

KNOCKOUT



ANNUAL 1961



*A winner
all the way*

BILLY BUNTER

The Fattest Schoolboy on Earth

THANK GOODNESS OLD QUELCHY GOT CALLED AWAY. JAMES MINORS! THAT SPOON LIES ON MY ABOUT PROFFIT AND GAIN'S HAS A DEAD LICK'S PLEASE BUNTER TO ME!

PLEASE BUNTER TO ME!

BUNTER: HERE'S ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

O CORKS! - QUELCHY! WHAT DOES THE DOTTER WANT NOW?

WHEEL THIS 20-VALUABLE OLD VELOCIPEDIC ROUND TO THE POTTING SHED FOR ME, PLEASE!

BUNY, ME? - ER, I MEAN YES, SIR!

The Famous Detective

OUR ERNIE

BE THE CLOTHES LINE BUSTED LAD!

NOT TO WORRY MA I'LL HOOK UP A NEW LINE OF ROPE!

COO! JUST THE JOB!

SEXTON BLAKE

Exciting Complete Mystery Thriller

IN THE CASE OF THE DISOBEYED SIGNAL!

YES, BY JIMINY! HERE'S ONE JUST ACT NATURE! LIKE WE ARRANGED, DID?

DRESSED AS COUNCIL WORKMEN FROM THE SANITATION DEPARTMENT, THE TWO DOGS STRUGGLED A LOADED HANDICART ALONG THE STREET - AND NOBODY SAVE THEM A SECOND GLANCE...

IF HE'S ON TIME, THAT CASH-MESSAGE, OUGHT TO BE COMING OUT ANY MOMENT NOW...

Firebrand
The RED KNIGHT

Rescued from a 'big job' man by his old friend, Cross of the Legion, Firebrand is back in the line of a risk-taking job. There is much to be done, and he has been chosen to lead a party of men to a place where it is thought that some important thing is about to happen.

AND SO URGENT IS THE TASK THAT THE RED KNIGHT IS HUNGLED ABOARD THE NIGHT, AND BY DAWN FRANCE...

SURPRISE! ERNIE TOM WHEN ENTERS THE CABIN...

AND AS THE THE MERCHANT MANY QUESTION...

SPACE AGE KIT
THE SUPERSONIC BRIT

With a SCORCHING ROAD KIT'S SHIP SHUT OFF FROM THE THIRTEEN AND SHUT UP INTO SPACE TO SAVE THE SPACE KIT'S SHIP THAT HAD JUST SHUT UP THE TELETYPE...

TOD and ANNIE

THREE NO PINK OR STRINGS AROUND, TOO! DO YOU THINK WE COULD SINK SPENDING A DAY AT EXERCISE?

KNOCKOUT ANNUAL 1961

Fleetway Publications Ltd.,
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Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4

SINBAD SIMMS

SHARK BOY OF THE SOUTH SEAS!

Sinbad joins up with a professor and doctor in a deep-diving expedition to find a lost city under the sea. They hit a steamer and Sinbad pays for it with some valuable pearls. Next morning at three o'clock aboard an old Annie Sinbad is excited about the prospect of going down to the bathysphere...

AND SOME FIVE MINUTES LATER WASPER THE SHARK NOTICED THE SPINCE SWIMS OUT OVER THE SIDE OF THE 'MANHAW'.

START TO LOWER!

THUNDERBOLT JAXON

THAT'S BEING CALLED THE THUNDERBOLT JAXON! THE THUNDERBOLT JAXON IS THE MOST POWERFUL AND FASTEST CAR IN THE WORLD!

Johnnie Wingco
MASTER PILOT

With Pop and Molly Wilbur returns over...

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, CHUM!

Sporty
by Reg Hootings

ADMIT IT, SPORTY YOU'VE GOT US BOTH HOPELESSLY LOST!

WAIT EYON COME MA

BAH! YOU'RE HOPELESSLY SPORTY! I GIVE UP!

WHERE AR INDIA, A CENTRAL AN HERE ARE ENK

A SPOOK LIKE THAT IS AN ASSET TO THE COMMUNIST...

DAVE CROCKETT

The legendary ghost of a handsome western was supposed to be the ghost of a cowboy named Dave Crockett who was shot in the middle of the 19th century. When the specter appears, he is always seen to ride a white horse and to wear a red sash. He is said to be the spirit of a man who died in the Civil War.

MAKING THE BATHY SPHERE...

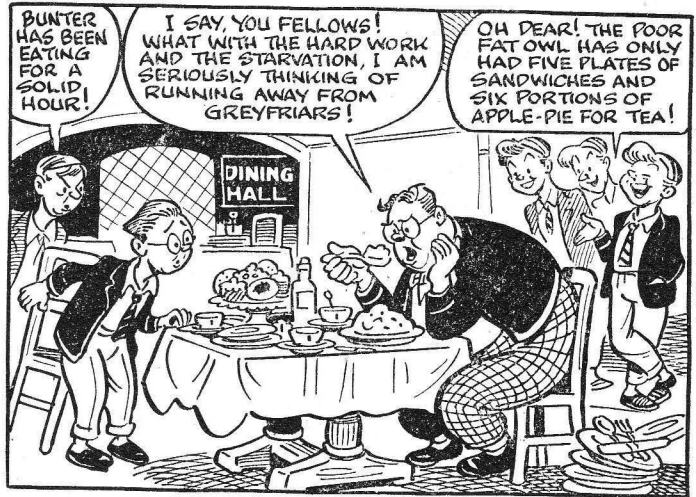
BILLY BUNTER

The Fattest Schoolboy on Earth



BUNTER, YOU HAVE NINE SPELLING ERRORS IN THIS SENTENCE OF TEN WORDS! YOU WILL WRITE THEM CORRECTLY FIFTY TIMES EACH!

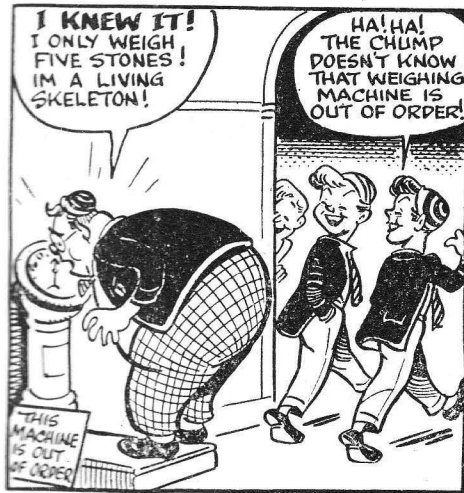
OH CRUMBS! THAT'S A BIT THICK, MR. QUELCH! IT WAS ONLY TWENTY TIMES LAST TIME!



BUNTER HAS BEEN EATING FOR A SOLID HOUR!

I SAY, YOU FELLOWS! WHAT WITH THE HARD WORK AND THE STARVATION, I AM SERIOUSLY THINKING OF RUNNING AWAY FROM GREYFRIARS!

OH DEAR! THE POOR FAT OWL HAS ONLY HAD FIVE PLATES OF SANDWICHES AND SIX PORTIONS OF APPLE-PIE FOR TEA!



I KNEW IT! I ONLY WEIGH FIVE STONES! IM A LIVING SKELETON!

HA! HA! THE CHUMP DOESN'T KNOW THAT WEIGHING MACHINE IS OUT OF ORDER!



THIS IS BEASTLY AWFUL! EVERYBODY SEEMS TO THINK IT FUNNY TO SEE ME FADING AWAY WITH OVERWORK AND HUNGER! I BET THEY'D BE SORRY IF I RAN AWAY FROM THIS HORRIBLE SCHOOL



THAT EVENING PLEASE, BUNTER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE KNOTTED SHEETS? AND WHAT IS THAT NOTE ON YOUR BED?

I'M GOING TO ESCAPE THAT'S WHAT JONES MINOR! OLD QUELCHY IS GOING TO BE MIGHTY SORRY WHEN HE READS THAT FAREWELL LETTER I'VE LEFT ON MY PILLOW!



BUT PLEASE, BUNTER, SLIDING DOWN THOSE SHEETS IS QUITE UNNECESSARY - OUR DORMITORY IS ON THE GROUND FLOOR!

OWCH! RIGHT ON THAT PRICKLY ROSE BUSH!



FAREWELL CRUEL SCHOOL! NEVER WILL I RETURN! HENCEFORTH I WILL BE AN OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY!



AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER JUST BEFORE DAWN...

I BET THOSE CADS BACK AT GREYFRIARS WOULD BE JOPLY JEALOUS IF THEY KNEW HOW GRAND IT IS TO BE FREE! - I WISH THIS ROTTEN RAIN WOULD STOP! I'M SOAKED!

YE HAUNTED CORSE



OW! YAROO!
IT'S A SPOOKY
SPOOK!
HELP!



WHY! IT'S
ONLY ANOTHER
POOR HUNGRY
OUTCAST
LIKE ME!

YES, MATE!
I'VE BEEN A
POOR HUNGRY
OUTCAST FOR
THE LAST FORTY
YEARS! COME
DOWN AND
HAVE A BITE
OF GRUB!



GRUB? OH BOY!
I BET THIS IS GOING
TO TASTE BETTER
THAN THAT SHOCKING
STUFF THEY GAVE ME
AT GREYFRIARS!

GET IT DOWN,
CHUM! THERE'S
PLENTY MORE
WHERE THAT
CAME FROM!



UGH! SPLUT!
IT TASTES
HORRIBLE!
WHAT
IS IT?

BOILED GRASS
AND NETTLE ROOTS!
~ PITY THIS ISN'T
SUNDAY! I HAVE
DELICIOUS PANDELION
STEW THEN! ~
YOU'D JUST LOVE
THAT!



OKAY! GO HUNGRY
IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY
GRUB! PITY YOU EVER
LEFT GREYFRIARS. I
RECKON! EXCUSE ME
WHILE I READ THIS
LOCAL PAPER I
JUST PICKED UP!

DON'T YOU WORRY!
HUNGER WILL NEVER
DRIVE ME BACK TO
THAT PLACE! HALLO!
WHAT'S THAT BIT ON
THE BACK PAGE?

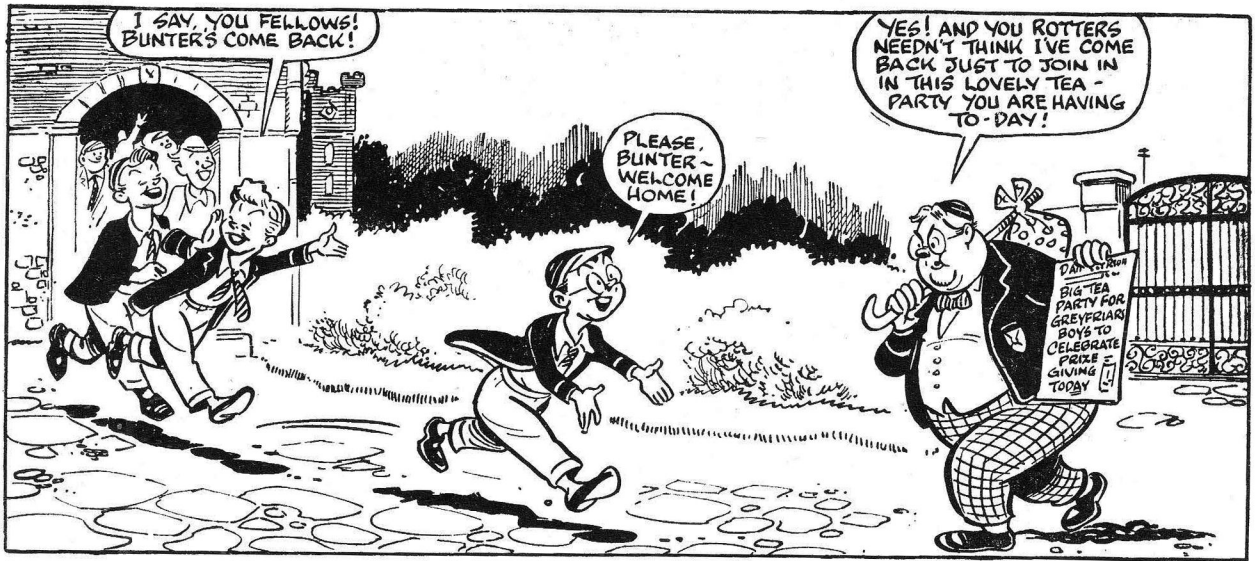


A FINE GUEST
I MUST SAY!
REFUSES MY
GRUB AND
PINCHES MY
PAPER!

CORKS! A BIG
SLAP-UP FEED AT
GREYFRIARS TO-DAY!
I MUST HAVE BEEN
POTTY TO RUN AWAY
FROM THAT! I
MUST GET BACK
BEFORE IT IS TOO
LATE!

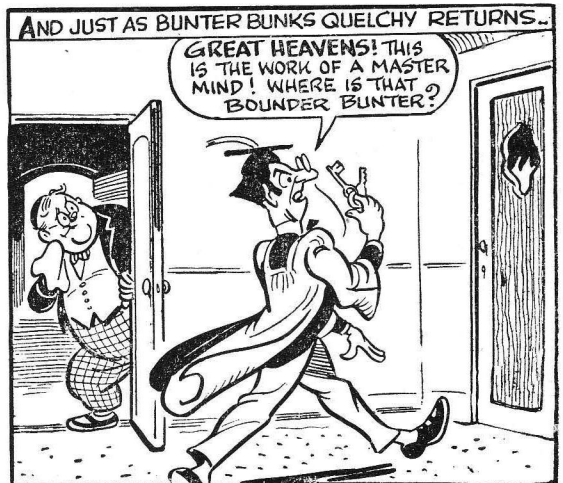
GREYFRIARS
SCHOOL
2 MILES

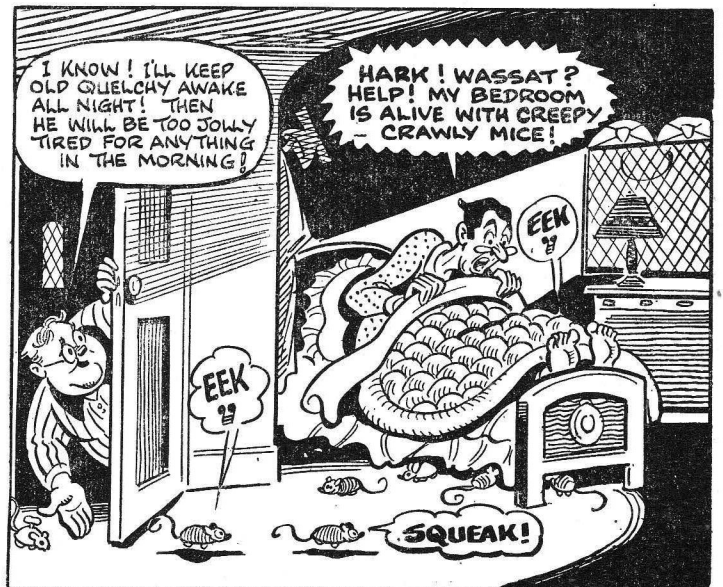
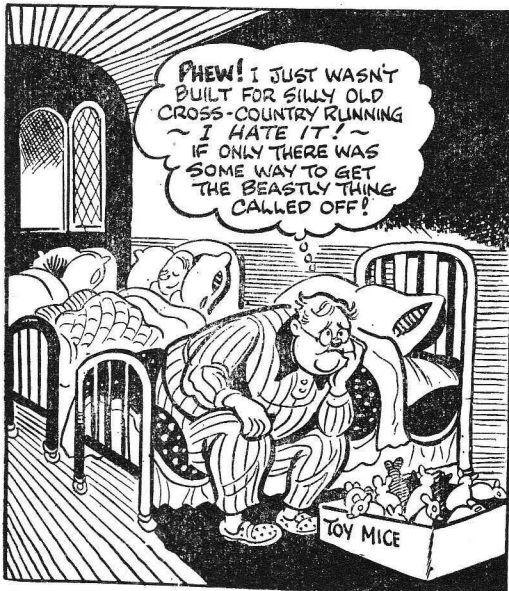
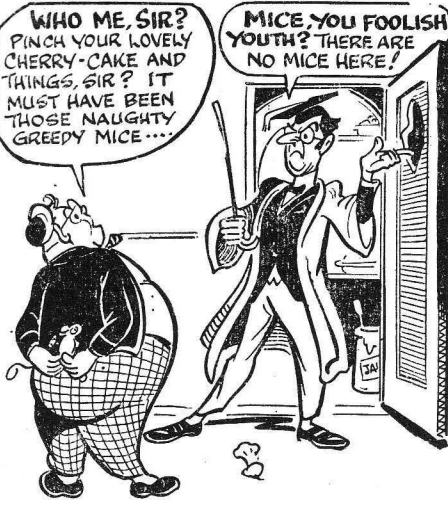
DAILY NEWS
BIG TEA
PARTY FOR
GREYFRIARS
BOYS TO
CELEBRATE
PRIZE
GIVING
TO-DAY



BILLY BUNTER

The Fattest Schoolboy on Earth





AND ALL THROUGH THE LONG WEARY NIGHT, THE ARTFUL BUNTER SENDS HIS TOY SQUEAKING MICE ON A CIRCULAR TOUR OF MR. QUELCH'S BEDROOM!



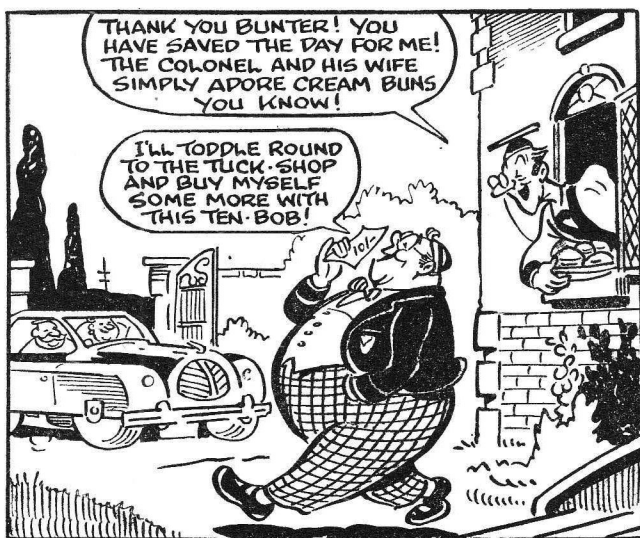
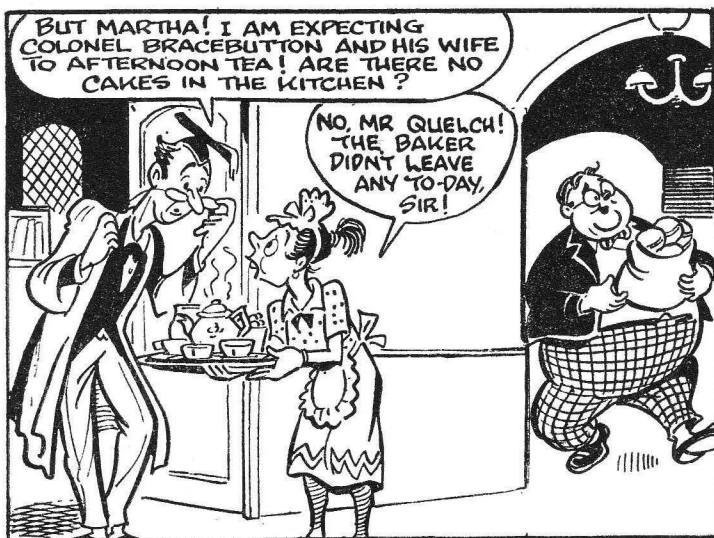
CAME THE DAWN...

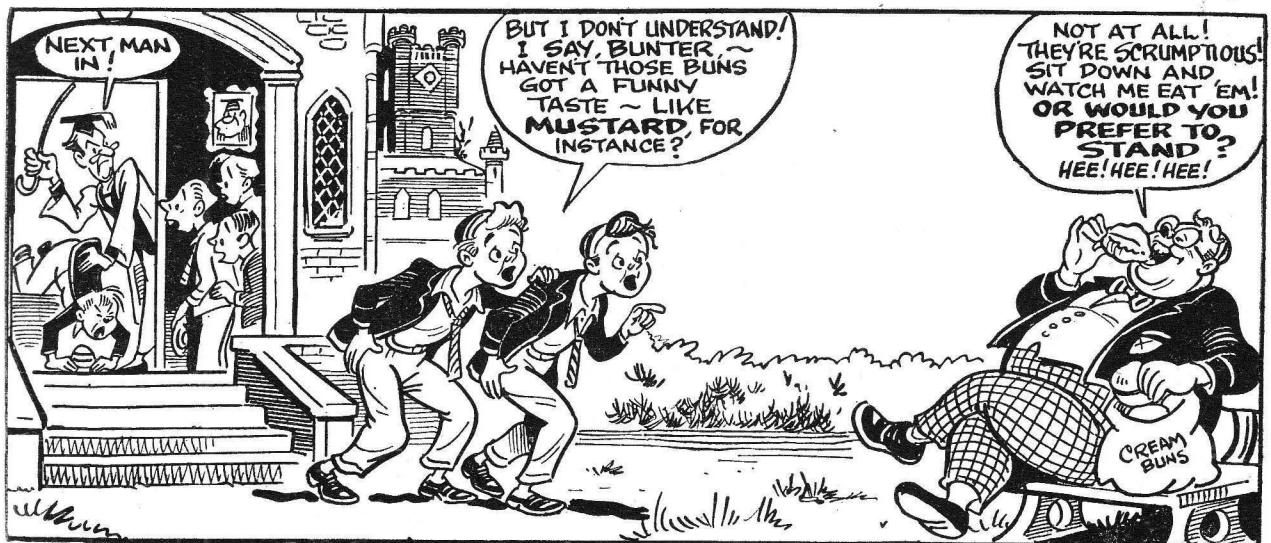


BILLY BUNTER

The Fattest Schoolboy on Earth





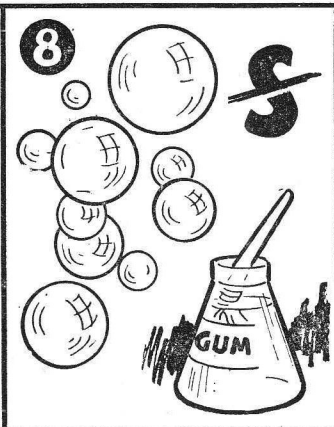
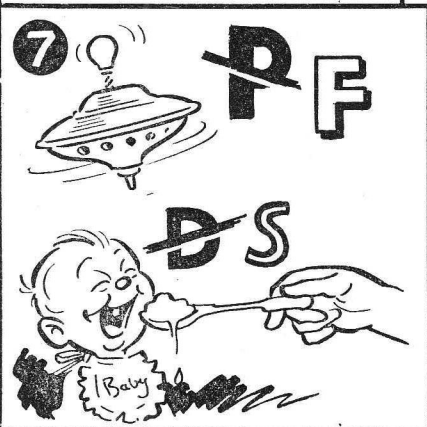
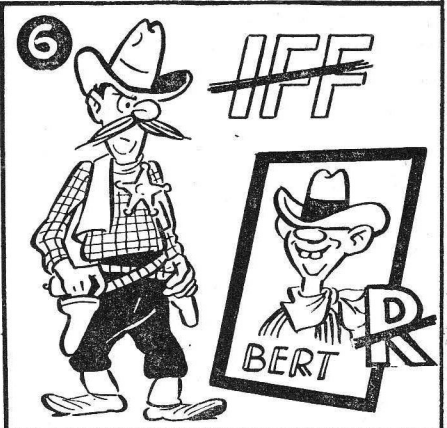
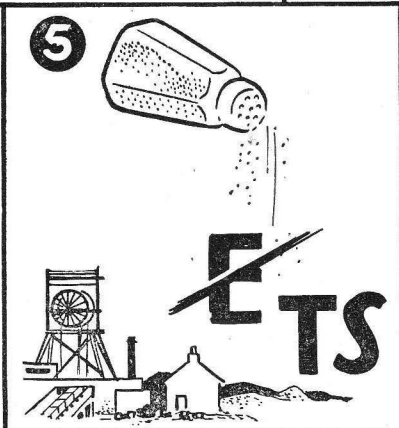
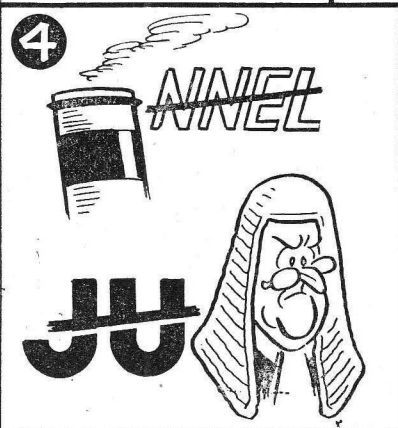
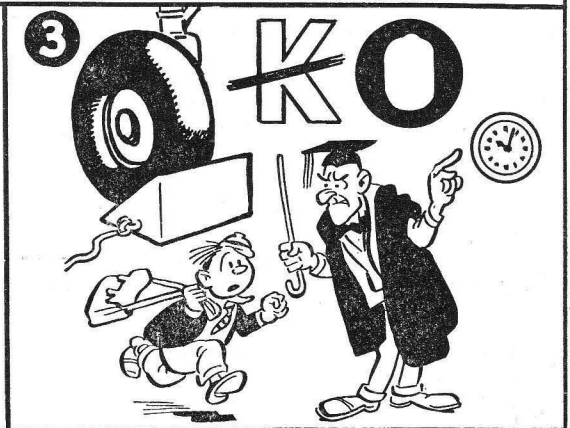
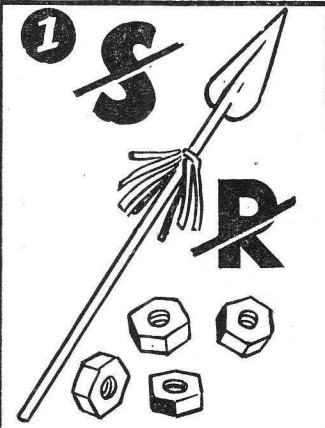


BILLY BUNTER'S

TUCK TEASERS

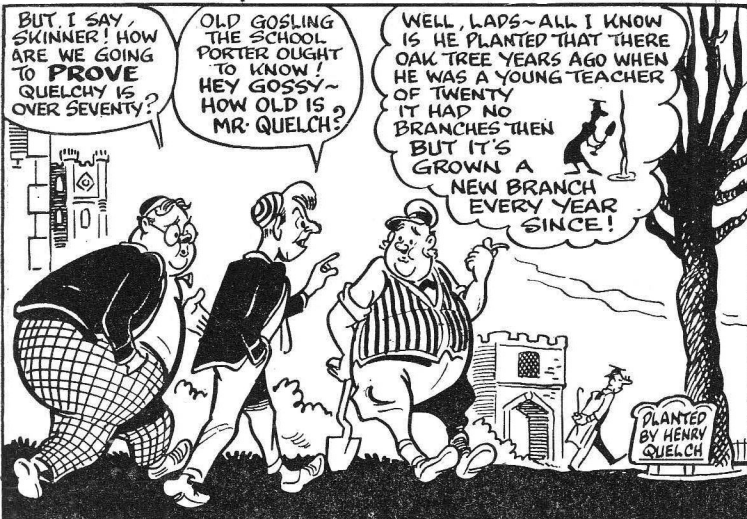
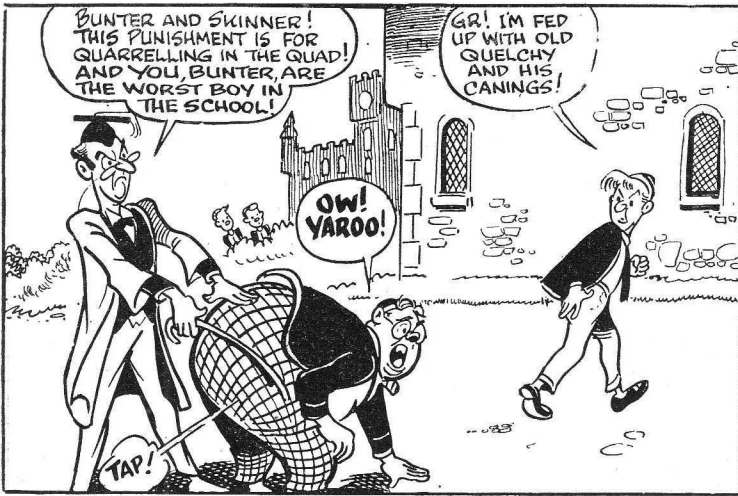


Hee, hee, hee! No wonder Billy Bunter looks pleased . . . he's got a super tuck box filled with sweets! Can you guess what they are from the puzzle-pictures? Answer on Page 160.



BILLY BUNTER

The Fattest Schoolboy on Earth





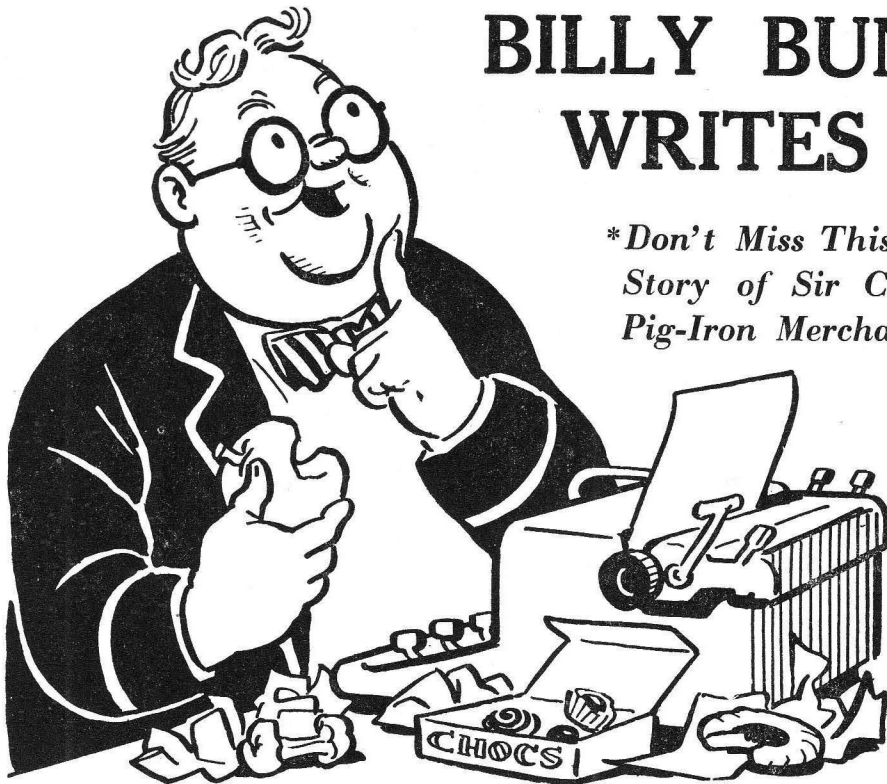


BILLY BUNTER WRITES AGANE!

**Don't Miss This . . . The Stoopendus
Story of Sir Crackling Porker, the
Pig-Iron Merchant!*

**He was Bald with
only one HEIR to
his name!*

**By the Famous
Author of Grey-
friars School . . .*



Screwge Gets Kidded!

IT was Christmas Eve, and the snow was falling thick and fast rownd Crackling Castle.

Inside, seated on a chair in frunt of the fire, stood Sir Crackling Porker, the pig-iron merchant. He was abowt seventy years tall and old in proporshun, and he wore a worried look as well as sum carpet slippers made owt of old linoleum.

At his elbow hovered a man with a face that wood have been notissed at once on a dark nite. He was lantern-jawed, his eyes were alight with cunning, and his shining red nose looked as though it had spent half an hour simmering with the Christmas pudden.

His name was Lawyer Lorenzo Screwge, and he was abowt as crooked as a corkscrew, but not so usefull.

Sir Crackling Porker did not suspect that the lawyer was a bit of a twister, becos when they played snakes and ladders, Screwge always let him win.

After a wile, the lawyer coffed gently, "Ahem! Shall I put another piece of telegraf-pole on the fire, sir?"

"Certainly not!" replide Sir Crackling. "It mite be munths befour another one falls down on our doorstep. Ah me! To think that it was on a nite like this that that my little handsum Harold went away."

A sob escaped him and he wood have cried like a child but for the fact that he was abowt sixty-five years too old.

"Why are you so sad on this Christmas Eve, sir?" enkwired the cunning lawyer. "I haven't seen you look so pale since you slipped up in the kitchen and fell face first into the cold rice pudden. You have plenty of money, and I have darned you a sock to hang up for Santa Claus, so you have nothing to be darned well sorry for."

Sir Crackling ansered with a groan.

"Yes, indeed, I have a secret sorrow. Kindly hand me up the coal scuttle where I keep my private papers."

Screwge did so, and Sir Crackling looked throo a pile of old bills, pawn-tickets and football coopons, until he came upon the fotograph of a brite curly headed boy.

"This is Harold, my little sonny lad," he went on, handing the foto to Lawyer Screwge. "He was the apple of my eye until he gave me the pip. I remember it as if it had happened only tomorrow. I fownd Harold in my

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER'S Christmas Carol



study having a secret suck at a bullseye which I had reserved for my own supper—”

“Yes, yes!” gasped Screwge. “Did you punish him?”

“No, no!” sighed Sir Crackling. “I went strait owt and sneaked a ride on his roller skates, and little Harold never forgave me. That nite he went away leaving a note behind, pinned on my chair. When I sat down I fownd it!”

“I see the point,” nodded Lorenzo Screwge. “What did the note say?”

“Nothing—we weren’t on speaking terms,” said Sir Crackling. “Since that day I have never known what has happened to little Harold. I am a bald-headed man without any heir. Who can I leave my money to if little Harold does not cum home?”

Lawyer Screwge’s face lit up like the candles on a berthday cake.

“That is a problem,” he mermered. “But leave it to me!”

“Very well,” nodded Sir Crackling. “And now you must go and put a nite-lite in the window of the small bedroom. Every Christmas Eve I keep a lite burning to guide my little Harold home, but this is the last time!”

“And a good job, too!” hissed the cunning lawyer. “Har, har! If little Harold does not return, the old boy will leave me all his forchewen, and—”

Knock-knock!

“Who’s there?” cride Sir Crackling.

“Harold!” came the anser.

“Beware, sir, I suspect a catch in this!” warned Screwge. “If you say ‘Harold who?’ the person outside will anser: ‘Harold man’s a dustman!’ and you’ll feel proper silly. It’s a common prank among the common villagers.”

But Sir Crackling was sitting up and taking no notiss.

“I knew I shoold recognise that voice if ever I saw it agane!” he cride. “It’s little Harold cum back to me. Go and open the door and let him in.”

Screwge’s face went a shade darker than its usual pale black colour. He dare not refuse, but as he walked towards the frunt door he was muttering mysteriously.

“Bah! I must make sure that little Harold does not diddle me owt of my chance of the old boy’s forchewen,” he mermered nastily. “Ah, I have an idea!”

Pulling owt his pockit hanky, the villun poured over it a bottle of hair oil so strong that one sniff wood send an elefant to sleep.

“When I open the door, I will give Harold a whiff in a jiff,” lisped Lorenzo. “Then I will push him in the moat and inform Sir Crackling that it was only the man called for the rent on the canary’s cage!”

Thus desided, the plotter flung open the castle frunt door to do his werst.

But what a serprise! Insted of a curly-headed kid, a stalwart yung man was withowt!

And withowt being asked, this yung man berst in, pushing Screwge under the hallstand with a ringing cry of: “And abowt time, too, lazybones!”

Then he dashed in and rushed up to Sir Crackling.

“Daddy!” he cride.

Lorenzo Screwge crawled owt from under the hallstand and saw Sir Crackling leaping abowt like a man who has just discuverred a gold mine in his back garden.

“Look, Lawyer Screwge!” roared the old chap. “My little Harold has cum back to me after twenty-five years!” Screwge groaned. He had been well and truly kidded!



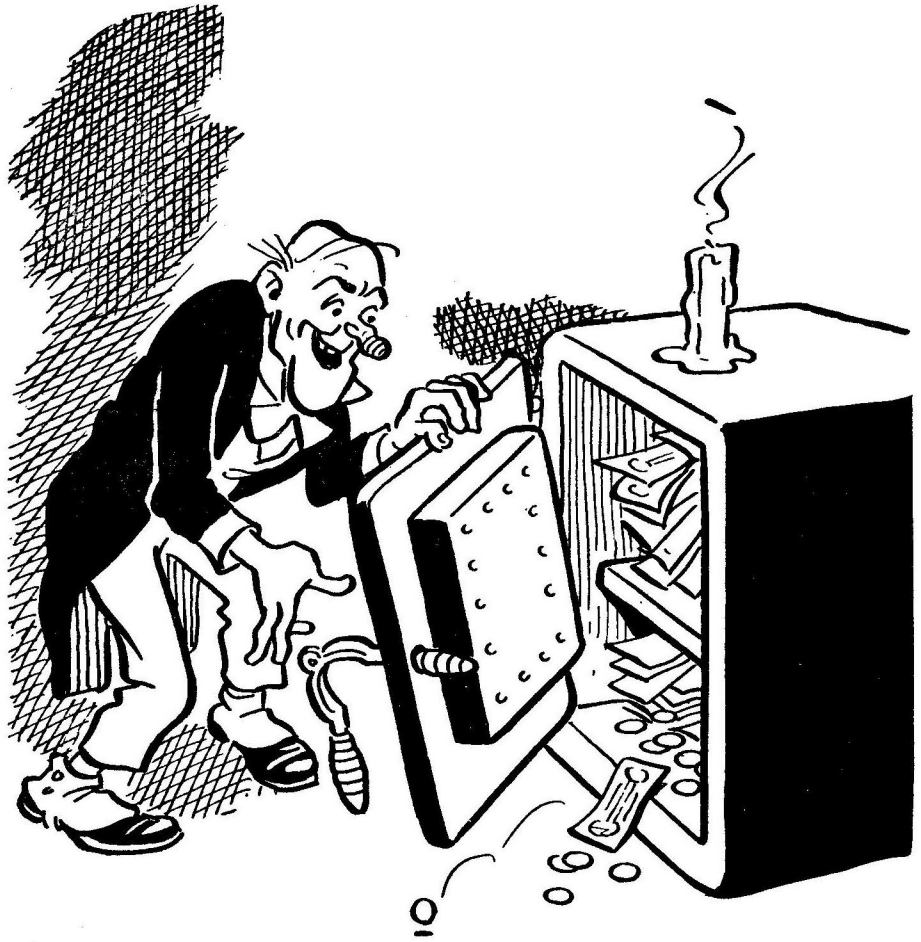
GETTING THE HEIR BACK!

Without being asked, the stalwart young man burst in, pushing Screwge under the hallstand with a ringing cry of: “And abowt time too, lazybones!”

**SCREWGE
THE
SKEEMER**

*With the aid of
a pair of nut-
crackers he
picked the lock
and cracked the
safe open.*

*“Good! Now to
get the blame
put on Harold!”
he cackled.*



Aw! Terned Owt For The Best!

IN a few moments Harold was telling of his wanderings. For the last several years he had been in China, manufacturing motor-horns at a place called Honk-Honk, and now he had decided to return home.

“I went away with fourpence and two cigarette-cards in my pocket,” he proudly announced. “And now what have I got?”

“Tell me!” gergled Sir Crackling.

“Just the two cigarette-cards,” ansered Harold. “I coodn’t swop them anywhere!”

“Never mind, my boy,” smiled old Porker. “I intend to leave you all my money. But—hark! What is that strange noise? It sownds like sumone sandpapering a sardine tin!”

But it was really only Lawyer Screwge grinding his false teeth.

“A million annoyances!” he muttered. “This worm Harold has wriggled home agane. But even a worm will tern and I will see that he is terned owt of the castle befour he is many minnits older!”

The skeeming scowndrel awaited his chance and after Harold and Sir Crackling had popped off to bed, he popped into the study where the safe was kept.

With the aid of a pair of nutcrackers he picked the lock and cracked the safe open!

“Good!” he cackled, taking owt a big bundle of five pound notes. “Now to get the blame put on Harold. I’ll see that these notes are fownd on him, by gum!”

Cunningly he cuvvered the bundle of notes with strong glue and put them near the door. Then he set the burglar-alarm ringing and dodged behind the bookcase! Ting-a-ling! TING!

Upstares Harold awoke with a yell of alarm and five minnits later he leapt owt of bed instantly.

“Grate nutmegs, I hear a ringing in my ears!” he gasped. “I fear that sumone is at my dad’s safe where he keeps the money that will one day be mine!”

Being a brave hero, afrade of nuthing if there wasn’t too much of it, Harold dashed downstares in his striped perjamas.

He flung open the study door and galloped inside.

“Hands up, whoever you are!” he cride. “My fists are fully-loaded and I’ve got you surrounded and—yoops!”

At that moment he stepped on the bundle of sticky notes and these became attached to the bottom of his bare foot.

Harold gave a gasp of horror.

“Hevvings, I have gone lame!” he gulped. “One of my legs is now longer than the uther!”

A moment later Sir Crackling Porker panted in and he saw Harold, who had now discuverred the cause of his lameness, clutching the bundle of notes!

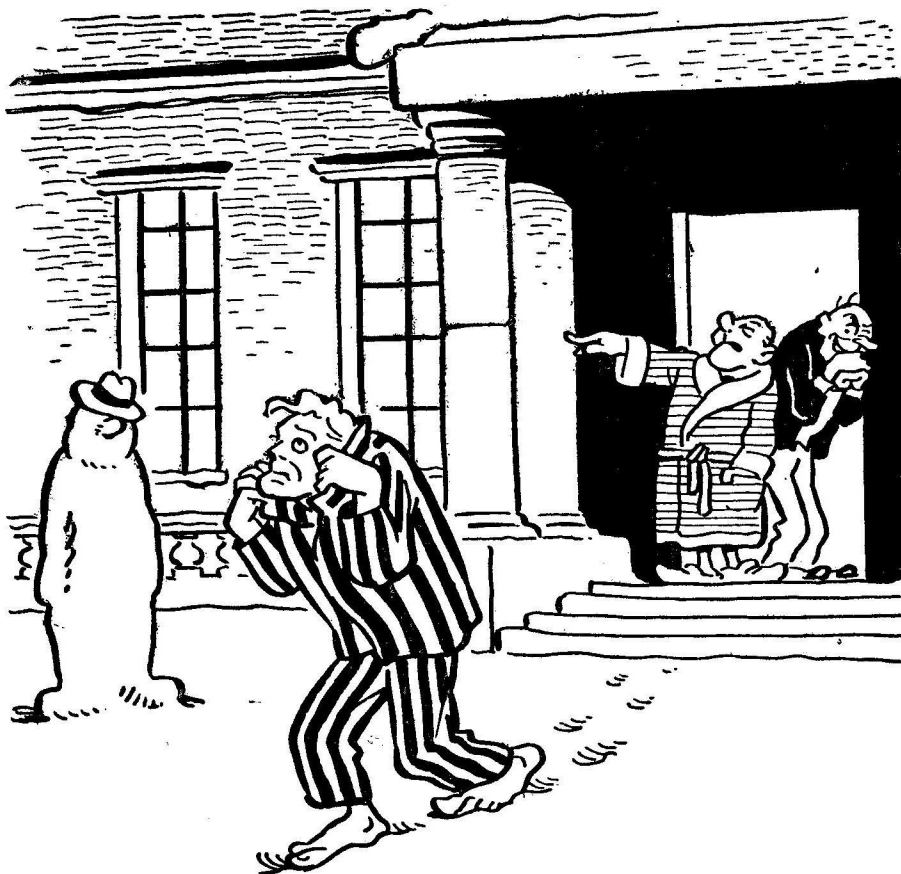
“What does this mean?” he roared.

Befour Harold cood anser, Lorenzo Screwge popped up. “I shall explane, sir,” he cackled. “I saw everything and watched your son pick up that money. You see yourself that he is sticking to it!”

“Not if I know it!” snapped Porker, snatching the notes from Harold’s hand. “This has gone too far, Harold—but you will go even farther. Yes, you must leave at once. You are no longer my heir!”

“Wood you tern me owt on Christmas Eve, dad?” cride Harold. “It’s so cold owtside—”

“The snow is like a white blanket—use that to keep you warm!” retorted Sir Crackling. “Go and never place your big foot upon my doorstep agane!”



**NO PLACE
LIKE HOME
FOR HAROLD**
*Handsome
Harold turned
up the collar of
his perjamas
and strode out
into the thick
snow that lay
round about
Crackling
Castle.*

Handsome Harold turned up the collar of his perjamas and strode out into the thick snow, while Lorenzo Screwge stayed in the warmth and tittered softly.

"Stop!"

Suddenly a voice was heard, and to everyone's amazement it came from a snowman standing nearby!

The snowman pointed straight at Screwge and in cold tones, went on:

"That is the man who did it! I watched his fowl work through the window!"

Lawyer Screwge turned quite pale as Sir Crackling grabbed him.

"Is this true?"

"It's true enough," said the snowman. Then knocking the snow off himself, he was revealed to be a man with a hawklike nose.

"Stetson Flake the great detective—at your service, sir!" he said. "I've had my suspicions of Lawyer Screwge for some time and have been watching him."

Sir Crackling shook hands with Stetson Flake the great detective. Then he shook Lawyer Screwge like a doormat and threw him out!

With a fearful frown, Lawyer Screwge fled from the scene, and things looked better when he had gone.

So all was well at Crackling Castle after all, and a Happy Christmas was had by everyone who deserved it!

WERE YOU RIGHT? HERE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES . . .

BILLY BUNTER'S TUCK TEASERS :

1. Peanuts
2. Jelly babies
3. Chocolate
4. Fudge
5. Peppermints
6. Sherbet
7. Toffees
8. Bubble-gum
9. Humbugs

TOD AND ANNIE'S
ROUNDOABOUT
ROUNDOABOUTS :
Norwich, Cambridge
Newmarket
Brighton, Portsmouth
Chichester
Monmouth, Newport
Bristol
Glasgow, Aberdeen
Edinburgh
Coventry, Birmingham
Wolverhampton

SPORTY'S SPORTS QUIZ :

1. Number 6
2. Number 5
3. Number 1
4. Number 2
5. Number 3
6. Number 4