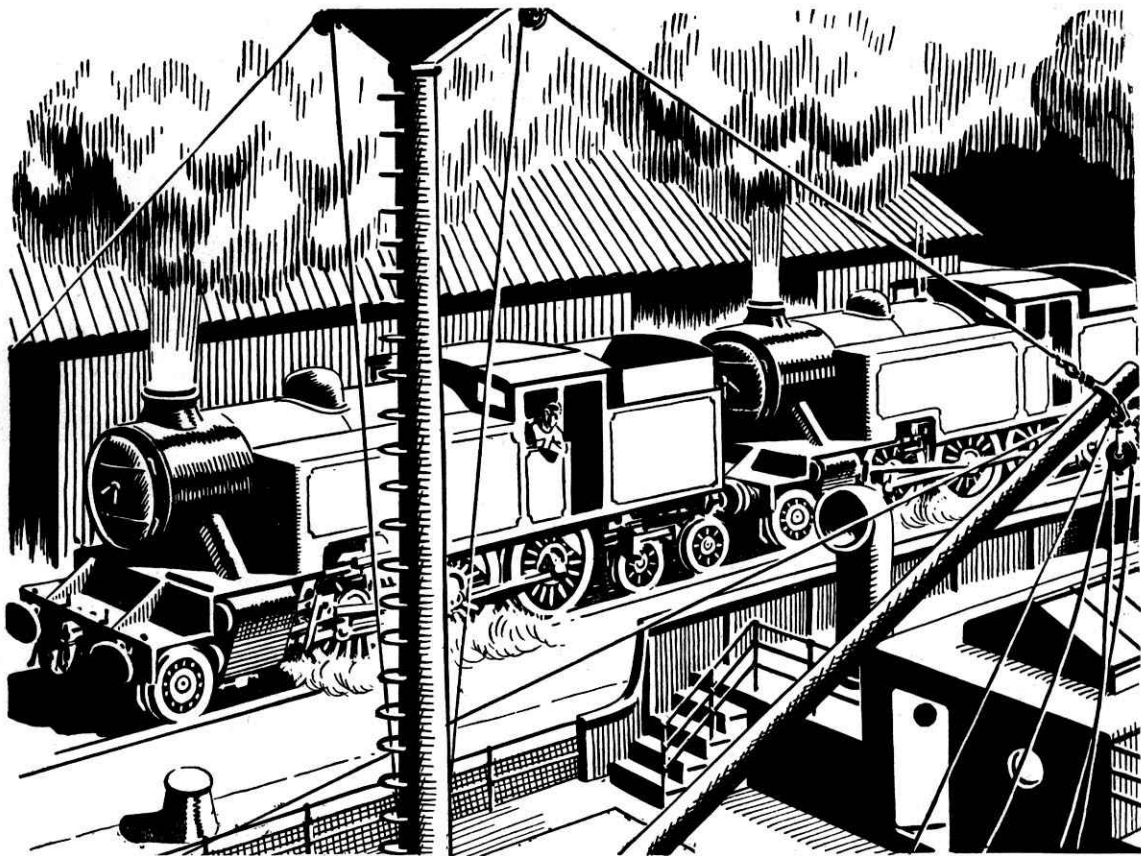


Captain Kayo's temper was very dangerously near to boiling-point at that moment, and he swept up his fist . . .

"Certainly not!" This time Luigi Bolgano thought it wise to give a straight answer. "There are many things to be considered first. The depth of water must be taken into account, also the rate of flow of the current, and the pressure of wind at the time lifting-operations are begun!"

"Bunkum!" exploded Captain Kayo impatiently. "Inside a protected harbour, salvage work should be dead easy. Listen to me, and I'll suggest a way of shifting that wreck inside a few hours—"

"You're wasting my time, captain!" interrupted Bolgano. "My assistants and I will discuss ways and means without your help. We shall either raise the wreck by means of pontoons, or build a coffer-dam around it, and then pump out the sea-water until we have salvaged the vessel. If these methods are not fruitful, we may have to resort to dynamite to clear the harbour channel!"



"Stand by! Let those engines run!" ordered Captain Kayo. Whooff! As one, three engine-funnels began to roar with the power of steam and the steel hawsers took up the slack—

"Suffering mackerel!" groaned Captain Kayo. "All that will take weeks and weeks! Am I to be stuck here until my ship rots to pieces because you don't know your job?"

One of the other men stepped in between the angry skipper and the pompous head of the salvage company.

"Senor Bolgano knows what to do—he is an expert!" he hissed. "Now get out of our way at once. We wish to pass!"

He made the mistake of trying to push the skipper roughly to one side. Captain Kayo's temper was very dangerously near to boiling-point at that moment, and he swept up his fist.

"Keep your hooks off me, you lubber!" he snorted. "Don't try to push me around."

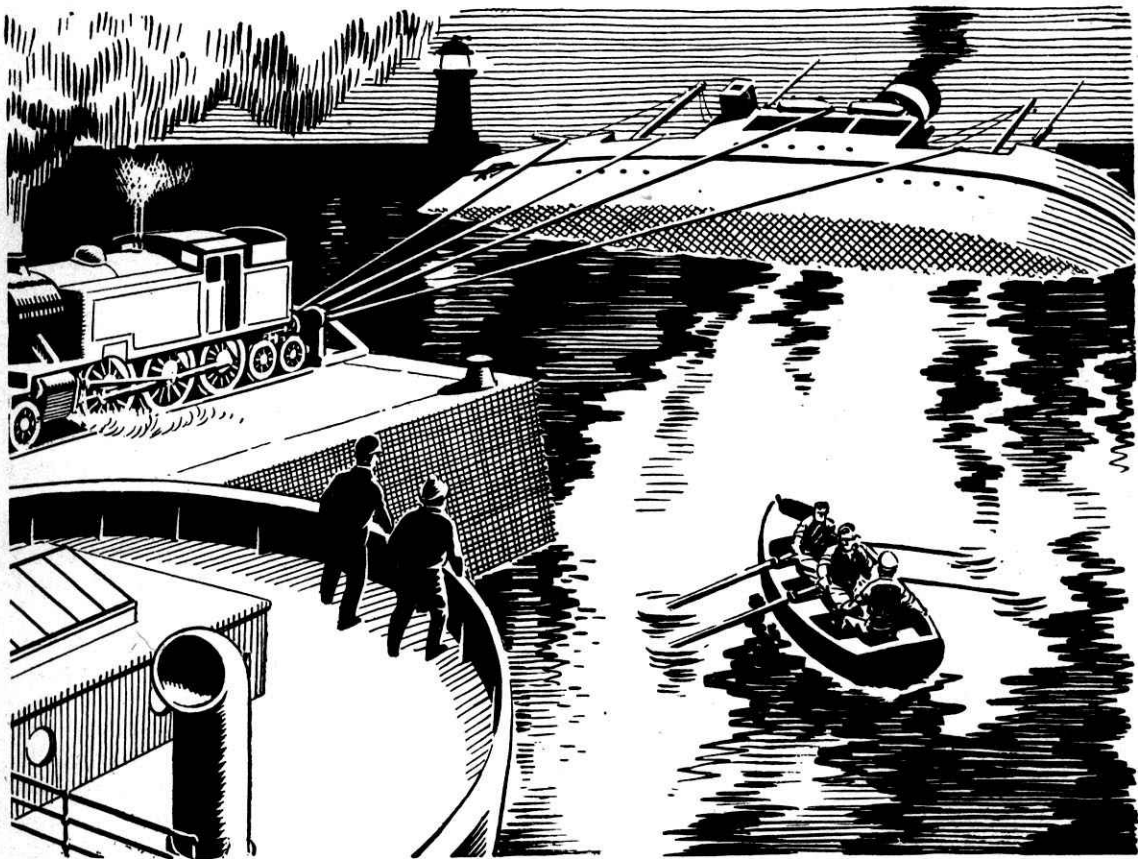
His arm moved in a short jabbing punch straight to the chin, and Bolgano's assistant was lifted clean off his feet. His gasp of

surprise ended in a howl of pain as he crashed back into the pompous little salvage chief with force enough to send them both down in a heap on the hard quayside.

Dizzy, and with a damaged nose that was rapidly turning purple, Bolgano got to his feet again. For a moment or two he seemed likely to burst with rage, as he shook a flabby-looking fist at Captain Kayo.

"Caramba! An outrage!" he shouted. "You will answer to the law for this, captain. To-morrow I shall have a summons for assault issued against you from the Santa Marco police-court, and shall see that you are severely punished. You can expect to be arrested by the town police in the morning!"

With that threat, Luigi Bolgano signalled to his three companions and stalked away, trying to look as dignified as possible while he dabbed his swollen nose.



—to make a strange scene of tug-o'-war. The three locos pounded at full power, moving only a fraction of an inch at a time, as the capsized vessel was slowly brought back to an even keel.

Captain Kayo turned and strode in the opposite direction, towards the Strongbow, where Jock McAlister, the engineer chief, was leaning on the side-rail, having seen and heard the whole incident.

"Looks like there's going to be a packet of trouble, sir," mused the dour Scotsman. "What will happen to-morrow when the police arrive?"

"Nothing, old Highlander, because we won't be here!" was the surprising answer.

Jock blinked at the smiling skipper.

"But, man alive and beggin' your pardon, captain—how are we going to get out?" he cried. "The Strongbow can't get past that sunken ship!"

"Don't worry your old bones, she'll get by all right," said Captain Kayo. "What do you know about railway engines, Jock? Can you raise steam quickly?"

"Aye, sure!" nodded the engineer. "A bit of hot fire from our own furnaces and water from our boilers will soon put power into those locomotives, if that's what you mean, sir!"

"Then look lively and see to it, Jock," said the skipper. "I've an idea for clearing the channel that will make those so-called salvage experts look sick!"

The Strongbow Sails on Time!

A FEW hours later, in the quietness of the night, Captain Kayo's bold plan was ready.

The three railway-engines were coupled together on the quayside, with steam raised and shooting up in white plumes from the safety valves.

Steel hawsers connected the locomotives to the capsized cargo-ship. The hawsers were

cunningly placed where they would give the maximum pulling-power without strain.

Jock McAlister and two of his stokers were manning the engines, ready for the great experiment. Everything had been done as quietly as possible to arouse no attention from the sleeping town.

"Stand by!" The order came from Captain Kayo, and was passed on by members of the crew, every man of whom was on tip-toe with excitement. "All ready now! Take the strain slowly—let those engines run!"

Whooffff! As one, three engine-funnels began to roar with the power of steam, and the locomotives moved along the metals, until the steel hawsers, stretching out behind them, took up the slack and tautened with the twang of giant harp-strings.

"Heave away there!" boomed Captain Kayo. "Give us all you've got!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" Jock McAlister popped out a greasy face, shining in the white-hot glare of the fire-box. "There's good stuff in these engines, I can tell you! They'll do what you want—and plenty to spare, cap'n! Here goes!"

It was a strange scene of tug-o'-war, with three railway engines pounding at full power, yet moving only a fraction of an inch

at a time along the rails, as the capsized vessel was brought back on to an even keel again.

Another long pull dragged the ship bodily across the slimy mud of the harbour, until Captain Kayo reckoned she was clear of the channel.

"Okay, Jock—that'll do!" he cried. "Leave the engines where they are, slam on the brakes as tight as you can and keep the hawsers at full stretch so that the old tub won't heel over again. Then come aboard and make our own engines buzz. We're leaving right away!"

And in the light of morning, as the Strongbow was nosing her way safely out of Santa Marco harbour, four astonished salvage experts rushed along the quayside. The policemen with them were equally astounded.

"So long, my friends!" Captain Kayo's lusty voice came back to them on the sea breeze. "In exchange for the summons, I give you a ship brought up from the bottom. Take it, pump the water out, and she'll be shipshape again in no time——"

The rest of his cheerful farewell was lost in the noise of the Strongbow's siren as she cleared the harbour entrance and set course for Buenos Aires—well on time!

THE END.



And in the light of morning, the Strongbow cleared the harbour entrance, leaving some astonished salvage experts and police on the quayside!



TINKERS' TEC TEASERS!

Come on now, all you keen, young detectives! Here is another case for you to solve. Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard knew the right answer—but can you spot the vital clue?

The Theatre Mystery

INSPECTOR COUTTS of Scotland Yard sat back in his seat at the Royale Theatre and roared at the antics of two comedians on the stage. It was a good variety show and the inspector was enjoying it all.

But his enjoyment was short-lived, for a few seconds later an attendant tiptoed quietly up to him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "You are Inspector Coutts, aren't you?"

The Scotland Yard man nodded.

"Then please come with me, sir," the attendant added. "The manager wishes to see you."

Somewhat puzzled, Inspector Coutts rose and followed the man, who led him behind the scenes to an office, where the manager awaited him.

"I'm sorry to drag you away from the show, inspector," he apologised. "I saw you enter the theatre before the performance started—which was lucky for me, as it happens."

"What's wrong?" Coutts asked.

"Everything!" the manager exclaimed. "Someone has stolen the whole of to-night's takings. The cashier brought the money here for me to check as usual, but I was called away for a short while on an urgent matter. When I returned the money had gone!"

Coutts glanced around the office.

"Swift work, whoever did it," he commented. "When did this theft occur?"

"About three or four minutes ago," was the reply. "I sent for you as soon as I realised what had happened."

"So no time has been lost," the inspector murmured with a nod of approval. "We can get straight down to business. Obviously the thief was near enough to this room to see you leave it when you did. Can I see the rooms that are near by?"

"Certainly," the manager said.

He conducted Coutts from one room to another but nothing was found until they reached a room at the end of the passage.

The light was on, and a stepladder stood in the middle of the floor, with an electrician standing on it, reaching up to a light-fitting in the ceiling. Coutts walked up to him and casually picked up the electric-light bulb lying on top of the ladder.

"Busy?" he began, then hastily placed the bulb back again. "Golly, that's hot! I shouldn't have picked it up. But as I was saying," he went on to the electrician, "are you busy?"

"I look like it, don't I?" the man retorted. "Mr. Fisher here will tell you what I'm doing."

"That's right," the manager nodded. "I told him to repair this light-fitting."

"Ah! So you've been in here some time, eh?" Coutts asked. "Then you might have heard or seen something suspicious. Did you notice anything strange about ten minutes ago?"

"No, guv'nor, I didn't," the electrician replied. "As a matter of fact, I wasn't here ten minutes ago, if you want to know. I had to go to the stores to get a bulb to replace the one I had taken out."

"Was this the one you took out?" asked Inspector Coutts, pointing to the bulb on the top of the ladder.

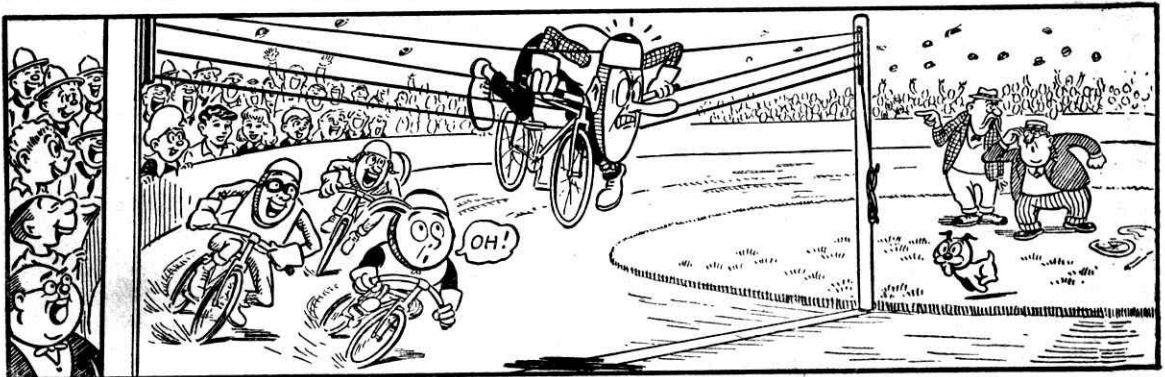
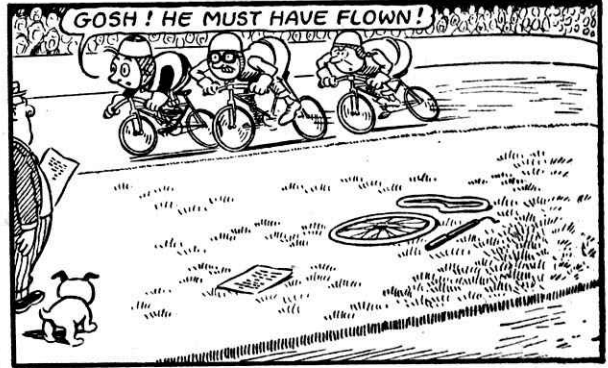
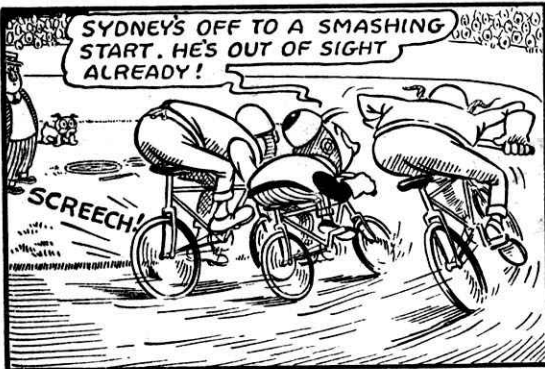
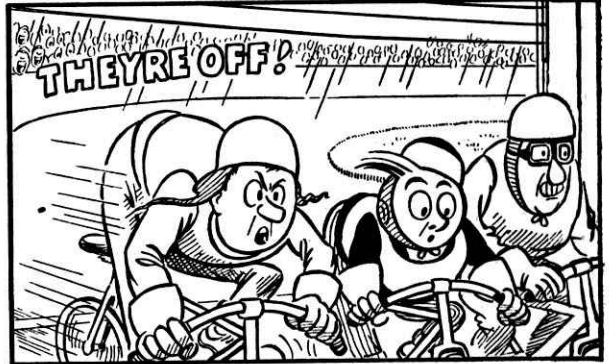
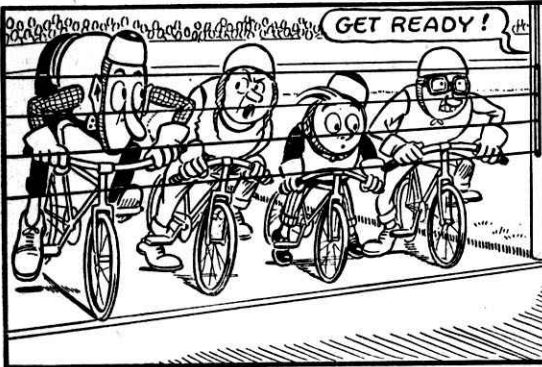
"That's right," the man agreed.

"You'll have to think of a better story than that, my friend!" snapped back the Scotland Yard inspector. "You're under arrest for the theft of money from the manager's office!"

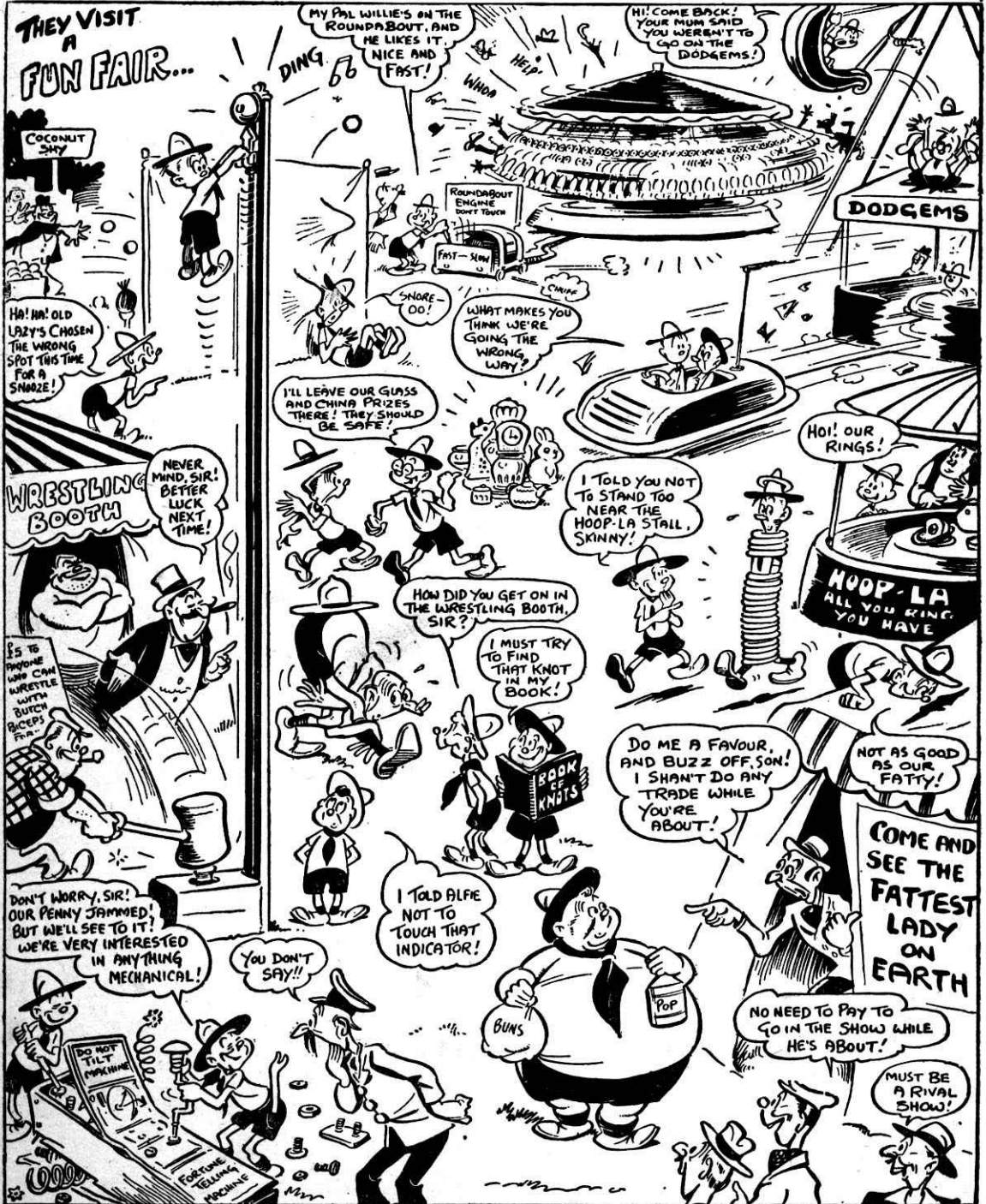
Why did Inspector Coutts arrest the electrician? If you've missed the vital clue, you can find the answer to this problem on page 192!

SPORTY

A FLYING START!

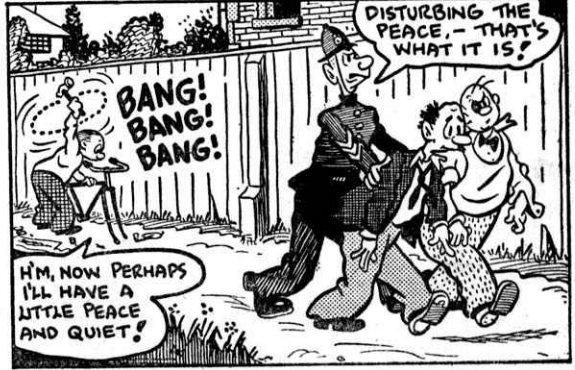


The Bright Boys of the Beaver Patrol



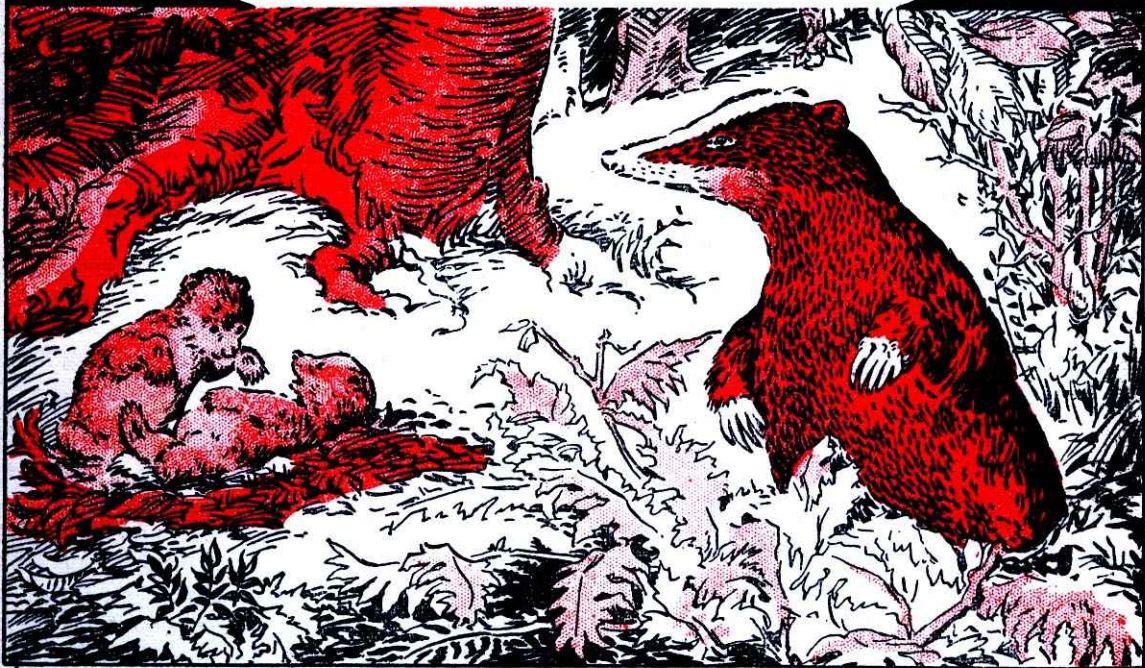
MIKE

ROAD SAFETY
CYCLISTS!
BE SURE YOUR BICYCLES ARE IN TIP-TOP CONDITION!



A Nature Story You Will Enjoy—describing the Fun, Happiness and Dangers that make up the exciting lives of the Wild Things of the Woods!

The Trail of the BADGER



The little blue-grey badger cubs rolled over and over, snapping and grunting at each other in playful combat, while their mother watched them fondly and with pride.

The Poacher's Dog

IT was just dusk, but a full moon was rising over Hillside Wood when the badger crept warily from the entrance to her "sett."

The sett—her home deep underground and reached by an intricate system of tunnels—was hidden in a wilderness of holly and brambles, and few could have found it. But it was second nature to the badger to stop when she was only half way out through the entrance and sniff the air cautiously,

her sharp snout raised, the moonlight shining on the black and white bars on her bright-eyed face and head.

She could see the lights of the village down in the valley and hear the sounds of Man. But in the wood there was no danger yet, for she could hear only the rustlings of night-moving creatures. Some of these were enemies to be guarded against, but others were prey and food for herself and her two cubs.

Satisfied, the badger waddled out of the

burrow on her stumpy, sharp-clawed legs and moved to a nearby tree. Reaching up, she sharpened her claws on it, adding to the deep grooves that already scored its bark.

She was preparing for the night's work, for the taking of food, or defence against enemies if need be.

As if at a signal two cubs poked their little heads out and sniffed as she had taught them and as natural instinct told them.

Their mother was certain it was safe for them to come out. Once there had been three cubs until one fell to the swift, deadly attack of a greedy and vicious stoat. That was why she was extra careful now.

The cubs were a dark blue-grey in colour, differing from the reddish grey hide of the older animal, and they were camouflaged well in the dappled moonlight cast by the leaves.

In imitation of their mother they scampered to the old beech tree and added their claw marks below hers.

Then they fell to playful combat, rolling over and over and snapping and grunting at each other, while the old badger watched them fondly and with pride.

At last she told them to follow her, and they waddled after her as she went along with grunting, sniffing noises, seeking food. There were fleshy roots that they liked, to be dug up and eaten with enjoyment, and in the shadow of a bush-grown bank the mother caught a scuttling mouse.

Scurrying beetles fell victim to the little cubs as they trailed their mother along the edge of the bank, heading through the moonlit wood, sniffing in unison with her.

Small birds, hedgehogs, snakes, lizards, grubs, and even bees provided food for the badgers on occasion, but now they were making for a warren of rabbit burrows near the edge of the dense wood.

They were creeping along a narrow run-way between tangled briars when suddenly the mother froze.

She had scented Man! And something else, too . . .

Next moment there sounded a gruff bark and a big dog crashed through the tangle

and leaped out in front of the badger. He was excited and ready for battle.

A muttered exclamation came from the shadows and a deep voice growled:

"Brindle! Come here!"

The owner of the dog was angry, for they were out that night on business in the wood which would get them into trouble with the alert gamekeepers. The dog had given their position away by his wild, noisy rush.

But the rough-coated powerful dog took no notice, and could not have done so now even if he had wished, for he found himself in a fierce battle with a fighting fury.

The cubs had backed away, rolling themselves almost into a ball, sharp snouts and bright eyes showing as they watched warily.

The mother, short-tempered like all her kind, over forty pounds of angry badger, flung herself grunting at the dog. A fierce fighter when aroused, the badger slashed at the dog with her claws.

There was a yelp and she felt his teeth sink into her shoulder. A tremendous commotion arose as they rolled over and over, thumping against tree trunks, sending dirt and leaves flying in their frantic struggle.

The badger was not only fighting against an old enemy—she was fighting in defence of her cubs, which would be no match yet for the fierce dog.

Maybe deep in the badger's mind and instinct, remembered from the lore of her people, were tales of the old cruel days of badger-baiting, when a badger would be matched for sport against several dogs, and usually put up a game, fighting defence.

This rough, noisy interloper in the woods was a foe to be vanquished. Fiercely she fought while her cubs watched, and at last she flung the yelping dog away and turned to retreat.

The dog's owner had leaped on the scene now, followed by a boy, his son—as rough and tough as himself, but grinning at the discomfiture of the half-wild dog.

"Curse you!" the man growled, seizing the dog's rough hair at its neck, for it wore no collar. "You've given the game away!"

The boy was listening. Both, with keen, alert poachers' ears, had heard the muted

voices of gamekeepers attracted by the noise.

The badger had scuttled away into the undergrowth. Suddenly the boy pointed. He jumped forward, and his sunburned hand clamped on one of the cubs, which had not yet followed its mother.

"Look'ee here, dad!" he exclaimed. "I've got one of the little 'uns."

The dog strained forward, growling.

"Throw him to Brindle and let's clear!" the man snapped.

"No, I'll not do that!" the boy protested. "The little shaver's done no harm. I'll keep him. You can tame badgers young, can't 'ee?"

"Oh, all right, give him here!" the man growled. He seized the squirming, biting, scratching little badger and thrust him into

the big poacher's pocket of his rough coat. "Maybe when he's bigger we'll get a tasty badger ham off him."

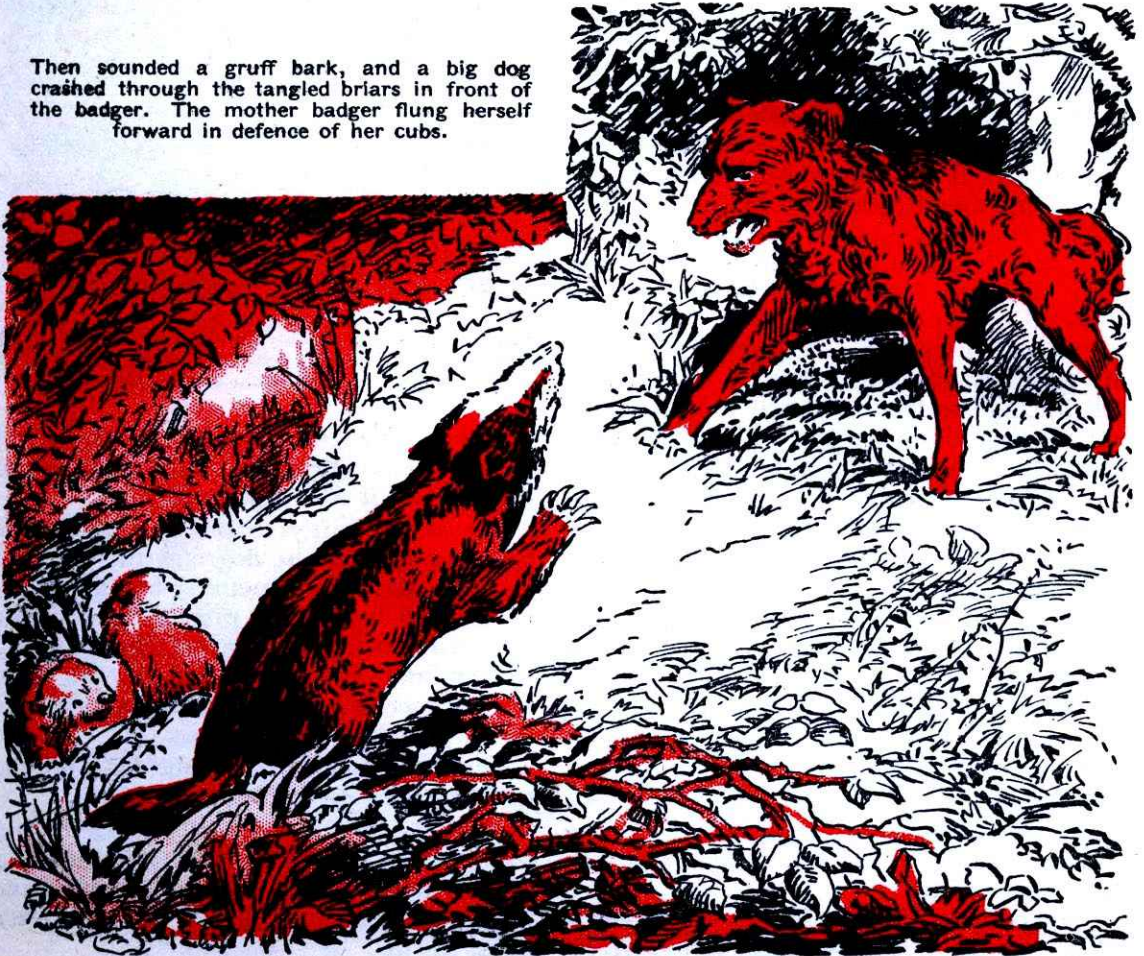
The boy smiled. Not if he knew it!

"Better get out of this wood, Dad," he murmured, listening. "Squire's got it in for us already."

"Aye, it wouldn't suit us to be caught." The man gave the dog a slap. "Come on, you great clumsy lump—you've spoiled our sport for to-night."

They slid away with the ease of the creatures they hunted in the dark of the night, and the dog followed, his wounds smarting, his tail between his legs, his nose twitching at the scent of the frightened, captured badger.

Then sounded a gruff bark, and a big dog crashed through the tangled briars in front of the badger. The mother badger flung herself forward in defence of her cubs.



The Captured Cub

WHILE the poacher and his son vanished from the wood and made their way back to their cottage on the edge of the village, to leave their hunting for another night, the she-badger headed for the rabbit warren.

She was filled with pride at her defeat of the dog, and the fight had whetted her appetite. Watchfully she paused at the sandy bank below which the rabbits lived, for foxes, stoats and weasels might be out on the same errand, and all would need to be vanquished.

But there was no scent or sound of prowling rivals. She wriggled into a large hole, and went squirming down a tunnel to the heart of the warren, leaving both her young, as she believed, to await the titbits she would bring to them.

She fell from the tunnel into a warm nest and her sudden arrival sent panic into the swarm of rabbits there. For a while she created havoc, until at last, satisfied, she scrambled out and clawed her way up to the open air with a young rabbit in her jaws for the cubs.

It was then that she found one was missing. It had vanished. Worriedly she prowled around, looking for it, while the other ate. At last she hustled him towards her sett, for she might have a long search for the lost one, and wanted to make sure that the one which remained was in safety before she ventured out again.

Back at her home, she stopped, scenting danger. The cub huddled close to her, but she pushed him aside and approached the entrance cautiously.

She caught the scent of fox. The tunnels of her home often attracted lodgers, and sometimes she allowed them to stay so long as they did not interfere with her family. But to-night she wanted peace.

She found a dog-fox crouching in the tunnel and attacked him fiercely, to send him yelping away to warn others that there was no lodging to be found that night in the badger's sett.

The cub she left in safety in the comfortable nest below ground, believing that he



The boy jumped forward and picked up one of the tiny badger cubs. "Look 'ee here, dad!" he exclaimed. "I've got one of the little 'uns!"

would now be safe. Then she ventured out into the moonlight again, determined to find the lost cub if she could.

She went swiftly to the spot where she had fought with the dog and there sniffed around, puzzled. Something had happened to the cub here. She pressed through the tangle, following the trail of the man and the boy, and this was easy to follow, for there were traces of blood from the wounds she had inflicted on the dog.

Snuffling and grunting, she kept on the trail, for it might lead to her lost cub.

Meanwhile, in the lonely, ancient and tumbledown cottage where the poacher and his son lived, the boy smiled as he fed the frightened little badger with warmed goat's milk.

The man ate his supper, scowling at the boy and the little creature, while the dog sat apart, restless and whining now and again as he watched the badger.

"You needn't think you're goin' to waste a lot of time with that creature, son," the poacher growled.

"He won't want much looking after," the boy replied. "I'll have him so tame he'll follow me around before long. We could leave him here in the kitchen to-night, couldn't we?"

The man laughed. "Shows how much you know about badgers! Why, that little rascal would claw and dig his way out of here in no time. Go right under that door, I reckon." He waved to the warped door of the cottage, with the worn flooring inside it. "They're terrible fine diggers, are badgers—and a sight stronger than they look."

"Well——" The boy broke off, for he

heard footsteps on the flagstones outside, and a thunderous knocking on the door.

The man and boy glanced at each other in alarm. Nobody came to that lonely dwelling at night, a fact which they had found useful many a time when they were out on poaching expeditions.

The boy picked up the squirming badger and waited while his father went to the door. A burly, weatherbeaten man in a tweed coat and leather leggings came into the cottage, staring at the man coldly.

He carried a shotgun under his arm. He was the head gamekeeper on the estate which included Hillside Wood.

"Back early, aren't ye, Jem?" he said to the poacher, who eyed him calmly.

"Haven't been out," the man growled, while the boy watched, gripping the badger.

"Humph!" the gamekeeper grunted in disbelief. "Your dog was up in Hillside Wood. I heard him barking, myself. Couldn't mistake that brute's bark."

The poacher grinned, his eyes wary. "Aye, reckon that might be right enough, mister," he said impudently. "Brindle



Mother Badger found the fox crouching in the tunnel and attacked him fiercely, to send him yelping away. With one of her cubs lost she was in no mood to welcome visitors that night!

often goes to the Wood. Can't stop a dog having a run, can ye?"

"You'll lose him one day, if I catch him up there!" the gamekeeper snapped, eyeing the dog, which sat stiffly, watching them. "So your dog was there, but you weren't, eh?"

"If you say he was there, reckon he was," the poacher grinned. "I'm thinkin' he might have met a badger or something, for he came back mighty scratched and worried looking."

"How d'you know he fought a badger?" the gamekeeper demanded, his eyes narrowed.

"'Cause he brought back that youngster there, that's why, mister!" the poacher retorted, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "He's a clever dog, is Brindle! I'm thinkin' he might have run into trouble, but got his own back, bringing back one o' the badger's cubs. Luckily Tom's taken a fancy to the little varmint."

The gamekeeper glanced from the man to the boy and the little badger, and his voice was less certain when he spoke again.

"The dog must be almost as clever as you, Jem," he grunted.

"Well, I trained him," the poacher chuckled. "What's the game, anyway, coming here an' askin' questions?"

"There was trouble up in the coverts to-night," the gamekeeper snapped. "Bill caught somebody in the darkness, but the fellow knocked him clean out with a cudgel or something. If we catch whoever did it, it'll be a police case. I'm warning you—"

"No need to warn Tom an' me," the poacher snapped. "We weren't in the coverts."

"That's right, mister," said Tom, in relief, and both were telling the truth.

"Well, it's lucky for you I found you here and not in the Wood," the gamekeeper growled, turning to the door. "Watch your step, Jem! I've told ye before."

"Thanks, mister," said the poacher coolly. "I'm always watching my step."

When the gamekeeper had gone, he turned with a grin to his son.



"He's a clever dog is my Brindle!" said the poacher. "See—he's been out to-night, and brought back a young badger! Young Tom's taken a fancy to it."

"Reckon it's lucky you thought of bringing that little varmint back, Tom! It'd be real hard to be accused of something we hadn't done—for a change! The little feller put the excuse right in my mouth, almost without thinking. Why, he might bring us more luck!"

"We're well out of that, dad," the boy muttered. "For a moment I was real worried." He jumped as the badger's claws scratched the back of his hand. "Proper little terror he is, like his mother! Where we goin' to put him safe for the night?"

"The cellar," the poacher grunted. "He won't get out of that in a hurry, at his size, though I'm not sayin' a full-grown badger wouldn't find a way out."

The boy put the badger down in the cellar himself, after making a rough bed of bracken and leaves for the little animal. The cellar

was damp, but there was a strong floor of flagstones, and he was sure the badger could not escape.

Digging to the Rescue!

THROUGH the moonlight the mother badger made her slow, steady way, snuffling and grunting, following the trail of the man and the boy and the dog.

She crawled under the wobbly fence round the garden, and made her way through the rank, neglected growth, pausing only to snap up some slugs that happened to be in her path.

Cautiously she prowled around the cottage. She could scent Man strongly now, and also the dog she had already beaten. She was not afraid of the dog, but of Man she was wary and she crept around the place with all the cunning of the wild.

Then she paused, snout raised, sniffing, as she heard a whimpering she recognised. She caught the scent of her cub, strongly, close to her.

Silently she made her way to an iron-barred grille set at ground level in the back wall of the cottage. It gave light and ventilation to the cellar.



Cautiously, the Mother Badger prowled around the cottage. Then she paused, sniffing the air as she heard a whimpering sound she recognised.

In there, imprisoned, was her cub, calling to her. She answered comfortingly and scratched at the bars. But they were not things she was used to and she could make no impression on them.

Then she began to dig, burrowing down through the earth, the crumbling foundations of the ancient cottage. The piled earth from the tunnel she made grew bigger and bigger in the moonlight as she delved to save her cub.

She tore through the broken, crumbling brickwork, and came up beneath stone. Still she dug and heaved, and her powerful body lifted one of the loosely-laid flagstones and sent it toppling over with a crash.

She scrambled up on to the cellar floor, and her cub ran to her to be licked and fondled.

Then she bristled, for outside the cellar door she heard the scuffling and barking and whining of her old enemy—the dog.

It was the dog's barking which brought the poacher and his son, sleepy-eyed, to the cellar. They scrambled down the steps and the man switched on a powerful torch.

The boy gasped as he stood beside his father, and with a quick movement he seized the snarling dog and held him back.

Caught in the beam of the torch, the mother badger stood, snout raised, ready for battle, sheltering her cub behind her.

Beside her lay the overturned flagstone, with some of the fresh, damp earth she had brought in with her thrusting body.

"What did I tell you, son?" the man exclaimed. "A full-grown badger could get out of here—but I didn't reckon on one gettin' in! Just look at her, ready to fight the lot of us to save the little 'un!"

The boy held back the dog as the badger crouched with bared teeth, protecting her young.

"What can we do, Dad?" he gasped. "We don't want the big 'un as well. We'd never tame her."

"Even if we could keep her," the poacher grinned. "Son, I reckon you're goin' to lose your little pet——"

"Dad, you're not going to——"

"Not me! I'm not going to harm the old



Caught in the beam of the torch, the Mother Badger stood ready for battle, sheltering her cub behind her. With a quick movement the boy seized the snarling dog and held him back.

lady!" There was a gleam of admiration in the man's eyes, for he had a great feeling for the creatures of the wild. "The little feller saved us from bad trouble, didn't he? And I reckon she deserves to have him back after comin' all this way to save him."

He gestured to his son. "Get Brindle out o' here, Tom! But before you go, better say good-bye to your little pal."

He followed his son out of the cellar, with a last look at the two badgers. And when the boy crept back to the cellar half an hour later it was empty. The badger and her cub had gone by the tunnel she had dug, and there was nothing to show she had been there except the overturned flagstone.

"Well, can you beat that!" he murmured with a grin. "Good luck, old lady! Dad's right. You deserved to have him back!"

In the badger sett hidden in the wilderness of holly and brambles, Mother Badger crouched and licked her two young cubs.

She was glad to have brought the stolen one back again to safety. But it had not been easy.

When she thought over the trials and dangers of the visit to the home of Man, she shuddered a little.

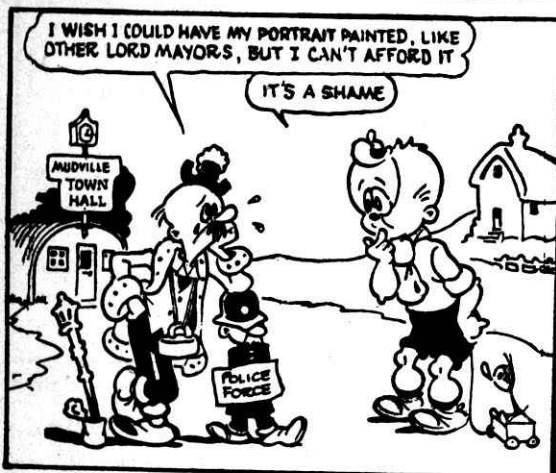
Not for anything except her own cub would she have dared to set foot inside the place. The home of Man, where there were dogs as well, was no place for a badger to be at any time!

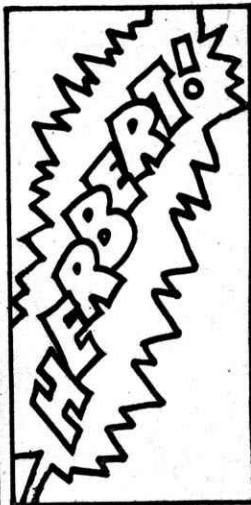
But, well content, and now over her fears, she snuggled down with her two blue-grey cubs. They seemed to realise that their mother was happy again, for they whimpered softly and nuzzled nearer to her.

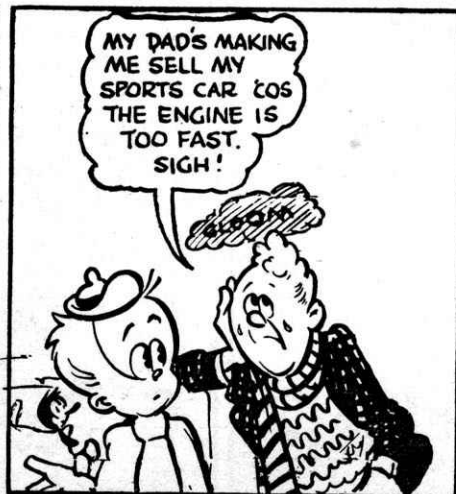
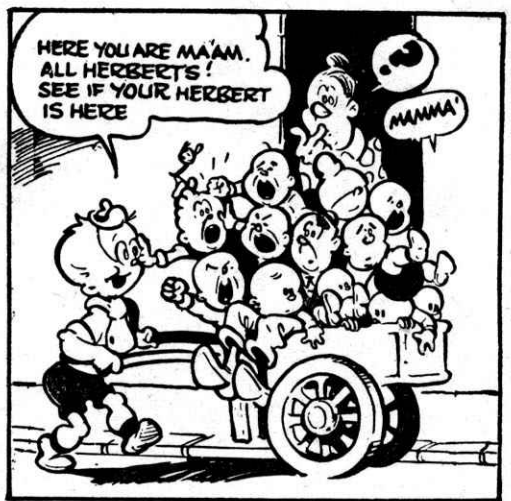
Outside the first rays of the sun started to warm the countryside, and Mother Badger closed her eyes. This was the moment for all good badgers to sleep and prepare for the next night's hunting!

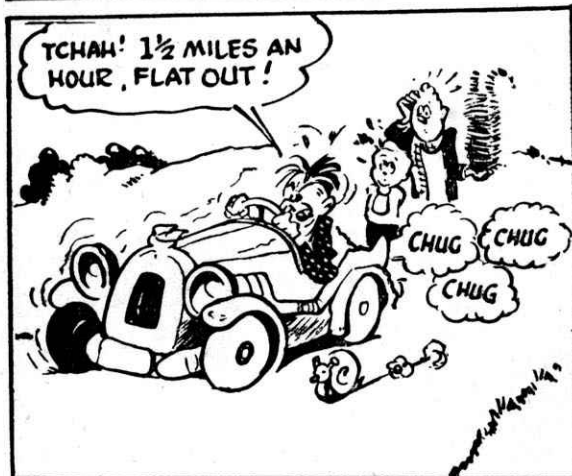
THE END.

DEED-A-DAY DANNY'S DAY OUT







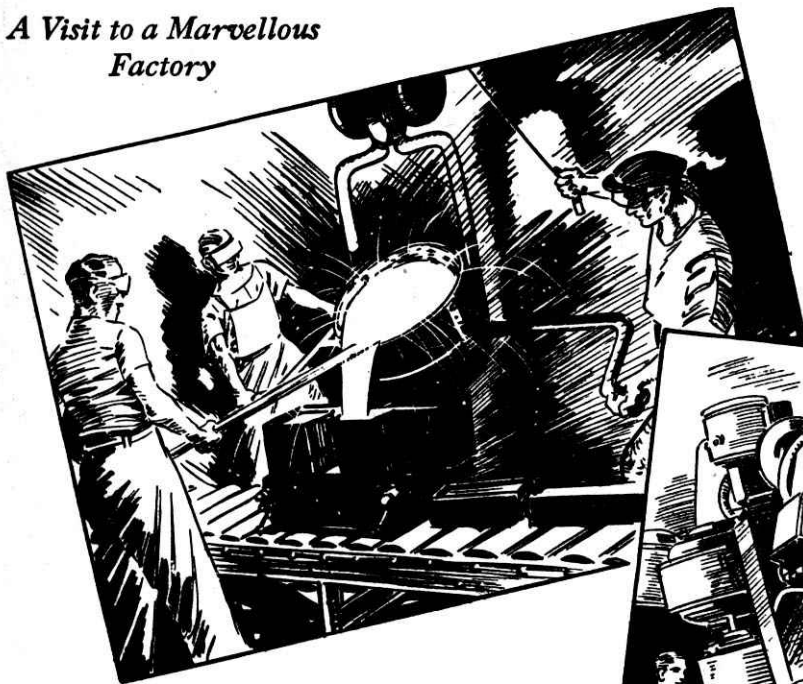






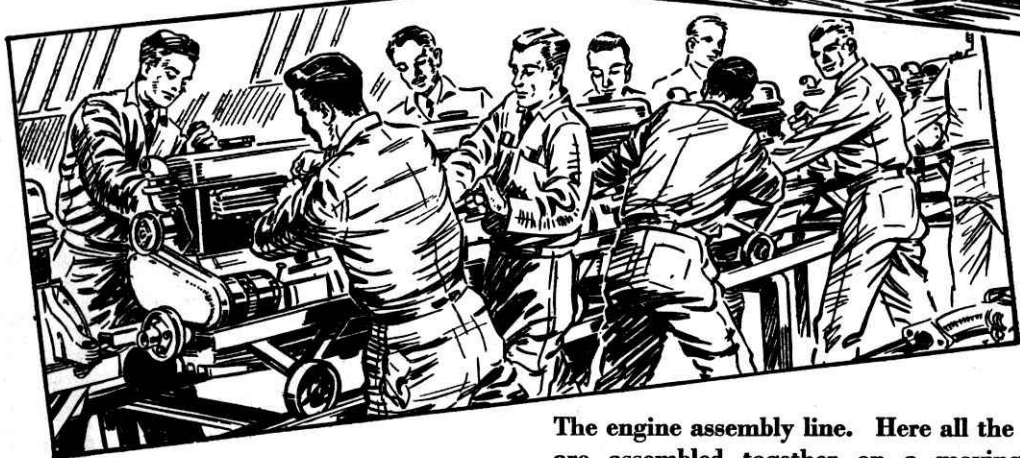
HOW A MODERN CAR IS MADE—

*A Visit to a Marvellous
Factory*



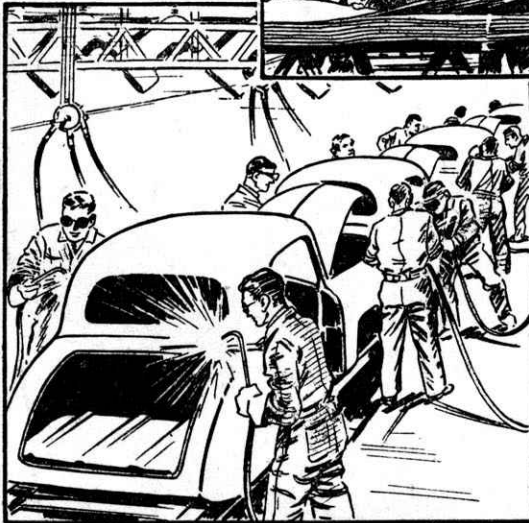
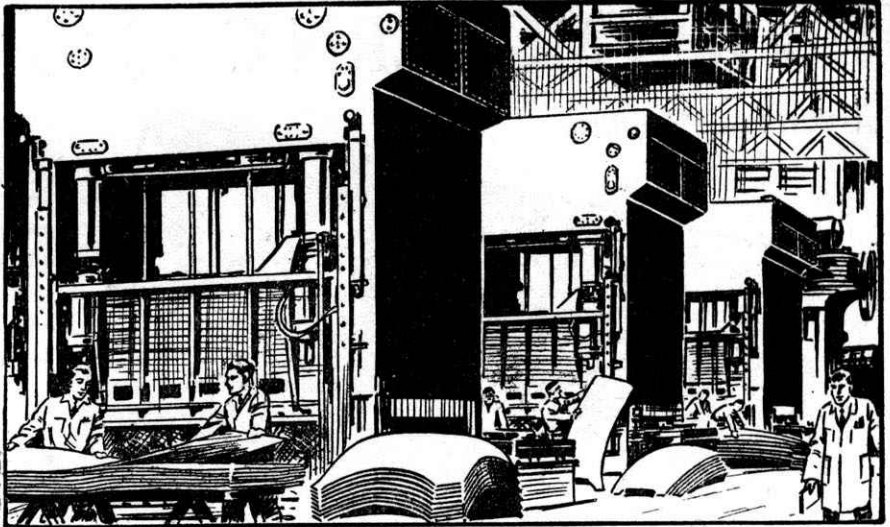
HERE is the molten steel being poured into moulds to make the cylinder block of the car. When the metal has cooled, the rough cylinder shape is then taken to the next process . . .

Now we are looking at the giant machines which are able, in one operation, to bore out the cylinders. This boring, done to a hairbreadth accuracy, makes a very smooth surface inside the block for the pistons to move up and down easily.

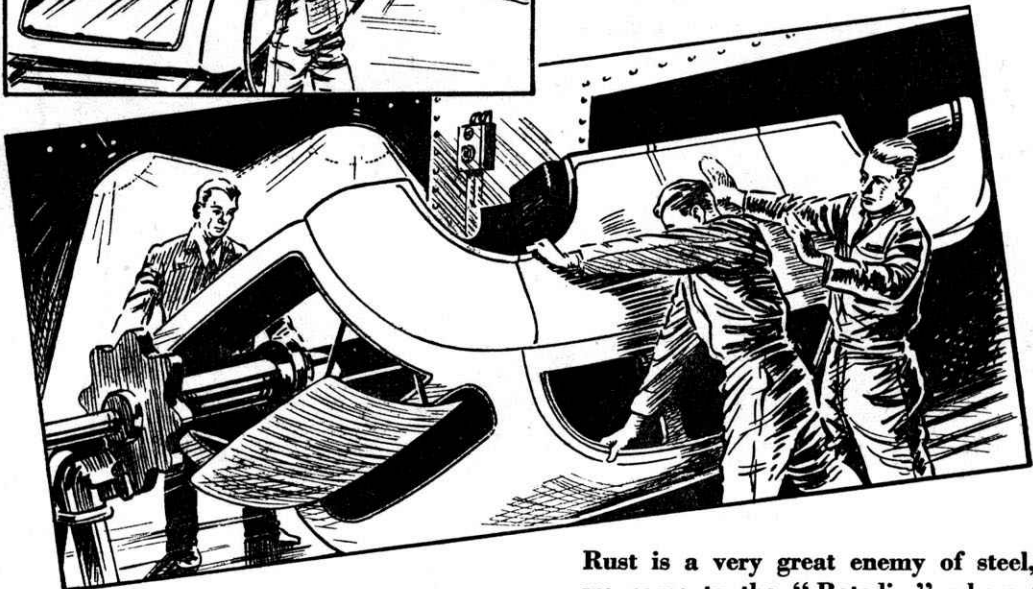


The engine assembly line. Here all the pieces are assembled together on a moving line. Each skilled fitter has his own particular job to do.

In recent years the car has lost its "chassis" or frame. Today the modern steel body acts as a chassis as well. Here are the enormous presses, which press a complete roof out of a sheet of steel in a few seconds.



The body assembly shop. This is where all the hundreds of different steel pressings are welded together into a very strong whole. The assembly line moves along very slowly, and each mechanic welds one part. Everybody knows just what job to do. Things go smoothly and no one is trying to do two jobs at once. That is an important factor in the planning of a car factory.

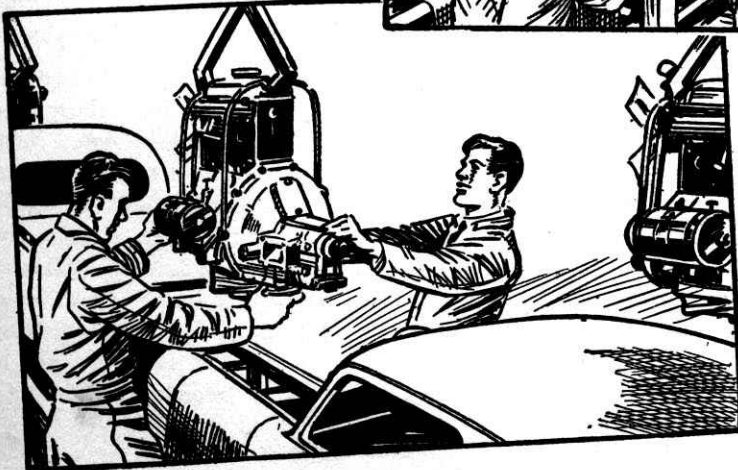


Rust is a very great enemy of steel, so now we come to the "Rotodip" where the body is given several baths to make it rust-proof.

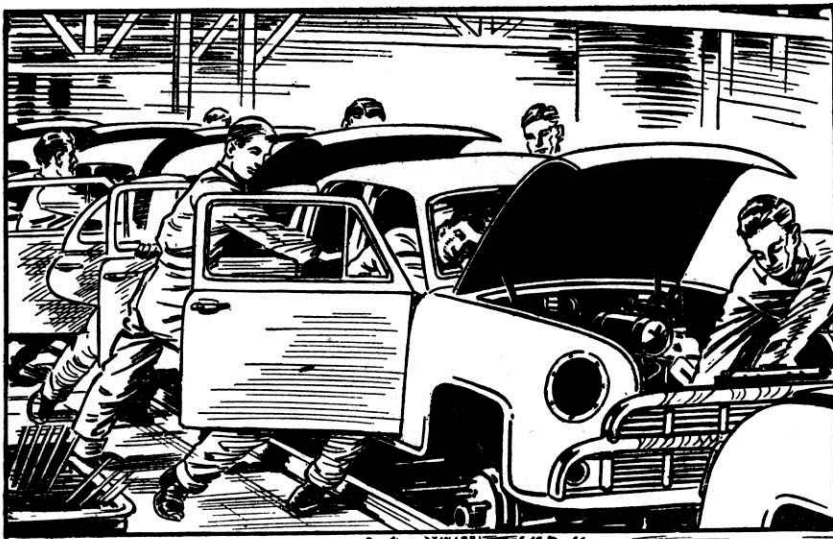


Then on to the "trim" shop, where the highly skilled leather trimmers build up the seats and back rests. Some seats are filled with coil springs, others with rubber foam. When completed, the seats, looking spick and span, move on to the body-fitting line.

Here the cars have been put on to their springs and axles on a moving assembly line, which is just the right height for the fitters to work under the mudguards in comfort. All the time the cars are edging forward, being added-to and growing more to their finished shape.

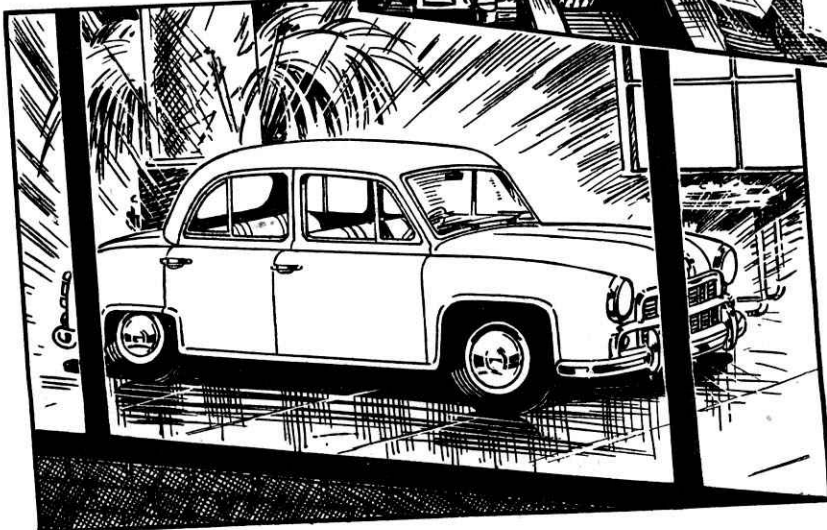


The engines are carried along to the assembly line on elevated conveyors. As they reach their places they are carefully lowered into their shell and fixed on rubber mountings.



Now we come to the fitting of all those many details that complete the car—radiators, windows, lamps, bumpers and electrical equipment. An army of fitters, electricians and trimmers work on this line, each to his own job. In an amazingly short space of time the car grows nearer and nearer to its completion.

At the end of the finishing line the wheels are electrically checked for alignment. The headlamps are accurately focused, and inspectors check up on every detail. Then a coating of cerise chromium protector is painted on the shiny parts to preserve them, and off go the new cars to the dealers' show-rooms.



And here, in the dealer's show-room, is the sparkling finished job. Next time you see a new car gleaming in the neon lights, think of the many hundreds of different operations which have gone into the making of it. It is certainly a wonderful job!

CONNOLLY

THE RED RIDER.

A POWERFUL WESTERN YARN OF THE MYSTERIOUS MAN OF JUSTICE, WHOSE GUNS UPHELD THE LAW IN LAWLESS LANDS!

A GREAT MAN WAS COMING TO EAGLE FALLS AND EVERYBODY IN TOWN TURNED OUT TO GREET HIM. HE WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS FRONTIERSMAN AND INDIAN SCOUT, BUFFALO BILL CODY.

CHIEF YELLOW HAND, AN OUTLAW INDIAN AND HIS MERCILESS BARE OF REDSKINS WERE OUT ON THE WARPATH, AND BUFFALO BILL WAS ON THEIR TRAIL -- DETERMINED TO DO ALL HE COULD TO PUT AN END TO THEIR MISDEEDS --



CAL CONNOR, THE CHEERY YOUNG BOSS OF CIRCLE-X, WAS AS THRILLED AS ANYONE BY THE ARRIVAL OF BUFFALO BILL. AFTER SHOUTING A GREETING, HE TURNED TO A NEARBY SALOON.

BUT AS CAL REACHED THE DOOR HE REALISED THE SALOON WAS NOT EMPTY --

THIS CODY GUN IS GOING TO UPSET OUR PLANS FOR TRADING WITH YELLOW HAND, BOSS.



CAL RECOGNISED JOSH CARTER, A RASCALLY INDIAN TRADER, AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, JAKE. HE'S GOING TO MAKE OUR FORTUNE. WE'LL AMBUSH HIM AT RATTLESNAKE GULCH AND HAND HIM OVER TO YELLOW HAND. THAT INDIAN'LL PAY PLENTY FOR BUFFALO BILL'S SCALP!

SAY, THAT'S A GOOD NOTION, JOSH!



ON HEARING THE DASTARDLY PLANS OF THE THREE MEN, CAL CONNOR BURST INTO THE SALOON --

IT WOULD BE, MISTER -- IF YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT. BUT I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T!



BEFORE THE STARTLED MEN COULD RECOVER, THE YOUNG RANCHER WAS UPON THEM --

THE SOONER COYOTES LIKE YOU ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE SHERIFF THE BETTER!



AAAASH!

BUT AS CAL CONNOR SET ABOUT THE THREE P.M., THE TALL INDIAN WHO HAD BEEN STANDING OUTSIDE BLINK IN CHOCKY AND DEALT CAL A BLOW ON THE HEAD WITH THE FLAT OF HIS TOMAHAWK.



NICE WORK, STRINGBEAN! WE'LL PAY YOU WELL WHEN YOUR CHIEF HANDS OVER THE CASH FOR BUFFALO BILL!

THE THREE CROOKS SUPPED QUIETLY OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW OF THE DESERTED SALOON -- FOLLOWED BY THE INDIAN WHO WAS CARRYING THE SENSELESS FORM OF CAL CONNOR --



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THE CROWD'S STILL HERE THE OTHER END OF TOWN! STRINGBEAN -- YOU GET RID OF THAT NOSEY COWPOKE AND THEN RETURN TO YOUR CHIEF. ME AND THE BOYS'LL AMBUSH BUFFALO BILL!

WHEN CAL CONNOR REGAINED HIS SENSES HE FOUND HIMSELF SLUNG ACROSS AN INDIAN PONY HEADING FOR THE OPEN COUNTRY --



WE STOP SOON AND TAKE SCALP OF WHITE MAN!

AS SOON AS HE HAD REGAINED SUFFICIENT STRENGTH CAL CONNOR SUFFICIENTLY DIVED FROM THE PONY, TAKING THE INDIAN WITH HIM --



QUICKLY THE BRAVE REACHED FOR HIS TOMAHAWK, BUT BEFORE HE COULD STRIKE --



OH, NO, YOU DON'T-- YOU RED COYOTE!

WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH, CAL CONNOR MADE SURE THAT HE WOULD NOT BE BOTHERED BY THE REDSKIN AGAIN --



THAT'LL STOP YOU FROM INTERFERING AGAIN IN A HURRY!

WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, CAL MOUNTED THE INDIAN'S PONY AND RODE HARD TOWARDS EAGLE PEAK --



GET GOING, BROMO! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN SAVE BUFFALO BILL NOW -- AND THAT'S THE RED RIDER!

UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY -- CAL CONNOR, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN -- WAS ALSO THE RED RIDER, THE MAN OF JUSTICE -- WHOSE GUNS UPHOLD THE LAW IN A LAWLESS LAND. IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE BY EAGLE PEAK, CAL CONNOR, WATCHED BY HIS GREAT CHESTNUT STALLION, FLAME, BUCKLED ON HIS RED-HANDLED SIX-GUNS --



WE'VE A JOB TO DO, FLAME -- AND BUFFALO BILL'S LIFE DEPENDS ON OUR DOING IT PROPERLY.

THEN, WHEN HE WAS MASKED AND READY, THE MYSTERIOUS RED RIDER CAME SPEEDING DOWN THROUGH THE CRAGGY PASSES -- TO THE RESCUE OF BUFFALO BILL!



GET GOING, FLAME, OLD FELLOW!

MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, THE GREAT INDIAN SCOUT RODE ON INTO RATTLESNAKE GULCH, AND THE TRAP SET FOR HIM BY THE THREE BAD MEN --



GET READY TO RIDE OFF, JAKE! HERE COMES BUFFALO BILL NOW!

ALTHOUGH ON THE ALERT FOR DANGER, BUFFALO BILL WAS COMPLETELY TAKEN BY SURPRISE AS THE HIDDEN ROPE WHIPPED UP-- CAUSING HIS HORSE TO FALL --



NOW!

NO SOONER HAD THE SCOUT FALLEN THAN JOSH CARTER AND HIS MEN WERE UPON HIM --



QUICK, LOUIE! TIE HIM UP!

BUFFALO BILL NEVER HAD A CHANCE AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, TRUSSSED TO HIS HORSE, HE WAS BEING TAKEN TO THE CAMP OF HIS OLD ENEMY -- YELLOW HAND.



THOSE CURLY LOCKS OF YOURS WILL GET US PLENTY OF GOLD FROM YELLOW HAND!

NOBODY'LL BE THE WIGGER TO OUR SCHEME. YELLOW HAND WILL TAKE THE BLAME FOR YOUR FINISH MISTER -- AND WHILE THEY'RE OUT AFTER HIM WE'LL BE SPENDING THE DOUGH!

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE BAD MEN, THE RED RIDER WAS HOT ON THEIR TRAIL --



WE WERE TOO LATE TO STOP THE AMBUSH, FLAME, BUT BY HOKEY -- WE'LL STOP YELLOW HAND FROM TAKING BUFFALO BILL'S SCALP!

YELLOW HAND'S CAMP WAS ON AN ISLAND IN THE CENTRE OF A GREAT LAKE. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO APPROACH IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN. AS THE RED RIDER REACHED THE SHORES OF THE LAKE, HE SAW BUFFALO BILL BEING MUSTLED ABOARD A WAITING CANOE BY HIS CAPTORS --



WAIT FOR ME HERE, FLAME! IT'S GOING TO BE TRICKY TO REACH THAT ISLAND UNSEEN -- BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!

AS THE PADDLES OF THE INDIANS STRUCK THE WATER -- HE SLIPPED QUIETLY INTO THE LAKE --



I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

A MOMENT LATER, THE RED RIDER DIVED AND SWAM UNDERWATER UNTIL HE SAW THE CANOE ABOVE HIM --



QUIETLY BREAKING SURFACE AT THE REAR OF THE CANOE HE GRIPPED THE STERN AND WITH JUST HIS FACE OUT OF THE WATER, WAS TOWED UNSEEN ACROSS THE LAKE --



A FEW YARDS FROM THE SHORE -- HE LET GO THE STERN AND SILENTLY SWAM TO THE COVER OF SOME BULRUSHES --



THE RED RIDER WAITED IN THE RUSHES UNTIL THE PARTY OF BRAVES AND THE BADMEN HAD DRAGGED BUFFALO BILL THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE CAMP AND THEN WITH HIS KNIFE SLICED DEEP GUTS IN THE BIRCH-BARK CANOES --



WHEN HE REACHED THE CAMP THE INDIANS WERE ALREADY PERFORMING THE DANCE OF DEATH AROUND A GIANT TOTEM-POLE TO WHICH THE GREAT SCOUT WAS TIED -- SUDDENLY SOMETHING CAUGHT THE RED RIDER'S EYE.



TO THE SOUND OF THE INDIANS' FRENZIED SCREAMS, THE RED RIDER QUICKLY CRAWLED BEHIND THE AMMUNITION BOXES, AND, PIERCING A HOLE IN THE KEG, COLLECTED A HANDFUL OF GUNPOWDER WITH WHICH TO LAY A FUSE --



USING THE INDIANS' OWN METHOD OF MAKING FIRE, HE QUICKLY KINDLED A SMALL FIRE BY RUBBING TWO DRY STICKS TOGETHER, CLOSE TO THE POWDER TRAIL --



IN THE MEANTIME, THE INDIANS HAD WORKED THEMSELVES UP INTO A FRENZY AND THE TIME CAME FOR THE MERCILESS YELLOW HAND TO SLAY HIS HATED ENEMY -- BUFFALO BILL.



ALL WAS SILENT AS THE SAVAGE CHIEF MOVED TOWARDS HIS UNFLINCHING VICTIM. SUDDENLY THE GROUND SHOOK UNDER A VIOLENT EXPLOSION -- THE FUSE HAD REACHED THE POWDER KEYS.



IMMEDIATELY THE AIR WAS FULL OF EXPLODING BULLETS AND SIGNAL CARTRIDGES.



THE BRAVES AND THE BADMEN HAD RUSHED MADLY TO THE CANOES, BUT YELLOW HAND, DETERMINED TO CARRY OUT HIS DASTARDLY DEED, REMAINED--



YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YELLOW HAND!

THIS TIME YOU WILL DIE, BUFFALO BILL-- AND NOBODY WILL STOP ME!

JUST AS THE SAVAGE CLOSED IN, A MASKED FIGURE LEAPED IN BETWEEN HIM AND THE SCOUT--



YES, NOBODY, YELLOW HAND! NOBODY BUT THE RED RIDER!

YELLOW HAND FELL IN A SENSELESS HEAP TO THE GROUND AND THE RED RIDER QUICKLY CUT FREE BUFFALO BILL--



THANKS, RED RIDER-- I'D LIKE TO FURTHER OUR ACQUAINTANCE, BUT THOSE OTHER RASCALS MUST BE CAUGHT FIRST!

THEY WON'T GET FAR, BILL! COME AND SEE!

THE RED RIDER WAS RIGHT. FOR A FEW YARDS OFF SHORE THE ESCAPING INDIANS AND BADMEN SOON FOUND THAT THEIR CANOES WERE USELESS--



WAAAH!

WHEN THE WRETCHED MEN FLOUNDERED TOWARDS THE BANK THEY FOUND THEMSELVES GAZING UP AT THE GUNGS OF THE RED RIDER--



DON'T ANY OF YOU TRY SWIMMIN' TO THE OTHER SHORE-- 'COS YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WAH! THE RED RIDER!

HERE'S YOUR CHIEF, YELLOW HAND, REDMEN! THE GAME'S UP!

UNDER THE GUNG OF THE RED RIDER, THE TREACHEROUS INDIANS AND THEIR RASCALLY WHITE FRIENDS WERE FORCED TO REPAIR THE DAMAGED CANOES, AND SOON THEY WERE LEAVING THEIR ISLAND FOR THE LAST TIME--



FASTER, YELLOW HAND! YOU'RE SLACKING!

ON REACHING THE BANK THE RED RIDER AND BUFFALO BILL PREPARED TO TAKE THEIR CAPTIVES TO EAGLE FALLS--



YOU'D BETTER BORROW THIS GUN, BILL, IN CASE ANYONE TRIES TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

THANKS, I WILL!

WHEN THE TWO FAMOUS MEN OF THE WEST RODE UP TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF EAGLE FALLS WITH THEIR BAND OF PRISONERS THE WHOLE TOWN RUSHED OUT TO MEET THEM.



HOLD IT, FOLKS! I DIDN'T CAPTURE YELLOW HAND AND HIS GANG-- IT WAS MY FRIEND--

THREE CHEERS FOR BUFFALO BILL AND THE RED RIDER!

BUFFALO BILL HAS CAUGHT YELLOW HAND!

BUT THE RED RIDER DID NOT STAY LONG.



HEY, WHERE THE--?

SO LONG, BUFFALO BILL. GOOD LUCK TO YOU! THAT'S ALL FROM THE RED RIDER!

SO THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN RED, MOUNTED UPON THE CHESTNUT HORSE, WHEELED AWAY AND VANISHED TO HIS HIDE-OUT--UNTIL THERE WAS NEED FOR THE RED RIDER TO STRIKE AGAIN!

ANYONE CAN WRITE A STORY—EVEN BILLY BUNTER! THE FAMOUS
FAT SCHOOLBOY PROUDLY PRESENTS A TERRIFIC THRILLER, WHICH HE
FONDLY HOPES WILL BECOME—

BUNTER'S BEST-SELLER!

by William George Bunter



A Gripping Detective Drama, in which
our Great Author describes the doings
of Stetson Flake in the Case of
"THE INVISIBLE DAGGER!"

P.S.—Kindly excuse all blots and
spelling. Both of them are Billy
Bunter's own work!

The Awful Warning!

IT was a dark and dismal night when Stetson Flake, the famous detective, arrived at Tantivy Towers in response to an urgent postcard he had received.

Pausing only to give a ring on the door-knocker, he waited to be admitted. Soon the front portals were thrown open by Jellybean, the butler.

"Ah, there you are, Jellybean!" exclaimed Stetson Flake. "Lord Knockem Potty sent for me."

"Yes, sir," answered Jellybean. "You will find his lordship in the dining-room!"

"Deaded already?" gasped Stetson. "If he has been murdered it is no wonder that he sent for me in such a hurry. I begin to smell a rat!"

"Begging your pardon, sir, that is a rabbit which is being cooked in the kitchen," sniffed Jellybean, the butler. "Come this way, sir."

Stetson Flake hung his bicycle-clips on a hatpeg, and followed the butler into the dining-room.

And there he found Lord Knockem Potty lying on the floor and groaning horrible groans.

"Ah! Already I begin to suspect that he has been poisoned by a stab in the back from a fully loaded water-pistol," said the great detective. "Lead me to the nearest bloodstains, Jellybean!"

"There aren't any, sir," replied the butler.

"Tut, tut! No bloodstains?" cried Stetson Flake. "That makes it much more difficult to solve. The crime could not have been committed in this room——"

"Crime? What crime?" suddenly said Lord Knockem Potty, getting up off the carpet. "There hasn't been any crime committed yet. But I expect one at any moment! Read that!"

He pushed into the detective's grasp a piece of paper, on which were the fateful words:

**"WATCH OUT! IT'S HERE!
THE INVISIBLE DAGGER!"**

Stetson Flake examined the paper, and carefully noticed a complete absence of footprints on it.

"Ah! The man who sent this to you must have used his hands," he decided. "How long have you had it?"

"Since just after tea," replied his lordship. "I was playing toy soldiers with my little son Cyril, when I heard sumthing being pushed under the door. Cyril went to get it, and brort back this awful warning. At ferst I took no notiss of it, but after we'd packed Cyril's soldiers up and he had gone to bed, the invisible dagger struck at me and— Ow-oooo! There it is again!"

Lord Knockem Potty staggered to a chair, holding his back.

"It's just as though a knife is being stuck into me!" he groaned. "But who can be doing it? Ouch! It's the invisible dagger all right. I can feel it, but I can't see it!"

Stetson Flake frowned, and began to kneel down by the fireplace in search of fag-ends.

When he had fownd a few he stuffed them into his pipe and lit it.

Then for about thirty minutes, or nearly half an hour, he paced up and down the room deep in thort.

"The mystery of the invisible dagger!" he muttered to himself. "What is the meaning of it all? Where will it all end? What is the point? A-ha!"

Skidding to a halt in front of Lord

Knockem Potty, Stetson Flake looked at him keenly.

"Where is the missing soldier that your son Cyril lost to-night?" he asked mysteriously.

Lord Knockem Potty was so surprised that he staggered as if pushed over by a pair of pink elephants.

"How did you guess that Cyril had lost a soldier?" he gasped. "You amaze me, Mr. Flake!"

"I amaze myself sumtimes," said Stetson Flake modestly, as he picked up the fire-tongs. "Allow me, your lordship, and I will solve this mystery."

Whereupon the great detective pushed the fire-tongs down his lordship's back, and with a smile of triumf, he pulled them owt again.

And gripped in the ends of the fire-tongs was the missing toy soldier!

"You see," explained Stetson Flake, "I suspected all along that when you were playing soldiers one of them fell off the table and went down the back of your neck, your lordship. It was a soldier's bayonet that was pridding you—not an invisible dagger at all!"



Stetson Flake hung up his bicycle-clips and followed the butler into the dining-room, where Lord Knockem Potty was lying on the floor, groaning horrible groans.

The Awful Warning Again!

LORD KNOCKEM POTTY gave a gurgle of joyful relief.

"Wonderful work, Mr. Stetson Flake," he cried. "When you send in your bill for this I will at once see that it is put with the others that I owe for the rent, the gas and so forth. But now I must toddle upstairs and tell Cyril the good news."

With that his lordship left the dining-room.

But he had not been gone long when

"Ah, thanks," murmured Stetson Flake, taking the glass and drinking the lot. "I feel better now. It always upsets me to see anyone faint."

Reviving his lordship by emptying the goldfish bowl over him, Stetson Flake then proceeded to question him.

"Cyril is the only heir I have got!" sobbed Lord Knockem Potty, mopping his bald brow. "He has gone, and never said good-bye to his dear dad. This is all that I fownd in his room upstairs."



Stetson Flake frowned and knelt by the fireplace in search of fag-ends. When he had found a few he stuffed them into his pipe and lit it.

there was an awful cry heard, and he rushed downstairs again.

His face was as white as if he had washed it.

"Gone!" he gasped. "Cyril has vanished from his bed, and his room has not been slept in! Give me a chair—I feel quite faint."

"Jellybean, bring a glass of strong brandy-ball wine at once!" ordered Stetson Flake.

The butler hurried away and got the drink, adding a little starch to make it a stiff one.

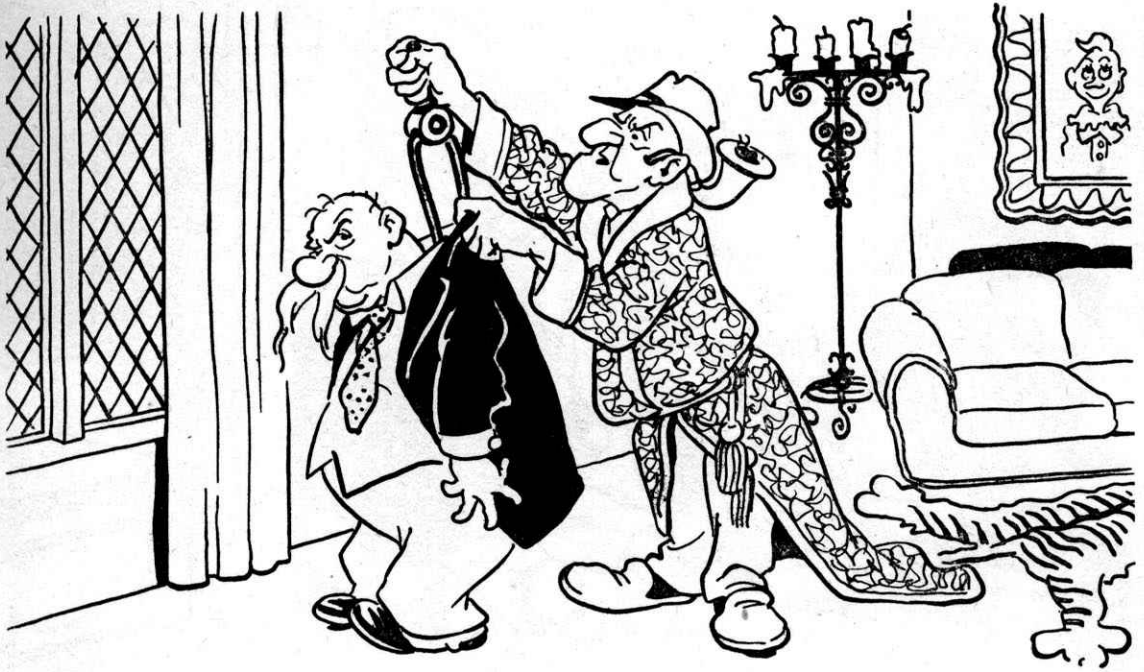
"Here, sir!" he said.

And for the second time that night he showed Stetson Flake the warning bit of paper. But there was a bit more to it this time, for it said:

**"WATCH OUT! IT'S HERE!
THE INVISIBLE DAGGER!**

1/3, 1/9, 2/6."

"What do those mystic prices mean?" muttered the great detective. "Are these invisible daggers for sale in three different sizes——"



"I amaze myself sumtimes," said Stetson Flake modestly, as he pushed the fire-tongs down his lordship's back. "I will solve this mystery!"

"Or do you add them up to five and threepence, and get the amount of ransom money that the kidnappers want?" chipped in Jellybean, the faithful old butler. "Poor young master Cyril! He was as pretty as a picture!"

Something clicked inside Stetson Flake's high-powered brain, and his two eyes shone as bright as traffic-lights.

"Jellybean, you have just said a mouthful," he exclaimed. "Kindly fetch the master's hat from the hall-stand, and my bicycle-clips. His lordship and I are going to the pictures!"

Lord Knockem Potty took a golfish out of his left ear and handed it to Jellybean, the faithful butler.

"Place that in the kitchen sink, my man," he said. "Pour in some slightly warmed water, and then dry this unfortunate goldfish with a cloth soaked in metal-polish. It shoode be as good as new after that. Mr. Flake has kindly offered to take me to the pictures——"

"No, your lordship, I fear that you are taking me," said Stetson Flake swiftly. "I

have just spent all my weekly allowance on a new bath-mat for the canary's cage, and for the moment I am somewhat hard-up but happy."

"In that case," said his lordship, "I will be brave and attack young Cyril's money-box with my bare hands and the blade of a knife. It may be a mean thing to do, but that is what I mean to do."

And so the deed was did. Little Cyril's money-box supplied the cash, and his lordship very thoughtfully put back two large buttons and the tops of seven milk-bottles, so that the lad would never know.

"And now," said Stetson Flake, "let us away to the cinema, and we shall not be in the dark for long!"

The Mystery Solved

IT was shortly later that Lord Knockem Potty, looking very puzzled, followed the detective into the half-crown seats at the local cinema.

"How will all this help to bring my little Cyril back to me?" he asked.

"Hush!" whispered Stetson Flake.



Reviving his lordship by emptying the goldfish bowl over him, Stetson Flake then proceeded to question him about the missing child.

And for a while they both hushed and w . . . waited. All was silent except for the sound of the film, and the noise of the audience sucking ices and acid-drops.

"Listen!" hissed Stetson Flake presently.

Lord Knockem Potty listened, and heard a slight scuffling sound that came from somewhere on the floor.

"Ah! Mice!" he muttered.

"That's just where you are wrong, old sport," announced Stetson Flake. "Your lordship, here is your missing sonny boy!"

And reaching down under the seats, the clever detective pulled out young Cyril.

"Well, run over my rhubarb!" exclaimed Lord Knockem Potty. "How did you know where to find him?"

"I suspected that he had cum here to the pictures," replied Stetson Flake. "And I guessed that we should find him having a bit of clever crawl-back from the shilling seats to the half-crown ones. It's quite an old custom."

"You astonish me!" said Lord Knockem Potty. "But there is still one mystery to be

cleared up before we finish. What about those warning messages and the invisible dagger?"

Stetson Flake smiled a knowing smile. Then borrowing a bob off his lordship, he calmly bort himself a choc-ice and a bag of peanuts.

"Sit back in your seat and you shall see, your lordship," he chuckled. "They weren't warnings at all. They were sent round to advertise this week's film, 'The Invisible Dagger!'—which we are now about to see!"

So they all sat back and enjoyed the thrilling picture, and then went and bought some fish and chips, which they enjoyed even more.

THE END

There you are, then, you jolly rotters, what did you think of that for a super detective story? We Bunters are jolly clever, you must admit. Even Mr. Quelch thinks that I've got some brains that I haven't even used yet! Cheerio for now. This is your famous author friend signing off!—BILLY BUNTER.

STONE-AGE SNIGGERS



RINGS ON BIRD'S LEGS!

What they mean, and why they are put there is described in this fascinating story by a nature expert

Why Birds are Ringed

DID you know that the swallows which visit this country every spring and summer spend the winter in South Africa? You might ask how it is we are certain that the swallows we see flying round our houses in the summer or sitting on the telegraph wires in the autumn are the same swallows that are seen in South Africa from October to March. The answer is that swallows nesting in this country have been marked with small numbered aluminium rings and some of these marked swallows have been found in South Africa.

Bird ringing began in this country about fifty years ago, and now about 100,000 birds are being ringed each year. Each ring, which is made of very light aluminium, has



How a bird is held to be ringed

a different number and bears the inscription: "Inform British Museum, London, S.W.7." When a bird is ringed it is held carefully but firmly in the hand as in the drawing. The ring is then placed round one of the bird's legs and the two open ends of the ring are gently squeezed together. Care is taken to see that the ring is not too tight but moves easily up and down the leg.

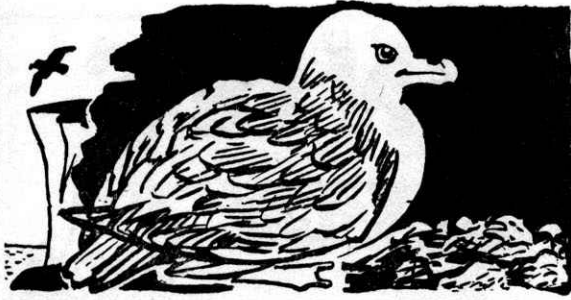
Birds are ringed either when they are young in the nest or trapped in various types of traps. Bird observatories, which are mainly for the purpose of catching and

ringing migrant birds, have been set up on prominent headlands, such as Spurn Head in Yorkshire or Dungeness in Kent, where birds collect before beginning their long journey overseas, or on islands, such as Skokholm off the Pembrokeshire coast. At these observatories birds are caught in large wire cages, called "Heligoland traps" because they were first used on the island of Heligoland.

When a bird is ringed, the ringer notes down the number of the ring, the type of bird and any other details such as whether the bird is a nestling or an adult. This information is sent to the British Museum, where it is carefully filed until somebody finds the bird. Of course only a few of the birds ringed, about one in forty, are ever found again, but these recoveries are enough to make ringing worth while.

Imagine that you have found a bird with a ring on its leg. The ring might have an inscription like this: "Inform British Museum, London, S.W.7. S11703." You would then write to the British Museum saying where you found the bird, the date you found it, and, if possible, enclosing the ring in the letter. The ring number would then be looked up and you would receive a letter telling you when and where the bird was ringed.

You will wonder why all this trouble is taken to ring wild birds. What has ringing told us that we did not know before? Probably the most important information ringing gives us, is the facts it reveals about the long journeys many birds undertake. These journeys we call migration. Thanks to ringing we now have positive proof as to where our summer birds such as swallows and cuckoos spend their winter. Only about two hundred years ago most people did not realise that when our summer birds disappeared they had flown south. They



A Fulmar on its rocky nest

believed the birds hibernated for the winter. When they saw swallows gathering in reed beds in the autumn they thought they were preparing to go into the mud for their winter sleep! They also believed that in the winter the cuckoo changed into a sparrow hawk! Ringing has now proved without doubt that swallows every year fly 12,000 miles to and from South Africa while cuckoos spend the winter in Central Africa!

Not only has ringing told us where our summer birds go, it has also shown that each winter millions of birds come to this country to escape the hard winter farther north. Starlings ringed here in the winter have later been found in the summer in Norway,

Sweden, Poland and Russia, some even as far north as the Arctic Circle. Hundreds of ducks that have been caught and ringed have been later found in Russia; one example is a duck ringed in St. James's Park, London, in March 1949 which was found in Siberia the following September!

We also learn from ringing how long birds live. Ringing has shown that although a few robins may live for as long as six or seven years the average life of a robin is only just over a year.

Ringing tells us that birds that only lay one egg each year, like the fulmar, have a much longer life than birds like the swallow, which may lay as many as eighteen eggs in one nesting season. There is, however, the remarkable record of a swallow being found sixteen years after it was ringed. This must have been a great-great-grandfather swallow!

You now know why birds are ringed and how interesting is the information that ringing has brought to light. Although you yourselves cannot ring birds because this can only be done by men who know a great deal about it, you can still help a good deal in this fascinating work. Next time you find a bird, look and see if it has been ringed—if it has you will know what to do!

DID YOU KNOW? . . . That the Humming-Bird is the ONLY bird that can FLY BACKWARDS ?

That's an interesting thing, and perhaps there are other facts about BIRDS that you would like to know . . .

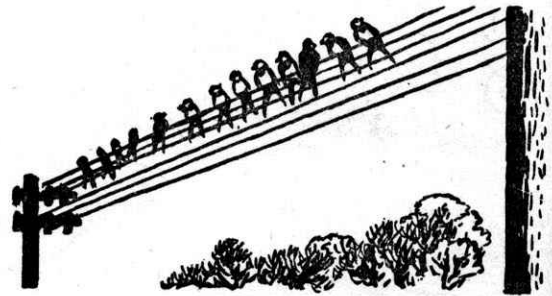
Did you know . . . that the chaffinch and blackbird are the commonest birds in the British Isles? It is estimated that there are about ten million of each, compared with about seven and a half million house sparrows!

Did you know . . . that the goldcrest is the smallest British bird, and not the wren as many people suppose?

Did you know . . . that it is estimated that the peregrine falcon reaches nearly eighty miles an hour in a dive?

Did you know . . . that some birds decorate their nests with flowers and coloured stones?

Did you know . . . that a seabird, the albatross, has an enormous wingspan of 14 feet?



Did you know . . . that a woodcock sometimes moves its young by flying with them between its legs?

Did you know . . . that some birds will pretend that their wings are injured to distract anyone from walking near their nests?

Did you know . . . that some birds' nests contain as many as a thousand separate pieces of grass or feathers?

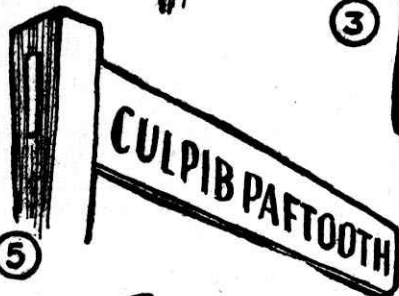
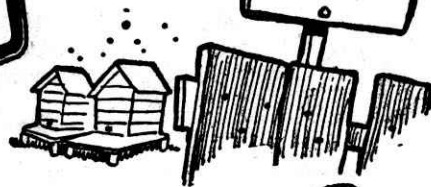
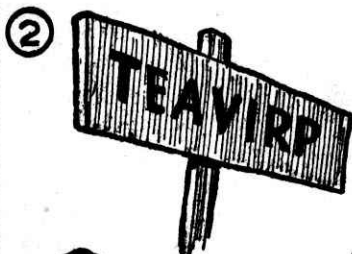
Did you know . . . that eels are the main food of the long-legged heron?

TOD and ANNIE'S

PUZZLE PAGE



In their travels Tod and Annie come upon many signs, and here are some of them—mixed up for fun! Can you solve them? If not, the answers are on page 192.



BILLY BUNTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



IT IS WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT GREYFRIARS. THE FAMOUS FIVE OF THE LOWER FOURTH FORM - OR REMOVE AS IT IS CALLED -- ARE STROLLING THROUGH THE GATES --

HALLO!
HALLO!
HALLO!
LOOK WHO'S
HERE!

SOME OF
THE GIRLS FROM
CLIFF HOUSE
SCHOOL!

MARJORIE HAZLEDENE AND
HER FRIENDS PULL UP AS
HARRY WHARTON, CAPTAIN
OF THE REMOVE, SINGS OUT
A GREETING ~ ~

COMING TO SEE
THE REMOVE PLAY
FOOTER THIS
AFTERNOON,
GIRLS?

RATHER!
WOULDN'T MISS
THE CHANCE OF
SEEING YOU WHACKED
BY THE UPPER
FOURTH!

HA! HA!
HA!

WHAT'S MORE
WE'RE INVITING OURSELVES
TO TEA AFTER THE MATCH ~ ~
AND WE DON'T WANT ANY OF
YOUR STALE BUNS THIS TIME ~ ~
I'VE MADE A CAKE FOR
THE OCCASION.

CRUIKEY!
SOME CAKE!

SEE YOU AT
THREE O'CLOCK!
CHEERIO!

I SAY,
YOU ROTTERS ~ ~
DID SOMEONE
SAY CAKE?

SO LONG,
GIRLS!

BILLY BUNTER, THE FAT OWL OF THE REMOVE, BLINKS OVER JOHNNY BULL'S SHOULDER --



I SAY, BOB, OLD CHAP -- I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME TO CARRY THAT FOR YOU!

YOU SUPPOSE RIGHT OLD FAT MAN!



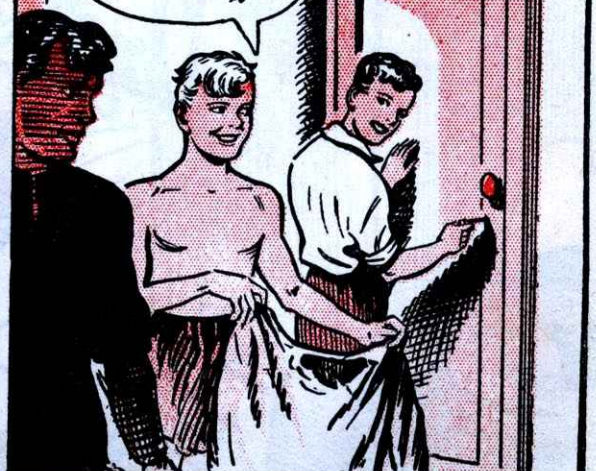
THE JUNIORS TROOP INTO BOB CHERRY'S STUDY, TO CHANGE FOR SOCCER. --

I SUGGEST WE LOCK THE CAKE AWAY, BOB, OR IT WON'T BE HERE WHEN WE GET BACK FROM THE MATCH!



FRANK NUGENT RISES AND LOCKS THE CAKE IN THE CUPBOARD --

GOOD IDEA, FRANKY -- THAT'LL KEEP IT SAFE FROM THAT FAT FOOD-HOG BUNTER!



AND OUTSIDE
THE DOOR --
BILLY BUNTER
IS LISTENING --

ROTTEN SUSPICIOUS
BEASTS! AS IF I WANT
THEIR MEASLY CAKE!
I WONDER HOW I CAN
GET HOLD OF IT?

THE FAMOUS FIVE SET OUT FOR THE GAME -
AND BILLY'S FAT LEGS TWINKLE AS HE
DODGES OUT OF SIGHT --

GOOD!
NOW'S MY
CHANCE!

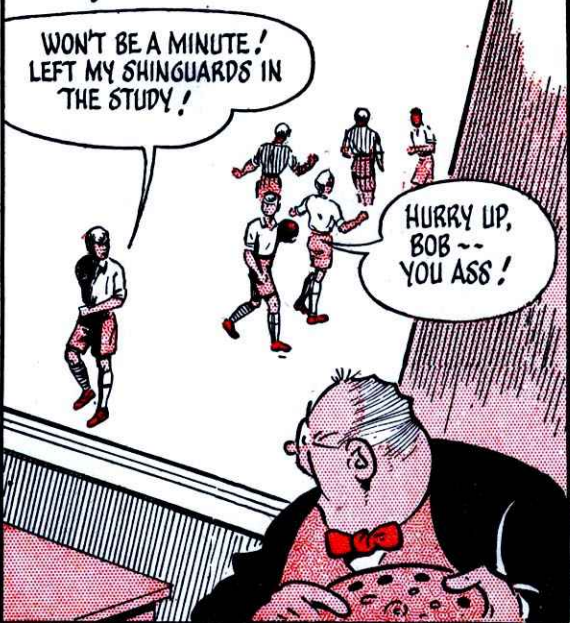
THEN THE FATTEST SCHOLAR IN GREYFRIARS
GETS TO WORK WITH A POKER!

SUSPICIOUS ROTTERS!
MAKING A CHAP
WORK LIKE THIS!
THEY NEVER TAKE A FELLOW'S
WORD OF HONOUR!

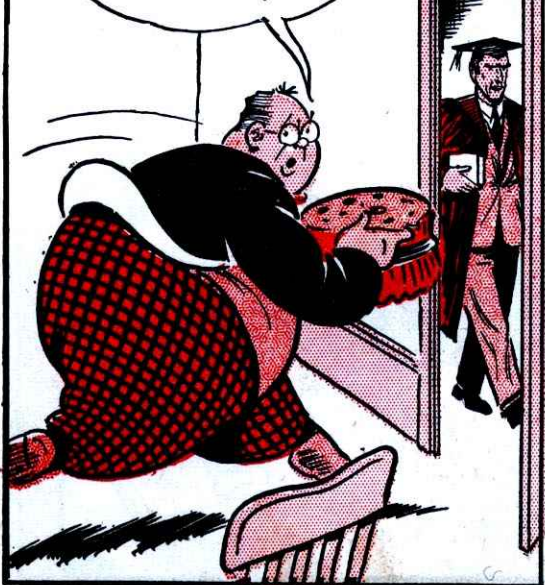
THE WRECKED DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND
BUNTER'S MOUTH WATERS ~ ~



AT THAT INSTANT BOB CHERRY'S
CHEERFUL VOICE FLOATS UP FROM
THE QUADRANGLE ~ ~

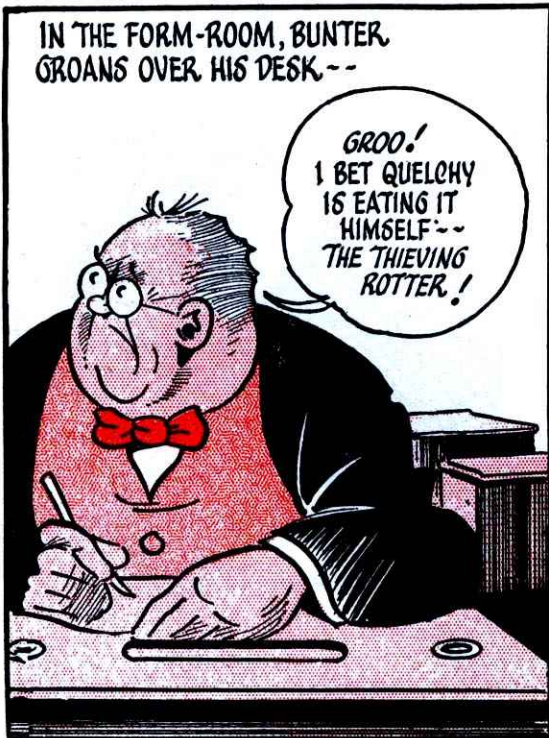


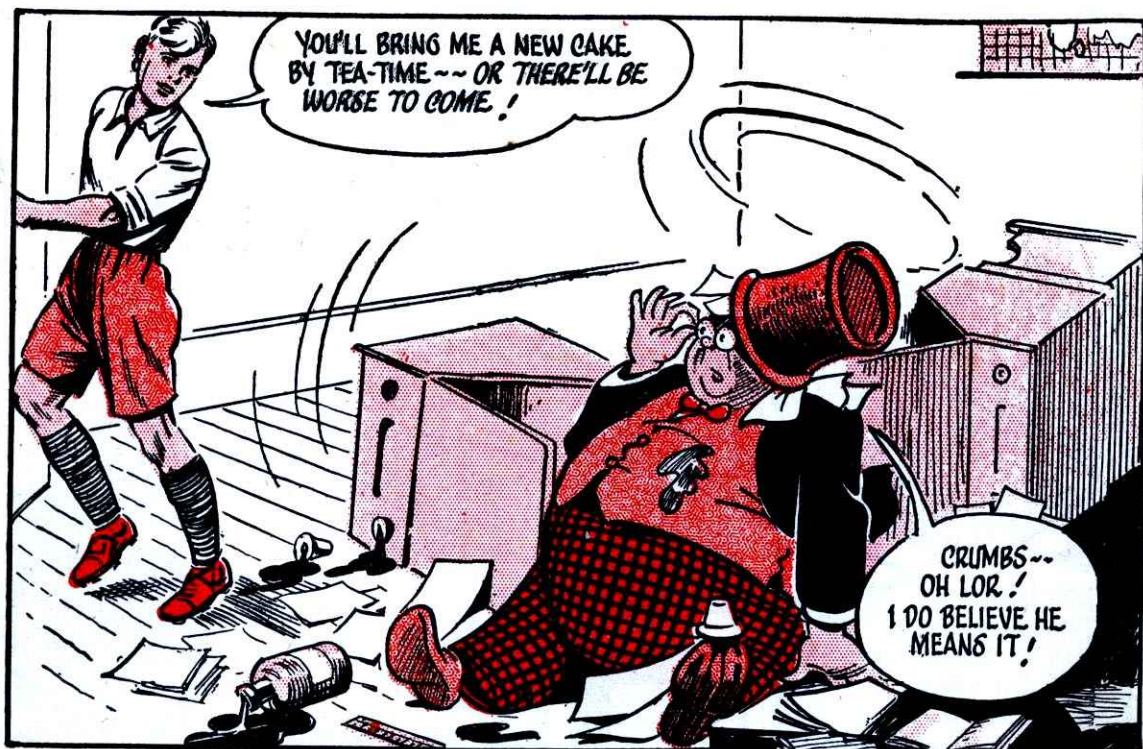
OH, LOR!
HE'S COMING BACK!
I'LL TAKE THE CAKE
WITH ME!



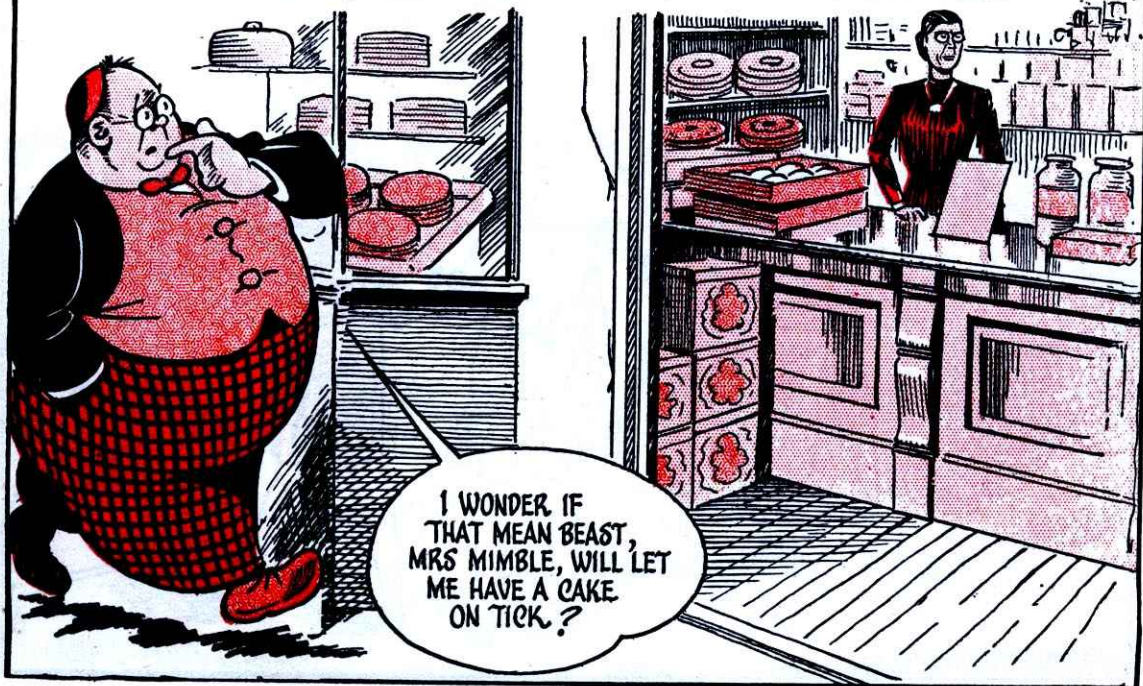
OOOOF!

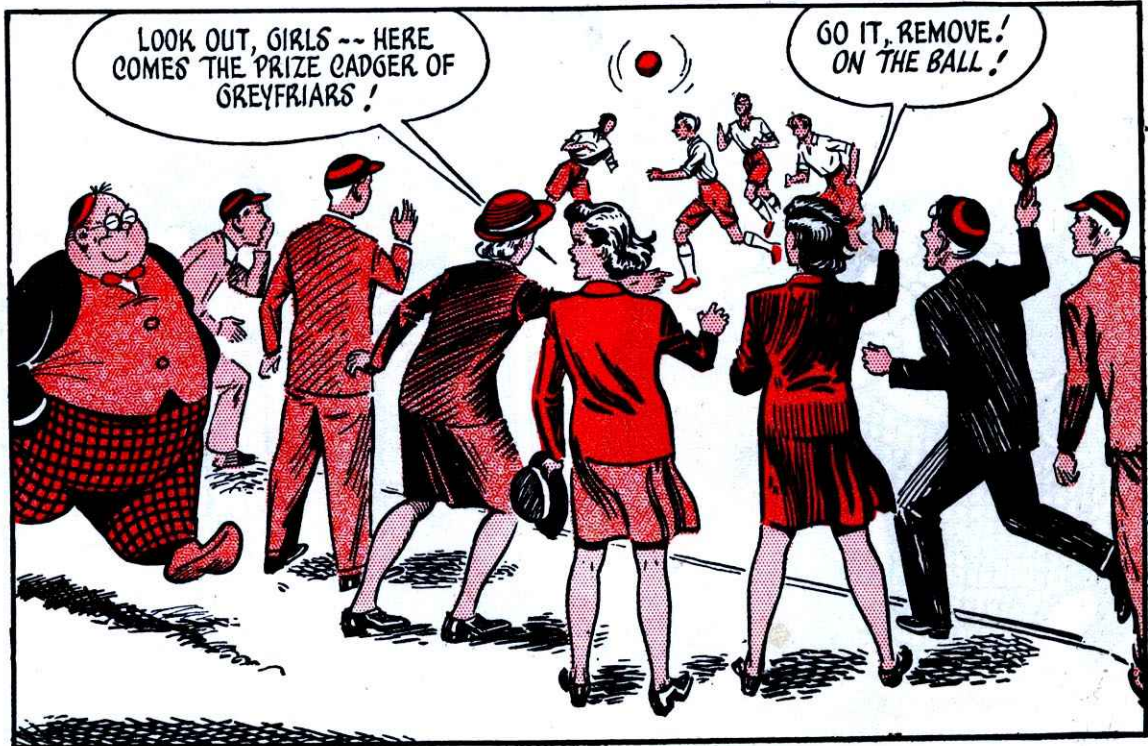


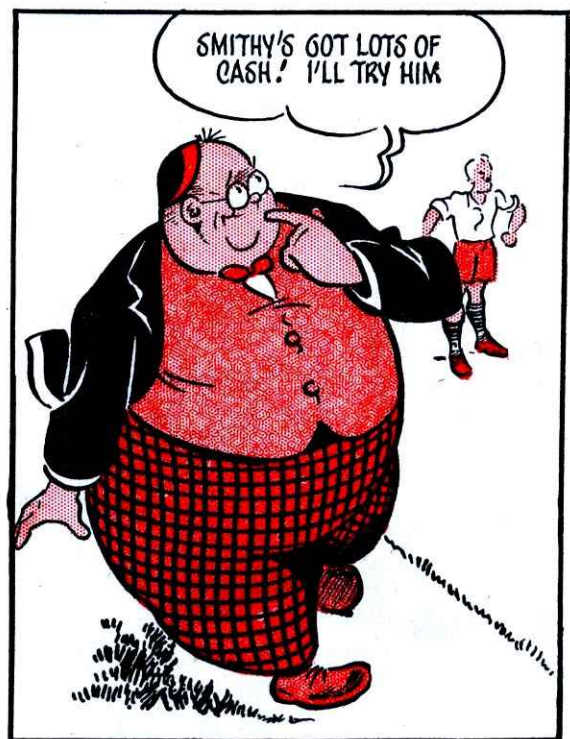
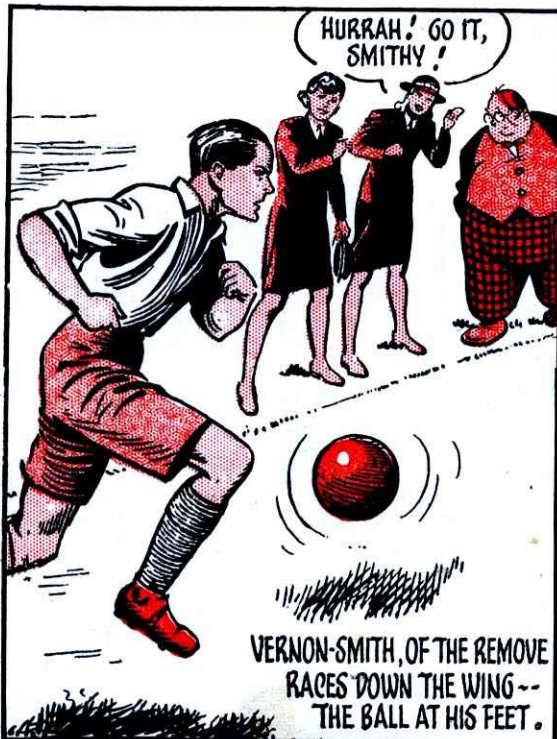


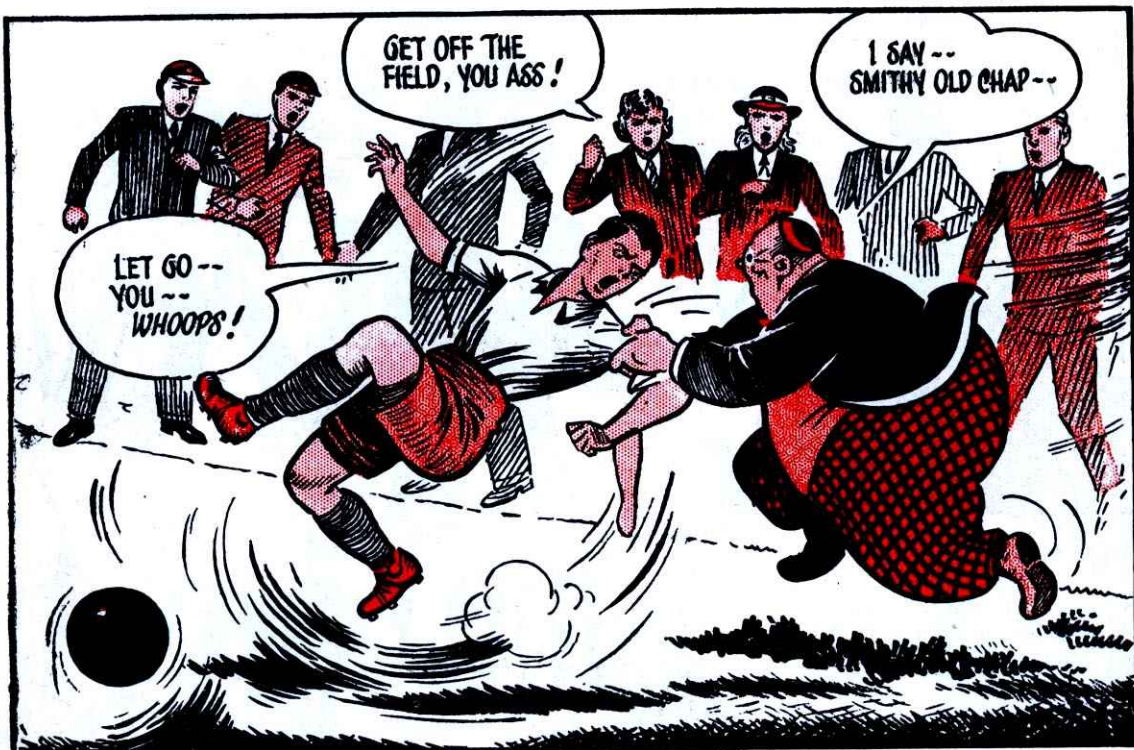


ROLLING OUT OF DOORS, BUNTER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP ~ ~









AS BUNTER SCUTTLES AWAY IN TERROR, HE RUNS INTO THE HEADMASTER AND MR QUELCH.

BUNTER! WHERE ARE YOUR LINES? TAKE THEM TO MY STUDY IMMEDIATELY!

OW! OH! YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

BLESS MY SOUL!

BUNTER HURRIES OFF TO MR QUELCH'S STUDY.

LOT OF STINGY BEASTS -- WHERE CAN I GET A CAKE?

BUNTER PUTS HIS LINES ON THE TABLE.

COO!
THE PHONE!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I ONLY HOPE OLD QUELCHY DOESN'T BUTT IN!

HULLO!
IS THAT THE
COURTFIELD
CAKE SHOP?
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK
TO THE MANAGER. --

MEANWHILE, ON THE SOCCER FIELD, THE FINAL WHISTLE BLOWS ~~~



WELL PLAYED,
REMOVE!

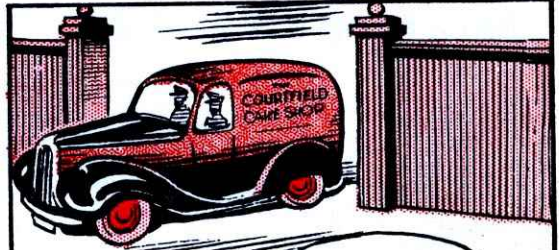
HOPE YOU
FELLOWS HAVE GOT A
GOOD FEED TO GO WITH
MARJORIE'S CAKE ~~~
I'M FAMISHED!

BOB'S FACE FALLS, AND HE GROANS ~-

OH, CRUMBS!
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU.
BUNTER PINCHED THE
CAKE YOU SENT ~-

WHAT!
I MADE THAT
WITH MY OWN
HANDS!

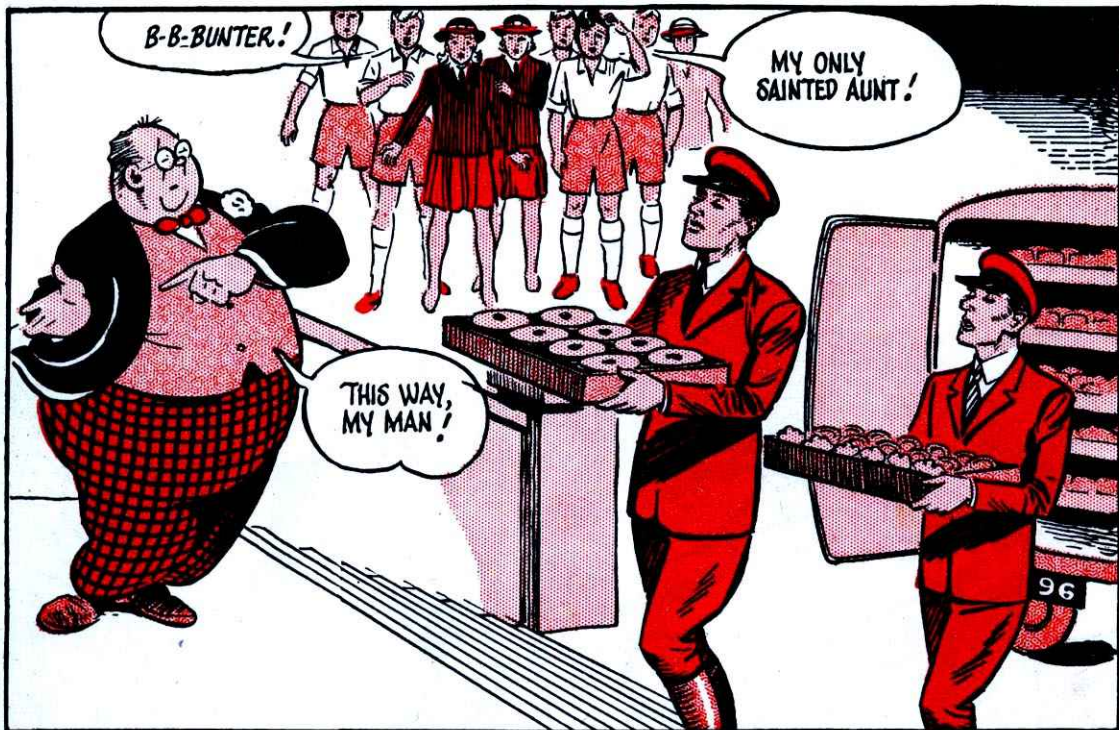
THE FAT
ROTTER!



MY HAT!
THE COURTFIELD
CAKE SHOP ~-
SOMEONE'S IN FUNDS!



MUST BE A GIDDY
MILLIONAIRE ~-
IT'S AN EXPENSIVE
SHOP!

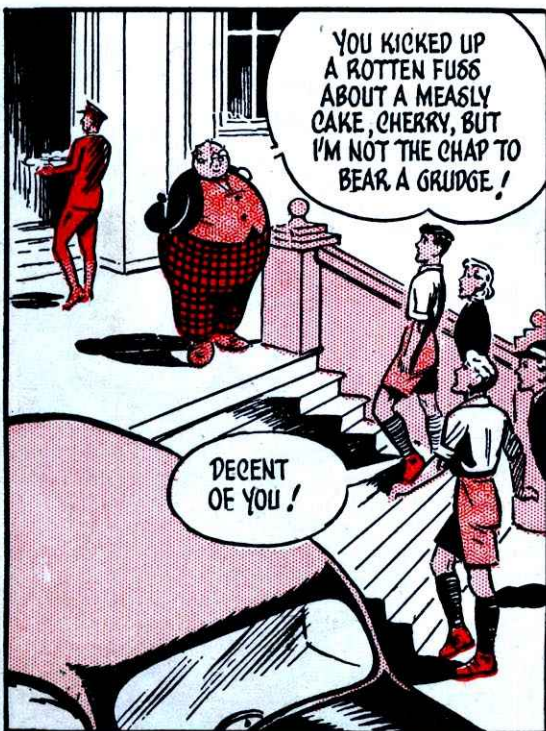


B-B-BUNTER!

MY ONLY SAINTED AUNT!

THIS WAY, MY MAN!

96



YOU KICKED UP A ROTTEN FUSS ABOUT A MEASLY CAKE, CHERRY, BUT I'M NOT THE CHAP TO BEAR A GRUDGE!

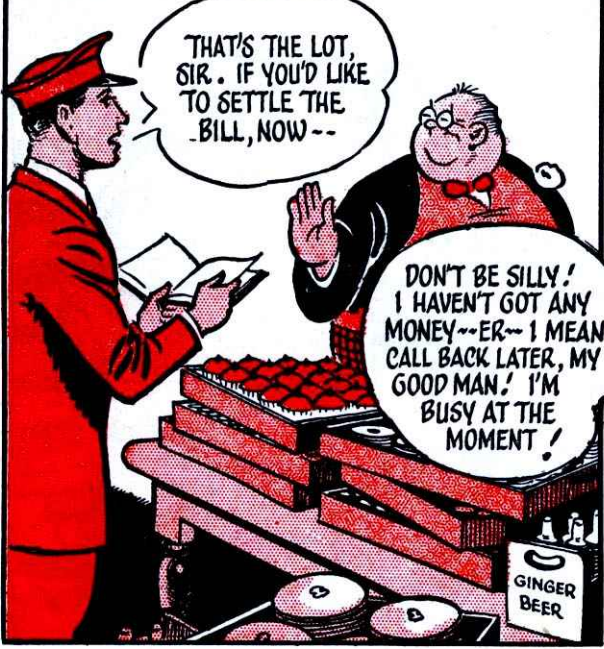
DECENT OF YOU!



WELL, I'M INVITING YOU GIRLS -- AND THESE BEASTS HERE -- TO MY BIRTHDAY PARTY AT FIVE PROMPT. THAT SHOULD SQUARE THINGS!

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE!

BUNTER'S STUDY TABLE GROANS UNDER THE LOAD --



THAT'S THE LOT, SIR. IF YOU'D LIKE TO SETTLE THE BILL, NOW --

DON'T BE SILLY! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY -- ER -- I MEAN CALL BACK LATER, MY GOOD MAN! I'M BUSY AT THE MOMENT!

AS BUNTER'S GUESTS APPROACH HIS STUDY, HARRY WHARTON LOOKS SERIOUS-



I DON'T LIKE IT, BOB. IT'S VERY FISHY!

RATS! THAT'S BUNTER'S HEADACHE! COME ON -- BEFORE HE CHANGES HIS MIND!

HA, HA, HA!

THE JUNIORS WHISTLE IN AMAZEMENT ~ ~ ~



MY HAT, BUNTER, YOU HAVE SPREAD YOURSELF!

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT ME, I HOPE! COME IN, ALL YOU JOLLY ROTTERS!

BUNTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY GOES WITH A SWING.

I SAY-- I HOPE YOU DON'T WANT SOME MORE OF THIS TRIFLE, CLARA. IT'S SMASHING!

NOT ANOTHER CRUMB, THANKS!



PHEW! THAT WAS SOME FEED!

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR,
AND IT OPENS.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT
I'D BE PLEASED IF
MASTER CHERRY WOULD
SETTLE THE BILL NOW!

WHAT!

THE GOODS WERE ORDERED
OVER THE PHONE BY A
MASTER ROBERT CHERRY.
THE BILL IS FOR
£2:14:6!

HE-- HE USED MY NAME!
WHY, THE FAT FROG!
SCRAG HIM, CHAPS!

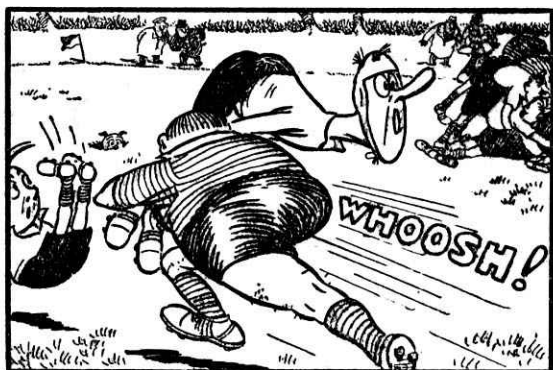
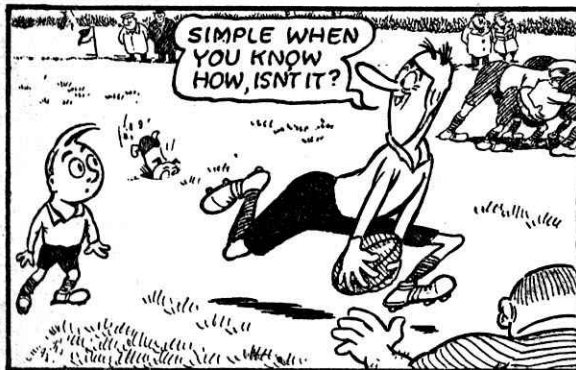
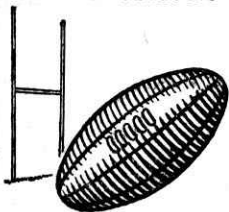
GLUG! GROOH!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW
THE ROTTER WOULD
COME BACK WITH
THE BILL?
GROOH!

HA! HA! THANKS FOR THE
FEED, BUNTER! BY YOUR
NEXT BIRTHDAY YOU MIGHT
SAVE UP ENOUGH TO
PAY FOR IT!

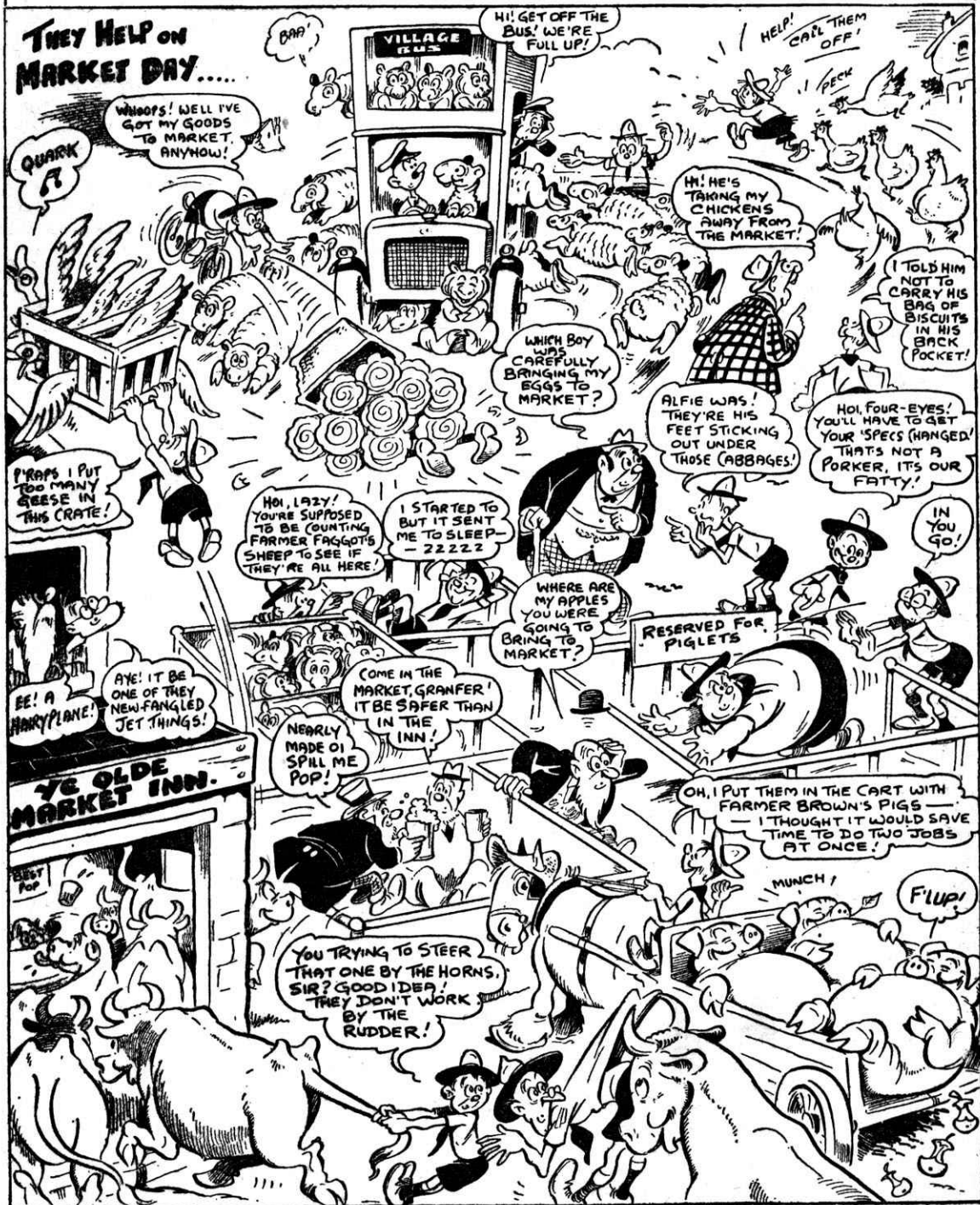
The End

SPORTY

HOW TRYING!



BOYS OF THE BEAVER PATROL



MIKE

BOY WANTED
To cut
Grass!

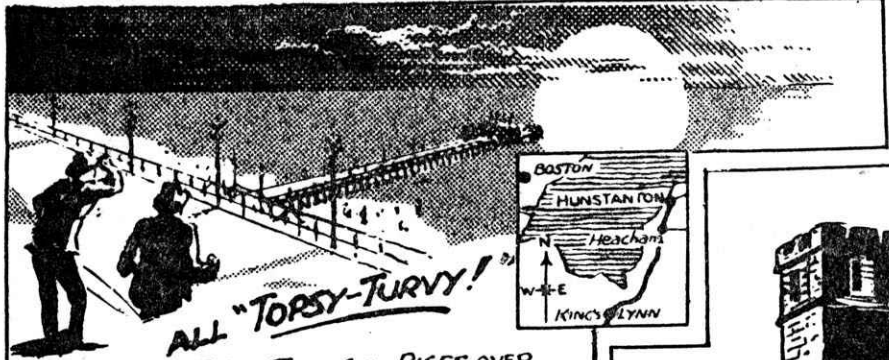


Spots worth Seeing

If you keep your eyes well open when you are travelling around, you may come across some very strange sights and objects. Here are just a few which will add interest to your journeys!



THE RUSTIC CHARM OF LONDON!
PERIVALE'S NORMAN CHURCH,
7 MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH!

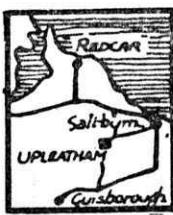


ALL "TORSY-TURVY!"

ON THE EAST COAST THE SUN RISES OVER THE SEA - AND SETS OVER THE LAND -
 BUT - AT HUNSTANTON - EAST COAST RESORT THE SUN SETS OVER THE SEA!
 HUNSTANTON - NORFOLK - IS ON THE WEST COAST -
 - LOOK AT THE MAP -



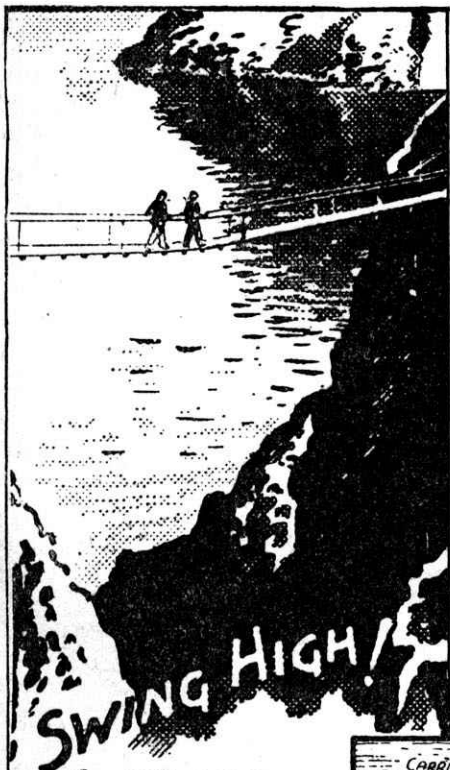
- A stone's-throw away there are huge modern factories.



BRITAIN'S TINIEST CHURCH?
UPLEATHAM - YORKSHIRE,
 NEARLY 900 YEARS OLD
 - 13 ft. wide & 17 ft. long -
 SEATS ONLY 15 PEOPLE!

This 13th Century FIRE FIGHTER'S HOOK -
 - USED FOR PULLING DOWN BURNING BUILDINGS -
 hangs on the wall in IVINGHOE CHURCH - Bucks





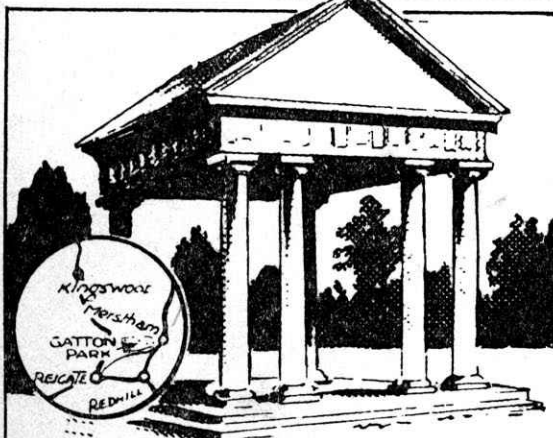
SWING HIGH!

- THIS 90 FT. HIGH BRIDGE SPANNING THE 60 FT. GORGE AT CARRICK-A-REDE, ANTRIM, IRELAND WAS BUILT BY FISHERMEN. MANY HOLIDAY-MAKERS VIEW IT, BUT FEW DARE TO CROSS IT, IT BOUNCES TOO MUCH!



PUTTING THE "LLs" IN "SELLERS"

- SIX SHOPS IN ALMA ROAD, BRISTOL, ALL NEXT DOOR TO ONE ANOTHER - ARE NAMED :-
BARRELL - EDSSELL - ESKELL - HAYBALL - MARKWELL - & CULVERWELL!



"There was a Town of much renown -
 - AND THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT -"
THE PORTICO OF THE TOWN HALL OF GATTON - NEAR REIGATE SURREY - IN GATTON PARK



THE WATCHMAKER'S EPITAPH

LYDFORD - DEVON.

HERE LIES IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION THE OUTWARD CASE OF **GEORGE ROUTLEIGH, WATCHMAKER**, WHOSE ABILITIES IN THAT LINE WERE AN HONOUR TO HIS PROFESSION, INTEGRITY WAS THE MAINSPRING AND PRUDENCE THE REGULATOR OF ALL THE ACTIONS OF HIS LIFE. HUMANE, GENEROUS & LIBERAL HIS HAND NEVER STOPPED TILL HE HAD RELIEVED DISTRESS SO NICELY REGULATED WERE ALL HIS EMOTIONS THAT HE NEVER WENT WRONG, EXCEPT WHEN SET AGOING BY PEOPLE WHO DID NOT KNOW HIS KEY.

EVEN THEN HE WAS EASILY SET RIGHT. HE HAD THE ART OF DISPOSING OF HIS TIME SO WELL THAT HIS HOURS GLIDED BY IN ONE CONTINUAL ROUND OF PLEASURE AND DELIGHT TILL AN UNLUCKY MINUTE PUT A PERIOD TO HIS EXISTENCE. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE NOVEMBER 24, 1802, AGED 5 WOUND UP IN THE HOPE OF BEING TAKEN IN HAND BY HIS MAKER, AND BEING THOROUGHLY CLEANED & REPAIRED - AND SET AGOING IN THE WORLD TO COME.

LYDFORD IS ENGLAND'S LARGEST PARISH - 60,000 ACRES



The WAYFARER'S DOLE!

-- ST. CROSS --
WINCHESTER, *Hants.*

AN 800-YEAR-OLD CHARITY WHICH GIVES A PIECE OF BREAD AND A HORN OF BEER TO ALL WHO ASK FOR IT - IF THEY ARE NEEDY TRAVELLERS.



ORMSKIRK, Lancashire,
PARISH CHURCH
HAS A SPIRE
AND A TOWER!

IT WAS SAID THAT THE CHURCH WAS BUILT BY THE 2 DAUGHTERS OF THE NOTORIOUS PIRATE ORM. ONE WANTED A SPIRE - THE OTHER, A TOWER - SO EACH HAD HER WAY!

IN ACTUAL FACT - WHEN THE BELLS OF BURSOUGH WERE BROUGHT TO ORMSKIRK, THE TOWER WOULDN'T HOLD THEM ALL -

SO THEY PUT IN WHAT THEY COULD AND BUILT A SPIRE TO HOLD THE REMAINDER!



640 YEARS AGO
- ON JUNE 24, 1314 -
WAS FOUGHT THE FAMOUS
BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

when BRUCE, with his Scottish Army of 30,000 men, gained his memorable victory over the forces of KING EDWARD II 100,000 strong.

- ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE BATTLEFIELD STILL STANDS THE **BORESTONE** - IN WHICH BRUCE PLANTED HIS STANDARD.



TRAQUAIR'S CLOSED GATES -

NEAR INNERLEITHEN - PEEBLES, Scotland

- ENTRANCE GATES OF TRAQUAIR HOUSE -
- ONE OF SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT MANSIONS.
CLOSED BY ORDER 212 YEARS AGO
WHEN THE YOUNG PRETENDER - CHARLES STUART - PASSED THROUGH THEM ON HIS WAY TO LONDON, & NEVER TO BE REOPENED TILL A STUART WAS ONCE MORE KING.





'OLD TIMER'

- BRITAIN'S
OLDEST CLOCK -

RYE PARISH CHURCH - SUSSEX

THIS REMARKABLE TIMEPIECE, WHICH STILL RUNS ON ITS ORIGINAL MECHANISM HAS BEEN TICKING OFF THE MINUTES FOR NEARLY 400 YEARS!

IT TOOK 40 YEARS TO MAKE, AND WAS COMPLETED IN 1360 - THE ACTUAL COST OF THE CLOCK WAS ONLY £2.15.0 - THE DESIGNER'S SHARE BEING 6/6P!



ENGLAND'S MOST ANCIENT CHURCH -

ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY, KENT.

- BUILT WHILST THE ROMANS STILL OCCUPIED BRITAIN -

HERE, IN THE YEAR 597, BERTHA - WIFE OF ETHELBERT, KING OF KENT, CAME TO WORSHIP - AND HERE ETHELBERT WAS HIMSELF BAPTISED INTO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH BY SAINT AUGUSTINE - POPE GREGORY'S EMISSARY TO "ANGLE-LAND"



- THIS POST IN DENTON FEN - HUNTS - 1 MILE N.E. OF HOLME - 20 YDS. EAST OF HOLME LODGE ROAD -

WAS PART OF THE ORIGINAL CRYSTAL PALACE!

- PLACED HERE IN 1851 IT WAS DRIVEN THROUGH 22 FT. OF PEAT - IN 1870, THE CLAY UPON WHICH IT WAS LEVEL WITH THE GROUND. THE POST IS NOW 11 FEET HIGH! THE FENS HAVE SHRUNK!!

TWO STONES ON THE WALL OF THE

PARISH CHURCH
RECORD THE

NINE CENTENARIANS of ILFRACOMBE NORTH DEVON.



JOHN PILE
100 YEARS
SARAH WILLIAMS
107 YEARS
WILLIAM SOAPER
105 YEARS
JOHN DAVIS
102 YEARS
MARY ANN LAMB
100 YEARS

ELIZABETH BROOKS
100 YEARS
NANNY VAGGES
101 YEARS
JANE RICHARDS
101 YEARS
JANE BRAY
100 YEARS

The Famous Detective . . . in a High-Speed Mystery!



SEXTON BLAKE

IN THE "THE TORRELLI TWINS!"

AS ALWAYS-- WHEN HE HAD A DIFFICULT CRIME TO SOLVE, INSPECTOR COUTTS OF SCOTLAND YARD CALLED IN HIS OLD FRIEND AND RIVAL, SEXTON BLAKE. ALONG WITH SEXTON BLAKE'S ASSISTANT, TINKER, THE TWO MEN GAZED AT A BATTERED EMPTY SAFE, WHICH A FEW HOURS PREVIOUSLY CONTAINED OVER £10,000 IN NOTES--

IT'S THE WORK OF ONE OF THE TORRELLI TWINS, MR BLAKE!

I ENTIRELY AGREE, COUTTS-- BUT WHICH ONE? THE TORRELLI TWINS HAVE SEPARATED--AND EACH HAS WORKED ON HIS OWN FOR YEARS!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE THEY MIGHT BE THESE DAYS?

THEY'RE BOTH OUT OF PRISON, IF THAT IS WHAT YOU MEAN, MR BLAKE!

THEN THE INSPECTOR BRIGHTENED UP A LITTLE--

BUT WE'RE NOT COMPLETELY STUMPED, MR BLAKE! A PASSER-BY GOT THE NUMBER OF THE CAR WHICH MANAGED TO GET CLEAR AWAY. IF ONLY I KNEW WHERE THAT CAR WAS NOW!

IF AT THAT MOMENT THE INSPECTOR COULD HAVE BEEN ON THE FOOTPLATE OF THE NORTHBURGH EXPRESS--ROARING ALONG SOME MILES OUT OF LONDON-- HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE STOLEN CAR--

BY GEORGE, LOOK! SLAM ON THE BRAKES, JOE!

EVEN WITH ITS BRAKES FULL ON, THE TRAIN SMASHED INTO THE CAR, SCATTERING IT ALONG THE TRACK--





THE TRAIN CREW HURRIEDLY SEARCHED AMONG THE DEBRIS --

CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF THE OCCUPANTS! THESE NUMBER-PLATES ARE THE ONLY MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION!

BETTER DRIVE ON TO THE NEXT STATION AND INFORM THE STATION-MASTER AND CALL THE POLICE!



THE POLICE SOON IDENTIFIED THE CAR FROM ITS NUMBER PLATES --

IT'S THE CAR WE WERE TOLD TO LOOK OUT FOR! I'LL GET ON TO SCOTLAND YARD RIGHT AWAY!



AND SO, AN HOUR LATER, SEXTON BLAKE, TINKER AND INSPECTOR COUTTS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE --

I'VE CORDONED OFF THE AREA, AND ORDERED A SEARCH OF THE DISTRICT, MR BLAKE! HE WON'T GET FAR! FROM WHAT I GATHER HE WAS SPEEDING ALONG THE ROAD WHEN HE SKIPPED OVER THE EMBANKMENT!



THE DETECTIVES EXAMINED THE TWISTED WRECKAGE --

TORRELLI WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH HIS LIFE, MR BLAKE, BUT IT'S SIMPLIFIED OUR SEARCH -- BECAUSE HE WON'T GET FAR FROM HERE!

I'VE A FEELING HE HAS ALREADY DONE SO, COUTTS -- AND THAT YOUR MEN ARE WASTING THEIR TIME IN THIS AREA!



OUR MAN IS ABOARD THE NORTHBURGH EXPRESS -- AND THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, COUTTS. WE MUST FIND THE NEAREST TELEPHONE AND INFORM THE POLICE AT NORTHBURGH AT ONCE!

I THINK YOUR IDEA HIGHLY IMPROBABLE, MR BLAKE -- BUT I'LL DO AS YOU WISH!



THE NEAREST TELEPHONE WAS AT AN R-A-F STATION A MILE AWAY. WHEN THE C.O. HEARD WHY THE DETECTIVES WERE THERE, HE OFFERED A BETTER SUGGESTION --

ONE OF MY CANBERRAS COULD GET YOU THERE BEFORE THE TRAIN ARRIVES. I'LL PUT ONE AT YOUR DISPOSAL IF YOU WISH, GENTLEMEN!

THAT MIGHT BE THE ANSWER, COUTTS! WE ACCEPT YOUR KIND OFFER, SIR!

AND WHEN THE NORTHBURGH EXPRESS ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION,
THE DETECTIVES WERE THERE, WAITING AT THE BARRIER ~~~

I'VE A FEELING THAT YOU ARE WRONG FOR ONCE, MR BLAKE!
MOST OF THE PASSENGERS ARE GONE. I'LL JUST TAKE
A QUICK LOOK ALONG THE TRAIN, AND THEN
WE'LL BE GETTING BACK.



AND AS THE INSPECTOR WALKED
ALONG THE PLATFORM ~~~

CORKS! COUTTS
OF THE YARD!
LUCKY I SAW HIM
OR I'D HAVE WALKED
STRAIGHT INTO HIM!

INSPECTOR COUTTS DID NOT SEE THE CROOK, BUT THE
SHARP EYES OF SEXTON BLAKE SPOTTED HIM!

I WAS RIGHT, MR BLAKE,
HE'S NOT ON THE
TRAIN!

WRONG, COUTTS!
THERE HE GOES NOW!
COME ON,
TINKER!



ALONG THE PLATFORM THE DETECTIVES RACED ~~~
AND THEN ACROSS A MAZE OF LINES ~~~

HE'S GOING INTO
THE ENGINE SHEDS,
GUV'NOR!



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE CROOK WHEN THEY REACHED THE SHED, BUT, BEING INFORMED BY THE FOREMAN THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE EXIT, SEXTON BLAKE WAS PREPARED TO WAIT -- AND ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER --

THAT FIREMAN OVER THERE, SIR? HE'S NEW AROUND HERE!

BUT NOT NEW TO ME!



GOOD AFTERNOON, TORRELLI! I WANT YOU -- ON A CHARGE OF BANK ROBBERY!

SEXTON BLAKE!



IF YOU THINK I DID ANY BANK ROBBERY YOU'RE MISTAKEN, MISTER CLEVER DICK! IT WAS MY BROTHER, TONY! I'VE BEEN STRAIGHT FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS -- WORKING ON THIS RAILWAY!

IS THAT SO? WHAT TRAIN WERE YOU FIRING?



FULL OF CONFIDENCE, TORRELLI SNAPPED BACK AT THE FOREMAN --

THE NORTHBURGH EXPRESS, OF COURSE! THE USUAL BLOKE WENT SICK AND I TOOK HIS PLACE!



INSPECTOR COUTTS ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO MAKE THE ARREST --

THIS IS THE TORRELLI YOU WANT, COUTTS! HOLD HIM, TINKER, WHILE I RELIEVE HIM OF HIS SWAG!



THE MAN'S CASE REVEALED ALL THE EVIDENCE THAT COUTTS REQUIRED -- £10,000 IN NOTES!

BUT HE COULD HAVE BEEN TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT WORKING AS A FIREMAN ON THE RAILWAY, MR BLAKE! WHAT MADE YOU THINK OTHERWISE?

AFTER THE CRASH THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE WAS EXCHANGED FOR A DIESEL ELECTRIC ENGINE. THESE DO NOT RUN ON COAL AND WATER AND THEREFORE DO NOT CARRY A FIREMAN IN THE CREW!



ONE THING MORE, MR BLAKE. WHY WERE YOU SO CERTAIN THAT TORRELLI DELIBERATELY CRASHED THE CAR SO AS TO CATCH THE TRAIN WHEN IT STOPPED?

THE IGNITION WAS SWITCHED OFF, COUTTS, SO TORRELLI MUST HAVE PUSHED THE CAR OVER. HE KNEW THAT IN THE CAR HE WAS A MARKED MAN, SO HE DECIDED TO TRAVEL BY RAIL -- HOPING HE'D GO UNNOTICED!

I WOULD HAVE DONE, BUT FOR YOU SEXTON BLAKE!



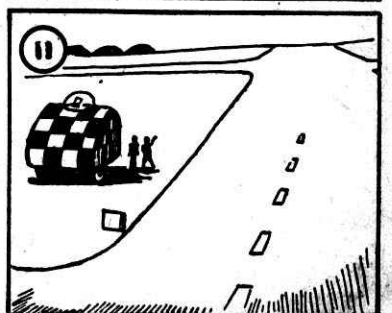
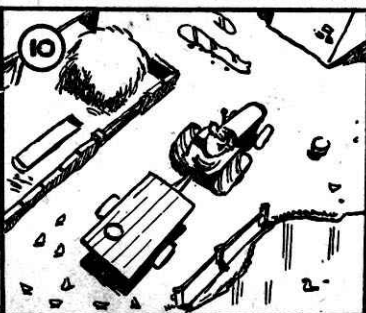
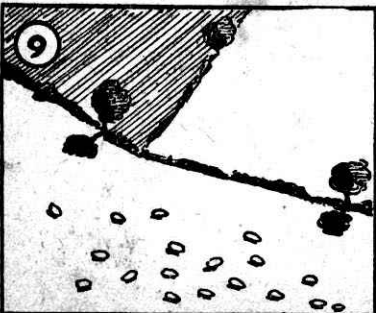
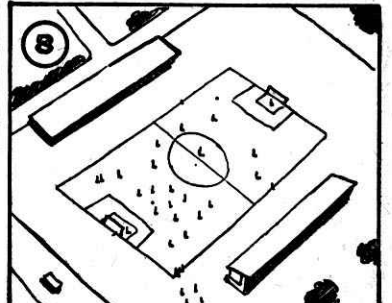
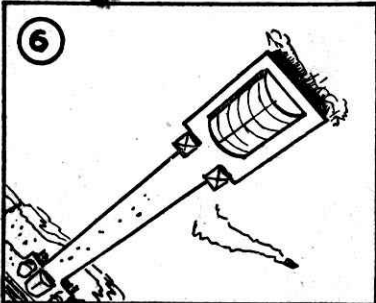
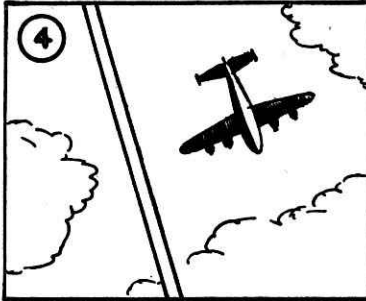
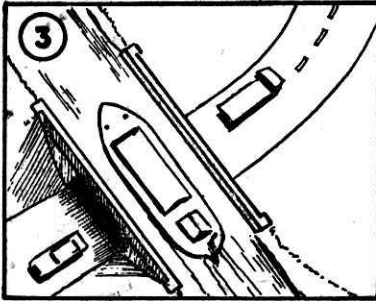
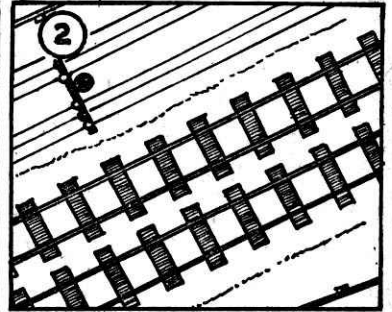
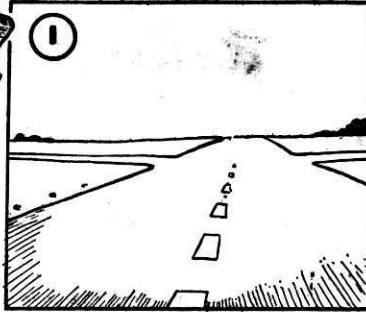
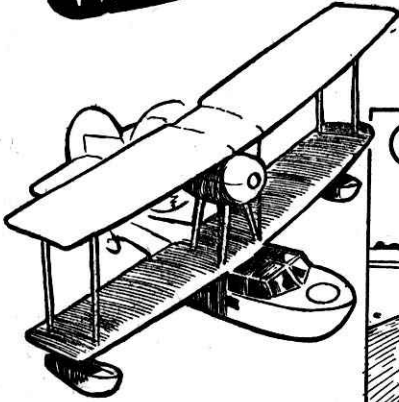
NAUTICAL NONSENSE



TAKE A FLIP WITH MASTER PILOT

JOHNNIE WINGCO

Would you like to get a pilot's eye-view of things and places? They all look different from the air, and you can test your spotting-skill by identifying the things shown below. Answers on page 192.





TINKER'S 'TEC TEASERS



Problem Number 3 for all you keen, young clue-spotters! Here is a case, successfully tackled by Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard. Can you get the right answer, too?

The Professor's Story

CARLTON GROVE seemed an ordinary sort of road in a quiet district. There was nothing unusual about it at first sight, but those who knew about Professor Wilson's private museum also knew that it was contained in one of the houses in this road.

It was down Carlton Grove that Inspector Coutts of Scotland Yard walked briskly in company with an elderly man.

"Let me see if I've got all the details correct, professor," Inspector Coutts was saying. "You tell me you have been away on business for four days, and that you locked up your museum before going away. But this morning, on returning, you found that a window at the rear had been forced open. You say you think thieves have been at the valuables in your museum. What makes you think that? Did you go inside?"

"No, inspector. I purposely refrained from entering my house when I found the window open," Professor Wilson told him. "I did not want to touch anything that might give the police a vital clue."

Coutts nodded.

"Very sensible, too," he agreed. "I suppose your museum is insured? I mean, you won't suffer any financial loss if anything has been stolen from it?"

"Naturally, I insure my valuable exhibits against theft," the professor said. "Well, here we are."

He stopped at a gateway and stood aside to let Inspector Coutts enter the front garden.

Professor Wilson opened the door and they both entered the house. Inspector Coutts went at once to the back room where the window had been forced and made a close search. After that he looked in every other ground-floor room, finishing up in the kitchen, where a plump, well-fed cat was

under the table, contentedly eating the last sardine out of an opened tin.

"M'm! Nothing unusual down here," Coutts observed, stroking the cat. "We'll see what there is upstairs."

They went upstairs and soon discovered that the museum part of the house had been stripped of everything valuable. Professor Wilson was horrified at the loss of his treasures.

"You've got to find the rogue who did this, inspector!" he exclaimed. "It's terrible!"

"I entirely agree," Coutts said quietly. "Tell me, did you leave instructions for any of your neighbours to come into the house while you were away? Did you ask them to see that the house was secure or anything like that?"

"Dear me, no!" the professor replied. "I did not consider it necessary. This is a quiet road, but it is regularly patrolled by policemen."

"Quite so," murmured Inspector Coutts. "And you are absolutely certain that nobody apart from the thief entered this house while you were away?"

"That's so," nodded Professor Wilson. "This is the first time I've been in here since I went away four days ago."

Inspector Coutts smiled.

"I'm afraid that won't do," he said sternly. "You robbed your own museum and intended to collect the insurance money! Now tell me where you have hidden the valuables?"

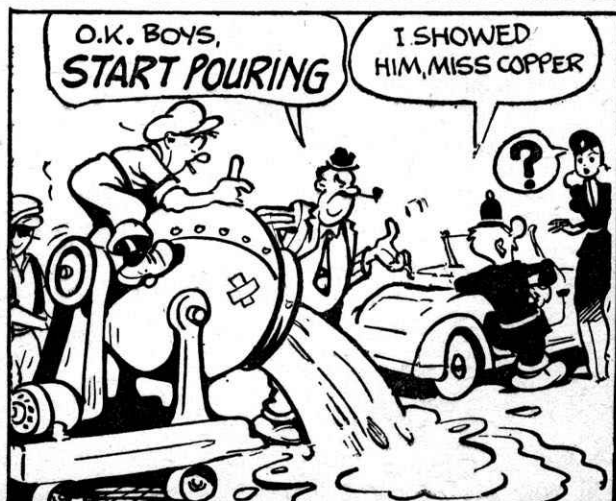
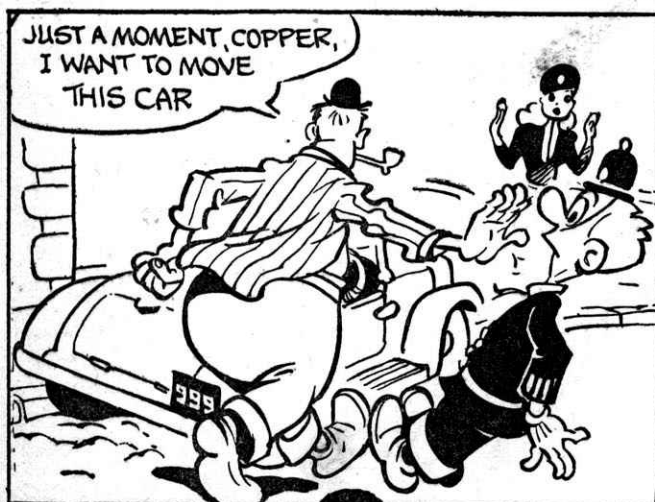
Under the Scotland Yard man's questioning, Professor Wilson confessed that he had been hard up, and had robbed his own museum!

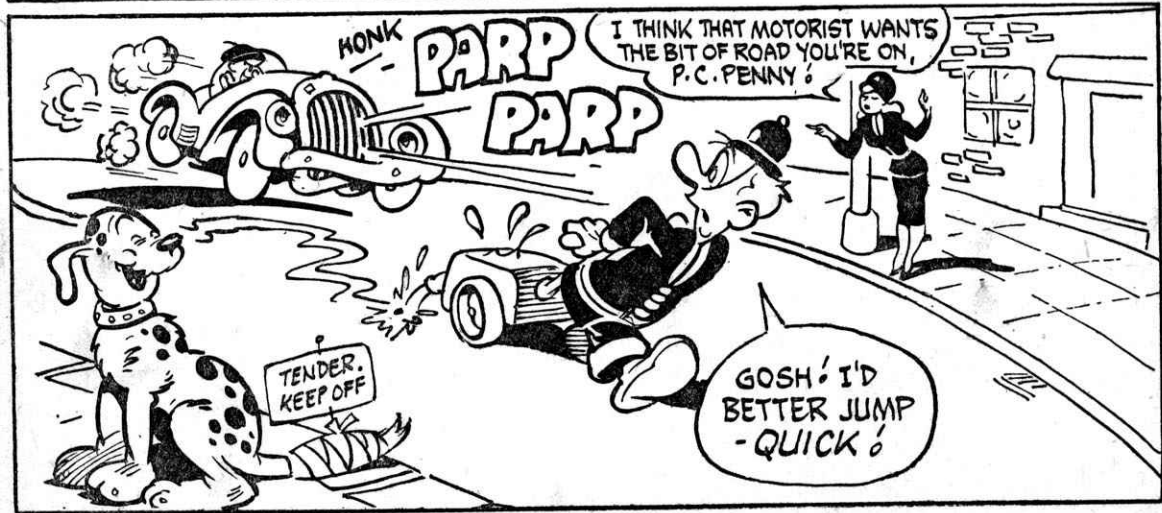
Why did Inspector Coutts know that he had done this? Try to find the vital clue—and then check with the answer on page 192.



P.C. PENNY

THE
ODD COPPER—
IN A BUSY DAY!









OURSELVES! TA, TA!



PENNY! WHAT ARE THE PRISONERS DOING RUNNING ABOUT OUTSIDE?

IT'S O.K. SARGY! THEY'RE ONLY DOING A VANISHING TRICK!



LATER

OOER! HERE COMES SARGY! I'VE BEEN ROLLER SKATING ROUND THE STATION, HE WILL BE CROSS EVER SO!

I'LL TELL!



DON'T JUST SIT THERE, PENNY! LOOK SLIPPY! GET OUT ON YOUR BEAT!





BAH! I'LL TEACH YOU TO BASH MY BEAN WITH YOUR BOBBY'S BONNET!

ALLOW ME TO HELP YOU RISE, SARGY!

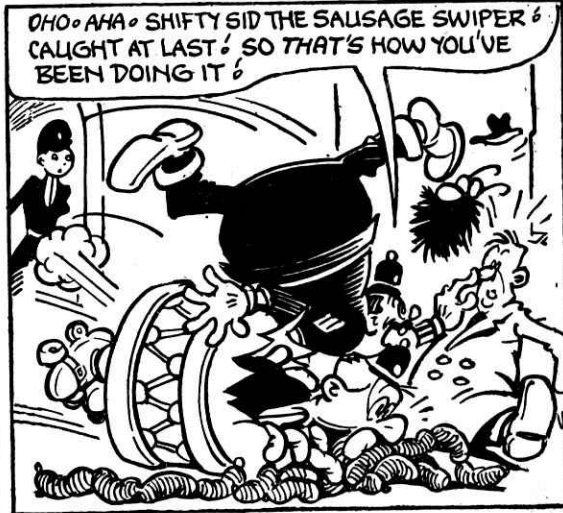


THERE! I FEEL BETTER NOW!

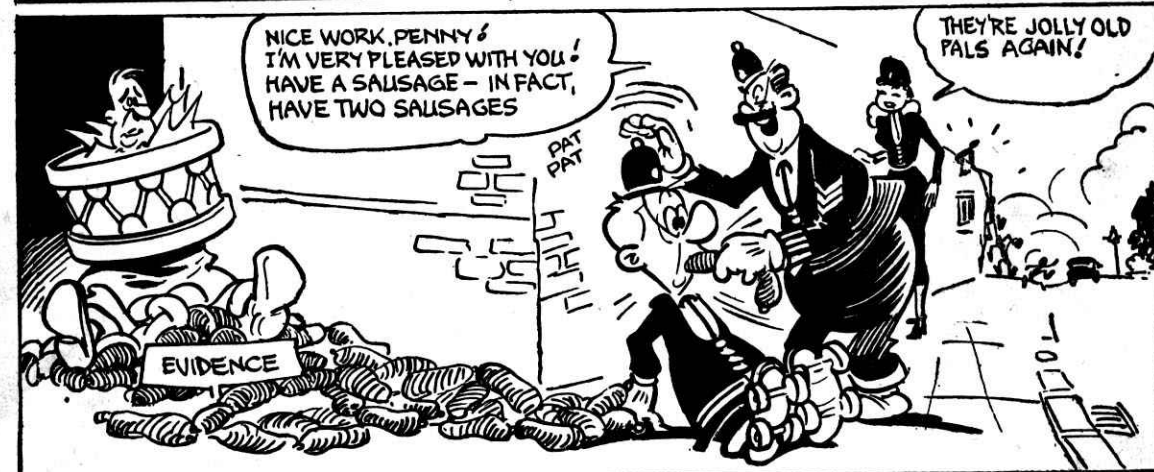
OO! WHY DON'T YOU TWO GO ON THE STAGE?



YUK! YUK! NOBODY'LL NOTICE ME IN THIS DISGUISE, HEH! HEH!



OHO! AHA! SHIFTY SID THE SAUSAGE SWIPER! CAUGHT AT LAST! SO THAT'S HOW YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT!



NICE WORK, PENNY! I'M VERY PLEASED WITH YOU! HAVE A SAUSAGE - IN FACT, HAVE TWO SAUSAGES

THEY'RE JOLLY OLD PALS AGAIN!

OUR ERNIE

MRS.
ENTWHISTLE'S
LITTLE
LAD!



The other day the lad did go
To see the Wigan theatre show,
For there a wizard was on view
Who sawed a lady clean in two.



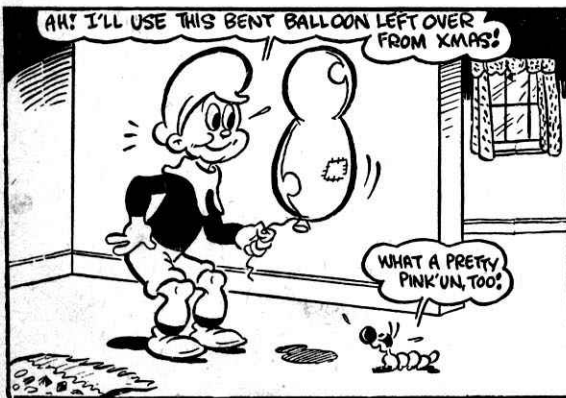
Cried Ernie, "Eee! But that's most good!
I'd like to try that trick, I would—
I'll bet it is a lot of fun
To make a two-piece out of one!"



Well, back at home he told his Dad,
But father's mood was rather bad
And he was far from keen to learn
The details of this tricky turn.



With scorn Our Ernie's father barked,
Which made the boy feel rather narked,
And so he thought the thing to do
Was take Pa down a peg or two.



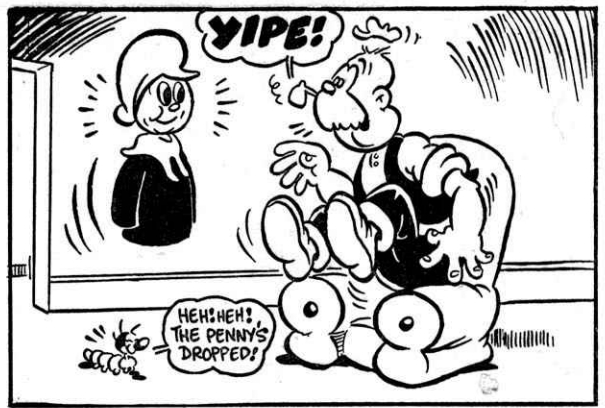
But Ernie's vexness faded soon
As he blew up a big balloon
Which had a thin bit near the middle—
Just like the middle of a fiddle!



Upon the top a face he drew,
Then dressed it in suit number two,
So it looked like his own top part
And stopped just where his legs should start.



The Ernie-fake soared through the air
Towards Pa, seated in his chair,
Although at first he was too pent
To wonder where lad's legs had went!



Then Pa jumped like a scalded cat
To think what he was looking at;
He was most horrified to see
Two nowts where Ernie's legs should be!



Then Pa his Pa-full love did show
To his young hopeful so-and-so,
And hugged him with a cry of grief—
Still with his pipe between his teef!



But Pa's clay pipe was very hot,
And so another shock he got,
For suddenly the "lad" went bang
As hot tobacco scored a prang.



When Pa recovered from the fright
He knew that he'd been tricked all right,
While Ernie felt he'd better try
To make those angry clouds roll by!

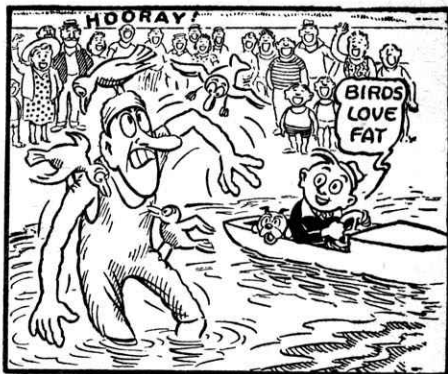


Pa sent Our Ernie up to bed—
"You'll go without your tea!" he said,
But he relented later and
Lad had his tea in bed! 'Twas grand!

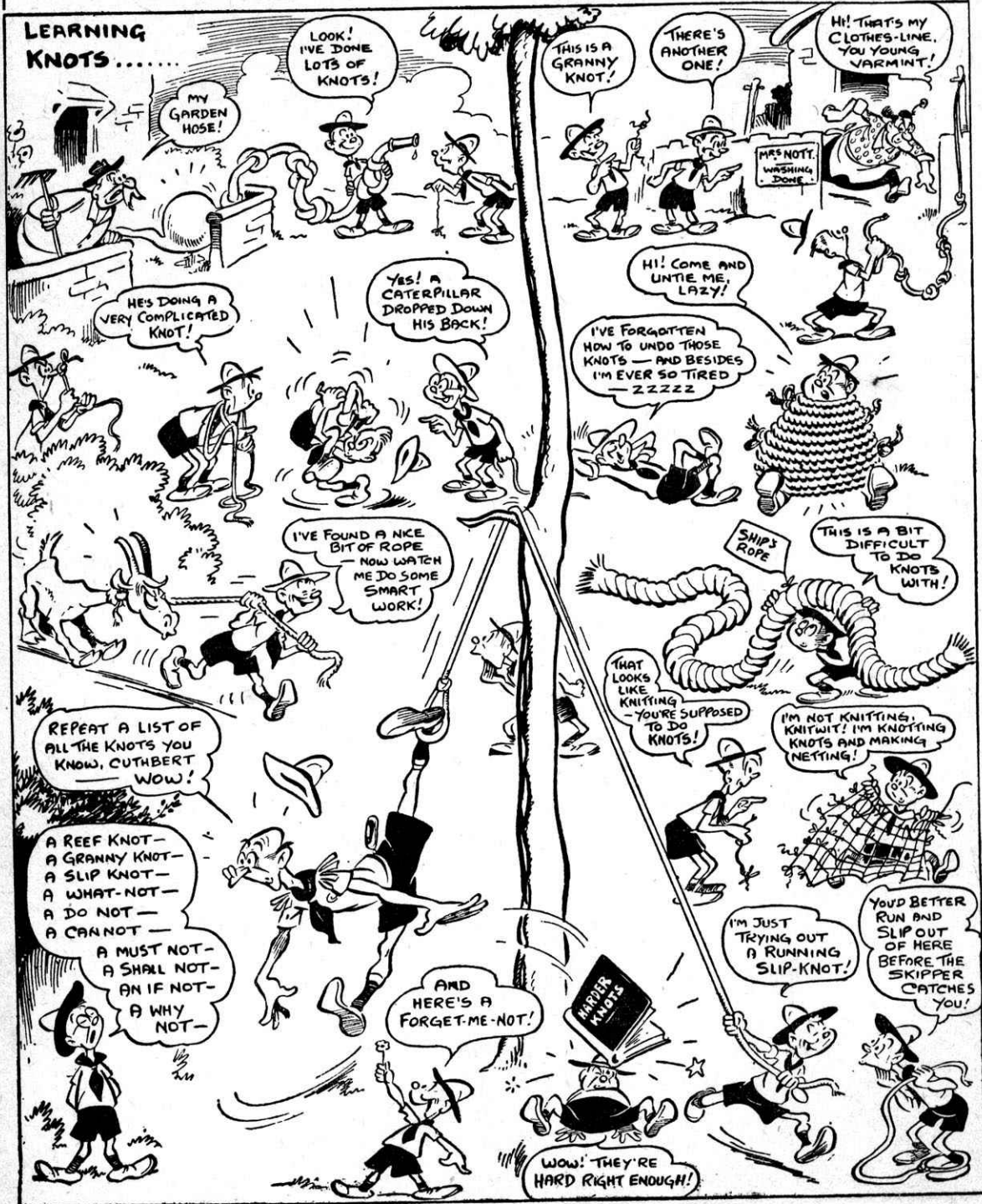
SPORTY

ABOUT
TURN!

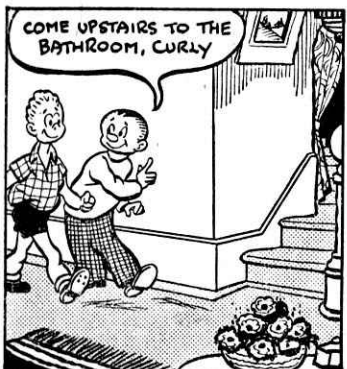
SYDNEY IS
GOING TO TRY
AND SWIM FROM
SPLASHTON
OVER TO FRANCE



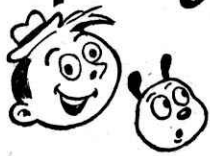
THE EAGER BEAVER BOYS!



MIKE



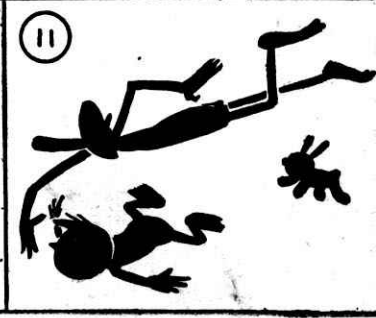
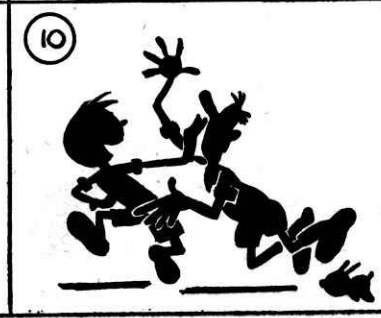
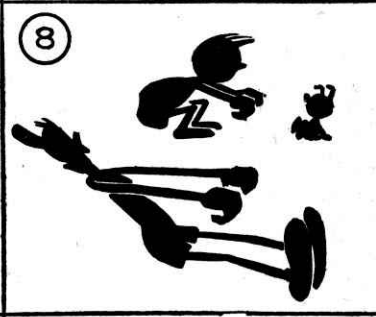
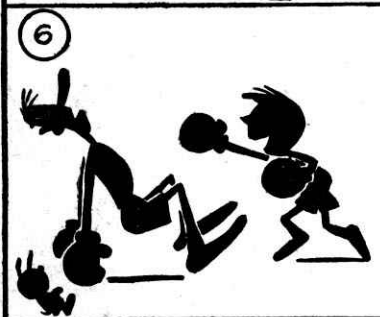
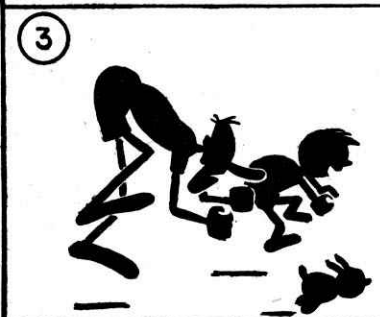
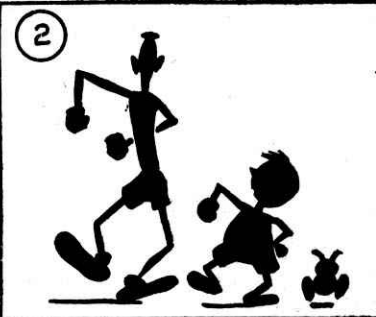
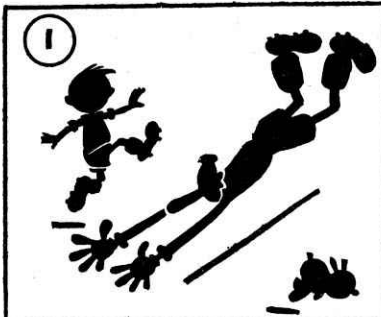
Sporty's



SPORTS QUIZ

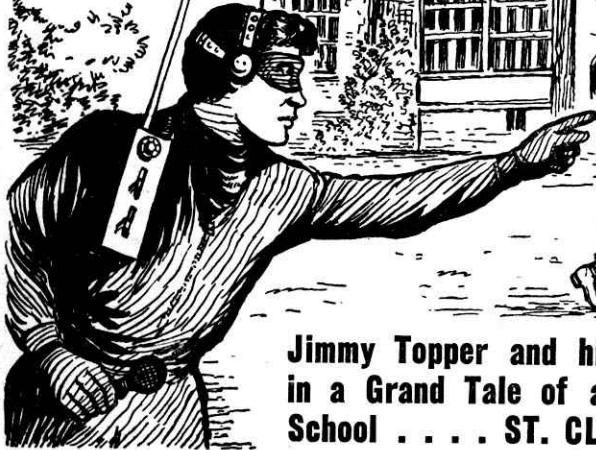


Hallo, what's going on here? Our old friends Sporty and Sydney seem to be up to some comical antics, don't they? Can you tell what sports they are playing? Have a shot at it—and then you can see if you were right by the list of Answers on page 192.



WHO WAS THIS JACK JUSTICE—ALWAYS ON THE SIDE OF RIGHT AGAINST WRONG?
HOW DID HE KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL OVER THE SCHOOL?

JACK JUSTICE



Jimmy Topper and his Chums
in a Grand Tale of a Famous
School ST. CLEMENT'S

The Cap-snatchers!

THE whistle shrilled long and loud and the match was over. The Fourth Form at St. Clement's went mad because their team had beaten the Fifth by two goals to one, in the Inter-Form Championship. There was to be a return game in a week's time.

Naturally, the Fifth didn't like being beaten by a lower Form and they looked a trifle glum. Some of them had the grace to grin a bit and say: "Nice work, Jimmy!"

But there were some in the Fifth who resented the triumph of Jimmy Topper and his hand-picked, first-class football team which represented the Fourth.

Maurice Carr and Roger Sefton were very disgruntled about it—particularly Sefton, who was captain of the Fifth and knew that he was in danger of losing that captaincy.

"We can't help Jimmy Topper and his cocky chums being good footballers," he growled. "But they'll swank about this, and I'd like to put a spoke in their wheel."

"You know," said Carr. "If Jimmy Topper and Tom Tuffen couldn't play in the return match next week we'd stand a chance of beating the Fourth."

Jimmy played centre-half and Tom was usually in goal for the Fourth, so there was a lot of sense in Carr's statement.

"I believe you're right," agreed Sefton, "but I don't see how we can stop them playing."

There the matter was left, but Carr and Sefton put in a spot of training on the Monday after tea. They sprinted. They trotted round the cinder track. And then they went into the pavilion to get their second wind.

Through the window they watched Jimmy Topper putting his lads through a spot of ball practice—heading, passing, and trapping.

"If only we could stop Topper and Tuffen playing," sighed Carr.

They sat down to think it out and didn't notice a queer little box arrangement stuck to the wall in a dark corner.

And while they sat there thinking in brooding silence, Jimmy Topper and Tom Tuffen sauntered by outside, talking together.

Tom was saying: "If we're to get anything for Hetty Bailey's birthday we've got to go into Brookville."

"I know," agreed Jimmy. "But Hetty's birthday is on Friday, and Brookville is out of bounds for this week. You know that!"

"Who cares?" retorted Tom. "It's in a good cause. We can't all go. That would be too noticeable. But you and I could, Jimmy—before tee to-morrow. It ought to be easy and wouldn't take long on our bikes."

"It's an idea," said Jimmy. "Chalky White will be away to-morrow evening. We'll do it, Tom—"

And so they went on with their planning as they walked out of earshot.

In the pavilion, Carr looked at Sefton and Sefton looked at Carr. Sefton said: "If they get caught they'll land in serious trouble! That ought to teach them not to be so cocky!"

"They'd get detention. They'd probably be unable to play on Saturday. Topper would lose the Captaincy of the Fourth," added Carr. "But how do we land them in the soup?"

Sefton chuckled drily. He said: "We've got to be in Brookville, too, to-morrow night. Only we'll get

permission. After that—well, we shall see what we shall see!"

The next morning Sefton sought out Mr. Webster, his Form-master, and said: "Please, sir, my football boots have conked out—"

"I beg your pardon?" broke in Mr. Webster.

"I mean, worn out, sir. I'll need a new pair—so will Carr—for Saturday's match. Could we pop—I mean, go—into Brookville after tea, sir? We'll be back in time for prep."

Mr. Webster nodded approval. "By all means," he said. "Just you and Carr. You have my permission. But be back in time for prep!"

Sefton went off very pleased with himself, but Carr said: "If we don't turn up with new footer boots he'll smell a rat."

"All right! We'll buy new pairs. We both need new footer boots."

The stage was obviously all set for landing Jimmy Topper and Tom Tuffen into serious trouble, and Sefton and Carr thought nobody but themselves knew a thing about it.

But when Jimmy went to his study before tea there was a note on the table—a large sheet of paper with printed capitals. It read: "DON'T BREAK BOUNDS TO-NIGHT OR YOU'LL BE LANDED IN THE SOUP." It was signed in a scrawling handwriting: "JACK JUSTICE."

Jimmy gaped at it. Dick Loring looked over his shoulder. Dick said: "But you're not thinking of breaking bounds, Jimmy!"

"You're wrong," said Jimmy. "Tom and I reckoned we'd go and buy Hetty's birthday present to-night. But we didn't say a word to anybody else. At least, I didn't."

"Better see what Tom knows about it," suggested Dick.

They dashed round to Tom's study and found him staring at a similar note in the same sort of capitals and scrawling handwriting."

"But I haven't told a soul," exploded Tom. "Who is this Jack Justice chap? I'm not taking a scrap of

notice. After all, who'd want to land us in trouble? I'm all for going like we planned."

"So am I," said Jimmy.

So after tea they sneaked away across the playing fields to the boundary fence. They had already parked their bikes under a bush, and within a matter of minutes they were cycling away to Brookville. Their tell-tale school caps were out of sight in their pockets and they saw nobody who could possibly recognise them or give them away.

They called at a jeweller's and bought a nice brooch for Hetty Bailey's birthday present, then they went back to the market square where they had parked their bikes. There wasn't a soul about who looked like anybody from St. Clement's.

"Those Jack Justice notes were a lot of baloney," growled Tom.

But he spoke too soon, for as they passed the entrance to an alley two hands shot out to the chums' side pockets. The next moment their school caps had gone, snatched out as clean as whistles!

Tom felt his go and clapped a hand to his side—too late.

"What the dickens——" he roared.

He was round in a flash and dived into the alley just in time to see two fellows racing out at the far end.

The chums stood and stared at each other. Jimmy said: "Jack Justice wasn't so far wrong, after all!"

"But why?" asked Tom. "What's the idea? Gosh, if I ever lay hands on those chaps I'll——"

"Did you recognise them?" asked Jimmy.

"Never had a chance," said Tom ruefully. "Can't even be sure they were St. Clement's chaps!"

"If only we knew who Jack Justice is!" muttered Jimmy. But they didn't, so the only thing left was to cycle back to St. Clement's.

Jack Lee and Dick Loring were in their study commencing prep when Jimmy arrived, and the look on his face was enough to tell them something had happened.

Jimmy explained the whole affair. "And," he added, "those caps had our names in them."



Jimmy Topper showed the mysterious warning to Dick and Jack. They all stared in amazement. How had it got there? And who was Jack Justice?

"So if they reach Chalky White and he's told they were found in Brookville, the balloon goes up," said Dick Loring.

"There's nothing we can do about it—absolutely nothing at all," said Jimmy dismally. "And Tom and I are in trouble if those caps are sent to one of the masters!"

The Gloved Hand!

MAURICE CARR leaned back in his chair and chuckled at the sight of the two caps which lay on the table before him. Roger Sefton was standing on the hearthrug, his hands in his pockets, and he didn't look too sure of himself.

Sefton said: "D'you really think Webbie will fall for it?"

"If we stick to our story he can't help himself. Remember—he'll be making his rounds in about ten minutes' time."

"And then we say that the caps were picked up in Brookville market place by a policeman——"

"No," broke in Carr. "Webbie could phone the police station to find out if we're telling the truth. We'd better say it was an ordinary civilian who found the caps and gave them to us to bring back to the school. And we don't know the name and address of the man so nobody can check up on us. That means that Topper and Tuffen did break bounds—and they'll both be for the high jump."

Sefton was grinning and rubbing his hands together delightedly.

"This," he said, "is where we put those couple of bounders where they belong——"

He broke off, staring at the door, which had quietly opened a few inches. A hand appeared, encased in a tight-fitting black glove.

The gloved fingers reached out to the electric light switch and—click!—the room was plunged into utter and complete darkness.

"What the——" Sefton made a dive for the door. But the intruder, whoever he was, had suddenly gone down on his hands and knees. The result was that Sefton tripped over him and went head over heels out into the corridor, where he landed flat on his back with a bang that knocked all the wind out of him.

Carr started up from his seat, but a hard fist got him slap on the nose. He recoiled back into his chair, which tilted up. Carr and Carr finished up on the floor!

There was swift movement in the blackened room. Dimly Carr saw a black furtive figure dash out and the door slammed—and all was silent.

But not for long! Sefton recovered his scattered senses, picked himself up and came charging back into the room. He switched on the light—and gaped at the scene. There was Carr still sitting on the floor, looking dazed.

Sefton's startled gaze shifted to the table. The caps had gone—and in their place was a note with writing—large, scrawly capital letters.

The note read: "TRY ANY MORE DIRTY TRICKS AND YOU'LL SUFFER FOR IT! YOU NEVER KNOW WHO'S LISTENING, DO YOU?"

The note was signed: "JACK JUSTICE!"

Carr got up and stood beside Sefton. They gaped at the note and at each other. From the very beginning of the affair they had kept it dead secret.

Carr said: "I never breathed a word to a soul. I never even hinted a thing——"

"Neither did I!" exclaimed Sefton thickly. "But somebody knows—about us!"



As Tom and Jimmy passed the entrance to the alley, a hand shot out and snatched the caps out of their side-pockets.

That was the upsetting part of it.

"If I knew who this Jack Justice is——" growled Carr, clenching his fists.

But he didn't know and had no means of telling. They never noticed the small box affair stuck on the wall behind the window curtain!

And then they heard familiar footsteps in the corridor and rushed to make the room tidy and to sit at the table reading text books like good boys.

Mr. Webster poked his head round the door and beamed at them.

"Ah—working!" he said. "Anything to report?"

Carr swallowed hard and said thickly: "No, sir."

Mr. Webster closed the door and continued on his rounds. The plot against Jimmy Topper and Tom Tuffen had failed.

And downstairs, in the Fourth Form corridor, a dark, furtive figure flitted along to the door of Jimmy Topper's study. The door opened. A black-gloved hand tossed a cap on to the table, and there was a note pinned to the peak of the cap.

"Hey—wait——" exclaimed Jimmy, starting to his feet. But the door was quickly closed and latched. By the time Jimmy had wrenched it open and dashed out into the corridor there was nobody in sight and nothing to be heard.

He returned to the study. Jack Lee held the cap, reading the note aloud: "HERE'S YOUR CAP BACK. I WARNED YOU NOT TO GO TO BROOKVILLE. ANOTHER TIME YOU MIGHT NOT BE SO LUCKY. I WAS ONLY JUST IN TIME TO STOP TWO CAPS BEING HANDED OVER TO A FORM MASTER."

Once again it was signed: "JACK JUSTICE!"

Dick said: "But Tom lost his cap, too!"

Jimmy nodded, then dashed out with the others close on his heels. They fairly flew round the corner to Tom Tuffen's study, and there stood Tom, with his cap in his hand and a note pinned to the peak of the cap. It was worded exactly the same as Jimmy's note.

Tom looked bewildered.

"But who is Jack Justice?" he asked.

"And how did he know about these things?" asked Jimmy.

"Who'd want to get us in wrong with the masters?" asked Tom. "Supposing Chalky White got to know that we broke bounds—what would happen?"

"Detention, as well as a caning," said Jack Lee.

Jimmy whistled as an idea occurred to him. "If we'd got detention we wouldn't be able to turn out next Saturday for the match against the Fifth."

"Ah, yes!" grunted Dick Loring. "You've got something there, Jimmy. But we can't prove that anybody in the Fifth worked this racket. Nobody knew about Jimmy and Tom going to Brookville—"

"Someone must have known," argued Jimmy. "And this Jack Justice certainly knew right from the beginning. Now, who on earth is Jack Justice?"

"Nobody knows," said Dick. "But I've got a feeling we're going to hear a lot more of him in the near future!"

Even while they discussed the matter there was a black-garbed figure out in the shrubberies with a walkie-talkie apparatus strapped to his back. He had earphones on, and what he heard through them brought a chuckle to his lips.

Then he turned and drifted away into the shadows. It was Jack Justice, very pleased with his attempts to see justice done at St. Clement's!

The Black Stamp

GUSTY GUSTON'S father ran a wholesale sports outfitters' in London, and because Cecil Browne heard Gusty talk about the wonderful cricket bats to be seen in his father's warehouse, he thought it would be a good idea to get one for the summer, wholesale.

That was why Cecil Browne, the Captain of St. Clement's, gave Gusty a pound note and asked him to write to his father and get a cricket bat and hand over the change, if any, later on.

Gusty was like that—always bragging and boasting—and always hard up because he spent money recklessly. Right then he was really hard up, and Cecil Browne's pound note was a terrific temptation to him.

He went wandering away into the shrubberies after

tea, in the fading light of evening, wondering if he dare "borrow" a shilling out of that pound note to get himself something tasty at the tuckshop, when suddenly he pulled up sharply. There were two hefty Fifth Formers there, leaning idly against a large tree and eyeing him balefully.

One was Maurice Carr, who said: "Hallo, Fourth Form kid! Come over here!"

The other was Roger Sefton, who said: "Ever heard of Jack Justice?"

Gusty stood very still, thinking hard. He had heard of Jack Justice because Jimmy Topper and Tom Tuffen had been making lots of inquiries. They, too, wanted to find out who Jack Justice was.

"Well," said Gusty, "I've heard something about him. Topper and Tuffen—and the cocky Topperites—are pretty keen on trying to find out who he is."

"I'll bet they are," growled Carr. "Maybe he's one of them!"

"That's what I think," declared Gusty eagerly, "but I can't prove it. Those Topperites are too cocky by half—"

Carr grinned.

"Listen, Gusty," he said. "You bring us news of anything you may hear about Jack Justice—and you're on a pound note."

Gusty's greedy eyes glittered. "Give me five bob on account," he suggested.

"Not much," retorted Sefton. "We'll pay on results. Meet us here this time to-morrow evening."

They wandered away, satisfied that they now had a spy inside the Fourth working for them.

Gusty stood there under the trees, smiling craftily to himself, and thinking he could very well afford to break into Cecil Browne's pound note and repay it when he collected off Maurice Carr. He felt convinced that he was so clever it wouldn't take him long to find out who Jack Justice was.

He took the pound note from his pocket and regarded it lovingly—when suddenly a voice said: "Gusty! This is Jack Justice speaking. I've got my eye on you!"



Dick Loring ran to the pool and saw Gusty in the water. Without a moment's hesitation he dived in and hauled him out.

Gusty went cold and shivered. His eyes widened, his jaw sagged. He looked all round, but could not see who was talking.

The voice went on: "You're a traitor to the Fourth, Gusty! Fancy hobnobbing with Fifth cads! I'm watching you—remember!"

The voice boomed in Gusty's ears, but there was nobody at all within many yards of where he stood. He was sure about that.

He didn't see the little black metal box nestling in the crook of a bough over his head. And away on the other side of the playing fields, in dense shadow by a tool-shed, was a dark figure with a walkie-talkie apparatus strapped on his back and earphones on his head. After all, he could not only receive messages but send them, too!

Gusty got the wind-up. With his eyes fairly starting from his head he fled from that clearing at a tremendous pace—and came blundering out on the edge of the swimming pool.

There he tripped over a stone and fell headlong into the water, striking his head on the edge as he fell. His senses left him, and he floundered in the water.

It was lucky for Gusty that Dick Loring happened to be around and heard the splash. "Gosh, what was that?" he exclaimed. "Surely nobody would be so daft as to go swimming at this time—"

Then as Dick ran to the pool he saw Gusty in the water. Without the slightest hesitation he dived in and hauled him out.

Gusty recovered and sat up.

"It—it was an accident, Loring," he said. "I was such a fool, blundering into the swimming pool like that. I hit my head on the edge— Look, old chap—don't tell anybody—"

"Okay," said Dick good-naturedly.

"It's jolly good of you," said Gusty. "We might get in by the side door and change our wet clothes without anyone spotting us."

They went running to the side entrance into the School House, and their luck was in. They met nobody. They were able to change and drape their clothes over the hot-water pipes in the locker-room.

But after prep, when the clothes were dry and collected from the locker-room, and the secret was safe, Gusty missed the pound note! It wasn't in his pockets. He rushed to the clearing and the shrubberies, but that pound note had vanished into thin air—and it belonged to Cecil Browne, the captain of the school!

Gusty was now in a nasty position. It was a sleepless night he passed.

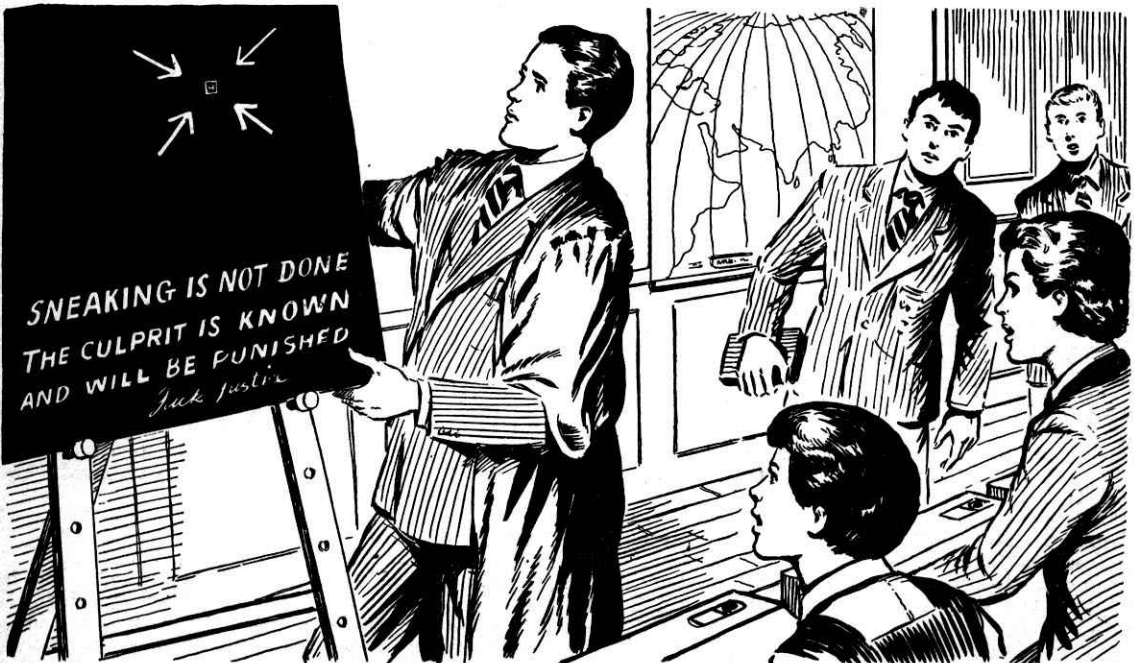
Next morning the pound note was still missing, but only Gusty was worried about it because he was the only one who knew.

Chalky White had a geography lesson, and, for once, had hit on an interesting way of presenting the subject.

He said: "One thing we ought to have is a working idea of the globe—the positions on the map or places we read about in our daily newspapers. One of the finest ways of learning such geography is to collect foreign stamps. Now, I have brought my collection along this morning. I will show you some of my specimens and we will find the countries on the map of the world."

The Fourth were not sure at first whether to welcome this new idea or not. But Chalky was an enthusiast where foreign stamps were concerned. He took specimens from his big album and passed them round the class.

"Now, this one," said Chalky with some pride, "is a Black Samoan. It came from Samoa, in the Pacific. There are only half a dozen specimens in existence as



Chalky White turned the blackboard right round . . . and gasped with amazement. Underneath the Black Samoan stamp was a message from the mysterious Jack Justice!

far as is known. This one is worth something like a hundred and fifty pounds—”

And at that point, Scruffy, the Head's page, tapped on the door and entered. "Please, sir, the headmaster's compliments, and will you please go to him at once in his study? He won't keep you more than five minutes."

"Thank you," said Chalky, laying down the Black Samoan on the page of his album. "Topper—I leave you in charge."

Chalky White went striding out, and as the door closed bedlam broke out. The air was thick with flying paper darts. Elastic bands twanged as inky pellets zipped across the room.

Jimmy was frantic. "Pack it up," he pleaded. "We don't want detention this afternoon."

Somebody opened a window and threw somebody else's cap outside, there was a gush of cold air, then the window was slammed shut again.

Something was wafted off Chalky's desk. Gusty, in the front row, saw it, but he said nothing. Fellows and girls were chasing each other in and out amongst the desks. Gusty left his desk—picked something up and returned to his desk. In the general confusion nobody noticed what he did.

Jimmy grabbed one fellow, cuffed his ear and shot him back into his seat. "Now—pack it up or I'll get tough!" he bawled.

And when Jimmy bawled like that he meant business. So the Fourth calmed down, and in two minutes there wasn't a dart or pellet to be seen on the floor, or anywhere else.

Chalky came back to find the Fourth as quiet as lambs. He went to his desk, took one look—and then the balloon went up!

"My stamp!" he cried. "The Black Samoan. It's gone! Who's got it?"

Damp Justice!

THE Fourth class-room was ransacked. The floor was carefully swept. The hearth was closely examined. Chalky's desk was turned inside out, and so were all the other desks. But there was not a sign of the Black Samoan.

"Somebody must have it," declared Chalky. "Will the culprit own up?"

Nobody uttered a word.

Chalky said: "I hate suspecting you all, but the whole Form will have detention this afternoon unless the culprit owns up!"

The Fourth groaned in unison. "Silence!" roared Chalky, in a temper. The stamp album was closed with a bang and lessons went on. Chalky was in a rage, and everybody felt too scared to do a thing out of place.

Gusty sat and shivered with apprehension. At break-time he went along to the locker-room, carefully deposited the Black Samoan in the pocket of his mac, then crept away unseen. He felt better, not having the stamp on him. They could search him now for all he cared!

Gusty walked away on his own, looking worried. He had acted on the spur of the moment, and now he wished he hadn't.

In the shrubberies he met Carr and Sefton. Carr said: "You weren't to come here until to-night, after tea."

"I didn't come expecting to see you," he said. "I just want to look around. Jack Justice spoke to me—here—last night—after you'd gone—"

The Fifth Formers gaped at him.



Gusty's study-door opened, and a black gloved hand dropped in a paper signed by Jack Justice. Pinned to it was a sodden pound note.

Gusty told the story—even telling them about the missing pound note. Carr brushed that matter aside. "We're not interested in Browne's quid," he said. "That's your headache. But you can't kid us Jack Justice spoke to you here and there was nobody at all anywhere near."

"It's the truth!" declared Gusty. "I swear it's the truth."

The Fifth Formers looked around nervously, but there wasn't anybody in sight. They clean forgot that Jack Justice might be able to hear as well as to speak. The strange little black box was still there in the fork of a bough over their heads.

"If only we could find out who it is," said Carr savagely. "I'll make him sorry he ever started this stunt."

Sefton said: "What's all this about the Fourth getting detention?"

Gusty told them about the valuable Black Samoan stamp.

Sefton whistled. "Worth a hundred and fifty. Wish I had it!"

"How much would you give for it?" asked Gusty. "A fiver?"

They gaped at him. "You cunning little brat," breathed Carr. But his eyes gleamed with greed. "Yes—five pounds, Gusty. Where is it?"

"In the locker-room," said Gusty. "I'll get it. I'll bring it along in ten minutes if you stay here."

"Buzz off and let's see it," said Sefton eagerly. Gusty dashed away across the Quad and into the School House. The locker-room was deserted. He went in and closed the door. He went to his locker and took down his mac, thrusting his hand into the little ticket pocket.

And the voice of Jack Justice said: "You won't give that stamp to Carr, Gusty. You'll give it to Chalky

and take your whacking. This is Jack Justice speaking!"

Gusty nearly fainted with surprise and fear. He grabbed the mac in the next locker and stuffed the stamp in one of the pockets—and he fled in a panic. He didn't notice the dark figure outside the window, looking in, watching him. He didn't realize he had put the stamp in Dick Loring's pocket.

So the Fourth were all at their desks that afternoon instead of being outside, playing and enjoying themselves.

Chalky came in, his face as black as a thunder-cloud. "Will the culprit own up?" he asked sharply.

Nobody spoke a word. Chalky strode to the blackboard where it stood on its easel. But Miss Lucy Loveday, the girls' mistress, had written up the words of a song there to be learnt the following day.

Chalky said: "We will work out maths problems. I shall write them on the board—"

He turned the blackboard right round—and gasped in utter amazement. So did everybody else! For at the top of the blackboard, secured by a strip of stamp edging, was the missing Black Samoan stamp, with chalk arrows drawn on the board, all pointing to the thing.

At the foot of the board were the words: "Sneaking is not done. The culprit is known and will be punished." It was signed: "Jack Justice."

An excited chatter arose from the Fourth Formers and there was a cry of relief from Jimmy Topper.

"Jack Justice has done it again!" he gasped. "Good for him!"

The only one who did not look joyfully pleased was Gusty Guston!

Chalky took the stamp, turned slowly and faced the class. He said quietly: "The class is dismissed!"

That was all. He didn't approve of Jack Justice, but that was something he would tackle later on.

Fellows and girls trooped out into the Quad, all talking at once, wondering who the culprit was—wondering who Jack Justice was.

Gusty had the wind up. He went haring away into the shrubberies to hide, wondering if Carr and Sefton would still be there. But he never reached the spot, for as he raced along beside the swimming pool a black-gloved fist shot out from the thicket and shoved him, with a terrific splash, into the water.

Gusty came up, spluttering, to hear a voice say: "You cad! Dick Loring yanked you out of there, and you repaid him by planting the stamp in his mac pocket. So back you go in again. Now laugh that off. This is Jack Justice speaking!"

And the Fourth in the Quad saw, a little later, a bedraggled, water-dripping Gusty Guston wandering back to the School House, scared, repentant. Chalky White saw him, too, and knew that justice had been done. Gusty was shamed before the whole school.

That evening at prep, as Gusty sat in his study, the door opened slightly and a black-gloved hand appeared, to drop on the floor a paper. Gusty dared not dash out to see who it was. He picked up the paper to find, pinned to it, a sodden pound note. There were scrawled words on the paper, and they said: "You left it in the pool. Think yourself lucky to get it back." It was signed: "JACK JUSTICE!"

The Catty-Snatcher

Cecil Browne, the St. Clement's School captain; was strict but scrupulously fair. Young Freddy Price of the Third was sore as Browne tossed his cane away, but he had no complaints to make. The punish-



Carr whipped the catapult from Freddy Price's pocket and held it out of reach.

ment had been deserved, and yet not so severe as it might have been.

"All right, Price," said Browne. "That's enough! You may go. And another time, don't use your catapult to take pot-shots at prefects."

"It wasn't meant for you, Browne," said Freddy. "I told you that."

"It was meant for a prefect," said Browne, "and you know it! If you missed him and hit me—well, you're a rotten shot, Price. When I was your age I never missed. Try a spot of practice—and scram! I'm busy!"

"Thank you, Browne," said Freddy, opening the door.

Browne's voice checked him. "Well, take your catty with you. I don't want it. But keep it out of sight. The Head's getting annoyed about catties. I'm warning you."

Freddy thanked him, grabbed the catapult and left those parts eagerly. He didn't notice Carr and Sefton of the Fifth watching him. They had heard what Browne had said, but it didn't seem to matter much at the time.

The two Fifth Formers wandered away to their study. Roger Sefton was gloomy and morose because things hadn't gone well for them lately.

"There's no doubt about it," he said, "Jack Justice beats us every time!"

"If I could find out who he is," growled Carr, "I'd make him sorry! The best way is to lay a trap for him. And I've got ideas."

"If they're like your other ideas, they're rotten," said Sefton.

"Bosh!" retorted Carr. "This can't go wrong. We'll go out and inflict injustice on a Third Form kid—maybe snatch his catapult—and there you are. Jack

Justice will come around to get it back for the kid—but we'll be expecting him."

Sefton thought that over carefully. "H'm, it might work!" he said.

They went out and down the stairs to the Quad, then wandered off to the wilderness of grass and shrubs behind the tuckshop. Everybody at St. Clement's knew that the Third regarded that space as their bit of ground, and the boys usually went there for larks and games.

Sure enough, a number of Third Form boys were there practising with their catapults. Freddy Price was there.

Carr and Sefton hid in the bushes for a time, watching, then the Third Form party began to drift away. Freddy shouted something about having lines to write, and, thrusting his catty into his side pocket, wandered away from the gang. It was clear that he was bound to pass close to where the Fifth Formers were in hiding.

Carr produced an elastic band, stretched it taut and let it go smartly so that it stung Sefton's nose.

"Ow!" yelped Sefton. "What d'you think you're playing at?"

"Shut up!" hissed Carr.

He darted from the bushes and grabbed hold of Freddy Price as he went past. Freddy gaped in amazement.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

Carr cuffed him spitefully. "That'll teach you to catapult your seniors," he snapped.

"I never did," retorted Freddy defiantly.

"Don't try to get out of it," raved Carr. "Look at Sefton's nose."

Freddy looked and saw Sefton's nose—very red on the tip—and chuckled. But the next moment he was serious again. "But my catty is in my pocket. And there was nobody near enough to take a pot at you," he argued. "You've got it wrong—and you can let go my arm, Carr—"

"I will not," cried Carr, working himself up into a frenzy. "I'll confiscate your catapult!"

He whipped it out of Freddy's pocket in the twink-

ling of an eye and held it out of his reach. Freddy went mad with baffled rage.

"You've no right to do it!" he protested. "You're no prefect. Give me my catty, you big bully—"

Freddy fought and struggled, but the two hefty Fifth Formers overpowered him easily and fairly flung him into a thicket.

"Perhaps you'll think twice before you take pot-shots at Fifth Formers," chuckled Carr. "I've got your catty, and I'm keeping it—and even Jack Justice won't get it back for you."

"Oh, won't he?" snapped Freddy. "We'll see about that!"

The Fifth Formers made themselves scarce, and Carr was chuckling with immense delight. "He swallowed the bait," he said. "Somehow this Jack Justice will show up. You mark my words—he'll try to get that catty back for Freddy Price—and we'll be waiting for him!"

Sefton frowned. "Hope you're right," he said. "But how do you think young Price will contact Jack Justice?"

"I don't know," replied Carr. "Although I think he's one of the Topperites. But we'll soon find out. Don't worry."

Freddy Price was angry about losing his catapult, and sought out his sister Freda of the Fourth.

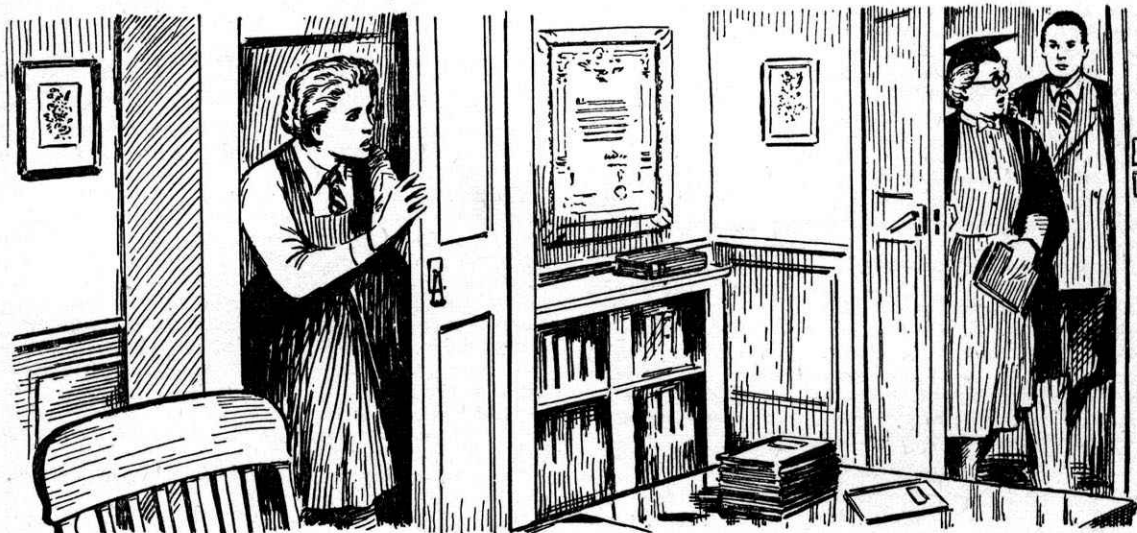
He found her outside in the shrubberies and told her everything. Freda was indignant. "Dash it all," she said, "that's pretty high-handed. I'll tell Jimmy about this!"

"Why?" asked Freddy quickly. "Is he Jack Justice?"

"Good gracious—no!" cried Freda. "Jack Justice got him and Tom Tuffen out of a scrape—so Jack Justice can't very well be Jimmy Topper. Wish I knew who Jack Justice is, because he's the chap to handle Carr, the big bully. But we don't know, so we can't get his help. I'll talk to Jimmy—"

And a voice broke in quite distinctly:

"You needn't bother Jimmy Topper," it said. "Leave it with me. It's Jack Justice speaking."



In sheer desperation Freda whipped open a cupboard door and slipped inside. She pulled the door shut—just in time!

Freda and Freddy gasped and looked this way and that. There was not another soul in sight, and yet that voice had been clear and distinct. They dashed around, looking behind trees and shrubs, but there was nothing to suggest that anybody had been there at all. They didn't examine the trees, or they might have found a tiny metal box wedged in a fork of a beech.

Freda shrugged her shoulders. "But how did he know? Who is he? Where is he—"

"I don't care," said Freddy, "so long as he gets my catty back—that's all I worry about."

Freda peered through the thickets and saw the Head and Chalky White wandering along in deep and earnest conversation.

"Look who's coming," she said quietly. "I vote we fade!"

So they drifted away, and Freda went direct to her study to be in time for prep. She went to the cupboard for her books and frowned in perplexity. "Hey," she exclaimed, "where's my maths book?"

Margery Manners explained: "Don't you remember? The Battleaxe wanted the books. They were all collected up and taken to her room half an hour ago. You weren't here, but we sent yours along—"

Freda stood there as if struck by lightning. "Oh, my only hat!" she cried. "And I drew a funny picture of the Battleaxe on the back page! If she sees that I'll be for the high jump! I've got to tear it out at once!"

"Don't be crazy," said Margery.

But Freda had dashed away. Three minutes later she slipped into the study of Miss Lucy Loveday, the girls' mistress, known as the Battleaxe. The study was deserted. Freda found the pile of maths books, drew out her own, tore out the offending page and turned to go.

She was too late. She heard footsteps of several people coming nearer and nearer. She heard the voices of the Battleaxe and the Head. In sheer desperation she whipped open a cupboard door, slipped inside and pulled the door shut behind—only just in time!

The Hidden Mike!

THE Head was saying: "I suggested we should come here to talk, Miss Loveday. It's about the mysterious Jack Justice. He seems to hear other people's private conversations and even to speak to people when he isn't around."

"That suggests microphones to me," declared the Battleaxe.

"I agree," said Chalky White, "but no microphones have been found yet."

"I intend to trap this Jack Justice if I can," said the Head. "Mind you—I cannot help admiring him. He is on the side of right against wrong. But we cannot have somebody around who hears so much and breaks in on private conversations. I must find out who he is."

"Of course, sir," said the Battleaxe. "I am sure the staff will do all they can to help."

They suggested several schemes, but there were doubts about all of them, so eventually they decided to call a meeting of the whole staff to work out a plan. And with that, all three left the study and vanished, going towards the teachers' Common-room.

Freda left her hiding-place, greatly relieved, and went away towards her study. But she was worried. If the Plum was so anxious to catch Jack Justice, she felt that somebody ought to warn him!

But how could it be done? Freda was pretty bright, and what stuck in her mind was what the Battleaxe



Chalky charged into the clearing with a torch . . . and gasped at the sight of a Fifth Former grappling with the Head!

had said about microphones. Of course, it was obvious now that it was mentioned. How else could this Jack Justice overhear private talks and also speak when he was not around except by microphone?

And as there was time before Prep, Freda dodged away unseen, taking a torch with her. She went out into the shrubberies to the point near the swimming pool where she had heard the voice of Jack Justice. She searched and hunted high and low with the aid of her torch—and she found the mike—the little metal box in the fork of the beech tree.

"Now—follow the wires," she muttered.

But there weren't any wires! She picked up the mike—walked away with it in her hand. A small wire about three inches long trailed from the tiny metal box—and that was all.

She stared at it. She said aloud: "Well, I'm bothered! But this is how he spoke to me and Freddy—"

"Well, don't tell anybody," said a voice out of the mike.

Freda nearly dropped the thing. "Can you see me?" she asked.

"I'm some way from where you are," replied Jack Justice. "Keep that mike, if you like, only not a word to a soul. See what I mean? Might be handy to have a girl to help."

"You might need help, too," said Freda. "The Plum is on your trail." And she told him all she had overheard.

"I should worry," chuckled Jack Justice. "But I'm bothered about Carr. Why not tell Hetty Bailey? She could sneak Freddy's catapult out of his pocket and he'd never know it had gone. Then leave the rest to me!"

There was a click in the microphone, and she knew that Jack Justice had switched off. She hesitated, then stowed the microphone away in her pocket and ran back to the School House. She found Hetty Bailey in the Common room and drew her aside to explain.

Hetty Bailey had once been forced to live a life of stealing, picking pockets in the West End of London, but she had escaped from her rascally foster parents and had made good at St. Clement's. But she could

still take things from somebody's pockets without them knowing a thing about it.

And that evening, in the little hall, she came across Maurice Carr of the Fifth. She brushed past him and felt the catapult in his side pocket. She came back again—brushed past him a second time—and left with the catapult hidden behind several books she carried. Freda received her brother's catapult with delight, and went off to give it back to Freddy.

What Jack Justice would do after that nobody quite knew—but before supper, in his study, Maurice Carr thrust his hand into his pocket—and paled. "That catty!" he cried. "It's gone!"

"Oh, you utter idiot!" exclaimed Sefton. "Now we'll never find Jack Justice."

Then came the voice again, breaking in upon them. "Are you listening Carr? I know who's got that catapult. Come to the shrubberies by the swimming pool. I want a word with you!"

Carr was worried. He didn't know what Jack Justice would do, and the anxiety was eating into him. He said to Sefton: "We ought to go. At least, I'll go, and you follow and help me grab him!"

So Carr strode away out into the darkness to the shrubberies. He felt scared, but he kept on till he reached the swimming pool. Then he saw a dim figure flitting towards him through the trees. He poised, then sprang. He got his arms round the fellow. "Got you, Jack Justice!" he growled.

But his opponent snapped: "How dare you, Carr!" It was the Head!

Then Chalky White came charging into the clearing—and came to a dead stop. A beam of light shot from his torch, and he gasped at the sight of a Fifth Former grappling with the Head.

Carr was in a fix. Sefton had stopped in time and

was hiding. Carr said he'd found a Third Form catapult and was using it in the hope of discovering who Jack Justice was. It was a lame sort of story.

The Plum said: "Well, Jack Justice has the laugh of us. He's clever."

"If he is a boy," said Chalky White. "Don't forget he must have heard our talk in Miss Loveday's room. And no boy could get there to fix a microphone."

The Head sighed. "We're farther from the truth than ever!" he said grimly.

The Trap That Failed

ST. CLEMENT'S was hopping mad. Dr. Pelham, the Head, known as the Plum, had made his shattering announcement, and nobody liked it at all.

"Until further notice," he said, "no boy or girl, of any Form, will be allowed outside the school grounds."

It was definite, unyielding. There were no reasons given, but the cause of it all began to leak out. Cecil Browne told the prefects because their help was required. How it leaked out from them nobody quite knew—but it did.

Jimmy Topper brought the news to his pals. "They're going to find out who this Jack Justice is," he declared.

"Well, I'm blowed," exclaimed Dick Loring. "We're to be cooped up in the school like a lot of prisoners, just because Jack Justice annoys the Head. It's not fair—"

"If we find out who Jack Justice is, maybe the ban will be lifted," suggested Jack Lee.

But that was easier said than done. Jack Justice was a complete mystery.

And it was just then that Barbara Allen of the Fourth received a letter from her father, who wrote: "I am so glad to hear of your progress. The week you come out top of the Form, I'll send you a pound note. That's a promise!"

Barbara's eyes gleamed. If there was anything she wanted more than anything else it was a pound note! She told her big brother, Charles Allen of the Fifth—and he wrinkled his nose at her.

"You won't make it," he said. "You never have been top."

"There's only one girl who'll stop me," retorted Barbara, "and that's Margery Manners."

In class that day, Barbara worked like mad—but Margery remained ahead. Margery wasn't working any harder than usual. She was just naturally clever and had a faultless memory for facts and figures. At the end of the day, Barbara was five marks behind Margery, and began to have doubts about her ability to win.

Barbara's study mate, Mavis Howard, shrugged her shoulders and said: "She's smarter than you, Barbara. You haven't a hope—unless she gets black marks for misbehaviour, making a row during morning prep—or something like that."

Barbara's eyes widened. "Now, that," she said, "is a smashing idea, Mavis."

Mavis sniggered. "If it comes off, I ought to get half-a-crown," she suggested.

"It's a deal," agreed Barbara.

At that moment Margery was in the study of Miss Lucy Loveday, the girls' mistress. The following day was her mother's birthday, and Margery wanted leave of absence for half an hour to cycle home with her present.

The Battleaxe shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Margery," she said firmly. "Dr. Pelham has decided to stop all leave unless, of course, there is a



Margery's one idea was to get inside her study and stay there . . . but that was her big mistake!



Cora Grant tripped over the line . . . and there was a shrill cry of alarm as the prefect went falling headlong down the stairs.

serious and urgent reason. You can write to your mother and post your present from the school. I cannot give you permission to go."

She fairly snapped the words, and Margery knew it was no use arguing. But she meant to go, all the same! And the next morning after breakfast, aided and abetted by her chums, Brenda Drake, Freda Price, and Grace Fuller, she slipped away through the shrubberies to the boundary fence. The girls handed her bike over to her, and she went scorching away down the lane towards her father's farm.

She ran across the yard and met her mother carrying a basket of eggs.

"Many happy returns, mother!" cried Margery.

It was a happy moment, and the present was received with lots of thanks. "But did you get permission to come?" asked Mrs. Manners.

"I'll have to hurry back," said Margery. "Cheerio—"

She mounted her bike and pedalled her way back to St. Clement's as hard as she could go. Her luck was in—or so it seemed. She got the bike back into the bicycle shed. She reached the Fourth Form corridor as morning prep started, crept along the corridor and slipped into her own study.

There wasn't a soul about in the corridor. There were a number of girls at the foot of the stairs, but Margery didn't bother about them. Her one idea was to get into her study and stay there. And it was her big mistake.

Margery didn't know it, but there had been a spot of trouble!

The trouble had happened a few minutes earlier, and it was all due to Barbara Allen. She had planned it while Margery was absent.

"Margery hasn't got to her study," Barbara told Mavis. "Now, if I rig up a trip line, she'll come dashing up the stairs, fall over the line and cause such a racket she'll get enough bad marks to get me top of the Form."

She sneaked out into the corridor. The door of Margery's study was right opposite the door of her study. With the aid of a drawing-pin she fastened one end of the stout thread line inside the doorway of Margery's study, low down, about four inches from the ground.

The line stretched taut across the corridor to the doorway of Barbara's study. Both doors were ajar. Barbara crouched out of sight inside her study, waiting for Margery's breathless return.

She heard somebody running, and chuckled to herself. The trip line was pulled taut.

Then somebody tripped over the line—there was a cry of alarm—and somebody went falling headlong down the stairs. Barbara had failed to notice that the unseen girl had come along the corridor instead of up the stairs.

The commotion was heard at once! The Battleaxe came running to the spot—and at the foot of the stairs lay Cora Grant—a prefect!

Barbara ventured out, white to the lips. Mavis whispered: "We'd better go down, too."

They went down the stairs to see what had happened, although they knew only too well. The trip line was forgotten. It lay in a tangle on the corridor floor, and one end was still fastened by a drawing-pin inside Margery's study doorway.

And that was the moment Margery came dashing along and vanished into her study. She had come up the back stairs.

She then realised that something was going on downstairs. She ventured out—and found the Battleaxe coming up. Below she saw Cora Grant being carried away to the sanatorium with a twisted ankle!

The Battleaxe looked grim and her eyes were focused on the floor. She came to a sudden stop by Margery's door. The trip line was there.

Margery followed the direction of her gaze and saw the line—saw how it was fastened inside her own doorway.

The Battleaxe thundered: "What do you know of this?"

Margery was bewildered. "Please, miss," she faltered. "I don't know what's happened."

"Then you're the only girl in the Fourth who doesn't!" snapped the Battleaxe. "Cora Grant tripped over something and fell down the stairs. And this is what tripped her!"

Margery was aghast. "It's nothing to do with me, miss," she faltered. "Honest—I know nothing—"

"Go to my study," ordered the Battleaxe.

It was an awkward half-hour Margery had. She couldn't prove her innocence by saying she had broken bounds and was not in her study when the accident happened.

The matter was under discussion for quite some time.

Margery kept on declaring her innocence, and the Battleaxe was still highly suspicious.

"I refused you permission to visit your mother, and this is how you tried to get even with me," she snapped.

"I wouldn't do such a thing, miss. I swear I'm innocent."

"I'll find out the truth of this," vowed the Battleaxe, "if it takes me the whole term!"

The Talking Picture

MARGERY told her chums all about her trouble. It seemed obvious that somebody had fixed up a trap for somebody and the wrong person had suffered, and the wrong girl was getting the blame.

"It's unfair of the Battleaxe to suspect Margery," declared Brenda. "Somehow we'll have to find out who actually did it."

But how? That was the problem. They argued about it for a long time without success. So Freda Price slipped away unnoticed into the shrubberies. In a secluded glen she crouched down and spoke into the mike.

"Jack Justice! Calling Jack Justice! Where are you?"

She had to repeat it five times before she got an answer, and the voice said: "This is Jack Justice, and I suppose you want me to butt into the Margery Manners' trouble. Stay where you are. But I'm trusting you not to give me away."

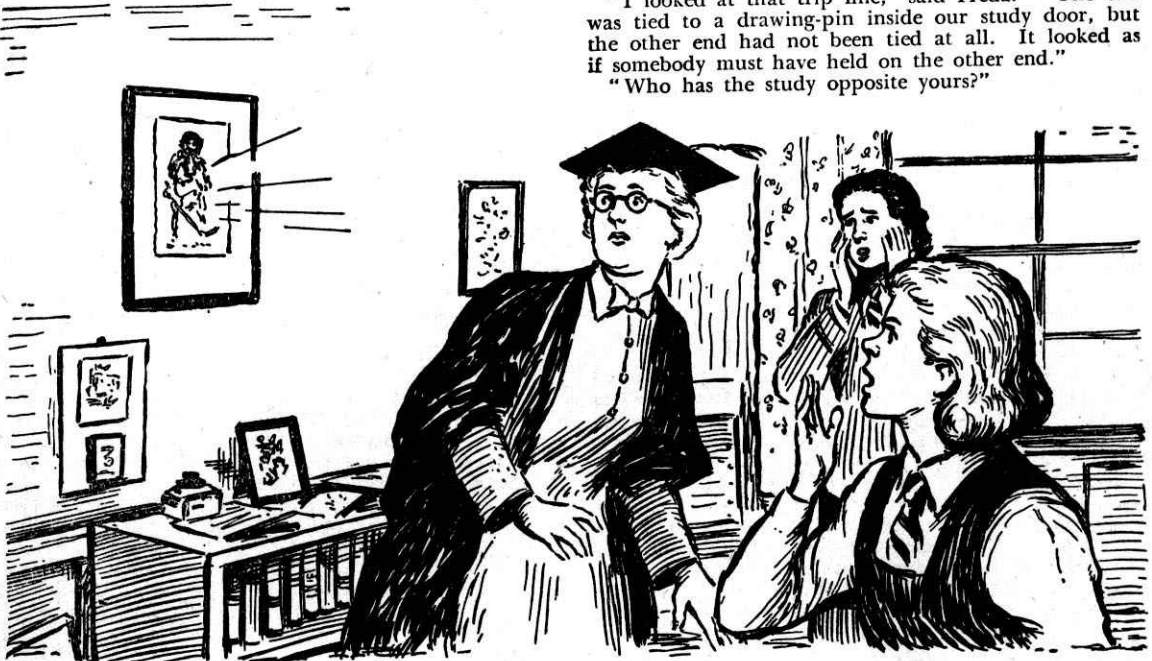
Freda promised, and five minutes later a boy stood before her with a walkie-talkie apparatus strapped to his back.

"I guessed it was you," chuckled Freda, "but nobody could prove it."

"I can work better if nobody knows who I am," said Jack Justice. "Now, for a start—do you suspect who rigged up that trap?"

"I looked at that trip line," said Freda. "One end was tied to a drawing-pin inside our study door, but the other end had not been tied at all. It looked as if somebody must have held on the other end."

"Who has the study opposite yours?"



Barbara Allen went suddenly white as a voice came from the picture: "This is Jack Justice speaking! Why don't you tell the truth?"

"Barbara Allen and Mavis Howard. Not keen on either of them, but I shouldn't think they'd do such a thing—"

"Here's another mike," said Jack Justice. "Fix it inside their study where they won't notice it, and we'll listen—"

He broke off. The Head was walking smartly in their direction. Jack Justice unstrapped the walkie-talkie apparatus and gave it to Freda, quickly instructing her what to do. Then he moved away out of the glen to the Quad, where the Head couldn't help seeing him. He guessed the Head suspected him.

Sure enough, the Head called: "Burton—just a moment—"

Bats Burton, the scientist of the Fourth, turned and took off his cap. "About this mysterious individual, Jack Justice," said the Head. "Do you know who I think it is?"

And a voice said: "Everybody thinks the same, but how can they be right? Maybe it isn't a boy, you know!"

The Head flushed. Bats hadn't spoken. The Head looked around for hidden mikes, but he forgot to look in Burton's pocket. And in the end he gave it up as a bad job and walked away towards the School House.

Later that day a mike was concealed in Barbara Allen's study, but nothing came of it. The next day there was considerable excitement, for the girls of the Fourth were to play the girls of the Fifth at hockey. Naturally, everybody turned out to watch the game. The Fourth won!

Jack Justice was watching Barbara Allen all the time. He saw her pull a handkerchief from her pocket and drop a letter on the grass. He picked it up and would have returned it to her, but she was lost in the crowd before he could do so.

And then, about tea-time, he heard Barbara talking to Mavis in the secrecy of their study. She was saying: "I've lost my letter. And my reply is with it. I hadn't posted the thing. I told dad Margery has a bad mark because of tripping Cora down the stairs—"

"Well, it's true, isn't it?"

"Not exactly," said Barbara. "I always put the exact time when I start my letters, and I wrote it ten minutes after they took Cora away to the sanatorium. And nobody knew then about Margery—"

She broke off as the door opened and in walked the Battleaxe, and she looked grim. She said: "I have been talking to Margery about the unfortunate affair of Cora's accident. I now realise that the trip line was fastened inside the door of Margery's study so that the other end must have been held over here—"

"We don't know anything about it," said Barbara quickly. "Honest, miss. We were both here and heard Cora cry out—heard her fall down the stairs—"

Then a voice came from a picture on the wall. It said: "This is Jack Justice! Why don't you tell the truth?"

The Battleaxe stood stock still. Barbara was white to the lips.

The voice sounded again: "This is Jack Justice speaking. What about the letter you wrote to your father telling him Margery had a bad mark for tripping Cora down the stairs? You wrote it before anybody knew about the trip line—"

The Battleaxe strode across the room to the picture and snatched it away to reveal a little mike fixed to the wall behind it.

Barbara broke down. After all, Jack Justice knew all about her plot—or she thought he did. She blurted out the truth of the whole thing. "But I didn't mean to trip anybody down the stairs," she cried. "It was meant for Margery—"

The Battleaxe stopped her making excuses. "It was a foolish and dangerous thing to do. Luckily, Cora is not seriously hurt. The Head will say what your punishment will be."

She sailed out across the corridor to look into Margery's study.

"Margery," she said, "thanks to Jack Justice, your name is cleared. The real culprit has been found."



In a flash every door burst open and the Fourth Formers piled out upon Maurice Carr, pelting him with rolled-up papers and towels!

It made a sensation in St. Clement's, but Charles Allen of the Fifth was furious. As he told Barbara: "I reckon I know who this Jack Justice is, and I'll make him admit it."

He was watching Bats Burton walking across the Quad. But Barbara said: "Don't be too sure. A boy could not have put that mike in my study."

And that was the big puzzle in St. Clement's.

The Slip-up!

MAURICE CARR paced restlessly from one side of his study to the other, while Roger Sefton sprawled in the easy-chair, frowning at him.

Sefton said: "Must you go thumping around like a lion in a cage? It doesn't help!"

Carr ignored the irritable remark. "The more I think about it," he said, "the more certain I am that Bats Burton is Jack Justice!"

Carr was thinking deeply and the light of a great purpose gleamed in his eyes. He wanted nothing better than to find out who Jack Justice really was and then to knock the stuffing out of him.

Carr and Sefton didn't know that there was a microphone fixed to the wall of their study at that moment and cunningly concealed by the window curtain.

Carr said: "There's one thing we can do—creep down to the Fourth studies during prep, burst in on Bats Burton, and search his study. I'll bet we'll find something to prove he's Jack Justice."

"It's dangerous," argued Sefton. "If the Topperites spot you in their corridor you'll get the hiding of your life."

"Nobody will know," declared Carr. "If you're windy, I'll go alone. But I mean to smash this Jack Justice racket!"

There was the unwritten law of St. Clement's that no boy or girl of one Form had any right in the corridor of another Form unless invited there. And such trespassers were always dealt with firmly and roughly.

But that evening Carr took the risk and reckoned it was worth it. After creeping along the corridor, the door of Bats Burton's study was only a few yards ahead of him.

Then in a flash every door burst open. Fourth Formers came out with a rush, armed with everything useful in a free-for-all.

Everything broke on Maurice Carr at once. Sticks, towels, rolled papers, hit him everywhere. Pellets slapped against his face. He checked, turned, slipped and fell. Fourth Formers jumped on him, rolled him over, ruffled his hair.

In fact, Maurice Carr just didn't know what was happening. He was dragged to his feet again and spun round and round until he was dizzy—and all the time the sticks and towels were hitting him. Then at a sudden shout he was grasped by the arms and rushed—backwards—down the corridor and quickly released.

He couldn't stop. He shot across the landing and hit the wall hard, sliding down to the hard floor. The Fourth remained just inside their corridor, jeering and laughing. He raved at them savagely, but they only laughed louder. All that Maurice Carr could do was to stagger to his feet and crawl up the stairs to the Fifth corridor and so to his own study.

The noise had brought all the Fifth out to see what was going on. The sight of Carr, dusty, dishevelled, his face smeared with ink, his collar half off his neck, his tie in ribbons, just sent everybody into hoots of laughter.

The prefects and masters came hurrying to the scene,



Carr was fingering the controls of the walkie-talkie set, when the Head and Chalky White burst out of the bushes.

but by that time the Fourth had darted back to their studies. Sticks, towels, pellets and catapults—everything had been whisked out of sight. The Fourth was working hard!

In his study, Carr raved like a maniac, and Sefton only grinned at him. "I told you what to expect," he said.

"Somebody knew I was going," declared Carr. "That's what it means! I only told you—"

"I haven't moved from this study," retorted Sefton. Then his eyes widened. "But you're right, Maurice. Somebody must have heard our talk—in this room—"

He started the search. He looked in the cupboard and behind the books on the shelves. He moved the window curtain—and there it was! The tiny microphone.

"Well, I'm bothered!" growled Carr. "So that's how it's done! Radio mikes! I'll take it out of his hide when I get hold of him!"

And a voice came from the mike. It said: "Chance is a fine thing, Carr!"

Jack Justice was listening to them at that moment.

Carr snatched the mike from the wall, grabbed a muffler and wrapped it round the instrument. "Now see if he can listen in to us!" he growled. "We'll keep this thing. We'll listen in as often as we can, but we'll take jolly good care never to talk anywhere near it. I'm going to get even with Jack Justice if it's the last thing I do!"

He wasn't the only one with similar sentiments, although the headmaster, Dr. Pelham—known as the Plum—had different reasons. He said to Chalky White, the master of the Fourth: "I feel sure that Burton is Jack Justice, but we cannot prove it. We have tried to catch him red-handed and have failed. But the next time we try to get him there must be no mistake, or we lose a lot of dignity."

"I agree with you, sir," said Chalky White. "Burton has the scientific skill, and we know what wonderful



The crooks wanted to know how to open the Head's safe—but a mysterious voice startled them: "This is Jack Justice, and I'm watching you!"

things he has invented in the past. He hasn't done anything really blameworthy. In fact, he has righted wrongs—but we can't let this sort of thing go unchecked or our authority will be at an end."

"Exactly," returned the Head. "But how can we catch him? Of course, I could challenge him on the matter—but I would rather not have to do that. You see, there is a girl involved, too. I am sure of that. Neither would sneak—I mean tell—about the other, and I wouldn't expect it."

Chalky puckered his brows. "Are you sure about the girl?" he asked.

Even as he spoke a voice broke in upon them, but it wasn't talking to them. On the top of the safe was the microphone the Head had found in the Big Hall. It lay there forgotten until by sheer chance the voice of Jack Justice sounded through it.

Jack was saying: "One set of apparatus I have scrapped, but this lot I'm wearing now I have perfected. It's fool-proof. It can't go wrong. A few more days testing these mikes and the job will be done. I've poked the faulty set in the hollow tree. Nobody comes much to this part of the shrubberies and—wait a bit—these wires are touching—"

There was a click and the forgotten mike went dead. The Plum looked at Chalky White and said: "In the shrubberies—a hollow tree. Do you happen to know just where that is, Mr. White?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Then we'll go there—now—"

But there was a tap on the study door, and Scruffy, the school porter, entered. "Please, sir," he said, "Mr. Dunmow to see you."

The Plum heaved a sigh of resignation and said: "Show him in."

Mr. Dunmow was the solicitor who acted for the school governors. He brought in a large package, which he set on the Head's desk.

"There you are, doctor," he said brightly. "The valuable gold ornaments left to the school under the

will of the late Lady Ritches. Goodness knows what you'll do with them, but there they are. I've done my part of the job."

"I'll put them in the safe for now," said the Plum, "but the governors must decide quickly what is to happen to them. There will be a meeting to-morrow. I am busy just now, Mr. Dunmow—"

"So am I, doctor, so I'll bid you good-day—"

The mike was still on the top of the safe and it was left there. The Plum put the package in the safe and carefully locked it again, pocketing the key.

"Now, Mr. White," he said, "we'll go and look for this hollow tree!"

But the Head and Chalky White were not the only ones who had heard the voice of Jack Justice talking about the hollow tree. Carr and Sefton had heard, and they were already on their way to the shrubberies.

Bats Burton was there with a walkie-talkie apparatus strapped to his back. He was explaining the thing to Freda Price.

"Two wires crossed," he said. "I didn't notice that. Maybe we could have been heard from some of the mikes—not that it matters. A few more adjustments and I'll sell the invention and Jack Justice won't be heard any more."

He was putting the wires right on his apparatus as he spoke.

Freda said: "That'll be a pity, Bats. It's been fun putting it across the bullies and the twisters. Nobody can ever find out—about you, I mean—"

"Don't be too sure," broke in Bats. "Anybody is liable to slip up—and somebody's coming—now. We'd better fade—"

They could hear somebody creeping through the undergrowth, so they slipped away silently, cautiously.

When Carr and Sefton got there, Bats and Freda were a long way away. Carr found the hollow tree. He climbed up and looked inside. He grinned with evil triumph as he pulled out a walkie-talkie apparatus.

"What did I tell you?" he gloated. "We'll soon put Jack Justice in his place!"

"You don't understand how to use it," argued Sefton.

"I'll soon find out," boasted Carr, strapping the apparatus to his back, little guessing that it was the faulty set he had and that it now contained no batteries.

He was fingering the controls, and getting nothing out of the thing, when there was a sudden rush. Two men fairly hurled themselves out of a near-by bush and grabbed the two Fifth Formers.

The Head said: "I knew there were two of them!"

Chalky White held Sefton and looked doubtful. "Carr and Sefton!" he said. "How long have you been Jack Justice, Carr?"

Carr got the wind-up. "I'm not, sir! Honest—we came hoping to find him—"

The Plum was annoyed. He dismissed the Fifth Formers with a wave of his hand and strode back to the school. Chalky White asked: "What will you do now, sir?"

"That's the second time I have been made to look silly by this Jack Justice!" snapped the Plum. "At the moment, I am likely to lose my temper—"

"Jack Justice no doubt heard Carr and Sefton approaching and fled from the spot," said Chalky. "You can't blame him."

"I think you're right," said the Head.

The Last of Jack Justice

THE Head entered his study, deep in thought. He felt very annoyed with Jack Justice. But the next moment he had other things to think about, for a gruff voice behind him said: "Hold it, mister! We've come for those gold valuables the lawyer bloke left here!"

The Head spun round. Behind the door stood two burly men, and each had a gun. They slammed the door shut.

"No use trying to fool us," said one man. "We followed the lawyer here. We was looking through the window and saw you put 'em in the safe. We saw you go off with your pal, and we tried to open the safe—but it's too tough for us."

He thrust his gun against the Head's ribs. "Now—where's the key of that safe? Look lively!"

"I shall not tell you," said the Head thickly.

The crook stepped back a pace. "Here—search him, Bill!"

The other crook pocketed his gun and moved briskly forward towards the Head, but a voice said: "Let him alone, big head!"

"Who is it?" asked one of the crooks fearfully.

"It's Jack Justice," said the voice. "I'm watching you. I've radioed for the police. Just stay there, please. It'll save time chasing you—"

"What the dickens—" The chief crook's eyes blazed with baffled rage. "Here—gimme that key!" he raved. "Lend a hand, Bill—"

The Head was seized, but he fought back—and he was no mean fighter. All the same, there would have been serious trouble for him if there had not been a diversion. A shrill whistle sounded. The door burst open. The windows were flung up from outside.

Boys came surging into the study. Jimmy Topper led the rush from the door. Tom Tuffen came over the window-sill. The crooks didn't know which way to

turn. Neither had the chance to use a gun. Boys overwhelmed them, charged and bowled them over. The Head went back against the safe door and watched while the Topperites hammered the crooks into subjection.

And then the police arrived, summoned by radio. Bats Burton showed them the way to the study, and he had a walkie-talkie apparatus strapped to his back.

The police took charge, the crooks were handcuffed, and the valuables were saved.

But when all the excitement had died down, Bats Burton stood before the Head, explaining things. "It is an improved method of radio communication, sir," he said. "The microphones I have invented broadcast what they receive on certain wavelengths. I shall offer the invention to Scotland Yard—"

"Very praiseworthy, Burton," said the Head. "But did you have to make your headmaster look silly?"

"Sir—as if I would!" protested Bats. "It is true I didn't want to be found out until the tests were complete—"

The Head stopped him with a gesture. "All right, Burton," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "I am in your debt. In any case, I don't think you have done anything for which I ought to punish you. I think your adventures as Jack Justice must cease forthwith in the interests of school discipline. And no more microphones, either. You understand?"

"Thank you very much, sir," smiled Bats.

And a few months later the invention was sold to Scotland Yard. But there were many boys and girls in St. Clement's who were sorry that Jack Justice had ceased to exist.

When the Topperites met, as they often did, in their secluded glen behind

the shrubberies, they talked of many things—football, cricket, hockey and all sorts

But what they most discussed in these cheery meetings was the slick way in which Bats Burton had diddled everybody over the affair of Jack Justice.

"He's a cool customer all right is Bats!" chuckled Jimmy Topper. "If I had half his brains I'd consider myself lucky—"

"Me, too!" nodded Tom Tuffen. "I've been thinking a lot—"

"What with?" chipped in Dick Loring, who never could resist pulling Tom's leg. "I never knew you had anything to think with!"

"You cheeky chump!" sniffed Tom in return. "I've got bags of brain really—"

"And some you haven't even used yet!" chortled Jack Lee.

There would have been a scuffle among them right away, if Freda Price had not stepped in between them to stop them.

"Easy on, you two," she said. "You forget that I was on the side of Jack Justice quite a lot. If you're not all careful, I'll start up on my own as Jennifer Justice or something like that!"

"Gosh, that's an idea!" cried Margery Manners. "We could have a fine old lark among the girls, and give the old Battleaxe a shock now and then!"

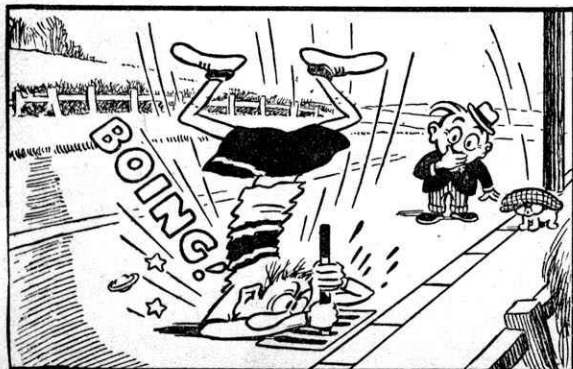
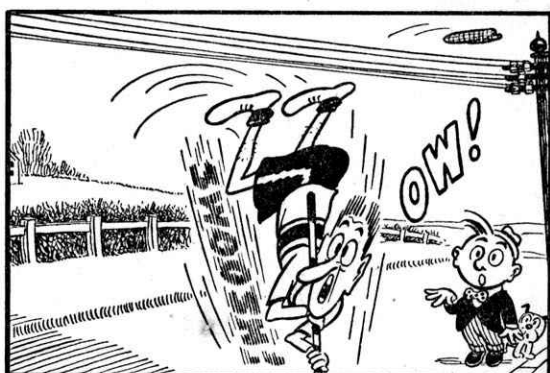
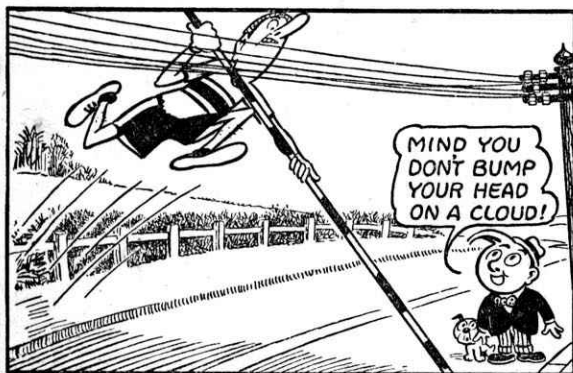
And so the chatter went on. But in the end, of course, it all turned out to be airy nothings—and Jack Justice never appeared again!



"This is Jack Justice calling!"

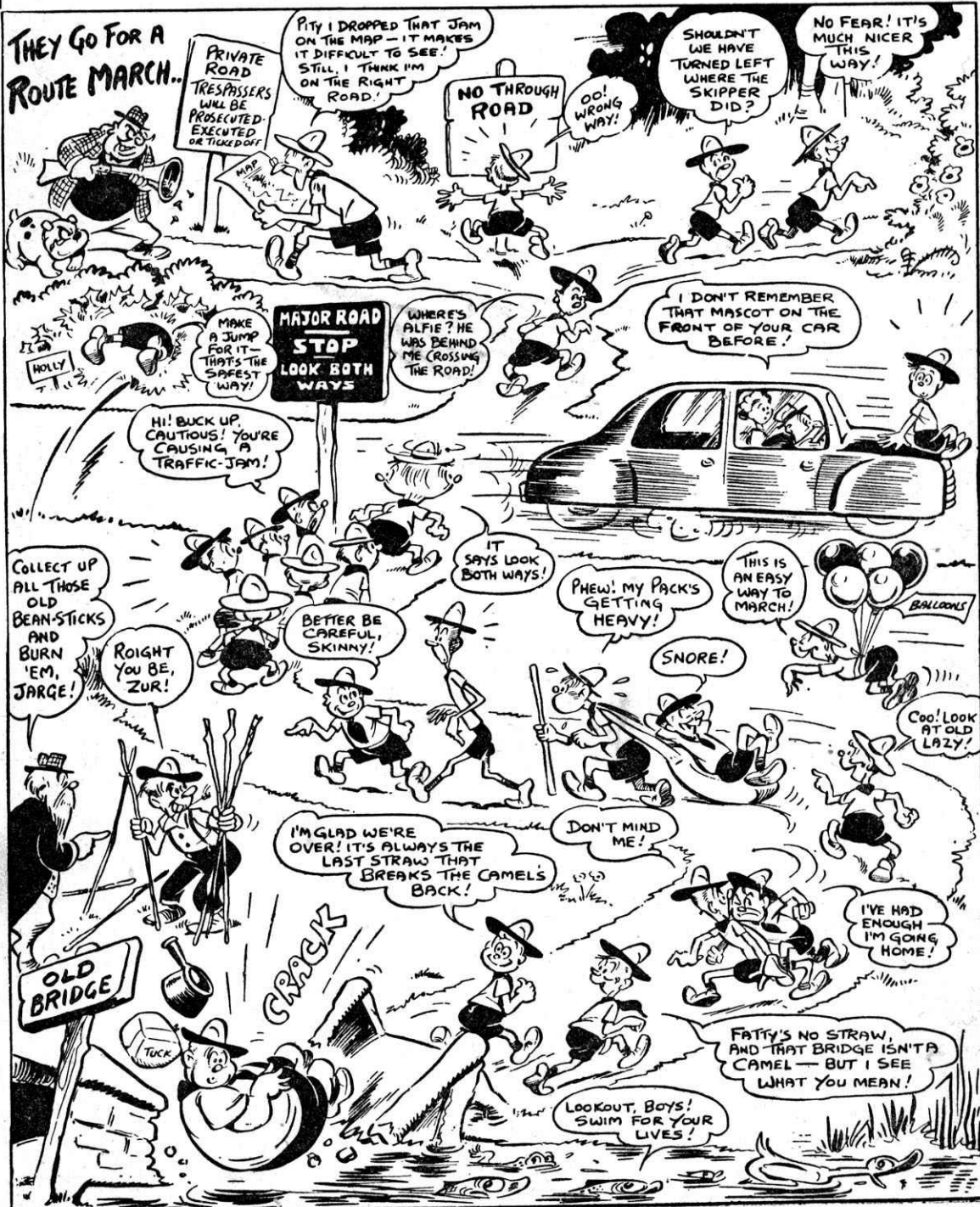
SPORTY

NOT HIS VAULT!



THE BREEZY BEAVER BOYS!

THEY GO FOR A ROUTE MARCH..



MIKE



I MET OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR WHILE I WAS OUT SHOPPING, DAD, AND SHE HAS A LITTLE BOY ABOUT MIKE'S AGE AND AS HE HASN'T MADE ANY FRIENDS YET I SAID WE WOULD LET MIKE GO OVER AND PLAY WITH HIM AFTER TEA

JOLLY GOOD IDEA!

OFF YOU GO, MIKE, AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE NEW LITTLE BOY

OH, ALL RIGHT, DAD!

BAH! IT'S A FINE THING IF I'VE GOT TO BE NURSEMAID TO ALL THE NEW KIDS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

'AFTERNOON - MY NAME IS MIKE AND I'VE BEEN SENT TO PLAY WITH YOUR LITTLE BOY!

OH GOOD, HE WILL BE GLAD HE'S OUT IN THE GARDEN SO RUN ALONG AND SAY HELLO

HELLO - WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

99, 100, 101...

ME? I'M KEEPING FIT! YOU SEE, I WANT TO BE AN ALL-IN WRESTLER WHEN I GROW UP - LIKE MY DAD...

FANCY THAT!

MY DAD HAS ALREADY TAUGHT ME ONE OR TWO THINGS - LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU....

REALLY?

G-GULP! HOW INTERESTING!!

CRUNCH!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

UGH! Y-YES!!

MY DAD THINKS I'M MAKING PROGRESS...

OWCH! ME, TOO!!

LATER

AHA, THERE'S MIKE COMING IN - COME AND TELL US HOW YOU GOT ON WITH YOUR NEW LITTLE PLAYMATE, MIKE!

F-FINE, D-DAD, - AND I THINK IT WOULD BE A JOLLY GOOD IDEA IF YOU WENT ACROSS AND HAD A GAME WITH HIS FATHER.

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



Chased by mean-hearted Silas Stiggins, our two plucky youngsters still struggle on with brave smiles. But their journey is not an easy one!



OH, DEAR, TOD! - I CAN'T GO ON WE MUST FIND SOME SHELTER! SOON!

CHIN UP, ANNIE - WE'RE NOT LICKED! YET!



LOOK! THERE'S A HOUSE AT LAST! - COME ON!



WE'LL SOON BE IN THE DRY, NOW ANNIE! - CHEER UP!



- BUT THERE WAS NO SMILE OF WELCOME FROM THE GRIM-FACED BUTLER WHO OPENED THE DOOR...

GO AWAY! GO AWAY! WE DON'T WANT ANY RAGGED TRAMPS IN HERE! - BE OFF WITH YOU!



AND AS THE DOOR SLAMMED IN THEIR FACES, TOD AND ANNIE TURNED MISERABLY BACK INTO THE RAIN...



THEY HAD NOT GONE VERY FAR WHEN THEY SAW THE GLOW FROM A NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S SHELTER.

OH, TOD - PERHAPS THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN WILL GIVE US SHELTER!



OH, THANK YOU!

OF COURSE YOU MUST COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN! COME AND DRY YOURSELVES BY THE FIRE AND HAVE SOME HOT COCOA - THEY CALL ME OLD JOE! - I'M AFRAID I'VE ONLY SOME BREAD AND CHEESE, BUT YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO SOME OF IT. - COME ALONG!

AND SO THEY SAT BY OLD JOE'S FIRE, DRYING THEMSELVES AND MUNCHING THE SIMPLE FARE. - AND AS THE WELCOME WARMTH FLOWED THROUGH THEM, THEY TOLD THE OLD WATCHMAN THEIR STORY, AND HOW STIGGINS WAS EVEN NOW CLOSE ON THEIR HEELS



AT THAT MOMENT THERE WAS A CRY OF TRIUMPH FROM OUTSIDE, AND A WET BUT FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY . . .







STIGGINS
THINKS HE
IS SAFE—
BUT THE
ESCAPED
GORILLA
ALSO WANTS
TO GET
BACK INTO
ITS OWN
CAGE!...





TINKERS' TEC TEASERS!

"I spotted this one at once," says Sexton Blake's clever young assistant. Are you as good a detective as he is? Try your skill at finding the all-important clue!

The Inspector in Hot Water!

THE telephone rang shrilly and Inspector Coutts answered it.

"Coutts here," he said.

"Oh, inspector!" an agitated voice spoke from the other end. "This is Hooker here. Can you come round right away? That very important paper dealing with the Bryant case is missing!"

"Phew!" Coutts whistled. He himself had dealt with the Bryant case, which was now in Sergeant Hooker's hands. And Coutts knew of the vital importance of the particular paper that was now missing.

"I'll be right round!" he snapped.

Sergeant Hooker's office was in another section of the building, and Coutts hurried along the passages towards it as swiftly as he could. In fact, he ran so fast that he had no time to stop as he raced round one corner, and ran full tilt into a bucket of water on the floor.

"Hey! Look out, sir!" cried the floor-cleaner, as the bucket went flying.

Coutts hopped about, dripping water from his foot.

"If I had known it was there I most certainly would have looked out!" he told the man, as he went hurrying on. "That stuff's jolly hot!"

In the other office, Hooker was waiting for him and came to the point right away.

"I was going over the papers of the Bryant case when the chief rang, and said he wanted to see me urgently," he told Coutts. "I was only away for five minutes, yet when I came back I discovered that the most important paper of all was missing."

"And without that paper our case against Bryant is as good as lost!" muttered Coutts. "It almost looks as if the Bryant gang have bribed someone to steal it. Have you warned the men on the doors below?"

"I did that the moment I made the discovery," Hooker said. "No one can get out of the building without permission."

"Good. Then we'll try to trace the person who did it," said Inspector Coutts.

He hurried out and returned to where the floor-cleaner was still busy.

"How long were you working in this corridor before I came rushing along and knocked your pail over?" Coutts asked him.

"Half an hour, sir," the man replied.

"Ah!" said Coutts. "Then you would have seen anyone who came along here. Did you notice any strangers?"

"Well—er——" the man hesitated. "Yes, I did see a chap come out of Sergeant Hooker's office," he went on. "But he looked just the same as most people who go in and come out. I didn't take a lot of notice of him."

"No, I suppose you wouldn't," Coutts agreed. "Was that the only person you saw?"

"That's correct, sir," the man answered.

"I don't suppose anyone could have slipped into Sergeant Hooker's office while you were away for a minute or two, could they?" the inspector added.

"Couldn't have done, sir, because I didn't leave here from the moment I arrived with my pail," the cleaner told him.

"Quite so!" Inspector Coutts smiled. "Would you step into Sergeant Hooker's office and submit to a search? We'd rather not lose that Bryant document!"

And a search DID reveal the missing paper in the office-cleaner's inside pocket!

But how did Inspector Coutts know that the floor-cleaner had it? The vital clue is in the story. Search for it—and then check your own cleverness with the answer to this "Tec Teaser, on page 192.

OUR ERNIE

MRS.
ENTWHISTLE'S
LITTLE
LAD!



A shop, just down Our Ernie's way,
Displayed a notice, which did say,
That shopman needed a new lad—
The likeliest which could be had!



They wanted lad some glass to blow,
And though Our Ernie didn't know,
Just what by blowing glass was meant,
He none the less job-hunting went.



Inside a fatsome man did state,
"I'll show my skill, lad—while you wait,
Now see—this blob of glass is what'll
Most swiftly-soon become a bottle!"



Well sure enough he did his stuff,
And blew a bottle-shapely puff,
And thus a bottle came to pass,
When this puff got inside the glass!



Well, Ernie saw no reason why
He shouldn't have a little try,
And soon produced a blobby form
From glass, while it was soft and warm.



But this did not amount to much—
At best it was a so-and-such—
So lad made second puff more big,
And blew a lovely thing-ma-jig!



Our Ernie viewed the mess with pride
 And made the man's eyes open wide,
 And say "Well, lad—you must produce,
 Glass-ware to which there is some use!"



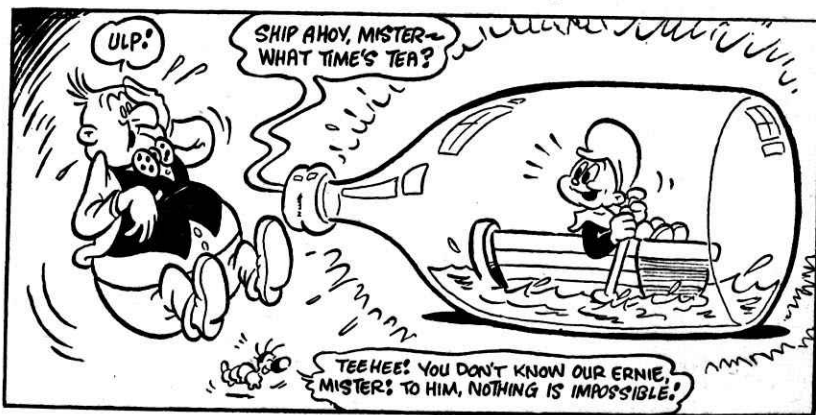
And so Our Ernie puffed away,
 And out there popped a little tray,
 Upon which there was neatly stood
 A jug and tumbler! Oh, how good!



And then he blew a wiggly line,
 Which soon became a neon sign,
 And spelled out wordings all aglow,
 Which readers of the "Knockout" know!



Then came a bip inside a shottle—
 I mean a ship inside a bottle—
 And this was something really new,
 Which only our bright lad could do!



In fact, the man just shook his head!
 "I think it's quite imposs—" he said,
 "'Tis something which just can't be done!"
 And then—he saw the OTHER one!

There was a bottle—and a boat!
 And more—the boat was quite afloat,
 And there was Ernie, as you see,
 Taking a row before his tea!

THE RED RIDER.

THE SECRET OF CAL CONNOR, THE MAN WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN! A THRILLING YARN OF A MYSTERIOUS AVENGER, WHO SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE TO STRIKE DOWN CROOKS!

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT IN EAGLE FALLS WHEN THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE NEW RAILROAD WAS HALTED THERE. THE MAYOR, MADE A GRAND SPEECH TO THE TOWNSFOLK, WHO SAW A GREAT FUTURE IN THE NEW METHOD OF TRANSPORT--

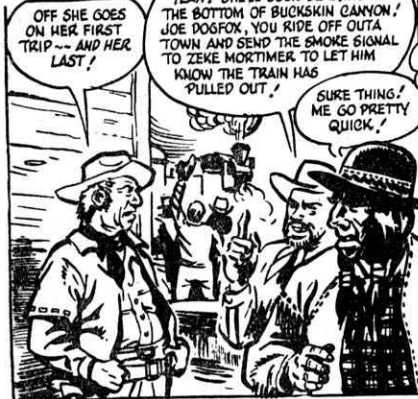


-- AND SO, MY FRIENDS, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO DECLARE THIS LINE OPEN -- AND TO RIDE WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD -- MR. THOMPSON, HERE -- ON THIS FIRST TRIP TO GUNSIGHT!

DOGGONE IT! I THOUGHT OLE SAM WAS NEVER GOIN' TO FINISH!

SEE THERE, ELMER? NEXT TIME WE GO TO GUNSIGHT, WE GO BY RAIL!

BUT NOT EVERY ONLOOKER ON THAT GREAT DAY WAS A WELL-WISHER.



OFF SHE GOES ON HER FIRST TRIP -- AND HER LAST!

YEAH! SHE'S SOON BE LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF BUCKSKIN CANYON! JOE DOGFOX, YOU RIDE OFF OUTA TOWN AND SEND THE SMOKE SIGNAL TO ZEKE MORTIMER TO LET HIM KNOW THE TRAIN HAS PULLED OUT!

SURE THING! ME GO PRETTY QUICK!

CAL CONNOR, THE CHEERFUL YOUNG BOSS OF CIRCLE-X RANCH, NOTICED THE THREE TOUGHS -- AND WONDERED--

JAKE LUSBY AND RAWHIDE MATTOCK, THE MAIL-ROBBERERS! I THOUGHT THOSE TWO RATS WERE SAFELY IN JAIL AT DALLAS! THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO--



LUSBY AND MATTOCK MOVED INTO THE SILVER DOLLAR SALOON AND SAT DOWN AT A TABLE NEAR THE OPEN WINDOW. CAL CONNOR CREEPT NEAR AND LISTENED--

WAA! JOE DOGFOX'LL MAKE THE SMOKE SIGNAL AN' ZEKE MORTIMER AND HIS BOYS WILL BE READY FOR THE TRAIN AT BUCKSKIN BRIDGE. THEY'LL BLOW THAT BRIDGE SKY-HIGH!

YEAH! I'D GIVE ANYTHIN' TO SEE THAT TRAIN GO PILIN' INTO BUCKSKIN CANYON WITH THAT TINHORN MAYOR AN' ALL THEM DUDES FROM BACK EAST IN IT!



SUFFERIN' CATFISH! THE TRAIN! I MUST DO SOMETHINGS!

A SECOND LATER, CAL WAS THUNDERING OUT OF TOWN IN A CLOUD OF DUST

HEY!



SORRY OLD-TIMER, I'M IN A HURRY!

BLOW ME DOWN! I NEVER SEED YOUNG CAL CONNOR IN SUCH A TEARIN' HURRY!

HE ALWAYS SEEMED SUCH A QUIET SORT OF GUY!

IT WAS CAL CONNOR'S GREAT SECRET THAT HE WAS ALSO THE RED RIDER-- THE MYSTERIOUS AVENGING FIGURE, WHO SEEMED TO APPEAR FROM NOWHERE TO STRIKE DOWN AT WRONG-DOERS IN THE DISTRICT. CAL RODE HARD ON HIS ORDINARY COW-PONY FOR THE PASSES OF EAGLE PEAK, WHERE HIS MAGNIFICENT CHESTNUT HORSE AND RED RIDER DISGUISE WERE KEPT HIDDEN FOR INSTANT USE.



THERE'S THAT HALF-BREED SENDIN' OFF THE SMOKE SIGNAL TO HIS PALS AT BUCKSKIN BRIDGE! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!

IN THE SECRET VALLEY ON EAGLE PEAK, CAL CONNOR QUICKLY CHANGED INTO THE RED RIDER--BUCKLED ON HIS GUNS--

LUSBY MENTIONED ZEKE MORTIMER-- HE'S THE OWNER OF THE STAGE COACH LINE TO GUNSLIGHT --IT'S NOT HARD TO GUESS WHY HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS!



-- PUT ON HIS BLACK MASK, AND SADDLED UP HIS MAGNIFICENT CHESTNUT STALLION, FLAME.

WE'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT OVER THE MOUNTAINS AND GET TO BUCKSKIN BRIDGE BEFORE THE TRAIN, FLAME!



THEN THE STRANGE RED RIDER JUMPED OVER THE BREATH-TAKING GORGE FROM THE SECRET VALLEY-- TO SAVE THE TRAIN AND ITS PASSENGERS.

YA-HOOO! LET'S GO, FLAME!



MEANWHILE, AT BUCKSKIN BRIDGE, EZEKIEL MORTIMER, OWNER OF THE DENVER-GUNSLIGHT STAGE COACH LINE, ADDRESSED HIS GANG OF RUFFIANS--

I WANT NO MISTAKE! AS SOON AS THE TRAIN IS SIGHTED, SMILER SNAYKE HERE WILL LIGHT THE FUSE TO THE DYNAMITE. AFTER THE TRAIN IS WRECKED-- MAKE SURE THERE'S NO EVIDENCE AGAINST US!

YEAH, BOSS! I RECKON ME AN' THE BOYS GET YOUR MEANING!



THEN--

HERE SHE COMES, BOSS!

LIGHT THE FUSE, SMILER!



HALF-WAY ACROSS BUCKSKIN BRIDGE, SMILER SNAYKE LIT A THREE-MINUTE FUSE TO THE CHARGE OF DYNAMITE WHICH WOULD EXPLODE AND LEAVE A YAWNING ABYSS BENEATH THE WHEELS OF THE ONCOMING TRAIN!



SUDDENLY ZEKE MORTIMER HAD AN AWFUL SHOCK--AN AVENGING HORSEMAN SEEMED TO DESCEND FROM THE HIGH BLUE SKY -- IT WAS THE RED RIDER!

THE RED RIDER!

HOWDY RATS!



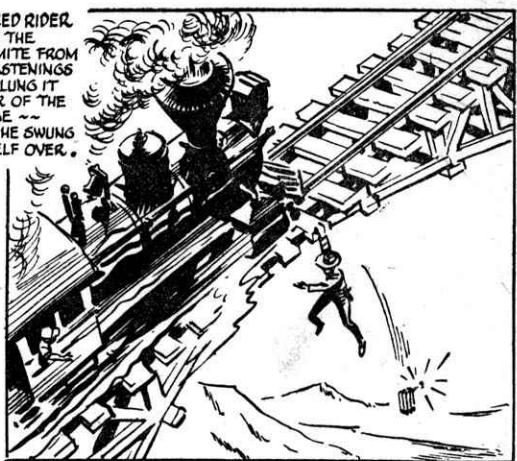


ON THE FOOTPLATE OF
THE RACING LOCOMOTIVE.

SLAM THE BRAKE ON,
SLIM! THERE'S A CRAZY GUY
ON THE BRIDGE!



THE RED RIDER
TORE THE
DYNAMITE FROM
ITS FASTENINGS
AND FLUNG IT
CLEAR OF THE
BRIDGE --
THEN HE SWUNG
HIMSELF OVER.



Booom!

THE DYNAMITE
EXPLODED IN MID-AIR,
AND SHOOK THE BRIDGE
TO ITS FOUNDATIONS, AS
THE DARING RED RIDER
HUNG ON GRIMLY!

BY JUPITER!
WHAT WAS
THAT?



THE MIGHTY LOCOMOTIVE SCREECHED TO A STOP.

HEY! YOU THERE,
WHAT GOES ON!

I'LL BE
DOGGONED!
IT'S THE
RED RIDER!

I'LL SEE YOU
LATER, MAYOR!
I'VE GOT A RAT
TO CATCH
RIGHT
NOW!



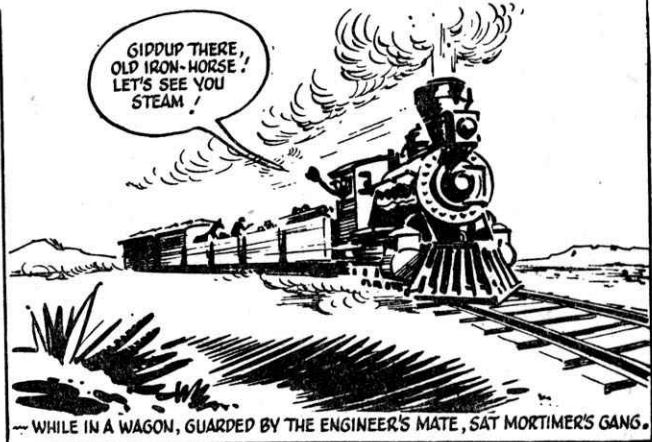
THE RED RIDER LEAPED
ON TO FLAME'S BACK --

THERE
HE GOES,
FLAME!



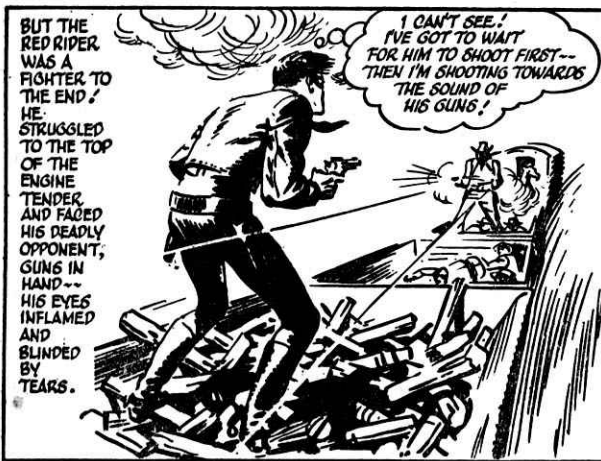


THE EXPRESS STARTED ON ITS WAY AGAIN-- FLAME RIDING IN ONE OF THE TRUCKS WITH HIS MASTER ON THE FOOTPLATE--HAVING FUN DRIVING THE TRAIN--



BUT A TRAINLOAD OF DESPERADOES IS A HOT CARGO, AND TROUBLE STARTED PRETTY SOON-- THEY OVERPOWERED THE ENGINEER'S MATE.





BUT THE RED RIDER WAS A FIGHTER TO THE END. HE STRUGGLED TO THE TOP OF THE ENGINE TENDER, AND FACED HIS DEADLY OPPONENT, GUNS IN HAND-- HIS EYES INFLAMED AND BLINDED BY TEARS.

I CAN'T SEE! I'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR HIM TO SHOOT FIRST-- THEN I'M SHOOTING TOWARDS THE SOUND OF HIS GUNS!



AAAGH!

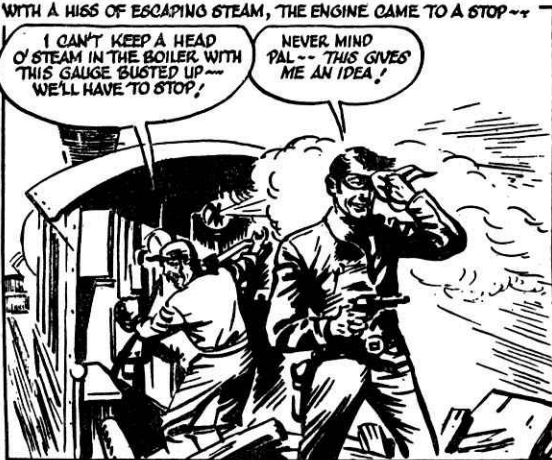
SMILER MISSED AGAIN-- THEN THE RED RIDER'S GUNS STABBED TWIN SPURTS OF FLAME TOWARDS THE SOUND-- AND HIS BULLETS STRUCK THE OUTLAW'S GUNS FROM HIS HANDS--



ANY MORE OF YOU DOGS WANT TO TRY ANYTHING? GOSH! THANK GOODNESS MY EYES ARE CLEARING!

NOT ME!

GUN-FIGHTING LIKE THAT'S OUTA MY CLASS!



WITH A HISS OF ESCAPING STEAM, THE ENGINE CAME TO A STOP--

I CAN'T KEEP A HEAD O' STEAM IN THE BOILER WITH THIS GAUGE BUSTED UP-- WE'LL HAVE TO STOP!

NEVER MIND PAL-- THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!



THE RED RIDER HITCHED MORTIMER, AND HIS GANG TO THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE AND SET THEM TO WORK HAULING THE TRAIN HOME..

HAUL AWAY, YOU VARMINTS! IT'S ALL DOWNHILL INTO GUNSIGHT, NOW!



AND AS THE EXPRESS WAS HAULED SLOWLY INTO GUNSIGHT TO COMPLETE ITS JOURNEY, THE RED RIDER TURNED FLAMES HEAD TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS AND RODE BACK TO THEIR SECRET HIDE-OUT ON EAGLE PEAK. HIS JOB HAD BEEN DONE-- AND HIS CHEERY CRY WAS ANSWERED BY THE LOCO'S WHISTLE!

KEEP 'EM PULLING, DRIVER! SO LONG, AND GOOD LUCK TO THE NEW RAILROAD!

WOO-- WOOOO--

SPORTY

BEATEN BY
A NOSE!



FUN WITH THE BEAVER PATROL BOYS!

THEY HELP ON
A FARM....

HAVE YOU SEEN CUTHBERT ANYWHERE? HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING YOU?

IT'S NICE AND COMFY UP HERE! I SHALL BE SORRY WHEN IT'S TIME TO GET DOWN - ZZZZ

HOW DO YOU STOP THESE FARM TRACTORS?

I WOULDN'T KNOW! I'M ONLY THE PASSENGER!

NO! I THOUGHT HE WAS WITH YOU!

YIPPEE!

I'M SURE YOU'LL MISS THE BOYS WHEN THEY'VE GONE HOME, FARMER!

I'M SURE!

EE! THAT'S NO WAY TO PLOUGH!

WHAT'S IN HERE? COO! BEESIES!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT THOSE APPLES AREN'T RIPE?

OOO-WHO!

I'M GOING TO TAKE ONE HOME - THEN I CAN HAVE MONEY EVERY DAY!

WE ALWAYS PUT FERTILIZER ON OUR RHUBARB!

I ALWAYS PUT CUSTARD ON MINE!

I'LL SOON HAVE A LOT OF BUTTER HERE!

THEY'RE ALFIE'S BOOTS, AND HE'S IN THEM!

FATTY'S FALLEN IN THERE!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL EASILY FIND HIM - HE'LL BE THE ONE WITH THE HAT ON!

FARM DAIRY

YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER BIT OF BUTTER COMING!

BUTTER CAN

PIGGERY

OH YES!!!



MIKE



WHAT SHALL WE DO THIS AFTERNOON THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO DO, CURLY BOY?

NO IDEA, MIKE - PITY THAT IT'S SATURDAY, OR WE COULD PLAY HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL...

I KNOW! - LET'S GO DOWN TO THE RIVER AND FISH WHERE IT'S MARKED UP "NO FISHING ALLOWED"

WHIZZO! I'LL GO AND GET MY DAD'S ROD, AND YOU GET YOURS

WHAT WILL YOU SAY IF ANYONE ASKS WHY WE'RE FISHING THERE, MIKE?

I'LL SAY I'M NOT FISHING - I'M ONLY TEACHING MY WORM TO SWIM! HAW-HAW-HAW!

OOPS! LOOK, MIKE! THERE'S SERGEANT FLOPP STANDING ON THE CORNER OF THE LANE THAT LEADS TO THE RIVER BANK

HUM, HE WOULD BE!... AND IF HE SPOTS OUR FISHING RODS HE'LL GUESS WHERE WE'RE GOING... QUICK, LET'S NIP BEHIND A TREE

LISTEN, CURLY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL SHOVE THE RODS DOWN MY TROUSER LEG AND PRETEND I'VE GOT A STIFF LEG UNTIL WE GET PAST HIM!

SEE, CURLY BOY, LIKE THIS....

COME ON, LET'S GO! - JUST STIFFEN MY LEG AND CALL ME HOPPY! HAW-HAW-HAW!

SHUSH, MIKE, OR THE SARGE WILL SUSPECT SOMETHING

HULLO, AND WHERE ARE YOU BOYS GOING ON THIS LOVELY AFTERNOON, EH?

RIVER

WE'RE GOING FOR A QUIET STROLL ALONG BY THE RIVER, SERGEANT. I'VE GOT A STIFF LEG AND MY MUM SAID THE EXERCISE WOULD DO IT GOOD

- AND I'M GOING WITH HIM IN CASE HE GETS TAKEN WORSE!

RIVER

MY, MY, WHAT NICE LITTLE BOYS - AND SO WELL-SPOKEN TOO!... OR WERE THEY....?

HEE-HEE! WHO SAYS CRIME DOESN'T PAY, CURLY BOY? YOU KNOW, YOU CAN TELL A COPPER ANY OLD STORY AND HE'LL SWALLOW IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!

RIB-TICKLERS



CHECK YOUR PUZZLE SKILL HERE!

Just to make sure that you got the Answers to the Puzzle-pictures and Tinker's 'Tec Teasers all right, the correct solutions are printed below. Anyone with FULL marks deserves to be called a Super-Puzzler!

Bunter's Kookery Kwiz, page 23

1. Rolling-pin.
2. Mixing Bowl.
3. Water Jug.
4. Apples.
5. Spoon.
6. Knife.
7. Gas Stove.
8. Matches.
9. Saucepan.
10. Pastry on board.
11. Pudding in Basin.

Tinker's 'Tec Teaser No. 1, Page 24

When he heard footsteps approaching his shelter, the watchman artfully put his pipe on the floor, to make it seem that it had fallen from his lips while he was asleep. But Inspector Coutts had trodden on the pipe, and had noticed at once that the tobacco was still alight. So he knew then that the night-watchman had been telling a lie and was anxious to hide what he had been doing at the time the burglary took place.

Tinker's 'Tec Teaser No. 2, Page 77

The electrician said that the bulb Inspector Coutts picked up was one which he had taken out ten minutes previously. Yet Coutts found the bulb too hot to hold, thus proving that it had been in use only a few seconds before he had entered the room. This showed the electrician to be lying. He had, in fact, committed the robbery and then gone back to the room, pretending to get on with his work.

Tod and Annie's Puzzle Page, page 112

1. SLOW.
2. PRIVATE.
3. LEVEL CROSSING.
4. HONEY FOR SALE.
5. PUBLIC FOOTPATH.
6. POLICE.
7. BUS STOP. 8. TEAS.
9. BRISTOL—LONDON.
10. POST OFFICE.
11. TOWPATH.

Johnnie Wingco's Puzzle, page 141

1. Taking off along Runway.
2. Railway and Telegraph poles.
3. Aqueduct.
4. Another aircraft above.
5. Lighthouse.
6. Pier (upside down).
7. Houses in town. 8. Football ground.
9. Cattle in field. 10. Farmyard.
11. Coming in to land.

Tinker's 'Tec Teaser No 3, Page 142

Professor Wilson stated that nobody at all had been in the house since he left it, four days previously. Yet Inspector Coutts at once spotted a plump, well-fed cat eating the remains of a tin of sardines, thus proving that somebody had very recently opened the tin to provide the cat with a meal. Professor Wilson's fondness for his cat proved his undoing on that occasion!

Tinker's 'Tec Teaser No. 4, page 179

The cleaner said that he had been cleaning the floor for half an hour before Inspector Coutts arrived and knocked over his pail. But the water in the pail was still very hot—hot enough to make the inspector jump when it spilled over his ankle. The cleaner could not therefore have been using it for half an hour, or it would have gone cold. Once the man's lie was detected, his guilt was very quickly proved!

Sporty's Sports Quiz, page 154

1. Football.
2. Walking.
3. Cycling.
4. Fishing.
5. Cricket.
6. Boxing.
7. Tennis.
8. Rowing.
9. Hurdling.
10. Rugby football. 11. Swimming.

